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RURAL NEW-YORKER

AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

DEDICATED TO THE

HOME INTERESTS OF BOTH COUNTRY AND TOWN RESIDENTS,

EMBRACING DEPARTMENTS DEVOTED TO

AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS AND SCIENCE, DOMESTIC AND RURAL ECONOMY, LITERATURE,

EDUCATION, GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, THE MARKETS, &C., &C.

ILLUSTRATED WITH BEAUTIFUL AND COSTLY ENGRAVINGS.

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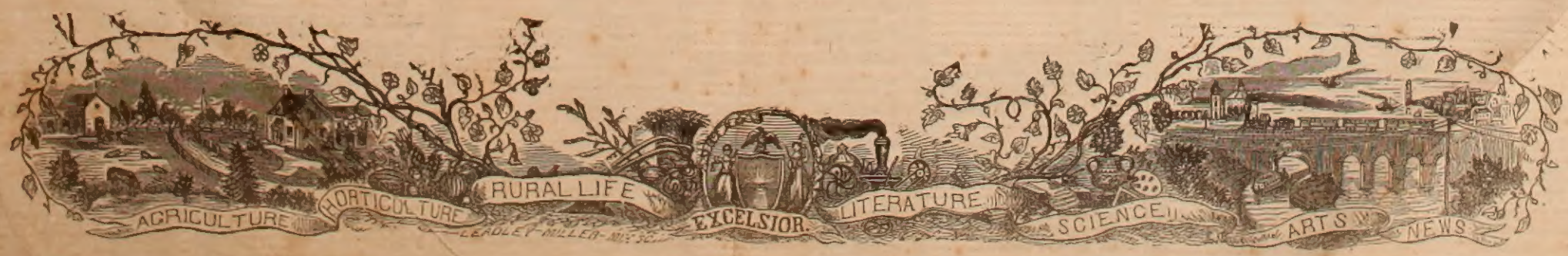

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS

The Rural New-Yorker is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the Rural an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete Agricultural, Literary and Family Journal in America.

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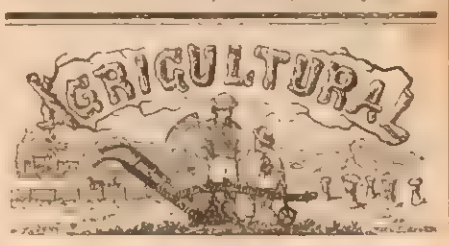


TENTH VOLUME—INTRODUCTORY.

In entering upon the labors of a new year and volume, the first duty incumbent upon us, and which we discharge with alacrity, is to tender profound and grateful acknowledgments to thousands of ardent and substantial friends of the Rural New-Yorker—to all who have in any manner contributed to its marked success and prosperity, and thereby enabled us to present the Tenth Volume in attire so tasteful and becoming, with Contents so diversified and valuable. This duty performed, allow us to speak briefly of the Past and Present, and allude to the probable Future of this Journal.

The Tenth Birth-Day of the Rural New-Yorker is, to us, an eventful and long looked-for period—one fraught with far more than common interest in many respects, and which awakens emotions and reminiscences of no ordinary character. On such an occasion a brief retrospective glance at the early history and progress of the paper is appropriate, if not expected—and therefore we indite what followeth. When the first number was issued, scarcely any one believed such a journal as we proposed could be established upon a permanent basis. Many *wished* it success—some boldly and generously lent their aid to the enterprise—but the almost unanimous sentiment was that the People and the Country were not prepared to appreciate and sustain a weekly of the character announced, and hence the achievement of success, even after we should have expended much time, labor and money, was pronounced an impossibility. This was the general and often openly-expressed opinion of the great majority, while the best friends of the cause of Rural Improvement entertained similar views, though their kindness and sympathy induced different speech and action. The truth is that we were considered, if not voted, a visionary and enthusiast, and more than one well-meaning friend confidentially intimated that the result would be in accordance with the trite adage, "a fool and his money are soon parted." Yet, strange to say, we judged differently, and were always sanguine of (aye, determined to achieve) success, eventually—the only question being one of time and the contingencies of circumstances, for we believed that right intentions, well-directed industry and energetic perseverance would accomplish more and greater wonders than the most subtle arts of the necromancer. True, we did not expect to succeed in a week, month or year, but that years of patient, earnest and untiring labor would be necessary to accomplish our object. Hence it was that when told we *must fail*—that we had commenced the paper ten years in advance of the period for such an enterprise—we replied that, if life and health were spared, partial success would crown our efforts in three years, and in ten the Rural New-Yorker would have a circulation of Fifty Thousand! This prediction was of course pronounced the height of absurdity—but how has it been fulfilled? what is the result? Months and years of hard labor followed,—the trials and struggles of which will never be forgotten, though we forbear recounting them in these pages,—and year after year the paper grew in favor, circulation and influence. And now we enter upon the Tenth Year and Volume *with a bona fide edition of over Fifty Thousand*—the Rural having attained, during the nine years of its publication, a circulation far exceeding that of any other Agricultural or similar journal in the World!

In reviewing the past history of the Rural, we might perhaps be permitted such latitude as to speak somewhat definitely of matters connected therewith, yet will not obtrude upon the reader any special details of business or personal experience. Suffice it, that during the nine years past our best endeavors have been devoted to the promotion of the cause espoused—that we have labored zealously and constantly, regardless of personal ease, pleasure or recreation,—in order to furnish a journal which should excel in all the essentials of a combined Agricultural, Horticultural, Literary and Family Newspaper. That we have not failed is manifested by its present enviable position and wide popularity. Though errors may have been committed in its pages, we trust the Rural has thus far accomplished its mission worthily—has performed its duty to readers and the public in an honest, independent, straight-forward manner. It has called things by their right names, and frequently exposed and condemned the hums and speculations by which sharpers sought to deplete the Rural Population—and, while keeping pace with the progressive spirit of the age, has at the same time been sufficiently conservative to avoid endorsing the visionary schemes so often commended. Of course we have not expected to please all, but sought to do right whoever might feel aggrieved, without special regard to consequences—and we shall be very likely to pursue a similar course in future. Hosts of friends have joined our standard,—and are now nobly aiding the Rural all over the land. But its success has produced rivals and enemies also—and a host of imitators, though many of the latter are extinguished. Wishing well to all cotemporaries who labor for the good of the cause, however, the Rural will continue to pursue the even tenor of its way—striving only to excel in advancing true "Progress and Improvement."

In presenting the initial number of Volume X, and addressing a larger parish of readers than ever before, we cordially greet the numerous friends who have already renewed their fellowship with the Rural, and heartily welcome the thousands who now, for the first time, take it to their firesides. Whether residents of Country or City—located in the East or West, the North or the South,—we trust they will find it, ever and always, interesting, instructive, pure and entertaining—an appropriate and valuable, and ere long highly esteemed weekly visitor to their hearts and homes. As we have said on a similar occasion, our honest endeavor will be to return subscribers far more than "value received" for their investments—to furnish an eminently Instructive, Entertaining and Valuable journal—such an one as will enhance the interests and promote the welfare of Individuals, Families and Community. Our earnest desire has ever been to make it an independent, reliable and useful Rural, Literary and Family Newspaper—correct in its teachings on Practical Subjects, instructive and entertaining to members of the Family Circle, and of high moral tone.—Such is our platform for the year and volume upon which we now enter—and, wishing all our readers a thrice "Happy New Year," we cease promises and commence performances.

PAYING FARMING.

Will it Pay?

To make farming pay should be the great object of the farmer. It is his profession—his business—by which he earns his livelihood—the means to feed, clothe and educate his children. By it he gains not only the necessaries—just sufficient to keep soul and body together—but the comforts, the luxuries and the elegancies of life—the means to purchase books and papers, and the time to educate, enlarge and adorn his mind. By farming, too, he gains goods and money to bestow on the poor and needy—to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, or else he must be deprived of this, the greatest privilege accorded to man by Him who declared it was "more blessed to give than to receive." Therefore, it is not strange that the farmer should be anxious to make everything which he undertakes pay. It is not surprising that the first question, on proposing anything new, should be, "*Will it pay?*" It is reasonable and right.

It Won't Pay.

"*It won't pay!*" is an exclamation we often hear, and it is intended as an answer to the previous question. We have no objection to its use, for if a thing *won't pay*, the sooner we make the discovery, and the quicker we spread the information, the better. But we fear it is often used without proper reflection—rashly. Everything new that promises to be of advantage, that comes decently recommended, or with the least show of reason for its claims, deserves a fair test—a regular jury trial—and after the evidences on all sides have been examined, if the jury cannot agree, on account of the conflicting state of the evidence, it is entitled, in common justice, to another trial. But, if the evidence is clear against its claims, then "away with it,"—proclaim upon the house-tops, or rather, in a more modern and effectual way, through the Agricultural Press, that it *will not pay*.

We doubt, however, whether there is a paying crop now cultivated, or a system of culture now generally approved, that has not at some time been condemned by the many as unprofitable. Indeed, a new candidate for the favor of the agricultural world, like a candidate for political favors must receive many hard knocks, whether deserved or not. Jethro Tull wrote, in 1740, that he could remember the time when, if a farmer was advised to sow clover, the almost invariable reply would be, "*gentlemen* might sow it if they pleased, but *farmers must take care and pay their rent.*" Now, clover is a great aid to the farmer in making his rent and his living, the world over. We often hear a remark, somewhat similar, now, that such a course may be well enough for *gentlemen farmers*, but they will not pay the practical farmer, who works for a business and a living. These remarks, doubtless, are often just, but they are sometimes made inconsiderately, as a few years experience proves.

The lessons of experience in Agriculture are necessarily slow. Nature gives us but one lesson,—one series of experiments each year. Still, much can be done by practical men to elicit truth, and something we are now doing. Let the wheat be sifted from the chaff, but in the anxiety to get rid of the chaff, be careful not to lose the grain, for this *won't pay*.

Does it Pay?

We will suggest another important question, which farmers might ask themselves more frequently than they do, with great advantage. It is more important, we think, than the question previously considered, as it will require a definite answer, and this answer is all important. It is simply, "*Does it pay?*" To aid any of our readers who may for the first time make up their minds to ask this question in a sensible, practical way, we will give a lesson or two, showing the manner in which it should be done.

Does it pay to take down and put up bars from three hundred and sixty-five to a thousand times every year, when in the time wasted at this work during one season, I could make a gate that would last a score of years, to say nothing of having teams standing, doing nothing, to see me make a mule of myself, at work at the bars? Then, how often they are left down, for it does seem as if some folks could never learn to put up bars.

Does it pay me to rake and scratch over so much ground for such small crops, when some farmers I know of get much larger products from less land and less labor? Wouldn't it pay better to plow deeper, manure heavier, cultivate cleaner, and get the same produce from one-half the quantity of land? I have thought that as I have the land, I might as well cultivate it all with my present help, but *does it pay?* Had I not better lay a part of it down to grass, which will not require much labor, and what I pretend to cultivate, do far more thoroughly?

Does it pay to let those sheep and cattle get so miserably poor in the fall, by depending on that dry and frozen pasture for sustenance, eating up the very roots, in a vain endeavor to appease their hunger? Wouldn't I gain by commencing to feed earlier, and so have them in better condition when winter sets in? I have always been taught to economize feed, for we don't know how long and severe the winter may be; but there is no use of starving animals in the fall, for fear they will have to go short before spring—a contingency which may never arise, and which, perhaps, I can provide against in some better way. That is something like the plan of the miser, who denies himself the comforts of life from his hoarded millions, for fear that some time in the future he will come to poverty. So he brings upon himself *now* the evil which he so much dreads in the *future*. A plan, certainly, that *don't pay*.

Does it pay to leave those loose boards hanging on the barn, flapping about with the wind, so that the horses can't sleep? And those open spaces between the boards, and the holes where some of them are broken, how much cold, and wind, and snow passes through them, and how the cattle and horses have to eat to keep warm? Several of the stones are gone from the foundation wall, and the wind has a fine sweep under the floor. I guess it will pay to patch them up immediately, though it should have been done before.

Does it pay to raise half a ton or so of hay to the acre, in that young orchard of mine? The trees look stunted, and make but little growth. They cost the cash, besides the trouble of setting; but more than that, I want the fruit.

Every thinking man will find occasion, almost every day, to ask himself the important question, "*Does it pay?*" That these inquiries may be often asked and properly answered, is our most earnest desire, and we hope to be instrumental, during the year just commencing, in aiding our readers to arrive at correct conclusions.

FIRST PREMIUM FARM HOUSE.

The accompanying design was prepared to supply the wants of a large and increasing class of farmers, whose well-to-do circumstances, and the demands of social life which their growing children make, prompt them to replace the "old house" by a more commodious, convenient and beautiful building. A tasteful home, spacious enough to accommodate the entire family with due regard to the separate duties of life and the requisite individual privacy, and to offer that wide hospitality which so charms us in the country, is a better investment than bank stock or fertile acres. If it does nothing more than keep the children beneath the home roof, and make their associations of home pleasant, and their enjoyments pure, it will be an incalculable blessing to them, while at the same time it will prove a source of serenest joy to sweeten the declining years of the parents. In this house there are no apartments for show, merely, but all are arranged with reference to economy of labor, where the mistress of the house has rarely any other assistance than her own daughters can render.

PLAN OF PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

A. Living Room,	15 by 18.
B. Parlor,	15 " 18.
C. Kitchen,	12 " 18.
D. Bed Room,	12 " 12.
E. Children's Bed Room,	9 " 12.
F. Back Kitchen,	11 " 16.
G. Daley,	7 " 8.
H. Pantry,	5 " 9.
I. Wood House,	12 " 22.
K. Hall,	6 " 15.
L. Alcove,	6 " 8.
M. M. Verandas.	
N. N. Closets.	

The plan shows a broad veranda on the entrance front, extending so that its roof forms the top of the bay-window, giving access to a narrow hall, which seems roomy enough, as the staircase is in a recess at the further end. There is also space for a cloak closet under the stairs. The hall gives access to the three principal rooms; a parlor on the left, a living-room on the right, which may also be used as a dining-room, which has a bay-window, and an alcove showing through an arched opening, fitted up with book shelves on each side. The shelves should have glazed doors down to the usual height of wainscoting, and below, closets for newspapers, specimens in natural history, &c. If both sides are not needed for books, one side can be fitted up with an ottoman-seat, or lounge, thus affording a cosy nook for reading or study.

PLAN OF CHAMBERS.

A. Bed Room,	15 by 15.
B. Bed Room,	15 " 18.
C. Bed Room,	12 " 15.
D. Bed Room,	12 " 18.
E. Bed Room,	11 " 16.
F. Bed Room,	12 " 22.
G. Hall,	7 " 8.
H. Dressing Room,	7 " 8.
J. Bath Room,	5 " 9.
L. L. Closets.	

In the rear of the alcove is the kitchen, which has a china-closet, a pantry, and a door leading to the back stairs. A bed-room communicates with the kitchen, having a closet and a smaller bed-room for children beyond, which also has a closet. In case but one of the bed-rooms is needed, the other can be used for a library, when a door from the hall could be made.

A back-kitchen is provided in the wing, having doors to the dairy, cellar, wood-shed and veranda.

The chamber plan supplies four large bed-rooms in the main house, one of them having a window seat, formed by a projecting closet, and another, a dressing-room with closets. A bath-room is placed above the hall, lighted by a small octagonal window, or by an enameled door. Two large sleeping-rooms are shown over the back-kitchen and the wood-shed. A similar amount of accommodation can also be furnished in the attic, if necessary.

The house can be built either of wood, brick or stone; but in either case, the verge-boards, verandas, &c., should be made durable and plain. All ornamentation beyond what is strictly characteristic and suggestive of country simplicity, has no place upon it. We have endeavored in our perspective to give it an unpretending, rural aspect, with enough of dignity to mark it as the residence of a family of refinement and taste. If built of wood, in a plain but thorough manner, it could be erected in most parts of the country for about two thousand dollars. The remaining details of construction are such as are familiar to most persons, and especially to masons and carpenters, and need not be discussed here.

OUR PREMIUM PLANS FOR FARM HOUSES.

In connection with the preceding excellent Plan for a Farm House, by GEO. B. RAND, of St. Johnsville, Vt., we give the Report of the Committee who made the examinations and awards in accordance with our offer for the best three Designs for Farm Houses, as follows:

Premiums for Farm Houses.—1st. for the best plan of a Farm House, with ground plans, elevations, &c., drawn to a scale, and with all necessary information as to cost, manner of construction, &c., we will give a premium of TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS. 2d. For the second best plan, furnished as above, TWENTY DOLLARS. 3d. For the third, FIFTEEN DOLLARS.

Though their final report appears later than was anticipated, the Committee (consisting of Messrs. JAMES VICK, WILLARD HODGES and WILLIAM T. KENNEDY, Jr.,) have apparently discharged their arduous duty in a very competent, and we doubt not impartial, manner. Other gentlemen were appointed on the Committee, but could not conveniently give the matter proper attention, as they resided some distance from Rochester. The following is the Report of the Committee.

The Committee appointed to examine the plans of Houses presented in competition for the "*Rural Premiums*," have performed the duty assigned them to the best of their ability, and have given the subject all the attention consistent with their other duties, and all, perhaps, that was required. They found *twenty* designs that, in the main, conformed to the conditions of the offer, and to these they gave especial thought and time. Some of these were not calculated for farm houses, being too expensive for the generality of this class, while others, though beautiful cottages, suitable for village and suburban residences, were too small to furnish the accommodations required in a good farm house. Other plans, though not particularly objectionable, and in some respects very deserving, possess no particular merit above ordinary buildings to entitle them to a premium. In many we find some desirable features we would commend, while the value of the plan is marred by some inconvenient arrangement, such as placing the kitchen a long way from the dining room and connected with it by a long and dark passage.

After full consideration the committee award the *First Premium* to GEORGE B. RAND, of St. Johnsville, Vermont; the *Second* to H. B. HAUT, of Rush, N. Y., and the *Third* to WM. S EDGAR, of Jacksonville, Illinois.

Other plans are worthy of especial commendation, particularly the *Italian Cottage* of C. B. RYDER of Pike, N. Y.; the *Farm House* of S. W. SACKETT of Catharine, N. Y.; the residence of ISAAC CLEMENT of Halfmoon, N. Y.; the *Mechanic's House* of SILAS NEWCOMB, of Pike, N. Y., and a design for a *Mechanic's* or *Laborer's Home*, by LAWRENCE B. VALE, Architect, of New York city. We might mention others well deserving of notice, and also give in detail the reasons for the awards we have made, but as the plans will probably be published in the RURAL, they will speak for themselves, and all readers can then judge of the ability and impartiality with which we have performed the duty assigned us.

JAMES VICK, in behalf of Com.

[The Report of the Committee on Barns has been received and will be given in two or three weeks, in connection with the Plan to which they have awarded the first premium.]

BLACK QUARTER, OR QUARTER EVIL.

EDS. RURAL:—Reading the inquiries and remarks in a recent issue of the NEW-YORKER on the disease called Black Quarter or Quarter Evil—in relation to cause, prevention, and cure—the thought occurred to me that I might say a few words that might do some good as a preventive, although it is nothing new, and will only help to substantiate the evidence of others.

Some eight or nine years ago I first saw this disease, and for five years saw more or less of it. This malady seems to have three times in the year in which it prevails the most—although young stock, that are in high condition, I think, are liable to it at any time—but April, June and August are the months that I saw it most. My experience is this:—The disease commenced among my father's stock in August—weather hot and showery—feed very abundant. All that was done to prevent was change of pasture, feeding plenty of salt with brimstone and saltpetre. Lost some eight or ten head of the best stock, under two years old. The next year it commenced about the same time, and two died. Procured a fleam, and bled all stock under two years old—no more died, nor were any additional attacked. Next year, in April, one was attacked with it—bled all again, also again in August. The two following years, bled in April and August. Lost no more cattle, although our neighbors that did not bleed, suffered from its ravages. This has made me firm in the belief that bleeding is a preventive, and if I were raising stock now, I should bleed and give good feed, rather than to scrimp for fear of the malady. Think it is almost impossible to cure after the swelling is large, and impossible when it is seated internally. Have seen them die within three hours after being so attacked; would not be bloated in the least; flesh would look as clean and nice as though butchered, but intestines, lungs, &c., would be black and frothy. Never saved the life of but one, and that was the last we ever had attacked with it. We followed Mr. YOUATT's plan as near as we could. Noticed it by the animal not eating his mess, and kicking slightly, as though his foot itched. Examined his leg, and found a slight swelling in the thin part of the leg above the gambrel joint—enough, however, to give the crackling noise. Commenced operations immediately—saved his life, but he lost the shell of his hoof. Fatted, and killed it in the fall.

As farmers cannot always be with their stock to watch them—and if discovered, scarcely ever have the remedies at hand, or patience to doctor them, if they had—I think an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Every one that has a common fleam lancet or sharp pocket knife, and pluck enough to use them, has the preventive; and bleeding does no hurt, but good. Some think cutting the tail or an ear will do, but I think it should always be done in the neck, and the blood be caught in a measure, so as to ascertain the amount taken, which should depend on age, size, and condition of the animal.

Those that are thin of flesh, are liable to it if put on good feed—have seen those quite thin, but with nice glossy coats of hair, denoting a start in the world, die as well as those more fleshy.

There may be seasons when this terrible malady will not prevail at all; but, as a safe guard, I would bleed, and if the disease once made its appearance among my stock, I should certainly do so. It is less trouble and expense than feeding drugs, and I think more reliable. What makes me think so, I never knew an animal die with it that had been bled, while the reverse was the characteristic of those that were not. BLEED.

Buffalo, N. Y., 1858.

FAST CORN HUSKING.

MESSRS. EDS.:—On reading the account of those fast corn huskers in the December numbers of the RURAL, I feel more and more convinced that some men are made for one thing, and some for another,—and I shall hereafter conclude that corn husking is not *my forte*. It is with humility I say it. To be sure we manage out here to husk 35 or 40 bushels, by working hard, but the "men of Lyons" have cast us entirely into the shade. We shall say that we raise large crops of corn, 160 or 175 bushels of ears of corn, but at husking we will give up. Now I do not intend to be skeptical, but to tell the truth, I don't quite swallow these big stories. I think that when a man husks his 75 or 80 bushels in a day, it is much as the old farmer said of his buckwheat crop,—"he did not think that the measure was quite so *full*." Who, that has sat in a country store at the "Corners," but has heard just such stories?—but I did not believe, that, as the old woman said, "they *would print lies*." These lazy farmers who meet at the store on a rainy day, always have a story to tell, and each will try to excel the other. We hear them tell of mowing 3½ or 4 acres of stout grass per day, of chopping 6 or 7, or even 8 cords of wood, and of cradling 4 acres of heavy grain in a half day. Now the fact of the matter, as far as I am acquainted, is, that those who do such big days' works, do not work every day. They are men who will work well for one day, and then take the rest of the week to boast of it at the "Corners." I never heard of a good, steady farmer, who did any of these big days' works. They work to accomplish some better object than to gain the reputation of being "awful smart." But the "men of Lyons" need not feel too pompous over their work; for we have men out here who will (to take their word for it) beat that. I know a man who is sickly, and lays by every winter, who has husked 95 bushels and drew it to the crib—and of another who husked 110 bushels on the hill—but they are not men whom we would hire for a day's work. They always slight their work, and cannot be depended on for more than one day at that,—and are generally poor and shiftless, and depend on their *slow neighbors* for the necessaries of life during the winter. It is a fine thing for us to talk of these *smart men*, who do so much in a day—but I would much prefer to hear of the amount done in a week, a month, a year, or a series of years, and then we should see that the *slow farmers* are the *fast ones*, and have the story all on their side. Our profession does not admit of this fast work, and he who works so fast generally slights it. SOLON.

Geneva, Mich., 1858.

HEAVY FLEECES.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Having lately seen several articles in the RURAL on great yields of wool from different flocks of sheep, I wish to make mention, through the same channel, of a pair of Merino bucks of my own raising, sheared the 20th of May last. One was one year old, and the other, one year less eight days.

Weight of carcass,	208 lbs
Weight of wool in dirt,	28 "
Weight of wool thoroughly cleaned,	12 "

Considering the size of the sheep, I call this a good yield of pure wool, and, in fact, is not this the only true test for heavy fleeces? The *clean* wool is the only part of the fleece of any intrinsic value, and all food consumed in the production of oil, except sufficient to give the wool a soft and glossy appearance, and protect its outer ends from the storm, is worse than thrown away. It causes a large demand upon the stomach of the sheep by way of digestion, as well as upon the hay-mow for fodder, while the substance of the food that should go to the support of the flesh and fleece of the animal oozes out through the skin in an oil of no value, except as a lodgment for dirt and filth by which to take in green-horns. I am of the opinion that an over-abundance of oil must be at the *expense of wool*,—at least I have never met a sheep combining these properties in a high degree. If any reader of the RURAL has beaten or equaled this proportion of PURE WOOL to the mutton, I would like to hear from him; for I would like to buy a buck of that man to cross my flock with, providing his flock is comparatively good in other respects.

AARON V. BAKER.

Urbana, Steuben Co., N. Y., 1858.

DRAINING PAYS.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Very much was I alarmed on reading H. T. B.'s Anti-Draining article in the RURAL. For a number of years I have looked at draining and drained land; but was a long while in commencing such an expensive operation. However, after reading many articles from the pen of the "Father of Tile-Draining" here,—and I believe on this side of the Atlantic,—and also contrasting the crops on drained and undrained land, I concluded it was a sure and safe investment to tile drain my farm. Latterly I went at it in good earnest, for a farmer of moderate means, and before I have taken a crop from my drained land, (with the exception of my garden and a little more,) out came H. T. B., telling that "draining, if gone extensively into, would not only ruin the individual, but bankrupt the nation." It made me scratch my head—thinking $600 already expended might be lost. I went right at my file of Agricultural papers to read over all I could find about draining, but could only find two who ever hesitated on the benefits derived from it; one of these was a Prof., and the other a Judge, who agreed that "it was imprudent to expend $25 an acre in draining in Seneca Co., when land in Illinois could be bought for $1 25 per acre." Immediately follows our pattern drainer's reply; and I concluded it was safer to believe him whom I know than those I had never seen.

I write this, my first article for publication, to let folks know that I feel better than at the first reading of H. T. B.'s letter. My draining don't cost much over one-third of what H. T. B. estimates it. My only fear was, I was making it cost too little, by putting my drains 40 feet apart,—but I am making them nearly a foot deeper than many do, and hope they may answer every purpose.

In reading Mr. J. J.'s reply to H. T. B., he says "every prudent man will drain ten or twenty acres, and wait until the excess of crops will repay the cost." This will suit my purse exactly, but don't accord with my plans. I have been fully convinced, by reading and observation, that draining is the most profitable investment farmers ever made in this county, and I intend borrowing $500 in the spring and going more extensively into it. I have not seen anything that should discourage me so far. SENECA COUNTY FARMER.

Seneca Co., N. Y., Dec., 1858.

Inquiries and Answers.

OAK SHINGLES.—Some three years since, a gentleman residing in Michigan, while on a visit to my house, informed me that the people there were covering their best houses with oak shingles—that they preferred them to the best pine—that they made an elegant looking roof, and would last forever,—this latter rather doubtful. If this be so, and as I have no reason to doubt the integrity of my informant, we have a good deal of excellent shingle timber this side of Allegany, and I wish some of your numerous correspondents would please inform me if oak shingles are manufactured the same as others.—MARTIN SMITH, *Wheatland, N. Y.*, 1858.

REMARKS.—Will not some of our numerous correspondents in Michigan answer the inquiries of Mr. S., through the RURAL?

A COW MILKER.—I enclose to you an advertisement of a patent *Cow Milker*. I am about buying a cow, and not being a farmer, (having been brought up in the city,) I do not know how to milk, and being a subscriber to your valuable journal, I wish to know from you if the article advertised is a desirable one to use in every respect or not? It is a tube (said to be silver,) about the size of a straw, in which is a piston that runs thro' and projects half an inch, having a smooth rounded end to prevent hurting the teat on entering, after which the piston is drawn out, and being slightly wound for suction, it starts the milk. It has attached to it a piece of silk, fastened round the tube near the bottom, not unlike in shape to a teacup, and near the upper edge is a strip of rubber to hold it round the teat.—WINONA, *Minnesota, Dec.*, 1858.

REMARKS.—We have seen a good many *Patent Milkers*, but not one that we considered worth a dime. Although hundreds and perhaps thousands have been sold in this State, we don't believe one is now in use. It is very easy for those who have the machines and rights to make a *selling* exhibition by obtaining a free milking cow, and applying the machine before an admiring crowd.

CONSTRUCTING A FILTER.—Will you, or some of your correspondents, inform me through the RURAL how to construct a filter for rain water, on a cheap scale, for culinary purposes.—C. G., *Oxford Co., Canada, West.*

REMARKS.—There are various ways for making filters, but the principle is the same in all. The simplest way is to procure a new barrel, with straight sides. Make a strong partition in the centre, lengthwise, with holes in the bottom to allow the water to pass from one side of the partition to the other. Prepare the filtering material in the following manner:—Burn good, hard wood until burnt to a coal, then extinguish the fire with water, and break up the charcoal thus prepared into pieces about the size of small peas. Mix with this washed gravel about the same size. Fill one side of the partition with this preparation, packing it in pretty compact, until within six or eight inches of the top. This space is left for pouring in the the water, when it will slowly filter through and rise in the other side of the partition nicely filtered. For removing it from the barrel a common beer-cock may be used. With this information any ingenious person may construct a filter to answer the purpose in many different ways. The partition may be put across the barrel, leaving only a foot or so of space at the bottom, and as a general thing this will be found the better way.

GREASE, OR SCRATCHES.—Will you be so kind as to inform me if you know of anything that *will cure* the scratches. I have tried a number of things, but of no avail, Sloan's Ointment and Condition Powders among the rest. I have a colt, three past, that is troubled with them very much. If you can inform me of a cure, you will greatly oblige a constant reader of your paper.—T., *Dansville, N. Y.*, 1858.

REMARKS.—The presence of Scratches, according to PERCIVAL, is a pretty infallible test of negligent grooming. "T." can answer for himself in this respect, and if a lack of care has been the rule, may prevent its appearance hereafter. In its early stages, diet, cleanliness, and ventilation require the attention of the groom. When the heels are swollen and hot, apply a poultice of slippery elm (powdered) ½ pound; fine salt 2 ounces. Mix with hot water, and when cool, spread a portion on cotton cloth and bind. *If the horse is fat*, a mild cathartic consisting of aloes, 4 drachms; gentian, 2 drachms; ginger, 1 drachm—all powdered—may be administered. If, on the other hand, the horse be poor, use no medicine, but allow a generous diet. Prof. MORTON, of the Royal Veterinary College, recommends the following:—Equal parts of vinegar, linseed oil, and turpentine. Wash the heels with luke warm water and castile soap, and, after wiping dry, apply the mixture.

TO MAKE BUTTER COME.—D., of Allegan, inquires how to make butter come, without "churning two mortal long hours?" If he will adopt my rule, which never fails, his labors will be very much relieved. To a churning of four or five gallons of cream, put in a tablespoonful of saleratus or soda, and less in proportion. Too much injures the solidity of the butter. I have known good solid butter made by putting the cream in a bag, or flour sack, and covering it six or eight inches with dirt—in the morning the butter will be ready to work, minus the butter-milk, but in this case the pigs lose their breakfast.—J. M., *Dec.* 22, 1858.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Quite a Flock of Geese.

IN a recent issue of the Toledo *Blade*, we observe the statement that *six thousand geese* might have been seen at Winchester, on the Bellefontaine road, a few days since, "gobbling up corn preparatory to being sent to the New York market." The *Blade* remarks:—"The owner had already driven into one car 1,500 of these doomed victims to man's appetite. The goose-drover paid from fifteen to twenty cents each, and calculated to get his money back by the sale of the feathers, so that whatever may be received in New York, where they are sold by weight, for the plucked birds, would be clear profit. The dealer—who must be a speculative Yankee—has agents in almost every farming locality in the West. He must be well posted on the 'goose question.'"

Wool Consumption in England.

FROM a Lecture on the Culture of Sheep by Mr. ROBERT SMITH, delivered in London, and published in the *West of England Society's Journal*, we make the following extract, which shows conclusively that the great importance of sheep in relation to their wool-bearing properties is daily increasing:—"In 1835 the total estimate of British growth was 108,000,000 pounds, while, in 1857, it has been estimated by Mr. Ashworth at 148,042,782 pounds. Beyond our own growth, the imports of wool from Australia in 1807 amounted to only 245 pounds; whereas in 1855, the latest period up to which the returns extend, the importation was 40,810,137 pounds. In 1838 we received from India 3,721 pounds in 1855 the importation was 4,594,520 lbs. The total importation from all places, in 1855, amounted to 99,800,446 pounds."

Jerusalem Artichokes for Horses.

THE *Journal d'Agriculture Pratique*, (Paris, France,) contains an article on artichokes in which the writer says that he has found them of great value as food for horses, and that they supersede the necessity of feeding them oats when difficult to be had. The writer's land was not favorable to the growth of oats, or, rather, his system of rotation excluded this grain almost entirely from the list; and its place in the rotation was not the most favorable one for the production of a good crop.—The trial of artichokes was made, and the horses thrived upon them surprisingly. The yield was larger to the acre than that of any other root. The writer recommends planting every year, instead of relying upon the tubers left in the ground, for the following year's crop. Even on land from which a crop of artichokes had been taken, and that contained, of course, a sufficient amount of seed, the re-planting produced a better crop of larger sized tubers.

Smut in Wheat.

WILLIAM MYERS writes to the *California Red Bluff Beacon*, from Pleasant Grove Farm, Tehama Co., that he has been a farmer in California for four years and has been endeavoring to ascertain the cause of smut in wheat. He threshed out a portion of his seed wheat by a machine and a portion by horses. He kept them separate, and sowed them on the same kind of land. That which was threshed by horses had no smut, while that which was threshed by a machine had considerable. He says he could trace the smut to a furrow where the machine grain was sown, the other being perfectly free from smut, both being clean seed when sown. From this fact Mr. M. has deduced the following theory:—The bruised kernels have not vitality enough in them to mature the grain, but enough to produce a stalk and head, and the grain blasts or smuts. So confident is he of the truth of his assertions that he thinks if farmers would thresh their seed wheat with a flail, or with horses "two years would not elapse before the cry of smut in wheat will be no more heard in our land."

Valuable Fertilizing Compost.

MR. WALRATH, of Canton, St. Lawrence Co., to whom the N. Y. State Ag. Society awarded one of the Farm Premiums in 1856, writes the *Country Gentleman* that he makes use of a composition of six bushels wood ashes; one bushel of plaster; one bushel of lime; one-fourth bushel of salt; a small quantity of sulphur, pounded bones, &c., on meadows, grain, hops, corn, potatoes, and the garden, as a top-dressing. On grain it is sown broadcast soon after it is up; on meadows as soon as the grass starts, and just before a rain, if practicable. On corn it is applied before and after hoeing, and slightly covered, and in the same manner to garden crops. Its expense is about 20 cents per bushel, and it is used at the rate of two or three bushels per acre on grain and grass lands. Mr. W. states that this composition was used for ten years upon about an acre constantly cultivated, and the result was a constantly increasing annual product. The last grain crop was wheat, thirty bushels per acre; the hay cut in 1856 (clover and timothy,) was two tons the first, and one the second cutting. This has proved a very valuable fertilizer in the hands of Mr. WALRATH, and we recommend its use by farmers generally.

Gross and Net Weight of Cattle.

ACCORDING to the New York *Tribune*, the ordinary rule of ascertaining the net weight of beef cattle from the live weight on the scales, varies according to quality, size and age, and after all is no rule at all, because it is entirely a matter of agreement between the parties at the time. It also depends upon the locality. In New York, the net weight of the beef in the quarter only is wanted. In Boston, the hide and fat are included, counting those products equal to one-quarter of the beef, or rather, calling the whole five quarters. There the net weight of a fat bullock is estimated at 60 to 68 pounds of each 100 of live weight. In extra fine animals the per centage is higher. In New York, where the hide and fat are left out of the calculation, the bullocks are estimated at 55 to 60 pounds net to each 100 pounds gross; and if the animal is very fine, the estimate runs from 61 to 64 pounds net to each 100 pounds gross. Extraordinary animals sometimes dress 65 or 66 pounds, and even higher, and ordinary lean stock run from 55 down to 47, though not often below 50 pounds, or one-half the live weight at home. The common practice at the West is to weigh fatted cattle, some hours after feeding and a little exercise, and calculate the net weight at 55 pounds per 100 of the live weight.

Agricultural Miscellany.

TO RURAL CORRESPONDENTS—that is, all who write on Rural topics *for* the RURAL—we wish to say several things in commencing a new volume, but have space for only a few words. And first—*Be Brief*, or as short and pithy as your subject will admit, omitting all circumlocution or talk about the merits of the RURAL, &c. In common parlance, *pitch into* your SUBJECT at once, giving the gist of the discussion, with necessary facts and figures, in as few words and little space as possible. This will enable us to give a larger number of your favors, thus treating upon a greater variety of subjects, in each issue,—*giving the clean wheat*. Second—*Be Plain and Practical*; in other words *write* as sensibly as you *talk*, without getting on stilts or using big, dictionary words unnecessarily. Thousands of our readers—men of good common sense, sound judgment and large experience—*ought* to write for as well as read the RURAL, and could impart much valuable information, but are deterred lest their articles should not be as finished as the productions of a Professor of Belles-Lettres. We trust this mistaken idea—shall we call it false pride?—will be ignored, and that all who desire to do good—to "teach one another"—will communicate any valuable facts or results of useful observation and ripe experience, which they may possess, for the benefit of our widely-extended parish of readers. But, we also must *be brief*.

ANNUAL MEETINGS OF AG. SOCIETIES.—The Annual Meeting of the United States Ag. Society will be held at Washington on Wednesday, the 12th inst. That of the N. Y. State Ag. Society at the Agricultural Rooms, in Albany, on the second Wednesday (9th) of February ensuing. That of the Monroe Co. Ag. Society at the Court House in Rochester, on the second Wednesday (12th day) of January instant.

—As the Annual Meetings of most of the State, County, District and Town Ag. Associations are to be held within a few weeks, we request the Secretaries to furnish us lists of officers elected, with synopsis of other important business transacted, for publication in the RURAL.

FARMERS' HIGH SCHOOL OF PENNSYLVANIA.—This institution is to be opened Feb. 16th. Students must be 16 years of age. Applications for admission of 100 students from the different counties of the State, in proportion to the taxable inhabitants (ratio 5,796) will be received till the 15th inst., and must be made through the officers of County Ag Societies, or, where such Societies do not exist, or fail to present, by the applicant directly—addressing WM. G. WARING, Farm School P. O., Centre, Pa. The charge for tuition, boarding, washing, fuel, light, books, &c., for each session of ten months, is $100 payable in advance.

OHIO STATE AG. SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture was held at Columbus on the 8th ult. The attendance was quite large, three-fourths of the counties being represented. The Board for 1859 is constituted as follows:—Members re-elected—John M. Millikin of Butler, and Alex. Waddle of Clark. Old members who hold over—Dr. N. S. Townshend, of Lorain, Jas. M. Trimble of Highland, Lucian Buttles of Franklin, Dr. L. Q. Rawson of Sandusky, and John Reber of Fairfield. New members—D. E. Gardner of Lucas, Wm. De Witt of Cuyahoga, and Chas. W. Potwin of Muskinghum. The new Board is organized as follows:—President, Dr. N. S. TOWNSHEND, Avon; Treasurer, L. Buttles, Columbus; Rec. Secretary, D. E. Gardner, Toledo; Cor Secretary, J. H. Klippart, Columbus. A resolution locating the State Fair permanently was lost.

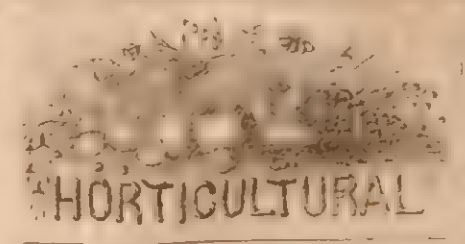
ANOTHER WORLD'S FAIR, on a grand scale, is projected to take place in London in the year 1861. It is to be on a similar plan but larger basis than the exhibition of 1851. The Council of the Society of Arts, while considering the subject generally, arrived at the conclusion that two new features ought to be introduced, viz.:—music and painting; and that every article be exhibited in classes, and not in nations, as in 1851. New phases of mechanical invention and of the application of scientific and artistic knowledge to industrial purposes have been developed. The catalogue and jury reports of the exhibition of 1851 have proved most valuable European directories, constantly referred to by buyers from all parts of the world; and it is thought the catalogue of another exhibition would present all the features of a timely revisal of a work which has proved of more than ordinary use to mercantile men.

NET WEIGHT OF HOGS.—At this season the following table for determining the net by the gross weight of hogs, may be useful to dealers in pork It is based upon the Kentucky rule—that is, for 100 pounds gross, deduct 25 pounds; for the second 100 pounds, subtract 12½ pounds, and for the third 100 pounds deduct 6¼ pounds. All over 300 pounds is calculated as net:

100 gross will net,		75	200 gross will net		162
105	do	79	205	do	167
110	do	83	210	do	174
115	do	88	215	do	176
120	do	92	220	do	181
125	do	96	225	do	185
130	do	101	230	do	190
135	do	105	235	do	195
140	do	110	240	do	200
145	do	114	245	do	209
150	do	118	250	do	214
155	do	124	255	do	218
160	do	127	260	do	223
165	do	131	265	do	228
170	do	136	270	do	232
175	do	140	275	do	237
180	do	148	280	do	242
185	do	149	285	do	246
190	do	153	290	do	251
195	do	158	295	do	256

IT is said that some of the farmers in Northern Ohio and on the borders of Indiana, have commenced the breeding and raising of deer the same as they do sheep, and they take them to market; hence the plenitude of venison. We question whether it PAYS.

THE Commissioner of Patents has taken measures to obtain specimens and cuttings of the grapes, figs and olives of the Crimea. Also, to procure detailed information in reference to the drying of figs, raisins and Zante currants, and of the manufacture of olive oil and wine.



A CONVERSATION ABOUT DWARF PEARS.

Not long since we had a call from a gentleman who felt a deep interest in the question whether pears can be profitably grown for market on dwarf trees. He had read in the *Horticulturist* that about the only places where dwarfs flourished were in and about Rochester and Boston, and supposing this to be true was anxious to know the cause, to ascertain whether we practiced any mysterious system of culture, used any chemical preparation that proved a specific for all the ills that dwarf pears are heir to; or whether the Almighty, on the first morn of Creation, had drawn a magic circle around Rochester and Boston, and said of dwarf pear culture, "thus far shall thou go, and no farther." He could not believe in the nonsensical idea that dwarf pears would only succeed where the severity of the winter was modified by large bodies of water,—that Albany and Pittsfield, Massachusetts, were too cold, and Boston just right. He had seen, as we had, living dwarf pear trees in the State of Illinois, in localities where apple trees ten and fifteen years old were killed to the ground by the extreme cold. Without giving our views, we proposed to spend a day among the pear trees growing in this vicinity, in examining them under all conditions—under good and poor culture,—well cared for and entirely neglected—that he might judge for himself of the effects of culture and neglect here, and thus, perhaps, be enabled to form a tolerably correct opinion of the cause of failure in other places.

Thinking that this examination would be of interest to our readers, who cannot walk and talk with us among the growing trees, we sallied forth, armed with paper and pencils, to take drawings and notes of conversation.

Editor—Here we will take our first lesson. You see a number of ill-shaped neglected trees, suffering and dying. They were planted out two years since, and have not received the least care. The foundation for a house, tells the story. The owner abandoned the trees and the building, and both are going to ruin. This is so plain a case that we will not dwell.

We have now arrived at the place where we purpose to take our second lesson. Here are six dwarf pear trees. When planted eight or nine years ago there were nine in the row, but cattle or disease has destroyed two on one end and one on the other, as the stumps remaining show. The ground, you see, has been entirely neglected. It has not been disturbed by a spade or hoe, and the grass and weeds have grown unmolested. Six of the trees have lived through these hardships, but their stunted and scrubbed appearance, the hard and woody bark, speak too plainly their ill treatment. For the first three years they were tolerably well cultivated, but since that time have been entirely neglected.

Visitor.—I am surprised to see them in as good condition, after the usage you describe, evidence of the truth of which I see before me.

Editor.—We will make a sketch of one of these trees, for the facts will be as interesting and profitable to others as to ourselves.

These miserable peach trees are the remains of a large number planted at the same time as the pear trees. You see they have suffered worse than the pears, and save two or three dead and dying trees and a number of stumps, nothing remains. We will make a drawing of one for comparison.—

From this it would be fair to infer that the dwarf pear will endure hard treatment as well as the peach.

Visitor.—I would have expected the pears to suffer most, but it does not appear to be the case. But, how happens it that these trees have been neglected?

Editor.—We will finish our examination, and then I will explain that matter. The quinces you see are a mass of suckers and worthless shoots, and even the currants, that will endure almost anything without complaining, are struggling for life—mere thickets of suckers. We will take a drawing of one of them, just to show how they bear such treatment It will be valuable to compare with the pear and the peach, for treatment that would destroy this hardy bush must be acknowledged pretty mean.

Now that we have completed our examination, we will walk on, and in a few minutes look at trees that have received a little better treatment; and as you inquired why these were planted and then allowed to suffer and die, I will explain the reason. That fine place the owner designed for his residence, but business requiring his removal, it has been rented ever since.

We are now prepared for another lesson.—Here are two dwarf trees, much better than the last, but still not thrifty. The soil is good, and they were, no doubt, well planted on the lawn where you see them standing. All weeds have been kept down, of course, by the tolerably well kept lawn, but they have received no manure, and the grass has been permitted to grow close to their trunks. Almost every year they bear a little fruit, but it is not first rate, nor are the trees one-half the size they would have been under fair treatment. I first observed them in 1848, and they had then been planted several years. It was about this time that the "*fire blight*" was so terribly destructive, killing thousands of young trees in the nurseries, as well as those planted out in orchards and gardens. These trees, growing in the grass, remained uninjured, and it was from observing them, and perhaps others similarly situated, that the late James H. Watts argued in the agricultural papers that permitting grass to grow around pear trees would insure a slow growth and prevent the blight. As this shows an improvement over the last, we will take another drawing.

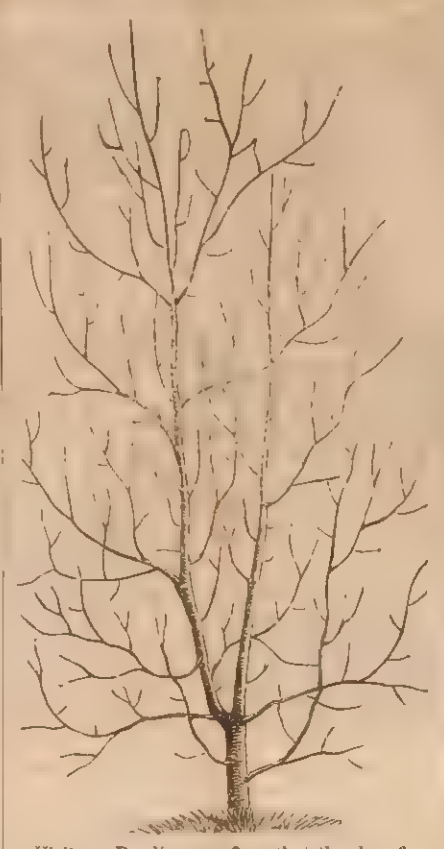
Visitor.—I have heard this theory advanced, but has it been proved? or has there been sufficient evidence on this point to form a guide in practice?

Editor.—I think not. The experience of some cultivators appears to favor the idea that a rapid growth predisposes trees to the blight, while other facts are against it. A few years ago I saw an old standard pear tree, near Lockport, and by no means vigorous, struck with the blight, and so rapid was its progress that the entire head had to be cut away. Last summer, on the Ridge Road, about seven miles from this city, I saw two large *Flemish Beauty* trees, the last in a row, and standing in the poorest place, and the worst cared for of all, dying with the blight, though other and more thrifty trees were not affected. I have grown hundreds, and given the best possible culture, without losing a dozen by blight. This disease is not serious now, in this section of country, at least.

Now we will walk a little further, and look at four trees, growing in a yard in front of a mechanic's cottage. He knows little about trees, but has given them what care he thought necessary. I have noticed them the last four or five years, bearing remarkable crops; a Bartlett, a Virgalieu, and a Louise Bonne de Jersey, giving not less than a bushel each. As I obtained the facts a few days since, I will give them as related to me. Nine years ago last spring they were planted. After planting, clam shells were put around each tree, as people sometimes put them around shrubs and flowers, for ornament. Two years after planting, as the trees did not grow fast enough to suit him, the owner threw a barrow full of manure around each They have received no manure since, but very frequently during the summer the soap-suds from the wash is thrown around them. The trees are large and shade the ground somewhat, so that the grass is not compact under them, but no particular pains has been taken to prevent its growth. They have never been pruned,—only a limb chopped off, occasionally, as it appeared to be in the way, or to suit the notions of the owner. They are not, therefore, of good form, but an improvement in all respects upon those we have seen before.

Visitor.—The improvement is very apparent, and thus far in our examinations it has seemed to be just in proportion to the improved treatment.

Editor.—The *Virgalieu*, which is the largest, is about fifteen feet high, the tree you see that has been grafted, was some winter variety, probably *Glout Morceau*, but the owner knowing nothing of winter pears, concluded they were worthless, and top-grafted with the Bartlett. Of the *Virgalieu* we will take a drawing, to show progress. It is covered with fruit buds, and though not of handsome form, is by no means an unsightly object. In its summer dress of foliage and flowers, or fruit, it is really beautiful. No tree, not even an apple or a maple, would thrive with less care; and the most negligent cultivator would certainly consider as much as this necessary to the growth of any tree.



Visitor.—Reading so often, that the dwarf pear was suited to *garden culture only*, I was led to suppose that it required careful nursing, and extraordinary treatment every way—that without the greatest horticultural knowledge and skill, and the best of culture, failure was certain; but, really, from the specimens of *garden culture* I have thus far seen, I certainly would recommend *field culture* as far superior. No hill of corn or potatoes would grow and produce with such treatment as these trees have received.

Editor.—It is now growing dark, and we must postpone further researches until the morrow. Then we will see the effects of better culture.

NEW GRAPES.

Eds. Rural:—The simultaneous movement in the production of new fruits, is not a little remarkable. The grape mania, however, appears to have taken the deepest root, and one after another in close succession comes the announcement of "*New Grapes*," and "*thousands of seedlings*" coming on. From the results already attained in so brief a period, no one can form even a probable opinion of the *finale*. One thing we *may* look for in the fullness of time,—"thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." It would be looking for too great results, to expect that we can convert our austere, wild grapes by magic, to the excellence of the *Chasselas* or *Hamburghs*; but we can produce *good* grapes, in great *abundance*; and if new and superior varieties continue to be produced, as doubtless they will, we shall soon have an abundant catalogue from which to select grapes, "*very good*," for *general cultivation*.

The *Isabella* and *Catawba*, pronounced only a year or two ago to be "peerless of their kind," by some of the leading horticulturists of the age, are now supplanted by nearly a score of rivals; and in consequence of their failure to ripen well north of lat. 41° will soon be numbered with the things that are past, supplanted by *hardier, earlier* and *better* varieties, even *now* in existence, "barrin" the "thousands of seedlings" from which we may expect further improvements.

Among those engaged in producing "New Grapes," count me "in." Now, dear Rural, would it not be interesting to your readers to have "Reports of Progress," from time to time, from all engaged, and descriptions of the most valuable new grapes, as they come forth? O. T. Hobbs.

Randolph, Crawford Co., Penn., Dec., 1858.

Remarks.—Certainly—only let us have reports *carefully* made, so as to be reliable. Persons are apt to think too well of what they raise, on the principle, we suppose, that "every crow thinks its own young the blackest."

SWEET POTATOES vs. HUBBARD SQUASHES.

Eds. Rural:—You may be aware that I have some little experience in Pumpkinology and other domestic comforts of the garden. We bipeds of this northern climate, most of us, regard the sweet potato as one of the greatest luxuries of the root tribe, and well may we esteem it as such, but our short summers totally forbid any attempt at raising them with any hope of success. Consequently, for many years past, I have been much puzzled to find a substitute for that delicious vegetable. But permit me to say, that in my opinion, the *Hubbard Squash* is a very near approach to it in excellence as a substitute; indeed, it may be said to have qualities of usefulness and value far exceeding the sweet potato, when we take into account its long keeping. The *Hubbard Squash* you know, is of a very dark green color, tapering at both ends, weighing from six to twelve pounds, and having a hard acorn shell which cannot be cut with a knife. I find a light hatchet is just the thing for cleaving them apart. This hard, strong shell gives them a decided advantage over most other squashes for their long keeping, and they are not easily bruised. Their bearing habits, also, are very fair. From five hills I raised about forty-five squashes this season, and they furnished me for about six weeks, up to the present time, so good a substitute for sweet potatoes, that we have neither bought nor desired the foreign potato since we commenced using them. Messrs. Editors, on the whole I think it is the end of all controversy on the subject of a good squash. H. N. Langworthy.

Greece, N. Y., Dec. 4, 1858.

Grapes.—We are indebted to S. N. Holmes, Esq., of Syracuse, for a lot of fine grapes in excellent condition.

Many articles from correspondents, and answers to inquiries are unavoidably postponed.

Inquiries and Answers.

Growing Vines from Single Eyes.—Will you be so kind as to inform me through the Rural how to raise native grape vines from single eyes, in a hot-bed? John Lowe, *Fayetteville, Onon. Co., N. Y.*, 1858.

Remarks.—Native grape vines, if the wood is sufficiently ripe and strong, may be grown from single eyes, by taking a bud with about half an inch of wood on each side of it, and inserting it in a pot filled with a mixture of leaf mould and sand, covering the bud about half an inch, pressing the earth firmly about it, and plunging the pot in the soil of a hot-bed, with a bottom-heat of 70° or 75°. If the wood is small, the eyes should be root grafted, leaving at least two inches of wood below the eye, for connecting with the root. These grafts must receive the same treatment as single eyes.

A Large Lemon Tree.—Being a reader of your most valuable paper, the Rural, and finding it a true source of knowledge and information, I would ask, through it, for information regarding a Lemon Tree which I have. It is five years old, measures three and one-half inches around the body, and is between six and seven feet high. It is now growing very thrifty. It would grow, and I let it. It is of no use to me, as it is only a trouble, yet I would save it, for it is not often such a thrifty one is found. I wish to know when and how it can be made to bear fruit; whether to be budded or grafted in the spring, or at any time, and where can the scions be found? I will sell the tree to any one who wants it. What is the price of such trees? Please answer through the Rural.—M. E. B., *Castile, Dec.*, 1858.

Remarks.—To make your lemon tree bear and produce good fruit, it should be grafted in March. You had better send it to some green-house if convenient, and let the gardener perform the operation, and take care of it until the scion grows. Or, if you wish to do it yourself, you must apply to some gardener or nurseryman to procure the scion for you. If your lemon tree had been grafted when young, and was now full of fruit, it would be valuable. In its present condition, we fear you will hardly find a purchaser.

Saving Bedding Plants Through the Winter.—How can *Verbenas, Petunias*, and other Bedding Plants be preserved through the winter, for out-of-door use, without a green-house?—A Lover of Flowers, *Windsor, Broome Co., N. Y.*, 1858.

Remarks.—Verbenas, Petunias, and many other varieties of half-hardy bedding-out plants, are extremely difficult to preserve (except in the hands of a professional gardener) through our long winters, without the aid of a green-house. We would recommend A Lover of Flowers to have a small pit dug some two or three feet deep, and construct a drain leading from it, for the purpose of carrying off any water which might find its way there. Board the sides and bottom, leaving a space of several inches between the bottom of the pit and the floor. Then place the plants in the pit, and cover the top with hot-bed sash. Bank up the outside of the pit with soil thrown out, then cover the sashes with boards, and place over the whole, for a final covering, a sufficient covering of straw or long stable litter, to exclude the frost, and on every fine, mild day, remove the covering entirely for an hour or two, so that the plants may be fully exposed to the influence of the sun and air, being careful to cover again as soon as there is the least appearance of frost. If this is not specially attended to, the plants will die off from dampness. After the plants are placed in the pit, water should be entirely withheld until they commence growing in spring. In this manner we have frequently kept plants in a perfect state of health during the severest winters. If this cannot be accomplished, you had better remove your plants to a cool and dry part of the cellar, where they should be kept as dry as possible until spring, when they may be brought forward and attended to, to fit them for bedding-out.

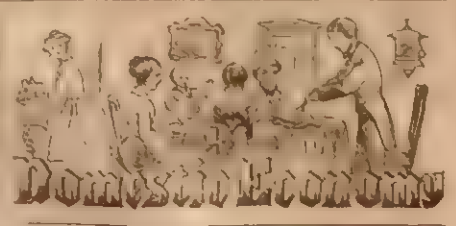
Cauliflower, &c.—I have been an attentive reader of your excellent paper for the last two years, and now feel as though I could not keep house without it. It was first sent to me as a New Year's present, and a valued one it was. My husband, though a minister, and not engaged in agricultural pursuits, became attached to the Rural, considered it *indispensable*, and at the close of the year subscribed for another volume; and now that is about to close, and as we want another more than ever, I have introduced it to some of my neighbors, who think well of it, and I am endeavoring to get up a club. But, what I wanted to write, particularly, is a few inquiries about *Cauliflowers*. Do they need to be started in a hot bed? What kind of soil is best adapted to them? How prepared for the table? One of your correspondents, writing of his cauliflowers, spoke of their being blanched. Is there any particular process of bleaching? Will you, or some of your numerous correspondents, answer the above inquiries, and oblige—M. E. P.?—"*Parsonage*," *Lorain Co., Ohio.*

Remarks.—It is well to start cauliflower plants in a hot-bed where convenient, but not absolutely necessary. Make a nice mellow bed in a warm, sandy soil, on the south side of a fence or building, or make a temporary shelter from the cold north or west winds, with boards, and sow the seeds in shallow drills, as early as the bed can be got ready in the spring. We have grown as good cauliflower from plants raised in this way as any other. A few plants can be started in a shallow box, in the house, in March, and as soon as the weather becomes mild enough, they may be set out of doors in some sheltered place to harden, before planting, and these will come to perfection earlier than those started in the open air.

Any good garden soil will answer for cauliflowers. In very dry summers they sometimes suffer from drouth, unless watered. Soap-suds is excellent for this purpose. The blanching is done by simply bending the long leaves over the flower, to protect it from the sun. Even this is not generally necessary, for the leaves protect the flower sufficiently, except in rare cases. When the flower is observed to be exposed, it can be done in a second.

It is cooked by boiling, or, steaming is better, having care not to break the head, or flower, too much. Served with drawn butter or gravy.

Meeting of Fruit Growers.—The Annual Meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York will be held in Rochester, January 5th, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. After the election of officers for the ensuing year various questions interesting to Fruit Growers will be discussed. We shall give a full report of everything of interest.



MAKING SAUSAGES.

Eds. Rural:—Having experimented for a term of years, we think we have perfected a rule that will never fail to make sausages of the finest flavor. Pass your meat, (without freezing,) through your meat cutter, put it into a kettle, and place it on a stove or over a moderate fire. Off with your coat, roll up your sleeves, go into it with both hands, and stir it, being careful not to let it cook or burn on the bottom, while the second person adds the following:—For 10 lbs. meat, 3 large tablespoons of salt, 5 of sage; 2 of summer savory; 2 of black pepper, 1 teaspoonful of saltpetre, pulverized or dissolved; ¼ lb. sugar. Stir until the seasoning is thoroughly incorporated with the meat, then pack in deep earthern dishes or tin pans. Set away to cool. The next day, or soon after, warm lard so that it will spread with a case knife and make a coating over the meat and it will keep any reasonable length of time fresh and sweet. Should you wish to preserve any until warm weather, take fine brown paper, cut it little larger than the surface of your dish, wet it on one side with the white of an egg, lay it on egg side down, pressing it gently with the hand, letting the edge come over the edge of the dish which will soon adhere and exclude all air. Keep it in a cool, dry place. Readers, try it. J. W. Collins.

Sodus, Dec., 1858.

THE PILLARS OF DOMESTIC COMFORT.

The Cook, the Housemaid, and the Laundress are the Pillars on which our domestic comforts rest.—Rural.

Cheered and elated by the above compliment, so generously proffered, we take new courage in doing our duty. Indeed we always find something in the Rural that does us good. With especial interest we always read communications from the laboring classes of society—the Clerks, the Mechanics, the Farmers' Sons and Daughters. We never thought, however, of looking for anything from the pen of a servant girl, or a washerwoman, but since they are acknowledged the "Pillars" of "domestic comfort," we hope we may hereafter hear from some of them through the Rural.—Laundress, or washerwoman, is our own chosen appellation,—and we claim to honor the calling, for we are a *good-natured*, honest-hearted, thoroughgoing washerwoman, besides possessing some skill in various other branches of female labor. (We hope the editor will pardon our boasting, since he is guilty of inspiring us with so much vanity.)

> How light the heart, when the setting sun
> Tells the washerwoman her toil is done,
> For she feels she has not lived in vain,
> Though her daily bread be her only gain.

We will now roll our sleeves down, put on a tidy apron, and, by permission, cross the threshold of the Rural *Sanctum*, and in preparation for the approaching holidays, will wash and mend all the stockings, aye, and stretch them, too, large enough to hold a fat turkey, for we can calculate almost to a certainty on the return of our ancient friend Santa Claus with his cornucopia dispensing choice bits to the worthy. May the Ed. get a bountiful share. Clara.

Rocky Dell, Dec. 14, 1858.

Bread from Grown Wheat.—In looking over our corner of the Rural, I find an inquiry for making bread of grown wheat. For the benefit of H. L. N., of Sherburne, N. Y., I send you my mode of setting the yeast. To 1 teacup of milk add 3 of boiling water; 2 tablespoonfuls of butter; 1 of sugar; soda size of a bean, or such matter, set in kettle of warm water, stir every fifteen minutes. If kept in a regular temperature it will rise in 4½ hours. How to mix it comes next. Pare one quart of potatoes, boil till done, turn off the water into a pan of new milk, then wash the potatoes, put them in the milk, add a little shortening and salt—be sure to mix it well—let it stand one hour then mould the loaves and let stand 15 or 20 minutes—bake one hour.

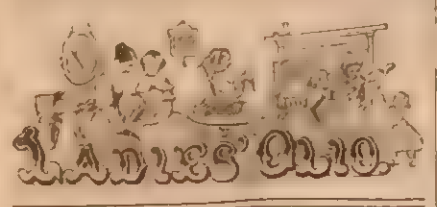
Will some of your correspondents send a recipe for a good chicken pie and oblige—A Farmer's Wife, *Inverness, Liv. Co., N. Y.*, 1858.

Picked-up Dinners.—I want to know the best recipe for preventing "picked-up dinners," on washing-day. We have usually fifty-two washing-days in the course of the year, and each washing-day we are subject to that horror of the week—"picked-up dinners." Cold meat, cold potatoes, bits of dry bread, no pie, no pudding—the very thought of it spoils a week's enjoyment. I wonder if Jenny, Molly, Anna, Agnes, Sylva, &c., have "picked-up dinners" on washing-day? If not, I hope they have accommodations for a boarder.—Mark, *December*, 1858.

An Inquiry—Fried Cakes.—Will you permit me to ask some of your lady correspondents (through the Rural) how to print flannel for embroidery. I have tried every way I can think of—all to no purpose. If any one can inform me, I will try and help them make a pan of Fried Cake after *mother's* rule, which is:—One egg; 1 cup sugar; 1 cup buttermilk; 3 tablespoons lard; 1 teaspoon saleratus—season to your taste and mix quite hard.—T. B., *Fox Lake, Wis.*, 1858.

Bread Pie.—As apples are quite scarce this winter, and crackers not being on hand at all times, I thought this recipe would do well. Soak light bread with hot water—have it rather thin—add a piece of butter while hot; have your crust on your pie tins and spread on about as thick as for apple pie. For common sized plate, sprinkle on one teaspoon tartaric acid and two-thirds teacup of sugar. Season with nutmeg, add the top crust and bake gently.—T. Storms, *Clarendon, N. Y.*, 1858.

To Take Grease out of Cloth.—Make a mixture composed of an ounce of liquid ammonia, and four ounces of alcohol, to which must be added an equal quantity of water. There is no better preparation than this.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MY LOST LOVE.

BY JENNY A. STONE.

Through the leafy woods, my love and I,
In the joyous spring-time hours,
Went roaming with light and careless feet
O'er a carpet of moss and flowers.
We danced to the music of the birds
And the whisper of the breeze,
Chiming together and floating down
From the tops of the giant trees.

Where a silver stream and a mossy bank
Embraced 'neath the arching shade,
Wearied and silent we sat and gazed
At the pictures the sunlight made;
And my love bowed down where, through the leaves,
The sunbeams fell in showers,
Till his bright curls gleamed in the emerald moss
Like a garland of golden flowers.

"Bring me here when I die," he said,
"Where the maple flings its shade,
On a calm, bright Autumn morning,
I would fain to my rest be laid,
While friends should gather round my clay,
And the Chaplain read the prayer,
And the hymn go floating, floating up
Through the dim and hazy air."

"Why should you talk of death?" I cried,
"Why should you talk of death?
The sweet south winds are blowing now,
There is life in their every breath.
Would it be sweet to leave me here,
In the beaten path alone?
Wait my beloved, wait for me,
Could I live if thou wert gone?"

We roamed through the woods in the Summer's prime,
When the earth was faint with heat,
And the dim and mossy pathway
We pressed with our burning feet,
Heavily, heavily beat my heart,
Struck with a nameless fear,
Thinking only of coffin and shroud—
Of the sweeping pall and bier.

"The maple guards the spot," he said,
"And the moss is fresh and bright,
And the azure flowers are springing now
In the summer's warmth and light."
But I watched the flush on his wasted cheek
As he stooped to raise a flower,
I could not look in his starry eyes
As I thought of that heavy hour.

I am treading the path on an autumn day,
And I strive to fold my hands,
But they will go reaching, reaching out,
Scorning their feeble bands,
Striving to clasp those other hands
That shall never meet them more—
I had prayed to go to the grave with him,
But he left me at the door.

Here is the maple and the stream,
And the grave is 'neath the moss,
Covered with red and yellow leaves
That the winds of autumn toss.
And dust will gather on his brow
And his floating curls of gold,
And the folded hands and starry eyes
Rest calmly beneath the mold.

And winter will follow the autumn days,
And spring will brighten the earth,
And summer will come with life and light
To give to the flow'rets birth.
But what could they bring to bless my heart,
If no life to my love they bore—
I could sit in the forest beside his grave
With the winter forevermore.

Hadley, Mich., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PLAIN TALKS TO AMERICAN WOMEN.—No. I.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

When the Lord God pronounced a blessing upon the first marriage in Eden, the benediction fell upon the institution for all time; and though profanely touched by many hands that would have dared to overthrow it, this ark of the family covenant still rests beneath the cherubim in God's moral tabernacle, glorified by the Shekinah that then first rested upon it—it still remains the foundation of every true home.

Divine in its ordination, sacred in its designs, and perpetual in its obligations, what then should marriage be? What is that mysterious bond that shall so unite the interests and sympathies of two parties that no power but Death can separate—yes, which shall even bind still the inanimate heart in the cold grave to the throbbing one in the bosom of the living, and interlock its bright links with the hope of immortality? Love, yes, *love;* not a passional affection that might decline with the natural decay of beauty, but a deep, spiritual love, the outgushing of souls—of souls attracted to each other by real worth and a perception of congeniality; not a union based upon wealth of gold—this is uncertain, often transient—but upon wealth of *humanity;* this is enduring.

Were all marriages *such* marriages, the domestic temple of earth would be a fair, beautiful structure, towering toward Heaven in its majesty, its cornerstones pillars of strength, its adornings the pictures and statuary of beautiful lives, and through whose aisles might ever swell the triumphant echoing of angel harpings!

Yes, the institution of marriage in its purity, bears the impress of the hand that ordained it, and in so far as it is perverted by sensuality, in so far as its holiness is disregarded, and it becomes only a commercial tie to bind together mere material interests, so far does it lose its perfection of beauty, so far are blotted out the impressions of its divinity. So long and so extensively have these evils prevailed, that society is burdened with the consequences. Complete domestic happiness has become almost a myth. Poets may dream of it, philosophers reason upon it, but the reality, if existing, would seem to be confined to some few isolated cases, where mammon and selfishness have no devotees. Divorces for trifling causes have become common events, as though no divine authority had said in vindication of the perpetual obligation of the marriage covenant, "from the beginning it was not so." Licentiousness prevails, and unblushingly commends itself to public notice, under the sacred garb of liberty and love. Children unnumbered are cast upon society orphaned from birth, and in after years fill up the ranks of crime.

Let, then, each lover of purity—let every woman whose heart goes out after the beautiful and the true in life, and aches because of the falseness and degradation of society—let all, pained because of the domestic hearths unsanctified by love aim to surround the sanctuary of her own home with genial influences that shall radiate into society, leading many to feel that there is such a thing as true marriage, and that its author is the All-Wise God. Let every unmarried woman who hopes to become the presiding genius of a home, aim to become the most noble being possible, that she may well fulfill that destiny, realizing that

"Life is real, life is earnest."

Wifehood is a relation so beautiful, maternity a condition so sacred, that no one should assume them without endeavoring to ascertain and fulfill the laws of their perfection, yet thousands rush into them precipitately, at the instance of a sudden fancy, or with the idea—most prominent in many minds—of being supported. Perhaps society, which has so restricted the number of respectable employments for women that multitudes have no other way of obtainining a comfortable livelihood, is more culpable for this evil, than these hapless victims themselves—victims, indeed, for how little do such persons commonly realize of that spirituality of marriage which lightens its cares, and causes its responsibilities to become delightful duties, performed at the promptings of the holiest of motives. The children born to them are regarded as necessary burdens, loved to some extent, because love of offspring is an instinct of woman's nature; but how far short do they come of that full inheritance of maternal love which should be the birth-right of every child! Before these evils can be wholly eradicated, then, there must be a change in popular sentiment—which change is, we believe, beginning to be wrought—which shall render it respectable for women to engage in other employments than those which have, heretofore, to any great extent, been open to her, and some of which, by the progress of the arts, have now become hardly able to afford her a pittance. There are many avenues to competence which woman might safely and beautifully tread, and which would render her independent of matrimony as a means of support. But let her be educated in the idea that she is capable of self-dependence, and throw open to her the gates, and we may hope that the flowers in the pathway of science and art, will yield their fragrance at the pressure of lighter footsteps than are wont to call forth their aroma, and the laurel wreath grace purer brows than those which often, in the past, have worn its greenness.

SECRET OF BEAUTY.

The editor of *Life Illustrated*, in commenting on Bayard Taylor's description of the unusual beauty of the Polish women, discloses the secret of their good looks as follows:

"Now it is perfectly natural for all women to be beautiful. If they are not so the fault lies in their birth or training, or in both. An organism which is perfectly healthy in all its parts will be harmoniously developed, and, whether male or female, it will be perfectly beautiful. Hence there can be no true beauty without health, and there can be no permanent health in the future man or woman unless the child is properly cared for. We would therefore respectfully remind American mothers that, in Poland, a period of childhood is recognized. There, girls do not jump from infancy to young ladyhood. They are not sent from the cradle directly to the parlor, to dress, sit still, and look pretty. No, they are treated as children should be. During childhood, which extends through a period of several years, they are plainly and loosely dressed, and allowed to run, romp, and play in the open air. They take in sunshine as does the flower. They are not loaded down, girded about, and oppressed every way with countless frills and superabundant flounces, so as to be admired for their much clothing. Nor are they rendered delicate and dyspeptic by continual stuffing with candies and sweet cakes, as are the majority of American children. Plain, simple food, free and various exercise, and abundant sunshine, during the whole period of childhood, are the secrets of beauty in after life."

Childhood.—Happy season! No clouds overshadow the youthful brow; the child glances not at to-morrow; in the present is the embodiment of all its aspirations and hopes. As the bee gathers honey from every opening flower, so the little child gathers pleasures from every passing event. The trials in after years seem as nothing in comparison with their own petty annoyances and grievances, which, for a while, throw a gloom over their little sports until dispelled by the sunshine of an experienced guide. Children, like flowers, thrive and flourish in a genial atmosphere. As the heavy gale will crush the tiny blossoms, so will harsh words compel the sensitive nature to shrink within itself, thus destroying the fresh outbursts of childish enthusiasm; for it is from the pure originality of the expression of a child that we obtain the inner workings of the youthful mind, which is easily moulded for good or evil, according to the influences by which it is surrounded.

Ah, little ones, seek not enjoyment alone, but mingle "*wisdom with mirth.*"

A Beautiful Thought.—When I gaze into the stars, they look down upon me with pity from their serene spaces, like eyes glistening with tears, over the little lot of man. Thousands of generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up by time, and there remains no record of them any more; yet Arcturus and Orion, Sirius and the Pleiades, are still shining in their courses, clear and young as when the shepherd first noted them from the plain of Shinar. What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!—*Thomas Carlyle.*

One always receiving, never giving, is like the stagnant pool, in which whatever remains corrupts.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR.

Old, weary, time-worn year—farewell!
Thy days are past—
Thou'rt like a dream, or passing spell,
Whose magic murmurs round me swell,
But cannot last.

Thy mighty arm is nerveless now—
Thy pow'r has fled;
Forever o'er thy pallid brow
The tide of life has ceased to flow,
And thou art dead!

But, oh, couldst thou thy record give
To dwellers here;
Methinks 'twould be to all who live—
Who life's dark tempest still survive—
A tale of fear.

Successful warning it would prove
To erring man;
True wisdom it would bid him love,
And place his treasures far above
This life's brief span.

How many weary hearts have bled
'Neath thy sad reign;
Long cherished hopes have blighted fled,
And pleasures gay, that withering sped,
Come not again.

Yet still in viewing thy career,
With joy we see
Bright, sunny spots of bliss appear,
And in our hearts, for many a year,
We'll cherish thee.

Somerset, N. Y., 1858. W. C. W.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RANDOM JOTTINGS.—No. I.

Messrs. Eds:—Had just completed my weekly "feast of reason" and laid aside that appetizer to mental luxuries, our Rural, when an idea struck me—don't be alarmed, it is not likely to prove fatal, although we must admit it was a *singular* occurrence in more than one respect—that Barleycorn, Jr., Esq., could in no better manner inscribe his humble title upon the scroll of fame than by appearing in the columns so frequently graced with the productions of Plowhandle, Churndasher, and other of

—"The immortal names
That were not born to die."

The start was pleasant and the motion agreeable, but ere we were aware, our pen—never noted for steadiness or regularity of movement—got the bits in her teeth and ran away. Little damage resulted, if we speak not concerning the utter ruin of a few sheets of foolscap—and here we are. It is for you to decide whether we shall have brief space amid the worthies of the printed page, or send us skyward with all the other *glories that end in smoke.*

Aim High.

A little anecdote relating to the "god-like Daniel" came under our eye in print the other day, which has furnished us much "food for reflection." It is said that when he graduated he turned to his classmates and, holding out his diploma, remarked:—"Boys, if I am ever to be of any note in the world toil must win it, this will never make a great or good man of me." True, every word. A "degree," though conferred by all the colleges in the land, will neither make one "more nor less than man." Often, very often, those possessed of a fee simple in the shape of a cognominal affix are more noted for leaden weight than for the gravity which learning contributes—more worshiped for depth of pocket than for depth of thought. Each individual works out for himself the problem of destiny—every man is the architect of his own fortune. This truth being conceded, how necessary that those just setting out upon their life-voyage should have a compass, the polar star to which it is invariably pointing being an ennobling, inspiring purpose. It is a well-known fact that as much depends upon the direction and elevation of a park of artillery in projecting a ball, as upon the weight and expansive power of the powder employed. So with our mental guns, charge them to the muzzle with grape and canister, if they be badly aimed, the broadside is worse than useless—we, receiving the force of the recoil, alone can speak of the power contained. The world has thousands of *aimless men.* We meet with them everywhere—every current of life is bearing them away to oblivion, not a sail set, their barks rudderless. Young man, have an aim in life, and let that aim be high. Webster's words had a concealed *purpose*—after years and after labors evolved it. This purpose, the child of his thought, was what gave vigor and directness to action—it breathed into his efforts the reality of life, and clothed his being with the mantle of immortality.

Saturday Night.

There is a good, wholesome sound in that word—Saturday. At its mention the strife and turmoil, the warring and jarring of busy life sink back amid shade and gloom, giving preference to quiet and repose. Its antipodes—Monday—is the period for putting on the armor, the time for entering the conflict—Saturday we doff the panoply of war, wipe the dust from our hearts and the stain of battle from our being, ready to cry Peace! Peace! Some one (we think it was that gorgeous word-painter, B. F. Taylor,) has written "what blessed things they are, and what would the world do without them? Those breathing moments in the tramping march of life; those little twilights in the broad and garish glare of noon, when pale yesterdays look beautiful through the shadows, and faces, 'changed' long ago, smile sweetly again in the dusk; when one remembers 'the old folks at home,' and the old-fashioned fire, and the old arm-chair, and the little brother that died, and the little sister that was 'translated.' Saturday Nights make people human; set their hearts to beating softly, as they used to do before the world turned them into war drums, and jarred them to pieces with tattoos."

Saturday Night it is fitting to give free rein to memory, letting her guide whither she will. Under her supervision the paths of childhood are visited—the many patterings of little feet fall upon once more youthful ears—the sports of boyish days are being re-enacted—smiles, happy and careless, wreathe the countenance—but, anon, the vision changes, the days of round-abouts, and marbles, and school, are past—these have given place to our "first frock-coat," the stern game of life, and we are students in the great college of the world. Now we see the *boy enlarged*, just attempting to put on the dignity of manhood, just assuming responsibilities; the little compact of which he was once a citizen have become individualized and each doubtless glories in being or becoming a "Pillar of the Republic." Brightness tinges the future—the stage of action is before him, and amid all the ups and downs of the player will come Saturday Night with its fancies, its dreams, its aspirations and its hopes—may these possess a radiance at once enlightening and vivifying!

"Nine Years Old."

"Well, what can be written of a life so brief as this?" Alas, when the passing years are spoken of as allied to humanity, little—very little.—Shakspeare (in whose mirror all men may gaze and find the true reflection of their own countenances,) devotes to this period but few brief lines:

—— "At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school."

But we were thinking of "Nine Years" as the lapse of time since the initial number of the Rural visited a farm fire-side in the Empire State. We liked the appearance of the stranger, bade him enter, got acquainted, gave a *special invitation* for weekly visits, and from that day to the present it has gilded our home. "*The* Rural" was prefix and final title when first we looked upon its face—as the years wore on it so grew in family affection that it became a child by adoption, and is "*Our* Rural" to-day. And what shall we write of the Rural at "Nine Years Old?" What shall our pen jot down concerning its lessons of experience to tillers of the soil?—what of its careful teachings to devotees at the shrine of Pomona?—what of its instructions to those who would solve life's enigma

"In these stars of earth—these golden flowers?"

Shall we estimate the freight of loving words and kindly thoughts it has weekly borne to the fifty thousand households that watch for its coming? Is ours the labor to demonstrate, mathematically, the instilling of pure, lofty thought, and the promotion of prompt, decisive, beneficient action that is the result of its efforts throughout the length and breadth of the land? There are myriads who deem themselves the banner-bearers of the Rural; myriads whose warm hearts are enlisted in its support and whose strong hands will bear it on to victory!

The "Nine Years'" cruise of the Rural has been full of achievement. The "Tenth Annual Voyage" around the World is marked upon its "clearance papers" for January 1st, 1859, yet, ere the anchor is weighed, the sail set to the mast, we wish it open seas, prosperous winds, and to the "man at the helm," all the returns for which mariners on the "Ocean of Literature" may pray—health, and that wealth which is the parent of Happiness and Content.

John Barleycorn, Jr.

"Look-Out Farm," W. N. Y., 1858.

Youth and Age.—Why was I so happy then? I consider well, and nothing is sensibly changed in my condition. I possess, as I did then, health, and my daily bread; the only difference is, that I am now responsible for myself! As a child I accepted life when it came; another cared for and provided for me. As long as I fulfilled my present duties I was at peace within, and left the future to the prudence of my father! My destiny was a ship, in the direction of which I had no share, and in which I sailed as a common passenger. There was the whole secret of childhood's happy security. Since then, worldly wisdom has deprived me of it. When my lot was entrusted to my own and sole keeping, I thought to make myself master of it by means of a long insight into the future; I have filled the present hour with anxieties by occupying my thoughts with the future; I have put my judgment in the place of Providence, and the happy child is changed into the anxious man.—*Emile Souvestre.*

Character.—The differences of character are never more distinctly seen than in times when men are surrounded by difficulties and misfortunes. There are some who, when disappointed by the failure of an undertaking from which they had expected great things, make up their minds at once to exert themselves no longer against what they call fate, as if thereby they could avenge themselves upon fate; others grow desponding and hopeless; but a third class of men will rouse themselves just at such moments, and say to themselves, "The more difficult it is to attain my ends, the more honorable it will be;" and this is a maxim which every one should impress upon himself as a law. Some of those who are guided by it, prosecute their plans with obstinacy, and perish; others, who are more practical men, if they have failed in one way, will try in another.

Charity.

The secret that doth make a flower a flower,
So frames it that to bloom is to be sweet;
And to receive to give.
No soil so sterile, and no living lot
So poor, but it hath somewhat still to spare
In bounteous odors. Charitable they
Who, be their having more or less, so have
That less is more than need, and more is less
Than the great heart's good-will.—[*Dobell.*

The Family.—If parental duties were worthily observed, from the family circle the emanations of filial piety would spread and diffuse themselves through all the departments of society, improve the peace, order and happiness of all families, communities and nations, and powerfully tend to the regeneration of the world.—*Dick.*

Too much is seldom enough. Pumping after your bucket is full prevents its keeping so.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN.

And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it.

And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it.—Rev. xxi.—22, 23, 24.

Brightly gleams a holy radiance
Round that undiscover'd land,
Where immortal hopes are anchored,
And immortal joys expand.
And that radiance, pure and heav'nly,
All undimmed by earthly blight,
Is the shadow of His glory—
His the Fountain of all light.

Darkness flees away before him—
Sun and stars no more can shine—
And the angels who adore him,
Bow beneath those rays divine.
And through all the glorious city,
His is undivided might;
He its power, and life, and glory,
He the temple and the light.

Light of Heaven! yet meek and lowly,
Once the paths of earth he trod;
Lived and died a martyr holy,
Both a Savior and a God!
Died, that we might to His Kingdom,
Filled with joy and peace, come in;
And for this—the love he bore us—
Lose our sorrow and our sin.

Yet He looked on us in mercy,
For He knew the way was drear;
And—oh, blest and loving kindness—
Gave a hope for every fear;
And to guide us on our passage,
O'er the changing sea of life—
For He knew its stormy waters
Were with death and danger rife—
And to lead us through the valley,
Clothed in shadows and in night,
Gave us tokens of His presence,
Gave us gladness, gave us *light.*

Golden harps His praise attuning,
Sing His wondrous love to man;
Countless millions glad are shouting
God Almighty and the Lamb!
The redeemed of every nation
"Walk in light" with the I Am,
And the shining hosts cry glory,
God Almighty and the Lamb!

Hastings, Osw. Co., N. Y., 1858. Rosella.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE ATTAINMENT OF HAPPINESS.

The acquirement of knowledge, or the acquisition of wealth, a means, not an end,—

"Tis not all of life to live
Nor all of death to die."

There must have been an end and a design for which men was called into existence and endowed with such noble faculties, far more worthy of attainment than the simple gratification of the selfish desires which rule the mind while it is dwelling out from under the influence of a religious life. It is clearly evident to the close observer that the great aim of mankind, however situated, is to obtain happiness, and the means, employed to arrive at this acme of their hopes, vary according to the circumstances and condition in which we find ourselves placed. Accordingly, we find some pursuing, with activity, the means to acquire wealth, as being the great desideratum of life, while others are induced to devote their energies to the accumulation of knowledge, of literature, as being most worthy to engage in. While both, when rightly pursued, may prove a blessing to their possessors, yet when they become the fixed object of our attainments for selfish purposes, they too often prove a curse. Daily observation show, most conclusively, that however highly gifted, or however well stored the mind may be with the attainments of science; or however well filled the coffers of the opulent, man is still dependent not only upon a Higher Power but even upon his fellow man, for many of the enjoyments with which his life is cheered. When men are disposed to shut themselves up in a world of their own, as it were, growing either miserly of their gold or their attainments in wisdom, their minds become narrow, sordid, and exceeding selfish, and hence reap the reward of unhappiness. But when these objects are pursued as a means to benefit others as well as ourselves—when the hand is ever ready to relieve the distressed, or to raise a fallen brother, and the heart to feel for them, scattering of our abundance or of the smaller store—either of wealth or learning—to those who need the aid and support of their fellows, the income of peace that fills the heart affords us a happiness that is enduring. Occasions wherein we have thus parted with our accumulations and acquirements prove, when in after years we take a retrospect of our lives, bright spots scattered here and there along the path of life. Thus will the truth which our Saviour declared be fulfilled in our experience, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and then we feel and realize that these acquirements may become a means of aiding us in arriving at the great end and aim of the desires of man. Then, too, will the mind behold the necessity for laying aside and striving to overcome the selfish promptings of the heart, and as it becomes willing to live so as to impart good to others as well as to receive it for itself, it will, in proportion, be qualified to realize whence those blessings come, and thus be enabled to progress by attention to these better promptings,—to be gradually prepared not only to enjoy pure happiness here, but when the final summons, which all must sooner or later obey, shall be heard, to cheerfully follow the call, having the assurance that all will be well with it in "that bourne from whence no traveler returns." J. J. C.

Mendon, N. Y., 1858.

God reaches us good things by our hands.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

EDUCATE THYSELF.

Physically, morally and intellectually. Physically,—for unless the encasement of the soul is preserved, such is the intimate relation between the body and the mind that the latter must inevitably suffer. As to the moral education, there was a time when mind needed no cultivation. Its moral purity was perfect. In the primitive days of man's creation, mind, like matter, was a lovely garden, in which the beautiful flowers of innocence and love had a spontaneous growth,—or, if you please, a casket filled with diadems that insured to the possessor wealth as enduring, and beauty as lasting, as duration infinite,—it was a statue, fresh from the Omniscient Artist's hand,—bearing in every feature the impress of Divinity.

Milton says, that through envy, Sin desired the fall of Eden's pair. Indeed, it was a state to be envied, and Time led captive Earth's fairest daughter to pay her homage to the tyrant, Sin. Guilt has stripped the luxuriant garden of its fragrant herbage; the beautiful casket is broken by the rebellious hand of disobedience, and that symmetrical statue is marred by the tyrant's relentless power. Thou hast a work to do, O, Man! Thou art fallen from thy "high estate." The lovely statue lies crushed at thy feet, and thou art to raise it from the dust. "Have faith, and doubt not," for when the King of all the Earth shall come, clothed in power and majesty, with His holy Angels, then shall the New Jerusalem descend, and man, clothed in immortality, shall go over the river to that land where there is no sin, and where the Lamb is the light thereof.

The mind is capable of moral improvement. In its darkness it is an undeveloped germ, and, like the little seed of the earth, it bears within a hidden flower, which, if tilled by the faithful hand of Education, and moistened by the pure waters of Love, may go on expanding in power and capacity, ever approaching, but never arriving at infinite wisdom. We are not able to determine how barren would be the waste—how great the dearth of the mind would be in its fallen state, were it never visited by any refining or elevating influences.

The mind is worthy to be educated, or, why was it made capable of improvement? Would an omniscient being frame anything unworthy of its author? Look upon the earth. Is it not a work worthy of a God? Yes, it is material. Then shall not the mind be a thing of worth, which is immortal? He that studies the workings of his soul admires the formation of its parts in proportion as he understands its ways. Then how infinitely beautiful must it appear to "Him who formed the heart, for He can understand." It is like a book in which each page reveals to the reader some new and thrilling truth. It is a splendid combination of parts, so complete as to far exceed in harmony of action and adaptation to end, any mechanism man can ever produce. Its worth can only be measured with endless duration, and He only knows its worth who understands eternity.

Educate thyself intellectually. The facilities for education are now ample, and no one, however indigent in circumstances, need be deprived of a good education. Although many of the avenues to knowledge are obstructed by the languages, and ancient philosophy and literature are bound up in this formidable difficulty, it is fully met by other considerations The student is not compelled to fathom all the depths of knowledge for himself, he has the aid of the many researches which have been made by giant minds before him. He has history and biography as examples from which to choose that which he himself will follow. He has the ablest instructors, and printing has placed within his reach a sea of literature. Science and Art have advanced to such a degree of perfection that he need not entertain contracted views of man's power and genius, or the degree to which discovery may be carried, and he has the Bible to direct him to the fountain of all knowledge. Why should not the whole man be educated? There are reasons why. 1st. The purpose of education is often mistaken. Many seem not to think that they are created for any other world than this, and that education is to raise them from the dust of the groveling earth to the heights of a holy heaven.—The young lady who seeks what is *termed* an education merely for her advancement in the fashionable circle, errs in her purpose. The young man who pursues his college course because his standing in society demands it, errs in *his* purpose; and those who pass their time in school, merely because others do, err in their purposes, or rather in having none at all. 2d. They have no self-education. Education may be divided into two classes—that which we give ourselves, and that which we receive from other sources. Without the first, the second is nearly impossible. The house must be founded upon the rock, or the floods will overwhelm it, and the fall will be great. A splendid ruin is a useless mind. How many noble intellects have been worse than ruined, because of no self-discipline. Bacon says that knowledge is power. If the man is self-educated, learning reigns nobly on such a throne; but give to bad men knowledge, and it is like putting a sword into the hands of a maniac.

Dr. Franklin was a self-made man. Madame Tussand, in her Memoirs of the French Revolution, speaking of him in Paris, says—"The richest embroidered suit was an object of insipidity, and passed unnoticed, while the simple garb of Franklin was the theme of adoration." It was doubtless the mind which made his attire seem beautiful. We always take pleasure in the society of the educated. There is a satisfaction in that conversation which makes us forget the speaker's attire however coarse, and makes the plainest face look handsome.

The self-educated mind is like a monument which stands erect, though it stands alone. Sorrow may plunge it into the furnace of affliction, but, like gold, it comes forth unscathed, seven times purified. Such a mind can only be attained through a just appreciation of its value, energy and perseverance, firmness and decision. A constant effort is necessary to unite wisdom with discretion, exerting a faithful watch-care over the heart, to pluck out noxious weeds, and plant the beautiful flowers which we may cull from a sinless garden. Educate thyself; for,

"Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge, the wing wherewith we fly to heaven."

Jane E. H.

Teachers' Institute, Geneseo, N. Y., 1858.

CERES AND POMONA.

As appropriate to the commencement of a new volume we have chosen the above beautiful and fitting emblem with which to embellish our pages. On the left is Ceres, the daughter of Saturn, and the fabled inventor of Agriculture, who was honored by the ancients as the goddess of Corn. In her left hand is seen the ripened wheat, to denote the realm over which she ruled, and in her right hand she holds the sickle, the only implement used in ancient days to gather the golden grain. The inventive genius of man has destroyed much of the poetry of Agriculture. The shepherd's crook is seen no more, and the sweet notes of his well-tuned pipe float no more on the evening breeze. The unsightly cradle and the ponderous reaping machine have taken the place of the poetical sickle, which, in our childish days we were wont to see men and maidens wield so gracefully, and wave with joy, as they shouted the "harvest home." Poetry falls before utility, and while we love the beautiful of the past, we rejoice in present goo and future progress.

On the right, sits Pomona, the goddess of Fruit and Fruit Trees. From frost and blight and all evil, she preserved the fruits of the garden. In her hand she holds the horn of plenty, and scatters upon the earth its rich treasures—the luscious Peach, the melting Pear, the Melon and the Grape—gifts worthy of a goddess. It was a poetical idea, this belief in a protector of Fruit and Trees—a beautiful goddess, with sleepless eyes. But, we have learned the unpoetical lesson, that only by labor, and skill, and unceasing watchfulness, can we obtain the rich fruits of the earth.

HOW TO READ WITH PROFIT.

For the sake of those who are not greatly accustomed to systematic reading, we make some suggestions as to the best mode of reading, so as to gain the highest advantage from the books you pernse.

1. Ascertain the *aim* of the author. You will thus know what to expect from his book, and may save much time, which might otherwise be spent in looking for what you could not find. An attentive reading of the title page, preface, and table of contents, will enable you to judge pretty accurately what the anthor is about. Some facts, too, which float only among intelligent men, will aid you greatly in these matters.

2. Read *wakefully* and *attentively*, and with a determination to comprehend thoroughly the book you are perusing. Read neither credulously nor skeptically, but candidly; endeavoring to go to the root of the matter, if possible. One hour of such reading is worth a week of the superficial reading which is so common.

3. Read with a *good dictionary at your elbow*, and consult it freely whenever you meet a word you are not sure you understand. Webster and Worcester are the best in general use. We use Webster. Never pass an important word without mastering its meaning in the work you are reading. In this way you will soon gain a good stock of words for your *own use*, while you are learning the meaning of the book you are reading.

4. After reading a chapter, close the book and try to recall, and state briefly in your own language, the substance of the chapter, in the order the author pursues. This is one of the most profitable exercises. It will show you just how much you have gained by reading. If you cannot do this, just read the chapter again. The second reading will probably do you some good. The first reading has been of little use to you, if you are unable to state what the main thoughts are.

5. If the book is your own—but not, if it is a borrowed one—you may mark with a pencil the most important thoughts. You will thus remember them more easily, and can refer to them more readily.

Adopting these suggestions, you will read slowly, but what you read will become *yours*. It will stir up your own thoughts, and probably develop your mental power as healthfully as any other discipline you can have.—*Ohio Farmer.*

A Word to Parents who have Children at School.—If parents do not feel sufficient interest in the education and training of their children—in their moral and physical, as well as in their intellectual culture—to visit the schools, see the progress of the pupils, encourage the teachers in their arduous and difficult labors, and thus assist both teacher and pupil, how can they reasonably expect the scholar or teacher to feel or manifest a desire for progress and improvement, so sadly neglected by those who should feel and exhibit the liveliest interest in the culture of their offspring? The teacher we know has many duties devolving upon him, and because he discharges them faithfully, the parent is not excused from his duty. Parents, if you have not visited your school recently, do so immediately, and you will, we are sure, find the hour well and pleasantly spent.

Design of Education.—The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that time will ameliorate, not destroy; occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible.—*Sidney Smith.*

The Reviewer.

The New American Cyclopædia: A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Chas. A Dana. Vol. IV. (Brownson—Chartres.) New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This volume has been examined with great interest. Its 766 pages contain 2,800 articles—biographical, scientific, historical, religious, military, geographical, political, &c.—including impartial and ably written accounts of several eminent American statesmen, such as Buchanan, Cass and Calhoun. The articles on countries are full and admirable—that on Canada occupying nearly seventeen pages, and being very correct. California and the Carolinas are admirably sketched. Of cities, accounts are given of Brussels, Calcutta, Cairo, Cadiz, Cawnpore, and others. Most of the important Capes, from Cape North to Cape Horn, are given, with much other geographical information. The articles on Cavalry and Cannon—as well as those on the battles of Buena Vista, Cerro Gordo, Chapultepec, &c.,—are very complete and will interest all military men. Among the biographies are those of Brownson, Bryant, Dr. Buckland, Lady Bulwer, Calvin, Burke, Burns, Bishop Burnet, Carlyle, Charles Buller, Count Cavour, Ole Bull, the Bulwers, Carnot, Canning, Canova, Canrobert, Lord Byron, Lady Byron, Ada Byron, Alice and Phebe Cary, Lord Castlereagh, M. de Chambord, and many more, embracing persons of every kind and description who have achieved either fame or notoriety. There are also biographies of many sovereigns, embracing condensed histories of the countries they ruled. All the Charles of Germany, France, England and Sweden, and several Catharines, are sketched, as well as some of the most noted Romans—such as Brutus, Cassius, the Catos, the first Cæsar, Cataline, and others. The scientific and miscellaneous articles are numerous, and many of them very complete and valuable—such as Budding, Caloric, Calomel, Canal, Capital Punishment, Catacombs, Censorship of the Press, Cardinal, Chartism, Carpentry, &c.

The whole volume is most creditable to the editors, whose labors in supervising and arranging such a Herculean work must be most arduous and difficult. The ability and impartiality they have thus far exhibited is worthy of special notice and commendation—for, though engaged in other literary pursuits, and possessing very decided opinions on most subjects, the first four volumes of the Cyclopædia are wonderful for their accuracy and impartiality—clearness, brevity, and reliability being the apparent objects of writers and editors. The publishers are also performing their task creditably; and we are pleased to learn that this Cyclopædia is no longer an experiment, but an established success—the subscription having already reached 12,000, which will no doubt be greatly augmented before the publication of another volume. D. M. Dewey is agent for Rochester and vicinity.

History of the Reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain. By Wm. H. Prescott, Member of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid, etc., etc. Volume III. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

This is another of those standard historical volumes which we have before commended to our readers. The present volume contains five steel engravings of Don John and Anne of Austria, from original paintings in the Royal Museum at Madrid and in the Palace of the Pardo. The type and paper in this volume is all we can desire in a library edition, but we do hope that good, substantial calf, or even sheep will soon become popular among publishers and purchasers of standard books. Muslin is well enough for a book that is only good to be read once and thrown away—or perhaps not good to be read at all,—but such a book as this should be handed down from father to son through half a dozen generations. Time and association would greatly increase its value, as one owner after another passed away, until it would become invaluable to its possessor. For sale by Dewey.

Notes from Plymouth Pulpit: A Collection of Memorable Passages from the Discourses of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. By Augusta Moore. New York: Derby & Jackson.

This is a book of 300 pages, and contains about the same number of striking passages from sermons preached by Mr. Beecher during 1856 and '57. These notes were made from memory by a member of the Plymouth church, and, as the celebrated Divine, whose words or ideas are given, did not see either the manuscript or the proof, he cannot be held to a very strict account for what the work contains. Still, no one can fail to discover the living words, the biting satire and burning thoughts of Beecher in most of the notes. Some of the logic is lame, and the theology taught in a few passages many a Sabbath school scholar could successfully combat. On the whole, however, it is a book well calculated to arouse the Pharisees of the present day to a sense of their duty to God and their fellow men. For sale by Dewey.

The Stratford Gallery; or, The Shakspeare Sisterhood: Comprising forty-five Ideal Portraits, described by Henrietta Lee Palmer. Illustrated with fine engravings on steel, from designs by eminent hands. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—1859.

This is a charming Gift-Book—even superior to what we anticipated on announcing it favorably, after examining a specimen sheet and portrait, a few weeks since. In the language of an able contemporary, "we have had various and elaborate commentaries on Shakspeare, but this elegant book is a picturesque presentation of a woman's idea of the women of the great dramatist. Freshness and beauty are not the only or the chief attractions of the portraits. They are the *idea* that the drama develop,—but it requires genius to seize, concentrate and exhibit the conceptions of such a master, and this is happily done in the work before us." The Gallery is rich externally, as well as internally. The binding—antique morocco, gilt—is elegant, while the paper, typography, &c., comprise all that is requisite to render the volume a superb gift-book and permanent ornament. All admirers of the great poet and dramatist will appreciate this work, and we trust many of them will become its possessors. Sold in Rochester by Dewey.

Self-Made Men. By Chas. C. B. Seymour. New York: Harper & Brothers.

In a neat volume of nearly 600 pages we have brief, graphic and interesting sketches of sixty persons who have "achieved greatness" or attained eminence in various walks of life, mainly by their own industry, perseverance and energy. The subject of the work is admirable, but the author has no obvious principle of classification, and his idea of a "self-made man" is apparently more comprehensive than is generally understood by the term. He has, nevertheless, furnished a large number of excellent biographies of representative men, which will prove instructive and encouraging to those who must make their way to success and honor, unaided by what are regarded by some not over-wise people as "adverse circumstances of birth and fortune." The subjects are taken from both America and Europe, and several of them are living examples of what may be accomplished by persistent labor, study and correct conduct—such as Lieut. Maury, Elihu Burritt, Hans Christian Andersen, Chas. Dickens, and others. Portraits accompany several of the biographies. We commend the work, and especially to young men. Sold by Dewey.

The Pilgrim's Progress from this World to that which is to Come. Delivered under the similitude of a Dream. By John Bunyan. With twenty illustrations, drawn by Geo. Thomas and engraved by W. L. Thomas. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers—1859.

Yes, reader, the veritable Pilgrim's Progress of our and your youth—the work which *we* read attentively long before we comprehended the beautiful allegory. And we suppose it is in far better style, though we fancy the illustrations, large and beautiful as they are, do not equal those which were gazed upon and studied in our early boyhood. Be that as it may, the present edition is beautiful and altogether commendable, and as it is in gift-book style we trust thousands of copies will be presented during the Holidays. Sold by Cole & Adams.

The Modern Cook: A Practical Guide to the Culinary Art in all its Branches—comprising, in addition to English Cookery, the most approved and recherche systems of French, Italian and German Cookery; adapted as well for the Largest Establishments as for the use of Private Families. By Chas. Elme Francatelli. From the Ninth London Edition, carefully revised and considerably enlarged. With sixty-two illustrations. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

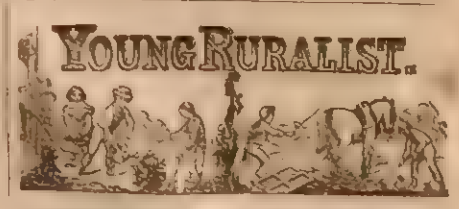
Such is the comprehensive title of a large royal octavo volume of nearly 600 pages, which evidently comprises the whole science of cookery so far as it can be imparted in print. Of its merits, however, we cannot speak authoritively. It is "got up" in superior style, and appears to be a dictionary of the whole Gastronomic Art. For sale by Dewey.

Future Life; or, Scenes in Another World. By George Wood, author of "Peter Schlemihl in America," "Modern Pilgrims," etc. New York: Derby & Jackson.—1858.

Those who had the satisfaction of perusing the previous volumes issued by this author, will need no other incentive to the possession of this last production of his pen, than the mere announcement of its issue by the press. We observe the same ingenious fancy and satirical skill which characterizes his former works. Dewey has it for sale.

Meta Gray; or, What Makes Home Happy. By M. J. McIntosh, author of "Aunt Kitty's Tales," etc., etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—1858.

A little volume of 200 pages, beautifully written, and indicating good, sound doctrines. "Better is a dinner of herbs where Love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith," is a text from which the authoress has furnished a sermon instructive to the old and interesting to the young. For sale by Dewey.



VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY.

Messrs. Eds.:—Will you please enlighten me on some curious and to me important questions:

1st. What is the best method of preserving the grape vine and cherry trees from the rose bugs?

2d. Why can more milk be obtained from a cow when milked fast than at a slow rate?

3d. Is the season of sunset preferred for watering plants to any other part of the day, and why?

4th. What are the joints of cornstalks for, and why are they thicker near the bottom than near the top?

5th. Does the sap of trees descend in autumn?

6th. Does the sap of wheat ascend in the aperture of the centre of the stalk, or near the surface?

7th. Will a post last longer placed in the ground, bottom upwards, than the natural way, and why?

Frank.

Remarks.—1st. It is not easy to point out the *best* method of protecting grape vines and cherry trees from the ravages of the rose-bug, but the *suds* of whale-oil soap, thrown upon the plants by a syringe, or in any good way, will destroy these voracious insects.

2d. The rapid or quick milking of a cow will not *produce* more milk than a slower milking. The rapid is more likely to lessen the yield; but the other may be so slow as not to be economical.—Both are to be avoided. To do the work gently, so as not to irritate the cow, and quickly, so as not to put her out of patience, or waste time, is the best.

3d. There is not any special reason for delaying the watering of plants till *sunset*. Some have preferred this time, because the evaporation then is slower, and the watering will prove more effective when the intense heat of the day is diminished. This time is chosen too, from its convenience, because the pressing occupations of the day are ended. If we would learn a lesson from Divine Providence, we shall at once see that less rain falls at sunset than in other parts of the day, and that Divine Wisdom has not selected any particular hours for sending the rain on its own creation. But we must remember that when nature waters the earth and growing plants, the curtains of the heavens are drawn over the sun. This teaches us the only important point to be remembered, and that is, not to water plants when the sun is brightly shining upon them.

4th. The *joints* of corn-stalks are for strengthening the stem, that they may bear up their abundant fruit for maturity; and they are thicker and larger towards the root for the same end, as the lower must bear the pressure of the whole plant above. These joints are common in most culmiferous plants, and in abundance in the cane, ratan, &c.—Did "Frank" ever think *why* the body of a tree, or shrub, thistle, burdock, &c., is larger towards the root?

5th. The sap ascends from the roots to the leaves in the soft, woody part, and is there modified by heat and light; this then descends in the vessels of the soft, inner part of the bark to the places it is fitted and designed to nourish or to be deposited in. As vegetation advances to maturity, less sap ascends because less is needed; there is not a descent of sap for the winter. As the centre of a wheat-stalk is a cavity, the sap does not ascend in this empty cylinder, but in the body of the stem, probably near the middle. Assimilation goes on, till in a regular process the vegetative action for the season is completed. The leaves become filled with earthy and vegetable matter, and by thickening and stiffening produce by the action of wind that rustling sound which is in August held to be the sure approach of autumn, the time of the fall of leaves.

7th. It is maintained by many that a post, placed inverted in the ground, will be more durable than in the direct position. Let the inquirer try the experiment, and satisfy himself. Let him place six posts, in each of the two ways, direct and inverted, in the same soil and exposed, as near as may be, to the same action of water, and the elements generally. The object is worthy of the labor. Let him record the kind of wood, its different sizes, as from the outside or inside of a tree, and as having the same sap-wood or heart-wood; the time and the circumstances. He can then ascertain a result which will be satisfactory. With the wrong end in the ground, he may find the post to *last forever*, because he *has tried it*.

Punctuality.—This is one of the most beautiful traits in one's character, and not only adds to a person's estimation in the minds of others, but is ever a source of great advantage to one possessing it. Those unaccustomed to be punctual, and to perform their duties with promptness, are forever in the drag. By their tardiness at the commencement of the day, they are just so much behind all during it; which, taken in connection with the accumulation of losses from the force of the habit during the day, results at the close of it, in the loss of much precious time; and if continued through life, in the frustrating of many plans, and the blighting of many fond hopes, and too frequently, is a clog to the progress of many who are dependent upon the exertions and instructions of these tardy ones, for means, and ability, and occasion to perform promptly the duties of life. It is particularly desirable and essential that the young who are now forming habits for life, should cultivate Punctuality, as one of the noblest and most promotive traits of character, and one of the first among the graces which adorn a well ordered life

Syrup or. Sirup.—Which is spelled correctly. According to Webster the latter (*Strup*) is correct. But the former way is almost invariably used by writers.—Young Ruralist, *Leeland, Minn.*

Remarks.—As Webster is the authority generally acknowledged in this country, and followed in other respects, we know of no reason for an exception in this case.

No life can be well ended that has not been well spent; and what life has been well spent that has had no purpose—that has accomplished no object—that has realized no hope.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS.

M. M., *Clyde, N. Y.*—The Bee-Hive you mention may "work to a charm" in the manner indicated by your epistle—and we hope it does—but it is a *patented* article, and can be *advertised* in the RURAL only in the Department devoted to such matters. Price, twenty-five cents per line. If the inventor will *give*—"without money and without price"—the use of it to the people, we will—if it proves as represented—be pleased to give it a genuine RURAL start upon the road to Fame at precisely the same terms.

GEO. P., *Albion, N. Y.*—Mr. PHELPS has already paid his respects to the gentleman mentioned in your communication, and we do not realize the necessity of again opening a war which can only result in words.

WM. G. W., *South Cairo, Greene Co., N. Y.*—The discovery you claim to have made may be very valuable—it certainly is if your statements relative thereto are correct—but, if you want to *make money by the sale of the knowledge possessed*, you must come in proper manner. The advertising department of the RURAL is specially devoted to the interests of those who have valuable wares to dispose of, and you can obtain publicity through its aid if you see fit.

S. C. R., *Paris, Starke Co., Ohio.*—Would be pleased to publish your article, were the subject treated *not so local* in its character. Giving your communication would but open the columns of the RURAL to similar effusions, of which the land speculators of the country would be eager] to take advantage, and we could not tell whether we were giving notoriety to *real, bona fide* towns and villages, or to *paper cities*, the creations of distempered imaginations.

— We cannot undertake to return rejected articles. The best way is for writers to preserve copies.

— We do *not* wish to engage additional contributors at present, and especially inexperienced writers.

— For Contents of this Number, list of New Advertisements, &c., see first column of next page.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 1, 1859.

A New Year's Greeting.

FRIENDS OF THE RURAL!—Kind, substantial and numerous—we present you No. 1 of Vol. X with a joyous greeting, and a heart o'erflowing with gratitude for the manner in which you have for years, and more especially of late, encouraged and appreciated our efforts to excel in a peculiar and important sphere of Journalism. We greet you, in the far East and farther West, and from Canada to the Gulf, with a cordial New Year's salutation,—and, in addition to *wishing* you Happiness and Prosperity, shall endeavor, during the year upon which we now enter, to AID you in securing and augmenting those blessings. Wishes are of little avail, but faith and works are all-powerful; and as our faith is strong, and works earnest, sincere, and we trust well-directed, it is hoped the object of our aspirations and labors will be accomplished. Our aim is to render Individuals, Families and Community Wiser, Happier and more Prosperous—and the World better for having published the RURAL NEW-YORKER.

You, Reader, may have observed some improvement in the Appearance, and perhaps also in the Contents, of this number of the RURAL, compared with its predecessors. Good judges pronounce it a marked step in advance, and say it looks vastly like adhering to our text—this practical demonstration in the line of "Progress and Improvement." In this opinion we think all will concur. Certain it is that we have spared neither labor nor expense in endeavors to render the RURAL presentable in any society or mansion, in Town or Country, so far as style and externals are concerned, and think it will compare favorably with most journals, not excepting those emanating from New York, Philadelphia and Boston. We do not, however, depend upon style or appearance; nor shall we allow our "good looks" to interfere with or retard our usefulness. On the contrary, we shall strive to make the RURAL more interesting and valuable than ever before—to render it a firm friend and sincere adviser of all who seek its pages for either instruction or entertainment.

That we have amply redeemed our promises thus far is too manifest to require comment or argument—for enough is already apparent to prove that we have made a greater improvement in this than in any other one, two or three volumes. And we trust the readers of the RURAL will very generally respond to our efforts by introducing the paper to the notice and support of their friends and acquaintances, near and distant. Indeed, hosts of agent-friends have already secured and forwarded far larger lists than ever before, and we are confident that, with this number to exhibit as a specimen, almost any reader can easily form a club in his or her neighborhood. That our circulation will be largely increased this year is already manifest; but we intend to furnish a paper which shall MERIT a subscription of 100,000—aye, one exceeding that of the famous "account book," or any "flag" or "star-spangled banner" in the Union. And if the readers of the RURAL, one and all—those who appreciate its merits, and can judge discriminatingly in regard to its value and usefulness, compared with the trashy, love-and-murder story-telling sheets, or second-hand reprints of metropolitan dailies—will devote a little attention and influence in the right direction, the object may soon be accomplished. How many Agents, Subscribers, casual readers, and even borrowers, will do us and community the favor of devoting a little *timely action* in accordance with this suggestion?

— See Terms, Special Notices, &c., on next and last pages.

THIS NUMBER is not, in some respects, what we intended, having been "got up" in haste and amid many difficulties—such as can only be appreciated by those who have had the vexatious experience of changing type and fixtures, obtaining original designs, &c., in a brief period. Though we expect to improve upon it in future, we will not, on reflection, make any apology.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—Mr. Doolittle, of Wis., offered a resolution, which was adopted, calling for the letters between the President of Nicaragua and Com. Paulding, if thee are any such in the Navy Department.

On motion of Mr. Seward, the Secretary of War was requested to inform the Senate if any land in New York harbor can be had for revenue purposes.

Mr. Davis, of Miss., offered a resolution, which was adopted, calling on the Secretary of War for information respecting the rights of British subjects in Oregon.

Mr. Clay, of Ala., submitted a resolution, which was adopted, calling on the President for the correspondence between the Mexican Government, Mr. Forsyth, and the State Department, and such other matters as will elucidate the complications which resulted in suspension of diplomacy.

Mr. Hunter, of Va., submitted a resolution, which was adopted, requesting the P. M. General to inform the Senate what changes of the postal laws are necessary to render the Department self-sustaining.

Mr. Stuart, of Mich., attempted to bring up the Agricultural College Bill. Messrs. Fitzpatrick, of Ala., Iverson, of Ga., and Bright, of Ind., objected, and the Senate refused to take up the bill, by nays 28, yeas 20.

The Senate Post Office Committee will shortly bring forward a proposition abolishing the franking privilege, and allowing the payment of no more than sea postage for ocean mail service.

The Pacific Railroad has been viewed in all the routes proposed, and has elicited much discussion during the week.

Bills Passed.—To advance Hiram Powers $2,500 for statuary; to allow $30 per month pension to the widows of old soldiers; making appropriations for the improvement of St. Clair Flats; Military Academy appropriation.

HOUSE.—On motion of Mr. Phelps, of Mo., the House went into Committee on the bill for the payment of the Invalid and other pensions, appropriating $852,000 therefor.

The Military Academy bill, appropriating nearly $185,000, was next taken up, and after much discussion, the bill was laid aside to be reported upon.

The House went into the Committe of the Whole on the Soldiers' Pension bill. A number of amendments were offered, debated and rejected. The enacting clause of the bill was then stricken out by six majority. This had the effect, as was intended, to terminate further proceedings thereon in Committee, and to bring the bill into the House. The Speaker, in reply to a question, said if the House concur in the recommendation of the Committee to strike out the enacting clause, the bill by this would be defeated. The question was decided in the negative—75 against 127.

Mr. Savage, of Tenn., offered a substitute for the bill proposing pensions to all who served sixty days or more, or were engaged in the actual war of 1812, or during that period. The benefits of the act are extended to the marine corps. In the event of the death of a pensioner, his widow is to receive the pension during her natural life The pensions are graduated as follows:—For 12 months' service and upwards, $96; for 6 months and upwards, and not 12 months, $75; for 60 days and upwards, not exceeding 6 months, $50 per annum. Agreed to—132 against 61.

Bills Passed.—Soldiers of the War of 1812 Pension bill; the Invalid Pension and West Point appropriation bill.

Washington Matters.

AN editorial in the *States*, on the 24th ult., asserts that Juarez's envoy here is authorized to offer concessions, which will amaze the country, on condition that Buchanan will recognize the faction of Juarez as being the legitimate Government of Mexico. Among the concessions which the *States* is permitted to mention, is one giving a direct transit between Texas and the Gulf of California. Another guaranty is, freedom of trade, and the settlement of pecuniary difficulties on terms most favorable to the United States.

IT is said that Senor Tassaret, the Spanish Minister, officially informs Mr. Cass that the difficulty between the Spanish authorities and those of Tampico is settled, but letters from a commercial house at Tampico contain a reverse statement, and further say that as soon the weather will permit, the Spanish fleet will concentrate on the whole coast from Laguana to Tampico, thus confirming previous advices.

THE Secretary of War has asked Congress for nearly $400,000 to pay the Florida volunteers, called into service by Gen. Harney and Col. Loomis, during the years 1857–8.

AMONG the many bills introduced in the House on the 24th ult., was one by Mr. Branch, of N. C., appropriating $1,000,000 to enable the President to conclude with Spain a treaty of amity and for the settlement of all differences, including the cession of Cuba, to be used by him if he thinks fit, in advance of the ratification of such treaty by the Senate. If the payment is required, and there is not that much money in the Treasury, the President is authorized to borrow it. The bill was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

THE observance of the Christmas holidays has put a check upon the manufacture of news. Congress has adjourned until the 4th of January, thus taking twelve days out of the short session, with over 300 bills before them. The salaries, however, go on as usual, amounting to about $200,000 for the period of adjournment.

DORA DEANE AND MAGGIE MILLER.—A notice of this new work by Mrs. MARY J. HOLMES is necessarily deferred, but we cannot refrain from saying that it is worthy of the head and heart of the author. It comprises two distinct novels in one volume of some 400 pages (handsomely issued by SAXTON.) The thousands of Mrs. H.'s admirers among our readers will be delighted with dear, devoted DORA and dashing MAGGIE.

A SLIGHT CALL.—The New York City Comptroller's tax budget was sent to the Common Council on the evening of the 20th ult. It calls for the small sum of $8,000,000, to pay city government expenses for the ensuing year.

Political Intelligence.

THE following are the official figures on the State ticket, as finally announced by the Board of State Canvassers:

For Governor—Morgan, 247,958; Parker, 230,513; Burrows, 60,880; Smith, 5,470.

Lieutenant Governor—Campbell, 230,834; Taylor, 229,797; Benton, 62,336; Beers, 2,189.

Canal Commissioner—Gardener, 249,933; Piper, 229,848; Thompson, 59,919; Harrington, 1,801.

State Prison Inspector—Everest, 229,898; Donnelly, 202,361; Russell, 52,000; Filer, 1,960.

On Constitutional Convention—Yes, 135,266; no, 144,526.

GEN. WM. O. BUTLER, of Kentucky, declines the democratic nomination for Governor of that State.

IN Iowa, the official vote for Congressmen gives the Republicans 600 majority in the first district, and 2,739 in the second. Nearly 50,000 votes were cast in each district.

THE lower Indiana House, on the 21st ult., refused to pass the Senatorial Election Bill over the veto of the Governor—Yeas 49, nays 48—two less than a constitutional majority. The Legislature, on the 22d ult., P. M., by a concurrent resolution, elected Henry S. Lane and William M. McCarty U. S. Senators, in the place of Senators Bright and Fitch, the former till 1863, and the latter till 1861.

IN the Georgia Legislature the following act was passed and approved by the Governor:—To repeal all laws and parts of laws authorizing lotteries in the State of Georgia, &c.:

§ 1. The General Assembly of the State of Georgia do enact that from and after the 1st day of June, 1860, all laws and parts of laws, authorizing lotteries in this State, or the vending of lottery tickets, be and the same are hereby repealed.

Important from Mexico.

THE latest intelligence from Mexico locates the several aspirants of place and power in that unhappy country thus:—President JUAREZ, at Vera Cruz, is awaiting the receipt of duties from vessels lately arrived, for the funds with which to move his forces against the city of Mexico. ZULOAGA still firmly relies on the Viscount GABRIAC's promises of European intervention in his favor, but is greatly harrassed for want of funds. The clergy recently loaned him their obligations for $700,000; but of this $200,000 had to be used in refunding a forced loan, temporarily made from the merchants a few days before, and of the remaining $500,000 he could only realize $250,000—the money lenders exacting these enormous terms, which he was forced to accept. VIDAURRI is at Monterey, reorganizing his forces and awaiting additional troops from Temaulipas, when he will move on San Luis. Gen. ARTEAGA is on the road from Queretaro to Guanajuato with 1,500 men, to cut off the communication between Miramon and the Capital, and should it be necessary, will march to the Puente Calderon to Degollado's assistance. ALATRISTE, Constitutional Governor of the State of Puebla, is in the plains of Apam with 2,000 men, and with Gen. CAMANO, who has arrived at Matamora de Izucar with 3,000 men from the south, will soon make an attack on the city of Puebla. General BLANCO, in the south of Michoacan, has a strong force, as have also Generals HUERTE and SABAS ITURBIDE, in the Bahia.

Statements from authoritive channels lead to the conviction that the present difficulties with Spain are in course of satisfactory arrangement.

HAVANA NEWS.—The steamer Cahawba arrived at New Orleans on the 24th ult., with Havana dates of the 20th. The President's Message had shocked the Cuban authorities, and produced a general sensation.

The Spanish Mexican imbroglio is settled. Gen. GARZA, of Tampico, having refunded all the moneys obtained from Spanish subjects, by way of forced loans, and the present Government of Mexico having acceded to all the demands made by Spain. The Spanish flag was saluted with twenty-one guns, from the forts of Tampico. The Spanish frigates Terrolana and Isabelle, arrived with over 2,000 soldiers from Spain

MORE FILLIBUSTERISM.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Post, under date 22d ult., says:—There is reason to believe that two or three more vessels have left, or are about leaving, our shores with fillibusters. It is said the President has taken measures to have them stopped before leaving, or have them intercepted upon the seas.

On the 23d ult., the Government received a dispatch from New Orleans, giving a few particulars relative to another fillibuster expedition from that port against Nicaragua. The federal officers will be forthwith instructed to redouble their vigilance to suppress it.

LARGE SHIPMENTS OF OATS.—During the past week there have been shipped from Boston and New York, to New Orleans and Mobile, between 50,000 and 60,000 bushels of oats. Probably a large proportion of those sent to New Orleans will be sent up the river. Oats are selling at St. Louis at 75c.; New Orleans, 70; Mobile, 75; Boston, 50a55.

FATAL STEAMBOAT DISASTER.—The steamboat Aubrey met with an accident a few miles above St. Louis, on the night of the 20th ult., by which four or five lives were lost. The boat ran on the wreck of a sunken steamer, bursting the steam pipe, which caused a panic among the deck passengers, who rushed en masse into the yawl, upset it, and several were drowned. Names unknown.

WAKING UP.—The sleep in which the Atlantic Telegraph has been indulging for several months, was disturbed on the 21st ult., by DR SANTY, the celebrated (?) electrician, who reports "well marked currents from Valentia, but *nothing intelligible*." There is a remarkable singularity between DR SANTY's reports and the "marked currents" received out there "in the woods" at Trinity Bay.

COTTON MOVEMENT.—The New York *Times*, of the 23d ult., says the movement of cotton is growing large and interesting. The exports this week reach 111,000 bales, equal to an Exchange on Europe of nearly *six million dollars*. And as the receipts at the ports are 654,000 bales ahead of last year, there is more talk of a crop of 3,600,000 bales.

News Paragraphs.

THE Government of Holland have decreed that the ports in all the islands of Java, Sumatra, Borneo, &c., shall be open to the trade of the world from the 1st day of May, 1859.

BEAVERS, which were once so much valued for their furs, and were hunted almost to extermination, are increasing in Canada, and are quite plenty within ten miles of Toronto.

ACCORDING to the N. Y. *Tribune* there are now lying in the Atlantic Dock Basin, Brooklyn, twenty canal boats loaded with 42,000 bushels of potatoes. They sell at $1,25 per barrel.

THE total gold coinage of the United States, including bars, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1858, amounted to $52,889,800.29. The silver coinage for the same period, amounted to $8,233,286.77. The number of cents coined was 23,400,000.

THE result of the assay of gold from the Cherry River mines, received at New York from Leavenworth, Kansas, shows that, with the exception of a few small lots from Georgia, it is the finest gold ever received from any part of North America. Its value after melting is $20,06 per ounce—fineness, 970⅛ thousandths.

THE San Francisco *Chronicle* estimates the cost of the Fraser river gold fever to citizens of California, at $13,650,000, against returns of about $100,000 in gold dust, saying nothing about the lives lost, hopes wrecked, and energies paralyzed by repeated disappointments—the bones bleaching along the banks of the Fraser, or reposing in the depths of the ocean, while the tearful eyes of mothers, sisters, and wives, grow weary with vain watchings for the return of those whom they may never see again.

THE State Department at Washington has received information to the effect that the American claims against Chili, in connection with the vessels Macedonian and Franklin, will shortly be satisfied. In the case of the latter vessel the claim amounts to $250,000.

From the Pacific Side.

THE steamship Quaker City, with San Francisco dates to the 6th ult., arrived at New Orleans on the 23d. The Golden Gate, which left San Francisco on the 6th for New York, had $1,000,000 in treasure for New York, and $333,000 for England. The news by steamer is unimportant.

By the Overland Mail which arrived at St. Louis on the 23d ult., we get the following items:

The Pitt River Indians had massacred several whites.

The mines in Southern Oregon are yielding largely, and new discoveries were being made.

Gen. Harney had revoked the order forbidding settlers from locating in the Walla Walla Country.

The treaty between the U. S. and Nisqually Indians establishes perpetual peace—provides for reciprocal assistance in the event of war with other parties, and agrees that all future misunderstandings shall be settled by the Representative Chiefs in friendly council.

Direct trade has been opened between Puget's Sound and China.

The passengers by the Overland Mail report a severe shock of an earthquake between San Francisco and San Jose. The roads were in bad order, owing to heavy rains, and there was more or less snow from Apache Canon to the Missouri. One severe sand storm was encountered on the Colorado.

The Governor of British Columbia has issued proclamations making a grant to the Hudson Bay Company, organizing a colonial government, legalizing previous acts, and adopting the laws of England.

There was much excitement at San Joaquin, owing to the finding of diamonds, rubies and opals there.

The proceeds of the shipments of November are $4,525,000. Deposits in the mint for November, $1,250,000.

One hundred and seventy whalers had arrived at Honolulu with an average catch of 612 barrels of oil.

Old World Intelligence.

DURING the past week three ocean steamers have arrived at New York, and from their files we glean the following interesting news matter:

A peculiar quiet is observable in Enhland at the present time—the only feature of note is the extreme probability that a new Atlantic Cable will be laid. Application to the Government for a guarantee of 4½ per cent. has been made, and from the favor with which the proposition is received, there is little doubt but it will be granted.

Some portions of Ireland are in a state of alarm because of the discovery of a Secret Society, having for its end and aim the invasion of the "Gem of the Seas," by an American force. Quite a number of arrests have been made.

From France we learn that the Government had decided on allowing the appeal of M. de MONTALEMBERT to come before the Superior Court.

The *Moniteur* officially declares that the disquietude as to the relations between France and Austria, caused by the newspaper discussions, is by no means justified.

France had concluded a treaty with Japan, similar to that made by England.

The meeting of the French Legislature has been postponed to February.

The Spanish Expedition to Mexico, it is now said, will be on a larger scale than heretofore supposed.

From China we learn that Lord ELGIN's negotiations at Shanghae were satisfactory. Commissioner Reed had not returned from Japan. The Emperor of Japan was reported dead. Canton quiet.

The De Resmond Australian mail, Melbourne, Oct. 15, reached Suez with $130,000 in gold. Trade quiet. Large shipments of gold to England.

The Bombay mail brings the Queen's proclamation, which was read throughout India on Nov. 1. Its terms are liberal. It guarantees to protect religious freedom on terms of all existing treaties and rights, and offers a general amnesty to all the murderers of the British, providing a submission is made by the rebels before the first of January.

The News Condenser.

— Albert Pike, of Arkansas, is dead.

— Every eighth man in Massachusetts is a shoemaker.

— The Mercantile Library of St. Louis contains about 14,000 volumes.

— A Ladies' Skating Club has been formed in Lansingburgh, N. Y.

— Ex-Governor Slade is lying dangerously ill at his home in Vermont.

— Further news from Mexico shows a more hopeless anarchy than ever.

— Photographic etching has finally been discovered by Mr. Fox Talbot.

— Petitions for a National Bankrupt Law are in circulation in Maine.

— Boston has 218 shoe houses, doing a business of $62,000,000 annually.

— The present population of San Francisco is estimated at 75,000 or 80,000.

— Several earthquakes have occurred in Portugal, and caused great damage.

— At Needham, Wis., on the 8th ult., the thermometer stood 34 degrees below zero.

— It is said that 800 buildings are now in process of erection in Brooklyn, N. Y.

— A thousand divorce cases are pending in the several counties in Indiana.

— The last return of the army shows that Austria can bring in the field 427,000 men.

— The various branches of the State Bank of Indiana will issue notes on the 1st inst.

— It is stated that there are 1,000 adult believers in Spiritualism in Kent Co., Mich.

— A premium of $100 was offered for seats in the last overland stage from California.

— Since October 17th, 40 fugitive slaves have passed through Albany for Canada.

— The Indiana Legislature has passed an act repealing the liquor law of that State.

— The public debt of the consolidated city of Philadelphia amounts to $20,000,000.

— There are 722 convicts in the Ohio Penitentiary, being 17 more than there are cells.

— Of the "Echo" negroes, 200 have been landed in Monrovia; 71 died on the passage.

— Nearly 800 stone and brick houses have been erected in Montreal during the last 18 months.

— Under the liquor law, in New York, 20,000 or more civil complaints have already been made.

— Hon. Frederick Nash, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, died on the 7th inst.

— The aggregate value of the Salmon fisheries of Ireland, is said to exceed $1,500,000 per annum.

— The Associated Press of the State of New York pays $100,000 a year for its telegraph news alone.

— Very sickly are the Wisconsin papers. The Daily Wisconsin prophesies the death of 50 with a year.

— The crew of the slaver Echo have been committed to jail at Charleston to await their trial in April next.

— The Hartford (Ct.) people are talking of buying a steam fire engine, and employing a paid fire department.

— Lord Lyons, who is to succeed Lord Napier as British minister at Washington, is of American descent.

— The Philadelphians are to have two more steam fire engines, five companies being the contractors therefor.

— The Oskaloosa (Iowa) Herald of the 19th ult. says a mail coach left there the day before with six sprightly oxen.

— Some of the Lynn (Mass.) shoe manufacturers are now making to order large quantities of ladies' skating boots.

— In Canada, parcels are conveyed in the mail—prepaid at 30 cents for one lb. or less; 60 cents for not over two lbs.

— Brooklyn is the third or fourth city in the United States in point of population—being computed at 220,000.

— Los Angelos (Cal.) papers record the product of Don Luis Sainsevan's vineyard this year at 48,000 gallons.

— Cranberries were selling during the past week in St Louis at $3 50 a $9 per barrel, and in Cincinnati at $9 a $11.

— Coating candles, making their surface as hard as sperm at a trifling additional cost, is a valuable new invention.

— The President has determined to send Commodore Stewart's name to the Senate for restoration to the active service list.

— A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of Arkansas prohibiting the sale of patent medicines within the State.

— The expenses of the New York militia, called out to protect the Quarantine Grounds, have already reached the sum of $50,000.

— The Comptroller's estimate of the Taxes of N. Y. city, for 1859, amounts to nearly $8,000,000. Of this $1,800,000 is for State Tax.

— The Boston people are preparing to harvest their ice crop. The ice is now about seven inches thick upon the ponds in that vicinity.

— The orange crop of Louisiana this season is very large, and the crop is selling from plantations at from six to eight dollars per thousand.

— Chickens were sold in the market at Cincinnati, Ohio, last Friday, at ten cents per pair, and good sized turkeys at twenty-five cents each.

— In the Chicago Post-Office mails are received daily from twenty railroads. *Thirty-five hundred* mails, the Press says, are made up every day.

— Suits have been brought against some of the stockholders of the Collins Steamship Company, as individuals, for debts due to the company.

— A dandy lately appeared in Iowa with legs so attenuated that the authorities had him arrested because he had no visible means of support.

— The receipts of the American Tract Society, notwithstanding the recent difficulty concerning its management, have fallen off but $16,000.

— During the past five years there have been constructed in California 4,405 miles of artificial canals for gold washing, at a cost of $12,000,000.

— The Island of Jamaica has been lately visited by several severe tempests, by which considerably property has been injured and crops destroyed.

— The Pacific telegraph line from St. Louis to Lexington, Mo., was completed on Tuesday week. It will be in operation to Kansas city next week.

— The people of Pike's Peak, following the example of Dacotah and Arizona, have already organized a territory and sent a delegate to Congress.

— The Arizona gold and silver mines continue to attract emigration from Texas and Arkansas, notwithstanding the hostile disposition of the Camanches.

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Save Your Money—Hubbard & Northrop.
Employment for the Year—Robert Sears.
900,000 Trees for Sale—A. Fahnestock & Son.
The Atlantic Monthly—Phillips, Sampson & Co.
Mrs. Mary J. Holmes' Works—C. M. Saxton.
Share's Coulter Harrow—Pease & Eggleston.
1,000 Tricks!!!—Dick & Fitzgerald.
Teachers and Children, Read This—Rev. Alex. Clark.
Magazine Clubbing for 1859—T. S. Arthur & Co.
20,000 Fruit Trees at Racine City Nursery—N. Drake.
For Sale—Farm in Wayne Co.
Keep Your Cellar Dry in Winter—E. G. Storke.
Hovey Brothers' Superior Cutters—D. B. Logan.
Oil Portrait of Edward Everett—J. Challen & Son.
Landscape Gardening, &c.—Wm. Webster.
Syracuse Mercantile College—Bassett & Brother.
Young Cedric—Wm. Cheney, Bell & Adams.
Hubbard Squash—H. N. Langworthy.

SPECIAL NOTICES

Every Reader will please notice—Robert Sears.

Publisher's Notices.

TERMS OF THE RURAL FOR 1859.

Great Reduction to Clubs!

Single Copy, One Year,	- - - - -	$2
Three Copies,	" - - - -	$5
Six "	and 1 free to Club Agent,	$10
Ten "	" " "	$15
Sixteen "	" " "	$22
Twenty "	" " "	$26
Thirty-Two "	" "	$40

And any additional number at the latter rate—only $1 25 per copy!—with a free copy for every Ten Subscribers over Thirty.

☞ OUR CLUB TERMS.—It is not our practice nor purpose to *publish* one price for a certain number of copies of the RURAL, and receive another and less rate. Such a course would be unjust to those who pay according to terms, if not dishonorable, and soon involve us in difficulty. Hence, we have to-day (Dec. 27,) returned several remittances, because our terms were not complied with, and must do so in similar cases. We cannot and *will not* furnish single copies of the RURAL at the lowest club rate, (except when sent to a distant friend as a present,) and it is useless to ask us; nor will we send 10 or 15 copies at the same rate as for 30, 50 or 100. Our club rates are already lower than they ought to be—and much less than those of similar journals—and we think all fair, discriminating persons, will see the propriety of our adhering to them strictly.

☞ YOUR AUTOGRAPHS.—In writing business letters, or indeed any kind, don't "forget to remember" that your NAME is necessary to complete the document. We not unfrequently receive money letters with the name of the writer omitted, and in some instances get severely "talked to" for not sending the paper promptly. We recently received a remittance of $55 from a club-agent who omitted a very important item—his autograph. Please give us names, post-office addresses, &c., in all cases, and write them plainly.

☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires.

☞ DRAFTS AT OUR RISK.—We lose little money by mail, but prefer Drafts on New York (less exchange,) payable to our order, and which may be sent at our risk if carefully mailed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ FOR other Notices see last page.

THANKS TO THE PRESS.—Our acknowledgments are eminently due and gratefully tendered for the highly complimentary notices of the RURAL which have recently appeared in hundreds of our exchanges throughout the United States, Canadas, &c. As our brethren of the Press are the best judges of the cost of "getting up" and actual VALUE of a newspaper, their kind opinions, voluntarily expressed, are most gratifying and encouraging, and stimulate us to still greater efforts. Indeed, we think they will discover in the appearance of our new volume that we have "turned over a new leaf," and if as appreciative as heretofore have no doubt they will "make a note of it." They should remember, however, that a new paper dress and fixtures, like human attire, is always stiff and awkward when first put on, and won't appear to advantage the first week or two, and make allowances accordingly. It's no light task to don such a spick-span suit as ours, and make everything shine and "work well."

To the People also we are greatly indebted for the kindness, liberality, complimentary and substantial manifestations we are daily receiving. They are strikingly evidenced in the efforts which have been made by our friends to extend the circulation of the RURAL, and in the numerous letters we receive, many of which contain words of encouragement and cheer, and not a few of which have grown out of the fact that we have failed to return the receipt of Postage Stamps sent for the Cattle Bill.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Dec. 28, 1858.

FLOUR—An advance is noted in both Spring and Winter wheat varieties equal to about 25 cents per barrel on choice brands. Buckwheat Flour has also taken a start—equal to 25 cents per cwt.

GRAIN—As a general feature, we may say the tendency of the grain market is upward. Corn ranges 4c per bushel higher, as to quality; Oats 1@2c better; Buckwheat 2c advance. Beans are going down—70c is now the maximum rate.

PROVISIONS—Reports from the east have rather "taken the wind out of the sails" of some of our Pork buyers. Closer figuring is observable together with the reduction in price—some of the purchasers are holding altogether aloof this A. M. Range of prices $5,50@6,50.

DAIRY, &c.—Butter falling off—tendency still downward.—Cheese very firm at 8@9c ₱ lb. Eggs falling in price.

POTATOES—A slight advance is noted in all varieties this week—the leading movement is in choice qualities.

HAY—Considerable movement in fodder at an advance of $1 per ton.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Fowls ₱ pair	25@
Flour, wint wheat	$5,75@6,50	Ducks ₱ pair	37@
Do. spring do.	$4,75@5,50	Geese ₱ pair	75@
Do. Buckwheat ₱ cwt.	$2,00	Turkeys ₱ lb.	12@
Wheat, Genesee	$1,10@1,25	**VEGETABLES.**	
Best white Canada	$1,10@1,25	Apples, bushel	25@50
Corn	56@60c	Do. dried	$1,25@1,50
Rye	60c	Potatoes	25@35
Oats	32@35	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Barley	45@	Slaughter	5@6c
Buckwheat	50@	Calf	10@
Beans	50@75	Sheep pelt	50@75c
MEATS.		Lamb	37@50c
Pork, Mess	$17@18	**SEEDS.**	
Do. prime	$15,50@16	Clover, fresh	$4,00@5,00
Do. cwt.	$5,00@5,50	Timothy	$2,00@2,25
Beef ₱ cwt.	$5,00@6,00	**SUNDRIES.**	
Spring Lambs, each	$1@	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Mutton (carcass)	2@	Do. soft	$3,00@
Hams, smoked	10@	Coal, Lehigh	$6,00@6,25
Shoulders	7@	Do. Scranton	$6,00@6,50
Chickens	5@	Do. Blossburg	$5,00@
Turkeys	7@	Do. Shamokin	$5,00@5,25
Geese	6@6c	Do. Char	10@12c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,50@1,75
Butter, roll	16@18c	Hay, ton	$7,00@11,00
Do. firkin	15@	Wool, lb	25@30c
Cheese	8@9c	White fish, bbl.	$5,00@7,00
Lard, tried	10@	Codfish ₱ quintal	$4,00@5,00
Tallow	6@7c	Trout, bbl	$6,00@7,00

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Dec. 27.—Flour—The market is very dull and quiet. Sales at $4,25@4,40 for common to choice super State; $5,00@5,20 for extra State; $4,40@4,70 for superfine Ohio, Illinois, Indiana Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa; $5,00@5,20 for common to good medium and extra do; $5,35@5,60 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing dull. Canadian quiet and unchanged; sales at $5,25@6,50 com to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat market without change in prices while scarcely anything is doing; sales common mixed Illinois at 100c; Chicago spring, price to be made. Rye quiet; sales at 70c for Canada, 80c prime State. The Barley is quiet and nominal at 70@71c. Corn is dull and lower; sales at 77c for mixed Western; 72@73c for new white, 74@75c yellow Southern. Oats steady at 49@52c for State; 54@56c for Western and Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Market for Pork dull and lower. Sales at $17,00@18,00 for mess; $13,40@13,75 for prime. Dressed hogs are selling at 7½@7¾c for prime corn fed. The Lard market is firm; sales at 11½@11¾c. Butter is selling at 12@19c for Ohio; 16@20c for State. Cheese at 8@8½c, as to quality.

ALBANY, Dec. 27.—Flour—This is usually the dullest week in the year, and the opening day gives evidence of the general rule. In flour there is very little doing, the sales being of a retail character. No change to note in prices.

GRAIN—Nothing worthy of note has transpired.

BUFFALO, Dec. 27.—Flour—There is only a moderate local demand, and we have no change to note in prices. Sales since Friday noon at $5 for choice extra Illinois from Spring wheat; $5,12½ for good super Indiana; $5,37½@5,62½ for good to choice brands extra Michigan, Ohio, Indiana and Canadian, and $5,75@6,00 for double extra.

GRAIN—Wheat market decidedly quiet, sales prime white Kentucky at $1,40. Chicago spring held at 80c, and Milwaukee club at 95c. Corn—Stock very light, in consequence of which holders, in some instances demand as high as 80c for prime samples. About 77c, however, is considered the market price. Oats steady, sales at 51c. Barley unchanged and nominal. Western 58c; State 55@55c; Canadian 60@70c.

SEED—Timothy held at $2, and Clover at $6 ₱ bu.

PROVISIONS—Dressed hogs very quiet, and market nominally a shade easier. Heavy mess pork $17@17,50 wholesale and retail. Light mess held at $16 in quantities. Green hams 8c. Lard quiet at 11c.

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—Flour—Steady; sales mainly to the city trade for retail and home consumption at $4@4,25 for low spring extras; $4,40@4,50 for good do, and $4,60@4,75 for choice

GRAIN—Wheat, sales No. 1 red at $1,03½ in store, three cars No. 2 spring at 93c, and two cars do at 70c in store.—Corn; sales of some new shelled car corn, in bags on Michigan Central cars at 34c ₱ 80 lbs; three cars and 1400 bush in bags, on track, to distillers, at 33c ₱ 60 lbs; eight cars new, ear corn, in bulk, on track, at 42c ₱ 70 lbs. Oats firm at 34@35c in bags for old, 44@48c new do. Rye unchanged, 55@62c ₱ 60 lbs in bags at depot. Barley nominal at 40@45c for No. 2; 67c for No. 1, and 90c@$1,20 for Canadian.

CHICAGO STANDARD WEIGHT OF GRAIN INSPECTION.—The following standard weights have been adopted by the Chicago Board of Trade, as an additional test, the Press says, in Grain Inspection:

"Club" Wheat shall weigh 60 lbs. ₱ bushel
No. 1 Spring do " " 58 " "
"Standard" do " " 56 " "
"Rejected" do " " 40 " "

"Standard" takes the place of Spring No. 2 in the former system. The new rule goes into operation this 1st January.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, $10,50@11,00; Ordinary, $9,50@10,00; Common, $8,50@9,00; Inferior, $7,00@8,00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55@65; Ordinary, $45@50; Common, $35@40; Inferior, $25@30.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₱ lb., 7@7¾c; Ordinary, 6@6¾c; Common, 5@5¾c; Inferior, 4@4¾c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, per head, $5,50@7,00; Ordinary, $4,50@5,00; Common, $4,00@4,50; Inferior, $2,50@3,50.

SWINE—First quality, 6½@6¾c.; Other qualities, 5@6¼c.

ALBANY, Dec. 27.—Beeves—Receipts between 1,400 and 1,500. Quality poor, a large portion being "Scalawags." The few good ones meet with ready sale at full prices, the common selling slow, holders asking an advance; but eastern buyers not taking the usual quantity, the New Yorkers will not pay the prices asked. Prices range from 4 to 5¼ cents per pound.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 22.—At market 818 Cattle, about 700 Beeves, and 118 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $6,50@7,00; First quality, $6,00@6,25; Second, $5,25; Third $4,50; Ordinary, $3,50

WORKING OXEN—$81, 100 and 110 ₱ pair

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 40, 50@67.

STORES—Yearlings, $00@00; Two Years Old, $18@21; Three Years Old, $22@27.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2150 at market. Prices—Extra and Selections, $3,25, 4,25, 5@6, or 4½@6c ₱ lb. gross; in lots $1, 1,50, 2,25@3,00.

SWINE—000 Western at market

HIDES—7½@8c. ₱ lb. Tallow 6½@7c ₱ lb.

PELTS—$1@1,37 each. Calf Skins, 12@13c. ₱ lb.

BRIGHTON, Dec. 23.—At market 1100 Beeves, 2100 Sheep and Lambs, 650 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,50; First quality, $6,75; Second, $6,00; Third, $5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$100, 125, 130@145.

MILCH COWS—$2@35; common $18@41

YEARLINGS—$14@ 15.00

STORES—Yearlings $00@00; Two Years Old, $18@21; Three Years Old, $22@

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $3,00@6,00; by lot, $1,50@2,75.

SWINE—Pigs, 4½@5½c; Retail, 5@6c.

HIDES—7½@8c. ₱ lb. Tallow—6½@7c ₱ lb.

PELTS—$1@1 Calf Skins, 12@ ₱ lb

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22d.—Native Fleece and Pulled Wool continues in good request, and prices are firmly sustained; sales of 225,000 lbs. ¼ to full-blood Fleece at 40@55c@60c. for extra Saxony; and 90,000 lbs. No. 1 City and extra Country at 34@47c. California is in reduced supply, and prices are firm. Foreign is also in reduced stock (especially clothing qualities,) and prices are maintained with increased firmness, but the demand is less animated; sales of 50,000 lbs. Unwashed Mestiza at 50c., 6 months; and 30,000 lbs. Mexican, on private terms.

ALBANY Dec 23.—Nothing has transpired in the market during the week. Dealers have called in advance of receipts with the views of the few wools offered, and held above buyers' views. We note the nearest firm sales as follows:

American, Native Fleece ₱ lb.	50@60
American, Full Blood Merino	45@47
American, ¾ and ¾ Merino	42@43
American, Native and ¼ Merino	38@40
Extra, Pulled	43@45
Superfine, Pulled	37@41
No. 1, Pulled	30@35

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—Full Blood, 33@35c; three-quarters, 30@32c; half blood, 28@29c; quarter blood, 26@27c; common, 25@26c.

BOSTON, Dec 22.—The market is very firm for domestic Wool, and the advance noticed last week is fully sustained. The sales have been very large, comprising 500,000 lbs fleece [illegible] Pulled [illegible] Spinning [illegible] Native [illegible] Pulled [illegible] Native [illegible] Pulled [illegible] Native [illegible] Pulled

THE ROSE BUSH.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A child sleeps under the rose-bush fair,
The buds swell out in the soft May air;
Sweetly it rests, and on dream-wing flies
To play with the angels in Paradise.
And the years glide by.

A maiden stands by the rose-bush fair,
The dewy blossoms perfume the air;
She presses her hand to her throbbing breast,
With love's first wonderful rapture blest.
And the years glide by.

A mother kneels by the rose-bush fair,
Soft sigh the leaves in the evening air;
Sorrowing thoughts of the past arise,
And tears of anguish bedim her eyes.
And the years glide by.

Naked and alone stands the rose bush fair,
Whirled are the leaves in autumn air;
Withered and dead they fall to the ground,
And silently cover a new made mound.
And the years glide by.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1858, by D. D. T. Moore, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.

ALICE AND ADELAIDE;

OR,

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

Chapter I.—New Year's Eve.

In the parlors below all was elegant, princely and grand. Rare flowers, in vases rarer still, sent through the rooms a fragrant odor, bringing back as it were the summer glory which had faded in the autumn light, and died 'neath the chill December's breath. Fresco paintings gleamed from the ceiling, costly pictures adorned the walls; carpets, which seemed to the eye like a mossy bed inlaid with roses, covered the floors, while over all the gas-light fell, making a scene of brilliant beauty such as was seldom witnessed in the staid city of ——, where our story opens.

'Twas the night of ALICE WARREN'S first presentation to that portion of the world known everywhere as "fashionable society," and now in her tasteful dressing-room above she stands before her mirror, bending low her graceful head while her lady-mother places among her flowing curls one more tiny bud, and then pronounces the toilet complete. Very, very beautiful was ALICE WARREN, with her fair young face, her waving hair, and lustrous eyes of blue, which had looked on the suns of only sixteen summers, and which now shone with more than their wonted brightness, as, smoothing down the folds of her elegant lace dress, she glanced again at the mirror opposite, and then turned towards her mother just as a movement in the hall without attracted the attention of both.—'Twas a slow, uncertain foot-fall, and darting forward, ALICE cried, "'Tis father,—come to see just how I look on this my sixteenth birth-night."

"Not to *see* you, my child, the doting father answered; and in the tones of his voice there was a wail of sorrow, as if the struggle of seventeen long years were not yet fully over.

And well might HUGO WARREN'S voice be tuned to a note of sadness—for to him the world was one dark, dreary night, and the gold so many coveted would have been freely given could he but once have looked upon the face of his only child, who, bounding to his side, parted the snow-white hair from off his forehead, and laying his hand upon her head, asked him "to *feel* if she were not beautiful."

Slowly—tenderly—caressingly the hand of him who could not see, moved over the shining hair, touched the glowing cheek, the snowy neck and rounded arms of the graceful little figure which stood before him, then dashing a tear away, the blind man made her answer, "Yes, beautiful my ALICE must be, if she is, as they tell me, like her mother," and the sightless eyes turned instinctively towards the *mother*, who, coming to his side, replied, "ALICE is like me as I was when last you saw my face—but I have changed since then—there are lines of silver in my hair, and lines of time upon my face."

The blind man shook his head. The picture of the fond, girl-wife, who, in his hour of bitter agony, had whispered in his ear, "I will be sun-light moon-light, star-light,—everything to you, my husband," had never changed to him—for faithfully and well that promise had been kept, and 'twas better far, perhaps, that he could not see the shadows on that face,—shadows which foretold a darker hour than any *he* had ever known,—an hour when the sun-light of her love would set forever. But no such forebodings were around him now. He held his wife and daughter both within his arms, and holding them there thus, he e'en forgot that he was blind.

"Did you invite ADELAIDE?" ALICE asked at last, and Mr. WARREN replied, "Yes, but 'tis doubtful whether she will come. She is very *proud*, her father says, and does not wish to put herself in a position to be slighted."

"Oh, father," answered ALICE, "ADELAIDE HUNTINGTON does not know me. I could not slight her because she is comparatively poor, and if she comes, I'll treat her like a royal princess," and over ALICE WARREN'S face there stole a bright, deep flush, as she thought how attentive she would be to the daughter of her father's "confidential clerk."

Meantime, in a distant part of the city, in a dwelling far more humble than that of HUGO WARREN, another family group were assembled, father, mother, daughter, —all, save old Aunt PEGGY, who, thankful for a home which saved her from the almshouse, performed willingly a menial's part, bearing patiently the whims of the mother and the caprices of the daughter, the latter of whom proved a most tyrannical and exacting mistress. Tall, dignified, and rather aristocratic in her bearing, was ADELAIDE HUNTINGTON. Handsome, too, and agreeable she was called by those who failed to see the treachery hidden in her large, dark eyes, or the constant effort she made to seem what she was not. To be noticed by those whose position in life was far above her own was her aim, and when the envied ALICE WARREN extended to her family an invitation to be present at her birthday party, her delight was unbounded. "She should go, of course, and her father would go with her. She should have a new dress, too,—her father would give her the money,—he *could*,—he *must*," and he did, sighing deeply as he placed it in her hand and thought from whom it came. The dress was purchased, and though 'twas only a handsome muslin it well became the queenly form of the haughty ADELAIDE, who, on that New Year's Eve, stood before her father, seeking from him a word of commendation, and asking if "he did not think she would overshadow the diminutive ALICE?

"I don't see why there should be this difference between us," she continued, as her father made no answer. "Here I must be poor all my life while *she* will be rich, unless Mr. WARREN chances to fail ——."

"Which he will do ere three days are passed," dropped involuntarily from the lips of Mr. HUNTINGTON

Then, with wild, startled look he grasped his daughter's arm, exclaiming, "Forget what I just said—breathe not a word of it to any one, for Heaven knows I'd help it if I could. But 'tis too late,—too late."

'Twas in vain that ADELAIDE and her mother sought an explanation of these strange words. Mr. HUNTINGTON would make them no reply, and in almost unbroken silence he accompanied his daughter to the house of Mr. WARREN.

Very kindly did ALICE welcome the young girl, striving in various ways to relieve her from the embarrassment she would naturally feel at finding herself among so many strangers. And ADELAIDE *was* ill at ease, for the spirit of jealous envy which had ever a home in her heart whispered to her of slight and insult where none had been intended; whispered, too, that her *muslin dress*, which at home with her mother and Aunt PEGGY to admire had been so beautiful, was naught compared with the soft, flowing robes of ALICE WARREN, whose polite attentions she construed into a kind of *patronizing pity* exceedingly annoying to one of her proud nature. Then, as she remembered her father's words, she thought, "*We may be equals yet.* I wonder what he meant? I mean to ask him again," and passing through the crowded apartments she came to the little ante-room, where all the evening her father had been sitting,—a hard, dark look upon his face and his eyes bent on the floor, as if for him that festive scene possessed no interest.

"Father," she said, but he made her no reply; he did not even know that she was standing at his side.

Far back through the "long ago" his thoughts were straying,—back to the New Year's Eve when penniless, friendless and alone he had come to the city, asking employment from one whose hair was not then white as now,—whose eyes were not then unlighted in darkness, but looked kindly down on him, as the wealthy merchant said, "I will give you work so long as you do well."

HUGO WARREN was older than WILLIAM HUNTINGTON by many years, and his station in life had ever been different, but far over the mountain side the same Sabbath bell had once called them both to the house of GOD—the same tall tree on the river bank bore on its bark their names—the same blue sky had bent above their childhood's home, and for this reason he had given him a helping hand, aiding him step by step until now he was the confidential clerk,—the one trusted above all others—for the helpless man when *the darkness* first came upon him had lain his hand on WILLIAM'S head, saying, as he did so, "I trust *you*, WILLIAM, with my all, and as you hope for Heaven, deal not falsely with the blind."

"Deal not falsely with the blind!" How those words, spoken seventeen years before, rang in WILLIAM HUNTINGTON'S ears as he sat there, thinking of the past, until the great drops of perspiration gathered thickly around his lips and dropped upon the floor. He had betrayed his trust,—nay, more, he had ruined the white-haired man who had been so kind to him, and ere three days were passed his sin would find him out. Heavy bank notes must be paid, and in his employer's coffers there was naught with which to pay them. The gambling table had been his ruin. Gradually had he gone down, meaning always to replace what he had taken, and oftentimes doing so; but fortune had deserted him at last, and rather than meet the rebuking glance of those sightless eyes, when the truth should all be known, he had resolved to go away. He had asked for a holiday on the morrow, and ere the first New Year's sun was set, he would be an outcast—a wanderer on the earth. Of all this, then, was he thinking, when ADELAIDE came to his side.

The sound of her voice aroused him at last, and starting up he exclaimed, "It's time we were at home. The atmosphere of these rooms is stifling. Get your things at once."

Rather unwillingly ADELAIDE obeyed, and ten minutes later she was saying good night to ALICE and her mother, both of whom expressed their surprise that she should go so soon, as did also Mr. WARREN.

"I meant to have talked with you more," he said, as he stood within the hall with Mr. HUNTINGTON, who, grasping his hand, looked earnestly into the face which for all time to come would haunt him as the face of one whom he had greatly wronged.

Another moment and he was gone, while on the hand he had just released there lay a large, round drop, and the blind man, brushing it away, knew not that 'twas a tear.

Four o'clock, and all is still around the house where but a few hours since mirth and revelry were reigning. Flushed with excitement and the flattery her youthful beauty had called forth, ALICE WARREN had sought her pillow, and in the world of dreamland is living over again the incidents of her sixteenth birth-day party. The blind man, too, is sleeping, and in his dreams, as he always does, he sees again the forms of those he loves, but he does not see the storm-cloud hovering near, nor yet the crouching figure which, across the way, is looking towards his window and bidding him farewell.

Mr. HUNTINGTON had accompanied ADELAIDE to his door and then, making some trivial excuse, had gone from his home forever, leaving his wife to watch and wait as she had often done before. Slowly waned the December night, and just as the morn was breaking—the morn of the bright New Year—a train sped on its way to the westward, bearing among its passengers one who fled from justice, leaving to his wife and daughter grief and shame, while to the blind man there was left *darkness, ruin, and death.*

Chapter II.—The House of Mourning.

The third day came and passed, and as the twilight shadows fell upon the city, ALICE and her mother pushed back the heavy damask curtain which shaded the window of their pleasant sitting-room, and looked anxiously down the street for one who seldom tarried long. An hour went by; another, and another still, and *then* he came,—but far more helpless than when he left them in the morning. The blinded eyes were red with tears,—the stately form was bent with grief,—the strong man was crushed with the blow which had fallen so suddenly upon him. He was ruined—hopelessly, irretrievably ruined, and in all the wide world there was naught he could call his save the loved ones who soothed him now, as one had done before when a mighty sorrow overshadowed him.

As best he could he told them of the fraud which for many years had been imposed upon him—told them how he had trusted and been betrayed by one whom he would not that the officers should follow—he would not have him brought back to a felon's cell. "'Twould do no good," he said, "and 'twould save the wife and daughter from more disgrace," and so WILLIAM HUNTINGTON was suffered to roam at large, while in the home he had desolated there was heartfelt mourning made and bitter tears shed—the blind man groping often through the familiar rooms which would soon be his no longer—the daughter stifling her own grief to soothe her father's sorrow and minister to her mother's wants.

As has before been hinted, Mrs. WARREN was far from being strong, and the news of the failure burst upon her with an overwhelming power, prostrating her at once, so that ere two weeks were passed the blind man forgot his ruined fortune—forgot everything, save the prayer that she, the wife of his bosom, the light of his eyes, the mother of his child, might live.

But "He who doeth all things well," had not decreed it thus, and she, who had been reared in the lap of luxury, was never to know the pinching wants of poverty—never to know what 'twas to be hungry, and cold, and poor. All this was reserved for the gentle ALICE, who, younger and stronger, too, could bear the trial better. And so, as day after day went by, the blind man kneeling at her side *felt* what he could not see—*felt* the death shadows come creeping on—*felt* how the pallor was deepening on her cheek—knew that she was going from him fast—knew, alas, that she must die, and one bright, beautiful morning, when the thoughtless passers by, pointing to the house, said, one to another, "He has lost everything," he, from the inmost depths of his bleeding heart, unconsciously made answer, "Lost everything—lost everything," while ALICE, the motherless, bowed her head in anguish, half wishing she, too, were blind, so she could not see what was written on the still, white face which lay upon the pillow.

Suddenly the deep stillness of the room was broken by the sound of tramping footsteps in the hall below, and, lifting up her head, ALICE said, "Who is it, father, say?" but Mr. WARREN did not answer. He knew *who* it was and *wherefore* they had come, and, going out to meet them, he stood upon the stairs, tall and erect, like some giant oak which the lightning stroke had smitten, but not destroyed.

"I know your errand," he said, "I expected you ere this, but come with me and then say if you will leave me alone a little longer," and turning he led the way, followed by those men, who ne'er forgot that picture of the pale, dead wife, the frightened, weeping child, and the blind man standing by with outstretched arm to shield them from all harm.

The Sheriff was a man of kindly feelings, and lifting his hat reverentially, he said, "We did not know of this, or we would not have come," and, motioning to his companions, he left the room, walking with subdued footsteps down the stairs, through the hall, out into the open air. And when the sun went down, not an article had been disturbed in HUGO WARREN'S home, for Sheriff, creditors, lawyers,—all stood back in awe of the mighty potentate who had entered that house before them, and *levied* upon its choicest treasure—the white-haired, blind man's wife.

Chapter III.—The Brown House in the Hollow.

Nearly a year has glided by since we left the blind man weeping over his unburied dead, and our story leads us now to the handsome rural town of Oakland, which is nestled among the New England hills, and owes much of its prosperity and rapid growth to the untiring energy of its wealthiest citizen,—its one "aristocrat," as the villagers persisted in calling RICHARD HOWLAND, the gentleman from Boston, who came to Oakland a few years ago, giving to business a new impetus, and infusing new life into its quiet, matter-of-fact people, who in time looked up to him as *the great man* of the place. He it was who built the factory, bought the mills, and owned the largest store and shoe-shop in the town, furnishing employment to hundreds of the poor, many of whom moved into the village, renting of him the comfortable tenements which he had erected for that purpose.

Very beautiful, indeed, was RICHARD HOWLAND'S home, overlooking, as it did, the town, and the surrounding country, and the passer by stopped often to admire its winding walks, its musical fountains, its grassy plats, graceful evergreens and wealth of flowers, the latter of which were the especial pride of the stately Miss ELINOR, the maiden sister, who kept that handsome house, for RICHARD HOWLAND had no wife. Many there were, both blonde and brunette, who, in the exceeding kindness of their hearts, would willingly have borne that relation to him, but their disinterestedness was not appreciated, and on the night when first we introduced him to our readers, he was still unmarried, and in his pleasant sitting-room, with his sister at his side, and every possible comfort at his command, he wonders how any one can think he is not happy. The chill December wind which howls among the naked branches of the maples, or sighs through the drooping cedar boughs, cannot find entrance there. The blinds are closely shut,—the heavy curtains sweep the floor,—the fire burns brightly in the grate, casting fantastic shadows on the wall, and with his favorite paper in his hand, (the RURAL, it may be,) he almost forgets that in the world without there is such a thing as poverty or pain. Neither does he see the fragile form toiling through the darkness up the street, and pausing at his gate. But he does hear the ringing of the door-bell, and his ear catches the sound of some one in the hall, asking to see him.

"I wish I *could* be alone for one evening," he said, and with a slight frown of impatience upon his brow, he awaited the approach of his visitor.

'Twas a delicate young female, and her dress of black showed that sorrow had thus early come to her.

"Are you Mr. HOWLAND?" she said, and her mournful eyes of blue sought the face of the young man, who involuntarily arose and offered her a seat.

Her errand was soon told. She had come to rent his *cheapest tenement*,—the brown house in the hollow, which she had heard was vacant, and she wished him to furnish her with work—"she could make both shirts and vests tolerably well, and she would try *so hard* to pay the rent!"

The stranger paused, and Miss ELINOR, who had been watching her with mingled feelings of curiosity and interest, saw that the long eye-lashes were moist with tears. Mr. HOWLAND saw it, too, and marvelling that one so young and timid should come to him alone, he said,—"Little girl, have you no friends—no one on whom to depend, save yourself?"

Very beseechingly the little hands were clasped together, and the tear on the eye-lashes now dropped upon the cheek, for the *little girl*, as Mr. HOWLAND had called her, mistook his meaning,—fancied he was thinking of *security, payment*, and all those dreadful words whose definition she was fast learning to understand.

"I have a father," she said, and ere she had time for more, the plain spoken Miss ELINOR asked,—"Why didn't *he* come himself, and not send you, who seems so much a child?"

There was reproach in the question, and the young girl felt it keenly—felt that her father was censured, and turning towards Miss ELINOR, she answered, "Alas, lady, my father couldn't find the way—he never even saw my face—he couldn't see my mother when *she* died. Oh, he's blind, he's blind," and the voice, which at first had merely trembled, was choked with bitter sobs.

'Twas enough. The hearts of both brother and sister were touched, and the brown house in the hollow—nay, any house which RICHARD HOWLAND rented, was at that orphan girl's command. But he was a man of few words, and so he merely told her she could have both tenement and work, while his sister thought how she would make that blind man and his child her especial care.

[As this is a story of absorbing interest, and excellent moral, the reader will thank us for giving it, though continued (contrary to our usual custom) through several numbers.—ED.]

Wit and Humor.

KNICKERBOCKER GOSSIP.

HERE is a pretty fellow, who would "lay violent hands upon a woman," and she a Muse. But we can prove by more than a thousand "pieces o' po'try" from our "Balsam" basket that, after all, he is more than half right. He says:

How very absurd is half the stuff
Called "Poetry," now-a-days!
The "stanzas," and "epics," and "odes" are enough
To put every lover of rhyme in a huff,
And e'en old hens with their "lays."

One asks but a "cave" in some "forest dell,"
"Away from the cold world's strife;"
Now the woods in fine weather are all very well,
But give them a six weeks' "rainy spell,"
And he'd soon "cave in" in his "forest dell,"
And be sick enough of the life.

One loves (*how* he loves) the glittering foam
"And the mad waves' angry strife;"
But take the young genius who wrote that "pome,"
"Where the billows dash and the sea birds roam,"
And he'd give all he had to be safe at home,"
And stay there the rest of his life!

REPARTEE.—Coleridge was a remarkably awkward horseman, so much so as generally to attract attention. He was one day riding on the turnpike road in the county of Durham, when a wag approaching him, noticed his peculiarity, and mistaking his man, thought the rider a fine subject for a little sport, and, as he drew near, he thus accosted Mr. C.:

"I say, young man, did you meet a tailor on the road?"

"Yes," replied Mr. C., who was never at a loss for a rejoinder, "I did; and he told me if I went a little further I should meet his goose!"

The assailant was struck dumb, while the traveler jogged on.

PRETTY GOOD.—Uncle Bill Fidd was a drover from Vermont. Being exposed to all kinds of weather, his complexion suffered somewhat; but at best he was none of the whitest. Stopping at a public house, a man of notoriously bad character thought, as Uncle Bill came in, he would make him the but of a joke, and, as the black face of the weather-beaten man appeared in the door, he exclaimed:—"Mercy on us, how dark it grows!" Uncle Bill, surveying him from head to foot, coolly replied:—"Yes, sir—your character and my complexion are enough to darken any room."

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

Consisting of proper names with their significations.

I am composed of 43 letters.

My 8, 13, 33, 23, 26, 15, 23, 29	signifies	"God with us."
My 25, 27, 12, 19	"	"taken from earth."
My 7, 25, 35, 30, 22, 11	"	"God is my judge."
My 22, 31, 3, 40, 42	"	"that which oppresses."
My 22, 9, 36, 43, 23, 6	"	"hidden."
My 21, 22, 9, 1, 34, 9	"	"joyful."
My 19, 12, 6, 20	"	"exalted."
My 33, 41, 17, 33, 2, 23, 4	"	"given."
My 14, 10, 34, 11	"	"a worker."
My 6, 34, 24, 32	"	"filled."
My 9, 10, 38, 15, 23, 29	"	"asked of God."
My 9, 5, 29, 18, 13, 37, 16	"	"peaceful."
My 23, 39, 6, 23	"	"strength."

My whole is a portion of the 119th Psalm.

Clinton, Oneida Co., N. Y., 1858. JOHN A. PAINE.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

A GENTLEMAN has a garden whose shape is an equilateral triangle, each side of which measures 300 feet. At each corner of this garden there is erected a tower; the first or lowest of which measures 40 feet in height; the second tower is 50 feet high, and the third or highest tower is 60 feet in height. What must be the length of a ladder, and how far from the base of each tower must the foot of it be placed so that its top may just reach the summit of each tower, supposing the ladder to turn on a pivot, and the garden to be a horizontal plane? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Penn., 1858.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAM.

THE following letters compose the name of a city. Where, and what is it? WM—— - -.

ooooomethslh

Cohocton, N. Y., 1858.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

THE COOK WHO DOESN'T LIKE PEAS.

A GAME FOR THE CHILDREN

THE leader of the game puts the following question to the assembled players in succession:

"My cook doesn't like peas; what shall we give her to eat?"

A player suggests "turnips," "potatoes," "a piece of bread," "chops," "a penny roll," "pork," etc.

To all these the questioner replies, "She does not like them (or it)—pay a forfeit."

Another proposes "carrots," "dry bread," "beef," "mutton," &c., the answer to any of which is:

"That will suit her," and the questioner pays a forfeit.

If only two or three are in the secret, the game proceeds for some time to the intense mystification of the players, who have no idea what they have said to incur or escape the penalties. It depends upon a play of words. The cook not liking "*P's*," the players must avoid giving an answer in which that letter occurs. As the same proposition must not be repeated twice, those even who are in the secret are sometimes entrapped; the answer they had resolved on, being forestalled by another player, they have no time for consideration.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 467.

Answer to Illustrated Enigma:—Mr. Forrest's money is Mrs. Forrest's alimony.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—A prudent wife wanted.

Answer to Riddle:—Jonah in the Whale's belly.

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For Terms and other particulars, see last page.

THE TIME TO THINK AND PLAN.

Winter is peculiarly a season of leisure with the farmer—especially in the North, where the earth is frost-bound from three to four months—but may be so occupied as to redound greatly to the mental improvement of himself and his family, and also to the improvement of his estate. The time-honored adage which saith "in time of peace prepare for war" is as applicable to individuals and communities as it is to governments and nations, and the wise cultivator will, during peaceful Winter, make proper calculations and preparations for the active operations—the so-to-speak practical warfare—of the ensuing Spring and Summer. There are many matters which may properly and profitably occupy his attention, aside from superintending the education of his children, caring for domestic animals, and the incidental winter business of the farm. With the foresight of an experienced commander he should consider and mature, while at leisure and in winter quarters, the general if not detailed plan of the approaching season's campaign—thus carefully preparing his plans in regard to this or that operation, and being enabled to bring his forces into action at the earliest practicable moment, as well as to increase the same whenever necessary to secure completion and success. He should thoroughly understand his position and condition—whether the season's labors have been properly rewarded, and if not, the causes of failure, so that he may be enabled to profit by past experience. If a change of crops, or system of operations, is imperative to advantageous, profitable farming, the question as to *what shall be done* should receive mature consideration and induce estimates founded upon unmistakable facts and figures. Every change is not an improvement, but such an one would be likely to prove for the better. And when any particular course of action is adopted, let it be entered upon with vigor and determination—for in many cases this gives a prestige which insures success. Many an important victory (in rural as well as battle-field) has been achieved by careful planning, followed by prompt and energetic action, which would have proved a defeat had the mental labor of inception been omitted. Indeed, the farmer has as much need of and use for mind and thought, in proportion to his sphere of operations, as has the warrior, statesman, or professional man—and the idea that there is no necessity for mental ability, study, or training in the pursuit of Agriculture is one of the absurdities of the dark ages (while its prevalence at the present day proves that the darkness of the past obscures much of the so-called light of this age of progress.)

But we are digressing from our purpose in the outset, which was (after speaking of the season for Thinking and Planning,) to suggest or enumerate several matters worthy of consideration and cyphering during the leisure of winter. We will mention these as they occur to our mind, without special regard to the order of their enumeration.

Among the most important requisites to easy and profitable cultivation are proper Tools, Implements and Machinery. It is will at this season to carefully examine the stock on hand, (which, we take it for granted, is carefully sheltered, and thus protected from the decay and dilapidation caused by exposure to alternate storm and sunshine,) note what will be wanted, and ascertain the best kinds, as well as price and where obtainable. It is generally the most profitable to procure the best of the labor-saving machines in use, as they are most reliable, and save most time and trouble in the various operations of cultivating, seeding, harvesting, &c. If there are any doubts in regard to the successful operation of any implement, however, it should be taken on trial or warrantee only. See to this matter of implements, reader, and not only ascertain what you will be likely to want, but where you can best supply that want at the proper season.

Now is the time to make your calculations as to *Rotation of Crops*, a matter sadly neglected by many farmers who are considered wise beyond their practice. Decide what you will do with this and that field—(a map or plot of your farm, with each lot numbered, will be a paying investment, if you have none already)—after considering what has been grown heretofore, and what can most profitably be produced in future without an undue exhaustion of the elements of fertility

The subject of *Manures and Fertilizers* is vitally important to many of our readers and should be carefully considered. Those who have not sufficient on or near their own farms, will of course be under the necessity of purchasing elsewhere, or dispensing with fertilizers. If any are procured from abroad it is well to ascertain their comparative value, as well as to understand their preparation for, and adaptation and application to the soil to be cultivated. The right principle is to so *feed the soil* that, notwithstanding the crops produced, *its strength and fertility shall annually be augmented rather than diminished*. How this can best be done is a question for each cultivator to determine for himself, taking the quality of his soil, location, and other circumstances into the calculation.

Deep Tillage and *Underdraining* are not only profitable in most localities, but (as a consequence) becoming somewhat popular—though we fear more in theory than practice. Would it not be well for those whose farms might be enriched by these processes, to thoroughly inform themselves during the present winter, and act (so far as consistent,) in accordance with the knowledge acquired? A little experimenting will not cost much, and may result in great advantage. "Prove all things," &c.

The Improvement of Stock is a matter of great importance, yet so proverbially (and we had almost said criminally,) neglected in many localities as to lead to the conclusion that farmers cannot, or do not, read, think and figure for themselves. Though it is nearly as easy and cheap to produce an animal worth $100 as it is to raise one which will sell for only or less than half that amount, the great mass of farmers (?) still persist in using scrub sires, rather than pay the paltry sum of one, five, or ten dollars for the services of a superior animal. If "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well," is a correct maxim, it applies to the breeding and care of domestic animals—a branch in which there is abundant room for well doing, for on many farms *any* change would result in improvement.

The Improvement of the Homestead is a good subject for consideration and planning at the present time. The repairing and making of fences, the planting of fruit and ornamental trees and shrubbery, the erection or repair of buildings, and like items which tend to render the homestead *what it should be*, are matters worthy of *present thought*, and action in the not distant future. To say nothing of the profit of such investments—in convenience and enhancement of the value of any farm—they *pay* in tending to render home attractive and happy to the young, who might otherwise become wanderers and outcasts.

But our suggestions are becoming numerous, if not tedious, and perchance are unnecessary to any of our readers—except *borrowers* of their reading—and, though we might make many additions, the above must suffice for the present. The subject is a fruitful one, and as it is far from being exhausted at this brief sitting, we may recur to it ere long. Meantime we trust these hastily penned hints will incite many who should do so, to Think and Plan in regard to future operations during the season of leisure they are now enjoying.

Composition to Stop Leakage.

A correspondent of the Lynn *News* gives a recipe for a cheap composition with which leaks in roofs may be effectually stopped. Having a leaky "L," he says:—"I made a composition of four pounds of resin, one pint linseed oil, and one ounce red lead, applied it hot with a brush to the part where the 'L' was joined to the main house. It has never leaked since. I then recommended the composition to my neighbor, who had a dormer window which leaked badly. He applied it, and the leak stopped. I made my water-cask tight by this composition, and have recommended it for chimneys, windows, etc., and it has always proved a cure for a leak."

AGRICULTURAL BOOKS AND EXPERIMENTS.

We have a host of books on Agriculture, many, perhaps all, containing useful information, yet we sometimes throw down one of these works exclaiming "farmers are not much to blame for entertaining a prejudice against *book* farming." Perhaps we resolve to show them up with all their faults, as the only means of improving our Agricultural Literature. A celebrated divine who once conducted an Agricultural Journal, and who, no doubt, often had the same feelings, lately remarked "American Agricultural Literature suffers for want of just criticism." And it is too true. The Agricultural Press, we fear, in this respect, is at fault, and we have often resolved upon a reform. But at the outset we find, even in the worst books, many great truths, and we fear to say aught that may prevent the circulation of the good because it is mixed with evil. The greater part may be borrowed or stolen from some previous writer, the little that is original may be unreliable, or evidently untrue, but we spare the evil for the sake of the good, and in this we have the example of Him who cannot err, who would have spared even Sodom for the sake of the righteous. Then, we console ourselves with the thought that the farmers of this country are a *thinking* as well as a reading class, men of good common sense, eminently capable of sifting the chaff from the wheat, and in no danger of swallowing indiscriminately the good and the bad.

When speaking of Agricultural Colleges, in a late number, we stated the great want was competent *professors*, without which College organizations and buildings were worthless. We are equally destitute of competent agricultural book-writers. Who, in all this land, is competent to give us a good and reliable work on practical agriculture? not theories that have been proved a thousand times—nor visionary ideas that never will be proved—but a book giving the teachings of experience, the results of well-tried experiments, *teaching truth* in a manner not to be gainsayed. A life-time and a fortune might be well spent in the accumulation of facts for such a book, but when accomplished it would be a blessing to the country and the world, and place the author's name on the roll of fame, away out of sight of the journeymen book-makers who manufacture books to suit their employers, the publishers.

Perhaps it is better that we make poor books than none, only we fear these inferior things discourage the necessary effort for something better; for if a poor book that costs about nothing will sell, who can expect a man to spend his energies, talents and means—the best years of his life—in gathering materials for a good book, when the public taste seems fully satisfied with an article that costs so little.

The best part of our Agricultural Literature is to be found in the Agricultural Journals—in the communications of farmers. Here we have simple *facts*—truths which nature *utters* in her own unmistakable language. It is to be regretted that these experiments are not always made with such care as to give in all cases a "certain sound," and it is to call especial attention to the importance of *careful experiments* that we now allude to the subject. It is the duty of every farmer to gain all the light he can, and to let that light shine. In no way can valuable knowledge be gained so well as in watching with an eager eye the results of different systems of culture, different manures, crops, &c., while the Agricultural Journals furnish the best means for presenting the facts to the world.

The following extract from *Farmer's Letters*, written by Arthur Young, in 1768, is as important and truthful now as it was when penned, nearly a hundred years ago:—"The publication of experiments, really made, faithfully related, and sufficiently authenticated, is of great and important consequence to the public good. But the very reverse is the case of these books which are published under the title of General Treatises and Systems, comprehending more soils, articles of culture, &c., than any one man can experimentally have a knowledge of; consisting of the most heterogeneous parts, purloined out of former books on the same subjects, without a common knowledge to discover the good from the bad. It has been said several times, and with very great justice, that what we want is a *Book of Experiments*. If any practical husbandman, who occupies a farm, would only keep an exact register of all his business, such a collection would form, as far as it extended, a complete set of experiments. What we have are the author's reflections, instead of that which enabled him to reflect; and from which we might draw very different conclusions. *The Experiment is Truth itself:* the author's conclusions, matter of opinion which we may either agree to or reject, according to our private notions."

The facts are *truth*—inferences and conclusions may be true or false. Let us then, have the facts, no matter what they teach—even should they overturn some of our most cherished notions.

UNDERDRAINING.

In a recent article I undertook to show when it would do to ditch, and when it would not. I recommended *moderation, not total abstinence;* but I fared as sinners generally do whom the parsons persist in putting on one side or the other, and, of course, on the wrong side.

I gave my excellent friend John Johnston, a *special license* to ditch, hoping to make it all smooth in that quarter, but he is not to be bought off so—he is after me first of all.

My strictures were written under the impression that the advocates of draining had not considered, at least, had not stated with sufficient distinctness, the limitations and qualifications that belong to this subject.

I assume that there is a large class of lands that do not need draining at all—as for instance, sandy and gravelly soils, and, indeed, all soils that have a porous or "leaky" subsoil.

Second, I assume that there is at present a *very large class of lands* of inferior quality of soil, remote from market, and which, to drain them thoroughly, would require an outlay which it would not be prudent to incur. This class of lands, though drained, would still be inferior *grain* lands, and they answer very well for *grass* without underdraining. If there is such a class of lands of large extent, to which our modern draining theories do not apply, I suggest, with all modesty, it would look well in those essayists that have stirred the matter up so industriously, to stop the course of their improvements long enough to make the exception. *One-third* of the habitable globe is worthy of *brief mention* even by world-wide reformers like us. I assumed, from experience, that this class of lands would bear grass profitably without underdraining. I have owned such lands and occupied them for grazing purposes for many years, and I have always made them pay. Mr. David McWethey, of Wethersfield, second to no man in Wyoming Co., as a thoughtful and *successful* farmer, agrees with me entirely in this matter. Mr. Newman, of New Hudson, Allegany Co., a very successful farmer, who made his money by dairying on the clay hills, scouts as folly the idea of underdraining them. Nineteen out of twenty of our practical men will assent to the same proposition. You may underdrain one of these hard-pan farms thoroughly, (that is, run the drains near enough to draw the water from the whole extent,) and no man in the universe will buy it and pay charges. This ought to be sufficient—but I will fortify these opinions by the testimony of a gentleman of great intelligence, extensive knowledge and wide experience. He says:—"It is true, I think, that the hard-pan hills of Cattaraugus will not at present pay for underdraining, although I think they would pay well for surface draining; that is, drains from seven inches to one foot deep, not parallel up the hills, but slanting across them, with as easy a descent as possible. I have seen many thousand acres of wet hills drained in this way, the aquatic grass, rushes and all, soon dying out, and fine nutritious grasses, and even white clover, taking their place, making the hills keep one-half more stock of either sheep or cattle, and keeping them in much better condition, with much less mortality, especially amongst the sheep. A still better plan to drain those wet hills, I think, would be to plow and scrape the ditches three feet and over in width, spreading the earth on the grass, and in this way the ditches would not get trodden shut by cattle. Some may think there would be a waste of land by these large ditches, but I have no doubt the earth spread on the land would make it produce much more than if small ditches were constructed."

See Mr. John Johnston's response to H. T. B. in Rural New-Yorker, Nov. 20, 1858.

My respects to W. B. P. If I *should* conclude to go to the tropics, there is no man I would sooner go with than my friend W. B. P.—*provided always and expressly*, that the dreaded "Sorghum" should not invade our retreat. If it should, why then, we must take to bear skins and the poles. But if our going depends upon the contingency of selling drained "hard-pan land" for the cost of the improvements, &c., I fear we are still likely to be kept a long time away from the sunny South.

One correspondent from Niagara takes it hard because I made it cost $45 per acre to drain effectually the land referred to. I cannot accommodate him otherwise than by altering my estimate to $100 per acre, which I consider nearer the real cost. I know as well as he does that shallow draining in loose soil can be made for less than my estimate, especially when the work is half done—but I have drained hard-pan land, and I know the cost—it is bad digging when it is wet, and it is bad digging when it is dry. Drains should be always three feet deep to have them draw strong, and well-filled up with small stones. Not only should the stones for the water-course be judiciously placed but a large amount of "chinking" should be done. Whoever lets out a ditch to be dug and stoned by the lowest bidder, and leaves him to himself, is a man of strong faith.

I never could believe that tile in strong, tenacious clay would drain a great distance, but tile would seem to be more sure against the mice. I have put in tile, and then filled in with small stones.

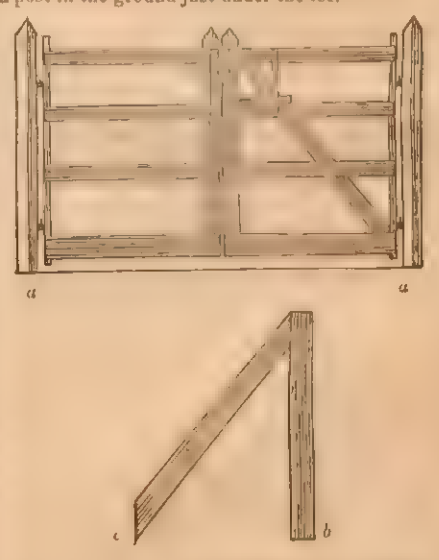
Conversing with an intelligent farmer in the "Southern Tier," he said, "we have plenty of land that you can't make dry without ditching every four feet,—no, not then; for I will show you ponds of water standing right over good stone drains." Our Niagara friend may count the cost of draining this land for himself.

I will only observe further that gentlemen will please not assume that I am opposed to ditching. I am opposed to ditching some sorts of land.

H. T. B.

A GOOD FARM GATE.

Messrs. Eds.:—In a late number of the Rural a correspondent inquired for the best mode of constructing a farm gate, and having seen no response thereto, I venture to forward my plan. I prefer a double gate, which I think the cheapest in the long run, as they are so light a child can manage them, and the weight being on two posts instead of one, they are less liable to sag and rack, thus being more durable. The mode of construction is plainly shown in the above sketch. The heel pieces, *a a*, are 3 by 4 inch joist. Toes, boards same as slats. I take boards, say 9 or 10 inches wide, and slit through the middle for slats, toes, and braces. Set the slats *in* the heel flush, or, if preferred, mortice and tenon through the centre. The detached brace *b*, shows the method of insertion. The jam board *c*, I put on this side of the left gate projecting two inches for the toe of the right gate to strike against. This forms an aperture for the end of the bolt or slide *d*, which, slid in, fastens the gate. To fasten the left gate, I put a post in the ground just under the toe.

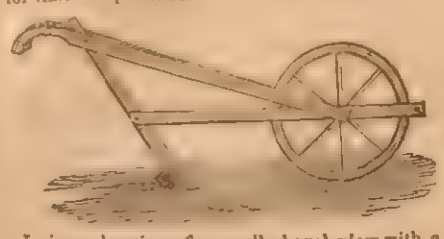


So low as not to interfere with anything passing over it, place two brackets on the gate for the bolt to play through, and a staple in the post for the end of the bolt to enter. Most any kind of hinge will answer, but the best are made of ⅝ or ¾ round iron, with thread cut on as shown in the drawing. These of the right size to follow a bit tight, will hold any gate, and should the gate sag, it is easily remedied, by screwing in the top hinges or screwing out the bottom ones. The plan is so simple that any man with the least gumption and a few tools, can build a pair in a few hours. If one gate only is required, I should have the toe piece 2 by 3 inches, and by putting the hinges in the corner of the post, the gate will open both ways equally well.

West Bloomfield, N. J., 1859. E. Williams.

A HAND PLOW.

Messrs. Eds.—Most vegetables are greatly benefited by having the ground stirred frequently around them. Hoeing is a tedious operation both for time and patience.



I give a drawing of a small shovel plow with a wheel set in the beam, which can be pushed like a wheel barrow. Where loosening the soil is the object, it is a very expeditious machine. The beam is made by screwing together pieces of hard wood boards. The wheel should have a "broad tread"

to prevent cutting in. A large cultivator tooth does tolerably well for a shovel. It works well for boy-power, by tying a drag rope to the end of the beam. With this a garden can be gone over in less than a fourth of the time required to hoe it, the same time may be given on different days with so much greater result, as the plowing is nearly as good as hoeing each time. A. W. A.

Shakopee, Minn., 1858.

PROFITABLE FARMING.

Eds. Rural:—In reading a communication from "A Young Farmer," of Niagara Co., I am led back to your "Hints on Farm Improvement," Aug. 28th, 1858. Too much cannot be said to encourage a disposition on the part of farmers to improve the symmetry of their farms, not only for the pecuniary benefit and satisfaction it affords them, but also for the tendency it has of creating on the part of children of farmers, a satisfaction with, and even an admiration of, the homes of their parents. I believe a vast amount of good can be done for agriculture—in time to come—simply by farmers demonstrating to their children, that *profit* and *pleasure* can be derived from its pursuit.

In forming the basis of profitable farming, it seems requisite that every available means should be made use of whereby to increase the manure heap, but I believe the source from which manure can be most cheaply drawn—and chiefly for the use of the farm, if the farm is mostly tillable—may be found in the pursuit of some general system of culture, covering the whole farm. I mistrust that what would be considered profitable farming by one, might not by another. I consider the farmer, as a farmer, responsible for all the land under his barge. (I assume to speak of such land as the better part of farms in Western New York, and that it is mainly tillable.) Although he produces yearly, on a few acres, a large yield of corn, or any other grain, or crop,—or has reared, during a succession of years, a herd of fine animals, or all stock kept upon the farm may look sleek and fat,—this, it seems to me, is no proof of the profitableness of his farming operations.

Profitable, or even paying, farming, must pay all the expenses attending the business. Interest on, or rent for the land—interest on the capital invested in stock, and implements—pay the "wear and tear"—also for all labor, whether hired or performed by the farmer himself. To do this requires a lookout on all sides. A system of general economy must be practiced. Farmers owning farms, paid for, many times make a good show, but their farming will not stand the test of figures. Out of debt, their income exceeds their expenses, and they are prospering, mainly by the aid of their farm, not by their farming.

You say divide the farm into fields proportionate to the amount of manure made in a year, &c. I don't like the idea of having the amount of manure made in a year, determine the size of my fields—I would rather make the size of my fields determine, mainly, the size of the manure heap. I would adopt a system, or rotation of crops covering the entire tillable part of the farm. Permanent grass land can be used to sustain that part in the rotation. Begin by dividing the farm into fields, corresponding in number with the number of crops in the rotation—allowing some small enclosures near the buildings for convenience—making it a rule to support no more fences than are *needed*, and have those *complete*. A good gate, or more, if necessary, to each field. I am not satisfied whether five or six enclosures would be best, but, fearing it would not conveniently allow sufficient for pasture, say six. However, I have a poor opinion of a crop of grass the third year after seeding. Have three fields in grass and three for tillage—pasturing two grass fields and mowing one. I would make it a rule to feed upon the farm what grows on three-fourths of the whole area, and unless the remaining fourth would bring twelve or fifteen per cent. more sold than fed, would include that for feeding also. From so much feeding of animals I should expect a large quantity of valuable manure. In spring apply the manure, generally, to the field longest in grass, and prepare for corn. Take the field last in corn for either of several crops. Now, however, as potatoes are in good demand, I would use field mentioned for corn for potatoes and cattle roots, (have acres of them,) and make corn the second tillage crop, applying the manure then. The third crop should be of sown grain, or such as will admit of seeding the land with a mixture of clover and timothy. Fourth crop for hay. Fifth and sixth for pasture which brings it around for tillage again.

Such a system, properly carried out, would involve considerable expense, and require the exercise of close interest and industry on the part of the farmer. I can conceive of no other way of making farming *profitable* on high-priced tillable land than to thoroughly apply *some* general system, whereby *all* the land is brought under. If the application is thorough, every laboring man and every laboring animal made to perform his part *properly*—a place provided for everything, and everything kept in place, as near as may be, I believe the result will show at least some profit.

Pavilion, Gen. Co., N. Y. J. W. Chaddock.

THE WINTER IN MINNESOTA.

Away up here in Northland the Frost-King reigns supreme. Clear, cold and frosty days are followed by clearer, colder, and frostier nights—the sun rises clear and *apparently* warm in the morning, shines clearly all day and sets the same, but the snow does not *give* in the least—does not *thaw* a bit, though it does affect things considerably as is shown when it goes down, for then you will hear the twigs of the trees snap, and a nail will occasionally give away with a musket-like crack. A few mornings ago the mercury was down to thirty-two degrees below zero, and it has not been above for several days. Good fires and good sleighing are the order of the day now—there are two drawbacks to the latter, however, we haven't got the sleighs or girls.

I suppose you think from reading the above that it is *cold* here, and perhaps you have begun to shiver and shake, and are exclaiming to yourself, "I'm glad I am not there," but when I tell you that I have worked out doors all day when it was *forty* degrees below, you will perhaps think we have a *peculiar kind* of cold here. I am not going to deny its being cold, *very cold*, but the air is so perfectly pure and *dry* that the same degree of cold does not affect a person here one-quarter as much as it does in the seaboard States. And then we are not troubled with the terribly cold winds sweeping over the praries, as our more southern neighbors are, our winters are usually very still. I have suffered more from the cold, in a raw, chilly wind, with the mercury ten degrees above zero, in the East, than I ever did here when it was ten degrees below.

There is one peculiarity of our climate that surprises many, that is, our not having so much snow as they do further south. There is not so much snow here now as there is at St. Anthony, fifty miles further south, and we rarely have more than eight or ten inches on the ground—there is now about six. The first snow falls usually about the middle of November, and by the first of December there is generally good sleighing. In December the cold weather comes on in earnest, but the Minnesotian puts on extra shirts instead of overcoats, and moccasins instead of boots, and "goes ahead." If it gets *very* cold, he is careful to keep his ears covered, his hands in mittens, and to rub his nose once in a while. If the weather *is* cold, there is no ague in it, and he won't grumble except at the hard times. In March the snow begins to melt, and by the tenth of April, if not sooner, is all gone, and he can go to plowing as "the winter is over and gone, too." If the winters *are* cold, our climate is the healthiest in the world—we have *no* fever and ague, and consumption and coughs are almost unknown.

Princeton, Minn., 1858. Horace M. Atkins.

MAD ITCH.

Messrs. Eds.:—Having read, in the Rural of Dec. 11th, that a disease called the "Mad Itch," had made its appearance among the cattle of California, I thought I would notify you of the appearance of a similar disease, (if not the same,) which attacked the stock of Wildman Bennett, Esq., of Bronson, Branch Co., in the month of October last, and which deprived him of eight valuable cows in the short space of seven days. Sabbath evening, the 19th, two cows were observed to be ailing, and upon examining them closely, one was found to be considerably swollen about the throat, and was supposed to be suffering from the bite of a rattlesnake. Remedies were applied accordingly, but without affording relief. Nothing unusual was observed about the other, except an appearance of great restlessness, and a constant rubbing of the nose against the fences or whatever came in her way. Both cows were found dead the following morning, and at night of the same day, two more were taken, while being driven from pasture, with violent itching about the nose and head, which they rubbed until the skin was in many places completely destroyed. Indeed, one of them destroyed her eyes in her violent efforts for relief. These two died the following morning. The remaining four were attacked in the same manner, and all died within the week ending October 26th. Another cow, belonging to Oscar Nichols, which had pastured with Mr. B.'s, but which was taken from the pasture some days previous to the first attack, was found dead during the same week, making nine cows in seven days. An ox owned by a neighbor of Mr. B.'s, died the following week of the same disease. The disease was never known before about here, and there have been no other cases. They were in great pain and badly bloated, especially about the head and neck, before death. Every remedy that could be heard of was tried, but of no avail. If yourself or readers can give any information respecting the disease, or any remedy, the information would be thankfully received.

Coldwater, Branch Co., Mich., Dec., 1858. G. P.

THE APIARY—WINTERING BEES.

Eds. Rural:—Your correspondent, T. L., of Chautauque county, asks information on this subject. He attributes his difficulties to the variableness of the climate, chiefly. I think his location is not worse than ours in that respect, as winter and summer, fall and spring, get as much mixed here as anywhere on this round ball of ours. In other words, ours seems to be the chosen battle ground where the contending elements contest their rights to supremacy, and, from September to July, it seems a rough-and-tumble affair, neither party uppermost long enough to gain any advantage. I have kept bees nearly forty years—began by bringing home a swarm from the woods. From this one I have at times had one hundred on hand, and am now wintering over thirty. I have had especial *bad luck* in three ways. First, by allowing the snow to pack so tight at the entrances as to smother them,—prevention, keep the snow away,—brush out the dead bees two or three times during winter, so they may not block up the passage; or make air-holes near the upper part of the hive, or all of these. Sometimes their breath congeals at the entrance, so as to smother them; look to it. Second, by appropriating the heaviest and richest to my own use, and saving the light ones to winter—remedy very apparent, reverse action; never save any but the very best. Third, by using thin boards for hives, subjecting them to every change. Never use boards of less than 1¼ or 1¼ inches thick, and let them be well made.

I let my bees stand singly, or in rows under shelter, and they come out and go in at pleasure, and do not, on an average, lose over five per cent. by winter-killing or starvation. Though this is not a flush country for honey, and this year not a new swarm made enough to winter on, I cannot boast of big yields of honey, but am probably $2,000 better off for that swarm cut out of a tree, when a lad. Benj. Summers.

Vermilion, Erie Co., O., 1858.

Growing Onions.—I noticed a piece in the Rural in regard to growing onions, and would say to any one who wishes to raise large onions, sow them as soon as the frost is out of the ground. I sowed mine last spring when the snow was nearly two feet deep in some parts of the garden, and my onions, in the fall, were nearly as large as a common tea saucer.—Rural Friend.

GROWING CORN.

In the report of the Agricultural Discussions at Syracuse, during the State Fair, the question of deep or shallow plowing was much debated. Some advocated shallow—others deep plowing. The writer favored shallow plowing when green-sward was plowed in for the crop, if upon light land. The practice in his neighborhood has been successful, and larger crops have been thus raised than when the soil has been turned under to the depth of seven or eight inches. Latterly he has turned under a clover ley as late in the spring as possible. If the manure that is to be applied upon the crop can be put on and spread in the fall so much the better. For the next crop deeper plowing is invariably used. On a sandy soil shallow cultivation is preferable, while upon a tenacious one deep tilth is the only condition of success.

Many advocate plowing clayey soils in fall for the purpose of making them more friable. It may well be doubted whether a tenacious soil is materially benefited by fall cultivation. By those who have carefully examined or experimented on the subject, a different conclusion has been arrived at. The best time to stir a tenacious soil to affect a permanent amelioration is in the summer. Let any man prove I am wrong if he can.—P.

Inquiries and Answers.

Beans for Sheep.—Wishing for information, and not knowing of any source more reliable, I have resorted to the columns of the Rural. I want to feed a flock of ewes some grain, and having understood that *oats were injurious to them*, I would like to be informed by you, or some of your correspondents, whether *beans* are injurious or not?—A Subscriber, *Darien, N. Y.*, 1858.

Will some of the correspondents of the Rural, possessing the desired information, please impart?

Water Rams.—I noticed in the Rural some comments on the *Hydraulic Ram*. I wish to make a few inquiries. 1st. Where are they to be obtained? 2d. What will be the cost of one which will raise the water twenty-five feet, two and a half feet fall.—J. H. H., *Castleton, N. Y.* 1858.

Water Rams can be obtained of all the implement dealers here and elsewhere. The price is $10, $15, and $18, according to size. The smallest will elevate water as high as the largest, but the quantity raised in a given time will be less. If you have plenty of water at the spring, and wish a good supply at the barn and house, one of the two larger sizes will suit you best.

Tamarac for Posts.—I wish to inquire if the American Tamarac or Larch is a durable timber for fence posts, as I suppose some of your readers have proved the timber? Is steeping posts in common salt brine a benefit sufficient to pay cost? Is white cedar durable for posts?—J. W. D., *Bedford, Ohio*, 1858.

The *Tamarac* is a very good timber and makes excellent posts. We know of a fence with these posts, now standing, over twenty years old. We doubt whether soaking in brine would pay for the trouble. Dipping the ends in hot tar is the best cheap preservative we know of. *White Cedar* posts are pretty durable, but of course not equal to the Red. If any of our readers can give us the facts and figures on this question, from experience, we hope they will do so.

Crib-Biting.—If you will give me your opinion of the cause of crib-biting in horses, and the cure thereof, if you know of any, you will oblige—J. F. T., *Varysburg, Wyo. Co., N. Y.*, 1858.

Cribbing, or crib-biting, is a habit, or vice, and can only be corrected by the use of such appliances as will prevent the horse from indulging in it. Youatt recommends a muzzle, with bars across the bottom sufficiently wide to enable the animal to pick up his grain or pull his hay, but not to grasp the edge of the manger. When such an apparatus is worn for a considerable time, the horse may become tired of attempting what he cannot accomplish, and forget the habit. Dr. Dadd recommends that common bar-soap be rubbed on the edge and outside of the crib, renewing it whenever necessary.

Catarrh in Sheep.—Being considerably interested in sheep raising, I wish to make some inquiry in reference to a disease among sheep, and more particularly the coarse breeds, called the *snivels* or *snuffles*. Myself and brother have between three and four hundred fine-wooled sheep—the Merinos—and a few of the coarse. I have noticed that out of twelve of the coarse breeds there are more affected with the disease spoken of—or a continual discharge of a thick mattery substance from the nose—than among the *whole number* of the Merinos. Will you, or some of your numerous correspondents, please inform me why this disease is more prevalent among the coarse than the fine-wooled breeds—and what is the cause and cure—and very much oblige—T. W. H., *Hall's Corners, Ont. Co., N. Y.*

The statement of T. W. H., that his coarse-breed sheep are more affected with catarrh than are the Merinos, has been noticed and commented upon by writers on Sheep Husbandry. Randall says that high-bred English mutton sheep, in this country, are apt to exhibit more or less of it after every sudden change of the weather. The best course to pursue is to *prevent* its appearance by care. Good, comfortable, but *well ventilated* shelters, constantly accessible to the sheep, at this period of the year, with sufficient food, regularly given, is generally all the safe-guard required.

Heating Water Expeditiously.—Having lived several years in Western New York and not having heard there of any more expeditious way of heating water for scalding hogs than the old way of heating in kettles, I think it would be of great value to the farmers of that section to know of the following manner which I have seen tried and know it is more economical, and avoids all danger of being scalded by dipping and carrying hot water. Fill your scalding tub as full as you wish with cold water, and then heat it by means of a heated cast-iron—which will be more handy to be in such a shape that you can attach a piece of trace chain to it. A small fire built on the ground, of refuse wood, will be sufficient to heat an iron of 25 lbs., twice, much quicker than the amount of water could be heated in a kettle, and after the water is once made hot and used, it may be made to boil by once heating and submerging the iron. Try it.—H. W., *Bloomington, Ill.*, 1858.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Agriculture in France.

In a period of sixty years, or from 1789 to 1858, says the Paris correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*, the extent of waste land in France has been reduced by four millions nine hundred and forty thousand acres, and of forest two millions four hundred and seventy thousand acres, while cultivated or plowed land has been increased by three millions seven hundred and forty thousand acres; pastures two millions four hundred and seventy thousand, and vineyards by one million two hundred and thirty five thousand. The culture of wheat has increased fifty per cent., artificial pasturage has trebled, and the growth of vegetables advanced from two hundred and fifty thousand to five millions acres. The cultivation of rye has diminished twelve per cent. The produce of silk is quintupled; sugar has been introduced, and wine has doubled. In 1789 the mean wages of a farm hand were nineteen cents per day; at present they are thirty cents. The profits of farming have doubled; still France is half a century behind England in agricultural skill and prosperity.

Winter Quarters for Sheep.

In a recent issue of the *Ohio Cultivator*, S. Lahm, of Canton, an extensive sheep-breeder, relates the manner in which he divides and arranges his flock when going into winter quarters, as follows:—"Our breeding ewes are selected and in a flock by themselves. This week they be subdivided into flocks of not over fifty, and with each flock will be put a buck—selecting of course the best bucks, and the ewes with reference to the bucks. Next our last spring lambs are divided into flocks with reference to age, sex and condition—never over one hundred together, usually about eighty. Next is what we call our stock sheep, not under one nor over three years old.—This flock will also be subdivided according to age and condition when we commence feeding. The sheep are now in their respective stables at night, and will soon be fed regularly. One of the most important items in the management of sheep, is to have them go into winter quarters in good healthy condition. By paying strict attention to this, we have not of late years lost over one or two per cent during the year."

Horses and Stables.

The *Scientific American* says that blindness is very common among horses in cities, and attributes it to their confinement in dark stables, and shading their eyes with harness blinders. Upon these premises it argues that the first should be abolished, and that all stables should be dry, roomy structures, provided with windows to afford abundant light, and should be frequently whitewashed. The horse is a native of dry, sunny regions, and requires to be kept dry and warm in order to attain to the greatest perfection. Close and confined stables, just like those which are so common, are the frequent cause of that violent disease called glanders. A few years since, great ravages were committed among the cavalry horses of France by this disease, but it is now almost unknown in that country. This result has been brought about by simply making larger stables, doubling the size of stalls, and securing good ventilation. In proportion to their bulk, horses need more fresh air than men, in order to perform the functions of respiration, yet they are commonly cooped up in narrow stalls, which are not large enough to keep a dormouse's lungs at work.

To Make Good Winter Butter.

At the annual meeting of the Jefferson Co. Ag. Society, at Watertown, N. Y., a tub of superior winter-made butter was exhibited by Mr. Daniel Parker, of that town, for which a premium was awarded by the discretionary committee. "The butter," says the *Northern Journal*, "was quite as yellow as much of the fall-made sent to market, and the flavor so fine that we obtained of Mr. P. the mode of manufacture. He states that as soon as he has finished milking, the pails of milk are set into kettles of boiling water, where they are allowed to remain thirty minutes, then the milk is strained into pans and allowed to stand until the cream is ready to be taken off, which will depend upon the temperature of the room in which it is set. Before churning, the cream must be kept in a warm room at least twelve hours; then it will require churning less than an hour. He washes his butter immediately after taking it out of the churn, and at the same time salts it. His cows had been fed on clover hay, without grain or roots, for six weeks previous to the time of making this sample. Butter made in this way is perfectly sweet, of a good color, and will bring from two to four cents per pound more in market, than that manufactured in the ordinary way. It is worthy the attention of farmers."

Foot-Rot in Sheep.

James Alexander, of Hawley, Eng., furnishes the London *Agricultural Gazette* with the following mode of treatment for this disease:—"Weigh equal quantities of verdigris, gunpowder, and finely powdered blue vitriol; add as much vinegar and sweet oil in equal proportions as will make a rather thick paste; keep it carefully covered in a jar or pot, so as to exclude the air effectually, otherwise the strength of the paste will be in a great measure destroyed, and the same good will not result from the use of it. Be very careful to cut away all decayed and ragged parts of the hoof without making it bleed, if possible. If suppuration has taken place, carefully clean away all fetid matter and with a piece of rag or sponge, a little wetted in warm water, wipe the affected parts as dry as can be; then apply the paste and rub it in gently, without causing the blood to run, if you can, as I have found that the less irritation is caused the quicker will be the cure. If the disease be obstinate, a dose of salts will expedite the cure. The dressing must be repeated pretty frequently at first and then at longer intervals, according as the disease seems to require it. When the dressing is done the sheep should be kept on dry ground, for a few hours at least, to give the diseased parts time to absorb the strength of the paste before coming in contact with wet or dirt, which would at first greatly diminish its good effects."

Agricultural Miscellany.

Winter Meetings of Agricultural Societies.—During the present month most of the State, County and Town Agricultural Societies will hold their *Winter Meetings*, for the election of officers and the transaction of other business for the present year. Now we would urge all farmers, and particularly those who think the business of their Society has been mismanaged, to attend these Annual Meetings, and do all they can for the election of the very best men for officers and committeemen. Those who attend and act to the best of their ability for the good of the Society, do their duty; and if wrong is done, either ignorantly or designedly, those who stay away are responsible, and should be the last to grumble. But, with a coolness that would surprise an iceberg, as a general thing, those who never raise a hand to give their Society the right direction, are the first and last to find fault with its proceedings.

Another thing we have noticed which operates against these Societies, and that is the unwillingness of the best men to take office of trust and responsibility. We know that neither pay nor thanks is to be expected, for the most faithful and laborious discharge of duty, and that censure will be meted out with a most liberal hand on every convenient and inconvenient opportunity; but the man good and true, must be willing to endure and suffer for the general good. The consciousness of having performed well and faithfully the duties assigned by their fellow-farmers, will be sufficient reward. We hope, therefore, that all will go to these meetings, prepared to yield their own feelings, and to bear all the responsibilities, and discharge all the duties that their associates, in their assembled wisdom may place upon them.

Experience in Draining.—J. K. Walker, of Springfield, Vt., gives in the New England *Farmer* his experience in draining "a piece of wet, cold and unproductive land." The drains were cut three and a half feet deep, and the bottoms constructed of stone, like an ordinary culvert, then filled with cobble stones to one foot of the surface; upon these stones, shavings or evergreen boughs were placed, to prevent the dirt from filling the interstices, then covered with dirt, reserving the sod for the barn-yard.

The result is given as follows:—"The piece drained contained a little less than four acres. Last year it was mowed, and produced but two loads of poor, sour hay and brakes, hardly worth cutting, but it was an average crop for the land. This spring the land was dry, and we were enabled to work it early in the season. We plowed under about twenty-five ox-cart loads of barn-yard manure to the acre, and planted with corn the 15th day of May. The ground was dry and in good condition for receiving the seed, while many pieces considered 'dry land' were much too wet. The corn was planted three and a half feet apart each way, hoed twice, and received a top-dressing of plaster and ashes. It was cut up the 10th and 11th of September, when it was found ripe and sound. We husked from the piece 440 bushels of ears, all merchantable corn.

My neighbors concur with me in opinion that this crop is worth more than the aggregate crops that the land has produced for the last fifteen years. It is now in a condition to produce abundantly for a series of years without any extra outlay. This crop has paid me the whole expense of underdraining."

Guano Discoveries.—A correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, writing from Washington, says:—"It is known here that further large and valuable deposits of guano have been discovered in the Pacific Ocean, and formally taken possession of by the citizens of the United States, and that they have been recognized under the act of Congress passed in 1856. Among these islands are Malden's, Arthur's, Howland's, and Christmas; and at one of them there is said to be a land-locked harbor in a lagoon, six miles broad by twelve miles long, which is entered from a bay outside, where ships can safely anchor in seven to ten fathoms of water. Almost the entire surface of this island, more than forty miles long and fifteen broad, is reported to be covered with guano from one to ten feet deep. Especially is this so for many miles in extent around the lagoon, where hundreds of ships can lie and thousands of boats work at once in loading them."

Cattle Transportation—Liabilities of Railroads.—A decision has just been rendered by Judge Drummond, in the United States Circuit Court at Chicago, upon a claim made for damages by Ford *vs.* Illinois Central Railroad Company. The plaintiff shipped 100 head of cattle at Urbana, Ill., under a contract for their delivery at Detroit in 30 hours. They were detained at Michigan City, on the Michigan Central road, 12 hours, and 12 hours more at Marshall. On arriving at Detroit four of them were dead, and the owner claimed that the remaining 96 had suffered a material depreciation. Judgment was rendered for the plaintiff for $1,250.

Ornamental Borders.—Rev. Mr. Palmer, in an address at the Lebanon Town Fair, among other good things, said, "some farmers are accustomed to encircle each lot with a wreath composed (in part or in the whole) of raspberry and blackberry bushes; docks of various kinds; thistles, both Canada and common; elder bushes, both red and white; thorn bushes, yellow top, white weed, &c. This may be in keeping with their taste, yet affords little profit, except it may be to furnish seeds to stock their whole farm in a short time."

Illinois State Horticultural Society.—The Horticulturists of Illinois met at Springfield in December, and organized a State Horticultural Society. The officers are C. R. Overman, of Bloomington, President; William Yates, of Tamaroa, Vice-President; O. B. Galusha, of Lisbon, Corresponding Secretary; Samuel Edwards, of Lamoile, Recording Secretary, and Arthur Bryant, of Princeton, Treasurer.

HORTICULTURAL.

A CONVERSATION ABOUT DWARF PEARS.

NUMBER TWO.

Editor.—We will renew our examination, and, to do so, we must take a walk of about a mile and a half east of the city. There we will find some trees of my own planting. The soil is of a yellow sandy loam, known in this part of the country as a chestnut loam. In the spring of 1852, I planted fifty dwarf pear trees, of different varieties. About half a dozen of this number were three years old, ten four and five years old, and the balance two year old trees. You see them standing in two rows, each side of a wide path through the center of the garden. There is now little difference in the size, although those that were the largest when planted are the heaviest, thickest in the trunk, but those that were two years old when planted are of the best form.

Visitor.—Would you argue, then, from this example, that there is no advantage in planting trees older than two years?

Editor.—As a general thing, I would prefer planting trees not older than two years, that is for setting out in orchards, &c., and if I wished to make a most perfect tree I would even prefer toj plant at one year from the bud, for a tree taken at that age can be made, by proper treatment, to assume any form desired. But, if I had a new place without fruit, I would procure, if possible, a few bearing trees on the quince root. One of the trees five years old, a *Virgalieu*, bore, the first year it was planted, sixty-three fine pears, of extra size, color and flavor, and I exhibited them all in one basket at the Fall Show of the Genesee Valley Horticultural Society, and there were no finer specimens on exhibition. Another tree, a *Duchesse de Angouleme*, bore about two dozen specimens, and I have never seen them excelled for size, color and general excellence. These were exhibited at the same show, and I afterward gave specimens to Mr. BARRY, who considered them at least equal to any he had ever tasted, and to H. P. NORTON, President of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, who considered them altogether the finest specimens of this variety he had ever seen or tasted. So much pleased was Mr. P. with them, and such an impression did they make upon him, that even now he is apt to speak of them. These trees, on account of disappointment in fencing and getting the ground ready, were not planted until about the twentieth of May, and were in full bloom when taken up. Yet, not one died, and all would have borne fruit had they been permitted to do so. Of course such a growth of fruit the first year after transplanting prevents a proper growth of wood, and is not a good plan. It was only done as an experiment, and the trees were liberally supplied with liquid manure while perfecting the fruit, or I think it would have dropped off. I would only recommend that a few specimens should be retained the first season, and the second will give a good crop without checking the growth of the tree.

Visitor.—This soil is very light. I had supposed that a heavy soil was best adapted to the pear and the quince.

Editor.—Had I my choice I would prefer a soil a little heavier for the dwarf pear, that is if it was well drained. On such a soil as this it is necessary, I find, to manure pretty freely to obtain a good growth of wood, otherwise the trees will over-bear, while the growth of wood will be quite too small, and the tree will soon assume a stunted and unthrifty appearance. I have known dwarf trees planted on almost clear sand in this county, but in such a situation they make but little growth. My experience is that they will grow in any place here but a swamp or a sand-bank. We will take a drawing of one of these trees, an average specimen, so as to show what the dwarf will make, under ordinary good treatment, in seven years from planting.

Every one of these trees have borne enough to pay for themselves and the care they have received, twice over, and in 1857 fruit from them was exhibited at the State Fair, and obtained the first premium offered for "the best twelve varieties, six of each."

Six or eight of these trees are younger than the others. A few *Bartletts* on the quince were broken off by the wind, at the point of union between the quince and pear wood, and some others were injured by unruly cattle that scaled the fence. Their places were filled, in the fall of 1854, by young trees, and as these are now of excellent form, we will take a drawing of one of them, as a model.

Now we will pass further down the avenue, and look at another lot of trees I planted in 1853. They were only one year old when set out, and have been planted six years. They are of better form than the others, remarkably thrifty; indeed, are all that can be desired. The treatment they received was the same as described for the others, but you will notice the soil is a little lower and somewhat heavier. I doubt whether a finer lot of trees of their age can be found anywhere, and yet, since the summer of 1855, they have not received better treatment than any good farmer would give his corn crop. In 1856 these 120 trees, in all, bore a very large crop. The owner had just taken possession of the place, and knowing but little about fruit or trees, and wishing to obtain all the fruit possible, allowed them to over-bear, and the consequence was, in 1857 there was but a small crop of fruit on most of the trees, though a few of them bore well. Yet, with this drawback, the crop sold was 80 bushels, which brought, I am informed, $120, besides the early varieties eaten by the family. Not one of these trees, that I recollect, was injured by blight. On the right is a square of one hundred peach trees, planted in 1852, and they now are about gone. They have never borne what would be considered two full crops, and in 1857 did not bear a peach, and but very few the past summer. They have not borne as many bushels as the pears, and though I cannot say certainly, do not think half as many. The standard cherries are now fine trees, and the dwarf cherries and apples, all planted the same year, very beautiful bushes, though as yet they have not produced much fruit. In our next journey we will examine some trees that have been longer planted, and are larger and finer.

Visitor.—This certainly is as strange to me as any of the "*big stories*" that I have read about, or seen ridiculed in some of the papers.

Editor.—The *truth* should not be concealed because some choose to disbelieve it. The facts, and all the facts that can be obtained are needed on this subject. There has been too much theory, and too much scribbling by those who have never decently cultivated a dwarf pear tree or any other tree in their lives.

Visitor.—It seems to me if they had not borne a pear the increased value of the trees, being now in a healthy, vigorous state, of handsome form, and covered with fruit buds, would well compensate for all the labor bestowed upon them. But, as I am in pursuit of knowledge, I wish to understand what you mean by the "ordinary good culture," which these trees have received.

Editor.—After planting, a good coat of manure was placed over the ground, for some distance around the tree. This remained until late in the summer, when it was forked in, and before severe frost another coat of manure was given, which remained until spring, when that was forked in, and another top-dressing added.—This was continued until the spring of 1856, when the place was disposed of, and since that time, a little hoeing up of the weeds, and occasionally, perhaps, a little manure has been the amount of the labor bestowed upon them. I forgot to mention the pruning. While in my possession they were pruned every spring, to obtain a good form, and to increase the growth of wood.

Visitor.—These trees, I observe, stand but eight feet apart. Is that the proper distance?

Editor.—It would be rather close for orchard planting, but you will observe that these trees, standing each side of a wide avenue, although eight feet from each other one way, are more than twelve the other, which affords ample room, at least for the present. Perhaps, however, time will show that ten or twelve feet apart would have been a better distance, for if they continue to grow the next ten years as they have the seven years past, they will be much crowded.

Visitor.—Is it possible that pear trees do as well in other places as here, with the same culture? If so, I see no cause of complaint. But, may they not in other localities require far better culture?

Editor.—A man may struggle against one or two obstacles and conquer, whilst a greater number would overwhelm him. The same is true of a tree. A tree planted in a good, dry, mellow soil, well suited to its growth, will bear neglect better than one planted in cold, wet clay.

The Annual Meeting of the *Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York* is to be held in this city to-morrow, (Tuesday.) We will give a report of all proceedings of interest next week.

LEAF BLIGHT.—CRACKING OF THE PEAR.

In late numbers of the RURAL I have seen several articles on that interesting question, the *Cause of the Cracking of the Pear*, and the *Leaf Blight*. While on a visit, in the month of July last, to a valued friend, the well known Horticulturist, WM. CHORLTON, of Staten Island, our conversation and attention was directed to this subject, and we spent some time in looking into and investigating the cause of the leaf blight in Pear trees. Mr. CHORLTON inclined to the opinion that the spots on the leaves (usually called blight) were mainly caused through atmospheric influence, while I was inclined to think it the work of some minute insect, (but neither one of us was very confident in his opinion.) We examined pretty thoroughly the leaves in all their different stages of growth, which indicated the least signs of disease, commencing with those which were fully matured, when we found on the under surface of the majority of leaves which underwent our inspection, *small globules* of a clear liquid. These, on being punctured with the sharp point of a penknife, caused the liquid to spread, and from the centre of each globule thus dispersed started a very minute *insect*, exceedingly quick in its movement. From its small size and the want of a lens of sufficient capacity, we were unable at that time to determine anything about its character, but of one fact we had ocular demonstration, that wherever the globules were removed the *epidermis* of that portion of the leaf which they occupied was entirely eaten away; and it also became apparent that where these globules had disappeared of themselves, *brown looking blotches appeared in their places*, which seemed identical with those known as leaf blight. In our examination of the young and tender shoots where the leaves were but partially developed, which were covered with the same brown looking blotches, we discovered, on stripping these leaves from the stem, numbers of these minute insects starting from their axils. This was the result of our investigations at that time.

Now my own conclusions are simply these—that these minute insects are the primary cause of the disease, from the fact that wherever the epidermis of the leaf is eaten away, or becomes in any way injured, decomposition of the part so injured must to a certain extent ensue. Hence, the leaf becomes in a fit state and liable to be attacked at any moment by the parasitic fungus which has been committing such ravages among the finer kinds of our Pears, and which if not immediately checked after it is found to exist, soon spreads nearly over the whole tree. That it is a fungus or mildew, as it is called, I feel pretty certain, for on an examination which I made last summer with Mr. PINNEY, of Brockport, of some Pear trees (*White Doyennes*) belonging to that gentleman, which were thus affected, I became fully convinced that it was as clear a case of mildew as I had ever seen, and Mr. PINNEY was of the same opinion.

Now for the *Remedy*, which I would recommend, and it is one which I *have* recommended and applied for a number of years past, and always with success, to other kinds of trees and plants for the eradication of mildew in whatever shape. Procure a good water-tight barrel; throw in about a peck of fresh lime and four or five pounds of sulphur; pour over the whole half a dozen pails of boiling water; stir all well together. Then cover over the top of the barrel two or three thicknesses of coarse canvass; let it stand undisturbed for twenty-four hours, and the liquid will be ready for use. Take about a pint of the liquid and throw into a pail of rain-water, stirring it well; take a garden syringe and give the trees a good syringing, and continue the application once, or not more than twice, a week, until the mildew disappears. I do not positively assert that this will eradicate the mildew on Pears, but as I have before stated, I have tried it on almost every other kind of trees thus affected, and always with the utmost success. At any rate, it is worth a trial.

Rochester, N. Y., 1859. W. W.

GROWING CAULIFLOWERS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have been interested in the articles you have published on Cauliflowers, and there is no reason why they should not be as common in our gardens as Cabbage, but to grow them in perfection we must start right. The plants can be started as you recommend in your last number, either in a hot-bed or on the south side of a fence or building; but if plants are raised in a hot-bed they come into heading during the heat of summer, and instead of forming a large, compact head, it is small, and splits up into small sprouts. If raised on the south side of a building or fence, the heat and shelter you seek for your plants is also a shelter and harbor for the *fly*, and few will be the plants you will have left for transplanting. The open ground the north side of an open board fence, or the west side of a building or tight board fence is perhaps the best place, out of doors, but the surest and best way is to raise them under a cold frame. If you have not hot-bed sash and frame, a common window sash will do. Make a frame of inch boards, 12 inches high behind and 9 in front; cut notches in the stiles and lower part of the sash, to let the water run off, or when the sun shines it will operate as a lens, and burn your plants. Sow in drills 3 inches apart; when up, air freely, and frequently stir the earth with the fingers. Sow from the 15th to 20th of April; transplant from 20th of May to 1st of June. This is the way I have raised them for the last seven years, and you can tell, Mr. Editor, with what success. The *Early Paris* and *Large Late Lenormand* are the best varieties. The seed is imported. W. V.

Rochester, Jan., 1859.

REMARKS.—The above is from one who has raised most excellent Cauliflower, as we have the very best reason to know. We presented him, a good many years ago, with the first *Early Paris Cauliflower* seed brought to this part of the country. The objection to planting in a sheltered position, on account of insects, is good, but a sheltered place is almost absolutely necessary in some localities to produce plants ready to transplant by the middle of May or first of June, unless the cold frame is made use of, as recommended. We hope the time is not far distant when more attention will be given to this truly delicious vegetable, both by amateurs and gardeners.

FLOWER SEEDS.

I NOTICED in a late number of the RURAL a communication from R. B., Preston, C. W., with the following question:—"Is it really worth while to pay the extra price for seed sold by B. K. BLISS, and are they really more reliable than ordinary seedsmen (of respectability) are in the habit of selling?" Also a call upon correspondents from yourself, to give an account of their success with the seeds named.

Allow me to give "R. B." my experience for the last two seasons. In the first, I purchased my seeds of a Boston company of long standing and "of respectability." One half the lot, and those the choicest kinds, failed to germinate. I cannot think it my fault, for I distributed the seeds among several friends, and they had no better success. Those that did grow were of the most ordinary kind. Last season I purchased of B. K. BLISS, and as I have previously informed your readers, out of twenty or thirty packets not one was a failure. And such beautiful specimens of Pansies, Asters, Stocks, Balsams, &c., had never before been seen in this vicinity. The Asters, particularly, were the admiration of every one. Strangers in passing, frequently stopped to ask for my method of raising such Asters. I could only refer them to my seedsman.

But, Mr. Editor, it was news to me that the prices charged by Mr. BLISS are "extra." I paid no more for mine than for the worthless trash from Boston, and I have compared his priced Catalogues with all others published in New England, and with THORBURN'S, in New York, and can find no material difference. L. H. J.

Colchester, Vt., 1859.

REMARKS.—The *price* of flower or any garden seeds is a matter of little consequence. First rate seeds are cheap at almost any price, and poor ones are dear for nothing. Too many of the flower seeds sent out by our commercial seedsmen, we have good reason to know are worthless, and it matters but little whether they grow or not. Our own seeds we have imported from France for many years. Some years ago one of our seedsmen presented us with a collection of seeds, and was surprised that we should inform him that we would not encumber our ground with them. We directed him to a source in Europe where he could obtain such as would do him credit and please his customers, since which time he has kept as good seeds as any in the country. We have seen some sent out by the establishment indicated that did not come up to our standard, but as a general thing we believe they have given the very best satisfaction. Other establishments, for aught we know, may do as well, but there is a lack of enterprise or honor, or something, among our seed-dealers, or they would never send out such trash as the country is flooded with. They should obtain the choicest, and charge accordingly; but many seem content to send out the same old things,—single Asters and Lady-slippers, and Love-lies-bleeding, and other trash—from year to year, without the least idea of progress or improvement. Of late years English florists have given particular attention to the improvement of *Hollyhocks* and *Sweet Williams*, and the former is now grown as double and almost as beautiful as the rose, while the latter is so much improved as to seem almost like a new, and is certainly a most lovely flower. Whoever should buy seeds of these at most of the stores, and plant them, expecting to obtain these improved sorts, we fear would be sadly disappointed. Perhaps the fault is partly with the people, who are too apt to purchase cheap things without much inquiry as to the quality. But in this respect seedsman are far behind the nurserymen. They obtain, by the very first steamer, any thing new or valuable that appears in Europe, regardless of cost; and he who can obtain any desirable plant a season in advance of others considers himself exceedingly fortunate.

HUBBARD SQUASH.—Will you please give us a description of the *Hubbard Squash*, size, color, &c., and where the seeds can be obtained, if possible?—A RURAL FRIEND, *Ripley, N. Y.*, 1858.

REMARKS.—The questions asked by our correspondent were answered in the RURAL of last week. To aid, however, in giving a more correct idea as to its appearance, we give above a drawing of this fine squash, from a specimen now before us.

GROWING RADISHES IN COAL ASHES.—A gentleman of Hamilton, N. Y., writes—"The soil in this vicinity is altogether unsuited for growing *Radishes*. I however, raised them excellent the past year by sowing the seed in *coal ashes*. The radish grows vigorously, without injury from the worm."

HORTICULTURE IN OREGON.—From the Oregon *Farmer*, we see that a State Fruit Growers Society has been established in Oregon. It was organized at Salem, on the 20th of October. One exhibition of fruits presented 26 varieties of apples, 14 of pears, 3 of grapes, and several varieties of plums. There was quite an interesting discussion on apples. The special favorites seemed to be the Red June, Early Harvest, Rambo, Gravenstein, Yellow Newtown Pippin, Wine Sap, White Winter Pearmain and Esopus Spitzenburg. The pears spoken of with most favor was the Bartlett, Seckel, Winter Nelis, Vicar of Winkfield and Easter Beurre.—The officers are; *President*—AMOS HARVEY, of Polk; *Vice President*—I. N. GILBERT; *Secretary*—C. N. TERRY; *Treasurer*—JOSEPH COX, of Marion.

A State Horticulture Society has been organized in Illinois. We will give notes of proceedings in a future number.

Domestic Economy

PUDDING, CORN BREAD, COLORING RECIPES

EDS. RURAL:—We have been subscribers to your paper from its commencement until the present time, and look upon it as one of the necessary appendages of home. The variety of its contents renders it indeed a *Family* paper, and the column devoted to Domestic Economy is particularly interesting to me as a housekeeper. It has contained many useful suggestions that have proved valuable to me, and I could think of no better way to express my thankfulness to my sister contributors than to add my mite to the list of recipes.

I send you one for a pudding which we think is very good. Make a crust in the same manner as for nice short biscuit, with the addition of an egg, regulating the quantity to the size of the family. Roll a portion of the crust to one-fourth of an inch in thickness, line a deep pudding dish with it—have ready some apples pared and sliced, put in a layer of apples, sprinkle on them some fat salt pork chopped fine, add a very little water, and season with sugar and spice as you like an apple pie, then roll a thin layer of crust and lay over, then put in another layer of apple, pork, and season as before, then cover again with crust. Bake in a moderate oven two hours—take it from the oven and dampen the top crust and cover it close to steam fifteen or twenty minutes before carrying to the table.

INDIAN CORN BREAD.—Place a kettle over the fire with four quarts water, and when it is scalding hot, stir in corn meal as thick as you can, conveniently; take it off before boiling and set it away to cool. When it is sufficiently cool, mix in with the hand a pint of rye flour, or wheat canail, and four tablespoonfuls of molasses. I put mine in the oven, previously heated, about three o'clock P. M., and bake fast until it is browned over, then bake very slow, and let stand in until wanted for breakfast. It will generally keep warm through the night, and we think is excellent.

I have noticed requests in the late number of the RURAL for some recipes for coloring. I have some called good for coloring scarlet with cochineal. For 6 lbs. cloth, take 4 oz. cochineal, finely powdered; 2 oz. quercitron bark; put 8 oz. chlorid of tin into a brass kettle, water sufficient for the goods, let it come to a boiling heat, put in the goods and let stand 15 minutes, then take out and put in the cochineal and bark, boil 15 minutes, then put in the cloth and stand half an hour. When cool scour in soap suds. It will not change color.

COLORING COTTON RED.—Take 1 lb. peachwood, boil 2 hours, dissolve 5 oz. alum in hot water, put in the goods, let stand 15 minutes, take out the cloth, keep warm an hour or two, and let it remain in over night—rinse in warm water. This will color 2 lbs. cloth. A SUBSCRIBER.

Leonardsville, Mad. Co., N. Y., 1858.

THE ART OF PATCHING.

THE operation of patching requires far more skill than does the making of a new garment, and when well executed may save the purchase of many a costly one; the most expensive robe may, by accident, be torn, or spotted, the first day of its wear—and the piece inserted in lieu of the damaged part is a patch. If a figured material, the pattern must be exactly matched; in all cases the insertion must be made without pucker, and the kind of seam must be such as, though strong, will be least apparent—the corners must also be turned with neatness. This is an art that requires teaching. So of darning; much instruction is necessary as to the number of threads to be left by the needle, according to the kind of fabrics, and there is also the kind of thread or yarn most suitable to be determined. Where the article is coarse, the chief attention is directed to expedition, but a costly article of embroidery on muslin can only be well darned with ravelings of a similar muslin. The stocking stitch is neither more difficult nor more tedious than the darn, yet many pairs of stockings are lost for want of knowing it, when a hole happens to be above the shoe. Practice in lace stitches is desirable, particularly for repairing lace of costly description. The deficiency of a single loop, when lace is to be washed, often becomes a large hole during the operation, and the beauty of the lace is destroyed. The shawl-stitch is one which, when employed with ravelings from the shawl itself, can be used to repair the most costly cashmere, without a possibility of discovering the inserted part.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

BREAD-MAKING.—I think I can improve a little upon "A Young Mexican's" mode of making good bread. Take eight good-sized potatoes, pare and slice them, then boil—when done, mash them fine, and while hot add the same bulk of sifted flour as of potatoes. Add a little cool water and stir to a *thick batter*, then add a little salt, and when milk-warm stir in one cake of "Hopkin's Yeast Compound" (previously dissolved in a little cold water.) Cover it warm and set by in a warm place until morning—then take this sponge for wetting and proceed to make your dough. When worked sufficient, make loaves, place them in pans, and in a little while they will be light enough to bake. Always sift your flour before using. If you fail to have good bread it will be some mismanagement of your own. A LOVER OF GOOD BREAD.

TO BONE A TURKEY.—Remove the flesh from the bone with a sharp knife, scraping it downwards, being careful not to cut it to pieces. Begin at the wings, and do not tear or break the skin. Loosen the flesh from the breast, back, and thighs. Draw the skeleton by the neck, from the flesh, then stuff it with a dressing prepared in the same way as for roast turkey. If there are any broken places, sew them up. Bake it about three hours. Serve it up cold.

Ladies' Gue.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A PICTURE.

BY ELLEN C. LANE.

Red wreaths of the rarest roses
Climb upward around the door,
And a flower-plat breaks and closes
Stretched sunnily out before.

The gleam of a winding river
Flashes through willows green,
And "arrows of sunset" quiver
Where forests skyward lean.

Dropped first on the far-off mountain,
Gathers a misty veil;
The spray of a wildwood fountain
Flashes o'er lilies pale;

Flashes with a dreamy murmur,
A music felt, not seen,
And low night-sounds of the summer
Break softly in between.

Distant and silent forever,
Out of our mortal ken
Lies the Land beyond the River
Where Death's the passport in;

But over these dark-earth mountains,
Softly as prayerful psalm,
From the waves of *that* Land's fountains
Droppeth this beauty's balm.

Charlotte Centre, N. Y., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LETTERS FROM OUR FARM.—No. V.

"Bright things can never die,
E'en though they fade."

Blessings on the poet that penned those lines, and their fellows of the sweet poem that found a place in my memory many and many a month ago. For hours I have sat here alone with my thoughts, listening to the ceaseless dropping of the water from the low brown eaves where the swallows nested in summer, and looking out at the dull landscape, through heavy banks of fog, that trail along the tops of the hills, and settle heavily into the valley. I have tried to bring back the picture of the green meadow with its fringe of willows, the gleaming river, and the lilies all ablow on its bosom, that I saw through the screen of morning-glories, a few weeks ago. Though all the meadow and upland is brown and seer, and not a leaf flutters on the bough, yet as plainly as I saw it then do I now see that vision of the freshness and glory of summer. I have but to shut my eyes and the swaying of the green branches, the shimmering of the water, and the whiteness of the lilies are all before me. Nay, I can feel the tremulous touch of the west wind, as it came stealing over leagues of billowy prairie, bearing the delicate breath of a thousand blossoms with it, and the music born of all low, murmurous sounds. Thank God, that when the beauty of this outward world fades upon the vision, its glowing impress remains "among the beautiful pictures that hang on memory's wall."

Winter is upon us. Not with a heavy tread like a mailed man, hurling storm and tempest about him; but noiselessly creeping over the earth, and stealing like an icy breath into her very heart, till the blood stands still in her myriad veins, and you cannot hear a life-throb. The sun went down one night in an ashen sky, and at dawn the snow lay, trackless, over everything. The peach tree, by the garden gate, was a new created wonder, with every limb piled high with a downy weight; all its roughness covered, and all its stiff boughs strung with snow flowers, as beautiful as those that clustered there last June. The clouds of brown snow-birds dashed into the branches and out again, half frightened at the showers they shook from them. The pines and the cedars were stooping to the ground with the burden that had fallen on them, until, as the sun rose higher, they freed themselves, limb by limb, sliding little avalanches of snow from off their dark green foliages.

The children were in ecstasies of delight, and little Kate, whose blue eyes first opened with the violets last May, clapped her dimpled hands, and drew up her rosy mouth, with many an exclamation of baby wonder. "It is the first snow-fall you have ever seen, little one," said I, musingly, as the tiny fingers locked themselves over mine, and the clear, trustful eyes searched my face for a solution of the mystery, and I looked half pityingly down into the bright, upturned face, as I thought how often, in her after life, our pet would see heavier snows, burying, perhaps, all the joy and sunshine of her world. And yet the snow is not a fitting emblem of our sorrows and bereavements, but rather of the comfort and consolation that comes afterward; for when the flowers are all dead, and the earth desolate and blighted, it falls tenderly in its spotless purity, and hides every stain and scam.

If winter be welcomed as a season of jollity and merry-making in city and town, it is one of deep happiness and enjoyment in the country. All the rest of the year Our Farm is a scene of busy, bustling labor; cheerful, indeed, but often wearisome. But when the winter fairly sets in, all the household settles into a quiet that is more than rest. There is ample time then for thought, and for attention to those charities that make life beautiful. There are the long evenings by the fireside, when the circle is complete, and each one brings some treasure to enrich the common store of wisdom or happiness. And there is the ever festal day, the crown and glory of the year, the day of all days, the blessed *Christmas*.

From the white-haired pilgrim, bowed down by the weight of weary years, to the lisping child with the dew of the morning yet fresh upon its heart, every one keeps a kindly memory of the day on which heaven and earth, the human and the divine were first closely linked together. The heir of princely domains and the child of the humblest cottager, hear alike at the mother's knee, the wondrous story of the Babe of Bethlehem, and the star that shone in the east to herald his birth. Ah! what comfort to sad hearts, aching in their human sorrows 'was laid in that lowly manger, away under the skies of Judea. What a radiance has flowed from it into the darkness wherein we vainly groped after God. The stern Protestants, in throwing off Popery, set aside as relics of superstition the feast days of the church, and although in our time we dissent from the vandalism which prompted them to mar the beauty of the grand old cathedrals, yet we have hardly reverence enough for the days of solemn observance, set apart from others by the devout old fathers of the church. I could wish to see the holly and pine twined about every home; to hear, as in Germany, the ballad-singers, with their songs of the nativity, going about the streets, and the full-voiced choirs, making the churches resound with the anthems first sung by angels to the wondering shepherds on Judea's plains; and that from lip to lip should pass the greeting of old, "*unto us the Christ is born.*"

The New Year is a more solemn day on many accounts, and yet it has in it far less of deep religious meaning. Every day of our lives is to us a new day as much as this, and should be as seriously entered upon, but it is well that there should be times when the burden of life should be laid down, and the soul look backward over the way it has come, and forward over what lies before.

As I write the snow is again falling, great, feathery flakes, that cling like stars to everything. Talk of the delicate Ariel! was ever so dainty a sprite as the spirit of the snow-flake? Robed in garments that vanish at a touch, yet float unsullied through leagues of blue air; born, perchance, from a dew-drop in a rose's bosom, wafted about with a fleecy cloud, sent down in the rain, caught up again by the sunbeam, tossed hither and thither, till the winter prisoned it, gave it a pearly robe, and sent it sailing down again to wear a queenly mantle for the brown earth. Thicker and faster come the flakes, and the meadows are already whitening. If the wind rises at sunset, and piles it into long drifts and mounds, and howls down the chimney, and sweeps the hemlock branches past the window with a moan, then all night long I shall lie awake and listen, and think of ships drifting out on stormy seas, and yawning roofs through which the air creeps searchingly, and musing thus I shall pray in my own happiness, "God pity the poor, God comfort the wretched." H.

AMERICAN WOMEN.

An exchange paper says it is a matter of common observation, that English women belonging to the higher classes unite with their mental accomplishments far greater robustness and strength of physical constitution than are usually found in the females of this country, and all are ready to admit that the human form, in classic antiquity, far exceeded, in perfection of symmetry and vigor, the ordinary development of the present day. Look at the women of our higher circles, with their thin and willowy forms, their pale and sallow faces, their inability to endure the slightest exposure or fatigue. Observe, in all classes, how early the cheek loses its youthful freshness; how common are complaints of "delicate health;" how universal the appearance of fragility. If mothers, instead of compelling their infant offspring to live as prisoners, would allow them to have fresh air and plenty of exercise, there would grow up a generation of women, mentally as well as physically superior to the cadaverous, angular-shaped walking skeletons which now frighten the foreign stranger, and are hastening rapidly to early graves. Upon this subject the New York Express makes some wise suggestions:

"We would advocate, or rather insist upon, the attachment of a gymnasium to every school; and if one were in every house, it would prove an actual saving of more than its cost, in physician's bills, medicines, and nurse's wages. A frolic every day with the 'reclining board' or the 'parallel bars,' would put to flight many juvenile ailments, banish the physic bottles from the shelf, and shed a glow of cheerfulness throughout the household. The benefits that would result to the community and to future generations from such a system are absolutely incalculable. The evils of a hot-bed education, where culture of the mind is attempted, with neglect of physical development, are not so universally recognized as they should be. The old adage—'*mens sana in corpore sano*'—shows the ancient estimate of the parallel culture of body and brain. The dependence of the integrity of the brain on the health of the body—the need that organ has of rest as well as exertion, ought ever to be borne in mind. Nature should be allowed her bent in harmonizing the employment of the intellect with physical activity, by alternate exercise. And no school deserves patronage where this subject has not due consideration."

In-door Exercises.—Females who are much confined within-doors, often suffer ill-health for the want of exercise. Nature demands it, and health cannot exist without it. The skipping-rope, the dumb-bells, battledore and shuttle-cock, &c., are all aids to the required end. Frequently, however, these exercises are regarded as childish; it is overlooked that from women, as well as from girls, nature demands the fulfilment of the same laws, and there is no time when systematic exercise is more needful to the healthy development of the future woman, than between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one. Ladies who are not above superintending their own household affairs—who look upon the rubbing of a mahogany table and the sweeping of a carpet, as necessary but pleasant helps to the preservation of sound health—are less in need of artificial aids to exercise, than those whose most energetic labors are confined to the performance of a set of quadrilles upon the piano, or an occasional promenade in the walks of fashionable life.—*Selected.*

Goodness.

Never despair of goodness. Men are bad,
But have been worse. The badness shall die out;
The goodness, like the thistle down, shall float,
Bearing a germ beneath its tiny car—
A germ predestined to become a tree,
To fall on fruitful soil, and on its boughs
Bear seed enough to stock the universe.—[*Mackay.*

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

'TIS DARKEST ERE DAWN.

Let the past be past forever,
All its woes forgotten now!
Treasure pleasant scenes, but never
Let bye-gone sorrows cloud the brow!
Former sorrows were but warnings
To lead us in the upright way—
The darkest hour comes ere the dawning
Of the brightest summer day!

Lift the heart and press right onward!
Nor brood o'er past or coming woe—
With eye upraised, not brow bent downward
On in duty's footstep go!
Foes may gather round thy pathway,
Friends may coldly turn away,
But One there is who'll ne'er desert us
At the dawn of sorrow's day!

One who gave us hands to labor,
Hearts to love and minds to think—
Envy not, then, friend or neighbor,
But from the Empyrean fountain drink!
Drink fresh hopes, and strength, and beauty—
Strength to bear life's darkest hour,
That we, when ended is life's duty,
May rest from labor evermore!

Princeton, Ind., 1859. Eloise.

PLOWHANDLE PAPERS.

MR. PLOWHANDLE'S BRUSH HEAP OF HONORS ENDS IN SMOKE.

Kabttail Cottage, Dec., 1858.

Col. Moore:—Your kind remarks to my last letter were very well, and I feel all the same thankful to you for them as though they had done me any good. The fact is, my fat was all in the fire afore you sent them, and nothing left of my grand brush heap of honors but the brands and ashes of disappointment. I've had my troubles—I've lost my cattle, had my horses die and my sheep, and the boys steal my nice melons, but I never yet, in all these troubles, had anything take me down as something that happened after I wrote you that letter about being put up for a member of the Legislature to get a bridge over the Toemuddy. I considered myself the same as nominated, and had got the speech all by heart, that I was going to make when the people called me out to accept it. I had made it more nor six times to the oxen when I was plowing. I'd drive them to the end of the land, and then git upon the fence before them, and then I'd say to old Broad, says I, you're Jones, and to old Brindle, your're Smith, and the stubble and thistle stalks behind us are the people, though they're no great consequence, except to plow in. I tell you I made some tall speeches, and I calculated when they were to be delivered to give Jo. Stubbs, the man who prints the Spread Eagle, a dollar to put the speech in that paper, with some busting remarks about me and the Rural. Smith says a man can git the biggist kind of a character if he only slops the editors pretty well. However, it's all up hoddy with me now.

"SWEETNIN'."

A day or two after I sent you that letter, one evening when I had finished reading the papers, and folded up my spectacles, and turned round to toast my feet at the stove, a little before going to bed, mother (who had been darning stockings all the time on the other side of the stand,) says, looking up from her work, "You had a pretty hard time to-day getting out the logs from the swamp, didn't you, John?"

"Well," says I, "it was a plaguy hard job."

"Feel tired, don't you?"

"Hain't been so tired in a year."

"Maybe you'd like a bite before going to bed?"

"It wouldn't be bad," says I, not thinking that there was any eat under the meal, for it's no uncommon thing for her to do just so when I've had a hard day's work.

Pretty soon she came back with a big plate heaped up full of nutcakes, and set them down on the stand beside me. Now, Col., nutcakes are my heart's delight; I like 'em common, very well, but a great, fat, sweetened nutcake, that's been fried a little crisp on the outside, and only just got almost cold, it's nice pudding, and custard pie, and mince pie all put into one. Golly! I wouldn't swap places with Queen Victoria if I couldn't have sweetened nutcakes once in a while. "Perhaps," says she, "you'd like some of that new cider you fixed the other day."

Says I, "that will be the last step into Eden." It was some cider I'd doctored so as it wouldn't grow any more sour. Anybody may have nice cider all the year if they will only take a little pains.

So she brought in the mug of cider and set it down on the stove-hearth to warm, and put the glass on the stand, and sot down to her work again, and she looked so pleased and happy, that I wanted to hug and kiss her, almost as bad as when I used to go sparking.

I ate a nutcake, and then I poured out some cider and drank it. Golly morry! Col., you don't know what real sugared-off-happiness is, till you eat some of my wife's sweetened nutcakes and drink some of my cider. And then I eat some more nutcakes and drank some more cider.

Says I, "Flora"—that's her girl name, and I always call her by it when I feel uncommonly tender—says I, "Flora, you never made such good cakes before in your life."

"Well, John," says she, "I'm glad you like them."

"Like them," says I, "why," says I, "I'd go twenty miles in a snow storm to see the man that had got so good a wife and so pleasant a home as I have." She kinder sighed and looked up, and says she, "our home has always been a happy one to me when you are in it, John." I was just going to say I hoped always to be here, when it popped into my mind what I had been doing. You see the nutcakes and the cider had put everything out of my mind, but my wife and our happy home. She took off her glasses and laid them down on the stand, and her eyes began to grow moister and moister, and says she, "John, I have heard some things to-day that makes me feel very bad."

"No friends dead, I hope."

"No, John, no friends dead; but Mrs. Stretstarn has been here to-day, and says you're going to be nominated for the Assembly." I told her there must be some mistake, for you had never said anything to me about it." Didn't I begin to feel mean?

"Well," says I, "there has been some such talk down at the Corners!—but I thought not to say anything about it till after the caucus."

"Ah, John! it's a bad sign when a man engages in anything that he's afraid to have his wife know. If I am not to share your confidence as I have always shared it, then I shall be unhappy indeed."

"But I did mean to tell you all about it if I got nominated."

"And then it would have been too late, for I should have felt bad to see you defeated,—the thought of it would bring me misery."

"Why, don't you see, if I get elected you'll be the Hon. Mrs. Plowhandle, and we can go to the Legislature together, and you can see all the great folks, and we shall get invited to dinners and suppers, and all sort of places."

"I've no ambition, my good John, to shine as anything beyond the deserving wife of an honest, independent man. We're getting old, John, and we have our pleasant home."

"Yes, but then there's the bridge over the Toemuddy."

"It will be a bridge of sighs to me, and groans to you, I fear. No, no, my kind, good John, don't let your patriotism deceive you. It's more ambition than anything else, that is taking you away from yourself and from your happy home. Can you ever be more happy than now?"

"Not this side of Paradise."

"Then why not stay?"

I was getting soft fast. "But," says I, "how can I get out of the scrape? I promised to stand it, anyhow."

"Why," says she, "just as easy; go to Smith and tell him to take your place. He's after the widow Muslin,—she won't have him; but if he's going to the Legislature she will have him right off. But," says she, putting on her glasses, looking very sad, and taking up her work, "I don't want to do anything to make you unhappy, John, and if you think it best, I'll try to be satisfied."

Perhaps, Col., you will think me rather fainthearted to have a woman rule me so, but I couldn't help it. I gave right up. I don't believe you could have got me away from my nutcakes and cider if you would have made me President. Says I, "Flora, I'll never leave the home where there is a woman to make such nutcakes, till I am carried out by the neighbors. But," says I, "mother, you don't know what a flock of chickens you destroyed in breaking this egg of my hopes and ambition."

"Better," says she, "break the egg than to have it hatch hawks."

FINALE.

The next day I went over and told Smith how matters stood, and that he must take my place. Says he, "I can't think of it."

"But you must, though, besides wife says the widow will give right in the moment you're nominated."

"Does she say that?"

"Yes, and women know about such things."

"But if I'm elected, John, you must go and help lobby the bridge bill,—can't get along without you."

"Well, I'll see about that."

After all, Col., I do, between you and I, feel rather bad to think all my fine plans have gone to grass. Still, I'm glad to give up to mother. I know she's happy, and it makes me feel happy to know it—but then to have had one of your correspondents so soon after he had come out in your paper get to be an Hon., I feel sorry on your account. I don't suppose I shall write any more, now I have gone back to my native significance—for your readers wont take the interest in a man that's down as they did in a rising one. Although by those things I am made a "wider and solider man," (*does not Mr. P. mean a "wiser though a sadder man?*") yet, Col., I am ever yours, to command, John Plowhandle.

Longfellow thus happily describes the gradual coming on of twilight:

Slowly, slowly, up the wall,
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade,
Evening damps begin to fall,
Evening shadows are displayed,
Round me, o'er me, everywhere,
The sky is grand with clouds,
And athwart the evening air
Wheel the swallows home in crowds,
Shafts of sunshine from the West
Paint the dusty windows red,
Darker shadows, deeper rest,
Underneath and overhead,
Darker, darker and more wan
In my breast the shadows fall;
Upward steals the life of man,
As the sunshine from the wall.
From the wall into the sky,
From the roof along the spire;
Ah! the souls of those who die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

Every Man's Autobiography.—Every man is actually engaged, day by day, in writing that autobiography which neither time nor eternity will efface. It may be written in high places or in low, in public remembrance or in the honest heart of domestic affection; but we are writing fast, we are writing sure, we are writing for eternity. Happy is he who, through the grace of God assisting him, records such lessons of kindness, truth, and wisdom, that when he is gone he will be held in grateful remembrance; happier still to have one's name written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and when every memorial and monument of his earthly history has perished, he may ascend with the Son of God to honor, glory, and immortality.

Rising Higher.—Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE EARLY DEAD.

TO MY FRIEND A******.

When youth is budding and life's hopes are fair,
How cruel seems the sudden hand of death
To crop these flowers, and fill with desert air
The garden which before had sweetest breath.

Life's wave, white-capped and sparkling in the sun,
Rolls gaily on towards the shore of time;
Too late, alas! those rugged rocks to shun,
And dies while yet in childhood's golden prime.

The morning which so sadly greets the sun,
Who dries the tears night's watchful stars have shed,
Oft meets with clouds ere half its race is run,
And night shall find it with the Storm King's dead.

But mourn not for the *loved* who pass away
While life is pleasant and its flowers in bloom,
God's *home* awaits the spirit, though the clay
Returns to dust within the dismal tomb.

Dedham, Mass., 185*. E. W. K.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SABBATH MUSINGS.

"God will bring every work into judgment—with every secret thing, whether it be good or bad."

When we read such Scripture, how apt are we to think that "good" deeds, such as will be accepted at the last, if they are not those that *men* call good, are indeed such as seem to us to *square with the Divine Law.* But how sadly are we mistaken right here. Judged by the perfect standard of that law, "there is none righteous, no not one." There is no "goodness" nor "righteousness" in the wide earth, *except what the* Savior *brought!* God saw the world lying in *wickedness*—not in goodness—and brought down a perfect righteousness of his own for sinners to be clothed in, in lieu of the "filthy rags" of *their* own. An act of ours is *good*, therefore, only as it is done in the faith of the righteousness of Christ; and "bad," that which is done with a view of obtaining righteousness by keeping the law.

In no single feature do men—the best of men—keep the law, for it requires us to love God with all the heart, and all the soul, &c., and to love our neighbor as ourself—a thing which it is absolutely impossible for *fallen* nature to do a single moment, to say nothing of a long life. But the law, nevertheless, thunders its condemnation, "cursed is every one that continueth not in *all* things that are written in the book of the law to do them." This makes a bad case for us. God saw it so, and because of the "great love wherewith he loved us," sent his son to satisfy the law—to pay the penalty which *it* demanded—to redeem the whole race from under its curse. And this great work was consummated on the cross. It was there "Jesus bled." He was a "ransome for many." "He was made a propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world."—And He now calls upon us to *look to Him*—to *believe* that he *has* indeed "borne in his own body the sins of the whole world"—that He has "*satisfied* the *law*;" and so believing, to find our safety and our salvation *in Him.* There is not a man in the wide world so steeped in crime and pollution, who may not this day for himself say, "He has borne the curse of the law" *for me.* The reception of this truth into his heart is his conversion. *Here* he *finds* his Savior! In this he learns of God's love to him, a sinner,—for this, he comes to love and serve Him. This it is that brings him back to allegiance to God. This it is that gets him out of boudage to the law and legal duties, and ushers him into that glorious liberty, wherewith Christ makes his people free.

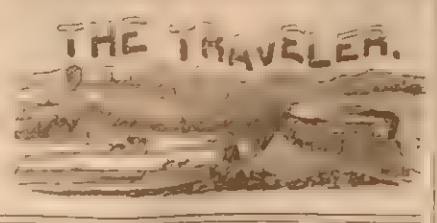
Our "deeds in life" are "good" only as they are done in this faith of the work and righteousness of Christ—faith in the completeness and absolutely independent character of the marvellous redemption which Himself gloriously sought out, and faith in the all-sufficiency of the mantle of His perfect righteousness for the vilest of men through believing.

Empire State, Jan., 1859.

Bearing Crosses.—The Crusaders of old, we are told, used to bear a painted cross upon their shoulders; it is to be feared that many among us take up crosses which sit just so lightly; things of ornament, passports to respectability, a cheap exchange for a struggle we never made, and a crown we never strove for. But let us not deceive ourselves. None ever yet entered into the Kingdom of Heaven without tribulation; not, perhaps, the tribulation of fire, or cross, or rebuke, or blasphemy; but the tribulation of a bowed spirit and of a humble heart; of the flesh crucified to the spirit, and of hard conflicts with the power of darkness; and, therefore, if our religion be of such a pliable and elastic form, as to have cost us neither pains to acquire, nor self-denial to preserve, nor effort to advance, nor struggle to maintain holy and undefiled, we may be assured our place among the ranks of the risen dead will be with that prodigious multitude who were pure in their own eyes, and yet were not washed from their filthiness.—*Rev. Dr. Moore.*

Early Religious Impressions.—It is said that of the missionaries who have gone from Great Britain to the heathen, nineteen-twentieths received their first religious impressions in the nursery or the Sunday School. And of the Evangelical Ministers of England, who are under forty years of age, more than two-thirds became pious in these schools.—*Exch.*

Responsibility.—I confess (said a faithful servant of God) that *I* seldom hear the bell toll for one that is dead, but conscience asks me, "What hast thou done for the saving of that soul before it left the body? There is one more gone into eternity; what didst thou do to prepare him for it? and what testimony must he give to the Judge concerning thee?"—*Baxter.*



LETTERS FROM A HUNGARIAN.

Introductory.

BERLIN, Prussia, 1858.

DEAR FRIEND MOORE:—"Write me some letters from Hungary," was, I believe, what you wished me to, as we bade each other farewell, and this I agreed to do after reaching my native land—the home of the brave Hungarians. But look at the date—it will tell you that, instead of scrambling amid the vine-clad hills of Hungary, I am snugly seated at my desk in the Capital of Prussia! Well, I must make some explanation. Before I write you about my future destination, I must tarry awhile on the road, and send you a few trifles I have picked up here and there; at the same time telling you the way I traveled.

I will not weary your patience with a description of the scene at the dock, when the booming of cannon announced the departure of friends dear and near, to a distant land, beyond the ocean; nor will I trouble you with a long epistle about the grandeur and sublimity of the boundless ocean on the one hand, and the ludicrous scenes so often enacted on board, when NEPTUNE demanded a surrender of what *our* little cavity of a stomach contained, to satisfy his own yawning abyss. No—who has not heard of these things? What traveler on the ocean has not already amply described them? Nor had we any "awful" storms, and exciting adventures during our voyage. The entire trip, from the first of July, when we left Sandy Hook, down to the 16th, when we arrrived at the haven of Hamburg, was characterized by an almost uniform state of fair weather and good winds; and the only day on which the sea was "rough" and the sky overcast, was the memorable "fifth."—While "Young America" was no doubt celebrating the 5th (the glorious 4th being on Sunday) in good old style, with a burning sun above, we (myself included) were wrapped in shawls and overcoats, and scarcely thought of any such thing as the Declaration of Independence. With a heavy sigh, we, one after another, paid homage to the raging billows, and involuntarily soothed their wrath by the yet undigested contents of our digestive apparatus. Though no tyro in sea-crossing, (ten years ago, when I emigrated to America, I was full eight weeks on the ocean,) I was nevertheless compelled, for *one* day at least, openly to declare my submission to the nauseous ruler—*sea-sickness*. I don't know if anybody has ever written on the subject—but if a little practical advice be not out of place, I would here add what seems to be the best preventive. Whatever may be the cause of this evil, it is certain that the close, damp atmosphere *below* deck very much tends to aggravate it; while a brisk, rapid walk *on* deck, in the cool, fresh sea-breeze, will not only assist in the digestion of the food, but also counteract the upward movement produced by the rocking of the vessel. Rain or shine, calm or storm, whenever you feel a state of excitement in your stomach, run on deck, exercise your body as does the driver waiting for passengers at the corner of the street on a cold winter's day (and it is generally cold enough when the ship is rocking, tho' it be in the summer season). I speak from the experience of myself and many other passengers; and had I had an oil-cloth coat, I should not have been sea-sick, even on the fifth; but the rain prevented me from being on deck, and so I was soon overpowered by the example set by fellow passengers.

Speaking of the passengers, I cannot help remarking, that if you wish to be in Germany before you reach the German *land*, take one of the steamers that run every two weeks from New York to Hamburg. They have all German captains and a German crew. The *table-d'hote*, mode of serving, &c., is all in due German style; and above all, the passengers are generally of Teutonic descent. The steamer in which I went—the *Saxonia*—was in fact a miniature German town, with a population of about 400, (crew and passengers,) mostly Germans, with only a few Americans, Frenchmen, Polanders and Hungarians. Such a steamer is an excellent preparatory school for life in Germany.

As we lay too off Southampton, most of the foreigners, (for so the Americans and English may be called in comparison with the majority,) left us, and in forty hours afterwards we entered the mouth of the Elbe. As we passed the romantic summer residences of the rich Hamburg merchants, the waving of handkerchiefs on the shore, told us of the hospitality of the German, who gladly welcomes the stranger coming from the "land of the free."

In Hamburg our trunks were not visited; but on riding past the custom-house, the question was merely asked whether we had anything besides what was for our own personal use; and on our answering "No," the driver was told to "go ahead," and we were soon in the heart of the great commercial city of Germany. Almost the very first thing that attracts the comer from America, is the walking of pedestrians in the middle of the road. People of all classess, rich and poor, ladies as well as gentlemen, may be seen walking alternately on the sidewalk, or in the middle of the street behind a wagon. At first sight this seems strange indeed, in a city like Hamburg. But when you take into consideration the circumstance that the sidewalks are often very narrow, while the "Broadway" is paved with smooth stones, and by no means so full with vehicles as the world-renowned Broadway of your Empire City, you will easily account for the zig-zag walk of pedestrians, now dodging the vehicles on the road—now avoiding the crowd on the narrow *trottoir*. Were there in Hamburg such a street as Broadway, or even as the business portion of Main and Buffalo streets, in your own "Flour City," it would well nigh be impossible to walk out as the Hamburg pedestrians do. But, as it is, there is no such thing as a "business street" in Hamburg. "It is all business," said a German friend of mine, but not being concentrated in a focus, as in many American cities, the din and rattling of carts and carriages is "few and far between."

I should like to tell you a great many other things about the free German city, Hamburg, but on looking at the date, I see Berlin staring me in the face, and I have been writing enough almost for two letters, without so much as hinting at what I saw in this royal city. But having yet some space left, I will write a few words on German life in Berlin. Here, if anywhere, in the largest city on the Continent, (with the exception of Paris,) the social life of the German may be best realized. While the wealthy aristocrat goes to the Opera or Royal Theatre, the middle and humbler classes assemble together with their families in the numerous "Gardens" all over the city, where, from sundown till midnight, bands of music delight the ear with the most charming pieces. And what does all this cost? Nothing, if you please; all your expenses may not be more than a three-cent piece, for which you get a glass of genuine German *lager bier*. Here the laboring workman may be seen with his family, seated around a little table covered with bread and cheese and the never-failing beer—it is his supper; and how he relishes it here in the open air, surrounded by a happy circle of children, and delighted by the sound of music! Can there be a better recreation after a day's work? Here, again, we behold the merchant, walking up and down in the garden after having been seated, perhaps, all day at the counter or writing-desk. Needs he any better refreshment? The most practical and busy Yankee, I think, will be pleased with this genial life as seen in the German "Volksgarten." But when will he imitate the example in his own republican land? When will he spread the tastes for amusements calculated to cultivate the social feelings, rosy cheeks, and a healthy complexion? Your best concerts don't give such good music, though they give many a headache in the oft ill-ventilated halls. Yes, the *German* alone understands how to *enjoy* life,—*social* life.

In my next, which will no doubt hail from Hungary, I will say a few things more about Berlin.

Adieu, across the waters, from your friend,

SIMON TUSKA.

THE COUNTRY AND PEOPLE OF JAPAN.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Times*, gives the following account of the famous city of Jeddo, in Japan:

"Jeddo, without exception, is one of the finest cities in the world; streets broad and good, and the Castle, which includes nearly the whole centre of the town, built on a slight eminence. There are three walls or enclosures round this quarter.—Within the inner, the Tycoon Emperor and heir apparent live.

The houses of the Princes and nobles are palaces, and you may imagine the size when some contain 10,000 followers. They are built in regular order, forming wide streets some 40 yards broad, kept in perfect order; an immense court-yard with trees and gardens, forms the centre of each enclosure, in the midst of which is the house of the owner; the houses containing the followers, servants, stables, &c., form this large enclosure. They are built of one uniform shape. The gateways leading to the court-yard are exceedingly handsome, of massive wood work, ornamented with lacquer and other devices. From the road that leads by the moat to the second wall is one of the finest views I ever recollect seeing—on one side the Gulf of Jeddo, with the high hills rising beyond, while on the other is a portion of the great city of Jeddo with its trees and gardens, picturesque temples, and densely crowded streets, extending as far as the eye can reach towards the interior; then there is a view of the trees and green fields in the distance, far away beyond a thickly built suburb; but the most striking view of all is that close by, the well-kept green banks of the second defence, rising some 70 feet from the broad moat below, with grand old cedars over a hundred years of age growing from its sides. The fine timber, the lay of the ground, the water lilies in the moat, the grandeur, good order and completeness of everything, equal, and in some ways far surpass, anything I have ever seen in Europe or any part of the world.

We made an expedition into the country. The cottages were surrounded with neatly clipped hedges, the private residences as well railed and kept as any place in England. The same completeness and finish exist in everything.

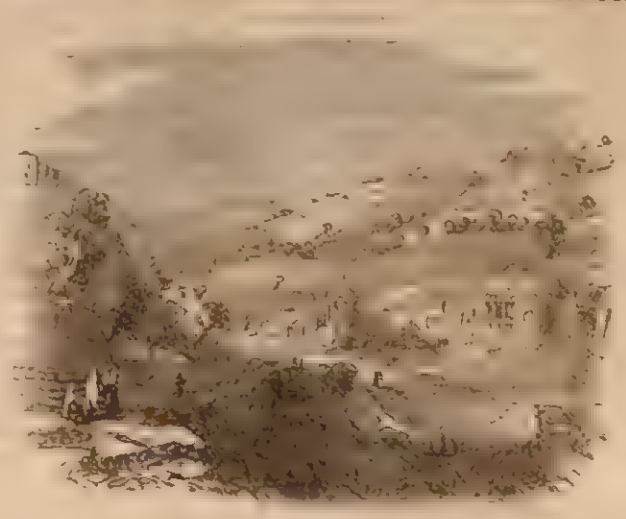
The Botanical Gardens are very good, and well-cared for; good nurseries of young pines, cedars, and other evergreens."

THE LAND OF CONTRARIES.—In Australia, the north is the hot wind, and the south the cool; the westerly the most unhealthy, and the east the most salubrious; it is summer with the colonists when it is winter at home, and the barometer is considered to rise before bad weather, and to fall before good; the swans are black, and the eagles are white; the mole lays eggs and has a duck's bill; the kangaroo, an animal between the deer and the squirrel, has five claws on his fore paws, three talons on his hind legs, like a bird, and yet he hops on his tail. There is a bird (*me liphaga*) which has a broom in its mouth instead of a tongue: a fish, one-half belonging to the genus *rara*, and the other that of *squalus*. The cod is found in the river, and the perch in the sea; the valleys are cold, and the mountain tops warm; the nettle is a lofty tree, and the poplar a dwarfish shrub; the cherry grows with stone outside; the fields are fenced with mahogany; the humblest house is fitted up with cedar, and the myrtle plants are burnt for fuel; the trees are without fruit, the flowers without scent, and birds without song.

WISDOM allows nothing to be good, that will not be so forever; no man to be happy, but he that needs no other happiness than what is within himself; no man to be great or powerful, that is not master of himself.—*Seneca*.

TASSO replied to a proposition that he should take vengeance on a man who had injured him, "I do not wish to deprive him either of his goods, his honor, or his life. I only wish to deprive him of his ill-will."

SCENES IN AND AROUND JERUSALEM.



VALLEY OF JEHOSAPHAT, OR KEDRON.

"SURELY there is no spot on earth like Jerusalem." Here the faithful ABRAHAM, with a confidence that knew no doubt, and a faith that "laughed at impossibilities," raised his hand in obedience to the divine command, to sacrifice his only son—the child of promise and of his old age;—here the son of JESSE tuned his harp—here SOLOMON, "arrayed in all his glory" astonished the world by his magnificence and wisdom. But, a greater than SOLOMON walked its streets, climbed its mountains, and taught His listening disciples under the shade of its ancient olives. The most hallowed memories, the most enchanting recollections spring at the mere mention of JERUSALEM—"name ever dear." "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion—the city of the Great King." Palestine, the land of Prophets, is now attracting universal attention, and its future is the subject of earnest thought and speculation. Many entertain the belief that it will ere long become truly "the joy of the whole earth." Whether their hopes are to be realized or not, we can say

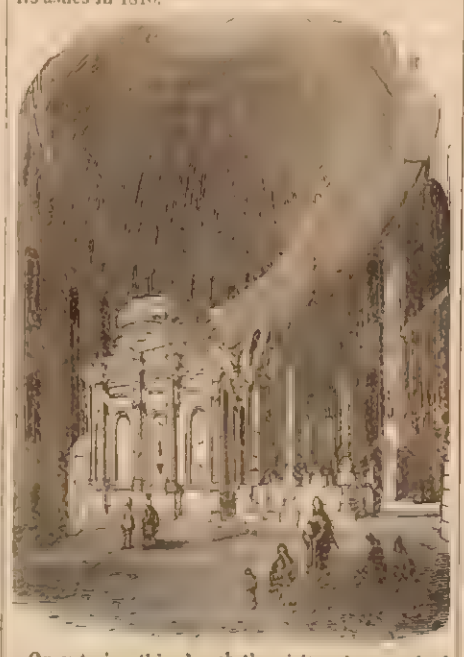
"Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our GOD."

Palestine it is known, is under Turkish rule. A few years ago no Frank, whether Jew or Christian was permitted to make oath in a Mahommedan court of Justice, nor could he own a foot of land. Death was the penalty inflicted on a Mahommedan who should forsake the religion of his fathers.—The late Russian war, and Anglo-French Alliance, have exerted a humanizing effect on the Turkish government. They seem to have discovered the important fact that they are not independent of the European powers; and that they cannot trample with impunity upon the rights of men, nor treat as dogs the citizens of other and better lands. A salutary and wonderful change has been made, and now the Mahommedan may change his religion without danger to life or property, and foreigners are not only permitted to occupy land in Palestine, but by a late *firman* they are invited to come there, or any other portion of the Ottoman empire, and occupy as much land as they may desire, on terms so extremely liberal as to accomodate the poorest, and astonish a Yankee land speculator.

These, and other events which we will not now mention, have directed especial attention to the land of Judea, and its chief city, and to gratify the earnest desire for knowledge on the subject, we design to present our readers with a series of illustrated sketches of scenes in and about Jerusalem. For the engravings we are indebted to JAMES CHALLEN & SON, publishers of the "City of the Great King," a most excellent work, upon which we shall draw largely for the subject matter of these sketches.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

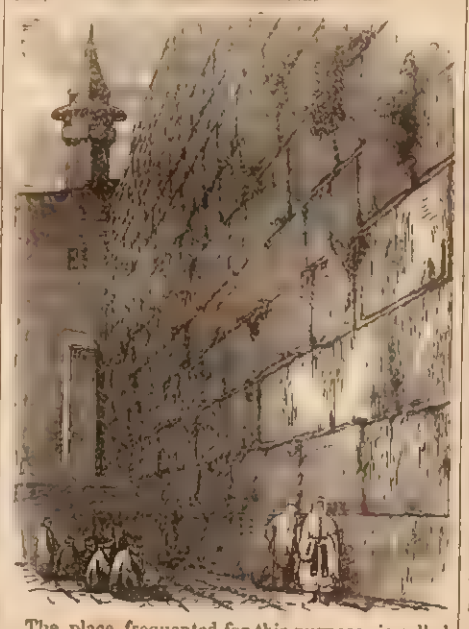
OVER the spot where it was supposed the Savior was buried, a magnificient pile of buildings, known as the *Church of the Holy Sepulchre* was erected by order of Constantine, and finished and dedicated in 335. This building was destroyed in 614 by the Persian and Jewish army under Chosroes II. Another series of buildings was, however, soon erected on the site of the former, which remained until 969, when they were burned by order of the Arabs. The church was again rebuilt in 1048, but in a much less imposing style than formerly, and in this state it was found by the Crusaders in 1099. It was soon enlarged and beautified. In 1808 the entire pile of building was again doomed to destruction; but phœnix-like rose from its ashes in 1810.



On entering this church the visitor is surprised and mortified to find the whole premises under the charge of a Turkish guard, armed with guns, swords and cowhides, the latter of which they use on the most trivial occasions. Although in this building is represented to be such an aggregation of rites of important events, as to stagger credulity itself, yet no one can enter it without a feeling of reverence. The body of the building is a large rotunda, about ninety-nine feet in diameter, surrounded by an imposing colonnade supporting the galleries and a lofty dome. It is on a slightly elevated platform, directly beneath the skylight of this dome, that we find the beautiful little marble church containing the alleged tomb in which the Lord of Life lay. It is only about ten feet in breadth, and twenty in length and height. Its appearance is very finely represented in the engraving; that is as it appears under ordinary circumstances, but during festal occasions it is very highly decorated.

THE WAILING PLACE.

THE Jews in Jerusalem are a down-trodden, mourning people. The words of HAMAN are as true now as they were when uttered at the time NEHEMIAH attempted the restoration of the city—"The remnant that are left of the captivity, there in the province, are in great affliction and reproach." They are oppressed not only by their Turkish masters, and by those styling themselves Christians, but even by their own Rabbis. Even at the present time it would cost any Jew in Jerusalem his life to venture into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, or even within the outer court of his beloved temple. The portion of the Temple wall approached by a narrow lane through what is called the Mogrebin Quarter, is esteemed the most sacred of all places to which they have access, on account of its vicinity to the Holy of Holies, and there they repair every Friday—indeed, in greater or less numbers every day—and weep and pray for the advent of the Messiah.



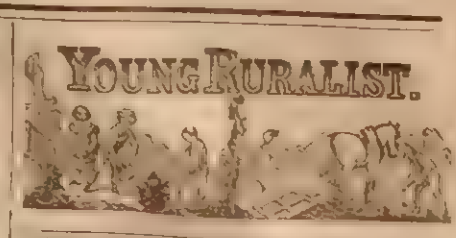
The place frequented for this purpose, is called the *Wailing Place*, and the engraving shows the disconsolate Jews engaged in this mournful service, which is described by an eye-witness as being affecting even unto tears.

VALLEY OF JEHOSAPHAT, OR KEDRON.

THE valley commencing on the north-west of Jerusalem, in two gentle depressions, and encompassing the city on the north and east, terminating at its junction with another similar valley, is the Kedron of the Bible and Josephus; but is called Jehosaphat by Jews, Christians and Mahommedans. This designation of the valley seems to date far back, but is equally gratuitous and absurd whether due to the mistaken notion that this valley is alluded to by JOEL in his prophecy about the "Valley of the Judgment of God," (*Yehosaphat*,) or to the equally mistaken idea that King Jehosaphat was buried in the tomb that now bears his name, for not only is the term a general, instead of a specific one, and the valley far too limited to contain even a ten-thousandth part of "all nations" of JOEL, but we are expressly informed that JEHOSAPHAT was buried in the city of David. The *Valley of Jehosaphat*, or *Decision*, as described in the Bible, is in all probability the great *Valley of Megiddo* or *Armageddon*, the wide plain of Esdraelon, where so many important battles have been fought by Jews, Assyrians, Turks, Saracens, Franks, &c.

That the *Valley of Kedron*, was known as *Jehosaphat*, of which we give an engraving, was used as a place of sepulture, according to the repeated declarations of Scripture, the tombs that abound throughout its length and breadth amply testify. Vineyards, fig-yards, and olive-yards, gardens and patches of green, occupy the entire extent. It may have been called *Kedron*, or *Filthy*, which is the meaning of the word, on account of receiving the blood and other offal from the Temple. RABBI AKABA says there was a certain cave or cess-pool beneath the altar, whereby filth and uncleanness was carried down into the Valley of Kedron; and the gardeners paid so much money as would purchase a trespass offering, for the privilege of fertilizing their gardens with it.

THAT was a beautiful idea expressed by a Christian lady on her death-bed. In reply to a remark of her brother who was taking leave of her to return to his distant residence, that he should probably never again meet her in the land of the living,—she answered:—"Brother, I trust we shall meet in the land of the living. We are now in the land of the dying."



INTERESTING ARITHMETICAL FACTS.

UNDER this heading "JUVENIS" made some statements which he thought would be useful, and others which, we rather think, were designed to puzzle the boys. The youth, however, must be much sharper now than when JUVENIS was a juvenile, for many have detected the *catch*, while others, like the following, which we give, are after him, rather sharp. We will leave him to fight his own battles:

EDS. RURAL:—"JUVENIS," in the RURAL of Dec. 18th, page 409, would like to know the *rationale* of the following result of figures, viz:—"Any sum multiplied by 5, or divided by 2, by adding a cypher, produces the same result." Well, according to *our* way of reckoning, if a cypher is joined to the right hand of any number, it increases that number ten times. Now, it is evident if I increase a given number 10 times, and take ½ that product, it is increased 5 times. Hence, the result is the same as though I had multiplied the number directly by 5.

He also wants to know of some of the "Boys," whether figures will "*lie*," and gives an example which I conclude he wants explained. I will do it *my* way—(See ex.) ½ + ⅓ + 1-5 + 1-6 = 19-20, which lacks 1-20 of making one; or in *this* case $600.—But $30, *the amount left after each son received his share*, makes up the $600. Hence $30 must be 1-20 of the whole sum. Now if $30 is 1-20, 20-20, or the *whole* must be 20 times $30, which is $600. So you see figures won't *lie* when *placed* right. But, when placed as *he* places them to ascertain the solid contents of a round stick of timber, tub or round cistern, viz:—"*If the article to be estimated is tapering, get the dimension of half the height or length*," and then work according to *his* rule, I think figures *will* "lie."

I would like to sell "JUVENIS" 1,000 solid feet of grain for 1,000 bushels; I should chent him out of some 200 bushels. Success to "JUVENIS."

Lyme, Ohio, Dec., 1858. BYRON.

BREAKING STEERS.

MESSRS. EDS.:—In answer to an inquiry from a "Young Farmer," I will give my advice for breaking steers. Prepare a yard, say twenty feet square, board fence, posts outside, and so high that all hope of escape to the animal is at once given up. Having a light whalebone or rattan with a short tip of a lash, in hand, and a few ears of corn in the pocket, or at hand, take the off steer alone in the yard and commence making his acquaintance, tap him gently, following him around, and restraining him by degrees. Let the word *whoa* be always *distinct*, hang the bow on his neck, put it on and off until he is familiar with the article; then introduce a light yoke, that the bow will work easy, and let the other end down. Yoke and unyoke until he is *completely subdued, feeding* him at intervals, and get his whole attention. No person should be in sight except the trainer. Then, take the near steer and go through same process, except the yoking and unyoking; get him familiar with the bow and yoke, and having him subdued to the word, or by the gentle tapping on the ear with the whip. Now yoke up the pair;—bring the near one under the yoke with the whip. Yoke and unyoke, say fifty times.

Keeping him always in reach of the whip, and holding the end of the yoke with your left hand, start him out forward and bring him around you, and under the yoke again, learning him to stop at the word and when the yoke touches his neck. The bow, when taken out, will be placed on his neck, so that he may carry it around—bring him around by the motion of the whip, sending him occasionally around the other steer, and always bringing him under the yoke. Steers will generally give up on the first lesson. Learning them to draw is a small matter, commencing with the chain, and loading by degrees, and never overload. The great secret is perseverance and kindness, discarding all harsh means—and his teachings should be followed up from day to day until completely under command. E. N. THOMAS.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

THAT was a neat little house that stood in the quiet vale. Many were the days we played beneath those lofty elms, and gathered flowers from the banks of the sparkling stream that wended its way through margins of moss until it poured its crystal contents into the majestic river. The place where our young ideas were first developed, and where each plastic character was moulding for time and eternity. There we were accustomed to meet from day to day, and have offered to us those cool and refreshing draughts from the Pierian spring. Memory lends her power and

"Calls back the vanished days to rapture given,
When Love was bliss, and Beauty formed our heaven;
Or dear to youth portrays each childish scene,
Those fairy bowers where all in turn have been."

Many, in future years, whose names, perhaps, may be celebrated in history, or named in song for the noble deeds done to their country, may look upon that house as the place where they received the first impulse which urged them onward to future greatness. To those who have become inmates of classic halls, the world will never seem brighter than when they ramble through the green fields with their playfellows, and unravelled the mysteries of their daily task, and shared unreservedly their boyish confidence.

Hereafter when called upon to stem the current of life's busy cares, O, may their bark glide as smoothly as did their tiny canoe adown the limpid rivulet by the Old School House.

"But if through the course of the years that await me,
Some new scene of pleasure should open to view,
I will say, while with rapture the thought shall elate me,
O, such were the days which my infancy knew."

Sunny Farm, 1858. LILLIE.

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A 65,000 Farm For Sale—J. M. J. Jefts.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 8, 1859.

"Rural" Progress.—Thanks to its friends all over the land, we are enabled to announce that the receipts on subscription to present volume of the Rural far exceed those during the corresponding period of any year since its commencement. We bend in grateful acknowledgment of the numerous and substantial favors we are receiving from all quarters, and shall earnestly strive to merit this unexpectedly large appreciation of the Rural.

Washington Matters.

The President has signed a proclamation ordering a public sale of 4,800,000 acres of land in Wisconsin during April and May, including the alternate sections which belong to government along the Railroad lines. Such of the lands as may not be sold will be subject to private entry.

The statement of the claims of American citizens against Mexico is completed. They amount to nearly $11,000,000. Other claims are in the course of preparation. The reported revolutionary movements in Cuba have been anticipated by the government here for two months past.

It appears from the official returns from Bremen and Hamburg, two of the most important emigrant ports of Europe, that the number of emigrants thence to the U. S. was 41,840 for the ten months and a half previous to Nov. 15th. This is considerably less than the emigration for the same period in the year previous.

Lord Lyons, according to the latest British advices, will reach Washington about the first of March.

There is a prospect that the House Military Committee will report in favor of a protectorate over a portion of Mexico. The precise limits are not fixed. A large number of Southern members, however, including almost the whole of South Carolina's delegation, will oppose a protectorate, preferring to stand upon the provisions of the existing treaty, which establishes a cordon of military posts on the dividing line of the two countries.

Dispatches at the Navy Depot, from Commodore Lavalette, of the Wabash, dated Beirout, Nov. 3d, are received, but they add nothing new to what is already known concerning his investigation of the outrages on American citizens at Jaffa. The Commodore has transmitted all the documents in the case to our Minister at Constantinople, and thinks there will be no delay in obtaining justice.

The correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune*, under date 30th inst., writes that Gov. Medary, of Kansas has made a requisition upon the President for military aid in suppressing the disturbance in the Territory near Fort Scott. The official report relative to the late troubles in Kansas was considered by the Cabinet on Thursday, when it was determined to adopt a course which should bring Montgomery and Brown to speedy justice, and orders for that purpose were immediately dispatched to the Marshal of the Territory.

Important dispatches were received on the 2d from the Gulf of Mexico, which led to prolonged consultations between the President, Gen. Cass and Mr Preston, the Minister to Spain. What is their tenor has not transpired.

From a report of the Secretary of the Interior, made to the Senate, it appears that the entire cost of the Government buildings in Washington, including statuary and paintings, has been $14,709,-

Political Intelligence.

The Inauguration ceremonies at Albany on the 1st inst., it is said, passed off with more than usual eclat. Gov. King, stepping out, welcomed his successor in a very happy manner, while Gov. Morgan congratulated his Executive forerunner in retiring from the office he had "so honorably filled." Both Houses will convene to-day (Tuesday) at 11 A. M. Lieut. Gov. Campbell presides in the Senate. The Assembly will be called to order by Mr. Wilson, Clerk of the last House, and he will continue to preside until the election of a Speaker. The Oath of Office will be administered to the members by the Secretary of State. After the Assembly shall be organized, by the election of its Officers, the Governor's Message will be communicated to both Houses. The hour at which we go to press compels us to omit further note of proceedings until our next issue.

The first of January was inauguration day in several other states, beside our own. Governors Morrell of Maine, and Banks of Massachusetts, re-commence their official terms with the year.—Governors Wisner of Michigan, Burton of Delaware, and Ellis of North Carolina, also enter upon their duties.

Gov. Lowe of Iowa, has refused to call an extra session of the Legislature of that State, which had been demanded on the ground of the necessity of further legislation in aid of the Iowa railroad enterprises and the enactment of relief laws.

The Legislatures of California and Wisconsin met on the 3d inst. That of Pennsylvania meets to-day, (Tuesday.) Those of Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts and Michigan to-morrow, (Wednesday.) That of Illinois next week Monday. That of New Jersey next week Tuesday. At the coming sessions, U. S. Senators are to be elected in Michigan, Maine, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Minnesota, Illinois, Delaware, Louisiana.

The Missouri Legislature permanently organized on the 28th ult. by the election of Mr. Coffey, Dem., as Speaker, Mr. Mosely, Clerk of the House, and Mr. Hough, Clerk of the Senate. The Governor's Message says the amount received from the Treasury for the two years ending Oct. 1st, was $1,361,000, and the expenditures, $1,132,000. In speaking of railroads, he says: The amount loaned by the State is $24,950,000, of which bonds have been issued to the amount of $10,056,000, leaving an amount due of $5,894,000. The geographical survey is progressing rapidly and disclosing exhaustless quantities of iron, lead, copper and coal. Some additional legislation is suggested in order to harmonize the different interests growing out of the Banking law. As an evidence of the advance of education, the Governor says the number of public school houses has increased from 1,500 to 3,380 and the amount of money raised for building school houses from $30,000 to $130,000. The establishment of an agricultural college is urged.

The Washington correspondent of the *Baltimore American*, says: "It is doubtful if the new Legislature of Minnesota will meet, and hence probable that no election for the successor of Gen. Shields in the Senate will take place. By a strange omission in the Constitution, which was accepted by both parties, no provision was inserted prescribing the tenure of the members of the Legislature, or for fixing the time of its meeting." The Governor, we suppose, can remedy this deficiency but he and the Legislature wear different political complexions, and he is understood to refuse.

All the hot water is not confined to Minnesota, for we hear that our Canvassers at Albany have decided to refuse certificates of election to the six Congressmen from New York city, for the reason that the returns in each case read "For Member of Congress," instead of "For Representative in Congress."

Terrible Railroad Accident.—The telegraph, on the 31st ult., put us in possession of the fact that a dreadful railroad accident had occurred in Georgia, on the Columbus and Macon road, but the statements are so conflicting that we are unable to gain any definite idea as to the destruction of life. The first dispatch stated that "Forty persons were killed and drowned;" the second "a fireman and wood-passer killed, and G. W. Smith, engineer, had his jaw broken. No passengers killed;" the third that "J. H. Miller, engineer, the firemen and wood-passer, and Conductor Small, were killed, and several of the passengers drowned," while the fourth gives the names of eight passengers and one train hand killed, in addition to engineer, conductor, &c.,—making fourteen—and further states, "the other bodies have not been recovered." While there is a degree of uncertainty enveloping this melancholy affair, sufficient information has been obtained to give it a fearful pre-eminence among the disasters of this kind that have visited railroad travel in our country.

N. Y. Canal Convention.—During the past week a Convention of forwarders and others, favorable to the enlargement of the canals, was held at Syracuse. Among the resolutions adopted was one asking the Legislature to enact a law providing for the submission to the people of the question of the authorizing a loan for the full payment of the canal debt existing on the 1st of January, 1859,—and another requiring the passage of a law providing for the publication of the rates of freight on railroads at stated periods, for the equalization of way with through freights, at a pro-rata established by law, with stringent penalties for violation, and a provision forbidding the increase of winter tariff to a rate exceeding 20 per cent. above the lowest rate charged during the season of canal navigation.

Nicaragua Affairs.—Information was received at Washington on the 30th ult., from Nicaragua, which shows that Yrisarri has not been recalled, but that his resignation as Minister to the United States, heretofore tendered, has been accepted.

The Central American States are more than ever impressed with the necessity of forming a Confederacy for their mutual protection. It is said to be highly probable that Nicaragua would take no decisive action on the Cass-Yrisarri Treaty, until after the arrival of Sir William Gore Ouseley, whose arrival was daily expected.

The Weather of December, 1858.

While the four months preceding November were exceedingly pleasant, the last months of the year have been quite the reverse, and have given us very little clear and fair weather.

In the first half of December, not one day was clear for one-half of the 24 hours. Indeed, of the 45 daily observations, at 7 A. M. and 2 and 9 P. M., only four were *clear*. The mean heat was one degree above the average. Rain was enough.

In the last half we had one day clear throughout, the 18th, that very cold day over the northern and north-eastern regions from us, and cold also here. December 16th was also mostly clear; the rest all clouds. Still, we have found the time quite *livable*, and some have said it was pleasant. The average heat was 2.5° above the mean of 21 years, and of the month is towards 2° above the mean.

The canal froze on Dec. 9th and 10th, and has remained in that state through the thawing of the earth's surface two or three times since.

Sleighing has not been in this section in this month, though sleighs have been in use in Auburn for a few days, at Utica for much of the month.—The greatest heat was on the 14th, and was 56°, and on the 31st was 41°; the least heat was 8°, on both the 18th and 25th. The rain of the month was 3.48 inches.

For the Romans, the year was divided by Romulus into *ten* months, the last of which was December, from *decem*, ten, and *imber*, a shower, storm, or weather, and it meant the tenth division of the weather of the year. Numa soon after added the two months, January and February, so as to bring the reckoning to a nearer accordance with the revolution of the sun.

The sun was farthest south on December 21st, about nine in the evening, and the 21st, of course, was the shortest day.

Another year has gone; to many the record of sad and afflicted days, and to far more, of prosperity and joy. Let it not be said, "We take no note of time," by even one thoughtless heart. Its value is shown by the little God gives us for the present instant, and by the incessant repetition of that second. Let us be wise to-day; then shall we be worthy to receive the greeting of a "Happy New Year."

C. D.

Butter Shipments to California.—The New York *Tribune* states that the shipments of butter made during the month of November ult. for the California market, as specified by the manifest of each vessel, is as follows:—Ocean Telegraph, 856 firkins; Sea Nymph, 318; Moonlight, 843; Alleghany, 1,112; Ivanhoe, 1,399; Industry, 50; Prima Donna, 297; Fearless, 100; Neptune's Favorite, Walter Lord, 387; Herald of the Morning, 75—Total, 6,349 firkins. Unspecified (under the name of merchandise;) Ocean Telegraph, 232 firkins; Sea Nymph, 416; Moonlight, 49; Prima Donna, 539; Neptune's Favorite, 284; Walter Lord, 57—making 1,577 firkins. Sum total, 7,926. Calculating each firkin at 100 lbs. net, at 25 cents per lb., makes the cost $198,150.

The City of Jeddo, the Capital of Japan.—The city of Jeddo is said to be, without exception, the largest city in the world. It contains 1,500,000 dwellings, and the unparalleled number of 5,000,000 of people. Some of the streets are nineteen Japaneserls in length, which is equal to twenty-two English miles. The commerce of Japan is immense, and the sea along their cost is covered with ships. Their vessels are laden in the southern portion of the Empire with rice, tea, seacoal, tobacco, silk, cotton, and tropical fruits, all of which find a market in the north, and then return freighted with corn, salt, oil, isinglass and other productions of the north, which find a market in the south.

Expenditures of the British Government.—The total expenditures of the British Government for the year ending 31st of March last, in round numbers, was $365,000,000, or a million dollars a day. The army expenditure was about $64,000,000, and that for the navy $52,000,000; miscellaneous civil expenses, including the dowry of $1,000,000 to the Princess Royal, $35,000,000. For the Persian expedition there was paid to the East India Company nearly $4,000,000; and also to the East India Company, for the war with China, nearly $3,000,000.

Education in France.—The national appropriations in France for 1859, are, for the war department 345,000,000 francs, and for primary education in the common schools only 6,000,000 francs. The city of New York alone allows nearly this sum for its public schools, and yet its population is only about 700,000, while France has a population of 36,000,000. The whole sum voted for public education was 20,000,000 francs, of which 14,000,000 are to be devoted to superior education in the colleges of letters, arts and sciences.

Mt. Vernon Fund.—The ladies of Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, have caught the fever and are raising a fund to assist in the purchase of Mount Vernon. They have already raised over two hundred dollars. The Advertiser says:—Go on ladies; the donation will be as acceptable sent from this

"——— bright little isle of our own,
In blue summer ocean far off and alone,"

as though raised within sight of the sacred spot where rest the remains of the "Father of his Country."

A Lake Erie Vessel in the Bosphorus.—The schooner D. B. Sexton, which sailed from Cleveland on the 29th May last, for London, arrived safely in Constantinople on the 8th of November, after a rough passage up the Mediterranean. The Captain states that he outsailed everything in his course, and was the first of a fleet of one hundred and fifty sail that arrived at that port, and without breaking a rope-yarn or leaking a drop.

Death of a Sister of Robert Burns.—Isabella Burns, the youngest sister of the poet, more generally known as Mrs. Begg, died recently at her cottage near Ayr, in her eighty-eighth year.

Sebastopol is still a place of desolation, its numbers of 40,000 having dwindled to 6,000. Many of the inhabitants live in the huts left by the Allies.

News Paragraphs.

There are manifest symptoms of revolution again in Italy. Arrests have been made at Pavia and Milan. All the Italian peninsula is full of volcanic political elements, and a grand revolution is certain to take place sooner or later. Constant vigilance and espionage are required to prevent a serious and general outbreak.

A Houston (Texas) letter says that the cotton crop of that State has turned out better than was anticipated; corn is abundant and cheap; the wheat crop was plentiful; a greatly increased quantity of wheat will be sown the coming season; the Chinese sugar cane has proved a decided success; immigration, both foreign and domestic, is pouring into the State; one hundred and fifty miles of railroad will be finished this year; great interest is taken in common school education, etc., etc.

A revolution is impending in Cuba. A part of the troops are ready to join in the movement, and the authorities are so thoroughly frightened that they are courting the assistance of France. Such is the rumor in New Orleans.

The two Mexican Presidents are trying to see which can sell out first. Zuloga (the President in power,) is urging the English to come in and establish a Protectore, while Juarez (the insurgent) has an envoy dining with Gen. Cass and Mr. Buchanan, at Washington and urging them to do the same thing.

Gen. James Gadsen, formerly U. S. Minister at Mexico, died at Charleston, S. C. on the 26th inst. He was appointed Minister to Mexico in 1853, and negotiated the treaty with the Government of that country, which bears his name. He was about sixty years of age.

According to a London paper, the late Robert Owen's sons, David and Richard, are about to establish a school of the Practical Sciences at New Harmony, Indiana.

The Baltimore Sun says that the trial trip of Ross Winan's cigar-shaped steamer, will be made in about three weeks. She will be propelled by four engines of 1,000 horse-power each.

Senator Rice recently stated, in a speech in the Senate, that in 1816 the first effort was made to navigate the lakes. In 1841 the trade reached the aggregate of $65,000,000; and in 1856 it swelled to the enormous amount of $608,000,000.

There are signs of war in Europe. France is quietly arming; the entire conscription of 1857, 140,000 men, has been called out, and a large force is concentrating on the south-eastern frontier of the Empire. The Italian people are on the verge of revolution, Austria is intriguing with the Pope, and Sardinia, standing between the two Empires, is drilling her armies. However, let whatever will happen, it would only be a change of masters for the Italians. It matters little whether it is France or Austria.

The delinquent tax list of San Francisco for the past year fills nearly eight pages of the newspapers of that city, and comprises about one-half of the year's assessments. The manuscript copy consisted of two reams of closely written foolscap. This indicates a great revulsion since the fast times of the early gold discoveries.

The Old State Bank of Indiana.—An honest bank; one that lived and *died* honestly; think of that. By the report of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, the old State Bank is credited with a profit to the State of $2,780,604 39, arising from the stock taken by the State in the old bank; the bonds issued for the stock are provided for; the sum above named is clear profit. It is all safe too; and by law its proceeds are hereafter to be devoted to the school fund. One can hardly help regretting that a bank so remarkable as this is wound up; for it is honestly closed up, without cheating its stockholders, or other people, and note-holders all safe. But, perhaps, it was best that it should live no longer; as, if it had lived, it might have fallen into the sinful ways of other moneyed institutions. Let a monument be raised over the tomb of this institution. "Here lies the shade of a bank that paid all its dues, made a profit for the State, and went to an honorable grave; leaving a successor with a very bad beginning, but with a good example to follow." So says a Western paper.

New Counterfeits.—The Banks Deceived.—A very large quantity of counterfeit $20 bills on the State Bank of Troy has been circulated in Western cities lately. So well executed is this spurious bill that the most expert detectives have been deceived, and large quantities have been taken by the banks. On the 29th ult., some $800 was received at the Assorting House, and sent to the Bank Department, where it was examined and pronounced a fraud, although had it not been known that such bills had been circulated, it might have deceived even the Register whose name is on them. On the 30th, $2,000 was received by the State Bank of Troy with exchanges from Western cities and returned to the agencies in this city and New York. The State Bank of Troy has issued a circular calling in all their $20's, so that they may be destroyed.

The Paraguay Expedition Heard From.—The New York Herald has correspondence from Pernambuco to the 29th of November.

The steamers Fulton, Lane and Water Witch, of the Paraguay expedition, which had put in there for coal, had left again for their destination.

The Brazilians, as well as foreigners, at Pernambuco, sympathize cordially with the objects of our Government.

A complimentary address had been presented to ex-Consul Clements, of the United States, by trading firms at Pernambuco.

Ministerial Resignation in Canada.—The Toronto Globe announces the resignation of Mr. Sicotte, Chief Commissioner of Public Works, and says that the immediate occasion of the step is alleged to be the unwillingness or the inability of the Government to mature a policy, embracing leading questions, in view of the approaching meeting of Parliament. We notice that the telegraph attributes the resignation to a disagreement on the Seat of Government question,—Mr. Sicotte being opposed to the Queen's award in favor of Ottawa.

The News Condenser.

— It is said that the King of Prussia has recovered his health.

— Foreign letter writers say that a revolution in Italy is approaching.

— The New York Fireman have now a permanent fund of $95,250.

— The whole number of Jews in Europe at the present time is 2,451,178.

— Col. Fremont's Mariposa claim yields from $1,500 to $3,000 every week.

— It is said that Mr. Read, our Minister to China, is about to return home.

— The report of the death of Col. Albert Pike, of Arkansas, is contradicted.

— The Chicago, Iowa and Nebraska Railroad is completed to Lisbon, Iowa.

— A sowing machine has been invented to be used in the bottoming of shoes.

— Lola Montez is lecturing in Dublin, Ireland, on America and its people.

— The number of prisoners in the Illinois State Prison on December 1, was 649.

— The London Times speaks of the city of Portland, Me., as a *Canadian* town.

— The whole number of Indians within our limits is estimated at about 350,000.

— Mr. Spurgeon is expected to be in New York during the May anniversaries.

— The aggregate value of furs exported from St. Paul, Minn., this year, is $161,022.

— An extensive plan is being organized in New York city to send emigrants to Arizona.

— A company of gipseys are said to be encamped within two miles of Norwalk, Ohio.

— Since the first of November, eight persons have been tried, for their lives, in Boston.

— Alex. Cameron, of Chatham, C. W., was killed by a threshing machine, on the 25th ult.

— It is intended to make Commodore Stewart an Admiral, the title to expire with his death.

— Professors Agassiz and Bache highly approve of the project of another Arctic expedition.

— Cairo, Ill., which was so terribly drowned last spring, has just been scorched by a large fire.

— The total distance between St. Louis and San Francisco by the new overland route is 2,765 miles.

— The Chicago city prison physician had under his care the past year 100 cases of delirium tremens.

— The San Antonio Ledger says there are six Mexicans living there whose joint ages foot up 613 years.

— The Philadelphia Young Men's Christian Association contemplate the erection of a hall to cost $150,000.

— The King of Naples is said to have decided that all foreigners employed in his State must be naturalized.

— The wealth of the two great centres—Boston and New York—amounts to eight hundred millions of dollars.

— A woman in Chesterfield county, Va., was burnt to death, lately, by going to bed with a pipe in her mouth.

— The government, since its organization, has paid out up to June 30th, 1858, the sum of $86,876,087 in pensions.

— During the past year Delaware Co. has furnished the New York market with over half a million pounds of butter.

— Geo. Eustis, Ex-Chief Justice of Louisiana, died at New Orleans on the 22d ult. He was a native Massachusetts.

— Within the last three years the number of unknown persons who have died in New York has averaged 400 per annum.

— Several new and extensive guano deposits have been discovered in the Pacific, and taken possession of by the U. S.

— A hog was exhibited in Newburgh, N. Y., last week which weighed 766 pounds, after being dressed and the head taken off.

— The people of Iceland are moving for an independent goverment. The project is favored in the Danish Lower Chamber.

— Twenty brides and bridegrooms went out passengers in the Arago, which sailed from New York, on Saturday week.

— A young man of Butler Co., Ohio, has been suddenly stricken entirely dumb, without any apparent previous ailment.

— The Mt. Vernon Fetes, in New York city, cost about $1,000 per night; and the receipts were not much above the expenses.

— The Mississippi Senate has passed a resolution appropriating $30,000 for a monument to the late General Quitman, at Natchez.

— During one week 542,600 lbs. of butter passed the Willwich toll-gate, in Ulster Co., for N. Y. city. Its cash value is $135,000.

— Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, brother of Henry Ward Beecher, has been elected Captain of a military company in Elmira, N. Y.

— A large number of petitions have been presented in the House for the abolition of the office of Chaplain in the Army and Navy.

— There was imported into this country, last year, 300,000 lbs. of opium. Not more than one-tenth is used for strictly medicinal purposes.

— If the new law against free negroes goes into operation in Maryland, full 25,000 persons must leave the State, or be sold into slavery.

— There are now 36 coast survey parties in the field and afloat—on the Atlantic coast, 18; on the Gulf coast, 12; and on the Pacific coast, 6.

— Since the Montalembert trial all the English papers sent to France have been confiscated, and telegraphic messages have been intercepted.

— Such is the popularity in France of the Suez canal project of M. de Lesseps, 3,000 street porters in Marseilles are among the subscribers.

— The Memphis Avalanche of the 15th ult., notices a sale of 1,520 bales of cotton for $77,000, being the largest single sale ever made in that city.

— A New York correspondent of the Boston Advertiser states that Washington Irving has made a donation of $500 to the Mount Vernon Fund.

— The Susan has returned from Nicaragua without having been able to land the filibusters. She is now cruising near the mouth of the Colorado.

— Another company of filibusters has set sail for Nicaragua, and another revenue cutter has fired a harmless shot at the departing "emigrants."

— On Dec. 3d, the regent of the Mt. Vernon Ladies' Association paid John A. Washington $57,000, with interest, the amount due on the first installment.

— New York is certainly a great city. They have now a "Dog Boarding House." The keeper will, for $1 per week, board dogs, and train them for $1 50.

Old World Matters.

During the past week the Fulton, from Havre and Cowes on the 15th ult., and the America from Liverpool, arrived at Halifax. The passage of the Fulton was a very unpleasant one, having to contend with violent western gales for eighteen days.

From Great Britain we glean the following items of news:—Lord Aberdeenshire is to succeed Lord Napier at Washington. The arrests mentioned in our last issue continue in Ireland; seventeen young men have been imprisoned in Belfast in addition to those arrested in Cork. An extraordinary general meeting of the Cable Company was held in London on the 15th, at which the report of the condition of its affairs pecuniarily was made. The total receipts of the company on its capital have been £387,479, and the expenditures £364,046. Balance on hand £8,449, against which, however, are various outstanding liabilities. Mr. Whitehouse, the late electrician, announced the establishment of another company, and made propositions for a fusion, but it was decided that while the application to Government for aid was pending it would be improper to entertain such propositions. Breadstuffs and provisions are dull, and the London money market closed very flat at latest dates.

But little of moment is transpiring on the continent, if we except Italy, the condition of which country is represented to be growing more and more serious every day, the impression being general that a political crisis is at hand.

From Russia we learn that the emancipation schemes of the Emperor were being strenuously opposed by the nobility, among whom a powerful party is said to have been formed, entertaining a project for increasing their power and diminishing that of the Emperor.

The news from China is meagre. It is said that the tariff question is in course of adjustment, and that the Court of Pekin is acting in entire good faith in its dealings with both the British and Americans.

From the Pacific Side.

The steamer Illinois arrived at New York on the 29th ult. She left Aspinwall on the 20th, bringing California mails of the 6th, and $1,494,000 in treasure. The California news has been mostly anticipated by the Overland Route.

The Isthmus.—Late and direct intelligence from Panama, reiterates that much excitement prevails there concerning the President's Message, but affords no basis for the belief that revolutionary movement is contemplated. The general tone of the advices is such as to warrant the assertion that the intervention of the French government has not been requested for any purpose, while it is reported that the authorities of Jamaica, through the efforts of the Captain General of Cuba, satisfied the claims of certain Spanish subjects, this being an isolated case. The additional statement is made that the difficulties between the government of Spain and that of Mexico, are in a fair way of an early adjustment.

Chile.—Valparaiso dates of Nov. 16th, and Callao of Nov. 26th, have been received. An immense fire had occurred at Valparaiso, entailing a loss of $3,000,000; insurance, $1,726,000. The fire originated in Union Club Block, and burnt the entire range of buildings from the Passage Edwards thro' Plaza del Orden to the Ruebradale San Juan de Vios. Several firemen lost their lives, and a number of persons were injured. Trade was unusually dull.

Peru.—Legislature passed an act for general indemnification of all persons except Louis Lanar.

Propositions were brought before Congress to sell guano at the Chinchas at $30 per ton, delivered alongside the ship to any purchasers. The bill was reported favorably on, and will probably pass.

Equador is still blockaded, the only vessels allowed to enter being the mail steamers. No fighting occurred.

Central America—The Fillibusters, &c.—The Central American news by the Illinois, is generally unimportant. A letter from Realejo, says that Gen. Lamar has stated that there is not the least necessity for a naval officer in the waters of Nicaragua. The Government has called on New Grenada to prevent the Fillibusters from crossing the Isthmus.

Advices from Carthagenia state that the Legislature has passed a law authorizing the levying of a contribution on all persons for the support of the Roman Catholic Church. It has caused much excitement.

Since the above was in type a telegraph informs us of the wreck of the Susan and the arrival of the British war steamer Basilisk at Mobile Bay with 100 of the "emigrants" on board.

The Fraser River Gold Mines.—The glowing accounts of the richness of the Fraser River Mines, which were published immediately on their discovery, were very deceptive. The following condensed statement from a recent San Francisco paper, exhibits the contrast between romance and hard reality:

"1. That nearly all the gold dug in New Columbia has been brought to California. 2. That the gross amount will scarcely exceed half a million of dollars. 3. That for the space of six months out of the nine that the Fraser River Mines have been worked, at least ten thousand miners, of all sorts and classes, were engaged in the operation. 4. That during the other three months, not less than two thousand persons were so employed.

Leaving the last mentioned class entirely out of the question, and throwing in the result of their labors, we shall have a return of $50 to each miner of the ten thousand for his six months hard work. Then reckon expenses, say about $350 per man for the period mentioned, including passage money, and we come to the unfavorable conviction that they sustained a loss of $300 each."

Sonora, over which Mr. Buchanan proposes a protectorate, contains 15,000,000 acres of land, and a population of 130,000, including Indians. The number of white inhabitants does not probably exceed 30,000. Sonora is believed to be one of the richest mineral regions of the known world.

Books Received.

The Banks of New York, their Dealers, the Clearing House, and the Panic of 1857. With a Financial Chart. By J. S. Gibbons. Thirty Illustrations by Herrick. New York: Appletons. Sold by Dewey.

The Story of Bethlehem. A Book for the Young. By John R. Macduff, D. D. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. [pp. 202—beautifully printed and illustrated.] Sold by Dewey.

Night Caps. By the author of "Aunt Fanny's Christmas Stories." New York: Appletons. Sold by Cole & Adams.

Sunshine; or, Kate Vinton. By Harriet B. M'Keever, author of "Twilight Musings," etc. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. Sold by Dewey.

Howard and his Teacher, the Sister's Influence, and other Stories. By Mrs. Madeline Leslie, author of "Cora and the Doctor," "Courtesies of Wedded Life," "Household Angels," etc. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown. Sold by Dewey and Alling.

The Aimwell Stories. Jessie; or, Trying to be Somebody. By Walter Aimwell. With illustrations. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. Sold by Cole & Adams. Clark & Brothers. Sold by Dewey and Alling.

Trying to be Useful. By Mrs. Madeline Leslie. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown. Sold by Dewey.

Our Charley, and What to do with Him. By Mrs. H. B. Stowe. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Sold by Dewey.

Cole & Adams, of this city, have favored us with ten or twelve volumes issued by the American Sunday-School Union, Philadelphia. Our juveniles are delighted with them, and the seniors have been so much interested that we can safely commend the publications of the Union (taking these as specimens) as eminently adapted for Sunday-Schools, and Juvenile, Family and Parish Libraries, &c. The Union's publications are sold by Cole & Adams.

—We have also received various pamphlets, &c., some of which will be specially noticed.

The Mustee; or, Love and Liberty. By B. F. Prescard. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown—1859. Sold by Wm. Alling.

Among others, we are in receipt of a beautifully printed pamphlet issued by the N. Y. State Ag. Society, purporting, on the cover to be an Address delivered at the recent State Fair by Jos. P., and on the title page by Jos. B. Williams. No such person did any such thing, though Hon. Joseph R. Williams, President of the Mich. State Ag. College, might have committed such an indiscretion.

Deaths.

In this city, on the 3d inst., of croup, EMMA LOUISE, daughter of John S. and Caroline L. Brown, aged 5 years and 4 months.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, Rochester, Jan. 4, 1859.

In Flour and Grain we can note but slight alterations in prices, and trade seems to be confined to home wants.

Pork has recovered slightly from last week's depression, and buyers are exceeding busy now-a-days.

Poultry has put on an additional cent in value during the week.

For many years we have not seen as much hay in market as is to be found this A. M., and as a consequence, prices have fallen off slightly.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

Flour and Grain.		Eggs, dozen	13c
Flour, wint wheat	$5,75@6,50	Honey, box	15@18c
Do. spring do.	$4,75@5,50	Candles, box	12@13c
Do. Buckwheat ₱ cwt.	$1,88	**Fruits and Roots.**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,10@1,25	Apples, bushel	50c@$1,00
Best white Canada	$1,10@1,25	Do dried	$1,25@1,50
Corn	60c	Potatoes	28@45c
Rye, 60 lbs ₱ bush	42@43c	**Hides and Skins.**	
Oats	42@43c	Slaughter	5½@6c
Barley	62½c	Calf	10c
Buckwheat	48@50c	Sheep pelts	50c@$1,25
Beans	65@70c	Lamb do	37½@40c
Meats.		**Seeds.**	
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,00	Clover, bush	$4,00@5,00
Do cwt	$6,00@6,75	Timothy	$2,00@2,25
Beef ₱ cwt	$5,00@5,50	**Sundries.**	
Spring lambs each	$1,50@2,00	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Mutton (carcass)	2½@3c	Do. soft	$3,00@3,00
Hams, smoked	9@9½c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,25
Shoulders	6@7c	Do. Scranton	$5,00@5,50
Chickens	6@7c	Do Blossburg	$5,00@5,50
Turkeys	8@9c	Do. Shamokin	$5,00@5,50
Geese	38@44c	Do Char.	10 @12½c
Dairy, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,30@1,35
Butter, roll	16@18c	Hay, tun	$7,00@10,00
Do. firkin	15c	Wool ₱ lb	25@43c
Cheese	8@9c	White fish, bbl	$6,50@7,00
Lard, tried	10c	Codfish ₱ quintal	$4,75@5,00
Tallow	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	$6,50@7,00

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3.—Flour—The new year opens with a better local and eastern trade demand at an improvement in prices. Sales at $4,35@5,50 for common to choice superfine State; $5@5,25 for extra State; $4,35@4,65 for super Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa; $5@5,25 for common to good medium and extra do.; $5,45@5,65 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing firm. Canadian flour scarce and firmer. Sales at $5,25@5,50 common to choice extra.

Grain—Wheat a shade firmer, with better local demand. Sales at $1,20 for winter red Illinois and Indiana; $1,30 for white Michigan and Indiana; $1,45@1,55 for do. Kentucky. Rye, market quiet and firm at 75@80c for inferior to prime. The Barley market is quiet and nominal at 70@93c. Corn firm and quiet. Sales at 73@75c for new Southern and Jersey yellow; 75@76½c for do. white South; 73c for new Northern yellow; there were rumored sales of mixed western in store at 78@80c—not generally credited. Oats firmer at 50@53c for State; 56@57c for western, and 56@58c for Canadian.

Provisions—Market for Pork dull. Sales made at $17@17,-62 for mess; $13@13,50 for prime. Total stock in all the packing yards in New York and Brooklyn, January 1, 1859, 6,823 lbs., of which 13,748 is old. Dressed Hogs are selling at 9@9¼ @7¾ for the whole range. The Lard market is firmer. Sales at 11¼@11½c. Butter is selling at 12@20c for Ohio; 15@25c for State. Cheese at 8@9½c, as to quality.

ALBANY, Jan. 3.—Flour and Meal—There is a moderate business doing in flour, at steady prices. Buckwheat flour is selling from store at $2,31. Corn meal is steady.

Grain—Wheat is in moderate request for milling, with sales White Canadian at $1,37. Corn quiet and dull. Barley firm, with sales of Canada East on p. t. Oats in moderate request, with sales State at 49c, measure.

DETROIT, Dec. 29.—Flour Dull, and but little activity looked for until the winter ends We note the following sales to the home trade :-Fine at $4,25, extra at $5,12½, and $5 Buckwheat flour, sale of 6,000 lbs, at $2 1½c. Corn meal, sale of 7,000 lbs, at $1,37½ ₱ cwt.

Grain Wheat buoyant; sales from store at $1,20; from street at $1,12½, and 300 bu from store at $1,12½. Corn, no sales, holders asking 55c for new, being a decline of 1c since yesterday Oats, no change, sale from street at 44½c.

Butter Held at 14@16c for firkin and roll.

Dressed Hogs—We note but few sales, the weather being mild, but few are offered in the street Sales averaging 250 lbs at $6; averaging 190 lbs at $5,75, averaging 275 lbs at $6,-25, averaging 225 lbs at $6,12½, and averaging 230 lbs. at $6,12½.—*Advertiser.*

CHICAGO, Dec. 29.—Flour—Inactive but nominally firm at $4a4,25 for low spring extras; $4,40a4,50 for good do, and $4a4,75 for choice; 50 bbls good spring extra sold at $4,50 delivered.

Grain—Sales of No. 1 red winter wheat at $1,08¼ in store and at $1,08 delivered; No. 1 spring at 80c; No. 2 spring at 71c and one car do, at 69c, all in store; also 500 bu. No. 2 spring at 70c delivered. Corn; sales of new shelled at 52c ₱ 56 lbs. at depot; 1 car ear at 47c and 2 cars do, at 46c ₱ 70 lbs. on track. Oats, quiet and quotations nominal at 50a53c for old crop; 41a45c for new do, in store. Rye unchanged; 55a62½c ₱ 56 lbs. in bags at depot. Barley inactive, and prices variable, ranging from 38c to 70c, for common to prime Western, $1,10a1,20 for Canadian.—*Democrat.*

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

Beef Cattle—First quality, $10,50@11,00; Ordinary, $9,50 @10,00; Common, $8,50@9,00; Inferior, $7,00@8,00.

Cows and Calves—First quality, $55@65; Ordinary, $45@ 50; Common, $35@40; Inferior, $25@30.

Veal Calves—First quality, ₱ lb., 7@7½c.; Ordinary, 6@ 6½c.; Common, 5@5½c.; Inferior, 4@4½c.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime quality, per head, $5,50@7,00; Ordinary, $4,50@5,00; Common, $4,00@4,50; Inferior, $2,50 @3,50.

Swine—First quality, 6½@6¾c.; Other qualities, 5@6½c.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 29.—At market 560 Cattle, about 480 Beeves, and 80 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

Prices—Market Beef—Extra, $6,75@7,00; First quality, $6,25@6,37; Second, $5,50; Third, $4,50; Ordinary, $5,00.

Working Oxen—$75, 100@150 per pair.

Cows and Calves—$30, 40, 50@70.

Stores—Yearlings, $00@00; Two Years Old, $20@24; Three Years Old, $25@30.

Sheep and Lambs—2250 at market. Prices—Extra and Selections, $3,00, 4,00, 5@6, or 4½@6c ₱ lb. gross; in lots $1,50 1,75, 2,00@2,50.

Swine—No Western at market.

Hides—7½@8c. ₱ lb. Tallow 6¼@7c. ₱ lb.

Pelts—$1,12@1.50 each. Calf Skins, 00@00c. ₱ lb.

BRIGHTON, Dec. 30.—At market 950 Beeves, 100 Stores, 3000 Sheep and Lambs, 400 Swine.

Prices—Market Beef—Extra, $6,00; First quality, $7,00; Second, $6,50; Third, $5,00.

Working Oxen—$100, 130, 140@150.

Milch Cows—$39@40; common, $19@20.

Veal Calves—$4,00, 4,75@5,00.

Stores—Yearlings, 00@00; Two Years Old, $30@33; Three Years Old, $35@39.

Sheep and Lambs—Extra, $4,00, $5,00@6,00.

Swine—Pigs, 4¼@6c; Retail, 5@7c.

Hides—7¼@8c. ₱ lb. Tallow—6½@7c. ₱ lb.

Pelts—$1,12½@1.50. Calf Skins, 00@00c. ₱ lb.

ALBANY, Jan. 3.—Beeves—The receipts this week number 2,016, being an excess of 376 over last week. The quality is extremely poor, which, together with the large amounts of poultry, &c., coming forward, and the scarcity of purchasers, makes it one of the hardest markets known since West Albany became an institution.

Sheep—The arrivals are large and the market firm, the quality being better than any previous week. Prices went up 75c.a$1 per head.—*Journal.*

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29. A good demand prevails for all descriptions, probably to unusual at this period of the season for many years, and it appears to be decided by sellers' favor. Prices no doubt, will best the capacity of our manufacturers who, it would seem are afraid they cannot get enough wool in the country to purchase at any price, but we think this is a mistake. The extreme prices current here and in Boston are sure to draw Wool from every quarter of the compass.—The secret of the thing is, we believe, that wool-growing, owing to the low prices, has not been encouraged within late years; and as the fine Foreign grades could not be obtained *free*, it became indispensable to encourage its growth by advancing prices materially; but we fear when the crop of next season comes into the market, the extravagant prices now current cannot be obtained then; for the crop will no doubt be large, under the influence of the high prices current.—There is one thing certain, that our stock of all kinds is greatly reduced, and the tendency of prices is still upward. In Native Fleeces, sales of some 150,000 lbs. have been made at 49@55c, for ¼ to full-blood Merino and Saxony. In Pulled, sales of 70,000 lbs. No. 1 City, and Extra Country Saxony at 34@60c. In Texas, sales of 30 bales Mixed at 16c.; and in California, sales of 150 bales on private terms. In Foreign we note sales of 40 bales Cordova at 19@20c; 300 bales Washed Chilian at 30 a40c., as to quality; 400 ballots Peruvian at 23c; 150 bales Donskoi at 18½@19c., 6 mos., 100 do Cordova; 50 do. washed, and 48 do. unwashed Buenos Ayres on private terms:

Comparative Prices in New York, Jan. 1.

	1857.	1858.	1859.
Am. Saxony Fleece, ₱ lb	53@63½	40@45	60 @65
Am. Full-blood Merino	40@55	31@35	52½@55
Am. ½ and ¾ blood Merino	46@50	29@33	47 @50
Am. Native and ¼ blood Merino	37@40	27@30	40 @45
Pulled Extra Country	46@48	27@29	45 @51
Pulled Superfine	40 @42	24@25	39 @43
Pulled No. 1	35@37	20@23	33 @37
South Am. Common Washed	13@15	13@14	13 @16
South Am. Entre Rios Washed	16@20	14@17	17 @20
South Am. Cordova Washed	25@27	17@20	20 @22
Peruvian Washed	30@36	23@28	25 @30
Valparaiso Unwashed	14@15	10@13	13 @14
East India Washed	26@28	20@24	14 @24
African Washed	18@30	14@20	18 @30
African Unwashed	9@18	8@10	12 @18
Smyrna Washed	24@28	20@23	23 @27
Smyrna Unwashed	14@20	10@12	12 @18
Mexican Unwashed	15@18	7@10	12 @16

BOSTON, Dec. 29.—There has been a very active demand for domestic fleece and pulled wool. The late advance is fully sustained and prices are still tending upwards. The sales of the week amount to 500,000 lbs. sold by a Philadelphia house to come here at full quoted rates. In Foreign, there have been sales of 200 bales, Mediterranean and South American, in the range of quotations. We understand there have been sales of Foreign to a large extent, but the particulars have not been made public

Sax. and Mer. fine	57@63	Western mixed	40@45
Full Blood	48@53	Smyrna, washed	17@26
Half and ¾ blood	40@47	Do unwashed	16@17
Common	30@40	Syrian	19@21
Pulled, extra	50@55	Cape	20@35
Do. superfine	45@50	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	40@45	Buenos Ayres	9@42
Do. No. 2	@..	Peruvian, washed	28@35

ALBANY, Dec. 29.—The market is firm at a slight advance in both fleece and pulled. The demand is active with a light stock and meagre receipts. Sales 12,000 lbs. pulled, including 7,000 lbs. extra and 5,000 lbs. super on p. t. We quote:

American, Saxony Fleece, ₱ lb	50 @60
American, Full Blood Merino	45 @50
American, ½ and ¾ Merino	40 @45
American, Native and ¼ Merino	35 @40
Extra, Pulled	45 @48
Superfine, Pulled	40 @43
No. 1, Pulled	32 @36

CHICAGO, Dec. 29.—Full-blood, 33a35c; three-quarter, 30 a32c; half-blood, 28a29c; quarter blood, 26a27c; common, 25a26c.

The Pork Markets.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 30.—The receipts by Railroad this morning of State hogs were about 525. The weather being very favorable, the market opened firm for heavy hogs, and continued so up to the close, with an active demand for city packing, and a good inquiry for the East. Sales of State at $7,40, averaging 250 lbs.; in lots at $7a7,50, dividing on 200 lbs.; at $6,75a7,50, mostly light, dividing on 200 lbs., and heavy, at $7a7,50, dividing on 275.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 30.—As a general thing the market for hogs has been dull throughout the week, though the receipts have been but moderate. There has been a somewhat unsettled feeling in the market, and prices have fluctuated considerably from day to day, but the advance noticed in our last, has been lost, and at the close a dull and heavy feeling prevailed; hogs averaging 200 lbs. would not have sold at over $6,50, and $6,75 might be called the outside rate for large. The total receipts for the week is 23,860 head.

CHICAGO, Dec. 30.—Of live hogs the sales are numerous and demand good, at prices ranging from $4,75 to $5,10 for average to heavy. In dressed, sales averaging 200 at $6,12½; averaging 225 at $6,19½; averaging 260 at $6,25; averaging 270 at $6,30.

Flour and Grain Trade of Toronto, C. W.—The following, from the *Globe*, shows the shipments from that port for the season up to December 13th:

	Flour.	Wheat.
To Oswego	15,160	257,058
Ogdensburg	8,596	160,156
Cape Vincent	893	103,261
Rochester	1,993	31 604
Montreal	79 515	67,557
Quebec	9,270	11,010
Portland	1,913	5,955
Other ports	15647	10,802

Special Notices.

Grover & Baker's
CELEBRATED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

A New Style.—Price $50.

For sale at 495 Broadway, New York; 464 Broadway, Albany; 48 Genesee st., Utica; 22 South Salina st., Syracuse; 45 State st., Rochester, and in most of the Cities and Towns of the State of New York and the United States.

These Machines sew from two spools, and form a seam of unequaled strength, beauty, and elasticity, which will not rip, even if every fourth stitch be cut. They are unquestionably the best in the market for family use. [463-13t

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A 85,000 FARM, IN ASHBY, MASS., for sale by J. M. J. JEFTS. [470-3t]

N. Y. STATE AG'L SOCIETY—ANNUAL MEETING, Wednesday, February 9th, 1859, at the Capitol, Albany. Address, Wednesday Evening. Exhibition of Grain, Dairy Products, Fruits, &c., on Thursday, at the Society's Rooms. In the Evening Address by President McCoun. B. P. JOHNSON, Sec'y.
January 1, 1859. 470-4t

LEARN TO LIVE—THE LETTER BOX; A Monthly Journal, devoted to the Discussion of all questions bearing directly on the subject of Health. It is edited by Harriet N. Austin, M. D., and James C. Jackson, M. D., and on all hands is admitted to be conducted with great fairness and ability. Now, reader, if for *fifty cents* a year you would like to have an *earnest, racy, vigorous Journal* come to you once a month, filled with original articles, all giving you information how to keep good health; how to train your children; how to treat them when ill; how to do many other things which will make your *home* happier and pleasanter than at present it can be, with your imperfect knowledge of the laws of life, then subscribe for the Letter Box. To know *how* to live without being *sick* is worth a great deal.
Please address M. W. SIMMONS, Publisher.
470-3t Dansville, Livingston Co., N. Y.

YOUNG AMERICA CORN SHELLER AGAINST THE WORLD.—The subscribers have purchased the right of the Young America Corn Sheller, which is acknowledged by all to be the best Sheller ever invented, being simple and durable in its construction, not liable to get out of repair, and requiring less power to propel it than any other Sheller ever made; can be operated with ease by a boy 10 or 12 years old, shelling at the rate of one bushel of ears per minute.

Awarded First Premium at N. Y. State Fair, Buffalo, 1857. Also, Premium and Large Silver Medal at N. Y. State Fair, at Syracuse, October, 1858.

We are now prepared to furnish machines to all who give us a call. The Machines can be had of McKindley & Phelps, 3 Buffalo street; John Rapalie & Co., 65 Buffalo street; E. P. Ward, 77 State street; John Mason, Spencerport, or of the subscribers.

To Dealers and Manufacturers—We have State and County Rights yet for sale.

All communications addressed to the undersigned will receive prompt attention.

LEAVENWORTH & MASON,
Manufacturers, corner of State and Perkins Sts.,
470-6teow. Rochester, N. Y.

PATENT BUGGY HORSE HAY RAKE WITH METALLIC SPRING TEETH—Superior to any other. For Circulars, or Rakes, or State, or County rights, [470-3t Address ELBERT WHITE, Stamford, Conn.

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☞ For Circulars containing full particulars, write at once to E. G. STORKE, Publishing Agent, Auburn, N. Y.

OIL PORTRAIT OF EDWARD EVERETT—CHALLEN'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY for January, 1859, will contain a *Splendid Steel Engraving* of the beautiful Bethlehemite Girl—alone worth the subscription price for one year—48 pp. monthly. The cheapest and best dollar magazine published. Every $1 subscriber will receive gratis, post paid, a large and Superb Portrait in Oil Colors of Edward Everett. Specimen monthly 10c post paid
469-2t J. Challen & Son, Philadelphia.

20,000 FRUIT TREES AT RACINE CITY Nursery, Racine, Wis.
N. DRAKE, Proprietor.

I have a very fine Block of 3 year old Trees that I will sell to the Trade 50 per cent. cheaper than they can be found anywhere in the West. Also a large quantity of 2 and 3 yr olds. My trees are well grown and perfectly hardy.
Address N. DRAKE, Elba, N. Y.
P. Drake, Agent, Racine, Wis. 469-13t

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Godey's Lady's Book one year, $3,50.
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Harper's Magazine one year, $3.50.
ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE and
Atlantic Monthly one year, $3,50.
Address T. S. ARTHUR & CO.,
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	Price.
DORA DEANE, or the East India Uncle, and	
MAGGIE MILLER, or Old Hugar's Secret	$1 00
MEADOW BROOK; or, ROSA LEE, a Tale of New England and Southern Life	1 00
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LENA RIVERS, a Tale of Yankee and Kentucky Domestic Life	1 00
Mrs. Holmes' Works, being the above four volumes, uniform scarlet cloth	4 00
The Same, half calf	6 00

It is useless to say a word to the readers of the Rural New Yorker in praise of Mrs. Holmes' Books. By the works of her pen in your own columns you already know her

Either book sent by mail, *post-paid*, upon the receipt of the price. Address C. M. SAXTON, Publisher,
25 Park Row, New York.

The Horticulturist may be obtained in Rochester of D. M. Dewey, Bookseller.
Price—Plain Copy $3
" Colored Plates 5
C. M. SAXTON, Proprietor,
469-2t 25 Park Row, New York.

THE GROVER & BAKER SEWING MACHINE CO—Having greatly increased their facilities for manufacturing their Celebrated Family Machines, with all the recent improvements, have reduced their prices, and offer for sale

A NEW STYLE MACHINE.
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It is no longer questioned that these Machines are the best in use for family sewing. They

HEM, FELL, GATHER, AND STITCH

in the most superior manner, and are the only machines in the market that are so well and simply made, that they may be sent into families with no other instructions than are contained in a circular which accompanies each machine, and from which

A CHILD OF TEN YEARS

may readily learn how to use them, and keep them in order. They make upwards of

FIFTEEN HUNDRED STITCHES A MINUTE,

and will do the sewing of a family cheaper than a seamstress can do it, even if she works at the rate of

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FURS! FURS! FURS!—LADIES' FURS.—FANCY SLEIGH AND BUFFALO ROBES—Clark, 17 State St., Rochester, N. Y., has the largest stock of Furs and Robes in the city, which he is offering at prices to defy competition. Come one, come all, and examine Clark's large stock of Fur Goods, at 17 State St. 463tf

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And any additional number at the latter rate—only $1 25 per copy!—with a free copy for every Ten Subscribers over Thirty.

☞ Our Club Terms.—It is not our practice nor purpose to *publish* one price for a certain number of copies of the Rural, and receive another and less rate. Such a course would be unjust to those who pay according to terms, if not dishonorable, and soon involve us in difficulty. Hence, we have to-day (Dec. 27,) returned several remittances, because our terms were not complied with, and must do so in similar cases. We cannot and *will not* furnish single copies of the Rural at the lowest club rate, (except when sent to a distant friend as a present,) and it is useless to ask us; nor will we send 10 or 15 copies at the same rate as for 30, 50 or 100. Our club rates are already lower than they ought to be—and much less than those of similar journals—and we think all fair, discriminating persons, will see the propriety of our adhering to them strictly.

☞ Your Autographs.—In writing business letters, or indeed any kind, don't "forget to remember" that your name is necessary to complete the document. We not unfrequently receive money letters with the name of the writer omitted, and in some instances get severely "talked to" for not sending the paper promptly. We recently received a remittance of $55 from a club-agent who omitted a very important item—his autograph. Please give us names, post-office addresses, &c., in all cases, and write them plainly.

☞ The Rural is published strictly upon the cash system—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires.

☞ Drafts at our Risk.—We lose little money by mail, but prefer Drafts on New York (less exchange,) payable to our order, and which may be sent at our risk if carefully mailed to D. D. T. Moore, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ For other Notices see last page.

THE RURAL'S CREDENTIALS.

The Rural New-Yorker.—We take pleasure in referring our readers of all classes to the Prospectus of the Tenth Volume of this unequaled Agricultural, Horticultural, Literary and Family Newspaper. Our own good opinion of it has so often been expressed that we need not now say we regard it as far the best, as it has long been the most influential and largely circulated journal of its class in the world. This is strong language, but an examination and comparison of its pages with those of any kindred publication will establish its truthfulness. The simple fact that it has, throughout this section of the Union, a circulation from six to ten times greater than that of any other Agricultural or similar journal, is the best evidence of its superior merit, value and popularity. The conductor of the Rural speaks for one hundred thousand subscribers next year, and is entitled to full that number, as the paper is vastly increasing the prosperity

WHAT THE LITTLE YEARS DID.

BY REV. E. T. S. LOWELL.

THESE years! These years! These naughty years!
Once they were pretty things!
Their fairy foot-falls caught our ears,
Our eyes their glancing wings—
They filled by our school-boy way
We chased the little imps in play.

We knew them soon; for, tricky elves,
They brought the College gown;
With thoughtful books filled up our shelves;
Darkened our lips with down:
Played with our throat, and lo! the tone
Of manhood had become our own.

They, smiling, stretched our childish size
Their soft hands trimmed our hair;
Cast the deep thought within our eyes,
And left it glowing there;
Sang songs of hope in College halls;
Bright fancies drew upon the walls.

They flashed upon us Love's bright gem:
They showed us gleams of fame;
Stout-hearted work we learned from them,
And honor, more than name.
And so they came and went away:
We said not, Go; we said not, Stay.

But one sweet day, when quiet skies
And still leaves brought me thought,
When hazy hills drew forth my eyes,
And woods with deep shade fraught—
That day I carelessly found out
What work these elves had been about.

Alas! Those little rogues, the years,
Had fooled me many a day;
Plucked half the locks above my ears,
And tinged the rest all grey.
They left me wrinkles, great and small!—
I fear that they have tricked us all.

Well, give the little years their way;
Think, speak, and write, the while;
Lift up the bare front to the day,
And make the wrinkles smile:
They mould the noblest living head;
They cause the best tomb for the dead.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1858, by D. D. T. Moore, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.

ALICE AND ADELAIDE;

OR,

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

[Continued from page 12, last number.]

Chapter III.—The Brown House in the Hollow.

MISS ELINOR was naturally of a rather inquisitive turn of mind and she strove very skillfully to learn something of the stranger's history. But the young girl evaded all her questioning, and after a few moments arose to go. Mr. HOWLAND accompanied her to the door, holding the lamp until she passed down the walk and out into the street.—Then the door was closed and ALICE WARREN was alone again in the cold, dark night, but she scarcely heeded it, for her heart was lighter than it had been for many weeks. The gentleman whom she had so much dreaded to meet had spoken kindly to her; the lady, too, had whispered "poor child" when she told them of her father, while better far than all she had procured a shelter for that father, the payment of which would come within their slender means.

Not time, but the joy or sorrow it brings, changes people most, and the ALICE WARREN of to-day is scarce the same we saw one year ago. Then, petted, caressed and glowing with youthful beauty, she presented a striking contrast to the pale-faced girl who, on the wintry night of which we write, traversed street after street until she came to the humble dwelling which for the last few days had been her home. Every cent of his large fortune had Mr. WARREN given up, choosing rather to starve, and know he had a right to do so, than to feed on what was not his own. His handsome house and furniture had all been sold, and with a mere pittance which would not last them long, they had gone into the country where ALICE hoped to earn a livelihood by teaching. But she was "too small,—too childish,—too timid," the people said, ever to succeed, and so at last she resorted to her needle, which, in her days of prosperity, she had fortunately learned to use. As time passed on a kind-hearted woman who visited in that neighborhood, became interested in them and urged their removal to Oakland, her native town, whither they finally went, stopping with her for a few days until further arrangements could be made. Hearing that the brown house in the Hollow, as 'twas called, was vacant, ALICE, as we have seen, had rented it of Mr. HOWLAND and now, returning home, she smoothly tenderly the snowy hair of her poor blind father, while she tells him how small a sum they will have to pay,—tells him, too, how neatly she can fit it up with the furniture they have,—and how, in the long winter evenings, he shall sit in his arm chair before the cheerful fire,—for he likes the fire-light best, he can feel it upon his face, he says,—can see, too, in fancy, the little room which ALICE pictures to him, and listening to her as she talks, he thanks GOD that the wife-love he has lost forever is in a measure made up to him in the love of his only child.

Two weeks went by and then, in the shoe shop and store, the workmen said one to another, that "to-morrow was the New Year," wondering the while if Mr HOWLAND would present each of the families in his employ with a turkey, as he was won't to do. "He had always done so before," they said "he would surely do so now." Nor were they disappointed, for when the day's labor was done, to each man was given his usual gifts and when all had been served, there was found one left for whom no owner came

"We shall need it ourselves," Mr HOWLAND thought, as he remembered the numerous city friends expected on the morrow,—and placing it in a covered basket he started for home, turning involuntarily down the street, which would take him through the Hollow. He did not often go that way, for though it was quite as near, 'twas not a pleasant portion of the town. But he was going that way now, and as he came near the brown house, from whose windows a cheerful light was shining, he thought of his new tenants and half decided to call—then, remembering that one of his clerks had told him of a stylish-looking young lady who had inquired for him that afternoon, expressing much regret at his absence, and saying she should call at his house early in the evening, he concluded to go on. Still the light shining out upon the snow seemed beckoning him to come, and turning back he stood beneath the window from which the curtain was drawn aside revealing a picture at which he paused a moment to gaze. The blind man sat in his old arm chair just as ALICE had said he should do, and the flickering flame of the blazing fire shone on his frosty locks and lighted up his grief-worn face, on which there was a pitiful expression most touching to behold. The sightless eyes were downward cast as if they fain would see the fair young head and wealth of soft brown tresses resting on his knee.

ALICE was weeping. All the day long she had striven to repress her tears and when, as she sat in the gathering night with her father, he said, "*She* was with us one year ago," they burst forth, and laying her head upon his lap she sobbed bitterly. There were words of love spoken of the lost one, and as Mr. HOWLAND drew near Mr. WARREN said, "'Tis well, perhaps, that she died before she knew what 'twas to be so poor."

The words, "to be so poor," caught Mr. HOWLAND's ear and glancing around the humble apartment he fancied he knew why ALICE wept. Just then she lifted up her head and he saw the tears on her cheek. Mr. HOWLAND was unused to tears,—they affected him strangely,—and as the sight of them on ALICE WARREN's eye-lashes when she told him her father was blind had once brought down the rent of that house by half, so now the sight of them upon her cheek as she sat at that blind father's feet brought himself into her presence and the turkey from his basket! Depositing his gift upon the table and apologizing for his abruptness, he took the chair which ALICE offered him, and in a short space of time forgot the "stylish-looking lady" who had so nearly prevented him from being where he was,—forgot every thing save the blue of ALICE's eyes and the mournful sweetness of her voice as she answered the few questions he addressed to her. He saw at once that both father and daughter were educated and refined, but he did not question them of the past, for he felt instinctively that it would be to them an unpleasant subject, so he conversed upon indifferent topics, and ALICE, listening to him, could scarcely believe he was the man whom she had heretofore associated with her wages of Saturday night, so familiar and friendly he seemed.

"You will come to see us again," Mr. WARREN said to his visitor when the latter arose to go, and smiling down on ALICE, who stood with her arm across her father's neck, Mr. HOWLAND answered, "Yes, I shall surely come again."

He bade them good night, and as the door closed after him, the blind man said, "It seems darker now that he is gone," but to ALICE, looking through the window pane, the room was *lighter* far for that brief visit. Mr. HOWLAND, too, felt better for the call. He had done them some good, he hoped, and the picture of the two as he had left them was pleasant to remember, and then, as he drew near his home and saw in imagination his own large easy chair before the blazing fire, he tried to fancy himself a blind man, sitting there, with a brown-haired maiden's arm around his neck!

Chapter IV.—The White House on the Hill.

"Miss HUNTINGTON, brother," and Mr. HOWLAND bowed low to the lady thus presented to him by his sister on his arrival home.

She had been waiting for him nearly an hour, and she now returned his greeting with an air more befitting a queen than ADELAIDE HUNTINGTON—for she it was; and by some singular coincidence she had come to rent a house of Mr. HOWLAND just as ALICE WARREN had done but two or three weeks before. The failure which had ruined Mr. WARREN had not affected Mrs. HUNTINGTON further than the mortification and grief she naturally felt at the disgrace and desertion of her husband, from whom she had never heard since he left her so suddenly on the night of the party,—neither had she ever met with Mr. WARREN, although she had written him a note, assuring him that in no way had she been concerned in the fraud. Still her position in the city was not particularly agreeable, and after a time she had removed to Springfield, Mass., where lived a distant relative, who supplied her with plain sewing—for without her husband's salary it was necessary that she do something for the maintenance of her family. Springfield, however, was quite too large for one of ADELAIDE's proud, ambitious nature. "She would rather live in a smaller place," she said, "where they could be *somebody*. They had been trampled down long enough, and in a country village they would be as good as any one."

Hearing by chance of Oakland and its democratic people, she had persuaded her mother into removing thither, giving her numerous directions as to the manner in which she was to demean herself.—"With a little management," she said, "no one need to know that they *worked* for a living,—they had only left the city because they preferred the country," and old PEGGY, who still served in the capacity of servant, was charged repeatedly "never to say a word concerning their former position in society." In short, ADELAIDE intended to create quite a sensation in Oakland, and she commenced by assuming a most haughty and consequential manner towards both Mr. HOWLAND and his sister.

"She had come as *ma's* delegate," she said, "to rent the white house on the hill, which they had heard was vacant. Possibly, if they liked the country, they would eventually purchase, but it was doubtful,—people who had always lived a city life were seldom contented elsewhere. Still, she should *try* to be happy, though, of course, she should miss the advantages which a larger place afforded."

All this and much more she said to Mr. HOWLAND, who, hardly knowing whether she were renting a house of him or *he* were renting one of *her*, so stately and dignified she seemed, managed at last to say, "Your mother is a widow, I presume."

Instantly the dark eyes sought the floor, and ADELAIDE'S voice was quite low in its tone as she answered, "I lost my father nearly a year since."

"I wonder she don't dress in mourning, but that's a way some folks have," thought Miss ELINOR, while her brother proceeded to say that Mrs. HUNTINGTON could have the white house on the hill, after which ADELAIDE arose to go, casually asking if the right or left hand street would bring her to the Hotel, where she was obliged to spend the night, as no train after that hour went up to Springfield.

For a moment Mr. HOWLAND waited, thinking his sister would invite the stranger to stop with them, but this Miss ELINOR had no idea of doing,—she did not fancy the young lady's airs, so she simply answered, "The right hand street—you can't mistake it"—frowning slightly when her brother said, "I will accompany you, Miss HUNTINGTON."

"I dislike very much to trouble you. Still, I hardly know the way alone," and ADELAIDE's dark eyes flashed brightly upon him as she took his offered arm.

Mr. HOWLAND was not a lady's man, but he could be very agreeable when he tried, and so ADELAIDE now found him, mentally resolving to give her mother and old Aunt PEGGY a double charge not to betray their real circumstances. Mr. HOWLAND evidently thought her a person of consequence, and who could tell what might come of her acquaintance with him. Stranger things had happened, and then she thought that if ever she did go up to that handsome house as its mistress, her first act should be to quarrel that stiff old maid away!

With such fancies as these filling her mind, ADELAIDE went back next day to Springfield, reporting her success, and so accelerating her mother's movements that scarcely a week elapsed ere they had moved into the white house on the hill, a handsome little cottage, which looked still more cozy and inviting after ADELAIDE's hands had fitted it up with tasteful care. It was a rule with Mrs. HUNTINGTON to buy the *best* if possible, and as her husband had always been lavish with his money, her furniture was superior to that of her neighbors, many of whom really stood in awe of the *genteel widow*, as she was called, and her stylish, aristocratic daughter. They were supposed to be quite wealthy, too, or at least, in very easy circumstances, and more than one young girl looked enviously at ADELAIDE, as day after day she swept through the streets, sometimes "walking for exercise" she said, and again going out to shop,—always at Mr. HOWLAND's store, where she annoyed the clerks excessively by examining article after article, inquiring its price, wondering if it would become *her* or suit *ma*, and finally concluding not to take it, "for fear every shoemaker's daughter in town would buy something like it, and that she couldn't endure."

Regularly each week she went up to Springfield to take *music lessons*, she said, and lest something should occur making it necessary for her to stay all night, Aunt PEGGY usually accompanied her to the depot, carrying always a *well filled satchel*, and frequently a large bundle, whose many wrappings of paper told no tales, and were supposed by the credulous to cover the dressing-gown which ADELAIDE deemed necessary to the making of her morning toilet. "'Twas very annoying," she said, "to carry so much luggage, but the friends with whom she stopped, were *so* particular, that she felt obliged to change her dress, even though she merely staid to dinner."

And so the villagers, looking at the roll of music she invariably carried in her hand, believed the tale, though a few of the nearest neighbors wondered *when* the young lady *practiced*, for 'twas not often that they heard the sound of the old-fashioned instrument which occupied a corner of the sitting-room. Then, as country people will do, they *guessed* it must be at *night*, for a light was always seen from Mrs. HUNTINGTON'S windows until after the clock struck twelve. As weeks went by, most of those whom ADELAIDE considered *somebodies*, called, and among them Mr. HOWLAND. By the merest chance she learned that he was coming, and though she was "greatly surprised to see him," and was "just going out, she was *so* lonely at home," she looked unusually well in her nicely-fitting merino, which in the evening did not show the wear of four years. The little sitting-room, too, with its furniture so arranged as to make the best of everything, seemed home-like and cheerful, causing Mr. HOWLAND to feel very much at ease, and also very much pleased with the dark-eyed girl he had come to see. She was very agreeable, he thought, much more so than any one whom he had met in Oakland, and at quite a late hour, for one of his early habits, he bade her good-night, promising to call again ere long, and hear the *new song* she was going to take the next time she went up to Springfield.

In dignified silence his sister awaited his return, and when to her greeting,—"Where *have* you been?" he replied, "Been to call on Miss ADELAIDE," the depth of the three wrinkles between her eye-brows was perceptibly increased, while a contemptuous "Pshaw!" escaped her lips. Miss ELINOR was not easily deceived. From the first she had insisted that ADELAIDE "was putting on airs," and if there was one thing more than another which this straight-forward, matter-of-fact lady disliked, it was *pretension*. She had not yet been to see Mrs. HUNTINGTON, and now, when her brother, after dwelling at length upon the pleasant evening he had spent, urged her to make the lady's acquaintance, she replied rather sharply that, "*she* always wished to know something of the people with whom she associated. For her part, she didn't like Miss ADELAIDE, and if her brother had the least regard for her feelings, he wouldn't call there quite as often as he did."

"Quite as often," repeated Mr. HOWLAND, in much surprise. "What do you mean? I've only been there *once*," and then in a spirit which men will sometimes manifest when opposed, particularly if in that opposition a *lady* is involved, he added, "but I intend to go again,—and very soon, too."

"Undoubtedly," was his sister's answer, and taking a light, the indignant woman walked from the room, thinking to herself that, "if ever *that* girl *did* come there to live,—she'd no idea she would,—but *if* she *did*, she, Miss ELINOR HOWLAND, would make the house a little too uncomfortable for them both."

Chapter V.—Calls.

The next morning Miss ELINOR felt better, and as time passed on and her brother did not again visit his new tenants, she began to feel a little more amiably disposed towards the strangers, and at last decided to call, intending to go from thence to the brown house in the hollow, where she was a frequent visitor. She accordingly started one afternoon for the white house on the hill, where she was most cordially received. With the lady-like manners of Mrs. HUNTINGTON she could find no fault, but she did *not* like the expression of ADELAIDE's eyes, nor yet the sneering way in which she spoke of the country and country people; neither did she fail to see the basket which the young lady thrust hastily under the lounge as Aunt PEGGY ushered her into the sitting-room. On the table there were scissors, thimbles, needles and thread, but not a vestige of sewing was visible, though on the carpet were shreds of cloth, and from beneath the lounge peeped something which looked vastly like the *wrist-band* of a *man's* shirt.

"Pride and poverty! I'll venture to say they sew for a living," thought Miss ELINOR, and making her call as brief as possible, she arose to go.

It was in vain that ADELAIDE urged her to stay longer, telling her "'twas such a treat to see some one who seemed like their former acquaintance." With a toss of her head Miss ELINOR declined, saying she was going to visit a poor family in the Hollow, a *blind* man and his daughter, and in adjusting her furs she failed to see how both ADELAIDE and her mother started at her words. Soon recovering her composure the former asked "who they were, and if they always lived in Oakland?"

"Their name is WARREN," said Miss ELINOR, "and they came, I believe, from some city in Western New York, but I know nothing definite concerning them, as they always shrink from speaking of their former condition. ALICE, though, is a sweet little creature, so kind to her old father, and so refined, withal."

Mechanically bidding her visitor good afternoon, ADELAIDE went back to her mother's side, exclaiming, "Who thought those WARRENS would toss up in Oakland! Of course, when they know that we are here, they'll tell all about *father* and everything else. What shall we do?"

"We are not to blame for your father's misdeeds," answered Mrs. HUNTINGTON; and ADELAIDE replied, "*I* know it, but folks think you are a *widow* with a competence sufficient to support us genteelly,—they don't suspect how late we sit up nights, sewing, to make things meet. Mercy, I hope the peeking old maid didn't see that," she exclaimed, as her own eye fell upon the *wrist-band*. Then, after a moment, she continued, "I know what I'll do. I'll go to ALICE this very night, and tell her how *sorry* we are for what has happened, and I'll ask her to say nothing about father's having cheated them and run away. She's a pretty good sort of a girl, I guess, if I did use to think her so proud."

The plan seemed a feasible one, and that evening as ALICE WARREN sat bending over a *vest*, which she must finish that night, she was startled by the abrupt entrance of ADELAIDE HUNTINGTON, who, seizing both her hands, said, with well-feigned distress, "My poor ALICE! I never expected to find you thus."

In his arm chair the blind man slept, but when the stranger's shadow fell upon him, he awoke, and stretching out his arm, he said, "Who is it, ALICE?—who stands between me and the fire?"

"'Tis I," answered ADELAIDE, coming to his side, "the daughter of him who ruined you. I have just learned that you were living here in the same village with ourselves, and at my mother's request I have come to tell you how bitterly we have wept over my father's sin, and to ask you not to hate us for a deed of which we knew nothing until it was all over." Then seating herself in a chair she continued speaking hurriedly, telling them some truth and some falsehood,—telling them how, for a few months, they had lived with a distant relative, a wealthy man, who gave them money now for their support,—telling them how her father's disgrace had affected her mother, and begging of them not to speak of it in Oakland, where it was not known.

"I don't know why it is," she said, "but people have the impression that mother is a *widow*, and though it is wrong to deceive them, I cannot tell them my father ran away to escape a convict's doom. 'Twould kill my mother outright, and if you only will keep silent, we shall be forever gratified."

There was no reason why Mr. WARREN should speak of his former clerk, and he answered ADELAIDE that neither himself nor ALICE had any wish to injure her by talking of the past. Thus relieved of her fears ADELAIDE grew very amiable and sympathizing, saying she did not suppose they were so poor, and pitying ALICE, who must miss so much her pictures, her flowers, her birds and her music.

"Come up and try my piano. You may practice on it any time," she said, when at last she arose to go.

"I never played much. I was not fond of it," was ALICE'S answer, while her father rejoined quickly, "Then you keep a piano? I did not know you had one?"

"Oh, yes, father bought it for me at auction three years ago, and as he was not owing any one, our furniture was not disturbed."

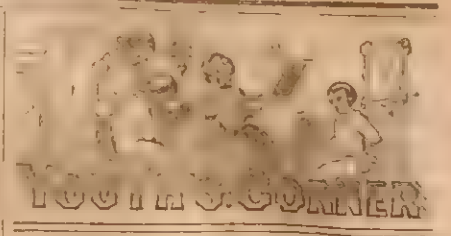
The blind man sighed, while ALICE dropped a *tear* on the vest she was making, as she thought of the difference between her and ADELAIDE, who paused as she reached the door, and asked if she knew Mr. HOWLAND.

"I sew for his store," said ALICE, and ADELAIDE continued, "Isn't he a splendid man?"

ALICE did not know whether he was splendid or not,—"she had never observed his *looks* particularly; but she knew he was *very kind*, and she liked nothing better than to have him come there evenings, as he often did."

"Come *here* often," exclaimed ADELAIDE, her voice indicating the pang with which a feeling of *jealousy* had been brought to life.

Ere ALICE could reply, there was a footstep heard without, and the blind man, whose quick ear caught the sound, said joyfully, "He's coming now." [To be continued in our next.]



For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

TO MR. FORLORN HOPE.

I AM composed of 24 letters.
My 1, 3, 2, 14, 7, 16, 11 is a writer who is considered a model.
My 4, 14, 2, 3, 15, 22, 6 is a favorite amusement.
My 5, 19, 20, 18, 4, 5, 2 is what Noah did to the Ark.
My 8, 14, 17, 20, 14, 16, 10 is a popular kind of writing
My 9, 25, 20, 1, 21 has always been regarded sacred.
My 12, 13, 5, 19, 16, 15, backwards, expresses Mr. Hope's condition.
My 18, 9, 21, 24 is a popular person among Romanists.
My 15, 12, 4, 22 is a musical instrument.
My 20, 4, 24 is a school-boy's encouragement.
My 22, 7, 6, 1, 12 is what Pope wrote about man.
My 23, 5, 2 is a celebrated colored man.
My 24, 18, 7 often gives great satisfaction, so I have heard young men say.

I've solved your enigma, and upon my life,
I find you want a prudent wife.
Now, Mr. Forlornity, try *your* skill,
"For there's a way when there's a will,"
And if you really feel lonely indeed,
"My whole" will answer your urgent need.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WHAT number of marbles, that are half an inch in diameter, can be packed in a box which is six inches square and six and one-tenth inches deep?

Rochester, N. Y., 1858. L. L. NICHOLS.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RIDDLE.

I AM composed of letters six,
In syllables I'm one.
I am divided up in words,
Which easily is done.
Erase two letters, 5th and 6th,
And there'll be left twice two,
I'm something then, as you will see,
That doctors try to do.
Erase my 4th, and I'm a shrub
Whose leaves are always green,
Erase my 4th and 6th and I'm
An agent that's unseen.
Erase my 1st, my 4th, and 6th,
I'm something we all do,
Erase my 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th,
And I'm a pronoun, too.
Erase my 2d, 4th, and 6th,
And then you'll see I am
A thing that's indispensable,
And that is worn by man.
My whole all persons should preserve,
And it is right they should,
For when you've found out who I am
You will pronounce me good.

East Guinesville, N. Y., 1858. E. W. HOYT.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 468.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—All the letters of the Alphabet, except J and K.

Answer to Grammatical Enigma—Classical:—Utinam minus vitæ cupida fuissimus—O, that we had been less attached to life.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Chewing and smoking.

Answer to Geometrical Problem:—The base is 160 rods—the perpendicular 120—the hypothenuse 200 rods.

Moore's Rural New-Yorker,

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

VOL. X. NO. 3.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1859. {WHOLE NO. 471.

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

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☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

PENNY-WISE.—POUND-FOOLISH.

BEND our steps whither we will—seek sociability amid any of the self-constituted "circles" into which society (even in our republican land) is divided—in public or private, church or State, we find the extremes indicated by our caption—the men who are penny-wise, and their opposites, those who may be classed among the pound-foolish. It is not our intent, however, to take the world for a field in which to operate; to select and analyse the peculiar physical and mental organisms with which we daily and hourly come in contact, but rather, to observe that the *farm* has its representatives in this idiosyncracy of temper and disposition, and to point out, if possible, the deleterious effects action, govered by such a code of laws, must have upon any calling—to seek the proper mode of avoiding these pernicious results by combining all energies, the out-lay of thought, strength, time and money, for the promotion of one object—the working together of *all things for good*.

When we speak of progress as associated with agriculture the ideas cluster around the word *fertility*—here we have the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end of all operations intimately related to the soil. It is a well-established fact that manure is the basis of agricultural prosperity, and the farmer who permits the springs that would enrich him to run waste—who allows the *very "sinews of war"* to be squandered—because of the expense connected with the construction of sheds or cellars for its protection, is fully exhibiting a penny-wise policy. Nor are the fatal workings of such a mode of procedure confined to his own immediate domain, the whole country,—by the force of bad example, by a decrease of products and a proportional decline in the monetary value of the soil—is affected injuriously. In order to form some slight estimate of the dependence which the mechanical, manufacturing and commercial interests of the country place upon the culture of the earth we make a short extract from a paper upon the "Statistics of our Nation's Agriculture," read by JOHN JAY, Esq., before the Geographical and Statistical Society of New York. Mr. JAY said:—"Agriculture is by far our largest National interest, employing forty-four per cent. of the male population, while commerce, manufactures, trade, the mechanic arts and mining, employ but thirty per cent. It represents about five-sixths of the capital of the country, and its products amount to some sixteen hundred millions of dollars a year. In New York, notwithstanding the wealth of the metropolis, the agricultural interest pays three-fourths of the taxes." As Mr. WEBSTER remarked, "agriculture, commerce, and manufactures stand together as pillars in a cluster, the largest in the center; and that largest is agriculture."

Many farmers, however, are performing all that could be consistently required, as far as *gathering* the pabulum of their crops is concerned, and yet, in its application, the very objects sought to be attained are thwarted. The soil is well fed and the crop well tended, but the returns are not sufficient to justify a further and similar outlay, and the cause for this untoward condition of affairs seems to be beyond comprehension. A little examination of the soil might prove that it was almost saturated with moisture—that a large quantity of stagnant water could be found in it at any period. There is little doubt that this is the chief cause of nine-tenths of the complaints with which the ear is greeted about crops that "don't pay," and it is a waste of words to argue that such a soil *cannot be made to produce a paying crop* without draining, if one of the penny-wise men be the opponent in discussion. A man possessed of such a soil must be tardy in all his operations, preparing the ground, planting the seed, etc., and when these labors are finished, the crop is at the mercy of the weather, drownings and burnings alternate, and the finale is marked by depletion of energy, kindly feelings and purse.

Mistaken economy is nowhere more observable than in the purchases often made by this class of individuals. "What's the price?" is the only question in the least related to acquisition or transfer. Utility and convenience have nothing to do with their bargain-making—valuable or valueless it matters not if it be only obtained with the minimum expenditure of dollars and cents. Next summer's corn-field labors may be prolonged, and hired help be needed for doubled work days, because of defective tools with which to "hoe out the rows;" there may be a cessation of hostilities in the midst of haying or harvesting because of some "old iron" that cost only its one-fourth of a cent per pound, (very dear at the price, however,) but these are for the *future*, and if any of our penny-wise men are ever known to exhibit the slightest knowledge of Holy Writ they would probably quote for our especial benefit, "take no heed of the morrow."

There are those whose *beau ideal* of a farmer could be better tested by a dynamometer than any other instrument we wot of. Their battle-cry is, *"muscle! muscle!"* We must, however, do them the justice to say that they practice what they preach—from morn till night they toil and tug in the harness they, themselves, have put on. The implements they use are scanty in numbers, or imperfect in material and manufacture,—heir looms, in all probability,—but were not their ancestors good farmers, and what knew they of these new-fangled farming notions? Talk to such of labor-saving machinery, of change of seeds, rotation of crops, &c.; but one labor remains and you have reached the height of absurdity—advocate book-knowledge in farming.

But why shall we specify further? Not a department of the farm but can feel the blighting influence of the penny-wise—the soil and its peculiar products, stock, out-houses, and last, though not by any means least, the farmer's own home and family. What shall be said of one who, for the sake of putting a few paltry shillings in his purse, would deprive his household of that wealth which it is not in the power of man to take from them—would add to the burden of cares sustained by the mother of his children, or destroy the budding hopes of those who look up to him as father?—And yet this class is not to be figured up by tens or even hundreds—would we could say their numbers were more like "angel visits!" When such individuals have put on the "old man" is it strange that they are left to wage life's battle alone?—strange—should you query concerning the sons and daughters who "long ago" made what little sunshine was noticeable around the old homestead,—to learn they "began to put on airs; got a notion they were *too good* to make farmers of," and have long since lost their identity and genuine whole-souled country simplicity amid the crowded avenues and artificial wants of the city? The remedy for all these evils is apparent, and, while we leave this portion of our subject for the thinkers to digest or extend as they may see fit, we can but hope that our chosen calling—that of tilling the soil—may never be left in the hands of the penny-wise to receive its meed of merit or labor.

Want of space compels the putting over of the second branch of our subject for future reference.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF IT?

IN the RURAL of December 4th we stated, upon the authority of a telegraphic dispatch, "that the Commissioner of Patents purposed inviting sixty or seventy eminent agriculturists from different States to meet at Washington in Convention early in January, to discuss agricultural topics, and compare statistics. Each one will receive five cents a mile mileage, and twenty-five dollars expenses."—This was sufficiently explicit—no risk would be incurred by the "eminent agriculturists,"—they were to be carried to the "city of magnificent distances," fed and lodged, and sent home again at the expense of the "dear people." Here was a golden opportunity for the self-dubbed "professors," "scientific agriculturists," "terra-culturists," *et id omne genus*, that was not to be despised—a chance to "fare sumptuously every day," and at the same time, each could blow his measure upon the trump of Fame. The eventful period arrived Monday, 3d inst., if we mistake not, and we have anxiously watched and waited for the lightning's intimation that the "wisdom of the country" had assembled. Anxiously watched and waited, while, in imagination, the steed harnessed by MORSE, was sending throughout the length and breadth of the land the results of long continued experiments in culture—universal panaceas for all the ills to which our domestic animals are subject—analyses of soils, roots, grains, fruits, &c., coupled with the honored names of LIEBIG, JOHNSTON, DAVY, and the other worthies who have rendered essential aid to agriculture. We had prepared ourselves for any amount of "organic matter," "phosphates and super phosphates," "ammonia," "silica," "chlorides, and anti-chlorides,"—we held ourselves in readiness to receive a large freight of all the "gases" in the chemist's category—as well as some that were to be generated at the "Convention"—but our watching and waiting has been in vain—alas! they come not as yet.

But, seriously, none are more ready than are we to admit the almost boundless opportunities for improvement which our present system of farming is offering to the thinking, intelligent cultivator of the soil,—and none, are more gratified at the progress which each year is slowly but surely developing. While we hail with satisfaction every agency calculated to elevate the calling of the agriculturist, we may, in all good faith, be permitted to question the propriety of such a Convention as the one above noticed. What aid can these garrulous individuals, with their scientific jargon, their reckless estimates and assertions, and their visionary theories bring to agriculture? Were we moving, as a rural people, at hazardous speed, we would joyfully note such a gathering—when dangers ahead give signal "put on the brakes," just such an institution as this Washington Convention could find fitting and appropriate duties to perform.

The extreme paucity of *facts*—of thoroughly established conclusions in agricultural affairs, has left open a field in which those who live at the expense of the honest toiler find ample grazing surface. Hardly is one fallacy buried, before another occupies its place—scarcely has this or that scheme been branded as an impostion, before the leeches are again abroad—too often with a parchment bearing the seal of one of the Departments of government. Year after year Congress appropriates thousands of dollars for "the dissemination of useful Agricultural information,"—and with what result? The question is put boldly, honestly—*with what result?* Those of our farmers who have experimented with the seeds and scions that have been issued under the frank of the "Commissioner of Patents," are requested to respond. Let us know whether we are getting value received from this enormous outlay of the Nation's funds—let us ascertain whether the people have received anything—if we except the Chinese Sugar Cane, and one or two other minor matters—for the money so lavishly squandered in order to obtain "useful Agricultural information." This is the point—we want the farmers to answer whether this whole affair is a National Benefit or a National Humbug

The position of Patent Commissioner, we are aware, is not that of a sinecure—there are too many conflicting opinions which need toning to render its duties a merely pleasant mode of passing away the time—and while we take great pleasure in recalling any of the good things which this Department has been instrumental in presenting the agriculturist, we must express our long-formed opinion that radical changes will have to be instituted before it can lay claim to materially aid or assist in Rural Improvement.

WINTERING CALVES.

WHILE attending to our five calves one day, a visitor asked, "Why do you take so much trouble about calves,—many people let them take their chance with the other stock through the winter?" A very *poor chance*, I thought that would be, for farmers who treat calves so, wouldn't take much care for the comfort of any tenant of their barn-yard. Calves which "take their chance," are of the same breed with those which furnish crows with bait, and tanners with kip-skins in spring time. If they live, it takes all summer for them to get ready to grow again—if tough enough, they will stand another winter, and fill the ranks of the raw-boned cows and lank, unruly steers, which are the pests of our highways, and disgrace our stock husbandry.

There is "a more excellent way"—one more satisfactory to the "merciful man's" feelings, as well as profitable to the pocket. Perhaps I do not practice it in all respects—yet my way may be worth the telling of.

This winter I have got my calves in the barn, and the stable arranged to suit me. They have plenty of room—14 feet square—and a good manger to eat from—one which *holds* all I put in for them until they "eat it out," or CHARLEY, or myself remove it. The front has V shaped openings for them to put their heads through, of a size appropriate for calves. The bottom of the manger is about six inches above the floor, a board slants back about a foot from the front, so that the feed will slide forward within their reach. The openings come within six inches of the manger bottom, and extend up nearly three feet, and are about twenty inches wide at the top.

Nothing in the fodder line, that I ever put before a calf, seems to "take" better than good, early cut and well, but not over cured clover hay. They will do well on it without anything else, but they will do better with an occasional feeding of roots, cut fine, and well salted, "just for a change;" they return to hay with a renewed appetite, and evince by their playfulness that they "feel first-rate," and by their looks that they are thriving and growing. I like to have my calves and other stock, with coats as sleek and shining in winter as in summer, and with comfortable shelter and care, it is not difficult to secure it.

Calves, to thrive, must have water at least twice a day, and if they can have it close at hand and at will, all the better. The best we can do is to give them water morning and night, letting them take a little excursion of about six or eight rods, to get it. It seems "tough" to them, no doubt, to leave their warm stables on a blustering day, for a drink of cold water; but the weather is no worse to them than to their owner who goes with them. I should like to have a big cistern to catch the water from the barn roof, a good pump in it, and there my stock should have water before them in the yard, three or four times a day, at the least.

Calves may be stabled, and fed, and watered, and yet suffer from want of cleanliness. We clean our stables out every day and give new litter, and the amount of good manure furnished will be quite an item to our next year's crop. But our story is getting tedious—we will only say to the farming reader, "*give* your calves a chance, don't wait for them to *take* it, you will find it to pay in more ways than you now think of." FARMER B.

P. S. My mangers won't hold corn stalks—the calves every time they went through the cow yard, seemed to think them very nice, so I gave them some to-day; and, like any old cow, they pulled them out one by one, and dropped them under foot—eating but a small portion. Just as I expected. I, too, think out-doors, on clean frozen ground, the only fit place to feed corn fodder.—B.

R. NUTTING'S FANNING AND ASSORTING MACHINE.

THE machine above represented is of recent introduction, having been patented on the 10th of August, 1858, but has already received much favor and commendation. Though we have not yet seen it in operation, we are of opinion—from the manner of its construction, and the testimony of practical and reliable men—that it will prove of great value to the agricultural public. In noticing it the editor of the New England *Farmer* says:—"We have several times seen this machine in operation, and believe it to be the best Fanning and Separating Mill ever invented." As it promises a cheap and easy manner of thoroughly cleaning grain for seeding, it is worthy the special attention and examination of farmers throughout the country. The construction, capacity and operation of the machine, are thus described by the inventor or owner of the right—whether in too strong language those having personal knowledge of it can decide:

"This machine not only *cleans* rapidly every kind of grain, grass and garden seeds, beans, peas, coffee, rice, &c., from chaff, dust and dirt, but it separates from them *all foul seeds*, and also *assorts* each pure article into *several distinct grades or sizes*, for extra or Graham flour, for seed, &c. Wheat is cleaned from *oats*, cockle, chess, kale and all impurities; so also all cereal products. Indian, broom and sugar corn, clover, timothy, red-top, millet, hemp, flax, canary and garden seed, are *cleaned, separated* and ASSORTED, so that no picking over can improve them. The machine possesses many novel and superior features, separates everything according to *size, weight* and SHAPE. It has two shoes, which act or play independently of each other; the lower one runs the whole length of the machine and over the draws, and its motion is *perfectly horizontal*. The screens used in this machine are a new invention, differing from, and in all respects superior to, anything heretofore in use—being *perfectly smooth, of immovable mesh, firm, elastic or springy*, and of *great durability*. The machine is smaller than ordinary winnowing mills, runs much easier—is very simple and durable, not liable to get out of order, and may be retained in any place on the floor by the weight of the operator. Its cost is about the same as good Fan Mills."

ABOUT CIDER-MAKING.

EDS. RURAL:—It would gratify me much if some of your readers would give a good and easy method of rectifying cider and keeping it sweet through the summer months. There is a person in my neighborhood who uses some process to his own profit, but he keeps it a profound secret. I have tried the popular nostrums of *mustard seed* and *raw beef* without any benefit. It is said that a gallon of alcoholic spirits will stop fermentation; but it is objectionable, rendering it too stimulating for a common beverage, and to many on temperance principles.

I would like to inquire what is the meaning of the process, in your number of the 11th ult.,—clipped from a Springfield paper, and given under the authority of a learned professor—which proposes to add a certain quantity of *"sulphate" of lime*, known, as an article of manufacture, as *anti-chlorides of lime*." Now, Sirs, sulphate of lime is common plaster, or gypsum, and as to "anti-chloride of lime," there is no such chemical combination—no such article known in chemistry—and I am at an utter loss to know what is meant by this discrepancy of terms. Neither can I understand the *rationale* of the prescription, or how it can have any effect, as the chemical affinities of lime and sulphuric acid are so strong that no other acid can decompose them—nothing short of a red heat will effect it, and not entirely then. The addition of pure *quick lime* would be more in unison with chemical laws, as it would be acted upon by the carbonic acid produced in fermentation, and form a neutral and insoluble compound of carbonate of lime, and be precipitated to the bottom. Ashes, ley, saleratus, or any other alkaline substance would have much the same effect. But, would the residue be cider, or a vitiated apple juice?

In my opinion, we know very little of the perfection of cider by the ordinary process of its manufacture. The usual course is to gather all the *fallen rotten and wormy apples*—those the hogs have rejected—let them lie, fermenting, in heaps, till all other work is done, when they are ground, and pressed through straw of very doubtful cleanliness—in fact, the whole process is as far from that Christian virtue as light from darkness. It is

said that every person, in his lifetime, eats a peck of dirt—if so, the cider-drinker gets a half bushel.

If the juice of good, sound and clean apples, free from all impurities, could be obtained, and by the means of the addition of sugar be brought to the density required for making domestic wine, and filtered free from pomace, it would produce a cordial in no respect inferior to that article, and be a *cider ar ia cider*.

The process now mostly in vogue of making by the spiked cylinder, or grating process, is a most wasteful operation, as it takes from 10 to 12 bushels of apples to make a barrel—one-third of the pomace is left of the size of kernels of corn, from which no juice can be expressed by the means used, and is lost. There is no doubt but there are 30 gallons of juice in six bushels of sound apples, and if a contrivance could be invented to express, at one operation, the juices free and the pomace dry as in the working the sugar cane—it would be the *ne plus ultra* of cider-making, and I have no doubt but some ingenious Yankee will yet effect it and make a fortune. L. B. MANLY.

Monroe Co., N. Y., 1858.

* The journal from which we copied the article referred to substituted "Sulphate" for "*Sulphite*" of lime, which we understand to be a salt formed by a combination of sulphurous acid with lime as the base.

OUR PLANK ROAD.

It was a pretty thing when it was new. What a luxury to roll easily along while travelers on the common roads were wading in mud! "Progress and Improvement" seemed to be the motto, and "Excelsior" the watch-word of the day. The few hard-fisted fogies who growled at the exactions made upon their purses at the toll-gates, were voted behind "the age." Alas, and alas! Hardly two years passed ere stockholders, who had fondly dreamed of ample dividends, began to shake their heads; and a little later to "give signs of woe that all was lost!" The patronizing public bore the jolting from sharp hemlock knots reasonably well for a time, but, at last, *they caved!* All came to regard the thing as a great waste of excellent timber, that for other purposes would be exceedingly valuable. They learned that there is not *wear* enough in a hemlock plank, if extending through a term of years, to pay original cost and provide means to replace with new when the old is worn out. The sixteen thousand dollar outlay is a total loss! And this is not all. We had a tolerable road before the Company took possession, but, men of Mars! what have we now? Was a more jagged thing ever dignified with the name highway? Holes and pit-falls,—plank lying lengthwise of the road or floated off to the region of tides,—broken sluice-ways, and bridges careening from the perpendicular, are its *best* characteristics! An old-fashioned log-way is "a king" to it, for in a new country such roads are looked for; while in old settled regions the traveler reasonably calculates to move along at the usual rate of speed without imminently risking his spinal column. What is to be done? The road must be fixed, *but how?* Should plank (what there are left) and stringers be buried under, or hauled out of the way? Which, in the long run, is found to be the cheaper and better plan? A SUBSCRIBER.

COWS HOLDING THEIR MILK.

DEAR RURAL:—It is the practice of those who meet together at fairs to discuss the various subjects which come under their notice, and to give and receive such light as may be communicated. There is one subject which often comes up, and no sure remedy seems to have been generally discovered; or, if so, it has escaped my notice. I refer to the fact so often inquired about at agricultural meetings, of cows holding up their milk. There is many a noble cow entirely worthless because she *will not* give down her milk, unless the calf is to be accommodated thereby. I have just such a cow, and was compelled for four months, to first let the calf in to induce her to give down. At last, one day as I was absent, my wife milked the cow, without turning in the calf,—being unable to handle him,—and found no trouble. On learning this, I concluded there must be some peculiarity in the manner of her milking, and on inquiry found she milked with only one hand at a time. This, of itself, may seem trivial; but when we consider that a cow never holds up her milk from her calf, and that the calf never asks but one teat to give milk, the nearer we imitate the calf the more certain will we be to obtain the milk. Now, this may not prove effectual in all cases; but it has never failed with my cow—whereas, previous to that, *nothing* would induce her to give down her milk but the calf. In this locality, where butter sells at 40 cents a pound, and milk at 10 cents a quart, we do not consider this subject beneath our notice.

Should the spirit move me at a future time, I might trouble you with some facts relative to the horticulture of this new land—for exciting as has been the contest here, the quiet and peaceful cultivation of the soil is now the occupation of a great majority of the settlers of Kansas. Already fruit trees have arrived from the Rochester nurseries, and may the time not be distant when the RURAL will have a large circulation here.

Wyandott, K. T., 1858. DANIEL B. HADLEY.

SCRATCHES—A CURE.—T., of Dansville, N. Y., will find that by taking a soft or fresh corn cob and using warm dish-water, or warm water and castile soap, (I prefer the former) and rubbing the affected part with the cob, dipping it frequently in the water, until he has the scruff all off and perfectly clean—then drying it with a cloth and applying the following salve—rubbing it well, that it will take but a few greasings until the horse is perfectly cured. I have used this method repeatedly for 30 years, and have never known it to fail.—Scrape from the outside of the iron pots used for cooking, the soot, or black that is on them, with a case knife, and then mix tallow with it until it forms a good salve, or paste, and rub the scratches with it after being cleansed, three or four times, or even six times, if necessary. An improvement will be seen immediately. The horse should be kept in the stable or out of the mud until he is cured, or nearly so.—A. FAHNESTOCK, *Toledo Agriculturist*, 1859.

AN ALDERNEY BULL.

DURING the progress of the Tenth Volume of the RURAL, we purpose to present our readers with illustrations of the various breeds of Cattle, Horses, Sheep, etc., together with brief descriptions of their peculiar characteristics. To this end we give an engraving of an Alderney Bull, the representative of a breed of small cattle found in France and the islands along the French coast. To the eye they exhibit but little symmetry of form; color light red, yellow, dun or fawn, short, wild-horned, deer-necked, thin, and small boned. YOUATT says of them:—"They are found mainly in gentlemen's parks and pleasure grounds, and they maintain their occupancy there partly on account of the richness of their milk, and the great quantity of butter which it yields, but more from the diminutive size of the animals. Their ugliness is passed over upon these accounts; and it is thought fashionable that the view from the breakfast or drawing-room should present an Alderney cow or two grazing at a distance." Their milk, as has been stated, is very rich—giving more butter per quart than any other—but the quantity is small, and as they are voracious eaters they will not answer in the dairy where that business is followed for profit. Where the *excellence* of the article is considered, and not the *expense*, the Alderney cow will be found fitted. When dried, they fatten with much rapidity, and this feature may be called their great excellence. They do not possess sufficient merit to commend them to practical agriculturists in this country.

WORN-OUT LANDS.—SEEDING TO GRASS.

EDS. RURAL:—Wishing to give you some of my experience in a long course of agricultural operations, I send the following:

Some years ago I owned a farm in New Hampshire, comprising a variety of soil, among which was a piece of "old N. E." pine plain land, so exhausted by continued cropping that it was considered worthless. In fact, it was so run down that for years before I came in possession, it had lain as waste land. It would not sward over, except in small patches, and it had the appearance of being entirely exhausted. I drained a small maple swamp adjoining, where the muck was from 6 to 10 feet deep, then I dug out the muck and carted it upon one acre of the land, to try an experiment. Seventy-five or eighty ox-cart loads were dumped down—half a load in a pile—which lay until the next spring, when it was spread and plowed under, then marked out for corn, 3½ feet apart, and manured in the hill with twelve loads of rotten manure.—Now for the result:—I harvested fifty bushels of good shelled corn from that acre, and the ensuing spring sowed to rye and grass. The rye was fair, and the grass took well. It remained in grass nine years. Some years I think we cut more than one tun, and none of the years less than a tun to the acre. The next acre adjoining, of the same quality of soil and the same worn-out appearance, was managed in the same way precisely, as to muck and manure, and planted to corn. I harvested 50 bushels—the same as the first piece—and sowed down the next spring with oats and grass. I harvested 50 bushels of excellent oats, the grass took nearly as well as it did on the first piece, but it did not flourish, and there was not more than half a tun on the acre, yet the seasons were very near alike. Now, what occasioned the failure of the crop of grass on the second piece? Was it the oat crop? I am inclined to think it was. Since that time I have sown a part of a piece to wheat and a part to oats, on the same kind of land, side by side, on the same day, and I have invariably found the grass crop about one-third larger on land sown with wheat, rye, barley, &c., to that sown with oats.

Collins, N. Y., 1858. W.

WOODEN DRAINS.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Wooden pipe, I perceive, is advertised in the RURAL, for conveying water. I can give some information concerning their durability, as I have put down many hundred rods. My work was chiefly in the northern part of Massachusetts and southern part of New Hampshire. I commenced about forty years ago, and followed the business for several summers, together with making pumps out of pine logs, and during this time I relaid several old lines. The owners would tell me how long they had been laid, which was generally from eight to fourteen years—the logs used, pine, from five to nine inches in diameter. In some of the lines I found logs sound enough to relay, by renewing the joints. This depended on the kind of soil they were in—in a coarse gravelly soil they decayed fast, but in clayey ground that was moist or wet, they would last much longer. I once relaid a line of logs that led a part of the way thro' a swamp, where there was mud and water all the year—the other part was dry land of a clay nature. They told me that the logs had been laid twenty-eight years—those on the dry land were decayed, those in the swamp were apparently as sound as ever, except at the joints. I took them up, removed the joints, and laid them down again. We can see from this that it depends wholly on the ground they are laid in. When I discovered the joints failed first, I adopted a remedy, by taking a a cotton cloth about three inches wide, covered one side with tar, and wound round the little end of the log, then put the joints together, and they lasted much longer.

I came to Marcellus, N. Y., in 1828, and since then have laid a few lines, but mostly with tamarac logs, they make a very pretty aqueduct, but not so durable as pine. In dry gravelly land, or coarse sand, I would recommend cement as best and more durable. AMBRY WILLSON.

Marcellus, N. Y., 1858.

ECONOMY, joined to industry and sobriety, is a better outfit for business than a dowry.

Inquiries and Answers.

WHITE GUIENA FOWLS.—(*W. L. G., Fairfield, Mich.*)—EDWARD ONION, of Dedham, Mass., will give you all the information you require.

REMOVING GREASE FROM SKINS.—Will you inform me through the RURAL the best and easiest way of removing grease from the skins of fur animals—those that are very greasy?—B. I. G. HUNTER, *Rushford, N. Y.*, 1859.

WATER LIME.—I wish to know what is *Water Lime*, or *Hydraulic Cement?* What is it chemically? To what is its resistance to water due? Is it good for anything agriculturally, after age and exposure to dampness have spoiled it for plastering cisterns?—S. M., *Newport, Wis.*, 1859.

MORTAR made from common lime, when placed in water, gradually softens and disentegrates, the lime dissolving and mixing with the water. Limestone, which contains about 20 per cent. of clay, (*silicate of alumina*) when burnt, gives a lime which possesses the property of hardening under water, and is called *Water Lime*, or *Hydraulic Cement*. Nearly as good for agricultural purposes, we should think, as common refuse lime.

A CORN HOUSE WANTED.—Has the RURAL any plans for a Corn House in its list of designs for farm buildings? Since the farmers of Old Monroe have been compelled to abandon wheat-growing, there is, consequently, more corn produced, and the curing or drying the same after husking has become of considerable importance. The curing in small cribs will do, but is not convenient for storing and saving after it is dry, in many respects. I am desirous of building a Corn House with a small granary in it, and having the same convenient,—sure *fire* against *mice* and *rats*, and so constructed as to cure thoroughly the newly husked corn, without mould or black mildew. Now, if you have any plans on hand, or if some of your numerous subscribers will be kind enough to give us them, or their views through the RURAL, it will be gratefully received.—H. B. H. *North Rush, N. Y.*, 1859.

WARTS ON COWS' TEATS.—Will some of your numerous readers give information through the RURAL how to take warts off of a cows' teat, and prevent them from coming on? I have a valuable young cow whose teats are covered with them—some nearly an inch long. I presume such information has been given, but as I am a new subscriber, I have not seen it.—W. B. P., *Buchanan, Mich.*, 1858.

WASHING in alum water is strongly recommended. Another remedy is composed of equal parts of neat's foot oil, beef's gall, spirits of turpentine, and old brandy—shake well before using, and apply once each day.

COUGH IN HORSES.—Will you, or some of the readers of the RURAL, please give me a little information thro' your paper? I have a young horse which took cold last winter which produced a cough. I gave him medicine one of the M. D.'s prescribed, but with no good effect. Through the summer his cough nearly subsided, but when I began feeding hay in the fall, he again commenced coughing. Now, if any one will inform me what will effect a cure, he will greatly oblige—A. G., *Scott, Penn.*, 1859.

IN the treatment of *simple colds*, a few warm mashes, warm clothing, and a *warm stable* are generally all that is necessary. Sometimes a little relaxing physic may be given to advantage. DADD recommends 4 ounces each of slippery elm, Indian turnip, elecampane, skunk cabbage and caraway seeds—all powdered. Dose, half an ounce twice a day, in gruel. While administering medicine, the horse should be deprived of water, and be made to drink of slippery elm or flaxseed tea. Where the cough has become *chronic*, a blister extending from the root of one ear to that of the other, taking in the whole channel, and reaching six or eight inches down the windpipe, has often been tried with good effect. Feeding has much influence upon a chronic cough. Too much dry feed increases it, and one of the best things that can be used as a portion of the animal's daily fodder are carrots. The authority before quoted says "for an old chronic cough that seems likely to wear the animal out, and also the patience of its owner, depending perhaps on some organic change, or irritable state of the respiratory surfaces, use counter irritation, and give a dose of the following, night and morning:—Equal parts of pleurisy root, licorice, lobelia, sulphur, sassafras, and bloodroot—all powdered. Dose, one ounce, night and morning, for the first two days; then omit the morning dose. To be mixed with the food."

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Chinese Sugar Cane as Fodder.

IN the December issue of the *American Farmer*, Mr. M. B. SHEPHERD, of Fluvanna Co., Virginia, writes thus relative to the value of the Sorghum as food for stock:—"I have now grown the second crop of the Chinese Sugar Cane; I have fed it freely to horses, cattle and hogs—to the two former in both a green and cured state; I have found that they thrive finely on it. From the great drouth we have had, the corn crop is a short one—hence, I have given my fattening hogs but little so far except sugar cane, and they are now fat. The seed I have ground with or without corn for my horses; I consider it one of the safest and most profitable crops we raise."

Feeding Carrots to Horses.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Working Farmer* writes that his attention has lately been called to the best mode of feeding carrots to horses, and after many experiments he has arrived at the following conclusions:—"The carrots should be sliced by an ordinary root cutter, and fed at the time the animal gets his regular feed. If the horse has been fed with four quarts of oats at a time, give him two quarts of oats and two quarts of sliced carrots; by such a practice the nitrogenous part of the oats has no chance to pass off in a fluid state, but combines with the pectin of the carrot and forms a gelatinous substance that is retained to supply the wants of the body, and give muscular strength to the animal. Carrots alone are not as good as oats for a working horse, but carrots, and oats fed according to the above directions, are better than oats."

An Important Question.

IN a recent number of the *New England Farmer*, the question "Can corn fed to hogs be made to pay west of Ohio?" is raised, and Mr. STEARNS, of Felchville, Vt., gives his views as follows:—"Corn fed to swine can be made to pay almost anywhere by proper management. However fertile land may be, I do not believe you can farm it long without manure. Therefore, in feeding corn to hogs, have an eye to the manure. In fattening swine, the meat is one object and the manure is equally another. When pork is worth six cents per pound, you get seventy-five cents per bushel, in pork, for your corn; and with proper management, you get, in the long run, seventy-five cents more in manure. Turn your pigs into your orchard up to the middle of August; then put them into the sty, with a good yard, into which throw turf, muck, leaves, sawdust, or anything to absorb the ammonia. Sawdust, usually wasted, is much more valuable than many imagine. When thrown into hog-yards or stables, it proves a good absorbent, and forms a most valuable fertilizer."

A Cheap Filter.

IN some situations spring water cannot be obtained, hence rain water is employed for all domestic purposes. To render it fit for drinking and cooking, it requires to be filtered, as showers carry down insects and their *ova* from the atmosphere and dust from the roofs upon which they fall. It is best to purify rain water before it enters the cistern, and for this purpose a good filter can be made by any person at the cost of only a few shillings. The way to do this, says the *Scientific American*, is as follows:—Construct a tolerably large and stout wooden box, with a hole in the bottom, or at the side near the bottom, and in connection with a pipe leading into the cistern; nail a coarse cotton or linen cloth over its bottom inside, and then fill it up to within three inches of the top with layers of clean gravel, sand, and charcoal, and over the top of these secure a stout cloth. Into this box lead the pipe, and, as the rain passes through it to the cistern, it will be purified and fitted for drinking or any other purpose. The top cloth of this filter can be easily removed and frequently washed. At a little extra cost, this filter may be made so as to rotate on an axis to be turned upside down, and washed out by making clean water rush from its bottom through to the top. It is necessary to make such filters somewhat large to carry off water rapidly during heavy showers.

Benefits of Underdraining.

JOHN S. LACEY, of Harrison Co., Ohio, writes the *Ohio Cultivator* thus:—"Some 16 years ago I began to underdrain in a small way, without experience, only what I had gathered from writings on the subject, which was very limited at that day. In a very short time I began to realize the benefits, and, as my draining increased, my desires increased much faster than the drains. At this time I am so thoroughly convinced of their great importance, that unless I have dried up some wet, swampy, or too level spots on the farm every year, I feel I have neglected my own interest, and that of my family and posterity. I do this work in spring and fall—the most in the fall, being the more pleasant time to work in wet land. I have stone and use them. I have thought if I had not stone I would make a kiln of bricks 8 inches long, 4 inches broad, 2 inches thick, set them on end on the bottom of drain, 4 inches apart, lean tops together, lay over them some straw, and fill up. Let me urge my brother farmers to a trial on a small scale, with tile, stone, brick or wood, the one most convenient and cheap. I have faith to believe if you make one trial the good work will go on. I have made of these drains upwards of three and one-half miles. My mode of constructing them is to sink the trench about two feet deep at the lowest place to be drained, from there to some suitable outlet, then take stone 8 or 10 inches broad, stand them on the bottom, 4 or 5 inches apart, lean tops together, cover the tops closely with straw or litter and fill up—when you have a main drain completed, you can branch as many arms on either side as you please. I have long since declared war against the crawfish tribes on my farm, and I consider every drain I make an effective piece of artillery added to my battery, which plays day and night against the strongholds of the enemy. It gives me great satisfaction to say several strongholds of the enemy have been taken, and those not slain are banished, and other tribes are in council considering the propriety of beating a speedy retreat."

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE AGRICULTURAL PRESS enters upon the year 1859 with renewed vigor, and better prospects and promises of augmented success and usefulness, than for many years preceding. Many of our exchanges apparently commence the year hopefully, evincing an earnest and progressive spirit, and we trust their efforts will be crowned with abundant success—that those who labor in the cause will be amply remunerated, and their readers and the public generally greatly benefited. Among other improvements, we observe that the *Michigan Farmer* has been changed from a monthly to a weekly, and is now a handsome quarto of 8 pages—another evidence that farmers are progressing. We wish it success.——The *Boston Cultivator* has also made an improvement—for it not only appears in new and beautiful type, but has changed its general appearance by ignoring that "awful" border which has marred its pages some ten or fifteen years, and donning more modern and tasteful surroundings. The world *is* moving.——EMERY'S "Journal of Agriculture and Prairie Farmer" also appears in a new dress and tasty vignette heading, with *Prairie Farmer* as the main title.——The last No. of the *Maine Farmer* announces the retirement of Mr. R. EATON, who has been its successful publisher for the past fifteen years, and that Messrs. HOMAN & STANLEY, former publishers of the *Gospel Banner*, are his successors. We hope Mr. E. retires with a competency. The *Farmer* will probably continue under the supervision of Dr. E. HOLMES, its long-time capable editor.

WOOL GROWER AND STOCK REGISTER.—As we are almost daily receiving inquiries and orders for this journal, formerly published by us, we again state that it was merged in the RURAL NEW-YORKER some two years ago—and that *we cannot supply complete sets of the work*. Though tolerably well sustained, the W. G. and S. R. was discontinued because many of its subscribers preferred the RURAL, on sight and examination. Perhaps we made a mistake in sending specimens of the RURAL to its readers, but if so it is too late to repent, and we are satisfied with the result. The W. G. and S. R. is not the only *monthly* that has had to succumb to the more varied, interesting and progressive weeklies.

NATIVE WINE.—Among those who have favored us with samples of wine of their own manufacture, not before acknowledged, are the following: E. FERGUSON, of this city, a fine article of wine made from the Clinton grape. This has more of that nutty flavor, peculiar to foreign wines, than any other native wine we ever tasted. W. H. H. BARTON, and DEWEY & MUNROE, of Rochester, excellent samples of Isabella grape wine. Mr. BARTON was awarded first premium on Isabella wine at our last Co. Fair. HENRY SQUIRES, also of this city, unusually fine currant wine. ALBERT DEVENAUX, of Clyde, two samples (one two years old and the other new,) made from the Oporto grape. The two years old is especially fine. We should like to receive a communication from Mr. D. relative to his manner of cultivating the Oporto grape, and also his success.

THE AG. CONGRESS AT WASHINGTON.—This brilliant gathering is beginning to reflect a portion of its light. A ray, by some unaccountable means, fell upon the floor of the House of Representatives, and the reader will discover, by referring to our report of "Congressional Proceedings," that it created considerable excitement in that quarter. Probabilities favor the idea of a little amusement for the movers in this concern, and the edification of outsiders, and the people generally. So mote it be.

THE WEATHER has at last become decidedly Boreas. The present week opened in a very frigid manner, the Thermometer indicating 8 degrees *below zero* on Monday morning—a great change from the preceeding soft, warm weather. To-day (Tuesday) is nearly as cold, and the prospect is fair for quite a "spell" of winter weather, with good sleighing to match, (the snow being nearly one foot deep hereabouts,) which latter is decidedly favorable for out-door business operations.

TOMPKINS COUNTY AG. SOCIETY.—This Society held its annual meeting at the rooms of the Ithaca Farmers' Club, Jan. 5th, and the old officers were mainly re-elected. *President*—EZRA CORNELL, of Ithaca. *Treasurer*—O. B. Curran, of Ithaca. *Secretary*—W. H. Purdy, of Ithaca. The meeting was well attended, and much interest was manifested in the promotion of Rural affairs. The Ithaca Farmers' Club is a new institution, now less than two months old, yet has already secured a commodious room, where weekly meetings are held. The Library already numbers over 150 Volumes of well selected Agricultural Books and additions are daily made by the liberality of citizens.

UNION AG. SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this Society was held at Brockport, Jan. 1st. After voting that the boundaries of the Society include the towns of Sweden, Clarkson, Union, Parma and Ogden, in Monroe Co., and Clarendon, Murray, and Kendall, in Orleans Co., the following officers were elected for 1859: *President*—E. B. HOLMES. *Vice Pres'ts*—C. J. Prosser and Jos. H. Pratt.—*Sec'y*—H. N. Beach. *Treasurer*—Thos. Cornes. *Directors*—J. N. Warren, Clarkson; J. O. Pettengill, Ogden; Abner Wood, Parma; Hiram Mordoff, Union; S. V. W. Requa, Kendall; S. H. Davis, Sweden; Nicholas Darrow, Clarendon; Thos. Jewett, Murray.

SCARCITY OF FODDER.—The Wyoming Mirror says:—"The scarcity of fodder in the Southern counties of this State makes it necessary to transport feed for stock from this vicinity. An Allegany dealer has contracted with one of our millers for 100 tuns of feed, which he is delivering at the railroad station at the rate of about three tuns per day. The demand for corn has already increased the price of that article, and it will no doubt be still further increased before hay comes."

HORTICULTURAL

FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

Annual Meeting.

The Annual Meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, was held in the city of Rochester, on Wednesday, the 5th inst., President Norton in the Chair, and was the largest and most interesting meeting ever held by the Society.—Large delegations were present from Onondaga, Oswego, Cayuga, Yates, Ontario, Wayne, Livingston, Niagara, Erie, and Monroe Counties. Several hundred of the most intelligent fruit growers in Western New York were in attendance during the whole session, which occupied nearly two days. Our report of the proceedings will be found pretty full and correct.

First Day—Morning Session.

The meeting was called to order at about half-past 10 A. M., and after reading of the minutes of the last meeting, reports of *Standing Committees* were called for, but nothing of special interest was presented. A Committee was appointed to nominate officers for the ensuing year, and also one to report subjects for discussion. While these Committees were out, the President suggested that any questions which gentlemen would like to have discussed, or on which they desired information, might be presented to the meeting.

PEARS SUITABLE FOR QUINCE STOCKS.

W. R. Coppock, of Buffalo, said he had been much interested in ascertaining what varieties of pears were adapted to the quince stock. Had tried some experiments, to ascertain what varieties would, and would not form a perfect union with the quince root. The *Urbaniste*, it had been said, was unsuited to the quince, but on examining a large tree 2½ inches through the stem, that he had lost by accident, he found the union perfect. The *Columbia*, had not made a good union. Examined a large tree, nearly three inches through the pear stem, but the quince stock not more than half that size, and the union was very imperfect, a mere granulation. The *Bartlett* was the same. The fitness of the *Belle Lucrative* for the quince root had been questioned, but he found the union most perfect.

Dr. H. Spence, of Yates county, recommended caution in reporting the results of experiments of this kind. A failure of the pear to unite with the quince wood, may be accidental. We should multiply tests, and in this way we can arrive at unerring conclusions.

RIPENING WINTER PEARS.

W. R. Coppock thought all would admit that pears were delicious, and that they may be had the greater part of the year. But how to keep and ripen winter pears was a question of absorbing interest. All do not succeed with winter pears. The *Vicar of Winkfield* many will say, judging from their own experience, is nothing but a cooking pear—sour and astringent. The speaker would give his experience in ripening this pear. The present season had a large crop, the trees overbearing so as to require propping; the fruit good in size, and uniform. The *Vicar* was a most constant and uniform bearer. Allowed the fruit to remain on the tree as long as prudent, for fear of frost, then picked them, (about 20th October,) and carried them into a dark and unused room on the north side of the house, spread a layer on the floor-carpet, spread a blanket over these, and then another layer, and so on. Procured a pine box, with shelves, something like a cupboard, that would hold about three bushels and placed this behind the kitchen stove, where the thermometer would range from 70 to 90 degrees. When he desired to ripen the pears, filled this box, and allowed the fruit to remain in it for about ten days, in which time they would be fully ripe, and on opening the door of the cupboard, a most delightful fragrance, like an orange grove, or a pear orchard, would strike the olfactories. The specimens ripened in this way were beautiful, highly colored, and delicious. Ripened his crop in the month of December, and sold to retailers at $6 per bushel. Soil, stiff loam, with clay base. The roots of this, as of all vigorous sorts, strike deep into the soil.

Dr. Spence had found the *Vicar of Winkfield* a good bearer, but had been very unfortunate in his attempts at ripening. Put them in a warm room, around the stove pipe; they would not ripen, and he threw them away after keeping them until March. In answer to a question, Mr. S. said his specimens were from standard trees.

P. Barry, did not consider most winter pears difficult to ripen, certainly not the *Vicar*. The old plan of ripening was something like that described by Mr. Coppock, but he thought the labor unnecessary. If this pear is *well grown*, it may be placed in a good dry cellar, where the temperature ranges from 40 to 45 degrees, and will ripen like apples. Mr. Spence's specimens were not well grown, or they would not have kept until March. The 1st of January is as long as they will keep. A good judge can tell by the appearance whether a *Vicar* will ripen. Poor specimens should be picked off during summer. Winter pears should be allowed to remain on the trees as long as possible. If picked too early they ripen prematurely, because we have no cool place to keep them; and unless well matured on the tree winter pears are generally good for nothing. In this respect they are quite different from summer pears. Pears in ripening, should not be exposed to the air.

Benjamin Hodge, of Buffalo, had grown the *Vicar of Winkfield* for six years. The trouble with those who complain of it is not in *ripening*, but in *growing*. If well grown, they may be put in the cellar like Baldwin apples, and will come out ripe and good. If gathered too early, or if the specimens are poor, they will shrivel, and become hard and woody. Valued it highly; no variety more so except *Louise Bonne de Jersey*. Mr H. had tasted the specimens ripened by Prof Coppock, and they were fine—in fact delicious—almost equal in flavor to *Virgalieu*. Winter pears must be fully matured on the tree. Summer pears will ripen in the house if not fully matured.

Prof Coppock would like to learn how to ripen the *Glout Morceau*. It was vigorous in its growth, something like the *Vicar of Winkfield*, and was just the kind for a friend of his to plant on Grand Island, for it is only necessary to plant them and they will take care of themselves, but he found great difficulty in getting them of good flavor. In answer to an inquiry from Mr Hooker, Mr C said his trees were from ten to twelve years old, vigorous, bear well, and from two three trees will yield a barrel.

H E Hooker, of Rochester, said his experience with the *Glout Morceau*, was that young trees bore flavorless fruit. Never had good flavored specimens until the trees bore a barrel each. Place them in the cellar when the weather becomes cold; keep them there until near Cristmas, and find them yellow and delicious.

Mr. Barry remarked, that when this pear first began to bear around Boston, every one was disappointed with it, and most of the trees were grafted over. When the few trees that were allowed to remain became older, the people were again disappointed to find the fruit so good.

Mr Coppock inquired of the last speaker if he did not think ten years old enough for the production of good fruit.

Mr Barry thought ten years was nearly or quite old enough for the production of *Glout Morceau* of good, flavor, that is, for all places except Buffalo, which seemed to form an exception to all general rules.

Prof Coppock said he must be allowed to speak a word or two for Buffalo. They were not as badly off as persons might imagine, from some things that had been written. Some years ago, when dwarf pear culture was in its infancy they commenced their culture with *zeal*, but not perhaps with *zeal* according to *knowledge*. A gentleman who now condemns dwarf pears, procured a large lot of *wastling* trees, *cheap*, which proved worse than worthless. These were disposed of to citizens of Buffalo, himself among others, and he was happy to say they were now almost all gone. Later purchases had proved successful. On New Year's Day, in his travels, he was astonished to see such fine trees growing in the gardens. Dwarf pear culture about Buffalo was a success, except with a few who have some of the old trees, that caused so much disappointment and so much trouble.

H. P. Norton, of Brockport, grew *Vicars*—had no difficulty in ripening them—perfectly delicious—none better, if specimens were all grown and allowed to remain on the trees until well matured.

S. H. Ainsworth, of Bloomfield, had a number of trees of *Vicar of Winkfield*—good, universally—better than expected; almost equal to *Virgalieu*. Ripened latter part of November and in December, in a warm room about 70°. Kept in that temperature for about ten days, in drawers, covered with cloths. Kept, until he wished to ripen them, in barrels and boxes in the cellar. Picked fruit from trees towards the last of October. *Glout Morceau* on pear stock not as good; had none on quince.

Benjamin Fish, of Rochester, wrapped *Vicars* in paper and kept them in a dark closet, in a cold upper room. They ripen beautifully; almost as good as *Virgalieu*. Was quite disappointed to find them so good.

Prof. Coppock was surprised at what had been said by gentlemen about ripening winter pears in the cold, as it did not accord with his experience.

H. E. Hooker, never found the least difficulty in ripening winter pears, and while his friend Coppock was entitled to much credit for his skill in growing good fruit that would ripen, he could not award him much credit for ingenuity in devising boxes or any other process of ripening. If good fruit is put in a box or barrel, and receives as much care as we give our winter apples they will ripen, but if we put in poor specimens no process will make them good.

THE CURCULIO.

Dr Spence inquired if any remedy for the Curculio had been discovered. This insect was destroying all our finest fruits, Plums, Apricots, Nectarines, &c.

To this inquiry the general expression was that the only remedy was the jarring of the trees and killing the insects. This work must be thorough, or it is useless. The jar must be sudden and sufficient to shake all the insects from the trees. The best way is to saw off a limb, leaving a stump which may be struck without injuring the bark.—To make a sure thing it is well to strike the limbs. The jarring should be done in the morning quite early, though it may be done in the evening. It should commence early, as soon as the blossom falls, and be continued once or twice a day for three or four weeks; or as often and as long as the insects can be caught. Sweep up all stung fruit that falls, or if convenient let the fowls have the range of the plum orchard—the pigs too, are quite useful. Nearly every one who had followed this process faithfully, reported a full crop of plums, but no half-way work will answer. Smoking, lime, salt, and such processes were reported as useless.

Afternoon Session.

On assembling in the afternoon the President delivered the Annual Address, which was listened to with the greatest interest, and a copy was requested for publication. We may give it next week.

The election for officers was then held and the following gentlemen were unanimously elected to fill the offices of the Society:

President—Benjamin Hodge, of Buffalo.

Vice-Presidents—J. J. Thomas, Union Springs; W. Brown Smith, Syracuse; Prof. W. R. Coppock, Buffalo.

Secretaries—C. P. Bissel, Rochester; Jno. B. Eaton, Buffalo.

Treasurer—W. P. Townsend, Lockport.

Executive Committee—P. Barry, Rochester; J. J. Thomas, Union Springs; C. L. Hoag, Lockport; W. B. Smith, Syracuse; Joseph Frost, Rochester.

The newly elected President expressed his thanks to the Society for the unexpected honor conferred upon him. While he felt gratified at this expression of confidence, he could not help expressing the opinion that some member might have been selected better qualified to fill this responsible position, particularly when he remembered the honorable gentlemen who had been his predecessors. Though he had seen many summers, he had not lost his interest in horticultural pursuits; never had the waving trees, the green leaves, and the gay flowers appeared so beautiful to him as in the one just past. His energies and abilities should be directed to advance the interests of the Society, and meet the just expectations of those who had made him its presiding officer.

The following being the first subject submitted by the Committee, was then discussed:

CULTIVATION OF APPLES.

How many varieties should be embraced in an Orchard of 1,000 Trees, to secure the largest profit of Orcharding in Western New York? What are the most Profitable varieties for an Orchard of 1,000 Trees?

L. B. Langworthy, for market, would plant but two varieties, 500 *Baldwin* and 500 *Fall Pippin*.—The Baldwin is not a first rate apple, but is very profitable. Never could get enough of the Fall Pippin to supply the demand. It was rather uncertain as to bearing, but one of the best apples ever created.

Dr. Spence said the Fall Pippin was a shy bearer in Yates county, and unprofitable as a market fruit. Would plant *Baldwin, R. I. Greening*, and the *Tompkins County King*, which is an abundant bearer, fine keeper, and of excellent flavor. It is larger than the Baldwin, and more productive—These three sorts are of good quality and good bearers. The *King* is good early in the fall, from November until spring.

J. J. Thomas, of Union Springs, said that in some seasons one variety would fail while others would bear. For that reason would plant not less than ten or twelve sorts, if they could be had, and then a crop was sure almost every season. This, would give a uniform supply for market, as well as a desirable variety. Railroads, too, have increased our facilities for sending summer varieties to market, and in some locations it would be advisable to plant pretty freely of summer sorts. Would plant two-thirds of the thousand of *Greening, Baldwin* and *Tompkins County King*.

H E. Hooker considered the wants of a community like the wants of a family. Would plant freely of the *Baldwin, R. I. Greening* and *King*. The *Twenty Ounce*, or *Cayuga Red Streak* is an early and profitable variety, and a great favorite with many. It takes the place of the Fall Pippin, which is so poor a bearer that no one can afford to raise it. He wanted *sweet* apples—couldn't keep house without them—and supposed every one else did. The people of New York city are beginning to learn that sweet apples are good, and the eastern buyers now pay a high price for them—The *Tolman Sweet* was the only one he could unqualifiedly recommend. It would be desirable for the orchardist to have some sort that would keep later than the *Baldwin*, and this they could secure by planting the *Roxbury Russet*. *Cooper's Redling* is a fine, showy apple, a good keeper, and exceedingly prolific. It promises to be a very profitable apple for the fruit grower.

Mr Barder, of Ontario, in planting an orchard of 1,000 trees, would procure about 300 Baldwins and divide the balance between Roxbury Russet and R I Greening. The King, he thought did not promise to be as productive as the Baldwin.

A. Stone, of Oswego, would add to the list recommended by Mr. Hooker, the *Wagener* and the *Dacell*, a most excellent apple in every respect and ripens in the latter part of Sept or Oct.

Geo. Ellwanger, in addition to these varieties mentioned, would say a good word for the *Sweet Bough* and *Red Astrachan*.

T. G. Yeomans, of Wayne, said that every one who has a village lot plants a few apple trees, and all early, because they can pick them as they are needed, during the summer and fall, for cooking and eating, while their winter fruit is purchased of the farmer. This in a great measure destroys the demand for early apples in country villages and small cities. The farmer cannot leave his business and carry to market a few bushels of apples, as they ripen. Winter apples can be picked late in the fall, and marketed in early winter, when other work is over. What is wanted for large orcharding, is trees of rapid growth, and good bearers, fruit of good quality, good looking, keeping well, and that will bear transportation. The *Baldwin* possesses these qualities in an eminent degree. Its color is in its favor, it is firm, and will not show bruises, and keeps well. As to failing some seasons if only one sort was grown, he had yet to see the *Baldwin* fail, when any other variety bore fruit. He would plant 999 Baldwin and 1 Greening.

Benj Fish, of Rochester, said the *Baldwin* bore well, and is hardy, but for a late apple it is almost worthless. The *Greening* is far superior.—The *Golden Russet* he considered No. 1. Would have at least ten varieties in an orchard.

L. B. Langworthy considered the *Golden Russet* almost worthless, and *Sweet Bough* as bad.—*Roxbury Russet* was far ahead of *Golden Russet*.

W. Brown Smith, of Onondaga, thought gentlemen had lost sight of the size of the orchard. The products of an orchard of 1,000 trees would be sold to the shippers, and if the fruit was of the right kind, they did not desire variety. Indeed it was a convenience to them to get but one kind from an orchard. He would plant the whole 1000 *Baldwins*.

Prof. Coppock said that those who, like himself, lived near a large city, knew the value of early apples. In an orchard of 1,000 trees, he would have at least five kinds—*R. I. Greening*, a universal favorite; *Baldwin*, of good size and color, of fair quality and an excellent bearer; *Keswick Codlin*, fine for cooking even when as small as walnuts; *Early Harvest*, a good eating and cooking apple; and the *Red Astrachan*, of beautiful color, and a fine acid.

Mr. Barry thought each person must decide for himself what varieties were most desirable for his location and circumstances, and this he could easily do, after becoming acquainted with the character and quality of the different sorts. Those who plant 1,000 trees will expect to plant winter fruit in the main. New York, Boston, and other cities will take our supply of fruit, and such varieties should be grown, as in addition to good quality and productiveness, will bear shipment without injury. *Baldwin, R. I. Greening* and *Roxbury Russet* are the three most desirable varieties. Might plant 50 trees of *Tollman Sweet* and *Golden Russet*, but the bulk would be the varieties named. Mr B thought the *Greening* as good a bearer as the *Baldwin* when the tree is of good age, but the *Baldwin* bears the youngest. There was no particular advantage in having trees bear very early; indeed, it may prove a positive injury. A bushel or two from a young tree is a matter of little consequence, compared with obtaining a good healthy growth, and a vigorous constitution. In future years it may repay a hundred-fold for a little supposed tardiness at first. Believe the *King* would be a profitable apple, though had not sufficient experience to speak with confidence.

H. N. Langworthy thought if we confined ourselves to these two or three kinds, the people would become surfeited, and as a necessary consequence of an abundant supply of these sorts the price would be reduced, while other kinds that were neglected would increase in value from their scarcity. Ten or a dozen varieties were few enough.

Mr. Barber found that the *Wagener* would not bear shipment. It is an early bearer and a delicious apple. Nothing better to grow near cities, or for family use.

Benjamin Hodge planted eight or ten years since a large orchard on the lower end of Grand Island, principally of *Northern Spy, R. I. Greening* and *Roxbury Russet*. He was now planting *Baldwin* and *Greening*. The *Spy* was slow in coming into bearing, and the *Roxbury Russet* is a poor grower.

L. B. Langworthy had grown the *Northern Spy* about eighteen years. It was time that humbug was knocked in the head. It is crisp, juicy and fresh to the last minute, but the juice is thin and watery, and it can't be packed, and must be handled with the greatest care.

J J Thomas had never been a particular admirer of the *Spy*. One small tree in his garden bore six bushels of apples the seventh year after planting. In some parts of the West it is well liked, and in California it is placed at the head of the list.

P. Barry said the *Northern Spy Apple*, to his taste, was the finest ever grown. He would as soon call the *Seckel Pear* a humbug, as the *Spy*.—Had seen orchards ten or twelve years old, bearing immense crops. A few years ago it was praised to the skies—there was no such apple—now it is condemned, and principally because of our unreasonable impatience. It does not bear young, but does bear good crops when arrived at a proper bearing age, if well treated. The very fact that it will not bear shipment and hard handling, is one evidence of its excellence. It is a general rule that all of our most delicious fruits—those of the greatest perfection of flavor and the highest refinement, are tender. Mr. B. saw last year fine specimens in Milwaukee that had been brought from Western New York.

T. G. Yeomans—the *Northern Spy* was grown in his neighborhood, as fine as could be desired, and good crops. The orchardist will find great advantage in growing large quantities of one kind of apples. Purchasers from abroad will give fifty cents per barrel more for a large lot barreled up in an orchard, than for a lot made up of a few barrels each from a dozen orchards. In the latter case they have to open and assort them before sending off. Shippers from Maryland offered $2 per barrel for a thousand barrels, when the selling price was only $1,25. At first was astonished at this, but when he came to consider the trouble of opening and assorting these picked up lots, and the loss, from poor and bruised specimens thrown out, saw very well that they could afford it. Some of these lots may be good, but others are poor, and so the good suffers for the bad; but where a large lot is put up well, the owner can command an extra price.

Mr Barber said growers would not take good care of their trees, and that was the reason why they do not succeed with the *Northern Spy*. It requires a good, warm soil, and the head of the tree must be thinned out, and the fruit thinned, for when it begins to bear, it bears too much.

S. H. Ainsworth, were he speaking for the present, would recommend the *Baldwin*. But, for the future, would add *Greening, Roxbury Russet, Tompkins County King* and *Twenty Ounce*. Anticipated an over production of *Baldwins*. The *Roxbury Russet* will keep longer, and bring a high price when the *Baldwin* is past, and the *Twenty Ounce* is good earlier in the season. It bears, too, better than the *Baldwin*, is almost always loaded to breaking down, and sells as high. The *Roxbury Russet* sells for $1 per barrel more than *Baldwins*, bears well, and the tree is not a bad grower after it becomes of age. Would plant, also, some *Northern Spys*. It makes a handsome tree, but should be headed low and the top kept trimmed out; and when it bears, a part of the fruit should be picked off, and only enough left to make a fair crop, and this will be fine. *Spy* trees bear good crops *every year*, unless allowed to over-bear. They bloom so late that the flowers escape late spring frosts when other sorts are killed. They do best on light, warm soils. For an orchard of 1,000 trees would plant 100 *Northern Spy*, 300 *Baldwin*, 200 *Greening*, 200 *Roxbury Russet*, 50 *Twenty Ounce*, 50 *Tollman Sweet*, 50 *Sweet Bough*, 50 *Red Astrachan*.

C J Ryan, of Rochester, would recommend 25 *Early Harvest*, 25 *Golden Sweet*, 25 *Keswick Codlins*, 25 *Fall Pippins*, 25 *Lawrence*, 25 *St Lawrence*, 100 *Baldwin*, 100 *R. I. Greening*, 100 *Red Canada*, 100 *Golden Russet*.

At the conclusion of the discussion of this question, it was proposed that members should hand in lists of the varieties, and the number of each, they would plant for an orchard of 1,000 trees.—Eighteen ballots were presented, many being unwilling to vote, believing they had not sufficient experience to warrant them in presenting varieties which others might take as a guide in planting.—The following is the aggregate, and it being understood that 18,000 trees were voted for by 18 members, one thousand each, the figures will show the standing of the varieties in the opinions of those voting:

Baldwin	7,700	Lady Apple	100
Rhode Island Greening	3,350	Sweet Bough	100
Roxbury Russet	1,600	Red Canada	100
King of Tompkins Co.	1,325	Golden Russet	100
Northern Spy	850	Keswick Codlin	75
Twenty Ounce	850	Dutchess Oldenberg	50
Tollman Sweet	475	Swaar	50
Fall Pippin	525	Cooper's Market	50
Esopus Spitzenberg	300	Peck's Pleasant	25
Lowell	150	William's Favorite	25
Golden Russet	100	Early Harvest	25
Red Astracham	100	Golden Sweet	25
Wagener	100	Famuse	25
		St. Lawrence	25

Evening Session.

CULTIVATION OF PEARS—BEST FOR MARKET.

Which offers the surest and greatest profit in extensive orcharding; Autumn or Winter Pears, or both?

P. Barry said that taking the present state of knowledge on the subject into consideration, he thought it most profitable to cultivate autumn varieties. The time would probably come when winter pears, like winter apples would be the most profitable. Fall pears can be gathered, packed without storing, and will ripen on their passage.

B. Hodge felt that it was safe to recommend autumn pears. Would recommend the *Bartlett* as No. 1. The *Flemish Beauty* and *Stevens' Genesee* had done remarkably well.

A. Stone said that in Oswego county the *Bartlett* had suffered somewhat the past cold winters. In consequence of this there was but few trees and little fruit. The *Louise Bonne de Jersey* is to be found in almost every garden, bears well and is hardy.

Mr. Barber would go for fall pears, and the *Louise Bonne*, particularly.

J. J. Thomas said our experience with winter pears is quite limited yet. Winter pears, doubtless, would pay, but we don't *know*. Keeping and sending to market in winter is troublesome.—Would, however, recommend late fall, or early winter pears, say as late as the *Lawrence*.

How many and what varieties of Pears should be embraced in an orchard of 1,000 trees, to insure the greatest degree of success and profit?

J. J. Thomas would say a word about *Flemish Beauty*. Its fault was, that the fruit dropped from the tree. Its great recommendation was its extreme hardiness. In the parts of the West where the winters are the most severe, it passes through them uninjured. It will bear hard fare and usage as well as any tree. Would recommend *Bartlett, Flemish Beauty, Sheldon and Lawrence* on their own roots, and *Louise Bonne de Jersey* and *Duchesse de Angouleme* on quince stocks.

W. R. Coppock—the varieties recommended by friend Thomas are vigorous growers and good, but the *Louise Bonne de Jersey* will not sell as well as the *Bartlett*. People have their fancies, and the *Bartlett* pear, like the *Black Tartarian Cherry*, is a general favorite.

H. E. Hooker had been informed by those who sent them to market that *L. B. de Jersey* was not very salable. It is often very good when it has a green look, and this is against it.

J. J. Thomas said people would know more about pears ten years hence than now, and learn not to condemn a first rate pear because its looks were not pre-possessing.

Mr. Barry hoped there would be a general expression of opinion on this question. Planting wrong varieties had been the rock on which many had split. A pear tree for a market orchard, must be healthy, vigorous, and a good bearer. The *Bartlett* was every way desirable, *Flemish Beauty* good, but it had two faults, dropping its leaves and fruit. The fruit, however, did not usually drop until it was matured. The *Sheldon* was fine, at least equal to the *Seckel*. *Beurre de Anjou* was a vigorous tree, bears well, specimens all fine, gives good crops, but does not over-bear. In appearance and flavor leaves nothing to ask for. *Seckel* was small, and not very good looking, but persons of good taste were always found willing to pay for it. *Lawrence* never drops a leaf; a half of eighteen—a very desirable quality in a winter pear. A winter variety that drops its leaves is useless. That is the reason the *Lawrence* ripens so readily. It is like *Vicar of Winkfield* in this respect, but the *Vicar* over-bears like the *Northern Spy* apple, and should be thinned to procure good specimens. For an orchard on quince roots he would recommend *Duchesse de Angouleme, L. B. de Jersey, Vicar of Winkfield* and *Easter Beurre*. The *Beurre Diel* is a good pear, but sheds its foliage, and being late, this is quite an objection. On clay soil thought it might do well.

Mr Barber recommended the *L. B. de Jersey* and *Vicar of Winkfield* on quince. *Bartlett, Seckel, Doyenne de Ete* and *Flemish Beauty* on pear roots. The *Flemish Beauty* was remarkably hardy, and the *Bartlett* a little tender. It had not yet recovered from the past cold winters.

S H Ainsworth said no variety with him held its leaves like the *White Doyenne* on a heavy clay soil. With him it succeeded, and where it did he would recommend planting the whole 1,000 of this sort. Of the *cracking* of this pear there was a good deal of talk. It had not been known to crack in Ontario county, and in the district of country south and south-east of this city, while in Cayuga and Wayne counties, and in the counties west of us the crop has been much injured by cracking. It has also been very bad in the eastern part of this State, New Jersey, and in the Eastern States.

SPRING AND FALL PLANTING.

What season, fall or spring, is most advantageous generally for planting extensive orchards?

Mr. Barber had, noticed that young trees planted early in the fall made quite a growth of root before winter set in. This he discovered on removing trees the second time. They thus get ready to take an early start in the spring. Trees that are tender should not be removed until spring.

Mr. Barry was strongly in favor of fall planting. The ground settles—the roots get their places; those that are cut become callous, and at the first opening of spring fall planted trees start. Had seen a good deal of difference in this respect between those planted in the fall and in the spring, though alike in every other respect.

J. J. Thomas thought the time made but little difference, at any rate, not half as much difference as the care trees received after planting. Would prefer to plant entirely hardy trees in the fall, but hardy trees he thought were made a little more tender by removal, and when removed from a sheltered place to one cold and exposed they were apt to suffer.

S. H Ainsworth liked the fall best for hardy trees. Roots start in the autumn, and make a growth of an inch or two in three weeks. Such trees take an early start and are better able to stand the drouth of summer.

H E Hooker said his observation had not led him to think that fall planting was as generally successful as spring.

Mr. Boardman, of Rochester, had raised and sold trees for twenty-five years. The last of May or first of June he thought the best time to plant trees. Thought fire times more died from fall planting than from spring.

J J Thomas said where *total neglect* was to be the rule, he considered spring the best time.

A. Stone found that the ends of newly transplanted pear roots often die back, probably from the cold. If planted in the spring the roots may be cut back. His directions would be not to set trees until the corn was planted.

Dr Bristol, of Livingston, planted 218 pear trees in the fall two years ago, and 216 of them grew. The following spring he planted about the same number, and they all lived. Didn't care whether trees were planted in the spring or fall, if they were only well planted and well taken care of afterwards.

W. R. Coppock planted any time from November to June, when he could get time to do it.

Second Day.

PRUNING THE DWARF PEAR TREE.

On this interesting subject there seemed to be a general desire for information, and some gentleman had procured a young tree for illustration.—At the request of the meeting, T. G. Yeomans, Esq., of Walworth, gave a brief but most lucid and satisfactory lecture on this question, and we will endeavor to give a few of the most interesting points, though we hope Mr. Y., or Mr. Barry will give us the substance of their views more fully, and so plainly illustrated with drawings, that all may understand not only the importance of pruning, but the best way to do the work. We give a drawing of the tree.

Mr. Yeomans, on taking the stand, said he held in his hand a yearling tree that had made a strong growth. The tendency of the sap was to the highest limbs, and to the extremities of the limbs. The object of pruning was to counteract this tendency, and thus to obtain a tree of good form. The upper limbs, it was seen, were stronger than the lower ones, and should this tree be planted and allowed to grow without pruning, the lower limbs would grow but little while the upper ones would gain a greater ascendency over them, and the limbs that would be formed from the buds above what are now the highest limbs would be likely to monopolize most of the growth, making the bottom thin, and the tree top-heavy. Mr. Yeomans recommends pruning the tree, as shown by the dotted lines.—By this pruning the growth of the strong branches would be checked, and the sap would be forced into the lower branches, and the tree at once assume a pyramidal form.

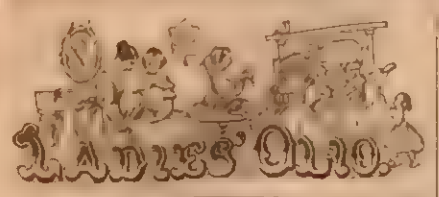
Mr. Barry was called upon for his views of the best manner of pruning the pear, and remarked that at the outset we must ask ourselves what object we have in view in pruning. All should strive to understand the principles of growth. The object of pruning a dwarf pear was to get a good base. If allowed to grow tall, it is apt to blow over, and if it does not actually blow over, the wind has such power over it that it is injured by its constant swaying. It is always desirable to keep the top as near the roots as possible. Mr. B. thought the best way to prune the tree exhibited, was to cut off all the branches, as shown by the black lines,—that a stronger growth would be obtained in this way, than in pruning as for a two-year old tree, as suggested by the previous speaker. The roots of this tree are badly cut, it being chopped out of frozen ground. In planting a tree thus mutilated, Mr. B. would recommended cutting back to the black line, below the centre of the tree. Enough roots were not left to maintain a growth of leaves and branches.

GRAPES FOR MARKET, WINE, &C.

What are the best and most profitable varieties of Grapes for general cultivation for Market and Wine? What is the best distances for plants, the best manner of preparing the soil, of pruning, training and general cultivation? What is the best kind and form of trellis, the best mode of curing and marketing the fruit, and what profit per acre may be realized by the grower for market and for wine.

S. H. Ainsworth considered the *Isabella* the best for market purposes. There might be better, but with the present knowledge on the subject he would rather plant it than anything else. Bears well, sells at remunerating prices, and ripens well almost every year in protected or even fair situations. Thought it excelled all other varieties for making wine. Mr. A. gave several statements of the actual products of several vineyards, showing that from $1,000 to $1,500 had been realized from an acre in Isabella grapes—Mr. Peck, of East Bloomfield, had 100 vines on one-third of an acre, picked 4,000 lbs., which he sold for $500. The ground for grapes should have a southern or eastern inclination, the soil should be warm, dry by nature or drained, and be broken up from 18 to 20 inches deep—two feet would be better. This is all the preparation that is needed, except enriching with manure. Plant vines 12 feet apart each way, making 320 to the acre; and they should be set no deeper than they grew in the nursery. Make trellisses run north and south, and they are best and cheapest when made of posts and wire. The end posts should be braced, and the best wire is No. 8 or 9. Six feet is about the right height for trellis, and five wires sufficient, the lowest, one foot from ground. This allows a space for each vine 12 feet wide and 6 feet high. Set one or two year plants, with good roots. First year let three shoots grow from each root. Cut back in fall to two buds. Second, let one bud grow from each of the shoots, giving three canes—train two horizontally, one perpendicular. In the fall of the second year cut the perpendicular shoot off at 6 inches above the top wire, and the two horizontal shoots at the post, leaving each 6 feet long. If the horizontal vines should not be strong enough, cut to a single bud. Now you are ready for fruit, and the third season may safely get ten pounds from each vine. Mr. A. considered the *renewal* system the best, and practiced it with his vines.—The fruit should be allowed to remain on the vines as long as possible in the autumn. The whole of the season is generally required for their ripening. Prepare boxes with holes through the sides, and slats for the bottom, or tubs, fill these with the grapes, and store them in some cool, airy room, dark, if possible. Set the boxes on blocks, or across each other, so that the air can pass through the bottom. The stems will shrivel, but the fruit remain firm. In these boxes they should be allowed to remain until the stems are well dried.

We had hoped to conclude our report of the discussion in the present number, but although we have condensed it very much, we find ourselves compelled to leave over for another week a part of the discussion on *Pruning the Pear*, and *Grapes*, and the entire remarks on *Root Grafting* and *Manuring Trees at time of Planting*.



THE ORPHAN BOY.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The room is cold—the night is cold—
But night is dearer far than day;
For then in dreams to Him it seems
That she's returned who's gone away;
His tears are past—he clasps her fast—
Again she holds him on her knee;
And—in his sleep—he murmurs deep,
"Oh! Mother, go no more from me!"

But morning breaks, the child awakes—
The dreamer's happy dream has fled;
The fields look sear—and cold and drear—
Like orphans, mourning Summer dead!
The wild birds spring on shivering wing,
Or, cheerless, chirp from tree to tree;
And still he cries with weeping eyes,
"Oh! Mother dear, come back to me!"

Can no one tell where angels dwell?
He's called them oft till day grew dim;
If they were near—and they could hear—
He thinks they'd bring her back to him!
"Oh! angels sweet, conduct my feet,"
He cries, "where'er her home may be;
Oh! lead me on to where she's gone,
Or bring my mother back to me!"

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OLD LETTERS.

Old Letters! What a charm they possess! Some witty and foolish, some sober and sage, sentimental and poetical, some filled with past sorrows, others with joyful anticipations of the future, but all very dear memorials of days "lang syne." To-day we will look them over for the hundredth time, and then destroy all but a few too sacred to perish, even in their old age.

Here is a bundle from Sara. A faithful correspondent, to judge from the size of the package.—Shall we burn these, so ancient that the paper looks brown, and the writing dimmed by age?—They surely are of no consequence—but we'll read them first. They speak cheeringly and bid us look with an eye of faith to a future which may be rose-tinted—they bid us seek for better than earthly things, for a life whose object shall be to teach the ignorant the way to eternal glory, and lead the outcast to a river whose waters "shall cleanse from all stain." Yes, *well* we remember the days of which they speak, days of sorrow and poverty, of blighted hopes and heart-burdens which, too young, taught us that all below the sun is vanity. But these letters bring up thoughts too sad, we'll lay them by, and look at those of later date, for they bear the impress of happier hours, when we had triumphed over *ourselves*, and gone bravely forth on the battle-field of life, strong to bear its trials, and conquer its discouragements. These well-filled sheets bring the tears from their fountains—tears, not of sorrow, but joy, for there are rich golden memories connected with thoughts of those happy years, when the heart ran over with its wealth of gladness. We will not destroy one of the precious mementoes, but cherish them more dearly than ever, for in one we find a tiny fold of of white satin, and in another a wedding card, which tells the tale. Her letters now reveal much happiness, and, perchance, she will forget us amid her new duties and cares, and her new found joy, so we'll tie them all up again—the old ones soiled and worn with age, and many readings, and those of later date, laying them by until we look at another package from Marion. We need not open it. The contents are *too* familiar to require a re-perusal, and their author too dear to let a vestige that she has penned perish in oblivion's grave.—We can see her now, with her soul looking out from her dark eye. Our hearts were bound by the sacred chain of school-girl friendship—our hopes and aims were one. Together we studied and worked, together we enjoyed our recreations, laid our plans and built fairy castles. Fancy painted rare pictures to hang in the halls of the future, but now, in our backward glance, we see them sadly faded. We parted and enjoyed each other's society only through the medium of pen and paper. For while her letters were filled with lofty aspirations and dreams of future greatness,—she would have shone a bright star in the literary galaxy,—but there came a long silence, then more letters saying that she was more happy with her chosen lord, and the wee Winnie, who filled her parent's hearts with gladness, than she should have been in the realization of her brightest dreams of fame. Our correspondence long since ended, and in life's stern realities, we neither of us find time to indulge in the ideal.

There are many others—some whose writers long ago wandered from the homes of their youth, and perhaps our names have perished from their memory ere this—others whose hearts are forever stilled, and their waxen hands are folded for the last time over their quiet bosoms. Here is another—dearer than all the rest—written by one who was the light of home, even in childhood—the pet of the neighborhood—the leader of all our childish plays—the peace-maker in our petty quarrels.—She was the brightest sunlight of our schoolroom, and long was the day in which she did not gladden us with her presence. Of the whole troup of rosy-lipped, laughing-eyed school-girls who daily assembled beside the silver stream in the old woods, through whose leafy branches the sun shot golden arrows down on our mossy cushions, she was the gayest. A smile was always ready for every one, and a world of affection beamed from the liquid depths of her eyes. Poor Nellie! thine earthly career was short—thou art singing now with angels, and the light has gone out from thine earthly home. When thy brow was to have been graced with the bridal wreath it wore the pale frost-work of Death. Her last letter was written while she knew that his icy fingers would soon sunder her heart strings. In it is a long wavy tress of her chestnut hair, trimmed with a raven lock from his head, to whom she had given her best earthly affections, and who now wanders in foreign lands teaching the benighted heathen the way to the Savior, and striving to prepare himself to meet those who have gone before. How much of love she breathed into its pages, telling of her sorrow at parting with loved ones, yet desiring to bow meekly to the will of Him who "doeth all things well." Now the flowers she so dearly loved, blossom over her grave, and bright birds sing in the drooping branches of the willow which nightly weeps above the place where she rests passing well.—Cordilla.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHERISH THE HUMAN BLOSSOMS.

Go into that greenhouse, or garden, and see with what care and tenderness those beautiful exotics are watched, nursed and shielded. To what expense are the owners in purchasing, transplanting, and now nourishing, that they may gaze on their rare loveliness of blossom, or foliage? And why? What is a mere flower, however beautiful, or gorgeous? What good do they accomplish? They cannot toil, neither do they spin, nor assist the laborer in his tasks, nor accumulate treasures for moth and rust to corrupt. Then why guard them so tenderly, and protect them from the wind, or heat, or faintest breath of frost? Because they are lovely, and give forth sweet and rich perfume, and combine such delicate, yet such glorious colors.—They embody so much that is beautiful in nature—such wondrous architecture, such brilliant design, and teach us many lessons of love, and soften our hearts to see and appreciate all the wonderful works of nature.

Look again at yonder child. How frail, pale, and delicate. There is a human blossom, pining and drooping, and dying for just such fostering care and love as thousands bestow on plants and flowers. Many a human heart is like a rare exotic, and cannot live and flourish in an atmosphere of coldness or unkindness, and whom a cross word or look will crush and wither as speedily as does the frost your flowers. Gentle, trusting, loving, they would cling to some strong arm for support and love. Why, because they are not hardy and able to labor hard and buckle on the armor of strife, will you neglect and treat them coldly, and sternly? Perhaps all they can accomplish is a series of small, yet faithful services,—rendered in love, with smiles and kind words. And why not value these as highly as the colors and perfume of the exotics? A gentle, truthful, affectionate friend is really a treasure in this scrambling, jostling, deceptive world, and should be valued above price. Many a heart shrinks from rudeness, roughness, harshness, as quickly as the sensitive Mimosa, and such ones are not fitted to fight and elbow their way through jeers and scandal, or rush here and there unbidden. Ye who have such flowers in your households cherish them and let them feel that they are valued. Encourage, cheer them, and their daily life and conduct will, if you understand them, render an incense infinitely more precious and desirable than the most costly exotics.

Queechy.

THE "TOM-BOY."

Some persons seem still to entertain the notion that young girls need no training except that of the mental faculties; that their forms are of less consequence than their dresses; and that a development of physical strength would impair their delicacy, and tend to make them masculine. By restricting their physical education, and limiting their sphere of activity, they are condemned for life to enfeebled health, and an aimless, idle existence. Let such parents ponder the truth embodied in the following remarks, which we cut from *Hall's Journal of Health:*

The "Tom-boy" is an eager, earnest, impulsive, bright-eyed, glad-hearted, kind-souled specimen of the *genus feminæ*. If her laugh is a little too frequent, and her tone a trifle too emphatic, we are willing to overlook these for the sake of the true life and exulting vitality to which they are the "escape-valves;" and, indeed, we rather like the high-pressure nature which must close off its superfluous "steam" in such ebullitions. The glancing eye, the glowing cheek, the fresh, balmy breath, the lithe and graceful play of the limbs, tell a tale of healthy and vigorous physical development, which is nature's best beauty. The soul and the mind will be developed also in due time, and we shall have before us a woman, in the highest sense of the term.

When the "Tom-boy" has sprung up to a healthful and vigorous womanhood, she will be ready to take hold of the duties of life, to become a worker in the great system of humanity. She will not sit down to sigh over the "work given her to do," to simper nonsense, languish in *ennui*, or fall sick at heart—but she will ever be able to take up her burden of duty. In her track there will be sound philosophy, in her thoughts boldness and originality, in her heart heaven's own purity, and the "world will better that she has lived in it." To her allotted task, she will bring health, vigor, energy, and spirits, and these will give her both the power and the endurance, without which her life must be, in some respects at least, a failure.

Home.—We have rarely ever seen a simple child story that more touched us than the following, which we find in an exchange:—"This is my home!" cried a little one, a treasured boy of four summers, as, fresh and rosy, he came in from school, at the close of a short winter's afternoon. "Indeed, little Willie," said his mother's visitor, "how is it? Suppose you go out on the sidewalk and try the next door; suppose you step into the entry, throw off your little sack, as you have here, and proceed to the parlor—wouldn't that be your home?" "No, indeed," said Willie, "that wouldn't be it." "But tell me why not?" Willie had never thought of this. He paused for a moment, then directing his eyes to where his mother sat quietly sewing, he replied, with an earnest gesture, "*She lives here.*"

Life is what we make it. Let us call back images of joy and gladness, rather than those of grief and care. The latter may sometimes be our guests to sup and dine, but let them never be permitted to lodge with us.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

POESY VS. AVARICE.

BY MRS. M. F. A. CROZIER.

A bird, a dewdrop, or a flower,
A snow-flake on the wing,
To him whose god is yellow earth
Is but a little thing.
He hears the robin's gush of joy,
And—let the truth be told—
Just wishes he could cage the bird,
And sell his song for gold.

He sees the dewdrop and the flake,
The blessed flowers bloom,
Nor opes his bit of heart to give
The bits of beauty room;
But wishes he could save the drop,
And melt the flake of snow,
And add them to the water-power
That makes his saw-mill go.
The flowers—what pity they should waste!
He hits upon a thought,
And ties his purse-strings o'er the dime
The fragrant roses brought.

The poet comes—as poets love—
A straying in the wood,
And with the first sweet forest-song,
His heart goes up to God.
The dewdrop which some violet
Doth humbly bend to wear,
He snatches to his poet-heart
And crystallizes there.
The snows come softly sailing down
As white doves from the sky,
And o'er his soul, as o'er the earth,
Fling robes of purity.
The flowers—God made them—and He loves
To trace in each bright vein
The riches of that love which he
Hath written there so plain.

O, poet of the heart of God,
In characters of fire,
Inscribe the name in ev'ry page
Of Nature's awful Lyre!
And 'neath the name write out his *love*,
As God doth write at night
The azure scroll of heaven o'er,
In lines of golden light.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BE PATIENT.

Learning to wait has ever proved one of life's most difficult lessons. It has caused many a bitter heart-ache, and more burning tears of impatience and vexation, than the alphabet ever cost the bright-eyed child of four summers, or the boarding-school Miss ever shed over Euclid's problems.

As the child, curious to know if his seeds will germinate, digs up the earth where he has planted them—or, weary with waiting for his flowers to bloom, pulls in pieces the buds upon his rose-tree, exclaiming, "what lovely roses I have made"—which, alas, the sun's first rays will cause to wither and fade—so we, children of a larger growth, unwilling to abide God's own time, too often, in the pride of our strength and the conceit of our own ability, intrude the hand of human agency, to compel to premature development all those plans and purposes he has designed for our future well-being and happiness, thus marring the noblest schemes he has formed for our ultimate good, and oftimes frustrating the very end for which we hope. We tear apart all the heart's sweetest buds of hope and promise, saying "what beautiful flowers," when the first breath of misfortune will blight and wither that, which if left to attain perfection, might gladden with their bloom and fragrance, all our future years.

It is one of Nature's inflexible laws, that whatever is of longest endurance, must be of slowest growth. Thus, if the tender annual should say to the sturdy oak, "Lo I have budded, and blossomed, and borne fruit this single summer, whilst thou hast climbed and toiled upwards for a hundred long years, and what hast thou done more?"—would not the oak reply to the floweret, "Child of the summer, with the summer thou shalt die, while I, who have flourished for a hundred years, shall still for another hundred, aye, and even more, stretch forth my great arm sto invite wearied man and beast to repose beneath my cooling shade."

Seek we another illustration of this universal principle? Let us go back through unnumbered ages, to the time when earth was still one wide scene of chaotic confusion, being fitted and prepared for the abode of man, that master-piece of creative art who as yet had no being. During these pre-Adamite ages, while yet animal life existed but in strange, uncouth forms, and vegetable life only as varieties of gigantic ferns, down in the depths of the sea, a great rock was slowly forming. The rivers brought their contributions of sediment and drift-wood, the ocean gave its shells and seaweeds, the whole were consolidated by chemical agencies, and thus, atom by atom, layer by layer, the rock progressed through countless years, until at last, as the result of successive changes, the rock was elevated from its ocean bed, and became dry land. Gradually the soil accumulated over it, while deep underneath lies the solid rock, imperishable as the great globe itself, never to know change until that day, "when the elements shall melt with fervent heat."

This fundamental law of the universe of nature, is equally the governing principle of the mental and moral world. These are established truths,—"there is no excellence without great labor,"—no prize worth securing which can be obtained except by toil and sacrifice—no hoped-for good, for which we must not earnestly seek and patiently wait.

Knowledge is no common flower, blossoming by the wayside, and in waste places untended and uncared for; but a century plant of rare growth and unfrequent bloom, requiring long years of constant care and cultivation to arrive at maturity; but when at last it puts forth bud and flower, and expands its golden petals to the morning sun, gladdening our weary eyes with a vision of beauty far exceeding in reality what even fancy had painted in our dreams, are we not then amply repaid for all our long-continued daily toil and nightly vigils?

Character is not the result of a single act, but the work of a life-time. Circumstances tend to develop it—words make impressions—trifles give direction, and thus the noiseless fabric slowly rises, stone upon stone, course upon course. And if it is built upon the sure basis of truth and virtue, though its foundations are laid upon the earth, its walls and spires are ever tending heavenward, stopping not in their upward progress until the Master Builder himself shall pronounce the sentence, "it is finished." Once completed, enduring as eternity, and changeless as the mandates of Jehovah, we should count no labor too great, no trial too perplexing, no hardship too severe to be overcome in forming such a character as we shall wish to possess forever.

Child of sorrow, be comforted, "though weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning." Even now if thou wilt but lift thy tear-dimmed eyes sky-ward, thou shalt behold the Morning Star of Hope, already giving promise of approaching day. Why should'st thou regret the storm-winds of affliction when they but fill thy sails, and waft thee towards the haven of eternal rest? What if the tempest howl around thee, and the waves, rolling mountain high, threaten to engulf thy little barque? Still rest thou undismayed, assured "thy Father is at the helm." He can guide thee safely through these unknown waters to calmer seas, beneath brighter skies. He can speak to the troubled waves of life's tumultuous sea, as he did to those of storied Galilee—"Peace, be still."

Earth-weary pilgrim, lieth thy way o'er thorny, rock-strewn paths. Have the song-birds hushed their music, and the flowers paled and died along the track? Have thick, black storm-clouds gathered above thee, shutting out the glad sunlight and the bright blue of the summer sky? Seems the way very long, and dark, and drear? Yet faint thou not. Go on, leaning for support, not on any puny arm of flesh, but on One who is stronger than thou. He, who careth for the sparrow, will not let thee perish. Run with patience the race which is before thee, ever keeping thine eye upon the prize which lieth at the end. Sweeter will be thy rest—thicker set with starry gems, the crown of thy rejoicing—louder and more triumphant thy songs of praise in Heaven above, for all the trials and temptations thou hast suffered here.

Mortal, whoever thou art, "be not weary in well-doing." Rise early, and go forth to labor with strong heart and willing hands in the world's broad fields, which are lying all barren and waste around thee. Scatter everywhere the germs of the beautiful. Sow broadcast o'er earth the seeds of truth and virtue. By river and streamlet, on upland and plain, in nook and glen, 'mid briars and thorns—in every spot, let fall some golden grains. Thou knowest not which shall take root and flourish, yet some, perchance, may spring up and bear "an hundred fold." Expect not immediately to reap the fruits of thy labors. Thou must wait for "the early and the latter rains to water it, and the sun to ripen it, for though thou may'st plant, 'tis God alone that giveth the increase." Bide thou till the harvest time, long may it be, yet the promise is sure. Strive wait and pray. Though the good thou look'st for come not, yet some other may gladden thy heart with unexpected joy. Be patient, therefore, assured that thou art possessed of one element of happiness and final success who hast learned "to labor and to wait." C. L. G.

Rush, N. Y., 1859.

AMBITION.

Rightly directed, ambition is a noble trait in man. Without this element in the soul the moral world would be at a stand still. It is the kaleidoscope in which the eye of the philosopher discerns the color of the passions which the ever varying mind unfolds. What, if there now and then arise mighty captains, spurned by ambition to clamber dizzy heights, revolutionizing nations in their headlong march—sweeping with the force of the hurricane time-honored customs into the Lethean sea? When the storm passes away is not the world the better for it? To be sure, in the path in which it raged, mighty wrecks may be seen, but is not the political sky more serene, the atmosphere purer and more bracing? Napoleon devastated Europe, but it came out more refined than when it entered. The *ideas Napoleon* have taken the place of that feudalism which for so many centuries chained the nationalities to the foots-tools of sovereigns; and to-day, though millions in blood and treasure were lost in the fierce struggle, the men of Europe are less despised by the potentates who rule "by right divine." Ambition, however, does not always lead its possessor to the tented field, where the argument of the opponent is ended only by the throes of death. It is at times a gentle monitor—an angel clothed with the habiliments of Mercy. For an Alexander we have a Howard,—for a Catharine of Russia a Florence Nightingale. Each are as stars shining in the moral heavens, but oh, how widely different is their glory!

Flattery.—Too much praise, we are inclined to think, does more harm than censure. Elation, self-conceit, blind confidence, presumption, and more or less contempt of others, which are apt to attend on indiscriminate praise, are great foes to grace, and create an inordinate craving for praise, which makes a man something like a spoiled child. The difference between praise and flattery is worth attending to. It is the difference between true coin and counterfeit. Praise is the expression of real sentiments; flattery of pretended sentiments. One is the homage of the heart; the other an artifice of the mind. The true and the base coins circulate freely in society—and most people are so eager for them that they do not stop to distinguish the genuine currency from the counterfeit.—*Banner of the Cross.*

WINTER.

The landscape wears a shroud of snow,
The cold winds sweep along the plain,
And all above and all below
Show winter's melancholy reign.
Oh! well this season may compare
To that deep sadness of the heart,
Which comes in withering coldness there
When Hope's enlivening beams depart.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SHE LOVED MUCH.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much.—Luke vii—47.

Thrice happy she, who knelt in abject shame,
And washed with tears her Savior's feet!
Gladly, the load of sin with which she came,
Exchanging for this comfort sweet.

O, timid souls, which falter, faint with fear,
Now courage take, no more defer;
Trust in that love which, still unchanged, is near,
And contrite bow rememb'ring her.

Still Jesus calls, the poor, despised, and weak,
Shall hear his voice and joyful come,
That voice which promised blessings to the meek,
Still guides repentant wand'rers home.

Lov'st thou thy God with strong aspiring heart,
And lovest thou thy fellow men,
With love that shrinks not from the humblest part
That worketh good?—O, fear not, then!

Alas! how few the lives which truly bear
The impress of this law divine,
We love, but earthly joys and worldly care
Corrode the hearts love should refine.

O, gentle Shepherd, hear and pardon me!
Though far from thee, I oft may rove,
My longing soul, in thrilling ecstacy,
Still cries to thee—Dear Lord, *I love!*

Dedham, Mass., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WHAT IS OUR INFLUENCE?

It is one of Nature's laws, that almost every individual is destined to exert an influence upon society which may be felt in all its members, and when we see one that is endowed with mental and intellectual powers, that person is continually influencing those with whom he may associate, no matter in what grade of society he moves. It may be imperceptible to us at the present time, but will be strongly developed at some future period. It may be our conduct, or it may be only a sentence that falls carelessly from our lips; for by even such a simple thing many a weak heart has been influenced to go forward in the path of duty, to live a life of usefulness and for the benefit of his fellow-men, and given him strength to resist temptation—or it may have a tendency to give him a low estimate of all that is good, pure, and ennobling, and lead the heart, already filled with enmity to his Maker, down lower in the ways of sin and folly. It is important, then, that we cultivate a sound and well regulated understanding, and that we should strive to become pure in thought, in deed, and action, now in the spring-time of existence, while the fountains of joy and gladness are welling up from the heart and spreading themselves all around us, for "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh," and we are ever thus, although unconsciously, perhaps, exercising an influence, the power and extent of which we may never know until we have passed from time into Eternity. M. A. T.

Assyria, Mich., 1858.

The Way to Make a Poor Pastor.—1. Be very careless and irregular in attending church. Never go, except when you can manufacture no good excuse to stay at home.

2. When at church, be either asleep, or staring about. Do not listen to the sermon.

3. When you go home, complain of the sermon as light and chaffy, or dry and uninteresting.

4. Treat your pastor with a cold and uninviting civility, and then complain of him because he does not visit you.

5. Neglect to pray for a blessing upon him and his labors, and then complain of him because the church does not prosper.

6. Be always finding fault with your pastor, and yet regret that he is not more popular with the people.

7. Be very lukewarm and worldly-minded, and yet complain of him for want of zeal.

8. Neglect to provide for his necessary wants, and then complain of him because he wants his salary.

Do all these things, and you will *never fail to have a poor pastor.*

The Patience of God.—How wonderful it is! Think what he hears, and sees, and yet though immaculately holy, so that sin is infinitely offensive to him, and infinitely powerful, so that he can punish it, how he spares! Take the oaths that are uttered. He hears them all, and they rear up in one horrid chorus to the skies. Take the cries which wrong and outrage extort from widows, orphans and the oppressed. He hears them all, and how—as Abel's slaughtered corpse called from the ground—must they pierce his ear and demand vengeance! The blood which is unjustly shed—drawn from the viens of innocence—he sees it all, and it is sufficient to make rivers. What a foul stench reeks up from the corrupt cities, dwellings, and hearts of depraved humanity! And it all mounts to him. And yet he spares—keeps back the struggling thunders. How amazing his patience! He is a God and not man; and therefore his compassion fails not.—*Rev. J. Brace.*

Prayer.—Prayer is the rustling of the wings of Angels that are on their way bringing us the boons of Heaven. Have you heard prayer in your heart? You shall see the Angel in your house.—When the chariots that bring us blessings do rumble, their wheels do sound with prayer. We hear the prayer in our own spirits, and that prayer becomes the token of the coming blessings. Even as the cloud foreshadoweth rain, so prayer foreshadoweth the blessing; even as the green blade is the beginning of the harvest, so is prayer the prophecy of the blessing that is about to come.—*Spurgeon.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE STUDY OF LATIN.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I am surprised that any one in these times should attempt to defend the study of the Latin language. In comparison with the acquisition of *any* modern language, it is far inferior, both in its construction and adaptability to the intellect of our day, and in its incompleteness and paucity of expression. The languages of Western Europe and this country have not only the Latin in them as far as it is necessary, but they have been enriched by an intermixture with a variety of tongues, which have given them an extent and variety of expression, a multitude of words, and a flexibility and suitableness to the vastly increased wants of the age, that places them in every respect far ahead of the old tongues. If, then, you would desire to improve and exercise the minds of your children by the study of a language, give them French, German, Spanish or Italian, and you will gain not only the greater advantage of a comprehensive tongue, with more than all that the Latin grammar could give—but ideas and morality more suited to our age. And this is a most serious consideration.

Indeed, admitting for the moment which would be absurd on reflection, that the Latin tongue is superior as a training for the mind, the use of it should not be encouraged by any really moral man, because its tendency,—owing to its disgusting mythology, its low moral tone, false principles of honor and conduct, and perpetual laudation of bloody violence,—is to demoralize the Christian to the inferior standard of the Pagan. Seven days of such labor cannot be counterbalanced, or *even* be corrected by one day's study of Christian teachings.

Then, again, the Latin tongue, for scientific and medical purposes, can be acquired, and to my knowledge, has been fundamentally acquired in a few month's time at a riper age, when the mind is not so likely to be vitiated by the insane and filthy doctrines. Leave, then, the boy, the youth, to purer and more intellectual studies—to those studies of Nature, in the Sciences, which are "God-given," and for which the young mind has a peculiar adaptability—and study Latin at 15 or 20 years of age when the mind is formed and reflective, and not so easily impressed by Pagan filthiness. After all, few need such a study. Latin words and phrases come in here and there—so do French, Italian, Spanish or German, and how quickly we can get over that difficulty. But if these modern tongues were taught in an easy, natural manner, with the "God-given," and morally elevating sciences, every youth might master four or five languages with little or no trouble. Not so the dead languages,—they are dead, indeed, and require mental efforts commensurate with their insufficiency and unadaptedness to our minds.

My greatest opponents, I grieve to say, have been my clerical friends. While they cannot deny the infamy of the morality connected with the study of Latin, they still cling to it with a wonderful fascination, which some might say must be the work of evil spirits. When we reflect, however, we have to admit that minds trained in a school of error, are loth to believe that they have lost so many years of time. Their pride makes them revolt against a change. They are human, too.—Still, the influences are very disadvantageous and unchristian.

I well remember, when residing in England, many years ago—I was then a youth—many of my young friends were members of the University of Oxford. They had spent, many of them, 14 and 15 years at the classics, and were then not very bright scholars. To pass an examination they had to be *crammed*. Strange to say, few of them could write English correctly, or had ever studied its grammar. Few of them know anything of the sciences, and it was a common saying among them, that they would have to begin their education on leaving the University! I think, since that classic time, something more has been done for youth; but such was the *education then*. RUGBY, SHOW, and other great schools produced the same *classically uneducated* boys—boys destined afterwards to rule our Empire. No wonder, as practical men, they were incapable of the work of a common clerk. Their utmost talent was that of wrangling about words and phrases, and he who had the longest word-memory was stupidly esteemed the most talented boy—an error pretty well exploded now-a-days.

But, Sirs, for agricultural people, we want no Latin. We want such practical knowledge of the wonderful creations of GOD as will enable us to make that practical use of it which tends to develop the moral as well as the mental capacities in a healthy way. Then the love of violence and antagonism, which we have acquired with our Latin, will be changed into a love for work. The sword will become a plowshare, and the wealth now wasted or uncreated, be increased a thousand fold.

Washington City, Dec. 24, 1858. S.

EDUCATION.—Thewald thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it should have come to years of discretion, and be able to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanic garden. "How so?" said he, "it is covered with weeds." "O," I replied, "that is because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil in favor of roses and strawberries."—*Coleridge.*

MODESTY OF LEARNING.—Learning gives us a fuller conviction of the imperfections of our nature; which, one would think, might dispose us to modesty; for the more a man knows, the more he discovers his ignorance.

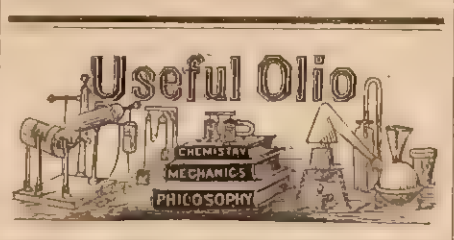
SELF-GOVERNMENT.—The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it

NORMAL INSTITUTES IN WISCONSIN.

THE State of Wisconsin, in addition to a School Fund for the support of common schools, amounting to four millions of dollars, and a University Fund, amounting to five hundred thousand dollars, has set apart one-fourth of the avails of the sale of what are known as "swamp lands," as a fund for normal instruction. The income of this fund is about eighteen thousand dollars. This sum is expended by a Board of Regents, for the support of Normal Institutes in colleges, academies and high schools. This Board propose to expend the income hereafter, which will soon reach the annual sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, on a more comprehensive and practical scheme, submitted by Hon. HENRY BARNARD, of Connecticut, embracing a central normal school, normal classes in all higher institutions of learning, county teachers' institutes, state, county and town teachers' associations, and a general normal school agency. Dr. BARNARD, having accepted the Chancellorship of the State University at Madison, has, with the consent of the Regents of the University, accepted this agency for the purpose of organizing the system.

Wisconsin is doing a noble work in the cause of education, from which she cannot fail to reap rich returns. She is fortunate in having secured the services of so able and devoted a laborer as Dr. BARNARD in carrying out her wise provisions for the education of the masses.

WORDS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—The Hon. Geo. P. Marsh, in a recent lecture on the English language, says that the English words found in use by good writers hardly fall short of 100,000. Even if a man was able on extraordinary occasions to bring into use half of that number, he generally contented himself with far fewer. Each individual used in his daily life a repertory of words to some extent peculiar to himself. Few scholars used as many as 10,000 English words; ordinary people not more than 3,000. In all Shakspeare there were not 15,000 words; in all Milton, 8,000.



PLEASURES OF THE MICROSCOPE.

FROM the *Earthworm and the Housefly*—by JAMES SAMUELSON—we take the following:

The rich coat of the Leopard, the beautiful and variegated plumage of the bird of Paridise, the sweet note of the Nightingale, and the graceful form and movements of the Gazelle, all delight the senses, but tend little towards the elevation of the intellect. These afford gratification alike to the savage, the child and the educated man—perhaps in a less degree to the last than to either of the former; but when we come to examine those creatures that offer some much attraction to the superficial observer, we find them to be so wisely constituted, and to possess such interesting appliances by which they perform ther natural functions, that we begin to wonder how it is we should have remained so long in ignorance of their remarkable propensities. We find ourselves in a new world, and the objects contained therein, at the same time that they impart sensations quite as pleasurable as those which were wont to excite our childish imaginations when first we beheld the more beautiful of the higher animals, communicate new ideas; a fresh capacity to imitate and design; and, what is of far greater importance, they instil into our minds careful habits of observation, and enable us to form a more correct estimate of our own humble capacities, and of the boundless power and wisdom of our Creator.

VELOCITY.

THE velocity of motion is estimated by the time employed in moving over a certain space, or by the space moved over in a certain time. The less the time and the greater the space passed over in that time, the greater is the velocity. Thus the space given, to find the velocity, divide the space by the time. The time and velocity being given, to find the space, multiply the velocity by the time.

The uniform velocity of sound compared with the instantaneous motion of light, enables us to determine the distance of the object from which the sound proceeds; as that of a cannon fired at a distance, or a thunder cloud, provided we can see the flash and hear the report. Multiply 1,138 by the number of seconds between the flash and report—the product will be the distance in feet. Divide the number of seconds by 4: 5, and the quotient will be the miles, nearly.

Sound conveyed by means of water, mercury, or spirits of wine, moves 4,900 feet in a second; conveyed by tin, 7,800; by silver, 9,800; by brass, 11,800; by copper, 12,000; by iron or glass, 1,7,500, and by wood, from 11,000 to 12,000 feet in a second. According to the experiments of SAUVEUR, the lowest sound which the ear can appreciate consists of twelve and a half indulations in a second, and the most acute, of something more than 6,000.

THE FORMATION OF AN ICEBERG.—The glacier is composed of fresh water. Its elements are modified more or less by its base. The fracture and disruption is caused by wave action, by gravitation, and temperature. The iceberg is a liberated glacier. I know not how to describe it. In color, its whiteness is opaque, like frosted silver. Its base is cobalt blue, and its edges flash and sparkle. Its shape depends on the influence around it. You find all landscape forms and features upon it. Mingled with these pleasing associations are higher feelings of grandeur. I have measured them and have found them to be 300 feet, and the entire height of one such is, therefore, 2,100 feet. Millions of tuns are embraced in it, and it moves sometimes three miles an hour. There is something infinitely imposing in its march through the ice-fields.—*North and South.*

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, whose portrait we give above, is the son of General BULWER, of Heydon Hall, Norfolk, and ELIZABETH, daughter of HENRY W. LYTTON, of Knebworth Park, Hereforeshire. BULWER early gave signs of poetical taste. In childhood he wrote verses for his mother, and in 1826 made his first essay in print—a little volume entitled "Weeds and Wild Flowers" bearing his thoughts to the world. His Collegiate Course was completed at Cambridge, where he wrote a prize poem on Sculpture. The age was Byronic, however, and no opening offered to the young poet.—Though versification was his passion—though he read it lovingly and wrote it easily, while it was only with singular difficulty and exertion he could pen prose, his practical mind taught him that *proper force* must be applied in the *proper place* if he desired success, and he turned his attention to prose composition. *Perseverance* did for him just what it will for others—he toiled faithfully, and he conquered. Speaking of his first attempts he says:—"I wrote with incredible difficulty and labor. To a critical study of the rules of fiction, I owe every success in literature which I have attained; and in the mere art of composition, if I have now attained to even too rapid facility in expressing my thoughts, it has been purchased by a most laborious slowness in the commencement, and a resolute refusal to write a second sentence until I had expressed my meaning in the best manner I could in the first."

Fiction was the first field of labor, and volume after volume fell with amazing rapidity from his pen. Soon we find him editing a London monthly, and in his new sphere he proved that BULWER, the Essayist, could make himself as noted for grace, lofty thought, and wide erudition, as BULWER, the Novelist, was known for his command of passion and satire. While engaged in this latter vocation, he was also ably performing parliamentary duties. When he entered the House, everything seemed to be adverse to success. His voice was weak, his style florid, while his fastidiousness of attire almost wrote foppery against his name. All were exclaiming "he will never be Speaker." The same untiring energy which had marked his previous life was brought into play, all the obstacles in his path were surmounted, and on a vital question—the bill for establishing a Dramatic Copyright Law—he decided the House. Parliamentary speeches, political pamphlets, essays learned and critical, editorial duties, etc., now divided his time. Thus, diversified with travel, he passed his time until 1837, when he gave further proof of his industry and versatility in the production of a play. His first attempt was a failure, but succeeding trials crowned his efforts, and some of the most popular pieces now placed upon the stage are the children of his brain. History succeeded the drama, and the "Rise and Fall of Athens" won for him golden opinions as a historian and philosopher.

One of his reviewers writes:—"Novelist, dramatist, essayist, poet, historian, orator, politician, and man of the world,—all these positions has BULWER filled with credit to himself. In each, except the last, he started out with a failure—worked ahead against discouraging circumstances, and impediments both natural and circumstantial, ultimately reaching the goal he had set for himself."

To the beginner there is a wholesome lesson in the development of BULWER LYTTON'S genius. It teaches that not what one would most be pleased with should always receive the individual preference—that judgment should control choice—that *labor*, not indolent aspirings, is the chief element of success. One feature, not the least to the credit of our subject, is the fact that, though *born* to independence and the prospect of a fortune, he put aside the advantages of wealth and station ready at his hand, and found his greatest gratification in earnest toil—the very thing which most in his position would have shunned as diligently as he pursued.

The Reviewer.

DORA DEANE, or the East India Uncle; and MAGGIE MILLER, or Old Hagar's Secret. By Mrs. MARY J. HOLMES, author of "Lena Rivers," "The Homestead on the Hillside," "Meadow Brook, or Rosa Lee," "Tempest and Sunshine," etc. New York: C. M. Saxton.

In a handsome volume of some 400 pages, we here have two distinct and absorbingly interesting and instructive novels—a vast improvement upon the former (and too frequently present) custom of elongating one romance into two or more volumes. Mrs. HOLMES has already "made her mark" in the world of literature, but if we mistake not the present volume will greatly augment the reputation acquired from the publication of her previous works. Her heroines are *human*, and her heroes natural and life-like, while a good and instructive moral lesson is taught. This is especially true in regard to DORA DEANE, for, while a work of absorbing interest, its tendency (or tendencies, for it enforces more than one lesson,) is in the right direction. Of MAGGIE we cannot speak so advisedly, yet from the portion we have perused believe it fully equal to the story of DORA and her inimitable Uncle. The many admirers of Mrs. H.'s writings among our readers will of course obtain the volume and judge of its merits for themselves. Sold by DEWEY.

JESSIE; or, Trying to be Somebody. By WALTER AIMWELL, author of "Marcus," "Whistler," "Ella," etc. With illustrations. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

THIS is another of "The Aimwell Stories," an admirable series of books for the young, and an improvement, we think, upon the preceding volumes. The preface well and truly says that "while this series of books is designed to furnish a succession of pleasant and instructive lessons and recreations for boys and girls, each volume has also a specific aim, more or less prominently wrought into its woof. The special object of JESSIE is to kindle in the hearts of the young, especially the children of misfortune and poverty, a pure and noble ambition, and to encourage them to strive for that 'good name' whose price is far above rubies, and that 'conscience void of offence' which is of still more inestimable value." We cannot too strongly commend the Aimwell series to parents who desire their children to imbibe a taste for reading, and wish them to peruse works that are pure, elevating and instructive. Sold by COLE & ADAMS.

HOWARD AND HIS TEACHER, The Sister's Influence, and other Stories. By Mrs. MADELINE LESLIE, author of "Cora and the Doctor," "Courtesies of Wedded "Household Angel," etc. Boston: Shepard, Life," Clarke & Brown—1859.

THIS is one of Mrs. LESLIE'S Juvenile Series, and a volume of excellent tendency. It comprises several distinct sketches or stories, viz., Howard and his Teacher—The Sister's Influence—Faithful Hannah—The Stolen Dress—Willie and his Mother. The volume is illustrative of the different modes of home government, and may be profitably read by parents as well as children. Sold by DEWEY.

THE BANKS OF NEW YORK, their Dealers, the Clearing House, and the Panic of 1857. With a Financial Chart. By J. S. GIBBONS. Thirty Illustrations by HEBRICK. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE author gives the purport of this volume as follows:—"To present a literal history of the New York city banks in their present organization and action; to show how they are connected with the interest and convenience of all classes of people; to explain the manner in which they transact business; and to place them in their true position as correlative with commerce, and not above it." In this is included the duties of the officers and clerks; the daily incidents of the business; the frauds and abuses to which it is liable; and also a description of the Clearing House, which introduced a new era in American Banking. To the denizens of New York city this work is invaluable, while all may read it with profit. Its practicability will give it favor with business men, while the lively style in which it is penned will recommend it to the general reader. The author is both a man of figures and of letters. For sale by DEWEY.

THE SHEEPFOLD AND THE COMMON; or, Within and Without. New York: Robert Carter and Brothers.—1858.

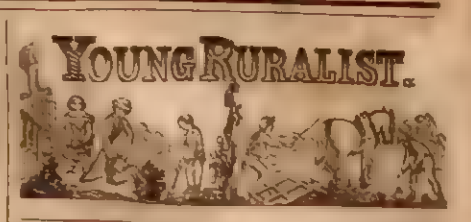
MORE than thirty years ago the series of tales comprised in this volume made their appearance in England under the title of the *Evangelical Rambler*. They were exceedingly well received, the copies running up to one hundred thousand, and equal favor was bestowed upon them in this country. They have long been out of print, and as the morals the narratives convey are well calculated to assist in arresting the progress and counteracting the effects of some popular errors and dangerous institutions, they have been republished in very neat style. The object of the work is to afford instruction and amusement, by the narration of the events of every-day life, and the author has been very successful in its attainment. Of the forty-seven distinct articles the volume contains, not one can be thoughtfully read without benefit. The work numbers upwards of 500 pages and 16 finely-finished illustrations. COLE & ADAMS have it for sale.

ARABIAN DAYS' ENTERTAINMENTS. Translated from the German by HERBERT PELHAM CURTIS. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.—1858

HERE is a work that will please the juveniles. Our readers have an illustration of the style in the story of "Caliph Stork," given in our last volume, which was translated for the RURAL by GLEEEN F. WILCOX, Esq. The "Caliph" figures in the book before us. The "Entertainments" cover upwards of 400 pages, and are profusely illustrated. Sold by DEWEY.

THE BALLAD OF BABIE BELL, and other Poems. By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. New York: Rudd & Carleton—1859.

IN a small, neat volume we here have many of the lesser poems of Mr. ALDRICH. All who have read Babie Bell—which is alone sufficient to establish the reputation of the author as a genuine poet—will desire the work. Sold by DEWEY.



A CITY BOY IN THE COUNTRY.

EDS. RURAL:—Although I am not a YOUNG RURALIST, yet I feel so strong a desire to express my opinion in regard to some late articles in your paper, that I find myself venturing to write, in hopes I may be permitted to speak through your columns. I am the son of a merchant in New York city; fourteen years old, and a pretty favorable specimen of a fast young fellow, for my age. So they all say. I don't think, though, I am a very bad one for the times. I always treat every one well, and every one alike, whoever they are, (only let them bear in mind to keep me cool;) though I don't suppose I would quite come up to your standard of the right kind of a boy, for I go to the theatre, and smoke cigars, and all that sort of thing, pretty freely.

Father has always had so little leisure that he never found time to see me much, and never tried to keep me at any sort of business. (By the way, if he had tried, he would have been brought to the stern necessity of either giving up his job or leaving entirely his mercantile business.) I have been at school some, but do not like so much confinement.

Early last spring, being discontented and desiring a change, I at last took it into my head that it would be a very fine thing to live in the country and work on a farm, just about one summer. My father had a cousin living in Potato Hollow, somewhere in the western part of the State. I had often heard him speak of her as the most kind-hearted, old-fashioned old lady he ever saw—"This," I thought, "is the place for me;" so, after some urging, my father consented that I should go, on condition that I should, at all events, stay through the summer. I gladly assented to this. In a week I was in Potato Hollow, nearly smothered with Aunt SUSAN'S kisses.

I brought a letter from father to Uncle JEDEDIAH BROWN, her husband. I afterwards found it was a strict injunction to Uncle JED. to keep a sharp lookout for me, try to steady me down, and above all things, to keep me busy. And they have done it with a vengeance. A few days ago, I asked permission to go, with several boys of my age, to a cattle show, a few miles distant. Uncle JED replied, he was astonished to hear me make such a request, after the directions my father had given; talked to me a long time, and ended with an affecting story of a boy who went to a trainin' against his father's wishes, and got "blowed up." One thing I wish—that is, that he could see me for about a week after I get home, and that won't be for some time yet, father writes. Two or three weeks ago I borrowed a pile of RURALS from my friend GEORGE SMITH, the son of our town physician. Uncle JED. doesn't take any paper. He says that farmers, as have to work for a living, don't have no money to pay for such things, nor no time to read none in 'em if they had 'em. But, I like to read your paper, and I rather think if I lived in the country all the time, I think a great part of my pleasure would consist in reading, and doing things so nice as to astonish the country folks. I see that those who read the most and know the most, have the nicest houses, and horses, and fruit, and clothes, while those who have everything tumbling to pieces are ignorant, and seem to like it. If you print this I will write to you again, and then, perhaps, I shall be so proud of the matter that I may think it best to stay in the country and be somebody.

SOLON.

Potato Hollow, Wayne Co., N. Y., 1859.

WHAT IS A LIBRARY?

"WHILE recently engaged in arranging a large library," remarked Alexander Hamilton, "a friend came in to lighten our labors by pleasant conversation."

"What is the most common idea of a library?" said he.

"A workshop, perhaps, in which are all manner of tools."

"What is your idea?"

"A dictionary, in which we can turn to any given subject, and find the information we desire."

"Very fair, both these definitions, but I think I know of one much better. When a lad about sixteen years of age, living as a neighbor of Dr. Mason, and also a member of his congregation, I was engaged in helping him to move and arrange his valuable library. 'Hamilton,' said he, 'you bear a great name, a very great name; but it is still more honorable to bear the name of Christ!—Hamilton, do you know what a library is?' 'No, sir.' 'Well, sir, it is an ARMY. Do you see those books? They are my SOLDIERS! I am the centurion. I call them down, and *make them fight for me*, my boy. Now you know what a library is, which is more than most folks do. Don't you forget it.'"

SHUT THE DOOR.—The door of your *ears* must be closed against bad language and evil counsel. The door of your *eyes* must be shut against bad books, trashy novels and low papers, or your studies will be neglected, and you will grow up useless and ignorant. You will also close them sometimes against the fine things exposed for sale in the shop windows, or you will never learn to save your money, or have any left to give away. The door of your *lips* will need especial care, for they guard an unruly member, which makes great use of the bad company let in at the doors of the eyes and ears. The inner door of your *heart* must be well shut against temptation, for Conscience, the doorkeeper, grows very indifferent if you disregard his call, and sometimes drops asleep at his post.

STUDY OF LATIN.—Under this heading, in the EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT, our young friends who have been interested in the discussion of the question, will find a very good article, written by a gentleman at Washington.

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A Choice Location in Virginia—Abram Van Doren.
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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER AND NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1859.

A Few Timely Remarks,

ADDRESSED TO AGENTS, SUBSCRIBERS AND OTHERS.

THANKS—Most grateful and sincere to the active and influential friends of the RURAL NEW-YORKER throughout the United States, Canadas, &c., for their successful efforts in extending its circulation, as manifested by the hundreds of encouragingly-written and well-filled letters we are daily receiving. We sincerely believe the RURAL has more ardent, working friends than any other paper in the land—MEN and WOMEN who labor for the cause and community, rather than personal benefit—and that if their efforts are continued, and imitated by others, we shall, ere long, as some of our friends predict, have a larger circulation than any other journal in America. That we shall spare no effort or expense to MERIT such favor, by continuing to use wisely and well the power of benefiting our readers and the public which may be conferred, is our fixed determination. If its old friends, and the fast increasing thousands who are joining its standard, will only exercise a little personal influence in behalf of the paper, *by bringing it to the notice and support of their neighbors*, the present circulation and usefulness of the RURAL may and will be more than doubled during the ensuing three months.—Friends of the RURAL and its Objects, please bear this in mind, and do community, the cause and us the favor of showing the paper to your friends and soliciting their subscriptions. We will cheerfully furnish extra numbers, bills, &c., and supply duplicates of copies lost or injured in canvassing.

Affairs at Washington.

GOVERNMENT has received from Utah intelligence of an alarming character, indicating the prevalence of great excitement in the Territory and of settled hostility between the Mormons and Gentiles.—Great outrages had been committed by Mormons, and a violent outbreak was apprehended before spring.

It appears from documents communicated to the the House in response to a resolution, that a correspondence between the Secretary of the Treasury and the Collector at Mobile, has been in progress since April in relation to the Nicaragua fillibusters. In response to the Collector's inquiry as to what should be done with the returned shipwrecked fillibusters, the Secretary telegraphed on the 4th inst, that the principals should be prosecuted, and desired the Collector to furnish him a list of those who arrived in the British vessel.

The Secretary of the Navy also transmitted copies of the instructions given to Commodore McIntosh. He was directed not to seize any vessels, or act on mere suspicion. He is counseled not to interfere on land or in any harbor for the purpose of arresting any fillibustering expedition set on foot in the United States, contrary to the acts of Congress, but on the other hand to protect the persons and property of our citizens engaged in lawful business against all illegal acts of violence and oppression to the full extent of his power.

The Administration have authorized the Marshal of Kansas to offer a reward of $250, each, for the capture of Montgomery and Brown, and to increase his posse to any number desired.

The correspondence between the British government and Mr. Dallas, called for by Mr. Seward's resolution, will, it is said, if furnished, exhibit startling facts in regard to the continued abuse of the American flag to cover the slave trade, and show the yatch Wanderer played a prominent part in that traffic on the African coast.

New York Legislature.

SENATE.—At 11 o'clock A. M., of the 4th inst., the Clerk announced the arrival of the hour for the meeting of the Senate, and Lieut. Gov. CAMPBELL, by virtue of his office, took the Chair, making a brief address. After the adoption of the usual resolutions relative to the attendance of clergymen, the hour of meeting, &c., a Committee from the House announced the organization of that body; and Committees were appointed to communicate like information to the Assembly and to the Governor. The Governor's Private Secretary, handed to the President the Governor's Annual Message, and the organization of the Senate was completed.

The following will exhibit what has been the labor performed up to time of adjournment: The petition of H. C. WHITMORE, for a seat from the 11th district, was presented. Notices were given of a bill to regulate imprisonment of witnesses; for the annual appropriation to the Binghampton Inebriate Asylum; to enable the Agricultural Societies to better protect their property. Mr. TRUMAN introduced a bill providing for the payment to the State Inebriate Asylum the sum of $120,000, in $40,000 instalments, and confirming the site at Binghampton. Mr. LOVELAND presented a bill giving the State Prison Inspectors in charge, the power to make temporary appointments to fill vacancies until the next meeting of the Board, requiring all removals to be made on the return of charges, giving power of suspension to agents or wardens, until the quarterly meeting of the Board.

ASSEMBLY.—On the 4th inst., the House was called to order by the Clerk of last Assembly, whereupon, Hon. GIDEON J. TUCKER, Secretary of State, proceeded to administer the oath of office to the members. When all present were sworn in, the House proceeded by a *viva voce* vote, to elect a Speaker. DE WITT C. LITTLEJOHN, of Oswego, was voted for by the Republicans; JOHN W. CHANLER, of New York, by the Democrats; and CHAUNCEY BOUGHTON, of Saratoga, by the Americans.

Mr. LITTLEJOHN having received a majority of the whole House, was declared duly elected, and was conducted to the Chair. The following officers were also elected:

Clerk—WM. RICHARDSON, of Albany; *Sergeant-at-Arms*—D. M. PRESCOTT, of Oneida; *Door-Keeper*—GEO. C. DENNIS, of Washington; *1st Assistant*—JOSEPH BALL, of Erie; *2d Assistant*—J. J. STEVENS, of New York; and organization effected.

Committees were appointed to inform the Governor and the Senate that the House had organized, and was ready to proceed to business; when the Governor's Private Secretary handed to the Speaker the Governor's Annual Message, which was read.

Notices were given of bills, to authorize the Rochester Bank to reduce its stock; to repeal the law allowing parties to be witnesses; to amend the equalization act of 1857; to incorporate religious societies; to better secure Counties against loss from County Treasurers, and a large number of local bills.

MESSRS. LAW and SPENCER introduced laws for registration of voters, similar in their provisions to those of last year.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—On the 4th instant, it was announced that the new Hall was ready for occupancy, and the Senators took occasion to make speeches on parting with the "Old Chamber." Mr. Crittenden, of Ky., reviewed the scenes he had witnessed, and recalled the names of CLAY, WEBSTER, CALHOUN and others whose fame was dear to the American people. The Vice-President followed, giving historical sketches of Congress at the various seats of government, until its location at Washington. He then narrated the burning of the Capitol by the British Army, the assembling thereafter of the Congress in Blodgett's Hotel, on the site now occupied by the General Post-Office, and finally the assembling in 1819, in the present building. The Senators then proceeded in a body to the new hall.—The discussion of the Pacific railroad bill has occupied most of the time during the present week.

HOUSE.—On motion of Mr. Farnsworth, of Ill., the resolution was adopted, calling on the Secretary of the Interior for information as to whether the Rock Island Military Reservation has been transferred from the War to the Interior Department, and thrown open to pre-emption at $1,25 per acre.

Mr. Faulkner, of Va., offered a resolution which was adopted, calling on the Secretary of War to furnish a statement of the Morris expedition, during the last ten years for barrack officers, the object being to reduce the expenses of the Quartermaster's Department.

Mr. Jones, of Tenn., offered a resolution calling on the Secretary of the Interior to report under what law and by what authority the advisory board of agriculturalists to the Patent office is assembled, the manner in which the delegates are appointed, and from what fund they are paid.—Messrs. Hughes, of Ind., and Stephens, of Ga., severally gave their understandings of the subject, supposing that the delegates assembled under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior, $75,000 having been appropriated for the collection of agricultural statistics. Mr. Jones, of Tenn., said if it was right and proper that such committees should be brought together, Congress ought to take the responsibility for providing how they shall be called, the number of delegates and the amount of compensation. The resolution passed.

THE REASON WHY subscribers at post-offices where we have clubs do not receive all their papers in one package, or by the same mail, is because we are almost daily receiving additions to the lists and are obliged to mail some papers from the the books, and others from letters. In a few weeks we shall be able to regulate this matter satisfactorily to subscribers; friends must exercise a little patience meantime, for we are doing our very best to meet the wishes of all by mailing all orders on the day of receipt, as far as possible. The great rush has overworked our entry clerks, however, and they find it impossible to get all the names properly on the books—hence the necessity of mailing part of the lists from letters.

Political Intelligence.

NEW YORK.—At the Special Election in the Fourth Congressional District of New York city, on the 5th inst., THOMAS J. BARR, the Democratic member elected to the next Congress, was chosen, almost without opposition, to fill the vacancy, until March 4th, caused by the resignation of JOHN KELSEY.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Legislature organized on the 5th inst. Mr. CHARLES A. PHELPS, of Boston, was chosen President of the Senate by 26 against 5. Stephen A. Gifford, Clerk, of last year, was re-elected. In the House, CHARLES HALE, of Boston, was chosen President by 185 out of 202.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The Republicans of New Hampshire held their State Convention for the nomination of State officers on the 4th inst.—ICHABOD GOODWIN was nominated for Governor, and ADAMS TWITCHELL for Railroad Commissioner.

The Democratic State Convention, on the 7th inst., nominated Hon. ASA F. CATE for Governor, and FREDERICK VOSE, for Railroad Commissioner.

MAINE.—The Legislature organized at Augusta on the 5th instant, by the choice of C. W. GODARD, of Dansville, as President of the Senate, and WM. T. JOHNSON, of Augusta, Speaker of the House.—Clerk and Secretary same as last year.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Pennsylvania Legislature met on the 4th inst. W. C. LAWRENCE, Opposition, was elected Speaker of the House. The Governor's Message states that the finances of the State are in a most satisfactory condition. The receipts of the Treasury for the fiscal year, were over $4,000,000. The expenditures were three millions and three quarters. Balance on hand over three quarters of a million, and the entire State debt nearly $40,000,000. He recommends great reduction in the public debt, looking towards its extinguishment.

MARYLAND.—The House organized on the 5th inst., by the election of J. W. GORDON as Speaker. Both Houses adjourned immediately after the organization.

MICHIGAN.—The Legislature assembled at Lansing, on the 5th inst. HENRY A. SHAW was elected Speaker of the House. The retiring and incoming Governors delivered their messages according to law. The former states that the finances are in a satisfactory condition. The receipts of the Treasury for the fiscal year had been $1,024,000, while the expenditures were $848,000. The balance on hand is $176,000. The entire State debt is $1,317,000, a diminution in four years of $215,000. He recommends the speedy extinguishment of the public debt, and reports the State University, Agricultural College, Normal and Common Schools, and the Asylums, &c., in a flourishing condition.—Gov. WISNER'S message is entirely devoted to the State affairs. He recommends the appointment of a State Geologist and Emigrant Agent, and favors a Registry Law, and the erection of a new Capitol building.

ILLINOIS.—The Legislature met on 3d inst., and elected Mr. MORRISON, Anti-Lecompton Democrat, Speaker of the House. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS has been re-elected to the U. S. Senate. The vote stood—DOUGLAS, 54; LINCOLN, 46.

Interesting News from Kansas.

THE Kansas Legislature have adjourned to Lawrence, receiving the sanction of the Governor.

The Committee on contested seats reported, and the Secretary of the Territory was requested to administer the necessary oaths, which he refused to do, when a Secretary *pro tem* was authorized to perform the act, which he did.

Mr. HOLIDAY, of the Council, gave in a bill asking Congress to annex to Kansas all that portion of Nebraska south of the Platte river. Bills were introduced in the House to abolish slavery, and to report adversely to the bogus statutes.

The Governor's Message regrets the growing disposition of various parties in the Union to overrate the voters and corrupt the ballot boxes. The Governor strongly reprehends the conduct of persons in Lynn and Bourbon counties, and says he is prepared to unite with the Assembly in the most cordial manner, for the adoption of such measures as shall restore order, and will bring to their aid all the power placed at his disposal by the Executive.

The report of the Commissioner appointed to audit claims, shows the amount presented to be upwards of $301,000, and the amount awarded $264,000, of which $39,000 are of a public class, and $215,000 of a private nature.

The Comptroller reports the taxable property of the Territory at $25,000,000, and the number of acres of land sold and pre-empted at about 3,000,000.

A reliable person from the vicinity of Fort Scott, represents the acts committed there as similar to those of the time of the notorious MURRELL. The whole country is divided into "jay-hawkers" and "anti-jay-hawkers." The former commit all sorts of crimes, and are openly upheld by many respectable people. The "jay-hawkers" justify their acts as a proper revenge for the same kind of depredations, and more atrocities committed upon them by the pro-slavery party when they were in a majority.

By reference to "Affairs at Washington," it will be seen that the general government has had official notice of these depredations. Missouri has taken the matter in hand, as the telegraph informs us that GOV. STEWART transmitted to the Senate a special message, reiterating the recent depredations committed in Kansas under MONTGOMERY and BROWN, upon citizens of Missouri residing in the border counties, and asking for legislative action in the matter. A bill was accordingly immediately reported, which authorized the government to call out a volunteer force sufficient to protect persons and property in peril, and to repel all further attempts at invasion. The bill appropriates $30,000 to defray expenses.

TEMPERANCE LECTURES.—We are advised that Mr. C. S. TUBBS, a young gentleman of ability and devotion to the cause, is lecturing very acceptably on the subject of Temperance in this county, and will soon visit Livingston and perhaps other counties. From what we know and have heard concerning Mr. T., we are induced to believe him an earnest and successful advocate of the cause he has espoused, and hence worthy the confidence of community.

News Paragraphs.

THERE is a company of five Americans engaged in gold mining in Siam, about thirty-five miles from Bangkok. The mines are located in an elevated basin, oval in shape, thirty miles long by eighteen broad, surrounded by craggy walls of rock, with only seven gaps or means of entrance in the whole circumferance. Nearly the whole basin is covered with forests. The gold is found in ravines. The mines are very rich, but jungle fevers, heavy rains, and other circumstances interfere with operations.

CAMELS, which a few years ago were a curiosity of the traveling shows in this country, have been declared a nuisance in Texas, where government is breeding stock for the use of the army. The City Council of Galveston have passed an ordinance declaring that no person or persons shall ride, drive, or introduce within the corporate limits of the city any camel or camels, except for the purpose of immediate shipment from the city, under a penalty of fifty dollars.

CAPT. WILKES, of the Navy, who was some time ago commissioned to make an examination of the mineral deposits in Chatham county, North Carolina, with a view to the establishment of a depot of construction for the navy, has made a report highly favorable to the object, having found the deposits of coal and iron of extraordinary richness and of inexhaustible extent.

MR. E. MERIAM says that during the past year, so far as he has been able to learn, fifty-three persons have been killed by lightning, and sixty-eight injured. There are also three accounts where it is reported "several persons were killed." Thunder and lightning storms occurred on sixty-one days in the three summer months.

THURSDAY afternoon a train of cars on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad ran off the track at Delhi, Ohio, and two cars full of passengers were thrown down an embankment ten feet in height. Nearly every person in them was more or less injured, though none fatally.

THE amount of gold shipped from California to New York during the year 1858, was $36,179,344; amount shipped in 1857, $34,222,904—showing a balance in favor of 1858 of $1,956,440. Of the shipments in 1857, nearly $2,000,000 were lost in the ill-fated steamship Central America.

THE statistics of the criminal calendar of the city of New York, for the year now closed, disclose the startling fact, that there were upwards of sixty murders in the city during that period, and in all that time, only one murderer (Rogers) was hanged.

THE San Joaquin Republican says, that parties in San Francisco have sent to Europe for weasels, to be used in killing the squirrels that infest the ranches in the Southern valleys of that State.

THE Governor of Jamaica has recommended to the Legislature of that island measures for the promotion of more regular and frequent intercourse with the United States.

THE PARAGUAY FLEET.—The steamer Metacomet, the last of the fleet sent by our government to wage war upon Paraguay, sailed from Pensacola, Florida, on the 3d inst. As the expedition and its progress may soon occupy a large share of public attention, a complete statement of the squadron may be of interest:

OFFICERS AND MEN.

Frigate St. Lawrence	540	Steamer Memphis	68
Sloop-of-war Falmouth	270	Sloop-of-war Preble	270
Brig-of-war Perry	108	Steamer Fulton	180
Frigate Sabine,	538	Steamer Water Witch	158
Storeship Release,	90	Steamer Southern Star	163
Storeship Supply	94	Steamer M. W. Chapin	142
Steamer Harriet Lane	88	Brig-of-war Dolphin	118
Steamer Westernport	89	Brig-of-war Bainbridge	146
Steamer Atlanta	88	Steamer Metacomet	50
Steamer Caledonia	100	Storeship (Private)	60

Total—3,847

LAKE DISASTERS IN 1858.—The aggregate losses on vessels, cargoes, and of lives the past season, show a gratifying decrease compared with the previous year. The 7th, 8th and 9th of October were the most memorable days of the year, a terrific storm having raged over the whole chain of lakes, doing much damage to shipping. The total loss in vessels and cargoes by this three days' storm is estimated at $150,000. The Chicago Press gives a list of disasters for the year, compiled from the files of that paper, which shows the loss of 105 lives, and a total loss of property estimated at $787,000. In 1857 the lives lost numbered 221, being double the loss in 1858, and the loss of property was $1,920,315, being nearly treble that of '58.

THE CURFEW.—It is stated by a London correspondent, that the old Norman Curfew, which required all persons to be housed at dusk, has recently been revived in Paris, and its limit fixed at eleven o'clock, P. M. No noise has been made about this new regulation, but at the indicated hour, the agents of police walk through the more refractory streets and quarters of the city, and order all cafes, billiard-rooms and drinking houses closed. The new regulation has thus far been quietly acquiesced in, but nevertheless it has excited much sullen discontent. It is a long while since the people of Paris submitted to be told at what hour they must go to bed.

EUROPEAN NAVIES.—The various European powers are striving hard to increase their navies. The Prussian, Austrian and Russian princes of the blood are at the head of the service. Austria spends $2,400,000 this year on her squadrons, and for 1859 will increase the amount to $4,000,000.—Prussia is said to be about to ask the Legislature for $2,500,000 for the navy. All know the Russian designs are not diminished in naval matters; and this time next year it is said, France will possess forty screw line-of-battle ships.

THE GEORGIA RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—Later accounts from the scenes of this disaster—to which we briefly adverted in the last RURAL—show the first reports to have been much exaggerated. Fifteen persons were killed. The cause of the accident was the washing away of the track. The cars fell thirty feet, emptying the passengers into the stream.

The News Condenser.

— Deaths in Baltimore during 1858, 5,115.

— Cotton is now grown in Cuba with excellent success.

— The Canadian Parliament is to meet on the 29th inst.

— During the past year there were 70 fires in Cincinnati.

— In some towns in France the lamp-lighters are women.

— There is an extensive gold excitement in South America.

— During the year 1858, eighteen Revolutionary soldiers died.

The office of the Detroit Tribune was burned the other night.

— The United States imports $245,000 worth of needles per annum.

The number of deaths in Boston in 1858, was about 3,800—a decrease of 125.

— Two large black bears were killed within the limits of Ogdensburgh on the 17th ult.

— Two hundred and ninety-seven vessels are laid up in the harbor of Chicago for the winter.

— The Philadelphia Bulletin contains a list of over 11,000 delinquent tax payers in that city.

— Advices from Naples of the 26th ultimo, state that Mount Vesuvius is again in full eruption.

— The New England Society of Montreal celebrated "Forefathers' Day," with great enthusiasm.

— The editor of the Tallahassee (Fla.) Republican, had green peas for dinner on Christmas day.

— A society, favorable to discouraging the use of tobacco, has been formed in Bucks Co., Penn.

— The English Methodists are said to be pleased that lay representation is being agitated in America.

— The Germans in the United States publish at present more than two hundred periodical papers.

— By railway accidents in the United States in 1858, there were killed 103 persons, and injured 220.

— John Hancock, a nephew of *the* John Hancock, died at Boston on Sunday, the 2d inst., aged 85.

— There have been 1,075,000 hogs packed in the Mississippi Valley thus far during the current year.

— The Hebrew ladies of Cincinnati have set on foot a subscription in behalf of the Mount Vernon fund.

A statement of the Irish potato crop of 1858 shows that it has been one of the finest raised since 1840.

— Over four hundred persons were arrested in Baltimore, Christmas night, for being drunk and disorderly.

— Statistics show that the consumption of spirituous liquors in Scotland is one-third less than three years ago.

— The Milford boot business for 1858 amounts to about 115,000 cases, or 1,380,000 pairs, valued at about $3,000,000.

— The "Flying Artillery" is the name of a religious organization of young men in New York. What next?

— Elder Knapp whose "revivals" some years ago excited so much attention, has consented to visit California.

— During the year 1858, thirty-five persons, of one hundred years and upwards, died within the United States.

— At the late session of the Recorder's Court in Chicago, twenty-eight men received passports to the State prison.

— The amount of taxes annually collected in Cuba is $28,000,000, which is equal to about $46 for every inhabitant.

— The total number of fires in Chicago in 1858 was 48. Eleven lives were lost, and $334,125 worth of property.

— Since the introduction of steam fire engines, the rates of insurance in St. Louis have been reduced 25 per cent.

— Private advices from Cuba state positively that a squad of Americans are in Cuba ready to aid the revolutionists.

— Dedham Village, Mass., has expended $40,000 on churches and $17,000 on a school-house within the past two years.

John M. Barnard, Esq., of Boston, has offered a premium of $1,000 for the best essay on Temperance Legislation.

— The United States Senate has confirmed the nomination of Alexander Wilson to be United States Attorney for Utah.

— Seventy-one and a half dollars have been cleared per acre on a crop of sweet potatoes by a farmer in Lawrence Co., O.

— The losses by fire in the United States in 1858, excluding all losses less than $10,000, make an aggregate of $12,000,000.

— A Rhode Island farmer brought a goose to market one day last week, which weighed twenty pounds and three-quarters!

— The tunnage of the commercial marine of the United States is 5,158,778, having increased 108,965 during the year.

— The number of emigrants reaching New York for 1858 up to the 15th of December, was 75,989, against 182,802 for 1857.

— One of the public squares in Sebastopol has been named "Americanski Place," in honor of the American residents there.

— The Sons of Malta in Fall River, Mass., distributed one thousand loaves of bread to the poor of that city New Year's day.

— Pekin, Niagara Co., is sadly afflicted by that dreadful scourge, the small pox. There are some 20 or 30 cases at present.

— The London Times has an article asserting that England has a much more direct interest in Mexico than the United States.

— The Commercial, of Cincinnati, estimates the population of that city, for a year past, at about one hundred and thirty thousand.

— The number of deaths in Philadelphia for the year 1858, was 10,902, showing a decrease of 48 from the mortality of the previous year.

— Lord Macaulay has announced that he will confine himself in future to his closet as a historian, and take no further part in public life.

— The days of high rents in San Francisco are said to have passed away. From $50 to $75 a month is the figure for houses costing $2,000.

— A fir tree, completely petrified and entire, has been discovered near Olympia, W. T., one hundred feet below the surface of the ground.

— The Hartford Times says Louis Napoleon will not allow that paper to circulate in France, on account of an article which it has published.

— The yellow fever has not disappeared from New Orleans. For the week ending on the 24th ult., there were two deaths from that disease.

Old World Matters.

During the past week we have had two arrivals from Europe. The steamer North American reached Halifax on the 5th inst., and the Africa, New York on the 10th. The North American, on the 1st of January, in a heavy snow storm struck a rock off Cape Race, and leaked considerably. At Halifax her fore compartments were full of water.

President Buchanan's Message was printed in most of the leading English journals. The *Times* calls attention to the preponderance of foreign over domestic matters, and the quarrelsome spirit manifested under its studiously moderate tone. It considers it very remarkable that the United States should at the present moment have *casus belli* against almost every State from the Gulf to Cape Horn, and asks whether it is possible that the weaker party can always be the aggressor.

The excitement in Ireland, as to the arrest of the members of the Phœnix Club, is dying out. Two or three additional arrests were made, but nothing of moment transpired. The investigation into the charges preferred against the parties recently arrested in the county of Cork, Ireland, was progressing with strict privacy. A young lady had been arrested near Clonmel on a charge of having written seditious letters.

The case of Montalembert was still a subject of interest, and some excitement in France. He was acquitted of the charges of attacking the principle of Universal Suffrage, and the Constitutional rights of the Emperor, and his sentence modified by reducing his imprisonment from six to three months, retaining the fine of 6,000 francs.

It is stated that a contract has been signed between the Marine Department and a firm at Marseilles to supply the demand at Guadaloupe and Martinique with 20,000 free Africans suited for agricultural labor, before the 1st of Jan., 1863, and similar contracts have been entered into with other houses.

It is stated that the French foreign office has heard with some surprise of Mr. Buchanan's notification of the desire of America to purchase Cuba, France having previously notified the American Minister of its determination, in conjunction with England, not to tolerate the cession of Cuba to the United States, even were Spain to consent.

Detachments of French troops having advanced on Swiss territory, Switzerland had demanded explanations. There was great indignation in Switzerland.

News from Italy states that the King of Naples is likely soon to grant the amnesty urged by England and France. A Wurtemburg journal says the Neapolitan and Roman governments have proof that agents of the French government are endeavoring to bring about a movement in Italy.

Marriages.

In China, Wyoming Co., N. Y., Jan. 1st., by Rev. N. A. Jackson, Mr. ABEL CLOUGH, 2d., and Miss ARMYRA WELLS, all of China.

Deaths.

On the morning of the 7th Jan. inst., after a short illness, EMMA J., youngest daughter of Samuel Hayes, Esq., of Prattsburgh, Steuben Co., N. Y., aged 16 years.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Jan. 11, 1859.

Flour is without change, but the market is firmer at quoted rates.

Wheat has started up a little on prime qualities—the advance equals 5 cents per bushel.

Beans are 5 cents per bushel better this week.

Provisions remain as last quoted with the single exception of Mutton (carcass) which is $1 per 100 lbs better.

Dried Fruit—The market is bare and apples are wanted at 25 cents advance on previous rates.

Hay is in good demand at an advance of $1 per ton on best qualities.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

Flour and Grain.		Eggs, dozen	18c
Flour, winter wheat	$5,75@6,50	Honey, box	15@16c
Do. spring do.	$4,75@5,50	Candles, box	12@13c
Do Buckwheat	$1 ss	**Fruits and Roots.**	
Wheat	$1,10@1 20	Apples, bushel	50@$1,00
Red Canada	$1,10@1 20	Do. dried	$1,50@1,75
Corn	60c	Potatoes	20@45c
Rye, 60 lbs		**Hides and Skins.**	
Oats		Slaughter	6½@7c
Barley		Calf	10c
Buckwheat		Sheep pelts	$1,25@1,50
Beans	65@75c	Lamb do	38c@40c
Meats		**Seeds**	
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,00	Clover, bush	$4,00@5,00
Do. cwt	$3,00@3,75	Timothy	$2,00@2,25
Beef ₩ cwt	$3,00@3,50	**Sundries**	
Spring lambs each	$1,50@2,00	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Mutton (carcass)	3½@4c	Do soft	$3,00@3,50
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Coal, Lehigh	$6,75@6,25
Shoulders	06@7c	Do. Scranton	$5,00@5,50
Chickens	6@7c	Do. Blossburg	$5,00@5,50
Turkeys	8@9c	Do. Shamokin	$5,00@5,50
Geese	38@44c	Do. Char	10@12½c
Dairy, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,90@2 25
Butter, roll	16@18c	Hay	$7,00@11,00
Do. firkin	14c	Wool	40@45c
Cheese	8@9c	White fish, bbl	$6,50@7,00
Lard, tried	10c	Codfish ₩ quintal	$4,75@5,00
Tallow	6@6½c	Trout, bbl	$6,50@7,00

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10.—Flour—The market continues buoyant, with a fair eastern and local trade demand and also some speculative inquiry. Sales at $4,35@4,75 for common to choice super State; $4,75@5,00 for extra State, $4,90@5,50 for super Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa; $4,75@5,00 for common to good extra State; $5,00@5,50 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio; $5,50@6,00 for trade and family brands do; $4,75@5,00 for fancy and extra Genesee; $5,00@5,50 for extra Genesee, and $5,50@6,00 for double extra do. Canada flour is dull and unchanged. Rye flour is steady at $3,75@4,00. Corn meal is unchanged. Sales of Western at $3,00@3,10; Brandywine at $3,15; Jersey at $3,25. Canada at $3,25@3,30.

Grain—Wheat has ruled quiet, with a fair demand for export and milling. Sales of 30,000 bushels Chicago Spring at $1,05@1,06; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club at $1,07; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, to arrive, at $1,08; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, January, at $1,09; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, February, at $1,10; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, March, at $1,11; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, April, at $1,12; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, May, at $1,13; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, June, at $1,14; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, July, at $1,15; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, August, at $1,16; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, September, at $1,17; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, October, at $1,18; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, November, at $1,19; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, December, at $1,20; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, January, at $1,21; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, February, at $1,22; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, March, at $1,23; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, April, at $1,24; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, May, at $1,25; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, June, at $1,26; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, July, at $1,27; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, August, at $1,28; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, September, at $1,29; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, October, at $1,30; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, November, at $1,31; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, December, at $1,32; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, January, at $1,33; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, February, at $1,34; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, March, at $1,35; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, April, at $1,36; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, May, at $1,37; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, June, at $1,38; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, July, at $1,39; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, August, at $1,40; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, September, at $1,41; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, October, at $1,42; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, November, at $1,43; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, December, at $1,44; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, January, at $1,45; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, February, at $1,46; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, March, at $1,47; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, April, at $1,48; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, May, at $1,49; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, June, at $1,50; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, July, at $1,51; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, August, at $1,52; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, September, at $1,53; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, October, at $1,54; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, November, at $1,55; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, December, at $1,56; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, January, at $1,57; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, February, at $1,58; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, March, at $1,59; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, April, at $1,60; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, May, at $1,61; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, June, at $1,62; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, July, at $1,63; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, August, at $1,64; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, September, at $1,65; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, October, at $1,66; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, November, at $1,67; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, December, at $1,68; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, January, at $1,69; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, February, at $1,70; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, March, at $1,71; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, April, at $1,72; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, May, at $1,73; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, June, at $1,74; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, July, at $1,75; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, August, at $1,76; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, September, at $1,77; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, October, at $1,78; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, November, at $1,79; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, December, at $1,80; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, January, at $1,81; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, February, at $1,82; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, March, at $1,83; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, April, at $1,84; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, May, at $1,85; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, June, at $1,86; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, July, at $1,87; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, August, at $1,88; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, September, at $1,89; 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5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, October, at $6,10; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, November, at $6,11; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, December, at $6,12; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, January, at $6,13; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, February, at $6,14; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, March, at $6,15; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, April, at $6,16; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, May, at $6,17; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, June, at $6,18; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, July, at $6,19; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, August, at $6,20; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, September, at $6,21; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, October, at $6,22; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, November, at $6,23; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, December, at $6,24; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, January, at $6,25; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, February, at $6,26; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, March, at $6,27; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, April, at $6,28; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, May, at $6,29; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, June, at $6,30; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, July, at $6,31; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, August, at $6,32; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, September, at $6,33; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, October, at $6,34; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, November, at $6,35; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, December, at $6,36; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, January, at $6,37; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, February, at $6,38; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, March, at $6,39; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, April, at $6,40; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, May, at $6,41; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, June, at $6,42; 5,000 bushels Milwaukee Club, July, at $6,43; 5,000

THE SNOW SHOWER.

BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

Stand here by my side and turn, I pray,
On the lake below thy gentle eyes;
The clouds hang over it, heavy and grey,
And dark and silent the water-lies;
And out of that frozen mist the snow
In wavering flakes begins to flow;
Flake after flake,
They sink in the dark and silent lake.

See how in living swarms they come
From the chambers beyond that misty veil,
Some hover awhile in air, and some
Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.
All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,
Meet and are still in the depths below;
Flake after flake,
Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

Here delicate snow-stars, out of the cloud
Come floating downward in airy play,
Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd
That whiten by night the milky way;
Their broader and burlier masses fall;
The sullen water buries them all;
Flake after flake,
All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

And some, as on tender wings they glide
From their chilly birth cloud, dim and grey,
Are joined in their fall, and, side by side,
Come clinging along their unsteady way;
As friend with friend, or husband with wife
Makes hand in hand the passage of life;
Each mated flake
Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
Stream down the snows, till the air is white,
As, myriads by myriads madly chased,
They fling themselves from their shadowy height.
The fair, frail creatures of middle sky,
What speed they make with their grave so nigh;
Flake after flake,
To lay in the dark and silent lake!

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear;
They turn to me in sorrowful thought;
Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,
Who were for a time and now are not;
Like these fair children of cloud and frost,
They glisten a moment, and then are lost;
Flake after flake,
All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide;
A gleam of blue on the water lies;
And far away, on the mountain side,
A sunbeam falls from the opening skies.
But the hurrying host that flew between
The cloud and the water no more are seen;
Flake after flake,
At rest in the dark and silent lake.

Story Teller

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1859, by D. D. T. Moore, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.

ALICE AND ADELAIDE;

OR,

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

(Continued from page 20, last number.)

Chapter V.—Calls.

"I wish I had gone home before," was the first thought of Adelaide, who did not care to be seen *there* by Mr. Howland. It might lead to some inquiries which she would rather should not be made. Still, there was now no escape, and trusting much to the promise of the Warrens, she stepped back from the door just as Mr. Howland opened it. He seemed greatly surprised at finding her there, and still more surprised when he learned that they were old acquaintances.

"It is kind in her not to desert them in their poverty," he thought, and his manner was still more considerate towards Adelaide, who, after standing a few moments, made another attempt to go. "Wait, Miss Huntington," said he, it was both raining and snowing when I came in, and you will need an umbrella."

This was just what Adelaide wanted, and taking a seat she waited patiently until Mr. Howland signified his readiness to go. Then, bidding Alice good-night, she whispered to her softly, "You never *will* say a word of father, *will* you?"

"Certainly not," was Alice's answer, and in another moment Adelaide was in the street walking arm in arm with Mr. Howland, who began to speak of the Warren's and their extreme poverty.

"It is evident they have seen better days," he said, "but they never seem willing to speak of the past. Did he meet with a reverse of fortune?"

For a moment Adelaide was silent, while she revolved the propriety of saying what she finally did say, and which was,—"Ye-es,—they met with reverses, but as *they* are unwilling to talk about it, I, too, had better say nothing of a matter which cannot now be helped."

"Certainly not, if it would be to their detriment," said Mr Howland, a painful suspicion entering his mind

Hitherto he had regarded Mr. Warren as the soul of integrity but Adelaide's manner, even more than her words, implied that there was something wrong, and hardly knowing what he said, he continued, "Was it anything dishonorable?"

"If you please, I would rather say nothing about it," answered Adelaide "I don't wish to do them harm, and I dare say they regret it more than any one else can do."

Mentally pronouncing her a "very prudent, conscientious girl," Mr Howland walked on in silence, feeling the while that something was taken from him He had become greatly interested in the helpless old blind man, and in his writing desk at home was a receipt in full for the first quarter's rent, then due in a few days. But Mr Howland was a man of stern integrity, hating anything like fraud or deceit, and if Mr Warren had been guilty of either, he was not worthy of respect Alice, too, though she might not have been in fault, did not seem quite the same, and now as he thought of her, there was less of beauty in the deep blue of her eyes and the wavy tresses of her hair.

"Will you go in? 'Tis a long time since you were here," said Adelaide, when at last they reached her mother's door.

Her invitation was accepted, and the clock struck eight ere Mr. Howland arose to leave. Accompanying him to the door, Adelaide said, imploringly, "I trust you will forget our conversation concerning those Warren's. You know I didn't really *tell* you anything."

Mr. Howland bowed and walked away, wishing in his heart that "she had not told him anything, or at least had not created in his mind a suspicion against people he had hitherto liked so much. So absorbed was he in his meditations that he did not at first observe the slender figure which, wrapping its thin shawl close around it, came toiling on, but when the young girl had reached him and the rude north wind blew the brown curls over her white face, he knew it was Alice Warren, and his first impulse was to offer her his arm and shield her from the storm. But Adelaide's dark insinuations were ringing in his ears, and so Alice went on alone, while the rain and the sleet beat upon her head and the cold penetrated through her half-worn shoes, chilling her weary feet, and sending a shiver through her frame. But she did not heed it,—did not even think of the driving storm, so eager was she to be at home, where she could count the contents of the little box and see if with the money received to-night there were not enough to pay the quarter's rent.

But the blind man, listening to the storm, knew how cold his darling would be, and groping in the darkness, he added fresh fuel to the fire, and then swept up the hearth, placing her chair a little nearer to his own, so it would seem pleasant to her when she came. Poor, helpless man! He could not see,—nay, he had never seen his child, but he could fancy just how bright and beautiful she would look, sitting at his side with the fire *he* had made shining on her hair, and when at last she came, he clapsed her little red hands between his own, rubbing, kissing and pitying them, until he felt that they were warm. Then, seated in his chair, he listened while she counted the silver coin, dropping it piece by piece into his palm and bidding him guess its value by its size. It was all numbered at last, and very joyfully Alice said to her father, "There is enough to pay our rent, and we have been comfortable, too, thanks to Miss Elinor, who has saved us many a shilling by her timely acts of charity."

Yes, Miss Elinor had been to them a ministering angel, and however much she might be disliked at the White House on the Hill, she was loved and honored at the Brown House in the Hollow, and that night when Alice Warren sought her pillow, she breathed a prayer for the kind woman who was yet to befriend her in more ways than one.

Chapter VI.—Pay-Day.

Miss Elinor sat alone in her pleasant parlor, bending over her bit of embroidery, and setting her needle into the dainty fabric in a manner plainly indicating a mind ill at ease. And for a lady of her temperament, Miss Elinor *was* a good deal disturbed. During the last week her brother had spent *four* evenings at the White House on the Hill, and though she, his sister, had unreservedly given him her opinion of the young lady Adelaide, he persisted in saying she was the most agreeable and intelligent girl in Oakland. It was in vain that she told him of the *wristband*, saying "she presumed they sewed secretly for a living."

He only smiled incredulously, telling her, however, that "he should like Adelaide all the better, if he found she was skilled in *shirt-making*."

In short, Miss Elinor began to have some well-founded fears that she should yet have an opportunity of *making that house uncomfortable*, both to herself and the wife her brother might bring there, and it was this reflection which made her so nervous as she sat there alone that pleasant March afternoon.

"I would rather he should marry little Alice Warren,—blind father and all," she thought, just as the door opened softly, and "little Alice Warren" stood within the room.

"She had been to the store to see Mr. Howland," she said, "and as he was not there she had come to the house, hoping to find him, for she would rather give the money into his hand, and know there was no mistake."

"What money, child?" asked Miss Elinor, and Alice replied that "it was *pay-day*," at the same time opening the little box and showing her the pieces of money she had saved from her earnings.

Miss Elinor did not know of the receipt lying in her brother's writing-desk, but she resolved that not a penny should be taken from that box, and bidding Alice be seated on a little stool at her feet, she told her to wait until her brother came. Then, when she saw how languid and tired Alice seemed, she laid her head upon her lap, smoothing the long, brown curls until the weary girl fell asleep, dreaming that 'twas her mother's hand which thus so tenderly caressed her hair. For half an hour she slumbered on, and then Mr. Howland came, treading carefully and speaking low, as his sister, pointing to the sleeping girl, bade him not to wake her.

"Look at her, though. Isn't she pretty?" she whispered, and Mr. Howland, gazing upon that fair, childish face, felt that he had seldom seen a more beautiful picture.

In a few words Miss Elinor told why she was there, adding, in conclusion, "but you won't take it of course. You are rich enough without it, and 'twill do them so much good."

"I never intended to take it," answered Mr. Howland, and going to his library, he soon returned with the receipt, which he laid within the box

Just then a new idea presented itself to the mind of Miss Elinor. They would change the silver, she said into a bill, which they could roll up with the receipt and place in Alice's pocket while she slept This plan met with her brother's approval, and when at last Alice awoke, the box was empty while Mr Howland, to whom she told her errand, blushing deeply to think he had found her sleeping, replied indifferently, "Yes, I found it there, and I like your promptness."

At that moment Miss Elinor left the room, and when she returned, she bore a basket of delicacies for the blind man, who, even then, was standing in the open door at home and listening anxiously for the footsteps which did not often linger so long. He heard them at last, and though they were far down the street he knew they were *her's*, and closing the door he passed his hands carefully over the tea-table, which he himself had arranged, feeling almost a childish joy as he thought how surprised Alice would be.

"Oh, father," she exclaimed, when at last she came bounding in, "how *could* you fix it so nicely, and only think, Miss Elinor has sent you so many good things,—here's turkey, and cranberry sauce, and pie, and cheese, and jelly-cake, and white sugar,—and everything! I mean, for once, to eat just as much as I want," and the delighted girl arranged the tempting viands upon the table, telling her father, the while, how pleased Mr. Howland was at her promptness.

"He gave you a receipt, I suppose," Mr. Warren said, and Alice replied, "Why, no, I never thought of a receipt. I'm so sorry," and in her confusion she hit her hand against the hissing teapot she had just placed upon the table.

The slight burn which she received, made her handkerchief necessary, and, in feeling for it, she touched the little roll which Miss Elinor had placed within her pocket. Drawing it forth, and examining its contents, she experienced, for an instant, sensations similar to those which *Benjamin's* brethren may be supposed to have felt when the silver cup was found in their possession.

"What does it mean?" she exclaimed, reading aloud the receipt and examining the bill, which amounted exactly to the quarter's rent.

The blind man *knew* what it meant, and, bowing his white head upon his bosom, he silently thanked God who had raised them up friends in their sore need. Upon Alice, the surprise produced a novel effect, moving her first to laughter and then to tears, and, notwithstanding her intention of "once eating as much as she liked," she forgot to taste of the many delicacies spread out so temptingly before her. In her estimation they were almost *rich* again, and never, perhaps, came sleep to her more sweetly than on that night, when she knew that the contents of the little box was *their's*, to do with as they pleased.

Several evenings after this, they were surprised by a call from Mr. Howland, who had not visited them before since the night when he had found Adelaide Huntington there. Thoughts of Alice, however, as she lay sleeping on his sister's lap, had haunted him. *She* was innocent of wrong, he was sure, and to see *her* he had come. That old man, too, with the snow-white hair shading his truthful-looking face, 'twas hard to believe there was aught of evil in him, and, after receiving as best he could their thanks for his generosity, he resolved to question them a little of the past, so he commenced by asking Alice if she had been intimately acquainted with Adelaide Huntington.

Remembering her promise, Alice seemed much embarrassed, and answered hastily, "We were never intimate," while at the same time she glanced towards her father, whose voice trembled slightly as he rejoined, "I had business transactions with Adelaide's father, but our families seldom met."

The next moment he was talking of something else,—his manner plainly indicating that any further allusion to the Huntingtons was not desired.

"There *is* something wrong, or they would not be so unwilling to talk of their former life," Mr. Howland thought, and, with his suspicions strengthened, he soon took his leave, stopping by the way to call on Adelaide, whose eyes beamed a joyous welcome as he entered the *parlor*, that being the place where she now received his frequent calls.

Her mother was in the way in the sitting-room, she said, and whenever she had reason for expecting him, she made a fire in the parlor, shutting up the stove and turning down the lamp until the ringing of the bell announced his arrival; then, while old Peggy hobbled to the door, she opened the draught and turned up the lamp, so that by the time Mr. Howland was ushered in, everything looked cheerful and inviting. By this means, too, she escaped another annoyance, that of being urged to play; for, if Mr. Howland did not see the piano, he was not as likely to ask her to sing, and she had already nearly exhausted her powers of invention in excuses for her indifferent playing and the style of her music.

"Ma insisted upon her taking old pieces," she said, "but by-and-by, when she had a new piano, she should do differently."

Fortunately for her Mr. Howland was not a musical man and was thus more easily deceived.—On the evening of which we are speaking, after listening awhile to her sprightly remarks, he suddenly changed the conversation by saying he had been to see Mr. Warren, "and he told me," said he, "that he once did business with your father."

Turning her face away to hide its startled expression Adelaide asked hastily, "What else did he tell you?"

"Nothing," returned Mr. Howland. "He would not talk of the past."

"I should not suppose he would," quickly rejoined Adelaide,—then, after a moment, coming to his side, she continued, "Mr. Howland, I wish you would promise never to mention that subject again, either to me, or those Warrens. It can do no good, and a knowledge of the truth might injure some people in your estimation. Promise me, will you."

Her hand was laid imploringly upon his arm, her handsome, dark eyes looked beseechingly into his, and as most men under similar circumstances would have done, *he promised*, while Adelaide, mentally congratulated herself upon the fact that his business never took him to the city where she had formerly lived and where the name of *Huntington* had scarcely yet ceased to be a by-word in the street. Mr. Howland was much pleased with her, she knew, and if they could manage to keep up appearances a little longer, he might be secured. One thing, however, troubled her, "*Pay-day*, was near at hand, but alas for the wherewithal to pay! 'Twas not in her mother's purse, nor yet in any other purse whence they could procure it. Still Adelaide trusted much to her inventive genius, and when she bade Mr. Howland good-night, chatting gayly as she accompanied him to the door, he little dreamed how her mind was distracted with ways and means by which to dupe him still more effectually.

Three week's passed away and then as Miss Elinor sat one evening with her brother she asked him if Mrs. Huntington's *rent* were not that day due.

"Possibly, though I have not given it a tho't," Mr. Howland answered, his voice indicating that he neither deemed it essential for himself to be particular or his sister to be troubled about Mrs. Huntington's rent.

As far as dollars and cents were concerned, Miss Elinor was *not* troubled, though she *did* think it doubtful whether Adelaide would be as prompt as Alice had been. But, when, as if to verify a proverb not necessary to be repeated here, Adelaide came to the door, almost before her brother had ceased speaking, she began to think her suspicions groundless and her manner was quite conciliatory towards the young lady, who, after throwing back her veil of dotted lace and fidgeting awhile in her chair, managed to say, "It is very humiliating to me, Mr. Howland, to tell you what *ma* says I must. She fully expected that the agent who does her business would have sent her money ere this, but as he has not, she cannot pay you to-day. Shall we pack up our things at once?" she continued playfully, as she saw the expression on Mr. Howland's face.

"Perhaps you *had* better," he answered in the same strain, continuing in a more sober tone, "Tell your mother not to be concerned about the rent. It does not matter if 'tis not paid until the end of the year!"

Adelaide drew a relieved breath, while Miss Elinor dropped her embroidery and involuntarily gave vent to a contemptuous "umph."

The sound caught Adelaide's ear and thinking to herself "*stingy old thing*,—afraid they will lose it, I dare say," she made her call as brief as possible. Nodding to her civilly as she arose to go, Miss Elinor turned to her brother, saying, "You know, Richard, you are to go with me to-night to call on Jenny Hayes."

But Richard *did not know any such thing*, and as his distressed sister saw him going down the walk with Adelaide Huntington on his arm she muttered, "I'd like to see the *man* who could make such a fool of *me* as *that girl* has made of *him!*" A wish not likely to be verified, considering that she had already lived *forty-five* years *without seeing the man*.

Chapter VII.—The Unknown Deliverer.

Very rapidly the spring passed away, and the soft, sunny skies of June had more than once tempted the blind man and his daughter into the open fields, or the woods which lay beyond. Their favorite resort, however, was a retired spot on the bank of the river, where, shut out from human eye they could speak together of the past, the present, and what the future might bring. Here one pleasant afternoon they came, and while Mr. Warren talked of his childhood and his early home, Alice sat sewing at his feet, until growing somewhat weary she arose and began to search for wild flowers upon the mossy bank. Suddenly espying some beautiful pond lilies floating upon the surface of the water, she exclaimed, "Oh, father, father, these must be white lilies just like those you used to gather when a boy."

"Where, where!" the blind man asked, and all over his wrinkled face shone the intense longing he felt to hold once more within his hand the fair blossoms so interwoven with memories of his boyhood.

"They are here on the river," Alice replied, "and I can get them, too, by going out upon that tree which has partly fallen into the stream."

"Don't, Alice, don't, there may be danger," Mr. Warren said, shuddering even while he spoke with an undefinable fear.

But Alice was not afraid, and springing lightly upon the trunk of the tree she ventured out,—further, and further still until the lilies were just within her reach, when, alas, the branch against which she leaned was broken, and to the ear of the blind man sitting on the grass there came the startling cry of "*father*," while a heavy splash in the deep, dark water told that Alice *was gone!* [To be continued in our next.]

Wit and Humor.

A good story is told of a fellow in Ohio driving a crazy one horse wagon over a railroad track. He was run into by the locomotive, his vehicle demolished, and himself landed, unhurt, about two rods from the scene of the disaster. The engineer stopped the train to see if any one was killed. "Well, friend," said he to the fellow, "are you badly hurt?" The reply, Yankee like, was by another question, long drawn out. "Will—you—s-e-t-t-l-e now, or—wait till—till morning?"

Mr. Snub perceived that the milk that he was pouring into his coffee-cup was none of the richest. On this he said to his hostess:—"Haven't you any milk that is more *cheerful* than this?" "What do you mean by that?" "Why, *this* milk seems overpowered by the *blues*."

"Many a young lady who objects to being kissed under the mistletoe, has no objection to being kissed under the rose." A stupid compositor once made an error in the above, rendering it so as to say, "has no objection to being kissed under the *nose*"

What is the difference between attempted homicide and a hog butchery? One is an assault with intent to kill, and the other is a kill with intent to salt.

Although one swallow will not make a summer, still a pin, maliciously inverted in a chair, will make one spring.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1, 20, 18 is an adverb.
My 8, 6, 15, 16 is a fruit of many varieties.
My 8, 2, 16, 5 is a kind of meat.
My 21, 4, 10 is a verb.
My 7, 9, 10, 18, 22, 16 is a lady's name.
My 17, 2, 4 is a part of the foot.
My 11, 20, 9, 17 is one who entertains a stranger.
My 19, 2 is a call to excite attention.
My 14, 15, 17 is to devour.
My 10, 12, 15, 16 is to pull in pieces.
My whole is a maxim.
Lois J. Parker.
Pultney, Steu. Co., N. Y., 1859.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MECHANICAL PROBLEM.

With what velocity must a cannon ball be projected from the summit of a mountain five miles high, that it may pass around the earth in a circular orbit, the resistance of the air not being taken into account?
Madison University, N. Y., 1859. A. B. Evans.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

Selected for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RIDDLE.

Beneath the Heavens a certain one did dwell,
As sacred writers uncontested tell,
Within this world his vital breath he drew,
Yet never sinned nor moral evil knew.
He never shall be raised from the dead,
Nor at the day of Judgment raise his head.
He never shall be doomed to suffer pains of hell,
Nor yet in Heaven's Kingdom dwell;
Yet in him there was a soul that must
Suffer in hell, or reign among the just.
Maple Grove, N. Y., 1859. D. T
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

My first is a dweller on the seas,
With flag unfurled to catch the breeze;
My second was with Noah in the Ark,
But may be found in market or in pork;
My third is a youthful leader and chief,
Who in many hearts has caused lasting grief;
My whole is of man and woman the basest deciever,
Although in religion a pretended believer.
Wauwatosa, Wis., 1859. A. B.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PUZZLE.

Find four legal American coins which, when added up shall amount to fifty-one cents. Julen.
Monroe Co., N. Y., 1859.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 469.

Answer to Scriptural Enigma:—God with us—Taken from earth—God is my judge—That which oppresses—Hidden—Joyful—Exalted—Given—A worker—Filled—Asked of God—Peaceful—Strength; all combining the following portion of the 119th Psalm:—Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—Length of ladder, 180.498254 feet; distance of foot from highest tower, 170.228718 feet; from second tower, 178.429567 feet; from lowest tower, 176.005155 feet.

Answer to Geographical Anagram:—The city is in China; its name, Teeshoo-Loomboo.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

AGRICULTURE HORTICULTURE RURAL LIFE EXCELSIOR LITERATURE SCIENCE ARTS NEWS

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE.

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other Journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

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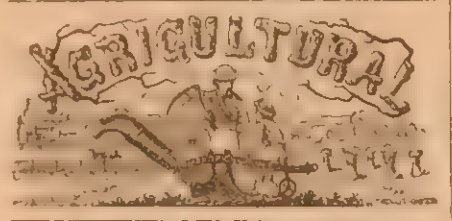


PROGRESS OF AGRICULTURE.

THE past history of Agriculture is at once curious and instructive—sometimes making a little progress—sometimes remaining stationary, and at others evidently declining. For many centuries, all through what has been not unfitly termed the "*dark ages*," we note but little advancement. When, however, knowledge began to increase, and men learned more of Nature—more of the earth on which we live, and the laws by which it is governed, then the attention of the wise was directed to Agriculture, and knowledge was diffused among the people. Still the progress of Agriculture was slow, much more so than other departments of the arts and sciences, and other human pursuits of far less importance to the world. Why this should be the case with a pursuit as natural and attractive to the human mind as it is essential to our existence, is a question perhaps not easily and satisfactorily answered. Still, something like an answer may be found in the *importance of the subject*. All nature seems to testify to the slow comparative growth of whatever is most truly and permanently valuable. Trees producing timber comparatively short-lived and worthless mature in a few years, while the time-defying oak requires ages for its perfection. The earth, too, without particular care or skill on the part of cultivators had furnished food and clothing for man from the first morn of Creation, and the necessity for study and improvement in this direction was not feelingly apparent. At the early dawn of light, men, and particularly those who had made such discoveries as to place them on the pinnacle of fame, were apt to neglect the plain and practical in the investigation of the theoretical and sublime. The cultivation of the earth and the study of vegetable growth was not a promising field for gathering a crop of immortal honors.

Variety of Climate, which has been the promoter and in fact the basis of commerce, has operated against the accumulation of Agricultural knowledge. The fact that oranges and figs, olives and other fruits, and the fragrant spices of a warm climate, would not grow in a more northern latitude, created a necessity for commerce, and made its pursuit profitable. But this diversity of climate made the Agricultural knowledge gained in one country of little use to others. The experience of the Egyptian, where lands were enriched and almost cultivated by the annual overflowing of the *Nile*, afforded little practical knowledge to the farmers of other lands.

Difference in Soil, too, has done much to retard the rapid advancement of Agricultural knowledge. Each province or district has had to experiment for itself and learn what course was best adapted to its own soil, so that little could be gained from a knowledge of the practice in other localities. Of course some general principles are applicable to all. Imitation of others, differently situated, has led to confusion, and often to improper practices, and those who pursue a course which experience has taught is best adapted to their situation, are sometimes unjustly condemned. Those who read in our journal the report of the discussion on *Corn Growing*, held during the State Fair, at Syracuse, last summer, had an illustration of this fact. One gentleman living on the hills of Enfield, in Tompkins county, in opposition to the experience of almost every other person, and in face of the ridicule of many, insisted that he could grow the best crops of corn by plowing as shallow as possible—only about two inches deep. He had experimented on this point for fourteen years, and insisted that he was right. It was a sense of the fact that we are endeavoring to set forth, the different culture required by different soils, that caused us to write, in reporting this discussion—"a good many excellent farmers thought the speaker had pursued and was recommending an improper system, but he had a bright eye, and we have no doubt had learned in fourteen years' experience what course of plowing was best adapted to his mountain home." This important point is often forgotten in reports of experiments, premium crops, &c. On the other hand we are well aware that *peculiarities* of the soil cultivated is an argument often resorted to as a defence for the very worst practices, when every other argument has failed.

Another impediment in the way of the rapid accumulation of Agricultural knowledge is the condition which the pursuit of Agriculture renders necessary. The farmer is, by the very nature of his pursuit, more or less *isolated*. The influence of that mental attrition—the combat between mind and mind—consequent upon congregation in towns, is denied him. The advancement of art is mainly promoted by *emulation*, but emulation and comparison are almost out of the question in a sparsely settled country. To overcome this obstacle in the way of progress, *Farmers' Clubs* were established, for discussion, for pitting mind against mind, and fact against fact; and *Fairs*, for the comparison of stock, produce, &c., and they are well calculated to accomplish the object, and have been eminently successful.

Growing out of the *extreme sparseness* of population peculiar to a new country, are other facts which have produced their influence on agricultural progression—ages ago in Europe, but quite recently in our own country. Under such circumstances, from the abundance and cheapness of land, only the very best, requiring the least skill and care, is cultivated; produce is cheap and labor generally scarce and dear, and the wits of the farmer are directed to getting along with the least possible outlay of labor. On the first settlement of a country, too, the farmers are poor. Every dollar that can be scratched out of the earth is needed to pay taxes and make payments for land as fast as they come due. Nothing can be spared for improvements, at least only those that are absolutely necessary. It is only when an increased population and the consequent scarcity of the most fertile land, and the higher rates of produce induces the farmer to apply his skill to the cultivation of less fertile soils, and the improvement of those which, from bad management, are becoming exhausted, that the profession of farming assumes the true features of an art, eager to receive aid both from science and experience.

A fact to which we have before alluded, must also be taken into account. Agricultural knowledge can have no mushroom growth. Experiments, to be reliable, and to establish principles, must be conducted with the greatest care and patience, and even then should be oft-repeated. Conclusions arrived at hastily are worse than useless. Nature gives but one lesson yearly; hence progress is slow.

The doggedness with which many adhere to old customs retards the onward march of improvement. Some strictly regard the latter part of the old maxim, and "hold fast that which is good," or which they believe to be good, but forget the first and equally important part, to "try all things."—It is for this reason that we so often see farmers continue in about the same course for years, with very little improvement, while many a mechanic or professional man who engages in farming in middle life, with no knowledge of the details of the business, make up in zeal, study and observation what they lack in practical knowledge, and in a few years outstrip the man who has been a farmer all his days. Of this we have many examples around us. This fact was observed by an old author who said such persons "often form the most intelligent and accurate of husbandmen. Like converts in religion, they have more zeal and fewer prejudices to surmount, than those who have been bro't up in it from their infancy; their indefatigable attention makes more than amends for their ignorance of minutiæ; and having been at the pains to acquire a knowledge of the theory of their new pursuit, they establish their ideas on rational principles."

Some of the thoughts we give are from an Essay on Agriculture, by C. WREN HASKINS, in which is noted laws, &c., particularly affecting English Agriculture, such as war; and the excessive passion for sports of the field, which caused the formation of laws protecting animals and birds, which preyed upon the products of the farmer's industry. The feudal system, too, which made the agricultural worker an appendage to, rather than an improver of the soil, produced its full crop of evil. As we designed, however, to only furnish our readers a few subjects for profitable thought, we leave it for the present.

ABOUT INDIAN CORN.

THE corn crop has always been an important one to the people of this country. It was so long before its discovery by the white man. It was almost the only crop cultivated by the natives, and the only one they valued. As it was then, so it is now, the staple grain crop of the Continent, nor is there any other plant cultivated by the farmer that can compare with it in value. Its cultivation should be encouraged and extended, for in it we have the elements of wealth. In corn we have beef, and pork, and mutton—we have milk, and butter—a healthy food for man as well as for beast Unlike the other grains the annual production of corn has been steadily increasing for the last twenty years in the older States, and since 1840 the increase has been very marked and permanent. The United States Census of 1840 shows that for the year 1839 there was grown in the

New England States,.....	6,992,909 bushels.
New York, New Jersey and Penn.,..	29,574,283 "
Total,.....	86,567,192 "

By the Census of 1850 we find that the increase had been large, for by that it appears that for the year 1849 there was grown in the

New England States,.....	10,175,856 bushels
New York, New Jersey and Penn.,.	45,453,318 "
Total,.....	55,629,174 "

Being a gain of 19,061,982 bushels in ten years.—The largest gain was in our own State, being a trifle over 7,000,000 bushels.

The next Census, should this year be as good a corn year as the past, will show more bushels raised in this State than the aggregate of all the States mentioned in 1849.

In England the increased cultivation of roots marks an increase in the animal production of the farm. So in this country, whenever there is an increase in the cultivation of corn we may look for an increase in animal productions, for it is only thro' that means, the corn can be profitably carried to market. We may safely conclude then, that so far as our own State is concerned, there is progress in the right direction. The object of the present article is not so much to go into the detail of cultivation, as to call the attention of farmers to the great importance of the crop.—P.

SAINFOIN AS A FORAGE PLANT.

AMONG the many herbs grown in Europe for fodder is Sainfoin, of the order *Leguminosæ*, with showy red flowers and spreading stems. Its cultivation was introduced into England from France in 1651, and it was then called French finger-grass. Its present appellation is Gallic, and doubtless refers to the color of its blossoms. In a wild state it was almost altogether confined to the dry chalky soils of England. One of the peculiarities of its culture, says the *Cyclopedia of Agriculture*, is the fact of its growth being confined to districts. In one district (on chalk) a greater breadth of it will be seen growing than any other herbage plant, while in another, probably only a few miles distant, (on clay) it will be as unknown as though it were a fresh importation from America or Australia.

When the system of turnip farming was inaugurated upon the limestone hills of Cotswold, and upon the sheep farms of the chalk formations of Berkshire, Wiltshire, and Hampshire, the prestige which Sainfoin had previously held began to fade, for, until that period, it was considered the mainstay of the stock-breeder. Nor has its fame become totally extinct as yet,—the authority before referred to, states "even now it is ackowledged to be of so much importance that a clause in many of the leases compels the tenant to leave a certain quantity of land in sainfoin at the expiration of his lease." The usual custom upon the Cotswold hills, and the southern counties of England, was to allow the land to remain in this crop for a term of years, varying from four to seven. The growth of the first year was inferior, the second and third good, and then the natural grasses, and the growth of seeds dropped by sheep fed upon hay, begin to drive it out, and in a short period quite smother it. This result is attributed to carelessness and want of cleanliness in culture, as a farmer in the eastern counties writes "to insure a fine crop, and *one that will continue for a term of years*, it is necessary that the land should be clean and in good condition, for to the neglect of these principles of good husbandry may be attributed the failure of the crop after a few seasons, and also the very generally received opinion of the southern farmers, that the first year's crop is inferior to the two or three succeeding ones; while upon highly cultivated soils the first year's crop is found to be the heaviest." In these latter counties, on the light sands and sandy loams, with calcareous subsoils or admixtures, sainfoin takes the place of clover in the rotation, and lies sometimes only one, and seldom more than two years, except on the very lightest and poorest lands.

The system of culture under the so-called "eastern or alternate method" is thus described: "Sainfoin takes the place of clover, and its gradually increasing cultivation may be attributed both to its being highly esteemed as food for sheep and other stock, and to its proving an excellent preparation for wheat. On the better class of soils it, as has already been stated, stands only for one year; but on sandy and lighter soils, two years are allowed, giving the land more time to recover its fertility for grain-producing. On the lightest soils it is not uncommon to permit it to lie four years. About four bushels of seed are sown to the acre, and the land is generally seeded with barley after turnips. Drilling is very highly esteemed, and the mode practiced with the most success, is to drill upon young wheat with the land in good condition and thoroughly clean. Upon land moderately firm, with a finely pulverized surface, the seed vegetates with the greatest certainty."

The manner of making into hay is not very different from the process employed with clover—care needs to be exercised and the swaths moved as little as possible while the sun is shining with full power, or the virtues of the leaf—the best part—will be sadly injured. For soiling sainfoin is perfectly adapted—it may be cut green and fed—and where the requisites of the crop are met—cleanliness and good condition of the soil—two cuttings may be taken in the season.

In a fresh state, sainfoin, when in flower, contains from 76.60 78 per cent. of water. Dr. VOELCKER made a practical analysis with the following results:

	In natural state.	In a dried state.
Water	77.82	——
Sugar, gum, albumen, and other organic substances, soluble in water .	8.00	35.28
Inorganic soluble salts.....	1 20	5 29
Impure vegetable fibre ...	12 95	57 09
Insoluble inorganic salts	.53	2.34
	100.00	100.00

The fresh plant contained 562 per cent. of nitrogen—dried, 2.48 per cent. According to this, the general composition may be represented as follows:

	In natural state.	Dried at 212 deg. Fah.
Nitrogenized organic matters, capable of forming flesh.....	3.512	15.50
Substances (not containing nitrogen) fitted to support respiration, and to lay on fat.....	17.433	76.67
Inorganic salts.....	1.780	7.63
Water	77.820	——
	100.000	100.00

COMMON SAINFOIN—(*Onobrychis sativa.*)

The common sainfoin, (*Onobrychis sativa*,) of which we give an engraving above, is the variety most prized in England and is thus described:—Woody perennial roots, many straggling stems two or three feet long, taper, smooth, and not much branched. The leaves consist of many pairs of oblong pointed leaflets, which are sometimes a little hairy on the under side. The flower-stalks stand higher than the leaves, and terminate in a close tapering spike of variegated crimson papilionaceous flowers, which are succeded by roundish, flat, hard pods, strongly toothed at the edge, and netted and prickly at the sides.

A second variety is what the French call *sainfoin a deux coupes*, and which is very generally cultivated in the central provinces of France. Its peculiarities are a rapid growth, by which the farmer is enabled to take off two crops of hay, or one of hay and one of seed in a single season. This variety, however, does not meet with much favor from the English farmer, for while the common is hardier and improves in its growth with age, this deteriorates after the first year.

SAINFOIN—(*Hedysarum onobrychis.*)

The above engraving is taken from *Grasses and Forage Plants*, of CHARLES L. FLINT, Sec'y Massachusetts Ag. Society. The fruit is shown by figure 1 and the flower by figure 2. Mr. FLINT says that experiments have been made to introduce it into Massachusetts without success. It has been found not of sufficient hardiness to successfully withstand the effects of a severe winter when young, but after the second or third year it will bear up under a considerable degree of cold. There has not been such a multiplicity of experiments, however, as will warrant us in saying that sainfoin is of no use to the American farmer. The facts we have already given, in relation to the comparative failure of one body of English farmers, and the entire success of another class, especially when we consider how much our system is behind that of the Mother Country in its cleanliness, will go far in removing any belief as to the constitutional weakness of the plant. With like care and experience it might prove valuable, if for no other purpose, at least for soiling. For this latter use it is a favorite in France—in fact, is considered indispensable as feed for milch cows, increasing the flow of milk and materially improving its quality.

WHO INVENTED THE MOWING MACHINE?

EDS. RURAL:—Amid the number of names that now exist as applied to Mowing Machines, the question very naturally arises—*Who is the Original Inventor?* The world is indebted to some one as the original discoverer of the fundamental or main principles that attach to all the machines now made, no matter whose name they bear. The rights secured to individuals at the present time appear to have their origin or basis in some particular improvement, which has been secured to the inventor as indemnity for his discovery, but not as an inventor of the original machine itself. All the machines now in use embrace, in the main, one and the same feature, or principle; and this principle is covered by a Patent granted to ENOCH AMBLER, of Root, Montgomery Co., N. Y., dated December 23d, 1834, securing to him the sole right of an invention or machine for "cutting hay and grain." On examining the specifications accompanying the Patent, the guards protecting the scythe, the driving wheel, crank motion, &c., are in full similitude with the machines now in use, though the scythe has been materially improved by substituting the form of saw tooth, for straight blade, while some other minor improvements have been added, thus bringing the machine into a higher state of perfection. The authors of these improvements, stand only as secondary to the original inventor, Mr. AMBLER, whose discovery embraces all of the important first principles of this machine, and to whom the world should award the honor or credit

[illegible] Mr. Ambler this [illegible] to [illegible] out molestation. As Mr. Ambler has never been pecuniarily rewarded for his discovery, the world should at least bestow upon him the honor, and that meed of praise which is so deservedly his due, though he has never sought fame, only claiming to be a plain, unassuming mechanic. While engaged in the humble though honorable calling of wagon-making, the capacious powers of his genius unfolded to the world the principle and form of that important invention, rescuing it from the dark obscurity where it had long remained a hidden mystery locked up from the use of man. But few are aware who gave this invention to the Agricultural World, as Mr Ambler seems to have been nearly lost sight of by mingling and associating other names with the invention. His modest, taciturn and retiring manners, never led him to seek the channels of renown, or even attempt to ambrotype his name on the scroll of fame, along side of those who have chiseled theirs on the tablet where is preserved the name of inventors, though he has added a bright star to the firmament of discoveries,—an invention that holds an important and useful rank, in advancing agricultural pursuits, still his name is only registered in the twilight, as we scarcely hear of its being associated in connection with this invention, though the instrument of his genius stands high like some Gothic tower. All that is now asked for is that, in proportion as honor is due, so should the agricultural world vibrate the Harp of praise and save the genius and the name of Ambler, as an inventor,—snatching it from the pool of approaching oblivion,—weaving for him a crowning wreath commensurate with his merit, as to him the world is indebted, and should add echo's to his renown, while he is enjoying

"The mild majesty of private life."

Root, Mont. Co., N. Y., 1859. J. Bowdish.

FACTS AND FIGURES ON DRAINING.

Eds. Rural:—Your remarks in answer to my communication on Drain Tile, in the issue of Dec. 11th, requesting me to relate my experience in draining, has called forth the following, as I feel willing to communicate any knowledge, or facts, or experience that may be beneficial to the farmer.

I have a field containing five acres, which had never been plowed until after draining. There were perhaps one and a half acres that could have been tilled, the remainder was very wet—some parts springy, others swampy, and would hold water nearly all summer—the whole field became so over-run with foul weeds that it produced little or no pasture, and, lying in the center of my farm, I concluded that something must be done with it. Accordingly I commenced laying in tile, when we could spare time from other work, and in the course of the summer we laid in one thousand five hundred. In the fall we broke up a part of the field, and in the spring we planted one acre with potatoes and three acres with buckwheat, (one acre we could not get drained in time for the latter crop,) and in the fall we broke up the last acre. While putting in the tile one neighbor said to me, "If you succeed in making dry land of this, we shall not despair of making all our land dry." Another remarked, "You are burying your money—it won't pay." Now for the result. I give the amount of the three crops taken from the field, and also the cost of draining:

OUTLAY.

Cost of tile	$50 00
Cost of laying them in and board	70 00
Total—$100 00	

INCOME.

First Crop—100 bushels potatoes, at 50c	$50 00
100 bushels of buckwheat, at 50c	50 00
Total—$100 00	
Second Crop—75 bushels potatoes, at 50c	$37 50
225 bushels oats, at 40c	90 00
Total—$127 50	
Third Crop—8 bushels buckwheat, at 50c	$ 4 00
600 bushels ears corn, at 37c	222 00
	$226 00

You perceive that either of the three crops which I have taken from the field would pay the expense of draining, while the last two would do something more.

There is another advantage, which I consider worth the money expended, viz., the water discharged at the mouth of the drains gives permanent water to four fields, which every farmer knows the value of in dry weather. My drains have not failed to give abundance of water for my stock in the dryest seasons. All my experience in draining other fields has been equally satisfactory with the above. It cannot be too often urged upon farmers that draining, as well as all other work, should be done in the most efficient manner to be profitable

Burnt Hills, Sar. Co. N. Y., 1859. J. W.

COST OF MAKING PORK.—ARITHMETIC.

The N. Y. *Tribune* has recently been inquiring—"Who knows how much corn it takes to make a pound of pork." A correspondent essayed to take up the glove thus thrown down, when upon the *Tribune* pronounces his calculations partly guess work. It is too true that guess work often rules in agriculture when figures that won't lie would be vastly better. It was said by one who was endeavoring to analyze the character of the Saxons that his success was largely owing to the constant application of arithmetic to all of his operations. Certain it is that arithmetic is an important aid to the farmer, and may be advantageously applied by him every day of his life, and if so applied, said farmer would often be astonished at the results disclosed to him. But to return to the subject of Pork. I bought a sow and seven sucking pigs a year ago last October for $[illegible]. They were fed on [illegible] they were fed corn. Then they were [illegible] up till October 1st, having the offal [illegible] of four cows, when the seven pigs were shut up for fattening and fed, during a period of a little over two months, 20 bushels of ears of corn each. Five of them (an average of the lot) were then sold. The account stands thus, premising that I have found by experiment that such pigs may be watered and kept growing on 1-6th per day of the corn necessary to fat them when adult.

CREDIT

5 hogs weighing 1,590 lbs., $4 25 (live weight)	$64 60
CONTRA.	
100 bu. ears corn to fat them, 30c. a bush.	$30.00
65 bu. " " winter " " "	19.50
Value of 5 pigs when bought	5.00
	$54 50
	$10 10

Leaving a balance of $10 10 to pay for clover pasture, dairy slop, time spent in caring for them, and risk. The manure and the pleasure of often looking at very pretty pigs not estimated.

From the above it appears that each pound, live weight, of pork cost (within a very small fraction) 3¼ cents worth of corn, not counting pasture, slop, or the original value of the sucking pigs; or, each bushel of ears yielded very nearly 9¼ pounds of pork.

The value of the pasture might be estimated, but of the dairy slop I am not mathematician enough to cypher it, except by its results in yielding pork. The pigs were a cross of Normandy and Suffolk, very thrifty, and handsome, and always healthy and growing. It has been said, by a wise man, that no man knows anything fully until he attempts to communicate it to another—and true enough, I have set down to tell how much a pound of pork costs, and behold I have to guess at the dairy slop and the pasture! Of one thing, however, I am certain that without those aids in pork-making the business will not answer for me. I had better sell my corn and buy pork of those who do not apply arithmetic to their business.

I may add, by way of postcript, that at the time the hogs were sold, 25 cents per bushel of ears was all that corn would sell for in this vicinity; but the prospect ahead, and present prices, induce me to value it at 30 cents. The shrinkage, too, of recently husked corn is a large per centage. P. H.

Milan, Erie Co., Ohio, 1859.

Inquiries and Answers.

Crib-Biting.—In the Rural of the 8th inst., there was an article which inquired how to prevent crib-biting. The best remedy I know of is tin or zinc placed on the corners of boards, or to saturate the parts bitten with horse urine, soap, or grease of any kind.—R. C. R., *New York*, 1859.

Dressing Skins with the Fur On.—To dress skins with the fur on, make a strong solution of alum—as strong as will dissolve—and apply it to the raw side of the skin until it is thoroughly soaked, roll it up and let it remain a few days until nearly dry, then rub it until pliable and your fur is ready for the knife and needle.—P. Newell.

Oak Shingles.—In answer to Mr. Smith's inquiry about Oak Shingles, I would say, with us they are made in two ways,—one is by steaming and cutting, the other by shaving. The latter is the best. Cut them 18 inches long and lay them 4 inches to weather. Any kind of oak will do that will split straight and free. White oak is the best.—J. Brewer, *Brooklyn, Mich., Jan.*, 1859.

Marrowfat Beans.—Will the editor please inform me where I can get the *Marrowfat Beans*, and at what price per bushel? I had a few sent me in a letter from Vermont. I planted them the 22d day of June, and they appeared to be very productive, and ripened before frost came.—D. G., *Penrock, Noble Co., Ohio.*

The Marrowfat Bean is a large, round, bush bean, generally known here as the *White Mountain*, and can be bought for about $2 per bushel.

Hungarian Grass.—I would like to inquire through your valuable paper where Hungarian Grass Seed can be procured, the price per bushel, and the amount needed to sow an acre?—A Subscriber, *Deerfit, Onondaga Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

Hungarian Grass Seed, as will be seen by an advertisement in another column, can be obtained in this city of E. D. Hallock. The price is $5 per bushel. From ten to twelve quarts is the proper quantity for an acre.

Sore Mouth in Sheep.—A short time since I observed that the mouths of several of my sheep seemed to be sore. A small, inflamed-looking spot, about one-fourth inch in diameter, was first noticed, and in a few days the entire lips were affected, being much swelled. What is the disease? Is it ever fatal? What is the cause and cure?—C. J. B., *Mercer Co., Penn.*, 1859.

The disease is known as "Sore Mouth." We read of one flock, numbering 300, which lost 40 in less than three weeks. The cause is supposed to be irritating weeds in the hay fed to them. The application of tar to the mouth is said to be a cure. Hogs' lard and sulphur mixed and rubbed on is also effectual.

Will Keeping Sheep Pay?—I have a small flock of sheep which pay me well. There are six ewes in one yard which sheared, on the average, five pounds of wool a head,—sold in market for 40 cents a pound, a total of $12. They raised nine lambs which sold for $1 75 per head—making $15 75. Total wool and lambs, $27 75—averaging $4 62. My sheep are fed on good clover hay and corn-stalks, with a little corn, oats, beans, peas, or some kinds of roots. I find by experience it pays to feed well. I sold out a pair of two from one of these ewes (a buck now) which sheared, when two years old, 8 lbs. 2 oz. washed wool, worth 42 cents a pound. I want to hear from others on the sheep question.—H. A. Whittemore, *Penn Yan, N. Y.*, 1859.

Wherever you see a neat farm, be assured the manager is an economical man, where a farm is the reverse, the manager is not an economist.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Time For Cutting Willows.

[illegible] Hoxie, writing to Emery's *Journal* [illegible]:—"Experience has convinced [illegible] April is the best time to cut for [illegible] cuttings. Osiers, cut in the fall and put [illegible], as recommended by Downing, [illegible] become dry, and when used for cuttings [illegible] of them will not grow. When cut [illegible] spring, they will give a better growth, and when used for manufacturing will peel better."

Roots for Stock Feeding.

Daniel Needham, of Hartford, Vt., gives the *New England Farmer* his experience in feeding English turnips to stock, during the winter of 185[illegible], as follows:—"In the autumn of 1857, I raised from among my corn four hundred and fifty bushels of English flat turnips; these, I commenced feeding to my stock early in the month of November, together with wheat straw, and from the time of my first feeding, those of my young cattle, composed of two and three years old, had no other fodder than the turnips and wheat straw, until after the fifth of the next March, at which time they were in fair beef condition. The expense of raising and harvesting these turnips did not exceed three cents a bushel; and the additional cost of feeding roots to stock, if a root-cutter is used, is very little. I feel perfectly confident that the statement made in your letter from Newport, N. H., in the October number of the *Farmer*,—'that the farmers of New England, with little or no more labor upon their farms, can double their capacity for keeping stock by the gradual introduction of root crops,'—is perfectly true. And I would earnestly urge our farmers to imitate this well tested system of husbandry, so long practiced by English agriculturists."

Experience With Muck.

A writer in the *American Agriculturist* thus relates the result of four days' labor amid the "buried treasures" upon his farm:—In the summer of 1855 I had an upland lot, preparing for wheat or rye, and having no funds to spare for the purchase of guano, bone-dust, &c., I concluded to try what could be done at home. With a team and man we commenced drawing muck from a pond, and in four days had one hundred loads on two acres of ground. The ground was again plowed, thus mixing the muck, and on the 15th of September was sown with wheat. It was harvested the following July, and when threshed and exhibited at the County Agricultural Fair, received the premium for being the best wheat exhibited. The next season the plot was sown with oats, and such a crop was never raised on the *old homestead*, and all without any other manure. The past season we have put *eight hundred* loads on five acres, sown to wheat and rye, and expect to be able to give you and the farming community as good a report, if not better, from the crops next summer. In addition to the above, on the first lot, we, last summer, cut, per acre, three tuns of as good timothy hay as was ever housed, and up to this present writing, the feed is good, and cows easily fill themselves from it daily. Let every farmer, who can, try an acre with muck, and he certainly will be repaid four-fold.

Lockjaw in Horses.

This is a terrible malady to which horses are sometimes subject, and it is generally fatal, owing to the want of skill on the part of veterinary physicians. The method pursued by them in its treatment has been blistering, clystering, &c., which rather aggravates than relieves the spasms that usually attend it. Death generally ensues by this practice, and the disease has been held to be incurable. In a late number of the *Edinburg Veterinary Review*, a new system of managing lockjaw is described, and nearly all the cases in which it has been applied have resulted favorably. The plan consists of a hot-water packing, similar to that pursued in the "water cure" for the *genus homo*. As soon as the horse is observed to be affected with tetanus, it is wrapped from head to tail in four or five pairs of blankets, which have been wrung out of warm water as a temperature of two hundred degrees Farenheit. The animal is then allowed perfect rest and quietness for about two hours, when warm water of the above temperature is poured along its back outside of the blankets, and another like period of repose is allowed, and so on till a cure is effected. A thin gruel of flour, oat, or Indian corn meal is given, when the jaws of the animal are capable of being opened. As horses are liable to take lockjaw from pricks in the feet, caused by careless or unskillful blacksmiths while shoeing them, this simple method of managing the disease can be applied by any person, and is well worthy of trial.

An Item in Neat Farming.

Says a correspondent of the *Valley Farmer*, there is a slovenly practice among farmers, and some pretty good ones, of putting logs, brush, stumps, &c., &c., into the nearest branch or gully in the field. Sometimes they are put into the fence corners. Now I protest against anything of the kind. They are an abomination to a real neat farmer. If you cannot find time to burn them, as they should be, then you better make them into piles, or heaps in the field, and plow around them; for after awhile you will get tired of going around them so often and will set them on fire. Better dig pits, like the Florida man, and bury them.—Some men suffer bushes, briers and weeds to grow along the branches and thus form a crooked, horrible looking hedge, a fit harbor for snakes, frogs, minks and other *varmints*. Clean out those places when you are not tending your crops, or after harvest. Instead of letting the bushes grow up along the branches, a good plan is to have a strip of meadow on each side. Along the margin of a branch the grass grows most luxuriantly. A strip of meadow will catch the rich soil that washes from the adjacent fields and prevent it from being lost to the rightful owner. This is much better than to try to raise corn in the bends or crooks of the branches, where it is so difficult to plow, and infinitely better than to have those ugly, crooked hedges. Brother farmer, I move that we repudiate such hedges. Who'll second the motion.

Agricultural Societies.

United States Ag. Society.—The seventh Annual Meeting of this Society was held at Washington, on the 12th inst. There was a large attendance, the hall of the Smithsonian Institute being filled with members of the Society and delegates from other Ag. Associations. President Tilghman delivered an address recapitulating the year's results, and making suggestions relative to the future management of the Society—taking ground against Mr. Browne, of the Patent Office, for "discourtesy" to the Society, and recommending an appeal to the farmers of America to raise a subscription of one dollar each, toward the purchase of Mt. Vernon.—The Treasurer reported that (including the funds in hands of Virginia Central Ag. Society,) there were some $2,000 in the treasury. The Society re-elected Gen. Tilghman, of Md., President, and one Vice-President from every State and Territory. B. B. French was re-elected Treasurer, and B. Perley Poore, Secretary. The Executive Committee for 1859 is H. Wager, of New York; J. McGowen, Pennsylvania; J. Ware, Virginia; F. Smyth, New Hampshire; J. Merryman, Maryland; H. Capron, Illinois; and J. M. Cannon, Iowa.

New Hampshire Ag. Society.—The Annual Meeting of the New Hampshire Ag. Society was held at Dover on the 29th ult., when the following gentlemen were chosen officers for 1859:—*President*—Wm. F. Estes, of Dover; *Secretary*—Aaron Young, of Dover; *Treasurer*—Frederick Smyth, of Manchester; *Executive Committee*—Nathaniel White, of Concord; David Buffum, of Walpole; Judge Butler, Nottingham; Dana Woodman, New Hampton, and Kendrick Dickerson, Alexandria.

Monroe County Ag. Society.—The Annual Meeting of this Society, held at the Court House, Rochester, Jan. 12th, was well attended and spirited. The retiring President, D. D. T. Moore, submitted the Report of the Board of Managers, showing that the financial condition of the Society had been greatly improved during the past year—the aggregate receipts being about $5,200, and the total profits some $2,200. The following Board of Officers was elected for the ensuing year:—*President*—Daniel Warner, of Gates. *Vice-Presidents*—James Upton, Greece; Leonard Buckland, Brighton; P. Barry, Rochester. *Treasurer*—Willard Hodges, Brighton. *Secretary*—M. Canfield, Rochester. *Directors* (to fill vacancies in Board)—Martin Roberts, of Henrietta, and Geo. N. Deming, of Rochester. Willard Hodges, D. D. T. Moore and E. B. Holmes were appointed delegates to the Annual Meeting of N. Y. State Ag. Society, to be held at Albany, Feb. 9th. The full proceedings are given in our local daily and weekly papers.

Niagara Co. Ag. Society.—The farmers of Niagara Co. held a very spirited meeting at Lockport on the 5th inst. The *Democrat* gives the list of officers for 1859, as follows:—*President*—William Weld, of Lockport; *Vice-Presidents*—O. P. Knapp, Oliver S. Wilcox, Alexander Campbell, H. B. Timothy, Lyman Flanders, Andrew Robinson, Luman Haskins, Enoch Fitch, Zeno Hoag, George W. Ward, Luther Leland, J. W. Babcock; *Rec. Secretary*—N. M. Spalding, Lockport; *Cor. Secretary*—Jno. R. St. John, Lockport; *Treasurer*—Rowland Sears, Lockport. After the election of officers, Hon. Thos. T. Flagler delivered a brief but interesting address, replete with practical suggestions and philosophical deductions.

Erie Co. Ag. Society.—The Annual Meeting of the Erie Co. Ag. Society was held at Whittemore's Tavern, Jan. 12, 1859. We hear that the meeting was the largest ever held in Erie Co., and the best of feeling prevailed with all present. The following is the list of officers elected:—*President*—William Hambleton, East Hamburgh; *1st Vice-President*—Charles Rogers, Lancaster; *2d Vice-President*—D. D. Stiles, Aurora; *Secretary*—Amos Freeman, East Hamburgh; *Treasurer*—George W. Scott, Buffalo; *Directors*—Simeon R. Reed, Jason Sexton, Warren Granger, Buffalo; Austin Kimball, Amherst; A. K. Humphrey, Holland; Henry Atwood, Lancaster.

Delaware County Ag. Society.—At the Annual Meeting of this Society held on the 5th inst., the following officers were elected:—*President*—Sam'l F. Miller, Franklin; *Vice-Presidents*—John B. Yendes, Delhi; Porter Frisbee, Meredith; U. B. Dowie, Andes; Daniel Andrews, Stamford; Lyman Lawson, Cortright; Elijah Roe, Sidney; E. B. Hopkins, Franklin; T. S. Hoyt, Walton; E. Osterhout, Davenport; C. Gibbs, Harpersfield; *Rec. Secretary*—C. B. Wade, Walton; *Cor. Secretary*—Z. H. Sloote, Meredith; *Treasurer*—Hiram Olmstead, Walton. The Society is in a flourishing condition, having about $400 in the treasury.

Oswego Co. Ag. Society.—This Society met at Mexico, Jan. 12th, and elected the following officers: *President*—Orin R. Earl, Sandy Creek; *Vice-President*—T. H. Austin, of New Haven; *Secretary*—Andrew Johnson, of Mexico; *Treasurer*—L. H. Conklin, of Mexico; *Directors*—John W. Lyon, of Constantia; Clark D. Snell, of Mexico. An informal ballot was taken for Director to fill the probable vacancy caused by the election of Mr. Earl to the Presidency, which resulted in the choice of Carlton Marks, of Sandy Creek. On motion it was resolved, that the next Annual Fair of the Society be held on the 13th, 14th and 15th of Sept., 1859.

Albany County Ag. Society.—The Society held its Annual Meeting on the 12th inst. The following officers were elected:—*President*—Wm. Hurst; *Vice-President*—Richard Kimmey; *Secretary*—J. C. Cuyler; *Treasurer*—H. L. Emery; *Directors*—John Cutler, Joseph Hilton. A resolution was passed expressing "the sense of the Society, that the next Annual Fair and Exhibition of the New York State Agricultural Society, ought, in justice and rotation, to be held at Albany."

Brookfield Ag. Society.—At the Annual Meeting of this Society, held Jan. 11th, the following persons were elected officers for 1859:—*President*—Warren DeLancy; *Vice-Presidents*—Eleazer Beebe, Morgan L. Brown, Peleg Stanbro, Jr., Jerod Checsbro; *Secretary*—John T. G. Bailey; *Treasurer*—C. Whitford; *Directors*—E. Conger, J. D. Clark.

Agricultural Miscellany.

The Agricultural Board.—The meeting of Agriculturists in Washington, at the [illegible] of Hon. J. Holt, Commissioner of Patents has already been announced and commented upon in the Rural. The meeting or Convention convened on the 4th inst., and (having been favored by one of its prominent officers with papers containing its proceedings) we have watched its action and awaited the result with no little interest, in the hope that the discussions and wisdom of the "eminent agriculturists" thus officially assembled might be productive of benefit to the great pursuit of the country. But we have looked in vain, for, beyond constituting themselves "*The Advisory Board of Agriculture of the Patent Office*," and making speeches to the heads of departments and hearing replies, the proceedings of the delegates seem void of interest or value. However, as the sessions of the "Board" were "strictly private"—what necessity is there for secresy in discussing or adopting measures to promote American Agriculture?—perhaps the people most interested, will ere long be *advised* as well as the Patent Office, as to the Herculean labors and wonderful results accomplished by the assembled Agricultural Wisdom of the Nation—the "Empire State" being represented by such "eminent agriculturists" as Wm. Lawton, C. Morrell and Amos Brown! It is proper to state, however, that the Board comprises a few really influential and eminent advocates of Agricultural Improvement—such as Hon. M. P. Wilder, of Mass., Dr. E. Holmes, of Maine, Levi Bartlett, Esq., of N. H., Hon. F. Holbrook, of Vt., Dr. Kennicott, of Ill., H. K. Burowyn, of S. C., Prof. F. G. Cary, of Ohio, and Hon. D. P. Holloway, of Ind. Whether this is salt enough to save the whole movement from utter failure and obloquy remains to be determined. Judging from present advices, we are inclined to believe the "Board" better calculated to deplete the Treasury, and cast ridicule upon the cause of Rural Improvement, than to advance the Agricultural Interests of the Country. It is a good idea to have the Patent Office advised, however, for there is no "institution" in the land in greater need of salutary advice and renovation.

—Since the above was written, we observe, among other comments of the press on the subject, the following remarks by the Washington correspondent of the Boston *Journal*:—"From what I hear on the avenue the reputation of the Hon. Marshall P. Wilder and his associates from New England, with that of some few Western members, alone save the affair from strong reprobation. Had the gentlemen confined themselves to the preparation of statistical tables, it would have been a popular movement. When they undertook to indulge in oratorical displays, they excited a question as to the *right* of the Patent Office to pay for such an assemblage of gentlemen, *selected by itself*, not delegated."

Another —bug, Probably.—We have received an order to publish an advertisement headed "Horses," of which the following is the purport:—"Rarey's Remedy for the Heaves; no matter how bad or long standing, it never has failed in a single case to effect a perfect cure. (References in all parts of this country and Europe.) Price, with full instructions, *One Dollar*, with a stamp to prepay return postage. Address ——, —— & Co., ——, Mass., Agents for the United States and Canada."

—Now, we believe this to be a mere catch-dollar affair, and though we might make quite an item by inserting in full as ordered, we prefer to itemize in this manner. Rarey's reputation has been used too much already by sharpers who "go in" for swindling the people and securing the "almighty dollar" from every one green enough to bite at such flimsy bate. If this Remedy is genuine, and so sure and valuable, why don't Mr. Rarey himself advertise it, or authorize some reliable firm, in a prominent town, to do so—instead of having, as his "agents for the U. S. and Canada," a bogus, never-before-heard-of firm, in a one-horse, shoe-making town in the interior of Mass? The whole thing is probably a swindle, and we caution our readers, (many of whom will, perhaps, see the advertisement in other papers,) to govern themselves accordingly.

New Farm and Family Mill.—It will be observed, by reference to the advertisement of R. L. Howard, manufacturer of Ketchum's celebrated Harvester at Buffalo, that he is now making an improved Grinding Mill. During a recent call at Mr. H.'s establishment, we had an opportunity of examining this Mill, which seemed to be a very desirable one for farmers. Its great recommendations are, economy in power, portability, cheapness, simplicity and apparent durability. The work it is said to be capable of performing is truly wonderful, and as the mill combines the advantages and excellent features already named, it will, we think, prove of great value to the farming community.

Good Sheep and Good Prices.—In the market report of the Albany *Journal* we read, "J. B. Crosby brought in eight head, fed by Wm. Hallock, of Rush, Monroe Co., N. Y., which averaged 240 pounds each—one weighed 268 pounds. They were full blooded Cotswolds, 2 years and 8 months old; purchased by McGraw at $25 per head."

Union Ag. and Mechanics' Society.—The Union Agricultural and Mechanics' Association of Ridgeway and Shelby, Orleans Co., held its first Annual Meeting on the 4th inst., and chose their next Board of Officers, as follows:—*President*—Hezekiah Bowen, Jr.; *Vice-President*—Jeremiah Freeman; *Rec. Secretary*—Charles E. Ryan; *Cor. Secretary*—E. F. Brown; *Treasurer*—Geo T. Anthony; *Directors*—H. T. Tanner, J. Frary, D. C. Bent.

Crawford Co. (Pa.) Ag. Society.—The Annual Meeting of this Society was held at Connesutville, on the 3d inst. Officers elected:—*President*—Jesse Smith; *Vice-Presidents*—C. B. Power, Freedom Lord, Jr., Dayton Sigler; *Rec. Secretary*—A. J. Mason; *Cor. Secretary*—J. W. Patton; *Treasurer*—Wm. Power; *Executive Committee*—A. P. Foster, Connesutville; W. D. Beatty, Vernon; Calvin Gates, Beaver; J. C. Thayer, Pine; *Auditor*—Gilman Stanley.

THE PEACH CROP DESTROYED.

We regret to have to announce the fact that the fruit buds around Rochester are destroyed, as are the hopes of the lovers of this delicious fruit. Monday, the 10th inst., was the coldest day of the present winter, the thermometer marking from 6° to 8° below zero in the city, and in the country around, we believe about 10° below. This was immediately followed by warm weather which continued through the week. This degree of cold did not cause alarm among the extensive peach growers of this neighborhood, as during the winter of 1856-7 the thermometer marked as low as 18° below zero, without doing the least injury to the blossom buds of the peach, and the crop of 1857 was abundant. Some of the more curious or timid, however, were led to examine their trees, and to their dismay found that every fruit bud that had been exposed was dead. We have reports from all directions, and the statement is the same—*all gone!* We have examined hundreds of buds brought in from the orchards around, without finding *one* sound. The following note is a sample of half-a-dozen now before us:

Messrs. Eds.:—*The Peaches*, I presume, are killed in Western New York. I have examined 150 Peach trees in my yard, and all of the blossom buds are killed beyond hope of recovery, which fact shows that *ten degrees below zero*, of frost, will kill the blossom buds on the peach tree, under certain conditions, in which the sap vessels may be in.—H. N. Langworthy, *Greece, (5 miles from Rochester City,) N. Y., Jan.* 17, 1858.

The winter, with the exception of the day mentioned, and the one previous, on which the "cold snap" commenced, has been extremely mild. The buds had become swollen, and in this condition were easily injured. We hope to hear better reports from other parts of the country, but fear that peaches next season will be a luxury beyond the reach of most of us.

PEAR CULTURE.

In the *Horticulturist* of December last, is a lengthy article from Mr. E. Norton, of Farmington, Conn., against the Culture of Dwarf Pears, and the action of the American Pomological Society on that subject, in which the editor joins to give the article his decided approval. Permit me to call attention to some of the fallacies and inconsistencies therein contained, and show them mainly from their own statements.

Mr. Norton says, "Seven year's ago I planted four hundred dwarf trees on well prepared ground, holes dug 2½ feet deep by 3 or 4 wide and filled with a carefully prepared compost, having all the ingredients prescribed by the experts." (I wonder what those ingredients are, and what the cost of such a compost.) He says the ground was well cultivated with various crops "*till lately*," trimmed, scraped and washed yearly, &c., and at the end of one year about 100 were dead; and that about 50 died the second year; and they have gone off at about that rate ever since; that he re-placed 100 and that about 100 remain, some of which are going to die soon.

He names five or six gentlemen at Albany whom he says mostly think unfavorably of them, "though one of them, a skillful florist, now thinks well of them if planted deeply." And another picked from a single tree, 5 or 6 years old, about 200 pears, which he sold at from 25 to 50 cents each.

In Springfield, Mass., he says some think well of them and some otherwise, though he names some gentlemen there who grow fine fruits and generally take premiums at the Fairs, for their pears grown on dwarfs, &c. He also refers to the fine display of pears at the State Fair, at Hartford, Conn., as evidence of their successful culture on pear stocks, without attempting to show that any of those fine specimens were grown on standard trees.

He tells us "it is evident that the pear on quince grows finely at Rochester, Boston, and perhaps all along our whole seaboard where the air is tempered by water, &c., and that in all the places referred to in his article the standard pear does well; and like all other trees will produce fruit according to the treatment it receives; but like the apple, will grow and do something even in the hands of unskillful and careless cultivators."

And lastly, that five years ago he visited the grounds of Thomas Rivers, of Sawbridgeworth, England, and saw his trees, and that "very few of them were what we would call thrifty trees, and most of them looked badly, and he should like to hear from them now." Let us examine this matter, and from the statements of Mr. Norton himself, and with a few words from Mr. Rivers, from whose trees he desires to hear *now*, see what are the real facts and fair conclusions.

The same Mr. Norton, in the *Country Gentleman* of March 1st, 15th, and 22d, 1855, in an article giving his experience and conclusions, states—"Firstly, my trees were *poor and feeble*, I trusted to a nurseryman to select them whom I did not know and who did not know me, and he sent trees from which the best had been culled, and slipped in many that could not have been sold alone," and goes on at considerable length to show how a nurseryman may have such a lot of "maimed, halt and blind" trees on hand. In the next place he says, "I was told I did not plant deep enough, but with my second lot this was not a fault. My trees were moved from a deep, black loam to a lighter soil, and thus many that were not vigorous fell away after a time. For the death of some I could assign no other reason than that they *would* die; this kind of experience, however, is *not confined to dwarf pear* trees; it will be observed that most of these conclusions pointed at MYSELF, and not at nature, as at fault in my misfortunes."

Now let us hear what Mr. Rivers, to whose trees Mr. N. refers, and from whom he expresses a wish to hear *now*, will say on this subject. In the June No. of the *Horticulturist*, 1858, in reference to the discussion going on in this country, on this subject, he says:—"How strange it is that *bad cultivators* place the blame on the stock and not on their *own mismanagement*. I have now had more than 20 years experience in the cultivation of pears on quince, and am more than ever convinced that their culture, as garden trees, is the most agreeable and profitable of all fruit culture. Due regard should be paid, however, to the sorts selected; for to a certainty there are some kinds, that, even in the most favorable soils, will not do well. If I were a young man I should desire no better speculation than forming a large pear tree garden on quince stocks, in your country, (U. S.) to grow the finer kinds of pears for market; but it must be understood it should be *strictly a pear garden*, not *grass orchard*, or a field full of rude weeds, &c., and then adds, "No act of my pomological career has given me more pleasure or profit than the planting out of 2,000 dwarf trees, as a pear garden." I ask, does this not sound like hearing from Mr. Rivers' trees *now;* and whether his *twenty years experience* does not enable him to judge wisely of the value of pear trees, as well as of "*bad cultivators?*"

Mr. Norton, in his article of 1855, states that he has about twenty sorts, while in the article of Mr. Rivers, above referred to, he names only six which he would cultivate for greatest profit, and in planting his two thousand trees, he planted but one sort; and it is doubtless true that experience is teaching, or should teach all growers of fruit, that a select and *very brief* list of varieties of any kind of fruit will be very much more profitable than one more extended.

Now, I think any sensible man who knows enough of trees to be capable of caring well for one pear tree, will conclude *first*, that Mr. Norton's trees, which he says were *poor* and *feeble*, and from which the good ones had been sold, were worthless, or nearly so. *Second*, that he had no knowledge of sorts best adapted to such culture, (and very few persons at that time had,) and therefore may have had mostly unsuitable sorts; that he did not know how they should be planted, and there is no evidence that he ever pruned them properly; and yet there are one hundred and twenty, still holding on to find relief in better culture, or an early death.

He mentions one single dwarf tree, five or six years old, which produced about 200 pears in a single season, which were sold for from 25 to 50 cents each. Only think of it!—who ever heard of such a product from any other than a dwarf pear tree? This is almost equal to golden eggs—say 100 pears at 25 cents, and 100 at 50 cents, being an average of 37½ cents, or $75 for the crop of a single tree, 5 or 6 years old, and this too at Albany, where he says they do so poorly.

I had felt quite well satisfied with selling over $400 worth of pears from less than one-third of an acre within seven years of planting, and selling pears at 15 cents each, by the barrel; but this statement of Mr. Norton places me quite in the background, and my only remedy is to try and do better next time.

He admits that the quince stock secures in some varieties *an improved quality of fruit*, and I might ask, and perhaps wait long for an answer:—What variety that grows well on the quince does not give on that stock an improved quality of fruit?

In connection with the article of Mr. Norton the Editor inquires, Why do choice pears bring such prices if they are easily grown on the quince? while he at the same time claims that as standards they do well, beyond question.

Now if it be true that standards do as well as *they would have the people understand*, let me ask *them* why is it that good pears bring such prices, while standard pears have been grown as long as apples, and *succeeded so well?*— they, without the aid of dwarfs, ought to have brought the *price down*, if their reasoning be correct. The question *why* such fruits are not cheaper, has been answered conclusively in all our agricultural papers the past season; and at this time I do not believe there is an average of *one pear tree*, five years old, to *five square miles* of our territory throughout the United States; and it is a notorious fact, that a careful estimate has indicated, that less than one-tenth of all the fruit trees planted out, are ever cared for so as to bring them into a productive state within a reasonable time. The truth is, that choice fruits, or choice productions of whatever kind, are more and more appreciated, and always will command a price above a common or inferior article; and the careless, heedless cultivator ought never to hope for success in any department; and any man who will not give his fruit trees, whether dwarf or standard, pear, apple or peach, as good culture as a good farmer gives his corn or potatoes, had better make his calculation early to save any expenditure for the purchase of trees, and allow those who will give them such culture to supply our already extensive but rapidly expanding markets with choice fruits, which will doubtless always be sought after at remunerating and probably advancing prices, even though their production shall be increased a thousand fold. The careful, intelligent and persevering cultivator will reap a reward of luxury and profit, scarcely equaled in any other department of agricultural industry.

T. G. Yeomans.

Walworth, Wayne Co., N. Y., 1859.

Massachusetts Horticultural Society.—The Annual Meeting of this Society was held on Saturday the 1st inst. The retiring President, Josiah Stickney, Esq., on vacating the chair, addressed the Society in reference to its condition, reviewing its operations for the past year, and congratulating the members on its general prosperity. He introduced his successor, Joseph Breck, Esq., alluding in appropriate terms to that gentleman's long labors in the cause of horticulture, both as a cultivator and author. On taking the Chair, President Breck made an able address, comprising many practical suggestions, especially in reference to the culture of the grape and the pear. The report of the Finance Committee showed that the receipts for the year 1858 amounted to $11,541 14—being a sum in excess of all expenditures, and leaving $107 10 cash in the treasury. The Society has over $60,000 in property.

FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY OF WESTERN NEW YORK

Annual Meeting.

[Concluded from last week.]

We continue the report of the [illegible] the last number. S. R. Ainsworth [illegible] his method of picking, saving a [illegible] *Isabella Grape.*

In this condition buyers will [illegible] to 20 cents per pound, according to [illegible] may be packed in pasteboard box[es] 8 cents each, and holding about 6 [illegible] layer of cotton batting at the botto[m] and so full that when the cover [illegible] [illegible] freeze. Occasionally we had a winter that killed the fruit buds, so to make sure of a crop it was well to lay the vines down. Never knew the buds killed on a vine that was lain on the ground, even if it had no covering other than a board to keep it down. The *Isabella* grape makes an excellent wine. Put half a pound of sugar in a gallon of juice. Had been offered $4 per gallon for it. It takes 10 bushels of grapes to make a barrel of wine. A bushel of grapes weighs about 40 pounds. Used no water. To make good wine the grapes should be well ripened.

L. B. Langworthy had always been of the opinion that the *Isabella* grape would not make wine—thought the *Clinton* came nearest to a wine grape, but none of our native grapes possessed sufficient saccharine matter to make a good wine, nor did they yield tartaric acid, like the wine grapes of Europe. The *cream of tartar* of commerce is procured from the wine vats. Our grapes yield a malic acid, the acid we have in cider. Tomatoes, parsnips, &c., makes a pleasant *cordial*, called wine, but it bears no comparison to the wines of Europe. Mr. B. thought by selecting good, sound, ripe apples we could make as good a wine from them as from our grapes. We can't make a raisin from our grapes, nor can we make wine. A gentleman who makes the best native wine he had ever tasted from Clinton grapes, states that he had found tartaric acid on his wine casks or bottles this season.

Dr. H. H. Farley had raised his finest grapes on a clay soil. His opinions in regard to the best soil for a grape had undergone some change. The *Diana* was as early, or perhaps a little earlier, than the *Isabella*, and of the most excellent quality.—It certainly is as hardy as the *Isabella*—perhaps not as showy a grape to sell, but far better; ripening about the same time—cannot say that it is much earlier; but had rather eat a *Diana* half-ripe than the best ripened *Isabella* he ever saw. A valuable grape. The *Concord* ripens early, two weeks earlier than the *Isabella*, and almost as good. Had five acres in *Isabellas*, planted four years since. Sold from these 18,000 pounds the past year, and the price averaged 13 cents a pound, giving over $2,000 for the crop. Trained on wire trellis,—10 feet each way thought the best distance, and 7 feet high. Pack in the manner described by Mr. Ainsworth. Prune by the *renewal* system, in November, and never lay the vine down.

Mr. Ainsworth remarked that Dr. Miner, a neighbor of his, and a large cultivator of grapes was full in the faith of *Diana* being one of the best grapes we have, both for quality and fruitfulness. Wherever the *Isabella* will not ripen, *Concord* is valuable.

Mr. H. N. Langworthy never pruned at any other time than in the spring—February or March. Once tried pruning in April—old vines, and the branches bled profusely. That season had one of the best crops, of the largest sized grapes, well ripened.

Dr. Doolittle, of Ontario, witnessed the results of grape growing. Had seen profuse bleeding caused by excessive trimming of old and neglected grape vines, but never saw any ill results from it. Such vines after pruning usually produce early and fine crops. Perhaps it can be accounted for on the principle of letting out the bad blood, sometimes recommended for the human race.

MANURING NEWLY PLANTED TREES.

Is the Application of Manure or Composts necessary at the time of planting, and if so, what kind?

H. E. Hooker applied the manure to the surface of the ground, and the rain will dissolve and carry it to the roots, in the most suitable form for their nourishment.

L. B. Langworthy said fresh barn-yard manure to roots of trees is always fatal. Well rotted chip manure, muck, or a very rotten barn-yard manure is good, particularly on a heavy soil, and may safely be applied, and no danger if a little does come in contact with the roots.

H. E. Hooker. Carbonaceous manures tend to late maturity of both tree and fruit. Horse manure well fermented, but not washed, is first rate to produce early fruitfulness. Will hasten the early maturity of the fruit, and produce fine specimens. Mucky, loose soils, are not good soils for fruit trees, and do not raise the best fruit,—which argues against the use of muck as a manure for fruit.

W. B. Smith thought it very unsafe to recommend manuring the soil when transplanting trees. The best way for the cultivator to do is to rely upon thorough pulverization of the soil beforehand, and good cultivation of the trees afterward, using the manure only as a mulching. Mulch for a pretty good sized circle around the tree; but don't let the manure touch the bark.

E. Boardman once put upon a piece of land a heavy coat of manure, which he plowed under, and then set out the trees and three-fourths of them died. For the setting out of an orchard would recommend the same preparation of the land as for a crop of wheat,—manure the year before, or sow a crop of clover and plow it in. Get the land in good heart and trees will do well.

Mr. Bronson inquired if any one had used *gas lime*, so as to tell of its value?

W. R. Coppock about four years ago used four loads to an acre, as a top-dressing to a meadow, and was well pleased with the result. Had used it in some other cases. Intended to top-dress an apple orchard with it.

[To prevent mistakes on this subject we will briefly remark, that gas lime when fresh is a mixture of sulphate of calcium with carbonate of lime, and a portion of caustic lime. It has been claimed that it contains ammonia, but the quantity is so small as to be of no account, and is soon dissipated on exposure to the air. The alkaline sulphurets are generally believed to be injurious to vegetation, and for this reason gas lime should not be used in a fresh state. By exposure to the air the sulphuret of calcium speedily absorbs oxygen and becomes sulphate of lime, or gypsum, in which state it may be used to advantage wherever plaster would prove valuable.]

E. Mattison was in favor of using manure at the time of planting, but judiciously—not in contact with the roots. If holes were dug as deep as generally recommended, the trees were apt to be planted too deep, as the earth would sink, carrying the tree with it. The best way was to plow and subsoil of an equal depth all over. Cover the roots of trees with good soil, then give a good top-dressing of manure, and bank up with earth, and the tree will suffer less in the winter than if allowed to remain in the nursery rows. In the spring remove the banks and [illegible] Believed planting under the trees decidedly injurious. A young tree, like a [illegible] annual must be well, or it will never be [illegible] fruitfulness. Starving and [illegible] a tree [illegible] considered a very unprofitable business.

[illegible]

[illegible] good fibrous roots, but stuff [illegible] fibres, and the consequence was, the [illegible] obtain sufficient nourishment, and mad[e] [illegible]

[illegible] Hooker said, he did not believe in [illegible] trees, but when a seedling had a good, long [illegible] strong root, if cut in two pieces, and one scion is put on the crown and another on the piece below, no one could tell the difference by the growth of the tree, or the appearance of the roots. Had tried this [illegible] and planted them in different rows, to see if there was any advantage in either, but could discover none. Thought Mr. Coppock had imbibed [illegible] Coppock's theory, that the collar was the [illegible]

J. J. Thomas said considerable prejudice had existed at the west against root-grafted trees, [illegible] from misapprehension as to the practice, but opinions were changing on this matter. Recent letters from the most experienced men of that section of the country had informed him of this fact, and that there was no perceptible difference.

THE PEAR ORCHARD.

T. G. Yeomans gave his method of cultivating a dwarf pear orchard. Could give an acre of pears good culture, with one-fourth less labor than an acre in potatoes. Used a small steel tooth cultivator, and with care could work as near the trunks of the trees as necessary, without doing the trees the least injury. Had fruited over sixty varieties, and prepared the *Duchesse de Angouleme* for market, as it is more productive and profitable than any other; next to this the *Louise Bonne de Jersey*.

W. R. Coppock said, with him the *Duchesse* was a shy bearer, and inquires of Mr. Y. as to the nature of his soil, situation, &c.

Mr. Yeomans replied, that the *Duchesse* did not bear as early as some varieties. His soil was a good, strong loam. Dry ground is indispensable to success with the dwarf pear. His orchard was entirely exposed. Small, badly grown specimens of the *Duchesse* are worthless. Sold his finest this year at $25 per barrel, and a barrel contained only 166 specimens. Had a few standard trees of this sort, and would as soon have willows, as far as the growing of fruit was concerned. The fruit of all varieties of pears is improved by being grown on the quince, that is when they will grow on that stock.

The meeting adjourned, after resolving to hold the summer session in Rochester, at such time as the Council may designate.

Dwarf Pears.—The discussion of this question is not ended. The enemies of dwarf pears dislike to rest under the heavy weight of proof that their failures were caused by negligence or ignorance, and so they keep up a running fight. In the *Horticulturist* for December, E. Norton, of Connecticut, endeavored to show that some half a dozen persons had failed in several places in New England, and at Albany, in this State. This is no doubt true, for some will fail at anything requiring care, or skill, or even labor. The last cord of wood we hired sawed and split, was a decided failure, as we were often reminded, when called upon to use the ax in reducing the size of the sticks. Mr. N. failed himself. If we understand the matter, he commenced pear culture some eight years ago, with very extravagant notions about making a business, and perhaps a fortune, at growing pears on a few hundred dwarf trees, and many of them varieties that would not succeed on the quince stock. Some of the trees, too, were *cullings*, according to his own showing, and he knew but little about planting or caring for them. No wonder he failed. T. G. Yeomans, who not only writes intelligently about dwarf trees, but grows them understandingly, and makes them produce pears in abudance, and dollars too, reviews the article of Mr. N. in this number of the Rural. Mr. Yeomans planted largely of the *White Doyenne*, and expected to reap a rich harvest, but the fruit cracked so badly as to be worthless. Instead of writing and scolding about it, he simply learned the lesson taught, that this variety was unsuited to his soil or climate, and grafted his trees with the *Duchesse de Angouleme*, and now is beginning to receive the reward of his good sense.

Missouri Fruit Growers' Convention.—The Fruit Growers of Missouri met in convention at St. Louis on the 5th inst. A society was organized, and the following officers elected:

President—Norman J. Colman, of St. Louis.

Vice Presidents—1st Congressional District, Dr. McPherson, of St. Louis; 2d do., Prof. J. C. Swallow; 3d do., Gen. M. Homer; 4th do., Dr. McGuire, of Platte; 5th do., Eldridge Burden, of Lafayette; 6th do., Wm. C. Price, of Greene; 7th do., John Deadrick, of Platin Rock.

Recording Secretary—F. R. Elliot, of St. Louis.

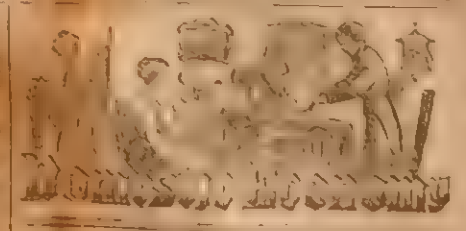
Corresponding Secretary—George Husman, of Gasconade.

Treasurer—John Garnett, of St. Louis.

A fine show of winter fruit was made, and the discussion on the growth and quality of fruit, and the soil best adapted, is represented as interesting and profitable.

Hubbard Squash.—Having seen an article in the Rural of January 8th, from H. N. Langworthy, entitled *Sweet Potatoes vs. Hubbard Squashes*, I wish to add my testimony in favor of this excellent garden vegetable. Seeing a notice of them in the Rural last spring, I sent to Marblehead, Mass., and obtained some seed. From one hill I raised nine squashes, not equaled by anything in that line that I ever saw. In fact, I think (when baked) they are nearly equal in flavor to the sweet potato, and taking into the account their qualities for late keeping, I consider them far preferable. In conclusion, I would say to the readers of the Rural that I shall be happy to send, to any who may desire, seeds of this superior squash, if they will but enclose an envelope directed to themselves, and prepaid, as I wish all to test its excellence and enjoy its luxury.—J. E. North, *Scott, Cortland, Co., N. Y.*

Illustrations prepared for this and the last number have been crowded out by the lengthy Fruit Report. In our next we will endeavor to make amends. Several interesting communications, one quite valuable to our Western readers, on the Culture of Apples at the West, and the varieties best adapted by their hardiness to that section, are in the same condition. We like to give variety, but two or three times in a year we find it impracticable to do so.



CHICKEN PIE RUSK.

Mrs. R.—Having noticed in a late No. of the Rural an inquiry how to make a good chicken pie, and that Pudding, which we consider very good. Dress and cut up your chickens as for frying, and have your water hot, put them in and boil until quite tender, then set away to cool. When sufficiently cool, make a crust the same as for good, short biscuit, season the chickens with plenty of butter, salt and pepper to the taste, let the pan be about half filled with the gravy, (the remainder to be thickened and served when eaten,) place in a moderate oven and bake one hour.

Good Rusk.—To one quart water, two or three tablespoons good yeast, sponge over night,—when light, add one cup sugar; one shortening; one dried cherries,—mix and let it stand to rise, then mould in balls the size preferred,—when light, bake in a moderate oven. A Subscriber.

Union District, Wash. Co., Mich., 1859.

Baked Beets.—Not long since, noticing in the Rural that baked beets were highly recommended by a correspondent, I thought I would try some. The thought was no sooner conceived than I proceeded to put it into execution. Procured some medium-sized beets, and, after leaving them in a *very hot* oven for two hours, placed them on the table for eating. My husband took one mouthful, and then asked what it was,—told him. "Well," said he, "hadn't you better leave them in the oven a little longer?" Now, I should like to ask your correspondent if there is not some stove invented which has an oven with a separate apartment, in which to leave the beets for ten months or a year, so as to be sure and have them done?—C., *Greece, N. Y., Jan.*, 1859.

Loaf Cake.—Having thoroughly tested, I can recommend the following recipe:—Six lbs of flour; 3 of sugar; 3 of butter; 3 of raisins; 3 pints milk; 3 gills of yeast; 1½ ounces of spice; 6 eggs. Roll sugar and mix with butter—add half at the time of making cake, and the remainder when it has risen, and the raisins and spices. Put it into pans, let it stand about an hour to rise, then bake. One-third of this is sufficient for three loaves.—Cordis, *Hudson, O.*, 1859.

Bread from Grown Wheat.—Having noticed in the Rural for December 18th, an inquiry for the best process of making bread from the flour of grown wheat, my "better two-thirds" says send you the following:—*Scald* the flour before putting it to sponge; let it cool a little, and then stir in the yeast; knead the dough a little stiffer than usual. It can hardly be told from good flour.—T. D. Tooker, *Toledo, O.*, 1859.

Clove Cake.—One and one-half cups of sugar; 1 cup of butter; 2 eggs; 1 teaspoon of saleratus dissolved in 1 teacup of milk; 1 teaspoon of cloves; 1 of cinnamon; 1 of nutmeg; flour enough to make a stiff batter. Will some of the friends of the Rural be kind enough to give a recipe for making Rock Cake?—*West Chester*, 1859.

Cookies.—Take one cup of butter; 2 of sugar; 1 egg; 1 tablespoonful of sour cream; 1 tablespoonful of good buttermilk; 1 teaspoonful of saleratus; 1 tablespoonful of ginger. Will some of the many contributors to this department give a good recipe for making Crullers?—A Housekeeper, *Out West*, 1858.

Sandwiches for Evening Parties.—Chop fine some cold dressed ham, say about a quarter of a pound; put it in a basin with a tablespoonful of chopped pickles, and a teaspoonful of mustard, a little pepper or Cayenne; put about six ounces of butter in a basin, and with a spoon stir quickly till it forms a kind of cream; and add the ham and seasoning, mix all well, have the sandwich bread cut in thin slices; have already cut, thinly intermixed with fat, either cold roast beef, veal, lamb, mutton, poultry, fowl, pheasant, partridge, &c., either of which lay evenly, and not too thick, on your bread; season with a little salt and pepper; cover over with another piece of bread; when your sandwich is ready, cut them in any shape you like, but rather small and tastily, and serve. You may keep them in a cold place, if not wanted, as they will keep good under cover for 12 hours.—*Lady's Book.*

Salve for Frost Bites.—The following is the recipe for *Wahler's Frost Salve*, which has been long known and valued in Germany, but the recipe for which has been kept secret till recently purchased by the government of the kingdom of Wurtemberg, and made public:—24 oz. mutton tallow, 24 oz. hogs lard, 4 oz. peroxyd of iron, (red iron rust,) 4 oz. Venice turpentine, 2 oz. oil of bergamot, 2 oz. bole armeniac, rubbed to a paste with olive oil. Heat together the tallow, lard and iron rust, in an iron vessel, stirring with an iron spoon constantly till the mass assumes a perfectly black color; then add gradually the other ingredients, stirring till well mixed. It is applied upon linen, daily, and its effect upon even the most painful open frost sores is most extraordinary. In all probability, for other similar wounds it would also be an excellent application.

Cure for Chapped Hands.—Most of our juveniles, during the winter season, are troubled with chapped hands. For the benefit of mothers who are obliged to listen to their endless complaints, we publish the following recipe for chapped hands: Take 3 drachms of gum camphor, 3 do. of white beeswax, 3 do. of spermaceti, 2 ounces of olive oil. Put them together in a cup on the stove, where they will melt slowly, and form a white ointment in a few minutes. If the hands be affected, anoint them on going to bed, and put on a pair of gloves. A day or two will suffice to heal them.

Ladies' Guide

Written for Moore's Rural New Yorker.

REMEMBRANCE.

I remember! I remember!
How the waking echoes roll,
As the scenes that once we cherished,
Bright with joys that now have perished,
Fill the chambers of the soul.

How the friends that time has shaded
Mingle with our sports again,
As on life's wide pathway straying,
Mem'ry's magic, round us playing,
Brings the pleasures cherished then.

I remember well the homestead
Where my early years flew by,
Though its halls are now forsaken,
Yet it still hath power to waken
Memories that never die.

I remember—oh, how fondly!—
One whose gentler heart with mine
Beat in one responsive measure,
As the scenes of joy and pleasure
Made our youthful pathway shine.

I remember days of sadness—
Days of sorrow's deepest shade—
When beneath the drooping willow,
With the cold earth for a pillow,
Forms of love and death were laid.

Thus, remembrance, thou art ever
Bringing joy or giving pain,
As the heart's long buried treasures—
All its sorrows and its pleasures—
Gather round us oft again.

Somerset, N. Y., 1859. W. C. W.

PLAIN TALKS TO AMERICAN WOMEN.—No. II.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

In the present article we purpose to refer to some of the most essential requisites for the wife and mother duties, most essential to render woman an efficient "help-meet" or "help-proper" in the family constitution.

First we shall speak of physical health. Without this, it is impossible for a woman to fill properly the peculiar sphere of her nature. And yet how few are possessed of it! But can a being infinite in love, have subjected the crowning work of his creation necessarily to a life of pain and disease? Everything created by God was created *perfect*; but it was subjected to the government of laws by which alone it could retain its perfection. The violation of moral law has introduced moral disease into the world, and the violation of physical law is followed by a train of physical disarrangements and diseases. If a single planet of the celestial system should move off in a tangent to its appointed orbit, who can estimate the destruction that must follow?—how complete, it would seem, must be the wreck of the universe! So, when man disobeys the laws appointed for the government of his being, destruction, disorganization as surely follows.

This disobedience has largely prevailed, and still prevails, and it is only by returning to the right path that we can hope, in this state of being, to approximate the primal perfection of humanity. We may never *reach* it, for our physical natures have become so thoroughly corrupted by the accumulated results of errors practiced through generations past, that it were vain to hope for complete regeneration; but we may rise so far above the present standard of health, that it may become a very pleasant thing to live, and the corporeal sufferings we must necessarily endure be very limited. Especially should woman aim to attain this elevation—not for her own sake only, but for the sake of those to whom she may sustain the relation of mother—that giving to the world healthy offspring, she may also rear them to a healthy maturity.

The next point to which we would call attention, essential to the best fulfillment of woman's duties as second head of the family, is *thorough mental culture*. Her intellectual attainments should be as varied, and, if possible, as deep as those of man; but passing over the question as to whether there is any essential difference in the power of the male and the female mind, we affirm from her relation to society as mother, there is as much necessity for thorough culture in the latter as in the former. An anecdote is related of certain Indians who sent only their sons to be educated, but it made little difference in the state of their society, and it became apparent that their progress in civilization could only be effectually promoted by the education of the daughters.

The idea is coming to be appreciated that the child is born with such capacities of mind as are transmitted by the parents—that a decided bias is given to its mentality before birth. If this be true, what a weight of responsibility is thrown upon the mother! How assiduously should she cultivate her own intellect that the children she gives to society may inherit all the mental greatness necessary to build up and strengthen that society on a noble and enduring basis! How should this thought be realized by American mothers, especially, to whose posterity is liable to be committed the trust of free institutions, necessary to be guarded by that "eternal vigilance" which "is the price of liberty!" A feeble, puerile race cannot long sustain a republican government in its purity. There must be a progressive strength to do this.

And when we consider how much the intelligent mother may influence the development of her child's mind through all its earlier years, giving direction to "the twig" according to her own standard of perfection—how greatly intensified becomes the idea of maternal responsibility! By the course she adopts, the American mother may make a true American of her child, or implant within him those principles which shall lead him to aspire to subvert the might of the people, overthrow the throne of Freedom, and elevate to power the principles of monarchical tyranny.

This leads us to speak of a third necessary element of the true wife and mother's character, viz.: *a deep and correct moral and religious principle*. Without this she may be intellectually great, but in proportion as she is so, will her influence upon the forming character of childhood be subversive of those principles of right which may, by some extraneous means, have become implanted there; and in that proportion is her power to promote the establishment of error increased.

A sad thing for our country would it be, should its mothers be intellectual giants, and at the same time moral dwarfs! We might expect to see its noblest principles speedily overthrown—liberty, wounded and bleeding, prostrate in the dust, and the eagle of our national banner soon seeking, among his own native crags, and in the depths of the blue sky, that air of freedom which had ceased to blow gently over the beautiful valleys of our land.

ILL-TEMPERED WOMEN.

Varied as the flowers of the earth is the character of women; to a large garden may the whole sex be compared; rank weeds are found there, the sharp, stinging nettle and the poisonous nightshade; but likewise are seen blooms of rich beauty—plants of graceful growth—the scented rose and the climbing jasmine—the painted tulip and modest lily—all are met in the great parterre of world blooming side by side, mingling either fragrance or poison with the air around. And the influence of a woman is as diversified as her character, whether in a domestic or public point of view. Two women may be placed in precisely the same circumstances socially, the one will diffuse happiness, the other destroy it; the one will give a perfect charm to life, the other make it almost a curse; and simply by a diversity of temperament producing different results.

An ill-tempered, quarrelsome woman is a nuisance on earth. An ill-tempered man is bad enough, but the perpetual "niggle" of a sour-tempered woman is insufferable; there is a meanness about her irritability which men generally do not possess. A man may swear and behave like a brute—such conduct is as common as daisies in summer, but unless he be something below the level of a bully—and that is low enough—he won't keep up an incessant small-shot charge of hint and innuendo, and pettish rejoinder—for that is the style of these nettles of the human race, these vegetable blistering plasters of humanity—cross-grained women. Such women, without having anything of positive vice in their composition, do an immensity of harm; there is sorrow and trial enough in the world without ill-temper adding to the burden; a cheerful heart, and a cheering word of comfort it is woman's prerogative to bestow, and if she fails to exert her prerogative, she loses, and deserves to lose, that supremacy over man she is born and destined to hold.—*Tait's Magazine.*

HOUSEHOLD CARES.

Mrs. Kirkland has very truly said that woman is never really and healthily happy, without household cares. But to perform house-work is too frequently considered degrading. Even where the mother, in obedience to the traditions of her youth, condescends to labor occasionally, the daughters are frequently brought up in perfect idleness, take no bodily exercise except that of walking in fine weather, or riding in cushioned carriages, or dancing at a party. Those, in short, who can afford servants, cannot demean themselves, as they think, by domestic labors. The result is, too frequently, that ladies of this class lose what little health they started life with, becoming feeble in just about the proportion as they become fashionable. In this neglect of household cares, American ladies stand alone. A German lady, no matter how elevated her rank, never forgets that domestic labors conduce to the health of mind and body alike. An English lady, whatever may be her position in society, does not neglect the affairs of her household, and, even though she has a housekeepor, devotes a portion of time to this, her true and happiest sphere. A contrary course to this, results in a lassitude of mind often as fatal to health, as the neglect of bodily exercise. The wife who leaves her household cares to her domestics, generally pays the penalty which has been affixed to idleness since the foundation of the world, and either wilts away from sheer ennui, or is driven into all sorts of fashionable follies to find employment for her mind. If household cares were more generally attended to by ladies of the family, there would be comparatively little backbiting, gossipping, overlousness, and other kindred sins, and women in good society would be much happier and much more truly lovable.—*Springfield Republican.*

Women's Influence.—God has given to the two sexes different intellectual powers and qualities—to us, the sterner and harder power of arriving at the truth chiefly by argument, by induction, and the like; while to her he has given that which, after all, is a higher attribute—the power of intuition, of perceiving what is true, what is pure, and what is noble, and, without the tardy process of a long-considered logic, of coming, by that power with which he has endowed her heart, at the truest and the best conclusions.

Children.—A house full of children composes as powerful a group of motives as ever moved a heart or hand; and the secret of many a gallant struggle and triumph in the world's battle may be found throned in its mother's lap at home, or done up in a little bundle of white flannel. A nation's hope, before now, has been found in a basket of bulrushes. Get ready to be afraid of the [illegible] that children are afraid of and be sure that he who hates *them*, is not himself worth loving.

Cheerfulness.—Sullen and good, morbid and wise are impossible conditions. The best test both of a man's wisdom and goodness is his cheerfulness. When he is not cheerful he is almost invariably stupid. A sad face seldom gets into much favor with the world, and rarely deserves to. "Sorrow," says old Montaigne, "is a base passion."

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

A FARMER'S SONG.

BY D. D. REYNOLDS.

We envy not the princely man,
In city or in town,
Who wonders whether pumpkin vines
Run up the hill or down;
We care not for his marble halls,
Nor yet his heaps of gold,
We would not own his sordid heart
For all his wealth thrice told.

We are the favored ones of earth,
We breathe pure air each morn,
We sow—we reap the golden grain—
We gather in the corn;
We toil—we live on what we earn,
And more than this we do,
We hear of starving millions round,
And gladly feed them, too.

The lawyer lives on princely fees,
Yet drags a weary life,
He never knows a peaceful hour—
His atmosphere is strife.
The merchant thumbs his yard-stick o'er—
Grows haggard at his toil—
He's not the man God meant him for—
Why don't he till the soil?

If he'd but dig the generous earth,
And breathe pure air of heaven,
And sleep all night and wake at dawn,
He'd know what God hath given
Of health and comfort, peace and joy,
Outweighing glittering ore—
And silks, and prints, and lace, and tape,
All numbered o'er and o'er.

The doctor plods through storm and cold,
Plods at his patient's will,
When dead and gone he plods again
To get his lengthy bill.
The printer (bless his noble soul,)
He grasps the mighty earth,
And stamps it on the Rural's page
To cheer the farmer's hearth.

We sing the honor of the Plow,
And honor of the Press—
Two noble instruments of toil,
With each a power to bless.
The bone—the nerve of this *fast age*—
True wealth of human kind—
One tills the ever-generous earth,
The other tills the mind.

Delaware Co., N. Y., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE ORIGIN OF GENIUS.

It is a remarkable fact, and one no less remarkable than true, that in examining the history of *Genius* we find that those who have been most conspicuous and celebrated for their talents, have generally arisen from the lowest origin—have had to contend, in the earlier part of their lives, with difficulties almost insurmountable—to struggle against the frowns of fortune, the want of friends, and the lack of the advantages of education. Yet it is among persons of this description that the Arts and Sciences are indebted for some of the greatest and most valuable discoveries which have been made, and it is these over whom Poesy has spread her all-inspiring veil and wrapped them in the beauties of creative fancy. Genius is inborn—it favors no particular class; but it is certainly remarkable that it should so frequently be the case that those whom poverty oppresses within its iron grasp should carve, by their own exertions, a name imperishable—should be enabled to reach the highest pinnacle of Fame's slippery mount, while those upon whom fortune has lavished her bounties with an unsparing hand should go down to the grave "unsung, unhonored, and unknown." Yet this has been the case in ancient as well as in more modern times.

So it was with Homer, the Father of Poetry and Song, who toiled through life to exalt the Literature of his country—to throw around her the charms of Poesy, and to raise the minds of his countrymen to other themes than those of gains and conquests. He passed away without his countrymen knowing that such a genius as poor, blind Homer had budded, bloomed, and withered among them. The old adage, "a prophet has no honor in his own country," is, with regard to literary men, too true. The generation in which they live pass them by unnoticed, and posterity is left to be the awarder of their greatness. So it was of Homer—his own times were unmindful of his literary attainments, and what remained of his writings today stand as records of the beauty of Grecian poetry. Virgil, one of the most celebrated of the Latin Poets, was very humbly born, and cultivated a small farm, of which he was a long time deprived, until it was restored to him by the Emperor Augustus. But we need not pore over the history of ancient times—we need not be confined *there* to find examples, for later times have shown that Genius has generally for its concomitants misery and poverty, and often-times, crime. The history of William Shakspeare furnishes an extraordinary instance of the onward course of Genius, by whatsoever difficulties it may be surrounded.—First fleeing his native hills and childhood's home for poaching, we see him acting as an hostler—then as an actor in one of the mormon theatres—again as the writer of short dramatic pieces, and now, in the eyes of the World, the greatest dramatic writer it ever produced—the admired of all. Oliver Goldsmith, too, the simplicity of whose writings every one has admired, traveled over a great part of Europe on foot, procuring, by his musical talents, entertainment among the peasantry of the countries through which he passed. He died in London in indigent circumstances, and a monument was erected, by subscription, to his memory. He needs no monument—his own fame has raised one more enduring than marble—one which will stand as long as the love of literature remains. The great work of Milton's—"Paradise Lost"—was composed after he was blind, and transcribed by his daughter. Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Poet, was born in one of the mud-thatched cottages of the Scottish peasantry. He has rendered classic his native hills, and braes, and dales, and bonnie streams, by his enchanting lays and songs. He had, at his death, scarce enough of this world's goods to defray his funeral expenses.

So it is—the brightest genius and the most exalted intellect seldom has anything more than its mighty mind as a portion.

Attica, N. Y., 1858. Walter R. Bishop.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"STOP MY RURAL!"

Stop it, I say. I won't have another number. I can't endure such torture a single week more. I am in earnest,—take my name from your books. What on earth is the matter? Well, now, I will tell you. I like the paper—that's a fact. In its new dress it smiles like a bride. The headings are superb, the bordering is exquisite, the engravings beautiful and instructive, and the letter press is all that could be desired. There is a choice variety in the contents. The Agricultural Department is invaluable to the farmer; the Horticultural is *Victorious* over all competitors; the Educational is of itself worth the price of the paper; and then there is the "Choice Miscellany," the "Sabbath Musings," the "Young Ruralist" and the "Youth's Corner" which are of so much interest to the boys and girls. The news columns will keep one "posted" without the aid of any other journal, the book notices are just and discriminative, and the very advertisements are more interesting than the "Leaders" in some Agricultural journals which have a wide circulation. John likes the wit and humor, Susan looks out for the stories, and the "old woman"—that's my wife—turns at once to the column devoted to Domestic Economy. Yes, it's a grand paper, and we like it,—*we do.* Mr. Moore, they say, is "some," though his picture would'nt *embellish* the Rural; he has an "able corps of assistant editors,"—he has hosts of racy correspondents, (besides this writer,)—he has all the facilities for making a crack journal, and *he does it.* His motto is "Excelsior,"—he goes in for "Progress and Improvement,"—he is resolved on success, and he achieves it. His paper has a high literary character; no one ever saw a word or line in it not instinct with moral purity; it is an excellent family paper; in the truest and best sense of the term, it is a religious journal.

But, nevertheless, I don't want it. The truth is I live in a city, on a narrow street, and in a small house. I don't own a foot of land on God's earth. I have not a spot to plant a tree or a flower. There is hardly room in-doors for poor Nellie's geranium, though we love it for the sake of the dear one who budded on earth to bloom in heaven. I come home from business weary and perplexed.—My wife draws my arm-chair close to the grate, and brings my gown and slippers. Susan gives me the last Rural, and goes to make my toast and tea. I am soon absorbed and rested in body and mind. I forget my cares and troubles. I seem to live in the country. I have a little farm—no matter how small—which is all my own. I "dream of meadows and clover blooms." I walk amidst the fragrance of flowers and fruits. My little cottage is covered with woodbine and honeysuckles. I rise in the morning—which nobody does in the city—and hearken to "the low of cattle and song of birds." I take milk from the cow, and not from the milk-man, and find the quality greatly improved. I gather fresh laid eggs as in my boyhood, and think of brother Charlie and the nice, white head-stone which marks his resting place in the village church-yard. I pluck apples and pears from my own trees, and I teach my children to love and beautify the chosen spot which is "*our home.*" The tea-bell rings. The charm dissolves apace. It was all a dream. I am tied down to business. My fate is sealed. It was the Rural that awoke these pleasant fancies, which thrilled me for awhile like the inebriating cup, but which have left me more restless and discontented than ever. How I hate these paved streets with the endless thunder and clatter of omnibus and dray—the everlasting travel on the pavements—the ceaseless din and turmoil of this great, heartless Gotham! I am no longer fit for business or society. The Rural has worked my ruin. I am homesick for the country. I am dying for Mother Earth. With the desperation of a drowning man who has but one chance for deliverance, I implore you, O, Rural, *stop my paper!*

Neopolis, Jan., 1859. Misenum.

Success.—Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait, not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady, and cheerful endeavor; always willing, fulfilling and accomplishing his task; that when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame; about what the world says of us; to be always looking in the face of others for approval; to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our own voices.—*Longfellow.*

Hope.

The world may change from old to new,
From new to old again;
Yet hope and heaven, forever true,
Within man's heart remain.

The dreams that bless the weary soul,
The struggles of the strong,
Are steps toward some happy goal,
The story of hope's song.

Illusion.—There is nothing so real in this world as illusion. All other things may desert a man, but this fair angel never leaves him. She holds a star a billion miles over a baby's head, and laughs to see him clawing and battling himself as he tries to reach it. She glides before the hoary sinner down the path which leads to the inexorable gate, jingling the keys of heaven at her girdle.—*The Autocrat.*

There is no courage but in innocence, no constancy but in an honest cause.—*Southron.*

Sabbath Musings.

DEATH.

We cannot tell which exceeds in beauty—the death of the young or the old. Morning clouds are delicate indeed, painted and pearl-like Saxon beauty's cheek, but gorgeous are the clouds that, stained with dying day, are drawn like Cæsar's mantle over its changing face.

Some, like the Morning Star, went out at dawn,
When birds did sing at Heaven's gate aloud;
Some, like the Sun, kept chiming bravely on,
Till in the west, beneath a golden cloud,
The dead Day lay in state, and lamps did burn
In all of Heaven, to welcome their return;
And Earth was dewy with the tears she shed,
And bared her bosom for the coming dead.
But there, upon the western threshold of the World,
They yet shall linger, and our eyes behold,
Till this great azure tent of time is furled,
And Ages stand before God's Gates of Gold.
We cannot weep for these. The Sexton makes
Their graves in vain. The green Earth idly breaks
In voiceless billows, for her Ethiop breast
Shall not enfold them. Let her love the flower,
And woo the leaves December has caressed;
Let her put shrouds upon the Summer hours,
And fold dead birds within the snowy drift.
But these are not for her. Oh! may she lift
The pall, the turf—the mighty are not there,
Though bell, and rite, and dirge were rung, and said,
And sung—no sigh nor song can make them dead,
Whom God did give His wardrobe for their wear!
As vainly dream to bear the star away
Shining the night out, in a drop of dew
That June has shed upon the rose's crest—
A syllable of Heaven—to some far day,
And think to set that crystal shrine anew,
In starry splendor upon beauty's breast.

And those who went at morning, like the bird
That meets the dawn a moment out of Heaven—
For whom a window opened, and we heard
The songs of seraphs and of souls forgiven—
We cannot weep for them, who ever keep
So close to Paradise, their very sleep
Is white with wings, and beautiful with dreams.
The Foundlings of the Word, see where they lie,
On Heaven's threshold, and above it streams
A ray of glory. Do ye deem they die,
When, gates ajar, they creep confiding in,
Truants from thee, oh, Time, from tears and sin?
Oh! wondrous journey, have they finished there,
From cradle moaning unto angel choir?

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MEMORY'S TREASURES.

Perhaps she lies 'neath the clods of the valley, but does not memory, ever-faithful memory, beckon you on, breathing in your ear the same familiar tone with all its former love and tenderness? Does it never whisper the same prayer you lisped at the parent's knee; tempting you again to lift up your voice with child-like trust to your Mother's God? And, when inclined to wander from the paths of virtue, do you not feel the soft hand passed lightly over your brow, soothing the innermost soul to rest? Do you not indeed forget that you are dreaming of the past, not of the present?

But dream on. Imagine that same faithful hand guiding you through life's rugged pathway—those prayers still ascending to heaven in your behalf. Dreams which point to you the counsels and instructions of a sainted mother will not unfit thee for life. No! rather go and be a better man. May they be thy guide while thou dost sojourn here below, and be the instruments in God's hands of opening the pearly gates to receive you.

Hillsdale, Mich., 1858. Addie E. Walker.

It is of the Lord's Mercies.—I believe the Lord has always, ready provided, some kind Samaritan, journeying, as if by chance, on the very road where the wounded traveler lies, and who arrives just at the very moment when oil and wine are especially needed. I believe, too, that the Lord, in the workings of that providence which is over all his works, and which suffereth not a sparrow or a hedgeling to fall to the ground unpermitted of him, whenever he has a torn and bruised one of his flock, needing a tenderer hand than usual to nurture and heal it, has that hand ready to stretch out and help—has one close at hand to supply the want—one whose own heart has been, perhaps, touched and prepared by sorrow for the especial work of sympathy with some other torn and sorrowing one of the family. We are apt to say of such apparently accidental circumstances, "How very fortunate!" but faith lifts up the curtain and sees God's hand at work, and cries out, "It is of the Lord's mercies!"—*Rev. B. Bouchier.*

Triumph over Evil.—We are rewarded for every triumph we make over temptation. I will suppose there are many who have struggled against the vanity of vain pleasures; many who have put down evil thoughts with a strong will; many who, after a long, and, it may be, an uncertain conflict with the seductions of the world, at length have triumphed. I will put it to them whether, when they have combated and so prevailed against the evil, and their hearts have not softened and melted within them, whether they have not felt within their bosoms a seraphic influence? They have so felt; and so it will ever be. No sooner shall they have driven from them the tempting demon of pride, of vanity, of anger,—no sooner shall the devil have left them, than angels will come and minister unto them.

Always Praying.—Felix Neff once made the following comparison:—"When a pump is frequently used, but little pains are necessary to have water; the water pours out at the first stroke because it is high. But if the pump has not been used for a long while the water gets low, and when you want it you must pump a long time. It is so with prayer. If we are instant in prayer, every little circumstance awakens the disposition to pray, and desires and words are always ready.—But if we neglect prayer, it is difficult for us to pray."

ÆRONAUTICS IN PARIS.

GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF A BALLOON ASCENSION.

BY E. A. WARD, OF ROCHESTER.

In a late letter to his grand-father, the venerable Dr. L. WARD, of our city, Mr. WARD has given a very interesting account of his balloon ascension from Paris, last September. Mons. GODARD, who has successfully pursued æronautics for years, and has made more than six hundred ascensions, kindly offered him a seat in the car, the ascension to take place in the afternoon from the Hippodrome. Mr. WARD instantly accepted the invitation, which he had hoped to receive for some weeks. It need scarcely be remarked, that practical æronautics is carried to great perfection in France, so that balloon ascensions are a very frequent, and in summer of almost daily occurrence at Paris. In this case the ascension was to the height of one and a half miles, or nearly 8,000 feet, where the diameter of the circle of vision is about two hundred and twenty (220) miles. To his honored grand-father, Mr. WARD writes as follows:

"But you will ask me why I desired to go up at all?" It was simply for the intrinsic interest of the ascension. There were, I thought to myself, reasons why this experience must be *entirely peculiar*. The emotions in finding one's self suddenly let loose in space, the earth far beneath, and the sphere of silk above them their only little world, must be of a character very different from all we feel upon the ground. So when, just before I left Paris, Mons. GODARD wrote me one day that I could that afternoon have a place with him in his car in an ascension from the Hippodrome, I replied in a moment, accepting his proposal, and in due time made my appearance on the spot.

The balloon, a beautiful globe, large as the dome of our Rochester court-house, and of elegant proportions, was already filled, and stood swaying gracefully to and fro, pulling like a fretted eagle upon the cord which held it down. Its silken sphere was covered by a net work of fine cord, in large diamond meshes; these cords gathered to a stout wooden hoop two feet in diameter, just below the balloon, and from this hoop hung, attached by its four corners, our car, which was simply a huge wicker-basket, strongly woven. At length the moment came to introduce the balloon into the arena, where a thousand spectators were awaiting this last act of the afternoon's performance. This was easily done, and its ascensional power was tested, and found to be equal to the weight of about four men. No one, however, saw fit to join us, so we got into the car together, and untied the rope below, amid the huzzas of the audience and the strains of the orchestra.

We went up like a rocket, or rather, to describe the seeming instead of the actual, the earth fled from below us as if *we* were stationary and it were suddenly falling from its wonted position. We swung our hats, and shouted to the people below, but in a moment this was ended, for their faint and almost whispered cries of "*Bon voyage!*" "*Heureuse descente!*" showed us by their indistinctness that we, likewise, were no longer heard. M. GODARD then occupied himself in launching a number of small paper parachutes, which remained stationary in the air, but seemed to fall like bullets, so rapidly did we ascend. Meanwhile I kneeled on the bottom of the car, crossed my arms over its side, and lost myself in contemplating the scene below.

The crowd in the Hippodrome had ceased to regard us, and were thronging like little ants through the outer passage. The streets began to appear narrower, the houses to look smaller, and the carriages to move slower. The various edifices, too, commenced to approach each other, so that the same glance showed us very different parts of the city; and although we were rising in a nearly right line, we seemed at one moment to be over one church or square, then an instant later, to be over another, a mile distant from it. For about twenty minutes we had been rising, first swiftly, then slowly, but in the whole we had appeared to me to be perfectly stationary. It was only when our last parachute remained floating like a little satelite by our side, that M GODARD informed me that we had ceased to ascend, and that we were about 1¼ miles above the earth. At this elevation we remained about an hour, which I could have wished to be a year, so beautiful was the view. Paris lay below us in all its splendor, teeming with its bustling multitudes and myriad deafening sounds. Yet no sound reached us,—all was hushed to the stillness of night. No signs of life manifested themselves, not a man nor a conveyance was to be seen in the streets, save only one railway train, which noiselessly left the capital, tracing its path by a pencil wreath of white smoke. The Public Monuments were wondrously concentrated,—the Madelaine, the Hotel des Invalides, the Pantheon, Notre Dame—all, leaving their wide separation, stood side by side—the streets were like the microscopic threads of a spider-web—the squares were a single white foot-print—the groves a single green tree. The whole city had undergone a magic reduction, and Paris, mighty Paris,—nine miles in diameter, and nine leagues around,—looked like the tapestry covering of a centre-table, its zig-zag fortifications encircling it with a narrow, waving band of black.

Beyond the city walls all was equally enchanting and equally uncertain. The forests were only distinguishable from the meadows by their deeper green, and the vineyards were only manifest among the former by the brighter hue arising from their proportion of sere and yellow leaves. The horizon embraced a region which gathered the delightful variety of its scenery from the green pastures of Normandy, the rolling plains of Picardy, the vine-clad hills of Champagne, and the golden wheat-fields of the Departments towards the south—a beautiful panorama of gold and emerald-green, studded with snow-white villages, and the lovely Seine winding its course across the whole like a silver thread. And above all this we soared like the gossamer in our noble balloon, enjoying the enchantment of the scene, and yielding to its imposing influence.

The mysterious, unearthly silence which prevailed was that which most impressed the mind, not a sound reached us from below, not an echo answered back to our voices from the solitudes of space around and above us, and almost imperceptibly to us both our conversation lowered itself under this influence almost to the tone of a whisper. And hear we were, all *alone*—in an isolation of which the hunter on the summit of the Alps, or the mariner in the silence of the Polar Ocean, has not a fuller experience,—our tiny car swinging like a pendulum over the abyss below. Unfortunately we had no wind to move us along, so that for more than an hour we remained in nearly the same point. Having then opened the valve in the top of our balloon, we came gently down till we met a faint current of wind blowing towards the west. In this we balanced ourselves by throwing out a few handfuls of ballast, and were carried slowly but steadily beyond the fortifications, across the "Bois de Bologne" and a few miles in the direction of St. Cloud. There our breeze failed us, and as it was approaching night we concluded to descend to the earth, which we did safely in a very few minutes in the vicinity of Neville, two leagues only out of Paris. Here an immense crowd had gathered to meet us, and as M. GODARD feared for the integrity of his balloon among so many people, we told them all to stand clear for a moment, and throwing out a whole bag of sand, we bade them an unexpected adieu. Rising to the height of a few hundred feet only, we sailed along, followed by the crowd below. But a turn of the Seine soon stopped the further progress of our suite, and we chose this occasion to land upon a huge island in it, where a meadow offered a very opportune spot. We had hardly finished disinflating our balloon when night came on. The peasants were astonished to see us come down to the river bank for a boat, carrying lightly between us our basket-car, in which was closely packed the immense sphere from which they had seen us so lately suspended.

I had intended at the close of this sheet to give you some account of some things which struck me as most peculiar in this mid-air experience, but you see that I have but a few lines left. Perhaps the most striking feature of all the view, was the seeming concavity of the earth's surface. The whole panorama appeared in a bowl-like form, dipping gently from the horizon on every side to the point exactly below us. This appearance, or figure of the panorama, interested me much, and was to me new and even unheard of before. Yet, it results from the refraction of light. By this refraction the distant horizon is always elevated above its true position, and as the view is continued from the horizon towards the middle, the refraction is continually less, so that the bowl-like form is the necessary result. Beautiful as this phenomenon was, it a little disappointed me, for it detracted immensely from that view of the *world, as seen from a distance*, which I had anticipated; forgetting that at no height which man can reach, can the spherical form of our earth become sensible.

You ask me, in this my last line, if I was at all frightened when away from terra-firma? I had expected to be, but was not in the least from first to last. Still I should have been, had I not strongly commanded my feelings. I think that I could in a moment have made myself perfectly miserable by calculating the chances and effects of a fall, or by watching too closely the strings which bound us to the balloon."

Thus closes the account of this elegant exploration in the atmosphere, an element very different from the geological regions below, in which Mr. WARD has so laboriously toiled for the past years. Still, the lofty elevation had not "turned his head," or cooled the ardor of his mind in his favorite pursuit. True to his geology, he writes to a friend about the "Balloon Excursion,"—"The view of the 'Paris basin' was magnificent. How I regretted not to have seen it from some such safe point of view, when the waters of the *diluvial period* were ravaging it, and sweeping away whole square miles of the strata, which are now wanting." How many thousand years before the creation of ADAM, was this convulsion by the diluvial waters?

January 8d, 1859. C. D.

RICHEST is he that wants least.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS, MADE AT ROCHESTER, STATE OF NEW YORK.

University of Rochester—Annual Abstract—Ira C. Clark, Observer.

Latitude 43°, 8′, 17″. Longitude 77°, 51′. Height of Station above the Sea, five hundred and sixteen feet.

1858.		Jan	Feb	March	April	May	June	July	August	Sept	Oct	Nov	Dec	Annual Results 1858.	Annual Results 1857.
Thermometer	Monthly Mean	32,77	21,65	37,07	46,2	54,5	71,4	71,8	69,3	61,8	51,1	46,6	30,2	46,26	46,1
	Highest Degree	57,00	48	61	73	81	91	90	86	80	78	63	54	91	96
	Lowest Degree	16	4	2	31	40	51	61	50	41	31	13	12	2	—12
	Range	73	66	59	42	41	40	29	36	48	47	49	42	93	107
	Warmest day	25	27	31	29	31	25	9	5	25	5	1	14	25th June	27th July
	Coldest day	31	11	5	6	2	13	30	30	9	27	15	18	5th March.	18th Jan.
Barometer	Monthly Mean	29,51	29,45	29,40	29,34	29,42	29,42	29,43	29,40	29,44	29,42	29,29	29,46	29,415	29,459
	Highest Observation	30,12	29,86	29,90	29,71	29,92	29,68	29,70	,69	,84	,80	,65	30,01	30,04	30,15
	Lowest Observation	28,93	29,84	29,81	29,86	29,87	29,94	29,11	,03	,19	28,83	29,00	28,88	28,93	28,33
	Range	1,19	1,02	1,09	,85	1,05	,64	,59	,66	,75	,97	,65	1,16	1,01	1,82
Winds	North	6⅘	1	4	4⅘	5	4⅘	3⅘	3	4	3⅘	0	1⅘	42⅘ N	
	North East	1⅘	1⅘	1⅘	2	0⅘	1⅘	6	3	2⅘	2	1⅘	2⅘	21⅘ N. E.	
	East	2	1⅘	1⅘	1⅘	1⅘	3⅘	4⅘	1⅘	3	6	2	3	32⅘ E.	
	South East	1⅘	4	2⅘	5⅘	2⅘	0	4	4	3⅘	1	2⅘	2⅘	24⅘ S. E.	
	South	2⅘	1⅘	1⅘	3⅘	1⅘	1⅘	5	1	4⅘	0	3⅘	2⅘	25 5-6 S.	
	South West	4	2	2⅘	3	1	4⅘	3⅘	2⅘	10⅘	2	2	3	31⅘ S. W.	
	West	7⅘	10	9⅘	8⅘	6⅘	9⅘	4	4⅘	6	10	15⅘	10	100 1-6 W.	
	North-West	5	3⅘	1	2⅘	3⅘	1	3⅘	4⅘	2⅘	2⅘	4	1	33 3-6 N. W.	
	Total of each Month	31	28	31	30	31	30	31	31	31	31	30	31	365	366
	Prevailing Winds	W	W	S W	W	W	W	W	W	S W	W	W	W	W	W
Weather	Fair days	8	5⅘	12	9⅘	9⅘	15	10	21⅘	9⅘	6⅘	14⅘	3⅘	118⅘	81⅘
	Cloudy days	23	22⅘	19	20⅘	21⅘	15	21	9⅘	20⅘	24⅘	28⅘	27⅘	253⅘	283⅘
	Total of each Month	31	28	31	30	30	30	31	31	30	31	30	31	365	365
	Rain	5	9	7	8	12	7	5	7	7	7	8	5	78	98
	Snow	8	12	8	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	34	47
	Rain and Snow	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	7	16
Amount of water in inches		1,583	2,379	1,466	2,849	3,44	3,100	4,66	2,88	8,19	,87	5,78	3,48	35,907	42,591

Observations made at 7 A M, 2 P M and 9 P. M. Barometer corrected +057 —1 c. c.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARTESIAN WELLS.

These wells have become relatively common. Still they form a subject of great interest and curiosity, especially when bored to great depths.—Though the Chinese are said to have used them for many hundred years, they are a recent result in Europe. The oldest was bored in the province of Artois, France, the ancient Artesium, which originated the name Artesian, and is perhaps not 150 years old. Its water flows in a constant stream to the height of eleven feet above the surface.

The Artesian Well of highest interest at this time, is at Louisville, Ky. It has been lately described by Dr. J. LAWRENCE SMITH, Professor in the University of Louisville, in the *Daily Courier* of that city. A friend has kindly sent to me the paper, and I propose to give an abstract of Prof. SMITH's interesting account.

DUPONT'S ARTESIAN WELL.—It was completed last August, after sixteen months of constant boring. The diameter of the bore was five inches for 76 feet, and after that three inches to the depth of 2,086 feet. Though the flow of water had increased greatly at 1,900 feet, and more still to 2,036, yet for the last 50 feet to 2,086, no addition was made to the stream. The water now rose in a tube 170 feet above the surface of the earth.

The water discharged is 13,800 gallons an hour, or 331,200 gallons in the day. The force of the stream is strong, so that it will give a jet forty feet high, and with all the pressure sixty feet or more.

At the bottom of the well the temperature of the water is 82.5°, and at the surface 76.5°, as the water in the tube is surrounded by the cooler water around it for 76 feet. As the mean temperature of Louisville is 54.9°, the increase of heat for 2,000 feet is about 72 feet for one degree of heat.

This water is a strong mineral water, and contains many ingredients, as 17 species of salts, besides silica, and three gases. It may prove of great sanitary importance, unless this great number diminishes the general good results. Dr. SMITH mentions many diseases, upon which it will produce a beneficial result. It is evident that this water greatly resembles that of the famous mineral springs at Kissengen, Bavaria.

This well is in the Devonian formation of rocks, and is continued far into the Upper Silurian strata which underlie the county of Monroe and this latitude for some hundred miles east and west.

The source of the water must be traced to strata which are 2,086 feet below the surface at Louisville, but rise to the surface at some distance. Dr. SMITH locates the rock at the distance of 76 miles, in another county, and elevated 500 feet above Louisville.

The well-known principle of the rise of water in Artesian Wells, viz., that water will rise no higher than its level, connected with the small inclination of the rocks there, shows that the source must be distant. If that source is 500 feet above the surface of Louisville, the pressure would be increased one-fourth, and there would be an additional reason for the force of this stream.

No other well has been bored to so great a depth in our country, or in Europe, so far as known. The famous well of Grenelle, near Paris, and in the Paris Basin, which has the upper limit of the chalk rocks, or of the cretaceous formation, all around it, is only 1,794½ feet deep; has a much larger bore—even the area of the smallest part is four times as great as this—and discharges 22,000 gallons an hour, or over 500,000 gallons a day, at temperature of 81° Fah. If the mean annual temperature at Paris is 53°, the mean rate for 1,700 feet, would be 61 feet for rise of one degree in descending.

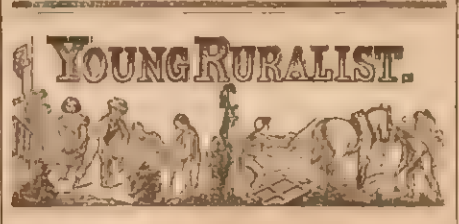
The Kissengen Artesian Well in Bavaria, is 1,874 feet deep; that at La Fayette, Indiana, is only 230 feet; that at Charleston, S. C., 1,250 feet.

It is said that Artesian Wells in the African desert are bringing up water with success. The sterile parts of our country among the Rocky Mountains would be greatly relieved by these wells, and there have been some explorations by the Topographical Engineers for this purpose.

The boring has not been carried far, and not always successful. At 34 feet in the Niagara series of rocks here, a constant supply has been raised by a pump. In another instance, a well dug to the rock, had an Artesian boring to the depth of 80 feet or more into the rock, when abundance of hepatic water, or water holding hydro-sulphuretted gas, was obtained, which has proved permanent. As soon as this was done, a hepatic spring, used for bathing, fifty rods distant, commenced discharging pure water, and has had no return of hepatic water since. The boring evidently formed another outlet for the discharge of the mineral water. C. D.

Rochester, N. Y., Dec., 1858.

THE HUMAN THERMOMETER.—The marvellous balance between supply and loss exhibited by the human organism, and indeed by that of most warm-blooded animals, may be seen in the following facts:—Our temperature is 98°, and this is the standard, no matter what may be the external heat. In the tropics, the thermometer during several hours of the day is 110°. In British India it is sometimes as high as 120°. In the Arctic Zones it has been observed by our voyagers as low as 90°, and even 102° below freezing point. Nevertheless, amid such extensive variations of the external temperature, that of the human organism has but slightly varied, and a thermometer placed under the tongue of an Artic voyager will show the same degree of heat as one under the tongue of a soldier before the walls of Delhi.—*Blackwood.*



FENCE POSTS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—To the 7th question of FRANK, I will answer in part from my experience, that a post *bottom upwards* in the ground will last longer than if placed in its natural way. Twenty-four years ago, having no shelter for my wagons from storms and sun, I went to work to build a shed by inverting six black ash poles about eight inches in diameter, and from nine to twelve feet in length, and three feet in the ground, the but-end being best calculated to place poles upon which to lay my boards; a very good substitute for something better. Ten years since I had occasion to remove these round posts to give place for a house, and so sound did they appear, that an examination took place, when it was found that near the surface of the ground from two to four grains of wood were partially decayed, the remainder being perfectly sound, and fit to stand the same test for years to come. I have, since those were first set, placed the same kind of timber both natural and inverted, and find the latter to last almost twice as long, and presume it is so with any other timber, and that water and atmospheric influences are not as destructive upon the grains of a round stick, as one that is split. I also believe that timber cut in the latter part of summer, as those posts were, are not so liable to decay as those cut in early spring or after the sap has started. H. C.

Monroe Co., N. Y., 1859.

MANNERS.—Young folks should be mannerly. But how to be is the question. Many good boys and girls feel that they cannot behave to suit themselves in the presence of company. They are awkward, clownish, rough. They feel timid, bashful and self-distrustful the moment they are addressed by a stranger, or appear in company. There is but one way to get over this feeling and acquire easy and graceful manners; that is, to do the best they can all the time, at home as well as abroad. Good manners are not learned so much as acquired by habit. They grow upon us by use. We must be courteous, agreeable, civil, kind, gentlemanly and womanly at home, and then it will be a kind of second nature to be so everywhere. A coarse, rough manner at home begets a habit of roughness which we cannot lay off if we try when we go among strangers. The most agreeable people we have ever known in company, are those that are perfectly agreeable at home. Home is the school for all the best things.

WE should manage our fortune like our constitution—enjoy it when good, have patience when bad, and never apply violent remedies but in cases of necessity.

NATURAL HISTORY.

NEAR the end of the last volume, at the request of a YOUNG RURALIST, we promised to give, occasionally, in this department, sketches in *Natural History*. This promise we now purpose to redeem.

THE CAROLINA PARROT.

This is the only species found native within the territory of the United States. The vast luxuriant tracts lying within the torrid zone, seem to be the favorite residence of those noisy, numerous and richly plumaged tribes. The Carolina parrot inhabits the interior of Louisiana, and the shores of the Mississippi, and Ohio, east of the Alleghanies. It is seldom seen north of Maryland. Their private resorts are low, rich alluvial bottoms along the borders of creeks; deep and almost impenetrable swamps, filled with sycamore and cypress trees, and those singular *salines* or *licks*, so interspersed over the western country. Here, too, is a great abundance of their favorite fruits. The seeds of the cypress tree and beech nuts, are eagerly sought after by these birds.

The flight of the Carolina parrot is very much like that of the wild pigeon, in close compact bodies, moving with great rapidity, making a loud and outrageous screaming, like that of the red-headed woodpecker. Their flight is sometimes in a direct line, but most usually circuitous, making a great variety of elegant and easy serpentine meanders, as if for pleasure. They generally roost in the hollow trunks of old sycamores, in parties of thirty or forty together. Here they cling fast to the sides of the tree, holding by their claws and bills. They appear to be fond of sleep, and often retire to their holes during the day, probably to take their regular *siesta*. They are extremely social and friendly towards each other.

They build in companies in hollow trees. This bird is thirteen inches long; the forehead and cheeks are orange red; down and round the neck a pure yellow; the shoulder and bend of the wings also edged with rich orange red. The general color of the rest of the plumage is a bright yellowish silky green, with light blue reflections. It is altogether superior in elegance of figure, and beauty of plumage, to many of the foreign parrots. It is docile and sociable, and soon becomes perfectly familiar, but cannot be taught to speak.—These birds are rapidly diminishing. According to Mr. AUDUBON, very few of them are to be found north of Cincinnati; and there are not, at present, half the number along the Mississippi, that existed there twenty years ago.

THE THRASHER, OR BROWN THRUSH.

THIS is the largest of all the American thrushes, and is a well known and distinguished songster, and from the tops of hedgerows, apple or cherry trees, he salutes the opening morning with his charming song, which is loud, emphatical, and full of variety. At that hour, you may plainly distinguish his voice at half a mile's distance. These notes are not imitative, but solely his own.

Early in May, he builds his nest, choosing a thorn-bush, low cedar, thicket of briers, or cluster of vines for his situation. It is constructed of small sticks, dry leaves, and fine fibrous roots.—He often attacks the black snake in defence of his young, and with success, as his bill is strong and powerful. His food consists of worms, caterpillars, beetles, and berries. He also destroys vast quantities of grubs, which he scratches from the ground. He is an active and vigorous bird, flying generally low from one thicket to another, with his long, broad tail spread out like a fan; he has a single note or chuck when you approach his nest. He inhabits North America, from Canada to Florida. They are easily reared and become very familiar in confinement.

The thrasher is eleven inches and a half long the whole upper parts are of a bright reddish brown; lower parts yellowish white; the breast and sides are marked with pointed black spots, running in chains. The wings are crossed with two white bars.

ONE to-day is worth two to-morrows.

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Two Devon Bulls for Sale—O. Mills.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 22, 1859.

EVERY FRIEND OF THE RURAL is requested to read the New Notices in first column of next page. Our proof reader avers that the notices comprise much timely and interesting information, worthy of attentive consideration and suggestive of early and efficient action on the part of Ruralists.

The Recent Cold Term.

ON the night of Friday, the 7th inst., a remarkable and unlooked for change in the weather occurred over a large portion of the Eastern and Middle States and Canada. On the morning of that day rain was falling throughout the greater portion of this State, and the thermometer variously ranged from 37° to 45°—forty-eight hours thereafter the record indicated from 8° to 42° below zero. We give below the condensed statements of the condition of the atmosphere, and its peculiar effects, as reported by our exchanges.

The Brooklyn sage, E. MERIAM, writes the New York papers, under date Monday, 10th inst.:—"The present cold term commenced here in the night of Friday—Saturday last, about midnight. It was immediately preceded by rain, and commenced with snow; at 11 A. M., and 12 M. to-day the temperature, by thermometers exposed to the north wind, is 9° below zero—the lowest temperature recorded here during a period of *seventy years*. The most intense cold thus far in the term was at mid-day."

In commenting upon the foregoing, the N. Y. *Times* remarks:—"People suddenly began to discover that their stoves, steam-pipes and registers did not give any heat, and business men, as they hurried down, didn't know what to make of the icicles which hung from their moustaches like the pendants from a glass chandelier. There must have been terrible suffering among the poor who were not prepared with suitable defences against the unlooked for rigors of the season; and we fear that there will be reports of great distress on board of ships on the coast. Several cases of suffering have already been reported, and one of an omnibus driver having been actually frozen to death. The most remarkable effects of the cold were seen on the Bay and Rivers, where a thick cloud of steam was seen all day, looking as though a thousand boilers were letting their steam escape. The temperature of the air was so much lower than that of the water, that the vapor ascended from the surface as though the Gulf Stream with its tepid billows, had suddenly made a diversion through Long Island Sound into our harbor."

The Utica *Herald* says that in that city on Monday morning, the thermometer ranged at — below zero, with a bright sun shining. It says:—"We have before us observations taken by Mr. STALHAM WILLIAMS for 17 years past, where the thermometer has indicated a degree of cold below zero, and in no instance has the mercury fallen so low as it did yesterday morning. On the 16th of January, 184 , the mercury stood at 26° below zero. During the whole period of thirty seven years there were but fifty-five days where the thermometer marked below zero. Dr HASTINGS states the temperature at 5 A. M., at 7° below zero, at 6 A. M., 8°, at 7 A. M., 19°; at noon, 17°; at 2 P. M., 12°; below. His thermometer has not been so low before within the last twenty years."

At Camden, Oneida county, the thermometer went down to *forty-two*. At Leonardsville, Madison county, it went down to 32°, and at Edmonston, Otsego county, to 34.

The telegraph for that date furnished the following figures:—"Oswego, foot of snow; thermometer 20° below zero, reported 29° below in the suburbs Ogdensburg, 36° below: Watertown, 30° below; Fulton, 20° below; Phoenix, 32° below; Hudson, 18° below; Troy, 17° below; Buffalo, 20° below; Boston, 5° below; Portland, Me., 17° below, snowing and blowing hard; Bangor, 26° below; Montpelier, 21° below; Burlington, 12° below; Rouse's Point, N. Y., 39° below; St. Johnsbury, Vt., 20°.

The London (C. W.) *Free Press* says:—"The weather, which as late as Thursday was remarkably mild and genial, the like not having been known for sixteen years previous, at the same period of the year, suddenly changed to severe frost. And so intense did it become that 5 o'clock yesterday morning the thermometer marked 30° below zero. In almost every house the food and fluids were entirely frozen, and much suffering must have been felt among the poor. During the day the cold continued very severe, the thermometer not rising above 5° below zero in exposed situations, the night closing in with renewed severity."

The records of the weather at Montreal show that the four days from January 9th to 12th, together, form the coldest weather for twenty-nine years. On the 11th, the mercury marked 33 degrees below zero. At St. Martin's, near Montreal, on the 10th, the spirit thermometer marked 43.6° below zero.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—The amendment declaratory of the right of expatriation, and that asserting that the capture of WALKER was within the letter and spirit of instructions of the Secretary of the Navy, but without authority of law, were rejected, as was also the amendment condemnatory of Commodore PAULDING. The President, in reply to Mr. SEWARD's resolution, informed the Senate that the Wanderer had landed a cargo of Africans; also, that every effort is being made to bring the guilty parties to justice, but that it is not expedient now to make the correspondence public.

The routes for the Pacific Railroad have been a "bone of contention" during the week. The only move in the matter, was the adoption of a resolution offered by Mr. DOOLITTLE, taking from the President the power of selecting the line over which the iron horse is to travel. This amendment of Mr. D., provides that any contract made by the President, shall be submitted by him to Congress, and take effect only by joint resolution.

HOUSE.—Mr. Barksdale, of Mississippi, offered the following, which was adopted:

Whereas, It has been announced in foreign journals that the Courts of France and England have given notice to our Government that the cession of Cuba to the United States will not be tolerated, even with the consent of Spain; therefore,

Resolved, That the President be and hereby is requested, if compatible with the public interest, to communicate to this House the correspondence between France and England and our own country, relative to the cession of Cuba to the United States.

The House took up the resolution reported at the last session from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, disapproving the act of Com. Paulding in the seizure of Walker and his followers, but inasmuch as the view of the President is in accordance with this position, the Committee recommend no action. Several amendments thereto pending—one presenting the thanks of Congress to Paulding and his officers; a second that Paulding's act, being without authority of law, meets with the condemnation of the House; and a third asserting the right of citizens to expatriate themselves to help their neighbors struggling for freedom—a right of which they were constitutionally deprived were presented.

Mr. Smith, of Va., moved to lay the whole subject on the table. Negatived, 82 against 105.

A substitute for the report of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, tendering thanks to Com. Paulding and his officers, was adopted by 99 against 95.

The Indian appropriation bill was passed, and the House adjourned.

Affairs at Washington.

THE President denies that any communication relating to our foreign policy, had been received either from England or France, but has thus far failed to respond in writing. The Foreign Committee insist on a written answer.

THE House Committee on Foreign Affairs have agreed to report a bill similar to that of Senator Slidell, who proposes to place in the hands of the President $30,000,000 to negotiate for the purchase of Cuba. There will be a minority report.

THE Treasurer's statement shows an amount subject to draft of $3,115,000. The receipts of the week are $726,000—an increase over last week of nearly $82,000. The drafts issued amount to $588,000, and drafts paid $644,000. Net balance in the Treasury $1,017,000.

THERE are intimations of an intention to re-commit the Pacific Railroad Bill, with all proposed substitutes and amendments, to the Select Committee, thereby disposing of the matter till the next Congress.

THE Post-Master General, in reply to the resolution presented a few days since by Senator Hunter, has expressed the opinion that the only way to render the Post-Office self-sustaining is to return to the basis of the law of 1845, establishing a uniform postage of five cents and abolish the franking privilege.

FRENCH EMIGRATION.—France, with a population of over thirty-five millions, has furnished but a comparatively small contingent to the European emigration. During the last ten years, two million seven hundred and fifty thousand persons emigrated from Great Britain and Ireland, and from Germany one million two hundred thousand, while France, in the same period, sent forth only two hundred thousand.

Political Intelligence.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The House re-elected HENRY WILSON United States Senator on the 12th inst., giving him 199 against 25 for CALEB CUSHING, and 11 for others.

CONNECTICUT.—The Republican State Convention met in New Haven on the 13th inst. AUGUSTUS BRANDAGEE, of New London, was elected President. Gov. BUCKINGHAM and his associates on the State ticket were renominated. The first resolution declares the Republican party of that State reaffirms the principles which they have heretofore maintained upon matters of State and National policy.

DELAWARE.—The Hon. WILLARD SAULTSBURY, of Sussex, has been elected United States Senator for the State of Delaware, by the Legislature at Dover.

WISCONSIN.—Gov. RANDALL'S Message was delivered on the 13th inst. The financial affairs of the State are in a favorable condition, and the Governor thinks that not more than $200,000 will be required for the present year. Liberal appropriations for completing the Lunatic Asylum and House of Refuge are recommended. The Governor favors the Mortgage Stay law, which he thinks has been greatly misrepresented at home and abroad. He recommends legislation against usury; is opposed to State assumption, &c., &c., &c.

KENTUCKY.—The Kentucky Dem. State Convention adopted a platform endorsing the Cincinnati platform and the Dred Scott Decision, encouraging the acquisition of Cuba, denouncing sectional agitation in the North and Know Nothingism, endorsing the Administration, and proposing that the determination of their differences upon minor and unessential points, such as Kansas and Lecomptonism, shall not be permitted to disturb the harmony of the Democracy of Kentucky. BERIAH MAGOFFIN received the nomination for Governor, and LINN BOYD for Lieut. Governor.

MAINE.—The Hon. WM. PITT FESSENDEN has been elected United States Senator from Maine, for the term of six years from the 4th of March next.

REVOLUTION IN MEXICO—JUAREZ TO BE PRESIDENT.—Vera Cruz dates to Dec. 30th arrived at New Orleans on the 10th inst. The advices furnish further details of Mexican affairs. The overthrow of Zuloaga by Gen. Robles occurred on the 23d. Gen. Echeagaray, of Zulonga forces, had previously pronounced in favor of Robles, and the Constitutionalists at Jalapa and Cordoba had also joined him. Zuloaga declared the capital to be in a state of seige, and tried at first to compromise with Echeagaray. He failed, however, but subsequently defeated, captured, and sentenced him to death at Puebla. A revolt, which occurred in Mexico, saved Echeagaray's life, and Robles subsequently released all political prisoners. It is supposed Juarez would now be placed at the head of the government. There was great rejoicing at Vera Cruz. Much dissatisfaction has been expressed by all parties, including the Liberals, at the tone of Mr. Buchanan's Message, with regard to Mexico.

THE ACQUISITION OF CUBA—SLIDELL'S BILL.—On Monday last, Mr. SLIDELL, of Louisiana, introduced a bill in the Senate for the purpose of facilitating the acquisition of Cuba by legislation. The bill says:

Whereas, Cuba geographically possesses a commanding influence over the large and annually increasing trade, foreign and coastwise, of the Mississippi Valley, and *whereas* the Island in its present colonial condition must continue a source of injury and annoyance, endangering the friendly relations between Spain and the United States, by the aggressions of its local authorities upon American Commerce and citizens, for which tardy redress can only be had by a circuitous demand on Spain,

And whereas, In the opinion of Congress and in accordance with the views of the President, as the last means of settling existing, and removing future difficulties, it is expedient that negotiations for the purchase of the Island should be renewed,

Therefore be it enacted, &c., That $30,000,000 be placed in the President's hands for expenditures, either in cash in the Treasury or to be borrowed on five per cent. bonds of $1,000 each, redeemable in from twelve to twenty years.

THE FRENCH SPOLIATION BILL.—The Senate, on Monday week, passed the bill to satisfy the famous French Spoliation claims. It provides $5,000,000 to pay claims of our citizens for seizures by the French prior to the Convention with France in 1801, and not included in the Convention of 1803. The subject has been before Congress some fifty years, and two bills—passed in 1846 and 1854—received Presidential vetoes. The claims arise out of seizures made by French vessels because the United States declared neutrality in the war between France and England, and did not carry out the treaty of alliance made after the revolution. Our government authorized certain retaliatory acts, and the claims have not been recognized, as a state of war was assumed to exist with France, and the losses were, therefore, only the natural results of such a state.

THE RURAL AS A PRESENT.—Our offer to furnish the RURAL at the lowest club rate (only $1,25 per year) when sent as a present to distant friends or relatives, is receiving numerous responses, and no doubt making many glad hearts in various parts of the Union and the Old World. Many of our readers order from three to ten copies for distribution among connexions and friends widely separated. Within a few days one man has ordered the RURAL sent to *four* sons in as many different States, another to *six* sons and daughters in various localities, and another to *ten* of his kindred and friends, residing in various sections of the U. S., Canada, &c. Our books are still open to those who wish to send a valuable present to distant friends—one which will remind them of the giver fifty-two times in the course of the year.

TWENTY-EIGHT MEN STARVED TO DEATH.—The immediate destruction of life and property was not the only result of the fearful explosion of the magazine at Havana, on the 29th of September. On the 23d ult., the bodies of twenty-eight men were dug from under the ruins, who had probably died from starvation, although there were soldiers enough in and around the city to have turned over every stone within a day after the occurrence of the accident.

News Paragraphs.

It is said that the farmers of Quincy, Michigan, were plowing on Tuesday last, the weather having been April like. There had been only one considerable sleigh-ride this winter.

IT is now alleged that the recall of Lord Napier is due to French influence. Louis Napoleon, it is said, is fearful of an Anglo-American alliance, which Lord Napier was of all men most fitted to bring about. To prevent this, his removal was accomplished.

A LETTER from Madrid says:—"We have received news here of a terrible catastrophe. The rich lead mines of Linares, belonging to the State, have fallen in, and, it is said, buried in their ruins more than seventy miners, of whom upward of thirty have been taken out dead. The falling in of the earth is attributed to the excessive rain for some days past."

THEY are making efforts at Knoxville, Tenn., to establish an asylum for inebriates, similar to the one (but on a smaller scale) now being erected at Binghamton in this State.

A TEACHER at Newport, R. I., has been fined $20 and costs, for inflicting excessive corporeal punishment on one of his pupils. A part of the evidence in the case was a pair of pantaloons, which the boy had on when punished. The pants—a new pair, made of stout woolen cloth and lined—were cut through in fourteen different places, as cleanly as if done with a sharp knife. The punishment was inflicted with a cowhide.

THE Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press says 12,495 dead letters, containing $59,913, were received at the dead letter office in Washington during the past year.

ON the borders of Green Bay, Wis., there are thirty-six saw-mills, with an aggregate capacity for running 400,000,000 feet of lumber annually. And this does not take into account the shingles and lath manufactured.

THE ladies of Washington, Iowa, forewarned by the unpleasant experiences of Christmas of the reckless frolicking of their husbands and sons on New Year's, prepared for that holiday on the previous Tuesday, by destroying all the liquors for sale in that town.

THE Court of Appeals recently gave a decision of some importance in relation to the powers of married women. It was held that in cases where a wife signed a note merely as security for her husband, and not for the benefit of herself, or of her own separate estate, no recovery could be had.

GEN. QUITMAN attributed the cause of his decline, up to the last moment of his life, to poison, administered to him in the shape of arsenic, while a resident of the National Hotel, Washington. He used to assert that it was mixed with the sugar, and substantiated this by the fact that during the entire term of the malady, which afterward assumed the name of the Hotel, no person was taken ill who refrained from the use of that article.

From the Pacific Side.

DURING the past week we have had two Overland Mails, and, in addition, the steamer Moses Taylor arrived at New York. The latter brought nearly $1,400,000 in treasure. We glean the following items from our exchanges.

CALIFORNIA.—Markets of San Francisco depressed and quiet, under heavy stocks. Weather favorable for mining operations, but the receipts continue light. The gold exports from San Francisco for the current year up to the 20th of December, were nearly $48,000,000. Snow had fallen to the depth of three feet in some places.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Dates from British Columbia are to December 11th. Mining on Frazer river was improving, but the weather was inclement, and provisions scarce and dear. Gov. DOUGLAS had authorized a levy of a certain duty on goods imported into British Columbia. Merchandise is generally charged ten per cent., but Victoria is declared a free port, and no duties are charged on goods entered for Vancouver's Island.

THE PLAINS.—The discovery of a large spring in the middle of the Colorado desert, yielding an abundant supply of water, is reported. Both the Apache and Camanche Indians were committing depredations on the mail stations, in consequence of which the Government animals were obliged to be used to carry the mails some distance. The Mexicans are also suspected of stealing mules.

JOHN E. GUTHRIE, who left Salt Lake November 27th, gives a painful account of the suffering of men and animals on the Plains, in consequence of cold weather. Men were frozen to death at nearly every station on the route. Ten of Maj. RUSSELL'S men had been frozen at one time. The snow was very deep, and the weather colder than for thirty years, the mercury sinking to 27° below zero.

BOOK-MAKING.—Books have multiplied to such an extent in our country that it now takes 750 paper mills, with 2,000 engines in constant operation to supply the printers, who work day and night, endeavoring to keep their engagements with publishers. These tireless mills produced 270,000,000 pounds of paper the last year, which immense supply has sold for about $27,000,000. A pound and a quarter of rags are required for a pound of paper, and 340,000,000 pounds were therefore consumed in this way last year. The cost of manufacturing a twelve month's supply of paper for the United States, aside from labor and rags, is computed at about $4,000,000.

MARINE LOSSES FOR DECEMBER.—According to the New York Courier and Enquirer, the aggregate number of vessels lost during December is fifty-five, and the losses foot up $852,274. For the year past the total losses amount to $8,849,665, and compared with the year 1857, indicate a falling off of $8,765,435. This is the value of the property totally lost, irrespective of damage to vessels not amounting to a total loss, and of partial losses of cargo. The above were almost entirely American losses, some few foreign being included, when bound to and from our ports, or known to be insured in this country.

The News Condenser.

— The small pox is troubling the Ottawas.

— The typhoid fever has driven Queen Victoria and her followers from Windsor to Osborne.

— Master M. T. Tucker, aged 14, of Todd Co., Ky., measures 6 feet 6 inches in height.

— The Indiana Legislature, as we see it noted, has repealed the divorce law.

— The reported census of Oregon is 40,000, with 9,000 voters.

— Twelve Missionaries sailed from Boston last week week in the ship Home for India.

— Over 842,000 pupils attend the Public Schools of this State.

— Rev. Theodore Parker, of Boston, is going to a warmer climate.

— They are agitating the question of street railroads in London, Eng.

— The population of Buffalo decreased nearly two thousand last year.

— Anthracite coal from Pennsylvania is sold in San Francisco at $14 50 per ton.

— The bill abolishing all lotteries in Georgia, after June, 1859, has become a law.

— There were 2,480 marriages in Cincinnati in 1858; 246 less than the previous year.

— It is estimated that there is $600,000 paid annually in the city of N. Y., for kindling wood.

— The total amount expended in Illinois the past two years, for school purposes, is $4,995,893.

— Hon. William Preston, the new Minister to Spain, sailed for Europe Wednesday, in the Asia.

— A few days since the people of Anderson, Ind., cleaned out 14 liquor shops and low groceries.

— A new suspension bridge at Grand Falls, N. B., fell on the 18th ult., causing the death of two persons.

— It is reported that the French Government has resolved upon sending a Consul General to Canada.

— No less than three murders were reported at the Coroner's office in New York on New Year's day.

— A chestnut tree on the farm of Abraham Dolby, in Chester Co., Pa., measures 29 feet in circumference.

— There was a serious fire in Chicago on the 9th inst. Sixteen families burned out and seven storekeepers.

— A French military force has entered Switzerland, but for what purpose no one appears to have any idea.

— At present there are two hundred and ninety prisoners confined in the State prison of Kentucky, at Frankfort.

— San Francisco is now in telegraphic communication with Utah. She soon will be with Great Salt Lake City.

— The French citizens of Chicago intend celebrating the anniversary of the proclamation of the Republic of 1848.

— The subject of a city charter for the village of Saratoga Springs is agitated in that beautiful and populous town.

— The first water was received in the Capitol at Washington, from the new aqueduct, on Monday the 3d of January.

— Coal exists in 31 of the counties of Illinois, and over a hundred mines are now worked in 31 different counties.

— The Washington States admits that the acquisition of Cuba by purchase or any other means is entirely hopeless.

— It appears, after all, that Lord Lyons is to be the British Minister at Washington, and not Lord Abercrombie.

— The first omnibus was started in Honolulu, Hawaiian Island, last October. It runs "up the valley" three times a day.

— There are in the city of N. Y., 12,000 places where liquor is sold for a beverage, and only 69 of the places have licenses.

— Cancemi, the Italian who was tried four times for the murder of one man in New York, has been sent to prison for life.

— The first house built in Ohio was built in 1761 by Charles F. Post, a Moravian Missionary, in what is now Tuscarawas Co.

— The personal property of Dr. Burdell, amounting to thousands of dollars, has all been used up in the feeing of lawyers.

— Louis Napoleon's alleged design to place a Murat on the throne of the Two Sicilies is again published by the London papers.

— The dentists of Indiana are about to form a State association. Their seal will be a molar, with the motto, "we pull together."

— The latest use made of the telegraph was to carry on a courtship. A match was thus made a few days ago, in less than five minutes.

— The amount of interest on public debts payable in New York on the 1st of January, and actually provided for, was over $8,000,000.

— The tobacco crop of Ohio for the past year is estimated to be worth $8,000,000.

— According to the Japan correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, the cholera swept off 1,200 inhabitants of Nanjaski, in four weeks.

— A meeting of ladies has been held in New York, and the first step taken towards the formation of a Female Christian Association.

— A bill has been introduced in the Assembly of this State repealing the law allowing parties in suits to be witnesses in their own behalf.

— Among the Americans registered in Paris, on the 23d ult., were Bishop Potter, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Bigelow, of the Evening Post.

— De Santy has not left Newfoundland, as has been stated. He is still at Cyrus Station waiting patiently for the speechless Cable to learn to talk.

— At St. Helena, S. C., early last week, the orange trees were budded, and corn, sprung from waste seed, was from five to six inches in height.

— James Brown, Jr., second auditor of the State of Virginia, died at Richmond, on the 3d inst., from a recent injury of his foot by a railroad car.

— The London papers report that the month of November was seven degrees colder in England than the average of the same period for 48 years.

— Upwards of 17,000 emigrants passed Westward, over the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, last year. The number was nearly equal to that of 1857.

— The Albany Atlas asks how about the muskrats that predicted a mild winter by building their houses high, now that the thermometer is 22 below zero.

— There has been manufactured in Rockland, Me., the past year 764,000 casks of lime, which is an increase of 14,000 casks over the manufacture of last year.

— Sebastopol, reduced from a population of 40,000 to 6,000, is still a scene of ruin and desolation. Most of the people live in huts left by the British and French.

— Delegates from three unorganized territories are now in Washington, viz., Dacotah, Arizona, and Sierra Nevada. A fourth is shortly expected from Colona.

Publisher's Notices.

TERMS OF THE RURAL FOR 1859.

Great Reduction to Clubs!

Single Copy, One Year,		$2
Three Copies,	"	$5
Six "	and 1 free to Club Agent,	$10
Ten "	" " "	$15
Sixteen "	" " "	$22
Twenty "	" " "	$26
Thirty-Two "	" " "	$40

And any additional number at the latter rate—only $1 25 per copy!—with a free copy for every Ten Subscribers over Thirty.

☞ CLUB PAPERS sent to as many different post-offices as desired, and after a Club is formed additions may be made to it at the club rate. See "Additions to Clubs," below.

NEW AND IMPORTANT
Special Notices to Rural Agents, Friends, &c.

☞ BACK NUMBERS OF THIS VOLUME can still be furnished, and are forwarded to all new subscribers unless otherwise ordered. Though our sets of back numbers are rapidly diminishing daily, we can still supply at least ten thousand new subscribers. We shall probably be able to furnish the numbers for a month or more, yet as our rule is, "first come first served," those who wish to secure the complete volume should not delay.

☞ NEW CLUBS.—It is NOT too late to commence and form Clubs for Vol. X., as we shall probably be able to supply back numbers for a month or more, notwithstanding the large additions over previous years. Try it, Friends of the RURAL!—you who are in localities where the paper ought to be circulated, but has only a few subscribers, or is not yet introduced. A little effort, NOW, will enable you to succeed, and our word for it, the people will ere long thank you, and community be benefited.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS—Are now in order, and whether they come (as they do daily) in ones, twos, fives, tens or twenties, are gratefully welcomed and receive prompt attention. Please note that any person forming a club of 10, 15 or 20, can, by adding to the list within one month, *reduce the rate of the whole number of copies.* For instance, a person sending $15 for 10 copies, can by adding 5 names, reduce the price of all to $1,50 per copy—by adding 5 to a club of 15, reduce price to $1,30—and, adding 10 to a club of 20, puts the price at $1,25. Many have already taken advantage of this liberal offer, and from clubs of 6, 10 and 15, gone up to 30, 40, 50, and over.

☞ TRY FOR LARGE CLUBS!—Yes, if your neighbors object, as some people do, to paying more than the lowest club rate for the RURAL, make an earnest effort to form a club of at least *thirty*. In many places where we had only one to ten subscribers last year, we now have lists of from 30 to over 100! One friend could not, he thought get over 10 when he started, but he put the price at the rate for 30, and sent for *forty three* in his first letter. Another, at a post-office where we had a small list last year, has already sent in *one hundred and twenty five* subscribers and more are coming.—The RURAL has such a good character (permit us to say it) and has been so greatly improved this year, while the times are improving, that most of its working friends and club agents say it is far easier to get subscribers than ever before. Reader, is not a little personal and timely effort all that is necessary to get a rousing list in your town?

☞ VOLUNTARY AGENTS FOR THE RURAL.—Any and every Subscriber, Post Master or reader is requested to act as voluntary agent for the RURAL, by forming clubs or otherwise. *Now is the time* for its friends to manifest their interest in the paper and the cause it advocates, either by obtaining new subscribers, or inducing others to act in its behalf. We can still furnish back numbers, so that all subscribers may have the complete volume. If any lose or wear out numbers in *showing the paper*,—that's the best way to get subscribers,—we will duplicate them in order to make their files complete for binding.

NO TRAVELING AGENTS are employed by us, nor do we issue certificates of agency whereby any person is authorized to receive subscriptions in such capacity. Hence, all TRAVELERS who solicit or take subscriptions for the RURAL act upon their own motion, and we cannot become responsible for moneys paid them. The only Agents specially authorized by us are a few influential gentlemen who visit the various towns in their own and adjoining counties for the purpose of interesting the right persons in behalf of the RURAL, thus inducing them to act as Local or Club Agents and otherwise extending its circulation and benefits.

☞ THE LOWEST CLUB PRICE of the RURAL is $1,25 per yearly copy, and it is useless to send us less than that rate even if 500 copies are ordered at once. Of course no person is authorized to receive a less price than we publish, and if any offer the RURAL for a lower rate there must be some wrong, or a misapprehension of our terms. The only cases in which we furnish single copies of the RURAL at $1,25 are, when ordered by a clergyman, presented to a distant friend, or added to a club already formed.

☞ ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS CORRECTLY.—Please bear in mind that our address is "D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.," and don't write other people's names, and other post-offices, on letters *intended* for the RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Within the past few weeks we have received money letters directed to us or the RURAL at Buffalo, Syracuse, Albany, New York, &c., and which would never have come to hand had not the Post-Masters of those cities kindly forwarded them. And we have received many letters which were so erroneously or carelessly directed that it is wonderful how they should have arrived safely. For example, one money letter directed to "D. D. T. Rochester, N. Y." This was a poser to our P. M., but as we were receiving two or three hundred letters daily, he made a shrewd guess that it must mean us, and on examination such proved to be the fact.—Such errors are not committed by mere *ignoramuses*, but by persons who are careless and hasty;—and when the letters go astray, or "fail to connect" the way the post-offices and publisher get blessed is a caution. We are satisfied that a great portion of the money lost or misent in letters, is attributable to the carelessness of their writers.

☞ SPECIMEN NUMBERS, &c., sent free and pre-paid to all applicants, or to any friends of subscribers whose addresses may be furnished. Many who feel an interest in the RURAL and its objects, and wished to enlist others in their behalf, have kindly sent the address of distant friends. Who will do likewise, and thus aid the cause?

☞ OUR CLUB TERMS.—It is not our practice nor purpose to *publish* one price for a certain number of copies of the RURAL, and receive another and less rate. Such a course would be unjust to those who pay according to terms, if not dishonorable, and soon involve us in difficulty. Our club rates are already lower than they ought to be, and we think all fair, discriminating persons, will see the propriety of our adhering to them strictly.

☞ YOUR AUTOGRAPH.—In writing business letters, or [illegible] any kind, don't "forget to remember" that your NAME is necessary to complete the document. We not unfre[illegible] some of the writer [illegible] "looked to" for [illegible] cases, and write them plainly.

☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires.

☞ DRAFTS AT OUR RISK.—We lose little money by mail, but prefer Drafts on New York (less exchange,) payable to our order, and which may be sent at our risk if carefully mailed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and each and all who form clubs, will not only receive extra copies, but their aid will be appreciated. We have no traveling agents, nor do we give certificates.

☞ FOR other Notices see last page.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER, for Jan. 1 1859 [illegible] Rochester, N. Y. The RURAL [illegible] December 31st.

Old World Matters.

THERE have been several arrivals of steamers from various portions of the Old World during the week, but the news brought to hand is of little importance. We give place to a condensation of transactions below:

GREAT BRITAIN.—The investigation at Cork of the charges against the arrested members of the Phœnix Club, had resulted in six prisoners being committed for trial without bail, and nine admitted to bail, to appear at the Assizes.

A false alarm of fire in the Victoria Theatre, London, had caused a panic, and sixteen people were trampled to death.

FRANCE.—The French Government have resolved upon sending a Consul General to Canada. The French papers commented with greater severity than the English journals upon President Buchanan's Message. Napoleon has again pardoned Montalembert, the editor of the Correspondent, and one-hundred and sixty-four other prisoners.—It is reported that France has officially informed England of her support, if the latter adopts measures to counteract President Buchanan's policy with regard to Cuba, Mexico and Central America. Morphy has beaten Andersson at chess. The latter only secured two games to Morphy's seven

SPAIN.—The Spanish papers denounce Mr. Buchanan's message in a tone of offended pride.

ITALY.—A levy of 18,000 men is spoken of at Naples. It is said that the French troops will be withdrawn from Rome and occupy Civita Vecchia, while the Austrian garrison will confine itself to Ancona. There had been a serious disturbance at Milan, originating in an altercation between the people and the troops. The people began to unlave the streets, but order was restored without difficulty

AUSTRIA.—The Arch Duchess Maria Anna was dead.

RUSSIA.—Russia has appointed a Consul at Canton, and is about to establish a Naval Station in China.

TURKEY.—The change of Ministers has been postponed.

Commercial advices from Liverpool state that Breadstuffs were buoyant, with an advancing tendency, with the exception of flour, which was heavy, dull, and nominally unchanged. Western Canal 19s20s; Ohio 21s24s. Wheat 2d higher, chiefly on finer sorts. Red Western 4s6da6s5d; White do. 5s10da6s4d. Corn 1s higher, chiefly on White, which sells at 32s33s; Yellow 28s29s; Mixed 27s28s. Beef heavy and quotations maintained with difficulty. Pork dull. Bacon firm, and holders demanding an advance on fresh sorts. Lard firm but quiet. Retail sales at 56.

Books Received.

CHRISTIAN STEWARD. A Treatise on the Scriptural Obligation, Method, Measure, and Privilege of Systematized Beneficence. By Rev. J. ASHWORTH, of the East Genesee Conference. Auburn: William J. Moses. Sold by the Author.

PALESTINE PAST AND PRESENT. With Biblical, Literary, and Scientific Notices. By Rev. HENRY OSBORN, A. M. With original illustrations and a New Map of Palestine, by the Author. James Challen & Son: Philadelphia. Sold by DARROW & BRO.

THE AMERICAN CHOIR: A Collection of Church Music; to which is prefixed JOHNSON'S New System for Conducting Choirs and Teaching Singing School. By A. N. JOHNSON. New York: H. G. Abbey. For sale by WM. ALLING.

THE LAND AND THE BOOK; or, Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs of the Holy Land. By W. M. THOMSON, D. D., twenty-five years a Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. in Syria and Palestine. Maps, Engravings, &c. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers—1859. Sold in Rochester by D. M. DEWEY.

THE COMEDIES OF TERENCE. Literally translated into English Prose, with Notes. By HENRY THOMAS RILEY, B. A., late Scholar of Close Hall, Cambridge. To which is added the Blank Verse translation of GEORGE COLMAN. New York: Harper & Bros.—1859. Sold by DEWEY.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT? By PISISTRATUS CAXTON. A Novel. By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON, Bart, author of "My Novel," "The Caxtons," "Pelham," etc., etc. New York: Harper & Bros. For sale by DEWEY.

SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER. By HOLME LEE, author of "Kathie Brande," "Gilbert Massenger," "Thorney Hall," etc. New York: Harper & Bros. For sale by DEWEY.

—We are indebted to authors, publishers, &c., for various pamphlets, catalogues, &c.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Jan. 18, 1859.

Our eastern advices have advanced flour 25 cents per barrel, and at this start the demand is good.

GRAIN—In Genesee Wheat no change to note. Best Canada has put on an additional 8 cents per bushel during the week, and the range is more circumscribed than formerly, $1,35@1,38 being the rates. We make no change in our quotations of Corn as there is none offering in market. We doubt not, however, that prime would bring 3@5 cents better than our figures. Oats are 2 cents better than last week.—Barley is unaltered but very firm—the probabilities are it will go up a little.

All other matters are without material change.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	16c
Flour, wint wheat	$6,00@6,75	Honey, box	15@16c
Do. spring do.	$5,00@5,75	Candles, box	12@13c
Do. Buckwheat ₱ cwt.	$1,88	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,10@1,30	Apples, bushel	$1,00
[illegible]	[illegible]	Do. dried	$1,50@1,75
[illegible]	[illegible]	Potatoes	38@45c
[illegible]	[illegible]	HIDES AND SKINS.	
[illegible]	[illegible]	Slaughter	6¼c
Oats	[illegible]	Calf	10c
Barley	[illegible]	Sheep pelts	$1,25@1,50
Buckwheat	[illegible]	Lamb do	38@45c
Beans	[illegible]	SEEDS.	
MEATS.		Clover, bush	[illegible]
Pork, Mess	$17 [illegible]	Timothy	$2,00@2,25
Do. cwt	$[illegible]	SUNDRIES.	
Do. Prime cwt	$[illegible]	Wood, hard	$4 [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Do. soft	$3 [illegible]
Mutton, carcass	[illegible]	Coal, Lehigh	$6 [illegible]
Dressed hogs	[illegible]	Do. Scranton	$[illegible]
Spring Lambs	[illegible]	Do. Shamokin	$[illegible]
Chickens	[illegible]	Do. Char	$[illegible]
Turkeys	[illegible]	Salt, bbl	$1,[illegible]
Geese	[illegible]	Hay, ton	$[illegible]
DAIRY, &c.		Wool ₱ lb	[illegible]
Butter ₱ lb	[illegible]	White fish, bbl.	$[illegible]
Do. firkin	[illegible]	Codfish ₱ quintal	$3 [illegible]
Cheese	[illegible]	Trout, bbl.	$[illegible]
Lard, tried	[illegible]		
Tallow	[illegible]		

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Jan. 17.—Flour—Market firmer; the prices [illegible] Sales at $4,75@5,00 for common to choice super State, $5,00@5,30 for extra State; $4,90@5,00 for super Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa, $5,00@5,75 for common to good medium and extra do; $5,45@6,00 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—market closing quiet. Canadian firmly held; sales at $5,00@6,90 [illegible] extra. [illegible] of Wheat [illegible] upon a [illegible] Corn better; sales [illegible] and Western at [illegible] 87½c for sound, [illegible] for [illegible] price paid for both kinds to go to New [illegible] for State; 49@51c for Western, and [illegible] for Canadian. [illegible] Mess Pork for [illegible] Sales at $17,62½ for Mess; $15,50 for Prime. Sales of Lard at 9½@10c for Kettle rendered. Whiskey dull at 23c. Cheese at [illegible]

ALBANY, Jan. 17.—Flour—The market [illegible] lative demand for choice [illegible] e better descriptions of hol[illegible] for the local trade and the East. Sales of very choice extra Canadian at $7. For other descriptions the market is unchanged.

GRAIN—There is an active demand for Wheat for milling and the market is buoyant. Lots in store of choice white are are held at 8@8c advance on Saturday's prices. In other grains nothing new has transpired.

BUFFALO, Jan 17.—Flour—The demand continues moderately active, mostly for the better grades, and market steady; sales at $5@5,25 for good brands Wisconsin, $5,40 for extra [illegible] $4,87@5,[illegible] for the range of fair to good extra [illegible] for pastry [illegible]

GRAIN—Wheat in [illegible] Holders of red and white [illegible] above the [illegible] Corn scarce and nom[illegible] nominal at 35c. Barley dull, [illegible]

SEED—No sales. Dealers quote [illegible] for common Canadian to good Illinois. Flax to go [illegible] Seed is held at $5@5,25.

PROVISIONS—Sales heavy mess [illegible] at [illegible] held at $16,50; light do at $[illegible] 13,00; sales smoked shoulders [illegible] 649,4c, and sugar-cured smoked [illegible]

CHICAGO, Jan. 13.—Flour—[illegible] with a good inquiry and more active market. Sales [illegible] g extra at $4,25.

GRAIN—Wheat advanced [illegible] $1 [illegible] 1.10 in store; No. 3 [illegible] (Chicago) at 36c on track [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by D. D. T. Moore, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.

ALICE AND ADELAIDE;

OR,

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

[Continued from page 29, last number.]

Chapter VII.—The Unknown Deliverer.

In wild agony the distracted man ran to the water's edge and unhesitatingly waded in, shrieking, as he did so, "My child! my child! *Is* there no eye to pity, no arm to save?"

Yes, there was an eye to pity, and it raised up an arm to save; for, rushing from a clump of alders which grew not far away, there came a rough, hard-featured man, who, catching up Mr. Warren as if he had been a child, bore him back to the grassy bank, then boldly plunging into the river, he seized the long tresses of the drowning girl, just as they were disappearing for the third and last time. Wringing the water from her brown hair the stranger folded his light burden gently to his bosom, and bending over her still, white face, looked earnestly to see if she were dead. There was yet life, he hoped, and swimming to the shore, he laid the unconscious maiden upon the grass, resting her head in the lap of her father, who cried, "*Is* she dead? oh, tell me, *is* she dead?"

But the stranger made him no reply save to take his hand and lay it on the little heart which *was* beating, oh, so faintly! Then with rapid footsteps he walked away, half pausing once and dashing aside a tear as he heard the poor old man call after him imploringly, "Don't leave me all alone, for *I am blind*, and Alice's heart will stop beating, I'm afraid. It *has stopped* beating! She's *dead! oh, she's dead!*" he screamed, as in the distance he heard the tramping footsteps going from him fast.

Still, though he knew it not, they went for him, and Mr. Howland, whom chance had led that way, was surprised in his walk by the sudden appearance of a man with uncovered head and dripping garments, who bade him hasten to the river bank, where a young girl, he feared, was drowned. "I am going for a physician," he said, and he sped away, while Mr. Howland hurried on to the spot where Alice still lay insensible, and whiter than the lilies for which she had risked her life. Over her bent the poor blind man, his tears falling like rain upon her face, and himself whispering sadly, "It's darker now than midnight,—they are all gone from me—wife, daughter, all; oh, Alice, Alice, my bright, my beautiful one. Why did God take you from me when I needed you so much?"

"She may not be dead," said Mr. Howland, and touched with the grief of the stricken man, his own tears dropped on Alice's face.

But they did not rouse her, and with a terrible fear at his heart, he lifted her lightly in his arms, saying to her father, "My house is nearer than any other; we must go there."

Dizzy and faint with excitement, Mr. Warren arose to his feet, but to walk was impossible, and sinking back upon the grass, he cried, "Leave me here and care for her. You can send for me by-and-by."

This seemed the only alternative, and Mr. Howland started for home, meeting ere long with several of the villagers who had been alarmed by the stranger. A few of them kept on to the river, while the others accompanied Mr. Howland to the house, where crowds of people were soon assembled, and where every possible means were used for Alice's recovery. But all in vain they seemed, and when at last the poor old father reached the door he knew by the death-like silence pervading the room, that the physician had said "no hope."

"Lead me to her, somebody,—lead me to Alice," he whispered, and taking his out-stretched arm, Mr. Howland led him to the couch where Alice lay, her wavy hair clinging in damp masses to her forehead, and her long eyelashes resting upon her marble cheek.

Quickly the trembling fingers sought the *heart*, but alas! they felt no motion, and more than one turned away to weep as they saw the look of bitter anguish settling down upon that father's face.—There was yet *one* test more, and laying his *ear* upon the bosom of his child, the blind man *listened*—*listened*,—oh, how intently he listened, while the lookers-on held their breath in agonizing suspense.

Suddenly through the room there rang the wild, glad cry, "I hear it—she lives! she lives!" and with renewed courage the people returned to their labor, which this time was successful, for she, who had been so near to death, came slowly back to life, and when the sun went down, its last parting rays shone on the bowed head of one who, from his inmost soul, was thanking God for not having written him "childless."

It was deemed advisable that Alice should remain where she was for a day or two, and into a large, pleasant chamber, overlooking the town, they carried her, Miss Elinor constituting herself the nurse, and ever and anon bending down to kiss the lips of the young girl who had so narrowly escaped a watery grave.

Meantime, in the parlors below, both Mr Warren and Mr Howland were making inquiries for the *stranger*, who, after giving the alarm had suddenly disappeared. No one had seen him since, and of those who saw him before, none knew who he was or whence he came.

"If I could only have heard the sound of his voice, I should know him anywhere," said Mr Warren, while Adelaide Huntington, who had not been there long, and who, for some reason, did not like to hear much of the stranger, suggested that it might have been some foot traveler, who, not caring for thanks, had gone on his way.

This seemed probable and satisfactory to all, save Mr Warren, who replied, "If he only would come back, I've nothing in the wide world to offer him, but an old man's blessing might be of some avail, and that he should have, even though he were my bitterest enemy, and had done me a terrible wrong."

There was a deep flush on Adelaide's cheek as Mr. Warren said these words, and turning quickly away, she walked to the window to hide the emotions which she knew were plainly visible upon her face. She seemed greatly excited, and far more interested in the accident than her slight friendship for the Warrens would warrant, and when she learned that Alice was to remain, she, too, insisted upon staying all night, provided she could be of any assistance. But Miss Elinor declined her offer, and at a late hour she started for home, managing to steal away when Mr. Howland did not see her. She evidently did not wish to have him accompany her, and for a few succeeding days she avoided him, going to his house but once, and that on the morning when Alice was taken home in the carriage. There was *something* preying upon her mind—something, too, whose nature neither Mr. Howland nor his far-seeing sister could divine, though the former fancied he had discovered it when, a little more than a week after the accident, she came to him with her face all wreathed in smiles and handed him the entire amount of *money* then due for the rent.

"That *provoking* agent had attended to them at last," she said, "and she was *so* glad, for it was very mortifying to be *owing* any one!"

"And *this* is what has been troubling you of late?" said Mr. Howland, who was greatly pleased at seeing her appear like herself again.

"Then you noticed it," answered Adelaide, coloring crimson and adding hastily, "We have recently been much annoyed and perplexed, but for the future our *agent* will be prompt, and so shall we."

Whether the *agent* referred to was prompt or not, there seemed for several weeks to be a plenty of *money* at the White House on the Hill,—so much so, in fact, that Adelaide did not, as usual, go up to Springfield to take her accustomed *lesson*, while old Peggy, whose shabby dress was beginning to create some gossip among the villagers, presented quite a respectable appearance in her new gingham, and muslin cap. About this time, too, there was sent by mail to Mr. Warren the sum of twenty-five dollars, and as there was no word of explanation accompanying it, he naturally felt curious to know from whence it came.

"Miss Elinor sent it, I am sure. It is exactly like her," said Alice, who was now entirely well, and that afternoon, when her work was done, she went up to see Miss Howland, whom she found suffering from a severe headache, and in ministering to her wants she entirely forgot to speak of the money. The next day Miss Elinor was much worse, and for many weeks was confined to her bed with a lingering fever, which left her at last so nervous and low that her physician advised a journey to the West as the surest means of restoring her health. Her only sister was living in Milwaukee, and thither Mr. Howland, who began to be seriously alarmed, tried to persuade her to go. For a time Miss Elinor hesitated, and only consented at last, on condition that her brother promised *not to engage* himself to Adelaide Huntington during her absence.

Bursting into a laugh, Mr. Howland assured her that she need have no fears of finding her station, as mistress of his house, filled on her return, for though Adelaide might possibly some day bear the name of *Howland*, he could wait awhile, and would do so for his sister's sake.

With this promise Miss Elinor tried to be satisfied, and after giving him many charges not to neglect the blind man, she started for Milwaukee in company with some friends, who, like herself, were westward bound.

Chapter VIII.—The Party Dress.

It was now the first of December. Miss Elinor had been gone from home nearly three months, and during this time Mr. Howland had spent one-half of his evenings at least with Adelaide Huntington, who marvelled greatly that he did not "come to the point," as she termed the asking of her to be his wife. But the promise made to his sister must be kept, so, night after night, he came and went, while on her finger the engagement ring glittered only in fancy, and Adelaide, as often as there came to her mother letters from their *agent*, felt a fresh pang of fear lest her deception should be discovered ere Mr. Howland was secured.

About this time there were rumors of a large party to be given by Mrs. Hayes, the most fashionable lady in Oakland, and knowing well how the beauty of her person would be enhanced by a full party dress, Adelaide resolved to leave no means unspared for the procuring of such a dress. "She had always observed," she said, that Mr. Howland "was unusually attentive when she looked unusually well, and there was no knowing what would happen if she eclipsed all the ladies who might be present at the party," and then, as day after day went by, she fretted and wondered because no letter came from one who, at the post-office was designated as "Ma's provoking agent," but who at home, with none save her mother to hear, was called by a different name! Fretting, however, was of no avail,—the "provoking agent" did not write, and her purse contained only seven dollars.

"If I could get the *dress*" said she, "I might possibly manage the rest," and then, as she remembered the dainty fabric which Alice Warren had word upon that memorable New Year's Eve, she started to her feet exclaiming, "That's the very idea," and ere her mother had time to question her she was on her way to the Brown House in the Hollow.

For a few weeks past Mr Warren had been severely ill, and though Alice worked both early and late, she could not procure for him the little comforts which he needed and missed so much. Miss Elinor's words "do not neglect the blind man" had been forgotten, and many a weary night had the blind man's daughter bent with aching head and tearful eyes over the piece of work which her increased cares had not permitted her to finish during the day. They were indeed drinking the bitter cup of poverty, and the sick man in his sleep was moaning sadly for *bread*, which he said would make him strong, when Adelaide Huntington entered the humble room. Glancing hurriedly at the scanty fire and empty wood-box, she thought, "They must be wretchedly poor—I dare say I can get it for almost nothing." Then seating herself by Alice's side she told at once the object of her visit. "She had never forgotten the beautiful lace dress which Alice had worn on the night of her party, and if there was one thing more than another which she coveted, it was that. In short she wished to know if Alice had it now, and if so, would she *sell* it, telling no one, of course, that it had ever belonged to her."

At the first mention of the *dress*, Alice's tears began to flow, for 'twas almost the only relic of the past which she possessed, and now, laying her head in Adelaide's lap, she sobbed out, "Oh, Adelaide, my mother bought it for me, admiring it *so* much, and can I let it go?"

"You know which you need the most, that or the money," was Adelaide's cold reply, while from his pillow the sick man faintly murmured "something to make me well."

'Twas enough, and wiping her tears away, Alice took from her trunk the dress, sighing deeply as she recalled the night when first and last she wore it.

"I did not know it was so exquisitely beautiful," was Adelaide's mental comment, as Alice shook out the soft, fleecy folds, but she did not say so.—On the contrary she depreciated its value, saying "it had *turned yellow*, was rather old-fashioned, and a second-hand article at most, besides being quite too short for her in its present condition."

In this manner she paved the way to the *price* which she finally offered, and which Alice at first refused to take. *Four* dollars seemed so little for what had cost so much. But Alice's necessities were great, and when Adelaide offered her another dollar to fix the dress as it would have to be fixed for her, she yielded, promising to have it in readiness and bring it home on the night of the party. After trying it on and giving numerous directions as to the changes she wished to have made, Adelaide arose to go, saying not a word concerning the *pay*. With a beating heart Alice saw her about to leave, and though it cost her a mighty effort to do so, she at last conquered her pride and catching Adelaide's shawl as she was passing out she said with quivering lips, "If you only *will* pay me *part* to-day! Father is sick and we are so poor," and the little blue-veined hands were clasped beseechingly together.

"There's a *dollar*, if that will do you any good," said Adelaide, thrusting a bill into Alice's hand, and then hurrying away.

She had no intention whatever of cheating Alice out of her pay, but she hated to part with her money, and on her way home she thought of so many things which she *must* have, that she began at last to wonder if Alice would not just as soon take something from the house, *bread*, or *potatoes*, or *soap*—she heard old Peggy boasting of having made a barrel full, and *soap* was a very useful article,—she'd ask Alice when she brought home the dress!—and, feeling a good deal of confidence in her *soaping* plan, she stopped at Mr. Howland's store, where she spent a portion of her remaining six dollars for *white kids*, satin ribbon, blonde lace, and so forth.

As she was leaving the store, she met with Mr. Howland, who accompanied her to the door, casually asking if she knew how Mr. Warren was getting along. "'Tis some time since I was there," said he, "and I think of going round to-night. As he is sick they may perhaps be suffering."

"Oh, no, they are not," quickly rejoined Adelaide, who did not wish to have him go there, lest he should see the dress, and ascertain that it had once belonged to Alice. "I have just been to see them, myself. Mr. Warren is no worse, and they are doing very well. I gave Alice some work, too, paying her in advance."

"And, on the whole, you think I had better spend the evening with you!" said Mr. Howland, playfully interrupting her, as he saw that one of his clerks was desirous of speaking to him.

"Most certainly I do," she answered laughingly, as she passed into the street.

And so that night, while her father slept, poor Alice Warren trimmed her little lamp, and with a heavy heart sat down to work upon the costly garment, every thread of which seemed interwoven with memories of the mother, who had bought it for her. Ever and anon, too, she lifted up her head and listened for the footsteps which now but seldom came that way. Not once had he been there since her father's illness, and brushing away a tear, she sighed, "He does not care for such as we."

That afternoon she had heard the rumor that "the proud Miss Huntington was to be his wife," and though the idea that *she*, little Alice Warren, could ever be aught to him, had never entered her mind, the news affected her painfully, and as she sat there alone that night, the world seemed darker, drearier, than it had ever been before, while very pleasant to her looked the future home of Richard Howland's bride!

"Alice," came faintly from her father, and in a moment Alice was at his side. "Alice, are you sewing to-night?"

"Yes, father, I am sewing."

"But I thought you finished the vest this afternoon. What are you doing now?"

Alice hesitated. She could not tell him she had sold her party dress, neither would she tell him a lie, so she finally said, "Adelaide came here while you slept, and I am fixing a dress for her to wear to Mrs. Hayes' party. She gave me a *dollar* for it, too, and to-morrow I shall buy you the wine which Dr. Martin says you need, and may be I'll get you some oranges, too. Would you like some oranges, father?"

"Yes, yes," the tremulous voice replied, and the childish old man *cried*, as he thought that to-morrow he should have the *wine* and the *oranges*, too!

The morrow came, and with it came the delicacies so long desired. But the sick man scarcely tasted them; "some other time he might want them more," he said, and with a feeling of disappointment, Alice put them away, while her father, turning wearily upon his pillow, prayed that the deep dark waters, through which he instinctively felt that he must ere long pass, might not be suffered to overflow.

But to Alice there came no forebodings like these. She only knew her father was very sick, and she fancied that the luxuries to which he had been accustomed would make him well again.

So with untiring patience she worked on, thinking how the money which Adelaide was to pay her, should be expended for her father's comfort.

Alas for the poor little girl, who just as it was growing dark on the night of the party, folded carefully the finished dress, and then stole softly to her father's bedside, to see if he was sleeping. He was very—very pale, and on his face there was a look like that of her dead mother.

But Alice was not alarmed. She had never thought it possible for him to die, so quiet, so gentle, so uncomplaining he seemed.

"Father," she said, "can you stay alone while I carry Adelaide her dress? She is to pay me more than that dollar, and I will buy you ever so many nice things."

"By-and-by," he whispered, "it is early yet," and drawing Alice to him, he talked to her of her mother, who he said seemed very near to him that night,—so near that he could almost feel her soft hand clasp his own, just as it used to do in the happy days gone by. And while he talked, the darkness in the room increased,—the clock struck *six*, and releasing his daughter, Mr. Warren bade her go.

"He felt better," he said, "and was not afraid to stay alone."

"You must sleep till I return; I shall not be gone long," were Alice's parting words, and going out, she walked rapidly in the direction of Mrs. Huntington's.

In a very unamiable mood Adelaide met her at the door, chiding her for her delay, and saying, "I began to think you were never coming."

"Father has been worse, and I could not work so fast," was Alice's meek reply, as she followed Adelaide into the sitting-room, helping her try on the dress, which the petulant young lady declared "didn't *fit* within a mile! 'Twas *too high* in the neck—too long in the waist—too *short* in the skirt—and *must* be fixed before it was decent to wear!"

"Oh, I *can't* leave father so long," said Alice, in dismay, as she thought how much there was to be done.

"I'll risk him," returned Adelaide. "Any way, when I *hire* anything done, I expect it to suit me, or I don't *pay*, of course."

This remark was well-timed, for Alice could not go back without the money, and with a heavy heart she sat down to her task. But the tears blinded her eyes, and so impeded her progress that the clock struck *eight* ere her work was done.

"Now, put these flowers in my hair, and fix my sash just as yours was fixed," said the heartless Adelaide, as she saw Alice about to tie on her bonnet.

In a box which stood upon the table laid the *bead purse*, and glancing at that, Alice did whatever was required of her, nor scarcely felt a pang when at last the toilet was completed, and Adelaide Huntington stood before her, arrayed in the self-same dress which she had worn but two short years ago.

"I meant you should dress me all the time," said Adelaide, glancing complacently at herself in the mirror. "I meant you should dress me,—mother knows so little about such matters, and then, too, she is sick up stairs with a violent headache, but I do not need you any longer—what are you waiting for?" she continued, as Alice made no movement to go.

"I am waiting for the money, which I want so much to-night," answered Alice.

"Ah, yes, the money," said Adelaide, making a feint to examine the purse, which *she* knew was *empty*.

Alice knew it, too, all too soon, and sinking down upon a little stool she cried aloud,

"What shall we do! The wood is almost gone and I baked the last cake to-night. Oh, father, father, what will *you* do to-morrow!"

Adelaide Huntington was not hard-hearted enough to be unmoved by that appeal, and forgetting entirely the *soap* she glided from the room to which she soon returned, bringing a basket of food for Alice whom she comforted with the assurance that she should be paid as soon as possible.

"I'd no idea they were so poor," said Adelaide to herself, as the door closed upon Alice, and then she wished the *agent* would send the money so she could pay the debt and have it off her mind.

Just then the village omnibus stopped at the gate, and Adelaide ran for a moment to show her mother how she looked, then gathering up the folds of her rich lace skirt and throwing on her shawl, she entered the carriage and was soon riding towards the scene of gayety, while Alice Warren was hurrying home, a nameless terror creeping into her heart and vaguely whispering that the morrow, for which she had been so anxious, *might* bring her a sorrow such as orphans only know.

Chapter IX.—The Figure on the Hearthstone.

For awhile after Alice left him, Mr. Warren lay perfectly quiet, trying to number the minutes, by counting each tick of the clock, and then wondering if it were not time for Alice to return. While thus engaged he fell asleep and when, at last he woke there was a deathlike faintness at his heart; his lips were dry and parched, and he felt a strong desire for water with which to quench his burning thirst.

"Alice," he said, feebly, "Alice, is that you? are you here? but to his call there came no answer, and throughout the room there was heard no sound save the steady ticking of the clock.

Why then did the blind man raise himself upon his elbow and roll his sightless eyes around that silent apartment. Did *he* hear aught in that deep stillness? He *thought* he did, aye, he was sure he did, and again he called, "Alice, Alice, are you here?"

But Alice made him no reply, and as the minutes glided by the sick man grew delirious, talking of the past, which seemed present with him now. Then, as reason for a moment returned, he moaned, "Oh, Alice, will you never come? The fire is going out and I am growing cold. Oh, must I die alone at last?"

No, not alone, for crouched upon the hearthstone there sat a human form! 'Twas the figure of a man,—a dark, hard-featured man, and often as the wailing cry came from the humble bed, it bowed its head upon its hands and wept. Carefully, stealthily through the door it had come while Mr. Warren slept, and the deep black eyes which glowed at first like coals of living fire grew dim with tears as glancing hurriedly around that room they saw how poor it was.

"Isn't there *somebody* here with me?" the sick man said at last, as his quick ear caught the sound of breathing. "*Speak*, isn't there somebody here?" he continued, while the figure on the hearthstone glided noiselessly to the bedside, where it stood erect, gazing pitifully upon the white, worn face which, with the lamp-light shining on it, seemed of a deathly hue. [To be concluded.]

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DOUBLE ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 1, 5, 18, 11, 19 is a river in Kentucky.
My 9, 10, 8, 18 is a lake in Ireland.
My 3, 15, 1, 12, 9, 9, 17 is a town in Hindostan.
My 4, 12, 18, 9, 16 is a Scripture name.
My 5, 9, 10, 15 is a woman's name.
My 6, 5, 17, 9, 14 is is an ancient weapon.
My 7, 15, 10, 18 is an instrument of torture.
My 8, 4, 13 is a boy's nickname.
My 9, 5, 6, 19, 1, 11 is a cape on the coast of S. America.
My 10, 2, 17, 18, 10 is a town in Turkey.
My 11, 9 is an important dipthong.
My 12, 8 are consonants.
My 18, 3, 4, 7 was the vulnerable part of Achilles.
My 14, 9, 7, 1, 6 is a river in Russia.
My 15, 8, 1, 11, 5 is the cause of much evil.
My 16, 6, 12, 4 is a plant.
My 17, 9, 14, 11, 8 is a kind of fodder.
My 18, 16, 10, 2 is the language of the Scotch Highlanders.
My 19, 15, 1 is an animal.
My whole was a distinguished Revolutionary patriot.

Avon Springs, N. Y., 1859. T. N. G.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALGEBRAIC PROBLEM.

Three persons, A, B, and C, bought a flock of sheep. The square root of A's share is equal to five times the fourth root of B's share divided by two, and the square root of B's share is equal to four times the cube root of C's share divided by three, and the square root of A's share added to the cube root of C's share is equal to eight. What was the whole number of sheep in the flock, and what was each man's share?

Knowlesville, N. Y., 1859. W. M. Jones.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 470.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Address "Fanny," Mills Centre, N. Y.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:

Your readers will probably say the problem in No. 470 is very simple, and anybody can answer that the number is equal to the number of cubic inches in a cubic foot, which is 1,728. But some curious mind may inquire why have one-tenth of an inch in the height of the box? I answer that in consequence of the 1-10 of an inch above 6 inches, I am enabled to pack in 121 more marbles than could be done with the height just 6 inches. If the height be just six inches, there can be put in 16 courses—9 courses of 144 in each, and 7 courses of 121 in each, but if the box be made 1-10 of an inch more than 6 inches in height, there may be 17 courses put in, 9 of 144 and 8 of 121 in each, which equals 2,304—the answer. L. L. Nichols.

Answer to Riddle:—Health.

W. D. R., *Copenhagen, N. Y.*—We have nothing further in reference to the problem of which you speak than what has been already published. The answer is 10 928-1000 miles. You do not send answer to your enigma—a necessary feature, as we depend upon the boys and girls furnishing all solutions, and giving them *correctly*.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

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RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE.

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

TIMELY HINTS.

THE winter is fast passing away, and soon it will be numbered among the long array that have gone before. Its departure will cause regret to but few, for while we love the winter, its quiet and rest, its social heart-life, its leisure for reading and thought, we rejoice at the approach of the gay, blooming spring, when the birds return with their sweet music, the trees begin to array themselves in their summer vestments, and all nature puts on a smiling face. But we had not the least design to be poetical, and only now purpose to make a few suggestions that may be of service at this time. The failure of the wheat crop in many sections of the country, has caused farmers to look about them for the best substitutes, and considerable forethought and planning is necessary to determine the best crops to plant, the best way to procure the seed, and the best mode of cultivation. A desire to aid our readers in arriving at proper conclusions, has caused us to give considerable thought to this subject, and in the present and previous numbers we have described plants not generally grown in this country, that perhaps may be introduced to advantage. Of late we have examined the importations of agricultural products to ascertain what we were purchasing from foreign countries that might better be grown at home, and we will give a few facts for the consideration of the producers of the country.

During the last fiscal year, ending June 30, 1858, there were imported into this country nearly $100,000 worth of *potatoes*. Most of these were what are known in eastern cities as *Bermudas*. They are similar to our *Western Red*, but being raised in the warm climate of the British West Indies, are ripe about the time we plant, and find a ready sale here, as *new potatoes*. The Secretary of the Treasury, however reports importations amounting to $7,000 from Ireland and $2,000 from England. Last fall we saw a statement in the Boston papers that 20,000 bushels of potatoes had been received at that port in one week, from New Brunswick.—These facts would seem to show that growing potatoes is a good business for those who are within reach of the eastern markets. The *Blue Mercer* has long been the favorite with wholesale buyers, and sells for the highest price, but unfortunately it is not productive. For a year or two growers have been testing the *English Fluke*, and it is a good potato, and yields well. We have been told that it is not a favorite East, but with the experience of only a few trials, we think we know of none much better—excepting always that little gem, the *Mercer*, which every farmer who is fond of good living should raise for his own use, and for a few customers who are willing to pay for them. The *Peach Blow* is getting to be a great favorite East.—It is a fair-sized, roundish, white-fleshed potato, the skin parti-colored, of red and white, one end being almost entirely red, and the other end almost entirely white. It bears good crops, and sells as high in New York as any variety, and therefore is a good sort to plant for shipping. It originated in New Jersey, we believe. Seed can be obtained here at $1 per bushel.

Flax Seed we imported last year to the value of over *three millions* of dollars, mostly from the East Indies and Russia. *Linseed Oil* 282,843 gallons, at an expense of $164,757, nearly all of which was bought of England. Whether there is any necessity for this large importation of Flax Seed, and its oil, we leave our readers to judge.

Castor Oil, no doubt, will be thought a small matter, hardly worthy of notice, and yet we bought last year 226,578 gallons, costing us $143,458. This mostly came from the East Indies, but over 22,000 gallons from England, and 240 from Canada.

England presented a bill for *Oatmeal* of $3,305. No one will believe there is any necessity for purchasing ground oats. Was the demand greater it would no doubt be generally manufactured in this country. It is principally consumed, we presume, by Europeans who prefer it to corn meal. It is ground pretty extensively in Canada, in some of the Scotch settlements. Germany and Holland we paid over $10,000 for *Barley*.

Many of the *Dye Stuffs* that we import might be grown to advantage here, such as *Madder*, for which we paid last year $721,786, *Woad*, and *Weld*, or *Dyers' Weed*, of which we may speak more particularly hereafter.

Of fruit we talk sufficiently in our *Horticultural Department*, and will here only remark that we *exported* last year 27,711 barrels of *Apples*, which brought us $74,363, of these 941 barrels were sent to England, 14,570 to Canada and 858 to Australia. Boston shipped 7,000 barrels, Genesee, (Rochester,) 5,425 barrels, Niagara 3,931 and New York 2,836. That the raising of our fine, long-keeping apples, for exportation might be made profitable, we have not the least doubt.

If the *Hungarian Grass* is as valuable as feed for horses and cattle, and produces from four to eight tuns per acre, as our friends at the West represent, it seems to us it might be profitably grown in some localities on our strong, deep soils, for pressing and shipping to the large cities. In others it might be grown to advantage for feeding.

We shall continue to introduce to the notice of our readers such things as are at least deserving of thought, in the hopes that some will be induced to give them a trial, and thus add to our stock of practical knowledge.

CANARY SEED.

AMONG the many articles not enumerated in our list of necessities, and for which we as a nation send out a considerable sum of money annually, is that indicated by our title. To what extent the purchases of this seed may have grown we have no means of obtaining information which might be deemed reliable. In the table of Imports, as furnished by the Secretary of the Treasury in his Report on Commerce and Navigation, all "Seeds" are included under a general head, and their aggregate value is several hundred thousand dollars. The consumption of this city and vicinity, may be taken as a fair estimate of the Middle and Eastern States, and here, from the best figures we have been enabled to make, we may safely place the value of the annual sales at from $4,000 to $5,000. One of our heaviest dealers remarked "that there were twenty persons engaged in the traffic who sold to the amount of $200, and upwards, and quite a number whose sales run downward from these figures." For the past year the transactions will be much above the sums stated, as the seed has been scarce and high. It usually costs, in New York, $2,00 per bushel, but now brings $4,50; and, though subject to fluctuations in price, the amount disposed of is regular, with a tendency to increase. "These things being so," we have thought a brief description of the plant, its habits, culture, &c., might prove of interest to RURAL readers, more especially as a large number are just now scanning the products of both the Old World and the New, for something that will, in some degree, aid in supplying the loss caused by the devastations of the midge. At all events, if this crop be suited to our climate, it is useless to send abroad for that which may be produced at home.

CANARY GRASS—FORM OF HEAD.

Botanically, *Phalaris canariensis* is the common representative of a genus of grass allied to Phleum, but distinguished by its possessing a pair of rudimentary florets at the base of the perfect one, which latter is concealed inside of a pair of glumes, each of which is furnished with a broad wing at its base. The grain is eventually closed within the valves of the floret, at which period it is hard and tough. The plant is an annual and is a native of the Canary Isles, from which it derives its name.

In the early growth of this plant it so strongly resembles oats or wheat, as to be scarcely distinguishable from these cereals, except to the practiced eye. When well cultivated, its usual height is from three to four feet; each head contains upwards of one hundred seeds, and the produce ranges from thirty to forty bushels per acre. In our engraving may be seen the form of the ears, and also that of the straw. The stalk or straw is hard, woody, and of little value for fodder, but the husk is considered good food for horses, and is used for this purpose in England and on the Continent.

In reference to its culture, we must draw from foreign journals for the knowledge obtained, and on this point the *Cyclopedia of Agriculture* remarks that a deep and adhesive soil is most suitable; still a crop of it can be procured wherever a good yield of wheat may be expected; on poor and ill-conditioned soils it is useless to plant it. In some parts of England it follows other grain crops in the rotation, and is frequently sown in the place of wheat or barley, when the husbandman fears that through the richness of the soil these would prove too strong and become lain. The ground intended for this crop is usually plowed in the fall, and as early in the spring as possible the surface is thoroughly harrowed to the depth of two inches, thus providing a fine seed bed and firm bottom, or rooting soil, two essentials to its successful cultivation. The quantity of seed used is about four gallons per acre, drilled in between one and two inches deep, and covered by a light harrow closely following the drill. The drills should be about ten inches apart, and the hoe is freely used between the rows. In its early stages the thin blade first produced scarcely shades the ground, and the weeds are inclined to occupy all the room, but these must often feel the hoe-blade, and the surface kept clean. The period of harvesting is usually after the grain crop—it must be left till the seed in the topmost heads is ripe. If sown as above described, it is cut with the cradle, laid in swaths, and thus left until the heads are well browned. Should wet weather occur, and some of the early seed become sprouted, it will not prove of such serious injury to the crop as though it were housed before the late heads were ripened. When the latter condition is attained, it is bound in sheaves while quite dry, and carried to the stack or barn immediately.

When threshing is attempted soon after harvest, a considerable degree of labor is encountered, and it is customary to keep it in the stack or mow until the succeeding spring or summer, as the whole may then be much more readily separated from the husk. While remaining in this condition, however, it needs the vigilance of the grower to preserve it from the mice, as it is preferred by these vermin to most food produced on the farm. The weight per bushel is about the same as wheat—the yield per acre, under like circumstances, is about equal—and to constitute it a profitable crop, as the straw is worthless, it should bring a little better price than the grain mentioned. This it generally does; but when lower, the English farmer, as it is easily preserved, keeps it over until his demands are complied with.

The question naturally arises—Can it be grown by the American farmer? To this query we reply that experiments, made in gardens in this city, have proved successful as far as growth and maturity are concerned. The following, narrated by one of the dealers in this commodity, proves its perfect hardiness:—"Keeping, as I do," he remarked, "quite a number of birds, I had the cages cleaned upon the side walk, and a considerable quantity of the seeds were carried and deposited in various places by the wind. Going out one morning to sweep up some saved for my pets, I was much surprised to find that a crop had sprung up, taking root between the curb-stones and the bricks, and an examination proved that, though the stalks were dwarfed to five or six inches in length, the heads were fairly developed, and the seed entirely matured." When it is known that the "field of operations" chosen for this remarkable crop was on the south side of one of our principal streets, and that the sunlight could reach the little struggler for life but a few hours morning and evening, all doubts as to its capacities for endurance will be dispelled.

FATTENING BEEF ON POTATOES.—A correspondent of the *New England Farmer* writes:—"About twelve years ago I fattened a heifer for beef wholly on potatoes. My plan was to feed small potatoes whole, without cooking, with as much hay as was wanted, and but little water, and I had as good beef as those fattened on corn meal."

STEEL-BLUE BEETLE, ITS FAMILY CONNECTIONS.

Figure 1.—*Gastrophysa*, CHEVR. *Cyanea*, MELS. *a*, the hind leg; *b*, the antennæ; *c*, the head. There are five described species.

Fig. 2.—*Gastrophysa*, female depositing eggs. *e*, on the *Rumex obtusifolius*.

Fig. 3.—*Graptodera*, CHEVR. *Chalybea*, ILLIG. The Grape Vine Flea-Beetle. *d*, the antennæ. Six species.

Fig. 4,—*Phyllotreta*, CHEVR. *Striolata*, ILLIG. *Crioceris*, FAB. *Galleruca*, EL. Turnip Flea-beetle. *f*, antennæ; *g*, hind leg.

Fig. 5.—The Cucumber Flea-Beetle, and its lower side, in part.

Fig. 6.—*Calligrapha*. Nine species are described.

Fig. 7.—*Ips quadrimaculata*, or 4 signatus. There are ten species described. This belongs to the family *Nitidulidæ*. *j*, the clavate antennæ; *k*, the hind leg.

Fig. 8.—*Hispa*, (Saturnalis) eight species.

Fig. 9.—Family *Cassidadæ*—a deloyala, natural size, upper and lower side. Two species.

DEAR RURAL:—I avail myself of your columns to give a short account of a small, *steel-blue beetle*, and its family connections, which was submitted to my inspection, with a view to learn its name; its pernicious habits were made lamentably manifest to Mr. G. P. PEPPER, of Wisconsin. Mr. P. sent several specimens of the small creatures, so brilliant in their coat of lustrous metallic blue, to J. B. GARDER, Esq., of Floral Retreat, in this county, taken from his grape vines, on which they had made sad havoc, by eating out the undeveloped fruit clusters, and other tender parts of the vine, early last spring.

I know Mr. G. is a subscriber to the RURAL, and for the benefit of its readers generally, and Mr. P. in particular, (who is, no doubt, also a subscriber,) I submit the following:

The little beetle in question belongs to an extensive family of leaf and bud-destroying insects, comprehended among the CHRYSOMELIANS, including the *Flea-beetles* and *Galerucians*, formerly considered distinct families. There are a number of genera each, embracing a greater or less number of species, which it is difficult, in many cases, to distinguish apart, owing to their close resemblance and minute size. Fig. 1, illustrates the *Gastrophysa cyanæ*; *a*, the hind leg; *b*, the gradually thickened antennæ; *c*, the strong jaws. Fig. 3 is a female, as I have seen them so early as the 5th of May, with their abdomens enormously swelled, prior to laying their eggs, which those did, on the under side of the leaves of the dock, (*Rumex obtusifolius.*) I was not aware of their damaging anything, yet they are by no means free from suspicion, and it is well to have an eye on them, they so nearly resemble Fig. 2, the GRAPTODERA CHALYBEA, as to be readily taken for the same insect. This latter is the insect in question; its antennæ Fig. 8, *d*, are of a uniform thickness in the 11-joints, and its thorax has a transverse depression, which the other has not. Fig. 1, I copied from a specimen found January 2d, two inches beneath the soil, near a grape vine, "alive and kicking," certainly not below the frost line. I considered the little fellow rather early in making his way out of his winter quarters, and if so, likely to meet with a cold reception—so I humanely gave him a place in my cabinet, in company with his "kith and kin."

The colors vary greatly in the same species, as Mr. HARRIS also remarks, from a dark purple, violet, Prussian blue, greenish blue, to a deep green color, and not always steel-blue, as the specific name *chalybea* implies.

Notwithstanding their hard names, long enough for a Polish count, they are not entitled to rank among the "big-bugs,"—but the wee creatures are not without notoriety, and are found to afford matter for history, like other depredators; and such was their importance in Europe that they were made a matter of especial investigation by the Duncaster Agricultural Association. A report by Mr. RIDGWAY was published in 1834. Mr. H. LE KEUX, also, wrote a prize essay on their history, which was read before the Entomological Society, and published in the 2d vol. of their Transactions.

In our own country they are by no means unknown. Mr. DAVID THOMAS gave a highly interesting account, which was published in the 26th vol. of SILLIMAN'S "*American Journal of Science and Arts*," in which he states, "these brilliant insects were observed by me in the spring of 1831, in Cayuga county, N. Y., creeping on the vines and destroying the buds, by eating out the central succulent parts. Some had burrowed even half their length into the buds. When disturbed, they jump rather than fly and remain where they fall for a time without motion." During the same season, these beetles appeared in unusually great numbers in New Haven, Conn., and its vicinity, and the injury done by them was "wholly unexampled."—Some vines were entirely despoiled of their fruit buds, so as to be rendered barren for the season. In 1830 and 1831, he found the vine leaves infested by "small chestnut-colored smooth worms," and suspecting these to be the larvæ of the *chrysomela vitivora*, he fed them in a tumbler, containing some moist earth. "After a fortnight or so," some of the beetles were found in the tumbler. Hence, there is no doubt that the former were the larvæ of this beetle, and that they undergo their transformations in the ground. KOLLER recommends a strong tea or decoction of wormwood, as plants wetted by it will not be touched by the flea-beetles. Perhaps a decoction of walnut leaves would be equally well, as suggested by Mr. HARRIS. A decoction of tobacco I know is good where it can be applied.

The Turnip flea-beetle or Turnip fly, as it is often called, is known as the *Haltica* and *Crioceris*, now called PHYLLSTRETA STRIOLATA. Fig. 4. *f*, the antennæ, *g*, the hind leg. This may be found on the turnip, horse radish, mustard and cruciferous plants generally, from May throughout the summer.—They cut the seminal leaves, as do the cucumber flea-beetle, Fig. 5, showing the top and hind legs beneath, enlarged. These are very injurious in gardens. Fig. 4 are more oval or oblong in shape, each wing-cover has a buff, wavy line, while Fig. 5 are of a uniform black color. The lines on Fig. 4 are sometimes reduced to mere dots, when they were supposed to be a different species and called *bipustulata* instead of *striolata*.

Fig. 6, a species of *Calligrapha*, of which there are nine described. Fig. 8, the little Hispa (saturnalis?) *l*, the antennæ gradually elavated; *m*, an enlarged wing-cover, showing the ridges and crenatures on their external margin. Fig. 9 is a beautiful little insect of the finest gold and purple, like a minute tortoise under its shell, which has a transparent border. The larvæ of those are dirty little fellows; they form for themselves a covering of excrement, which they bear over their backs by the assistance of an elongated forked appendage on the extremity of their body, reaching nearly to the head when bent over. This belongs to the *Cassidida*, and is one of two species of Deloyala, I think. There are a number of other genera belonging here.

Fig. 7 is a species of IPS, (*quadrimaculata?*) found very destructive to the *tomato*. This is copied from one found embedded in the fruit; *j*, the antennæ with its club-shaped end; *k*, the hind leg. The genus IPS belongs to the family *Nitidulidæ*, embracing a number of equally mischievous little scamps that require seeing to.

Not to burthen your readers with too long a yarn, I will close with the few here touched upon, but the subject is by no means exhausted, trusting that I shall be excused by those who have no taste in this line, as it may be highly interesting to others who are curious in such matters. J. STAUFFER.

Lancaster, Pa., Jan. 6, 1859.

RAISING PIGS.

MY neighbor, JOHN SKAATS, of Darien, is the most successful producer of pig pork in Western New York. He has just slaughtered a litter of five, at ten months old, some of which average four hundred pounds, dressed weight! I am sorry I have not the exact figures to give you, but I will get them. Last year his pigs outweighed, *weight for age*, any recorded in the RURAL. He raises a cross between the Suffolk and the Byefield. One neighbor, quizzing him, said, "SKAATS, I don't like the marks on your pigs."

"I do," says SKAATS;" they are all marked four hundred at a year old!"

"What breed are they?" asked a neighbor.

"The *corn fed* breed," says Quiz.

"You are wrong," says SHAATS; "they never had an ear of corn!"

"How do you keep them, then?"

"I make a swill of sour milk, buttermilk, wash, waste food, &c., adding bran, cavel, &c., and apples, vegetables, or roots, and am very careful to feed often, regularly, just enough, and none too much. My breeding sow is always good pork. I do not allow her and the pigs to eat together; so she neither throws the pigs out of the trough, nor hurries down her own mess. I have a division in the pen, with a hole to allow the pigs to go to their own apartment, or return to the sow, at pleasure. I feed them as soon as they are old enough to eat—sweet milk at first, then mix a little sour milk and other feed with it, increasing by degrees. Being satisfied in this way, they are not constantly lugging the sow, neither are they squalling about for want of food. They grow right along, though they are not *the corn-fed* breed!"

I suppose he does not consider *corn*, when well-ground and cooked with other ingredients, in any degree injurious to the growth of pigs; but he manages to make the best pig pork with very little corn.

L. G.

Attica, N. Y., 1859

RACKS FOR FEEDING SHEEP.

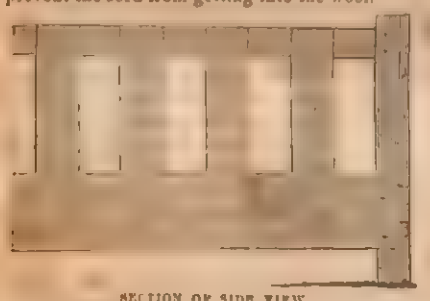
EDS. RURAL:—In a recent number of your valuable paper I noticed several plans for sheep racks which are all, undoubtedly, good, and yet they have their faults. They are like some very good machines that are either so complicated, cumbersome, or expensive, that their common use is impracticable.

No. 1, the Hopper rack, I have tried and entirely condemn, except for bucks or other horned sheep. It is very heavy and inconvenient to move, and does not prevent the sheep from wasting the hay. The troughs are unsuitable to feed grain in, as they are always full of dust and dirt, and require sweeping, and the sheep do not distribute themselves as quickly as when troughs are by themselves. One other objection is, that the hay, unless very carefully put in, does not come down freely, and the sheep are sometimes cheated of a part of their feed.

No. 2, has some of the same objections, and does not prevent the seed from getting into the wool.

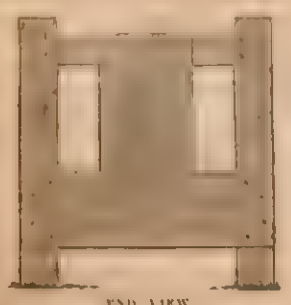
No. 3, is too complicated and expensive for common use, and is also open to some of the foregoing objections.

No. 4, is a good stationary rack, but does not prevent the seed from getting into the wool.



SECTION OF SIDE VIEW.

I send you herewith a plan of a rack which I have adopted after trying several others. It is cheap, strong, easily moved, and overcomes all the objections enumerated the nearest of any that I have yet found. It consists of four posts of 4 by 4 scantling, 3 feet long, morticed near the top to receive the upper rail, which should be 2 by 4, or 1⅝ by 4, with the tenon facing outward, so that when put together the face of the rail shall be one inch within the outer edge of the posts. The bottom board, 10 or 12 inches in width, is nailed upon the outside 3 or 4 inches from the bottom of the posts. The upright strips, are 5 or 6 inches wide, 1 inch thick, and are nailed upon the outside of the upper rail and the inside of the board, with sixpenny nails, with about 6 inches space according to the size of the sheep to be fed in them. The boards should be planed, at least the edges, to prevent the wool being torn from the sheep. A farmer with fair mechanical genius and good tools can make one in a day that will accommodate 25 sheep, and it will pay for itself in a single year.



END VIEW

The advantages of this rack are that it is portable, the seed does not get into the wool, the sheep cannot crowd each other, and all have an equal chance. No hay can be wasted—they are handy for penning sheep—they are compact, strong, and easily piled away for the summer. I think them, on the whole, the best sheep rack for practical use that I have seen.

J. S. BEECHER.

Livonia, N. Y., Jan., 1859.

LAKE SHORE NOTES.—FODDER.

Our Mercury 14° below 0 at 7 o'clock this morning, 10th inst. Surely the winters are becoming permanently more severe in this latitude. From 1838 till 1856 during which period I have observed the changes of temperature on the shore of Lake Ontario—I never knew the mercury to reach a point lower than 7° below 0, and but twice as low as that. But since the last mentioned year, it has every winter reached that and, with one exception, from 8 to 14° lower. The lowest I have ever known it to reach at this place is 21° below zero. In extremely cold weather the average temperature is about 10° lower on the line of the Erie canal, and Central railroad than it is on the Lake Shore. In this region the fall and early winter has been somewhat remarkable. During the month of November there were but three clear days, and for the last twenty two days of the month the range of the mercury in the thermometer did not exceed 10°—running from 30° to 40° at 7 o'clock A. M.—

From the 25th of October till the present date, the vibrations of the barometer, have not exceeded one inch, ranging from 28.9.5. to 29.9.5. This morning the mercury stands higher than at any other time, being 30.1.5. We have had no sleighing here yet this winter, but have now snow enough to make sleighing, about eight or ten inches having fallen within the last 48 hours.

In my opinion it stands farmers in hand to economize in fodder in *every reasonable* way, or we shall see hard times for stock before spring. Winter, and with it the necessity for foddering all kinds of stock, began nearly a month earlier than usual, and I venture the opinion, that about one-half the usual amount required has already been fed out, and the winter only about one-third gone. One "word to the wise is sufficient,"—any number will not suffice for the foolish and improvident—experience only can teach them.

C.

Sodus, Wayne Co., N. Y., Jan. 10, 1859.

KEEPING FOWLS IN THE CITY.

EDS. RURAL:—I have several times seen, in public print, statements made asserting that fowls could not be kept in cities so as to make them pay their way. Such statements I regard as untrue, and in order to controvert them and show that our citizens may keep fowls and have fresh eggs, and not lose thereby, I submit a balance sheet of my ledger, for nearly two years past, which will speak for itself on the subject:

FOWL ACCOUNT.	Dr.
Feb. 25, 1857—To paid for 9 fowls	$2 25
" " lumber for house and yard fence	2 26
Dec. 31—To paid for feed during the year	5 45
Total—$9 96	
March, 1858—To paid for lumber for repairs fence.	$ 25
Dec. " " " feed during the year	8 68
Total cost for 1 year and 10 months—$18 89	
FOWL ACCOUNT.	Cr.
Dec. 31, 1857—By 610 eggs at market price when laid	$ 8 35
Dec 31, 1857—By 20¾ lbs poultry at market rate	2 27
Total	$10 62
Dec. 31, 1858—By 1,444 eggs at market price when laid	$15 76
Dec. 31, 1858—By 39 lbs. poultry at market rate	3 70
Total—$30 08	
Dec. 31, 1858—By 20 fowls on hand at 20 cts.	4 00
Total—$34 08	
Deduct total expenses of keeping.	$18 89
Leaves a net profit of	$15 19

The above account has been carefully kept from day to day, and each egg credited at the actual market value when laid, and the same in the case of poultry killed. I have raised each year 21 chickens, and always keep my fowls shut up in their yard so as not to trouble the neighbors. I take extra pains to supply them with good pure water at all times, and occasionally change their feed. I find corn is good only to fat them, and will prevent their laying.

Should any of your readers desire, I can give the detailed account of the above statement for each month, but its length would be objectionable here.

H. J. E.

Rochester, N. Y., 1858.

BEE-KEEPING.—FAILURES.

MESSRS. EDS.:—In a late number of the RURAL, "A Subscriber," writing in regard to an article published some time previous, by EUGENE LEWIS, on the profits of bee-keeping, says, in substance, that failure as well as success on the subject, should be made public. As this side of the question has not been very extensively written upon, I will state a few facts in regard to failure in the bee line. A few years ago, in this vicinity, an apiarian and manufacturer of a well known patent hive, published that he had taken about 50 lbs. of box honey from each of a number of his hives, and considered sufficient left to winter the swarms.—The next season, although it was a good one for swarming, he failed to get any new swarms, and failed also to publish that fact. Another neighbor who wintered sixteen swarms a year ago, got but four new swarms from all. Nearly all of these hives were constructed with the convenience for taking box honey, and the owner made free use of that convenience.

Now, I have observed that swarms from which any considerable amount of honey has been taken, if the bees do not starve outright they seldom amount to much. "After a feast, a famine." The most successful bee-keepers with whom I am acquainted use the common box hive and "take up" the latest or smallest swarms, thus securing a portion of honey without the risk incurred from taking honey from hives *intended* to be wintered. From twenty years' experience in keeping bees and with a variety of hives, I prefer the common hive with, however, more care taken in its construction. As the story "all about bees" is a long one, I will not now give all the whys and wherefores of the above conclusions, remembering the admonition, "be brief."

I. I.

East Shelby, N. Y., 1859.

BLACK QUARTER IN CALVES.

E. E. REYNOLDS, of York State wishes a cure or preventive for the above disease. As Mr. R. has described the symptoms of the Black Quarter in the RURAL of Dec. 11th, I shall therefore dispense with that part of the subject. Calves seldom take the above complaint until after mid-summer, and it prevails most when they continue in the same pasture until the second growth of grass after that period. This grass produces a superfluity of blood, hence the calves are more subject to the black quarter in such pastures. I never knew any cure for the disease. I will give you a tried and I am sure preventive. First, let your calves have nothing to eat all night. In the morning bleed them thoroughly, after which give each calf the following dose in water gruel:—Two cent's worth each of Myrrh, Mithridate, Galangal, Dispente, Fenugreek, and Long pepper. Mix these six together, and give each calf one when mixed. Let them fast one hour, after which turn the calves into a meadow lot from which you have taken your hay. After five or six weeks repeat the same if necessary. Once would not cure calves grow too fast, or get in too good condition. I have tried this time and never known it to fail.

I. I.

Bloomfield, Oak. Co., Mich., 1859.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Cooked Food for Swine.

SAMUEL H. CLAY, of Kentucky, has been experimenting in feeding several lots of hogs, changing them from raw to cooked, and from ground to unground food, with the following results:—One bushel of dry corn made five pounds and ten ounces of live pork. One bushel of boiled corn made fourteen pounds and seven ounces, of pork. One bushel of ground corn, boiled, made in one instance sixteen pounds and seven ounces and in another nearly eighteen pounds of pork. Estimating corn at 90 cents a bushel, and pork at eight cents a pound, we have as the result of one bushel of dry corn, 45 cents worth of pork; of one bushel of boiled corn, 116 cents worth of pork; and of one bushel of ground corn 136 cents worth of pork.

Qualities of Beef.

AT the last International Cattle Show, in Paris, says the *Maine Farmer*, the judges on beef had specimens from each of the competing breeds brought to the table *roasted*, where they performed their agreeable labors in a very quiet and satisfactory manner. The result of their deliberations was as follows:

First quality to the	West Highland	Ox.
Second "	"	Devon Ox.
Third "	"	French.
Fourth "	"	Short-Horn and Angus Ox.
Fifth "	"	Angus (Scotch) Ox.
Sixth "	"	French Ox.
Seventh "	"	Short-Horn (English) Ox.
Eighth "	"	French Ox.

So much for the roasted. For soups and boiled beef, they gave the preference to the Short-Horn (English.)

Farmer, Spare that Owl.

SOME one writing to the London *Times*, puts in sundry proverbial pleas in favor of the owl. A prejudice exists against this ungainly fowl, more, we fancy, on account of its unpleasant vocal characteristics and dismal personal appearance, than from any other cause; but when its useful qualities are known, we are sure its life will be regarded by agriculturists as even more sacred than that of the robin. The writer in question, speaking of a destruction of wheat by mice, which came under his personal observation, says:—"Mice, as well as young rats, require vegetation and water. At dusk they come out, and out at the same time, comes the owl. No doubt owls were created by an all-wise Providence to keep these vermin under, as the rook is for the destruction of the wire-worm, and the toad for slugs. If it were not so, we should be eaten up. They know by instinct how to go about their calling better than we do. If the rook and owl do pilfer a little at times, when pinched by hunger, the laborer must have his hire; and with all our sagacity we cannot master them as they can."

Salt for Horses' Feet.

THE tendency of common salt to absorb moisture from the air is well-known to all. Mr. E. L. GIBBS, of Orwell, Ohio, communicates to the Ohio *Cultivator* a new use he has made of this property of salt, by applying it to the hoofs of horses:—"A horse that is driven upon a hard road is liable to get stiffened. I have seen valuable horses driven upon our own plank roads a few days get quite lame. I reasoned to myself of the cause, and produced a remedy which proved effectual. I have since tried it on foundered or hoof-bound horses, and with good results. I made a solution of salt and water, and applied it three times a day, by washing the legs and pouring upon the bottom of the feet, and holding them up a few minutes to let it strike in, and saw the wonderful effects in a few days. I account for it in this way:—Salt will extract moisture from the atmosphere, which keeps the feet moist all the while; it acts nearly like melted grease upon the foot. The hoof becomes tough, yet pliable; like a chunk of wood saturated with salt or brine, it is tough, yet moist, and so with a horse's foot. Here let me add, that the practice of rasping a cracked hoof to toughen it is all folly.—Apply brine, and you will effect a cure."

A Good Crop of Corn.

AT the recent Annual Meeting of the Oswego. Co. Ag. Society, JESSE BABCOCK offered for a premium a crop of corn raised by him the past season from one acre of ground. The following statement exhibits mode of culture, expenses, and returns:—The ground was accurately measured. The crop amounted to 100 bushels and 24 pounds, at 75 pounds per bushel, corn and cob, 194¾ bushels of ears, as measured in the basket. The land had lain in grass three years as a meadow. Previous to being laid to grass it had on it first a crop of corn, second a crop of wheat, third, one of oats. The soil is a gravelly loam, with gravel and sand subsoil, and some small stone. The ground was plowed about the 15th of May, about ten inches deep. Thirty loads of manure were plowed under. It was cultivated and harrowed lengthwise of the furrows, marked out with a chain, rows 3½ feet each way, and planted May 20 with a mixture of Dutton and small eight-rowed yellow corn, tarred and plastered; about the 20th of June commenced cultivating; went twice in a row each way, and hoed on the 25th, then put on the hill a mixture of lime, ashes, and plaster, about six bushels to the acre. On the 15th of July, cultivated and hoed as before, and thinned out to four and five stalks to the hill. Cut up by the roots and shocked Sept. 20th and 21st, husked and measured on the 18th and 19th of Oct. This crop of corn was part of a field of six acres, all treated as nearly alike as possible, and which yielded to the acre 100 bushels of sound corn, and about eight loads of pumpkins.

CROP.	Dr.
To one day's plowing	$ 4 50
" cutting [illegible] harrowing	1 00
" marking [illegible] planting	1 00
[illegible]	1 50
[illegible]	2 00
" [illegible] $1 husking $4	5 00
" [illegible] manure [illegible] at $75 per acre	5 50
" [illegible] drawing and spreading [illegible]	16 50
	$36 00
CROP.	Cr.
By 100 24-56 bus. corn at 62½ cts	$62 71
By stalks and pumpkins	7 00
	$69 71
Balance in favor of crop	$33 71

Agricultural Societies.

CONNECTICUT STATE AG. SOCIETY.—The Annual Meeting of this body was held Jan. 12, and resulted in the choice of the following officers:—*President*—EPHRAIM H. HYDE, 2d, Stafford. *Vice-Presidents*—J. P. Barstow, Norwich; Robbins Battell, Norfolk. *Corresponding Secretary*—Henry A. Dyer, Hartford. *Recording Secretary*—T. S. Gold, West Cornwall. *Treasurer*—F. A. Brown, Hartford. *Chemist*—Prof. S. W. Johnson, New Haven. *County Directors*—Horace Williams, Hartford Co.; W. Webb, New Haven Co.; James A. Bill, New London Co.; J. Gould, Fairfield Co.; Peleg C. Child, Windham Co.; Abijah Catlin, Litchfield Co.; W. G. Buell, Middlesex Co.; R. B. Chamberlin, Tolland Co.

ILLINOIS STATE AG. SOCIETY.—Officers for 1859:—*President*—LEWIS ELLSWORTH, of Du Page county. *Vice-Presidents*—C. B. Denio, of Jo Davies; W. H. Van Epps; John Gerard, of Vermillion; Alva Dunlap, of Peoria; J. W. Singleton, of Adams; Stephen Dunlap, of Morgan; Wm. Kyle, of Edgar; S. B. Chandler, of St. Clair; H. S. Osborne, of Perry. *Recording Secretary*—John Cook, of Sangamon. *Corresponding Secretary*—S. Francis, of Sangamon. *Treasurer*—J. W. Bunn, of Sangamon.

VERMONT STATE AG. SOCIETY.—At the Annual Meeting, held at Middlebury, Jan. 5, the following officers were elected:—*President*—E. B. CHASE, Lyndon. *Vice-Presidents*—Edwin Hammond, J. W. Colburne, H. H. Baxter, Henry Keyes. *Treasurer*—D. Seymour. *Secretary*—Charles Cumings. *Directors*—F. Holbrook, J. W. Vail, H. S. Morse, John Gregory, U. H. Penniman, J. Jackson, D. R. Potter, D. Needham, D. A. Benedict, and Elijah Cleveland. Mr. Needham, of Hartford, presented the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:—That the Bill known as the "Morrill Land Bill," has the hearty approval of this Society, and that it is due to the great cause of Agriculture, that the passage of the Bill should be secured. The Treasurer's report exhibited a balance of $3,861 in the Treasury.

PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING AGRICULTURE.—The Annual Meeting of this Society was held Jan. 5th, when the following persons were elected officers for the ensuing year:—*President*—CRAIG BIDDLE. *Vice-Presidents*—A. T. Newbold, C. W. Harrison. *Treasurer*—George Blight. *Corresponding Secretary*—S. G. Fisher. *Recording Secretary*—A. L. Kennedy. *Librarian*—J. McGowan. *Assistant Recording Secretary*—P. R. Freas. *Executive Committee*—John Lardner, Sam'l Williams, D. Landreth, A. T. Newbold, John S. Haines, Craig Biddle. *Library Committee*—David Landreth, Craig Biddle, George Blight.

BROOME COUNTY AG. SOCIETY.—Officers elected for 1859:—*President*—MARON WATTLES; *Vice-Presidents*—Oliver C. Crocker, Wesley Jackson; *Secretary*—Walter L. Peck; *Treasurer*—S. H. French; *Directors*—John E. Wentz, Mulford Northrop, Gilbert Taber, Ebenezer Briggs, James Howland.

CAYUGA CO. AG. SOCIETY—Officers for 1859.—*President*—H. W. DWIGHT, Auburn; *Secretary*—L. C. Mann, Auburn; *Treasurer*—H. T. Cook, Auburn.

CHENANGO COUNTY AG. SOCIETY.—Officers for 1859:—*President*—HORACE PACKER, Oxford; *Vice-Presidents*—Ira Crane, Daniel Beebe, Benadam Frink, Joseph Juliand, Jr., George Juliand, Augustus Ross, and David B. Parce; *Secretary and Treasurer*—Jonathan Wells.

CORTLAND CO. AG. SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of this Society the following officers were elected:—*President*—MANLY HOBERT, of Homer; *Vice-President*—Joshua Ballard, Cortland Village; *Secretary*—H. B. Burr, of Homer; *Treasurer*—M. L. Webb, of Cortland Village; *Executive Committee*—F. H. Hibbard, W. P. Randall, A. L. Chamberlain, S. D. Freer, N. Kingman, J. Cross, N. Hitchcock, J. W. Stowe, A. Peck, W. E. Tallman, M. Kinney, H. McKevvet.

GENESEE CO. AG. SOCIETY.—The Annual Meeting of this Society was held at Batavia on the 11th inst. A friend writes:—"There was a very large attendance, and never has there been as much interest manifested in the Society since its organization, as the members were universally aroused to the importance of sustaining and progressing in the affairs thereof." The following officers were elected for 1859:—*President*—JOHN F. PLATO, (re-elected.) *Vice-Presidents*—Nelson Parker, Charles Kendall. *Treasurer*—N. B. Keeney. *Rec. Sec'y*—Chas. Sprague. *Cor. Sec'y*—N. K. Cone.

JEFFERSON CO. AG. SOCIETY.—Officers for 1859: *President*—CLIFT EAMES, Rutland. 1st. *Vice-President*—Wm. Rouse, Clayton; 2d, James Parker, Watertown; 3d, V. C. Warriner, Ellisburg. *Secretary*—A. P. Sigourney. *Directors*—E. G. Cook, Ellisburgh; George Webb, Pamelia. *Auditors*—T. H. Camp, Edward S. Massey, John A. Sherman.

ONONDAGA CO. AG. SOCIETY.—Officers for 1859: *President*—JAMES MUNRO, Camillus. 1st *Vice-President*—Silas Corey, Otisco. *Secretary*—Hiram Wiard. *Treasurer*—Charles Pope. *Directors*—Geo. H. Atwell, Delphi; P. D. Howe, Marcellus; Willard L. Adams, Salina; Luther Baker, Lafayette.

SARATOGA CO. AG. SOCIETY—Officers for 1859.—*President*—ISAAC FRINK, Milton; *Vice-Presidents*—Chauncey Boughton, Samuel Hoyt; *Rec. Secretary*—E. J. Huling, Saratoga Springs; *Cor. Secretary*—John A. Corey, Saratoga Springs; *Executive Committee*—two from each town.

SKANEATELES TOWN AG. SOCIETY.—Officers for 1859:—*President*—L. W. CLEAVELAND; *Vice-Presidents*—Russell Frost, Joab L. Clift; *Secretary*—W. M. Beauchamp; *Treasurer*—W. J. Townsend; *Directors*—G. H. Bentley, H. Ellery, W. E. Clark, J. H. Allen, W. Clift, Edward Shepard, H. Fulton, J. Darcy Jr., Dr. Austin.

Agricultural Miscellany.

A MODEL BARN.—The next number of the RURAL will contain plans and full description of the Barn which received the first premium offered by us last season, in connection with the report of the Committee. Unless we mistake this will prove *the best plan* of a Barn, (or at least one of the best,) ever published in this country. It will be accompanied with *thirteen* engravings, comprising elevation, perspective view, ground plans, sections, working drawings, &c.,—thus enabling any good carpenter to construct a similar one without the aid of a professional architect, and imparting valuable information and suggestions to those wishing to build on a modified or cheaper plan.

—The premium and other plans of Farm Buildings which will be given in this volume of the RURAL will alone be worth many times the subscription price of the paper to those interested in the subject. All who purpose building should examine the plans given in the RURAL.

THOROUGH TILLAGE.—At one of the Irish Agricultural meetings, one of the speakers remarked—and the truth may be well applied in this country—"What brought out the immense agricultural wealth of Scotland? and what enabled the small farmer in Belgium, who, on seven or eight acres of light, sandy land, was able to do better for himself and his family, than we can do on twenty or thirty acres of land in this country? It was not by allowing three-fourths of a light tillage farm to remain in poor herbage, and making the other portion pay the rent. It was because the farmers in those countries he alluded to, made agriculture a study, a duty, and a pleasure, and because the farmers till their land to the best advantage, and because no man there would keep one single acre of land more in his possession, than his capital and his means would enable him to cultivate."

THE FARMERS' LIBRARY.—It need not be large nor expensive. It need not be purchased all at once. The reading of it need not detract one hour from the important labors of the field. But every farmer should by all means *have* a library. He needs one for his own benefit. He should have some scientific knowledge of the various operations he is daily performing, both for his own enjoyment, and so as to be able to give a reason for every thing he does on his land. His children should be taught the philosophy of agriculture, more or less thoroughly, that they may be attached to the calling, and may make improvements in it.

THE BUTTER TRADE OF NEW YORK.—We give below a single county's shipment of butter for one week to New York city:—From Monday to Saturday night, 8th inst., 382 loads of butter passed thro' the Wilwick toll-ate, in Ulster Co., for N. Y. city, via Rondout steamers. These loads average twenty firkins. Calculate each firkin at 90 pounds, and we have 643,600 pounds, or over twenty-six tons of the best butter in the market, passing this one point. Its cash value, as prices now rule, is not less than $135,000. This relates to the business of but a single week at one point, and from one county.

THE WEATHER is unusually mild and pleasant for the season. Last week we were favored with three very bright, sunshiny days—more like June than January—and as we write (Tuesday, 25th,) the sun is shining brightly, while stoves and overcoats are at a discount. Though we have had cold weather, or "snaps," during the past two months, there have been only two days in which sleighing was good in this region. Altogether the winter has been unusually mild, with only a few days of really frigid weather.

VIRGINIA FARM JOURNAL.—This is the title of a new weekly, in folio form, commenced with the present year, at Richmond, Va., by M. S. CROCKETT, at $2 per annum. The number before us makes a good appearance, and is well filled. We welcome the Journal to the ranks of Rural Journalism, and trust it will do good service in the cause of Improvement in the "Old Dominion."

HON. HENRY L. ELLSWORTH, formerly Commissioner of Patents, died at Fairhaven, Conn., on the 27th ult. Mr. ELLSWORTH was widely and favorably known for his efforts to promote Agricultural Improvement while in the Patent Office, and since his retirement he has been extensively engaged in farming in Indiana.

NUTTING'S FANNING AND ASSORTING MACHINE.—It will be observed by reference to advertisement in this paper, that territorial rights of this machine (which was illustrated and described in the RURAL of the 15th inst.,) are offered for sale by Mr. WALLACE WARREN, of Utica, N. Y.

TIOGA CO. AG. SOCIETY—Officers for 1859.—WM. R. SHOEMAKER, Nichols; *Rec. Secretary*—Wm. Smyth, Owego; *Cor. Secretary*—H. A. Beebe, Owego; *Treasurer*—T. I. Chatfield, Owego; and three *Vice-Presidents* and six *Directors*.

NEW ENGLAND RURAL ITEMS.—A pig 16 months old, fed on whey through the summer, with corn meal added in the fall, weighed 641 pounds when killed, 13th inst., by MARTIN L. COLE, of Cheshire, Ct.; and a pig half as old, of LYMAN TWINING, of Tolland, Mass., weighed 383 pounds.—CHARLES F. POND, of Hartford, President of the New Haven R. R., has gone into the improved stock business, and imported three heifers and a bull of the Ayrshire breed from Scotland.—LEONARD L. LOMBARD, of Barnstable, Mass., raised 48 barrels of cranberries on his farm last year, and sold them in Boston for $17 a barrel, or $816.—WILLIAM H. DICKINSON, of Hatfield, gets $2,600 for tobacco grown on six acres the past season. One acre in East Whately produced 2,900 pounds of tobacco.—A speculator bought a large quantity of tobacco in Hatfield for 12c., and the price now being 20c., he pockets a handsome profit, estimated in gross at $50,000.—A. A. SWIFT, of Northampton, raised from one acre, manured with 17 loads of barn manure and 100 pounds of plaster, 135 bushels of New Jersey premium corn in the ear, which yielded a half bushel and two quarts of shelled corn to the bushel of ears.

A CONVERSATION ABOUT DWARF PEARS.

NUMBER THREE.

Visitor.—The great difference in the results of attempts at dwarf pear culture, have somewhat surprised me. Some seem to succeed; the trees grow well, and produce astonishing crops; others not only fail in getting fruit, but even the trees refuse to grow. For this difference, of course there must be a CAUSE, and in this cause it seems to me lies the secret of the whole matter.

Editor.—The *cause* of success and failure is the nut which we are attempting to crack. But it is surrounded with such a thick shell of circumstances, that the work is a little tedious, if not difficult. The causes are:

1st,—*Planting improper varieties and poor trees.*

2d,—*Planting in unsuitable soil.*

3d,—*Neglect after planting.*

1st.—There are only a few varieties that succeed sufficiently well on the quince to make it advisable to plant them for profit, and some of these perhaps it would not be advisable to plant for market, either on the quince or pear stock. At the time dwarf pear culture began to attract attention in this country, little was known practically on the subject, and our nurserymen propagated all varieties on the quince root, many of which refused to make a successful growth. Those who bought and planted these sorts, of course failed,—jumped at the conclusion that dwarf pears were a humbug,—and are now ready to give their experience to any editor who wishes it for publication. This would be well enough, and would not lead to wrong conclusions, were they to give the names of the varieties; but this important matter is generally forgotten. About this time, French nurserymen, induced by the demand, sent many poor trees, that were unsalable at home, to this country. They were sold cheaper than trees could be bought of our nurserymen, and many planted them. Most of these died, and writers, in giving their experience, forget also to mention this fact, and it is only by careful inquiry of other parties conversant with the facts, that the truth can be ascertained. LEWIS F. ALLEN, in giving his experience and losses, neglected to mention that many of his trees were of this character, and Mr. NORTON, who recently wrote against dwarf pears, forgot to state that many of his trees were *cullings*, a fact he had previously acknowledged, and also the other fact, that of the good trees he planted, many were varieties that experience has proved are worthless for culture on the quince root. S. D. PARSONS wrote an article for the January number of the *Horticulturist* describing his failure with a dwarf pear orchard, directly contradicting all his previous published statements, and containing hardly a homeopathic dose of truth. This you will see proved in a future number of the RURAL.

2d.—The necessity of planting trees in a good soil, is a hard lesson for the majority of cultivators to learn. Many thousands of apple trees have been ruined by being planted in a wet, mucky, or springy soil. The soil for an orchard of any kind, should be well drained, and any first rate soil for an apple orchard, would be equally good for the dwarf pear. The pear, however, does not thrive (at least I have never seen it do so,) on a very light, sandy soil, nor can it be expected to grow where the ground is soaked with water one-half of the year. Perhaps one-half of the trees planted, are ruined from being planted in a bad soil.

3d.—From the time ADAM endeavored to cast the blame of his transgression upon his wife, down to the present time, when negligent cultivators endeavor to charge the results of their own carelessness upon the poor dwarf trees they have starved, ill-treated and murdered, men have ever been very careful how they acknowledged themselves wrong,—ever anxious to blame some one or something, to get clear themselves. For this reason no one acknowledges that he did not give his trees good culture—blight, or mice, the nature of the trees themselves, or a dispensation of Providence—"anything you choose, sir," as one said, "only don't say that I did it." Look at the newly planted orchards in all parts of the country, see how they are neglected, and yet, talk with the owners, tell them the truth and they will feel insulted. It is not strange then, that when persons write of their failures with dwarf pears, that they do not acknowledge a want of care; indeed, it is not surprising that they stoutly affirm their trees were well cared for. Traveling in Canada West, north-west of Princeton, we observed that the country was almost bare of fruit trees. Passing a farm-house, near which was a meadow, and in it a few disconsolate looking young apple trees, we accosted the owner, and inquired why he had not a good orchard. To this he replied by pointing us to the few scrubby trees in the meadow, and informed us that that was the result of his *third* planting, and he had *got through*. Trees would not grow—the climate was too cold, the wind too bleak, and the trees nurserymen sold not fit to plant. This was pretty much the experience of all his neighbors. We suggested want of care, but it was no use, so we passed on. Less than a mile further on we came to a blacksmith's shop, and near it we were surprised to see a neat garden, and as pretty a young apple orchard as our eyes ever beheld; the tops were well formed, the bark bright and glossy, with every evidence of vigor. Of the son of VULCAN we inquired, what he did to cause his trees to grow so well, and why all his neighbors failed. To this he replied, as we expected that he had only watched his trees and cared for them. Kept the cattle from injuring them kept the ground mellow, pruned when he thought necessary, washed the bark every spring and [illegible] on every insect likely to destroy them. "My neighbors," said he "think my success is owing [illegible] to the smoke from the chimney, the ashes [illegible] iron-filings, but if I served my trees as they do theirs, there isn't iron-filings nor ashes enough in Upper Canada to keep them from dying. I used to tell them so, but now I let them alone. It makes them angry to be told they are not doing right." Two gentlemen near this city procured twenty-five seeds of the *Hubbard Squash* last spring, each took half and planted them. One is a very neat, careful man, the other a *very little careless* about small matters. The result was, the former raised fifty beautiful squashes, and the other did not raise one. The bugs destroyed them. And yet, should we inform him that the result was anything but *luck;* should we intimate that he was in any way at fault, he would think us very foolish or very impudent. Among the insects discovered by Entomologists, destructive to fruit trees; among all the animals wild or tame, large or small, that destroy our orchards, there is none so determined, so persevering, so unconquerable as man. NERO *fiddled* while Rome burned, and blamed others for the work of his own hands; tree-planters, more senseless still, *grumble* at the destruction they cause, and blame the objects that suffer and die from their ill-treatment.

JAMINETTE DWARF PEAR TREE.

Visitor.—This pretty clearly explains the *cause* of the difficulty, and also the *difficulty* of arriving at the whole truth, which, if fairly stated, would be of great benefit to cultivators, while a partial statement may lead to wrong conclusions and wrong practices. One thing is very apparent from our observations, that those who cultivate best, succeed best; and, therefore, I argue that what gives Boston and Rochester so good a reputation for pear growing, is the fact that the prominent cultivators at these places, understand the necessity of good culture, and not in any advantage of soil or climate. Those who neglect their trees, fail here as well as elsewhere.

[We are compelled by want of space to abridge our notes of conversation, but will remark in closing, that we visited the grounds of several private gentlemen, where we found pear trees as vigorous and beautiful as could be desired. Also the premises of A. FROST & Co., and ELLWANGER & BARRY, and at the latter place we took a drawing of a very pretty and thrifty tree, planted eight years since, and that has borne abundant crops almost ever since. Last year, in bearing time, we saw it loaded, and about Christmas time we tasted of its ripened fruit. More than a bushel was picked from it last year. It is the *Jaminette*, which we figured and described in the RURAL of last year, (Dec. 4th,) and which we now recommend as an excellent grower on the quince, exceedingly productive and vigorous, and a fair winter pear. The tree is 12 feet in height.]

BEST APPLE TREES FOR THE WEST.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I notice in the RURAL of Dec. 11th, an article written by H. P. KIMBALL, of Rockford, Ill., advising new beginners to set seedling trees and top-graft them. Mr. KIMBALL says seedlings do better than *any* kind of root-grafted stocks; also, that the seedling always bears bountifully, and the cold affects them but slightly. I at present differ with Mr. KIMBALL, in part, at least. *First*, that seedlings are not always more hardy than root-grafted trees. All of our best varieties were once seedlings. Some were tender, as the *Rambo*, and others hardy, as the *Fameuse*. Now, if the *Fameuse* is grafted on any good stock, either in the root or in the top, it will make a hardy tree. I will admit that if the *Rambo* is grafted, standard height, on a hardy seedling it will make a better tree than if grafted in the root and then trimmed up tall, with but few limbs to shade the body from our scorching sun. But, if the *Rambo*, tender, or *Fameuse*, hardy, are both grafted on tender seedlings, standard height, both will be injured, or killed alike by cold.

Mr. KIMBALL says, by using seedlings you avoid the crooked trunks like the *Fameuse*, and have good feeders besides. Are all seedlings straight? No; but you can select straight ones. Are all grafts crooked? No; take the straight ones then. Select from both alike and in most cases you will have trees equally straight. We must not trim our trees in the West to a tall, straight stem, but let them limb out low, within two or three feet of the ground, and the crook in any variety, if the top is left low, will not be seen, after a few years' growth, and will be of no injury to the tree. If they are grafted at the collar of the root, as they should always be, then the root-grafted tree has the same feeders as the seedling. I do not approve of using short pieces of roots, indiscriminately, as some nurserymen do, but use the collar always.

Mr. KIMBALL says the seedlings always bear bountifully. If we set seedlings four or five years old and graft them, we expect to get fruit in three years after grafting, if of early-bearing varieties. This makes them seven or eight years old, as the case may be. Now, I contend that if we take root-grafted trees, (grafted at the collar,) and of the same varieties, and of the same age as the seedlings, and set them at the same time you do the seedlings, that at the end of three years they will bear more fruit than the grafted seedlings, and the root-grafted trees will have *by far the handsomest tops.* I mean that the trees, seedlings and grafts, shall be of the same age at the time of setting.

We find seedling trees in most nurseries standing by themselves, and they are in most cases neglected, at least until the grafts have been well tended and cared for, and at the age of five or six years are not larger than the grafts, (which have been well cared for,) are at the age of three or four years. Now, if you take the seedlings of six and the grafts of four years old, and (because of the same size,) expect fruit as soon after setting from the root-grafted tree as from the seedling, it is not giving the grafts an equal chance with the seedling.

Mr. KIMBALL says seedlings injure but slightly in winter. Two years ago the coming spring I purchased eight hundred seedling trees, five years old, believing them to be more hardy than grafts. Before setting them in the orchard I cut one or more of the main branches off from every tree to see if they were injured by the cold of the past cold winter of 1855-56, as I was determined to set none but healthy trees. What was my surprise to find but three hundred and six trees that I would risk at all, and I have since replaced some thirty or more of these with root-grafted trees. The remaining four hundred and ninety-four trees I threw away, being worthless. Last spring I went eighty-four miles by railroad and bought two thousand large seedlings, five and six years old, with the privilege of throwing out such as I thought were injured in the least. I think I threw out one-third or more at the time of packing, and when I came to set them out in the orchard, I threw out over six hundred of the two thousand as worthless, being black at the heart. The remaining fourteen hundred have done well. Two years ago at the time I set my first-mentioned seedlings, I set one hundred two years' old root-grafted trees, of different varieties; not one has died, and they are by far the handsomest trees, and in one year more will be larger than the five year old seedlings set at the same time. Of course this convinces me that two years' old trees are better than five years' old.—Also, that root-grafted trees, grafted at the collar, are as good if not better than most seedlings.

My way of setting an orchard is to select out of a quantity of seedlings, a few that are white at the heart, to graft tender varieties on at the height I want the top to form. I would only graft a few tender varieties; there are a few that we can hardly dispense with, and set the remainder of root-grafted or budded trees, of such varieties as are known to be hardy, good bearers, and of varieties that sell well in the market. Two or three years old trees are large enough, and I prefer the former age, as they can be moved with their roots entire, and they suffer little check in their growth.

The following varieties have proved hardy in nearly all sections of the country, and I should rather risk them than any seedlings that I have yet seen.

FOR WINTER. — *Raules Jannet* seven-eights — hardy, and a great bearer. *Winesap*— handsome and perfectly hardy. *Golden Russet* — late keeper, and perfectly hardy.

FOR FALL.—*Fameuse*— always fair and perfectly hardy. *Fall Winesap*—fair and hardy.

EARLY APPLES. — *Carolina Red June* — early bearer and perfectly hardy. *Red Astrachan* — early bearer and perfectly hardy. *Keswick Codlin*, for cooking—early bearer and perfectly hardy.

I hope to have the experience of others through the RURAL, as this is a subject that I am much interested in. I will close for this time by saying that I have twenty acres of orchard, and have twenty acres more ground that I shall set to orchard as fast as possible, and I shall set two years' old root-grafted or budded trees, in preference to large or seedling trees.

E. H. SKINNER.

Marengo, Ill., Jan., 1859

GENESEE VALLEY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY. The Annual Meeting of the Genesee Valley Horticultural Society, for the election of officers, appointing committees for the ensuing year, and transaction of other business, will be held at the Court House in this city, at 10 A. M., on Monday February 7th. It is desirable that there should be a general attendance of members, citizens, and all in this vicinity interested in horticulture.

LEAF BLIGHT.—CRACKING OF THE PEAR.

MESSRS. EDITORS — In the RURAL of Jan. 8th, "W. W.," of Rochester, speaks of *Leaf Blight* and cracking of the *Pear*. Does he mean to say that this mildew, or fungus, is the cause of cracking? I have an orchard of 500 pear trees, and have no leaf blight. One hundred and fifty of my trees are *White Doyenne* or *Virgalieu*, and for the last two years they have cracked so badly that they were good for nothing. Half of them are standards and half dwarfs. No difference between them as to cracking. They are thrifty, fine trees, and no sign of leaf blight. I think of grafting in the spring. They have been set five years. Is there any remedy for it? W. W. speaks particularly of a remedy for blight,—does he mean the same for cracking? What would be your advice as to grafting? The soil is loam inclining to clay; subsoil clay. The ground has been drained with stone drains. I hope to hear from correspondents on this subject.

Horseheads, Jan., 1859. CHEMUNG.

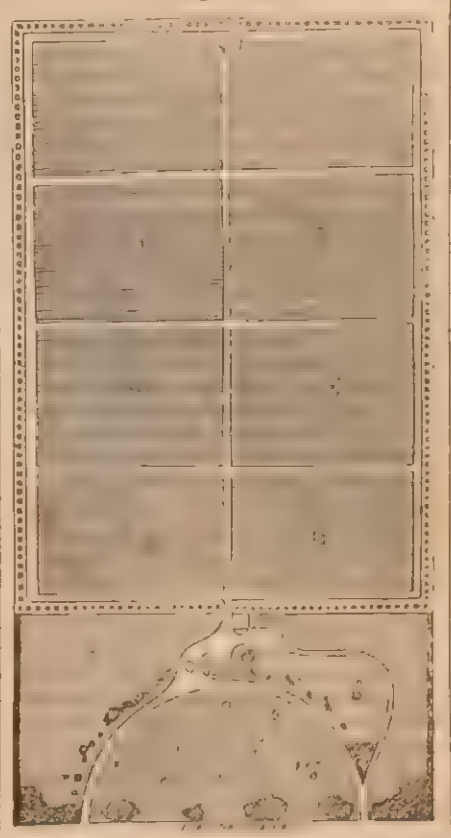
REMARKS.—When the leaves blight badly the fruit generally cracks, but pears often crack when the leaves are perfectly healthy. It has not been proved that there is any connection between the two diseases, though very similar in character.—We can give you no specific for either. We would graft the *Virgalieu* with the *Duchesse de Angouleme*, *Louise Bonne de Jersey* and *Bartlett*.

FORTY ACRE FRUIT AND NURSERY FARM.

RESERVED for time and space we have several inquiries for plans for laying out village and other gardens, which will receive attention before long.—Below we give a plan for laying out a small fruit farm, which we have no doubt will be of advantage to many of our readers, although it may not be adopted by one. The note below, sent us, with a plan that we did not like, explains itself:—

EDS. RURAL:—Accompanying these lines is a *fac simile* of a plan for a Fruit and Nursery Farm of forty acres, sent me by a Western friend for my criticisms, suggestions of alterations, &c., but as this is not my *forte*, I have decided to apply to you, believing you to possess both taste and skill in such matters, and would be pleased to see your alterations and arrangements (if any.) Or, if the accompanying plan is not capable of alteration, would be pleased to see your plan of forty acres for such purposes, *irrespective* of the locality or position of the land, which, of course, should be consulted in practical execution. Think possibly it may be of interest to many, and set more than one reader of the RURAL to thinking how to arrange their *home*, with a view to convenience, comfort, and beauty.—E. WILLIAMS, *West Bloomfield, N. Y.*, 1859.

The plan, we observed, we did not like. In the first place, the plots were of different sizes and forms, and although this is well in a garden, we dislike it for trees that are to be cultivated with horses. Then, they were difficult to get at, it being in some cases necessary to cross one plot to get into another. Neither the apple or peach orchards could be reached without crossing the vineyard. We gave this plan to a landscape gardener of this city, WM. WEBSTER, and requested him to draw us a good plan, giving some suggestions as to our notion. The result is give below.



It is divided into eight plots, containing about four acres each, and the front plot, in which is the house, barn, lawn, &c., contains about eight acres. Through the centre is a road connected with each square, and a road is made around each. Opportunity for turning may be had at the crossings of the roads, but a still better chance is given at the back of the lot. A border of standard fruit trees is planted around the whole farm, both for fruit and shelter. These plots, of course, might be divided to suit convenience, or crops. A, A, apple orchards. B, standard pears, cherries and plums. C, peaches and apricots. D, vineyard. E, raspberries, gooseberries and currants. F, strawberries. G, vegetables. H, dwarf pears and quinces. I, nursery stock. Of course, if a person desired to do much in the nursery business, a larger quantity of land than the plan gives, would be needed.

THE PEACH CROP IN WESTERN NEW YORK.—From all parts of Western New York, we are receiving intelligence of the almost total destruction of the peach buds. In some orchards a few remain sound. One of the most extensive peach-growers in this county sends us the following note:

I regret to say that on examination of peach buds, yesterday, I find that most of them are killed. I sincerely hope that it is not universal throughout the county.—AUSTIN PENNEY, *Clarkson Jan. 18, 1859.*

THE weather is now, January 25th, mild and bright. Our friends in some localities would do well to look out for the mice.

CAKES, YEAST, PRESERVES, BISCUIT, &c.

ENS RURAL — As I have been an attentive reader of your paper for a considerable period, and finding myself much benefited by many of your domestic recipes, feel inclined to add a few of my own, which have been well tested and highly approved by those competent to judge:

KENTUCKY CAKE.—One-half pound butter; 1 of sugar; 1¼ pounds of flour; ¾ pint sour milk; 5 eggs; 1 teaspoonful of soda; spice with nutmeg.

CUP PUDDING. — Three-fourths pound of flour; 1 pt. sweet milk; 4 eggs; 2 ounces butter. This pudding is to be baked in small cups, make any sauce you fancy.

YEAST.—One handful of hops; two quarts of water; boil twenty minutes, then strain and mix this with flour into a batter, to which add one tablespoonful of salt; one of brown sugar; one of ginger; let it stand until lukewarm, then add one-half pint of fresh yeast. Do not cover the jar until the process of fermentation is over, then cover close and keep in a cool place. A small teacupful of this, well stirred up from the bottom, will answer for four common-sized loaves. The sponge should be set over night with warm water.

WATERMELON-RIND PRESERVES.—Select your rind firm, green, and thick; cut them in any fanciful shape—such as leaves, stars, diamonds, &c. When cut, weigh, and to each pound of rind allow 1¼ pounds of loaf sugar. Now for the process of greening. Take a brass or copper kettle, and to a layer of grape vine leaves, which should be well washed, add a layer of the rind, and so on until the last, which should be very thick and well covered with a coarse linen cloth. To each pound of the rind add a piece of alum the size of a pea—then fill up with warm water sufficient to cover the whole, and let it stand upon the stove where it will steam, but *not boil*, until the greening is completed, which will be in two or three hours. When green, lay them in clear, cold water, and commence your syrup. To each pound of sugar add 1¼ pints of water, clarify, put in your rind, have ready sliced some lemons, two to each pound of rind, and when about half done add the lemons. You must boil until the rind is perfectly transparent. If you like the taste of ginger add a few pieces of the root, which will impart a high flavor, and is very pleasant when blended with the lemon.

SODA BISCUIT.—One quart of flour; 1 tablespoonful of soda; 2 of cream of tartar sifted into the flour; ¼ lb. of lard; ½ teaspoonful of salt. Mix into a stiff dough with sour milk, and work soft. Bake quick.

M. C. C.

Louisville, Ky., Jan., 1859.

CANDLES FROM SOFT TALLOW.

THE following recipe I have used, and know it to be valuable:—To twelve pounds of tallow add half a gallon of water; to which add three tablespoonfuls of pulverized alum, and two of saltpetre, which heat and dissolve. Then add tallow and one pound of beeswax; boil hard all together, until the water evaporates, and skim well while boiling. It should not be put in moulds hotter than you can bear your hand in. The candles look much nicer when the wicks are not tied at the bottom. It is not only a disagreeable task to cut the wick off, but it injures the moulds. Never heat moulds to draw candles in cold weather.

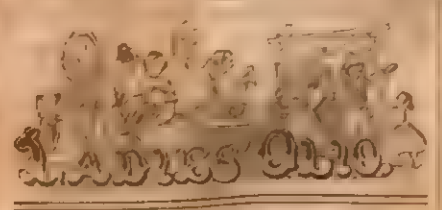
Perhaps it is not generally known that tallow from beeves, fed on corn or grain, is much softer than when fed on grass or clover. Therefore, the tallow from grass-fed cattle should always be hard, with the addition of very little alum and beeswax. In very cold weather much less alum must be used, or they will crack so as to fall to pieces sometimes; and a third more of each should be used in very warm weather, if the tallow is very soft.—G. B. F. *in N. W. Prairie Farmer.*

CURING HAMS.—Please say to R. G. B., that if he wishes to cure hams, so that they will be tender and sweet, he must not put any brine on them, for brine has a tendency to make lean meat hard. The following recipe I have found the best of any I have seen. To a common sized ham take one ounce of saltpetre, and mix with it enough fine salt to rub the ham twice; after rubbing the hams, you can lay them in a heap, or in a cask, putting some sticks in the bottom so that the brine may run off, or a hole in the bottom of the cask that it may run out. After they have lain one week, take them up and rub on the remainder of the salt and saltpetre, let them lay eight or ten days longer, then take them up again and rub them with salt alone; lay them up as before for another week, and they are ready to smoke.—P. F. M., *Chatham Four Corners, N. Y., Jan.*, 1859

TO CURE RHEUMATISM. Seeing in a late number a call for a recipe for *Rheumatism*, I forthwith send one that is best best. Take a large handful of wild blue flag root, and as much black cohosh root, (pounded fine,) put into a quart of best brandy; let it stand a day or two, then take a teaspoonful three times a day till nearly well. Then taper off gradually to one a day until cured.—This is also a preventive.—E. E. A., *Ripley, N. Y.*, 1859.

APPLE DUMPLINGS. — One-third pint of thick cream; two-thirds butter-milk; one teaspoon soda; one half teaspoon of salt; use flour enough to make a good dough. Dress a large sized apple, very sour, for each dumpling, and cover with a crust.—Steam, from three-fourths to an hour, and serve with butter and sugar. Good enough for an epicure.—JANE E. H., *Piffard, N. Y.*, 1859.

TO SETTLE COFFEE.—When eggs are non-comeatable, pour boiling water upon the coffee, set it a short time where it will keep warm, and when wishing to use fill up with hot water, and it is ready for use.—S. D. TOOKER, *Toledo, O.*, 1859.



Written for Moore's Rural New Yorker

BURIED FLOWERS.

BY KATE CAMERON.

I shudder'd when gazing this morning
On the drifts of new-fallen snow,
And thought of a little form sleeping
That cold, chilling mantle below;
I thought how we carefully shielded
Our darling from every rude blast,
How warm was her couch in our dwelling,
Ere she from our loving arms pass'd.

It seemed to my yearning affection
That lonely and sad she must be,
In her narrow bed on the mountain,
Away from her Father and me!
I fancied the cold breath of winter
Would disturb the calm sleep of the grave,
And I thought there was none to watch o'er her,
And I, too, was powerless to save.

But then I remembered the blossoms
That flourished in summer and spring,
And faded away in the autumn
When our forest songsters took wing.
I knew that those fair flowers were sleeping
'Neath the pall of the cold, cheerless snow,
Yet they will awake in the spring-time,
And again in fresh loveliness grow.

And will He, who watches *their* slumber,
And clothes them with beauty once more,
Forget the fair human blossoms
When the Winter of Death shall be o'er?
Ah, no! in the glad Resurrection
They will rise with new beauty and grace,
And then, Oh! our sweet Buried Flower,
Thou'lt be clasped in our loving embrace!

Rochester, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE INTELLECTUAL ABILITIES OF WOMEN.

Addison says, "what sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the mind." Is it not even more, for the process of polishing displays only that which actually existed as much before the block was hewn as afterwards; whereas cultivation largely develops those organs of the mind which had no existence except in *germ*. Knowledge is the proper element of the mind, and just as well might we expect the physical system to grow strong without food, as the mind to expand without knowledge. Discipline the minds of women to patient and persevering application in the more useful sciences—let them drink from fountains rather than the tiny rivulets, and we shall be better prepared to judge of her intellectual abilities. We do not claim for her the judge's seat, nor the halls of legislation as the place in which to display her talents; neither is the scene of carnage her field of glory; but we believe she moves in a sphere which requires equal strength of intellect with the other sex. It is no evidence to the contrary because she has never turned her thoughts in the direction of a Newton, or a Fulton, and made like discoveries. Upon woman devolves the care of guiding aright the youthful mind. By her the noble principles which are to distinguish them in maturer years are engrafted and carefully cultivated, while yet so tender that a ruder hand might snap them from the tiny stem and blast them forever. I cannot think that God, who is the fullness of wisdom and knowledge, would have entrusted her with that care had he not also rendered her competent for the performance of it. Is it not a fact, fully demonstrated from the pages of the past, that there have been women, in every department of life in which they were suffered to appear, who have shown genius, second only to the brightest genius in man? "No charter has given man (noble as he is,) an absolute dominion in the elevated empire of intellect," and so long as the name of a Laura Maria Bakea graces the pages of history, or the productions of a More, a Hemans, a Sommerville and a Sigourney adorn our libraries, so long, in our humble opinion, the different traits of character are to be traced to the different circumstances under which the sexes exist, and not to any absolute difference in their mental organization.

But there is a moral sublimity before which the brightest intellect must kneel and adore, and I would that I could, as with a diamond point, engrave it deeply upon the heart of every free-born daughter of our happy land, to become as the God of nature designed they should, not only intellectually, but morally great—that they might truly become the ornament of society, the free, equal, and happy companion of man. No noble, generous heart can long love a starved and dwarfish soul, although encased in nature's fairest casket. He finds no thought, no feeling in harmony with his own, and "like the wires of an untuned instrument, his very heart-strings corrode with the rust of loneliness." But the educated woman,—she whose mind has expanded beneath the influences of the lowly Redeemer—forms the very nucleus of society at home. Her husband loves "her because she is good, and venerates her because she is wise."—she makes bright with influences that can never die those who abide within her province where chiefly is maintained the throne of her power—the name of that province is home, sweet home. The culture of her mind will be admired when her beauty withers and is scattered by the wind like her damask sisters of the spring. Death can hush the music of her voice, but prepared, she glides out silently and calmly to those heavenly anthems that nestle these swelling cadences upon the lips of angels. Hatty

Farmington, N. Y., 1859.

Marriage should be considered as the most solemn league of perpetual friendship, a state from which artifice and concealment are to be barred for ever, and in which every act of dissimulation is a breach of faith.

Money makes the gay lady, but virtue the noble woman

HOME AND WOMEN

Our homes, of what is their corner-stone but the virtue of women, and on what does our social well-being rest but our homes? Must we not trace all other blessings of civilized life to the doors of our private dwellings? Are not our hearth-stones guarded by the holy forms of conjugal, filial and parental love, the corner-stone of Church and State; more sacred than either, more necessary than both? Let our temples crumble, and our academies decay; let every public edifice, our halls of justice and our capital of State, be leveled with the dust; but spare our homes. Let no Socialist invade them with his wild plans of community. Man did not invent, and he cannot improve or abrogate. A private shelter to cover in two hearts dearer to each other than all the world, high walls to exclude the profane eye of every human being; seclusion enough for children to feel that mother is a holy and peculiar name—this is home; and here is the birth-place of every virtuous impulse, of every sacred thought. Here the Church and State must come for their origin and their support. Oh, spare our homes! The love we experience there gives us more faith in an infinite goodness; the purity, disinterestedness and tenderness of home is our foretaste and our earnest of a better world. In the relation there established and fostered, do we feel through life the chief solace and joy of existence. What friends deserve the name, compared with those whom a birth-right gave us. One mother is worth a thousand friends, one sister truer and dearer than twenty companions. We who have played on the same hearth, under the lights of the same scene and season of innocence and hope, in whose veins run the same blood; do we not find that years only make the more sacred and important the tie that binds us? Coldness may spring up, distance may separate, different spheres may divide; but those who can love anything—who continue to love at all—must find that the friends whom God himself gave, are wholly unlike any we can choose for ourselves, and that the yearning for these is the strongest spark in the expiring affections.—*Christian Inquirer.*

FAT YOUNG LADIES AND VINEGAR.

Taken in moderation, there is no doubt vinegar is beneficial; but in excess it impairs the digestive organs. Experiments on artificial digestion show that if the quantity of acid be diminished, digestion is retarded; if increased beyond a certain point, digestion is arrested. There is reason, therefore, in the vulgar notion, unhappily too fondly relied on, that vinegar helps to keep down any alarming adiposity, and that ladies who dread the disappearance of their graceful outline in curves of plumpness expanding into "fat," may arrest so dreadful a result by liberal potations of vinegar; but they can only so arrest it at the far more dreadful expense of their health. The amount of acid which will keep them thin, will destroy their digestive powers. Portal gives a case which should be a warning. "A few years ago, a young lady, in easy circumstances, enjoyed good health; she was very plump, had a good appetite, and a complexion blooming with roses and lilies. She began to look upon her plumpness with suspicion; for her mother was very fat, and she was afraid of becoming like her. Accordingly, she consulted a woman, who advised her to drink a glass of vinegar daily. The young lady followed the advice, and her plumpness diminished. She was delighted with the success of her experiment, and continued it for more than a month. She began to have a cough; but it was dry at its commencement, and was considered as a slight cold which would go off. Meantime, from dry it became moist; a slow fever came on, and a difficulty of breathing; her body became lean and wasted away; night sweats, swelling of the feet and legs succeeded, and a diarrhœa terminated her life. Therefore, young ladies, be boldly fat! Never pine for graceful slimness and romantic pallor; but if Nature means you to be ruddy and rotund, accept it with a laughing grace, which will captivate more hearts than all the paleness of a circulating library. At any rate, understand this, that if vinegar will diminish the fat, it can only do so by affecting your health.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

TOUGHENING INFANTS.

A writer on physiological subjects, in Blackwood, gives the following advice to mothers on the above subject:

"Maternal instinct has in all ages and in all climates taught women to keep their infants warm. Philosophers have at various times tried, by logic and rhetoric, to thwart this instinct. Philosophy has been eloquent on the virtue of making infants 'hardy,' and has declared that cold baths and slight clothing must be as 'strengthening' to the infant as to the adult. Listen to none of these philosophers, ye mothers! They are to be suspected when talking physiology, for under certain circumstances they are the worst of guides, deceiving themselves and you by that fatal facility which intellectual power gives them of making ignorance look like knowledge, and of so speciously arraying absurdity that it looks like plain common sense. It is bad, very bad, to listen to grandmothers, mothers-in-law and nurses, for their heads are mostly mere lumber-rooms of crotchets and absurdities; but it is better sometimes to listen to them than to philosophers who inspire more respect, and cannot irreverently be treated as 'old women.' Maternal instinct must not be perverted by such unphysiological teaching as that of 'hardening' infants. It is true that strong infants can endure this process, but it is certain that in all cases it is more or less injurious; for the universal law is that the younger the animal, the feebler its power of *resisting* cold, in spite of its possessing a higher temperature than the adult."

Politeness is the religion of the heart, as piety is that of the soul. It is good nature in action. It renders whoever may be its object contented and happy under its softening influence. It consists in acts which show their source—the heart

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

IN THE STILL HOUR OF NIGHT.

In the still hour of night when deep'ning shadows
Shut from the vision all earth's outward strife,
Within the soul's of men a magic curtain
Divides the inner from the outer life.

Then all the semblances which mask the spirit
In the rash din and turmoil of the world
Are cast aside, and like a written banner
We see the records of the past unfurled.

Then in the solitude, alone with heaven,
Once more are dreamed the glowing dreams of youth;
Once more the spirit, as of yore it worshiped,
Bows only at the glorious shrine of Truth.

Again the star of Hope is brightly beaming—
Again Peace reigns the trusting heart within.
And, like a guardian angel, Virtue keepeth
It undefil'd from even the *thought* of sin.

These are the moments when the light ariseth—
When "Heaven comes down," and faith, and joy, and love,
Ruling in triumph over many sorrows,
Raise us all earth's vain cares and wrongs above.

Let us thank God that thus we gain, through shadows,
Some glimpses of a "better home" than this;
Aye, let us thank Him that we thus inherit
A foretaste of the endless feast of bliss.

Hastings, N. Y., 1859. Rosella.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SPIRIT OF UNREST.

To illustrate the difficulty of being contented with one's lot, Dr. Franklin gave an apple to a little child. This filling one hand he gave it a second, which filled the other. He then offered it a third—larger, rosier and more beautiful than the other two. Failing to hold all three, it burst into tears. In the principle thus illustrated, we discover one of the strongest contributors to man's happiness and unhappiness in life. Discontented with our present state, we are ever seeking "solid bliss, by trying something new." Impelled by the spirit of "unrest," man is constantly seeking for something beyond his present grasp, and he who has experienced the joy of the inventor or discoverer, can believe us when we say there is no earthly joy like that which ascends in the glad "Eureka" shout with which one heralds his triumph. Men believe that in earthly fame and glory is to be found the boon of happiness, yet when these are once attained, they always fail—with the false man, because it is not in his nature to be filled—with the true man, because those feebler lights are lost in the brighter glory which he experiences, the inward satisfaction of having taken a step in advance of his age. Appealing to him through the sentiment, "what man has done, man can do," this spirit of "unrest" reveals to him the hidden things beyond the bounds of present knowledge, and teaches to the soul, the grandeur, the beauty of creation. This "unresting" in the present once revealed a great idea to a man, and for twelve long years—years of disappointed hope, of failure, and accounted madness—this man sought to embody his idea, and behold now in every dwelling the record of the labors and triumph of Daguerre. Men, fellow-men with you and I, have conquered hidden ideas, and in their jubilant glee have lacked the means of proclaiming their triumphs to the world; and lo, greater inventions have given them publicity.—Steam cried,

"Harness *me* down with your iron bands,"

and it was done. The lightning laughed in hoarse thunder notes at the impotence of man, and defied him, and lo, it has been chained to the chariot of thought, and now vies with the speed of light in its haste to do man's bidding.

This spirit of "unrest,"—the soul of progress, and the inspiration of Genius,—is well nigh invincible. Let an idea but once laugh in its face, and no matter how vague, no matter how dimly seen far down the corridors of the unattained, and it pursues that idea, "unhasting, yet unresting,"

"O'er bog, o'er steep, thro' straight, rough, dense or rare,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies,"

steady in the pursuit until it overtakes and drags forth for the inspection of a world. Are there great men living? Study them, and you will find this spirit, united with industry and unwavering perseverance, at the bottom of all their success.—The joy of Hope lights their pathway, until it becomes the joy of the Attained, only to break forth again in firstborn glory, to light them once more.

But not thus alone, has it blessed the world. It is a favorite pastime with many to bewail the devastation caused by ambition, conquest, and that "insatiate grasping for power," manifested by the world's tyrants. Are they tyrants? Who would affirm that Cæsar's conquests did not more for the savage nations of the North, than the preachers of peaceful civilization would have done for them to the present? Who would declare that Napoleon, with all his insatiate ambition, the embodied spirit of "Unrest," did not more for the progress, the liberty of Europe, than all the Peace Societies the world ever saw? Did he act from an ambition that was purely ungodly? There are those who say he did, and there are those who are willing to put faith in the good spirit of his heart, and say he truly sought the good of his country and of Europe.

Let him who would accomplish much, be careful lest he be ready to *rest* in the present. The spirit of which we have spoken, calls to us daily, hourly, in the voice of duty, obligations to God, our fellows, and to self, commanding us to *rest not*, but "seek that which is good." If disobeyed, it punishes, for who more miserable than he who is willing to sit down quiet and inert, satisfied with the attained, beholding no good in the future, but ease, inactivity and inglorionsness. He is happiest, who rather than be tossed by this spirit as by an angry sea, is willing to work, to keep in advance of its restless surging; for by that very spirit, which seems the tyrant of his life, he is enabled to overcome—to conquer for himself a kingdom.

Toledo, Ohio, 1859. T. D. Tooker.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OLDEN MEMORIES.

It is pleasant, sometimes, to forget the active, living present, and lose ourselves in the memories of scenes and times past and gone—to think of the days when we were "boys," and ran and frolicked in fields and pastures—when we chased squirrels and rabbits, and hunted birds' nests—when we slid down hill, and skated, and built snow huts and glorious air castles, (some of us have not left off doing the last yet,) in the years agone. Shall we recall some of these "Olden Memories?"

"They are jewels of the mind!
They are tendrils of the heart,
That with being are entwined—
Of our very selves a part.
They the records are of youth,
Kept to read in after years,
They are manhood's well of truth
Filled with childhood's early tears.
Like the low and plaintive moan
Of the night-wind through the trees,
Sweet to hear, tho' sad and lone,
Are these 'Olden Memories.'"

The Old School-House. How our thoughts fly back at the sound. Thousands have written about it and described its scenes—thousands have told of its enjoyments, and of the days spent within its walls, and yet the name still thrills our hearts, and calls up pleasant memories of youthful days—of days when we sat in the shade of the maple which grew by the door, laughing and shouting in unrestrained and thoughtless glee, and playing our childish pranks with the boys and girls who gathered there. Of the walk through the orchard and down the road by the old birch and great rock—which we often tried to climb, and got many a tumble and bruise in so doing—to the place where grew the red raspberries which we used to pick and string on spears of grass and present to the "Mistress"—and then the school-house itself, the color of weather-beaten pine, with its low walls and roof—the maple in front, with its robin's nest which all the boys held religiously sacred—the woods and bushes behind, where we gathered hazel nuts, and got branches of the white maple to hang as curtains over the windows in the hot summer days—and where we went "beech-nutting" when the October frosts came. A little beyond the school-house was the clear, bubbling brook which came flowing out of the woods in the shadow of a noble hemlock, and then ran quietly through the field to the bridge under which we anxiously looked for swallows' nests—then went winding along between high banks, half-concealed by alders, and forming numerous eddies in which we fished for speckled trout, to the "swimming place," and then on till once more lost in the forest. Beyond the brook was the hill where, in the winter "noonings," we used to slide, and have grand trials of speed between rival sleds.

With the memory of the old school-house, comes that of spelling and singing-schools—of first attempts at "speaking pieces" and writing "compositions"—of our first dreamings of fame—and of those who used to sit on its benches with us, of many of whom it can already be said—"after life's fitful fever, they sleep well." Others have roamed far away from the paternal home and hearthstone, and now, when twilight approaches, sometimes look back to the old place with pleasant memories. A few of those who used to meet in the shade of the maple are making for themselves a name in the land. From tracing the lives of those who used to gather there, we come back to the old school-house, and our thoughts wander to the old farm where we lived then, and to the old orchard from whence we obtained the Pippins, Pearmains, and Baldwin's, the Gilliflowers and Greenings, with which we used to fill our pockets and ourselves; but of these, we will write another time.

The old school-house is gone—the woods and bushes are cleared away—cattle graze where the children played—the hemlock no longer shadows the brook now flowing between bare banks, seemingly not more than half so large as in boyhood's days—the place where we used to slide, and which we thought quite a hill *then*, is nothing but a knoll to-day; but the maple by the door still thrives and the robins still build in it—I stood in its shade not many months ago while my mind was filled with "Olden Memories." H. M. A.

Princeton, Min., 1859.

Dr. Henry King, an English poet and divine, who lived in the seventeenth century, wrote a poem to his wife, in which occurs the following passage:

'Tis true, with shame and grief I yield,
Thou like the vanne first took'st the field,
And gotten hast the victory
In thus adventuring to dye
Before me, whose more years might crave
A just precedence in the grave.
But hark! my pulse like a soft drum
Beats my approach, tells thee I come,
And slow how'e'er my marches be,
I shall at last sit down by thee.

In the above, it will be noticed, Dr. King anticipated one of Longfellow's finest images in the "Psalm of Life:"

Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

We think the image is used with equal felicity in both cases.

Death.—We thought nothing new could be said about death, but Taylor of the Chicago Journal, has the following ideas:—"There is a dignity about that going away alone, we call dying; that wrapping the mantle of immortality about us; that putting aside with a pale hand, the azure curtains that are drawn around this cradle of a world; that venturing away from home for the first time in our lives, for we are not dead; there is nothing dead to speak of, and seeing foreign countries not laid down on any maps we know about. There must be lovely lands somewhere starward, for none ever return that go thither, and we very much doubt if any would if they could."

Writing has been defined to be the art of painting visible words—giving substance and color to immaterial thought, enabling the dumb to talk to the deaf.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HYMN.

When I can feel my soul
From earthly fetters free,
And all her hope, her love, her trust,
Safe anchored, Lord, in Thee,
My lyre shall sound a note
Of praise unheard before,
And sadness, from her fearful strings,
Breathe through my song no more.

When levity shall cease
To mark my way of life—
And speech and thought no longer be
With sinful folly rife—
My lips shall then essay
To make thy goodness known,
And strive to tell, to other hearts,
The rapture of my own.

And, oh, more glorious still,
When every doubt shall flee,
And not a cloud of fear shall hang
Between my soul and Thee,
The grave shall seem no more
A vault of dread and gloom;
But perfect love and faith shall fill
With light and joy the tomb.

Franklin Corners, Erie Co., Pa., 1859. S. A. W.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SOUL'S SEPTEMBER.

There lives in the memory of every individual some sweet remembrance of by-gone moments amidst whose treasured scenes Affection loves to linger—whose light once shed a rich halo around us, and even now reflects its happiness o'er our pathway, lighting us onward to our rest—our home—some cherished flower in life's wreath, diffusing still its fragrance as it blooms in Memory's garden—some chord in life's organ, which, though touched long ago, still reverberates through memory's halls. That precious moment was not one of thoughtless idleness, blessings neglected, or talents buried; but 'twas one of privileges improved, of untiring energy and earnest heart-work. That flower was not a fading flower, but one whose seed was sown in the June of life, and now in the "Soul's September" blooms brighter and brighter, until it is twined in the fadeless wreath that decks an angel's brow. That organ tone was not one which dies upon the listening ear, but one that awakens an echo which shall vibrate long after the organist is sleeping in dust—e'en through eternity. That moment was one spent in storing our minds with useful knowledge, in comforting the afflicted; or, mayhap, in performing an act of kindness which stirred in the bosom of the grateful recipient the deep fountains of affection, which, while life exists or being lasts, will never cease to flow—in directing some weary, thirsty traveler to the "river of life," of which "if a man drink he shall never thirst again."—That flower was a loving smile bestowed upon one weary and fainting by the wayside, which sent him on his way rejoicing. That organ tone was a gentle, affectionate word, which came like a balm of healing to the wounded heart, and raised the drooping spirits of a fellow mortal, sending them far away on Hope's bright pinions.

And why may not our lives *ever* be made up of bright moments gleaming with gentle words and sunny smiles? Does it diminish aught of our happiness? "Youth is the seed-time of life—old age the harvest." Then, what sowest thou?—for what thou sowest thou shalt also reap. And if in the June of life thou sow the seeds of diligence, self-denial and love, thou shalt in thy "Soul's September" reap a rich, a precious harvest.—What sowest thou? Art thou dreaming away the diamond hours of a golden existence, allowing them, as each setting sun betokens thy journey shorter, to glide into Eternity laden with the dark memorial of thy frailties to be penned in the recording angel's ledger? Dreaming away thy time, that precious commodity doled out by atoms, without one thought of the "great hereafter?"—Thou art sowing to the winds, wasting the seed-time, the June of life, and in thy "Soul's September" thou shalt reap a harvest of tears.

When the genial breath of spring has unlocked the fetters of the frozen earth, the cheerful husbandman toils diligently to scatter o'er his well harrowed land the good seed, which being warmed by the sun, and refreshed by the gentle showers of Heaven, will produce in summer a golden harvest, and as he garners it into his storehouses, a song of praise goes up from his grateful heart to the God of the harvest, who, "though Paul plant and Apollos water, alone can give the increase." And while Autumn is stealing o'er the landscape, he enjoys the September of the good. Brother, sister, what harvest hast thou garnered? We must strive not for earth's ephemeral pleasures, but for those that never fade—for a youth that never grows old—and if our cheeks do wear the scars of sorrow's war, strew life's pathway with unfading flowers, gem it with sunny smiles, if we would obtain the crown, secure interminable rest, and enjoy an abundant "Soul's September." Death will come—then secure that antidote for all earth's sufferings that taketh away its sting. Age will come—then strive for the seal of immortal youth that is impressed on seraph brows. Eternity will come—then prepare to sing the praise anthems of Heaven's angelic millions. On life's June plow God's fallows, plant sweet affections, fan them with sighs, water them with tears, and harvest ripe graces and joys in our "Soul's September."

Michigan, 1859. J. M. S.

I take goodness in this sense—the seeking the real welfare of men; which is what the Greeks call philanthropia. This, of all virtues and dignities of the mind, is the greatest, being the character of the Deity, and without it, man is a busy, mischievous, wretched being, no better than a kind of vermin.—*Lord Bacon.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE STUDY OF LATIN, AGAIN.

Messrs. Editors:—In the Rural of the 15th inst., there is an article written by a correspondent signing himself "S., of Washington," in which he expresses an unfavorable opinion of the study of the Latin language. He says, "In comparison with the acquisition of any modern language, it is far inferior, both in its construction and adaptability to the intellect of our day, and its incompleteness and paucity of expression." I do not write this because I wish to provoke a discussion, but because I do not like to hear the language of Virgil, Cicero and Sallust, characterized as useless and unworthy of any attention. Let me ask "S." from what the English, French and Italian languages are partly derived? It is generally admitted by men of education that a knowledge of the Latin language will render great assistance in the acquisition of many modern tongues, even the English.

He says, "its tendency—owing to its disgusting mythology, its low moral tone—is to demoralize the Christian to the inferior standard of the Pagan."—"Its disgusting mythology,"—disgusting because men on account of their glorious achievements, were rewarded by being rendered immortal, and in some cases with places among the gods, according to Latin authors. Does "S." take into consideration that our Savior had not been revealed to the ancient Latins? They worshiped the "*Dii Penates*" which had been worshiped by their ancestors, and which had been transmitted from father to son. They had no evidence of the falsity of their religion, and on that account had no reason to doubt it. "Low moral tone!" Ask any one versed in ancient or modern literature, if they can produce a more beautiful poem than "*Virgil's Æneid*," descriptive of the capture of Troy, and the subsequent adventures of Æneas. His description of Tartarus is *more* than equal to Milton's "Hell!" As to oratory, the world has never listened to finer eloquence than that of Cicero. In the oration in which he thunders his contempt against Cataline, what more eloquent and convincing can be produced from the pages of ancient or modern literature?—He says:—"Its effect is to reduce the Christian to the Pagan!" If the scholar has not enough strength of moral character to discriminate between truth and error, when he enters upon classical studies, then he is entirely unfit for them, not they unfit for him! "S." recommends the French and Italian languages. These two nations have long been remarkable for their utter want of moral character, and yet he recommends their study. A person, in order to obtain a correct knowledge of the language he is studying, must be conversant with the literature of the country, and as a consequence will become inculcated with some of the doctrines which he reads. As a specimen of Italian literature, read Guerrazzis "Beatrice Cenci." It is one of the most disgusting works ever issued by a respectable press. If he turns his attention to French Philosophy, he will no doubt read the works of Voltaire and Rosseau, and unless he takes good care he will become an advocate of their doctrines,—perhaps some of their Atheist doctrines. "S." says truly that Latin is of no use to farmers, but this is no evidence that it is useless to the rest of the world.

Batavia, N. Y., 1859. W.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WISDOM.

What is Wisdom? Is it a mere bubble on the sea of life—an *ignis-fatuus* that shines but to deceive? No. The path that leads to knowledge, though trodden but by a few, is not some cunningly devised scheme to delude mankind. There may be trials to endure and crosses to bear before we can stand on the pinnacle of fame and bid adieu to the low attainments that the world calls honorable. I have seen the fair youth kneel at the shrine of pleasure, moving amid fashionable circles, beloved and courted by the gay and mirthful, and aim at nothing higher. Think you that an All-wise and Unerring Creator would form man, endowed with intellectual and moral powers that will remain when the sun grows dim with age, and place him on this beautiful earth for *no* purpose but to live, be merry, and die like the brute creation—neither thinking or caring that there were nobler ends to be attained.

Did Demosthenes gain his position among the great of earth by sitting with folded hands and having his learning handed to him? He was but a poor boy, and arose by his own exertions and self-denial. He proclaimed his orations by the ocean shore, amid the roaring of the billows, that he might accustom himself to the noise of a great audience. Thus he arose to be called "The Prince of Orators." And Homer, the great Grecian Poet, traveled from place to place singing his songs. He was poor and blind, yet his writings are immortalized. I love to muse upon the glorious achievements of the past, and try to listen to that beautiful admonition, "Go thou and do likewise;" and though we may never stand as high in the annals of fame, yet by patience and perseverance we may obtain a knowledge which is durable and not to be despised.

If we obtain a thorough knowledge of History and all other desirable studies, and to these add energy, industry, patience and perseverence, we shall have conquered the world. Nor is this all. While we acquaint ourselves in all desirable accomplishments of the present age, let us seek for that knowledge "which is pure and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." Then shall we be truly happy, and understand the full meaning of Wisdom.

Chapinsville, N. Y., 1858. Orrian.

Reason and Revelation.—He that takes away reason to make way for revelation, puts out the light of both, and is as if he would persuade a man to put out his eyes the better to receive the remote light of an invisible star by telescope.—*Locke.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OUR GRAMMAR CLUB.

It is usually found quite difficult to induce scholars to write "compositions." This I have remedied during the last, and thus far the present winter, by organizing a "Club" described as follows:—Last winter we occupied a short time each Friday P. M. as a "committee of the whole," myself acting as Chairman, and one of the pupils as Secretary. One of our number was then chosen, *vive voce*, according to parliamentary rules, to *address* us upon any proper subject, for each morning of the week. The election was made as formal and dignified as possible, so as to command respect and enlist support, and the result was astonishing. No attendant of the school wished to be excused, but instead, pupils hardly able to write, were anxious to perform the duties. The address had to be written and corrected by the teacher, and read each morning at commencing of exercises, and if teachers want their pupils on hand at "tap of the drum," let them awaken an interest of this kind.

This winter we have organized a little differently—forming, for the same object, what we have named "The Students' Grammar Club." The teacher acts as Chairman, and we have a Clerk who records the result of each election, &c. Great interest is felt, and improvement in spelling, writing, reading, composing, &c., are the result, with something of a knowledge also of the manner of conducting public meetings properly. We recommend it for trial. W. H. Gardner.

Sublette, Ill., 1858.

BOOKS AND THEIR INFLUENCE.

How many homes are destitute and void of those treasures—homes, too, where are displayed all the little gewgaws and trinkets to attract the eye. Often have we entered the parlor of those in middling circumstances, where every stand, side-table, or shelf had upon it some weak-minded person's taste displayed, but in the way of books, not one was to be seen. Parents, many of them having large families, are likewise bereft of these valuable companions, save, in many instances, the family Bible, and the torn and scribbled school-books of their children. Did they only know that by selecting a few or a well-chosen assortment of books, and from time to time making additions, a handsome library might be formed, which should be within the reach of all, and that many a wild, roving boy might be kept from the streets, and from mingling with the pernicious influences which invariably must surround him.

Books, to an inspiring mind, have a charm, a fascination that never tires; they take hold of thought and enchain you within their precincts, and by cultivating this taste it moulds and softens their very nature, as well as adding information at the same time.

Strange as it may appear, we form an opinion at once of a family where we see no books around—it is to us like a garden where are no flowers—a space filled and choked up with weeds; therefore, we say to those who are lacking and deficient of these invaluable ornaments, by all means and without delay make your selections, for home without them is beamless, a day without a sun.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

A POPULAR ERROR.

One of the most common and fatal mistakes made by ardent friends of education, is the indulgence of unreasonable hope, and the maintenance of extravagant views as to what they can effect by the means of it. It is often supposed that great results can be produced in a single term of twelve or fifteen weeks. Both teacher and committee aim at this rapid mode of manufacture. True education is that which aids the slow and healthy growth of the mind—the incorporation into it of principles and the formation of tastes and habits, the full value of which will appear only after mature years have developed their tendencies. The highest and best parts of education are incapable of exhibition. The show made at the close of a term is well enough to amuse children and their fond parents, but is often like that of a newly dressed pleasure grounds, adorned with trees and shrubs fresh from the nursery, having a show of vitality in the foliage, though as yet drawing no sap from the root. Such frost-work of the school-room is soon dissolved, and generally passes away with the occasion. All attempts at such premature results of education are entirely useless, and yet our system of employing teachers by the term renders it almost necessary for a teacher who is ambitious of distinction, to lay his plans for that kind of superficial culture and mechanical drill which can be produced in a few weeks, and shown off as evidence of marvelous skill.—*Sears.*

Decreasing the Hours of Study.—The Teacher's Association of Middlesex county, Mass., have adopted resolutions expressing the opinion that children in the primary schools should not be confined in their seats more than three hours per day, and if the convenience of their parents requires that they should be under their teachers' tuition a longer time each day, the additional hours should be devoted to exercises calculated to promote the moral, the social and physical welfare of the pupils. They also suggest that as pupils advance in years, it is proper to increase the hours of study. The only objection to this is, that children would not be kept at school sufficiently long to suit the convenience of parents, but the difficulty can be obviated by having some arrangements connected with the schools, whereby children can be kept under supervision, and at the same time obtain proper exercise. There can be no doubt that the seeds of disease are implanted in many constitutions by premature and prolonged confinement in schools, and the action of the Middlesex Board is one which deserves consideration.

A Gem of Wisdom.—Few things are impracticable in themselves, and it is for want of application rather than means that men fail of success.

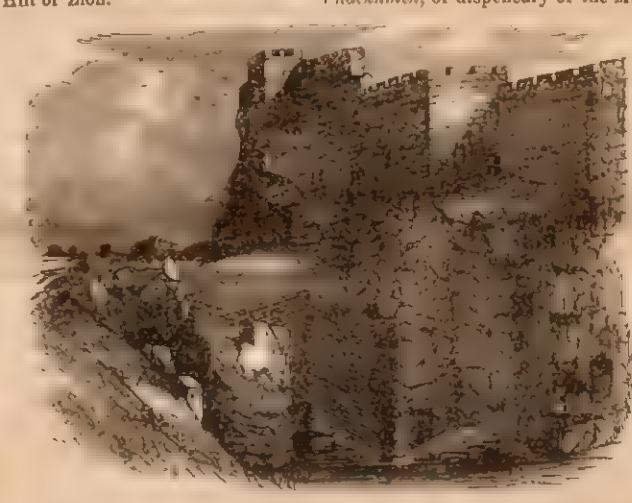
Wholesome sentiment is rain, which makes the fields of daily life fresh and odorous.

SCENES IN AND ABOUT JERUSALEM.

American Christian Mission Premises, on the Stronghold of Zion.

☞ According to promise, we continue our sketches of scenes in and around Jerusalem, and the substance of the matter and illustrations we take from the "*City of the Great King.*" Jerusalem is divided into three general sections, called Quarters—the *Jewish, Christian* and *Mahommedan*. The Christian Quarter comprises all that part of the city lying west of the main thoroughfare that runs from the Zion and Damascus gates, through the principal bazaars or shops. The *Jewish* or *Zion Quarter* is bounded by the Southern portion of the above street on the west, the central part of Temple street, on the north, the base of the hill (Zion within the wall,) on the east, and a portion of the wall on the south—being the more north-eastern corner of Mount Zion, comprising only about one-fifth of its area. All the remainder of the city is embraced under the *Turkish Quarter*, to which appertains also two reservations in the *Christian Quarter*—the large fortifications and barracks at the *Jaffa gate* and the miserable string of huts at Zion gate belonging to the Lepers.

Perched upon a bold, rocky promontory of Mt. Zion, in the Jewish Quarter, is a cluster of rudely constructed houses, now occupied as the premises of the American Christian Mission, and its appearance is shown the engraving. This spot is undoubtedly one of the most notable localities about the Holy City, though heretofore it has failed to attract the attention not only of tourists and pilgrims, but of professed antiquarians and topographers. It is the north-easternmost projection of the "Holy Hill of Zion."



City Wall on Bezethy Hill—The Great Cavern Quarry.

☞ This lofty cliff was the great bulwark of the ancient city of the *Jebusites*, and is first mentioned in 2d Samuel V, 6, being unquestionably the "stronghold" of Zion, where King David was so derided by the King of Jebus, in the taunting language of insult and defiance—"Except thou take away the blind and the lame, thou shalt not come in hither." And well might the insulting and overbearing *Jebusites* so think; for even Joshua himself, that pious and pre-eminently successful old generalissmo of the hosts of Israel, had not succeeded in reducing this fort. "Nevertheless, David took the stronghold of Zion—the same is the city of David;" and now the united cities of *Jebus* and *Salem* became *Jebus-Salem*, or, for euphony's sake, *Jerusalem*—the proud capital of the son of Jesse. How often have the halls with which he crowned this lofty summit resounded to the mellifluous strains of the harp of "the Psalmist" and bard of Israel, as he sang the "sweet songs of Zion."

This commanding situation must ever have been a very important one, whether in the possession of Heathen, Jew or Christian; and accordingly we learn from Josephus that it was successively the site of the royal palaces of the Davidian, Asmonean and Herodian dynasties of Israel.

Immediately adjacent, on the north, was unquestionably situated the "Armory of Solomon," or "the house of the Forest of Lebanon," and just in the rear, in the direction of the Tower of Hippicus, was the "house of the High Priest." This spot was subsequently occupied by the Crusaders, who, if we may form a judgment from present indications, crowned it with a magnificent church, in one

Pool of Hezekiah.

tant hill seen over the city wall, by the Mugrabin Gate, is the top of one of "the mountains round about Jerusalem," on the south.

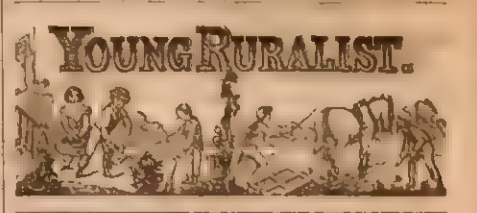
The Great Cavern Quarry.

The citizens of Jerusalem tell marvellous tales about its subterranean passages, galleries and halls; and that there are many passages perforating the city in various directions, is expressly stated in Josephus. The Talmud also mentions that "there were not a few caves in the city hollowed out of the rock;" but this subject having but slightly engaged the attention of explorers, we have as yet but little reliable information on this point. Of the various subterraneous passages mentioned by Josephus, or incidentally alluded to in the Bible, some were designed for the conveyance of water, whilst others were clearly intended for use in time of war.

Our author describes a very large cavern, partly natural, but mainly artificial, being evidently a quarry from which immense quantities of stone had been cut for building purposes, unknown to Europeans, which he explored recently in the night.—The location of this cave, just outside the city wall, is shown in the engraving. This cave is upwards of three thousand feet in circumference, supported by great numbers of rude natural pillars. Numerous crosses on the wall indicated that though unknown to Christendom of the present day, the devout Pilgrim or Crusader had been there. The extra-cyclopean stones in the south-east and south-west corners of the Temple wall were doubtless taken from this quarry, and carried to their present position, down the gently inclined plane on rollers—a conjecture which at once solves the mystery that has greatly puzzled travelers in regard to the difficulty of transporting and handling such immense masses of rock, and enables us to understand why they were called "rolling stones" by Ezra.

Pool of Hezekiah.

This pool is situated between Patriarch street and the Latin Patriarch's residence, and though entirely surrounded with houses, as shown in the engraving, can at all times be seen by ascending to the top of the Coptic Convent, or any of the shops bordering upon it. Its average breadth is about one hundred and twenty-six feet, and its present length two hundred and fifty-two feet; but was formerly longer. Its depth below the average surface may be eight or ten feet, perhaps more; but it is considerably deeper at the southern than at the northern extremity. It derives its supply entirely from the Mamilla pool, and usually has from two to six feet of water; though it sometimes becomes entirely exhausted late in autumn. The water is drawn up to a considerable height at great expense of labor by two stout Fellahin, and sent across the street over a large stone arch to supply a bathing establishment—which being lower than the pool, might easily be supplied with a small leaden pipe acting as a syphon. But such a device as this, emanating from Christians, the Simon-pure Moslem spurns.



Osier Willows.—Will you, or some of your correspondents, inform me through the columns of your paper where I can get some *Osier Willow Cuttings*, and how to cultivate and prepare them for market? Also the best soil for growing them, and price per ton?—H. J. W., *Clarence, N. Y.*, 1858.

We do not know any one now advertising *Osier Cuttings* for sale, but we presume plenty can be had. The Willow delights in a moist, mucky soil, but experience has proved that it cannot be grown successfully in stagnant water. It requires depth of soil, richness and moisture—a well-drained swamp, therefore, is just the thing, and even if overflowed in the winter and spring, and occasionally in summer during heavy storms, it may be used advantageously. Heavy, retentive upland soils when deeply worked are suitable for the Willow. Some years ago we saw on the grounds of C. N. Bement, near Albany, a fine lot growing on soil that appeared dry enough for corn. The deep prairies of the West seem prepared by nature for the especial growth of the Willow. Some varieties will bear more water than others, as the *Long-leaved triandrous Willow* will flourish on a soil so soft that plowing is impracticable, and requiring no other care than keeping down the weeds, but on the same soil the *Purple Willow* would scarcely grow.

The ground for the Willow should be well plowed and dragged, and, if the soil is not naturally rich, a good dressing of manure should be plowed under. There appears to be a good deal of difference of opinion as to the distance at which to plant cuttings. Eighteen inches in the row, and the rows three feet apart, is recommended by some, while others prefer them three feet each way. The cutting should be from seven to twelve inches in length, according to the stiffness of the soil. If the soil is heavy, seven inches in length will be long enough. After planting, the ground must be kept cultivated, until the Willow gets such a start as to shade the ground, and prevent the growth of weeds.

Willows may be cut as soon as the leaves fall in autumn, or any time during the winter. As soon as cut they should be bound up in small bundles, with the lower ends even, when they may be stood up on end, and allowed to remain until spring. As soon as the weather becomes warm in the spring, the bundles must be stood in water an inch or so, and allowed to remain in this position until the buds start, when they will peel easily. This will be the latter part of May or early in June, depending somewhat on the situation and season. Peeling has always been done by hand, and it is a slow operation, as an expert hand cannot peel one hundred pounds a day. A machine for peeling has been invented which is advertised to peel from one to two tuns a day. Two tuns per acre is considered a fair crop. After peeling they are thrown into water, then dried, so that they will not mildew, when they are tied in bundles, and are ready for market.

The last time we inquired particularly about the price of Willows in the New York market, they were worth $100 per tun. A gentleman, who has grown a good many Willows, informed us that the cost of cutting and peeling a tun is about $30.

Young Ruralist on the *Potato* Question.—Father has given me permission to write you a few lines, about planting potatoes in drills, with one eye in a piece, as recommended in one of the Ruralis published last spring. He planted one bushel and three quarts of Whig Potatoes, (cut up one eye in a piece,) ten inches apart, in drills three and a half feet apart. The crop from this seed was thirty bushels of very large, smooth potatoes, nearly all of a size.

Of the same kind of seed, in the same field, he planted in hills four feet apart, about two bushels and a half, cut once in two, and got about fifteen bushels of inferior potatoes.—E. D. V.,—*Belle Valley, Minn.*, 1858.

Boys—Form the habit while young of employing all your time usefully. Never be unemployed. The land is full of idlers striving to live without labor. It is not to be supposed that you are never to take recreation; this is useful—it is necessary; but if it come after hard study or prolonged labor, it will probably be healthful and moderate. An honorable mind, in the desire of mere relaxation, will not go forth in forms of mischievous exertion. It is not to be supposed that a boy is to be a man, much less an old man; but, in the midst of his mirth and hilarity, he may be innocent and amiable.

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Valuable Farm for Sale—John Anthony.
Farm for Sale—Moses True.
Gifts! Gifts! Gifts!—O. N. Needham.
Head-Quarters for Groceries in Rochester—G. C. Buell.
Valuable Steam Flouring Mill for Sale—A. L.
Jameson and Ensign, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.
A Pleasant Home—D. D. Tooker.
5,000 Agents Wanted—E. Brown.
To Ruralists—D. D. Tooker.
Grape Vines—S. H. Payne.
Cash for Clover and Timothy Seed—G. C. Buell.
Farm Wanted—J. Walsworth.
Isabella and Clinton Grape Vines—Geo. Beck.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER AND HOME DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 29, 1859.

"EXCELSIOR!"—While closing this number for the press we opened a letter from a Club Agent, in Western New York, containing by far the largest remittance ever received from one person on subscription to the RURAL, viz., a Draft amounting to *One Thousand Dollars* for copies of the present volume! This is a high figure for "a country paper," published in the "Rural Districts," to announce, however modestly, (and we would not do it boastingly,) yet if any of our metropolitan contemporaries, or other friends, (or uneasy rivals,) doubt its correctness, and desire proof, the "documents" can be exhibited.

—Meantime, after thanking the numerous active and influential friends of the RURAL for the efforts they are successfully making to extend its circulation, we beg to state that single subscriptions, as well as small clubs and additions to clubs, are still in order, and will be as gratefully received and promptly attended to as ever. We can still supply back numbers of this volume, whether the names come by ones, fives, tens, twenties or hundreds.—See first column of next page.

Affairs at Washington.

THE Secretary of State, to whom was referred the resolution of the House requesting the President to communicate to that body the correspondence between this government, France, and England, in relation to the acquisition of Cuba, has reported to the President that it does not appear from the files and records of the State Department, that any such correspondence has taken place.

The Secretary of War has telegraphed to Col. Sumner, who has command of the Department West, to proceed to Fort Leavenworth and hold himself in readiness to aid the civil authorities to enforce the law against the Montgomery invaders.

Mr. James M. Crane, delegate elect from Nevada, has issued a circular to members of Congress, presenting a long array of arguments why the bill to organize that territory should become a law. Its length is about 600 miles, and width 450. The population ranges from 15,000 to 18,000 souls. He gives a glowing description of its mining and agricultural features.

The House Committee on Territories have ordered the bill to provide for the organization of a territorial government in Dacotah, to be reported with a boundary extending west to the Rocky Mountains. The Representative from California, and Mr Graham the delegate elect from Nebraska appeared before the committee and addressed it in favor of the organization of the latter territory, but the committee arrived at no conclusion in regard to it. Should the action ultimately be favorable, the territory will, it is supposed, be made to cover a larger area than Mr Colfax proposed in his bill.

The Postmaster General estimates that $16,900,000 will be required for the service of the Post-Office Department for the fiscal year ending the 30th of June, 1860.

The Secretary of the Treasury has submitted to Congress his plan for reducing the expenses for the collection of the revenue, to the extent of $400,000 per annum. He proposes the re-organization of the collection districts, the reduction of the 116 ports of entry to 25, and to discontinue 21 of the 86 ports of delivery. The salaries of officers to remain the same, as under present regulations their duties would be increased. He suggests the employment of steam tugs at the larger ports, and whether the protection of the revenue and relief to distressed vessels could not be the better effected by the navy. The revenue cutters ought, he says, to be attached to the Navy Department, and their officers remain in the service until their present commissions expire or terminate by death or resignation. Those who have rendered note-worthy service could be transferred to the navy with an assimilated rank.

The President has sent to the Senate a message in reply to the resolution calling for copies of any correspondence in relation to the purchase of Cuba which has not been made public.—He says that no such correspondence has taken place which has not already been communicated to Congress. "In my last annual message, I stated that the publicity which has been given to our former negotiations on the subject, and the large appropriations which may be required to effect the the purchase, render it expedient, before making another attempt to renew the negotiations, that I should lay the whole subject before Congress. I still entertain the same opinion, deeming it highly important, if not indispensable, to the success of any negotiations which I might institute for the furtherance of the measure, should it receive the previous sanction of Congress."

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—Mr. Seward introduced a resolution which was adopted, calling on the President for all correspondence between this Government and Spain relative to proposals for the purchase of Cuba.

On motion of Mr. Pugh, of Ohio, a resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of the Treasury to furnish returns of all the articles exported and imported from Cuba at all the ports of the United States during the past five years.

Mr. Hunter, Chairman of the Committee on Finance, brought up the Invalid Pension bill. This appropriates about $836,000; also, enacts the provisions of the Act of 1819, for the prevention of fraud; also, provides that after July 1st, of the present year, the Pension Agencies shall be abolished, and that their duties shall be performed under the Sub-Treasury regulations, with a view to save the cost of such agencies. The bill was passed.

Mr. Johnson, of Tenn., from the Committee on Indian Affairs, reported a bill to enable the President to expend the annuities of certain tribes for educational and agricultural purposes, which was passed.

A considerable amount of private business has received the action of the Senate during the week.

HOUSE.—Mr. Cobb, of Ala., from the Committee on Public Lands, reported a bill confirming the aggregate compensation of the Registers and Receivers of the Public Land Offices to $3,500 per annum each, which was passed. Mr. Cobb mentioned that this bill was intended to correct stealing and other abuses, citing Plattsburg, Mo., as a case in point, where $10,000 was received for one year's service. Mr. C. also reported bills to revive and continue in force without restriction or limitation of time the bounty land acts of 1835, 1842 and 1854; bill providing for re-payment for lands erroneously sold; authorizing the parties who settled on the 16th and 36th sections of land before they were surveyed to pre-empt the same; appropriating $5,000 to run a mark and establish the western boundary of Minnesota. All were passed.

Mr. Garnett moved to strike out the mission to Rome. The imports from Rome were not essential. France and England have no Ministers at Rome. Mr. Corey made a like motion as regards Switzerland and Persia. All carried.

A dispatch from Washington says the House P. O Committee has authorized their chairman to report a bill authorizing the P. M. General to contract for the performance of any mail service, sea or land, for a specific sum, not exceeding the postage realized.

New York Legislature.

SENATE.—A resolution was adopted, calling for a report of the Lieut. Governor's traveling fees as a member of the Canal Board from 1846 to 1849..

The following was also adopted:

Resolved, That the Canal Appraisers be requested to report to the Senate the number of claims for Canal damages now filed with them and remaining to be acted upon, designating the number west of the Genesee River and Cayuga Lake, and the number east of Cayuga Lake, and the number of claims that the Canal Appraisers can hear and decide in one year.

The resolution endorsing the Canal Board memorial to Congress for aid to Lake Harbors was called up, and after debate adopted.

ASSEMBLY.—Little is doing in the House, with the exception of "introducing," and "reporting," favorably or otherwise, a considerable number of bills. Work is being laid out, and in a week or two we hope to be able to see some of the results of labor on the part of our Legislature.

IN A FOG.—After a great deal of talk on the Pacific Railroad scheme, at Washington, it would seem that Senators and Representatives are in a state of complete bewilderment, a motion being made and carried, "that the bill, with its various amendments be printed, as it was difficult to know in what shape it stood." We are glad to see a call for light emanating from the Capitol—we doubt not it is very much wanted in that locality.

DELAWARE is one of the original thirteen States, but not a very large one. Its revenues last year were a fraction over $40,000, while the expenditures for the same period were about [illegible]

Old World Matters.

THE news brought by the Washington and Europa has created considerable excitement amid all circles in our country, as exhibiting more fully the position Louis Napoleon intends occupying in European Affairs. His brusque reception of the Austrian Minister at the New Year's levee (particulars of which will be found below,) caused a panic in the money markets of London, Paris, and Vienna, as the immediate result—what the end will be, remains to be seen. The general tone of affairs on the Continent is one of excitement and alarm.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The London Times, reviewing the recent official correspondence on Central American affairs, thinks that the American Government and its officials are pushing matters very far indeed. The Times' leading article says continental excitement respecting the Italian question has reached its crisis, and unless efficacious means of prevention be adopted, collision will occur between Sardinia and Austria.

FRANCE.—Napoleon's words to the Austrian Minister at the New Year's levee were:—"I regret our relations with your government are not so good as they were, but I request you to tell the Emperor that my personal feelings for him have not changed." The emphatic tone of the Emperor and his animated gesture attracted the attention of the assembled diplomatic crops. It is reported that France sent a very threatening note to Austria, warning her, in consequence of the Austrian troops crossing the Servian frontier. The Moniteur of the 7th inst., contains the following:—"For several days public opinion has been agitated by alarming reports which it is the duty of government to put a stop to, in declaring that nothing in diplomatic relations authorizes the fears which these reports tend to provoke." The Paris correspondent of the Daily News says that the impression that Europe was on the eve of a general war, gained ground immensely; and he asserts beyond a doubt that whatever turn events might take, the French army in Italy was quite ready to march "on paper."—The same authority says the Austrian Ambassador's Private Secretary had been suddenly despatched to Vienna.

AUSTRIA.—The official Oesterreichische correspondent of Vienna announces that reinforcements will go from that city to the army in Lombardy, Venetian Kingdom. It is expressly said that the troops are sent for the protection of the peaceful inhabitants of the Kingdom against the revolutionary party. The Vienna Gazette states that the project of concentrating an imposing force on the frontiers of Servia, and the execution of which had been commenced, has been countermanded. Great depression prevailed in Vienna, and disquieting rumors were rife. The Emperor Napoleon's observations to the Austrian Minister were known at Vienna on the 3d, and had created a sensation on the Bourse, but the details were scanty. The Journal de Frankfort, an Austrian semi-official journal, says that Austria is at present strong enough in Italy to meet any eventuality, and boasts that all Germany and Prussia are at its head and backing her. The third Corps de Arme of the Imperial army, amounting to 80,000 men, left Vienna for Italy on the 7th inst. It is estimated that the Austrians can now muster 100,000 men within two or three days, within the limits of their dominions.

ITALY.—The Continental journals and correspondents continue to give alarming details of the state of affairs in Italy. A rumor has been current in Paris that Milan was in a state of seige, but it lacked confirmation. The Paris Patric publishes a letter from Milan, dated the 1st inst., which, it observes, contains a statement so serious and so strange that it publishes it with every reserve. It is to the effect that some bodies of the people passing by the barracks crying, "*Viva V' Italia*," were responded to by the soldiers within the barracks with a similar cry. The civil and military authorities at Milan were heaped with contumely, and the latter were of the opinion that there would soon be an outbreak. The garrison of Padua had been augmented by 700 men and 4 guns. A Paris telegram dated the evening of the 7th, says it is asserted that a scuffle had taken place between the Hungarian and Austrian regiments forming the garrison of Cremona, the Hungarians shouting "*Viva Italia.*" The Turin correspondent of the London Times says it is quite evident that the Sardinian government desires war, and is confident that war is at hand.

SPAIN.—Further details of the debate in the Spanish Chambers, on Buchanan's Message, show that O'Donnell expressed great surprise at the proposition in regard to Cuba, and declared that government is disposed to demand due satisfaction for such an insult. He declared emphatically that Spain would not cede any of their territory.

COMMERCIAL.—*Breadstuffs.*—Richardson, Spence & Co. report a general improvement in country markets, with an advance of 1s@2s per quarter on wheat. In this market flour is dull and nominal, the stock being out of condition, Western 19@20s, Philadelphia and Baltimore 20@21s, Ohio 21@24s. Wheat in moderate demand at an advance of 1@2d, for French and best qualities of American, red west 4s6d@6s6d. Corn in retail inquiry at 1s advance, mixed 28@29s, yellow 29@30s, white 33@33s6d. *Provisions*—Pork dull, but unchanged in value. Lard in request 56s. The principal holders still keep out of market.

THE GENESEE VALLEY RAILROAD.—The rails on this road have at length reached Mt. Morris, and on Thursday, the 20th inst., the Directors, in company with a number of citizens along the line of the road, took their proposed ride in a special train.—There is still considerable work to be done in balancing, graveling, and laying switches, before the road will be entirely in working order; but this will be hurried up as fast as possible, and the time will be short before regular trains begin to run.

CHICAGO SPECULATORS ARE HARD TO BEAT.—Recently they have been selling lots at $20 each, the assumed location of which is at Pike's Peak, the new "gold diggins" in Kansas, whereas the lands in that locality have not, as yet, been surveyed!

EARTHQUAKE AT JAMAICA.—Advices from Kingston, Jamaica of December 27th, state that a terrific shock of an earthquake was felt there on the morning of the 23d, causing some damage.

News Paragraphs.

THE fallacy of some popular prejudices is illustrated by the circumstance that twenty-six years ago, when it was proposed to light the city of Philadelphia with gas, several hundred of the citizens, including some of the most intelligent and wealthy, sent a remonstrance against the project to the City Council, declaring it "a most inexpedient, offensive and dangerous mode of lighting." Among the remonstrants was the present engineer and superintendent of the gas works!

IN Cleveland the scarlet fever is prevailing to an alarming extent. The Plaindealer says its ravages in some parts of the city are frightful. It mentions the case of one family, where a few days ago a little girl died, then a little boy, and another child is now lying at the point of death—the last of the children of that household.

A SHREWD Mexican editor describes the state of affairs in the United States as follows:—"Already the North are armed, and are preparing to declare war against the Southern States, having been greatly enraged against them by a book called Uncle Tom's Cabin; and they are determined to either exterminate them or compel them to abolish slavery."

DURING the past year there were received at New York 191,100 beef cattle; 10,202 milch cows; 32,709 veal calves; 450,787 sheep and lambs.

JAMES HOWLAND, the last of the Rhode Island slaves, died Jan. 3d at Jamestown, R. I., at the age of 100 years. He retained his faculties unimpaired up to the hour of his death, and attended to his usual duties about his house.

THE bill introduced into the Senate to abolish the franking privileges to members of Congress, provides that they shall each receive $150 worth of postage stamps per year.

THE omnibus companies in New York have resorted to the use of salt for the purpose of melting the snow from the streets through which their stages run. In Fulton and other streets, as high as a hundred bushels have been spread after one storm. The effect of this is to melt the snow much more rapidly than it would under the effects of the sun.

THE Nashville News tells of a venerable old man in Williamson county, Tenn., eighty-five years of age—who never took a chew of tobacco—though making in his life millions of pounds—who never smoked a cigar or pipe, and never had on a pair of boots.

A LETTER from Leghorn states that for some days past the natives have been thrown in consternation by the appearance of dense puffs of smoke, at regular intervals, right in the middle of the harbor. Divers went down and reported the existence of a submarine volcano, whereon the authorities have removed the powder magazine far inland, dreading an explosion.

PRESIDENT BENSON, of Liberia writes that he has sent an armed force up the coast to prevent the French from shipping any more emigrants from that vicinity, and that in the spring he shall make a campaign against the chiefs who have aided this new slave trade.

Pacific Side Intelligence.

THE steamer Quaker City arrived at New Orleans on the 22d inst., with San Francisco dates to the 5th, and we have also had two arrivals, overland, during the week. We condense from our exchanges the following intelligence:

CALIFORNIA.—The President's Message reached San Francisco in 19 days and 12 hours from St. Louis. The Message hardly came up to public expectation, especially on the subject of the Pacific Railroad. Business at San Francisco was stagnant, and money scarce. The California Legislature organized on the 4th inst. W. C. Stratton was elected Speaker of the House. The Lecompton Democrats have a large majority in both branches.

FRAZER RIVER.—Victoria dates are to Dec. 17th. There was great suffering at Frazer river from cold. The steamer Enterprize left Port Hope for Fort Langley on the 4th instant, with 125 passengers. She was frozen in on her way down. There being no provisions on board, the passengers attempted to go to Fort Langley overland. Snow was falling and they lost their way, and after three days of inexpressible suffering, during which five or six were frozen to death, the weather moderated, and the steamer got free from the ice, and came down and took the survivors to Fort Langley. A petition was being circulated at Victoria for the removal of Gov. Douglas. Mining had almost ceased at Frazer river.

OREGON.—Advices from Oregon announce the resignation of Chief Justice Williams, and of James Guthrie, Register of the Oregon City Land Office. The Oregon Legislature assembled Dec. 15th. The Eliza Anderson, the first ocean steamer built on the Pacific coast, was lost at Portland on the 27th of November.

IMPORTANT FROM HAYTI.—By the arrival of the brig West Indian, Port au Prince dates of the first inst. have been received, and passengers confirm the news of the insurrection in Hayti. Gen. Geffard, the leader thereof, was the chief of the Solouque Staff. Geffard had raised 2,000 men.—Solouque left Port au Prince on the 28th ult., with 6,000 men to attack Geffard. All is quiet elsewhere on the island.

We have received advices from Port au Prince to Jan. 4th. The Emperor was moving against the insurgents. He had inspected the army and taken other preliminary measures, but in a bulletin issued on the 4th, treats the insurrection as a mere temporary riot, not endangering the stability of the Empire. A party of insurgents had occupied a position on the river Montecils, but on hearing of the approach of the Emperor, they precipitately fled, leaving their ammunition. The Imperial troops then occupied the evacuated position. The army exhibited no signs of disaffection. Solouque had issued a proclamation calling his subjects to his aid, and announcing his determination to lead the army in person. Gonarbes is declared in a state of blockade.

The News Condenser.

— Charles Dickens, the English author, is coming to America.

— A San Francisco letter says Frazer river is almost unheard of.

— England is taxed to raise a revenue of five hundred million dollars.

— The most populous city in Texas is Galveston, with 5,646 inhabitants.

— Sam Jones, the Seminole Indian Chief, died, recently, in Florida.

— English insurance companies lost $1,585,900 in the great fire at Valparaiso.

— The present population of San Francisco is estimated at 75,000 or 80,000.

— A movement is in progress to erect a monument to Dr. Kane, in New York.

— In Boston, last year, 903 drunken people were assisted home by the police.

— The total number of British troops now serving in India, is close upon 100,000.

— In China a man can obtain a divorce from his wife if he can prove she is jealous.

— Fifty thousand gallons of wine were made in the State of Connecticut last year.

The Cleveland Plaindealer proposes to get Cuba by swapping New England for her.

— A lady has presented Lord Shaftesbury with £5,000 for the poor people of Hull, Eng.

— Joseph Solas, one of Napoleon's soldiers, died in Boston, a few days since, aged 97.

— A Galveston paper says the camels there carry 1,400 and 1,600 pounds with ease.

— The 10th of January, 1774, 1848, 1856, and 1859 are on record as remarkably cold days.

— The value of materials of war in France is given at 631,000,000 francs or $126,200,000.

— The cost of each letter sent to San Francisco by the overland route, is sixty-five dollars!

— The number of delinquent tax-payers in Philadelphia is something over eleven thousand!

— It is stated that in Minnesota there are among the residents 25,000 more males than females.

— There were received at the Dead Letter Office last year 12,491, containing altogether $59,913.

— One hundred thousand hides a month are shipped from the La Plata River, South America.

— At New York, on the cold Monday, a Broadway stage driver was frozen to death on his seat.

— The Panama Railroad is 53 miles long, and cost $8,000,000. It earns 12 per cent. per annum.

— The committee on Commerce have decided to report a bill repealing the fishing bounty lands.

— The official estimate of the cost of printing the Pacific Railroad Report is one million dollars.

— Thursday, April 7th, has been appointed as a day of public fasting and prayer in New Hampshire.

— Petitions are in circulation in Michigan asking for the restoration of the death penalty in that State.

— Plans and estimates for prisons for the territories have been prepared for presentation to Congress.

— The total value of all personal property returned for taxation in the city of Cleveland is $6,259,890.

— The whole of the Queen's British regiments now serving in India are armed with the Enfield rifle.

— Two members of the Chicago bar have decided to settle a dispute by an appeal to the code of Honor.

— Nena Sahib is believed to be dodging the British troops in India, under the name of Tantia Toquel.

— Registry laws are now pending in the Legislatures of New Jersey, Michigan, Illinois, and New York.

— Ten young men have been arrested and held to bail in Philadelphia, on a charge of street lounging.

— A white owl which measured five feet from tip to tip of its wings was shot lately in New Britain, Conn.

— The richest man in Louisville, Ky., is James Guthrie. His property is assessed as worth $1,382,650.

— The mail station on Concha river, Texas, has been attacked by the Camanche Indians and 80 mules run off.

— A woman in Pittsburgh advertises to take in dirty children, as well as soiled linen, to wash. What next?

— Our gold crop is at the rate of a million and a half per week, or seventy-seven million of dollars per annum.

— The Canadian authorities, it is now understood, will not demand Deputy Marshal Tyler for trial in their courts.

— Three hundred suits for divorce are said to be now pending in the Supreme Court of the New York district.

— It is said that slaves are diminishing in Fairfax Co., Virginia, and that there is an influx of Northern settlers.

— It is announced, almost officially, that in the spring France will join Spain in a naval expedition against Morocco.

— The Kansas Legislature, now in session at Lawrence, it is said, will pass a bill to abolish slavery in that Territory.

— The Massachusetts Railroads have paid $1,600,000 in dividends during the last six months, between July and January.

— It is estimated that after any considerable fall of snow in New York, $8,000 are paid for clearing it from the sidewalks.

— A contract has been concluded with certain parties to clean the streets of New York, for five years, at $345,000 per annum.

— During the last year one hundred and five whaling vessles were entered at New Bedford, with cargoes valued at $5,299,208.

— The story that the "Susan" filibusters were to receive aid and comfort in Honduras proves to be wholly without foundation.

— The Florida Legislature has repealed the law providing for the incaration of free negro sailors while their vessels are in port.

— Gerard Stuyvesant, a descendant of the old Dutch Governor of that name, and a wealthy citizen of New York, died a few days since.

— Accounts from St. Thomas of the 7th inst., mention that James W. Herbert, Esq., U. S. Consul at that port, died on the morning of that day.

— There are now 760 convicts in the Auburn State Prison, a large majority of whom are young men, their ages varying from 18 to 30 years.

— It is said that a proposition for the sale of Sonora and Chihuahua has been received from President Miramon. The price is sixteen millions.

— Major Samuel Barns, for a long time editor of the Baltimore Clipper, died a few days since, at the age of 72. He was a soldier in the war of 1812.

— The cost of construction and equipment of the railroads in the U. S. amounts to $1,050,655,570—money enough to break down any other country in the world.

Publisher's Notices.

TERMS OF THE RURAL FOR 1859.

Great Reduction to Clubs!

Single Copy, One Year,		$2
Three Copies,		$5
Six "	and 1 free to Club Agent,	$10
Ten "	" " "	$15
Sixteen "	" " "	$22
Twenty "	" " "	$26
Thirty-Two "	" " "	$40

And any additional number at the latter rate—only $1 25 per copy!—with a free copy for every Ten Subscribers over Thirty.

☞ Club Papers sent to as many different post-offices as desired, and after a Club is formed additions may be made to it at the club rate. See "Additions to Clubs," below.

NEW AND IMPORTANT
Special Notices to Rural Agents, Friends, &c.

☞ Clubbing with the Magazines, &c.—We will send the Rural New-Yorker for 1859 and a yearly copy of either *The Atlantic, Harper's, Godey's, Graham's*, or any other $3 magazine, for $4. The Rural and either *The Horticulturist, Hovey's Magazine, Arthur's Magazine*, or any *other* $2 magazine, for $3. To our agents or subscribers, we will furnish any $3 magazine for $2,50, and any $2 one for $1,50. Canada subscribers must add the American postage.

☞ Postage on the Rural.—The postage on the Rural New Yorker is only 3¼ cts. per quarter, or 13 cts. a year to any part of this State, (except Monroe county, where it goes free,) and 6½ cts. a quarter, or 26 cts. a year, to any other part of the United States, payable quarterly in advance *at the office where received*. In answer to recent inquiries would state that we *do not* pre-pay postage on the Rural except when mailed to the British Provinces, Europe, &c., and are surprised that any one should construe our notice relative to sending papers to Canada, &c., as applying to the United States. See Terms, &c., on last page.

☞ Back Numbers of this Volume can still be furnished, and are forwarded to all new subscribers unless otherwise ordered. Though our sets of back numbers are rapidly diminishing daily, we can still supply at least ten thousand new subscribers. We shall probably be able to furnish the numbers for a month or more, yet as our rule is, "first come first served," those who wish to secure the complete volume should not delay.

☞ New Clubs.—It is not too late to commence and form Clubs for Vol. X., as we shall probably be able to supply back numbers for a month or more, notwithstanding the large additions over previous years. Try it, Friends of the Rural!—you who are in localities where the paper ought to be circulated, but has only a few subscribers, or is not yet introduced. A little effort, now, will enable you to succeed, and our word for it, the people will ere long thank you, and community be benefited.

☞ Additions to Clubs.—Are now in order, and whether they come (as they do daily) in ones, twos, fives, tens or twenties, are gratefully welcomed and receive prompt attention. Please note that any person forming a club of 10, 15 or 20, can, by adding to the list within one month, *reduce the rate of the whole number of copies*. For instance, a person sending $15 for 10 copies, can by adding 5 names, reduce the price of all to $1,38 per copy—by adding 5 to a club of 15, reduce price to $1,30—and, adding 10 to a club of 20, puts the price at $1,25. Many have already taken advantage of this liberal offer, and from clubs of 6, 10 and 15, gone up to 30, 40, 50, and over.

☞ Voluntary Agents for the Rural.—Any and every Subscriber, Post-Master or reader is requested to act as voluntary agent for the Rural, by forming clubs or otherwise. *Now is the time* for its friends to manifest their interest in the paper and the cause it advocates, either by obtaining new subscribers, or inducing others to act in its behalf. We can still furnish back numbers, so that all subscribers may have the complete volume. If any lose or wear out numbers in *showing the paper*,—that's the best way to get subscribers,—we will duplicate them in order to make their files complete for binding.

☞ The Rural is published strictly upon the cash system—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires.

☞ Drafts at our Risk.—We lose little money by mail, but prefer Drafts on New York (less exchange,) payable to our order, and which may be sent at our risk if carefully mailed to D. D. T. Moore, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ Any person so disposed can act as local agent for the Rural, and each and all who form clubs, will not only receive extra copies, but their aid will be appreciated. We have no traveling agents, nor do we give certificates.

☞ For other Notices see last page

"Excelsior."—Although we gave our friend Moore some weeks since the customary annual notice, we think the many improvements he has introduced in the *Rural New-Yorker* entitle it to another mention. The tenth volume commenced on the 1st of January, with an entire new typographical dress, new and elegantly engraved head, a tasty and appropriate border, together with numerous other improvements. We have no hesitation in pronouncing the *Rural* unsurpassed by any other journal in the land, either in beauty of appearance, or in the extent and variety of its contents. No man in this section of country can discharge his duties to his family and himself to our satisfaction, until he subscribes for the *Rural* and the *Herald*.—*Herald, Dansville, N. Y.*

Moore's Rural New-Yorker begins the new year in an attractive new dress—fair type, rich and appropriate original vignettes for its various small headings, as well as for the titles, and a neat border, with rural designs for corners—the faultless taste in which its typography and press work are done, leaves but little room for future mechanical improvement, while, take it all in all, we know of no farmer's paper that is better conducted. For practical agriculture, chaste literature, and reliable general intelligence, we commend the Rural as the family paper for the million.—*Attica Atlas, N. Y.*

Moore's Rural New Yorker is a model family paper for the farmer. Its agricultural reading is of that straight-forward, practical kind which is always reliable, and which is rare in these days of new fangled chemical husbandry. Each number also contains choice stories, excellent moral gleanings for Sabbath reading, a department for the boys and girls, abstract of the current news and the wants of the market. It has been a favorite with us from the day of its commencement.—*Physio-Medical Recorder, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

Moore's Rural New Yorker.—This paper came to us a few days ago in a new dress. It is large and full as a first-class weekly ought to be, and is filled with interesting matter. The Rural, as we have often stated, is the best family newspaper in the United States. It contains a larger amount of matter which is so diversified that any reader of the paper will at all times be well posted.—*Tribune, Redwood, Indiana.*

Moore's Rural New Yorker.—The first number of the [illegible] is received. It appears in a new dress. All [illegible] have always appreciated it as one of the best agricultural weekly papers [illegible] will it be. Its contents are always as refined as its dress, and abound in valuable information.—*Patriot and Gazette, Fulton, N. Y.*

Moore's Rural New-Yorker comes out with a new and [illegible] for January 1st, on clean paper and clear [illegible] an admirable paper for the farmer and the family. [illegible] ar, and worthy to be in every home.—*American Advocate, Auburn.*

Moore's Rural New Yorker has been our favorite for six or seven years, and we would not do without it for *three times* it's cost. It is decidedly the *best* family paper published in the Union.—*Advertiser, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa*

As a paper for the farmer it has [illegible] equal, and we know of none, that contains more of real interest to the general reader. Everybody should subscribe for the Rural New Yorker.—*Chronicle, Hudson, Wis.*

Special Notices.

Grover & Baker's
CELEBRATED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

A New Style.—Price $50.

For sale at 495 Broadway, New York; 464 Broadway, Albany; 48 Genesee st., Utica; 22 South Salina st., Syracuse; 41 State st., Rochester, and in most of the Cities and Towns of the State of New York and the United States.

The Machines sew from two spools and form a seam of unequaled strength, beauty, and elasticity, which will not rip, even if every fourth stitch be cut. They are unquestionably the best in the market for family use.

☞ SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. 461

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office,
Rochester, Jan. 25, 1859.

Flour—Another 25 cents per barrel has been put upon Flour during the week, and the transactions are as heavy as the scarcity of prime white wheat will allow. A speculative feeling is observable in all our principal markets, and its legitimate results are noticeable in the firmness and upward tendency in the prices of breadstuffs. The Albany *Argus* of last Saturday remarks that considerable excitement has sprung up in that market within the last two or three days, in connection with Flour and Wheat, and quite a speculative disposition is apparent. The cause is the comparative scarcity of first-class white wheat. The millers have about exhausted their stock, and some fear that they will be unable to supply the orders of their regular customers. The excitement already extends far west, and heavy, if not healthy speculations are predicted. See New York city and Chicago reports below.

Grain—Genesee Wheat has made a notable advance and is eagerly sought for at $1,25@1,40. But little change in Canadian. Corn is 5@10 cents per bushel better and wanted. Rye 6 cents advance—Barley 3 cents—Oats 5 cents.

Provisions, &c.—While everything is alive in the Grain Trade, there is but little doing in Provisions except in a retail way. Heavy Pork is worth $7,00 per 100 lbs, but the transactions are light the season being almost closed. A goodly quantity of beef is in market this A. M., and of a quality equal if not superior to the general offerings, but the sales are confined to family wants at prices within our range of quotations.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

Flour and Grain.		Eggs, dozen	16c
Flour, wint wheat	$6,12½@7,00	Honey, box	11@12c
Do spring do	$[illegible]@6,00	Candles, box	12c
Do Buckwheat	$1,75	**Fruits and Roots.**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,[illegible]@1,40	Apples, bushel	50@$1,00
Best white Canada	$1,[illegible]@1,40	Do dried	$1,00@1,75
Corn	60@[illegible]c	Potatoes	28@30c
Rye, 56 lbs ₱ bush	88c	**Hides and Skins.**	
Oats	45@[illegible]c	Slaughter	6½@7c
Barley	[illegible]c	Calf	10c
Buckwheat	45@[illegible]c	Sheep pelts	$1,25@1,50
Beans	60@[illegible]c	Lamb do	50@65c
Meats.		**Seeds.**	
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,00	Clover, bush	$4,00@5,00
Do cwt	$[illegible]@7,00	Timothy	$2,00@2,25
Beef, cwt	$[illegible]@6,50	**Sundries.**	
Spring lambs each	$1,50@2,00	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Mutton (carcass)	3½@4c	Do. soft	$3,00@3,00
Hams, smoked	9@9½c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,25
Shoulders	6@7c	Do. Scranton	$5,00@5,50
Chickens	6@7c	Do. Blossburg	$5,00@5,50
Turkeys	[illegible]c	Do Shamokin	$5,00@5,50
Geese	[illegible]@[illegible]c	Do Char	10 12 c
Dairy, &c		Salt, bbl	$1,30@1,35
Butter, roll	16@18c	Hay ton	$7,00@11,00
Do firkin	[illegible]c	Wool ₱ lb	[illegible]@[illegible]c
Cheese	[illegible]c	White fish, bbl	$6,50@7,00
Lard, tried	10c	Codfish ₱ quintal	$4,[illegible]@5,00
Tallow	[illegible]@[illegible]c	Trout, bbl	$6,50@7,00

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Jan 24.—Flour—Market 10 cents better and quite active. Sales at $5,15@5,25 for common to choice super State; $5,75@6,00 for extra State; $5,10@5,30 for super Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa; $5,30@6,10 for common to good medium and extra do; $6,10@6,30 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—market closing buoyant. Canadian firmer; sales at $6,25@7,00 common to choice extra.

Grain—Wheat firmer with a fair local trade demand.—Sales mixed Illinois at 135c; good white Mich 145c; and Chicago spring on private terms. Rye firm at 88@90c. Barley quiet at 80@90c, the range. Corn dull; sales mixed Western at 57c; 62c for new white and yellow. Oats firm at 57@60c for State; 60@63c for Western and Canada.

Provisions—Pork market dull and heavy. Sales at $17,62@18,12 for mess; $13,25@13,50 for prime; Including 500 new mess for July and August delivery at $18,50. Dressed hogs steady at 7@8c for prime heavy corn fed. The Lard market unchanged; sales at 11¼@12c. Butter is selling at 11@20c for Ohio; 17@26c for State. Cheese at 7½@10c, as to quality.

BUFFALO, Jan. 24.—Flour—There is no change to note in prices, and the speculative demand prevalent during the greater portion of the past week has fallen off, transactions being at present confined to the wants of the home trade.—Sales since noon Saturday at $4,75 for Illinois extra from spring wheat; $5,37½@5,75 for ordinary to good brands extra Michigan, Ohio and Indiana, and $6@6,50 for double extras. Canadian flour unchanged. Small sales at $5,25 for spring extras, and $6,25 for white wheat do

Grain—Wheat; nothing of moment doing, and parties still apart; sales choice white Ky. at $1,60. Corn; no old on the market. New commands 75c with willing buyers. Oats are steady at 50c. Barley; sales No. 2 Western on Saturday at 58c. Good to choice Canadian at 75@80c.

Seed—Timothy quiet, within the range of $1,75@2,25 for ordinary to choice.

Provisions—Pork steady; sales heavy mess at $16,50, and prime at $12. Dressed hogs firmer, with moderate sales at $6@7 for light to heavy; sales light still fed hogs Saturday, on foot, at $4,20. Green hams steady at 8c; smoked 9½c; sugar cured 10c.

ALBANY, Jan. 24.—Flour—The sales continue large. There is no improvement in the demand for immediate consumption, but the speculative inquiry is quite brisk. Speculators base their operations solely on the widely reported short crop. Although it is generally conceded that there is a scarcity of prime white wheat, yet it is difficult to discover what justifies active speculation, beyond an anticipated "short crop" of flour, which can hardly result without a foreign demand; and there is little indication of export inquiry at present rates. However, men who have made the flour and wheat markets their study, especially during the last six months, see money in the movement, and are confident that their calculations have stable basis. One of our merchants a short time since bought in Cincinnati 2,000 bbls extra Ohio, which cost delivered here $6,25 per bbl. The same brands now sell readily at $6,75@7,00. Sales to-day good State on speculation at $5,25; extra do at $6,25. Favorite Genesee held at $7@,50@7,75. Nothing doing in grain.—*Argus.*

CHICAGO, Jan. 22.—Grain—The grain market is buoyant to day, and buyers are more disposed to accede to the views of holders. We note sales during the day at $1,15@1,28 for white winter $1,22@1,23 for No. 1 red winter 75@77c for standard spring, and 67@70c for rejected. Some No 1 spring sold at 61; and some No. 2 red winter at $1,05@1,07. Corn firmer and more active; sales at 57@58c for new shelled in bulk, ₱ 60 lbs, and 58@59c in bags; and for corn in the ear 65@67c ₱ 70 lbs. Oats—But little demand for oats, and a large stock on hand. We quote old oats at 48@52c, and new at 40@45c.

DETROIT, Jan. 22.—Flour—Selling at $5,50.

Grain—Wheat selling at $1,20@1,25. A lot of inferior at inside figure. Corn in demand at 57c from street. Oats selling at 47c.

Dressed Hogs—Light sales at $5,90@6. Lard—Sales of 2,000 lbs at 10c.

TORONTO, C. W., Jan. 22.—Flour—The flour market remains very dull, without transactions at this point, although sales have transpired of flour shipped from here, but on the way to a market. Prices show an upward tendency. Holders demand $5,50 for superfine, and buyers offer $5, and in one or two instances slightly higher, but leading to no transactions. In fancy there is no movement. A sale of extra is reported equal to $5,75 per barrel. The market is almost bare of stock, and there is not much prospect of increased business for some time to come.

Grain—The market for all qualities of Wheat has been very buoyant throughout the week, and prices have steadily advanced until they touch a figure higher than at any time during the past year. The deliveries have been small, amounting to about 500 bushels per day. The quality of the wheat brought in has been of excellent sample. The demand has been more than usually active, and dealers have competed keenly for choice lots. For medium to good samples of fall wheat, the range, since Monday, has been from 6s 6d to 7s per bushel, and for prime to extra, 7s 3d to 7s 6d has been paid, and, in a few instances, as high as 7s 7½d was realized per bushel. The average price for the past few days can certainly not be less than 7s for fall wheat. Spring Wheat has come in more freely, and has been eagerly sought for at very high rates. The quality is of the highest description, and it is rather paid more for than fall Wheat. For [illegible] a good deal of spring wheat to be brought out by farmers, and it was known the production of last year was larger than usual, and but little has as yet reached a market. These high rates will however probably bring it out. Barley is also much sought after at 4s to 4s 6d per bushel—in the early part of the week somewhat higher rates were paid, but these are current quotations now. Rye is very quiet with a moderate supply. The latest sales were at 3s 3d to 3s 6d. Oats—The demand for Oats is as usual active, and somewhat stimulated by purchases on speculation, either to hold until prices improve or to ship to a market on the opening of navigation. The current figure is 2s 6d per bushel, ranging from that as high as 2s 9d per bushel. The purchases are almost wholly made by weight of 34 lbs to the bushel.—*Toronto Globe.*

As the decimal mode of computation will, we believe, be soon introduced among our Canadian neighbors,—the 5, 10 and 20 cent pieces having been shipped from the Mother Country—why do not our friends of the *Globe* inaugurate the new system in the Commercial Reports? Wouldn't it be a good idea?

Grain at Chicago.—The following is a comparison of the amount of grain and flour in store at Chicago, on the 15th inst, and at the corresponding date last year:

[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

The Cattle Markets.

[illegible] at West Albany for the week [illegible] 450.

[illegible] weight, for first quality; 3d [illegible] 6c.

[illegible] rs are from $3,50@4,80. [illegible] 196 at 4,50.

NEW YORK, Jan. 19.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

Beef Cattle—First quality, $6,75@7,50. Ordinary $5,50@6,50. Common, Second Inferior $4,00@5,00.

Cows and Calves—Extra, $[illegible]. Ordinary, $45@50. Common, Second Inferior $[illegible].

Veal Calves—First quality, 8½@9c; Ordinary, 8@8½c. Common and Inferior [illegible]@6c.

Sheep and Lambs—First quality, per head, $6,50@7,50; Ordinary, $4,75@5,75. Common, $4,00@4,50; Inferior, $2,50@3,50.

Swine—First quality, 6½@6¾c; Other qualities, 5@6c.

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 19.—At market 1000 Cattle, about 900 Beeves, and 100 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

Prices—Market Beef—Extra, $7,25@7,50; First quality, $[illegible]; Second, $5,50; Third, $5,00; Ordinary, $4,00.

Working Oxen—$90 000@0,00 per pair.

Cows and Calves—$30, 40@67.

Stores—Yearlings, $00@00; Two Years Old, $20@24; Three Years Old, $25@30.

Sheep and Lambs—4475 at market. Prices—Extra and Selections, $4, 5@6,00; [illegible] $2,00 2,6@3,00.

Swine—000 Western at market.

Hides—7¼@8c. ₱ lb. Tallow 7½@8c. ₱ lb.

Pelts—$1,50@1,75 each. Calf Skins, 12½@14c. ₱ lb.

BRIGHTON, Jan. 20.—At market 1300 Beeves, 100 Stores, 4000 Sheep and Lambs, 250 Swine.

Prices—Market Beef—Extra, $7,00; First quality, $7,00; Second, $6,75; Third, $5,00.

Working Oxen—$[illegible]@[illegible].

Milch Cows—$30@57; common, $12@20.

Veal Calves—$4,00, 4,50@4,75.

Stores—Yearlings, 00@00; Two Years Old, $00@32; Three Years Old, $24@30.

Sheep and Lambs—In lot, $2,00@3,00; Extra, $4@6.

Swine—Fat Hogs, 6c.; Retail, 5@6½c. for Spring Pigs.

Hides—7¼@8c. ₱ lb. Tallow—7½@8c. ₱ lb.

Pelts—$1,50@1,75. Calf Skins, 12@13c. ₱ lb.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, Jan 19.—The stock in first hands is greatly reduced, partly during the Domestic Fleeces, and all offering comes in by full prices, though the sales making among dealers are chiefly a fancy selection of the market. In Native grades sales in lots of 120,000 lbs Fleece and 30,000 lbs Pulled have been made at full previous rates, and 30,000 lbs fine California at 25c, 6 mos. In Foreign the transactions are limited owing to the light stock and the extreme prices prevalent.—The sales of the week include 60 bales Donskoi, 60 do Mediterranean, 80 do Persian, and 60 do Cordova on private terms.

BOSTON, Jan. 19.—Market firm, with sales the past week of 185,000 lbs Fleece and Pulled at 36@65c for fleece, and 40@57½c for No. 1 and extra pulled, cash. The dealers generally have adopted the cash system for future sales of Domestic Wool, in order to conform with the other markets of the country. The transactions in Foreign have been 143 ballots Peruvian, and 350 bales Mediterranean and South American, at full prices.

Saxon and Mer. fine	55@65	Western mixed	40@45
Full Blood	48@53	Smyrna, washed	17@20
Half and ¾ blood	46@47	Do unwashed	10@18
Common	40	Syrian	11@22
Pulled, extra	[illegible]@[illegible]	Cape	24@30
Do superfine	40@42	Crimea	9@17
Do No 1	40@45	Buenos Ayres	9@42
Do. No. 2	[illegible]@[illegible]	Peruvian, washed	30@36

ALBANY, Jan. 19.—A very firm market, with light receipts and a small stock. The only sale reported during the week was 5,000 lbs. Extra Pulled at 51c. We quote the market very firm as follows:

American, Saxony Fleece, ₱ lb	50@60
American, Full Blood Merino	45@50
American, ½ and ¾ Merino	40@45
American, Native and ¼ Merino	35@40
Extra, Pulled	45@48
Superfine, Pulled	40@43
No. 1, Pulled	32@36

PROVIDENCE, Jan. 17.—The stock is light, especially in medium and lower grades; good demand, with strong upward tendency in prices. The sales for the week have been 74,000 lbs of Fleece at from 40 to 56c.

Marriages.

In Parma, Jan. 18th., by Rev. E. S. Furman, JOHN E. DAVIS, Esq., of Canandaigua, and Miss ARMINA S. ATCHINSON, adopted daughter of Roswell Atchinson, Esq., of Parma.

Deaths.

On the 11th inst., of Hypochondriasis, at the house of her brother, Hiram Bennett, in the Town of Conesville, Schoharie Co., N. Y., Catharine C., wife of Numan Paddock and daughter of Joseph and Mary Bennett.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. Special Notices—following reading matter, and headed—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, in advance.—

☞ The circulation of the Rural New-Yorker far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

ISABELLA AND CLINTON GRAPE VINES at $10 per M, by GEO. BECK, Charlotte, Monroe Co., N. Y.

FARM WANTED—In exchange for 2 fine residences opposite Post-Office, Rome, N. Y.
473 Address J. WALSWORTH, Rome, N. Y.

GRAPE VINES.—Those wishing the genuine Concord, Rebecca and Diana Grape Vines, one and two yr's old, can procure them of S. B. PAYNE,
Price from $1 to $3. Mohawk, Herkimer Co., N. Y.

CASH FOR CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED. I will pay the highest market price for well cleaned Clover and Timothy Seed, at my store, No. 75 Main St., Rochester, N. Y. [473] G. C. BUELL.

TO RURALISTS and Friends of Improvement.—I am growing and distributing a choice collection of Field and Garden Seeds. Premium varieties. Catalogues sent to all who inclose stamp. D. D. TOOKER, Napoleon, Jack. Co., Mich.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell 4 new inventions. Agents have made over $25,000 on one,—better than all similar agencies. Send 4 stamps and get 80 pages particulars, gratis. EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

A PLEASANT HOME and a Moneyed Place. The Farm, Hotel Privilege and Sail Boat, known as "Tooker's Landing," beautifully situated on a Lake near Napoleon, Jackson Co., Mich., for sale cheap. Inquiries answered.—Address as above. [473] D. D. TOOKER

JAMESON AND ENSIGN, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW.—Office, No. 60 Main street, (over Lockport Market,) Lockport, Niagara Co., N. Y. Iowa, Wisconsin, and Michigan lands for sale or exchange for real property in Western N. Y. Loans negotiated.
A. H. Jameson. [473] A. J. Ensign.

HEAD-QUARTERS FOR GROCERIES IN ROCHESTER!!—The best place to buy Groceries and Provisions at Wholesale and Retail, is at the
Mammoth Store, 75 Main St.,
where can always be found the largest and best assortment of Goods in this Section.
A large sock of Choice Brands of Flour always on hand. G. C. BUELL.
N. B.—Cash paid for most kinds Country Produce. 473

VALUABLE STEAM FLOURING MILL FOR SALE.—The St. Louis Mills, at Princeton, Gibson Co., Indiana, are for sale. These mills are new, having run but three seasons. The machinery is all of the most approved kind, and is capable of turning out from 100 to 150 bbls flour per day. These mills are situated on the Evansville and Crawfordsville Railroad, 38 miles north of the city of Evansville. Original cost, $18,000 Terms—one-half cash, balance in one and two years. Address A. L., Box 36, Princeton, Gibson Co., Indiana. [473-3t] January 21, 1859

FARM FOR SALE—Situated in the Town of Elba, Genesee Co., N. Y., one mile west of the village of Pine Hill, and seven from the village of Batavia. Said farm is well located, well watered, with a good two story cobble stone house, two grain and hay barns, a large horse barn, with suitable out-buildings. The farm contains two hundred three and three-fourths acres, with two hundred grafted apple trees, of the best of fruit, with a variety of other fruit.—The farm is well calculated for grain or stock. Inquire of Wm. C. Raymond, at the village of Pine Hill. Terms of payment made known by P. B. Tace, on the premises.
473tf Moses True, Assignee.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE, of 263 Acres, near Macedon Locks, Wayne Co., N. Y., 3 miles west of Palmyra on the main road, formerly occupied by Benison Rogers. Said farm is well watered, under good cultivation, with the best of fences and out-buildings, with good fruit orchards. It includes 35 acres of Mud Creek Flats which is the best of meadow. Price, $60 per acre, terms made easy.
References.—J. H. Sutherland, Pittsford, N. Y.; Wm. Sutherland, Canandaigua, N. Y.; O. H. Sutherland, Schodack, N. Y., and N. D Rogers, on the premises.
473-3t JOHN ANTHONY, } Administrator of
Macedon, N. Y., Jan. 25, 1859. } Frank D. Rogers.

RUTTING'S FANNING AND ASSORTING MACHINE.—This machine is pronounced by intelligent mechanics and agriculturists, *the most perfect of its kind*, in this country or in Europe—indeed in the world. It enables the Farmer to sow only [illegible] and *earliest ripened* grain, for seed—and that, *perfectly free from all seed*, and thus effect a vast *improvement* in the quality, and *increase* in the *quantity* of crops, and at the same time *rid farmers of foul weeds* and *worthless vegetables*. It has already been exhibited at a large number of both State and County Fairs, and received the highest award at each, and several of the State Societies, will publish a cut and recommendation of it. See copy of the "Rural" for Jan.ary 15th, for cut and further description.—For Territorial Rights, address, for the New England States [illegible] PHILLIPS MILLING [illegible] of parts of the United States, [illegible]
[illegible] WALLACE WARREN, Utica, N. Y.

GIFTS! GIFTS!! GIFTS!!! R. H. Ferris, Oil Cloth, Lace Shade & Paper Hanging Store, is permanently established at 24 Exchange street, and is now receiving each day a fresh supply of Goods, which he is offering at very low prices for cash. Among the assortment may be found Lamps, Chandeliers, Gilt Cornices, Window Shades, Fixtures, &c. These goods are all new, and will be sold at the lowest prices. Those desiring a first-class article, which is sold free from any additional charge, will find it to their advantage to call and examine for themselves. Country merchants will find it to their interest to call before purchasing elsewhere

HOW THE MONEY GOES.

How goes the Money?—Well,
I'm sure it isn't hard to tell:
It goes for rent and wat-r-rates,
For bread and butter, coal and grates,
Hats, caps, and carpets, hoops and hose—
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the Money?—Nay,
Don't everybody know the way?
It goes for bonnets, coats, and capes,
Silks, satins, muslins, velvets, crapes,
Shawls, ribbons, furs and furbelows,
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the Money?—Sure,
I wish the way were something fewer,
It goes for wages, taxes, debts,
It goes for presents, goes for bets,
For paint, pomade, and eau de rose,
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the Money?—Now,
I've scarce begun to mention how;
It goes for laces, feathers, rings,
Toys, dolls, and other baby things,
Whips, whistles, candies, bells, and bows,
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the Money?—Come,
I know it doesn't go for rum;
It goes for Schools and Sabbath-chimes,
It goes for charity—sometimes;
For missions, and such things as those,
And that's the way the money goes!

How goes the Money?—There!
I'm out of patience, I declare;
It goes for plays, and diamond-pins,
For public alms, and private sins,
For hollow shams, and silly shows—
And that's the way the money goes!

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1858, by D. D. T. Moore in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.

ALICE AND ADELAIDE;

OR,

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

(Continued from page 36, last number.)

Chapter IX.—The Figure on the Hearthstone.

'Twas a strange, strange sight, that statue standing there so silently, and that blind old man trying in vain to penetrate the darkness and learn who it was that stood there beside him. Raising himself, at last, in bed and stretching out his arm, he touched a hand colder even than his own, for guilt and fear had chilled the blood of him who remained immovable, while the trembling fingers passed nervously over the face, through the hair, down the side, until they reached the left hand, from whose fore-finger a *joint* was gone! That missing joint, though we have made no mention of it heretofore, was well remembered by Hugo Warren, and it needed but this proof to tell him *who* was there!

"*William Huntington*," he hoarsely whispered, and falling back upon his pillow he wiped the drops of perspiration from his face, for the presence of *that man*, coming to him thus, awakened all the bitter memories of the past. "William Huntington," he gasped, "why are you here on this night of all others, when my lost wife seems present with me, and my ruined hopes pass in sad review before my mind. Say, have *you* come to add the last drop in the brimming bucket?"

There was a moment's silence, and then falling upon his knees, William Huntington made answer to the man he had so wronged. "I come not to insult you, but rather to seek the forgiveness which I know I do not merit. Only say that you forgive me, Mr. Warren,—let me once hold your hand in token of reconciliation, and then do with me what you will. A life within a felon's cell is preferable far to the remorse which I have carried with me for two long, dreary years. Say, will you not forgive me?" he continued, and the strong man's voice was choked with tears.

"Forgive you, William," Mr. Warren replied, "I might perhaps forgive you were my fortune all you wrested from me, but when I think of my lost Helen, my heart is turned to steel, for *you* killed her, William Huntington, you killed my precious wife."

"Yes, yes, 'twas my base act which killed her, it is true, still I have made you some amends. I saved your daughter's life, you know, else I had never dared to seek your face again," said Mr. Huntington, interrupting him.

"*You*, *you* saved Alice's life?" the excited man rejoined, and the hand which had withdrawn itself beneath the bed-clothes, now came forth again, feeling eagerly for the bowed head on which it rested forgivingly, while he continued, "It was you, then, who took her from the river and laid her in my arms,—you who saved me from a darker night than any I have ever known. Yes, William, because you did this good to me, you are forgiven, fully, freely forgiven,—but why have you not told of it before? Where have you been, and did your family know aught of this?

"*My family* know aught of this?" repeated Mr. Huntington. "Can it be I am deceived?" and then with the shaking hand still resting on his head, he told how he had wandered far and wide, seeking rest and finding none, for ever present to his mind was a white-haired, sightless man, weeping o'er his pale, dead wife.

In the far off California land he had dug for gold, vainly hoping by this means sometime to make amends for the ruin he had wrought. At last, as the burden of remorse grew heavier to bear, he sought his home to see once more the faces of his wife and child, hoping, too, that the forgiveness he so much desired might be obtained.

"I found them here," said he,—"found my wife and Adelaide working hard and secretly, lest the world should know how poor they were. I met my daughter first, and, Heaven forgive me if I do her wrong, I thought she was not glad to see me. I questioned her of *you*, and learned that you were here, too, and very poor. You were fully determined, she said, to revenge yourself on me, should I ever be found, and she urged me not to let my presence here be known, until she had tried to procure for me your forgiveness. My wife did not seem to understand your feelings, for she had never seen you, and she wished me to remain, but my daughter's fears, and my own dread of a convict's fate prevailed, and trusting to Adelaide's promise that she would eventually obtain your pardon for me, I left them again and became a second time a wanderer. I intended to take the cars at West Oakland, and was following the course of the river when, pausing for a moment to rest, I saw you approaching, and hid behind the alders, one moment resolving to throw myself at your feet, and again fearing to do so, for guilt had made me cowardly and weak. The rest of that day's incidents you know. I saved your daughter's life, but I dared not speak, lest I should be betrayed. My wet clothes made it necessary for me to return to the house, where I told what I had done, and asked if this would not atone. My wife said *yes*, but Adelaide was fearful still. She would see you herself, she said, and she *did* see you that very day, but you refused,—'the law must take its course,' you said; 'even though I saved a hundred lives.'"

"*Never*, so help me Heaven," Mr. Warren exclaimed. "Such words as those never passed my lips, and till this moment I knew not who it was that saved my child. Forgive me, William, but she *lied*,—that girl Adelaide. There was treachery in her voice when she sat at my feet and asked me not to tell of your misdeeds, lest disgrace should fall on *her*. People thought her mother was a widow, she said, and she would rather they should not know that you ran away to escape a prison home."

"Oh, Adelaide,—my child,—my child,—why did you thus deceive me?" the wretched father groaned, while Mr. Warren continued, "I never tried to find you, William, or sought to do you harm; but go on and tell me where you have been since that time."

"I remained at home a day or two hiding from the sight of men," Mr. Huntington replied, "and then one night I went away, thinking to make for my family a home in the distant west, where you would never find me. But no spot could be home to me with that load upon my mind, so at last I determined to see you myself, and beg for your forgiveness. They think me far away, my wife and Adelaide, for I only paused a moment at their door. Looking through the half closed blind I saw your daughter there and knowing that you must be alone I hastened on, entering your dwelling while you slept, and now it remains for you to do with me what you will."

"Nothing, William, I shall do nothing, only raise me up, my breath is going from me," Mr. Warren gasped. The faintness he had experienced once before had returned again, brought on by the excitement of what he heard, and Mr. Huntington, when he saw the corpse-like pallor stealing o'er his face, feared that he was dying. He was not afraid of death, but the world he knew, was a suspicious one, and he would rather the man he had so wronged should not die alone with him. Just then he heard without a footstep coming near, and thinking it must be Alice, he hurried to the door, exclaiming, "Be quick, your father I fear is dying."

In a moment the person thus addressed stood at Mr. Warren's bedside, and when the fainting man came back to consciousness, he whispered softly, "God bless you, Mr. Howland, for coming here again!"

Yes, it was Richard Howland, who stood there side by side with one whom he readily recognized as the stranger who had saved the life of Alice Warren. He had started for the party, going through the Hollow as the shortest route, and was passing Mr. Warren's gate, when the words "Be quick, your father I fear is dying," arrested his attention, bringing him at once into the presence of the blind man whom he had so long neglected.

"I did not know you were so ill," he was about to say, when Alice stood within their midst.

"Father," she cried, bounding to his side, "*are* you worse?" and then as her eye fell upon Mr. Huntington, the hot blood stained her face and neck, for *she* knew who he was, and marveled much that he was there.

"Alice," said Mr. Warren, "I have forgiven William Huntington because he saved your life though he dared not let us know it then, for Adelaide had said I thirsted for revenge. He has suffered much, my child, and you, I'm sure, will sanction my forgiveness."

It was in vain that Alice attempted to speak, so astonished was she at what she had heard, and, misinterpreting her silence, Mr. Huntington advanced towards her, saying, imploringly, "Hear me, young lady, and you will perhaps be willing to forgive."

Then very rapidly he repeated in substance the story he had told her father, touching as lightly as possible on Adelaide's duplicity, but still making the matter plain to Alice and clear to him, who, with clasped hands and wildly beating heart, listened breathlessly to the strange tale he heard. Richard Howland was undeceived at last, and the girl he had *almost* loved was revealed to him in her true character, as an artful, designing woman. The *father*, who he supposed was dead, stood there, a living, breathing man, identical he was sure with the *agent* of whom he had often heard, and, worse than all, the people, against whom she had breathed her dark insinuations, were innocent of evil,—the wrong was on the other side, and *he* had been her *dupe*,—had even thought it possible to call that girl his wife. *His wife!* how he loathed the very idea now that he knew her guilt, and how his conscience smote him for having ever wronged in thought the helpless old blind man and his gentle, fair-haired daughter. They had suffered, too, from his neglect, but he could make amends for that, and his heart went out in pity towards Alice as he contrasted her former life with her present dreary lot. The *party* was forgotten, and while Adelaide, in most impatient mood, watched each fresh arrival, he, for whom she watched in vain, smoothed the tumbled pillow, bathed the burning brow, or brought the cooling draught, and then spoke words of comfort to the weeping Alice, who read upon his face, and that of Mr. Huntington, a confirmation of her fears.

But not that night did Mr. Warren die, though the physician, for whom Mr. Huntington was sent, would give no hope. The disease had assumed a most alarming form, he said, and Mr. Howland's hand rested pityingly on the bowed head of the young girl who was soon to be an orphan. The morning came, and then, as it was necessary for him to go home for a time, he left both father and child to the care of Mr. Huntington, promising to send down one of his domestics, and to return himself ere long.

Chapter X.—Revelations.

The morning train from Albany had thundered through the town, and Mr. Howland was about returning to the Hollow, when hasty footsteps were heard within the hall, and in a moment his sister stood before him. She had traveled night and day since leaving Milwaukee, she said, but she didn't mind it at all, she was so impatient to be at home and tell him what she'd heard, and, without so much as untying her bonnet, Miss Elinor continued, "I told you all the time they were impostors,—but *men* have so little sense. I'm glad *I* ain't a *man*, though if I were, no woman would ever impose on *me* as that Adelaide has on *you*. Why, instead of taking music lessons, as she pretends to do, she goes up to Springfield after work, and the satchel, you more than once have carried for her, had in it vests and shirts, and mercy knows what—tell me that wasn't a *wristband* I saw under the lounge. I guess I know a wristband. They are just as poor as they can be, and sew for Mr. Lincoln's store, in Springfield, for Mrs. Lincoln's cousin told me so. I met her in Milwaukee, and when she knew I was from Oakland, she spoke of Adelaide, and asked me if I knew her. I told her yes, and then she asked if she were *married* yet, saying she hoped she was, for it seemed a pity that a stylish-looking girl like her should be obliged to *sew for a living*. Of course I questioned her, learning what I've told you, and, worse than all the rest, Adelaide made this lady believe that she was going to marry a very wealthy man, who had a most delightful home, with *one* encumbrance, which she should soon manage to dispose of, and that encumbrance was a *dried up old maid sister!* Do you hear that, Richard Howland! *A dried up old maid sister!* That means me!!" and the highly scandalized lady walked up and down the room, upsetting, in her wrath, both her traveling basket and band-box, which last, in a measure, diverted her attention, for no woman, whether married or single, can think of anything else when her "meeting bonnet" is in danger.

Picking up the box and assuring herself that its contents were unharmed, she continued, "Why don't you say something, Richard? Are you not surprised at what I have told you?"

"Not particularly," he answered, and coming to her side he repeated to her the story he had heard from Adelaide's own father, so long supposed to be dead.

"The *trollop!* The *jade!*" ejaculated Miss Elinor. "I understand her perfectly. She wished to keep up appearances and make her father stay away until she became your wife, and you couldn't help yourself. *Dried up old maid, indeed!* I'll teach her to call me names. But what of Mr. Warren and little Alice? I'll go to them at once," and, notwithstanding her recent fatiguing journey, the energetic woman started for the Hollow, saying to her brother who accompanied her, "I am determined upon one thing, Richard. If Mr. Warren dies, Alice will live with us and have the best chamber, too. Poor little creature, how she must have suffered."

They found both Mr. Warren and Alice asleep, but Miss Elinor's kiss awoke the latter, who uttered a cry of joy at the sight of her friend and benefactress. The sick man, too, ere long, awoke, but only to doze again, and as the day wore on he continued in a state of stupor, from which it was difficult to rouse him. Just before the sun was setting, however, consciousness returned, and he asked for Alice, who in a moment was at his side. Winding his arm lovingly around her neck, he prayed that the God of the fatherless would not forsake her when she should be alone.

"I am going from you, Alice," he said,—"going to your mother, who has waited for me all the day, and the pain of death would scarce be felt did I know what would become of you."

"Tell him, Richard," whispered Miss Elinor, and advancing to the bed-side, Mr. Howland said, "Your daughter shall live with me when you are gone."

"God bless you," came feebly from the dying man, while the fair head resting on his bosom was for a moment uplifted, and Mr. Howland ne'er forgot the grateful, glad expression of the soft, blue eyes which looked into his face.

"I, too, will care for Alice so long as my life is spared," said Mr. Huntington, who had been there all the day, and again from the white lips a faint "God bless you" came.

Slowly towards the western horizon sank the setting sun, and when at last his farewell beams looked into that room of death, they shone on the frosty hair and still, white face of one who was no longer blind, for to him the light of a better world had been revealed, and the eyes so long in darkness here were opened to the glories of the New Jerusalem.

Every necessary care was bestowed upon the dead, and then, leaving the orphaned Alice in Miss Elinor's arms, with Mr. Howland standing near and speaking to her an occasional word of comfort, Mr. Huntington started for his home, walking slowly, sadly; for his heart was full of sorrow,—sorrow for the dead and sorrow for his only child, who had so cruelly deceived him. What her motive was, he could not guess, unless it were that she dreaded the disgrace his presence might bring upon her, and when he thought of this, he half resolved to leave her forever, but love for his wife prevailed, and with an aching heart he kept on his way.

* * * * * * * *

Restless and impatient Adelaide had passed the day in wondering what had happened to Mr Howland and why he was not at the party. She had confidently expected him there but he had disappointed her, and the lace dress with which she hoped to impress him was worn for naught.—"Parties were bores any way," she said, "and she hoped she should never attend another so long as her name was Adelaide Huntington!"

In this unamiable mood she fretted until late in the afternoon, when old Peggy, who had been sent on an errand to the village, returned, bringing the news that Mr. Warren was not expected to live, and that she saw Mr. Howland entering the door as she passed. Then, lowering her voice to a whisper, she continued, "Right up against the window was a man's head, which looked so like your father that I stopped a little, hoping he would turn his face one side, but he didn't, and I came along."

"My father," repeated Adelaide, "isn't within a hundred miles of here."

Still, the idea troubled her even more than the news of Mr. Warren's illness, and after old Peggy left the room, she turned to her mother, saying, "Wouldn't it be mean if father had come back and gone to see Mr. Warren?"

"I suppose it would be right, though," returned her mother, while Adelaide continued, "Right or wrong, nobody wants him turning up bodily just yet, for Mr. Howland is so squeamish about a little deception that my chance of winning him would be rather slim, if he knew father was not dead as he believes him to be. If I secure him before he finds it out, he can't help himself, and I wish he'd either propose or let it alone. I declare, mother, I think it is your duty as a prudent, careful parent to ask what his intentions are. You can tell him there is a great deal of talk about his coming here so much, and unless he is serious, you prefer that he should discontinue his visits, hinting of course, that you fear *my* affections are already too deeply enlisted for my future happiness, should he not be in earnest. Say, mother, will you tell him this when he comes again?"

Mrs. Huntington at first refused, but Adelaide's entreaties finally prevailed, and it was decided that when Mr. Howland next visited them, he should be questioned concerning his intentions.

"Oh, I hope he'll come to night," said Adelaide, and feeling confident that he would, she made some changes in her dress,—smoothed her glossy hair, and then, just as it was growing dark, lay down upon the lounge, building castles of the future, and wondering if she should be Adelaide Huntington one year from that day!

As she lay there thus, she heard the gate,—a heavy footstep was coming up the walk, and thinking "it must be he," she assumed a half reclining posture, which she fancied was careless and graceful,—and then awaited the appearance of her expected visitor. He did not ring,—and she heard his step within the hall. Nearer and nearer he came, his hand was on the knob, and as the door swung back the large black eyes which turned at first so eagerly in that direction, flashed their surprise and anger, not on Richard Howland, but on William Huntington, who keenly felt the coldness of his welcome. [Concluded next week.]

Wit and Humor.

A STRICT TEMPERANCE MAN.

We were accosted the other evening, says the editor of a Boston paper, by a gentlemanly-looking man, evidently balancing a clever sized brick in his castor.

"I say, mis-mister, will you be kind enough to tell me the way to Broadway?"

"No Broadway here, sir; this is not New York."

"Oh! ah! ah! yes, that's a fact. Well, I beg your pardon—your pardon—pardon; show me to Fourth street—Mil—Miller's Hotel."

"Now you're in Philadelphia, old boy. Wrong again."

"Ha! ha! well, I'm darn'd confused, that's a fact. All right. Please to tell me who—whether its left or right I take to Holiday street?"

"That's a street that ain't got this way yet. Perhaps you are thinking of the city of Baltimore."

"Well, where the deuce am I, stranger, anyhow?"

We told him Boston.

He jammed his fists into his pockets, after hitting his hat a smash, and stepped out, observing:

"Well, I'm darn'd if I follow this temperance caravan any longer."

Seeing the Elephant.—When Cousin Ichabod first saw him at the show, he exclaimed, with mute astonishment:—"Then that's the reel manageror—the identical critter itself! Wouldn't tew on em make a team to draw stun with. Ain't he a scroger!" Ichabod went hum and related what he had seen. "I seed," said he, "the genewine manageror—the biggest lump of flesh that ever stirred. He had tew tails—one behind, t'other before." Philosophers call the fore one a proboscus. He put one of his tails in my pocket and hauled out all the gingerbread—every hooter. What d'ye think he done with it? Why, he stuck it in his own pocket, and began to fumble for more."

Ain't it Queer?—An old lady was highly delighted and edified by a view of the vessels on Long Island Sound towing their boats astern. "L-a-w-s-a-massy!" exclaimed the innocent old soul, "how parfect is all the works of nature! Even the great big ships have all got their little ones runnin' along after 'em just as playful as lambs."

Political Grammar.—It is a curious fact in the grammar of politics, that when statesmen get into place, they often become oblivious of their *antecedents*, but are seldom forgetful of their *relatives*.

A Little Difference.—"What has been your business?" said a judge to a prisoner at the bar. "Why, your honor, I used to be a dentist—now I am a pugilist; then I put teeth in—now I knock 'em out."

Nice Phrases.—In Wisconsin they call a bribe a "pecuniary compliment," and in Mississippi we notice that slavery is spoken of as "economic subordination."

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

"A Prudent Wife wanted"—you're joking my honey,
As if you were worth such a wonderful blessing;
Nay! mend your own coats, sir, and count your own money,
Or try, good sir farmer, you talent at guessing,
In just eighteen letters my mind I'll declare,
You may guess them, and claim the reward if you dare.

Put my 6th, 1st, 17th, with my 18th, you'll have
What all *prudent* ladies are careful to save;
My 2d, 14th, 7th good husbands will use,
Or *neat* wives most surely their tempers will lose;
My 3d, 11th, 2d I should make when I lacked,
Whether *prudence* forbid it or not (that's a *fact!*)
Yet with 8th, 4th, and 7th, I could be quite content,
If prudence *demanded* wherever I went;
My 15th, 1st, 10th, and 16th, I declare
Without blushing, is something that *I* never wear;
My 5th, 4th, 12th, 15th on *Mondays* you'll find
In *kitchens*, but 'tis not at all to my mind;
My 7th, 9th, and 14th *I* relish, at least,
At breakfast or supper, at party or feast;
And now, if you're pleased with myself and my rhyme,
I'll mention the 13th, 11th, 18th next time,
Black Rock, N. Y., 1859. A Desperate Damsel.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SURVEYING QUESTION.

A Surveyor wishing to measure a piece of land having five sides, commenced at the first corner and ran due east 40 perches to the second corner; thence southeast 50 perches to the third corner; thence due south 60 perches to the fourth corner; and thence southwest 70 perches to the fifth corner. When he arrived at the fifth corner he found that he could not measure the fifth side on account of a deep swamp being in that line. Required the course and distance from the fifth corner to the first corner or starting point, and the number of acres contained in the lot. Artemas Martin.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa., 1859.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

Selected for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RIDDLE.

Far in the east an ancient fabric stood,
Hard by the banks of a majestic flood.
There dwelt a preacher, as we understand,
Though good, not great, yet by the Lord's command
He preached repentance to the guilty soul
Till tears of anguish down his cheeks did roll.
His clothing rare, no kind of cloth composed,
No skins of beasts did e'er his frame enclose.
Although he never did one sin commit,
Yet in Christ's kingdom he shall never sit.
When the last trumpet through the earth shall sound,
He still shall sleep within the burning ground.

Homer, 1859. W. C.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PUZZLE.

Dear Rural:—The following letters are inscribed over the Decalogue in a church in England:

prsvryprfctmnvrkpthsprcptstn.

Required the vowels, which, if properly placed, make a complete sentence. E. W.

Coomer, N. Y., 1859.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 471.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Hope keeps the heart whole.

Answer to Mechanical Problem:—Four and nine-tenths miles per second.

Answer to Riddle:—The whale that swallowed Jonah.

Answer to Charade:—Brig-ham Young.

Answer to Puzzle:—Two 25 cent pieces and two half cents.

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CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
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☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

RURAL FIRST PREMIUM BARN.

BELOW we give the Report of the Committee appointed to examine the different plans presented in competition for the RURAL'S PREMIUMS offered for the *best three Barns*, and to make the awards. They have given much time to the matter, and have well performed the work assigned them, as all, we think, will agree on examining the plans which they have selected for premiums, the first of which we now give our readers. It is truly a *Premium Barn*, and no one can study its internal arrangement, or mode of construction, without profit:

MR. MOORE:—On examining the papers put in our hands, as a committee, to decide upon the best propositions offered for FARM BARNS, we found quite a multiplicity of designs, having many excellent features; but, in our opinion, many were quite *too expensive* for ordinary farmers, and entirely beyond their ability to erect, and only adapted to the able and wealthy, who cultivate and embellish their country home-steads for pleasure and beauty, rather than profit. Many of the applications were as much *below* our views as those before mentioned were *above*; but perhaps adapted to particular locations or purposes and restricted means.

If we understand your views in offering a gratuity for the best barns, it was designed to meet the wants of the *great majority* of farmers, as they now exist in the country, adapted, not alone to the *stock-raiser, dairyman, or grain-grower*, but to all these combined, and for general farm purposes, including, not only beauty of structure, but the greatest amount of convenience, cheapness, and adaptation to all the wants of the majority of farmers.

We find among the propositions, one of a *Circular Barn*, 90 feet in diameter, from O. J. KATHUEN, Springfield, Mass., with basement, well arranged with cattle and horse stalls, and the requirements for feeding animals, and contrivances for every use required — the main floor, with a driveway round the entire structure, with hay and grain bays, granary, &c., lighted by skylights and side windows. This barn, combining many conveniences, from its great cost puts it beyond the means of ordinary farmers.

Also, one well adapted to small farms, by O. M. REYNOLDS, of Corunna, Shiawassee Co. Mich., with a basement and ornamental finish, costing only $444. Tho' we cannot go into details, yet we think it well adapted for those who farm from 40 to 60 acres, and the plans and drawings well worthy of publication.

There are also plans by E. FASSETT, of Forkston, Pa., and W. J. B., of Canandaigua, N. Y., each with a *low* attachment for stabling and other purposes, which may, in some cases, be advantageous, but your committee cannot recommend a barn-yard without open sheds, as air and exercise are important to stabled animals. An open shed for protection from winds and storms, while loose in the yard, is important. Neither of the above are expensive, and a great improvement over the old 30 by 40 barn.

Mr. ISAAC TOOT, of Smyrna, Chenango Co., N. Y., [illegible] plan of a very compact barn, with a [illegible] basement, and containing some very [illegible] arrangements.

[illegible] plan by L. S. [illegible], of Canton, N. Y., is a barn with two wings, [illegible] with a basement [illegible] stable. This, though possessing many good [illegible], is rather expensive.

The plans of B. S. CARPENTER, of Elmira, N. Y., by A. A. GARDNER, of Northville, Mich — of B. F. HAM, of [illegible]ville, and DAVID F. HATHAWAY, of Milo [illegible], N. Y. [illegible] very good [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

crease its length; if it was soft wood it was put together on the double bevel principle, B; if hard wood, it was done on the ship-lap "gain and key plan," A, as shown in accompanying illustration.

FIG. 2.—HARD AND SOFT WOOD SPLICE.

The *Timber* is unusually small for such a building, but its strength is amply sufficient. The girts to which the siding is nailed, being only three feet from centre to centre, render it, with its thorough bracing, almost as inflexible as iron. The *Siding* is pine, planed, matched, and afterwards battened and painted.

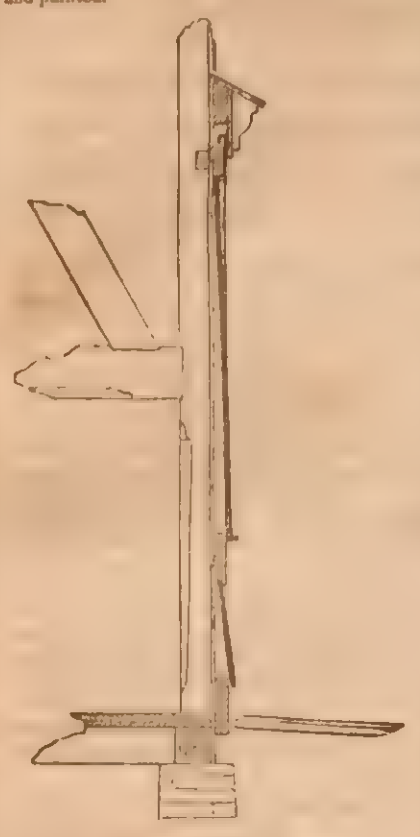


FIG. 3.—SECTION OF ROLLING DOORS.

FIG. 4.—SEC. OF WINDOW.

The *Doors* are of pine, and hung on rollers at the top. The frames are two inches thick, put together with iron bolts that run the whole width. The panels are an inch thick, fitted into a groove at the top, but outside of the rail at the bottom, as seen in fig. 4 causing all water to flow from them, and yet have the appearance of a panel door.

The *Windows* have sashes that hang near the top, the bottom pushing outwards, as shown in fig. 4, and are glazed. They have to be fastened open, but they fasten themselves shut.

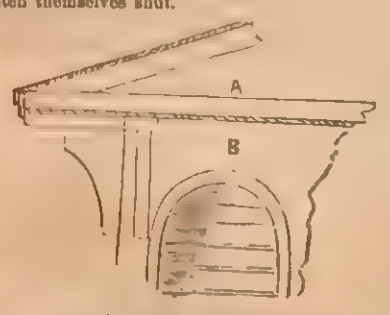


FIG. 5.—CUPOLA AND CORNICE.

The roof is nearly flat on the top, for fourteen feet, sloping seven each side of the centre—surmounted by a *Ventilating Cupola*, (figure 5,) and two *Ventilators* on *Emerson's Plan*, with ornamental brackets, figure 6. This portion of the roof is covered with Russell's Patent Roofing, laid upon inch hemlock, well nailed to joists 2x12 inches. The slope from the centre is only four inches each way, but water runs from it readily, and from its exposed situation snow cannot accumulate in winter.

FIG. 6.—VENTILATOR.

The other portions of the roof are of spruce shingle, laid upon inch hemlock, with a steep pitch for the greater part of its length, and carries out at the eaves to give a greater projection from the building with the same amount of roofing, and give a finished look to the design, as seen in figure 7.

The eave troughs are built with the other portions of the roof and form the cornice. The conductors from the cornice form an ornamental bracket, and running down the corner of the building, give an additional finish.

FIG. 7.—MAIN CORNICE.

The Barn has a projection, as seen in figure 8, and, also in the elevation, that not only adds to the finish of the siding, but protects the masonry.

FIG. 8.—WATER TABLE.

The approach to the doors on the west is graded to a rise of one foot in ten, and extends to within eight feet of the main building. The protection wall is about four feet in height and two feet thick, sloping against the bank.

The area between the protection wall and the building is bridged, giving a free circulation of air to the basement, as seen in the sectional drawing.

The cost of the entire structure was not far from $1,200.

ABOUT WOOL.—CORRECTION.

MESSRS. EDS.:—In the RURAL of January 1st is an article under the caption of "heavy fleeces," from me, which I wish to correct. It makes me say the age of one of the *bucks* was one year, and of the other one year less eight days, when I intended to give that as the age of the *fleeces*. The statement as corrected will stand as follows:

No. 1. Age of sheep 3 years; age of fleece 1 year.	
No. 2. " " 4 " " " 1 year less, 8 days.	
Combined weight of carcass ..	208
" " of wool in dirt	28
" " of wool cleansed	12

Thus showing that my sheep are of small size instead of large, as would be inferred by the previous article. The position I take is that a Merino sheep of small or medium size, carrying but a moderate quantity of animal oil, will produce more *pure wool in proportion to the weight of carcass* than those of a large size, and carrying a large quantity of animal oil and dirt, and consequently be more remunerative to the grower.

This question will bear much enlargement and comment, and I wish to introduce the subject to the attention of wool growers in time for them to go into the cleansing and weighing process at the next clip. We can hardly expect that dirt mixed with our wool will long continue to sell well, though I must confess it has sold extremely well of late years. Indications seem to show that manufacturers are geting their eyes open to this "wooden nutmeg" kind of business. I don't know as this achievement in cleansing is anything very extraordinary, as I have cleansed and weighed but one fleece before, and don't doubt but I may be beaten. I hope I may, for my desire is to improve my flock by a new cross, as I before stated. Will not those who have paid attention to this subject, communicate with the RURAL, and give more light to those who are in the dark. How much *wool* will grow on a hundred weight of mutton? A. Y. BAKER.

Urbana, Steuben Co., N. Y., 1859.

THE APIARY.—WINTERING BEES.

EDS. RURAL:—In the RURAL of Nov. 13th, is an article on the above subject from T. L., of Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., asking for information from others in regard to their management. In the course of my experience in bee-keeping, I too, have found that the art of wintering bees successfully, is truly a great desideratum, more losses occurring at this season of the year, in this vicinity, than from all other sources combined. But I do not attribute the *cause* of this mortality among bees to sudden atmospheric changes, as does your correspondent T. L. Indeed, I consider these changes of the temperature of the atmosphere in winter very often beneficial to them. If the cause is as T. L. thinks, the remedy would be to protect them from these sudden changes by wintering them in dark rooms or bee-houses. To describe how these houses should be built, and their management therein, would occupy more space than should be taken up by this article. He will find all these things fully and ably discussed in the writings of Mr. QUINBY, a work which should be in the hands of every intelligent bee-keeper, for in this, as in all other things, the most intelligent man will succeed the best. The word *luck* in bee-keeping is the same as *luck* in other things—that is, intelligence combined with diligence. The remarks in regard to atmospheric changes in spring and summer are correct, and can no more be remedied than we can prevent a drouth and hinder the sun from parching the earth and scorching our crops of grain and grass, except by keeping the entrance closed as much as possible during the early spring months, to prevent the chilling of the young brood, and doubling all swarms in the fall that have not honey sufficient to winter them, it being well known that two small swarms, with perhaps 12 or 15 pounds of honey each, if wintered separately, would be lost, but if both swarms with their contents be placed in one hive they will winter well.

But I have said that I do not attribute the loss of bees in winter to sudden changes in the temperature of the atmosphere. What, then, is the cause of this great loss of bees in winter? This loss is sometimes truly alarming. In the winter of 1855–6 I have no doubt but that half the bees in this vicinity were lost, and in that winter there were no sudden changes—for about three months, there was but very little variation in the temperature of the atmosphere, the thermometer ranging generally from zero to 20 above, and during all that time the temperature was below the freezing point.

There is always more or less moisture given off by every good swarm of bees. This rises in the upper part of the hive and in winter condenses and freezes among the combs. If the temperature rises high enough to thaw it will do no harm, but if no thaw occurs it will keep on increasing until the whole hive, excepting where the bees are clustered, will be a frozen mass of ice, and the bees eat all the honey in their immediate vicinity and then die of starvation in the midst of plenty. Many bee-keepers do not examine their hives often, and in the spring, when the frost is all thawed out, they find the bees all dead, plenty of honey in the hive, and ignorantly attribute their loss to their want of luck. The remedy would be either to winter them in rooms or bee-houses sufficiently warm to prevent the moisture from freezing, or by ventilation permit the moisture to escape. But it is rather a difficult matter to ventilate the common old-fashioned box hive. There are hives, however, that can easily be ventilated, but they have the misfortune to be patented, consequently I am not permitted to describe or name them here. I do not state positively that this is the cause of your correspondent's want of success, but only suggest that it may be. If he will state at what season of the year his losses occur, and what the condition of his hives when he first discovers his bees are dead, we can then perhaps give the true cause and the remedy, for how can a physician prescribe for a sick patient without knowing the disease. I would here state that I am not in any way interested in patent bee-hives, only as I have purchased the rights for my own individual use, and if T. L. wishes to make any inquiries and will direct a letter to me with a stamp to pre-pay one in return, I will inform him what my experience with them has been. C. C. WILSON.

Newfane, Niagara Co., N. Y., 1859.

EXPERIMENTS WITH MUCK.

EDS. RURAL:—Having about two acres of tamarac swamp adjoining high, warm, loamy land, and feeling desirous of trying the effect of muck upon it, in January, 1857, after tramping the snow into the mud and water, and letting it freeze, I sent my man and team in, and hauled some 150 or 200 loads upon an adjoining lot of fourteen acres, leaving it in small heaps suitable for spreading. It covered about one-half the lot. In April I covered the other half with barn-yard manure. The muck being wholly pulverized and fine by frost, I spread both and plowed it in. The result was a good crop of corn, beans and potatoes. It was hard to tell which side of the field was the best, the muck fertilized or manure.

Again, in 1858, sent a man and team into the swamp and took from the ditch (from three to five feet deep) sufficient to cover ⅓ of a nine-acre lot, of similar soil, and in like manner as the other lot, finishing out with barn-yard manure. This muck lay in heaps until the first of June. Around the heaps and along the tracks where the sleigh ran with the water dripping off, the grass was a darker green and twice the size of adjoining grass. I plowed planted, and cultivated beans in the usual way—they completely covered the ground. The result was another good crop. In this case I gave the muck preference over the other manure. The past fall I have plowed a part of the bean stubble, and sowed wheat, which looks well. Being fully satisfied with the experiments of the two previous years, and the double benefit of draining the swamp and fertilizing the fields, I shall go on doing likewise the present year, leaving the barn-yard manure for other fields. The labor of taking direct from the ditch to the field (without drawing to the barn-yard and mixing with other manure, then redrawing,) being much less than any other method I have seen described, accounts for my sending you this sketch. A. PHIPPS.

Eagle Harbor, N. Y., 1859.

Inquiries and Answers.

CARROTS.—Are the *Large White Carrots* as valuable for feeding to stock as the Red? They produce much better, and, if equally nutritive, must be the best.—J. A. S., *Glenmorris, C. W.*, 1859.

THE *White Belgian Carrot* produces the largest crop, but is supposed to be less nutritious than some of the smaller varieties. We do not know of any experiments that prove this. If this is so, we still believe the larger varieties are the most profitable for field culture, and in addition to the above, would recommend the *Altringham* and *Long Yellow*.

RAISING WATER.—Can water be taken from a well 18 feet deep to within 2 feet of the top, thence on a level 10 rods, then 3 feet perpendicular, with a common suction pump?—I. T., *Attica, O.*, 1859.

A COMMON suction pump will raise water about *thirty feet*. The resistance on the level is very little, so that you might elevate the water about thirty feet. In the case presented you have to raise it only fourteen.

ORCHARD GRASS SEED.—Will you please inform me where I can find *Orchard Grass Seed*? I would like to sow eight acres with it if I can procure the seed. Please give me the price per bushel if you can.—GEO. R. R., *Scipio, N. Y.*, 1859.

Orchard Grass can be procured in this city, and, we presume, of the seed dealers generally. The price is about $3 per bushel. The seed is very light, only weighing from twelve to fourteen pounds per bushel; and about two bushels of seed is recommended to the acre.

SOWING TIMOTHY SEED.—I wish to be informed thro' the RURAL with regard to sowing *Timothy Seed*, the quantity per acre, and in what proportion of clover, to a sandy soil?—YOUNG FARMER.

THIS inquiry we will not undertake to answer in a few lines. It embraces important questions, such as the propriety of growing Timothy to any extent on a sandy soil, and of sowing Clover and Timothy together, which we leave for our practical readers to discuss. From eight to twelve quarts per acre are usually sown.

R. B. E., *Seneca Co., N. Y.*—In turning under a crop of clover upon sandy soil, we would prefer that it should wilt somewhat—if plowed in while in a green state, the decomposition is so rapid as to throw off many of its valuable properties. What say those who have experimented?

MACHINERY FOR MAKING DRAIN TILE.—H. W., Ripley, N. Y.)—Don't know where to be had—manufacturers should let the people know.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Regularity in Feeding Stock.

IN commenting upon the importance of regularity in the keeping of stock, a correspondent of the *Maine Farmer* mentions two different ways in which farmers of his acquaintance feed their cattle. Farmer A. feeds his stock regularly; he gives his cattle their fodder at a given time, and in exact proportion. After they have eaten their allowance, they lie quietly down, chew their cuds in peace, and wait with ease until the time comes for them to have another feeding. The fodder thus given does them double the good by being given with regularity; the cattle are healthy, in good order, and thrive better than though a different course was followed. Farmer B. comes into his barn—no matter what time in the day—and scatters over a little driblet of hay to his cattle. They eat it up, and if in a half hour he chances to go into his barn again, the cattle are standing up, and, as they hear him enter, begin to twist, strain and reach for a fuddering of hay. Farmer B. thinks they must be hungry, so of course gives them a little foddering. The consequence is, when any one enters the main floor, if the cattle are lying down—which is seldom the case—they instantly jump up and wait for the small portion of hay to be given them. Fodder thus put over to cattle does them no good; they are thin and half starved all the time. As I have said before, it needs no argument to show the superiority of a regular and uniform system of feeding stock. Every-day examples like these two are of more importance than a whole column of arguments founded on ignorance.

Are Swine Self-Sustaining?

THE *Maine Farmer* has been discussing this question somewhat, and in a recent paragraph remarks:—"If not self-evident, it is believed that a sufficient number of experiments have been made, to establish the fact, that swine are self-sustaining animals, and that pork is the cheapest meat raised upon a farm. The hog is a working animal, and if supplied with sufficient materials for the first ten months of his life, will produce a sufficient quantity of the best of manure, to be equivalent to his value, giving him two months to rest from labors, and to grow fat. Generally at one year old is the best time to kill. A word as to breeding.—It is quite common to breed from young sows, say fall pigs, to come in with a litter of pigs when one year old; a practice to be utterly condemned, and if continued in the same family for a few generations of swine, they will be found to dwindle down from three to four hundred hogs, to two or three hundred. It is much better to keep the sows three or four years, and even much longer—they have been known to have been kept some fifteen years to advantage. The hog is some years, in his natural state, in coming to maturity. It is a fact well known, at least to every Irishman from the *ould* country, that pigs from old sows will grow into hogs some thirty or forty pounds heavier than those from young ones."

Hoofs of Young Horses.

SAYS the *Ohio Farmer*, we saw recently an instance of the ill effects resulting from the neglect to shorten the excessively long hoofs of young horses. A colt, with unusually long hoofs, had in his play stepped upon some hard substance, and broken off the front part of the hoof of one foot to the quick. The accident was attended with some bleeding, and excessive lameness, the poor fellow being unwilling to put his foot to the ground. Ten minutes' work would have saved the animal much pain, and the owner might have had the profit of three months' growth, instead of having it arrested for that period. But the occasional breaking off of a part of the hoof is but a trifle when compared with other mischiefs resulting from the same cause. When the toe is too long the strain on the fetlock-joint is greatly increased, and permanent injury to the suspensory ligament of the foot often follows. Young horses frequently have wind-galls, and other evidences of sprains, before they are put to work, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred these are where shortening of the toe has been neglected. On some gravelly and stony land and hard roads, the hoofs will wear fast enough, as nature evidently intended they should, but if horses are kept on smooth turf their feet must be kept short by artificial means.

The Potato Disease.

THE Royal Agricultural Society has awarded a purse to Dr. LAING, of Ipplepen, for a paper on the Potato, its cultivation, production and disease.—The conclusions at which he arrives are:—"That the disease is of a fungoid nature, increased in virulency by atmospheric causes. That all manures are injurious, saving only lime and salt. That the earliest potatoes in ripening should be exclusively grown. That earthing up repeatedly with fine earth is the only effectual preventive to the ravages of the disease." In a review of Dr. LAING'S article, the London *Gardener's Chronicle* remarks:—"These opinions are much the same as those which have been repeatedly expressed by ourselves, with the exception of recommending lime and salt as a manure, and trusting to frequent earthing up. But we must express our entire dissent to the author's statement that disease never originates in the lower portion of the stem where it adjoins the root. We can only say that during thirteen years that we have studied the phenomenon of this singular malady we never saw an instance to the contrary."

To Destroy the Turnip Fly.

MR. WIMBALL, of Adermaston, England, has taken out a patent for destroying the turnip fly and other insects injurious to crops, and it may be useful in the same manner for destroying the cotton fly, and the wheat midge in our country. The apparatus consists of a small furnace placed on a small wheel-barrow, the fire being operated by a revolving fan blast, through a strap from a pulley on the wheel shaft. On the top of the furnace is a tube chimney bent downwards and capable of being turned in any direction. Sulphur is thrown, in small pieces, from time to time, on the fire, and the blast directs the gases thus generated through the bent smoke tube among the plants on which the insects are operating. "This appears to be a useful invention," remarks the *Scientific American*, "and one not expensive or difficult for any farmer to carry out into practice."

Agricultural Miscellany.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have a large number of excellent communications on file for publication, and which will appear as soon as possible—the most practical, important and seasonable having precedence. In order to give them publicity, we are obliged to condense many favors of friends—a liberty we would by no means exercise had we "ample room and verge enough" to give in full.—Those whose articles are abridged, or deferred, will please note and accept this explanation, with our thanks for their valuable favors.

A LAW PROPOSED TO PREVENT FRAUD IN SEEDS.—FIRMAN FISH, a member of Assembly of this State, from Jefferson county, has introduced into that body a bill "to require growers and sellers of garden-seeds to mark packages with the name of growers, date of growth, description, weight," &c., under a penalty of fine or imprisonment for misrepresentation. We have not yet seen the details of this bill, but we understood they are quite strict. There may be a necessity for some law on this subject, but, we think it would be better to have this matter regulated by the laws of trade. Our seedsmen, we hope, before long will vie with nurserymen in their enterprise, and give us the purest and the best that the world affords.

—But this is a delicate matter to handle, and our law-makers must be careful, or they will commit some ridiculous blunders. The bill, we understand makes a fine of $50, or imprisonment for three months, or both, the penalty for selling seeds that are not true to the name with which they are labelled. Carry out such a law and our seedsmen would all be in prison in less than a year. Some kinds of seeds mix very readily; indeed nothing but the greatest care will prevent mixture, and this care, our seed-growers have not learned to exercise, nor will they learn it in a day. Buy at any of our seedstores, packages labelled *Long Green Cucumber*, and not one seed in a thousand will prove true. The same may be said of all our winter squashes. Scarcely a pure specimen can be found at the seed-stores or elsewhere. This evil we hope to see corrected, but greatly doubt whether it can be by law. The largest portion of our seed is imported from Europe. These are not always pure, and would it be just to hold our seedsmen responsible for the mistakes or frauds of foreign dealers? Much of the seed, too, sold in this State is put up in other States, and we know not how a law could be framed to reach this case. We shall discuss the question more at length in a future number.

ITALIAN BUCKWHEAT—ITALIAN BLOOM GRASS—CHINESE BUCKWHEAT.—HENRY GRAY, of Avoca, Steuben county, presented us with a quantity of seed, the like of which we have before received from different sources, under all of the above names. This seed, in appearance, somewhat resembles the *Hungarian Grass* seed, though more nearly the *Canary seed*. Mr. G. sowed the seed on two acres last spring, and the yield was over seven tons. It is not all threshed out, but if the whole should yield as well as the few sheaves threshed for trial, the product would be at least one hundred bushels of seed to the acre. Horses and cattle are very fond of it, and eat up both head and stalk. The form of the head is something like Broom Corn, and the specimens we have now before us are about four feet in height, the straw thick, tender, short-jointed, sheathed with leaves, of which there are great abundance. The seed weighs 60 pounds to the bushel, and some persons say that for pan-cakes it is equal to Buckwheat. Mr. G. sowed the 3d of June, and cut with the reaping machine the 3d of August. From this account we should say it would be excellent for fodder.

SEED TRADE OF BOSTON.—The last issue of the Boston *Journal* states that the seed trade of that city amounts to three millions a year. This includes grass and grain seeds. Among the sales are ten tons of turnip seed, and the same amount of beet seed. In the small article of mignionette, five hundred pounds are required to supply the annual demand.

EASTERN CHAUTAUQUE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—At a meeting of the citizens of the towns of Ellington and vicinity, on the 24th ult., for the purpose of perfecting an organization for the promotion of Agricultural interests in the towns of Ellington, Poland, Gerry, Charlotte and Cherry Creek, in the county of Chautauque, an instructive and interesting address was delivered on the subject of agriculture, by WORTHY PUTNAM, Esq., which was eminently calculated to inspire the farmer with an interest and feeling adverse to that of going to mill—as did the Dutchman—with a grist in one end of his bag and a stone in the other. A Constitution and By-Laws were adopted, and officers chosen for the term of one year, as follows:—*President*—NORMAN M. CARPENTER; *Vice-President*—Cary Briggs; *Secretary*—Albro S. Brown; *Treasurer*—Allen Bagg, Jr.; *Directors*—For the town of Ellington, Anson Crosby, Jesse H. Dean; for Poland, Elihu Gifford, G. Wait; for Cherry Creek, Nelson Frost, Warren Parsons; for Gerry, Barny Phelps, Levi Terry; for Charlotte, William M. Wagoner, Alonzo Stephens. A vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. PUTNAM, for his very excellent address.—ALBRO S. BROWN, *Sec'y, Ellington, N. Y.*

SCHUYLER CO. AG. SOCIETY.—The Annual Meeting of this Society was held at Watkins, Jan. 6th, at which there was a larger attendance than at any previous meeting, and the utmost good feeling and interest prevailed. The election of officers resulted as follows:—*President*—GREEN DENNETT, Dix. *Secretary*—S. W. Sackett, Catharine, (Burdett P. O.) *Treasurer*—Thos. Evans, Watkins. Also, one Vice President, one Manager and one member of the Executive Committee from each town, which comprises a board of three in each town.

ORANGE CO. AG. SOCIETY—Officers for 1859.—*President*—ALDAN GOLDSMITH, Blooming Grove; *Cor. Rec. Secretary*—John C. McConnell, Goshen; *Cor. Secretary*—David A. Morrison, Montgomery; *Treasurer*—Wm. M. Sayre, Goshen.

THE Annual Meeting of N. Y. State Ag. Society is to be held at Albany, Wednesday next, Feb. 9th.

HORTICULTURAL

ANOTHER FAILURE WITH DWARF PEARS.

We have no desire to give undue attention to *Dwarf Pears* to the exclusion of other and valuable matter, but the question comes up under so many guises that it seems impossible to avoid discussion, unless we surrender the field. We hardly kill one falsehood—prove one story to be a garbled report of the facts, and made to speak falsehoods—ere another and another is started, with as much assurance as though a score of their kind had not been killed before them.

In the January number of the *Horticulturist*, is an article signed "S. B. P., *Flushing, L. I.*," which means, of course, S. B. Parsons, of that place. It has a strange heading, for *such* an article, namely, "*Horticultural Courtesy.*" The author complains of C. M. Hovey, the editor of *Hovey's Magazine*, for his supposed want of courtesy, and of *Horticultural Editors*, in general, with the exception of the editor of the *Horticulturist*, whom he seems to consider a model. Now, we agree with him that it is important editors should regard the "courtesies and amenities recognized among gentlemen," and we think it is fully as important that *correspondents*, when they are writing for the press, should *tell the truth*. But we suppose this matter of *courtesy* was only introduced to produce a fog—as a kind of cover to the main statement, which we give below, and which we have no doubt was relied upon as a regular broadside for the enemy:

"What is the whole history of this Dwarf Pear controversy?

"Some nurserymen and amateurs about Boston were successful in growing Dwarf Pears in their gardens, under high culture. A nurseryman on Long Island, charmed with the results he saw at Boston, planted ten years ago an orchard of four acres of Dwarf Pears. He plowed deep, manured highly, (about $100 of stable manure to the acre,) selected trees of the best quality of the five best sorts recommended by the President of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and gave them, throughout, full garden culture. The first two or three years were highly encouraging. The trees grew so luxuriantly, and bore so abundantly, that he considered the question settled, and wrote an article for the *Horticulturist*, accompanied by an array of figures to prove that orchards of Dwarf Pears were profitable beyond all previous calculation.

"This article was widely copied, and inserted in a book on Fruits prepared by a well known Nurseryman at the West, *whose sales of Dwarf Pears were doubtless largely increased by it*, for people will be taken by figures, however deceptive they may sometimes be. *A year or two subsequent to this*, however, the writer's orchard began to flag. Being rather a pet, it was cared for in every possible way, fed, nursed, trimmed, and trained, but all was of no avail, and the writer, after ten years, was forced to admit that he was mistaken, and to feel that in common honesty he was bound to tell it to the public, although a part of his business was to sell dwarf pears. He did tell it. He was preceded and followed by others who told the same story—men from Pennsylvania, New York, and elsewhere, who had expended large sums upon Dwarf Pear culture, and *who had no possible interest in giving a false impression.*"

This "*nurseryman on Long Island*," who "planted an orchard of four acres of Dwarf Pears," and who "wrote an article for the *Horticulturist*, accompanied by an array of figures to prove that orchards of Dwarf Pears were profitable beyond all previous calculation," was Mr. Parsons himself—though we must say we cannot find in the article the great array of figures he now writes about. The "book on Fruits," in which he says the article was copied, was *Barry's Fruit Book*, although, in truth, Mr. Barry copied but about *twenty lines*, designed to show Mr. Parsons' method of manuring and cultivation, but more particularly the manner of planting a *mixed orchard* of standard and dwarf trees, for Mr. P. planted standard trees twenty feet apart, and between these, dwarfs ten feet apart. Whether Mr. B.'s sales of Dwarf Pears were largely increased by copying that twenty lines, we cannot say, but it seems to us that Mr. Parsons would be the most likely to be benefited by such a notice of his operations. The remark, therefore, is entirely gratuitous, hardly consistent with the "courtesies and amenities recognized among gentlemen," with which Mr. Parsons' pretends to be so much in love, and certainly very much out of place in an article on "*Horticultural Courtesy.*"

In the article referred to by Mr. P., and published in the *Horticulturist* of January, 1851, he says: "Of the varieties on quince I have planted only six. *Glout Morceau, Vicar of Winkfield, Louise Bonne de Jersey, Winter Nelis, Lawrence* and *Beurre d' Aremberg.*" The reader will please bear in mind the varieties.

This pear orchard of four acres was planted, Mr. P. tells us, ten years ago, being in 1849. In January, 1851, his famous article containing the "*deceptive figures*" was published, having been written in 1850. "A year or two subsequent," (in 1851 or '52,) the "orchard began to flag." He "fed, trimmed, nursed and trained, but all was of no avail," and this fact, with a Roman integrity, and a moral heroism truly surprising in this degenerate age, after ten years, he felt constrained to tell, "although a part of his business was to sell dwarf pears!"

Now we are not informed whether the trees are living or dead, or if dead, whether killed by blight or mice, or "*constitutional obstinacy.*" In 1851 or 1852, they "*began to flag*," and that is all we are permitted to know of the matter. But, how of the *standard trees?* In that orchard of four acres there were 440 standard trees, and they would be now ten years planted and with the feeding, and nursing and training that Mr. Parsons describes should be beautiful trees, and some of them producing fruit. Surely they were not as obstinate and ungrateful as the dwarfs? Do let us hear of your success with the standards.

So much for Mr. Parsons' statement. Now for the statements of others. We are informed by an intelligent nurserymen of New Jersey, who often visited this orchard, that for a several years it was well cared for, at least so far as manuring and working the ground was concerned, but even then the trees were allowed to over-bear, to breaking down; and after the first few years the ground was almost entirely neglected, and weeds, weeds, was the order of the orchard. A gentleman who was gardener for Mr. Parsons at the time, confirms this statement. The names of these gentlemen we can give, with the particulars of their statements, should it become necessary.

Our readers will remember that in 1851 or 1852, this orchard "*began to flag*," and that the owner could not stop this "*flagging*," by any means tried, until at last, ten years after, (in 1859,) he felt constrained, against his own interest, to inform the public of the melancholy fact. Now read the following advertisment which we cut from the *Horticulturist* for August, 1854, *two* or *three* years after the flagging commenced:

DWARF PEARS.

S. B. PARSONS, of Flushing, Long Island, offers for sale his orchard of Dwarf Pears, which is described in "Barry's Fruit Garden." *They are removed for building purposes*, and are in FINE GROWING AND BEARING CONDITION. They consist of

VICAR OF WINKFIELD and GLOUT MORCEAU, eight and nine years old, $2 each.

LOUISE BONNE DE JERSEY, four to six years old, 75 cents each.

BEURRE D'AREMBERG, FIG, and LAWRENCE, three years old, 50 cents each.

They are NOW GROWING LUXURIANTLY, and can be *seen on the premises*, which are accessible by railroad and steamboat from New York eight times per day.

August 1, 1854.—3t.

"In *fine growing* and bearing condition,"—"are *now growing luxuriantly*"—in August, 1854!—Sold off because the land was valuable for building lots five years ago—in 1854. The *same varieties*—the very orchard "described in *Barry's Fruit Garden*," so that there can be no mistake. The orchard broken up, and the trees advertised in 1854, with which he now claims to have had *ten* years experience (since 1849,) and failed! The trees that commenced *flagging* in 1851 and could not be saved, are advertised in the autumn of 1854 as being in *fine growing and bearing condition*, and *growing luxuriantly!* Did not the cause of truth—the public good—require it, we would not thus expose the facts. Is there not a fair man among all the enemies of dwarf pears—not one who can tell the truth, the *whole truth*, and *nothing but* the truth. Have they all combined and conspired together as one band of brothers, with Ananias as their Patron Saint?

THE WHITESMITH GOOSEBERRY.

The *Gooseberry*, when well grown, is a delicious fruit, and in England it is the staple summer fruit, prized and enjoyed alike by rich and poor. Those who have traveled in that country in the summer season, observed the thousands of bushels exposed for sale in the markets and at the fruit stores, noted the cheap rate at which they are sold, and tasted the rich berries, will at once admit this fact. In early spring, when not much larger than peas, they are used for pies, tarts and sauce, and they are in demand for these purposes until ripe, in July, when they are excellent for the dessert. Mr. Loudon very truly remarked, "as a luxury for the poor the *gooseberry* is the most valuable of all fruits, since it can be grown in less space, in more unfavorable circumstances, and brought sooner into bearing than any other."

Unfortunately, our climate is not so well adapted to its growth as the moist climate of England, though in the more northern and eastern part of the country it succeeds pretty well, especially if planted on strong soils. In Northern Illinois, a few years since, we were surprised to find the *gooseberry* growing in perfection, without the least sign of disease. If this is general in the West, it should be known, and we hope some of our Western readers will give us information on this point.

The best *gooseberries* we have are English sorts, and they are generally attacked with a mildew, when less than half grown, which entirely destroys the fruit, and this disease appears to be more general and destructive on light or shallow soils, and therefore it is always best to plant on strong, deep soils. A thick moulding, also, is of advantage, and in the Rural of last year, we gave some successful experiments with sulphur.

The *American Seedlings* are not subject to this disease, but, as yet, they are inferior to the English. Before long we hope to be able to announce some American varieties that shall rival the English in quality. *Houghton's Seedling* is the most generally cultivated of American varieties. The *Mountain Seedling*, grown by the "Shakers," of New Lebanon, is a very productive, early sort, of fair quality. Mr. Chas. Downing has raised a seedling which is represented as superior to either of these, but we have not yet seen it.

The English Catalogues contain lists of hundreds of prize sorts, and they are divided by color into four classes, *red, yellow, green* and *white*. We give, above, a drawing from nature, of one of the hardiest and best of the white varieties, the Whitesmith. In this connection, we also give an article from Prof. Coppock, of Buffalo, showing his plan of preventing mildew.

In the December number of the *Horticulturist* a method is described for successfully growing the *Gooseberry* free from mildew, by the application of a species of *mulch*, i. e., two shingles, or pieces of board, having a notch cut out of each the size of the stem, to lay upon the ground, the stem of the tree growing through the centre—the surface being boarded to the extent of the branches. This method, I believe, originated with myself thirteen years since, and was brought before the Buffalo Horticultural Society at that time. Instead, however, of using wood, I gave the preference to bricks, simply laying them upon the surface of the soil after digging and raking smoothly in the spring. From eight to sixteen bricks are needed, according to the size of the bush. My experiments were confined to six varieties of the Lancashire Gooseberries, viz.,—*Crown Bob, Whitesmith, Roaring Lion, Iron Monger, Top Sawyer*, and *Hearts of Oak*. With these varieties it answered to a charm, and I am happy to find it proves useful elsewhere. My object in noticing this method at present, may perhaps be a slight touch of vanity, in having conferred even a trifling benefit to the success of horticulturists. About the same period I had proved to a demonstration, by experiments with spent tanbark, that it made an excellent mulch for Strawberries, which has been generally adopted, although it fought its way somewhat slowly, until Mr. Downing fully endorsed it. But the funniest part of this matter was, after four or five years use of it, among the members of the Buffalo Horticultural Society, a gentleman of our neighborhood famed for his *Island Pear Orchard*, but more particularly touched with the *cacoethis scribendi*, when a bit of good capital can be made, although he had for years ridiculed its use, suddenly, in the spirit of universal philanthropy, wrote an article in the *Horticulturist*, commending its value, and without the least qualification, claimed the priority of its use!!

Longsight, near Buffalo, 1859. W. R. Coppock.

WINE AND THE OPORTO GRAPE.

Eds. Rural:—In answer to your inquiry about grape vines, I will say I have about half an acre of ground set to *Oporto* vines, sixteen feet each way, trained on wires attached to posts. They are eight years old, and have not had the best of care until the past year. Trimmed late in the fall or winter. Last spring I plowed the ground as near the vines as I thought best, and spaded the rest all over.—Planted potatoes between the rows and kept the ground mellow and clean. The vines grew finely, and hung full of grapes. A few vines did not bear on account of a little bug which eat the leaves and blossoms off as fast as they came out. I looked over all the vines twice and three times a day, and killed them or we should not have had any grapes. The bug was the size of half a small pea, the color of a green fly, and jumped like a flea. From *forty-eight* vines I made *fifty-four* gallons of wine—the real juice of the grape, not one-third water as some make wine—and fifty bushels of potatoes from the half acre. I have another vine of the same kind, from which I picked seven bushels of grapes last fall. I have six different kinds of grapes, and the *Oporto* is the best of either of them for wine, and better than any other grape that I am acquainted with. In conclusion I want to say a word about the Rural. I have always thought it an excellent family and agricultural paper, but think it has improved half in appearance this year.

Clyde, N. Y., Jan., 1859. A. Devereaux.

Remarks.—We know nothing of this *Oporto* grape, but from what we have heard of it, should judge it is a native, requiring a good deal of sugar to make wine. The wine sent us was altogether too sweet for our notion of a wine. Still, though these native wines are hardly worthy of the name, they are but very slightly intoxicating, and contain no poisonous admixtures.

EVER-BEARING STRAWBERRIES.

Messrs. Eds.:—It appears, from the debates before the American Pomological Society, at their fall meeting, that one of the members observed that *he had never known a perpetual Raspberry or Strawberry, though he had tried several claiming these qualities.* And in the Rural of October 23d, you speak of having received strawberries in September and October, and intimate that this is the greatest claim that has been made to the Ever-Bearing Strawberries in your latitude. I write to inform you that I have Strawberries that are entitled to the name in the strictest sense of the word. Last spring I set out three dozen of very delicate plants; they blossomed without forming many leaves; and before frost had ceased, the first blossoms were all killed, but that made no difference with them; they immediately threw out more blossoms and bore fruit week after week continually, until frost came in the fall; by covering them slightly some ripened after the first frost. I lifted a couple of bunches that had borne fruit all summer and planted them in a box of rich earth, kept in the sitting-room, and they have continued to bear thus in the winter.—They are now covered with fruit in all the different stages of growth, from the blossom to the ripe berry, though the fruit is not more than half the size it was in the garden. I send you a specimen. The fruit is of medium size, and sweet enough, of considerable flavor, and colors for some time before it ripens. I had the bed slightly covered with tanbark; and this prevented the runners from readily taking root; but so hasty are they to bear that the runners will blossom, and have readily ripened fruit without being rooted at all. Whether they will produce enough to make them profitable for a market gardener, I will not take upon me to say—but sure I am that to the amateur they will be a delightful acquisition, as their hardiness and ever-bearing property has been fully tested for some years. M. Mc C.

Frankfort Springs, Pa., Dec., 1858.

Remarks.—We fear the bright hopes of our correspondent are doomed to disappointment. Is it a seedling, or an old variety? It looks like the common wood strawberry. Try it another season.

METHOD OF KEEPING GRAPES.

Eds. Rural:—Having seen several articles in your excellent paper of late, as to the best manner of putting up grapes for winter use, I will explain my own way of keeping them, which with me has been a perfect success. Having the past season an abundant yield, (some thirty bushels,) mostly *Isabellas* and *Catawbas*, I concluded to save some for winter use if possible. I put up only the *Isabellas*, which were very large and fully ripe. I picked them carefully on a dry day, selecting the finest clusters. Cut out all imperfect or bruised grapes, and then, having prepared candle boxes by pasting paper over them, put in a layer of clean, fine cotton batting, then a layer of grapes, so as not to have the clusters touch each other, then a layer of batting, and so on, until the boxes were filled. Put batting on top and nailed on covers tight, then papered over cover and all, with stout paper, safely to secure from air, and put them into a chamber and kept them there, where had been no fire this winter. During the very cold weather two weeks since, some in a box that was open for use, froze, while those unopened were safe. After winter set in I spread bed-quilts over the boxes.

By this mode, we have had, all winter, fine, plump and fresh grapes for use. A few days since I opened a box which were pronounced *excellent* by some neighbors who eat of them. I will assure your readers that it is easily done, and will well repay by affording both family and friends, during winter, a delicious and healthy fruit.

Wampsville, Mad. Co., N. Y., 1859. R. H. Avery.

The Hubbard Squash.—I think you will agree with me that my article, in the Rural of the 22d ult., offering to distribute seeds of the *Hubbard Squash*, has been appreciated, when I tell you that on the first four days I received and answered over *two hundred letters*, sending seeds to all, though not as many as I would gladly have done. At this rate you see my stock will soon be exhausted, for as I had but nine squashes, my number of seeds was not large; but as long as they last they go cheerfully. I hope each one will be fortunate in raising, at least one, that they may thus procure seeds for a larger growth next year. And to secure this end, I would recommend to all to start plants in a hot-bed, or in boxes in the house, that they may get a good start, which will protect them from bugs, and insure an early maturity. It is with reluctance that I thus early *beg for quarter*; but before this is published I shall undoubtedly have have more orders than I can fill. I shall hope to hear the result from some, at least, who thus eagerly seek for this excellent squash.—J. E. North, *South Cortland, N. Y.*

Remarks.—Those who do not procure seeds from Mr. N., can obtain them from other sources noticed in the Rural. A few shillings cannot be expended in a better way than in procuring a supply of the seed of this superb squash. We hope every person who procures these seeds will make a special effort to keep them pure. Plant as far as possible from everything of the squash and pumpkin family. Our old varieties of squashes have become so mixed that it is almost impossible to obtain any sort pure.

Planting Fruit Trees.—Is it a good practice, as some recommend, to put stones in the bottom of the hole, when planting a fruit tree?—H. H. D., *Black Hawk, Wis.*

Remarks.—There is no advantage claimed for this plan, that we know of, except that it prevents the roots from going down beyond the proper influence of light, air and warmth. We consider the plan objectionable, and where the surface is kept rich and mellow, no evil will result from the roots going down. The roots of a tree are the feeders, and in their search for food they sometimes go far and wide. By keeping the surface mellow and rich, the growth of the roots is encouraged near the top of the ground. By watering a plant we can keep its roots near the surface, while a plant that is never watered, will send its roots far down in search of moisture.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY

PICKED-UP DINNERS.

Eds. Rural:—Please say to Mark that the best way to get rid of picked-up dinners on washing-day, is to use the washing fluid called *Economy of time.* We have used it for two years in our family, and could not be induced to wash without it under any circumstances, as it saves both time and labor.—The fluid is prepared in the following manner:—Take one pound salsoda; half a pound unslacked lime; put in one gallon rain water, let it boil twenty minutes, skim off the scum that rises, then set it away to cool and settle. Pour off all that is clear, and bottle. Whenever you wish to wash, gather your clothes the evening before, soak them over night, adding a very little weak lye to the water in which they are soaked. In the morning wring them all out, rub soap on the wristbands and collars of the shirts, and all other articles that require it, sheets and pillow-slips excepted. Put as much water in your boiler as usual, and again add a small quantity of lye, (lye saves soap,) then put one tablespoon full of this fluid into the water, and put in the clothes. Let them boil half an hour, then take out and wash them thoroughly through one suds. If there are more clothes than can be put in one boiler, dip out some of the suds and add cold water enough to make it luke-warm, adding half a spoonful of the fluid. After the clothes are all washed, put them into the boiler with clear water, let them come to a boil, then take out, and they are ready to be wrung and hung up.

This suds does not injure calico, as many suppose, more than soaft-soap does. New calicoes and flannels should never be washed in anything but clear water and hard-soap, and dried where they do not freeze.

The bits of dry, hard bread are made palatable by being broken or grated finely, and put in a pudding dish in alternate layers with finely chopped apples. Put a little butter, sugar and spice between each layer, pour a little hot water over it just before setting it in the oven; bake one hour—serve with cream and sugar. In summer you can use berries or fruit as a substitute for apples, then you can have *fifty-two* excellent puddings, all on washing-days, for they can be made early in the morning, and left to put in the oven at the proper time for *picked-up dinners.* Maria.

Niagara City, N. Y., 1859.

HOW THEY MAKE COFFEE IN FRANCE.

A cup of French coffee seems to have the effect to put Americans into ecstacies; yet few of them are thoughtful enough to obtain from their French brethren the process by which the delicious beverage is decocted. Of this few is a Buckeye writing from Paris, under date of Nov. 9th, who supplies the desired information:

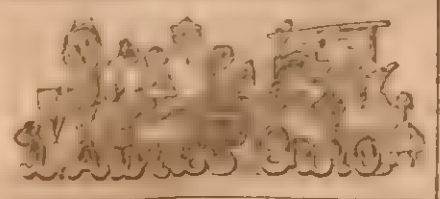
"While at Mr. Morle's, his good lady very kindly initiated me into the art of coffee-making. In the first place it is scorched in a hollow cylinder, which is kept constantly revolving over a slow fire, and not a grain of it allowed to burn. Secondly, it is ground very fine, and thirdly, when it is to be used, a portion of this is placed in a finely perforated pan or cup, which exactly fits into the top of the boiler, coffee pot, or vessel you wish to use. Boiling hot water is then poured on, and it percolates gradually through, carrying with it all the essential principles of the coffee. As soon as percolation is completed, the pan is removed containing all the grounds, and then boiling hot milk is added to the infusion, and your coffee is made. It is brought on the table in bowls, with a knife and spoon, and a little willow basket of bread. The servant then places by your plate a tea dish, on which are two or three lumps of white sugar, always of a certain size, and you sweeten to your liking. In no instance is your coffee boiled, and this is one reason why the *cafe au lait* and *cafe noir* are so much admired by all who take them. If you will try this mode, I am sure, in a few experiments, you will succeed in getting it right, and possess yourself of a luxury which will add very much to a breakfast on a cold morning—try it."

HOW TO COOK A HUSBAND.

The time has arrived in the year for the preparation of many good things, and I have no doubt but that the following will prove to be one of the most valuable in the catalogue of recipes. To cook a husband, as Mrs. Glass said of the hare, you must first catch him. Having done so, the mode of cooking him, so as to make a good dish of him, is as follows:

Many good husbands are spoiled in the cookings; some women go about it as if their husbands were bladders, and blow them up; others keep them constantly in hot water, while others freeze them by conjugal coolness; some smother them in hatred, contention, and variance, and some keep them in pickle all their lives. These women always serve them up with tongue sauce. Now, it cannot be supposed that a husband will be tender and good if managed in this way; but they are, on the contrary, very delicious when managed as follows:—Get a large jar of faithfulness, (which every good wife has on hand,) place your husband in it, and set him near the fire of conjugal love; let the fire be pretty hot; especially let it be clear, but above all let the heat be constant. Cover him with affection, kindness, and subjection, garnished with modest and becoming familiarity, and spice with pleasantry, and if you add kisses and other confectionaries, let them be accompanied with a sufficient portion of secrecy, mixed with prudence and moderation. We would advise all good wives to try this recipe, and realize what an admirable dish a husband makes when properly cooked.

The most graceful principle of dress is neatness, the most vulgar is preciseness.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BRING FLOWERS.

BY SPENCER F. TOOLEY.

Bring flowers that bloom when morning's early light
Tinges with brightness the blue arch above,
And place them where an infant flower bright
Bloomed for an hour in purity and love.
Though by the wind's low whisper swept away,
Yet it will shine throughout eternity.

Bring flowers to place on childhood's artless brow,
And twine with leaves of laurel all around
That little heart we all do prize so now,
Since he with an immortal soul is crowned.
Wishing to ramble where bright rivers flow,
He left this world, and to yon heaven did go.

Bring flowers to strew around the grave of youth—
Flowers that grow in summer by the way—
For he who plucked the opening buds of truth,
Has from this field of learning gone away.
Eager to find where Wisdom's rubies lie,
He went to search beyond the distant sky.

Bring flowers to lay within the narrow grave
Where manhood's sturdy frame is sleeping low—
Fire, storms, and tempests he did nobly brave,
And conquered every dark and dreaded foe;
Well did he battle in this world of strife,
And he has gone to take the prize of life.

Bring flowers that bloom when evening shadows fall
Around the day that is forever past—
Which covers form and feature with a pall,
And lays them gently in the grave at last.
'Tis then the aged calmly take their rest,
And when the morning comes wake with the blest.

Marshall, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

PLAIN TALKS TO AMERICAN WOMEN.—No. III.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

We come now to consider more particularly those treasures of affection, those blossoms of love, without which a home the most perfect in all other respects is as a world without flowers, or a Heaven without angels. Fain would we spare parents, if possible, the agony of an untimely separation from these cherished objects of their care, by trying to point out some of the principles upon which their physical education should be conducted. Perhaps we shall say nothing but what has been said many times before, but if, by a new utterance of old truths, we shall reach any minds that have not heretofore been enlightened by them, it will not be in vain that we speak.

With an unnatural course of life, so prevalent as it is in our country, who can wonder that children are born ill, and that in every stage of mortal existence, health is the exception, and disease the general rule? Who can wonder that the graves of the young form so large a proportion of the habitations of the cities of the dead? Mother, would you preserve your loved ones to the joys of life, see them attain a vigorous maturity, and become a blessing to the world? Be true to the simplicity of Nature. When you receive from the hands of the loving Father the gift of a beautiful child, consider that it is a weak, delicate thing, to whose organization a single error in management may be fatal, and by all your love for the dear one, exert yourself to understand and obey the laws which govern that organization. If it is born healthy, endeavor to preserve its health; if diseased, husband its small vitality with the greatest care, lest the spark of life be soon extinguished, and your soul mourn because of the succeeding darkness. It is so sad a thing to bury the babe of one's affection, that it would seem that every true mother's heart would eagerly seek for information as to how this may be done, and as eagerly apply that information when known. Your child is born—what are you to do with it?

1. *Clothe it properly.* Regulate the amount of its clothing in such a manner as to secure it sufficient warmth, and at the time so dispose it that no part shall be denied the access of fresh air, or be compressed so as to prevent a free circulation of the blood, and the free movement of every muscle of the body.

2. *Let the atmosphere which it breathes be uncontaminated by poison.* The blood cannot be purified by foul air, and if at every inspiration are inhaled elements antagonistic to the system, how long, think you, will it take for the little body to become laden with disease—how long before your heart will be agonized by its cries of pain? There are many sources of atmospheric impurity, and one of the most prolific, one most likely to affect us, is the human body itself. At every expiration of the lungs are thrown off large quantities of poison, which, if re-inhaled, become a source of disease. This is sure to be done, unless thorough ventilation is secured. If you long confine your children to rooms to which the fresh air can have no access, you are slowly, but as surely, poisoning them as though you mingled arsenic or strychnine with their food.

The following, from the *Scientific American*, so forcibly illustrates the subject of "Air Poison," that although it has, we believe, once appeared in the RURAL, it would seem proper to call attention to it again in this connection:

"People have often said that no difference can be detected in the analyzation of pure and impure air. This is one of the vulgar errors difficult to dislodge from the ordinary brain.

The fact is that the condensed air of a crowded room gives a deposit, which, if allowed to remain a few days, forms a solid, thick, gluti nous mass, having a strong odor of animal matter. If examined by the microscope, it is seen to undergo a remarkable change. First of all, it is converted into a vegetable growth, and this is followed by the production of multitudes of animalcules—a decisive proof that it must contain organic matter, otherwise it could not nourish organic beings. A writer in *Dickens's Household Words*, in remarking upon this subject, says that this was the result arrived at by Dr. ANGUS SMITH, in his beautiful experiment on the air and water of towns, wherein he showed how the lungs and skin gave out organic matter, which is, in itself, a deadly poison, producing headache, sickness, disease or epidemic according to its strength. Why, if a few drops of the liquid matter, obtained by the condensation of the air of a foul locality, introduced into the vein of a dog, can produce death by the usual phenomena of typhus fever, what incalculable evils must it not produce on those human beings who breathe it again and again, rendered fouler and less capable of sustaining life with every breath drawn! Such contamination of the air, and consequent hot-bed of fever and epidemic, it is easily within the power of man to remove. Ventilation and cleanliness will do all, so far as the abolition of this evil goes; and ventilation and cleanliness are not miracles to be prayed for, but certain results of common obedience to the laws of GOD."

Nor can the lungs properly perform their office of purification if they have not sufficient space to work in. Observe the action of these organs when your child is undressed, and consider whether, when confined by those tight bands which you have been accustomed to pin around it, a sufficient amount of air, even if it be purest, can be inhaled to change once in two or three minutes all the dark blood of the body, laden with waste matter, into bright red blood fit for the nourishment of the system. To expect such a result under such circumstances, is like expecting that a train of cars will go at the rate of forty miles an hour, while every movement of the locomotive is impeded by some obstacle that will allow it to exert but half the required amount of power; or like expecting a man to do a full day's work with his hands and feet in irons; or the Israelites to deliver the usual tale of bricks without straw. Let, then, this truth be yet more deeply impressed upon your mind—that *the lungs must have pure air* and plenty of room, or the body will be its own destruction.

We reserve further remarks upon Physical Education to a future article.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HOOPS.—FEMININE APPAREL.

As the merits and demerits of the hooped skirts are under discussion, I will give my experience. I think the majority of women are apt to follow any new fashion to the utmost extreme it can be carried, and thus create a disgust among sensible and moderate people, and gradually, however good in itself, it gets into disrepute. So with hoops. Most ladies were not satisfied with a convenient-sized skirt, but expanded to such monstrous proportions as utterly to disfigure "the human form divine."—Those who have worn small-sized hoops have scarcely been noticed, and have realized all the benefits such a skirt can possess—lightness and ease in walking. I have found them excellent to walk in, but much in the way, and very inconvenient when sitting or riding—not so much in the cars as in a carriage, or wagon of any kind. And about the house they are frequently in the way, especially at the table, and often I almost decide to abandon them, tho' I have never worn them large, but of sufficient size for beauty or convenience.

Many ladies have no sort of regard to their height in regulating the size of their hoops, and we often see a short, plump woman, so expanded as to resemble a great pumpkin, with a head set on it. But taking all the "inconveniences and *dis*-conveniences" into consideration, it is my opinion that so long as we must be burdened with so *much skirt*, hoops are an advantage, and they never have been half so absurd as the sweeping, trailing dresses. Why not abuse them? I'll help with all my powers. Any woman knows the terrible, dragging, wearying of those skirts—or no, not *any* woman—for some have never tried them—but we can *see* how they feel as well as look.

I think we wear too many skirts—too much cloth in them—and, finally, I do not like skirts. What could a man do, burdened as we are? How could they go up and down stairs, sweep, scrub, &c., bound around with yards and yards of cloth? Man wears his clothes thickest and heaviest about his chest and vitals; woman leaves these comparatively unprotected, and wears her clothes around her heels! If there is any other way that we feminines can be decently clothed, without our burdening skirts, I, for one, will say amen!

MRS JANE CHURNDASHER.

A BEAUTIFUL SMILE.

A BEAUTIFUL SMILE is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape. It embellishes an inferior face, and redeems an ugly one. A smile, however, should not become habitual, or insipidity is the result, nor should the mouth break into a smile on one side, the other remaining passive and unmoved, for this imparts an air of deceit and grotesqueness to the face. A disagreeable smile distorts the lines of beauty, and is more repulsive than a frown.

There are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinctive character—some announce goodness and sweetness; others betray sarcasm, bitterness and pride; some soften the countenance by their languishing tenderness, others brighten it by their brilliant and spiritual vivacity. Gazing and poring before a mirror cannot aid in acquiring beautiful smiles half so well as to turn the gaze inward to watch that the hearts keeps unsullied from reflection of evil, and illuminated and beautified by all sweet thoughts.

Then there is a woman's sweet laugh, than which there is not a natural grace more bewitching. Its sound has been pleasantly compared to that of flutes on the water. It leaps from her heart in a clear, sparkling rill, and the heart that it reaches feels as if bathed in a cool, exhilarating spring. It runs the prose of life into poetry, it flings showers of sunshine over this darksome world in which we are traveling, and it gilds with light and brightsomeness all that it touches.—*Selected.*

WHEN we record our angry feelings, let it be on the snow, that the first beam of sunshine may obliterate them forever.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE RAIN THAT COMES IN WINTER.

O, THE rain that comes in Spring-Time
A promise brings of flowers,
And it whispers in its falling
Of the merry woodland bowers,
Where the leaves shall quicker open—
Where the birds shall sooner sing,
And the buds, for its welcome kisses,
Shall be less time blossoming.

O, the rain that comes in Summer,
Comes with a blessing down,
And gladsome faces greet it,
Though the skies may seem to frown;
For the earth shall bloom the sweeter,
And faster grow the grain,
And all beauty be completer,
For the gentle Summer rain.

O, the rain that comes in Autumn
When the leaves are turning red,
When the shadows are around us,
And shadows overhead;
Brings but a touch of sadness—
Comes as it should come then—
And seems to sigh for the dying
A fitting requiem.

But the rain that comes in Winter—
O, the cold and dismal rain—
In its coming, comes like sorrow,
And it thrills the heart with pain;
Struggling forth from the ice-clouds—
Falling on frozen fields—
To the soul no joy, to the valleys
No harvest of good it yields.

Alas! for the ice in bosoms
Where once beat the heart of love,
Woe! for through frozen channels,
The pulses no longer move.
Tears, bitter tears of anguish,
Fall—but they fall in vain—
Alas! for the rain in Winter—
The cold, damp, dismal rain.

Hastings, N. Y., 1859. ROSELIA.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HERE AND THERE JOTTINGS.

NUMBER TWO.

The Home of Many Memories.

"THIRTY years old!" Well, well, the *sober* days have come at last, providing the triteness of the couplet

"At Ten a romp—Twenty, wild,
Thirty, tame—if ever,"

will endure a thorough test. How the years move on. The ticking clock marks out the seconds to our dull ears and we comprehend these minimum records—months glide away, and Father Time turns his furrows so inaudibly, so noiselessly, we make no note of his progress, until, starting from the revery, the unpleasant truth is realized that we are growing old. What a blessed order is that of Nature which requires all things in her realm shall be performed quietly, serenely—in the calm majesty of silence. Says a writer upon this subject:—"So day steals into night through the crimson curtain of twilight—so the golden gates of dawn swing round noiseless as the portals of heaven. Even the beat of the heart is muffled, that we may not know how fast it struggles out.—From the building of the oak to the rolling of the world, there is no clink in the machinery. There is no noise save of helpless waves, or the rent air groaning with the lightning's bolt, or now and then the play of volcano's valves, or of the puny cries of insects or men in all this world of ours.—The past is dumb—the future is silent, and the present makes but a slight ripple, like the trailing of a steamer on a quiet sea."

Oft in our boyhood's day have we stood by the knees of the aged listening to their tales of "the olden time"—when sunny locks clustered around brows whereon winter's snows had long found a resting-place, and we, involuntarily, queried "shall these things be unto us?" Oft, while gazing upon the bent form and tottering step of the earth-wearied one—he who was willing to bid the earth good-night and enter upon his heavenly mission with a glad good-morning welling to his lips—have we thought shall "aged and alone" be written over against us as we approach the Valley? Many there be who

—"Are only waiting
Till the shadows are a little longer grown,"

and He who "doeth all things well" will soon wrap around their tired senses the mantle of forgetfulness, saying, "Come Home."

"Thirty years old!" Almost one-half of the "three-score and ten" have fled forever, and the eye that so fixedly watched the pole-star above the horizon of the Future turns lovingly to the Past, for fond thoughts are calling, "back! back!" A new land is thrown open, and though its portals are not golden-hued by the skillful fingers of Fancy, still beauteous prospects and harmonious sounds may please the eye and gratify the ear, as they come forth from the Home of Many Memories.

"It Might Have Been!"

For how many a life may these four simple words form a fitting epitaph. "It may be," is the rallying cry of youth as a rose-tinted sky spreads before the vision. "It will be," is the chosen watchword of maturer years, and manhood's physical and mental development are bent to the task. "It might have been," is the echo of age. Standing between two eternities—the past and the future—hopes buried, aspirations crushed, strength departed, bodily infirmities increasing and weighing down the spirit, olden memories throng the brain, and from the soul's depths, fraught with bitter anguish, pours forth the life-history—"It might have been." Such, however, is not the necessity of humanity. Sound social philosophy and genuine morality would work out a nobler destiny leaving to mankind a purer and holier record. He who rules the elements "created man in His own image," giving him "dominion over the earth and all things therein"—making him not only monarch in the world terrestrial, but the arbiter of his own fortune in the land of "The Hereafter." When the love of self has been kept in abeyance to the great moral principle comprised in Universal Brotherhood—when truth and justice are the incentives to action—when proper views and estimates are taken of the immortal in our nature and we conform thereto, "*It might have been*," becomes the vision—"*It is*," the real, and the soul revels in the attainment of the end for which it was created.

Winter's Light and Shade.

ONE of the New York city religious weeklies recently stated that "a perfect furor existed throughout the county for mammoth sleigh-rides, sumptuous suppers, and brilliant dancing parties. One or two hundred couples on a sleighing excursion is an every day affair." How bright the coloring in this picture of "upper ten" cosmopolitan life. With those who carry pocket-books possessed of negotiable linings, "it snows" is but the synonym of the "good time coming," and the fleecy messengers are bearers of gayety. But what of the "lower million?" Alas, that there should be those who dread the rigors the storm ever bears in its train. The same wild blast that wafts the joyous laugh and merry song of the fortune-favored, will crystallize the tear upon the cheek of poverty—will wing the orphan's sigh and widow's moan to the feet of Him who commanded, "love thy neighbor as thyself." While the silver bells

—"Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night,"

ringing out a gladsome rhapsody, we should remember that *no light, no fire*, may be tolling the death-knell of him who, in the sight of GOD *is our brother.*

JOHN BARLEYCORN, JR.

"Look-Out Farm," W. N. Y., 1859.

THE MIND OF CHILDHOOD.

THE high privilege, the honor of writing for children is but little understood. Is it not a beautiful thing to call out the first bloom, to inhale the morning fragrance of the immortal soul-flower?—Is it not a great thing to trace the first words on the soft, white tablets of the mind, where they will harden and remain forever? O, those earliest teachings!—how the soul treasures them, and holds them dear and sacred through all the changes and labors, distracting cares and more distracting pleasures of life! The mind cannot grow proud and strong enough to expel them, nor can the heart harden and contract till it crushes them. I have heard, somewhere, the story of a faithful servant of a banished lord, who cut into a young tree on the old estate, and hid under the bark some small, but precious jewels belonging to his master.—Years went by, and the young exile returned an old man. The steward was gone, but his lord knew well the secret of his deposit. Where the young tree stood, now towered a thrifty oak, with bark hardened and roughened by time; but well had it kept its trust and its treasures, though the tough wood had closed over them, and no eye could guess their hiding place. The tree was felled, and in its very heart its gems were found—not a point broken, not a ray wasted, they flashed up to the light of the old brightness, and made glad the heart of the master.

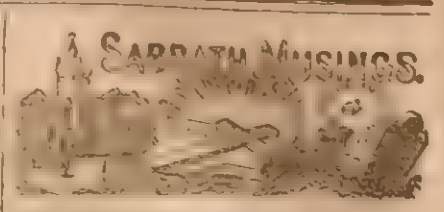
Ever so safe an investment is knowledge in the mind of a child; truth there lodged is a life-long deposit. Though that mind may tower and expand, and put on rough defences against the world, it still has its little unsuspected jewels; and that heart but holds them closer and closer with its strengthening fibres, till the hour when the master comes to look for them.—*Grace Greenwood.*

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.—The very handling of the nursery is significant, and the petulance, the passion, the gentleness, the tranquillity indicated by it, are all re-produced in the child. His soul is a purely receptive nature, and that, for a considerable period, without choice or selection. A little further on, he begins voluntarily to copy everything he sees. Voice, manner, gait, everything which the eye sees, the mimic instinct delights to act over. And thus we have a whole generation of future men receiving from us their very beginnings, and the deepest impulses of their life and immortality. They watch us every moment, in the family, before the hearth, and at the table; and when we are meaning them no good or evil, when we are conscious of exerting no influence over them, they are drawing from us impressions and molds of habit, which, if wrong, no heavenly discipline can wholly remove; or, if right, no bad associations utterly dissipate. Now, it may be doubted, I think, whether, in all the active influence of our lives, we do as much to shape the destiny of our fellow-men, as we do in this single article of unconscious influence over children.—*Bushnell.*

KINDNESS.—A well-meant act of kindness shown towards one who is superior in station, however trifling in itself, is always felt to be of real value. Such tokens are always well received, and tend greatly to promote that heartiness of kindly feeling which it is so important to maintain between the different orders of society. Those in humble life should, therefore, consider and cultivate this practical manifestation of good will towards the more elevated. While, on the other hand, the high in station may do as much, or more, good, by the character of their personal acts of benevolence, as by any amount of almsgiving. The feelings, the tastes, the circumstances, the position of our humbler brethren, should be respected in every work that is undertaken for their benefit.—*Rev. F. W. Naylor.*

TRUE JOY.—That is the true and chief joy which is not conceived from the creature, but received from the Creator, which, being once possessed thereof, none can take from thee; whereto all pleasure, being compared, is torment, all joy is grief, sweet things are bitter, all glory is baseness, and all delectable things are despicable.—*Bernard.*

HUMILITY ever dwells with men of noble minds. It is a flower that prospers not in lean and barren soils; but in a ground that is rich it flourishes and is beautiful.



WHITE ROBES.

BY HARRIET WOODS.

THESE are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.—Rev. 7: 13.

White, for heaven's infant hands!
Passed they not spotless from the earth away,
Pale blossoms lying in the nerveless hands,
Pure kisses lingering on the precious clay?
Earth's lily-bells transplanted, sweet and lowly,
White robes for them, for innocence is holy.

And for the young, pure white!
They loved the Master much, and for His sake
Life's valuer loves and laurels cast from sight;
Now in the heavenly places they awake
Celestial music, and palm-branches bearing
They who are worthy, walk white raiment wearing.

And they who, gathered in
From the hot ranks of mid-life's battle-field,
Bring trophies of their victories over sin;
The tried and tempted with their foreheads sealed
With the Great Name; the heroes, martyrs, sages—
White robes for the redeemed of countless ages.

There venerated hands
Are bathed in founts of fadeless youth and bloom;
Bent form and furrowed brow and trembling hands,
And silvered hairs pass not beyond the tomb;
Led by the Master through deep tribulation,
White robes await them,—garments of salvation.

Gathered from orient climes,
And western shores, and tropic forests deep,
From polar winters,—and from ancient times
Down to the last fair babe that fell asleep!
By suffering purified, perfected, blest,
And gathered into everlasting rest.

O, suffering Lord, through Thee
Whose blood alone can make the crimson white!
Looking in pity on our strivings, see
The weight of sin, and make the burden light.
Our robes of righteousness are poor and vain!
Baptise us in that fount that leaves no stain!

Our Faith, Hope, Charity,
Inspire, inform, till they grasp heavenly things,
Till the whole human brotherhood shall lie
In the benignant shadow of their wings;
So purify and bless until there be
White robes at last for even such as we.

[*Monthly Religious Magazine.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TRIUMPH IN DEATH.

IT was morning, bright and beautiful. In a small room whose thickly curtained windows admitted but so much light as was required that his friends might minister to his wants, upon his couch, lay an old, white-haired man. Upon the once handsome face was traced many a deep furrow, plowed by time and care, yet his countenance was lighted by a smile, sweet and holy. The fever which had for days burned in his frame, taking away all power of mind and giving delirium wild and powerful, had been subdued, and he lay in all his weakness, sleeping calmly. Noiselessly his attendants moved about the room, and by his side, almost breathlessly, watched his only relative—a much-loved daughter. It was the hour that would tell who should be conqueror—life or death.—Reader, have you never witnessed such a scene? Have you never in breathless anxiety gazed upon a loved face at such an hour, and prayed, "spare, Lord?"

The hour was passing swiftly, and no change in the aged man. Sweetly he seemed to sleep as an infant on its mother's breast. The daughter grew hopeful as she listened to his regular breathing, so like one in health. She pictured to herself the recovery of her loved father, and joy once more filled her long sorrowing heart. She hears a whisper, and comes nearer to catch the first word uttered. The emaciated hand falls upon her head, and blessing her he murmurs, "be faithful here—meet me in Heaven." Then, opening the closed eyelids, he said, "GOD calls me home; 'I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith,' I shall wear the crown," and, shouting *victory*, he expired. Fond heart, where now are thy hopes so lately cherished?—he, thy earthly counsellor and guide, thy only loved one, sleeps in the arms of death—sleeps never to waken.

For many years had this faithful minister of GOD stood on the walls of Zion warning perishing sinners to flee from the wrath to come, and pointing them to a crucified and risen Savior. Many, many souls had been touched by his eloquent appeals, and, seeing their malady, had applied to, and been healed, by the Great Physician. His work was now done—his labors were ended.

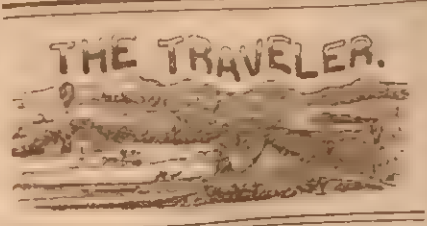
A Christian's death-bed! There is something in that scene of victory over the last foe,—that surrender of the last enemy,—which makes the beholder desire the grace which can give a triumph so glorious. Death, the conquerer, is there conquered. Truly we are deprived of the forms of our loved ones, but by the eye of faith we behold them safely anchored shouting *victory*, VICTORY, over death.

Reader, ponder well the hour of thy dissolution. See to it that thou art prepared to vanquish thy life-enemy. Put not afar off the hour of thy preparation, for thou knowest not but ere another morning dawns thou may'st be summoned to the spirit-land. Is it thy desire to meet the messenger calmly and peacefully? then live in the performance of all thy duties—cherish the good and ignore the wrong—love thy GOD with all thy heart—and in that day thou shalt hear the sentence, "Well done."

Castle Farm, N. Y., Jan., 1859. NELLIE.

THOSE who are faithful in well-doing, need not fear those that are spiteful in evil-doing, for they have a GOD to trust to who has well-doers under the hand of His protection, and evil-doers under the hand of His restraint.

NOTHING is further than earth from heaven; nothing is nearer than heaven to earth.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LETTERS FROM A HUNGARIAN.

NUMBER TWO.

Gran, Hungary, Aug., 1859.

Dear Friend Moore:—In my last, I concluded with a brief description of "social life in *Berlin*." Were I to describe the city itself, with its numerous palaces, theatres, galleries of art, educational institutions, and other celebrated objects, I would have to write a *book*—and that would contain nothing new. For what "Correspondent from Prussia" has not already amply described all those magnificent edifices? And how many of the readers of the "dear Rural" have not already perused them to their own satisfaction? Nay, let me rather turn away from the massive walls of royalty and aristocracy, and peep a little more into the inner life of this most populous city of Germany. With a population of half a million, of whom about 15,000 are Catholics, and 15,000 Jews, (the rest is Evangelical,) the city of Berlin forms a well regulated unit, so thorough is the municipal supervision in every department. This is especially favorable to the stranger, who cannot, amidst such regulations, be overreached in any respect. Suppose you arrive at one of the depots of Berlin, and wish to ride to any part of the town. You need not bargain with a stubborn coachman, but you take your seat at once in one of the numerous hacks outside the depot, and tell the driver where you wish to go. The latter then gives you a ticket upon which is stamped the fare and the date. If you wish to know whether your ticket is stamped with the proper amount, compare it with the "Tariff" (rates) attached to the back, right opposite your seat. If, for example, your ride continues no longer than half an hour, the fare is five *groschen*, (about a shilling American money.) This "*tariff*" also distinctly declares that if the driver demands a farthing more than the fixed rates, or does not give you a ticket with the proper amount stamped upon it, he forfeits the fare, besides being liable to a fine. So, too, if you wish to ride from one part of the city to any other, you cannot be cheated out of your money, the rates being all printed inside. By the way, it should be remarked that hacks and omnibuses are one-fourth cheaper than in America.

Great care, too, is taken that not only the principal streets, but all the lanes and alleys be kept clean throughout the year. But what interested me most of all, was the arrangement for extinguishing fires. In the case of a fire, no bells are rung, no alarm sounded through the streets; but notice is immediately *telegraphed* to all the principal engine-houses. Whereupon, the officers, who are stationed there continually, give notice to the firemen in the neighborhood. These, however, do not *draw* the engine, but are seated on two long benches, the engine and firemen being all drawn by horses. None but firemen are allowed to accompany the engine, or to save the furniture of the burning house. In case any one, who is not a member of a company, should venture to save any furniture, he would be regarded as a *thief*. The firemen are all duly sworn, and must be *honest* men. If any one of them is convicted of any crime or dishonesty, he is excluded from the privileges of a fireman. And thus it happens that a fire arises and is quenched before any one is aware of it. These particulars I learned from a friend of mine, who is himself a fireman, and who expatiated on the advantages of such a system. There is but one thing which would look rather ridiculous to an American fireman—and so it seemed to me, though I never ran with an engine myself—that a company of about two dozen men should comfortably sit on the engine and take an easy ride, instead of taking hold of the engine themselves, and hasten to the fire. As in many other things, so in this respect also, our Americans are more practical, and "go-ahead;" for, one afternoon, as I saw these engines running to a fire, they did not go half as fast as *our* engines, notwithstanding the former are drawn by horses,—and no wonder, for how can two horses carry at full speed a heavy engine with a load of two dozen firemen? Some of the engines I noticed carried with them a large, stout barrel on a little wagon attached behind the engine.—This I at first supposed to be filled with powder to be used in case a building needs to be blown up.—But on inquiring, I was told that it was only filled with water, which is used in case some time elapses before the hose is attached to the "fire-wells" at the corners of the streets.

It thus happens that while with us "speed" is the first requisite—*speed* in acting, *speed* in traveling, *speed* in everything—*precision* and *steadiness* characterize, in Berlin, and in Germany generally, every undertaking and every arrangement. This may be best illustrated by the German railroads.—If a road is built, there is no haste; but every inch of ground is carefully laid out, and every creek spanned by a *stone* bridge, and should the least irregularity be found in any structure, it must be built over again. Thus an accident like that disastrous one which happened last spring on the Central road, near Utica, is here a physical impossibility. Besides, when the road is fully built, the *fastest* train never runs more than 20 miles an hour, while the ordinary speed is only about 16 English miles. And, more than all, watchmen are continually stationed all along the road, who follow every train to the next watch-house—and particularly at every crossing, where, on the approach of a train, the watchman barricades the road. The locomotives have no bells; but whenever it is necessary to give notice of the approach of a locomotive, the watchman rings a bell attached to a post. The depots are generally out of the city, the track never passing through the latter; and *there* standing on the track is strictly prohibited.

Having thus described the precautionary measures taken to prevent accidents, I might as well, once for all, describe the mode of traveling by railroad, and the arrangement of the cars. Most trains are composed of *three* classes of "wagons" (cars.) The first is a small car with velvet cushioned seats; these are generally engaged for a single aristocratic family. The second class cars are divided into five apartments, each of which contains seats for only *eight* passengers. The third class cars are also divided into five apartments, but differ from the second in not having a partition-wall between the several apartments, and in not having the seats cushioned, there being, besides, ten seats in each apartment. Each apartment has an entrance on both sides of the car, there being but two long sofas (in the second class,) or benches, (in the third) facing each other in every apartment.—Moveable backs are unknown here. Nor is there any room provided for any necessity of nature,—neither is there any ice-water (or water of any kind) to be had inside the cars. When you are once inside, you cannot go out unless you ask the conductor to open the door—he alone having the right to do so. The conductor never enters the car, but sits outside, always on the look-out. He demands the tickets a little before the train starts; thus avoiding the unpleasant task of stopping the train for the sake of putting out (as sometimes happens in America) a delinquent passenger. But, notwithstanding all this precaution, it seems rather strange that smoking is allowed in the cars; and considering how much all classes (clergymen and professors included) are addicted to smoking, you need not be surprised if, after dozing for a while, and dreaming about *cloud-lands*, you find your dreams realized, not knowing whether your head is swimming nearer heaven or earth. There are but few apartments in the second class cars devoted to *non*-smokers. But, notwithstanding all these inconveniences (to the German they are, no doubt, *conveniences*) the price of traveling is very high, the average price for a single English mile being about 5 cents with the first, 3½ with the second, and 2½ with the third class. On some roads, as between Berlin and Breslau, there are *fourth* class cars, where the passengers are obliged to stand, unless they have seats of their own. If I may give some practical hints, I would advise all travelers to take the *third* class during the warm season, as the cars of the second class are then intolerably hot. This I experienced on my way to Berlin from Hamburg; after that, on my way to Hungary, I combined economy and convenience by riding in the airy apartments of the *third* class.

But enough of German railroads. It is time for me to commence fulfilling my promise, and write something of the land of my birth—the land of the brave Magyars. Having obtained permission from the Austrian Ambassador in Berlin to travel all over Austria, I left the gay capital, passed through the second royal city of Prussia, Breslau (in Upper Silesia,) reached the Austrian boundary at Oderberg, (where we stopped two hours for refreshments, revision of passport and visitation of baggage,) and there heard the first Austrian music enlivening the supper-table. About 9 P. M., we started and traversed through the Moravian Territory, of the beauty of the scenery of which I cannot give you a description, it having been a very dark night. At last, on the morning of the 23d July, my heart beat high as I noticed the blue hills of the Carpathian range looming up in the distance, and why?—because there, beyond that range, lies the sunny land of Hungary, that played so great a part in the memorable year of '48, that fought so valiantly for the precious birthright of man, till treachery alone snatched it from its already firm grasp. Add to this the feelings which must needs spontaneously spring up in the heart of him, who, after a lapse of full ten years, sees his original fatherland, and longs to embrace once more the dear relatives it still contains; and you need no longer wonder that my pulse beat with a quickened throb at the sight of those Carpathian Mountains.

On we sped through the very fruitful fields of Marchfield, where, in 1260, King Ottocar, of Bohemia, defeated the Hungarians, while he himself was afterwards slain in a battle by Rudolph, of Hubsburg. The scenery was most picturesque—woods and hills in various forms gradually came to view, till at last we hurried through the tunnel, (1,800 feet in length,) and before us lay Presburg, (the former capital of Hungary,) charmingly situated on the Danube, at the foot of the Minor Carpathians. Here we stopped for breakfast, and for the first time heard the lively airs of Hungarian music.

A few hours more, and I was in the arms of my eldest brother, in the city which stands at the head of this letter. *Gran* (in Hungarian *E Stergom*, from the Latin *Strigonium*,) contains only 15,000 inhabitants, but is celebrated as being the birth-place and residence of St. Stephen, (A. D. 1000,) the first *Christian* King of Hungary. Gran, on this account, is still the chief residence of the Clergy, and numbers among its edifices the palace of the Hungarian primate, and a magnificient church, built after the model of St. Peter's in Rome, a description of which I will give you in my next.

Simon Tuska.

AMERICA IN THE OLD WORLD.

A traveler walking along the streets of European cities, will notice at the shop windows, "American Overshoes," or "American Sewing Machines;" in the theater bills he will read the name, "American Commedienne;" in the bookstores he will meet Stowe, Harland, Wetherell, Prescott, Barnes and Hodge; at the bookstands, Dwight, Williams, Cheever, Sprague, Spring; further on he passes "the American Photograph Gallery." Henry Russell draws crowds to hear him sing about "Life in America." On the hustings, Lord Palmerston tells something borrowed from the Americans. In the churches, Dr. Guthrie extols the American educational system. At a meeting for the Irish missions, Professor Miller and Dr. Cooke tell how the Irish flock over to America and learn independence. Go to a Missionary meeting, and Dr. Andrew Thompson eulogizes the American Missionaries, Elliot, Brainard and Grant. Go to a Temperance meeting and you will be sure to hear of the Maine law. Go to the Free Church General Assembly, and you hear them speaking of the American Missions in Turkey, or of the great American revival. Go to the procession of the Queen's Commissioner to the Established Assembly, and you will find the dragoons trotting off to the American tune of "The Old Folks at Home." Go to Glasgow Cemetery and you will meet with a funeral motto from Longfellow. Go into private families, and you will hear the lady of the house singing at the piano the American song "Excelsior," and the little girl calling her sister "Topsy!" and, not to be tedious, if you go into the London Times' rooms, you will find that journal printing its slanders on the United States upon Hoe's American Printing Press.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SCARLET FEVER:
NITRATE OF SILVER A SPECIFIC.

Messrs. Eds.:—I should not venture to risk my reputation, as a judicious and skillful physician, among my acquaintances, and to contradict Webster in the presence of the "million" readers of the Rural, by thus boldly stating the above proposition, did I not consider that the claims of humanity *demand it:* and that I am abundantly warranted in giving publicity to it by my own experience of its truth for a number of years. I trust no apology is needed for asking the insertion of this article in the Rural because *it is, par excellence*, the *Family Paper* of the day, and who, if not the *families* of the land, are interested in knowing what will rob that dreaded *scourge*, the Scarlet Fever, of its horrors? But I will avoid further preface, except to say that the few and simple directions as to its use must be most "religiously" observed, in order to secure the full benefit of the remedy.

Dissolve ten grains of Nitrate of Silver (commonly called lunar caustic,) in one ounce of soft water—rain, or snow water, or distilled water is best—hard water—water that contains lime or other mineral substances—will decompose the nitrate and destroy its efficacy. Give of this solution from one to twelve drops, diluted with a teaspoonful of soft water, in a *glass* or *teacup*, proportioned to the age of the patient and the urgency of the symptoms. It should never be put into a copper-plated, or *German* silver spoon.

If the symptoms are very urgent, and are not alleviated in from two to six hours, repeat the dose. It is seldom, if ever, necessary to give more than one or two doses and the patient is speedily and certainly cured, if the disease has not been previously aggravated by bad treatment. Avoid irritating food, drinks, and medicines, and give only mild diluent drinks, of which, slippery elm is the very best, being both food and medicine. *Never* give cathartics, even the most mild, in Scarlet Fever, or in any case when the tongue is red or has small bright points of a scarlet color, like miniature strawberries, on the point and along the edges.—Scarlet and Erysipelatous Fevers are *always* preceded and accompanied by this appearance of the tongue; and by this it may be known when cathartics and irritants should be avoided, and the nitrate of silver *alone* administered.

These are called Eruptive diseases—that is, after several days of fever, and various painful symptoms, usually attended by soreness of the throat, an eruption, more or less accompanied with redness and swelling, appears upon the skin. But the disease is of a constitutional nature, and the eruption is only an attendant symptom in its more advanced stages. Its beginning is in the lining membrane of the throat, stomach, and bowels, and its presence or threatened attack, may always be known by the above described appearance of the tongue. This lining membrane is known by several names. It is called the nervous, (because it is abundantly supplied with nerves,) the mucous, (because its surface is in health always moist with mucous,) and the villous (because it is shaggy,) coat or membrane. It is merely a continuation of the skin which covers the body, "reflected," or turned in at the lips and nostrils, and lining all the cavities of the body which have an outward opening. In its nature it is very similar to the skin, which sympathizes closely with it, and this accounts for the eruptive stage of the disease, when it is suffered to run its course.

But this treatise on anatomy and physiology is long enough for present purposes,—and what I ask of the readers of the Rural is, when the scarlet fever visits your vicinity, or you have reason to fear that it will, "throw physic to the dogs" or the doctors, go to an honest and careful druggist, ask him to give you an ounce vial—to cover it with a piece of gummed paper, so as to exclude the light, (for exposure to the light will after a time decompose and destroy the value of the medicine,) to put into it ten grains of nitrate of silver. Tell him you do not want nitrate of tin, or any other metal, but *pure* nitrate of silver—fill the vial with rain water, and you are armed with a remedy, which, if given with a careful observance of the above directions in the earlier stages of the disease, will, I believe, *never fail* to check its career, almost immediately. I have myself tried it in a great number of cases, and never yet knew it to fail, and a friend to whom I recommended its use, remarked, "it *killed* the disease" on trial in two cases in his family.

Now, I am not communicating this for the instruction of my medical brethren, although I have no objection to their profiting by it if they will, or even to their criticising it to their heart's content. But I write "*pro bono publico*," and after long conviction that it is my duty to do so, and after having been often reminded of that duty by paragraphs in the Rural and other papers, chronicling the death of whole families—sometimes of 6 or 7 children in a few days, or weeks—by this terrible scourge. It is indeed a dreadful disease among the lambs of our households, and often have I heard physicians, in their *impotence*, express their dread of it, and call it "a horrible disease," and "worse than the Small Pox." Under the usual treatment of the profession it is indeed so. What I ask of all is—for your own good, give the remedy a fair trial.

Sodus, Wayne Co., N. Y., 1859. W. D. Cook.

In connection with the foregoing, we give the annexed paragraph, clipped from an English journal. The course of treatment recommended may clash with the views of W. D. C., in some respects, but as we obtain valuable knowledge only by conflict of opinion—and as the diseases spoken of are a constant source of excitement and fear to parents—any light that can be procured and made available will be hailed by the fathers and mothers with intense gratification:

"Scarlatina and Measles.—Mr. Witt, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, has published a pamphlet, in which he states that bicarbonate of ammonia, is a specific for the cure of Scarlet Fever and Measles. He cites Dr. Pearl, of Liverpool, and other Practitioners, who have never lost a case out of hundreds, since adopting this remedy. Two drachms of the bicarbonate of ammonia are dissolved in five ounces of water, and two tablespoonfuls of the solution given every two, three, or four hours, according to the urgency of the symptoms. No acid drinks must be taken, but only water, or toast and water. The system is to be moved by a dose of calomel, if necessary. The room must be well ventilated, but the patient protected from the slightest cold or draught. Gargles should also be employed for clearing the throat.—The ammonia seems to counteract all the poison which causes Scarlatina, and also acts upon the system by diminishing the frequency and, at the same time, increasing the strength of the pulse."

The Reviewer.

Sunshine; or, Kate Vinton. By Harriet B. M'Keever, author of "Twilight Musings," etc. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

This is a charming volume for the young, and especially worthy of careful perusal and consideration by those of the gentler sex. In the guise of fiction, the author imparts much valuable instruction and advice—her avowed aim being to present a youthful Christian, in the midst of much infirmity, still "adorning the doctrines of God, her Savior, in all things." The heroine is perhaps too devoted, unselfish and perfect for a true type of earthly mortality, yet the lesson taught must have great influence upon the attentive reader, as the moral and elevating tendency of the unpretending volume is unmistakable. In her preface the author remarks that "in order to divest religion of that aspect of gloom which many worldlings are disposed to throw around its path, the chief character has been described as peculiarly joyous and happy, and therefore the book has been called *Sunshine*. In the bright atmosphere which she spreads everywhere around her, it is designed that the unselfishness of true piety should be held up for the imitation of the young; and, in the strong contrast presented between the glitter of worldly pleasures, and the calmer joys of religion, to exhibit the excellence and superiority of the latter, as the source of the purest and most elevated happiness. We can cordially commend "Sunshine," and believe none can read without receiving benefit. Sold by Dewey.

Palestine Past and Present. With Biblical, Literary, and Scientific Notices. By Rev. Henry Osborn, A. M. With original illustrations and a New Map of Palestine, by the Author. James Challen & Son: Philadelphia.

This is a book of 500 pages, in a style very much like the *City of the Great King*, by the same publisher. The paper is of the very best quality, and the type large, clear, and beautiful. It is embellished with about sixty wood engravings, two steel plates, five chromographic engravings, and a map of Palestine. The steel and wood engravings are in the highest style of the art, but the chromographic, or color-printed plates, are unworthy of the work. Perhaps they are done as well as they can be in this country, but they are far inferior to the English, and should not be admitted in a work of this excellent character until our artists have acquired more skill. This book is invaluable to the Bible student, and particularly so to Bible Class Teachers and Sunday School Superintendents. Indeed, the young, unless their tastes are sadly vitiated, will find the book far more enchanting, and certainly more useful than any novel. We shall give extracts from this work, with some of its fine engravings in the Rural, before long. E. Darrow & Bro., Rochester, are the publishers for this part of the country.

Sir Walter Raleigh and his Times, with other Papers. By Charles Kingsley, author of "Hypatia," "Two Years Ago," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields—1859.

Bearing the above title we have a book of nearly 500 pages, containing, altogether, eleven articles, on as many different subjects. A majority of these have made their appearance in the *North British Review*, *Fraser's Magazine*, &c., as Essays Biographical and Scientific—two take the form of connected narrative—four, "Alexandria and her Schools," are adapted to the forum as Lectures. Those acquainted with the previous efforts of the author will be gratified on observing the neat form in which these "Miscellanies" are draped; while the young man, who desires the attainment of an easy, clear, and concise style of expression, will find a careful perusal or study an exercise of much value. For sale by Dewey.

Christian Stewardship. A Treatise on the Scriptural Obligation, Method, Measure, and Privilege of Systematized Beneficence. By Rev. J. Ashworth, of the East Genesee Conference. Auburn: William J. Moses.

This is a small book of some 180 pages, the author of which is now pastor of a church in this city. It was written, in compliance with a proposal made by the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to give $300 for a prize essay on the subject of Systematic Beneficence—one of the most important themes for consideration in Christendom, at the present time. Among a great number of works offered for the prize, this was selected by the committee as one of the best five. Judge McLean, of the United States Supreme Court, one of the committee, selected this as the best of the five. No award, however, was made at the time. The reading of this work will benefit all, even the most liberal, and to the mean, and stingy, and selfish, if not entirely beyond the reach of grace, we would advise a thorough perusal of this arousing appeal without a moment's delay. The above work can be had of the author and at the bookstores.

The Use of Trials.—It is not in the light and sunny places of the wilderness that the traveler most sweetly reposes. It is under the shadow of a great rock, or in the depth of a sequestered valley; and it is so with a Christian. The sun of prosperity withers our joys, and changes the green leaves into the sickly colors of autumn. Adversity is like the winter, which prepares the ground for the reception of the seed, and for the rich and glowing luxuriance of spring-time.

FACTS ABOUT RAIN, SPRINGS, &c.

1. Are the lakes and springs supplied by water from rain and snow, which penetrates the earth's surface so as to form the depositaries below? 2. Are the springs and lakes upon the tops of mountains supplied with water by the means of rain? 3. Why are not deserts supplied with water as other portions of the earth's surface? 4. Why is the water of springs fresh that occur near the ocean? 5. Can any one explain and give the reason why these things are as they are?—H. T. Allcott, *Prattsburg*, 1859.

1. Springs, and hence, streams and lakes, are supplied by the fall of water in rain and snow, and this water, except that flowing from the surface, or carried up by evaporation into the atmosphere, sinks into the earth. This has been the theory for half a century, and is considered to be fully sustained.

By measuring the quantity of water from the clouds, in numerous places, various facts were ascertained—as that most water falls within the tropics, less as the place is further from the equator, and of course that the evaporation is much the greatest in the lower latitudes where most water falls, and where most water is needed. This was the first important result from the use of the rain gauge.

By a careful measurement of the large rivers, it appears that they do not discharge as much water into the ocean and internal seas as falls in rain and snow, and that a large quantity of water must of course be employed by nature for the common operations, especially of the vegetable world.

Thus it was settled that the clouds afford the quantity of water adequate for all the needed purposes, while abundance would remain for the supply of springs, fountains, rivers and lakes.

Evaporation must consequently be a mighty operation. It was ascertained that the oceans, seas, lakes, and streams, as well as the surface of the land, send up the full supply of water, for the wants of man, and animals, and plants, and earth. So philosophy sustains the declaration of Scripture on the waters, as "they go up by the mountains" as vapor; "they go down by the valleys unto the place (the oceans) which thou hast hast founded for them. He sendeth the springs into the valleys. He watereth the hills from his chambers" (clouds). Again, "all the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers came, thither they return again."

No other power is known by which the ocean may send its treasures over the mountains as well as the valleys, and none other is needed.

The penetration of the surface water into the earth is proved by obvious facts. Springs flow with larger stream when the surface abounds in water; if they have dried up, they flow again at the fall rains. As the rocks are formed over a great part of the earth in extensive strata which dip below the surface, water passes into and between the strata, so often brought to light by artesian wells. The well at Louisville, Kentucky, is 2,080 feet deep, and is supplied by water which must pass between the strata on higher ground many miles distant, and hence its water flows from a pipe, 170 feet above the surface. Water will not rise above the level of its head. The artesian well is fully accounted for; but it could not be if there was no connection between the surface-water and the rocks into which the boring has penetrated.

2. The springs and ponds on mountains are supplied in the same way. These are not at the summit, but more or less down the side. On the west side of *Mt. Washington*, in the S. W. part of Massachusetts, is a pond, or small lake, in a valley some hundred feet below the summit. A stream flows from it much of the year, but varying in quantity, with the fall of rain and melted snow; at times the stream is very small. Many others have a similar situation, and present similar facts. Sometimes ponds or lakes have springs at their bottom, and at some distance from the shore, by which much water is emptied into them from the adjacent strata of rocks.

3. The earth is watered very unequally, even in the same latitudes, and some deserts are destitute of rain. Such exist on different continents over and about which the currents of the atmosphere and winds bring no clouds to deposit water.—Such is the great desert of *Sahara*. Even on some portions of the oceans there falls very little rain, and on others great quantities, as they are affected by local causes of various kinds, by which the atmosphere brings to them or bears from them its waters. This, too, is the general answer to the third question. The particulars would fill columns, some of which will recur to the Inquirer.

4. The waters of springs near the ocean are *fresh*, because they are fed from the sources on the land, which have only *fresh water*, because the clouds send down fresh water. Even evaporation from the ocean leaves the salt behind, as it does at *Syracuse, Salina*, &c., whether the evaporation is by the heat of the sun or the fire of the furnace. In these and many other places, are salt springs, which are of limited extent, and do not salt the waters in the streams, so as to be perceptible. Yet, on the whole, the salt is carried into the ocean and left there in the great rise of water, which next appears as clouds. It is too well known to need more than an allusion, that the lakes and seas which have no outlet, and are supplied by rivers, are always salt; as the *Dead Sea* in *Palestine*, the *Caspian Sea*, the *Sea of Aral*, and the *Salt Lake* of *Utah*. The *Mediterranean* has a strong current flowing at the surface from the Atlantic into it; but it has an under current of heavier salt water flowing out at the *Straits of Gibraltar* into the *Atlantic*, as is shown by the hulls of vessels, sunk in the *Bay of Gibraltar*, being thrown upon the coast of *Morocco*.

The marine petrifactions found over middle and western New York, prove that our rocks were once under the ocean, and hence the ocean has retired, or rather the rocks have been raised upwards. The great Lakes were, in all probability, salt water ages ago. As they have an outlet, and receive streams of fresh water, their saltness has disappeared by their flow into the ocean. If Lake Ontario were to be made into ink at once, the colorless rivers which flow into it, would in a few years remove all the ink to the ocean, as first remarked by Dr. S. L. Mitchell, of New York.

The old notion that the salt waters of the ocean were filtered into fresh, in passing through the earth, and thus rising by capillary attraction to the surface, formed and supplied the springs, was long ago given up for several reasons.

No experiment in filtering salt water made it fresh. The dirt or earthy particles were removed, but the water continued salt.

Capillary attraction will raise water in a tubule, but will hold it there, so that it cannot run out of an orifice or over the the top, and thus a spring be formed.

No necessity remained for this opinion, because the rains and snows gave all the water which the operations of nature required, as has already been shown.

5. Finally. The "reasons why these things are," seems to be accessible, and easy of apprehension. We hope W. T. A. will be satisfied.

Jan. 7th, 1859. C. D.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 5, 1859.

Affairs at Washington.

The House Committee on Indian Affairs have unanimously agreed on a bill relative to the Olion Reserve in Kansas, known as the New York Reserve, embracing 2,000,000 acres of land, and all pre-empted by whites. Its details have not transpired, but it is understood that it was satisfactory to both to settlers and Indians, and that it was settled—all the settlers had obtained titles after one year.

A letter from Superintendent Neighbors, dated Austin, Texas, Jan. 10th, addressed to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, mentions that a band of white men from El Paso county had stolen into a camp of Indians, known to be remarkably peaceable, massacring several of them, besides wounding a number of their companions. It is supposed that in consequence of this outrage, the Indians will commence indiscriminate war on the border settlements

The Secretary of the Treasury, in a recent document sent to the House, suggests an invitation from the United States to the commercial countries of Europe to meet in a representative body, for consultation on a uniform currency, uniform weights and measures, and a uniform system of commercial statistics; being of the opinion that this reform would be favorably received and probably adopted by each of the countries as represented. He says our own government occupies a position both political and commercial, which would justify it in taking the lead in this matter.

The Indian office has received despatches from Minnesota stating that hostilities are again threatened by the Sioux and Yankton Indians. Prompt measures have been taken by Com. Denver.

The *Herald* correspondent says the Spanish Minister has declared, while speaking of the Thirty Million Appropriation, that if the money was granted, he would demand his passports.

DEATH OF EX-GOV. SLADE.—William Slade died recently at Middlebury, Vermont. Mr. S. commenced public life as a clerk in the State Department at Washington, under Adams and Clay. In 1831, he was chosen a Member of Congress from Vt., and served in the House with distinction through six terms, retiring in 1843, when he was chosen Governor. He was twice, we believe, re-elected to the latter post and then retired, devoting the remainder of his days in good part to the removal of female teachers of Common Schools from New England to the new settlements of the West.

THE ICE TRADE ON THE HUDSON. Several new Ice Houses have been erected on the banks of the Hudson during the present winter. They have all been or are in the progress of being filled. The season thus far has been unusually favorable. The Kingston *Journal* says there are already, in that neighborhood [illegible] tons of Ice gathered valued at half a million of dollars. If these statistics are correct, it is safe to say that more than [illegible] tons are already stored on the banks of the Hudson, above Newburgh—worth more than a million and a half of dollars. Thus is certainly a very handsome crop.

New York Legislature.

SENATE.—The special committee to investigate the unclaimed dividends of Savings Banks, Messrs. Opdyke, Law and Pond, reported the unclaimed dividends, with remarks that some owners were known. On motion, Mr. Law's report was ordered to be returned, with a reply that it was evasive, and requiring a proper answer.

The State Engineer reported that the expenses of lengthening the chambers of the canal locks, so as to admit the passage of boats 130 feet long would be $1,264,000, and take three or four years, if practicable at all. He recommends rather an extension of foundations and rebuilding head-works, which could be done, and would materially add to the present capacity.

ASSEMBLY.—The resolution requiring information as to the number of employes on the Canal and their salaries for 1848 and 1858 was passed. Also, the concurrent report approving and endorsing the Canal Board Memorial to Congress.

In Executive Session James M. Cook was confirmed as Bank Superintendent, and Messrs. Seymour, Patterson, and Green as Commissioners of Quarantine.

The bill to reduce the capital stock of the Rochester Bank, and the bill relating to the term of office of the Treasurer of Monroe Co., was passed.

The Comptroller reported the amount of arrears on taxes on Indian land at $427,000.

The reports of the Superintendent of Public Instruction and Idiot Asylum, were received.

Mr. Ruggles presented the Legislature an able report on the condition of the divisions of the Erie Canal.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—The "purchase of Cuba" came before the Senate, and Mr. Slidell, of La., from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, to whom was referred the bill making appropriations to facilitate the acquisition of Cuba by negotiation, reported at considerable length, strongly urging the passage of the measure. He considers its ultimate acquisition a "fixed fact by the United States—a purpose resulting from political and geographical necessities which have been recognized by all parties and administrations, and in regard to which the popular voice has been expressed unanimously." Senator Seward, as the representative of the minority of the Committee, also reported. Mr. S. "thought the proposition to buy Cuba now unwise and ridiculous, and characterized its purchase as much of a necessity as that offered by the auctioneer woman, in the play, who thought it might come so handy." The discussion on the report was postponed until Jan. 31st.

The final vote upon the Pacific Railroad bill resulted in its defeat by a vote of 38 to 20.

An act was passed providing for the payment of the expenses of investigating committees of the Houses

The Secretary of the Navy was directed to furnish all information in regard to Lieut. Craven's survey for the Atrato Ship Channel.

Resolutions calling for the correspondence of Mr Nugent, Special Agent at Vancouver's Island and Columbia, also directing the Secretary of War to lay before the Senate a report of Col. Wright's campaign against the Indians in Oregon were adopted.

HOUSE.—Mr. Chapman, of Pa., from the Judiciary Committee, reported a bill punishing the forging and counterfeiting of military land warrants; certificates of location or purchase, &c.; or knowingly uttering or circulating the same, by a punishment of not less than three months' imprisonment in the Penitentiary. Passed.

The House adopted a resolution calling on the President for the report of Mr. Nugent, special agent to Vancouver's Island.

Mr. Phelps, of Mo., introduced a bill appropriating $10,000 to pay the witnesses before the several Investigating Committees. Mr. Readan, of Texas, offered an amendment providing that hereafter not more than 10 cents per mile shall be paid to the officer for the distance actually and necessarily traveled in summoning witnesses. The bill passed with the latter amendment.

A resolution was adopted calling on Secretary Cobb for the actual and probable receipts from customs and public lands, for the current and next fiscal years.

FROM BUENOS AYRES, RIO JANEIRO, PARAGUAY, AND MONTEVIDEO.—Dates from Rio Janeiro to Dec. 28, Buenos Ayres to the 9th, and Paraguay Nov. 30th, and Montevideo Nov. 15th, have come to hand. Considerable excitement prevails at the latter place about our Paraguay expedition and the idea of a South American league against the Americans was openly broached. From Buenos Ayres we learn that Urquiga's life was in danger from a fit of apoplexy. From Paraguay we learn that Lopez was actually making preparations for war. He is said to have 8,000 or 10,000 troops highly disciplined and commanded by English and French officers. The fort of Humatta was perfectly mounted with fine artillery and the garrison was composed of the flower of the army. Lopez was loud in his determination to yield nothing to the United States. The source of the above, it should be mentioned, is unfavorable to the United States.

FROM THE PLAINS.—Passengers by the Overland mail report fine weather and good roads. The Indian agents at Fort Yuma had returned from the Mohave villages without accomplishing the release of the women and children mentioned as captured in a previous report. The Indians were very hostile. Much excitement existed at Carson Valley respecting the laws of Utah, and meetings have been held taking strong grounds against the jurisdiction of Utah, and requiring the Utah Probate Judge to abstain from the exercise of the duties of his office. Other meetings favored the Utah authorities, but also favored separation from the Territory.

DEATH OF PRESCOTT, THE HISTORIAN.—A telegram from Boston 28th ult., brings the melancholy intelligence of the decease of WM. H. PRESCOTT, from a stroke of paralysis. Mr. P. had been in usual health up to the moment of his death

Old World Matters.

THE *Arabia* arrived at Halifax on the 28th ult., and the *Arago* at New York on the 29th, with one week's later intelligence. We make the following condensation of news:

GREAT BRITAIN.—The English Parliament had been summoned to meet on the 5th of February. It is rumored that the British Chinese Squadron was to be augmented by twelve sail of the line. The depression on the London Stock Exchange continued until the 13th, when the excitement greatly subsided, under the more satisfactory accounts from the continent. More confidence was shown in all departments, and consols left off at an advance of ⅝. The London *Times* estimates the depreciation in public stocks on shares in the European market in consequence of Napoleon's policy, at thirty millions sterling.

FRANCE.—Among the rumors from Paris is one that Gen. McMahon is to command the army in Italy, and that 30,000 men of the Austrian contingent are to cross over to Italy. The *Constitutionel* has one article, admitting that there are serious difficulties between France and Austria concerning the Danube and Servia, but says war is only possible in the event of the rupture of treaties. Prince Napoleon had gone to Turin to espouse the Princess Clotilde, daughter of the King of Sardinia. The impression seems to prevail that this would secure the support of France to Victor Emanuel in becoming King of Italy. The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says that the French Marshals are charged to take command of the great military districts, and all Generals on leave of absence are ordered to their posts. He also says that Walewski has protested against the ominous impression that appears to rule supreme, and determined to retire from a scene where moderation is no longer listened to. All the Emperor's minister's are said to be in favor of peace, and the industrial population of France look with aversion upon war.

AUSTRIA.—The people are represented to be well pleased with the spirit displayed by the Emperor in regard to France and Sardinia. Twenty-seven thousand men were on their way to Italy. The Porte having acknowledged the down state of things in Servia, there is no question of Austrian occupancy in that quarter, and the treaty of Paris is not likely to be broken by the intervention of that power.

ITALY.—Many persons were leaving Milan every day. The police had to efface from the walls such inscriptions as "Death to the Germans." The troops were greatly excited, and strict discipline was necessary to prevent excesses. The advance guard of the Austrian reinforcements had reached Milan. Additional guns had been mounted on the citadel, directed against the city. A Milan paper of the 8th, says the chances of revolt were diminishing daily. It was thought Prince Napoleon's presence in Italy would lead to unmistakable demonstrations.

TURKEY.—A telegraph cable has been laid to Constantinople. Another collision between the Turks and Montenegrins had taken place, with some lives lost on both sides.

COMMERCIAL—*Breadstuffs.*—Richardson, Spence & Co. quote flour dull and nominal. Western Canal 19@20s; Philadelphia and Baltimore 20@21s; Ohio 21@22. Wheat firm at the opening, but dull at the close. Red Western 4s6d@5s6d; white do. 6@7s; white southern 7@7s6d. Corn quiet but steady. Mixed 28s; yellow 29@30s; white 33@33s6d. *Provisions.*—Messrs. Bigland, Althya & Co., Richardson, Spence & Co., James Mellenry & Co., quote beef in better demand, but at a decline, on the middling and lower grades, of 2s6d. Pork firm and holders demanding an advance. Lard firm but quiet; sales for 56s and 56s6d. Cheese, the fine qualities, had advanced 1@2s. Tallow advanced 6d with a good demand. South American 52s6d@53s6d

A FLEET OF PROPELLERS.—A late issue of the Buffalo *Courier* remarks that no less than fifty-three propellers are being built for navigating our canals next season. The most of them will be ready to "take up a position" by the first of June. Engineer RICHMOND estimates that the six feet of water which will be found in our Canals next season, will be ample for steam navigation. With the successful application of steam power, and the final completion of the Canals by the spring of 1860, and the adoption of such a revenue tariff as will secure the carrying trade, we may hope that our system of internal improvements will prove sufficiently successful to relieve itself from the weight of taxation with which it is now burdened, and in time fulfill the high destiny it is designed to accomplish, that of furnishing the cheapest and best channel of communication for the immense commerce constantly finding its way eastward to the sea board.

CANADIAN FINANCES.—The finances of the Canadian Government, it seems, are not in a flourishing condition. In 1854, with a revenue amounting to £1,200,000, the expenditures were only £750,000. In 1858, with a revenue amounting to £1,500,000, the expenditures had increased to £2,350,000, showing a deficit of $800,000. The Montreal *Herald* charges the present Ministers with corruption and extravagance, and says that they have brought the country to the verge of bankruptcy. It also accuses them of spending, without any authority from Parliament, the £700,000 repaid by the Great Western Railway Company, though the debt for which the money was paid still stands against the Province.

THE POPULATION OF VIENNA.—According to a recent enumeration, the population of the city proper of Vienna—the portion comprised within the walls—is 553,000, being an increase since 1856 of 79,000. By including the immediate suburbs the number amounts to 663,000, which is still further augmented by counting the military—20,000 men—and the inhabitants of the suburban villages beyond the line of the city; making the total population of Vienna 723,000.

WHAT A REPORT OF A BANK FAILURE WILL DO.—The *Observer* says that "a bet was made at Albany on Wednesday, that of a large crowd of applicants for relief at the office of the Overseer of the Poor, at least half a dozen had money in the Savings Bank; and to test the matter, a report was circulated that the Commercial Savings Bank had failed. In an instant thirteen of the beggars were rushing madly to the Bank, in order to save their money from the wreck."

News Paragraphs.

MOST of the vessels which left Detroit, Cleveland, &c., for Liverpool, laden with various products, have returned; and the owners are so well satisfied with their ventures that the trade is to be continued.

THE people of Gratiot county, Michigan, are represented as being in a very destitute condition, and an appeal has been made to the Legislature for aid. There are about 1,000 families in the county, and of these not more than one-quarter, it is believed, have the means of subsistence until the next harvest. An almost total failure of the crops is assigned as the cause of the existing want.

THE Leavenworth *Times* (Kansas) publishes a letter giving an account of a conflict between a party of men under Capt. BROWN, and a posse under the Deputy U. S. Marshall, near Paoli, Dickens county. Five of Captains Brown's party and the Deputy and two of his assistants are reported killed. The account is not vouched for, and is probably exaggerated.

THE telegraph line is completed to Leavenworth, Kansas, making a continuous connection from that city to New York. The first through message was received at the *Herald* office on the 25th ult.

THE St. Paul (Minnesota) *Times* complains of the absence of snow in that State—scarcely any having fallen since the early part of December. The weather has been so mild that out-door labor has been in progress all winter. An absence of storms, with almost continued succession of bright, clear days, is another feature of the present season.

DURING the past year Lynn has manufactured more than 16,000,000 pairs of shoes. The shoe business of Massachusetts is valued at $40,000,000 a year, and one-half the shoes made in that State are manufactured in Lynn—so the thriving city of Lynn annually manufactures $20,000,000 worth of shoes.

THE mortality in New York last year reached the very large amount of 24,492 deaths, which, in a population of 700,000, is one death in every 20 of the population. Among the deaths are nearly fifteen thousand children.

THE Great Salt Lake of Utah seems to be the strongest and purest brine fountain known. Capt. STANSBURY records that he saw millions of bushels of salt crystallized on its western borders, and that he made use of the unstrengthened water successfully to cure beef.

ACCORDING to official dispatches there are 100,000 armed men determined to oppose Turkish rule in Servia. Somewhat urgent requests had reached Constantinople for reinforcements. The Porte has augmented the Ottoman forces in Candia by 5,000 men. The agitation amongst the Christian population is increasing throughout the Turkish empire.

INDIA is 2,400 miles long, and 2,000 broad; the population, which is equal to that of all Europe, numbers 180,000,000. They speak fourteen distinct languages, besides numerous widely differing dialects.

THE Cincinnati Gazette states that one of the physicians of that city has a patient afflicted with the "blue line" on the gums, and "blue face," which were caused by the use of hair dyes having for their bases sugar of lead and nitrate of silver.

THEY seem to be going down hill pretty fast at Waterbury, Conn. A party of young people there last Monday enjoyed sliding down a hill half a mile in length, which they accomplished in one minute and forty-six seconds. At one of the "thankee marms," the sled jumped eighteen feet.

From the Pacific Side.

THE Overland Mail, with San Francisco dates to the 21st of Dec., arrived at St. Louis on the 24th ult., and the steamer Illinois, with the mails of Jan. 5th, at New York, on the 28th. The Illinois brought $1,200,000 in treasure.

CALIFORNIA.—San Francisco markets very dull for produce. The China and East India stocks rapidly accumulating. Gold is coming in more freely. The President's Message by the Overland Express, reached San Francisco only two days in advance of its receipt by the Panama route.

VICTORIA.—The dates from Victoria are to the 23d of December. The Frazer is open again and late discoveries had increased the faith in the richness of the gold fields in that region.

OREGON.—The Oregon Legislature had been occupied for several days in discussing a proposition to adjourn *sine die*, inasmuch as a State Legislature had been elected, and the probabilities were that Oregon would soon assume the reins of self-government.

THE ISTHMUS.—The Costa Rica Congress, in extraordinary session on the 2d of December, ratified the Belly treaty with slight modifications. Gen. Lamar's manifesto to Nicaragua had created some sensation throughout Central America, while the firm conduct of Mr. Buchanan in relation to filibusters was fully appreciated.

SOUTH AMERICA.—Serious riots had occurred in Lima and Callao, in consequence of the importation of ready-made houses from the United States, which the workmen attempted to prevent the landing. The mob and guard came in collision, when several on both sides were killed and wounded.—President Castillo ordered a detachment of troops to the scene, when another collision took place, in which several were killed. Finally, a Commissioner was appointed by Congress to treat with the populace, which resulted in the introducing into that body a measure decreeing that after the 1st of August, 1859, all manufactured goods shall pay a duty of 20 per cent. tariff; that all raw materials shall be admitted free. Both cities were put under martial law during the riots.

HOW THE MONEY GOES.—It is said that the grossest frauds have been detected by the House Military Committee in the Oregon War Debt. The debt is about six millions, and the Committee believe that only about one million is justly due. Some of the charges are outrageous; pistols $55 each, muskets $125 each, oats $5 per bushel, hay $120 a ton, and other things in proportion.

The News Condenser.

— A project is entertained of a Crystal Palace in Boston.

— The apple crop of Oregon, the past year, sold for $500,000.

— Out of 13,856 teachers in Pennsylvania, 12,351 are natives of this State.

— A thunder storm was experienced at Milwaukee, on Thursday week.

— The oyster trade of Maryland is estimated at $4,000,000 per annum.

— The Burns festivals all over the country have been grand affairs this year.

— Some of the papers of West Florida are agitating annexation to Alabama.

— Mr. Frederick Cook, of Catskill, N. Y. has a sleigh which was built in 1776.

— A treaty of peace has been concluded between the U. S. and Navajoe Indians.

— Mr. Morphy is about to play, blindfolded, twenty games of chess at one time.

— Railroad and other stock seems to be on the rise. Beware of *bulls* and *bears!*

— It is expected that the Emperor Alexander will visit Queen Victoria in May.

— The Jerseymen are agitating the subject of abolishing the Court of Chancery.

— Phillip Jesse died at New Garden, Va., on the 1st of December, aged 120 years.

— There were 4,856 deaths in St. Louis during 1858—an average of 363 each month.

— Sixty miles of railroad have been made in the city of Philadelphia within one year.

— A steam carriage has been invented in Connecticut, which runs twelve miles an hour.

— The Bill repealing the ten per cent. interest law has passed the House at Columbus, Ohio.

— Lord Lyons, the new British Minister, is expected in Washington the last week of this month.

— The French Senate and Legislative body were convoked by imperial decree, for the 7th inst.

— Seven children in the family of Mr. Slade, of Cleveland, Ohio, died of scarlet fever within a week.

— It is said that of the twenty-five members of the Illinois Senate, only one was born in that State.

— There are one hundred and seventy-eight pupils in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Philadelphia.

— As far South as Wilmington, Del., on the 10th ult., the thermometer stood at 10 degrees below zero.

— John La Montain proposes to start from Boston and cross the Atlantic in a balloon next summer.

— Wheat, barley, and beans, but not corn, are to be admitted into Portugal, free of duty until May next.

— An effort is being made in Philadelphia to re-establish, for the third time, a line of foreign steamers.

— Armed bodies have already begun to infest the Tehuantepec transit, attracted by the prospect of booty.

— Seven spiritualists were excommunicated from the Congregational church at Lee, Mass., Sabbath before last.

— A bill to encourage gambling has passed the Delaware House of Representatives, in the form of a lottery grant

— An "Old Bachelors' Convention" is announced to be held in New Haven, Conn., in the latter part of February.

— By law the census of the United States will be taken in 1860, and Congress is already moving in the matter.

— The first steam gun-boat, built for the U. S. Navy, is to be launched at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, in a few days.

— From the Upper Michigan mines the past season, 6,000 tuns of copper have been shipped. Value nearly $3,000,000.

— Mrs. Mary Taylor, of Lee, Mass., had a surprise party of her fifteen children, on her 100th birthday, January 9.

— Col. Benton's furniture is to be sold at auction. His property is estimated to be insufficient to discharge his liabilities.

— There are 8,500 seamen now in the United States Navy, and 1,895 marines. The total number of vessels is eighty-eight.

— Gen. Houston, now in his sixty-fifth year, has signified his intention to retire from public life on the 5th of March next.

— It is said that some enterprising Yankee has engaged Chas. Dickens to undertake a course of readings in this country.

— The Mobile Advertiser opposes the acquisition of Cuba in any way, as being injurious to the interests of the Southern States.

— It is estimated that 1,000 deck hands and deck passengers have been lost overboard from the Mississippi steamers the past year.

— Mr. Bond, an eminent astronomer and director of the Cambridge Observatory, died at Boston, on the 30th ult., aged 79 years.

— Orders had been issued in France to prepare two more frigates for sea immediately, and ten other vessles of war with all dispatch.

— The members of the Maine Legislature have a concert of sacred music every morning, fifteen minutes before the House organizes.

— It is expected that the Empress-Dowager, of Russia, will accompany the Emperor Alexander in his proposed visit to London and Paris.

— During the last year $22,209 12 in fees were ordered paid by the Board of Supervisors, to the Sheriff of New York city and county.

— A new society, called the City Tract Society, auxiliary to the American Tract Society at Boston, has just been formed at Hartford, Ct.

— The late severe frost has seriously injured the iron tubes of the Victoria bridge at Montreal, twisting them by the contraction produced.

— On Wednesday week the receipts of the N. Y. Custom House were $300,000, the largest amount received in one day since August, 1857.

— The bill to exclude minors, under the age of 14, from the New York theatres, unless accompanied by guardians, has passed the Senate.

— The shock of the explosion of Dupont's powder mill at Wilmington, Del., was very seriously felt at Philadelphia, thirty miles distant.

— The Hudson river is open between Peekskill and Poughkeepsie, and sloops and schooners are running between Sing Sing and New York.

— We find in an exchange paper the statement that *seventy-two* white females were married to negroes in the State of Massachusetts last year.

— A new Board of Heraldry had been appointed in France, in consequence of the report of the Minister of Justice upon the abuses of titles of nobility.

Publisher's Notices.

TERMS OF THE RURAL FOR 1859.

Single Copy, One Year,	$2
Three Copies, "	$5
Six " and 1 free to Club Agent,	$10
Ten " " " "	$15
Fifteen " " " "	$23
Twenty " " " "	$26
Thirty-Two " " "	$40

And any additional number at the latter rate—only $1 25 per copy!—with a free copy for every Ten Subscribers over Thirty.

☞ CLUB PAPERS sent to as many different post-offices as desired, and after a Club is formed additions may be made to it at the club rate. See "Additions to Clubs," below.

TIMELY AND IMPORTANT
Special Notices to Rural Agents, Friends, &c.

☞ BACK NUMBERS OF THIS VOLUME can still be furnished, and are forwarded to all new subscribers unless otherwise ordered. Though our sets of back numbers are rapidly diminishing daily, we can still supply several thousand new subscribers. We shall probably be able to furnish the numbers for a month or more, yet as our rule is, "first come first served," those who wish to secure the complete volume should not delay.

☞ NEW CLUBS.—It is not too late to commence and form Clubs for Vol. X., as we shall probably be able to supply back numbers for a month or more, notwithstanding the large additions over previous years. Try it, Friends of the RURAL!—you who are in localities where the paper ought to be circulated, but has only a few subscribers, or is not yet introduced. A little effort, NOW, will enable you to succeed, and our word for it, the people will ere long thank you, and community be benefited.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS—Are now in order, and whether they come (as they do daily) in ones, twos, fives, tens or twenties, are gratefully welcomed and receive prompt attention. Please note that any person forming a club of 10, 15 or 20, can, by adding to the list within one month, *reduce the rate of the whole number of copies*. For instance, a person sending $15 for 10 copies, can by adding 5 names, reduce the price of all to $1,50 per copy—by adding 5 to a club of 15, reduce price to $1,30—and, adding 10 to a club of 20, puts the price at $1,25. Many have already taken advantage of this liberal offer, and from clubs of 6, 10 and 15, gone up to 30, 40, 50, and over.

☞ TRY FOR LARGE CLUBS!—YES, If your neighbors object, as some people do, to paying more than the lowest club rate for the RURAL, make an earnest effort to form a club of at least *Thirty*. In many places where we had only one to ten subscribers last year, we now have lists of from 30 to over 100! One friend could not, he thought get over 10 when he started, but he put the price at the rate for 30, and sent for *forty-three* in his first letter. Another, at a post-office where we had a small list last year, has already sent in *one hundred and twenty-five* subscribers and more are coming.—The RURAL has such a good character (permit us to say it) and has been so greatly improved this year, while the times are improving, that most of its working friends and club agents say it is far easier to get subscribers than ever before. Reader, is not a little personal and timely effort all that is necessary to get a rousing list in your town?

☞ THE LOWEST CLUB PRICE of the RURAL is $1,25 per yearly copy, and it is useless to send us less than that rate even if 500 copies are ordered at once. Of course no person is authorized to receive a less price than we publish, and if any offer the RURAL for a lower rate there must be some wrong, or a misapprehension of our terms. The only cases in which we furnish single copies of the RURAL at $1,25 are, when ordered by a clergyman, presented to a distant friend, or added to a club already formed.

☞ CLUBBING WITH THE MAGAZINES, &c.—We will send the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1859 and a yearly copy of either *The Atlantic, Harper's, Godey's, Graham's*, or any other $3 magazine, for $4. The RURAL and either *The Horticulturist, Hovey's Magazine, Arthur's Magazine*, or *any other* $2 magazine, for $3. To our agents or subscribers, we will furnish any $3 magazine for $2,50, and any $2 one for $1,50. Canada subscribers must add the American postage.

☞ SPECIMEN NUMBERS, &c., sent free and pre-paid to all applicants, or to any friends of subscribers whose addresses may be furnished. Many who feel an interest in the RURAL and its objects, and wished to enlist others in their behalf, have kindly sent the address of distant friends. Who will do likewise, and thus aid the cause?

☞ DRAFTS AT OUR RISK.—We lose little money by mail, but prefer Drafts on New York (less exchange,) payable to our order, and which may be sent at our risk if carefully mailed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and each and all who form clubs, will not only receive extra copies, but their aid will be appreciated. We have no traveling agents, nor do we give certificates.

☞ FOR other Notices see last page.

PENETRATING CHINA.—Lord Elgin, the British Minister to China, has projected an expedition up the Yangste river, which promises many interesting results. With a squadron of steam corvettes and gun-boats, six in number, and with the consent of the Chinese authorities, he is going as far as Hangchow, the principal commercial emporium on the river, five hundred miles distant from its mouth, and more than three hundred miles above Nankin, hitherto the utmost limit of "outside barbarian" navigation. The Yangste is called the Mississippi of China, but as it drains about a third of China, the population on its banks must be eight or ten times as much as that on the Mississippi.

HAVANA INTELLIGENCE.—The Black Warrior arrived at New York on the 20th, bringing Havana dates to the 15th. The excitement touching the President's message has nearly died out. Weather pleasant and city healthy. Sugar, flat. Stock, 12,000 boxes old, 1,000 new. The Black Warrior brings 100,000 Mexican dollars. A private letter says some excitement had been occasioned at Havana by the publication in the journals of a statement that a Brigadier General Renaud (?) of the United States, had by letter offered to the Captain General $15,000,000 to declare the island independent, and himself (Concha) its first President.

LATER FROM UTAH.—The Utah mail of December 28th, has arrived at St. Joseph. There has been no quorum of the Utah Legislature. Gov. CUMMINGS' Message is described as brief and pointed. The weather had been very severe, and the mercury stood at 28° below zero for four consecutive days. A new and practical pass through the Sierra Nevada has been discovered, which shortens the distance to the Pacific materially. Fifteen mules had perished from cold at Sweet Water, and seventeen men were badly frozen.

A NEW ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The Paris correspondent of the Boston Journal says that in the course of a recent interview with several English capitalists, the Emperor expressed his confidence in the proposed laying of a telegraphic cable between France and America, the termination of which is to be the city of Boston. The company is being formed, and the whole affair will be carried into execution as rapidly as possible.

Important from Mexico.

The steamship Tennessee arrived at New Orleans on the 28th ult., with Vera Cruz dates to the 24th.

The Press of the City of Mexico, state that the French and English Ministers had notified the government that unless a million of dollars was paid to satisfy the claims of English and French subjects within six days, the fleet of these countries would take possession of Vera Cruz and Tampico.

Gen. Miramon's organ at Guadaljara states that he will not accept the Presidency nor favor Robles, but adhered to Zuloaga's claim. Gen. Miramon was marching on the Capital. He had ordered a forced loan of $6,000,000 at Guadaljara, including foreigners, who paid, under a threat of expulsion.

The Government Palace at Guadaljara was destroyed on the 10th, by the explosion of the magazine, just after Miramon left for the Capitol. From one hundred to two hundred persons were killed, and terrible consternation was caused thereby.

The Liberals had taken Mazatean. Casmora had fallen back on Tehuantepec. Blanc and Corandi, with 3,000 men, were before Cazaticas, and Miramon had sent 600 men to its assistance, but it was thought it would be obliged to surrender. Miramon declared vehemently against Robles' plan, previous to his election to the Presidency, but had been silent since that event. Robles was still presiding, and was backed by the capitalists, and on friendly terms with Miramon. It is said that if Miramon declares for Zuloaga that Robles will join the Liberals.

The English and French Admirals had made a formal and threatening demand on Juarez for the prompt payment of the English bonds.

FROM PORT AU PRINCE.—A private letter of Jan. 10, from Port au Prince, via. St. Thomas and Havana, says that the Emperor ZULOAGA had been menaced by Gen. GEFFRARD, and the Imperial troops were turning back upon the city. ZULOAGA himself was expected every moment, and it was said that GEFFRARD was only a few leagues in his rear. The writer thought the contest was nearly ended, and that in a day or two the Republic would be in full force. At the time of writing, guns were being fired within hearing of the capitol, supposed to be a salute in honor of GEFFRARD.

SABBATH SCHOOL MEETING.—A general meeting of all the Subbath Schools in Rochester, and the friends of the Schools, is to be held on Tuesday afternoon and evening next, (February 8th.) Rev. B. CHIDLAW, of Ohio, Rev. C. C. Goss, of Nebraska, and Mr. PARSONS, of Illinois, will be present, and deliver addresses interesting to both old and young.

Special Notices.

Grover & Baker's
CELEBRATED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

A New Style.—Price $50.

For sale at 495 Broadway, New York; 464 Broadway, Albany; 48 Genesee st., Utica; 22 South Salina st., Syracuse; 45 State st., Rochester, and in most of the Cities and Towns of the State of New York and the United States.

These Machines sew from two spools, and form a seam of unequaled strength, beauty, and elasticity, which will NOT rip, even if every fourth stitch be cut. They are unquestionably the best in the market for family use. [463-13t

☞ SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Feb. 1, 1859.

FLOUR—The fever so perceptible a week ago has passed away, and a firm, healthy tone is the feature in purchasers of both Flour and Wheat.

GRAIN—Wheat is at last quotations. Corn has lost the range and a good article brings 75 cents per bushel. Rye is 4 cents better—selling at 72 cents. Barley has taken a start and is wanted at 70@75 cents as to quality. Beans join in the upward movement, having gone up 5@10c during the week.

PROVISIONS—Almost any kind of a pig will bring $7—good is 25 cents better. Hams are advancing—50c@$1 per 100 lbs is the start thus far. Lard is worth $10@11,00.

SEEDS—Clover is more inquired after and 50 cents per bushel has been added to rates.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	15@16c
Flour, whit wheat	$6,25@7,00	Honey, box	15@16c
Do. spring do.	$5,50@6,00	Candles, box	12@13c
Do. Buckwheat ₱ cwt.	$1,75	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,25@1,40	Apples, bushel	50c@$1,00
Best white Canada	$1,35@1,40	Do. dried	$1,50@1,75
Corn	00@75c	Potatoes	38@45c
Rye, 60 lbs ₱ bush	72c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Oats	45@50c	Slaughter	6½@7c
Barley	70@75c	Calf	10c
Buckwheat	48@50c	Sheep pelts	$1,25@1,50
Beans	75@80c	Lamb do	38@43c
MEATS		**SEEDS.**	
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,00	Clover, bush.	$4,50@5,50
Do cwt	$7,00@7,25	Timothy	$2,00@2,25
Beef ₱ cwt	$5,00@5,50	**SUNDRIES.**	
Spring lambs each	$1,50@2,00	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Mutton (carcass)	3½@4c	Do, soft	$3,00@3,00
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,25
Shoulders	6@7c	Do. Scranton	$5,00@5,50
Chickens	6@7c	Do. Blossburg	$5,00@5,50
Turkeys	8@9c	Do. Shamokin	$5,00@5,50
Geese	38@44c	Do. Char	10 @12c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,50@1,75
Butter, roll	16@18c	Hay, ton	$7,00@11,00
Do firkin	15c	Wool ₱ lb	2½@43c
Cheese	8@9c	White fish, bbl	$6,50@7,00
Lard, tried	10@11c	Codfish ₱ quintal	$4,75@5,00
Tallow	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	$6,50@7,00

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Jan. 31 — FLOUR—Moderate business and prices without change. Sales at $5,20@5,40 for common to choice super State; $5,50@5,60 for extra State; $5,25@5,50 for super Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa, $5,20@5,40 for common to good medium and extra do, $5,30@5,50 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—market closing quiet. Canadian quiet; sales at $5,30@7,10 common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat rules quiet but prices without change.—Sales were made of mixed Illinois at 135c. Rye lower; sales at 75@80c. Barley dull at 75@90c. Corn dull, sales mixed Western at 80c, 80@82c for white and yellow Jersey. Oats quiet at 54@55c for State; 60@61c for Western and Canada.

PROVISIONS—Pork market without change. Sales at $17,12@18,12 for mess; $13,50@13,75 for prime; including prime for delivery in March at $13,75. Dressed hogs steady at 7½@8c for prime heavy corn fed. The Lard market better; sales at 12½@13½c. Butter is selling at 11@20c for Ohio; 16@25c for State. Cheese at 7½@10c, as to quality.

BUFFALO, Jan. 31.—FLOUR—The demand this morning is hardly as active as during the greater portion of the week just ended, and prices although without quotable change, are a shade weaker; sales at $5@5,25 for fair brands Illinois from spring wheat, $5,50@5,60 for extra Michigan, Ohio and Indiana, and $5,25@5,75 for double extras. Canadian flour steady.

GRAIN—Wheat a shade easier, and demand moderate.—There was a sale on Saturday of red Ohio at $1,25. Corn in fair request at 74@75c in quantities, for new crop. No old on the market. Oats are firm, sales prime Canadian at 34c. No sales of other grains.

PROVISIONS—Heavy mess pork is steady at $17,37½, light do firm at $16, and prime at $13. Sales sugar cured hams at 10½c. Lard continues firm at 11½c.

ALBANY, Jan. 31.—Flour and Meal—The demand for Flour is confined to the wants of the home trade at previous prices. Buckwheat Flour and Corn Meal unchanged.

GRAIN—Wheat firm but quiet. Corn steady with sales round yellow at 71c. In other grains nothing was done.

DRESSED HOGS—The demand continues active and the market is better. Sales average 200 lbs, at $7,81; average 240 lbs, at $7,81, do average 300 lbs, at $8,10, and 50 Canada, average 250 lbs, at $7,37½.

CHICAGO, Jan. 20.—FLOUR—The market during the week has been more active, and a further advance of 50c has been established. Sales to day choice White Winter at $6,25 delivered, and fair do at $6 at store. Very choice Spring extra at $5,25, and do at $4,70 on track, dout $4,62½ at store, and fair do at $4 on track.

GRAIN—Wheat market during the past week has been more active, and prices have advanced 2@3c on all grades, closing firm. Sales to-day were of White No 1 lead at $1 00 on store, no receipts; Red Spring No 1, and two cars do at $1 00 in store, Chicago Track, No 2 Red $1 00, and at $1,10 in store, with no offerings. Of Spring, on No 2 at 83c, delivered. Buyers and holders are both in favor of Spring Wheat, and there is no disposition to realize. Corn—There has been a steady demand throughout the week by buyers, as well as an extra demand by buyers for the immediate future, who have been engaging the corn by sellers. Prices during the week did not vary more than 1c, the range for the week having been 39½c for No 2 in store, and 40½c for No 2 on track, and 41½c for No 2 on track. Oats—Receipts of Oats the past week have been comparatively light, and there is a good demand for all grades, which at present is quite in excess of the receipts. Sales to-day at 27½c for No 2 in store, choice State, 30@30½c in boats, Canadian $1 20 in store.

TORONTO, Jan 24.—FLOUR—There has been a considerably improved inquiry for flour, but, owing to the absence of stock, the week has been without transactions. Prices unsettled with a decided upward tendency, and 4,30@4,35 spoken of as the nominal quotation for superfine, although we are not cognizant of sales at this rate. For fancy we hear of no quotations. Extras is nominal at 4,45@4,50, and some favorite brands of double extras are held as high as $5 per barrel.

GRAIN—On the 20th and 21st, in consequence of the good sleighing the supplies of Wheat were large, and between the two days not less than 10,000 bushels were bought. Since that time only a small quantity has been brought in, and unless we have more sleighing it seems improbable that the deliveries will be any greater. Throughout the week the demand has been very active, and between buyers much anxiety has been manifested to secure the lots as brought in. Prices have still further advanced, and from all appearances they have still an upward tendency. For good merchantable Wheat 7s to 7s 6d would be freely paid, while medium and low grades are bought at 6s 6d to 6s 9d per bushel. Spring Wheat is in very active request with less general deliveries than formerly. Prices during the week have also advanced and recently 5s to 5s 3d has been the range, the outside figure being only paid in one or two instances for the purest samples. There has not been so much Barley brought in during the week, and prices have remained without quotable change—ruling at 4s to 4s 3d per bushel. A pure lot of 400 bushels is reported to have been sold at 5s. In Rye nothing of consequence doing. It is named at 3s 6d to 3s 9d per bushel. Oats have continued scarce and in very active request. The usual rates for the week have been 2s 7d to 2s 10d per bushel by weight.

PORK—A good business continues to be done in Dressed Hogs, for which the demand is still active, both for export and for local purposes. For heavy hogs, say over 200 lbs, $6 has been the current rate, with occasionally a prime lot, at $6,12½ and $6,25. For light and medium weights $4,25 to $5,50 is the quotation.—*Globe*.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Jan. 26.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, $10,01@12,50; Ordinary, $9,00@9,50; Common, $7,50@8,50; Inferior, $6,00@7,00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55@65; Ordinary, $45@50; Common, $35@40; Inferior, $20@28.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₱ lb., 6½@7½c.; Ordinary, 5½@6c; Common, 4½@5c.; Inferior, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, per head, $7,00@8,00. Ordinary, $5,50@6,50; Common, $4,00@5,00; Inferior, $3,00@4,00.

SWINE—First quality, 6¾@6¾c.; Other qualities, 5@6¼c.

ALBANY, Jan 31.—Receipts at West Albany for the week. Cattle, 1,501 Sheep, 2,523 Hogs, 575.

BEEVES—Firm, with good demand at 5½c. live weight, for first quality, 5c do 4½@5c, 3d do 4c. The entire stock in quality is below an average.

SHEEP—Dull and overstocked. Prices are from $3,50@4,75. Sales 100 at $4; 100 at 4,75; 150 at 5,37; 196 at 4,00; 190 at $4,50; 190 at $4,37; 65 at $7.

HOGS—Receipts light, and quality inferior; there was but one hog lot in the receipts of the week; they averaged 270 lbs, and are held at 6¾c—6¾ offered.

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 26.—At market 393 Cattle, about 600 Beeves, and 1:2 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,00@7,12; First quality, $6,00@6,25; Second, $5,50@5,75; Third, $5,00; Ordinary, $4,00.

WORKING OXEN—$75, 100@150 per pair.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 10 @37.

STORES—Yearlings, $00@00; Two Years Old, $20@24; Three Years Old, $25@30.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2220 at market. Prices—Extra and Selections, 6,50, 6@6,25; in lots $1,75, 2,00@2,50.

SWINE—000 Western at market.

HIDES—7½@8c. ₱ lb. Tallow 7½@8c. ₱ lb.

PELTS—$1,50@1,75 each. Calf Skins, 12½@14c. ₱ lb.

BRIGHTON, Jan. 27.—At market 1100 Beeves, 200 Stores, 2000 Sheep and Lambs, 250 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $8,00; First quality, $7,50; Second, $6,75; Third, $5,00

WORKING OXEN—$100@150.

MILCH COWS—$29@31; common, $17@18.

VEAL CALVES—$4,00, 4,50@4,75.

STORES—Yearlings, 00@00; Two Years Old, $22@24; Three Years Old, $21@31.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—In lot, $1,50@2,75; Extra, $3@5,50.

SWINE—Fat Hogs, 6c.; Retail, 5@6 4c. for Spring Pigs.

HIDES—7½@8c. ₱ lb. Tallow—7½@8c. ₱ lb.

PELTS—$1,50@1,75. Calf Skins, 12@14c. ₱ lb.

TORONTO, Jan. 28.—BEEF—Slaughtered beef from farmers sells by the hind-quarter at 4½ to 5,25 per 100 lbs. Forequarters find slow sale at $3,25 to $4 per 100 lbs. On foot first class cattle bring $5 to $5,50; medium, $4,50 to $5, and inferior $4,50 to $4,50 per 100 lbs, deducting one-third for shrinkage.

SHEEP scarce at $4 to $4,50 each. Lambs—None in the market.

CALVES are becoming plentiful at $1 to $5 each.—*Globe*.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, Jan. 26.—The demand for all descriptions continues good, and with a light stock in first hands, dealers are enabled to obtain extreme rates for all offering, and realize handsome profits on early purchases. The stock here is light, but the extreme prices now current will be apt to draw supplies from every part of the compass, as we have remarked on a previous occasion. California is scarce, but the receipts in prospect, we understand, are liberal. The sales include 125,000 lbs native fleece at 45@65c for common to full blood Merino and Saxony, and small sales of selected Picklock at 70@72 4c; sales also of 60 bales California common to fine at 10@25c; 30,000 lbs Texas, part mixed, at 15@16c, and 75 bales Australia mixed at about 25c, 6 mos. In Foreign the transactions include 100 bales unwashed Buenos Ayres, 350 do Donskoi, 90 bales Mestizo and 120 do Persian (100 do in Boston, to come here,) all on p. t.—*Tribune*.

ALBANY, Jan. 29.—A firm market with a light stock and a good demand. Sales made during the week common and medium fleece at 45c. We quote the market firm as follows:

American, Saxony Fleece, ₱ lb	50 @60
American, Full Blood Merino	45 @50
American, ¾ and ¾ Merino	40 @45
American, Native and ½ Merino	35 @40
Extra, Pulled	45 @48
Superfine, Pulled	40 @43
No. 1, Pulled	32 @36

BOSTON, Jan. 26.—Demand fair and market firm. Sales of 100,000 lbs fleece and pulled at 40@65c for fleece, and 40@57½ for pulled, No. 1 and extra. In foreign the sales have been 80 bales Shaddy and 1,100 bales Mediterranean and South American at previous prices, as to quality.

Sax. and Mer. fine	55@65	Western mixed	40@45
Full Blood	50@54	Smyrna, washed	17@30
Half and ¾ blood	43@48	Do unwashed	10@18
Common	38@42	Syrian	11@22
Pulled, extra	52@57½	Cape	34@40
Do superfine	45@50	Crimea	9@17
Do No. 1	40@45	Buenos Ayres	30@42
Do No 2	@@	Peruvian, washed	30@36

DOMESTIC EXPORTS FOR THE YEAR 1857-8.—The *Journal of Commerce* has from official sources a full statement of the domestic exports for the fiscal year ending with June last, and that paper also constructs a table comparing the last three years in regard to all important articles. The aggregate shows a large comparative gain to the side of the exports, and an approach to equality in our exchanges with foreign countries. The positive comparison of exports alone for the last three years, is not so gratifying. The falling off from the previous year is $18,25s,746, and from 1855-6 the decline is about seventeen millions. Of most measured articles, this decline is in quantity rather than in price, which is still less satisfactory. Wheat falls off over five-and-a-half millions of bushels, and $13,080,000 in value; flour but 200,000 barrels in quantity, yet $6,800,000 in value. Indian corn is nearly $2,000,000 less than last year, and the total of "vegetable food" shows a decline of $22,304,228 from 1856-7. The agricultural produce not edible, or of animal origin, declines nearly $6,000,000 from a total of 237,000,000 in 1856-7. Of the articles in this list, brown sugar alone exhibits any increase. The total export of manufactures is a little more in 1857-8 than in 1856-7, and amounts to $30,242,896.

Deaths.

In Strykersville, Wyoming Co., N. Y., on the morning of the 20th Jan. inst., after an illness of one day and a half, ALICE J., youngest daughter of G. C. and R. L. Mason, aged 1 year, 8 months and 14 days. Also in the same place on the evening of the 21st Jan. inst., after an illness of three-and-a-half days, ALTA L., daughter of the same, aged 3 years and 7 months.

In this city, on the evening of the 31th ult., GEORGE A., infant son of George and Helen Cornwall, aged 2 years and 4 months.

In Parma, Jan. 11th, WILLIAM LESTER MORRISON, aged 5 years, 11 months and 21 days. Also, on the 12th, EDWARD LEGRAND MORRISON, aged 3 years, 9 months and 17 days. Also, on the 14th, LEROY T. MORRISON, aged 1 year, 11 months and 29 days—sons of David W. and Fanny J. Morrison—all of scarlet fever.

In Chili, N. Y., on the 25th ult., after a few days illness, (of malignant Erysipelas,) Mr. ELIJAH LANGLOSS, aged 53 years.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, and leaded—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, IN ADVANCE.—

☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

OSIER WILLOW CUTTINGS FOR SALE, by H. KELLY, Stanley's Corners, Ontario Co., N. Y. Price $3 per 1,000

THOROUGH-BRED AYRSHIRE CATTLE. South Down Sheep, and Chester White Hogs, bred and for sale the coming season, by H. T. WOLLARD, 474-3t Cashine, Darke Co., Ohio.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE FOR A SMALL FARM.—A farm of 181¾ acres, good buildings, well watered, convenient to school, church and mills ¾ mile from R. R. Depot. Terms easy. For further particulars, 474 Address A. WHEDON, Fairfax Station, Virginia.

HUBBARD SQUASH.—HOVEY & CO., offer for sale fresh and genuine seeds of this new superior Squash, raised from the original stock. It is without doubt the richest and best variety known. Per package containing fifty seeds sent to any part of the country on the receipt of 25 stamps. Dealers supplied by the quantity. Price on application. The subscribers have now ready their extensive stock of all kinds of Agricultural, Garden and Flower Seeds for the spring of 1859 HOVEY & CO., 417-3t 7 Merchants' Row, Boston.

A RARE CHANCE.—For Sale, very cheap, a first class STEAM SAW AND SHINGLE MILL, capable of turning out 75,000 feet of boards and 40,000 shingles per week, and now in good running order,—with large Mansion House, Barn and Stabling, five tenant houses, and all the arrangements for doing a good and profitable business. Also, about 2,500,000 feet of good Chemung White Pine, and 1,500,000 White Oak Timber of good quality. The above property is within 1½ miles of Canisteo Depot, on N. Y. & Erie R. R., and will be sold at a great bargain. A farm of 100 or 150 acres can be had with the property if desired. For further particulars inquire of WILLIAM BUSH, 744-3t Wilmington, Del.

A GREAT BARGAIN!!—A Farm for Sale, situated 4 miles north of Albion, on the Oak Orchard road, containing 134 acres of choice land, (34 acres in timber;) good buildings and other necessary appendages; handy to mills, meetings, market and all kinds of mechanic's shops.

If not previously sold, said farm will be offered at public sale on the first day of March, 1859. Also one new buggy, some 20 tons of hay, and other productions of the farm. Terms made easy. For particulars, inquire of SAM'L HILL, ¾ mile north of Albion, or of ALVA MATTESON, Barre Center, Executors of GUY C. HILL, deceased. The farm is located in the town of Gaines, Orleans Co., N. Y.

474 SAMUEL HILL,
Albion, N. Y., Jan. 25, 59. ALVA MATTESON.

MAGAZINE OF HORTICULTURE, EDITED BY C. M. HOVEY.
A NEW VOLUME FOR 1859.
Volume 25. 5th Volume (3d Series.)

The January number commenced the 5th volume (3d series) of this well known Magazine.

The Magazine is published in Monthly Nos. of 48 pages, and is entirely filled with original communications on Horticulture, Pomology, Landscape Gardening, the Culture of Fruits, Flowers, Vegetables, Reports of Horticultural Societies, &c., with numerous engravings. Terms, $2 a year, *in advance*, 4 copies to one address, $6. Back vols. $2,25 each, handsomely bound. Address HOVEY & CO., 447-3t 7 Merchants' Row, Boston.

DELISSER & PROCTOR, Successors to STANFORD & SWORDS, No. 508 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, have recently published

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as revealed by its own writers. Facts for the American people. 12mo., cloth, $1

"This important book should be in the hands of every intelligent Christian in our country. It is no tirade of abuse against the system it reveals, but a clear revelation of its principles from its own standards and authorities, and embodies facts that ought to startle into wakefulness every Protestant that reads it.—*Pittsburgh Journal*.

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THE LADIES' VISITOR and DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.—THE CHEAPEST LADIES' PAPER IN THE WORLD! Published on the 1st of each month. It is now in the 4th year of its publication, and has already the largest circulation of any Ladies' paper published in the United States. Its contents will be varied and interesting, consisting, in part, of Original and Selected Tales, Home Sketches, Choice Miscellany, Poetry, Recipes for the Housekeeper, the Fashions, &c., &c. Nothing will be admitted into its columns which the most fastidious need hesitate to introduce into the family.

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All orders promptly and carefully attended to. Postage stamps received in payment. Try it one year.

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GOOD NEWS FOR THE LADIES!—THE LADIES' MANUAL OF FANCY WORK; *A Complete Instructor in every variety of*

ORNAMENTAL NEEDLE-WORK,
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With a list of materials and hints for their selection; Advice on Making Up and Trimming.
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EXCELLENT 200 ACRE STOCK FARM IN WISCONSIN FOR EXCHANGE.—This farm is in Green Lake Co., near Marquette; comprises 30 acres of rich arable loam, 80 good mowing meadow, 50 wood, balance pasture—2 springs, an unfailing stream—stable, new sheds, cistern—young orchard in variety—two comfortable frame houses, &c., is within 14 miles of 2 R. R. Depots. Five good flouring mills, and 5 thriving villages within 10 miles. A large planing mill, woolen factory, 2 villages, 2 post-offices, a large flour mill, a navigable river—the best—with large lumber yards and warehouses, and regular stages to Buffalo, N. Y., within 2½ miles. In every point handy and conveniently situated. This farm with $100 in young, thrifty stock, is worth $4,000, cash.

Changing business from necessity—on no other account would farm be exchanged—I will exchange the above property for a 50 to 60 acre farm worth $40 per acre; if deep, strong loam—not hard-pan-soil—with ample water conveniences; 30 acres under cultivation, not subject to severe May frosts, suitable for fruit raising, with 15 to 20 acres hard wood lot; ample fencing timber; and a comfortable, roomy house, within 3 miles of a depot and village of 3,000 people, on one of the Railroads between Central and Erie, Western New York.

My farm took years to procure and offers an unusual opportunity for a dairy or for feeding improved stock for the rich districts contiguous.

References, prices, certificates, signed by all County officers &c., previous to inspection, given in exchange by letter till 1st April. Address J. W. CLARKE, Marquette, Wis.

ISABELLA AND CLINTON GRAPE VINES at $40 per M, by GEO. BECK, Charlotte, Monroe Co., N. Y.

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DIANA, Rebecca and other Vines by Mail.—Grape vines prepared for planting can be sent by mail, (postpaid,) nicely packed in moss and oiled silk, on receipt of $1 each. Address C. P. BISSELL & SALTER, Rochester, Y. N.

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A. H. JAMESON. [473] A. J. ENSIGN.

VALUABLE STEAM FLOURING MILL FOR SALE.—The St. Louis Mills, at Princeton, Gibson Co., Indiana, are for sale. These mills are new, having run but three seasons. The machinery is all of the most approved kind, and is capable of turning out from 100 to 150 bbls. flour per day. These mills are situated on the Evansville and Crawfordsville Railroad, 28 miles north of the city of Evansville. Original cost, $12,000. Terms—one-half cash, balance in one and two years. Address A. L., Box 78, Princeton, Gibson Co., Indiana. [473-3t]

FARM FOR SALE—Situated in the Town of Kendall, Genesee Co., N. Y., one mile west of the village of Pine Hill, and seven from the village of Batavia. Said farm is well located, well watered, with a good two story cobble stone house, two grain and hay barns, a large horse barn, with suitable out-buildings. The farm contains two hundred apple trees, of the best of fruit, with a variety of other fruit.—three and three-fourths acres, with two hundred grafted apple trees, of the best of fruit, with a variety of other fruit.—The farm is well calculated for grain or stock. Inquire of Wm. C. RAYMOND, at the village of Pine Hill. Terms of payment made known by P. B. THOS, on the premises. 472tf MOSES TUTTLE, Assignee.

LIME—Pave's Perpetual Kiln, Patented June 8, 57. Superior to any in use for Wood or Coal. 2½ cords of wood, or 1¼ tons of coal to 100 bbls.—coal not mixed with stone. Address [431] C. D. PAGE, Rochester, N. Y.

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VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE, of 264 Acres, near Macedon Locks, Wayne Co., N. Y., 4 miles west of Pittsford and 4 miles south of Macedon, formerly occupied by Dr. Benoni Rogers. Said farm is well watered and timbered, and lies with the best of fences and out-buildings, with good fruit on the same. Possession given on the first day of March next, which is the best of meadow. Price, $60 per acre, terms made easy. Enquire of—H. Sutherland, Lockport, N. Y., Wm. Sutherland, Canandaigua, N. Y.; G. H. Sutherland, Schodack, N. Y., and S. D. Rogers, on the premises.

477-3t JOHN ANTHONY, } Administrator of
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THE ECONOMIST COOKING STOVE, FOR WOOD OR COAL, WITH THE SAND OVEN.

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Is the most economical and durable Stove in the world.

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Heats water for the Bathing Room, &c., as quickly as any Range—and all of the coal for fuel.

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Will do more Baking, Boiling and Frolling, with a given quantity of fuel, than any other Stove or Range.

THE ECONOMIST
IS THE STOVE.
Do not fail to examine it! It is manufactured by
W. & J. TREADWELL, PERRY & NORTON,
ALBANY, N

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SAILOR-BOY.

BY IDA FAIRFIELD.

'Twas a dark, [illegible]
And the [illegible] were white
With [illegible]
[illegible]
To wreck [illegible] swift on the gale,
And the Sailor-Boy's cheek, as the foam crest, was pale.

The night hours flashed warm,
[illegible] Storm,
[illegible]
Had lashed the wide ocean,
No starlight gleamed forth from amid the black clouds,
And the Sailor-Boy trembled high perched in the shrouds.

To the cottage on shore,
Reached the ocean's wild roar,
A mother's heart thrilling,
A mother's eyes filling
With tears for the Sailor-Boy tossed on the wave,
With fears for the storm and the cold, watery grave.

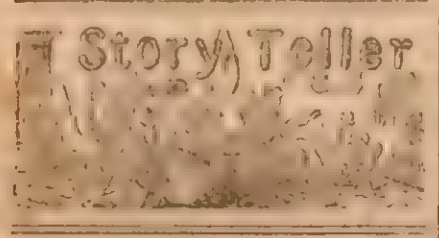
On the black, moonless air
Rose the voice of her prayer,
Like sweet music stealing,
Her sorrows revealing,
"Have mercy, oh, God! for the tempest is wild,
Speak peace to the winds and shelter my child."

But the storm hurried by,
And the waves mountain high,
Unheeding her weeping,
The frail vessel sweeping
Down, down 'mid the din of the breaker's hoarse roar,
Cast the Sailor-Boy, drenched on a desolate shore.

And the salt sea-weed shroud,
And the winds piping loud,
Or mournfully sighing
A wail for the dying,
Was all the rude burial the Sailor-Boy shared,
While to dust bleached the bones, by the fierce vultures spared.

But the mother, at home,
Long prayed he might come,
The beacon light burning,
For white sail returning,
And knew not till weary years slowly dragged by
That her boy had reached safely the Haven on high.

Independence, N. Y., 1859.



Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1859, by D. D. T. Moore, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Northern District of New York.

ALICE AND ADELAIDE;

OR,

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

(Concluded from page 44, last number.)

Chapter X.—Revelations.

"Father!" she exclaimed, "where *did* you come from?"

"I came from Mr. Warren's," he answered. "He is dead, but I have been forgiven, and can once more walk the earth a free and fearless man *Adelaide*," he continued, and in the tone of his voice and gleam of his eye there was something which made the guilty girl tremble, "I have heard that of *you* which fills me with grief. Oh, my child, how could you so shamefully deceive me?"

"What do you mean?" she asked in well-feigned surprise, for she would not admit anything until she knew how far she was implicated.

Very briefly her father repeated to her what he had heard from Mr. Warren, and then awaited her answer. At first she thought to deny the charge, but she dared not give the lie to one then lying dead, not far away, so she remained silent, trying in vain to frame some excuse with which to appease her father, and also to find some way of again binding Alice to secrecy, so that Mr. Howland should never hear of her falsehoods. He would, perhaps, excuse her deception with regard to her father, when she told him, as she should do, that she had done it for the sake of her *mother*, who could not endure to have the matter known, and if the rest were kept from him, all might yet end well.

"At that moment she remembered what Peggy had said, and with a faint voice, she asked, "Does any one know this but yourself?"

"Mr. Warren's daughter knows it," he returned. "And the young man — Howland is his name — knows it, too, for *he* was there all night, and heard my conversation with Alice."

"*Mr. Howland!*" Adelaide fairly screamed, and in the terrified expression of her face, the motive for her conduct was revealed to her father, who rather enjoyed than otherwise the passionate tears of anger and mortification which she shed, at finding herself thus betrayed to one whom she had loved as well as such as she could love.

"I understand you perfectly," said Mr. Huntington, advancing towards her as she lay weeping on the lounge, "and your punishment is just, for a child who can abuse its father as you have abused me ought never to be the wife of a man like Mr. Howland. I will not reproach you further with your guilt," he continued, "for your sin has found you out, and I leave you to your own reflections."

So saying, he passed on in quest of his wife, whose welcome to the repentant man was far more cordial than that of his daughter had been. Adelaide was indeed sorely punished, for all hope of winning Mr. Howland was gone, and as the days wore on, she experienced, more and more, that the way of the transgressor is hard.

The story of Mr. Huntington's ex-steward and return to his family circulated rapidly, and with it, hand in hand, went the rumor of the wrong he had once done to the blind man, who was the people of Oakland, was honored more as much than he had been in life, for they came in crowds to his funeral, gazing pityingly at the white face of the dead, and then staring curiously at the dark-browed stranger, who was said to be William Huntington. Adelaide was not there, for Miss Elinor, a very little given to *gossip* it may be, had *kindly remembered her*, and numerous were the exaggerated stories afloat concerning the deception she had practiced both upon her father and the villagers. Like most people she had one so-called friend, who dutifully kept her posted with regard to all that was said concerning her, and, completely overwhelmed with shame and mortification, she resolved to keep herself secluded at home, where she vented her disappointment in harsh language and bitter tears, particularly when, on the day succeeding the funeral, she heard that Miss Elinor had taken Alice to live with her.

But little did Miss Elinor care for her anger. The world to her was brighter now than it had been for many years, and with something of a mother's love, her heart went out towards the orphan to whom she had given a home. Adelaide, however, was not forgotten, and the good lady was certainly excusable if, when riding with her protege, she *did* frequently order Jim to take them round to High street, bidding him drive slowly past the house of the Huntington's. But if, in this way she thought to obtain a glimpse of Adelaide, she was mistaken, for the young lady was never visible, though safely hidden behind the curtain, she, herself, seldom failed to see the carriage, and the little figure in black which she instinctively felt would some day be her rival.

The bitterest drop of all in Adelaide's cup of mortification was the knowledge that Mr. Howland *had* once thought to make her his wife, for he told her in a letter written three weeks subsequent to Mr. Warren's death. It is true he had never committed himself by words, but he had done so by actions, and honor demanded an explanation. So he wrote at last, and though it was a most polite and gentlemanly note, its contents stung her to her inmost soul, and casting it into the fire she watched it as it turned to ashes, feeling the while as if her own heart were charred and blistered with its load of guilt and shame. There were no more trips to Springfield now, for concealment of labor was no longer necessary, and the satchel Miss Elinor taunted her brother with having carried so often lay useless upon the closet shelf.

"I'll *die* before I'll do that—father may support us," Adelaide had said when her mother suggested that they take in sewing from Mr. Howland's store.

And Mr. Huntington *did* do his best towards maintaining his family, but popular opinion was against him. He had defrauded his employer once,—he might do so again—and so all looked upon him with distrust, making it sometimes very hard for him to procure even the common necessaries of life. His health, too, had become impaired, both by exposure and the mental anguish he had so long endured, and night after night his labored breathing and hacking cough smote painfully on the ear of his wife, whose love no circumstances could destroy.

One morning, towards the middle of February, he left them as usual, but was soon brought back with a broken limb, which he had received from a fall upon the ice. For *him* to work was now impossible, and Adelaide no longer objected when her mother proposed that Peggy should be sent for sewing to Mr. Howland, who gave it to her readily, manifesting much concern for Mr. Huntington, whom Peggy represented as being in a most deplorable condition.

Two or three days afterwards as he was leaving the store he received a message from the sick man, who wished to see him, and in a short time he stood at the bedside of Mr. Huntington, who told, in a few words, why he had been sent for.

"They could not keep *that* house,—they must rent a cheaper one, and if no tenant for the Brown House in the Hollow had been obtained, would Mr. Howland let him have it? he would try hard when he got well to pay the rent," and the strong man's eyes filled with tears just as little Alice Warren's had done when words similar to these escaped her lips.

"Yes, he could have it," Mr. Howland said, and the sum he asked for it was just what Mr. Warren had paid,—then fearing lest Adelaide by chance should enter the room, he hastened away, pondering upon the changes which a few short weeks had brought to the haughty girl, who, when she heard of her father's arrangement, flew into a violent rage, declaring she would "kill herself before she'd live in that little shanty."

But neither her wrath nor yet her tears could shake her father's determination, and when the first April sun was set, and the warm spring moon was risen, wretched, hopeless and weary, Adelaide Huntington crept up to her bed beneath the rafters, covering her head with the sheet, lest she should see the white-haired, sightless spectre, which, to her disordered fancy, seemed haunting that low-roofed dwelling.

Chapter XI.—Natural Consequences.

It is summer again,—"the leafy month of June,"—and in the spacious, well-kept grounds of Richard Howland, hundreds of roses are blossoming, but none so fair and beautiful to the owner of these grounds, as the *rose* which blossoms within the house,—the bright-haired, gentle Alice, who, when the grief-laden clouds of adversity were overshadowing her life, dreamed not that she again could be as happy as she is in her new home. The grass-grown grave in the quiet valley is not neglected, nor he who resteth there forgotten, but though her tears fall often on the sod, she cannot wish that blind man back in a world which was so truly *dark* to him.

And Alice has learned to be happy in her luxurious home,—happy in the tender love which Miss Elinor ever lavishes upon her, and happy, too, in the quiet brother-like affection of him who seems to her the embodiment of every manly virtue. He does not talk often with her, for Richard Howland deals not so much in words as deeds, but in a thousand little ways he tells her how much he loves her there. And [illegible] so that neither she, nor yet [illegible] dreams how sweet [illegible] rich voice which often in the gathering twilight sings some song of the olden time, nor do they know, when returning home at night, how wistfully he glances towards the window where Alice is wont to sit, and if they did know it, they could not fathom his meaning, for when the golden hair and bright young face *is there*, he always turns aside, lingering without as if within there were no maiden fair, whose eyes of blue played wilder notes upon his heart strings than the dark, proud orbs of Adelaide had ever done. Even *he* does not know he loves her, so quietly that love has come,—creeping o'er him while he slept,—stealing o'er him when 'woke,—whispering to him in the dingy counting-room, and bidding him cast frequent glances at the western sky, to see if it were not time that he were home. He only knows that he is very happy, and that his happiness is in some way connected with the childish form which flits before him like a sunbeam, filling his home with light and joy. It had never occurred to him that she might sometime go away, and leave in his household a void which no other one could fill, and when one day, towards the last of June, his sister said to him, "Alice has received a letter from an old friend of her mother, asking her to take charge of the Juvenile Department of a young ladies' Seminary in B—," he started as if he had been smitten with a heavy blow.

"Alice teach school!" he exclaimed. "Alice go away from—me—from *you*, I mean. Preposterous! She don't, of course, think of accepting the offer?"

"Yes, she does. I'd no idea she had so much decision," and Miss Elinor's scissors cut quite a hole in the *embroidery* on which she has worked ever since we knew her. "I remonstrated when she told me she should return an affirmative answer, but it did no good. She never intended long to burden people on whom she had no claim, she said. She would rather be independent, and tho' she was very happy here, she felt it her duty to earn her own living, now that an opportunity was presented."

"Earn her own living," repeated Mr. Howland, "just as though *she* cost anybody anything. There is some other reason, and if I didn't know you as well as I do, I should be inclined to think the fault was with you. Maybe you *do* sometimes scold her, Elinor!" and he fixed his eyes inquiringly upon his sister's face.

Miss Elinor had striven hard to restrain the tears which thoughts of parting with her favorite induced, and thus far she had succeeded, but when she heard her brother's remark, they burst forth at once.

"*Me* scold Alice!" was all she could articulate, as with a deeply injured air she left the room, while her brother, [illegible] hurried off to the store, where he remained the entire day, trying to think how it would seem to him when he knew that Alice was gone.

"It didn't seem at all," either to *him* or to his *clerks*, for never before had he been so irritable and cross, finding fault with the most trivial matters,—chiding the check-boy for moving too fast, and the head clerk for moving too slow,—refusing to trust the widow Simpson, whom he had trusted all his life, and making himself so generally disagreeable that the young men in his employ were not sorry when about 5 o'clock, they saw him start for home.

"I'm glad he's gone, any way, darn him," muttered *Check*, who had been, perhaps, the greatest sufferer, and with a most contemptuous whistle he looked after the retreating figure of his master.

Alice was not in the yard,—not in the parlor,—not in the house. He knew it by that undefinable feeling which we experience when the one we love the best is absent. "She had gone to walk by the river," so Miss Elinor said, when questioned, asking him in the same breath why he didn't come home to dinner.

"I was not hungry," he replied. "The prospect of losing Alice has taken my appetite away. Do you think she would stay with us, if I were to adopt her as my daughter?"

Miss Elinor didn't think anything. She had not quite forgiven his unjust remark in the morning, and failing to obtain satisfaction from her, he started in quest of Alice, who, he was sure, would listen favorably to his plan of adoption. The tree where she and her father sat on that afternoon when she had come so near to death, was her favorite resort, and here he now found her thinking of the coming time when she should be gone. It had cost her a struggle to decide the matter, but it was best, she thought; she could not always be dependent, and that very night she would answer "yes." But why that sigh, fair Alice? Is it that you so much dread to leave Miss Elinor, or has the brother won a place within your heart? She could not tell. She only knew that when she thought of leaving Mr. Howland the pain was harder to bear.

"I shall miss them both so much," she unconsciously said aloud, "I shall miss them both—but *him* the most."

"Why then do you go?" came to her startled ear, and Richard Howland stood before her.

Springing to her feet she blushed and stammered out something about the *watch dog Ponto* whom she should miss! But it would not do. Mr. Howland was not to be deceived, and in her tell-tale face he knew the *watch dog Ponto* meant himself!

"Alice," he said, "sit down with me upon the bank and tell me why you wish to leave us."

Alice obeyed, but neither of them spoke until Mr. Howland, growing suddenly very bold, wound his arm around her waist and drew her to his side. 'Twas the first time in his life he had ever found himself in a position like this, and though it was very novel,—very strange,—*he liked it*; he forgot, too, all about the *adoption*, and bending low, so that in case of an emergency, his lips *could* touch her cheek, he whispered, "Alice ——"

But what else he said the murmuring river never told, neither the summer air which lifted the golden tresses falling o'er his arm, nor yet the little bird, which from the overhanging bough looked archly down upon them, shutting its round, bright eyes with a knowing look as if it understood that scene. It *did* understand, and the sight of them sitting there thus brought to mind the dainty nest up in the maple tree where its own loved mate was waiting, and when at last the maiden lifted up her head, it plumed its wings for flight and flew away, singing as it flew, "She's won—she's won."

That night *Alice*, instead of Mr. Howland, was missing from the table, and when Miss Elinor sought her in her room, she was surprised at the abruptness with which the young girl threw her arms around her neck and whispered, "I am happy,—oh, so happy."

Then, with the twilight shadows gathering around, Alice told her story to the wondering lady, who in her joy forgave her brother for his unjust insinuation, and folding the orphan girl lovingly within her arms, she told her how gladly she should welcome her as a *sister*. It was known ere long all over town that the wealthy Mr. Howland was to wed the blind man's daughter, and the rude brown rafters of the cottage in the Hollow ne'er witnessed so fierce a storm of passion and of tears, as on the night when first to Adelaide came tidings that the man she so much loved had given himself to another. To William Huntington, however, the news brought joy and gladness. He had recovered from his broken limb, but his health did not improve, and now he seldom left his home. Still he did whatever he could do for his family, and the little yard in front of his house was filled with flowers, which he tended with the utmost care and sold in small bouquets to such of the villagers as wished to buy. When he heard that Alice was to be a bride ere the summer days were gone, he set apart his choicest flowers, watching them with jealous care and experiencing a childish delight in thinking how he would form a rare bouquet, worthy of her to whom it should be given.

There was no reason why the marriage should be delayed, Mr. Howland said, and so one balmy eve, when the harvest moon was in its infancy, St. Luke's Church was filled to overflowing, and the same man who, over Hugo Warren's grave had read the burial service, now spoke the solemn words which made one flesh of two. And when the rite was ended and Alice was a bride, from the three towers of Oakland there rang a merry peal, for Mr. Howland was greatly honored by the citizens who thus would keep his wedding night.

Across the grassy meadow, up the wooded hill, and down into the Hollow, floated the music of those bells, awakening an answering note of joy in every heart save that of the wretched Adelaide, who, grinding her teeth together, fled to her lonely garret and stuffed *cotton* in her ears, so as to shut out the hateful sound, which told her of her rival's happiness. Anon, and from the rocky heights which overlooked the town, and from the village green, there shone a lurid light. Bonfires had been kindled by the workmen from the factory and shop, and among the boys who danced around the blazing fire, none threw his hat so high or cut so many antics as did the little "*check*," who, in his bran new suit, the gift of Mr. Howland, forgot his grievances on that memorable day when his master tried to see how it would seem to live without Alice Warren.

From her window Adelaide looked out upon the scene, shedding bitter tears of envy and of rage; then wishing she had never seen the light of day, she sought her solitary pillow and cried herself to sleep, while the song and the dance moved joyously on, and the gentle bride, in her robes of white, looked lovingly up to him who was her all in all. Nor were the inmates of the Brown House in the Hollow forgotten by Alice in her prosperity. From Mr. Huntington she had received a beautiful bouquet; 'twas all save his blessing that he had to give, he said, and Alice prized it the more when she knew how carefully he had watched each opening bud, shielding them alike from storm and noon-day heat.

"I will remember him for this," she thought, and as the days wore on, many a timely gift found its way to the brown cottage, where it was sorely needed, for as the fall advanced Mr. Huntington grew worse, and to the other labors of his family was added the task of ministering to him and providing for his wants.

As yet no rent for the cottage had been paid, and Miss Elinor, when she remembered the ugly name which Adelaide had called her, secretly wished she might be turned into the street. But her brother was more forgiving, and when Alice's nineteenth birthday came he gave her the Brown House in the Hollow, telling her playfully that she must collect the rent of her own property!

"And I *would* do it, too," spoke up Miss Elinor, who, nevertheless, was just as sure then of what Alice intended to do as she was next morning when she saw upon her sister's writing desk a receipt in full for the rent, and heard that sister bid a servant take it with sundry other things to the Brown House in the Hollow as a New Year's Gift from her!

Sure 'tis more blessed to give than to receive, and the prayer which the sick man breathed for Alice Howland was worth far more to her than the paltry sum which she had lost by doing what she did. Adelaide, too, was softened, for the pangs of poverty were beginning to be keenly felt, and when the servant turned to go, she said to him with quivering lips, "Tell Mrs. Howland that *I* thank her!"

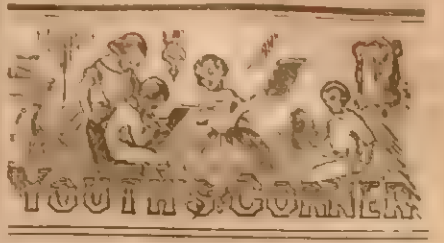
* * * * * * * * * *

Another year has nearly gone, and from the windows of the cottage there shines a glimmering light, while gathered round the hearth three lonely women sit. They are now indeed alone,—the bed in the corner is empty,—the husband and father is gone. When the last May flowers were blooming and the voice of spring was on the hills, strong men carried him out into the open air, just as they carried the blind man, and in the village church yard, not far from Hugo Warren's grave, they laid the weary down to rest. Wm. Huntington had saved the life of Richard Howland's wife and for this reason his family were not neglected, though Miss Elinor took good care that not enough assistance should be given them "to keep the trollop, Adelaide, from working."

In Richard Howland's home all is joyous and glad, and though the curtains of *one* room are dropped, and the blinds are closely shut, 'tis only because the fussy old nurse will have it so, and not because the young mother lying there is in any danger now. In the rosewood crib there sleeps a sturdy boy, and the bottom of his cambric skirt is trimmed with the veritable *embroidery* which we have often seen in the hands of Miss Elinor, who calls herself the baby's "Aunty" fifty times a day.

She had fully expected that it would bear *her* name, but it proved a *Betsey Trotwood* affair, and when the Christmas bells are ringing and the star of Bethlehem gleams on the walls of the old brick Church, she will stand as sponsor for the little boy, to whom, in memory of the blind man now sleeping in the graveyard, the praise of Bethlehem's child, will be given the name of "Warren Howland."

Brockport, N. Y., 1859.



For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 1, 12, 11, 9 is an island in the Mediterranean Sea.
My 6, 4, 5, 6 is *said* to be *indispensable* to every man's happiness.
My 14, 8, 4, 13 is the surname of a U. S. Senator.
My 15, 9 is a river in Italy.
My 1, 2, 3, 6, 8 is an agricultural implement.
My 14, 16, 17 is a kind of liquor.
My 10, 2, 17, 13 is a town in Eastern Massachusetts.
My 7 is a consonant.
My whole is a *stupendous* (?) machine for crushing *sorghum!*

Prattsburgh, N. Y., 1859. H. H. C.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

GRAMMATICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 1, 6, 3, 15 is a verb.
My 13, 9, 2, 18 is a conjunction.
My 11, 4, 2, 10, 15 is an adverb.
My 8, 21, 13, 5 is a preposition.
My 13, 20, 23, 7 is a pronoun.
My 8, 10, 19, 12 is an adjective.
My 8, 14, 23, 22 is an adverb.
My 17, 22, 11, 4, 16, 24 is a conjunction.
My whole is an old saying.

Hillsboro, Ill., 1859. M. V. S.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

RIDDLE.

I am composed of letters five,
Of syllables but one,
Yet into words, if you but strive,
Most easily I run.
Do but erase my 5th and 1st,
A beverage I become,
But not to quench a selfish thirst,
With no affinity for rum.
Next but hide my 1st alone,
Two stately steeds you see,
Impatient to be gone,
As steeds are wont to be.
Now but reverse these letters four,
The main support of life am I,
Though life's in me no more,
'Twas lost without a sigh.
My 5th and 2d now displace,
And see, my billows seethe and surge,
Through all the watery space,
To earth's remotest verge.
Withdraw my 2d now from sight,
I'm made with many a stitch,
Yet ever both by day and night
I'm on the backs of poor and rich.
My 2d and 3d next displace
And your uncle's name you see,
Your uncle he his, though never his face
Has been seen by you or by me.
My whole, though mighty and strong,
Is man's obedient slave,
For him I must toil the day long,
Nor respite or rest do I crave.
O'er the land he sendeth me,
Alike through heat and snow,
"To the uttermost parts of the sea,"
As he bids I am bound to go.

Knoxville, Tenn., 1859. Otus.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 472.

Answer to Double Acrostical Enigma:—General Joseph Warren.

Answer to Algerale Problem:—A's share 25; B's 16; C's 27—total 68

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CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
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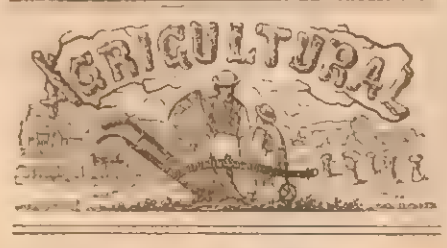


HINTS FOR FEBRUARY.

The weather of the present winter, thus far, has been quite remarkable. Although we refer to no "weather notes" for proof of the fact, we think we risk nothing in stating, that for the twenty years past we have not experienced a winter with as many mild and sunny days. So remarkably warm has it been, as a general thing, that three or four degrees of frost for a day or so, would set every one complaining at the severity of the cold. To-day, (February 2d,) everybody, and ourselves among the rest, seems to think it remarkably cold, and we were very much surprised to find that the thermometer showed only 4 degrees of frost. The only really severe days of the present winter were January 9th and 10th. On the afternoon of the 11th the mercury went down to about 10 degrees below zero, and this degree of cold, very much to the surprise and regret of our fruit growers, destroyed the blossom buds, and blasted the hopes of many growers of the peach in Western New York. The ground has been bare of snow nearly the whole winter, and the almost incessant freezing and thawing will no doubt prove injurious to winter wheat and other fall-sown crops. Some of the strawberry beds, we observe, have suffered from this cause.

The work of the present month is more of the head than the hands. All *plans* for the coming summer should be perfected, and all *seeds* purchased. Now you have time to think over carefully what you will want, and make the necessary selections with proper care. If you delay this until spring, you will buy in a hurry, and, perhaps, something that you would not had you more leisure, some things will be forgotten, and much time wasted. If you have kept, as every farmer should, a memorandum book of wants, intentions, &c., it will prove a great help in making out a list of the articles you will need before work commences in the spring. Above all things be particular and purchase only the very choicest seeds, for "what a man soweth that shall he also reap." Aim to get a little better seed every year, if possible.

Those who persist in growing winter wheat, notwithstanding late discouragements, and wish to seed with clover, should sow next month, after a slight fall of snow, before the spring frosts are past. Clover, now, however, is usually sown with some spring crop, as oats or barley.

The *wheat fields* will, no doubt, suffer quite sufficiently by the almost constant freezing and thawing the past winter, and to prevent still greater injury, it would be wise to look well to the open drains and ditches, and provide proper means of escape for the surface water.

The *implements* and *tools* of all kinds should be put in order. Half an hour's labor now may prevent the loss of a day just at the busiest time, and a great deal of vexation and ill-humor.

The *fences*, too, are always *in order*, at a leisure time, because they are almost always *out of order*. The rails are a good deal like shirt-buttons, constantly getting off, and causing trouble. Some extra rails, if not on hand, should be cut, and hauled home the first snow. And if you have a good chance, do substitute a gate for a set of bars.

The *fire-wood*, we suppose, is all procured, cut up, and nicely stacked up in the wood-shed, so that the women will have it convenient, and you will not be compelled to leave work in the spring, and hurry off and get up a load of wet stuff that *will not burn*, but *will* put the whole house out of humor, cause late meals, cross looks, and a deal of mischief. A cord of the poorest wood you can get, nicely split up and stacked under cover for six months, will burn well—almost as good as the best.

The *horses*, of course, like their owner, have been recruiting all the winter, getting ready for a hard summer's work. This is not the time to stint them. They will well repay for all the extra care they get in the winter. A little exercise and good feed will enable them to go through their season's work in good heart.

We believe in good living for all cattle, but cows about this time should receive particular attention. If you want fat and thrifty calves, take care of the cows. If the time is near at hand when any cow in the herd is about to "come in," separate her from the rest, and give her good quarters—free from confinement of the neck or head. Where cows are stabled accidents are frequent, and even when at liberty watchfulness should be exercised on the part of the farmer. The only use in keeping cows is for their yield of milk and butter, and they will be remunerating just in proportion as they are well provided with the right kind of food. The grist must be put into the hopper, or the mill works in vain. Good feed is required by the cow in abundance, or she cannot manufacture good milk in large quantities.

These hints we might extend, but we have given enough to excite attention to the necessity of making due preparation for the coming working season, which is all the prompting our intelligent readers will need.

FODDER, HOW TO SAVE IT; PRICE, &c.

Going into south-western New York a week or two since, I endeavored to find out whether people—I mean cattle—were likely to be short of fodder. I discovered that those who wanted to buy had an overwhelming sense of its abundance and prospective cheapness! while those who had it to spare were troubled at their neighbors' dreary prospects—they were *afraid* it would be very high before spring. Seven dollars a tun is the prevailing price of hay. At Oramel, and other villages, it was worth eight dollars, while at Olean it is current at ten and eleven. Those conversant with the market observed the price go up as the mercury went down, on the long-to-be-remembered cold Monday, Jan. 10th. The decided upward tendency of the market, when winter made its first emphatic demonstration, showed that people are ready to be alarmed. The thaw is an opiate which a northwester can blow away any time in two hours.—Boreas is great at somersets, and two months and a half of foddering time is long enough to make up the average of cold, which, indeed, the *law* in the case gives us reason to expect will be made up. I found more persons buying fodder than I expected, though I had not estimated the hay crop as high as many did. The cold, wet spring, succeeded by very hot, dry weather, could not be favorable for grass upon heavy or hard pan lands—the cold weather kept it back, and the hot weather baked the ground. You see I belong to the—which is it, "bears or bulls?"—at any rate I have a tun of hay to sell and would like to write up the price of fodder if I can—a superfluous spasm of conscience has let that out, and it may stand.

I'll tell you, Mr. Moore, how the scoundrels who want to get my hay cheap could still succeed—of course, I expect you to withold the secret from my customers, after the fashion of the politicians who get up an *eastern* and a *western* edition of their speeches. Just for novelty, I thought I would "divide the Union" the other way.

Here's the recipe for cheapening fodder. Cover the cracks of the stables and sheds with strips of boards, ventilating, of course, at the proper time and in a proper way. Set up slabs, plank, boards, or rails in front of open sheds to keep out the wind when it gets round on the wrong side—leaving one or more places for the cattle to go in and out at—tighten up with straw, &c. This last arrangement gives turbulent animals a better chance to hook where they are loose, and makes it proper, as indeed it generally is, to *confine* such ones.

I observed that my friend Benj. Franklin (not the *old* philosopher but the *new*, of Allen, Allegany Co.,) kept up the good old fashion of putting knobs on the horns of his cattle, and I wish here to certify to my high appreciation of the plan—perhaps my friend Capt. Dorr's moolies are an improvement. Mr. Franklin bakes a potato and sticks on the horn for a short time, then takes it off and screws on the knob with pinchers, and it *stays*. This is a part of my recipe; for the more comfortable and *quiet* cattle are, the less fodder they require.

There is another suggestion which it mortifies me to make, and if my eyes were not remarkably good I should distrust their evidence of the necessity of making it. I have read of an ancient people who provided no punishment for parricide because they could not believe any one could ever commit it, so I, except from compulsion aforesaid, would not believe it necessary to advise against *leaving animals to sleep—to stay in the open field in a climate when ten to twenty degrees below zero is a possibility and a frequency*. Though essentially orthodox concerning *depravity* and such like, I was not prepared to believe that men would sacrifice their own interests in committing so great a wrong, but they do.

I sent word to a man whose cattle were in such straits, that "I would tell him of an investment that would pay *five hundred per cent!*"—that is almost up to the *demands* of an Iowa money shaver, or the *expectations* of a California emigrant. "Procure some slabs, boards, or rails, and rest one end on the ground and the other on poles supported by crotches six feet high. Inclose a yard big enough for your cattle with this kind of shed, if you shouldn't conclude to make a better one, and the *five hundred per cent. is yours.*" There is material for sheds everywhere—evergreen boughs, straw, refuse hay, &c., can be used to tighten up with when rails or poles are employed.

The poorest fodder should be fed in the coldest weather, but if it is quite poor, give a full *supper* of something better. It is poor economy to let an animal get low in flesh—a state of hunger is a state of unrest and is productive of needless waste, besides a weak animal must have the best of fodder, it would die on what would keep a thrifty one in fair condition.

I believe it would pay, with suitable conveniences, to warm the water which stock drink in cold weather, at any rate, they should have a plentiful supply of water, and the nearer "*milk-warm*" (animal heat) the better.

When will men learn that in a timber country wood is cheaper than hay? The fact is well established, and everybody should know it, that in cold weather a vast amount of fodder is consumed in keeping up the heat of the system. Warm food, warm drink, and warm stables, therefore, make less fodder necessary to sustain animal heat.

I will mention another consideration, but I do it *modestly, deferentially*, and with due respect to a very large class of "*practical*" men who are evidently opposed to me. I was about to say that if you neglected to provide good "racks and mangers," and put your fodder where it would be run over and trod into the mire and filth, it would stand something of a chance to get damaged. Feed often, feed just enough, and feed in good, strong, deep, capacious mangers.

Touching *prices*, I will say that in Western Central New York, hay is about six dollars, and seems to be in good supply, and so are corn stalks.
—H. T. B.

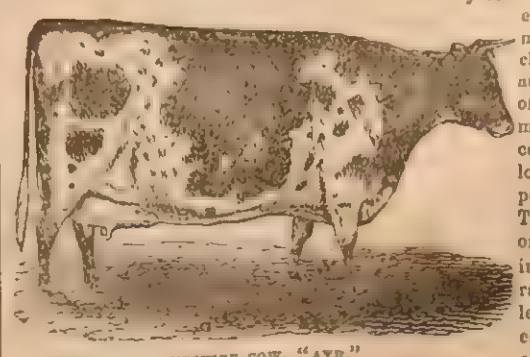
PORTRAIT OF AN AYRSHIRE BULL.

IMPROVED BREEDS OF CATTLE.—AYRSHIRES.

The issue of the Rural for Jan. 15th, gave a representative animal of the *Alderney* breed of cattle, and we now purpose presenting our readers with specimens, which, according to the best authorities, are connected with them by blood. It is agreed that the modern Ayrshires are the production of a union of the Holstein, or Teeswater Short-horns, and the Alderney's, with the ancient stock of the county of Ayr, Scotland. Owing to this combination, they rank among what is known to stock growers as a "made-up-breed." Their introduction is of comparatively recent date, as Aiton, who wrote in 1816, remarks "that one century ago there was no such breed in Scotland."

The most recent, and, at the same time, the best description of the Ayrshires we have seen, is that given in the *North British Agriculturist*, from which we condense the following:—"The head of both male and female should be small, rather long, and tapering towards the muzzle, which should be *darker* than the color of the skin. The eye large, lively, but not too prominent. In both bull and cow the jaw-bone should be strong, and open behind to admit of the throat being fully developed where it passes from the head into the neck. The horns should be small, clean, crooked, and placed at considerable distance from one another at the setting on. The ears rather large, and orange tipped in the inside. The neck long, slender, tapering towards the head, and having the appearance of hollowness; the skin and throat loosely attached to the lower part of the neck. The point of the wither or shoulder should be thin.—The shoulder blades should be close above, with a very slight covering of muscle. They should be developed outwards to the point of the shoulders and should appear to the eye as detached from the structure of the chest. The chest, fore quarters, and neck, should be light. The hind quarters large, and somewhat heavy, the back straight, gradually widening from the point of the shoulders towards the hook bones. These should be wide, raised at the points, and presenting a somewhat scraggy look. The ribs towards the pelvis should be wide and circular. These, with the joints, should appear open. The carcass should gradually deepen towards the hind quarters, and these should be deep. The length of quarters should exceed the breadth between the hocks. The quarters with the pelvis should be roomy—the buttocks square, and somewhat fleshy—the distance between the top of the tail and the hock joints should be extreme.—The hock joints should be broad, as well as the legs above and beneath these joints. The legs short, somewhat delicately formed at the joints as well as at the fetlocks, and the animal should appear short-legged. The feet should be round, somewhat large, and strong. The tail should be set on rather at a curve than at right angles. It should be long, tapering towards the point, and the quantity of hair at the point should be moderate.

PORTRAIT OF AN AYRSHIRE COW.



AYRSHIRE COW, "AYR."

The form of the milk vessel is of paramount importance. It can scarcely be too capacious. It should be placed well forward on the belly, and appear behind the line of the thighs. It should have a somewhat square form, but not low, heavy, nor loose, nor fleshy. The color of the udder is by some also deemed of great importance. It should be rather white than brown, except the color of the skin be wholly brown or black. The milk veins should be large and prominent. The teats should be placed wide apart, rather small, and pointing outwards. Next in importance to the form of the udder, is the touch. The skin should be thin, having the soft feel of a fine kid glove. The hair should be soft, and somewhat woolly. The color should be distinct; dark red, or approaching to black, are both fashionable. The colors, if two, should be arranged in blots or small patches; light fawns are not uncommon, but are not deemed hardy; some are beautifully spotted with red on a white ground. The very light colors, approaching to white, are objectionable."

In the breeding of Ayrshires the chief object is to supply the dairy with good and profitable milkers, and for this specialty they are, probably, more highly esteemed than any other breed. Speaking on this point, Youatt remarks:—"The excellency of a dairy cow is estimated by the *quantity* and *quality* of her milk. The quantity yielded by the Ayrshire cow is, considering her size, very great. Five gallons daily, for two or three months after calving, may be considered as not more than an average quantity. Three gallons daily will be given for the next three months, and one gallon and a half for the succeeding four months. This would amount to more than 850 gallons; but allowing for some unproductive cows, 600 gallons per year may be the average quantity annually from each cow." The writer just quoted, estimates the *quality* of the milk, for butter or cheese-making, much lower than any other authors, calculating one and one-half pounds of butter to three and one-half gallons of milk—an average of 257 pounds to each cow, per annum—and to twenty-eight gallons of milk, with the cream, a yield of 24 pounds of cheese, or 514 pounds yearly.—The figures here given are certainly extraordinary, when we remember that, according to the statistical report of 1845, the average yield of butter in our own State was less 80 pounds, and of cheese, 40 pounds, to each cow. In the sketch of the dairy farm of Hon. Zadoc Pratt, as given in last volume of the N. Y. State Ag. Society's Transactions, (1857,) the average yield of milk per cow, from 1st April to 1st of December, was 636 81-100 gallons, and of butter 130 pounds. "These cows," says the

Report, "were above the ordinary dairy cows in the State, and showed good judgment in their selection. Their appearance indicated the best of care, so absolutely necessary to the healthfulness and profit of the cows."

It may be well to give a few facts concerning the products of Ayrshire cows in our country, as recorded in an Essay upon "Dairy Stock," by Sanford Howard, Esq. One of four cows imported by J. P. Cushing, of Watertown, Mass., gave in one year 3,561 quarts of milk, beer measure. The first Ayrshire cow imported by the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture, in 1837, afforded sixteen pounds of butter per week, for several weeks in succession, grass being her only food.—Several cows imported or bred by Hon. Geo. Vail and Brooks, of Jeff. Co., N. Y., have equaled if not exceeded this. Although the breed has not had a thorough trial in this country, yet, so far as an opinion can be formed from the experiments which have been made, it is thought that no breed has given more satisfactory returns, as dairy cattle, than the Ayrshires. From close and long continued observation, and from all the evidence that can be gathered, Mr. Howard thinks their adoption by our dairymen would secure the following advantages over our common stock:

"1. A greater quantity of milk, butter, and cheese, for the food consumed. 2. Greater uniformity in the general character of the stock, from its inherent or hereditary qualities. 3. Better symmetry and constitution, and greater tendency to gain flesh when not giving milk."

Our "representative" bull was owned and exhibited at the N. Y. State Fair by E. P. Prentice of Albany, in 1850, and received the first premium in his class. The cow "Ayr"—same owner—was called one of the most perfect animals of her kind, and is said to be well delineated by the engraving. We consider our "portrait," however, the best *general* representation of this valuable breed.

UNDERDRAINING HARD-PAN.

Eds. Rural:—A man who is in quest of a farm, and has the cash in his pocket to pay for it, will of course prefer *dry* land rather than wet, other things being equal. His aim will be to purchase lands which are dryest, best located, most fertile, and can be had for the least money. But it must be borne in mind that comparatively few of us are *now* at liberty to make our selections—that nearly the whole area of this eastern country is now in the hands of individual owners who, for various reasons, choose to remain where they are—that tho' a few may sell out because of considerat ons like those urged by H. T. B., yet even they must sell to *somebody*, and, therefore, the question will still remain to be considered—*how shall the land be treated?*

To this question there seems to be two answers. The advocates of underdra n ng say, if you are settled for life, with no expectation of chang ng your location, set about improving your home by overcoming any natural obstacles to profitable farming you may have to encounter. Have it for a purpose "to dress it and to keep it." If it is dotted with pine stumps, have them into durable fence as soon as possible; if it is wet, drain it; if it is covered with briers and noxious weeds, wage a war of extermination; using for such purposes any surplus means and time you may have, instead of squandering both in shallow display, or giving the money into the hands of cut-throat managers of soulless corporations to be dissolved into nothingness in a day.

The other class say, nay, *it won't pay!* Look around and find a better place, where you can live easier and can get larger returns for less labor!—Forsake early associations and the graves of kindred, and go West! or, if you *must* keep your land, devote it to grazing—it will grow grass if it is wet! In any event, be very careful and stinted in your outlay, for that part of mother earth you occupy is *hard-pan*, and an ungrateful hag she is, sure to cheat you if you trust her for a dollar!—You can get grass, as it is—get that, and be content!

As if owners of hard-pan could live on *grass!*—Speaking for them, I beg to say that they want as good things as do the cultivators of alluvial bottoms—and they have them. H. T. B. was once in these regions and he was not confined to this one article of diet, as he must recollect, unless possibly his head and his heart (it was in his younger days,) were so full of what usually fills the heads, if *not* the hearts of thrifty bachelors, as to make him oblivious to his fare. We cannot even feel, in regard to so restricted diet, as did a friend, of codfish, when he said he could get along with it very well for sixty or seventy meals, but *shouldn't* like to be *confined* to it!

But it won't pay to drain hard-pan land, says our friend. I respond, begging his pardon, it *will* pay! I have made between seven and eight miles of stone underdrains, and every rod has paid, or will pay when it has been down two years. That which was first made, has paid more than once. I would not have them up for twice their cost. My land is "hard-pan," ten miles from market, sixteen from the county seat, and such a dizzying d stance above the sea level that even *Sorghum* will not mature—*yet the ditches pay!* They would pay if I wished *to sell!* They will pay to sell or to keep—pay in both the pleasure and the profit of culture—pay either for grain or for *grass!* And, somewhat familiar with the region of Northern Steuben, without the fear of H. T. B. before my eyes, I avow, as my settled conviction, that there is very little if any land hereabouts so wet and spouty and poor, that I would not sooner undertake to make interest from it with the actual cost of underdraining, if judiciously done than to undertake to do it in its existing state at its present appraisal value.

Now, what is *judicious* underdraining? H. T. B. in his last [illegible] the [illegible] towards $100 per acre [illegible] will fully cover the [illegible] that sum would fill a [illegible] parallel ditches about 13 feet apart! Is it not *he* who is [illegible] the thing further into the ground" every time he figures? Let me give him *a fact.*—[illegible] perhaps $[illegible]. Had he, as he now wishes he had [illegible] been so thorough as to have used $2,0[illegible] over [illegible] per acre [illegible] of that land would now be rentable for [illegible] winter!

Decorah, Iowa, 1859. A Looker On.

wheat and corn. Not one-half was so before, and that pa t was in disconnected knolls, and ridges, and patches—here and there. And if $20 per acre would have accomplished this, would the investment have been an injudicious one, when a single bushel of wheat, a couple of corn or barley, and three or four of oats increase, would provide for the interest of the outlay? But instead of any such stinted additions, I have had twenty, thirty and even sixty dollars worth of wheat per acre more than the land could possibly have produced without the drains.

Do you say this is mainly *assertion*—we want *facts!* What have we to combat but assertion, I ask? Experiment after experiment has been published, all in support of draining. East, West, North and South send up concurrent testimony. Who begins to drain a farm and gets sick of it?—Who has ever drained judiciously and afterwards condemned the practice? If there is such a man in the wide universe, I beg of him to come up to the support of H. T. B. W. D. P.

Plattsburgh, N. Y., 1859.

"PROFITABLE FARMING."

Eds. Rural:—Will you allow me to comment briefly upon the communication of Mr. Chaddock, of Genesee Co., (Rural, Jan. 8, 1859,) criticising some "Hints on Farm Improvement," given in your paper last August. Perhaps it may appear out of place for me to do so, but it seems that my last was the means of calling out his present valuable article, by inciting him to read again the "Hints" above mentioned.

The basis of "Farm Improvement" as stated by you, is the same as that of Mr. C.'s "Profitable Farming," viz., "*the use of every available means to secure a large amount of manure.*" Here we heartily agree. But Mr. C. would have the whole farm brought at once into profitable cultivation. It should be, it the "*available means*" are large enough—otherwise it seems to us that it will be "attempting too much," and thus injuring the success of the enterprise. Better, as you advise, undertake to grow profitable crops as far as you grow any, than spread too thinly your labor and manure over a large farm.

You say make all the manure you can, then divide the farm (the tillable part, I suppose) into fields appropriate to the amount of the same. Mr. C. objects to this, and thinks it would be better to divide the main farm into *five* or *six* fields *any way* Suppose one has one hundred acres tillable land, he should divide it into six fifteen acre lots, allowing ten acres for orchard and small fields near the barn. This will do if he makes over three hundred loads of manure, if half this or less, as many hundred acre farmers do, the course pointed out in your "Hints" will much sooner improve the farm.

For a farm of one hundred acres, devoted to mixed husbandry, ten or twelve fields seven and a half to nine acres in size, will be none too many, at least until farms are *improved* considerably beyond the present standard. As the product increases (and it will increase if every field cultivated receives due attent on,) the amount of manure will increase, and soon two fields may be devoted to a single crop, often to the great convenience of the farmer. The farm will become truly profitable, as Mr. C says, only when *all the land is brought under systematic and thorough cultivation.* His system of rotation is a very good one, but the tenor of his communication, would rather discourage farmers of small means from attempting "Farm Improvement," while I conceive your "Hints" to have been peculiarly well calculated to further that desirable end. A Young Farmer.

Niagara Co., N. Y., Jan. 1859.

AGRICULTURAL MATTERS IN IOWA.

Eds Rural:—It may not be uninteresting to your readers to learn something of the doings in our State in regard to agriculture. We have had, during the week, two Agricultural Boards in session—the Board of Directors of the State Ag. Society, and the Board of Trustees of the Iowa State Ag College and Farm. The former embraced representatives from twenty County Societies from all sections of the State. There were, however, delegates from only about one-third of the Societies organized in the State. The proceedings were the same that usually occupy the Annual Meetings, embracing the election of officers, location of the Fair, and the formation of the Premium List, all of which elicited much interest, both in and out of the body. The officers elected for the present year are:—*President*—Z. T. Fisher, of Mahaska Co. *Vice-President*—W. W. Hamilton, of Dubuque Co. *Secretary*—J. H. Wallace, of Muscatine Co. *Treasurer*—Robert Seevers, of Mahaska Co. Oskaloosa, Mahaska Co., where the Fair was held last season, was selected as the point for the Fair this year. Davenport and Iowa City were competitors. Essays on various agricultural subjects were read and discussed during the evenings.

The Board of Trustees of the Agricultural College had a very interesting meeting, the importance of the objects, such as the location of the farm and the election of officers, brought together a large number of persons to witness its deliberations. Six or seven proposals to donate lands and money for the farm, from as many counties, were received and acted upon. These, together with such others as may be received previous to the 1st of May next, were referred to a committee of three, who are entrusted with the examination of the sites, and who are required to report thereon at an adjourned meeting of the Board on the 6th of June next, when the location will be made. The election of the President of the Institution was postponed to that meeting. A committee was appointed to correspond with parties throughout the Union in regard to the selection of competent persons to fill that responsible office, and the professorships of the College. The Committee are the Hon. G W F Sherwin, of Sioux City, Sumner Fos[illegible] of Muscatine, and W[illegible] Co. Applicants may address either of [illegible] parties. W. D Wilson was re-elected [illegible], and Richard Gaines Treasurer.

SHEEP FOR MUTTON.

Eds. Rural:—There seems to be quite a commendable zeal manifested in the improvement of wool-growing sheep, a zeal which results in the benefit of the farmer if not the manufacturer, and while to a large class of our farmers the fleece will be the most important item, yet, with the present price of mutton, and the frequent calls for mutton sheep, there may be another class who may find it to their advantage to turn their attention more particularly to the raising of sheep for slaughter. It would be of benefit to those who wish to turn their attention to the raising of this kind of sheep, if there could be some well conducted experiments, with two or three of the best breeds,—ascertaining the amount of food consumed—the amount of mutton produced—the adaptation of the breed to our climate—the difference in price of mutton, if any—the difference in price of fleece, &c., so that the most profitable breed (all things considered,) might be selected. I have, for three years past, kept a small flock of South-Downs which have more than answered my expectations. Such has been the call for breeding purposes I have not been able to mature any for mutton. I weighed, a few days since, three ewes, which were awarded the first premium at our late County Fair. One two year-old, which raised a lamb last summer, weighed 137 lbs., one yearling, 131 lbs., one do. 128 lbs. I think some of my yearlings gained, on grass, 50 lbs. I could receive $7 per head for my ewes for mutton. I sold one lamb, less than 5 months old, whose quarters weighed 12 lbs. each; 1 buck lamb 4 months old, weighed 97 lbs.; sold one yearling wether, weight 130 lbs, at 5 cts. per pound, or $6,50. I have none for sale now. I intend to weigh some in April, and again in November, and may give you the figures.

East Bloomfield, N. Y., 1859. A. Conn.

POTATO EXPERIMENT—LIGHT WANTED.

Eds. Rural:—In No. 464 of the New-Yorker an article headed the "Carter Potato" attracted my attention, particularly as it seems that Mr. Carter's experiment in raising potatoes from the seed has produced quite a different result from any experience of my own. The year 1843, as we all know, was the first when our potatoes rotted, and a few years after everybody felt uneasy as to the prospect of entirely losing this very valuable vegetable. In the spring of 1846 I sowed some seed taken from the balls of the "early blue potato" which produced small white potatoes, from the size of a pea to that of a large white bean. In 1847 I planted these in due season and raised a comparatively good crop of white potatoes, seeming perfectly sound, and free from disease. In 1848 I planted my whole crop, feeling quite sure of having produced a new variety of potatoes—as the seed was taken from a blue variety and had produced, so far, a white one. The year 1848, in our neighborhood, was a year of blight and rot, and my new variety, on which I had placed all my hopes, shared the same fate of the others—that is, a proportional part rotted, but to my great surprise I found that every potato, remaining in a somewhat sound state, had changed from a white to the old original blue color. By this alteration they incurred my displeasure to such a degree that I mixed them with their predecessors without paying any more attention to them. Will Rural readers throw some light upon this, to me, dark subject? W.

Luzerne Co., Pa., 1859.

Inquiries and Answers.

Castor Oil Bean.—I would like to inquire through the columns of the Rural, something about the *Castor Oil Bean*, whether it can be profitably raised in Western New York, the kind of soil it requires, and what machinery is necessary for expressing the oil? *Castor Oil* is the best thing I have ever tried for oiling boots with; with one good application I have worked day after day in the water, with perfectly dry feet.

Black-Eyed Peas.—I received a few *Black-Eyed Peas* from one of your subscribers last year, and should like to be informed of their intrinsic value, as I see they are quoted at a higher price than any other in the market.—A. T., *South Bristol, N. Y.*, 1859.

The *Castor Bean* grows best in a rich, mellow, deep soil, and is cultivated like corn. It attains the height of from four to six feet, and the product of beans is from 20 to 30 bushels an acre. The oil is extracted either by boiling and skimming, or by bruising the berries and subjecting them to a great pressure, which makes the best oil, known as *cold pressed.* If any of our readers have had experience, or can give any information to our correspondent, we hope they will do so. The *Black-Eyed Pea* is very much like the common *Marrowfat*, but is said by some to be more productive.

Carrots Going to Seed.—Will you, or some of your correspondents answer through the columns of the Rural the following questions? What is the cause of carrots going to seed the first year of sowing, is it in the seed, or what? I sowed nearly a quarter of an acre of the *Long Orange Carrot*, and about three-fourths of them have gone to seed. I thought it was owing to the seed I procured, which was perhaps taken from the first year's growth, the same as the seed on mine.—E. T., *Galt, C. W.*, 1859.

In this matter we will simply make a few suggestions. The object of all vegetation is self-propagation—the perfection of the seeds for future plants. If the carrot is sown early, in a warm, quick soil, and the root arrives at maturity during the warm, growing weather of September, there is a disposition to go on to the perfection of the seed. The remedy indicated is to sow so late that the root will not arrive at maturity until the growing season is over. Here the seed will not mature in one season, from seed, nor do we think it will at any place from which we obtain carrot seed. Seed should be raised from well-grown, smooth roots, but that the seed is not always at fault, we have evidence in the fact that the same seed under different treatment, produce quite different results.

Churning in Winter.—Some one asked in the Rural how to churn in cold winter weather. We always heat sweet milk hot and put it in the churn before putting in the cream, or after. About two quarts of milk to three gallons of cream.—W. A. Bragg, *Aurora, N. Y.*, 1859.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Cabbages for Cattle.

The Worcester *Palladium* recommends cabbages for cattle as easier raised than roots, and quite as good. For milch cows they work wonders; and the loose leaves may be advantageously plucked to be fed in fall and early winter. In planting, in hoeing, and in gathering, cabbages require less labor than carrots. Of the comparative value of the crops, we are not aware. Raising a patch of cabbages for the cows, however, would "pay" almost any farmer.

Preserving Butter.

A patent has been secured by W. Clark, of London, Eng., says the *Scientific American*, for the following method of preserving butter:—The butter is first well beaten in the usual manner after churning, then placed between linen cloths, and submitted to severe pressure for removing whey and water. It is now completely enveloped or covered with clean white paper, which is coated on both sides with a preparation of the white of eggs, in which 15 grains of salt is used for each egg.—This prepared paper is first dried, then heated before a fire, or with a hot iron, just prior to wrapping it round the butter. It is stated that butter may be kept perfectly sweet without any salt for two months, when thus treated, if placed in a cool, dry cellar. The submitting of butter to pressure, as described, is a good plan, and one which we recommend to all our farmers. They can easily practice it with a small cheese-press.

Vermont Premium Corn.

At the Annual Meeting of the Vermont Ag. Society, held at Middlebury on the 5th ult., a sample of King Philip corn was presented by Hon. H. S. Monse, of Shelburne, the yield of which averaged upwards of 117 bushels per acre. The following statement—to which affidavit was made—will exhibit the mode of culture:—"I enter three acres of corn for premium, which was raised in the following manner:—The land was a hard, stony soil; had been in meadow five years. I covered about two-thirds of the ground with rotten manure in the fall of 1857; and the balance of the piece with new fresh manure, drawn in the winter, and plowed in about the first of May, from eight to ten inches deep. I harrowed it well, and planted it with King Philip Corn, on the 15th of May, three feet by three and a half feet apart, and about six kernels in a hill. It was cultivated and hoed twice, well; cut up the second and third week in September; stooked up in the lot, and stood until the latter part of October, before husking. I husked from three acres, five hundred and seventy baskets, which measured, when shelled, nineteen quarts to the basket, and weighed thirty-five and one-half pounds to the basket—making 20,235 pounds by weight, and 238 bushels and fourteen quarts, by measure."

Dairies and Bone Manure.

An English paper in commenting upon this subject remarks that the Cheshire dairy farmer, by the free use of bone manure laid on his grass lands, makes his farm, which at one time, before the application of bone manure, fed only 20 head of cows, now feed 40! In Cheshire two-thirds or more, generally three-fourths, of a dairy farm are kept in perfect pasture, the remainder in tillage. Its dairy farmers are commonly bound to lay the whole of their manure, not on the arable, but on the grass land, purchasing what may be necessary for the arable. The chief improvement, besides drainage, consists in the application of bone manure. In the milk of each cow, in its urine, in its manure, in the bones of each calf reared and sold off, a farm parts with as much earthy phosphates of lime as is contained in half a hundred weight of bone dust. Hence the advantage found in returning this mineral manure by boning grass lands. The quantity of bones now commonly given in Cheshire to an imperial acre of grass land is about 12 or 15 cwts. This dressing on pasture land will last seven or eight years; and on mowed land about half that period. But the grass land once boned and kept under pasture is never so exhausted as to be as poor as it was before the application.

Old Sheep for Mutton.

In an article on the "Care of Sheep—Mutton," &c., the *New England Farmer* discusses the propriety of slaughtering at the early age common among Americans, and remarks that "in Great Britain, where so much use is made of mutton by all classes, from the peer to the laborer, great attention has been accorded, not only to the production of the greatest quantity, but also to the best quality of mutton. After so long a series of efforts and experiments, it is but reasonable to suppose that very many important discoveries have been made in this particular branch of rural economy, and that the business of fattening, in all its details, is there more thoroughly understood and practiced than in any other country. It appears, indeed, to be universally conceded by agricultural writers of England, that sheep of great size and rapid growth will not give so fine mutton as smaller animals, and those which are longer in coming to maturity. This axiom may, in fact, be regarded as constituting the genuine secret of the success which so markedly attends the efforts of the British herdsmen and flock-masters in fattening their animals for the market. The Leicesters, consequently, are less valuable—being large and of quick growth—than the 'South-Downs,' which are of a more diminutive size, and much longer in coming to maturity. A late writer on this subject, says:—'A sheep to be in high order for the palate of an epicure, should not be killed earlier than when five years old, at which age the mutton will be rich and succulent, of a dark color, and full of the richest gravy; whereas if only two years old, it is flabby, pale and flavorless.' In this country, mutton rarely attains the age of four years, and hence, probably, the reason why the article known by that name is generally so poor compared with the English article. Wethers of good size, and of a breed disposed to take on fat readily, are often marketed at two or three years old; but it would be for the breeder's interest to keep them at least till they were five years old, as he would then be able to offer a very superior article, and to secure a price accordingly. There is no meat superior to good mutton; it is wholesome, and possesses a flavor equal, if not superior, to the best beef."

Agricultural Miscellany.

Advice Gratis.—To all and sundry people who have any extraordinary productions for sale—whether fast horses, big cattle, squash seed, Egyptian millet, bee-hives or rat traps—we beg to suggest that the *best way* to accomplish their object is to *advertise* and pay therefor. We are about through even *reading* long articles cracking up stock, seeds, &c., which *the writers* have for sale, and as to *publishing* such elongated and extravagant puffs of their own wares, we ignore the idea altogether. We admire patriotism, and wish to advance improvement, but prefer to encourage merit and modesty, rather than brass and self-interest.

"Native Americanism" among the Cattle Breeders.—At a recent Legislative Agricultural meeting, held at the State House, Boston, the chairman, J. W. Proctor, Esq., after announcing the subject—"*Breeds of Cattle adapted to Mixed Farming*"—named the several well known breeds of imported cattle, or "blood stock," and then invited attention especially to the old "Red Stock," or what he termed "Native Stock." A comparison was instituted in which the Natives seemed to meet the greatest favor, Mr. P. concluding as follows:—"But it is said the pure-blooded animals only can be confided in *to produce their like*, and here hangs *the burden of the song.* Of this I do not profess to be experienced. I cannot understand why the connection of *a fine Yankee bull* with *a fine Yankee cow* is not as likely to produce *a fine calf*, as though the animal came from one of the Islands of the British Channel. I think much of this talk about purity of blood is mere *gab.*" Mr. P. was supported in his views by Mr. J. C. Moore, a native of Ayrshire, England. Mr. M. favored the idea that the best native stock raised here would be as well adapted to this region as any imported stock, in the same manner as the Ayrshires were adapted to the country where they were produced. The cause of deterioration in American stock, was the too early use of male animals for procreating purposes. It was not customary in Scotland to thus employ them before they had attained an age of three years. Here is a subject worthy of consideration—what say Rural readers to the above positions?

Agricultural Books, &c.—In copying an article on this topic from the Rural—wherein we spoke of the lack of good books on Agriculture, and the want of proper criticisms—the editor of the *Boston Cultivator*, who had previously alluded to the subject, makes the following pertinent remarks:—"We are pleased to see that the subject has attracted the attention of some of our contemporaries, and should the agitation of the matter result in bringing about a reform, it will be highly gratifying to the true friends of improvement. The making of books has been profitable, but with authors and publishers, the question—What will sell? has been the governing idea, rather than—What is true? The praiseworthy desire of the people to obtain knowledge is abused, and their ignorance and credulity made use of to take from them their money. It is a matter of regret that so large a portion of the agricultural press has lent its aid to this imposture by its indiscriminate praise of books, or by its silence in regard to errors which it should have corrected. In some instances this may be accounted for on the ground of want of proper knowledge by the conductors of the press; in others, even a less creditable cause seems to have prevailed—a contemptible toadyism, prompted by the hope

'That thrift may follow fawning.'"

Honolulu Squash.—We are indebted to Mr. I. W. Briggs, of Macedon, N. Y., for a specimen of squash, stewed and dried, without sugar or other additions, which is certainly a vast improvement in flavor and sweetness upon anything in the way of unadulterated squash that we ever before tasted.—Mr. B. says this is a new variety, and thinks it casts all other squashes in the shade. The seed was from Honolulu, and hence he calls it Honolulu squash. It has a russet skin, is nearly globular, and the average weight is about 25 pounds.

The Potato Disease.—The Massachusetts Board of Agriculture appointed a committee some time since to test a number of the reputed remedies for the potato rot, and we see by the Boston *Cultivator* that a partial report has been made. Twenty prescriptions were tried and *all have failed.* The $1,000 premium, which called forth these so-called specifics, still remains with the Board, and the "itching palms" will have to try again.

Racks and Mangers.—Some inquiry has been made through the columns of the Rural for racks and mangers that will keep cattle from wasting their feed. If the stall is narrow enough to keep them from turning around, and short enough to keep them from stepping back, there will be no necessity for anything better than old-fashioned mangers. A stall ten feet long, including manger three feet wide, if not used for milking, about the area for middling-sized stock. A door at the end of each stall, opening under a shed, is a very convenient way for keeping the manure under cover. They need no fastening and have no chance to disturb each other. If "Farmer B." will put his calves in a stall six feet long and two feet wide, he can feed corn fodder in his stable without losing a mouthful—there will be no need of having a V shaped place to put the head into the manger.—G. Wight, *So. Alabama, N. Y.*, 1859

Seneca Co. Ag. Society.—Officers for 1859:—*President*—Orrin Sedgwick. *Vice-President*—Truman Boardman. *Treasurer*—John D. Coe.—*Secretary*—Charles Sentell. *Directors*—Michael Hoster, Jos. Wright, Lyman T. Crowell, John V. Grove, Ira Johnson.

Progress!—The last number of the *Vale Farm Journal* contains at least seven articles that originally appeared in the Rural, but only *one* of them is credited! The *Journal* is evidently determined to reciprocate the good opinion we lately expressed of it, but, while we admire its taste, we cannot commend the manner of its "abstractions."

HORTICULTURAL

THE NEW GRAPES.

Nothing connected with horticulture gives us more pleasure than the attention now given to the culture of the grape, and particularly to the production and dissemination of new varieties. A word of caution, however, seems just now to be needed to prevent disappointment. It is not wise to turn our back upon an old and well-proved variety like the *Isabella*, for wherever it will ripen it is to our notion an excellent grape, if properly grown, large, showy, hardy, a good bearer and keeper, in fact having many good qualities and very few bad ones. Neither should persons think that every seedling they raise, or that any vine they happen to be in possession of, differing from this variety or the *Catawba* and *Clinton* is better, or a *great acquisition*. Not more, perhaps, than one out of a thousand of the seedlings raised will prove even as good as the *Isabella*. Too much confidence must not be placed in the descriptions of these new sorts, for there is getting to be quite an *excitement* on the matter, and we notice that some of them are described in very glowing terms by persons who can have but little acquaintance with them—perhaps having seen the fruit only once,—and in many cases describing them from what others say and write. Scores of sorts are now well spoken of, that ten years hence will be regarded as utterly worthless. The *Delaware* we are satisfied stands at the very head of the new grapes. Its quality no one can complain of. We regret that it is so small. Its size will detract from its value for market. The *Diana* we think destined to be popular. The *Hartford Prolific*, though having some faults, is a good sort to plant where the *Isabella* will not ripen. The *Rebecca* is of fine quality, and we have hopes that it will prove hardy, and worthy of general cultivation. Much further than this our experience and observation at present will not allow us to go.

RE-GRAFTING VIRGALIEU PEAR TREES.

Messrs. Editors:—Your correspondent, "Chemung," in the Rural of January 29th, says he has a lot of 150 White Doyenne pear trees, that produces cracked and worthless fruit, and inquires what kinds you would advise him to graft them with. You say, "we would graft the White Doyenne with the Duchesse de Angouleme, Louise Bonne de Jersey and Bartlett." Do you understand your correspondent to say that the trees that he wishes to re-graft are on the quince root, if so, then I have nothing more to say. But if they are *standard* trees, or, in other words, *on pear stocks*, then I must, with all due respect, beg leave to differ with you.

I believe it is generally conceded by the most experienced fruit growers, that the Duchesse de Angouleme is worthless, unless worked on the quince, and the Louise Bonne de Jersey, I have always supposed, was better when worked on the quince, than when on the pear. Allow me to suggest to "Chemung," that if his trees are on the pear stock, he can graft them with no better kinds for market or other purposes, than the Bartlett and Onondaga. The latter sort, when the trees are young, sometimes produces fruit that is lacking in point of *quality*, but when the trees are of good size they produce a noble market fruit, that always commands the highest price.

I regret to inform you that the cold "*snap*" of the 10th and 12th of January, has blighted our hopes and expectations of getting a crop of peaches and apricots. However, we had a good crop of peaches last season, which is some consolation, and will the better enable us to wait with patience for the good time in the future. Wm. Tompkins.

Germantown, N. Y., Feb., 1859.

Remarks.—Our correspondent is quite right in his remarks about the *Duchesse de Angouleme*.—Our advice was given for *dwarf* trees. We don't know of anything that makes a finer tree than the *Bartlett* double worked, as we suggested "Chemung" should do with some of his *Virgalieus*.

ORCHARDING AT THE WEST.

Messrs. Editors:—In your remarks upon the communication of Mr. H. P. Kimball on *Orcharding in Illinois*, in a late number of the Rural, you say that his experience does not agree with your observation, and call upon the fruit growers of Illinois for the facts. Now, his experience agrees so exactly with mine, and that of others in this section, that I, though not a resident of Illinois, am induced to add my testimony by way of corroborating the facts elicited by his article. We have not had so decided a failure here as in Illinois, but that the seedling does better than grafted stocks is manifest everywhere, and men of observation are acting upon the advice of Mr. Kimball, and others, to plant seedlings. They make a third more growth in a given time, and bear well, and *we* are glad *here*, if we get anything that bears the *name* of *apple*. Top-grafting has not been done much yet, but cannot fail to do well and be the surest way to obtain an orchard at the West. Indeed, I am of the opinion that if it were practical to plant the seeds in the orchard, and never subject the tree to a transplanting it would be better still. But, the next thing to this is to obtain young seedlings not over three years old, and plant in the spring. The recommendation of Barry, and other Eastern nurserymen, to plant in the fall will not do at the West.

Oshkosh, Wis., Jan., 1859. R. C. Wood.

Remarks.—We are happy to receive the opinions of practical men at the West, but we would be still more happy to receive the *facts* on which these opinions are founded. We have published one article from a Western fruit grower in opposition to the conclusion of Mr. Kimball, and our present correspondent goes even further than Mr. K., in his regard for seedling trees.

RED CANADA APPLE.

In compliance with the request of a correspondent, we give an engraving of the *Red Canada Apple*. The drawing we had taken from nature a year or so since, and it is a good representation of a fair or medium size specimen. This apple is recommended by the American Pomological Society for *particular localities*, and is highly prized as an orchard fruit in Ohio, Michigan and other places in the West, as well as in Western New York. Mr. Thomas says it succeeds equally well in New England, New York and Ohio, but we believe it is not now as popular in the Eastern States as it was some years ago. The tree is thrifty, though making a slender growth, and is very productive, and of the quality of the fruit, where it succeeds, there is but one opinion, and that is, that it is an excellent apple.

Fruit medium, oblate, inclining to conic, slightly angular. Skin yellow, mostly shaded with deep red or crimson; somewhat striped or splashed on the sunny side, and thickly sprinkled with grey, and sometimes greenish dots. Stalk short, inserted in a broad, deep cavity. Calyx closed, segments long, in a small, narrow, somewhat irregular basin. Flesh white, tender, crisp, abounding with a brisk, refreshing juice, and retaining its fine, delicate flavor to the last. It is in season from December to May.

CULTURE OF THE GRAPE.

Messrs. Editors:—The interest that has been awakened of late years on the subject of *Grape Culture*, seems to call for a liberal space in your *Horticultural Department*. Two years ago the demand for young vines, to set in vineyards, was so great that the market was bare of them, and the demand could not be met. Now, it will be clearly understood how important it is to be well posted upon the following subjects, viz:—*What is the most perfect arrangement for Trellis? What form is best for the vines? What kind of pruning?—When is the best time for it to be done? What is the best culture? The best manure? When is the fruit fit to gather?*—and, *the best way to keep it in a fresh state the greatest length of time?* I think, the Lord will, we may safely calculate on fresh Grapes eight or ten months, if not the entire year, and but a small per cent. of loss on them, compared with other fruits. For years I have been saying to the hundreds (that have been to see the beautiful crops of fruit that have grown on my old vines,) that had the first settlers of these *United States* known the value of the *Grape Vine* and its fruits, and what was more important, how to manage it for profit, there would at this time be more bushels of grapes consumed by the thousands of readers of the Rural than there is of any other kind of fruit.

I have seven acres set to vines two years next spring, that I am preparing to build trellis for, and I wish to have the arrangement the most perfect, as to cheapness and durability, to get the greatest yield per acre, of the most choice fruit. I therefore send you my conclusions on the above subjects, hoping they will bring to your sanctum the voluntary contributions of the best vine dressers in the country, that we may have the benefit of each others experience.

I design to have all my vineyards enclosed with a board fence. The vines are set four feet from the fence on all sides, which gives space between the fence and first rows for the horse and cultivator to pass between them. The vines are set one rod apart, each way. For the outside row I shall make a trellis all round the vineyard, excepting the gateway between that and the next row, for the purpose of giving a chance to cart manure to any part of the vineyard, or the team and cultivator to pass from between one trellis to the next. In all cases I consider it very important to have the trellis stand east and west, except the outside rows on the east and west sides of the vineyard. The reasons why, I shall more fully explain when I come to treat on summer pruning.

First, *What form is best for Trellis to meet the wants of the Vines*, from the time they begin to bear till they are fifteen or more years of age? It is necessary to keep vines thin to get perfect fruit. My conclusions for trellis are these, get cedar fence rails or poles, six inches in diameter at the but, and set them 2½ feet in the ground. Use three wires and one slat, the first wire 16 inches from the ground, (as fruit nearer the ground is covered with dirt in a heavy shower,) above that another wire, then a slat to the posts at a proper distance, to rest the ladder against, and at the top another wire. For slats chestnut is best—as it is durable, straight-rift, and free from knots—sawed 4 inches wide and 1¼ inches thick. It is actually necessary to have one tier of slats to keep the wires from sagging. When the trellis has been built six or eight years, some of the posts will begin to be weakened by decay, when that occurs, take about No. 10 wire, stretch it north and south, across the top of the trellis; get some stout spikes made by a smith, and drive them into the top of each post.—The wire should be wound around them to keep it from slipping. Now, acres of trellis built in this way will last as long as the vines remain in bearing, if nearly all the posts are rotted off, providing the outside posts on the north and south sides are firmly braced with long braces reaching from their tops, and spiked to the bottom of the posts, on the adjoining trellis. The outside posts should be kept stout at the ground by adding short posts when needed, and two bolts through the tip of them and the old posts. This arrangement will give additional space to the vines, by stretching wires on the north side and parallel with the trellis, on a plat as near the next trellis as possible, without shading the fruit on it.

Some will say this trellis is too high, but there must be space for the team and the vines. I use a ladder made of strips of 1½ inch pine plank, four inches wide at one end, 3 inches at the other end, one round at each end, then steps of inch boards, straight on the back side, but a circle on the front side, so that they are 6 inches wide in the centre. It is light and I can stand on it all day and prune, or pick fruit about as easy as I can on the ground.

Alvin Wilcox.

West Bloomfield, Ontario Co., N. Y., 1859.

THE ALLEN RASPBERRY.

I would ask, as a pomologist, why it is that *old* and *established* varieties of fruits should so frequently be brought up under *new names?* As though the nomenclature of specific varieties were not, in themselves, sufficient for all practical purposes. Years since there was, perhaps, an excuse for this sort of confusion, from fruits grown in certain localities losing their labels. But is this any good reason why the name of the grower should be appended, and the fruit forthwith ushered before the public as something new? We need not enumerate instances of this kind. They have been, in times gone by, legion. Is it not time that this loose system should be abandoned? Is the variety better for its new name?—or, rather, should we not, so far as possible, correct this evil, and "give unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's?" I had hoped the time had gone by for attempting to make *new capital* out of old cloth.

Here, then, is a case in point. Mr. L. F. Allen grows a *Raspberry*—an *old* and *well-established* variety. Being desirous of growing the plants and fruit for market, at the same time entirely unfamiliar with the habits and character of this fruit, he first claimed that it was the *Hudson River Antwerp*, and brought it to me for examination. It was not difficult to prove the error, inasmuch as the color of the canes were opposite, his being *red*, while the *Hudson River* variety has a *white* or *yellow*-colored cane. Upon examining his plants, at his request, on the "Island," I at once assured him (as I previously knew,) the variety was a common one in Ohio, that I had it in my grounds, and had tried to exterminate it for years, with but poor success. It is, in fact, the "*false Red Antwerp*," as almost universally propagated through the west for the "*Red Antwerp*," until the past few years. It has all the characteristics of that variety,—canes, strong and rampant, often inclined to branch—blossoms very freely and sets but little fruit; *needs neither winter protection or summer support!*

The history of the *Allen Raspberry* is this:—Some years since, W. H. Sotham, the *Hereford* breeder, of Black Rock, purchased, with other shrubs, &c., a large stock of this variety of raspberry from F. B. Elliot, of Cleveland. Mr. Sotham presented some of the canes to Mr. Allen, and others. The balance were sold to Mason & Lovejoy, nurserymen, of Buffalo, and by them, have been scattered through our neighborhood. My neighbor, Col. Hodge, grows it, and described it as the same in the Rural some time since. I know no good reason why we may not as properly call it the *Sotham Raspberry*, or the *Elliot Raspberry*, as the *Allen Raspberry*. Some vague remarks have been made as to its being obtained from the garden of a gentleman deceased. This is sheer *gammon*. This raspberry was never in that garden, as is asserted by one who well knows, and it is a lame attempt to *wrap in mystery* a simple fact most readily controverted. Now, so far as the name goes, the variety, if valuable, is valuable still. I cannot see that its *new name* can render the plant more prolific. If I did, I would certainly cultivate mine over again. In *multiplying* they are exceedingly prolific, but in *fruiting*, I consider them *far inferior* to the *genuine red*, or *Hudson River Antwerp*, the *Orange*, and others, and should, I hold, retain its *old*, but *honest cognomen*, "*False Red Antwerp*." W. R. Coppock.

Longsight Place, Buffalo, 1859.

THE WINTER AND ITS EFFECTS.

Eds. Rural:—Our winter thus far has been a most singular one, the discrepancies in relation to ordinary seasons in this climate are striking and manifold. The utter inability of human philosophy to form, or even suggest any systematic laws that govern meterologic physics, allows every one to fumble in the dark for causes, and one suggestion is as good as another, as to any applicability to present and future effects.

The presumption that our climate is going thro' the incipient grades of a radical change, or that the Comet has distributed some of its incandescent particles through our atmosphere, is just as good philosophy, as the suggestions and presumptions of your clerk of the weather, or the learned lucubrations of Lieut. Maury.

The most remarkable anomaly that I propose to notice, is the present appearance and probability of the utter ruin of the blossom bud of the peach, and the consequent failure of the coming season's crop.

It has ever been held that from 15° and below under zero, was fatal to that production, and the experience of forty years in this region, sanctions the rule without any exception, as far as my advices go; but the 10th and 11th of January, with the thermometer at 10° and some indicating 11°—which was the lowest point in my neighborhood by several instruments—has killed every bud on over 150 trees that I have examined.

In former years 9°, 10°, 12° and 14° below zero was not uncommon, and one year as low as 19°, 20°, with good crops. Some persons attempt to account for it by suggesting the influence of the warm weather, in swelling and developing the bud; but that is not the cause, as far as I have observed, for the buds are as close and firm up to the present time as I have ever noticed them.

The whole day of the 11th of January was below zero, but fell very fast after noon, till at 4 o'clock it was 10° below, and so remained till 9, when it commenced rising, and at midnight it stood 6° above; by which it appears that the extreme cold was of but short duration. Now, from what causes this inexplicable effect has resulted, when under the same circumstances, with respect to temperature and exposure, a totally different result was found to exist, is a very abstruse problem to explain, at least to my mind. L. B. Manly.

Monroe Co., 1859.

Genesee Valley Horticultural Society.—This Society held its annual meeting at the Court House on the 7th instant. The Treasurer's report showed the finances of the Society to be equal to its obligations, although the debts incurred during the past season have been larger than usual.

The feasibility of holding weekly or semi-monthly meetings and shows of the Society was discussed at some length, and finally referred to the Executive Committee, who will probably to some degree, carry the proposition into effect. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—*President*—Selah Matthews; *Vice-Presidents*—W. A. Reynolds, L. A. Ward, Isaac Hills; *Secretary*—C. W. Seelye; *Treasurer*—F. W. Glenn. The Executive Committee of the present year is to consist of the President, Secretary, D. D. T. Moore, P. Barry and James Vick.

Manure for Fruit Trees.—Will you inform me through the Rural what is the best kind of manure for pear trees, apple trees, and grape vines, when the best time to apply it, and how much? Also, whether ashes, leached or unleached, are good, and how to use them?—R. W. Burdick, *Alfred, N. Y.*, 1859.

Well-rotted, but not *washed-out*, stable manure is the best manure we know of for all these purposes. Apply it either in the spring or fall. There is little danger of an over-dose. Ashes, in small quantities, are good, and should be applied to the surface, but not allowed to touch the bark.

Naples Town Horticultural Society.—The Annual Meeting for the election of officers, and an exhibition of various fruits and flower seeds, sorghum syrup, native wines, preserved fruits in cans, &c., was held on the 29th of January. There was a beautiful display upon the tables, which excited the admiration of a large and appreciative audience. A very appropriate address was delivered the Rev. M. Purrington. The following officers were elected for 1859:—*President*—John B. Johnson; *Vice-President*—Elias Simons; *Secretary*—Seymour H. Sutton; *Treasurer*—Amos Stoddard.

Flower Seeds—Again.—In answer to the inquiry of R. B., of Preston, C. W., I would state that I have had *some* experience in cultivating flowers from seeds purchased of several of our most respectable seedsmen, and have been the most successful with those purchased of J. M. Thorburn & Co.,—the seeds being good of their kind, and never failing to grow.—R. B. E., *Ayers, Pa., Jan.*, 1859.

Will "A. S. P.," who writes about the *Gravenstein Apple*, and other matters, please give us the *County and State where he resides?* Without this the facts stated are of little value.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY

ABOUT CRULLERS.

Messrs. Eds.:—Seeing a request in the Rural for a recipe for Crullers, and being willing to add a mite to the Domestic Department, I will send mine, that I have used for years, and think it *very* good:

One egg; 1 tablespoon of white sugar; 1 tablespoon of lard, (I generally use three times this amount at once,) add a little salt—mix in flour sufficient to roll out well. Roll quite thin—make them in every possible manner, and fry in clean lard—so that they may be white—and do not brown them.—Mrs. E. W. V., *Out West*, 1859.

Crullers.—One teacup of sweet milk; one of sugar; two eggs; one tablespoonful of butter; one of cream tartar; one teaspoonful of soda—cut very thin and fry.—N. M. T. M., *South Alabama, N. Y.*, 1859.

Eds. Rural:—For the information of "A housekeeper, Out West," and lovers of good Crullers in general, I send you the following recipe for making what I know to be a first-rate article. One pint of sweet milk; one teaspoonful of soda; two do. cream tartar; two teacupfuls of pulverized sugar; half a pound of butter; two eggs; flour sufficient to knead. Will those who try it give their opinion?—D. J. S., *Staten Island, N. Y.*, 1859.

CRACKERS, FARMERS'S PIE, &c.

Eds. Rural:—As I happen to be writing to you, wife thinks she will send you some good recipes for cooking:

Crackers.—One pint basin of water; 1 teacup butter; 1 large spoonful sour cream; saleratus, half teaspoonful—mix very hard.

Farmers' Pie.—Take sweet apples, pare, cut, and stew, when done, stir to pieces, or sift them, and when cool, thin with milk, bake with one crust—eggs and spice to suit the taste.

Cream Gingerbread.—One tumbler sour cream; 1 do. molasses; 1 teaspoonful saleratus; 1 do. ginger; ½ do. salt. Make stiff as pound cake.

Buckwheat Stir Cake.—Two eggs; 1 cup of sugar; beat well together; 1 large spoon saleratus; ½ cup of butter; ¾ cup buttermilk, and flour to make it a little thicker than common cake.

Erie Co., Penn., 1859. J. F. H.

HOW TO PRESERVE YOUR FURS.

Furs, says a writer in one of the New York papers, who seems to be thoroughly familiar with the subject, should never be put away for the summer and forgotten, as they so frequently are; and next to being shut up from the air, their greatest enemy is damp. If from the wearer being exposed to rain, they become wet, they should always be dried at a moderate distance from the fire immediately; and in warm weather, when not required for wear, they should never be shut in a box or drawer for more than a few days at a time, and every few weeks they should be shaken and beaten.

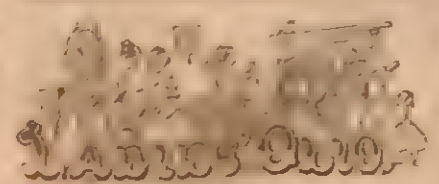
The more delicate skins require somewhat more delicate treatment. The best plan is, probably, not to pack furs away, but to let them lie in a drawer or wardrobe that is constantly being opened so that they meet the eye frequently, and being thus often in sight, it is easy, at convenient opportunities, to have them taken out and beaten—or, at any rate, shaken and tossed, and thoroughly exposed to the air. It is common to hear it remarked, that the moth gets into furs—as if the insect actually migrated from one locality to another; the probability is, however, that furs and woolens are animal substances, endowed with a vital principle, which developes itself into the living organisms through the decay of its material shape. Cleanliness and airing are, therefore, absolutely essential. —*Selected.*

Chicken Pie.—In answer to request in a January number for chicken pie, I send the following:—Make the crust of sour cream, saleratus, salt, and roll about one-fourth of an inch thick—line the pan, have the chicken boiled tender, lay it in the pan, and between each layer sprinkle flour, pepper, salt, and plenty of butter—add a part of the water the chicken was boiled in, so as to nearly cover—then lay over the crust, and bake half an hour in a slow oven. Take the rest of the water the chicken was boiled in, and make a gravy with flour and butter.—A Farmer's Wife, *Mason, Mich.*, 1859.

A Handy Cover for the Flour Barrel.—Housekeepers generally cover their barrel of flour with a cloth loosely thrown over the top for protection from dust, &c., consequently it is always coming off, and mice are not kept out of the barrel. To prevent this annoyance, take the top hoop, after the head of the barrel is removed, and sew in white cloth; it makes a nice, convenient and firm cover, thus protecting the flour from dirt and vermin.—A Subscriber, *Brandon, Vt.*, 1859.

A Simple Remedy for Bronchitis.—A writer in the Baltimore *Sun*, who has been afflicted severely in his family by that appalling disease, bronchitis, has found relief from the following remedy:—"Take honey in the comb, squeeze it out and dilute with a little water, and wet the lips and mouth occasionally with it." It had never been known to fail, in cases where children had throats so swollen as to be unable to swallow. It is certainly a simple remedy, and may be a very efficacious one.

Sponge Ginger Cake.—One teacup molasses; 4 tablespoons of butter or lard; 1 teaspoon of ginger. Stir this with flour until it will receive no more, then add 1 teacup hot water; 1 teaspoon saleratus. Stir and bake.—Mina P., *Orion, Oak. Co. Mich.*



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BRIDAL WISHES.

BY WETTIE.

May gentle breezes waft your boat;
May clear and sunny weather
Make shining pathway as ye float
Adown life's stream together.
May all things prove so fair and bright
You'll always bless your marriage night.

Quicksands lie along your way
Where many boats have grounded;
But not a bark was ever lost
Where love and faith abounded.
Let *faith* be your anchor and love be your guide,
And fearless of danger your life-boat will glide.

Clouds may arise in the night-time
With tempest of trouble and sorrow,
Cast anchor! and wait for the sunshine,
It surely will come with the morrow.
Be the night ne'er so dark still gleaming afar,
You may see the clear light of your own guiding star.

So start on your voyage with laughter and song,
You have entered the life-boat together;
With the anchor of *faith* and the guiding star *love*,
Come fair or come cloudy weather,
Your own hearts shall make the pathway all bright,
God smile on your pleasant embarking to-night!

Rochester, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A WORD TO THE GIRLS.

"Mother, how old is Ellen Brown?"

"I believe she is nearly eighteen—just about your age, Carrie. Why, my daughter?"

"O, nothing in particular. I called at Mrs. Brown's yesterday, and Ellen was very proud because she had just finished making a suit of clothes for her little brother. She said she had cut and made them, every stitch, herself, and they fitted and looked just as nicely as if they had come from the tailor's shop."

"But some one assisted her, Carrie?"

"O, yes. Her mother had a tailoress there a week who cut some patterns for her, and then she watched her about her sewing; or, I mean, Ellen noticed how the tailoress did everything, and she said she resolved to learn how to do it herself—and she says it is the nicest kind of sewing on light cloth, such as people use for childrens' clothes, and she would rather work on it than on factory, or on calico, or any cotton goods."

"But, Carrie, Ellen's father is abundantly able to hire such work done. How came she to busy herself about it? It is not likely she will ever have occasion to be a tailoress, and go out to earn her living."

"That is the oddity of it mother, and so I told her; but she is the funniest girl I ever saw. She says she does not care if her father is able to support her in idleness—how did he get his property? By hard labor and close application to business for many years, and she is not going to sit down and fool away her time over embroidery, and before the mirror, and make a ninny of herself, because her father is rich! O, it was fun to hear her talk. But, after all, mother, it made me half ashamed of myself, and I am not sure but she has the right of it. I never was much acquainted with Ellen, for she does not go into company a great deal, but she is always well dressed and well behaved. I know her father was wealthy enough, but somehow, I never thought much about her."

"Yes, Carrie, the Browns are quite independent as to property, and Mrs. Brown is very much of a lady, but I believe confines herself among her children and family cares more than most women choose to."

"And, mother, that makes me think of some other things. Ellen said she had persuaded her mother to cut out a half dozen shirts for her father and brothers, and she was going to make them all herself, so as to learn how. She knows how to cut and make dresses now, and she said, besides, she was going to learn to do and to superintend all kinds of housework. You know, mother, she has been at school almost constantly till within a few weeks, and now she says she has come home to help her mother, who is growing old, and is weary with the care of such a large family, and she is going to relieve her and fill her place as much as possible, so her mother can rest and recruit. She said she could take the whole charge of the boys' wardrobe, and keep it in order, and could keep her own as it should be, and could take charge of the parlors, and closets, and see to the chambers and cellars, so her mother need not run up and down stairs—and, mother, I'm sure I don't know what all she isn't going to do, and she looks so cheerful and happy. One thing I do know, her father and mother are just as proud of her, and seem to think she is the greatest treasure in the world! O, mother, I wish I were half as smart and good!"

"Well, well, daughter, you are quite excited, really—shedding tears, I declare! Ellen is a dear, lovely girl, and I am heartily glad you have seen the beauty of her conduct, and I trust you will in time become as beloved and useful as she is."

May it not be said to other girls who read this, "Go and do likewise?" Quercus.

The Memory of a Mother.—When temptation appears, and we are almost persuaded to do wrong, how often a mother's words of warning will be recalled to mind and the snare broken. Yes, the memory of a good mother has saved many a poor mortal from going astray. Long grass may be growing over the hallowed spot where all her earthly remains repose. The dying leaves of autumn may be whirled over it, or the cold white mantle of winter cover it from sight, yet the spirit of her, when he walks in the right path, appears and gently sadly mournfully, calls to him when wandering off into ways of error and of crime.

Prone looks make foul work of fair faces.

"EDUCATION AND INFLUENCE OF WOMAN."

We select the following beautiful picture from a recently published address of Richard V. Cook, Esq., of Columbus, Texas, on this subject. It will touch the heart of the reader. We seldom stumble upon so well expressed an idea of woman's true mission.

I fancy a young man just emerging from the bright elysium of youth, and commencing the bright journey of life. Honest, noble and gifted—the broad world to his warm hopes is the future scene of affluence, fame and happiness. Under his active energies, business prospers, and, as a consequence, friends come about him. Ere long he meets a sensible and simple girl, who wins his heart, and who loves and trusts him in return. He does not stop to ask what the world will say about the match in case he marries her. Not he. The world is kicked out of doors, and the man determines to be the architect of his own happiness. He does not stop to inquire whether the girl's father is rich in lands, and slaves, and coin; but he marries her for that most honest and philosophic of all reasons—because he loves her. He builds his house in some quiet spot, where green trees wave their summer glories, and where bright sunbeams fall. Here is the Mecca of his heart, towards which he turns with more than Eastern adoration. It is a green island in the sea of life, where rude winds never assail, and storms never come. Here, from the troubles and cares of existence, he finds solace in the society of her who is gentle without weakness, and sensible without vanity.

Friends may betray him, and foes may oppress; but when towards home his weary footsteps turn, and there beams upon him golden smiles of welcome, the clouds lift from his soul—the bruised heart is restored, and the strong man made whole. I see the man fall into adversity. Creditors seize his property, poverty stares him in the face, and he is avoided on all hands as a ruined bankrupt. When he sees all go—friends, credit and property—grief-stricken and penniless, he seeks his humble home. Now, does the wife desert him too?—Nay, verily! When the world abandons and persecutes the man, she draws closer to his side, and her affection is all the warmer because the evil days have come upon him. The moral excellencies of her soul rise superior to the disasters of fortune. And when she sees the man sit mournful and disconsolate, like Themistocles by the Household Gods of Admethus, hers is the task to comfort and console. She reminds him that misfortune has oft undertaken the wisest and best; that all is never lost while health and hope survive; that she still is near to love, to help and encourage him. The man listens, his courage rallies, and the shadows flee from his heart; armed once more, he enters the arena of life. Industry and energy restores him to competency, fortune smiles upon him, friends return, and

"Joy mounts exulting on triumphant wings."

Again the scene shifts. I see the man stretched weak and wasted on the bed of sickness. The anxious wife anticipates every wish and necessity. Softly her foot falls upon the carpet, and gently her hand presses the fevered brow of the sufferer.—Though the face gives token of her own weariness and suffering, yet through the long watches of each returning night, her vigils are kept beside the loved one's couch. At last disease beleaguers the fortress of life; and the physician solemnly warns his patient that death is approaching. He feels it too, and the last words of love and trust are addressed to her who is weeping beside his dying bed. And, in truth, the last hour hath come. I imagine it is a fit time to depart; for the golden sun himself has died upon the evening's fair horizon, and rosy clouds bear him to his grave behind the western hills! Around the couch of the dying man, weeping friends and kindsmen stand, while the minister slowly reads the holy words of promise:

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and who so liveth and believeth in me, shall never die." Slowly the clock marks the passing moments, and silently the sick man's breath is ebbing away. Slowly the cold waters are rolling through the gateways of life.—And now, as the death damp is on the victim's brow, and the heart throbs its last pulsations, the glazed eye opens and turns in one full, farewell glance of affection upon the trembling weeper who bends over him; and ere the spirit departs forever, the angels hear the pale wife whisper—"I'll meet thee,—I'll meet thee in heaven!"

Cheerfulness.—As often as I hear the robin redbreast chant as cheerfully in September, the beginning of winter, as in March, the approach of the summer, why should not we (think I) give us cheerful entertainment to the hoary, frosty hairs of our age's winter, as to the primroses of our youth's spring? Why not to the declining sun in adversity, as (like Persians) to the rising sun in prosperity? I am sent to the ant to learn industry; to the dove to learn innocence; to the serpent to learn wisdom; and why not to this bird to learn equanimity and patience, and to keep the same tenor of my mind's quietness, as well at the approach of calamity's winter, as of the spring of happiness?—*Warwick.*

Our happiness depends very much upon the estimate we form of life, and the effort we make to bring ourselves into harmony with its laws. There are some who are unhappy on system—from weakly adopting a philosophy which lifts all beauty from the face of things, and imbues all their thoughts with a coloring of sadness. These look too much to the negative of things. With them, present joys are ever darkened by the shadows of future griefs.

Look Up.—So long as we confine our vision to mere natural laws, we keep ourselves upon the level of the animal creation, which never look above their instincts and the supply provided for them—which never go back to the sources or causes of things in themselves, or in the world around them. So long as we look merely to human agencies in the events of life, we keep ourselves upon the level of the temporal and the finite, never rising higher than the measure of human imperfection and frailty.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA

The world is too much with us!
We labor for its gain,
Forgetful that a mount of gold
Would never ease a pain!
And not Golconda's diamonds,
Fresh from the midnight mine,
Could win one ray of heavenly peace
Down from the source divine!

The world is too much with us!
Our cry from birth is "Wealth!"
We hurry on, regardless
Of happiness or health,
To pile up gloated treasures,
Increase our stocks and lands,
Forgetful that a beggar man
Holds out his bony hands!

The world is too much with us!
Friendship we scorn and slight;
No time for sentimental trust—
On, onward in the fight!
We woo the coquette, Fortune,
With e'er unsated thirst—
Push by our fellow mortals
To grasp the bubble first!

Ah! all this life is not too long
To labor and *enjoy*!
For little play and all hard work
Made Jacky a dull boy.
Then let us spice our toil with smiles,
Our lives with cheerful days,
And through the whole lift up our hearts
In our Creator's praise!

Farmington, N. H., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TRAVEL.

If we accept as true what Mr. John M. Daniel, late Minister to Sardinia, says, that "the chief enjoyment of travel is in anticipation and memory," and if his neglect to indicate whether the expectation of *seeing* or the satisfaction of *having seen* foreign countries affords the greatest pleasure, leads us to conclude that, at least, with reference to this particular object, these two states of mind are equally agreeable, those of us who journey for the gratification of curiosity, will be puzzled to know when to commence our tour of observation.—Doubtless, the majority of persons who go abroad make improvement as well as pleasure the aim of their wanderings; they look upon travel as an easy and entertaining way of gaining knowledge—an elegant means of education—and to this class of tourists it is surely of some consequence, not so much at what time of life, as at what stage of culture their travels occur. Another class of travelers, like the Livingstones and Taylors, who undertake journeys, perhaps less for self-improvement than for the purpose of contributing to the general enlightenment, are still further bound to choose the most favorable period for making their explorations—the time when the advantages of education, combined with the faculty of observation and the power of bodily endurance, shall enable them to make their travels of the greatest public benefit.—Mere pleasure seekers—people who go abroad not out of any curiosity to see objects of interest in other lands, but because they enjoy the excitement of change from place to place, and find it irksome to remain at home, and others who visit foreign countries because it is fashionable—a stereotyped expedient—to create a sensation in their own little world, and to gain social *eclat*—these will never recognize the need of any intellectual preparation for travel; and, as with the object they have in view, the outfit required is evidently of a material nature, they may set forth whenever they obtain the necessary means for the prosecution of their journey.

There is a certain advantage in traveling in early life sure to be fully appreciated by those who are impatient of study and in haste to see the world, and another and more decided advantage in putting it off later. In the former case, one enjoys longer the remembrance of what he has seen and heard in foreign lands, and so far as he has profited by his opportunities, the benefit extends over a longer period of his life,—in the latter case, he may see and hear to better purpose after his taste has been formed by study, his mind enlarged by reading, and his judgment ripened by years and experience. Indeed, speaking with all the positiveness that a lack of personal experience allows, the young who go abroad thinking to find in travel a compensation, much more an over-balance for the advantages of regular school discipline, must, so far as the solid results of the experiment are concerned, be disappointed. There is no denying that actual observation of persons and places gives even a superficial traveler a certain superiority over the most diligent, stay-at-home reader; but a comparison of the sums of knowledge gained by two persons of equal natural abilities, one of whom has spent his youth in systematic endeavor to learn what he could of the history, language, literature, laws, &c., of different nations, the other in passing from one country to another, dependent on guide-books to tell him what he wanted to see, picking up what information he was able under the disadvantage of unsettled residence and the more serious difficulty of learning at the same time facts and the vehicle of their communication—such a comparison will show largely in favor of the former.

The place which an intelligent person assigns to travel, in his plan of culture, will have an important influence in determining the amount and quality of preparation he will deem necessary. If he look to a leisurely progress through foreign countries as a sort of supplementary education—an opportunity to review what he has previously learned of the various nations of the earth, under the favoring circumstance of actual presence in the scenes and among the people to which that knowledge relates,—he is very likely to be satisfied with a less thorough acquaintance with the geography, history, domestic and public economy, language, &c., of the countries he proposes to visit, than he will wish he possessed when he finds himself in a strange land and undertakes to realize the full benefits he expected from his journey. If he admit the idea that the past history, no less than the present condition of any country, may be studied to better advantage on its own soil than thousands of miles away, he will be pretty certain to make that belief an excuse for hurrying over his historical readings, assuring himself that he shall repair all omissions, most profitably, during the intervals of leisure he means to indulge in on his travels. Pleased with the romantic prospect of reading the literature of a people under its native skies, he will jealously abstain from anticipating any share of the delight he promises himself from the master-works of Poetry, Fiction and Philosophy of a language, lest previous acquaintance impair the effect of the perusal he looks forward to enjoying under such happy conditions. In this way, between calculations of policy and sentimental considerations, he heaps up a formidable amount of reading to be disposed of at a time when he has a great deal else to occupy his attention; and when, indeed, it cannot be properly accomplished without changing the character of his stay abroad from a *journey* to a *residence*. For a traveler, even when not hurried, always finds plenty of employment for his eyes in looking about and learning what the country through which he passes is *at present*—an investigation of its *past* is not included in the legitimate objects of travel—but as all the knowledge we can gain of the history of a country before seeing it, will unquestionably help us to appreciate its present condition, any one contemplating a foreign tour will do well to consider the expediency of getting ready before he starts. A.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

STICK TO IT.

Yes, "stick to it," whatever may be your calling, and success will inevitably crown your efforts.—There is no saying more true than that a "rolling stone gathers no moss." We may mark it where we will, those who are constantly changing, are obliged to change forever, while those who stick to their business always have something to stick to. Are you a mechanic and does labor sometimes seem tiresome?—put away such thoughts, take hold with renewed courage and "stick to it"—you will feel better, the bread that you earn will taste sweeter. Are you a farmer, and do you often think there is an easier way to earn a living than by the sweat of the brow?—yours is a great mistake, the farmer is really the most independent man in the world, his fortune is secured in the fruitful soil—his is an honorable calling. Are you a student?—be never discouraged, "stick to it," there are many priceless gems concealed in the casket of knowledge which will be yours if you only persevere.

Yes, stick to your business young man—let not a false glitter draw you away—there is everything done at the present time to disparage labor—anyway to get rich and not work for it. Still, no one fails to see that those are the most successful who stick to their business in spite of wind or tide—no character is more despicable than the undecided man—one who sits on the fence ready to jump either way is not worthy the name of man. In all our endeavors we should always find out the right way, and then "stick to it."

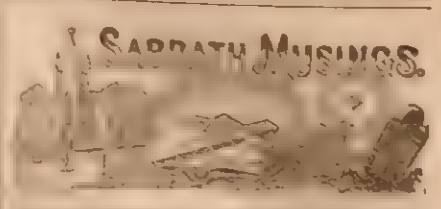
Cayuga, N. Y., 1859. Amelia.

MEN OF LITERARY GENIUS.

Tasso's conversation was neither gay nor brilliant. Dante was either taciturn or satirical.—Butler was sullen or biting. Gray seldom talked or smiled. Hogarth and Swift were very absent-minded in company. Milton was very unsociable, and even irritable, when pressed into conversation. Kirwan, though copious and eloquent in public addresses, was meager and dull in colloquial discourse. Virgil was heavy in conversation. La Fontaine appeared heavy, coarse and stupid; he could not speak and describe what he had just seen; but then he was the model of poetry. Chaucer's silence was more agreeable than his conversation. Dryden's conversation was slow and dull, his humor saturnine and reserved. Corneille in conversation was so insipid that he never failed in wearying; he did not even speak correctly that language of which he was such a master. Ben Johnson used to sit silent in company and suck his wine and their humors. Southey was stiff, sedate, and wrapped up in asceticism. Addison was good company with his intimate friends, but in mixed company he preserved his dignity by a stiff and reserved silence. Fox in conversation never flagged, his animation and variety were inexhaustible. Dr. Bentley was loquacious, so also was Grotius. Goldsmith "wrote like an angel, and talked like Poor Poll." Burke was entertaining, enthusiastic, and interesting in conversation. Curran was a convivial deity. Leigh Hunt was "like a pleasant stream" in conversation. Carlyle doubts, objects and constantly demurs.

Character.—The differences of character are never more distinctly seen than in times when men are surrounded by difficulties and misfortunes. There are some who, when disappointed by the failure of an undertaking from which they had expected great things, make up their minds at once to exert themselves no longer against what they call fate, as if, thereby, they could avenge themselves upon fate; others grow desponding and hopeless; but a third class of men will rouse themselves just at such moments, and say to themselves, "The more difficult it is to attain my ends, the more honorable it will be;" and this is a maxim which every one should impress upon himself as a law. Some of those who are guided by it, prosecute their plans with obstinacy, and perish; others, who are more practical men, if they have failed in one way, will try in another.

Books.—Books are standing counsellors and preachers—always at hand and always disinterested; having this advantage over oral instructors, that they are ready to repeat their lesson as often as we please.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FAITH ETCHINGS.

Come ye that are a'weary and o'er-laden
With this world's toil and care,
Repose awhile, and give the task you've taken
To God and holy prayer.

The bow o'er-strung will lose its lastic tension—
The mind o'er-charged will fail—
Except that heaven receives its daily pension,
Our works will not avail.

Fair days are often crowded out of season,
And we are wont to chide—
'Tis prayer alone can bring us back to reason,
And help our grief subside.

Each couch of sickness, fraught with pain and sorrow
Finds glad relief in death,
Why mourn we, then? it may be, on the morrow,
God may require *our* breath.

Nay, mourn not! but with saddened hearts uplifted
Reveal our earthly woe,
And ask to have our sin from virtue sifted,
And we prepared to go.

And then our path with roses shall be blended,
Though some may have a thorn,
Our march with music sweet will be attended,
And faith our lives adorn.

Dedham, Mass., 1859. E. W. K.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

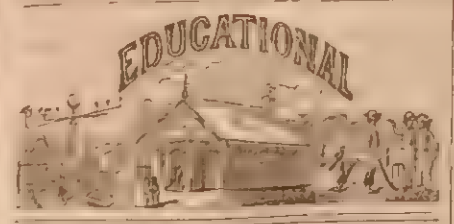
RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

What *is* the Gospel? Very crude notions are entertained on this point. We hear of a *Temperance* Gospel, an *Anti-Slavery* Gospel, &c. "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you," is a Gospel command, says one. How absurd! It is no more Gospel than is an edict of an earthly potentate. It is simply *law!* As such, it is a reflection of the mind, will, and character of a perfect Jehovah, in the light of which we see *our fallen* state. As if all within the lids of the Bible is Gospel! "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him might not perish, but have eternal life," *is* Gospel. This, and this only, is. But how few, comparatively, accept this definition in its Divine simplicity, and hang their hopes alone on the word of promise. And how many public teachers, even, seem to "darken counsel" in efforts to mingle Law and Gospel, which should ever be held clear and distinct. Will not another Luther be needed to rescue the doctrine of justification by faith alone, from the rubbish and darkness of the *legalism* of our day? Repentance, and faith, and love, are held up as *conditions* of our acceptance, when the offer "is without money and without price." If *love* must *precede* acceptance or justification, and is itself the fulfilling of the law, is there not room for "boasting?" How much more Scriptural to place repentance, love, and all good works as *fruits* of faith, and our justification upon the one only ground of "faith in our Lord Jesus Christ," and that, not in the light of a *condition*, upon the compliance with which we are accepted, but because through it, that is, faith, which is given us, do we apprehend the forgiving mercy of God, for the reason that *through no other medium can we?* This is all against our natural heart, which greatly desires to have a part in the matter; "to work out its own salvation with fear and trembling," in the sense in which these words are sometimes taken. We are thus justified through "faith alone." We give to God the whole glory of our salvation. The creature is humbled, and God is exalted. Christ becomes to us our "All *in* All." And we draw large measures of comfort from the Divinely proclaimed truth, "blessed is the man to whom God imputeth righteousness without works."

This simple Gospel is the Divinely appointed instrumentality for the reformation and conversion of the world. No other will succeed, or even approximate to success, else is that not true which God hath spoken. But how is this truth contemned even in the Church! See how many are full of legal reasonings and immersed all over in reformatory schemes of man's devising, which have for their foundation either the selfishness of the heart or hatred of the truth, and which never did nor never will renovate a single heart, not being for such purpose adapted or designed! And it is a lame defence of them to say that they subserve the purpose of "preparing the way" for the Gospel, after it has been announced from Heaven that "I am the way." In the estimation of this class, the Gospel is a weak and insufficient instrumentality, and must needs be coupled with *legal* codes and penalties, and even made to hold a subordinate place to their own vain measures. Of old, "it was to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks, foolishness;" and eighteen centuries later it is regarded in the same light.

Neglecting Salvation.—Most of the calamities of life are caused by simple neglect. By neglect of education, children grow up in ignorance. By neglect, a farm grows up to weeds and briars; by neglect, a house goes to decay; by neglect of sowing, a man will have no harvest; by neglect of reaping, the harvest will rot in the field. No worldly interest can prosper where there is neglect; and may it not be so in religion? There is nothing in earthly affairs that is valuable, that will not be ruined if it is not attended to, and why may it not be so with the concerns of the soul? Let no one infer, therefore, that because he is not a drunkard or an adulterer or a murderer, that he will be saved. Such an inference would be as irrational as it would be for a man to infer that because he is not a murderer his farm will produce a harvest, or that because he is not an adulterer therefore his merchandise will take care of itself. Salvation would be worth nothing, if it cost no effort—and there will be no salvation where no effort is put forth.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE DOMINICAL LETTER.

As an explanation of the meaning and use of the Dominical Letter is seldom found in any book or paper, perhaps an article respecting it may not be uninteresting to many RURAL readers. The writer heard it explained by one of his teachers some years since, but has never seen an explanation in print, though some old arithmetic is said to contain one.

The first seven letters of the alphabet are used for the purpose of determining the day of the week, or month, without referring to a calendar or almanac. Let us observe, in the first place, how these letters are applied to the days of the year.—The first day of the year is designated by the letter A, the second by B, the third by C, and so on, repeating the letter for every seven days. Now, by continuing thus through the year, and noting the letters which fall on the first days of the months, we shall find that they occur in the following order, A, D, D, G, B, E, G, C, F, A, D, F. These twelve (seven different) letters constitute the basis of reckoning for any year. A always designating the first day of January, D the first of February, D the first of March, and so on. The following couplet will assist in remembering their order:

At Dover Dwells George Brown Esquire,
Good Carlos Finch And David Fryer.

Let us now consider how the seven letters are applied to the days of the week. Since A always designates the first day of the year, it necessarily designates the days of the week on which it occurred, also; B the day following, and so on. If the first of January occurs on Friday, then A will designate Friday, B Saturday, &c.; if on Tuesday, then A will designate Tuesday, B Wednesday, &c. We see then, that the same letter designates different days of the week in different years, but the same day of the week throughout the same year.

By knowing the letter designating a particular day of the week, we know at once the letters for the other days of the week. The letter designating *Sunday* is the one fixed on from which to reckon. It is generally given in the Almanac, and is called the Dominical (*dies Domini*, Lord's day, or Sunday,) letter.

Since the day of the week on which the first of January occurs is designated by A, the day following by B, &c., we readily ascertain the Dominical letter, as it is the one falling on Sunday. Thus, when the first of January occurs on Wednesday, the letter falling on Sunday is *E*, which is the Sunday or Dominical letter for the year. The first of January this year occurred on Saturday, and the Sunday or Dominical letter is *B*. Now, on what day of the week will the 4th of July occur? By the couplet, the 1st of July is G. Then the 4th is C, or Monday. On what day will Christmas occur? The 1st of December is F; then the 22d is F, and the 25th B, or Sunday. Again, it is the second Wednesday of May, what day of the month is it? The 1st of May is B, or Sunday, then Wednesday is the 4th, and the second Wednesday the 11th. It is the third Friday in October, what day of the month is it? The 1st of October is A, or Saturday, then Friday is the 7th, and the third Friday is the 21st.

The Sunday, or Dominical, of 1857 was D. Then the 1st of July being G, the 4th was C, or Saturday. The 1st of May being B, was Friday. Then the first Wednesday was the 6th, and the second the 13th. There are two Dominical letters for leap year. The first letter is used for the first two months: and the second, which is the letter preceding the first in the order of the alphabet, is used for the remaining ten months, and compensates for the additional day in February. The Dominical letter of any year is the letter preceding, in the order of the alphabet, the Dominical letter of the preceding year. E. M. C.

House of Refuge, Rochester, N. Y., 1859.

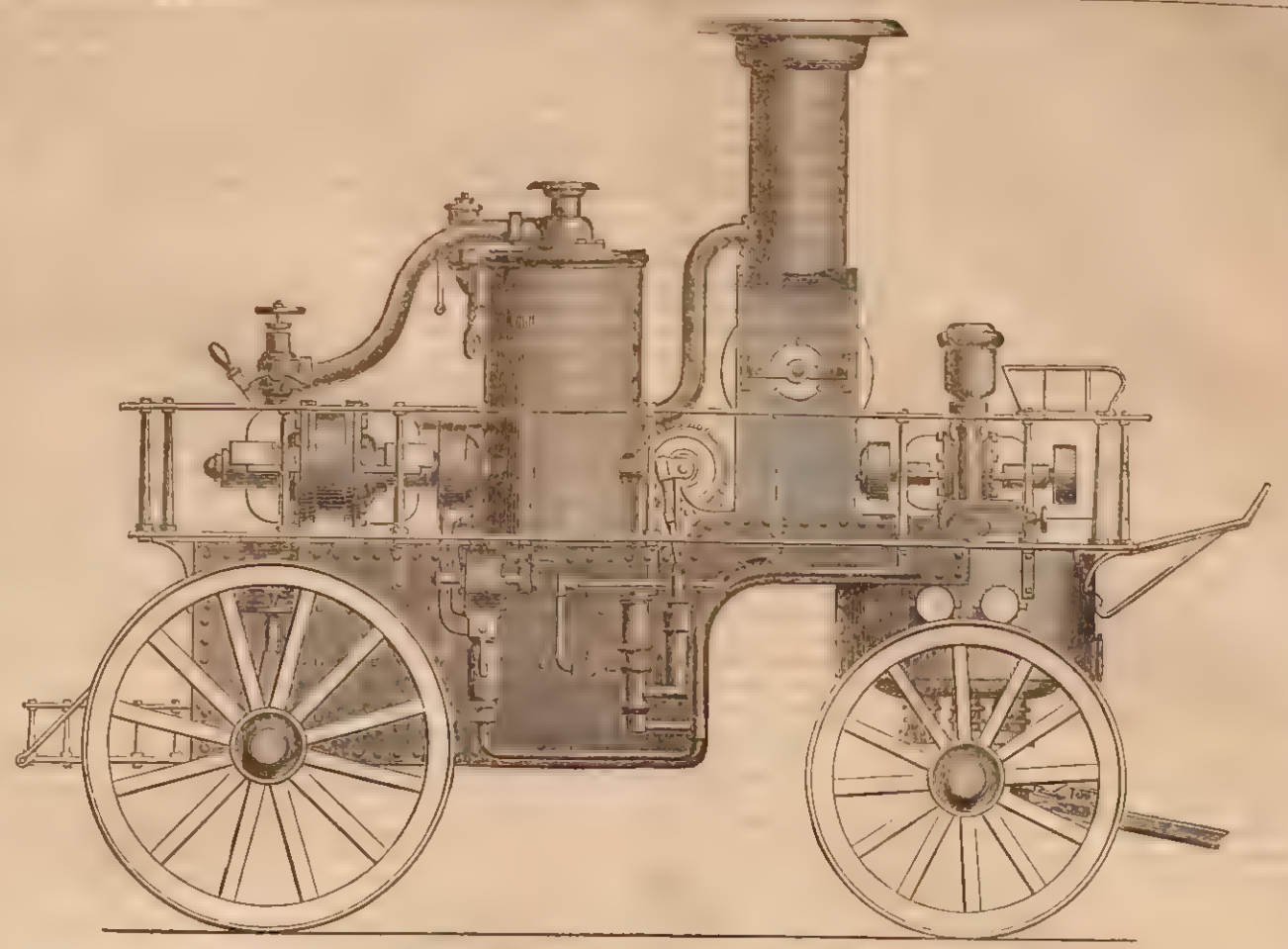
Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SCHOOLS FOR MECHANICS.

CAN there not be a system of education adopted for the express benefit of the practical Mechanic? The few schools now in existence do not meet their demands. From the apprentice to the journeyman, and from the journeyman to the master, are encountered the whims and prejudices of an ignorant set of copyists, relying upon the say-so of this, that, and the other; issuing rules without reason, they live and die utter failures in the knowledge of true mechanism. What, then, can be expected of the scholar who is dependent upon such teachers?—The worse than lost months and years of the apprentice tell the tale in too strong language to be misunderstood. But the question arises, how can it be otherwise, as in this case, practical as well as theoretical knowledge is essential? Establish schools combining the advantages of both,—employ scientific men to lecture upon subjects bearing directly upon this branch of education,—in short, do something to lift us as a class out of this horrible pit of miry clay, and place us where the light of science can shine in upon the every-day labor of the most humble mechanic. Then shall the dull monotony of the workshop be exchanged for new volumes of thought, and the old fogy notions that have rode us like a nightmare, shall be thrown to the winds, while the useful and ornamental, with one consent, will join hands, and science, the parent of both, shall guide them in their onward course.

West Andover, Ohio, 1859. T. E. K.

EDUCATIONAL MATTERS IN WASHINGTON.—Senator Wilson has ascertained that at Washington, D. C., where there are 10,697 children between the ages of five and eighteen, 3,828 are in private schools, 2,400 in public schools, and 5,069 are in no schools at all. With a population of 65,000, and a real estate valued at $30,000,000, there is but $20,95[illegible] expended a year, and all the school-houses are not worth $[illegible],000.—*Mass. Teacher*



THE STEAM FIRE-ENGINE.

THE STEAM FIRE-ENGINE is becoming a successful and therefore popular "institution" in many cities, and is destined, we think, to take the place of ordinary machines, and human muscle, so long used to check and extinguish conflagrations. It possesses many advantages over the old fire-engine, with hand labor—such as greater power, capacity, &c.,—and must, moreover, exert a radical moral influence by dispensing with firemen to a great extent, who are not, we regret to say, always the most peaceable and exemplary specimens of mankind. Though a great consumer of water, the Steam Fire-Engine *don't drink rum, swear, nor voluntarily break the Sabbath*—three items worthy of consideration, and likely to be appreciated in many cities where rowdy firemen abound, and not unfrequently control the department.

The Steam Fire-Engine (Holly's Patent Rotary Engine and Pump,) above represented, is a Western New York production, and one which bids fair to add to its reputation in the line of valuable inventions and manufactures. It is manufactured at the extensive "Island Works" of SILSBY, MINDERSE & Co., Seneca Falls, N. Y. Three sizes are made, which are thus described:

"No. 1, throws 1 two-inch stream, 200 feet; 1 one-and-a-half-inch stream 230 feet; 2 one-and-a-quarter-inch streams, 200 feet; 4 one-and-a-quarter-inch streams, 165 feet. Weighs 10,000 pounds.

No. 2, throws 1 one-and-a-half-inch stream, 230 feet; 2 one-and-a-quarter-inch streams, 200 feet; 4 one-inch streams, 175 feet. Weighs 9,000 pounds.

No. 3, throws 1 one-and-a-half-inch stream, 180 feet; 2 one-inch streams, 175 feet; 1 one-and-a-quarter-inch stream, 220 feet. Weighs 7,000 pounds.

The above distances are made with a steam pressure of from 35 to 60 pounds. A working pressure of steam is generated in from five to ten minutes, and a steady pressure of steam maintained for constant playing for any length of time.

These Machines have now been a long time before the public, and have been exhibited in different cities and approved by the first Engineers in the country. The whole arrangement of the Machine is in special reference to the greatest degree of simplicity, safety, portability, durability, and efficiency. The construction of the boiler is such as to generate steam very readily and with perfect safety, as the tubes are always full of water, the fire passing around instead of through them, leaving a large space for the accumulation of steam. The very low pressure of steam necessary to drive the Engine, viz: from 20 to 50 pounds to the square inch, although it is capable of sustaining a pressure of 150 to 200, renders the boiler doubly safe."

These Western New York Fire-Engines are now in use in several cities—Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, &c., and are highly commended by the press and authorities of those cities. Having seen one of them operated in this city, last season, we might speak from personal observation of their great power, capacity, &c., but prefer quoting from journals whose editors have had frequent opportunities of witnessing their work when in contact with the devouring element. Chicago has four of these Steam Fire-Engines which have given great satisfaction. The *Chicago Daily Democrat* of Dec. 18, 1858, in a long and highly commendatory notice of the Steam Fire-Engine—speaking of it as "one of the greatest and most important improvements of the age"—says:

"On Thursday night last a fire broke out in a very valuable brick block on State street, in our city. Almost before the alarm bell had rung out, the writer of this was on the spot, and found the steam-engine ready to commence work. The result was that the fire was drowned out in a few minutes, having been confined almost entirely to the store or apartment in which it originated, but which was very badly burned, showing that the element had gained great headway before it was discovered."

The *Chicago Tribune* of the 12th ult., thus notices a recent fire in that city:

"The alarm of fire was given at five minutes to five, P. M. Within five minutes thereafter the 'Island Queen' Steam Fire-Engine was in position, and in ten minutes three Steam Fire-Engines were on the ground. I stood for a whole hour and saw an immense stream thrown from the 'Long John' engine on the rear of the fire. I stood for another hour watching a magnificent stream thrown high above the roof of the three-story corner building—the water falling upon the composition roof in a splendid paraboln, and flooding over the eaves in cataracts."

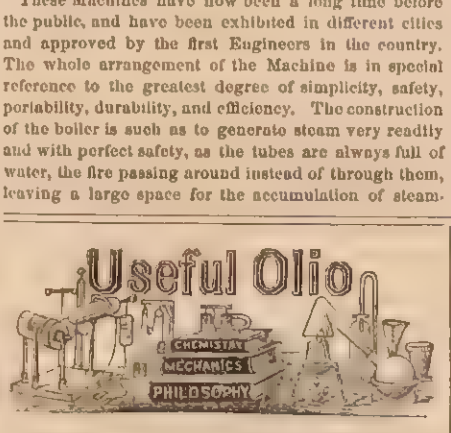
In noticing a fire in that city, the *Boston Herald* of the 13th ult., says:

"A fire occurred this morning in the four-story granite building, Federal street, and goods to considerable amount were destroyed. * * It had gained considerable headway, and had probably been burning for a long time. An alarm was immediately given, and the engines, including the 'Lawrence' and 'Eclipse,' the new Steam Fire-Engines, were soon on the ground. They were at once set to work, and the flames were subdued after about an hour's hard labor. A second alarm was given, calling together the entire department, including the engines from South and East Boston.

"The 'Lawrence' machine, which was stationed at a reservoir near Franklin street, did not work very well on account of a scarcity of water in the reservoir and the dryness of the suction hose. The 'Eclipse,' the rotary machine built at Seneca Falls, N. Y., was placed at a hydrant in Federal, near Milk st., under the direction of Assistant Engineer Hibbard, and worked admirably. In eight minutes after she arrived upon the ground, she had a stream upon the fire, and continued to work well all the time. She prevented the flames from spreading to the buildings in the rear, and thus saved much valuable property from destruction, paying for herself many times over."

A trial of one of these engines was had in Syracuse a few days since, which proved very satisfactory. The Daily *Courier* says:—"On the arrival of His Honor the Mayor and Common Council, the machine was 'fired up,' and at the close of four and a half minutes was throwing a beautiful stream through an inch and a half nozzle. At this trial, a constant horizontal stream was kept up for half an hour, that wet about 200 feet of ground. Two streams were then put on, and gave good satisfaction through an inch and seven-eighths pipe."

—We will not attempt to give a particular description of the Steam Fire-Engine, our main object being to direct attention to an improvement worthy of chronicling, and which we believe is destined to create a great physical and moral revolution in the Fire Departments of our larger villages and cities. The engines now manufactured—and we believe there are two or three different patents—may not yet be perfect, but the fact is established that *steam* can be substituted for *muscle* in this highly important department of labor, and the final result cannot be doubted. It is a source of congratulation, also, that Western New York—so recently an uninhabited wilderness—should invent and manufacture so valuable a machine, and furnish it to such an old-time city as Boston, the emporium of the "Universal Yankee Nation" of inventors and manufacturers.



"THE SALT, IF YOU PLEASE."

EVERYBODY has a partiality for dinner, and one of the most frequent expressions at a dinner table is the one which forms our caption, and in order that our readers may know something of the substance they are using, we will tell them a few facts about salt. Salt is a chemical compound of twenty-three parts, by weight, of a beautiful silver white, but soft metal, called sodium, discovered by Sir A. DAVY in 1807, and thirty-five parts of a pungent, yellow-greenish gas, called chlorine, discovered by SCHEELE in 1774—these two combined form this, the most widely diffused and useful of any one compound in the world. It is found in the sea, and in the rocks, from which our principle supplies come. The most wonderful deposits are in Poland and Hungary, where it is quarried like a rock; one of the Polish mines having been worked since 1251. These Polish salt mines have heard the groan of many a poor captive, and have seen the last agonies of many a brave man, for until lately they have been worked entirely by the state prisoners of Austria, Russia or Poland, whichever happened to be in power at the time; and once the offender, or fancied hindrance to some other person's advancement, was let down into this subterranean prison, he never saw the light of day again. So salt has its history as well as science. Other large deposits are found in Cheshire, England, where the water is forced down by pipes into the salt, and is pumped up again as brine, which is evaporated and the salt obtained. To such an extent has this been carried, that one town in the "salt country," as it is called, has scarcely an upright house in it, all the foundations having sunk with the ground, to fill up the cavity left by the extracted soil.

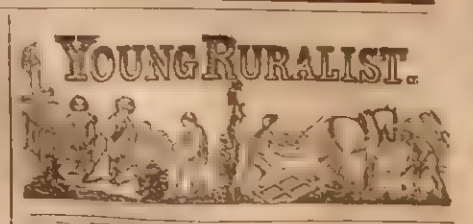
In Virginia there are beds of salt, and the Salmon Mountains, in Oregon, are capable of affording large quantities of the same material. The brine springs of Salina and Syracuse are well known, and from about forty gallons of their brine, one bushel of salt is obtained. There are also extensive salt springs in Ohio. The brine is pumped up from wells made in the rock, and into which it flows and runs into boilers. These boilers are large iron kettles set in brickwork, and when fires are lighted under them, the brine is quickly evaporated. The moment the brine begins to boil, it becomes turpid, from the compounds of lime that it contains, and which are soluble in cold, but not in hot water; these first sediments are taken out with ladles called "bittern ladles," and the salt being next disposed of from the brine, is carried away to drain and dry. The remaining liquid contains a great quantity of magnesia in every form.

"But how did this salt come into the rock?" is the natural query, and the wonder seems greater when we recollect that salt beds are found in nearly every one of the strata composing the earth's crust. This fact proves another, that as a majority of these salt beds, have come from the lakes left in hollows of the rocks by the recedence of the sea, the sea has through all geological ages been as salt as it is to-day. Let us take Great Salt Lake as an illustration, it being the largest salt lake in the world, but by no means the only one, as such inland masses of saline water are found all over the earth, but as ours is the greatest in extent, it will form the best example. It is situated at an elevation of 4,200 feet above the level of the sea, on the Rocky Mountains, and has an area of 2,000 square miles; yet, as high as it is, "once upon a time," as the story book of our juvenility used to say, it was part of the sea, which retired by an upheaval of the rocks, and that great basin took its salt water up with it. Should this in time evaporate, and its salt be covered with mud and sand, and the land again be depressed—then, at some distant future age, the people would be wondering how the salt got there, little thinking that the Mormons ever built a city upon its shores when it was a great salt lake. There are also, however, salt rocks, taking their place in regular geological series with other rocks, interspersed between red sandstone, magnesian and carboniferous strata; these we can only account for, as we do for other stratified rocks, viz., that they were deposited from their solution in water or carried mechanically to the spot where now found by that noble liquid. We fear we shall be accused of an attempt to put our readers in pickle, so will stay our pen, hoping they will remember these bits of information when next they say, "The salt, if you please."—*Scientific American.*

THE SCIENCE OF GOING TO BED.—The earth is a magnet, with magnetic currents constantly playing around it. The human body is also a magnet, and when the body is placed in certain relations to the earth these currents harmonize, when in any other position they conflict. When one position is to be maintained for some time, a position should be chosen in which the magnet currents of the earth and the body will not conflict. This position, as indicated by theory, and known by experiment, is to lie with the head towards the north pole. Persons who sleep with their head in the opposite direction, or lying cross-wise, are liable to fall into various nervous disorders. When they go back to the right position, these disorders, if not too deeply impressed upon the constitution, soon vanish. Sensitive persons are always more refreshed by sleep when their heads point due north. Architects, in planning houses, should bear this principle in mind.—*Selected.*

WE sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down, is weaving when it comes up to-morrow.

ALL men who do anything must endure a depreciation of their efforts. It is the dirt which their chariot wheels throw up.



QUESTIONS ABOUT THE MILKY WAY.

A YOUNG correspondent, in Oswego county, asks the following questions about the *Milky Way*:

1. Why does the galaxy appear in different positions, and of different brightness, in different seasons?
2. Is this change a regular revolution?
3. Why is it not visible in the evening in the month of May.

THE Milky Way is a belt, from four to twenty degrees broad, round the heavens, and of very different brightness in its parts. When the splendid star in *Lyra* is on our meridian, just south of the zenith, about the middle of August, this belt of whiteness lies from N. E. to S. W. The Milky Way always passes through the constellation *Cassiopeia*, in which is the W, a group of five stars, about thirty degrees from the Pole star, and it can be traced through *Perseus*, *Auriga*, *Orion*, to the feet of *Gemini*, and thence onward in the same direction south of the equator. It is this peculiar trace through the constellations that makes a difficulty in apprehending the apparent motions and positions of this belt, by some minds.

From the daily revolution of the earth on its axis from west to east, the stars, and of course, the Milky Way, appear to move round daily from east to west. Follow the motion of *Cassiopeia* through several hours of a clear evening, and this motion of the Milky Way will be obvious. And, as *Cassiopeia* is always above our horizon, the W is always visible when the sky is cloudless in the evening and night, because its distance from the pole is less than our distance from the equator; or, in other words, our place is 43° from the equator, and the W is only about 30° from the pole, so that some portion of the Milky Way will be visible with *Cassiopeia*. Because *Cassiopeia* thus appears to revolve from E. to W., the position of the Milky Way will be different at different hours.

From the annual revolution of the earth round the sun from W. to E., the constellations appear to move annually over our heads from E. to W.—Hence the Milky Way must have this revolution, and be on our meridian at different times in the year. But it is obvious that this motion of the Milky Way must be as regular as that of the sun or other stars. In three months it must complete one-fourth of this apparent annual revolution. The ancients knew this in all certainty, and its varying yet definite positions at different times. When W is directly west of the pole star, as seen in February, the Milky Way lies from N. N. W. to S. S. E.; and when W is due east of the pole star, the course of it is N. N. E. to S. S. W.

In the months of July and August, September and October, the most splendid part of the Milky Way is visible in our latitude. It is then truly magnificent. But in May the sun and this most splendid part of the belt rise and set together, and this part can be only partially seen for several weeks. But as the sun sets with this belt at the west, the opposite portion of it rises in the east; yet it has so much less splendor that it is little noticed, and many seem not to consider it at all.—In fact, then, some portion of the Milky Way may be seen every clear night in the year.

The irregular outline of this belt and its obliquity to the equator, ecliptic, and meridians, probably gave rise to the ancient myth, that when PHAETON undertook to guide the chariot of the sun, and could not manage the steeds and keep them in their true course, the sun set the heavens on fire, and the mighty conflagration left the Milky Way to be the perpetual memento of its desolating power.

Magnificent is the discovery by astronomers, that this white and beautiful belt is the mingled light of myriads of stars and suns too remote to be seen except in a large telescope. HERSCHELL reckoned that in one-quarter of an hour 116,000 fixed stars, in one part of the Milky Way, passed over the field of view. The larger telescopes, like Lord Rosse's, have shown multitudes more.

The name of this belt, among the Greeks, is in one form of it, *Galaxy*, the Milk-belt or circle; in the Latin, *Vialactea*, the *Milky Way*. In ages so remote, the *milky splendor* seized upon the minds of men, as the distinguishing property by which to designate this Wonder of the Universe. C. D.

Rochester, Jan., 1859.

INFORMATION WANTED.

I AM now seventeen years old, having always lived in in Lapeer and St. Clair counties, Michigan, with the shingle rivers and lumber men. My father being a dissipated man, I am like a stray dog without home or master. I have an opportunity to bind myself to a farmer during my minority. Will you, or some of your numerous subscribers, advise me as to pay, and how much I should get? Some say work by the month, from place to place. I saw in your last that FRANK had asked questions which you had answered. Please favor me. —WOLVERINE, *Macomb Co., Mich.*, 1859.

REMARKS.—It is difficult to answer such questions without knowing more of the circumstances. But we will say a few words that may be useful to our young friend. By working from place to place by the month, you may perhaps get a little more money than by binding yourself to a farmer, but we fear the money is all the good you would get. You would make a very bad bargain in binding yourself to some farmers, even though at twenty-one you would find yourself well dressed, with a thousand dollars in your pocket. By engaging with an intelligent, industrious, enterprising man, of good principles and correct habits, with an interesting, amiable family, and a HOME, you would make an excellent bargain, though you merely obtained a living. At the end of four years, unless there was something wrong with yourself, you would come out a *man* in body, mind, and heart, ready for the struggle of life. Your great object now should be, not to make money, not to make an easy living, but to make a man.

NEVER open the door to a little vice, lest a great one should enter also.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER AND NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 12, 1859.

Our New Dress.—As the dress donned by the Rural on the 1st ult., proves really beautiful and serviceable—and, moreover, is greatly admired by both Press and People, (numerous exchanges and correspondents having used very strong language in its praise)—it is but just that we should acknowledge to whom we are indebted for an outfit so recherche and becoming. The Type was manufactured by Chas. T. White & Co., of New York, of their improved hard metal, expressly for the Rural. It needs no praise. To render it more durable, we had it copper-faced by the Newton Copper Co. of New York. The rules, dashes, &c., were furnished by N. Lyman, of Buffalo, than whom, as we have said before, there is no more reliable or honorable type founder and printer's furnisher in the country. Our main title heading was "got up" and engraved by Mr. Mix, of the firm of Leadley, Miller & Mix, of this city. Most of the vignette headings of departments were designed and engraved by Mr. B. C. Van Duzee, of Buffalo. The corner pieces, head for Horticultural department, &c., were designed and engraved by Mr. Geo. Frauenberger, of this city. Though "good wine needs no bush," it is proper that we thus publicly acknowledge the aid rendered in making the Rural one of the most unique and beautiful journals in the Union.

Affairs at Washington.

The Secretary of the Treasury sent to the House, on the 3d inst., a reply to the resolution calling for the actual and probable receipts from the Customs, public lands and other sources for this and the next fiscal year, and for his opinion, whether the said receipts will be adequate to meet the public expenditures. He says that the receipts during the first quarter of the present fiscal year, ending September last, were nearly $20,231,009, as stated in his annual report. The receipts for the remaining three-quarters are estimated at $38,500,000, of which $37,000,000 were estimated from the Customs. It was believed that the quarter ending December last, would yield $10,000,000. The present quarter, ending on the 31st of March, $15,000,000, and the next quarter, ending on the 30th of June, $12,000,000.

Mr. Yulee, chairman of the Senate Committee on Post-Offices, is preparing a bill for postal reform. The proposition of a uniform increase of letter postage to 5 cents, has not yet been agreed to; a desire being expressed to have two rates—3 cents under 300 miles, and 5 cents for over that distance.

The Post-Master General estimates that about $1,000,000 is necessary for the transportation of the mails between the United States and foreign countries, and New York and New Orleans and San Francisco, and back for the next fiscal year. The larger part of the service is to be paid with the sea and inland postages. No new lines are recommended.

The special agent of the Treasury Department despatched some time ago to investigate matters connected with the California Mint and Custom House, has laid his report before the Secretary. It charges gross mismanagement and abuse, as existing in all the departments in California.

Congressional Proceedings.

Senate.—Mr. Wade, of Ohio, moved to postpone prior order, and take up the House bill donating lands to Agricultural Colleges. He was sure the appropriations would pass as they always do, and Cuba, backed up as it is by manifest destiny, and by Senator Slidell, of La., stands a good chance of making its way; so the Senate may afford to take up and act on this bill, the more so that the agricultural, of all interests, is the least fostered by this Government. The bill was taken up—yeas 30, nays 25—and discussed. Messrs. Gwin and Stewart offered amendments to the text, after which, Mr. Pugh moved to recommit the bill to the Committee on Public Lands. Carried, 26 to 24. The latter vote, on motion of Mr. Gwin, was reconsidered, and the further discussion on the bill postponed until the 5th ult., since which date we have not heard from the Capitol.

Mr. Pugh moved for any correspondence with Prussia relative to compulsory enlistment of persons claiming American protection, in the Prussian army. Adopted.

Mr. Bayard, from the Committee of Judiciary, introduced a resolution approving of Minister Reid's decree of February, 1858, regulating the Consulates in China, and declaring that no legislation is required to legalize it. Adopted.

The House bill for the punishment of counterfeiters of military land warrants was read and passed.

The Indian Appropriation bill was taken up and passed. Quite a number of private bills have been acted upon by the Senate.

House.—Mr. Wilson, from the Committee on Elections, made a report in the Nebraska contested election case, declaring Bird B. Chapman entitled to the seat, instead of Mr. Ferguson, the sitting member.

On motion of Mr. Regan, of Texas, it was resolved that the Committee on the Judiciary, be instructed to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill to define and provide for the punishment of polygamy in the territories of the United States, and restrain the people and authorities therein from interference with the federal judiciary.

The House passed, with amendments, the Senate bill relating to the N. Y. Indian reservation in Kansas. It set apart 230 acres for each individual Indian who removed from New York to the reservation assigned them under the treaty of 1838. The Indians are to have a year within which to make selections, and pre-emptions are to be received from the date of settlement. The money derived from the sale of lands other than those selected by the Indians, is to be paid to the treasury for their benefit. The Senate bill, with an amendment granting the right of way through the Fort Gratiot Military Reservation to Michigan, for Railroad purposes, with the privilege of erecting depots and work-shops, was passed.

The Homestead bill of Mr. Grow, which provides that any person who is the head of a family, over 21 years of age, is a citizen of the United States, or has filed an intention to become such, according to the naturalization laws, shall be entitled to enter a quarter section of any vacant or unappropriated land, and hold the same on condition of its actual settlement and cultivation was favorably acted upon.

From the Pacific Side.

The Overland Mail, with dates to the 12th ult., arrived at St. Louis on the 3d inst. The trip was made in twenty-three days, including a detention of twenty-two hours.

Rumors prevailed in San Francisco that 300 prisoners in the Penitentiary had been accidentally poisoned by the use of some chemical mixed with the flour. There was doubtless some truth in the rumor, but the matter was greatly exaggerated. The Probate Judge of Carson Valley had published a card declaring his intention to perform the duties of his office without fear or favor from any man.—A collision between him and anti-mormons was regarded as inevitable.

Gen. Kibbon was still prosecuting the war against the Indians in the north with great success. His troops had killed quite a number, and taken over 200 prisoners.

New diggings had been discovered about fifty miles northwest of the Gila river mines, yielding in some instances as high as $15 to the pan.

About 100,000 sheep were met on the desert. Many had been lost from fatigue and scarcity of food. At Apache Pass they encountered large piles of rocks in the road, supposed to have been placed there by the Indians under Magredaz.

On the Colorado, camp fires of the Apaches were seen, but no Indians. The roads generally are good.

The Supreme Court of California had dissolved the injuction to prevent the Fund Commissioners from issuing bonds of 1858.

Gen. Weller's message had been read in the Legislature, and was pronounced a very able state paper.

Business was dull at San Francisco.

Mexican News.—The details of the Mexican news by the Tennessee at New Orleans, is received. It is stated at Vera Cruz that Gen. Miramon would not accept the Presidency, but declined in favor of the restoration of Zuloaga and a Tobago constitution. This, it was stated, would cause Robles to pronounce in favor of the Liberals. Juarez, as well as Miramon, was much pressed for money. It is the universal opinion among the foreigners that the United States would declare for Juarez. The moral effect would be so great as to place that party in power within 60 days. The Constitutionalists, under Gen. Trejo, represent their cause as prosperous, and that the people are flocking to their standard, while their leaders talk loudly of victory. On the contrary the Reactionists are equally confident and threaten a descent on Vera Cruz.

New York Legislature.—Our Legislature is very busy just now, doing nothing. We learn that a bill for a canal tax of three-eighths of a mill, to be used as follows:—Erie enlargement, $420,150; Oswego Canal, $140,640; Cayuga and Seneca, $68,615; Black River, $63,780; Genesee Valley, $12,700; Champlain, $44,115; to pay interest, $125,000; has been *reported*, and there the matter rests.

The Haytian Revolution.

A letter received at Boston on the 30th ult., from Jeremie, Hayti, dated the 12th ult., says the Emperor has been compelled to return to Port au Prince with the rest of his troops, and it is thought that he will soon abdicate. The soldiers of Jeremie have marched up to Port au Prince. The people of Jeremie and the adjoining country are aroused, but will remain there. The Empress has advised the Emperor to abdicate.

Additional advices from Hayti were received on the 1st inst., from the brig Monticello from Port au Prince. But few collisons had taken place thus far between the Imperial troops and the Insurgents. Soulouque had advanced as far as Moro, and was meditating a march upon St. Mary. A conflict had taken place between two contending parties, but we have no reliable information as to which side was victorious. About forty of the Emperor's troops who were wounded, had arrived at Port au Prince. A republican movement was pending at the latter place. The Emperor had called for more troops, but could not raise forty men. Reports were current that Jacuel and Aux Cayes had declared for the Republic. The Emperor's forces do not exceed 3,000 men. It is the general opinion that Geffrard will be successful.

Business was nearly suspended at Jeremie and Port au Prince, an embargo having been laid on all coasting vessels.

The Emperor had placed his family on board a vessel at Port au Prince, and there is no doubt of his intention of making his escape from the country.

From Utah.—A private letter to a citizen of St. Louis, from Salt Lake City, dated January 7th, says that Judge Sinclair had adjourned the Grand Jury sine die upon the petition of nine of its members, in which they declared their inability to proceed in the examination of witnesses, in consequence of the excitement and violence manifested towards them. The jury was composed of nine Gentiles and twelve Mormons, and the factious spirit ran so high that revolvers were freely drawn. A general fight was, with great difficulty, prevented. The letter adds that any idea of an impartial jury or justice being obtained in that city is preposterous, and that martial law will probably be established.

The St. Louis *Republican* publishes a letter from Salt Lake, the 14th, stating that Judges Sinclair and Cradbaugh leave the territory in the spring, satisfied that their presence as federal officers, in administering the law, is merely farcical. The letter adds that there is no loyalty to the Government among the Mormons—that while, to a certain extent, they respect the power of law, they neither recognize nor respect its spirit. Neither murder nor any other crime has been or can be punished.

Kansas—The Gold Mines, &c.—A dispatch to St. Louis on the 3d inst., states that highly flattering accounts of the Kansas gold mines continue to be received. A rich quartz vein has been discovered at Ralston's Fork, twelve miles from Auraria, and shot gold abounds in several localities. The Fort Defiance dates by the Santa Fe mail are to January 21st. They say that the Navajo Indians acknowledge losing 200 lives, 20,500 sheep and horses, the destruction of 1,000 huts, and an immense quantity of grain, altogether valued at upward of $100,000, during the late war. Mr. Yost, in a letter to the *Santa Fe Gazette*, intimates that there is a disposition to deal too harshly with these Indians, and says that if certain terms are exacted it will turn them from the pursuits of industry and agriculture—by which they now support a whole nation of 12,000 souls, and sustain 250,000 sheep and 60,000 horses—and make robbers and plunderers of them.

N. Y. State Medical Society.—The Medical Society of New York commenced their fifty-second Annual Meeting at Albany on the 1st inst. A Committee was appointed with instruction to report some method calculated to insure more general vaccination throughout the State. After consultation the Committee reported small-pox more generally prevalent in the State at the present time than ever before since the introduction of vacoination, and recommend that the Legislature should pass a law empowering the trustees in each school district to exclude from the benefit of public instruction, all who have not been vaccinated. The Society elected the following officers for the ensuing year:—*President*—Prof. B. Fordyce Baker, of New York; *Vice-President*—Daniel T. Jones, Onondaga; *Secretary*—Sylvester D. Willard, Albany; *Treasurer*—John V. P. Quackenbush, Albany.

Destitution in Canada.—The Kincardine *Commonwealth*, states that appalling distress prevails in some sections of Bruce county. Hundreds of families are on the verge of starvation. Many of their best and thriftiest farmers are destitute of the where-with-all to carry them through till another harvest—the crops of the past year having almost proved an entire failure. We could enumerate instances where, even already, families are subsisting on a few boiled turnips, others on bread and water alone, and the supply so small, that it cannot keep body and soul together for many weeks longer.—Some have consumed everything in the shape of vegetation, and as their last resort, have slaughtered their oxen, which forms their whole sustenance.

Modification of the Massachusetts Jury System.—Petitions have gone to the Massachusetts Legislature for a law allowing Judges to accept a verdict from three-fourths of a jury in civil suits, when, in their opinion, the cause of justice would be served thereby. Judge Nash, of the Boston Superior Court, endorses the proposition. The general principle of the unanimity of the jury on a verdict is not proposed to be destroyed by it; but if, after long consideration, they fail entirely to agree, the Judge may, in his discretion, accept the opinion of three-fourths of them as a verdict.

From Paraguay.—Later advices from Paraguay, say that Lopez was busily arranging and drilling his troops, launching steamers, storing his magazines with munitions of war, and preparing to bar the waters of the Paraguay river with heavy chains. It is nearly time that something definite had come to hand concerning the action of this expedition.

News Paragraphs.

The gold fever is decidedly raging throughout the West, and hundreds of young men are preparing to start early in the spring for the newly discovered mines of Western Kansas. In many of the large towns, companies of 56 to 100, are organizing.

The lower branch of the Michigan Legislature passed, by a vote of 57 to 3, a bill for the trial of offenses upon information, and the virtual abolition of Grand Juries.

Wheat was raised this last season, for the first time, on the Island of Hawaii. Between 3,000 and 4,000 barrels of flour are now ground at Honolulu, all of which is produced from native wheat.

It is said that Brigham Young has excommunicated some three hundred and sixty of the Saints, for delinquencies of some sort; their fault is supposed to be too free intercourse with the Gentiles.

The New York Tribune says one hardware house in that city has sold this winter over twelve hundred pairs of skates—nearly five hundred of which were for ladies.

The Brooklyn Times says:—The dull season of New York is now at its lowest depression, and we are not aware that we have ever seen the time when the city looked more thoroughly bare of western business men than it is now.

It is said that the Emperor Soulouque has shipped a quantity of valuables on board a government vessel lying at St. Marc, and that should affairs turn against him he will make his escape with abundant solace for dethronement. The knowing old gentleman has also large investments in France, sufficient to soothe the declining years of a deposed African Emperor.

There were no less than 600 applicants pressing their claims for appointments as keepers at the Auburn Prison, at the late meeting of the New York Inspectors.

An unusual sight—in these days—of a British regiment on American soil, is to be witnessed in Boston, on the arrival of the 42d Highlanders, who are en route to the British possessions, via. Panama. It is probable that during their stay, while the steamer is coaling, the regiment will be invited to parade.

The original Yankee clock manufacturer has gone hence. Seth Thomas died at Plymouth Hollow on the 29th of January, at the age of 75 years. He was the originator of the cheap Connecticut clock, which in its early day was considered the great invention of the age.

Lead mining has been prosecuted with vigor at Galena, Ill., the present winter. The stock of lead now on hand at that city, amounts to 22,000 pigs, and it is thought that it will be increased to 40,000 pigs for shipment by the opening of navigation in the spring.

Old World Matters.

The R. M. steamship Asia, from Liverpool Jan. 22d, passed Sandy Hook on her way to New York, last evening—Monday. The following digest of news has been telegraphed.

Great Britain.—The Austrian loan of £6,000,000 was announced for the London Money Market. Warlike rumors continued, and notwithstanding peace assurances, the latest Continental correspondence say that confidence in the maintenance of peace was losing ground. Warlike preparations continued in France. It is again reported, but not believed, that Persigny would soon succeed Walewski in French foreign ministry. The British government was resolved to take sufficient measures to protect the English interests in Mexico. The Times' city article quotes the funds heavy and inanimate, and after regular hours experienced a further fall, owing to the statements about the Austrian loan and the contemplation of the navy estimates.

France.—There has been a partial recurrence of the panic on the Paris Bourse. The reported offensive and defensive alliance has been concluded between France and Sardinia. On the 19th, the Patrie had an article to the effect that the avoidance of war was not to be considered altogether certain. The expedition against the Insurgents in Algeria, was successful, tribes having made complete submission. The French garrison at Rome will shortly be reinforced by two regiments of the line. At Turin the belief of a coming war was decidedly increasing. Letters from reliable authority at Milan, say there was not the least chance of insurrection. It was also stated that the sending of troops from Austria had been suspended.

Austria.—Accounts from Lombardy still speak of disaffection, but no outbreak. Austrian reinforcements are pouring in. The amnesty for political prisoners in Naples is modified to require their banishment to America. The edict provided that all persons taken in any flagrant attempt against the safety of the State be immediately tried by a council of war. Leading journals of Germany were exceedingly violent in an attack on the French government, and urged the necessity of a perfect understanding between the Prussian, Austrian and German States. Popular demonstrations of sympathy and loyalty greeted the Emperor of Austria whenever he appeared in public. The Daily News says:—Prussia has signified to France that she would look not with indifference, but with great anxiety, on any unprovoked attack on Austria by France.

Commercial—*Breadstuffs.*—Richardson, Spence & Co. quote flour dull and nominal. Wheat dull, with a declining tendency. Corn tending downward, and quotations barely maintained. Mixed 28@28½d; Yellow 29@29½d. *Provisions.*—Beef more active, but all descriptions slightly lower. Pork firm at an advance of 2@3d; Bacon dull; Lard dull at 56s; Tallow firm; sales at 3¾@3¾6d.

From Turks Island and St. Domingo.—Turks Island dates of January 20, are received. Heavy rains since the commencement of the year. A large per centage of the salt had been wasted, and no likelihood of any more being gathered for three months. The stock on hand, 300,000 bushels, is at the shipping ports. A vessel at Turks Island from Port au Platte, St. Domingo, reports that place in a deplorable condition. Trade is very dull at Port au Platte, and confidence in President Santa Anna restored.

The News Condenser.

— The Police of London is 7,000 strong.

— Gov. Morgan has thus far signed only four bills.

— McCormick's Reaper patent expired on the 31st ult.

— The U. S. Navy at present has 83 vessels and 8,490 seamen.

— In opium eating, the United States is now said to beat China!

— There are thirteen thousand uniformed volunteers in Pennsylvania.

— A man died recently in a Philadelphia prison from the effects of cold.

— Wm. C. Conant proposes to issue a penny religious daily in the city of N. Y.

— Illinois has 10,238 public schools, with an attendance of 440,889 scholars.

— The Pennsylvania Legislature has abolished the office of Canal Commissioner.

— The rent roll of the Girard real estate in Philadelphia amounts yearly to $15,117.

— The finest Court House in Iowa has just been completed in Iowa City, at a cost of $52,000.

— It is said that Mr. Cobb's revenue bill abolishes no less than 17 New England collectorships.

— There are shad at Savannah, green peas at St. Augustine, and yellow fever at Tampa.

— Congress is said to be more intensely engaged in wire-pulling for 1860 than in legislation.

— A man was recently arrested in Philadelphia for selling forged autographs of Washington.

— The great anti-rent cases are now being argued before the Court of Appeals in New York.

— It is said that Brazil sends yearly into the trade about 80,000 carat weight of uncut diamonds.

— The Columbia (Tenn.) Mirror announces three deaths from cholera in that town on the 12th ult.

— The Supreme Court of California has decided that the Legislature had power to tax miners' claims.

— Five steamboats will be put on the Collingwood route, from Collingwood to Chicago, next season.

— The Traverse City (Mich.) Herald says there never was a drop of intoxicating liquor sold in that town!

— Rembrandt Peale's great painting of "The Court of Death" was lately sold for twenty thousand dollars.

— The ladies of Havana have sent a petition to the Queen against being annexed to the United States.

— The Reformed Dutch Church have decided to occupy immediately the Missionary field opened in Japan.

— The New York Express says that there are nineteen ocean steamers lying idle at the wharves in that city.

— The bill to repeal the law allowing parties in interest to testify in civil suits, has been killed in the Assembly.

— United States stocks, of various kinds, to the amount of five hundred million of dollars, are held in Europe.

— A Glasgow paper says one thousand cab and omnibus horses are annually driven to death in the city of Glasgow.

— The use of the shower bath has been abandoned at Auburn Prison, except by advice of the physician of the prison.

— At a recent meeting in London, it was stated that 416 starved to death in that city in 1857; and in ten years past, 3,292.

— Vice-President Breckinridge has gone home to Kentucky, in consequence of the ill health of himself and family.

— A fiend in New York, on Friday week, threw liquor on his wife's dress and applied a candle to it—burning her to death.

— The Massachusetts railroads have paid, during the last six months, between July and January, $1,600,000 in dividends.

— The Erie Railroad Co. has backed down from the regulations requiring conductors to register the names of passengers.

— Gen. Roble's success in Mexico makes the 54th change of government in that troubled country during the last 37 years.

— Miss Amelia Ross, aged 117 years, died last month in England. She lived in the regions of five sovereigns of Great Britain.

— Fifteen persons recently escaped from the jail in Ulster Co. The authorities begin to think that the jail wants patching.

— Since the issue of the first patent for the Sewing Machine, in 1842, 235 patents have been granted for improvements on it.

— Connecticut has now engaged in the whale fishery 54 ships and barks, 3 brigs, 11 schooners, embracing a tunnage of 20,756.

— A new telegraph line has been opened from Chicago to Cincinnati direct, via Michigan City, Lafayette, and Indianapolis.

— A boy preacher, named Williams, aged thirteen years, the son of a railroad porter, is creating a great sensation in Wales.

— On the 21st ult., J. L. Nixon, a practicing physician and Baptist clergyman, of Troy, Ala., was instantly killed by lightning.

— Gen. Cass has twice lately been attacked with apoplectic symptoms, and had the doctor with him all night on a recent occasion.

— The Rhode Island Census for 1774, giving the name of every head of a family, then residing in the State, has been published.

— The citizens of Bloomington, Douglas Co., Ill., recently passed an ordinance entitling women to an equality with men, as voters.

— The Fire Commissioners of Baltimore have decided to contract for two more steam engines. They have now four of these engines.

— The Virginia Committee on oysters estimated 12,000,000 bushels of oysters to be taken from waters of the Chesapeake bay every year.

— Serious fears of a forthcoming famine in Mexico are entertained. For over a year very little corn has been gathered or planted.

— A ball was recently given in New York for the benefit of a professional thief who has recently experienced a series of misfortunes.

— The christening of the twenty-sixth child of a happy couple named Wonters, at Lierra, in Belgium, is celebrated in the foreign papers.

— The Auburn Advertiser says that the State Prison in that city is now nearly full of convicts—there being 779 prisoners, and only 780 cells.

— After balloting for two days, the legislature of Louisiana elected Mr. Benjamin to the U. S. Senate for six years from the fourth of next March.

— A young Indian girl hung herself near St. Paul, on account of disappointment in an affair of the heart. Civilization progresses among the natives.

Brief Replies to Various Queries.

PATENT AGENT.—*E. M., Flushing, Mich.* In answer to your inquiry whether "J. Fraser, whose advertisement has appeared in the RURAL, is a good and competent hand to conduct applications for patents," we answer Yes, so far as we know.

W. G. & S. B.—*A. S., Ohio* As we have repeatedly announced, the *Rural Grocer and Steel Register* was merged in the RURAL over a year ago, and of course is *not* now published.

BACK VOLUMES.—*J. F. H., Ann Arbor, Mich.* We are unable to supply the first four volumes of the RURAL in any shape. We can furnish a few sets of the last five volumes, bound, at $3 per volume. The only volume we can furnish *unbound* is that of last year—price $2.

KANSAS GOLD MINES.—*H. W. N., Wis.*, asks about the Kansas gold mines—the best way to get there—and whether it's best to go at all or not. About the mines don't know definitely, nor the best way there. As to going at all, we say *No*—for, if you've got any land, you can dig more gold out of it, probably, than the mines. That's only our opinion, however.

ENGRAVING, &c.—*E. G. S., Crum Creek, N. Y.*, asks —"What is the meaning, in extenso, of the letters Del., &c, &c., appended to engravings." Del means the delineator or designer—the person who made the sketch or drawing—and Sc the sculptor or one who made (sculptured or cut) the engraving, whether on steel, copper or wood. Designing and Engraving are two professions, though some artists pursue both.

BINDING THE RURAL.—*L. E. H., Randolph, N. Y.* We do not bind the RURAL for subscribers, but can get it done in marble boards with leather backs and corners, at $1 per volume Other works will cost according to size, and style of binding.

Publisher's Notices.

TERMS OF THE RURAL FOR 1859.

Single Copy, One Year,	- - - - -	$2
Three Copies,	- - - - -	$5
Six "	and 1 free to Club Agent,	$10
Ten "	" " "	$15
Sixteen "	" " "	$22
Twenty "	" " "	$26
Thirty-Two	2 " "	$40

And any additional number at the latter rate—only $1 25 per copy—with a free copy for every Ten Subscribers over Thirty.

☞ CLUB PAPERS sent to as many different post-offices as desired, and after a Club is formed additions may be made to it at the club rate. See "Additions to Clubs," below.

TIMELY AND IMPORTANT
Special Notices to Rural Agents, Friends, &c.

☞ BACK NUMBERS OF THIS VOLUME can still be furnished, and are forwarded to all new subscribers unless otherwise ordered. Though our sets of back numbers are rapidly diminishing daily, we can still supply several thousand new subscribers. We shall probably be able to furnish the numbers for a month or more, yet as our rule is, "first come first served," those who wish to secure the complete volume should not delay.

☞ NEW CLUBS It is not too late to commence and form Clubs for Vol. X., as we shall probably be able to supply back numbers for a month or more, notwithstanding the large additions *over previous years*. Try it, Friends of the RURAL! —you who are in localities where the paper ought to be circulated, but has only a few subscribers, or is not yet introduced A little effort, NOW, will enable you to succeed

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS Are now in order, and whether they come (as they do daily) in ones, twos, fives, tens or twenties, are gratefully welcomed and receive prompt attention. Please note that any person forming a club of 10, 15 or 20, can, by adding to the list within one month, *reduce the rate of the whole number of copies*. For instance, a person sending $15 for 10 copies, can by adding 5 names, reduce the price of all to $1,38 per copy—by adding 5 to a club of 15, reduce price to $1,30—and, adding 10 to a club of 20, puts the price at $1,25. Many have already taken advantage of this liberal offer, and from clubs of 6, 10 and 13, gone up to 30, 40, 50, and over.

☞ DRAFTS AT OUR RISK.—We lose little money by mail, but prefer Drafts on New York (less exchange,) payable to our order, and which may be sent at our risk if carefully mailed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and each and all who form clubs, will not only receive extra copies, but their aid will be appreciated. We have no traveling agents, nor do we give certificates.

☞ For other Notices see last page.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Feb. 8, 1859.

FLOUR is without change. Prime Wheat has advanced 25 cents per bushel and sought for. Rye is a little better in price. Oats have lessened the range, but without advance in prime.

The little Pork now seeking a market is quickly bought up at the highest prices of the season. Eight dollars, for heavy hogs, was readily paid yesterday A. M.—the range of this morning is $7,50 @8,00

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		Eggs, dozen	15@16c
Flour win wheat	$6 25@7,00	Honey, box	10@12c
Do spring do	$6,00@6,00	Candles, box	12-@13c
Do Buckwheat	$2 per 100 lbs	**FRUITS AND ROOTS**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,35@1,45	Apples, bushel	40@$1 00
Red and White Canada	$1,30@1,40	Do dried	$1,50@1,75
Corn	70@80c	Potatoes	28@45c
Rye, 56 lbs ₩ bush	75c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Oats	48@50c	Slaughter	6½@7c
Barley	70@75c	Calf	10c
Buckwheat	48@50c	Sheep pelts	$1,25@1,75
Beans	75@80c	Lamb do	37½@38c
MEATS.		**SEEDS.**	
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,00	Clover, bush	$4,50@5,50
Do cwt	$7 00@8,00	Timothy	$2,00@2,25
Beef, cwt	$5,00@6,00	**SUNDRIES.**	
Spring Lambs, each	$1,00@2,00	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Mutton, carcass	3@4c	Do. soft	$3,00@3,50
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,25
Shoulders	6@7c	Do. Scranton	$5,00@5,50
Chickens	6@7c	Do. Bloomburg	$5,00@5,50
Turkeys	8@9c	Do. Shamokin	$5,00@5,50
Geese	5@6c	Do. Char	10 @12 c
DAIRY &c		Salt, bbl	$1,30@1,35
Butter, roll	16@18c	Hay, ton	$7,00@11 00
Do firkin	15c	Wool, lb	25 @43c
Cheese	9@9c	White fish, bbl	$6,00@7,00
Lard, tried	10@11c	Codfish ₩ quintal	$4,75@5,00
Tallow	5@6@6c	Trout, bbl	$5,50@7,00

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Feb. 7 FLOUR—Market dull and heavy but prices unchanged Sales at $5,45@5,60 for common to choice super State; $5,70@6,00 for extra State; $5,10@5,30 for superfine Ohio; $5,40@5,70 for common to fancy extra do; $5,75@6,00 for common to good extra Genesee; $6,10@6,50 for fancy do; $5,40@5,70 for superfine Western; $5,70@6,00 for common to choice extra do; $6,10@6,50 for fancy do; $5,40@5,70 for superfine Canadian; $5,70@6,00 for common to choice extra do; $6,10@6,50 for fancy do; $5,40@5,70 for superfine Southern; $5,70@6,00 for common to choice extra do; $6,10@6,50 for fancy do; $5,40@5,70 for superfine Western reds; $5,70@6,00 for common to choice extra do; $6,10@6,50 for fancy do; $5,40@5,70 for superfine Western whites

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PETER THE HERMIT AT JERUSALEM.

BY EDWARD C. JAMES.

From the holy hill of *Zion*—from the brow of Olivet
Beams a brightness never fading, shines a glory never set!
Night shadows with her dark wing, the twilight of the past,
And, like stars, the deeds of heroes glitter on her bosom vast;
But the mildness of a SAVIOR'S love, the constancy and trust
Of the Children of the Bible, shame the children of the dust.
Never knight in midst of battle toiled so bravely, suffered long,
With such strong, enduring patience as the Soldier of the Cross;
And from the mount where GOD shone in the glory of the Son,
From the mount where JESUS, weeping, cried, "*Father, Thy will be done!*"
A light shines o'er the toiling world, a beacon and a guide,
Recalling to His people how these martyrs lived and died.
Time, monarch of the ages, good and ill alike regards,
Unto each he brings his sorrow, unto each its joy awards;
But Truth with sacred presence and Faith fore'er strong,
Pursuing in his footsteps, divide the right from wrong.
Two holy, heaven-sent messengers, they tread their path sublime,
Truth fighting all the ages, Faith triumphant over Time!

* * * * * *

Shrill sounded the Muezzin from the sparkling minaret,
Bright flashed the day-dawn-banners o'er the heights of Olivet,
And the morning, golden-footed, with cheek of rosy red,
O'er infidel Jerusalem her glowing glances shed.

In the vale where Kedron gushes and the silver waters flow
With the melodies which CHRIST heard two thousand years ago,
Towards Zion's hallowed mountain a way-worn pilgrim pressed,
While hope, and fear, and wild delight, thrilled thro' his noble breast.

Outstretched before his eager gaze the sacred city spread,—
The home of Judah's children, the mount where JESUS bled;
But in the Hermit's heart arose a sorrow and a gloom,
For bright the Moslem crescent shone above the SAVIOR'S tomb.

In humble guise, but strong in faith, he passed the crowded way,
Where, lowly bent, each harneen hailed with his prayer the day;
Then sought the few whom Christian love had gathered where He died,
And found them spurned, e'en from the paths which CHRIST had sanctified!

But his was not the heart to bow beneath the weight of grief,
'Twas not in tears and mourning his spirit found relief;
Enthusiasm fired his soul with deep and thrilling glow,
And firm resolve was in his eye and on his manly brow.

Strange thoughts came thronging to his mind, desires unknown before
Awoke within the Hermit's breast a new and mighty power
To fire the souls of other men with hopes that filled his own,
To infuse through many drooping hearts the energies of one.

He knelt beside his SAVIOR'S tomb amid that trembling band,
His pilgrim's robe was 'round him thrown, his staff was in his hand;
They saw the lightning in his eye, they saw his proud lip curl'd,
They knew that Hope and Faith went forth to rouse a slumbering world.

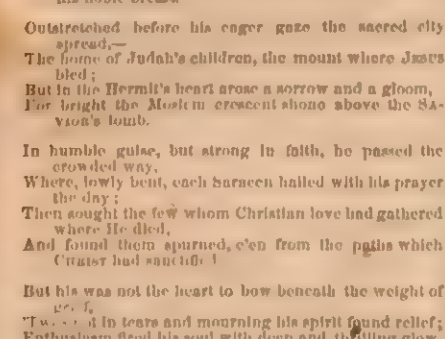
From land to land, with tireless zeal, the Hermit Journeyed on,
To call the peasant from his cot, the monarch from his throne,
He sought no rest, knew no fatigue, for on his vision still
The hated crescent gleamed afar from Zion's holy hill.

Then woke the startled nations, then rushed their armies forth,
From Europe's Western Empires, from the Kingdoms of the North,
Toward the holy city the tides of battle led,
And Hinnom's vale was stained with gore, and Kedron's stream grew red.

But once when quiet evening looked through the pale moonshine
O'er the red sands of the battle-field in sacred Palestine,
To the loved abode of JESUS the Christian armies press'd,
And the triumph of Duke GODFREY was the anchorite's conquest.

Still sounds the shrill Muezzin from the sparkling minaret
When morning throws her golden glance o'er hallowed Olivet;
But 'tis a strange, mysterious thing to wondering sages still,
The majesty—the boundless power—the force of human will!

Ogdensburgh, N. Y., 1858.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

JOHN EASTMAN'S LUCK.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

"THAT'S just my luck," angrily exclaimed a young mechanic, dashing down a note which informed him that, during his absence from his place of business, a gentleman had called to complete a partial contract with him for a heavy job of work, and, not being able to wait, had taken it to another workman.

"I was born to ill luck," he continued, "and there is no use in trying to contend against fate."

"How long were you absent from your shop, JOHN?" inquired a quiet-looking old man, who was sitting by.

"Not over an hour or so; perhaps two hours."

"Had you not an engagement to meet this gentleman to-day?"

"Why, yes, and started for my shop for the purpose, but I thought I would just drop in to SMITH'S, to see how that western land investment was likely to turn out, and, in the excitement I forgot the hour till it was too late—and there is a good two hundred dollar's worth of work gone, all for my wretched luck."

The old man smiled faintly, but went on questioning. "And how about your land investment—is it likely to prove as profitable as you anticipated?"

"There is another specimen of the way my cards turn up. It seems the man of whom I bought had no legal claim to it, and so my title is not worth a cent."

"How much money did you invest there?"

"Three hundred dollars—money that I have been laying by ever since my marriage to help purchase a house and lot. But it is gone now, and I am not likely to get anything beforehand again very soon. There is JONAS, he bought land at the same time, and now it is worth ten times the money he paid out for it—he always was lucky."

"I believe he employed an agent to examine all the deeds and titles carefully before he purchased, did he not, JOHN?"

"Yes, and paid him an exorbitant price, too; I never would encourage such extortion. Besides, EDWARDS, who sold me my claim, assured me that he knew it to be perfectly good, and I could never have had the face to question the honesty of an old friend and neighbor."

"It seems he had the face to cheat you out of your money," said the old gentleman, smiling again, but more faintly than before. "Is there no chance to recover anything of him?"

"None at all. JONES told me, confidentially, a couple of weeks ago, that he suspected all was not right, and advised me to keep my eye on EDWARDS, but I thought there was no hurry, and yesterday I learned that he had sailed from New York, no one knows where. So I have to make the best of my luck."

"You use that word *luck* pretty freely, JOHN—may I ask what you mean by it, and on what ground you charge all your misfortunes to it?"

"Why, you cannot deny, Uncle WILLIAM, that some men are constitutionally unlucky, while others, with no greater advantages, and seemingly in the very same circumstances, will prosper in every undertaking. I could give you plenty of instances here under our own observation."

"Suppose you give *one*, that will do very well."

"Well, then, I can mention none better than JONES and myself. We began life together as mechanics, with nearly equal advantages in every respect, except that I had a little the better of him, in inheriting that small farm of my father's. We were married at the same time, and our wives were both prudent, careful housekeepers—models in every respect. My family is no larger than his, but look at the contrast now. His business has gone steadily upward, until he has all he can attend to, with the help of several apprentices, while I, who have been always called the best workman, can hardly find employment for one. I am still living in an inconvenient, rented house, while JONES has a snug little home of his own, with garden, fruit, and every comfort of life. His children are healthy, and his wife looks no older than when he married her, ten years ago; while my poor MARY is thin and care-worn, and my doctor's bill is almost as much as my rent. I am sure I have made every possible exertion; I work as hard as JONES, but there is such a thing as *luck*, and mine, thus far, has been bad enough."

"NOW, JOHN EASTMAN," began the old man slowly, "I want you to listen to me. You talk about *luck*, and I, an old man, who has seen seventy odd years of life, I tell you *there is no such thing as luck*. The thread of your destiny was never put into the hands of the blind goddess, Fate, to be twisted and tangled at her will. I believe in a Divine Providence that overrules all things, but I believe that every man makes his own track thro' life, and is responsible for a great measure of its roughness."

"Then you would throw all the blame of a man's misfortunes upon himself. That seems rather hard."

"It is a great thing for a man to learn to distinguish between those things which are the results of his own unwise action, and those that spring from causes beyond his control."

"I admit this, but I am sure I have always tried to act according to my best judgment, and a man can do no more than that."

"If you will not be angry with me, JOHN, I would like to talk to you a little about your best judgment."

"Oh, there is no fear of that, Uncle WILLIAM—you know I always take your advice kindly, although I cannot quite agree with you in your ways of thinking."

"People that take advice so kindly are not sure to make much use of it; but no matter. When I came in this morning I found you in a great rage over your bad luck in losing that job of work, which I suppose went to JONES, as his shop is always open. Pray, who was to blame for that but yourself, for neglecting your engagement to meet the agent? And will the evil results stop with the loss of this one job? Those men, as you well know, have occasion for thousands of dollars worth of work in your line every year, and will it not be natural that, in deciding where to look in future, they should distrust a man who failed to meet an appointment in which his own interests were involved? Ah, JOHN, I see more *bad luck* in store for you there."

"I intended to keep the engagement, but the disappointment about my land put it all out of my mind."

"That land business, again; now look at that and see how much *luck* had to do with it. Which was the wiser, JONES, who paid a competent man for making sure his claim, or you, who trusted to luck, and the honesty of a speculator, and so lost the whole?"

"Well, I may have erred in judgment in some cases, but, after all, I am a firm believer in the wisdom of the old proverb, which teaches that some men are born with silver spoons in their mouths, and some with wooden ones."

"Very likely, JOHN, very likely, but the accident of birth is nothing, and the wooden spoon, if rightly handled, will carry more meat to the mouth than the silver one. All depends on the management."

The old gentleman took up his cane and went out of the shop, saying, pleasantly, "You must learn to carry your spoon more steadily, friend JOHN, or you'll never find it of much use, be it silver or wooden."

"Just like Uncle WILLIAM," said JOHN EASTMAN to himself as he locked up his shop and turned toward home, "he is always laying the blame of my misfortunes on my own shoulders, and yet one cannot get angry with him. Heigho! this has been an unlucky day to me. I would not care so much about the land if it were not for MARY, she will be dreadfully disappointed that the money is gone."

As he opened the door to enter his home, his wife looked up from her sewing, with a happier expression in her pale face than he had seen there in a long time, as she eagerly asked, "Have you seen Mr. WARD since morning, JOHN?"

"Now why do you ask?" replied he, with an involuntary sinking of his feelings as he half guessed the reason.

"He was here just after you went to the shop,—this morning, and told me to tell you, in case he should not see you, that he had decided to sell the house and lot about which you spoke last summer, and, if you wished still to purchase, he would make easy terms with you. You might pay three or four hundred dollars down, and the rest as you were able. I am so glad JOHN that we have at last a chance for a home; that place you know is exactly what we want, and the terms are so reasonable."

"But, MARY," began her husband, with the air of a man who does not know what he is saying, "I have about decided not to buy this year, my business—"

"Oh, JOHN, do not go to objecting. You have always been going to buy *next year* ever since we were married. There is nothing now in the way—the money you have in the Bank is just enough for the first payment—"

"Well, MARY, you may as well know first as last that I invested nearly all that money a few months ago in western land. I did not say anything to you about it for I knew it would worry you, and I had no doubt of being able to replace the money fourfold before we should want it, and so I should but for my wretched luck."

In spite of his efforts, JOHN EASTMAN looked ashamed, and felt very much as if he had been robbing somebody, and in truth he had robbed his wife and children of a pleasant home, to gratify his propensity to try experiments in making haste to be rich. No wonder he felt this when he looked at his wife, as she sank back in her chair, and gave utterance to a despairing sigh. In the ten years of her married life she had learned some hard lessons, and it was not often now that she looked forward to the future very hopefully, but all this morning her heart had been dwelling on the sunshiny picture of a home that was to be her own; a home that she might make beautiful for her children, that they might have it for a pleasant memory all their lives, linked with the thought of their mother. This was all lost now, and for a moment it was hard to let it go, but she was one of those women whose characters are best set forth in the few words, "*loving and patient*," and long before JOHN EASTMAN finished his dinner and left for his shop, her face was as calm and sweet as ever, and her husband carried its image away with him, to haunt him all the rest of the day.

"Well, I do declare," exclaimed Miss SALLY, the neighborhood gossip, as she watched from her window the comers and goers, "I do declare there is JOHN EASTMAN gone right by SMITH'S without stopping. Something must be to pay with his folks."

SMITH'S was the village grocery, and, as a sign over the window declared, the village post-office, a favorite resort for that class of *male gossips* so numerous in most vicinities, and it had long been a habit with JOHN EASTMAN to call in on his way to and from his shop. This day, to the great astonishment of others besides Miss SALLY, he walked rapidly past. Something was evidently "to pay," as that lady confidently asserted, and as the young mechanic took up his tools, and set himself earnestly to complete a long neglected job, there was a look of resolution in his face that was an encouraging promise for the future.

Towards evening the gentleman who had brought the work to be done came in, and was evidently surprised to see it nearly completed, as he had been put off so long. Before he left he mentioned, in a hesitating manner, that he had some more that he wished done. "I like your style of finishing rather better than JONES', but—" and he seemed unwilling to finish his sentence.

"I understand you, sir," said the mechanic, "you fear it will not be attended to in time. I assure you that I am determined for the future to confine myself strictly to my business, and whatever I engage to do shall be done. I have waited for *luck* long enough, and now I am going to make some myself."

"That's right, that's right," exclaimed the gentleman, grasping him cordially by the hand, "I always said there was no better workman in the land than you, if you would only stick to your shop and let speculating alone, and now I am sure you will succeed."

And he did succeed, although not without a good many hard struggles with his besetting faults.—Several months after the conversation with Uncle WILLIAM took place, the old gentleman looked into the shop, where he was busily at work, and called out in his cheerful voice, "Well, friend JOHN, what are you about now?" "Learning to handle my wooden spoon, Uncle WILLIAM, and I find it does very well since I gave up all hope of finding a silver one," was the young man's laughing answer. Only a few of the village folks have cared to inquire into the matter, but it seems to be pretty generally understood that JOHN EASTMAN'S luck has turned.

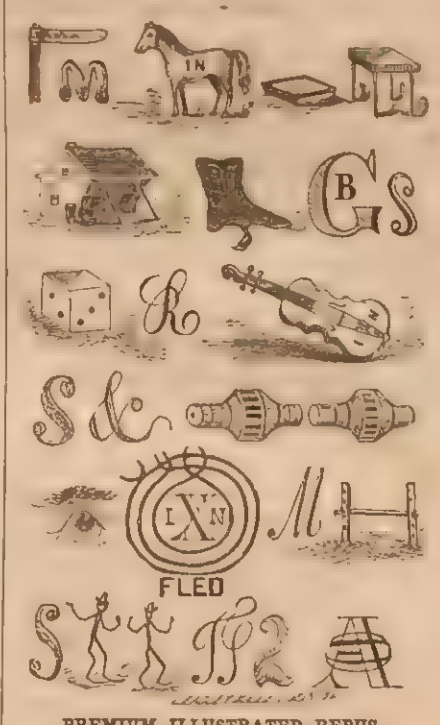
A MAN OF PLEASURE.—The most pitiable wretch on earth is a man of pleasure; a man who has nothing to do, or at least does nothing but enjoy himself and take life easy. That ease is the rust of the soul which dims its bright surface and corrodes its very substance. The most unhappy men we have ever known where those whom wealth (unfortunately for their own comfort) exempted from the necessity of working for themselves, and who were too sordid to enjoy the divine pleasure of working for others. One of this class, who had almost princely riches, and spent thousands annually on fine and fast horses, and the like, said to an intimate friend, "I am a wretched man. My life is aimless." Another of the same class declared that, often when he had met a funeral, he had wished in his soul that he could change places with the dead man in the coffin.—*Selected.*

INTEMPERATE exaggeration *diminishes* by *addition*, as the word *small* is made *smaller* by adding two letters to it. When a man asserts too much, whether in the shape of praise or censure, we take our revenge by falling into an opposite error and believing too little. The same effect is often produced by that confusion of ideas or terms which is designated a bull.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 17 letters.
My 18, 15, 12, 11, 7 was a celebrated historian.
My 9, 6, 7, 3, 6, 16, 3 is a command.
My 8, 17, 16, 4, 14, 11, 16 is a northern city founded by the Dutch.
My 2, 10, 7, 17 shows which way the wind blows.
My 5, 15, 16, 3 is an instrument of music.
My whole is a recent "institution" of President Buchanan. G. W. H.
Michigan, 1859.
☞ Answer in two weeks.



PREMIUM ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

To each of the three persons (residing out of this city,) sending us the first correct answers to above Rebus, within TWO WEEKS, we will send a Gold Pen (post-paid,) or the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1859.
☞ Answer in three weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 24 letters.
My 15, 24, 4, 21, 15, 6, 21 is a city in New Jersey.
My 5, 16, 4, 21, 21, 20 is a city on the river Danube.
My 1, 4, 6, 11, 22, 3, 20 is one of the Southern States.
My 21, 16, 1, 4, 17 is a river in Central Africa.
My 19, 23, 17, 7 is one of the most renowned countries of South America.
My 22, 4, 21, 23, 13, 3, 4, 23 is a river in New York.
My 2, 4, 12 is a river in Arkansas.
My 21, 23, 18, 14, 4 is a river in North Carolina.
My 9, 10, 6, 12, 14 is a lake between United States and British America.
My whole may be found in Proverbs of Solomon.
New York, 1859. ADELE.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

IF the base of a right-angle-triangle be 8 feet, the perpendicular 6—required the length of a line drawn from the right-angle of the triagle, meeting the hypothenuse 4 feet from the upper point of the perpendicular?
Orleans Co., N. Y., 1859. NOMAD.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

A MAN had a circular garden 100 feet in diameter. He wished to dig a ditch around this garden of the same depth and breadth in order to obtain earth enough to raise the surface of the garden one foot. Required the depth of the ditch? MARY.
Nunda, N. Y., 1859.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

CHESS.—The following is said to have been the most brilliant game in the recent match between Morphy and Anderssen:

(MORPHY)—*White.*	(ANDERSSEN)—*Black.*
P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th
P to Q 4th	P x P
K Kt to B 3d	Q Kt to B 3d
K Kt x P	P to K 3d
K Kt to Q Kt 5th	P to Q 3d
Q B to K B 4th	P to K 4th
Q B to K 3d	P to K B 5th
Q Kt to B 3d	P to K B 5th
Q Kt to Q 5th	P x B
K Kt to Q B 7th (check)	K to B 2d
Q to K B 3d (check)	K Kt to B 3d
K B to Q B 4th	Q Kt to Q 5th
Kt x Kt (check)	P to Q 4th
B x P (check)	K to K Kt 3d
Q to K R 5th (check)	K x Kt
P x P	Kt x Q B P (check)
K to his 2d	And Black resigns.

IN THE LONG RUN,

Honesty's the best policy.
Temperance is the best life-preserver.
Rest is the best physic.
Carefulness is the best health protector.
Perseverance is the surest victor:
Kindness is the completest conquerer.
Difficulty is the best schoolmaster.
Experience is the best teacher.
Trouble is the best man-maker.
Frankness is the best friend.
Piety is the best practice.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 473.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—I'm just the lady—ask me.

Answer to Surveying Question:—Course—10 degrees, 7 minutes, 16 seconds West. Distance—307.149 perches. Area—44.954 acres.

Answer to Riddle:—The cock that crowed after Peter's denial of his Lord.

Answer to Puzzle:

Persevere ye perfect men—
Ever keep these precepts ten.

Wit and Humor.

IRISH COMPLIMENTS.

THE following compliments were paid to Sheridan, in Norfolk, by an Irish servant belonging to Mr. Coke, who attended him on shooting excursions, and which Sheridan retold with great glee:

Shot the 1st (the birds all getting away)—"More power to your honor! Did you see one little fellow drop his leg as he went off? He'll never stand on his tin toes again." Shot 2d (ditto)—"Tare an' agers, there they go! But didn't yer honor hear the shot rattle among them like pase agin a windy? They'll pray never to see your honor again on this side of the country." Shot 3d (birds all off again)—"Tunder an' ouns! but they've cotched it!—(After watching them awhile.) There's three wounded, anyhow, for they had hardly stringth to fly over yon hedge; not a wink of sleep they'll get this blessed night." Shot 4th (a pheasant gets away)—"Well, I never seen a poor gintleman taken like him; he'll remember your honor many a long day for that. The spalpeen is carrying away more shot than would set up an iron-monger at Skibbereen." Shot 5th (a snipe gets off)—"Bothor! you may cry crake, my fine fellow—you may take your long bill to the other world. You'll wake to-morrow morning with a lumbago in your soft head." Poor Sheridan could stand this no longer, but gave his countryman a fee for his ingenuity, and proceeded on his beat alone.

NO TIME TO SWAP.—An Indiana man was traveling down the Ohio on a steamer, with a mare and a two-year-old colt, when by a sudden careen of the boat, all three were tilted into the river. The Hoosier, as he rose, puffing and blowing above water, caught hold of the tail of the colt, not having a doubt that the natural instinct of the animal would carry him safe ashore. The old mare took a bee-line for the shore, but the frightened colt swam lustily down the current, with its owner still hanging fast. "Let go of the colt and hang to the old mare!" shouted some of his friends. "Phree booh!" exclaimed the Hoosier, spouting the water from his mouth, and shaking his head like a Newfoundland dog, "its all mighty fine, your telling me to let go the colt; but to a man that can't swim, this ain't exactly the time for *swapping horses!*"

GOVERNOR S——, of South Carolina, was a splendid lawyer, and could talk a jury out of their seven senses. He was especially noted for his success in criminal cases, almost always clearing his client.—He was once counsel for a man accused of horse-stealing. He made a long, eloquent and touching speech. The jury retired, but returned in a few moments, and, with tears in their eyes, proclaimed the man not guilty. An old acquaintance stepped up to the prisoner and said:—"Jem, the danger is past; and now, honor bright, didn't you steal that horse?" To which Jem replied:—"Well, Tom, I've all along thought I took that horse; but since I've heard the Governor's speech, I don't believe I did!"

WILKINS.—"Really, this is not to be borne. Who are you, sir? and who was your father?"

HOMEBRED.—"Who was my father? My father was the first inventor of *threshing machines*. I am the first of his make, and can be set in operation at a very little expense, and at the shortest notice. So look out."

"SPELL cat," said a little girl of five years of age, the other day, to a smaller one only three.—"I can't," was the reply. "Well, then," continued the youthful mistress, "if you can't spell 'cat,' spell 'kitten.'"

A FAT man in an omnibus, a tall man in a crowd, a short man on parade, and a lady in a huge bonnet sitting before you at a public lecture, are declared to be four of the most unpopular personages of the day.

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☞ THE MONEY WE RECEIVE.—Bills on all solvent Banks in the U. S. and Canada taken at par on subscriptions to the RURAL, but our agents and other friends will please remit New York, New England or Canada money when convenient. For all amounts over $15 we prefer Drafts on New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Albany, Rochester or Buffalo (less exchange,) payable to our order—and all such drafts may be mailed at our risk.

☞ THOSE who are forming large clubs, can forward the names and money for a part, and complete the lists afterwards—receiving the same gratuities, when completed, as if all were remitted at once.

☞ IN ordering the RURAL please send us the best money conveniently obtainable, and do not forget to give your full address—the name of Post-Office, and also State, &c.

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CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

THE FARM AND THE FARMER.

"Much of the character of every man may be read in his house." This was a remark of the late Mr. DOWNING, and, though true in the main, must be taken with some modification. Persons must build according to their means. Many, had they the ability, would cause their houses to tell a far different story of their character than they now do. The log cabin or the cottage that has weathered the storm for a score of years would soon come down, and on its ruins a mansion would arise, bespeaking its owner a man of taste, and munificence, with a spice of vanity and love of display. In one-half the cases, persons who build are dissatisfied with the work after it is completed, and too late to make a change, without subjecting themselves to great expense. The house may show the character of the architect, but not of the proprietor, unless it is according to his taste. Not one in a thousand, if under the necessity of rebuilding would make the second house like the first, while many who build fine houses have little to do with the work aside from furnishing the means.

The *character of the* FARMER, however, may be *read in his* FARM in the most unmistakable language. He may *write* most elegantly and truthfully, lay down the best of rules, and exhort all to observe them with energy and zeal—he may talk most fluently, deliver agricultural lectures for the enlightenment of his fellow-farmers, which all may hear with profit—lay down maxims, which if followed would make every man a good farmer,—but all this tells not the character of the man. He may violate his own rules, disregard his own maxims, and like the drunkard who preaches temperance be a living example of the evils which he condemns. But the farm tells the character of the man in language so truthful and unmistakable that "he who runs may read." There is no opportunity for concealment—no chance for disguise. If the farmer is an enterprising, diligent man, it is told by the horses and the cattle in their rounded forms, sleek coats and bright eyes—in their playful, happy freaks, and in their quiet, comfortable repose. It is read in the growing crops and the well-filled barns—related to every traveler by the fences and the gates, the barns and the stables. It is heard in the lowing of the sheep, the satisfied grunts from the pig pen, and proclaimed from the very housetop, in the clarion notes of the cock. It is seen in thrifty orchards—in the air of neatness and thoroughness that pervades the whole domain. The farm may be small, the land naturally none of the best, the buildings cheap; but natural difficulties are, as far as possible, overcome,—and the owner, it is very plainly, to be seen, is the master instead of the slave of circumstances.

The slothful, negligent farmer, cannot hide himself. His character and his faults are emblazoned on the dead tops of his orchard trees—chattered by the loose boards that dangle in the wind—bleated by the half-starved calves—told in the pitiful looks and speaking eyes of forlorn horses and cattle. The poor fences and poorer crops—the fine weeds among the corn and potatoes, and finer thistles in the meadow, speak in living words the habits and character of the owner. The farm may be naturally the best in the country, the buildings costly, but these things only set off in more brilliant colors the forlornness that pervades the whole. Was this truth ever remembered, that the character of the farmer is seen in the farm, we think in many [illegible] to have their farms speak for them better than they now do.

ABOUT PUMPS AND WELLS.

THE common (erroneously called,) suction pump is a machine of so much importance, and in such extensive use, that all should well understand the principles of its action.

We cannot draw water, nor any other liquid, in the sense used when talking of drawing a saw-log—that is, by hitching to the end of it. Liquids are always moved by applying force under, or behind them, and never in any other way. The upward motion of water, in a pump, must be caused by a force applied at the *bottom* of the pump. This lifting force is caused by the downward pressure of the atmosphere on the water in the well.

Proof.—Water cannot be pumped out of a full, air-tight vessel.

This upward force given by the downward pressure of the atmosphere, is just sufficient to lift a column of water thirty-four feet. Therefore, if we could have a tube forty feet long, air-tight, and all the air exhausted, and with a stop-cock in the lower end, and then, if we should place the stop-cock end in water, holding the tube perpendicular, and should open the stop-cock, the water would rush up into the tube to the height of thirty-four feet. But we would notice that the tube filled much faster when the stop-cock was first opened than afterwards, for the reason that when the tube has become partly filled, the upward force must be partly expended in *holding up* the water already in the tube.

Now, take another tube, open at both ends, and have a piston fitting it air-tight, and place the piston down upon the surface of the water in the well, and, if you raise the piston, the water will follow it until it reaches the height of thirty-four feet. But you may move the piston twice as fast at first as you may when it is seventeen feet high, and the water will keep close to the piston. That is, the higher the piston is raised, the slower it must be moved, if you wish the water to follow *close*—for the reason that a *constant force* will move a body *slow* in proportion as that body is heavy.

Conclusions.—The lower valve in a pump must not be more than thirty-four feet higher than the water in the well—in *practice* probably never more than thirty feet. The pump may be as long *above* the lower valve as you choose—more force being required in proportion to the length and the size.

The pipe may be extended upward any distance less than thirty feet, and it may then be extended to any distance horizontally, and then again upward—but as there will be additional weight of water to be moved in proportion to the length of pipe, the motion of the handle must be comparatively slow, or there will be a vacuum under the moving piston. This vacuum will be least likely to be formed when the pipe below the lower valve is large—when the lower valve itself is large, and when the whole pump is short. Hence, cistern pumps universally work easy. C. M.

Lima, Liv. Co., N. Y., 1859.

IN the RURAL of Feb. 5th, I saw the inquiry about wells—how far water could be raised by pumps? As I have manufactured pumps for thirty-five years past, and have had a pretty good chance for information, I embrace this opportunity. I make them out of pine logs and put them into wells of almost all depths, under 40 feet. The principle is this: The weight of atmosphere is the same as thirty two and one-third feet of water, so that no water can be drawn up any further than that. But, in order to show what I mean, I will illustrate it.—Suppose a well fifty feet deep, and a pump reaches from top to bottom, and the water within ten feet of the top—then suppose another well, fourteen feet deep, four feet of water, and a pump in it as the other—these will draw water with nearly the same power, because the water in both is within ten feet of the surface of the ground. Then suppose a well fifty feet deep, with a pump in it, the water four feet deep, and the upper box, or bucket, that is attached to the rod and handle, is within two feet of the top of the well—this leaves forty-two feet space between the upper bucket and the top of the water—set the pump in motion and it will raise the water in the pump thirty-two and one-third feet—no further—no power can raise it higher. Pull out the rod and bucket and lengthen the rod so that the bucket shall be within ten or twelve feet of the water and you can raise a full stream, but the further, or higher, the water is raised, the more power it requires. I mean from the level of the water to the top of the ground.

The principle of the pump is this:—it *sucks* up the water, by taking off the weight of atmosphere, until it gets above the upper bucket, then it *forces* it up, and will force it much further if desired.—Those acquainted with the principles of hydraulics will readily agree with me in this—water can be drawn almost any distance, on nearly level ground, also up hill, if it do not exceed twenty feet—if more than that it would draw too hard.

Marcellus, N. Y., 1859. AMRAY WILSON.

FOWLS—DEBIT AND CREDIT.

EDS. RURAL:—Noticing H. J. E.'s poultry account in your issue of Jan. 29th, I thought I would give you a schedule of what my poultry have done. Perhaps it may interest some of your readers who are in the business:

	Poultry Dr.
Jan. 1, 1857—To 25 fowls on hand, 25c	$6 25
Dec. 30, 1857—To feed for the year past	17 96
	$24 21
	Poultry Cr.
Jan. 1, 1857—By 120 lbs. poultry	$11 65
Dec. 30, 1857—By 1,676 eggs	23 40
" " " By 23 fowls on hand, 25c	5 75
	$40 80
	$24 21
Balance in favor—	$16 59
	Poultry Dr.
Jan. 1, 1858—To 23 fowls on hand 25c	$5 75
Dec. 30, 1858—To feed for the year	11 41
	$17 16
	Poultry Cr
Jan. 1, 1858—By 11¼ lbs. poultry	$7 93
Dec. 30, 1858—761 eggs	5 87
" " " 9 live fowls sold at 38c	3 42
" " " 19 fowls on hand	4 75
	$24 97
	$17 16
Balance in favor of poultry—	$7 81

The foregoing has been carefully kept, and the prices fixed at what eggs would bring at the time layed, and poultry at the time killed. I make no account of house and yard, as I think the satisfaction of having good fresh eggs, and plenty of fat fowls at all times, pays well for the interest of money invested in henery. My fowls are a mixture of Shanghae and common fowls, quite large, very nice, very docile, and little trouble to keep in the yard. Lay very large eggs, (weight from 1¾ to 2 lbs. per dozen,) are well fed and pay well.

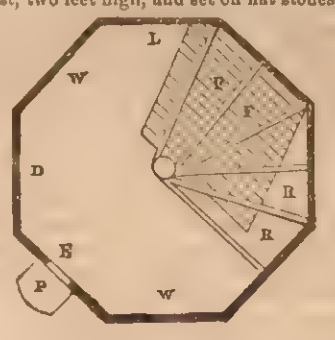
I am a mechanic, live in the village, have a small place, and keep my fowls shut in the yard most of the time. I would like to see more on this subject in the RURAL. WM. B. HATFIELD.

Medina, Orleans Co., N. Y., 1859.

AN OCTAGON POULTRY HOUSE.

FROM the number of inquiries received during the last week or two, we should judge that a great many people are designing to give particular attention to the raising of eggs and poultry, as a source of profit. Some questions asked, (such as, how many eggs would 1,000 hens lay in a year, and what would they bring in the market,) we cannot answer, while upon others, we shall endeavor to throw some light. Any of our readers having valuable experience should give it at this time, when there is a demand for knowledge on the subject.—We have on hand several designs for fancy poultry houses, suitable for ornamental grounds, but none better, all things considered, than the *Octagon Poultry House* represented in the accompanying engravings, as it is both neat and convenient. It was erected near Factoryville, on Staten Island, and we select it from "*Bement's Poulterers' Companion.*" We built one very similar but larger, and divided it into eight apartments for keeping separate this number of varieties of fowls. The yards were made of the same (octagon) form. The object of placing this house on piles was to prevent the encroachments of rats, mice, skunks, &c., and is a good method, as rats are very annoying, especially where they have a good harbor under the house, often destroying the eggs and killing the young chickens. Unless elevated in this way we would never use a board floor. Other plans will be given in future numbers.

This building is ten feet in diameter and six feet and a half high. The sills are 4 by 4, and the plates 3 by 4 joists, halved and nailed at the joints. It is sided with inch and a quarter spruce plank, tongued and grooved. No upright timbers were used. The floor and roofing are of the same kind of plank. To guard against leakage by shrinking, the joints may be battened with lath, or strips of thin boards. An eight-square frame supports the top of the rafters, leaving an opening of ten inches in diameter, on which is placed an octagon chimney, for a ventilator, which makes a very pretty finish. The piers should be either cedar, chestnut or locust, two feet high, and set on flat stones.



GROUND PLAN.

The letter D designates the door; W, W, windows; L, latticed window to admit air, with a shutter to exclude it when necessary; E, entrance for the fowls with a sliding door; P, platform for the fowls to alight on when going in; R, R, are roosts placed spirally, one end attached to a post near the center of the room, and the other end to the wall; the first or lowermost one two feet from the floor, and the others eighteen inches apart, and rising gradually to the top, six feet from the floor. These roosts will accommodate forty ordinary sized fowls. F, F, is a board floor, on an angle of about forty-five degrees, to catch and carry down the droppings of the fowls. This arrangement renders it much more convenient in cleaning out the manure, which should be frequently done.

The space beneath this floor is appropriated to nests, twelve in number, fifteen inches wide, eighteen inches deep, and eighteen inches high.—In order to give an appearance of secretiveness, which it is well known the hen is so partial to, the front is latticed with strips of lath. By this arrangement a free circulation of air is admitted, which adds much to the comfort of the hens while sitting.

GRAVEL ROADS.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Some of the people of East Bloomfield are doing a good work this winter in building gravel roads. As such winters as the present are peculiarly favorable for the business, and as many other localities are in equal need of the very essential requisite of easy locomotion—good roads—it may be well to remind your readers that what we have done, others can do. Winter is the most favorable time for building gravel roads, because gravel has, in most cases, to be drawn quite a distance, and roads become very hard and smooth by use when frozen, the place where the gravel is dropped is solid and it does not sink into the earth as when the ground is soft. It is a leisure time for men and teams, and it gives employment to a class of men who need the proceeds of their labor to live. Probably every man thinks he knows well enough how to make a good road, and yet experience in this, as in every other branch of manual labor, is worth something. I therefore propose to describe somewhat in detail our method of building gravel roads.

The gravel bed is very extensive, and of good quality, easily accessible by different roads, and near the center of the town. In the first place, all the wagons used have a box made for the purpose, having the bottom of loose plank, four or six inches wide, the ends rounded so they can be readily raised by a man at each end. The sides and ends are also loose so that the whole load can be dropped under the wagon by raising off the box, one piece at a time.

When the gravel is to be drawn a mile, it will require fourteen teams to work to advantage, some five or six men in the pit to shovel, and at least three men at the *dump* where the load is dropped. It should be placed at least twenty inches thick, and every load nicely leveled as fast as drawn, the large stones and cemented lumps should be raked forward and placed in the bottom. All the coarse gravel should be raked to the edges, to form the bank, which should be just out side of the track of the wheels. The more thoroughly the gravel is worked at the first, the more compact and firm will the road be. As heavy loaded teams are constantly passing over the newly made road it requires a man to be continually filling in the ruts made by the wheels. At night the ruts should be left filled and smooth so as to freeze while not in use. If, while the road is building, the ground should thaw, particular care should be taken that the ruts be filled before freezing.

A gravel road should not be built in the center of the highway, but on one side of a center line, leaving the bank next the center line less steep than the other, for the sake of making it easy to turn off and on.

Another very essential part of a good road is to have a side track kept smooth and in good order to drive upon in dry weather, and it needs no guide-board to tell travelers when to drive on the gravel, or when on the clay. All teamsters prefer the clay when it is dry and the gravel when wet. Thus both are used when least damaged by use. Gravel roads will be found to wear out much faster in dry weather than in wet. I was riding in a neighboring town a few days ago, and saw men drawing gravel upon the road. Every load was left just as it fell from the wagon—stones and lumps as big as a man's head—no one near to assist the teamster in unloading, or to smooth it after he was gone.—Perhaps they call this making gravel roads—but every man whose business calls him to pass over this road for the next six months, will wish the gravel back in the pit and the man who caused it to be left there, in the pit with it. All such roads are a nuisance, and the maker thereof should be indicted at the next setting of the Grand Jury.

A good gravel road, well built, when the gravel has to be drawn a mile, will cost $5,00 a rod, or $1,600 a mile. This may seem a high price. But when there is much heavy teaming, and in bad weather, it will be found much cheaper than putting on six inches at a time. Some of our roads have been made in this cheap way, and in six months the gravel would be all mixed with the clay, and the road bad as ever.

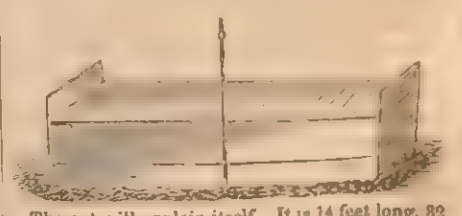
Six years ago we built a gravel road from this Railroad Station to the village—three-fourths of a mile. This has given good satisfaction and stimulated other districts to engage in the work, and if the winter continues without snow we shall have quite an addition to our gravel roads, both creditable to the districts and to the town, for the work is not done as a highway tax, but by voluntary contributions. M. ADAMS.

East Bloomfield, N. Y., Jan., 1859.

ANOTHER CATTLE RACK.

EDS. RURAL:—Being a willing subscriber (as well as an attentive reader,) of your most valuable paper, which, with its well stored columns of instructive and interesting contents ever meets a welcome from the household band, please permit me (being desirous to promote its interest,) to add to its pages a description of a cattle trough and rack. I noticed several in the last volume, and regarding the rack as being a subject of no small importance; one well worthy the attention of every farmer, at least those who have not adopted the better system of stabling and still-feeding in open sheds or yards.

The one which I have constructed and now offer to the public is superior to any I have yet seen for the following reasons:—It is so constructed that there is no danger of the larger cattle throwing the smaller ones into the trough, or of there in any way becoming entangled in the rack. It is well adapted to feeding straw, chaff, bran, turnips, &c. Being portable its position may easily be changed.



The cut will explain itself. It is 14 feet long, 32 inches wide, 27 inches high, and 16 inches from the ground to bottom of trough. The frame is made of 3 by 4 scantling—the bottom of inch boards—the sides and ends of two inch plank—the end planks rise four inches above the side planks to receive the ends of rack and to form a hinge so as to turn up against the centre post, where the middle rung passes between two wooden spring hooks which hold it while the trough is being filled. The rack should be made of tough wood, the side pieces of 2 by 3 inch, the rungs 1¼ inch square and 9 1-16 inches apart.

Lobo, C. W., 1859. A. C.

H. T. B. ON UNDERDRAINS.

IT would seem that some of the RURAL's correspondents are a little *outre* in their attack on H. T. B. for his strictures on the economy of underdrains. If I understood him aright, he only meant to discourage injudicious, expensive underdraining on those impracticable soils "where the increase would not pay the melting." But H. T. B. needs no defender—he can well afford to say "none of these things move me." In this little county of compact clay subsoils, underdrains work wonders, and our best farmers are laying tile in

those fields that most need underdrains—doing the work economically by the aid of ditching pl[illegible] as they have time to spare from other work, and without expensive outside help. But give me a farm, and we have many such in little Seneca, that rests on a loose subsoil, which is a perpetual underdrain, as the mechanical structure of such soil, particularly if *clustered*, is always perfect and hygroscopic; needing nothing but a little azotised manure to give vegetation that early start in spring [illegible]—indispensable to the crop's victory over cold May and June, and the hot, dry July and August of calcareous Western New York.

Waterloo, N. Y., 1859. S. W.

AN EXPERIMENT IN STOCK-FEEDING.

Eds. Rural:—At the request of some of my farmer friends, I send you the results of an experiment recently made by myself in feeding a grade Short-horn cow, which shows a good profit, and is another instance in proof of the extraordinary ease and rapidity with which the Short-horns take on flesh. This cow was three-fourths blood, and was four years old last spring. Has bred three calves, was a good milker, and was in a good flow of milk at the time I began to feed her. Being of rather a vicious nature, and not on very good terms of intimacy with some of my other cows, I concluded to "dry her off" and fat her, which I began to do on the 15th day of October last. I commenced with feeding pumpkins lightly, and soon fed heavy.—She was allowed to run in the pasture with the other cows during the day, and was put up and fed at evening and morning, until the first of November, when she was put into close quarters, from which she was not taken until slaughtered. Fed pumpkins 20 days, and then fed some soft corn with them, feeding corn and pumpkins alternately. First December changed feed to meal, ground from corn in ear. Part of cob sifted out. Fed all the good hay she would eat, which was very little.—Had water while fed meal. During time of feeding pumpkins she needed none. Was slaughtered 10th of January; weighed and sold as follows, viz:

Fore-quarters	424 lbs.,	sold at	5 c	$21 20
Hind-quarters	392 "	"	6 c	23 52
Hide	98 "	"	6½c	6 37
Rough tallow	91 "	"	10 c	9 10
Dressed weight...1,000		Total value—		$59 63

Value of cow and feed as follows:

Live weight 1,100, worth	$30 00
Pumpkins, say	4 00
15 bu. ears soft corn, worth 20c. per bu	3 00
20 bu. meal, worth 50c. per bu	10 00
Hay and pasture	2 00
Whole cost—	$48 00
Balance in favor of feeding—	$11 63

I charge nothing for labor of feeding and killing. I think the value of manure for farm, together with the offal, will pay for that. This is by no means an extraordinary weight for a Short-horn cow, but considering her condition before feeding—time, and amount of feed, I think she equals, perhaps, excels, anything that has come under my observation.

Le Roy, N. Y., 1859. C. K. Ward.

THE FARMER'S LIBRARY.

How can a genuine and thorough farmer think his premises complete in all of its fixings and comforts without his library? Although it may be small, yet he should have a library to which he can go, to find food for the mind, as well as to the granary for food for the body. The library may not comprise within its walls all the classic lore of ages, bound in calf or morocco—its volumes may not be numbered by thousands or even hundreds. They may be few in number, but if few, more care should be used in selection. There should be found on its shelves works in History, Biography, Agriculture, Literature, Philosophy, Chemistry, Encyclopedias, Lectures, Speeches, &c., &c.—and there should also be some books of stories in history with a sprinkling of romance for a diversion. These all should have place in every Farmer's home, for they are as essential to the life and comfort of the inner man as food and raiment to the outer.

The library, if of the right nature, will have a tendency to keep the family united in spending its leisure hours and the long winter evenings around the family hearth-stone. How pleasant it is to visit with that family who are conversant with a well selected library. Books are the dead and living communicating with us, as it were, face to face. We owe all we are and shall be to men, manners, and not a little to books. We read the biographies of great men, and we aspire to be great and good also. We read of daring and wild adventures and we long to be one who shall discover some new islands, or continent; or do some wonderful thing worth writing in books.—We read of the rise and fall of Empires and Kingdoms, and we are astonished and confounded when we contemplate the amount of lives lost, the property destroyed, the world of sin and misery in ages past—and with history we come down to our present time. In the library the farmer finds material for thought—the mechanic, the tradesman, the school-boy—all find food for the mind in hours of leisure. Let every family have a library if it contains not more than ten volumes, these will answer as a nucleus. Add to it every convenient opportunity, and in a few years you will surprise yourself at the amount of reading matter before you in the form of a library.

Fluvanna, N. Y., 1859. H. A. W.

The Secret of Wintering Stock.—It is a great mystery to me how some farmers winter their stock as cheap as they do,—keep them on wheat straw or marsh hay, without stabling, exposed to the storm, wind and weather, and still they seem to thrive,—at least, do not *grow poor*. I am inclined to think they occasionally get a few ears of corn, or a little meal, or a few roots of some kind; or, if kept on straw, guess it isn't more than half threshed. My cattle have a warm stable, plenty of good hay, cornstalks, some grain, watered regularly, and worked very little, still they seem to grow *lean* every day. Now, what is to be done? I have owned quite a number of cattle, but never could winter them as cheap or as well as a good many do, still, I take a great deal of pains and delight in feeding and taking care of my stock. Will some one please give their experience? Perhaps they will advance some idea that I have not thought of, or practiced at all.—R. N., *Jackson, Mich.*, 1859.

FAST HUSKERS, AGAIN.

Messrs. Eds.:—Your correspondent, "Solon," in the first number of the present volume of the Rural, is down upon the *fast huskers*, and were it not for the mistake you made in dating my communication at Lyons, I should not notice it. The phrase "men of Lyons need not feel so pompous," &c., is giving to the denizens thereof a notoriety to which they are not entitled,—and I know not that they claim to have any "awful smart men;" still, no doubt, they raise good crops of corn, and husk from 20 to 60 bushels per day. My letter was dated at Rose, and stated that B. F. Sherman and Geo. Sherman, each husked 100 bushels and over, on the hill, in 12 hours—that R. D. Dickinson husked 75 bushels in ten hours, out of the stook—that the corn was all of the eight-rowed variety—the work fairly done—and the statements can be proved by good and substantial witnesses. Now, "Solon," as you have tried your hand at husking, and own up, "with humility," that 35 to 40 bushels was your day's work, and simply published the fact, it would have looked very well in the paper, but to *retail* the "big stories" of what your "sick men" can do "that lay by all winter"—and "the lazy farmers who meet at the stores on the corners"—comes with ill grace from one who cannot swallow simple facts. Geneva, Mich., must be a wonderful town. Your sick men should not take such over *doses*, but be treated upon Homeopathic principles.

And now, my friend "Solon," as you put yourself upon your dignity in your closing remarks—"our profession does not admit of this fast work"—thus inculcating old fogy doctrines, a little jog from Young America would do you good. If we are to make *drones* of ourselves for the sake of keeping up the dignity of the profession, then let us cut loose and keep pace with the progress and improvements of the age, lay aside the old ill-constructed implements, and adopt *the new, the go-aheads*—"*educate the hands*," and let it be understood that our *profession* is not to go in the rear, but always in the advance. Cast away your doubts and fears, "Solon,"—as you know it does not alter truths whether you can comprehend them or not—while I relate the fact that C. B. Sherman and three boys husked, in 65 minutes by the watch, 40 bushels of ears of corn, and two of the boys finding that they were a *little too fast* for the old man, and not knowing which of the two had the best wind, caused them to try their hand for 12 hours, less time to take their dinners.

In conclusion, let me say to "Solon" that we professional farmers lay great stress on pedigree, and the Sherman boys claim to be descendants of old Roger Sherman on the father's side, and Ethan Allen on the mother's side, and, of course, *never give up*. Mr. Dickinson, no doubt, has a good pedigree. He is your agent here—is "*all alive*"—and many think he is ahead. As to the husking of the *Dent corn*, 105 to 110 bushels, as stated by your correspondent, if it is as much work to husk that kind as it is the eight-rowed variety, then, certainly, we are *in the shade*, and, according to agreement, shall try again. E. N. Thomas.

Rose, Wayne Co., N. Y., 1859.

THE OSIER WILLOW.

Messrs. Editors:—In a late issue of the Rural I notice an inquiry of "H. B. W.," of Clarence, for *Osier Willow Cuttings*, &c. Your answer mainly accords with my experience, as to cultivation, &c., but I would advise him, if he proposes to cultivate Willows for market, to be careful and get the right kind, or he will be as ready as I have been to curse the venders of miserable trash, by the time he has had a six months seige in grubbing and pulling at the worse than useless "scrags," that encumber his land, and harass his "phelinks." Two years last spring, I planted about three acres of willows, two-thirds *Salix Purpurea*, (or *S. Viminalis* as some call it,) the balance, *S. Triandra*. Should have planted other kinds recommended, but they were not readily obtained. The result is *S. Purpurea* is every time, and under all conditions, *good*. *S. Triandra*, not worth the powder to blow it up, on any soil, being short, scraggy, and every year a little more so.

Now, sirs, this variety, *S. Triandra*, with others, (some of which are nearly worthless,) were recommended to be "*very valuable*" by some of the so-called "standard bearers in agriculture."—But they have proved in this, as in too many other cases, only deceptive Jack Lanterns, to befog and be-quagmire the unwary. *Salix Purpurea* is the only variety worth cultivating in this country. If your ground is too wet for this variety, better expend your money in draining and fitting it, than for a variety of willow cuttings that you will wish, in less than two years, had been all concentrated in the Valley of Sodom on a certain occasion.—We have followed theory and guess work quite too long in agriculture,—let us have, in future, the stubborn facts by *practical farmers*.

Fulton, N. Y., 1859. G. W. Thomas.

CIRCULATION OF SAP.

Eds. Rural:—There is not, to my feeble comprehension, a subject so abstruse; so difficult of elucidation—and forming a rational and scientific explanation of causes—as the rising and circulation of sap in the vegetable structure. That a fluid, a little heavier than water, should leave its level and ascend one, or even two hundred feet, through the tubes and cells of an inert mass, unendowed with any function of animal vitality—nothing analagous to the mechanical pulsation of the animal heart—is, indeed, a mystery. Equally inscrutable are the causes that force the sap, after reaching the top-most twig, to turn about and again descend to the extremest root to form the layer of new wood.

Capillary attraction will not account for its rise, nor will gravity for its descent. What is the *modus operandi*—the cause—the prime agent of this peculiarity of vegetable nature?

It is a legitimate inquiry, as man, feeble man, labors to search the secrets of the arana of God's creation,—from the atomic structure of a grain of sand to the specific gravity of the planet Neptune.

W[illegible] other Writers [illegible] the Rural gave their views of the [illegible] governing the circulation of sap in the vegetable [illegible]

Monroe Co., N. Y., 1859. L. B. Manly.

MAD ITCH.

Eds. Rural:—Seeing one or two articles on this disease in your paper, and having been a heavy loser by it, I have concluded to give you my experience. Several years since I fed my hogs with green corn in my cornfield, where I had a lot of cattle running. After I had been feeding them some weeks, my cattle were taken with what I afterwards found out to be Mad Itch. The first symptoms are a scratching and rubbing of the head, ears and neck; they will rub them until they become perfectly raw. In the meantime they suffer a great deal, which they show by running and bellowing in a piteous manner, after which death ensues. Before they die, their heads, necks, body and tongue swells, and the eyes become bloodshot. I think there is no cure for the disease, as I tried calomel, castor oil, lard, and all to no effect,—losing nine head in one week. The hogs chew the cornstalks and get all the moisture out, when the cattle come along and eat the refuse, and it lodges in the manifold, becomes hard and dry, so that when you take it out and break it, you can press no moisture out of it at all. The manifold has two entrances, about three or four inches apart, both on one side, so that medicine can pass through without interfering with this substance—and that is what kills them. I cut open a good many of my cattle, and was convinced of the cause and effect—and since that time I have had further proof. A neighbor laughed at me for saying that they were killed in that manner, for he had fed his hogs and cattle together for many years, and had never lost one. Since that he has lost six or eight head in precisely the manner I did. I have heard of their having it in the dead of winter, by half starved hogs eating the dry fodder and dropping it, which the cattle afterwards consumed.

Saline Co., Mo., Jan., 1859. Border Ruffian.

Remarks.—In a small work entitled the *Cattle Doctor*, Ex-Governor Vance, of Ohio, writes that "the effect of cattle following hogs that are fed on green corn cut up and thrown to them when in the roasting-ear state, is very fatal. The hogs will chew the corn-stalk, and extract all the sap, and then throw it out. These fibres, thus thrown out, with all the sap extracted, will be eaten voraciously by the cattle. It contains no nutriment to give fermentation to enable the animal to ruminate; and it thus lays dormant and inactive in the manifold, or the stomach; becomes perfectly compact and indigestible; creates fever, and in the end destroys the animal. Cattle destroyed by eating these fibres of the corn-stalk will first show the symptom by a wild stare of the eye, and in its first stages will frequently become cross, and even attack their keepers. They will then begin to rub the nose and head against the fence until the skin and flesh are torn and lacerated in a most frightful manner, and in the end die in great misery. I have lost many fine cattle in this way, and have never been able to save one thus afflicted. The entire symptoms are similar to what is called the Mad Itch, which I have no doubt is created by the same cause, by taking into the manifolds indigestible matter incapable of fermentation and rumination."

Inquiries and Answers.

Ticks on Sheep.—Will you, or some of your readers, tell me how to rid my sheep of ticks, which are, on some of the poorest lambs, taking their life by inches?—J. W. Salsbury, *Lyndonville, Orl. Co., N. Y.*

Keep the sheep in healthy condition by furnishing plenty of good food—let them be under cover or in the open air as they may choose, and if the ticks still "cling closer than a brother," give a little Scotch snuff. Linseed oil is said to so lubricate matters that they incontinently slide into "oblivious waters." Morrell recommends dipping in tobacco water—five pounds of poor tobacco will answer for 100 sheep. If the latter process is adopted, care must be taken that none of the decoction passes into the eyes or mouth.

Old Hay vs. New.—Will the Editor, or some of the correspondents of the Rural, give the reason (if any,) why old hay is better for cattle and horses than new hay—or in other words, what particular atmospheric causes operate on hay that has stood over one season to make it better for feeding all manner of stock than hay put in stack,—say in July or August, and fed the following winter. The ground is assumed that both crops have been harvested in like condition, well cured and stacked in the meadow, or out door—a universal practice in the West with all the principal stock raisers.

All hay feeders in this country who are *sharp* enough to draw facts from experience, are free to admit that there is more nutriment in one ton of *old* hay, than one and a quarter new; hence I venture the question, and hope that you, or some of your numerous correspondents will give us some reliable cause for what we believe to be an undeniable fact.—J. W. K., *Marshfield, Ind., Feb.*, 1859.

Our correspondent assumes the fact, that *old* hay is much more nutritious than new. Are our Western readers agreed on this point? Let us first ascertain whether it is a fact or not, before we undertake to account for it.

Sour Wine.—Last summer I made about sixteen gallons of wine, of Elderberry, and as age increased, instead of finding it the delicious wine I had expected, it has more the appearance of vinegar. I would like to inquire through the Rural if there is a remedy? And if so, what? Or shall I count it among the lost?—E., *Warsaw, N. Y., Feb.*, 1859.

Your wine requires more sugar. There is not sufficient saccharine matter in the Elderberry to make wine without the addition of pretty large quantities of sugar.

Osier Willow Cuttings.—In answer to an inquiry in the Rural, about willows, a correspondent informs us that a poor blind boy—Wm. I. Carr, of Barrington, Yates Co., N. Y.,—has Osier Willow cuttings for sale at $2 per thousand, with full directions for cultivating and preparing them for market. We hope that he will be benefited by this announcement.

Fowls—(*W. G. H., Milton, Wis.*)—We have already published most of the facts you want, and shall continue to give information on the subject.

Inquirers will please exercise patience—their communications are filed, and will receive attention as space permits.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

A Novel Use for Turnips.

The last number of *Life Illustrated* is responsible for the following:—"Everybody may not be aware that nearly all the pretended wine in this market (New York city) is a spurious concoction of cider, whisky, sugar, water, and villainous drugs; and that much of the sparkling champaigne, which is sold at $2 a bottle, is manufactured of turnip-juice instead of the juice of the grape. A few days since a freight train of the Erie Railroad brought to this city 20 barrels of turnip-juice, which will soon, no doubt, find purchasers who will eagerly guzzle it under the hallucination that they are enjoying themselves on the choicest of the imported article, the guzzlers, however, though cheated, are not robbed at all, for the turnip-juice article is actually the least injurious of the two."

Warming Water for Cattle.

The Somerset (Mass.) *Telegraph* states that Mr. Peter Malbon, of that town, has devised a very curious and ingenious apparatus to warm the water for his cattle, as well as to prevent the ice from collecting in the tub. It consists of a small cast-iron chest, or box, about twelve inches square, made water-tight, fixed in the fire-place, in such a manner that one side of it forms so much of the back of the fire-place, and is exposed to the heat of the fire. The water of the aqueduct, in its course from the fountain to the yard, is made to pass into this box at one end, and thus becoming heated, passes out at the other end, and continues to the yard, which is across the road, and about six rods from the house. Mr. Malbon, previous to adopting this plan, had a good deal of trouble with the ice forming in his tub, but has very little of that kind now. He says that his cattle drink much more than they would if the water was cold, and he believes it to be more healthy for them. The calves enjoy it so much, that when let out to drink they will fight for the warm end of the tub.

What Kind of Sheep to Choose.

A writer in the New York *Chronicle*, while discussing the merits of different breeds of sheep, argues strongly in favor of the Merinos, as follows:—"It has been a sort of fashion for a few years past, to neglect the Merino and introduce the Leicestershire, or some of the long-wool breeds.—Those who favor this course plead in its behalf, that there is a chance of selling the lambs at from three to six months old, which, they say, is an item of much profit in sheep-keeping. They hold that selling lambs at that age, is a great consideration in the business. It may be so, but would it not be more profitable still to keep these lambs till they arrive at maturity, when they would be worth from four to six dollars apiece? The increased price would well repay the cost of keeping them. A Leicestershire should yield six pounds of wool each year for three years, till it reaches its greatest value, which, at thirty cents a pound, would amount to five dollars and forty cents. To this is to be added two or three dollars in the additional value of the sheep, making in all seven dollars and ninety cents, to say nothing of the lambs which it has borne in the mean time. If these were added to the value of the body and wool of the sheep, it would amount to more than ten dollars. One very strong objection to selling lambs is, that none but the best can be sold, and that causes a deterioration rather than an improvement of the flock. No Merino lamb should be sold. For three years, with the same keeping as the Leicestershire, they will yield eighteen pounds of wool apiece—which, at forty-five cents a pound, is six dollars and fifty cents. The increased value of the sheep meantime would be two dollars, which, added to the price of the wool, would be eight dollars and fifty cents. To which two dollars and fifty cents is to be added for the worth of the lambs, making in all eleven dollars from a Merino whose keeping has been one-third less than the Leicestershire.—Thus we gain both ways, in the cost of keeping, and in the amount obtained. The wool, body and lambs, from the Leicestershire, should bring $15,33 to make the income from the food consumed, equal to that of the Merino."

Underdraining—"It Will Pay!"

In the fall of 1857, James R. Walker, of Springfield, Vt., being the possessor of a "piece of wet, cold, unproductive land," asked the question—"Underdraining—Will it Pay?" in the columns of the *New England Farmer*, and now, having experimented, answers his own query, as follows:—"At that time I had a presentiment that it would not be a paying operation, but as the land was nearly worthless, as it was, I resolved to underdrain it, which I did with stone, sinking the ditches about three and one-half feet deep. The bottom of the drains was constructed like an ordinary culvert, then filled with cobble stones to one foot of the surface; upon these stones, shavings or evergreen boughs were placed, to prevent the dirt from filling the interstices, then covered with dirt, reserving the sod for the barn-yard. The result, I will briefly state. The piece drained contained a little less than four acres. In 1857 it was mowed, and produced but two loads of poor, sour hay and brakes, hardly worth cutting, but it was an average crop for the land. Last spring the land was dry, and we were enabled to work it early in the season. We plowed under about twenty-five ox-cart loads of barn-yard manure to the acre, and planted with corn the 15th day of May. The ground was dry and in good condition for receiving the seed, while many pieces considered dry land were much too wet. The corn was planted three and a half feet apart each way, hoed twice, and received a top-dressing of plaster and ashes.—It was cut up the 10th and 11th of September, when it was found ripe and sound. We husked from the piece 440 bushels of ears, all merchantable corn. My neighbors concur with me in opinion that this crop is worth more than the aggregate crops that the land has produced for the last fifteen years.—It is now in a condition to produce abundantly for a series of years without any extra outlay. This crop has paid me the whole expense of underdraining, and I am so well pleased with the experiment, that I have had a number of ditches dug upon another piece adjoining, and intend to use drain tile instead of stone."

Agricultural Miscellany.

New York State Agricultural Society.—The Annual Meeting of this Society was held at Albany on the 9th inst. The Society having been called to order by Mr. President Mc Coun, the usual order of business was transacted. The Treasurer reported the entire receipts for the year to be $18,356 27, and the expenses $15,705 34—leaving a balance of $2,650 93 on deposit at Albany Exchange Bank. The Society decided upon Albany as the location of the next Annual Fair, and elected the following Board of Officers for 1859:

President—A. B. Conger, of Rockland.

Vice-Presidents—E. G. Faile, of New York; C. S. Wainwright, of Dutchess; Herman Wendell, of Albany; H. W. Beckwith, of Washington; B. N. Huntington, of Oneida; S. A. Law, of Delaware; James O. Sheldon, of Ontario; T. C. Peters, of Genesee.

Corresponding Secretary—B. P. Johnson, of Albany.

Recording Secretary—E. Corning, Jr., of Albany.

Treasurer—L. H. Tucker, of Albany.

A resolution offered by T. C. Peters, Esq., of Genesee, requesting the Legislature to provide for the taking of Agricultural Statistics with the next Census, was adopted. Mr. Emery offered a resolution asking the Canal Board to lower the tolls on Agricultural Implements and Machines to not more than two mills, which was referred to the Executive Committee. A resolution offered by E. Cornell, Esq., of Tompkins, approving of the standard adopted by the Society in deciding Premiums on Cattle, and recommending a strict adherence to the scale, was adopted. We shall probably be able to give the awards of Premiums on Farm Crops, &c., next week.

—Since the above was prepared for publication we have received the following from one of our contributors who was present at the meeting:

The Annual Meeting of the State Ag. Society was not as largely attended as usual, but comprised as numerous a collection of the earnest friends of Agriculture as any previous year. Albany being the point selected for the next Fair, the officers were selected with reference to that location. The President elect, Hon. A. B. Conger, resides in Rockland Co., and is largely engaged in farming with reference to making it profitable. He has about one thousand acres in hand, and has made good progress thus far. He is a gentleman of wealth, education and refinement, and has filled important offices in the State. The Society will not suffer in his hands.

The usual show incident to the Winter Meeting was good, and the bulk of the premiums were taken by Lewis County. Some important measures were initiated. Among them, to procure a short, cheap work on the Forage Plants, and Noxious Weeds, so illustrated as to enable the farmer to know the names of plants on their farms, useful or otherwise. Also to secure through the Assessors, a more perfect census of the Agricultural products of the State. The plan has been adopted in Ohio, and works to great advantage. Premiums will also be offered for the best experiments in feeding animals, and in using liquid manure. The time fixed for the Fair is in October; many of the Executive Committee thought it a month too late, but it is to be hoped that the wisdom of the majority will be fully demonstrated. Should the weather be favorable the indications are that we shall have the best Fair ever yet held.—P.

Ontario Co Ag Society.—At the annual meeting of this Society, on the 2d inst., the following persons were elected officers, to serve for the present year:—*President*—William H. Lamport, Gorham; *Vice-Presidents*—Benjamin F. Phelps, Bristol; John B. Cooley, Canandaigua; E. Bronson, East Bloomfield; G. Mason, Farmington; D. Picket, Gorham; M. Persons, Manchester; L. Chapman, Hopewell; D. D. Reemer, Naples; A. D. Vandeusen, Phelps; Peter R. Pitts, Richmond; Jas. O. Sheldon, Seneca; Jas. Parmely, South Bristol; Peter Bennet, Victor; J. C. Peck, West Bloomfield; N. G. Hoppaugh, Canadice; *Cor. Secretary*—Gideon Granger, Canandaigua; *Rec. Secretary*—J. W. Holberton, Canandaigua; *Treasurer*—Jas. S. Cooley, Canandaigua.

Wayne Co. Ag. Society.—At the Annual Meeting of this Society, held at Lyons, on the 22d ult., the following officers were elected for 1859:—*President*—Dewitt C. Van Slyck, Lyons. *Vice-President*—Daniel Jennison, Galen. *Secretary*—Henry P. Knowles, Lyons. *Treasurer*—Jas. V. D. Westfall, Lyons. *Directors*—Hiram G. Hotchkiss, Lyons; B. R. Mummis, Sodus.

Lodi (Town) Ag. Society.—*President*—Dr. Lewis Post; *Vice-President*—Stephen B. Smith; *Secretary*—S. B. Mundy; *Treasurer*—M. B. Ellison; *Directors*—Peter E. Van Vleet, Tunis C. Osgood, Stephen V. Minor, C. B. Vescelius, Richard Van Lew, Daniel Bramble, Jr. A Summer Fair, for exhibition and sale of stock, to be held June 8th.

Dryden (Town) Ag. Society.—Officers for 1859: *Pres't*—John P. Hart; *Vice-Pres't*—P. V. Snyder; *Sec'y*—A. Snyder; *Treasurer*—T. J. McElheny; *Directors*—C. Bartholomew and H. A. George. Next Fair to be held Oct. 3d, 4th and 5th.

The Victory Ag. Society (Cayuga Co.,) held its seventh annual meeting Jan. 10th. There was a full attendance. Officers elected:—*President*—Philo Camp; *Secretary*—D. L. Halsey; *Treasurer*—John T. Gregory.

New York Horse Market.—A New York correspondent writes as follows of the horse trade:—"Few people have an accurate idea of the number of horses daily offered for sale in the horse markets of New York. Yesterday there were about 400 stabled at one of the markets in Twenty-fourth street, and that is about the average number daily on the market. There is, just now, considerable stir among buyers and sellers, and active inquiry for horses worth from $125 to $225. Matched horses—good ones—worth from $600 to $1,200, are also in demand, the demand being in excess of the supply. A large number of the horses arriving here by railroad are understood to be for Philadelphia, to operate the city cars. Another portion, Canadian animals, cheap but good, are for Virginia, where there is considerable call for them."

FRUIT CULTURE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

At a recent meeting of the Legislative Agricultural Society of Massachusetts, the subject of "*Fruits and the Culture of Fruit Trees*," was discussed. Hon. Marshall P. Wilder being called to the chair, opened the discussion by saying that Fruits, as articles of market value, were among the most important of the products of the farm, and as much so to the country as to the Commonwealth. Their cultivation had made great progress among us within the past fifty years. The crop in this State, in 1845, was valued at $700,000. In 1855 its value was $1,300,000. In 1860 it could not be less than two millions of dollars—more than the value of the wheat, oats, rye and barley in the State.—Such had been the results of pomological science in Massachusetts that her exhibitions sustained the highest rank. One gentleman who had had opportunity of judging said that he saw more choice fruit at one of our exhibitions here, than he saw at twenty in Europe, where, as in Germany, the greatest encouragement had been given to pomology by the government. The pear crop in this State was valued at $100,000 per annum, and also demanded a full share of attention, with respect to kinds best suited to our soil, and to the most approved manner of cultivation. We had among us many varieties of pears adapted to our climate and soil, and of these varieties the Bartlett, Vicar of Winkfield, and others which he named, were well adapted.

The following were recommended as the *six* best varieties of apples:—The Williams, Early Bough, Gravenstein, Fameuse, Hubbardston Nonsuch and the Baldwin; and if *twelve* varieties were desired, the Red Astrachan, Rhode Island Greening, Ladies' Sweet, Porter and Tolman Sweet might be added.

For pears on their own roots the following were recommended:

Best six pears on their own roots—Bartlett, Urbaniste, Vicar of Winkfield, Buffum, Beurre d'Anjou, and Lawrence.

For the best twelve, add—Rostiezer, Merriam, Doyenne, Boussock, Belle Lucrative, Flemish Beauty, and Onondaga.

Best six on quince roots—Louise Bonne de Jersey, Urbaniste, Duchess d'Angouleme, Vicar of Winkfield, Beurre d'Anjou, and Glout Morceau.

With regard to the conditions of proper cultivation of fruits, no great success could ever attend the labor of producing them unless it was conducted with a care equal or superior to what was spent on any other kind of production. One of the primary and most essential conditions had proved itself to be thorough draining, as through its operation the more troublesome diseases and parasitcal affections were obviated. This thorough drainage, Col. Wilder insisted, was an absolute associate of success. He then made a few remarks on the great necessity of keeping the soils of orchards in a rich condition by manuring, and of planting the various descriptions of trees in the soils best suited to them. He repudiated the fashion of adopting too many foreign trees; for, as a general principle, trees and plants flourished better on the soil of their origin than they did in localities foreign to them. Col. W. recommended raising seedlings, as on them we would ultimately have our surest dependence for good, reliable fruit trees. We had, doubtless, a number of fine fruits already native to the soil—at the head of which stood the Baldwin apple of which 50,000 barrels were last fall exported, from this city. At a late meeting at Rochester, N. Y., the Baldwin had two marks of merit to one for any other kind, and the others which received the next highest commendations were the Rhode Island Greening, the Russett and the Tompkins County King.

He concluded by saying that he hailed with pleasure the wide-spread interest now manifested in relation to the cultivation of the Grape. The time, he said, was within the recollection of some present, when the Catawba and Isabella were first brought into notice. Hundreds of cultivators were now raising seedlings, and the day would soon come when our markets would vie with those of Italy, Sicily, and other grape-growing countries, where this luscious fruit is not only a luxury to the opulent, but the food of the humblest peasant.—Our native wines were attracting attention in Europe, and at a late convention in Belgium, our Catawba was pronounced superior to the best varieties of Rhine wine. Our own Concord grape, also, had attained great estimation among wine growers. For the substance of this report we are indebted to the *New-England Farmer*.

GRAPE CROP OF 1858, ON THE HUDSON.

Messrs. Editors:—The year 1858 will long be remembered by the farmer and fruit grower, as an uncommonly fruitful year in this section of New York. Corn, rye, oats, potatoes and hay never yielded more abundantly, and at the same time sold at remunerating prices. Apples, cherries, peaches, pears, grapes, &c., we have had in abundance—that is, all persons who gave their fruit trees anything like decent treatment.

No kind of fruit, however, makes such quick and sure returns for money and labor expended as the grape. When properly planted, pruned and cultivated, it is, in this part of the State, as certain a crop as Indian corn. It costs no more labor to attend an acre of grapes than of potatoes, and is far more pleasant to any one who loves good fruit, and certainly pays much better. Unlike most other kinds of fruit, it will hang for a long time, gradually improving in flavor, and suffer no injury from high winds, wet weather, birds or insects, which affords the grower ample time to pick and send it to market at his leisure. A mistaken notion seems to prevail among people, that the grape requires a great deal more care and attention than any other fruit. This is not so, unless in cases where they practice the renewal mode of pruning with mathematical accuracy, which I hold to be unnecessary to produce grapes of good quality, and at prices within the reach of the middle classes of society, of which seven-eighths of the people who buy grapes are composed.

The grape, when planted in a soil of moderate fertility, is easily kept in proper shape, the wood is generally short-jointed and firm, which enables it to resist the intense cold which we sometimes experience in this latitude. I prune in November, put the vines down in a horizontal position, when a few shovelsful of earth is all that is needed to keep them down, as the snow generally does that effectually. About the first of May the buds will be pushing briskly and uniformly all over the vines; they should then be taken up, and tied with care to a wire trellis in such a manner as to give the vine all the room that the trellis will admit of. I find the wire trellis the best adapted to the wants of the vine, as the wires are just the thing for the vine to cling to, which it does effectually. About the 1st of July the berries and clusters will be large enough to thin out the superfluous shoots and branches, and it is not uncommon to see from two to three fruit-bearing branches start from a bud. The weaker ones should be broken off about two inches from where they are united to the vine, *leaving only one fruit-bearing branch at a place*, and none should be allowed to ripen more than three clusters.

The bearing shoots or branches will generally sustain themselves without any support except from the vine, and need not be stopped or broken off, as is sometimes recommended. Nothing more is needed to ensure a good crop of grapes, but to work the ground enough to keep down the weeds and grass.

I commenced planting the grape for marketing about the year 1847, and have made annual additions to my vineyard, until now I have about four acres occupied mostly with grapes. The most of the vines produce annual crops of good grapes, which sold in the New York market last fall at prices sufficiently high to nett me $160 per tun.—Perhaps you will say that 8 cents per pound is a small price compared with what some of your western grape growers sold theirs for,—but I wish to have it expressly understood, that I pick and send the grapes to market directly from the vineyard, in boxes which contain about twenty-five pounds, and that 8 cents is the average price, including both first and second quality. You will observe that we run no risk in having any of them spoil on our hands; neither do we lose any by assorting and storing, as those who practice that method, as a natural consequence must lose quite a percentage.

September 10th commenced picking the *Isabellas*, and sent to market three times a week, for about three weeks, which closed the season for that variety. October 1st commenced picking and sending *Catawbas* to market, and continued to pick and send the same as *Isabellas* up to October 20th, when we had the first frost sufficiently hard to injure grapes. The Valley of the Hudson seems to be admirably adapted to the grape, both in its fine soil, and peculiar exemption from late spring and autumnal frosts. W. T.

Germantown, N. Y., 1859.

Inquiries and Answers.

Vegetable Physiology.—I noticed in your paper of February 5th, in remarks on planting fruit trees, the statement that the roots of a tree were the *feeders*. I ask, inquiringly, if the roots have *mouths*, or how do they feed the tree? I thought the leaves fed our trees. —Perry, *Edinboro, Penn.*, 1859.

Vegetable physiology is a very interesting study, one in which the wisest can engage with pleasure and profit. Young men, who think there is nothing about the farm worthy of the great powers which they imagine themselves to possess, would do well to turn their attention to this subject, and they will find they have work for a lifetime,—an opportunity for honorable fame. By what process moisture is taken from the earth, and made to ascend the tallest trees, even to the most remote leaf, is a question which will furnish matter for investigation, and after this is settled to the satisfaction of the world, there are a score of others equally interesting, awaiting investigation and elucidation.

A tree is composed of several parts, roots, branches, leaves, buds, blossoms, &c., and all these have their several offices to perform. We give an engraving from *Barry's Fruit Book*, to aid in illustrating the few remarks we intend to make.

Fig 1.

A, the collar. B, the main root. C, lateral root. D, fibres. E, stem or trunk. F, main branches. G, secondary branches. H, shoots of one year's growth.

The Root is composed of several parts. The *collar*, (letter A,) is the point of union between roots and stem. The main root, (B,) usually penetrates the earth in a vertical direction. It is sometimes called the *tap-root*. The *lateral roots* (C,) are the principal branches or divisions of the main root, and grow in a more spreading, or horizontal position. The *fibres*, or *rootlets* (D,) as they are sometimes called, are the fine hair-like roots. The extreme points of these are called *spongioles*, and they are porous, and through them the food of the tree, derived from the soil, is mainly absorbed—they may be said to be mouths. They are composed of soft, newly-formed, delicate tissue.

In addition to these spongioles, the surface of newly formed roots abound with hair-like roots, in most cases invisible to the naked eye. These are so well described by Prof. Gray, that we quote a paragraph:—"The absorbing surface of roots is very much greater than it appears to be, on account of the root-hairs, or slender fibrils, which abound on the fresh and new parts of roots. These may be seen with an ordinary magnifying-glass, or even by the naked eye in many cases; as in the root of a seedling Maple (Fig. 2 and 3,) where the surface is thickly clothed with them. They are not rootlets of a smaller sort; but, when more magnified, are seen to be mere elongations of the surface of the root into slender tubes, which through their very delicate walls imbibe moisture from the soil with great avidity. They are commonly much longer than those shown in Fig. 3, which represents only the very tip of a root moderately magnified. Small as they are individually, yet the whole amount of absorbing surface added to the rootlets by the countless numbers of these tiny tubes is very great."

Fig. 3. A piece of the end of the root magnified.

Fig. 2. Seedling Maple, of natural size, showing root hairs.

The leaf stalk and the veins of the leaf are tubes, similar to the woody parts of the tree, and inside of these tubes is a pith similar to the pith in the branches, and connected with it. The upper and lower surfaces of the leaves are furnished with small pores. The pores on the under surface are the largest and these are the ones principally employed in *absorbing* from the atmosphere, while those on the upper surface are supposed to be principally employed in *exhaling*. It is the moisture exhaled from the leaves that causes a plant or branch to wilt when kept in a warm room, while the absorbing power of the leaves enables the plant to recover when sprinkled with water. A field of corn wilted in a hot day will revive in an hour under the refreshing influence of a shower. It is generally believed that the sap is taken up by the roots in a crude state, and passes into the leaves, where it receives certain modifications, becomes digested, and prepared to form the new wood required for the growth of the tree. We have not space at present to discuss this subject, but at some other time we will give it further attention.

The Winter and Dwarf Pears.—I set out a large lot of *Dwarf Pears* last fall, and on pruning the same a few days since, I find that about one-third are *black* at the *heart*. Will such trees do any good? Would it not be better for me to pull them up and place good ones in their places? Would *coal ashes* be of any benefit to fruit trees?

I have some idea of taking *fresh stable manure*, placing the same in a hopper, and taking the drippings to place around my dwarf pears. Would it be of any benefit to the trees, and what quantity should I pour around each tree, and what season of the year?—A Subscriber, *Walnut Bottom, Ohio*, 1859.

It is the unripened wood, we presume, that is most injured. In this the pith, which is the part blackened, is much larger than in the older and the more matured branches. Early in March, or as soon as the hard frosts are over, prune the trees again, cutting one or two buds closer than before, and we have no doubt they will come out all right next summer. The best way to apply manure to young fruit trees is to place a heavy coating on the surface. The soluble portion is washed into the ground by the rains in sufficient quantities to furnish sustenance as fast as the roots can appropriate it, and the balance may be forked in occasionally, and a new lot supplied.

Fruit and Tree Culture, &c.—Will you please inform me what books I need to give a thorough knowledge of *Fruit Culture* and the *Nursery Business* in general? Also, can you, or any of the readers of the Rural, give me any information in regard to the culture, in this country, of the *Chinese Poppy*, from which opium is made? Has any one succeeded in raising it? I believe seeds of it were distributed through the Patent-Office a few years since.—A Subscriber, *Canandaigua, N. Y.*, 1859.

Barry's Fruit Book will give more practical information about raising stocks, the propagation of trees, and the nursery business generally, than any other work. The history, description and quality of the different varieties of fruits may be best learned by studying *Downing's Fruits and Fruit Trees in America*. But after all, no reading will make a nurseryman, any more than the same course would make an editor or a builder. Observation and practice is necessary. The best nurserymen find that they are constantly learning.—The *Poppy* is not cultivated in this country or Europe for making opium, that we are aware of.

Cutting Grafts.—I am a subscriber of your paper, and would like to be informed through it when the best time is to cut cherry grafts, and how keep them after they have been cut, and the proper time to set them? Some say that they must be cut in February, some in March, and some say that they must be set in March. How should apple grafts be kept after they are cut, and when should pear grafts be cut? Last spring I set one pear graft in a Mountain Ash. It lived and did well on the start, but about the middle of the summer it dried up and died.—V. A. R., *Kelloggsville, N. Y.*, 1859.

Grafts may be cut any time in the winter, or before the buds start in the spring. They may be kept in a cool, dry cellar, by placing the cut ends in sand, or they may be buried in a cool place, in a sandy soil, drawing the earth over them in a mound to throw off the water. The object is to keep the buds dormant, and yet not so dry as to shrivel up the scions. The stone fruits, as the cherry and plum should be grafted first, and as soon as possible in the spring.

What Pear Trees are Best for a General Assortment.—I have been much pleased with the discussion about pear trees in your paper. I live in the extreme northern part of Illinois, near the southern boundary of Wisconsin. In the spring I wish to set out one hundred standard pear trees. I wish to get those that will supply me with pears as near the year round as possible. I, of course, want the earliest and the latest. I live near a good railroad depot, and of course must have some regard to those kinds that will sell the most profitably. My land is new, and I want to set out a durable pear orchard. I want no dwarfs. What kind of soil is best? My place for an orchard is a sandy ridge, where oaks and hickory were found by the first settlers, and where oaks and hickory would soon cover the land again if left uncultivated. I have an abundance of clay near by, and also manure. Now, how should I fix my soil to set out my trees, and what variety of trees, and what number of each should I set out to get my orchard of one hundred trees?—A Beginner.

Nothing but actual experience would enable us to say for a *certainty* what will succeed in your locality. We will name a few sorts that we know to be the hardiest, and just what we would plant were we in your circumstances, and with good hopes of success.

Of Summer Sorts we would have the *Beurre Giffard* and *Tyson*. The former is very hardy, and productive, and will endure as much cold, perhaps, as any early sort. The *Tyson* is one of the finest summer varieties, not quite as hardy as *Beurre Giffard*, but well worthy of a trial.

Autumn Varieties—*Buffum*, ripe about the first of October. Tree vigorous and hardy, remarkably upright in growth. *Flemish Beauty*, a large, beautiful, melting pear. This is represented to us by letters from fruit growers at the West as being the most hardy variety ever introduced. *Swan's Orange* is a large, high-flavored pear; tree very hardy. One gentleman writes that out of a dozen varieties, (which we are sorry he did not name,) this is the only one which endured the past severe winters without injury. The *Seckel* is a slow grower, hardy, and we think well calculated to endure a Western winter. The fruit is the standard of excellence.—*Sheldon* is a most excellent pear, equal in quantity to the *Seckel*, and four times as large. Tree very hardy; think it would do at the West.

For Winter, we can name only the *Lawrence*, with confidence. The light, oak ridges, we think, the best for fruit trees, at the West, and the only manure we would use, for a season or two at least, would be a dressing of the clay which you have near by.

A Grape for Name.—Can you, or any *Grape Culturist*, inform me the name of a grape of the following description? Rather small in size, round, pulp tough, closely packed to the stem. Juice as black a red as red could be made black, pretty tart, and when bespattered on linen, turns to a purple, quickly.—W. H. H. Barton, *Rochester, N. Y.*, 1859.

This is some little native, very evidently, but from the description furnished, could not give its name, if it has one.

CULTURE OF THE GRAPE.—NO. II.

What form is best for Grape Vines? Young vines should always be pruned back to two buds every autumn, until they get sufficient root to make a growth ten or fifteen feet in a single season. I have over the front door of my dining-room, on a flat, a vine that has been loaded with fruit for many years. Pass out at the back door of the cook-room to either the wood-house, well-house, or barns, and you pass under a thick sheet of Catawbas, Clintons, and Isabellas. These vines stand close to the walk, or over the fences. They rise with straight standards till they reach the flat made of wires, stretched from the house to the wood-house and well-house, on posts set firmly in the ground for them. They give beauty to the homestead, and profit, and are out of the way. I have vines set and coming along to cover all the space about my buildings, and the sidewalk in the highway also. Vines set under the eaves of the out building, or about the house, with proper care, bear bountiful crops of fruit.

But, *What form is best for the Vineyard?* I believe no one sets less than 100 vines to the acre. At the age of 16 years the *root* of each vine covers four rods of ground, but the vine is dwarfed back to *one rod*. Don't reason teach any one that plants, with such an unequal balance between roots and branches, will be injured. The demand for sap must be nearly equal to the supply to keep the vines thrify. My two old vines covers one-sixteenth part of an acre; at that rate requiring only 32 vines to the acre. I recommend setting vines thick, as the land gives a full crop as soon as they come into bearing, but shape them to meet their wants as needed. When vines begin to make a thrifty growth, I let a single sprout grow from 12 to 16 inches from the ground, and I also let a sprout remain. These two sprouts are shaped, by a stake with a strip across the top of it, for the base branches on the lower wire of the trellis. They extend to within a foot of the next vines, and are then bent and go to the top of the trellis. All the vines in the vineyard are treated in the same way, which makes two base branches on all the trellises. The advantages of this arrangement are—First, you can get your uprights with more accuracy from two base branches than you could from one. Second, if your vines are becoming too thick (as they will,) you can remove every other vine in the vineyard, with no alteration to make, only to fill up the trellis by new uprights from the base branches that are to remain. This will give two rods of ground for each of the vines left.

Should the vines still become too thick, again remove them from every other trellis in the vineyard, and let the vines that remain extend on the flat over where they stood. That leaves 40 vines to the acre, eight more than my old ones require, at 16 years of age. In pruning and shaping base branches, let the laterals get a foot in length before you take them off. If they are pruned closer, the next year's fruit buds will be pushed forward, and the chance to get the uprights in their proper place be lessened. Alvin Wilcox.

West Bloomfield, Ont. Co., N. Y., 1859.

DOMESTIC RECIPES AND HINTS.

Messrs. Eds.:—Believing anything that will make pleasant and lighten woman's work ought to be made public, I send the following recipes and hints for your excellent paper:

Cheap Cookies.—One cup of cream; half a cup of butter; one and a half cups of sugar; 2 eggs; 1 teaspoonful of saleratus—mould as soft as you can; roll and bake in a quick oven.

Miss Filicia's Sponge Cake.—Two eggs; 2 cups of sugar; 2 cups of flour; half a teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in two-thirds of a teacup of water, and a teaspoonful of extract of lemon; 1 teaspoonful of cream of tartar.

Yankee Yeast, without Hops or Milk.—Take 1 quart of warm water, stir in flour enough to make a thick batter, and set in a warm place to rise. It is an excellent substitute for sour milk in winter.

Cheshire Corn Griddle Cakes.—To 1 quart of sour milk, add 1 egg well beaten; 1 teaspoonful of salt; 1 of saleratus,—thicken with Indian meal to the proper consistency. Bake them until they are *done brown*. Serve with butter and maple honey, and they are *good enough for our President*.

A Nice Mode of Scouring Cutlery.—Take a good sized potato, wash it, and cut off one end, shave off your brick, have your cutlery perfectly dry, dip the cut end in the brick and scour with it instead of using a cloth. This mode will impart a lustre equal to whiting, and the daintiest lady can scour her own cutlery without soiling her fingers.

Fried pork is better for greasing griddles than butter, as the salt burns, and produces a disagreeable smoke.

Crockery, of all kinds, looks brightest washed in hot suds, rinsed in hot water, and drained in a wooden tray or bowl. It is economy also in saving of time.

Tin ware should be washed in the same way, and dried by the stove.

Tumblers should be washed in cold suds with the hands, and rinsed in cold water, then turned on a cloth to drain.

It *is good economy* to put sugar skimmings into the vinegar barrel. The milk and eggs used in settling the sugar is no injury to the vinegar.

Mrs. A. H. Lincoln.

Rowe, Franklin Co., Mass., 1859.

PUDDINGS, CAKES AND COOKIES.

Eds. Rural:—Having read and tried many valuable recipes from your paper, I thought to reciprocate the favor by sending a few in return:

Steamed Pudding.—One quart buttermilk; one heaping teaspoon of soda; a little salt; flour enough to make a very stiff batter; steam over boiling water an hour and a half. Serve with cream, sugar and nutmeg, or lemon. This makes a plain, good and cheap dish.

Rice Pudding.—One teacup of rice; one of sugar; one of raisins; two quarts sweet milk; nutmeg; stir frequently while baking, until it begins to thicken,—this makes an excellent pudding.

Graham Cake.—One cup and a half sugar; a piece of butter the size of a butternut; one teacup of sweet milk; one-fourth of a pound of raisins, chopped; one teaspoon of soda, one and a half cups of flour,—bake in rather a quick oven.

Cookies.—One cup of butter; two of sugar; one half cup of sweet milk; one teaspoon of soda; half nutmeg. M. E. Peck.

Port Byron, N. Y., 1859.

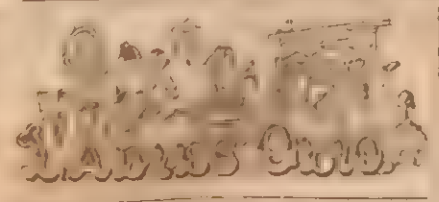
To Dye Pink on Cotton.—To every pound of goods take one ounce of lime, water enough to cover your goods, boil several hours, then take it out and drain. Take three-fourths of a pound of alum to two pounds of goods, water sufficient to cover it, boil one hour, then drain again. Soak one and a half pounds madder in vinegar over night, then put it into three pails of soft water, boil one hour, put in your goods, boil one and a half hours. If you wish it darker, let it remain in the dye longer. Your color will be much improved by putting six or eight quarts of wheat bran in a tub of soft water,—let it stand for eight or ten days, then take the clear liquor, and boil your madder in that. —Lizzie W., *Suspension Bridge, N. Y.*, 1859.

Printing Flannel for Embroidery.—Draw the pattern on paper, then lay the pattern on a pillow, take a small needle, fasten the end of the needle in a cork, then prick the pattern where it is traced; lay it on the flannel. If the cloth is white, take Prussian blue and lay it on the pattern, and rub it hard with the hand—raise the pattern carefully, take a small camel's hair pencil to finish the work, using a paint composed of one teaspoonful of yellow gamboge, one teaspoonful white gum arabic, and one of rain water—mix thoroughly. If the flannel is colored, use the gum arabic for tracing.—N. M. T. M., *South Alabama, N. Y.*

Soft Soap.—As I have seen many good recipes, I send an aid in soft soap making, which I have used for several years:—Add five pounds of rosin to every barrel of soap—the stronger the ley the better—the rosin will prevent the hands from being sore when the soap is used.—Caroline, *Empire State*, 1859.

Inquiry Answered.—H. L. N.—A spoonful of whiskey to two pounds of flour of grown wheat will correct it. If much grown, use more whiskey, but no *strychnine*.—O. T. Hobbs, *Randolph, Crawford Co., Pa., Jan.*, 1859.

Excelsior Corn Bread.—Seven cups corn meal; seven cups buttermilk; one cup wheat flour; half cup molasses; one tablespoonful ginger; one teaspoonful saleratus.—Lizzie W., *Suspension Bridge, N. Y.*, 1859.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MAKE HOME BRIGHT AND PLEASANT.

BY [illegible]

More than building showy mansion—
More than dress and fine array—
More than domes of lofty steeples—
More than station, power, and sway,
Make your Home both neat and tasteful,
Bright and pleasant, always fair,
Where each heart shall rest contented,
Grateful for each beauty there.

More than lofty, swelling titles—
More than fashion's luring glare—
More than mammon's gilded honors—
More than thought can well compare,
See that Home is made attractive,
By surroundings pure and bright,
Trees arranged with taste and order,
Flowerets with their sweet delight.

Seek to make your Home most lovely,
Let it be a smiling spot,
Where, in sweet contentment resting,
Care and sorrow are forgot;
Where the flowers and trees are waving
Birds will sing their sweetest songs,
Where the purest thoughts will linger,
Confidence and love belongs.

Make your Home a little Eden,
Imitate her smiling bowers,
Let a neat and simple cottage
Stand among bright trees and flowers;
There, what fragrance and what brightness,
Will each blooming rose display!
Here, a simple vine-clad arbor
Brightens through each summer day.

There each heart will rest contented,
Seldom wishing far to roam,
Or, if roaming, still will cherish
Mem'ries of that pleasant Home.
Such a Home makes man the better,
Pure and lasting its control—
Home with pure and bright surroundings
Leaves its impress on the soul.

South Butler, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

Plain Talks to American Women.--No. 4.

BY MRS M. P. A. CROZIER

3. Give *the child proper nourishment, and at proper intervals.* Nature points out the food usually best adapted to the infants' nature, and if it is necessary, from disease, or otherwise, that any other be substituted, let it be of the simplest and purest quality. Nor does the child need to take nourishment every half hour. Think what an injury you are doing to the poor babe's stomach, when you keep it constantly laden with food! How soon would your own stomach cry out against such treatment—and think you the delicate organization of an infant can bear safely that which would soon subject you to all the horrors of indigestion? "But the baby cries—it must be hungry!" More likely it cries because its poor stomach finds it difficult to dispose of the load you have already given it! Writers differ a little as to how often a very young child should be fed, but once in two or three hours is sufficiently often, and when it is a year and a half old, perhaps earlier, it needs only the three regular meals a day. Simplicity of diet should still be observed as the child advances in years.—How absurd to be continually stuffing a little child with sweets, and pastry, and stimulating meats, which even older persons would do well to let alone! Yet how often does it occur that the little darling, perhaps just able to totter around the floor, must have its stick of candy—which, by the way, is often poisoned with paint—nearly every time its father comes from town; must sit in his high chair at table and delight himself with a pork-rind, and have an occasional sip of mother's tea or coffee, and then, half a dozen times, perchance, before the next meal be treated with a piece of cake, or pie, or a lump of sugar to keep him quiet! Do any wonder that the years of human life are so often few? Rather wonder we that so many survive their treatment in infancy, and attain as vigorous a maturity as they do!

4. *Don't drug your infants to death.* A little judicious letting alone would vastly benefit the health of some children. In nine cases out of ten, perhaps, where some slight ailment affects your child, nature will, if allowed the opportunity, prove that she is a better physician than yourself. The natural power of the system will generally be sufficient to overcome the difficulty, unless it is very serious. In such a case call to your aid all the hygienic agencies at your command—those agencies which are necessary to preserve health, are most beneficial in its restoration. It is said that the celebrated French physician Dancoulin, on his death bed, when surrounded by the citizens of Paris, who regretted the loss which the profession would sustain by his death, said:—"My friends, I leave behind me three physicians much greater than myself." Being pressed to name them, each of the doctors supposing himself to be one of the three, he answered, "Water, Exercise and Diet."

You do not, or you should not, give your child drugs to keep it well,—they would be sure to defeat your object; beware lest that which would cause illness in a well child, should prove fatal to one already prostrate with disease. Many wise physicians have come to the conclusion, after long experience, that medicine does more injury than good. There may be instances where parents are ignorant of proper therapeutic means, and unable to avail themselves of the knowledge of others, that it would be most wise to administer it, but in all cases let it be sparingly, and with caution.

5. *Allow your children a proper amount of sleep.* Young children require a much greater amount than older persons. Dr Hall remarks:—"Observation and scientific experiment constantly confirm the fact that the brain is nourished and repaired during sleep. If, then, we have not sleep enough, the brain is not nourished, and, like everything else, when deprived of sufficient nourishment, withers and wastes away, until the power of sleep is lost, and the whole man dwindles to skin and bone, or dies a maniac. The practical inferences which we wish to impress upon the reader, are two:—1. By all means sleep enough; give all who are under you sleep enough, by requiring them to go to bed at some regular hour, and get up at the moment of spontaneous waking in the morning.—Never waken up any one, especially children, from a sound sleep unless there is urgent necessity—it is cruel to do so. To prove this, we have only to notice how fretful and unhappy a child is when waked up before the nap is out. 2. If the brain is nourished during sleep, it must have most vigor in the morning; hence, morning is the best time for study; then the brain has most strength, most activity, and must work most clearly."

6. One of the most important things to be observed in physical education is *cleanliness.* The office of the skin is so important in the physical economy, its agency, if unobstructed, so great in freeing the body of impurities, that when this is neglected, it soon becomes loaded with disease. This will be more manifest when we consider that, in the adult human system, the united length of the glands of the skin which drain the body of impurities amount to "nearly twenty-eight miles," and of course is proportionally great in the child. Then "how important the necessity of attention to the skin lest this drainage be obstructed"—how important that the clothing be frequently aired and washed, saturated as it becomes with these impurities. Frequent bathing and clean clothes, then, become necessary to health, and the cool bath, to which one may easily become accustomed by a gradual reduction of temperature in the water used, is considered more invigorating than the warm. In bathing a young child avoid chilling it. Uncover only a small portion of the body at a time, wash, thoroughly dry, and cover it again; or, if you remove all the clothing, bathe very quickly, and immediately throw around it a warm blanket and rub briskly till dry.

"But," says one, "dirt is healthy; see those children who are always at play in the dirt—how tough they are!" Yes, but do not imagine it is the *dirt* that toughens them! It is far more likely to be the amount of exercise in the fresh air which they have. This every child should enjoy daily.—Not that it is advisable to carry out young infants into the open air in mid-winter, but they should have fresh air made comfortable in the nursery.—Those children who are old enough should be clad in such a manner as to be thoroughly protected, and then allowed daily to run out and gather all the healthful influences possible from the bracing air, and grow strong in the exercise of muscular power. And lest they take cold on slight exposure, let the atmosphere of your rooms be uniformly of a moderate temperature.

By observing these rules, parents in general may hope to see their little ones grow up as flourishing "olive plants" around them,—to see the beautiful bud of infancy unfold into a lovely blossom, and in due time may be looked for the fruit of a noble and healthful life. It may be a new idea to some minds that physical education has anything to do with moral; but we believe it will be found a just one. Without health, the child will naturally be peevish and restless, and moral aberration become the result of physical ailment.

SCHOOL GIRLS IN WINTER.

We wish to put in a special plea for the girls.—Make their dresses short enough to swing clear of the snow and mud, and give them good water-proof boots, to wear to school. Yes, we insist upon it—they should have boots. Women's shoes of the present fashion are no more fit to be put upon country roads in winter, than an Indian's birch-bark canoe is fit to cross the Atlantic. Boots will not look quite so trim about the ankle, or step so lightly upon the floor, but they will do what is of more consequence—preserve the health to show off these graces in after life, and to take a great many elastic steps that otherwise might be fewer, and those leading directly down to the grave.

Another thing we are glad to see coming in fashion: the ladies are learning to skate, and for this they must have boots. Now, girls, get each of you a pair of neat winter boots, and a pair of skates to fit, and the first ice that forms in your neighborhood, large enough, go out with your brothers, or somebody else's brothers, and learn to skate. Be prudent about it, and not overdo the exercise, and you will find it a capital medicine—next to horseback riding.

The only way to bring about a race of healthy women, is to attend to the physical development of the girls before they are diluted in the false system of fashionable accomplishment, that fits them for nothing but elegant imbeciles.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

LITTLE GRAVES.

Sacred places for pure thoughts and holy meditations are the little graves in the churchyard, says a writer. They are the depositories of the mother's sweetest joy—half unfolded buds of innocence, humanity nipped by the first frost of time, ere yet a canker worm of corruption has nestled among its embryo petals. Callous, indeed, must be the heart of him who can stand by a little grave side and not have the holiest emotions of the soul awakened to thoughts of that purity and joy which belongs alone to God and heaven—for the mute preacher at his feet tells of life begun and ended without stain; and surely if this be vouchsafed to mortality, how much purer and holier must be the spiritual land, enlightened by the sun of infinite goodness, whence emanated the soul of that brief sojourner among us? How swells the heart of the parent with mournful joy while standing by the earth-bed of lost little ones? Mournful, because a sweet treasure has been taken away—joyful, because that precious jewel glitters in the diadem of the Redeemer.

As it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy, it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

SNOW.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Light, and still, and soft,
Flake after flake comes down,
Dimming the air aloft,
Flecking the oak-boles brown;
Light as the fall of years
On a head grown white in peace,
Light as the breath of the angel Death
When he whispereth of release.

White, and calm, and cold,
Under a sunset sky,
Glowing with red, aerial gold,
The unstained snow-drifts lie
Calm as the pulseless dead
In the grave-niche, cold and white,
With a kindling glow on each marble brow—
A glory of love and light.

Pure, and soft, and still,
Drifting down to the sea,
Melt the snows of the pearl-white hill
Into sunshine, silently.
Blue are the depths above,
Deep is the blue below,
White from the bay glides a sail away—
And a soul passed white as snow.—*Crayon.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THERE IS WORK ENOUGH TO DO.

We often see men idling round,—men who appear to have no business,—men possessed of fine talents and good health, and whose idleness is unaccountable. But, say they, "there is nothing to do." Let us look about and see if this is true,—if the moving, bustling, hurrying world does not present some opening where these unfortunates may find that for which they so earnestly long.

Farming, the most extensive interest in this country, is in continual want of more laborers. From one end of the land to the other, the call is ever going forth for men to labor in the forest, in the field, in the workshop, and the factory; and yet these poor men are compelled to rest idly for the want of something to do. The truth is, they *do not wish to do anything.* They are watching for some chance by which they may gain what they wish without putting their own hands to labor; or, as Micawber says, "waiting for something to turn up." They are the drones of the hive. They imagine, as I heard one of their number say, that they are "born to a higher destiny" than to be content to labor in any low sphere, and they are looking for that higher destiny everywhere but in the hard blows of life. Most likely it is in the furrows of the farm, or in the anvil, and must be dug or pounded out. And then, "High Destiny" is not arrayed, when found, with the slippers and gloves of the idler, but has the brogans, the hard hand, and the bustling activity of the worker. There always was, there is now, and there always will be, enough to do for those who want to do it.

There is work enough for our ladies—rather than to spend their time in novel reading and poor embroidery—to try and open a wider sphere for their talents, and to fill it better than they do their present one.

There is enough for the philanthropist, to alleviate the sufferings of humanity; to feed the hungry; to give clothing to the poor and destitute; to give the means of a moral and intellectual education to the millions of poor children who are now deprived of these blessings; to find homes for the homeless, and to be a friend to the friendless; to win the drunkard from his ways, and restore him to his family. The thought is sublime, it far exceeds the power of the fabled gods, whose bolts could shake the earth and cast down the stars, and "whose frown could darken half a world." It is taking the beast from the mire, breathing into it a noble spirit, and giving to the world "a man."

There is enough for the teacher to do, to instruct his charge in all that tends to make man or woman noble,—to inspire them with high and noble sentiments of what is worthy of ambition—to educate and give character to the next age when they shall be at the helm to direct.

There is work enough for the Minister of Christ to lead men from the paths of darkness and error, and show them the glory, the goodness, and boundless love of Him whose blessings they each day enjoy, and to bring them to love and serve Him better.

There is work enough for the farmer. His field is wide, and though he labored faithfully, yet he will find that there yet remains much to be done. He must educate himself. The arts, the sciences, mechanics, mathematics, and all that he can learn, will tend to improve the best of all professions.—Let no farmer say that his work is all done, and that he has nothing to do, while there is a spot on his farm that can be made better by draining, or enriching,—while his fences are not all in proper order,—while he has fruit trees that need pruning or cultivating; but let him—when he has sown his grain, and planted his corn—look and see if there is not some little thing still to do, and he will find it. His work, like woman's, is never done, and be he great or small, rich or poor, he may still find that he need not stand in the market-place "all day idle" for the want of something to do. Solon.

Cayuga, N. Y., 1859.

An Old Man's Advice.—The Rev. Daniel Waldo, late Chaplain to Congress, says:—"I am now an old man. I have seen nearly a century. Do you want to know how to grow old slowly and happily? Let me tell you: always eat slowly—masticate well. Go to your food, to your rest, to your occupations, smiling. Keep a good nature and a soft temper everywhere. Never give way to anger.—Cultivate a good memory, and to do this you must always be communicative, repeat what you have read; talk about it. Dr. Johnson's great memory was owing to his communicativeness. You young men who are just leaving college, let me advise you to choose a profession in which you can exercise your talent the best, and at the same time be honest."

LANGUAGE AND ITS TINKERS.

The "Professor," at the February Table of the *Atlantic Monthly*, has some large-hearted, sensible thoughts upon language. Here is a part of what he said:—"Language is a solemn thing—I said—it grows out of life—out of its agonies and ecstasies, its wants and weariness. Every language is a temple, in which the soul of those who speak it is enshrined. Because time softens its outlines and rounds the sharp angles of its cornices, shall a fellow take a pickaxe to help time? Let me tell you what comes of meddling with things that can take care of themselves. A friend of mine had a watch given him, when he was a boy, a 'bull's eye,' with a loose silver case that came off like an oyster shell from its contents; you know them—the cases that you hang on your thumb, while the core or the real watch lies in your hand as naked as a peeled apple. Well, he began with taking off the case, and so on from one liberty to another, until he got it fairly open, and there were the works, as good as if they were alive—crown-wheel, balance-wheel, and all the rest. All right except one thing—there was a confounded little *hair* had got tangled round the balance-wheel. So my young Solomon got a pair of tweezers, and caught hold of the *hair* very nicely, and pulled it right out, without touching any of the wheels, when, buzzzZZZ!!! and the watch had done up twenty-four hours in double magnetic-telegraph time!

The English language was wound up to run some thousands of years, I trust; but if everybody is to be pulling at everything he thinks is a hair, our grand-children will have to make the discovery that it is a hair-spring, and the old Anglo-Norman soul's time-keeper will run down, as so many other dialects have done before it. I can't stand this meddling any better than you, sir. But we have a great deal to be proud of in the life-long labors of that old lexicographer, and we mustn't be ungrateful. Besides, don't let us deceive ourselves—the war of the dictionaries is only a disguised rivalry of cities, colleges, and especially of publishers.—After all, the language will shape itself by larger forces than phonography and dictionary-making. You may spade up the ocean as much as you like, and harrow it afterwards, if you can—but the moon will still lead the tides, and the winds will form their surface."

MENTAL LABOR.

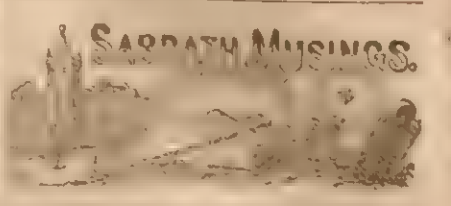
The injurious effects of mental labor are, in a great measure, owing to extensive forcing in early youth; to sudden or misdirected study; to the co-operation of depressing emotions or passions; to the neglect of the ordinary rules of hygiene; to the neglect of the hints of the body; or to the presence of the seeds of disease, degeneration, and decay in the system. The man of healthy phlegmatic or choleric temperament is less likely to be injured by application than one of sanguine or melancholic type; yet these latter, with allowance for the original constitution, may be capable of vast efforts. The extended and deep culture of the mind exerts a directly conservative influence upon the body. Fellow laborer! one word to you. Fear not to do manfully the work for which your gifts qualify you, but do it as one who must give an account of both soul and body. Work, and work hard while it is day; the night cometh soon enough—do not hasten it. Use your faculties—use them to the utmost, but do not abuse them; make not the mortal to do the work of the immortal. The body has its claims—it is a good servant; treat it well, and it will do your work; it knows its own business; do not attempt to teach or force it; attend to its wants and requirements, listen kindly and patiently to its hints, occasionally forestall its necessities by a little indulgence, and your consideration will be paid with interest. But task it, and pine it, and suffocate it—make it a slave instead of a servant; it may not complain much, but, like the weary camel in the desert, it will lie down and die.—*Journal of Physiology.*

MUSIC AND FLOWERS.

Two gifts God has bestowed on us that have in themselves no guilty trait, and show an essential divineness. Music is one of them, which breathes over the gross, or sad, or doubting heart, to inspire it with consciousness of its most mysterious affinities, and to touch the cords of its undevoted, unsuspected life. And the other gift is that of flowers, which, though born of earth, we may well believe, if any thing of earthly soil grows in the higher realm—if any of its methods are continued—if any of its forms are identical there, will live on the banks of the river of Life. Flowers, that in all our gladness, in all our sorrow, are never incongruous—always appropriate. Appropriate in the Church, as expressive of its purest of most social themes, and blending their sweetness with the incense of prayer. Appropriate in the joy of the marriage hour, in the loneliness of the sick room, and crowning with prophecy the foreheads of the dead. They give completeness to the associations of childhood, and are appropriate even by the side of old age, strange as their freshness contrasts with the wrinkles and the gray hairs; for still they are symbolical of the soul's perpetual youth, the inward blossoming of immortality, the amaranthine crown. In their presence we feel that when the body shall drop as a withered calyx, the soul shall go forth as a winged seed.—*Rev. E. H. Chapin.*

Happiness.—Now let me tell you a secret—a secret worth knowing. This looking forward for enjoyment don't pay. From what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle up moonshine for cloudy nights. The only true way to be happy, is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives. The boy must learn to be happy while he is plodding over his lessons; the apprentice while he is learning his trade, the merchant while he is making his fortune. If he fails to learn this art, he will be sure to miss his enjoyment when he gains what he sighs for.

It is more difficult to forgive an injury from a friend than from an enemy. Your favorite dog flying at you, pains you a great deal more than a similar assault from a strange dog.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AN ENTREATY.

BY ANNIE P. RICH.

Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days.—Eccl. 11: 1.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
It shall not be lost,
Though upon Time's billowy ocean
It is tossed.

Cast it forth with trust implicit
In God's marvelous ways,
And most surely thou wilt find it
After many days.

Cast in forth—be not reluctant—
Wait not till the morrow's dawn—
Ere then the time to thee allotted
May be gone.

Cast it forth—be it thy mission
To succor earth's oppress,
And relieve the broken hearted
From sad unrest.

Cast it forth! O, point the sinner
To that Savior's love,
Where life and peace is freely purchased,
And a home above.

Cast it forth, and rich rewards
Freely shall be given—
For thee thy Savior has laid up
Sweet rest in Heaven.

Marion, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE DEATH OF THE YEARS.

"For he sang of what the world will be
When the years have died away."—Tennyson.

We contemplate this material body and find it mortal—merely the dwelling-place of the soul.—We look abroad over the beautiful earth, and upon that decay is written—and in the above couplet we are reminded that the years, too, are mortal,—that they will die. What will the years be when the perishable present is among the years that were—when Time, pinioned with the wings of Death, shall swiftly make his transition flight from past to future, and, like the destroying angel, shall have claimed his own? We cannot tell what they will be. We only know that with the present shall pass the things of the present, and that, when we are gone, the world will continue to move and have its being—our presence will not be necessary.

But this is a sad retrospect and very unlike the poet's song. He is represented as going forth among the glories of nature at the sweet evening time, and singing a song so melodious and gay, that even the birds were charmed into silence.—The song of the future—it should be a melodious song! When perishable time shall be no more, and with it shall have passed away all that is mortal, then, our Creator hath said, "Behold I create a new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." This earth, renewed and beautified, shall blossom as the rose, everlasting and unchangeable. A habitation for redeemed spirits in robes of immortality. It will be a world of infinite purity and bliss, and "the Lamb will be the light thereof." A world where there will be no pain, no mourning or sighing for departed joys or blighted hopes. All our yearnings for something higher and beyond will then be satisfied. The mysteries of the other world, which we so often desire to look into, will be opened to our spirit's view. This is what the world will be when the years of time have ceased, for there are no years in eternity. And, like the wanderer from his youthful home, who will not rejoice in the thought of dwelling again and forever where he was wont to be in the childhood of his existence?

Changeable, fleeting and perishing years,
Counted by man in a valley of tears;
Bowing, thou Time, to the Angel of Death;
Staying thy flight at his sickening breath;
Thou hast not ever tyrannical power,
O'er us exerting it every hour,
Shortly, according to sacred decree,
Lost in eternity, ever thou'll be.
Mortals shall soar above perishing things;
Sharing the bliss immortality brings;
Passing where Christ and the martyrs have been;
Witnessing glories that eye hath seen.

Piffard, N. Y., 1859. Jane E. H.

Faith in God.—Have faith in God. Faith will be staggered even by loose stone in the way, if we look manward; if we look Godward, faith will not not be staggered even by inaccessible mountains stretching across and obstructing apparently our onward progress. "Go forward," is the voice from heaven; and faith obeying, finds the mountains before it flat as plains. "God with us," is the watchward of our warfare, the secret of our strength, the security of our triumph. "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." How strong faith is when we are just fresh from the fountain of redeeming love! A good conscience, and then faith will do all things, for it is in its very nature such as to let God work all; we may say that it is most active when it is most passive, and that it wearies least when it does most work.—*Hewitson.*

Affliction.—We argue, "Cannot God bring us to heaven with ease and prosperity?" Who doubteth but he can? but his infinite wisdom ordereth the contrary; and though we cannot see the reason, yet he hath the most just reason. It is your part now to believe, and suffer, and hope, and wait on. Whether God comes to his children with a rod or with a crown, if he come himself with it, it is well. Welcome, welcome, Jesus, what way soever thou come, if we get a sight of thee! And sure I am it is better to be sick, providing Christ come to the bedside, and say, "Courage, I am thy salvation," than to enjoy health, and never be visited by God.—*Rutherford.*

THE TRAVELER.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LETTERS FROM A HUNGARIAN.

NUMBER THREE.

The Great Cathedral of Gran—What sort of people go to church—Dress of the Hungarian populace—The Catacombs—The bridge on pontoons.

GRAN, Hungary, Sept. 1858.

DEAR FRIEND MOORE:—If you wish to become acquainted with the manners and customs of a nation, you need not absolutely visit great capitals and large cities. In these your attention will be almost uniformly attracted by splendid sights and exhibitions; and you will, in consequence, be apt to wholly neglect the domestic life of the *people*.—"We want a history of *firesides*," said the great statesman, DANIEL WEBSTER, and such a history can only be obtained by mingling with the people at their several *homes*. Now this, I may flatter myself, I had ample opportunity to do. Living, as I now do, in the midst of a large circle of relatives whom I left here ten years ago, when on my way to America, I must needs have the best *ciceroni* to accompany me, not merely to all the public "sights," but also to the inner, *private* gatherings round the family hearth. Though I have now been near six weeks in Hungary, yet most of all this time I spent in such insignificant towns as Gran, Wesprim and vicinity, stopping but a few days in Pesth the capital of Hungary, and Fared, the most celebrated Hungarian water-cure. And now I am again in the neat little town of Gran; and from here, sitting at ease in my *brother's* home, I will write you what I observed and learned in my travels in Hungary.

And, first of all, let me commence where I left off in my last—the great *Basilica* of Gran. Though this city contains but about 15,000 inhabitants, (mostly Magyars,) yet from its having been the birth-place and residence of St. STEPHEN, the patron saint and first *Christian* King of Hungary, (A. D. 1000,) it has ever been the residence of the Primate of Hungary, who is at the same time Archbishop of the Graner diocese. As late as 1543 there existed on the fort facing the Danube, a church dedicated to St. STEPHEN. But in that year the Turks took possession of the fort, and destroyed the entire city, with the exception of a single chapel which remains unto this day. After the Turks were dislodged, and Gran rebuilt, the primates of Hungary successively endeavored to rear a magnificent cathedral on the old fort; but it was not until 1821 that the corner-stone was laid, and after 35 years (Aug. 31st, 1856,) the Emperor of Austria, together with the entire royal family, all the bishops and archbishops, nobles and magnates, assembled in Gran to witness the dedication of the "Basilica," which, with the exception of St. Peter's in Rome, is the most costly and magnificent church on the Continent.

The rock on which the church is built is 216 feet above the level of the Danube; the church itself is 288 feet high, 288 long, and 150 wide. From the centre of the roof rises an immense dome, supported by 38 pillars. The copper covering of this dome weighs 31,000 pounds, and is surmounted by a globe and cross 24 feet high. Above the main entrance, (two iron doors weighing 10,000 pounds,) fronting the Danube, stands the inscription, *Quae sursum sunt quaerite*, ("seek what is above,") and on the flat roof above is a statue (22 feet high,) representing *Religion*, together with the statues of PAUL, PETER, St. STEPHEN, and other saints.—On each side of the church rises a massive tower 180 feet high, one of which is as yet unfinished.

I have thus described the church as it appears to the traveler sailing along the majestic Danube. But it was not until I entered that I fully realized the splendor and costliness of the primatial Basilica. It was on a beautiful Sunday morning when I attended the worship here observed. The seats being free to all, I selected a convenient position from which I could at once observe the congregation, choir, and officiating ministers. Among the former I noticed mostly people of the lower classes. A single glance at their dress and general appearance would at once betray this. The farmer, mechanic, and workmen, generally wear on holidays a round, broad-brimmed hat, a black jacket, tight cloth pantaloons, and long-legged boots *covering* the pantaloons up to the knee. Some, moreover, who belong to the more hardy and less favored sons of Fortune, have, instead of pantaloons, a loose *gatya* made of coarse linen, and resembling our inexpressibles. The legs of these *gatya*-pants are so wide, that they might, if spanned by hoops, form pretty respectable *crinolines*. If an American were to go out in this style at home, he would be taken up as indecently clothed; and yet here I observed more than a dozen of peasants with nothing but a short jacket and wide *gatyas*, kneeling on the marble floor of the most magnificent church of Hungary. Nor could I observe among the women any one deserving the title of "lady."—From *their* dress, also, I observed that none of the cultivated, refined, or fashionable ladies of the Magyar race were present. For these, like the more cultivated men, adopt the style of the great European capitals—particularly of Paris, the center from which most fashions radiate. But the women of the lower classes wear, instead of a bonnet, a snow-white cloth, so arranged as to cover the head, ears and part of the neck. Then comes a tight *corsette*, of some gaudy color, such as red or yellow. Then a short red or light blue petticoat, (no crinoline,) with an immense number of folds. And crowning (or rather footing all,) a pair of horse-skin *boots*—no shoes are worn by these hardy women. These, also, in pleasant weather, are made of red leather.

The service, which lasted two hours, was similar to that observed in Catholic churches generally.—After the service, I inspected, in company with a friend of mine, the several parts of the edifice more particularly. The gigantic dome, (82 feet in diameter,) viewed from within, resembles the blue sky decked with stars; and below extends, in majestic proportions, the nave of the church. The interior is decked, from top to bottom, with polished marble of various hues, and supported by fifty-four pillars. The most renowned artists of Italy and Germany were called to decorate the walls and ceiling with biblical scenes and characters, allegorical paintings and statues. Among these I must not fail to mention the painting above the main altar. This is one of the greatest in the world, it being 40 feet high (without the frame,) and 20 wide. The artist, GRIGOLETTI, of Venice, here represents the ascension of MARY, greeted by nine angelic choirs, the apostles looking up to her with joy and astonishment. The altar itself is made of costly marble weighing a thousand hundred weight, and is decorated with several bas-reliefs in alabaster. Beneath the dome there are no seats, the floor being formed into a gigantic mosaic rosette, formed of numerous many-colored marble stones. The rest of the floor is paved with white and red Hungarian Marble. Viewed from beneath the dome, the entire church is truly beautiful and sublime.

If you ever visit this church, do not fail to descend into the catacombs below. The entrance is guided by two gigantic figures representing *Peace* and *Immortality*; and a forest of imposing pillars leads to the marble altar. Here rest the remains of the Arch-Duke AMBROSIUS (uncle of the present Emperor of Austria,) Cardinal RUDNAY (the founder of this "Basilica,") and other Archbishops.—Older tombstones, also, are here set, among them that of the last commander of the fortress of Gran—Baron SCHUKNECHT (died 1623.)

In front of the church, or still better from the dome, you have a fine view of the picturesque vicinity for several miles. At the foot of the fort flows the Danube, spanned by a bridge resting on 34 pontoons, and connecting Gran with a village on the opposite bank, called Parkany. Whenever a steamer comes along from Pesth or Vienna, signal is given from the fort; whereupon a portion of the bridge, resting on *three* pontoons, is drawn out in order to let the boat pass through. The "opening" and "closing" of the bridge is done by hand-machinery, and takes up about 15 minutes. In the winter, when the Danube freezes, the entire bridge is drawn into the "little Danube" (an arm of the river proper,) which, being fed by warm springs, remains tepid during the entire year. This little Danube begins and ends at the great river, thus forming a beautiful Island with many fine promenades and pleasure-gardens.

Thus you see, Mr. Editor, that this little city offers material more than enough for a single letter, and, I should think, interesting enough for the amateur traveler. You will find here also a College, a Theological Seminary, a Library with many Hungarian manuscripts and antiquities, and—what I will describe more at length in my next—the real *Magyar life*. SIMON TUSKA.

EDUCATION IN BRAZIL.

Boys are carefully, though rather superficially educated. They never play. At a very early age the sons of the wealthy are sent to the *collegio*, or boarding-school, and by their twelfth year generally acquire the manners of "little old men," the stiff black hat, standing collar and cane. They walk the streets as though everybody was looking at them, and as rigid as if they were encased in corsets. They are well instructed in the languages. Of late, however, the "cramming system" has been falling into disrepute. The Superintendent of Public Instruction has extended his authority within-college walls. The military, naval, and medical academies, generally complete the course. There are likewise common schools, supported by the government. The Brazilian despises mercantile labor, and prefers a starving salary to the vexation of the counting-room. Only members of the learned professions attain to civil office; never merchants or artisans.—*Rev. J. C. Fletcher.*

The Reviewer.

Books Received.

THE NEW ENGLAND THEOCRACY. A History of the Congregationalists of New England to the Revivals of 1740. By H. F. UHDEN. With a Preface by the late Dr. NEANDER. Translated from the Second German Edition by H. C. CONANT. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Sold by COLE & ADAMS.

TRAVELS AND DISCOVERIES IN NORTH AND CENTRAL AFRICA. Being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the auspices of H. B. M.'s Government, in the years 1849—1855. By HENRY BARTH, PH. D., D. C. L., Fellow of the Royal Geographical and Asiatic Societies, &c., &c. In three volumes. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers. [pp. 500—illustrated.] Sold in Rochester by D. M. DEWEY.

LA PLATA, THE ARGENTINE CONFEDERATION, AND PARAGUAY. Being a Narrative of the Explorations of the Tributaries of the River La Plata and adjacent Countries during the years 1853, '54, '55, and '56, under the Orders of the United States Government. By THOMAS J. PAGE, U. S. N., Commander of the Expedition. With Map and Numerous Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. [pp. 632.] Sold by DEWEY.

CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY. By FRANCIS T. BUCKLAND, M. A., Student of Christ Church, Oxford. From the Fourth London Edition. New York: Rudd & Carleton—1859. [pp. 423.] Sold by DEWEY.

THE PIONEERS; OR, THE SOURCES OF THE SUSQUEHANNA. A Descriptive Tale. By J. FENNIMORE COOPER. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. DARLEY. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co.—1859. [pp. 505.] Sold by DEWEY.

THE AFTERNOON OF UNMARRIED LIFE. From the last London edition. New York: Rudd & Carleton. Sold by DEWEY.

THE LAIRD OF NORLAND. A Scottish Story. By the Author of "Margaret Maitland," "Lilliesleaf," "Orphans," "The Days of My Life," &c. New York: Harper & Bros. Sold by DEWEY.

ISABELLA ORSINI:—A Historical Novel of the Fifteenth Century. By F. D. GUERRAZZI. Translated from the Italian by LUIGI MONTI, A. M. New York: Rudd & Carleton. Sold by DEWEY.

BLONDE AND BRUNETTE: or, The Gothamite Arcady. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Sold by DEWEY.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER. A Portraiture from the Life. By FREDRIKA BREMER. Translated by MARY HOWITT. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. [pp. 348.] Sold by DEWEY.

ETHEL'S LOVE LIFE: A Novel. By MARGARET J. M. SWEAT. New York: Rudd & Carleton. For sale by DEWEY.

EPISODES OF FRENCH HISTORY During the Consulate and the First Empire. By Miss PARDOE. New York: Harper & Bros. [pp. 361.] Sold by DEWEY.

NATURE has not conferred upon us a responsible existence without giving us, at the same time, the strength, rightly exerted, to perform its duties.

SCENES IN AND AROUND JERUSALEM.

GROUP OF JEWS AND JEWESSES.

AN opportunity to continue our sketches of *Scenes in and around Jerusalem*, is furnished us by the publication of a small work, *Hadji in Syria*, written by SARAH BARCLAY JOHNSON. The description of the country, people and incidents are copied from a journal, kept during a residence of three years in Palestine, and the illustrations, for which we are indebted to the publishers, JAMES CHALLEN & SONS, Philadelphia, are selected from her own portfolio, and their correctness may be implicitly relied upon. We give a portion of one chapter on

THE JEWS.

THERE are no people more worthy of our attention and regard than the people of Israel, GOD'S own chosen race. And those inhabiting Jerusalem claim not only our serious consideration, but most heart-felt pity. Their condition is a sad and wonderful verification of the sure word of prophecy, which long ago doomed them to their present state of degradation and woe. They are now beginning to come to Jerusalem in great numbers; and are supported while there mainly by contributions from abroad, amounting to the miserable pittance of a few paras a day for each person. Yet they are quite happy and contented, so long as they enjoy the privilege of treading the land of their forefathers, and living on the sacred soil of their beloved Mount Zion. The heart of the lover of Israel is often made to bleed when witnessing instances of the tyranny exercised over them by their despotic lords, the Turks; such as a poor old Jew being pelted with stones by the little Turkish boys in the street. The little scamps are greatly amused with the sport; and, instead of meeting with a severe rebuke, they are rewarded with encouragement from their seniors; at whose instigation, indeed, the sport is generally commenced.

THE TOMB OF RACHEL.

No Jew is allowed to enter the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; and, indeed, should one be seen even passing through the court, he is instantly attacked by an infuriated mob of Christians, who, if they allow him to escape with his life, he has great occasion to thank them, as they are fully empowered to kill him by express firman of the Sultan. He is set free only on condition of submission to the practice his soul abhors—of kissing a crucifix of the despised Nazarene, or an image of the Virgin Mary. One privilege, however, is granted the poor Jew of Jerusalem, upon which he places inestimable value; that of performing his devotions close by the remains of the magnificent walls that once surrounded the Temple. For this favor, they at one time paid an enormous price to the Turks, who own not only this spot, but nearly all of the Holy City. And there they resort at all times, but particularly on Friday, to weep and lament that their Temple is no more.

Here, too, assemble multitudes of the matrons and maids of Israel, to pour forth their bitter lamentations and scalding tears through the crevices of that portion of the wall nearest the site of their beloved but unapproachable Temple; "deeply wailing, deeply wailing that the daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers; as a beseiged city." But so down-trodden, impotent, and helpless are they, that it is no uncommon thing for "certain lewd fellows of the baser sort," of Turkish, Arab, and Christian pedigree, so to annoy them, that they are glad to ensconce themselves in their crowded and comfortless tenements on Mount Zion.

The Tomb of Rachel is another spot held by them in great veneration; and I envy neither the head nor the heart of the stranger who can pass from Jerusalem to Bethlehem without deviating a few hundred yards from the stony path to muse awhile, and perhaps drop a tear at the tomb of the ill-fated but "beautiful and well-favored" Rachel. The pillar set upon her grave, thirty-five long centuries and a generation ago, has long since crumbled into dust, or, more probably, been chipped into fragmentary amulets; but the venerated spot is still marked, and no doubt correctly indicated by a picturesque mausoleum, seen in the engraving, containing two rooms, the innermost of which is the consecrated sanctum where her idolized remains lie interred beneath a rude oblong tomb of plastered stones, four or five feet in height; Ephrath, or Ephratah, being a mile or two distant; for "she was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem;" "and there was but a little way to go to Ephrath." Ramah, in the Hebrew, means an eminence, and it was doubtless on the top of the intervening hill in the coasts of Bethlehem, and not at Ramley, near Joppa, as CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH imagines (in that admirable production of her pen, "Judah's Lion,") that a "voice was heard"—lamentations and bitter weeping—"Rachel weeping for her children, refusing to be comforted because they were not."

How touchingly is the traveler reminded of that soul-rending cry, in passing this cherished monument of the mother of millions of the noblest race on earth—where, beneath its dome and around its walls, he hears the plaintive wailings of the daughters of this revered "mother in Israel." But they weep not for the hecatombs of innocent infants, sacrificed in the vain attempt of Herod the Great (monster of cruelty) to destroy the infant Messiah; for that event they profess to disbelieve. They are weeping for their own state of hopeless degradation, and the misery that has come upon them.—Well did our adorable Redeemer say to certain devoted females, who had ministered to him of their substance, and, faithful to the bitter end, sorrowfully followed Him to Golgotha, "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children." O! the untold miseries that have come upon the degraded daughter of Zion! Fountainless indeed must be the eye that can witness the harrowing anguish of mind and contortion of body manifested around this tomb, and shed no tear. Harder than the nether mill-stone, and "deaf to pity's soul-subduing cry," that bosom that can remain unmoved amid such a scene of wailing, lamentation and despair.

THE SCULPTURE OF HABIT.—Did you ever watch a sculptor slowly fashioning a human countenance? It is not moulded at once; it is not struck out at a single blow. It is painfully and laboriously wrought. A thousand blows rough cast it. Ten thousand chisel points polish and perfect it—put in the fine touches, and bring out the features and expression. It is a work of time; but at last the full likeness comes out, and stands fixed forever and unchanging in the solid marble. Well, so does a man under the leadings of the Spirit, carve out his moral likeness. Every day he adds something to the work—a thousand acts of thought and will, and deed, shape the features and expression of the soul—habits of love, and purity, and truth. Habits of falsehood, malice and uncleanness, silently mould and fashion it, till at length it wears the image and superscription of the Evil One.

WE seldom regret having been too mild, too cautious, or too humble; but we often regret having been too violent, too precipitate, or too proud.

YOUNG RURALIST.

ARITHMETICAL FACTS, AGAIN.

MESSRS EDS:—"JUVENIS" a short time ago, gave us some interesting *facts* in Arithmetic,—but which, without some explanation that we may understand the "*why*" as well as the "*how*," we do not consider very valuable, for a mathematician who works by *rules* rather than analyses goes on the *machine* principle.

We should like, therefore, to have him tell us *why* "14 is to 11, as the diameter multiplied by itself" is to the superficial contents of the circle, (I suppose.)

And with your permission, Mr. EDITOR, I will give *my* way to find the contents of a circle, the diameter of which is known. Find the circumference, which is 3.1416 times the diameter. Then "multiply one-half the diameter by one-half the circumference," and the product will be the *exact* (not "nearly,") number of square inches contained in the circle.

And now, for a practical illustration of this rule,

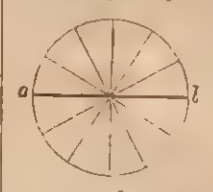


FIG. 1.

Cut out a round piece of paper, (pasteboard is best,) and divide it according to the following illustration, (fig. 1,) cutting it entirely in two on the line *a*, *b*, but let a narrow strip hold at the end of each of the other lines.

Now take hold of the points *a*, *b*, and straighten each semi-circumference, and you will have fig. 2. These pieces now arrange in the form of fig. 3, and you will have a paralellogram; the length of which will be one-half the circumference of the circle, and the width one-half the diameter, and the superficial contents are the same as those of the circle from which it is formed; hence the reason of the rule.

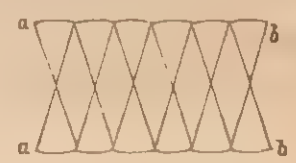


FIG. 2.

This is on the supposition that the lines *a*, *b*, in fig. 2 and 3, are straight lines, and which *would be* straight if the circle was divided with sufficient accuracy.

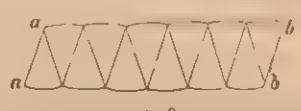


FIG. 3.

If a tapering or irregular shaped vessel is to be measured, get the *average* diameter, and the results of the above rule, multiplied by the height, will give the solid contents.

As to measuring bins, &c., I believe 1.244+ cubic feet, or 2150 cubic inches make an *exact* bushel.

In measuring hay, about here, it is usually estimated that 400 feet, in a well settled mow, make a ton. I do not know, however, on what authority that number is used, and should like to know which is right.

And now, I should like to have some of the boys tell the reason of the following result:—Why the unit point is placed as it is, and why dividing a number makes it larger, &c.

.004)1.0096 — 252.4 — and again — 22.64 / .006 / 3769.4

In one case, dividing makes a number larger, in the other, multiplying makes a number smaller.

ORPHEUS.

"STEADY BOY'S WANTED."

WE often notice on taking up a newspaper the following advertisement, under the head of wants: "Wanted, a Steady Boy," &c. Boys what can be the meaning of this? Are there so few "*steady boys*" among so many that it is necessary to search among thousands; yea, among tens of thousands to find a "steady boy?" Are they, indeed, so scarce? By no means. Although far from being a supply, there are many "steady boys." The demand will always be in excess of the supply.

When the wild, reckless boy becomes a man of middle age, he will look back adown the long vista of years with a sigh of regret, when he beholds the "steady boys" of bygone days the honored, the distinguished, and the world-renowned heroes and statesmen of the day. Yes, "steady boys" are *wanted*. Parents want them, teachers want them, and a progressive world *must* have them.

Little thinks the thoughtless, harem-scarem boy of to-day, that there must be "steady boys" to fill the place of the gray-haired veterans who are now the pillars of society, the body guard of even handed justice, and the moral police of a civilized people. When the icy hand of the king of terrors strikes down these veterans at their posts, the next generation must provide men who can and will make good the people's loss.

Make known to us boys who prefer a book to a game of ball; a newspaper to a new play; an evening at home with their books, to one at the tavern or stores; the records of history to the senseless pages of a novel; the companionship of the intelligent and refined, to that of the vulgar, and depraved; and we will show you "steady boys" that are *wanted* to make men of. G. C. BEECHER.

Livonia, N. Y., January, 1859.

DEW.—There is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself, and the drop runs off. God rains his goodness and mercy as wide-spread as the dew, and if we lack them, it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER AND NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 19, 1859.

Affairs at Washington.

The Navy Department is in receipt of official news from Commander Totten, of the sloop-of-war Vincennes, giving details of an alleged British outrage on an American vessel on the coast of Africa. The substance is, that the American brig Rufus Soule from Mutanzas, while on that coast, was boarded on the 11th of October, by the British steamer Viper and *searched* and BURNT! The correspondence between Commander Totten and the Captain of the Viper shows that at the time of the alleged outrage, the Rufus Soule had the American flag flying, but that the Captain threw his papers overboard when called upon to show them. The capture of the Rufus Soule has been before reported.

The Military Committee of the House have received a communication from the Secretary of War, in response to an inquiry whether it is not practicable to reduce expenses in the transportation to remote military points. Mr. Floyd says a reduction would be practicable, were it not for the demands and threats of members of Congress.

Mr. Forsyth formerly tendered on the 7th inst., at the State Department, his resignation as Minister to Mexico. Mr. Cass assured him that his course had met with the approbation of this Government, which, as yet, had come to no determination relative to Mexican affairs.

A letter from Paris, from a prominent source, states on information from Madrid that it is not probable that Mr. Preston will be received as U. S. Minister, but if he should be, that the first intimation from him relative to the purchase of Cuba would be deemed a sufficient ground for giving him his passports. Our government, however, is not in receipt of official information from Spain on that subject. It is stated in well informed circles that the reinstallment by Miramon of Zuloaga to the Presidency in Mexico, was at the instance of France and England, who have an especial interest in his administration in connection with debts due to these Governments.

FROM UTAH.—The Utah mail of the 18th ult., has arrived, but the news is barren of interest.—The District Court was expected to adjourn sine die on the 15th. Supt. Forney was soon to leave for the North, to hold a conference with the Chief of Utah Indians. Many persons were leaving Salt Lake City for Pike's Peak. A memorial to Congress, asking a division into the Territory of the old State Deseret Constitution was under consideration in the Legislature.

NEW GOLD DISCOVERIES.—Recent arrivals from St. Louis papers state that new gold deposits have been discovered near the head of the Missouri River, through Lewis and Clark's and Stephens Pass. The gold is said to be very plentiful, but of an inferior quality. The mines can be easily reached by steamboat navigation

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—A resolution offered by Mr. King, directing an inquiry into the working of the Reciprocity Treaty and the expediency of its abrogation, was adopted.

A communication was received from the Secretary of War, forwarding information respecting the claims of British subjects to property rights in Washington and Oregon Territories.

On the resolution to permit Lieut. Maury and Prof. Bache to accept medals from the King of Sardinia coming up, Messrs. Crittenden and Shields expressed the opinion that no sovereign better deserved the sympathy of the American people than the King of Sardinia, the hope of Italy. The resolution was adopted.

A communication was received from the Secretary of War stating that in his opinion the proceeds of the sale of old forts should be applied to the construction of new ones; also that Indian agencies might be better performed by officers of the army; also that the army cannot be judiciously kept within the line of settlement to avoid the cost of transportation, inasmuch as the Indians are kept in check by the near proximity of the troops.

The Agricultural College bill was taken up, and passed with some amendments, which will require it to go back to the House. The vote was, Ayes 25; Nays 22.

HOUSE.—The Executive Appropriation bill was considered, and the striking out of the following items concurred in; $200,000 for mileage of next Congress; $10,000 for repair of furniture and boxes for members; upward of $70,000 for the Congressional Globe; $100,000 for the San Francisco mint; $23,000 for the New York Assay office; $225,000 for purchasing property now leased by the New York District Courts, and a few small items; and adding $115,000 to supply deficiencies in printing appropriation. The bill then passed by 16 majority.

The House resumed the consideration of the Oregon bill. After a lengthy and excitable discussion the question was taken on the preamble to the Bill, and it was agreed to—113 to 95—and the bill passed by 114 to 103, precisely as it came from the Senate.

Destructive Conflagrations.

At about 3 o'clock on the morning of the 6th inst., a fire broke out in the upper portion of Russell's Mechanical Bakery, corner of Battery and Commercial streets, Boston, which was totally destroyed. The building was of brick with granite front, and containing a bakery and 23,000 barrels of flour on storage. The bakery had gone into operation Thursday, the 3rd inst., when over 15,000 loaves of bread were baked. The falling walls partially destroyed two or three adjoining tenements. A fireman was killed by the falling of one of the side walls, and several others were more or less injured. One man is missing, and supposed to be under the ruins. The total loss of property is estimated at $300,000 on which there was a partial insurance

IN Brooklyn, at 4 o'clock, A. M., 6th inst., a fire on Fulton Avenue caused the loss of several lives. The lower floor of the building was occupied as a confectionary shop, and the upper stories by Edward Gill, as a residence for his family, consisting of himself and wife, two daughters, two servant girls, a brother and a boarder. After the fire was suppressed the bodies of Mrs. Gill, her two children, and Anne Keegan were found lying on the floor of Mrs. G.'s chamber, all dead. Mrs. G. was 27 years of age and her daughters respectively 2 and 6 years; Anne Keegan was 17 years of age.—Mr. Thos. Gill was dangerously injured.

THE William & Mary College, at Williamsburg, Va., including the library and the laboratory, were destroyed by fire at 3 o'clock this morning, 11th.—It was the oldest institution, with a single exception, in the country. The students all escaped.—Insured for $22,000.

A FIRE at Grand Rapids, Michigan, early on the morning of the 7th inst., destroyed seven dwellings, including the Backus block. Losses on merchandize and buildings, $30,000; partially insured.

THE Penitentiary building at Alton, Ill., was partially destroyed by fire on the evening of the 8th inst. Loss unknown. No prisoners escaped. The fire was the work of an incendiary.

THE SALT MINES AT ONONDAGA.—The Superintendent of the Onondaga Salt Mines, Mr. VIVUS W. SMITH, has made his report to the Legislature.—From his statements, we learn that the manufacture this year ran up to 7,038,219 bushels, or 1,406,644 barrels, an increase of a million bushels over the figures of 1856. Of this quantity, 5,531,827 bushels were fine, and 1,500,392 coarse or solar salt. The revenue, one cent duty a bushel, amounted to $70,332 19; penalties, rents, &c., $57 40.—Paid for salaries, erection, repairs, materials, &c., $50,622 66. The present means of the State will permit the furnishing of brine sufficient to manufacture ten millions of bushels. Mr. SMITH thinks the quality of salt to be improving. There are now 321 salt blocks, capable of manufacturing 12,500,000 bushels of salt. About seven-eights of the salt goes to other States. During the year, 1,370,269 bushels were received at Buffalo, and 4,349,033 at Oswego.

KANSAS MATTERS.—Both Houses of the Kansas Legislature have passed a bill providing for the formation of a Constitution and State Government for Kansas. The bill provides for an election on the 4th Monday in March, to decide for or against the holding of a Convention. If the decision is favorable, an election of fifty delegates will be held on the first Tuesday in June, and the Convention will meet on the first Tuesday in July at Wyandott City.

Mr. Lawrence, an old Californian, has just returned to Leavenworth from Cherry Creek, bringing the most cheering accounts of the prospect at the mines. He estimates the amount of dust in the hands of miners at Denver City, at from $15,000 to $16,000, and states that no sales had been made at less than $20 per ounce.

HOPS.—The Cooperstown *Journal* says first and second sorts are bringing from 10 to 14 cents. Of strictly prime but few are offering, and they are readily picked up at 15 cents.

Important from Mexico.

THE dates from the City of Mexico are to the 23th ult., via. Minatitlan. Gen. Miramon reach the Capitol on the 26th, with 1,000 cavalry. He disapproved of the acts of Gen. Robles, and displaced him; after which he placed Gen. Scales at the head of the army and reinstated Zuloago. It was reported that Miramon intended marching on Vera Cruz with a strong force.

The Liberals had routed Gen. Negrette near Jalapa.

The New Orleans *Picayune's* correspondent says that the Mexican war steamer Iturbide had been captured by an American and six foreigners, who killed five of the crew and escaped with the vessel. The correspondent does not mention the time that this took place.

The steamship Tennessee arrived at New Orleans on the 12th, with Vera Cruz dates to the 9th inst. Zuloaga abdicated in favor of Miramon on the 2d inst. The latter was installed as President. Miramon had re-arrested the political prisoners liberated by Robles, and dismissed all the officers engaged in deposing Zuloaga. He had also suppressed the forced paper of the $1,000,000 loan ordered by Robles.

Miramon was about marching on Vera Cruz, with a force of 5,000 men,—Zuloaga acting as President ad interim. The brother of Miramon had been defeated at Zacatecas. Degaldo was threatening the Capital with a force of 4,000 organized troops. The capture of Mazatlan, by the Liberals, is confirmed.

The commanders of the French and English fleets, had succeeded in enforcing their demands at Vera Cruz. The high system of duties was to be restored forthwith, and two-thirds of the revenue is secured to England and France.

THE FASHIONS.—We have rather neglected the interests of the RURAL'S *fair* readers in not occasionally giving them a description of the "latest from Paris" styles, but shall endeavor to make amends for all "sins of omission," by attention to their wants hereafter. Just now we will state that the *fashionable* season was inaugurated on the 20th ult., by a grand reception and ball at the Tuilleries. At the first ball, which usually fixes the *mode* for the winter, it was remarked that the circumference of the ladies' toilettes had not diminished;—if there was any change since last winter, it was on the side of augmentation. It was also remarked that there was a greater profusion of precious stones, especially of rubies, which seem to be coming into fashion again. We will soon arrive at that point where a woman will not be well dressed unless she carries a quarter of a million francs on her shoulders.

THE HOMESTEAD BILL.—There seems to be some misapprehension in the public mind concerning the Homestead bill passed by the House of Representatives. Upon the authority of the *Tribune*, in our report of "Congressional Proceedings" last week, we stated it to be a regular vote-yourself-a-farm bill, giving to every head of a family, who is a citizen, or has declared his intention to become such, one hundred and sixty acres from any unappropriated land belonging to the United States, on the simple condition that he shall make his home upon it and cultivate it. But the Philadelphia *Ledger* insists that this is a mistake. According to that paper, the bill passed gives settlers upon the unsurveyed public lands, the right to purchase them at a dollar and a quarter an acre, after they have been surveyed. This is something entirely different from the first understanding of the import of this bill.

LATEST HAYTIEN INTELLIGENCE.—Gen. Jeffrard entered Port au Prince the morning of the 14th, when the city surrendered without firing a gun, and the Republic was proclaimed. Soulouque had abdicated, and a guard was detailed to escort him on board the British vessel Star of Melbourne, but the mob was so excited to arrest him, that he was forced to take refuge at the French Consulates. He finally got safely on board the Melbourne, and arrived at Kingston. The people at Port au Prince were rejoicing over his downfall. Jeffrard had been declared President of the Republic by acclamation.

THE POSTAL LAWS.—The bill providing for a change of the postal law which was reported to the House a few days ago, deprives members of Congress of the franking privilege, but retains it for the President, Ex-Presidents, Presidents' widows, Post-Master General and Deputies, Auditor and Chief Clerk, and for those post-masters whose annual pay is less than $200. It also deprives newspapers of the privilege of having exchanges and their county circulation free.

QUALIFICATIONS OF NATURALIZED VOTERS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The Massachusetts House of Representatives have adopted an amendment to the Constitution requiring a residence of ten years in the State, subsequent to naturalization or voting. The vote stood 178 yeas to 32 nays.

THE CANADIAN FEDERATION SCHEME.—All the Lower Provinces, with the exception of Newfoundland, have refused to send delegates to the proposed convention to discuss the question of a federal union. Until they consent, nothing further can be done toward a consummation of the project.

IN A NUTSHELL.—A shrewd business man, who takes little interest in politics, is reported to have remarked, that the proposition to buy Cuba seemed to him like "an offer to give money that we had not got, for a thing we didn't want, to a nation that wouldn't sell!"

MARINE DISASTERS IN JANUARY.—The number of American sea-going vessels totally lost by wreck, abandonment, &c., and missing, reported during January, amounts to 41 of all classes, namely:—8 ships, 7 barks, 9 brigs, and 17 schooners.

NICARAGUA RATIFIES THE TREATY.—The N. Y. *Daily Times* has private intelligence announcing the ratification, by the Nicaraguan Government, of the Cass-Yrissari treaty, as originally arranged by the negotiators. The ratification was made at Managua on the 17th of January.

News Paragraphs.

THE New York Times learns that our minister to Nicaragua, Gen. Lamar, appears about every day at Icacos, where our Pacific fleet is harbored, in a condition unfit for business, and sometimes unfit to be seen—the plain English of which we take to be, stupidly drunk.

IN Japan their horses are shod with nothing but *shoes of grass*, dried and twisted together in hard masses, and then fastened to the hoofs by a thong of the same brought up and bound around the fetlock.

THE annual report of marriages, births, and deaths in New Jersey was made to the Legislature of that State on Wednesday. The number of marriages was 3,883; births, 14,012; deaths, 7,932.

Two centuries ago not one in a hundred wore stockings. Fifty years ago not one boy in a thousand was allowed to run at large at night. Fifty years ago not one girl in a thousand made a waiting maid of her mother. Wonderful improvement in this wonderful world.

THE Governor of Louisiana is radical on national matters in his annual message. He says the expansion of the South southward is recognized as its destiny, and advocates the absorption of Mexico and Central America. He also goes for the acquisition of Cuba by negotiation, or if that fails, "by some more potent solicitation."

THE Paris correspondent of the New York Express says that the government of the city of Paris is vastly superior to that of New York. There is less crime, and more security to life and property. The streets are more quiet, and law and order much more universally prevalent.

THE Secretary of N. Y. State, in reply to a resolution of the Senate, states that during the last two years, there have been 426 pardons, 10 commutations, (seven of which were from death to State Prison for life, and three changing term of imprisonment,) and 42 restorations to citizenship.

From the Pacific Side.

BY Overland Mail, and the arrival of the Moses Taylor, we are again placed in possession of intelligence from our Western Shores. The steamer brought $1,320,000, in treasure.

CALIFORNIA.—The Supreme Court of California have decided that the Legislature has power to tax mining claims, and also that the law prohibiting the immigration of Chinese, is unconstitutional.—An immense meeting of Hebrews and Protestants had been held at San Francisco to express their indignation at the abduction of the Jewish boy Mortara by the Popish authorities. The deposit of gold at the mint for the week ending January 15th, was nearly 12,000 ounces. Markham Gallagher, one of the victims of the Vigilance Committee, had recovered $3,000 damages from Capt. Smith, of the bark Yankee, for exporting him to the Sandwich Islands, under a decree of banishment, issued by the Committee. A new and rich silver mine has been discovered in Santa Clara county. The Lehama Gazette says that a vein of coal, which it is hoped will equal the Scotch cannel coal, has been found on Elder creek. On New Year's day the settlers of Brown Valley, killed about forty Indians for stealing stock. Maj. Johnson had arrived there with troops to give the Indians protection. The weather throughout California was excellent, and accounts from the mines exceedingly favorable.

OREGON.—That portion of the President's Message in relation to Kansas, was not favorably received in Oregon, on the ground that Mr. Buchanan's policy would retard the admission of that Territory into the Union.

SOUTH AMERICA.—Dates from Valparaiso are to Jan. 1st. Chili still remains disturbed, and the Provinces are under martial law. The press was entirely under the direction of the Government.—Callao dates are to Jan. 11th. The prospect of a general revolt seems on the increase. While an edict was being read on the 6th, prohibiting the tearing up the rails of railroads and cutting the wires of the telegraph, the mob did the very thing they were forbidden to do. The streets were strewed every day with pasquines, threatening Castilla with death, and calling on the troops to join the authors.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—From Honolulu, we learn that the French had taken possession of Clipperton Island, a guano depot, 600 miles westward from Acapulco. The whaling season had closed. The full number of vessels arrived, 218, the amount of oil taken, 130,000 bbls. Bone upwards of 150,000 pounds. The season is regarded as unprofitable.

A terrific storm took place at Honolulu on the 16th. It flooded the houses, and much property was destroyed.

RATIO OF REPRESENTATION.—Statisticians who have been examining the probable results of the next Census, and the apportionment to be based on it, say that the required population of a Congressional District will probably be raised from 93,000 to 110,000, and that the House of Representatives (if the present number, 233, is retained) will probably consist of 155 Representatives from Free States and 78 Representatives from Slave States, showing a gain of nine to the former.

AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.—The report of the past year's proceedings shows that the receipts during the year were $61,820 19, and the expenditures $61,190 57. The general interests of Liberia are evidently improving. The products of the soil are abundant; good Irish potatoes sell for twenty-five cents a bushel; clean rice at less than a dollar a bushel. President Benson says the increase of these products has been very great.

DREADFUL AFFAIR.—On the night of the 1st inst., a frame house on the outskirts of Allegheny City, Penn., occupied by a carpenter named Rodgers and his family, took fire and was totally consumed. Rodgers, his wife and three of his children were burned to death. Only one of his family, a boy of eleven years, was saved.

The News Condenser.

— In California six religious papers are published.

— Wheat is now being taken from Chicago to Iowa.

— They expect to grow raisins in California next year.

— The new Emperor of Japan is between 16 and 17 years old.

— The wharves of New Orleans rent annually for one million dollars.

— A man has been sentenced to be hung for burglary at Charleston, S. C.

— There are 311 miles of railroad, in the aggregate, completed in Iowa.

— Emigration from New Orleans to Cuba is going on quietly and briskly.

— It is now believed that Judge Roosevelt will succeed Mr. Dallas at London.

— The Michigan Legislature have voted 15,000 for the Gratiot Co. destitute.

— One of the Sing Sing prisoners choked to death at dinner, a few days since.

— Sunday schools have been commenced in Russia solely by voluntary efforts.

— A woman died in Cleveland last week from starvation, leaving four children.

— The jails of Rhode Island last year held nearly 600 persons committed for debt.

— The population of California, according to the best estimates, amounts to 600,000.

— During the past year, the Governor of Michigan pardoned no less than 59 convicts.

— Montgomery, one of the Kansas leaders, was formerly a regular licensed preacher.

— Three millions and a half of the new U. S. loan have been paid into the Treasury.

— Every important matter that is now brought up in Congress is settled by King Caucus.

— Religious revivals are noticeable events in many of the cities and villages of Minnesota.

— There are five companies of Chinamen in California, with over 50,000 members enrolled.

— The cost of each letter sent to San Francisco by the overland route, is estimated at $65.

— The Chinese export home from San Francisco all the broken glass ware they can pick up.

— Richard J. Foster is to be hung March 25th, at Charleston, S. C., for burglary and larceny.

— A little boy was carried over Niagara Falls on Saturday week—he was last seen in the rapids.

— The aggregate numerical strength of the Society of Friends is estimated at about 15,000 in Great Britain.

— Lowell is in a state of insurrection. The factory girls have almost unanimously struck for higher wages.

— The amount on deposit in the Savings Banks in New York city, is nearly thirty-seven millions of dollars.

— The Mississippi Legislature has passed a law granting divorces to all parties who have lived separate three years.

— An "Old Bachelor's Convention" is announced to to be held in New Haven, in the latter part of this month.

— Joseph Bond, of Macon, raised last year the largest cotton crop in Georgia, 2,170 bales, which is worth over $100,000.

— In the executive departments and bureaus of government at Washington, there are now employed 13,020 persons.

— In some of the interior towns of California, women are so scarce that men have to be employed as chambermaids.

— A bill is again before the Senate of Pennsylvania to prohibit the circulation in that State of bank bills under $20.

— Three counterfeiters were arrested in St. Louis on Tuesday week, with $3,000 of counterfeit money in their possession.

— The Cincinnati Commercial says the present winter will witness the running out of the last sands of the lecture system.

— A Minnesota expressman recently went 7 miles in 27 minutes, on a hand-sled drawn on the ice by a Newfoundland dog.

— Pike's Peak is now the great point of attraction. It is estimated that 100,000 will go there next spring—90,000 to rue it!

— A letter received in Paris, dated the 5th ult., from Senator Summer, gives little encouragement for his speedy recovery.

— It is estimated by the Hartford (Conn.) papers that about $4,675 worth of skates have been sold in that city within two weeks.

— Later intelligence from Paraguay indicates no intention on the part of the Dictator to resist the demands of the Americans.

— The Mayor of Cincinnati has had a census of the drinking saloons taken, showing a total of sixteen hundred and eighty-eight.

— The Washington Union says there is a class of politicians in this country with whom nothing but the dyspepsia is constitutional.

— Gas lighted cars now run from New York to Boston. Cost of gas to light up a coach as brilliantly as a parlor, about a cent an hour.

— There is a woman in Albany who claims to be the spirit of the murdered Bill Poole, and says she haunts the earth to avenge his death.

— There is a phrenologist in London who can tell the contents of a barrel by examining its head. He makes his examination with a gimlet.

— Three cars on the La Crosse road rolled down a twenty feet embankment a few days ago. Six passengers were hurt, but no one killed.

— A letter from Jerusalem announces that the cupola of the Holy Sepulchre is falling to ruins. A subscription has been opened to repair it.

— The monument to Ethan Allen at Burlington, Vt., is completed. A colossal statue of the Green Mountain hero will be placed on the summit.

— Gen. Walker was admitted as a member of the Catholic Church at Mobile, on the 31st ult. The Mercury says he was reared a Presbyterian.

— Chief Justice Taney abstains from all society. Lord Napier was recently denied an interview with him, in consequence of age and infirmities.

— Lieut. Maury is to be decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor by the French Government, in recognition of his services to navigators.

— The police of New Orleans have entered into a mutual agreement not to drink in a coffee-house nor in a public bar-room during the present year.

— Thirteen persons were baptized by immersion in the Delaware at Trenton, on Sunday week, by Rev. O. T. Walker, a hole being cut through the ice.

— The Jews of New York propose to erect a temple that will rival in extent and magnificence the Catholic Cathedral now in course of erection in that city.

Brief Replies to Various Queries.

"YEAR BOOK OF AGRICULTURE."—E. M., *Auburn.* The only volume of this work ever issued is that for 1858-6. It contains 389 pages, illustrated,—price $1.50.

COMPRESSION IN ORATORY.—*A. B., Hamilton, N. Y.* The extract you speak of was clipped from one of our exchanges with the *credit* appended. Do not know the number of the *Review* in which it originally appeared.

CORN SHELLERS, &c.—*T. B., Ohio.* As to which is "the best hand corn sheller," farmers as well as editors disagree. Among several which we have examined and tried, we think the "Young America," as good as any. It is advertised in this paper.

SPRINGS, RIVERS, &c.—*J. B. F., Franklin Grove, Ill.* The article you mention came duly to hand. Have not given it critical examination. Probabilities are it will appear as soon as we can relieve our columns a little from present pressure.

"E PLURIBUS UNUM."—*A. R. S., Rostraver, Pa.* Will answer a few of your numerous queries in RURAL, but it would cost us much time (which is money,) to obtain all the information you desire, and write you definitely. Like unto not a few other people who ask us to spend from $1 to $5 worth of time, and write a letter, you *forgot* to even send a stamp to prepay reply!

CANADA POSTAGE.—*A. McL., Canada West.* You did not remit postage on the papers in your club, and hence we cannot *afford* to give you a book and pay postage on *it* and the papers. Several club agents in Canada have forgotten that we are obliged to pre-pay postage. Some complain that the American Government should exact advance postage, but we believe both Governments united in the unwise enactment.

WHAT IT IS FOR.—*A. W. P., Gorham, Ohio,* writes—"There is one puzzle about the RURAL which I should like to see answered. How does it happen that the paper No. I, Vol. X, of *eight pages only*, should have its second page marked 6, and its last page 12?" Well, if A. W. P. won't tell any school children who use books, we will enlighten him. Four pages are "skipped" in order to make room for Title Page, Index, &c., which are given with the last number of the volume. In such a book as the RURAL makes, an Index is indispensable—rendering the volume valuable for binding and reference. Though the *first four* are given *last*, they cost us more labor than any other four pages. A. W. P. will therefore get the worth of his money at the proper time.

Publisher's Notices.

TERMS OF THE RURAL FOR 1859.

Single Copy, One Year,	- - - - -	$2
Three Copies,	" - - - -	$5
Six " and 1 free to Club Agent,		$10
Ten " " " "		$15
Sixteen " " " "		$22
Twenty " " " "		$26
Thirty-Two 2 " "		$40

And any additional number at the latter rate—only $1 25 per copy!—with a free copy for every Ten Subscribers over Thirty.

☞ CLUB PAPERS sent to as many different post-offices as desired, and after a Club is formed additions may be made to it at the club rate. See "Additions to Clubs," below.

TIMELY AND IMPORTANT
Special Notices to Rural Agents, Friends, &c.

☞ BACK NUMBERS OF THIS VOLUME can still be furnished, and are forwarded to all new subscribers unless otherwise ordered. Though our sets of back numbers are rapidly diminishing daily, we can still supply several thousand new subscribers. We shall probably be able to furnish the numbers for a month or more, yet as our rule is, "first come first served," those who wish to secure the complete volume should not delay.

☞ NEW CLUBS.—It is not too late to commence and form Clubs for Vol. X., as we shall probably be able to supply back numbers for a month or more, notwithstanding the large additions over previous years. Try it, Friends of the RURAL!—you who are in localities where the paper ought to be circulated, but has only a few subscribers, or is not yet introduced. A little effort, NOW, will enable you to succeed.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Are now in order, and whether they come (as they do daily) in ones, twos, fives, tens or twenties, are gratefully welcomed and receive prompt attention. Please note that any person forming a club of 10, 15 or 20, can, by adding to the list within one month, *reduce the rate of the whole number of copies.* For instance, a person sending $15 for 10 copies, can by adding 5 names, reduce the price of all to $1,38 per copy—by adding 5 to a club of 15, reduce price to $1,30—and, adding 10 to a club of 20, puts the price at $1,25. Many have already taken advantage of this liberal offer, and from clubs of 6, 10 and 15, gone up to 30, 40, 50, and over.

☞ TRY FOR LARGE CLUBS!—Yes, if your neighbors object, as some people do, to paying more than the lowest club rate for the RURAL, make an earnest effort to form a club of at least *thirty*. In many places where we had only one to ten subscribers last year, we now have lists of from 30 to over 100! One friend could not, he thought get over 10 when he started, but he put the price at the rate for 30, and sent for *forty-three* in his first letter. Another, at a post-office where we had a small list last year, has already sent in *one hundred and twenty five* subscribers and more are coming.—The RURAL has such a good character (permit us to say it) and has been so greatly improved this year, while the times are improving, that most of its working friends and club agents say it is far easier to get subscribers than ever before. Reader, is not a little personal and timely effort all that is necessary to get a rousing list in your town?

☞ CLUBBING WITH THE MAGAZINES, &c.—We will send the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1859 and a yearly copy of either *The Atlantic, Harper's, Godey's, Graham's,* or any other $3 magazine, for $4. The RURAL and either *The Horticulturist, Hovey's Magazine, Arthur's Magazine,* or any *other* $2 magazine, for $3. To our agents or subscribers, we will furnish any $3 magazine for $2,50, and any $2 one for $1,50. Canada subscribers must add the American postage.

☞ SPECIMEN NUMBERS, &c., sent free and pre-paid to all applicants, or to any friends of subscribers whose addresses may be furnished. Many who feel an interest in the RURAL and its objects, and wished to enlist others in their behalf, have kindly sent the address of distant friends. Who will do likewise, and thus aid the cause?

☞ DRAFTS AT OUR RISK.—We lose little money by mail, but prefer Drafts on New York (less exchange,) payable to our order, and which may be sent at our risk if carefully mailed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and each and all who form clubs, will not only receive extra copies, but their aid will be appreciated. We have no traveling agents, nor do we give certificates.

☞ For other Notices see last page.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.—With the New Year commenced the Tenth Volume of this excellent and very prosperous weekly. Our friend MOORE, in his introductory, feels all due to the past, and does back to the time when his enterprise was regarded by some of doubtful discretion if not positively impracticable. The RURAL NEW-YORKER has now by far the largest circulation of any paper in the country in the world devoted to rural affairs—we know of any kind which has so large a circulation. It is a first-class paper for the farmer and fireside—we want a live, liberal, moral, wide-awake Agricultural, Horticultural and Literary journal, to come every week full of just such matter as can be read by all the family, and will instruct as well as amuse. The Rural is unlike any other paper—it has a field of its own, and its conductor has hit the wants of a large class in enlightened society, and knows just how to cater to them. He has a corps of assistants in the several departments of excellent correspondents. All the matter is prepared with great care, that no space be wasted. The Rural appears now in a new and beautiful suit, which is very tasteful—its typography is excellent, and its numerous illustrations are in keeping with the character and style of the work. We are happy to notice the evidences of success which this paper exhibits, and trust that its course may long continue to be onward—we are sure it will while Mr. Moore stands at the helm.—*Rochester Daily Union & Advertiser*

EFFECT OF HOOPS ON STARCH.—Hoops have taken "the starch out" of petticoats, according to the Buffalo *Express*, which states, on the authority of one interested in the business, that a starch factory, recently put in operation in that city, with a capital of $80,000, has suspended operations, or is doing comparatively nothing; and also that another celebrated establishment at Oswego, which has heretofore paid its ten per cent. dividends, is also running only at a very small rate, and such is said to be the case with these establishments throughout the country. Skirts, which formerly required the yield of from one to five bushels of corn and wheat, having given place to wood and steel stiffeners, the demand is now almost entirely limited to dickies, shirt collars and wristbands.

A QUERY FOR LAWYERS.—An interesting question relating to citizenship, is soon to be tried in the Illinois Legislature. Mr. NORTON, Rep. member from Will county, is a native-born American citizen; but some years ago he went to Canada, where he took the oath of allegiance to the Crown, and was returned to the Provincial Parliament. He subsequently came back to the United States, but has never assumed the obligations of American citizenship. The question is whether he is not still a British subject. It probably will be so decided, and the member be unseated.

MARRIAGE BY PROXY.—Rev. Dr. GREGORY celebrated, at Niagara, on New Year's day, a marriage between parties who, at the time, were not within six thousand miles of each other, the gentleman being in Mexico, where the recent troubles rendered it imperative for him to remain and look after his property, instead of coming North to claim his bride, as had been arranged. In lieu of coming himself, he sent a power of attorney to the father of his intended, to stand instead of the bridegroom, which was duly fulfilled, and the bride will shortly sail to seek her proxy husband in the wilds of Mexico.

IMPORTING FLOUR FROM LIVERPOOL.—The Detroit *Tribune* says that "John Young, Esq., of Montreal, has purchased at Liverpool, 10,000 barrels superfine flour, at fifteen shillings per barrel, to be shipped to Quebec at 1s 3d freight, so that it will be put down at Quebec at a cost of only about $3,90 per barrel, exclusive of insurance! The above shipment is thought to be Oswego flour, which will thus have made two voyages across the Atlantic. Dealers could at present import flour from Liverpool to New York at a fair profit, and even to Detroit."

Marriages.

At the American Hotel, City of Rochester, N. Y., on the 3d day of Nov., 1858, by Wm. C. Storrs, Justice of the Peace, JOHN TALLMAN and SUSAN BURT, of Seneca Castle, Ontario Co., N. Y.

Deaths.

In Angelica, N. Y., on the evening of the 13th ult., of malformation of the heart, FREDERICK D., only son of JOHN and FRANCES E. PHILLIPS, of New York city.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Feb. 15, 1859.

FLOUR—Our quotations of this article must remain as last week. Considerable firmness is exhibited by holders, but transactions are mostly limited to the supply of the home demand.

GRAIN—Wheat is without change. Corn, owing to a demand from the East, has lost the range, and is firm at our figures. Oats are a little stiffer at 50 cents per bushel. Barley drooping—70 cents seems to be the maximum price this morning. Beans are bringing a little better rate than last week.

POULTRY has taken a slight advance during the week, and is sought for at quotations.

SEED—Clover has put on an additional 50c@$1 per bushel. Timothy feels the current and has gone up 25 cents.

HAY—An increased demand has caused quite a start, and the range now is $7@12 per ton.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		EGGS, dozen	15@16c
Flour, wint wheat	$6,25@7,00	Honey, box	13@16c
Do spring do	$5,50@6,00	Candles, box	12@13c
Do. Buckwheat ₩ cwt	$1,75	FRUITS AND ROOTS	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,25@1,05	Apples, bushel	50c@$1.00
Best white Canada	$1,35@1,05	Do dried	$1,50@1,75
Corn	60@70c	Potatoes	28@45c
Rye, 60 lbs ₩ bush	75c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Oats	00@50c	Slaughter	6½@7c
Barley	00@00c	Calf	10c
Buckwheat	48@50c	Sheep pelts	$1,25@2,25
Beans	75@80c	Lamb do	38@40c
MEATS		SEEDS	
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,00	Clover, bush	$5,50@6,00
Do cwt	$7,00@8,00	Timothy	$2,25@2,50
Beef ₩ cwt	$5,00@5,50	SUNDRIES	
Spring lambs each	$1,50@2,00	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Mutton (carcass)	3½@4c	Do soft	$3,00@3,00
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Coal, Lehigh	$6,75@7,25
Shoulders	6@7c	Do. Scranton	$5,00@5,50
Chickens	7@8c	Do Blossburg	$5,00@5,50
Turkeys	0@8c	Do Shamokin	$5,00@5,50
Geese	38@44c	Do Char	10@12c
DAIRY, &c		Salt, bbl	$1,30@1,35
Butter, roll	18@20c	Hay, ton	$7,00@12,00
Do firkin	15c	Wool ₩ lb	25@45c
Cheese	8@8c	White fish, bbl	$6,00@7,00
Lard, tried	10@11c	Codfish ₩ quintal	$4,75@5,00
Tallow	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$6,50@7,00

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—FLOUR—Market for flour 5@10c better with a fair demand for home consumption and also for speculation. Sales at $5,25@5,40 for common to choice super State; $5,50@5,00 for extra State $5,25@5,45 for super Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa; $5,85@6,25 for common to good medium and extra do; $6,25@6,40 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—market closing buoyant, with no sellers at inside prices. Canadian firm; sales at $6,25@7,25 common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat market very firm and quiet, 85c offered and 90 asked for stump-tail Chicago spring. Sales at 110 @115c for red Southern, and 160c for white Southern. Rye scarce and wanted at full prices, sales at 80@82c. Barley dull, sales very good State at 90c. Corn rather easier, sales mixed Western in store at 51c for ord.-round, 54½c for sound new Southern white and yellow at 56@56c. Oats lower with more business doing at 54@56c for State, and 61@63c for Western and Canada.

PROVISIONS—Pork is dull and lower. Sales at $18,25@18,37 for new mess, $17,75 for old do, and $13,62 for prime. Including 1,000 bbls of new mess for June, July and August supposed at $18,75. Dressed hogs dull and heavy at 8@8½c. Lard market lower; sales at 12@12½c. Butter in good demand at 11@18c for Ohio; 16@27c for State. Cheese steady at 8@11½c as to quality.

CHICAGO, Feb. 11.—FLOUR—Sales of Boston and 100 bbls Phœnix at 6. Illinois white winter at $6,12½, all winter grades; also Prairie at $5,30. Spring and Winter mixed

GRAIN—Sales of winter Wheat: 1 car each of No. 1 Red at $1,25 and of No 2 at $1,18 in store, and 250 bush in bags at $1,15 on track. Of Spring, 1,000 bush Standard at 97c, 800 bush of old No 1 at 81, 900 bush new do at 88c, 2,100 bush do in lots at 81c, 300 bush rejected at 85c, and 1,200 bush do at 70c, all in store. Corn—Sales of 5,000 bush for 1st May delivery on 3 or three cars shelled at 65c, and 1 car at 65½c ₩ to go in bulk on track, and 1 car do at 65c in bags. Oats—Sales of 600 bush prime at 47c, delivered. Rye. There is a very good demand for Rye, and we note sales at 76@76c ₩ bush. Receipts are light. Barley—There is a fair inquiry for Barley, at $1,10@1,20 for new Canada—extra could be had at 75@80c. No. 1 at 66@70c; No. 2 at 60@65c. Sales of 500 bush No. 1 at 70c on track, and 300 bu No. 2 at 50c in store.

BUFFALO, Feb. 14.—FLOUR—The demand this morning is quite a free inquiry for parties in the interior and the market is steady, sales at $5,25@5,50 for the range of good to choice extra and double extra Michigan, Ohio and Indiana, and $6,37½@6,75 for double extras. Canadian flour steady at $5,50@6,75 for good extras and bakers brands.

GRAIN—Wheat market quiet, and demand moderate, sales white Illinois at $1,48@1,50, and Chicago spring at 93c. Corn market firm, with a moderate demand at 81@82c. Oats—Small sales are being made at 60c.

SEED—Sales 100 bush No. 1 Timothy at $2,50. No Clover offering.

PROVISIONS—Heavy mess pork is steady at $17; light do at $15, and prime $13. Sales 150 dressed hogs, dividing on 200 at 7¾@8c. Lard continues firm at 12c.

TORONTO Feb 11.—GRAIN—The price of Wheat during the week has been quoted in its tendency. Higher rates than any current in the last two years are being paid, as the competition in the lower ports is still keen, and the anxiety manifested to secure good wheat as great as ever, and further advance may be expected, although the difficulty of procuring it may check the Wheat trade to some extent. Prices of good shipping Wheat are from 5s to 5s 6d, but offerings are being paid out, with a few exceptions. For strictly prime Wheat 5s 6d and 5s 9d could be realized, and for the week delivery of shipping Wheat the average price was 5s 4½d to 5s 5d per bushel. For medium and low grades 4s 6d to 5s 1d was the range. The general tone of the demand for prime or fine quality, and the average on the whole deliveries of the day was about as Spring Wheat has also improved in price, and high as 5s 1d has been paid on several occasions. The general price ranges from 4s 3d to 5s 6d per bushel. Barley is in brisk demand at 4s 6d@4s 9d per bushel with one or two purchases at 5s. Rye is very quiet at 4s 3d and sometimes 4s per bushel. Oats—The market is hardly so busy but at 2s 3d per bushel. Several parties who have been accumulating stock have been offering their lots, and some sales have taken place which have slightly depressed the market. It is estimated that the amount now in store at this point is 45,000 bushels.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, $9,75@10,25; Ordinary, $9,00@9,50; Common, $8,00@8,50; Inferior, $6,00@7,50.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55@65; Ordinary, $45@50; Common, $35@40; Inferior, $20@28.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₩ lb., 6½@7½c.; Ordinary, 5½@6c.; Common, 4½@5c; Inferior, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, per head, $6,50@9,00; Ordinary, $5,00@6,00; Common, $4,25@4,75; Inferior, $3,00@4,00.

SWINE—First quality, 6½@6Xc.; Other qualities, 5@6¼c.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 9.—At market 746 Cattle, about 600 Beeves, and 146 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,50@8,00; First quality, $6,75@7,00; Second, $5,50@6,00; Third, $5,00; Ordinary, $4,00.

WORKING OXEN—$75, 90@150 per pair.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 40@67.

STORES—Yearlings, $00@00; Two Years Old, $20@24; Three Years Old, $25@30.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—3500 at market. Prices—Extra and Selections, $3,50, 4@6, 8; In lots $1,75, 2,00@3,00.

SWINE—000 Western at market.

HIDES—7¾@8c. ₩ lb. Tallow 7½@8c. ₩ lb.

PELTS—$1,50@1,75 each. Calf Skins, 13@14c. ₩ lb.

BRIGHTON, Feb. 10.—At market 1100 Beeves, 150 Stores, 3000 Sheep and Lambs, 250 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $8,00@8,50; First quality, $7,50; Second, $6,75; Third, $5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$000@000.

MILCH COWS—$30@40; common, $20@21

VEAL CALVES—$3,00, 4,00@5,00.

STORES—Yearlings, 00@00; Two Years Old, $20@24; Three Years Old, $24@30.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—In lot, $1,75@3,00; Extra, $3, 5@6.

SWINE—Fat Hogs, 0c.; Retail, 6@7½c.; Pigs 5½c.

HIDES 7½@8c ₩ lb. Tallow—7¾@8c. ₩ lb.

PELTS—$1,50@1,75. Calf Skins, 13@14c. ₩ lb.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—For twelve months to come there probably will be no diminution of the present value of Wool in the great Eastern markets. One motive for an impatient sale we deem to be taken away by the conviction of this truth. The rise thus far since the last clip has been fully 50 per cent. We sincerely hope to hear next June and July that our farmers generally got 50 per cent. more for their Wool in 1859 than they got in 1858. To that end they should resolutely decline offers made to them in the snow, unless they are so much higher than we hear they are, as to make the 50 per cent. advance sure, with four months' interest beside. For the general information of the too-small number of our agriculturists who have flocks of sheep, we give the prices of American Wool in the New York market this 9th day of February:

Common well washed, ₩ lb	40c
Quarter blood,	43@45
Half blood,	48@50
Three-quarters blood,	52@54
Full blood,	55@57
Extra-selected fleece,	60
Fancy clip,	65@75

The Wool which was worth 40 cents a pound last year in Ohio, is now worth in Philadelphia, Boston and New York, 60 cents. The expenses of getting it to those several markets amount to about 5 cents a pound.—*Tribune.*

BOSTON, Feb. 9.—Market firm for all kinds of Wool, with a good demand. The sales of Domestic have been about 80,000 lbs at 40@65c for common to good fleece, and 40@60c for No. 1 to extra pulled. In foreign the sales have been 450 bales Cape, Mediterranean and South American; 240,000 lbs Valparaiso and 40,000 lbs Spanish on private terms, but at full prices

Saxony and Mer. fine	60@70	Western mixed	40@55
Full Blood	55@56	Smyrna, washed	17@30
Half and ¾ blood	44@52	Do unwashed	10@18
Common	10@43	Syrian	11@22
Pulled, extra	52@60	Cape	21@50
Do. superfine	45@52	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	40@45	Buenos Ayres	9@42
Do No 2	@	Peruvian, washed	30@36

ALBANY, Feb. 9.—The demand is less active, says the Journal, and the market rules dull. The receipts continue moderate, and the sales were 10,000 lbs super pulled on private terms, 5,000 lbs extra do on private terms, and a small lot of choice fleece at 57½c, and extra pulled at 53c. Quotations are as follows:

American, Saxony Fleece, ₩ lb	50 @60
American, Full Blood Merino	45 @50
American, ½ and ¾ Merino	40 @45
American, Native and ¼ Merino	35 @40
Extra, Pulled	50 @48
Superfine, Pulled	40 @43
No. 1, Pulled	32 @36

OUR EXPORTS.—The following table shows the value of the products of this country exported during the last fiscal year, compared with 1856 and 1857:

Products of	YEARS ENDING JUNE 30. 1856.	1857.	1858
Sea	$ 3,356,797	$ 3,739,644	$ 3,550,295
Forest	10,694,184	14,690,711	13,475,671
Agriculture	218,028,649	227,558,727	201,852,408
Manufactures	21,270,238	30,139,046	30,242,804
Bullion	44,148,279	60,078,223	42,407,246
Raw products	2,850,183	2,768,485	2,419,065
Total	$310,350,330	$339,975,065	$293,758,279

Comparing these statements it will be seen that the decrease in exports in the year 1858 and 1858 is chiefly in the agricultural products.

The difference in the exports for those two years is as follows

	Total Exports.
1857	$ 310,386,940
1858	293,758,279
Decrease	$ 16,628,661

The decrease in the exports of agricultural products for the same is as follows:

	Exports of Agricultural Products.
1857	$218,240,649
1858	201,632,408
Decrease	$ 16,648,241

There is more than a coincidence in figures here, and it must be apparent to every one in comparing these two years, that the decrease in exports, or the loss of trade, falls mainly, if not entirely, upon the producers or farmers

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, and leaded—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, IN ADVANCE.—☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Full particulars, *free.* Agents wanted. [476col0t] SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

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476 E. NASH, Publisher, Auburn, N. Y

DRAIN AND ROOF TILE MACHINES.—The Subscriber is Patentee and Manufacturer of the best Machines extant for making Drain and Roof Tile, Hollow and Solid Brick, &c. The machine grinds the Clay, moulds into Tile, Brick, &c., and delivers on to the drying Boards at the same operation, by horse or other power. For further particulars, address F. M. MATTICE, Buffalo, N. Y.

A SMALL FARM FOR SALE.—In Phelps, Ont. Co., N. Y. Pleasantly situated 3 miles north of Oak's Corners' R. R. Depot, containing 30 acres of good farming land. There is on the place a good house, a large barn, a shed and other farm buildings. A good apple orchard; also, Peach, Pear, Cherry, and other small fruits. A well of good water near the house. Also, 30 acres of good land adjoining the above. Apply to PETER S. BURTIS, on the premises.

NURSERY STOCK FOR SALE.
3,000 Apple 3 to 6 feet high.
2,000 Cherry 5 to 8 " "
20,000 Maple 2 years' growth.
50,000 Osier Willow Cuttings.
Wild Evergreens: Arbor Vitæ Pine; Hemlock; Balsam Fir; American Larch.
JOHN F. CHAPMAN,
Fayetteville, Onondaga Co., N. Y.

CHOICE FRUIT FARM FOR SALE.—In the Town of Greece, two miles from Rochester; 48 acres of rich sandy loam, the best soil for fruit and potatoes; well fenced into 10 fields; buildings fair; 4 acres of a variety of fruit in bearing, and young orchard of 2,300 Peach, 1,100 Apple, 50 Cherry and 50 Plum Trees, besides an assortment of small fruits, all of the best varieties. Price, $6,000. Terms easy. Apply to C. L. SHEPHERD, on the premises, or L. B. VAN DAKE, Am Express Office, Rochester, N. Y. 476

FARMERS—READ, READ, READ THIS GLORIOUS NEWS!—Mr. G. PIKEPONY, of Rockford, Ill., purchased one of Shares' Coulter Harrow Pulverizer and Grain Coverer, with which he covered 90 acres of Wheat, on his farm, (by merely going over the field once after it was sown.) He also covered or harrowed in 15 acres with the common or Scotch harrow (and worked over it 2 or 3 times) on the same farm to convince himself of the difference between the two machines. The yield after harvesting the grain, was on an average, 3 bushels more per acre from the land on which he used Shares' Harrow than that on which he worked the common harrow, thereby saving (by pulverizing with our harrow, instead of scratching the top of the land and packing it with the Scotch machine,) say 270 bushels of Wheat, which, at the present price of $1,40 per bushel, is $378, or the price of 25 machines. Will not this induce the farmers to purchase this new and improved implement, which will make their labor *easy* and *cheap*. They are manufactured *only* by the subscribers to whom, if orders are sent, they will be promptly attended to and sooner the better, as the demand for them is increasing. The weight of the Machine is 200 lbs. Price, $15 and freight.
Address, for a Catalogue,
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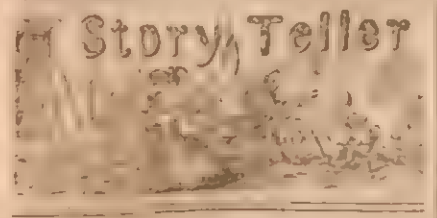

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

NELLIE RAYMOND'S CHOICE;
OR, LOVE VERSUS PRIDE.

BY AGNES HERBERT.

Chapter I.

"Beautiful!"

The speaker was an athletic young man, of perhaps five-and-twenty. His form was the perfection of manly grace, symmetry, and strength combined. His features were regular, yet possessing a striking individuality. His hair was brown and slightly curling, and was thrown back from a noble brow, which would have seemed almost stern in its thought-language, but for the mirthful expression of a pair of dark gray eyes which it overshadowed. But, reader, gentle reader, bear with me while I describe the habiliments of my hero, remembering, meanwhile, that

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
The rest is all but leather or prunella."

Commencing with his hat—that indispensable requisite of mankind—we are obliged to confess that if it was not exactly "a shocking bad one," it could not consistently make any pretensions to gentility. It was simply a broad-brimmed palm-leaf,—the brim being, moreover, frayed out in sundry places, in a manner suggestive of its being occasionally employed as a fan, or else used as a weapon of defence in some desperate encounter with mosquitoes. He was minus coat and vest, and his linen—though snowy white—was coarse in texture, and evidently "got up" without starch. His pants were of a fabric known to country housewives as "blue cotton jean;" whether this be the technical term or not, I cannot decide. Of his boots—the last article of attire to be considered—I will only say that they indicated the wearer's good taste by corresponding perfectly with the other parts of his dress.

He had been seated 'neath the shade of a spreading maple, engaged in the perusal of a newspaper, when his attention was attracted by the approaching clatter of a horse's hoofs. In a moment the sound suddenly ceased, and curious as to the cause, he arose to his feet, and looked in the direction from whence it had proceeded. Then it was that the exclamation with which our story opens, fell, as it were, involuntarily from his lips.

He was standing in a grassy lane which served as a sort of connectile between the main road, and a small but beautiful and rapid stream of water, known as the Mountain Creek. At the junction of the lane with a road, and but a few rods distant, a young lady, mounted upon a snowy steed, had paused, evidently in indecision as to which course to take.

She well merited the exclamation, "Beautiful!" which our hero had so enthusiastically applied. Her complexion was as dazzlingly fair as the untrodden glaciers of the Alps, save where—like the rosy hue of dawn upon those glaciers—a faint flush tinged her cheek. Her eyes were of the deepest, darkest blue, and her proudly curved lips of the brightest ruby. A profusion of golden-brown curls had escaped from her riding-hat, and were floating over her shoulders, or tossed by the frolicsome breeze about her fair face.

She was indeed, *very* beautiful, and the young man, as if he half feared she was "but the baseless fabric of a dream," stood spell-bound. It was but for a moment! The next instant her horse seemed to become frightened by some object, and darted with lightning speed down the lane. The danger was imminent! At the extremity of the lane, where the stream glided by, its banks were abrupt and high, and the water flowed over huge stones, and dashed against the trunks of large trees, which had at sometime been overthrown by its force.

With that quick, almost superhuman energy and decision which danger sometimes prompts, the young man sprang forward, and as the impetuous steed rushed by, he caught the bridle. The impetus and force of the horse's motion, was such that he was unable, at first, to check it, and was himself borne on for several rods; and when he finally succeeded, it was dangerously near to the steep bank of the foaming stream.

The lady had kept her seat well, and seemed perfectly self-possessed, but now, as she turned to thank her preserver, her blanched cheek and quivering lip showed that she had not been insensible to the danger so narrowly escaped. Deprecating her earnest thanks, the young man begged permission to see her in safety to her residence.

Nellie Raymond, our heroine, was a stranger to country life and manners. She was the belle and pet of fashionable society in the good city of B—, and had grown to womanhood surrounded by its influences. As a natural consequence, she was a littled spoiled, and chief among the faults which her education had fostered was pride.

As her glance, which had at first rested only upon our hero's countenance, now fell upon his coarse apparel, a shade of mingled disappointment and pride crossed her face, and gathering up her reins, she declined his further offers of assistance in that freezingly polite manner, which as effectually places a barrier between different stations, as would an assumption of superiority.

The young man rightly interpreted the change of expression in her [illegible] and a scornful smile curled his lip as he watched her until she disappeared at the end of the lane.

Charles Howard was a [illegible] He owned a small farm, which [illegible] five years previous had left him [illegible] cumbered with the [illegible] with his widowed mother, whose only child he was. He [illegible] tasteful in farming, and had [illegible] Elegant trees [illegible] only the care of the [illegible] the practical gardener. [illegible] place neat, and substantial [illegible] most country residences. Only in one respect did the home of Charles Howard differ materially from that of his neighbors, and this was in its possession of a large library. This was the young man's only luxury—albeit, it was quite an expensive one. The apartment which had been fitted up as a library, under Charles' supervision, was a very small room, but three sides were lined with shelves, upon which were ranged a collection of books, in the selection of which their owner had not been guided—as is often the case—by a bookseller's list. No, they were the accumulations of years, and many a cherished volume possessed a peculiar value, from its having been the fruits of boyish perseverance and self-denial.

Charles Howard, though a country youth and a farmer, was a gentleman and a scholar. He loved knowledge for its own sake, and the dusty arena of political strife and competition—which is so often the exciting cause of a student's ambition—had no charms for him. He loved Nature, he loved the country, and he loved his occupation. We introduced him to you, kind reader, in his working garb—it was such as suited his employment, and he gave himself little trouble as to the opinion of those who might judge him by his dress. He feared not the sneers of those whose aristocracy is built upon yellow dust, and when he read the slightly scornful expression of Nellie's fair face, it entirely dispelled the fascination with which her beauty had at first enthralled him.

Nellie was visiting some relatives who resided in the same neighborhood with Chas. Howard. It was upon the afternoon of the second day after her arrival that she took her first country ride—a ride which, as we have seen, had well nigh proved fatal. Arguing, that as the danger was past, it was not worth while to frighten her friends by its recital, Nellie was perfectly silent concerning her adventure. Once, in a casual way, she mentioned to Mrs. Allan, her cousin, having noticed a country youth, of whom she proceeded to give a slight description.

"Why, Nellie," said Mrs. Allan, "that was Charles Howard."

"And who is Charles Howard pray?" inquired Nellie, in an indifferent tone.

"Charles Howard, is the only young man of talent and education in the place. All our young men, whose talents are above mediocrity, betake themselves to the city, and some profession—even a respectable trade is considered preferable to farming. But Charles, being sensible—as well as handsome and intellectual—is an exception to this rule."

"Indeed!" said Nellie. "Do you consider his being content to remain in such a station a proof of his wisdom?"

"Most certainly. But you are not going to draw me into an argument, Nellie. You will probably meet with Charles Howard ere long, and he can defend his unambitious course much better than I can."

Mrs. Allan was a pleasant yet shrewd little woman. Her youth had been spent in a city home, but having married John Allan, a farmer, because she loved him, she now looked upon a city life with unmitigated contempt. Mr. Allan's farm was separated from that of Charles Howard by the narrow lane before mentioned, and this proximity, combined with a certain sympathy of tastes and feelings, rendered the intercourse of the two families intimate, and placed it upon an enduring basis of friendship and esteem.

As Charles and his mother were seated at the tea-table, a few days later, the latter remarked:

"A young lady from B—, is visiting at Mr. Allan's."

"Ah! A relative, I presume," said Charles, carelessly, as he passed his cup for refilling.

"Mrs. Allan's cousin, I believe. She is very handsome—indeed I think I never saw so beautiful a girl before—accomplished, and seems to be amiable. I called there this afternoon, not expecting to see any one but Mrs. Allan. I liked Miss Raymond's appearance very much, and though my first impressions were that she was proud and haughty, after a few moment's conversation I changed my mind."

"First impressions, mother, are generally correct," said the young man."

"Well, I will leave you to judge for yourself, Charles—Mrs. Allan charged me with a pressing invitation for you to call soon. She is afraid Nellie, as she calls her, will find this but a dull place, and she wishes your assistance in trying to make her visit agreeable."

Charles bit his lip. He recalled to mind the scornful glance with which the young lady—whom he doubted not was Miss Raymond—had favored him, and he felt little inclination to exert himself for her entertainment.

"Don't you like the idea?" inquired Mrs. Howard, as she observed the expression of his countenance.

"Not exactly. I am not skilled in the fashionable light talk of a city drawing-room, and fear I should be of but little service in contributing to Miss Raymond's amusement—unless it be as a good specimen of rural verdancy."

"Nonsense, Charles! You are prejudiced against Miss Raymond most unreasonably," said Mrs. Howard. "I have no fears, however, but you will find yourself agreeably disappointed."

"Doubtful. Yet I will call this evening, if only for the purpose of obliging Mrs. Allan and pleasing my mother," said Charles, half-laughingly, as he left the room.

Mrs. Howard smiled softly to herself, as she proceeded to arrange cups and saucers, plates and sauce-plates, into convenient piles for transportation to the kitchen. Of what was she thinking?—We can only guess, dear reader, but you shall have the benefit of our conjectures. It was Mrs. Howard's firm belief that her son's equal could not be found upon earth. (How many mothers cherish the same opinion!) She was now thinking, we [illegible], that Miss Raymond came nearest to her ideal of what her son's wife should be, of any young lady she had ever seen. And if Charles liked her, why—she should make no objections to the match. As to the young lady's not fancying Charles, if her affections were disengaged, the [illegible] was too absurd to be tolerated. Then her [illegible] wandered off into the future, and in fancy [illegible] the fair girl taking her place in the [illegible] and she half-sighed, as she thought of relinquishing into younger hands, any of the pleasant round of duties which kept her cheerful as well as busy. Youth is not the only season for building air-castles.

That evening Charles Howard was formerly presented to Nellie Raymond. A glance of recognition was exchanged, but neither spoke of their former meeting. With the recollection of Nellie's scornful glance still vivid in his memory, Charles was insensible to her attractions, and his attentions in no wise exceeded the letter of ordinary politeness.

Nellie, though slightly piqued by the gentleman's calm indifference, could not but admit to herself his evident superiority to any of her city admirers. His remarks were stamped with the impress of a cultivated mind, and his manners, while free from affected gentility, were refined. Nellie could hardly reconcile the apparent contrariety presented by his gentlemanly appearance, his intelligent conversation, and—his being a farmer.

Gradually, as they met frequently, the reserve which had marked Charles' demeanor towards Miss Raymond wore away. Perhaps he had been mistaken in his interpretation of her character—assuredly he failed in discerning another trace of scornful pride upon her countenance, though he often met her in her morning rambles, when his dress was little if any superior to that in which she first saw him.

Charles had always been wont to spend the sunset hour in the vine-wreathed porch which opened into his library. Here, with some choice book as a companion, he found that exquisite sense of enjoyment and rest, which those who earn not their bread by the sweat of the brow never know. But now, Charles suddenly ascertained that Mrs. Allan's parlor was a much pleasanter place than his little porch, and that his favorite authors seemed much more interesting when in the company of Miss Raymond. He possessed a most excellent voice for reading, and Nellie was an appreciative and sympathetic listener. Neither were there wanting topics of conversation, for Charles Howard did not imagine, as do many sensible men, that a lady can only be treated to dainty nothings—crumbs of literature, and sugar-plums of flattery.

In the unrestrained intercourse of two highly cultivated minds, the interchange of thought, and sympathy of tastes, there was a rare pleasure, tho' dangerous, as fascinating to both. Nellie had insensibly become more interested in the young farmer than she was aware. Mrs. Allan, like a skillful tactician, as she was, refrained from all mention of what she had not failed to perceive, and the summer days glided by fraught with a dreamy unconsciousness from which, sooner or later, there must be an awakening. At last it came.

[Concluded next week]

A Connecticut Up-Country Sunday.

Blessed be this day for ever and always—in all places of the habitation of whatsoever hath tongue with which to rejoice and a heart to be glad with. But there is a difference in Sundays. A Sunday in old Connecticut, in those sheltered towns among the mountains is different, oh how widely, from the Sunday in this broad-featured State of New York. But even here it is a holy day. Early in the morning every one has put on the distinguishing look of Sunday; a look which has great variations. In my father's face it is severe and inflexible. Having shaved on Saturday, he appears by no means later this morning than his usual hour, and always in a ruffle shirt, white cravat, and a shirt-collar so high and firm, that to look on either side he is obliged to turn himself carefully around to that quarter. As my father seldom removes his hat, he changes his old one on Sundays when he feels quite well, for one that is comparatively fresh and new, but worn, however, with entire ease. Having breakfasted by candle-light, the day begins early with him. By eight o'clock he is seated in his big chair before his comfortable fire, reading the New York ——,—but Scott's Commentaries is usually seen on the sofa—the old folio loose sheets which have never been bound—and Dwight's sermons, with perhaps the life of Newton.

I have said that his look is severe, but it is only so in the presence of others. It is as much as to say, "Do you know, sir, that this is the Sabbath! Let me hear no idle talk, but reflect, sir, that you are in the presence of the King of kings." But when the house is all still and deserted, and he is left alone with his Bible and his far-traveling thoughts—the dogs perhaps stretched at his feet, and no sound anywhere but the picking of a mouse in the cupboard, or the creak of a door, in some distant and silent chamber—then it is, in his unconscious moments, there is to be seen upon his face, a sunny look of peace and calmness, and lordly hope, which takes at least twenty years from his life. Disturb him not then, for he is looking over into that land where he must shortly go. He is communing with the happy dead. From his earliest years, his companions have been going away one by one, till now he has passed his threescore and ten, and is left alone, while they—have been silently gathered into the Kingdom of Christ. All the years, as they roll by, pause upon that shore,—all the kind wishes—all the prayers, all the aspirations of a long life have gone on to that blessed land. Ah, sir, it is not sleep which keeps him so still and calm, but a true vision of the life to come.

In what a noiseless way is everything done this calm morning. The women go about whispering, and the loudest break upon the stillness is Bob brushing shoes on the south piazza. It is on this day, that my wife has her happiest look. Always of a Sunday, she is a little picture of peace, and joy, and thanksgiving. She delights in the day—in all its duties and services, as a bird does in song; it is her life, her garden enclosed. All the week is perfumed, as it were, with her Sunday. Prayer and praise are the proper elements of this day, but these are so common to her at all times, that Sunday seems to be for her especial benefit—that so she might enjoy herself this day after her own heart; it is thus to her a day of gladness. * * * She has some little ways on Sunday which are peculiar to the day. As for instance—I am brushed that morning with a searching exactness, and however carefully I may have arranged my hair, it must always receive one more touch from her gentle hand. She is herself complete and perfect for the day at about ten o'clock and ten minutes. She then appears in a dress, about which I never remember anything except its entire fitness for the day, and for my wife. She has the rare gift of so wearing things as to make much of little. A collar, for instance, which upon some women would be unsightly and noticeable as such, is to her all neatness and propriety. To enter church one moment after the service begins, is a small horror, which she always avoids if possible. We start, therefore, betimes, and if I am well enough she delights to take my arm, and so walk as true and loving husband and wife up to the very door of the church. There she relinquishes the arm; she leaves me there,—she enters another presence.

Our walk across the Shag-Bark and up into the village, (for we are wholly aside from the world,) uses up our fifteen or twenty minutes, especially if my wife has to stop once or twice to balance my hat straight on my head, it having a habit of canting slightly even on Sunday. If we are quite late, she often leaves me on the bridge and walks on faster than my slow gait will carry me, but it is only to return after a little and take my arm again. This does not hasten matters at all, but it eases her impatience, if it is not improper to apply such a word to her on this quiet day. With one or two little episodes of this character, we at last reach the church door together, and not seldom with a brilliance of complexion on her part, which looks on her pure face, almost like sin. When I wish to please her particularly, I put on, not without effort, my black gloves. I seldom wear gloves. They are sticky things unless the weather is cold, and then give me mittens. Notwithstanding all my efforts at economy, my wife has prevailed upon me to get a new overcoat, and now instead of my old gray, which was inexpressibly dear to me for having warmed me for three winters and in various lands, and for having cost me only six dollars in the beginning,—now I appear in a thing which is well enough, I suppose, but dismally bran-new. With this coat and my black gloves, they tell me I am renewing my youth. I only feel that I have parted from a true friend.

But now, sir, listen to that sweet chant, "Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul, and all that is within me, praise His holy name." And the "Gloria Patri"—how like a solemn amen does it seem always to these songs of praise.

The morning service, as you know, is pretty long, except when divided, as it very properly is in some churches. Unless I am feeling quite well, I am seldom able to follow through the whole service. Not unlikely the church itself is felt as a restraint upon me—not so much the walls and the roof as the narrow slip in which I am shut; continually, perhaps, I am changing about and getting new postures—and none of them happy ones—none satisfactory; if this is done it is involuntary and without argument. It is like tossing in dreams at night, of which, at the time, we know nothing. But, in regard to the music, I am myself conscious of swaying about somewhat, emphasizing it, as it were, and timing the whole proceeding. Mrs. P. has told me that in reading passages of great force in the Psalter, I have a habit of shaking my head, as much as to say, "That is very great." This may be, and I reply to her, that perhaps, if I was to look about I should find others, also, with as curious little ways and habits.

We get on, at last, to the sermon; but even here, and always attractive as are our rector's sermons, I am not seldom seized with sudden abstractions, which carry me off swiftly, but noiselessly, as a chip is lifted by small whirlwinds in summer weather; and, in a moment, I forgot utterly the little church, and the rector, and the holy day. At this time, and while drumming perhaps in a lively manner on the pew door, I am gently restored by a light pressure on my right foot. This is my wife's doings—she being strictly educated to think that drumming on a pew door is an improper proceeding—a point which I never argue, but sometimes think I more than make up for this, by the severe and unremitting attention which I bestow upon the rest of the sermon.

I have said that the morning service seems long to me. It may be partly, because I was born and bred in a different faith; or rather, I mean not that, but a different manner of worship. But it is not this altogether, for the afternoon prayers are perfectly enchanting, if it is proper to apply such a word to prayer. If they do not leave with me "the peace which passeth all understanding," then am I bitterly deceived. But, so far as emotion is concerned, some old-fashioned tune will be more heart-touching to me, than any prayer which ever fell from the lips of mortal man; for song says that which words cannot say, and it ascends into heaven, which is its home and its continual abiding-place forever.

Our clergyman is almost a pefect pattern of a country rector; so, at least, we think, who have had varieties, and have some ground for this, our present liking. His preaching would never draw crowds, but always gathers together a little circle who know how to appreciate good things. His sermons are like little cabinet pictures, exceedingly well designed, and perfect as a poem from first to last. I do profess to have some taste for a good thing, sir; and, I assure you, this modest man has a rare gift of preaching, which would delight you to hear. I come back to our plain church and our plain clergyman, after our little airings about the country, where we have heard, perhaps, the celebrated Mr. "*Wideawake*," or the notorious—I mean the illustrious—Mr. "*New Jerusalem*,"—I return to our quiet ways and old-fashioned associations, precisely as after stimulants, I would seek out, with what thankfulness, the cool spring by the way-side, and the shade of the old oak tree.

By the time we reach home, Kate, who goes to her church earlier, and gets home by eleven o'clock, has wheeled out the little round table, and there is already the cheerfulness of dinner—a Sunday dinner—plain and unpretending—always to be partaken of with a modest temperance, to keep open eyes for the afternoon sermon. As we pass through my father's sitting-room—the front of the house being all barred and bolted—he asks the question, "Where's the text?" And if some one cannot produce the text, he concludes we have been to church to very little purpose.

I seldom get out in the afternoon. As seldom does my wife stay at home. Whether it rain or shine, or hail or snow, the performance must be very spirited if it keeps her from the afternoon service. My father and myself take our usual naps; but not as long, if possible, on Sundays as on other days. About two o'clock we exchange papers. I give him some church paper; for which, by the way, it is easy to see that he has but small regard, and receive from him the New York ——. Its readable articles—and they are many—I find marked by him with red chalk, for my especial notice in part, and in part for the benefit of friends a long way off, to whom the paper is always sent, after it has been thoroughly exhausted at home.

So goes away, with the richness and silentness of blessing, our Up-Country Sunday; and then comes twilight—of all its hours, the most serene and holy—and the day is gone. Up into Heaven, with the thousands which have gone before, it has ascended, and there sits in glory! Beautiful day, thou hast gone home to God; to God and the angels, and the mighty hosts gathered in that blessed land. Gone up to sit in glory forever! Beautiful day, farewell!

—*Up-Country Letters.*

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

PRIZE RIDDLE.

If from my first one-half you take away,
Five hundred will remain as plain as day,
And in my next, judiciously combined,
One hundred fifty-six you'll surely find.
From nine, ten now, my third with care you take,
And what remains, a full round score will make.
My fourth (and last) from just three score and ten
If now you take, but seven will remain;
Now, if to find my whole you have a will,
'Tis eas'ly done when riding down a hill.

Williamsville, 1859. H. M. M.

To each of the three persons (not residents of Rochester,) who send us first correct answers to above Riddle, within two weeks, we will send the Rural New-Yorker for three months.

☞ Answer in three weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 58 letters.
My 38, 34, 24, 12, 28, 21 was a King of Assyria.
My 7, 3, 40, 49 is a bird.
My 10, 8, 55, 30, 12 was a King of Israel.
My 2, 43, 40, 30, 19, 56 is a plant.
My 44, 52, 13, 16, 18, 53, 25 is a fruit mentioned in the Bible.
My 17, 4, 51, 37 is to greet.
My 42, 33, 22, 18, 43 was a King of Persia.
My 11, 57, 36, 54 is to unite.
My 5, 13, 23, 27, 47, 31 is a name mentioned in the Bible.
My 53, 35, 26, 29 is a soft mass.
My 15, 45, 39, 58 was the father of Ashur.
My 6, 49, 32, 20, 8 is to inclose.
My 9, 14, 1, 21, 50, 41, 46 is a name in the Bible.
My whole is a true maxim.

Genon, N. Y., 1859. Jason G. Crouch.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 17, 11, 11, 4 is an island in New Brunswick.
My 15, 9, 10, 16 is a mountain in Sicily.
My 18, 6, 7, 10, 10, 11, 4 is a county in Missouri.
My 4, 15, 5, 5 is a lake in Scotland.
My 18, 1, 16, 12, 15, 4 is an island east of New Jersey.
My 5, 8, 4, 14, 2 is a river in South Carolina.
My whole is one of the Ten Commandments.

Oswego Co., N. Y., 1859. Mary.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New Yorker.

ALGEBRAIC PROBLEM.

A man bought two sheep. The square of the number of dollars he paid for the first, added to twice the price of the first, multiplied by the second, plus the second squared, is equal to twenty-five. And the cube of the first added to the cube of the second is equal to thirty-five. What did each sheep cost him?

Bethany, N. Y., 1859. Frank.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 474.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—My wife's rolling pin.

Answer to Grammatical Enigma:—Make hay while the sun shines.

Answer to Riddle:—Steam.

Moore's Rural New-Yorker,

THE LARGEST CIRCULATED

Agricultural, Literary and Family Weekly,

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☞ In ordering the Rural please send us the best money conveniently obtainable, and do not forget to give your full address—the name of Post-Office, and also State, &c.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

VOL. X. NO. 9.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1859. {WHOLE NO. 477.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER

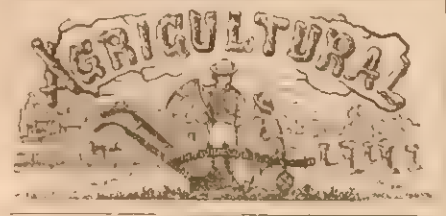
CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.



INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

THE number of inquiries received of late, has been so great that we are unable to answer them in the usual way. Many, to be of any value, not only require immediate answers, but those of some length, partaking more of the character of essays than simple answers and inquiries. We have determined, therefore, to devote a few extra columns to this purpose.

Culture of Tobacco.

CAN you give some information on the *Culture of Tobacco*—what soils are best adapted to it, and the time of planting—whether it must be started in hot-beds—if the frost ever injures it, and how to cure it? Whether it is to be cut up when green or ripe, and how far apart are plants to be in the rows? Also, where seed can be got, and whether the seed will ripen in this latitude?—A SUBSCRIBER, *Naples, N. Y.*, 1859.

PLEASE oblige me by giving a little information in regard to the *Tobacco Plant*—the sort raised in Connecticut and Massachusetts? Can it be raised successfully in Ulster Co., and where can the seed be procured? Please inform me of the manner and time of planting.—C. B., *Brooklyn, N. Y.*, 1859.

THE above are specimens of the inquiries we have received from nearly all parts of the country, on the subject of growing *Tobacco*, showing a great demand for information, and a disposition in very many to engage in its culture. The growing and curing of tobacco, like the raising of hops, flax, and sugar from the Chinese cane, is somewhat of a manufacturing operation, requiring some skill and experience, and the necessary fixtures and conveniences for curing and packing. Hence, many who engage in these operations will fail. Indeed, nearly all will be likely to fail in a great measure, in the first attempt, for however well the theory may be studied, much must be learned by experience. The extent of our experience in the business has been confined to a few plants in the garden, but we have watched very carefully the operations of the largest and best growers in this section of the country, and the facts we have learned are cheerfully given. If what we say shall in any way differ from the experience of practical growers, we hope they will give us the facts.

Tobacco will succeed in any climate where corn will ripen, and any good corn land is suitable for tobacco. The tobacco grown at the north is most valuable when fit for cigar wrappers, and for this purpose a large, broad leaf, thin, of a silky texture, tough, and with small veins is desirable. The *Connecticut Seed Leaf* is the variety most prized and generally sown. The tobacco when cured is assorted into two or three sorts, the best being composed of large fine leaves, without holes, and of good color. These are used entirely for cigar wrappers and sell for about $10 per hundred pounds. The second quality is made up of smaller and broken leaves, and the best of these are used for wrappers, and the balance for filling. The third quality, made up of leaves very much broken and discolored, &c., are used for filling for commonest cigars, cutting for smoking, &c., and sells at a low price.

SEED BEDS.—Seed can be obtained at most of our seed stores, at about $4 per pound, but an ounce or so will produce plants enough for a couple of acres. About the first of April select some dry, warm, sheltered spot, make nicely prepared narrow beds for convenience in weeding and sow the seed. It is very fine, and may be mixed with sand, as in this way it can be more evenly sown. As soon as the plants make their appearance a vigorous war must be kept up against the weeds, for if they get the start it will be almost impossible to eradicate them without destroying the plants. Some burn brush over their seed beds just before sowing, for the purpose of destroying the seeds of the weeds.

SOIL AND PLANTING.—To grow a good crop, coming near to a ton an acre, requires very rich land. Well rotted stable or hog manure should be used in abundance and the ground be well prepared by plowing and dragging. From the first to the fifteenth of June the plants will be ready to set in the field, and this work should be done on a damp day if possible. In taking up the plants, care should be exercised so as to injure the roots as little as possible. A few should be reserved in the seed bed to replace those plants that may not grow, or be killed by the grub. The best distance, perhaps, is *two* feet in the rows, and the rows *three* feet apart, so as to admit of the use of the cultivator one way.

CULTURE, TOPPING AND CUTTING.—The after culture is similar to that for corn—keeping the ground light, and the weeds destroyed. The hill, if any, around the plant must be low, or it will interfere with the lower leaves. The tobacco worm sometimes makes its appearance about the time of the second hoeing, eating holes in the leaves, and must be searched for on the under sides of the leaves and destroyed.

As soon as the flower buds appear, the tops must be broken off three leaves below the buds, which will increase the growth of the lower leaves. This topping causes shoots to start out at the base of each leaf, and these shoots must be broken off in about eight days after the topping, or they, too, injure the growth of the leaves, and still further injure them in curing.

The time for cutting the crop is from the 5th of September to the 15th, in about 12 or 15 days after topping. The plant should be cut with a hatchet between the lower leaves and the ground, and be allowed to lay on the ground long enough to wilt the leaves, so that they may be handled without breaking, but not exposed to the noon-day sun, or they will become scorched and worthless. It is necessary, therefore, to cut early in the morning or the evening, and in either case it should be housed before noon. In all the operations care must be taken not to tear or injure the leaves.

CURING.—This operation requires great care. As soon as gathered it must be hung on poles in a tobacco house or shed, the butts being fastened to the poles and the points hanging downwards. The plants are fastened to the poles with twine, about six inches apart, and the poles about one foot apart. It will be necessary to have a circulation of air through the building, but when the wind is high, unless the building is closed, the leaves will be injured. As soon as sufficiently cured, it may be taken down and the leaves stripped from the stalks. It will generally be in this state, about the first of December. If, on a dry day the leaf stalk will break from near the butt, it is sufficiently cured to take down and strip. The tobacco grower, while stripping assorts into different grades, the largest, soundest and best colored leaves being put in the first class, and the narrow, torn and light colored leaves make the second class. Some growers make three grades. There is a good deal of difference in the value, the price ranging from five to twelve cents a pound. After the leaves are assorted, they are made into "hands," by taking a large handful, with the butts even, and binding a leaf around, so as to hold them together. These "hands" are then packed away in a stack, with the butts and the points of the leaves over-lapping each other, and in this way the leaves will be kept soft and pliable, and the butts be more thoroughly cured. Tobacco should not be handled when it is dry and harsh, and all handling is better done on a damp day.

SWEATING.—The last and most important operation is *sweating*. This operation is thus performed. Boxes are made about two feet four inches by three feet six inches. Into these boxes the "hands" of tobacco are placed, lengthwise of the box, the butts at the end. In this way the box is filled. A heavy "follower" of two inch plank, just made to fit the inside of the box, is then pressed upon it with a lever or screw. The top or "follower" is then removed, and more tobacco put in and pressed, and so on until the case is full of pressed tobacco, and these cases will generally contain from three to four hundred pounds. After the box is full the "follower" is removed, and the cover nailed on, and the cases packed away in a dry close building, where they must remain during the next summer, until fall, when the tobacco is fit for market. When packed for sweating the tobacco should be soft and pliable without being wet or sticky. Any that appears too damp may be packed at the top or sides of the box, or dried.

The profits to be derived from the culture of tobacco depend entirely upon the management.—Farmers who grow an acre or so will, as a general thing, find more trouble than profit from its culture, as it will interfere very much with other work, and in consequence be neglected at some critical point which will very much lessen its value; or the injury done by neglect of other crops will destroy more than the profits realized from the tobacco. Without a suitable building, one erected for the purpose, it is almost impossible to cure it properly. This is an expense that a small business will not warrant. Those who engage largely in tobacco raising, take pains to learn all that they can from the experience of other, and erect suitable buildings, if they are careful, enterprising men, and not discouraged, though at first they fail, will no doubt find it a very profitable business.

Moon Theories, Again.

PERHAPS this is not quite the right season to talk about "planting and sowing in the moon," but I would like to have some of those who call the influence of the moon on vegetation, all "humbug," or "moonshine," tell me which would be more likely to be affected by the gentle influence of LUNA, in her changing moods, the sturdy hemlock that has withstood the blasts and storms of ages, or the tender plant that shrinks from the chill winds, and falls before the first frost of autumn? It is a well known fact (at least to those who spend part of the summer peeling bark for tanneries,) that the new moon is the best time for their business, and that during the old moon in latter August, near the close of the peeling season, the bark begins to adhere firmly to the wood, but in the next new moon will peel easily. Now, if it is all "moonshine" that causes this, is it fair to call it all "humbug" to believe there may be a difference in the growth of some plants, according to the phase of the moon, when the seeds begin to germinate?—S. S. S., *Windsor, N. Y.*, 1859.

OUR own views in relation to this subject, are well known to RURAL readers, and to again pass over the whole ground, merely for the sake of argument, would be fruitless. We would be pleased, however, to ask "S. S. S." a few questions. If the influence of LUNA is so "*gentle*", why attribute so great an effect to so slight a cause? Why choose the "close of the season"—the last of the summer months, when *hot and dry is the rule?* Will the bark peel more readily during the new than the old moon in the preceding months of June and July? The moon does not require a *full* month to wax and wane—and in process of time *the last of August has its new moon*—does our correspondent consider himself most governed by the date of that particular month or the condition of the moon? Is not the fact that the hemlock peels readily in early September more attributable to the "midsummer flow of sap" than to any influence lunar rays can exert? Our nurserymen, in ordinary seasons, cannot bud at the very season when "S. S. S." finds so much difficulty in procuring tan-bark and for the same reason—the external covering of the fruit trees adheres so strongly; but in September, new moon or not, the renewed flow of sap enables them to operate. If the advocates of the theory in which our correspondent seems to be so firm a believer, will arrive at some tangible conclusions in reference to the action of the moon on vegetation—attribute it to *heat, light*, or some other of the known necessary agents of growth in the vegetable world—we will endeavor to meet the subject,—we have neither time nor space "to beat the bush" in the columns of the NEW-YORKER.

Feeding Grain to Colts.

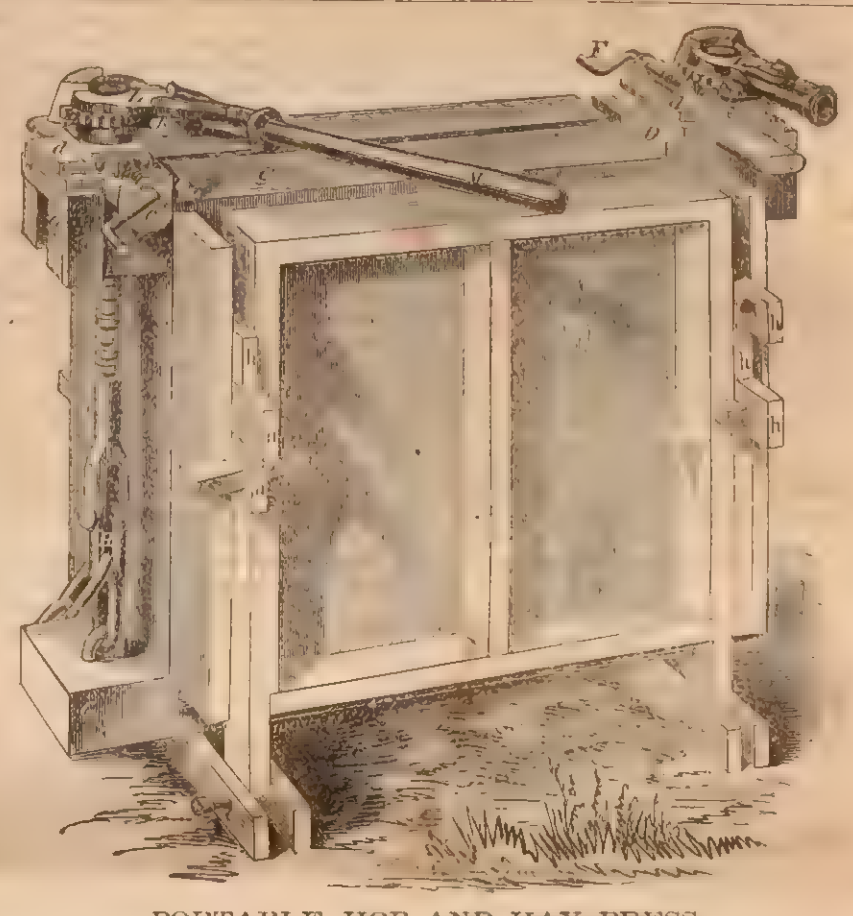
HAVING several young colts keeping through the winter, I would like to know whether it is best to give them any grain. Experienced breeders say they should not have any, while all books on the subject say they should have from a pint to a quart of oats per day. Now, which is right?—AN OLD SUBSCRIBER, *Ogden, N. Y.*

IF the "books" are *wrong*, we must say we believe their error is on the side of *right*. At no after period in the life of the foal will liberal feeding become a principle of so great importance as during the period of growth—and for the first few months after weaning this is particularly the case. Starvation—or short-allowance, if the latter term is preferred—is the last made to make fine animals. *Bad keep* never made a good colt; *good care*, i. e., judicious treatment, we do not think is a sure road to ruin. When quite young the oats ought to be bruised, thus aiding the digestive organs in the full performance of the duties the economy of nature has assigned.

To Prevent Over-Reaching.

I WISH to inquire of you, or the readers of the RURAL, if there is any way to prevent horses clicking their hind shoes against their fore shoes in traveling?—P., *Pultney, N. Y.*, 1859.

YOUNG horses frequently over-reach so as to strike the toes of the hind-shoe against the fore ones, causing the *clicking* mentioned by our correspondent. The fact should be made known to the smith, and, if he is the *right man in the right place*, he will remedy it by shortening the toes of the hind-shoes and widening the web. "P." may try what tightening the check-rein will do—elevating the head of the horse will sometimes obviate the evil.



PORTABLE HOP AND HAY PRESS.

WE take pleasure in giving the accompanying illustration and description of a HOP AND HAY PRESS invented by one of our subscribers, whom we have long known as an active friend of Rural Improvement. The inventor claims for this Press many advantages, such as great simplicity, portability, &c. Among other things the patentee states that "when, as often happens in presses, the follower in its descent takes an inclined position, the press will not of course operate with entire freedom, but in the Hop and Hay Press this difficulty has received special attention, and been successfully overcome." We copy the following description from the *Scientific American:*

"The accompanying engraving is a perspective view of the Hop, Hay or Cotton Press, invented by LINCOLN L. CUMMINGS, of Munnsville, Madison county, N. Y., and patented by him June 15, 1858. A, represents a case or box of rectangular form, in which is fitted a follower or plunger, capable of working freely up and down. C, is a bar that is placed on the top of the follower and longitudinally with it, the ends of the bar projecting beyond the ends of the follower, and having a T-shaped slot, *a*, made vertically in each end. On each end of the bar, C, a cap, D, is placed, having oblong slots made through them. These caps are provided at each end with a handle, *c*, and on each cap a plate, E, is placed, passing between guides, *d*, which form part of the cap, D. The plates are adjusted by crank handles, F, and screws, *e*, which pass through a central opening in E.

"To the bottom of the case or box, A, a bar, G, is attached. This bar projects beyond the box at each end, and to it a chain, H, is attached. To the upper end of the chain a screw, I, is secured, and these screws pass through the inner part of the slots, *a*, in the bar, *c*, through the slots in D, through E, and a nut is fitted on to each screw above the plate, E. Each nut is surrounded by teeth, *g*, into which a spring pawl, K, catches.—These pawls are fitted in sockets, L, that can move freely upon the nuts. In these sockets, L, hand levers, M, are placed, to operate the press.

"Each side of the case or box, A, at its upper part is formed a series of slats, *h*, which are placed one over the other between proper guides, so that they may be withdrawn as the follower descends, and the substance within the box is compressed. The operation is as follows:—The follower is depressed upon the hops, hay or cotton, by turning the hand levers, M, and consequently the nuts, so that as they are made to descend on the screws, I, they carry C, and the follower with them. Should the follower become inclined, the screws, I, have room to move in the T-shaped slot, *a*, so that it will operate the follower when inclined, and gradually make it level. Many of these presses are in use for hop pressing, and give general satisfaction."

We may add that this Press has been awarded the First Premium at Fairs in three of the most noted hop-growing sections of this State—Otsego, Madison and Oneida. For price, &c., see advertisement in this paper.

AGRICULTURE IN OHIO.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Some of the statements and facts contained in the Ohio Agricultural Report for 1857, recently published, I have thought might very profitably have a wider circulation through the pages of the RURAL.

From this report it appears that Ohio has of land, actually cultivated, 11,583,731 acres, of which about 6,500,000 are plow land, and 3,500,000 meadow land, the remainder being in orchards, gardens, yards, &c.

The great crops of the State are Wheat and Corn. The wheat crop is first in importance, so far as the grain market is concerned, though for domestic consumption, in feeding cattle, swine, &c., the corn crop should, perhaps, take the precedence.

The average of wheat per acre is about thirteen bushels, and of corn thirty-four bushels; the number of acres devoted to the former is yearly becoming less, while the area of corn land is as constantly increasing,—showing that the corn crop is considered more reliable and profitable. The wheat crop for 1857 is estimated at twenty-eight million bushels—the corn crop for 1857 is estimated from sixty to ninety million bushels. Not only has the area of land devoted to wheat been gradually diminishing for several years past, but also the average yield per acre.

Underdraining has done wonders here, as it does everywhere, so far as it has been practiced, which is as yet to a very limited extent, although a very large proportion of the arable soil of Ohio is of that kind to be especially benefited by the process, viz., a clayey loam, or stiff clay.

Stock-growing is a very important branch of our farming. In 1856 Ohio shipped to the New York market over forty-three thousand cattle for beef; in 1857 over thirty thousand.

Wool is another of our staple productions, but greatly diminished from what it has been, and still rapidly diminishing, from the want of suitable protection against dogs, which do far more injury to the flocks in this country than wolves ever did.

The expense of fencing is here, as everywhere, a great tax upon farmers, and annually increasing, as the timber suitable for the purpose is diminishing. It is estimated that over eighty million of dollars is actually invested in this State in fences on farms. Many experiments are making with hedges.

The culture of the grape is attracting considerable attention. The amount of land now devoted to the culture of the grape in the State is estimated at three thousand acres. As an instance of the remunerativeness of the grape culture it is stated that Mr. CHAS. CARPENTER, of Kelly's Island, sold in 1854, as the product of one acre of vines, 800 gallons of wine, at prices ranging from $1,25 to $1,50 per gallon,—grapes to the amount of one hundred dollars,—roots and cuttings to the amount of one hundred and thirty dollars. Thus did one acre return to its proprietor $1,330 in one year.

The agricultural population of the State does not

increase in proportion to the general increase, large drafts being constantly made upon it for other employments. Farm laborers are scarce,—Machinery is very largely employed in almost all farm operations. These statements are almost entirely in the language of the report. H.

Hudson, Ohio, 1859.

A LARGE OX—FEEDING OUT GRAIN.

Mr. Monoan Tracy, of Pulteney, Steuben Co., N. Y., has a single steer, of his own raising, 6 years old past, 6 feet 8 inches height of rump, 8 feet 9 inches girth, and which, though thin in flesh, he thinks will weigh 3,500 pounds. An experienced tanner estimates his hide alone at 300 pounds. As an outlandish specimen of the *genus ox*, and sample of coarse and elephantine character, I doubt if it is anywhere excelled! It is due to Mr. Tracy to say that not till quite recently has he given it other than ordinary fare, and that he now proposes to settle the question whether the animal can be fattened. If he succeeds, it will become, as it indeed is now, a monstrous monstrosity. The *profits*, it is presumed, he will enjoy when they are realized.

The gloomy reports during the last season of crops at the West, and the low price of beef and mutton in the New York and other markets, conspired to create a somewhat general impression that it would not pay so well to feed corn this winter as to sell the same in market. It is not mid-winter yet, and the evidence accumulates that more than one farmer has made a mistake. The present look is that corn fed into beef and mutton is going to pay better than it has any winter in some time. Thrifty steers in good condition were slow sale two months ago at 3 per hundred, but are now rapidly going up to $5. Those whose motto in farming is to not go with the multitude, are in luck. Would it not be well for farmers more generally to feed their own grain? Many find feeding to be unprofitable because they feed *too much*. The animal "eats itself up" when it becomes necessary to hold on some time for an improved market. An intelligent and experienced farmer and feeder of this county, says he can fatten an ox faster with *three* quarts of Indian meal a day and good hay, than with *eight*. Such feeding is always safe, for you have increased weights and improved quality, and markets from which to realize pay for the grain fed, which will scarcely exceed ten dollars' worth in a whole winter.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., Jan. 18, 1859. W. P. B.

THE CULTURE OF ROOTS.

Eds. Rural:—In your issue of the 22d ult., you gave the experience of Daniel Needham, of Vt., in root culture. His testimony coincides with that of ours in all points respecting this all important but long neglected branch of agriculture. We have pursued, with varied success, the raising of roots for the last ten or fifteen years. And altho' neighbors around have *croaked* and talked of small returns for the amount of labor expended, and made up wry faces at the "*spine distorting*" process, yet we can safely assert that no part of our farming, for the amount of ground cultivated, was paid so high a per centage.

We have mostly cultivated the ruta baga and Swede turnip, in connection with the mangold wurtzel and carrots. We have raised, of the turnips, in good seasons, from six to eight hundred bushels per acre, at a cost not to exceed sixpence a bushel, and for stock, feeding purposes we consider them well worth twenty-five cents per bushel. We have, of late years, practiced Mr. Needham's plan of feeding roots in connection with straw, and think stock will do better on this feed than hay alone. For fattening purposes they are excellent—we have fatted our beef for years on roots alone.

The altitude of our Allegany hills seems peculiarly adapted to the cultivation of this esculent, and it may be adopted with safety by all progressive farmers, not only in this latitude, but throughout the length and breadth of the arable land of the country. Although some years we may partially fail from drouth or depredations of insects, and can never expect to equal the humid climate of "Old England" in the production of roots, yet we may approximate somewhere near their standard, if we will divest ourselves of that prejudice which has thrown such a distaste and heaped so much obloquy on this branch of terra-culture.—Perhaps I may conclude, in some future communication, to write an article describing our system of management in the cultivation of this *earthly* vegetable Nelson Blanchard.

Centerville, Allegany Co., N. Y., 1859.

THE SEED BUSINESS AND LEGISLATION.

Messrs. Eds.:—I was quite amused at the mention of the Fish bill, the length and bearings of which you so fully described in your issue of the 6th inst, and which seems to be designed to pick from the poor seedsmen their already hard-earned laurels. After several years experience and dealing with this class of men, I have concluded that there is as much honesty practiced in their business, as in that of the other professions, and that the obstacles they have to surmount are ten to one of that of the other trades. Mr. Fish must be quite ignorant of the difficulties of the seedsman, or of the *laws* of Nature, on every page of which is written, in characters *never to be defaced, change, change, ever change!*

Let us suppose Mr. F.'s bill passed, and the law in force, and see how it will work. Mr. F. goes out one morning, and his wife (perhaps he has none) requests him to bring home some Aster seeds, as she saw some fine double ones in Mrs ——'s garden last fall. He calls on a seedsman of good reputation, and procures a package marked [illegible] Stock, the seeds are planted, and behold the produce are single petaled flowers, about the size of a dime. F waxes warm, and has the seedsman arraigned to answer, wherein said seedsman pleads that the seeds were true to name, that in consequence of the passage of the late law, he was compelled to be as careful and circumspect as possible. Prof. Gray, the best botanical authority, is called to the stand, and testifies that the true type of the Asters were small and insignificant flowers, and that the double, but the [illegible] which are so much admired, are [illegible] sorts, but hybrids. Consequently F. has his trouble for his pains.

Again, a large quantity of rare and new seeds are just received from China, put up by the great Mr. Fortune; these are warranted pure, but the price is very high, as the seedsman has been compelled to add fifty per cent. to his usual profits, to guard himself against the law, in the form of fees, costs, &c. Mr F. bites at the bait, and as matters turn out, some of the things are not true to name. Seedsman quietly forks over the fifty per cent. already procured of Mr. F., and hopes for better luck next time, while Mr. F. has again his pains for his trouble.

The price of seeds would be greatly enhanced by this law, and much of the business would be transferred to persons of no responsibility—persons who cared nothing for law or its consequences—while it would not in the least remedy the evil for which it was made. A seedsman receives four kinds of corn, *white, red, blue, yellow*, and in his endeavor to furnish his customers pure seed, plants 100 hills in each corner of his eighty acre lot. The seed is sold and planted, and his customers complain that their corn contained grains of all colors, and Mr. Seedsman is set down as a cheat, for not trammeling the winds of heaven, and that active co-operator in the field of nature, the "busy *little bee*," who carries the pollen from flower to flower.

There is positively no way to raise seed *entirely pure* but to plant a single seed under glass, and then exclude all insects. Even then it will take several years to effect this purpose, as all productions are at times disposed to make a retrograde move towards their original type. This the breeder of stock well knows, for in spite of his vigilance, here comes a calf pure white, with black or red ears, the exact type of the original British stock several centuries ago. W. R. H.

Mt. Victory, Ohio, 1859.

PATENT OFFICE AG'L OPERATIONS.

Eds. Rural:—If the strictures of the public press are any criterion, I conclude that the Filli-bustering, Patent-Lever, Agricultural Convention, lately assembled under the auspices of the Agricultural Bureau, at Washington, meets with no favor or mercy. In fact, the whole establishment is a parasite on the Patent Office and its acts—besides the distribution of such seeds and plants as come into the possession of the United States through the Navy and Army, in their visits to foreign parts, is a useless, expensive, and illegitimate branch of the government.

The Transactions of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society contain a very sensible and modest article on this subject, in which the author, Mr. James Lewis Russel, Professor of Botany, shows up the acts of this branch of the Office in a very just and pertinent manner; censuring the indiscriminate course in which seeds are distributed—many totally useless, and others mere "worthless weeds."

That two or more hundred thousand dollars should be expended in importing from England and other countries, common—often worse than common—seeds, and sending them through the mail to every part of our extended country—without the remotest consideration of climate, habits of production, or wants of the people—is sending "coals to Newcastle," and "curling tongs to Guinea," and is most preposterous and absurd.—"Uncle Sam's" mail bags are sufficiently overburthened with Congressmen's shirts to wash and wive's dresses—while the finances of the concern are verging on bankruptcy—without carrying 100 bushels of "King Philip Corn," or "Cat Mountain Wheat,"—which are not worth the powder to shoot or the fire to burn them—not to mention the millions of bags and papers of all conceivable commodities, in the way of Garden, Flower and Field seeds, *not one in fifty of which, after trial, has ever been adopted as a standard article*, and never will be. There is hardly an exception to this fact. The Chinese Sugar Cane (Sorghum) and a variety of Cabbage, are the only instances where these seeds, in this region, have generally been esteemed as new and valuable, as far as my experience goes, and I have had the run of some bushels every year, for a long period. Nine-tenths of the whole catalogue are the merest humbug in the world.—Five or six varieties of Early Peas, for instance, cannot compare with those now in use, and in everybody's hand, and have been for twenty years, and in this category may be classed the "Improved" Onions, Carrots, Parsnips, Ruta Bagas, &c. In short, there is nothing in the whole routine better—often not half as good—as can be procured from any reputable seedsman who understands his business. R. T.

Empire State, 1859.

"WILL KEEPING SHEEP PAY?"

In a late number of the Rural the above question is asked, then follows a statement of the avails of six sheep owned by Mr. H. A. Whittemore, who says he has averaged $4,62½ per head for the last year, and wishes to hear from others on the same subject. I have twenty-four ewes that have averaged six pounds and one ounce of wool per head for the past three years. The average price per pound for the same time is 43 cents, amounting to $187,69, and I have sold two years' crop of lambs for $216,50, making $404,19, which, added to one crop of lambs now on hand, twenty-five in number, that I call worth to me $100, the whole makes $504,19—an average of seven dollars per head for my twenty-four sheep. If he thinks four dollars too high for my lambs, call them three, and I have an average of $6,65. Said sheep have been kept on good hay and pasture only—no grain or roots of any kind. In winter I keep them in a good warm place.—S. D. Taber, *Castile, N. Y.*, 1859.

Mr Editor:—Mr. Whittemore gives us the proceeds of his sheep, and wishes to hear from others, to which, with your permission, I will reply. I wintered five ewes last winter, on hay alone, which sheared, on an average, 4¾ pounds. The wool was used to make cloth for family use, and estimating it at forty cents per pound, we find a total of $9,50. The ewes raised eight lambs, which I sold for $2 per head, or $16—making a total value, of wool and lambs, of $25,50—averaging $5,10 per head.—Abner Graves, *Waterloo, N. Y.*

MAPLE SUGAR.—TIN SAP BUCKETS.

Messrs. Eds.:—As the season of the year is near at hand when many of the readers of the Rural will be engaged in making maple sugar, they will thank you for permitting me to call their attention to the subject of sap buckets, as very much of their success in sugar-making, both as to quality and quantity, depends upon the provision made to receive the sap as it comes from the tree.

I suppose there is no question about the fact that, on every account, tin sap buckets are the best that have yet been found. They possess many advantages over any others, the most obvious of which are—1st. They can be hung on a nail close under the spile, preventing any of the sap being blown away while passing from the spile to the bucket. 2d. Being elevated from the ground, the sap is kept free from leaves, which always discolors it, and of course affects the sugar. 3d. They are light and pleasant to handle. 4th. They can be scalded as often as may be necessary to keep them perfectly sweet and clean, and that with very little trouble, enabling those using them to make as good sugar from the last run of the sap as from the first, which all accustomed to making sugar, know cannot be done with any other bucket. And last, but by no means least, when they are no longer needed they can be easily cleaned, and, as one fits inside of another, be put away in a very small space, with the certainty of being found in good order, and all ready for use when they are wanted for the next season's sugar-making, and with proper care, that is to say, if they are properly cleaned and put in a dry place, I see no reason why they will not last a life-time, without one cent expense after the first investment.

The above reasons are given, and confirmed by the experience of one who has made maple sugar, and all of whose observations on the subject lead him to advocate, most persistently, the universal adoption of Tin Sap Buckets.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

"Dropsical Land."—Underdraining.

John Johnston writes the *Boston Cultivator* that "the advocates of drainage expect farmers to be possessed of common sense enough to discriminate between land that will pay for draining and that which will not. If there are those that cannot so discriminate, the draining of a few acres will show plainly whether it will or not, so that even if one has very little judgment in the case, he need not essentially err. Every man may have observed that one part of a field will in general produce fine bright straw, (it may be wheat or other grain,) with plump heavy ears, giving a satisfactory return for seed and labor expended, while immediately adjoining such part of the field another portion produces dark colored straw, (even if not rusted,) and lean ears, with light, unremunerating grain. Now, did it ever occur to the farmer to ask himself the reason why one part of the field brought good grain and the other bad?—for surely he must see there was a local cause. I will tell how it is: the part giving good grain is sound, healthy land; the part giving bad grain, is *dropsical* and diseased. Whatever manure may have been applied to it, did little or no good, and whatever vegetation it produced was unhealthy like itself. To prove what I say, let a ditch be dug in the sound land, and there will be no run of water, even in a wet time, unless there is a snow-bank melting near by, which runs into the ditch from the surface. Then let another ditch be dug through the *diseased land*, two and a half feet deep, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred there will be a free run of water, and that coming at or near the bottom of the ditch. And if the *dropsical* portion is thoroughly tapped, it will bring for a number of years much better crops than the land that was healthy from the beginning. In many cases such land will pay the cost of draining by the excess of the first crop, where it can be drained for $15 to $22 per acre."

Management of Manures.

The *Country Gentleman*, in an article on this subject given in its issue of the 17th inst., remarks: "We have often had occasion to urge the importance of the thorough intermixture of manure with the soil. One of the chief reasons why fermented manure so often proves superior to unfermented, is the facility with which it may be pulverized while working in by plowing and harrowing. Repeated experiments with fresh manure, made by plowing it under in the usual way, in one instance, and by thoroughly grinding it into the soil by means of what is termed a *drag roller*, in another; have shown the beneficial effects of the latter treatment on the crop to be more than double the former. In corroboration of these views, we condense into a brief form the statement of an experiment reported by H. C. White, of Barre, Vt., in the *New England Farmer*. He cuts all kind of fodder, except hay, before feeding, which causes all his manure to be short, and easily spread and intermixed with the soil. He breaks up his green sward eight or ten inches deep, late in autumn; in the spring the sod is rolled, and the fresh short manure is drawn out and spread upon it at the rate of fifteen to eighteen cords per acre. It is thoroughly mixed with the soil by the harrow or cultivator, and just before planting it is plowed three to five inches deep and harrowed again. This treatment has given, for the last three years, 60 to 70 bushels of corn per acre. The success is attributed, no doubt justly, to the thorough mixture of manure and soil, the product of corn, oats, potatoes and hay being about double the amount that obtained 'under the old system.'"

The Horses of Norway.

Laing, in his travels in Norway, says that the horses in that country have a very sensible way of taking their food. Instead of swilling themselves with a pailful of water at a draught, no doubt from the fear of not getting any again, and then overdoing themselves for the same reason, they have a bucket of water put down beside their allowance of hay. It is amusing to see with what relish they take a sip of the one and a mouthful of of the other, alternately, sometimes only moistening their mouths, as a rational being would do, while eating a dinner of such dry food. A broken-winded horse is scarcely ever seen in Norway.

Agricultural Miscellany.

A False Charge—"*Strike, but Hear!*"—Popular and successful journals, like prominent and influential individuals, are the constant targets of the envious, jealous and ambitious. Malice, like Death, loves a shining mark, and wo to him who has excelled in any department, for so long as poor human nature exists in its present state, his heels will be snapped at, and his good name traduced "without a why or a wherefore." These remarks are suggested by a *very singular*, and, so far as this journal is concerned, *absurd and unjust* article in a late number of the *Michigan Farmer*. Under the title of "Wool Circulars and Eastern Reports," that journal has a long, and apparently labored and studied leader, with the evident design of demolishing some special enemies, and, as a dessert, the Eastern Agricultural, Commercial and Literary papers—and as the Rural New-Yorker comes under that head, and is prominently noticed, it would be unjust not to recognize the attack. After paying its respects to a firm in Cleveland, Ohio—Wool Dealers and publishers of a Wool Reporter—the *Farmer* proceeds in this trenchant wise, with the apparent intention of devouring several "eastern papers" at one fell swoop:

"The eastern papers were then [last spring] busy informin the wool growers that prices must settle low, that manufacturers would close their mills, and dismiss their operators, that the market was overloaded with foreign goods, and that the clip would be much larger than it was the year before, and therefore it was useless to look for higher rates; prices must be at least 10 cents per pound less than they were the year before. These opinions were prevalent at the east, and were spread over the west by the *Rural New-Yorker*, the New York *Tribune*, by the *Journal of Commerce*, and by nearly every paper that came from the east. Many farmers in this State who took no paper but one of these eastern journals, sold first their wool under the impression that wool would not pay for years to come, and then sold out their sheep as soon as the grass feed put them in condition for the drover or the butcher."

Now, knowing as they do, that so far as this journal is concerned, the above statement is *entirely unfounded*—that *no article can be quoted from the Rural to sustain such an unjust and injurious charge*—what can our readers think of the veracity and reliability of the paper which gives it utterance? In our long experience as a journalist, we remember nothing more flagrant and insidious—nothing so far from the truth, or so unbecoming the character of honorable and manly rivalry; for that jealousy of the Rural's large circulation in Michigan is the *cause* of the attack, is as apparent as that the sun is above the horizon at noon-day. And this is even confessed in another part of the article, for, after lauding itself, and again pitching into its Cleveland neighbor, the Oracle—like the minister who preacheth to a few patient listeners about the sins of absentees—in language more emphatic than polite or truthful, thus reveals the *secret* of its ire:

"Two-thirds of the Farmers at the west expend all the money they can afford for reading matter to sustain eastern papers. Every post-master's clerk is a hired agent to thrust upon them at low rates the lucubrations of editors who know no more about western farming and care no more for western interests, than so many bull frogs."

Part of this may be true, and it's a good thing that our Western friends have a monitor so courageous, faithful and wise—a veritable Solomon to teach and guide their erring footsteps. As the Rural is mentioned first in the list of Eastern journals—thanks for according it the post of honor, and proper rank, for once!—of course, we must take a large share of the sweet compliment about Western farming, interests and bull frogs. We feel bad, certainly—yet can't help remembering that some *fifteen years ago*, when this editor of marvellous Western knowledge and feelings was basking in Eastern sunshine, *we started and successfully established the Michigan Farmer!* And, if our memory serves us, we aided the cause of Western Agriculture in some other respects—had something to do with the inception of the first law ever passed by the Michigan Legislature to promote Rural Improvement by the organization of Agricultural Societies, and earnestly labored to have the People and the State benefited by its provisions. We *then* thought we knew something more about Western farming and Western interests than did the bull frogs—yet it may have been a myth—and are confident we have not forgotten what little knowledge we possessed, nor have the numerous friends of our comparatively early days, and hard struggles, yet ignored our humble but earnest efforts. The aid they then rendered us—at a time when Agricultural Improvement was not as popular and easy as now, and when labor in behalf of the cause was *real labor*—and how they seconded our efforts until impaired health compelled us to retire from the field, will ever be held in grateful remembrance. And, though now located a little nearer sunrise, we trust the thousands of Western friends with whom we communicate weekly, do not consider us quite so great an ignoramus concerning their position and interests as the new-fledged editor of *our* first agricultural journal would fain make them believe. On the contrary, we have the best assurance that they consider the Rural New-Yorker independent, progessive and reliable (even in its Market Reports,) with decidedly Western proclivities.

—In conclusion we challenge our cotemporary to prove his assertions. If what he charges is true, it can be sustained by quoting from our pages—and if false, as we pronounce it, where is the justification for the injurious attack? *Strike*, if you please, but let your readers and the public *hear* or *see* the testimony. Meantime we shall endeavor to find room, in a week or two, to repeat the substance of *what we did say* and quote last spring on the subject of Wool, its price, &c., in order to show the unfounded nature of the charge. The reputation of a journal like the New-Yorker stands upon its character for truth and statistical accuracy, and while we would hail with pleasure a competition which is fair and honorable, this stabbing in the dark, with a poisoned arrow, we despise. The Market Reports of the Rural have been questioned, and upon this point (general accuracy and reliability,) we challenge not only the *Michigan Farmer*, but any weekly (not mainly devoted to commercial matters) in the country! Will our Michigan cotemporary "come to the center?" The *Farmer*, since it began to deck itself in clean clothes every seventh day, is evidently "bound to blaze," and while our remarks are more particularly intended for its special attention, any who feel aggrieved are requested to take up the glove, as we "bar neither age, weight, nor color." And here we rest.

N. Y. State Ag. Society—*Winter Premiums.*—The following premiums were awarded at the recent Annual Meeting of our State Ag. Society:

FARMS.

Grazing Farm—L. D. Cliff, Carmel, Put. County, $50

Grain Farms—Under 50 acres, S. Walrath, St. Lawrence Co., $50; 2d, over 50 acres, L. Sherrill, Greene Co., $30.

CHEESE DAIRIES.

James S. Jackson, Leyden, $50; 2d, Norman Gowdy, Lowville, $30. L. S. Standring, Denmark, special prem., Silver Medal; Clemence Whitaker, Martinsburg, specially commended.

BUTTER DAIRIES.

J. C. Collins, Lewis Co., $50.

Butter—Best 3 firkins, Wm. H. Pew, Lewis Co., $15; 2d, Hiram Mills, Lowville, $10; 3d, L. L. French, Richfield Springs, Otsego Co., $5.

Butter Made in June, Aug., and Nov.—Best 3 firkins, B. S. Carpenter, Elmira, Chemung Co., $15. One tub, Miss Jane E. Mills, Lowville, 14 years old, very superior, special prem.

Winter Made Butter.—Best, Ela Merriam, Leyden, Lewis Co., $5; 2d, Norman Gowdy, $3; 3d, Miss Walrath, Canton, St. Law. Co., Trans.; 4th, Miss Van Auken, Phelps, Ont. Co., Trans.

Cheese.—Best, Norman Gowdy, $15; 2d, Theron Van Auken, $10.

ESSAY

Robert L. Pell, New York, on the edible fishes of New York, plate, $100.

DRAINING.

William Johnson, Geneva, $20; 2d, Jonathan Talcott, Rome, $10. S. Walrath, Canton, special prem., Sil. Med.

PREPARED GRASSES.

Mrs. J. T. Van Namee, Pittstown, $15.

COLLECTION OF GRAINS IN STRAW

Mrs. J. T. Van Namee, $10.

WINTER FRUIT

Apples—Best 20 varieties, J. W. Bailey, Plattsburg, Dip. and $4; best 10 do., W. P. Otley, Phelps, Ont. Co., Dip. and $3; 2d, W. Ives, Watertown, Barry and $1; 3d, J. M. Mattison, Tompkins Co., Trans. Best plate (Baldwin) W. P. Otley, Sil. Med.; 2d, J. M. Mattison, (King.) Thomas.

Grapes—Best sample (Isabella) R. P. Wiles, Albany, Sil. Med.

FIELD CROPS.

Spring Wheat—Solomon Walrath, the quantity land not sufficient—crop at rate of 40 bu. per acre; barley, Norman Gowdy, 50 bu., $15; rye, C. L. Keirsted, 44 bu., $15; oats, same, 115 bu., $15; corn, same, 92⅛ bu., $15; 2d, B. S. Carpenter, 80 bu., $10; peas, Ira C. Peck, East Bloomfield $8; beans, S. Walrath, Medal; potatoes, Levi Hanford & Hiram Olmstead, Walton, Delaware Co., 1 6-160 acre, 283 bu., $8; ruta baga, Levi Hanford & Hiram Olmstead, Vol. Trans.; mangold wurtzel, Thos. Messenger, East Neck, $8.

FOR SAMPLES OF GRAIN AND SEEDS.

Winter Wheat.—White, Wm. P. Otley, $3; 2d, red, O. Howland, Auburn, Cayuga Co., $2; 3d, Wm. P. Otley, $1.

Spring Wheat.—Tea wheat, H. Blodget, Denmark, Lewis Co., $3; 2d, Wm. P. Coonradt, Brunswick, Rens. Co., $2; 3d, O. Howland, $1.

Rye.—Wm. P. Coonradt, $3; 2d, B. S. Carpenter, $2; 3d, C. L. Keirsted $1.

Barley—Two Rowed.—Norman Gowdy, $3; 2d, O. Howland, $2; Wm. P. Otley, $1.

Barley—Four Rowed.—B. S. Carpenter, $3.

Corn.—Yellow, C. W. Eells, Westmoreland, Oneida Co., $3; 2d, Sol. Walrath, $2; 3d, H. Blodget, $1.

White Corn.—Henry Wier, Pittstown, Rens. Co., $3; 2d, B. S. Carpenter, $2; 3d, N. Y. S. Ag. College, $1.

Sweet Corn.—Wm. P. Coonradt, Vol. Trans.; Wm. Newcomb, Johnsonville, Rens. Co., Vol. Trans

Buckwheat.—B. S. Carpenter, $3; 2d, L. L. French, $2; 3d, Wm. P. Coonradt, $1.

Beans—White.—Wm. P. Coonradt $3; 2d, S. Walrath, $2; 3d, Wm. Newcomb, $1.

Oats.—D. A. Mackay, Rensselaerville, Albany Co., $3; 2d, Henry Wier, $2; 3d, Wm. P. Coonradt, $1. Sample of oats, "Potato Oats," E. Merriam, seed from Bay Chaleurs, Canada East, a fine sample, Vol. Trans.

Peas.—Norman Gowdy, $3; 2d, O. Howland, $2.

Timothy Seed.—S. Carey, Albany, $3; 2d, O. Howland, $2; 3d, H. Blodget, $1.

Clover Seed.—W. P. Otley, $3; 2d, S. Carey, $2.

Flax Seed.—Henry Wier, two samples, one red and one white, Vol. Trans.

Millet.—Henry Wier, Vol. Trans.

DISCRETIONARY PREMIUMS.

Sugar Cane Syrup, W. P. Otley, $2. Maple Sugar, H. Blodget, $2. Turkeys, W. P. Otley, $2; 2d, Wm. Richardson, Albany, $1. Pease & Egleston, Portable Hoeing Machine, Dip.; same, Cultivator, Dip.; same, Harrow, Dip. S. E. & M. P. Jackson, Boonville, Mower and Reaper, Dip. E. E. Serviss, Hubbard's Combined Reaper and Mower, Dip. Mrs. W. Ives, Watertown, Currant Wine, Trans. P. Bauer & Co., Buffalo, 3 samples Farina, Trans. M. Hallenbeck, Model Mowing Machine, Trans. E. C. Rowland, Phelps, Self-Opening Gate, Dip. Emery Brothers, Albany, Churn, with Dog Power attached; Emery Bros. Horse Power speed and safety attachment, Circular Saw for sawing wood, Overshot Separator and Thresher, Dip. Emery Bros. Sanford's Improved Farm Mill, Sil. Med. Volney Burgess, Isabella Grape Wine, 6 years old, very fine, Dip. Hon. A. B. Dickinson, Hornby, exhibited a new Draining Plow which attracted much attention, and was fully explained as to its operations by Mr. Dickinson. It promises, in stiff clay soil, to reduce very materially the cost of drainage, and is within the means of every farmer.

Officers of State Ag. Society.—The following is a complete list of Officers for 1859:

President—A. B. Conger, of Rockland.

Vice-Presidents—E. G. Faile, of New York; O. S. Wainwright, of Dutchess; Herman Wendell, of Albany; H. W. Beckwith, of Washington; B. N. Huntington, of Oneida; S. A. Law, of Delaware; James O. Sheldon, of Ontario; T. C. Peters, of Genesee.

Corresponding Secretary—B. P. Johnson, of Albany.

Recording Secretary—E. Corning, Jr., of Albany.

Treasurer—L. H. Tucker, of Albany.

Executive Committee—Thomas B. Carroll, H. W. Dwight, E. A. Lawrence, C. Boughton, Alrick Hubbell.

Maine Rural.—*Drew's Rural Intelligencer* of the 12th inst., contains the valedictory of Rev. Wm. A. Drew, its originator, and announces its transfer to Messrs. Brock & Chaney. The paper of the 19th comes to us under the title of *Maine Rural*, and in neat quarto form. We trust this "Rural" will do good service in the cause, and wish it success—yet dont't think its prosperity will be enhanced by publishing (even in a supplement) the opening chapters of a love-and-murder-story, for the benefit of a Metropolitan hebdomadal.

Correction.—The first prize plan of Farm House, given in No. 1, of this volume, was designed by Geo. D. Rand, instead of Geo. *B.* as erroneously printed in the report of awards. Mr. R. is now a resident of Worcester, Mass., and one of the editors of the *Transcript*, we believe.

—The plan of Circular Barn, noticed favorably in the report of Committee (in Rural of Feb. 5th) as from C. J. Rathbun, Springfield, Mass., was designed by C. T. Rathbun, of Pittsfield, Mass.

The Lenox (Mad. Co.) Farmers' and Mechanics' Association, organized last autumn, had a fine Fair in September, and is in a prosperous condition. The officers are:—*President*—R. H. Avery; *Vice-Presidents*—F. M Whitman, John W. Allen; *Secretary*—I. N. Messenger; *Treasurer*—Theo. F. Hand; *Executive Committee*—D. P. Lamb, E. F. Lewis, E. C. Saunders, C. P. Tobey, Nelson Cobb and A. P. Lampman.

Honolulu Squash.—We are requested by Mr. Briggs, of Macedon, to say that he has no seeds of this squash to sell at any price—not half as much as he would like to plant. We ought, perhaps, to have stated this fact in our former notice.

HORTICULTURAL

FRUITS ADAPTED TO THE WEST.

Our Western correspondents are constantly inquiring the varieties of Fruits best adapted to culture in the West. Trees have suffered so much in that section the past few years, that it is not strange there should be a great anxiety to know which, if any, will succeed. The proceedings of the *American Pomological Society*, just received, contain reports from different State Committees, in answer to questions asked in the Society's circular, as to the best fruits in their several localities, and from these we select three, the only reports received from Western States:

OHIO.

The Cincinnati Horticultural Society furnishes the following lists of fruits for the vicinity of Cincinnati:

APPLES.

For an orchard of one hundred trees, best six varieties.

Red Astrachan	10	White Pippin	25
Benoni	10	Wine Sap	25
Malden's Blush	10	Rawle's Janet	20

Best twelve for an orchard of one hundred trees.

Red Astrachan	6	Fallenwalder	10
Early Harvest	4	Wine Sap	10
Benoni	6	Rome Beauty	10
Rambo	6	Smith's Cider	15
Fall Pippin	5	White Pippin	12
Malden's Blush	6	Rawle's Janet	10

Best twenty for one hundred trees.

Red Astrachan	8	Newtown Spitzenberg	5
Early Harvest	2	Fallenwalder	5
Early Strawberry	2	White Pippin	6
Benoni	3	Bradwell	3
Summer Queen	3	Smith's Cider	7
Malden's Blush	6	Prior's Red	5
Porter	2	Rome Beauty	10
Fall Pippin	3	Yellow Belleflower	6
Wine Sap	3	Bellmont	5
Rambo	4	Rawle's Janet	6

For an orchard of one thousand trees annex a cypher to the number of each selection as above.

PEARS

Six best varieties for an orchard of one hundred trees.

Bartlett	45	Seckel	7
Louise Bonne de Jersey	18	White Doyenne	10
Flemish Beauty	18	Fondante d'Automne	7

Best twelve for one hundred trees.

Bartlett	35	Dearborn's Seedling	8
Louise Bonne de Jersey	15	Doyenne d'Ete	2
Flemish Beauty	12	Madelaine	2
Seckel	6	Dix	4
White Doyenne	7	Urbaniste	4
Fondante d'Automne	5	Glout Morceau	5

PEACHES.

Best six varieties for an orchard of one hundred trees.

Large Early York	20	Old Mixon, free	20
Crawford's Early	20	White Heath, free	15
George the Fourth	10	Old Mixon, cling	15

Best twelve for one hundred trees.

Large Early York	15	Coolidge's Favorite	8
Crawford's Early	10	White Heath, free	7
George the Fourth	7	Heath Cling	8
Ward's Late, free	8	Old Mixon, cling	8
Morris White	4	Druid Hill	7
Old Mixon, free	10	Columbia, free	5

For one thousand trees annex a cypher to the numbers selected above.

MICHIGAN.

D. K. Underwood, of Adrian, Chairman of the *Society's Fruit Committee in Michigan*, reports as follows for that State:

APPLES.

Best six varieties for an orchard of one hundred trees, for family use.

Early Harvest	10	Bellmont	15
Late Strawberry	10	Yellow Belleflower	20
Gravenstein	15	Esopus Spitzenberg	20

Best twelve for an orchard of one hundred trees.

Early Harvest	6	Bellmont	10
Am. Summer Pearmain	6	Ladies' Sweeting	6
Late Strawberry	6	Yellow Belleflower	20
Gravenstein	8	Swaar	6
Fall Pippin	6	Esopus Spitzenberg	12
Rambo	6	Northern Spy	6

Best twenty varieties for one hundred trees.

Early Harvest	6	Ladies' Sweeting	6
Am. Summer Pearmain	8	Bellmont	6
Red Astrachan	3	R. I. Greening	4
Rough	3	Yellow Belleflower	12
Summer Queen	3	Esopus Spitzenberg	6
Late Strawberry	4	Swaar	6
Gravenstein	5	Jonathan	4
Fall Pippin	5	Hubbardston Nonsuch	4
Fameuse	4	Roxbury Russet	6
Rambo	4	Northern Spy	6

Best for an orchard of one thousand trees, for the market.

Early Harvest	50	Bellmont	75
Red Astrachan	50	†Vandevere	50
Early Strawberry	25	Baldwin	25
*Am. Summer Pearmain	25	Red Canada	75
Early Joe	25	R. I. Greening	75
Late Strawberry	25	Jonathan	50
Gravenstein	50	Yellow Belleflower	75
Fameuse	50	Hubbardston Nonsuch	25
Porter	25	Westfield Seek no Further	25
Rambo	50		
Talman Sweet	25	Roxbury Russet	50
Ladies' Sweet	25	Northern Spy	50

PEARS.

Best six varieties for family use.

Bartlett,	White Doyenne,
Flemish Beauty,	Seckel,
Belle Lucrative,	Winter Nelis.

Best twelve for family use.

Bloodgood,	Belle Lucrative,
Tyson,	White Doyenne,
Dearborn's Seedling,	Sheldon,
Bartlett,	Seckel,
Flemish Beauty,	Lawrence,
Beurre d'Anjou,	Winter Nelis.

Best six on quince stock.

Tyson,	Duchess d'Angouleme,
Louise Bonne de Jersey,	Beurre Diel,
Belle Lucrative,	Beurre Easter.

Best twelve on quince stock.

Tyson,	White Doyenne,
Rostiezer,	Urbaniste,
Belle Lucrative,	Beurre Diel,
Louise Bonne de Jersey,	Glout Morceau,
Duchess d'Angouleme,	Vicar of Winkfield,
Stevens' Genesee,	Beurre Easter.

Best varieties on pear stock for an orchard of one hundred trees.

Madelaine	3	Belle Lucrative	5
Bloodgood	3	Oswego Beurre	5
Dearborn's Seedling	3	Sheldon	5
Tyson	3	Buffum	5
Rostiezer	3	Seckel	10
Louise Bonne de Jersey	10	Lawrence	5
Duchess d'Angouleme	10	Winter Nelis	5
Beurre Diel	5	Beurre d'Aremburg	5
White Doyenne	15		

Best on quince stock for an orchard of one hundred trees.

Tyson	5	Duchess d'Angouleme	20
Rostiezer	5	Glout Morceau	5

• On light, warm soils substitute the Summer Queen.

† On stony, calcareous soils substitute the Newtown Pippin.

KING APPLE OF TOMPKINS COUNTY.

No apple we are acquainted with is gaining more in public favor than the *King of Tompkins County*, which we figure above. In quality it is very good, the flesh, although coarse, is tender and juicy, with an exceedingly agreeable, rich, vinous flavor. The fruit is large and showy, bears transportation well, while the tree is a vigorous grower and an abundant bearer, giving good crops almost every season. These qualities, our readers will perceive, make it extremely valuable as a market fruit. At the last meeting of the *Fruit Growers of Western New York*, on the vote being taken for the best varieties for an orchard of 1,000 trees, it stood the fourth on the list of twenty seven varieties—the first three being *Baldwin, R. I. Greening* and *Roxbury Russet*. Had growers been better acquainted with it, it might have received a still more flattering vote. The origin of the *King*, we believe, is not known, but it has been grown for a good many years in *Tompkins*, and the neighboring counties. It was only introduced to the notice of Pomologists generally a few years since, and at the session of the *American Pomological Society* in 1856, was placed on the list of the *new varieties which promise well.*

Mr. Downing gives the following description:—"Tree very vigorous, spreading, an abundant bearer annually. Fruit large, globular, inclining to conic, sometimes oblate, angular. Skin yellowish, mostly shaded with red, striped and splashed with crimson. Stalk rather stout and short, inserted in a large, somewhat irregular cavity. Calyx small and closed, set in a medium slightly corrugated basin. Flesh yellowish, coarse, juicy, tender, with an exceedingly agreeable, rich, vinous flavor, delightfully aromatic. December to March."

It is said to be good for eating almost as soon as picked in the fall, and retains its flavor well until the latter part of March, and much later if well kept.

Belle Lucrative.....10 Beurre Diel 10
Stevens' Genesee..... 5 Vicar of Winkfield 5
Louise Bonne de Jersey.25 Beurre Easter 10

PEACHES.

Best six varieties for a family orchard.

Early York Serrate,	Grosse Mignonne,
Coolidge's Favorite,	Old Mixon, free,
Crawford's Early,	Crawford's Late.

Best twelve varieties for a family orchard.

Early York Serrate,	George IV,
Early York, large,	Large Red Rareripe,
Coolidge's Favorite,	White Imperial,
Crawford's Early,	Old Mixon, free,
Jacques' Rareripe,	Bergen's Yellow,
Grosse Mignonne,	Crawford's Late.

Best varieties for an orchard of one hundred trees.

Crawford's Early	20	Old Mixon, free	10
Early York	10	Large Red Rareripe	10
Coolidge's Favorite	10	White Imperial	5
Jacques' Rareripe	5	Crawford's Late	20
Grosse Mignonne	10		

In the same proportion for an orchard of one thousand trees.

ILLINOIS.

Verry Aldrich, of Arispe, Bureau Co., Ill., gives the following list, which, he says, are the best adapted for that locality, all hardy and productive:

APPLES.

Best six varieties for an orchard of one hundred trees.

Red June, Summer	10	Domine, Winter	20
Summer Pennock, do	10	Wagner, do	20
Snow, Fall	15	Willow Twig	25

Best twelve varieties for an orchard of one hundred trees.

Red June, Summer	10	Domine, Winter	15
Sops of Wine, do	5	Wagner, do	5
Summer Pennock, do	10	Willow Twig, do	15
Tompkins, Fall	5	White Belleflcur, do	5
Snow, do	5	Yellow Belleflcur, do	5
Cloth of Gold, do	5	New York Pippin, do	5

Best twenty varieties for an orchard of one hundred trees

Red June, Summer	5	Sweet Wine, Fall	2
Sops of Wine, do	2	Cloth of Gold, do	2
Summer Pennock, do	5	Domine, Winter	10
Red Astrachan, do	8	Wagner, do	10
(Cooper's) Early White, do	2	Willow Twig, do	10
Leicester Sweeting, do	2	White Belleflcur, do	2
Tompkins, Fall,	8	Yellow Belleflcur, do	2
Snow, do	5	New York Pippin, do	10
Fall Wine, do	2	Red Seek no Further, do	10
Hawley, do	3	Swaar, do	10

Best varieties for an orchard of one thousand trees, for market.

[The varieties selected will depend a good deal upon how near and large the market it. When the orchard is located too far away to market summer fruit, diminish the summer and add more winter.]

Red June, Summer	200	Wagner, Winter	150
Summer Pennock, do	100	Willow Twig, keeps long	200
Snow, Fall	50	New York Pippin, do	200
Domine, Winter	100		

PEARS.

In regard to Pears, Mr. A. says:—"We have not had experience enough yet, nor varieties sufficient to make out a list. Among what I have, the Onondaga, Flemish Beauty, White Doyenne, Louise Bonne de Jersey, Dearborn's Seedling, Buffum, Heathcot, and Stevens' Genesee, all promise well, both as standard and dwarf, Onondaga excepted."

Allen Raspberry.—An article from Lewis F. Allen, in reply to that of W. R. Coppock, published two weeks since, was received just as this number was ready for press, and will appear next week.

HORTICULTURE IN CANADA.

We notice with great pleasure an awakening interest on the subject of Horticulture in Canada. The first steps for organizing a *Fruit Growers' Association for Upper Canada* were taken during the last Provincial Exhibition at Toronto, and a Committee was appointed, consisting of a number of leading fruit growers, to draft a Constitution and By-Laws, to be submitted to a meeting to be held on the third Wednesday in January. This was accordingly done, and an Association organized, bearing the name of "The Fruit Growers' Association of Upper Canada," whose objects are "the advancement of the science and art of fruit culture, by holding meetings for the exhibition of Fruits and the discussion of all questions relative to Fruit culture, by collecting, arranging and disseminating useful information, and such other means as may from time to time seem advisable."

The Hamilton *Spectator* says:—The means for collecting information in relation to the subject appear to us very simple, and likely to be efficient. They are the establishment in each county of separate sub-committees, to consist of the Presidents of the Horticultural Societies it contains, and of two other gentlemen who may or may not be members of such Societies; which Committees are to transmit semi-annual reports to the Central Committee. Thus the experience of individual fruit growers all over Canada may be collected and disseminated for the good of the whole community. Need we say that we wish success to an Association with such objects?

The officers elected for the first year, are as follows:

President—Judge Campbell, Niagara.

Vice-Presidents—J. Hurbert, LL. D., Hamilton, and Geo. Leslie, Esq., Toronto.

Recording Secretary—Arthur Harvey, Esq., Hamilton.

Corresponding Secretary—J. D. Humphreys, Esq., Toronto.

Treasurer—Ed. Kelly, Esq.

The local committees throughout the country are not yet fully organized. The representative members for York and Peel are Messrs. Gray and Fleming; those for Wentworth—Messrs. Freed and Meston; those for Brant—Messrs. Arnold and Wilson.

The Sub-Committee on Management consists of Messrs. Fleming, Hurbert, and Leslie; that on Orchard Fruits, of Messrs. Arnold, Leslie and Kelly; that on other Fruits, of Messrs. Gray, Meston and Freed; that on Publication, of the Secretaries and Dr. Hurbert.

A Horticultural Society, to be called the *Cobourg Horticultural* Society, was organized on the 8d inst. The following were the officers elected:

President—Thomas Scott, Esq.

Vice-President—G. M. Goodeve, Esq.

Secretary—F. G. Coventry, Esq.

Treasurer—David Burn, Esq.

Committee—Messrs. B. Losee, F. G. Callender, A. J. Burnham, John Tams, John Roberts, W. H. Kittson, G. Bennett, A. M'Donald, Geo. E. Jones.

OLD QUINCE TREES PRODUCING BLIGHT.

Eds. Rural:—In a former communication, I stated that all the blight we had on our grounds was on some pear trees in the immediate neighborhood of some old affected quince trees, while the remainder of our trees have never shown any signs of blight. With your permission, I will give you some additional facts that came under my observation while visiting an amateur a few days since, in this vicinity. I found some old quince trees badly affected with the blight, and two pear trees standing near them, also affected; and about one half of the tops cut away in consequence. In another part of his grounds, about fifteen rods distant, I found a row of quince trees, very much blighted—some pear trees standing in the same row were also affected, while the remainder of his trees, thirty or forty in number, were, to all appearance, perfectly healthy. He told me that all the blight he ever had, was confined to the above named trees. We have also the testimony of L. E. Berckmans, of New Jersey, to the same effect, in the Patent Office Report of 1856, page 352. He says, "It is a strange fact that some pear trees growing in the immediate vicinity of some affected quince trees, have all been more or less injured; while in other parts of my grounds I have not seen a single blight, and chiefly no blight of the extremities, showing that the same disease did work in the same manner upon some pear trees as if by contagion."

The above corresponds with my experience, and observation, and if we find that pear trees standing near old quince trees blight worse than those at a distance, the sooner we learn this fact the better, that we may be prepared to apply a remedy. Mine is to eradicate the quince, root and branch. If pear growers would communicate such facts as come under their observation, perhaps we may learn something more of this mysterious disease, for very little is known of the cause, and, perhaps, still less of the remedy. J. S. C.

Greece, N. Y., Jan., 1859.

Fruit Growers' Society of Niagara County.—It is with no small pleasure we record the organization of a Fruit Growers' Society in Niagara Co. We notice among the officers, and those present at the meeting called for the formation of the Society, some of our best friends, who are among the most intelligent and successful Pomologists in Western New York. It is proposed to hold monthly meetings for discussion, &c. The following officers were elected for the present year:

President—N. B. Rogers.

Vice-Presidents—Jacob Gaunt, E. Moody, E. S. Holmes.

Secretary—C. L. Hoag.

Treasurer—N. S. Ringueberg.

Executive Committee—W. P. Townsend, D. Morse, L. H. Nichols, M. L. Burrell, James Culver.

Committee on Nomenclature—W. P. Townsend, E. Moody, C. L. Hoag.

Committee on Fruits—Jacob Gaunt, A. B. Penfield, John Craine, Solomon Richardson, Edwin Harmony and Charles Ayer.

The next meeting is to be held on Saturday, the 12th of March, at Lockport.

Horticultural Advertisements.—We call the particular attention of nurserymen, and all who intend to plant trees, shrubs, or vines, the coming spring, to the advertisements in this number. We are so crowded with advertising the present week that for convenience in reference we give all on horticultural matters a place in this page.

Horticultural Advertisements.

NATIVE EVERGREENS.—The subscriber is prepared to furnish Nurserymen with Native Evergreens of the following varieties; viz., White Pine, White Spruce, Hemlock, Balsam Fir, and Arbor Vitæ; from 6 to 12 inches high for $1 per 100, or $7 per 1000. GEORGE S. ROOT.
2t Skaneateles, N. Y.

GRAPE VINES.—Hartford Prolific, Diana, Concord, Rebecca, Northern Muscadine, To Kalon, Early Hudson, and 50 other varieties, at $1 each, charges paid by Mail or Express. Delaware, Anna, and Perkin's $3 each.—Also a fine stock of well rooted plants of the Lawton Blackberry, and Orange Raspberry. Address
477-10t HOAG & CRAIN, Lockport, N. Y.

THE UNDERSIGNED, whose genuine Cherry Currants have lately attracted so much attention, will send to all who will apply for it, a Circular, giving much information about the cultivation of this excellent fruit, and how to make Currant Wine. Also prices of plants and seeds.
CHARLES F. ERHARD,
477-1t Ravenswood, Long Island.

WHALE OIL SOAP The only effectual protection for [illegible] Bug, Slug, &c. One or two applications will [illegible] completely. It also makes the [illegible] for the [illegible] of Apple and Pear Trees, [illegible] the [illegible] Pulverized Limestone, and can be sent by Express to any part of the country.
Price $1 per cask. Full directions for use with each can.
477 Address D. B. LOGAN, 17 Platt St., New York.

GREAT VALLEY NURSERY ON N. Y. AND ERIE R. R.—The subscribers offer a fine lot of Arbor Vitæ, Hemlock, White Pine, and Balsam Fir, from Nursery, very low for cash. The same from the forest, under 1 foot, $7 per 1,000—$60 per 10,000. Maple Seedlings, Sugar and Scarlet, from forest, 1 to 2 years old, in quantities, at $2 to $3 per 1 000. Good plants and fair dealing guaranteed. Orders also received by F. K. Phœnix of the Bloomington Nursery, Ill. See Catalogue. S. T. KELSEY & CO.,
477 Great Valley, N. Y.

TREES FROM 1 TO 4 YEARS of the "KING OF TOMPKINS CO." Apple, which originated near and was first introduced by us—has been awarded the first premium by the N. Y. State Agricultural Society as the best single variety, in competition with a rare specimen of Northern Spy, from Rochester, and fine Baldwin's—has sold in New York the last few years at $6 to $8 per barrel, and is more thrifty and productive than the Greening. Also Standard and Dwarf Fruit Trees of all kinds—Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Vines, Green-House and Bedding Plants. Also, Apple, Plum and Quince Stocks, at the Seneca Lake Highland Nurseries, established in 1842, by
F. C. FROST, Havana, N. Y.
Send for a Price Catalogue. 477

SHEPPARD'S FORWARDING and Commission HORTICULTURAL, NURSERY & SEED AGENCY.
NO. 159 FRONT STREET, NEW YORK.

The only establishment in the United States giving special attention to the Foreign and Domestic interests of **Horticulturists, Seedsmen, Florists,** &c., affording facilities to all concerned in the importing, producing, buying or selling of anything pertaining to these departments, not to be secured elsewhere.

FOR SALE.

Apple Seed, Osage Orange Seed, Gunny Cloth for packing, Pear Stocks, &c.

TO ARRIVE EARLY IN THE SEASON FROM EUROPE,

Dwarf and Standard Pears and Dwarf Apples.
Pear, Plum, Quince, Mahaleb and Paradise Stocks, Roses, &c., &c

Anything and everything required for Garden, Nursery or Seed purposes, promptly procured, at the lowest Market Rates. Letters of inquiry *must* inclose postage stamps.
477 Address WM. P. SHEPPARD, Box 272 P. O

APPLE ROOTS AND GRAFTS for sale by
475-4 S. WEAVER, Albion, N. Y.

DIANA AND REBECCA VINES—By the dozen, hundred, or thousand. Address
C. P. BISSELL & SALTER, Rochester, N. Y.,
Cultivators of 50 sorts best hardy native grape vines.

CHOICE SEEDS—Hungarian Grass, Egyptian Millet, Chinese Sugar Cane, Rhode Island Premium Corn, Siberian Potatoes, by R. R. or Express on receipt of price by mail, $1 per peck. Samples gratis. Address D. D. TOOKER, Seed Grower, Napoleon, Jackson Co., Mich.

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES.
For Spring of 1859.

ELLWANGER & BARRY beg to inform Planters, Nurserymen and Dealers in Trees, that they have still on hand to offer for Spring Planting, a large stock of the following named articles of superior quality in all respects:

FRUIT DEPARTMENT.

Standard Pears, on Pear stock, 2 and 3 yrs from bud.
Dwarf and Pyramid Pears on Quince, 2 & 3 yrs from bud.
Dwarf and Pyramid Apples on Paradise and Doucoin, 1, 2 and 3 years from bud.
Standard Cherries on Mazzard stocks, 2 yrs from bud.
Dwarf and Pyramid Cherries on Mahaleb stocks, 1 and 2 years from bud.
Apple Quinces grafted, 2 and 3 yrs from graft.
English Walnuts, *Butternuts, Spanish Chestnuts, Filberts,* &c.
Hardy Grapes, including Isabella, Catawba, Clinton, Concord, Diana, Rebecca, Monteith, and other new varieties.
Foreign Grapes, for Vineries, all the most esteemed varieties, well ripened plants, in pots, 1, 2 and 3 years old from the eye.
Blackberries, New Rochelle, or Lawton, and Dorchester.
Gooseberries, the American Seedling and large English varieties.
Strawberries, upwards of 60 varieties, including all the best American and Foreign varieties.
Currants, Red Dutch, Victoria, White Grape, Black Naples, Black, English, &c., &c.
Rhubarb, Myatt's, Linnæus, Victoria, Prince Albert, &c.
Asparagus, strong Roots.

Stocks.

Mazzard Cherry Seedlings.
Mahaleb do. do.

ORNAMENTAL DEPARTMENT.

Deciduous Standard Lawn Trees.
Deciduous Weeping " "
Evergreen Trees, embracing an immense stock of Norway Spruce, from 6 inches to 6 feet. Also, rare California Evergreens, &c. See special advertisement.
Flowering Shrubs, all the most desirable, a very large stock.
Climbing Shrubs of all sorts.
Roses—the largest stock in the country of all the best sorts, both on the Manetti stock and on their own roots. See Catalogue.
Herbaceous Pæonies, a superb assortment of more than 75 varieties.
Dahlias—Over 100 of the most beautiful varieties, including the latest novelties.
Phloxes, an unrivalled assortment, embracing all the classes.
Dielytra Spectabilis, the most charming hardy border plant in cultivation—over 10,000 plants.
Chrysanthemums, both large and pompone varieties, the newest and best.
Carnations and Picotees, a fine collection.
Delphinium Hendersoni—Magnificana and other beautiful sorts. Besides all the most desirable hardy border plants grown. See Descriptive Catalogue No. 2.

Green-House and Bedding Plants.

All the most useful and popular plants such as *Fuschias, Geraniums, Heliotropes, Verbenas, Petunias, Lantanas, Teroniens, Hyd angeas Bouvardias, Plumbagos,* &c., &c., grown extensively and supplied in quantities, or by the dozen, assorted, *at low rates.* See Catalogue No. 3.

Summer and Autumn Blooming Bulbs.

A superb collection of the new *Gladioli*, and *Japan Lilies*, besides *Tuberoses, Tigridias,* &c.

We can say without boasting, that our present stock has never been surpassed in vigor, health, and beauty of growth, and we invite all parties interested to examine it and satisfy themselves.

Packing for distant parts executed in the most careful and skillful manner, and customers treated in all respects with fairness and liberality.

For full and detailed information respecting the stock, prices, terms, &c., we refer to the following catalogues which will be sent gratis, prepaid, to all who inclose one stamp for each:

No. 1—Descriptive Catalogue of Fruits.
No. 2—Descriptive Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, &c., &c.
No. 3—Descriptive Catalogue of Dahlias, Green-House and Bedding Plants, &c.
No. 4—Wholesale Catalogue for Nurserymen, Dealers and others who purchase in large quantities.

ELLWANGER & BARRY,
477 Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

THE HOOKER STRAWBERRY!—THE BEST YET INTRODUCED.—The attention of Amateurs and Growers of Fruit for market is again called to this Strawberry.

All that its friends have hitherto claimed for it has been more than fulfilled, and testimonials without end could be furnished to attest its merits.

The following, making a list of advantages, all constitute its chief points of excellence'—the truth of which those who feel disposed, are confidently asked to verify:

1st. The *plant is very vigorous and perfectly hardy.*
2d. It is as **productive as any other variety,** (Wilson's Albany not excepted.) The fruit is produced in very large clusters, *more than 20 perfect berries being frequently gathered from a single stem.*
3d. The flowers are none of them barren, but all perfect *and uniformly productive of fruit.*
4th. The *fruit is absolutely unequalled in flavor;* in color a rich dark crimson *extending into the heart of the berry,* which is firm and solid to the centre—*of the largest size*—yet tender and delicate.
5th. *It takes the 1st premiums wherever exhibited.* See reports of various Horticultural Societies.
6th. It is the only variety that received the unanimous vote of the Fruit Growers Society for general cultivation.

Plants in any quantity desired may be obtained *pure from the grounds where it originated.* Packages are put up to go safely to any part of the Union, by mail or express.

Price, $2 per 100—$15 per 1,000. Order for Spring Planting. A few for trial, of H. E. HOOKER & CO.,
477-6t Commercial Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

NORTHERN MUSCADINE GRAPE.—A Seedling originated in our Society, (Shakers) from the Native White Grape. It has been tried in almost all locations for over twenty years past, and selected as the best and most reliable, both as a wine and a table Grape, that we are acquainted with, (having had considerable experience with the Isabella, Catawba, and the principal new varieties now in market of this location, which is lat. 42, 30 deg. North, and we can have no recommend it as being well adapted to New England, Northern and Middle States, and Southern Canadas, as it ripens from the 1st to the 20th of September, one month earlier than the Isabella or Catawba. It is very prolific, size medium, or equal to the Isabella, and perfectly hardy, needing no protection from the inclemencies of our [illegible] winters.

A correspondent, (Prof. J. P. Kirtland, M. D., Cleveland Medical College,) of the Ohio Farmer, of Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 7, 1857, makes the following remarks: "During the last three weeks we have amused ourselves in treating perhaps a hundred individuals to specimens of the Northern Muscadine, Catawba, Diana, Clinton, Isabella and Winslow's Seedling. Four out of five of these persons have decided the Northern Muscadine to be the best grape in that list."

Price from one to three dollars per root, according to age, and size. Also a gooseberry,

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which has never been known to mildew. Its berry is of good size, and it is very productive, being a strong and healthy grower. Price from 25 cents to $1.00 per root, according to age and size.

The subscribers have several hundred new varieties of native seedling grapes just coming into bearing, some of which will soon be brought before the public. Circulars sent gratis upon application. All orders promptly attended to by addressing JESSE LEWIS } Agents.
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[illegible] " " 10 "
50,000 Extra fine imported Pear Stocks, 4 to 6 feet 20 " "
[illegible] " " Angers Quince Stocks 15 " "
20,000 Mahaleb Stocks, 15 " "
10,000 Paradise and Doucain, 4 " "
20,000 Mazzard Cherry " 20 " "
500,000 1 yr old Apple Trees, by quantity 20 " "
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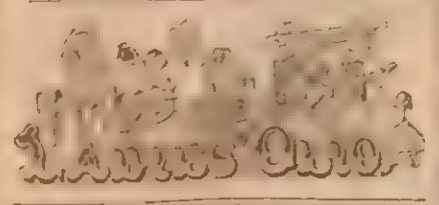
100,000 2 to 4 feet Apple Trees 50 " "
100,000 4 to 5 feet very stocky and handsome 80 " "
20,000 1 yr Catawba, Isabella & Clinton Grapes 40 " "
5,000 2 " " " " 80 " "
20,000 Norway Spruce about 1 ft very handsome 50 " "
20,000 Scotch Fir 8 to 10 inches 50 " "
5,000 Manetti Rose Stocks strong $2 per 100 18 " "
[illegible] Hardy Garden Roses 30 " "
2,000 Balsam Fir [illegible] 30 " "
5,000 Norway Spruce [illegible] 15 " "
5,000 American Arbor Vitæ 12 to 15 inches 15 " "
1,000 Herbaceous Peonies, assorted 15 " "
1,000 Silver Maples, 6 to 8 feet high, fine 15 " "
500 Yucca or Adams Needle, hardy, [illegible] 20 " "
2,000 Plum Trees, 1 year, fine 20 " "
10,000 Dwarf Pears, 15 " "
5,000 " Cherries, extra 15 " "
10,000 Stand'd Cherries 15 " "

With a large lot of Currants and Raspberries, &c. Also Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Plants, Peaches, Apricots, Nectarines, &c.

Catalogues sent to order upon receipt of a postage stamp each. A. FAHNESTOCK & SON,
Toledo, Ohio, Dec. 18, 1858. 469eow3m



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"THE HAPPIEST TIME."

BY IDA FAIRFIELD

Oh! when is the happiest time?
Is it Childhood's rosy morn,
When the air is rent with the merry shouts
From the careless heart upborne,
When the new-found ball and gilded toy
Could fullest pleasure bring?
Too brief the joy, for the broken toy,
As bitter tears would wring

Then, when is the happiest time?
Comes it with love's young dream
In the hour of Youth, when the flowery path
Is bright with its golden gleam?
Scarcely the foot on a flower had pressed
Ere the thorns grew thick around,
And the withered flowers and blood-stained path,
Give answer without sound.

Or comes it with Manhood's pride,
And the consciousness of power,
With the arm of strength, and the giant will,
And Ambition's well-earned dower?
There is little of joy or peace,
There is fever and unrest,
And a ceaseless struggling with the world,
And a weary heart oppressed.

Then lingers that happiest time,
Till the head is furrowed o'er,
And the aching brow is deeply marked
With the furrows of "three score,"
Till the heart has grown too old
To love, or hate, or fear?
Not then, for life grows cold and dark
In the shadow of the bier.

But it comes in life's bright morn,
Or its dim, declining day,
Or its fervid noon, of summer heat,
To gild the Christian's way.
Whene'er we find that Peace,
The world hath never known,
And humbly trust our all to Him
Who reigns on Heaven's bright Throne.

Independence, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"FEMININE APPAREL."

For two or three years past the grave question of "hoops" has agitated the public mind. Nearly every newspaper we take up has something to offer—either ridicule, or commendation, or serious disapprobation. Everybody thinks and talks about hoops, and women, who wear them, *must* think of them, for the strange accidents that "*will* happen in the best families," and the troublesome expansion so inconvenient almost everywhere, recall her thoughts from their sublimest flights, her emotions from their holiest flow, to the care of her hoops.

A woman who wears hooped skirts is subjected to daily and hourly annoyances, yet what could she do *without* her hoops? No one who has given them a fair trial, however dissatisfied with, and ashamed of, them she may be, is willing again to try walking dressed as women used to dress only three or four years ago. *Then*, skirts clinging closely to the form were thought very graceful and becoming; *now*, they are quite shocking to behold, (so much does custom control our ideas of the beautiful!) and the women of to-day look like the poppy dolls little girls construct; or appear, when promenading the streets, like the pine-tassel-ladies' children blow across a smooth surface with their breath. Many a woman, like Mrs. Jane Chuandasher, is weary and disgusted with all this.

But there *is* a "way that we feminines can be clothed, without our burdening skirts," and most gladly will I make it known to those who have not yet tried this decidedly "better way." If you would dress comfortably, conveniently, healthfully, modestly, why not adopt the style of dress known as the "reform dress," or "American costume?" You surely know what this is. Have you never seen a woman wearing her light skirts reaching only a trifle below the knee, and her limbs well protected by neatly-fitting pants made of the same material as her dress? How freely and easily she could exercise! How much unnecessary fatigue and ill-health did she thereby avoid! How much time, and money, and thought, did she save from the care of her wardrobe, to devote to nobler objects! Did not your judgment tell you that, however odd and awkward the dress might appear to your unaccustomed eyes, it was a very much more *rational* way for a human being to dress than woman's usual style? And did you not secretly wish that everybody dressed so?—that you might also be bodily free?

"How it looks!" people say. Well, how *does* it look? If you, from your infancy, had never seen a woman clad in long robes, you would be disgusted to see one attempting to do *any* kind of *work* dressed as women usually are. I know that the flowing folds and sweep of drapery are pleasing to the beauty-loving eye, but drapery can never give *true* pleasure when out of its legitimate sphere—when it interferes with Nature's laws for growth and development.

My sisters, think of these things, and *dare* to be true to your convictions. A large band of good and intelligent women have already entered the field of Dress Reform, and all *sensible* people approve.

Sister Fannie.

Canandaigua, N. Y., 1859.

Dress Your Children Warm.—This is of the most dangerous seasons for children. Colds and coughs are now easily fastened upon them, often resulting in consumption and premature death. Therefore, dress them warm. Let their necks and throats be well protected. Let your boy's pantaloons reach to the instep. Don't dress them in monkey trousers, reaching only to the knee, and the middle of the leg, and leaving their limbs bare, to the chilling air. Do not sacrifice your children's health to the gratification of a careless parent's taste, but dress them with the paramount view of comfort and safety.—*Selected*

"FASHIONABLE CHILDREN."

Poor little creatures! I pity them from my *heart* and that is more than I can say of fashionable grown people, though I pity them, too, in a way. But the children, little victims! condemned in winter to shiver in short skirts, thin stockings, and paper shoes, made colder by little *hints* of rubbers; and in summer, roasted with long sleeves and great poking bonnets, lest the sun should dash a streak of bronze upon their delicate skins. It vexes me beyond all patience to see them, and I will tell of it.

What are fashionable children good for, I would like to know? Can they roll with Rover on the grass, and chase kitty to her nursery under the garret eaves? Can they bound into mamma's lap, and give her a good hug with all those frills, flounces and embroideries? Can they creep under papa's arm chair, and astonish him with a "boo!" when he sits down? Can they climb the cherry tree, or swing on the wild grape vines? O, no—they are "dressed in the fashion," and must be kept out of the dirt, and at arms-length from everything that is enjoyable and delightful. Otherwise they are sure to tear something, or soil something, or else muss everything up generally. I always feel like putting such a child in a glass case, where they can be looked at and admired without injury.

Not very long since I was visiting, in company with a little girl five or six years old very daintily and sparingly dressed. I observed that she only sat on the music stool, or some little crickets which were in the room; and once, when these were in use, and she remained standing, an old gentleman offered her a seat upon his knee, which she refused. Afterward, when the party had dispersed, she came to me, and with much preliminary adjusting of her dress, seated herself upon my lap.

"Now, Lottie," said I, "why did you not do so, when Mr. D. called you?"

"Oh dear, I wouldn't dare," she answered, looking as distressed as a fashionable little girl could look, "because you see sometimes, when I go to sit down, my hoop acts *awful!*"

Who will say that child's mother hasn't much to answer for? and the little innocent cannot always so easily rectify all the consequences of her misjudging vanity.

Fashionable children! Why the very term implies a contradiction. Children are fresh from the hands of God; fashions from—who knows where? Suppose the little birds should simultaneously make an attempt to be fashionable. Should we love them any better, do you think, because they put on airs, and only hopped in straight lines, and wore all the same colors, and sang all the same tune, and nodded their heads in the same way, and puffed out their feathers to make themselves look large? Children should be like the birds, as artless, spontaneous and happy; as free from envy, vanity and ostentation. Dear, fashionable mothers, deprive yourselves of comfort, or put yourselves to death in any manner you please—by damp feet, or tight waists, or bare shoulders, or night air, or in any other fashionable way—but, for the sake of what little unadulterated natural feeling there is left in you, *do* let the children grow up as God and nature intended.—*Ohio Farmer.*

FINDING FAULT WITH YOUR CHILDREN.

It is at times necessary to censure and punish. But very much more may be done by encouraging children when they do well. Be, therefore, more careful to express your approbation of good conduct, than your disapprobation of bad.—Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of incessant fault-finding on the part of its parent. And hardly anything can exert a more injurious influence upon the disposition both of the parent and the child. There are two great motives influencing human actions; hope and fear. Both of these are at times necessary. But who would not prefer to have her child influenced to good conduct by desire of pleasing rather than by the fear of offending. If a mother never expresses her gratification when her children do well, and is always censuring them when she sees anything amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy. They feel that it is useless to try to please. Their dispositions become hardened and soured by this senseless fretting; and at last, finding that whether they do well or ill, they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please, and become heedless of reproaches.

But let a mother approve of her child's conduct whenever she can. Let her show that his good behavior makes her sincerely happy. Let her reward him for his efforts to please by smiles and affection. In this way she will cherish in her child's heart some of the noblest and most desirable feelings of our nature. She will cultivate in him an amiable disposition and a cheerful spirit.—Your child has been, during the day, very pleasant and obedient. Just before putting him to sleep for the night, you take his hand and say, "My son, you have been a very good boy to-day. It makes me very happy to see you so kind and obedient.—God loves children who are dutiful to their parents, and he promises to make them happy." This approbation from his mother is, to him, a great reward. And when, with a more than ordinarily affectionate tone, you say, "Good-night, my dear son," he leaves the room with his little heart full of feeling. And when he closes his eyes for sleep, he is happy, and resolves that he will always try to do his duty.—*The Mother at Home.*

Health Promoted by Family Music.—Music, like paintings and statuary, refines, and elevates, and sanctifies. Song is the language of gladness, and it is the utterance of devotion. But coming lower down, it is physically beneficial; it rouses the circulation, wakes up bodily energies, and diffuses life and animation around. Does a lazy man ever sing? Does a milk-and-water character ever strike a stirring note? Never. Song is the outlet of mental and physical activity, and increases both by its exercises. No child has completed a religious education who has not been taught to sing the songs of Zion. No part of our religious worship is sweeter than this. In David's day it was a practice and a study.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

REIGN OF THE FROST KING.

BY GEO. A. HAMILTON.

Over lakes and over mountains
Comes the fierce Frost-King to-day,
Riding on the piercing north wind,
Rushing onward, bearing away—
Scaling forests, hills, and valleys,
Tramping brisk across each plain,
Printing, sketching, painting, carving
Curious figures on each pane.

There is seen a forest spreading;
Curious shapes of quaint old trees,
All is beauty in that wild-wood,
Glowing in the winter breeze—
Beauty glittering and sparkling,
Darting from each magic form—
Beauty in the very wildness—
Beauty painted by the storm.

Forms of footmen, forms of horsemen,
Vast battalions marching there,
Strangely silent is their tramping—
Banners waving in the air;
Curious figures, gorgeous trappings,
Dancing in the rays of light,
Everything is hung with brilliants,
Everything is strangely bright.

Here is reared some vast cathedral,
Doric columns lofty stand,
There a dome and spire are towering—
Painting, carving, all is grand;
Altars, statues—strangely brilliant—
Fresco-paintings on the walls,
Everything is bright and sparkling,
In those glittering, magic halls.

There the Monarch chains the river,
And the brooklet, and the rill,
While some lake, quite bridged with crystals,
Sleeps a prisoner, calm and still:
All the landscape smiles in beauty,
Sculptured figures, bright and bold,
Every tree is hung with jewels
Carved and burnished by the cold.

Now a mansion bright appearing
Through the vista of the trees,
Gothic forms and towers uprearing,
Carved from basement to the frieze:
All is brightness, all is beauty,
Flashing from each mythic form,
Beauty in the very wildness—
Beauty painted by the storm.

South Butler, N. Y., 1859.

THE EDITOR'S FRIENDS.

My Dear Mr. "Rural" Editor:—A great many times I have thought what a favored mortal an editor must be—especially a popular editor. Now, pray don't, before you read any further, give vent to one of those ejaculations in which editors are wont to indulge, when their profession is spoken of as an avocation that is easy, nice, agreeable, and so on, to the end of the paragraph. I know that editor's have tribulations, trials, and terrible times generally; and you must have had cares and crosses in raising your Rural child, and making him the sensible youth that he is—and then making that "many headed animal, the public," appreciate him. But then, how they can help appreciating him when he comes to their firesides with his new dress on, is more than *one* can tell; for, in this part of this "mundane sphere," to slightly revise somebody's poetry,

None know him but to love him,
None see him but to praise.

But what I was going to say when I commenced, and what I am going to say now, is, that an editor is to be envied because he has such hosts of friends scattered all over the world. Now, *you* don't know all of your friends. You have lots of them here, in Oneida county, whom you have never seen, and who would not know you if they should meet you. We hear from you every week, but you don't hear from us so often. Our letters to you are like "angels visits, few and far between." You *never* have heard from "Grove Hill,"—perhaps you don't know where that particular elevation is situated. I should like to tell you something about it, and its vicinity,—about its crops and cattle,—its farmers and their families, including the fair daughters, of *course*,—speaking about the vicinity remember, oh! there's lots of things that I should like to say, but just now I am only going to say, before I forget it, that it's nice to be an editor. It must be gratifying to you to think when you are traveling, how many ardent admirers you meet who pass you by without noticing you any more than they would any other intelligent-looking,—(well, I am not going to say anything) simply because they don't know you by sight.

Now, let me sit on your shoulder like the good genius in the old fairy tale, and point out to you some of your unknown acquaintances, whom you have benefited and made happy. Over there is an old farmer—the one with the genial look, and a brown cheek, through which there shows a "struggling red," like the sunny side of a good Roxbury Russet. Well, he is one of your friends, and he is a friend to be prized, if you only knew him. And he is a man to be envied, if any body is in this fast age. He owns a farm, back in the country, and he's rich. Yes, sir, he is rich—*because he owns a farm.* He has worked and paid for it, and now he is out of debt and independent. His money is invested in a bank that will not break, one that yields good yearly dividends. His farm belongs "to him and to his heirs forever," and it reaches half way down to China! And he has no doubt but he might work it up to within four inches of the surface of the opposite farm of "Boobe Wang" in that Celestial Country, and he never would know the difference, because he never read anything in that barbarian Rural Journal about sub-soiling. If that old farmer is not worth having in these days when, too often,

"Friendship, in truth, is but a name,"

then the "subscriber" is laboring under an delusion. He has a whole family of friends, too,—from the son who has married and moved away, clear down to the "little mischief" who prefers to adorn the walls of his picture-gallery with the engravings in the Rural,—that is, he wants to tear out the birds to paste on the wood box.

And how happened they to be friends of yours? Simply because every Friday afternoon the Rural comes home in father's pocket. I am not going to particularize any parts that they like, I am only saying that, through its columns, you have become endeared to them. They are friends of yours—the whole family—the father and mother—the sturdy, honest sons—the fair, rosy, (trite, but true,) daughters—the Rebus and story-loving little ones,—and when I say that these multiplied by several unknown thousands, constitute your army of friends, don't you feel a satisfactory thrill tingle through your veins? Do you ever have time to indulge in such a reverie? If not, I have done so for you this long winter evening, have penned it down, and send it to you with my best respects.

I intended to have said something about our hill, &c., and have just awakened out of my reverie to find that I have not said anything yet.—But you may hear from me again, and the next time I promise you something worth reading.—"*Nous Verrons*," as the Frenchman says—"we shall see, what we shall see." Till then I subscribe myself, A—r G—r.

Grove Hill, Feb., 1859.

USEFUL EFFECTS OF LIGHT

Sir James Wylie, late physician to the emperor of Russia, attentively studied the effects of light as a curative agent, in the hospitals at St. Petersburg, and he discovered that the number of patients who were cured in rooms properly lighted, was four times greater than that of those confined in dark rooms. This led to a complete reform in lighting the hospitals of Russia, and with the most beneficial results. In all cities visited by the cholera, it was universally found that the greatest number of deaths took place in narrow streets, and on the sides of those having a northern exposure, where the salutary beams of the sun were excluded. The inhabitants of the southern slopes of mountains are better developed and more healthy than those who live on the northern sides; while those who dwell in secluded valleys are generally subject to peculiar diseases and deformities of person. These different results are due to the agency of light, without a full supply of which plants and animals maintain but a feeble and sickly existence. Eminent physicians have observed that partially deformed children have been restored by exposure to the sun and the open air. As scrofula is most prevalent among the children of the poor, this is attributed by many persons to their living in dark and confined houses, such diseases being most common among those residing chiefly in underground tenements. The health statistics of all civilized countries have improved greatly during the past century. This may be justly regarded as due to the superior construction of houses, by admitting more light into them.

SNATCHING AT STRAWS.

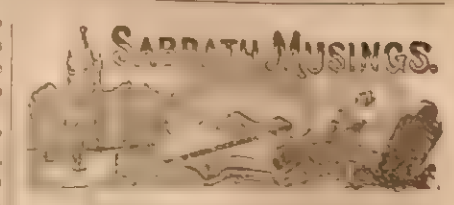
Standing in a shop-door with a friend, the other morning, he wished to wager us that the next three men that passed, would bear straws in their hands. "Is there a bale of straw lying upon the sidewalk up the street?" we asked. Laughing, he answered, "There is." True enough, of the six persons who came along, five had straws in their hands, which they were toying with or nibbling between their teeth. The sixth, occupied with his own thoughts, pushed gravely on, paying no heed to trifles, as wisps or spears of straw. Here then was a decided display of character. The first straw bearers were either men at ease in mind and body, or they are easily directed from their course by any chance allurement that crosses their path. Number six is more sure to look after number one, and more likely to succeed in business and affairs of the world than either of the others, but he may not be so happy at heart. He is intent on some enduring pursuit. He has no thought of pleasure or the by-play of life, and is looking strictly and straightforward after the main chance. Straws, it is said, show which way the wind blows, and the same little indexes may point as clearly the bias and course of human character. This is one morality by the shop-door.—*Selected.*

Happiness of Life.—It has been well remarked, that no man can judge of the happiness of another. As the moon plays upon the waves, and seems to our eyes to favor, with a peculiar beam, one long track amid the waters, leaving the rest in comparative obscurity—yet all the while she is no niggard in her lustre; for though the rays that meet not our eyes are to us as though they were not, yet she, with an equal and favorable loveliness, mirrors herself on every wave—even so, perhaps, happiness falls with the same brightness and power over the whole expanse of life, though to our limited eyes she seems only to rest on those billows from which the ray is reflected back to our eyes.—*Selected.*

How to Prosper in Business.—In the first place, make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake; decide upon some particular employment, and persevere in it. All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity. Be not afraid to work with your own hands, and diligently, too.—Attend to your own business, and never trust it to another. Treat every one with respect and civility. Everything is gained, and nothing lost by civility.

There is one warning lesson in life which few of us have not received, and no book that I can call to memory has noted down with an adequate emphasis. It is this, "Beware of parting." The true sadness is not in the pain of the parting, it is in the When and the How you are to meet again with the face about to vanish from your view.

"When a stranger treats me with a want of respect," said a philosophic poor man, "I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself that he slights, but my old shabby coat and hat, which to say the truth have no particular claim to admiration. So if my hat and boots choose to fret about it, let them, but it is nothing to me."



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LOOKING OUT.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA

The day is fading softly out
Along the western sky,
And silently the stars assume
Their vigils up on high;
And looking forth with hopeful eye
I gather sweet content,
For with my heart the quiet calm
In Gilead balm is blent—
With God to care for us should we
Sit idly and lament?

The wind sails down the purple steeps
Of Heaven's leaning arch—
The moon sets forth in royal state
On her untiring march—
And, waiting on the distant hills,
The rosy-sandaled Light,
Still tarries till the Pale-Browed comes—
Her weeping sister, Night—
Waiting to kiss the pallid lips,
Then to her onward flight.

Heart! gather up thy wasted wealth
From all this thankless earth;
Baptize thyself in new resolve,
Rouse to a second birth!
Take Faith, the meek-eyed gentle child,
To be thy guide and stay,
And trust to her unerring hand
Through every doubting day!
For never can her sacred feet
Stray from the chosen way!

The mountains lift their hoar brows up,
Bleached by the wind and rains—
Torn by the sweep of centuries,
Racked by volcanic pains;
And though the valley-pass be dark,
These giant warriors lave
In the out-pouring of the light,
From Day's receding wave!
And so shall bathe the faithful soul
That looks beyond the grave.

Farmington, N. H., 1859.

CHILDHOOD.

Who does not look back to his childhood with an eye of interest, but views the joys and sorrows which were there passed? We all had many griefs, and we felt keenly the scornful look and bitter word. Children have many griefs, both of body and mind, and they quickly feel neglect and want of kindness. Then who would speak harsh to a child? Who would not rather cheer him with the voice of tenderness and affection. Their sport and gambols are so joyous, so innocent, so abandoned to delight, so full of the grace of motion, and so necessary for their health, that it is a wonder how some parents confine them so close to the house and place so many restraints upon them in this respect. Then let them laugh and play as much as they will. It is their season of gladness. Childhood is the golden age. Let it be full of gladness. Let them enjoy the fresh air and breeze of heaven before the world with all its cares comes to fill their hearts with sadness and sorrow. If a child is grieved, a little act of kindness will cause smiles to break through his tears. How beautifully is the returning sunshine on the face of the child expressed by Scott:

"The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dew drop on the rose;
When next the summer's breeze came by
And waved the bush, the flower was dry."

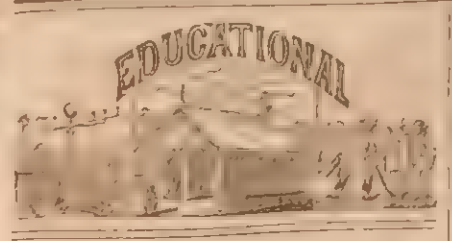
Pointless Sermons.—In one of his discourses, John Newton has this pithy remark:—"Many sermons, ingenious of their kind, may be compared to a letter put in the post-office without a direction. It is addressed to nobody, it is owned by nobody, and if a hundred people were to read it, not one of them would think himself concerned in the contents. Such a sermon, whatever excellence it may have, lacks the chief requisite of a sermon. It is like a sword which has a polished blade, a jewelled hilt, and a gorgeous scabbard, but yet will not cut, and, therefore, to all real use, is no sword. The truth, properly presented, has an edge; it pierces to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit; it is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

Difficulties.—Wait not for your difficulties to cease; there is no soldier's glory to be won on peaceful fields, no sailor's daring to be shown on sunny seas, no trust or friendship to be proved when all goes well. Faith, patience, heroic love, devout courage, gentleness, are not to be formed when there are no doubts, no pains, no irritations, no difficulties. The highly-favored are they who amid rebuffs are meek, amid chastisements are resigned, amid pains are courageous, amid provocations are gentle, amid enemies are full of love, amid doubts hold fast the faith, amid sorrows find joy in God.

Religion in Daily Life.—Religion is not a perpetual moping over good books. Religion is not even prayer, praise, holy ordinances. These are necessary to religion—no man can be religious without them. But religion is mainly and chiefly the glorifying God among the duties and trials of the world; the guiding of our course amid adverse winds and currents of temptation, by the starlight of duty and the compass of divine truth; the bearing us manfully, wisely, courageously, for the honor of Christ, our great Leader, in the conflict of life.—*Cairy.*

The want of a genuine religious faith is a great misfortune, but it should never be punished as a great crime; and it never is, or will be, by those who truly possess it. It is only religious prejudice, mistakenly called religious faith, that is intolerant.

In order to live justly and be respected, we must refrain from doing what we blame in others.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ABOUT READING.

Heaven has made the human intellect capable of improvement, and the ways are various in which this work may be promoted. There are few things better calculated to improve the mind than the perusal of the productions of genius, but if we would receive any great degree of profit from reading, there are several rules which we must observe.

It is injurious to read a poorly written book.—Cowper tells us that,

"To daily much with subjects mean or low,
Proves the mind weak, or makes it so,"

and experience confirms this statement of the fact. We are apt to partake of the character of those with whom we converse; and how close is the communion that the mind of the reader holds with that of the author. Will he not be apt to become assimilated to him, in his mental character? Have not James, Ingraham, and Lippard, by their writings, prevented many a youth from ever acquiring the strength of intellect that he would otherwise have possessed? The mind must become familiar with nobler thoughts than those that are to be found in the works of such writers, before it can be fitted for the conflicts of life.

Do not confine your reading within too narrow bounds. This has a tendency to render the mind one-sided in the development of its powers.—Many persons, who read much, confine their inquiries almost entirely to one class of subjects. Some are deeply versed in theology, but have little knowlege of any other science. Others have paid much attention to history, but have restricted themselves almost entirely to this kind of reading. And what is the result of such a course? Are all the powers of the mind harmoniously developed? Such persons are not likely to be remarkable for the correctness of their views, even upon those subjects with which they are most conversant. The different sciences often cast light upon each other. Many questions in Theology can be understood, only, by an appeal to History and Natural Philosophy.

Never read a book carelessly. Many persons carelessly read hundreds of volumes. But are they much the wiser for so doing? Inquire of them in regard to the contents of a volume that they have just perused, and you will soon discover that they have but a very confused recollection of what the author says. Of what use can it be to waste time in this manner? They would be more useful if they were employed in digging ditches.—But there is another evil to be avoided here, namely, that of taking on trust all that an author writes. There are some readers who never think of differing from their author, and the mere fact that they find a statement in a book, is, to them, sufficient evidence of its truth. They find no difficulty in receiving any theory that the author may choose to advocate—they receive the chaff with the wheat, and consider it all of equal value.

Never read a book that is immoral in its tendency however great may be its literary merits. Unhappily, genius is not always the hand-maid of virtue, but is often found engaged in the service of vice. How dangerous is the author who devotes the energies of a powerful mind to the propagation of error. No improvement of the intellect can make amends for the corruption of the heart, and your familiarity with as corrupt writer may embitter your life. There is no excuse for the perusal of such books. He must be very industrious who finds time to read the tenth part of the well written books, of an unexceptionable moral character, that are in circulation—vice cannot boast that she has enlisted all the genius and talent under her banners. S. L. Leonard.

Butler, Wis., 1859.

CHIROGRAPHY.

Good penmanship does not consist in spread-eagle flourishes and five-story capitals! True, there should be a freeness of movement in the hand and arm, evinced by the pen-tracings, but never any extravagances. We like a plain, round hand-writing. That is the best phase of chirography which is most easily read. Affected penmanship, like mock polish of any sort, is devoid of grace and beauty.

We hear of some great men who are not good penmen, but their faulty penmanship does not make them great. We know of some half-hatched lawyers, and aspiring young men of other vocations, who claim to be great and distinguished in proportion to the awkwardness and unintelligibility of their scribbling-ship. And if such were the guage of guessing at greatness, how *incomprehensibly* great some men would be!

A good story is told of the wretched writing of a certain very celebrated Railroad manager in Michigan. He had written a letter to a man on the Central route, notifying him that he must remove a barn that in some way incommoded the road, under the penalty of prosecution. The threatened man was unable to read any part of the letter but the signature; but he took it to be a *free pass* over the road, and used it for a couple of years as such, none of the conductors being able to dispute his interpretation of the document!—*School Visitor.*

Education.—An educated man stands, as it were, in the midst of a boundless arsenal and magazine, filled with all the weapons man's skill has been able to devise from the earliest time; and he works, accordingly, with a strength borrowed from all past ages. How different is his state who stands on the outside of that storehouse, and feels that its gates must be stormed, or remain forever shut against him! His means are the commonest and rudest; the mere work done is no measure of his strength. A dwarf will hew them down with the pickaxe; and he must be a Titan that hurls them abroad with his arms.—*Carlyle.*

The Reviewer.

La Plata, the Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay. Being a Narrative of the Explorations of the Tributaries of the River La Plata and adjacent Countries during the years 1853, '54, '55, and '56, under the Orders of the United States Government. By Thomas J. Page, U. S. N., Commander of the Expedition. With Map and Numerous Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. [8 vo. pp. 632.]

This is a valuable contribution to the scientific literature of the country. The author was commissioned by the U. S. Government, during Mr. Fillmore's administration, to explore the La Plata and bordering countries. The expedition was projected for scientific and commercial purposes, and prosecuted with assiduity and very satisfactory results. The commander's report not only received the approbation of Government, but earned for him honorable distinction. The large and beautiful volume now issued is a more detailed and interesting history of the expedition, including the geographical observations and scientific discoveries made during the explorations. The work is so richly interspersed with incidents, descriptions of scenery, places and characters, as to render it quite valuable to other than purely scientific readers. The society of the regions visited, the characteristics and habits of the people—their employments and sports—the nature of the climate, capacity of the soil and its products, are pleasantly discussed, rendering the contents of the volume diversified and entertaining as well as instructive. The numerous illustrations are finely executed and add to the attractions of the work. Sold by Dewey.

The Farm: A Pocket Manual of Practical Agriculture; or How to Cultivate all the Field Crops, &c., with a most valuable essay on Farm Management. By the author of "How to do Business," "How to Behave," etc. New York: Fowler & Wells.

The Garden: A Pocket Manual of Practical Horticulture; or How to Cultivate Vegetables, Fruits, and Flowers, &c., with a Chapter on Ornamental Trees and Shrubs. By the author of "How to Write," "How to Behave," etc. New York: Fowler and Wells.

A Hand-Book of Fruit Culture: Being a Guide to the Cultivation and Management of Fruit Trees, &c., By Thomas Gregg. New York: Fowler & Wells.

Here we have a series of small books, neatly printed, and the getting up, so far as the publication is concerned, is almost faultless. But they are the representatives of a class of books got up to sell, compiled from various sources by men who know little or nothing of the subjects of which they treat. The praiseworthy desire of the people to obtain knowledge is abused, and their ignorance taken advantage of to take from them their money. They seek bread, and are willing to pay for it, but often find that what they purchase is as worthless and barren of information as a stone. The author of the first two must be a bookmaker by trade, perhaps engaged by the month at this work, for it seems he has made books on "*How to Write*," "*How to Behave*," and "*How to do Business*," and perhaps on a dozen other subjects, and now manufactures a "*Manual of Practical Agriculture*," telling practical farmers, and those seeking information "*how to cultivate all the field crops!*" He must be a man of wonderful information—a miracle of knowledge, and should not hide himself under a bushel, by concealing his name. 'Tis truly strange that one small head can carry all he knows. But this is not all. He is not only prepared to tell people how to *write, do business, behave*, and *cultivate all the field crops*, but from the titles above, it will be seen he has also made a book to instruct people in the cultivation of *vegetables, fruits* and *flowers*, as well as *ornamental trees and shrubs!* Is it not time there was an end to this *fraud* or *farce?* Will not the people learn publishers that, if they wish their books to sell, they must publish works of *merit?* Will not the agricultural press come to the rescue, and tell the truth of the books they notice, and quit this indiscriminate puffing, which has long enough cheated the public, and filled the country with worthless books? Others may do as they please, but we shall fearlessly do our duty.

The "*Hand-Book of Fruit Culture*" is by another author, Thomas Gregg. The prolific author of the previous books, we suppose, had his hands full of other work. Time, doubtless, was wanting. We will not for a moment suppose that he lacked the knowledge to make a book on this or any other subject. As to book-making, Mr. G. modestly says in his preface that he lays "no claims to originality, but has made use of the tho'ts and experience of others; that scientific pomologists (and he might have said practical men,) will find little in it to interest them, but many imperfections." Then we ask what business had he to put his *second-hand thoughts* and *imperfections* in a book, and ask a confiding and too-easily-cheated public to buy them?—Have we not men that can write books without these imperfections—without depending entirely upon the knowledge of others—men of sufficient knowledge, at least, to discern between the true and the false—the wheat and the chaff—when selecting material for a book? We have several other *equally valuable books* awaiting notice.

The New England Theocracy. A History of the Congregationalists of New England to the Revivals of 1740. By H. F. Uhden. With a Preface by the late Dr. Neander. Translated from the Second German Edition by H. C. Conant. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

The notices of this work by the press have been highly commendatory. No such history of the New England Congregationalists has been written in our country, important as such history would seem to be to New Englanders and to the world. This work was composed by a German, W. F. Uhden, amply qualified by a great amount of documents, and undertaken at the suggestion of the celebrated Neander. The qualifications of Mrs. Professor Conant, who has only recently removed from our city, no one can doubt. The style is clear, and copious, and appropriate. The translation is from the second edition of the German author, the first having been scarcely known on this side of the Atlantic. There must be, of course, in a veritable history of Congregationalism, though brought down only to 1740, a great amount and variety of matter, full of interest to the Christian of any country as well as to the patriot of our own, and the lover of liberty in all lands, on account of its moulding influence on the civil relations of the people of the United States. The reader will find a rich treasure of knowledge in the work, and even Americans will see many things clearly, of which there have been only very dim conceptions. The work is worthy of general circulation. The prefix to the author's Title, viz., "The New England Theocracy," by the translator, is unfortunate and surprising. Tho' it is the "term constantly applied by the author himself to the peculiar politico-religious institutions of which he treats," he did not adopt it as part of the title. The reason is obvious; it *is a misnomer.* It was not a Theocracy more than is the Episcopacy of England, or the Papacy of Rome, or the Greek Church of Russia; and yet no one calls either of them a Theocracy. To a New Englander, New England Theocracy must sound like a myth. On this account, however, let not this work be neglected or forgotten. Sold by Cole & Adams.—C. D.

The *Westminster Review* for January—with eight able articles, upon as many subjects—has been received. As the volume begins with the year, those who desire standard literature, will find the present a very appropriate time to subscribe. Leonard Scott & Co., New York, Publishers.—Dewey, Agent.

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT, LL. D.

The intelligence of the sudden death of the subject of this sketch, which occasioned a feeling of melancholy surprise and profound regret, has also created an intense desire among those who knew him only by his reputation in the field of literature, to learn something more of the "Blind Historian." Everything relating to him or his works possesses a peculiar interest at the present, and though we devote considerable portion of our space to a review of his life and labors, we think the lesson these convey will amply reward the thoughtful reader.

William H. Prescott was born in Salem, Mass., in 1796. His father was an able lawyer and judge, and the son of that Prescott whose name is forever associated with "Bunker Hill," as the fearless leader of that brave band who opened the drama of the Revolution so gallantly on that bloody height. His father removed to Boston when he was but 12 years of age. Here the opportunities for education, for which the metropolis of New England is noted, were faithfully improved by the embryo historian. In 1811, he entered Harvard College, at Cambridge. Although it was while in College that the great affliction of his life befell him, yet he was graduated with a high standard of excellence in 1814, and entered at once upon a preparation for the profession of his choice, and the same in which his father had already distinguished himself. But finding that his sight was entirely failing him, and that he received no benefit from American physicians, he resolved to try the advantages of travel and European medical skill. For two years he traveled over Europe, visiting England, France, Germany and Italy, consulting the best oculists in London and Paris. Alas! all was useless, and he returned once more to Boston in almost total darkness.

But his was no desponding spirit, and with a cheerful heart he resolved that the inner perception of his mind should suffer no injury from the darkening of the windows of his body. He determined to become a historian in the best sense of the term, and devoted himself, for ten years, to traveling, studying models, cultivating his taste and style, until he felt competent to the task. Then ten more in musing among the rusty records of the past for the materials of the first great work of his life.

The method of preparation and composition which Mr. Prescott adopted, and by which he was enabled to overcome his impaired vision, and to place his name in the very first rank of historical writers, is thus described in the Boston *Evening Transcript:* "He was exceedingly systematic in his mode of life, and devoted five hours out of the twenty-four to his historical labors. After breakfast he listened for an hour to some light reading, a novel, poem, or other entertaining book. He then walked for an hour. At half-past ten o'clock his secretary came to his study and remained till twelve o'clock. Another walk of an hour was then taken, after which he went to his study and remained another hour and a half with his secretary. After dinner light reading was again resorted to, and at six o'clock the secretary returned and remained until eight. This routine of work and leisure was very rigidly observed during the years devoted to the preparation of his elaborate volumes.

Mr. Prescott's mode of writing history was this:—We will take, for example, his last work, 'Philip the Second.' He arranged in his study all the books and manuscripts relating to that monarch. They numbered three or four hundred printed volumes of all sizes. There were also some twenty thick folios of manuscripts—the libraries and book-stores of all Western Europe, from Cadiz to Amsterdam, having been ransacked by agents in search of everything that could throw light on the history of Philip the Second. Except dictionaries and other works of reference, books not specially relating to the subject in hand were excluded from the study.

With his materials thus gathered about him, the historian commenced his work. The secretary first read the only English history of the King and his reign. Notes and observations were dictated as they were suggested by the book. Having freshened his recollections by hearing this volume read, Mr. Prescott proceeded to examine the treasures he had collected. Each book was taken from the shelf in turns by the secretary, who read aloud its title, its table of contents, and a few pages by way of specimen of its style and character. Notes were taken while this examination was going on, which were preserved for future reference. Of the three or four hundred volumes, a great majority of course proved worthless, being either merely repetitions, or compilations, or translations of preceding authors, or else, if original, without authority. The number of books of real value would be thus reduced down, perhaps, to a hundred.

The huge folios of MSS. were next attacked. These had been examined by a competent person, who prepared a careful digest and table of contents. The secretary read this, and notes were dictated as he proceeded. Having thus, as it were, taken an account of stock, and ascertained the general character of his materials, they were next inspected in detail in the following manner:—The first chapter of Philip the Second contains an account of the abdication and last days of his father and predecessor, Charles the Fifth. The secretary gathered round him every volume, printed or MSS., which contained anything about the last named monarch. The books are in the English, French, Spanish, Italian and Latin languages. One by one they were read aloud, and copious notes were dictated. When everything that related to Charles the Fifth had thus been perused and noted, the historian began to compose his work, or, more properly speaking, to write it—for the process of composition had of course been going on in his mind during these preparatory labors.

The apparatus used by Mr. Prescott consisted of a frame the size of a common sheet of letter paper, with brass wires inserted to correspond with the number of lines marked. Thin carbonated paper was used, and instead of a pen the writer employed a stylus with an agate point. The great difficulty in the way of a person's writing in the ordinary manner, whose vision is impaired, arises from not knowing when the ink is exhausted, and moreover the lines will be run into one another. Both difficulties are obviated by the simple arrangement just described. The pages thus written by Mr. Prescott were copied by the secretary, and read, that such interlineations, alterations and amendments might be made, as were needed. The materials for the second chapter, on the early life of Philip, were next taken up, and the same process repeated, until the volume was ready for the printer. About six years were devoted to the first two volumes of Philip the Second, including the preparatory studies."

Referring to his home-life and sociability of feeling, a distinguished cotemporary, Mr. Bancroft, states that while his history proved him to have felt that he owed his time to the service of mankind, everything about him marked him out to be the most beloved of companions, and the life, joy and pride of society. His personal appearance was pleasing, and won for him everywhere in advance a welcome and favor. While he was high-spirited, he was tender, gentle and humane. His voice was like music, and one could never hear enough of it. His cheerfulness reached and animated all about him. He could indulge in playfulness, and could also speak earnestly and profoundly; but he knew not how to be ungracious or pedantic. In truth, the charms of his conversation were unequaled, he so united the rich stores of memory with the ease of one who is familiar with the world.

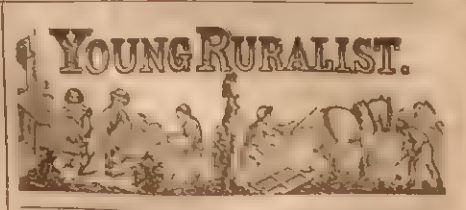
But he has gone. "If it had pleased Almighty God," writes one who knew him, "to have permitted us one word of farewell, we should doubtless have heard him call to us, as we can now only hail his departed spirit,

'Say not good night—
But in another clime bid me good morning.'"

The works of Mr. Prescott comprise thirteen volumes, and are noble monuments to his life of labor and study. With a knowledge of the facts concerning their preparation, who will not say all honor to the memory of the man whose patient toil, careful training, rare scholarship, and heroic devotion, produced the Histories of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Conquests of Mexico and Peru, and the Reign of Philip the Second!

In most quarrels there is a fault on both sides. A quarrel may be compared to a spark, which cannot be produced without a flint as well as a steel; either of them may hammer on wood forever, and no fire will follow.

Give a man brains and riches, and he is a king; give him brains without riches and he is a slave; give him riches without brains and he is a fool.



MECHANICS AND CLERKS.—THE WEST.

As a subscriber to your valuable paper, I take the liberty of asking you a question or two, as I deem you a proper person to appeal to for the information I want. Is the State of Ohio a suitable State for mechanics, such as carpenters and masons, and would Cincinnati be a place where a clerk would be likely to meet with success? Either you, or any of your intelligent correspondents, answering me through your next issue, would greatly oblige J. H.

Peterboro, C. W., 1859.

These questions, we fear, we cannot answer to the satisfaction of our young correspondent. Ohio is a flourishing State, but, like all others, and Canada, suffered more or less from the late commercial embarrassment, which resulted in the stagnation of business of all kinds. Good mechanics, who are industrious and sober, as a general thing, succeed in earning a living in almost any enterprising, go-ahead place, and with economy, may accumulate a little money. Cincinnati is one of the most flourishing cities in the Union, but we have noticed in our travels through the West, that most of the Western cities are flooded by the young men from the East seeking employment as clerks. Once, in Chicago, when mechanics of all kinds were eagerly sought by employers at very high wages, we became acquainted with many young men from this and the Eastern States, who had been seeking employment in banks and stores for many weeks. We would not advise our young friend, therefore, to go West with the expectation of obtaining a profitable clerkship immediately. But, if he is determined to work his way up in the world by honest industry, intelligence and perseverance, and will take the first thing that offers, he will not, in the end, we think, regret the change. Our young men are too impatient. They want to commence where their fathers left off—assume at once positions which they attained only after years of faithful toil. This *impatience* is discouraging, and in fact destroying, many of our young men. Our advice is, commence at the bottom of the ladder, and work yourself up. Every step will prepare you for the next, and when you reach a high position, you will be able to stand there—you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have earned it, and all will say you are worthy of it.

A PLEA FOR DOGS.—NO. I.

"Be a friend to dogs,
For they are honest creatures,
And bear about them noble qualities,
To shame their masters —— men."

In all ages and in all climes, the dog has occupied a conspicuous place among domestic animals. He has sustained useful relations to man, in every quarter of the globe. In the sunny tropics, as a watchman and faithful sentinel at night—on the stormy and tempestuous Alps, as a merciful deliverer from peril and death—in the frigid zones of the north, as a companion to transport his master in sledges over the frozen seas, and frost-bound hills and glens. It is true, the term "dog" has been (and now is to some extent) used as a term of reproach, but it should be remembered, that this custom had its origin among a rude people, proverbial for their selfishness and hatred

Since, then, the Great Father has eminently shown his love and regard for these "gentle dogs" in all parts of his wide jurisdiction, they ought to imitate that mercy in a kind and gentle treatment of the noble animal for which we plead.

The three letters that compose the term, when differently arranged, might serve as a gentle hint never to maltreat or annoy the most faithful of all domestic animals.

Characteristics.—The dog has noble qualities. He is amiable and affectionate. Said a gentleman once, on being urged to part with his dog—"I can make up my mind to dispose of every inch of him, except that kind wag of his tail—money can never buy that, sir." He is very sensitive to kind or severe treatment. No animal is more appreciative of a smile and kind word from his master, as his antic and playful gestures so often indicate. When petted and caressed, his noble face kindles with joy, and he opens his mouth in laughter and gladness.

Sensitiveness to Abuse.—On the other hand, how sensitive to harsh words and cold treatment—his countenance changes to sadness—his pert ears hang down, as if to shut off the cruel sounds, his head droops in sorrow, and his eloquent tail is silent and seeks to hide itself out of sight. Loaded with reproach he moves slowly away from his persecutor, his spirit thrust through as with a rapier, his heart wrung with anguish, and what renders his case more pitiful, he is, perhaps, utterly unconscious of committing any offense. S. D. B.

Spring Side, Vt., Feb., 1859.

THE FAST "SOLON."

One thing which I do not like to see is the spirit of the letter of "Solon." I think it is very evident that he is a fast young man, but I see no propriety in bragging of it. I should think he would blush with shame, when he writes such things as are in his letter. I think he has done one thing which will astonish the country people, although I don't think it is very nice, *i. e.—bragging about his own folly.*

It takes just such fast young men to make laborers in the service of the State. And "Solon" will be very likely to terminate his career in Auburn or Sing Sing. I hope "Uncle Jed" will keep him straight, and give him a thrashing once in a while. Peradolescens.

Would you throughout life be up to the height of your century—always in the prime of man's reason—without crudeness, and without decline—live habitually, while young, with persons older, and when old, with persons younger than yourself.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 26, 1859.

Review of the Week.

At Washington there seems to be but little excitement. Among the matters that have attracted their special share of attention, are the investigations before a Committee appointed to look into the manner in which contracts are awarded for Printing. Our readers are doubtless aware that honesty is a cardinal virtue in the "city of magnificent distances," and should any be inclined to cavil with the assertion, the following, which we offer in evidence, will settle the question:—The facts elicited by the Printing Investigating Committee, shows a settled system by which officers of government constantly collect ten to twenty per cent. on every contract. The witnesses testified that they could not get their contracts excepting by submitting to these exactions. The books of the Philadelphia firm, which one of the partners the other day swore had been burned, are now in the hands of the Committee. Entries on their pages show clearly the motive for the perjury of the witness.

An additional article to the Extradition Convention between the United States and France has been officially promulgated. It extends to persons charged with the following crimes, whether as principals, accessories or accomplices, viz:—Forgery, knowingly passing or putting in circulation counterfeit coin, bank notes or other paper current as money, with intent to defraud any person or persons, and embezzlement by any person or persons, hired or salaried, to the detriment of their employers, when these crimes are subject to infamous punishment. The man committing any of the crimes mentioned, has a good ground of defence (insanity) should he seek French protection while a city of refuge like unto that inclosed in the District of Columbia, opens its gates to receive him.

The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is to be carried out by England according to the American understanding of its provisions. This fact obviates the necessity for abrogating the treaty, as England withdraws from the Central American possessions, and relinquishes all jurisdiction.

We learn something concerning our Paraguay Fleet by the arrival of the bark O. S. Hayes, which brings Buenos Ayres' dates to December 30th. The frigate Sabine, with Commissioner Bowlin, had arrived at Montevideo. The Commissioner was preparing to go to Ascencion in the Fulton. If any attempt was made to prevent him, hostilities would ensue, but the general impression was that all difficulties would be amicably arranged.

Coal in Kansas.—We learn from the Kansas City Journal of Commerce, that both bituminous and cannel coal have been discovered in large quantities within eight miles of that city, in the bluffs of the Kansas river.

Congressional Proceedings.

Senate.—The Senate are still harping upon the $30,000,000 appropriation for the purchase of Cuba, and seem to be as far from arriving at anything definite in relation thereto, as when the measure was introduced.

The President desires that the war-making power be placed in his hands, and fearing difficulties may occur in Nicaragua, which will endanger the lives and property of American citizens, he sends a Special Message earnestly recommending "to Congress the passage of an act authorizing the President, under such restrictions as they may deem proper, to employ the land and naval forces of the United States, in preventing the transit from being obstructed, or closed by lawless violence, and in protecting the lives and property of American citizens traveling thereupon, requiring at the same time that these forces shall be withdrawn the moment the danger shall have passed away. Without such a provision our citizens will be constantly exposed to interference in their progress, to lawless violence, and there is a similar necessity for the passage of such an act, for the protection of the Panama and Tehuantepec routes."

House.—The Senate's amendments to the House Agricultural College bill were taken up and concurred in. The bill now awaits the action of the President. Letter writers state that it will be vetoed.

Mr. Grover, member of the House from Oregon, was qualified and took his seat.

Mr. English called up the bill regulating postage on newspapers and periodicals. He said it had been reported extensively through the press that this bill proposed to tax newspapers passing in exchange. This was not the fact. The design was that periodical dealers shall receive their mail matter on the same terms as regular subscribers.—Another section authorized maps and lithographs to be carried at one cent per ounce. Heretofore such matters have been excluded from the mail. The third section proposed to punish persons taking letters out of the post-office by mistake, but wilfully and fraudulently omitting to return them, and also persons who, in like manner, failed to apply the money delivered to them for the purpose of pre-payment of postage, &c. There is, at present, no adequate law to punish such offences. The bill proposes $100 fine, or one year's imprisonment, or both. The bill passed.

The Special Message of the President was received and read, but no action taken.

Decidedly Slow.—Some natural surprise has been felt and expressed that the Paraguay Expedition is so long getting to the scene of its operations, especially as it was known that Government steamers, under favorable circumstances, were capable of going four or five miles an hour. But it is explained by a letter from Pernambuco, which states that the chartered steamboats (which it costs more to hire than it did to build) do not average but *one* mile per hour. The Expedition will undoubtedly reach Paraguay sometime in the course of this year, or next. Bad kind of boats to get whipped in—if the representatives of "Yankee Doodle" shouldn't take "*sufficient interest*" in the fighting to "stay and see the Administration through," they cannot disgrace the country by *running* away. Be the termination what it may, our National honor will remain untarnished.

Venezuela.—Advices from Venezuela state that the new Constitution was concluded on the 24th of December last, after a session of six months of the Constitutional Convention. This ends the reign of tyranny of the Monagas family. Under the new Constitution, the President is not elected until January 20th, 1860, Gen. Castro in the meantime acting as President *ad interim*. The President has command of the army, and, besides other compensation, is entitled to a pension of $300 per month for life. Gen. Paez has been cordially received by his countryman, and will probably be the first elected President. An amnesty has been granted to all political offenders, except Ex-President Monagas. The new Constitution provides for elections by ballot, and abolishes the Spanish criminal procedure and passport system.

The Debit Side.—The debts of different Nations and States are estimated in the European States at more than ninety-nine hundred and eighty millions of dollars—$9,980,872,768. The most deeply indebted nations are:—Great Britain, $3,876,563,470; France, $1,606,388,483; Austria, $1,209,420,000; Russia, $1,041,414,123; Spain, $732,205,548; Holland, $450,395,337, and Prussia, Portugal, Sardinia, Belgium and Denmark, severally, owe more than one hundred millions. The Central and South American States owe $308,096,014, of which Mexico is set down for $138,526,242; Brazil, $73,277,250; Peru, $46,451,387; Venezuela, $28,665,620, and the others various sums from one-quarter of a million to fifteen millions of dollars.

The "Reason Why."—It will be recollected that the Commissioner of Patents a short time since overruled the application of Mr. McCormick for an extension of his patent on Reaping Machines. He has written out at length his reasons for refusing a renewal. The patentee realized from his patents of 1845 and 1847 the sum of $1,297,915, which the Commissioner considers ample compensation for the ingenuity and trouble expended, taking into consideration the fact that the great feature of the patent of '47—the Reaper's seat—is still the property of Mr. McCormick, and can be used only subject to his terms.

A Sharp Look Ahead.—Soulouque, the deposed Emperor of Hayti, though he resigns an Empire, has managed to secure himself from want. Like a prudent monarch, he looked to the instability of earthly distinction, and quietly invested two million and a half of dollars in property in Europe.—At the breaking out of the revolution he had at the palace £30,000 in gold and two millions of paper dollars; the paper money he had to leave, which the mob divided among themselves, and a good deal of gold was found in the Empress' and Princess' rooms—the mob took it all. He has a large amount of money and valuables with him.

Old World Matters.

During the past week two steamers have arrived with intelligence from the Old World—the Africa, at Halifax, on the 15th, and the Prince Albert, at St. Johns, on the 17th inst.

Great Britain.—Parliament was opened by the Queen in person, on the 3d inst. The speech commenced with congratulations on the state of the country, and on the progress made in India. On foreign affairs it says:—"I receive from all foreign powers assurances of friendly feelings. To cultivate and continue these feelings, to maintain inviolate the faith of our public treaties, and contribute, as far as my influence can extend, to the preservation of general peace, are the objects of my unceasing solicitude." The conclusion of the treaties in regard to the Principalities and one of commerce with Russia are noticed, and the latter is referred to as an indication of the complete restoration of friendship between the two countries. The treaties with China and Japan are mentioned as promising great commercial advantages. Satisfaction is expressed at the abolition by France, of negro emigration on the East coast of Africa, and that the pending negotiations give promise of a total abandonment of the system. In respect to Mexico, the speech says:—"The state of the Republic of Mexico, distracted by civil wars, has induced me to carry forbearance to the utmost limit in regard to the wrongs and indignities to which British residents have been subjected, at the hands of the two contending parties. They have at length been carried to such an extent, that I have been compelled to give instructions to the commander of the naval forces in those seas to demand, and if necessary, to enforce reparation." Increased expenditure on the navy is asked, on account of the universal introduction of steam power into naval warfare. The rest of the speech is devoted to local matters, and among the measures promised, are parliamentary reform and a new bankrupt law.

France.—The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* states that warlike preparations are going on so actively, that the breaking out might be in a few weeks, or only a few days. The demand for cavalry is so urgent that orders have been given to buy horses nine years old. The supplemental surgeons in the military hospitals at Paris and Marseilles are ordered to hold themselves in readiness for immediate service in the artillery. There are companies in which five-sixths of the men are excused from regular duty because they are making cartridges. A letter from Grenoble speaks of the arrival of the troops, and the formation of a Corps de Armie on the Alps. The *Moniteur Delta Conolization* contains a ministerial decree of Prince Napoleon, dated January 6th, by which all recruiting of emigrants at the eastern coast of Africa and Madagascar is prohibited. The *Independence Belge* asserts that the English Cabinet is making efforts at Paris as well as Vienna and Turin, to effect a pacific end of existing difficulties. It has been suggested to adopt the plan proposed by Austria herself to Lord Palmerston in 1848, by which Lombardy would have obtained a separate and self-governing administration, under constitutional principles. The French government have given a favorable attention to the proposition. The Cabinet of Vienna, without committing itself to any definite course, is said to have been converted to the idea of an European Congress, though at first it was decidedly hostile to such a plan. London, and not Paris, is this time to be the place of the Plenipotentiary meeting.

Italy.—A letter in the *Opingue*, of Turin, states that the Grand Duke of Tuscany has refused to accede to Austria's request regarding the exchange of Tuscan for Austrian troops.

The *Times* correspondent confirms the report of a note having been addressed by the British government to the Cabinet of Sardinia, couched in very earnest terms, strongly deprecating the war policy.

Commercial—*Breadstuffs.*—Richardson, Spence & Co. quote flour dull and steady. Quotations, however, nominal. Western canal 19s@20s; Ohio 21@22s. Wheat dull; 1d@2d decline. Western red 4s@5s10d; southern red 6s@6s4d; white western 6s@6s9d; white southern 7s@7s6d. Corn dull, and quotations barely maintained. Mixed and yellow 29s@29s; white 33s@33s6d. *Provisions.* Market quiet and unchanged. Bigland, Althay & Co., Richardson, Spence & Co., James McHenry, and others, quote beef steady, and fine qualities scarce and wanted. Pork closed firm, at an advance of 1s6d. Lard dull, 5s6d. Cheese firm. The Brokers' and other circulars quote sugars quiet but steady. Coffee dull.

The Tobacco Crop of the United States.—The crop of the year 1858 is put down in the circulars of the large dealers at 200,000 hhds., of which 85,000 were grown in Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, 60,000 in Virginia, 40,000 in Maryland, and 15,000 in Ohio. The inspections for the year were 211,440 hhds., against 148,080 in 1857. The market is now well supplied, the stocks in the United States and the European ports being 84,862 hhds., against 55,457 last year.

Death of Senator Stow.—Hon. Horatio Stow, member of State Senate from Niagara Co., died at Clifton Springs on the 20th inst. As is well known, he has been in ill-health for several months, his disease being one of the heart and dropsy. Recently, however, he had been improving, and was able to leave his residence at Lewiston, for a temporary sojourn at the Springs. We are without particulars of his decease, further than that it was sudden.

Two Days From Chicago to New Orleans.—Railroads are now in progress which, when completed, will connect Lake Michigan with the Gulf of Mexico at New Orleans; and the time is not remote when they will be completed. The time, then, from Chicago to New Orleans, will be about 48 hours. It is now from eight to twelve days.

Rare Sight.—A lady was to be seen in the streets of Boston a few days since with a real bonnet—a regular *bona fide* bonnet—that was indeed a "real covering for the head." It is so many seasons since a bonnet, that was a bonnet, had been seen there, that no little curiosity was excited thereby. It reminded middle-aged people of old times!

The Western journals are turning considerable attention to the Wheat Crop of 1858. Wells' Commercial Express of the 17th inst. has an article showing the deficiency in the receipts of wheat from the harvest of 1858, at Chicago, to be over 5,000,000 bushels at present, and estimating that to come in, the deficiency by the 1st of August will reach 8,000,000 bushels.

News Paragraphs.

The last stone pier for the bridge which is to span the Father of Rivers at St. Paul, was finished on the 25th ult. On either side of the river channel, at a distance of 240 feet apart, stand two stone piers, rising, like two Bunker Hill Monuments, about ninety feet out of water. The superstructure is fast being raised, and the whole will be completed by the first of May and ready for use.

It is somewhat of a coincidence that England and America should both lose an eminent historical writer within nearly the same week, friends and correspondents—Hallam having died on the 22d of January, and Prescott on the 28th.

Major Culbertson, who has just come from the Rocky Mountains, says that the head waters of the Missouri and Columbia are so near together that he at one time drank from the Missouri, on the east side of the Rocky Mountains, and a half hour afterwards from the Columbia River on the Pacific slope.

Western papers report that an unusual number of cattle are changing hands, the farmers being unable to hold their stock longer, owing to the scarcity of fodder.

It is reported that the Anglo-French demands against Mexico were recently diminished to much more reasonable proportions by a seasonable hint that Mexico, if reduced to the necessity of choosing a dictator, might appeal to her great sister of the North for protection or annexation. This was a contingency that the allied Admirals at Vera Cruz dared not assume the responsibility of forcing, and they came down in their terms.

It is stated that considerable agitation prevails in Austria, Poland and Hungary. The Globe's Paris correspondent says that the fermentation in Gallacia is such that eighty thousand troops have been concentrated on the frontier and at Lemberz.

The Ohio papers says that the farmers in various portions of that State are busily engaged in the manufacture of maple sugar. The cold nights and warm days are very favorable and a large crop is anticipated.

A law of the State of Iowa, recently passed, provides that paper maturing on a Sunday or a holiday, shall be paid the day following, instead of the preceding one, as usual in most States.

The Secretary of the State of Wisconsin informs the Legislature that of the amount of money expended for public printing during the past three years, about $27,000 was for English, $30,000 for German, and $14,000 for Norwegian languages.

The Massachusetts General Appropriation Bills for this year amount to only $465,980. This covers all the expenses of Government, except the cost of paupers and criminals.

Geffrard, the new President of the Republic of Hayti, is a man somewhat advanced in years; his hairs are gray, and he has the appearance of having seen a good deal of life. He is at least fifty years old. He is nearly black, but still has some white blood in his veins.

Political Intelligence.

The Democratic State Convention of Connecticut met at Middleton on Wednesday week. The following ticket was put in nomination:—*Governor*—James T. Pratt, of Rocky Hill. *Lieut. Governor*—R. H. Winslow, of Westport. *Secretary*—Ephraim Williams, Jr., of Stonington. *Treasurer*—Daniel B. Warner, of East Haddam. *Comptroller*—Peleg C. Child, of Woodstock.

The Oregon State Officers are—*Governor*—John Whitaker. *Secretary of State*—Lucien Heath. *Treasurer*—John D. Boon. These are all Democratic. The Constitution under which they will take office, was adopted by the Oregonians in 1857. The question of Slavery at the same time was acted upon, with the following results:—Against Slavery, 6,361; in favor of Slavery, 1,382. Majority against "the institution," 4,979.

An expression of the sentiments of the people on the question of allowing Free Negroes in the State, was also taken, and as far as it could be ascertained, the following was the result:—Against allowing Free Negroes in the State, 5,479; in favor of allowing Free Negroes in the State, 651. Majority against Free Negroes, 4,928.

Six of the sixteen counties in the State made no returns on this question.

The Republicans of Rhode Island held their State Convention in Providence last week, to nominate candidates for State Officers and Members of Congress. Thomas G. Turner, now Lieut. Governor of the State, was nominated for Governor, the present Executive declining to be a candidate for re-election. Wm. D. Brayton, Member of Congress from the Western District, was re-nominated.—Thomas Davis, four years ago a Democratic Representative, was nominated in place of the present incumbent, N. B. Durfee.

An American Republican Convention met in Providence, R. I., on the 17th inst., the day following the Republican Convention, for the purpose of nominating State Officers. Mr. Thomas G. Turner, who was on Tuesday nominated for Governor by the Republican, was unanimously accepted by the Convention. Mr. Isaac Saunders was nominated for Lieut. Governor; Mr. John K. Bartlett for Secretary of State; Mr. Jerome B. Kimball for Attorney General; and Mr. Samuel A. Barker for General Treasurer. Messrs. Saunders and Barker are not on the Republican ticket.

The Democrats of Michigan met in Convention at Detroit on the 17th instant, and nominated Alpheus Felch for Governor.

Messrs. Lane and Smith have taken their seats in the U. S. Senate, as Senators from Oregon. The former drew for the term expiring March 4th, 1861. The latter holds his seat for two weeks.

A bill abolishing and prohibiting slavery in Kansas, has been passed by the Legislature of that Territory.

A bill has passed both Houses of the Ohio Legislature "forbidding persons in whole, or in part, of African descent, from voting, under penalty of from one to six month's imprisonment in the county jail, and not exceeding five hundred dollars fine."

The News Condenser.

— Of the 26,153 teachers in this State, only 8,966 are men.

— The total debt of the city of New Orleans is $7,983,-186 25.

— Emigration to Pike's Peak is becoming general in the West.

— Civil war continues in China, in the neighborhood of Ningpo.

— The oyster trade of Maryland is estimated at $4,000,-000 per annum.

— England is taxed to raise a revenue of five hundred million dollars.

— The most populous city in Texas is Galveston, with 5,646 inhabitants.

— A Portugese military company is about to be started in New York city.

— The Queen of England is a grandmother before she is forty years old.

— Of the 11,687 school houses in this State, 800 remain that are built of logs.

— The total tunnage of the United States, June 30th, 1858, was 5,049,808 tuns.

— In Switzerland, is is said, 20,000 girls gain a livelihood by making watches.

— Arrapahoe county has been organized under the territorial authority of Kansas.

— It was fifteen years before the Louisianians obtained a good yield of sugar.

— Two printing presses are about to be started to the gold regions at Pike's Peak.

— The immigration to the United States in 1858 was less than half what it was in 1857.

— There is a large emigration from Salt Lake into the southern section of California.

— The citizens of New Orleans are urging the erection of a police and fire alarm telegraph.

— Sets of Russian sable furs have been sold in New York city, this winter, for $2,000 and $2,850.

— Mr. Henley is coming out with his own instruments to operate on this end of the Atlantic cable.

— The Chicago Democrat announces the birth of an infant in that city, weighing eighteen pounds.

— During January, only ten barrels of flour were exported from the United States to Great Britain.

— A bill has passed the House of Representatives of Ohio, making seduction a penitentiary offense.

— Gold has been discovered along the base of the mountains, from New Mexico to Fort Laramie.

— The Managers of the Mount Vernon Association report that they have received already $117,000.

— Over $75,000 were subscribed in Louisiana in one week, to erect a Southern Methodist University.

— A delegation of Pottawotomie Indians were at the President's reception on Tuesday evening week.

— No franking privilege exists in England. Even the Queen is obliged to pay her own penny postage.

— A British statesman publicly declared that the cost of the Russian war for a single year, was $250,000,000.

— Mr. F. Sanderson, of Newark, Wayne Co., has a copper coin bearing date 1000, more than 700 years ago.

— Coal and iron ore have been discovered at Tete, on the Zambesi, in Africa. They may be useful some day!

— At the Ohio State House, Columbus, an artesian well has been sunk 1,875 feet, and water is not reached yet.

— The Michigan Legislature adjourned sine die on Saturday. One of the last acts passed was a Registry Law.

— It is rumored that both Judge McLean and Chief Justice Taney think of resigning on account of ill health.

— The attempt is being made in Rhode Island to abolish imprisonment for debt, but it is thought will not succeed.

— From the Upper Michigan mines the past season, 6,000 tuns of copper have been shipped. Value nearly $3,000,000.

— A vein of lead ore has been discovered in Somerset county, Pa., in the neighborhood of the town of Somerset.

— The roof of the old Farmington Church in Connecticut is 82 years old—shingles brought from Maine—good yet!

— Six hundred and fifty persons, drawn by 120 horses, took a sleigh ride from Holyoke to Springfield, a few days since.

— De Santy, that incarnation of the mythical submarine telegraph cable, has gone home to England to recuperate.

— Vice-President Breckinridge has returned to Washington from his "Kentucky home" very much improved in health.

— Kendall Godwin, a resident of Franklin township, N. Y., died on the 21st ult., at the age of one hundred and ten years.

— The stables of Samuel Phillips, in Brooklyn, were burnt on Tuesday week, and eighteen horses perished in the flames.

— There are 8,500 seamen now in the United States Navy, and 1,695 marines. The total number of vessels is eighty-eight.

— It is reported that two cargoes of slaves, from Africa, are off the coast of Georgia, endeavoring to effect a landing.

— The Senate Post-Office Committee have agreed to report in favor of establishing a line of steamers in the Gulf of Mexico.

— The expenses incurred for maintaining the military on Staten Island to protect the quarantine hospital, amounted to $53,000.

— A rich discovery of gold has recently been made near Dahlonega, Ga. The earth turns out fifty pennyweights to the panful.

— A Binghampton paper records the death of a horse aged 37 years. He had been owned by Mr. Franklin Whitney for 24 years.

— Two bills of indictment were found in Savannah against Captain Corrie, Mr. Brown, and two seamen, for piracy, alias Slave Trade.

— James Parton, author of the life of Aaron Burr, is at Nashville, for the purpose of procuring material for his biography of Jackson.

— The Penobscot Indians are trying to raise a salary of twenty-five dollars a year for their governor, by the aid of the Maine Legislature.

— Sixty-eight Americans were presented to the Emperor of the French, at a grand reception at the Tuileries, on the 10th of January.

— Texas papers state that arrests have been ordered of the parties who perpetrated the massacre of friendly Indians in Palo Pinto county.

— A letter from Crescent City, Iowa, expresses the opinion that the accounts sent East relative to the gold deposits at Pike's Peak are exaggerated.

Publisher's Notices.

TERMS OF THE RURAL FOR 1859.

Single Copy, One Year,	$2
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☞ CLUB PAPERS sent to as many different post-offices as desired, and after a Club is formed additions may be made to it at the club rate. See "Additions to Clubs," below.

TIMELY AND IMPORTANT
Special Notices to Rural Agents, Friends, &c.

☞ BACK NUMBERS OF THIS VOLUME can still be furnished, and are forwarded to all new subscribers unless otherwise ordered. Though our sets of back numbers are rapidly diminishing daily, we can still supply several thousand new subscribers. We shall probably be able to furnish the numbers for a month or more, yet as our rule is, "first come first served," those who wish to secure the complete volume should not delay.

☞ NEW CLUBS.—It is NOT too late to commence and form Clubs for Vol. X., as we shall probably be able to supply back numbers for a month or more, notwithstanding the large additions over previous years. Try it, Friends of the RURAL!—you who are in localities where the paper ought to be circulated, but has only a few subscribers, or is not yet introduced. A little effort, NOW, will enable you to succeed.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS—Are now in order, and whether they come (as they do daily) in ones, twos, fives, tens or twenties, are gratefully welcomed and receive prompt attention. Please note that any person forming a club of 10, 15 or 20, can, by adding to the list within one month, *reduce the rate of the whole number of copies*. For instance, a person sending $15 for 10 copies, can by adding 5 names, reduce the price of all to $1,38 per copy—by adding 5 to a club of 15, reduce price to $1,30—and, adding 10 to a club of 20, puts the price at $1,25. Many have already taken advantage of this liberal offer, and from clubs of 6, 10 and 15, gone up to 30, 40, 50, and over.

☞ TRY FOR LARGE CLUBS!—Yes, if your neighbors object, as some people do, to paying more than the lowest club rate for the RURAL, make an earnest effort to form a club of at least *thirty*. In many places where we had only one to ten subscribers last year, we now have lists of from 30 to over 100! One friend could not, he thought get over 10 when he started, but he put the price at the rate for 30, and sent for *forty-three* in his first letter. Another, at a post-office where we had a small list last year, has already sent in *one hundred and twenty-five* subscribers and more are coming.—The RURAL has such a good character (permit us to say it) and has been so greatly improved this year, while the times are improving, that most of its working friends and club agents say it is far easier to get subscribers than ever before. Reader, is not a little personal and timely effort all that is necessary to get a rousing list in your town?

☞ VOLUNTARY AGENTS FOR THE RURAL.—Any and every Subscriber, Post-Master or reader is requested to act as voluntary agent for the RURAL, by forming clubs or otherwise. *Now is the time* for its friends to manifest their interest in the paper and the cause it advocates, either by obtaining new subscribers, or inducing others to act in its behalf. We can still furnish back numbers, so that all subscribers may have the complete volume. If any lose or wear out numbers in *showing the paper*,—that's the best way to get subscribers,—we will duplicate them in order to make their files complete for binding.

☞ CLUBBING WITH THE MAGAZINES, &c.—We will send the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1859 and a *yearly copy of either The Atlantic, Harper's, Godey's, Graham's*, or any other $3 magazine, for $4. The RURAL and either *The Horticulturist, Hovey's Magazine, Arthur's Magazine*, or *any other* $2 magazine, for $3. To our agents or subscribers, we will furnish any $3 magazine for $2,50, and any $2 one for $1,50. Canada subscribers must add the American postage.

☞ SPECIMEN NUMBERS, &c., sent free and pre-paid to all applicants, or to any friends of subscribers whose addresses may be furnished. Many who feel an interest in the RURAL and its objects, and wished to enlist others in their behalf, have kindly sent the address of distant friends. Who will do likewise, and thus aid the cause?

☞ DRAFTS AT OUR RISK.—We lose little money by mail, but prefer Drafts on New York (less exchange,) payable to our order, and which may be sent at our risk if carefully mailed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and each and all who form clubs, will not only receive extra copies, but their aid will be appreciated. We have no traveling agents, nor do we give certificates.

☞ For other Notices see last page.

RURAL NEW YORKER.—This is decidedly the best Agricultural and Family Newspaper in the world. Not a line appears in the columns of the *Rural* that a parent need fear to put into the hands of his children to read. It is proudly free from all sickly sentimentalism—pure in its tone and influence; at the same time its beautiful typography and attractively arrayed articles are calculated to make this paper a universal favorite. No deceptive advertisements are allowed to appear in its columns. If you desire an honest, faithful, reliable, and *instructive* home paper, get "Moore's Rural New Yorker."—*Clark's School Visitor, Pittsburgh.*

THE "RURAL NEW-YORKER" is offering new and valuable attractions in the volume which commenced with the first of January. Besides its various departments of Agriculture, Horticulture, Literature, News, &c., which make it a complete family paper, it is publishing a series of original designs for farm-houses, selected for premiums from a large number offered. This is a feature which must commend it to farmers, who will be sure to find in some of the designs presented one adapted to their wants.—*Ægis & Transcript, Worcester, Mass.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER is a model family paper for the farmer. Its agricultural reading is of that straight-forward, practical kind which is always reliable, and which is rare in these days of new-fangled chemical husbandry. Each number also contains choice stories, excellent moral gleanings for Sabbath reading, a column for the boys, and a good abstract of the current news and the state of the market.—It has been a favorite with us from the day of its commencement.—*Physio-Medical Recorder, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER commences a new volume, this month, with new type, a new border, and new heading and sub-headings—all of which, with its excellent matter, render it a perfect gem of a family paper—especially for the farming community. Many agricultural papers look dry and crispy, but the *Rural*, with its border of fruits and flowers, has the appearance of perpetual summer and sunshine.—*Vindicator, Oshawa, C. W.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER.—This paper came to us a few days ago in an entire new dress, looking as beautiful as a fine spring morning. The RURAL, as we have often stated, is the best family newspaper in the United States. It contains a large amount of matter which is so diversified that any reader of the paper will at all times be well posted.—*Tribune, Kokomo, Indiana.*

As an art cultural and family newspaper the RURAL NEW YORKER takes the highest rank. It not has small to offered from its many able and devoted to the interests of our country, but a welcome visitor to almost every fireside throughout the Union. It is entirely free from politics, and has every requisite to make it a welcome visitor.—*Emporia Jeffersonian City, Mo.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER.—We hail with pleasure this well known Agricultural Literary and Family Journal to our readers. We consider it the best paper of its class with which we are acquainted. We copy a portion of its prospectus for 1859, and feel assured that the promises therein made will be amply fulfilled.—*Journal of Education, Wis.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER is filled to running over with choice articles—Agricultural, Horticultural, Literary and News matter. It is one of the best newspapers in America, worth its weight in gold. Its beautiful engravings are worth more than the subscription price. We commend it to our readers as the paper to subscribe for.—*Mich. Statesman.*

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER has been our favorite for six or seven years, and we would not do without it for *three times* it's cost. It is decidedly the *best* family paper published in the Union.—*Advertiser, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.*

Marriages.

AT Trumansburgh, Tompkins Co., on the 16th, by Rev. Lewis Kellogg, JARED TREMAIN, Esq., of Millport, Chemung Co., and Mrs. WEALTHY C. CLARK, of the former place.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Feb. 22, 1859.

FLOUR has got the upward movement at last, as may be seen by referring to table of quotations. Lower grades have put on 50 cents, and choice 25 cents per barrel.

GRAIN.—Extra Wheat is without change, but is firm and wanted at our figures. For second class, and downward, 25 cents per bushel better than our rates of last week may be obtained. Corn is 5 cents higher and sought for. Oats have also advanced 5 cents per bushel.

PROVISIONS.—The only alteration we can make is in Beef, which has an upward movement equal to 50 cents per 100 pounds.

SHEEP PELTS are drooping, the decline being equal to 25 cents upon No. 1. For all other matters see table of rates.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	14@15c
Flour, wint wheat	$6,75@7,25	Honey, box	15@16c
Do. spring do.	$5,50@6,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Do. Buckwheat ₩ cwt.	$1,75	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,50@1 65	Apples, bushel	50c@$1,00
Best white Canada	$1,50@1,65	Do. dried	$1,50@1,75
Corn	75@80c	Potatoes	28@45c
Rye, 60 lbs ₩ bush	75c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Oats	30@35c	Slaughter	6¾@7c
Barley	60@70c	Calf	10c
Buckwheat	55@60c	Sheep pelts	$1,25@2,00
Beans	75@80c	Lamb do	37½@63c
MEATS.		**SEEDS.**	
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,00	Clover, bush	$5,50@6,00
Do cwt	$7,50@8,00	Timothy	$2,25@2,50
Beef ₩ cwt	$5,00@6,00	**SUNDRIES.**	
Spring lambs each	$1 50@2,00	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Mutton (carcass)	3½@4c	Do soft	$3,00@3,50
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Coal, Lehigh	$6,75@7,25
Shoulders	6@7c	Do, Scranton	$5,00@5,50
Chickens	7@8c	Do Blossburg	$5,00@5,50
Turkeys	9@10c	Do Shamokin	$5,00@5,50
Geese	38@44c	Do Char	10@12c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,90@1,95
Butter, roll	18@20c	Hay, ton	$7,00@11,00
Do firkin	15c	Wool ₩ lb	25@45c
Cheese	8@9c	White fish, bbl	$7,00@7,50
Lard, tried	10@11c	Codfish ₩ quintal	$4,75@5,00
Tallow	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$6,50@7,00

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Feb 21.—FLOUR—Without important change. Inferior grades dull; medium and good brands very firmly held. Sales at $5,30@5,50 for common to choice super State; $5,90@6,10 for extra State; $5,40@5,60 for super Ohio; Ill., Ind., Wis., Mich., and Iowa; $6,05@6,30 for common to good medium and extra do.; $6,40@6,50 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing quiet. Canadian scarce and firm. Sales at $5,50@7,25 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat in market buoyant with fair demand. Sales at 90 for unsound Chicago spring; $1,40 for winter red western; $1,50 for white Mich.; $1,60 for do Canadian. Rye dull at 85@85. Barley dull at 80@83. Corn is more steady; sales at 55@56 for mixed western in store and delivered. Oats firm at 54@57 for State; and 60@63 for western and Canada.

PROVISIONS—The Pork market is firmer. Sales at $18,00@18,25 for new mess; $17,50@17,60 for old; $13,37@13,50 for prime; $17 for thin mess; $19 for clear. Dressed Hogs quiet at 8½@9. Lard market firm. Sales of 800 bbls. at 11½@12¼. Butter is steady at 11@19 for Ohio; 16@27 for State. Cheese firm at 8½@11¼.

BUFFALO, Feb. 21. FLOUR—The demand this morning is exceedingly moderate, and a limited business only, is doing Sales at $5,75@6,75 for the whole range of extras and double extras.

WHEAT—There is a fair milling inquiry this morning, and the market is steady. Sales No. 1 Milwaukee club, at $1,12, and good Kentucky at $1,60. No sales of other grains, and prices nominally steady.

PROVISIONS—Pork steady at $17,50 for heavy mess, and $16,50 for light do. Lard steady at 11¾@12.

CHICAGO, Feb 19.—FLOUR—Sales of "Central" at $5,40 and Goshen at $5,75, mixed Red and White Winter, "Chicago Mills" Spring Extra at $5,50 delivered, and Super Spring at $3,75; also Rye flour at $5.

GRAIN—Sales winter wheat, No. 1 Red at $1,25 in store do in lots at $1,26 in store, do at $1 25@1 27 on track, No 2 Red at $1,12¼, $1,13@1,14 in store. Ohio spring, No. 1, in bags, at $1 delivered, Standard at 95c@96c in store; No. 2 at 86½c, 87c, 87½c@88c in store; rejected at 76c@77c in store; Stumptail at 85c in store. Corn—Sales of 6 cars shelled at 62c in bulk, one car do in bags at 63c, and one car choice do in bags at 64c all on track, and 1 car do at 65c delivered. Oats—Sales choice new at 40c on track. Rye—Quiet and unchanged, 80@90c. Barley—Sales of 150 bushels No. 2, at 50c in store, 130 bags do at 52c delivered, 198 bags do at 55c on track, and 400 bush. choice State at 85c delivered.

SEEDS—Clover seed is in good demand and prices firm. We note sales at $5,75@6,25. Timothy seed is also in good demand, and we note sales at $1,75@1,90. Flax seed at $1@1,20. Sales of 30 bags choice Clover at $6,12½; 13 bags and 35 bu. do at $6, and 50 bu. Timothy at $1,87½.—*Dem.*

TORONTO, Feb. 19.—FLOUR—The market is poorly supplied with stock, demand almost altogether for local consumption. Some few sales have taken place, but none so recent as to afford a basis for quotations. We therefore nominally call superfine at $5@5,25, fancy $6,50, and extra $6,75@7

GRAIN—For Fall Wheat the high prices quoted in our last were paid up to Thursday, when figures fell from 8s 10d to 8s 4d, and next day to 8s, which latter figure has been the highest paid since. For the very prime lots 8s 3d has been once or twice realized, but the general range of prices for quality to go shipping wheat has been from 7s 8d to 8s. Inferior and medium samples fr 6s 7s 3d are the prices paid.—Spring wheat has been much sought after both for seeding and milling purposes. Some of the finest samples we ever beheld have been sold in the market during the week. Prices have ruled high, ranging from 6s 6d@7s per bushel, the latter for very choice. Barley—The demand from the local breweries continues active, and 4s 3d@4s 9d would be paid for good samples; deliveries light. Rye comes in very slowly, and brings readily 3s 6d@3s 9d per bushel. Peas are in good demand, but small supplies are received. They are worth 4s 3d@4s 6d per bushel. Oats—Market not firm at 3s per bushel.—*Globe.*

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Feb. 16.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, $10,50@11,00; Ordinary, $9,00@10 00, Common, $8,00@9,00. Inferior, $6,50@7,75.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55@65; Ordinary, $45@50; Common, $35@40; Inferior, $20@28.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₩ lb., 6½@7½c.; Ordinary, 5½@6c.; Common, 4½@5c.; Inferior, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, per head, $6,50@9,00; Ordinary, $5,00@6,00; Common, $4,25@4,75; Inferior, $3,00@4,00.

SWINE—First quality, 7½@7¾c.; Other qualities, 5½@7½c.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 16.—At market 1,109 Cattle, about 900 Beeves, and 209 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,50@8,00; First quality, $6,75@7,00; Second, $5,50@6,00; Third, $5,00; Ordinary, $4 00.

WORKING OXEN—$75, 90@150 per pair.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 40@50.

STORES—Yearlings, $00@00; Two Years Old, $20@24; Three Years Old, $25@30.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2,830 at market. Prices—Extra and Selections, $3,50, 4@6, 7; in lots $1,75, 2,00@3,00.

HIDES—7½@8c. ₩ lb. Tallow 7½@8c. ₩ lb.

PELTS—$1,50@1,75 each. Calf Skins, 13@14c. ₩ lb.

The Wool Markets.

BOSTON, Feb. 17.—Domestic Wool is steady and firm, with sales of 80,000 lbs., fleece and pulled at 40@65c for fleece and 40@60c for No. 1 to extra pulled. The transactions in foreign Wool have been to a fair extent and prices are well sustained. Sales of 130,000 lbs. African, and 525 bales Mediterranean and South American, at prices we did not learn.

Sax. and Mer. fine	55@65	Western mixed	40@55
Full Blood	44@48	Smyrna, washed	17@26
Half and ¼ blood	40@43	Do unwashed	10@17
Common	33@36	Syrian	11@22
Pulled, extra	35@40	Cape	24@40
Do, superfine	45@50	Crimea	9@17
Do, No. 1	40@45	Buenos Ayres	37@42
Do, No. 2	@..	Peruvian, washed	30@36

ALBANY, Feb. 18.—For pulled the market is quiet, but for fleece the demand continues active Sales 5,000 lbs extra pulled on private terms, and 5,000 lbs. fine fleece at 48c. We quote as follows:

American, Saxony Fleece, ₩ lb	50 @60
American, Full Blood Merino	45 @50
American, ½ and ¾ Merino	40 @45
American, Native and ¼ Merino	35 @40
Extra, Pulled	45 @48
Superfine, Pulled	40 @43
No. 1, Pulled	32 @38

Advertisements.

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☞ All transient advertisements must be accompanied with the cash, or a responsible reference, to secure insertion. Those who send us advertisements to be published at prices they specify, are respectfully advised that we are not in a position to allow any one to dictate terms—especially when the demand upon our columns, at published rates, exceeds the space appropriated for Advertising.

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2d. Nearly half of the power is saved, as the resistance is all within once inch of the centre of the shaft.

3d. It can be purchased at a less price.

4th. Its extreme simplicity enables a person of less than an ordinary capacity to keep it in perfect order.

5th. The plates (subject to wear) can be replaced at an expense not to exceed 75 cents to $1,25, according to size.

6th. It will not clog or choke, even if the grain be soaked in water, as the reciprocating motion, combined with the peculiar dress of the plates, render it impossible.

7th. It is capable of grinding more grain in a given time than any other mill, with the same amount power.

8th. It occupies but little room, and is easily removed from place to place.

They are made of different capacities, so as to be turned by hand, or are well adapted to *horse, steam, or water power*. Therefore every farmer should own a Mill, toll his own grist, and save the time and expense of going to mill.

Price, delivered on cars or boat, $20 for Single Mill, and $30 for Double Mill, grinding twice as fast as the single.

Extra sets of plates will be sent with each mill.

☞ Orders addressed to either R. L. HOWARD, (Manufacturer of the Ketchum Machine,) Buffalo, N. Y., or THOMAS HULL, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., will receive prompt attention. 472tf

LEA & PERRINS' CELEBRATED WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE,

PRONOUNCED BY Connoisseurs TO BE THE Only Good Sauce, AND APPLICABLE TO *EVERY VARIETY* OF DISH.

EXTRACT of a Letter from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN, AT MADRAS, To his Brother AT WORCESTER.

May, 1851.

"Tell LEA & PERRINS that their *SAUCE* is highly esteemed in India and is, in my opinion the most palatable as well as the most wholesome *Sauce* that is made."

EXTENSIVE FRAUDS.

The only Medal awarded by the Jury of the New York Exhibition for Foreign Sauces, was obtained by LEA & PERRINS for their **Worcestershire Sauce**. The world-wide fame of which having led to numerous *Forgeries*, purchasers are requested to see that the names of LEA & PERRINS are upon the *Wrapper, Label, Stopper and Bottle*.

LEA & PERRINS will proceed against any one infringing either by manufacturing or vending Spurious Sauce, and have instructed their correspondents in various parts of the world to advise them of any infringements. Sole Wholesale Agents for the United States,

JOHN DUNCAN & SONS, 405 *Broadway, New York.*
A stock always in store. Also, orders received for direct shipment from England. 450-eowly

THE COLEMAN FARM MILL.—The wonder and admiration of the age; every farmer his own miller: GREAT SAVING OF TIME AND EXPENSE. The only successful Metallic Mill ever invented for making Buckwheat and family Flour. It can be run by Horse, Steam, Wind, or Water-Power.

Price with Selve arranged, for sifting Corn Meal for family use while grinding $50
Price with Bolting Machine attached, for making Family Flour, 75

Descriptive Circulars can be had, or the Mill can be seen in operation at the Office of the "Coleman Farm Mill Company," Tribune Building, No. 7 Spruce street, New York, where all orders will receive prompt attention.
467-26t MARTIN THATCHER, Sec'y.

WOODEN WATER PIPE.—This Pipe is made of Pine scant

THE LAST "GOOD-NIGHT!"

"Good-night—good-night!" a silvery voice
Rang through my midnight dream!
And a fair young face with flowing curls
Flashed in the fancied stream
Of the moonlight on my curtained couch
With a wildering tender beam.

"Good-night" broke from my answering tongue,
And the beauteous shape was gone;
I woke as the distant clock tolled out
The hour of another dawn;
And the holy moon was smiling down
On the cottage porch and lawn.

"She is dead!" a voice sobbed faintly forth;
I knew she had gone before!
To her sweet "Good-night," my waking ear,
Would never listen more!
The beautiful angel, Death, had come,
And opened the pearly door.

And down in her bed-room's mellowed light
Lay Florence, white and fair;
With the pitying moonbeams on her brow
And the curls of golden hair;
But I thought of the spirit above the stars,
And only the casket there.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

NELLIE RAYMOND'S CHOICE;

OR, LOVE VERSUS PRIDE.

BY AGNES HERBERT.

Chapter II.

[Concluded from page 68, last number.]

It was the hour of twilight. CHARLES had been reading aloud to NELLIE, as they sat together in Mrs. ALLAN'S little parlor, but the light had grown dim, and he had closed the book. He was silent, and NELLIE, chancing to look up, met his eyes resting upon her face. A certain undefinable something in their expression caused NELLIE'S cheek to crimson, and involuntarily her glance sought the carpet at her feet. A happy, triumphant smile lighted up the young man's face, and in another moment he stood at her side.

"NELLIE," said he, in a low voice, "need I tell you how truly I love you—will you be mine?—will you be"—what impulse urged him to use the word?—"a farmers' wife?"

NELLIE'S lids flew up, and her blue eyes shone with astonishment; then a scornful smile curled her lip, and in a calm, cold, distinct tone, she answered,

"Never!"

CHARLES stood for a moment as though paralyzed. Recovering himself, with perfect self-possession he bade her good evening, and left the room.

Very quietly he closed the door, passed through the hall, and down the walk. NELLIE listened intently to the retreating footsteps, growing fainter and fainter, until they ceased—then the creaking of the gate, as it swung to on its rusty iron hinges, fell upon ear, and all was still. A few moments she sat motionless, with drooping head and relaxed form; then starting up with an impatient ejaculation of "Nonsense!" she began pacing the room with rapid steps. But the motion availed not to quiet her restless mind, and with a despairing gesture of vexation, NELLIE threw herself upon the sofa and seemed to relapse into deep thought.

"A farmer's wife!" The words had struck a chord which gave only a discordant sound. Involuntarily, in place of the well-dressed gentleman before her, NELLIE recalled the picture he presented at their first meeting. *His* wife? No wonder her proud lip curled and she answered "Never!"

But now—No! we will not tell you of what NELLIE was thinking. We *can* keep a secret, and though you may think you can guess, most inquisitive reader, we shall not tell you whether you be right or wrong. At least, not at present.

"NELLIE," exclaimed Mrs. ALLAN one morning as she entered the parlor and threw herself down in a semi-tragical manner, "I am in despair!"

"Why, what has happened?" inquired NELLIE.

"BRIDGET is going to leave this morning, and how I am to do the work and make preparations for the company we expect next week, is more than I can at present imagine."

"Surely you cannot. You must have another girl to take BRIDGET'S place," suggested NELLIE.

"Yes, but we don't happen to have an intelligence office about here, NELLIE. I don't think there is a girl to be found within ten miles—and, besides, JOHN is so crowded with work, he could not think of leaving on such a wild goose chase as looking up a girl. Well, I suppose I am only making a bad matter worse, by spending my time here. You will have to entertain yourself, NELLIE, until brother GEORGE comes," said Mrs. ALLAN, as she hurried out to the kitchen.

NELLIE threw down the magazine she had been examining, and after a moment's thought a mischievous smile dimpled her cheek. Going to her own little room, she proceeded to dampen and straighten her curls—then brushing her hair plainly back from her face, she arranged it in a simple knot at the back of her head. Entering Mrs. ALLAN'S room, which opened into hers, she selected from her cousin's wardrobe a plain calico dress, and an immense blue checked apron, which attire soon took the place of her embroidered morning-robe.

Mrs. ALLAN held up both hands in amazement as NELLIE made her appearance, with a profound curtsey, at the kitchen door.

"Plase ma'am, and are ye afther wanting a girl to do housework?" said NELLIE, with an inimitable Irish expression.

Remonstrance was useless, and NELLIE'S dainty hands were soon deeply immersed in that most unpoetical of repositories—the dish-pan.

Now, NELLIE did not at first fill BRIDGET'S place very satisfactorily, but she possessed the strongest disposition in the world to learn, and though her mistakes and blunders were at first about as numerous and comical as those of any newly imported daughter of Erin, she never committed the same error twice.

Besides a willingness to assist her cousin, NELLIE had another unacknowledged impulse to inspire her present undertaking. She was making an experiment, and it resulted in her coming to the conclusion that it would not be such a *dreadful* thing, after all, to become a farmer's wife.

NELLIE had not seen CHARLES HOWARD since her summary rejection of his suit, save once when she chanced (?) to pass his residence, and beheld the young man spading in the garden. Strange to say, NELLIE'S glance scarcely observed the coarse attire—she noted only the graceful, manly form—the intellectual, soul-stamped features. With a deep sigh NELLIE pursued her walk, meditating, meanwhile, upon the dignity and nobility of Labor. We are afraid, however, that she looked at the subject in a restricted light. She took a particular, rather than a general view, and CHARLES HOWARD stood in foreground.

The expected guests did not arrive until a fortnight after the designated time, and upon the morning preceding the day of their arrival, NELLIE resigned her office, as maid-of-all-work, in favor of a neat German girl who had applied for the vacant place.

GEORGE ARNOLD, NELLIE'S cousin, and Mrs. ALLAN'S brother, and his friend, FRED ARLINGTON, had left the city, ostensibly for the sake of a few days' enjoyment of country air and repose. Of the former, this was true—of the latter, it was far from being the chief object.

FRED ARLINGTON was one of NELLIE'S most devoted admirers, and was, withal, the one whom the gossiping world set down as standing highest in her favor. He was handsome, intelligent, and wealthy—qualities surely desirable, and in most cases all-sufficient. He really loved NELLIE RAYMOND, and had skillfully maneuvered to obtain an invitation to accompany his friend, for the sole purpose of placing his hand, heart, and fortune at her disposal.

"I say, cousin, this is perfectly abominable!" exclaimed GEORGE ARNOLD, as he burst into the parlor, where NELLIE was engaged in completing a pencil sketch.

"Why, GEORGE, what do you mean?" queried NELLIE, arresting her hand and looking up with a surprised expression. It was evident, however, that her surprise was only assumed, for a conscious smile hovered about her lips.

"You know well enough what I mean, NELL,—your rejection of FRED. Oh—these women!" and GEORGE seated himself, with an air of desperation, in the rocking-chair.

NELLIE quietly sharpened her pencil, and commenced re-touching the foliage of her picture. A few moments of silence ensued which was broken by GEORGE, who, in a very energetic tone, said:

"NELLIE, lay down that work. I wish to talk with you."

"My work won't interfere with our conversation," said NELLIE, with a half smile.

"Well, then, I wish to know what possible fault you can find with FRED ARLINGTON? Isn't he good-looking?"

"Yes."

"Well educated and agreeable?"

"Very."

"Wealthy?"

"I believe so."

"Then what more *can* you ask?" interrogated GEORGE, in a triumphant tone. "He surely mistook your meaning—eh, NELLIE?"

"No, GEORGE. I respect Mr. ARLINGTON—I like him as a friend—nothing more. Were I capable of the act, I esteem him too highly to present him with so worthless a gift as would be my hand without my heart."

"That's what puzzles me, NELLIE, I'm almost certain that when you left B. you were heart free, or if you had preferences they centered upon FRED.—MARY," said he, as Mrs. ALLAN entered the room, "has NELLIE lost her heart out here?"

Mrs. ALLAN glanced at NELLIE as she replied, carelessly,

"Not to my knowledge." Her cheek was flushed, and her fingers were making strokes which seemed too nervous to be accurate. Looking over her shoulder Mrs. ALLAN exclaimed,

"Mercy! what *are* you about NELLIE?"

With a start of dismay, NELLIE surveyed her drawing. Within the last moment, her erring pencil had mingled light and shade in inextricable confusion, and brought the hill-top, which a short time before had seemed to melt away in the distance, into the fore-ground, in laughable proximity with a bit of stone wall.

"Perspective decidedly bad, I should say Miss NELLIE," remarked GEORGE, with a quizzical glance from the drawing to her face.

Chapter III.

As a matter of course, important business (?) recalled Mr. ARLINGTON to the city, immediately. GEORGE remained another week, at the expiration of which time, NELLIE signified her intention of accompanying him back to B. The morning of the day upon which they were to leave, NELLIE arose early for the purpose of taking one more country walk. She scarcely heeded the path she took, until, with a start, she found herself in the spot where she first met CHARLES HOWARD.

A rustic seat, which NELLIE had never before observed, was placed 'neath the shade of the maple, and with a sigh NELLIE sat down.

There—but a few steps distant—the foaming, sparkling little creek went dancing on its way, in the early sunlight, awakening in NELLIE'S mind, however, naught but regretful, sorrowful emotions. She bowed her face upon her hands, and for a few moments sobbed convulsively. She had just mastered her grief, and with an impatient gesture said to herself, "This is very, *very* foolish," when a shadow fell upon the green turf at her feet, and looking up she beheld CHARLES HOWARD.

Dashing the tears indignantly away, confused and ashamed that her emotion should be discovered, she started to her feet, and with a slight salutation would have hastened away, had he not, by a gesture indicative of a desire to speak, prevented her.

"Pardon my intrusion, Miss RAYMOND," he said, "but having learned that you were to leave to-day, you will excuse me for simply wishing to bid you farewell."

He extended his hand as he said this, and NELLIE placed within his labor-hardened palm her own little white hand in a parting clasp.

"Perhaps, Miss RAYMOND," CHARLES continued, still holding her hand, "you will allow me to offer a friend's congratulations upon your approaching marriage. You have my best wishes for your happiness."

"I—I do not understand you, Mr. HOWARD," said NELLIE. "You have probably been misinformed."

"Are you not engaged to Mr. ARLINGTON?—and is not the marriage to take place in a few weeks?" questioned CHARLES.

"No, Mr. HOWARD, and I am at a loss to comprehend why you should have supposed so."

A bright smile lighted up CHARLES' face as he replied, "Such is the report throughout the neighborhood, though where it originated I cannot say." At this moment some old recollection, fraught with pain, seemed to flit across his mind, and the smile faded from his lips. "Good-bye, Miss RAYMOND," he said, as he released her hand.

"Good-bye"—her lips formed—but there was no audible sound. Her cheeks were pale as marble, and the next instant dyed with crimson. "Mr. HOWARD," she said, but though he stood expectantly waiting, she did not proceed.

Was ever man so obtuse! There had been a fearful struggle in NELLIE'S heart, betwixt Love and Pride—and the former had conquered. Perhaps CHARLES HOWARD partially comprehended this—perhaps he read the secret in her burning blushes, her trembling lip, and downcast eyes,—but the echo of that word "Never!" still lingered in his memory. He stood silently regarding NELLIE'S confusion, which, as she raised her eyes to his and met their calm inquiring gaze, gradually subsided. She must speak now—what would he think of her—but she must speak—and with an effort which drove the blood from lip, cheek and brow, back to her heart, she said, "Mr. HOWARD, I wish to say that I very much regret my abrupt, my rude reply to you at our last interview." She paused a moment, and then added timidly, "We part friends, do we not?"

CHARLES smiled a sad smile, as he said, "Yes, we part friends. I have only myself to blame for my folly, in daring to hope that a city belle and heiress could love a *farmer*."

The last words were spoken in a sarcastic tone, for CHARLES really loved and honored his vocation too much to deem it a disgrace for even NELLIE RAYMOND to wed with a farmer. And NELLIE, who well understood the significant tone, loved him the more for his manly pride.

"I knew not my own heart then,"—she faltered. "NELLIE! did I hear aright?" exclaimed CHARLES, starting forward. One glance at her face, downcast and crimson with shame, was answer sufficient.

A glorious opportunity this, for repaying Miss NELLIE'S disdain, with interest. But CHARLES—foolish fellow—did not improve it. He only drew NELLIE to his heart, and whispered, "NELLIE—my own NELLIE!"

* * * * * * * * *

One year from that time, NELLIE RAYMOND—to the astonishment of all her aristocratic friends and acquaintances—became a Farmer's Wife.

AN UP-COUNTRY SUNDAY NIGHT.

ANOTHER Sunday—the glad day of the week—has come to us—made its bright path in the sky, and passed over to other lands. It is almost midnight; the breath of the week-days, like the chill of the early dawn, is not yet felt. I shall sleep over into the bustling to-morrow with wet eyes, and a throbbing but joyful pulse.

Years ago it was our custom on this night to gather here, or at Rambleton House, and sing our old Connecticut hymns. My father always took the lead, walking the room back and forth, and gesticulating, sometimes in rather an extraordinary manner. The occasion was one of solemnity, but mainly it was a time of praise and thanksgiving.

We formed, at this time, a large circle; and it required a strong and powerful leader, like my father, to keep us in control. Sometimes that office was assigned to me; but in such case, we always failed in reaching that grand movement which my father commanded.

After such failure, my father would rise from his seat, look round upon us with a smile, and dash into the same tune with great force and emphasis; after which he would seat himself, and remark, in a modest way, that he had sung that tune "more than forty years ago;" had learned it, perhaps, on Litchfield Hill; and the first time it was ever sung was at such an ordination,—and was composed by such an one, expressly for that purpose. As to myself, I had been thoroughly trained by my father, years ago, for hours at a time, on rainy mornings, in the most difficult tunes he could select,—each taking a different part, and my father dashing through his with great spirit and precision. Pausing occasionally, he would explain to me how Mr. W—th, or Mr. ——, or the celebrated Mr. D—bble, sang the same. At these times, we sang, also, old anthems, now long since laid away (except now and then that we raise them, as it were, from the dead)—such as "I beheld, and lo!" (from Haydn's Creation,) "The Heavens are telling," &c.

On the Sunday night meetings of which I was speaking, we usually sang "Denmark" towards the close; and for the last, a piece composed, or rather collected, by my father, from the closing passages of four different anthems—one by Dr. Madan, from the "Lock Hospital," and the others by eminent composers. The words were:

To our Almighty King
Wonder and praise—wonder and praise belong.
Praise him above, ye heavenly hosts,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Thine all the glory, man's the boundless bliss.
Shining in immortal bloom!

These passages being very fine, we were all familiar with them, and sang them with great power. They formed, altogether, a very grand Doxology; after singing which, it was my father's custom, with some abruptness, to say, "Good night," and immediately retire.

This was years ago. We meet now—those of us who are left—but more rarely. We sing the same songs; but we are not all here. Some have faded away, and others are scattered about the land. Shall we ever meet again to sing those old tunes? Not here. We can have but an echo of those days now. But we may meet—all meet—in a better home. (May our Father in Heaven grant that this be so.) We may all meet there and sing them again, with the Hosts of Heaven—with the "thousands and thousands, and ten times thousands," who surround the throne of the Lamb, and cease not day nor night, saying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." All gathered at one hearth—father, and mother, and sisters, and brothers—to walk in white robes—to sing there the song of the Redeemed in Glory! Oh, *my Father and my God*, will this be so? All—*all* gathered in that happy home! Will it be so?

I have been, to-night, in one of my sad but joyous moods; silent and bewildered; the images of old friends and old times about me. It is not long since my voice was strong and firm. It is so now; but in this strange humor—this indomitable willfulness of the heart—I have no power over it. I can but sit, speechless, and look up with a trembling hope to the kind Heaven which is over all.

I was sitting, to-night, leaned back in my chair, while T. sat by the hearth, gazing silently upon the dying embers, when my father came in, and without speaking to us, began walking slowly across the room. Presently, he began an old anthem, in a low tone, his voice—a very unusual thing—trembling, and at times almost failing him, while he walked slowly back and forth. The words, as well as I remember them, were "Farewell, farewell, my friends, and God grant that we may meet again, where trouble shall cease and harmony abound." As he finished singing, he turned to me and asked what old piece it was. "Strange," he said, "that I should think of it now. I do not remember of singing it in more than forty years. It must be one of the old pieces we used to sing on Litchfield Hill;" and again he repeated it, slowly, and as if searching carefully for the old tones so long buried—"Farewell, farewell, my friends!"

He retired soon after, but presently returned, with a black leather-covered book (*Songs of the Temple*, 1819,) took a seat by the table, by the side of my wife, and opening the book carefully, turned to an old tune not at all familiar to me, but of a soft and plaintive strain. It was very simple in tone, but exceedingly difficult in its construction. My father sang it through once by himself, and then asked us to sing it with him. I was in that foolish condition I have mentioned—my eyes troubled with tears—and could make no reply. I was, in fact, pretending to sleep. My father looked at me a moment, over his glasses, but said no more, and began singing again—my wife joining with him. These are the words:

'Tis finished, so the Savior cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died;
'Tis finished—yes, the race is run,
The battle's fought—the victory won

They sang it again and again, with the same words. My wife has a sweet voice, and they both sang in low and subdued tones; my father using but little of his usual gesticulation, only raising and lowering his hands slowly, as in prayer. Once, at the close of the verse, he looked at T. with a smile, and remarked, gently, that she did not quite touch a certain note. "But," said he, in the same low tone, "it is very intricate." Again and again, they repeated it, and the words still throb at my heart:

The battle's fought—the victory won!

At length my father rose, bowed, without speaking, and retired. T. came and sat by my me, silently, for a few moments, and went up to her rest.

And now the midnight has come, my friend, and Sunday night is over. I must go now. But I shall still see that picture of youth and age bending over the old book—the calm and prayerful face of T. and the grave but rapt look of my father—I shall still hear, in the morning watch, those sweet, sad tones, and those glorious words:

'Tis finished—yes, the race is run,
The battle's fought—the victory won.

Up-Country Letters.

Wit and Humor.

MOTHER—"Here, Tommy, is some nice castor oil, with orange juice in it."

DOCTOR—"Now don't give it all to Tommy; leave some for me."

TOMMY (who has tasted it before)—"Doctor's a nice man, ma; give it all to the doctor!"

A LEARNED young lady the other evening astonished the company by asking for the "loan of a diminutive, argentiferous, truncated cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations." She wanted a thimble.

A DRUGGIST sent his Irish porter into a darkened cellar; soon after, hearing a noise he went to the opening and called out—"Patrick, keep your eyes skinned!" "Och! duce an eye," roared Pat, "but it's my nose that's skint entirely."

JORUM was told of a supper at which goblets of ice, formed by evaporation, were used, from which to drink champaigne. Jorum heard the story through, and then exclaimed—"Well, *ice ware!*"

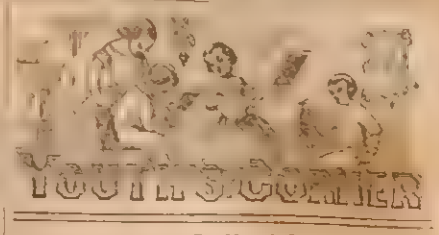
SENTENTIOUS.—The saying that "there is more pleasure in giving than receiving," is supposed to apply chiefly to kicks, medicine and advice."

"MY dear wife, I wish you would try to keep your temper." "My dear husband, I wish you would try and get rid of yours."

THE world should have its docket called, and sluggards all defaulted, and those should be the "upper ten" whom labor has exalted.

THE man who undertook to blast his neighbor's prospects, used too short a fuse, and got blown up himself.

WHY is a screech-owl like a fiddler? Because he makes a *vile lingo* (violin go.)



For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

A MAN had some barley, oats, peas, and buckwheat, and made a mixture for feed; he found that if he took 1-5 of his oats, ¼ of his peas, ¼ of his barley, and ¼ of his buckwheat, his mixture is worth 73 13-18 cents a bushel. If he takes ⅓ of each, his mixture is worth 68 4-57 cents a bushel. If he takes all his grain, his mixture is worth 70 2 7 cents a bushel. If he takes all of his oats and peas, his mixture is worth 71 3-7 cents a bushel. How many bushels of each, also the price of each kind of grain?

C. L. CUDEBEC.

Allen Centre, N. Y., 1859.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

PREMIUM ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

To each of the three persons (not residents of Rochester,) who send us first correct answers to above Rebus, within TWO WEEKS, we will send the RURAL NEW-YORKER for three months.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 16 letters.
My 14, 4, 8, 7 was a distinguished archer.
My 1, 5, 13, 2, 3 was the surname of an American General.
My 10, 7, 16, 11 is an insect whose bite is annoying.
My 15, 9, 1 is a common play with boys.
My 6, 12 is an adverb.
My whole was a distinguished French General.

Knowlesville, N. Y., 1859. T. F. BROWN.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GRAMMATICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 48 letters.
My 6, 10, 8, 28, 48 is an adverb.
My 21, 26, 5, 45 is a preposition.
My 16, 12, 39, 22 is an interjection.
My 14, 4, 8, 13 is a conjunction.
My 27, 46, 33 is a verb.
My 1, 35, 43 is a pronoun.
My 47, 22, 44, 40 is an adjective.
My 2, 18, 36 is an adverb.
My 7, 20, 15 is an interjection.
My 4, 9, 11 is a verb.
My 19, 25, 29 is an adverb.
My 24, 6, 24, 37 is a conjunction.
My 17, 42, 23 is a verb.
My 31, 41, 30 is a pronoun.
My 9, 38 is a preposition.
My whole is one of the Proverbs of Solomon.

Pultney, Steu. Co., N. Y., 1859. LOIS J. PARKER.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 475.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Overland Mail Route.
Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Grevious words stir up anger.
Answer to Geometrical Problem: 4.810 plus feet.
Answer to Mathematical Problem:—4.8922889 plus feet, or 4 feet 10.586857 plus inches.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

The Rural New Yorker is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the Rural an eminently Reliable Guide on all the Important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper in America.

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DIVISION OF LABOR.

Those who have not given attention to the subject can form no adequate idea of how much is gained by a judicious division of labor. By its adoption in manufactories, scores of articles in daily and general use are so cheapened as to come within the means of all, adding much to the comfort of the people, which, without this system, would be classed among the luxuries to be enjoyed only by the opulent. Such small and simple articles as the pin and needle, pass through half a dozen different operations, each one being a trade to which a class of operatives devote their entire time and skill. In the making of the steel pen there are about twenty operations, and most of these are distinct trades. By confining themselves to one work the operatives acquire a skill and expertness truly surprising, and which could never be gained was the whole work of making a pen committed to one set of workers. In all our manufactures the same system is practiced, to the mutual advantage of those who make and those who use.

The farmer, in common with others, enjoys the benefits of this system, but we have thought that from it he might derive some useful hints as to the best way of conducting his own business; and while we make this remark we freely admit that his circumstances are unfavorable to its general adoption. He trades his corn, and wheat, and butter, and cheese, with the mechanic for plows and wagons, boots and clothes; with the store-keeper for tea, coffee and cotton cloth; or, what is the same thing, sells his produce in the market to procure money to pay for them. That this kind of division of labor is of mutual advantage no one will doubt, for the farmer can raise the wheat and butter to pay the shoemaker and blacksmith much easier than he could make his boots or shoe his horses, while the shoemaker and blacksmith can earn what wheat and corn they need much easier and cheaper by trades at which they are skillful, than in a bungling attempt to grow it for themselves, for at this they would work to great disadvantage.

Of the advantages of a division of labor thus far, or rather an exchange of labor, there can be no question. But a division of the legitimate business of the farm, between those engaged in it, assigning to each his peculiar work, is difficult from the nature of the work itself. It is so diversified in its character, differing at each season—each week during vegetation bringing its own peculiar business, that an advantageous division of labor seems almost impossible. Then, at particular seasons, such as planting, haying, harvesting, &c., all the available strength of the farm must be directed to the special and all-absorbing work on hand.—Still, we have seen on large and well managed farms in another land, a very judicious system of division of labor almost as perfect as in a well regulated factory, where every man had a particular work assigned him—where one class did little but ditch and drain—to another was given especial charge of the horses, and they were held responsible for their care—another had the cattle to manage—another the sheep, &c. The most intelligent and trusty man in each of these classes was denominated a foreman, under whose direction the others acted, and he received a higher salary than the others as a compensation for greater responsibility and usefulness, and as an incentive to the faithful performance of duty. How far this plan might be adopted to advantage in this country, we leave to our readers to say. Our circumstances are different. Here farms are small, and but little labor is generally employed beyond the farmer and his sons, with, in some cases, a hired man. We have no doubt, however, that something might be done in this way, for we think we have seen sad neglect as well as waste of labor for want of some system of the kind. It is an old saying, and true, that "what is everybody's business is nobody's," and we have all observed with what pleasure and pride even a little boy will care for a colt or a calf, or do any other work, when he understands that it is committed to him as his special department of labor. He feels a pride in being trusted, a pleasure in responsibility. From this principle in our nature—so fraught with good, if properly directed, and so early developed—may we not learn the great advantage of dividing labor, and responsibility, as a means of educating young farmers and securing the diligent performance of the work, and in the best possible manner? By this means not only the labor of the hands is secured, but the head is engaged.

But, in these rather rambling, though we hope not altogether unprofitable thoughts, we have strayed from the subject on which we proposed to merely make a few remarks. The question has been asked a score of times the past month or so, whether the experience of the past season was such as to warrant farmers in planting *Chinese Sugar Cane* the present spring. We have watched this matter pretty closely, and what facts we have learned we will freely state, with such inferences as we think fairly drawn from the facts presented. The Chinese Cane will ripen sufficiently for making syrup wherever corn is a sure crop. An acre of good cane will produce from two to three hundred gallons of good syrup, worth at least fifty cents a gallon. It is no more trouble to raise a good crop of the Chinese Sugar Cane than a crop of corn.

From these facts, which we consider established, our readers may infer that this is the best and most profitable crop that a farmer can raise. But, before admitting this conclusion, we will state some other facts which have come under our observation. We have known persons raise very good crops of cane, waste a good deal of time and patience in a vain attempt to extract the juice and make syrup, with imperfect machinery, little knowledge and less skill, and at last give up in despair, pronouncing the whole thing a humbug. We have known others to stack their canes, waiting until other work was out of the way for a convenient time to commence manufacturing syrup, when the canes became mouldy and the juice soured and spoiled. Others have raised the cane in abundance, but the work of making syrup seemed so formidable that it was never attempted. Others we have known who determined to engage in the manufacture of syrup on a pretty large scale, and constructed expensive machinery, which proved faulty in some respects, requiring repeated alterations until the season was about over—proving an unprofitable investment for the one season, at last. One farmer, in this vicinity, not laying claim to much mechanical skill, but of good sound sense and an investigating mind, had a mill and boiling pans made, which cost about three hundred dollars. He made syrup from his own canes, and then manufactured for his neighbors on shares. The expense was, of course, more the past year than it would be after a season's experience, but we believe he cleared enough to pay all expenses, with a first-rate mill for grinding the canes and other apparatus on hand for another season. One gentleman raised about a quarter of an acre of cane, had it made into syrup "on shares," and obtained over thirty gallons of good syrup to pay him for the trouble of cultivating a quarter of an acre, which he considered a fine investment.

The great difficulty is in making the syrup. Any farmer can grow the canes. It is a manufacturing operation in which farmers cannot, as a general thing, profitably engage. Would the sugar cane of the South succeed as well here as it does in the most favorable Southern clime, we do not think our farmers could grow it in small quantities, as they do the Chinese cane, and make sugar, at a profit. In this, we must have a division of labor. Could some enterprising man in each town be induced to study the subject, and erect the proper works, then farmers could grow the cane with confidence, and farmers and manufacturers might realize a large profit; or the farmers in each district might unite in a *Joint Stock Company*, and by paying a few dollars each, mills and apparatus of the best kind could be procured and a competent person employed to superintend the operation. Until this, or something like this is done, which no doubt will be before long, we cannot urge farmers to grow the Chinese cane, with the expectation of procuring either sugar or syrup. Care, skill and experience are essential to success; the two former few possess, and of the latter all are alike destitute. We would discourage none yet we would have all understand the difficulties they will have to encounter.

ANOTHER PREMIUM FARM HOUSE.

The accompanying engraving is a very good representation of the farm house to which the Committee awarded the Second Premium, as announced in our issue of January 1st. It was built, and is still occupied by H. B. Hart, Esq., of this County. Mr. H. furnishes a fine description of his house and its conveniences, and we commend his interesting remarks to all our readers:

Friend Moore.—In compliance with your request, I herewith present a plan, elevation, &c., of my dwelling house, which stands upon the northwest of four corners, fronting east and south, which was designed for a farm house. It was built of wood, in the years 1855 and '56, on walls two feet thick.

The Cellar is eight feet in the clear, its size 32x36—16x26, with outside stairs 8 feet high, 4 feet 8 inches wide, leading into the wood-house, and consequently accessible at all seasons of the year. Cement bottom, three inches thick, composed of one barrel water-lime to four of fine gravel. There has been no frost or water in the cellar since we have occupied it. Ten windows with frieze grates outside. Never have banked the walls outside, the depth of cellar and thickness of walls (as I believe) being a sufficient guard against frost.

The Upright or Main Building is 32x36, 18 feet posts. Lower story 9 feet high in the clear; the upper, 7 feet 8 inches. Wing, 26x32, 12 feet posts. Lower story 9 feet in the clear. Wood House, 20 feet square, with floors above and below.

The outside is sheeted upon studs 2x5, 12 inches apart, with matched pine boards, then clapboarded, 1½ inch lap, and 3½ inches to the weather. Lower floors yellow, or pitch pine, upper white pine. A cistern, containing when full, 100 barrels of water.

I do not claim that the exterior appearance of our house is superior, or even equal, to hundreds of others, excepting, perhaps, that in the limited space occupied by the front stoop, (saving much room inside,) yet still presenting a very neat and imposing appearance. The interior arrangement, after an occupancy of two years, meets our most sanguine expectations, and I am of the opinion that the interior plans for, or arrangements of, most of our farm houses are too hastily matured, or in many instances left to architects or builders, without consulting the Farmer's Wife, who, of all others, should know, and does know, more about the real comforts and conveniences of a good farm house, than a score of those who make high pretentions to these matters. It is a well settled fact, that in the rural districts the ever faithful companion of the farmer, (of ordinary material means,) does, in every well regulated farm house, perform much, very much, of the labor with her own hands. How important and necessary then, that every convenience and comfort that can possibly be attained, be secured in the construction of the farm house. If only one step can be saved in going to and returning from the kitchen to the cellar, the pantry, the dining-room, the cistern, &c., how many will it save in a day, a month, a year? We will appeal to that patient class, farmers' wives, daughters, and servants, who are compelled to pass through the whole length of a dining-room to the pantry, or through the pantry and a sleeping-room to get to the cellar stairs; or, are compelled to run through dining-room and parlor to get up stairs; or, have the shins of half a dozen stalwart men (especially in the morning) to step over, or pass around to get to the cook-stove, and as many eyes scanning the movements of the already half-faint cook, while she is preparing the meal, to answer!

By referring to the plan, it will be seen that this important and desirable end—convenience for performing the work of the house—has been, as far as possible, secured. One desirable advantage we have attained, is in the location of the *dish and wash sinks*, both discharging into the same sewer, into which all the water from one entire side of the house is conducted, cleansing and purifying the same at every shower. Another advantage we claim over many good farm houses is, that the *kitchen* is in a *pleasant* part of the house—unlike too many cook-rooms, that have more of the aspect of a prison than a place for lovely woman to dwell in. The attention of the reader is also called to the *pantry*, (usually another of those little dark places,) which is lighted by two large windows, (but which may be darkened if desired,) and containing a large *dish cupboard* and *six smaller ones*, for various other uses; also, numerous *drawers*, a *cooling shelf*, and four *flour chests*, capacious enough to hold the flour from twenty bushels of grain.

We also think it a great convenience to have one *bed-room* contiguous to the *nursery*, in case of protracted sickness in the family. Many costly farm houses have but one sleeping-room on the first floor, which we have known from experience to be exceedingly inconvenient. Another convenience we find in having ward-robes, or clothes' presses, near each sleeping-room and nursery. One more decidedly comfortable arrangement is that the *floors*, both upper and lower, are each *upon a level*. No steps to rise in the whole house save the main stairs.

PREMIUM FARM HOUSE—No. II.

It may be a question with some farmers whether a house without a *fire-place* is complete. I will answer by saying that, we have a building (and the like may be had by any farmer at a trifling expense) within sixty feet of the house, in which we have a cauldron kettle, a good fire-place, &c., in which we can do all of what is usually called dirty work, without even the scent of grease about the dwelling.

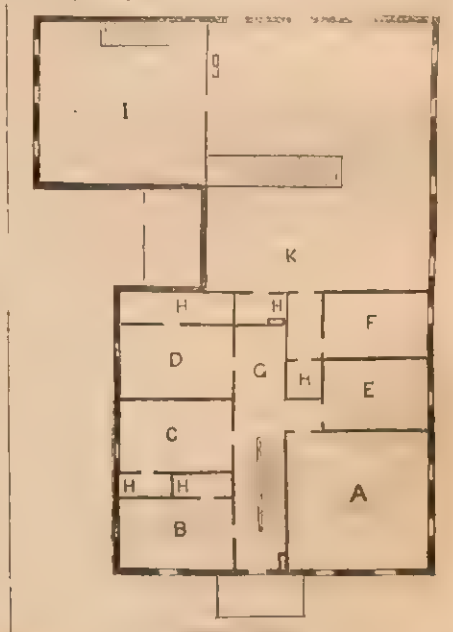
My mechanics were all employed by the day, and the whole work is done in a good, neat, and substantial manner. It would undoubtedly have cost less money had it been done by the job, but I think would not be as cheap in the end. The *cost* of this house might be an objection with some, but I preferred (on the score of economy even,) putting the whole under one roof, rather than be under the necessity of adding a part of a house every two or three years, at the cost of half the price of a whole one—and, in addition to that, the mortification of not having a house that pleases at last. The cost of my house, in round numbers, was $3,000, exclusive of my own team work, and the board of hands.

I fear I have already embodied too much in this description, but it seemed (to me, at least,) necessary to get a correct idea of the thing, that thus much should be stated. H. B. Hart.

Rush, N. Y., 1859

FIRST FLOOR.

A, Parlor 16x16. B, Bed-Room 8x18. C, Living-Room 16x19. D, Nursery 12x18. E, Dining-Room 16x22. F, Cook-Room 12x16. G, Pantry 7x16. H, Hall 7x16. J, Wash-Room 9x16. K, Wood-House 20x20. P, Bed-Room 8x8. *a, a*, Closets. *b b*, Sinks.



SECOND FLOOR.

A, Chamber 16x16. B, C, and D, Chambers, each 8x12. E and F, Chambers 8x10. G, Hall 7x27 8 in. K, Sleeping-Room 20x32. I, Store-Room 20x20. H, H, H, H, H, Closets.

THE SOUTHERN TIER—THE DAIRY REGION.

In the opinion of my friends, I owe an apology to "Steuben and Cattaraugus" for making them symbolize the icebergs and the barrens—not quite so bad as that—I accused them of "hard pan" and "grass." Now, the first is a questionable compliment, but the last is no crime. A recent visit in that quarter brought to mind an able essay in the New York *Tribune* on the "dairy region," written by a regular contributor of the Rural New-Yorker, in which it was demonstrated that the dairy region proper in the United States, was mainly confined to Northern Pennsylvania, Southern New York, and the region bordering on Lake Erie. New England is included, and Eastern New York, but from proximity to great markets, the soil must be devoted to the varied wants of a city population.

Grass will grow, and cows will live in most sections of the United States, but it is manifest that localities differ in their fitness for particular products. In general, grass is not the *forte* of the western prairies. The deep, rich, dry soil of our Southern and Western States is peculiarly adapted to corn—a crop of great excellence and worth, while wheat, oats, barley, &c., are extensively and profitably raised. Grass, *fresh* and *sweet*, suitable for the best quality of dairy products, with soft, pure, enduring water, belongs to the high lands, and the showery region of Southern New York, and the contiguous country. *This is emphatically the dairy region!* Dairying does not suit the habits of the Western people; it requires attention to details, method and exactness. These are not, and for a long time will not be the distinguishing characteristics of the Western people—they live in a "*great country*"—they must do things by wholesale.

Good firkin dairy butter readily commands twenty cents a pound, and cheese, though somewhat depressed the present season, brings remunerating prices. If Sylvester Graham was "Autocrat of the breakfast table," butter might have a thinner spread, and enter more sparingly into the condiments that grace or disgrace the *board*—as it is, our palates govern with very little deference to *constitutional* provisions, and *butter*, the great antidote to leanness and insipidity, seems likely to pervade all the cracks and crevices of our cookery, playing a wide, and still wider part in domestic affairs.

The "dairy region" must rise in the world, it will never become obsolete, its "shadow will never be less." As the world progresses we have nicer discriminations—a slight degree of taint, a moderately bad odor, signifies nothing with the barbarian,—at the "Astor," or the "St. Nicholas" such

irrelevant manifestations would excite a popular commotion that would throw a modern French Revolution into the shade. This growing accuracy of estimate, this delicacy of appreciation will render it necessary to study adaptation and capabilities. When people will no longer content themselves with the second and third rate, producers will find it convenient to put themselves into a shape to supply the "extra." If people will have fruit of delicate and exquisite flavor, the soil and climate which can supply that demand will be diligently sought out and consecrated to fruit growing. If dark bread will not do, the white, plump, clear kernel will claim its proper place—the midge permitting—melons will take the rich, sandy soils, and potatoes run the guantlet—"electricity" on one side, and the "bugs," with their coadjutors, on the other.

Dairying, too, has its domain. A difference of, say from *three to ten* cents per pound in the market value of butter, is a financial consideration that men may disregard, while society and business are in a chrysalis state; but in process of time, facilities for making the best article will be sought out and improved. Then the real dairy region will be known. Southern New York is elevated land, as any one may see by observing the course of the streams; these high lands arrest the floating vapor, and bring down the showers,—vegetation is fresh and sweet. White clover, the delight of dairy-maids, is indigeneous. "Limestone and hard-water"—abominations in butter-making, according to A. B. Dickinson, Esq.—have prudently kept themselves away. The bovine herd is not forced to elaborate sweet cream from tad-poles and wigglers found in rain water cisterns and stagnant pools—the pure spring water has a perpetual flow—vegetation has not a rank overgrowth in the spring, as in some of the more Southern latitudes, which remains dry and dead for the remainder of the year—in short, everything conspires to make it a dairy region. As such it will distinguish itself

Doubtless much remains to be done, but first of all its inhabitants should appreciate their eminent opportunities—knowing what their *forte* is, they should act accordingly. How to get a good crop of good grass is the first great consideration.—This will be treated in a subsequent article.

A judicious selection of dairy stock will next claim attention. I know, from actual observation and experience, that it is possible to get a large supply of good milk from compact, symmetrical, easy to keep, and good-to-look-at cows. We should give unremitting and assiduous attention to our dairy stock. A cow's antecedents, like a President's, should be all right. *Sire* and *dam* should be from good milking, healthy and thrifty stock, and nothing else. Avoid, as you would pestilence, all crosses with individuals and families that don't "run to milk," or are otherwise defective..

Barns, stables, and all requisite appendages should be provided after the best plans. High keeping is the height of economy. Good pastures, good hay, (cut in season and carefully made,) wheat bran, corn and buckwheat meal, apples, roots, &c., should not be withheld especially in the spring.—Providence will bless in this as in other things, a diligent use of the means.—H. T. B.

THE APIARY.—MANAGEMENT OF BEES.

Eds. Rural:—Heartily do I endorse the suggestions of Mr. Benj. Simmons in regard to wintering bees,—they are excellent so far as they go, and to neglect such precautions would certainly prove fatal to the bees,—but there is something more needed to winter bees successfully in this locality. I have never lost bees to any extent from the causes he wishes bee-keepers to guard against—have never used thin boards for hives, (never less than 1 inch to 1¼ thick,) but can see no difference in favor of thick boards—neither can I see the philosophy of thick stuff to prevent the changes in atmospheric temperature affecting the bees. According to this reasoning, the thicker the stuff used for hives, the better—and, also, if so thick that atmospheric changes would not be felt at all, would be perfectly useless to the bees, and they would perish from confinement

Something else is wanting to the successful wintering bees here. If some plan could be devised to keep bees in their hives in a cool and dry temperature—say from November 1st to May 1st—would be the thing. I have tried various plans, but with unsatisfactory results—such as burying them like potatoes, but the combs will mold, being too damp—putting them in the cellar—and by constructing a building, the walls of which were filled in with spent tan-bark. All these have failed.

The mere having abundance of honey to winter the bees through is not sufficient, for swarms that have a great surplus of honey in the spring, do not do any better, or swarm earlier, than those that have barely enough honey to carry them through. They want protection from our raw, cold, backward spring months, which deplete their numbers seriously, thereby retarding swarming until so late that the young swarms cannot possibly make comb and gather honey enough to winter upon. Now, under this state of things, how can bees be kept successfully and profitably? Can any one suggest a remedy through the Rural?—if so, they will oblige others, as well as T. L.

Apiary Cottage, Cat. Co., N. Y., 1859.

Cost of Draining in Ontario County.—At the winter meeting of the Ontario Co. Ag. Society, the competitors for premiums on Draining were to report. Two premiums were offered "for the greatest number of rods of tile or stone drains put down in the year 1858, said drains to be not less than two and one-half feet deep." The successful persons were Wm. Johnson of Seneca, and Thomas Tuttle of Gorham. Mr. J. laid 604 rods of drains, two inch tile, at a cost of 31½ cents per rod; and 144 rods of drains, of six inch tile, costing 70 cents per rod. These drains were put on nine and a half acres of land. Mr. T. put down 500 rods—2,000 tile were one and one-half inch; the balance of the tile were 2 inch. There were some few rods of stone drains. The tile drains cost 28 cents per rod, and the stone drains cost 37½ cents per rod.

A small farm, well tilled and manured, will give more profit than a large one with the same labor and amount of fertilizing material.

TO KILL TICKS ON SHEEP.

Eds. Rural:—In your issue of the 19th ult., J. W. Salsbury wishes to know a cure for Ticks on Sheep. Bountiful feeding and comfortable shelter is a great preventive, but it will not eradicate them after they have made a permanent settlement, and it is an injury to the sheep to wash them in tobacco water in cold weather, and at this season of the year, the wool is too long for that operation; but Scotch snuff applied to the skin, where the ticks are located, will make them decamp immediately. Separate the wool carefully, lengthwise of the sheep, take the snuff with the thumb and fingers and apply it on the skin, closing the wool after it. If the Ticks are all over the body, apply two or three rows on each side, (avoiding the back,) from head to tail; but if they are only located on particular parts, apply it freely there, and they will soon decamp. If the Ticks are very plenty, take time and do the work thoroughly. When sheep are much infected with Ticks in the Spring, about two weeks after shearing they will leave the old sheep and go upon the lambs, then dip the lambs in tobacco water, and you get clear of the nuisances for a time.—W. G., *Wheatland, N. Y.*

Messrs. Eds.:—In answer to Mr. Salsbury's inquiry in the Rural of Feb. 19th, I would say that if his flock really demands some antidote at his hands before warm weather comes, that the following may be relied on as sure to kill *every time*.—For one hundred *sheep*, take six pounds good tobacco, or its equivalent in poorer, say ten pounds, steep it, (not boil,) in a number of waters until the strength is all out, strain it through a fanning-mill seive, and add to it half a pail full of good strong ley, and two quarts of salt. If your tobacco is good, and sheep not very bad, it may do without the last two articles. Now for the operation. Provide yourself with two hands to hold your sheep, by laying them down first on the side, now take an old tin tea-pot, and commence pouring the whole length of the sheep, by parting the wool, taking care to so hold up the wool, and rub it in, as to have it find its way nearly all over the skin, without losing your liquid in the wool. It is better to give a little time for it to run in than to hasten the operation. Serve both sides as above, then stand the sheep up, and serve the back in the same way, taking particular care not to miss the shoulder, using about one to two quarts on each, according to condition of Ticks, and size of sheep. One quart for lambs, if strong liquid and properly applied, will cure, or rather, kill, the first time. As dipping in winter, with all the wool on, is rather laborious, and takes too much tobacco, Scotch snuff will prove good, but will not penetrate every part like liquid tobacco. My flock of long wool lambs I found were fast going, and on examination found them perfectly black with Ticks—very poor, and three already dead. I prepared myself as above, three days ago, and doctored them, and now I find, where the tobacco was applied, not one live Tick is to be seen, but all dead, not having had time even to escape. Three men will doctor, if they work lively, about ten per hour, and do it right. But I consider one ounce of prevention better than a pound of cure. Dip your lambs within one or two weeks after shearing, in tobacco water, when the Ticks will all be on them, and you will not have cause to doctor again, if properly cared for—*that is*, shelter, bedding, *racks*, *water*, and *food* sufficient. I close my Sheep Tick article, by expressing my gratification in the perusal of such articles as Mr. M. Adams' on Gravel Roads—a much needed reform; also Mr. G. W. Thomas' expose of the Jack Lantern, or, as he calls them, Standard bearers in Agriculture.—D. R. Prindle, *East Bethany, N. Y.*, 1859.

Messrs. Eds.:—J. W. Salsbury, wishes to know through the Rural, how to get rid of Ticks on Sheep. I will state what I believe to be an easy and sure remedy to dispose of Ticks on Sheep, and effectually destroy Lice on Cattle. I have for many years, been in the habit of keeping on hand through the fall, and winter, a full supply of salt and sulphur where my stock could have free access to it at all times. I take three parts salt to one of sulphur. Now, if J. W. Salsbury will let his lambs have a full supply at all times, my word for it, the Ticks will very soon take up their line of march, and will not return as long as the stock is cared for in this way. The sulphur works in the blood of the animal, and is a great preventive of many fatal diseases to which our domestic animals are heir. The above preparation is also good for horses. I have been a farmer for the last twenty years, and have been possessor of all the above named animals, and to the best of my recollection, have had no Ticks, or diseased animals.—Avery Williams, *New Berlin Centre, N. Y.*, 1859.

FEEDING ROOTS IN WINTER.

Farmers very generally declaim against feeding roots in winter to their farm stock. What few they raise are generally hurried off to market in the fall, or fed out without stint or measure until all are out of the way. In our long, severe winters stock need the best of care in order to hold their own, to say nothing of keeping them growing, or from losing flesh. So long kept confined without green food, their digestion becomes impaired, and costiveness, or an unhealthy looseness, is liable to attack them in turn. Horses, sheep, and cattle, suffer from these causes, and it is no uncommon thing in winter to find it evidenced by the thin and soft, or hard and waxy character of the droppings of different animals.

In all such cases the stock are suffering for some food, offering a closer substitute to their natural one—fresh grass. Roots should at this time be fed "as a medicine," if for nothing more. The change in the appearance of a herd with a good supply of roots, even once or twice each week in mid-winter, from that presented when without them, furnishes to all who try the experiment sufficient evidence of their value.

We are quite confident that all stock can be wintered more cheaply when supplied with roots than without them. The [illegible] the necessity of roots, and when cattle are wintered on straw their digestive organs need the [illegible] of green food in this form far more than when confined on hay or other forage.

Niagara Co., N. Y., 1859. H.

OAK SHINGLES. THEIR DURABILITY.

Eds. Rural:—In answer to Mr. Martin Smith, of Wheatland, N. Y., I will give a little of my experience on this subject. I have been in Michigan most of the time since 1853, and for the greater portion of the time in Livingston county. I do not know where Mr. Smith's friend could have lived in Michigan, for, as far as my knowledge extends, there is no place in this State where people are using oak shingles to any extent. In this section of the country oak shingles are worth $1 25, and pine $3 00 per thousand; still, pine are used almost invariably for any thing of a decent building. I have one shed covered with pine, and another on which are oak, white wood, and black ash, and the latter is much the best of any except the pine. Mr. Smith's friend says oak looks well. I wish he was here to take a look at the different kinds, as I think he never would go to New York State and make another such statement. I have a barn which has been built twenty years, and, during that period, it has been covered twice with oak. I covered one side with pine last summer, and intend to cover the other side with the same material next spring.—L. Hartsorn, *Unadilla, Mich.*, 1859.

Messrs. Eds:—Having noticed an inquiry relative to oak shingles in a January number of your Rural, I would say that they are not made like pine shingles. In the first place the timber is sawed off the required length—say eighteen inches long—then it is split into what is called bolts. These latter are put into a large vat which is filled with steam and kept so until the wood is thoroughly steamed through. The bolts are then taken out and cut into shingles by a machine for that purpose. The knife being concave-shaped, it, of course, cracks the shingles more or less in cutting, so that when exposed to the rays of the sun, (unless care be taken to lay the cylindrical side up,) your roof has the appearance of a tile roof. At the best they don't make a handsome roof; it is a very good one, however, but not equal to pine. The price of the oak is $1 50 per thousand, and for pine, $3 50. The pine is used by many here at these figures.—D. Ingraham, *Hillsdale Co., Mich.*, 1859.

Messrs. Eds.:—Concerning oak shingles, I would say, in this part of Michigan we think but very little of them, although quite extensively used on account of the cost. Pine is much better, and preferred by good judges of both, at about twice the cost of oak. Roofs that were put on 20 or 25 years ago, have had to be newly roofed once or twice since, and pine that was put on at the same time stands good yet, and bids fair to stand the storms for ten or fifteen years to come.—R. W. N., *Jackson Co., Mich.*, 1859.

Messrs. Eds.:—I noticed, in a January number of the Rural, an article from Martin Smith, of Wheatland, N. Y., stating he had been informed, by a resident of Michigan, that the people here were covering their *best* houses with oak shingles. This may be so, but the instances are rare. I have resided here twelve years, and oak shingles are used to some extent in this locality, but I have never known an instance where they were used on a building worthy a good roof. They are manufactured, in some cases, similar to pine, but there are different modes of laying them. I do not consider them worthy of further notice.—A. F. Field, *Cohoctah, Mich.*, 1859.

Inquiries and Answers.

Filtering Cistern.

Will a large pine cistern tub, sunk in ground, and fitted for filtering by packing one side of the partition, with charcoal and sand, (as directed in the Rural,) *preserve* the water fit for table use? Will said filtering materials *harden* the water in any degree so as to unfit it for washing?—A Canadian Reader.

The filtering material will not harden the water the least. For a while the water will be much *softer* than unfiltered water, in consequence of the small quantity of wood ashes that will be in the charcoal. This might be prevented by washing the coal. If the filter was well made the water would be fit for use, but for furnishing water for table use we would prefer a small filter that, in addition to the packing, would hold two or three buckets of water. Anything out of order would be noticed immediately, and cleaning or re-packing would be but very little trouble. It might be placed in a good clean cellar, or any other convenient position.

Blue and Red Ink.

Will you, or some of the numerous readers of the Rural, please give me a good recipe for making Red Ink, and also Blue?—C., *New York*, 1859.

For *Blue Ink*, dissolve indigo in oil of vitriol and add water until you have the shade of color required. Then add as much potash, or soda, as the liquid will bear without injury to its color.—Another method is to mix in a glass bottle one ounce of powdered Prussian blue with two ounces of muriatic acid. Let it stand 24 hours, then dilute with water, and it is ready for use. There are a dozen methods of making *Red Ink*, differing but little. In fact, ink of any color may be made from strong decoctions of the ingredients used in dying, mixed with a little alum and gum arabic.—The following makes a very good red ink. Stale beer, or vinegar, 1 pint; cochineal, bruised, 1 dram; gum arabic 1 ounce; ground Brazil 2 ounces; alum 2 ounces; boil moderately for three or four hours and strain.

Hungarian Grass Seed.—(*W. L. L., Sharon Spa, N. Y.*)—The nature of *Hungarian Grass* is not understood by many who ask questions.—Though called a grass, it is more of the nature of *Millet* in its growth and appearance. It cannot, therefore, be sown on winter wheat or barley, or spring grain. It needs a good soil, and clean, to insure a crop. It is generally sown broadcast, but we think would do full as well drilled in. A bushel will sow about three acres. Seed can be obtained of the seed-dealers in this city at $5 per bushel.

Tobacco.—(*A. R., Williamsville, N. Y.*)—The information needed about this crop, you will find in the Rural of February 26th. The *Osage Orange*, all things considered, is the best plant for a hedge fence, we know of.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Effects of Temperature on Wool.

From an article on this subject in the *American Stock Journal*, we make the following extract:—"Of all our domestic animals, perhaps none more speedily adapts itself to a change of climate than the sheep. As a wool-bearing animal, its natural habitat seems to be a temperate climate, and it is a noticeable fact that the culture of fine wool has been pursued with little success in latitudes where the temperature is either extremely hot or cold.—Extreme cold tends to check the secretion of the oily substance which furnishes the principal nourishment to the fibres of wool, and also keeps it in a soft and pliant condition. Extreme heat also injures the quality of the wool, by tending to promote excessive evaporation, and thus rendering the fibre harsh and brittle. Every breeder of fine-wooled sheep, must have noticed that immediately after shearing, the wool remaining upon the sheep becomes harsh, dry and stiff. This is owing to the exposure of the skin to the sun and wind, which renders it hard and dry, thus nearly closing the glands which secrete the yolk or oily matter, that is so necessary to the healthy growth and condition of the wool.

All successful breeders of fine-wooled sheep very well understand the importance of protecting them from the sudden changes of temperature so common in our variable climate; but a large majority of farmers seem to have only a faint idea of the importance of this; and very many appear to imagine that an abundance of hay fed at the stack in the open meadow with a little grain, is all that is required. It is true that sheep, by liberal feeding, may be kept in fair condition without shelter, but although the condition of the carcass be maintained, and the animal appear thrifty, the *quality* of the fleece will most certainly deteriorate. This will in many cases account for the want of success which has followed the attempts of some farmers to grow fine wool. They have, perhaps, procured breeding animals of superior quality, and kept them in high condition, confidently expecting that they will be able to show a better clip of wool than their neighbors. But their sheep miss the dry yards and warm shelter provided for them by him who bred them, and within two years, yes, within a twelve-month, the purchaser finds that the peculiar fineness and softness of the fleece has gone, and he perhaps fancies there was some trickery on the part of the seller, by which he was deceived, and that the wool was never, in fact, as good as he thought it. Farmers who have any reason to believe that they have been imposed upon in this way, or who think that the quality of their wool is deteriorating, will do well to visit the flock of some more successful breeder, and if they find the care and management of the latter differs in any material respect from their own, it is but reasonable to suspect that their own is wrong."

Good vs. Bad Breeds of Hogs.

The editor of the *Valley Farmer* knows what a good porker is "at sight"—never waiting for his demise and visit to the pork-barrel—and converses as powerfully on porcine matters as some men "talk horse." Hear him:—"Reader, did you ever see a shoat while rooting, kick up every time he bored his nose into the ground, as if trying to stand on his head? If so, don't buy him; he will not prove a profitable feeder. We might call this a sub-soil variety. Did you ever see a hog that would grab an ear of corn and run a quarter of a mile before he would stop to eat? If so, beware. We will place such in the same category, and for the sake of distinction we will call them Elm peelers. Did you ever see a tall, slab-sided, long-legged, razor-backed breed that were always hungry, and when opportunity required, would climb up to where the rails in the fence were some distance apart, and then either slip through a crack or throw off a few rails and jump over? If so, don't purchase unless you are a small farmer and can't possibly build corn-cribs. We might, perhaps, call these free-soilers, else barn-burners. Did you ever see a slim, dead-alive kind of thing, that would get so poor as to be obliged to trot before and canter behind when required to get up motion, and still not die; its eyes both coming out at the same hole, or at least so near it that the hog appeared cross-eyed? If so, let us pass the dismal picture and simply call them old-liners. All these breeds may may be described as follows:—Long ears, large, heavy heads, long and thick legs, a streak of lean underneath a thick grizzle, and that covered with a thick, tough hide, with abundance of bristles, and in fine a great amount of offal of every description.

Such animals have no thriftiness, no capacity to fatten, and very little about them that is digestible after they are killed. Pick for a hog with a small, clean head, rather small bone, body low to the ground, long and square; hams full and round, disposition quiet and pleasant. Such a hog will always ensure a good return. If you can come across such hogs, whether called Berkshire, Woburn, Suffolk, Grazier, or what not, get some and try them. They will not disappoint you. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Oats—How Much Seed to the Acre?

The Massachusetts Board of Agriculture tried the following experiment at the State Farm at Westborough. Five acres were marked out, treated alike, and sowed to oats broadcast. Four received 100 pounds of plaster to the acre; the fifth none. They were sown with various quantities of seed, April 27th and 28th, harvested July 28th, and threshed Sept. 3d, with the following results:

No. 1	sowed with	5	bushels,	yielded 42	bushels.
No. 2	" "	4	"	" 35¼	"
No. 3	" "	[illegible]	"	" 40	"
No. 4	" "	2	"	" 26¾	"

The acre not plastered yielded 20⅓ bushels. The grain on all the lots weighed about twenty-eight pounds to the bushel, except lot No. 1, on which both grain and straw were lightest. This shows greatly in favor of three bushels on land of good quality.

The advent of March should be met with notes of preparation for the Summer Campaign. "Always ready" is the motto for up-to-time Farmers.

Agricultural Miscellany.

An Agricultural Bureau has been established in Massachusetts, by the Legislature.

State Fairs for 1859.—New York, at Albany, Oct. 4th to 7th inclusive. Ohio, at Zanesville, Sept. 20th—23d. Vermont, at Burlington, Sept. 13th—15.

The Jefferson Co. Fair for 1859 is to be held on the Society's Grounds, in Watertown, on the 21st and 22d of September.

The Homestead Farm, advertised by Mr. Geo. Sherer, of Wheatland, is one of the most valuable in the Genesee Valley.

The Locusts Coming.—Dr. O. B. Smith, of Baltimore, predicts the appearance of locusts, the present spring, in Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, Tennessee, Georgia and Mississippi. They belong to the tribe of thirteen and seventeen years locusts.

The South Countryman is the title of a new Agricultural monthly published at Marietta, Geo.—$1 per annum. C. W. Howard, Editor; W. H. Hoyt, publisher. No. 1 indicates zeal and energy in behalf of the cause of improvement at the South.

American Stock Journal.—We have unintentionally neglected to state that what was the "Vt. Stock Journal" is now issued in New York, under the above title, considerably enlarged and decidedly improved in appearance. D. C. Linsley continues as both editor and proprietor. Monthly—32 pages octavo—$1 per annum.

Rushville Union Ag. Society.—Officers for 1859:—*President*—A. S. Thomas, Potter. *Vice-Presidents*—W. B. Sabin, Gorham; A. Foster, Potter; W. N. Perry, Middlesex. *Rec. Sec'y*—John Sayre, Potter. *Cor. Sec'y*—Geo. W. Stearns, Gorham. *Treas.*—Charles D. Castle, Potter.

New Draining Plow.—The Journal of the N. Y. State Ag. Society states that Hon. A. B. Dickinson, of Hornby, Steuben Co., exhibited a new Draining Plow at the recent Annual Meeting, which attracted much attention, and was fully explained, as to its operation, by Mr. D. It promises, in stiff clay soil, to reduce, very materially, the cost of drainage, and is within the means of every farmer.

The Large of Bees.—We learn that M. Quinby, of St. Johnsville, N. Y., has sold to one dealer in New York city over 48,000 pounds of surplus or box honey during the past three years, all produced by his own and neighbors' bees. In 1856 he sold 22,000, in 1857, 8,000, and in 1858, 18,000 pounds. The area occupied by the bees was probably some ten or twelve miles square. This indicates what may be done in other places by giving bee cultivation proper attention.

Spring-like.—Around Charleston, S. C., the orange trees are in blossom and the pea vines growing vigorously. In Niagara Co., N. Y., there are swarms of grasshoppers—in the town of Cambria. A friend writes from Adrian, Mich., that the blue-birds appeared on the 20th ult., and thinks "those near bogs will soon hear bull frogs." Hereabouts everything indicates an early spring, there being little frost in the earth and no ice in the Genesee River.

Sales of Short-Horns.—We learn that Mr. C. K. Ward, of Le Roy, has recently sold to R. F. Norris, of Sodus, a bull calf, "Independence," got by Mr. W.'s stock bull "Kirkleavington, Jr.," dam "Fanny." Also "Fanny Kirk," a heifer calf, got by "Perfection," out of "Kitty Kirk." These are said to be very promising animals, both received prizes at the Genesee Co. Fair, and sold at good prices. Mr. Ward has also sold to Abram Stocking, of York, a young bull, "Governor," (got by imported "Governor," dam "Victoria,") and two young cows, "Kitty Kirk" and "Topsy."

Canada Crops for 1859.—The Secretary of the Bureau of Agriculture and Statistics, Wm. Hutton, Esq., derives the following inferences from the Abstracts of Returns of the Crops of Lower and Upper Canada for 1858:—1. Wheat crop of Canada about 25 per cent. below the yearly average. 2. Rye, barley and oats are a fair average. 3. Pea crop 10 per cent. above the average. 4. Potato crop about 25 per cent. deficient—quality excellent. 5. Indian corn much less cultivated than usual—but a small supply, about what will be required for domestic purposes. Upon the whole there is an improvement in the wheat crop from the previous year—the deficiency then being 31 per cent. from the general average. Potato crop also better than in 1857.

Winter, &c., in Central Michigan.—A recent letter from a subscriber in Calhoun Co., Mich., says:—"So far our Winter has been extremely mild, with little snow; at present the ground is entirely bare, and the weather more like April than February. Farmers are busy making and repairing fences, hauling out manure, and otherwise preparing for an *extensive* and vigorous Spring campaign. The present high prices of all kinds of produce are a stimulus which will cause a great breadth (greater *breadth* than *depth*, I fear,) of land to be sown and planted this year. A few *well-to-do*, but *over-anxious-to-get-rich* farmers, are leaving their friends and homes for the new El Dorado, Pike's Peak, to 'drain' (what does H. T. B. think of such draining?) its rocky slopes."

Hartland Ag. Society.—At the recent annual meeting of this excellent Town Society the following officers were elected for 1859:—*President*—Abner Kitterdon. *Vice-President*—Henry Hoag. *Secretary*—J. C. Deuel. *Treasurer*—Peter Cooper. *Directors*—Geo. L. Angevine, Linus Spaulding, Jr. An eloquent Address was delivered by Hon. T. C. Flagler, of Lockport.

Premiums Awarded.—We are requested to publish the awards of premiums at above meeting, as follows:

A premium of $5 "to the farmer cultivating not less than fifty acres, who has in use the greatest number of Farm Gates (in proportion to the number of acres he cultivates,) at the close of 1858," was awarded to Curtis Root, who had seventeen gates on 75 acres cultivated.

The 1st premium, of $3, "for the most satisfactory experiment in producing Sugar or Syrup from either the Sorghum or Imphee plant," was awarded to Mead Atwater. We have received a sample of the syrup, which is superior; also Mr. A.'s statement for publication.

The 1st premium, of $3, "to the lady cultivating the greatest number and variety of flowers (naming the varieties) during the year 1858," was awarded to Mrs. S. G. Root, whose list comprised 242 varieties. Mrs. Luther Hall cultivated over 200 varieties, Mrs. J. A. Gladding about 150, and several other ladies from 50 to 100 varieties each. *Very* creditable competition.

[The above, and other prizes, (including $10 "to the farmer cultivating not less than 50 acres, who shall plant the greatest number of Fruit Trees—in proportion to acres cultivated—during the year 1859,") were offered under the title of *Moore's Premium List*—the Editor of the Rural having delivered an Address at the Annual Meeting of the Society in 1858, the charges for which were donated on condition of being awarded in such premiums as he should designate.]

HORTICULTURAL

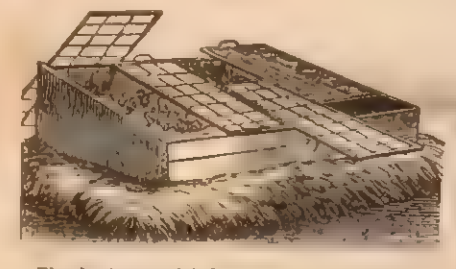
SPRING WORK.

After a winter of unusual mildness,—with very many bright and sunny days,—of sudden changes and occasional severity, we may safely conclude that the frosts and storms of another winter are almost at an end, and spring, with its life, activity and beauty, will soon be upon us. The little time remaining before active work commences, should be improved in making selections of trees, plants and seeds that may be needed, and in making roads, fences, and draining, and in doing any other rough work, that if not done now will be sadly in the way of the regular gardening when the fine weather comes on.

THE HOT BED.

Making a hot-bed is the first work in the garden, and with our cold, uncertain springs, a hot-bed is almost a necessity. We have given directions for their construction so often, that we would omit it this season, were we not warned by a dozen inquiries on the subject, that there are many who yet lack the necessary information.

With some care and a very little expense a good supply of radishes, lettuce, &c., can be had for the table by the latter end of April or early in May. Cucumbers cannot be had until the summer is half over without hot-bed culture, but with a well managed hot-bed they may be abundant in June. The best time to start the hot-bed is from the first to the twentieth of March, depending somewhat on the weather—if severe it is well to delay until a change. For its location a dry and sheltered place must be selected, and if there is the least danger that water will lay, a good drain should be dug, that will carry off all surplus moisture. If there are no buildings to serve as a protection from the north and west winds, a temporary fence must be made. The bed should face the south or south-east. A very good idea of the form of the frame is given in the engraving, and it may be made of any size to suit the wants or fancy of the builder. Twelve feet long, by five wide, is a very good size for family use. It should be made of 1¼ or 2 inch plank, which may be nailed to posts in the corners. The back should be about two feet high, and the front 14 inches. A frame of the size mentioned will require four sashes, three feet wide. These are somewhat like window sash, but have no cross-bars, the upper panes of glass overlapping the lower, so as to shed the rain.



The best material for producing heat is fresh manure from the horse stable. This should be thrown into a pile and allowed to heat, under cover if possible, about a week, when it is ready for use. Now dig a pit about eighteen inches deep, and a foot larger than the frame each way. Fill this pit with the manure you have prepared, and continue to put on the manure evenly until you have it raised up about two feet above the natural surface of the ground, which will give three and a half feet of manure. Care should be taken to put the manure on evenly, and have it well packed down, by beating it with the back of the fork. Rake down the edges carefully, so that they will present a nice, even appearance. The frame and glass should now be put on, and be kept close for a day or two. After this it will be necessary to open the sash a little during the middle of the day for a couple of days, to allow the steam to escape. About six inches of good, mellow, warm soil, must now be put inside the frame, and all closed up for a day or two, until the earth becomes warm. Examine occasionally, and if the heat appears too great, open the sash a little on the back side. It is now ready for the seed. Those who wish to raise cucumbers, radishes, tomato plants, &c., should have two frames, of half the size described, or a division in the frame, as the cucumbers will require so much heat as to injure the other plants. We will resume this subject in the next number

HORTICULTURAL CONTROVERSY.

Although we occasionally engage in controversy, we do so not for the purpose of injuring the reputation or calling in question the honor of any man or set of men, but for the purpose of detecting and exposing error and defending the truth. If in this work we have to show inconsistencies, contradictory statements, double-dealing, or sophistry, we do so, not because we love to expose the frailties or faults of men, but because we love the truth, and have at heart the public good. As guardians of the public interest, with tens of thousands looking to us for instruction, with full faith in our watch-care, duty and honor require that we should detect and expose error with searching clearness, denounce falsehood in no honeyed words, and defend the truth with all the ability with which we are possessed. With the doings of individuals, other than as they claim to be guides for others, we have nothing to do or say. It is no business of ours whether persons cultivate trees well or ill, on good land or poor; but when they present their success or failure as an argument for or against the general culture of these fruits, then it is our business to ascertain the cause which produced the results they offer as an argument—to sift the whole matter to the bottom and ascertain the truth. This is a duty that we shall fearlessly perform, regardless of friends or foes, or *threatened libel suits!*

In an article in the February number of the *Horticulturist*, in which he says a good many foolish things, Lewis F. Allen, calls the Horticultural Editor of this journal a "*nursery-prejudiced editor*," and accuses us of writing under "the *promptings* of the largest dwarf pear nursery in America." Now, we beg to say, once for all, that no one connected with the editorial department of the Rural has an interest in the nursery business to the amount of a single dime, and no editorial article has ever been written for our columns, or even prompted by a nurseryman. The editors of the Rural devote themselves exclusively to this work, and need neither aid nor prompting from any source. We have no interest in the questions discussed but to promote truth and the general good of our readers.

In the present number we give an article from Mr. Allen, on the *Allen Raspberry*, in reply to one from W. R. Coppock in our issue of February 12th. The statements made by these parties are directly at variance, and a good deal of *falsehood* rests somewhere. Not a particle of proof has been presented on either side. We await the proof. If people are buying an old and poor variety, under a new name, and paying high prices for it we shall, if possible, expose the cheat. If, on the contrary, the *Allen Raspberry* is really valuable, and not an old, discarded sort, its propagator should not rest under unfounded charges and suspicions. The last paragraph of Mr. A.'s article we would gladly have omitted, but preferred, under all the circumstances, to give it just as received.

THE NATIVE BLACK RASPBERRY.

The *American Black Raspberry* is a great favorite with most people, and though far inferior to the *Antwerp* and other improved sorts for the table, possesses a richness of flavor highly prized by many, who prefer it to the best improved sorts; and it is really invaluable for cooking and preserving. In our market it sells as high, and even higher, than other sorts. The plants are hardy and productive. For several years dealers in fruit in this city, and also in some neighboring villages, have been supplied with this Raspberry by H. H. Doolittle, of Oaks Corners, in Ontario Co. Mr. D. cultivates this fruit on an extensive scale, and claims to have discovered a method of propagating the plants, by which their fruitfulness is much increased, and made permanent. We will explain his theory as clearly as possible, in the brief space we can devote to the subject:

Mr. D. states that the American Black Raspberry in its wild state, or as usually propagated, produces but two or three crops, and often but one, before it becomes barren, and that no extra cultivation or manure will prevent this. Many plants are almost entirely barren, producing but a few scattering, seedy, deformed berries the first year, and afterwards nothing. The barren hills or plants, he is enabled readily to detect from their appearance. The barren form of hill is indicated by the vast number of small canes, and from the fact that they are thornless, while the leaves are small and generally covered with yellow rust.

BARREN PLANTS.

The healthy, or fruitful, form of hill is shown in the engraving below, by a few large berry canes. The briery form is indicated on only a portion of the right hand canes—but extends over the whole growth—and the number and size or bulky form of the thorns furnish to an experienced eye a sure index of the yield and quality of fruit to be expected.

FRUITFUL CANES.

An examination of any plot of Black Raspberries will show the barren form prevailing more or less, in hills two or three years old. Some hills will have a part barren canes and part partially barren—that is, the canes may be quite large, but are almost or quite destitute of thorns. This Raspberry is different in its growth from others. The new canes which grow every year, are not connected each with its own root, nor do they spring from the head of the main root as others, but spring from the old cane, and so high up as to have no union with the old root, except through the *old cane*. Only a few small fibers spring from the base of those growing lowest down on the old stock, and these take but feeble hold of the soil the first year, but the second year they extend and assist in the growth of fruit. Thus, each year there is a growth of branches and fibres higher up the base of the old cane, until the accumulated mass of fibres and decayed wood from the stumps of the removed canes, elevate the hill above the surface soil.

From the nature of the growth it will be seen that young plants cannot be obtained as off-shoots from the old roots, as other varieties, as the newly formed canes are destitute of roots. They are obtained only by the formation of roots at the points of the young canes. At the tips of the canes a soft substance will be found, which if permitted to lay near the ground, throws out roots, and often in moist, shady situations, roots will form several inches in length before reaching the soil. After taking root, if these points are severed from the parent stem before frost stops the circulation, or before fully developed, they die, showing that they derive their nourishment, for some time after roots are formed, from the parent plant. From this fact, sustained by extensive experience, Mr. D. argues that a new plant is a portion of its parent cane—is of the same bearing habits, and of the *same age*. So, that if a young plant is formed from a cane growing on a root five or ten years old, it will partake of the age, barrenness and other infirmities of the parent stock. As this is the main point in Mr. D.'s theory, we give his own words:—"If the roots of a hill are so old—or have become so exhausted from any cause, as to be unable to produce healthy fruit-bearing canes, the plants partake of the same nature. Or if the juices, taken up by the root, in passing through the unhealthy and decaying medium of the stumps of the previous years' growth, have imbibed in any degree the elements of decay and barrenness, and have deposited them in the formation of the cane, they will also, in the formation of the plant at its tip. Or, finally, as 'like produces like,' if the young plant inherited barrenness in its propagation, it may make quite a luxuriant growth, but it will be of the barren form."

The only way to prevent these evils is to propagate from the first growth of canes from young, healthy plants. The cut below represents the growth which a young plant attains by the 15th of August or 1st of September.

YOUNG PLANT FIT FOR LAYERING.

When the tips of the trailing canes become naked or free from leaves, and of a red color, they are ready for layering. Plants formed from this growth, receive their nourishment directly from the soil, through new formed roots and canes, without passing any unhealthy and decaying medium, as is unavoidable in propagating from older hills. This mode makes it necessary to set out a new plot of plants every spring, from which to propagate.

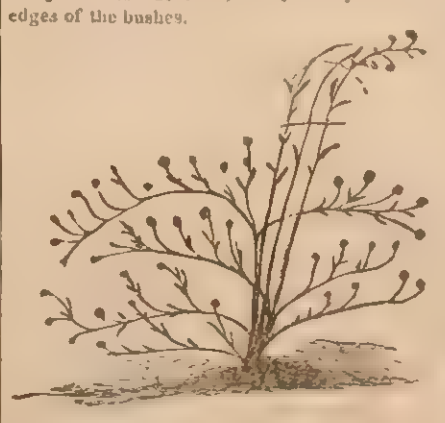
PROPER MODE OF LAYERING.

The point of the cane is soft and sappy, designed particularly for the formation of roots, and if not permitted to do so by coming in contact with the soil, this point dries up and dies. If the "tip" of the cane is placed in the soil two inches, one healthy, fruitful plant will be formed, and its appearance, soon after the roots commence forming, will be as shown in the engraving. If the cane is laid on the surface of the soil, and a foot or so of its length covered with earth, as is the common method, a young plant will form from each bud. The plants formed in this manner, Mr. D. contends, are neither healthy nor productive. When grown from the points or tips of the canes, all the roots center under the germ, thus forming a broad head or crown for the support of the future plant. When grown from the fruit buds there is no crown or head as the center of the roots and the germ, but a few roots spring from the cane on the opposite side from the germ, and while a few may connect directly with the base of the unnatural germ, most of them can convey nourishment to it only through the intervening portion of cane, and hence when this portion of the cane perishes the next year, (according to a law of its being,) the plant is left without proper support, and hence, speedily becomes exhausted and barren.

YOUNG PLANT.

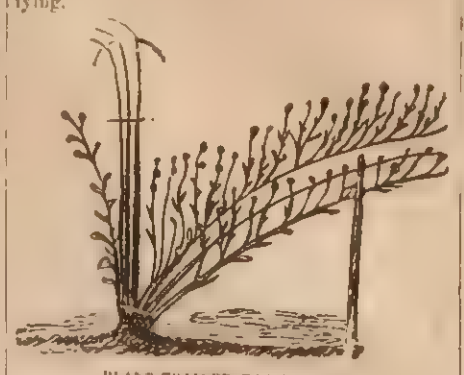
CULTIVATION.

Any good corn land is suitable for this Raspberry. A position shielded from heavy wind is desirable. A partial shade is no injury. Plant 3½ feet apart in the rows, and the rows 7 feet. Keep the ground mellow and free from weeds, but do not plow nearer than two feet of the hills. During an open winter's day, or in the spring, cut off the main branches to within three feet of the roots, and all the side branches to within one foot of the body. About the last of June stop cultivation, and strew straw freely between the rows, and partially under the edges of the bushes.



PLANT OF ONE YEARS' GROWTH.

As soon as the young canes obtain a growth above the top of the fruit branches, tie them together, as shown by the horizontal line in the engraving, and when the first ripe berries appear, clip the ends, at the dotted circle. As soon as the fruit is gathered, cut away all the old wood, and bend over the tops of the young canes to the ground, and place a stone and straw, or earth, upon them to keep them down. Bend over all one way. The object of causing a growth in a horizontal position is that, when elevated in the spring on wires, as in engraving, they press down the wires, and need no tying.



PLANT TRAINED FOR FRUITING.

This method of training is a great convenience in picking the fruit. In all cultivation care must be had not to hill up around the roots. The roots must be near the surface. The second year after the plants are set, when the canes are six or eight inches high, select four or five of the largest and most thorny for future growth, and separate the rest from the base of the fruit-bearing canes.

We have thus, as briefly as possible, given the substance of Mr. Doolittle's theory of propagation and mode of cultivation, about which there has been a good deal said, and but very little known

THE "ALLEN RASPBERRY."

Messrs. Editors:—I would not notice the spiteful and malignant article under the above title, in your paper of the 12th inst., signed W. R. Coppock, had it been published only in the community where its author is known, as it would there do me no harm. The motives which conceived it I shall not discuss—they having no interest with your readers. The statement therein made contains as many falsehoods as assertions, and as they implicate my character for fair dealing, with your leave, I have a word to say.

The "*Allen Raspberry*" is *not* "an old, and well-established variety," so far as I have yet ascertained, in the experience and examination of those who have had it from me. It somewhat *resembles* one or two other varieties, as all raspberries more or less resemble one another, but is not yet *proved* to be *identical* with them in growth, or bearing. I *never claimed* it to be the "*Hudson River Antwerp*," as the "*Allen*" is *hardy*, and the other is not. The *wood* is not "red," but russet-colored; nor is it "branching"—never branched, to my knowledge, until headed down "for fruiting," as usual, the second year. It did *not* "come from Ohio." Coppock never had it in his "ground," unless he had a plant or two from me; nor is it all like the *briers* which lately infested the sides of the fences round his garden. He never saw my plants in bearing, and knows nothing at all of their productiveness, or the flavor of their fruit. I *never had* a raspberry plant of W. H. Sotham, having got mine years before Sotham lived about here. I know nothing about his raspberries, more than that he told me he had some from Ohio growing in his garden, which I saw, and they were *not* like mine. Col. Hodge denies that he ever stated that my raspberry came from Ohio, nor does he know that he ever cultivated it.

I *did* get the original plants of the "Allen" raspberry in the garden of a deceased gentleman—the late Hiram Pratt, in Buffalo—when it was broken up, and used for a florist's garden, as I have always stated. Where the proprietor obtained them, I never could ascertain, nor did the gardener then occupying the premises, of whom I had them—the late Mr. Webb, an Englishman, between whom and Coppock, countrymen alike, an intense hatred existed—know what variety they were. But he told me they were *somewhat* like the English Antwerp, though, in *his* opinion, a *much better fruit*

This is all I have to say, relative to the malicious article on the "Allen Raspberry," and the holy horror against "giving new names to old fruit" of the "professor"—whether of the arts of dancing, fiddling, piano teaching, or "pomology," he can make his own selections. And, if he wants to work himself into notoriety with the public by personally abusing me in his petty spite, from "Long-sight (better Long-bow) place, ("Flint Hill," is the old, popular and descriptive name,) he can do so, so long as he can find a publication willing to devote its types, ink, and paper to that object.

Black Rock, Feb. 19, 1859. Lewis F. Allen.

Fruit in Oregon.—Permit me to say to the friends of the Rural, that it has given me many valuable hints in bringing about the following *substantial results* in the cultivation of a fruit garden. I have less than half an acre of ground set out with apple and plum trees. Some thirty apple and four plum trees bore last summer, yielding me in the aggregate $147 87 cash returns, besides thirteen bushels of apples, and nearly half the plums which were used in my own family. My apples brought me from $1 50 to $8 87 per bushel. The trees which bore, were set out in 1854 and 1855,—one and two years old, root-grafted, when planted.—O. Dickinson, *Salem, Oregon, Dec.*, 1858.

Large Radish.—I will describe a *radish* grown in our garden the past season, and you can judge how it compares with different garden vegetables as noticed in the Rural. It is the common table *turnip radish*, of second planting of the season, and with no uncommon culture, and when harvested, on account of frost, but still growing, weighed by the Washington City scales, twelve pounds. Also, several others from that down to the size of a quart bowl.—Mrs. J. P. D., *Hermitage, Mont. Co., Maryland*, 1859.

Our Correspondents must have patience for a week or two. We have half-a-dozen articles now in type—enough to fill another number.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY

SOMETHING ABOUT KNITTING.

Eds. Rural:—We have settled the political questions of the day in our own mind,—we have left Cuba to the tender mercy of the Administration,—we have read through the President's Message. So we conclude to write a long-contemplated letter to our *Moorish* Irish friend of the Rural New-Yorker. We happen to be confined in the house by a wounded foot, and our attention has been drawn to the fact that our wife is extremely, *passionately*, fond of knitting. Now, we are in a quandary. We don't like to see our wife knit—indeed we *hate* it—but we dislike to say anything to her about it—it might hurt her feelings, you know. The necessity for such kind of work, we confess we never could see, and, more especially, in the case of our wife. We do not wear any of her knitting work on the inside of our boots, and, to our certain knowledge, she has scores of stockings wherewith to clothe her own dainty feet. Now, we do not wish to be understood as complaining of our wife. We are happy to assert that no man was ever blessed with a better wife than ourself. She makes our home a *Home* in the true sense of that word. In the evening after tea she invariably seats herself at the piano and sings and plays for our especial amusement for a few minutes, then she *knits*—after breakfast she "washes up the dishes," and sweeps; and performs sundry duties belonging to the housekeepers' routine—then she *knits*,—while she is preparing her long-to-be remembered meals—even then she finds time to *knit*. The other day we attempted to remonstrate with her. "My dear, does knitting constitute your sole recreation?"—meaning to be sarcastic. But she silenced us by saying, "No, you naughty man, you—you are my recreation," which sentence she instantly proved to be untrue, by seizing her knitting work—which is "an abomination in our eyes." Our wife is intelligent in an eminent degree, and she is constantly adding to her stock by reading the papers and standard works.

Perhaps you ask if she leaves her knitting to read. Not by any means. She has practically proved the old adage, "You can't do two things at the same time," to be false; for she repeatedly shows herself capable of reading and wielding her odious knitting-needles at one and the same time. Do not suppose that our wife neglects her duties.—No, sir! She always has everything done in season—our meals are, without fail, made ready at the appointed time—and they are not to be badly sneezed at, those meals,—our garments are never out of repair. Our little wife, herself, is the pattern of neatness. She is surrounded by all the comforts and even luxuries which a goodly portion of this world's goods can procure for her,—nevertheless she appears to enjoy knitting better than all the rest put together,—great satisfaction appears on her gentle face while she rattles her needles, as though it were to her the most pleasant music.—She knits herself out of every dilemma—she knits herself into every body's affections—she knits the blessings of the poor down upon her head—she knits peace between discordants—she knits when she is watching by the sick—she knits when she "rejoices with those that rejoice," and when she "mourns with those that mourn"—she knits while the bread is baking—she knits while the tea is "drawing"—in short, knitting appears to be her sole vocation. And she knits "as for dear life."—Now, our Rural Oracle, what shall we do? We read about ways and means to abate nearly all evils except this evil of knitting.

We will frankly admit that we don't like to say anything to Kitty (that's our wife) about it, for having been married only a year we dislike to "raise a breeze." Won't you just use your influence as a public journalist to abate this nuisance—and if you can only convince our wife that knitting is not essential to human happiness you will secure our lasting gratitude. Squim.

Noxocottage, Feb., 1859.

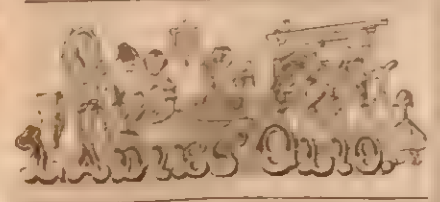
Friend Squim, we *feel* for you—any amount of sympathy, and that of the *intensest kind*, we are ready to offer, so desperate is your condition.—We would like to know what right a woman has to while away her hours in any occupation that may be characterized useful? The Constitution of the United States grants no such immunities—Female Reform Conventions never dared to insert such a plank in their platform. Had Squim not taken "Kitty" to wife, we would guarantee a perfect cure as the result of a single course of instruction (?) at one of our fashionable Seminaries, but having uttered the vow—having said for "better or worse"—there is no resource but *submission!* When the "household divinity" arms herself with those minute weapons of industry, and begins

"knit, knit, knitting,"

all the while talking eloquently of "drop stitches," "heeling," "narrowing in," etc., Squim must make the best of it by compounding the Balm of Resignation, (one part nice clean wool, one part the "rattle of the needles," one part the harmony of "a home that is a *Home*") and applying the same to his weary, "*wounded*" toilets.

Galvanized Wire Clothes' Lines.—Many of the Rural's readers are perhaps not aware that galvanized wire, of the size used for telegraphing, can be used to good advantage for clothes' lines. It is only a little more expensive than common wire—lasts forever—never sags, and is in all respects perfect and entirely satisfactory. It is a luxury to have a line up that is always ready, never in the way, and can be left out for a life-time. I have known it to be used ten years. You are, of course, aware, (though some may not be,) that the wire is coated with zinc.—B., *Pittsford, N. Y.*, 1859.

Nature makes us poor only when we want necessaries, but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LIGHT.

Love is a flame which brightens with our years
And grows more brilliant with the good we do,
And though exposed to floods of sorrow's tears,
It pales not, but like summer's sparkling dew
Beams brighter when the night is passed away,
And sun shall kiss it with his warming ray.

Alike is love a flame! nor do we doubt
Who with God's angels have been bound in life—
Angels that now are jewels round about
God's throne!—and bear the sacred name of wife,
Such love is ever beaming brightly now
As when on earth we worshiped their fair brow.

And what is hope if it is not a flame
Fed by the hand of faith?—it kindly burns—
Guiding aright the spirit meekly tame
Along the path of life, with all its turns,
And when this flame expires there will remain
Nothing but ashes! ne'er relit again.

May God prolong our lives that we may *love*,
And loving may we *hope* to win his grace,
Inspired by revelation from above;
But short indeed will be this earthly race—
God speed the end when we, prepared to go,
With Christ shall live—can it be else than so?

Dedham, Mass., 1850. E. W. K.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

Plain Talks to American Women.--No. 5.

BY MRS. M. F. A. CROZIER.

There are some objections we think relative to sending young children to the public schools, when they can be equally well instructed at home. One of these is the unnatural and injurious confinement to which they are subjected, and often, in ill-ventilated rooms, breathing for hours every day an atmosphere rendered unwholesome by the exhalations of scores of lungs, thus acquiring mental discipline at the expense of physical health. A large majority of those who undertake the instruction of children are shamefully ignorant of the requirements of physical law, and of the relations between body and mind. Many there are who know no better than to confine children for hours in close, hot school rooms—compelling, under severe penalties, an intense application to books which they are almost wholly incompetent to render interesting. It is no wonder that so many children hate to go to school, and frame multitudes of excuses for remaining at home!—no marvel that so many, after spending a dozen or fifteen of the best years of their lives in the school-room, should enter upon the active business of life with but a jot of that knowledge which they might have acquired under more rational management.

To aid those parents, then, who think best to devote the necessary time and attention to direct the education of their children for the first few years, themselves, we will endeavor to throw out some hints which may be useful. We will premise that it will require much care and labor, if faithfully performed; but what more pleasant task for a mother than to assist in the unfolding and development of her child's mind,—to watch its growth in knowledge, and become herself a child again, in being the daily witness of the eagerness with which it drinks at the fount of wisdom? By mingling with them in all their pursuits, how intimate and delightful will become the relation between them,—how thoroughly will her precepts and example become impressed upon their minds—how little likely will they be to stray from them when in after years it becomes necessary for them to leave the parental roof! In a pleasant home, under the faithful instructions of a noble mother, how could it be possible that a child should not grow up beautiful, intelligent, and good?

Every child possesses certain faculties, is born with certain natural capacities, moral and mental; no two, perhaps, have these exactly alike, so that no one system of culture will be exactly adapted to two individuals. Every mother should understand her own child, else she will be illy prepared to direct its education. The science of Phrenology has shed much light upon the mysteries of the human mind, and offers a very available means of understanding a child's natural mental endowments, and it would be well if every mother would accept the aid thus proffered her; aside from this, she must learn and profit by experience and observation.

The intellectual, social, moral and religious branches of education are so blended in practice, that perhaps we shall be pardoned for treating them somewhat in combination, though more prominence will soon be given, for a short time, to *moral*, as the foundation upon which all others must be built.

It is a trite, though none the less just observation, that education commences in infancy; perhaps it should be said in embryo. Be this as it may, the infant of days is being educated when nursing at its mother's breast—being educated when annoyed by those pains that are so apt to disturb its rest. It would be curious to draw aside the curtain that so nearly hides from us the workings of its mind during all those months in which it is unable to express in words its half-formed thoughts, and observe how each new development to its understanding is received and appropriated to its mental sustenance,—how each new and curious object is thought upon and wondered about,—what shapes those thoughts assume, and what strange theories of explanation are woven in the little brain. But we may not, at this early period, lift high the veil of the soul, and freely gaze into the mysterious [illegible] Slowly, however, [illegible] perhaps, be surprised, [illegible] behold impressions [illegible] unwittingly made [illegible] perchance, which she would [illegible] not have been recorded there.

Much has been written on the subject of self government on the part of the mother. How important does this become when it is considered in relation to its influence upon the moral character of the child! How can the child, trusting in its mother's example *for* a model of what is right, be led to believe that a course of action is wrong which he sees her habitually pursue?—or, if he is persuaded that it is so, how must his confidence in her be diminished, and how much of salutary influence over him does she lose?

Would you then have your children completely under your influence—would you have them amiable and loving—be amiable and loving yourself.—If you tell them it is wrong to be passionate, let your own calm and equable manner add force to your preceptive teaching. And upon no other basis than the government of the passions can a truly symmetrical character be built. If a child's natural passions be allowed free scope for exercise, there is an end of all true exaltation; they will almost surely prove its destruction. To expect the flowers of truth to unfold in such a character, is like looking for lilies to blossom in a whirlwind.

The principle of *obedience* is one of the most important to which the attention of a mother can be directed. When our first parents were placed in the Garden of Eden, this was the condition upon which they were to be allowed to remain there; and when they failed to endure the test, a flaming sword denied them access to the tree of life; so when in the paradise of home this principle is not observed, the child, *self*-exiled, is barred from the tree of *happiness*, wanders away from the fold of parental love, and becomes, too often, as did the unhappy *Cain*, a "fugitive and vagabond in the earth."

Does some mother, impressed with a sense of maternal responsibility, inquire, "How shall I secure from my child a cheerful and ready obedience?" Ah, mother, go to your closet and ask your God! Unclasp the Volume of Inspiration and read His promise:—"If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." Go draw from the fount whence the wisest have obtained their most profound wisdom! Go there and so thoroughly imbue your own soul with the love of God, that it shall become a divine halo around you, in whose brightness your children shall love to bask!—so shall you have reason to hope that it shall not long be a difficult thing for your little ones to submit their will to that of one in whose love and favor they only are happy, and whom they must recognize as worthy of their young hearts' affections.

But even the best religious example on the part of the mother, if unsupported by judgment and prudence—if such a thing be possible—may fail of securing the object desired. The parent must, from the beginning, hold the reins of government steady. There must be united with the gentleness of love, the firmness of authority. The mother's will must be law, and that law must be supported by penalty. In some cases, where a child's affection is very strong, and its sympathies active, it may be a sufficient penalty that the mother appear displeased and grieved; but in other cases it still remains true as of old, that the "rod will give wisdom." It is a hard thing for a tender-hearted mother to be obliged to resort to corporeal punishment, but it would seem that there are but few cases at most where it can be entirely dispensed with; and when it becomes necessary, "chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying;" "correct him and he shall give thee rest—yea, he shall give delight unto thy soul;" but remember, that "a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." But let the child be made to feel that even in the correction, you are manifesting your parental love—mingle the tears of tenderness with the strokes of the rod, and they will have their effect. The child's heart is not of adamant, that it should not melt in the focus of the intense and united rays of a mother's love and displeasure.

The principle of obedience once established, filial respect will naturally follow, if the parents maintain that dignity of moral and intellectual nature which every parent *should* strive to acquire and maintain.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

A HOPE "RESTORATIVE."

"Hair Restorative!"—What a great puff you make over your dyes, and nostrums, for faded hair Why dont you advertise a panacea, an invigorator, a restorative for the dead, and faded, and dying hopes that lie thickly clustered in lueless, rayless despair, buried in the unseen grave of the broken heart? Are there no chemical combinations—is there no art—no discovery whereby the joyless heart can be restored to hope and happiness?—Why are we all turning gray—even before the noon of life? Is sickness the cause? No. What then? Among men it may often be too much hard work—too close application to business; but why are the women gray-headed, before half their years are numbered? In nine cases out of ten, the cause is deeper than you think—it is beyond the reach of external dyes and restoratives. You men who are whewing, and hurrying, and driving through this world—who have homes, and wives, and children, but know it not—the next time you go home, see—look at your wife long enough to see whether her hair is black, or blue, or white, and look at her face—you can tell whether some secret sorrow is sapping the life-blood from her veins, and the color from her hair, and stop and think five minutes, whether there is or is not a cause for it? Study her temperament. Possibly a little consideration on your part may do wonders in the line of restoratives. If you would have her retain the bloom and freshness of youth, make her happy, and you will be repaid ten-fold in your brighter home, and the consciousness of doing good, and then you can throw all the hair nostrums to the winds. H.

It is perfectly well understood, or if not, it should be, that almost any husband would leap into the sea or rush into a burning edifice to rescue a perishing wife. But to anticipate the convenience or happiness of a wife in some small matter, the neglect of which would be unobserved, is a more close [illegible] of tenderness. This shows a mindful [illegible] which wants occasions in which to express itself. And the smaller the occasion seized upon, the more intensely affectionate is the attention paid.—*Lover's Friend.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CIVILIZATION.

BY E. M. FARGO.

An Indian being asked how he was pleased with civilized life, replied:—"Your country is very fair, but my language and my people are passing away. The forests we loved are cut down, and, like the deer and the buffalo, there will soon been no place left for us this side of the happy hunting-grounds."

Very fair is our land with its forest-crowned hills—
With its grand chains of mountains, its rivers and rills—
With its prairies, and valleys, and lakes, broad and blue,
The loved home of the freeman, the brave, and the true;
From the East, where the curtains of morning unfold,
To the West, with its portals and chambers of gold,
With its spreading shores laved by the billowy tide,
Like an Eden it lies in its beauty and pride.

Very fair is our land with its wealth and its power,
Where Prosperity blesses each halcyon hour—
Where the rivers of Knowledge invitingly flow,
And the beacons of Science perpetual glow—
Where Improvement and Progress their honor maintain,
And the myriad lovers of Industry reign—
Where Religion, and Learning, and Liberty dwell,
And the bright rays of truth misty falsehoods dispel.

Very fair is our land, but its clear gushing streams
That have rippled and sung in the sun's joyous beams,
Have been dwindled by art into watery chains,
Linking valleys remote to the glorious main;
And where once the tall pine nodded proudly its head,
Flies the "Lightning Express," by the iron steed led.
And where towering forests once covered the plain,
Smiling Ceres exhibits her rich golden grain.

Very fair is our land, but the birchen canoe
Dashes swiftly no longer the bright waters through,
And the wild swan has flown from her favorite lakes,
At the echoes the sound of the rifle awakes,
And the timid deer bounds o'er the green hills no more,
Or lies down, undisturbed, as in sweet days of yore,
And the buffalo ranges no longer at will
O'er the flowery prairies so fragrant and still.

Very fair is our land, but the Indian of song,
Who has reigned here in might and supremacy long,
Who has roamed in his freedom by lake-side and river,
Can return to the land of his forefathers never!
With his light bow and quiver the warrior no more
Can the limitless depths of the wildwood explore,
Or assemble his chiefs round the camp fires at night,
As in times ere the pale faces first saw their light.

Very fair is our land, but how sad is the thought
That its civilization has tyranny wrought—
That the primitive charms of the beautiful West
Must be rendered extinct by the white man's behest!
And that when the dim future years cheerfully glide
O'er our country reposing in grandeur and pride,
The expelled forest sons will have quite passed away,
With no heart left to mourn o'er their nation's decay!

Oramel, N. Y., 1850.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SAVED! SAVED!

There is a world of joy shut up in that little word, saved! How many a dawn of rich and golden beauty for the soul has it ushered in, after gloomy nights of deferred hope and anxious watching! It is always a sweet word to hear—a sweeter word to speak. So full of happy music when the lips utter it—so full of happier meaning when the heart feels it. The voice never breathes it, but the face becomes radiant with joy, and the eye sparkles with delight. Every chord of the heart vibrates with inexpressible pleasure, as its music falls upon the ear long waiting in anxious expectation.

It has a history of its own, written in the mingled experience of sorrow and joy of many a soul. Few there are who have not uttered it in more or less of fullness of its meaning; few, through whose soul it has not sent a thrill of delight, filling it too full for utterance. Sound it out in the stillness of night, and some aching heart will take it up, and send it joyfully back again through the gloom and darkness. Whisper it ever so softly, and there will be some soul that cannot contain itself for very joy. It is the avenue through which the soul breathes out its overflowing gratitude. Its whole expression is that of thankfulness.

Saved! and from what? Ah! from a life of misery, of crime, of degradation, of shame, of infamy, and from death. If you have known, kind reader, what it is to have had the dear object of your heart's best affections, snatched from any of these calamities, you have found no word that could so fitly express the out-gushing thankfulness of your heart, as that little word, saved.

It is a glorious evening in mid-ocean. The stars, peeping quietly out from their blue homes, fill the whole heavens with glory, and glimmer and dance on the blue waves around. There is splendor above, around, and beneath. An ocean steamer, freighted with human souls, is moving gracefully and steadily toward home. The passengers are all on deck, admiring the beauty and loveliness of the evening. The air is vocal with happy tones of the speakers, and loud peals of joyous laughter ring out above the music of the waves. Suddenly a loud scream is heard, and the cry so terrible at sea, "there is a child overboard," startles every passenger. All is confusion, while every mother is looking for her darling child. But there is one mother who cannot find her's. *Her* child is overboard. She calls wildly on all to save her child. Will no one save her? Swift as thought some object strikes the waves, and soon the strong arm of a brave seaman is clasped around the struggler, and both are drawn upon deck, amid the thanks and praises of all. But who can describe the joy of that mother's heart, when the face of her darling is close to her own, and she hears the breath come and go? Saved! she cries, saved from a watery grave! God be thanked!

The news arrives that a steamer has been wrecked, and all on board perished. There was one on board whom we called Father, Mother, Brother, Sister, Child, or Friend. None but those who have felt the same can offer us any sympathy in our mournful bereavement. To see our loved ones die at home, where we can minister to their wants, and soothe the pain and anguish of their departure, is a melancholy privilege, and painful almost beyond endurance; but to know that their life went out amid the shrieks of the drowning, amid the cries of helpless women and children, is crushing to our hearts. We have not ceased to mourn for our dead—we never can this side eternity. Some quiet evening, while we are gathered about our firesides, talking tearfully of the loved and lost, the door is opened, and we are clasped in the arms of our lost one. We have learned the meaning of that word, saved.

A telegram has just reached us, announcing a terrible railroad disaster. It was only this morning we bade good-bye to the idol of our heart, and he was on that train. O God! is he numbered among the victims? Who shall know the anguish of our heart as we hurry to the scene of disaster, and look among the dead, to see if he is there.—Every crushed and bleeding face we imagine to be his. Our looking is in vain. At length, in our weary search, we find him torn and bleeding, but living, breathing, still; and the physician says he is not much injured, and will soon be able to rise again. Our joy then is too full for utterance, and we can only say, saved! saved!!

The court room is crowded, while the only son of his poor mother is on trial for murder. *She* knows he is innocent—innocent as when a babe he drew his life from her own bosom. But they who try him do not know it. With what intense anxiety she watches every countenance of those twelve men into whose hands are committed the fate of her only son. The pleaders have ended, the judge has summed up, and the jury are alone. The hours lengthen into days as the mother awaits the decision. The jury return. The verdict is given—*not guilty!* He is *saved*, cries the mother in the overflowing joy of her heart. *Saved*, my *only*, my beloved son!

However much of significance these scenes have given to this word, we shall never know all its meaning this side eternity. We may have felt its power when our brother was saved from a life of shame, or from death; but we shall never know how much it means, until on the green slopes of the River of Life, watching and waiting for the loved ones we left behind, we are permitted to welcome them amid the songs of Angels, and the joyous shouts of the redeemed, to the ceaseless joys of heaven. Saved, we shall shout it throughout all eternity. Saved, it will echo through the high arches of heaven, louder and louder still, as the years roll on. Saved from sin, from misery, from death, and from all that can mar our peace; safe in heaven, where God will wipe away all tears from our eyes. Saved, we shall be, with an everlasting salvation. Then shall we know the glorious import of those words that first brought joy to our souls—*He that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ shall be saved.*

Rochester, N. Y., 1850. S. A. E.

A BEAUTIFUL PERORATION.

In a recent lecture on Astronomy, by Prof. Mitchell, that gentleman closed with the following thrilling passage:

"Light traverses space at the rate of twelve million miles a minute, yet the light from the nearest star requires ten years to reach the earth, and Herschell's telescope revealed stars two thousand three hundred times further distant. The great telescope of Lord Rosse pursued these creations of God still deeper into space, and having resolved the nebulæ of the Milky Way into stars, discovered other systems of stars—beautiful diamond points, glittering through the black darkness beyond.—When he beheld this amazing abyss—when he saw these systems scattered profusely throughout space—when he reflected upon their immense distances, their enormous magnitude, and the countless millions of worlds that belonged to them, it seemed to him as though the wild dream of the German poet was more than realized.

"God called man in dreams into the vestibule of heaven, saying, 'come up hither and I will show thee the glory of my house.' And to his angels who stood about his throne, he said, 'take him, strip him of his robes of flesh; cleanse his affections; put a new breath into his nostrils; but touch not his human heart—the heart that fears, and hopes, and trembles.' A moment, and it was done, and the man stood ready for his unknown voyage. Under the guidance of a mighty angel, with sound of flying pinions, they sped away from the battlements of heaven. Some time on the mighty angel's wings they fled through Saharas of darkness, wilderness of death. At length from a distance not counted save in the arithmetic of heaven—light beamed upon them—a sleepy flame as seen through a hazy cloud. They sped on in their terrible speed to meet the light; the light with lesser speed came to meet them. In a moment the blazing of suns around them—a moment the wheeling of planets; then came long eternities of twilight; then again on the right hand and the left appeared other constellations. At last the man sank down crying—'Angel, I can *go no* further; let me lie down in the grave and hide myself from the infinitude of the universe, for end there is none.' 'End is there none?' demanded the angel. And from the glittering stars that shone around, there came a choral shout—'End there is none!' 'End there is none?' demanded the angel again; 'and is it this that awes thy soul? I answer, end there is none to the universe of God! Lo, also, there is no beginning!'"

Hardness of Character.—Hardness is a want of minute attention to the feelings of others; it does not proceed from malignity or a carelessness of inflicting pain, but from a want of delicate perception of those little things by which pleasure is conferred or pain excited. A hard person thinks he has done enough if he does not speak ill of your relations, your children, or your country; and then, with the greatest good humor and volubility, and with a total inattention to your individual state and position, gallops over a thousand fine feelings, and leaves in every step the mark of his hoof upon your heart.—*Sidney Smith.*

Economy, joined to industry and sobriety, is a better outfit for business than a dowry.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

This book is all that's left me now;
Tears will unbidden start—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped;
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearth-stone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here they are living still!

My father read this holy book
To sisters, brothers dear,
How calm was my poor mother's look
Who leaned God's word to hear!
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thrilling memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AFFLICTIONS.

In their light we can see *what we are!* Professing to believe that God orders all things wisely and well, and praying "Thy will be done," yet, whose heart does not, for the moment at least, secretly rise in opposition to Him, when he sees death invading his dwelling to remove his most cherished friend and support? Do we ever think what that emotion of opposition *signifies?*—Nothing less than we would *not* have His will to be done! It is bringing Jehovah to the bar of our hearts, and pronouncing judgment against His decrees! It is that lurking enmity of Satan that would actually dethrone God if it had the power! It speaks in unmistakable language what the human heart *is!* It proves that we are *fallen, depraved*—aliens to God by nature and practice!—Does any one doubt this opposition of his heart, and think that on the instant, he would cheerfully acquiesce? "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." A single, sudden, stunning blow would undeceive him, if he was not utterly oblivious to his own emotional exercises.—Has another grace that enables him, after the moment, to be reconciled? Know that that is not *your nature*, but God's *gift*, and be grateful and be humble in view of it.

But what is it to be truly *reconciled* to an *affliction?* A great deal that passes under that name is *spurious.* It is of a kind which leads us to feel, and even to say, "well, it can't be helped, I suppose it is all right, let us return again to our business, or to our pleasure"—precisely the submission of the culprit on the scaffold. And this is just as high as the unaided heart can get. It cannot ascend above this platform one inch. It is not *its nature* to have any higher, nor any more comforting philosophy in sorrow than is involved in the expression—*it can't be helped.* Only the spirit of God can lift it up to a higher level. That will teach us that "afflictions come not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground,"—that "He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men, but for their profit, that they may be partakers of his holiness,"—that his dealings and dispensations, how dark soever they may appear to the natural eye, are *not vindictive judgments*, but the affectionate chastening of a Father's hand to wean us from those baser objects, towards which our natures inevitably tend, and draw us upward to Him! Such a faith or apprehension of truth, will not only *sustain* us under any trial that we may be appointed to pass, however severe, but will go so far beyond this, as to enable us even *to rejoice* in times of greatest darkness and trouble, and to *kiss* the hand that *smites us.* Any thing short of this, is of little worth, and might as well be thrown to the winds. And any view of truth that does not incline the soul in this direction, is not of the Spirit's interpretation, but is of the same nature with that which leads a now lionized public speaker, under the guise of a lecturer on foreign travel, to poison the public mind with his own infidel sentiments, by declaring, against the testimony of Scripture, and Calvary itself, that no man is created "totally bad."

Our Father!—The gospel brings man into a most intimate and endearing relation with the Creator. It teaches us to worship Him, not as the Absolute Being, independent and regardless of His creatures, or as the Unchangeable, withdrawn from all connection with a transitory world, but as a Father who feels a tender interest in his human children, and hears their prayers and ministers to their wants. Leighton says very beautifully:

Oh! the unspeakable privilege to have Him for our Father, who is the Father of all mercies, and the God of all comfort. Do not think he can shut out a bleeding soul that comes to Him, and refuse to take, and to bind up, and heal, a broken heart that offers itself to Him, puts itself into His hand, and entreats His help. Doth He require pity of us, and doth He give it to us, and is not infinitely more in Himself? All that is in angels and men is but an insensible drop to that ocean.—*Selected.*

It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.

LETTERS FROM A HUNGARIAN.

NUMBER FOUR.

Scenery along the Danube—Pesth—Catenary Suspension Bridge—Hungarian Opera—Casino—Cheap Breakfast—Compliments.

GRAN, Hungary, Sept. 1858.

DEAR FRIEND MOORE:—A few weeks ago I visited the capital of Hungary, *Buda-Pesth*. There are two passenger trains which daily leave Vienna for Pesth, but the passage by steamer on the Danube is far the most pleasant, and the scenery more picturesque. Being, then, in this city (which I briefly described in my last,) I accordingly preferred the steamer to the locomotive, and in three hours we traversed fifty English miles, the distance between here and Pesth. The scenery on both sides of the Danube, throughout this trip, is ever varying and charming. About midway we saw a mass of ruined walls and towers on the top of a high, steep rock, now called *Wissegrad*, formerly (by the Romans) *Arx Alta*. These ruins are all that remain of the once favorite residence (built in the eleventh century) of the Kings of Hungary. Under MATTHEW CORVINUS, (died 1490,) the most warlike and mighty chief of the Magyars, this residence was enlarged and embellished in the highest degree. But, like many other forts and castles, this strongly fortified residence, also, was destroyed in the 16th century by the Turks. The Turks, as well as the Romans of a much earlier period, have left many a trace of their campaigns in the land of the Magyars.

On drawing nearer the haven of Pesth, the beauty of the scenery grows more and more intense, till at last, the stately edifices of Pesth, lining the left bank of the Danube, the palace and forts of Buda on the lofty hills opposite, and the vast Suspension Bridge connecting Buda with Pesth, combine with all their beauty and magnificence in producing a most powerful impression on the stranger. The steamer passes under the bridge, and whenever the water is very high, the pipe and mast are inclined, by means of a single rope, at an angle of 45 degrees. Formerly a bridge resting on pontoons, like the one I described in my last, connected the two banks a short distance above the present bridge; but as this had to be "opened" for allowing boats to pass through, and altogether taken out as soon as ice began to form in the river, the mercantile population of Pesth, desiring to have an easy passage across to Buda at all times, and at all seasons, determined upon building a *catenary* suspension bridge, sufficiently high above the level of the river to allow boats to pass under it. It was accordingly built, between 1842 and '49, by the English Engineer, CLARK, at a cost of near three millions of dollars. The entire roadway of the bridge is 1,200 feet in length, resting upon four towers, two on the bank and two on the bed of the river. The chains alone weigh thirty thousand cwt.—There is a double aisle for foot passengers, the one for those coming from Pesth, the other for those from Buda. The fare across is only one *Kreutzer* (one cent). During the late revolution the Austrian artillery began to cannonade one of the towers from the fort of Buda, but so solid and massive is the structure, that the bridge received no injury from the bombardment.

Scarce a century ago Pesth was as yet an insignificant place, (*Pressburg* being formerly the capital of Hungary,) but now it is the most beautiful, wealthy, and frequented Hungarian city—counting 100,000 inhabitants. The great inundation of 1839, which destroyed 3,000 houses, and the bombardment (on the part of the Austrians) in 1849, was the cause of many new and splendid mansions, most of which may be seen along the river.

The population is of a mixed character, and the German is here spoken as much as the Hungarian. Among the three theatres of Pesth, there is only one where *Hungarian* dramas are played, and Hungarian operas sung. By the way, if you would most appreciate the full, rotund melody of the Magyar tongue, you must attend the opera at the *National Theatre*. On the day I arrived, the bills announced the celebrated opera of WILLIAM TELL. In the evening, accordingly, it being very late, I rode with a friend of mine, in a "comfortable," to the theatre. (A "comfortable," in Austria, is applied to a kind of hack with a seat for two persons only.) When we arrived the seats in the parterre, dress-circle, and three galleries were already all occupied—such a theatre-going people are the Hungarians—and we were glad to obtain a convenient place for standing—there were more than a hundred in the same posture. The scenes, with all their decorations, were prepared on a grand scale; the orchestra was full and excellent; and the Asiatic language of the original Huns, sung by modern artists, was most pleasing to the ear. At the close of every act the audience, amidst loud applause, called out the principal actor, at whose appearance the clapping of hands ceased, the audience shouting *Eljen*, which corresponds to our "three cheers," and literally signifies "long may he, or she, live!" The whole play lasted from 7½ to 9¼. Thus I spent a pleasant evening; not a little surprised that a play in which the *Republican* TELL speaks so much of *Sabadsag* (liberty) in the presence of the tyrant GESLER, should be represented in song on the stage of a *despotic* land. But there is no danger *now* to be feared from the *disarmed* Magyars.

The next mourning, instead of breakfasting at the hotel, I went into one of the numerous *casinos*, or coffee-saloons. There is not only economy in this, but several advantages are thereby gained. A *casino*, besides furnishing you with tea, coffee, ice-cream, &c., contains more or less numerous newspapers, which you may read at your leisure. My breakfast, like that of almost everybody in this country, consisted of a *glass* of coffee and a penny-roll, which is crumbled into the former. It is in these *casinos*, moreover, where you can best learn the character of the people. Journals being very dear in Hungary, most people visit the *casino*, where they have opportunity not only to read the news and discuss the various topics of the day, but also (if they choose) to play a game at billiards, chess, or cards. In regard to chess, almost every third person you meet plays it.

Unterthanigster Diener, ("most humble servant,") said the host to me, as I left with an "*ich empfehle mich*," (I commend myself). These two phrases, strange though they sound to an English ear, are the most common salutations here in coming and going. These phrases are, indeed, German, but in the Hungarian the literal translation of them is used just as much. In addressing ladies of wealth or distinction, men often use, instead of the above, the phrase "I kiss your hand," though they do no such thing. So, too, if such a lady offers you anything, and you decline it, the same phrase is used, instead of our, "No, thank you." Compliments, in general, exist here in great abundance. Even the customer, on entering or leaving a store, is expected to "commend himself," for which the merchant or clerk is your "most humble servant." This system of compliments is also carried out in traveling. Thus when a person leaves the car or steamboat at any intermediate station, he wishes the company around him a "*glucgliche weiterreise*"—"a happy continuance of the journey"—how odd and awkward this sounds in our language. Well, this abundance of compliments arises from the more social character of the Hungarians and Germans generally. But enough of these; I have a great many more curiosities yet to relate of Hungary—of which more in my next.

SIMON TUSKA.

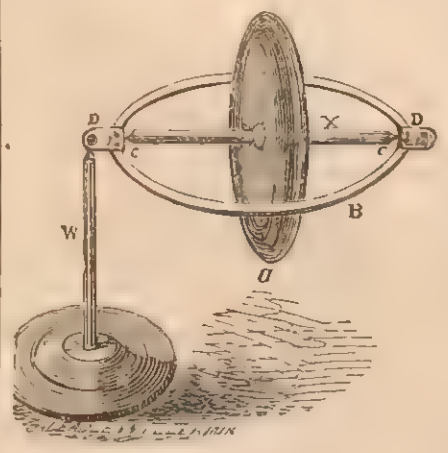
Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE ROTASCOPE.—No. I.

BY TOBIAS WITMER.

THE little child, with intense interest and delight, begins to study philosophy as soon as it is able to handle a ball or a hammer, and thousands of experiments have to be made before the law is fully established in its mind that all things tend to go one way, when *let go*. And it is just as much a matter of surprise to the little innocent on its mother's knee, that the apple, which has been picked up for the twentieth time and again put into its little hands, should *always* go towards the floor, as it is to its older brother, who has "learned a thing or two," to see the great balloon rise to the clouds.

When once our notions are fixed with regard to the laws which govern the material universe, either by our own experience and observation, or by availing ourselves of the observations and experience of others, through books, or otherwise, and the operations of those laws have become a kind of second nature to us, it is extremely difficult for us to give up our opinions, and adopt different views. The commendable decisiveness and stability of the human character requires that this should be so. Sometimes, however, we see in the operation of Nature's Laws, our experience put at default; and we are all astonished with some "new thing under the sun."



The Rotascope, though it is generally considered by practical men as a "mere plaything" of no practical utility, has engaged the attention of the Scientific World for a number of years, and it never fails to amuse and excite the wonder of every one who has not before witnessed the phenomena it presents. Though Scientific Lectures have been delivered, and learned articles published, describing the little machine and its wonderful phenomena, we have never seen a *practical* demonstration given of its wonderful performances, which are so contrary to our experience.

We propose, through the columns of the RURAL, in a series of articles, to give the result of our own observations and experiments with this little "plaything," in a manner that will be instructive to the young beginner in the study of the laws of Nature—and perhaps give a hint at some of the practical uses to which the principle might be applied—hoping, thereby to add, our humble mite to the treasury of knowledge, which the good men of our age are storing up for the benefit of our race. As many readers of the RURAL may not have seen the Rotascope, a brief description of it may be necessary. It consists of a simple balance wheel, A, made of brass or other metal, moving on very nicely adjusted bearings, *c*, *c*, in a brass frame or ring, B, with as little friction as possible; and a stand, made by fastening a pointed wire, W, upright into a block of wood, S, for the purpose of supporting the machine when put in operation. Opposite each end of the axle are fastened little plates, or "ears," D, D, on the upper side of the ring, B, with a small indentation on the under side of each, to prevent its falling off when set in motion upon the stand. To set it in operation, a very rapid motion is given to the wheel by means of a strong cord wound carefully around the axle, X, and pulled violently with the right hand, as in spinning a top, while the frame or ring, B, is held in the left hand, without obstructing the motion of the wheel. Now place one of the ears, D, upon the sharp point of the stand, W, holding the other ear firmly with the thumb and finger of the right hand, placing the axle of the wheel in a horizontal position, as seen in the diagram. Withdraw the hand horizontally in a line with the axis, letting the machine go, and it will retain its axis in the horizontal position, and begin slowly to rotate around the point on which it rests. This rotary motion around the stand will be accelerated until the motion of the wheel is spent and it falls off, which will require some four or five minutes, if the machine is in good order. The grand inquiries now arise:

First.—Why does motion given to the wheel A, tend to keep the axis in a horizontal position?

Second.—Why does the machine rotate around the point on which one end of its axis rests?

Third.—Why is its rotary motion around the stand accelerated?

It is impossible for matter to put itself in motion—so it is also impossible for it to stop when once put in motion, or to go slower or faster, or to take another direction from that given it by the force which set it in motion. Thus, matter, when put in motion, always moves in a straight line in the direction of the force given to it, with a uniform velocity, unless some opposing force intervenes and retards it, or turns it out of its course. Now, suppose the wheel is put in motion with a velocity equal to that of a ball discharged from a rifle, and all the particles move in the vertical plane, A, B; their united force, continued in that direction, which is necessarily rotary motion, will not only overcome the power of gravitation upon those particles themselves, but will enable them to carry the frame or ring, and, perhaps, considerable additional weight if applied, with them around "their stated course," until the motion of the wheel is spent, and gravitation again resumes her sway. Thus, a revolving body tends always to keep its axis parallel to itself, and hence a ball discharged from a "twist-cut" rifle, which gives it a rapid rotary motion, keeps its axis parallel with the rifle barrel, until it meets some opposing force; and it is more apt to go straight to a great distance, than a ball fired from a "smooth-bore" rifle, by which no rotary motion is communicated to the ball.

It is not pretended that this principle is a new one, but we have thus elementarily treated of it, as an introduction to the more intricate question which follows, and which will be treated of in our next article.

Williamsville, N. Y., Feb., 1859.

ANIMAL HEAT—CARBON AND OXYGEN.

IN an able lecture, delivered by the Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, in the Cooper Institute, recently, on the "Influence of Climate on Civilization," he seemed to attribute much of the vigor of races to the food required by their climate. The idea conveyed seemed to be an endorsement of the popular theory of animal heat, which is inculcated in all the common books on physiology. These compare the lungs to a furnace, in which air and carbon are brought into chemical union in producing heat. This theory is simple and somewhat beautiful, but not correct. The combustion of our food-fuel does not take place in the lungs, in the same manner that the fire is produced in the furnace; the food of man is not fed into his lungs, neither does the oxygen of the air combine with the food or carbon in the lungs, but passes into the blood through their membrane tissue; carbonic acid and moisture being given out in exchange. All our food undergoes a chemical change before it reaches the lungs in the form of blood, and the warmth of the body comes from the organic processes which make and unmake the animal tissues. These facts, which would be familiar to all, lay the axe at the root of the common furnace theory of animal heat.

Man requires the same elements for his food in all climates. The northern races eat much fat which is almost pure hydro-carbon; the inhabitants of tropical climates eat gums and sugars, which are just as rich in carbon. Some castes of Hindoos, in India, live exclusively on vegetables; the Caffres of hot South Africa are the greatest beef gormandizers in the world.

The temperature of man is 98° in all seasons in the hottest and coldest climates. A change of this uniform temperature of the human body is the sign of disease. Man preserves his standard temperature in the tropical and arctic regions in virtue of this peculiar organism which adjusts itself to varying circumstances, but the means by which it does this is still involved in much obscurity.—*Scientific American.*

DEATH FROM WANT OF SLEEP.

THE question how long can a person exist without sleep is one oftener asked than answered, and the difficulties and inhumanity of answering the questions by experiment would seem to leave it ever unsolved. A recent communication to a British Society whose fields of operation are in Asia, would seem to answer the inquiry. It is a description of a cruel mode of punishment peculiar to, and webelieve, original with the Chinese. It appears that a Chinese merchant had been convicted of murdering his wife and was sentenced to die by being totally deprived of the privilege of going to sleep. This painful and singular mode of quitting an earthly existence was carried into execution at Amoy under the following circumstances:—"The condemned was placed in prison under the care of three of the police guard, who relieved each other every alternate hour, and who prevented the prisoner from falling asleep, night or day. He thus lived for nineteen days without enjoying any sleep. At the commencement of the eighth day, his sufferings were so intense that he implored the authorities to grant him the blessed opportunity of being strangulated, garroted, guillotined, burned to death, drowned, shot, quartered, blown up with gunpowder, or put to death in any conceivable way which their humility or ferocity could invent. This will give a slight idea of the horrors of death from want of sleep.

A DROP of water has the properties of the sea, but cannot exhibit a storm.

PROTECT YOUR EYE-SIGHT.

MILTON'S blindness was the result of over work and dyspepsia. One of the most eminent American divines having, for some time, been compelled to forego the pleasure of reading, has spent thousands of dollars in value, and lost years of time in consequence of getting up several hours before day, and studying by artificial light. His eyes never got well.

Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes weak for life by the too free use of the eye-sight, reading small print and doing fine sewing. In view of these things, it is well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes:

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never begin to read, or write, or sew, for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light.

Never read by twilight, or moonlight, or of a very cloudy day.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, or window, or door.

It is best to have the light fall from above, obliquely over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that, on the first waking, the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

Do not use the eye-sight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

Too much light creates a glare, and pains and confuses the sight. The moment you are sensible of an effort to distinguish, that moment cease, and take a walk or ride.

As the sky is blue and the earth green, it would seem that the ceiling should be a bluish tinge, and the carpet green, and the walls of some mellow tint.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub the eyes, that moment cease using them.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking up, do not forcibly open them, but apply the saliva with the finger—it is the speediest diluent in the world—then wash your eyes and face in warm water.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE PHYSICAL SYSTEM.—No keenness or culture of intellect (says a recent writer) that does not embrace the culture of health—no wealth, no morality, and not even a religion, that does not embrace the preservation of the physical system from all deterioration, and its cultivation to the highest perfection, will ever last long. No nation or people will ever preserve the weight of influence to which they are naturally entitled among others, without manliness of development as the only reliable foundation of manliness and relinbility of character. All that tends to produce these is so far a vital good

A PLEA FOR DOGS.—No. II.

A WOUNDED SPIRIT, WHO (WHAT DOG) CAN BEAR? The dog is proud of his relation to man, and scorns a mean act. He has a high sense of the trust and honor confided to him. The following incident (for the veracity of which we do not vouch,) is proof in point. A gentleman near Boston, owned a large New Foundland dog,—on a certain occasion he brought home a fine cut of fresh beef, and hung it away in an adjoining apartment ready for use. Carlo, by some strange misconception of facts in the case, entertained the opinion that his master intended this choice morsel, to be served out from time to his faithful dog. With this idea in his brain, (for his excellent character forbids any other supposition,) he argued, that he would not put any one to the trouble to serve it out to him, but would act as steward in the case,—would turn commissary to the camp, and serve himself to rations. So he reasoned, and who can say it was not good logic?

MAKES A BLUNDER IN HIS PREMISES.—He accordingly (after placing himself in a suitable and commanding position,) carefully lifted the meat from its place, and duly and ceremoniously appropriated the choice bit to his noble dogship's use. What was not wanted for immediate purposes he carefully stored away for future emergencies. Time, the revealer of secrets, and the exponent of errors, soon brought down a storm of indignation upon poor Carlo's head, and made him to see and feel that he had fallen into a grave dietetic error, and that his opinions were unsound, and not quite safe as a rule of action.

HIS MASTER GETS EXCITED.—His master, in a fit of passion, called him all manner of hard names, scolded him unmercifully, and bid him leave his house and never enter it again. Poor Carlo! He had never experienced anything like it before. He could not bear it. He could have endured a beating, but to be called hard names, and actually expelled from home—driven out upon the false charities of a cold and selfish world—disinherited and banished from the place he had guarded and protected both night and day for long, long years—*this was too much.* It broke his spirits completely—he felt himself dishonored—disgraced. The noble animal could not brook the offence committed against his previous good name, and standing in this false position was too much to bear. What could he do? He revolved the matter very carefully over and over, and at last came to the *manly* conclusion to take his own life.

CARLO COMMITS SUICIDE.—He preferred the sleep of death and the rest of the grave, to a life dishonored and disgraced, by charges so cruel and bitter. He became gloomy and sad, and indulged in habitual melancholy, and his countenance was the very ambrotype of woe! About sunset, as the Western train of cars came dashing along, he deliberately placed his neck on the rail, and in a moment more, life was extinct—his troubles o'er!

The dog has some traits of character, man would do well to emulate. He seldom or never harbors revenge. He readily forgets an injury, or wrong done to him. In most cases, the dog that is abused to-day, will affectionally lick the hand of his master to-morrow. He will not harbor ill will in his breast. He scorns such depravity.

In all we have said, we wish not to be understood to advocate the claims of every cur and cross-breed and whelp of which the world is already too full. Thousands of such exist, whose bones ought to whiten and fertilize the corn fields of their silly owners. Our plea is for the thorough-bred dog of his kind—the cultivated—the educated, and none other. For all such we ask at the hands of their owners generous treatment.

IN WHAT THEY SUFFER.—Good dogs are too much abused. They often suffer for want of food. Often too, they suffer from great irregularity in their meals, and in winter, they are greatly outraged by exposure to pinching cold and frost.—Dogs are very sensitive to cold. How much cruelty is practiced upon them in the severest wintry months. Not long since, I knew an unmerciful man, turn his young dog at night into his barn to sleep, when the thermometer at 5 o'clock, P. M., stood 24° below zero, (at 9 o'clock, same day, it stood 33° below.) The poor dog complained bitterly, and howled occasionally all night, from the biting effects of extreme cold. The penitentiary, would afford suitable and adequate punishment for such a brutish master.

TURN THE KITCHEN INTO A KENNEL.—The kitchen at night, is none too good a place for a good, faithful dog, in the coldest months. His acute ear will detect the trend of any reckless villain, who may be prowling around the premises, and the sharp ring of his voice, will put them to flight. Some men take delight in acts of cruelty—their fiendish natures seem to be in their appropriate element when inflicting cruelty on dumb animals. The poor dog is too often the victim of their passionate rage, or their cool and calculating cruelty. We do verily believe, that if the eternal salvation of such men were suspended upon their humane treatment to their dogs, they would be forever excluded from Heaven, and wail in eternal misery. Boys, as you desire mercy, show mercy to the faithful dog.—Girls, as you esteem friendship and kindness, shun as you would the Sirocco's breath, the companionship of those young men who treat domestic animals with tyranny. It is a moral certainty, that they will make unkind, tyrannical husbands.

Spring Side, Vt., Feb., 1859. S. B. R.

BOB-O-LINK OR RICE BIRD.

THIS beautiful little bird, the favorite of all the young folks on account of its cheerful music, pretty plumage, and lively and curious manners, makes its appearance in this part of the country with the mild weather of spring. He is not then fully clad in his summer dress, but improves in appearance as the season advances.

The male, like the good pioneer, precedes his mate in his migration northward, arriving at his furthest boreal residence about the beginning of June. It is said that the Bob-o-link is found as far west as the base of the Rocky Mountains, but not in Oregon. The West India Islands furnish a favorable winter abode for this bird.

The meadows and orchards here are usually made vocal by their lively song about the first of May. They destroy many insects, which would otherwise trouble the farmer. The rearing of the young being their chief business, this does not take place until they have crossed the 40th degree of north latitude.

The mating season is one of great interest, calling forth the most incessant strains of music from the various competitors perched upon the fences and tree-tops, and sometimes like the lark, hovering on the wing. The males continue their song during the lonely days of incubation and rearing of the young, after which, they begin to lay aside their pied dress and appear in a more humble garb. In undergoing this change they lose their musical powers. About the middle of August they collect in flocks and begin their migration to their Southern home.

A CHEAP AND GOOD BAROMETER.—A truthful and cheap *Barometer*, interesting and instructive to youth, may be made by taking a clean glass bottle, and putting in it a small quantity of finely pulverized alum. Then fill up the bottle with spirits of wine. The alum will be perfectly dissolved by the alcohol, and in clear weather the liquid will be as transparent as the purest water. On the approach of rain, or cloudy weather, the alum will be visible in a flaky spiral cloud in the centre of the fluid, reaching from the bottom to the surface. This is a cheap, simple, and beautiful barometer.—ROBERT SHAW, *Shaverilla, N. Y.*, 1859.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—A man's best help is in himself—his own heart, his own soul, his own resolute purpose. The battle cannot be fought by proxy. A man's may be aroused by another—his desire to improve and advance himself be excited by another; but he must mould his own stuff, quarry his own nature, make his own character.—What if a man fail in one effort? Let him try again! Let him try again—try often, and he cannot fail ultimately to succeed. No man can tell what he can do until he tries, and tries with resolution.

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Landreth's Seed Grower—A. O. Moore & Co.
Agricultural Implements—Brooks & Co.
Rural Stock Register—H. F. Dibblee.
Grape Vines—Ellwanger & Barry & Smith.
New Work by Lola Montez—Dick and Fitzgerald.
Elliott's Western Fruit Book—A. O. Moore & Co.
Ithaca Nursery—A. Bryman & Co.
Farm for Sale or Exchange—W. H. Gardner.
5,000 Isabella Grape Vines—H. Payne.
First Quality Peruvian Guano—H. F. Dibblee.
Isabella and Clinton Grape Vines—Wm. Tompkins.
Hubbard Squash—B. K. Bliss.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 5, 1859.

Review of the Week.

From *Paraguay*, we have the intelligence that Commissioner Bowlin and Commodore Shubrick had one up the river, to hold an interview with Lopez, taking the brigs Dolphin and Perry, which will be taken in tow at the forks of the river by the steamers Fulton and Water Witch. The rest of the fleet were at Montevideo. A Paraguayan steamer had gone up with a chain to be placed across the river to prevent vessels from passing.—A French and English steamer had also gone up, and it was supposed that the latter would make a demand on Lopez for indemnity in the case of a British schooner lately seized. It was generally thought that our fleet was entirely inadequate, and that if an engagement took place they would be beaten. It is said that Lopez has 10,000 well disciplined men under arms.

Advices from *Central America* concur in stating that Sir William Gore Ousley had succeeded in making a favorable treaty for England with the government of Nicaragua, and that a copy was on its way to London at last dates. Mr. Ousley was about to proceed to Costa Rica, and there were reports of the speedy return of Mr. Lamar to the United States. The idea of a congress of the Central American Presidents in Guatemala city was abandoned. It is said a French treaty with Nicaragua, corresponding with the English, has been accepted.

Gold mines in *Kansas* continue to multiply. A telegram from St. Louis, on the 28th ult., states that new and valuable discoveries of gold have been made at Fusques Fork, ten miles from Denver. Claims were being rapidly taken up, and a large number of people were constantly arriving from California, Utah, and New Mexico.

A dispatch has been received at New Orleans with the following item of news from *Mexico*:—"A force will be landed from the English and French vessels at Vera Cruz, to protect the lives and property of the subjects of their respective nations, unless Miramon guarantees their safety before attacking the city."

From *Washington* we learn that the President has issued a proclamation declaring that an extraordinary occasion requires the Senate to convene, and act upon such communications as have been or may be made to it, on the part of the Executive. It is called for the 4th day of March, (last day of the present Congress,) at noon, of which all who shall be entitled to act as members of that body, are required to take notice.

[illegible] States. The Washington [illegible] says "the State Department [illegible] with the [illegible] was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the signing of the [illegible] bill by the President. It may [illegible] [illegible] that the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of Virginia [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] that on the admission of every new State into the Union one vote shall be added to the [illegible] and that such additional vote shall take effect on the fourth day of July, then next succeeding such admission."

Congressional Proceedings.

Senate.—The Senate was in Executive Session until 11 o'clock on the night of the 24th ult., on the post route bill. Amendments to abolish the franking privilege to members and ex-Presidents, etc., were lost. One to strike it out from the Post-Office was adopted. Various other amendments were lost. The bill was finally passed as amended, by 30 to 25.

The Appropriation Bill was called up, and after it was read, an attempt was made to get up the Cuba proposition. Mr. Slidell said if that proposition was postponed now, he should consider it an evasion of a direct vote on the question. He regretted that its friends were missing, while the opposition seemed disciplined and were better sitters. He trusted the bill would be disposed of this session. The vote was then taken on the question of postponing the Cuba bill and decided affirmatively—yeas 33, nays 32.

The only amendment of importance introduced in the appropriation bill as reported from the Finance Committee, was one making an appropriation of $20,000 to take a census of the people of Kansas, with a view to her admission into the Union as a State; one appropriating $6,000 for the pay of the Oregon Senators. Also, additional sections relating to the mint, to wit., extending the time for the issue of cents two years; also, that when refined gold bullion shall be deposited at the mint or its branches, the Treasurer shall make payment therefor as soon as it is coined, and that the charge for coining from the fine gold bullion shall be three-eighths of one per centum. All of which were adopted.

The Army Appropriation bill was then taken up in Committee of the Whole, various items of which make a total of $15,000,000. After several hours debate, the main appropriation was agreed to as above.

Mr. Davis, moved, and carried by a vote of 28 against 12, an additional clause appropriating $1,000,000 for fortifications. This, with a few minor amendments, sends the bill back to the House.—The bill was finally passed by ayes 21, nays 15.

House.—The House agreed to the report of the Committee of Reference on the disagreeing amendments of both Houses to the Indian appropriation bill.

Mr. Faulkner, of Va., from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported a bill to protect timber growing on lands set apart by the United States for military and other purposes. Those who unlawfully cut or wantonly destroy standing timber, are thereby subjected to a fine of $500 and a year's imprisonment. The bill was passed.

The House proceeded to take action on the amendment to the army appropriation bill, as reported from the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, by concurring in the amendments. The appropriations for the erection of barracks, hire of quarters, &c., were reduced to the extent of $400,000; in regular supplies of the quarter-master's department, about $400,000; and as between 4,000 and 5,000 animals are to be dispensed with in the transportation of the army, &c., about $474,000; and $183,000 for other objects, including $109,000 for the Springfield and Harper's Ferry armories, stricken out, making the total reduction $1,473,000, thus cutting down the appropriations of the army about $1,400,000. The House refused to strike out $118,000 for the arsenals.—The Army bill was passed by 116 against 93.

The President transmitted a Message returning with his objections the bill granting lands to the several States, providing for Colleges, for the benefit of agriculture, and for the promotion of the mechanical arts; that according to the report of the Interior Department 6,000,000 of acres will be required, which, at the minimum price paid for the same, will equal $7,575,000. This bill was passed at a period of great financial embarrassment, and should it become a law, the Treasury will be deprived of nearly all its income, which for the next year is estimated at $5,000,000, from that source—Should the 33 States enter into the market with this land scrip, the public lands would necessarily diminish, and considering the many land warrants in the market, the Treasury would be deprived of so much revenue. Should the time ever arrive when the State Governments can look to the Federal Government to maintain their system of internal policy, the character of both will become greatly deteriorated; hence the two should be kept entirely distinct. Another consideration was, that if so much land was precipitated into the market, it would benefit speculators to the injury of actual cultivators. It was doubtful, for the reasons stated, whether the proposed grant would conduce to the benefit of agriculture. In this case he adopted the rule, that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

Mr. Morrell, of Vt., said the President has a right to express his opinion as to whether the bill was Constitutional or not, and Members of Congress have the same privilege. The bill was not intended as a party measure, and had received the sanction of men on all sides of the House. It was a measure near the heart of Washington, and yet the President has sent a message here to day, to to strike down the bill, perhaps the only one proposed for the especial benefit of agriculture. The President has committed, if not a crime, at least a blunder. Mr. M. then briefly replied to some of the President's objections. The question was then taken on the passage of the bill, notwithstanding the President's veto to the contrary.—The result was, yeas, 105, nays, 96, and this not being a two-thirds vote, as required by the Constitution, the Speaker declared the bill rejected.

The Way to get Cuba.—A Washington correspondent says that the President will devote the $30,000,000, if he gets them, to buying up Spanish bonds in Europe, at their present depreciated value, and then insisting upon payment in full by the Spanish government, or the surrender of Cuba as an equivalent.

From Nicaragua.—The N. Y. Herald has a letter from Nicaragua, received by the brig E. Drummond. The Cass Yrissari Treaty has not been [illegible] but a treaty negotiated by Mr Ousley, the British Minister, has been signed, sealed and delivered.

Lake Shore Notes.

Eds. Rural:—We have just passed through one of the most severe wind storms ever experienced in this region, and one which not only tests the value of the barometer as a weather prophet, but which would also go far to test the correctness of Lieut. Maury's Storm Theory, by the comparison of facts concerning it over the region where it prevailed.

Saturday morning, Feb. 19th, at 7 o'clock temperature 36° Far.; barometer 29.5, wind S. E. and moderate, but soon increased and blew a gale by noon and through the rest of the day. In the night a heavy shower of rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning. Sunday morning at 8 o'clock temperature 46°, wind still S. E. and blowing strong—the barometer had fallen to 28.8.5—one-tenth lower than at any time before for four months—thus falling in a few hours time 6 1-100ths of an inch. As might be expected from the sudden and great change in the barometer, at about 11 o'clock the wind changed to the south west with a little dash of rain, and the *storm* began. From that time the wind blew with great and increasing violence for about twelve hours, prostrating fences, (even in some instances blowing the boards off post and board fence,) blowing the tops off from hay stacks and the balustrades from buildings, and handling things that "lay about loose" with very little ceremony. Monday morning 21st, the storm still raged; the wind had hauled during the night into the north-west, temperature 28°, barometer 29.3. It continued to blow hard all day and into the night with occasional slight snow squalls.

Tuesday morning Feb. 22d.—What a contrast The mercury in the barometer has risen to 29.6—the equilibrium is restored—all nature is as calm as a sleeping infant—the sun shines out delightfully and with the warmth of a spring day, as if to blot from the memory, as speedily as possible, the transactions of the recent storm. How appropriate the day to be the anniversary of the birth of the good and mild Washington. C.

Sodus, Wayne Co., N. Y., Feb. 22, 1859.

Personal and Political.

Information has been received at Washington from the Hon. Charles Sumner that his health is much improved, and that he will return early in the spring. He will be present to occupy his seat in the Senate should an extra session be called.

Letters from a highly intelligent Mexican authority announce that Miramon is collecting funds and treasure, with a view of abandoning Mexico. Arrangements are also rapidly progressing to furnish Juarez with the needed arms and ammunition for his army.

The Opposition Convention of Kentucky have nominated Joshua Bell for Governor, without a dissenting voice—Alfred H. Allen for Lieut. Governor, and James Harlan for Attorney General.—Great unanimity prevailed throughout the proceedings.

The California Legislature have passed a resolution by a vote of 50 to 1 requesting Mr. Broderick to resign his seat in the Senate.

Gov. Morgan has ordered a Special Election to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Senator Stow, to be held on Tuesday, March 15th. The district is composed of the counties of Niagara, Orleans and Genesee.

The Illinois House of Representatives has a curious custom. Near the close of the session, the roll of the members is called through once or twice, and, as his name is called, each member has a right to call for the consideration of one bill, and to have it put on its passage. Many private bills are thus reached and passed.

Should an extra session of Congress take place, it will probably be called for June, and special elections would have to be held in all the Southern States but those which have already held them—Florida, Arkansas, Missouri and South Carolina and Virginia, which elect in May. The President's message would have to go to Oregon by the 5th of March, or that State would be unrepresented

Affairs at Washington.

It is understood that the President has decided to receive Senor Mata, and thus recognize the Juarez government.

M. Casaly, editor of the *Echo de Italia*, has had an interview with the President with reference to the Italians recently banished to this country by the King of Naples. The result is that the matter is to be brought before Congress by a resolution, and an inquiry instituted, by what right the Neapolitan Government forces its subjects upon our country, to become here the objects of public charity.

The Times' correspondent says a gentleman recently returned from England, now in Washington, brings intelligence—which he says can be relied on implicitly—to the effect that Great Britain, as long ago as last October, negotiated a secret treaty with Guatemala, by which she obtained absolute sovereignty over a portion of that territory formerly claimed by her under cover of the right to cut dyewoods at Balize.

The rumor that all the available naval force, including the sloop-of-war Vincennes, had been ordered to the Gulf seems strengthened by a remark made by the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, that this American sea, as he terms it, belongs to us, and that we will and must exercise control over it.

The next arrival from Mexico, will, it is anticipated, bring highly important intelligence in connection with French and English fleets, and requiring a larger American naval force than has been heretofore kept in that quarter.

The New Canadian Coin.—A comparison of the new Canadian silver coins with American silver coins, made at the United States mint, shows that while the standard fineness of the Canadian coin is a little greater than ours, its weight and value are less, and it is therefore not interchangeable with our currency. The 20 cent piece falls below the value of two our dimes nearly three-fourths of a cent—a rate of about four per cent. on the dollar.

News Paragraphs.

On Thursday week, the ice at Prairie du Chien, on the Mississippi, was twenty-six inches thick, and covered with snow about six inches deep, with a fair prospect that the river above will remain closed until the middle of April.

A sright boy of nine years was delivered in Lanesboro', Mass., a few days since, for the purpose of attending school, having been forwarded by Express from Houston, Texas. The "freight" had been four weeks on the road.

The Colonization Society have received application for settlement in Liberia of one hundred and seventeen slaves, destined by their proprietors for freedom in Africa, and is in need of pecuniary assistance to carry out the wishes of the owners of the negroes.

The Asylum for inebriates at Binghampton, this State, intended for only 300 patients, will not be ready before next fall, but already there are 2,800 applicants! and, saddest fact of all, 400 of these are women.

The vagrants of Philadelphia obtain commitments to prison for thirty days, and then sell them for three cents to comrades who desire to go to prison more than they do.

The Canadian Government proposes deepening the Cornwall, Beauharnois and Lachine Canals to the same depth as through the Welland Canal—10 feet 6 inches—thus giving an uninterrupted navigation for vessels of ten feet draught, from the Lakes to the Atlantic.

They read so much Latin and Greek at the English Universities, that they have forgotten how to write English. A head master at Cambridge recently affixed this notice to the panels at the entrance of a certain College Chapel:—"On Sunday morning next, chapel will commence at 10 o'clock, and continue until further notice."

Enormous amounts of silver have been discovered at the mines of the Veiled Meadows of Arizona. It lies in blocks and panels, in many instances masses weigh tons, yielding from seventy to ninety per cent. of silver with copper.

Mrs. Tracy Gray, a lady aged 100 years and four months, and who was with her husband, an officer on board of Com. Perry's flag ship, at the battle of Lake Erie, lately died at Philadelphia. A number of veterans of 1812 joined in her funeral procession.

A correspondent of the *Homestead* gives the following:—"It won't do to laugh at Connecticut any longer for wooden nutmegs. New Hampshire has beat her, and must be the banner State for roguery. I see in the papers that the Legislature of that State has been obliged to repeal the law offering a bounty for the destruction of crows, in consequence of the practice which has prevailed of procuring crow's eggs and hatching them under hens, and bringing forward the brood for the bounty."

The Ogdensburgh *Journal* says the gale of the 19th ult., started the ice in the St. Lawrence, and large fields passed down the river. Everything indicates an early opening of navigation.

It now turns out that when the words "Henley" and "you understand," were said to be received at the Newfoundland end of the Atlantic cable, the station at Valentia, (Ireland,) was locked up and deserted! If the words actually came, they must either have been delayed a week or two in the wire, or else they form part of a message attempted to be sent by some electrical eel along the line.

The Bey of Tunis has been distinguishing himself by personal effort in saving seamen shipwrecked within sight of his palace, going to their relief, and stripping himself to cover their cold bodies. This is the same Tunis, where a few years since, to be driven upon the coast was to make sure of robbery and enslavement, if not death.—Who says the world don't move?

Haytien Affairs.—Gen. Geffrard was becoming more and more popular in Hayti; and the indignation toward Soulouque was not abated. His property had been confiscated. In Fort Laboue were found the remains of 1,507 victims, and by decree of Geffrard, this fort—the Bastile of Hayti—has been ordered to be demolished. The revolution partook of religious enthusiasm. A ritual was adopted by the people, in which the Emperor was execrated, and Geffrard, the political savior of the people, invoked to come to their deliverance from oppression, and his cause commended to Deity. Aux Cayes dates of the 6th ult. are received. They state that everything was quiet.—Preparations were being made there to receive President Geffrard. Doubloons have fallen from $3,20 to $2,50. Business was expected to revive as the import and export duties were to be modified. The ex-Duke of Aux Cayes endeavored unsuccessfully to raise a feeling against Geffrard on the 16th.

Temperance Convention.—The N. Y. State Temperance Society held a Convention in Albany on the 23th ult., and adopted resolutions condemnatory of the present excise law. They issue an address, the main feature of which is the declaration that inasmuch as the administration (Rep.) has claimed supreme authority over police regulations, in the city of New York, and has established an army (the Metropolitan Police) there, it is bound to enforce the laws and put a stop to their gross violation. The address holds the State Administration directly responsible for the present lawless condition of the city, in the arms as it is of the political party that enacted both the Excise and Metropolitan laws. The Society sent a memorial to the Legislature, praying for the repeal of the present excise law and asking protection from the evils of intemperance.

The Guano Trade of Peru.—The government of Peru sold from the Chincha Islands, during the year 1858, guano to the amount of 266,709 tons.—This sold at the ports in Europe and America, where it was delivered, for about $15,000,000; and deducting $3,000,000 for the freight, this leaves $12,000,000 received by the Peruvian government and their agents from the sales. The freight the last year has averaged about $11 a ton. It is now $10, or less. At one time the freight was as high as $30 a ton.

The News Condenser.

Lord Napier will leave America the 20th inst.

— The U. S. Mint will not hereafter receive Spanish silver.

— A $25 nugget of gold has been found near Lawrenceville, S. C.

— There are three feet of snow in the Northern part of Wisconsin.

— Mr. Cobden is said to be contemplating a visit to the United States.

— Green peas from Florida were served in New York on Saturday week.

— Thirteen members of the present Wisconsin Legislature are Germans.

— The telegraph wire between Bagdad and Constantinople is laid down.

— The Court House at Madison, Ind., was destroyed by fire on Sunday week.

— The Massachusetts Legislature has refused to abolish capital punishment.

— Two newspaper thieves were sent to jail in Hartford, on Saturday week.

— A Boston cabinet firm has made a fifteen hundred dollar sideboard for Paris.

— The Illinois river is now open to Peoria, the ice having mostly given way.

— Gold has been discovered on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, near Cheraldn.

— The recent census of New Orleans falls short of that of 1853 by more than 20,000.

— The Winans' cigar-shaped Iron Steamer is a failure. They are altering her shape.

— The Milledgeville Recorder gives a list of newspapers in Georgia, showing 61 in all.

— The food, drink and smoke bill of the New York jury in the Cancemi case was $750.

— The Legislature of Indiana have invited the Legislature of Ohio to visit Indianapolis.

— The flesh of the hippopotamus is the latest novelty in the way of Parisian *gourmanderie*.

— The Edgartown (Mass.) Gazette advertises for a young lady to teach skating in that town.

— There is a smart freshet in the Ohio river, there being 55 feet in the channel at Cincinnati.

— Mr. Henley, the electrician, has gone to Trinity Bay to try and wake up the Atlantic cable.

— The Shakers at New Lebanon, N. Y., are about to erect a large stone barn at a cost of $30,000.

— A writer in the Berliner Revue thinks the United States is fast verging to a military despotism.

— Nine of the Burns Poems sent in to the English Prize Committee were from the United States.

— It is understood that the President is writing a Message vetoing the Agricultural College bill.

— The Government of Yucatan has declared a war of extermination against the revolted Indians.

— A weekly English newspaper, to be called the Levant Herald, is about to be started at Constantinople.

— A. DeForest, of Ann Arbor, shipped, last week, six hundred bushels of beans for Pike's Peak gold mines.

— The Senate of Missouri have appropriated $2,000 to the Mount Vernon Fund. The vote was unanimous.

— It is said that some thirty new banks are to go into operation under the new Michigan General Banking Law.

— "L' Empire Francais" is the name of the special organ of Louis Napoleon about to be established in New York.

— The four Presidents of the four great Railroads renewed their conferences and quarrels at New York last week.

— Mr. Rarey, the horse-tamer, is now in Russia, on a special invitation from the Emperor and the Imperial Court.

— A great grandson of William Penn recently died at a very advanced age at a charity hospital in Bristol, England.

— In Grundy county, Ill., mad dogs and mad cattle are abundant. Much loss and damage has been sustained.

— John A. Brown, one of the oldest and ablest editors of Wisconsin, died at Madison on the 10th ult., aged about fifty.

— A man in Buffalo wears a most rare and ancient curiosity, in the shape of a wooden watch, only 150 years old!

— Railroad trains are now running regularly across the Isthmus of Suez, drawn by locomotives built in Massachusetts.

— The people of Iceland are moving for an independent government. The project is favored in the Danish Lower Chamber.

— The Portuguese residents of New York have organized the first Portuguese company ever heard of in the United States.

— A bill providing for the prosecution of a State Geological Survey has passed both houses of the Missouri Legislature.

— The city council of Dubuque, Iowa, has appropriated eleven dollars for strychnine, to be used in killing dogs in the street.

— A building near Toledo, Ohio, was struck by lightning and burned to the ground on the 19th ult. Something unusual for winter.

— A census of the city of Detroit, which has just been taken, shows a total population of 82,150. In 1850 the population was only 21,057.

— They had a dance the other night at Madison, Wis., for the benefit of the Church. The Sentinel supposes it was a religious *movement!*

— For the instruction of the Dutch in Michigan, "Gouverneur Bingham's Broadschap" (message) has been printed in that language.

— The French hair harvest amounts to nearly 100 tons a year. The price varies from 20 cents to $1 per head, according to weight and quality.

— The State Capitol and Governor's mansion, at Raleigh, N. C., are still lighted with candles, notwithstanding the city is supplied with gas.

— The bequest of $100,000 by Mr. McMicken, to the city of Cincinnati, which was contested by his heirs, has been declared valid by the court.

— The Italians in New York are preparing for a public reception of their brethren, who have been banished to this country for political o[illegible]

— A fur dealer in Taunton, Mass., has purchased this winter no less than 646 skunk skins, on which he intends to realize a hundred per cent.

— The King of Sweden is in a sad state. His muscles have entirely lost their power, and he is not only unable to stand, but even to move a limb.

— A sensation preacher recently informed his congregation that heaven is but 1,500 miles square. He appealed for proof to the 21st of Revelations.

— The thirty-second overland mail, Southern route, reached St. Louis last week in twenty-three days and a half. This is excellent time for the winter season.

Old World Matters.

The Africa arrived at New York on the 22d ult., and the Canada at Halifax on the 24th ult. We make the following digest of foreign intelligence:

GREAT BRITAIN.—The London Daily News argues from the remarks of the Premier and Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the position of foreign affairs is most critical. Ministers are unable to furnish authoritive explanations respecting the intention of the French Emperor. It is felt more clearly than ever that the preservation of peace depends upon the will of one individual. The News' city article says:—"*The conviction is that war is intended to be provoked.*"

Discussions in Parliament have had a very discouraging effect, which was greatly aggravated by the announcement of the attempt of Sardinia to make a loan, and the Imperial Pamphlet on Italy.

All other city journals are also speculating on the War question. The Times says in its leading editorial:—"The torch of fire but once lighted, no one can tell where it will be quenched. To England there seems but one duty, that of saying energetically that without war or any other disturbance of the general peace of Europe, Italy shall be free." It has been noticed that the number of Italian refugees in London had considerably diminished during the last few weeks.

FRANCE.—The number of ships of war in commission in the French ports is 200. Notwithstanding the peaceable sentiments uttered by the Emperor and Count De Morny at the opening of the French Legislature, war like preparations continued on a large scale. The Herald's letter says that affairs stand just as they did before the Emperor's speech. Great difficulty exists, and if diplomacy fails, war must ensue.

SPAIN.—In the lower Chamber a deputy asked the Government if it knew anything of a bill presented in the United States Congress relative to the purchase of Cuba, and if it would communicate to the Chamber any correspondence which might have taken place with France and England on the subject. The Minister of Finance replied that he could not answer the inquiries without consulting his colleagues.

SARDINIA.—After a stormy discussion the new loan for 50,000,000 livers was voted by the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies, by 116 yeas to 35 nays. The following is a summary of Count Cavour's speech respecting the new loan:—Our policy has been at all times national, never of the revolutionary character. Austria has lately taken a menacing attitude toward us—has collected very large forces on our frontiers, therefore the necessity arises for us to look for the means of defence. Our policy is not defiant. We will not excite war, neither will we lower our voice when Austria arrays herself and threatens us.

From the Pacific Side.

By the arrival of the Quaker City at New Orleans, and the Overland Mail at St. Louis, we have the following intelligence:

CALIFORNIA.—Business was brisk at San Francisco, and money easy. There have been heavy rains in California, and the whole country was excessively muddy. The news from the mines is favorable. The California Legislature, by a vote of 50 to 1, have requested Senator Broderick to resign. The Los Angeles Vineyard says there is good reason to believe that a party of 15 men, belonging to the Stockton and Albuquerque Mail Company, had been massacred on the Colorado by the Mohave Indians. A fight between a party of volunteers, under Capt. Merick, and a large body of Indians, had occurred in Humboldt county, in which 20 Indians were killed and a large number taken prisoners.

OREGON.—From Oregon, the intelligence is, that the Indians were quiet. The Indians in Southern Oregon were in trouble, and Gen. Clark was about to proceed with 500 men to chastise them.

VICTORIA.—Victoria dates are to the 22d ult. A bill to legalize the decimal currency had been introduced in the Vancouver's Island Assembly. Large amounts of merchandize were being smuggled into British Columbia from the adjacent American towns. Frazer river had risen several feet, and was free from ice, and the miners were generally at work.

Mexico.—The Quaker City brings later news from Mexico. President Miramon had reached Orizaba with several thousand men, bound to attack Vera Cruz. Great apprehension was felt regarding the result.

SANTA ANNA TO BE INVITED BACK TO MEXICO.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Times, writes:—I have just learned, upon excellent authority, that two Commissioners are on their way to St. Thomas, sent by Miramon, to invite Santa Anna back to Mexico to take charge of the Government. This is considered an European move. Gen. Alvarez, of Mexico, has empowered Dr. Smith to get arms, ammunition and officers, but no men. He has sent for Gen. Wheat, tendering him his former commission of Brig. General.

Advices from Vera Cruz, represent Juarez as preparing for a vigorous defence of the city against the threatened attack of Miramon. Juarez has a force already of 5,000 men and 200 field-pieces, and had ordered an additional force of 2,000 men from from the interior. He had sanguine hopes of defeating Miramon.

THE SEDIMENT OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.—New land is continually forming at the mouth of the Mississippi. As an example of the rapidity of its creation, it is stated that the old Balize, erected at the mouth of the river about 1774, was, in 1834, two miles above it. There was not, at that time, the smallest appearance of the island on which, forty-two years after, Ulloa caused barracks to be raised for pilots, and now known as the new Balize. The rate of advance is believed to be ninety-six feet per year.

THE TEN PER CENT. LAW IN OHIO.—The repeal of this law takes effect on the first day of April. The interest law will then stand as of old. Legal rate six per cent. and no greater rate can be enforced. Of course this repeal does not affect contracts made under the ten per cent. law.

Publisher's Notices.

TIMELY AND IMPORTANT
Special Notices to Rural Agents, Friends, &c.

ENTITLED TO BOUND VOLUMES OF THE RURAL.—Below we give a list of the One Hundred Persons entitled to a Bound Volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1858, as a gratuity for sending the first 100 lists of thirty or more yearly subscribers to the present volume, in addition to the extra copies, &c., offered:

P. C. Buell, C. F. Bently, S. O. Gage, S. N. Stillman, C. J. Lowe, E. Howland, T. J. Munro, O. A. Graves, Frank Swift, B. Farr, A. Sutton, H. Bond, B. Hazlit, N. M. Crandell, H. Hunt, D. B. Abell, J. J. Parker, N. B. Hopkins, F. H. Gilbert, G. A. Beam, D. R. Strout, Frank Granger, L. W. Merrill, F. Snow, M. F. Woodward, P. G. Lansberg, J. O. Ransom, N. Hitch, D. Leighton, D. P. Gordon, W. J. Clarke, R. S. Van Hoesen, W. A. Hart, D. Hall, T. R. Butler, S. G. Pond, D. N. Brown, S. B. Densmore, A. S. Mott, A. Root, P. S. Cooley, L. F. Anderson, Moses Fisher, M. Hutchinson, P. Congdon, J. J. Scudder, L. L. Cummings, A. F. Hoopt, Wm. Longworthy, E. Lyon, J. F. Morgan, W. Kingsley, H. M. Cole, J. H. Stanley, J. C. Miller, R. D. Dickinson, J. H. Montgomery, R. Helming, J. D. Lamberson, F. M. Fook, F. H. Havens, T. Banning, Parker, L. M. Cockburn, E. Fitts, N. K. Cole, I. W. Thrall, Thomas Haynes, Henry F. Smith, Norman Maltby, Charles Hurd, W. Richey, W. Barnes, A. Robinson, O. Bennett, L. B. Murdock, W. Warner, H. N. Andrew, J. Mather, G. Graves, L. Warner, E. W. Bosserman, C. C. Lake, H. Halsey, J. W. Runyan, W. M. Perkins, A. R. Strain, H. H. Watrous, J. W. Streeter, D. E. Rose, F. J. Spicer, J. S. Clark, A. Leche, N. A. Smith, J. Barnden, T. Moorhead, H. A. Barnum, G. S. Buell, C. H. Lane, S. B. Kline.

☞ Those who have not yet received the volume will give us their nearest Express Office, or direct how to forward. The bound volume cannot be sent by mail.

*** As the gratuities have been paid to the 100 persons sending the first lists of Ten, Sixteen or Twenty Subscribers, it is considered unnecessary to publish the list of names.

☞ BACK NUMBERS OF THIS VOLUME can still be furnished, and are forwarded to all new subscribers unless otherwise ordered. Though our sets of back numbers are rapidly diminishing daily, we can still supply several thousand new subscribers. We shall probably be able to furnish the numbers for a month or more, yet as our rule is, "first come first served," those who wish to secure the complete volume should not delay.

☞ NEW CLUBS.—It is not too late to commence and form Clubs for Vol. X., as we shall probably be able to supply back numbers for a month or more, notwithstanding the large additions over previous years. Try it, Friends of the RURAL!—you who are in localities where the paper ought to be circulated, but has only a few subscribers, or is not yet introduced. A little effort, NOW, will enable you to succeed.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS—Are now in order, and whether they come (as they do daily) in ones, twos, fives, tens or twenties, are gratefully welcomed and receive prompt attention. Please note, and send on the names of all wish to join your club, even the eleventh-hour men and stragglers.

☞ TRY FOR LARGE CLUBS!—Yes, if your neighbors object, as some people do, to paying more than the lowest club rate for the RURAL, make an earnest effort to form a club of at least *thirty*. In many places where we had only one to ten subscribers last year, we now have lists of from 30 to 100.

☞ DRAFTS AT OUR RISK.—We lose little money by mail, but prefer Drafts on New York (less exchange,) payable to our order, and which may be sent at our risk if carefully mailed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and each and all who form clubs, will not only receive extra copies, but their aid will be appreciated. We have no traveling agents, nor do we give certificates.

☞ CLUB PAPERS sent to as many different post-offices as desired, and after a Club is formed additions may be made to it at the club rate. See "Additions to Clubs," below.

Brief Replies to Various Queries.

ROTARY DIGGER.—*H. R., Ind.* Are not advised as to the progress making, if any, in the improvement and manufacture of this machine.

FLOWER SEEDS.—*J. B. H., Lockport.* You were "forcing the season" in looking for advertisements of Flower Seeds before March. Presume you will find what you want in the RURAL during the present month. Mr. BLISS is still in the business.

HOMŒPATHIC REMEDIES.—*L. T. B., Albion.* No, Sir, "Humphrey's Specific Homœpathic Remedies" are *not* patent medicines. If they were they would not be advertised in the RURAL. As to your second query—Don't believe a pint of the pills would injure any one!

ANSWERS BY LETTER.—*A. T. D., H. S., P. B. W.*, and others who have recently desired answers by letter are advised that our business is so pressing at this season that it is impossible to give personal attention to their requests. We *do not* deal in Implements, Trees or Seeds, and must refer all who desire to purchase to our advertising department.

OBITUARIES, &c.—*Miss M. B., Orleans Co.*, and *O. L. S., Mich.* Cannot consistently publish the long notices you send. If we were to give long obituary notices, &c., without charge, many of our columns would soon be thus filled. Hence, we long ago adopted the rule to charge 50 cents for each Obituary or Marriage notice of four lines or less, and advertising rates (25 cents a line) for each line over four.

Books Received.

A NEW HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO. In which LAS CASAS' denunciations of the Popular Historians of that War are fully vindicated. By ROBERT ANDERSON WILSON, author of "Mexico and its Religion," etc. Philadelphia: Jas. Challen & Son. 8 vo.—pp. 588. Sold by E. DARROW & BRO.

THE METHODIST; or, Incidents and Characters from Life in the Baltimore Conference. By MIRIAM FLETCHER. With an Introduction by W. P. STRICKLAND, D. D. In two volumes. New York: Derby & Jackson. pp. 884 and 860. Sold by DEWEY.

THE RED ROVER. A Tale. By J. FENIMORE COOPER. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. pp. 522. For sale by DEWEY.

LIFE OF MRS. VIRGINIA HALE HOFFMAN, late of the Protestant Episcopal Mission to Western Africa. By Rev. GEO. D. CUMMINGS, D. D., Rector of St. Peter's Church, Baltimore. Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston. For sale by DEWEY.

THE OLD PLANTATION, and What I Gathered there in an Autumn month. By JAS. HUNGERFORD, of Maryland. New York: Harper & Bros. pp. 369. Sold by DEWEY.

ERIC; or, Little by Little. A Tale of Roslyn School. By FRED. W. FARRAR, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. New York: Rudd & Carleton. pp. 366. Sold by DEWEY.

THE PLANTER'S DAUGHTER. A Tale of Louisiana. Phila.: T. B. Peterson & Bros. pp. 416. Sold by DEWEY.

PICTURES OF COUNTRY LIFE. By ALICE CARY, author of "Clover-Nook," "Married not Mated," etc. New York: Derby & Jackson. pp. 359. Sold by DEWEY.

Special Notices.

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND!
TWELVE PAGES OF POPULAR MUSIC FOR TEN CENTS.

"OUR MUSICAL FRIEND" is filled with the best Piano Solos Duets, Songs, Operatic Arias, Polkas, Mazurkas, Quadrilles, Waltzes, and every other species of musical composition for Voice and Piano by the best American and European Composers: printed on full-sized music paper, adapted to every grade of performer.

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PRICE TEN CENTS, WEEKLY.

Yearly, 65; Half Yearly, 32,50; Quarterly, 31.25 cents. The Volume commenced on the 1st of December, 1858.

C. B. SEYMOUR & CO., Proprietors,
478-4t 13 Frankfort street, New York.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, March 1, 1859.

FLOUR—No change to note in the price of this article although a little more firmness is observable.

GRAIN—Wheat is without alteration in rates. Corn is drooping, having fallen off 3c per bushel. All others remain at last quotations.

POULTRY—Among the "institutions" of the city which is of comparatively recent date, is a depot for the purchase of *Live Poultry*, established for the benefit of the New York market. From 400 to 600 are forwarded weekly. Prices range from 25 to 38 cents—the former for common, the latter large breeds. Turkeys (dressed) are wanted at an advance of 1@2c per pound.

SEEDS—Clover has taken another start—rates $6,50@7,00 per bushel. Timothy has also gone up—$2,50@2,75 being the range.

POTATOES have, at last, got under the prevailing influence and have put on 5@7c per bushel—35c for common and 50c for choice.

WOOL—So little has been doing in this staple of late that our figures have been merely nominal for some time, but as the season approaches buyers are beginning to tone the market and we give the range at which transactions are effected to-day. It will be observed that a large advance has been taken—35@50c being the prices offered. It is our intention to furnish weekly Wool reports from the leading business centres of the entire country, and keep all persons who make wool-growing a desideratum thoroughly posted.—Those interested are referred to rates at New York, Boston, Albany, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Cincinnati and Louisville, given in appropriate department. Sheep pelts are bringing better prices—see quotations.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		Eggs, dozen	14@15c
Flour, wht wheat	$6.75@7,25	Honey, box	14@16c
Do. spring do.	$5,50@6,25	Candles, box	12@12c
Do. Buckwheat ₱ cwt.	$1.75	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,50@1,55	Apples, bushel	50@$1,00
Best white Canada	$1,50@1,55	Do dried	$1,00@1,75
Corn	75@77c	Potatoes	35@50c
Rye 60 ℔s ₱ bush	74c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Oats	30@35c	Slaughter	6¼@7c
Barley	60@70c	Calf	10c
Buckwheat	48@50c	Sheep pelts	$1,25@2,00
Beans	75@85c	Lamb do	37½@50c
MEATS.		SEEDS	
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,00	Clover, bush	$6,50@7,00
Do cwt	$7,00@8,00	Timothy	$2,50@2,75
Beef ₱ cwt	$6,00@6,00	SUNDRIES.	
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@2,00	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Mutton (carcass)	4@5c	Do. soft	$3,00@3,00
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Coal, Lehigh	$6,75@7,00
Shoulders	6@7c	Do Scranton	$5,00@5,50
Chickens	7@8c	Do. Blossburg	$5,00@5,50
Turkeys	10@11c	Do Shamokin	$5,00@5,50
Geese	38@44c	Do Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,30@1,35
Butter, roll	18@20c	Hay, ton	$7,00@11,00
Do firkin	18c	Wool ₱ ℔	35@50c
Cheese	10@11c	White fish, bbl	$7,00@7,50
Lard, tried	10@11c	Codfish ₱ quintal	$4,75@5,00
Tallow	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$6,50@7,00

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Feb 28.—FLOUR—Market for flour unchanged. State and Western are 5@10c better with a good speculative demand. Sales at $4,35@5,40 for common to choice superfine State; $4,00@6,25 for extra State; $5,00@5,65 for superfine Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa; $4,20@5,40 for common to good medium and extra do; $4,50@5,65 for all grades brands extra round hoop Ohio Canadian steady; sales at $6,50@7,30 common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat market is active and buoyant. Sales at 122 for Milwaukee club; 143c for red winter Western; 175c for white Kentucky; 140c for red Tennessee; 155c for white do; and Canadian on p. t. Rye is quiet 87@89c. Corn dull, sales at 79@81c for poor white Southern; 85c for yellow do; mixed Western is nominal at 84@85c. Oats dull at 54@57c for State; and 60@63c for Western and Canada.

PROVISIONS—Pork dull and unchanged. Sales at $17,90@18,10 for new mess; $17,62½@17,75 for old do, and $13,25 for prime. Lard market dull and heavy; sales at 11¼@12¼c.—Butter quiet at 11@19c for Ohio; 17@25c for State. Cheese dull at 8@11½c as to quality.

BUFFALO, Feb. 28.—FLOUR—The market is extremely quiet this morning, while prices are steady. Sales at $5@5,25 for ordinary State; $5,75@6,37½ for extra Michigan, Ohio and Indiana, and $6,50@7,00 for double extras.

GRAIN—There is only a moderate milling inquiry this morning, and the market is firm. A sale of white winter Illinois was effected at $1,56. We are informed that $1,40 was offered for white Indiana. Corn—Sale of old corn on Saturday at 90c in store. Oats—We cannot quote Canadian higher than 56c. State oats are nominal at 56@61c. Barley market quiet within the range of 75@85c for ordinary to choice

SEED—Timothy is held at $2,25@2,50, and Clover $6,75@7.

PROVISIONS—Mess pork continues dull at $17,50, and light do at $16,50. Plain hams, smoked, 9¼c; sugar cured 10½c. Lard quiet at 11½@12c

ALBANY, Feb. 28.—FLOUR—There is no new feature to notice in Flour, the demand is good and the market is steady. Corn Meal is quiet.

GRAIN—Wheat is in fair request for milling with sales 2,000 bush red winter Western at $1,47. Corn quiet but firm—Barley in moderate request with sales 1,000 bush Genesee Valley on p. t. Oats quiet. In the street but little has been done and prices are about the same as they were on Friday last

DRESSED HOGS—A dull and drooping market. We note sales of 50 State, both light and heavy at $8.

CHICAGO, Feb. 28.—The flour market on Saturday last exhibited much activity, and prices were freely sustained—Sales reached 3,000 bbls at $5@5,50 for spring extras, and $6,25 for white winter do. The wheat market was firmer, especially for No. 1 red, and No. 2 spring, which advanced.—The total sales were 11,000 bush at $1,26@1,27 for No. 1 red; $1 12 for No 2 red, 90c for rejected red; 98c for Standard spring; 87½@88c for No. 2 spring; 73c for rejected spring—There was a good demand for Corn, and sales were freely made at 68c ₱ 60 ℔s on track. Oats quiet. Barley and Rye unchanged. The provision market was dull and heavy. A sale of 4,000 shoulders was effected as 5¼c loose.

TORONTO, C. W., Feb. 24.—Since our last report prices have not varied greatly. The stock of grain brought into market within the last few days has been small, owing to the bad state of the roads, the snow having almost entirely disappeared. Fall Wheat is at present changing hands at prices ranging from 7s 6d to 8s 3½d per bushel for the best. Spring Wheat is still worth 6s 6d to 7s per bushel. Barley is wanted at 4s 6d to 5s per bushel. Peas 4s 6d to 5s per bushel. Oats still bring 3s to 3s 1d per bushel.—*Globe.*

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, $10,50@11,00; Ordinary, $9,00@10,00; Common, $8,00@9,00; Inferior, $6,50@7,75.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $35@45; Ordinary, $45@50; Common, $35@40; Inferior, $20@28.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₱ ℔., 6¾@7½c.; Ordinary, 5½@6c.; Common, 4½@5c.; Inferior, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, per head, $7,50@9,50; Ordinary, $5,50@6,00; Common, $4,50@5,25; Inferior, $3,00@4,00

SWINE—First quality, 7½@7¾c.; Other qualities, 5½@7½c.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb 23.—At market 846 Cattle, about 700 Beeves, and 146 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,75@8,00; First quality, $6,75@7,25; Second, $5,50@6,00; Third, $5,00; Ordinary, $4,00

WORKING OXEN—$75, 100@150 per pair.

COWS AND CALVES—$28, 40@67.

STORES—Yearlings, $00@00; Two Years Old, $20@25; Three Years Old, $28@31.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1,940 at market. Prices—Extra and Selections, $3,50, 4@6, 7; in lots $1,75, 2,00@3,00.

HIDES—7½@8c. ₱ ℔. Tallow 7½@8c. ₱ ℔.

PELTS—$1,50@1,75 each. Calf Skins, 14@18c. ₱ ℔.

BRIGHTON, Feb. 24.—At market 1000 Beeves, 198 Stores, 1900 Sheep and Lambs, 550 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $8,00@8,25; First quality, $7,75; Second, $6,75; Third, $5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$000@000.

MILCH COWS—$30@39; common, $21@22

VEAL CALVES—$3,00, 4,00@5,00

STORES—Yearlings, 00@00; Two Years Old, $20@24; Three Years Old, $26@31.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—In lot, $1,75@2,75; Extra, $3, 0@6.

SWINE—Fat Hogs, 6c.; Retail, 6@7c.; Pigs 5@5½c.

HIDES—7½@8c. ₱ ℔. Tallow—7½@8c. ₱ ℔.

PELTS—$1,50@1,75. Calf Skins, 13@14c. ₱ ℔.

TORONTO, C. W., Feb. 25.—Pork has slightly declined, and is at present worth from $5,50 to $6 per 100 ℔s for prime heavy hogs.

BEEF—Slaughtered beef is not plentiful at $5 per 100 ℔s for bind quarters. On foot cattle are scarce. For the best $6 and even higher is paid, varying from that to $5 per 100 ℔s—deducting one third for shrinkage.

SHEEP $4,50 to $5,50 each; generally $5 for the ordinary run. Calves are becoming more plentiful at $5 each.—*Globe.*

The Wool Markets.

ALBANY, Feb. 24.—But little has been done durine the past week, the attention of the trade being mainly directed toward the great sale in Boston whither most of the dealers have gone. Quotations are.

American, Saxony Fleece, ₱ ℔	50 @60
American, Full Blood Merino	45 @50
American, ½ and ¾ Merino	40 @45
American, ¼ Merino and ⅛ Merino	35 @40
Extra, Pulled	45 @48
Superfine, Pulled	40 @43
No 1 Pulled	32 @36

PHILADELPHIA, Feb 24.—The upward tendency noted in our last for wool, time past, still continues. There seems have been trading, but the stocks have become very much reduced. Prices are fully 3c ₱ ℔ higher than a fortnight since. The demand is good; prices of most descriptions of manufactured goods having improved. The week's sales foot up 300,000 ℔s.—*Commercial List.*

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 24.—Fair demand, with sales of grease wool at 23@25c; pulled wool ranges from 28 to 33c, and tub washed 30@35c, as to condition and quality. Inferior with burrs sells at 18 to 20c.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24.—Domestic is in light supply, and prices are firmly maintained, but the demand is quite limited, pending the result of the sale in Boston. The sales for the week, both of Fleece and Pulled, do not exceed 125,000 ℔s, within the range of 50@75c for half to fancy fleeces, and 55@65c for No. 1 to choice Pulled; sales also of 150 bales medium fine mixed California at 22@25c, 6 mos., 15 bales white washed East India at 20c, cash, and 30,000 ℔s Cape of G. H., but known to be at extreme rates. The stock of Wool on hand in the other principal markets on the Atlantic seaboard is very small and high prices would readily be realized if any could be had. Large supplies are expected to arrive during the next three months, provided the sales continue to run full [illegible] the past three months. Under these circumstances [illegible] and manufacturing agents [illegible] Wool-operating for the year in the [illegible] for the present season, it would seem [illegible] whether to act now or not, and ask our [illegible] of us were prophets, never thinking, perhaps, how [illegible] this would appear to another class of our readers. [illegible] generally seem to be in the trade [illegible] that the manufacturing [illegible] wool would pay more [illegible] money market, the restoration [illegible] confidence, together with light importations from abroad, have all combined to the aforesaid result, and those who have held their wool no doubt will fare well, whereas, if all hold on to it, a contrary effect may be the result. Wool, it would now seem, has reached pretty near the pinnacle of prices, and if buyers and manufacturing agents are desirous to give written contracts for the next clip at from 45@55c growers probably may run less risk in selling than to run the chances of the market, even should it remain stationary the next year. Let all, however, use their own discretion—we only wish to give plain facts.—*Tribune.*

A TELEGRAM from New York Saturday morning, 26th ult., says:—The auction sales at Boston passed off spiritedly and prices ruled very high, the average showing a fully sustained market, which has added to the buoyancy here, and tended to strengthen holders, and the market is quiet in consequence. Sales 80,000 ℔s Western super pulled, 110,000 ℔s unwashed Buenos Ayres, 14,800 bales Mexican, and 30,000 ℔s China

BOSTON, Feb. 24.—30,000 ℔s medium, and 100,000 ℔s of the finer sorts of Wool, were sold at auction to-day, by Messrs. Bingham, Joy & Co. Purchasers were present from New York, Philadelphia, Albany and other cities. The sales were brisk, and prices considered good. The following are the figures:—9,500 ℔s Mazador at 19¼@19½c; 327,000 ℔s California fleeces, of various qualities, at 21½@51½c; 27,000 ℔s black tub-washed at 28½@31½c; 6,500 ℔s Maine at 41@43c; a lot of Virginia double extra at 51@51½c; lot of New York pulled at 46½@53½c; lot of Western and Ohio do at 38@41½c; lot of East India at 10@23c; 5,000 ℔s Vermont fine at 48½c; 30,000 ℔s New York, New Hampshire and Ohio, selected fleece, at 53@56c; 12,000 ℔s Wilpole, N. H., buggy meadow extra at 50½@57c; 44,000 ℔s Pennsylvania, Ohio extra, selected fancy clips, in lots, at 57½@61½c; 18 bags Ohio extra pulled at 56c; 7 bags choice double extra at 58; 7 bags very fine do at 51c. The aggregate of the sales reached nearly $200,000.

CLEVELAND, O., Feb. 24.—The last sales of fleece wool in this market were fine clips, ranging from 50 to 60c. We quote extra fine at 70c; full blood 68c; ¾ do 60c; ½ do 52c; ¼ do 48c; common 42c. Pulled wool is in active demand at full prices; extra pulled 50c; super 45c; No. 1 40c.—*Democrat.*

CINCINNATI, Feb. 24.—We notice a good demand, and the receipts, which are mostly the lower grades, are taken at 30 to 40c. We notice contracts being made for the coming clips at much higher prices. There is a strong speculative feeling in the market, and the indications are that the new crop will command very high prices. Agents are through the country, contracting for the clip in advance. Wool growers will lose nothing, we think, by holding off. Prices are now nearly 2c per ℔ higher than they were a year ago and we look for the establishment of a still higher currency. There is everything to encourage farmers to take good care of their sheep and reject the offers of speculators. The supply of wool now in the country is not equal to the demand, and in this regard there is no probability of a change for six months to come, at least.—*Gazette.*

Deaths.

In Morenci, Mich., Feb. 16th, of Inflammation of the Lungs, JAMES M., son of JOHN G. SMITH, of Medina, Mich., in the 22d year of his age.

In Wiscoy, Allegany Co., N. Y., very suddenly, LUTHER COUCH, Post Master—an estimable man, whose decease is a severe loss to community.

A friend writes—"Mr. CHARLES L. HOWARD, of Ogdensburgh, N. Y., died of Consumption on the morning of Feb. 14th, in peace and the hope of a glorious resurrection through faith in the atonement of our blessed Savior."—[Mr. H. was an agent and earnest friend of the RURAL, and it is only a few days since he made his final remittance, saying his end was near, and wishing us well for this life and that which is to come.—ED.]

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, and headed—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion. IN ADVANCE.—☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

☞ All transient advertisements must be accompanied with the cash, or a responsible reference, to secure insertion. Those who send us advertisements to be published at prices they specify, are respectfully advised that we are not in a position to allow any one to dictate terms—especially when the demand upon our columns, at published rates, exceeds the space appropriated for Advertising.

HUBBARD SQUASH.—THE BEST TABLE SQUASH IN CULTIVATION. 50 Seeds sent to any address in the Union on receipt of FIVE three cent stamps.
478-4t B. K. BLISS, Springfield, Mass.

12,000 TWO YEAR OLD ISABELLA AND Clinton Grape Vines at $100 per Thousand. Also a fine lot of 1 year old Concords. Address
478-3t WM. TOMPKINS, Germantown, N. Y.

FIRST QUALITY PERUVIAN GUANO; also MAPES' SUPERPHOSPHATES, for Sale at AGRICULTURAL DEPOT, 100 Murray St., New York
478 HENRY F. DIBBLEE

8,000 ISABELLA GRAPE VINES for Sale, made from good-sized cuttings, from 10 to 14 inches long, one year old, and well rooted. Price, from $6 to $10 per 100. Also 11 bbls of Isabella Grape Wine, made in 1857, warranted pure and good, at $1,75 per gallon.
478 Address H. PAYNE, Lockport, N. Y

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.—A rich Prairie STOCK AND GRAIN FARM, with unlimited pasture range, of 80, or 100, or 160 acres, improved, two miles from Amboy, on Illinois C. R. R. Either part, or the whole, for sale for cash, or will exchange a part or the whole for a good improved N. Y. farm, W. H. GARDNER,
478-3t Amboy, Lee Co., Ill.

ITHACA WEST HILL NURSERY.—10,000 Tompkins Co. King Apple Trees for Sale, 3 years old, very stocky, fine, $12 per 100; in smaller lots, $20. 20,000 3 year old Apple Trees, leading varieties, very stocky, fine, $12 per 100. 10,000 Standard Cherries, extra fine, $25 per 100 A liberal discount made to dealers and to those who are buying to sell again. A. BRAMAN & Co.,
478 Ithaca, Tompkins Co., N. Y

ELLIOTT'S WESTERN FRUIT BOOK. A NEW EDITION OF THIS WORK, THOROUGHLY REVISED, Embracing all the new and valuable Fruits, with the latest Improvements in their cultivation, up to January, 1859, especially adapted to the wants of WESTERN FRUIT GROWERS. FULL OF EXCELLENT ILLUSTRATIONS. by F. R. ELLIOTT, Pomologist, Late of Cleveland, O., now of St. Louis. Price $1 25, Sent by mail, post-paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of price. A. O. MOORE & CO., Agricultural Book Publishers, 478-2t 140 Fulton St., New York.

NEW WORK BY LOLA MONTEZ. ANECDOTES OF LOVE. BEING A TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE MOST REMARKABLE EVENTS CONNECTED WITH THE HISTORY OF LOVE IN ALL AGES AND AMONG ALL NATIONS. By LOLA MONTEZ, Countess of Landsfeldt. *Large 12mo. Cloth. Price One Dollar.*

These romantic and surprising anecdotes really contain all of the most tragic and comic events connected with the history of the tender passion among all nations and in all ages of the world. It is precisely the kind of book which a man will find it impossible to relinquish until he has read it through from the first to the last chapter.

Published by DICK & FITZGERALD, No. 18 Ann St., New York.

Also for sale by the Booksellers in this place. Copies of the above book sent by mail, to any address, free of postage, on receipt of One Dollar. [478

GENESEE VALLEY FARM FOR SALE.—The subscriber, desirous of closing his estate, now offers for sale his valuable farm, comprising 400 acres, situated 12 miles south of Rochester, ½ mile from the village of Scottsville, and near the G. V. R. R.

This farm, for situation, scenery, productiveness, water privileges, wood, facilities for market, &c., cannot be excelled in Western N. Y. It is now under the highest state of cultivation, the largest portion of it being the far famed "Genesee Flats," particularly adapted to grazing, and second to none for grain. Said farm has been in the family for 70 years, and its many improvements and advantages must be seen to be fully understood.

Any gentleman wishing to purchase a delightful Rural Home would do well to examine the Old Valley Farm. If not sold by the 15th of April it will be rented. In connection with the farm is a good Custom Grist Mill with 4 run of stone, which will be sold with the farm if desired.

For further particulars, address GEORGE SHEFFER, Scottsville, Monroe Co., N. Y.
478eow3t

KNOX'S STEEL HORSE HOES, for Saving Labor and keeping crops in fine order, for Sale at AGRICULTURAL DEPOT, 100 Murray St., New York.
478 HENRY F. DIBBLEE

A GRIST MILL FOR $20.—THE "TOM THUMB GRIST MILL" excels, in practical efficiency, every Metallic Mill which has ever been produced, AND AT LESS THAN HALF THE PRICE of any other. By the simple device of an adjustable regulator within the throat of the Mill, we are able to dispense with all the superfluous rattle-trap arrangements, which have hitherto proved so objectionable in similar machines. It is rigged with pulley for attachment to any kind of power, and makes meal from any kind of grain, at the rate of five to eight bushels per hour.

Warren Clark, Secretary of the Eagle Company, at Menelota, Illinois, writes as follows concerning one now in use at their works:

The little 'Tom Thumb Mill' you sent us is the best thing of the kind in use. We have ground Corn, Oats, Barley, Hungarian Grass Seed and Buckwheat. It works equally well with each. We run through six bushels per hour, and feel assured that we can put eight bushels of dry corn through per hour, and then make as good meal as it is possible to produce with burrs."

Shipping weight (boxed) 140 pounds. Price $20.
HEDGES, FREE & CO.,
478 No. 6 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING, BY A. J. DOWNING and H. W. SARGENT.

This elegant Work on PRACTICAL LANDSCAPE GARDENING comprises A. J. DOWNING'S great Work, and a new and valuable Treatise, by HENRY WINTHROP SARGENT, giving the progress of Rural Art in the United States to the present time; descriptions of AMERICAN PLACES, PRIVATE RESIDENCES, CENTRAL PARK, N. Y., LLEWELLYN PARK, N. J., with a full account of the newer DECIDUOUS AND EVERGREEN TREES AND SHRUBS, Presenting also, in a tabular view, the experience of cultivators in different parts of the Union, with the hardy and half hardy Evergreens.

The Illustrations consist of SEVEN SUPERB STEEL PLATE ENGRAVINGS, besides numerous engravings on wood, and some of the best AMERICAN RESIDENCES AND PARKS, with portraits of many of our remarkable Trees & Shrubs. Price $3 50.

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MAPES' CELEBRATED ONE-HORSE STEEL Subsoil Plow, for deep cultivation, for Sale at AGRICULTURAL DEPOT, 100 Murray St., New York.
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AMERICAN WEEDS AND USEFUL PLANTS, OR AGRICULTURAL BOTANY. By W. DARLINGTON, M. D., West Chester, Pa., with additions by GEORGE THURBER, New York. A History and Description of all plants injurious or important to the American Farmer and Gardener; with nearly THREE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE WEEDS Which now infest our farms have, with few exceptions, been introduced from abroad; and being at first unnoticed, have spread from farm to farm until IT NOW COSTS THE FARMERS OF AMERICA MILLIONS OF DOLLARS every year for the destruction of these Foreigners, or in the injury done to their crops. Every Farmer should guard his grounds from the FIRST APPROACH OF HIS ENEMIES.

As a class-book for Agricultural Schools and Colleges—and a hand book for the Farmer—and for all public and private libraries, this book is the most valuable addition yet made to our already large list of Agricultural Books.

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FLOWER SEEDS BY MAIL. Twenty-Five Varieties OF CHOICE ANN

SUNBEAMS.

Merry little sunbeams,
Flitting here and there;
Joyous little sunbeams,
Dancing everywhere;
Come they with the morning light,
And chase away the gloomy night.

They kiss away the dewdrops
That hang upon the flowers,
They lift the lazy mist that lies
Upon the sylvan bowers;
They bring each one its little spark
To drive away all shadows dark.

Kind words are little sunbeams,
And sparkle as they fall;
And loving smiles are sunbeams,
A light of joy to all;
In sorrow's eye they dry the tear,
And bring the fainting heart good cheer.

Scatter these little sunbeams
Free as the balmy air,
That all in sorrow's darkness
Their joyous light may share;
Their light *reflected* on *your* heart
Will make its shadow all depart.

[*Cincinnati Gazette.*

SILENCE.

In silence mighty things are wrought—
Silently builded, thought on thought,
Truth's temple greets the sky;
And, like a citadel with towers,
The soul with her subservient powers,
Is strengthened silently.

Soundless as chariots on the snow,
The saplings of the forest grow
To trees of mighty girth;
Each mighty star in silence burns,
And every day in silence turns
The axle of the earth.

The silent frost, with mighty hand,
Fetters the river and the land
With universal chain;
And smitten by the silent sun,
The chain is loosed, the rivers run,
The lands are free again.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HIS WONDROUS LOVE AND STORY.

BY WINNIE WILLIAM.

Little Hester Craig moved uneasily in her arm-chair—poor, crippled child. She was so tired of sitting there by the window, gazing out upon the dark, narrow alley from which the pure air and bright sunshine of heaven were ever shut by the tall, gloomy-looking houses. Instead of the blue sky and the green fields she so longed to see; the bird-song she strained her ears in vain to hear, were the clouds of smoke that shrouded the vicinage—the muddy, filthy street crowded with dirty, ragged children—the profane jest, ribald laugh, and the blasphemer's oath. What a home for Hester Craig, with all her childish yearnings for the beautiful. She was literally dying for want of sunshine. Something whispered so in Mrs. Craig's mother-heart, and nerved her faltering fingers with renewed energy, as from morning till night she plied her needle—in and out, in and out—urged on by the unceasing cry of her soul—"Air and sunshine for my child!"

Mrs. Craig's husband was a drunkard, but he had not always been thus. Hers was an old, old life-story. Years before, following the impulses of her heart, contrary to the wishes of her parents, she united her fate to one who seemed to her the embodiment of all goodness and manly perfection; but the home-doors where shut against her. She was as happy as she could be, for a year or two, without a father's blessing, deprived of a mother's loving care, then their little, deformed Hester was born, and after that, being unfortunate in business, Richard relapsed into former unsteady habits; spending his evening's from home, lounging in billiard saloons and bar-rooms, until, as time wore on, his bloated face and staggering gait forced the unwelcome conviction upon Margaret Craig's mind that she was the wife of a drunkard. They were obliged to leave their pleasant home—where first their babe saw the light—for their present wretched abode. Here the faithful wife, patient and uncomplaining, plied her needle for their scanty subsistence. It would be better for her if her husband was dead and out of the way—so some of the neighbors said, but Margaret's motto was "while there's life there's hope!" and so she lived on, loving and hoping, the never-dying love keeping the hope ever steadfast.

"Mamma, you never sing to me now-a-day's—I wish you would, I love to hear you so!"

The pale woman started. "Mamma *used* to sing, darling, but she don't feel like it very often now.—But I'll try to if it will please you. What would you like?'

Hester thought a moment, then said,

"'His wondrous love and story,'

I like that the best," and folding her hands, leaned back in her chair with a look of such perfect happiness that it brought tears to their mother's eyes. She could not see to guide her needle aright, and pushing aside her work sang in her low, sweet, though tremulous, voice,

"'While here below, how sweet to know
His wondrous love and story,
And then, through grace, to see His face
And live with Him in glory.'

It was a hymn Mrs. Craig used to sing, when she was a child, from her mother's lips and her thoughts went back to those days. What would she not give to see that mother again! She looked at the dear face marked with traces of sorrow for her only daughter, perhaps it was cold in death.

"Mamma," said the soft voice again, "tell me what you are thinking about." Mrs. Craig roused herself and told her eager little listener of the old farm house—the flower beds—the orchard and the swing that used to hang from the bough's of the apple tree—the green meadows and fields of waving grain—the village church and the grave-yard dotted with white stones.

Hester sighed as she gazed out of the window, but soon she said,

"I think I know what that verse means, mamma. I have always wanted so much to live in the country, where I could hear the birds sing and see the flowers grow; and I sometimes feel angry because God has not given us a prettier home. But now, I think the verse tells us that it is enough for us here to have

'His wondrous love and story,'

and then when we die to live with Him in Heaven," and clasping her hands she softly whispered to herself,

"While here below, how sweet to know
His wondrous love and story;
And then, through grace, to see His face
And live with Him in glory."

Richard Craig came home that night sober, for a wonder. Hester was sleeping—an uneasy, fitful slumber. Her cheeks were flushed and she murmured incoherent sentences to herself in a wild, strange manner, that alarmed the anxious mother much. Many times she laid down her work to bathe and kiss the feverish brow of the little sleeper. As her husband entered Margaret sprang toward him and grasping his hand led him unresisting to Hester's bed-side. "Is she very sick?" she asked in agonized tones. He was shocked.—If there was any one he loved on earth, it was Hester, his deformed child. The fever-flush had died away from her face leaving it deathly pale. Just then she opened her eyes. "Papa!" she exclaimed as she pressed his quivering lips to hers; "dear papa!" and laying her hand in her mother's she said, "I have such a beautiful dream, all about green fields and bright flowers. You told me there are such in Heaven, mamma, and I think I'm going there,

'His wondrous love and story'"

she murmured, "that's all we want here."

"*I want you!*" the mother cried, clasping her in her arms, but the child leaned back on her pillow and repeated,

"For those who know His love below,—
So runs the wondrous story—
In Heaven, through grace, shall see His face
And dwell with Him in glory."

There was a smile on her lips, but the spirit had fled. At last Hester's longing eyes had obtained a view of the "green fields" and the "never-withering flowers" of the Upper Country.

With one deep sigh Margaret Craig fell senseless by the little form, and the wretched husband and father knelt in speechless agony by the bedside. It was broad day-light when his wife again opened her eyes. Although she could hardly credit her senses, her father bent over her and his tears were falling fast as she clasped her arms around his neck and kissed him for the first time in years. Then, as her eyes rested upon a little coffin placed upon the table, she groaned "too late, too late!" and turned her face away to weep. Before another sun had set, she pillowed her head upon her mother's breast, as of old, and in the same room where so many happy hours of her girlhood were spent, the dear old mother sang her long-absent daughter to sleep once more.

It was a calm September evening, and ever and anon from amid the floating masses of silvery clouds, the straggling moon-beams played upon a little new-made grave by which Richard Craig and his wife were kneeling.

"Maggy, darling," he said as he drew her tear-stained face to his breast, "tell me you forgive me; and tell me also,

'His wondrous love and story,'

just as you used to tell *her*—our Hester. I haven't heard it since I was a boy at my mother's knee."

With faltering voice the gentle wife told of the Christmas Day in Bethlehem, welcomed in by angel-anthems—of the Heavenly Babe and the Virgin-mother. She traced through long years the Meek and Lowly Man of Sorrows, who had not where to lay His sacred head—with tears she spoke of the agony of the Garden of Gethsemane—the crown of thorns—the blood-stained Cross—and, lastly, of His glorious resurrection and ascension.

With bowed head and throbbing heart Richard listened as she led him, step by step, from the Cradle to the Cross—*to* Heaven—and then through the clear, evening air rose her sweet voice in these simple, child-like words—Hester's verse:

"While here below, how sweet to know
His wondrous love and story;
And then, through grace, to see His face
And live with Him in glory!"

Rochester, N. Y., Feb., 1859.

FEMALE CONVERSATION.

Every woman, and every young lady, whose heart and mind have been properly regulated, is capable of exerting a salutary influence over the gentlemen with whom she associates—a fact which has been acknowledged by the best and wisest of men, and seldom disputed, except by those whose capacities for judging have been singularly perverted. A young lady should always seek to converse with gentlemen into whose society she may be introduced, with dignified delicacy and simplicity, which will effectually check, on their part, any attempt at familiarity; but never should anything be said or done that may lead them to suppose that any attempt is being made to solicit their notice. An instance can scarcely be recalled of a lady, either by direct or indirect means, attempting to storm a man's heart into admiration who did not thus effectually defeat her purpose.

If a gentleman approaches a lady with the words of flattery, and with profuse attentions, especially after a short acquaintance, no encouraging smiles or words should be extended—for a flatterer can never be otherwise than an unprofitable companion. It is better, by a becoming composure, to pass unnoticed, than, with smiles and blushes, to disclaim flattery, since these are frequently considered—as they are too often intended—as encouragement for the further effusions of those "painted words." Such delicate attentions as well-bred and refined gentlemen are desirous of paying, may be accepted, but they should never be expected.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 476.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Thou shalt not steal.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:

Plow deep while sluggards sleep,
And you'll have corn to sell and keep.

Answer to Algebraic Problem:—First sheep $2 00; second sheep $3 00.

Answer to Premium Illustrated Rebus given in the Rural of Feb. 12:

From inhospitable shores, soulless beings, traducers, infidels and knaves, I fled under inextricable embarrassments to Iowa.

The first three answers were from J. A. Place of Fulton, T. Scott Lenyard of Pultneyville and W. H. Dorrance, Jr., Albion, N. Y., to whom we have forwarded the premiums offered.

We have received about 160 *supposed* solutions, only a few of which are entirely correct. In addition to the first three the following persons (and perhaps two or three others) have sent correct answers:—J. R. Bishop, W. B. Shaw, E. L. Colby, E. T. Weld, E. D. Smith, Clark Hurlbutt, E. P. Morseman, C. C. Park, Miss F. S. Burnett, S. Lovering, and A. D. Stowell.

Of the numerous incorrect answers, many are very amusing. Some few are *useful*, while a great proportion are correct with the exception of one or two words. We give samples of a few of the most queer, as follows:

From inhospitable poorhouse, soulless beings, traducer, infidels, and knaves, I fled under inextricable embarrassments to a money purse.——From inhospitable housekeepers, soulless beings, traducers, infidels, and knaves, I fled under inextricable embarrassments to open honesty.——From inhospitable, underminded, soulless beings, boxers, infidels and knaves, I fled under inextricable embarrassments to Iowa.——From inhospitable proposals of beings dire in violence, and hubub, I fled under inextricable embarrassments to Iowa.——From inhospitable, houseless, soulless beings, traducers, base violence and hubbubs, I fled under inextricable embarrassments to a knot hole.——From inhospitable, ruined, soulless beings, blockheads, black characters, infidels, and hubbubs, I fled with inextricable embarrassments twice away.——From inhospitable, half-supported, soulless beings, dire in violence and hubbub, I fled under inextricable embarrassments to open day.——Form inhospitable, failing, soulless beings, holier infidels and knaves, I fled under inextricable embarrassments to law!——From inhospitable shores, soulless beings, dicers, infidels and revolutionists, (or revolvers,) I fled under inextricable embarrassments to America.——From racing, gumbling, ruined or ruinous, soulless beings, traducers, (or slanderers,) triflings and knaves, I fled in inextricable embarrassments to Iowa.——From inhospitable shores, soulless beings, traducers, infidels and hobs, or skeptics, I fled in extreme embarrassments to a cave.——From inhospitable inns, souls, turn beggars, disreeline, base, vile, inns, and hubbub, I inextricably embarrassed fled to oats.——From before inhospitable, dependent, soulless beings, betrayers, base villains and knaves, I fled under inextricable embarrassments as before Asiatic cholera!

The last character of the Rebus seems to have been the greatest puzzle. To show the queer conceits on this point we give a few of the places where the Rebus-maker is said to have fled under inextricable embarrassments, to wit—to a protector; to avoid; to Pa.; to muse; to California; to a cross; to God; to a cliff; to a distance; to Utopia; to a holy interjection; to law; to a covert; to Asia; to to-day; to my last abode; to Acadia; to a great city; to Cuba; to Corossa; to Australia, (O struddle A,); to Ionia; to a nobler sphere; to Aonia; to a cell; to Indiana; to Lima; to a Continent; to Florida; to a puzzle.

But few of the incorrect solutions are alike. They have come from about every State and the Canadas, and each, confident of being right, gives directions as to where to send the Rural or Gold Pen if the answer is in time! Several of the responses (including one correct one) are from clergymen, while honorables, lawyers and other professionals have given evidence of some attention to Rebus Literature. But we must close.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1, 8, 15, 22, 18, 2 is a county in Indiana.
My 2, 9, 4, 4, 20, 11 is one of the West India Isles.
My 5, 12 4, 9 is a gulf in Russia.
My 22, 6, 18, 7 is a river in England.
My 12, 14, 9, 17, 9 is a lake Venezuela.
My 11, 20, 8, 12, 2, 6 is a river in South America.
My 16, 15, 9, 10, 4, 6 is a town in Massachusetts.
My 13, 22, 22, 16, 19 is a mountain in North America.
My 11, 3, 21 is one of the principal rivers in America.
My whole is what all ought to strive to make, and what the Rural advocates. S. A. H.

West Somerset, N. Y., 1859.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ASTRONOMICAL PROBLEM.

In the latitude of 40 degrees north, when the sun's declination is 22 degrees north, what time before and after six will it rise and set, and what will be its amplitude?

H. D. Donnelly.

Bennettsburg, N. Y., 1859.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

Advertisements.

SEVEN SUPERIOR SHORT-HORN BULLS of various ages. For sale by E. MARKS, Camillus, N. Y.

WANTED—By a College Graduate of several years' experience, a situation as Principal of an Academy or Union School. Address Box 40 Newark P. O., Wayne Co., N. Y. 477-8

SOMETHING NEW!—Agents wanted to go into a new and Honorable Business, which will pay from *Fifteen to Twenty Dollars* weekly. No Humbug. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send stamp for particulars, which are free. (477-8) S. M. MYRICK & CO., Lynn, Mass.

THE MYSTERIES OF BEE-KEEPING EXPLAINED. Containing an Appendix with Directions for using the Movable Combs of L. L. Langstroth, will be sent to any address free of postage, for one dollar. Address H. QUINBY, St. Johnsville, Montgomery Co., N. Y. 477-4t

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20 do Lord Kenyon Cucumber, long green,		25
10 do Ne plus Ultra do long white,		25
10 do Prolific Pickle do smallest of all,		25
12 Papers Flower Seeds in one package,		25
Any two 4 oz Packages and four others, for		$1.00
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Agricultural, Literary and Family Weekly,

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

VOL. X. NO. 11.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1859. {WHOLE NO. 479.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.
CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

POTATOES:

PRICES, MARKETS AND VARIETIES.

MANY farmers in Western New York, and particularly those who have light farms near Railroad stations, grow potatoes in large quantities, principally for the Eastern market. Some seasons, however, a portion of our surplus crop is sent to the West, and this is the case the present spring. The potato crop last season was large in the Northern Atlantic States, and, in consequence, the price is now so low in the New York market as to prevent shipment in that direction. On the contrary, the crop through the West was generally light, and prices are now so high in Western cities, that our surplus is moving Westward for a market, with great rapidity. Could growers here know in what direction the demand would be the greatest, it would be of advantage, for buyers for the Eastern market generally refuse to purchase anything but the choicest kinds, such as the *Mercer*; while for the Western market they are not very particular, though, of course, making distinction as to price.

As many of our readers are asking the question, whether they could profitably engage in growing potatoes for market, as a staple crop; and if so, what kinds it would be best to plant, we give the prices paid here for the last five years, and such other facts in regard to sorts and quality as we hope will be of general interest to our readers.

PRICE IN ROCHESTER THE LAST FIVE YEARS.

The *Mercer*, it must be understood, is the best and highest priced potato, and the most eagerly sought by buyers, and it is the price of this sort we give; common sorts range from *five* to *twenty-five cents* a bushel lower. The price the present season is not high, though perhaps sufficiently so barely to remunerate growers. *Mercers* now sell for 50 cents a bushel. On the first of November last, or just at the close of the digging season, 40 cents was the price paid. Last year at this time, (1858,) they brought 63 cents, and two weeks afterwards went up to 75 cents, and continued at this price during the greater part of April. This crop when dug (Nov., 1857,) could have been sold from the field at 63 cents. In 1857, through March and until the middle of April, 63 cents was paid. At this time they advanced to 75 cents, April 25th to $1 12½, and May 1st to $1 25. This high price was maintained until the season was over. At the time of digging this crop (Nov., 1856,) they would have brought in market only 50 cents, showing a great profit from keeping until spring. In 1856, *Mercers* sold for 38 cents during the entire spring, with the exception of a week or two, when they were down to 31 cents. The fall previous this crop might have been sold from the field at 38 cents, showing a loss from keeping until the spring. In 1855, during March and until the middle of April 38 cents a bushel was the market rate. Then they rapidly advanced to $1 12, and continued at this price two weeks, when there was a decline to $1, which price was maintained during the entire season. This crop, when dug in the fall of 1854, would have sold at 63 cents, showing in this case a profit from keeping.

From these figures our readers, we think, may be able to judge somewhat of the prices to expect in the future, and also of the profit to be derived from this crop, and whether any advantage can be derived from keeping potatoes until the spring.—The loss by shrinkage, rot, &c., is great, and whether the advance, as a general thing, will pay for the loss, we leave our readers to decide with the other questions, after having given the facts above.

NEW VARIETIES—PEACH BLOW AND BUCKEYE.

The best varieties for cultivation, is an important question, and we would like growers of large experience to give us their views. From the higher price paid for *Mercers*, as well as from the fact that they are eagerly sought by buyers for the Eastern market, they are much grown by our farmers, and they are an excellent potato, (though, were we disposed to be critical, we might name some faults,) but unproductive, and quite subject to the rot.—Occasionally we have seen a good crop, when the season and soil happened to be just right, but in nine cases out of ten the yield is quite light, and if the market was as good for poorer, but more productive sorts, we incline to the opinion that farmers would do better to grow them at one-third less price per bushel. The great object which our potato growers have been looking for, is a potato as good as the *Mercer*—one as highly prized in the New York market, and a good yielder. Many have been attempting to raise a sort from seed with these desirable qualities, and high hopes are entertained in regard to some sorts, which we and others have been very anxiously watching. It seems that this work has, in part at least, been accomplished, and a potato has been found that suits the taste of the New Yorkers as well as the *Mercer*, for which they are willing to pay even a higher price, and one that bears an abundant crop. *This is the Peach Blow.* Several years since a friend traveling in Saratoga and Washington counties, told us of an excellent potato raised in that section, and called by this name. Supposing that it was the OLD *Peach Blow* grown under favorable circumstances, we paid no attention to the matter. Of late, however, it has risen into especial favor, having been grown largely in New Jersey for the New York market.

Messrs. DREW & FRENCH, produce dealers, furnish the following statement in regard to this variety, for the New York *Tribune*:—"Among the new sorts the *Peach Blow* at present takes the first rank; not the old-fashioned, yellow-meated, red-skinned, rank-flavored *Peach Blow* of our boyhood, but the modern seedling of the *Western Red*. It is round, with deep eyes, has a parti-colored skin, and whitish-yellow meat, being whiter and finer flavored when grown in this latitude than at the north, where it originated. It is generally sound-hearted, cooks very evenly, dry, and light. This market has this season been well supplied with it, and it has steadily commanded the highest rates—selling on a par with that old favorite and standard variety, the *Mercer*. It has a tall, upright, and luxuriant vine, rambles from the hill, and is very late, requiring the whole season to mature. It attains large size, is a large yielder—turning out from 50 to 100 per cent. more than the *Mercer*—and has been far the most profitable late potato of the past season. The chances of rot are very much increased by the length of time it takes to mature; and this, together with the uncertainty, from recent introduction, of continuing to thrive as well as heretofore, render the more prudent cultivators cautious of risking too much upon this promising variety." We have eaten this potato within a few days, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it of good quality. A portion of the specimens we had, however, were hollow at heart.

From the same source we have the opinions entertained of another variety, which has been grown here for about five years, having been brought from Ohio, hence its name, *Buckeye*. It is an excellent early potato, we think, from a brief experience, but we cannot speak of its value for a general crop. "The *Buckeye* is the most promising *early* potato. It was introduced from Ohio to the vicinity of Rochester, N. Y., three years ago, from which locality it has spread to different sections, but has been most largely cultivated in Monmouth county, N. J. It is a handsome round potato, white thro'-out, except a little bright pink at the bottom of the eye. It cooks very dry and bright, and is fine flavored, particularly when first matured. It is very early, ripening before the *Mercer*, and attains good marketable size as early as the *Dykman*. It is remarkable for cooking well, as soon as it attains fair size. It throws up a very thick, vigorous and luxuriant vine; grows compactly in the hill, and to a large size, yielding abundantly. The yield upon good ground in Monmouth county the last season has varied from 150 to 300 bushels per acre. Bushel baskets full of them were exhibited at the late Monmouth County Fair, containing only sixty-six potatoes. It has been very free from rot, and in one instance, where some of these were accidentally mixed with *Peach Blows* on a piece of ground very wet, and calculated to induce the disease, the *Buckeyes* remained sound, while the *Peach Blows* rotted very badly. It is most valuable for an *early* potato. If planted for a late or medium crop, upon strong, rich, ground, it grows so rapidly and to so great a size, that many of them will be hollow-hearted, which, of course, impairs their quality for the table. The early crop of last summer sold in this market at the highest rates; but when the later crops of *Mercers* and *Peach Blows* became abundant, the late planted *Buckeyes* were not considered their equal in quality—but as an early market potato they gave promise of far excelling all other known varieties."

BEST VARIETIES FOR NEW YORK MARKET.

B. STEPHENS, another produce dealer in New York, furnishes the following article for the *American Agriculturist*, in which, it will be seen, he condemns the *Buckeye* most unceremoniously, giving it, we believe, a great deal worse name than it deserves, for as an *early* potato there are few better. For a winter variety we would not recommend it. The *Peach Blow*, we have no doubt, like many new things, is somewhat over-praised.

"As it is time for the farmers to decide what kinds of potatoes to plant the coming season, I send you these few remarks made up from my experience of marketing potatoes the past year, and also from minute inquiries made of farmers from different sections of the country. In the first place for New York Market we require a white fleshed, white skinned, round or oval shaped, and smooth potato, that will boil perfectly dry and mealy, in addition to which the farmer wants a good yielder, and one that will as a general thing withstand the rot.

From the past year's experience, of all the kinds which have come under my notice, I unhesitatingly pronounce the *Peach Blow* to come nearest to these requirements for a standard potato. It has been, and now is the most plentiful in market, and when raised on sandy soil, sells for more than any other table variety. It will yield from two to three bushels to one of Mercers, on the same soil, and so far, has grown free from rot on any ground that would grow sound potatoes of any kind.

The next variety I would recommend is the *Long Pink Eye* or *Pink Eye Kidney*. It is a good yielder, commands a high price in market, and is one of our very best Spring potatoes, cooking dry, white, and mealy.

The *Blue Mercers* I would also recommend where they will grow of large size, smooth and sound.

The *Carter* is a first class potato, but being subject to rot, and a poor yielder, it is not profitable to raise for market.

The *Porter*, a good cooker, but small in size and yield, therefore, not profitable.

The *Rough and Ready*, from the past two years' experience, I class as a potato of first quality, which only requires to be known, to be appreciated, as it comes nearer to the old fashioned *Carter*, both in looks and quality than any other kind. It is a good yielder, very hardy, and ripens before the *Mercers*, but later than the *Dykman* or *Junes*.

The *Round Reds* and *Yellow Pink Eyes* are hardy, good yielders, but are mostly for shipping and ship stores.

The *Dykman* is the earliest good variety we have, yields well, and will cook dry when half grown, but is a poor Winter potato; the *Mountain June*, is also a good potato to yield, but is apt to have black spots under the skin.

Prince Alberts are pronounced, after the past years' experience, a failure, for they will not take as market potatoes, when offered for sale, and will not cook dry, unless under very favorable circumstances, until quite late in the Spring. The only redeeming quality they have, is that they will not rot. I would advise farmers not to plant them, as the call for seed at high prices, is about run out.

The *Buck-Eye* is another humbug. It has been tried in the scale and found wanting. They would not bring as much in market the past season as the *Junes* and *Yellow Pink Eyes*.

There are a great number of varieties constantly before the public, but they are generally brought out by persons for the purpose of selling seed at enormous prices. Farmers should choose such kinds as yield well and command good prices as market potatoes."

Small Farms Well Tilled.

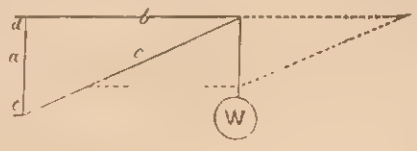
A WASHINGTON Co., Min., subscriber of EMERY'S *Journal of Agriculture* says that, "all the largest farmers in his county are badly in debt, and a good many of them will lose their farms before times get good again. The crops were light this last season; wheat averaged ten bushels per acre; oats thirty; corn good—more than an average. I worked fifty acres last year; got my crops in in good season, and tended them well, and my wheat averaged 21 bushels; oats, 45; corn, 50; barley, 30; potatoes, 200, &c. I recommend small farms well tilled; they are more profit to the owner than large ones. Large farmers are in debt."

A CHAPTER ON FARM GATES.

A GOOD GATE is an "institution" upon the farm the merits of which have never been sufficiently recognized by a tithe of those who make daily use thereof. While new, and in prime working order, the possessor has rubbed his hands good-naturedly, congratulating himself upon the advance he has taken towards farm neatness and economy—with pride has thought how completely he has distanced such "old fogies as Farmer A.," on the one side, "and Farmer B.," on the other. But age came on—gates as well as men feel the "tooth of time"—or a fierce, bleak wind has racked its joints, and the freedom and elasticity of movement have departed—just as the rheumatism serves the *genus homo*—and he commences patching up, a little here, a little there, until tired and wearied in spirit, (the disease having become chronic,) he votes the whole thing a nuisance, and leaves it to its fate. That the majority of gates rapidly fail to answer the ends for which they were erected, is true—that such finale to their operation is a law of necessity, is not the fact. Many who build seem to think that when the gate "swings freely" the great difficulty is surmounted, and the chief object sought in its construction attained. The *first principle* is overlooked—a gate should be, to a very great degree, self-sustaining, it should—every timber assisting—support itself.

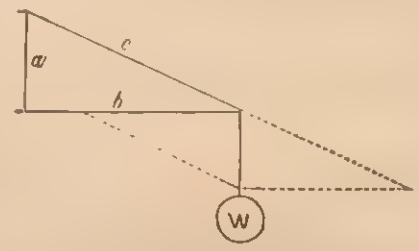
The common form of gates in use among our farmers is the rectangular frame. This frame, constantly suspended by one of its sides, will not maintain its form—the opposite sides falling by their own weight. To counteract this effect, the angle-brace, or angle-tie, are called into service, and the adoption of the tie or brace should be determined by the material of which the gate is composed. That our readers may have a perfect understanding of the subject we copy the two diagrams given below from the *Cyclopedia of Agriculture*.

Let the first diagram represent—*a* the hanging-post, *b* the top rail, and *c* the angle-strut of a gate.



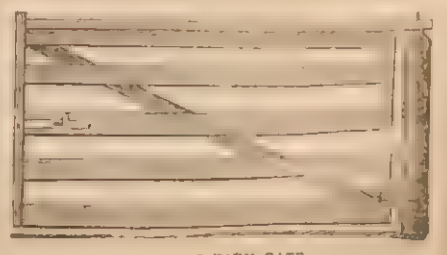
This is evidently a simple truss, like the jib of a crane; and if a weight, *w*, be hung on the end of the rail *b*, this rail will be in a state of tension, and *c* in a state of compression; and if the rail *b* be firmly held at *d*, and have an unyielding abutment at *e*, the point of the rail to which the weight is hung cannot drop down.

Again, let *a*, as before, be the hanging-style, *b* the lowest rail, and *c* the angle-tie; it is evident, that, under the same conditions as before, *b* will now be compressed; that is to say, the lower rail will act as a strut, while *c*, the diagonal, will act as



a tie. It will be obvious, that on these elementary parts the stability of the gate is entirely dependent; the addition of the other style and rails to complete the rectangular frame, and the filling-in rails or styles, serving only to make the fence.

From the consideration of these figures, and keeping in view the constructive maxim that iron should be used as a tie, and wood as a strut, we should learn not only what materials to use, but how to use them. Thus, if the construction be that of the first diagram, *b* should be of iron, and *c* of wood; and in the following figure, *c* should be iron, and *b* wood. Many of those who have had "exceeding trouble" with gates will be able to perceive in what was the difficulty—and obviate it hereafter. In this connection we give plans of two gates furnished by RURAL correspondents.



A CHEAP FARM GATE.

EDS. RURAL:—Observing a communication on Farm Gates in your paper of the 8th of January, I send a plan for a *cheap* one, which I will try to explain. First take a round post and set it firmly in the ground, then make your gate with a scantling, 3 by 3 at one end, and 2 by 3 at the other, for the top rail—make your heel piece of 3 by 4 scantling. Let the top rail of the gate run over the top of the post—put a ¾ round iron pin through the top rail and into the centre of the post, thus forming the top hinge. For the bottom hinge match upon the heel piece, about 6 inches from the bottom, a piece of three-inch plank, 15 inches wide, edgewise, hollowing it out so as to fit the round post which forms the lower hinge. You can make a perfect gate in this manner without expense, and with good hinges—make double, single, or otherwise, according to fancy, in the usual way with bevels or slats. This gate will swing clear open both ways.

Steuben County, N. Y., 1859. PRATTSBURGH.

BATHY'S RAILWAY FARM GATE.

EDS. RURAL:—Inclosed I send you a drawing of what we will call BATHY'S RAILWAY FARM GATE. The minor sketch exhibits one of the upright pieces. This is one of the most convenient gates I have seen. Two of the main features are, one can drive close on either side, then, with one hand, the gate is pushed open, rolling on a case prepared for it. The wheels rest on the bed-piece when closed, and move on it when opened. The wind does not affect it, opened or closed. The wheels are nine inches in diameter, made of white oak plank, two inches thick,—the three standards are made of 2 by 4 oak scantling, and the boards of inch pine, let into the standards as shown in the small engraving. GEORGE BATHY.

Columbus, St. Clair Co., Mich., 1859.

OBSTRUCTING THE HIGHWAY.

"BEHOLD! what wondrous piles now strew the ground,
Of rubbish, carts and wagons, scattered round;
Old sleds and what not burst upon our sight,
And logs and brush and burdocks! Illustrious plight,
Indeed, for ways like this!"—EDWARDS.

THE highway belongs to the traveling public—they have a legal right to a free and unobstructed passage—and every good citizen will show some respect to the rights which belong to the world at large by using his influence to keep all obstructions and nuisances, not only from the beaten track of the highway, but from the sides thereof, and he will be exceedingly cautious how he leaves anything in the public way that will discommode, or hinder the passage of any one. Any thing, no matter what it may be, that is left on the ground which is a portion of the highway, is denominated, in the civil law, a *nuisance*, and treated as a nuisance; because it is on forbidden ground. It is no mitigation of the offence that a nuisance is left on the *side* of the highway. A highway must be kept clear—and he who, heedlessly, or wilfully, places obstructions in the way of a peaceable traveler, to his disadvantage or detriment, is not only liable to a fine equal to the damage or injury, but it is culpable of great ingratitude and disregard for the rights of good citizens.

Many people try to flatter themselves that they have a right, which no one may deny them, of putting any thing which they please on the sides of the highway, providing they leave barely room enough for travelers to pass without being capsized. Consequently, the sides of the highway are often made the receptacle of every old sled, old wagon, and piles of old rails and logs, and old implements that have been thrown aside, so that a passer-by often is very forcibly reminded of the ruins of Jerusalem, after the Babylonish captivity of the Jews. It is most stupenduously surprising to see how many farmers will persist in such a practice of dropping every old hay-rigging, or worn out implement, on one side of the highway, as if such old nuisances were valuable pieces of property to be kept for what service they had rendered in days gone by. If there must be a place—a "catch-all" about the farm—pray let it never be along the highway. A man may collect as much trash, and as many old nuisances as he pleases, in his back-yard, and it is nobody's business; but when the highway is obstructed with wood piles, timber, piles of rails, and a hundred other things which we will not mention, we will tell what we think of such management. And if we happen to probe a few "old sores" on some unknown friends, not a score of miles from Rochester, who, in addition to encumbering the highway about their residences

with everything that has been already mentioned, will allow all the burdocks and other noxious weeds to go to seed unmolested, we hope it will cause them to flounce so furiously, that some of the rubbish will get hoisted over the fence, and some of the huge burdocks trampled down.

When we are traveling and a snarling cur bounds out at us, or looks mildly and peaceably at us as we pass, we always can read the character of his master, with most indubitable certainty; because a man may be known by the dog he owns. So, when we see the highway obstructed, practically, habitually, and forever, we will read to you traits of character—without applying the principles of physiognomy, or phrenology—which we might have failed to learn in an acquaintance of a half score of years under other circumstances.

It is not only a violation of the civil law—which you, gentle reader, and I do not wish to have repealed—to obstruct the highway with trash and rubbish, and noxious weeds, but it is a species of down-right dishonesty. It shows a disposition to invade the harmless and necessary rights of another; and it discloses a feeling very antagonistic to the principles which dwell in the breasts of estimable citizens, and which strengthen the ties of attachment between neighbors and friends. It shows a disposition to *over-reach*, in little things, even to the disadvantage and detriment of those whose good will and esteem we greatly desire.

In a pecuniary point of view, it is bad policy for farmers to allow the highway, which runs through their farms, to be blockaded with rubbish and over grown with noxious weeds. Highways of a good width, with the sides covered with grass instead of pestiferous weeds, and free from obstructions, always enhance the value of any farm; and he, who is always making little encroachments on the borders of the highway, by setting his fences a little further into the road every few years, in order to get a few rods more of land—when he has already more than he cultivates in a farmer-like manner—is prompted by a very short-sighted policy. It is *right* to keep the highways clear and clean, and no one, however penurious and disposed to encroach, has the audacity to deny that people have no business to drop all the trash and old rubbish of the farm on the borders of the highway. Much more might be penned on this subject; but it is devoutly to be wished that these few remarks to the wise and prudent will induce them, if they have any regard at all for the good will and approbation of their neighbors, to deposit their rubbish in any corner except on the borders of the highway. S. E. T.

Lake Ridge, Tompkins Co., N. Y., 1859.

"WHAT KIND OF SHEEP TO CHOOSE."

Eds. Rural:—In your issue of February 19th, is an extract from an article in the New York *Chronicle*, under the above title, in which the writer draws a comparison between Leicester and Merino sheep, and in which the Merino is made to yield a profit of nearly a dollar more than the Leicester, at the age of three years. To do this he takes it for granted (though he is careful not to say so,) that the Merino is worth as much to sell for mutton as the Leicester. And, by the way, this is a very common way of reasoning among dealers in fine wool sheep, and by which some of them, at least, have made nice little fortunes. The fallacy of this kind of reasoning lies in the assumption that the Leicester sheep will be no heavier at the age of three years than the Merino—that it will not be worth any more per pound for mutton—at the same time asserting, as does the writer in the *Chronicle*, that it costs one-third more to keep a coarse-wool than it does a fine-wool sheep. Would it not be nearer the truth to suppose that an addition of 33 per cent. to the amount of feed would give an addition of 50 per cent. to the coarse-wool sheep—that is, if the Merino weighed 100 pounds live weight, the Leicester would weigh 150 pounds, and that when the Merino would sell for 5 cents per pound live weight, the Leicester would sell for 6 cents or more, so that, to carry out the comparison of the writer in the *Chronicle*, the Merino, including wool and lambs, would be worth $16,00 and the Leicester $19,40?

On looking over the reports of the sheep markets for the last two years I am led to believe that there is more than 50 per cent. difference between fine and coarse-wool sheep—that, in fact, the difference is nearly or quite 100 per cent. Coarse-wool sheep often sell from two to four cents per pound, live weight, higher than Merinos, so that to call the latter $15, and the former $25 would be at least as near the truth as the conclusion arrived at by the writer in the *Chronicle*.

As this kind of reasoning may be thought extravagant, I will introduce an account of the sale of two or three lots of coarse-wool sheep. In the Albany *Cultivator*, for March, 1858, we will find the following:

"Cotswold Sheep—R. G. Coffin, of Dutchess Co., gives his preference to the Cotswold over any other breed when looked upon as a wool producing and mutton sheep. He sold in December last five wethers, 21 months old, at $14 each. The expense of rearing them to that age including pasture, hay, turnips, and grain, was $42,13. They produced 40 pounds of wool at 31½ cents, amounting to $12,60, making the whole income from them $82,60, and leaving a clear profit of a fraction over $8 each."

The above account, though very satisfactory, is wanting in one important point—the live weight of the sheep. If we suppose they weighed 200 lbs., then they sold for 7 cents per pound. Or if we suppose their live weight was 175 pounds, which may be nearer the truth for sheep of that age, then they sold for 8 cents per pound. There is also a profit of $40 in feeding $42,13 worth of feed. Can fine wool sheep do any better than that?

In the Market report of the New York *Tribune*, Feb. 6th, 1858, is an account of the sale at Albany of 45 Cotswold sheep at $16 a head, the live weight of which was 188 pounds each. Forty of them were from the farm of Wm. Hallock, Monroe Co., N. Y. These sheep sold for nearly 8½ cents a pound, live weight. The age is not given, but the live weight would seem to indicate that they were young sheep.

In the Rural of Jan. 22, 1859, is the following: "Good Sheep and Good Prices—In the Market report of the Albany *Journal* we read, J. B. Crosby, brought in eight head, fed by Wm. Hallock, of Rush, Monroe Co., N. Y., which averaged 240 lbs. each—one weighed 268 pounds. They were full blooded Cotswolds, 2 years and 8 months old; purchased by McGraw at $25 per head." It was further stated in the *Journal* "that McGraw said, that any one having any more such sheep could draw on him for $25 a head for them."

It will be seen that these sheep sold for the extraordinary price of nearly 10¼ cents per pound, live weight. If we may suppose they sheared 8 pounds of wool a head, which sold for 30 cents per pound, then the income of each sheep was $29,80. The two last accounts are defective, in not giving the cost of rearing and fattening the sheep; also, in not giving the yield of wool per head, and the price it sold for. Perhaps Mr. Hallock will furnish the information, together with such other matters in relation to the Cotswold Sheep as he may deem interesting to farmers, or the readers of the Rural.

An examination of the New York and Albany Market Reports, will show that sales like those above noticed, are by no means rare—that the demand for such sheep is greater than the supply—that they often sell for prices equal to from 7 to 10 cents per pound, live, while ordinary and common sheep, (which we may suppose includes the principal part of fine-wool sheep sold for mutton) do not sell for more than half that price.

It will be seen that whether sold by live or dressed weight, or by the carcass, mutton generally sells higher than beef or pork. Now, when we take into consideration that mutton can be made much cheaper than beef or pork—it is said by some that two pounds of mutton can be made as cheap as one of pork—that sheep can be raised much cheaper than cattle—that they come to maturity much sooner—that the same feed that will keep cattle and hogs in good store order will fatten sheep, and that the latter yields a yearly fleece of considerable value, it certainly seems that raising good mutton sheep must be profitable. It also appears to me that if the subject of keeping sheep was better understood in all of its bearings, that farmers would keep more coarse-wool sheep, and that the price of pork, beef, and mutton, would be more in proportion to the cost of production.

Orleans County, N. Y., 1859. F.

ABOUT MAPLE SYRUP.

John Loomis, of Bennington, takes the premium in the Tonawanda Valley on *Maple Molasses*. He does not make *Sugar*, because he says *Molasses pays better*. His *buckets* are made of tin—square, and just enough larger at the top than at the bottom to allow them to *nest* when he packs them away. Two sheets make the upright part, a half sheet the bottom. A wire is rolled in at top, and a *hole* made just under the wire on one side, large enough to slip over the head of a horse-nail. His *spouts* are sheet-iron, three inches long, one inch wide at one end, and half an inch at the other—sharpened at the wide end by grinding or filing, and *then* slightly hollowed by placing them between a pair of hardwood dies and giving a blow. Refuse oven linings at stove shops suit him. He *taps* with an ax, giving a blow first at an angle of about 30 degrees, across the grain, and then taking out a small chip by a downward blow. He then brushes the *rough* bark from beneath, and, with a hammer, drives the spout *into*, but not through, the remaining bark, and drives a nail just below the spout, to hang the bucket on. This gash, he thinks, heals better and sooner than a wound made by boring. For *nails*, he goes to a blacksmith shop, gets *old* horse-shoe nails, straightens and sharpens the point by hammering flat, and *draws the head to one side*. These nails drive without causing leakage of sap, and may be drawn and put away, and not left broken off in the tree to dull axes. His *boiler* is a large, shallow, sheet-iron pan, set on an arch, extended over at one end, with faucet to draw off the syrup. In boiling he *feeds* from a vat, with faucet, by which the delivery stream may be regulated.—When gathered, his sap is *strained* into the vat.

By observing strict cleanliness in all the operations, and using the ordinary process for clarifying, he makes a molasses, or syrup, clear as honey, which commands a high price in market.

Attica, N. Y., 1859. L. S.

PROFITABLE, OR SYSTEMATIC FARMING.

Messrs. Eds.:—"A Young Farmer," Niagara Co., makes some comments upon my communication in the Rural of Jan. 8th. Possibly I failed to make myself understood, for the qualifications he makes reduces the case to the same conditions that I assumed existed. After stating the qualifications he seems not to differ with me in *extent* of tillage.

I was treating of high-priced *tillable* land—land that would warrant an outlay for thorough cultivation, and from which could be expected a remunerative crop, even without manure, for from such land a crop would be due (so to speak) upon condition of such outlay. I expect land *worth* $50 the acre to already contain the elements of fertility—(and also of a character that will allow the escape of surplus water without an expense of $30 or more the acre for drainage) sufficient to warrant the application of such a system as I recommended—a system which he seems to approve, providing it will furnish enough manure.

A crop fed to animals will furnish more manure than will restore the exhaustion of the soil consequent upon its production. The increase of manure beyond supplying the exhaustion, will increase a succeeding crop, and consequently there will be a continual increase of crop, co-existing with the increase of manure—each dependent upon the other, and from which a basis for production can be formed as large as is desired. For this reason, I would at the outset adopt a system that will require *all* the land to yield up.

Weak land—poor in the elements of production—I think we would agree, mainly, in the treatment of. The manure that could be made from the crops that would voluntarily grow, added to that made from the more abundant yield from the few acres in tillage, would form a basis, slowly increasing, but constantly, from which, *in time*, the whole farm could derive increasing strength, and final support.

Where materials for fencing cost as much as they do in most parts of our country, I consider the differences between fencing a farm into six lots and twelve—large fields, or small—of great importance, and can't conceive it proper, for any *kind* of farming to make the divisions so numerous—principally on account of the expense of the fence. But there are other reasons against it. Considerable more labor can be, and is, performed by teams, and by men, in the larger than in the smaller field.—The comparatively waste land occupied by the fences, and the tendency of noxious weeds to accumulate thereon, each in itself an item worthy of consideration, and, when combined, urge the propriety of determining how many are *needed*, and having no more.

A course of farming needing so large an outlay as the one I proposed, would indeed seem too much for a farmer of *too* small means, and as what would appear to one easy of accomplishment would seem horrid to another, it seems right and proper for each to judge for *himself* how far it is proper for *him* to go,—nevertheless, it appears to me not proper to withhold the recommendation of a system we approve, for fear of discouraging the weak, for there are numerous ones who are *not* limited in their means for cultivating their land. And some others—enterprising in their disposition—if they approved the course, could provide the means. All that is wanting in them is to feel satisfied of a profitable return.

Land already possessing a maximum value, and owned by a man *positively* without the means of tilling it, is like a team owned and kept idle—an expense because positively nobody can be hired to drive it. Either would be best sold and the money put to useful purposes. J. W. Chaddock.

Pavilion, N. Y., 1859.

ABOUT SETTING HENS.

Eds. Rural:—Now that you are giving cuts of poultry houses, to be followed by valuable information pertaining to the subject, (and ask for any information relative to poultry raising,) I will give your readers a *valuable* hint on Setting Hens.

To insure a full return for the eggs you place under a hen, adopt the following course, and you will be satisfied:—Select as many flour barrels as you wish to set hens, (and it is well to have several clutches come off at the same time,) place the barrels in a carriage loft, around the sides, prepare the nests with straw or hay, place a board in front of each barrel, and having made the loft entirely dark, leave the hen to her duties for two or three days. On visiting the premises to feed and give water, you open the shutters for light, and commence by uncovering one barrel only at a time, and so soon as that hen has returned to the barrel, pursue the same course with the others. In this way you have only one hen off at a time. The darkness facilitates very much the process of incubation, and the hen can take her nest without disturbance. Adopting this course, I have known a person to be able to bring off hundreds of chickens, where others, (with the same number of eggs,) following the haphazard course, could count only by tens.

Dedham, Mass., 1859. E. W.

A DAIRY BARN IN CATTARAUGUS.

Mr. Moore:—As much is said in the Rural about barns, permit me to give your readers a description of the dairy barn of James Wells, Esq., of Leon, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y. Its size is 100 feet by 40, main floor the entire length, 18 feet 6 inches wide. The floor on which the cows stand is 4 feet 4 inches, then a trench 17 inches wide by 4 inches deep; then a path 5 feet wide. Height between upper and lower floor 6 feet 4 inches, height of posts 14 feet, (Mr. Wells, says they should be 17 feet,) vertical siding, boards all one foot wide, then battened. Six sky-light windows on each side. Joists over main floor, moveable, so that they can be slid back over the cows. They commence at one end to fill the barn. There are three doors in each, and one by which to drive upon the main floor; two others, wide enough to admit of team and sleigh, or large stone-boat passing along the walk behind the cows, to remove the manure, which is done every day. The trench receives all the excrement, solid and liquid. There are no mangers,—cows are fastened to stanchions, and fed on the floor. One man can feed sixty cows in a few minutes. J. Sibley.

Forestville, Chau. Co., N. Y., 1859.

To Cure Scratches.—Having noticed in the Rural inquiries as to a cure for Scratches and being possessed of a simple preventive and cure, I pen it, as this is one of the worst seasons of the year for horses to be troubled with them. When the horse comes in at night, his legs should be washed clean and rubbed as dry as may be, then apply good vinegar rubbing it well to the skin.—Two applications a day are sufficient. I have always found it a sure preventive and a certain cure. If the legs have become cracked and sore apply the vinegar freely and add a piece of copperas the size of a common hickory nut to a quart of vinegar.—This is worth to any farmer more than the Rural costs a year.—H. Payne, *Lockport, N. Y.*, 1859.

Mad Itch—Chronic Cough in Horses. In one of your papers I saw an inquiry from one of the subscribers in reference to a disease called the Mad Itch. The cattle near this place had it some time since, and numbers died. At last the owners tried physicing them thoroughly, and all that were treated thus recovered.

Here is a recipe for chronic cough in horses, that I have tried in many cases, and never knew it to fail:—Powdered squills, 1 oz.; ginger, 2 ozs.; cream tartar, 1 oz. Mix well and give a tablespoonful in wet bran night and morning. Keep the horse well clothed.—J. Emory Brown, *Cedar Falls, Iowa.*

Unburned Brick Houses.—(*A. J. M., Lafayette, Ind.*)—A correspondent wishes to know how houses made of unburned brick, stand the climate. We have no experience. Who has? We suppose with a good foundation above ground, and a projecting roof to protect the walls from drippings, &c., they would endure a long time, but still would be far inferior to good burned brick, stone, or even wood.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Experiment with Potatoes.

We clip the following detailed account of an experiment with potatoes from the N. Y. *Spectator*, and read it accordingly, though inclined to the belief that it belongs to some member of the Agricultural Press:

"The following experiment with the potato crop, while on a limited scale, is on the right principle. The different varieties of manure are employed with whole potatoes, small and large, as well as cut in various forms, while the same forms are tried without manure, except what is common to the whole planting. The experiment is one of many made with different crops, during the last season, by O. S. Cummings, Esq., the proprietor of Springdale Farm, near Trenton Falls, N. Y. He has been the presiding officer of an enterprising Ag. association of that place. This experiment was tried on twelve rows only of seven hills each, planted on the 5th of June, 1858, with the Rough Purple Chili variety, on gravel loam, which had received a light dressing of rotten manure before plowing.

	Produce when Dug. Oct. 9th.
Row No. 1. Planted with small potatoes, one hill, no manure.	No. 1. 37 potatoes, chiefly small size, weight 4 lbs. 3 oz., and free from rot.
No. 2. Planted with large potatoes, one in hill, no manure.	No. 2. 53 potatoes, chiefly large weight 13 lbs. 12 oz., all sound.
No. 3. Planted with small potatoes, cut once in two, two pieces in hill, no manure.	No. 3. 44 potatoes, medium size, weight 7 lbs. 8 oz., sound.
No. 4. Large potatoes cut in two. Two pieces in hill, no manure.	No. 4. 111 potatoes, average lot of large ones, and many small; weight 15 lbs. 6 oz., one rotten.
No. 5. Large potatoes, cut to single eyes, three eyes in hill, no manure.	No. 5. 38 potatoes, average fair size, weight 8 lbs. 12 oz., sound.
No. 6. Large potatoes, cut as above, one eye in hill.	No. 6. 26 potatoes, medium size, weight 7 lbs. 8 oz., one rotten.
No. 7. One large potato in hill, one tablespoonful guano under hill	No. 7. 70 potatoes, mostly large size, weight 16 lbs., sound
No. 8. One large whole potato in hill, two tablespoonfuls of bone dust on potatoes.	No. 8. 68 potatoes, medium size, weight 13 lbs., sound.
No. 9. One large whole potato in hill, one tablespoonful sulphate of ammonia on potato	No. 9. 56 potatoes, very large mostly, weight 15 lbs., two rotten ones.
No. 10. One large whole potato in hill, salt and lime mixture, with ashes, large handful on potato.	No. 10. 39 potatoes, under medium size., weight 8 lbs. 4 oz., sound.
No. 11. One large whole potato in hill, superphosphate of lime, two tablespoonfuls on potatoes.	No. 11. 63 potatoes, medium size or under, weight 12 lbs., three rotten.
No. 12. One large whole potato in hill, hen manure and muck; one part of manure to two of muck; one handful on potatoes.	No. 12. 70 potatoes, medium size, weight 13 lbs. 8 oz., sound.

Experiments and improved cultivation have not been confined to Springdale Farm in that neighborhood. They are the fruits of an Agricultural Club formed about one year since at that place. A fair was held at Trenton Falls in Oct. last, and on so short notice as to be almost extemporaneous in its arrangements, which called out its thousands of spectators and exhibitors from a region which had previously been dormant on such subjects. The display of stock, implements, vegetables, fruits, flowers, &c., astonished every body. Let such clubs be organized and active wherever they do not exist, and good will follow."

About Spreading Manure.

In an article on this subject, the editor of the *American Farmers' Magazine* remarks:—"As the time for top-dressing mow lands is at hand, we have a word to say on the subject. As to the question of fall or spring, we do not believe any body can answer it for all cases. If the manure is old and well composted with muck or other decayed vegetable matter; if the ground is such, that there is no danger of hard washing from it; and further, if you will work the manure down finely and evenly to the surface, we have no objection to fall top-dressing. It has its advantages. The effect on the first year's crop will probably be greater, and the permanent effect may not be less.

"For spring top-dressing we prefer the following mode, having often practiced it, and found the little extra labor implied, well paid, as we believe. It is, to carry out the manure (stable or barn-yard) early, to lay it in somewhat larger heaps than would be most easily spread, say six or seven to the large load; then to carry and throw over each heap a few shovels full of well cured muck, or, in want of this, of any rich soil; and to let it lie in this condition till a good time for spreading it. That time is, when a long, cold, north-easter is brewing.—When the indications of such a storm are strong, we would spread the manure, but not before. Let it be spread evenly, and worked in among the grass roots. A bush harrow may in some cases be used to advantage, and we would commend its use, providing you will go after it with a many-tined fork, or a rake, and regulate the inequalities which the harrow may have left, drawing the manure from places that have received too much to others that have received none.

"The muck or soil with which the heaps are covered, will render the manure more crumbly, will enable you to spread it more evenly, and will help to retain the ammonia, if your pre-calculations of the weather should fail, and you should have sunny instead of rainy weather after spreading."

That "Flock of Geese."

Our readers will remember that in a recent Rural we made note of the purchase of several thousand geese in Ohio for the New York market. The editor of the *Tribune* records their safe arrival thus:—"We encountered, as we suppose, this grand army of Ohio geese, marching with slow and solemn pace through Fourth street, eastward, in charge of numerous captains of thousands, captains of hundreds, captains of fifties, and several 'little corporals' in command of tens and twenties; each armed with a long whip, which was intimidatingly used to keep the stragglers in the ranks. Interspersed throughout the multitude of grey geese and white, were some hundreds of tall black turkeys, which gave the army a sort of military appearance. Altogether it was a novel sight in New York to see such a drove marched through the streets, and it attracted a large degree of attention from a class of bipeds generally supposed to have more brains than the bipeds that were driven."

Corn and Pork.—A. G. Perry, of Newark, N. Y., weighed a thrifty pig, five months old, 150 lbs, then fed it 56 lbs. corn meal, mixed with hot water thin enough to answer for victuals and drink. This was eaten in 6¼ days, and the gain was 18 lbs.

Agricultural Miscellany.

The Michigan Farmer—*A Funny Martyr.*—In the Rural of 26th ult., we took occasion to notice, in just terms, an attack upon our reports of the Wool Markets by the *Mich. Farmer*. After quoting what we characterized as an absurd and unjust charge—pronouncing it *entirely unfounded*, and averring that "no article could be quoted from the Rural to sustain it"—we added that, "in our long experience as a journalist we remembered nothing more flagrant and insidious—nothing so far from truth, or so unbecoming the character of honorable and manly rivalry," &c. We also quoted some elegant remarks in which the *Farmer* affirmed that eastern editors "know no more about western farming, and cared no more for western interests, than so many bull frogs"—and proceeded to ventilate the subject, referring to some cogent facts (among others, that we established the *Mich. Farmer*,) for the special edification of our accuser. In conclusion we challenged our contemporary to *prove* his assertions, saying—"If what he charges is true, it can be sustained by quoting from our pages, and if false, as we pronounce it, where is the justification for the injurious attack?" In answer to this reply—in which we fairly quoted or stated the charge, and responded in emphatic but courteous terms—the *Farmer* favors its readers with a leading article of nearly *four columns*. Commencing with a sentimental stanza, the burden of which is "Never Mind," it follows its text of *not minding us* by piling on the long-winded agony as aforesaid! Queer context, truly. But, richer still, our contemporary talks about *our* "malicious and uncalled for attack"—Just as though *we* were the aggressor, and he, innocent mortal, had *not* "cast the first stone!"—and then proceeds to make such a veritable martyr of himself that we are sure his readers must shed tears on reading the account of his wrongs, and how he has been immolated by that terrible savage of the Rural New-Yorker! Ugh!—It's worse than the old nursery tales and Indian stories! We didn't know we *were* such an excruciating executioner before, but begin to think the *Prairie Farmer* was right in pronouncing our reply "some." But, persecuted as our contemporary is, he is game still—for, without fairly stating our reply, and *in the absence of a word of argument to sustain his original attack*, he begs the question by resorting to quibbles and new issues. He contradicts the fact of our establishing the *Mich. Farmer* (though it was stated, in complimentary terms, in No. 1 of his present volume,) talks about our "squatting" in Mich. a few months, (instead of some five years, as was the fact,) and then tells a lachrymose tale about our trying to destroy his journal—talking meantime of a "whining appeal to the sympathies of Mich. readers" (pray quote it,)—and calling us all sorts of naughty names, as whipt school-children are apt to do, not forgetting such argumentative and pretty phrases as "egotist," "boaster," "cockerel," etc. Then, after a long flutter concerning our challenge, the *Farmer*, instead of sustaining its assertion about our *Wool* Reports, dodges the question, and (taking advantage of the fact that our large edition compels us to put the Rural to press several days ahead of its date,) talks about our *Cattle* Markets not being up to time! That's wool-gathering, and "coming to the centre," with a vengeance! And finally, after another broadside at eastern papers—it's strange Michigan people *will* send abroad for such trash, and allow so much genius and talent to "waste its sweetness," &c.,—he kindly remarks to the Editor of the Rural that "*he must thank himself for this exposé*" and in the next sentence avers that our jealousy, greediness, inordinate egotism and impudent assumption (hear, hear!) hurried *us* into an unprovoked attack upon *him*! Mercy!—what a compulsant martyr after all! Why, until we read that, we verily believed the "unprovoked attack" was made *upon*, and not *by*, the Rural. But we give it up—can't hold a controversy with such a logician—and have only given the points of his article (as accurately as their absurdity and our risibles would permit,) to show that even an intellectual Hercules could not cope successfully with such a Sampson-like Ajax. Of course we must keep our little boat near shore in future, and don't know as it will even be safe to infringe the *Farmer's* patent by receiving any more subscriptions from Michigan! Will take the matter into serious consideration—after craving the indulgence of our readers for wasting so much ammunition upon game so entirely beyond our reach and comprehension!

P. S.—In return for the long free advertisement of the Rural above acknowledged, and for the benefit of any of our readers interested, we would state that the Michigan Farmer is a handsome quarto weekly "Journal of Affairs relating to the Farm, the Garden, and the Household," published by R. F. Johnstone, Detroit, at $2 per annum in advance,—less to clubs.

A Farmers' and Mechanics' Association has been organized in Chautauque Co. From proceedings given in a Fredonia paper we infer that the Association is designed to comprise several towns; and it is stated that "ninety-nine $10 shares (representing $990) for the purchase of the old Fair Grounds, were reported as subscribed—60 from Pomfret and 19 from Sheridan." The organization was completed at a meeting held in Fredonia on the the 23d ult., by the election of the following Officers:—*President*—J. R. Parker, of Fredonia. *Vice-President*—J. E. Griswold, of Sheridan. *Secretary*—John C. Mullett, of Fredonia. *Treasurer*—Ensign Baker, of Fredonia. *Directors*—A. S. Moss, of Fredonia; J. C. Bates, of Sheridan; R. Greene, of Fredonia; Levi Baldwin, of Arkwright; Seymour P. Ensign, of Sheridan; S. H. Dickinson, of Pomfret.

Michigan Land Agency.—We take pleasure in referring those of our readers wishing the services of a Land Agent in Michigan, to the card of J. M. Treadwell, Esq., of Jackson—a gentleman of integrity, who possesses rare qualifications for the business announced. In addition to considerable experience as an agent, Mr. T. has had charge of the State Land Office for four years, which has afforded him superior knowledge and facilities for the transaction of any business connected with real estate.

Those Mittens.—A lady of industry and taste—Mrs. D. G. Bailey of Parma—has not only given us "the mitten," but a very fine pair of them, and we reckon they received the premium at our last County Fair. Be that as it may—and whether presented us as Editor or Ex-President—they are very comfortable. Though highly colored, they do not make us feel as "streaked" as the kind of mittens which *some of our friends* were wont to get years ago!

Read the Advertisements in this and every number of the Rural. Most of them are of interest to farmers and horticulturists, and a careful perusal will save trouble and expense on the part of those desirous of procuring the implements, trees, seeds, &c., advertised. Always consult our advertising department before writing us to ascertain where certain articles can be obtained.

Steuben Co. Ag. Society.—Officers for 1859:—*President*—Daniel Gray, of Wheeler. *Vice-Presidents*—T. M. Younglove, Dr. Terry, Z. Flint, Chas. H. Erwin, Geo. Farnum, John W. Whiting, William Bush. *Treasurer*—Reuben Robie, of Bath. *Secretary*—Robert M. Lyon, of Bath.

HORTICULTURAL

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.

PLANTING AND MANAGEMENT OF THE HOT-BED.

In our last we gave the necessary directions for making a hot-bed. We now continue this subject, with instruction for planting and management.

Those who grow vegetables largely will do well to start a small frame early this month, as a seed-bed, and sow lettuce, tomatoes, celery, &c., to be transplanted into other beds early in April, when the seed-bed can be sown with radishes. If the weather is very severe, cover nights, and in the days when very cold and cloudy, with straw, mats, old carpet, or anything that may be convenient.—Give air during sunshine in the early part of the day. Those who raise vegetables for family use, in a small way, can do without this early bed.

The hot-bed should be ready for planting cucumbers by about the 20th of March, though it may be done until the 1st of April. Plant a hill under the centre of each sash, raising the earth two or three inches higher than the rest of the bed, and putting eight or ten seeds in each hill. Plant the front with lettuce plants, or sow the seed; and sow celery and tomato seed at the back of the bed. The lettuce in this bed will grow finely, and in a very short time they will be fit for use, especially if young plants were used, and in almost all gardens where lettuce is grown, plenty of young plants can be found. We always sow a little seed in the fall, in some sheltered place in the garden, for this purpose. Before winter sets in, throw a few bushes and a little straw over them, and you will have excellent plants for the hot-bed. Cucumbers require so much more heat than tomatoes or celery, that it is best to transplant these, when about four inches high, to another and cooler frame, where they should be set thin, and allowed to harden, preparatory to being put out in the open ground. It will be best to make a new bed for them, with only about 18 inches of manure. Give plenty of air every fine day, or they will grow weak, and transplant into the open ground about the 10th of May. Many of the tomato plants will be in blossom at that time, and some protection should be in readiness for frosty nights. A light box with a pane of glass at the top is first-rate, and it should remain over them for a few days after transplanting, and on all unusually cold or windy days.

When the cucumbers are up, give air, in the early part of the day, when the sun is shining, and as the plants grow, draw the earth to the stems, and when the second leaf has fairly started, any surplus plants can be transplanted to another bed, or thrown away, leaving only three of the strongest plants in the hill. By the time the vines begin to run, the lettuce will be fit to pull, and the tomatoes must be removed, as before recommended. Then throw in three inches of good garden mold, and level off the bed. The frame will soon be filled with vines, and when this is so, throw earth over the old manure that formed the hot-bed, and rake it nicely, leaving the whole in the form of a graceful mound. Then raise the frame about six inches from the inner surface, by putting blocks under the corners, and let the vines run out under the frame. In about two weeks after this the frame may be taken away entirely, and you will not only have a beautiful green mound, but a fruitful one. The only care required now, is to water, and reap the reward of your labor, by picking the fruit. As soon as fruit begins to set, plenty of water must be supplied. The ground must be kept well moistened, and have an occasional thorough soaking.

Onions are very successfully raised by sowing the seed quite thick in the hot-bed, giving them plenty of air, until about the 10th of April, when the frame can be taken away, and used for some other purpose. They should be transplanted into the open ground about the 10th of May. In this way the trouble of thinning and weeding is avoided, they mature early, are large, and in every way as easily raised as the potato onion.

Radishes require about the same treatment as onions, except transplanting. Too much heat will *draw* them, so that they will grow all to tops. The best kind for forcing is the *Early Oval*, a French variety; where this seed cannot be obtained, the *Early Scarlet* will answer.

Where two frames are started at the same time, as suggested in our last number, which is probably the best plan for new beginners, (they should be ready for the seed about the 25th of March,) we would advise that nothing be planted in the frame with cucumbers but a little lettuce in front. In this situation it receives the drippings from the sash, which is of so great benefit to lettuce, but would be injurious to most other things. In the other frame we would plant lettuce in the front, tomatoes and celery at the back, and radishes in the centre of the bed. Pepper, egg-plant seed, &c., can be sown, as desired. This frame will require plenty of air, especially as the time draws near for transplanting to the open ground. The plants will also require thinning out, and as the radishes and lettuce are drawn for the table, a few of these plants may be set out in the places thus left unoccupied, or seeds of Balsams and other annual flowers sown, so as to secure early flowers. We urge all our readers who can do so, to make a small hot-bed. They will be astonished to find how little it costs, and how essential to a good vegetable garden.

Not a Bad Idea — In a report of the transactions of the Knox Co. (Ill.) Horticultural Society, as published in the *Prairie Farmer*, we observe the "weaker sex" share the honors with the "lords of creation" — the "Vice-Presidents number twelve, six of whom are females.

Proceedings of Am. Pomological Society.—The Report of the doings of this Society is received. It makes a volume of 264 pages, and is valuable either for present reading or future reference.

CULTURE OF THE GRAPE.—No. III.

Messrs. Eds.:—Two years ago the question came up in my mind,—Can Grape Vines be so pruned and managed that the sap and nutriment that the roots gather from the soil will be exhausted in bringing Fruit to maturity instead of growing a large quantity of young wood, much more than is wanted for the next year's crop? So satisfactory was the result of my experiment that every reader of the Rural should understand it, if they cultivate no more than a single vine. To make the subject plain, I simply give a statement of the treatment my two old vines received. My practice is, in autumn pruning where vines are spread on a trellis, as they are, to spread the old wood as thin as possible, not closer than from two to four feet. As soon as the vines reach the flat or trellis, begin to leave spurs — the Saviour calls them branches — not closer than from two to four feet. This keeps the fruit in bunches to let the sunshine on it early and late in the day, and keep the skin of the fruit dry, that it may escape mildew. With a view to load the vines heavy with fruit where I could, I left two branches with four buds each. When the blossoms began to appear on the clusters, I commenced summer pruning and did a faithful day's work on the two vines, shortening in at two to four leaves above the fruit, taking off all the laterals only at the last leaf, leaving that to push forward so that the next year's fruit-bud, that stands by the side of it, be not started. A week later I pruned them again and spent half a day in shortening in what branches was over-looked in the first pruning, and taking off the laterals from the less thrifty branches that began to push forward by the first pruning, always leaving one or two branches on all the old wood to give all the extension to the vines they need, many of them being more than 50 feet in length. A week later I pruned them again, and spent nearly half a day observing the same rules as at the last pruning, and where the lateral at the last leaf of the branches had formed a leaf and began to push beyond it, pinched it off above the leaf. Vines that are thrifty will require this to be done frequently through the season, if they are not heavy loaded with fruit, as they will make numerous laterals on each branch, with each a single leaf.

When this was done the branches and clusters were so numerous and the fruit set so thick on the clusters that one-half of the branches never formed a new leaf until the fruit was fully grown; then, in September, the branches began to push forward a growth of young wood again. Now, for the result of luding vines thus heavy with fruit. I gathered and weighed from the two vines, 700 lbs. of fruit, at the same time there was picked up and weighed 60 lbs., and enough more that fell by heavy winds to make 40 lbs., making 800 lbs. gathered from the vines. All in this section know that two years ago no Isabella Grapes were well ripened. These remained on the vines till the middle of November, in hopes they would improve in quality, but an early frost froze the stems of the clusters which causes the fruit to part from them easy, in single berries. Much fruit was wasted by this cause and the hundreds of visiting friends that called to see the heavy crop of fruit and learn the treatment.—Such visitors think they are not treated with courtesy unless they can partake freely of a man's choice fruit. I concluded, taking the loss from these causes into consideration, there was not much less than 1,000 lbs. of fruit grown on the two vines. This established in my mind, beyond a doubt, the idea that the sap and nutriment that the roots gather from the soil can just as well be exhausted in bringing fruit to maturity as to grow young wood that is not wanted.

Reader, do you ask if this is correct summer pruning? My answer is, where vines are spread on a flat, the manner of pruning is correct, as near as I have learned it, but loading vines thus heavy with fruit, is the extreme of no pruning. No summer pruning grows mostly young wood that is not wanted; loading vines thus heavy with fruit, grows fruit of an inferior quality. *Why* is the fruit of an inferior quality? Because there was so much on the vines that much of it was small in size, and when the fruit was gathered nearly all the clusters had green fruit on them, in all stages of its growth, from the size of a grain of wheat to full grown grapes. There was not sap or nutriment enough to bring it forward notwithstanding the growth of young wood was nearly stopped by the fruit.

Another reason against loading vines thus heavy with fruit when autumn pruning is done, is there is a deficiency of young wood that is well hardened for the next year's crop. I studied to arrive at some correct rule to work by, in loading vines with fruit, by measuring off lengths of old wood and then counting the clusters, to ascertain how close they were on much of the old wood. They averaged a cluster in two to four inches and I concluded if they averaged a cluster in eight to twelve inches, the crop would be worth as much in market, and the vines left in better condition for the next year's crop. This is where vines have all the extension of old wood they need. Where they are shortened in to a given space, they would bear loading heavier, say from four to six inches.

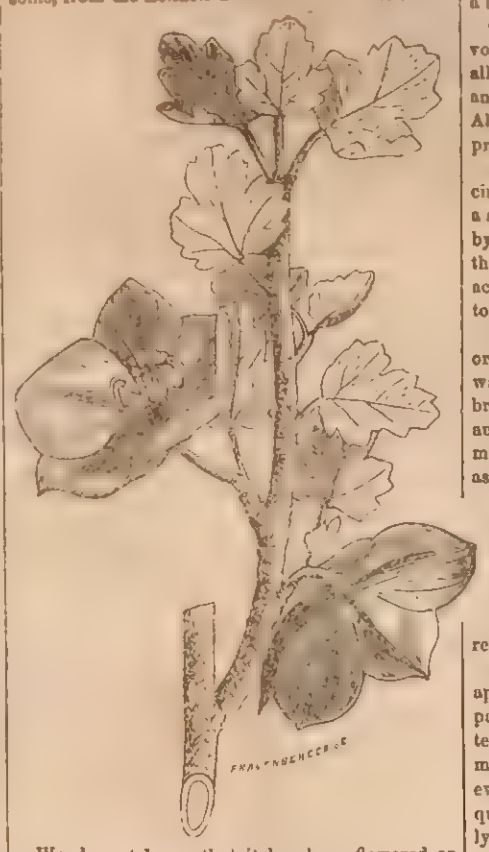
West Bloomfield, N. Y., 1859. Alvin Wilcox.

CAST-IRON POSTS FOR GRAPE TRELLIS.

Messrs. Eds.:—In a late Rural I noticed an article from Alvin Wilcox, calling for information relative to *Grape Trellises*. His views of trellises correspond with my own, except in the material for the posts or stakes; and it gives me pleasure to state that a little thought and a few experiments have enabled me to construct a stake of *cast-iron* that surpasses any other in neatness, durability, utility, and even cheapness, when the durability is taken into consideration. The manner of fastening in the ground is entirely new, and it is very firmly set in the ground in five minutes' time, and when set it is ready for the wire, either by passing it through holes made in the casting, or around knobs on the side of the post, so that each post supports its own section of wire, and the strain on the end post is not much more than on the inner ones. There is a neck at the top of the post that the top wire is passed around, leaving space for wires across the rows, if necessary at any time to have them. I will, as soon as possible, send you a drawing.—H. L. Dewey, *Sandusky City, Ohio.*

FREMONTIA CALIFORNICA.

This shrub was first described by Dr. Torrey in *Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge*, from dried specimens gathered by the Rev. A. Fitch, at the sources of the Sacramento, in the northern part of the Sierra Nevada, of California. Also, on hill sides in Mariposa county; flowering in May. We take the drawing below of a branch with blossoms, from the *London Gardeners' Chronicle*.



We do not know that it has been flowered or propagated in this country. The authority above quoted, says: — "Of this most remarkable plant a solitary individual was raised in 1851 in the garden of the Horticultural Society from a seed received from Mr. Robert Wrench. In April, 1854, it produced flowers for the first time, as large as those of Trollius Asiaticus, brilliant yellow inside, apricot-colored outside, with the addition of some cinnamon-colored down; and their substance was so thick that each flower remained in perfection for weeks.

Since that time it has proved to be a beautiful, hardy shrub, with a habit wholly unlike that of every hardy plant in cultivation, most resembling, indeed, some of the Hibiscuses of Western Australia. The plant has hitherto resisted all attempts at propagation, and still remains at Chiswick unique in Europe.

WILL THE NATIVE GRAPE PRODUCE WINE?

Eds. Rural:—There is, at this time, more attention paid to the propagation of the grape, by a great per cent. than at any former period since the settlement of the country, both as a market fruit and for wine making. New and valuable varieties are being constantly introduced, and will continue to be until, probably, something very superior is produced.

The grape is of such easy propagation and early maturity, that there is a strong probablity of the markets becoming glutted under the increased production, in which case the only resort to dispose of the surplus will be their conversion into wine, which involves a much mooted question, whether any grape as yet known, that will perfect itself in in our Northern and Western climate, will produce that peculiar substance known as wine, and familiar to all nations since the time of the Hebrews, as "Wine that gladdeneth the heart of man"—that tonic stiumlating beverage, that "stimulates but not inebriates."

The great deficiences in our Native grapes, for the purpose of wine-making, are the want of sugar — grape sugar, a peculiar substance not crystalizable, and the Tartaric acid, the two prime constituents of wine—*true wine*.

It seems to be necessary, with all our grapes, to add to the expressed juice about three pounds of *Cane* sugar to the gallon, to give it a consistency that will not put on the Acetic fermentation in keeping, and become sour.

It will not be contended, that common sugar and water fermented will produce wine, or anything analogous to it, as it only becomes the simple mash of the brewer before the addition of hops, or of the distiller's tub, without a single concomitent of wine, except what Alcohol in its incipient stages it may contain. The addition of sugar confers no single advantage to wine, but the contrary, as the native grape does not contain any more Albumen, than required to convert its own sugar.—One of the faults of using so much sugar, fully 33⅓ per cent., is the fact that it makes so strong and dense a *must*, that the first fermentation is imperfect, and does not convert the whole saccharine and albuminous matter, and it remains a simple sweet *cordial*, and will slowly ferment for months at a cellar temperature, and contains hardly one quality of imported wines, and never can be a substitute for those varieties, and therefore will defeat the object of producing our article, and stoping importations.

It was asserted at the *Fruit-Growers' Convention* that none of our grapes possessed the Tartaric acid, and only the Malic or Apple acid, though a Mr. Ferguson, an experienced wine-maker stated, that he had found distinct crystals of Cream of Tartar, (*tartrate of Potash*,) on the sides of the tub from one variety of grape, (*the Clinton*,) which, if so, would be a strong recommendation for that kind. It is also claimed, that the Scuppernong and Poland grape possess that qualification.

It has been suggested, and with a great deal of plausibility, that no grape would make real wine, that would not in drying become a *raisin*, and it is evident that such grapes would produce a *must* that would require no sugar. It is quite certain that no native grape grown on this continent, as far as has been observed, will show that result,—thereupon, the question recurs, can we make wine—real wine?

What does a portion of the world drink wine for?—not to quench thirst, for water is better—not for its sweetness, a lump of sugar or stick of candy would be more in keeping with such a taste; for what then?—is it not for its *stimulus, its tonic, and astringent* principles? If so, does our fermented grape juice and sugar, contain those requisites as a beverage, or as a medicinal agent?

On temperance considerations, perhaps our voice should be in favor of our factitious wines, as all the imported varieties, except the cheap Claret and Rhenish, contain a notable quantity of added Alcohol, either brandy or pure spirits—the highest prized sorts as much as 12 per cent., at least.

Our domestic wines might be improved, by forcing the fermentation by extra heat, or by passing a summer under the hot roof of a building, whereby there would be a more perfect elaboration of the vinous process, and dispersion of the carbonic acid, which produces that cider pungency on the tongue in a great majority of our wines.

By partially drying the grapes, either by the sun or artificial heat, and evaporating some of the watery portion, less sugar would be required to bring the juice to the proper hydromatic proof, and the cracking of the stems and seeds, and fermenting before straining; would add some of the astringency peculiar to Port and some other wines.

The juice of our native grapes is about 60 per cent. water, (without referring to a chemical analysis,) the balance, grape sugar, albumen, and gummy mucilage; then by adding 30 or more per cent. of *Cane* sugar, it would puzzle an analytical chemist, to find where the elements reside in such a compound to constitute true wine.

The Southern Ohio wines approach, and only approach, the imported varieties. They are a fine, palatable cordial, and some of them are adulterated with more or less Alcoholic mixtures, and to many tastes are unexceptionable, but will they even supercede the imported article is the great question, if we as a people, are to enter extensively into its production.?

Time, that hoary-headed truth teller must settle the question. L. B. Manly.

Monroe Co., Feb., 1859.

Remarks. — In a previous article from the above correspondent, on the degree of frost which killed peach buds, an error occurred, as he was made to say, that the experience of 40 years in this region "*without an exception*," sanctioned the rule, that 15° below zero would prove fatal. It should have been "with but one exception." In a few remarks we made in answering an inquiry, why Elderberry wine turned sour, we intended to state that "the wine required more sugar" in making. By mistake it was printed "requires," and from this error, some have supposed, that they could remedy their sour wine by adding sugar. After the wine becomes acidified, or turned to vinegar, no art that we know of will make it wine. On this subject we have the following from a correspondent:

Messrs. Editors: — In reading the Rural of Feb. 19th, I noticed an article headed, *Sour Wine*, and as your inquirer wants experimental facts, I will give one. In the fall of 1857, I made about thirty gallons of Grape wine, I thought it pretty good, but in the Spring it begun to ferment. I tried various remedies to stop fermentation, but to no purpose, so I took one pound coffee sugar to the gallon, and dissolved it in the wine as it was heating. I let it boil about fifteen minutes, skimmed off all I could get off, set it off the fire and let it partly cool, then put it in the cask, and when it was perfectly cold, bunged it up tight. I think it is much better now than it was last spring before it began to work. E. can try a small quantity at a time until he gets it sweetened to his taste. J. Woodruff.

Ripon, Feb., 1859.

FAILURE OF FRUIT.

Eds. Rural:—I have been anxiously hoping that some good result would come of the discussion on Pear Culture. I am an ardent admirer of fruit, and delight in fruit culture, and I have, for one of my sex, done much and learned something in that line of business. By recent articles, I see the leaf-blight and cracking is charged to *fungus*. Am I understand it to be the cause, or the *effect* of a *cause?* If the latter, I agree. Will physicians say that *fungus* is the effect of a healthy state or condition of its locality? Some professors have got yet to learn the difference between *cause* and *effect*.

I have the dwarfs in garden, well-tilled, in potato ground, and in the nursery. *The former are the most affected.* In spring, as soon as I gave heed to the affection, I had the trees scrubbed with a brush, or old broom, with a very strong solution of old soap-suds, thoroughly scrubbing the bark, and drenching the leaves and limbs. They had put forth all their strength, but it was evident, there was a lack of vital principle. The worst did not die, but made another attempt to put out.

My attention has been drawn to the condition of the peach tree leaves. They not only curled up, but dried before the new ones came on, as is common. I rather thought this must have been caused by an insect. I had some growing in my garden, I poured half a large teakettle of boiling water around the body, low down, for the benefit of the grub-worm. It did some good.

I was formerly an inhabitant of Long Island. I viewed the gradual failure of fruit there for many years. First, the peach, as I never have beheld here, though I have lived in this part of the State for twenty-four past years. *Virgalieu* pears next. A pear tree, now standing on my native born farm, one-hundred years old, dried down, sprouted out afresh, and bore well. The bees then failed to give honey, and the wheat followed, just as it has here. There is an exhaustion of some element, in the soil, I think. That is my simple conclusion, perhaps others will arrive at something better. E. H. Prior.

Poplar Ridge, Cayuga Co., 1859.

Ontario Grape.—Among the scores of new varieties of grapes that are being puffed into notoriety we notice the *Ontario Grape*. It is described by a correspondent of the *Horticulturist* as being "the largest probably of any grape in the world," berries black, thin skinned and *buttery*. We fear the writer is more *buttery* than the grape.

Domestic Economy

WASHING-DAY DINNERS.

Dear Rural:—In a late issue of yours I saw a request that some lady would furnish a remedy for the improvement of wash-day dinners. In looking over Mrs. M. L. Scott's *Practical Housekeeper*, I find a few extracts from her chapter on every-day's employment through the week, &c., would not be inappropriate as an answer, as it shows up the evils of that day to such an extent, that it ought at least to make every housewife *blush* at such domestic immoralities.

"It is wash-day! and the consequence is that nothing must be expected to be right side up. The baby must cry; the older children must not have their faces washed, or hair combed; the lady of the house must look sour, fret and scold. The husband must not expect his dinner; the breakfast dishes must stand unwashed until the last garment is hung out."

Now, be sensible for once, and put your house in order as much for *washing* and *ironing*—with one exception; clean your oil-cloths, or floors after washing, and before ironing. You may dress just as neatly for washing as for any other work—you are just as liable to see company. Every one does not wash on Monday—although every one should, if practicable. Your husband will be there, and has a right to expect a value set upon his own opinion and taste, and no man, be he ever so regardless of his toilette, admires a slatternly woman. It is their nature to love order, modesty, and neatness in our sex, and thousands have remained single forever because they did not find all the qualifications they deemed requisite, in one they might choose as a companion. But too many have been driven from the domestic fireside for the want of that system which never mars the quiet of home, and which every man has an undoubted right to expect. It is a lamentable fact that the washing of a few garments should furnish ground for so much error.

"Because the clothing that we wear
Must go through tubs of water,
And then be hung out in the air;
Should this craze wife and daughter?

Pshaw! cool down ye ladies fair,
Let *system* rule your houses,
And never suffer uncombed hair,
To disfavor you as spouses.

On Saturday, then, always bake,
And bake enough to last—
Of bread, and pies, and kinds of cake
To serve till washing's past."

Toledo, Ohio, 1859. Emily K.

COCOA-NUT DROPS, WINE SAUCE, &c.

Eds. Rural:—Herewith please find some excellent recipes:

Cocoa-Nut Drops.—Take the white meat of a cocoa-nut and grate it; the whites of 4 eggs; half a pound white sugar; a teaspoonful essence lemon—make a batter, drop on buttered paper, and bake.

Victoria Cake.—One and a half pounds sugar; 1½ butter; 1 doz. eggs, to one pound flour; 1 cup cream; 1 teaspoon saleratus—flavor with rose-water or nutmeg.

Pound Cake.—One pound butter; 1 of flour; 1 of sugar; 8 eggs—season with cloves, nutmeg and cinnamon—1 glass of wine and some caraway seeds.

Rose Drops.—One pound flour; ½ pound white sugar; ½ lb. butter; 6 eggs; a wine glass of rose-water; 1 cup cream and 1 teaspoonful saleratus.—Drop on tins and sift sugar on before baking.

Wine Sauce for Puddings.—One cup butter; 1 cup white sugar, and a wine glass of wine; half a nutmeg—mix all well together and beat it till light.

Plum Cake.—Four pounds flour; 1 lb. sugar; 3 lbs. currants; ½ lb. raisins; ¼ oz. mace; cloves, and one nutmeg; the peel of a lemon, and half a pound almonds; 2 lbs. butter; pint cream; pint wine; 1 glass brandy; 12 eggs; half pint yeast; 1 pound citron—lemon and orange.

Molasses Pie.—Make a good paste and line a dish with it, fill up the dish with molasses, in which stir a spoonful ginger and vinegar, slice a large lemon or orange in it; 1 teaspoonful cinnamon; cover with paste and bake.

A GOOD CHICKEN PIE.

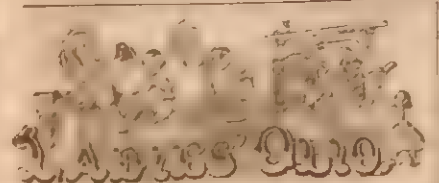
Eds. Rural:—In reading the *Domestic Economy* portion of the Rural, I find "A Farmer's Wife" who wishes a recipe for a good chicken pie. My rule, which I have always found good, is this:—Boil the chicken until tender, season with butter, salt, pepper, and two or three slices of pork. Prepare a crust by mixing one cup of cream and two of buttermilk; two and a half teaspoonfuls saleratus, and two teaspoonfuls salt into flour until it is stiff enough to roll. Cover the sides and bottom of the pan in which you wish to bake it, put in the chicken with a part of the broth; cover with the rest of your dough and bake three-quarters of an hour. Thicken the rest of the broth, add a little more butter and you have a good gravy, and if you have the luck that I have always had, a good plain pie.

To Mark I would say that we do not have a "picked up dinner," on washing-day — find the difficulty very easily obviated by having no dinner at all. If this plan suits him any better than the "picked up dinner" system, we can accommodate a boarder. Jenny.

Dewittville, N. Y., 1859.

Do everything in its proper time. Keep everything in its place. Always mend clothes before washing.

Alum or vinegar is good to set colors of red, green or yellow.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MY LITTLE BOY.

BY M. A. GUTHRIE MORRISON.

Oh, where are the feet that ran in the hall—
And where the soft voice that answered my call—
Say, where the sweet lips that kissed me at day
Of my dear little Benny, now far, far away?
My room it is silent, I hear not a sound
Of his lone little playthings rattling around,
His own little chair seems sadly to say,
Our dear little Benny is far, far away.

Oh, who but a mother can feel the heart swell,
And who, with such sadness, her sorrows can tell,
When tear steals on tear, where her loved one did play
Who has fled from her arms and is far, far away.
With love she will kiss the torn little shoe,
And each thing he hath left as it comes to her view,
Each stick he has whittled hath a language to say—
The fingers that made them are *far, far* away.

How quick would she steal from her feverish bed,
To twine the gold locks of the dear little head,
Or hear the sweet voice that in parting did say,
"I'm going, dear mama, from you far away."
But words are too feeble—too sad is the part—
No language portrays the fullness of heart
The mother oft feels when each pulse is in play,
And she thinks her loved one is far, far away.

New York City, 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LITTLE ALLIE.

Draw aside the curtain of yon silent room, and gaze upon that pale, young sleeper—little Allie. Her hands are thrown carelessly by her side, while ever and anon she starts from her sleep calling "mama, mama!"

What, my darling, exclaims the anxious mother, who, as she bends over the little patient sufferer, feels that ere long the idol of her bosom will be laid far from her within the cold and silent tomb.

"Mama," murmured the darling child, "I am going home—going to the good home you have so often told me about. Sing me that pretty hymn you taught me at your knee, for I want to hear it once more before I join the angel band." With trembling voice the mother sang,

"I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand—
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand."

As she ceased a calm smile rested upon Allie's face, and the little hands were clasped as if in prayer.

"Don't you see the angels, mama? They bid me come home. Don't weep for little Allie—there are no tears in Heaven where Jesus reigns. Good-by, mama, Allie's—going—home."

A calm, sacred stillness rested in that room as the death-angel bore her pure spirit to the world on high. They laid her to rest beneath the wide-spreading branches of the weeping willow, and a plain marble stone, with the inscription, "Little Allie," often reminds us of

One of earth's fairest flowers
That blooms anew in Eden bowers.

Howlett Hill, Onon. Co., N. Y. Rosa Baker.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LONG SKIRTS, AGAIN.

The suggestions of "Fannie," in a late number, in regard to "Feminine Apparel," impressed me favorably. There is no doubt that *some* change must soon take place, as *hoops* have undoubtedly reached their "culminating point," or, rather, size. I expressed the opinion that the dress recommended by "Fannie," would succeed them, but my wife says it "*won't do.*" There are too many women with large feet, thick ankles, and an awkward, clumsy gait, to give up hoops. She thinks the fashion originated with such, and instances one of the Miss Blanks, of this village, saying "don't you remember how badly she walked, and how conspicuous the ungraceful and unsymmetrical form of her locomotive arrangements before hoops came in fashion? Do you think *she* would ever lead the way in a reform that would exhibit her imperfections, or follow, unless compelled by despotic fashion to do so?"

My sister replied, that the difference between the graceful and the ungraceful was *really* as easily to be perceived now as ever, and could not be disguised, however much some "*ladies*" might flatter themselves to the contrary. I was obliged to admit that it was so, and recollected that the manner in which Miss Anastasia Blank carried the crinoline would hardly be admired in Broadway. But her satisfaction, when she gets underway on the side-walk, is perfect, and she is more fortunate than the peacock, for it is said that his pride comes down when he sees his feet, and Miss Blank is blissfully ignorant that she would not pass in *any* assemblage for the genuine article.

It would seem that the naturally graceful and elegant are obliged to submit to a dress that, to some extent, diminishes the grace of their movements, but to the benevolent it is some consolation that it enables their less fortunate sisters to *believe* that they conceal their defects. Fashion aims at reducing, or elevating, all to a level. Some are happy that this cannot be done—others in the belief that it succeeds. Schimberg

Clinkerville, Monroe Co., N. Y., 1859.

How I Came to Learn Music.—A lady in similar circumstances to the one who told, through the Rural, how she came to learn music, wishes to have more communication with her. She says,—"on the impulse of the moment she unflaggingly thumped through the Instruction Book." Tell me if this was done without a master—how long was it before you could unhesitatingly play a simple waltz, or common march—how much time did you devote to practice each day—how I shall know your composition, if any in circulation.—M. B. B., *Buffalo, N. Y.*, 1859.

THE SCOTCHMAN AND HIS DAUGHTER.

A Scotchman once gave the following advice to his daughter on entering a boarding school:

Now, daughter, ye hae just four things to learn in Edinburgh. Ye hae to learn to manage your head, your hands, your feet, and your heart. Your head will require a little rubbing up, baith outside and inside. It's no the bobs and the curls, the ribbon and the rose knots, the gildet kames, and the toppings o'-weel-sleek-it up hair, that are to stand the test of life, and yet these are a' becoming in their places. But there is something else required. Ye maun learn to think for yoursel, for your canna always have your mother and me to think and act for you. Ye maun learn to calculate and weigh not only your own actions, but your motives of action as well as the actions and apparent motives of those with whom you have to deal, and stick aye by that, my child, of which you are sure never to be ashamed, either in this world or in that to come.

If ever you are spared to be a wife, there will mair depend upon your head than your hands; and you are nae the wour o' being able to cook your family a neat dinner, and make yoursel a new gown at ony time, or a frock to a bit wee ane.

But, now, for the heart, daughter; that is what requires the maist care, and the maist watching o'er of all, and there's naught else that I am sae unqualified in giving advice. Keep it aye free o' malice, rancor, and deceit; and as to the forming of any improper acquaintances, or youthful partiality, it is sae dangerous at your time of life, that no advice or guardianship can countervail. I maun therefore leave it entirely to your own discretion and good sense.

I might have mentioned the management of the tongue, as another and separate point of attention; but it is a mere machine, and acts only in subordination to the head and to the heart, and, if these are kept in proper order, the other winna rin far wrang. But dinna be ower the matter punctual about catching the English pronunciation. It looks rather affected in a country girl to be always snapping at the English, and at the time popping in an auld Scot's phrase which she learnt in the nursery, for it is impossible to get quit o' them. But mind this, my child, that good sense is well favored and becoming, in whatever dialect it be spoken, and ane's mother's tongue always suits either the lips of a bonny lass or an auld earl the best.—*Ettrick Shepherd.*

WHAT WE LIVE FOR.

"We live for those who love us—
For those who are kind and true;
For th' Heaven that smiles above us,
And which we are hastening to."

So sang the Hutchinsons in one of their touching heart-songs. The thought may for a moment arrest the attention of a few who listen to its utterance in melody, but the mass hear and heed it not. They seem to live as though life has no great purpose—no higher aim than the gratification of self. Those in the crowd are jostling each other; fiercely almost are treading down each other; to reach *their* particular goal. The pale face of sorrow, or the wail of distress are unheeded. Gain—gain—is the maddened cry. Gold and lands for to-day, for to-morrow we die. Let the dog lick the sores of the poor, and despised Samaritans turn aside to bind up the bruised and wounded unfortunates. Stock in Heaven brings no direct dividend in money. Lending to the Lord will not add two per cent. per month to the yearly accumulations. Such seems to be the common understanding. Men act as if life were an eternity.

But the night cometh—there are graves to fill and worms to fatten. Wealth finds no exclusive privileges under the sod, or "over the river."—Bonds, mortgages and stocks are not current in the "hereafter." No "sharp practice," no "shrewd business transactions" there. No extraordinary per cents, for those who have entered into an inheritance which fadeth not away. No poor faces to grind, for all are rich. They are joint heirs with Jesus Christ to an eternity of bliss. Sorrow and pain; the crutch and tattered garments; the bruised and injured heart, have been left in the grave, and the paupers on earth become the owners of Heaven! Oh! how often we have thought of what may be the feelings of the rich, the pompous, and the proud, when they see those they scorned, robed in the unfading and dazzling fabrics of eternal angel life.—*Wisconsin Chief.*

Anecdote of the British Queen.—Frank B. Fay, Esq., of Chelsea, Mass., who visited Europe last summer, delivered an interesting narrative of his travels in a lecture to the Chelsea Library Association last week. In the course of his lecture he related the following anecdote of Queen Victoria: "It is reported that her Majesty has a sweet little temper of her own, and that her *cara sposa*, like a prudent man, generally retires before the storm, and locks himself in his private cabinet, until the sky is clear, and sunshine again illumines the classic shades of St. James or Windsor. After one of these little ebullitions, the Queen gave a '*thundering* knock' at the door of the room where Prince Albert had taken refuge, and upon being asked, 'Who's there?' responded, 'The Queen!' 'The Queen cannot enter here,' responded the henpecked. After the lapse of half an hour, a *gentle tap* was heard upon the door. 'Who's there?' asked Prince Albert. '*Your wife*,' responded Victoria. 'My wife is always welcome,' was the gallant reply."

How American Children are Fed.—A correspondent of the Poughkeepsie Daily Democrat states that while visiting a school in Montreal, he asked the teacher if there were any American children there. She said there were, and she could tell them by their pale faces, bright eyes, and nervousness. They learned quicker, but lost so many days during the term from sickness, that they did not get along so fast as those who were able to be present constantly. He also took occasion to examine their luncheon baskets, and found the American fare to be a piece of mince pie, the same of pound cake, two doughnuts, a pickle, and a cold sausage, while the English, Irish, and Scotch children had either two days old bread and meat, bread and butter, or bread and apple, with nothing more.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SCIENCE OF GULLOLOGY.

BY A. H. BULLOCK.

All sorts of —ology we have
In this "enlightened age"—
Gullology—a *hollow* branch,
Just now is all the rage;
A printing press in every town,
An overplus of schools—
Yet, wheedled by Gullology,
This is the age of fools!

O'er prints that gull with stale romance,
The midnight oil we burn—
On our good Rural, feeble glance
To useful teachings learn.
We laugh and shake our knowing heads,
At superstition's whims—
We think New England's "witchery"
Her fame forever dims;

We send our men and money where
False gods receive the prayers,
In hopes that knees will cease to bend
To such absurd affairs—
While we, ourselves, are running mad
About the "Spirits" play,
And "Messages" which wondrous "raps"
And "Mediums" convey.

"Gift enterprises," everywhere,
A host of patrons find,
Each one expecting for a dime
A million of its kind.
In politics, gullcatchers vile
As leaders form array,
Each is a "Washington" proclaimed
By ninnies who obey.

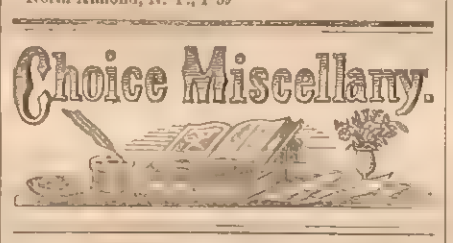
We sigh when told of people who
Were worshipers of wind—
But, O! how *dearly* we adore
The *airs* of Jenny Lind.
Those heathen follies we abhor,
Of gladiators rough,
Yet rush *en masse* to see performed
A christian flatticuff!

View "magic arts" with proud disdain,
By which, as myths relate,
The sick and old at once regained
Their young and healthful state;
But swallow nostrums from the quacks,
And swallow all they say,
Concerning charms by which "those pills"
Keep Death so long at bay:

Whereby all charlatans have found
If tales of "cure" but state
What never was nor will be true,
They have resistless weight!
And one, "they say," will soon announce
A "plaster" that will glue
Your head, cut off, right on again—
"Be just as good as new."

P. S. Since the above was written "they say" that plaster has *spread itself*, and has a great run—outstrips Barnum, Brandreth's pills, or the cholera—the "proprietor" has made his fortune.

North Almond, N. Y., 1859



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BYGONES.—No. I.

My Childhood.—Visions.

A child of many visions, I sauntered through the long summer afternoon of my early life, with a thousand vague yearnings and beautiful beliefs that I never dare utter, and never heard from others. With that sense of power, which strong physical existence ever gives, I left no forest-covert unexplored, and no dangerous foot-ledge of high rock untrod; from my universal success and safety, imbibing the belief that there was no height of human goodness or elevation to which I might not aspire, and feel competent to attain. The lofty mountain scenery—the deep gorges and blue lakes fed my kindling imagination, and peopled the future with extravagant fancies and glorious hopes. I could behold in the far distance an honored home, surrounded by all of nature and art which could beautify it, and thronged with troops of friends who appreciated my goodness and dignity.

How sweetly and dreamingly I believed in truth and purity without alloy! How despairingly is the young heart cast back upon itself, as the falsity and deception, which it must meet gradually, becomes felt! I dreamed of hours of delighted study in genial companionship—I felt the half-understood power of the artist's inspiration—I could not check the gushing tears, when, yielding to the moving pathos or glad delirium of that music which, by earnest application, might be incorpo- within my very soul, I reveled in the thought of comprehending the mysteries of science—I felt a great joy in the consciousness of power to master and encompass all that could be permitted to human capacity. How proudly, almost scornfully, I achieved the daily lesson assigned me, and accomplished with a tinge of madness, in my expeditious haste, whatever was required of me in the ordinary arrangements of the household. I had some uncertain faith that we were mortal, although my visions had no palpable range beyond the things of time, yet far back beyond the changes of later years, I can clearly discern aching fears of oblivion, and death revolting at the thought of being entombed in the earth, and passing from the memory of all the living. That the endless succession of days, months, and years, should calmly progress, and my presence and influence be forever unfelt, was more than I could willingly believe.—I studied, and dreamed, and resolved, and finally turned despairingly to my books for solace, determining to excel, seeking to grasp within myself that majesty of command which was so much admired in others. What a torture my inner life became, when forced from the one channel of persevering, absorbing, mad study! My highest aspirations were world-wide, comprehending all human knowledge, and strangely panting for more.—I sometimes paused a moment to glance forward to the laurel-crowns and myrtle-chaplets, which should adorn my honored brow, little suspecting that I was wandering in a wilderness, my feet even then entangled in its rank undergrowths.

Who can know the heart of a child, how from rude sport it turns to the saddest realities of life; and they dawned upon me daily, tempering the wild extravagance of my visions, and turning me down to the ordinary level of common mortals.—But I could never conquer all my moods, and in their erratic wanderings, since my gusty and fitful childhood, I have found myself strangely misunderstood and misrepresented. My childhood-visions are "bygones," coming back at times in spasmodic returns, and tinging sober, every-day life with a gleam of rosy light and vivifying brightness. L. A. T.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

INCENTIVES.

Everything that acts is moved by some power, either within, or without itself. Thus we see that the ship, and the iron car, are propelled by the power of steam. We also know that it is owing to the law of gravitation that the planets are held in their proper course, and that it is this law which binds the universe together.

When we turn our thoughts from the world of mere matter to animated existence, we find the same thing true. The bee constructs his cell, the bird builds her nest, the rabbit prepares his burrow, and the beaver forms his dam, by some blind power and impulse. If we leave the region of instinct, and enter upon a higher and grander sphere, we find the same principle holds good. Man acts, and we call the power that moves him, incentives, or motives, and they are absolutely necessary to human action. You might as well think of propelling the iron steed without steam, as to move man without this agency, and for the simple reason, that he is naturally indolent, and needs something to overcome this native aversion to toil. Those are to man, what power is to a machine, and as fuel feeds the engine, so desires furnish nutriment for the incentives. The desire of knowledge, causes the weary student to toil on, using the hours of sleep to plow the classic fields—the love of country moves the patriot to meet his foes on the field of strife and carnage—the man of avarice will ransack the whole earth, to dig out his store of gold—the aspirant for fame will leave nothing undone to secure the wreath of honor, and with pagan devotion he will immolate his principles and his all on the altar of ambition.

At the call of duty the evangelist severs the ties of country and kindred, and trusts himself to an angry sea, to reach a land shrouded in the darkness of heathenism, where he may proclaim the principles of eternal truth to an erring race—where he may be instrumental in redeeming those who bow in mad adoration before the altar of superstition, and help to irradiate and evangelize a world. We see from these few examples, that our actions are as various as our incentives. Hence, in order to have good motives and right actions, we must have pure desires, which are the foundations of a good character. T.

Wyoming, N. Y., 1859.

EXHAUSTION OF TALK.

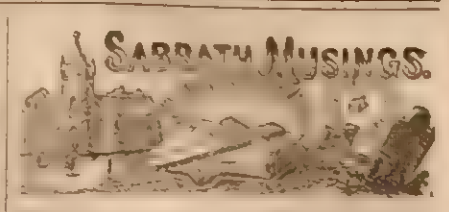
How long the lamp of conversation holds out to burn, between two persons only, is curiously set down in the following passage, from Count Gonfallonier's account of his imprisonment:

"Fifteen years I existed in a dungeon ten feet square! During six years I had a companion; during nine I was alone! I never could rightly distinguish the face of him who shared my captivity in the eternal twilight of our cell. The first year we talked incessantly together; we related our past lives, our joys forever gone, over and over again. The next year we communicated to each other our thoughts and ideas on all subjects. The third year we had no ideas to communicate; we were beginning to lose the power of reflection. The fourth, at the interval of a month or so, we would open our lips to ask each other if it were possible that the world went on as gay and bustling as when we formed a portion of mankind. The fifth we were silent. The sixth he was taken away,—I never knew where, to execution or liberty. But I was glad when he was gone; even solitude was better than the pale, vacant face. One day (it must have been a year or two after my companion left me,) the dungeon door was opened, whence proceeding I knew not, the following words were uttered:—'By order of his Imperial Majesty, I intimate to you that your wife died a year ago.' Then the door was shut, and I heard no more; they had but flung this great agony upon me and left me alone with it."

BE GENTLEMEN AT HOME.

There are few families, we imagine, anywhere, in which love is not abused as furnishing the license for impoliteness. A husband, father, or brother, will speak harsh words to those he loves best, and those who love him best, simply because the security of love and family pride, keeps him from getting his head broken. It is shameful that a man will speak more impolite, at times, to his wife or sister, than he would to any other female except a low and vicious one. It is thus that the honest affections of a man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to a woman in the family, than the restraints of society, and that a woman usually is indebted for the kindest politeness of life to those not belonging to her own household. Things ought not to be so. The man who, because it will not be resented, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his hearth-stone, is a small coward and a very mean man. Kind words are circulating mediums between true gentlemen in society; and nothing can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in between those bound together by God's own ties of blood, and the still more sacred bonds of conjugal love.

If a man undertakes to become rich, but despises the small and gradual advances by which wealth is ordinarily accumulated, his expectations will be the sum of his riches. Accurate and careful detail, the minding of common occasions and small things, combined with general scope and vigor, is the secret of all the efficiency and success in the world.—*Horace Bushnell.*



ALL WELL.

BY H. BONAR.

No seas again shall sever;
No desert intervene;
No deep and flowing river
Shall roll its tide between.

No bleak cliffs upward towering,
Shall bound our eager sight;
No tempest darkly lowering,
Shall wrap us in its night.

Love, and unsevered union
Of soul with those we love,
Nearness and glad communion,
Shall be our joy above.

No dread of wasting sickness,
No thought of ache or pain,
No fretting hours of weakness
Shall mar our peace again.

No death our homes o'ershading,
Shall o'er our harps unstring;
For all is life unfading,
In presence of our King.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WHAT IS LIFE?

What is it? have I often asked, when amid the circles of the gay and thoughtless, listening to their songs of mirth and plans of future bliss, viewing their strife and turmoil, their vanity and pride, not one thought apparent concerning the life to come.

I asked a cherub child, now seated on a mossy bank, while at its feet, and on the distant plain, the fairest flowers of June were peeping forth, and with rich fragrance filled the light air that kissed her dimpled cheek. She was one over whose brow the golden ringlets played in unbidden freedom, and whose laughing eyes, and cheerful song, in tell-tale numbers told that grief, nor chill sorrow, nor dark forebodings of a coming day, had ever crossed its pathway—What is Life? With looks half of surprise and doubt, she smiling said, "naught, surely, but a sunlit plain, strewn with flowers of beauty, where sweets we like the bee may sip, and call them all our own."

I turned, and wandered on. Beside a purling stream, I now met one of earth's fairest ones, in all the glowing hopes of budding womanhood, upon whose cheek the rose of health was dwelling. Her step was light and elastic as that of the gentle fawn, free as the air that sweeps the mountain side. In tones which from her witching revery seemed to arouse and startle her, I asked, What, thou joyous one, is Life? "A gentle stream," she quick replied, "upon whose placid bosom Earth's fair son's and daughters glide along into the great ocean of bliss and joy. Our hearts are cheered by the silver notes of its music, and that of the sylvan songsters flitting among the flowery branches that overhang its sparkling waters, and though sometimes rippled by the passing breeze, this but gives a pleasing change to what else might prove a dull monotony."

While yet we spoke, down from the mountain side came one who had just reached the noonday of man's brief existence. What is Life? again I asked. "Life," he answered in hasty numbers, "is a barren waste, spread here with desert sands, there with rugged steeps, and rocks, and cliffs—the seat of disappointed hopes, and vain regrets. True, bright images of joy and hope, and budding happiness, like fairy forms, sometimes flit across our pathway, but phantom-like they vanish in the grasping, and leave us to lament their fallacy."

Once again, I sought to have the problem solved. I asked an aged one, upon whose furrowed brow the storms of four-score winters had spent their force, tremblingly standing on the shores of Time, about to bid adieu to all things here. "It is," he said, "the time given to mortals to do the work of Him who placed them here, and gave them all the blessings they enjoy—the time to secure the Pearl of matchless price—to gain the boon of endless life—the time to lay up treasures where no thief can come, 'nor moth, nor rust corrupt,'—the time to seek those joys which never fade away—it is the seed-time of eternity. Mind thee well what seed thou sowest now, and how thy work is done, for 'what thou sowest, that shalt thou also reap.'"

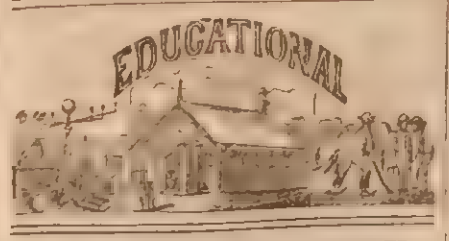
Cleveland, N. Y., 1859. Gertrude Grey.

Psalms of David.—The following eloquent extract is from a late lecture by Henry Giles on the Psalms of David.

Great has been their power in the world. They resounded amidst the court of the tabernacle; they floated through the lofty and solemn space of the temple; they were sung with glory in the Halls of Zion; they were sung with sorrow by the streams of Babylon. And when Israel had passed away, the harp of David was still awakened in the Church of Christ. In all the eras and ages of that church, from the hymn which it first whispered in an upper chamber, until its anthems filled the earth, the inspiration of the royal prophet has enraptured its devotions and ennobled its rituals. Chorused by the winds of heaven, they have swelled throughout God's own on the sky and stars; they have rolled over the broad desert of Asia, in the matins and vespers of ten thousand hermits. They have rung through the deep valleys of the Alps, in the sobbing voices of the forlorn Waldenses; through the deeps and caves of the Scottish Highlands, in the rude chanting of the Scottish Covenanters; through the woods and wilds of primitive America, in the heroic hallelujahs of princely pilgrims.

The most faithful pastor in the world was never able in any degree to approach the Savior, in the lowliness of his manner and his attention to humble things.—*Horace Bushnell.*

Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.



THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF ROCHESTER.

Under a form of government similar to our own, a perfect system of Common Schools will always be a crowning glory. Within these walls is fostered the spirit that upholds free institutions—without the intelligence and virtue here inculcated the days of the Republic are numbered. Our legislators have had, at least, a partial view of this principle, as nearly all the States have provided permanent school funds to aid in furnishing tuition for the masses, and in many of the cities of the country, the only requisite to the obtainment of a good, practical education is a display of energy and studiousness upon the part of the scholar.—Rochester has not been behind her sister cities in thus furnishing mental aliment for her youth, and her score of District Schools, with upwards of a hundred teachers, speak well for the liberality of the citizens.

Among the noticeable features of the school system in this city, is the change taking place in school buildings. Each year seems to make its mark in this respect—old, rigid, inconvenient tenements, in which scholars were

"Cribbed, cabined and confined,"

are giving way to enlarged, elegant, convenient edifices. For this speciality our Educational Board annually devote from $5,000 to $10,000, and in a few years we can favorably compare the entirety of the buildings devoted to educational purposes in Rochester with those of any other inland city of the Union

PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. XIV.

The above illustration fairly represents one (among the first erected of those to which the term "modern" might apply,) of our more prominent school tenements—No. 14, situated on Scio St.—J. R. Vosburgh, Principal, assisted by Misses M. S. Anthony and E. S. Dickson. It was constructed in 1850, and cost seven thousand dollars. The building is of brick, 68 by 56 feet, two stories in height, and surmounted by a belfry. The ground floor is divided into two rooms, 41 by 33 feet, used as the Primary and Intermediate Departments—the former being under the charge of Misses R. Wood, I. Jory, and E. Manvel; the latter cared for by Misses F. A. Alling, J. F. Quinn and J. F. Wright. The remaining portion of the lower floor is occupied by a recitation room 10 by 16 feet, halls, wardrobes, &c. The second floor contains the Senior room, 68 by 42 feet, Library, Recitation rooms, &c., and is admirably adapted to the purposes for which it is designed. The average attendance for the last term is stated as follows:—Senior, 144; Intermediate, 111; Primary, 178.

In the Report of the Principal, to the Superintendent of Public Schools, the remark is made:—"It has been a cardinal principle to impress on the minds of our pupils the importance of thoroughness. This maxim has ever been kept before their minds, 'not how much, but how well.'"—With such a course, strictly carried out, we wonder not at the popularity which No. 14 has attained, and the meed of praise those directly interested (the parents) are always ready to award the faithful and consistent teachers.

In order to spread a knowledge of School Architecture, we will probably give a few more of our home educational buildings, together with others, that can lay greater claim to fitness for Villages, or Rural Districts.

How the Professor Got Out of the Well.—A few years ago, Professor ——, of Bowdoin College, was overseer of the building of the High School house in Brunswick. In the cellar of the same was a well, walled with brick, whose sides were consequently smooth. One day, being left alone in the building, he went down cellar, and in his haste unconsciously fell into it. Here was a predicament for any one possessing no more immortality than a College Professor; standing in five feet of water—at the bottom of a well sixteen feet deep—at the bottom of a deep cellar—with no soul in hearing distance! After shouting himself hoarse, he bethought himself of a piece of chalk—a remnant of the last recitation—which he applied to the walls, to solve his situation. The statement of the question was—let *x* equal how I shall get out; *y* equal depth of water; *z* equal distance to the water; and by means of his knowledge of Algebra he actually worked himself out, wonderfully showing the power of mathematics.—*Bangor Times.*

Education in Pennsylvania.—The annual report of the Superintendent of Common Schools of Pennsylvania, shows that there are 11,281 schools in the State, being an increase of 825 over 1857; that the number of teachers is 13,856, and that the average of salaries of male teachers per month is $24,25, of females $17,22.

Schools of Philadelphia.—The public schools of Philadelphia require for 1859, $572,196 for current expenses, and $146,300 for the erection of new school-houses. The high school has 516 students, all but 14 of whom are females. One normal school has 429 pupils. The total average attendance at all the schools is 56,616.

TEACHERS SHOULD STUDY.

Much has been said and written on both the art and science of teaching. But I apprehend that half of the battle of teaching is won when the teacher comes before his pupils with that freshness which is the result of daily study. It is this more than anything else which gives life and animation to teaching.

The teacher should never make present attainments, in any study, a finality. There is hardly such a thing as a finality to any subject. What have been considered as finalities have given way like gossamer, before investigation.

Teachers should study many authors on every branch which they are called upon to teach. All the better if they review them for the hundredth time; some new thought will be elicited and old ones revived. The teacher will thus go before his school anticipating his pupils' difficulties, and can impart instruction with eloquence, incite attention, awaken thought, and cause the vacant stare to give place to conscious intelligence.

Without study the teacher will soon exhaust his stock of knowledge. He will then wonder at the restlessness of his pupils and the difficulty in managing his school. He has fairly taught himself thread-bare and the keen eyes of his pupils see it. This must be the fate of every teacher who does not study and keep posted.

We place this habit of the teacher of studying in advance the lesson to be taught, in the front rank of qualifications for success. Because a teacher that has this habit is earnest and striving to rise in his profession, and, as a consequence, will improve both himself and his school.

The teacher should not only study for ideas, but for methods of imparting the same, and inciting thought in his pupils. Here is another secret in teaching. Where manner and matter go together in the teacher, success must follow. What is the best method of presenting a subject, should be a constant thought with the teacher. Any one method of conducting a recitation will become dull and monotonous.

In short, the teacher who would discharge the debt which he owes to his profession must be the most studious and industrious of men. If we honor our profession, it will honor us.—*N. Y. Teacher.*

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

I agree heartily with the views of the last month's editor, upon the importance of introducing bodily exercise into the schools, and I approve of all his reasons. If they could be read by every teacher, and by every school-committee man, as often as once a month through the present year, they might produce a very general action; and I know of nothing more likely to have that effect.—My object in writing now, is to suggest the introduction of a set of exercises which may be performed by the children standing by their seats, and which, although less valuable than more active exercises in the open air, may be used as an excellent substitute. They should consist of various more or less rapid movements of the hands and arms.

I will mention a few; and any person who will try them for a while will find their value, and will easily devise others:—1. Place the hands back to back as high over the head as possible, and bring them down rapidly as far on each side as can be done without striking any object. Repeat this six times. 2. Stretch the hands as far forward as possible, palm to palm, and swing them thence horizontally as far back as possible, and repeat. Do the same with the hands back to back. 3. Bring the right hand firmly back to the height of the ear, and strike forward with the clenched fist, but not to the full length of the arm. Do this three times with the right hand, and as many with the left. 4. Strike down three times with the clenched fist of the right hand, then as many times with the left. 5. Make the right clenched fist revolve three times in as large a circle as possible. Do the same with the left. Repeat all the exercises, except the last, with both hands at once.

This will be enough for a beginning. I have tried these exercises for many years, the first thing in the morning, and similar exercises with the lower extremities, to the very manifest advantage of my health and strength.—Autous, *in Mass. Teacher.*

Schools in Ohio.—From the Annual Report of the School Commissioners in Ohio, for the year ending August 31, 1858, it appears that the amount of money received for the benefit of the school system was, $3,357,678; expenses, $2,739,837. The total number of white and colored youth in Ohio is 843,327; the number of youth enrolled in the schools during the year was 611,720.

The total number of teachers employed in the State is 20,240. The average wages per month in common schools, for male teachers, is $27 89; female teachers, $12 95. In the High Schools the average wages of the males is $61 81; of the females $32 82. The number of school-houses heretofore erected was 9,795, and the value of the same $2,905,395. The number of houses erected in 1857 was 589, of the value of $391,305. The number of school libraries in the State is 6,437, of the value of $135,958. The number of books in the libraries is 245,887. The value of school apparatus is $37,198.

Educational Fund of England.—The whole amount of the vote for public education in Great Britain, for the year 1858, was, in round numbers, £663,000; of which sum £157,000 was expended for building and furnishing schools; $400,000 in paying various classes of schoolmasters; and £57,000 in defraying the expenses connected with the management of the schools.

Alabama State School for the Deaf and Dumb.—The Alabama State School for the Deaf and Dumb was opened at Talladega, on the 1st of October last, and placed under the charge of Dr. Jos. H. Johnson. The present appropriation of $2,500 per annum is sufficient for the education of seventeen deaf mutes; while the census returns show an aggregate of 151 in the State in 1850.

"The only victory that costs no tears," said Napoleon, "is that over ignorance."

WILD, OR CANADA GOOSE.

ANECDOTES OF WILD GEESE.—NO. I.

It is with feelings of the utmost delicacy, that I prepare the following facts for publication, knowing that by many they will be looked upon as a hoax, and without the reader is acquainted, or wishes to become so, with the habits of wild geese, I will advise him to read no further.

All who have had much experience in life *know* of incidents which they would not like to see in print with their own signature attached—and why? For the reason that they seem so *very improbable* the reading public would not believe—and we might suffer for having exposed facts that were never before known, and might not be observed again. But, those who *are* interested in what my article treats of, if they have ever had like experience, or *anything* like it, I hope will make it known in a similar manner as myself, and gratify at least one lover and breeder of this peculiar bird.

For ten years a pair of wild geese and their young (most of which I early disposed of) have occupied a pond adjacent to my house, which would always quickly come to the call of my whistle, and many an hour have I spent in their company, studying their habits. In winter, when they were confined in warm quarters, I was particular to feed them punctually, and by playfully talking to them awhile, I could familiarly handle them, and, seemingly, they considered me their friend.

In the spring of 1857 my old gander disappeared mysteriously, and as I did not suppose the old goose would lay without a mate, I borrowed one of a distant neighbor, and put him into the pond with my geese. Much to my disappointment he soon commenced to make love to a female only a year old and finally paired off with her—showing no liking for the old goose, and she as little for him.

The party that obliged me, finding it inconvenient to tend his geese in winter, and ascertaining that I could do it with but little trouble, removed the goose (*mate to the gander I had borrowed,*) and several of their young into my hands. In the spring of 1858, as soon as the ice commenced to break up, I gave the geese liberty, and they went into the pond together; but what greatly surprised and vexed me was, that the gander would not return to his *old consort.* With apparent disgust did he seem to view her constant attendance, coquettish bowing and love-making in general, and often did he turn his back upon his former affectionate wife, and with gallantry unsurpassed, with his unsophisticated new one, sail happily away to some secluded nook, where they could enjoy themselves unmolested. Seeing this state of things and knowing I should have no goslings, I wrote my friend how his naughty gander behaved. In reply he advised me, "that as I had kindly wintered his geese it was no more than fair that he should summer mine;" and "that no doubt existed in his mind—if the old gander and goose were back again on their little island, where they had hatched out four broods, they would re-marry and again commence domestic duty."

Accordingly the geese were caught and transported to my friends, where I arrived about noon, and feeling a curiosity to see how they would behave, we concluded to dine before letting them out. As the old pair and their young approached the pond, it was evident they instinctively knew their former home, and on reaching the water they evinced their unbounded pleasure by the maddest antics imaginable, so much so, that we could not but remark and enjoy their mirth. And "now," my friend said, "see if the old pair don't make at once for the island," and true enough they did, but not alone—the last lady-love was with them.

The shadow of polygamy seemingly darkened the vision of the old gander, when about half way to the island, and turning back, he looked, at first on one and then the other, who meantime were bowing their heads and swimming about him jabbering like a flock of jay birds, when, (we wished him dead,) with a perfect vengeance he rushed towards his old mate, pushed her the distance of two or three rods, pulling her feathers out and biting with all his strength. Then, hissing, fiend-like, he returned to his mistress, and with the air of a man who has washed his hands of a very disagreeable job, swam for the island, introduced her to its sacred shores, pointed out this thing and that thing of interest, as he led her towards the spot, over which he had kept watch the previous year, while his lady, fatigued, day and night gave her warmth and comfort to the benefit of his forthcoming young.

While we leave this couple so happy let our sympathies return to the old goose who, with downcast head, and plumage all awry, watched the hard-hearted wretch in voice and movement. Sadly the picture came to her of their early happiness—of the time when instead of this young coot, she was the apple of his eye—of the eternal devotion he vowed her when their little ones chipped the shell and he, prouder than earth's crowned king, led them to the water—how, as they grew up companions of the lilies, and alike as beautiful, each day her love grew stronger for her guardian and defender—nor did the doubt of his constancy ever cross her mind.

Hers had been the pliant ear and memory to listen and retain his happy pictures of other lands, which he had visited ere the unkind hand of the hunter pinioned his wing, and he it was that instilled into her soul the joyous hope that time would heal their deformity, and together, on the wings of love, they might journey untired to her fancied land. Such thoughts as these, if my acquaintance with them has taught me rightly, and many others, an instant's space more than sufficed to impress her memory, and as she beheld her truant husband leave their former happy isle and convey the spoiler of her happiness to other familiar places, and felt herself by him unnoticed as a thing that were not, she cried aloud in heart—breaking agony—better than my existence do I love thee and now I know thou care not for *me*—on thy head be my *suicide*, for I die—and, *pressing her head under water* and reclining on her side and back, with but little perceptible flutter, ere my friend (who cried, "*she will drown herself*") could enter a ready boat and reach her, *life was extinct.* Well, we knew she had died of a broken heart; and to be sure nothing ailed her, we made a careful external and internal examination and found all as it should be. What I have related is *truth* and can be *proved*, and I consider this incident of constancy and affection worthy of record.

Dedham, Mass., 1859. E. W. K.

The Reviewer.

The Pioneers; or, The Sources of the Susquehanna. A Descriptive Tale. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co.—1859. [pp. 505.]

This is the first volume of a new and splendid edition of Cooper's works, now in course of publication—to be followed by a volume each month until the entire series is completed. The re-publication of the works of the foremost of American Novelists in a superior style and enduring form—with fine illustrations, and all the latest improvements and revisions of the author—is highly creditable to the enterprising publishers, and speaks well for the taste of the reading public. The typography and illustrations, as well as the externals of the volume, are faultless, and will commend the edition to every admirer of American Literature. The edition is sold by subscription, at $1 50 per volume, and the great demand for it already, proves that our people appreciate the taste and enterprise of the publishers in issuing the series in a form so beautiful and enduring. Of the merits of Cooper's Novels it is unnecessary to speak in this connection, for the author has long ranked first among the delineators of American life, scenery and manners. The publishers well remark that "this edition will derive enhanced interest from being illustrated by Darley, an artist who, for years, has made the pages of Cooper a congenial study. His drawings, conceived in a spirit and with a breadth worthy of the picturesque pages of his author, have been preserved in all their fidelity by the best engravers in the country." D. M. Dewey is the agent for Rochester and vicinity.

The Land and the Book; or, Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs of the Holy Land. By W. M. Thomson, D. D., twenty-five years a Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. in Syria and Palestine. Maps, Engravings, &c. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers—1859.

This is the most *interesting* book on Palestine for the general reader that it has ever been our pleasure to peruse. The author has been for *twenty-five years* a missionary in Palestine and Syria, and consequently is at home in these lands and familiar with what he describes. Indeed, a large part of the work was actually written in full view of the scenes delineated—in the open country—on sea-shore or sacred lake—on hill-side or mountain top—under the olive or the oak, or the "shadow of a great rock." Some of the recent works on Palestine have been made tedious to the generality of readers by extended critical and exegetical discussions, valuable to the thorough bible student, but useless to the mass of readers, as, unless understood, they only annoy and confuse. Our author has avoided this, and has simply stated what he saw, in the manner and customs of the people in the country, and its ruins, and its vegetation, calculated to throw light upon the scripture, and most admirably has he accomplished the work. The book is written in a pleasant, conversational style, and the reader soon becomes absorbed in its pages, and in spirit accompanies the author in his travels over mountain and vale—to the shepherd's hut and hermit's cave—to the palaces of kings and the temples of the gods—and to places hallowed by the foot-prints of the Redeemer of the world. Sold by D. M. Dewey.

Father and Daughter. A Portraiture from the Life. By Fredrika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. [pp. 348.]

This is *really* a recent work by Miss Bremer—issued from advance sheets of the London edition with remarkable expedition. The publishers affirm that the volume of 348 pages was put in type and stereotyped, the paper for a large edition manufactured, and the work completed and bound ready for sale in *forty-eight hours.* Though this speed does not add to the intrinsic value of the work it shows that the publishers possess superior facilities and enterprise. Of the volume itself it is only necessary to say it is written in Miss Bremer's charming and chaste style, presenting natural home scenes and pictures of social life. Sold by Dewey.

Episodes of French History During the Consulate and the First Empire. By Miss Pardoe. New York: Harper & Bros. [pp. 361.]

A plain, well-printed book of about 350 pages, containing 25 episodes or stories, principally of high life, or rather royal life in France, during the First Napoleon, and are instructive as showing in the private life the hidden motives for public measures, and traits of character explaining acts otherwise incongruous. They were collected by the compiler while engaged in writing a royal biography, and are presented to the public as mere episodes, without regard to chronological order. Sold by Dewey.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AWAKENING THOUGHT.—A SKETCH.

One clear and frosty morning in December, 1854, in one of those picturesque valleys in Western New York, my friend G—— and myself were strolling along, commenting on various topics of interest that suggested themselves, when an object in the glittering landscape attracted our attention and drew forth our admiration by its boldness and grandeur. To me it appeared nothing more than a cliff, lofty and majestic. My companion expressed his thoughts in glowing language and striking similes—portraying its beauty and the silent lesson it there taught. Speaking of other things, he said: "I can see beauty in everything around—the crisp snow beneath our feet—the leafless tree by the roadside—the jutting cliff on the hillside, and the sun flooding the vale with his golden light, but reveal the inimitable beauties of nature. Frank," said he, "there *is* untold beauties everywhere displayed, if we will but behold them."

A new light dawned on my mind. Can it be, thought I, that the world is indeed so beautiful that he can see fanciful jewels in the frozen rain-drop, or leafless forest, and I, gazing on the same objects, not behold it? Ah! beauty with me, then, was associated with gay colors and brilliant trappings, or some quiet retreat, where the hand of refinement had adorned it with graceful festoons of flowering shrubbery.

We separated—each returned to his vocation in the school-room, in the brown school-house at the foot of the hill. Nature, even in her rough and uncouth aspects, no longer appeared unlovely; for a train of thought had been awakened which was to run parallel with, and almost become part of, my existence. The flinty rock, as we surveyed it and thought of its creation and purpose, its constituent elements and grim face, furnished a field for many thoughts and speculations. The tall "evergreen pine" seemed a thing of grand beauty—for it seemed a type of man as it stood clothed in living green. It was once tiny and pliable as the infant mind; now it stood immovable as an aged Christian clothed in a fadeless armor of beauty.

May we not also liken the leafless oak to the hardened sinner who in youth neglected the means of grace, and sought not the pearl of great price, and now stood shorn of its freshness and beauty, cold, chilling and uninviting, yet sublime in its wreck and decline? * * * * * We went West, to the "*land of blooming prairies,*" and as we roamed in frolicsome glee over the verdant plains, covered with multicolored flowers; we could but exclaim with Read,

"Gentle flowers are springing near me,
Shedding sweetest breath around;
Countless voices rise to cheer me
From the ground,"

Even the humblest flower seemed "a thing of beauty." The tiny, sensitive plant, and the broad lily, vied each in their sphere to make the prospect lovely. Our occupation was teaching, and in fine, pleasant weather we walked forth with our youthful charges, pointing out here and there the many varied beauties spread out before us. The widening landscape—the distant grove and the meandering brooklet were each pointed out to the delighted group, for each one seemed to perceive something new, and unperceived before, in the prospect before her, as objects were likened to some fanciful picture as drawn by the Great Artist.

A few days after one of these rambles, "Mary," came to me,—after she had taken a long walk one fine morning, with a face glowing with delight, exclaiming:—"Oh! such a delightful walk as I have had, everything looked so pretty. The snow looked like a crystal sheet—the frozen rain-drops seemed pendent jewels on the shrubs—the brook seemed to go laughing by, the sun was glorious with its flood of light, and the shrubs, trees, fields and prairies seemed the furniture of one vast palace fitted up for us to enjoy and admire. I am so glad you took us out to walk and told us of the beauties of nature. I've been so happy since. Everything seems so different; so charming and adapted to make us happy if we will but permit it so to be."

I was well repaid for all I had said to guide the youthful mind to a just appreciation of the Beautiful. Thought had been around; Mary saw what she had always seen before, but with very different thoughts and feelings. Nature was seen in its true light,—she gazed upon it with a wondering look, admiring its varied beauties, and with a light heart she resumed her task.

I need not add more; enough has been said to illustrate my theme, and we'll let the thoughtful young reader pause and think how he can best make himself and others happier by a few thoughts, bright and happy, communicated with love and friendship. Frank W. G——.

Hornby, N. Y., Jan., 1859.

A Noble Sentiment.—Some true heart has given expression of its generous nature in the following beautiful sentiment:—"Never desert a friend when enemies gather round him; when sickness falls on the heart—when the world is dark and cheerless is the time to try a true friend. They who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you and studies your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love is not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare; but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They deny its worth who never loved a friend or labored to make a friend happy."

All the world cannot pull down an humble man, because God will exalt him; and all the world cannot exalt a proud man, for God will pull him down.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.

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Assignees Sale of Valuable Real Estate—Horace Blackmar.
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Vestry Harp!—A Hymn and Tune Book—Cole & Adams.
Clover and Timothy Seed—G. C. Buell.
New York Conference Seminary—John C. Ferguson.
$6,000 Prime Mahuleb Stocks—E. Y. Teas.
Gifts, Gifts, Gifts—O. N. Needham.
Peice Island Tomato Seeds—D. L. Adair.
Grape Vines, Lawton Blackberry, &c—A. W. Potter & Co.
Farm Produce sold on Commission—Haight & Emens.
$65,00 a Year—John P. Griffin.
Early Paris Cauliflower—"Rural Empire Club."
Evergreens—T. C. Maxwell & Bros.
For Sale, House and Lot and Mules—W. H. Lee
Raspberry Plants—T. C. Maxwell & Bros.
Superior Potatoes—Prince Alberts—S. A. Dewey
Pine Hill Nursery—G. Zimmerman.
Peach Trees—T. C. Maxwell & Bros.
Ontario Female Seminary—R. Richards.
Cherry Trees—T. C. Maxwell & Bros
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Cranberry Plants for Sale—Noble Hill.
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For Sale—D. Norton.
Isabella Grape Vines for Sale—E. A. McKay

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 12, 1859.

Review of the Week.

During the week we have had three arrivals from the Old World. The topic—absorbing everything else—is War. The French Minister of the Interior had addressed a confidential circular to the Prefects of Departments, conveying the official interpretation to be given to the Emperor's speech on opening the session, as it had become the subject of contradictory comments. The Minister says the Emperor's policy is, while denouncing war without a legitimate motive as impossible, not to recoil from it if honor commands, or if there arises one of those causes for which all France has been enthusiastic.

The Vienna correspondent of the London *Times* says information has been received from France removing all doubt as to the intention of Napoleon, and it would not be surprising to see the Austrian army put suddenly on war footing. Six hundred and fifty thousand men could be fully prepared for action in six weeks. A Vienna letter says Russia is calling in her furloughed soldiers, and marching troops from Taganroy to the Moldavian frontier.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* asserts, on trustworthy grounds, that the King of Sardinia is determined on making an attempt to drive out the Austrians, with the object of constituting for himself a kingdom strong enough to resist Austria on the one hand and France on the other, if need be, and that it will combine Venice and 12,000,000 subjects. An absolute certainty is felt at the Court of Turin that France will help Piedmont against Austria, and that Russia will be with her, passively, if Austria is left alone. England and Prussia are expected to be neutral. This is asserted to be the deliberate plan of the King of Sardinia and his Cabinet, and nothing but the withdrawal of France will divert them from it.

The Thirty-Fifth Congress expired at noon on the 4th inst., by Constitutional limitation. Its period of dissolution came none too soon,—it had long survived its capacity for usefulness.

A telegram from the Capital, dated 6th inst., states the condition of the Post-Master General is such that he is not expected to live throughout the night. The President and members of his Cabinet and other distinguished gentlemen, are at his residence. Gen. Brown is about 63 years of age.

Washington writers assert that information has been received from reliable sources from Asccnsion and Buenos Ayres, stating that Mr. Bamberger, our Consul at Paraguay, has repeatedly written to our Government, giving them full information in regard to matters and things in that country, but has not received, for more than a year, a single line in reply. Lopez is represented as having stated that he is perfectly willing to apologize in the affair with the Water Witch, as that was caused by a mistake on the part of a public officer, but that the claim of the so called American Company, he will not settle, as it is a swindle which Commissioner Bowlin will learn if he will investigate it, and that he is ready to submit it to the arbitration of friendly powers.

The Overland Mail arrived at St. Louis on the 6th inst. We gather the following from the news report furnished:—An additional section of the California Railroad had been put under contract. The war in the northern part of the State was being vigorously prosecuted, with a fair prospect of a speedy termination. Business was brisk at San Francisco. The passengers by the mail report heavy rains in the Colorado desert, an unusual occurrence. The mail company had met with complete success in sinking wells,—finding an abundance of water at the depth of fifty feet.

Political Intelligence.

During the past week politicians have been all alive in the Empire State, keeping the fires brightly burning under the politico-domestic cauldrons of counties, cities and towns, and now, scenting the National battle-field, are auguring great results each for his favorite Son of Mars, in the approaching contest. In this city (Rochester,) the Republicans have done pretty much as they pleased, electing Mayor, Justice of the Peace, City Sealer—the Democracy taking the Treasurer—on the city ticket. Of Aldermen, 8 are Republican, 2 Democrats and 1 contested. The result for Supervisors in city and county, is 21 Republicans, 7 Democrats and 1 tie.

In Oswego the Republicans elect their Mayor by 224 majority, and all the Supervisors and Aldermen.

The Democrats carried Troy by about 500 maj. on Mayor. The American and Union candidate for Justice chosen. Council a tie.

In Utica the Democratic Mayor has two majority; 4 Democrat and 3 Republican Supervisors; 4 Democrat and 3 Republican Aldermen.

The entire Republican city and ward tickets of Auburn, (Cayuga Co.,) were elected, with the exception of one constable, by an average majority of 225. In the county, 22 Republicans, 3 Democrats.

Columbia county stands same as last year—11 Republicans, 9 Democrats.

Changes in the United States Senate.—The terms of twenty-two members, or one-third of the United States Senate, expired with the Thirty-Fifth Congress, on the 4th inst. Of these, ten are re-elected for a new term, which will expire March 4th, 1865, and the successors of three have not yet been elected.

The following is a list of the Senators whose terms expired on the 4th inst., and their successors, as far as elected:

	35th Congress.	36th Congress.
Me.—	W. P. Fessenden, R.	Wm P Fessenden, R
N. H.—	John P. Hale, R.	John P Hale, R.
Mass.—	Henry Wilson, R.	Henry Wilson, R.
R. I.—	Philip Allen, D.	Henry B. Anthony, R.
N. J.—	Wm. Wright, D.	
Del.—	Martin W. Bates, D.	Willard Saulsbury, D.
Va.—	R. M. T. Hunter, D.	R. M. T. Hunter, D.
N. C.—	David S. Reid, D	Thomas Bragg, D.
S. C.—	Arthur P. Hayne, D.	James Chestnut, D.
Ga.—	Robert Toombs, D.	Robert Toombs, D.
Ala.—	C. C. Clay, Jr., D.	Clement C. Clay, Jr., D.
Miss.—	Albert G. Brown, D.	Albert G. Brown, D.
La.—	J. P. Benjamin, D.	J. P. Benjamin, D.
Texas—	Sam. Houston, A.	J. W. Kemphill, D.
Ark.—	W. K. Sebastian, D.	W. K. Sebastian, D.
Ky.—	J. B. Thompson, A.	Lazarus W. Powell, D.
Tenn.—	John A. Bell, A.	A. O. P. Nicholson, D.
Ill.—	S. A. Douglas, D.	Stephen A. Douglas, D.
Mich.—	Chas. E. Stuart, D.	Kingsley S. Bingham, R.
Iowa—	Geo. W. Jones, D.	James W. Grimes, R.
Minn.—	James Shields, D.	
Oregon—	D. Smith, D.	

Opening of Navigation on Lake Erie.—The Buffalo *Courier*, of the 3d inst., says:—"The propeller Equinox, Capt. Rice, left this port at 9 o'clock yesterday morning for Sandusky, loaded with potatoes, and before noon she was out of sight, having experienced very little detention on account of the ice. She will load with flour and provisions at Sandusky, and return about the close of this week. Other propellers will leave for ports on Lake Michigan as soon as the Straits are open. This early opening of navigation cannot fail to give an impetus to the business of Buffalo, and also to secure to the transportation routes through this State an advantage over the southern competing lines which have recently been underbidding for the through freight. This is the earliest opening for many years. We have not at hand the dates before 1856; but since that time the following have been the days on which the first vessels have left this port:—1856, May 3; 1857, May 13; 1858, April 5; 1859, March 2."

Indian Battle.—Capt. Skillman, from El Paso, reports to the St. Louis papers that a band of Apache Indians having stolen a number of horses and mules from near San Elizario, pursuit was made by a detachment of mounted riflemen from Fort Bliss, under Lt. Lasalle. The Indians were overtaken about 160 miles distant from Fort Bliss. Reports were that an engagement resulted in the withdrawal of our troops with the loss of three killed and six wounded. Among the latter is Lt. Lasalle, who received a wound in the lungs, which is supposed will prove mortal. About a dozen Indians were killed. The troops numbered 22,—the Indians about 200.

An Extra Session of Congress.—There is no doubt but there will be an extra session of Congress called by the President earlier than the first of the month of December next, but whether in advance or directly after the autumn elections for Representatives, is not determined. Not only the Post-Office Department, but other branches of the public service, absolutely require legislation before the usual time of meeting of Congress.

A Fortune from Selling Quails.—There is a man on Bear river, says the Grass Valley (Cal.) National, who has been in the above business for some four years; and is said by those who know to have amassed a fortune of some $9,000 from the proceeds of his "sport." He sends a large bag of quails to Sacramento or Nevada each day

Congressional Proceedings.

Senate.—The Post-Office Appropriation bill was taken up, when the following amendments were brought forward and carried:—That the Butterfield Overland Mail be reduced to weekly service; pay to be $450,000, instead of $600,000; that the weekly mail between St. Josephs and Placerville be accelerated, and the pay be $110,000; that a weekly mail be established between St. Paul, Min., to Puget's Sound—the pay to be $200,000; to strike out the $8,000 for the monthly overland mail from Kansas City to Stockton, at the expiration of the present quarter; the bill was then reported to the Senate, when most of the amendments of the Committee of the Whole were adopted. Raising the rate of postage, abolishing the franking privilege, and generally regulating the details, &c., was adopted. Mr. Clingman moved to give the Post-Master General discretionary power to continue any overland route—adopted. Some minor amendments were then adopted and added to the bill, when it passed by 29 against 22.

A message was received from the President, appealing to Congress to preserve the credit of the country. This, he says, is the last day of Congress, and there is no appropriation as yet to pay the outstanding Treasury notes. From information received from the Secretary of the Treasury, it is manifest the present receipts will hardly meet the present expenses of the Government. By the end of the present fiscal year nearly $18,000,000 will be due, with a considerable amount to be paid for duties at the various ports, and no means to meet them. The American people will be dishonored before the world. It is impossible to avoid this catastrophe unless provision be made against it, within the few remaining hours of the present Congress. The Senate adhered to its action on the Post-Office Appropriation bill, raising the rate of postage, and returned the bill to the House.

The bill for the removal of the New York Indians was passed. It appropriates $300,000.

House.—Mr. Grow, of Pa., rose to a privileged question, and offered a resolution that the bill (Post-Office Appropriation) might, without the amendments, be returned to the Senate, as the 13th section thereof, proposed to increase the rate of postage, which is in nature of a revenue bill, and according to the Constitution can only originate in the House—carried.

The House concurred in the report of the Committee of Conference on the disagreeing amendments to the Executive, Judicial and Legislative Appropriation bill.

This restores the mileage of the next Congress, originally stricken out by the House.

The Speaker laid before the House the message of the President, similar to that sent to the Senate, urging Congress to make provision for the preservation of the public credit. Laid on the table and ordered to be printed.

The House concurred in the Senate amendments to the bill fulfilling the treaty stipulations with the Dacotah and Tonawanda Indians. Also, in hose to Light House bill. The miscellaneous appropriation bill was taken up. The House concurred in the Senate amendments, including that appropriating $413,000 for payment of the Florida volunteers, by four majority. Rejected the amendment abolishing the franking privilege.

Mr. Letcher made a report from the Committee of Conference on the Post-Office Appropriation bill, to the effect that while neither House is understood to waive any constitutional right, it is recommended that the bill be passed precisely as it came from the Senate on the 26th of February. The report was agreed to, and the bill passed.

Twelve o'clock arrived before the completion of the last roll-call, when the Speaker addressed the House in an appropriate farewell speech, and declared it adjourned *sine die*. The speech was received with the usual demonstrations of applause. The members bid each other farewell, and in a few moments the House was deserted.

Extra Session of the Senate.—Immediately after the adjournment of Congress, on the 4th inst., the Senate commenced its Extra Session, in accordance with the proclamation of the President.

The new Senators whose credentials had previously been presented, were sworn in.

The Senate adopted a resolution, on motion of Mr. Mallory, directing the Secretary of War to inform the Senate whether Sharp's rifle carbines are used by the troops, and if so, whether they have been found sufficient and serviceable in the field. Also, whether there is a requisition for such arms which has not been filed, and if so, by whom, and the number.

The following are the most important changes made in the Standing Committees for the present session:

On Commerce—Messrs. Howell and Salisbury, in place of Messrs. Reed and Allen.

On Public Lands—Mr. Bingham, in place of Mr. Stuart.

On Naval Affairs—Messrs. Anthony and Nicholson, in place of Messrs. Allen and Bell.

On Pensions—Mr. Gwin, in place of Mr. Jones, of Iowa.

The Senate went into Secret Session.

Explosion of a Steamboat Boiler and Loss of Life.—The steamer Princess from Vicksburg to New Orleans, exploded her boiler and burned, on the 27th ult., at Conrado Point, near Baton Rouge. Four hundred persons were on board, of whom 200 are lost or missing, mostly residents of Louisiana and Mississippi. A large number of ladies were on board, filling the ladies' cabin and half of the gentlemen's.

Later.—A boat which arrived at Baton Rouge from the wreck of the Princess, brings a number of the dead and wounded. The weather was foggy. At the time of the explosion she was behind time, and had too much steam on. A Baton Rouge despatch says that the engineer is reported to have said that he would reach New Orleans in a certain time or blow up. About 100 are wounded, and many of them dangerously and in a dying condition. It is impossible as yet to ascertain the lost. Several boats saved many of the passengers. Much excitement prevails here and all along the river. Numerous unrecognized bodies are being found. No Northern or Western names are yet given.

News Paragraphs.

Henry O'Reilly, Esq., one of the pioneer editors of the daily press of this city, and P. M. of Rochester some twenty years ago, but subsequently known as the "Telegraph King," is now paying a brief visit to his "troops of friends," and scenes of early efforts and triumphs, hereabouts.

It is stated that in the Opera House at Milan, some nights ago, when the celebrated chorus from "Norma," "War! war!" was given, the Italian audience rose, joined in it, and shouted with all their might. And when they had done, the Austrian officers in the house rose in their turn, clapped their hands, and shouted, "Yes, gentlemen, 'war! war!'"

Five thousand shares in the stock of the Suez Ship Canal, representing half a million dollars, have been taken in the United States, which is nearly equal to the amount taken in England.

The Connecticut River Railroad Company is making experimental use of a passenger car whose propelling power is a small engine in the forward end. It carries forty passengers, and is intended for a short distance. It is quite possible that railways will generally adopt some such method for way travel.

The effects of the skating mania of the winter of 1858-9, says the Buffalo *Advertiser*, are already visible in the blooming cheeks and agile frames of "our" fair mothers and daughters.

Twelve thousand pounds of gunpowder exploded in Akron, Ill., a week since, pulverized several buildings, and shook the surrounding country like an earthquake, and made a flash whose glare, says a spectator, was about five acres in extent.

It is 1859, this year, and the dwellers on the coast of New Brunswick have just discovered that codfish may be caught in winter, by fishing through the ice, in their bays and rivers.

The Legislature gets along very slowly. Thus far 727 bills have been introduced; 384 have been reported by committees, and only 85 have been acted upon in committee of the whole. They should work more and talk less.

The N. Y. *Journal of Commerce*, of the 1st inst., says, "fifty or a hundred robins called upon the senior editor of this paper yesterday morning, at his residence in New Haven, on their annual journey northward. Who told them to-day would be Spring?"

Mr. Richard Cobden, of English Anti-Corn Law notoriety, is now in this country on business of a private nature. He invested largely in American enterprises, from which he has realized nothing but loss.

It is stated in the news from Mexico, that the English and French fleets would bombard Vera Cruz while Miramon attacked it by land. Vera Cruz is held by the Constitutional or Liberty party of Juarez, which it is believed our Government are on the eve of recognizing.

Ten Broeck, and another turfite, sailed in the City of Manchester for Liverpool, taking with them several "thorough-breds" for the English race-courses, among them the horses Starke and Jack Rossiter. The former cost $7,500.—*Bost. Post.*

The New Mexican mail of the 17th ult., has arrived at Independence. Mr. Cranshaw, Jr., mail contractor for Santa Fe, reports that it will be impossible to carry the Kansas City and Stockton mail according to contract, unless the contractors are protected against the Mohave Indians.

The East Baltimore Conference commenced its session in Williamsport, Pa., on the 2d inst., Bishop Scott, of Wilmington, presiding, and Rev. Dr. Sargent, of Baltimore, officiating Secretary. 190 preachers answered to their names. The session promises to be one of dispatch and harmony.

Friday, 4th inst., was the Anniversary of the Constitution of the United States. It is just seventy years since it began to go into operation. The Union, at the age of "three score and ten," is only approaching maturity and development, and if foreign opinions are reliable, has not even attained "years of discretion" yet.

Another new steam canal boat is announced, whose peculiarity consists in making it in two parts, or rather, there are two boats each one hundred feet in length, the bow of one fitting exactly into the stern of the other, and secured there by simple fastenings, thus presenting one unbroken length of two hundred feet. On arriving at a lock the two boats are disengaged in locking through.

A Havana correspondent of the Hartford Times, says:—"A Spanish friend asked me recently, 'what if the Spanish fleet should go and bombard New York?' I could not imagine such an absurdity, and told him so. He said to a Creole with me, 'what would they do in New York if 10,000 Spanish soldiers should land there?' A Yankee captain sitting by said, 'if the soldiers behaved themselves they would not be troubled, but if they made any disturbance, they would be put into the station houses.' Spaniard said, '*Quien Sabe.*'"

A letter from the Kansas gold mines gives reports of quite a number of persons being on the other side of the mountains, working rich diggings discovered last fall.

The London Times says that a single message over the cable when first opened, by which the embarkation of two regiments in Canada for India was countermanded, saved the Government at least $250,000.

John Marron, Third Assistant Post-Master General, died suddenly at Washington, on the evening of the 3d inst. He was at his office during the day attending to business.

Seven Printing Offices Destroyed.—A fire occurred in Memphis on the night of the 1st inst., burning half a square on Main street, including the printing offices of the Eagle and Enquirer, the Avalanche, the Ledger, the Christian Advocate, the Presbyterian Sentinel and the Book and Job office of Hutton & Clark. Also, the stores of Gen. Key & Warren, Saffrons & Stratton, W. H. Hunt, U. Stillman, H. Inrich & Bros., the saloon of Joseph Renfel, and several offices. Loss about $150,000; partially insured.

The News Condenser.

— Apples bring $3 a bushel in Cleveland.

— Mr. Gough, the teetotal lecturer, is lecturing in Edinburg.

— The United States Mint will not hereafter receive Spanish silver.

— The Ohio officials estimate the population of that state at 2,300,000.

— A German newspaper has been started by German exiles in London.

— An "American Indian Association" has been formed in New York.

— Coal has already been found in no less than four counties in Michigan.

— One hundred negro residents of N. Y. city leave for Africa this spring.

— The Chinese have recently sent home $316,000 in *silver* from San Francisco.

— Twenty-one persons are in the Tombs, N. Y. city, charged with capital crimes.

— In South Carolina the slave population is 383,000. The white population is 283,000.

— Blue-birds have appeared in the Connecticut Valley. Spring must be near at hand.

— There are 435,378 bushels of grain in store at Buffalo. All but 59,000 bushels is wheat.

— E. A. Hannegan, formerly U. S. Senator from Indiana, died in St. Louis Friday week.

— A move has been made in one of the Western States to abolish grand juries as a nuisance.

— It is stated that over 1,000 families in Buffalo are receiving aid from the overseer of the poor.

— Ohio has 2,728 miles of railroad in operation, the construction of which cost over $110,000,000.

— The harbor of Greytown is rapidly filling up with sand, and a survey has been determined on.

— Harvard University has a fund of $1,009,636, nearly all of which is safely and profitably invested.

— A. A. Skillings, a handy little chap, weighing 678 pounds, died in New York on Sunday week.

— In the State Blind Asylum of Iowa, all pupils are received free of charge, except for clothing only.

— Kossuth is said to be in straightened circumstances, he having spent all in pursuit of political objects.

— A State census of Texas, just taken, shows a population of 458,492, against 212,495 in the year 1850.

— Twenty-four men, with forty-horses, left Corunna, Mich., on Monday morning week, for Pike's Peak.

— Another attempt to render steam-engines available for common roads is being made in Patterson, N. J.

— There are three hundred and thirty orphans in the Girard College, Philadelphia, at the present time.

— Louis Napoleon is now said to possess a navy that, in effective strength, is not inferior to that of England.

— An old man named Rozell, aged 106 years the 29th ult., voted at the fourth ward poll, Oswego, on the 1st.

— Seventy fugitive slaves from Missouri passed thro' Grinnell, Iowa, on the 21st ult., on their way to Canada.

— The proposition to call a convention to revise the State Constitution, has failed in the Wisconsin Legislature.

— At the last examination at West Point, fourteen cadets could not stand the tests applied, and were sent home.

— Eighteen communes near Tarbes, France, are now protected from lightning by conductors composed of straw.

— Coal exists in 61 of the counties of Illinois, and over a hundred mines are now worked in 31 different counties.

— The British Government is about to establish a monthly steam postal service between Australia and Panama.

— Out of a lately discovered "gulch" on the Tuolcumne, Cal., $3,000 were taken in one day, and $4,000 on the next.

— Punch truly says that in the shadow of a small waist may be seen a large doctor's bill and the outside of a coffin.

— An agent of the British Museum has collected in Philadelphia four hundred different biographies of Washington.

— When the District Court opened in Keokuk, Iowa, the other day, eighteen hundred cases were found on the calendar.

— The Auburn Advertiser notices a turkey which weighs 35 pounds, and can pick corn placed seven feet from the floor.

— The Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad is completed, thus making an unbroken line of railroad from Chicago to Kansas.

— The King of Sweden is in a bad state, it is said. The Emperor of Austria is at this time supposed to be in a worse State yet.

— Hon. Stanley Matthews, of Glendale, Ohio, had three children lying dead in his house one day last week. Cause, scarlet fever.

— It is stated that in Newark, N. J., there are more than 1,500 operatives in the hatting business, and nearly $1,000,000 invested.

— During February, the deposits at the Philadelphia Mint were $161,035, and the coinage 3,167,842 pieces, of the value of $301,983.

— Wm. Smith O'Brien was received in a becoming manner by the New York Committee of the Irish Societies, on Friday week.

— A statue of Caxton, represented as seated reading proof sheets, is about being erected in the Westminster Palace Hotel, London.

— Lake Erie is so clear of ice that the shipping interest is already beginning to "look up" at Sandusky, Toledo, Cleveland, &c.

— A difference having arisen between Dr. Livingstone and Captain Bedingfold, the latter has abandoned the Zambesi expedition.

— Illinois legislators receive $1 per day at the present time, being $7 a week less than their board costs. Short sessions will be the result.

— The potato rot is ascribed to high manuring and consequent undue forcing of the plant, by Mr. Trowbridge, of Camden, N. Y.

— The first indications of water in the Artesian bore, at Columbus, were observed this week, at a distance of 1,891 feet from the surface.

— In the British Islands, the work done by machine power is computed by Lord Brougham to equal the labor of eight hundred million men.

— The New Orleans papers complain that the bars at the mouth of the Mississippi are becoming a more formidable obstruction than ever.

— A boy fell through a hole in the ice at Auburn, was carried 30 feet by the current, came up accidently thro' another aperture and was rescued.

— A "parcel post"—for parcels not exceeding two pounds—has been in operation by the Post-Office Department of Canada since January 1st.

Publisher's Notices.

Special Notices to Rural Agents, Friends, &c.

☞ BACK NUMBERS OF THIS VOLUME can still be furnished, and are forwarded to all new subscribers unless otherwise ordered. Though our sets of back numbers are rapidly diminishing daily, we can still supply several thousand new subscribers. We shall probably be able to furnish the numbers for a month or more, yet as our rule is, "first come first served," those who wish to secure the complete volume should not delay. [Feb., 1859.

☞ NEW CLUBS.—It is not too late to commence and form Clubs for Vol. X., as we shall probably be able to supply back numbers for a month or more, notwithstanding the large additions over previous years. Try it, Friends of the RURAL!—you who are in localities where the paper ought to be circulated, but has only a few subscribers, or is not yet introduced. A little effort, now, will enable you to succeed.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Are now in order, and whether they come (as they do daily) in ones, twos, fives, tens or twenties, are gratefully welcomed and receive prompt attention. Please note, and send on the names of all wish to join your club, even the eleventh-hour men and strangers.

☞ DRAFTS AT OUR RISK.—We lose little money by mail, but prefer Drafts on New York (less exchange,) payable to our order, and which may be sent at our risk if carefully mailed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and each and all who form clubs, will not only receive extra copies, but their aid will be appreciated. We have no traveling agents, nor do we give certificates.

☞ CLUB PAPERS sent to as many different post-offices as desired, and after a Club is formed additions may be made to it at the club rate. See "Additions to Clubs," below.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, March 8, 1859.

FLOUR—The upward tendency is still visible, 25@50 cents having been added to winter wheat during the week past. Spring also feels the market, and choice brands have gone up. At these quotations the market is firm.

GRAIN—Wheat has advanced 5@10 cents per bushel. A select sample of Genesee readily brought our outside figures, $1.75. Corn is up a little, so, also, is Rye. Beans are drooping the Western demand having fallen off a little.

SEEDS—Clover seems to be moving downward a little. We take off 25 cents per bushel, though the state of the Eastern markets would seem to justify a still further reduction.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		EGGS, dozen	14@15c
Flour, wht wheat	$6,25@7.50	Honey, box	15@16c
Do. spring do.	$5,50@7.00	Candles, box	12½@13c
Do Buckwheat ✱ cwt.	$1.75	FRUITS AND ROOTS	
Wheat, Genesee	$1.60@1.75	Apples, bushel	50c@$1.00
Best white Canada	$1.60@1.75	Do. dried	$1.50@1.75
Corn	75@80c	Potatoes	30@50c
Rye, 60 lbs ✱ bush	75c	HIDES AND SKINS	
Oats	50@55c	Slaughter	6½@7c
Barley	60@70c	Calf	10c
Buckwheat	45@50c	Sheep pelts	$1.25@2.25
Beans	75@80c	Lamb do	30@35c
MEATS.		SEEDS.	
Pork, Mess	$17.00@18.00	Clover, bush	$5,25@6.75
Do cwt	$7.50@8.00	Timothy	$2.50@2.75
Beef ✱ cwt	$4.00@6.00	SUNDRIES.	
Rolls (cakes each $1.)	1½@2.00	Wood, hard	$4.00@4.50
Mutton (carcass)	5@6c	Do. soft	$3.00@3.00
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Coal, Lehigh	$5.00@5.25
Shoulders	6@7c	Do. Scranton	$5.00@5.50
Chickens	7@8c	Do. Shamokin	$5.00@5.50
Turkeys	10@11c	Do. Char	10@12c
Geese	38@44c	Salt, bbl	$1.30@1.35
DAIRY, &c.		Hay, tun	$7.00@10.00
Butter, roll	18@20c	Wool ✱ lb	35@50c
Do firkin	18c	White fish, bbl	$7.00@7.50
Cheese	10@11c	Codfish ✱ quintal	$4.75@5.00
Lard, tried	10@11c	Trout, bbl	$6.50@7.00
Tallow	10@10½c		

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, March 7.—FLOUR—Market buoyant and prices advanced 5c per bbl. Sales at $5.60@5.85 for com to choice super State; $5.50@5.75 for extra State; $5.70@5.85 for super Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa; $5.60@5.85 for common to good medium and extra do; $6.75@6.85 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio; closing buoyant. Canadian firm; sales at $6.50@7.50 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat advanced 2c per bush. Sales at 148c for red winter Western; 175@180c for white Michigan; 150c for mixed Western; 150c for red Southern. Rye dull at 86@87c. Barley active; sales State and Canada at 80@86c. Corn firmer; sales at 86@87c for new yellow Southern; mixed Western at 88@90c. Oats dull at 56@57c for State; and 61@63c for Western and Canada.

PROVISIONS—Pork market unchanged. Sales at $17.87 for new mess; $17.37 for old do. and $14.12 for prime. Dressed hogs dull at 8@8¾c. Lard market dull and unchanged, sales at 11¼@12¼c. Butter steady at 11@18c for Ohio; and 17@27c for State. Cheese firm at 8@11c as to quality.

ALBANY, March 7.—Flour and Meal—The market opened this morning for Flour with the same buoyant feeling as was manifested throughout the past week. The demand for all good brands continues active, and prices rule very firm with a good business doing. Corn Meal is steady.

GRAIN—But little doing in this market. Barley is freely offered without finding buyers. Sales 350 bush round yellow Corn at 81c. In the street Rye 86½c. Corn 86½c. Barley 80@86c. Oats 51@55c.

BUFFALO, March 7.—FLOUR—The stock offering is quite light, while the market is moderately active and firm. Sales at $5@5.50 for Illinois, from spring wheat; $5.50@6.00 for fair to choice Wisconsin, from club wheat; $6.25@6.63½ for fair to good extra Michigan, Ohio and Indiana, and $6.75@7.25 for double extras and choice extra Canadian.

GRAIN—Wheat with a fair milling inquiry, the market remains firm; sales No 2 Chicago spring at 91; red Ohio at $1.38, and white Kentucky at $1.60 for choice and $1.70 for prime. Corn nominal at 52@53c for new, and 90c for old.—Oats market quiet and nominal at 59@60c for State, and 63½@64c for Canadian.

SEEDS—Timothy is held within the range of $2@3.50, while Clover is quiet at $6.25@6.50.

PROVISIONS—Heavy mess has declined 25c. Sales $17@17.25. Light mess nominal at $16,25. Lard steady; sales at 12 cents.

TORONTO, March 4.—FLOUR—There are very light stocks of Flour on hand, and small lots only offering. There is no demand except for Upper Canada consumption, but rates, nevertheless, continue high. Superfine $6@6,25; fancy $6,50; extra $6,75@7.00 per barrel.

GRAIN—Full Wheat is in good demand at this point at 7s 9d to 8s per bushel for ordinary to good. Occasionally, 8s 1d to 8s 2d is paid, but 8s is the figure most frequently realized for good wheat. Inferior and medium samples are worth 7s to 7s 6d per bushel. Spring Wheat has been much sought for, both for milling purposes and for seed. Prices have ranged from 6s 8d to 7s, closing at an average rate of 7s 8d per bush. Barley is in much demand with light supplies. Some small lots from farmers have found ready sale at 4s per bushel, and a lot of over one hundred bushels at 5s 3d. Rye is very scarce, and in active request at 3s 9d to 4s per bushel. Oats are hardly so lively, but without much change in price. The outside figure realized this week is 3s, with a few sales at 2s 10½d and 2s 11d per bushel, by weight. Peas are wanted at 4s 6d to 4s 10d per bushel.

SEEDS—Timothy has been bought and sold at $3, 2,25@2.50 per bushel. Clover opens at $7@7,50 per bushel.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, March 2.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, $10,50@11,00; Ordinary, $9,00@10,00; Common, $8,00@9,00; Inferior, $6,50@7,75.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55@65; Ordinary, $45@50; Common, 33@40; Inferior, $20@28.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ✱ lb., 6½@7c.; Ordinary, 5½@6c. Common, 4½@5c.; Inferior, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, per head, $7,50@9,50; Ordinary, $6,50@6,00; Common, $4,50@5,50. Inferior, $3,00@4,00.

SWINE—First quality, 7¾@7¾c.; Other qualities, 6½@7¼c.

ALBANY, March 7.—Receipts at West Albany for the week: Cattle, 2,224; Sheep, 2,436; Hogs, 1750.

BEEVES—Prices take the following range—Extra 6c; First quality 5¾c; Second do 4¾@5¼c; Third do 4c; Inferior do 3@3½c.

SHEEP—Sales at from $4,31@6,75c. as to quality.

HOGS—We quote fat shoats at 5¾@6c; stores 5c.

CAMBRIDGE, March 2.—At market 672 Cattle, about 550 Beeves and 122 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,75@8,00; First quality, $7,00@7,25; Second, $6,75@6,25; Third, $5,00. Ordinary, $4,00.

WORKING OXEN—$80, 100@175 per pair.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 40@65.

STORES—Yearlings, $00@00, Two Years Old, $20@25; Three Years Old, $25@31.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2,050 at market. Prices—Extra and Selections, $3,75, 4@6, 7; In lots $2,00@2,25.

HIDES—7¾@8c. ✱ lb. Tallow 7¾@8c. ✱ lb.

PELTS—$1,50@1.75 each. Calf Skins, 14@15c. ✱ lb.

N. B.—Beef extra and first quality includes nothing but the best, large, fat, stall-fed Oxen.

BRIGHTON, March 3.—At market 1750 Beeves, 200 Stores, 300 Sheep and Lambs, 400 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $6,00@6,50; First quality, $5,00; Second $7,00, Third $5.00.

WORKING OXEN—$100@150

MILCH COWS—$35@40; common, $21@22.

VEAL CALVES—$3,00, 4,00@6,00.

STORES—Yearlings, 00@00; Two Years Old, $20@25; Three Years Old, $25@31

SHEEP AND LAMBS—In lot, $2,00; Extra, $4@6,50.

SWINE—Fat Hogs, 6c.; Retail, 6@7c.; Pigs 5c.

HIDES—7¾@8c. ✱ lb. Tallow—7¾@8c. ✱ lb.

PELTS—$1,50@1,75. Calf Skins, 14@15c. ✱ lb.

PHILADELPHIA, March 1.—There was a good supply of Beef Cattle at the two drove yards yesterday and to-day the offerings amounting to over 1,400 head, most of which were from Ohio and counties in this State. The market was brisk, but prices remained about the same as previously quoted, only the best quality Cattle selling for more than $10,25 per 100 lbs. The general average was between $9@10 per 100 lbs. A number of inferior Cattle were sold at from $6 to $7.

SHEEP—The supply of Sheep was about equal to the demand, and about 5,000 head offered, were sold at $3@6 each, according to quality.

HOGS—The demand for swine was quite brisk, and 1,700 head all offered, were soon sold at $4@9 per 100 lbs. This is a slight advance over previous sales.

COWS—We have no change to note in this market, prices remaining about the same, and the demand limited: 300 head were sold at $16@30, and $50 for dry and Milch Cows.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, March 2.—The inquiry for Domestic Fleece and Pulled, has been quite limited, owing in part to the light stock offering, and the extreme prices prevalent. Of Native Fleeces, sales of some 70,000 lbs half to full-blood and Extra Saxony at 50@70c, as to quality, and 30,000 lbs No. 1 city and country, at from 56@57c (not 67c as printed in our last.) The sale in Boston, referred to in our last, was largely attended by the elite of the trade, and went off spiritedly at full prices, Choice Pennsylvania and Ohio Fleeces sold at 57@58½c and extra and double extra Pulled sold as high as 56@61c, and other grades in the same proportion, ranging from 55c down to 18 4c for State and common California. Foreign has also ruled quiet, but the market retains its firmness; sales of 10,000 lbs African at 35c, 6 mos.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

CINCINNATI, O., March 2.—The *Commercial* of Wednesday, says:—"The high price which has been obtained from last year's clip of Wool, and the consequent large profits which have been made by those who bought, has led to general activity among dealers and speculators in the article, who display great anxiety to enter into contracts for the coming clip at prices far above those paid for several years, and we understand that large contracts have already been made in this State, at prices varying from 40 to 50 ✱ lb. The advance in Wool the past six months is fully 50 per cent., thus compensating dealers pretty fully for the heavy losses sustained by the large decline brought about by the crisis of 1857. Full blood is now selling in the eastern cities at 55@60c ✱ lb, which was bought last summer at 35@40c, thus showing what enormous profits must have been made by those dealers who held over their stocks."

LOUISVILLE, Ky., March 2.—Very little coming in and mostly bought by city manufacturers at from 25 to 26c for grease, 32 to 33c for pulled, and 55@56c for tub-washed.—Manufacturers are generally buying in small quantities.—*Journal.*

GRAIN IN STORE AT BUFFALO.—The following, says the *Courier*, is the official statement of the amount of grain in store in the different elevators of this city, on Thursday the 3d instant:

Spring Wheat, bush	88,023
Club	8,100
Red	122,118
White	76,127
Stumptail	4,000
Corn	28,000
Oats	8,400
Barley	23,000
	435,578

Special Notices.

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND!

TWELVE PAGES OF POPULAR MUSIC FOR TEN CENTS.

"OUR MUSICAL FRIEND" is filled with the best Piano Solos Duets, Songs, Operatic Arias, Polkas, Mazurkas, Quadrilles, Waltzes, and every other species of musical composition for Voice and Piano by the best American and European Composers: printed on full-sized music paper, adapted to every grade of performer.

The same quantity of music, procured from the regular publishers would cost more than ten times what we charge.

A years' subscription to "OUR MUSICAL FRIEND," will secure new and fashionable music, worth at least TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS, and entirely sufficient for the home circle.

PRICE TEN CENTS, WEEKLY.

Yearly, $5; Half Yearly, $2,50; Quarterly, $1,25 cents. The Volume commenced on the 1st of December, 1858.

C. B. SEYMOUR & CO., Proprietors,
478-4t 13 Frankfort street, New York.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, and leaded—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, IN ADVANCE.—☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

☞ All transient advertisements must be accompanied with the cash, or a responsible reference, to secure insertion. Those who send us advertisements to be published at prices they specify, are respectfully advised that we are not in a position to allow any one to dictate terms—especially when the demand upon our columns, at published rates, exceeds the space appropriated for Advertising.

ISABELLA GRAPE VINES FOR SALE.
Naples, N. Y., March, 1859. [479-2t] E. A. McKAY.

LINNÆUS RHUBARB, AND ASPARAGUS.
Fine, strong Roots for sale by
479-5t T. C. MAXWELL & BROS., Geneva, N. Y.

TOBACCO SEED.—A small quantity of the "Connecticut Seed Leaf" variety for Sale—60 cts. per oz., including postage. WM. J. PETTEE, Lakeville, Conn.

CRANBERRY PLANTS FOR SALE by
NOBLE HILL, Caton, Steuben Co., N. Y.
Circulars sent to all applicants. 479

PEACH TREES.—A few thousand good two year old Trees for sale by T. C. MAXWELL & BROS.,
March 10, 1859. [479-5t] Geneva, N. Y.

ONTARIO FEMALE SEMINARY, Canandaigua, N. Y. Summer Session commences April 1st. Closes the last of June. [479-3t] B. RICHARDS, A. M., Principal.

FOR SALE.—A small quantity of Prince Albert Potatoes, at $5 per barrel. Warranted genuine.
479tf D. NORTON, Jr., Pittstown, Rens. Co., N. Y.

CHERRY TREES.—Standard and Dwarf, of the best sorts, two years old and strong. For sale cheap.
Geneva, N. Y. [479-5t] T. C. MAXWELL & BROS.

SUPERIOR POTATOES—PRINCE ALBERTS.
A specimen of which received the first premium, of the Oneida Co. Ag. Soc. last Sept. Price $1,50 per bu. For sale by S. A. DEWEY, Delta, Oneida Co., N. Y., March 1, 1859.

PINE HILL NURSERY, near Buffalo, N. Y. Apple, Pear, Dwarf & Standards, Plum and Cherry Trees, Grape Vines, Currants and Evergreens, and a fine lot of Anger Stocks. For sale by [479-3t] G. ZIMMERMAN.

RASPBERRY PLANTS Of the best leading sorts, including the Antwerps, Brinkle's Orange, Franconia, Pastolff, Knevett's Giant, and Rivers' Large Fruited Monthly. For sale by T. C. MAXWELL & BROS., Geneva, N. Y.

$88,50 A YEAR pays for Board, Washing and Tuition in Common English, in FAIRY SEMINARY, Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y. Rooms for Self-Boarding in the village. Spring Term opens March 24, 1859.
479-2t Address JOHN P. GRIFFIN, Principal.

EARLY PARIS CAULIFLOWER and Premium Flat Dutch Cabbage. Both sure to head, and are the *best varieties* known—12½ cts. each, per package, by mail.
Address "RURAL EMPIRE CLUB,"
479-6t Macedon Centre, Wayne Co., N. Y.

FARM PRODUCE Sold on Commission—Such as Flour, Butter, Cheese, Lard and Provisions of all kinds.
HAIGHT & EMENS, 226 Front St., New York.
Refer to R. H. HAYDOCK, Cashier Market Bank, New York.
PETER H. TITUS, Pres't East River Savings Bank.

FOR SALE, HOUSE AND LOT AND MULES. One pair Mules, 5 years old, free from all bad habits, great workers—price $300. A good house, small barn, and half acre lot in West Vienna—price $300.
479 W. H. LEE, Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y.

EVERGREENS A very fine stock of vigorous and well grown plants of BALSAM FIR, 5 to 6 feet high and well branched,—NORWAY SPRUCE, 2 to 4 feet,—AM. ARBOR VITÆ, 3 to 4 feet. For sale by T. C. MAXWELL & BROS.,
March 10, 1859. [479-5t] Geneva, N. Y.

EGGE ISLAND TOMATO SEEDS, very large, round and smooth; Strawberry Watermelon, the very best: Perre Noir Canteloupe, unexcelled—25 cents each per packet. Honey Dew Watermelon, very early and rare, 50 cents. New Chinese Potatoes, 25 cents per tuber. The whole for $1. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.
D. L. ADAIR, Hawesville, Ky.

GIFTS! GIFTS!! GIFTS!!!—The Original Gift Book Store, is permanently established at 14 Exchange street, where the purchaser of each book receives a Gift valued at from $1 to $50 at the time of sale.

Agents wanted in every town in the Union. Those desiring so to act can obtain full particulars by sending for a Catalogue, which is sent free to any address, upon application to O. N. NEEDHAM, Agent, Rochester, N. Y. 479tf

A CHOICE DAIRY FARM FOR SALE.—Said Farm contains 128 acres, about 10 heavily timbered, the rest under a good state of cultivation. A dwelling house, two barns and other out-houses. A good bearing apple orchard and other Fruit and Ornamental Trees. Well watered and never failing. Is situated in this town, 2 miles from Vernon Village, 5 from Verona Depot on the N. Y. Central Railroad, 4 from Oneida Depot. Price, $33 per acre. Credit given for a large portion of the purchase money. For further particulars, inquire of the subscriber at Verona, Oneida Co., N. Y.
March, 1859. [479-2t] H. S. DODGE.

GRAPE VINES, LAWTON BLACKBERRY, Brinkle's Orange Raspberry, Cranberry Vines Hop Tree, &c., &c., &c. For particulars, send stamp for Priced Catalogue. Hubbard Squash, *richest and best in all respects*—Seeds sent by mail, post-paid, five stamps per package. Address A. W. POTTER & CO.,
Grape Lawn Nurseries, Knowlesville, Orleans Co., N. Y.

CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED.
150 Bushels Monroe Co. Medium Clover Seed.
50 do do Large do do
250 do Illinois Prairie Timothy do
160 do Canada do do
235 do Very choice Reaped do do
All for sale at lowest market prices, at Wholesale and Retail.
G. C. BURLL,
No. 75 Main St., Rochester, N. Y.
N. B.—Cash paid for all kinds of Grass Seeds. 479

50,000 PRIME MAHALEB STOCKS, the best stock for Cherries at the West, $10 per 1 000—$80 per 10,000.
Scotch Fir, for screens, &c., on Prairies, 4 to 6 inches, $10 per 1,000—$80 per 10,000.
Houghton Gonsebery, fine, $5 per 100—$35 per 1,000.
New Rochelle (or Lawton) Blackberry, $1,50 ✱ doz.—$9 ✱ 100
Ohio Everbearing Raspberry, 2,00 " " — 12 " "
Linnæus Pie Plant, small roots, 1,50 " " — 9 " "
Catalogue gratis. E. Y. TEAS, Richmond, Indiana.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE SEMINARY.—The spring term of this Institution opens April 13th. $100 a year will pay for Board, Washing, Fuel, Incidental Expenses and Tuition in Common English. Superior Professors at the head of the different departments. The Modern Languages and Music, are taught by Europeans of learning and ability. Drawing and Painting by a lady of experience, while the English branches receive their full share of attention. Circulars or any information concerning the School, sent gratis by addressing Rev. JOHN O. FERGUSON, A. M., Principal.
Charlottsville, Schoharie Co., N. Y. 479-6t

VESTRY HARP!
A HYMN AND TUNE BOOK,
For SOCIAL AND FAMILY DEVOTIONS—Compiled by Rev. M. M. PERKINS, and decidedly the best Book of the kind ever issued. It contains 208 16mo. pages, and is sold at 38 cents, cloth, and 45 cts., sheep. Published by
WM. HEATH, No. 79 Cornhill, Boston.
COLE & ADAMS, 40 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y., are Agents for the above work, to whom orders can be addressed. They are also Agents for the AM. SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—Send and get a Catalogue of their Publications. [479-3t

ASSIGNEES SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE in the Village of NEWARK, Wayne Co., N. Y., on Tuesday, March 22, 1859, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at Public Auction. A valuable farm of 154½ acres choice land, well adapted for fruit-growing and farming purposes, adjoining each and lying between the Erie Canal and N. Y. Central R. R.—This farm has been surveyed and mapped into lots of from 3 to 30 acres each, which are desirable for building purposes. Also, the spacious Brick Dwelling House and grounds of the late ESBON BLACKMAR. Also, a commodious wood dwelling house and grounds. Also, barns, dwellings, and a large number of choice village lots. Terms easy. Sale positive and without reserve. HORACE BLACKMAR,
Assignee of E. BLACKMAR.
Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y., March 1, 1859. 479-2t

MICHIGAN LAND, TAX AND COLLECTION AGENCY, AT JACKSON.
The undersigned having been for many years engaged in the REAL ESTATE and COLLECTION BUSINESS in Michigan, and familiar with the laws regulating the Assessments and Collections of Taxes, as well as location and value of lands in all parts of the State, will attend to any business of this nature at a reasonable charge. He has now for sale at low prices, several excellent farms with large improvements; also, well selected farming lands in vicinity of markets and Railroads in various central and western counties of the State. To persons seeking a home, or investments at the West, no more favorable opportunities can be found.
Address J. M. TREADWELL,
Att'y at Law, Jackson, Michigan.
Refer to Editor of RURAL NEW-YORKER, 479wc4t

NORTHERN MUSCADINE GRAPE.—A SEEDLING originated in our Society, (Shakers) from the Native White Grape. Size, medium, or equal to the Isabella. Color, light amber, a prolific bearer, and perfectly hardy, needing no protection from our rigorous winters, and *one month earlier than the Isabella or Catawba*, and we can recommend it as well adapted to New England, the Northern and Middle States, and the Southern Canadas.
Price from one to three dollars per root, according to age and size. Also a Gooseberry,
"The Mountain Seedling of Lebanon."
This Gooseberry has never been known to mildew, and its berry is of good size, and very productive. Price from 25 cents to $1,00 per root.
Circulars sent gratis upon application. All orders promptly attended to by addressing JESSE LEWIS } Agents.
479-4t D. C. BRAINARD, }
New Lebanon, Columbia Co., N. Y., Shaker Box.

JUST PUBLISHED.—THE REALITIES OF HOMŒOPATHY, by G. GLEIWITZ, M. D., Author of Letters on Physiology, etc., etc. Price 25 cts.
CONTENTS:—Introduction. Difficulties in writing a popular Work. Reason for giving Homœopathy a Trial. Influence of Diet and Imagination. Disadvantages by becoming a Homœopathic Physician. Homœopathy in its Infancy—suffering from its friends. Absurdities of mixing up different drugs in one prescription. Origin of Homœopathy—Hahnemann. Homœopathy vs. Allopathy. Homœopathic dilutions. Manner of preparing Homœopathic medicines. Common sense used in Homœopathy. Dysentery. Animosity between Homœopathic and Allopathic practitioners. Mortality less in Homœopathic treatment. Danger in bleeding and in the use of large doses of medicines. Sir John Forbes and Dr. Horner. Infinitesimal doses powerful. Advantages of Homœopathy. Homœopathy tried in an unfair manner. Reforms always opposed. Divisibility of matter. Experiments with Homœopathy. Homœopathy a science—no quackery. Conclusion. Appendix. Sent free of postage on receipt of price. Address A. H. COPELAND,
479 Middlebury, Vt.

SEEDS!—SEEDS!!—SEEDS!!!—The subscriber has now in store, his entirely new stock of Garden, Field and Flower Seeds. The very superior quality of the following, is particularly recommended, all of which are required early:
Broad Windsor, Mazagan, Long Pod, and Nonpareil Beans, each per quart, 20 cts.
Extra Early and Blood Turnip Beet, each per oz ... 10 "
Early Purple and White Brocoli, each " ... 30 "
Early Winningstadt, London, and Ox-Heart Cabbage, each per ounce, 20 "
Early White and Giant Solid Celery, each per ounce, 20 "
Ex. Early Forcing and Early Horn Carrot, " 10 "
Extra Early Paris and Thorburn's Nonpareil Cauliflower, each per ounce, 80 "
Early Frame Cucumbers, per ounce... 10 "
Improved New York Purple Egg Plant, per ounce 80 "
Early White Vienna and Large White Kohl Rabi, per ounce, 20 "
Silesia, India Head, Butter, and Simpson's Improved Lettuce, per ounce, 30 "
Extra Double Curled Parsley, per ounce, 10 "
Extra Early Daniel O'Rourke Peas, per quart, ... 30 "
" Sangster's No. 1 Peas, " ... 30 "
" Canada Peas, " ... 25 "
" Tom Thumb Peas, " ... 75 "
Fairbeard's Champion of England Peas, per quart, 30 "
Napoleon and Eugenie Peas, each, " 50 "
Epp's Monarch and Lord Raglan Peas, each, per qt 75 "
Harrison's Glory and Perfection Peas, each, " 40 "
Cherry, Cayenne, Bell and Squash Pepper, per oz, 40 "
Early White and Scarlet Cherry Radish, each, per oz 10 "
London Particular Long Scarlet Radish, per ounce, 10 "
Christmas Musk Melon, (true,) per ounce, ... 40 "
Round Savoy Spinage, per pound, 60 "
Early Red Smooth and Large Red Tomato, each, per ounce 25 "
Early Garden Stone Turnip, per ounce, 10 "
The Celebrated Hubbard Squash, per ounce, 20 "
Twenty-five varieties of choice Flower Seeds for $1.
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Plants in any quantity desired may be obtained *pure from the grounds where it originated.* Packages are put up to go safely to any part of the Union, by mail or express.
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MAHALEB do. do.
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Written for Moore's Rural New Yorker.

THE DEAD LOVE.

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER

Gracie could not stay where cold looks froze her, and taunting words stung her to the quick. As soon as the dim light came straggling over those ducal palaces, she hurried from her chamber out into the street and ran like a frightened fawn until she was clear of the shadow of her uncle's great stone house.

On and on she went—she knew not whither—she cared not where. The hot tide within swept her blindly along. Poor, desolate child! She had not a friend in that great city, nor a home but the hateful spot behind her, and she would rather lie down in her grave than return to that again. Its master was her guardian, and the only kinsman she had in the world. She loathed that tie of relationship and blushed to acknowledge it.

The sun was up, and she was growing faint and fatigued, when, having reached the suburbs of the city, she saw, not far distant, a cluster of hills thickly covered with trees. She was strengthened by the sight. It would be something like going back to her old home to lie on the grass under rustling breezy boughs, with glad birds caroling over head. They would sing away her sorrow if anything could. She would sit down there and rest,—reflect, if possible, and decide what course to pursue.

Weary and panting she reached the first clump of trees whose thick boughs trailed so low as to have concealed their iron inclosure. She was bitterly disappointed—she felt shut out from them as from everything else that she loved and longed for. But her further wandering was checked by a gleaming of white marble through the cypresses, a tall monument surmounted by a garlanded cross. It told her of a spot that she would gladly have searched for,—one of the most lovely cemeteries of the city.

She knew that none that she had ever loved or known were resting there, and that she might look in vain for even a familiar name upon the tablets; but it was the same mighty host that numbered her dear ones in its ranks, and she was less lonely in its holy silence than in the great rushing throng behind. As she passed through the gates and threaded her way slowly among the graves, she grew calm and subdued. She chose the retired paths, and paused but by the humblest slabs. She was seeking among the dead for sympathy, as she had in vain among the living, but she found none whose lot she might guess to have been like hers. Mothers slept by their children, husband by wife, or the lonely graves were marked with tokens of remembering love. She grew painfully oppressed by a sense of desolation, but found no spot where she might well weep out her grief.

She wandered into an unfrequented path that was closely lined with high, dense evergreens.—Hearing an approaching footstep, and timid in so remote a place, she pushed into the thicket for concealment. She found herself in a small, almost impenetrable bower, over-grown with brambles and rank grass, and containing a single grave, which she nearly trod upon before perceiving it. At its head was a low brown stone, bearing the simple inscription:

EUSTACE BROWNING.
DIED AT SEA,
A. D., 18—,
Aged 23.

She sat down there and wept. Her life passed before her as if she were telling the story to one who could weigh her burden by his, and listen lovingly to what sounded much like a portrayal of his own sorrow. Then her imagination vividly pictured his lonely sickness and death at sea, near enough to shore to bring his body hither. He must have requested some one to do so, thinking that his grave would be visited by loving friends, and planted over with flowers he pined to see once more. Three years he had lain there. A flower had never been planted, a weed uprooted, or a bramble cut away, and there was no trace of any footstep but hers. Was there no one that loved him, and he so young? She was but fifteen, and her grave promised to be as neglected and unknown.

She pulled away the high weeds from the head of the mound, and wove a chaplet of leaves, intermixed with the few flowers she had gathered, and twined it around the brown headstone. A prayer had not passed her lips for many days—her soul had been so tossed with passion she dared not breathe the holy name,—but then she knelt, and offered up a short but fervent petition ere she slowly withdrew from the spot.

She had there determined what to do. She would return to her unhappy home, and bear up more patiently, lest rushing unshielded into the world she should be led into temptation. She procured a coach at the gates, and it was nearly noon when the cold shadow of her uncle's house frowned down upon her again. No one appeared to have missed her, and her pale weary face was unobserved.

She resolved to repeat her visit to the cemetery early the next morning, solely for the purpose of trimming the grave in which she had taken such a strange interest. It was the only congenial spot she knew of, its soothing influence upon her the day before made her long for its solitude again.—She obtained a lovely, budding white rose-bush to adorn it. The pretty plant was placed in the window seat, and when she went to bed it still allowed it sparkling with beauty anew.

She dreamed strangely that night. She was in the evergreen bower and the darkness was most heavy. One star shone above her, tremulous and dim. She felt it was watching her. A spark shot from the heart of the rose that was planted on the stranger's grave and hung above it, as the star up in heaven hung over her. The rose was enshrined in a halo of soft light. She could see the petals slowly unfolding one by one, reminding her of the solemn way her father used to lay open the leaves of his holy books. The light increased with every lifted petal. She drew near the mystic blossom, and bending reverently over it, beheld in its glowing heart the miniature face of a youth whose earnest eyes were raised tenderly and ardently to hers. Not bewildered, but thankful and satisfied, she turned towards heaven, and, instead of the tremulous little star, the face of her saint-mother was looking down. She would have plucked the rose and clasped it to her bosom, but the light suddenly began to fade, and soon only the name on the brown stone was visible, and there a mystical light lingered when the star was gone, and the sweet rose lost in the darkness.

Now, Gracie lay great stress on dreams—she was full of superstitious fancies—so when she awoke with that bewitching vision in her brain, she was at first intoxicated with bliss, then frightened by ghostly apprehensions. But her fears were soon overcome, and she lay awake the rest of the night, recalling what she believed to have been the face of Eustace Browning. Her heart quivered strangely when she thought of that name. She was hardly surprised to find, in the morning, that one of the rosebuds, the fairest of them all, had blossomed out during the night.

She was early at the cemetery gates, and as she passed through the silent avenues, with the white rose in her arms, she fancied that it shed a soothing influence upon her, magical as the glowing light it transmitted in her dream. The previous morning she did not hear as then, the psalming of the birds, the tinkling of the cascades, or the whispering of the leaves.

She cleared away the weeds and brambles, and dug with her little trowel a place for the rose, upon the bosom of the grave. The garland she hung there was dewy and still fresh. She was weaving upon an evergreen cross the white daisies she purchased at the conservatory near the gate, when suddenly a dove dropped down on the tombstone, with a letter tied to its neck. Gracie's shriek did not frighten away the little creature, who sat patiently watching her with its timid, restless eye until she had strength and courage to relieve it of its message. She had no sooner done so than it darted far upward and away. It never occured to her that it might have been a truant pigeon, and that she had robbed it of its trust. She believed it sent to her—from whom, and whither she had no doubts. Crossing herself, and calling upon the Blessed Mother to shield her she ventured to read:

And hast thou found at last the heart whose fervor
Could answer thine and soothing comfort shed?
One who did seek, but grieving never found thee,
Till now thou weepest where he lieth dead.

Ah, 'tis all one this life made up of shadows,
And shadowy death where first the soul doth live,
Death cannot ban our kindred soul's pure wedlock,
Or chill the bliss this late-found love will give.

Peace! peace, beloved, let me not affright thee,
An angel host about thy path I'll be;
Thou'rt not alone amid that world of strangers,
Ever and ever do I abide with thee.

"Am I dreaming?" questioned bewildered Gracie. "How strange, how strange!" She was not frightened. Her heart fluttered wildly, 'tis true, but she never before experienced such ecstatic bliss. She could not comprehend her thoughts or feelings; they were beyond her. She believed a good angel was covering her with his wings; she wished he would lift her up and bear her away. A sparkling butterfly lit on the daisy cross, then on the full rose that blossomed in the night, and then it went fluttering up out of sight. She sat very still—she feared to move lest she were dreaming, and should so break the witching illusion. But the missive in her hand was real. She kissed it passionately, then hid it in her bosom. She had not shed a tear that day. All was peace and beauty within.

She resumed her work, starting at every rustling leaf as if she expected another messenger or sign. She repeated the mysterious verses until she knew them by heart, dwelling fondly upon the last when she grew fearful and disquieted. It was strange, passing strange! Not one of the living loved her, and why should she shrink from the protection and sympathy of the dead.

It was past noon when she returned home. She was met by rebukes and suspicious questionings as to where she had been. She evaded an explanation as well as she could. The harrassing cares that were thrust upon her the rest of the day partly quelled her intense thoughts and imaginings, and it was better than for her to have nourished them in melancholy solitude. She was detained from her bed until after midnight. Her slumber was fitful and broken, and she could not remember her indistinct dreams. An irresistible attraction drew her to the cemetery again the next morning.

She knew her unaccountable absence would invoke the displeasure of her guardian, and call forth harsher reprovals than she had yet received, but she was summoned by a charm that must not be broken—impelled by an influence she dared not question or resist.

She shrank back a moment at the entrance of the bower, then praying devoutly she pushed through the evergreens. Had she not a strange love to meet, a marvellous tryst to keep? Instead of the purified spirit, clothed in celestial light, she thought of him then for the first time—and she grew faint and chill—as a fleshless skeleton, with grinning jaw and staring sockets. She could not banish the terrible phantom, and would have fled in horror from the spot had she not seen something glittering from the stem of the queen rose. It was a tiny locket set with rare diamonds and pearls.—She was some time in discovering the secret spring by which it opened, and then her heart nearly stopped beating. It was the very face she saw in her dream! Below the picture the initials "E. B." were engraven, and a date bearing back a year before the one on the tombstone.

How long she would have stood gazing at it, drinking in the exhaustless eloquence of the sad earnest eyes, it were difficult to conjecture, had not a heavy peal of thunder startled her with a warning of the fast approaching storm. She clasped the precious chain about her neck and the locket lay, with the letter upon her throbbing heart.

She had not reached the gates, when the rain came down in torrents drenching her through.—She was obliged to wait some time for a coach, and when she reached [illegible] she was in a most wretched condition both in body and mind. She was met as she expected she would be. The [illegible] suspected [illegible] her, and she was sent in disgrace to her chamber. A few hours after the house was alarmed by loud and piercing [illegible] Gracie was in wild delirium.

[illegible] her strange ravings, [illegible] a relation to the little [illegible] with greedy [illegible] satisfaction, hoping to produce it again to the effect of ejecting her from beneath their roof. They did not find the letter.

Three days Gracie lay in unconscious stupor, waited upon or neglected by servants who were fully acquainted with the mind of their master towards her. Each vied with the other in impatience for the poor girl's reason to return, jealous lest she should not be the one to communicate her sentence.

Dimly, slowly, and unsteadily her reason dawned again. It was like the breaking of a cold murky day. Where was she? She could remember standing in the great hall below, the water dripping from her dress, while her uncle, with a cold withering eye, cast that horrible accusation upon her. Since then was a terrible blank. Another remembrance came, and her thin hand clutched on her bosom for the little locket. She uttered a frightened cry to find it was gone.

A servant was instantly beside her, searching her face with a triumphant sneer. Gracie passed her hand slowly before her eyes and then asked, in a faint, uncertain voice,

"What do you want, Maginnis?"

"Eh," with a repulsive grin, "you have come to I see."

"Oh how my head burns. Have I been very sick? How long?"

"Since Tuesday last. You remember eh?" and she leered out her torturing meaning. "'Tis Friday to-day, and the last lucky one you will have in some time."

"What do you mean, Maginnis?"

"Why to-morrow they will pack you off. Where will you go, eh?"

Gracie ordered her from the room, bidding her send her uncle to her immediately. She was obeyed with impertinent reluctance.

Nearly an hour elapsed, and the twilight deepened ere she heard her uncle's step in the hall.—Her fever leapt more madly and her brain grew hot to bursting. The low suffering moan she unconsciously gave when he opened the door did not soften the iron immobility of his features. The strong fumes of wine preceded him, and, as Gracie vaguely anticipated, he had her precious locket in his hand.

The interview was short, and, on his part, stormy. She could say but little, and that was to no purpose. Her tearful protestations of innocence were met with tantalizing scorn. She would say nothing of the miniature,—he could not provoke her to an explanation,—her lips felt as if frozen when he questioned her so cruelly. He flung it scornfully across the room, but did not see, as Gracie did, that it caught and hung to a crucifix. He commanded her to leave the house as soon as it was possible for her to do so.

When he had gone, she staggered to the door, secured it, and possessed herself of the locket.—Blind and dizzy she regained her bed but to fall insensible upon it. The tower bell was tolling two when she came to herself again. Her fever had nearly left her, and she lay trying to collect the snarled, broken thread of her late experience, when a soft, entrancing melody came floating through her open window. Thrilling with rapture she lay motionless and listened. There was one star looking through the parted curtains; it had a sweet significance, and she fancied that on its tremulous beams the clear hymning of the very words in her bosom, came floating solemnly down. The last strains seemed whispered in her ear. An angel might have been visibly beside her for aught she knew,—she would not venture opening her eyes to see. Sadly the lulling sound died away. When all was hushed she looked up to the star again. A cloud had drifted across it.

Did she hear a light step on the balcony? She thought so, and looked to the crucifix, hearing naught but her leaping heart. But nothing came—angel, nor carrier-dove. She waited in prayer awhile, then stole breathlessly to the balcony. The star was watching and smiling, and in its soft silvery light lay a boquet of white daises and rose buds. A letter peeped from among the leaves. She read it and dropped upon her knees.

"When the morrow morn shall be,
Early to our bower flee,
There, sweet love, I'll rescue thee."

Now, she firmly believed that she was going to die. The thought was most welcome—devoid of all terror. She prayed until the morning stars faded out, and ere the sun was up she was far on her way to the cemetery. She looked like a ghost flitting among the graves.

She walked more and more slowly as she drew nearer the evergreens. Her head was bowed upon her breast, and her lips moved in prayer. She was white as death, but her firm mouth and eloquent eye revealed no fear or misgivings. "Jesu hear me," she implored, as she glided into the bower.

A young man, whose face was in her locket, was sitting upon the grave—not in the apparel of angels, but broadcloth and satin—earthly externals that suggested naught of doubt to Gracie. She dropped upon her knees, and laid her face to the earth.

"Arise, my dear lady," she heard in a deep, manly voice, "I am no ghost, I assure you, and so better enabled to shield and comfort you."

"Who are you?" she asked, slowly uplifting her head, and melting beneath the eye that in the picture had burned her very soul.

"I am Eustace Browning."

"Are you dead?" she asked most solemnly.

The smile this question called forth was anything but ghostly.

"No, my dear lady, and never have been. Arise, I beseech you, and I will tell you my sad story, which will have a happy termination, I trust."—His eyes interpreted his meaning.

"I doubt the propriety of my remaining here," she said. "There is a mistake which I cannot unravel. Did *you* send these verses to me?" and she held out what the carrier-pigeon had brought.

His face turned as crimson as hers. "Yes, I sent them to you, and the little locket which I see you wear. Last night I sang under your window, and summoned you here. I am no ghost, be assured." His courage kindled in the sweet light that broke over her down-cast face. "Forgive me, if I have done you wrong, but my pure love shall make untold reparation. He drew her towards him, and they sat down together upon the grave.

"Explain this mystery as soon as possible," she said, "Who are you and whose grave is this?"

"I am he that is represented to be buried here—Eustace Browning—who was, when a babe, allied in marriage to a cousin several years my senior—it being a mercenary object of our parents to keep the estates united. With my years, my detestation of my bride elect increased, and to escape the entreaties of my father, and every chance of being driven into so hated a relation, I put off to sea.—My father, to obtain vigilant assistance in reclaiming me, falsely accused me of a crime that sent officers in my pursuit. I had friends who kept me informed of the matter, and at last deceived my father with the report of my death at sea but a few miles off shore, and who brought my pretended body home during his absence, and had it immediately buried. He believed them, and so did the police, and I was saved an increase of misfortune. My father never came here, nor allowed the family to know the spot. Not long since, when I was far from here, I heard of my father's death, and Cousin Caroline's marriage, and so hastened home to my mother, who has been broken-hearted on my account. I had a curiosity to see my pretended grave, and my name on its stone. It was my steps that made you start [illegible] among these evergreens and drove you to discover this spot. I watched you, sweet one, and,"—

I shall [illegible] that he said, for then all that had seemed marvellous would be fully explained. You shall be spared the trite description of the loving embrace his mother gave her, their happy bridal, and the astonishment of the cowed old uncle, who would have gone on his knees to the Browxings. I am vexed with the common-place termination of their story, and almost wish, in [illegible] to Gracie, that Eustace Browning had been, verily, a ghost.

Rochester, N. Y., 1859.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 20, 11, 12, 19 was an eastern Emperor.

My 2, 19, 1, 11 denotes the seat of his power.

My 10, 6, 15, 19, 9 denotes the spirit he was said to be possessed of.

My 10, 6, 8, 18, 13 the awards he gave to the good and virtuous.

My 14, 9, 11, 7, 16, 5, 6 what many of his citizens preferred to be.

My 10, 6, 18, 11, 8, 18, 4, 15, 16, 19, 9 the feelings they entertained for his character, and that law which in honor governs my 1, 14, 17, 11, 3, and which caused my whole to be a prominent character in the history of this State and Nation.

My 11, 2, 19 is what I may have done in thinking this worth an insertion.

My whole was a distinguished lady, and, with a slight deduction, a distinguished gentleman.

New York, 1859. J. M. W.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A, B, and C start from the same place, at the same time, to travel around an island 78 miles in circumference. A travels 6 miles per day; B 10; C 16. When will they next be together? Trifler.

Kalamo, Eaton Co., Mich., 1859.

☞ Answer in two weeks. 36h 30 min

ANSWER TO PRIZE RIDDLE IN NO. 476.

The answer to our Riddle in No. 476 is Declivity. Half of the first syllable is D, 500—CLIV, the second "judiciously combined," is 150—from IX, X—take I, and a "full round score" is made, XX, 20—and the final *ty* taken from three-score-and-ten, seventy, leaves 7. The first three correct answers were from Byron Annin of Cayuga, Orett L. Munger, of Penn Yan, and P. L. Nelson of Lakeville—all in N. Y. State—who have been "booked" for the Rural as offered. We have received over two hundred answers, many of them in rhyme, and very amusing. Regret that want of space precludes us from giving a few samples.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 477.

Answer to Algebraical Problem:—20 bushels oats at 50 cents; 15 bushels peas at $1 00; 10 bushels barley at 75 cents; 12 bushels buckwheat at 63 cents.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—General Lafayette.

Answer to Grammatical Enigma:—If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.

An error in print promised the solution of our Premium Rebus the present week—it will be given, as originally intended in our next issue.

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No. 11. For Female Irregularities—Scanty, Painful or Suppressed Periods.
No. 12. Female Pills—For Leucorrhœa, Profuse Menses and Bearing Down.
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C.—For Catarrh, of long standing or recent, either with obstruction or profuse discharge.
W. C.—For Whooping-Cough, abating its violence and shortening its course.

In all Acute Diseases, such as Fevers, Inflammations, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Croup, Rheumatism, and such eruptive diseases as Scarlet Fever, Measles and Erysipelas—the advantage of giving the proper remedies promptly is obvious, and in all such cases the specifics act like a charm. The entire disease is often arrested at once, and in all cases the violence of the attack is moderated, the disease shortened and rendered less dangerous. Even should a physician afterwards have to be called, he will take the case at decided advantage from the previous treatment.

Colds and Coughs, which are of such frequent occurrence, and which so often lay the foundation of diseased lungs, bronchitis and consumption, may all be at once cured by the Fever and Cough Pills

In all Chronic Diseases, such as Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Piles, Female Debility and Irregularities, old Headache, Sore or Weak eyes, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, and other old eruptions, the case has specifics, whose proper application will afford a cure in almost every instance. Often the cure of a single chronic difficulty, such as Dyspepsia, Piles, or Catarrh, Headache, or Female Weakness, has more than paid for the case ten times over.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.—A gentleman, well known in this City, in at our office, remarked: "Your COUGH PILLS have been of great value at our house this Winter.—In every instance when one of the family has taken a cold, three or four doses of the COUGH and FEVER PILLS, given in alternation, have entirely cured the case in a day or two. The case has already paid for itself several times over."

COUGHS AND COLDS.—A gentleman, a public lecturer, took a severe cold the latter part of last month, while traveling and lecturing in northern Pennsylvania, though addressing public audiences every evening, yet in two days, by the aid of the Specific he was entirely recovered, and enabled to pursue his avocation without inconvenience. No public speaker should be without them.

BAD COLD.—A married lady of forty had taken a violent cold, which settled on her lungs, causing severe cough, pain in the side and considerable fever and hoarseness. Such colds were usually very hasting and troublesome, but by taking the Specific Cough Pills four times per day, in three days she was entirely well.

Chronic Catarrh.—A clergyman in a neighboring village had suffered for many years from an obstinate Catarrh, which had resisted all attempts for a cure. The obstruction and discharge from the nose was constant, destroying both taste and smell; and at times even interfering, from the change of voice, with his public ministrations. Almost in despair he commenced the use of our Catarrh Specific, and after the use of only a few pills—one every night—found himself improved; and ere he had used an entire box, could consider himself entirely well.

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2. A young lady of 26 had been troubled with indigestion for several months, so as to render great care necessary in the selection of her food. After eating, the stomach became acid, food rising in her mouth with water, and unpleasant, heavy load like sensation in her stomach, continuing some hours, frequently headache, bowels constipated, and a depressed mental condition. She commenced taking the Dyspepsia Pills, one morning and night, and in less than a week almost every symptom of her disease had vanished, and she felt like a new being.

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No family should be without these [illegible] They are the only remedies [illegible] and private use. With them the [illegible] prepared against the first approach of disease, and can meet it at the [illegible] and [illegible] day. A trifle of medicine [illegible] that much by delay can only be [illegible] hours of suffering, if at all. With these at hand, [illegible] of that distant as well [illegible] save luxury, a doctor [illegible] blistered, or bled, but may yourself [illegible] specific, and restore the ruddy current of life again to [illegible] and joy. There cannot only no injury arise in any case [illegible] their use, but the general influence upon the [illegible] beyond all question is most beneficial

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VOL. X. NO. 12.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1859. {WHOLE NO. 480.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal, rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

Sorghum Growing.

WILL you inform me something about raising and cultivating the Chinese Sugar Cane? I live on the line of 44 degrees north latitude. I wish to know whether it has been successfully grown as far north? Also, what kind of soil is best adapted, what quantity of seed to the acre, and where seed can be obtained, and at what price? How much seed in each hill, how far apart in the rows, the proper distance between the hills, and the proper way to cultivate?—A SUBSCRIBER, *Hope, Durham Co., C. W.*, 1859.

I WOULD like to inquire through the RURAL whether it would be advisable or not to plant the Chinese Sugar Cane seed in new ground? Is it best to plant in hills, or drill it?—J. S., *Wells Co., Ind.*, 1859.

CULTIVATORS differ as to the best distance to plant. Some plant in rows, six inches apart in the row, and the rows four feet. Others plant in hills, leaving three or four stalks in each hill, making the hills 1½ feet apart one way, and four feet the other, so as to cultivate one way with a horse.—Still others plant in hills 3½ feet apart, and cultivate both ways. The Sorghum requires soil and culture similar to corn, and those who grow good corn, need not fail in growing Sugar Cane, either as regards soil, climate, or culture. Less than two pounds of seed will plant an acre, and the cost is about 25 cents per pound. It can be obtained of the seedsmen of this city, and we suppose of most persons who deal in seeds.

Water Rams.

I AM anxious to learn all I can about *Water Rams*, as I have everything on hand to start one, but from some reported failures, from stoppages, I have not yet had courage to set it going. Air is said to get into the chamber, causing the bursting of the pipe, sometimes. —D. J., *Oneida Co. N. Y.*, 1859.

ON the matter inquired of by our correspondent, we have the following interesting communication from one who describes the difficulty and the remedy. Another subscriber in Genesee county, who has a ram now in successful operation, after having encountered and overcome several difficulties, promises us a detailed account of his operations. We hope all who have had experience will give us facts that we may lay them before our readers:

MESSRS. EDS.:—Having observed in the RURAL of the past year, several inquiries and articles on the subject of raising water, by the ram, I have concluded to present to the RURAL, for publication, some of my experience in the premises. Some three years since, I built a house about thirty rods from a spring and sixty-six feet above it. I depended on raising the water by a ram. Had read a prize essay on the subject by J. J. THOMAS, published in the Transactions of the New York State Agricultural Society. Supposed of course the authority to be good. Soon found the tormented thing to be more of a *bore* than a *ram*. The great failing of writers on agricultural implements generally, appears to be to tell all their good qualities, and say nothing of their imperfections. At any rate, it proved to be so in this instance. There was an abundant supply of good water. I took five feet fall, and thirty-three feet of one and one-fourth inch lead pipe for supply pipe. Gave $16 for an instrument, and used 3-8 lead pipe to convey the water. Dug my ditches deep, and put all together in a workmanlike manner, as I supposed, and set it at work.

I had, in the mean time, learned that they had their faults, and one in particular was that the air chamber would fill with water, when the ram would fail to throw water, and if there was head enough on, would burst somewhere. Mr. THOMAS said nothing about this. I soon found that mine would fill once in twenty-four hours. I found myself in a fine fix, and was obliged to go thirty rods, plug up my feed pipe and draw off the water in the air chamber every day. This was worse than any I had become acquainted with. It appears they generally run from a week to a month. My ram had run but a few days when the supply-pipe began to burst—when the vent was very small, it would run without filling up, but would soon get so large that it would stop running. After bursting and being mended five or six times, with the same results, in about two years I was obliged to abandon it.

After the ram had lain useless part of the last season, in the month of October, I went to an iron works, and there found a wrought iron pipe of the proper size, and got thirty feet; cost eight and one-half dollars, (the expense in the first place was about fifty dollars.) The iron pipe is what is called gas pipe, and is in pieces about twelve feet long, connected by a socket nut. I laid down this pipe immediately after getting it, and it has run now some four months. The filling up can be obviated by making a vent in the feed-pipe near the ram, but this is an impediment to the run of the ram, especially where the head is not more than two or three feet. Let us hear from all your correspondents, who can throw any light on the subject, their views, as to the best mode of preventing the filling up of the air chamber.—W. R., *Moravia, Cayuga Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

Hungarian Grass.

I WISH to find out more concerning Hungarian Grass Seed. One subscriber to your paper says it is a failure in this part of the country. But perhaps he did not have pure seed. The only fear the farmers have here is that the seed would not start soon enough to get ahead of the weeds. What I wish to know is, how long will it be coming up?—and will sprouting the seed do any good? Every farmer in this section is afraid to purchase seed, and some condemn it as a hoax. Now, I should like to sow one acre if I thought it could be relied upon. This acre is a clover sod, but very thin, somewhat rolling, fair to the sun, and has been manured. Which will pay the best, a crop of corn or a crop of Honey Blade Hungarian Grass seed?—WM. P. C., *Minisink, Orange Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

IF the Hungarian Grass grows as rapidly and as rank here as at the West, it will smother the weeds. From what we know of it we are satisfied it requires a strong, rich, deep soil, and we have no doubt will prove much better adapted to the rich prairies of the West than to the lands of Orange county. Still, it is worthy of trial. Try a little and if it fails the loss will be small and the knowledge gained valuable. The *Honey Blade*, as it is called by those who have it to sell, is nothing more nor less than the common Hungarian Grass. So we have good reason to believe.

Growing Onions.

WILL you, or some of your readers, through the RURAL, give me some information as to the culture of Onions? What kind of soil will they flourish on, whether it should be rich or poor; and, if manure is required, what fertilizers are best? Is guano or hen manure good; and will either effect the destruction of weeds, as sometimes reported? How should the ground be prepared? Should it be laid out, or is it as well on dry soils for the surface to remain level? How early in the spring should the seed be put in the ground, and will the frosts of the last of April and of May affect the plants, if up? How far apart should the drills be, and how thick should the seed be sown? What will it cost per acre to raise and harvest them where the wages of laborers are seventy cents per day? What is the usual produce per acre, and how should they be harvested? How long will they keep sound, if secure from the frost in good cellars? Also, when are they ready for market, and what is the usual price per bushel?—A YOUNG FARMER, *Sparta, Liv. Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

THE onion requires a very rich soil and thorough culture to secure a good crop, and a poor crop will not pay the cost of weeding, &c. The best soil is a good, deep loam, though they will grow on a stiff clay, if it is well pulverized, or even on a very sandy loam, if it is enriched. Hog manure is excellent for growing onions, and in the absence of this, *well rotted* stable manure should be used.—Use no manure in which you have reason to believe there are many foul seeds. Guano is an admirable manure, nothing better, and hen manure is the next thing to it. These two manures will not *destroy* weeds, unless used in such quantities as to destroy the crop also, but they are free from the seed of weeds, and therefore when using these you are not sowing a foul crop, as is often the case when using manures from the stable. Make the surface of the soil as fine and smooth as possible, and free from stones. Then sow with a drill or by hand, making the rows just wide enough to hoe conveniently, say twelve or fourteen inches, and the plants four or five inches apart in the rows. Of course the seed cannot be sown very precisely, but this can be regulated in thinning out. Sow the seed as soon as the ground is dry enough to work, which will usually be in this section the latter part of April. Frost will not injure the onion. The cost of taking care of an acre of onions depends much upon the condition of the soil for cleanliness, and the general management, so that we will not even give a guess there at. The average product of an acre of onions is from 150 to 200 barrels, and we think they never sell for less than $1 per barrel in New York, and generally for more than double this price. They are now worth about $3. If well harvested, and kept in a very dry cellar, or in an upper room where they will not freeze hard, they will keep well until warm weather.

THE TEST CHESS EXPERIMENT.

ED. RURAL NEW-YORKER—*Dear Sir:* As you have from the first taken a deep interest in this Experiment, and are well acquainted with all the parties, it is due to you to make a brief statement of the case and its result, as reported to the State Agricultural Society by the Committee.

It is not an uncommon opinion among our farmers, that Wheat, sown in the fall, especially in wet situations, will be changed by being winter-killed, or by some unknown cause, into Chess.—Such an opinion is not known to exist, in the wheat-growing countries of England, France, Germany, &c.

In the hope of solving this problem, Col. BENJ. HODGE, of Buffalo, offered to the State Agricultural Society (through the RURAL NEW-YORKER,) a premium of one hundred dollars for proof, satisfactory to a Committee appointed by its officers, of such transmutation of Wheat into Chess.

An intelligent and successful Farmer, near Rochester, and of excellent character, (recently deceased,) proposed to the Society to make the proof, and demanded the appointment of the Committee by whom the decision was to be given. In the Summer of 1857, J. J. THOMAS of Union Springs, L. B. LANGWORTHY of Greece, practical agriculturists, and C. DEWEY of the University of Rochester, were selected as the Committee.

On account of the strong opposing views in the farming interest on this subject, the Committee determined to make the experiment as clear and decisive as possible. To prevent all mistake arising from the earth used, they made two conditions:—1st, That the earth should be boiled in water for two hours that any and all seeds in it might be destroyed; and 2d, That the earth should be put into a box or pan of adequate depth and size, that the wheat sown might be isolated. The Farmer accepted these conditions, and the Committee agreed to follow his directions.

To make the trial more satisfactory, four pans of the prepared earth or soil were taken, one by each of the Committee, and the other by the Farmer himself. The experiments were thus made at a distance of several miles from each other.

The wheat was sown or planted in September, part in the unshelled heads and part in the seed alone, both furnished by the Farmer.

The course of vegetation had no peculiarity; but the wheat plants were crushed down to the earth several times in the autumn, according to the Farmer's directions, and in the spring again, by loosening the earth to break in at the roots, the whole being exposed to the action of all the elements from the sowing of the seed to the maturity of the plants in July, 1858.

One result appeared in each of the four experiments:—*Wheat, and only Wheat, was grown.* The Committee sent me their written result, and the Farmer, while viewing my twenty-five heads of wheat only, stated the complete failure of his own experiment to produce any Chess.

The experiment seems to have been perfectly conducted on the principles proposed by the Farmer. The result will confirm those who believe that Chess always vegetates from its own seed in the earth, and from nothing else, on the principle declared of old, "The earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding fruit after his kind."

In a previous experiment, in 1856-7, the same Farmer, without any precautions to destroy all seeds in the earth used, sowed his wheat, and found Chess growing with his wheat. On tracing each Chess-plant into the earth by carefully removing the soil, he found each one growing distinctly by itself as if springing from separate seed, that is, no root of Chess grew united to the roots of the Wheat, or the roots of Wheat growing from or into those of Chess. Several gentlemen aided in this tracing of the roots, and all adopted the same conclusion. C. DEWEY.

NOTE.—It has been said that Winter Oats and Barley are also converted into Chess. One of the Committee, Mr. LANGWORTHY, tried the same experiment in the same careful way on Oats and Barley, and with the same result. He raised only Oats and Barley, with no appearance of Chess or any other plant. Let the seed be pure, and the soil destitute of the seeds of Chess, then the farmer may not expect to find any Chess in his crop. C. D.

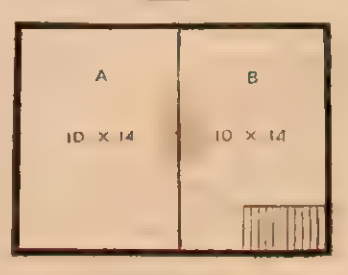
Rochester, March, 1859.

DESIGN FOR A CORN HOUSE.

MESSRS. EDS.:—In the RURAL of January 15th, H. B. H. asks for the plan of a Corn House that will be sure fire against rats and mice, and so constructed as to thoroughly cure newly husked corn. Inclosed I send you a sketch of the "Elevation" of one, with a granary, that suits me. It will admit of almost any required reduction or extension in size. It is 24 by 18 feet, posts 14 feet, which extend two feet below the floor, and rest on stone supports eight inches high, and sunk into the ground three feet. The studs, 2 feet apart, are set 1½ inches inside of face of the sills and posts, with strips of plank 2 by 4, notches cut in them in the form of a right-angled triangle, the base 1½ inches deep, the hypothenuse 5½ inches long, the perpendicular parallel with the face of the plank, one immediately above the other, nailed on the sides with the back corners of the notches even with the face of the studs. Clapboards, 6 inches wide, are nailed on the notches, with the lower edge extending ½ inch below the notch, and the upper edge of the clapboard in the next notch below; thus leaving a space of one inch between the two clapboards which admits plenty of air, and at the same time prevents the rain from blowing in upon the corn. The bins are 3 feet wide, extending both sides of the building—the floor does not extend under the bins—the bottom of the bins are formed of strips one inch thick and three inches wide, set edgewise, one inch apart. The doors should be hung with strap hinges—so that they can be taken off in the fall, and doors made of slats hung in their places, so as to admit of a free circulation of air through the building. The floor overhead is 1½ feet below the top of the plates, and the entrance to the upper story through the floor directly over the window, by means of a movable ladder.

The granary is in the center of the building, and is 6 feet wide by 18 feet long, with two partitions dividing it into three bins. It rises 2 feet above the upper floor, and extends down to within 6 feet of the lower floor. The grain is drawn up with a tackle hitched directly over the entrance to the upper story, emptied into the granary and is taken out by means of a slide at the bottom, where you want a movable pair of steps, 4 feet high, with the board on the top one foot wide. The entrance steps should be made and hung so that the door cannot be shut when they are down, but must be turned up into the building in order to close it thus avoiding the possibility of leaving it down for mice to run up. There should be a tin fender, 6 inches in width, nailed around each post, close to the sill, projecting downwards. E. C. E.

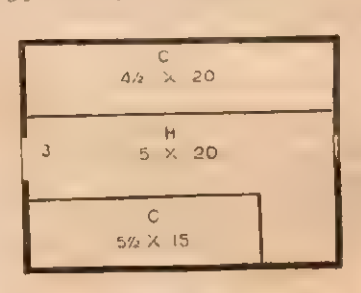
Clinton, N. Y., 1859.



GROUND PLAN.

A, Granary; B, Store-room.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Having noticed a call for a plan of a Corn House in the RURAL of January 15th, I send the following, which, perhaps, may meet the wants of some of your numerous subscribers, if not those of H. B. H. Considering, however, that H. B. H. is one of the few that believe in the saying of a certain writer, that *"What is worth doing at all is worth doing well,"* we will commence by laying a good stone wall in lime mortar, (which will not be a good harbor for rats and mice,) and on this wall place sills of sound, hard wood, with a rabbit of an inch and a half depth, in order to admit plank 1½ inches thick. (The plank should be hard wood.) Over this may be used clapboards, or (what is more fashionable now days,) boards up and down, battening the cracks. The floor may be laid with good, sound hemlock boards, 1 inch thick, jointed and laid double. It should be ceiled with well-seasoned hemlock boards, matched and well put together. The height between lower and upper floors 6½ feet—the same above the second floor to the plates. The granary, A, may be cut up into bins, to suit the taste of the owner. The store-room, B, will be found very convenient for barrels and boxes, for keeping fall fruit, &c. A small box stove would be of some service in the drying process, especially in damp weather.



SECOND PLAN.

C, C, Corn-cribs; H, Hall.

The plan of the second floor gives you a crib, C, the whole length of the building upon one side, and on the other, is a crib, C, part way, leaving sufficient room to go up and down stairs. At one end of the alley we have a door of sufficient size to admit of large boxes of corn, which may be drawn up by means of a pulley in the ridge above. At the opposite end a large window for light, and also for a draught of air. At the figure 3, in the alley, should be a screen fixed in the floor coarse enough to let shelled corn through; over this may be placed the corn-sheller. The corn, after being shelled, passes through the screen into a conductor, (made tunnel-shape,) which empties it in a large bin below, leaving the cobs above. The front of the cribs should be made of slats in order to let in air. The corn may be taken from small doors, near the bottom of the cribs.

If this plan for a Corn House does not meet the wants of any of the farmers of Old Monroe, perhaps some other will. If not, I would recommend them to move right on in the good old way. They will then keep on good terms with the rats, mice, squirrels, &c. A SUBSCRIBER.

Cadiz, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., 1859.

EDS. RURAL:—In your issue of January 15th, H. B. H. asks for a plan of a Corn House. We have a cheap and convenient corn crib here, which was first introduced in this vicinity by J. W. STOCKING, of Barre. It is "sure fire against rats and mice," and gives general satisfaction. As I am not able to give any drawings, I will endeavor to describe the crib as plain as possible.

A crib, to hold about 1,000 bushels of ears, should be 12 feet wide and 24 feet long. It should stand on oak or cedar posts set 2 feet in the ground, and at least 2 feet above the surface at the highest part of the ground. The posts should be tapered towards the top so that a tin pan may be put on, bottom up, and fit snug. There should be eight posts—three under each side and one under the middle of each end sill. Frame the sills as for any other building of the same size, with a sufficient number of sleepers to make the floor firm. The floor may be made of plank, or inch boards laid double. The rest of the frame may be made of 3 by 4 scantling. A bent is made by framing the rafters on the top

of the post or side pieces, which may be done by making a gain in the rafter one inch deep, and a similar one at the top of the post, locking them together and nailing, or by a mortice in the rafter and tenon on the top of the post, framing and nailing the rafters at the top in the usual manner, and the bent is ready to put up. The posts should be 7½ feet high from the floor, and framed so as to lean out, one foot on each side, making the building 2 feet wider at the eaves than the bottom. The posts should be 8 feet apart from center to center. Nail narrow boards on the rafters for collar beams, to keep the building from spreading and to nail the top of the scantling to for the inside of the cribs. The inside posts should stand perpendicular, 3 feet from the outside at the bottom, which will make a crib on each side 24 feet long, 3 feet wide at the bottom and 4 feet wide at the top, leaving an alley in the middle 6 feet wide. Board up the sides with narrow stuff. If the boards are 4 inches wide, leave half an inch space between the boards—if 6 inches wide, leave three-fourths of an inch space. Board the ends up and down, using narrow boards and leaving spaces at the ends of the cribs. Use narrow boards on the inside of the cribs also. The eaves should project over so as to keep out driving s[illegible]

From 8 to 10 feet of the back end of the alley may be made into a bin to put shelled corn into—the front boards made to slip in between two cleats so they can be put in or taken out as occasion requires. In the fall the alley may be used the whole length to put corn in before it is sorted, and be a good place to sort in. In the spring the corn may be shelled and prepared for market under the same roof, and, by using a hand sheller, it may be done in bad weather and stored in the bin so that it is ready whenever wanted to use or sell.

Care should be taken that nothing is left standing or leaning against the crib for rats or mice to run up on, also to prevent weeds growing up within reach of the crib.

Now, I think the inquiry of H. B. H. is answered as far as a Corn House is concerned—a granary should be a separate building, for the simple reason that a crib should be made open, and a granary tight. I may have something more to say in relation to a granary another time. F.

Orleans Co., N. Y., 1859.

NATIVE CATTLE.

There is weight in the remarks of Mr. J. W. Proctor, in the Rural of Feb. 12th, and for one I am inclined to consider our native cattle much more valuable for our climate and our agriculture, than many seem to admit them to be. I doubt not that improvement results from crossing the native with the blooded animal; but which race is most improved, is a hard matter for me to determine, as the offspring is not unfrequently superior to either parent.

In one way blooded cattle are indeed a blessing—they require better care than the native—more tender treatment—hence, have a tendency to make their producers better farmers, leading them also to read the papers, to learn what is said against their favorite *blooded stock*.

In our knowledge of cattle-buying, for fattening purposes or the city markets, we have never seen any difference made in favor of any blood, or breed, or race, for those specialities, attention only being paid to size and form. If it is a fact that some other breed is decidedly better to take on flesh than the native, or infinitely superior to them for milk—the one laying on a greater value of flesh from a given amount of food; the other producing more butter on the same keeping in a given time—we should know it. The keepers of these animals should make their announcements with facts and figures.

Scores of animals are sold at high prices, solely on account of their pedigree. What is the object of the farmer buying them? Why, to grow cattle for market—not New York city—but to supply the demand for blooded cattle. It is a paying business, but displace the native, and let the *Ayrshires* or *Durhams* alone be raised, and we should have just as many and as forcible arguments for crossing the prevailing or blooded stock with the native, to improve it, as we now have the other way.

The facts are, we have got a good hardy stock of animals now; fattening in summer on what we cannot afford to gather, and standing the winter finely in the lee of last year's badly piled straw stacks. I doubt if we should gain by exchanging them for any one breed in Christendom, unless in changing stock we changed farmers.

The truth is, the workman is known by his chips—the loafer by his habits—and the good farmer by his practice. When a farmer is ready, willing, and competent to take charge of a herd of improved cattle, if he cannot buy them he can raise them to his liking, and that without depending entirely upon the masculine and feminine planets of the Herd-Book Constellation.

What course could be adopted better calculated to utterly exterminate a race of cattle than that pursued by our cattle breeders since the settlement of this country—especially here at the West. The female is depended upon almost universally to perpetuate the species. Males are seldom kept more than two years, as after that time they are likely to be unruly, hence our entire stock of cattle, without one exception in a hundred, are the offspring of an undeveloped male. What other race would have borne such a test as this so well?

The advantages derived from crossing natives with improved breeds are very great, but we shall consider the natives the base, or foundation, to work upon in all our operations, esteeming the improved native superior to the full-blood animal for practical purposes. W. H. Gardner.

Amboy, Ill., 1859.

Beans for Stock, &c.—Having read in the Rural the inquiries of your Dansen subscriber in regard to feeding beans, I thought I would reply. About six weeks since I commenced feeding my store sheep beans. I fed my lock which consists of about one hundred head—about twelve quarts per day, and they are thriving very finely. I am firm in the belief that the above stated amount of beans is equal to one bushel of corn. Will some of your subscribers please say what is the cost of a warm house and hog pen constructed expressly for feeding, about twenty hogs, the expenses, &c.—A Subscriber, Rome, Mich., 1859.

"WILL KEEPING SHEEP PAY!"

Eds. Rural:—Having noticed the statements of several gentlemen taking the affirmative of this question, I take pleasure in furnishing my testimony, which is not in the least exaggerated, although stronger than that of others.

The profits of sheep husbandry are varied very much by circumstances, i. e., climate, soil, and manner of treatment; but especially are they varied by the breed of sheep which is kept. My experience with sheep teaches me that the New Leicestershire breed is the most profitable for our latitude, and that the cheapest mode of keeping any flock, is to provide them with good shelter, and to feed them sufficiently high to maintain an *even, good* condition, throughout the year.

In November, 1856, I obtained in Canada, seven Leicestershire ewes and one ram. The following season ('57) I sold from them as follows:

Lambs and Wool to the amount of	$145 63
In 1858 do. do.	98 85
Have on hand eight lambs and three yearlings	275 00
	$[illegible]
Average income per sheep each year	$[illegible]

To those who may remark that I put the price of my lambs too high, I would say that I have sold lambs of this stock for forty dollars each, and have refused thirty dollars for a lamb now in my possession. G. M. Peck.

East Bethany, N. Y., 1859.

Messrs. Eds:—Noticing the responses on this important subject, in the Rural, and looking over my memorandum, I thought I would relate a little of my experience in sheep-keeping. I think *it will pay*. I wintered fifteen ewes last winter, on hay alone, which sheared 5¾ pounds of wool per head, which I sold for 36 cents per pound. These ewes brought me 22 lambs—one of them having two lambs, seemed to have a decided preference for one, and a total disregard for the other, which I did not notice till it was too late to save him, but I raised 21 fine lambs—for which I have been offered $4 each. This result is very satisfactory to me, of course, but I did not think worthy of newspaper record until I saw the statements of Messrs. Whitmore, Taber and Graves, whose average yield is $4,62½, $7,00, and $5,10, respectively. Now, for the figures in my experiment:—Eighty pounds of wool sold at 36 cents, is $28,80. Twenty-one lambs not sold, (and I do not mean to sell them at the offer of $4,00 per head,) is $84,00, making the product of the fifteen sheep $112,80, or an average yield of $7,52 per head. My sheep are supposed to be nearly full blood Merino—can't say whether Spanish or French. Wm. I. Kip.

Macedon, N. Y., 1859.

A MISSOURI EPISTLE.

Eds. Rural:—A few items, from this section, may not be destitute of interest to some of your readers, especially those whose limited means, youth, and enterprise conspire to turn their tho'ts Westward. I am too recently from the Valley of the Genesee to be very enthusiastic in my opinion of the West, but there are some advantages too palpable to be overlooked.

The geographical position of this State, its fertile soil, mild and healthy climate, and exhaustless mineral deposits, combine to furnish the elements of wealth in great abundance, affording a promising field for the investment of labor, and capital. I speak of the farming interest as being most interesting to you. A ready market, and remunerating prices are furnished in this city. The range of choice of crops is extended by the great staples hemp, tobacco, and the grape, which can hardly be cultivated successfully in a latitude above 40°.—The difference between seven months foddering, and four, is a very important advantage to the stock-raiser.

The soil of Missouri is well adapted to all kinds of grain and fruits. I daily see apples in market, that would be thought extra fine in Rochester.—The broken country in the south, is said to present the same characteristics as the wine districts of Europe.

A very great inducement to a poor man, is the cheapness of lands. Prices range from 12½ cents, under the Graduation act, up to any sum fancy or speculation may determine, but quality and price have no connexion.

Times are called hard, but nothing to be compared with what is experienced in other States.—Business in this city is quite dull at present, compared to what it was two months since. Prospects for a person seeking a salaried situation are very poor—no one should come in search of such until the business season opens. R. E. McMath.

St. Louis, Mo., Jan., 1859.

ANOTHER POTATO EXPERIMENT.

Eds. Rural:—In reply to an inquiry by W., in your paper of Feb. 12th, I am happy to state my experience has been very different from his. In the spring of 1856, I sowed some seed, taken from balls of door-yard potatoes, but being sown too thick, afterwards transplanted some of the plants, from which I obtained my nicest potatoes, the largest being slightly more than two inches in diameter,—many, however, were quite small. These were planted the next spring, producing at least twenty varieties, distinguishable from the others, each plant appearing to have produced a different kind. Only three of the varieties giving promise of any real improvement, I planted the whole the ensuing spring, (1858,) and was not disappointed in digging to find that but three varieties had met my expectations, and these I am carefully preserving for another trial. In their appearance they are entirely distinct—one much resembling the door-yard ball, from which it sprung, except being lighter colored inside and out,—another is a longish potato, of a reddish-yellow skin, very white and mealy when cooked,—the other is round and white, with a red, sunken eye, and very nice for the table. They were exempt from the rot, with which old varieties, planted by their side, were considerably affected. I have about eight bushels of these three varieties, and should my next experiment prove as successful as I have reason to hope, you will again hear from me. S. Snyder.

Etna, Tompkins Co., N. Y., 1859.

CHEESE-MAKING.

Last September "A Subscriber" made some inquiries about cheese-making, and I have waited for some of our experienced cheese-makers to send on the desired information, but, as they do not, I will answer some of his questions.

The *Rennets*.—I do not save the curd in the rennets, and to avoid having much in them, I put the calf away from the cow about twelve hours before killing; there will then be but little curd, what there is, take out carefully and throw away. Do not wash the inside of the rennets, but salt well and stretch on a crotched stick, then hang them up to dry where it will not be too hot for them. It is generally believed that rennets a year old make milder cheese than those of less age.

To *Prepare the Rennet*, take ten gallons of water about milk-warm, put in ten rennets, add a little salt to keep them sweet, soak about two days, rub them well a number of times while soaking to get out the strength, then take them out, salt and dry again for future use. Strain the liquor into a tub or jar, put in a little more salt than will dissolve; take a small bag and put in four ozs. of cloves; four ozs. of cinnamon; a handful of sage, and four or five lemons, cut into with a knife, tie up and drop into the liquor. Stir before dipping out each time, and keep in a cool place. Put enough rennet into the milk to have it ready to cut up in thirty or forty minutes, the milk to be from 84 to 88 degrees heat when set.

Cheese Cutter.—It makes but little difference what kind of cutter is used, provided it has a smooth and rather sharp edge—wire cutters have been used generally about here. A four-bladed knife, just coming into use, is said to work well—with any kind we have to stir the curd with the hand while scalding to keep it from settling and adhering.

For heating milk or whey I use a dairy stove and tin heater. After the whey is sufficiently heated, dip it on to the curd gradually—be from fifteen to twenty minutes raising the heat to 100 or 105 degrees. No particular length of time can be given for scalding. When hard enough it will squeak between your teeth when chewed.

Before *salting, drain well*. When I intend to take the cheese to market from, three to six weeks old, I put a teacup, or six and a half ounces of salt to twenty pounds of cheese—when to be kept through the summer, the same quantity of salt to seventeen pounds. Keep the curd fine in the sink. Press about twenty-four hours, turning twice during the time. As to the amount of weight for pressing, it makes but little difference—if the cheese is worked fine and cooked enough, there will be no trouble in getting out the whey. The above rules are intended for summer cheese. For spring or hay cheese, when the weather is cold, the milk must be about 90° when set, but scald from 94° to 98°, and, if you wish to cure quick for market, salt light—a cup full to 22 or 23 pounds.

Newport, Herkimer, Co., N. Y. Geo. Graves.

HEATING WATER FOR SCALDING HOGS.

Messrs. Eds:—In a late issue of the Rural a friend in Illinois gives his method of heating water for scalding hogs. His plan may be an improvement over the old system of heating rocks for that purpose, but here, in Buckeyedom, where we raise and kill hogs for amusement, we have discovered a better way, and, as the Rural is a medium of communication, I will just give my plan. I, too, substitute metal in the place of rock, but I have it in a different shape from that of our Illinois friend. His cast-iron, I presume, is solid, mine is hollow, of an oblong form, holding about 50 gallons, with cap screwed on, making a snug steam boiler, neatly set in a furnace. From this boiler there is a pipe of vulcanized rubber, into a box or tub—mine is a kind of vat made of very heavy plank, two feet deep, two feet wide, and six feet long—in which I prepare my pig feed, throw my corn meal, pumpkins, potatoes, &c., and by means of the steam cook it into a mush; and, believe me, the pigs are fond of it. That it agrees with them is evidenced by their thrift. When my pigs get to be respectable porkers, and butchering-day comes, I fill this vat sufficiently full of water, and by the application of steam, raise it to scalding heat—no handling or dipping of hot water. Here you have all the facilities for scalding of a regular slaughter-house. After my hogs are neatly dressed and cut up, I take the top off my steamer, and I have as fine a kettle as need be for rendering lard, &c., and all at a moderate expense.

Beaseville, Ohio, 1859. A. Douglass.

CHEAP AND GOOD BAROMETER.

Messrs. Eds:—In the Rural of the 5th inst., I notice that Wm. Shaw says "a truthful and cheap barometer may be made by taking a clean glass bottle and putting in it a small quantity of finely pulverized alum. Then fill up the bottle with spirits of wine. The liquid will be clear in fine weather and rily in foul."

I would say, that the undissolved gum in a camphor bottle and some other substances, will act in a similar manner. I once purchased some anise seed oil, and filled the vial in which it was, with spirits; but it did not hold enough to cut it all. In foul weather it was generally cloudy, and in fine it was clear. I thought it was quite as good an indicator of the weather as the camphor bottle. Now, will Mr. Shaw, *or some other person*, tell us *why* these substances are "riled" at times, and then, again, are perfectly clear? They certainly seem to be disturbed in foul weather more than at other times,—and, according to my observation for the last three or four years, indicate the weather quite accurately. I don't remember of ever seeing the camphor bottle muddy-looking, except in cloudy or stormy weather. I have sometimes thought it was nearly as useful as a mercurial barometer to persons unskilled in the use of one. Let us hear from the wiser ones on the subject. S.

Earlville, N. Y., 1859.

Correspondents will please let "patience have its perfect work"—the many favors received will find place in Rural columns just as speedily as space permits.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Truths for Farmers.

A recent number of the *Country Gentleman* contains an article addressed to farmers, by John Johnston, Esq., one of the most successful agriculturists in the State, that presents some facts which are deserving of special consideration. After speaking of the exhausting process of over-cropping, by which much of the land has been so impoverished as to scarcely pay the cost of tillage, he proceeds as follows:

"Since I can recollect, the farming in England and Scotland was conducted with far less intelligence than it ever was in this country since I have lived here. Then their rents were a mere trifle. It needed little enterprise or intelligence to raise it; but as population increased, rents increased rapidly, and farmers had to use their brains as well as their hands, to pay their rents and their yearly increasing taxes. Sixty years ago, if their cattle could rise with the help of man, when grass was about coming, they considered them fairly wintered; but every time that their rents were raised, they reduced their stock of cattle and sheep, and kept those they had so much better; and as the rents still advanced, they commenced the turnip husbandry, collecting everything that would make manure, and finally imported bones from the continent, where the farmers where less provident, and even bones were exported from this country to help to fertilize the fields of Great Britain.

"Sixty years ago the farmers in Great Britain sowed seven to eight bushels of oats to the acre, and reaped twenty—sowed five or six of wheat, and reaped fifteen. Now they sow about four of oats, and reap from forty to eighty—they sow about three of wheat, and raise from twenty-five to fifty. Manure—nothing but manure has made the change. No cultivation will make either good crops of grain or grass, if the material is not in the land to make it. Now we have got to follow their course, or else do much worse, for it must be evident to every thinking farmer, that the farming community has far less capital in their broad acres than they had thirty years ago; and it would have been much better in the land with the mass, than where it now is. I don't pretend to say that all farmers have so reduced their land, but I do say a very large majority have, and I advise them to pause, think what they are doing, and what will be the consequence if they continue the same system of farming for the next thirty years. Now, for the remedy. Cultivate far less land; manure highly; keep the stock, whether sheep or cattle, far better. I will have thirty tons of oil-cake fed out, since the 20th of last November, by the 15th of May, besides corn and buckwheat not a little. Every farmer must ultimately feed better, to make more and better manure."

Manure is Money.

In a recent article under the above caption, the editor of the *Connecticut Homestead* remarks:—"We are becoming daily more impressed with the belief that prices of farm produce are to be very high next fall and winter. We have had some talk within six months on the question, whether or no Connecticut produces food enough for her population. It is idle to argue the point—she does not. Our markets are supplied from the West, and if prices rule high there, they will here, of course. Therefore the higher they are and more we raise, the two-fold gain to the State is increased in a great ratio. No man doubts that with better culture, the corn crop, of this county for instance, might be doubled, to the detriment of no other crop, not even tobacco. * * * We believe that our way to wealth lies in supplying this hungry market here at our very doors; aye, literally, at our doors, for the buyers will take almost anything we have to sell, and come after it, too.

"We have had experience enough, all of us, to know that to make crops we must use manure; that to use manure we must either have a bank vault to draw upon, or we must make manure; and that to make manure the chief thing is stock, and the next thing is *care* of their excrements.—Now, in order to keep stock, we must make provision for them of hay, grain, corn-fodder, roots, millet, or something of the kind. In order to have the stock to make the manure to feed the crops to supply the market, we must *spare the calves*. For we hold that the manure of neat stock is the one indispensable article of the kind, the universal manure of the farmer. Horse, hog, hen manure are each good, and worth more in some circumstances; but on the farm, and for all uses, nothing can compare with that of neat stock.

"Let us urge farmers to plan to raise this year more corn, and more roots, and more stock. This can be done on almost every farm in Connecticut—we are serious—it is true. Plow up a quantity of your sward land, and you can raise more corn. Sow corn for fodder, broadcast or in drills, or Hungarian grass, or Egyptian millet, and you will have dry fodder according to your utmost need. Sow sugar beets, carrots or ruta bagas, and you will not only supply yourself with a hay-saving crop, but one for which there is always a ready market."

Preserving Butter.

The *New Hampshire Jour. of Agriculture* says the farmers in the parish of Unda, county of Aberdeen, Scotland, practice the following method for curing their butter, which has obtained for it a great superiority over that of their neighbors:—Take two quarts of the best common salt, one ounce of sugar, and one ounce of saltpetre; take one ounce of this composition for one pound of butter; work it well into the mass, and close it up for use. The butter cured with this mixture appears of a rich and marrowy consistence, and fine color, and never acquires a brittle hardness, nor tastes salty. Dr. Anderson says:—"I have ate butter cured with the above composition that had been kept three years, and it was as sweet as at first." But it must be noted that butter thus cured requires to stand three weeks or a month before it is used. If it is sooner opened, the salts are not sufficiently blended with it, and sometimes the coolness of the nitre will be perceived, which totally disappears afterwards. The above is worthy the attention of every dairy woman.

Agricultural Miscellany.

The Monroe Co. Ag'l Society is to hold its next Annual Horse Show on the 4th of July, and the general Fall Exhibition on the 28th, 29th and 30th of September.

Norman Stallion Wanted.—"A Subscriber" at Clinton, N. Y., wishes to know where he can find a full bred Norman stallion for purchase or hire. We cannot say. Had he given his name any reader having one could have written him on the subject.

A Good "Native" Cow.—A subscriber at Fairport, in this Co. (who ought to have authenticated the statement by giving his real name,) writes us that he proposed to his wife to set the milk of his native cow, (of medium size) for one week, and churn the cream.—The result was 15 lbs. and 10 oz. of butter. The cow is fed on dry hay, though her milk, after skimming, is given her to drink. He adds that there are many cows in the vicinity that would sell for more money, on account of being grade or full-blood Durhams, but questions whether they will produce enough more butter on same kind of feed, to warrant the difference in price.

Large Beef—*Live and Dead Weight*.—The *Tribune* says the noted pair of fat beeves, exhibited at the State Fair by Jas. Farthing, of Buckeye, Lewis Co., N. Y., and given the live and dead weight as follows:—One weighed 2,920 pounds, made 1,596 pounds of beef, 315 pounds rough tallow, 117 pounds of hide. This shows a net weight of over 68 pounds per hundred live weight, New York estimation, and over 88 pounds Boston estimation. The other steer weighed, net, 2,060 pounds.—These steers were aged 4 years 6 months, and 4 years 7 months, full blood Durhams, raised by Cyrus Shelby, Kentucky, fed ten months by Mr. Farthing on 3 pecks of corn meal, 4 pecks of bran, and hay as much as they would eat.

The next Illinois State Fair is to be held at Freeport. The premium list amounts to $16,000. The premium of $5,000 is re-offered for Steam Plows—$3,000 for best, and $2,000 for the 2d best—to be awarded by the Executive Committee, together with Scientific Engineers and Machinists. The trial of Steam Plows to take place at the Fair at Freeport, which is to open Sept. 6th.

Farmers' Club, East Maine, (Broome Co.)—A friend writes that this Association—of which A. H. Greene, Esq., is President, and Robert Hood, Secretary—was formed last fall, and has had regular meetings through the winter, for discussions, which have been highly interesting to all. As Spring opens, the members, whose motto is "Always Ready," commence practicing what they have preached, and the advance they have made will not only be felt at home, but will be seen by travelers.

The Town Society of Galen, Wayne Co., N. Y., held its annual meeting at Clyde, on the 12th inst.—Officers elected:—*President*—Oscar Weed; *Vice Pres.*—Oliver Stratton; *Sec'y*—Jos. Watson; *Treas.*—Thos. Plumtree; *Librarian*—Moses Munn; *Directors* (for 3 years,)—Benj. Weed and M. Dayton. This Society is organized under the "General Law," has surplus funds on hand, a good Library of appropriate reading, and appointed the 15th of Sept. as time to hold a Fair at Clyde—with flattering prospects of "A Success."

A Union Ag. Society re-organized.—At a meeting of the Union Ag. Society, held in West Winfield, March 8th, it was resolved to re-organize—that the Society comprise the towns of Winfield, Columbia, and Litchfield, in Herkimer Co., Plainfield and Richfield in Otsego Co., and Bridgewater, in Oneida Co.,—and that it be called the "Winfield Union Ag. Society, and Philosophical Club." After adopting the old Constitution, the following officers were chosen:—*President*—Newton Willcox; *Vice President*—A. L. Fish; *Secretary*—J. A. Morgan; *Treasurer*—Hiram Brown; *Directors*—O. Babcock, Bridgewater; J. D. Eaton, Columbia; Anson Rider, Litchfield; William Brown, Plainfield; Alonzo Vosburgh, Richfield; Jonathan Jones, Winfield; *Town Secretaries*—J. B. Tuckerman, Bridgewater; Phillip Wilbur, Columbia; C. D. Faulkner, Litchfield; S. A. Chapman, Plainfield; Stiles Gray, Esq., Richfield; Roswell Morgan, Winfield. It was resolved that the Annual Fairs be located in Winfield, with permanent fixtures for five years, if suitable grounds can be obtained. After passing resolutions relative to public discussions—providing for advertising animals or articles offered by members for sale or exchange, (by recording in the books of Town Secretaries, &c.,)—and offering to the town which shall furnish the greatest number of members, a Banner to float over the show grounds on the day of the Fair, the Society adjourned. These proceedings indicate a desire to achieve decided "Progress and Improvement."

"Terra-Culture"—*Its "Professor" still Rampant!*—There's little use of killing some humbugs, for, after being effectually buried in one locality, they will "turn up" and flourish and fleece community a thousand miles distant. The Rural and other Ag. journals years ago exposed the fallacious theory of "*Prof.*" *Comstock*—the man who has been waiting so long for an ungrateful Republic to give him a million of dollars or less to disclose the mysteries of terra-culture—yet there are places in this "widely-extended country" where he "still lives," temporarily, and depletes the purses of the lovers of the marvelous. His "last appearance" was in the "Old Dominion," as we infer from a slip cut from a local paper and kindly sent us by a friend at Fairfax C. H., Va. In this slip the "Prof." is severe on the "learned Agricultural Editors of the North"—as indeed he well may be, for they have pretty effectually spiked his swindling swivel wherever their journals circulate. The Rural had the misfortune to open the warfare on terra-culture, and hence its irate "Professor" is particularly "down" on "Mr. Moore." He can't forget that the whole "secret" and wonderful "mystery" was first given in the Rural—nor that "Mr Moore" fearlessly exposed his subsequent forgery and falsehoods. But if he lied then, he now proves himself the father of liars, for the statements made relative to us, in the slip aforesaid, are utterly false and ridiculous. For instance, in reply to the charge that he forged our signature and placed it at the head of a list of sixty editors endorsing his theory, he says that "Moore's agent signed Moore's name," etc. Now, this is sheer "gammon"—for neither Moore, nor any agent of his, *ever signed anything endorsing terra-culture*. And the assertion that Moore "offered him $50 to write an article on the practice of terra-culture for his paper" is equally false and absurd, for we never offered him a penny, or even suggested the thing. On the contrary, we *refused to publish* what he desired on the subject, *though he offered us the gold for such service!* Thus, instead of our offering *him*, the offer was *from him*—which, according to our notion, is a "white horse of another color." But we forgive the hallucinated "Professor;" and not only that, we purpose to "return good for evil" by giving his portrait in the Rural in a week or two—a double view, as seen by hims If and also by the public. As to his theory, that is proved to be an egregious "sell," yet we may perhaps, in connection with the portrait, again "disclose the disclosures" for the benefit of our Virginia and other distant readers.

HORTICULTURAL.

SPRING AND SPRING WORK.

Spring weather is fairly with us. To-day (March 14th) the air is mild and balmy, and the thermometer marks 60°. *Snow Drops*, in warm situations, have been in flower for about ten days. The *Crocuses* are just beginning to show their golden flowers, and are doing a good deal to make the garden look gay and spring-like. The *Cloth of Gold* is a gem, on account of its earliness, and rich, golden color, relieved by a beautiful dark stripe.—Many persons destroy the effect of the *Crocus* and other early spring flowers, by neglecting to clear up their gardens until late in the season. With the walks all littered over, their edges ragged and overgrown with grass, and everything laying round in confusion, the pleasure that would be afforded by these bright harbingers of spring is lost.

The *Robins* made their appearance, we are told, about the 8th, but we first saw them on the 11th, and *Bluebirds* on the 12th.

The *Hot-Bed*, for the making and management of which we gave full directions in the last two numbers, should be attended to at once. Those who are not disposed to undertake the care of a *Hot-Bed*, can start celery, tomato and other plants for transplanting, as well as annual flowers, and also raise a few early radishes, lettuce, &c., in a *Cold Frame*, made as directed for a *Hot-Bed* frame, but without manure. This forms a kind of small green house, and will be found very useful with but little expense or labor.

Readers in want of good Flower and Vegetable Seeds will do well to notice the liberal offers made on page 99. A little effort will enable any one to secure a fine collection of seeds, and at the same time do his neighbors a great good.

CIRCULATION OF SAP.

Eds. Rural:—In yours of the 19th of Feb., L. B. Manly inquires concerning the circulation of sap in trees, &c. I will offer a few remarks that possibly may afford him and others some information upon this interesting subject. If an acorn, and so with other seed, is planted an inch or so beneath the surface of the soil, and the other conditions favorable to germination follow, in a few days, the leaves and stem will shoot upwards into the air, and the root strike downward, into the soil. The opposite directions taken by the root and the stem, are controlled, and directed by laws as certain and fixed as are those that govern the movements of the planets.

For a season, the root, blade, leaves, &c., are fed by the decomposing ingredients of the parent seed. But sooner or later, this food is used up, and the young plant must draw from the soil and the atmosphere its food and means of growth. By this time the roots have been endowed with the property of absorbing the water of the soil and transporting it through the pores of the woody structure of the plant to the leaves, and at the same time, the leaves have acquired the power of taking in the carbonic acid of the air, decomposing it, and returning the carbon to build up its woody, or carbonaceous structure.

The spongy terminations of the roots of plants are covered with a thin membrane, and they possess, through this membrane, the power of drawing or sucking up the water of the soil, and of forcing it through the minute pores of the tree to its topmost leaves, and some of the trees in California are more than 350 feet high. The water absorbed by the roots holds in solution, in very minute quantities, the various earthy ingredients found in the ash of burned plants. In the leaves of the tree, or plant, a very large portion of the water, (crude sap taken up by the roots) is evaporated through the pores of the leaves, and the condensed or true sap, descends between the bark and wood of trees, and forms the new layer or annular ring of the tree.

We can exactly imitate the ascent of the water from the soil, through the pores of the tree to its topmost leaves, or in other words, cause water to voluntarily "run up hill." Still the cause of the ascent of the sap is not the more clear that we can imitate it by an artificial experiment.

Some years since, Dutrochet fitted up a cheap instrument, which enabled him to pretty nearly comply with all the conditions regulating the ascent of sap in trees, &c. The conditions attending the rise of the sap in trees, I will attempt to describe; as also the instrument with which we can so readily imitate the ascent of the sap, or water, from the soil to the extremity of every green branch and twig, bud and leaf of the tallest tree.

The soil contains water; the roots of plants penetrate the soil, in various directions, and to various depths; and the ends of the roots are covered with a film-like, or membraneous envelop, which, as already stated, possesses the power of absorbing the water of the soil. The plant contains sap, holding in solution mineral and other substances, so that its specific gravity is greater than that of the water in the soil. The roots, body and branches of the tree are filled with minute tubes or pores through which the sap passes from the roots to the leaves.

The instrument imitating the above conditions, was as follows:—I took a tubulated cupping glass, holding half a gill or more; over the bottom of this was tied, drumhead-like, a piece of thin bladder; in the opening of the cup at the top inserted a cork with a hole; into this I inserted a small glass tube about sixteen inches long, precisely like the tube of a thermometer. The cupping-glass was filled with water sweetened with molasses, and placed in a vessel containing clear water; the water in the cupping-glass and the vessel were of the same level. The sweetened water in the cupping-glass being of greater specific gravity than that of the water in the vessel, represented the sap in the plant; that in the vessel, the water in the soil; the bladder over the bottom of the glass, the membrane of the ends of the roots, and the glass tube the pores of the tree,—now for the result. The cupping-glass was filled with the sweetened water, and placed in the vessel containing clear water—this was done about one o'clock, afternoon. The next morning the sweetened water was trickling over the top of the 16-inch tube, and so continued to do for ten days and nights in succession. But, curious to note, the sweetened water passed through the bladder into the clear water, and at the same time the clear water passed into the cup in larger quantity, the lighter liquid forcing the heavier one over the top of the tube. Had the instrument been kept in operation till the water within and without had become of the same specific gravity, then it would have ceased to rise. But in a growing tree, clothed with foliage, this will never happen. The leaves are continually exhaling aqueous vapor, as one of their constant functions, and sometimes in very large quantity.—The sap, therefore, when it reaches the leaves, is concentrated and thickened, and rendered more dense by the separation of the water, so that when it descends to the root and again begins its upward course, it will admit of large dilution before its density can be so far diminished as to approach the comparatively pure water which is absorbed from the soil.

I am fully aware, that in the foregoing, I have failed to satisfactorily answer Mr. Manly's queries,—there is no effect, without an adequate cause. The world is full of facts, but we are unable to tell the "why and the wherefore" of their being facts. There is no more mystery connected with the fact, that the rootlets of plants can take up water from the soil, than that an animal can suck up water from a river or a spring. It requires *forces* to perform either. But what are those forces? who can tell? will it do to say these forces act in accordance to the laws of Nature? what are these laws of Nature?

The circulation of the sap in plants, and the circulation of the blood in animals, are somewhat analagous. The circulation of the blood in man is carried on, as independent of the mind of man, as is the sap in the plants. In both cases they are governed by certain and fixed laws—and for the want of a better term, we call them the laws of Nature.

Levi Bartlett.

Warner, N. H., Feb., 1859.

CRANBERRIES AND THEIR CULTURE.

Eds. Rural:—Presuming that a dish of *Cranberries* will not be unacceptable to you, or an article on *Cranberry Culture* uninteresting to your readers, especially your new ones, I forward to you the former, and for them the latter.

Soil Adapted to Cranberry Raising.—Low, swampy lands, in my opinion, are preferable. Nature herself seems to teach this lesson. Travel from Maine to Minnesota and you will meet with the cranberry growing in a state of nature only in some swamp, or on its margin. You will also find that it has selected a swamp which is likely to be moist throughout the season, thus showing its great affinity for water. The swamp commends itself to the would-be-cultivator of the cranberry for another reason, viz:—that in its natural state it is generally useless for other purposes; and to fit it for other purposes would require a greater outlay than to fit it for cranberry raising. For the latter, you need only a sufficient number of drains to remove surface water; more are not only unnecessary, but, in my opinion, detrimental. Then again, the ease with which most swamps can be flowed during fall, winter and spring, gives the cultivator an advantage over weeds, which, on dry land, are not only more annoying, but can only be kept in check by a persevering use of the hoe or some equivalent. To accomplish this, one has only to close the outlets of his drains in fall as soon as the crop is gathered, and let them remain closed until the return of warm weather in the spring—a course which I would recommend wherever it is practicable. When this can be done, very little, if any, weeding or hoeing will be needed.

Mode of Culture.—Having drained the land as already intimated, those portions on which the water formerly remained most of the year, will usually be sufficiently clean for the immediate introduction of the plant. That part covered with a thick sod, I pare off, and throw the sods into heaps for decomposition,—the result of which forms an excellent manurial preparation for fruit trees In the clean surface thus exposed, I make shallow parallel trenches eighteen inches or two feet apart, and in the trenches place my vines varying from one to eight feet in length. A slight covering every six or eight inches, completes the work of transplanting. At each point so covered, roots will be formed, and new vines will shoot off. Set in such soil, no loss from drouth need be feared.—In two or three years they will cover the ground. Being an evergreen, the month of May is a very good time, if not the best, for transplanting. If set in the fall, having no time to root, they are liable to be thrown out by frosts.

Prolific Qualities.—My variety, the *Low Land Bell*, is an annual bearer, and will produce fruit the same year in which the plants are set. From a few rods of ground set last May, I last fall gathered a half bushel, for some of which I received the first premium at our last State Agricultural Fair. Some of the fruit which I send you is from the half bushel above mentioned. In four years my crop has increased from seven to sixty bushels. Considering that the price of this fruit per bushel is rarely less than $3, and is frequently as high as $4 50, is there not here an incentive to effort on the part of all who may possess swamps of the character herein intimated? A few dollars expended on these waste, unsightly places, will make them the most profitable portions of their farms. Drain them and transplant to cranberries, and you will make the desert in summer "blossom as the rose," and in autumn wear the crimson of a dessert which kings, as well as all good housewives may well covet.

Noble Hill.

Caton, Steuben Co., N. Y., 1859.

Grafting the Grape.—Can you, or any of your readers, inform me, from actual experience, whether it is any benefit to graft buds into short pieces of root, as would have to be used in propagating pots? Also whether the grape has ever been grafted with any degree of success? The subject was discussed in our State Convention, and one gentleman claimed he had tried it with good success; another stated he had tried it, and in no instance knew them to adhere, and considered it of no practical benefit.—H., *Forestville, Ct.*

Little, we think, is gained by grafting in the propagation of grapes in pots, as most native varieties start very freely from single eyes. Old vines can be successfully grafted, after growth is commenced, and shoots made from eight to twelve inches in length. If done earlier the stock will bleed, and prevent union. Graft in the ordinary way, by splitting the stock, being careful that the bark of the scion comes in contact with that of the stock.

BEURRE SUPERFIN PEAR.

For some time we have been aware that this most excellent pear, of which we now present our readers a fine engraving, was not appreciated by fruit growers, and that not half its merits were recorded in the fruit books. It was with the greatest pleasure that we observed this opinion corroborated by all those who spoke on the subject at the last meeting of the American Pomological Society, when this excellent pear was unanimously recommended for general cultivation, *both on the pear and the quince*, the President declaring that it was "one of the best in the catalogue—there might be an equal, but could be no superior."

The tree is beautiful in appearance, an excellent grower, and great bearer. Our engraving shows only a medium sized specimen, and it often grows to a very large size. Skin yellow, slightly shaded with crimson on the sunny side, and partially covered with russet, and thickly sprinkled with minute dots. Stalk stout, from three-fourths to an inch in length, inserted without depression by a fleshy enlargement. Calyx closed, in an abrupt, small basin. Flesh exceedingly juicy, buttery, melting, with a brisk, vinous, or sub-acid flavor. Ripe all of October.

In the Report of the Massachusetts Pomological Committee, Dr. Eben Wight, the Secretary, says the *Beurre Superfin* is "of the first quality, but not yet a prolific bearer." Our observation in regard to its bearing qualities is the reverse of this.

THE "ALLEN RASPBERRY."

"A pretty sort of country this," said Teague, just after landing, "that a gintleman can't say and do what he plazes, without such a patter about his ears, and a threat of the bilboes"—*vide* "Jeffreys." Bad enough, friend Allen; but then you go it too strong—neck and heels, and body, and all. Fie-fie, my friend, how can you let your temper so get the better of sober truth. For myself, I hoped you had reformed, and left off these tricks.

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourscls as ithers see us."

Didn't get them of Mr. Sotham! "*Never had a Raspberry plant of* W. H. Sotham." Bad memory, Mr. Allen. I know, so far as observation permitted—which has always been abundant—as also your admissions in fruit *talks*—you never had a Raspberry plant within the past ten years, other than your present lot from Mr. Sotham's ground. Why, my good friend, had you a Raspberry—even an odd one, the welkin would have rung its presence—the *Horticulturist* would have chronicled it many times—the "coterie" would have seen it, and heard of it, too. Now, this is too much like that *water* and *milk* story to heed further—a mere *lapsus linguae*. Your usual abuse under such circumstances is to be expected, any other course would be an exception, not often recurring.

"Never saw my plants in bearing!" True, sir, I *never did*; neither have you, I fancy, more than a few odd fruits. When I last saw your plants, which was at your especial request, to determine whether or no they were not the "*Hudson River Antwerp*," you made an *estimate* that they would yield 30 quarts per row. Did they yield the *thirty quarts*? No, sir. You stated they had failed to fruit from some cause!!!

Now, sir, the simple statement I made in the Rural, as to their origin, was truthful in every respect, and I simply desired that it should retain its own proper name, hoping my friend and neighbor would thank me for refreshing his memory in a matter so necessary to the public weal. Desirous of learning from Mr. Sotham under what name he got them, he writes,—"I obtained the Red Cane Raspberry of which you speak, *and some of which I gave to* Mr. Allen, of Mr. Elliott, of Cleveland. Mr. Elliott will tell you from whence the Raspberry sprung, as he wrote me at the time, but I have forgotten." On writing Mr. Elliot, he says,—"The Raspberry sent to Mr. Sotham is the '*False Red Antwerp*,' long cultivated by the market gardeners of Cleveland, and I presume is the same as the '*Allen Raspberry*.' It is a good old sort; nothing new, and can be bought at Cleveland in any quantity at $15 to $20 per thousand." So much, Messrs. Editors, for the "*Allen Raspberry*." *Magna est Veritas, et praevalebit.*

Longsight Place, March 6, 1859. W. R. Coppock.

HARDY FRUIT TREES.

Eds. Rural:—Having noticed in your paper several inquiries for fruit trees that are hardy at the West, I would say that I have lived here nearly twenty years, and having made the subject of fruit culture a special study, feel qualified to speak of some varieties at least. I consider the *English Golden Russet* the *best* apple for a Western orchard, being the best for *form, thriftiness*, and *hardihood* of tree, and quality of fruit. The fruit requires to be barreled, otherwise it will wilt. The following sorts I consider good fruit, and the trees are perfectly hardy:

Summer—Carolina June, Sops of Wine.

Autumn—Autumn Strawberry, Fameuse, Bailey Sweet, Pound Sweeting.

Winter—Herefordshire Pearmain, Yellow Bellflower, Tolman Sweet, Rawles Janet, Winesap, Red Romanite, Cayuga Red Streak or Twenty Ounce, and Perry Russet. [Rawles Janet and Red Romanite will keep a year.]

Tender—Fall Pippin, Newton Pippin, Spitzenberg, White Winter Pearmain, and Willow Twig, have all winter-killed in my orchard. Golden Sweet, Rambo, Hocking and Domine are all good fruit and good bearers, but were injured by the hard winters.

Plums and *Improved Cherries* have been a total failure, as far as my acquaintance extends. I have a *Flemish Beauty* pear tree, (standard,) set out in 1851, that appears to have passed the hard winters without injury. Two or three others were killed.

If any one can tell how to kill the *Bark Lice* where they cover large trees, I hope they will do so.

Delavan, Wis., 1859. Horace La Bar.

Locust and Horse Chestnut Seeds.—Will you, or some of your subscribers, please inform me through the Rural, how *Locust Seeds* are to be treated previous to sowing, the best mode for sowing and cultivating, and the time of year when they should be sown? Also, how *Horse Chestnuts* are to be prepared for planting, and when and how they should be planted? I have been told that locust seeds must be scalded, or they will not grow, and I know of no source from which so reliable information can be obtained as through your invaluable paper, which is thought to be the "ne plus" of perfection by subscribers in this place. By answering the above you will oblige more than one besides the writer.—A. B. Mason, *Strykersville, N. Y.*, 1859.

Locust seeds should be scalded before planting, to soften the hard covering. Pour boiling water upon them, and allow them to soak for at least twenty-four hours. Or, it would be better to pour merely scalding water upon them, and allow it to cool, repeating the operation at least three times during one or two days. Then sow in a mellow, well prepared soil. *Horse Chestnuts* should be planted in the fall, or kept in sand until spring. Plant in good, mellow soil, and cover about two inches deep.

Grape Growers' Association of Hammondsport.—The Annual Meeting of this Association was held on the 1st inst., and the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:—*President*—Henry L. Larrowe; *Vice President*—E. P. Smith; *Recording Secretary and Treasurer*—T. M. Younglove; *Corresponding Secretary*—A. Y. Baker. The next meeting and exhibition is to be held in October next. We will in our next, give some extracts from the proceedings of the Association, showing the doings of its members in the cultivation of the grape.

Domestic Economy

YANKEE BROWN BREAD, PIES, &c.

Eds. Rural:—Being much interested in your column of "Domestic Economy," I have concluded to offer a few recipes, hoping they will be acceptable:

To Dry Pumpkin for Winter Use.—Stew the pumpkin as for common use, grease tin pie plates and spread it one inch thick and set it where it will dry without burning. When partly dried can turn it on the plates. When dry put away as other dried fruit. When you wish to use it put it in cold water and let it gradually heat. When soft it is ready for use.

Pumpkin Pie—Three quarts of milk; 8 tablespoonfuls of pumpkin; 8 of flour; 1 of ginger and 4 egg. Mix the pumpkin, flour and eggs before adding the milk. Sweeten to your taste. We prefer molasses. This is sufficient for six pies.

Sweet Potato Pie.—This is similar to pumpkin pie. The potato should be washed clean, boiled, peeled, and mashed fine, or sifted. Three eggs for six pies. Sweeten with sugar and season with cinnamon—baked with one crust.

Yankee Brown Bread.—Mother sends the following recipe:—For two good sized loaves, take 4 pints or large bowls of corn meal, pour on boiling water till well scalded. When cool, add one pint of yeast—mix it with two bowls of rye flour, or unbolted wheat. When light, bake in a slow oven three or four hours. A little molasses improves it. —A Country Girl, *Warren Co., Ohio*, 1859.

SODA BISCUIT, SODA CREAM CAKE, &c.

Soda Biscuit.—To 1 quart flour, add 1 teaspoonful soda; 2 of cream tartar; a piece of butter the size of an egg; sweet and sour milk enough to wet it, and a little salt.

Soda Cream Cake.—Three eggs; 1 cup sugar; 1 of sweet rich cream; 1 teaspoonful of cream tartar; ½ of soda; beat well together.

Sponge Cake.—Three eggs; 1 cup sugar; 1 of flour; 1 teaspoonful cream tartar; dissolve ½ teaspoon of saleratus in a tablespoonful of hot ter; add to the cake; stir briskly; bake quick.

An Inquiry.—Will some of the friends of the Rural be kind enough to inform me of a remedy to slacken cords, which are contracted by rheumatism; also, the best way of obtaining oil out of Sun-Flower seed, and oblige—A Farmer's Daughter, *Chemung Valley, N. Y.*, 1859.

Lemon Pie.—Herewith you have a recipe for *such* a pie as hardly a reader of the Rural ever tasted—though numbered by tens of thousands. For two, take the grated peel of one lemon and the juice of two; 2 tablespoonfuls cream tartar; 2 of melted butter; the yolks of 4 eggs; 8 spoonfuls of sugar. Bake until well done. The white of 4 eggs, and 4 spoonfuls of sugar beaten to a stiff froth and spread over the pie. Bake for three minutes.—E. W., *Massachusetts*, 1859.

Ice Cream.—Will some of the Rural readers please give a recipe for making Ice Cream, as many of them reside at the east where they have their ice-houses, and no doubt enjoy that luxury to their heart's content. My husband has just finished an ice-house, and I intend to try the comfort of it next summer. I should be glad if some of my sisters would give me the desired information.—E. Y. E., *Licking, Ohio*, 1859.

Pop Corn Pudding.—One quart of milk; 1 cup sugar; 4 eggs; 1 quart pop corn; flavor with nutmeg or cinnamon—a little salt. Line your pudding dish with a paste prepared as for soda biscuit, pour in the above ingredients, place a few bits of butter on the top—bake nearly an hour in a moderate oven, stir it occasionally till it begins to thicken.—C. M. M., *Rochester, N. Y.*, 1859.

A Good Salve.—I send you a first-rate recipe for a salve that is good for cuts, burns, or any sore where there is any inflammation:—Three ounces of sweet oil; 2 of linseed oil; 2 of red lead. Simmer to a dark brown—to be made in new tin.—J. S. T., *Scriba, N. Y.*, 1859.

Coloring Straw, or Leghorn Bonnets.—Will some of the numerous lady readers of the Rural, please give me a good recipe for coloring straw or leghorn bonnets lead-color or brown?—B., *King's Ferry, N. Y.*, 1859.

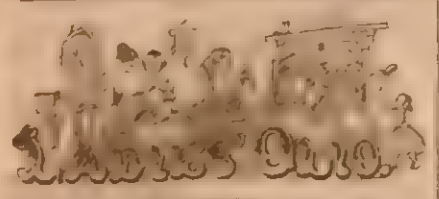
Never pour hot water into a glass tumbler, or any glass vessel with a round bottom; for the heat of the water will cause the bottom of the glass to expand, while the sides, which are not heated, retain their former dimensions. If the heat be sufficiently great, the bottom will be forced from the sides, and a crack or flaw will surround that part of the glass by which the sides are united to the bottom. If the glass be previously washed with a little *warm* water, so that the whole is gradually heated, and therefore gradually expanded, then the hot water may be poured in without danger. Who has not known practically that very hot water will break a glass tumbler? Now we learn the reason, or philosophy of it.

To Entirely Clear out the Red Ant.—Wash your shelves down clean, and while damp, rub fine salt on them quite thick, and let it remain on for a time, and they will disappear.

If your flat irons are rough, rub them well with fine salt, and it will make them smooth.

If you are buying a carpet for durability, you must choose small figures.

A bit of soap rubbed on the hinge of doors will prevent their creaking.



"TWO YEARS OLD."

BY ROSA V. JOHNSON.

In every nook or corner sly,
  His roguish eye is sure to peep.
And grandma's pocket he will try
  To fathom, be it e'er so deep.
He pulls the buttons off my dress,
  And then says "Look!" My pretty boy!
When I might scold, I pause to bless
  Thy upturned face so full of joy.

His father's hat he loves to wear,
  And, hiding half his tiny head,
A glow of beauty, rich and rare,
  Upon that old black hat is shed.
For 'neath its brim so dark and deep,
  His dimpled face, all bright with bloom,
Peeps out, as rosy vapors peep
  Sometimes from clouds of wintry gloom.

He'll slyly pull his brother's hair,
  Or steal their toys, and run to me,
But when they gather round in prayer,
  He, too, will bend his little knee;
And, though he scarce can speak a word,
  There's worship in his speaking eye,
And Ronny's prayer I know is heard
  When he looks up to God's blue sky.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

Plain Talks to American Women.--No. 6.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

One of the more prominent evils with which the mother has to contend, is the natural selfishness of the human heart. It is exhibited in a very early stage of childhood, when the little one, just tottering around the floor, claims all the toys for itself, and refuses to give them up to a companion. And this leads us to say, that, in our opinion, no child should ever be brought up alone. Accustomed to have everything to itself, it will almost certainly retain the selfishness of its nature. If Heaven has given you but one, seek out from among the orphaned and destitute, some other child to be a brother or sister to it, educate them together and alike, be a mother indeed to the motherless, and God will bless you for it—will bless you in the enlarged sympathies of your own offspring.

Selfishness is an evil of such magnitude that no pains should be spared to eradicate it. It is, indeed, one of the corner-stones of the temple of sin. Dig up this and the edifice falls. The religion of Jesus Christ is the only effectual lever for the accomplishment of this work. But what is selfishness? Is it simply self-love? No, for this is laudable. Self-love begets self-respect, and a person who has no respect for himself, will fail to secure that of others. It is *idolizing* self,—loving self more than others. The commandment of supreme love to God, and the golden rule, aim deadly blows at the root of this idolatry, and the earlier these can be impressed upon the mind of childhood, the more complete will be the uprooting of the principle from its nature, the more delightful will be the home of its unfolding, and the more effectual all correct systems of physical and mental culture.

Very early, and in various ways, may be taught to children the practice of the law of kindness.—"When Mary Lundie Duncan was in her fourth year, her little brother struck her in a fit of anger. She instantly turned the other cheek and said, mildly, 'there, Conie.' The uplifted hand was dropped, and when the child was asked who taught her to do that, she replied, 'that she heard papa read it one morning out of the Bible at prayer-time.'"

There, at that family altar, was implanted in that child's mind so effectually the principle of love, that it is probable her whole life was influenced by it. We often too little realize the influence of this principle, and perhaps in consequence fail so thoroughly to impress it upon the hearts of our children as we would otherwise do. We fail to drink in a full draught from the well-spring which our Savior caused to gush forth into the world, all sweet with its life-giving elements,—the dark spirit too often broods over *our* spirits, tempting us to remember injuries, and revenge them, rather than practice that blessed lesson of forgiveness taught us by Christ, and most forcibly illustrated by Him, when upon the cross he prayed for his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." There is a sentiment of Lacon's upon revenge, worth remembering. He says, "There is a difference between a debt of revenge and every other debt. By paying our other debts we are equal with all mankind; but in refusing to pay a debt of revenge, we are superior."

"A gentleman who had filled many high stations in public life, with honor to himself and advantage to the nation, once went to Sir Eardley Wilmot in great anger at a real injury that he had received from a person high in the political world, which he was considering how to resent in the most effectual manner. After relating the particulars to Sir Eardley, he asked if he did not think it would be right to resent it. 'Yes,' said Sir Eardley, 'it would doubtless be manly to resent it, but it would be godlike to forget it.' This, the gentleman declared had such an instantaneous effect upon him, that he came away quite another man, and in temper entirely altered from that in which he went." That was a noble reply, like an apple of gold in a picture of silver, and blessed was its effect.

"A gentleman once sent his servant to John Bruen, Esq., of Bruen, requesting him never to set a foot upon his ground. He sent this reply:—'If it please your master to walk upon my grounds he shall be very welcome; but if he please to come to my house, he shall be still more welcome.' By thus heaping coals of fire upon his head, he melted him down into love and tenderness, and made him his cordial friend."

A sweet little story is told of a child who had early learned the lesson to "overcome evil with good."

"A very little girl who often read her bible gave proof that she understood her obligation to obey its precepts. One day she came to her mother, much pleased, to show her some fruit which had been given to her. The mother said the friend was very kind and had given her a great many.—'Yes,' said the child, 'very indeed; and she gave me more than these, but I have given some away.' The mother inquired to whom she had given them; when she answered, 'I gave them to a girl who pushes me off the path, and makes faces at me.'—On being asked why she gave them to her, she replied, 'Because I thought it would make her know that I wish to be kind to her, and she will not, perhaps, be rude and unkind to me again.'"

Such examples are worth treasuring in the mind and being often repeated to children. It would be well for every mother to have at command a fund of anecdote illustrative of various moral principles, that she may the more forcibly impress them upon their plastic souls.

In connection with this subject, we would allude to that of general benevolence. In an age when covetousness has set up an idol in nearly every heart, how vastly important that an opposite principle be nourished in those fresh souls born to exercise hereafter an influence upon society! In an age when it would seem that the tears of woe which God is bottling up would almost be enough to overwhelm a nation of oppressors—when the mingled sighs and groans that enter into the ears of the Lord of Sabbaoth would form a fitting requiem over the destruction of a world of wickedness, how needful that the blessed angel of Charity be welcomed into the heart of childhood, and with her pitying, consoling influence reach forth thence her hand to pour the Balm of Gilead upon the wounds of sorrow, and lift humanity from degradation! Teach, then, the little one, that the great lesson of life is *love*—that to make others happy, should be one great aim of its being—that the "pure and undefiled religion" of Jesus inculcates not only a spotlessness of purity, but an active benevolence. "Visit the fatherless and widows in affliction!" "Love mercy!" "Relieve the oppressed!" "Deal bread to the hungry!" "Bring the poor that are cast out to thy house!" "Undo the heavy burdens!" "When thou seest the naked—cover him!" These are some of the duties of Christians, and the principles upon which they rest should be taught to children. Encourage them to do good as they have opportunity; not to wait for occasions to do great things, but to relieve *little* sorrows—to dry up *single* tears—to speak kind words—to be ready to lend a helping hand whenever needed—to divide their enjoyments with others, dropping pennies into the poor child's hat plucking flowers for those who have them not, carrying comforts to the sick—in short, everywhere they may, to light up human hearts with the rays of happiness.

Teach them especially to *deny themselves* for the sake of doing good to *others*. It is an easy thing for a child to bestow a penny which it has not earned, to give when it has a plenty left for itself; but lead it to feel the blessedness of *self-denial*.—Let the pure blessing of God upon the charitable flow into its soul through this channel, would you see dethroned the idol of self, and an acceptable worship ascending from its altar to the throne of God.

FASHIONABLE WOMEN.

Fashion kills more women than toil and sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a greater transgression of the laws of woman's nature, a greater injury to her physical and mental constitution, than the hardships of poverty and neglect. The slave-woman at her tasks will live and grow old, and see two or three generations of her mistresses fade and pass away. The washerwoman, with scarce a ray of hope to cheer her in her toils, will live to see her fashionable sisters all die around her. The kitchen-maid is hearty and strong, when her lady has to be nursed like a sick baby. It is a sad truth that fashion-pampered women are almost worthless for all the good ends of human life.—They have but little force of character; they have still less power of moral will, and quite as little physical energy. They live for no great purpose in life—they accomplish no worthy ends. They are only doll-forms in the hands of milliners and servants, to be dressed and fed to order. They dress nobody; they feed nobody; they instruct nobody; they bless nobody, and save nobody. They write no books; they set no rich examples of virtue and womanly life. If they rear children, servants and nurses do all, save to conceive and give them birth. And when reared, what are they?—What do they ever amount to, but weaker scions of the old stock? Who ever heard of a fashionable woman's child exhibiting any virtue and power of mind for which it became eminent? Read the biographies of our great and good men and women. Not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprung from strong-minded women, who had about as little to do with fashion as with the changing clouds.

The Wife.—It is astonishing to see how well a man may live on a small income, who has a handy and industrious wife. Some men live and make a far better appearance on six or eight dollars a week, than others do on fifteen or eighteen dollars. The man does his part well, but his wife is good for nothing. She will even upbraid her husband for not living in as good a style as his neighbor, while the fault is entirely her own. His neighbor has a neat, capable and industrious wife, and that makes the difference. His wife, on the other hand, is a whirlpool, into which a great many silver cups might be thrown, and the appearance of the water would remain unchanged. No Nicholas, the diver, is there to restore the wasted treasure. It is only an insult for such a woman to talk to her husband about her love and devotion.

The attempt to govern by loud speaking, stamping, thumping upon desks, or using an unnecessary amount of words, is vain. Subjection to wholesome laws, properly administered, is as much a part of essential education, as the knowledge acquired from books and teachers.

Envy shooteth at others and wounds herself.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE OLD BARN.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Rickety, old, and crazy,
  Shingleless, lacking some doors;
Bad in the upper story,
  Wanting boards in the floors;
Beams strung thick with cobwebs,
  Ridge-pole yellow and gray,
Hanging in helpless impotence
  Over the mows of hay.

How the winds tore around it—
  Winds of a stormy day—
Scattering the fragrant hay-seed,
  Whisking the straws away;
Streaming in at the crannies,
  Spreading the clover smell,
Changing the dark old granary
  Into a flowery dell.

Oh, how I loved the shadows
  That clung to the silent roof,
Day-Dreams wove with the quiet
  Many a glittering woof!
I climbed to the highest rafter,
  Watched the swallows at play,
Admired the knots in the boarding,
  And rolled in billows of hay!

Palace of king couldn't match it!
  The Vatican loses its charm
When placed in my memory's balance
  Beside of the gray old barn!
Splendor, wealth, may not charm us,
  Association is all—
We love the loved our childhood
  Better than marble-floored hall!

I sat for hours in the summer
  On the threshold so gray,
And saw the cows to the pasture
  Take their lazy-paced way:
The lambs, snow-white as the daisies,
  Frolicked from hill to tarn—
Or fell asleep in the shadow
  Made by the "clover" old barn.

I've roved o'er the Southern country,
  Stood in Mosques of the East,
Galloped the Western prairies,
  Gathered contentment, at least:
And I'd rather scent the clover,
  Piled in the barn's roomy mows,
Than sit in breath of the highlands
  Poured from Appenine brows!

Farmington, N. H., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE HILLS.

I love the hills. I say *love*, because my feelings in regard to hills are best expressed by that word. What I feel is not admiration merely, or veneration, or a selfish attachment. It is more than any or all of these. It is *love*, and I attach more significance to the word than does the young lady who says,—"Oh! I do *love* boiled cabbage!" I confess that I look down, figuratively and literally, upon plains and valleys, and have a horror of swamps and ravines. Prairies do very well in the summer, but if they are destitute of trees the wind is apt to have full sweep, and I don't know what will take the poetry out of one quicker than to ride over a Western prairie, facing a northeast wind on a "raw, rheumatic day." When the thermometer gets below zero, your admiration of the scenery is apt to go down with the mercury, and you shrink back into your coat, like a turtle into its shell, and appreciate the sublime about as much as does that testudinous insect. Then, a level country that is covered with woods is apt to be interspersed with marshes, miasma and musquito-breeding swamps, and although a distinguished President of a Western College once said to a class in Rhetoric, that few scenes are as impressive as an extensive forest, I must substitute the word *op*-pressive as the expression of my feelings. A monotonous waste of

"Belts of dusky pine-land
And gusty leagues of plain,

appears to me like Shakspeare's definition of life, "stale, flat, and unprofitable." Valleys depend for their very existence on the hills that inclose them, and I shall not notice them.

As I intend to say the *best* things about hills that occur to me, I will here remark that in all times past the inhabitants of hilly countries have been noted for a more ardent attachment to their homes than their lowland brethren. "The brave and peaceful Swiss," of whom every school-boy has heard, have attained a world-wide celebrity, on account of the tenacity with which they cling to the sides of their not very productive, but much-loved hills.

Quite a spirited engagement once took place in the upper part of Greece, between the inhabitants of that hilly peninsula and a number of warlike people, who, not liking their own flat country, were out on a predatory excursion. History has informed us that the odds in favor of the Spartans were in the proportion of 20,000 to 299. "Auld Scotia" too, not a very level land, we believe, has been loved by others than the "monarch peasant" who prayed that,

"Howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much loved isle."

And, to conclude our references, we will only call to mind that it was on a promontory, which we take to be an elevation of land, that Oberon sat

"And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music."

Now, there are different kinds of hills. In regard to the emotions that they produce in an appreciative mind, they may be classed as

Sublime hills—where rocks are piled on rocks in wild confusion—"where dizzy precipices frown—where mountain torrents roar and tumble down, plunging into romantic chasms with ceaseless turmoil seething" from whence the silver mists arise and calmly float toward heaven, as with the proud consciousness of having freed themselves from the demon that was forever dragging them down, where crags beetling and bare, with wierd and fantastic forms, have a wild grandeur all their own—where peaks, that point towards heaven, are crowned with mists of which the sunlight makes a glorious halo, and through which, in the glimmering moonlight, they seem like gaunt spectres, gloomy and grand.

Beautiful hills—with wavy outlines and sunny slopes where every knoll is a jeweled diadem, whose gems are violets, anemones and dew-bespangled moss—where waves of perfect melody are ever floating onward and upward, made up of the sweet chording of joyous birds, the hum of the insect world, the murmuring of leafy boughs, and the liquid music of hidden brooks.

And, finally—*plain matter-of-fact hills*, whose chief merit lies in the fertility of their soil and whose importance is in proportion to their crop-bearing qualities.

Now, the subscriber is a farmer who depends for his necessary food and wearing apparel, &c., literally upon the "sweat of his brow," consequently he can't get along with the *agreeable* alone,—the *useful* also is of some importance. But I believe in letting them stand together as they did in the old Spelling Book "*utile et dulci*."

Those hills rock-ribbed and "ancient as the sun," are not entirely my favorites,—but those that are of more recent date—that have had their sharp edges rounded off and their ribs covered with, not exactly fat, but some not-azotized substances that can easily be converted into fat. Then, as a general thing, hills don't need draining, they can be worked sooner in the spring, and they contain *more land to the acre*. But above all, they are healthier, the air is more bracing, the summer breezes are cooler and more pure, and, where the view is fine, the mind expands and sooner looks

"From Nature up to Nature's God."

If I have not said anything yet worth the paper, ink and time I have used, I must stop now, and I finish with a somewhat lengthy quotation, which I quote because "Shakspeare" is not found in every farmer's library. The words are those of a king, and they show in what light the "myriad minded" regarded the humble occupation of a shepherd.

"O, God! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials, quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hours full, complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself—
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months and years
Would bring white hairs into a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth,
And to conclude—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold, thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
Is far beyond a prince's delicate's,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him."

Grove Hill, N. Y., 1859. A——y G——y.

Love of Approbation.—The greatest enemy that we have to combat in the education of children, is self-love, and to this enemy we cannot give attention too early. Our business is to weaken it, and we must be careful not to strengthen it by indiscriminate praise. Frequent praise encourages pride, induces a child to value herself as a superior to her companions, and renders her unable to bear any reproach or objection, however mild. We should be cautious, even in the expression of affection, not to lead children to suppose that we are constantly occupied with them. Timid children may be encouraged by praise, but it must be judiciously bestowed, and for their good conduct, not for personal graces. Above all things, it is necessary to inspire them with a love of truth; to teach them to practice it at their own expense; and to impress upon their minds that there is nothing so truly great as the frank acknowledgment—"I am wrong."—*Madame de Lampbert.*

Education.—Thewald thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinion before it should have come to years of discretion, and be able to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanic garden.—"How so?" said he, "it is covered with weeds." "O," I replied, "that is because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil in favor of roses and strawberries."—*Coleridge.*

Self-Reform.—If a man would reform the world, let him begin the work in his own body. How can he hope to purify others while his own breath is tainted? No other can begin the work for him. He must bring the physical into subjection to the spiritual of his own nature by his own effort. He must ascend into the frosty air of purity himself before he can beckon others to follow him. If he remain at the foot of the eminence, he can only act the part of a guide-board which points out the way, never leading up to it.—*Life Illustrated.*

At five years of age the father begins to rub the mother out of his child; at ten the school-master rubs out the father; at twenty the college rubs out the school-master; at twenty-five the world rubs out all his predecessors, and gives us a new education, till we are old enough and wise enough to take reason and religion for a pastor, when we employ the rest of our lives in unlearning what we had previously learned.

Better try all things and find all empty, than to try nothing, and leave life a blank.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE DOVE OF PEACE.

Why did'st thou come, O! Thou Dove of Peace,
  From that far off better land,
Where flowing waters of life ne'er cease
  On Eternity's golden strand?

As angels open'd the pearly gates
  When the righteous Judge went in,
Who told the tale of a dreaded fate
  Thrown around this world of sin?

In pitying haste, from those regions fair,
  Did'st thou hie to rescue man,
For gulfs of guilt, full of dark despair,
  Thine unsullied wings could span.

The glorious task was ere long complete;
  The immortal guest had flown
On wings of Love to the Mercy Seat
  Where Redemption reigns alone.

When stormy billows on Galilee
  Beat around the brow of Faith,
The Dove of Peace hover'd o'er the sea,
  And a calm stole o'er its path.

Though hoary heads of the crested waves
  Bow around the voyage of life,
Its gentle form has a power that saves
  From the storm-king's mighty strife.

When mortals tread on the verge of time;
  When a spirit wings its way
Through Beulah's land, with a trust sublime,
  To a bright eternal day,

The holy Dove that in Jordan's fount
  Was the Savior's brightest gem,
Dost bear on high to the sacred mount
  E'en a star for His diadem.

Piffard, N. Y., 1859. Jane E. H.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PERVERTED INQUISITIVENESS.

If it is not necessary for a soldier to fully understand all the plans of his commander to faithfully discharge his duty, how much less is it necessary for man to know the secret counsels of Deity, to fulfill his mission? There is a tendency in the human heart to pry into all the secrets of the incomprehensible Sovereign of the Universe, which, if known, would not be for his advantage, while those truths which are essential to his development are either entirely neglected, or only receive a hasty, partial examination. By indulging this tendency, man first becomes a Sceptic and then an Atheist; for what Deity has been pleased to place beyond the grasp of the human intellect, man seeks in vain to comprehend. It leads him to reject as false, what he cannot understand. It conceals the fact that reason has her prescribed limits, and that her sun never affords her light *beyond* those bounds. Now, he no sooner sits down to examine the *inspired volume* than he meets many truths beyond the sphere of *reason*. This destroys the beauty of the work in his eyes, and its Divine origin is denied. He next turns his attention toward creation; but the same difficulties meet him in Nature. In vain he attempts to grasp something beyond the simple fact. Pursuing his course a little further, he tries to dive into the nature of Deity. Here all is mystery. Not a single ray of light breaks the surrounding darkness. He reels and stumbles at every step. Disgusted with the result, he ceases his efforts, declaring that there is no God, simply because he cannot comprehend His nature. In this way he is led even to deny the existence of self, declaring that deluded man has an existence only in fancy.

Now, it is a part of man's work to overcome this tendency to meddle with what does not belong to him. He has a right—yes, it is his duty—to resist what is *contrary* to his reason; but he must not interfere with what is beyond his reach. The sphere of reason in Revelation is to ascertain the authenticity of the work. If man has evidence that it came from Deity sufficient to create *belief*, he is to receive it, notwithstanding it contains some things which he cannot understand. What is above the comprehension of reason, he receives as true on the testimony of the Author. The sphere of reason in the material world is with the *qualities* of matter—in the world of mind, with its *energies*. Reason deals not with *essences*, but with *attributes*. A man *cannot* believe what he sees is *contrary* to his reason; but he *can* believe, on proper testimony, what he cannot understand. A blade of grass grows, and man believes the fact on the testimony of his senses; yet he fails to comprehend it. Man thinks, desires, and wills, and believes the fact on the testimony of consciousness; but he cannot understand *how* this can be. Deity spoke the rolling spheres into existence, and those bright intelligences that surround His throne, and man, the crowning glory of creation, and we receive the fact on the declaration of Deity Himself; yet we fail to *comprehend* that fact. On the same testimony we receive other truths, such as—God being just and yet saving one who has trampled His law under his feet—one God mysteriously existing in three persons—the eternal bliss, or the eternal torment of the immortal soul. In relation to such truths, reason does not say they cannot be; but merely, *I cannot fully understand them*. Now, she can say the same in regard to other truths, such as the existence of Deity, the immortality of man, his dependence on Deity, and his accountability to Him,—truths which she will not hesitate for a single moment to admit. That Sceptic never lived who could prove to you that a single declaration of Revelation was *contrary* to reason. Press him closely, and you will wring from him this confession:—*I cannot understand*, therefore *I will not believe*. To take this position is to assume the place of Deity, since it claims that everything is false which is not within the comprehension of the human mind, and unlimited comprehension is an attribute that belongs only to Deity. —s.—n.

Evil men speak as they wish rather than what they know.

LETTERS FROM A HUNGARIAN.

NUMBER FIVE.

Pesth—National Museum—Curiosities—Observance of Sunday—Political state of Hungary.

Dear Friend Moore:—In my last I gave you a description of some of the things I saw in the capital of Hungary—Pesth. As regards "curiosities," there are not, indeed, many of them in this city—still, what few there are, I determined to visit the second day of my sojourn. First I bent my way to the *National Museum*, the greatest in Hungary. This is a magnificent edifice, containing nine large halls of antiquities, fourteen halls of zoological, botanical, and mineralogical specimens, and a picture gallery consisting of about two hundred and fifty paintings, mostly contributed by German and Italian artists. To him who has seen the picture galleries of Paris, Berlin, &c., the present collection will present nothing new or particularly excellent, except it be the splendid portraits of Hungarian kings and patriots, whose peculiar features, and strong, muscular frames inspire one with awe and reverence. On the other hand, the collection of antiquities must be specially interesting to the antiquary as well as to the student of history. Here we have a vast number of coins, (12,000 silver,) domestic utensils, instruments of peace and war, statuettes of marble and bronze, most of which belong to the period when Rome's legions overran Pannonia (the ancient name of Hungary,) and to the time when these again were expelled by the fierce Huns under the warlike Attila. Among the many curiosities here collected there was one around which many visitors crowded—viz., the *cane of the celebrated* Nelson, it having been but recently (Aug., 1858) presented to the museum. The way in which this cane got hither, was described to me by my cicerone.—In the year 1798, after the naval fight off *Abukir*, Nelson with his own hand cut off a stick from a wild fig-tree, and used the same on his subsequently staying at *Vienna*. There the naval hero met with the Hungarian count, Peter Szapary, who carried a Bengal cane with a big golden head.—Nelson was so well pleased with the latter, that he thought it fit to transgress the command "Thou shalt not covet," and desired the same as a present. In return the Hungarian Count received the abovementioned cane from Abukir. After passing thro' several hands, the cane was finally presented to the museum by Count Bela Szechenyi. The head of this interesting memento is covered with silver plate containing the inscription:—"*Ce baton a ete coupe par l'Admiral Nelson a Abukir apres la fameuse bataille.*" Thus the national museum of Hungary preserves a memorial of the greatest admiral of England!

Like most German cities, Pesth also contains a vast public promenade, called the *Stadtwaldchen* (city-forest) which, on Sundays, is all alive with vehicles and pedestrians. A large pond with two islands adds to the enjoyment of the people. Bands of music resound in all the public squares and gardens, inviting the public to the various beer and wine saloons. Wine, being an article with which Nature amply supplies the Hungarians, almost supplants here the use of water. And no wonder, for you can obtain a quart of good, pure wine for six kreuzers, (about half a dime,) which in America would bring just ten times that price.—Still, though wine is daily used in almost every family—among the lower classes it often takes the place of coffee at breakfast—little or no drunkenness is seen. For, in the first place, it is used in moderate quantities at a time, and is not adulterated with alcoholic drinks, and then the people are so *accustomed* to it. To their honor, however, be it said, the fairer sex, so long as they remain in their virginity, rigidly refrain from the use of this spirituous beverage; and even after entering into the matrimonial state they take it but moderately.

My incidentally mentioning wine, has led me to digress from the subject proper—the observance of Sunday. Not only are the public walks thrown open to amusement during the day, but in the evening, as on all other days, concerts are given, operas are performed, plays are acted on the stage, and in the wine shops, whither the lower classes resort, the cymbal and the fiddle strike up the lively national airs of the Magyars, causing the feet of young and old, male and female, involuntarily to keep time in a regular dance. But even business is, to a great extent, allowed on Sunday. Not merely apothecaries, but all grocers may keep open all day except from 9 to 12 o'clock, during which time mass is performed at church. The market also—which in Hungary (as in all Germany) is a large open square—is filled with country women exhibiting for sale fruits, vegetables, fowls, fish, &c.—till 9 A. M. Above all, those who sell tobacco and cigars have the greatest privilege to break the Sabbath—nay more, the law itself compels them to do so. For no one is allowed to trade with tobacco, unless by special permission from the public authorities, but this privilege can only be obtained on condition that the tobacco shop shall be open at all hours from morning till night, (excepting, of course, the above-named three hours on Sunday.) Such is the observance of the Sabbath in this country. One might have supposed that the Austrian *Concordat* with the Pope would have a different effect on the religious observances of the country,—but that compact had a *political* object in view; it was to unite Church and State in reducing the nation to a more thorough *political* subjection.

Though the people are thus at liberty to enjoy themselves on Sunday in whatever way they please, they dare not, nevertheless, *talk* as they please.—Almost every fifth man you meet is a member of the police or the Imperial army. These officers watch your every movement, and listen to your very words; and woe is him, from whose lips some suspicious thought falls on the ear of a policeman. Without a moment's warning he will lead the suspected man to the head of the police, to be there summarily sentenced to several years' close confinement. Such a case actually occurred a few days before my arrival, where a man, having in a political discussion, uttered an epithet calculated to criticise the existing order of things, was suddenly snatched from his wife and children in Pesth, and transported to Transylvania, where he must now spend *three years* in prison. Such plenary authority is vested in the Austrian police. People of common sense, therefore, like the public press, generally refrain altogether from talking about politics—particularly home-politics. Nevertheless my friend with whom I was walking kept asking me all the time about our American Institutions, and comparing them with those of Austria. But every now and then he looked about to see if no spy was at our heels. How muzzled are the mouths of the people here! Hungary, compared with its *present* political state, was formerly a *free* land; the Emperor of Austria being only their protector, for which the Hungarians annually contributed a certain amount to the general expenses of Government. They had their own parliament, their own national militia, their own peculiar laws and institutions. *Now* they are deprived of all these, and are obliged to pay just five times as much as before, for the support of armies and the enrichment of the royal house of Hapsburg. Every young man, unless he has successfully passed the several examinations within the course of *eight* years in in the *Gymnasium*, (collegiate school, preparatory to the University,) is obliged to perform military service eight years, so that when he arrives at the age when every good Jew or Gentile should be in the bonds of hymen, he is almost pennyless. As a general thing, the soldiers of one province are sent to those of another. Thus, for example, the "white-coats" of Austria proper, and Bohemia, hover over Hungary, while the brave hussars and other Magyars are distributed over Bohemia and Moravia. Thus are the different national elements made to watch one another, and subdue every possible outbreak.

More about the political state of Hungary, its educational institutions, &c., in my next, when I will take the kind reader along to *Buda*, the well fortified city opposite Pesth, and to *Fored*, the most frequented water-cure of Hungary. Two letters more from Vienna and Prague, and your readers will no more be troubled about Austrian affairs, by your present correspondent. Simon Tuska.

The Reviewer.

Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa. Being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the auspices of H. B. M.'s Government, in the years 1849—1855. By Henry Barth, Ph. D., D. C. L., Fellow of the Royal Geographical and Asiatic Societies, &c., &c. In three volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Physical Geography of Africa is in some respects distinct and peculiar. It has very few islands, a sea coast very little indented, a large amount of low, hot and marshy deltas, and an enormous range of sandy desert lying between the Atlas chain and the unexplored table land and mountainous region in the interior. Its inhabitants partake of the peculiarities of the country, and present wide contrasts in form, color and mental characteristics. The desert on the north, and the unhealthy deltas of the rivers on the eastern and western coasts, with the ranges of mountains running east and west across the southern portion, with rainless wastes intervening, have proved barriers which European and American enterprise have not as yet been able to overcome. Within the last two years considerable additions have been made to our knowledge of Africa. The great works of Livingstone and Barth have added to our *actual* information more than has been accumulated for many years previous. Dr. Livingstone's work has been widely read, and has given us an acquaintance with a line across the southern portion of Africa never before explored by an European. The expedition now in progress under him may be expected to develop results of scientific interest much more valuable than are furnished by his book of travels, now before the public. The publication of the great work of Dr. Barth, named at the head of this article, has just been completed by the Harpers. It is in three large volumes, filled with minute and valuable information upon the whole vast region which he traversed. His line of exploration extended over about twenty-five degrees of latitude and twenty degrees of longitude. Commencing at Tunis he reached a point south within about three hundred miles of the Bight of Benin, while he explored east and west from Lake Tsad to Timbuktu. The main results of Dr. Barth's labors may be summed up as follows:—He has thrown new light upon the character and extent of the Roman occupancy in Africa, by exploring monuments hitherto imperfectly, or not at all known. He has given detailed observations of the climate and physical geography of the Sahara, beautifully illustrated by drawings. He has thrown new and valuable light upon the manners, history and languages of the great Berber or Amazirgh family, having traced them by physical descriptions and vocabularies from the Mediterranean to the heart of Negroland, far south of the great desert. These vocabularies have been examined by Prof. Newman, the most intelligent Berber Scholar in Europe, and shown to belong radically to one family from the Mediterranean to their extreme southern limit, where they are lost in the true negro type of language and people. He has given most valuable knowledge, from his own observation and native sources, regarding the political changes, history and organization of the native tribes, especially of the late encroachments of the Fellatah, under the influence of their partial Mohammedanism, upon the Pagan tribes. He has given a general idea of the Geology of the country, and also of its Botanical and Agricultural products. It contains more valuable and available knowledge for the Historian, Geographer, Statesman and Ethnologist than any book of African travels in the English Language. Taken in connection with the small work of Mr. Bowen, it will give a very complete idea of Africa from the Gulf of Guinea to Tunis. Africa contains, by far, more large cities, and elements of agricultural and commercial greatness, than Central Asia. When, by means of steamers, Europeans shall be able to pass rapidly through the low, unhealthy region of the coast, and the suppression of the slave trade shall give opportunity for legitimate commerce, the agricultural resources of Africa will be developed, civilization will take the place of barbarism, and a new day will dawn on this land of darkness. The value of a really good book, like this of Dr. Barth's, in bringing about this result, cannot be overestimated. We are glad that so many of our colored people are looking toward the land of their origin as a field for their enterprise. The establishment of cotton and sugar culture, and the opening up of these rich countries to legitimate commerce, is an object worthy the attention of the economist and philanthropist. Sold in Rochester by D. M. Dewey.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Lives of the Queens of Scotland, and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain. By Agnes Strickland, author of "Lives of the Queens of England." Vol. VII. New York: Harper & Bros. 12 mo. pp. 470. For sale by Dewey.

Life of John H. W. Hawkins. Compiled by his Son, the Rev. George Hawkins, A. M. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 12mo. pp. 430. From the Publishers.

Southwold. A Novel. By Mrs. Lillie D. Umsted. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 12 mo. pp. 257. Sold by Dewey.

"The Julia." By the author of "Vara; or, the Child of Adoption," and "Nellie of Truro." New York: Rob't Carter & Bros. 12 mo. pp. 388. Sold by Cole & Adams.

The Teachers' Guide to Illustration: A Manual to accompany Holbrook's School Apparatus. By F. C. Brownell. New York and Chicago: Holbrook School Apparatus Co. 12 mo. pp. 166. From the Publishers.

The Foster Brothers; Being a History of the School and College Life of two Young Men. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12 mo. pp. 405. For sale by Dewey.

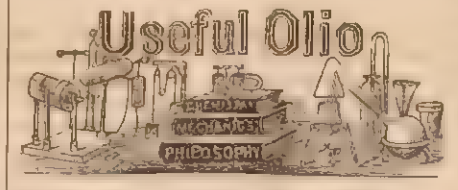
Passages from My Autobiography. By Sidney, Lady Morgan. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12 mo. pp. 382. Sold by Dewey.

Onward; Or, the Mountain Clamberers. A Tale of Progress. By Jane Anne Winslow, author of "Vineyard Laborers," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12 mo. pp. 332.

The Manual of Chess: Containing the Elementary Principles of the Game; illustrated with numerous Diagrams, recent Games, and Original Problems. By Chas. Kenny. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16 mo. pp. 122. Sold by Dewey.

Penn. Common Schools. Report of the Superintendent of Common Schools of Pennsylvania for the Year ending June 7, 1858. Harrisburg: A. Boyd Hamilton, State Printer. 8 vo.—pp. 182. From Henry C. Hickok, Sup't of Common Schools.

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for the Year 1859. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. pp. 384. [From the Publishers.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE ROTASCOPE.—No. II.

BY TOBIAS WITMER.

In our previous article we showed that when the wheel A, (fig. 1,) is put in very rapid motion, by force applied through a cord wound round the axle, X, as in spinning a top, and the axis is placed in a horizontal position, all the particles moving in a vertical plane, *a*, *b*, some *other force* must be applied to bring the axis *out of that position*, and put it into *another* position; and that other force must be adequate to the force given in the rotary direction, before it can effect that object. But some of the particles, as *d*, are much nearer the axis than *a* and *b*, and consequently have not the same centrifugal force, while gravitation acts upon *all* the particles with equal force at all times, and a kind of compensating effect is thus produced, which causes the wheel to sink, *gradually*, as its velocity diminishes.

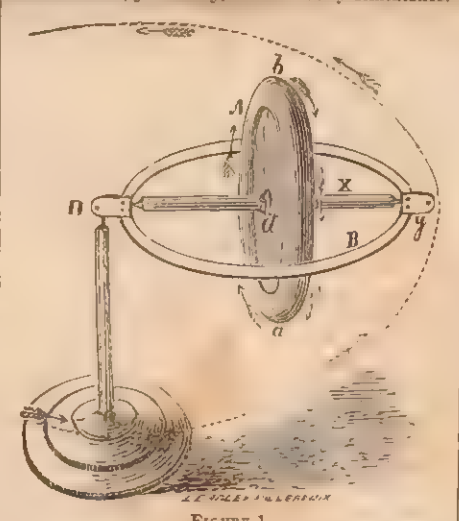


Figure 1.

We will now examine the question, Why does the wheel, with its frame, or ring, B, rotate around the stand, the point *y*, describing the dotted line, figure 1?

Suppose we give the wheel A, (fig. 2,) a motion in the direction indicated by the arrows, with a velocity that will move the particle B, at the rate of 16½ feet per second. The force given it would tend to carry it to C in one second of time, while gravitation would tend to bring it to D, in the same time. But the particle acted upon by these two forces would take the direction B E, as a resultant, and would arrive at E in one second of time. But cohesion, (that power which binds matter together in a mass,) prevents it from taking that immediate direction, and the force is inevitably applied to move the centre, *x*, in a direction parallel to B, E.

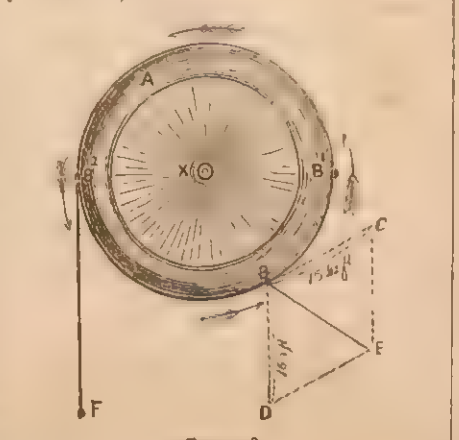


Figure 2.

To demonstrate this more clearly, let us follow the particle B around until it has arrived at B1. The force applied will act exactly equal to, and in a direction exactly opposite to the line of gravitation, and no resultant is produced; but the particle, considered independent of cohesion, will remain at rest; because two equal forces, acting in opposite directions on a body, leave that body at rest.

Now let us follow the particle on in its course, (for its *relation* to the other particles of the wheel leave it no rest, but on, on it must go,) until it reaches B2, when it will be impelled by the two forces, in the *same direction*, and if independent of the other particles, would go 32 1-6 feet in one second of time, in the direction B2 F.

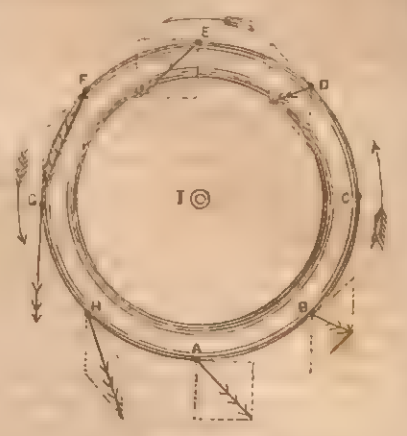


Figure 3.

Let us now bring a number of these resultants before the eye at a glance. Fig. 3 represents eight particles, all moving at the rate of 16 1-12 feet per second by the force applied. Gravitation acts upon each, as before shown; and the resultants of all are shown, and their direction indicated so plainly by the diagonals, that no one can fail of comprehending the principle. But mark the particle C1 It has come to a "dead set," as shown at B1, fig. 2; and I think no one can fail to see the tendency of each particle shaping its course to make C, (or some point in that vicinity,) a new center. That is: having got things all in motion, a "motion is made" to move the centre of gravitation from I somewhere into the vicinity of C. Observe that the resultant of B, is nearly at a right angle with that of F, which favors the object thus to be obtained. Hence, when we place the Gyroscope upon the stand before us, (see fig. 1,) having given the wheel motion so that the upper side at *b* (fig. 1,) moves toward us, and the under side at *a* moves from us, if the

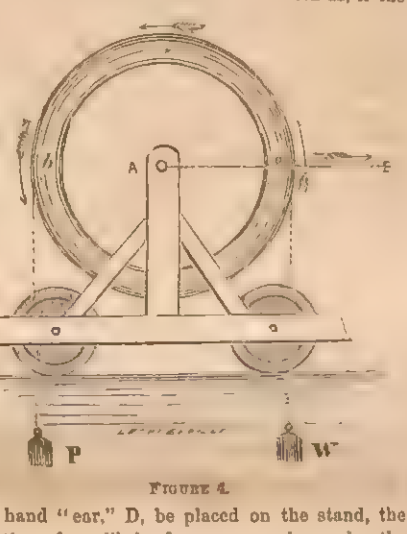


Figure 4.

left hand "ear," D, be placed on the stand, the rotation of *y* will be from us, as shown by the arrows on the dotted line; and vice versa. And if each end of the axis were to rest upon a movable car, (fig. 4,) the whole would be propelled forward in the line A, B.

The same idea may be conveyed by imagining a weight to be suspended from each of the particles *a* and *b*, while the wheel was revolving as before; a horizontal movement in the line A, B, would be the result. The same idea may be conveyed by imagining a weight to be suspended from each of the points *a* and *b*, the whole still revolving as before, that is, equal to 16 1-12 feet per second, and the weight W also equal to that force: these two forces acting in opposite directions, would keep *a* at rest; while the weight P, acting in the direction with the force, would tend to throw *b* around *a* as a centre. Hence a revolving body, as A, fig. 2, having its axis in a horizontal position, will have its axis propelled forward in a line oblique to the line of gravitation, and hence the rotary motion of the Rotascope around the stand, fig. 1. In our next we will endeavor to account for the acceleration of that rotary motion around the stand.

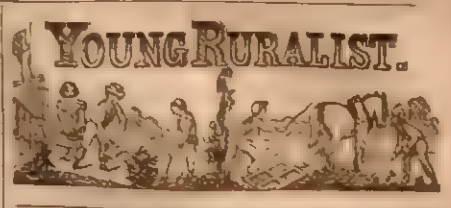
Williamsville, N. Y., Feb., 1859.

Corrections.—By some inadvertence several errors crept into the previous article of Mr. Witmer on this subject, and he places himself properly before Rural readers thus:—"By some carelessness of your engraver, a great blunder is made to appear in my article, No. 1, on the Rotascope, which, if any one takes pains to read, will give a very *unfair* impression. I took care to give the figure, or diagram, plain, lettering it correctly, showing *a*, at the bottom, and *b* at the top of the wheel, to indicate the *vertical plane* in which the wheel revolves around its *axis*, and *not around the stand*, as your printer would have me say. These letters were to have been given in lower case Italic, so as not to confound them with the Roman capitals, which indicate parts of the machine.—T. W.

Paper-Making.—In the United States there are 750 paper mills in active operation. They produce 270,000,000 pounds of paper, which, at an average of ten cents per pound, would be worth $27,000,000. As it requires about a pound and one-half of rags to make one pound of paper, there are consumed by these mills 400,000,000 lbs. of rags in a single year. If we estimate the rags to cost four cents per pound, there would be a profit of $11,000,000 in this branch of manufacturing.

About a century ago, an Englishman named Jonas Hanway, on his return from travels in the East, appeared in the streets of London on a rainy day, with a queer notion imported from China, in the shape of an umbrella. It was the first seen in England, and probably in Europe, and aroused such indignation that he was soon surrounded by a furious mob, who pelted him with mud for daring to screen his head and person from the rain.

Be not affronted at a jest. If one throw salt at thee, thou wilt receive no harm unless thou hast sore places.



MATHEMATICAL FACTS, AGAIN.

Messrs. Eds.:—I have no objections to mathematical or any other science being made as simple and as practical as possible, but, in our search after simplicity, let us be careful that we do not throw aside the fundamental truths upon which science depends.

It is now several years since Euclid said that there was no royal road to knowledge, and these simplifiers of science furnish an every-day demonstration of the proposition. We have had (I am sorry to say,) several examples of this style of demonstration in the "Young Ruralist" column, and having never appeared on that stage, I propose to quarrel a little with some of "Orpheus'" statements in the Rural of February 19.

"Orpheus'" rule for finding the area of a circle is good; but his statement, that the circumference is 3.1416 times the diameter, is not *exactly* true, and hence his rule will not get the *exact* area of the circle. If "Orpheus" wants any reasoning on this subject, he will find it in the 5th book of *Davies' Legendre*, or any other Geometry. His "practical illustration" proves nothing; for the circumference of a circle consists of an infinite number of points, and the parallelogram he describes could not have straight lines for its upper and lower bases, unless the "pasteboard circle" could be divided into an infinite number of sectors—a feat which not even "Orpheus" can accomplish at present. In the figure which he has drawn to illustrate his article, even if the sides be called straight lines, its altitude is not equal to half the diameter of the circle, for the altitude of a parallelogram is the *perpendicular* distance between its bases, which is not the semi-diameter in the figure, although it would be if we could imagine the circle infinitely divided. Since "Orpheus' practical illustration" depends for its value on our power to conceive of the infinite, we are not so well off in his "royal road" as in the usual path—another reason why "you should never take a byway instead of a highway." I leave the rest of "Orpheus'" letter for those whom he calls on to answer it. Veritas.

HOW TO BECOME A GOOD FARMER.

Eds. Rural:—Being a reader of your valuable paper, and one that considers it indispensable to the prosperity of a young farmer, I wish to make the inquiry through its pages, of some of your experienced contributors, *How to become a good and profitable Farmer?* In looking around among my brother farmers, I see a vast difference in their practice of farming. Some have their stock all housed, and looking as if they had eaten all the grain that the farmer could produce, with the best of care; the fences all up; buildings all in order; in fact, a place for everything, and everything in its place. Others, have their stock all out of doors, (the sheep in particular,) wallowing in the mud and water for their food, or tied up by the horns in some filthy stable, with half enough to eat; fences dilapidated, with plenty of burdocks and briars; buildings out of order; wagons, sleighs, plows, drags, drills, horse-rakes, wintered out in the fields where last used, or piled up by the side of the barn or fences. But, in some cases both of these kinds of farmers raise good crops.

Now, if some experienced farmer will inform me, through the Rural, which is the best and most profitable course to pursue, I will hereafter tell him of my success. Young Farmer.

Perry, N. Y., 1859.

"THERE IS NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL."

This sentence should be deeply impressed upon the hearts of the young. He who will not strike boldly in the battle of life, and conquer the opposing foe, must sink sooner or later into the slough of despond, and be forgotten by the on-marching army, whose lips are singing the pæan of victory. It were better for that one that he had never been born. Life is not a rose-laden path for carpet-knights to tread. No; its ways are rugged, and it is the brave in heart only, that, fearlessly accepting its challenges, doing battle as they move along, wins the goal. He who sets out with fear and trembling, dreading to meet foes seen and unseen, succumbs ere he has commenced the journey; but he who boldly adventures the path, whether it leads to gloomy abysses or up giddy ascents, over morasses, through night-like forests, or into regions of perpetual snow, holding aloft his banner inscribed with the daring motto "There is no such word as Fail!" is victor in every fight. His heart beats quick, his eye brightens and his strong arm is nerved for battle when danger approaches. No thought has he of retreat—onward, onward he marches, driving his enemies before him! What cares he for these—was he not made to do or die? He will be victorious. Nothing shall deter him.—He knows no such word as *fail*. Whatever he resolves on must be accomplished! He cannot succumb, though the world should press upon him. Death, rather, and he conquers! The hero of the field, he wears the laurel crown! It is only when Age overtakes him, palsying his arm, and stealing his strength of purpose, that he "wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams." Even then he is but subdued, not conquered. His task has been faithfully accomplished. His end is blessed! Young man and young woman, if you would succeed in life, strike from your vocabulary the stumbling-block to success—the word *fail*.—*The Elevator*.

A proper secrecy is the only mystery of able men; mystery is the only secrecy of weak and cunning ones.

Prosperity gathers smiles; while adversity scatters them.

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O H Maxwell & Co—Batavia, N Y
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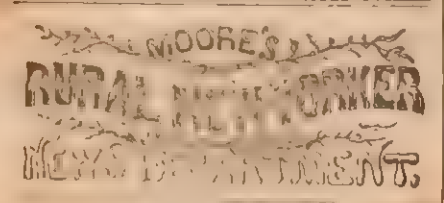

ROCHESTER, N Y, MARCH 19, 1859.

AGENTS and all earnest Friends of the RURAL—which we trust includes every subscriber—are referred to announcement of Spring Campaign, and offer of superior Vegetable and Flower Seeds, in first column of next page

Review of the Week.

In the last issue of the RURAL we made mention of the illness of Post Master General BROWN, and stated that he would not probably survive the dispatch received but a few hours The fears excited proved but too true. He died at 9 A M, of the 8th inst During one period of his illness strong hopes were cherished that he would obtain the mastery of disease, and be restored to health and usefulness, but when it was announced to him the Congress had adjourned without providing for the Postal Department, apprehension that the remissness of the legislative body would destroy all the reforms and improvements that he had introduced into the public service, and defeat numerous projects of usefulness which he had at heart to mature, acting upon a mind made sensitive by an enfeebled body, gradually wrought in him an excitement that terminated in a fatal relapse He was conscious to the last, with occasional intervals of delirium, and spent the final hour in tender leave-taking with his family He was sixty-three years of age But he possessed the vigor and activity of ten years younger Cheerfulness of temperment and a sprightly carriage marked his habitual deportment His eminently social qualities caused him to be very widely known, and he was warmly esteemed by all who had the opportunity to study his character and become acquainted with his capacity and talents

THE SENATE held an Extra Session until the 10th inst, when Mr RICE, from the committee appointed to wait on the President, reported the performance of that duty, and that the President had no further communication to make, whereupon the Senate adjourned sine die

A dispatch has been received by the N. Y *Evening Post*, stating that Postmaster-General HOLT reported to the President that the deficit in his department on the 30th of June will be over $6,000,000, and that it will be impossible to go on without an appropriation Upon learning these facts, the President determined to call an Extra Session, but has not yet fixed the day

Previous to the adjournment of the Senate a number of treaties with the Oregon and Washington Territories were acted On the Cass Herran Treaty by a large majority after amending it by a provision to the effect that Cass who have not already presented their claims may do so before New Granada shall take final action on the subject. The treaty provides for the settlement of all claims against that Republic, including those prior to the Panama riots. Gen HERRAN is in Washington to ask, in return, a provision for the settlement of all questions in which New Granada is the claimant,—among others those relating to the transit of mail matter across the Isthmus, and the tonnage tax He has proposed liberal terms for settling these in equity

New York Legislature.

SENATE.—The Attorney General, in reply to the resolution respecting Mandeville's seat, sent in a communication reviewing the facts, and giving an opinion that neither the appointment nor acceptance of the office was complete until the commission had been issued, and as such commission had not been issued when Mandeville recalled his acceptance, he had not constitutionally forfeited his seat

The bill to establish regulations for the port of New York was taken up in Committee of the Whole After a long debate, Mr ELY moved as a substitute for the whole bill, a bill repealing the acts of 1857 on the subject, thus rescinding powers and fees conferred upon them by legislative enactment, and placing them in the old position of Commissioners of Pilots The substitute was adopted and ordered to a third reading.

ASSEMBLY.—The Attorney General sent in an answer to the inquiry of the House as to the constitutionality of the laws signed after the adjournment of the Legislature, by the Governor, holding that the laws so signed are not in accordance with the Constitution

The Canal Auditor sent in a communication respecting a number of Collectors, Assistants and Clerks, with their salaries, employed on the State Canals, and stating whether the Collectors can be dispensed with at New York, Ithaca, Scottsville, Jordan and Medina or Albion; that a number of assistants may be dispensed with, and clerks may be cut off at all offices not kept open nights.

The Governor submitted a message announcing that the State would probably be shortly called on to pay its share towards the erection of the monument in Independence Square, Philadelphia, under the law of 1853, authorizing the Commissioner to consult with like Commissioners from eight other States, and agree to pay a stipulated sum towards such monument The Governor recommends the repeal of the law on the ground of the reduced state of the finances. New York's share, on estimated cost of the monument, will exceed $70,000. The Governor considers Independence Hall a sufficient monument to the Declaration of Independence, but suggests that New York will cheerfully bear her share when better able to do so, if the monument is deemed desirable The communication was referred to the Committee of Ways and Means, and the annual appropriation bill was again taken up in Committee

BILLS PASSED To authorize the incorporation of religious societies The annual tax bill, imposing a tax of 1½ mills, to provide for printing calendars for Kings county; to amend the South Brooklyn Savings Bank charter, to amend the law in relation to the collection of demands against vessels To authorize the indictment of the Quarantine incendiaries in any county in the 2d judicial district.

Last Session of Congress.—Results.

CONGRESS, during its last session, passed thirty-two public acts and fifteen joint-resolutions The private acts for the relief of individuals, were more than sixty in number The principal general acts were the admission of Oregon, and an act for carrying into effect the treaty with China. The appropriations made during the session amount to about sixty millions of dollars, including the treasury note issue The appropriation to the Army is $15,589,000, to the Navy, $10,650,000, Indian service, $1,797,000, Legislative, Executive and Judicial, $6,744,000, Light house service, $530,000; Isthmus (Panama) mail service, $264,000 new ocean mail from Charleston to Havana, $200,000, Diplomatic and Consular, $1,047,745, Expense of Investigating Committees, $10,000.

The following table shows first the sums put in the bills originally, and next those actually appropriated

	Required.	Appro'ted	Reduc'n.
Military Academy	$ 185,038	$ 179,588	$6,350
Indian Department	1,860,429	1,797,368	69,061
Consular and Diplomatic	1,076,860	1,047,745	29,125
Army	16,228,732	15,589,815	638,907
Legislative, Executive, and Judicial	7,151,704	6,745,743	405,961
Navy	13,500,570	10,654,018	2,846,387
Fortifications	698,400	1,000,000 (Incr'ase)	301,600
Miscellaneous	4,923,481	2,945,060	1,978,381
Post-Office	28,719,000	(failed)	
Mail Steamers	1,055,654	(failed)	
Add bills failed		24,374,634	
Totals, ...	$69,103,478	$63,783,966	$5,669,412

Exclusive of the postal service bills, there appears to have been a cutting down of more than five and a half millions from the estimates, the heaviest item of which is in the Navy

NO MORE GRAND JURIES IN MICHIGAN.—The Michigan Legislature passed a law at the late session, which will go into effect April 13th, providing for the trial of criminals by information This law virtually abolishes the grand jury, which has for so long exercised its inquisitorial functions reserving for the Circuit Judge power to call it into session whenever special cases need its aid All cases are to be examined before a justice of the peace, and by them committed directly to the higher courts, instead of for indictment as has previously been done

SIGNS OF SPRING CLOSE AT HAND On the 8th inst, the farmers in New Jersey and Pennsylvania were engaged plowing, and in the suburbs of Philadelphia, the market gardeners were busy preparing the ground for operations—decidedly pleasant information

OPENING OF NAVIGATION AT TORONTO The Globe states that [illegible] On Saturday the [illegible] arrived at Custom House wharf from Lewiston and Niagara, with a cargo

News Paragraphs.

WITH the exception of Mr Webster, who died while he was Secretary of State under Mr. Fillmore, there has been no Cabinet officer deceased while in office since the killing of Mr. Upshur and Mr Gilmer, in 1844, by the explosion of the great gun on board of the Princeton, until Postmaster-General Brown died.

TWO men named Davis and Woodley, were suffocated in a coal mine at Brier Hill, near Cleveland, on Wednesday week. They were at the bottom of the pit, at a depth of 250 feet, when the "fire damp" caught from the lamp on their hats, and they were unable to escape.

THERE is a Yankee in Paris who has collected in two years travels a complete assortment of ancient and modern instruments of execution among the rest, the first guillotine which operated in Paris, in the year 1793 He is a showman.

INDIANA has lost about $40,000 by the illegal reissue of scrip that had been paid at the Treasury. The Treasurer neglected to cut them with the canceling hammer as the law required.

THE steamer Fulton, of the Paraguay expedition, has a tremendous 11-inch Dahlgreen gun with which she was going to roll big balls all over the pampas, but unfortunately the storeships forgot to bring the carriage, which lies in the Norfolk Yard.

THE Pennsylvania Legislature has passed a bill which has been signed by the Governor, by which married women are allowed to be incorporated with others in an institution composed of women, or to be under their management, for the care and education of children, or for the support of sick or indigent women.

THE valuation of Boston, in 1858, exceeded that of the entire States of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. It was one hundred millions more than that of the city of Philadelphia, and nearly thrice that of Baltimore. The valuation of Massachusetts surpasses that of New York State in 1850.

THE stupendous project is broached of uniting the waters of the Upper Arkansas, the South Platte and the Kansas Rivers, to fill the bed of the latter, and make from the three inconsiderable and almost useless streams, one broad, deep, navigable river that would open the Far West country clear to the base of the mountains, and into the now auriferous regions whither emigration is so powerfully attracted The river thus created would be equal to the Missouri.

A COUPLE in Hardwick, Vermont, have been married 79 years, the husband being 97, and the wife 99. The old lady can now do more housework in a day than half the girls in town.

THE receipts of wheat at Cleveland for 1858 are given at 1,488,578 bushels, and at Cincinnati, for the same time, at 1,211,545 bushels—the latter being heavier than in any previous year.

THE North China Herald states that a newspaper published at Shanghai, in Chinese, by the missionaries, has attained a circulation of 700. The people buy it week by week, paying cash, and each purchaser reads it aloud. The Chinese, it appears, are much interested in all local news, particularly police reports

THE news from Hayti shows that the people are a discontented race Though trade was improving and all was quiet, yet "already there was considerable dissatisfaction with the new ruler, President Geffrard. It was alleged that he was already assuming too much power, and fears were expressed that he would prove as tyrannical as his predecessor, Faustin the First and the last"

MAPLE sugar is selling in Michigan towns at six and eight cents per pound This is the most favorable season for the manufacture of sugar known for many years.

A LARGE number of street beggars were arrested in New York this week, and among them a young girl, who acknowledged that she constantly supplied a family of six persons, two of whom were boarders.

ON the 11th of February the Texas farmers were planting corn, peach trees were in blossom, and the wheat was looking well. There is a large emigration into Texas this spring

Personal and Political.

DR. WILLIAM TULLY, formerly professor in the Medical Institute of Yale, and author of a work on Pharmacology, died at Springfield on the 28th ult

MR. HOLT, Commissioner of Patents, has been appointed and confirmed Post Master General

THE Republican Senatorial Convention of the 29th district, which met at Albion on the 12th inst unanimously nominated GEORGE D LAMONT, of Lockport, to fill the vacancy in the State Senate occasioned by the death of Hon Horatio J. Stow.

THE election in New Hampshire resulted in favor of the Republicans. The following are the successful candidates—Governor, Ichabod Goodwin Railroad Commissioner—Adams Twitchell Congress, 1st district—Gilman Marston. 2d district Mason W. Tappan 3d district—Thomas M Edwards Both Houses of the Legislature will be Republican by about the majorities of last year Mr Goodwin is chosen Governor by 1,000 majority, Mr Marston has 400 majority for Congress, Mr Tappan 800, and Mr Edwards 1,000

AT the charter election in Syracuse, on the 7th, Hon E W Leavenworth, Republican, was elected Mayor by over 600 majority. The whole city ticket (Republican) is elected, and seven out of the eight Aldermen are Republicans.

THE WASHINGTON TRAGEDY.—We have refrained, amid the thousand rumors in circulation, from making any allusion to this distressing affair until the facts in the case were clearly brought out Hon DANIEL E SICKLES, member of Congress from the Third District, N. Y City, suspected PHILIP BARTLEY KEY, U S Attorney for the District of Columbia, of criminal intimacy with Mrs. SICKLES, and upon discovering what he considered sufficient proof, in connection with that lady's confession, he [illegible] KEY in the street and shot him Mr KEY [illegible] instantaneously SICKLES is in prison awaiting trial.

Old World Matters.

DURING the week we have had two arrivals from Europe, the Arabia, at Halifax, on the 10th, and the North Britain, at Portland, Me, on the 11th inst We make the following digest of intelligence

GREAT BRITAIN.—In the Commons, attention had been called to the seizure of the British ship Herald by the Portuguese, on the Mozambique Coast, and the Government stated that Portugal had been called on for an explanation The Navy estimates had been brought forth, and contemplate the addition of 7,000 men and 26 powerful steam vessels, to that branch of the service The number of men asked for was promptly voted.

FRANCE.—Lord Cowley, the English Ambassador at Paris, had gone on a special mission of conciliation to Vienna Ministers announced in Parliament, on Friday, that there was reason to hope that the Austrian and French troops would soon evacuate Rome These facts gave the public strong hopes of peace.

Rumors are warlike, but Cowley's Mission increases a hope of peace. The Paris correspondent of the London Herald says that war is so far resolved on that the corps to commence the campaign have been designated, and orders given to the Minister of War to prepare a plan of operations. It is said that the representatives of foreign powers in Paris have abandoned all hope of a pacific solution. Reported orders to prepare for the campaign in Italy were given by the Emperor immediately after his return from Campagne.

Another circular was issued by the Minister of the Interior to the Prefects of Departments, the purport of which is to express the hope, that, notwithstanding the Emperor's desire to maintain peace, should he be forced to war he may count on the patriotism of the French people. A War Office circular directs that troops be trained to forced marches and the night bivouac. All the military surgeons are ordered to join their corps. Immense quantities of lint were sent to Lyons. All the regiments of the Imperial Guard were to be supplied with rifle cannons on new plans.

AUSTRIA.—The Times' correspondent says Count Buol still believes in peace, but the Emperor, being of a different opinion, is preparing for a vigorous defence of the Italian States.

The Times says the Austrian Army in Italy is to be placed on a war footing. The second Chamber unanimously resolved to request the Government to obtain from the Federal Diet resolutions calculated, by their unanimity and energetic execution, to avert the threatened danger of war, but if necessary to repel with united power the attacks on Austria and Germany.

SARDINIA.—It was reported that Napoleon was about to visit the King Piedmontese volunteers were drawn from the frontiers of Modena, and ordered to confine themselves to the interior.

ITALY.—Three new forts were to be constructed at Venice, in six weeks Five thousand workmen were employed. The fermentation was increasing at Milan The Ionian Parliament rejected Gladstone's projects of reforms

TURKEY More troops had gone to the Danube The Government were arming six frigates, and preparing numerous passports, whose destination in case of war would be the ports of the Adriatic

COMMERCIAL—*Breadstuffs.*—Richardson, Spence & Co. quote flour dull, and French lots freely offered at reduced rates of 10@12s Wheat very dull, but steady in price. Western red 5s6d and 9s2d. Wheat 8s7d@10s. Southern 10s@10s9d Corn dull, at 7s6@7s8d per both mixed and yellow. *Provisions.*—Bigland, Althya & Co., Richardson, Spence & Co., James McHenry, and others, quote beef firm, but quiet. In some cases an advance of 2s6d had been obtained. Bacon steady Lard quiet and unchanged, choice had sold for 62s. Cheese slightly advanced on all sorts Tallow slow of sale, at unaltered prices.

From the Pacific Side.

By the Quaker City, at New Orleans, and the Overland Mail at St Louis, we have California dates to the 19th ult, from which we make the following abstract of intelligence.—There had been heavy rains throughout California The prospects were good for a large trade The mining accounts are favorable. Water was plenty in the gold districts

The steamer Uncle Sam met with a terrible gale, and returned to San Francisco on the 12th, and sailed again on the 16th for Colorado, as before reported $15,000 worth of government property had been thrown overboard during the hurricane

Honolulu dates are to Jan 20 The export of whale products for 1858 was upwards of 126,000 bbls. of oil and 1,600,000 pounds of bone—a material increase over that of last year.

Some difficulty had occurred in the Okhotsk Sea, growing out of the efforts of the Russian brig Constantine to prevent American, French and other vessels whaling there.

Johnson Island had been taken possession of by a force from San Francisco, acting for the Pacific Guano Co, and improvements were progressing there with a view to shipping guano

It is reported that new silver mines had been opened in Arizona, and that lead, copper, iron, alum, gold and silver are abundant in the vicinity The reports from the Gila mines continue unfavorable.

MEXICAN NEWS New Orleans papers of Saturday last are received. They contain the details of the news by the brig Minatitlan, from Tampico, up to the 26th ult. The Tampico papers manifested considerable alarm as to the result of Miramon's expedition, but they considered Vera Cruz in a most perfect state of defence More than 4,000 men, says the Prisena, can be concentrated there in a moment's notice, in case of attack, without including the garrisons of Lare and Frea, or the army of Oaxaca, numbering 1,000 men, now before Orizaba. All counted, the Free Liberals have for the defence 6,000 available troops On the other hand, the Prisena thinks that not more than 1,000 men can be spared from the cities now held at the point of the bayonet by the reactionary party, and that Miramon will have to depend almost entirely upon the army with which he set out from the Capital In the meantime the war is to be prosecuted with vigor through out the interior

FROM SALT LAKE.—The War Department has received [illegible] from Salt Lake They represent [illegible] at the Mormon settlement [illegible] letters have been received [illegible] Gov Cumming The report that the Mormons would not submit to the civic authorities, is untrue.

The News Condenser.

— The new State of Oregon contains 185,000 square miles.

— The net amount in the Treasury, subject to draft, is $6,000,000

— The Fejee Islands have been placed under British protection.

— Mr Everett has paid $60,893 into the Mount Vernon Fund.

— The mammoth steamer, Great Eastern will soon be ready for sea.

— Large bodies of excellent coal have been discovered in Kansas.

— The army in Utah costs this country nearly $5,000,000 per annum.

— California contains half a million people, and San Francisco 70,000.

— "Who is President to-day?" is the usual salutation among Mexicans.

— There was 41 majority in the House against an increase of postage.

— Half the three cent pieces in circulation are undoubtedly counterfeit.

— The Treasurer of Dubuque Co., Iowa, is a defaulter in the sum of $108,000.

— Ex-Gov Denver has resigned his post as Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

— The New Mexico Legislature has passed a law for protection of slave property.

— The Governor of Maine has appointed Thursday, April 21, as a public Fast Day.

— Gov. Banks has appointed the 7th of April for the annual Fast Day in Massachusetts.

— A mulatto named Wells, is obtaining great celebrity at Paris, for the cure of cancers.

— Two policemen have been arrested in New York city, charged with highway robbery.

— The first shad of the season was caught in the Passaic, on Wednesday week, near Belleville.

— The population of the United States increases one million a year, or two thousand every day.

— The only bar to the complete opening of navigation of the lakes, is now in the straits of Mackinac

— Messrs. Richard Cobden and Wm Smith O'Brien have been attending the debates in Washington.

— The Jackson Monument on the New Orleans battle ground is now 79 feet high, at a cost $90,000.

— Several men have been digging for gold on Crooked Creek, a few miles northwest of Macomb, Mich.

— A "Ragged Newsboys' School" has been in successful operation in Pittsburg for some months past.

— There are 560,000 books in the British Museum, 30,000 of which were published in the United States.

— Small-pox is raging very fatally at the Cape of Good Hope, and nearly two thousand have died by it.

— The good people of Berkshire, Mass., had ninety-nine days of uninterrupted good sleighing this winter.

— The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon has abandoned his contemplated trip to America, certainly for the present year.

— The inhabitants of Paris, in February, were indulging in roses and lilacs, and open carriage drives to the Bois.

— Seven persons died in February, whose united ages amounted to 790 years. Four of them were negroes.

— The last leaf of the first edition of "Hamlet" has been discovered in Dublin, by Mr. W. Rooney, bookseller.

— Large quantities of tea seeds are on their way from the East to the Commissioner of Patents, Washington.

— This time last year there were 1,263,000 bushels of wheat in store in Chicago. Now there are but 611,000 bushels.

— A double girl two heads, four arms, four legs, attached to one trunk—was born last week at Huntsville, Alabama.

— The press on which Gen Greene printed the dispatches of the army, has lately been discovered in Pendleton, S C.

— At this time Generals Henningsen, Wheat, and some eight or ten others of the filibusters are in Washington city.

— A German naturalist has described six hundred species of flies, which he has collected within a district of ten miles.

— A new post-office called Mead's Creek, has been established in Steuben Co, N. Y., and William Winsor appointed P. M.

— Orr, of South Carolina, Stephens, of Georgia, and Letcher, of Va, closed their Congressional career with the recent term.

— Buffalo is said to be seventeen miles nearer Baltimore than it is to New York, since the direct railway has been completed.

— A "Bearded Ball" was recently given at Chicago, at which no gentleman was admitted without some hairy honor to his face.

— The decaying body of a child, three or four years old, was found at a paper mill in Gardiner, Me, in a bundle of rags from abroad

— At Orange, N Y, last week, a woman killed her child, four years old, because it was not taken from her by the Overseer of the Poor.

— Dr Geo Abbott, formerly a resident of this State, and recently American Vice Consul at Cairo, Egypt, died in Alexandria, in January.

— There is a rumor that Kossuth, under the name of Clarke, has arrived at Genoa, with the idea of participating in the Italian agitation.

— There are now three hundred patients in the Indiana Hospital for the Insane—the largest number that has ever been within its walls.

— Green turtle soup is now made at Key West, and canned for sale in all parts of the world. It bids fair to become a great article of trade.

— The battle sword of Gen. Putnam, which he wielded at Bunker Hill, was presented to the Connecticut Historical Society a few days since.

— The Abend-Zeitung says that a brother-in-law of Baron Gerolt, the Prussian Minister at Washington, is a newspaper carrier in N. Y city

— It is proposed to shorten the voyage from Calcutta to Canton over 1,100 miles by uniting the Bay of Bengal and Gulf of Siam by ship canal.

— Three men, engineer, fireman and brakeman, were killed by the explosion of a locomotive on the Steubenville and Indiana Railroad, on the 1st inst.

— The police of New York are stopping street begging. The consequence is that the cheap boarding [illegible] a scarcity of cold victuals.

— [illegible] a great number of accidents at [illegible] bursting of stoves, some twenty [illegible] have been killed the past year.

Publisher's Notices.

TERMS OF THE RURAL FOR 1859.

Single Copy, One Year,	$2
Three Copies,	$5
Six " and 1 free to Club Agent,	$10
Ten " " "	$15
Sixteen " " " "	$22
Twenty " " " "	$26
Thirty-Two " " " "	$40

And any additional number at the latter rate—only $1 25 per copy!—with a free copy for every Ten Subscribers over Thirty.

THE RURAL'S SPRING CAMPAIGN!

A BENEFIT FOR AGENTS AND FRIENDS.

A NEW QUARTER—the Spring Campaign—of the RURAL NEW-YORKER will commence April 2d, a favorable time to form new clubs, or make additions to those already formed. All whose subscriptions expire next week, will bear in mind that a prompt renewal is necessary to secure the uninterrupted continuance of the paper. They should at once form new clubs, or join with others in sending. No lover of the RURAL should be content to have it merely "hold its own" in his locality, but strive to increase its circulation and usefulness—and *Now is the Time to make the Effort.* In recognition of recent exertions of Agent-Friends, and as an extra inducement for continued canvassing during the Spring Campaign, we now make the following very Liberal and Seasonable offer:

$500 TO $1,000 WORTH OF CHOICE FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS As Gratuities for Agents, &c.

The Agents and active Friends of the RURAL, all over the land, have done, and are doing so nobly that we have resolved to give them a SPECIAL BENEFIT, by distributing among them from $500 to $1,000 worth of CHOICE FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS, during the Spring. These SEEDS are *in addition* to any gratuities heretofore offered—and scores of packages will be mailed to persons who expect nothing further, as an *extra* acknowledgement of their kind and successful efforts in behalf of the RURAL, during the past winter. We have already ordered $600 worth from the most reliable seedsmen in the Union—B. K. BLISS of Springfield, Mass., and J. M. THORBURN & Co., of New York—and shall probably want as many more before the 1st of June. They are believed to be genuine and superior—the best of their kinds obtainable—and we desire that hundreds, aye, thousands, of RURAL Friends may participate in the pleasure and benefits they will impart. In addition to the packages, we shall send, for favors already received, to Club-Agents, and those who become working friends of the RURAL by forming new clubs, as follows:—

To any Club-Agent making additions to his present club to the amount of $5, we will send (post-paid,) TEN CHOICE Varieties of Annual Flower Seeds, put up by THORBURN & Co., price 50 cents. The same to any person forming a new club of 3, and remitting $5.

For EVERY remittance of $10—whether in addition to clubs, or for new clubs—we will send (post-paid,) *in addition to the extra copies already offered*, a DOLLAR PACKAGE OF FLOWER OR VEGETABLE SEEDS, *as preferred by the person entitled*, to be selected by such person from the following packages put up by B. K. BLISS:

FLOWER SEEDS.	*Price.*
No. 1—consists of Twenty choice varieties of Annuals,	$1 00
No. 2—consists of Twenty choice varieties of Biennials and Perennials,	1 00
No. 3—consists of Ten extra fine varieties of Annuals and Perennials, embracing many of the new and choicest in cultivation,	1 00
No. 4—consists of five very choice varieties, selected from Prize Flowers of English Pansies, German Carnation and Picotee Pinks, Verbenas, Truffaut's French Asters and double Hollyhocks,	1 00
VEGETABLE SEEDS.	*Price.*
No. 5—collection of Twenty selected varieties, including two vars. of beets, two of cucumbers, two of cabbages, two of melons, the celebrated Hubbard Squash, Early Paris Cauliflower, &c., &c.,	1 00

(Packages sent to Canada or other British Provinces will not be post-paid, as the postage in some instances would be nearly or quite $1. We send post-paid to any address in the United States.)

☞ Subscriptions can begin with the New Quarter, April 2d, or we can still furnish back numbers from Jan. 1st, so that all who desire can have the volume complete. Clubs for Six or Nine months at the same proportional rates as for a year.

☞ BACK NUMBERS OF THIS VOLUME can still be furnished, and are forwarded to all new subscribers unless otherwise ordered. Though our sets of back numbers are rapidly diminishing daily, we can still supply several thousand new subscribers. We shall probably be able to furnish the numbers for a month or more, yet as our rule is, "first come first served," those who wish to secure the complete volume should not delay. [Feb., 1859.

☞ NEW CLUBS.—It is NOT too late to commence and form Clubs for Vol. X., as we shall probably be able to supply back numbers for a month or more, notwithstanding the large additions over previous years. Try it, Friends of the RURAL!—you who are in localities where the paper ought to be circulated, but has only a few subscribers, or is not yet introduced. A little effort, NOW, will enable you to succeed.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS—Are now in order, and whether they come (as they do daily) in ones, twos, fives, tens or twenties, are gratefully welcomed and receive prompt attention. Please note, and send on the names of all wish to join your club, even the eleventh-hour men and stragglers.

☞ DRAFTS AT OUR RISK.—We lose little money by mail, but prefer Drafts on New York (less exchange,) payable to our order, and which may be sent at our risk if carefully mailed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and each and all who form clubs, will not only receive extra copies, but their aid will be appreciated. We have no traveling agents, nor do we give certificates.

☞ CLUB PAPERS sent to as many different post-offices as desired, and after a Club is formed additions may be made to it at the club rate. See "Additions to Clubs," below.

COMMERCE OF LAKE ONTARIO.—The Oswego Commercial Times' annual statement of trade and commerce, published on the 11th inst., shows, by reducing flour to wheat, the total movement of grain over Lake Ontario in 1858, to be 21,800,000 bushels, against 18,900,000 in 1857. Total shipments from lake regions, by various routes, eastward, in 1858, were 59,400,000, against 54,000,000 in 1857.

THE CHICAGOANS WORKING UP A PANIC.—The Commercial Express states that the deficit in the receipts at Chicago, on the 10th inst, from the harvest of 1858, has reached 5,286,000 bushels, as compared with the previous crop. The total accumulation of grain and flour last week was equal to 7?,000 bushels against 745,000 bushels for the same week last year. The receipts of wheat since January 1st, foot up 120,000 bushels less than those at Milwaukee.

A NAVAL TRIO.—The Administration have been informed that the commanders of the American, English and French war vessels before Vera Cruz, would act in concert in protecting the lives and property of foreigners, should it be necessary, under the attack of Miramon.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, March 15, 1859.

FLOUR—No change from last quotations and transactions almost exclusively confined to home demand.

GRAIN—Wheat unchanged. Corn drooping; Rye do.; Beans down 5 cents per bushel.

DAIRY, &c.—Butter firm and wanted; Lard higher; Eggs down to 10@12c per dozen.

SEEDS—Clover has felt the influence of the New York market and prices have declined 25c per bushel.

MAPLE SUGAR is beginning to be on sale in our market at 10@12c per pound. The supply is light.

There are some minor changes in our quotations which will be observed on reference to table below.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		Eggs, dozen	11@12c
Flour, winter wheat, $ bbl	$5,50	Honey, box	10@12c
Do spring, do	5,00	Candles, box	12c
Do Buckwheat, do	2,75	FRUITS AND ROOTS	
Wheat, white Canada, $ bush	1,35	Apples, bushel	$1,25
Red Winter do	1,35	Do. dried	$1,50@2,00
Corn	50c	Potatoes	40c
Rye	70c	LIVE AND SKINS.	
Barley	60c	Calf	6c
Oats	30c	Sheep skins	$1,00
Buckwheat	50c	Lamb do	38c
Beans	$1,00@1,25	SEEDS.	
MEATS.		Clover, bush.	$6,00@6,50
Pork, Mess	$18,00@18,50	Timothy	$2,00
Do Prime	16,00	CATTLE.	
Beef, do	7,00	Wood, hard	$4,00@5,00
Do Cwt	5,00	Do soft	$3,50@3,00
Spring Lambs, each	1,00@1,25	Coal, Lehigh	$5,00
Mutton, carcass	6c	Do Scranton	$5,00
Veal, do	10c	Do Pittston	$5,00
Hams, smoked	11c	Do Shamokin	$5,00
Shoulders	7c	Do Char	8c
Chickens	10c	Salt, bbl	$1,00
Turkeys	11c	Hay, ton	$7,00@8,00
Geese	8c	Straw, do	$4,00
DAIRY, &c.		White fish, bbl	$4,00
Butter, roll	15@20c	Codfish, dry cwt	$3,00
Do. firkin	14c	Trout, bbl	$4,00@5,00
Cheese	10c		
Lard tried	11c		
Tallow	7c		

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, March 14.—FLOUR—Moderately active; common grades 5c lower. Sales at $5,50@5,80 for com to choice super State, $6,50@6,80 for extra State, $5,60@6,10 for super Ohio, $6,10@6,30 for extra Ohio, $5,60@6,10 for super Western, $6,10@6,30 for extra Western, $6,50@6,80 for common to medium extra Genesee, $6,90@7,00 for fancy do, $6,70@6,85 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio, $7,00@7,50 for trade and family brands do, and $7,50@8,00 for fancy do. Canadian steady; sales at $6,50@7,00 for common to choice extra. GRAIN—Wheat 1@2c per bush lower, but holders generally refuse to sell at less than 1@2c advance. Sales at 110c for sound Chicago spring, 120c for Milwaukee club, 126@130c for red winter Western, 140c for white do. Rye dull at 86@90c. Barley dull at 60@70c for State and Canada. Corn heavy and 1@2c lower; sales at 63@65c for mixed Western; 65@67c for new white and yellow Southern. Oats dull at 56@57c for State; and 61@62c for Western and Canada. PROVISIONS—Pork market dull and heavy. Sales at $18,37@18,45 for new mess, $17,75@17,87 for old do, and $13,25 for prime. Dressed hogs dull at 8@8¼c. Lard market heavy; sales at 11¼@12¼c. Butter steady at 11@17c for Ohio; and 17@27c for State. Cheese firm at 9@11c as to quality.

BUFFALO, March 14.—FLOUR—In moderate demand for domestic trade and market firm. Sales at $5,50 for spring Illinois, $5,25@5,62½ for fair to good extra Michigan, Indiana and flat hoop Ohio, $5,62½@5,75 for good to choice round hoop do, and $7@7,25 for double extras. Corn Meal heavy at $1,50 for coarse and $1,70 for fine. Buckwheat Flour nominal at $2@2,25 ? cwt. GRAIN—Wheat in moderate milling demand this morning, and the market is without important change. Sales Milwaukee club at $1,20, and red Indiana at $1,[illegible]. Corn in moderate demand, while prices are lower; sales new State Saturday, on track, at 80c. This morning from store at 76c. Oats—Nothing doing. Dealers quote State at 57@60c, and Canadian at 60c. Barley heavy at 70@75c. Rye—None offering. Seeds—Timothy heavy at $1,75@2,37½, and Clover also dull at $4,50@5,25. PROVISIONS—Heavy mess pork quiet at $17,25@17,50, and light do at $16,25. No old mess for sale. Common to choice extra mess beef nominal at $9@12. Shoulders and hams smoked shoulders at 7c; bacon sides, rib in, at 8½c, and prime sugar cured hams at 10½c. Plain hams steady at 9½c. Lard scarce and firm at 12c. Hamburgh cheese also firm at 10@12c. Good to prime dairy butter commands 16@20c in small quantities.

TORONTO, March 11.—FLOUR—There is a more steady feeling in the flour market, although during the week there was a slight tendency towards a decline. The stock continues very small, and in few hands, so that transactions are limited. The present quotations are about as follows:—Superfine $6,25; Extra $6,50@8,75; Fancy $7@7,25 per barrel. GRAIN—Fall Wheat has come in very slowly, and has been eagerly bought up at 7s 9d to 8s for ordinary to good samples, and from 8s to 8s 3d and sometimes 8s 6d for prime lots. The demand continues very brisk, both for speculation and for local consumption. Spring Wheat continues in excellent request at 4s 3d to 4s 6d per bushel, with an occasional purchase at 7s for prime selected wheat. Barley in brisk demand for local purposes at 3s 8d to 4s per bush. Rye is scarce and much wanted, with an advance in quotations, now ranging from 4s 3d to 5s per bushel. Oats are less firm, and are now quotable at 2s 10d@2s 11d per bushel. The supplies have slightly increased and the stock on hand is moderately large. Peas are wanted, and have improved in price to 4s 9d@5s per bushel.—*Globe*

CHICAGO, March 12.—The Flour market was steady. GRAIN—No. 1 wheat sold at $1,40@1,42; No. 2 at $1,[illegible]@1,2[illegible] steady and closing at $1,03; No. 2 do at 94@96c, and rejected at 89c, adding in storage. Corn was quiet but firm.—Shelled brought 72@73c, on track, and ear 60c @ 70 lbs. Oats were quiet and easier, with sales com mixed, at 48c, and fair at 50c delivered.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, March 9.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, $10,50@11,00; Ordinary, $9,00@10,00; Common, $8,00@9,00; Inferior, $6,50@7,75.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55@65; Ordinary, $45@50; Common, $35@40; Inferior, $20@28.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ? lb., 6½@7½c.; Ordinary, 5½@6c.; Common, 4½@5c.; Inferior, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, per head, $7,50@8,50; Ordinary, $5,50@6,00; Common, $4,50@5,25; Inferior, $3,00@4,00.

SWINE—First quality, 6¾@6¾c.; Other qualities, 5@6c.

ALBANY, March 14.—Receipts at West Albany for the week: Cattle, 2,032; Sheep, 2,175, Hogs, 912.

BEEVES—Prices take the following range—Extra 6c; First quality 5¾@5¾c; Second do 5@5¾c; Third do 4@4½c; Inferior do 3¾c.

SHEEP—Sales at from $4,75@6,75c, as to quality.

HOGS—We quote at 5@5½c; stores 5@5½c. Dressed Hogs 7½@8½c.

CAMBRIDGE, March 9.—At market 588 Cattle, about 500 Beeves, and 88 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $8,00@8,50; First quality, $7,50@7,75; Second, $6,00@6,37; Third, $5,50; Ordinary, $4,50.

WORKING OXEN—$90, 100@175 per pair.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 40@67.

STORES—Yearlings, $00@00; Two Years Old, $20@25; Three Years Old, $25@31.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1,250 at market. Prices—Extra and Selections, $4, 4,50@6, 7; in lots $2,25@3,50.

HIDES—7½@8c. ? lb. Tallow 7½@8c ? lb.

PELTS—$1,50@1,75 each. Calf Skins, 11@15c ? lb.

N. B.—Beef extra and first quality includes nothing but the best, large, fat, stall-fed Oxen.

BRIGHTON, March 10.—At market 850 Beeves, 200 Stores, 1900 Sheep and Lambs, 850 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $0,00@8,75; First quality, $8,00.; Second, $7,00; Third, $5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$100@140.

MILCH COWS—$40 common, $00@20

VEAL CALVES—$3,00, 4,00@5,00.

STORES—Yearlings, 00@00; Two Years Old, $20@25; Three Years Old, $25@31.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—In lot, $2,50@3; Extra, $3,50@6.

SWINE—Fat Hogs, 6c; Retail, 5½@6c. Pigs 5½@5½c.

HIDES—7½@8c ? lb. Tallow—7½@8c ? lb.

PELTS—$1,50@1,75. Calf Skins 11@15c ? lb.

PHILADELPHIA, March 9.—The Cattle market yesterday and to-day was only tolerably well supplied, the demand was brisk, and good cattle brought fair prices. The drovers demand big prices, and the purchasers have therefore been rather restricted. The offerings at both yards amounted to 1,350, and the choice quality sold at $0@10,75 per 100 lbs; prime at 9@9,50, and fair ordinary and com at 7@8,75.

SHEEP—The supply of Sheep amounted to 4,500 head, and though the demand was not very great, prices ruled at quite a high figure—the best quality selling as high as 7c each.—The average of prices at 6@6½.

HOGS—The demand for Swine continues good, and prices remain about the same as last quoted; 2,220 head were disposed of at 8@8,25 per 100 lbs net.

COWS—There has been no change in this market, and 325 head were disposed of at $35@45 for prime quality Milch Cows, and $15@30 for common to ordinary.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, March 9.—The manufacturers are supplied for the moment, and inquiry is quite limited being confined to the pressing wants of the trade, but this is owing to the meager supply of domestic offering, and the want of a liberal sale selection of foreign as well as the extreme prices present. In native fleece and pulled Wools sales of some 120,000 lbs have been made in small lots at 48@55c for half and full blood fleeces, and 26@ 3c for No. 1, city and country pulled; choice Saxony picklock would command 5@7o on these quotations, but there is little or none offering, except in very small parcels. Of the low and medium grades of California, sales of some 225 bales have been made at prices varying from 11 to 27c ? lb, 6 mos. In foreign we note sales of 130 bales Mestizo, and 100 do Donskoi on terms we did not learn, but understood to be at full rates.—*Tribune.*

CHICAGO, March 10.—Wool is quiet here. Indeed receipts are so light that there is hardly anything to quote.—Our paper goes among wool-growers, and yet we apprehend they do not rely upon transactions in this market to indicate the prospective demand, and the condition of the supply. It is generally believed that there will be no considerable advance at present—not at any rate with the consent of speculators and manufacturers. We should not hesitate to "hold" our clip at least until off the sheep's back. There is and is going to be considerable management, and where it exists or is prospective you may be sure "the management" has in view something that is actually of value, not nominal.—*Emery's Prairie Farmer.*

BOSTON, March 9.—There has been a fair inquiry for Domestic Wool, but the high prices asked continue to check operations. The sales of the week have been 1,000 lbs at 40@45c for fleece, and 46@47c for No. 1 to extra Pulled.—Pulled Wool is in better supply, and has been offered more freely during the week. In Texas Wool there have been sales of 25,000 lbs on terms we did not learn. The transactions in foreign comprise 450 bales Cape, South American and Mediterranean at various prices, as to quality.

Saxony and Mer. fine	60@70	Western mixed	40@50
Full Blood	53@56	Smyrna, washed	17@20
Half and ¾ blood	46@53	Do unwashed	10@18
Common	40@43	Syrian	11@22
Pulled, extra	52@60	Cape	21@30
Do. superfine	45@52	Crimea	9@17
Do No 1	40@45	Buenos Ayres	12
Do No 2		Peruvian washed	25

ALBANY, March 9.—The stock here is composed entirely of pulled, for which the demand is moderate, but the market rules very firm. The transactions during the week have been confined to 4,000 as super and 2,500 as extra pulled on private terms.—*Journal.*

Marriages.

In Galway, N. Y., on the 8th inst., at the residence of James Fuller, Esq., the bride's uncle, by Rev. A. S. Davis, Mr. AURAM DANTA and Miss MARY FULLER, daughter of Almon Fuller, of Philadelphia, N. Y.

In Penn Yan, by Rev. J. Long, Rector of St. Marks Church, Mr. GEORGE P. LORD and Miss A. ELIZA, daughter of Loomis Bunce, Esq., of Barrington, Yates Co., N. Y.

On the following morning, by the same, Mr. ALBERT OVENSHIRE and Miss MARY LORD, both of Barrington, Yates Co., N. Y.

At Port Byron, N. Y., March 9d, by Rev. E. Herman, of Branchport, Mr. CHAUNCEY A. BEDELL, of Potteney, Steuben Co., and Miss PHEBE V. STANTON, adopted daughter of Dr. WIXON of the former place.

Deaths.

In Hopewell, N. Y., Monday evening, Feb. 21st, H. ELIZA, daughter of Deacon OLIVER BABCOCK, in the full assurance of a blessed immortality.

THE NEGROES IN CANADA.—A convention of colored persons, held at Chatham, C. W., decided to appoint five commissioners to proceed to Africa for the purpose of selecting a suitable locality for the establishment of an industrial colony. It is the purpose of this party to proceed to Lagos; thence go to the interior and secure the location for the colony.

Special Notices.

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND!

TWELVE PAGES OF POPULAR MUSIC FOR TEN CENTS.

"OUR MUSICAL FRIEND" is filled with the best Piano Solos Duets, Songs, Operatic Arias, Polkas, Mazurkas, Quadrilles, Waltzes, and every other species of musical composition for Voice and Piano by the best American and European Composers: printed on full-sized music paper, adapted to every grade of performer.

The same quantity of music, procured from the regular publishers would cost more than ten times what we charge

A years' subscription to "OUR MUSICAL FRIEND," will secure new and fashionable music, worth at least TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS, and entirely sufficient for the home circle.

PRICE TEN CENTS, WEEKLY.

Yearly, $5; Half Yearly, $2,50; Quarterly, $1,25 cents. The Volume commenced on the 1st of December, 1858.

C. B. SEYMOUR & CO., Proprietors,
478 tf 13 Frankfort street, New York.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES—Preceding reading matter, and leaded—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, IN ADVANCE.

☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

☞ All transient advertisements must be accompanied with the cash, or a responsible reference, to secure insertion. Those who send us advertisements to be published at prices they specify, are respectfully advised that we are not in a position to allow any one to dictate terms—especially when the demand upon our columns, at published rates, exceeds the space appropriated for Advertising.

LADIES DON'T FORGET—To subscribe for the LADIES VISITOR AND DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION, advertised in the Rural of Feb. 5. 480-2t

AM. BLACK RASPBERRY PLANTS—For sale at $2 per 100. Also Seeds of the great South Carolina Squash; 13 seeds will be sent on receipt of 12 cts. in stamps. 480-4t Address S. C. HARRIS, Geneva, N. Y.

NURSERY TREES.—A large quantity, with the usual variety kept in Nurseries. Cultivated on high ground. Very thrifty and fine. For sale very low. 480-4t GRAVES & WARNER, Syracuse, N. Y.

THE FRANKLIN GRAPE—Is propagated and for sale at the "Randolph Nurseries." Vines 1 year old 25 cts. Vines 2 to 4 yrs old 15c to $1 O. T. HOBBS. Randolph, Crawford Co., Pa 4-0

IMPORTANT TO PHYSICIANS.—A Physician, by purchasing a small property, can secure one of the best locations for practice in the State. 4t-0tf Address Box 119, Lyons, Wayne Co., N. Y.

THORPE'S CHURN AND BUTTER-WORKER, Patented Sept. 23, 1856.—This Churn manufactures the Butter thoroughly before it is taken out of the churn, saving fully one-half of the labor. State and County Rights for sale. Address FRANKLIN THORPE, Springfield, Ill.

100,000 APPLE SCIONS—A fine assortment. ANGERS QUINCE Stocks and Stools, Willow and Privet Cuttings, Grape Vines, Currants, and a large quantity of young stock for sale *cheap*. Pear stocks to arrive. COWLES & WARREN, Syracuse, N. Y.

20,000 CHERRY TREES,—Standard and Dwarf, 2 years old, embracing over forty varieties; a good assortment of *hardy sorts*, and all *smooth and thrifty*, with fine *heads* and *stocks*, which we will sell, *this Spring*, at very low prices. BRONSON, MERRELL & HAMMOND, Geneva, N. Y.

CONNECTICUT SEED LEAF TOBACCO.—Packets containing a *half-ounce* will be sent post-paid to all applicants on receipt of *eight three cent stamps*.

Real Havana Tobacco (Imported Seed) in *one-eighth ounce packets*, will be sent in return for *five* three cent stamps. [480eow4t] B. K. BLISS, Springfield, Mass.

THE NANSEMOND SWEET POTATO—Successfully cultivated in the North. Plants from 1st of May onward, $2 per 1,000—10,000 or more at $1,50. Send stamp for Circular. O. S. MURRAY & SON, 480eow4t Twenty Miles Stand, Warren Co., Ohio.

ROOFING COMPOSITION.—The subscriber has the assignment of the original Patent for WEST'S CEMENT ROOFING, and offers rights for sale very low, and will exchange for other property. It makes a cheap roof and is fire and water-proof. Full information sent to all who wish it. 480-4t Address N. F. GRAVES, Syracuse, N. Y.

NOTICE TO GARDENERS AND FARMERS. APPLE PIE MELON, 9 cts. package of six seeds. Also, MAMMOTH PROLIFIC LIMA BEANS, 9 cts. package. Also, LARGE CHEESE SQUASH, excellent for pies, or as a substitute for the Sweet Potato—13 cts. package. The three for 25 cents. 4-0 C. V. RAPALYE, Morrisania, N. Y.

PEABODY'S PROLIFIC CORN.—The subscriber cultivated this celebrated corn last season at the rate of ninety bushels per acre, having from 3 to 5 ears per stalk. Put up in 25c., 50c., and $1 packages and sent free of postage. Address GEO. W. ZOOK, 480 New Providence, Lancaster Co., Pa.

GOOD FARM FOR SALE OR TO LET.—145 Acres, within two hundred rods of Murray Station, Orleans county, all under good cultivation, about twenty acres good timbered land, forty acres are heavily seeded to Clover, and about twenty acres plowed for Spring crops—there is a good orchard, Dwelling house and Barn. Will be sold cheap for cash, part down, balance in ten yearly instalments: or good unincumbered saleable goods will be taken in part trade, or will be rented. For particulars, enquire of 480tf F. G. CHANT, Rochester, N. Y.

FARM FOR SALE.—The subscriber offers for sale his Farm, containing Fifty Acres—situated in the town of Seneca, Ontario county, half a mile south of the village of Castleton, six miles west of Geneva, and nine miles east of Canandaigua.

Said farm is an excellent soil and in a good state of cultivation, well fenced, about five acres timber, a good grafted orchard and other fruits, and well watered. A good story and a half house, barn and other out-buildings.

This farm is pleasantly situated, and very convenient to churches, stores and mills, and in a good neighborhood. Price $3,000. Terms of payment made easy.

For further particulars, inquire of I. W. Runyan, Seneca Castle, (near the premises,) or the subscriber.

480-2t F. A. HEBARD
Canandaigua, Ont. Co., N. Y., March 12, 1859.

SOMETHING NEW.—Make your own Paint at 44 cts. per Gallon. The same ready for use, for one dollar. A Receipt for making a good and lasting Paint suitable for out side or inside work, and of any color, which will not exceed in cost 44 cts. per gallon, sent to any address for 25 cts. Address P. Q. ROPER, Box 618, Detroit, Mich. 480-3

NEW BOOKS.—The Arabian Art of Training Baby Horses—a book worth its weight in gold. If you have a horse that kicks, bites, or balks, send 40 cts. for this book. Stories of Waterloo, 50 cts. Either sent, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address H. C. MILLER & CO., 480 Niles, Berrien Co., Mich.

O. B. MAXWELL & CO., Dansville, N. Y.—Offer

Standard Plum, 3 years	$25	per 100.
do. Cherry 2 years	10	" "
Houghton's seedling Gooseberry	5	" "
Lawton Blackberry, 1 year	7	" "
Osage Orange, 2 yrs	4	" 1,000.
Maynard Cherry Pits	6	" bushel.
Catawba Grape, 1 year	35	per 100—$30 per 1,000

Dansville Liv. Co., N. Y., March 1st, 1859. 480-2t

NEW AND CHEAP FERTILIZER.—CASTOR PUMMACE—A valuable *organic* (vegetable) manure analyzed by Prof. Samuel W. Johnson of Yale College, and commended by him.

It is PUMMACE left after pressing the oil from the Castor Seed, and in India and England bears a high value as a fertilizer.

It will be sold at $12 to $16 per ton, according to quality—at which rate it is the cheapest fertilizer in the market.

The analysis and remarks of Prof. Johnson will be sent to any address on application, samples of the article may also be obtained if required.

No charge for packages, and in lots of *Ten Tons* delivered free of cartage in this city.

Manufactured and sold by 480-6t H. J. BAKER & BRO., 112 Water St., New York.

EUREKA POTATOES. [illegible] last spring from the seed [illegible] Rural Society of [illegible] One [illegible] varieties of Potatoes [illegible] *Fire Hand at virieties* [illegible] world, and cultivated by the [illegible] ing their qualities [illegible] ted during [illegible] some of our State and County Fairs, which have attracted much attention. From these, fifty varieties have been selected, which, for their productiveness, fine flavor, and freedom from disease (most of [illegible] can be recommended [illegible] cultivation. A large proportion of the remaining varieties [illegible] well, but he has thought it desirable to give them another year's trial before sending out.

For the purpose of introducing as extensively as possible, he has put them up in collections as follows, which can be sent by *Express* to any part of the country

50 varieties, 3 pot [illegible]	$5
20 do. 11 " "	2
10 do. 20 " "	1

Orders from unknown correspondents must be accompanied with the cash. B. K. BLISS
[illegible] Springfield, Mass.

AMERICAN HOP TREE.—The subscribers recommend the above Tree as a substantial [illegible] and troublesome Hop Vines. The tops grow in [illegible] ters, are much stronger and always preferred to the [illegible] tops. Tree is perfectly hardy, highly ornamental, and will bear the second year from seed. Trees from 7 to 8 feet $10 each, or Seeds free, by mail, for three cents per [illegible]
McILVAIN & YOUNG, Seedsmen,
480tf No. 9 John St., New York.

NOTICE.—The North Riding Agricultural Society, County of Waterloo, offer a premium of $200 for the best Stallion for General Purposes. Competition to take place at Berlin, on Tuesday 5th April next. No premium will be awarded unless an animal appears satisfactory to the Judges. The successful Horse must stand the season in the Riding and conform to the Society's rules. For particulars, address (post paid) DAVID SHOEMAKER,
Sec'y N. R. A. S. C. W., Berlin P. O.
Berlin, Canada West, March 4, 1859. 480-3

CHOICE VEGETABLE SEEDS BY MAIL, 20 Varieties, $1—45 Varieties, $2.

Wishing to give those who reside at a distance an opportunity to test the quality of our *Vegetable Seeds*, which we are confident will compare favorably with any ever offered in this country, we have prepared small packets of all the leading varieties which will be sent by mail post paid to any address in the Union at the above prices. To those who wish for *larger quantities* we would recommend the following collections, suitable for a large, medium or a small garden—which will be carefully packed for transportation, by Express to any part of the world

No. 1—COMPLETE COLLECTION—Sufficient for a large garden for one year's supply—comprising 12 quarts of Peas of the very best sorts for succession—6 varieties each of Beans, Cabbage, Turnips, Corn—4 varieties each of Lettuce, Onions, Radish, Muskmelons, Watermelons, Cucumbers—3 varieties each of Tomatoes, Cauliflowers, Celery, Broccli—with a full supply of Spinach, Beet, Carrot, Cress, Parsley, Parsnip, Salsify, Egg Plant, Peppers, Endive, Rhubarb, Sweet and Pot Herbs, and many other sorts of culinary and vegetable seeds, in liberal quantities. $10 00

No. 2—COMPLETE COLLECTION for a moderate sized garden, comprising 6 quarts of Peas, and most of the other varieties in proportion, 5 00

No. 3—COMPLETE COLLECTION for a small garden, 3 00

The quantities included in the above collections will be found detailed at length in the Catalogue, which will be sent by mail to all applicants inclosing a stamp

All orders must be accompanied with the cash
480eow4t B. K. BLISS, Springfield, Mass.

RHODE'S SUPERPHOSPHATE—Manufactured by B. M. RHODES & CO.,

Office 82 South St., Bowly's Wharf, Baltimore. Packed in Bar ells and tings—price $15 per Ton. *This well established Manure having been used for seven years past on Southern Plantations*, is for sale by the Sole Agents,
JOHN MOORE, 193 Front St., New York,
480eo8t D. T. MILLS & CO., 15 Custom House St., Boston.

RARE AND BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS. B. K. BLISS,

SEEDSMAN AND FLORIST, SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Would invite the attention of all who love the cultivation of Flowers, to his large and splendid assortment of **English, French and German Flower Seeds**, received from the most trustworthy sources, embracing every desirable variety in cultivation.

The seventh edition of his Catalogue of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, arranged on an improved plan, and containing much valuable information, both to the amateur or novice, is now ready for delivery, and will be sent to all applicants upon receipt of postage stamp.

FLOWER SEEDS BY MAIL.

For the accommodation of those who reside at a distance—he has prepared the following assortments, with full directions for cultivation, containing only the most showy varieties, of easy culture, which will be sent post-paid to any address in the Union at the following prices:

ASSORTMENT	
No. 1—consists of twenty choice varieties of Annuals,	$1 00
No. 2—consists of twenty choice varieties of Biennials and Perennials,	1 00
No. 3—consists of ten extra fine varieties of Annuals and Perennials, embracing many of the new and choicest in cultivation.	1 00
No. 4—consists of five very choice varieties, selected from Prize Flowers of English Pansies, German Carnation and Picotee Pinks, Verbenas, Truffaut's French Asters and Double Hollyhocks,	1 00

Purchasers remitting $5 will receive the four assortments *postage free*.

The above collections have been favorably known in every section of the country for the past five years—and can be confidently recommended to all who wish for a fine display of Flowers at a moderate cost.

The following additional assortments (his selection) will also be sent, *free of postage*, at the prices annexed:

ASSORTMENT	
No. 5—contains fifteen very select varieties of Greenhouse Seeds,	$3 00
No. 6—contains one hundred varieties of Annuals, Biennials and Perennials, including many new and choice varieties.	5 00
No. 7—contains fifty varieties of Annuals, Biennials and Perennials,	2 50
No. 8—contains twenty varieties of hardy Annuals, Biennials and Perennials, for sowing in the autumn,	1 00

All orders must be accompanied with cash. Remittances can be made in current Bank Bills or Postage Stamps.
480eow4t B. K. BLISS, Springfield, Mass.

ISABELLA GRAPE VINES FOR SALE.
Naples, N. Y., March, 1859. [479-2t] E. A. McKAY.

ASSIGNEES SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE in the Village of NEWARK, Wayne Co., N. Y., on Tuesday, March 22, 1859, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at Public Auction. A valuable farm of 134½ acres choice land, well adapted for fruit-growing and farming purposes, adjoining each and lying between the Erie Canal and N. Y. Central R. R.—This Farm has been surveyed and mapped out into lots of from 3 to 20 acres each, which are desirable for building purposes. Also, the spacious Brick Dwelling House and grounds of the late Enos BLACKMAR. Also, a commodious wood dwelling house and grounds. Also, barns, dwellings, and a large number of choice village lots. Terms easy. Sale positive and without reserve. HORACE BLACKMAR,
Assignee of E. BLACKMAR.
Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y., March 1, 1859. 479-2t

NEW YORK CONFERENCE SEMINARY.—The spring term of this Institution opens April 15th. $100 a year will pay for Board Washing, Fuel, Incidental Expenses and Tuition in Common English. Superior Professional Teachers at the head of the different departments. The Modern Languages and Music, are taught by Europeans of learning and ability. Drawing and Painting by a lady of experience, while the English branches receive their full share of attention. Circulars or any information can be had by addressing the Subscriber, or by personal application at the Seminary, Charlotteville, Schoharie Co., N. Y. 4-0

HUBBARD SQUASH.—THE BEST TABLE SQUASH IN CULTIVATION. 50 Seeds sent to any address in the Union on receipt of FIVE three cent stamps.
478-4t B. K. BLISS, Springfield, Mass.

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ASTOR HOUSE, Broadway, New York.—All the Milk used here comes from a Farm carried on for the express and sole purpose of furnishing Milk, Vegetables, Poultry, Eggs and Pork to this House. The Cows feed in Winter on the best of Hay and Meal, and in Summer on rich Pastures and Meal only. [440] O. A. STETSON.

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Twenty-Five Varieties
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CHOICE ANNUAL FLOWER SEEDS
WITH DIRECTIONS FOR THEIR CULTURE.
SOLD BY
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Price, $1,00. New-York.

10	Varieties Choice Hardy Annuals	$0 50
50	" " " Biennials and Perennials	2 00
100	" " "	4 00
20

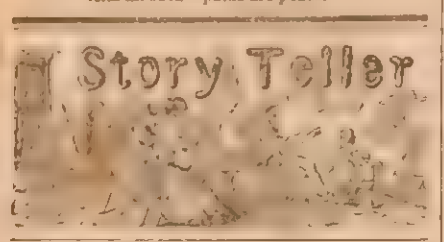
THE COTTAGE DOOR.

How sweet the rest that labor yields
The humble and the poor,
Where sits the patriarch of the fields
Before his cottage door!
The lark is singing in the sky,
The swallows on the eaves,
And love is beaming in each eye
Beneath the summer leaves!

The air amid his fragrant bowers
Supplies unpurchased health,
And hearts are bounding 'mid the flowers,
More dear to him than wealth.
Peace, like the blessed sunlight, plays
Around his humble cot,
And happy nights and cheerful days
Divide his lowly lot.

And when the village Sabbath bell
Rings out upon the gale,
The father bows his head to tell
The music of its tale—
A fresher verdure seems to fill
The fair and dewy sod,
And every infant tongue is still
To hear the word of God.

O, happy hearts! to Him who stills
The ravens when they cry,
And makes the lily 'neath the hills
So glorious to the eye—
The trusting patriarch prays to bless
His labors with increase;
Such ways are "ways of pleasantness,"
And all such "paths are peace."



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE WIFE'S EXPERIMENT.

BY KATE CAMERON.

"MA, why don't *you* ever dress up?" asked little NELLIE THORNTON, as her mother finished brushing the child's hair, and tying her clean apron. There was a momentary surprise on Mrs. THORNTON's face; but she answered, carelessly, "Oh, no one cares how *I* look."

"Don't *Pa* love to see you look pretty?" persisted the child. The mother did not reply, but involuntarily she glanced at her slovenly attire, the faded and worn calico dress and dingy apron, both bearing witness to an intimate acquaintance with the dish-pan and stove—the slip-shod shoes, and soiled stockings—and she could not help remembering how she had that morning appeared with uncombed hair, and prepared her husband's breakfast before he left home for the neighboring market-town. "Sure enough!" mused she, "how I do look!" And then Memory pointed back a few years to a neatly and tastefully-dressed maiden, sometimes busy in her father's house, again mingling with her young companions, but never untidy in her appearance, always fresh and blooming; and this she knew, full well, was a picture of herself, when CHARLES THORNTON first won her young heart. Such was the bride he had taken to his pleasant home,—how had mature life fulfilled the prophecy of youth?

She was still comely in features, graceful in form, but few would call her a handsome or an accomplished woman; for, alas! all other characteristics were overshadowed by this repulsive trait. Yet she loved to see others neat, and her house and children did not seem to belong to her, so well kept and tidy did they always look. As a housekeeper she excelled, and her husband was long in acknowledging to himself the unwelcome fact that he had married an incorrigible sloven.

When, like too many other young wives, she began to grow negligent in regard to her dress, he readily excused her in his own mind, and thought "she is not well," or, "she has so much to do;" and perceiving no abatement in his kind attentions, she naturally concluded he was perfectly satisfied. As her family cares increased, and she went less into company, she became still more careless of her personal appearance, and contented herself with seeing that nothing was lacking which could contribute to the comfort of her husband and children, never supposing that so trivial a matter as her own apparel could possibly affect their happiness. All this chain of circumstances hitherto unthought of, passed before her, as the little prattler at her side repeated the query,—"Don't Pa love to see you look pretty?"

"Yes, my child," she answered, and her resolve was taken,—she would try an experiment, and prove whether Mr. THORNTON were really indifferent on the subject, or not. Giving NELLIE a picture book with which to amuse herself, she went to her own room, mentally exclaiming, "at any rate, I'll never put on this rig again—not even washing day." She proceeded to her clothes-press and removed one dress after another,—some were ragged, others faded, all out of style, and some unfit to wear,—at length she found one which had long ago been laid aside, as "too light to wear about the house." It was a nice French print, rose-colored and white, and she remembered had once been a favorite with her husband. The old adage, "fashions come 'round in seven years," seemed true in this case; for the dress was made in the then prevailing style.

"This is just the thing," she thought, and she hastened to perform her toilette, saying to herself, "I must alter my dark gingham to wear mornings, and get it all ready before CHARLES comes home." Then she released her long, dark hair from its imprisonment in a most ungraceful twist, and carefully brushing its still glossy waves, she plaited it in the broad braids which CHARLES used so much to admire in the days of her girlhood.

The unwonted task brought back many reminiscences of those long vanished years, and tears glistened in her eyes as she thought of the many changes Time had wrought in those she loved, but she murmured, "What hath sadness like the change that in ourselves we find?" In that hour she realized how an apparently trivial fault had gained the mastery over her, and imperceptibly had placed a barrier between her and the one she best loved on earth. True, he never chided her,—never apparently noticed her altered appearance,—but she well knew he no longer urged her going into society, nor did he seem to care about receiving his friends at his own house, although he was a social man, and had once felt proud to introduce his young wife to his large circle of acquaintance.

Now, they seldom went out together excepting to church, and even dressing for that was generally too much of an effort for Mrs. THORNTON,—she would stay at home "to keep house," after preparing her little ones to accompany their father,—and the neighbors soon ceased expecting to meet her at public worship or in their social gatherings—and so, one by one, they neglected to call on her until but very few of the number continued to exchange friendly civilities with her. She had wondered at this, had felt mortified and pained heretofore; now she clearly saw it was her own fault, the veil was removed from her eyes, and the mistake of her life was revealed in its true enormity. Sincerely did she repent of her past error, calmly and seriously resolve on future and immediate amendment.

Meanwhile her hands were not idle, and at length the metamorphose was complete. The bright pink drapery hung gracefully about her form, imparting an unusual brilliancy to her complexion,—her best wrought collar was fastened with a costly brooch, her husband's wedding gift, which had not seen the light for many a day. Glancing once more at her mirror, to be certain her toilette needed no more finishing touches, she took her sewing, and returned to the sitting-room.

Little NELLIE had wearied of her picture-book, and was now playing with the kitten. As Mrs. THORNTON entered she clapped her hands in childish delight, exclaiming, "Oh, Ma, how pretty—pretty!" and running to her kissed her again and again, then drew her little chair close to her side, and eagerly watched her as she plied her needle, repairing the gingham dress.

Just before it was completed, NELLIE's brothers came from school, and pausing at the half-opened door, WILLIE whispered to CHARLIE, "I guess we've got company, for mother's all dressed up." It was with mingled emotions of pleasure and pain that Mrs. THORNTON observed her children were unusually docile and obedient, hastening to perform their accustomed duties without being even reminded of them. Children are natural and unaffected lovers of the beautiful, and their intuitive perceptions will not often suffer from comparison with the opinions of mature worldly wisdom. It was with a new feeling of admiration that these children now looked upon their mother, and seemed to consider it a privilege to do something for her. It was, "let me get the kindlings,"—"I will make the fire,"—and "may I fill the tea-kettle?"—instead of, as was sometimes the case, "need I do it?"—"I don't want to,"—"why can't WILLIE?"

NELLIE was too small to render much assistance, but she often turned from her frolic with her kitten, to look at her mother, and utter some childish remark expressive of joy and love.

At last the clock struck the hour when Mr. THORNTON was expected, and his wife proceeded to lay the table with unusual care, and to place thereon several choice viands of which she knew he was particularly fond.

Meanwhile let us form the acquaintance of the absent husband and father, whom we find in the neighboring town, just completing his day's traffic. He is a fine-looking, middle-aged man, with an unmistakable twinkle of kindly feeling in his eye, and the lines of good-humor plainly traced about his mouth—we know at a glance that he is cheerful and indulgent in his family, and are at once prepossessed in his favor.

As he is leaving the store, where he has made his last purchase for the day, he is accosted in a familiar manner by a tall gentleman just entering the door. He recognizes an old friend, and exclaims—"GEORGE MORTON, is it you?" The greeting is mutually cordial; they were friends in boyhood and early youth, but since, Mr. MORTON has been practicing law in a distant city, they have seldom met, and this is no place to exchange their many questions and answers. Mr. THORNTON's fine span of horses and light "democrat" are standing near by, and it needs but little persuasion to induce Mr. MORTON to accompany his friend to his home, which he has never yet visited. The conversation is lively and spirited—they recall the feats of their school-days, and the experiences of after life, and compare their present position in the world, with the golden future of which they used to dream. Mr. MORTON is a bachelor, and very fastidious in his tastes—as that class of individuals are prone to be. The recollection of this fact flashes on Mr. THORNTON's mind as they drive along towards their destination. At once his zeal in the dialogue abates, he becomes thoughtful and silent, and does not urge his team onward, but seems willing to afford Mr. MORTON an opportunity to admire the beautiful scenery on either hand,—the hills and valleys clad in the fresh verdure of June, while the lofty mountain ranges look blue and dim in the distance. He cannot help wondering if they will find his wife in the same sorry predicament in which he left her that morning, and involuntarily shrinks from introducing so slatternly a personage to his refined and cultivated friend.

But it is now too late to retract his polite invitation—they are nearing the old "homestead"—one field more and his fertile farm, with its well-kept fences, appears in view. Yonder is his neat white house, surrounded with elms and maples. They drive through the large gate-way, the man JOHN comes from the barn to put out the horses, and Mr. THORNTON hurries up the walk to the piazza, leaving his friend to follow at his leisure—he *must* see his wife first, and if possible hurry her out of sight before their visitor enters. He rushes into the sitting room,—words cannot express his amazement,—there sits the very image of his lovely bride, and a self-conscious blush mantles her cheek as he stoops to kiss her with the words of joyful surprise,—"*Why!* ELLEN!" He has time for no more, GEORGE MORTON has followed him, and he exclaims, "Ha! CHARLEY, as lover-like as ever—hasn't the honey moon set yet?" and then he is duly presented to Mrs THORNTON, who, under the pleasing excitement of the occasion, appears to far better advantage than usual. Tea is soon upon the table, and the gentlemen do ample justice to the tempting repast spread before them. A happy meal it is to CHARLES THORNTON, who gazes with admiring fondness upon his still beautiful wife. Supper over, Mr. MORTON coaxes little NELLIE to sit in his lap, but she soon slides down, and climbing her father's knee, whispers, confidentially, "Don't mama look pretty?" He kisses her and answers, "Yes, my darling."

The evening passes pleasantly and swiftly away, and many a half-forgotten mile of their life-pilgrimage is recalled by some way-mark which still gleams bright in the distance. They both feel younger and better for their interview, and determine never to become so like strangers again. Mr. MORTON's soliloquy as he retires to the cosy apartment appropriated to his use, is—"Well, this is a happy family! What a lucky fellow CHARLEY is—such a handsome wife, and children—and she so good a housekeeper, too! May be I'll settle down some day, myself"—which pleasing idea that night mingled with his visions.

The next morning Mr. THORNTON watched his wife's movements with some anxiety—he could not bear to have her destroy the favorable impression which he was certain she had made on his friend's mind, and yet some irresistible impulse forbade his offering any suggestion, or alluding in any way to the delicate subject so long unmentioned between them. But Mrs. THORNTON needed no friendly advice—with true womanly tact she perceived the advantage she had gained, and was not at all inclined to relinquish it. The dark gingham dress, linen collar, and snowy apron, formed an appropriate and becoming morning attire for a housekeeper, and the breakfast table afforded the guest no occasion for altering his opinion in regard to the skill or affability of his amiable hostess.—Early in the forenoon Mr. MORTON took leave of his hospitable friends, being called away by pressing affairs of business.

Mr. and Mrs. THORNTON returned to their accustomed avocations, but it was with renewed energy, and a new sense of quiet happiness, no less deeply felt because unexpressed. A day or two afterwards Mr. THORNTON invited his wife to accompany him to town, saying he thought she might like to do some shopping, and she, with no apparent surprise, but with heart-felt pleasure, acceded to the proposal. The following Sabbath the village gossips had ample food for their hungry eyes, (to be digested at the next Sewing Society,) in the appearance of Mrs. THORNTON at church, clad in plain but rich costume, an entire new outfit, which they could not deny "made her look ten years younger."

This was the beginning of the reform, and it was the dawning of a brighter day for the husband and wife of our story. True, habits of such long standing are not conquered in a week, or a month; and very often was Mrs. THORNTON tempted to yield to their long-tolerated sway, but she fought valiantly against their influence, and in time she vanquished them. An air of taste and elegance, before unknown, now pervaded their dwelling, and year after year the links of affection which united them as a family grew brighter and purer, ever radiating the holy light of a Christian home.

But it was not until many years had passed away, and our little NELLIE, now a lovely maiden, was about to resign her place as pet in her father's household, and assume a new dignity in another's home, that her mother imparted to her the story of her own early errors, and earnestly warned her to beware of that insidious foe to domestic happiness,—*disregard of little things*,—and kissing her daughter with maternal pride and fondness, she thanked her for those simple, child-like words, which changed the whole current of her destiny,—"*Don't Pa love to see you look pretty?*"

Wit and Humor.

A TOUGH STORY CORRECTED.

A CORRESPONDENT signing himself "A Puddin' head," writes to correct several errors in the "Tough Story" of the farmer and the geese—about catching a flock of wild geese by freezing their feet fast, &c. He having been personally acquainted with "Farmer H," and having heard the story from his own lips, may be relied upon as giving the correct version.

A pond existed in front of Farmer H.'s house, instead of a field. The weather being very cold, the pond was, of course, frozen stiff and solid. The geese came, and, as they always prefer to bivouac on an exposed situation where no enemy can approach unseen, they settled on this pond.—Farmer H. saw them "a doing of it." He therefore went to the flood-gate of the mill-dam, which emptied into the pond, and allowed about an inch and three-quarters of water to run evenly over the frozen surface.

Farmer H. was a practical man, and a good shot. In expectation of his morning's success, he spent the night in fixing up his fowling-piece, and preparing for practice and recreation on the ensuing morn. Morning came, and Farmer H. began the sport. Judge of his surprise, when, after the first discharge of his weapon, the geese took flight and *flew away with the pond!*—*N. Y. Picayune.*

HOW THEY GOT INTO TROUBLE.—An Eastern editor says that a man in New York got himself into trouble by marrying two wives. A Western editor replies by assuring his cotemporary that a good many men in that section have done the same thing by marrying one. A Northern editor retorts that quite a number of his acquaintances found trouble by barely promising to marry, without going any further. A Southern editor says that he was bothered enough by simply being found in company with another man's wife.

HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE.—To go into a printing office, look over a compositor's shoulder and read his copy. To go into an editor's room, rummage among his newspapers, and look over his shoulder to read his manuscript. Height of Justice:—To kick such rascals out without ceremony.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 478.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Progress and improvement.

Answer to Astronomical Problem:—7 hours, 40 minutes, and 57 seconds before and after it comes to the meridian. Amplitude, 29 degrees, 16 minutes, and 32 seconds north of east or west.

ANSWER to Premium Illustrated Rebus in the RURAL February 26th:

Longfellow, Bryant, Emerson, and Beecher occupy a high (or lofty, or elevated) niche in the Temple of Fame.

The first three correct answers were from "Box 122," Nunda, N. Y., ELIZABETH G. PIERCE, Chili, N. Y., and C. OSCAR THOMPSON, of Ionia, Mich.—and the premiums have been forwarded as desired.

—We have received a large number of attempted answers, but very few of which were correct. Most of those which are otherwise correct, omit the word high or lofty before niche—while many say position, place, point, &c., instead of niche. Of a few amusing answers received, we give two samples, as follows:—"A [very] slim scholar can [cane] by *ant* phiz [face, visage,] and flying carriage, [c-ar-riich.] occupy a niche [nook, corner, place,] in the Temple of Fame;" or, rendered in sentiment, "An empty head, and a fair amount of pretension, give notoriety."——"A portion of the church constructed in the manner of the Archangel by Emmet Emmerson and A. Fly, the church of the cross occupy."

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HORTICULTURAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 16 letters.
My 16, 5, 13, 6, 2, 15, 4, 8, 13, 16 is the name of an apple.
My 15, 8, 1, 5, 13, 11, 5, 15 is the name of a pear.
My 3, 1, 1, 13, 10 is a variety of the quince.
My 3, 13, 4, 14, 5, 15 is the name of a gooseberry.
My 3, 15, 15, 8 is the name of a now native grape.
My 6, 14, 3, 15, 8 is the name of one of our native grapes.
My 3, 13, 1, 14, 15, 2 is an old variety of the strawberry.
My whole is the name of a strawberry.

Kalamazoo, Mich., 1859. MELVIN WILLIAMS.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

Advertisements.

LINNÆUS RHUBARB, AND ASPARAGUS. Fine, strong Roots for sale by
479-5t T. C. MAXWELL & BROS., Geneva, N. Y.

TOBACCO SEED;—A small quantity of the "Connecticut Seed Leaf" variety for Sale—60 cts. per oz., including postage. WM. J. PETTEE, Lakeville, Conn.

PEACH TREES.—A few thousand good two year old Trees for sale by T. C. MAXWELL & BROS.,
March 10, 1859. [479-5t] Geneva, N. Y.

ONTARIO FEMALE SEMINARY, Canandaigua, N. Y. Summer Session commences April 1st. Closes the last of June. [479-3t] B. RICHARDS, A. M., Principal.

FOR SALE.—A small quantity of Prince Albert Potatoes, at $5 per barrel. Warranted genuine.
479tf D. NORTON, Jr., Pittstown, Rens. Co., N. Y.

CHERRY TREES,—Standard and Dwarf, of the best sorts, two years old and strong. For sale cheap.
Geneva, N. Y. [479-5t] T. C. MAXWELL & BROS.

SUPERIOR POTATOES—PRINCE ALBERTS. A specimen of which received the first premium, of the Oneida Co. Ag. Soc. last Sept. Price $1.50 per bu. For sale by S. A. DEWEY, Delta, Oneida Co., N. Y., March 1, 1859.

PINE HILL NURSERY, near Buffalo, N. Y. Apple, Pear, Dwarf & Standards, Plum and Cherry Trees, Grape Vines, Currants and Evergreens, and a fine lot of Anger Stocks. For sale by [479-3t] G. ZIMMERMAN.

RASPBERRY PLANTS—Of the best leading sorts, including the Antwerps, Brinkle's Orange, Franconia, Fastolff, Knevett's Giant, and Rivers' Large Fruited Monthly. For sale by T. C. MAXWELL & BROS., Geneva, N.Y.

$88,50 A YEAR pays for Board, Washing and Tuition in Common English, in FALLEY SEMINARY, Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y. Rooms for Self-Boarding in the village. Spring Term opens March 24, 1859.
479-2t Address JOHN P. GRIFFIN, Principal

EARLY PARIS CAULIFLOWER and Premium Flat Dutch Cabbage. Both sure to head, and are the *best varieties* known—12½ cts. each, per package, by mail.
Address "RURAL EMPIRE CLUB,"
429-6t Macedon Centre, Wayne Co., N. Y.

FARM PRODUCE Sold on Commission—Such as Flour, Butter, Cheese, Lard and Provisions of all kinds.
HAIGHT & EMENS, 226 Front St., New York.
Refer to R. H. HAYDOCK, Cashier Market Bank, New York.
PETER H. TITUS, Pres't East River Savings Bank.

EVERGREENS.—A very fine stock of vigorous and well grown plants of BALSAM FIR, 5 to 6 feet high and well branched,—NORWAY SPRUCE 3 to 4 feet,—AM. ARBOR VITÆ, 3 to 5 feet. For sale by T. C. MAXWELL & BROS.,
March 10, 1859. [479-5t] Geneva, N. Y.

GIFTS! GIFTS!! GIFTS!!!—The Original Gift Book Store, is permanently established at 14 Exchange street, where the purchaser of each book receives a Gift valued at from 61 to $50 at the time of sale.
Agents wanted in every town in the Union. Those desiring so to act can obtain full particulars by sending for a Catalogue, which is sent free to any address, upon application to O. N. NEEDHAM, Agent, Rochester, N. Y. 479tf

A CHOICE DAIRY FARM FOR SALE.—Said Farm contains 123 acres, about 10 heavily timbered, the rest under a good state of cultivation. A dwelling house, two barns and other out-houses. A good bearing apple orchard and other Fruit and Ornamental Trees. Well watered and never failing. Is situated in this town, 2 miles from Vernon Village, 4 from Verona Depot on the N. Y. Central Railroad, 4 from Oneida Depot. Price, $33 per acre. Credit given for a large portion of the purchase money. For further particulars, inquire of the subscriber at Verona, Oneida Co., N. Y.
March, 1859. [479-2t] H. S. DODGE.

VESTRY HARP! A HYMN AND TUNE BOOK, For SOCIAL and FAMILY DEVOTION.—Compiled by Rev. M. M. PERKINS, and is decidedly the best Book of the kind ever issued. It contains 300 tunes, and is sold at 45 cents, cloth, and 35 cts., sheep. Published by
WM. HEATH, No. 79 Cornhill, Boston.
COLE & ADAMS, 40 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y., are Agents for the above work, to whom orders can be addressed. They are also Agents for the AM. SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—Send and get a Catalogue of their Publications. [479-6t

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES. For Spring of 1859.

ELLWANGER & BARRY beg to inform Planters, Nurserymen and Dealers in Trees, that they have still on hand to offer for SPRING PLANTING, a large stock of the following named articles of superior quality in all respects:

FRUIT DEPARTMENT.

STANDARD PEARS, on Pear stock, 2 and 3 yrs from bud.
DWARF AND PYRAMID PEARS on Quince, 2 & 3 yrs from bud.
DWARF AND PYRAMID APPLES on Paradise and Doucan, 1, 2 and 3 years from bud
STANDARD CHERRIES on Mazzard stocks, 2 yrs from bud.
DWARF AND PYRAMID CHERRIES on Mahaleb stocks, 1 and 2 years from bud
APPLE QUINCES grafted, 2 and 3 yrs from graft.
ENGLISH WALNUTS, *Butternuts, Spanish Chestnuts, Filberts*, &c.
HARDY GRAPES, including Isabella, Catawba, Clinton, Concord, Diana, Rebecca, Montcith, and other new varieties.
FOREIGN GRAPES, for Vineries, all the most esteemed varieties, well ripened plants, in pots, 1, 2 and 3 years old from the eye
BLACKBERRIES, New Rochelle, or Lawton, and Dorchester.
GOOSEBERRIES, the American Seedling and large English varieties.
STRAWBERRIES, upwards of 60 varieties, including all the best American and Foreign varieties.
CURRANTS, Red Dutch, Victoria, White Grape, Black Naples, Black, English, &c., &c.
RHUBARB, Myatt's, Linnæus, Victoria, Prince Albert, &c.
ASPARAGUS, strong Roots.

Stocks.

Mazzard Cherry Seedlings.
Mahaleb do. do.

ORNAMENTAL DEPARTMENT.

DECIDUOUS STANDARD LAWN TREES.
DECIDUOUS WEEPING
EVERGREEN TREES, embracing an immense stock of Norway Spruce, from 6 inches to 6 feet. Also, rare California Evergreens, &c. See special advertisement.
FLOWERING SHRUBS, all the most desirable, a very large stock.
CLIMBING SHRUBS of all sorts.
ROSES—the largest stock in the country of all the best sorts, both on the Manetti stock and on their own roots. See Catalogue.
HERBACEOUS PEONIES, a superb assortment of more than 75 varieties.
DAHLIAS—Over 100 of the most beautiful varieties, including the latest novelties.
PHLOXES, an unrivalled assortment, embracing all the classes.
DIELYTRA SPECTABILIS, the most charming hardy border plant in cultivation—over 10,000 plants.
CHRYSANTHEMUMS, both large and pompone varieties, the newest and best
CARNATIONS AND PICOTEES, a fine collection.
DELPHINIUM HENDERSONII—Magnificana and other beautiful sorts. Besides all the most desirable hardy border plants grown. See Descriptive Catalogue No. 3.

Green-House and Bedding Plants.

All the most useful and popular plants such as *Fuchsias, Geraniums, Heliotropes, Verbenas, Petunias, Lantanas, Veronicas, Hydrangeas Scarlet Salvias, Plumbagos*, &c., &c., grown extensively and supplied in quantities, or by the dozen, assorted, *at low rates*. See Catalogue No. 3.

Summer and Autumn Blooming Bulbs.

A superb collection of the new *Gladioli*, and *Japan Lilies*, besides *Tuberoses, Tigridias*, &c.

We can say without boasting, that our present stock has never been surpassed in vigor, health, and beauty of growth, and we invite all parties interested to examine it and satisfy themselves.

Packing for distant parts executed in the most careful and skillful manner, and customers treated in all respects with fairness and liberality.

For full and detailed information respecting the stock, prices, terms, &c., we refer to the following catalogues which will be sent gratis, prepaid, to all who inclose one stamp for each

No. 1—Descriptive Catalogue of Fruits.
No. 2—Descriptive Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, &c., &c.
No. 3—Descriptive Catalogue of Dahlias, Green-House and Bedding Plants, &c.
No. 4—Wholesale Catalogue for Nurserymen, Dealers and others who purchase in large quantities.

ELLWANGER & BARRY,
477 Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

NORTHERN MUSCADINE GRAPE.—A SEEDLING originated in our Society, (Shakers) from the Native White Grape. Size, medium, or equal to the Isabella. Color, light amber, a prolific bearer, and perfectly hardy, needing no protection from our rigorous winters, and *one month earlier than the Isabella or Catawba*, and we can recommend it as well adapted to New England, the Northern and Middle States, and the Southern Canadas.

Price from one to three dollars per root, according to age and size. Also a Gooseberry,

"The Mountain Seedling of Lebanon."

This Gooseberry has never been known to mildew, and its berry is of good size, and very productive. Price from 25 cents to $1,00 per root.

Circulars sent gratis upon application. All orders promptly attended to by addressing JESSE LEWIS
479-4t D. C. BRAINARD, } Agents.
New Lebanon, Columbia Co., N. Y., Shaker Box.

THE HOOKER STRAWBERRY!—THE BEST YET INTRODUCED.—The attention of Amateurs and Growers of Fruit for market is again called to this Strawberry.

All that its friends have hitherto claimed for it has been more than fulfilled, and testimonials without end could be furnished to attest its merits.

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Charlotte, Monroe Co., N. Y., Feb. 8, 1859. 475-tf

Moore's Rural New-Yorker,

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Agricultural, Literary and Family Weekly,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

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VOL. X. NO. 13.] ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1859. [WHOLE NO. 481.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

AGRICULTURAL

THE POTATO.—EARLY VARIETIES.

WILL you please inform me of an early potato that is of better quality than the *Early June*—as early, if possible, and more prolific? That old variety is poor, I think hardly worth growing.—A LOVER OF GOOD POTATOES, *Lockport, N. Y.*, 1859.

WE will most cheerfully give our experience, and it is as valuable, and no more so than that of any farmer, who has paid particular attention to the subject. In addition to this, however, we have been in search of a valuable early potato for some time, and in our investigations have learned that it is somewhat difficult to find a potato that will unite early ripening with other good qualities.

Early June is well known, and we certainly need a better early potato than this. It is not of good quality, is not a good yielder, and in its earliness consists its principal merit.

Early Manly.—This is a potato we first found growing here some eight or ten years ago. It was cultivated by only one or two of our best market gardeners, who were quite choice of their seed, showing, we thought, a little desire to monopolize its cultivation. It is a round, white potato, as small, or perhaps a little smaller than the Early June, will ripen several weeks before that variety, and is the earliest potato we know anything about. It will be entirely ripe, and the tops dying by the time the June is called "*fit to dig*," which we know is a long time before it ripens. The quality of this potato is good; it is dry and every way desirable, but the yield is small. It is an excellent sort for the market gardener, and will enable him to carry early potatoes to market while they will bring a high price—the quantity with him being not so much of an object as earliness. They are also good for the amateur gardener and for the farmer, to grow for family use. Every one who has a garden should aim in ordinary seasons to have green peas and ripe potatoes on the table by the 25th of June In eight weeks after planting they will become fully ripe, so that the tops will die. Of its origin we can learn nothing reliable.

The Mountain June.—This potato we like for an early sort much better than the *Early June*. It does not mature as soon by two or three weeks, but it is of large size, gives a better crop, is drier, and of better quality every way. If planted the same day as that variety, it can be dug as soon, and though not matured, will be found as good, and we think better, and the portion that remains to ripen will be found much superior, besides giving a much larger crop. This, we think, is one of the most valuable of the early sorts.

As the time for planting is rapidly approaching, we hope those who are possessed of facts not generally known, will communicate them at once. On this subject we are all in pursuit of knowledge.

THE PRINCE ALBERT.

EDS. RURAL:—I noticed in your issue of March 12th that B. STEPHENS, a produce dealer in New York, comes out rather strong against *Prince Albert* potatoes, pronouncing them a failure, and saying that they do not sell well in the market, or cook dry. Having had some experience in raising and consuming this valuable potato, and also having read the experience of other individuals who have raised them since their first introduction, I am prepared to say that the strictures of this produce dealer are, in a great measure, unwarranted. I am, after one season's trial of this variety, under the most unfavorable circumstances, so much pleased with them that I shall plant largely of them the present season. Last year I raised from one barrel of seed, on ground where the water killed out a great many of them, over one hundred bushels of the finest potatoes that it has ever been my pleasure to look upon, and all perfectly sound, while those of five other varieties, in the same field, rotted very badly. We find them a good potato either boiled or baked, and I am sure that they have every quality about them to make them one of the most valuable potatoes in market.—M. L. PARKER, *Lyndonville, Orleans Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

From the above it will be seen there is a great difference of opinion as to the *Prince Albert*. Not having cultivated this sort, we cannot give an opinion, but we quote from the circular of Messrs DREW & FRENCH, Commission Merchants of New York—"The Prince Albert is an English Seedling, introduced into Massachusetts a few years ago. The seed has been eagerly sought for each season since its introduction at very high prices It is oblong shaped, a little flattened, with the stem end often elongated, entirely white, with very few eyes, which lie upon the surface, scarcely indenting the thin smooth skin; being one of the most beautiful potatoes ever grown.

It matures a little later than the Mercer, grows to a large size, yields largely, and has never rotted When it grows to medium size, under favorable circumstances, it is a good table potato, and sometimes has proved excellent, but as a general rule, though good flavored, it does not cook so dry and light as the Peach Blows or Buckeyes, and the stem end is frequently soggy.

Its handsome appearance, large yield, good quality, and freedom from disease will probably insure its extensive culture, especially among prudent farmers who prefer not to risk their entire crop upon one or two varieties."

This variety has not been cultivated here, that we can learn, but we will try it the present season.

THE BUCKEYE.

WILL you oblige a subscriber by stating through the RURAL the quality of the *Buckeye* potato and its productiveness? Also, if it can be obtained in the vicinity of Rochester? I am fond of good potatoes, and ask for information as to the best kinds in your market early and late. I have been informed that the *Buckeye* potato is cultivated quite extensively in the vicinity of Rochester, and is spoken of very highly as a very good kind and good quality.—F. FAIRCHILD, *Onondaga Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

Our correspondent will find most of his queries answered in the above, and in an article on the same subject in the RURAL of the 12th inst. From what is said of the *Buckeye* at the East, and our knowledge of it here, we have thought there must be two varieties called by that name. With us it is quite an early potato—nearly as early as Early June, quite as early as Mountain June, a large, dry potato, of fair quality, productive, and never known to rot. Seed can be obtained of the potato-growers in the vicinity of this city. We have no seeds or plants of any kind for sale, but are willing to aid our friends abroad in procuring anything valuable that they may desire, when we can do so without too great a tax upon our time

Spring Management of Cattle.

IN treating upon this topic, a correspondent of the *Ohio Farmer* writes:—"I have about come to the conclusion that it is unwise and unprofitable to permit cattle to escape the confinement of the cattle-yard until about the middle of April. If grass comes forward unusually early, they may be turned into pasture at an earlier date. I do not claim that those who have large herds of cattle, and extensive grazing lands well established in grass, will always find it the most convenient, and the most economic course. Those, however, who follow a mixed system of husbandry, raising horses, cattle and hogs, and who cultivate most of the grains and grasses, will find the following advantages from the mode of *springing* which I suggest:

"1. The early grass will become better established, and it will therefore yield more abundantly, and better sustain the stock during the grazing season. 2. The fields and pasture lands will not be injured in productiveness, and in facility of cultivation, by being compactly trampled in the wet weather of early spring. 3. Cattle retained on their regular dry food, in the cattle stables and in the yard, will do quite as well as those permitted to roam over the farm, and to obtain an occasional and meagre bite of immature grass. They acquire a disrelish of dry forage, while they cannot obtain a sufficient amount of green. 4. Let this mode of spring management of stock be adopted, and farmers will more carefully husband their straw, and other rough food. Wide-spreading straw piles, which now disfigure fields, and which encumber and frequently interfere with the cultivation of much good land, will no longer be found upon the premises of the prudent, economical and pains-taking farmer. 6. The last, and most important advantage, resulting from this mode of managing cattle is this: *the manure made and preserved will be increased four fold.*"

DAIRY FARM OF HON. ZADOCK PRATT—PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

ABOVE we present a sketch of the Dairy Farm of Hon. ZADOCK PRATT, situated on Schoharie Kill, (creek,) in the northwest portion of Greene Co., thirty-six miles west of the Hudson river. This farm contains 365 acres; forty acres, lying on the creek, is of fine, alluvial soil; the remainder loam and gravel, upon the slope of the mountains, (Catskill,) facing the east. Originally this land was mostly covered with hemlock, and is known throughout that region as "hemlock land."

Whole number pounds of butter 6,500, or 130 lbs. from each cow. Average amount per day 26 39 61 lbs., or $ 2 61 oz. for each cow. The number of pounds of milk to make one pound of butter is about 29 1-5, or nearly twenty quarts.

Whole number pounds of pork 4,627; made from each cow 92½ lbs., which was sold for $6 56. No. of pounds of butter from each cow 130, for which was received $30 95. Total receipts from each cow $37 51.

PLAN OF BUILDINGS. DIAGRAM OF ABOVE FARM. SCALE, FOUR INCHES TO THE MILE.

REFERENCES.—*A A*, Barn Yard. 1, Sheds and Pig Pens. 2, Horse and Wagon House. 3, Barn 30x40, with elevated Entrance in loft, and stabling in Basement. *4*, Door Yard. 5, Wash and Wood House. 6, Milk House, with cement bottom. 7, Dwelling Farm House, convenient, commodious, and well arranged. 8, Water Arrangement. 9, Granary. 10, Corn House. 11, Water to Yard and Pens. 12, Buttermilk to Pig Pens. Four and one-half miles stone wall.

No. OF LOTS.—CONTENTS.—1, 11 acres; 2, 16; 3, 17; 4, 30½; 5, 14; 6 and 7, 45; 8, 7½; 9, 6; 10, 11; 11, 203.

The main business of the farm is the manufacture of butter. To a proper understanding of the mode of operation, the amount of labor performed, and of business transacted, we copy Mr. PRATT's report, for 1857, to the N. Y. State Ag. Society, as follows:

SYNOPSIS OF FARM ACCOUNT.	Cr.
By 6,500 lbs. of butter, sold at 23 to 27 cents	$1,547 64
By 4,627 lbs. of pork, sold at 6½ to 8 cents	328 16
	$1,875 80

Dr.	
To paid for labor (consisting of the farmer and his wife, and the most of the time two girls, one man, and a boy,) and other incidental expenses	$715 50
To interest on capital invested, (the farm and stock being estimated as $10,000)	700 00
	1,415 50
Net income	$460 30

The whole number pounds of milk from April 1st to Dec. 1st, eight months, was 254,726, or at 8 pounds per gallon, will be 31,842 gallons. For each cow 5,094 12 25 lbs., or 636 81-100 gallons.—Average quantity per day 1,044 lbs., or 130½ gallons; average quantity per day for each cow 20 44-100 lbs., or 2 61-100 gallons. Greatest quantity per day for each cow 26 9-10 lbs., or about 3½ gallons.

The butter was churned in ordinary barrel-dash churns, by water-power—the cream alone being churned, which we think better than churning the milk and cream together. After churning, the butter is thoroughly worked in the ordinary manner, and one ounce of Ashton's fine salt to the pound worked through it, and when hard, packed in white oak firkins, and kept in a cool, dry place. And be it remembered, to the credit of my farmer and his wife, not a pound of poor butter was made.

The milk-house is attached to the farm-house, built of wood, lathed and plastered; has a cemented floor, and well ventilated. The milk is set on racks, in tin pans, three to four quarts in each, requiring over 500 pans.

We have good, pure, cold spring water (which is very essential in making good butter,) brought in logs into the churn-room, adjoining the milk-room.

The buttermilk is run in logs under ground about eight rods, to the piggery. The water from the churn-wheel is conducted under ground eight or ten rods, to a trough (which has never been known to freeze over) in the barn-yard, serving the double purpose of churning and watering the stock.

A few of my cows are Devons, the balance are native mixed breed; they are stabled with slide stanchions, and fed on hay and straw, adding about five bushels of rye, corn, oats, and buckwheat, ground together, to each cow, the last of the winter and forepart of spring. I would here remark, that, although this has been a wet and good season for grass, it has been hardly an average one for butter.

We have also raised a fair crop of rye, oats, buckwheat and millet; about one-half a crop of potatoes, sound but small, and a fair crop of hay; but a total failure of carrots, by reason of poor seed.

Now, as to my hogs, I will observe, they are a mixed native white breed, contented when full; when fat and clean, very handsome. Success here, as in all other branches of business, results from attending to this one motto, 'Mind your own business.'"

Many readers of the RURAL (*who are differently situated,*) may view the foregoing schedule of the business of Mr. PRATT's farm with the feeling that the "day of small things" still remains to be numbered among terrestrial objects. Such, however, should remember that the great bulk of the land comprising this estate is composed of a mountain range, and that a considerable part of the surface cannot be cultivated. The Viewing Committee of the State Ag. Society report "a portion of the upland on which brush had started up, was burned over and sown with maple, beech, and locust seed, hickory and black walnut, planted, and all are now growing finely. Shade and forest trees are thus propagated to advantage. * * * * Taking the whole farm together, we were very much gratified with the good judgment that had devised the plan which had resulted in securing so many conveniences, and in obtaining so favorable a return from its cultivation." Our engravings will give a faint idea of the topography, and Dairy farmers

can estimate for themselves how much better, under all the disadvantages exhibited, their balance-sheet of the year's transactions could be made to appear. An honorary diploma of the N. Y. Ag. Society was awarded Mr. PRATT for his report.

A NEW SORT OF PLOW SUGGESTED.

EDS. RURAL:—On a large proportion of land in our State, deep plowing for corn is not advantageous. Experience, and the well known fact that the roots of corn are *always* found near the surface, demonstrate it. The peculiar nature of corn evidently requires contact with warm soil, as well as warm air. In a *rich*, deep-tilled soil, corn will grow very well, especially in a very hot, dry summer, but even under such circumstances it invariably is backward and feeble in all the fore part of the season. The reason for this must be apparent to every farmer The turning up a subsoil, which, to say the least, has been but partially under the influence of solar heat, and consequently being in a cold, sour and ungenial state, is quite a sufficient explanation. Still, on many accounts, it is desirable, and, in fact, indispensable, to till deep.

These facts have suggested to me, whether *a plow could not be constructed so as to invert, say five inches in depth of the top soil, and at the same time loosen up the subsoil four inches more, without turning it up,*—(the depth, of course to be varied by circumstances.) Such an operation would, in my humble opinion, give us all the advantages of deep tillage, without its disadvantages. It would conduct the superabudant water away from the corn roots, and retain it until needed. Furthermore, the corn being planted in warm, surface soil, its germination and early growth would be much more vigorous and healthy than if it had to struggle for its *very existence* in a cold, hard subsoil.

It may be said that all these advantages might be obtained by the present mode of subsoiling, but it should be borne in mind that the great majority of farmers have but one team, and even when that is not the case, very few, in the *spring of the year*, would consent to spend the time and money in subsoiling their corn ground.

I cannot see any insuperable difficulty in constructing such a plow, and am very confident that it would prove a desideratum in the culture of corn, and, consequently, have an extensive sale. I, therefore, hope that some good mechanic will undertake it.

Trumansburg, N. Y., 1859.

REMARKS.—On general principles, our opinion is that the soil cannot be broken up and stirred too deep—especially if a hard and retentive kind—both for disposing of an excessive full of water, and to allow the roots to penetrate in search of moisture in seasons of drouth. That deep plowing, by inverting the furrow and turning up a deep, cold, unmanured subsoil, is detrimental to corn and all surface-rooted vegetation the first year, there can be no doubt. On a second plowing, the manured portion, or rotted sward, would be intermixed and brought to the surface, and within the reach of the young plant, and ever after prove a beneficial process.

The old method of subsoiling involves a great outlay of power and time, and we see no difficulty in constructing a plow on the plan of our correspondent that would perform both operations at one process, for which a three-horse team would probably be required to reach the depth of twelve inches, except in case of hard-pans.

In our climate, we have no time to spare in maturing the corn crop, and it is important that the young plant, before it has gained strength, and age, and extended roots, to search to distances or depths for nutriment, should have a warm, genial and rich soil to put it ahead in its early stages,—or it will be a poor and languishing crop,—and a raw, unmanured and undecomposed subsoil does not contain the required *pabulum* for that contingency. We have noticed some extraordinary developments of vegetable growth on the raw soils thrown out of ditches and swales, but they were alluvial, not original pre-Adamitic drift.

BLACK TOOTH IN SWINE.

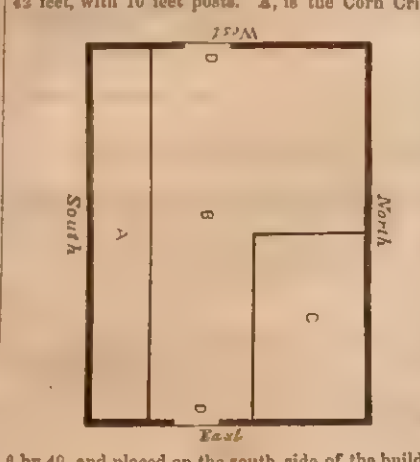
MESSRS. EDS.:—Perusing the copies of the RURAL received, I observed many little matters highly amusing to me as only a young settler on this side of the Atlantic. Having had twenty years experience in farming in England, I pretend to know something of farming generally, but from some of the articles in your valuable journal I fear I may fairly set myself down as a complete novice as far as farming is concerned in Yankee land. I could discuss several points I perceive put forward, but as the numbers in which they appear are no very late date, and being a stranger to America and its newspaper's I think it more prudent for the present to say but little further than refer to an inquiry signed J. B WILSON, Ridgeway, N. Y., desiring to know "what's the matter with his pig." I beg to state for Mr. WILSON's information, as well as for others, whose stock is similarly affected, that his pigs have had what is commonly called, or known to be "*The Black Tooth.*" I have been troubled with the same thing but have never lost any.—When first they begin coughing, catch them and it will be found their teeth are perfectly black, take a pair of tweezers and break them off—give them some sulphur, say one ounce to each pig, twice a week for a fortnight. Feed them with food containing the least possible heating properties for a short time, and all will be well. This disease seldom appears in pigs in the Old Country, and the only way I can account for its being so prevalent here, is the inferior breed of the animal. I am breeding nothing but pure Berkshire's and in these nothing of the kind appears

Zorra Lodge, Woodstock, C. W., 1859. G. R.

SEEDING TO CLOVER.—In the RURAL of Feb 12th, I observe that in seeding to clover after wheat, you advise to sow this month, March. My experience for a few years has confirmed me in the opinion that it is better to defer sowing till the middle of April. Last Spring, clover sown about the first of April, in this vicinity, was much of it killed by severe freezing the last of the month.—The best seeded pieces I have ever seen, were sown in the month of May.—S., *Fayetteville, Onon. Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

PLANS FOR CORN HOUSES.

EDS. RURAL:—The Midge threatens the entire destruction of our staple crop—Wheat—and as we must raise something instead, the question naturally arises, what shall that "something" be? I answer that, on many farms, Corn can be raised to advantage and profit, both to land and pocket. Corn, here, is seldom lower than fifty cents, and frequently as high as one dollar per bushel. We have been raising from four to eight hundred bushels of corn in the ear, yearly, and have always thrown it on floors to dry; but have lost more or less by so doing; and as it is our intention to raise more corn and less wheat, we will require a better arrangement for storing and safe keeping. In view thereof I propose the following diagram, in which there are three things to be considered, a Corn Crib sufficient to hold 2,000 bushels of corn in the ear—a granary, and a room for storing farm implements and machinery. The size of the building is 30 by 42 feet, with 10 feet posts. A, is the Corn Crib,



8 by 42, and placed on the south side of the building so as to have the advantage of the sun and wind, and is inclosed with upright slats two inches wide, one and a quarter inches apart. B, is Storage Room for farm implements, and C is the granary, 12 by 21 feet, in the sides of which may be placed ventilators, covered over with a wire screen so as to prevent rats and mice getting in. D, D, passage-way, 12 feet wide. The floor should be tight—the building standing two or three feet above the ground, and at a proper distance from other buildings to avoid danger in case of fire. Perhaps the foregoing plan may be of use to your correspondent, H. B. H., of North Rush, N. Y., as well as many others. SUBSCRIBER'S SON.

Ontario, C. W., 1859.

EDS. RURAL:—I have a Corn House which I find very convenient—after using it a summer and winter—a plan of which I submit for your North Rush Inquirer. It is 16 feet in width, 30 in length, and 14 feet in height. The second floor is ten feet from the bottom of the sills. In one end is a granary, 10 by 16 feet; *a, a*, Cribs, one 20 feet long, the other two feet shorter at the bottom, and 10 feet shorter

at the top, in consequence of stairs leading to the chamber over this Crib. Both of the Cribs are three feet wide; *b*, Threshing Floor, 10 by 20 feet; *c, c, c*, Bins; *c, c, c*, Granary, double boarded on the outside to make it tight. Cribs boarded on the outsides with boards four inches in width, and half an inch apart. The second floor is boarded tight all around. There are windows in each end of the chamber, and one window in the granary. I spread soft corn on the second floor, and open both windows to let the air circulate through. My house is the same width at bottom and top. Should corn be very damp at husking, I would so fix the cribs that I could lay boards once in two or three feet, that the corn would not press so tight together. This can be done by placing pieces of plank across the cribs and laying boards on them. To make all secure from rats and mice, set the corn-house on posts 2¼ feet high, and around each post put a piece of zinc, a foot in width, close to the sills.

Hume, N. Y., 1859. J. B. SKIFF.

P. S.—Cribs boarded on the inside, lengthwise, to studs extending from lower to upper floor. Should your Inquirer wish to raise corn by wholesale, he must build his Corn House in proportion to his fields. J. B. S.

MESSRS. EDS.:—In a late issue of the RURAL, H. B. H. asks for a plan for a Corn House. I will give him mine. Build your house the dimensions

you require—18 by 24 feet is a good size. The one I constructed after above plan is only 12 by 16 feet, 10 feet high; the door on one end one side of the middle; in the same end the other side of the middle, about two feet from the corner, is a good-sized window, in the other end opposite of this is another window. Between these windows is the crib for corn. The windows are to be covered outside with wire cloth to keep out the mice. Care should be taken to make the whole structure vermin proof. Remove the sash in dry weather, and let the air circulate. If there comes a driving storm, close them. If it becomes very cold while the corn is damp, as in the fall of 1857, put in a stove, and dry it by artificial heat. The other portion of the house you can use for other grain.

McDonough, N. Y., 1859. H.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE MILLS.

MESSRS. EDS.:—As the cultivation of the Chinese Sugar Cane is creating a good deal of interest, we are naturally inquiring for the best methods of grinding, boiling and manufacturing. In regard to mills, undoubtedly an iron mill is the best, but being quite expensive it is beyond the reach of many who may desire to have a mill of their own. Now, if a wooden mill can be constructed which will do nearly as good business as the iron mill, and, at the same time, cost but about one-third as much, the wooden mill will pay. But there are several objections to the wooden mills, and one is, they do not grind fast enough. Another, they leave too much juice in the cane. Another, still, they wear out too soon. Now, if these objections can be obviated, it may still pay to use the wooden mill.

With your leave, I will give a description of a mill I have been building this winter, in which I think the difficulties I have mentioned will be overcome. The plan of the mill is pretty much after the old-fashioned cider-mills, which were in vogue in York State thirty years ago, except that I have three rollers instead of two, running perpendicularly. The planks for the frame are 5 inches thick and 30 inches wide. In order to get sufficient *motion* I have one roller, (the driver,) 23⅛ inches diameter, and the other two each 14 inches diameter, coupled together by cogs in all the rollers. The whole length of the rollers is 21 inches. The cogs occupy a space of four inches, with two inches space above them to receive an iron band, and 15 inches below for grinding. They are painted and laid away to season till next fall, at which time they are to be covered with boiler iron, about one-tenth of an inch in thickness, which will prevent them from being saturated with juice, and also will make their surface so hard that *nearly all the juice* may be expressed from the cane.

To keep the juice away from the journals, the lower shoulders of the rollers are turned concave, three-fourths of an inch in depth, then a piece of board three-fourths of an inch thick is to be cut out (one for each roller) of the same diameter of the roller, with a hole through the centre just large enough to admit the journal, then shaved off to an edge, from the centre hole to the outside circumference, so as to make it convex and of the proper shape to fit into the concavity of the rollers. These pieces are to be nailed down (convex upward) upon the upper surface of the lower plank of the frame around the holes which receive the journals, then a sheet of zinc or boiler iron, with holes cut out to let the journals through, is to be nailed down over the whole. A channel is to be cut around the outside of the rollers so that the juice may be let off at any point desired.

To prevent the journals from wearing out, and also to make them run easy, they are to be banded with bands made of an old sawmill-saw with a boxing of the same material for them to run on.—The journals of the small rollers are to be seven inches diameter—those of the large one nine inches for the lower journal, and eleven inches for the upper. The rollers are to be keyed up with a heavy wedge going through the planks of the frame, edge-wise, above and below, pressing the small one towards the large one. The lower ends of the end planks of the frame are to be framed into bed-timbers, or sills, twenty inches square, and eight feet long. The sweep is to be made so as to attach one horse to each end, or two horses to one end. The upper surface of the lower plank will be three and a half feet high. The frame will be keyed together with wedges, going through the tenons, so as to make it perfectly strong. I estimate the expense of such a mill at about thirty dollars.

Galesburgh, Kal. Co., Mich., 1859. S. W. SWADDLE.

Inquiries and Answers.

HEMLOCK AND WHITE CEDAR.—I would like to inquire through the RURAL the comparative value of *Hemlock* and *White Cedar* for posts? Will some one who has tested the matter give the result of their experience, and oblige a subscriber?—D. K. S., *Wegatchie, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

KEEPING HENS IN CITIES.—Will your correspondent, H. J. E., who keeps hens in a city and makes it pay, tell us what kind of hens he keeps, and what he feeds them on?—N. H., *Union Springs, Cayuga Co., N. Y.*

STABLE FLOORS.—Will some of the many readers of your valuable paper have the goodness to inform me what is the best material for constructing horse stable and pig-pen floors? Also, if any of your readers have had any experience in stable floors constructed of cobble stones, laid in sand, the result?—A. B., *South Cairo, N. Y.* 1859.

SAWDUST AS AN ABSORBENT.—Is sawdust, pine, spruce, and hemlock a good absorbent of manures, to be used for bedding in stables? Is not such resinous timber an injury to the soil, if not to the manures?—J. H., *Glens Falls, N. Y.*, 1859.

WE do not believe the resinous matter in pine saw-dust would injure the manure. It certainly would save the liquid part, which is generally wasted, and in this condition the saw-dust would soon rot. Pine saw-dust is about worth its weight of straw, in furnishing nitrogen to the soil, about 260 lbs. being as good as 100 lbs. of fair barn-yard manure. Still, we must acknowledge that we have seen it applied to *pine lands* with bad effect. The scrapings from pine woods, too, composed principally of leaves, we have used with very unsatisfactory results. Will not some of our readers give us information on this subject.

THE HORSE POWER, THRESHER, &c., of Messrs. G. WESTINGHOUSE & Co., above represented, are classed among the best machines of the kind obtainable, and worthy the attention of our readers. For description, price, &c., of these and other valuable machines manufactured by Messrs. W. & Co., see their advertisement in this paper.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Hen Manure for Corn.

ONE of the correspondents of the *Country Gentleman* gives the following account of an experiment with hen manure as a fertilizer:—"On cleaning out my hen-house last spring I had more than a wagon load of clean hen manure. I drew this into my barn intending to drop it on the hills of corn as soon as the corn made its appearance. I planted one acre on the first of May, but after that the weather became so unfavorable that it was the end of May and beginning of June before I got through planting. Long before this the manure began to heat at such a rate that I had to unload it on the barn floor, and on going into the barn in a few days after, the effluvia from the escaping ammonia was so powerful that I was glad to escape from the barn. Having some plaster on hand I mixed it thoroughly with the manure, spreading the latter thinly over the floor and bruising and chopping it very fine. It was then thrown into a heap and remained on the floor until the corn was ready for it, and there was no further perceptible escape of ammonia. With this I top-dressed all my corn, eleven acres, and had a barrel left over for other purposes. So well satisfied am I with the result, that for the future I intend to prepare my hen manure in the same way and apply it to the same crop. I mixed enough plaster with it to make it dry and quite inoffensive to handle. I can speak of this from experience, as I dropped it over four acres myself. Now, here is a manure equal in value, I doubt not, to the average of imported guano, which every farmer can manufacture for himself, for every farmer keeps fowls. But he must have a suitable building for them, and not allow them to roost all about his premises and even in trees, wasting that valuable manure, as is too often the case. So highly do I esteem this manure that I make it my duty every night to see that all my fowls are within their proper house."

Liquid Manures.

THE Massachusetts Society for the Promotion of Agriculture offered a premium of one hundred and fifty dollars for the best Essay on the Preparation and Application of Manures, and on competition the prize was awarded to Dr. JOSEPH REYNOLDS, of Concord. The following brief extract, treating on Liquid Manures, we find in the *New England Farmer*:—"The saving and use of liquid manures is deserving of more attention than it has yet received in this country. It is easy so to arrange the stalls of cattle, as to receive their urine into troughs under the floor, and to convey it into a cistern in the cellar, or outside of the barn. This may be pumped into a water-cart, to which a sprinkler is attached, similar to those used in watering the streets. If it is pumped in through a strainer, the sprinkler does not become clogged, and it may be rapidly conveyed to the field, and distributed as a top-dressing, upon grass or grain, with immediate effect. When the soil is not deficient in carbonaceous elements, there can probably be no better top dressing applied. It is not as permanent in its effects as the solid excrement, but more immediate, and it may be applied twice a year upon grass, with less expense of labor than one dressing of solid manure. The cost of the necessary apparatus for saving and distributing it is small. As a top-dressing for a field where turnips are to be grown, it is very excellent. As a top-dressing in the spring, or during the summer, for pasture lands, it is perhaps superior to any dressing that can be applied. If the undiluted urine is thought too strong, it may be easily diluted in the field, if water is at hand

Scab or Itch on Sheep.

DR. DADD says upon the management of this disease in the *Am. Veterinary Journal*:—Scab, itch, erysipelas, &c., all come under the head of cutaneous diseases, and require nearly the same general treatment. The following compound may be depended on as a safe and efficient remedy in either of the above diseases:—Two ounces sulphur, one ounce powdered sassafras. Honey, sufficient to amalgamate the above. Dose, a tablespoonful every morning. To prevent the sheep from rubbing themselves, apply one gill pyroligneous acid, one quart water. Mix, and wet the parts with a sponge. Whenever the scab makes its appearance, the whole flock should be examined, and every one having the least abrasion or eruption of the skin should be put under medical treatment. In most cases, itch is the result of infection. A single sheep infected with it is sufficient to infect a whole flock. If a few applications of the pyroligneous wash, aided by the medicine, are not sufficient to remove the malady, then recouse must be had to the following:—Half a pint fir balsam, one ounce sulphur. Mix, and anoint the sores daily.

Lampas in Horses.

DR. T. WEBB, V. S., in a communication to the *Ohio Farmer*, speaks of lampas as being, in general, not a disease in itself, but the effect of another disease. "Should the bars of the mouth," he says, "present a red and tumid appearance, and appear bulging, and upon a level with the surface of the nippers, this is ascribable to congestion of blood, and albuminous infiltation into the cellular membrane, which attaches the bars to the hard palate. This may cause some difficulty in mastication, but, as a general thing, the cause of loss of appetite will be found elsewhere. Whatever may be the origin, the cause does not lie in the palate, nor is it removed by the barbarous operation of *burning out*. The best practice is to feed on bran meshes for a time, give cooling drinks, and the horse will soon eat his hay and corn with avidity."

TO PREVENT OVER-REACHING.—In the RURAL of Feb. 26th, I find an inquiry, if there is any remedy to prevent horses from clicking their hind shoes against their fore ones. I must say, after ten years experience in shoeing horses, that the *reverse* of the proposed method is the best I have ever tried. My way is to shoe the fore feet with short or low toes and high heels, the hind feet with high toes and low heel—this enables the horse to raise his fore foot over a low toe before he can raise his hind foot over a high toe, and this method also increases the speed of the horse.—N., *Pulteney, Steuben Co., N. Y., March*, 1859.

Agricultural Miscellany.

MARKET FAIRS.—*Progress.*—One of the most encouraging signs of progress among our farmers, by organized effort, is the inauguration of Fairs for the Sale and Exchange of domestic animals, farm products, &c. Market Fairs have long been in vogue, and highly beneficial, in England, and it is singular that an "institution" of so much apparent importance should still be a desideratum in most parts of this country. We are glad to perceive by their action, however, that American farmers are becoming convinced that, though new here, Market Fairs are a good thing. Fairs of this kind are to be held the present Spring in various parts of the country—New England, this State, the West, and Canada—and we predict their successful inauguration and popularity within the ensuing twelvemonth.

—It affords us pleasure to announce in this connection, that the farmers of several sections of Western New York are agitating the subject of Market Fairs, and organizing associations. The citizens of North Bloomfield (Ontario Co.) and vicinity, (including farmers from Mendon, Monroe Co., and Lima, Liv. Co.,) held a meeting on the 12th inst., and organized a Society called "The No. Bloomfield Agricultural and Mechanical Exchange." The object, as we are advised by a communication now before us, is "to alleviate the embarrassments under which the Farmers and Mechanics are now laboring, and to facilitate the disposing of their stock, produce, &c., satisfactorily. It proposes to adopt a regular system, by appointing certain times when the Farmers, Mechanics, &c., can meet for the sale and exchange of property, thus saving time and expense. For instance, Mr. A. desires a team to commence his spring work, but cannot procure one readily, not knowing where to purchase,—while Mr. B., not two miles from Mr. A. has a team to sell, but cannot dispose of it for want of a purchaser. And so it is in other departments. This system would also facilitate the business of buying cattle or horses for market, as the drover could make his purchases in one day, instead of spending ten or twelve in accomplishing the object. Laboring men can also meet their employers to hire for the season, accounts can be settled, debts paid, and many other kinds of business done." The officers of the Exchange Association are as follows:—*President*—ALEX. MARTIN. *Treasurer*—Benj. Boner. *Sec'y*—John Wood. *Directors*—John Ideson, Richard Peck, D. H. Albertson, and Martin R. Pierce, of Lima; Curtis C. Gates, Alfred Gates, and Jasper C. Peck, of West Bloomfield; Lewis Johnson and Lyman Waite, of Mendon. The first Fair and Exchange is to be held at Finch's Grove, in the village of No. Bloomfield, on Thursday next, April 7th.

—Would it not be well for our County and Town Ag. Societies to establish Market or Exchange Fairs on the European plan? Societies having permanent grounds, &c., could try the experiment this Spring, without much expense. A small tariff on actual sales would cover the expense. Think of it, Gentlemen Officers, and decide whether ACTION in the premises would not prove advantageous to members and community.

A CATTLE BREEDERS' CONVENTION is proposed to be held at Hartford, Ct., on Tuesday next, April 5th. The call is signed by several prominent breeders of Connecticut and Massachusetts, and says:—"It is a matter sufficiently patent to need no argument, that the breeders of thorough-bred stock labor under manifold disadvantages, for the lack of better personal acquaintance with each other, and need to make common stock of their knowledge and experience in stock-breeding, and to adopt some system by which, so far as possible, all purchasing animals as thorough-breds, may be able to rely thoroughly on the purity of their blood and the correctness of their pedigrees,—a system which will prevent animals of impure blood or suspected pedigrees from competing with thorough-breds at our County and State Fairs, as is now often the case. For these, and various reasons besides, intimately affecting the whole cattle interest, we invite all interested in the breeding of thorough-bred or pure-blood neat cattle, to meet us in convention, for mutual benefit."

PREMIUM FOR FARMS.—The Mass. Society for Promoting Agriculture offer a premium of $300 for the best cultivated farm in that State, of not less than forty acres, taking into consideration cultivation, farm buildings, breeding, and selection, and keeping of stock. Farms devoted to market gardening will not be admitted to competition. Notice of intention to compete must be given to the Secretary on or before the 1st of April, accompanied with an entrance fee of $10. A written statement, verified by oath, is to be given of the management of competing farms, to commence on the 1st of April next, and extend through the year following.

MAPLE SUGAR IN PENNSYLVANIA.—The Somerset, Pa., Whig remarks:—"The season thus far has been very propitious for our maple sugar manufacturers. More sugar has been made the present season, at this date, than in any previous one. We hear of several farmers who have already more than four thousand pounds. There are no means of exactly ascertaining the amount of this article annually produced in Somerset county, but we think five hundred thousand pounds would fall below the mark—more than is manufactured in any other county in the Union."

TO CLEANSE MAPLE SIRUP.—A RURAL reader, G. C. BERCHER, informs us that Maple Sirup can be freed from all impurities by covering the holes in a common steamer with a double thickness of flannel—the flannel to be moistened in water previous to use. Any tin pan (if the sides are sound,) can be readily pressed into service by punching a few good-sized holes in the bottom. With this simple apparatus, Mr. B. has taken the skimmings and filtered therefrom the choicest and cleanest sirup.

LONGEVITY OF THE HORSE.—Royal Morgan, owned by JOHN GREGORY, of Northfield, Vt., died recently by getting cast in his stall, at the age of 38. He was exhibited at the Vermont State Fair last September, and attracted much attention. He seemed perfectly well up to the day of his death, and was the oldest horse known. A Binghampton (N. Y.) paper records the death of a horse aged 37 years. He had been owned by Mr. FRANKLIN WHITNEY for 24 years.

POTATOES FOR SEED.—S. B. W., and others who have recently written us for information as to where, and at what prices, the Peachblow, Buckeye, Prince Albert and other varieties of potatoes can be obtained, are referred to advertisements in this paper. DREW & FRENCH, a reliable New York firm, advertise several varieties.

THE SEASON is very forward—a month in advance of last spring in many sections of the Union. Though we have had a severe storm during the past week—rain, snow and very high winds—the weather is again spring-like, with indications of a very early and favorable season for farm operations. Every cultivator should don his armor, and "put things to rights" on his premises, and otherwise prepare to prosecute the Spring campaign vigorously.

L. D. SCOTT, of Milan, Ohio, has our thanks for a liberal supply of Jerusalem Artichokes, Vegetable Seeds, &c.,—such as he advertises in this week's RURAL.

HORTICULTURAL

NATIVE GRAPES.

We yield to none in the interest we feel in the new varieties of native grapes. Some of those already before the public claiming favor, and others that are not now known, even by name, will, we have no doubt, prove exceedingly valuable. The care and skill now directed to this subject, by so many, in all parts of the country, will we are satisfied, produce results over which the lovers of fine fruits will have cause to rejoice. Still, we feel it our duty to give a word of caution, as many seem to be getting a little wild on this question, and are not unwilling to advise the entire abandonment of our old and well-proved sorts, while everything new is described in the most glowing terms, and often, we fear, without proper care.

In our present number will be found articles on this subject from those who are raising new grapes One variety, it will be seen, is represented as "*excellent—a host within itself,*" and a seedling from this "*infinitely superior*" to the parent. Such descriptions we think are calculated to deceive.—In describing grapes the Isabella, well grown and ripened, should be taken as the standard, and to it all others should be compared as to earliness, hardihood, and quality. Then the descriptions, if correctly given, would be valuable. We do not accuse any one of deceiving intentionally, but we have often received wrong impressions of fruit from descriptions furnished us, and were only undeceived when we had a fair opportunity to examine the fruit People are apt to think a little too highly of what they raise, and their descriptions must be taken with due allowance for this failing. A year ago last Autumn, when about leaving for New York, we were requested by a gentleman to call on THOMPSON & SON, the celebrated restaurant keepers and fruit dealers on Broadway, and ascertain if he could sell to them a quantity of fine fruit. We described the fruit, when these gentlemen plainly told us they could place no reliance upon descriptions of fruit, and would never purchase or engage to purchase until they saw specimens.—Gentlemen they stated would call to dispose of grapes, pears, and other fruit, and on examining specimens in the store would declare what they had equal, if not superior, but on bringing their fruit and making the comparison, they themselves would be utterly astonished at the utter inferiority of their specimens.

A gentleman of *Beamsville*, Canada West, wrote us a short time since about grapes, and requested a private letter. He stated that he could ripen Isabellas thoroughly—as well as they could be ripened anywhere in the United States. He was about planting grapes on several acres, had written to various individuals for information, and one recommended the Northern Muscadine, another Concord, another Hartford Prolific, but no one recommended the Isabella, while an editor of an agricultural paper in Oneida County advised him not to plant a single Isabella Our advice was to plant the Isabella for the main crop, and to plant a few of each of the most promising of the new kinds. Where the Isabella will ripen *we have yet no proof that any other variety will equal it as a profitable market grape.*

We have been very much censured for expressing opinions similar to these, and because we would not applaud everything new, and believe all the glowing descriptions of interested parties. A letter now before us, written in no amiable mood, says, "*you will gain nothing by this course.*" Well, if we gain nothing by stating what we believe to be the truth, and guarding the interests of our readers, we have no hope of gaining anything in any way.

GRAPE GROWING AT HAMMONDSPORT.

At the Annual Meeting of the Grape Growers' Association, held at Hammondsport, Steuben Co., N. Y., on March 1st, 1859, the President, Hon. I. LARROWE, reported the proceedings of the Association for the last year, from which we glean the following facts:

"The breadth of land set to the vine the past season was about twenty-five acres in and near this village, which was mostly set to *roots*, but of an inferior quality. About four acres were set with *cuttings*, which have done about as well as the roots. All made a fine growth. I understand there will be thirty to forty acres set this spring by different individuals in this immediate vicinity, which, together with what is already growing, will number some seventy acres within two miles of this village. Two small vineyards of one-half acre each, three years old from the setting, bore last year, and the two produced about $500 worth of wine and grapes; the Isabella selling readily at 12½ cents, and the Catawba at 15 cents per pound. The must from the Catawba sells readily at $2 per gallon, and if properly treated, I have no doubt will make excellent wine.

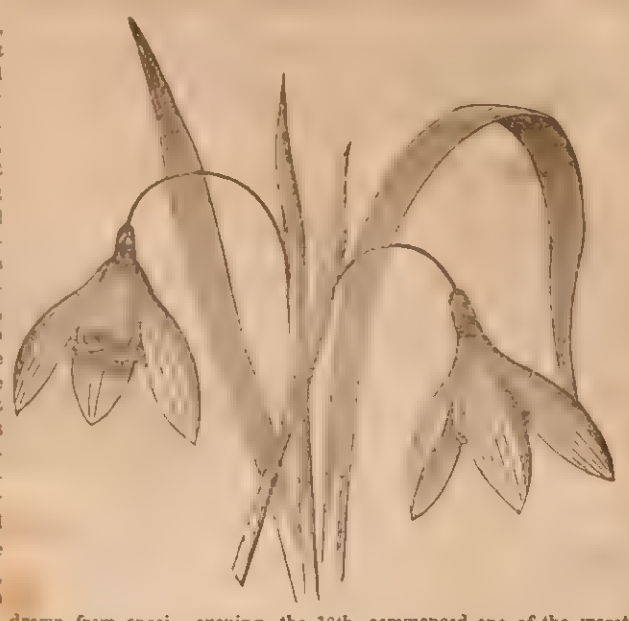
"The grapes now cultivated here are mostly Isabella and Catawba, although other varieties are being introduced. The Association procured, last spring, the Rebecca, Union Village, and the Carter or To Kalon, all of which grew finely last summer, and each one will afford some cuttings for distribution among the several members."

The Treasurer reported the receipts and expenses for the past year, which, unlike most Societies, showed a balance on hand, although not large.

GRAFTING WAX.—Please inform me through the RURAL how to make *Grafting Wax*, the ingredients, and how to proportion them?—R. MCA., *Knoxlerville.*

GRAFTING WAX is made of beeswax, resin, and tallow, melted together. It is generally made of about equal parts, though some prefer a little more than one-third tallow, while others think less than an equal part still better.

EARLY SPRING FLOWERS—THE SNOW DROP.



THE first flowers of Spring, the earliest harbingers of that delightful season of buds and blossoms is the little SNOW DROP. It first feels the influence of the warm spring sun, and the present season, about the first of March, its modest little white flowers gladdened the hearts of the lovers of natures floral beauties. There is nothing striking or particularly attractive in these flowers, and should they bloom when the garden is gay with more ambitious rivals it would be eclipsed and unnoticed; but its time is well chosen, and it flourishes without a rival—often bearing its delicate blossoms above the snows of early spring, undaunted by cold and frosts and storms. Of these flowers there are two varieties, the double and single, of both of which we give engravings, drawn from specimens picked on the 11th inst. The earliest of the *Crocuses* are now in flower, and by another week we shall have specimens of the later and more brilliant varieties. The weather has been such for a week past as to check vegetation, and on Friday evening, the 18th, commenced one of the worst snow, rain and wind storms we have had for a long time, extending over Western New York and Canada West. As the season advances we shall give notes of plants, shrubs, &c., as they flower, with original illustrations.

STANDARD, AS APPLIED TO PEAR TREES.

MR. MOORE:—Permit me to inquire through your model paper, the propriety of calling pear trees, growing on their own stocks, *Standards*, in contra-distinction to those grafted on the quince as *Dwarfs*.

It has but lately come into vogue in that sense, and seems to be badly chosen, conveying no idea of the real meaning. At the Fruit Growers' Convention, in the pear discussion, it was used as common as though it was a proper and legitimate significant of that production.

The term *Standard* was originally used by nurserymen, only to designate such trees as were not for sale; but to be left for bearing—to test new fruits, or procure scions.

The word *Standard*, as used and correctly applied by fruit growers and amateurs, is a tree growing without support—not trained to a wall or trellis—a tree reserved when removing nurseries, or cutting from parks or forests; they are *standards*, because allowed to *stand*.

Now, there ought to be a better and more significant term, to designate a tree growing on its own stock, to those dwarfed, altered, emasculated, if that is not an improper term. The word *entire* or *natural*, would be a much more correct and expressive designation, and consonant with the objects of language, to express the idea to be conveyed.

A MEMBER OF THE F. G. SOC.

REMARKS.—We will not discuss the question of the origin of the word *standard*, as applied to fruit trees, but we know that for many years—as long as we remember anything about trees—the word *standard* has been used to designate trees grown with a clean stem or trunk, four or five feet high, and upwards. The term has not been used in this sense only by practical men, but in all books on the subject, as will be seen by reference to LOUDON, and other authors. Trees branching within two or three feet of the ground have been usually called *half standard*. These terms were used to distinguish trees grown in this way from those trained in pyramidal or espalier form. Trees *dwarfed*, either by root-pruning or grafting, have always been simply called *dwarfs*, and have usually been grown as pyramids, though sometimes as espaliers, and in Europe are trained in many fanciful forms. When grown with a clean stem for several feet they have been called *dwarf standards*. Perhaps better and more expressive terms might be selected, but we do not know that confusion or misunderstanding results from the use of those we now have. The proposition to call a tree grafted on its own roots *natural*, would make the matter worse than it now is, for this is a term used to designate a tree that has never been grafted—a seedling tree or fruit.

RAISING IMPROVED GRAPES FROM SEED.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—It undoubtedly must afford every lover of wholesome and delicious fruit, much pleasure to notice that so much attention is being paid to the production and dissemination of new and improved varieties of the Grape; and if it is pleasing to know that such improved varieties are being, and still can be produced, it must, we think, be gratifying to all who would wish to aid in this pleasing and beneficient enterprise, to know that they have a basis, permanent and inevitable as the laws of nature, to build their future hopes upon. And there is, most assuredly, certain laws and principles to be observed, in order to improve upon any variety of the vegetable kingdom, as truly as there are laws and principles to be obeyed, if we would make improvements in the breed, of our cattle, or our horses. We might just as soon expect a brood of Cochin China chickens from a nest of Bantam's eggs, as to expect grapes like the *Black Hamburgh*, to be borne from seedling vines of the Concord, unless the pollen from the flower of the one variety, shall, by some means or other, have been deposited upon the pistil of the other. And, on the other hand the prospect of a cross breed, approaching to the flavor and size of the *Hamburgh* with the hardiness, and earliness of the Concord, might be calculated upon, I think, if proper means were taken to secure the impregnation of the one variety of the grape with the other.

But, Mr. Editor, not to occupy more of your valuable space, than the importance of the subject seems to demand, I will, with your permision, proceed to state as briefly as possible, my own mode of procedure, and at some future time give you the result of my labor.

First, Select a good healthy vine, of some perfectly hardy and very early variety, and in order to get it to flower at the same time as the best foreign varieties (which are of necessity kept under glass) inclose it with a temporary glass frame.

Second, Thin out the bunches of the foreign variety which you wish to use as the male parent, just as soon as they open their flowers; then, with a camel hair pencil, dust the pollen of the foreign variety, upon the pistil of the hardy native; and the work is done.

It will of course be advisable to prune and cultivate your vine well all summer, gather the fruit when well ripe, and save the seed until the following spring. If the dusting with the pencil is tho't to be too delicate and tedious, and it is wished to test a great number of seedlings, holding the bunches of the foreign variety directly over the other, and gently shaking it, or hanging the bunches up and leaving the work to the wind and the insects might, perhaps, answer the purpose, and save considerable time. C. ARNOLD.

Paris, C. W., 1859.

NEW HARDY GRAPES.

EDS. RURAL:—In furnishing information concerning new grapes, I propose to begin at the beginning, by giving a brief history of the *Franklin Grape*, it being the parent of my first "batch" of Seedlings. This Grape I found growing at Meadville, Pa., and have traced it to its origin. The original vine was discovered by Dr. DAN'L BEMAS, when about six inches high, while attending a celebration at the ruins of an old French fort at Franklin, Pa., many years ago. This vine is now in a flourishing condition, and bears good crops when others fail. The bunches are of medium size, black, with a blue bloom; berries round, about half an inch diameter, ripening about the first of September.

I have always esteemed it a good grape, all things considered, but I do not profess to be a connoisseur in such matters. J. B. GARBER, Esq., of Columbia, Penn., who is extensively known as among the leading horticulturists of the country, has this grape in bearing. His opinion of it I give in his own words, taken from his correspondence:—"I prize it highly—my earliest grape this season, 1858. This Franklin, I think, has all the desirable qualities of a good grape, and were it of larger size, would certainly be hard to beat. There is no mistaking its native origin. Its earliness is in its favor, it is sweet, and I think will be one of the best for wine. If your *America* is superior in size, it will be a great acquisition, truly, but I have my doubts whether you can improve much on its quality. I may add, the *Clinton* is sour, the *Franklin* sweet." The vine and fruit closely resemble the Clinton;—bunches more compact, and berries much sweeter. From the seeds of this grape I raised about a hundred plants, a part of which came into bearing in 1857, and nearly all the rest in 1858. Beside these I had some raised from seed of a copper-colored grape from the Alleghany hills. There are several varieties of blue and copper-colored grapes found growing wild along the Allegbany, and hills of its tributary streams, and it is from some one of these that the Franklin was produced, I suppose. It is worthy of note, that some of the seedlings of the copper-colored grape, produced black grapes,—but I find this stretching beyond what I had intended.

Randolph, Pa., March, 1859. O. T. HOBBS.

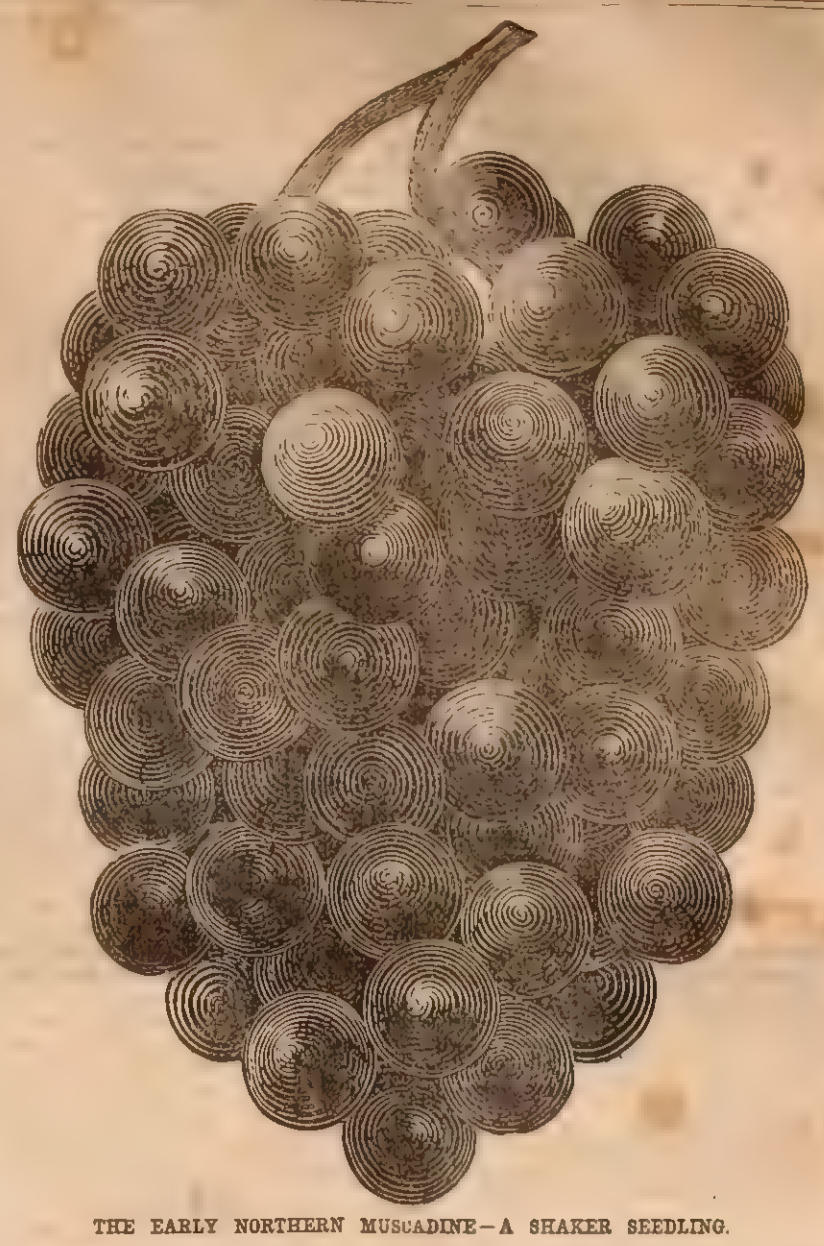
MESSRS. EDITORS:—In a recent number of your paper I noticed an article from Mr. HOBBS, of Randolph, Crawford Co., Pa., wherein he *jocularly* remarks that when it comes to raising seedling American grapes, that you must count him in. He did not tell you that he *has been in* (like myself,) over head and ears, for some years already. Nor that he has already seedlings of merit. His is a thoroughly American project, and his greatest success has been from a native grape found in the forest somewhere, (the *Franklin*,) which is a host within itself. I have eaten it, and pronounce it excellent—a strong grower, good bearer, and as hardy and free from disease as anything could be. My vine bore a few bunches last season; and I admired its foliage exceedingly. From this *Franklin* he has a number of seedlings, one of which (and I dare not give it a name,) will take our grape fanciers by surprise when it comes out—it is infinitely superior to the *Franklin*, and will rank high among the best American grapes. SAMUEL MILLER.

Calmdale, Lebanon Co., Pa., 1859.

REMARKS.—If one-half that is said of the new seedling grapes is true, in a few years we shall have the most delicious fruit the world ever saw or tasted, in the greatest variety and abundance.—Be a little careful in your descriptions, gentlemen,—don't spread it on too thick.

THE rush of Horticultural Advertisements prevents our giving the usual variety in this department. The new grapes have almost monopolised the remaining space.

New Horticultural Advertisements.



THE EARLY NORTHERN MUSCADINE—A SHAKER SEEDLING.

THIS GRAPE, of which the above is a fac simile of the cluster, ripens 15th of September, light amber color, medium size, delicious flavor,—many say unsurpassed.

This excellent Grape the subscribers affirm ripens nearly one month earlier than the Isabella in the same latitude, is perfectly hardy for our *Northern Climate*, a sure and constant bearer, and, if *properly and judiciously pruned*, bears *enormously;* not subject to mildew, slightly fibrous in pulp, and has often been pronounced by competent judges superior, *in its season*, to the Isabella or Catawba, *in their season*, either as a table or wine Grape. Its character is peculiarly that of a summer fruit; and wine made from it, simply with the addition of sugar, has often been pronounced by hundreds superior to the best Sicilian light wines which it somewhat resembles.

A correspondent (Prof J. P. KIRTLAND, M. D., Cleveland Medical College,) of the Ohio Farmer, of Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 7, 1857, makes the following remarks "During the last three weeks we have amused ourselves in treating perhaps a hundred individuals to specimens of the Northern Muscadine, Catawba, Diana, Clinton, Isabella, and Winslow's Seedling. Four out of five of these persons have decided the *Northern Muscadine* to be the best grape in that list."

The subscribers affirm that 25 years trial of this Grape, in connection with about 40 other varieties of our best modern foreign and domestic Grapes, give the Muscadine a largely superior margin of profit.

In short, its merits only need to be known to be appreciated, however much it may have been demerited by pomologists entirely unacquainted with its quality. It has taken the premium at several Fairs in the United States, and has *never*, to our knowledge, been condemned by those who have raised the *genuine kind*, and tasted it fresh from the vine, or when properly kept—though it is not a long keeping variety, and in this respect is like all our choicest summer fruit.

The best recommend for this Grape is that all who have raised the *genuine Northern Muscadine*, speak well of it, while it is constantly sought after *where best known* in preference to all other varieties notwithstanding some pomologists unacquainted with it have decided against it, for reasons best known to others than the subscribers. Multitudes of spurious varieties have been sold for this Grape.

Price, from one to three dollars per root, according to age and size. Any person ordering 12 vines will receive one vine gratis. Circulars with colored representation of this fine Grape sent to all applicants enclosing one three cent P. O. stamp.

We also have a new native *Gooseberry*, "Mountain Seedling of Lebanon" not excelled in flavor; berry medium size, often large, smooth, never mildews or blasts, very prolific, and pronounced by our leading Horticulturists, excellent, and a great acquisition to our new varieties of this shrub. Price of Roots, 25 cents to $1 00 each. *Discounted to the trade.*

All orders shall receive prompt attention.

Address JESSE LEWIS, D. C BRAINARD, } Ag'ts.
New Lebanon, Col. Co., N. Y., Shaker Box.

9,000 PLANTS LINNÆUS RHUBARD, BROWNLEE BROWN, Newburgh, N. Y

LAWTON BLACKBERRY PLANTS. The original variety. Circulars free, how to obtain—price and mode of cultivation &c. Address
481 Rec WM LAWTON New Rochelle N Y

STOCKS —100,000 French Quince Stocks
50,000 Mahaleb Cherry Stocks
EVERGREENS—Norway Spruce, all sizes from 2 to 6 feet Scotch Pine, Austrian Pine, Silver Fir, Chinese Arbor Vitæ Blue Spruce, White Spruce, Balsam Fir, and the usual variety of Pear, Apple and Cherry—Standard and Dwarf.
481-5t W. P. TOWNSEND, Lockport, N. Y

FRUIT TREES FOR SALE CHEAP.—Being under obligations to clear about 20 acres of nursery ground, containing a large quantity of Apple, Pear, Cherry, Plum, Peach, and Ornamental Trees, and various other articles in the Nursery line, all good and healthy stock, I will sell at very low rates, in quantities, to dealers. Apply at my residence, on James St., one mile east of Syracuse, or by letter.
H. M. RANNEY, Proprietor
481 2t Commercial Nurseries, Syracuse, N. Y

FLOWER SEEDS BY MAIL. Our Catalogue of choice and rare Seeds for [illegible] priced list of nearly ONE THOUSAND VARIETIES OF FLOWER SEEDS, and also a list of

FORTY COLLECTIONS BY MAIL,

together with a descriptive list of all the most desirable Vegetables in cultivation, including many new and rare varieties, and an Illustrated Treatise on Grasses—with practical directions for their cultivation—will be forwarded free to all applicants. Orders solicited
481-4t Address ALLEN & McELWAIN, Seedsmen and Florists, Springfield, Mass.

WILSON'S ALBANY SEEDLING.—THE BEST *and most Prolific Market Strawberry! Yields* 150 *to* 200 *Bushels per Acre!* Genuine Plants of this superior variety for sale, in large or small quantities. Price, $10 a thousand—$1,50 a hundred, or $1 for fifty.
Red Antwerp Raspberry canes, $4 per 100—$2,50 for 50, or 16 for $1.
New-Rochelle (or Lawton) Blackberry canes, $10 for 100—$6 for 50—$3 for 24—$2 per dozen.
All plants ordered, securely boxed and delivered in Albany, without extra charge.
Orders accompanied by cash promptly attended to.
WM. RICHARDSON
481 96 South Pearl Street, Albany, N. Y

LAWTON, OR NEW ROCHELLE BLACKBERRY PRICES REDUCED.—The undersigned, Agents for Messrs. GEO. SEYMOUR & CO., and other Nurserymen of position and reputation, offer the above remarkable Plants at the following very low range of prices

One Thousand Plants	$80	Fifty Plants	$6
[illegible]	40	Two Dozen Plants	3
One Hundred Plants	10	One Dozen Plants	1

☞ Good Plants for setting, of a second size, will be sold for $60 per 1,000 Plants, or $8 per 100 Plants. Warranted genuine. Pamphlets descriptive of origin, history, characteristics and culture sent on receipt of six cents
DREW & FRENCH,
Produce Commission Merchants, 55 Barclay St.,
We refer to Hon. HORACE GREELEY New York.

LAWTON BLACKBERRIES, &c.
PRICES REDUCED.

LAWTON BLACKBERRIES warranted genuine, good plants, $10 per 100, $80 per 1,000 packed.
Austrian Pine and Norway Spruce, 1 foot, Scotch Fir, 10 inches, all 1 year transplanted, $50 per 1,000, $10 for 100
Hooker, Wilson's Albany, and Peabody Seedling Strawberries, 50c per doz., $2 per 100.
Triomphe de Gand and Trollopes Victoria, 50c. per doz. per 100. All other leading sorts $1 per 100.
CHERRIES—Dukes, Morellos, Hearts and Bigarreaus from bud, extra fine, $15 per 100.
Dwarf Cherries, 1 yr, fine, principally Duke and Morellos, $15 per 100.
Rebecca Grape Vines, $1,25. A few Delaware [illegible] per 100
Houghton Gooseberry, strong plants, [illegible] per 1000
Catawba Grape Vines, 1 year, selected, 50 " "
Manetti Rose Stocks, strong, 50 " "
Best No. 1, imported Pear stocks, 50 " "
Do do cuttings, 15 " "
Apricots on plum stocks with all the cuttings, 15 " "
Brinckle's Orange Raspberry 20 " "
Hybrid Perpetual Roses, 20 " "
All other Nursery stock equally low. Send a stamp and get a Catalogue. A. PAHNESTOCK & SONS,
Toledo, Ohio, 1859. 4-1 It

MR. DANA'S NEW SEEDLING PEARS. HOVEY & CO. No. 7 MERCHANT'S ROW, BOSTON Have the great pleasure [illegible] in forming their friends and cultivators of the Pear, that they are now prepared to offer for sale the New Seedling Pears raised by Mr. F. DANA, of ROX[illegible] Mass., which have attracted so much attention the past few years. The frequent exhibition of these Pears before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and the trial of the fruit, has called forth the highest praise from all who have [illegible] pronounced it [illegible]
Mr. DANA'S [illegible] Pears, selected from several thousand seedlings originating at different periods, and all of the highest quality, but no one particular, known as No [illegible] undoubtedly standing at the head of all Pears yet raised, not excepting the far famed Seckel.
Having purchased the entire stock of these Pears at a high price, we are now prepared to offer them for sale in April next, by subscription, to be delivered as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained—not less than TWO HUNDRED—of which due notice will be given.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

DANA'S HOVEY (No. 16,) handsome trees, two years old, on [illegible] pear stock, $3 each. Nurserymen and dealers in trees, purchasing a dozen or more, will be allowed the usual discount to the trade.
[illegible] SHAWMUT, EXCELSIOR, ADMIRABLE, and AUGUSTINE, [illegible] $10 per set, with the usual discount [illegible] to be ordered.
A [illegible] descriptions of these Pears, [illegible] will be sent to all applicants.
4-1 It

NURSERY—Partner and Capital wanted in a well established Nursery. Address Box 115, Syracuse, N. Y.

REMOVAL!
SHEPPARD'S FORWARDING and Commission HORTICULTURAL, NURSERY & SEED AGENCY.
NO. 23 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.
[Formerly 159 Front Street.]

The only establishment in the United States giving special attention to the Foreign and Domestic interests of Horticulturists, Seedsmen, Florists, &c., affording facilities to all concerned in the importing, producing, buying or selling of anything pertaining to these departments, not to be secured elsewhere.

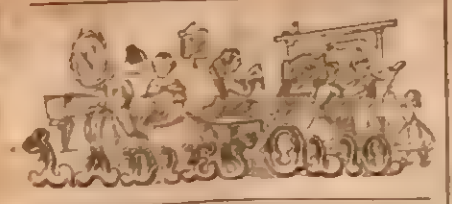
FOR SALE.

Apple Seed, Osage Orange Seed, Gunny Cloth for packing, Pear Stocks, &c

TO ARRIVE EARLY IN THE SEASON FROM EUROPE,
Dwarf and Standard Pears and Dwarf Apples,
Pear, Plum, Quince, Mahaleb and Paradise Stocks, Roses, &c., &c.
Anything and everything required for Garden, Nursery, or [illegible] at the lowest Market [illegible] postage stamps.
[illegible] Letters [illegible] SHEPPARD, Box 2672 P. O.
[illegible] Address

THE HOOKER STRAWBERRY!—THE BEST YET INTRODUCED.—The attention of Amateurs and [illegible] of Fruit for market is again called to this straw[illegible]
[illegible] of which has been [illegible] and one hundred could be [illegible] plants are now [illegible] as productive as any other variety. While a [illegible] excellent [illegible] bearing for [illegible]
3d. The flowers are none of them barren, but all perfect *and uniformly productive of fruit.*
4th. *The fruit is absolutely unequalled in flavor;* in color a rich dark crimson *extending into the heart of the berry*, which is firm and solid to the centre—of the largest size—yet tender and delicate.
5th. *It takes the 1st premium wherever exhibited.* See reports of various Horticultural Societies.
6th. It is the only variety that received the unanimous vote of the Fruit Growers Society for general cultivation
Plants in any quantity desired may be obtained *pure from the grounds where it originated.* Packages are put up to go safely to any part of the Union, by mail or express.
Price, $2 per 100—$15 per 1,000. Order for Spring Planting. If only a few for trial, of H. E. HOOKER & CO.
477-6t Commercial Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y

CHERRY TREES.—Standard and Dwarf, of the best [illegible] sorts, two years old and strong For sale cheap.
Geneva, N. Y. [479-5t] T. C. MAXWELL & BROS.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PRESENTIMENT.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

I am dying, I am dying! Ere the roses come again,
This murmuring heart, low lying, shall no more complain,
All its suffering and sighing, all this weary load of pain,
Shall be hushed within the earth to rest,
As an infant on its mother's breast.

When twilight shades are gathering softly over all,
I sit beside the window and watch the elm trees tall,
As their pendant branches gently sweep the garden wall,
And I think how few the days must be
Ere the leaves are waving over me.

At night upon my bed, within my silent room,
I lie and watch the ghostly shapes, from out the darkness loom,
The flaring of the dim night-lamp makes visible the gloom,
And slowly, surely runs the sand
In the hour-glass upon the stand.

This morn some early violets were kindly brought to me,
The first fruits of the spring and beautiful to see,
Fresh with dews of heaven from the upland lea.
O mother, when I'm gone I'd have
Sweet violets grow upon my grave.

And you will plant some roses, too, dear mother, will you not?
With these wild flowers above my head to mark the quiet spot—
I would not that my resting place should be too soon forgot.
The busy world thinks not of those
Who've left its turmoil for repose.

The summer flowers will fade, the autumn leaves will fall,
And rustle on the garden path, and bleak, and dreary All,
And Winter's robe will veil the earth, as with a snowy pall,
Then Spring once more in bloom shall reign,
And WILLIS will be hear again.

Dear mother, tell him that I said I'd wait for him in heaven,
And if to ransomed souls above the privilege be given
To guard the loved, then Death has not our true affection riven.
Through life we'll wander side by side,
A bridegroom and his spirit-bride.

Dedham, Mass., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New Yorker.

TIME'S LITERATURE.

The traveler, who wanders in foreign climes, peruses "Time's Literature" with appreciative admiration of the harmony and clearness of its sentences, whether written upon the faded marble columns of an old palatial hall, or gleaming with beautiful freshness in the "ivy green," which mantles crumbling ruins. Messages equally as eloquent and significant as those which are read by the traveler, are penned upon Life's pages everywhere about us; but "our eyes we have closed that we may not see," and the warning remains unheeded.

A lady is arranging her toilette before a mirror; her form is fully rounded into womanhood and a conscious pride of those charms, which she rightly deems perfected, causes her to inspect more closely each lineament of the beautiful countenance that smiles back to her from the mirror's polished surface. But why that sudden start!—Surely a silver line gleams among those dark tresses! With trembling fingers she pushes back the heavy braids from her brow—there is no chance for deception now, that shining hair gleams out like a streamlet winding through dark valleys. Listen to her soliloquy:—"Old age is approaching!—which way shall I fly! There is only a grave between us, and I fear to unlock my Life's 'flower-encircled door,' with the iron key of Death,—but I will banish these dark forebodings; the blossoms of my youth have not faded yet." The tumultuous throbbings of her soul are stilled by these soothing words, and with anxious care she obliterates the warning line that Time had written for her serious perusal. A sigh of relief escapes her now. The door of her heart has shut out an unwelcome guest, and she drowns the muffled sound of retreating footsteps, with a gay ditty which Pleasure sings,

"Wisdom says enjoy To-day,
Thy trouble comes To-morrow."

The great Life drama is strikingly illustrated in the circling seasons with [illegible] These illuminated manuscripts are covered with startling truths from the same eloquent Author who pens tomb inscriptions, which hollow-voiced winds chant over graves. We love to read the sweet poetry of Spring, for it tells us of golden sunshine, silvery bird-notes, and balmy zephyrs that fan the dew-drops from the flowers, and rock open their velvet leaves for the sun-light to kiss. Life is just such a volume—golden prophecies of coming bliss shine down to us from the gorgeously stained windows of the future, and *the maiden* hears the far-off chime of marriage bells. Her path is green, and the freshness of early morning is upon the young and tender herbage. With a light step she goes on her way, keeping time to the excellent music of the little Hope-bird, which her heart is cherishing with fondness. God grant that the songster may not droop and die before womanhood is reached! But often this Life-poetry weaves sadness in its strain. It tells how the May-frosts of Ambition sometimes blight youth's blossoms, and when [illegible] is here, the sky becomes obscured with a dark pall of clouds, a mighty wind sweeps by wailing a requiem o'er the hopes it buries. But sadness the "rosy [illegible]" glows in the East, and the clouds roll back as if in awe of this holy sign from God's hand. The sad consequences of Error are bitter fruits that the sorrowing recipient must sooner or later gather, for "that ye sow, ye shall also reap." But a merciful Providence has ordered that these "bitter fruits" should produce seeds of holiness, and His benevolent hand scatters them in the heart's waste places, where they spring up and bear blossoms of immortality. When thick darkness broods over us, God parts the clouds and shows us pleasant interludes of blue sky smiling from between them, like the plumes of angel's wings, and blessed light comes flying to us, bearing Hope and Joy upon its flame-tipped pinions.

The Autumn of Life is the closing poem in this Volume of Time—some of those who have read it, tell me that it is a plaintive requiem "mourning over follies past;" others say, that the prophecies of heavenly treasure are rich and glorious—golden fruits of self-denial await them in Eternity, and "stars are set in the crown of their rejoicing."—Happy is that man who thus interprets Time's Message to him.

A. F. D.

Michigan, March, 1859.

YOUTH'S DREAMINGS.

They are many and brightly colored—intangible, yet to our eager spirits, a fore-shadowing of the surely "Coming," and we stand under the flushing skies of life's dawn, looking out from the fair land, whose spring tides keep time with our heart-throbs, to the Future, whose warriors we are yet to be—in whose days and hours we are to find, or the alchemy of our hopes failing, *not* to find the culmination of our yearnings and the reality of our dreams.

Strong in an enthusiasm that all after years will fail to waken—fair with a purity of purpose and an unselfish aim, that the world will not give us to "possess in peace"—are the dreams of coming life that our youth knows—dreams that break up at first the calmness of childhood's pleasures, startling with their intensity, and half-mystifying by the glimpses of awakening power which they reveal, yet growing in a little time to be companions for all solitude, giving through their promptings, and our sole title of possession, balm for many a thorn thrust.

May-time clouds float between us and their brightness many times; clouds that send us to the gate of the Future with questionings of their reality, doubts, perchance, of their power to work out the aim we have given them, and fears of the world-influence, that must reach them ere that aim can be accomplished, yet, at the last, when they drop, dead, faded, and useless out of our hearts, the pain seems to come so suddenly, so bitterly, that in our blindness and despair we forget that

"*Only* through the dismal rack
Of clouds, our eyes can bear the sun,
Only the broken glass gives back
A thousand shapes instead of one."

Yet this we may know, that never a thought, or dream, or yearning, died out of our hearts thro' lack of sustenance, or dearth of appreciation, when God had further mission for it—when the end and aim which He saw from the beginning, was unaccomplished.

This is true of our mortal lives, why not, then, of the lives of our hopes and aspirations?

Hearts go outward to the future,
Dreaming of the days it keeps,
Wondering what of love or treasure
In its folds of mist may sleep;
But in crowns that press the forehead,
Thorns are set that pierce the brain
And in world-praise there's no sweetness
Shutting out the gall of pain.

Charlotte Centre, N. Y., 1859. E. C. LAKE.

A GOOD IDEA.—Mrs De Grove, Mrs. Johnson, and a large number of other women in New York, have formed a club, which is devoted to the discussion of all the topics that concern or affect the domestic and social relations of life. The organization is national. Auxiliaries are to be formed in all parts of the land. The club in New York holds regular monthly meetings. The subjects to be discussed are those that pertain to domestic cookery, the wardrobe, the laundry, household utensils and machinery, house furnishing, warming and lighting, household expenses and economies, domestics, family hygiene, the management and education of children, the difficulties encountered, and the reforms needed, &c.

TO SPOIL A DAUGHTER.—1. Be always telling her how pretty she is. 2. Instil into her mind a proper love of fine dress. 3. Accustom her to so much pleasure that she is not happy at home. 4. Allow her to read nothing but novels. 5. Teach her all the accomplishments, but none of the utilities of life. 6. Keep her in the darkest ignorance of the mysteries of housekeeping. 7. Initiate her into the principle that it is vulgar to do anything for herself. 8. To strengthen the latter belief, let her have a lady's maid. 9. And lastly, having given her such an education, marry her to a moustached bachelor, who is a clerk on a salary of $250 a year.

"DEAR MOTHER," said a delicate little girl, "I have broken your china vase!"

"Well, you are a naughty, careless, troublesome little thing,—go up stairs until I send for you."—And this was a Christian mother's answer to the tearful little culprit, who had struggled with and conquered the temptation to tell a falsehood to screen a fault. With a disappointed, disheartened look, the child obeyed; and in that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never to be revived to life! Oh! what were a thousand vases in comparison!

WOMAN should be acquainted that no beauty has any charm but the inward one of the mind; and that a gracefulness in manner is much more engaging than that of person; that modesty and meekness are the true and lasting ornaments; for she that hath those is qualified as she ought to be for the management of a family, for the education of children, for the affection of her husband, and submitting to a prudent way of living. These only are the charms that render wives amiable, and give them the best title to men's respect.

IT is better to be of the number of those who need relief, than of those who want heart to give it.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

VOICES OF NIGHT.

I am never alone, though no form is around me,
To carol with merriest tone,
Though the earth is now silenced to dreams and to rest,
And each weary head on the pillow is pressed,
Yet the spirit is never alone.

There are voices of night, that are sweeter than song,
That awaken sweet thoughts of delight—
For we hear then the songs of the long-ago,
And the accents of joy that once gladdened us so—
For the Memory-bells chime at night.

And the low plaintive voices of loved ones long dead
Come to us on the misty night air,
Now the silvery laugh of a merry child,
Now the tones of a brother, so mournfully mild,
Now the words of a fond mother's prayer.

Oh! they all sweetly sing in the bowers of the heart,
Though they long have been buried to sight,
And their music is sweet as the murmuring sea,
Or the sea-shell's song when it whispers to me
In the lone, solemn hours of the night.

Then sing on, gentle voices, so sweet to the soul,
For ye tell of a land of delight;
When the spirit is weary and longeth for rest,
Then ye call, "Come away to the Home of the blest,"
Oh! sing on, gentle voices, of night.

Canaseraga, N. Y., 1859. LYRA.

Written for Moore's Rural New Yorker.

BYGONES.—No. II.

My Brother.

My spirit bowed and my heart yielded to my noble brother, so gifted and good. His was a proud and purified nature, scorning evil, and loathing the corruptions which seem the native element of most young men. Despising the tricks and combinations of speculation and trade, he was entirely worthy of the loving admiration which I bestowed upon him. Like the polished marble which eschews all stain or tarnish, there seemed an "alchemy about his high heart, which transmuted all that it touched to goodness." He was loved by the good, and his consistency and modesty admired by the evil. His mind was versatile, soaring with the "grand masters," or fluttering with the dreamy rhymers—marching with steady step along the obscure pages of science, and reveling in the "sublime varieties" often taught in the "fictions of genius." He could enjoy investigating the occult mysteries of chemistry, or handle the surgeon's knife, and, with equal ease, comprehend and execute the harmonies of intricate music or the gentle touch of the simple home-ditty. He would swell with the pompous sentences of the Johnsonian period, trip with the light measures of ELIZA COOK, or delight in the quaint fancies of TENNYSON. He could discourse gravely with silver-haired seniors, gambol upon the green with little children, or join in sportive repartee with those of his own age. He stood among men, a man—not a mere echo shouting popular thought. His philosophic mind, joined to quick apprehension and a high-toned physical nature, impelled him to think beyond the present, and plan for future generations. He had a strong, positive existence, an intense vitality, yet tempered and purified by the higher power of that beautiful, ideal life, which ever attains greatness and goodness. He, who measures his aims by the extent of the seemingly actual and possible, must ever grovel and plod. What the world within makes feasible, GOD, in his goodness, gives us power to accomplish.

My brother was the light of the household. Vivacious, yet sedate, sprightly yet grave, liberal to others, yet fastidious with himself, stunning with a grand thought, then toying like a child, it is no marvel that his lightest look or word swayed my soul, as the stronger ever unwittingly move the weaker. As he grew older and assumed that commanding tone which an independent thinker always feels when measuring himself with the copying world, I came to distrust myself, and feel that he had absorbed the talent and responsibility, together with the family honors. I was assured that he would redeem the name from obscurity, and I had no ambition, save to amble along within range of him from whom I could not be separated. What need that I should struggle for that intellectual supremacy of which I had dreamed, when I found myself vanquished at the outset, and rejoicing at my defeat. With what pride did I accept his escort in the public assembly, or listen to the persuasive eloquence of his tuneful voice. I gloried in his masculine beauty, and placed implicit confidence in his untainted manhood. His was no code of manners and morals to vary with the occasion—his straight-forward eye never flinched, and his frank brow never clouded with that shade of deception and double-dealing which finds shape and vent in what is vulgarly called "playing smart." He ever preserved a demeanor tinctured with the most delicate respect toward the opposite sex, whether its representatives were garbed in home-spun or silk. Garrulous age and despised servitude held as strong a claim upon his honor as beauty or refinement. He was truly one among the thousand who bear the image of men, yet sell their birth-right with almost every breath. But alas, the light burned out—the star gleamed, and was gone. The night came when he died,—dark with storm and black with the tempest. It is painful to think that when goodness matures,—that when the nobler qualities so early concentrate and ripen, it is only that we may be bereft. The loved and the lost!—their memory is a perpetual solace and an unending regret.

L. A. T.

THE curious student of human nature should be very careful whilst observing vice, as it is exhibited in others, that he does not himself come too near the influence of its deleterious sphere, and thus suffer his moral vision to be obscured by the murky vapors which envelop it.

Written for Moore's Rural New Yorker

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

He sat and read. A book with silver clasps,
All gorgeous with illuminating lines
Of gold and crimson lay upon a frame
Before him. 'Twas a volume of old time.
* * * * * * * *
The last white grain
Fell through, and, with the tremulous hand of age,
The old astrologer reversed the glass.—WILLIS.

THE moments that have passed are gone forever, and their record with them—graven as with the point of a diamond. Oh, Time, when thou wert passing we ceased not to urge thy flight—but we cannot now recall thee—our entreaties and supplications would be in vain—our pleadings would be unheeded—thou art deaf to the calls of man.—Had we placed a true value upon thee when present, as now when thou art gone, what a change might have been perceived in us,—with what cautiousness would we have reversed the glass that told

"The allotted number shed,
Another hour of life has fled."

But when thou wast present with us, thou wert a weariness, a heavy burthen. The cares and responsibilities of the present pressed heavily upon us, and thy worth was not felt. Now the diamonds of India are poor beside thee, could we but bring thee to our embrace once more and make thee a double blessing to man. Could we

"But invert its frame,
And all its powers return the same."

Precious, hallowed moments. Numerous are thy aspects oh, Time—like the spring-time of life, joy and sorrow, we urge thee on that maturer years may seek out some device by which to enjoy more of pleasure with thee. Thy visage varies like an April sky—now sunshine, now tears, now sending forth the ray of hope, then the pall of sadness overshadows thy face. We look on thee from the couch of death when the grim monster is beckoning us away—then art thou beautiful, art lovely, aye, lovely beyond rubies—nothing is to be compared to thy worth and beauty. Each moment is an age more treasured than the gold of Ophir—Systems on systems could not buy thee—nay, could we but possess thee all else would we give in exchange. On the near approach of anticipated pleasures thou draggest thyself wearily, a moment seems an age, O, father Time, thy pace is slow—very slow—thou seemed not to move at all. Thy tread is with firmness and solemnity. Dost thou delight only in grief dost thou array thyself in beauty only at the portals of eternity—only when we are on the threshold stepping in? We vanish from thy presence and fade away as the dews of evening before the rays of the morning sun. The past is only left as an evidence of our departure.—There is with thee, oh, Time, no sympathy for man, he is thy sport and jest. Thy march is ever on, even when the last sigh trembles on the lip of beauty, and loveliness, and the last faint glow dies on the cheek of innocence and purity. And when the mighty who made the earth to tremble rise up, thy flight is ever on—on till eternity. There we outstrip thee, Time. Eternity, that vast and unbounded ocean, is ours, while this vain world is thy dwelling for ages yet to come.

Fluvanna, N. Y., 1859. H. A. WHITTEMORE.

A LITTLE SUN AND BRIGHT AIR.

YESTERDAY MORNING, just as the clock was on the stroke of nine, the sun looked out from behind a parted cloud a moment, and smiled on the muddy world. The tarnished lettering of old signs was re-gilded, dark window panes glittered like plates of mica, the tips of lightning rods showed their silver, and human faces brightened like so many sundials in a cloudless noon.

Along the old carpet lay a streak of sunshine, beautiful as the golden way to the Celestial Gate, and the faded woolen "Morning-glories" looked fresh and new, as if "three-ply" could feel the touch of spring-like budding violets.

It touched the Art Association's group of "Saturday Night," as it hung against the wall, with a glory the artist never meant. The morning sun melted the level rays that streamed through the window looking towards the west, and touched like magic wands the locks of age and the brows of beauty. Even the little terrier beneath the table seemed to wink at us with one bright eye, and the distaff's flaxen cloud that surmounted the little wheel, to grow whiter in the light.

The painted face of a pensive young woman that has looked at us for five years without uttering a word, lighted up for an instant and blessed us with a cheerful smile. But before we had time to look once more, the woven flowers had faded back again to their old dull estate, the reading of the good book on "Saturday Night" went on by the lessening light of a setting sun, and the silent maiden relapsed into her October-tinted meditation.

That ray of sunshine flushed out like an unrusted sworn when the battle begins, only to be withdrawn, and wrapped in a blanket, like a foundling at a Water Cure. It is cheerful to know that the sun shines somewhere; that though it rains here, it does not rain all over the world. Not more than a mile or two away, in the gloomiest day, the sun is unshorn of a single beam; valleys of diamonds, cliffs of silver, crags of gold, and plains of crimson are all a-blaze in its glory; we are not any day more than a minute's flight with a swallow's wing from the clearest sunshine. But, alas! we are *on the wrong side of the clouds.—B. F. Taylor.*

THE SUNNY SIDE.—Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event is far better than a thousand pounds a year.—Bishop Hall quaintly remarks:—"For every bad there might be a worse, and when one breaks his leg let him be thankful it was not his neck!" When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man!" This is the true spirit of submission—one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart.

LIFE runs not smoothly at all seasons, even with the happiest; but after a long course, the rocks subside, the views widen, and it flows on more equally at the end.—*Landor.*

HYMN FOR SABBATH MORNING.

BY D. SCHOLOK—1731.

Light of light enlighten me,
Now anew the day is dawning;
Sun of grace! the shadows flee—
Brighten thou my Sabbath morning.
With thy joyous sunshine blest,
Happy is my day of rest!

Fount of all our joy and peace,
To thy living waters lead me;
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me;
Bless thy word that it may prove
Rich in fruits that thou dost love.

Kindle thou the sacrifice
That upon my lips is lying;
Clear the shadows from my eyes,
That, from every error flying,
No strange fire within me glow
That thine altar doth not know.

Let me, with my heart, to-day,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Rapt awhile from earth away,
All my soul to thee upspringing,
Have a foretaste duly given
How they worship thee in heaven.

Rest in me and I in thee:
Build a Paradise within me;
O, reveal thyself to me,
Blessed love who died to win me!
Fed by that exhaustless urn,
Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.

Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy;
Come, thou glorious Majesty,
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Naught to-day my soul shall move,
Simply trusting in thy love!

Written for Moore's Rural New Yorker.

"FOR HE CARETH FOR YOU."

SWEETER than the strains of the Æolian harp to the heart, bruised and broken with sorrows that earthly sympathy cannot measure, nor human power remove, is the divine assurance that one for whom no burden is too heavy, careth for us, and upon Him it is our privilege to cast all our care.—It matters not what that care may be—whether too trifling to enlist the world's sympathy, or so great no human line can fathom its depths—whether a present or a prospective woe, from which the spirit recoils, the promise is an unlimited one—"casting *all* your care upon Him, for He careth for you."—The grief that may not be spoken—the sorrow that we cannot, if we would, portray—the anguish, whose outward revealing costs us only censure and unpitying scorn—here meets a sympathy adequate to its feelings; commensurate to all our needs, and so unlike finite compassion, that it judges not by the seeming, but by the actual amount of suffering endured.

Nor is He, who thus offers us support, Himself a stranger to sorrow. We usually find it vain to seek for sympathy in affliction from one who never knew anything by experience of its bitterness.—But JESUS was "a Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

"He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He has felt the same."

He knows the full meaning of that word, *care*—And yet He invites us to cast it all upon Him, assuring us that "*He careth for us.*" No system of reason or philosophy—no religion but the Christian—ever afforded a support like this. Such a disposal of care—so casting it upon another that it shall cease to prey upon ourselves, is a privilege known only to the humble disciple of CHRIST.

And yet how small a proportion of His professed people have so learned to use this privilege in all its fullness and adaptation to their needs, that they carry no load of solicitude and care! How few but have some burden of anxiety, which they cannot trust the SAVIOR to carry for them! Yet how sweetly might Christians honor their Divine Helper, did they but evince to the world, that it was theirs, by daily experience, to know the blessedness of casting all their care upon Him who careth for them.

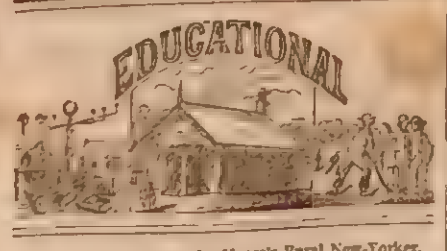
LINA LEE.

Sherburne, N. Y., 1859.

HOPE FOR THE VILEST.—Never call a man a lost man until he is buried in a hopeless grave. No man is lost upon whom any influence can be exerted; no man is lost to whom the offers of the gospel may be brought. It is but a few weeks since I sat by the side of one of the purest and loveliest of females, who once was degraded, but who is now at the head of a family, highly respected and beloved. We are never to be discouraged. There is no man or woman so vile but God may bring them washed and saved to his kingdom.—*Dr. Tyng.*

"LEADING MEN."—It is customary to speak of sundry men in the Church of Christ, as "leading men;" i. e., they go before others, and make and second the motions which others vote for. It should not be forgotten, however, that a man in a Christian Church, who really deserves the name of a "leading man," *serves* the Church. He moves and goes in the right direction; and determines others in that direction. As BAXTER well remarks, "Church *greatness* consists in being *greatly* serviceable.

GOD IN LITTLE THINGS.—Many think that God takes no thought for anything less than a star or a mountain, and is unmindful of the little things of life; but when I go abroad, the first thing which I see is the grass beneath my feet, and, nestling in that, flowers smaller yet, and, lower still, the mosses with their inconspicuous blooms which, beneath the microscope, glow with beauty. And if God so cares for "the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven," shall he not much more care for the minutest things of your life, "O ye of little faith?"—*Beecher.*



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OUR SCHOOL LAWS.

EDITORS RURAL:—Within the last few months, much has been said in your valuable paper, about the recent change in the School Laws. Some of your correspondents have lauded it to the skies, seeming to believe that all the improprieties in our schools would vanish, and the schools would become examples of perfection under the new mode of Superintendence; while others have zealously condemned the new law as impolitic, unjust and wasteful of the public money. I believe the new mode of management is far the best, but I do not think the chief faults in our schools can be charged to any particular feature in the School Law.

Our State has altered and improved its laws, established a Normal School to educate its teachers, made ample appropriations, and seemingly left but little to be done to place a good practical education within the reach of every child in the State. But the best laws will be useless, unless they are properly executed. It is impossible to legislate idle children into good scholars—careless boys and girls, into thorough-going teachers—or poorly managed schools into fountains of knowledge, from which will emanate rivers of intellectual improvement. Our Legislature may alter, and *improve* its school laws, as long as improvement is possible; but if public opinion does not favor their execution, we shall still have poor, inefficient teachers, worse than useless schools, and ignoramuses among our scholars.

The simple reason why our schools are not what they ought to be, is because public opinion has decided that they shall be just what they are. Our people are not awake to the great importance of a thorough education. Men will willingly *admit* that education is necessary; but, if we may judge by their actions, many deem it a matter of but little importance. They are prompt in trade, and other matters of business—willing to spend their time and means to advance their pecuniary interests—even when there is but a slight hope of success—but if they have to pay a few dollars for the education of the immortal minds of even *their own* children, we too often hear them complain of hard laws and high taxes, seeming to think their money has been wrested from them by the tyrannical hands of a selfish public.

It is sometimes said that the teacher makes the school—it might be as truly said, that public opinion makes the teacher; for if the public will accept none but thoroughly qualified teachers, others will be excluded from this responsible office. On the other hand, if teachers do not receive that appreciation and reward which their services deserve, the most talented and energetic will leave teaching for some business more properly rewarding their exertions. The difference between a good and poor teacher does not seem to be duly appreciated. School officers are about as apt to engage a poor teacher as a good one, if the former will teach a little cheaper. If we can draw our conclusions from appearances, it would be a dangerous undertaking for a district to pay a few dollars more than they were in the habit of paying, in order to get a good teacher; but if the minds of half the children should be made forever dull and inactive, by the mismanagement of a poor teacher, it would be a trifling matter. It is right that men should be *very* profuse with their money when they are satisfying their own appetites—ruining themselves by useless indulgence—but they must use it *very sparingly* when they are buying intellectual improvement—the inestimable treasures of knowledge, and storing their gettings in the heads of their children. Such senseless logic as this has ruled our country far too long. It is time that people were awake to their true interests—that parents were energetic and liberal in educational matters—that well educated and thorough-going men were appointed Commissioners—and that none were allowed to teach except those who would inspire in the minds of their pupils an intense longing after knowledge, and an unflinching perseverance. Then we might expect to see the bright rays of the sun of intellectual progress shine in upon every mind, driving away the dark clouds of ignorance, and arousing every soul to noble and fearless action. H. H. D.

North Lawrence, N. Y., 1859

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PUNCTUALITY.

THIS trait of character is one of the most prominent in all such persons as are called "lucky," or successful in their undertakings—whether it be in honorable attainments in science and morals, or in the more paltry things of earth—riches and popular approbation.

We find as a rule, that those who excel—those who make rapid strides in ascending the rugged steep of science, and accomplish great works, are among those who possess much of this noble characteristic. It is true, that the man who is ever in season in fulfilling his obligations and duties in the many relations of life, will have the confidence of all the people who have formed his acquaintance, and this secures to him a treasure in itself; besides he saves time, anxiety, and unnecessary expense, naturally incurred by indifference and laxness.

There is economy in being prompt—in being in season in our business transactions. Pecuniarily, we economize, and not only so, but we cancel many of the perplexities of life, so wearing upon human nature, and antagonistic to harmony and happiness. When we fail to be punctual—when we neglect to fulfill to the letter our promises and agreements—then we most certainly fail to fulfill the great moral command, "Do unto others, &c." Who thinks of this? Who realizes that this is indeed a moral wrong? and that he who violates the moral law, most certainly brings upon himself the disgrace—the penalty. Can we claim the title of moralist, and still continue to be careless and negligent in our most important duties? Let him who thus thinks, grovel on, bear the inevitable consequences, and become wise by experience.

It is too true that the manifestations that should come from the people, indicating this trait of character to be strong and vigorous, have but little power as an example to reform the young. Parents, if you would begin the work of revolutionizing society—of inculcating great moral principles, make yourselves examples such as you would that your children should be. If you would teach your children morals, begin by being yourself in season in every duty, for your acts far surpass your precepts, in making impressions upon the minds of your little ones. We should see to it that we have exemplary teachers in our schools, in this respect. This is absolutely necessary, for scholars have much confidence in their teachers and will, in a measure, become what their teachers are, from example. If we have teachers to govern and instruct our children who are drunish and loose in their mode of life, what more can we expect, than that our children will partake of their natures in customs and habits. Therefore, practice and precept in our homes, and in our schools, should be such as we would be proud to sanction in the characters of those we love.

The great responsibility of leading and influencing mind in that direction, which will ultimately result in the good and well being of the possessor, and tell upon the happiness of the world sooner or later, rests with the instructors of the youth—as are their precepts and corresponding examples, so is the happiness and harmony in society. The great beginning of this work is to be punctual in all our transactions, thereby impressing the great lesson upon the minds of the young, and in this manner, begin the work of moral as well as business reform. O. P. D.

Palmyra, Wis., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE PROPER IMPROVEMENT OF OUR TIME.

THE proper improvement of our time should claim our earnest attention. When we see hundreds around us squandering the time allotted to them, which should be used in the improvement of their mental faculties, we should be led to inquire, for what purpose do we exist? for what end have we been created? The time which our benevolent Creator has given us, should not be lost in idleness. GOD, in creating us, did not intend us to be mere nothings in society, but He created us with a wise purpose in view—to do good to our fellowmen around us. If we do not improve the time given us, then we disobey the direct command of our Creator, for the Scriptures say, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do with all thy might"—Besides, we have the examples of distinguished men who have, by their own exertions, raised themselves from ignorance and poverty to the highest pinnacle of fame. BURRITT, while laboring at the anvil, with the open book before him, is a strong illustration of what an unyielding perseverance, and stern resolution may do towards raising us from a common level, to the highest station in our land. J. M. T.

Assyria, Mich., 1859.

READING AND DEFINITION.

I DO not propose to speak of rhetorical excellence in reading, but of the importance of being able to do it with correctness and fluency. A child should be able to read mechanically well, before he is required to recite a lesson learned from a book. I believe every child can become a fluent and correct reader; and the importance of it grows out of the fact that most of our knowledge is gathered from books. Before the art of printing was known, those who desired to add to their stock of knowledge, were obliged to travel from city to city, and from one country to another, to converse with those who knew what they did not. This was a long and expensive method of acquiring knowledge. Now we can remain at home, and learn from books all that is known on any given subject.

But the boys and the girls that read hesitatingly, do not read much. They never undertake to read a volume through, because it is a slow and tedious process. They may as well not read at all, as not read with readiness and care. I speak of this because I find that many children pass through the common school course without being able to read mechanically well.

It is quite important that they never miscall, or mistake one word for another which resembles it in appearance; as *conduit* for *conduct*, or *troth* for *truth*. I frequently hear mistakes in recitations which were occasioned by thus mistaking the word. But of what use is it to read fluently and correctly, if we know not the meaning of the words? We shall either get no idea, or a wrong one. It by no means follows that we understand a sentence which we pronounce fluently.

Special pains should be taken to teach children the meaning of words. Some attention should be given to it in every recitation. It is not enough to refer the scholar to the dictionary; the definition there given is general, and does not meet the wants of the child. It he can be shown the thing defined, nothing more is necessary. But this cannot always be done. It is useful to explain the difference between one word and others that resemble it; as between *meat* and *flesh*, *lie* and *lay*, *single* and *singular*, *freedom* and *liberty*, etc. It is a very useful discipline for children to be able to point out the difference of allied words and things. It cultivates a habit of observation and discrimination; as, what is the difference between *stationary* and *stationery*, or a ship and a sloop, or patience and hope. I trust every teacher who may read this, will do all he can to make his pupils fluent and intelligent readers.—E. D., *in Massachusetts Teacher*.

VERY touching and beautiful were the words of the old schoolmaster, as life passed away. "It is growing dark—the school may be dismissed."—Down to the very gates of an unseen world he carried his love and regard for the children whom he had trained.

LEARNING makes a man fit company for himself.

"PASS THE PEPPER."

OF all the aromatics which are partaken of by man as flavorers to his food, there is none more common than pepper. The three important peppers commonly found on the dinner tables, are white, black, and cayenne, all natives of the tropics. They are much used (to stimulate digestion) by their human brethren—those hot and choleric old nabobs who confer a benefit on the world by living in hot climates, far removed from the haunts of civilized life. Thus the "chow-chows," "curries," and other dishes so relished by your yellow-faced East and West Indians, owe their flavor and pungency to the amount of pepper they contain.

There is one variety of the genus *Piper* to which the white and black peppers belong. (cayenne being a member of the genus *Capsicum*—called so, bye the bye, from a Greek word which signifies to bite;) which variety is a great favorite with housekeepers and cooks, and has received from them the flattering name of "allspices," as it combines in itself the flavors of cloves, nutmeg, and cinnamon. It grows plentifully in Jamaica and other American islands, where it was first discovered by the Spaniards, who gave it the name of *Pimento de Jamaica*. The French call it the "round clove."

Black pepper is cultivated in large quantities in Malacca, Java, and especially at Sumatra, the trade of those places being almost exclusively in these spices. A pepper garden during the ripening of the pod is a lovely sight, being a large plot marked out into regular squares of six feet, in each of which are planted young trees, called *chinkareens*, that serve as props to the pepper vines. When the prop has reached twelve feet high, it is cut off and the vines planted, two to each prop. A vine is three years in coming to maturity, and the fruit, which grows in long spikes, is three or four months in ripening. The berries are plucked as soon as ripe, and spread on mats upon the ground to dry, by which process they become black and shriveled and are imported here as black pepper. In this city, and distributed throughout the States, are many mills where pepper is ground, and we are sorry to say, it is often sophisticated with burnt crusts of bread and other adulterations.

The Sumatrans once did a Yankee trick in connection with pepper, which is worth recording.—They steeped the pepper corns in water until the shells, or outer coat burst, and then drying them without it, sold for three times the price of the black, as a different species, to the East India Company, who then monopolized the pepper trade. The company, having swallowed the story, made the buyers swallow it, too, and ever since we have had the two peppers, white and black, both coming from the same plant, but one possessing its coat, and the other being deprived of that useful appendage, and so weakened in its pungency.

Cayenne was first noticed on the coast of Guinea, and has been generally used by the natives of those climates in which it grows as a strengthener for the stomach. It is an extraordinary fact, but still true, that although savages may be unacquainted with the polite arts, they are generally well informed upon the subject of gastronomy, and to suit their sometimes peculiar tastes, they generally discover all the edible good things which their native soil affords. It cannot be denied that hunger and the palate are great equalizers, and the stomach, much as we abhor gluttony, does much for civilization; in fact, his stomach and its wants distinguish man from the brutes, for, as Dr. Kitchner correctly observed, "Man is the only cooking animal."

The cayenne of commerce is the grain or seed of the capsicum, ground and mixed with flour and then baked into little cakes in an oven; these are again broken up and mixed with more flour and placed in jars for sale. The tree or plant is very beautiful, and forms a great ornament to a garden, but it is very tender and requires much care. It is more pungent than either white or black peppers, and is often adulterated with logwood and mahogany, sawdust, and red lead; this latter can, however, be easily detected by placing a spoonful carefully in a glass of water, when, should it contain any red lead, it will, from its specific gravity, quickly drop to the bottom, while the cayenne will sink but slowly. A very pleasant drink may be made for cold nights, and one that is healthy, too, from pepper. Here is the recipe:—Place three or four lumps of sugar, with half a teaspoonful of pepper, in a tumbler, and fill up with hot water; when the sugar is dissolved, drink. It is not only pleasant to the palate, but warms the whole body more effectually and quicker than any spirits.—Those of our readers who try our recipe once, will often, during the winter, when the fire burns low, and they feel chilly, generally exclaim in the lan- of our caption, "Pass the pepper."—*Sci. American.*

AIR.—Air is an exhalation of all the minerals of the globe; the most elaborately finished of all the works of the Creator—the rock of the ages disintegrated and fitted up for the life of man. All classes of men affirm this. Sidney Smith says to public speakers, that if they would walk twelve miles before speaking, they would never break down. In English Universities, boat races, horse-back rides, and ten mile walks are a part of the educational means for physical development. Plato says a walk in the open air will almost cure a guilty conscience.

CALMNESS UNDER PROVOCATION.—Socrates having received a blow upon the head, observed, "That it would be well if people knew when to put on a helmet." On another occasion, being attacked with opprobrious language, he calmly observed,—"That man has not been taught to speak respectfully." Many Christians might learn from this heathen.

FERTILITY OF THE HOLY LAND.

NO country of equal size, probably, contains greater inequalities of surface than Palestine—varying from the peaks of Lebanon, 10,000 feet above the sea level, to the plain of Jericho, 1,300 feet below it. Hence the Holy Land afforded almost every variety of vegetable productions; and when in its glory, populous and cultivated, and enjoying the smiles of Jehovah, it was not unworthy of the glowing rhapsody of Dr. HAMILTON, the emphatic terms of which are almost all from the Bible:

"A better country than this, earth did not contain. It was 'a delightsome' and 'a pleasant land;' 'a goodly heritage of the host of nations.' It was variegated and intersected with all the elements of sublimity and beauty—with whatever was bold and gentle. It was a wealthy place. Aromatic herbs covered its hills, and the fairest flowers decked its glens. The rose was in Sharon, and the lily in the valleys. The voice of the turtle was heard in the land. There roamed the vine, and there clustered the date. And there hung the pomegranate. The cedar towered on the mountain, and the myrtle skirted their sides. No human hand could raise the clusters of Eshcol. The south winds passed over the gardens, causing the spices thereof to flow out. The seasons revolved in their variety, but with a blended sweetness. There was the upland breeze, in which the fir could wave its arms, and the softer air, in which the olive unfolded its blossom. The sun smote not by day, nor the moon by night. The birds sang among the branches. There was balm in Gilead. The lign-aloe drooped from the river bank. Lakes glistened in the landscape, and cooled the drouth. Beautiful for situation was Mount Zion. The cattle browsed on a thousand hills. The excellence of Carmel and the glory of Lebanon set their pinnacles against the deep azure of Canaan's sky. The barns were filled with plenty—the vineyards distilled the pure blood of the grape. The fountain of Jacob was upon a land of corn and wine. The granaries were filled with the finest wheat. It flowed with milk and honey. Its heavens dropped fatness. At stated periods fell the early and latter rain. The land might be called Beulah. The distant glimpse of its prospects refreshed the dying eye of MOSES: and of all thine earthly territory this is emphatically thy land, O, Immanuel."

This flowery description by no means applies to Palestine as it now is. Depopulated, neglected, misgoverned, it has become as desolate as it once was beautiful and fertile; and testified to the truth of God's word, "Woe be unto them when I depart from them."

ECHOES.

THE ear cannot distinguish one sound from another, unless there is an interval of one-ninth of a second between the arrival of the two sounds.—Sounds must, therefore, succeed each other at an interval of one-ninth of a second in order to be heard distinctly. Now, the velocity of sound being eleven hundred and twenty feet a second, in one-ninth of a second the sound would travel one hundred and twenty-four feet.

Repeated echoes happen when two obstacles are placed opposite to one another, as parallel walls, for example, which reflect the sound successively.

At Admath, in Bohemia, there is an echo which repeats seven syllables three times. At Woodstock, in England, there is one which repeats a sound seventeen times during the day, and twenty times during the night. An echo in the villa Smionetta, near Milan, is said to repeat a sharp sound some thirty times audibly. The most celebrated echo among the ancients, was that of the Metelli, at Rome, which, according to tradition, was capable of repeating the first line of the Æneid, containing fifteen syllables, eight times distinctly.

Dr. Birch describes an echo at Roscheath, Argyleshire, which, it is said, does not now exist. When eight or ten notes were played upon a trumpet, they were returned by this echo upon a key a third lower than the original notes, and shortly after upon a key still lower. Dr. Page describes an echo in Fairfax county, Virginia, which possesses a similar curious property. This echo gives three distinct reflections, the second much the most distinct.—Twenty notes played upon a flute are returned with perfect clearness. But the most singular property of this echo is, that some notes in the scale are not returned in their places, but are supplied with notes which are either thirds, fifths, or octaves.

There is a surprising echo between two barns, at Belvidere, Allegany county, N. Y. The echo repeats eleven times a word of one, two, or three syllables; it has been heard to repeat thirteen times. By placing oneself in the centre between the two barns, there will be a double echo, one in the direction of each barn, and a monosyllable will be repeated twenty-two times.

A striking and beautiful effect of echo is produced in certain localities by the Swiss mountaineers, who contrive to sing their Rans des Vaches in such time that the reflected notes form an agreeable accompaniment to the air itself.

The Killarney notes are quite famous, and resound with marvellous clearness to the notes of a bugle, as the traveler rows from point to point in the beautiful lake.—*Prof. Silliman.*

WELL AND SPRING CLEANING.—As spring is approaching, we earnestly advise all persons who use well water and spring water to have both wells and springs thoroughly cleaned out, and then washed out in early May and also during October, as there is strong reason to believe that the settlings which have accumulated, including decayed vegetation, impart their disease-engendering qualities to the water, and thus originate some of the most dangerous forms of low or typhoid fever at a time of the year when the weather is so cool as to preclude the idea of their arising from vegetable decomposition. The stench of the *debris* at the bottom of wells should induce all cleanly persons to expurgate them thoroughly, aside from considerations of health.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

ELOQUENCE consists in feeling a truth yourself, and making those who hear you feel it too.

THE PEOPLE'S COLLEGE.

THE following note we have received from a young man anxious to obtain a good English education:

EDS. RURAL:—My object in writing to you is to know if you can tell me of a school that I could attend for two or three years, in which I could work enough to pay my way? I wish to attend school about that length of time, but am unable to do so, unless I work out long enough to procure means to attend school one term, and then work again for more funds, which would take a long time to finish an education, and I would spend the best part of my life before I could reap any benefits from my labors. Do you know of a school in which I can work enough at something to pay my way? I can do the work of a man. If I could sell myself, or be put under some binding obligations to some one that would help me to school, and be at their service to act in any capacity for them, or for which they might receive the profits until they were well paid for their trouble, I would be willing to perform faithfully all that devolved upon me to do. Will you please give me some information or advice as to what I ought to do in order to obtain a good English education? Do they calculate to give a student a chance to work his way through *The People's College?* When will they be ready to receive students? Will you please condescend enough to reply?—E. LITTEBRANT, *Ft. Edward, N. Y.*, 1859.

THE *People's College*, at Havana, N. Y., if we understand its design, is intended to meet just such cases as this, and we know of no other to which we can refer the inquirer. When it will be ready to receive students, we cannot say. Will not some of the officers give us the facts? The following in regard to its objects, &c., we take from the *Cincinnatus:*

"The name, as used by the founders of the College, intends nothing boastful or reproachful; it is meant to suggest only, what most reflecting persons concede, that some modification of the prevailing systems of College education in this country is demanded to enable them better to subserve the wants of the people. The title is intended to be significant, 1st, because it is expected that the College will, on pecuniary grounds, be more easily accessible to young persons seeking an education than most institutions of similar grade; and 2d, because, while the discipline of the mind and instructions in the sciences and letters will be here properly cared for, the application of the sciences to the arts will be particularly attended to; thus making the College both a disciplinary and professional institution.

This College was chartered by the Legislature of New York, in April, 1853, and there were conferred upon it the immunities and privileges common to the colleges of the country. It is provided, however, in the charter, that the diplomas, or honorary testimonials conferred on students, shall expressly specify the branches which the student has mastered, and those only. Its capital stock consists of $250,000, and may be increased to $500,000. Its declared objects are:

1. To so arrange the exercises of students as to qualify them, upon graduation, to enter at once upon the business of their choice, by giving not only a theoretic, but a full, systematic, practical course of instruction, illustrative of the principles and laws upon which their business is based and should be conducted.

2. To elevate labor, by requiring each student to work upon the farm, or in the shop, a portion of five days in a week.

3. To afford adults opportunities of pursuing any favorite branch of study.

In subservience to these designs, students are to be required to master text-books on Geology, Botany, Chemistry, Entomology, Anatomy, Physiology, and Natural Sciences generally; on Architecture, Engineering, Bridging, Road-making, Agriculture, Gardening, etc.

Courses of lectures are to be given, which not only the inmates of the College may attend, but the farmer, mechanic, or day laborer, defraying the expenses of such attendance, if he choose, by working upon the farm or in the shops.

4. The farm and workshops are to be models of imitation, to the end, that visitors from a distance, as well as the inhabitants adjacent, may receive useful hints in respect to their various avocations.

It is intended, also, that here may be seen and procured the finest specimens of mechanism, the choicest varieties of fruits, grapes, roots, etc., adapted to this climate, with the information essential to their culture; the best machines and implements adapted to mechanical and agricultural industry, with a full and particular description of their uses. The College Farm, which consists of two hundred acres of land of variegated soil, has been secured to the College by deed, and shops, with their implements, are soon to be provided.

The work on the College edifice was begun September 8, 1857.

The foundations and basement story have cost about $12,000.

The house is arranged for a chapel of a size to seat 1,800 persons, for ten lecture rooms, 47 rooms for the President, Professors, Secretary, and Treasurer, and 220 chambers for students, each to accommodate two persons. It will also contain a culinary department, and suitable rooms for the steward. It will be thoroughly ventilated and heated by furnaces. Its estimated cost is $175,000.

In respect, now, to the importance of this College enterprise, there will not, probably, be much difference in opinion. The wisdom of the means by which it is proposed to achieve the undertaking, must be left, in some measure, to the test of experience. They will be criticised, and the friends of the institution have the right only to insist that the subject be candidly canvassed."

THE FOUNDATION OF CHARACTER.—Integrity is the foundation of all that is high in character among mankind; other qualities may add splendor, but if this essential requisite be wanting all their lustre fades.

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Seven Years in the Wilderness—J. W. Bradley.
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Tobacco Seeds—J. W. Bruce
Tobacco Seed—J. D. Hancock
Hubbard's Improved Seeds &c.—F. D. Hallock
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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER AND NEW-YORK TIMES.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 26, 1859.

ANOTHER QUARTER—RENEWALS, &c.

As the present number closes the first quarter of our Tenth Volume, we would remind all whose subscriptions expire therewith that our invariable rule is to discontinue the RURAL at the expiration of the time paid for. Those whose terms expire this week will find "Time Up" printed on the margins of their papers—and we trust all interested will heed the notice and renew at once if they wish to secure the uninterrupted visits of the RURAL to their homes. That most of these will respond promptly, we are confident, and we hope all who can consistently to do so will invite others to join them in subscribing. The New Quarter, commencing next week, will be a good time to subscribe, and affords a favorable opportunity to form new clubs. See our liberal offers in first column of next page.

OUR ADVERTISING FRIENDS are very numerous about these days, and so urgent in their demands that we are constrained to infringe somewhat upon reading departments for a few weeks, in order to make room for their favors. However, we trust what is inserted in this line will prove of great use and value to our readers—that the advertisements will PAY all parties interested. With this view we invite a careful perusal of all new announcements. It may be proper to add that though we publish fully twice as much this week, we are obliged to omit some of those former advertisements.

Review of the Week.

THE Washington *Union* of the 16th inst. contains a very important article upon our Mexican and Central American affairs which seems to be sanctioned by the President. From the statements therein it would appear that there is not the least reason to believe, from anything which has yet transpired, that either the French or British governments meditate any interference in the political concerns of Mexico. But as is known that Captain Turner the American commanding officer, has entered into an arrangement with the French and British commanders that the Naval forces of the three nations should act together, should it be necessary, to afford protection to their respective citizens. It appears further our government does not think the Monroe doctrine precludes any European nation from engaging in war with Mexico, whatever the cause which might exist. It maintains the position that the Spanish American States shall not be reduced to the condition of colonies, but not that these States may not demand just redress of wrongs as they please against European powers without being responsible to those powers for doing so.

Furthermore, Spain has declared that it has not the remotest idea of attempting to re-subjugate Mexico. The United States have no objection to one canal or twenty canals in Central America.—This is no question under the Monroe doctrine. What they mean to make good is, that the contract already made and existing with our citizens shall not be violated, and that such canals, when made, shall be equally free and open to all commercial nations, and shall not be controlled by any one power, especially any European power. Our government is officially assured that England is not pursuing a treacherous or dishonest policy in Nicaragua. The British government proposes fairness, and ours is not at liberty to doubt their honor or treaties. They meditate treaties with the government of Nicaragua, one for the regulation of the transit route, and the other for the abandonment of the Mosquito Protectorate. The general principles have been submitted to the government of the United States, and approved by it.

AMONG matters of interest at Washington, we learn that the Cabinet met at an unusually early hour on the 17th inst., and resumed the consideration of the affairs of the Post-Office Department. The question of an extra session of Congress is still undetermined. Attorney General Black has decided that United States Consuls in Turkey have jurisdiction over American citizens in commercial cases only. Private advices, just received, state that the Dutch government are about to lay claim to the famous Aves Guano Island in the Caribbean sea, which has been successfully worked by the Atlantic and Pacific Guano Company of New York for the last two years. The Grand Jury have brought in a presentment against Sickles for murder, and there is no doubt a true bill will be found against him, when a day will be set apart for his trial. The Secretary of State recently submitted to the Attorney General, the question whether the Chinese Coolie Trade, as carried on by American ships, comes within the laws or discretion of the slave trade. Diplomatic correspondence from Madrid, says Mr. Preston will be received unconditionally, but that any proposition touching Cuba will be followed by the government sending him his passports.

DURING a portion of the past week a Railroad Convention was in session at Buffalo. Attendance was very full, forty-six Roads being represented. The Convention was organized by electing Owen Follett, of the Sandusky, Dayton and Cincinnati Roads, President, and Lafayette Devenny, of the Pittsburg, Columbus and Cincinnati Road, and J. B. Anderson, of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Road, Secretaries. A stormy time was anticipated—anticipations were fully realized—probabilities are that it will prove, of its kind, one of the most terrific and prolonged ever witnessed.

OUR Canadian friends are much exercised just at present in the consideration of a new Tariff. In Parliament, on the night of the 18th inst., the motion that the House do not go into committee on the tariff of Inspector General was lost by a majority of 15. This motion was looked upon as a motion of loss of confidence in the administration, and it is probable that the tariff will be passed with slight modifications. Should it go into operation, it will make some sweeping changes. It raises the duties on manufactured articles in some cases five, in some ten, in some twenty or thirty per cent. Unmanufactured articles from the U States are of course left untouched, their importation being regulated by the Reciprocity Treaty

Personal and Political.

MR. BAKER, member of Assembly from Cattaraugus county, N. Y, died March 14th.

DR. THOMAS D. MOTTER, Professor of Surgery in Jefferson College, Philadelphia, died at Charleston, S. C., on the 17th inst.

CAPT. DANIEL BROWN, believed to be the last survivor of the Wyoming massacre, died at Wyalusing, Pa., on the 3d inst., at the age of 88 years. Thomas Brown, his father, emigrated from Connecticut to the valley of the Wyoming, and was the father of twenty-one children, two of whom fell in the massacre, and all of whom are now dead.

THE body of Hon. MIKE WALSH, ex-member of Congress from the city of New York, was found in the area of a building on 8th avenue, on the morning of the 17th inst. The inquest resulted in a verdict that his death was caused by falling in a fit of apoplexy, after which he was robbed by some persons unknown.

THE Brooklyn City American Convention met on the 18th inst., and nominated a straight American ticket, which is headed by ex-Mayor GEORGE HALL for Mayor. SAM "still lives."

THE Democrats of Rhode Island held their Convention in Providence, on the 18th inst. Mr. ELISHA R. POTTER, of South Kingston, was nominated for Governor, and Mr. Fenner Brown, of Cumberland, for Lt. Governor; Mr. Olney Arnold, of North Providence, for the Eastern, and Alfred Anthony, of Johnston, for the Western Congressional district.

THE following is the result of the election in New Jersey for U. S. Senator:—JOHN C. TEN EYCK, Rep., 42; Peter D. Vroom, Dem., 34; Robert F. Stockton Dem., 2; Wm. Wright, Dem., 3. Mr. Ten Eyck was declared elected. All the opposition candidates were elected.

FROM BUENOS AYRES.—Buenos Ayres dates of the 23d ult., have been received at New York. The supply ships Release, Corvette, Preble and steamer Southern Star had arrived at Montevideo, and the latter had started for Corinth, towing the Preble. On the arrival of the advance part of the squadron at Rosario, the local authorities sent a dispatch to Admiral Shubrick, asking the reason of this collection of force. The answer was not published. On the 10th, the squadron was at Parana, where Commodore Bowen and Admiral Shubrick had an interview with Urquiza. The latter then went north, and, it was said, would visit Paraguay. The Buenos Ayres Times says he was handsomely entertained, and thinks he will cut down the claim to its lowest [illegible]

Old World Matters.

THE news received from the Old World during the week, by steamers Washington and Weser, has some features of peculiar interest. We present the following synopsis:

GREAT BRITAIN.—D'Israeli's Reform Bill confers the franchise upon all members of the learned professions and upon parties having small investments in funds in Savings Banks. The representation of fifteen small boroughs is reduced from ten to one member each, and vacated seats are given to counties and new boroughs. The bill is strongly attacked by the Reformers, but a large meeting of the Conservatives, two hundred strong, at Lord Derby's, pledge their unanimous support to the measure. Walpole, the Home Secretary, and Henley, President of the Board of Trade, retired from the Cabinet on account of differences of opinion on the Reform Bill. Mr. Sotheron Estcourt succeeds the former and Lord Donoughmore the latter. Lord March replaces Estcourt as President of the Poor Law Board. Rumor of further secessions from the Cabinet include the Earl of Salisbury and Mr. Aiderly.

The British exports show an enormous increase over last year.

Parliamentary proceedings uninteresting.

An unimportant movement had taken place among the leaders of the Liberal party, Lords Russell and Palmerston having coalesced against the Government Reform Bill. Lord Lenox, one of the Lords of the Treasury, had resigned, and was succeeded by Peter Blackburn. The Morning Advertiser repeats the assurance that Marquis Salisbury, Lord Manners and Sir Edward Lytton, only hold office temporarily.

The War question remains unaltered.

The latest correspondence of the London Journal, indicates very little confidence in the success of Lord Cowley's mission.

FRANCE.—There is a rumor that the Count Cavour is expected at Paris.

It is stated in Paris that Austria had made counter proposals to Lord Cowley, in which it is supported by Prussia.

The French Government organs are getting more belligerent, but war preparations at Marseilles are somewhat relaxed.

The Bourse continued sensitive and fluctuated.

The Constitutionel had announced positively the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome, but the Moniteur pronounced the statement premature.

Preparations are being made for the arrival in France of some distinguished personage, and hinted that it might be the Pope.

On the Budget being called up for discussion, the Committee declared, by a majority of 10 to 4, that they could not examine the Peace Budget in the presence of War demonstrations on all sides, and that the War Budget would be required. They consider it ridiculous to consider the proposed figures, when the expenses already incurred exceed the amount demanded, they therefore resolved to wait explanations from the government, although the minority proposed an amendment. They forthwith rejected it, and persisted in their original design.

The French papers say that Lopez accepted the proposed mediation of the Brazilian government in the affair with the United States.

AUSTRIA.—From Austria it is announced that the Emperor had become more determinedly warlike and embittered against France. The Vienna journals are also more warlike. The Cabinet at Vienna had agreed to maintain 150,000 men in Lombardy, and to erect fortifications in all directions.

The lower classes at Vienna are becoming exceedingly warlike. The government, it is said, have contracted with the Lombardo Venetian Railway for the transport of 7,000 men during March. The official Vienna Gazette says:—As soon as the notification in writing of Cardinal Antonelli arrives here, it is understood that the evacuation of the States of the Church by Austrian troops will follow.

It is said that Austria will grant foreign vessels the privilege of navigating the Danube.

The Austrian army in Italy had been placed on a war footing.

COMMERCIAL—*Breadstuffs.*—Richardson, Spence & Co. report wheat and flour in improved inquiry, with sales to a limited extent at full Friday's rates. Western red wheat 8s8d@9s2d; white 8s7d@10s9d. Corn steady, with retail sales at 5s10d@6s2d for mixed and yellow, and 7s@7s3d for white.

Terrible Railroad Accident.

ONE of those terrible railroad accidents, the recital of which makes the blood chill, occurred on the Great Western Railway a few miles north of Dundas on Saturday morning, at about half-past two o'clock. All our readers in this part of the country will recollect the violent storm of wind, rain and snow which commenced on Friday evening, and continued through Saturday. It was during this storm that the accident occurred, of which it was the principal if not the sole cause.—Many who have travelled over the Great Western Railway will recollect the high embankment west of Dundas, and between that station and Flamboro. If our recollection serves us right, this embankment is made across a narrow valley, through which runs a small stream, carried under the road by a fine stone culvert. In the wider part of this valley, south and east of the road, lies the village of Dundas. The place of accident, we think must have been from the west end of the embankment, where it unites with the mountain side, and down which the water rushed, sweeping away the earth into the valley below, and leaving an awful chasm, described by passengers as 40 to 50 feet deep, and more than 100 in length. The Night Express train that left Windsor at 7 o'clock on Friday evening, reached this fatal spot on Saturday morning, in the midst of the raging fury of the storm, with 70 passengers on board, plunged into the gulph—a heap of ruins—causing the instant death of six or eight persons, while twelve or more are seriously wounded. The Hamilton Spectator gives the following names of the killed as far as ascertained:

KILLED—Mr. Jones Boyer, of Ohio; Mr. Alexander Reed of Hamilton; G. Morgan, engine driver; W. Milne, brakeman

News Paragraphs.

AT the Commencement of the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, 256 young men received the degree of Doctor of Medicine. This is the largest class, with a single exception, which has ever graduated from Jefferson College

ALL the governments of Europe are wanting to borrow money. Austria wants to borrow $30,000,000; England, $35,000,000; Sardinia, $10,000,000. France wants a large sum, and Russia, it is expected, will also be trying its credit to a large extent. About $100,000,000 is the aggregate wanted by these different governments, to put themselves in a position to prevent one being eaten up by the other.

THE New Orleans *Picayune* speaks of Louisiana as a "State in mourning," consequent upon the explosion of the steamer Princess. It says "there is scarcely a community from which some one of the lost is not missing."

SOME sharpers in St. Louis have been doing a flourishing business by advertising for members to join a "hand-cart train" to Pike's Peak, charging an entrance fee of $50—which answered all the purposes of initiating their dupes into the nature of their rascality, but did not serve to advance them one step towards the land of promise.

THE London *Globe's* Paris correspondent says that the French Maritime Insurance Companies now insert in each policy a clause referring to casualties from war on the high seas.

MARY SHAUGHNESSY, of Canton, Mass., was found dead in her bed on Monday morning week. She was *one hundred and twelve* years of age. Deceased had resided in Canton for the past twenty years.

TIMOTHY SWEENEY, a native of County Kerry, Ireland, died at Fairview, Pa., on the 26th ult., aged 122 years. He emigrated to America when 100 years old. He was never known to have had an hour's sickness, even up to the very day of his death, but was always remarkably stout and healthy, having the full use of all his faculties to the last, with a delicacy of hearing and a quickness of perception that was really marvellous.

IT is estimated that at least four thousand persons in the U. S. Navy annually are tattooed with figures costing from seventy-five cents to fifteen dollars, and showing the annual expenditure in the aggregate of $20,000! A single "artist" has been known to pocket over a thousand dollars in a cruise of a frigate, in these India ink pictures.

PERHAPS the most remarkable of the many Burns' banquets in Scotland, took place at the village of Alyth. A number of the female admirers of the poet resolved on having a tea party, composed of women exclusively. Sixty of them assembled in a hall, where all enjoyed themselves with a comfortable tea, under the presidency of one of their sex. After refreshment, their husbands were admitted, when there were reels, polkas, and vocal music.

OF the large stock purchased by Mr. Barret, of Henderson, Ky., in England, at a cost of more than $20,000, only one cow was alive on the arrival of the ship at New York. One after another, the valuable animals sickened and died; among them was a bull which cost $5,000, and a cow for which $2,500 was paid.

WE see it stated that many farmers throughout the State, and as far west as Chautauque Co., have contracted their butter for the coming season at twenty-two cents per pound.

Outbreak in Auburn Prison.

THE telegraph yesterday (21st) brought the following dispatch from Auburn, N. Y.:—"One of the convicts employed in the hame shop being unruly, the head keeper, Mr. Austin, ordered him to be taken to the dungeon. The shop keeper, Mr. Hubbard, proceeded to execute the order, and while in the act of unlocking the cell door, the prisoner broke away from him and ran back to the shop, calling upon the other convicts for assistance.—The head keeper then attempted to secure him, when the convict struck him with a bar of iron, and drew a weapon—a round file, sharpened to a point—which the keeper wrested from him. All the convicts in the shop then made a rush and commenced throwing hammers, planes, &c., at the officers. The Agent then ordered the guard to fire upon them, and two of the convicts were mortally wounded and one slightly. They were then marched to their cells at the point of the bayonet. One of them, a German, is armed with a knife, and declares that he will kill the first man that attempts to open his cell. The head keeper has armed himself, and gone to see him." Up to the hour of going to press we have heard nothing further—probabilities are, the unruly convicts have been subdued.

ABUSES OF THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE.—Senator Iverson, of Georgia, says the Buffalo *Courier*, in a speech upon the abuses of the franking privilege by members of Congress, read a list of the number of newspapers and pamphlets folded in the Senate folding-room in 1858, all of which were of course franked for the mails. The aggregate number was 1,160,450, the postage on which would have been $34,813. The least number, 100, was sent by Mr. Biggs; the highest number, 345,500, by Mr. Douglas. Mr. Bright, of Indiana, loaded the mails with 104,050, the next highest number after Mr. Douglas. Mr. Cameron, of Pa., who had 10,350 documents folded in the Senate folding-room, interrupted Mr. Iverson, to say that he had franked twice that number. Mr. Iverson estimated the whole amount of postage consumed by the Senate in 1858 to be $92,400, which is probably a very moderate estimate. During the Congressional recess of 1857, no less than 3,539 bags of mail matter were dispatched from the Senate folding-room.

FROM MEXICO.—The Tennessee's mail, at New Orleans on the 15th inst., confirms the reported success of the Liberals. Gen. Ampudia reports that the re-actionists under Gen. Cobanz, 1,500 strong, were twice beaten back by an inferior force. Nuvamon was retreating to Ouzaba. Only 500 troops were at the Capital. The news of the intended action of the American Government had greatly discouraged the Liberals. The English and French fleets were harassing Juarez.

The News Condenser.

— Mexico had seven Presidents in the month of January.

— The new State of Oregon contains 185,000 square miles.

— In Chicago, 18,000 lots are advertised for non-payment of taxes.

— There is said to be a weed in Canada that produces a sort of cotton.

— A library is now opened in Boston, expressly for the use of ladies.

— It is said that six new churches are to be built in Boston this season.

— Great preparations are being made on the seaboard for mackerel catching.

— The sufferers by the Princess explosion are daily dying of their injuries.

— Ericsson's Caloric Engines are now manufactured for mechanical purposes.

— The unclaimed dividends in the Bank of England amount to over five million.

— Strawberries and sparagus have been brought to New York from the South.

— Letters from Havana, dated the 9th, mention the presence of Fillibuster Walker.

— It is said that Gen. Cass' health is so infirm that his death at any time would be no surprise.

— A bill to prohibit the marriage of white with black persons has passed the Wisconsin Legislature.

— The first of the season, the man with white pantaloons, has appeared in the streets in Baltimore.

— The Queen's theatre in London is about to be transformed into a large hotel on the American plan.

— The Christy Minstrels are performing in Paris, where they are called the *Bouffes Americains!*

— The Western Lakes are all open, and navigation upon them has fairly commenced for the season.

— Sherman Croswell, Esq., late editor of the Albany Argus, died on Friday at New Haven, aged 56 years.

— It is stated, for the information of husbands and papas, that there are seventy different styles of skirts.

— A man by the name of Twitchell died at Bloomfield, Ohio, a few days since, who weighed 886 pounds.

— Over $7,000 have already been received at a fair in Boston, held to raise money for a Homœpathic hospital.

— During the year of 1858 there were carried over the New York city railroads thirty-five million persons.

— Gideon B. Smith, of Baltimore, the locust man, predicts invasion by that insect of several Southern States.

— There are four sisters in Taunton, Mass., whose united weight is 935 pounds, the youngest weighing 256 pounds.

— A couple in Portland, Me., celebrated their "tin" wedding last week, on the tenth anniversary of their marriage.

— The railroad bridge at Middlebury, Vt., together with four cars, was destroyed by fire on Thursday morning week.

— A Utah correspondent says Heber Kimball and Brigham Young have harems that cover each an acre of ground.

— It is stated that the Russian war, for single a year, cost over $250,000,000; no small amount spent in shooting people.

— The Richmond Whig announces that free white girls are now employed in the Virginia factories to put up tobacco.

— The New York Central Park is expected to be completed some time in 1860. Its total cost is estimated at $2,225,000.

— The French army, it is said, is composed of 621,000 fighting men, of which over 500,000 are available for foreign war.

— A revival of great power is in progress in Rye, N. H. One hundred and fifty persons are stated to have been converted.

— The latest sensations in New York are Bonner hats, asparagus and green peas, and French theatricals on Sunday evenings.

— Southern papers concur in the statement that vegetation in that latitude is at least one month in advance of ordinary years.

— Walker, Henningsen, and other filibusters, are reported to be organizing at San Antonio, Texas, for a march into Sonora.

— Fine trout fishing up Lake Superior way; four hundred two pounders were killed by an angler in one day, near Marquette.

— A little girl and several dogs have been bitten by a mad dog in Lowell, Mass., and excitement prevails there on the subject.

— The Empire machine company of Norfolk, Conn., has contracted for building 5,000 sewing machines for a New York company.

— The circulation of the banks throughout the Union, in the year 1858, was $198,830,000, against $155,000,000 in the previous year.

— The number of miles of railroad now open in Texas, is 188; besides which there are 113 miles more graded, and 41 under contract.

— The professional juror's occupation is gone in Illinois, as by law no person is allowed to serve more than once a year upon a jury.

— At the ball given by the Americans in Paris, on Feb. 22d, one of the ladies is said to have worn lace to the value of 80,000 francs

— The total real and personal estate of Hartford, Conn., is valued at $21,512,400, among which are 2,559 dwelling houses, valued at $7,850,287.

— A singular work is in preparation abroad. It consists of a book of parodies on all manner of living poets, to be called "Rival Rhymes."

— Four persons were drowned off Port Darlington, Canada, on the 15th inst.—two men, a woman and child. The boat was capsized in a gale.

— The number of letters which passed through the Post-Office of Great Britain, the past year, was five hundred and twenty-three million.

— The Willimantic (Conn.) Journal says a trout was caught in that vicinity a few days since which weighed 20 pounds. A very fishy story.

— Forty citizens of Waterville, in Litchfield, Conn., have formed a joint stock company, with $10,000 capital, for the manufacture of penknives.

— The age of the great California tree, estimated by the count of the annual layers of wood, is 6,408 years, somewhat older than the human race

— The Canal Board have reduced the canal tolls, for the present year, on beer, cider, vinegar, rye, peas, beans and rags, from three to two mills.

— The town of Hooksett, N. J., has voted to discontinue its liquor agency, April 1st, and divide the liquor on hand equally among the legal voters.

— Some miscreant, on the night of the 17th ult., entered the stables of Messrs. Sumas & Sutton, Grenada, Miss., and poisoned between 30 and 50 of their horses.

Publisher's Notices.

TERMS OF THE RURAL FOR 1859.

Single Copy, One Year	- - - -	$2
Three Copies,	" - - - -	$5
Six "	and 1 free to Club Agent,	$10
Ten "	" " "	$15
Sixteen "	" " "	$22
Twenty "	" " "	$26
Thirty-two "	" "	$10

☞ Back numbers of this vol. can still be furnished, or subscriptions can begin with the New Quarter, April 2d. Clubs for Six or Nine months at same proportional rates as for a year, and Gratuities, &c., allowed.

THE RURAL'S SPRING CAMPAIGN!

A BENEFIT FOR AGENTS AND FRIENDS.

A NEW QUARTER — the Spring Campaign — of the RURAL NEW-YORKER will commence April 2d, a favorable time to form new clubs, or make additions to those already formed. All whose subscriptions expire this week, will bear in mind that a prompt renewal is necessary to secure the uninterrupted continuance of the paper. They should at once form new clubs, or join with others in sending. No lover of the RURAL should be content to have it merely "hold its own" in his locality, but strive to increase its circulation and usefulness—and *Now is the Time to make the Effort.* In recognition of recent exertions of Agent-Friends, and as an extra inducement for continued canvassing during the Spring Campaign, we now make the following very Liberal and Seasonable offer:

CHOICE FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS
As Gratuities for Agents, &c.

To any Club-Agent making additions to his present club to the amount of $5, we will send (post-paid,) TEN CHOICE Varieties of Annual Flower Seeds, put up by THORBURN & Co., price 50 cents. The same to any person forming a new club of 3, and remitting $5.

FOR EVERY remittance of $10 — whether in addition to clubs, or for new clubs—we will send (post-paid,) *in addition to the extra copies already offered*, a DOLLAR PACKAGE OF FLOWER OR VEGETABLE SEEDS, as preferred by the person entitled, to be selected by such person from the following packages put up by B. K. BLISS:

FLOWER SEEDS.	Price.
No. 1—consists of Twenty choice varieties of Annuals,	$1 00
No. 2—consists of Twenty choice varieties of Biennials and Perennials,	1 00
No. 3—consists of Ten extra fine varieties of Annuals and Perennials, embracing many of the new and choicest in cultivation,	1 00
No. 4—consists of five very choice varieties, selected from Prize Flowers of English Pansies, German Carnation and Picotee Pinks, Verbenas, Truffaut's French Asters and double Hollyhocks,	1 00

VEGETABLE SEEDS.	Price.
No. 5—collection of Twenty selected varieties, including two vars. of beets, two of cucumbers, two of cabbages, two of melons, the celebrated Hubbard Squash, Early Paris Cauliflower, &c., &c.,	1 00

(Packages sent to Canada or other British Provinces will not be post-paid, as the expense in some instances would be nearly or quite $1. We send post-paid to any address in the United States.)

☞ Subscriptions can begin with the New Quarter, April 2d, or we can still furnish back numbers from Jan. 1st, so that all who desire can have the volume complete. Clubs for Six or Nine months at the same proportional rates as for a year

THE Springfield (Mass.) *Daily Republican* of the 12th inst., says:—"D. D. T. MOORE, of Rochester, proprietor of MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, has ordered from B. K. BLISS, of this city, $500 worth of flower and vegetable seeds, to be put up in $1 packages, for gratuitous distribution as premiums among those ordering club subscriptions to his journal."

— The Seeds ordered of Mr. BLISS have just arrived, and we shall commence mailing them to our agent-friends this week. Hope we shall have occasion to order and distribute as many more dollar packages during the planting season.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS—Are now in order, and whether they come (as they do daily) in ones, twos, fives, tens or twenties, are gratefully welcomed and receive prompt attention. Please note, and send on the names of all wish to join your club, even the eleventh-hour men and stragglers.

☞ DRAFTS AT OUR RISK.—We lose little money by mail, but prefer Drafts on New York (less exchange,) payable to our order, and which may be sent at our risk if carefully [illegible] D. D. T. M[illegible], Rochester, N. Y.

☞ Any person can act as local agent for the RURAL, and each and all who form clubs, will not only receive extra copies, but their aid will be appreciated. We have no traveling agents, nor do we give certificates.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, March 22, 1859.

FLOUR.—We cannot make any change in prices of Flour, and the transactions are limited.

GRAIN.—Wheat without alteration. Rye is up a little.—Oats are drooping. No other changes to note.

PROVISIONS.—Mutton, in carcass, has advanced to 5@6 cts. per lb. Shoulders (smoked) are advancing.

DAIRY, &c.—Cheese is still going up; the rates are now 10@12 per 100 lbs. Eggs are declining.

SEEDS.—Clover still falling off—$5,25@5,50 being the range. Timothy has partaken of the declining condition of the market, having dropped 25@30 cts. during the week.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs dozen	14@16c
Flour, wht wheat	$7,25@7,50	Honey box	12@13c
Do. spring do.	$5,50@7,00	Candles box	12c
Do. Buckwheat ₱ cwt.	$1,75	**FRUIT AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,60@1,75	Apples ₱ bushel	$1 25
Best white Canada	$1,60@1,75	Do dried	$1, @1,12
Corn	75@78c	Potatoes	45@50c
Rye, 56 lbs ₱ bush	75c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Oats	32@35c	Slaughter	6@7c
Barley	65@70c	Calf	10c
Buckwheat	45@50c	Sheep pelts	$1 25@2,25
Beans	60@75c	Lamb do	38@63c
MEATS.		**SEEDS.**	
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,00	Clover, bush	$5,25@5,50
Do cwt	6[illegible]	Timothy	$2,00@2,50
Do Clear	8 @ 9c	**SUNDRIES.**	
Spring Lambs each	$1 00@2,00	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Mutton carcass	5@6c	Do soft	$3,00@3,00
Hams smoked	9@10c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,25
Shoulders	6@7c	Do Scranton	$5,00@5,50
Chickens	7@8c	Do Blossburg	$5,00@5,50
Turkeys	10@11c	Do Shamokin	$5,00@5,50
Geese	8@9c	Do Char	10@12c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,40@1,45
Butter, roll	18@20c	Hay, ton	$7,00@11,00
Do firkin	16c	Wool ₱ lb	50c
Cheese	10@12c	White fish, bbl	$7,00@7,50
Lard, tried	11@12c	Codfish ₱ quintal	$4,75@5,00
Tallow	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$6,50@7,00

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, March 21.—FLOUR—State and Western flour firm and fairly active; sales at $5,55@5,80 for com. to choice; super State, $6,30@6,80 for extra State; $5,85@6,85 for super Ohio; Ill nois, Ind ana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa; $5,[illegible]@5,80 for common to good medium and extra do; $5,65@6,80 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing quiet. Canadian firm, sales at $6,25@7,50 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—The market for wheat is buoyant, sales at $1,41@1,50 for red winter western, $1,46 for mixed Wisconsin, $1,52@1,54 for amber South'n, $1,62 for white Michigan, &c. Barley active; sales at 70@80c. Corn steady; sales at 56@57c for new Jersey and Southern; mixed Western is quoted at 60c. Oats dull at 36@40c for State, 32@36c for Western, and Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Pork lower; sales at $18,25@18,35 for new mess; $17,75 for old do; $13,12 for prime; $16,25@17 for thin mess. Dressed hogs quiet at 8@8½c. Lard firmer, sales at 11@12c. Butter is quiet at 14@16c for Ohio, 12@23c for State. Cheese is steady at 9@11c.

ALBANY, March 21.—Owing to the flood the warehouses on the Pier and Dock are still unoccupiable, and business is almost entirely suspended. The weather is mild, pleasant, and favorable for a rapid subsiding of the flood. The water has fallen a little, and the surface of the rivers continues to recede. In flour there is no important change to note, and the sales still remaining were confined to the wants of the retail trade. The grain warehouses filled stock is, however, quiet. Rye 93c. Corn 57@58c. Barley 72@75c. and Oats 32@36c.

BUFFALO, March 21.—FLOUR—In moderate home request and fair market steady. Sales at $4,70@[illegible] for No. 2 from Chicago spring wheat, $[illegible]@5,00 for No. 1 do, $5,10@5,25 for common to good extra Michigan, Indiana and Illinois, $5,30@5,50 for fancy do, and $5,75@6,25 for double extras. GRAIN—Wheat in fair milling request and market firm. Sales of Milwaukee club at $1,30 and white Indiana at $1,45. Offers of $1,40 were freely made for red Indiana and Ohio.—Corn steady; sales new State at 56c. Oats—good to choice State held at 56@60c, while Canadian remain steady at 60@62c. Barley nominal, 70@85c. Rye scarce and firm, 80@90c. SEEDS—In good supply, and market for Clover dull at $5,50@5,75. Timothy quiet at $1,75@2,37½.

PROVISIONS—Heavy mess pork a shade firmer; sales to the trade are reported at $17,50. Light mess quiet at $16,50.—Plain hams 9½c; sales sugar cured hams at 10½c. Lard firm at 12c.

CHICAGO, March 19.—FLOUR—Market quiet with but little inquiry. Good superfine sold at $4,85. Spring extra nominal at $5,15@5,75 for common to choice; winter extras $6@$6,50.

GRAIN—Winter wheat inactive; sales to day were 5,0 bus. No 2 red [illegible] storage at $1, 1,[illegible] bu No 2 spring (in storage) at 91½c; [illegible] do (storage) at 91c, 1,500 bu do (in storage) at 89c, 1,000 bu do at 90c (in storage) for delivery the last ten days of March at seller's option. Corn quiet, sales 1,000 bu at 46c. $ 60 lbs on Galena track, 50 lbs; do at 46c on track. Oats—75 bu seed oats at 35c; market very dull and nominal at 30@34c for common to fair. Barley, 2,000 bu No. 2 on private terms; 3,500 bu do (in storage) at 51c in store. Very little Rye offering; in good demand at 90@95c ₱ 56 pounds.

SEEDS—Timothy very scarce and in good demand; sales 35 bu fair at $2. Clover dull, with sale of small retail lots at $5,75. Hungarian Grass in demand at $1,50@$1,75.—*Press and Tribune.*

TORONTO, March 19. — FLOUR — The market for flour is less firm than at the date of our last. But few transactions have taken place during the last three weeks, and slight as have been the supplies, there has nevertheless been some accumulation. The market is therefore better stocked than previously, and holders find it difficult, if not impossible, to realize our former quotations.

GRAIN.—Fall Wheat in the early part of the week moved off steadily at fr m 74 to 76 per bushel for ordinary to the best samples, and from 78 to 74 for common. Competition was inactive and the market presented a settled appearance. Within the last three days however, an improvement is observed, and with a more active enquiry. Very little merchantable wheat has been bought below 80, while 82 and 83 in a few instances is said has been paid. The closing quotations for Fall wheat are as follows: Very choice samples 80 to 81, good to prime, 78 to 80, medium and ordinary, 74 to 76, inferior ranges all the way from 68 to 74 per bushel. The deliveries have not averaged over 500 bushels per day during the week. Spring wheat is continued in very steady demand, the better samples being sought for seed. The current rate has been 70 to 71, and for the best 72 per bushel.—Barley is in good demand by the local brewers. Farmers realize 58 to 61 for good samples, and some choice lots have been bought at slightly higher rates, but in quantities not less than 1,000 or 200 bushels. No Rye is offered. The nominal quotation is 48 per bushel. Oats—The market is more settled at 2s 9d to 2s 10½d per bushel for large lots, and the latter quotations is about the current rate on the market.—Peas are scarce, and are wanted principally for home use and manufacture, at 4s to 5s per bushel.

SEEDS—Timothy Seed is plentiful, and business in it is not very brisk. Really good is retailed at $2,50 per bushel; medium $2,00 to $2,25; and common $1,75 to $2,00. Clover Seed is very steady at $6,75 to $7,00 per bushel.—*Globe.*

The Cattle Markets

NEW YORK, March 16.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, $11,00@11,50; Ordinary, $10,00@10,50; Common, $8,50@9,50; Inferior, $7,00@8,00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55@65; Ordinary, $45@50; Common, $3[illegible]@40; Inferior, $20@28.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₱ lb., 7@7½c.; Ordinary, 5½@6½c; Common, 4½@5½c.; Inferior, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, per head, $8,00@10,00; Ordinary, $6,00@7,50; Common, $4,00@5,00; Inferior, $3,50@4,00.

SWINE—First quality, 6¼@6¾c.; Other qualities, 5@6c.

ALBANY March 21. Receipts at West Albany for the week: Cattle, 2,[illegible]; Sheep, 3,[illegible]; Hogs, [illegible]

BEEVES—Prices take the following range—Extra 6½c; First quality 5 [illegible]c; Second do 4@5½c; Third do 3½@4½c; Inferior do [illegible]

SHEEP—Sales at from $5,50@7,50c, as to quality.

HOGS—The only sale was 250 still fed at $ .12 ₱ 100 lbs. average 2[illegible] lbs.

CAMBRIDGE, March 16.—At market 711 Cattle, about 600 Beeves, and 101 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $8,00@8,50; First quality, $7,50@7,75; Second, $6,00@6,25; Third, $5,25; Ordinary, $4,25.

WORKING OXEN—$90, 100@175 per pair.

COWS AND CALVES—$30@40@45@[illegible].

STORES—Yearlings, $00@00; Two Years Old, $20@26; Three Years Old, $27@31.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2,180 at market. Prices—Extra and Selections, $4, 4,50@6, 7; in lots $2,25@5,00@3.

HIDES—7¾@8c. ₱ lb. Tallow 7@8c. ₱ lb.

PELTS—$1,50@1,75 each. Calf Skins, 14@16c. ₱ lb.

N. B.—Beef extra and first quality includes nothing but the best, large, fat, stall-fed Oxen.

BRIGHTON, March 17.—At market 950 Beeves, 90 Stores, 3000 Sheep and Lambs, 1200 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef — Extra, $0,00@8,75; First quality, $7,75; Second, $6,50; Third, $5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$100@140.

MILCH COW—$30@40; common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—$ [illegible]

STORES—Yearlings, 00@00; Two Years Old, $26 31; Three Years Old $2 [illegible]

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Pylot $1,75@2,75; Extra, $2 01@[illegible]

SWINE—Lots, Retail, [illegible]; Pigs 5½c.

HIDES—7 [illegible] Tallow [illegible]

PELTS—$1, 1,75; Calf Skins, 14@16c.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, March. 16.—The demand for the moment is limited, but the stock of desirable qualities is light and prices [illegible] which accounts for the present [illegible]—Washed [illegible] Native [illegible] are too [illegible] [illegible] are too [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

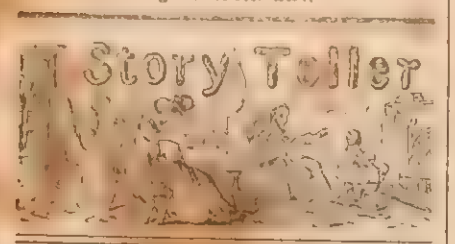
TIME'S CHANGES.

BY CLARA F. FAWCETT.

When standing in the halls of mirth
Amid the festive scenes of earth,
Where youth, and joy, and love, are met,
All care and sorrow to forget—
Where chandeliers shed floods of light
O'er floating forms, and robes of white,
And flowing locks, and brows of snow,
And beaming smiles, and cheeks aglow,
And starry eyes, whose love-tipped darts
With rapture thrill devoted hearts;
And sparkling gems, and waving plume,
And rose-wreaths breathing rich perfume,
And graceful vase, and statues tall,
With paintings, glancing from the wall,
While garlands bright of evergreen,
And fresh-blown flowers o'erarch the scene,
Distilling Eden fragrance 'round,
And music's soft, subduing sound
Swelling so wildly, gladly sweet,
The heart almost forgets to beat—
Then cometh *to* the pensive heart,
(Bidding the sudden tear drop start,)
The *fearful thought* that Time's swift wave
Is sweeping downward to the grave
That brilliant throng so blithe and gay,
From light, and love, and life, away—
That soon each eye, now beaming bright,
Each warm heart bounding with delight,
Each fair young form with flying feet,
Will be no more where dancers meet,
But wrapt in gloom, and all forgot,
Lie moldering in some lonely spot.

And when a social hour we spend
With some *tried* one we dare call *friend*,
When, from each heart is drawn aside,
The veil that doth its treasure hide,
And all that's deeply buried there
Is to the eye of friendship bare;
And soul-full words, not cold and slow,
From heart to heart in rapture flow,
While eye looks frankly into eye,
And Time unheeded hurries by;
Then comes the thought—hours fly so fast,
These blissful ones will soon be past,
And we must part—nor can we know
If e'er again to meet below.

And when we fondly circle round
That spot where purest joy is found
This side of Heaven—*the Hearth of Home*—
Ere yet one foot has learned to roam
From that dear, peaceful place away
To take a part in Life's "great play;"
Comes not the bitter thought to thee?
Not long, alas!" we thus can be!
For Time is flying, and will bring
Sad changes to this happy ring,
And tear the clasping links apart
That now unite each hand and heart,
And bear us from this sacred spot,
And cast, 'mid varied scenes, each lot,
And seas and mountains will divide
Those who have grown here "side by side,"
And never more our scattered feet
At twilight 'round this hearth-stone meet;
But strangers gaily gather here,
Unknowing that *we ever were*.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE MYSTERIES OF TATTLETOWN.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

I have never been able to find any record, written or traditional, of the way in which our town came by such an appellation as Tattletown. Whether it was legally christened in its log cabin babyhood, or whether it was only a nickname, bestowed by some neighboring settlement, out of pure spite and envy, nobody can tell. One thing is certain, it has borne the name as far back as the memory of that remarkable personage, "the oldest inhabitant," extends, and from some natural tendency the people have been obliging enough to slide into the character indicated by it, until it would puzzle a professional linguist to bestow a more appropriate one upon the village. This is all in the strictest confidence, for I pride myself particularly upon my entire freedom from all inclination to meddle with my neighbors' affairs, but I make the remark as introductory to an account of a funny affair that has just transpired among us, which I thought you might like to hear about.

You may have heard of Tattletown Academy, the special pride and glory of the village and all the country around. Well, the village folk were thrown into quite a commotion by the news that the Principal was about to employ a new assistant in the place of Miss Price, the English teacher.—This was particularly welcome on account of the great dearth of topics of conversation just then.—The new minister and his wife had been fully canvassed, and the probable cost of every article of her dress had been settled a week before, from her velvet mantle to her boot lacings. There had been no run-away marriages—no breaking off engagements—in short, nothing of interest for some time, so of course it was natural to look with anxiety for the advent of the new teacher.

In spite of "Vigilance Committees" no body found out how or when she came to town, but one morning Mr. Marsh, the Principal, walked into the recitation-room, where about a dozen of the older girls were collected, and introduced to us our new teacher, Miss Arnold. She was a little creature, no larger than May Edwards, the pet of the school, with a face as fair as a lily, large brown eyes, and hair that clustered in ringlets and short curls about her forehead, and all over her head—she told us afterwards that it had just grown out after a long sickness. She bowed pleasantly to us by-bushing, as well she might, at the battery of eyes turned scrutinizingly upon her, and in a few moments passed out again with Mr. Marsh. Such a buzz of voices as arose in the room! Loud and animated were the opinions expressed.

"I don't see what Mr. Marsh wanted of such a little baby faced thing as that," said the oldest girl in the room, whom the gossips slyly declared to have an eye upon our handsome Principal as a possible conquest. "I don't believe she knows anything at all, and I for one am not going to recite to her—I'll tell Mr. Marsh so this very morning."

"Now, Mary Ward, just confess you are dying with jealousy," chimed in little May Edwards,—"She is a regular little beauty, and I prophecy that Mr. Marsh comes to a realizing sense of her charms before many months. Wouldn't they make a handsome couple, girls?—he needs just such a meek little rose-bud to set off his proud face and lord-lofty airs."

We all laughed at May, except Mary Ward, who preserved a dignified silence, and all seemed to agree in the opinion that, at all events, she was preferable to that vinegar-faced Miss Price whom we almost hated.

In the course of a few days Miss Arnold slipped quietly into her round of duties in the Academy, and as quietly into a warm place in the affections of the scholars. Only two or three persevered in a stubborn dislike, led on and encouraged by Mary Ward, whose hatred seemed continually to increase.

If Mr. Marsh came into the room to see how the recitation was conducted, or gave a whispered hint about some matters that he imagined might be better arranged, Mary's eyes spoke volumes of sly meaning as she glanced at some sympathizing spirit. It was not long before strange whispers began to circulate among the Tattletown gossips, and by the middle of the summer the whispers gave place to openly repeated tales of the shocking conduct of the new teacher, and her evident attachment to Mr. Marsh. It was declared, on the best of testimony, that once they took a long ride together, in the evening, and that he called every week at her boarding, place; and his landlady's daughter told Mary Ward, confidentially, that he had Miss Arnold's miniature in an elegant case in his writing desk, probably taken some time before, for her curls were long and her cheeks rounder.

It was agreed on all hands that it was shameful in the extreme, for a little upstart of a "school-ma'am," to step so coolly in, and with so little trouble to carry off a prize for which no less than a dozen fair damsels had exhausted all their arts in vain. Various persons were deputed to approach Mr. Marsh upon the subject, and cautiously to undermine her influence over him, but he avoided the subject of her personal merits with consummate skill, and would only speak of her success as a teacher, which no one could dispute.

The long vacation drew on, and Helen Arnold, as if unconscious of the prying eyes that were watching every movement, commenced making quite extensive additions to her wardrobe. Every item that went through the hands of milliner and mantuamaker was carefully noted, and reported at the weekly Sewing Society. There was such an elegant traveling suit, and, above all, a white crape dress with rose-colored ribbons, that the widow Simpkins *happened* to see her trying on, and gave an account of. "I 'spose that is a weddin' dress, isn't it Miss Arnold," says I. She kinder laughed and tried to turn it off, but she blushed as red as a piney. Says I "I think you have done pretty well to catch a husband so soon after coming here, and as likely a man as Charles Marsh, too. She looked at me sort of surprised-like for a minnit, and then I spose she thought 'twant no use shamming, so she said just as cool, 'Oh, Mr. Marsh and I have been engaged more than a year.'"

"I declare I never heard the beat. If that gal aint the most brazen-faced piece ever I saw."

So poor Miss Arnold was discussed, and some plainly declared they were glad school had closed, for they would not send their children to such a person.

It was the last night of Helen's stay in Tattletown, and the widow Simpkins, having flattened her nose against the window for a distressing period of time, was at last rewarded by seeing Mr. Marsh enter the door of her boarding-place and seat himself on the sofa with Helen Arnold.—Then he rose and shut the blind toward the street, entirely cutting off the good widow's view of any interesting scene that might be about to transpire. The widow was in agony. All at once she recollected a pressing errand that called her to her neighbor's—Miss Sally's—and in her sympathizing ear she told what she had just seen.

"Sakes alive," exclaimed Miss Sally, "well my parlor window is close to theirs, and we can sit there without any light and hear every word they say."

No sooner said than done, and the two honorable worthies were installed by the window, but greatly to their disappointment, they could only hear disconnected sentences. What they did hear, ran about as follows:

"I do not feel as if I was worthy of such a wife, Nellie."

"I don't think you are either, and I have a great mind to enter protest now."

Then a merry laugh, during which Miss Sally whispered the widow, "she thinks enough of herself any how."

"I met that old Widow Simpkins in at the dressmakers the other day, and she said you were a very *likely* man, and congratulated me on my conquest. I cant imagine how that has got around town."

"The deceitful jade," whispered the widow wrathfully, "I should like to box her ears."

A good deal more was said on both sides, but nothing very satisfactory to the listeners until Mr. Marsh rose to depart.

"Oh, I forgot," said he, pausing exactly before the window, and taking a small package from his pocket, he opened it, held up an elegant bracelet, which he clasped upon Miss Arnold's arm, saying, "wear that at the wedding, will you Nellie, for my sake?"

Helen looked at the bracelet a moment, admiring it with all a child's delight, and then said, "I think I will repent and give you the kiss you teased for, after all." So Charles Marsh bent his handsome head, and lest a kiss on as rosy a mouth as ever was kissed before or since.

"Good night, little one, I shall see you again next Thursday. Give my love to your father and mother, and *you know who has all the rest*."

He was gone at last, down the street, and Helen shut the door, and they had a glimpse of her little feet flying up the stairs to her room.

The widow looked at Miss Sally, and Miss Sally looked at the widow. "Well, I do declare!" said the widow, settling her cap border, "I never see the beat in all my born days," said Miss Sally, smoothing her apron nervously.

With hearts too full for utterance the two worthies separated.

No sooner was Miss Arnold out of town, than Mr. Marsh went to a pleasant family, living in the edge of the village, and engaged rooms for himself and wife—and to the laughing remark of Mrs. Edwards, that she supposed of course, the wife was to be Miss Arnold, he gave an unhesitating assent.

The furnishing of the rooms occupied the whole of his attention for several days, and many were the plans devised by the Widow Simpkins for getting a peep at them, but she failed in all of them, and Mr. Marsh finally left Tattletown with the keys in his pocket, and not so much as a crack in the blinds to gratify the woman's curiosity.

It seemed as if that summer vacation never would come to an end, but it did close at last, and it was told all over Tattletown one Saturday evening, that Mr. Marsh and his wife were at Mrs. Edwards' house.

Our good minister must have wondered at the unusual crowd that fairly filled the church the next morning, but he must also have readily guessed at the cause, from the universal rustle and turning of heads when Charles Marsh came slowly up the aisle, escorting a very beautiful lady, in the purest white, and followed by a little figure in traveling costume, with a face that some of us thought was fairly running over with mischief—even our teacher, Miss Helen Arnold.

Every body was puzzled; Miss Sally could not think "what on airth it meant. The bride was the *very picture* of Helen Arnold, only she had longer curls and redder cheeks." The mystery was solved, however, after service, when Helen, with her brown eyes all in a twinkle, introduced to Widow Simpkins, "my sister, Mrs. Marsh."

School-girls are proverbially quick-witted, and it was soon universally understood in the Academy how Helen had "check-mated the gossips," and how Mr. Marsh had been engaged to her sister Alice, for a long time, and only waiting to establish himself in the Academy before he married—that Helen was her sister's bride-maid, and wore the white crape at the wedding, and a great deal more that May Edwards told us.

"Helen," said Miss Edwards to her one day, "did you really tell the Widow Simpkins that you had been engaged to Mr. Marsh a year?"

"No, indeed, she congratulated me on catching a husband so soon, and the fun of the thing happened to strike me just then, so I told her, Mr. Marsh and I had been engaged more than a year. It was true, you see, for Charles and Alice have been engaged ever so long, and I have been engaged a year to—to—well, no matter. Don't laugh at me, that's a dear, good Aunty—I didn't mean to tell, only, don't you think Widow Simpkins is a meddling old gossip?"

Helen Arnold is our teacher still, but we are to have a new one next term, and I know something that Helen told me one night, about a locket with somebody's picture in it—but I said I wouldn't tell, and I am not a going to.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

A shepherd has a flock which he numbers in his pasture on a certain day in the week, and takes no further notice of them till the same day the next week. On the first night after he counts them, the wolves devour just one-half of the flock and half a sheep more. On the second night they devour half of the remaining flock and half a sheep more, and the third night, half what remains and half a sheep more, and so on during the week. When the shepherd goes to look after his flock he finds none of his sheep left. How many had he?

Sterling, N. Y., 1859. M. J. W.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

PREMIUM ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

To each of the three persons (not residents of Rochester,) who send us first correct answers to above Rebus, within two weeks, we will send the Rural New-Yorker for three months from April 1st.

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For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 36 letters.
My 1, 15, 20, 27 is a river in England.
My 5, 33, 36, 26 is a town in Russia.
My 4, 35, 7, 3, 32 is a river in Prussia.
My 12, 9, 14, 23 is a town in Austria.
My 7, 33, 11, 13 is a town in the Sardinian States.
My 21, 29, 17, 28, 18, 8, 31 is a town in Saxony.
My 24, 19, 16, 29, [illegible] town in Prussia.
My 22, 30, [illegible] river in Europe.
My 10, [illegible] river in Europe.
My 25, 13, 6, 24, [illegible] town in Europe.
My whole is a Proverb.

J. S. Booker.
Mina, Chaut. Co. N. Y., 1859.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 479.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma.—Mrs. Alexander H[illegible]n.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem.—36 hours and 30 minutes.

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LADIES DON'T FORGET—To subscribe for the Ladies Visitor and Drawing Room Companion, advertised in the Rural of Feb. 5. 480-2t

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NURSERY TREES.—A large quantity, with the usual variety kept in Nurseries. Cultivated on high ground. Very thrifty and fine. For sale very low. 480-4t GRAVES & WARNER, Syracuse, N. Y.

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20,000 CHERRY TREES, Standard and Dwarf, 2 years old and very thrifty, grown forty miles North, a good assortment of *Sci. Hyacinths*, and all *varieties of Greenhouse plants*, with fine *seeds and stocks*, which we will sell, *this Spring*, at very low prices. BRONSON, MERRELL & HAMMOND, Geneva, N. Y.

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Standard Plum, 2 years	45	per	100.
do. Cherry 2 years	10	"	"
Houghton's seedling Gooseberry	6	"	"
Lawton Blackberry, 1 year	7	"	"
Osage Orange, 2 yrs	4	"	1,000.
Mazzard Cherry Pits	6	"	bushel.
Catawba Grape, 1 year	$5 per 100—$40 per 1,000		

Dansville, Liv. Co., N. Y., March 11, 1859. 480-3t

AMERICAN HOP TREE.—The subscribers recommend the above Tree as a substitute for the unsightly and troublesome Hop Vines. The Hops grow in large clusters, are much stronger and always preferred to the ordinary Hops. Tree is perfectly hardy, highly ornamental, and will bear the second year from seed. Trees from 75 cts. to $1,50 each, or seeds free, by mail, for nine three cent stamps. 480tf McILVAIN & YOUNG, Seedsmen, No. 9 John St., New York.

NOTICE.—The North Riding Agricultural Society, County of Waterloo, offer a premium of $200 for the best Stallion for General Purposes. Competition to take place at Berlin, on Tuesday 5th April next. No premium will be awarded unless an animal appears satisfactory to the Judges. The successful Horse must stand the season in the Riding and conform to the Society's rules. For particulars, address (post-paid) DAVID S. SHOEMAKER, Sec'y N. R. A. S. C. W., Berlin P. O. Berlin, Canada West, March 4, 1859. 480-3t

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Said farm is an excellent soil and in a good state of cultivation, well fenced, about five acres timber, a good grafted orchard and other fruits, and well watered. A good story and a half house, barn and other out buildings.

This farm is pleasantly situated, and very convenient to churches, stores and mills, and in a good neighborhood. Price $3,600. Terms of payment made easy.

For further particulars, inquire of I. W. Runyan, Seneca Castle, (near the premises,) or the subscriber [480-2t] F. A. HEBARD.
Canandaigua, Ont. Co., N. Y., March 12, 1859.

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IT IS PUMMACE left after pressing the oil from the Castor Seed, and in India and England bears a high value as a fertilizer.

It will be sold at $18 to $16 per ton, according to quality—at which rate it is the cheapest fertilizer in the market.

The analysis and remarks of Prof. Johnson will be sent to any address on application; samples of the article may also be obtained if required.

No charge for packages, and in lots of *Ten Tons* delivered free of cartage in this city.

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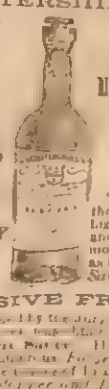

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May, 1851.

"Tell Lea & Perrins that their *SAUCE* is highly esteemed in India, and is, in my opinion the most palatable as well as the most wholesome *Sauce* that is made."

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

VOL. X. NO. 14.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1859. {WHOLE NO. 482.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

Grubs in the Head of Sheep, &c.

Will you, or some of your numerous readers, inform me through the columns of the Rural if there is a remedy for grubs in the head of sheep? If there be one, I would like to hear of it. Also, which is the best book in the United States treating on Diseases of Cattle, and where can it be procured?—E. Cook, *Clarendon, Vt.*, 1859.

The "grub," so called, is the larva of the *Œstrus ovis*, or gad-fly. This fly is led by instinct to deposit its eggs in the nostrils of the sheep, which are immediately hatched by the warmth and moisture of the parts, and the young grubs creep up the nose, finding their way to the sinuses, where they attach themselves to the mucous membrane lining those cavities. The presence of the grub does not constitute disease, but it may be well enough to diminish their numbers. One mode of effecting this object is to plow up a furrow or two in the sheep pasture. Another, is to smear the noses of sheep with tar, which, it is supposed, the fly is not fond of, compelling it to seek some other place to deposit its eggs and carry out its desires for procreation. When the grub has taken possession it is disloged by injecting tobacco smoke in the nostrils, the use of turpentine, &c. To the second query of our correspondent we can only say there are two works (convenient in form, and low in price,) before the American people—"*Youatt on the Diseases of Cattle*," and the "*American Cattle Doctor*" by Dr. Dadd. Either, or both, of the above will never be out of place in a farmer's library. The price of the former is $1,25, of the latter $1,00, and may be procured at most of the bookstores through the country.

Broom Corn.

I wish to gain some information in regard to the raising of *Broom Corn*. First, what is the best kind of soil, and when is the proper time to plant, and what distance apart? Which is the best kind, large or small? At what stage should it be harvested, and what is the proper way for curing, and what is a common yield per acre?—A Subscriber, *Onon. Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

The best soil for broom corn seems to be the alluvial flats, like those along the Mohawk river, and the Genesee, though it can be grown on any good corn land. Plant at the same time as Indian corn, either in hills, three and a half feet apart, with eight or ten plants to the hill, or in rows, the same distance, and the plants in the row five or six inches apart. Some good cultivators think the brush is finer and straighter when grown in rows, or when the corn stands pretty thick in the hills. Cultivate the same as for corn, until the seed is formed and begins to ripen, then break the stalks some 12 to 18 inches below the brush, and bend the tops of two rows towards and across each other.—This is called *tabling*, which hastens the ripening, and is convenient for cutting. After remaining in this condition ten or twelve days, cut off the heads or brush, leaving about seven inches of stem attached. It can then remain *tabled* for a few days or be removed and spread out on the barn floor. Those who raise large quantities generally provide racks for drying, and we have often seen it suspended by cords. As soon as properly cured the brush is cleaned of seed by passing it through a kind of hackle. A machine for this purpose is manufactured, and used by all large growers. The average yield is five or six hundred pounds of brush to the acre. Who, with experience, will state the best variety? We have another inquiry asking whether broom corn can be profitably grown on the Western prairies, and fortunately we have a communication from a Western reader, directly to the point—as follows:

CULTURE OF BROOM CORN IN ILLINOIS.

Broom Corn can be profitably grown on the prairies wherever a market or convenient shipping port offers, in two ways—either as a *sod* or *first crop after breaking*, or in *rotation* with wheat, corn, &c. Its cultivation is well adapted to this soil—it makes a fine growth, and is worthy of attention at the hands of Western farmers.

Broom Corn, when grown on the "*breaking*," should be in the ground by the first of June.—While breaking it should be planted with a seed-drill or dropped by hand in the furrow, and the next slice turned upon it. The rows should be as often as once in every other furrow, when the "big breaker" is used, but with a "two-horse breaker" once in three furrows. The plants will manage to get up through or around the sod, which *should* be rolled with a heavy roller, but it seldom is done. The yield of brush on sod will average about 400 pounds per acre, and as it receives no care after planting until harvest, it is quite remunerative.

Its cultivation on *old ground* requires labor and care. Plow deep and well, and harrow until the whole surface is finely pulverized. Plant from the 20th of May to the 1st of June—rows three feet apart in drills, or hills about one-and-a-half feet apart in the row. Cultivate well as soon as large enough, or as soon as you can see the row. Hoe and thin out, when four to six inches high, to an average of 18 stalks to two feet. Continue to keep the soil clean and mellow by cultivation throughout its growth.

The crop should be harvested green to make the best brush,—at least be sure to have it all gathered before the earliest frost. Fair, sunny weather should be chosen for cutting off the brush, so that it may lie in the sun for a couple of days to cure, after which it should be spread on poles in an open shed or loft to dry, and be watched closely to see that it does not heat. An average yield is from six to eight hundred pounds per acre. Like all other crops, the profit is in proportion to the price in market. It gave last summer (1858) a clear profit over and above cultivation, of $12 to $18 per acre, and it is the opinion of Mr. J. L. Douglass, who has had much experience with it, that it will average from $18 to $20 per acre when well cultivated. The cost of cultivation and preparation for market will average about $10 per acre.

Some growers have their crops manufactured, and dispose of it to the country merchants. This plan can be quite universally adopted by farmers throughout the West, as labor is abundant and cheap in winter, the proper season for manufacturing brooms.

We have seen several varieties of broom corn, and wish to know the name of the best kind, and where obtained. Is the Arkansas variety the best?—W. H. Gardner, *Amboy, Lee Co., Ill.*

When to Sow Canary Seed.

I should like to inquire, through the columns of the Rural, how, and at what time, to sow Canary Seed? A year ago last summer I planted some in hills about the ninth of June, but it did not get ripe.—O. H., *Schuyler, N. Y.*, 1859.

The culture of Canary Seed by the American farmer must, for a year or two, be looked upon in the light of an experiment. We have strong faith that it will mature in this latitude, and the comparatively minute tests that have been made in this vicinity, and which have come under our observation, fully confirm the belief. This cereal, should it be grown successfully, would take its natural position among our *spring crops*—would sow at same time as for barley. It is generally cultivated in drills. In England, where considerable dependence is placed upon the hoe, (an implement the worth of which is better appreciated abroad than with us,) the drills are set ten inches apart, and the land kept free from weeds. The ground should be in readiness as early as possible, the surface completely comminuted by the harrow to the depth of two or three inches, and thus a fine seed bed with firm bottom provided. We hope O. H. will give a *thorough* trial, if any, and report the result.

Plaster and Clover Seed.

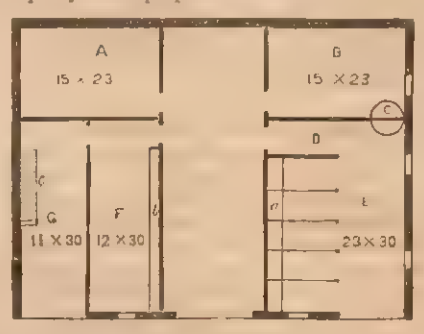
I would like to know what amount of plaster is best to sow on an acre of clover? and if it is good policy to mix Timothy with clover seed when we wish to cut the crop for seed.—T. J. M., *Mentz, Cay. Co. N. Y.*

What do farmers generally consider the best quantity of Timothy or clover seed to sow to the acre?—B. F.

From one to two bushels of plaster is used to the acre. Clover for seed should be sown alone. From 15 to 20 pounds of clover seed is required for an acre, and from 12 to 20 quarts of Timothy.

RURAL'S PREMIUM BARN.—No. II.

Above we give a perspective view of the Barn to which the Committee awarded the Rural's Second Premium, as previously announced in their report. It is located in one of the richest sections of Western New York—a portion of the Genesee Valley which has long been famous for its superior cultivation, productive soil, fine farm buildings, and the general good management and consequent prosperity of the people.

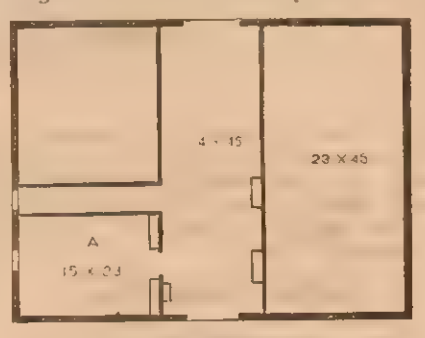


PLAN OF BASEMENT.

A, Tool Room; B, Root Cellar; C, Cistern; D, Hall; E, Horse Stable; F, Cow Stable; G, Open Shed; *a*, Mangers; *b*, Feed Box; *c*, Stairs.

This barn is situated in the town of Wheatland, Monroe Co., N. Y., on the farm of Ira Armstrong, by whom it was built, in the year 1855. It is located upon a level piece of ground, the entire building being above the surface. The size of the structure is 45 by 60 feet.

The Basement Story is built of stone, and is 9 feet high, with 10 stalls for cattle, and a place to throw manure out into the open apartment where it can be preserved under cover. This open apartment, or shed as it is sometimes called, is 11 feet wide by 30 deep, and is marked G on the ground-plan. There is a large *Root Cellar* opening into the main hall or carriage floor, fifteen by twenty-three feet, convenient to both horse and cow stables. A blackboard on wall of carriage floor, is very convenient for writing down amount of feed, &c. The horse stable has conveniences for six horses, with a cistern of water holding some 500 barrels. All stock can be watered without going out of the barn in coldest weather of the season. The cistern is covered with red cedar, 10 inches thick; sides of cistern are stone, and plastered. There is also a large *Store Room* for tools and implements, large enough to house all the farm implements.



PLAN OF MAIN FLOOR.

A, Granary, with openings for passing grain below; between this and the bay is a hall. The barn floor is large, with two openings for passing hay and feed below, for use in the stables, and on the right is the large Bay, 25 by 45 feet, in which may be stored an immense amount of grain or hay.

The Main Floor contains a *Granary*, large, and conveniently divided and arranged. From it are spouts leading to the *Carriage Floor* of basement, so that the contents of the granaries can be received into a wagon below, or used otherwise, as may be convenient. There are two large bays, a large barn floor, 14 by 45. The *Stables* are supplied easily through trap-doors from the main floor, as shown in the plan. The scaffolds are reached by movable ladders, which may be changed to any locality desired.

The windows of basement are supplied with pulleys, so as easily to be moved, and ventilate the entire lower floor.

The Outside Finish is with good matched stuff, battened to the eaves, and the gable-ends are clap-boarded. The whole is finished with three coats of white paint.

The Carriage Way is on the south side of the building, and is made of easy grade, whilst the floor of the barn upon the south side is about 10 feet from the ground. This makes it convenient in stacking straw after threshing.

This barn is so arranged that all parts are easily accessible, and when once in the building you can get to any part with ease. There is so much room that all the crops can be housed with ease, and with little labor.

The Yard is supplied with water from a well about 80 rods off, by a syphon.

The builder was Corwine Martin, of Avon, N. Y., and the cost about $1,500.

[We have another premium and several superior plans of Barns—such as were commended by the Committee, and others—for publication in future.]

The Water Ram.

The inquiries and communications we have published on this subject, have induced several of our friends who have rams in use to give us their experience. We are thus enabled to lay before our readers reliable information. To bring out and spread before the world knowledge of this character, we deem to be one of the greatest missions of the agricultural press. Facts thus become generally known which otherwise would have been confined to a very few.

Messrs. Editors:—In this day's issue of the Rural, "D. J.," of Oneida Co., says he has "*everything on hand*" to start a *Water Ram*, but lacks "*courage*" for the enterprise. My sympathy for one whose want of "courage" compels him unnecessarily to lose the use of funds invested in materials, which, when properly placed where designed, will pay so abundantly and promptly as a water ram, prompts me to comply with the Rural's call for *facts* founded upon *experience* in this matter.

In the spring of 1855, at a vendue, I bought a No. 3 glass air-chamber water ram for $1, which had done service until the owner took it up as unfit for use, and put another in its place. Four hundred feet from my barn I had a valuable flow from tile, which cut off and collected the water from a springy slope of land, which was 13 ft. below the present issue in my cattle shed, and five feet above the Clyde river, into which it falls after running a few feet. I quickly saw my advantage, took "courage," repaired the leather valve of my $1 ram, obtained half-inch pipe of the weight that proves *right*, and 40 feet of inch drive pipe (all of lead.) I used two feet fall for the drive pipe, and with the help of my plow, and two men to dig, in one-half day put it in complete running order, and it has been on duty ever since, excepting when some freshets have caused the river to overflow the spring, and when that occurred the ram would work *under water* until the fall was reduced to about six inches from the tile to the river.

The water is elevated 15 feet above the ram, and to ascertain if it would rise higher, the pipe, when cut off at the shed was put 12 feet above the present issue, where I held it a short time in my hands and could perceive no difference in the size of the stream from that which runs from the pipe into the reservoir, although it was then 27 feet above the ram.

I cannot account for the stream not more than *half* filling the pipe, unless by small size of ram, or friction, or perhaps both—but six cows, six horses, and fifty sheep do not use one-fourth of it.

This *pet* of mine which has done me so much good service for nearly four years, with no perceptible prospect of failure for many years to come, all told, cost less than $35.

My conclusion from observation is, that in proportion to the surplus power acquired by *unnecessary* inclination of drive pipe over what is required to do the desired work, will be the length of time in which the air-chamber will become filled with water, and that there should be a proper balance between the propeller and issue. This is a problem for the "professors" to solve, whether *in this process* the more elastic, lighter fluid, can be forced to give place to the heavier, through the same valve and at the same instant, or why and wherefore such change *does* occur?

The water has been let out of my ram once in from two to three months. I have attributed this filling up to the imperfections of my old machine, but I learn it is not an uncommon occurrence, and would like to know why it is so, and how to prevent it, that the water ram may become a *perpetual* worker.

My yarn is already lengthy but I desire to say to "D. J.," that could he see *my* "happy family" of *mooly*-cattle, calves, colts, and sheep, confined in one small yard, surrounded by sheds, not required to go out *this very stormy day* after water, but as they desire may step to a warm corner, under shelter, and drink from a convenient reservoir, pure flowing spring water, to their satisfaction, I think he would hesitate no longer, but take "courage" and put his "*everything on hand*" in working order immediately. Already by this convenience have I saved more value in fertilizing matter than the whole cost of my fixtures, which would have gone into the river had the stock been allowed to carry it there, and exchange it for the water they brought back, which is the natural process when thus watered. It is much easier to let the water out of the ram two or three times in a winter, than to face a "nor-wester" every morning, leading horses to water, cutting hole in ice, &c., &c.

It is hoped that man who pronounced the water ram a "*nuisance*" not long since, has had suffi-

cient time to *report*, or give good reasons for his conclusion, that he may get a majority to vote it out of use, if worthless.—J. W., *Clyde, N. Y., March* 19, 1859.

Eds. Rural:—Information on the subject of Water Rams being called for in the Rural, permit me to "relate my experience." For the greater part of the last five years, I have had a No. 4 Ram in successful operation. It has required a good deal of attention at times, and some repairs; but when in good order it has done its work well. It works under a fall of thirteen feet, with an inch and a half iron drive pipe, forty-eight feet long; elevates the water one hundred and forty feet above the Ram, and discharges, through seventy-five rods of one-half inch lead pipe, thirty gallons per hour.

I first put down inch and a quarter lead drive pipe, weighing but two and one half pounds per foot, which was altogether too light, and burst after working two months. I then replaced it with wrought iron gas pipe, which has lately rusted through in a few defective places, and must be renewed. For a head under ten feet I would use *heavy* lead drive pipe.

The discharge pipe is of the best quality of lead pipe, weighs thirteen pounds per rod, and is amply sufficient in strength to overcome the great pressure. Working under so great a head as thirteen feet, the machine is subject to considerable wear, having worn out three escape-valves. Once, the valve in the air chamber has been re-placed.

I do not consider *the filling of the air chamber* with water a defect, as I have had no trouble from it since I learned to make the vent the proper size. It requires to be very small, and can be made in lead pipe with a button needle, just back of the coupling with the machine. Iron pipe must be drilled with a very fine, hardened awl. A vent sufficiently large to feed the chamber with air is hardly noticeable as an impediment to the working of the machine. If too large, besides lessening the force of the stroke, the surplus air is discharged with the water and lessens the quantity raised. The vent should be made *very small*, then enlarged if necessary. The sound of the air chamber, after a day or two, will indicate the absence of air.

This Ram has run for nine months at a time without any attention; then, again, it has required almost daily notice, for several weeks, till in good repair again. They must be thoroughly put down, and have a thorough and ingenious owner to look after them, or else they are useless. They wear and require attention in proportion to the labor they have to perform. In the absence of other convenient means of obtaining fresh water, or for stock, the Ram will pay. For durability and main dependence, let it be the "*dernier resort.*"—C. D. A., *Geddes, N. Y., March*, 1859.

Mr. Moore:—You ask for information about water rams. I have had one in successful operation for ten years, and most of the time two or three, all throwing water through the same pipe, three-eighths inch. One gives us water enough for use at the house and barn, but two or three brings it up cooler. Our spring is fifty rods from the house; fall from spring to ram six feet, and elevation 100 feet. We tried wood for drive pipe and found it admitted air through the pores and would not answer. We have used lead pipe, but it has given us some trouble by cracking; it has not sufficient strength for such a pressure. Have used iron gas pipe with perfect success. It costs from 31 to 50 cents, according to size. Ours is forty feet long, and should not be less.

There are a few difficulties that must be understood and overcome in order to success. First—there must be a small hole through the top of the drive pipe, close by the ram, to supply the air-chamber with fresh air or it will soon be exhausted, but it must be as small as it can be made with a fine cambric needle. 2d, All the rest of the air must be entirely excluded. The upper end of the drive pipe should be at least six inches under water, and the whole perfectly air-tight. 3d, The ram must be packed so as to be perfectly air-tight, both internally and externally; and 4th, The water must be pure and free from all floating matter. On these conditions our machines have furnished us with abundance of water since we closed them up last fall till the spring rains riled the water a few days since, and then we had to spend about three minutes in cleaning the sand out of the valve, since which we have not seen them. Our water comes through the house and then to the barn, and the whole trouble we have had for ten years has not been equal to drawing what water we wanted to use out of a well fifteen feet deep.—M. Huydenberg, *Kalamazoo, Mich.*, 1859.

Messrs Eds.:—Having seen several inquiries in the Rural, relative to Hydraulic Rams, I thought that I would give you an account of one that we have in operation. Our house stands about eighty feet from the spring and 30 feet above it. We use very heavy two inch lead pipe for supply pipe, and ¾ inch for carrying the water to the house. The Ram is one of the largest size, and running now under a head of nine feet. It has been working nine years, with only a trifling expense for repairs.

The only trouble that we experience, is with the valve for carrying off the waste water. This will not stand the jarring consequent on such a head of water more than four years, at the outside. But, as we can get them cast and turned at almost any foundry, by furnishing a pattern, this is not a very serious defect. The whole expense of setting ours in operation was $—.

I apprehend that the reason why so many are disappointed in the working of their Rams is, first, a lack of water, second, too little fall, and third, using too light materials.—L. H. Carr, *Salisbury, March*, 1859.

A Cure for Scratches.—In a recent issue of the Rural I notice an inquiry for a reliable remedy for scratches. Common scratches (not grease) can easily be cured by from two to five daily applications of healthy human excrement, applied immediately after a thorough cleansing with Castile soap and warm water. I have never known this remedy to fail and if it will be new to your readers I am happy to have the privilege of communicating it.—G. D Baker, *Rochester, Andrew Co., Mo.*

DEEP AND FALL PLOWING.—OBJECTIONS.

According to certain prominent writers for the Agricultural Press, deep plowing and subsoiling would seem to be almost the only essentials to a good system of farming. "Old, worn-out lands" are to be rejuvenated, and made to produce abundant crops, by simply turning over two or three more inches of soil. "Merely skimming the surface," as shallow tillage is called, is either ridiculed or denounced, and the farmer who practices it is tauntingly reminded that his "farm extends to the center of the earth." And yet, in practice, we often see the farmer, who inverts only the *small portion* of his farm which lies near the surface, reaping larger crops and with more profit than his neighbor who inverts *his* farm a good way down towards "the center." The hard subsoil, miring in winter and baking in summer, is not, after all, just the right food for the young plants. He finds too late that *he has turned his farm upside down*, and lucky is he who does not find himself turned off before he can get it "right side up," once more.

The idea, which some entertain, that deep plowing, by loosening the soil to a greater depth, gives an outlet for the surplus surface water, and carries it down out of the way of plants (thus serving as a temporary drain) seems most fallacious. Paradoxical as it may seem, the loosening of any soil really renders it more compact and impervious to water. In every soil not recently disturbed there are little water-courses through which the water soaks down, and is gradually drawn off. These are the *natural drains* to the land. Even in clay lands these water-courses exist, though, of course, they are more numerous on lighter soils. In digging down, in wet weather, in land full of water, you may always strike these springs, at a few inches from the surface, where the water will flow, often in a stream as large as your thumb, or larger, and if you make an outlet or ditch, it will pass off to lower ground. The effect of plowing such land is to break up these water-courses, and make the land more compact and heavy than before. If any one doubts this let him dig a ditch, place in the tile, or stone enough to form a good drain, and even then, the earth thrown out will not fill it to the surface. So much more compact is the soil, when loosened, that, after a large post has been placed in a post-hole, dirt must be drawn from other sources to fill to the surface.

But it is said that the action of air and frost on the subsoil, will, in time, make it the best of land, and instances of large crops grown on pure subsoil, *near old wells*, or where a complete system of drainage has been carried out, are often cited as proof. If the land is wet, as much of our land is, and full of water, (in spring till the last of July, and in autumn from the first of August,) to plow it up is only to make the mire deeper. Such land needs to be *drained first*—then plow as deep as you choose—in naturally dry soils, deep plowing may be beneficial.

The prevalent idea that we must plow in the fall in order to give the frost a chance to act upon the soil, is equally contradicted by the facts of American climatology. When the frost every winter throws up our wheat and other winter grains, and even clover—when the mercury often sinks to zero, and sometimes far below—we may plow in the fall, for any other reason than that of "exposing the land to frost." The truth is, fall plowing is borrowed from the practice of English farmers, who naturally take pains to make the most of what little frost they have, and with them fall plowing is a most reasonable practice. But their land is drained, so that when it thaws it does not fall back into unfathomable mud, as it does here, but becomes light and dry in the spring. Besides, their seasons are wholly *unlike* ours. Well do we remember in childhood counting the months, weeks, and even days, to "the pleasant month of March," when, as our English primers informed us "spring would be here in all its loveliness,—when (oh, delusive hope,) the trees would put on their beautiful robes of green, and the little lambs would be skipping and playing in the green meadows." It may do for children to be cheated by the climatology of English primers—but it is *too bad* for *grown up men* to adopt indiscriminately the ideas and practices of English Agriculture. W. J. P.

Henrietta, N. Y., 1859.

PROFITS OF BEE-KEEPING.

Messrs. Eds.:—In a late Rural, "A Subscriber," of Rome, N. Y., wants me to "sit down and give a true statement for the past ten years—if I have kept bees that length of time—and recount the profits of each year as near as possible, failures as well as triumphs.

Well, in the spring of 1851, I commenced with two swarms. One was in an old-fashioned box-hive, without any cap or box for surplus honey—the other was a chamber-hive, with a place to slip in a box that would hold twenty pounds. With these two swarms, the first year, I got four good swarms, two from each, and forty pounds of box honey from the chamber-hive—none from the other. The next two years, 1852-3, I put my young swarms in the old box-hives without any caps or boxes surplus honey, for the reason that some folks said if I took away the box honey my bees would run out, and, as I did not know much about the management of bees, for five years my profits were small, nevertheless, these five years, from the chamber-hive, I got from one to two boxes of honey yearly.

In 1855 I made nineteen chamber-hives. I got about thirty young swarms, and put nineteen of them in these hives and the rest in box-hives—that year I got no box-honey. In the spring of 1856 I had forty-two swarms, twenty in chamber-hives and twenty-two in the old box-hives, and from these forty-two I got nineteen swarms, and from the twenty chamber-hives, as near as I can recollect, 860 pounds of honey—none from the others. In the spring of 1857 I had fifty-three swarms, and about 700 pounds of box honey, which I sold for 16 cents per pound. The young swarms I put into hives made as recommended by Mr Quinby—the best hive that I know of. In the spring of 1858 I had sixty-nine swarms, and from these I took, the past summer, 2,535 pounds, which I sold for 15 cents per pound. I am wintering eighty-one stocks this winter.

I never feed my bees. Such as wont winter I drive. As I generally have some weak ones in the fall, I put two together, and sometimes three. I try to keep my bees strong. All of the box honey I ever had the bees got from the fields and woods for there is a plenty of white clover and basswood in this section of the country. I have always wintered my bees out in the air. My apiary is inclosed on the north and west sides, with a tight board fence,—my hives stand about one foot from the ground, with the front raised about one inch, and in front, about half way up, there is an inch hole which I always keep open except when troubled with mice, then I put a piece of wire-cloth over the hole to keep them out. In cold, frosty weather I take a small stick and rap gently on the hive to warm them up,—they will get to buzzing, and their agitation will thaw out the frost in the coldest weather. I have had but one swarm freeze to death.

Eugene Lewis.

Reed's Corner's, Ont. Co., N. Y., 1859.

ABOUT CIDER-MAKING.

Messrs. Eds.:—In the Rural of Jan. 15th, I saw Mr. L. B. Manly's article on cider-making, upon which I will make a few remarks. His idea of making good cider from wormy windfalls, and rotten apples, is correct,—it cannot be done. The using of mustard seed and raw beef to keep cider sweet is all nonsense, but it is *said* to be a "decided improvement" to rotten apple cider to drown a peck of rats in a barrel by leaving the bung out through the season. The last clause of Mr. M's. article I believe to be erroneous,—no ingenious Yankee can invent a machine, or make cider *quick*, or at once, and have it good. My experience has taught me the contrary. If I desired to make vinegar, I would grind and express at once.

More than forty years ago I made cider for my father, in the State of Vermont, *that was cider.*—Our method was as follows:—Gather the apples, clean and dry, when ripe; grind them fine, (about 100 bushels at a time) let the pomace remain in the vat from 24 to 48 hours, according to the season, until the first signs of fermentation appear, (by producing little bubbles on the surface,) then express moderately, or, rather, let it drain out. We used dry, clean, sweet straw to lay up the pomace; after the first run, the cider will be clear, high colored, rich and mellow in taste. The story is not all told yet. Every cider-maker knows, or ought to know, that a full barrel of cider, as it runs from press, will *shake down* from 2 to 4 quarts—this should be well done, by shaking and rapping the heads, then again filled to the full, bunged tight and placed in a cold cellar, and allowed to work or ferment through a spile, or gimblet hole, (the froth working over.) Towards the last I put the spile in gently, and raise it daily to let the wind puff out, replacing it quickly to keep the common air from it, continuing this as long as it requires vent. I then keep the cask tight, and all is done, *but the drinking of good cider.* Cider made in this way cannot work hard or sour, there is nothing in it to make it do so. Adding a gallon of good Brandy—not Logwood—when the cider is worked just to suit the taste, would be a decided improvement.

One word more, Mr. Editor. Will you try an experiment? Take two apples, (alike) bruise one gently to a pulp, not break the skin, let it remain 24 hours, then squeeze out the juice and note the *color* and *taste.* Bruise the other and squeeze out the juice *quickly*, and you will find a material difference. The first will have the richness of the apple, the last will only be fit for vinegar.

Back Woods of Canada, 1859. H. C.

WHAT AILED THE STEER?

Eds. Rural:—A case has lately come under my observation, which is a new thing to me, although such cases may be quite familiar to cattle growers. I had a steer, coming two years old, quite thrifty and in good wintering condition. He was attacked with purging, although not in its worst form. He ate but little, and rumination ceased entirely. I apprehended nothing very serious, and let nature have its way for two or three days. I then gave two doses of epsom salts, and then a dose of astringents, all, apparently, without any effect. I gave him, at two or three times, a cud-ball, thinking he might have lost his cud. His horns contained the usual warmth until the last twelve hours. After he died I made an internal examination, found the 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th stomachs in somewhat of a natural state; an unusual large liver, and an enormous gall, about five inches in diameter, or large enough to fill a two-quart vessel. I then thought it might be a concretion in the gall, searched diligently, but found no concretion, or stone in it. Any light upon such a disease would be very obliging to me. E. R.

Havana, N. Y., 1859.

When to Plow Clayey Soils.—Seeing in the Rural of January 8th an article over the signature of "P.," which contains a challenge to any man to prove that he, "P.," is wrong, he says "many advocate fall plowing on clayey soils for the purpose of making them more friable, but the best time to stir a tenacious soil, to effect a permanent amelioration, is in the summer." Now, if "P." will prove his assertion, it will gratify me and a great many more of the readers of the Rural. I have seen tenacious soils always plowed in the fall—and the reason given was, that the action of the frost freed the soil and made it as loose as an ash-heap. Where the plowing was left till summer, the soil was always hard and lumpy, so much so, that it had to be harrowed and rolled a number of times before you could raise a mould on it, and then it was not in as good order as with the fall plowing for spring crops. As to a permanent amelioration, he might as well talk of a permanent plowing, it only lasts for one season.—J. F., *Huntley, McHenry Co., Ill.*

Foot-Rot in Sheep.—For the benefit of your readers, I wish to inform you how I cured several sheep that had the foot-root very bad. Pare away all the rotten hoof, then apply spirits of tar (keep the tar in a vial, with a quill in the cork,) once in three or four days. I think common tar mixed with their salt helps to keep them in health.—W. L., *Pendleton, Niagara Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Consumption of Food by Cattle.

A correspondent of the *Mark Lane Express* gives his views upon this subject as follows:—"For the last half century there have been many disputes whether large or small animals are the most profitable. In my opinion the middle-sized animals, whether cattle or sheep, are the best, and the extremes are bad. The celebrated and far-famed Mr. Bakewell, of Dishley, Leicestershire, the man who lived a century before his day, was heard to say that flat-sided animals, with large, deep bellies, consumed much more food than barrel-formed animals with straight bellies (I mean bellies within a straight line drawn from the breast to the bottom part of the thigh); and that large-boned animals were great consumers of food. And the same great luminary in agriculture, proved what he asserted, by weighing food daily to differently-formed animals, great and small, the lesser consuming much less food than the larger; all of which was much in favor of Mr. Bakewell's new Leicester sheep, that have the least garbage of any kind of sheep in proportion to the weight of mutton—which has led the breeders of Lincolns, Cotswolds, and Down sheep, to imitate the Bakewell barrel-form, with small entrails. Common sense says large insides have entrails in proportion, and of course take a large quantity of food to fill them, which is worth consideration, as an animal may be great and good, and good and not great; size has nothing to do with profit. It is not what an animal makes, so much as what it costs making."

How to Make Butter.

In reviewing an article upon this subject published in the *Northern Farmer*, H. A. Cook, of Columbia Co., N. Y., remarks:—"We agree with the writer in regard to the kind of cows and quality of food, but when he speaks of the milk standing twenty-four hours before it is skimmed, we think he is not posted, for we use one of the four minute churns, and churn our milk right from the cow, having no trouble to churn from one to three pails full, with all ease, within that time, besides dispensing with our milk-cans and milk-room. By this system, we have our butter-milk new and sweet to feed the pigs, and certainly ten per cent. more and better butter, than by the old process.—He then says that 'the butter should be removed to a tray, and the butter-milk rinsed off with water,' &c. Now, in this section, we'd rather keep away the cold water, and the old 'tray,' and use William's butter-worker, which will enable the dairy-maid to work all the butter-milk out in less than one-quarter of the time than by the old way, and without blistering the hand, or making the wrist lame, which is often the case with the old ladle."

To Keep Tires Tight on Wheels.

A writer in the *Ohio Farmer* says:—"I desire to publish to the world my method of keeping tires tight on wheels. I ironed a wagon some years ago for my own use; before putting on the tires, I filled the timbers with linseed oil; the tires have worn out, and were never loose. I ironed a buggy for my own use, seven years ago, and the tires are as tight now as when put on. My method is to soak in linseed oil for one hour; it would be much better if the oil was heated. The timber should be thoroughly dry, as green timber will not take the oil. Care should be taken that the timber will be much more durable. I was amused some time ago, when I told a blacksmith of this method, as he replied that it was profitable work to tighten tires; and I suppose the wagon maker will say that it is profitable to make and repair wheels. But what will the farmer say?"

How to Fatten Lambs.

A correspondent of the *Maine Farmer* says that Mr. Elisha Soper, of Orland, has for years fed grain to his sheep, for the purpose of forwarding lambs, but received but little benefit therefrom. He at last thought there might be a better way, so he tried the experiment of feeding his lambs with oats, in a trough made by nailing two boards together, covering the ends, and raising it six inches from the floor. He puts in the oats, and leaves them until the lambs learn to eat, which he says, they will do when about three weeks old. He leaves a passage for the lambs so small that his sheep cannot trouble them, both in his barn and in a yard made for the purpose, after going to pasture, and continues to feed until he sells, which is in June. He has lambs ten weeks old that will dress fifteen pounds per quarter.

Strong and Healthy Lambs.

Says the *American Stock Journal*:—"Lambs that come early are invariably the largest, strongest and most healthy; consequently, they are the best breeders. The ewe that has her lamb early has sufficient time to get in good order before winter, and after the lamb is weaned she is not subject to weakness and disease as are those of late weaning, and is consequently a better breeder the next season. Poor, late, feeble lambs and ewes should never be permitted to breed, for if such are, it invariably follows that the flock will degenerate. Generating or breeding ewes should always be selected. Ewes sometimes continue strong and productive until twelve or fifteen years of age; this depends on their general health and constitution."

Wintering Stock.—I see "R. M.," of Michigan, wants somebody's experience in wintering stock, and thus give him an idea why cattle will sometimes grow "lean," even though supplied with all (apparent) "creature comforts." I have been through the same mill,—went through annually,—until I learned, 1st, We must feed enough, and that which is good enough to get an animal thriving. 2d, They do better to keep entirely out of the yard except when feeding, or, in other words, not to *fuss* with them. 3d, A *warm* yard is better for stock than a *warm* stable. True, they will eat more out than in—and that is just what I like to see, for when animals eat heartily I soon expect to see them thrive.—H. D., *Cayuga, N. Y.*, 1859.

Dry Weather is predicted by a would-be weather-wise man in N. C. In his opinion there will be no rain during the whole month of May. Cause why—he says the *same thing* occured in 1359, and again in 1559. Save the rain-water, and prepare to irrigate!

Agricultural Miscellany.

Hon. Joseph R. Williams has resigned the Presidency of the Michigan State Agricultural College,—much to the regret of many ardent friends of the institution.

The Tenth Annual Fair of the Brookfield Town Ag. Society (Madison Co.,) is to be held on the 28 and 29th days of September next.

Read the Advertisements, new and recent—none of them are very old. Many are just in season, and perhaps worthy of special notice, but this brief general reference must suffice.

Lifetime of Bees.—Prof. Kirtland, an experienced apiarian of Ohio, in a lecture on bees, states that the queen lives about four years, the workers six months, and the drones four to five months.

The Death of Benedict Brooks, Esq., of Covington, Wyoming Co., is announced. Mr. B. was among the oldest and most highly esteemed and influential citizens of Wyoming, having long been prominently connected with its history. Though advanced in life, his decease is one of those sad events which affect the surrounding community, and is regarded as a public loss. Mr. B. was a brother of Hon. Micah Brooks, recently deceased, and father of Maj. Hugh T. Brooks.

A Map of Your Farm would greatly facilitate in making arrangements for crops this season. Perhaps you made one during the winter, and have also already decided positively as to which fields are to be devoted to hoed crops, and which are best for grain or seeding to grass. If not, you have no time to lose, as the busy, growing, warm season is coming on apace. It is not only time to "calc'late," but to work and bring about results. Decide carefully and wisely, and *then* you can go-ahead safely.

The Wheat Crop of the West is generally spoken of as very promising, by the papers—as usual at this season of the year. Little reliance can be placed upon the hap-hazard statements put forth so early in the season. "Wait a little longer," gentlemen, and don't glut the market with an enormous surplus of grain before it has blossomed. We are glad to hear favorable reports, when well founded, but it is yet too early, we opine, to base calculations upon the best information obtainable—for considerable time must elapse before harvest, and the crop is liable to injury from bad weather, insects, &c.

"Plant One Acre More" is not always sound advice. The object of the farmer should not be to see how *many* acres he can plant, but how *well* and *profitably* he can cultivate *a few.* The wisest and best educated men are not those who have read or *run over* the greatest *number* of books, but such as have carefully studied and thoroughly understand a few of the best. It is far better to own and till from twenty to fifty acres in a thorough and profitable manner—"plowing deep while sluggards sleep"—than to undertake, with inadequate means and executive faculty, the culture and management of from two to five hundred acres, doing the work poorly, harvesting unprofitable crops, and paying an unnecessary amount of taxes.

Heavy Sheep and Fleece.—In a letter alluding to the statement of weight of carcass and fleece of a pair of Merino bucks owned by A. Y. Baker, of Steuben Co., N. Y., (the live weight of the two being 208 lbs., and washed wool 12 lbs.,) Mr. Wm. Jeffrey, of Whitby, C. W., says that he has a three year old ram, of the pure Leicester breed, which weighed when shorn last year 341 lbs., and the fleece, after washing, weighed 16¾ lbs.! Mr. J. wishes that Mr. B. could have seen his ram—and thinks the latter would have thought little more of his Merinos. Both gentlemen evidently have good sheep—but as to which is preferable, or the most profitable, depends upon circumstances, such as the prices of wool and mutton, of the different breeds, proximity to market, &c.

Don't be Anonymous!—Whatever may be your other sins of omission, kind reader, never omit your name in sending anything to the Rural for publication. It is "labor lost," and don't pay either *you* or *us*—for, as we have repeatedly stated, we ignore anonymous articles. The only proper way to gain access to our pages is to give real name and post-office address—not necessarily for publication, but for our security and reference. Every week we receive many articles on practical subjects which have a *good look*—but, being anonymous, are consigned to the flames, and generally without reading, for it is useless to spend time with what cannot be made available. Reform it altogether, Messrs. Anonymous, and let us at least, if not the public, know who is who—thus saving, in the aggregate, a vast amount of time, brain-labor, ink and stationary. But if you *will* persist in the practice, don't complain, nor imitate the army in Flanders, because your productions, whether practical or sentimental, are omitted.

Good Advice.—Though perhaps rather late, we can refrain from giving part of an article entitled "Thoughts for the Season," received some weeks ago from a valued Western correspondent:—"Ye who are now about deciding what shall be the product of your fields the coming season, weigh well the subject, remembering that intelligent labor is better rewarded than physical, and that the craft you are managing can now be changed in its course and its returns increased or lessened as easily as the straw in the current. Carefully consider *all* the circumstances by which you are surrounded—the products which may be grown by your labor that are adapted to your farm—the probable wants and range of the market—with the experience of your neighbors on the subject. Your choice of crops has more to do with the reward of your labor than the amount of that labor; hence, before choosing use every endeavor to inform your mind and improve your judgment, as your labor, to be successful, needs to be understandingly applied. Next to choice of crops comes the cultivation thereof, which should be full, thorough and complete in every part, from the placing of the seed in the ground to the harvesting of the product."

The Choice Seeds we propose to distribute during the ensuing month or two (see offer on 7th page,) are JUST WHAT YOU WANT at this season, for everybody who can should grow beautiful Flowers or rare Vegetables, or both. They will grow while you are sleeping, and, if well cultivated, return a large dividend to please the eye and palate. But if you don't want to plant them, they will sell readily, or—what will perhaps afford still greater pleasure—you can give them to some appreciative lady friend! How many cousins will be rendered happier by our distributing a thousand or more packages of Flower Seeds!—to say nothing of the Wives, Sisters and Daughters. Come, Gentlemen, exhibit your gallantry—and especially you who believe ladies should cultivate Flowers, and make home and its surroundings attractive—by furnishing your fair friends the requisite capital to commence the pleasant business. If the B's—Boys, Bachelors and Benedicts—will only do their duty, we will guarantee that the M's—Misses and Matrons—will perform their part creditably.

HORTICULTURAL

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are indebted to B. K. Bliss and Allen & McElwain, of Springfield, Mass., for choice Vegetable and Flower Seeds; and to Briggs and Brother, of Rochester, and J. M. Thorburn & Co., of New York, for collections of Flower Seeds.

—Also, to H. P. Byram, of the *Valley Farmer*, for seeds of the Virgilia Lutea, and to F. A. Rockwell, Bidgefield, Conn., for Scions of the Baker Apple——To E. Williams, West Bloomfield, for a box of Apples and a Squash Bug. Some of the apples, particularly the Baldwins, were fine. The bug is no curiosity here, so we let him go.

—To W. N. Davis, P. M. Clarkson, N. Y., for Squash Seed.. Mr. D. received them from a friend, grew them past year, and is willing to match this variety against the Hubbard or any other squash extant. We will try it.

Catalogues, &c., Received—from B. Bunt, Philadelphia, Select Catalogue of Green-house, Hot-house, and Hardy Plants; Descriptive Catalogue of Hardy Trees and Shrubs; of Flowering Bulbous Roots; and Buist's Almanac and Garden Manual —— B. K. Bliss, Springfield, Mass., Descriptive Catalogue of Flower, Vegetable and Agricultural Seeds, very complete —— Allen & McElwain, Springfield, Mass., Catalogue of Vegetable, Flower and Ag'l Seeds——W. Parry, Cinnaminson, N. J., Catalogue of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines and Plants——Eben Wight, Journal of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society——Dr. C. W Grant, Iona, colored plate of Downing's Everbearing Mulberry—— Ellwanger & Barry, Rochester, Pamphlet containing "brief memoranda" concerning the celebrated Mount Hope Nursery, from its founding, in 1838, to the present time—addressed to Agricultural Societies in Europe and America, by Henry O'Rielly, Esq.——F. K. Phoenix, Bloomington, Ill., Catalogue of Fruit Trees, &c., at the Bloomington Nursery.

CULTURE OF THE GRAPE.—No. IV.

Messrs. Editors:—The conclusions arrived at in my last article, brought up in my mind another idea of great importance to be understood, namely, *Why should Vines be summer pruned just as the first blossoms appear on the clusters?* Autumn pruning reduces the buds on the vine to a small amount. When the roots begin to feed in the spring they take up sap and nutriment just as fast as though there had been no pruning. In a few days the vine is over-crowded with sap on account of the small amount of buds to exhaust it. This overplus sap in the vine forces out buds from the ground the entire length of the vine until they are of sufficient numbers to exhaust the supply of sap—that is, until the demand for sap is equal to the supply. And this is arrived at before the fruit begins to blossom. So it is clearly seen that autumn pruning is nearly or quite lost. Now, the fruit comes into blossom late, say in June; this makes a new demand for sap, but the young wood is growing in sufficient amount to exhaust it, and the young wood will take the preference in the sap before the fruit. Put off summer pruning a week after the vines are in blossom, and the labor is nearly lost. The fruit has dropped from the clusters, and the only benefit is to add size and quality to the scattering fruit on the clusters. Better be a few days earlier if it cannot be done as soon as the first blossoms appear. By this thorough pruning the vines are filled with sap again just the right time to set the fruit thick on the clusters. When that begins to make growth then it will take the preference in the sap over the young wood, as was clearly shown in my previous article, by the growth of young wood being nearly stopped until the fruit was about matured.

Vines on an upright trellis in the vineyard where they have but a given space to occupy, require different treatment in summer pruning. In all cases where convenient, build the trellis east and west, train the bearing wood up on the south side of the trellis. When the trellis is filled with bearing wood, in summer pruning shorten in all the branches to the second wire or slat from the ground—then let the branches below that extend without shortening, but keep the laterals off of them. This conclusion was arrived at by studying the course of the sap, and how it was applied or exhausted.—The sap is taken up by the ends of the small fibrous roots, passes into the pores or arteries between the grains of wood; in them it is carried up, and in its passage is distributed into every branch of the vine until it reaches the extremities; there it passes out of the wood into the film between the wood and bark, and is there held and crowded back, in part, clear on to the roots again. Its tendency is to remain on the extremities as much as possible. As proof of this it is found that all growing woods push forward the greatest growth on the extremities.—The sap is here dried away by the heat of summer, and exhausted in the formation of new grains of wood, new bark, the extension of the branches, the formation of leaves, and the perfecting of the fruit.

Every close observer has discovered that grapes clear on the extremities of the vine will change color two weeks earlier than those near the ground or roots. Why? Because they are the most crowded with sap. Now, load the vines heaviest with fruit on the extremities, shorten in all the branches there that crowd the sap back, giving all the fruit a full supply of sap, and what it don't want is exhausted in growing young wood, mostly from near the base vines. All the ends of the branches that are not shortened back are crowded through on to the north side of the fruit and trained up there, where they form a sheet of young wood on the north side; on the south side is a sheet of fruit benefited by its protection. Reader, remember this. When the blossoms begin to appear on the clusters you may cut old wood; the sap won't leak; it has become too thick. Any time from then till the first of March, pruning can be done, but not so close in summer as to start the next year's fruit buds, and load the vines with another crop of fruit, and injure the next year's crop thereby.

West Bloomfield, N. Y., 1859. Alvin Wilcox.

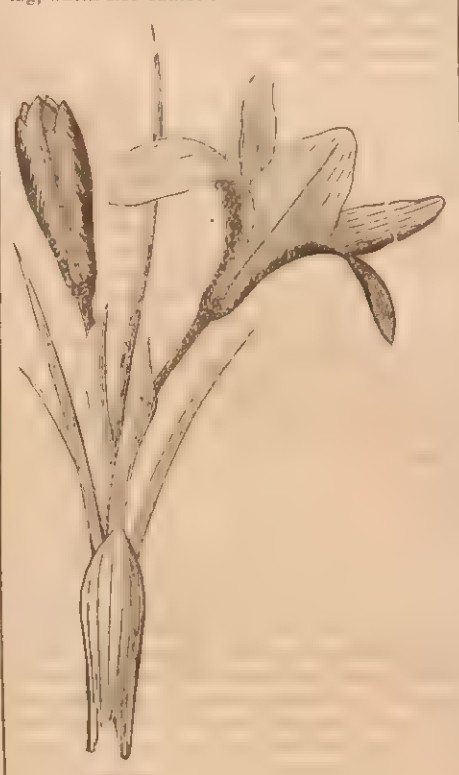
FLOWER OF THE VERTICILATA CROCUS.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.—No. II.

EARLY SPRING FLOWERS.—THE CROCUS.

In our issue of March 26th we gave drawings and descriptions of the earliest of all spring flowers, the *Snow Drops*. Following these we have the Crocus family—beautiful in form, varied and gay in their attire. Too little attention has been given to these fine flowers. They make the garden pleasant when but for them it would be dreary, and at a time too, when, after a long winter of cold and snows and storms, the sight of the simplest flower is most grateful. All admire them, yet in how few gardens is a fair collection, or even one or two varieties to be found. Could they be planted when in flower, or in spring for early flowering, everybody would have them, but they should be set out in the fall, and are forgotten at that season by most planters. Now we advise all lovers of flowers to obtain a few dozen of the best varieties next September, and to aid in making the selection we give drawings of two and descriptions of most of the best varieties. Fine bulbs fit for flowering, can be obtained of most of the nurserymen, and at the principal seed stores, for about 50 cents per dozen.

The earliest variety we have is the *Cloth of Gold*, of which we give an illustration, from a flower which we picked for the purpose, on the 18th of March. It is a lively golden yellow, with a brownish stripe, finely feathered on the edges, in the center of each petal, as will be seen by the engraving, which also exhibits its size.



FLOWER OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

March 24th, we took notes and some drawings. This, the present season, was about the best time for a general view of the family, though several of the late sorts are not yet in flower.

La Neige is a very large flower, whitish, with purple stripes on bottom of petals. When fully open, so that pistils and stamens are seen, it is remarkably showy.

Scotch, white, with a number of narrow stripes of blue on each petal.

Largest Yellow—deep yellow, almost orange—the largest and most showy of the yellow sorts.

Versicolor is a large flower, of a light purple color, with dark purple stripes.

Monstreuse, dark blue and purple—in color very much like the blue *Fleur de Lis*—very showy, and forming a beautiful contrast with the light colors and yellows.

Azureus Incomparable—in color and general appearance very much like *Monstreuse*.

Celestial—one of the very largest. Base of petals, dark blue, this color running upwards towards the tops of the petals, which are variegated, with purple blotches on whitish ground.

Comelion—witish, with a rosy tinge and purple stripes, somewhat of a reddish tinge.

L'Amusant—large flower, bluish white, with purple stripes, heavy at the base, clouded at the upper parts of the petals.

Verticilata—whitish ground, with three horizontal purple stripes, branching into numerous feathery vertical stripes. Our engraving gives a good view of this flower.

David Rizzio—one of the largest and most magnificent of the dark flowers. Reddish purple, striped and mottled with lightish purple, blue and white.

Inquiries and Answers.

Garden Walks.—Will you inform me, through your valuable paper, of a simple way of making a neat, dry, and durable footpath for a door-yard or garden?—J. Jenkins, *New Jersey*, 1859.

There is no difficulty in making a dry walk, if a fall for drainage can be obtained. Stake out the path, the width and form required its whole length, placing the stakes within three feet of each other, if the walk is curved. Then remove the earth from between two rows of stakes to the depth of eighteen inches, or two feet. This will make a ditch of the exact form of the path. Fill this ditch to within six inches of the top with cobble-stones, bricks, or any refuse stone that may be handy, packing them so as to have a smooth surface on top. To do this it may be necessary to reserve the smoothest stones for top dressing. Cover this first with about three inches of coarse gravel, and then with three inches of fine. The lowest part of the path should, if possible, be connected with some drain, as an outlet for the water, but unless the ground is very low this will make a dry path.

Best Grape for Connecticut, &c.—Will the Bartlett Pear grow on gravelly, very rich, ground? I have a good spot of ground where I wish to set a grape vine. It is twelve feet from a thrifty young Concord vine. Last fall I dug a hole wide and deep, and filled in with rich matter, and am going to finish with two barrels of bones, leather scraps, and rich earth. The land around is very rich. I wish to set in this spot the best kind that will grow in this State. Now, is it the Delaware? The Isabella I would not have, for it winter-kills, and will not ripen before frost.—R. J., *Suffield, Conn.*, 1859.

The *Bartlett Pear*, on its own roots, we think, would succeed on your soil. The *Delaware* is a beautiful, delicious little grape, ripens early, and so far as we have been able to ascertain, proves hardy wherever it has been tried. The *Hartford Prolific* is growing into favor in the New England States. In quality it is inferior to the Delaware, but ripens early, and is extremely hardy and prolific—at least this is the character it receives from those best acquainted with it.

The Cherry Slug.—Will the editor, or some of the correspondents of the Rural, inform me with regard to to a worm or shelless snail that infests pear and cherry trees, adhering closely to the leaves, eating the thinner part, and leaving the remainder dry and lifeless. They do not probably ascend the tree, as they are rarely seen on the body, and when they have been destroyed, were more numerous than the leaves the following morning. They withstand the application of dry ashes, sown broadcast, are seldom seen to move, and have no apparent legs. They vary in length, from one-eighth of an inch to three-fourths, and some of them are three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, with a (supposed) head, one-third larger. They are of a dark wine color, very glossy, soft, and easily mashed. They commenced their depredations in this vicinity in the summer of 1856, I think. What are they, and what will destroy them?—O. C. Wait, *Georgia, Vt.* 1859.

This must be the *Cherry* or *Pear Slug*. We have destroyed many thousands by dusting them with fine lime or ashes. It may be necessary to repeat the operation several times to get rid of all. Tobacco water is said to be good, but the ashes and lime being more convenient, and effectual, we have never tried it.

Soap for Trees.—I noticed, last season, that the apple trees in a neighbor's orchard presented a very smooth, clean appearance, not a sign of any lice, worms, borer, or any other pest that trees are damaged by. He told me he rubbed over every tree and the limbs, as far as possible, with common bar soap before the buds opened, and that it would not wash entirely off till fall, and was almost a perfect protection against vermin. Is the soap in any way injurious to trees?—G. D. C., *Rosendale, Fond du Lac Co., Wis.*, 1859.

We have often seen soap used for this purpose, and without any perceptible injury, but a marked benefit. A gentleman of much experience, in the Southern part of this State, has promised us an article on soaping trees, which he believes to be a sure and certain protection against all injurious insects.

The Lawton Blackberry.—Have you faith in the *Lawton or New Rochelle Blackberry*, that there is so much said about? If convenient, will you please, in the first number that you issue after you receive this, state, in an editorial article, and in as few words as you can, what you think about them? Do they grow to a large size? And would they probably do better in a mild than they would in a cold climate?—F. B. C., *Chicago, Ill.*, 1859.

The *New Rochelle Blackberry* is of large size, bears abundant crops, is of *good flavor* when *fully ripe;* terribly sour and unpleasant if eaten before ripe. It gets black long before ripe, and those who are not judges are apt to pick the unripe berries, but we never make a blunder of this kind, for we can tell a ripe berry by its bright, glossy and plump, or *fat* appearance. The unripened wood kills back somewhat here, and in Illinois laying down and covering with a little earth or straw would be necessary, we think.

Ground Nuts.—Being a reader of your valuable paper, I take the liberty of asking you a question or two, as I deem you a proper person to appeal to for the information I want. Wishing to raise some ground nuts this season, I wish to know what kind of soil to plant them on, what time to plant them, and how to tend them through the season, and what time they should be dug? If either you, or any of your numerous subscribers, who see this, will give me the desired information, it will greatly oblige—W. E. H., *Milan, O.*, 1859.

Pea Nuts should be planted at corn planting time. A warm sandy soil is best. A correspondent at Aberdeen, Ohio, writes as follows, and answers most of the above inquiries: "*Pea-Nuts* can be raised here in the greatest perfection. I have raised them with little trouble, in the following manner, on sandy soil:—Plant three peas to the hill, and the hills eighteen inches apart. Each joint will produce a large cluster of fruit. Dig after the first frost in autumn." Keep the ground mellow, and all weeds destroyed.

An Orchardist in Trouble.—I see many inquiries and answers in our Rural, and I wish to make an inquiry. I set a young orchard of apple trees, and two years ago they began to bear excellent fruit; last year not so good, and now many of my trees are rotting, the rot commencing near the ground and going up nearly two feet. What can be done for the trees? They look too nice to lose. Will some one tell me how to save my orchard?—W. H., *West Rush, N. Y.*, 1859.

Our friend should have been a little more specific. Are all the trees affected in this way? Is the soil drained? or does the water lay a good part of the year within a foot or so of the surface? and is not the surface sometimes covered? What is the nature of the soil and subsoil? Was the ground subsoiled before the trees were planted? Are other orchards in the neighborhood flourishing on a similar soil and with the same treatment? With such facts before them we have no doubt some of our correspondents could tell the cause and the remedy.

Flowers.—Can flowers be grown on a mound of pebbles? If so, how? Please answer through the Rural. Will you please name some of the prettiest annuals?—A Lover of Flowers, *Barre, N. Y.*, 1859.

We have no special liking for *mounds*—they are too stiff and artificial—too fussy—look like children's play-houses. Our climate is so hot that a small mound becomes dry and the flowers perish unless especial attention is given to watering. Among the prettiest annuals are the Ten Week Stock, Balsam or Ladies' Slipper, Aster, Phlox Drummondii, Portulacca and Petunia.

Grape Vines.—I want to set out a small vineyard this Spring. Will you please inform me if it will make any difference in getting the vines from seventy miles south of this; or if you would prefer them from the same latitude?—S. H., *Whitewater, Wis.*, 1859.

The difference you speak of will be of small account. The planting of the vines in a good, dry soil, where the wood will become ripened in the fall is of much more consequence.

Black Currants Dropping their Fruit.—There is a friend of mine, an M. D., who wishes me to inquire through the Rural why the fruit on his black currant bushes always drops off. They do so invariably every year, and he has tried every means he is in possession of and cannot prevent it.—O., *Gainesville, N. Y.*

Does the fruit drop off when in a green state, or on becoming ripe? We have never been troubled in this way.

The Quince.—I intend to plant some Quince bushes this spring, and wish to be informed which is the best to plant for market.—W. L., *Pendleton, Niag. Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

Plant the Apple or Orange Quince.

THE ALLEN RASPBERRY.

Ed. Rural New-Yorker:—In your paper of the 19th inst., W. R. Coppock reiterates a *part* of his charges against me in connection with the "*Allen Raspberry.*" I shall not bandy words with him, but will give him an inducement to *prove the truth* of his allegations without risk on his part—and thus:—He reports, that I got my original plants of W. H. Sotham, which includes the other fact, to wit., that they are the "*False Red Antwerp;*" and also, that my plants are no bearers, or words to that effect. *I will deposit One Hundred Dollars in White's Bank of Buffalo*, subject to the order of said Coppock, on a certificate of either one of the Judges of the Superior Court of the City of Buffalo, in the event that within two months from this date he *proves* his assertions true before such Judge, or any referee that either one of those Judges will appoint; and Coppock may name the Judge. The evidence proving C.'s assertions to be subject to the rules of said Court. I name Hiram E. Howard, Esq., of Buffalo, to adjust the arrangement on my part. Now, let this man win the money, by proving his assertions true, or concede himself a slanderer and a falsifier.

Black Rock, March 21, 1859. L. F. Allen.

A Hint.—A subscriber in Tazewell Co., Illinois, earnestly requests us to publish the following:

Eds. Rural:—I do not know whether a humble *mud sill* like myself should do what I am about to, but I wish to whisper in the ear of those persons having Grape Vines, Gooseberries, Currants, and such other small fruits to sell, to let the fact be known in the Rural, as there are many like myself who wish to purchase, and don't know where to send, or what they will cost.—Agricola.

Horticultural Advertisements.

BAKER APPLE GRAFTS, by mail, post-paid, [illegible] per dozen. Splendid sorts. 482 F. A. ROCKWELL, Ridgefield, Conn.

50,000 WILSON'S ALBANY STRAWBERRY PLANTS warranted true, $1 per 100, $4.50 for 500, $8 per 1,000, packed for mailing. Address 482-3t JOSEPH CALLOWELL, Nurseryman, Troy, N. Y.

80,000 ANGERS QUINCE, STOCKS and STOOLS. A fine assortment of Apple Scions, Willow and Privet Cuttings, Grape Vines and Currants. For sale cheap, by COWLES & WARREN, Syracuse, N. Y.

WATERMELON SEEDS. Eight choice new varieties put up separately in one package, and mailed to any address on receipt of 24 cents in stamps. Direct to D. D. TOOKER, Napoleon, Mich.

SQUASHES.—Chinese Yam—superior to the Hubbard—and Honolulu, the best in cultivation. Seeds sent by mail sufficient to raise over 100 squashes for five three cent stamps. [482] I. N. PETTIT, Wilson, N. Y.

THE ALLEN RASPBERRY.—I can supply a quantity of these highly valuable, well approved *thoroughly hardy* plants, which I have had in successful bearing for the past ten years.

Price, $1 per dozen—$6 per hundred—$50 per thousand.—Orders, with money inclosed, addressed to the undersigned, Black Rock, N. Y., will meet with immediate attention. They can be sent by Express, or other conveyance, to all parts of the country. 482-3t LEWIS F. ALLEN.

TO NURSERYMEN AND OTHERS.—The subscriber has on his farm, two miles south of Fairport, Monroe Co., a block of some 25,000 Apple Trees, comprising all the popular varieties. These trees are four years old, large of their age, straight and thrifty, with fine fibrous roots, and in excellent condition for transportation.

As the land is wanted for tillage, the trees will be sold, in quantities of not less than 1,000 of assorted varieties, at $70 per thousand, delivered on the premises.

In case the entire lot can be sold at one time, a reasonable discount will be made from the above named price. Terms made easy. For further particulars, address 482-3t CARLTON H. ROGERS, Palmyra, N. Y.

9,000 PLANTS LINNÆUS RHUBARB. BROWNLEE BROWN, Newburgh, N. Y.

STOCKS.—100,000 French Quince Stocks. 60,000 Mahaleb Cherry Stocks.

EVERGREENS.—Norway Spruce, all sizes from 2 to 6 feet; Scotch Pine, Austrian Pine, Silver Fir, Chinese Arbor Vitæ, Blue Spruce, White Spruce, Balsam Fir, and the usual variety of Pear, Apple and Cherry—Standard and Dwarf. 481-5t W. P. TOWNSEND, Lockport, N. Y.

FRUIT TREES FOR SALE CHEAP.—Being under obligations to clear about 20 acres of nursery ground, containing a large quantity of Apple, Pear, Cherry, Plum, Peach, and Ornamental Trees, and various other articles in the Nursery line, all good and healthy stock, I will sell at very low rates, in quantities, to dealers. Apply at my residence, on James St., one mile east of Syracuse, or by letter. H. M. RANNEY, Proprietor 481-3t Commercial Nurseries, Syracuse, N. Y.

FLOWER SEEDS BY MAIL.—Our Catalogue of choice and rare Seeds for 1859, containing a descriptive priced list of nearly One Thousand varieties of Flower Seeds, and also a list of

FORTY COLLECTIONS BY MAIL,

together with a descriptive list of all the most desirable Vegetables in cultivation, including many new and rare varieties, and an illustrated Treatise on Grasses—with practical directions for their cultivation—will be forwarded free to all applicants. Orders solicited.

481-4t Address ALLEN & McELWAIN, Seedsmen and Florists, Springfield, Mass.

WILSON'S ALBANY SEEDLING.—THE BEST *and most Prolific Market Strawberry! Yields* 150 *to* 200 *Bushels per Acre!* Genuine Plants of this superior variety for sale, in large or small quantities. Price, $10 a thousand—$1.50 a hundred, or $1 for fifty.

Red Antwerp Raspberry canes, $4 per 100—$2.50 for 50, or 16 for $1.

New-Rochelle (or Lawton) Blackberry canes, $10 for 100—$6 for 50—$3 for 24—$2 per dozen.

All plants ordered, securely boxed and delivered in Albany, without extra charge.

Orders accompanied by cash promptly attended to. WM. RICHARDSON, 481 96 South Pearl Street, Albany, N. Y.

LAWTON, OR NEW ROCHELLE BLACKBERRY.—PRICES REDUCED.—The undersigned, Agents for Messrs. Geo. Seymour & Co., and other Nurserymen of position and reputation, offer the above remarkable Plants at the following very low range of prices.

One Thousand Plants	$80	Fifty Plants	$6
Five Hundred Plants	41	Two Dozen Plants	3
One Hundred Plants	10	One Dozen Plants	2

☞ Good Plants for setting, of a second size, will be sold for $60 per 1,000 Plants, or $8 per 100 Plants. Warranted genuine. Pamphlets descriptive of origin, history, characteristics and culture, sent on receipt of six cents.

DREW & FRENCH, Produce Commission Merchants, 85 Barclay St., We refer to Hon. Horace Greeley. New York.

AM. BLACK RASPBERRY PLANTS—For sale at $3 per 100. Also Seeds of the great South Carolina Squash; 13 seeds will be sent on receipt of 12 cts. in stamps. 480-4t Address S. C. HARRIS, Geneva, N. Y.

NURSERY TREES.—A large quantity, with the usual variety kept in Nurseries. Cultivated on high ground. Very thrifty and fine. For sale very low. 48-4t GRAVES & WARNER, Syracuse, N. Y.

O. B. MAXWELL & CO., Dansville, N. Y.—Offer

Standard Plum, 2 years,	$25 per	100.
" Cherry, 2 years,	10 "	"
Houghton's Seedling Gooseberry	5 "	"
Lawton Blackberry, 1 year,	7 "	"
Osage Orange, 2 yrs.	4 "	1,000
Mazzard Cherry Pits'	6 "	bushel.
Catawba Grape, 1 year,	$5 per 100—$40 per 1,000	

Dansville, Liv. Co., N. Y., March 11, 1859. 480-3t

AMERICAN HOP TREE.—The subscribers recommend the above Tree as a substitute for the unsightly and troublesome Hop Vines. The Hops grow in large clusters, are much stronger and always preferred to the ordinary Hops. Tree is perfectly hardy, highly ornamental, and will bear the second year from seed. Trees from 75 cts. to $1,50 each, or Seeds free, by mail, for nine three cent stamps. McILVAIN & YOUNG, Seedsmen, 480tf No. 9 John St., New York.

LINNÆUS RHUBARB, AND ASPARAGUS. Fine, strong Roots for sale by 479-5t T. C. MAXWELL & BROS., Geneva, N. Y.

PEACH TREES.—A few thousand good two year old Trees for sale by T. C. MAXWELL & BROS., March 10, 1859. [479-5t] Geneva, N. Y.

RASPBERRY PLANTS—Of the best leading sorts, including the Antwerps, Brinkle's Orange, Franconia, Fastolff, Knevett's Giant, and Rivers' Large Fruited Monthly. For sale by T. C. MAXWELL & BROS., Geneva, N. Y.

EARLY PARIS CAULIFLOWER and Premium Flat Dutch Cabbage. Both sure to head, and are the *best varieties* known—12½ cts. each, per package, by mail. Address "RURAL EMPIRE CLUB," 479-6t Macedon Centre, Wayne Co., N. Y.

NURSERY—Partner and Capital wanted in a well established Nursery. Address Box 113, Syracuse, N. Y.

REMOVAL!

SHEPPARD'S FORWARDING and Commission HORTICULTURAL, NURSERY & SEED AGENCY, NO. 23 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK. [Formerly 159 Front Street.]

The only establishment in the United States giving special attention to the Foreign and Domestic interests of **Horticulturists, Seedsmen, Florists, &c.**, affording facilities to all concerned in the importing, producing, buying or selling of anything pertaining to these departments, not to be secured elsewhere.

FOR SALE.

Apple Seed, Osage Orange Seed, Gunny Cloth for packing, Pear Stocks, &c.

TO ARRIVE EARLY IN THE SEASON FROM EUROPE, Dwarf and Standard Pears and Dwarf Apples, Pear, Plum, Quince, Mahaleb and Paradise Stocks, Roses, &c., &c.

Anything and everything required for Garden, Nursery, or Seed purposes, promptly procured, at the lowest Market Rates. Letters of inquiry *must* inclose postage stamps. 477 Address WM. P. SHEPPARD, Box 2672 P. O.

THE HOOKER STRAWBERRY!—THE BEST YET INTRODUCED.—The attention of Amateurs and Growers of Fruit for market is again called to this Strawberry.

All that [illegible] claimed for it has been [illegible] trials without end could be [illegible] formed [illegible] its merits

[illegible] of advantages, all constitute its [illegible] the truth of which those who [illegible] can testify.

2d. It is as **productive as any other variety**, (Wilson's Albany not excepted.) The fruit is [illegible] very large clusters, [illegible] than 20 perfect berries being frequently gathered from a single stem.

3d. The flowers are [illegible] of them [illegible], but all perfect, and consequently productive of fruit.

4th. The fruit is unsurpassed in flavor. In color a rich dark crimson, *extending into the heart of the berry*, which is [illegible] to the centre—of the largest size—yet tender and delicate.

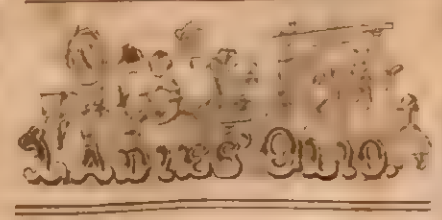
5th. *It takes the 1st premiums wherever exhibited.* See reports of various Horticultural Societies.

6th. It is the only variety that received the unanimous vote of the Fruit Growers Society for general cultivation.

Plants in any quantity desired may be obtained *pure from the grounds where it originated.* Packages are put up to go safely to any part of the Union, by mail or express.

Price, $2 per 100—$15 per 1,000. Order for Spring Planting. If only a few for trial, of H. E. HOOKER & CO., 477-6t Commercial Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

CHERRY TREES.—Standard and Dwarf, of the best sorts, two years old and strong. For sale cheap. Geneva, N. Y. [479-5t] T. C. MAXWELL & BROS.



Written for Moore's Rural New Yorker.

THAT NIGHT.

The stars were never half so bright,
Nor shone with half so pure a light,
Nor filled the soul with such delight,
As on that night—that glorious night.

Nor ever angels came so near,
Nor whispered into mortal ear
In tones so gentle, yet so clear,
As then I heard and joyed to hear.

Never were leaves so lightly stirred
By summer breeze or wing of bird,
Yet from each leaf a voice I heard;
One word from all, and love the word.

Never the blue waves sought the shore
So tremblingly, so silvered o'er;
Never was earth so fair before,
Never the skies—nor will be more.

Never the stars were half so bright,
Never the world so full of delight,
Never the heart so filled with light,
Never it will be, as on that night,
Never, no, nevermore!

Hastings, N. Y., 1859. ROSELIA.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

Plain Talks to American Women.--No. 7.

BY MRS. M P A. CROZIER.

ANOTHER subject, which commends itself to our attention while treating more particularly upon moral education, is *truthfulness*. It is said that so many children are so early taught falsehood by maternal lips!—indeed, we believe some mothers are not aware how untruthful they are to their little ones. Let us illustrate.

Mrs. A. is a member, in good standing, in the nominal church—thinks she is a Christian, and desires that her children's hearts be early imbued with the influences of the Holy Spirit. She is astonished, and grieved, some day, to hear her little son, when reproved by his sister for telling a falsehood, reply, "Why no, MARY, it is not wrong—*'Ma* tells lies!" She calls the little boy to her side and says, "What do you mean, my child?—*your 'Ma tell lies!*" "Why, yes, 'Ma," he ingenuously replies, "don't you remember when you went to town the other day, you said if I would stay at home and be a good boy, you would bring me some thing?—and you didn't bring me anything at all, though I didn't cry a bit! Wasn't that a lie, 'Ma?" Mrs. A. hardly knows what to answer, but at length says, "Well, I forgot it, WILLY—I will get it next time!" (Be careful, mother, that you do not forget again!) "Well," says WILLY, triumphantly, "you told me the other day that you would punish me if I was naughty, and I *was* ever so naughty, and you didn't punish me at all, but told Mrs. SMITH who had just come in, that children would be children—I'm sure *that* was a lie!"

How can that mother lift up her head before the face of that intelligent and trusting child, who is sure she has told him a falsehood, and that it cannot be wrong, for mother is a Christian? Ah, the best she can do, is to get down into the valley of humiliation, and confess her sin—yes, confess it to her child, and with him ask GOD to forgive her, and assist her in future to obey his law, and then, in the midst of her own tears, point out and illustrate the sinfulness and the result of untruthfulness.

Again, Mrs. B., a merry-hearted woman, but with no very decided, principles upon this subject, is called to the window some day by the exclamation of her little daughter, "*The soldiers are coming—the soldiers are coming!*" "Where, LIZZIE?" she says, "I do not see them!" "O mother," replies the child, "I only said it for fun! Don't you remember what fun we had the other evening at the tea-table, when you told father you had some of the best tea he ever drank, right from YOUNG'S, and it was only hot water sweetened with brown sugar?—and when you laid the blank letter under his plate—how, when he tasted the tea, and opened the letter, you said 'April fool!' and then we all laughed so?"

"Well, LIZZIE, you are a bright child!" exclaims the mother, as she laughingly returns to her work, and LIZZIE, full of the idea that she is smart, because she has been successful in deceiving her mother, is ready to go and play off her tricks upon the girl in the kitchen.

Can it reasonably be expected, under such circumstances, that child will grow up truthful and truth loving? Far from it. The heartless coquette of future years will take the same pleasure in deceiving those who may knock at the door of her heart, that the child at the window did in deceiving her mother. Truly, as a writer says, "A straw will make an impression upon the virgin snow. Let it remain a short time and a horse's hoof can hardly penetrate it. So it is with the youthful mind. A trifling word may make an impression upon it, but after a few years the most powerful appeals may cease to influence it. Think of this, ye who have the training of the infant mind, and leave such an impression thereon as will be safe for it to carry amid the follies and temptation of the world."

Truth is so lovely, that there would seem to be no necessity of impressing upon the mind of the thoughtful and Christian mother the necessity of implanting its principles in her child's mind, if she would have the child's moral character developed to a noble standard. Some writer thus elegantly discourses concerning it—"Truth is beautiful as glittering diamonds or burning rubies, as lovely as the sun when he sinks to rest in his western bower, and as pure as pearls in a lake of crystal—'Tis as peaceful as a summer's midnight when nature, for a season, sleeps in calm repose, as artless as an angel of mercy when ministering to virtuous innocence, as sincere as justice upon her throne. 'Tis as uniform as the moon in her starry rounds, and as consistent as goodness associated with honesty."

Would you not have your child's soul wear so bright a gem? And what shall we say of [illegible] hood, the child of the Prince of DARKNESS? How it [illegible] the blasts of a hot world every spring of sweet [illegible] in the human heart [illegible] becomes a wide desert place where [illegible] grow [illegible] beautiful thing [illegible] where no flowers can shed their fragrance!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"FEMININE APPAREL."

IN the RURAL of Feb. 26th, "SISTER FANNIE" had a short article upon "Feminine Apparel"—an article which does not coincide with my views of the subject. Although she says that all *sensible* people are on her side, I would like to express my "feelinks," if I do not intrude upon the good graces of the public in general. I must say that "hoops" improve the figure of a lady, but, like everything else, there is a bound of reason. A person can wear them too large, and look more like a balloon than a human being, and then, again, she can wear them so as to look very pretty.

But a woman *can't look like a woman* with a short dress and pants on. No, I say they can't, for woman was designed, from the beginning, to wear long, flowing robes, and the men to wear pants—and I think that if a woman does not still adhere to long dresses, she views the subject in a wrong light. I have seen several *ladies*. I suppose *they* called themselves—dress in short robes and pants, their hair cut and combed in true masculine style, wearing hats, and I must agree with my brother who says that they are regular specimens of that genus of whom every one has heard, viz., "*Girl Boys.*"

A woman may wear bloomers at home about her work, but when that is done, then put on a long dress and be a lady. If I ever should put on a short dress and pants, (and I sincerely hope I never shall,) I shall soon doff the short skirt and put on a coat. I will dress like a man and be done with it—not go half. My motto is, "*the whole or none.*"

I don't know but I am saying too much against "FANNIE'S" opinions, but I must free my mind. Now, my sisters, think of these things a second time—I presume you thought of them after "FANNIE'S" advice—but think of them a second time, and let the Dress Reform go, and keep on the hoops and long robes. MOLLIE FLAGG.

Grove Hill, 1859.

HOW YOU MAY KNOW GOOD FATHERS.—It is a good sign and true when you see, amid a little group of boys, one dart from the rest, and tossing his arms above his head, shout, "*There's my father!*" as he runs to meet him. You may be sure, no matter what business troubles soever that man may have, that there is a spot in his heart still fresh and green, which the cares of the world have had no power to blight. "There's *my* father!" With what a pretty pride the little fellow shouts this! He must be, indeed, a brute, whose fatherly heart does not swell with love, whose eyes do not glisten, who does not, at such a moment, feel amply repaid for that day's toil, no matter how wearisome. After all, *Love* is the only thing worth having in this world. Fame, and money, and ambition, dwindle to nothing beside the white, calm brow of death, though GOD knows it may be but the youngling of the flock, whose lips have never even learned to syllable their name.

AN AGED WOMAN.—Let the aged woman be no longer an object of contempt. She is as helpless as a child; but as a child she may be learning the last awful lesson from her Heavenly Father. Her feeble step is treading on the brink of the grave; but her hopes may be firmly planted on the better shore which is beyond. Her eye is dim with suffering and tears; but her spiritual vision may be contemplating the gradual unfolding of the gates of eternal bliss. Beauty has faded from her form; but angels in the world of light may be weaving a wreath of glory for her brow. Her lip is silent; but it may only be waiting to pour forth celestial strains of gratitude and praise. Lowly, and fallen, and sad, she sits among the living; but exalted, purified, and happy, she may rise from the dead. Then turn, if thou wilt, from the aged woman in her loneliness; but remember she is not forgotten by her God.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

A BEAUTIFUL FAITH.—"Beautiful, exceedingly," is the burial of children among the Mexicans. No dark procession or gloomy looks mark the passage to the grave; but dressed in its holiday attire, and garlanded with bright, fresh flowers, the little sleeper is borne to its rest. Glad songs, and joyful bells are rung, and lightly as to a festival, the gay group goes its way. The child is not dead, they say, but "going home." The Mexican mother, who has household treasures laid away in the *campo santa*—GOD's sacred field—breathes a sweet faith, only heard elsewhere in the *poet's* utterance. Ask her how many children bless her house, and she will answer: "Five; two here, and three yonder." So, despite death and the grave, it is yet an unbroken household, and the simple mother ever *lives* in the thought.

SPEAK KINDLY TO ALL.—How beautifully kind words sound to the ear, and how much they soften the feelings even of those that are somewhat disposed to the use of callous words. Reader, if you have a mother or father who has fondly nursed and cherished you from your infancy up to manhood, speak kindly to them. Gentle words are acceptable at all times and becoming in all places. Nothing looks more hateful than to see children disobedient and vulgar to their parents who have patiently watched over them in their infancy.—S. C. R., *Robertsville, Stark Co., O.*

JEAN PAUL says—God and love are everywhere; in light, in colors, in flowers, in the beauty of man, in the happiness of animals, in the human mind, in the endless spheres; as the sun shines on all, alike yet differently, and is majestic on the ocean, sparkling in a dewdrop, ruddy on the ripe fruit, silver on the stream, many colored in the rainbow, and pale and tremulous in the moon.

THE CROOKED FOOTPATH.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Ah, here it is! the sliding rail
That marks the old remembered spot,—
The gap that struck our school-boy trail,—
The crooked path across the lot.

It left the road by school and church,
A pencilled shadow, nothing more,
That parted from the silver birch
And ended at the farm-house door.

No line or compass traced its plan,
With frequent bends to left or right,
In aimless, wayward curves it ran,
But always kept the door in sight.

The gabled porch, with woodbine green,—
The broken millstone at the sill,—
Though many a rood might stretch between,
The truant child could see them still.

No rocks across the pathway lie,—
No fallen trunk is o'er it thrown,—
And yet it winds, we know not why,
And turns as if for tree or stone.

Perhaps some lover trod the way
With shaking knees and leaping heart,—
And so it often runs astray
With sinuous sweep or sudden start.

Or one, perchance, with clouded brain
From some unholy banquet reeled,—
And since our devious steps maintain
His track across the trodden field.

Nay, deem not thus—no earth-born will
Could ever trace a faultless line;
Our truest steps are human still,—
To walk unswerving were divine!

Truants from love, we dream of wrath,—
Oh, rather let us trust the more!
Through all the wanderings of the path,
We still can see our Father's door!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE BOOKS TO READ.

"Books, books, it makes me sick,
To think how ye are multiplied;
Like Egypt's frogs ye poke up thick,
Your ugly heads on every side.

THAT sounds very much as though it might have been the effusion of some disappointed author. Vexed to see his own work sink into oblivion, he could not endure to behold with good grace the sea of literature crowded with other craft. But books are great blessings. The work of some favorite author neatly bound, is a "thing of beauty." They are none the less a blessing from the fact that they "poke up their ugly heads on every side." There are some things that are increased in value because they are universal. Does not the writer derive greater pleasure from the idea that a thousand will follow the track of his thought, than if only one could do so? There was once a time when books were only to be found in the cell of the monk, or in the libraries of the learned. But the fountain of knowledge has been opened, and its crystal waters refresh alike the lowly and the great. One, in his richly furnished and attractive library, reads MILTON "bound in gold," and another, by his cottage lamp, reads a "cheap edition" of the same. Not a tithe of the beauty the poet has created, is denied the poor laborer, because his copy is muslin-bound, thanks to the multitudes of printing presses, that have rendered the choicest literature so common.

What rare pleasure is it in the respite of toil to hold communication with a favorite author. Who that has once tasted so sweet a pleasure can forsake the quiet walks of literature for the noisy clamor of the pleasure-seeking world. Men, highly gifted by genius, are very rarely favored with those tastes and habits that fit one to be a favorite in society. Neither are great readers. The tastes and habits that qualify him to enjoy the pleasures of literature, disqualify him to be either a lover of, or a favorite in society. True, conversation with an appreciative companion, adds zest to reading, yet mixing up too much in society will destroy the taste for it. This should not be, and when society is what it ought to be, the reader and the conversationist will derive mutual pleasure from each others company. The real lover of books can smile at the allurements of ambition, and say with the oft-quoted poet,

"My library is dukedom large enough."

Books are great travelers. If you never enjoy the privilege of an evening's chit-chat with a *traveled* gentleman, the best way you can supply the deficiency is to read some well-written book of travels. If you are of a poetic temperament, take passage with CURTIS or with BAYARD TAYLOR up the far-famed old Nile. Mount a dromedary and sweep across the wild and terrible desert. Wander by moonlight with an Arab guide through the beautiful ruins that crowd upon either bank, or sail away, "beyond civilization, away into the savage heart of Africa." If you are a plain, matter-of-fact man, peruse LIVINGSTONE'S Researches in South Africa. Trace him in his fatiguing journeys on ox-back through tribes, friendly and unfriendly, assailed by sickness and discouragement, and when you close the volume, you will feel that you have been in company with a true missionary hero.—For plain common sense, sound philosophy and valuable information, he cannot be excelled. If you are fond of Polar Seas and icebergs, Dr. KANE will charm you many an hour.

If you are a lover of poetry, you certainly must be hard to please if you can find nothing to suit your taste. Every age has its crowd of poets, though some tower like giants above the rest.—Though the names of MILTON and SHAKSPEARE are on the pen of nearly every essayest, we need not go back to these to find true poetry. Neither need we go across the water, for we have a BRYANT, WHITTIER, HALLECK, LONGFELLOW, and a PRENTICE. Their productions are sweet, charming, and true. But if you are partial to the older poets, the British bards look invitingly at you. Not to mention those contemporary with SCOTT and MOORE, read those of the time of GRAY and GOLDSMITH.—If you are in indolent mood, read THOMPSON'S Castle of Indolence, but read it slowly, lazily, or you will not appreciate it. If you feel like being preached to, read YOUNG'S Night Thoughts. If you wish to enjoy a pure, classical flow of language, study POPE and GOLDSMITH. If you would have all good qualities, combined with a spirit of deep religious fervor, read the best works of COWPER.

Perhaps you are a lover of history. There is no branch of literature embracing a wider range of subjects, or capable of being rendered more fascinating than history. If you would really enjoy it read only the best authors. There are enough of the productions of first-class writers to employ all the leisure time the generality of people can devote to literary pursuits. Why then should any one spend so brief a life in perusing the pages of those writers unsound in morals, or lacking healthful food for the intellect? From XENOPHON down to PRESCOTT, there are a perfect crowd of historians, but the indiscriminate study of all will not insure as complete a knowledge of history as the careful study of only the best. So it is with poetry, essays, and biography. Probably there is no branch of composition, that has suffered more from second-rate writers than fiction. Novelists, in order to command the interest of their readers, hold up to the imagination, highly wrought pictures. The false glare and glitter vitiate the taste of the reader, and he soon becomes dissatisfied with anything less showy. MACAULAY, D'AUBIGNE, and IRVING, are neglected for the Mrs. SOUTHWORTHS. Reader be careful to cultivate a taste for pure literature. It will do much toward building up a good and beautiful character. It will help to lead you to greatness. Select your library as you do your companions, with an eye to the influence they will exert upon your character.

"Come, my best friends, my books, and lead me on."

MINERVA OSBORN.

Butler, Milwaukee Co., Wis., 1859.

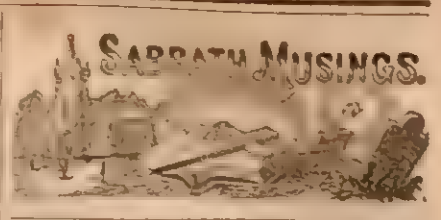
FACTS AND CIRCUMSTANCES.

CICERO'S first great speech was made at the age of twenty-seven. It was at the same age at which Demosthenes distinguished himself in the assembly of the Athenians. DANTE published his "*Vita Nuova*" when just twenty-seven. Dryden first gave testimony to his poetical genius at the age of twenty-seven. Bacon began to form his new system of philosophy into some form when about twenty-seven. Burns issued his first publication in his twenty-seventh year. Washington was but twenty-seven when he covered the retreat of the British troops at Braddock's defeat, and was appointed to the command-in-chief of all the Virginia forces. John Quincy Adams was appointed by Washington, in 1794, minister resident to the United Netherlands—thus commencing his public life at the age of twenty-seven. Napoleon, we believe, was only twenty-seven when he led the army into Egypt. Some of the poets that have been the pride of England, have commenced to write early in life. Some few, however, have produced their best pieces in old age. Cowper was fifty before he obtained any reputation as an author. Young never wrote anything that could be called poetry till he was over sixty; and was more than eighty when he published his poem on "Resignation." Chaucer wrote his best poetry after he was sixty. Pope wrote at twelve years of age. Cowley at fifteen. Chatterton at eleven. Samuel Rogers was fixed in his determination to become a poet by the perusal of Beattie's "Minstrel," when only nine years of age. Thomas Moore wrote poetry in his fourteenth year, which was published in the Dublin Magazine. Campbell wrote his poem on the "Pleasures of Hope" at twenty-one—the same age at which Pope wrote his essay on "Criticism." Shelley wrote at the age of fifteen; at eighteen he produced his wild, atheistical poem, "Queen Mab." Keats published his "Endymion" in his twenty-second year, a cruel criticism on which caused his death. Mrs. Hemans ventured on publication in her fifteenth year. Mrs. Norton composed her "Sorrows of Rosalie" in her seventeenth year. John Mayne in his sixteenth year published the germ of his "Sillie Gun." Hannah More published her "Search after Happiness" in her seventeenth year. Sir Edward Lytton wrote verses at the age of five or six years. Goethe died in 1832, a year which swept away so many of the great men of the European world—among others, Cuvier, Crabbe, and Sir Walter Scott. Cuvier and Napoleon were born in the same year, 1769. Mozart and Kosciusko were born in the year 1779. Alexander Hamilton and Lafayette were born in the year 1757. Hegel, Wordsworth, and Chalmers were each born in the year 1770. Macpherson, Herschel, and West were all born in the same year, 1738. Curran, Heber, David the painter, and Dr. Rush were each born in 1750.—*Home Journal.*

SWEET OLD AGE.—God sometimes gives to man a guiltless and holy second childhood, in which the soul becomes child-like, not childish—and the faculties, in full fruit and ripeness, are mellow, without sign of decay. This is that fought for land of Beulah, where they who have traveled manfully the christian way abide awhile, to show the world a perfect manhood. Life, with its battles and its sorrows, lies far behind them; the soul has thrown off his armor, and sits in an evening undress of calm and holy leisure. Thrice blessed the family or neighborhood that numbers among it one of those not yet ascended saints! Gentle are they and tolerant, and apt to play with little children, easy to be pleased with little pleasure.

PREJUDICE.—One of the greatest obstacles to the progress and admission of truth, is prejudice. It is akin to jealousy; a compound of the concentration of whims; a mote in the eye of reason. No living man can entirely divest himself of it. It not only greatly controls and biases the most of men, but it unconsciously lingers around some of the best men till the day of death. If we cannot conquer this gigantic enemy of truth, let us never cease to give him battle, and thus escape being conquered ourselves.

You had better find out one of your own weaknesses, than ten of your neighbor's.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"A DIRGE FOR THE DEPARTED."

BY ELLEN C. LAKE.

"A DIRGE for the departed."
For the childish brows that lie
Where lilies, golden-hearted,
In beauty bloom and die;
For lights gone out forever
From the hearth-side and the home;
For hopes that Death's dark river
Away from our hearts has won.

"A dirge for the departed,"
For manhood's strength laid low
Ere the triumph-light had parted
From the broad, undaunted brow;
For dreamings lost in shadow
Of the Valley dark and lone,
Showing no summer-meadow
Through the vistas darkly drawn.

"A dirge for the departed,"
For the aged hands that kept,
Till life-chords slowly parted,
Their prayer-clasp when we wept;
For hearts that held our weakness
In the keeping of their love,
For faith that grew in meekness
To its sure reward above.

"A dirge for the departed,"
For the blessings lost and gone,
For loves that life once started
In the flush of spring-time's dawn;
But *not* for souls gone early
Away from the toil and pain,
Not for the hearts wrung sorely
Of sorrow's most bitter rain.

Safe in the lands of Heaven
The loved that we miss must be;
Then for the earth-ties riven
Let anthems of praise flow free;
Up from the "bending willows"
And the grave's dark, deathly door,
Parting the surging billows
They've gone to a brighter shore.

Charlotte Centre, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WHY DELAY?

WHY so many hearts, long bowed down by conviction of sin? Why so long sorrowing—so long doubting? Can we thereby add anything to our own worthiness to be accepted of GOD, or will He be the more willing to receive us? Nay, fellow-sinners, GOD does not require us to prepare ourselves for His kingdom; nor can we, by any exertion of our own, make ourselves more fit for it.—Neither need we doubt His willingness to accept us. *Just as we are* let us come to Him—truly sorry for our sinful natures, and still more sinful practices—and at the foot of the cross give up everything to Him, making no reserve, and the self-same hour we do this GOD will graciously pardon our sins, and joy unspeakable will fill the sinner's heart.

Do we not by our long waiting show our disbelief of GOD's word, and of His ability to fulfil His promises? Or, does it not show a want of confidence on our part to trust our soul, our all to GOD, and while thus, by our actions, we accuse GOD of inability or unfaithfulness, can we expect so great, so very great a blessing from Him? As a friend, then, who fondly hopes to have tasted the "good word of life" let me entreat all who have not given their hearts to GOD, that without reserve, they *immediately* give themselves up to Him—go humbly by prayer and plead earnestly for the forgiveness of their sins.

And do any doubt being willingly received?—Aye, "I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance." It was CHRIST'S mission into the world, the cause of His great suffering and death to provide a way, and *this very* way by which you might be saved. Read the account of His life and see how kind, how *very* kind He was to sinners while on earth. See how much compassion and *love* He had for them. GOD is well pleased at the return of the humble, penitent sinner. Go therefore and receive His richest blessings, nor delay or mourn. H. P. D.

Brookland, Pa., 1859.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—The late eminent judge, Sir Allen Park, once said at a public meeting in London:—"We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible of their greatness, and of the source from whence they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our laws, and forget entirely how large a share is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of the pages of man's history, and what would his laws have been?—what his civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life; there is not a familiar object around us which does not wear a different aspect, because the light of Christian love is on it—not a law which does not owe its truth and gentleness to Christianity—not a custom which cannot be traced in all its holy, healthful parts to the Gospel."

GIVE ALL TO GOD.—Keep not back part of the price. Make a full surrender of every motion of thy heart; labor to have one object, and one aim. And for this purpose give God the keeping of thine heart. Cry out for more of the divine influences of the Holy Spirit, that so when the soul is preserved and protected by *Him*, it may be directed into one channel, and one only, that thy life may run deep and pure, and clear and peaceful; its only banks being God's will, its only channel the love of Christ and a desire to please Him.—*Spurgeon.*

MERE PROFESSIONS.—It is very possible for us to profess the name of Christ, and yet to be in fact, the *greatest* obstacles in the progress of his kingdom.—*Wayland.*

The Reviewer.

BOOK-MAKING AND PUFFING.

The people of this country are a reading people—they desire knowledge—buy such books as are published and recommended by the press, and read them. Publishers take advantage of this thirst for knowledge, and cheat the people by getting up worthless patch-work books, made from others already before the public. And, what is worse, these book-makers generally know so little of the subjects of which their books treat, that they are as likely to steal the defects and errors of authors, as those parts of real merit. All that is needed to make one of these modern book-makers, is industry, some knowledge of the English language, so as to be able to write an introductory paragraph occasionally, and a sharp pair of scissors, and there is no end to the number of books he can get up, and on any subject desired. The only limit is the willingness of the people to buy them. A few pictures and bright-colored covers make these books look attractive, and they are ushered into the world, accompanied by windy advertisements in the papers, and showy hand-bills at the doors of the bookstores. A copy of each new book is sent to the editors of the papers, nine-tenths of whom do not pretend to any knowledge of the subjects of which these works treat. To aid such in getting up a *puff*, the publishers often inclose a slip containing such a notice as they would like to have appear in the paper. Editors frequently either adopt this notice, and give it as their deliberate opinion of the value of the work, thus imposing upon their readers, or look over the title page and preface, cast a glance over its pages, and as a return for the compliment of a free copy, write a puff, pleasing and profitable to the publisher, no doubt, but quite otherwise to the reader who may thereby be induced to purchase.

We have been endeavoring, in a quiet way, to expose, and if possible, correct this great evil, and as was to be expected, some publishers have become a little excited on the subject. Our course, however, is deliberately taken, and we shall pursue it to the end. If throwing turf will not answer, we shall ere long try stones. The necessity for a reform in this respect has long been felt by the editors of the leading agricultural papers in the country, and our course is approved, as will be seen by the following notice of an article we gave a few weeks since, which we clip from the *Boston Cultivator*:

> We lately alluded to the necessity of a more thorough criticism of books on agriculture by agricultural journals. We are pleased to see that the same subject has attracted the attention of some of our contemporaries, and should the agitation of the matter result in bringing about a reform, it will be highly gratifying to the true friends of improvement. The making of books has been profitable, but with authors and publishers, the question—What will sell? has been the governing idea, rather than—What is true? The praiseworthy desire of the people to obtain knowledge, is abused, and their ignorance and credulity made use of to take from them their money. It is a matter of regret that so large a portion of the agricultural press has lent its aid to this imposture by its indiscriminate praise of books, or by its silence in regard to errors which it should have corrected. In some instances this may be accounted for on the ground of want of proper knowledge by the conductors of the press; in others, even a less creditable cause seems to have prevailed—a contemptible toadyism, prompted by the hope
>
> "That thrift may follow fawning."

The following is part of an able editorial article in the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and is worthy an attentive perusal.

In the RURAL of January 8th we alluded to this subject in rather plain terms, and in our issue for February 26th we noticed three small books, as representatives of the class of which we have been speaking; not, however, because these were worse than a score of others we might have selected; but they were on our table awaiting notice, and therefore convenient for our purpose. We quote a paragraph:

> Here we have a series of small books, neatly printed, and the getting up, so far as the publication is concerned, is almost faultless. But they are the representatives of a class of books got up to sell, compiled from various sources by men who know little or nothing of the subjects of which they treat. The praiseworthy desire of the people to obtain knowledge is abused, and their ignorance taken advantage of to take from them their money. They seek bread, and are willing to pay for it, but often find that what they purchase is as worthless and barren of information as a stone. The author of the first two must be a book-maker by trade, perhaps engaged by the month at this work, for it seems he has made books on "*How to Write*," "*How to Behave*," and "*How to do Business*," and perhaps on a dozen other subjects, and now manufactures a "*Manual of Practical Agriculture*," telling practical farmers, and those seeking information, "*how to cultivate all the field crops!*" He must be a man of wonderful information—a miracle of knowledge, and should not hide himself under a bushel, by concealing his name. 'Tis truly strange that one small head can carry all he knows. But this is not all. He is not only prepared to tell people how to *write, do business, behave*, and *cultivate all the field crops*, but from the titles above, it will be seen he has also made a book to instruct people in the cultivation of *vegetables, fruits* and *flowers*, as well as *ornamental trees and shrubs!* Is it not time there was an end to this *fraud* or *farce?* Will not the people learn publishers that, if they wish their books to sell, they must publish works of *merit?* Will not the agricultural press come to the rescue, and tell the truth of the books they notice, and quit this indiscriminate puffing, which has long enough cheated the public, and filled the country with worthless books?

To this list of books, of which this gentleman pretends to be the author, we might have added one recently issued on *Architecture*, and another announced on *Domestic Animals*. Now, it is perfect nonsense to suppose one man competent to *write a good book on all these subjects*. A man might well spend ten or twenty years of his life in preparing material for a book on either of these practical matters. Our views on this point were given January 8th, as follows:

> Who, in all this land, is competent to give us a good and reliable work on practical agriculture? full of the ideas that have been proved a thousand times, not visionary ideas that never will be proved—but a book giving the teachings of experience, the results of well-tried experiments, *for they testify* in a manner not to be gainsayed. A life-time and a fortune might be well spent in the accumulation of facts for such a book; but when accomplished it would be a blessing to the country and the world, and place the author's name on the roll of fame, away out of sight of the journeymen book-makers who manufacture books to suit their employers, the publishers.

Life Illustrated, of March 12th, published by FOWLER & WELLS, who are also the publishers of the little books which furnished the text for our previous article, comes to the rescue, with a defence, and states

1st. The notice we gave was the only unfavorable one of over 500 which the books have received.—This we do not doubt; nor will our readers be surprised at the fact, now that we have stated the manner in which these notices are obtained. It is this indiscriminate puffing of which we complain, (more than we do of the books,) and which we are endeavoring to correct.

2d. About the number of books of which one man claims to be the author, the reply is:—"We have often seen people wonder at the expertness of gymnasts, and simply for the reason that they could not themselves perform the same feats." Such a feat as writing half-a-dozen books on as many different subjects, we will not be likely to attempt—nor any other man who is competent to write profitably *on one subject!*

3d. We are charged with inconsistency, because we advertise the books, and at the same time condemn them. We allow advertisers to say what they choose of their wares, over their own signatures, whether they are books, grapes, trees, horses or cattle. They alone are responsible, and the people know that advertisements are the statements of interested parties. When the editor gives his opinion, the readers have a right to believe that he expresses his honest sentiments, formed on evidence. One is considered as the expressions of a merchant endeavoring to sell his goods, the other the counsels of a competent and disinterested friend. We think there is a vast difference here.

4th. We are next taken to task because we last year spoke favorably of two books by the same author, *How to Talk* and *How to Write*. We have nothing to take back of what we have said of these works; but does it follow that because these two were good, and we said so, that the author was competent to learn people how to cultivate all the field crops, vegetables, fruits, flowers and ornamental trees, and instruct them in architecture and cattle raising, in the bargain? Because a man paints a barn, and we praise his work, are we bound to praise a daub of a landscape that he may afterwards paint? Or, because he shoes our horse well, must we have him doctor our eyes, teach our children, make our clothes, and prune our pear trees?

5th. Complaint is made because we have not shown the faults of the books, in the following language:

> But really now, friend MOORE, what fault have you to find with, or criticism to make, on the books under notice? You have occupied a good deal of space, but have not come to a point, and have not given the public the most remote idea why these books should not be purchased. Almost the entire press in the country—religious, political, secular, and agricultural—have united in pronouncing each of the nine volumes of this style of books that we have published as being very much what you *said* you thought the first two were. Have they all, as well as the publishers, been mistaken? Are they books got up for the purpose of getting the people's money without rendering an equivalent, or are they what we claim for them—the very best books on the the subjects on which they treat ever published for the same price?

We have not much space to spare, but we will devote a few lines to an examination of one of these books, THE HAND-BOOK OF FRUIT CULTURE. The *Grape* and the *Pear* are now the most interesting subjects in the whole range of Pomology, both to the amateur and the frutit-grower. Information is more needed, and more eagerly sought on these subjects than on any others. The feeling is general that a grape earlier, and if possible hardier than the *Isabella* is needed, and at least of as good quality. Sellers of vines, like the publishers, are over-praising their wares, and there is danger that many will be induced to plant sorts far inferior to our old well-tried kinds. Of course the *Hand-Book* will give valuable information on this point. We open at page 89, and there we find the commencement of the chapter on grapes, which consists of only *three pages*, and that an old and unsatisfactory article from *Pardee's Strawberry Book*, published in 1854, in which only the *Catawba*, *Clinton*, *Diana* and *Isabella* are mentioned, even by name. Not a word of the newer sorts, or an iota of knowlege added since 1854. What a valuable document for the anxious inquirer after knowledge!

About seventeen pages are devoted to pears, mostly occupied with outlines, with brief descriptions of a number of varieties, less full and satisfactory than can be found in the pages of any nursery catalogue. To the *Virgalieu* about two lines are devoted, and we are told it is "*a fine market pear*," but that it cracks over a large portion of our country, so as to be worthless, the reader must learn from some other source. All that is said of *Beurre Superfin*, which was figured and described in the RURAL a few weeks since, is simply this,—"*Bears young. Good on quince.*" Of what value, we ask, is such a description, to those who desire information?

Within a page or two of the end of the chapter on Pears, the reader is informed that the "above list (with descriptions condensed) is extracted from *Tucker's Annual Register*. The *following* are described in ELLWANGER & BARRY'S *Catalogue*." A valuable book, truly, where the article on Grapes is taken bodily from a little work published in 1854, and the chapter on Pears from the *Annual Register* and a nursery catalogue. But our author has not the merit of *copying correctly*, for on page 107 we find three outlines of pears with *wrong names attached;* the slender, long-stemmed, delicate *Rosticzer* is made to be a short, obovate pear, with a thick, short stem, and the others are as badly off.

Coe's Transparent Cherry is described as *new*, because THOMAS first described it so in his book, ten years ago; although it has been fruited here twelve or more years.

Need we go further to show how unreliable this work is? How sadly those 500 editors, "religious, political, secular and agricultural," have imposed upon their readers by advising them to purchase such a book.

ADAM BEDE. By GEORGE ELIOT, author of "Scenes of Clerical Life." New York: Harper & Brothers. 12 mo. pp. 496.

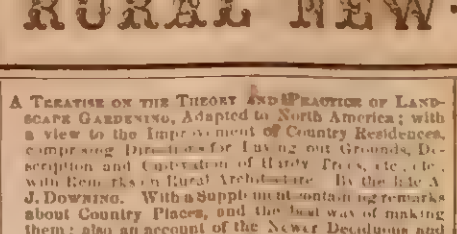
THIS is a closely printed and a very interesting novel of the very best class. The scene is laid in an English village, about fifty years ago. The hero, ADAM, was a hard-working, honest, able mechanic, and an adherent of the English church. The heroine, DINAH, was one of good JOHN WESLEY'S converts, and, like Mrs. FLETCHER, and other noble women, felt it to be her duty to follow the example of her Divine Master, preach the gospel to the poor, and go about doing good. After refusing several offers of marriage, being determined to devote her whole time to the work in which she was engaged, she finally became the wife of ADAM BEDE. Much may be learned in this book of English customs and village life, as well of the efforts of the dissenters to benefit the poor and ignorant, and the regard in which they were held by the "*Evangelical*" section of the established church. The portraits seem to be fairly drawn. From the Publishers.

A TREATISE ON THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF LANDSCAPE GARDENING, Adapted to North America; with a view to the Improvement of Country Residences. comprising Directions for Laying out Grounds, Description and Cultivation of Hardy Trees, etc., etc., with Remarks on Rural Architecture. By the late A. J. DOWNING. With a Supplement containing remarks about Country Places, and the best way of making them; also an account of the Newer Deciduous and Evergreen Plants, lately introduced into cultivation, both hardy and half-hardy. By HENRY WINTHROP SARGENT. New York: A. O. MOORE & Co.

THIS, we need not inform our readers, is that popular work, *Downing's Landscape Gardening and Rural Architecture*, to which is added a supplement containing about 130 pages, and many beautiful illustrations of Country Houses, Trees, Parks, &c., by HENRY WINTHROP SARGENT. Perhaps no man in the country was so well prepared for the work which he has performed as Mr. S. With a beautiful house and grounds on the Hudson, within sight of the residence of the lamented DOWNING, whose intimate friend he was, with fine taste, and an intimate knowledge of all the newest and rarest trees, particularly evergreens, gained from actual experiment, he is, we have no doubt the one Mr. DOWNING, if living, would have selected to do this work, if unable to perform it himself. We have only been able to give an hour to the perusal of the supplement, and thus far it has realized our anticipations. Our readers will be happy to learn that Mr. SARGENT has performed this labor without compensation, and for the sole benefit of Mrs. DOWNING. When we have examined it further, we may say more on the subject. From the Publishers.

MAN AND HIS DWELLING PLACE. An Essay Towards the Interpretation of Nature. Redfield: New York 12 mo. pp. 391.

THIS is a mixture of science, philosophy, religion, ethics, reason, and so forth. The object of the book seems to be to prove, otherwise than by revelation, the doctrine of the final happiness of all the human family. The argument is that this world is not a state of trial or probation, as is generally believed, but a school for training and correction, where people are punished for their sins and rewarded for their virtues—all being designed for improvement. That in this world we are dead, and after death we commence to live, and scripture allusions to the death of the wicked refer to the state of death in which we exist here. This is all we can make out of it, after giving all the time we can afford. The author's name is not given, and the reader will be as much troubled to find out what he means as who he is. For sale by DEWEY.



THE ROTASCOPE.—No. III.

BY TOBIAS WITMER.

IN our preceding article we assumed the wheel to be moving with a velocity that would carry a particle on its outer surface, just equal to the velocity of a falling body towards the center of the earth, during the first second of time of its descent; and we found that the particle C, fig. 5, would (independent of cohesion) be brought to a state of rest, and all the other particles of the wheel would tend to move around that point as a center, bringthe centre I, in the direction I, J. But as the

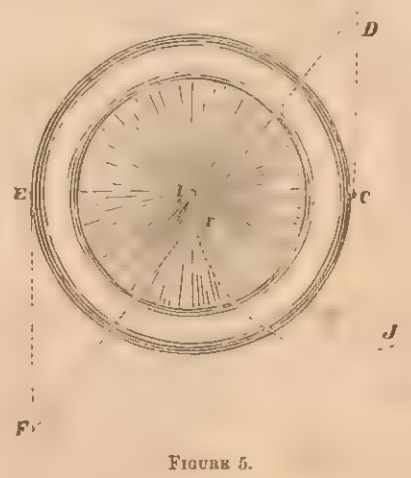


FIGURE 5.

wheel continues to revolve on its axis, and each particle is incessantly changing its place, this *new center* of motion is also incessantly changing its place, causing, as before shown, the rotation of the machine around the stand, (see fig. 1, in second article,) with a velocity of, say 4 feet per second.

Now, we will increase the velocity of the wheel, say four times, or to 64⅛ feet per second. The particle C, will no longer be at rest, but will be projected 64⅛—16 1-12=48¼ feet in a second, in the direction C, D, while, in the same time, E will be projected 64⅛+16 1-12=80 5-12 feet in the direction E, F, while the center of motion will be brought back to *r*. And the greater the velocity of the wheel around its axis, the nearer will this new center of motion be brought in proximity to I; and the rotation of the machine around the stand, will no longer be 4 feet per second, but *less* than 4; and, indeed, if the velocity of the wheel, could be increased to *infinity*, i. e., so that 16 1-12 ft. per second would be as nothing to the velocity given, (which might prove to be a dangerous experiment, as well as a difficult one,) the machine would not rotate at all around the stand, but while revolving on its

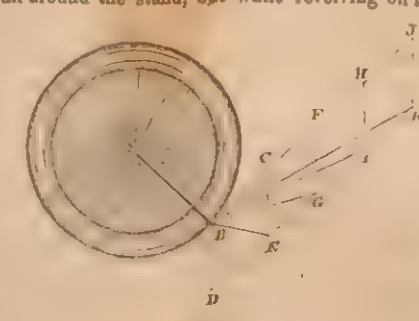


FIGURE 6.

axis, would stand perfectly still; gravitation having no power to destroy the "balance of power" between the particles situated on opposite sides of the axis, and moving in opposite directions. Hence, the rotation of the machine around the stand, is very slow when the wheel moves with great velocity, and is accelerated as the velocity of the wheel is diminished by friction and the resistance of the air. This approximation of the velocity of the machine around the stand, from 4 feet per second down to a state of rest, may be demonstrated by figure 6.

With a velocity of 16 1-12 feet per second, the resultant, as before shown, would be B, E; but if doubled to 32 1-6 feet, the resultant would be B, G, and if increased to 49¼ feet, the resultant will be B, I; while if quadrupled to 64⅓ feet, it will be B, K, and so on, approximating to B, J, though never able entirely to reach it. It will be readily perceived that the resultants are continually *opposing* gravitation more and more as the velocity is increased. And the more two forces oppose each other, the less they accomplish towards a common end.

FIGURE 7.

If our theory is correct with regard to the Rotascope, it is rational to suppose that the yearly motion of the earth, in its orbit around the sun, is the resultant of the *daily revolution* on its axis, and the attraction of the sun, and very much do we regret our want of scientific culture to extend our investigations in that direction, and treat the subject as its importance deserves. We venture a homely opinion, hoping to hear from abler minds on the subject. Let S, (figure 7,) represent the sun, E, the earth revolving on its axis, in the direction indicated by the arrow-heads. This diurnal revolution, (like the motion given to the wheel,) with gravitation of the earth toward the sun, would cause it to move in its orbit in the direction from A to B as a resultant. Likewise a ship, propelled by a single wheel placed at the stern, revolving with its axis parallel to the keel, like our lake propellers, will have tendency to swing the stern sidewise, and require the helm to be laid over, to counteract this motion. I am not sure that this is practically true, but hope to hear from some experienced lover of truth on this subject. Let us have *facts*, and then draw our conclusions from them, and many things which appear mysterious will be found obeying the laws of Nature with due loyalty.

Williamsville, N. Y., 1859.

SPEED OF RAILROAD CARS.

MANY of the accidents which happen to persons attemping to cross railroads are the results of ignorance of the velocity of the iron horse when fairly under way. A writer in the Hartford Courant gives some interesting facts which it may be well to bear in mind:

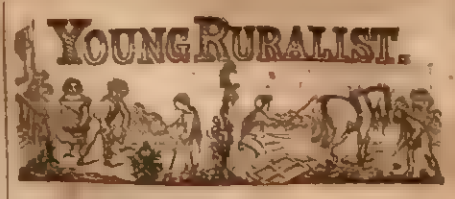
"It seems almost incredible that, as we glide smoothly along, the elegantly furnished car moves nearly twice its length in a second of time—about 74 feet. At this velocity we find that the locomotive driving wheels, six feet in diameter, make four revolutions per second. It is no idle piston-rod that traverses the cylinder eight times per second.

If a man with a horse and carriage should approach and cross the track at a speed of six miles per hour, which would be crossing rapidly, an express train approaching at the moment would move two hundred and fifty-seven feet while he was in the act of crossing a distance barely sufficient to clear the horse and vehicle. If the horse was moving no faster than a walk, as the track is usually crossed, the train would move towards him, while in the act of crossing, more than five hundred feet. This fact accounts for the many accidents at such points. The person driving thinks he may cross because the train is a few rods distant.

How compares the highest speed with the velocity of sound? When the whistle is opened at the eighty rod whistle post, the train will advance nearly one hundred feet before the sound traverses the distance to, and is heard at, the crossings.—The velocity exceeds the flight of birds. The late Dr. J. L. Comstock, the well-known author of several philosophical works, informed the writer that he was recently passing through Western New York when the train actually ran down and killed a common hawk. The train was stopped, and the game so rarely captured was secured."

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.—Dr. COX is reported to have said, in a College address:—"I am glad that LUTHER had a good digestion as well as a great soul, for the reformation would have been delayed had he been a dyspeptic." The Reverend Doctor has been a martyr himself to throat-ail, arising from a dyspeptic stomach; and it has been reported to us that his wife is the only person able to keep him well, by always accompanying him and treading on his big toe under the table, to remind him that he had eaten enough, and instanter the plate is obediently pushed back.—*Hall's N. Y. Journal of Health.*

IT costs a deal of money to be rich, and it is a question if so much is worth so little? After all, is wealth worth the cost, first in acquiring it, next in supporting it, and lastly, in bearing up under it when you have lost it?—*Punch*



A PLEA FOR DOGS.

MESSRS. EDS.—In looking over the pages of the RURAL, my eyes very naturally rested upon an article by S. B. B., entitled "*A Plea for Dogs*,"—and thinking perhaps I could add an additional mite of testimony in favor of "these gentle dogs," I send you this communication, so that "by the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established." Your correspondent starts out with the assertion that "in all ages and in all climes the dog has occupied a conspicuous place among domestic animals," which, so far as my observation extends is strictly true; and if any one entertains a doubt, he can have ocular demonstrations of the fact that he (the dog, I mean) "has occupied a *very conspicuous place* among" *some of the best flocks of sheep* in this vicinity. All that would be necessary would be to take a walk over the fields of some of our neighbors in order to convince the most skeptical.

In addition to what my friend says with respect to "the three letters that compose the term (dog) when differently arranged might serve as a gentle hint, &c.," he might have added that the dog possesses one of the good qualities attributed to Him thus represented, namely—"he goes about doing good." In proof of this, I will cite a case which recently came under my own observation. Our neighbor over the way, was the owner of a nice flock of *Leicester Sheep*, for which he had paid a large amount of money, (which he ought to have paid out for dogs.) His sheep were increasing so fast that they were likely to eat up all his surplus fodder and convert it into good merchantable wool and mutton, which, when sold, would enable him to lay by a snug little sum each year. The prospect was that unless something was done immediately, our neighbor would soon be ranked among those of whom it was said, "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for them to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." And, had not our "faithful sentinel" (with his "eloquent tail,") "*opened his mouth*" in behalf of our neighbor, awful would have been his situation. But "the noble animal for which we plead," saw the impending danger, and came to the rescue. And the result was, that this morning the mangled carcasses of his choicest sheep were to be seen scattered over his fields. But notwithstanding this exhibition of disinterested benevolence on the part of our mutual friend, some of our neighbors (even the one over the way included,) are so ungrateful as to accuse "the noble animal for which we plead" of prowling about nights and thrusting his carniverous fangs into the throats of the innocent and unoffending sheep, and sucking out their life-blood. But I intend to silence all such slanderous insinuations in these parts, and if S. B. B. can keep them all straight away down in old Vermont, I think *wee* dogs will come out all right yet. WILLIE.

Fairfield, Mich., March, 1859.

FARMING IN OHIO.

ED. RURAL.—The present day brings with it an opportunity to write something relative to our rural homes, and the prospects of the coming season, which, no doubt, will prove a fruitful one. I have been anxiously looking to see if the YOUNG RURALISTS of Ohio would speak out and say something about the present campaign, which farmers are heartily preparing for. Old fences are being torn down, new ones made in their stead, briars and thorns mutilated, and lands, which formerly produced nothing but weeds and grass, are now undergoing a process of underdraining, which will eventually pay the owner three dollars per day.

Sugar Cane is fast becoming a common production in Ohio, and most farmers in my vicinity are fixed upon giving it a thorough trial the coming season, and I, as one, have come to the resolution of putting out at least one acre, in which to test its cultivation. Those who have tried the cultivation of the cane have succeeded tolerably well. One of my neighbors having out a piece of ground in sugar cane, not exceeding in dimensions a common country garden, received from the stocks fifty-one gallons of juice, which, when boiled into sirup, produced seven gallons. YOUNG RURALISTS, will this not pay? Let us, then, put forth our strongest efforts to see who can produce the most sirup from the least portion of ground. S. C. ROACH.

Paris, Stark Co., Ohio, 1859.

HENS, PRAIRIE CHICKENS AND CHILBLAINS.

MESSRS. EDS.:—As father and I take the RURAL, I wish to ask a few simple questions through its columns. What is the best and cheapest food to feed hens to make them lay in the winter? I keep them in a warm coop and let them out every afternoon. I feed them plenty of boiled buckwheat and fresh meat. I keep plenty of coal, gravel, and lime in the coop. Two-thirds of them are half Shanghaes and the rest full-blood Brahmas. The number of eggs that I get ranges from three to five a day, from two dozen hens. Will any one give a *non-laying* remedy?

Will some one give me the best plan to make a trap to catch prairie hens? The one that I have is four boards nailed together, in the form of a box, with slats across the top. I set it with a figure four. I never catch but one at a time, and, as they are very shy, my hauls are few and far between.

What will cure chilblains? As I am troubled with them, I wish to know. F. L.

Springport, Mich., 1859.

We cannot tell why your fowls do not lay better in the winter. We find early spring chickens lay better in the winter than either old hens or late chickens. Ascertain which hens lay, and this fact may be of service to you another season. Perhaps they are confined in too small and close a house. It would be well to change their feed. Try a few experiments in this way. The best way to trap prairie chickens we must leave for our young readers in the West. Turpentine is said to be an excellent remedy for chilblains, if well rubbed in, but we cannot speak from experience.

Contents of the Rural for April 2, 1859.

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Publisher's Notices.

TERMS OF THE RURAL FOR 1859.

Single Copy, One Year	- - - -	$2
Three Copies, "	- - - -	$5
Six " and 1 free to Club Agent,		$10
Ten " " " "		$15
Sixteen " " " "		$22
Twenty " " " "		$26
Thirty-two " 2 " "		$40

☞ Back numbers of this vol. can still be furnished, or subscriptions can begin with the New Quarter, April 2d. Clubs for Six or Nine months at same proportional rates as for a year, and Gratuities, &c., allowed.

THE RURAL'S SPRING CAMPAIGN!

A BENEFIT FOR AGENTS AND FRIENDS.

A NEW QUARTER — the Spring Campaign — of the RURAL NEW-YORKER will commence April 2d, a favorable time to form new clubs, or make additions to those already formed. All whose subscriptions expire this week, will bear in mind that a prompt renewal is necessary to secure the uninterrupted continuance of the paper. They should at once form new clubs, or join with others in sending. No lover of the RURAL should be content to have it merely "hold its own" in his locality, but strive to increase its circulation and usefulness—and *Now is the Time to make the Effort.* In recognition of recent exertions of Agent-Friends, and as an extra inducement for continued canvassing during the Spring Campaign, we now make the following very Liberal and Seasonable offer:

CHOICE FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS As Gratuities for Agents, &c.

To any Club-Agent making additions to his present club to the amount of $5, we will send (post-paid,) TEN CHOICE Varieties of Annual Flower Seeds, put up by THORBURN & Co., New York, or BRIGGS & BRO., Rochester, (as preferred,) price 50 cents. The same to any person forming a new club of 8, and remitting $5.

For EVERY remittance of $10 — whether in addition to clubs, or for new clubs—we will send (post-paid,) *in addition to the extra copies already offered*, a DOLLAR PACKAGE OF FLOWER OR VEGETABLE SEEDS, as preferred by the person entitled, to be selected by such person from the following packages put up by B. K. BLISS:

FLOWER SEEDS.	*Price.*
No 1—consists of Twenty choice varieties of Annuals,	$1 00
No 2—consists of Twenty choice varieties of Biennials and Perennials,	1 00
No 3—consists of Ten extra fine varieties of Annuals and Perennials, embracing many of the new and choicest in cultivation,	1 00
No. 4—consists of five very choice varieties, selected from Prize Flowers of English Pansies, German Carnation and Picotee Pinks, Verbenas, Truffaut's French Asters and double Hollyhocks,	1 00
VEGETABLE SEEDS.	*Price.*
No. 5—collection of Twenty selected varieties, including two vars. of beets, two of cucumbers, two of cabbages, two of melons, the celebrated Hubbard Squash, Early Paris Cauliflower, &c., &c.,	1 00

(Packages sent to Canada or other British Provinces will not be post-paid, as the postage in some instances would be nearly or quite $1. We send post-paid to any address in the United States.)

☞ Subscriptions can begin with the New Quarter, April 2d, or we can still furnish back numbers from Jan. 1st, so that all who desire can have the volume complete. Clubs for Six or Nine months at the same proportional rates as for a year.

ENTITLED TO GRATUITIES.—In the RURAL of March 5th, after giving a list of the 100 persons entitled to bound vols., we added that "as the gratuities have been paid to the 100 persons sending the first lists of 10, 16 or 20 subscribers, it is considered unnecessary to publish the list of names."

This was an error, arising from not fully understanding the verbal report of our clerk, at time of writing; we should have said "the gratuities have been credited to all and *paid so far as called for.*" We now publish the complete list so that there may be no cause of complaint. Those who have not received the gratuity—which is either an extra RURAL, a Gross of Wash. Med. Pens, or $1.50 in Ag. Books, as preferred—will please advise us as to their preference and we will forward:

H. A Nixon, P. C. Buell, C. E. Bentley, F H Metcalf, R. C. Wallace, S. Bouton, N. Hungerford, H. G Whitmore, W. W Warner, E. S. McIntosh, A. Vinas, A McNary, T H Prentice, H. B. Robinson, G. B. Johnson, W Fenner, G W Bushnell E Macomber, H. C. Norton, Mary A Hecox, W R Quinn, Geo Becker, W A Halsey, A Eastman, T. H. Tucker, L. F. Cook, C D Hub., H M G L. Riles, W. S. Patterson, I Stephenson, C M Brown, A. H. Snow, A. R. Snow, J M. Lutin, G. A. Tracy, D. C. Fry, E. Stephens, Jr., S. C. Hatmaker, L. Couch, C. Houck, L. L. Pierpont, A. M. Hall, T. C. Watermann, J. D. Cheney, P. G Tambling, W. W. Thomas, J O Chaffee, J Q A Stockwell, D G Van Winkle, F A Brown, J Crosby R Hooper, F Smith, W Stewart, A Clough A Auten, L Treadwell, F H Gilbert J W Smith, M R. Cole, J A Nichols D Pentons C Todd, T B Ives, S A Olmsted W H Holster C A Clark, E Griswold, A. Boynton W H Main, F Starr, J Helms, W J. Van Densen, O Chesebrough, J C Highriter C. D. Hill, A Arnold, P H Barrington, J Evans, O Wade T P Hicks, W H Norton, J Holbrook, R D French, I Martin, J S Grinnell E Wells, C H Miller G S Pickett, L B Marsh, J K Murdock, A Miller D K Stone, C A Bacon, J D Fowler, T. E. Ferrier, A. Ross, Thos Hole, N Hatch, C M. Hamilton.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS—Are now in order, and whether they come (as they do daily) in ones, twos, fives, tens or twenties, are gratefully welcomed and receive prompt attention. Please note, and send on the names of all wish to join your club, even the eleventh-hour men and stragglers.

☞ DRAFTS AT OUR RISK.—We lose little money by mail, but prefer Drafts on New York (less exchange,) payable to our order, and which may be sent at our risk if carefully mailed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and each and all who form clubs, will not only receive extra copies, but their aid will be appreciated. We have no traveling agents, nor do we give certificates.

FIGHT BETWEEN U. S. TROOPS AND INDIANS.—A dispatch from Leavenworth to the St. Louis Democrat says a severe fight has occurred near Fort Arbuckle, between 50 troops and 50 Wachita Indians under Lieut. Brown, and a large party of Camanches, in which two Camanches were killed and two soldiers wounded. Another fight occurred between Lieut. Stanley in command of 50 troops, and the Camanches, in which eight of the latter and one of the former were killed. Capt. Carr, and 50 men, have left Fort Waschita for the seat of war. It is said the Camanches number upwards of 3,000. Another battle is anticipated.

ANOTHER FILLIBUSTERING EXPEDITION FOR CUBA.—The *Courrier des Etats Unis* asserts that another fillibustering expedition is ready to start for Cuba on the receipt of instructions expected by the next steamer from Havana. The head-quarters are in New York city, but the arms and ammunition are in Southern cities. Men are ready to depart simultaneously from different parts of the Union, and secret agents on the Island are actively engaged in preparing for the fillibusters a facile access.

Deaths.

At his residence, on the 22d ult., in Covington, Wyoming Co., N. Y., from Hemorrhage of the Lungs, BENEDICT SHOOK, Esq., aged 40 years. Born in Cheshire Conn., where his ancestors had resided for several generations, thence removed from Cheshire in England. He came to Western New York in 1812, volunteered to go into Canada in time of the war, served several cold winters, led a very active and useful life, was an ardent friend of his country and his kind, and died rejoicing in a Christian hope.

In Cliff, March 15th, HELEN MARIA, daughter of Lafayette M. and Mary M. Pritchard, in the 5th year of her age.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, March 29, 1859.

FLOUR is without change in rates, and the business transacting is mostly confined to the home demand.

GRAIN—We do not alter our quotations for Wheat altho' one or two small parcels of white Kentucky have been sold during the week at $1,80 per bushel. These samples were very superior and the rates they brought are above the tone of the market this A. M. Corn is drooping, 75c per bushel is the extreme price to-day. Buyers of Barley are inclined to have a reduction, and though No. 1 readily brings 70c, dealers have established a range running as low as 65 cents per bushel.

FRUITS AND ROOTS—Apples are bringing all prices from 50 cents to $1,75 per bushel—some fine grown specimens of Baldwin and Northern Spy have sold at higher prices. Nice dried apples are worth 9c ₱ lb—equal to $1,98 per bushel.—Potatoes are not quite so firm, though the shipping demand does not seem to have slackened—hundreds of barrels are daily sent from our city to Cincinnati, Ohio, and other points in the West. Dealers are endeavoring to force the market down to 45 cents per bushel for best varieties.

SEEDS—The past week has witnessed a great decline in Clover $4,50@5,00 is all our buyers seem willing to pay. The New York city price is 10c per pound. Timothy unchanged

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		EGGS, dozen	10@11c
Flour, wint wheat	$7,25@7,50	Honey, box	15@16c
Do. spring do.	$5,50@7,00	Candles, box	12@13c
Do Buckwheat ₱ cwt.	$1,75	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,60@1,75	Apples, bushel	50@$1,75
Best white Canada	$1,80@1,75	Do dried	$1,50 @ 1,75
Corn	75c	Potatoes	25@30c
Rye, 56 lbs ₱ bush	77@78c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Oats	32@34c	Slaughter	6@6½c
Barley	65@70c	Calf	10c
Buckwheat	48@50c	Sheep pelts	$1,25@1,75
Beans	65@75c	Lamb do	38@65c
MEATS.		SEEDS.	
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,00	Clover, bush	$4,50@5,00
Do cwt	$7,50@8,00	Timothy	$2,00@2,50
Beef ₱ cwt	$6,00@6,00	SUNDRIES.	
Spring lambs each	$1,00@2,00	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Mutton (carcass)	5@6c	Do soft	$3,00@3,00
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,25
Shoulders	6@8c	Do Scranton	$5,00@5,50
Chickens	7@8c	Do. Blossburg	$5,00@5,50
Turkeys	10@11c	Do. Shamokin	$5,00@5,00
Geese	38@44c	Do Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c		Salt, bbl	$1,30@1,35
Butter, roll	18@20c	Hay, ton	$7,00@11,00
Do firkin	15c	Wool ₱ lb	35@36c
Cheese	10@12c	White fish, bbl	$7,00@7,50
Lard, tried	11@12c	Codfish ₱ quintal	$4,75@5,00
Tallow	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$6,50@7,00

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, March 26.—FLOUR—The flour market is heavy and unchanged; sales at $5,50@5,90 for com. to choice super State; $6,40@6,75 for extra State; $5,60@6 for super Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa; $6,50@$6,90 for common to good medium and extra do; $6,60 @6,80 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing dull. Canadian quiet; sales at $6,40@7,50 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—The market for wheat is dull and heavy. Sales at $1,60@1,62 for white Michigan. Rye dull at 90@93c; sales Jersey at 90. Barley quiet; sales at 70@83c. Corn firm; sales at 89½@90c for yellow Jersey and Southern; 87½c white Southern; 90c was refused for mixed Western. Oats dull at 56@57c for State; 60@62c for Western and Canada.

PROVISIONS—Pork dull and heavy; sales at $18,00@18,75 for new mess; $17,50 for old do; $13,00 for prime; Lard dull, sales at 11¾@11¾c. Butter is quiet at 10@15c for Ohio; 15@23c for State. Cheese dull at 8@11¾c.

BUFFALO, March 28.—FLOUR—The market was very quiet this morning, owing in part to the firmness of holders; sales $5,30 for low State, from Chicago spring wheat; $6,25@6,50 for ordinary to good extra Michigan, Indiana and Ohio; $6 75@ 7,00 for double extras, and $7,25 for favorite family brands.

GRAIN—Red winter Indiana Wheat is a shade firmer, but without quotable change. No sales. Other grains nominally unchanged

SEED—Clover is somewhat easier. We hear of sales within the range of $5,25@5,50. Timothy unchanged.

PROVISIONS—Sales heavy mess pork to the trade at $17,25; also light mess beef at $9, and extra Chicago do at $11.25.—Sales hams in dry salt at 8c. Lard steady at 12c.

ALBANY MARKETS, March 28.—FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market opened languid for flour, and up to the close but little was done. In prices there is no change to note. Corn meal is quiet but steady.

GRAIN.—There was a good attendance on 'change this morning, and a fair show of samples of wheat, corn, barley and oats, but up to the close no sales were effected.

SEED.—The supply of clover is very large, and the market is both weak and lower. We note a sale of 105 bushels large at 9¾c ₱ pound. Timothy is unchanged.

TORONTO, March 25.—FLOUR.—The market since our last has been very inactive, and there is no change apparent, in prices.

GRAIN.—Fall wheat in active demand at 7s. 9d. to 8s. Good shipping samples, with an occasional purchase, at 8s 2d. per bushel for the very best. The quality brought in during the week has not been of the highest kind, and the great bulk of the deliveries has been purchased at between 7s. 6d. and 8s. Spring wheat has been bought freely at 6s 9d to 7s per bushel. For seed the best Fyfe wheat is held at 8s per bushel. Barley.—Farmers realize 5s for good samples. Rye.—No rye is offered. The nominal quotations 4s per bushel. Oats.—The market is more settled at 2s 9d to 2s 10½d per bushel for large lots, and the latter quotation is about the current rates on the markets. Peas are scarce, and are wanted principally for home use and manufacture, at 4s to 5s per bushel.

SEED.—Timothy seed is plentiful, and business on it is not very brisk. Really good is retailed at $2,50 per bushel; medium $2,00 to $2,25; and common $1,75 to $2,00. Clover seed is very steady at $6,75 to $7,00 per bushel.

The Cattle Markets

NEW YORK, March 23.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, $10,50@11,00; Ordinary, $9,50 @10,50; Common, $8,00@9,00; Inferior, $6,50@7,50.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55@65; Ordinary, $45@ 50; Common, $35@40; Inferior, $20@28.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₱ lb., 7@7¼c.; Ordinary, 5¾ @6¼c.; Common, 4½@5¼c.; Inferior, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, per head, $8,00@10,00; Ordinary, $6,00@7,50; Common, $4,00@5,00; Inferior, $3,50 @4,00.

SWINE—First quality, 6¾@6¾c.; Other qualities, 5½@6¼c.

ALBANY, March 28.—Receipts at West Albany for the week: Cattle, 1,348; Sheep, 2,161; Hogs, 886.

BEEVES—Prices take the following range—Extra 6@6½c; First quality 5¾@5¾c; Second do 4@5¼c; Third do 5c; Inferior do 3¾c.

SHEEP—Sales at from $5,00@5,62c, as to quality.

HOGS—Sales at 4¾@5¾c for pigs; 7c for hogs. Fat still fed held at 6¾c, with buyers at 6¾c.

COWS—Sales at $33@50.

CAMBRIDGE, March 23.—At market 790 Cattle, about 700 Beeves, and 140 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $8,00@8,50; First quality, $7,50@7,75; Second, $6,00@6,50; Third, $5,50; Ordinary, $4,50.

WORKING OXEN—$90, 120@175 per pair.

COWS AND CALVES—$30@45@50@58.

STORES—Yearlings, $00@00; Two Years Old, $22@28; Three Years Old, $29@33.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—750 at market. Prices—Extra and Selections, $4,50@6,8; in lots $2,50@3@3,50

HIDES—7½@8c ₱ lb. Tallow—5@6c ₱ lb.

PELTS—$1,50@1,50 each. Calf Skins, 14@15c, ₱ lb.

VEAL CALVES—Sales at $4, 6@10.

N. B.—Beef extra and first quality includes nothing but the best, large, fat, stall-fed Oxen.

BRIGHTON, March 24.—At market 850 Beeves, 150 Stores, 750 Sheep and Lambs, 1500 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $8,00@8,50; First quality, $7,75; Second, $6,50; Third, $5,50.

WORKING OXEN—$120@150.

MILCH COWS—$30@40; common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—$3,00, 4,00@7,00.

STORES—Yearlings, $00@00; Two Years Old, $25@32; Three Years Old, $25@33.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—By lot, $2,75@3,00; Extra, $4,00@7.

SWINE—Fat Hogs, 6c.; Retail, 6@6¾c. Pigs 5½@6c.

HIDES—7½@8c. ₱ lb. Tallow—7@8c ₱ lb.

PELTS—$1,50@1,75 Calf Skins, 14@15c. ₱ lb.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, March 23.—The demand for native fleece has been quite limited during the past three or four weeks, owing, no doubt, to the extreme prices current, therefore, it became necessary for manufacturers to pause and soliloquize, "what the state of the trade is market warrant them in paying the extreme prices demanded," and their own intelligence answered them in the negative. Consequently, we find many of them turning their attention to California, Texas, Cape and fine South American qualities, which, when well sorted, answer somewhat as a substitute. Yet those who hold fine fleeces are sanguine of obtaining high rates, knowing that the stock in the country, as I particularly here, is small for the moment, however, there is no demand worthy of important note, and although no one seems desirous of yielding a concession in prices, it is very evident that the buoyancy manifest previous to the Boston sale, is lacking, and some dealers are anxious to realize. Pulled wools are also less sought for and have somewhat accumulated, owing to a slackness in the hatters' trade, and a light demand from flannel and mixed clothing producers, at present. Foreign grades of South American are in better supply, the first arrivals are in much better condition than last year, and a few desirable qualities have sold at an advance of some 5c ₱ lb, but no large parcels can be placed for the moment. The sales which have come under our observation include 75,000 lbs native fleeces at 50@55c for half to full blood Merino and Saxony including a small parcel of fine hand washed Saxony at 56c; and in this connection, we would have our readers understand that hand washed and Australia wools, as well as parts from the mills are cheaper at 75@80c ₱ lb than wool off the sheep's back at 60@65c which are about the rates now in the market; sales also of 60,000 lbs pulled No 1's and extra country Saxony at 35@55c, and do fine Merinos at about 50@55c; 100 do do in Boston at about 27c, 6 mos, and 100 do Cordova here on p. t.—*Tribune*

CHICAGO, March 26.—The *Commercial Express* says—"Great cry and little wool! The fever is about Contracts were unluckily closed here six months for Wisconsin and Illinois fleece wools at 40c, but sellers are now at no loss to discover, parties now might search for the purchasers in vain with lighted candles. However, there is no hurry about it, they may come round again."

DETROIT, March 26.—We notice that there is but very little movement in wools at present. We can only learn of the sale of about 2,000 lbs, at the same rates we gave last week, and we have to add, that the buyer was unwilling to take the lot on such high terms, as he considered the price from one to two cents above what the eastern manufacturers would pay. The rate was from 46 to 48½ cents.—*Michigan Farmer.*

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Pamphlets containing directions, &c., will be sent gratis, on application to GRIFFING, BROTHER & CO.,
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Acknowledging the favor and patronage which have been bestowed upon him by the Trade and others, since the commencement of his enterprise, respectfully informs his patrons and the public generally, that with greatly increased facilities he continues to manufacture a superior article of
SALERATUS, PURE CREAM TARTAR, BI CARBONATE OF SODA, SAL SODA, &c.
The above articles will be sold in all varieties of packages, at as low prices as they are afforded by any other manufacturer, and in every case warranted pure and of superior quality. Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled.
☞ Consumers of Saleratus, Cream Tartar, and Bi-Carbonate of Soda should be careful to purchase that having the name of D. B. DELAND on the wrapper, as they will thus obtain a pure article.
Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y. 482wetf

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Also, PHELPS' COMBINATION HIVE, Patented 1852, and recently improved, with a dividing brood hive having no partitions to separate the brood combs or bees, and yet the hive can be separated at will and the brood combs equally divided, a feature not embraced in any other hive.
Also, PHELPS' NON-SWARMING SECTIONAL FRAME HIVE, with an improvement that insures the bees constructing the combs straight on the frames or bars.
Four styles of hives manufactured under the two patents. Circulars describing the different improvements, with terms for Hives and Rights, sent free to all applicants forwarding a one cent stamp. Address
F. W. PHELPS, Elizabeth, N. J.
N. B.—For Hive-Rights, or Circulars in Illinois, address H. B. GIFFORD, Danby, Du Page Co., Ill. 485

KETCHUM'S COMBINED HARVESTER.

KETCHUM'S	Improved Combined Machine, "Iron Frame," with Reel and adjustable Roller. Cut 4 feet 10 inches.	$130 00
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Machines and Mills shipped without extra charge.
These Machines are simple in construction, have no equal for durability, and light draft; are entirely free from all side draft, and have no weight upon the horse's neck.
This Machine, as improved for 1859, was awarded the first premium by the Michigan State Agricultural Society, at its Annual Fair in Sept. last as a Reaper and as a Mower.
The New York State Agricultural Society at its late Fair awarded it the first premium as a Combined Grain and Grass Harvester.
Ohio, also, awarded it its best commendation.
To those who desire a low price Machine, I would call especial attention to the following:
Wood frame Mowers, with Iron Bars and adjustable Roller, $ 90 00
Wood frame Combined Machine, with Iron Cutter Bars, Rear delivery, and without Reel, $100 00
These Machines are well made of good seasoned timber—warranted free from clogging, and cut from 10 to 15 acres per day—of Grass or Grain. All orders will receive prompt attention. R. L. HOWARD,
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I have for sale pure Hungarian Grass Seed. Price, Three Dollars per bushel.
Emery's One and Two Horse Railroad Powers, for sale at manufacturer's prices, adding transportation from Albany.
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WOODEN WATER PIPE.—This Pipe is made of Pine timber, each section 8 feet long, with joints fitted so as to make the entire distance water tight.
The superiority of this over all other Pipe is fully established. Its durability is sufficiently proved by experience, as we have perfectly sound specimens made of the same materials, which have been in use variously 42, 55 and 60 years; and it is believed that if properly laid, it will prove nearly or quite indestructible.
It is sufficiently strong to bear a pressure of 200 to 300 feet head, and can be made much stronger.
It is the easiest laid down of any kind of Pipe, and the least liable to get out of order.
It is much more healthy for man or beast than any kind of metal.
It is the cheapest pipe made, the smallest size 1¼ inch bore, being only 4 cents per foot—the prices of the larger pipe varying according to size and strength.
We can furnish any amount of testimonials and references as to its practical value, but will simply add a few, as follows:
I have in use between two and three thousand feet, and consider it the cheapest form of aqueduct that has been introduced to the public, both for capacity and efficiency. If well laid I think it quite as durable as iron or lead.
Darien, N. Y. T. C. PETERS.
I am entirely satisfied with the working of the wooden water pipe, and cheerfully recommend it to any one desiring a good cheap water course, which is durable, easily laid down, and will deliver the water at the lower end just as clear and pure as it is at the fountain.
Paris, N. Y. LEVI BLAKESLEE.
I am satisfied that it is the cheapest, best, and most durable water pipe in use.
Pittsford, N. Y. I. H. SUTHERLAND.
It is far better than I anticipated, and I would not exchange it for any other kind with which I am acquainted.
Buffalo, N. Y. W. C. JONES.
The city of Springfield, Mass., is supplied with water entirely by the use of this pipe, and the company say they would not exchange it for any other.
The Detroit Water Company are using it almost entirely for distribution in that city.
We shall be prepared during the coming season to furnish pipe of any size, from 1½ to 12 inch bore, in any desired quantity. L. S. HOBBIE & CO.,
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Ladies' Box and Glass Miniature,	2 00
Ladies' Plain Gold Pins, new pattern,	2 50
Ladies' do. Ear Drops,	2 00
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Ladies' Mosaic do. do.	5 00
Ladies' Cameo Ear Drops,	4 50
Misses' do. do	2 00
Misses' Ear Drops, with Stone Setting,	2 00
Misses' Gold Bracelet, Half Round Band,	4 00
Ladies' do. do. do,	6 00
Gents' Scarf Pins,	2 00
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for Moore's Rural New Yorker.

SONNET TO THE BIRDS

BY GEO. A. HAMILTON.

[illegible] and give joy to spring;
[illegible] to make them sad,
[illegible] they bring?
They stoop to earth and gather bounties given,
Then sip from fountains of the brook or river,
Then quickly turn their head and eyes to heaven,
As if to thank the great and generous giver.
Then welcome ever is the Birds' return—
Their songs of gladness shall give pure delight
In all their beauty may we each discern
The Maker's wisdom and His ceaseless might
At their sweet notes how quick doth pleasure start,
Then let the Birds have place in every heart.

Written for Moore's Rural New Yorker.

A CURE FOR THE HEART-ACHE.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

It was a pleasant letter which Millicent Rokeby held in her hand and perused with such a varying expression of face. An affectionate, cheerful, boyish letter, written in a dashing, handsome hand, and signed "Joe Stewart." What could there be about it to cause the young girl to blush so painfully, then turn pale, and finally to fling herself down upon the green bank whither she had come to read it, and sob as if her heart were bursting? We are not likely to get any information from her, so we will read the letter for ourselves:

My Dearest Cor.:—As "figures won't lie," I am under the necessity of believing that it is almost two months since I did myself the honor of addressing a letter as above. Yet so many things have occupied my time and attention, that weeks have seemed as days.

How are you, and your lady mother, my dear aunt? And how are all the good people of Tanglerille, of whom I have such pleasant recollections, associated with numerous vacations "in the Summers that are past," as Tennyson, or somebody else, poetically says.

My sweet Milly, the ostensible business of this letter is to inform you that I am coming up to your delightful rural home in about a week. I cannot stay long, shall probably come on Friday night and leave on Monday morning. I am longing to see you, and this time I have something of especial importance to tell you. You know I have no other confidential friend. It is a great secret, Milly—perhaps you can guess what it is. It is one which I dare say you have already learned, but which is now revealed to *me* for the first time. I have never yet trusted it to paper, and can scarcely find courage to do so now. I wish you were beside me, you who have always been my truest friend, the dearest and most sisterly of cousins; for much rather than to write it coldly in a letter, would I throw my arm around you, as I often have, and whisper, oh, very softly, so only you should hear—"Dear Milly, I have found a love even greater than this."

But I am actually sentimentalizing over my desk in the counting room! That will never do!

Au revoir, as French studying school girls say, I am your devoted Joe Stewart.

Mrs. Rokeby was a widow with two children, Milly the eldest, a young girl of seventeen years, and a manly little boy of eleven. She was not wealthy but her husband had left sufficient property to enable her to live comfortably and educate her children well.

When Millicent was about twelve years old her father's nephew, Joseph Stewart, came to board with them and go to the village school. His parents resided in a neighboring city, and as Joe was a very roguish, frank-hearted sort of a boy, a little inclined to be wild, they preferred for him the freedom and innocence of a country life, under the gentle but firm management of Mrs. Rokeby, to life in the city among such promiscuous associates as are found in the public schools.

Thus it happened that for nearly four years, Joe and Millicent were almost inseparable. It was strange what a strong attachment sprang up between them, almost at first sight, for they were as dissimilar in character as in looks. There was a lively good nature about Joe that was actually contagious, one could not long be grave or sad before the sallies of his boyish wit and the glow of his mirthful face. Millicent was a delicate girl, tall and slender, and, some said, remarkably plain. True, she was very dark and her features were by no means regular, yet their expression was not unpleasant. She was of a thoughtful and rather intellectual turn of mind, which imparted to her manners and conversation an appearance of being two or three years older than she really was. She was not, however, aware of this.

Her gay cousin liked her quiet, sensible ways, and to her he always went with his pleasures, hopes, or plans, sure not only of sympathy, but of good counsel if he needed it. No one, to have seen them together, would have thought him two years her senior.

Thus the happy years glided by and the intelligent, handsome boy grow to a youth's age and stature, without losing one whit of his boyish feelings and manner. He loved his adopted home even better than his own, his aunt rivaled his mother in his affections, and it was the sole regret of his heart that he had not been blessed with such a sister as Millicent, though very thankful was he that he was permitted to be her cousin.

He cared little for the society of other girls, and always considered her their superior. To [illegible] was ever heard, nor ever sullen or sentimental, as some had dared to think her.

But while the boy was one of cousin of boyhood lingered around his steps, Millicent had come much of sad heart sickness and care for the future which [illegible] the dawn of womanhood even as [illegible] summer's sweetest flowers tell of [illegible] nightfall.

So, perhaps, you can understand how she came to make that mistake which [illegible] gentle hearted [illegible] desire to teach lightly, as even the wisest and strongest of us are but weak.

Often would Uncle Joe called Milly his little wife, his lady love—and said that he should never desire any other [illegible] than [illegible] playmate boy. So when, just after he was [illegible], he procured a store in the city and came no more to Tanglerille, except in vacations, he knew not that he took away with him the first and best affection of a pure young heart.

But while we have thus digressed we have left Milly alone with her almost unbearable, because almost her first real grief.

She read the letter more than once before she could or would take in its actual meaning, but there was no escape from the truth, she could not misunderstand Joe had found some one to love, as he had never loved her and as she *did* love him.—Be lenient to the foolish, perhaps, but sincere young heart which found utterance in the cry

"O, Joe, Joe! *You* are happy, but what will *my* life be without you?"

"Life is a serious, a weighty business to be tempered for good or ill, by one as frail as ourselves."

It was a low and gentle voice that spoke, and as it fell on her ear, Milly started, and hastily crumpling the letter in her hand, stood blushing and downcast before Mrs. Ellerton, the minister's wife, one of the most amiable and lovely of her mother's friends.

Mrs. Ellerton, placing her arm around the agitated girl, drew her gently to her side and kissing her tear-stained cheek said, kindly,

"May I not share with you the trouble that is weighing upon your mind? I would do so gladly, if it would make you happier."

For a moment Milly hesitated. Mrs. Ellerton had been her Sunday-school teacher and always a loved and trusted friend. But this was something of which she had never spoken to any one—in fact she had not fully realized it herself until the letter had wakened her to the truth by the fear of losing one so dear. She knew, however, that her confidence would be sacred, and that in Mrs. Ellerton she should find a faithful counsellor. So, without speaking, she handed her the letter.

From her previous acquaintance with the parties, her womanly instinct was not slow to comprehend the state of affairs. I presume she felt somewhat as the sensible reader of this will do, viz., that it was rather foolish and "making much ado about nothing," as it were, for a mere child to take thus to heart so trifling a matter. But Mrs. Ellerton was as good and tender-hearted as she was sensible. She knew that what might seem ridiculous to older and wiser heads, and less susceptible hearts, was no trifle to a young and undisciplined nature. She reflected, too, that we all were young once, and that if we would govern, guide, or help the young, we must not drag them rudely and suddenly into the duties and experiences of maturer years, but we must go back, step by step, until we can stand by their side and say, "I know the way, let us go on together."

"I see how it is, my dear girl, or I think I do.—You may think your heart is broken, and that no one ever could have felt just as you do now. But you have only made the mistake which most of us make sooner or later, the chief difference being that you have made it rather earlier than some. We all do love ourselves so well that in receiving the love of others we are apt to add it, even unconsciously, to our *self-love*, thus swelling the amount to twice, sometimes thrice its actual value.

"My child, you are young yet, though you are more mature than most girls of your age. Even had you not been, as you have, so carefully guarded and nurtured that sorrow and trial have been as yet unknown to you, you cannot have seen the half of life's bitterness at seventeen, nor yet the half of its best delights.

"I would not make light of this, your first trial. I know that the griefs of youth are as great, in proportion to their ability to bear, as those of age. I know, too, that Time, who is famous for healing wounds like this, will bring your cure, and what I wish is to help and hasten it. I think that, like many others, you have too much leisure. Hitherto your days have been happily spent in the pursuit of study, needlework, and various feminine accomplishments, in such proportion as suited your taste and inclination. You have had abundant time for the cultivation of literary tastes, and as that is the natural bent of your mind, you never turned it aside to any of the more homely duties of life.

"I would advise you to fill up your time with more engrossing, more stirring subjects, else you will find that, in spite of all your philosophy, all your pride, this humiliating and painful mistake will creep in at every crevice left by unoccupied thought, and embitter every sweet hope of your life. Try to forget that you have gone one step beyond true sisterly regard. Meet your cousin as of old, enter into his joy and let him know that the love which he *has* given you is not misplaced. Be generous, since you know that it will increase his happiness for you to sympathize in it, and do not inflict upon him the disappointment which you know how to suffer, because in your selfishness you received not as much as you craved.

"My dear friend, though you may think it impossible, I still believe that if you do not allow yourself to brood over and magnify this disappointment, it will in a short time cease to be a disappointment, and in a few years you will remember it only as something which you can scarcely realize, and which was truly for the best. This incident reminds me strongly of an event in the life of a dear friend of mine, an old school-mate. I have not leisure to relate it to you now, but at some other time I will do so if you wish. It will divert your mind, and may, I think, be of lasting benefit to you.

"Now go home, my love, be of good cheer, keep up a brave heart and see how many blessings you can discover in your life before we meet again. It is almost sunset, good-bye!"

So Millicent arose and went slowly through the hay fields, in the summer twilight, to her home.—For the first time the beauty of the landscape, the glories of the sunset, the sweet, pure air, were alike unheeded. She was revolving in her mind the words of her friend, and half-comforted thereby, she lingered over the thought of her trouble, somewhat as one thinks of a loved one long since departed, for whom time has hallowed and softened our grief.

Millicent was sentimental as well as literary, and I presume some of my young boarding-school friends will neither be surprised nor disgusted when they learn that as she sat by her window in the gathering twilight, and thought of more than had been crowded into her mind before in years—all the past happiness, the present misery and the probable future hopelessness—she found a natural and not uncommon relief in poetic fancy, aided by a gush of tears. Taking up her journal, (her sole confidante, to her credit be it said,) she wrote the record for the day, as well as she could see through her tearful eyes and the gathering darkness. It read thus:

"July 8, 185-.

"Received the letter which woke me from a sweet, long dream, to learn, by sad experience, how much of life is made up of vanity.

"Ah, shining hopes! Were ye but seeming?
Are ye forever gone from me?
Is all the past one blissful dreaming,
From which I wake to misery?

"Is love illusion, and is joy a shade,
A phantom, which we all pursue
To find it sorrow, till the heart, betrayed,
Believes at last all things untrue?

"O, life seems worthless when of love bereft,
A garden from which bloom has fled.
What can restore its brightness, what is left
To those who weep affections dead?

"Truth's fondest dream, which once I cherished,
Has left me naught save memory;
O, since from life its glow has perished,
[illegible] gone from me.

Here [illegible] relieved her mind she [illegible] like her usual self. She was a truly conscientious girl, and felt that it would be wrong to allow any selfish grief to darken her mind or lessen the happiness of those around her. It was hard to speak in a cheerful voice when her spirits were depressed, hard to forget herself and take an interest in, and busy herself about, the affairs of others, and above all it was hard to meet Cousin Joe with the same frank smile, the same affectionate welcome as was her wont. But she did it. Joe saw no change, knew nothing of the struggle within. It was very hard to hear from his lips the praises of the dear girl, who, in her great condescension, had promised some day to be his, though he feared he should never be worthy of her. But Milly bore it heroically, and made him so glad by her sympathy that he could not but exclaim, "O, Milly, I am so glad you are pleased! But I knew you would like her, and I shall bring her to see you soon."

It was a relief when he was gone, and with his parting kiss still on her cheek, Milly turned from the window of her little room, to read the manuscript which Mrs. Ellerton had kindly sent her.

* * * * * * *

Marietta Russeau was, as you may suppose from her name, of French parentage. They were Canadians, but had resided for some years in my native village. They were in humble circumstances, though while the father lived he managed to keep his large family above actual want. There were eight of them, and Marietta was the eldest. When I first knew her, it was as a little girl of twelve, when she and her sister Lizzette came to the school where I went. She had then, besides this sister, two others, and two little brothers, but ere she was sixteen the number of the latter had increased to four.

Marietta was a quiet, studious girl, womanly beyond her years, as the eldest daughters of the poor are apt to be. She had dark, glossy hair and large black eyes, which ever wore a pensive expression. Her complexion was of a clear olive, and her cheeks glowed with fresh and healthy roses.—I should have called her pretty,—she was small and delicately formed, so that term suited her better than handsome,—yet few who saw her in company with her younger sister, gave her more than a passing glance.

Lizzette was a beauty. Though about two years younger than Marietta, she was so nearly her equal in size that they were often mistaken for twins. Lizzette was a witch, too. Her sparkling brown eyes told of fun and mischief ever lurking in secret, waiting an opportunity to dart forth on the unwary, yet at times these same eyes would fill with tears of sudden and sympathetic feeling, and the long lashes would droop over a face the picture of innocence and seriousness. Her hair, which was of a very dark brown, fell in natural, untrained curls.

How proud Marie was of her. Nothing was too good or too pretty for Lizzette in her estimation, and often when a tasteful article of dress was given to her, would she say,

"O, this will do better for Lizzette, it is too gay for me!" or, "Lizzette may wear this, she is more fond of such things than I."

Marietta was sixteen when her father was killed by the falling of a scaffolding. He was a mason. This was Marie's first trouble, and it was trouble indeed. Her mother, a rather feeble, always a weak-minded and inefficient woman, was almost paralyzed by the blow. She seemed incapable of doing anything, so that everything devolved upon the two girls, especially Marie, but it seemed as if the more that was put upon her, the greater became her judgment and her powers of endurance.

In less than a week after her father's death, her mother gave birth to a little son. Winter was coming on, and they were very poor—for her father had left but little beyond a month's wages and a few uncollected debts. Part of these were never paid, and out of the rest Marie had provided plain but respectable burial for her loved parent,—had seen him interred in a retired spot in the old churchyard, and a plain slab erected to his memory. But little remained to supply the wants of a family of nine. House rent, fuel, food and clothing, with the medicines and delicacies required by a sick mother, must be had somehow, and poor Marie looked around her almost in despair, with the cry of "O, Heaven! what is to become of us!"

The neighbors were kind, they did a great deal for them, but they could not do all. My mother was one of their best friends. I had always liked both the girls, but Marie was my favorite. She had visited often at our house, and every one spoke of her refined and lady-like manners, and feelings.

Poor child! She had a brave heart, but those were dark days. Her mother was soon able to be about again, though weak and ailing. It seemed as if every spark of energy had left her with the taking away of the prop on which she had leaned. She gave up everything to the management of the two older girls, except that she performed a little of the lighter household labor, and tried to sew enough to keep her children clothed.

At first the girls took in sewing, then Marie went for a few weeks to work with Miss Hook, the dress-maker; but they were unused to needlework, and had not people been very kind they could not have managed to keep their family in the necessaries of life.

"This will never do!" exclaimed Marie, bitterly, almost hopelessly, as she arose to go one cold afternoon after she had spent an hour with me at our house, in talking over her trials and prospects.—"O, I wish I had some one to advise me. We cannot live so, and what to do I cannot tell. It is plain that Lizzette and I are to support the family, if mother only gets well enough to take care of the little ones, else we cannot both be spared. We must seek more profitable employment. Yesterday Lizzette had a note from a lady in A——, who wishes her to come and live with her as parlor girl and to have charge of the children's clothes. She would like to go, but I am very doubtful whether it is best. You know how beautiful she is, so social and agreeable, too. And the city is such a wicked place. O, I cannot let her go alone, away from home, and a servant. Besides, one of us must stay with mother, and I think it had better be Lizzette. You know my disposition is different from hers, and people would not notice me so much. There is nothing for me to do here—I must leave this place. I have thought of applying for a situation in one of the public schools in A——."

I approved of the plan, and thus it was finally settled. Lizzette continued to take in sewing when she could get it, farmer Wilson took their oldest boy, Gabriel, to work on his place in the spring, and by the first of May, Marietta was installed in the laborious position of teacher in a primary school, with a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars, and a promise of an advancement if satisfaction was given.

It was not so easy to get this situation, but my father and our good minister, who were both on the school committee of our village, talked with the superintendent of the city schools, and so it was arranged at last. Marie was delighted. Her gratitude was unbounded, and with a light and hopeful heart she prepared her simple wardrobe and left home for the first time.

[Concluded next week.]

Indian Names and Signification.—The treaty lately ratified between the United States Commissioners with the Yankton Sioux Indians was drawn up with unusual solemnity, and was signed by the chiefs in the presence of the Secretary of the Interior, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and other officials. The names of the chiefs are Pa-ha-sa-pa, the scalp that was to be Red Man's; Ta-te-mim-ne-ca, the smutty bear; Charles P. Picotte, Ta-ton-ka-ge-mi-ne, the crazy bull; Pse-cha-wa-ka-i, the jumping thunder; Ma-ra-ka-ton, the iron horn; Numbe-kah-pah, one that knocks down two; Ta-ton-ka-e-yeh-ka, the fast bull; A [illegible] Ta-ton-ka-ho-ton, A [illegible] ka-ho-che-cha, the elk with [illegible] Ca [illegible] wo-ka-pa, the grabb [illegible] the owl man; Pta-son-wa-[illegible], the white medicine cow that stands; Ma ga-che-ka the little white swan; Oke-[illegible]-wash-ta, the pretty boy.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 51 letters.

The thought expressed in the following 51 letters is said to have been a saying of him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen:"

My 5, 1, 13, 4, 16, 51 is found in milk.
My 21, 41, 3, 30, 31, 50, 10, 36, 13 is the name of an excellent breed of cattle.
My 28, 27, 10, 29, 15, 12, 8, 22, 29 are a breed of cattle.
My 29, 15, 38, 10, 40, 21, 38, 3, 35 is also the name of a breed of cattle.
The subject of 36, 10, 47, 49, 35, 4, 51, 2 has been amply discussed in the Rural.
My 21, 22, 47, 3, 25 is found in maple trees.
My 19, 32, 2, 47, 3 is also found in maple trees.
My 17, 34, 46, 7, 11 is found *only* in maple trees.
My 2, 12, 10, 24, 19 are sweet.
My 43, 15, 28, 3, 37 is what I don't like to do.
My 23, 39, 4, 10, 36 is a bird.
My 36, 49, 1, 13, 14, 47, 29, 30 is always formed in the process of germination.
My 19, 9, 10, 44, 42, 45, 37, 48, 10, 27 is said to be a land of liberty.
If I ever marry a wife, I should like to have her know how to make good 39, 6, 20, 8, 11, 3, and good 18, 21, 4, 10, 14, 29, and I certainly won't have her if I don't think she can make 1, 21, 50, 17, 41, 15, 47, 46, 46, 27.
"Early to bed and early to rise makes a man" 33, 1, 27, 4, 37, 39, 41, 36, 51, 12, 2, 21, 43, 29, but *not* 36, 34, 27, 18, I think.
I rather think you will pronounce this Enigma 14, 18, 32, 2, 26.
This Enigma is respectfully dedicated to "17, 50, 40, 24, 27, 31, 7, 47, 3, 2," by her affectionate brother "23, 17, 39, 27."

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

A person bought a certain number of geese, chickens, and quails. For the geese he paid as many shillings as he had quails. For the quails as many shillings each as he had geese. For two chickens he paid as much as for a goose and quail. He paid for them all £2. How many of each kind did he buy, and what did he pay for one of each kind? James H. L.

La Grange, Wal. Co., Wis., 1859.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

Answer to Horticultural Enigma in No. 480:—Peabody's Seedling.

Advertisements.

THE NANSEMOND SWEET POTATO—Successfully cultivated in the North. Plants from 1st of May onward, $2 per 1,000—10,000 or more at $1 50. Send stamp for Circular. O. S. MURRAY & SON,
480eow1t Twenty Miles South of Warren Co., Ohio.

20,000 CHERRY TREES, Standard and Dwarf, [illegible] forty varieties, [illegible] which will be [illegible] Apple, Pear, Peach, Plum, Quince, Grape, Strawberry, Raspberry, Currant, Gooseberry, Asparagus, Rhubarb, &c. [illegible] BRONSON, MERRELL & HAMMOND, Geneva, N. Y.

CONNECTICUT SEED LEAF TOBACCO.—Packets containing a *half ounce* will be sent post paid to all applicants on receipt of *eight three cent stamps*.
Real Havana Tobacco (Imported Seed) in *one-eighth ounce packets*, will be sent in return for *five* three cent stamps. [480eow4t] B. K. BLISS, Springfield, Mass.

RHODE'S SUPERPHOSPHATE—Manufactured by B. M. RHODES & CO.,
Office 83 South St., Bowly's Wharf, Baltimore. Packed in Barrels and Bags—price $45 per Ton. *This well established Manure having been used for seven years past on Southern Plantations*, is for sale by the Sole Agents
JOHN MOORE, 193 Front St., New York.
480eow8t D. T. MILLS & CO., 15 Custom House St. Boston.

GOOD FARM FOR SALE OR TO LET.—145 Acres, within two hundred rods of Murray Station, Orleans county, all under good cultivation, about twenty acres good timbered land, forty acres are heavily seeded to Clover, and about twenty acres plowed for Spring crops—there is a good orchard, Dwelling house and Barn. Will be sold cheap for cash, part down, balance in ten yearly instalments: or good merchantable or suitable goods will be taken in part trade, or will be rented. For particulars, inquire of
480tf E. G. CHANT, Rochester, N. Y.

NEW AND CHEAP FERTILIZER.—CASTOR PUMMACE.—A valuable *organic* (vegetable) manure analyzed by Prof. Samuel W. Johnson of Yale College, and commended by him.
It is PUMMACE left after pressing the oil from the Castor Seed, and in India and England bears a high value as a fertilizer.
It will be sold at $12 to $16 per ton, according to quality—at which rate it is the cheapest fertilizer in the market.
The analysis and remarks of Prof. Johnson will be sent to any address on application; samples of the article may also be obtained if required.
Not less than for [illegible], and in lots of *Ten Tons* delivered free [illegible] in the city.
Manufactured and Sold by
480tf H. J. BAKER & BRO., 112 Water St. New York.

NEW YORK CONFERENCE SEMINARY.—The spring term of this institution opens April 15th. $100 a year will pay for Board, Washing, Full Tuition, Incidental Expenses and Instrumental Music in Teachers' Superior Professors at the head of the different departments. The Modern Languages and Music are taught by Europeans of learning and ability. Drawing and Painting in all styles of excellence while the English branches receive their full share of attention. Circulars or any information concerning the School, sent gratis by addressing Rev. JOHN C. FERGUSON, A. M., Principal. Charlottesville, Schoharie Co., N. Y. 479-81

SOMETHING NEW! Agents wanted to go into a New and Honorable Business, which will pay from *Fifteen to Twenty Dollars* a week. **No Humbug.** Sales [illegible] Send stamp for particulars, which are free [illegible] S. M. MYRICK & CO., Lynn, Mass.

GRAPE VINES—Hartford Prolific, Delaware, Concord, Rebecca, Northern Muscadine, Isabella, Early Hudson, and other varieties, at $1 each, charges paid by Mail or Express. Delaware, Antoinette and Prairie Seedling. Also a fine stock of well rooted plants of the Lawton Blackberry, and Orange Raspberry. Address
[illegible] HOAG & CRAIN, Lockport, N. Y.

FARM PRODUCE Sold on Commission. Such as [illegible] Field Products, Cattle, Horses, Sheep, Hogs, Poultry, Eggs, Furs, Hides, Tallow, Wool, Hay, Straw, Grain, Seeds, Potatoes, Apples, Dried Fruits, Cheese, Butter, Lard, Honey, Maple Sugar, Feathers, Deer Skins, Ginseng, Beeswax, &c. Liberal Cash Advances made on Consignments. Refer to [illegible] HAIGHT & EMENS, Produce Commission Merchants, New York. Refer to R. H. Haight, Cashier Metropolitan Bank, New York. Refer to [illegible], President Rochester Savings Bank.

EVERGREENS—A very fine stock of vigorous and well grown plants of Balsam Fir, 5 to 6 feet high and well branched,—Norway Spruce 3 to 4 feet,—American Vitæ, 3 to [illegible]. For sale by T. C. MAXWELL & BROS.
Marcellus, 1859. [479-81] Geneva, N. Y.

GIFTS! GIFTS! GIFTS!—The Original Gift Book Store [illegible] permanently established at 14 Exchange street, [illegible] each book receives a Gift valued at from $1 to [illegible]. Agents wanted in every town in the Union. Those desiring [illegible] can have a Catalogue sent free by addressing [illegible] SHELDON & NEEDHAM, Agents, Rochester, N. Y. 479-81

VESTRY HARP!
A HYMN AND TUNE BOOK,
For Social and Family Devotions—Compiled by Rev. M. M. FERRINS, and decidedly the best Book of the kind ever issued. It contains 208 16mo. pages, and is sold at 38 cents, cloth, and 45 cts., sheep. Published by
WM. HEATH, No. 79 Cornhill, Boston.
COLE & ADAMS, 40 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y., are Agents for the above work, to whom orders can be addressed. They are also Agents for the Am. Sunday School Union.—Send and get a Catalogue of their Publications. [479-81

5,000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell a new invention. Agents have made over $25,000 on one,—better than all similar agencies. Send 6 stamps and [illegible] pages particulars, gratis. EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

ASTOR HOUSE, Broadway, New York.—All the Milk used here comes from a Farm carried on for the express and sole purpose of furnishing Milk, Vegetables, Poultry, Eggs and Pork to this House. The Cows feed on Watered [illegible] and Meal, and a number of rich Pastures and Meat only. (440) C. A. STETSON.

RARE AND BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.
B. K. BLISS,
Seedsman and Florist, Springfield, Mass.
Would invite the attention of Amateurs and Dealers in Flower Seeds, to his [illegible] of English, French and German Flower Seeds, [illegible] in cultivation.
The seventh edition of his Catalogue of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, arranged on [illegible] and containing much valuable information, both to the amateur or novice, is now ready for delivery, and will be sent to all applicants upon receipt of postage stamp.

FLOWER SEEDS BY MAIL.
For the accommodation of those who reside at a distance—he has prepared the following assortments, with full directions for cultivation, containing only the most showy varieties, of easy culture, which will be sent post-paid to any address in the Union at the following prices:
Assortment
No 1—consists of twenty choice varieties of Annuals, $1 00
No 2—consists of twenty choice varieties of Biennials and Perennials, 1 00
No 3—consists of [illegible] embracing many of the new and choice varieties, 1 00
No 4—consists of [illegible] Double Hollyhocks, 1 00
Purchasers [illegible] will receive the four assortments *postage free*.
The above collections have been favorably known in every section of the country for the past five years—and can be confidently recommended to all who wish for a fine display of Flowers at a moderate cost.
The following additional assortments (his selection) will also be sent, *free of Postage*, at the prices annexed:
Assortment
No 5—consists fifteen very select varieties of Green House Seeds, $3 00
No 6—contains one hundred [illegible] of Annuals, Biennials and Perennials, including many new and choice varieties, 5 00
No. 7—contains fifty varieties of Annuals, Biennials and Perennials, 2 50
No 8—consists twenty varieties of hardy Annuals, Biennials and Perennials, for sowing in the autumn, 1 00
All orders must be accompanied with cash. Remittances can be made in current Bank Bills or Postage Stamps.
480eow4t B. K. BLISS, Springfield, Mass.

FLOWER SEEDS BY MAIL.
Twenty-Five Varieties
OF
CHOICE ANNUAL FLOWER SEEDS
WITH DIRECTIONS FOR THEIR CULTURE.
SOLD BY
JAMES M. THORBURN & CO.,
NO. 15 JOHN STREET,
Price, $1.00. New-York.

10	Varieties Choice Hardy Annuals,	$0 50
50	" " " Biennials and Perennials,	2 00
100	" " "	4 00
50	New and Rare Annuals,	2 00
50	Choice Hardy Biennials and Perennials,	1 00
25	Green House Seeds,	2 50
25	do. do. do.	5 00
50	American Seeds for European Culture,	2 00
6	For Rockwork,	75
12	Aquatics,	1 00
12	Ornamental [illegible]	75
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VOL. X. NO. 15.] ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1859. [WHOLE NO. 483.

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
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SEASONABLE HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

Now that the RURAL CAMPAIGN has fairly opened—the season having arrived for active operations in Field, Orchard and Garden—permit us, friendly reader, to take you by the sleeve, and have access to your ear, a few moments, while we talk plainly and suggestively, if not wisely, about *preparing for*, as well as *performing*, the various important labors of Spring and Summer.

First, let every farmer decide, in view of all the circumstances, *what he had better do and what he can best leave undone.* It often happens at the end of the year that we discover our programme covered too much *ground*. We attempt what, with our means, can be imperfectly accomplished, and what, consequently, "costs more than it comes to."

Having decided *what to do*, fix upon the most appropriate time for doing it—for every thing has its *time*, as it should have its *place*. The time for planting, hoeing and harvesting is fixed—each crop having its season will accept of no other. There are many other things that can be done when it is most convenient to attend to them: these, as a general rule, should be assigned to the winter and early spring, when vegetation is at rest.

Let every farmer make out an inventory of work to be accomplished during the year, alloting each item to its appropriate season. Having done this, let him be sure and "come in on time." Do not allow one branch of business to intrude on the domain of another, on any consideration whatever. If the requisite help or facilities are wanting to accomplish this or that operation, procure additional aid or resources that by some means the end may be attained. Let the thing be done in the time allotted to it; no procrastination should be allowed—no delay tolerated—no respite granted. In multitudes of cases crops pay nothing because they are attended to *a little too late.* Work done to a disadvantage had generally better be left undone. If a farmer gets a little behind in the outset, one thing will crowd another out of place from the beginning to the end of the year, and there will be continued trouble, disappointment and loss; whereas if he had taken time by the forelock—had got a good start—he might have kept in advance and made a profit on every item of labor and capital invested. To use a plain illustration—if fencing runs into the time allotted to picking up stones, and picking up stones uses up the period assigned to getting out manure, getting out the manure will delay the plowing, and so on to the end of the chapter—one thing displacing another through the entire season, and finally crowding out what ought not and should not be omitted.

That "Procrastination is the Thief of Time" is a trite adage, but its truth cannot too often be impressed upon the mind. Every farmer should be fully "up to time" in all his labors—and especially in *preparing for the various operations of the season.* Fields cannot be cultivated (under the American system,) until they are fenced, nor implements used to advantage unless they are in proper order. Indeed, there are many matters, often neglected by farmers entirely, or until too late, which are almost as requisite to his success as are type and paper to us in printing the RURAL. We therefore enjoin all to "make ready" in season, to avoid waste of ammunition, or a "flash in the pan" when the word "fire" is pronounced.

Are your implements, fences, teams, &c., in order for the practical campaign of Spring and Summer? The plows, harrows, cultivators, and also the heavy machinery—such as drills, mowers, reapers, etc.,—ought each and all to be *seen to*, and repaired if necessary, before the day or week arrives when they are to be used. "Time is money," and those who take it by the forelock in these matters, make wise investments—such as will yield large dividends at the proper time. No cultivator can afford to be slack, and behind his work, when all Nature is laboring so vigorously, and generally in his behalf—except what she does in growing weeds, thistles, &c. Get all the implements ready—have your teams in good heart—let every fence be "righted," and don't neglect to substitute as many *good gates* as possible in place of those *warping bars* to progress.

Procure the best Seeds, and plant them well, in properly prepared soil. Always "propagate from the best," whether grains, roots, plants, trees or domestic animals. The best specimens of the best varieties and breeds should be the object—but don't deplete your purses in obtaining new things (or old things with new names) unless you are satisfied the investment will PAY. It won't do, for instance, to pay $9 a bushel for what is fancifully labeled "Honey Blade Hungarian Grass," when you can get the same or as good an article (under the old name of Hungarian Grass) for $3. Remember the days of Rohan potatoes, Morus Multicalis, China Tree Corn, &c., and "look before you leap," lest you "pay too dear for the whistle." The best course is to try new things on a small scale, and for main crops obtain *good seed* of the best *proved* and approved varieties of vegetables, grains, &c.,—and don't forget to introduce your cow to the best male bovine within reach.

Good Pastures and Meadows are important essentials to success in farming throughout a great portion of the country. The people of Western New York, especially, ought to give this branch of husbandry increased attention; indeed, they ought, in vulgar parlance, to have "*gone to grass*" years ago—for GRASS is one of the main institutions which must prove their salvation. Yet how few pastures and meadows receive any attention after seeding, even in the best cultivated sections! How many farmers use the harrow, and apply plaster, or any other fertilizer, to their sod-bound pastures and meadows?—though the necessity is apparent, and the benefit great. Few farmers, we opine, are aware of the great difference in the *quality* of grass—though their stock, and the quality of much of the butter produced, is a good indicator, or grass-ometer. But we can only give a hint on the subject, having no space to amplify. Read the sensible and suggestive article of H. T. B. about Grass.

The *Orchard* and *Garden* are seasonable topics not only, but require early attention. No farm, or homestead, is complete without these valuable adjuncts, and the more attention they receive at this season of the year, the more profitable and ornamental will they become. As to how they should be managed, doth not our Horticultural Department tell from week to week?—posting both amateur and professional cultivators of Fruits, Vegetables, Flowers, &c., as to modes of culture, varieties, etc.?

ABOUT GRASS.

CULTIVATE GRASS. By all means cultivate grass,—plow less, and "seed down more."

It would seem as though the most indispensable and beneficent agents were least thought of—how much attention do we give to light, air, water, and other things that seem to come as a matter of course? Happily, *grass* is beginning to be considered. Its universality, its indigenous character, its wide adaptation, its hardiness, the economy of its production, all point to it as a *leader* in agriculture. Its capacities have not been fully tested, and are not fully known.

The *quality* of grass depends essentially on the character and quality of the soil upon which it is grown, and in general is susceptible of great improvement. Grass upon mere vegetable mold, lacks "heart," as it is popularly expressed. It has not those mineral and other ingredients that give it substance and healthy vitality. Land of a light "mucky" character may be very profitably manured with gravel and loamy soil—Christian charity, not less than "progress and improvement," would dictate that needy laborers, with no winter business, should to some extent find employment in *regulating* the soils. Strong clays do not produce the best grass, either in quality or amount, and could be improved in the same way.

The popular verdict—and there is never an appeal from that, when deliberately rendered, for it is the aggregate of human experience—is in favor of upland hay, but it is worthy of consideration whether the same conditions cannot be essentially realized, and similar results obtained on lower land. There is, fortunately, a large variety of grasses, suited to different conditions and qualities of soil. Valuable things have been found out since the deluge, and it may be that we, here in America, may find out grasses better adapted to our necessities than those generally cultivated.

Of the prevailing varieties, *Timothy* stands first. Clover, cut early, makes excellent hay, but is inferior for pasture, and does not last long, though it is well adapted to light, dry soils, and is invaluable as a fertilizer. Red Top is well adapted to wet land, and as there is a good deal of such that will not get drained right away, though it needs it ever so much, this variety of grass should be propagated with more care;—its seed is seldom offered for sale, and there appears to be little care in saving it.

June Grass is not considered *respectable*, but "it comes in itself," and covers many an acre in the skirts of the woodland, by the road-side, and in the open field that would never be seeded except on the "voluntary principle." Under favorable circumstances it makes a very good growth, and is valuable as early feed. Where it predominates in meadows, it should be cut by about the middle of June, or as soon as the seed is formed, and it makes exceedingly nutritious hay.

How to get "a good catch," and a good and permanent growth afterwards, is second in importance to no other agricultural interest. Agitation should follow agitation on this subject in ceaseless succession. One-half of the meadows and pastures of America produce less than half the grass which they are capable of producing. They either never were properly seeded, or they are "bound down" and "run out"—they need renewing. An Englishman said to the British Parliament, "the American Colonies grow by your neglect;" if so, they took pattern from *grass*, which seldom grows any other way. Neglect is what it feeds on. A dressing of plaster, ashes, manure or earth, once in a year or two, with an occasional harrowing, would be of essential service—but *neglect* is the motto.—That stream which flows by freighted with fertilizing agents, might be spread over the grass field, in some cases, with little expense, and generally with incalculable benefit—neglect is the policy. Gnawed bare in the fall and winter, and trampled to death in the soft season of spring, it yields to inevitable fate.

But the difficulty generally begins sooner. It is strangled to death in its birth. As if it were a mere adjunct of something else, and worthy of no distinct or decent consideration, the seed which is expected to produce it, is buried deep or left uncovered, to grow feebly with some overshadowing crop. Grass seed should be sown *early in Spring, or early in Autumn*, on well pulverized and prepared land in good heart, covered lightly, and either sown alone or sown with wheat, rye, or barley—*the wheat, &c., being sown very thin, and the grass quite thick, say eight or ten quarts to the acre.*

We can never do well in farming, till we learn to seed land down with the first or second crop, and when the stumps and roots are out of the way *plow under a good turf.* The cheapest way to enrich land, raise a root or grain crop or two, and then seed down for two or three years, taking care of it when seeded.—H. T. B.

PASTURING IN THE HIGHWAY.

MESSRS. EDS.:—I wish to subscribe to the doctrine advanced by S. E. T., of Lake Ridge, in the RURAL of the 12th ult., in regard to obstructions in the highway, although in certain instances I shall have to plead guilty of the violation of them to some extent. May I not, however, be allowed to approve of a doctrine or principle, which I do not practice in full, and *then* be found in *tolerable* good company? His article is very good as far as it goes. I agree with him that the "highway belongs to the traveling public," but can see no greater impropriety in piling up old sleds, wagons and other implements, by the road-side, than in turning loose a whole stock of cattle, sheep, horses and hogs upon it, to eke out a slender subsistence, and be a source of continual annoyance to the community in which such pernicious habit is practiced.

Domestic animals turned loose in the road for pasture, are as *much*, if not even *more*, of a nuisance, as any obstruction of an inanimate character upon the way-side, which you may choose to mention. "Pasturing in the road," as it is called, probably originated in the necessity which some poor people have felt for turning a cow into the road to feed, not being able to pay for pasturing, and feeling also unable to dispense with the use of one; or, perhaps, when the country was new, and scarce any inclosures were made. But, be its origin what it may, it is enough that in this section of our "Empire State" the custom is quite prevalent, not only with those who own no land, and are poor, but with *some* also, who have farms, (farms paid for, too,) fields of waving grain, and land well adapted to grazing.

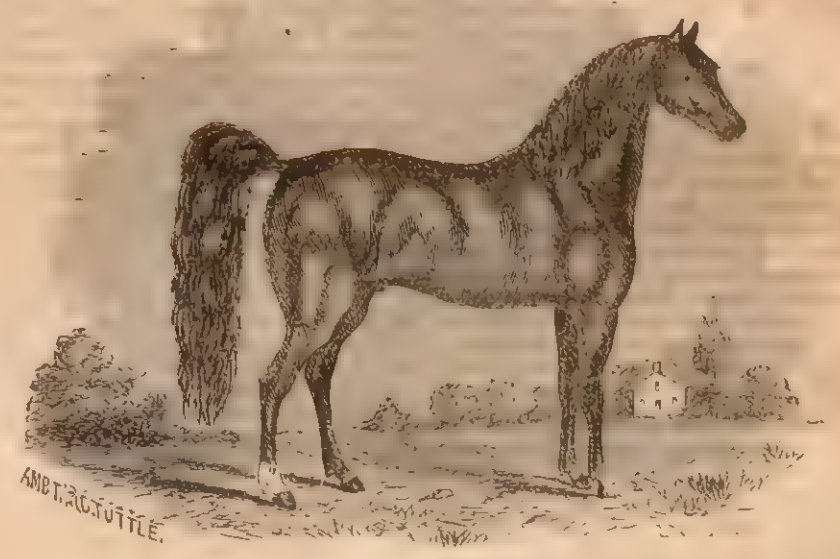
Now, I consider this practice absolutely, utterly unjustifiable. It is easy to conceive of *some excuse* for the man that is poor, and has no land, but a family whose support is dependent upon his daily labor,—indeed *we* should vote it no *great crime* were *he* to turn his cow into our "long pasture,"—but even then we must be allowed the opinion that, pecuniarily, it would be of no profit or advantage to him; for the time spent in looking her up, driving her home, &c., would, if employed in some useful labor, more than pay the expense of pasturing, to say nothing of the increased *quantity* and *quality* of milk, and her *improved condition.* But, for the man who owns a farm, and has land well calculated for grazing, there can be no excuse whatever. He is in fact guilty of a misdemeanor—an outrage upon his neighbors, whose peace and quiet he contributes to destroy—an offence against community at large.

I care not in how good repair fences are kept, in a section where this habit is practiced to any considerable extent, it will be a source of great annoyance, trouble, and litigation. A drove of famished creatures, which have eaten every spear of grass, and even weeds, attainable within the bounds of the road, driven almost to desperation by hunger, will *not* let a common post and board or rail fence deprive them of the luxuries from which it only separates them. Man will do almost anything to satisfy the cravings of hunger; can *less* be expected of beasts? What is more provking, in the busy season, than to have a herd of cattle or hogs break into your meadow or grain fields, and make *such horrible work* as they only can make?—And then the poor beasts; ten chances to one if they are not dogged until they are nearly exhausted from fatigue and excitement, when not they, but their owners are to blame. Then, perhaps, a lawsuit follows; and money enough is paid for damages to cattle, or for trespass, and perhaps both, to more than pay for pasturing them a whole season.

The practice tends to develop the mischievous faculties, and render animals unruly, restless, and roving in their habits and dispositions—also lean and lank in condition. Indeed, it appears to me that if profit is the object (and what else can be?) in stock raising, much more would be made by keeping cattle in good pastures, and giving them good care and attention; and certainly all who have any *respect* for their neighbors, will not persist in the practice of "*pasturing in the road.*"

Much more might be said, and I *could not say less* upon the subject; but as "brevity" is your motto, I will close with the hope that some day, not far distant, the custom will become obsolete.

Fillmore, Allegany Co., N. Y., 1859. J. S. M.



BLACK HAWK HORSE "PHILIP ALLEN."

ABOVE we give a portrait of the celebrated Black Hawk Stallion "Philip Allen." The portrait is said to be a very accurate and life-like one, with the exception of the head, which is smaller and far more perfect than here represented.

Philip Allen is the property of Messrs. ASHLEY & BROTHER, of Nunda, Liv. Co., N. Y., who purchased him last December for $2,000, and purpose to keep him for breeding purposes. He is six years old—bred by HIRAM PECK, of West Cornwall, Vt. Sired by DAVID HILL'S celebrated Vermont Black Hawk. Dam, Lady Morgan, sired by Bulrush, and he by the original Justin Morgan; grand dam by a son of old American Eclipse.—Color, bay brown—15¼ hands high—weighs 1,050 lbs. Philip Allen is a half brother of Ethan Allen, also of Lancet, and partakes of the style and speed of those celebrated trotters. He has made 2.44 on a half mile track, and his owners claim that in perfectness of form and style and speed, combined, he surpasses any trotting stallion extant.

We congratulate the farmers of Livingston and adjoining counties upon this valuable accession to their breeding stock, and have no doubt Philip Allen will be appreciated by those who believe in propagating from the best.

TREATMENT OF MILCH COWS.

FRIEND RURAL:—Being confined to the house by indisposition, I am inclined to think of my friends, hence you come in for a share.

During the year past many have been the inquiries and answers in your columns in relation to cows, and the best mode of treatment, so as to prevent their having caked bags. Taking it for granted that some people are yet milking some of their cows, I would say to them that, in drying off your cow, do it not in a careless manner, but take the milk away once in twenty-four hours, for several days, then on each alternate day, and then on every third or fourth day, until the bag is thoroughly *wilted.* In this case there will be no fever in the bag, hence no maturated milk,—neither strings nor slugs. Now then, you will have the glands of the udder in a healthy condition; and now to keep it so. Your cow is to pass through an important stage to calving time. I do not care in how high condition you keep your cow, by feeding hay, stalks, straw, roots, shorts, &c.,; but she should not be fed to a high condition of flesh with corn when in calf and giving no milk, as I deem corn too hot and feverish for the blood under such circumstances, the cow giving no milk for relief.

When the time arrives for a cow to "make or spring bag," you may observe her milk vessels enlarge and swell, and if her blood is not in a healthy condition there will be more or less fever in the milk ducts and glands, which become tender and sore, causing the animal to flinch when milked and sometimes kick; and if the bag is not properly cleared, fever is followed by inflammation, and then the caked bag is apt to be the natural consequence. My method, which is founded on experience, is to feed the cows, during the four weeks in which she is springing bag, about *four ounces of saltpetre*, in say, eight different messes of slop made of bran or ground oats. Dissolve your saltpetre in hot water, pour it on your mash and mix thoroughly. This treatment will purge all impurities from the cow's blood, which will much diminish the liability to caked bag.

With your permission, a few remarks about how to treat a cow after calving. Firstly, take away about one-half or two-thirds of her milk, and give it to her before you feed her anything else. She will take it down greedily, but not meddle with milk afterwards. The *calf must take the balance.* By all means, allow her to eat her own cleaning—and then, with other treatment all right, your cow is in fair condition to do well.

I write both from observation and experience, having years ago kept a small dairy with fair profit and success in the renowned dairy county of old Herkimer. O. W. P.

Phelps, N. Y., 1859.

DEEP PLOWING—PLOWING UNDER CLOVER.

Eds. Rural:—I am sometimes at a loss to account for the difference of opinions of good practical farmers in reference to deep plowing. Some contend that it is productive of no good to the growth of crops; others, that it is well enough once in three or four years, but not oftener,—while some argue, with greater show of plausibility, that deep plowing not only deepens and loosens up the soil, enabling the roots of plants to run deeper and spread to a greater length, thereby drawing a greater amount of nourishment from the soil, and from the atmosphere, for which a mellow, deep soil—which is always moist—has a stronger affinity; but it brings near the surface, and within the reach of the roots and fibres of plants, those mineral elements which enter into the growth and composition of all vegetation—which not having been mellified, by former deep cultivation, has lain in an inert state, in the hard impervious subsoil. I can act count for this difference of opinion on no better hypothesis than this, that it depends very much upon the soil, and more on the subsoil, of the particular locality or farm which a farmer cultivates, as it regards the opinions or conclusions they arrive at, than any error of judgment or opinions that they may form.

Farmers are indebted about as much to the experience and opinions of their neighbors working similar soils, as they are to their own personal experience for the conclusions they come to, or the opinions they form. A section of country composed of light soil, with a loose gravelly subsoil, and as is often the case, a subsoil of quicksand, could not be plowed deep without material loss to the cultivator. Farmers working such soils, would soon find that it would be very injurious to plow very deep, and not being acquainted with soils having a tenacious subsoil, would be very apt to condemn deep cultivation on all soils, While others, living in a different locality, where deep plowing had proved beneficial, would be quite as likely to recommend deep cultivation on every variety of soil. It therefore becomes important that every farmer should understand the nature of different soils, and knowing when to plow deep, or when shallow, his own good judgment will determine what course to pursue, or recommend to others. So far as my experience and observation goes, I would not be in favor of very deep plowing where the previous cultivation had been shallow, unless it was plowed in the fall; what I call deep plowing is from nine to twelve inches deep. If plowed in the spring, for a spring crop, and to the above depth, it would, in my opinion, unless previously cultivated nearly as deep, prove very injurious to the productiveness of that crop, particularly corn. All spring plowing for corn should not, in *my* judgment, be over seven or eight inches deep. I am decidedly in favor of deep plowing; but in all cases when plowed to an unusual depth, it should be done in the fall.

A subsoil that has never been stirred does not seem fitted to promote the growth of vegetation, unless it has been exposed to the ameliorating influence of winter's frost, and summer's heat and moisture. I have known instances where ground had been plowed deep and well, in the spring, for corn, and given but poor returns, and where a similar soil, on an adjoining field, had been shallow and poorly plowed, yielding much the larger crop. I have also known ground plowed in the summer, very deep, for wheat, where the yield was considerably diminished in consequence, but proved of decided advantage to the future fertility and productiveness of the soil—producing all kinds of grain, clover, and grass, equal if not supior to most farms in the neighborhood, which had formerly a much higher reputation. If the former cultivation had been poor and shallow, I think it would prove injurious to turn up too much of the subsoil at one time; but increase the depth, at each subsequent plowing, until you have as deep a soil as desirable. Deep plowing will be found to answer better for fall than spring crops, but for all crops, more beneficial if plowed the fall previous. I have seen very apparent results in bringing impoverished and worn out lands to a high state of productiveness, by plowing under clover when in full bloom, or nearly matured, and before it was much dried. It is in fact, I believe, the cheapest and best renovator at hand on worn out or exhausted soils—on extensive farms—as it seems to restore the very properties that the soil most requires.

I have known farms that would not produce over ten or fifteen bushels of wheat to the acre, restored to a good state of fertility by turning under a heavy growth of clover. From puny yellow straw, as it grew heretofore, it grew rank and dark colored; yielding from thirty to thirty-five bushels per acre of good merchantable wheat. This system of cultivation does not admit of but once plowing, which should not be either too deep or too shallow, but thoroughly cultivated and brought to a fine tilth by the harrow, cultivator, or gang-plow, which cultivation should not interfere with the sod. The best practical proof against turning under clover deep, was when I did not plow over seven or eight inches in depth, not that I thought it most beneficial to do so, but having a small plow, and the ground being very dry and hard, and the clover large, I could not plow deep. Yet I never experienced such marked results, from turning under clover, before or since. My theory is, if clover is turned under too deep, decomposition does not take place so effectually, because it is not sufficiently near the surface to be subjected to the influences of air, light, heat and moisture, which are essential not only to decomposition, but to assimilate its fertilizing properties to the growth of plants. Neither too shallow, for the roots of plants would not have sufficient depth of loose, mellow soil, to draw sufficient support for their vigorous growth.

Now, theory is worth but little unless it can be substantiated, and fully sustained by practice, and before any man promulgates his *experience*, he should be well assured by *positive, practical knowledge* that his theories are correct. W. H. H.

Wheatland, N. Y., Jan., 1859.

As the season for harrowing and rolling winter wheat is again at hand, we would remind those interested that it is a safe and beneficial process, according to the testimony of experienced farmers given in former volumes of the Rural.

CULTURE OF DIFFERENT SOILS.

Eds. Rural:—As Michigan is noted for its many varieties of soil, I thought I would give you my views on the cultivation of those soils. Where a farm contains several kinds of soil, there should be different modes of culture, as well as different kinds of grain sown and planted. If this rule be closely observed, it will pay a large per cent. on the time invested. You will learn something of the necessities of different fields, and of the different soils which compose these fields. Is there any difference between clay, black loam, or light sandy soil? Is a different treatment necessary? If so, why operate on a single field in which there is a great variety of soils, in precisely the same manner on all its parts? Farmers, some of you do this very thing. Suppose your horses were sick—one having the distemper, the other a fresh cut; would you make the one application cure both? I think not; as there are two different diseases, you would use two remedies. Different kinds of soil must likewise have different treatment. I have many different kinds on my farm, I have my fences so arranged that they divide the different kinds of soil as near as possible; my fields are small, ranging from five to ten acres in a field, which I think is better than to have them larger, with two or three kinds of soil in one lot, and the same number of varieties of grain. I prefer small fields to large ones, on account of stock; stock in a large pasture run over the food, and destroy as much as they eat.

I will call your attention to lot No. 1, a black loamy soil. The best crops for this soil are corn, potatoes, grass, barley, oats, and spring wheat.—For the three last mentioned, I should prefer fall plowing. This soil is of a very rich nature, and will endure more cropping, with much less manuring, than other soils which I am about to mention. Lot No. 2,—Clay soil. This a good soil if well managed; will grow winter wheat, grass, oats and barley. This soil requires a large amount of hard labor, with considerable fall plowing, to keep the soil loose and mellow. It should be seeded with clover as often as once in three years, and a full crop plowed under to keep the soil in good condition for cropping. Lot No. 3,—A light sandy soil. Is very easy tilled, and will produce most every kind of crop if rightly managed. If your soil is poor, seed with clover, at least ten pounds to the acre; after the clover comes up, sow one and a half bushels of plaster to the acre. When the clover gets in blossom, plow the crop well under, and when grass makes its appearance, cultivate it in, and you may expect a good reward for your labor. H. A.

Paris, Kent Co., Mich.

MANAGEMENT OF BEES.

The atmospheric changes alluded to in a former communication must be traceable to some cause. Can that cause be traced to man himself? Much has been published in the *Tribune*, and other journals, latterly, deploring the injudicious destruction of the primitive forests, by the sturdy pioneers of all our new settlements, and of the climatic effects produced by the denuding the land of trees. That a change has been produced is a fact any intelligent observer need not dispute. But what has this fact to do with the habits and instinct of bees? Let us see. In conversation with neighboring farmers, they agree that the grasses have been very much injured of late years by frost-killing or heaving. Among the grasses is white clover, the main dependence of bees from which they gather honey, and this grass is injured with the others, and is yearly diminishing in amount and luxuriousness. The chilling blasts sweep over our hills and valleys without let, hindrance or impediment from belts, or groves of trees wisely selected and left for protection. The results are disastrous to the farmer as well as to the apiarian. Without a change for the better in atmospheric influences and quantity of bee pasturage the prospects for the future to the apiarian, who wishes to cultivate bees for profit, are rather gloomy—in common parlance, "bees will run out," as a general thing, in this this elevated region. To obtain large apiaries, this is not a favorable country I am well convinced from many year's experience—successful bee-keeping here is a failure, not only in my case, but a failure universal.

Perhaps some method of managing bees may be discovered or suggested that may in part, or wholly, obviate the difficulties complained of. This, however, is a problem yet to be solved. I wish that others would give their experiences and suggestions through the columns of the Rural on bee-culture. Apiarian.

Apiary Cottage, Catt. Co., N. Y., 1859.

VALUE OF HEN MANURE.

Messrs. Eds.:—Noticing in the last Rural an article upon hen manure, I submit my experience in regard to its use and value. Many years ago the idea suggested itself to me that the manure from hens could be turned to some account, and as agricultural papers talked much of the value of guano, I thought I would try what could be done with an artificial article. At the time I had about twenty bushels of hen droppings deposited on the floor of my hen house, which I took and added to a like quantity of unleached ashes, with ten bushels of Cayuga plaster; mixed the whole thoroughly together, being careful to powder the manure, then gathered the whole in one corner of my barn and covered the pile with my horse blankets, that the air might be excluded as much as possible. When the mass had become sufficiently fermented, I laid out my corn ground and commenced planting, employing a boy or boys to follow the droppers with the guano, applying about half a gill to each hill, which was immediately covered with the hoe. The result was that upon ground which would not in the ordinary mode of treatment yield over thirty bushels per acre, I received fifty bushels of good, sound corn to the acre. I tried the experiment upon potatoes and wheat, upon a small scale, with equal success

I am of the opinion that the droppings of each hen kept on a farm, if properly saved and applied, will produce twice the amount of grain that she will consume through the winter

Corunna, Mich., 1859. Richard P. Clark.

THAT "SUGGESTED PLOW" IN THE FIELD!

Perhaps your Star correspondent from Trumansburg, N. Y., may be pleased to learn that the "*new sort of Plow*" he suggests has been *more than suggested* in old Genesee. I refer to Brinckerhoff's Subsoiler—an *attachment* to the surface plow. A number of them were manufactured at Batavia, last season—but, as Mr. B. is out of the business just now, I do not know that any are ready for this spring's demand. He owns the *patent* and patterns, and can give what "further information" may be desired.

The implement is a simple and *practical* one—accomplishing just what Mr. "*" desires—capable of being guaged at any depth below the surface plow, from one inch to eighteen—and, attached to one of Mr. B.'s plows, it will subsoil and turn a surface furrow with less strength of team to perform both operations at once than would be required to run a subsoil plow, alone, to the same depth! It is very light, and performs the work with the least possible resistance from the soil.—Last season, an extensive farmer said, "I would take one of these, but I fear I shall break it." Says Mr. B., "You can take one home, put it in the worst spot you have, with your yoke of oxen and two span of horses, drive plow to the beam and the subsoiler to the bottom (22 inches,) and if in two days you break it, you break *my plow !*"—He tried it, and made an enthusiastic report at the end of the two days—with an appendix in the fall, to the effect that where that plow ran his crop was *doubled*. It did "prove a desideratum in the culture of corn," and other crops too.

Attica, N. Y., 1859. **L. S.**

HOW TO MAKE HENS LAY.

Mr. Moore:—Among other inquiries in your paper of April 2d, I notice one asking how to make hens lay, and as I am somewhat posted in regard to hens and eggs, I will give you my mode, founded upon an experience of about five years. Up to that time I was like the Mich. subscriber, anxiously inquiring of every one how to make hens lay, as I generally kept about fifty, and would get just eggs enough for a man and his wife, if they both had the dyspepsia, for which, as all Doctors admit, there is nothing so bad as eggs.

Five years ago I killed off all of the old stock, bought twelve Brahmas, built a hen-house 12 by 20 feet with an out-door yard; in cold weather confined the hens, but when not too severe let them out. Whitewash the house once a year; this keeps it free from lice. In regard to feed, many labor under a mistake; they feed too much. To keep twenty hens through the winter give, say six ears corn and two quarts oats or buckwheat per day, about twice a week; also, give them shorts or bran wet with warm sour milk, if you have it—if not, wet with warm water; make it quite wet, and put in a large spoonful of black pepper. Give them all the green stuff you can get, such as cabbage leaves, apple parings, &c. Every fall I kill off the old hens, and save the earliest chickens. Change your roosters every spring.

Since I have adopted this course, I have plenty of nice fresh eggs from twenty hens. Even in the coldest weather I have from ten to fifteen eggs daily. Hens, like cattle and horses, will do better with good care. People generally think they have no business to be hens, and let them take their chances. A. Colvin.

Henrietta, N. Y., April, 1859.

A SPICY LETTER FROM IOWA.

Eds. Rural:—Your valuable paper reaches me regularly, and I think it is appreciated.

Land in this section of the country has been considered too valuable to *cultivate*—more money could be made by buying and selling it. But I am happy to say many have had "a change come over the spirit of their dreams." Land has depreciated in value, real estate has "taken a tumble," and we have learned the simple fact that lazy, unprincipled speculators, shiftless young men, and Union prayer meetings, never has, and never can develop and "save" a new country. What we want is *intelligent industry*. "Faith without works," died a miserable death long ago.

We have piled up brick and stone on corner lots, but the improving of land, and cultivation of fruits, we have sadly neglected. I do not wish to have it understood that we have *entirely* neglected this, out, as the boys say, "we have come so near to it *there is no fun in it*." If there are people anywhere who can *see* their past errors, *we are the ones;* and *we are bound to retrieve*.

If you have any more young men without means, and who are too lazy to work, tell them this is the "doomed city" for all such. But if they are *honest, intelligent* and *industrious*, (with a little capital,) this country is the paradise they seek. "It flows (not overflows) with milk and honey"—at five cents per quart, and twenty cents per pound. Come out and help supply our markets.

I shall probably set out about ten acres to small fruit the coming season, and shall want to ask some questions in my next letter. Yours Truly,

Keokuk, Iowa, 1859. J. R. Tewksbury.

COWS HOLDING THEIR MILK.

Eds. Rural:—In a January number of your valuable paper I noticed a few remarks by Daniel B. Hadley relative to "cows holding up their milk," and his remedy for the same, by milking "with one hand at a time." "This," he says, "may seem trivial of itself," and so it seemed to me; but as I had two just such cows, I concluded to try it. And I did so, and not without effect—for after stripping them several times, I was nearly discouraged of ever succeeding until the calves had first been gratified. Upon seeing what he had written, and doing as directed, I was well pleased with the result,—I conquered. Let me take this opportunity of returning to him my hearty thanks for his useful information. I would recommend to all who keep such cows, and wish to raise the calves, to try this simple plan of imitating the calf as nearly as possible by "milking with one hand at a time" before giving up their attempts as fruitless. Two or three times' milking in this manner, will be sufficient, in most cases, to break them of their habit. —E. L. Armstrong, *Southern Wisconsin*, 1859.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

The Robin.—Shall he be Killed?

At a meeting of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, early in 1856, a resolution was introduced authorizing the President of that Society to petition the Legislature for a repeal of the laws prohibiting the killing and destroying of the robin. This motion was laid on the table, but a Committee was appointed to investigate and learn the habits of the robin, and report. The Committee reported the present spring. We give in brief the results of the Committee's investigations as reported by its Chairman, Prof. J. W. P. Jenks, and found in the Society's Journal:

1st. Early in March numbers of this bird made their appearance in this vicinity; but until the second week in April, only the male birds.

2d. The gizzards of those killed in the morning, were, as a rule, either entirely empty, or but partially distended with food, well macerated; while those killed in the latter part of the day were as uniformly filled with food freshly taken.

3d. From the almost daily examination of their gizzards, from the early part of March to the first of May, not a particle of vegetable matter was found in the gizzard of a single bird. On the contrary, insects in great variety, both as to number and kind, as well as in every variety of condition as to growth and development, were the sole food.

But nine-tenths of the aggregate mass of food thus collected during this period consisted of one kind of larva, which through the aid of Baron Ostensacken, Secretary of the Russian Legation at Washington, I was enabled to identify as the Bibio albipennis, Say, and whose history and habits, by the aid of Dr. Asa Fitch, Entomologist of the New York State Agricultural Society, I was enabled to make out quite satisfactorily. From one to two hundred of this larva were frequently taken from a single gizzard, all in fresh, unmacerated condition; and usually, when this larva was found, it was the only food in the stomach.

4th. During the month of May, the Bibio larva entirely disappeared from the gizzards, but, up to the 21st of June, was replaced by a variety of insects or worms only, including spiders, caterpillars and beetles of the family Elateridæ, the parents of the well-known wire-worms, so destructive to corn and various other seeds when committed to the ground. The earth-worm I found to be a favorite food for the young bird, but sparingly employed by the adult for its own use.

5th. From the date of June 21st, I began to find strawberries, cherries and pulpy fruit generally, but in a majority of the examinations intermingled with insects, which led me to conclude that they were not fond of an exclusively vegetable diet, but rather adopted it as a dessert, and from the ease of procuring it, particularly during the enervating season of moulting. At this season of the year, I discovered a marked difference in the food of the birds killed near or in the village and those killed in the country at a distance from gardens and fruit trees, the latter having less of stone fruit and more of insects in their gizzards, which led me to conclude that the robin is not an extensive forager.

6th. The mixed diet of the robin seems to continue from the ripening of the strawberries and cherries to October, the vegetable portion consisting during August and September, in great part of elderberries (Sambucus canadensis) and pokeberries (Phytolacca decandra.)

7th. During the month of October the vegetable diet is wholly discarded, and its place supplied by grasshoppers and orthopterous insects generally.

8th. Early in November the robin migrates southward—the few remaining eking out a miserable existence during the winter months, on bay berries, (Myrica cerifera,) privet berries (Ligustrum vulgare,) and juniper berries (Juniperus communis.)

Potato Planting.

Hon. A. B. Dickinson, of Steuben Co., this State, furnishes the New York Tribune with the following mode of preventing the potato rot:—"Cut each potato so as to leave but two eyes on each piece, and make that piece as thin as is practicable without injuring the chit or set. If you plant in drills, put these pieces twelve inches apart; if in hills, put three in a hill. Of course, the core of the potato—three-fourths of its bulk, if a large one—is left to be eaten or otherwise disposed of. By this mode the seed goes far, and, should it attempt to rot, it can do comparatively little harm. A large, whole potato will send up larger and more vigorous stalks, but will give no ampler yield. As a further preventive against rot, Mr. D. gives his potato and most other seeds a thin coating of tar, applied as follows:—Pour a pint of tar into ten gallons of boiling water, and stir till thoroughly dissolved. Soak five bushels of potato seed, cut as already indicated, in this tar-water. Now roll in plaster, taking up as much of it as possible, and your seed is ready for planting."

Effect of Climate on Wool.—T. Fanning, President of Franklin College, Tenn., in replying, through the *Southern Homestead*, to Mr. Cockrill's "challenge" in regard to Saxon sheep, says:—"The effect of a warm climate, is to *thin* out and shorten the fibre, and lighten the fleece, take the wool from the limbs and under portions of the body, and substitute rough and hairy locks, particularly about the hips, neck, etc. In higher latitudes, sheep are more compact and uniform in the fleece over the whole body, and the yield is perhaps double that of Southern flocks. As we approach the North Pole, in order to prevent the escape of animal heat, the Almighty makes the fibre *finer* and astonishingly *softens* and *thickens* it over the body. This is exemplified in all the animal creation. Even the wolf, that is here a bristly beast, in the North is clothed with fine, soft fur; and there is not a fur-producing animal whose fibre is not finer and softer to the touch in the North than in the South."

Steam Cultivation.—Under the head of "Keddy's Patent Traction Engine, Steam Plow and Land Cultivation Company," an advertisement appears in the Chicago papers, which says:—"This Company has for its object the development of the above system of Steam Cultivation in the State of Illinois, and will, in May next, be prepared to contract for the cultivation of farms, break prairie, and supply machines to purchasers." This looks like being ready for work, though many have no faith in plowing by steam, while some pronounce the idea a stupendous humbug. Let up wait and see what time and genius will accomplish.

Agricultural Miscellany.

The Weather has been quite boisterous—with snow, rain and high winds—for some days past, and of course unfavorable for out door operations. March not only "went out like a lion," but as we write (April 5th) the alternate snow and sleet, and chill blasts, convince us that the animal is still roving, and that "the Winter of our discontent" is not yet "made glorious Summer," nor Spring, and that we must wait patiently, we trust not long, for bright sunshine and a balmy atmosphere.

Slick Up.—Yes, that's the phrase—*slick* up the whole premises. Now's the time to clean up about the house, barn, garden and farm generally. Slick up the door yard, and all the other yards,—fields, fences, buildings, and so forth. After "slicking up" things once, you will not only feel a vast deal better, and have an easier conscience, but will find it a comparatively trifling task to keep things "to rights." A little time and labor *now* will accomplish much, and if you, Mr. Husband and Father, think anything of your family, and wish to make home pleasant and attractive to wife, children and friends, you will act sensibly and wisely and slick up the homestead.

The Coming Wheat Crop.—Col. Johnson, Secretary of the N. Y. State Ag. Society, has made the following estimate of the comparative yield of the Wheat Crop of 1858 and 1859, in the United States—predicated, we presume, upon the probable number of acres sown:

Estimated product for	1858.	1859.
New York	22,000,000	20,000,000
Pennsylvania	20,000,000	20,000,000
Virginia	20,000,000	18,500,000
Kentucky	10,000,000	8,500,000
Ohio	25,000,000	22,000,000
Indiana	15,000,000	18,000,000
Illinois	18,000,000	14,500,000
Other States	50,000,000	42,000,000
Total ...	180,000,000	158,500,000

Col. Samuel Jacques, for many years a distinguished agriculturist and horticulturist, died at his residence, Ten Hills Farm, Somerville, Mass., on the 27th ult., in the 83d year of his age. Col. J. was widely and favorably known as a stock-breeder. As early as 1820 he took a prominent lead in cattle, and in breeding Short-horns. He also paid considerable attention to the improvement of horses—having kept the celebrated imported horse Bellfounder (Norfolk Trotter) from 1822 to 1828, and subsequently, for two seasons, the famous Sherman Morgan, the sire of Vermont Black Hawk. Col. J. was also for several years a prominent and successful breeder of Merino and other breeds of sheep.

Going to Europe Again.—We learn that Sanford Howard, Esq., of the Boston Cultivator, purposes to leave for Europe on the 4th of May, in the Arabia. Mr. Howard visited Europe last season, and we presume similar business—that of selecting and purchasing improved stock, for which he is eminently qualified—induces the trip contemplated. May he have a pleasant and prosperous journey, and safe return.

New Potato Digger.—We have been shown a working model of a potato digger recently patented by Mr. Robert Niven, of this county, which appears to supply a long-sought desideratum. The machine was thoroughly tested last season, before application was made for a patent, and is said to fulfil its design admirably. The model certainly works well, and we predict that "Niven's Potato Digger" will prove a success.

An Extensive Farmer.—It is said that Jason Strawn, of Rockford, Ill., went to that State twenty-five years ago, a poor man, and has by industry and perseverance become one of the most wealthy and prominent farmers in the Union. He has reduced to cultivation over 30,000 acres of land, and has now one farm of 7,800 acres, and another of 10,000. He usually employs from 200 to 300 men, and till recently has stalled from 5,000 to 6,000 head of cattle every year.

Location of Apiary.—E. W. Phelps says:—"I always prefer an eastern aspect, or one bearing a little south of east, as this gives the bees the influence of the sun in the morning, or fore part of the day, when it is beneficial to them, and during the middle of the day it will not be as oppressive as when the hives are fronting the south. Whatever the aspect may be, the hives should never be exposed to the rays of the sun during the middle of the day, excepting in April and May.

The Address delivered before the N. Y. State Ag Society, at the Annual Meeting, Feb. 10th, 1859, by Wm. T. McCoun, the retiring President, and that of Abraham B. Conger, on taking the Chair as President elect, have been published in a handsome pamphlet by the Society, and are sensible and appropriate. We are indebted to Mr. Secretary Johnson for a copy.

A Bill to Prevent Cruelty to Animals has passed the Mass. Legislature, and been approved by the Governor. It provides that "Every person who shall cruelly beat, maim, or torture any animal, shall be punished by imprisonment in the county jail or house of correction for not more than one year, or by a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars."

Col. Jona. Read, of Brooklyn, N. Y., died last week, aged 87 years. The N. Y. Tribune says he was the inventor of the first reaping machine built, and of many other machines now in use; also that he was the first to introduce the Lima bean into this country, importing it himself from Lima in 1800.

A Self-Raking Reaper has recently been invented and patented by C. R. Brinckerhoff, of Batavia, N. Y. From an examination of a working model, we are inclined to think the machine comprises some very valuable features—the raking attachment operating very perfectly.

A Wise Law.—Michigan has passed an act donating 40 acres of land to every actual settler who shall reside upon the same for five years continuously. Michigan is a good State to settle in, aside from such enactment, and many emigrants "go farther and fare worse."

Rarey, the American Horse Tamer, still flourishes. He lately gave four demonstrations of his skill in Brussels, handling nine horses, one of them a very wicked piebald mare, and the gray savage *par excellence* of the army, who had been regularly thrown for eight years to be shod. It was full twenty minutes before the fore leg could be got up; but when all was over, his groom took them up outside just as he liked. There were 250 subscribers, and of these 84 were officers sent in by the Government. Five of the Royal family were among the subscribers, all of whom were of course delighted with the "performance." He was next going to Berlin. By-the-way, what has become of Rarey's pupils and imitators in this country? Have all our wild horses been tamed—or is it true, as some assert, that we have few vicious animals here, compared with those in the old world, and if so, why?

The Steuben Co. (N. Y.) Fair is to be held on the 28th, 29th and 30th days of September next.

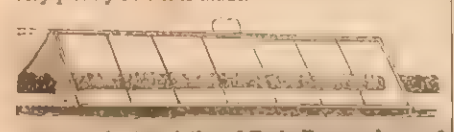
THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.

No one who has not had a good vegetable garden knows how essential it is to good living. Money can scarcely buy the luxuries it affords. To be able to obtain when wanted, and *fresh* from the garden, radishes, lettuce, peas, &c., well grown and tender, is a privilege that few who have enjoyed would be willingly deprived of.

For a successful vegetable garden the soil must be well drained, thoroughly and deeply pulverized by plowing or digging, and made rich with manure. The ground must be kept mellow as the crops are growing, by hoeing, and all weeds promptly destroyed.

EARLY PEAS are among the first things to be sown, and this should be done as soon as the frost is out of the ground. Some writers recommend raising pea plants in boxes in hot-beds, and transplanting them, but we never found this to pay for the trouble. The best way is to select the warmest, dryest soil and the most sheltered position in the garden, and sow in drills, (running east and west if possible,) two inches deep. Two rows, twenty feet long will take about one pint of seed, and will be enough of one variety for the first sowing. As soon as sown, place a wide board on edge, on the north side of each row, inclined over the rows at a slight angle, and supported at each end with sticks. This will afford a good shelter, and the ground will become quite warm, having the full benefit of the sun, while sheltered from the wind. These boards may be taken away when the plants are two or three inches high, and the earth drawn to the plants. This drawing of the earth to the plants should be repeated several times, as it is a great protection, preventing injury from the wind.—When eight or ten inches high they should be staked, and of course the length of the stakes or brush, depends upon the variety sown, some sorts growing only two or three feet high, and others five or six feet. The stakes should be placed on both sides of the rows, slanting inwards so that the tops will meet, and so firmly set in the ground that they will not blow over.

Another plan which will give peas at least a week earlier, is to make a frame with a board for the back, and lights of gluss in front—the front of course facing the south. The engraving will show very plainly how it is made.



The two best varieties of Early Peas we know of are the *Prince Albert* and *Early Kent*. The former is of a little better quality, but not so early, as we have proved, by growing them together half a dozen times. Others, we know write differently. Of the latter sorts we would recommend the *Blue Marrow*, a fine, large pea of good flavor; the *Sugar Pea*, a very sweet, fine pea, growing five or six feet high; the *British Queen*, a large and luscious pea, growing also some five or six feet high; *Knight's Wrinkled Marrow*, an excellent, fine flavored pea. The two last varieties named, when ripe, are wrinkled, like sweet corn, and is as much better than the common pea, as the sweet is better than our common yellow corn. There are several other varieties of a similar character; and indeed excellent table peas may be obtained at almost any store where garden seeds are sold.

If a pint or quart of each of these varieties are sown at the same time, they will be fit to pick in succession, from the latter part of June to the last of July, or later. A few may be sown every two weeks, which will prolong the season, as desired.

EARLY POTATOES should be planted at the same time, as peas. The *Eary June* can be obtained in almost every neighborhood, and the *Mountain June*, and with proper attention every one can have *Green Peas* and *New Potatoes* on his table by the the 25th of June, at least, in ordinary seasons. A good early potato is grown here, by our best market gardeners called the *Early Manly*. It is smaller than Early June, two or more weeks earlier, round, cooks dry, and is of good quality. If planted early in April it entirely ripens off by the middle of July. The yield is small, but its earliness makes it a very valuable variety.

Having provided for peas and potatoes, it will be necessary for those *who have not provided for such things in a* HOT-BED, to make arrangements for cabbage, tomato and other plants. Select a warm, sunny border, on the south side of a fence, if possible, and after having the ground well prepared, sow *cabbage*, *cauliflower* and *radish* seed. After the seed is sown give the bed a good sprinkling of coal ashes, if you have them and roll it, or beat it gently with the back of the spade. Then, it would be well to make a light frame around the bed a few inches high, and cover the top with a piece of gauze, which should be nailed to the frame. This will prevent injury to the young plants from insects, and save you a good deal of loss and vexation. Tomatoes, celery, peppers and lettuce, should be planted at the same time, and any other plants that may be desired for transplanting, and in the same way, but will not need the protection of the gauze, as they are not so liable to the attacks of insects. *Dish water*, or greasy water of any kind thrown over plants once or twice a week, is said to be a sure protection against the black fly so destructive to turnip, cabbage and other plants in their first stage.

The best *early cabbage* is the *Winningstadt*, a very early sugar-loaf shaped variety, tender and solid. Where this cannot be obtained, the *Early York* should be sown. The best *cauliflower* for this country is the *Early Paris*. It will head as readily as a cabbage, and is excellent in every way The best *radish* is the *Early Oval French*, which is exceeding tender and fine flavored. When this cannot be obtained, sow the *Scarlet Short Top*.

CULTURE OF THE GRAPE.—No. V.

Which is the best way to prune to insure uniform good crops of fruit, the renewal system, or by branches on old wood? I have given this subject much reflection and am decidedly of the opinion that to grow uniform full crops of fruit every year, the old wood with branches is the best way.—When vine-dressers understand that the sap and nutriment that the roots gather can just as well be exhausted to grow fruit instead of wood, the tendency will be to overload the vine with fruit and there will be a deficiency of good, young wood, to fill the trellis for the next year's crop. The result will be, on the *renewal system*, a full crop of fruit every other year, but on the old wood system there is no difficulty in getting a sufficient amount of brances with four good buds each, to fill the trellis every year with bearing wood.

It is well known that fruit trees mostly grow wood and fruit buds one year and load with fruit the next year, but not so with the grape vine.—They load with fruit buds every year. Above every leaf is two buds, one the lateral bud that generally begins to push forward before the leaf is half-grown, the other is the next years fruit bud that should not be started forward by too close summer pruning. But grape vines have their *bearing seasons*, and it is known in this way—in an *unfruitful* season the fruit buds only produce from one to three, and occasionally the fourth cluster; in a *bearing* season they produce from two to four and occasionally the fifth cluster. Now, there is no difficulty in loading grape vines with a full crop of fruit every year when their true habits are understood. In pruning vines on an upright trellis, labor to get the bearing wood in as even a sheet as possible, on the trellis, saving those branches only on the south side of the vine. If the bunches average about two feet apart, let but two buds grow on a branch and but two clusters to each bud, which makes four clusters to each branch, and if the branches are two feet apart, averaging a cluster every six inches on the old wood, labor to give to each an average amount of the fruit, as each branch receives about an equal share of the sap that passes through the pores into it. Keep in mind that about the time when the blossoms begin to appear old wood can be pruned off. In placing the vines on the trellis in the spring, if the old wood is found too thick, leave it on the ground to be pruned off the first summer pruning.

There is another advantage in raising fruit on branches on old wood—there will be less fruit shaken off by heavy winds. Still another advantage is, the vines will be more equally balanced by wood above ground and roots below ground, giving more storage for the sap the roots gather.

I would ask the question, *Does severing large wood of vines render the pores that passed into it useless in the remaining old wood?* I incline to the opinion that it does, from these facts. Cut a sugar maple that has been tapped with an auger, and there is found a dead streak about the size of the wound the auger made, ten or fifteen feet up the tree. Sever a large branch from a fruit tree, and fifteen or twenty years after that tree is hollow or decayed by the wound, showing the circulating life is destroyed in so much of its wood, by the wound. Now, if this is the case, severing large wood on vines should be avoided as much as possible. I have heard it frequently recommended, especially by Germans, that plucking off the leaves when the fruit was about grown, helped to forward its ripening. I have picked the leaves from parts of a trellis and let them remain on the rest, and could perceive no advantage by it, but in some cases an injury. The fruit being suddenly exposed to the sun's rays, it was scorched on the sunny side. I have seen repeated instances showing conclusively that by summer pruning, so as to give the fruit a crowded supply of sap from the time it first forms, until it is fully ripe, it is a fortnight earlier in ripening, much larger in size and more delicious in flavor.

When are grapes fit to gather? Not until the fragrance passes freely from them are they ripe. I have had people tell me they could smell the fragrance of the grapes when passing in the highway, though the vines are 12 to 20 rods distant. Grapes put up for long keeping should not be kept before packing until the stems are dried. Pack immediately and put enough dry substance with them, and the moisture in the stems will pass into the fruit, and help keep it fresh. ALVIN WILCOX.

West Bloomfield, Ontario Co., N. Y., 1859.

SOFT SOAP FOR FRUIT TREES.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have received of late so many letters inquiring what will prevent the the *Curculio* and other insects from destroying fruit trees, with one request from an intelligent farmer that I should give my remedy through the columns of the RURAL, that with your permission I most cheerfully attempt the task, though the same has often been verbally expressed, and has been printed in one of my Agricultural Addresses. In the first place, let me say that a portion of my trees never fail to bear fruit. To make this sure, I draw coarse manure in February or March, whilst the ground is frozen hard, and throw a pile around the tree, so as to prevent the frost from coming out of the ground until such time as I have reason to believe they will be so late in their flowering that they will not be blasted by frost; or, by what is more common, the late cold blowing rain storms. I then spread the manure over the orchard, leaving sufficient covering around the tree to bring the fruit forward in season to ripen, which will be quite as fair as though it had started two weeks earlier. This I do every year to a portion of my trees, and am sure to secure sufficient apples for my own use. I have not been without apples thirty days at any time in the last twenty years. I admit that this course is only necessary occasionally. Perhaps not more than once in five or six years, by the neglect of this, will you be compelled to do without fruit. I am quite as confident that my trees need manure as does my corn, (though not too much). I apply it to one portion this, and another next year, and so on, until I come around once in three or four years.

To prevent insects, I use everything that they dislike most. Soft soap, made thick, and from any dirty grease, (mixing with beeves' gall improves it,) applied in the spring in all the crotches of the trees, is a sovereign remedy for the Borers, Curculios, Caterpillars, and everything else that disturbs my trees. Soap and beeves' gall are indispensable to the farmer. The former he can make, and the latter he can obtain in New York, if nowhere else, by sending a jug to a butcher's boy, for a dollar per gallon, which will also be useful to prevent rats and mice from eating harness, trees, and many other things. In the fall, to secure the tree from injury in case the soap, washing down the tree with every rain, should stop some of the pores, wash them with good strong lye, if old trees; if young, the lye must be weak, as strong lye would kill them. The same application will prevent the Curculios from destroying plums to a very great extent, if not fully. They let my plums alone, as they find others in the neighborhood they like better. What may appear stranger still is, that the application, with proper treatment, will not only prevent the black knots from growing on cherry and plum trees, but I now say that I can grow them off the worst tree that can be found, with skilful trimming. I say this with full confidence, for the reason that some six or seven years ago, I said to some of my neighbors, that I believed that I could grow them off, in answer to their saying that they had and were destroying their trees. I replied that I would make the trial on the worst trees they could find. I was cited to those that were completely covered with the knots—the Morrello cherry, which is the most affected in this vicinity. I took a draining plow, with four yoke of oxen, and made three drains, twenty inches deep, lengthwise of the row, three feet apart, on a very wet, cold, hard-pan soil, on the road side, that every passer by could see what I could accomplish, or at least what I believed I could, and there set the trees; and now more than one-half of those scrubby, sickly, knotty trees, are as clean as a horse's tooth, and bearing cherries. The balance, I believe, in two years more I shall have in equally good condition. There has never been any manure applied to them except ashes burnt from the sods to keep the grass from growing up to choke them. On the other hand, the nursery from which I took the worst, are nearly or all dead, and have never borne a cherry or plum since. I make no pretensions as a fruit grower, as the soil I cultivate is not as well adapted to the growing of many kinds of fruit as it is to most farm crops, and only know from observation the likings and dislikings of my trees. I have learned what my soil lacks, and understand the peculiar taste of the insects and vermin that affect them, and can thus protect the trees with that they dislike most.

Soils can be too rich as well as too poor for all kinds of trees, and therefore no man can tell what is good for this or that soil until he sees it, for, whilst most land is made better by manuring, I know soils that should be impoverished by cropping, to prevent the trees from growing so fast as to winter kill. This treatment, if commenced with trees when young, will render the bark as smooth as glass. The soap should be applied in less quantities, and the lye much weaker, than after standing several years. If the trees are old, and the surfaces rough, you must apply the soap unsparingly, and the lye as strong as it can be made. The next Spring, just after a rain, whilst the trees are still wet, take a hoe and scrape off the coarse, shaggy bark, and the trees will look as though they were of a different kind. A. B. DICKINSON.

Hornby, N. Y., March 20th, 1859.

STONE UNDER FRUIT TREES.

MR. MOORE:—I beg to differ with you on the subject of using stone in setting out trees, especially in light sandy or alluvial soils. It has ever been a common saying and the received opinion as correct in principle among farmers, that stony land was the best and most successful soil for orchards. I have myself succeeded by that process in making large trees, when transplanted, to grow and thrive, particularly cherry and forest trees, when all other methods failed. I throw into the hole prepared for setting, common loose stones and pebbles enough to simply cover the bottom, and a slight sprinkling of earth over them and set the trees in the usual manner.

I remember some dozen years ago, when walking up the Mississippi river, about a mile above the city of Dubuque, in Iowa, of observing a most beautiful array of shade trees, of the basswood or Linden, about a private residence. I observed to my friend that the owner was smart to succeed so well without a single failure. "Well, there he stands, let us find out his process." He informed us that the only secret was that he paved the bottom of the holes with stones, and that he brought them from two miles distance—that after a good many trials it was the only way he could succeed.

The basswood, one of the finest shade trees, is one of the most difficult to remove and transplant with success, so is the whitewood, chestnut and oak, but by this process, by careful taking up and setting, it will, nine times in ten, succeed. I can give no rational theory on the process, unless the supposition that the stones condense the moisture arising from the earth, and, perhaps, a slight decomposition of the stones themselves, which contain the elements of nutrition to the plant.

Monroe Co., N. Y., 1859. H. Y.

REMARKS.—All we have to say to this process is, *try it*. We never lose many trees in setting, without the stones—not two per cent. if the trees are in good condition and well taken up.

THE GARDENER'S MONTHLY.—This is an excellent Horticultural Journal, published in Philadelphia, and edited by THOMAS MEEHAN. It consists of sixteen quarto pages fairly printed and illustrated, and is issued monthly, at $1 per year. The volume commenced in January, and the contents of the work is of such a character that we can cheerfully commend it to our horticultural readers.

SPRING WORK.—But little time remains for performing the rough work of spring, such as draining, trenching, making walks, planting, &c. Much of the success of the whole season depends upon commencing early and right. Make the soil deep and rich, secure the best plants and seeds, plant carefully, and then cultivate well and success is certain. Do everything in the best manner.

THE KING APPLE.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Noticing some remarks in your valuable paper of February 26th, in relation to the truly famous *King Apple*, it is stated that its origin is unknown, to which latter statement we, in Winnebago Co., beg leave to differ. Its origin, as we have it, is simply this. In about the year 1800 a Mr. JAMES LETTS moved into the town of Ulysses, Tompkins Co., N. Y., from New Jersey, bringing with him a few scions from a favorite seedling apple tree in New Jersey, and having at that time no orchard of his own, the scions were grafted by him into two trees in the orchard of Mr. JACOB WYCOFF, which is situated at Jacksonville, town of Ulysses, Tompkins Co., N. Y. Upon a subsequent visit of Mr. LETTS to New Jersey, he went to his old favorite seedling to get a few more scions, but imagine his grief at finding the days of his favorite tree numbered; "but of what disease it died deponent saith not." Upon returning home he at once went to the orchard of Mr. WYCOFF and begged the privilege of cutting a few scions from those two trees. When, lo and behold, one of *them* was found dead, and from the one living tree in the orchard of JACOB WYCOFF, sprang the entire family of *Tompkins County Kings*.

The above statement of facts I gathered from L. W. OWEN, Esq., of the town of Owen, in our county, and who had been for many years previous to residing here, a resident of Tompkins county, and was himself personally acquainted with Mr. JAS. LETTS, aforesaid, and had heard him in person give a narration of all the circumstances of the narrow chance of this valuable apple becoming extinct.

Rockford, Ill., March, 1859. J. S. SHERMAN.

GROWING GRAPES.

EVERY man who has a house has also a south side to it, and there dig deep, say four feet at least, and as wide and long as you have room. Pulverize and enrich the soil well, and there plant and grow at least *one* grape vine. Every man who keeps house and has a family—as all men should have—will have to find some means to dispose of soap-suds, and other refuse water, the year round. Now, nothing is more congenial to vine and fruit than daily contributions of such materials at the roots of the vine. In addition to putting it about the surface, you can make an underground drain from your rear door, and end it about two feet under ground, contiguous to the roots of the vine; and then, to make room for all that may come, dig down two feet further, the size of a hogshead, and fill, up to the top of the drain, with small cobblestone, cover them with sods, and fill up the rest with earth. In so doing you have provided for that which otherwise might become a nuisance, and made it conduce very much to the growth of one of the greatest luxuries in the way of fruit, and give you and your friends happiness otherwise unattainable. Growing good grapes will not only give you a splendid opportunity to increase the number of your *friends*, but a good chance to overcome your *enemies*. S. N. HOLMES.

Syracuse, N. Y., 1859.

APPLES FOR THE NORTHWEST.

EDS. RURAL:—Thinking, perhaps, a list of apples (as they are the only fruit we can grow successfully in this State,) best adapted to the Northwest, might be of benefit to some of your readers, I send the following which I *know* are *perfectly hardy:*

Best nine varieties for an orchard of one hundred trees.

Early Strawberry 15; Early Harvest 10; St. Lawrence 15; Fameuse 10; King of Tompkins Co. 35; Golden Russett 15.

Best twelve sorts for an orchard of one thousand trees.

Early Strawberry 100; Early Harvest 50; Summer Queen 50; St. Lawrence 100; Fameuse 50; Dyer (Pomme Royal) 50; Bailey Sweet 50; King of Tompkins Co. 300; Golden Russett 100; Pound Royal 50; Newtown Spitzenberg 50; Male Carle 50.

For a list of *twenty varieties*, add to the foregoing Pound Sweet, Fall Orange, Newark Pippin, Northern Spy, Ribston Pippin, Westfield Seck-no-further, Williamson, and Swaar.

I have tested upwards of twenty varieties each of pear and cherry, and could not find *one* sort that would endure the severity of the past winters—even seedling apple trees have suffered.

Lodi, Wis., 1859. L. H. DOYLE.

RENOVATING HEAT IN OLD HOT-BEDS.—Several writers in the *Gardener's Monthly* are recommending methods for renewing heat in old hot-beds. Dr. UHLER was successful by pouring into them a hot solution of glue, distillery swill, or any nitrogenous and rapidly decomposing substance, which acts as a sort of yeast, or fermenting agent, to excite decomposition and consequently heat in the substance of the beds. Dr. HOUGHTON accomplished the same thing by using a hot solution of potash in a partially caustic state. Potash, common lye from wood ashes, and carbonate of soda, if freshly slacked lime is added to the solution, will cause a new, powerful, and lasting heat in the hot-bed, and its power is very much increased if a solution of glue, Peruvian guano, blood or other offal is added to the bed. After the solution is put on the bed, pour on plenty of hot water. Of course the earth must be renewed when this is done. This is a valuable discovery, as it enables us to renew heat with very little trouble, and by a suitable construction of the bed the liquid might be added at any time when the heat declined.

APPLE TREES FOR FENCE POSTS.—I set out about fifty rods of apple trees three feet apart, a few years ago, and when three inches in diameter, nailed boards to them, with the middle tree on the opposite side—boards 16½ feet long. I now wish I had set out all my orchard in this way. Some say the wind will rack and break the nails. Mine have not. I think it economy, even in our wooden country, and on the western prairies I think it would be a great saving. Let the trees get large in the nursery before setting out, and you will not have much trouble by the cattle spoiling them.—L. MOORE, *Hartford, Oneida Co., N. Y.*

KEW GARDEN.—In 1841, the number of persons who visited the Kew Gardens was 9,174; in 1857, 361,978. The behavior of visitors is also improved.

ICE CREAM, FROSTED FRUIT, &C.

MESSRS. EDS.:—E. Y. E. inquires for a good recipe to make Ice Cream. I send one with a few others that I know to be good:

ICE CREAM.—Half a pound of loaf sugar to each quart of rich cream. Flavor with manilla or the peel of one lemon soaked in the juice of the lemon. Grate then peel, then strain all through a piece of muslin into the cream.

FROSTED FRUIT.—Beat the whites of eggs and dip the fruit in them. Then lay it in finely powdered sugar, put on a tin with white paper under, and set them in an oven nearly cool to dry. When the icing is firm pile them on a dish and set in a cool place. A very pretty dish for evening parties.

COLOGNE WATER.—1 pint of brandy; 30 drops oil of lemon; 30 of bergamot, and half a gill of water.

ROSE BRANDY.—A laying of rose leaves and a laying of sugar; when the sugar is dissolved bottle and add a little brandy.

APPLE CUSTARD PIES.—Grate 4 sweet apples, add a pint and a half of milk, 2 eggs, sugar, a little salt, season with lemon or nutmeg. Bake as a custard.

SPRING BEER.—Take a small bunch of all or a part of the following:—Sweet fern, sarsaparilla, winter green, sassafras, prince pine, and spice wood. Boil with 3 oz. of hops to 4 gallons of water and 3 raw potatoes pared and cut in thin slices.—The strength of the roots will be more thoroughly obtained by boiling in two waters, for the hops have a tendency to bind more than to extract the juice; the roots should be boiled five or six hours. Then strain, add a quart of molasses to 3 gallons of syrup, brown half a pound of bread and put into it; if too thick, dilute with cold water. When luke-warm, add a pint of fresh lively yeast that contains no salt. Keep in a temperate situation, cover, but not so tight as to entirely exclude the air. When fermented, keep in a tight keg, or bottle and cork. ADA.

USEFUL RECIPES.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Disease and death most frequently result from colds neglected. I keep and use a remedy, which, if you think of value, you can publish, with a few others for Rheumatism, &c., among your list of useful recipes:

COUGH MIXTURE.—One ounce liquorice; 1 oz. gum Arabic; 2 ozs. rock candy pulverized and dissolved in a cup of water, kept warm or hot, and frequently stirred. When dissolved and cool, add 1 oz. paregoric and ½ oz. antimonial wine. Then bottle and take a teaspoonful as frequently as the judgment may direct, to allay that tickling sensation, accompanying the coughing spells, which is experienced by those who have a cough and hoarseness. As I commend only by experience of favorable results, I will add two more.

RHEUMATISM.—Equal parts of spirits of turpentine, ammonia, oil of peppermint, and olive oil.—Apply a teaspoonful well rubbed and heated in, three times a day.

CUTS, SORES AND INJURIES.—Two quarts alcohol; 1 oz. blue vitriol, and 2 ozs. copperas pulverized, and added to a part of the alcohol. Then 1 oz. of gun powder to the remaining alcohol, and after remaining awhile, mingle together. Use as a wash.

Jackson, Mich., March, 1859. EUREKA.

RHUBARB, OR PIE-PLANT PIE.—As the season is approaching when the luxury of a nice rhubarb or pie-plant pie may be enjoyed by those who know how to make it, I will send you my recipe, which is the best I have ever known. If any of the many contributors to the "Domestic" corner of your excellent paper have a better one, will they send it and oblige?

Peel, slice and stew, in a very little water, the fresh gathered stalks. Then take 1 teacupful of the stewed rhubarb; 1 cup of sugar; 1 egg; 1 tablespoonful of flour; (or, if very juicy,) a little lemon peel, chopped or grated. This is sufficient for one pie. Bake between two crusts. The above is at your service.—MRS. H. E. T. W. STILSON, *Nunda, N. Y.*, 2859.

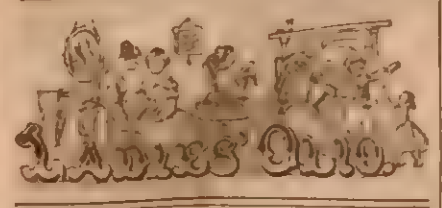
A "SALLY SUNN," OR HOT TEA CAKE.—For 12 oz. or a pound of flour, warm 1 oz. of butter in ½ pint sweet milk; a teaspoonful of salt; 3 small eggs, and 1 tablespoonful of yeast. Mix the flour well into the other ingredients and pour the whole into a tin pan buttered, &c. Set it to rise. Bake till a nice light brown—about 20 minutes. If brewers yeast be used, it will rise in a little more than an hour. Hop-rising will take 6 or 8 hours to rise.—E. E. H., *St. Thomas, Elgin Co., C. W.*

COLORING RECIPES—*Information Wanted.*—Will some one of your many readers, be so kind as to inform me, in the columns of your inestimable paper, how to color silks, merinos, and paramettas, mazarine blue? Perhaps many others would be glad of the information.—AMORET SEARCH, *Janesville, Wis., March*, 1859.

TO PRESERVE ORANGES.—Will any of your numerous correspondents inform me through the columns of the RURAL of a good receipt for preserving oranges, of which there is a great abundance in these regions, but are too sour to be eaten as fruit.—M. A. WHITE, *Houstonville,, East Florida*, 1859.

HOW TO COOK BEANS FOR A BACHELOR.—Will some of your readers tell an old bachelor the different modes of cooking beans, and the best mode for a dyspeptic person, through your domestic column?—M. C. A., *Barbour Co., Va.*, 1859.

REMARKS.—It strikes us that beans are a rather poor diet for a *dyspeptic bachelor*. Nevertheless, having no experience with either complaint, we submit the question.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALICE.

Whene'er I hear her silvery voice
Float out upon the listening air,
Some power doth whisper, "Heart, rejoice!
Look up! around thee still the world is fair."
And when within her eye there gleams
A gem whose home was once her heart,
My soul floats on a tide of dreams—
Bright golden dreams to Hope's dear mart.

And thus my Alice is to me
The Shrine whereon I lay my heart's pure vow,
The Compass that directs me o'er Life's sea,
The Goal my once lone spirit rests in now.
An Angel that doth watchful hover near
When Sin's allaring form comes tempting nigh,
A Seraph who hath left her blissful sphere
To lead me up beyond the distant sky.

Grand Rapids, Mich., 1859. Mrs. J. W. S.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHANGES.

What important changes take place within the space of a few years. Let one leave home for a short time, and the marked change that meets him on his return is truly surprising. Children have grown to men and women—new dwellings occupy the places of the old ones—familiar faces, that in remembrance glowed with health and beauty, are now over-spread with the pallor of disease, or furrowed deep with the marks of care and toil. Families are broken up, business or pleasure has scattered them up and down the earth, while many, have gone to their final homes—the dark, narrow house of the dead. But these are not all. Customs, habits, and pursuits have changed also. The wooden latch, with the string always on the outside, has given place to the knob and knocker, with which one can never arouse the inmates before eight o'clock in the morning. The clean, white floor which was once found in nearly every dwelling, is now covered by a carpet which brings a scowl of disapprobation every time a foot dare tread on it. The old fire-place, with the huge oven attached, from which we have seen so many pies dragged forth, smoking hot, is now torn down, or else covered forever. The merry laugh and quick, elastic tread of those who once wore heavy, solid calf-skin shoes has given place to hacking coughs and wafer-bottomed gaiters. The hum of the spinning-wheel, accompanied by the clear, musical voice that was once heard at nearly every window as one passed through the country, during the summer months, or early part of autumn, is now hushed, and in its place is heard the everlasting thrum of the piano, with vain attempts at mimicking chickadees and cat-birds.

We lay no claim to a morbid propensity of worshiping antiquities, but we do fail to see the benefits of exchanging health and happiness for what are termed fashionable accomplishments and modern improvements. We, of the present generation, are too apt to look upon the past with a smile of derision and stigmatize it as the age of barbarism, we think that mankind were but a little above the brutes till within a few years, forgetting, perhaps, that as far back as six thousand years ago our species were created but one degree below the angels, and that there has been virtuous hardihood, disinterested patriotism, heroic contempt of danger and of death, open-handed hospitality, guileless innocence, and affections stronger than the grave in the mighty lapse of ages, that may seem to us as chaos, so far as brilliant accomplishments are concerned. "Modern Improvement" ought not to laugh when he sees an aged man passing along the street in his old-fashioned buggy, with high back and low wheels, eating crackers and cheese, for it was by pursuing the same course, and at no very remote period either, that our ancestors were enabled to transmit to us whatever advantages we may enjoy. W******.

Lima, N. Y., March, 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BENEVOLENCE IN DRESS.

"Scribbler" has presented a pretty good argument in favor of fashionable skirts—at least, it *seems* so at first thought. Certainly it must add to the sum of human happiness to enable the ungraceful and deformed to *believe* that their defects are concealed from observation; so, perhaps, it is, after all, the part of kindness to just let this matter of dress reform alone, and continue loyal to Fashion.

But, then, how came so many women ungraceful and ill-shaped? I wonder if these long dresses had not something to do with it. We are told by reliable physicians that a very large proportion of American women have distorted spines as the result of their style of dress and habit of living too much within doors. Why do they not go out more frequently to take exercise in the open air and pure sunlight? Because, if fashionably attired, they *cannot*, with any degree of comfort, except on pleasant days; and then, with more than double the fatigue that they would experience were they clothed sensibly. Many a poor, misshapen child might have rejoiced in fair proportions had its mother *dressed* in accordance with physiological laws. In every town we see scores of sickly women, having scarcely enough strength to drag about their long and cumbersome skirts, who realize that the "reform dress" is just what they need, but feel that *they* have not sufficient *physical* strength to 'face a frowning world,' and they earnestly wish that those women who have health, and strength, and influence, would accustom the public to the appearance of the reform dress. Would it not be *kind* to do this? For a woman to countenance long skirts and hoops from motives of benevolence, seems to me about as inconsistent as for a rumseller, out of the kindness of his heart, to build an inebriate asylum while he continues the process of making drunkards.

With *Mrs.* "Scribbler," I have no expectation that Fashion will favor short skirts very soon. Meanwhile, the number of women having thick ankles, distorted spines, crooked limbs, and an awkward, clumsy gate, will go on increasing But will this reform stand still? No, because their are true-hearted women engaged in it, and these are encouraged by the best and most intelligent men, not a *few* of them are among the readers of the Rural.

Public opinion is slowly changing, and women, who care more for the *right* than for the world's favor, are continually breaking away from the ranks of Fashion, and are beginning to dress in accordance with their own ideas of propriety. The time will come when *all sensible women* will be ashamed to dress in their present style—a style so inconvenient, so destructive to health, and so contrary to true taste. The vain and frivolous will only follow because *compelled* to do so.

Sister Fannie.

TOO FINE FOR USE.

The New York Times has some sensible comments upon the lack of comfort in many of the dwellings of modern times. The writer truly says that too many houses in American cities are so fine that the people who own them are afraid to use them. The following parlor sketch is well drawn:

Call in at any brown stone front, "above Bleecker," at any time except on the occasion of a great "spread," and it has the air of a very nice old maid in morning gown and curled papers—a cross between iron precision and painful desolation.—Everything exists in a state of bagginess. The sofa is a mute inglorious corpse in a dimity winding-sheet. The chairs are put away in aprons and pantalettes. The chandelier wraps its night-gown around it. The shutters are closed to keep from fading the carpets, and only here and there, thro' the cracks, a little bit of scared light peeps in and looks around, in a tremulous and sickly way.—Everything smells of brown Holland, and everything looks as if it considered you fearfully impertinent for daring to come in and disturb its elegant uselessness and brown linen repose. It is very much like going into a family vault after an epidemic, and having a lively time with a party of corpses in fresh grave clothes. In fact, you feel decidedly like asking the mistress of the house why she doesn't complete the picture by putting up the clothes' lines in the parlors, and hanging up the week's wash.

Soberly, this show-shop arrangement, which makes home a nuisance, and drives father and son out of doors for that comfort which their own house is far too fine to afford them, is a growing nuisance, and lies at the bottom of half the social evils. When a man comes home after the fatigues of business he doesn't want a show-wife nor a show-shop house. He doesn't want an invisible palace; but a visible home. He wants something made to wear and use, and allowed to be used after its kind. He wants chairs that he can lean back in; and carpets made to be walked on; and a house alive all over; and a wife and children whose daily thought is how it can all be made happiest, cheeriest, most thoroughly comfortable for him.

MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

All parents, and others, having the control and management of children, should remember that it is difficult to make a child really understand precisely what is meant by truth and honesty. It is not every departure from veracity in a child just learning to speak, or every misappropriation of property into which it may slide, that should be branded with the opprobrious name of falsehood or theft. The culprit may be clear of any bad intention, and ignorant of any fault, although the fact may be clearly proved. Caution, discrimination and much kindness are, therefore, requisite in correcting these evident faults, while advantage should be taken to inform the understanding and quicken the conscience, as to the broad difference between right and wrong. With those children who are the most sensible of this difference, and on whom the guilt of falsehood has been most firmly impressed, a frequent incentive to its committal is fear. An active and unlucky urchin meets with some trifling accident, or perhaps perpetrates some wanton mischief. Immediately his little heart beats quickly with dread of the consequences. He knows that, if found out, he will be put to bodily pain. This his nature shrinks from, and he seeks means to avoid it. If he tells a lie, he may escape punishment, and he accordingly lies. This is sad! but what else can be expected? We do not look for the heroism of martyrs in our children, and we ought not to look for it. Now all this temptation and wrong doing could and should be prevented. We would have every parent lay down as an absolute rule for himself or herself, never severely to punish a child for a fault freely and frankly confessed.

Good Society.—It should be the aim of young men to go into good society. We do not mean the rich, the proud, and fashionable, but the society of the wise, the intelligent, and the good. Where you find men that know more than you do, and from whose conversation one can gain information, it is always safe to be found. It has broke down many a man by associating with the low and vulgar—where the ribald song was inculcated, and the indecent story, to excite laughter, and influence the bad passions. Lord Clarendon has attributed his success and happiness in life to associating with persons more learned and virtuous than himself. If you wish to be respected, if you desire happiness and not misery, we advise you to associate with the intelligent and good. Strive for mental excellence, and strict integrity, and you never will be found in the sinks of pollution, and on the benches of retailers and gamblers. Once habituate yourself to a virtuous course—once secure a love of good society—and no punishment would be greater than by accident to be obliged, for half a day, to associate with the low and vulgar.

To produce amiability and happiness, the mind and heart must act together; they must be the impartial judges, the gentle monitors, and the kind encouragers of each other; they are dependent upon each other; and we on them.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

NO HOME.

No home! the lamps are blazing in the halls,
The fire burns cheerily upon the hearth,
Bright eyes are beaming with the joy of youth,
And merry voices mingle tones of mirth.
No light for me! no fire—no song—no smiles—
No thought of gladness whereso'er I roam;
No rest for the o'erwearied, suffering spirit—
No peace, unquiet soul! no love—no home.

No home! tho' flitting on the pictur'd walls,
The shadows of my kindred I can see;
I know their presence in my heart no longer—
Living to others, they are dead to me.
Still shine the stars in all their olden brightness,
And still the golden sunlight tints the wave,
But beauty greets no more my spirit's vision—
I mourn in darkness by Affection's grave.

No home! the leaves from out Life's opening blossoms
Have fallen, sere and faded, to the ground;
And while the cold winds rudely rustle through them,
I hear, and tremble as I hear, the sound.
For all too plainly do I know the meaning;—
My deadened present—and for years to come
No hope to calm the rushing tide of feeling—
No refuge from my thoughts—no rest—no home!

No home! tho' from unnumbered voices
The melody of joy floats in the air,
Within my soul no echoes are awakened—
No answering note of gladness lingers there.
Tho' Pleasure, Wealth, and Glory beckon to me,
I look upon them as I saw them not;
And tho' Earth's myriad beauties are before me,
My spirit murmurs "ye are all forgot."

No home! the beacon light, so fondly cherished,
Long since went out amid the fearful strife,
And no faint ray shines through the midnight blackness
To guide me through the dangerous storms of life.
What fever in my brain! no balm of Gilead
Remains for me this side the dreary tomb—
I find no ark of safety from temptation—
No sleep from sorrow—God of Heaven! no home.

No home! my soul beyond the dreaded waters,
Which earth from the celestial homes divide,
Is it not promised, even for thee, in Heaven,
The blessing Heaven on earth to thee denied!
Savior, Thy aid! the way is dark and thorny—
Father, have mercy! 'tis the path He trod;
Help me! tho' faith is weak, for I am weary—
Lead me to rest! Oh, guide me *home* to God!

Hastings, N. Y., 1859. Rosella.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FICTION.

They whose acquaintance with works of the imagination has been confined to such productions as The Three Spaniards, The Children of The Abbey, The Mysteries of Udolpho, Romance of The Forest, and other like delineations of the terrible or sentimental, and whose unfavorable judgment of these samples has led them into wholesale denunciation of fictitious narrative, have little idea of what they condemn, when they thrust aside, as unworthy their attention, what cultivated readers of the present day accept as a first-class modern novel. So deeply are the feelings of the better classes enlisted in favor of efforts for the elevation of the less fortunate, that any picture of present society which has not a strong color of philanthropy—which is not presented with an evident design to help forward some humanitarian movement, or, at least, strike down obstacles that stand in the way of reformation—seems to the thoughtful, benevolent reader, frivolous and unprofitable, even as a means of amusement. Thus, we see that the most successful novels of our time are not such as are addressed solely or chiefly to the imagination, but, rather, those that by their more or less earnest treatment of social evils, or by their keen ridicule or sad or stern reproof of the follies and hypocricies of mankind, speak to the reason and conscience of the reading public. Even the historical tale has lost ground immensely within these last years; and, to take a signal example, though the novels of Sir Walter Scott are universally admired as productions of the past, there is reason to believe that if these wonderful creations were to-day, for the first time, brought before the world as the recent work of a living author, they would meet with far less general favor than they now receive. For, though the world is still willing to be entertained, it has a feeling that the entertainment should be of a different sort from what has until lately been furnished; caterers may find suitable, if sad material in the present unhappy condition of the less favored classes; humanity calls especially upon the novelist to portray before the eyes of the legislator and the philanthropist the limitations, the struggles, and the sufferings of her children; and could a writer of the present day, endowed with the splendid gifts that the author of *Ivanhoe* and *Kenilworth* possessed, turn a deaf ear to such a cry, he would be in danger of experiencing the mortification of seeing his works neglected as those of a cold, unsympathizing spectator of the strivings and the miseries of his fellow-men.

But not alone in its choice of subjects does the fictitious literature of to-day differ from the fashionable novels of an earlier time. Formerly, the plot was perhaps the distinguishing feature of a story; and the writer who contrived the most ingenious complication of incidents and brought it to the most unexpected though satisfactory conclusion, possessed one of the first, if not the very first qualification of a successful novelist. Such importance being attached to the plot, and it being the aim to concentrate so large a share of interest in its development, a greater number of characters than the exigencies of the story required would, of course, be burdensome; while the introduction of interesting matter, not useful in unfolding the scheme or adding intensity to the circumstances, would tend to weaken the effect of the best contrived and most skillfully worked plan.—Accordingly, we find that in novels of this description the characters are generally few and the information concerning them not extensive. We are admitted only to an outside acquaintance. We feel that we know nothing of them except as heroes and heroines of a novel. How they came to be the persons they are, or, indeed, what sort of persons they *are* off the pages of a book we can scarcely conjecture. Nor do we learn much of the author except as a story-teller. No hints of his actual experience of life; no glimpses of the world as it looked to him; no intimations of what he thought of subjects of interest in his time, draw attention from what, compared with the *texture* of favorite modern novels, may justly be termed the *thread* of the narrative. Measured by the broad scenes and the substantial existences of a faithful life-picture, the mere story-teller's world is truly a stage and the men and women only players.

As the taste of the present day requires the novelist to choose a solid foundation for his work—to make it in some sort an expose of political, social, or domestic wrong—it becomes necessary for him to present his characters in their relation to surrounding institutions; and this very association gives a certain color of life and reality to them. Again, the fact that the interest is divided between the fate of the characters and the discussion of a principle admits a great degree of carelessness in the plot; indeed, we may say it allows almost a total absence of plot. This looseness of plot, in turn, admits the use of a great number and variety of characters; besides affording an excellent opportunity for the author to introduce many hints of the quality and culture of his mind in his own person. And from this latter advantage springs up another feature of the novel; a feature on which, in many cases, its chief interest and value depend. For, whether from a growing disinclination to put their happiest thoughts into the mouths of their characters, or the impossibility of so introducing them in a natural, unaffected manner, or from some other cause, novelists are crowding more and more of their best material into the parts of their work in which, as distinguished from the strict narrative, they seem to speak directly to the individual reader. Thus, we are beginning to have novels without a hero and novels, without a denouement. Works of fiction, whether of the reform or sentimental school, can no longer be judged solely by the writer's skill in drawing his characters and developing his plot—their success often depends in equal and, many times, in superior measure on the thought that is woven into the story—the classical, poetical, mythological and other allusions—the delicate fancy—the quaint conceit—the wit—the humor—the satire—the pathos—and the numberless graces that a writer of varied powers introduces to make his work something more than a bald narration of incidents or a fiery record of passion. Devourers of fiction read such books with bated speed. Lingering over what may be called its more accidental beauties, they forget the tedium of waiting till the end of a long story to learn what becomes of the characters—they could even open the book at any page and read with interest—just as, in real life, we make acquaintance with people of all ages, wait, without the least impatience, for the principal events of their after lives, and oh, how willingly wait for them to die! how much longer would gladly wait than we are permitted, many times! Take, for example, *Wilhelm Meister;* a work named by Goethe a novel; but, as Carlyle truly says, possessing almost no romance-interest and having the lightest imaginable plot; yet, how overwhelming in its richness! The characters come before us in the most natural, matter-of-course way, like figures in a painting; and after helping to illustrate the genius and culture of the author, disappear from sight with scarcely diminished numbers, as families sometimes move out of a neighborhood, leaving their dead behind them, and are never heard of again. A.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BASHFULNESS.

Bashfulness is not such a common malady among young people as it used to be when I was young—a long time ago. But now and then one meets a timid boy, or maiden, too shy and bashful to take a moment's comfort anywhere. For such I always feel the utmost sympathy, and let me ask them, did you ever ask yourselves the reason, or did any one ever encourage you to feel otherwise? Nothing makes a young person appear to better advantage than a proper degree of reserve, and a modest demeanor; but these are not necessarily associated with an awkward, blushing, stammering, trembling speech and gait. If you will get rid of the idea that every one is observing you, and cultivate a sort of indifference to what every one may say or think, provided you do the best you can, could you not then appear and feel calm, easy, and be frank—willing to oblige, and not tremble, lest you should not do and look according to any particular mode?

Suppose you are homely, or deformed, or overgrown, all of which, or any of these, would be calculated to embarrass you; but reflect, that you are just as nature made you—you are just what you are, and it will only enhance your trials to be shy and reserved, and fancy people are noticing and commenting on your appearance. But every such girl, or boy, or person, has peculiar reasons, owing to circumstances, why they suffer from timidity, and such ones need a kind friend to reason with them, and raise their self-esteem, by showing them their advantages, or by encouraging them in some way, instead of being left to struggle, as many are, until time and a knowledge of the world may in a measure give them self-possession.

Cheer up, take courage, you sad, fearful, shrinking ones. The world is wide enough for us all, and there is a place for you—perchance a high one, if you dare strive for it. Will you try?

A Friend.

The cares and infelicities of life, which are spoken of "hindrances to grace," may be hindrances, but they are the only helps it has in this world.—The voice of provocation is the voice of God calling us to the practice of patience.—*H. W. Beecher.*

The ground of almost all our false reasoning is that we seldom look any further than on one side of the question.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.

by ida fairfield.

Oh! not for the dead, the holy and good,
Let the tears of sorrow flow,
Too sacred and pure is the mystical flood,
To waste it in useless woe.
And they are enjoying a home of rest
In that land where care cannot come,
Give smiles, not tears, for the pure and blest
Who have now their eternal home.

Ye may weep for the living, the hearts all worn
By the impress of sorrow and care,
Who all the ills of life's burden have borne,
And still the sad mantle must wear.
In your tears, perchance, may be found a balm
To bind up the sorrowing heart,
Filling the soul with a holy calm
As its earthly joys depart.

Ye may weep for the withering blight
Which the true heart often knows,
For the deepening gloom of poverty's night,
And the orphan's myriad woes;
For the fleeting joys which time,
From the scroll of years, hath 'reft,
For the cankering stain which sin and crime
On the heart's pure shrine hath left.

Ye may weep for the shame and wrong,
Wrought by injustice's hand,
For the weak, who suffer from the strong,
In every clime and land.
For all earth's weary, suffering sons,
Who have meekly borne the rod—
But not for those triumphant ones
At rest in the arms of God.

Independence, N. Y., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE STUDY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

I have often wondered why it is that the Bible is so little studied, even by those who profess to bear the name of Christ. Aside from its literary and historical attractions, there is so much to admire in its adaptation to the wants of every individual, so much to revere in its justice and majesty, so much to love in its mercy and simplicity, that we are at once constrained to acknowledge its authority, and to make it "the man of our counsel." But, for the believer, there is a more powerful inducement to the study of the Sacred Page. It is his Father's word, revealed by infinite love, and stamped with the unmistakable seal of Divinity. Prodigal though he may have been, wicked and unbelieving, yet that holy book has held out to him every inducement that a Father's love could devise to procure his return. And when he did return, and angels in Heaven rejoiced over his conversion, how precious became that Heavenly Message! How he delighted, at all times, and under all circumstances, to meditate upon it? If he doubted, it dispelled his fears; if inclined to wander, it warned him of his danger; if in distress, it comforted him; if sorely tempted, it promised grace to overcome; if cast down, it lifted up his broken spirit; if bereaved, it whispered of reunion; if rejoicing, every page was vocal with praise. And when Death has stood beside his couch, and stretched out over him his shadowy wings, it has brought support and comfort, and glorious triumph over the last enemy.

O, it is this adaptation to our every need, which makes the Bible so precious to us, in our earthly pilgrimage. It is our comfort in affliction, our strong-hold in the hour of conflict, and our song of rejoicing in the day of victory.

Stanardsville, Va., 1859. Bertha Mortimer.

Riches of the Bible.—"Book of books" is the Bible. It is a book of laws, shows the right and wrong. It is a book of wisdom, that makes the foolish wise. It is a book of truth, which detects all human errors. It is a book of life, which shows how to avoid everlasting death. It is the most authentic and entertaining history ever published. It contains the most remote antiquities, the most remarkable events and wonderful occurrences. It is a complete code of laws. It is a perfect body of divinity. It is an unequaled narrative. It is a book of biography. It is a book of voyages. It is a book of travels. It is the best covenant ever made, the best deed ever written; it is the best will ever executed, the best testament ever signed; it is the young man's best companion; it is the schoolboy's best instructor; it is the learned man's masterpiece; it is the ignorant man's dictionary, and every man's dictionary; it promises an eternal reward to the faithful and believing. But that which crowns all is the Author. He is without partiality and without hypocrisy; "with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

Learning and Wisdom.—The learned man is only useful to the learned; the wise man is equally useful to the wise and the simple. The merely learned man has not elevated his mind above that of others; his judgments are not more penetrating, his remarks not more delicate, nor his actions more beautiful than those of others. It is wholly different with the wise man; he moves far above the common level, he observes everything from a different point of view; in his employments there is always an aim, in his views always freedom, and all with him is above the common level.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

A Very Common Mistake.—Many Christians imagine that, now since they have believed, they must draw their comfort from some other source, or in a different way from what they did at first; they turn their whole attention to themselves, their experiences, and their graces. Forgetting that the true way of nourishing these is by keeping their eye upon the cross, they turn it inward, and try to nourish them by some process of their own devising.—*Selected.*

LETTERS FROM A HUNGARIAN.

NUMBER SIX.

Buda (Ofen)—Monument of the late Revolution—A strange idea—Hungarian Palace—Fortress on the Blocksberg—Jewish Temple—Annual Fairs in Pesth.

Dear Friend Moore:—Having returned from the *Stadtwaldchen* into the center of the city, I crossed the splendid suspension bridge which connects *Pesth* with *Ofen*. Ofen, (Hungarian *Buda*,) with a population of about 35,000, (mostly German,) is built along the bank of the Danube, partly terrace-like, on two rocks. The main portion of the city forms a strong fortress which has suffered twenty sieges within the past three centuries, the last of which took place in the Revolution of '49, when the brave Magyars wrested the fort from the hands of the Austrians. The latter, in commemoration of this defeat, (or, as the inscription on the monument says, in memory of General Hentzi and his soldiers who "sacrificed their life here for Emperor and Fatherland,") erected in 1852, a beautiful gothic monument of cast iron, 66 feet high, on a granite pedestal 90 feet in circumference. The six sides of the monument contain the foregoing inscription with the names of 418 "Tapfern" (*valiant ones*) who fell here. The inscription is evidently calculated to produce a wrong impression. One would naturally infer from it that the Austrians lost no more than 418 at the seige of Ofen; while, in fact, their loss was considerably greater. The inscription probably refers to the 418 who were killed on the spot (the *Georgi square*) *where the monument is erected*. A rider firmly holding the sword though sinking from his horse, while an angel crowns his head with a laurel wreath, represents the fallen defender of the fort, General Hentzi. Verily, this noble monument would have been worthy of a better cause. But it stands there, as it were, in mockery of the heroic capture of the fort by the brave Hungarians.

Speaking of this monument, I cannot help mentioning the strange idea which has entered into the minds of many Hungarians—and which some have communicated to me with the utmost assurance—that the Hungarian Revolution was, after all, secretly effected by Austrian emissaries themselves; and a few go even so far as to accuse Kossuth of having been such an emissary. This notion is based on the following reasoning:—Formerly, say they, Hungary was in every respect free, though dependent on Austria for its protection.—For this Hungary annually contributed a certain amount of money and men for the general expenses and defense of the Austrian Government. If Austria wished for more than the stipulated amount, it depended on the *good will* of the Hungarian people; for Hungary had its own Parliament and its National Guards, as well as many other special institutions. It thus often happened that when Austria desired a hundred thousand men for the army, or so many ducats for public expenditures, the National Parliament of Hungary would *charitably* consent to give *one-fourth*, or perhaps *one-third* of the desired amount. Now, as this method was rather too precarious a thing for the Austrian Government, the latter secretly fanned the sparks of dissatisfaction into the flames of rebellion, in order to reduce the Hungarians to a more thorough subjection by treating them as a rebellious people. *Had not Hungary declared itself independent*, Austria could never have found any pretext for forcing the former to obey all her imperial behests. But whatever probability there may be in favor of this opinion—as, for instance, the treachery of Gorgey, whose already victorious army *might* have successfully *won* the independence of Hungary, had he not suddenly surrendered it—it is certain that Kossuth was no such secret emissary; his whole career, from the very first time that he engaged in politics, speaks against this assumption. The *consequences* of the Revolution, of course, are as favorable to the Austrians as they are oppressive to the Hungarians; a description of which I attempted in my last. But I have already digressed too far. I was speaking of Buda, and here I am speculating about the late struggle for liberty. But such is the present appearance (externally as well as internally,) of Hungary, that one can hardly visit a single spot of note, without being reminded of its recent political history.

A short distance from the Hentzi monument is the royal palace, built under Charles VI., the front of which (400 feet in length,) faces the Danube, commanding the city of Pesth, on the opposite bank. In one of its two wings are stored the costly insignia of the realm which were buried under ground by the Revolutionists in 1849, but were discovered again in 1853, (Sept. 8,) at the foot of the adjacent hill, Allion.

Half an hour's distance from the palace is the lofty *Blocksberg* (765 feet above the sea,) from which the two cities, Pesth and Buda, may be most favorably viewed. In place of the astronomical observatory which existed here as late as 1852, there rises a solitary fort whose cannons command the capital of Hungary so well, that, had it existed during the Revolution, it might have prevented the Hungarians from storming Buda. Thus, the instruments of science are obliged to give way to the bulwarks of despotism. Viewed from Pesth, this fort has the appearance of a hoary monster threatening to subdue the first heaving of an insurrection in the capital.

Many another important edifice have I seen in Pesth and Ofen; but a description of them would hardly interest your readers, I will only mention the University (built in 1786,) which is visited by about 1,000 students. Among the Churches none can vie in grandeur with the celebrated Cathedrals of Vienna and Prague, or the one recently dedicated in Gran. On the other hand, the wealthy Israelites of Pesth are now rearing a Temple (*Synagogue* with reformed worship) in gothic style, which, while it will be the most magnificent synagogue in the world, will also bear testimony to the architectural skill, as well as to the wealth, of Hungarian Jews (the architect being of the Jewish persuasion, and the probable cost, when finished, nearly half a million of dollars.) Already have the gilt roofs of the two lofty towers raised the envy of some who suspected the Jews of having an underground press for making counterfeit notes. But the "children of Israel" have proved that they are not loathe to bring together their gold and their silver for the purpose of rearing a sanctuary unto the Lord, as did their forefathers in the wilderness. And thus the tablet above the main entrance is fitly inscribed in letters of gold with the Hebrew verse which in our version reads:—"And they shall make me a sanctuary that I may dwell among them." (In Hebrew this verse contains only *five* words.)

Before closing this letter, I must speak of one important feature connected with the Hungarian Capital, viz., the four quarterly markets or fairs which take place once every season. One of these was just drawing to a close while I was in Pesth—it generally continues about two weeks. On such occasion merchants from all parts of the country gather here; some bringing with them their several wares, and displaying them in temporary booths erected for the purpose on the most frequented public squares, others (merchants on a smaller scale) visiting the city for the purpose of making purchases which, being made in cash, can be effected much cheaper here than anywhere else, or on any other occasion. Of course, the city then literally swarms with strangers; and, in the night, every nook and corner of the public houses is occupied with a temporary couch. Having occasion to visit a friend of mine, one evening, who was then stopping at a private boarding-house, I had to take great care, in passing through the *kitchen*, so as not to step on the heads or legs of the several strangers who lay *all over the floor*, content with having found so poor a nights' retreat. Aside from the mercantile advantages gained by these quarterly markets, *the social* benefits derived from them must not be overlooked. For, during the fortnight which the stranger here spends, he visits in the evening (when all the "booths" are closed) the German and Hungarian theatres, the coffee saloons, &c., where he becomes acquainted with the life, manners, ideas (social and political) of the city folks, and applies them with advantage in the villages and minor towns, whither he returns after the "market." More anon. S. Tuska.

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

Mr. Williams, the editor of the Utica Herald, has reached Palestine in the course of his Eastern travels. The following is an extract from his last letter describing the "Holy City:"

"There was one Holy place in Jerusalem I sought in vain to visit—the site of the temple of Solomon. It is as you know, occupied by the principal Mosque of the city—the Mosque of Omar.—Including the inclosure, it occupies the whole south-western part of the city, and appears to be one of the most imposing edifices I have seen in the East. Hitherto strangers have been permitted to visit it by paying a modest backsheesh of from five to fifteen dollars each; but of late the Mohammedans are growing no better fast in the matter of toleration, and this year have saucily shut the door of the sacred edifices in the teeth of 'Christian dogs.' I attempted to look into the inclosure but a Turkish sentinel offered to make me a present of the contents of a very rusty musket, while an old vagabond who stood near suggestively drew his finger across his throat, indicating by such suggestion that in case I should enter, I should for the future be relieved of the bore of carrying a head upon my shoulders.

These rascally Mohammedans have also placed some sacred edifice or other over the tomb of David, so that no Christian is permitted to see the resting place of the great Psalmist. And I may here remark that there is no sadder spectacle of this curse-stricken land than that of the Arabs, and, if possible, still more degraded Turks lording it over the sacred city. The ground once pressed by the feet of Solomon, and David, and Christ, now echoes to the tread of Moslem and Janissary and the drivelling Dervish. While the Jew is cowering in obscure places, the Moslem struts with the air of one who treads on thorns; while the Christian begs permission to kneel at the tomb of his Savior, the Turk disdainfully proclaims himself monarch of all he surveys. While the Holy Sepulchre is nominally in the hands of the Christian, Turkish soldiers keep guard at the door, and a Turkish Pasha keeps the keys."

SOMETHING ABOUT ICEBERGS.

Few sights in nature are more imposing than that of the huge, solitary iceberg, as, regardless alike of wind and tide, it steers its course across the face of the deep, far away from the land. Like one of the front giants of Scandinavian mythology, it issues from the portals of the North, armed with great blocks of stone. Proudly it sails on. The waves that dash in foam against its sides shake not the strength of its crystal walls, nor tarnish the sheen of its emerald cares. Sleet and snow, storm and tempest, are its congenial elements. Night falls around, and the stars are reflected tremulously from a thousand peaks, and from the green depths of "caverns measureless to man."

The visible portion of an iceberg is only about one-ninth of the real bulk of the whole mass; so that if one be seen 100 feet high, the lowest point may, perhaps, be away down 800 feet below the waves. Now it is easy to see that such a moving island will often grate across the summit and along the sides of submarine hills: and when the lower part of the berg is roughened over with earth stones, the surface of the rock over which it passes will be torn up and dispersed, or smoothed and striated, while the boulders embedded in the ice will be striated in turn. But some icebergs have been seen rising 300 feet over the sea; and these, if their submarine portions sank to the maximum depth, must have reached the enormous total height of 2,000 feet. By such a mass, any rock or mountain-top existing below the surface of the ocean, would be polished and grooved; and succeeding bergs depositing mud and boulders upon it, this smoothed surface might be covered up, and suffer no change until the ocean bed should be slowly upheaved to the light of day. In this way submarine rock surfaces at all depths, from the coast line down to 2,000 or 3,000 feet, may be scratched and polished, and eventually entombed in mud. It is upon this theory only, that we are able to account for the many huge boulders that lie scattered about upon the mountain, valley and plain.—*Scientific American.*

GROUP OF PEASANT WOMEN, AS SEEN IN THE STREETS OF JERUSALEM.

CONDITION OF WOMEN IN THE EAST.

In no city on earth, perhaps, is women found in greater variety than in the "City of the Great King." A street scene, such as may be often witnessed, is shown in the engraving. The fair ruby-lipped Circassian and the sable daughter of Ham, the fur-clad Russian and the semi-nude Bedawy of the desert, the graceful Greek and the clumsy Copt, the modest Armenian and the brazen Fellahah, the haughty inmate of the harem, and the oppressed Jewess—"from every nation under heaven." But, however widely they all may differ in blood, manners, customs and appearance, they all more or less resemble each other in at least this common point—they are the abject slaves of the "lords of creation." If then you would form a proper estimate of the lot and condition of woman in her Oriental phases, you need not go beyond the precincts of Jerusalem. Do you see that white sheet and thick veil, enveloping something, whose yellow boots suggest the idea that it may be a piece of living humanity? Shade of Eve, it is a daughter of yours! Reader, it is a sister of ours! Those black slaves are sent to hold her in vile surveillance. The lordly Effendi, the bigoted church dignitary, the panoplied soldier, and the proud civilian, all pass her without the slightest salutation, though they well know from her train that she is as respectable as a woman can be in the East. Nay, her own brother vouchsafes not the slightest token of recognition, even averting his head as he passes; and were her own husband to condescend to exchange a few words with her in public, he would be considered not only as utterly disgraced, but as having actually sinned. Cruel Turk, who

"Scorns the world,
And struts about with whiskers curled,
Keeps a thousand wives under lock and key,
For nobody else but himself to see."

He says he has bought her, and will treat her as he pleases! But, probably, you think that domestic happiness within doors may somehow or other compensate for the neglect with which she is treated in public. Ah! you have little conception of woman's sad condition throughout the Orient! Never can you say of an Oriental dwelling, as the poet has of an English cottage

"I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the tree-tops, that a cottage was near,
And I said to myself if there's peace in this world,
The soul that is humble might hope for it here."

There is no peace in the harem. And what love can the monstrous tyrant have for one of them when his modicum of affection is divided amongst half a dozen, or half a score, or a score and a half of poor ignorant creatures? What heart-rending scenes is the sojourner in the East continually compelled to witness, flowing from the abominations of the harem system! Yet the instance cited is the very brightest picture of Oriental female life which can be portrayed. For these poor creatures' husband, if indeed *he* can be called *husband* whose conjugal affection is divided amongst so many, or rather bestowed upon none, is able to support his ample household without requiring any labor at their hands.

But how widely different is the case when they are compelled to labor for their own support and his! Take another illustration, then—one from the lower walks of life. You see that one-robed woman, with tattooed face and narrow little bead-adorned veil, concealing nose, mouth and chin, while most of her person is as much exposed as Grecian sculptor could desire; she truly has a hard lot. She is bringing vegetables to market. *She* planted the seed; *she* worked the ground; *she* gathered the crop, and now *she* must make sale of them, or else what is to become of that little fellow that rides astride her shoulder, and the babe that swings in the knapsack that hangs on her back? For her brutal husband spends the live-long day lounging in the idle group at the gathering-place of the village. Besides her own heavy cargo, she drives the donkey before her to the city, well loaded with the produce of her own industry. But does she venture to ride him back? Not she! 'Twould cost her a sound drubbing to do so. But you see her lord and master seated upon him leisurely smoking his pipe, while his help-meet carries two children and a basket.

Ladies, sympathize with your sister, for you borrow from her the present style of flowing sleeve, which you admire so much; but you do not "go the whole figure," for you will discard in a few weeks more what has been worn in the East for perhaps three thousand years. She wears it three or four times the length of yours, and either ties it around her neck, or covers her uncombed head with these useful appendages, and they thus serve the quadruple purposes of sleeve, cape, bonnet and handkerchief. But alas! poor thing, while she may wear that robe like

"Beauties by Sir Peter Lelie,
Whose drapery hints, you may admire them freely,"

suppose she were so unfortunate as to be caught without that nose-and-mouth-hiding veil,—such shameful *immodesty* would in all probability call down, not only the bitterest ire of her *devoted* husband, and the reproaches of the neighborhood, but a sound drubbing besides. In what durance vile are we bound, by custom on the one hand, and impelled by fashion on the other! But query,—which is worse, to be wedded to such a brute, or to fashion? Who can say which is the most tyrannical, arbitrary and capricious?

Now if such are the civil and social disabilities of woman in the East, how much more the mental and moral servitude under which she groans and toils, despairs and dies! Should we not, henceforth, evince more gratitude to the "Author and Giver of all Good," than we ever yet have done, for the distinguishing privileges we enjoy in this western world; and not only so, but, in view of our great responsibility, should we not give proof of our gratitude, by extending relief to our less favored sisters in eastern climes?—*Hadji in Syria.*

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 1, 20, 15, 8, 2 is a county in North Carolina.
My 2, 12, 4, 7, 6, 17, 12, 19, 20, 10 is a city in one of the Southern States.
My 3, 17, 5, 18 is a river in Europe.
My 4, 12, 17, 17, 15 is a town in England.
My 5, 18, 6, 1, 18 is a town in Switzerland.
My 6, 8, 9, 18 is a capital in Europe.
My 7, 16, 3, 19, 2, 1 is a county in Michigan.
My 8, 16, 18, 1, 20 is a large body of water.
My 9, 1, 20 is an island in the Irish sea.
My 10, 19, 17, 12, 9 is a town in Massachusetts.
My 11, 3, 15, 18, 6 is a river in Europe.
My 12, 5, 6, 8 is a river in Spain.
My 13, 17, 5, 1 is an island in the Mediterranean sea.
My 14, 19, 17, 6, 10 is a cape on the coast of Spain.
My 15, 1, 5, 17, 12 is a cape on the coast of the United States.
My 16, 17, 1, 6, 19 is a river in Sweden.
My 17, 13, 3 is a county in Virginia.
My 18, 2, 10 is a river in Austria.
My 19, 9, 6, 7 is a river in Tookistan.
My 20, 1, 14, 17, 3, 15 is a river in Europe.
My whole is an old saying. A. Wells.
Charlton, N. Y., 1859.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 1, 4, 5, 9 is a British title of nobility.
My 9, 4, 5, 12, 4, 7, 11, 11 is the surname of a member of Congress.
My 3, 12, 11, 13 is a species of birds.
My 4, 9, 7, 11, 12, 16, 7, 17, 10, 13 is a distinguished U. S. Senator.
My 7, 9, 8, 11 is one of the seven colors.
My whole is an eminent English politician.
Mount Vernon, Mich., 1859. J. Milton Johnsten.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

Required the dimensions of the largest cubical box that can be made from a board containing 15 1-18 square feet; the board being one inch thick, and the thickness to be retained when the box is made. Required, also, the shortest method of solution. Mary.
Nunda N. Y., 1859.

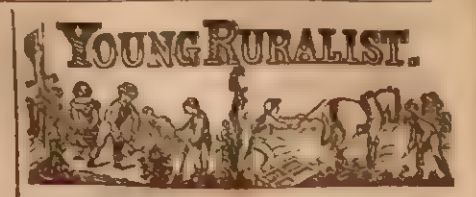
☞ Answer in two weeks.

The Elastic Egg.—Take a good and sound egg, place it in strong vinegar, and allow it to remain twelve hours; it will then become soft and elastic. In this state it can be squeezed into a tolerably wide-mouthed bottle; when in, it must be covered with water having some soda in it. In a few hours this preparation will restore the egg nearly to its original solidity, after which the liquid should be poured off and the bottle dried. Keep it as a curiosity to puzzle your friends for an explanation how the egg was laid in the bottle.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 481.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—127 sheep.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—The worst of slaves is he whom passion rules.



ARITHMETICAL CALCULATION.

Messrs. Eds.:—Orpheus, in the Young Ruralist, of Feb. 19, asks "why, dividing a number makes it larger, &c." Allow me to say in reply, that it will not, unless the divisor is less than a unit—1.

Orpheus divides 1.0096 by 004—that is, he separates a unit into a *thousand* parts, and for a divisor, takes *four* of them, thus 4-1000ths, or thus .004—as decimals are generally written. Now, by reducing the 1 in the dividend to thousandths, it will be of the same denomination as the divisor, and the division will be easily accomplished as far as the *thousandths* extend in the dividend. Here allow me to say that is impossible to divide one denomination another, without first assimilating them, virtually or in reality. Proof—divide a hundred pounds of butter by four quarts of molasses. But to return to the example. If we divide *one thousand* and *nine thousandths* by *four thousandths*, does it follow that the answer *must* be in thousandths, also? Of course not; and this is what mystifies many besides Orpheus. To illustrate,—suppose we cut an apple into twenty equal parts. The question then arises—how much greater are ten of those parts, than five of them. Any one can see that they would be twice as large and not two tenths.

To illustrate this a little further, and to explain the unit point, let us go on with the first example which Orpheus gives. Considering the 1 as reduced to thousandths, we get along finely until we divide the 9, which is the last figure in thousandths, and, consequently, the last that will contain the divisor a *whole* number of times. Represented thus,

004)1.0096
252.

As the point is only a mark to separate the whole from the fractional numbers, it falls after the 2, as above. After dividing the 9 we have one remaining, which reduced to *ten thousandths* and added to 6, already in that place, make 16. Making the divisor of the same kind and then dividing, we have 16-40, or 4-10—the same result that would be obtained if we divided straight through, as in whole numbers. The "reason" why the point is placed as it is, is this, we cannot divide any number by one greater than itself and receive whole numbers for an answer; or in other words—when we get to the last figure in the dividend which is of the same order as the last figure in the divisor, we must "point off" the rest of the quotient for a decimal.

If Orpheus, and others, understand what has already been explained, they will have no trouble in seeing why multiplying a number by *less* than 1, makes the product *less* than the multiplicand; and also, why the point is placed accordingly.—Will Orpheus accept my thanks for his explanation of the circle?

Humo, Allegany Co., 1859.

False Philosophy.—Some years since I read a lecture by a professor of Philosophy, on the subject of attraction. He attempted to prove the attraction of gravitation, by saying that the center of two balls, suspended by two lengthy cords, would be nearer each other than the cords would be at the top. I would not take it upon me to say, positively, that this would not be *a* reason, but think it is not *the* reason. Any two perpendicular lines, are not parallel lines. All perpendicular lines, pass directly to the center of the earth, and therefore verge towards each other, like the spokes of a carriage wheel. The walls of a stone or brick house must lean slightly in or it will be larger at the top than the bottom.

Many suppose that east and west lines drawn upon the surface of the earth, are parallel strait lines. This is not the case. Indeed, a surveyor cannot start from a given point and run one mile west, thence east one mile, and strike the point he started from. Will Veritas give an explanation of this.—W. R., *Moravia, Cayuga Co., N. Y*

Advice to "Wolverine."—If "Wolverine," of Macomb Co., Mich., will correspond with me, will give him my experience in full. I bound myself out to a *farmer* when 17 years old, and lived with him till 22 years old. I could give Wolverine some good practical advice. I would fully endorse your advice in the Rural of the 12th inst. Still, he should have *three months' schooling* (66 days) each year, *board, clothing*, a moderate amount of spending money, and when of age *one hundred dollars*. However, I repeat, with you, that a *home* in a good Christian family, with an enterprising, early rising farmer, is much better than to work from place to place by the month, even if he gets only his board, clothing and schooling.—C. A. Hawley, *Box 1662, Chicago, Ill.*

Good for Evil.—Euclid, a disciple of Socrates, having offended his brother, the latter cried out in rage,—"Let me die, if I am not revenged on you some day or other." Euclid replied,—"And let me die, if I do not soften you by kindness, and make you love me as well as ever."

If a *truth* be established, *objections* are nothing. The one is founded on our knowledge, the other in our ignorance.

There is only one objection to people who "mean well," and that is they never can spare time to carry out their meaning.

Nothing establishes confidence sooner than punctuality.

Youthful rashness skips like a hare over the meshes of good counsel.—*Shakspeare.*

No man can avoid his own company—so he had best make it is good as possible.

To keep your own secrets is wisdom, but to expect others to keep them for you is folly

He is armed without, who is innocent within.

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Wood's Mower—Walter A. Wood.
Manny's Combined Reaper and Mower—Walter A. Wood.
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Grape Vines—Hoag & Crume
Linnæus Rhubarb—H. C. Freeman.
Grape Vines for sale Cheap—N. Walter.
Money for All—E. L. Lee.
Rebecca Grape Vines—H. C. Freeman
Peach Trees for Sale—C. W. Seelye
Publications, Groceries—J. K. Chappell
Business and Residence—Dr. Lightall
Grape Vines—J. L. Andrus.
English Galvanized Chain Pump—R. King, Jr.
Burdett's New Seedling Strawberry—J. Burdett.
Sets of the Prince Albert Potato—M. S. Parker.
Prince Albert Potatoes for Sale—P. P. Bradish.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Remarkable Cure of Deafness.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 9, 1859.

Rochester City Government.

Our City and Ward Officers for 1859, were duly inaugurated on Monday, the 4th inst., and have entered upon their respective duties. As a matter of interest to many of our readers we give a list of the principal officers:

Mayor—Samuel W. D. Moore.

Treasurer—William E. Lathrop.

Justices of the Peace—Delos Wentworth, Henry E. White and William R. Carpenter.

Sealer of Weights and Measures—William E. Roach.

Aldermen—1st ward—Wm. Mudgett, Wm. F. Holmes; 2d, Geo. W. Perry, Benj. Butler; 3d, W. A. Reynolds, Wm. Hollister; 4th, Geo. W. Lewis, H. S. Hebard; 5th, L. B. Twitchell, N. C. Bradstreet; 6th, David W. Perry, John C. Nash; 7th, H. Billinghurst, W. T. Cushing; 8th, H. B. Knapp, Newell A. Stone; 9th, Lewis Selye, John Lutes; 10th, H. S. Fairchild, Geo. Shelton; 11th, Louis Bauer, John C. Mason. The Board consists of 10 Republicans and 6 Democrats.

School Commissioners—1st ward—P. W. Garfield, E. T. Oatley; 2d, E. R. Hall, Jas. H. Kelly; 3d, J. A. Eastman, W. H. Groot; 4th, Jno. Wegman, G. W. Rawson; 5th, B. O'Brien, Wm. Goggin; 6th, John Gilligan, J. E. Haydon; 7th, M. Canfield, J. M. Hatch; 8th, J. H. M'Donough, E. Knickerbocker; 9th, J. E. Conway, J. Qualtrough; 10th, Wm. M. Lewis, Jas. Kingsley; 11th, John Alexander, Axel Gay. The Board is equally divided, politically, by law.

At the first meeting of the new Board of Common Council, on Monday P. M., the following officers were elected.

City Clerk—Francis S. Rew, one of the editors of the Daily Democrat. City Superintendent—R. D. Howell. Clerk of the Market—Fred. Alexander. City Attorney—John Van Voorhees. Overseer of the Poor—Jona. Child. City Surveyor—Chas. R. Babbitt. Commissioner of Mount Hope Cemetery—Wm. Brewster. City Physicians—H. B. Sherman, T. B. Collins, T. F. Hall, Axel Backus, F. Reichenbach, G. Arink. [Rochester is a very healthy city, but it is becoming a "metropolis," and the new Board probably anticipate a change!] City Comptroller—J. E. Pierpont. Physicians to the Board of Health—G. W. Avery, W. H. Briggs. Board of Health—H. B. Knapp, H. Hebard, J. Crombie, H. Scranton, S. L. Brewster, A. Cram. Messenger—H. A. Peary.

The Board of Education met on Monday evening and elected officers as follows—President of the Board—E. T. Oatley. Superintendent of Schools—P. H. Curtis. Messenger—E. W. Carl.

Fires and Casualties.

Collision and Loss of Life on the Ohio River.—A catastrophe occurred on the Ohio River on Monday evening the 28th ult., resulting in the loss of over forty lives. The steamers Nathaniel Holmes, bound from Pittsburgh for St. Louis, and the David Gibson, from New Orleans for Cincinnati, came in collision a short distance below Petersburg, Ky., and two miles above and in sight of Aurora, Ind., with such force as to sink the former instantly, and the latter in a few minutes.—The night was dark, and the wind was blowing violently when the collision occurred, and it is supposed that smoke obscured the lights so that neither pilot saw the approaching boat, until too late to prevent the accident. The Holmes was cut into pieces, and sunk instantly. The Gibson swung around and was run for the shore, but before reaching it she sank, the cabin floating off.—All on board the Gibson were saved, but more than forty of those on the Holmes perished before aid could be rendered.

The Suffolk Flour Mills, Boston, occupying a building 200 feet in length and three stories high, was destroyed by fire April 2d, and about 800 barrels of flour and a large number of bags of flour and grain. The fire was probably the work of an incendiary.

Half the Planter's cotton press at New Orleans was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 2d inst. Five thousand bales of cotton were consumed. Loss $300,000.

A very destructive fire occurred in Dansville on unday last. It originated in the National Hotel, on Main St., and destroyed quite a number of stores, dwellings, &c., on Main, Chestnut, Elizabeth, Liberty, and Exchange Streets. The loss is variously estimated at from $50,000 to $100,000, and is a severe check to the flourishing village.

Louisiana.—The late census taken in Louisiana, by order of the Legislature, shows the following results:—Aggregate white population, 325,007; slaves, 303,800; free negroes, 18,164; total, 646,971. In estimating the number of Representatives in Congress, this is equivalent to a population of 525,451. In 1850, the total population was 511,974, the proportion of slaves being almost precisely the same as now. Of the total assessed value of taxable property ($378,604,234) New Orleans, represents more than one-fourth. The city pays more than one-third of the total amount of taxes, and has about one-fifth of the representation in the State Legislature. The whole number of voters in the State is 58,546, a ratio of a little more than one to six of the entire white poplation. The number of children, who attend school, is reported at 76,612.

The New Canadian Tariff.—The following table, from the Toronto Globe, shows the principal duties levied under the new Tariff as contrasted with those of previous years. It will be observed that in every case there is an increase, and in some quite a large one, of the per centage levied:

	1855.		1856	1857	1858.	Galt's Ta'ff.
Coffee	8½	per c.	8½	10	10	20
Molasses	16	"	11	11	18	30
Sugar, refined	32	"	28	25	26½	40
do. other	27½	"	20	17½	21	30
Tea	11½	"	11½	11½	12½	20
Boots & shoes	12½	"	14½	20	21	25
Harness	12½	"	17	20	21	25
Cotton goods	12½	"	18½	15	15	20
Iron goods	12½	"	18½	15	16	20
Silk goods	12½	"	13½	15	17	20
Woolen goods	12½	"	14	15	18	20

The Decimal System.—Another movement is in progress in Great Britain, to secure the adoption of the decimal system, so goods shall be sold and duties paid by weight of 100 pounds, instead of the hundred weight of 112 pounds. At a recent interview with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, it was represented by Mr. Miller, of the Bank of England, that the 112 pounds, instead of 100, causes five million of useless figures to be written every year, in nothing but invoices, &c., of bonded tea; many of these figures are results of useless calculation. An English writer, basing his calculation upon these figures, supposes, that taking the whole business of the country, fifty thousand million of useless figures are publicly written every year in the United Kingdom, which could be saved by the decimal system.

Present Condition of the British Navy.—Mr. Disraeli having recently declared that the British Navy demanded a "complete reconstruction," the London *Times* gives a long review, showing by facts and figures that it is in a high state of efficiency. There are no less than 337 screw steamers, all of them, from the heaviest three-decker to the smallest gun-boat, mounting guns which are considered the most formidable they can carry. Then there are 75 steamers propelled by paddles, and 201 sailing vessels, making a grand aggregate of 613 fighting ships, bearing 15,140 guns, and carrying among them engines of nearly 100,000 horse power. This is a formidable array, but the Ministry recommend that an immediate addition be made of twelve screw-line-of-battle ships, carrying ninety guns each.

The Indian Troubles at Spirit Lake.—The Jasper Co., Iowa, *Free Press* of the 17th ult., says that considerable excitement exists at Spirit Lake, arising from a fear of the Indians, numbers of whom are reported lurking about the neighborhood. Two were arrested, but afterwards escaped. They were recognized as having belonged to the Inkpadutah band, who were engaged in the massacre some 18 months since. Some 14 Indians were taken, including Inkpadutah's brother-in-law. A band numbering 150 are reported as lurking about Lake Huron, and preparations are being made to send scouts to reconnoitre. Sentinels have been stationed, and strict watch of the movements of the Indians is kept every night.

New Orleans in a Puddle.—Late heavy rains have flooded the rear of New Orleans, which is converted into a lake, so that one-third of the city is under water, and a large number of citizens cannot leave their homes except in boats or by wading.

News Paragraphs.

Hon. John Allen, former Mayor of Rochester, died in New York on Friday evening last. His remains were brought to this city on Tuesday for interment at Mt. Hope Cemetery.

According to letters received from Lieut. Brooke, commanding the United States schooner Fenimore Cooper, now engaged in surveying the route between San Francisco and China and Japan, the guano island taken possession of by him contained, at the lowest calculation, 25,000 tuns of guano.—The results of the survey thus far, notwithstanding the smallness of the outfit, are regarded of high value to our commercial marine.

One wing only of the University of Minnesota, St. Anthony's Falls, has been completed. It cost $40,000, and the News says is built in the style of a famous architect, "with a mortgage and a cupola on the top."

The Detroit Tribune states that a Jewish child upon whom the rite of circumcision had been performed, bled to death on account of the operation—a very unusual occurrence.

Lake Pepin, on the Upper Mississippi, has an average width of one mile and one-half, and is deep enough to float the largest vessels. Soundings show a very uniform depth, varying from twenty-five to thirty-six feet. Three rods from shore the water is twenty-five feet deep, and for a distance of one hundred and thirty-two rods, measuring across the lake, the depth does not vary one inch from thirty-two feet. It is one of the most beautiful sheets of water in the country, and abounds in the most delicious fish.

Some of the Southern States have recently been visited with considerable frost, which it is feared has caused much injury to fruit trees, as they are all in full bloom.

The old mansion of Gov. Wyllys, on the Charter Oak Place, Hartford, is being demolished, to make way for a modern house. The old mansion was built 222 years ago, for the Royal Governor of the Colony, and the frame, of solid English oak, was sent out from England.

The Philadelphia Ledger hears, from private letters received from persons attached to the Paraguay Expedition, that if Lopez resolves on resistance, the naval force there must confine itself to a blockade, which may last till October, when the rise of the river will enable re-inforcements to reach it; and that to make an attack with the present force, would be more desperate than the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava.

If the population of New York city increases annually in accordance with the average for a series of years past, it will contain, 1870, 1,200,000 souls.

The tenor of the latest news from Pike's Peak is unfavorable. Charles Nichols, one of the first to go out there, gives the Chicago Tribune quite an unfavorable account of the mines.

Otis Bullard, of Lowell, formerly an officer in the Boston Custom House, has testified, before the Liquor Investigating Committee, that he had made as good whiskey as that which comes from the State agency, for three cents a gallon, and as good port wine for twenty-five cents. The agent was anxious to know how, but the Committee objected to the question, as they thought he already knew quite enough on that branch of the subject.

Five of the eight new United States Senators—Messrs. Anthony, Bingham, Grimes, Bragg, and Powell—have been Governors of their respective States.

Rev. Dr. James Kendall died at Plymouth, Mass., on the 19th ult.

The Cincinnati Gazette says 6,280 adventurers have passed through that city this season, for Pike's Peak. It is estimated that by all routes, no less than 100,000 people are now enroute for the gold regions, and adds, "Nine-tenths of these, at least, instead of acquiring fortunes, will encounter hardship, starvation, and disappointment."

There are now many men in San Francisco whose families are in a state of destitution, who a few years ago were worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. Speculation in real estate ruined them.—One family, that were intensely aristocratic during the inflated days, now keep boarders and take in washing.

It is stated that gold has been found within the Salt Lake Valley, and about midway between the present encampment of the U. S. troops and the Mormon city of Salt Lake.

The public schools of Cleveland, Ohio, seem to be in a bad way. On the one hand teachers have been obliged to leave their schools, from inefficiency in sustaining an orderly government over their pupils. Others have been censured for a rigid enforcement of their rules. On Friday, a teacher named Ford, was waylaid and beaten in that city, even to the peril of his life, for having chastised a rebellious pupil.

Dr. Doy and Son, who were arrested in Kansas, and carried to St. Josephs, Mo., on the charge of helping away slaves, have been released and returned to Leavenworth. The jury disagreed, and in the case of the son a *nolle prosequi* was entered, and the father held to bail for trial at the next court.

There are several crevasses in the Mississippi above New Orleans. They threaten to cause great damage. The water is higher than last year.

Indians Attacking the Pike's Peak Emigrants.—The conductor of the Salt Lake mail, arrived at St. Josephs, reports that the Indians had notified the emigrants to Pike's Peak that the great Father had not yet bought their country, and they shall not live in it; and as an earnest of their intentions they had already waylaid and murdered several emigrants. The intelligence is said to be reliable, and should warn emigrants to travel well armed and in strong parties.

An Anglo-American Paper.—Dr. Charles Mackay, the song-writer, and Col. Hiram Fuller, formerly editor of the Evening Mirror, in New York, are about to establish an Anglo-American newspaper in London.

Old World Matters.

Five foreign steamers arrived during the week, and we consequently have a large mass of European news. We present the following synopsis:

Great Britain:—The jury in the Irish treason trials were out 22 hours, and were unable to agree. They were discharged.

Lord Cowley had had a protracted interview with the Ministers. Nothing authentic as to his mission had transpired, but it is believed little is to be hoped for.

The London Times says that the leading submarine cable-makers are willing to contract for the successful submersion of the Atlantic Cable, taking all risk of loss or damage upon themselves.

A powerful committee, including such men as Lords Palmerston, Shafteabury, John Russell, Lyngburst and others, had been formed for the purpose of raising funds in aid of the Neapolitan exiles.

The reform measure continued to be actively canvassed in England.

Earl Grey, one of the leaders in the Whig party, had written a letter strongly objecting to Lord Russell's contemplated amendment.

The London Herald says that it has high authority for stating that in case Lord John Russell should succeed in upsetting the Ministry, and was called upon to form another, he will give Cabinet appointments to Messrs. Bright, Gibson, Robuck and Horsman; all these gentlemen having offered their services.

France.—An article in the Moniteur says:—The Emperor does not hold the whole of Germany responsible for the errors manevolence of certain manifestations which spring rather from mean resentment than from serious fears. Germany has nothing to anticipate from us for her independence. We sympathise with her nationality by showing herself impartial; she will show herself foresighted and will do better service to the cause of peace.—The French people are susceptible in regard to honor, but at the same time moderate in the employment of strength. If threats will arouse, it may nevertheless be pacified by conciliation.

The Le Nord distinctly asserts that as negotiations are pending, Napoleon consented to the insertion of the recent article in the Moniteur, to show his moderation; but that if the present difficulties are not diplomatically solved—if Austria does not yield—he will not shrink from the consequences.

The ominous silence respecting Lord Cowley's mission, tended to increase apprehension of war. A rumor was current that the Lyons railway received orders to keep in readiness for the transportation of 75,000 troops. The Emperor was to review the Imperial Guard the 20th, the anniversary of the entry into Paris by Napoleon on his return from Elba. There is some expectation of his addressing them.

Austria.—It is stated that the Austrians had commenced to lay mines for the purpose of blowing up the bridge Buffalora over the Ticino.

The Austrians were preparing a military hospital at Pavia, to have 2,000 beds. The Emperor Francis Joseph was expected shortly to inspect the fortresses and troops quartered in Italy. A Vienna dispatch says that large bodies of troops had recently come to that city from the northern and eastern provinces of the Empire, and there is reason to believe that another army of 50,000 men would in a few days be on their way to Italy. The Vienna correspondent of the Times says that Austria will assuredly act strictly on the defensive, and that her great arrangements are made purely from a lack of faith in the pacific expressions of the Emperor of the French.

Italy.—It was asserted that the Sardinian government had applied to Emperor Napoleon for an auxiliary *Corps de Armee* of 75,000 men. The troops already under arms at Piedmont amount to 72,000 men, and the new levies and reserves called out were calculated to bring the total up to 87,000. The orders to join were very stringent. An order is said to have been received in Paris from the Sardinian government for 40,000 revolvers, to be paid out of the new loan. It is also said that the orders given in France for 80,000 pairs of shoes and soldiers' great coats, for the Sardinian army, had been increased to 50,000. Garibaldi had been appointed General of Division, and will command the three new battallions being formed at Cuneo.

Spain.—A Madrid telegram of the 14th of March says:—Mr. Preston, the Minister of the United States, was received yesterday by the Queen in a private audience. In the name of President Buchanan he assured Her Majesty of the President's desire to maintain friendly relations with Spain, and expressed his personal conviction that the general wish of the people of the United States was to preserve the bonds of friendship at present existing between the States and Spain, and to do everything in their power to avoid any misunderstanding between the two countries. The Queen replied in terms flattering to both the United States and its Minister.

Commercial—*Breadstuffs.*—Richardson, Spence & Co. report wheat and flour in improved inquiry, with sales to a limited extent at full Friday's rates. Western red wheat 5s9d@9s2; white 8s7d@10s9d. Corn steady, with retail sales at 6s@6s3d for mixed and yellow, and 7s3d@7s4d for white. *Provisions.*—Messrs. Bigland, Althya & Co., Richardson, Spence & Co., James McHenry and others, quote beef firm for good sorts, but there has been a decline of 2s6d on inferior kinds. Pork dull. Lard dull.

Bribery in the Canadian Parliament.—Newspaper correspondents from Toronto state that one member of the Canadian Parliament has expended over $200,000 in support of a certain railroad bill now pending before that body; and that one-half of that sum was paid to a director in another railroad company to induce him to betray his trust, and that a member of the House is interested to the tune of $200,000. This is copying some of the bad habits of our Houses of Congress pretty closely and effectually.

Regents of the University.—The Legislature have elected Regents in place of Wm. C. Bryant resigned, and John McLean, of Salem, deceased. The republican members nominated Rev. Dr. Geo. B. Cheever, of New York, and Robert S. Hale, of Essex. The Democrats named Charles O'Conor, of New York, and John Willard, of Saratoga, for the same places. In Joint Convention, Dr. Cheever and Mr. Hale were elected.

The News Condenser.

— The total tunnage of the U. S., June 30th, 1858 was 5,049,808.

— A Mount Vernon Association has been started in California.

— The cost of the canals in the U. S. is estimated at $175,000,000.

— A horse died last week in Springfield, Ill., from hydrophobia.

— A convention of saw-mill owners is to be held at Davenport in April.

— Gov. Morrill, of Maine, has designated the 21st inst. as Fast Day in that State.

— A vein of iron ore has been found in the yard of the Clinton, N. Y., prison.

— John Correll, of Elk, Iowa, was recently fatally injured by his buck sheep.

— A photographer in Pittsburg advertises to take first class portraits for one dime.

— The First Presbyterian Church, and old land-mark in Buffalo, is to be re-built.

— They have ripe peaches at Charleston, S. C., and cucumbers at Savannah, Ga.

— Attorney General Black doesn't feel very well, and has left Washington for home.

— Green peas, radishes, and strawberries have arrived at New York from Savannah.

— The peach crop in Ohio and Kentucky promises an abundant yield this season.

— The immigration to the United States in 1858 was less than half what it was in 1857.

— It is rumored that Santa Anna will be again called to the Presidential chair of Mexico.

— The Republicans of Kansas have called a Convention to meet at Ossawatomie in May.

— There is in Cincinnati a horse over sixteen hands high and weighing over 1,900 pounds.

— One hundred thousand hides a month are shipped from the La Platte river, in South America.

— It is stated that in Minnesota there are among the residents, 25,000 more males than females.

— A young lady recently died in Troy from placing colored worsted in her ears when pierced.

— A four hundred dollar cradle is on exhibition at one of the Furniture Stores in Philadelphia.

— There are yet two hundred of the patriots of the Revolution living and receiving their pensions.

— There were received at the Dead Letter Office last year 21,491 letters, containing altogether $59,918.

— The Champlain Canal will open for navigation on the 11th of April, and the Erie Canal on the 15th.

— In Dutchess Co., Henry M. Barns has recovered $800 of Thos. N. Allen for enticing away his wife.

— The Hon. Geo. W. Jones of Tenn., retires from Congress after twenty-four years of public service.

— A San Francisco lady who obtained a divorce on the 18th of January, got married again on the 19th.

— A Baptist clergyman in Boston has four daughters born one each in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

— A mock auctioneer in New York, who swindled a countryman, has actually been committed to the tombs.

— The Patent-Office fees last week exceeded $2,500. The inventive genius of the country is taking a fresh start.

— The brother of the King of Abyssinia has just arrived at Paris. He is perfectly black and very handsome.

— There is one convict in Sing Sing prison who is but 14 years old—Thomas Smith. He was sent from N. Y. city.

— Three brigs and seven schooners were sold by auction at Buffalo, last week, for 36,125; original cost $94,400.

— The Mayor of Reading, Pa., has ordered the Police to arrest all minors hanging about bar-rooms in the evening.

— Two persons were run over and killed in Buffalo, one day last week, by backing trains at Genesee street crossing.

— A correspondent from Cuba says it is easier to land a cargo of negroes from Africa on that Island than a barrel of flour.

— They have five holidays in Louisiana, fixed by law, namely, Jan. 4th, Jan. 8th, Feb. 22d, Good Friday, and the 4th of July.

— Cuba contains a population of about one million, which is nearly equally divided between whites, slaves, and free blacks.

— There is a great outcry against dog poisoners at Manchester, N. H. Over fifty dogs have been poisoned within ten days.

— The Canada papers assert that the wife of Jacob Abbott, in Golconda, Canada West, recently had eight children at a birth.

— The widow of Dr. Ogier has recovered of the Pennsylvania Railroad Co., $15,000 for accidentally killing her husband.

— The Seneca Observer says a woman from the poor-house was frozen to death between Waterloo and Seneca Falls, Saturday week.

— A band of Gypsies are encamped near Baltimore, and the younger women of the party "tell the fortunes" of many of the citizens.

— No less than 110 candidates were voted for in the counties of Niagara, Orleans, and Genesee, to fill the place of Senator Stow.

— Up to 1856 the annual expenditures of the Post-Office Department did not exceed ten million dollars. Now they exceed twenty.

— The Revere Bank of Boston, Samuel H. Walley, President, is to go into operation on the 2d of May, with a capital of half a million.

— The Mississippi river is said to be open to St. Paul, and navigation is now resumed for the season. The ice went down on the 18th ult.

— There are 8,000 railroad stockholders in the State of Maine, who have invested nineteen and a half millions in this kind of property.

— By the late amendments to the Indiana divorce law, applicants will be required hereafter to show an actual residence to one year in the State.

— The coroner's inquest in the case of the convicts shot at the Auburn Prison riot, results in a verdict fully justifying the course of the officers.

— There were licensed to sell liquor in the city of Ottawa (the to-be Capital of Canada,) recently, fifty-nine taverns, five saloons, and ten shops.

— It is reported that Sir E. B. Lytton will be the next Governor of Canada—possibly General-in-Chief of the proposed North American Confederation.

— The Clevelanders have dispatched an expedition of three vessels up the Straits of Mackinaw for a supply of ice to keep them cool the ensuing summer.

— Our State Prisons are overflowing. Sing Sing is crowded. It has 1,079 convicts, with 991 sleeping cells and 9 dark cells. Auburn and Clinton are full.

Publisher's Notices.

TERMS OF THE RURAL FOR 1859.

Single Copy, One Year	$2
Three Copies, "	$5
Six " and 1 free to Club Agent,	$10
Ten " " " "	$15
Sixteen " " " "	$22
Twenty " " " "	$26
Thirty-two " " " "	$40

☞ Back numbers of this vol. can still be furnished, or subscriptions can begin with the New Quarter, April 2d. Clubs for Six or Nine months at same proportional rates as for a year, and Gratuities, &c., allowed.

NEW QUARTER—SUBSCRIPTIONS, &c.

The Second Quarter of our Tenth Volume began last week—a good time for single or club subscriptions to commence. Renewals and additions to clubs are also in order. Though we have entered full Ten Thousand more names upon our books during the past three months than in the corresponding period of last year, they contain "ample room and verge enough" for five thousand additions. Any and every aid which the agent and other influential friends of the Rural may lend in obtaining said additions during the ensuing month will be gratefully appreciated and substantially recognized. See notices below.

CHOICE FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS As Gratuities for Agents, &c.

In recognition of recent exertions of Agent-Friends, and as an extra inducement for continued canvassing during the Spring Campaign, we now make the following very Liberal and Seasonable offers:

To any Club-Agent making additions to his present club to the amount of $5, we will send (post-paid,) Ten Choice Varieties of Annual Flower Seeds, put up by Thorburn & Co., New York, or Briggs & Bro., Rochester, (as preferred,) price 50 cents. The same to any person forming a new club of 8, and remitting $5.

For every remittance of $10—whether in addition to clubs, or for new clubs—we will send (post-paid,) *in addition to the extra copies already offered*, a Dollar Package of Flower or Vegetable Seeds, as preferred by the person entitled, to be selected by such person from the following packages put up by B. K. Bliss:

FLOWER SEEDS.	*Price.*
No. 1—consists of Twenty choice varieties of Annuals,	$1 00
No. 2—consists of Twenty choice varieties of Biennials and Perennials,	1 00
No. 3—consists of Ten extra fine varieties of Annuals and Perennials, embracing many of the new and choicest in cultivation,	1 00
No. 4—consists of five very choice varieties, selected from Prize Flowers of English Pansies, German Carnation and Picotee Pinks, Verbenas, Truffaut's French Asters and double Hollyhocks,	1 00
VEGETABLE SEEDS.	*Price.*
No. 5—collection of Twenty selected varieties, including two vars. of beets, two of cucumbers, two of cabbages, two of melons, the celebrated Hubbard Squash, Early Paris Cauliflower, &c., &c.,	1 00

(Packages sent to Canada or other British Provinces will not be post-paid, as the postage in some instances would be nearly or quite $1. We send post-paid to any address in the United States.)

☞ Subscriptions can begin with the New Quarter, April 2d, or we can still furnish back numbers from Jan. 1st, so that all who desire can have the volume complete. Clubs for Six or Nine months at the same proportional rates as for a year.

☞ Additions to Clubs—Are now in order, and whether they come (as they do daily) in ones, twos, fives, tens or twenties, are gratefully welcomed and receive prompt attention. Please note, and send on the names of all wish to join your club, even the eleventh-hour men and stragglers.

☞ Drafts at our Risk.—We lose little money by mail, but prefer Drafts on New York (less exchange,) payable to our order, and which may be sent at our risk if carefully mailed to D. D. T. Moore, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ Any person so disposed can act as local agent for the Rural, and each and all who form clubs, will not only receive extra copies, but their aid will be appreciated. We have no traveling agents, nor do we give certificates.

☞ Back numbers of this vol. can still be furnished, or subscriptions can begin with the New Quarter, April 2d. Clubs for Six or Nine months at same proportional rates as for a year, and Gratuities, &c., allowed.

Our Sea-Coast Fortifications.—It will require over 16,000 artillerists to fully man and defend the different castles and other harbor fortifications of New York. The *Courier des Etats Unis* suggests that they should be transferred to the militia, in order that the latter may learn artillery drill and practice, to enable them to properly defend them in time of war. It is estimated that it would require at least 65,000 artillerists to man all the fortifications of the Union, our coast being declared, by competent judges, to be the best defended in the world. The works of defence have gone on so slowly and quietly, that our people will be wholly taken by surprise at this assertion.

The Pacific Railroad Bill.—The news of the defeat in Congress of the Pacific Railroad Bill, occasioned much dissatisfaction in San Francisco.—The *Bulletin* threatens in the following manner:—"Continental neglect and injustice must deaden the allegiance which this State has ever, so far, keenly felt for the confederacy."

The *Alta* says:—"Hang another chaplet of mourning upon the altar of our hopes; ring down the curtains upon the last sad act of the times, in which our own California plays so disgraced a part. Every man whose vote is recorded against this measure, 'is a thousand-fold worse than Benedict Arnold in treachery to his native or adopted land,' be his political predilections what they may."

A New Chapter in American History—Jefferson and Cuba.—A dispatch to the N. Y. Daily Times, says:—"Commodore Stewart sent a letter to the President on the 11th inst., developing a new chapter in the history of the country. The letter asserts that the gun-boat navy of President Jefferson, which was ostensibly built for the protection of our sea coast, was really intended for the seizure of Cuba. One hundred and eighty of these boats were sent southward on that special service, when the threatening condition of our relations with England rendered a postponement of the project necessary."

A Stable People.—In the small towns of New Hampshire, the people are as stable in their attachment to parties as to the various churches. In the late election, in thirty-four instances the Republican and Democratic candidates had exactly the number of votes cast at the election in 1858, by the same parties. In forty instances the party vote was within one of that cast the previous year, and there were 145 instances in which there was not a variation of ten votes from last year.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, Rochester, April 5, 1859.

The weather is cold and unpleasant, with frequent storms of wind and snow, and but little business is being transacted. Large quantities of potatoes, however, are being shipped from this place principally to the West. At Fairport and many other places along the line of the Central Railroad, both east and west, thousands of bushels are purchased and sent off every day. We quote 50 cents as the highest market price, though we believe a few cents more per bushel in some cases is given for fine samples of Mercers. Other articles as last quoted.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

Flour and Grain		Eggs, dozen	10@11c
Flour, white wheat, ₩ bbl	$7.25@7.50	Honey, box	11@12c
Do spring do.	$6.50@7.00	Candles, box	12@13c
Do Buckwheat, ₩ cwt.	$1.75	**Fruits and Roots**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1.40@1.78	Apples, bushel	37½@$1.75
Best white Canada	$1.60 1.75	Do dried	$1.40@1.50
Corn	72@75c	Potatoes	25@50c
Rye, 60 lbs ₩ bush	75@80c	**Hides and Skins**	
Oats	30@33c	Slaughter	6@6½c
Barley	65@70c	Calf	10c
Buckwheat	45@50c	Sheep pelts	$1.25@2.25
Beans	60@75c	Lamb do	5@6c
Meats		**Seeds**	
Pork, Mess	$17.00@18.00	Clover, bush	$4.50@5.00
Do cwt	$7.00@8.00	Timothy	$2.00@2.50
Beef ₩ cwt	$6.00@7.00	**Sundries**	
Spring Lambs each	$1.50@2.00	Wood, hard	$4.00@4.50
Mutton (carcass)	5@6c	Do soft	$3.00@3.00
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Coal, Lehigh	$5.75@6.25
Shoulders	6@6c	Do Scranton	$5.00@5.50
Chickens	7@8c	Do Blossburg	$5.00@5.50
Turkeys	10@11c	Do Shamokin	$5.00@5.50
Geese	38@44c	Do Char	10@12c
Dairy, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1.20@1.25
Butter, roll	18@20c	Hay, ton	$7.00@11.00
Do. firkin	16c	Wool ₩ lb	40@50c
Cheese	10@12c	White fish, bbl	$7.00@7.50
Lard, tried	11@12c	Codfish ₩ quintal	$4.75@5.00
Tallow	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$6.50@7.00

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, April 4.—Flour—The flour market heavy and 10 cents lower. Sales at $5,10@5,50 for super State; $5,55@5,65 for choice do; $6,00@6,50 for extra State; $5,15@5,80 for super Western; $6,15@6,65 for extra do; $6,50@6,65 for round hoop Ohio—closing heavy and dull. Canadian quiet; sales at $6,50@7,50 for common to choice extra.

Grain—The market for wheat is dull and nominally lower. Sales small at $1,40@1,51 for red Southern; $1,50@1,75 for white do. Rye quiet at 86@89c. Barley heavy; sales at 63½@75c. Corn dull and lower; sales at 86@88½c for new yellow Jersey and Southern; mixed Western nominal at 88c. Oats dull at 55@57c for State; 54@61c for Western and Canada.

Provisions. Mess Pork heavy but prime firm, sales at $17,75@17,87½ for new mess; $17,37½ for old do; $12,00@12,75 for prime—including 500 bbls new mess, delivered in May at seller's option at $18,00. Dressed hogs dull at 8@8½c. Lard heavy; sales at 11½@11½c. Butter quiet at 10@15c for Ohio; 15@21c for State. Cheese dull at 8@11½c.

BUFFALO, April 4.—Flour—Medium brands remain heavy. Market without essential change; sales $5@5,50 for State, from Western spring wheat; $5@6,37½ extra Mich, Ohio and Indiana, and $6,50@7,00 for double extras and favorite family brands.

Corn Meal—Continues in good request, the market meanwhile remaining firm; sales eight tuns coarse and fine, at $1,50 for the former, and $1,65 for the latter.

Grain—Sales of white Southern Indiana Wheat, in bags, at $1,50, and red do, in bulk, at $1,40. Corn—No demand, except for distilling, and nothing doing. New receipts nominal at 77@78c. Oats are also in light request. State is quoted at 54@56c, and Canadian at 55@58c.

ALBANY, April 4.—Flour and Meal—The market opened this morning without animation, and the business doing is mainly confined to the wants of the local trade at unchanged prices. Corn Meal steady.

Grain—Wheat quiet with a fair supply offering. Corn—Sales round yellow at 83c for delivery by first boats on the opening of the canal. Rye quiet. Barley is more active and lower; sales four-rowed State at 75c, and Lake Shore at the same figure.

Seed—A steady market with a fair business doing in Clover at 8½@9c for medium and large, and $2,25@2,75 for Timothy, which is better.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, March 30.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

Beef Cattle—First quality, $11,50@12,00; Ordinary, $10,50@11,00; Common, $9,50@10,00; Inferior, $8,00@9,00.

Cows and Calves—First quality, $55@65; Ordinary, $45@50; Common, $35@40; Inferior, $20@28.

Veal Calves—First quality, ₩ lb., 7@7½c.; Ordinary, 5½@6½c.; Common, 4½@5½c.; Inferior, 3½@4c.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime quality, per head, $10,00@12,00; Ordinary, $7,00@9,00; Common, $6,00@7,00; Inferior, $4,00@5,00.

Swine—First quality, 6¾@6¾c.; Other qualities, 5½@6½c.

ALBANY, April 4.—Receipts at West Albany for the week. Cattle, 2,240; Sheep and Lambs, 1,151; Hogs, 1182.

Beeves—Prices take the following range—Extra 6@6½c; First quality 5½@6¼c; Second do 4½@5¾c; Third do 4@4¼c; Inferior do 3½c.

Sheep—Sales at from $5,75@12,00, as to quality.

Hogs—Sales at 6½c.

CAMBRIDGE, March 30.—At market 856 Cattle, about 600 Beeves, and 256 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

Prices—Market Beef—Extra, $8,00@8,50; First quality, $7,50@7,75; Second, $6,00@6,50; Third, $5,50; Ordinary, $4,50.

Working Oxen—$90, 110@175 per pair.

Cows and Calves—$30@45@50@60.

Stores—Yearlings, $00@00; Two Years Old, $22@27; Three Years Old, $28@33.

Sheep and Lambs—3100 at market. Prices—Extra and Selections, $4,50@6, 8; In lots $2,50@3@3,50.

Hides—7½@8c. ₩ lb. Tallow 7½@8c. ₩ lb.

Pelts—$1,63@1,87 each. Calf Skins, 14@15c. ₩ lb.

Veal Calves—Sales at $4, 6@10.

N. B.—Beef extra and first quality includes nothing but the best, large, fat, stall-fed Oxen.

BRIGHTON, March 31.—At market 850 Beeves, 200 Stores, 3000 Sheep and Lambs, 2500 Swine.

Prices—Market Beef—Extra, $8,50@8,75; First quality, $7,50; Second, $6,50; Third, $5,00.

Working Oxen—$100@160.

Milch Cows—$30@40 common, $19@20.

Veal Calves—$4,00, 7,00@8,00.

Stores—Yearlings, 00@00; Two Years Old, $22@27; Three Years Old, $28@33.

Sheep and Lambs—By lot, $2,75@3 50; Extra, $4,00@7.

Swine—Fat Hogs, 0c. Retail, 6@7½c. Pigs 5½@6½c.

Hides—7½@8c. ₩ lb. Tallow 7½@8c. ₩ lb.

Pelts—$1,50@1,75. Calf Skins, 14@15c. ₩ lb.

The Wool Markets.

BOSTON, March 30.—The demand for domestic Wool has been moderate during the week, and prices are not so firm. The sales have been 75,000 lbs at 40@60c for fleece, and 40@55c for No. 1 and extra pulled. The transactions in foreign comprise 400 bales Cape, 285 do Syrian and 300 do Mediterranean and South American on private terms, but at previous rates.

Saxony and Merino, fine	60@70	Western mixed	40@50
Full blood	53@56	Smyrna, washed	17@20
Half and ¼ blood	44@52	Do unwashed	10@15
Common	40@43	Syrian	11@22
Pulled, extra	52@60	Cape	24@60
Do superfine	45@52	Crimea	9@17
Do No. 1	40@45	Buenos Ayres	9@42
Do. No. 2	@@	Peruvian, washed	30@36

Large Sale of Wool and Cotton.—John Tyler sold at auction, in Boston, on the 2d inst., wools in various lots and quantities, to the amount of about $50,000. Also a lot of cotton in bales, amounting to some $20,000.

The Dairy Farm of Hon. Zadoc Pratt, of Prattsville, N. Y., kept 50 cows in 1857, which yielded 6,500 lbs. of butter, that brought from 22 to 27 cts. per lb.

Marriages.

In Albion N Y, March 30th, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. J. T. Colt, JNO. F. NICHOLS, Esq., of Boston, Mass., and Miss ADELIA C. BENEDICT.

In Lancaster, on the morning of the 30th ult., at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. M. Ballou, Mr ALLEN M. BERRY, of East Bloomfield, and Miss HATTIE A. EGGELSTON.

Deaths.

In Ogden, Monroe Co., N. Y., of Scarlet fever, Feb. 18th, GEORGE H.; also, Feb. 19th, ALTHA M., only children of Wm. and Thankful Robinson, aged respectively 5 years and 2 months, and 2 years and 4 months.

Special Notices.

REMARKABLE CURE OF DEAFNESS.

Hiram Phelps, an old resident of Syracuse, N. Y., has been entirely cured of Deafness of 20 years standing, by Dr. Lightfull, now of Rochester. Mr. Phelps is 86 years of age. —*Syracuse Standard.*

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. Special Notices—following reading matter, and leaded—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, in advance.—☞ The circulation of the Rural New-Yorker far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

SETS OF THE PRINCE ALBERT POTATO sent to any address, by mail, on receipt of 4 red stamps. 483 M. S. PARKER, Lyndonville, Orleans Co., N. Y.

PRINCE ALBERT POTATOES FOR SALE. Price, $1,50 per bushel. *Warranted genuine.* 483-4 P. P. BRADISH, Batavia, Gen. Co., N. Y.

BURDETT'S NEW SEEDLING STRAWBERRY.—Fruit sold for 35 cts. per qt. in Buffalo, last season. Reference—Gen Gage, Buffalo. Plants 25 per dozen. JOHN BURDETT, La Salle, Niagara Co., N. Y.

ENGLISH GALVANIZED CHAIN PUMP TUBING, Superior to *Zinc* or *Wood*, and much more *durable*. Manufactured by RICHARD KING, Jr., 483 Batavia, Genesee Co., N. Y.

PLASTER AND GUANO.—J. K. CHAPPELL, 69 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y., is Agent for Garbutt's Celebrated Land Plaster, and the American Guano Co's Guano. Plaster only $3,25 per Ton. 483tf

PEACH TREES—FOR SALE CHEAP—To close off the lot, in quantities to suit purchasers, 1,000 fine 2 year old Peach Trees—assortment of the best varieties at Rochester Central Nurseries, New Main St. Apply soon. 483 C. W. SEELYE.

DEAFNESS AND BLINDNESS.—DR. LIGHTHILL can be consulted personally, or by letter, on Deafness and Diseases of the Eye, at corner of Main and St. Paul Sts., Rochester, N. Y. 483

GRAPE VINES.—30,000 old Connecticut Grape Vines as they grow wild in the woods, away down East, at the very low price of $300, delivered at the subscriber's Vinery in Oakland, Liv. Co., N. Y. J. L. ANDRUS.

MONEY FOR ALL!—Agents Wanted in every Village and Town throughout the United States. No capital required, and a paying commission guaranteed to any smart, enterprising man. Young Men living in the country who have a little time to themselves can make money. "What every farmer and country merchant needs." Address by mail, (inclosing stamp,) E. L. LEE, Buffalo, N. Y.

REBECCA GRAPE VINES.—A large stock of strong one year well rooted vines, for sale at old prices.—Also, Concord Grape Vines, Brinckles Orange Raspberry, Myatt's Linnæus Rhubarb, in any quantity, very low. Catalogues furnished on application. Address H. C. FREEMAN, (late Freeman & Kendall.) Ravenswood Fruit Garden, Ravenswood, L. I., near N. York.

GRAPE VINES FOR SALE CHEAP. 1,000 two year old Isabellas. 4,000 one year old Catawba and Isabella. 1,500 Angers Quince one year old. 1,000 Apple Trees, best varieties, 4 years old All of fine growth, and for sale cheap. Apply to NICHOLAS WALTER, Irondequoit, A little north of Toll Gate on North St., near Rochester.

LINNÆUS RHUBARB: BRINCKLE'S ORANGE RASPBERRY. A large stock of the above superior articles for sale at reduced rates. Market Gardeners and Fruit Growers furnished with large quantities at very low prices. Also Rebecca Grape Vines, &c., &c. Circulars furnished on application. Address H. C. FREEMAN, (late Freeman & Kendall,) Ravenswood Fruit Garden, 483-3t Ravenswood, L. I., near New York.

GRAPE VINES.—We offer for sale this Spring, a few well-rooted vines of the Perkins' Grape. We fruited it last year; in color it is like the Catawba; three weeks earlier than Isabella, very hardy, sweet and excellent; would make a good wine without sugar—$3 each. The genuine Early Northern Muscadine, 1 year old, 50 cts.; 5 and 6 years, $1,50 each.

Our new Priced Catalogue of 73 varieties of Native, and 24 Foreign Grapes, sent free to all applicants. 483-4t Address HOAG & CRAINE, Lockport, N. Y.

GUANO.—PHOSPHATIC GUANO from Sombrero Island, the richest depost known to the world, containing above 80 per cent of Phosphate of Lime.

Improve your Farms and grow rich, by using this, the cheapest and best fertilizer known. It has been tried and proved beyond question. Its superior good qualities consist in not only enriching the land, but the soil retains its richness longer by three than any other article yet introduced. From 200 to 400 pounds only, according to the quality of the land on which it is to be used, required to the acre.

Price per bag of 140 pounds, $2, or $30 per tun. A liberal discount allowed to dealers. Sold strictly pure, as imported.

All orders must be accompanied by a remittance, and forwarding will be promptly attended to.

For sale by WM. A. MARTIN & CO., No. 69 Courtlandt St., New York.

P. S.—We have certificates of approval from Farmers from every section of the country. 483

MANNY'S COMBINED REAPER AND MOWER, *WITH WOOD'S IMPROVEMENT.* For the Harvest of 1859.

The subscriber begs to inform the public that he continues to manufacture this popular machine, and pledges himself to produce an implement that will fully sustain its former reputation, as the best combined machine yet introduced, and inferior to none, either as a Reaper or Mower.

It has had a steady and increasing popularity from the first, achieving a complete success in the first important trial at Geneva in 1853. It carried off the highest honors at the great National Field Trial at Syracuse in 1857; and amidst all the competition and trials of 1858, came out with more and better established points of excellence than ever before.

The general principles peculiar to this machine, and upon which it is constructed, have proved so successful that there has been no attempt to change them.

The main effort during the last year has been to improve its mechanical construction, to make it stronger and more durable, and sustain its reputation as the leading and most acceptable machine to the largest class of farmers in the country.

Warranted capable of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass or grain per day, in a workmanlike manner.

Price of Machine as heretofore, varies according to width of cut, and its adaptation in size and strength to different sections of the country, from $125 to $150, delivered here on the cars. WALTER A. WOOD, Manufacturer and Proprietor, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

BENNETT GRAY, Brockport, WM. HENRY HARMON, Scottsville, 483-4f. Agents for Monroe County, N. Y.

WOOD'S MOWER.

Patented February 22d, 1859.

During the six years I have been engaged in the manufacture of the Manny Combined Reaper and Mower, I have given much thought and attention to the construction of what I foresaw would be a great want of the Farmers—a lighter and cheaper machine expressly for mowing, than had yet been made.

And now, after the most thorough and repeated experiments and tests in every variety of field, and in all kinds and in every condition of grass, I am prepared, with entire confidence, to offer to the farmers and dealers of the United States, the great *desideratum* in this department of Agricultural labor-saving machines—a Mower, superior in its capacity for good work to any hitherto introduced, of easy draft, light, cheap, and durable.

This machine I now offer as my latest invention, to meet a special want of farmers, and to place within the reach of all, a Mower that for practical working, cheapness and simplicity, will be without a rival.

I build Two-Horse and One-Horse Mowers. The Two-Horse Mower weighs 425 lbs., and cuts a swath four feet wide (or more if specially ordered.) The One-Horse Mower weighs 30 lbs. less, (395 lbs.,) and cuts a swath three and a half feet wide.

For a more full description of the Mower, reference is made to my Pamphlets, which will be furnished on application.—With each machine will be furnished two extra guards, two extra sections, one wrench and oil can.

Warranted capable of cutting ten acres of grass per day in a workmanlike manner.

Price of Two Horse Mower $80
One-Horse Mower 70

Delivered here on the cars.

I continue as heretofore, and with greater success than at any previous time, the manufacture and sale of "Manny's Patent Combined Reaper and Mower with Wood's Improvement." WALTER A. WOOD, Manufacturer and Proprietor, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

PEASE & EGGLESTON, 84 State St., Albany, Agents for Albany County and vicinity.

BENNETT GRAY, Brockport, WM. HENRY HARMON, Scottsville, 483-4f Agents for Monroe County, N. Y.

BAKER APPLE GRAFTS, by mail, post-paid, 35 cts. per dozen. Send stamps. 483 P. A. ROCKWELL, Ridgefield, Conn.

50,000 WILSON'S ALBANY STRAWBERRY PLANTS warranted true, $1 per 100; $4,50 for 500, $8 per 1,000, packed free of charge. Address 482-3t JOSEPH CALDWELL, Nurseryman, Troy, N. Y.

WHITE RED BLAZE EIGHT-ROWED CORN. A few bushels of this early variety for sale, if applied for soon. Price $1,50 per bushel. T. C. PETERS. Darien, N. Y., April, 1859. 482-cow4t

TO FARMERS!!—The POUDRETTE of the LODI MANUFACTURING Co. has been used for 18 years, and is acknowledged to be the best and cheapest Manure for Corn, Garden Truck, Grass and Lawns. Price $1,50 to $2 per barrel.

Pamphlets containing directions, &c., will be sent gratis, on application to GRIFFING, BROTHER & CO., 482-3t No. 60 Cortlandt St., New York.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS AND DAIRYMEN. I will give free to the first applicant—Farmer or Dairyman—resident in *each county* in the States of New York and Pennsylvania, (except Niagara Co., N. Y., and 20 miles around Philadelphia,) a Right to build and use Scholey's Patent Preservatory as a Farm or Dairy appendage.—Parties will be required to adhere strictly to plans furnished and to commence building within 90 days. 483tf J. L. ALBERGER, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE "OLD DOMINION" COFFEE POT is Manufactured under the Patent for the United States, by ARTHUR, BURNHAM & GILROY, Philadelphia, and is for sale by dealers in Housekeeping articles and Storekeepers generally. 482 13t

A GERMAN WRITING BOOK—Containing 32 beautifully engraved copies. Every German scholar wants it. Every American studying the German language wants it. Sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of price, 15 cts. A liberal discount where a quantity is wanted. Address WM. A. ADAMS, 482-3t (Late Cole & Adams,) Rochester, N. Y.

FAIRPORT CHEMICAL WORKS. D. B. DeLAND,

Acknowledging the favor and patronage which have been bestowed upon him by the Trade and others, since the commencement of his enterprise, respectfully informs his patrons and the public generally, that with greatly increased facilities he continues to manufacture a superior article of *SALERATUS, PURE CREAM TARTAR, BI CARBONATE OF SODA, SAL SODA, &c.*

The above articles will be sold in all varieties of packages, at as low prices as they are afforded by any other manufacturer, and in every case warranted pure and of superior quality. Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled.

☞ Consumers of Saleratus, Cream Tartar, and Bi-Carbonate of Soda should be careful to purchase that having the name of D. B. DeLand on the wrapper, as they will thus obtain a pure article.

Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y. 482wetf

BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO'S NEW SCALE PIANO FORTES!

Perfect in Musical Qualities and Mechanism, and having our new Patent Improvements, the Insulated Iron Rims, Corrugated Sounding Board, &c., making them the best and most durable Pianos in the World.

All sizes from 6 to 7¼ octaves, and all prices from $125 to $800, according to size and finish, will be sold at very low prices for Cash, and perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

Illustrated Price Lists and Circulars furnished on application. Please call and examine them at our

MUSIC HALL! 468 and 470 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

482wetf BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO.

KETCHUM'S COMBINED HARVESTER.

KETCHUM'S	Improved Combined Machine, "Iron Frame," with Reel and adjustable Roller. Cut 4 feet 10 inches.	$130 00
KETCHUM'S	Improved Two Horse Mower, "Iron Frame" with the adjustable Roller to Cutter Bar.	$110 00
KETCHUM'S	Improved One Horse Mower, "Iron Frame,"	$ 75 00
SANFORD'S	Portable Farm Mill for Grinding Feed for Stock, Plaster or Bones for Manure,	$ 30 00
SANFORD'S	Portable Plantation, or Hand Hominy Mill.	$ 20 00

Machines and Mills shipped without extra charge.

These Machines are simple in construction, have no equal for durability, and light draft; are entirely free from all side draft, and have no weight upon the horse's neck.

This Machine, as improved for 1859, was awarded the first premium by the Michigan State Agricultural Society, at its Annual Fair in Sept. last as a Reaper and as a Mower.

The New York State Agricultural Society at its late Fair awarded it the first premium as a Combined Grain and Grass Harvester.

Ohio, also, awarded it its best commendation.

To those who desire a low price Machine, I would call especial attention to the following:

Wood frame Mowers, with Iron Bars and adjustable Roller. $80 00

Wood frame Combined Machine, with Iron Cutter Bars, Rear delivery, and without Reel. $100 00

These Machines are well made of good seasoned timber—warranted free from clogging, and cut from 10 to 15 acres per day—of Grass or Grain. All orders will receive prompt attention. R. L. HOWARD, Manufacturer and Proprietor, Buffalo, N. Y.

I have for sale pure Hungarian Grass Seed. Price, Three Dollars per bushel.

Emery's One and Two Horse Railroad Powers, for sale at manufacturer's prices, adding transportation from Albany. 482-4t R. L. HOWARD

ANOTHER GREAT COUP D'ETAT IN THE LITERARY WORLD.

BAYARD TAYLOR AND THE NEW-YORK MERCURY.

The Proprietors of THE NEW YORK MERCURY feel assured that an appreciating public will be delighted to hear that such a dashing step in a really progressive direction has been taken, as the engagement of that distinguished writer,

BAYARD TAYLOR, ESQ.,

to devote his graceful pen in future, to the literary service EXCLUSIVELY OF THE NEW-YORK MERCURY!

Apart, therefore, from his editorial associations with *The Tribune*, his popular contributions to the literary genius of our country will appear

IN NO PAPER BUT THE NEW-YORK MERCURY!

in which journal he will shortly commence a series of delightfully piquant sketches on the

POETRY AND ROMANCE OF FOREIGN TRAVEL,

being a perfect crystallization of all the Humor, Wit, Anecdote and Incident on the

SENSATION SIDE OF LIFE ABROAD!

Notwithstanding the enormous outlay attendant upon the accumulation of so many unique and really gratifying attractions, all designed to render The New-York Mercury

SURPASSINGLY CHOICE AND INTERESTING,

its Proprietors, judging from the flattering experience of the past, are confident of the future, and believe that

BAYARD TAYLOR'S BEWITCHING TRAVEL SKETCHES

will prove the most successful *coup d'etat* yet attempted in the annals of journalistic adventure—one deserving of at least,

A MILLION READERS,

whether that inordinate number ever be realized or not in the course of legitimate newspaper enterprise.

Full particulars will appear in future announcements.—Now is the time to subscribe to THE MERCURY. $2 per annum or $1 for six months. Specimens sent free. Address CAULDWELL, SOUTHWORTH & WHITNEY, 482 Proprietors, No. 23 Spruce St., New York.

NOTICE.—Wanted, 200 Tuns of Bones, of all descriptions, for which the Subscribers will pay Ten Dollars per tun, Cash, on delivery at the Canal wharf, Utica. Address G. T. HOLLINGWORTH & BRO., 481-3t Utica, N. Y.

TOBACCO SEED from selected plants having leaves a yard in length—crop of '58—¼ oz. 25 cts.; ½ oz. 37½ cents, 1 oz. 50 cents. 25 per cent discount to Dealers. All packages delivered at any Post Office in the U. S. or Canada free of charge on receipt of price. Address [481-3t I. W. BRIGGS, Macedon Centre, Wayne Co., N. Y.

STOCKS.—100,000 French Quince Stocks. 60,000 Mahaleb Cherry Stocks.

Evergreens.—Norway Spruce, all sizes from 2 to 6 feet; Scotch Pine, Austrian Pine, Silver Fir, Chinese Arbor Vitæ, Blue Spruce, White Spruce, Balsam Fir, and the usual variety of Pear, Apple and Cherry—Standard and Dwarf 481-5t W. P. TOWNSEND, Lockport, N. Y.

FLOWER SEEDS BY MAIL.—Our Catalogue of choice and rare Seeds for 1859, containing a descriptive priced list of nearly One Thousand varieties of Flower Seeds, and also a list of

FORTY COLLECTIONS BY MAIL,

together with a descriptive list of all the most desirable Vegetables in cultivation, including many new and rare varieties, and an Illustrated Treatise on Grasses—with practical directions for their cultivation—will be forwarded free to all applicants. Orders solicited.

481-4t Address ALLEN & McELWAIN, Seedsmen and Florists, Springfield, Mass.

WILSON'S ALBANY SEEDLING.—THE BEST *and most Prolific Market Strawberry! Yields* 150 *to* 200 *Bushels per Acre!* Genuine Plants of this superior variety for sale, in large or small quantities. Price, $10 a thousand—$1,50 a hundred, or $1 for fifty.

Red Antwerp Raspberry canes, $4 per 100—$2,50 for 50, or 15 for $1.

New-Rochelle (or Lawton) Blackberry canes, $10 for 100—$6 for 50—$3 for 24—$2 per dozen.

All plants ordered, securely boxed and delivered in Albany, without extra charge.

Orders accompanied by cash promptly attended to. WM. RICHARDSON, 481 96 South Pearl Street, Albany, N. Y.

COMPOUND EXTRACT OF ROOTS for Making Beef.—A purely vegetable preparation, containing the Medicinal and Aromatic qualities of the roots from which it is made, producing a healthy and pleasant beverage. It acts as a purifier, producing a gentle stimulation throughout the body, without the deleterious effects of a momentary excitement. It is peculiarly efficacious in diseases arising from impurities of the blood, and is highly recommended for the use of families, especially where good water cannot be easily procured. Prepared by POTTER & CHAMPLIN, 481-4t Practical Chemists, Westerly, R. I.

Agents—POST & BRUFF, Rochester, N. Y. DUDLEY & STAFFORD, New York.

IMPORTANT TO PHYSICIANS.—A Physician, by purchasing a small property, can secure one of the best locations for practice in the State. 4-0tf Address Box 119, Lyons, Wayne Co., N. Y.

ROOFING COMPOSITION.—The subscriber has the assignment of the original Patent for West's Cement Roofing, and offers rights for sale very low, and will exchange for other property. It makes a cheap roof and is fire and water-proof. Full information sent to all who wish it. 480-4t Address N. F. GRAVES, Syracuse, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—A small quantity of Prince Albert Potatoes, at $5 per barrel. Warranted genuine 479tf D. NORTON, Jr., Pittstown, Rens. Co., N. Y.

THORPE'S CHURN AND BUTTER-WORKER, Patented Sept. 23, 1856. This Churn manufactures the Butter thoroughly before it separates from the Milk, saving half the labor. State and County Rights for sale, fully one-half of the labor. Address FRANKLIN THORPE, Springfield, Ill.

CHERRY TREES,—Standard and Dwarf, of the best sorts, two years old and strong, for sale cheap. Geneva, N. Y. [479-5t] T. C. MAXWELL & BROS.

AM. BLACK RASPBERRY PLANTS—For sale at $3 per 100. Also Seeds of the great South Carolina Squash; 12 seeds will be sent on receipt of 12 cts. in stamps. 480-4t Address S. C. HARRIS, Geneva, N. Y.

NURSERY TREES.—A large quantity, with the usual variety kept in Nurseries. Cultivated on high ground. Very thrifty and fine. For sale very low. 480-4t GRAVES & WARNER, Syracuse, N. Y.

AMERICAN HOP TREE.—The subscribers recommend the above Tree as a substitute for the unsightly and troublesome Hop Vines. The Hops grow in large clusters, are much stronger and always preferred to the ordinary Hops. Tree is perfectly hardy, highly ornamental, and will bear the second year from seed. Trees from 3 to 5 ft. to $1,50 each, or Seeds free, by mail for three cent stamps. McILVAIN & YOUNG, Seedsmen, 480tf No. 2 John St., New York.

NEW AND CHEAP FERTILIZER.—CASTOR PUMMACE—A valuable *organic* (vegetable) manure analyzed by Prof. Samuel W. Johnson of Yale College, and commended by him.

It is PUMMACE left after pressing the oil from the Castor Seed, and in India and England bears a high value as a fertilizer.

It will be sold at $12 to $16 per tun, according to quality—at which rate it is the cheapest fertilizer in the market.

The analysis and remarks of Prof. Johnson will be sent to any address on application; samples of the article may also be obtained if required.

No charge for packages, and in lots of Ten Tuns delivered free of cartage in this city.

Manufactured and sold by 480-4t H. J. BAKER & BRO., 142 Water St., New York.

LINNÆUS RHUBARB, AND ASPARAGUS. Fine, strong Roots for sale by 479-5t T. C. MAXWELL & BROS., Geneva, N. Y.

EARLY PARIS CAULIFLOWER and Premium Flat Dutch Cabbage. Both sure to head, and are the *best varieties* known—12½ cts. each, per package, by mail. Address "RURAL EMPIRE CLUB," 479-6t Macedon Centre, Wayne Co., N. Y.

EVERGREENS.—A very fine stock of vigorous and well grown plants of Balsam Fir, 5 to 6 feet high and well branched,—Norway Spruce, 2 to 4 feet,—Am. Arbor Vitæ, 3 to 5 feet. For sale by T. C. MAXWELL & BROS., March 10, 1859. [479-8t] Geneva, N. Y.

GIFTS! GIFTS!! GIFTS!!!—The Original Gift Book Store, is permanently established at 14 Exchange street, where the purchaser of each book receives a Gift valued at from $1 to $50 at the time of sale.

Agents wanted in every town in the Union. Those desiring so to act can obtain full particulars by sending for a Catalogue, which is sent free to any address, upon application to O. N. NEEDHAM, Agent, Rochester, N. Y. 479tf

NEW YORK CONFERENCE SEMINARY.—The spring term of this Institution opens April 15th. $100 a year will pay for Board, Washing, Fuel, Incidental Expenses and Tuition in Common English. Superior Professors at the head of the different departments. The Modern Languages and Music, are taught by Europeans of learning and ability. Drawing and Painting by a lady of experience, while the English branches receive their full share of attention. Circulars or any information concerning the School, sent gratis by addressing Rev. JO

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Out and in the river is winding,
The links of its long red chain,
Through the belts of dusky pine-land,
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke wreath,
With the drifting cloud-rack joins,
The smoke of the hunting-lodges
Of the wild Assiniboins!

Dreamily blows the north wind
From the land of ice and snow;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And, with one foot on the water,
And one upon the shore,
The Angel of shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of the wild geese?
Is it the Indian's yell
That lends to the voice of the north wind
The tones of a far off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows space;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission
That call from their turrets twain
To the boatmen on the river,
To the hunter on the plain!

Even so in our mortal journey,
The bitter north winds blow,
And thus upon life's Red River,
Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching,
And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release,
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A CURE FOR THE HEART-ACHE.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

[Concluded from page 116, last number.]

She came home every Saturday, bringing cheerfulness and comfort with her. I could see that she denied herself everything, but what decency required, that all her earnings might go to the support of her family. She never complained, never repined in their presence; in fact, not at all, though to me she spoke freely of the trials and anxieties of her position, always careful, too, to set forth its advantages. At home she lent a ready and sympathizing ear to all the grievances of the week, and they were often enough to cloud and dampen even lighter spirits than hers. Her mother was, I think, rather selfish, and inclined to look on the dark side. I do not think she considered the exertions that her child made for their welfare as she ought. Because Marie strove to be cheerful, and told them always of the sunniest side of her life, her mother thought she must be happy, and that she did not bear so great a burden after all,—indeed, she thought the burden rested heaviest on her own shoulders.

Lizzette, too, always of an impulsive and impetuous temperament, never fond of work or study, and disliking restraint of all kinds, would listen to Marie's account of how the days passed with her, (always interspersed with all the pleasing incidents which she could remember, to divert them from their cares,) and would sigh sometimes, or petulantly exclaim,

"O, what nice times you have! Indeed, I think you lead a much easier life of it than I, who must stay pent up at home, doing nothing of any importance. If I only lived in the city we'd see!"

Marietta made few acquaintances in the city, the lady with whom she boarded being almost the only one whom she regarded as a friend. There were three schools in the building in which she taught, hers being the youngest. The largest was taught by a young man named Dudley Hall. Marie had met with him frequently in his capacity of principal of the schools, and gradually a more social acquaintance sprang up between them. She found him a most intelligent and interesting companion, and a recess never passed so quickly as when he spent it at her desk. He was very fine-looking, frank and sensible in conversation. His scholars almost worshiped him.

He seemed to like Marie from the first, and it made them more easy and more agreeable to each other, that they boarded at the same house. So they generally walked to and from school together. Was there a concert or lecture which he thought particularly interesting or profitable, he generally asked the favor of her company. Did it rain before school was done, he was sure to send one of the boys for her rubbers, and then accompany her home under his umbrella.

All this came about after a while, for Marie was at first reserved and shy, and even proud at times. With the sensitiveness natural to refined poverty, she shrank from receiving attentions from those who she felt could only be prompted by motives of pity or generosity; for she firmly believed that in herself she possessed no attractions whatever.

I seldom spoke to her on such subjects as love and marriage, for I felt that to a disposition like hers it would be injurious. She had such a loving heart such craving for sympathy, that if unsatisfied often turns to bitterness. To any hint of mine she generally replied, "O, Fanny, that is not for me. No one will ever want me, or if they did, they will not want my family, to whom, henceforth, my life must be devoted." Or, it would be, "Pshaw!—Fanny, you are partial and blind, too, I fear. Who but you can see either virtues or charms in the poor, plain schoolmistress, who is never young or gay?"

But in this evidence of penetration, I certainly was not alone, though Marie did not or would not see that for the kind and daily increasing regard of Dudley Hall, she was indebted to nothing but herself, for he knew no more about her than just what she appeared day after day, the quiet little schoolmistress.

She had known him nearly all of her first term before she mentioned him at home otherwise than as "the principal, Mr. Hall." By-and-by she spoke of him more frequently and dwelt with apparent pleasure upon his kindness to her.

The summer vacation came, and with it came Marie, looking rather pale and worn. But she said she was perfectly well and seemed more cheerful than since her father died. She worked most industriously, neither sparing her money nor her labor in making her family comfortable. She seemed uneasy, however, and said she longed to go back to school, she liked it so much, and then it seemed like idling, to be at home six long weeks.

I said nothing, but I half mistrusted that she had a weightier reason still. She had told me many things, trifles in themselves, but which I thought accounted quite satisfactorily for her life in the city being pleasanter than at home. I noticed, too, that in making up the few things which she had purchased for herself out of her slender income, that there was more taste than usual displayed, and a few more genteel articles—such as a worked collar, a belt ribbon or two,—were added to her store, things for which till now she never seemed to care. She had always dressed with almost Quaker plainness, and often generously gave up all such little feminine ornaments to the pretty Lizzette for whom she thought them more suitable.

We wrote to each other occasionally, and somehow the name of Dudley Hall became, ere long, as much associated with the letters as the date and signature. She told me nothing of her hopes or thoughts,—she only stated the occurrences of her daily life and left me to draw my own conclusions. The conclusion that I drew was this,—and I have never retracted it,—that Mr. Hall was very rapidly discovering in my little woman those admirable qualities which I knew her to possess, and that there was dawning upon his mind the idea that it would be a pleasant thing to possess *her*, qualities and all.

At Christmas time there was a vacation of two weeks, when Mr. Hall returned to his home and Marietta to hers. One day during the first week she came to see me, and on my inquiring for Mr. Hall, she drew a letter from her pocket and told me I might read it. It was a kind, manly-toned letter, such as a good brother might write to an absent sister, except that there was in one or two paragraphs a depth of meaning that seemed almost tenderness. He alluded to his pleasant home, which was lonely, as he had no sister, and often missed their cosy chats in her school-room. In conclusion he asked if he might not call upon her in her own home before school resumed.

"And what shall you tell him?" said I.

"That I should be happy to see him, certainly, if he wishes to come. That my mother and sister would welcome a friend who had been so kind to me. That my home is a very, very humble one, more so than he has ever had any idea of,—that he might not afterwards be as well pleased to have met Miss Ruisseau at home, as at her school-room or at Mrs. Weston's pleasant boarding house—nevertheless she would be glad to see him at any time."

And she told him so immediately. An answer came in the person of Mr. Hall himself, who, towards the close of the next week, was domiciled at the house of our good friend Dr. Aiken, with whom he was acquainted.

He spent Friday evening with Marie at home—on Saturday she went to ride with him to view the surroundings of our pretty village, he said, and in the evening they came and passed an hour or two with me. I liked him much, his appearance was very prepossessing, and what pleased me most was, that I thought I saw unmistakable signs of his preference for Marie. He attended her to church on Sunday, to the wonder of Mrs. Grundy and others, and on Monday they returned to the city together, both apparently satisfied with the visit.

I had never seen Marie look so well. She told me with pride, how he had lectured her for not knowing him better than to suppose that if he liked her, her circumstances would make any difference to him. How he had been just as gentlemanly to her mother as if she were the finest lady in the world, and what a social, merry friend Lizzette thought him. "And he thinks Lizzette is beautiful—he told me so! He called her a little wild flower. I knew he would like her."

With the constant tax on body and brain, Marie had now almost lost the roses which were wont to bloom on her cheeks. She called herself well, but in March she sent for Lizzette to come and help her a few days in her school, saying if she got through the week she should be well by Monday. Lizzette went, but by Monday Marie was too feeble to return, and Lizzette changed places with her. She had become somewhat initiated already, and Marie wrote a note to Mr. Hall asking him to assist Lizzette in maintaining good order until her return. She was a harum-scarum young thing, and needed a good deal of help to make up for her want of dignity. I suppose Mr. Hall thought so, for he was *very* considerate.

Marie was sick three weeks, scarcely able to hold up her head. I was with her a good deal, and she talked about Mr. Hall continually when we were alone. He had sent her boquets of hot-house flowers and two bottles of old wine. He constantly inquired after her, and had written once or twice in his brotherly way.

Once he came home with Lizzette on Saturday and spent Sunday with the Doctor. We all thought him kind. *I* thought him devoted, but I was young then.

At length Marie resumed her laborious duties, and the days went by much as before. I cannot linger over the gradual development of an event which drew nigh so imperceptibly that Marie never heeded its approach. During that Summer's vacation Marie went with me to visit my aunt at Springs. We thought it would do her good, so we would take no denial. She heard frequently from home, and in one of her letters Lizzette said, "Who do you think has been in this neighborhood for more than a week past? Why, Dudley Hall! He spends his time mostly in hunting and fishing, and has dropped in to see us several times."

We had a delightful visit, and Marie returned refreshed and recruited in every respect. Lizzette had told her that she longed for her return, as she had something important to tell her, and she scarcely waited to be alone with her, ere, with tears of mingled happiness and embarrassment, she told her that she had promised to be Dudley's wife.

Marie did not say one word till she had finished. She saw it all at a glance,—then telling her sister, oh, so coolly and calmly, that she was tired and would talk by-and-by, she put her gently from the room and locked the door.

You are a woman,—perhaps you can imagine the agony of that one hour during which no eye save the All-Seeing might read the poor, bruised heart. But it was all past when Marie came down to tea, pale as the wind-flower, but quiet and collected. They thought her only tired, and when the eager children gathered around to hear of her visit, and she put them aside with a kiss, and "not to-night, darlings," her mother said,

"Marie is not so strong as she used to be, I am afraid her journey has not helped her much."

"O, yes, mother! You can't tell how much stronger I am. To-morrow I shall be my old self again," replied she, to whom *self* was ever counted the least in importance.

But she was not quite herself, as I could see more plainly than they. She came to me that day and told me all. I was ready to burst out in indignation against what I thought a cruel deception, but she put her hand firmly over my mouth, saying,

"Not a word, Fanny! Not a word. It is all plain enough to me. They were only *brotherly* attentions. I deceived myself, and he was not to blame. I have been a fool, but, Heaven help me! I will be one no longer."

"Why, just see how natural it is that they should choose each other. He is so wise, so noble—she so handsome, so childlike. Why, it would have been preposterous to have chosen me, even had I possessed the half of Lizzette's attractions. For, do you see, if he had married me, they would have been just as dependent as ever upon me, only I should have shifted the burden from my shoulders to his, and that would be hard for a young man—a rising, ambitious man. But now they will marry and live cosily by themselves somewhere, he will mould his child-wife into enough of a woman to help and love him, without her losing any of the beauty and grace which will cheer and delight him."

"And you?" said I sharply, sick of the picture which I knew was but an effort to deceive and silence the voice of nature.

"I?" as if that were the furthest from being of any consequence. "O, I shall keep on with my school. Mother is stronger now, and Nellie is growing quite a little housekeeper. I shall work, if possible, busier than ever, for work you know disciplines the mind, and they will need all I can earn, for soon they will have only me. I suppose in a few years I shall be old-maid 'Auntie' to half a dozen curly pates just like Lizzette. Ha! ha!"

And off she went without allowing me another word. I sat musing on what she had said about his having them all to take care of if he married her, and I could not help thinking that, aside from the fascinations of Lizzette's beauty, perhaps such a consideration had held its full weight with him. Perhaps I wronged him, for he was always a good son and brother to them.

They were to be married soon—the next spring. As week by week Marie came home, sometimes accompanied by Mr. Hall, I marveled at the perfect self-control which she seemed to have attained, yet I knew by the pale face, the compressed lips, that the inward struggles were neither few or slight. Towards him her manner seemed unchanged, save that it was less impulsive, older, so to speak, and she did not often enter into conversation with him unless addressed. I think he saw no difference in her.

As to Lizzette she was so absorbed in her own happiness and her preparations that she never heeded these tokens. Nothing could exceed Marie's kindness to her. She was ever a good sister, but now it would seem that something of the love which she would have given another, was turned to her whose love was preferred to her own.

Once I spoke to her of this, and a beautiful light shown in her eyes as she said, simply,

"Since I mistook, and sought to exalt myself above my deserts, may I not atone by striving to make sweeter and more worthy of his acceptance that which with greater wisdom he has chosen."

I wondered sometimes that Lizzette could so receive, even exact, as a matter of course, the thousand sisterly favors lavished upon her.

The bridal outfit was simple and neat, suited, in all respects, to their circumstances; indeed, it was much better than, without Marie, it could ever have been. It was she who gave and helped to make the wedding dress. It was her purse which supplied the pieces of snowy cloth, and, as if, when all was done, these were not her gifts, she gave them both, what she called her "wedding present," a handsome family Bible.

You may think, perhaps, that I have bestowed upon my heroine superhuman strength. Do not think she has ceased to suffer, that she could always thus control her soul.

When she came fairly to realize the truth, her heart found relief in those little offices of love. She felt that the true way of loving him was the unselfish one of seconding his wishes, whatever her own might be. She was a Christian, and she felt that to give way to despair and melancholy were at once wrong and useless. She knew, too, that the best relief for an aching heart is to be found in earnest and practical labor, so what her hand found to do she did with all her might.

But even Christian fortitude gave way at times. It were not in human nature to assist in these busy preparations, joyous to all but her, to see almost daily how Lizzette grew closer and closer to the heart which to Marie seemed the noblest of all hearts, and not falter in the line of duty which she had prescribed for herself.

Sometimes, though seldom, she would come to me with these "little troubles," as she called them, and having relieved her mind of them and shed a few very bitter tears, she would startle me by the suddenness with which her old manner returned, and she would say in a light, cheery voice,

"But never mind! It is plain that I am in the wrong again, somewhere. Here I've been having another fit of the blues! Wrong, *entirely wrong*, Marie Ruisseau! How often must I reason with and school you about this very thing. I think you have too much time to think. You must *work*, child! Idleness is the root of all evil. Ah! Fanny, I must look about me and find something more to interest myself in, or my thoughts will be continually 'a Maying' after forbidden fruit."

And so she would go away with a sweet, holy calm in her eyes, and a rather mournful attempt at a smile playing around her calm, small mouth. Thus she has gone on to this day, for she is living yet. Her mother is long since dead, so are two of her little flock. I call them hers, for she was father and mother both to them. She is a teacher still, one of the most beloved and influential. She is in "the afternoon of life," but it is a beautiful, a sunny afternoon to her. One by one the little ones have grown out of the need of her care, who, through every trial, has supported and guided them, and, thank Heaven! all have proved worthy of her. She is the reverenced and loved sister-mother.

She will not be dependent, although they have all tried to induce her to give up her school. She says she needs the exercise of body and mind Besides, she must do all the good she can while life and health are hers. She tells them that without this wholesome stimulant, she should become, what she has a horror of, "a repining old maid," but they know better.

Lizzette, who is surrounded by the half-dozen nephews and neices which "Aunt Marie" prophesied that she should live to see, tried for a long time to persuade Marie to make her home with them, (I think amid the cares and perplexities of married life, for which she was so little qualified, she felt how invaluable would be Marie's assistance and judgment,) but Marie steadily refused, preferring to reside with her favorite and oldest brother, their father's namesake.

Had this been a fiction, dear Milicent, I should have felt bound, as all good novelists are, to have represented Marie as out-growing her youthful and misplaced attachment, or discovering that it was no attachment at all, and after a few years, being happily married to some one infinitely superior to her first love, so becoming an excellent wife and mother. Excellent, I have no doubt she would have been, but her Maker had other work for her to do. She accepted the mission and fulfilled it well. Not but that she might have married, but she believed, as I hope you do, that without perfect unity of sentiment, faith, and purpose, no marriage can be holy or happy, and, as she felt that, between herself and those who sought her, no such unity could exist, she remained single.

You may doubt if she was satisfied so to live. I do not. Let any one work with all the light and power which God has given them for the good of humanity, sustained through all by a perfect trust in the mercy and wisdom of an All-wise Father, and whatever their station, whether married or single, I believe they will be happy beyond any happiness which mere earthly love can bestow.

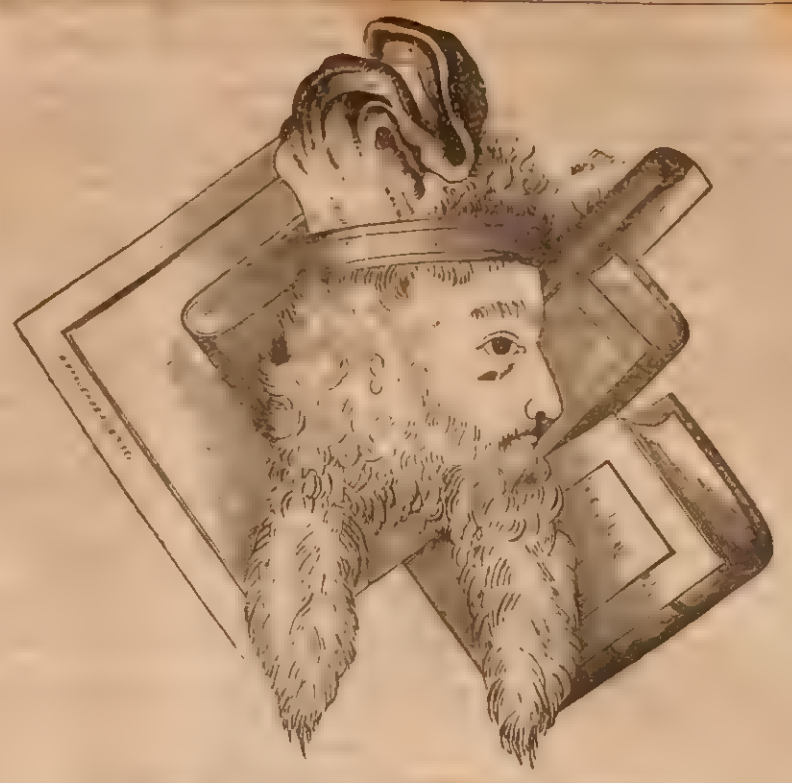
* * * * * * * * *

Milicent Rokeby had read it all. She closed the manuscript and went about her daily work with a thoughtful, but not a clouded brow. A new light, a truth had begun to dawn upon her mind, and it haunted her long ere it developed itself in her life. But it did at last, and had you asked her some two years after what was the best cure for the heart-ache, I think she might have answered from experience, "Useful employment and self-denial."

She was married long ago, though not to Cousin Joseph, and she has made a good wife and mother, though I hardly think better than she would have made "an old maid."

She told me all this herself, and turning to her old journal showed me the verses which she wrote so long ago, and I noticed that beneath them, several years later, she had added, by way of commentary,

O, ye on whom stern Fate unkindly frowned,
Who've loved and lost your heart's desire;
Let love not die, but more diffused around
Burn on still brighter, purer, higher;
Its joy, which else to one alone might fall,
A gleam of happiness may shed on all.



SUPPOSED PORTRAIT OF A CELEBRATED "PROFESSOR."

As intimated some weeks ago, we give a portrait of the self-styled "Professor" of "Terra-Culture"—the man who don't admire certain "Learned Agricultural Editors," because their exposures have retarded his progress and *profits* in "disclosing the disclosures." The above is supposed to be a portrait of the possessor of the so-called Great Secret; but by reversing the picture (as the reader will now do,) he can be seen *as viewed by those who have heard him and tested his theory!*

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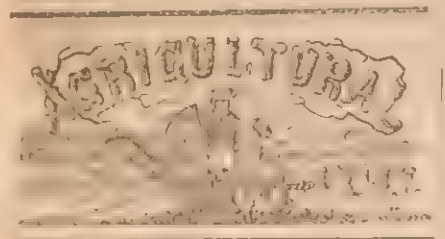


WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

SPRING is upon us. The great struggle is about to commence. What the hands find to do, should now be done with all the might But the hands, unless directed by a wise head, work in vain. It is not he who labors the hardest who accomplishes the most. Many a hard working farmer spends half his strength for naught. A little thought will save many a hard and useless days work. Many an intelligent farmer's boy, seeing how little good results from the hard toil of his father, becomes disgusted with farming and resolves to seek some easier method of getting a living, not being able to see that the difficulty is in want of proper management. First determine on the object to be gained, then decide on the best possible means to accomplish the end, and the labor will be easy. Every movement will be one step towards the desired result; its effect will be seen and encourage to continued exertion. Nothing is more discouraging than laboring without an object. Every farm laborer, and particularly the boys, should be told not only how work is to be done, but the object of doing it thus.

Here, kind reader, we have given you a little bundle of truths, gathered from our experience and observation, and they are so reasonable that we believe you will accept them as axioms, which no reasoning or proof could make plainer. Scarcely a season passes that we are not more impressed with their truth. Last summer in making a ramble among the farmers, as was our wont, we stood in the hay-field of one who, by dint of hard work, and a good soil had managed to get along tolerably well, in spite of bad management. All hands were at leisure. The horse-rake had broken, and as the weather was a little unsettled it was not advisable to cut down more, for fear of rain. It was a little shaky the previous year, and should have been fixed, but it was not, and he thought after all it might go through another harvest. So a good portion of the day was wasted, but the boys were told that next day they must work from sunrise to dark, to make up for lost time. The intelligence that they would have to over tax their powers on the coming day, produced no pleasant reflections, no cheerful smile. But we need not multiply evidence of the truths we have presented—they will recur in abundance to every thinking man, and we will return to the question at the head of this article, *What is to be done?*

Our *Seasonable Hints and Suggestions*, of last week should be read by all, as on their observance depends, in a great measure, whether success or failure—profit or loss—well-requited and therefore pleasant labor, or toil without compensation—is the lot of the husbandman. These we will take for granted, have been heeded, and therefore so much has been done.

About Corn we have little to say not generally known to farmers. It is a great waste of labor to try to raise a crop of corn on poor land, without manure. If this material was scarce we would use it in the hill. Corn planted three feet one way by eighteen inches the other will produce one-third more than if planted three feet each way. But then the cultivator could be used only one way. Whether the extra crop would not more than compensate for the labor, we leave for our readers to say. The *Improved King Philip*, the *White Flint* and the *Rhode Island Premium* are well spoken of by many farmers, and are at least worthy of trial. The latter we planted last year and were well pleased with it. It is fine in appearance, bore us a good crop and ripened early. A correspondent writes us: "I have tried most of the new kinds of corn, and must say that I find nothing better than the *Dutton*, *Eight-Rowed Yellow* and *Red Streak*, and if these varieties are grown so as to mix freely, I like it all the better."

What shall be done about *Growing Food for Stock?* Did we wish to keep or fatten a large number of cattle on a small farm, and make the most of their manure, we would cut their green feed to a great extent at least, and also endeavor to grow some plant for dry feed in the winter that would produce more than either Timothy or Clover. A gentlemen stated during a discussion at the last New York State Fair, that he had grown Western corn for fodder, and produced at the rate of twenty tuns to the acre when cured. Taking one-half of this amount as an average yield, what an amount of winter feed for stock could be grown on five acres. If to this was added an acre or two of *carrots* or *parsnips*, or perhaps an acre of each, how much more stock could be kept on a small farm than in the usual way of growing a tun or a tun-and-a-half of Timothy or Clover, and thirty or forty bushels of corn. Two hundred bushels of carrots are equal in nutrition to 1⅓ tuns of hay, so that 600 bushels of carrots, which is not a large crop, is equal to 4½ tuns. *Hungarian Grass* is said to produce six or more tuns to the acre of the most nutritive food on new prairie soil, but we have no idea that such crops could be grown here. In deciding *what is to be done* the present spring, it will be well to consider the best means of growing a large amount of feed for stock, for we are satisfied that, under present circumstances, stock-growing and fattening is one of the most profitable employments in which the farmer can engage. We look for improvement in American farming mainly in this direction.

ABOUT DEEP AND SHALLOW PLOWING.

EDS. RURAL:—I'm in trouble—in fact almost driven to dispair. Only think of it; here I have been the last ten years—yes, for my whole life time, in fact, under the impression that *deep* plowing was *one* of the essential requisites of good farming. Acting upon this impression I have been for the last ten years gradually deepening my soil, by plowing a little deeper each time, till I have got down nine, ten and even twelve inches deep, and still going down. I have got this impression by reading such agricultural papers and books as I could get hold of—by listening to the teachings of our best farmers, and I often think of the saying of "Poor Richard" to

"Plow deep while sluggards sleep,
And you'll have corn to sell and keep."

I commenced on a piece of land that had been farmed on the skinning system, by plowing four or five inches deep, and, as I said before, I have been plowing deeper and deeper, and as my crops have been gradually improving from year to year, I fancied it was owing, in a measure, at least, to deeper plowing. Judge of my surprise then, Mr. Editor, on reading the following in your issue for March 26th, from "*" of Trumansburg, N. Y.:—"On a large proportion of land in our State, deep plowing for corn is not advantageous. Experience, and the well known fact that the roots of corn are *always* found near the surface, demonstrate it."

You may believe those two little sentences set me to thinking—that is, after I got a little over my amazement, so I could think. I thought if those sentences were true, that after all the labor bestowed, the horse flesh wasted in plowing deep, that like enough I had been injuring my land instead of benefiting it. I began to think whether it was a "fact that the roots of corn are *always* found near the surface." I thought of plowing up corn stubble the other day for oats, and while so doing I stopped my team to rest, and sat down on the plow beam to rest myself. While seated there I amused myself by pulling up corn stubbles and examining the roots, noticing how very numerous and long they were and how they spread out in every direction, and how they descended down even to the bottom of the furrow. That was before I had read the article referred to, and my conclusion *then* was, that *there* was evidence in favor of deep plowing, for those roots ran down at least ten inches. Was my conclusion wrong? That is the question that puzzles me.

I looked anxiously for the next RURAL, hoping to find something in it to help me out of my great quandary. But, alas! in the next RURAL I find the following, which, instead of helping me out of my difficulty, serves to cast still greater gloom over the "spirit of my dreams."

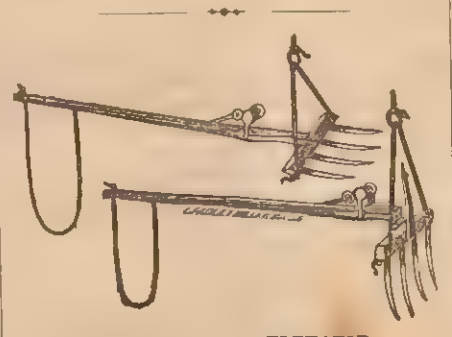
"W. J. F.," in speaking on this subject, says:—"In practice, we often see the farmer, who inverts only the *small portion* of his farm which lies near the surface, reaping larger crops and with more profit than his neighbor who inverts *his* farm a good way down towards the center. The hard subsoil, miring in winter and baking in summer, is not, after all, just the right food for plants. He finds, too late, that *he has turned his farm up-side-down*, and lucky is he who does not find himself turned off before he can get it "*right-side-up*" once more."

Now, Mr. Editor, is there any hope for me? Can you say anything to give me the least encouragement? Is there any soil that will bear deep plowing? and if so, what kind of soil is it? I hardly dare plow any more till I hear from you. *Do* write "*" and have him tell us what soil, if any, to plow deep. I shall be in a perfect agony of suspense till I know. And, by the way, I wish while you are about it, you would urge upon your correspondents generally, the necessity, in relating their "experience" and experiments, of giving as precisely as possible, the nature and characteristics of the soil operated upon and written about. By so doing readers would be much better able to judge whether such treatment would answer in their own case. To act on this hint, I will begin by saying that I am working fine plain land; soil, a sandy gravelly loam; what few stones there are, are mostly "cobble stones." The subsoil is pretty much the same same as the surface soil, except the vegetable matter.

This question of deep or shallow plowing, is one of vast importance to every farmer, for no man will be fool enough to plow twelve or sixteen inches deep, after he finds it is just as well or better to to plow only four. It seems to me that the question might be solved to a demonstration on particular soils. I have no idea from what little I know of "*hard pan*" subsoil, that crops would be particularly benefited by bringing any quantity into immediate contact with them. Nor would I recommend bringing much of any kind of subsoil up at a time. "Little by little" has been my motto and practice. JOHN F. OVENSHIRE.

Athens, Bradford Co., Pa., 1859.

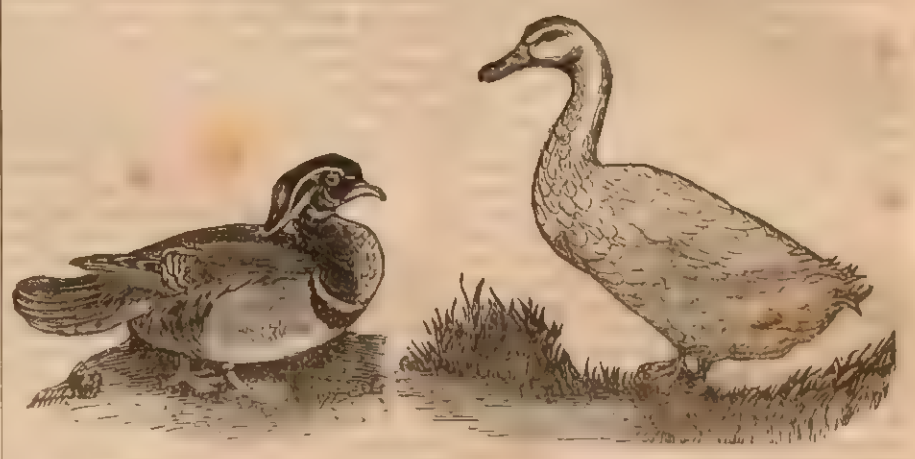
REMARKS.—As the subject discussed by Mr. O. is being thoroughly ventilated by our corespondents, we leave it, for the present, in their hands—not doubting that the truth will be elicited. It may be proper to remark, however, that we do not endorse all the opinions and conclusions of correspondents—especially those who oppose deep plowing *on all soils*—though we allow them to give the whys and wherefores of their respective theories—ED.



GLADDING'S HAY ELEVATOR.

THE above engraving is intended to represent a Hay Elevator, or Horse-Power Pitch Fork, patented last season by C. E. GLADDING, of Troy, Pa. The inventor claims that "this Elevator possesses many important advantages over all other forks, among which are the following:—The tines being allowed to drop to discharge its load, the tilting of the handle, as in other power forks, is avoided; hence, hay can be unloaded with the utmost facility and ease into shed windows or beneath purlin beams, and many places where other horse forks cannot be used. The Elevator can in all cases be managed with greater ease than any other horse fork. It is also well adapted to stacking. With this fork a tun of hay can be unloaded in from five to seven minutes." This Elevator received the first premium, after thorough trial and competition, at the last New York and Pennsylvania State Fairs.

In company with several practical farmers and mechanics, we witnessed a trial of this Elevator a few days since, and were highly pleased with its operation, as were all present who expressed any opinion. It unloaded about a tun of hay, placing it in the loft of a livery stable, (the wagon standing in the street,) and pitching through a small door, doing its work in a very perfect and expeditious manner. From this test, in a difficult place, we are satisfied that the Elevator is a valuable labor-saving invention—the best machine for the purpose within our knowledge—and therefore commend it to the attention of all interested. It must prove a decided acquisition in the haying season, when both time and labor are money. For price, &c., see advertisement.



SUMMER, OR WOOD DUCK. WHITE AYLESBURY DUCK.

AYLESBURY AND WOOD DUCKS.

AMONG all the beautiful water-fowl that it has been our pleasure to behold, either wild or domesticated, we know of none the equal of the *Summer* or *Wood Duck*, in beauty of plumage. The bill is red, the head deep, glossy metallic green, edged with violet, with a most striking and beautiful pendant crest gracefully curving over its back, of a most charming admixture of violet and green, with a line of the purest white running from the upper mandible over the eye. The back and tail are blue and green, throat white, breast delicate dove color, spotted with white. It has often been a matter of surprise to us that this bird has not been more generally domesticated, as it can be very readily. Mr. VASSAR has them at his place near Poughkeepsie, and we understand has hatched several broods.

Its popular name of wood duck is derived from the fact that it makes its nest in hollow trees; and of *summer duck*, from remaining with us during the summer. It is only seen in the North during the summer months, migrating Southwardly with the cold weather. It is familiarly known in every part of the United States from Florida to Lake Ontario, and is found about the creeks, bays and rivers. It rarely visits the sea shore or the salt marshes, its favorite haunts being the solitary, deep and muddy creeks, ponds and mill-dams of the interior, making its nest frequently in some old hollow tree that overhangs the water. The wood duck is equally well known in Mexico and many of the West India Islands.

Here they begin to lay early in May, and the nest is usually found secreted in the hollow of a tree.

Of white ducks, the Aylesbury is the best, and is very pretty, with its snowy-white plumage, yellowish legs and feet, and flesh colored bill. It is also large—one of the largest of the duck family—and excellent for the table. The name is derived from the town of Aylesbury in England, in which neighborhood they are kept in large quantities for the supply of the London market. BEMENT says:—The weight of the adult Aylesbury duck should at least average, if properly fed, from ten to twelve pounds the pair (duck and drake.) Instances, however, have occurred where the drakes have come up to eight pounds and upwards, and would in all probability, if fattened, reach ten pounds each. They are very prolific layers. From two of these ducks 300 eggs have been obtained in the course of twelve months; in addition to which, one of them sat twice, the other only once, the three nests giving thirty young ones. The eggs vary in color, some being white, while others are of pale blue. As a farther recommendation for them, in an economical point of view, it is argued that their consumption of food is less than that of the common duck; and another advantage may be found in their comparative silence from the continuous "quack, quack, quack," of the latter bird. They also attain greater weight in less time; and, from their superior appearance when plucked, are a far more marketable article.

THE "ADVISORY BOARD" DEFENDED.

MR. MOORE:—I have noticed by reading the RURAL and other kindred journals of late, that you and your contemporaries have become excited and very uncivil towards your old friends, the "intelligent agriculturists." You have heretofore praised and flattered us until we began to believe we were the very "bone and sinew" of our country—in fact that we stood at the head of the pile, and that all other classes were beneath us, and dependent upon us even for their bread and butter. You now attempt to hurl us from our supposed elevated position, and place us at the bottom with "scientific agriculturists and terra-culturists," and the only apparent reason for this great change in you is just because "one or more" of us "from the different sections of the Union" were invited to join a branch of the "kitchen cabinet" at Washington, and "fare sumptuously" as long as "twenty-five dollars" would last. For no other reason than having been thus honored, you now, notwithstanding your former praises, try to make out after all that we are nothing but a set of scientific numskulls.

As my object in writing this letter is to present the truth in such a light that you will be convinced of your error (and of course acknowledge the same,) I will make a fair and plain statement of the case for your consideration.

It is well known that for many years there has been a department of Agriculture attached to the Patent-Office, supported by national funds, that this department has been under the control of the Commissioner of Patents, and also that a large amount of money has been spent yearly in collecting and disseminating seeds, plants, &c., and in publishing an annual report. It is equally well known that, after all this great expenditure of money and brain power, the agriculturists have not been benefited in the least thereby.

It would now appear from the plans adopted by the present Commissioner that he has become convinced that all the efforts heretofore made by his department to aid and instruct the tillers of the soil had been futile, has determined at once to change his advisors and assistants from "eminent" to "intelligent agriculturists," and thus, if possible, effect a thorough reform. To this end he "resolved upon inviting from the different sections of the Union one or more intelligent agriculturists," (mark the language,) skilled in the various branches of rural industry, to convene at Washington, with the view of imparting a knowledge of such facts in practical husbandry as may have come within their experience and observation, and to suggest means by which our crops may be increased, improved in quality, or made more profitable to the producer." Those invited were to be furnished, before the meeting, with "interrogatories and blanks to enable them to record facts" at home while their farm and field books were before them.

All these "intelligent agriculturists" that had trusty help to care for their stock during their absence assembled at Washington at the appointed time, and were introduced by the Commissioner to the President as "a body of practical agriculturists." Furthermore the President, in his speech to them, said he was "happy to see so many practical agriculturists who understood that science fully"—who had heretofore "staid at home and minded their own business." He then introduced them to Miss LANE as the farmers to whom she was indebted for her bread and butter.

Now, Sir, if your are not convinced from reading the above of your gross error in calling the "Advisory Board" a set of "visionary theorists, terra-culturists, and self-dubbed professors," just look at their distinguished titles. Why, Sir, of the forty-four that assembled, a dozen or so were Honorables, the rest were Drs., and Esqs., Colonels, and Majors, with one Ex-Governor, one Rev., one regular Professor of Agriculture, and last, but not least, one Agricultural Editor; and so far as I can learn the very lowest title belonging to any individual invited, is that of Captain in the Michigan Militia. Who would have thought that the whole frock and trowsers regiment contained so many titled individuals? Verily, the dignity of agricultural labor is looking up!

But it is not enough that you and your contemporaries should apply such vile epithets as the above mentioned to these titled "intelligent agriculturists," who, under your teachings, have become "skilled in the various branches of rural industry"—you must go even further. While one intimates that the time of this "Hon. Advisory

Board" will be spent in devising some scheme to rob the national treasury, and another that it will be in making an analysis of the "Dioscorea Batatas," you, to out-do all others in the bitterness of expression, say it will be in uttering such to us "heathen Greek" phrases as "phosphates and super-phosphates, chlorides and anti-chlorides, ammonia," &c.,—words you have never taught us to use, and such as intelligent, practical agriculturists never utter nor ever will until they understand their meaning better than those would-be teachers whose mouths are always full of them.

Now, Gentlemen Editors, though the doings of the "Advisory Board" have not been made public, the Commissioner has revealed enough for us to know that you are wrong in all your inferences and conjectures. He also gives us to understand the true nature of the advice given him. He says in his closing address, speaking of the results of the deliberations of the Board, "It is our confident expectation that these results will tell upon the pages of the forthcoming Agricultural Report of this Office, in such a manner as to challenge the respect if not the admiration of the public, and silence the clamors of those who have so ruthlessly assailed what they have so little understood"

Now, from the above language of the Commissioner, and from the known views of the class from which the Board was selected and the public generally, we are prepared to present a true outline of the advice given as it stands on the concealed record. It no doubt runs nearly thus:

"Mr. Commissioner—We are deeply sensible of the honor you have conferred upon us in selecting us as your advisors, but as the President has truly said in his address to us, we are 'farmers, who have heretofore staid at home to follow the plow and mind our own business;' we are consequently honest men, and notwithstanding we have inhaled some 'gas' since we have been here, we must express our honest convictions. We believe that you and your predecessors have done all that could be done by your department to aid the agriculturists, but such has been the incompetency of your assistants that you have failed in all your efforts. We have examined your annual reports, (though they seldom fall into the hands of farmers,) and have found so much matter that is foreign to the subject, or that is above our comprehension, that the volumes are of no more value to us than the same number of our rural almanacs. And as to the seeds, plants, &c., distributed among us, the knowledge of our profession is so limited that we can derive but little profit from any of them. We have tried the mixture of wheat, chess, cockle and wild onion seed obtained for us 'from the ruins of ancient Troy,' but as there is at present no way to dispose of such mixed farm products to advantage, we prefer to raise *wheat* instead, and that, too, *of a variety we have not before tested and condemned.* We have tried to raise our own tea from seed 'procured in China,' but cannot make the business profitable. We have tried to raise plums from the stones obtained for us in 'England,' but as *dried* plum stones do not *always* vegetate, nor *always* produce fruit of their kind, we prefer to propagate from scions, especially when they are old varieties that are growing in our own orchards! We have, it is true, received some good varieties of common garden seeds, but as they are not sure to vegetate, nor as true to name as those raised by ourselves, or as those we purchase of seedsmen, we prefer to raise or purchase our own supply. We have fairly tested many other seeds and some plants forwarded us, some of which have proved of moderate value, but we have been imposed upon so often by dishonest cultivators who have made a business of growing seeds for sale from the worthless ones received from the Patent Office, that the results altogether have not been to our advantage.

"Now evidently there has been an error somewhere. Either you have not known what our necessities required, or we have not 'understood' our profession well enough to avail ourselves of the benefits you have placed within our reach. But, whichever party is responsible for the disastrous results thus far, we earnestly protest against burdening the mails any longer with tuns of, to us, useless trash, and then taxing us, as is contemplated, for the same by raising our letter and other postage.

"We therefore advise (as wisdom may die with us) that the answers we have appended to your 'fifteen hundred interrogatories' be published in newspaper or pamphlet form, and distributed among those who are directly interested in the cultivation of the soil; and then let the Agricultural Department of our Government be abolished, or at least suspended until knowledge has increased to such an extent that men can be obtained to assist you in your duties who have learned that men cannot impart instruction to others upon subjects that they are entirely ignorant of themselves. Follow this advice, Sir, and you will 'challenge the respect if not the admiration of the public, and silence the clamors of those who have so ruthlessly assailed what they have so little understood.'"

From the light we have upon the subject, there can be no doubt that the above is in substance the advice given the Commissioner by the intelligent, practical, honorable, titled Advisory Board—so here I rest my case with the firm conviction that you will never again "so ruthlessly assail what you have so little understood."

Seriously yours, LINUS CONE.

Troy, Mich., March, 1859.

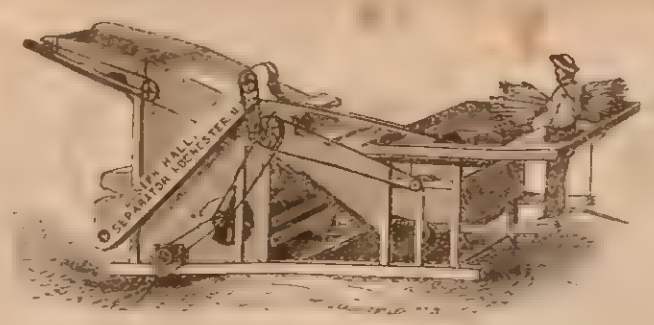
IMPROVED STABLES FOR CATTLE.

FRIEND MOORE:—As I wish to be not only a reading but a practical farmer, I desire to exchange information with practical men; so, for a commencement, I will give a description of a new mode (to me at least) of stabling cattle.

The barns I examined were in Morris, Otsego Co., N. Y., owned by two wealthy farmers—A. C. MOORE and R. FRANCHOT. They have been in operation some years and give good satisfaction, and others have concluded to follow their example.—The first one on this plan has been in use some 15 years, from which others took pattern. They are as follows:—A basement for thirty cows should be some 40 by 75 feet, with a place for water On one side are stalls, which should number one more than the cattle. They are 2½ feet wide, raised near 20 inches, and are accessible by two stairs or steps; length of stall 5 feet, but the partition should extend back as far as the edge of the first step and run forward into the manger some, so that the animals will not quarrel when eating.—The manger, some 3 feet wide, extends all along front of stalls, in which hay is put from above.—There are several advantages derived from this mode. The cattle go up into the stalls to eat, and when they have done they back out, cleaning their own stalls, and go and drink if they wish, which will be pretty sure to be the case after eating dry hay. They can then select their places and lie down; and when they want to get up it is much easier than when confined in stanchion or otherwise. The manure is all under cover and ready to draw at any time during winter or spring in its full strength, not being washed and soaked by storm. Another most important item, which I had nearly forgotten, is the labor saved in taking care of a dairy, as all that is to be done, (provided the water is brought in pipes so as to run without being pumped,) is just to throw down the hay into the manger and tell the cattle to help themselves. To one unacquainted with the above plan, it would be reasonable to suppose that the cattle would be quarrelsome, but they tell me it is not so. All that is necessary is once or twice in course of winter to take the team and draw away a portion of the manure nearest the stalls, as the most of it will be along on that side.

Perhaps I have become tedious in my description, but have endeavored, in my awkward manner, to describe a plan which I think will be of use to those who are not entirely tied down to the old customs and ways of their predecessors. If any one desires any other information in regard to these stables, they can address A. C. MOORE of Morris. N. L. HAKES.

Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y., 3d mo., 22d, 1859.



HALL'S THRESHER AND SEPARATOR.

ABOVE we give a very good representation of "Hall's Rochester Thresher and Separator," as furnished by JOSEPH HALL, of this city, who has been engaged in the business of manufacturing Threshers, Separators, Horse Powers, &c., for over thirty years, and whose machines are favorably known over a large portion of the Union and Canada. Those of our readers interested are referred to Mr. H.'s advertisement in this paper.

Our Canadian readers will observe from Mr. HALL'S announcement that he has established a branch in their midst—having leased the extensive works of the Oshawa Manufacturing Co., and already commenced operations. He will manufacture threshers, separators, powers, &c., the same as in this city, and, having fifty men already at work, purposes to complete a large number of his celebrated threshing machines before harvest.

ANOTHER "SUGGESTED PLOW."

EDS. RURAL:—I see by the RURAL of March 26th, that a correspondent from Trumansburg suggests a great want for a new kind of plow for subsoiling at the same time the surface plowing is done. He also remarks that this can be done by the usual method of subsoiling with an extra plow, but says that this is objectionable on account of requiring another team, which few farmers are able to furnish at a season when all are busy. I see, also, that in the RURAL of April 9th, a correspondent at Attica answers this call, by bringing to the notice of the rural world the invention of Mr. BRINCKERHOFF, who has a small plow of some kind attached to and following the large one. That Mr. B.'s invention does not fully answer the call is evident, as the call requires *one team only* to do the work, while his invention requires two,—or as he states, three, in the case cited. To cut the subsoil with any plow pushing through in the usual way, requires as much or more power to break 4 or 5 inches subsoil as 8 of surface soil, and hence the great practical objection which I think Mr. B.'s invention does not overcome.

I have in use on my farm in Irondequoit, a plow recently invented and patented by T. S. SCOVILLE, of Buffalo, which I think comes nearer the desideratum than any other. It is called "Scoville's Rotary Subsoil Plow." The improvement consists in a system of *rotary picks* or *diggers*, which are placed behind the plow and follow closely and in the bottom of the furrow, completely pulverizing the subsoil to the depth of four or five inches, and, it is claimed, requires *no additional power*. I have not tested it with a dynamometer, but when plowing but little difference is observable in draft of team with or without the attachment. I regard this plow as a most valuable improvement, and believe that when generally introduced, it will be a "universal favorite." I have not seen it advertised in any paper, and am not sure that the inventor has made any arrangement to have it generally introduced. I. S. HOBBIE.

Rochester, April, 1859.

REMARKS.—We had the pleasure of witnessing a trial of the plow above named, on Mr. HOBBIE'S farm, a few days since, and were much pleased with its operation. It was tried in three different fields, on light and heavy clay soils, pulverizing the subsoil from four to five inches below the bottom of the furrow made by the ordinary plow. We think it comprises the germ, at least, of a great improvement, but requires some perfecting, or rather a plow constructed for its use—say with a short beam, long handles, and "dipped" point to keep the plow in place, and do the work well and easily. The inventor should at once do this, and give the agricultural public an opportunity of testing his improvement. We shall give some attention to this and other suggested improvements in the same line, and report the result of observations and experiments.—ED.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Answers to several inquiries, as well as many seasonable communications, are necessarily deferred. We endeavor to publish articles every week which shall incorporate answers to various inquiries, without specially referring to the queries propounded.

Condensed Correspondence.

Fast Corn-Husking.

MR. I. W. NEEDLES, of Union Township, Licking Co., O., husked on the 12th day of Nov. last, one hundred and twenty bushels and four lbs. of corn 70 lbs. to the bushel, (the customary weight of rolling corn at that time.) The corn was not very good, yielding only about 70 to 75 bushels per acre. It was on the stalk, but not topped. Time of husking 9 hours 45 minutes. Was husked and weighed in presence of from four to six men. Mr. NEEDLES is not one of those men "sitting about the corners and bragging;" but a worker and a reader.—H. S. MANON, *Hebron, Ohio*, 1859.

A Trap for Prairie Hens.

IN the RURAL of the 2d inst., F. L. inquires for the best plan for a trap to catch prairie hens. Having had a little experience in trapping prairie hens I will give my plan for a trap. I make a box three feet wide by four or five feet long, with slats across the top. Instead of a board across one end, I make something similar to a rake head, and hang it on leather hinges so that it will swing in. A couple of stakes driven in the ground at each end of the head will prevent its swinging out. The rake head should be made very light. By scattering grain both in and outside of the box, the chickens, in their eagerness to get the grain, will crawl under the rake, and when in cannot get out. By this means a large number can be taken and kept any length of time for use.—M. HERRICK, *Hammond, Wis.*, 1859.

To Make Hens Lay.

FOR the benefit of F. L., who wants to know why his hens don't *lay*—also the best and cheapest food for them during winter—I take the liberty of expressing my opinion. He says his hens consist of Shanghaes and Brahmas. My experience in the henery is, Shanghaes, nor any other of Asiatic breeds, can be made to *pay*, unless kept merely for the table. I think that, for laying qualities alone, none are superior to the Creoles, and by crossing those with the Black Spanish, or most any other breed of medium size, you have a fowl fit for the table and of excellent laying qualities. During the past winter I have had thirty hens which are half-blood Creoles. I think the number of eggs which have been laid by them has not been exceeded by the same number of hens anywhere around here; they average per day at the present time nearly twenty eggs, although two are setting. A change of food for hens is the best way to make them lay; what I mean by that is, to feed them all kinds of grain, (except corn and rye,) potatoes, and corn meal.—FRANK PADDOCK, *Hamilton, N. Y.*

Use of Hen Manure.

IN the RURAL of March 26th is an article on the use of hen manure, in which the writer gives his method of applying that very valuable article to corn. Having had some experience in that line, and having, as I believe, found a better way than that recommended, I'm inclined to give my method to your readers. I mix plaster with the manure so as to give about one bushel of plaster to the acre. When I plant my corn I drop the composition *in the hill*, taking care to scatter it well, for too much of it, in immediate contact with the seed, will prevent germination. I have tried, using this article as a top dressing on corn, with very good results, but my experience leads me to prefer putting it in the hills—for, in the latter case, the whole strength is retained in the ground where it is within the reach of the young plant, whereas, when used as a top dressing, I think a considerable portion is lost by evaporation.—JOHN F. OVENSHIRE, *Athens, Pa.*, 1859.

Remedy for Tumors or Wens.

EDS. RURAL:—Four years ago I had a cow that had a tumor come on the under side of the sub-maxillary, which grew to the size of a large goose egg. It was of an oblong shape, and lay parallel with the jaw-bone. It did not appear to be attached to the bone, but from what I could learn I came to the conclusion that it was a wen. It soon broke and became a running sore. In the spring I had it cut out by a neighbor who performed the operation rather unskillfully. It healed up, but broke again in the fall, and I then effected a permanent cure by rubbing it with linseed oil.

I now have a cow coming four this spring (the old cow's calf,) that had two similar tumors—one on the side of her face just under the ear, and the other on the under side of the sub-maxillary.—(Query—are they hereditary?) *Treatment.*—Rubbed them every other day with linseed oil, with but little perceptible effect until they broke, when the fleshy part of the humor protruded through the orifice. I then put on pulverized blue vitriol twice or three times a week, and cleansed occasionally with soap suds. This treatment was continued until the whole tumor disappeared and the flesh healed over perfectly sound to all appearance. This I think preferable to cutting out. D. B. P.

Oakfield, Kent Co., Mich., 1859.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Peruvian Guano.

A COMMISSION sent by the Peruvian government to survey the Chincha islands, with the view to ascertain the quantity of guano deposited there, report over eleven million tuns. This, if correct, would, at the present rate of export of about 300,000 tuns annually, afford a supply for only about thirty-six or thirty-seven years.

How to Keep Horses Feet in Order.

MILES says:—"If I were asked to account for my horses' legs and feet being in better order than those of my neighbors, I should attribute it to the four following circumstances:—1st. That they are all shod with few nails, so placed in the shoe as to permit the foot to expand every time they move. 2d. That they all live in boxes instead of stalls, and can move whenever they please. 3d. That they have two hours' daily walking exercise when they are not at work. 4th. That I have not a head-stall or rack-chain in my stable. These four circumstances comprehend the whole mystery of keeping horses' legs fine, and their feet in sound working condition up to a good old age."

Renewing Hide-Bound Turf.

THE editor of the *Homestead* says:—"A cheap way to renew the turf upon land which has become 'hide-bound,' consists in scarifying the surface in the spring as the frost is coming out, with a fine-toothed harrow, or with a heavy stone boat, full of iron pins, driven about three inches through the bottom. A good coating of seed and a dressing of manure being thus applied, the turf is revived without the loss of a single crop. This cannot be practiced where the land is stoney or rough, but upon old smooth meadows, which are becoming mossy, it answers a good purpose." Dragging an old meadow with a heavy harrow, then spreading on a little well rotted manure, afterwards passing over it with a brush drag, produces a wonderful effect.

Deep Plowing of Prairie Sod.

FARMERS from the East are surprised to find, on visiting the Western Prairie country, that the custom is to plow the sod only about two or three inches deep, in fact as shallow as possible, and the corn is planted in the thickly matted roots, with hardly soil enough to cover them. The first impression is that this practice is the result of necessity—the stiffness of the prairie sod, and the great amount of power required to plow even to this depth. This, however, is not the case, but the idea is quite general, and has been almost universal, that the turf will not rot as well if plowed deeper. The *Missouri Democrat* says recent experiments in deep plowing with the Michigan double plow, has began to create doubts as to the correctness of this idea, and the *Prairie Farmer* says, "Mr. VAN DOREN, of Lasalle Co., Illinois, says he gets more corn from one acre of sod planted in deep plowing, than on four acres as ordinarily plowed."

The Best Potato.

JOHN A. ROBINSON, of Belcher, Washington Co., N. Y., writes to the *Country Gentleman* that "the *White Peach Blow* justly ranks among the best. Originating in the adjoining county of Saratoga, it has worked its way by its own merits into probably every State in the Union. Its habit of growth is peculiar. In its first stages of growth it presents a slender and sickly appearance, but later in the season it would 'astonish the natives' to see its strong and splendid growth. Succeeding well in all situations, it is found nearest perfection on strong and warm corn and oat land, stable manured the year previous. Its cooking qualities need no comment. The *Davis Seedling* was brought from eastern Massachusetts, and has more than realized the expectation of its friends. Extremely hardy and prolific, as a field crop it may safely be pronounced 'excelsior.' Under very favorable circumstances it will yield from 300 to 500 bushels of potatoes, of uniform size, per acre. Owing to the vine being short and stocky, and the compactness of tubers in the hill, they will bear closer planting than the *Peach Blow*. They appear to succeed best on rich sward land, and ripen moderately early. For the table, it has few rivals, and no superiors."

Liquid Manure Tanks.

JULIUS IVES, of West Meriden, Conn., in the *Homestead* of the 10th ult., gives the following cheap mode of adding to the fertility of the soil:—"I have become so much interested in the various ways of making manures, that I wish to call the attention of your readers to one way, which I apprehend but few have adopted, viz:—The building of cisterns for the saving of the soap-suds and chamber-slops of the family. Two years ago I purchased a small farm and took possession of it, for the improvement of my health. I purchased two horses, two cows and a few pigs. Being conscious that with such a small stock, I should greatly need more manure, I took, therefore, as my motto, "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost." About the first thing, I built me a cistern that will hold from twenty to thirty barrels, by digging a hole, and cementing into the earth; (it should have been bricked or stoned, and then cemented.) I then went to the lumber yard for lumber, consisting of four pieces 6 by 6, which I framed together and placed around the outer edge. This frame was about eight feet square. Six joists 2 by 6, I then cut in, placing the two middle ones so near together as to admit of a hopper, which I made, placing about eighteen inches high, with a cover hung on hinges. I then nailed my floor boards to the joists only, leaving them to project two inches on the ends over the frame, making a place for a firm hold of the hands, so that three or four men can at once detach the floor and joists from the main frame and carry it off. And now, sir, this concern cost me less than five dollars, having done the work myself, and will, without doubt, pay me the interest of two hundred dollars. I should not be willing to sell for twelve dollars a year what I make from it. I draw it out every two months, and directly put in two loads of muck, making twelve loads of muck a year well saturated, and it would not be necessary for your olfactory senses to come in very close proximity to satisfy you that the muck had been drenched in something besides rain-water."

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE WEATHER has continued unfavorable during the week past—generally cold and wet, and decidedly unpropitious for farmers. As we write (Tuesday, 12th) the prospect is more encouraging, the temperature having moderated, and the sun exhibited itself to an anxious and admiring world. We trust the long-looked-for Spring weather has come at last, and will not depart.

THE MICHIGAN STATE FAIR is to be held Oct. 3d to 5th inclusive—*place* not yet designated, but it is supposed Detroit will be the location. The competition for stock premiums is open to the world.

THE N. H. JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE is well-conducted, spicy and sensible, and evidently waking up the farmers of the "Granite State." May its prosperity correspond with its pluck and good promise—and it will if the people of the State do their duty.

HUNGARIAN GRASS SEED.—J. W. C., of Sodus, and others in Western New York who wish to procure this seed, are referred to the advertisement of R. L. HOWARD, of Buffalo.—Read all RURAL advertisements, and you will often save time and expense of making inquiries.

DR. EBEN WIGHT, of Dedham, Mass., is entitled to and will please accept our acknowledgments for various favors which have proved of value—including several fine engravings of fowls, (such as those given on first page,) pamphlets on Agricultural and Horticultural topics, &c.

SECRETARIES OF AG. SOCIETIES—State, District, County and Town—will confer a favor, and perhaps benefit their respective associations, by advising us as early as convenient in regard to times and places of holding Fairs for 1859, and also sending copies of premium lists, committees, &c., when issued.

THE "ADVISORY BOARD OF AGRICULTURE" is ably defended in preceding columns, by our esteemed friend and correspondent, LINUS CONE, Esq., of Michigan. As we have "had our say" on the subject, we invite a perusal of Mr. C.'s article—simply remarking that, tho' seriously written, its sarcastic import cannot be mistaken *Vice la* Patent-Office and the "Advisory Board."

THE MARKET FAIR held at North Bloomfield on the 6th inst., was largely attended and quite satisfactory, considering the unfavorable weather. So we learn incidentally from a gentleman who attended, but have no definite report. We should like to receive official reports of the results of this and similar Fairs held the present Spring, in order to judge of their usefulness.

OUR DOMESTIC ECONOMY DEPARTMENT, though omitted one or two weeks recently for want of space, will be continued as regularly as possible. Those housewives who have written us on the subject, regretting the omission, are assured that we also consider it an important and almost indispensable Department, and that, with their aid, we shall endeavor to render it more interesting and valuable than heretofore.

THE PLANTER AND MECHANIC.—This monthly journal, heretofore commended in the RURAL, comes to us of late much improved in both appearance and contents. It is now one of the most beautiful of our exchanges, conducted with decided ability, and merits increased support. It is devoted to Agriculture, Horticulture and the Mechanic Arts, and though designed for Mississippi and Louisiana, may be read with profit by the planters, horticulturists and mechanics of other regions. Edited by J. J. WILLIAMS, Dr. M. W. PHILLIPS and Dr. H. A. SWAZEY—and published by Col. J. J. WILLIAMS, Jackson, Miss., at $1 per annum.

"THE YOUNG FARMER'S MANUAL" is the title of a work nearly completed, and soon to be published, by B. EDWARDS TODD, an occasional correspondent of the RURAL. The object of the work, as we are advised, is "to instruct young farmers how to perform their labor in the most skillful, easy and workmanlike manner." Mr. T. is a practical farmer and mechanic (in wood and iron) of considerable experience, and proposes to furnish a book entirely different from any yet published—one from which farmers can learn how to handle almost any tool with skill. He designs to illustrate the work, and requests us to announce that illustrations and descriptions of improved styles of farm fence, gates, farming tools and implements, augers, bitts, &c., furnished by inventors, will, if thought meritorious, be given in the Manual. Mr. T.'s address is Lake Ridge, Tompkins Co., N. Y.

RUNNING WATER—*A Good Idea.*—Mr. C. E. FISKE, of Natick, Mass., gives a bit of experience in the New England Farmer which may prove valuable to those of our readers whose premises are favorably situated for adopting his plan of obtaining running water for stock, &c. He says:—"Many are the farms that are not supplied with running water. Such was mine ten years ago. Thinking that by means of a syphon I might save the expense of pumping for my stock of cattle, I dug a well twenty rods above my barn, and twenty feet deep, the bottom of the well being on a level with the trough at the barn. The pipe was half inch, laid four feet from the top of the well, and run to the bottom; the remainder of the pipe laid so as to be secure from frost. These ten years it has worked admirably; as good to-day as ever. The cost of it was about fifty dollars. Now there are a multitude of places as well situated to obtain water by this means as my own, which, when obtained, the owners would not part with for many times the cost."

CATTLE BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION.—In accordance with a call recently issued, and noticed in the RURAL, a Convention of Cattle Breeders was held at Hartford, Ct., on the 5th inst. The Convention consisted of 48 members only, of whom all were from Connecticut, except eleven from Massachusetts, one from New York, and one from Vermont. After organizing temporarily and transacting some business, a constitution for a permanent organization under the title of "The Association of Breeders of Thorough-bred Neat Stock" was submitted, very generally signed by members, and the following officers elected:—*President*—JOHN T. NORTON, Farmington, Ct. *Vice-Presidents*—Paoli Lathrop, So. Hadley, Mass., (Short-horns); Lemuel Hurlburt, Winchester Centre, Ct., (Devons); John Brooks, Jr., Princeton, Mass., (Ayrshires); Thos. Motley, Jr., Jamaica Plains, Mass., (Alderneys); Ambrose Bowen, Medina, N. Y., (Herefords). *Secretary and Treasurer*—Henry A. Dyer, Hartford. The permanent organization being completed, reports were made by committees, some discussion had, and various resolutions adopted—but we find little of general interest in the proceedings. A Committee on Pedigrees was appointed, and directed to present a scale of points for each of the several classes of thorough-bred neat stock. Among other things it was resolved "that we deem no animal to be thorough-bred, that cannot be traced by record in direct line, on the side of both sire and dam, to animals in Great Britain of undoubted purity of blood." The Association also resolved to "discountenance the practice of fattening breeding animals for the purpose of exhibition," and that "it is inexpedient for Agricultural Societies to offer premiums for *Grade* bulls." The next annual meeting of the Association is to be held at Springfield, Mass., on the first Wednesday in March, 1860.

HUMANIZING EFFECTS OF HORTICULTURE.

Some one has said "Murderers do not ordinarily wear roses in their button holes. Villains seldom train vines over cottage doors." The reforming influence of Horticulture is but little appreciated even by the wisest and best. The people will have amusement, and in what can they engage more innocent, more elevating, than in the cultivation of choice fruits and flowers. It has saved thousands in Europe from dissipation. When, as in various parts of England, the working people make a hobby of a fruit or flower, as the Carnation, the Tulip or the Gooseberry, they have but little time and little disposition to visit the ale house. Our nurserymen, in their catalogues, advertise "*the best Lancashire varieties of Gooseberries.*" Not one in a hundred, perhaps, is acquainted with the fact that these fine varieties are grown from seed by the *Lancashire weavers*, men who labor ten or twelve hours a day, and make the growing of gooseberries and the raising of new sorts a special hobby, to which they devote every leisure moment. In some districts the *Carnation* is the favorite, and in every cottage garden will be found most beautiful specimens tended with the greatest care, and happy as a king is he who carries off the prizes at the shows, which are held very frequently during the flowering season. The *Balsam*, the *Cockscomb*, the *Ten-Week-Stock*, or the *Aster*, are the especial favorites of others. Often the workmen of a particular shop or factory, make a speciality of a particular flower, contribute a small sum each to be offered as a prize for the best specimen shown during the season, and zealously contend for the prize.

Cannot some such system be inaugurated in this country? Can our young men in cities derive pleasure only from drinking, smoking and driving fast horses? Must our young women seek enjoyment only in balls, parties, gay dresses and rides? Have the flowers no charms for the fair daughters of America? The time is not far distant, we hope, when we may be able to say in the words of Shelley,

> The flowers of that garden sweet
> Rejoice in the sound of her gentle feet;
> Doubtless they felt the spirit that came
> From her glowing fingers through all their frame.
>
> She sprinkled bright water from the stream,
> On those that were faint with the sunny beam;
> Or out of the cups of the heavy flowers
> She emptied the drops of the summer showers.
>
> She lifted their heads with her tender hands,
> Supported their stems with osier bands;
> And if they had been her own infant, she
> Could never have nursed them more tenderly.

Philanthropists are beginning to appreciate the reformatory influence of gardening. At a late meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the Bishop of Ripon said, that "the Parish of Skipton, in Yorkshire, England, was inhabited principally by a rude, unrefined, and, to a considerable extent, immoral population, when the Rev. Mr. Boyd was appointed its rector. The first step he took towards their amelioration and improvement was to lay out and plant a beautiful flower-garden attached to the Rectory, to which he gave free access to his parishioners at all times. He afterwards encouraged some of them to ornament the gardens attached to their cottages by giving them plants and seeds; and in the course of a very few years, this rude population was, by the kindly influence of horticulture and floriculture, transformed into a most orderly, gentle and refined community."

We have not read a more interesting article for a long time than the following, which we cut from the *London Cottage Gardener*. The author is John Hagon, a young man reared in the midst of poverty and vice, and wonderfully saved. He tells his own story in a simple way, and we commend it to the careful attention of every lover of his fellow man. It may be necessary to explain that the *work-house* is the English poor-house, and a *cadjer* is one who goes around the streets picking up bones, old rags, paper, &c.

"I am not about to praise myself, but simply to tell a round, unvarnished tale of what botany has done for me and others. I have nothing to boast of, for I doubt not but I should have been in some convict establishment before now, if Flora had not stepped in to rescue me from amidst crime and ignorance. When eight years old, I was in the workhouse; from nine to about thirteen, I lived among cadgers, thieves and prostitutes, and learned not a few of their pranks. I was early placed in a cotton mill, but my leisure hours were spent in the above unclean company. The fair goddess appeared to me for the first time in the shape of an old Culpeper's "Herbal," which had been lent to my brother. We were so taken up with the plates, that we resolved to go into the fields to see if we could not find some of the plants pictured in the above book. We succeeded in discovering some, which made us anxious to find more, until we were fairly in love with the pastime.

I had learned to read in the workhouse school; so, after I became acquainted with "Culpeper," I spent the winter nights in rambling about shops seeking books with plants in. The next book I saw happened to be the right one: it was "Conversations on Botany." I inquired the price, and paid a shilling on it that I had saved, till my brother and myself got the requisite sum. Having procured the work, it found us little worshipers, and gave us little opportunity for mixing amongst our poor benighted neighbors. The first year we knew the Linnæan system of arranging plants, or rather the classification. In my sixteenth year, I entered one of the local botanical societies, which are pretty numerous in this part of the country. I was made Vice-President, which post I held until I went to learn gardening.

At the numerous botanical meetings in Lancashire, all sorts of men are generally in attendance,—the steady and otherwise, the ignorant and the informed; and though the meetings are mostly held at public-houses, they are, nevertheless, agents of civilization. While attending the above meetings, I became acquainted with two persons, one of whom could not read and was a collier, the other a sawyer, and both were drunken characters. The first time, they came to the meetings out of curiosity, and then became regular attendants. I was chosen by them as a teacher. After teaching my pupils for about a year, I called upon one of them. He was upstairs dressing. His wife thanked me for keeping her husband from the alehouse, excepting on meeting nights. She said he never had been so kind to her since their marriage, as he had been since he began to botanize. The collier coupled entomology with his botany, and has made good collections of insects—in fact, he may be said to be a walking catalogue. The two have had no time for drunkenness since they began riding their hobbies.

The working men of Lancashire who pursue botany, or any of the other sciences, are a quiet, unassuming class of persons. Great numbers of them can tell the name, class, and order of almost any plant in a day's walk, although their occupations are not with plants. Being once in conversation upon the benefits to be derived from botany, an old clogger who attended the meetings said he had followed botany for fifty years, but did not remember that he ever received a penny on account of the science, yet money could never buy the happiness he had had during his life from botany. A powerloom weaver, who had a good knowledge of mathematics, taught me arithmetic, and I taught him something of my favorite science."

CULTURE OF THE GRAPE.—No. VI.

Messrs. Editors:—*What kind of culture is best for Grape Vines?* That which is best for grain crops, and is sometimes called *high farming*. Nothing pays better for such treatment than the vine. For a vineyard let the land be well drained; then plow one foot or more deep, and make the soil rich that depth; then subsoil twenty or more inches deep. I think it safest and best to take up and set vines in the spring. Two-year old vines are the best age; set from twelve to sixteen feet apart. Plant the land to corn or potatoes, the vines occupying the place for a hill of corn or potatoes. Give them clean culture. For the second crop I prefer beans, as they shade the vines less and leave the ground smooth when the crop is taken off. The next spring build trellises, and leave the ground bare on each side of them, to train the vines. A few rows of beans may be planted between the trellises. The next or fourth season the vines begin to bear fruit, and should have the principal benefit of the soil. Let the surface be left smooth this year. After this year give the vines the whole of the benefit of the soil, and then commence mulching for culture, by hauling forest leaves or straw, and spreading straw over them to hold them from being blown away by heavy winds when dry. Spread manure of all kinds over them, leached and unleached ashes, rich muck or mold. This for culture keeps the ground rich and moist through July and August, when the fruit needs a full supply of sap.

With the arrangement I have given for trellises, the team can pass through all parts of the vineyard at any season of the year. The fruit on an acre of vineyard kept clean from weeds and grass by mulching, will be found worth more than that of two acres kept clean by the plow and hoe. The roots of the vine strike near the surface, and the soil under my old ones, where the roots extend, cannot be stirred more than two inches deep without injuring the roots.

To preserve the fruit the greatest length of time in a fresh state. The experience and practices of the best vine dressers have been made public, yet a few thoughts on this subject may add to the stock of information. It is generally understood that grapes stored away in boxes must have something with them that is dry to absorb the moisture that is passing from them, or it gathers on the skin of the grapes and causes them to rot, unless the boxes are small and shallow so that the air can carry off the moisture; in that case the fruit dries away too quick for long keeping. Profiting by the idea lately obtained, that fruit put into cans and sealed up from the air is kept a great length of time in its native freshness, the thought suggests itself to me that to get good tight barrels, then pass clean straw through a straw-cutter; pick the grapes from the vines on a dry day and immediately pack them away, giving a layer of straw then a layer of grapes the clusters not so close as to crowd each other, would be the best way to keep them. Put a bushel in a barrel—perhaps experience would teach a bushel and a half would be as safe—head them up tight, set them in a cool place, and move them to the cellar before frost. My experience goes to favor the idea that grapes thus put away can be taken out fresh and sound long after the birds come to sing the songs of spring so merrily.

I close these articles by condensing a few leading ideas that should be remembered in caring for the vine. *First*, In pruning vines before they begin to bear, let the laterals get about a foot in length before they are taken off, as too close pruning will start the next year's fruit buds and injure the crop of fruit. *Second*, When vines are loaded with fruit, remove the laterals as soon as they begin to start. The fruit needs the sap they will exhaust. *Third*, As soon as the blossoms begin to appear, use the knife freely. The sap then will not leak.—*Fourth*, To have fruit set thick on the clusters prune thoroughly when the blossoms begin to appear. I have counted over eighty Isabella grapes on a single cluster. *Fifth*, To have fruit of *large size* and *thinner* on the clusters, about half prune when the blossoms begin to appear. In a week or ten days prune thoroughly. *Sixth*, Fruit that has a crowded supply of sap from the time it begins to form until it is ripe, will be a fortnight earlier in ripening than that which is stunted by either too much young wood growing on the vines, or being too heavily loaded with fruit. *Seventh*, Vines should never be loaded so heavy with fruit as to have many green berries on the clusters when the crop is gathered. *Eighth*, That man will be the most successful vine-dresser who can judge the most correctly, when he sees a vine, how many pounds of grapes it can bear, and get that fruit on the least number of clusters.

I have learned much about the vine by studying carefully what the Savior says about the vineyard, the vine, and the connection the branches have to the vine and fruit bearing. When the Savior said the house-holder went out early in the morning to hire laborers into the vineyard, then the third hour, the sixth, the ninth, and the eleventh hour, hiring all he could, it shows conclusively, that there is much labor there. When I see the rich clusters of fruit hang so thickly from the branches and study the connection they have to the vine to thus produce so bountifully, I am led to say what figure could He have given to set forth so forcibly to the mind the great truths He taught. Messrs. Editors and Readers, adieu for the present. On these subjects, vine-dressers, let us also have your experience.

Almost daily people are asking me for information on *Vine Culture*. I ask them if they take the Rural; if not, I urge it upon them, saying, they will get more worth in it on Grape Culture than the volume costs. Alvin Wilcox.

West Bloomfield, Ont. Co., N. Y., 1859.

GOLDEN HAMBURGH GRAPE.

In the Rural for the first of May, 1858, we noticed several new varieties of foreign grapes, raised in England, and among others, one called the *Stockwood Golden Hamburgh*, said by good judges, to be the best white grape known, and to it was awarded by the Pomological Society, in 1857, the first prize as the best Seedling White Grape. It was raised from the *Black Hamburgh*, impregnated with the pollen of the *White Sweet Water*. To-day (April 11th,) we have been favored with the opportunity of seeing this vine in fruit, and tasting its luscious berries, at the grape-house of C. P. Bissell & Salter, who, so far as we can learn, have been the first to fruit it in this country.

The growth of the vine bears a stronger resemblance to the male parent than to the Hamburgh, being short-jointed in the wood; but the foliage is more similar to that of the Hamburgh, being large, five-lobed, and the veins and footstalks tinged with red. The bunches are large, loose, branching, and shouldered, varying from 6 to 9 inches in length, and the footstalks are short and stout. The berries are large, and hang loosely on the bunches, an inch long, and seven-eighths of an inch wide, and of a uniform oval shape. The berry-stalks are rather long, stout, and considerably warted, as will be seen by the engraving. Skin, thin and tender, of a pale, greenish-yellow color, somewhat marked with veins, like a Whitesmith gooseberry, but, when highly ripened, of a pale amber. Flesh delicate and melting, very juicy, and remarkably rich, sugary, and vinous, leaving on the palate a full and luscious flavor. Each berry contains from two to three seeds. The plant is small, grown in a tub, and does not show the fruit in perfection, as we shall expect to see it another season.

CIRCULATION OF THE SAP.

Messrs. Editors:—In the Rural of March 19th, you gave an article upon the "Circulation of Sap," by Levi Bartlett; and I would like, with your permission, to offer a few remarks upon the same subject. I do not know as I shall differ very materially, from him, in his description of the *course* of the sap, or the *growth of the plant;* but I cannot agree with him in the *cause* which he seems to assign for the *ascent of the sap*.

If I understand him, he means to say that the circulation of the sap is caused by the simple action of gravity; in other words, that the water in the ground rises into the tree merely because the sap above it has a greater specific gravity. At least he gives no other reason and the experiment which he mentions, with his interpretation, proves nothing else, although he does not state his conclusion in the same words that I have used. Now, if nothing but gravity is concerned, why does the sap *start* up at all? Doubtless he would say, that the sap in the tree, and the water in the soil, being of a different specific gravity, the latter rises through the membranous covering of the roots, according to what is termed endosmosis, while the former descends; but then, obviously, they must pass each other where the motion of the water commences, at the ends of the roots; and, consequently, the sap, which had been prepared in the leaf to nourish the plant, would be poured out again into the soil. I should be unwilling to admit that an All-Wise Power would place at the bottom of the tree an apparatus that would pour out sap, which had gone through a long process of preparation for a particular purpose, just as it was ready to fulfil that purpose, in order to force into the tree a quantity of clear water, which must be greatly modified before it could serve to nourish the plant.

But perhaps Mr. Bartlett will rely upon his experiment to support his position, and say that the *principal* motion through the membrane is always from the lightest to the heaviest fluid, (this would not be true in the case of water and alcohol,) and for the same reason the water in the soil passes through the membrane which covers the roots, and forces the heavier sap up the tree; but still exosmosis would take place, or some of the nutritious sap would pass out into the soil. And, even if it be true, that this action depends upon a difference in density, it is certainly very mysterious; for how can a liquid force its way through a membrane against the greater pressure of a heavier liquid?—But, in my opinion, his explanation of the experiment is entirely incorrect. The motion is not, in the least degree, caused by the difference in the specific gravity of the liquids. "The relation of specific gravity has nothing whatever to do with the action."—(Draper.) Mr. B. could easily prove this, by placing alcohol, which is lighter than water, in the cupping glass, instead of the sweetened water, and he would find that the motion would be in the same direction as before; thus showing that a change in the specific gravity of one of the liquids does not alter the result in the slightest degree.

The motion of the liquid depends upon an entirely different principle, as does also the circulation of the sap. This principle is capillary attraction. If one end of a small glass tube be immersed in water the water will rise in the tube to a certain height, and remain suspended. If a piece of sponge or sugar, or any other porous substance, be brought in contact with water at one extremity, the water will immediately rise, and wet the whole substance. These are examples of capillary attraction; and the *cause* of the ascent of the water, is the attraction of the substance of the tube for the water, which seems to overcome the cohesion of the aqueous particles. If we take a tube of such a size that it could raise water to a certain height, say ten inches, and break it off to six inches in length, there would be no overflow; but if the water at the top of the tube should be removed in any way, as by evaporation, a continuous current would be produced. As an example of such a current in capillary tubes, I might mention the upward flow of oil or fluid in the wick of a lamp after it is lighted.

Again: if we bring two liquids into contact in a capillary tube by the substance of which they are unequally attracted, having each end of the tube in communication with a supply of its respective liquid, motion will be produced, the liquid most strongly attracted driving the other before it, and perhaps expelling it from the tube entirely, without any regard to its relative specific gravity.—Now, by applying these principles, we have the correct explanation of Dutrochet's *Endosmosis* experiment described by Mr. Bartlett; and I think, also, of the ascent of the sap in plants.

The tree is but a great bundle of capillary tubes, and these elevate the sap from the ends of the roots to the highest leaf or flower, by the operation of these principles of capillary attraction, modified, perhaps, to a certain extent, by peculiar changes in the chemical affinities of the sap in its upward progress; and, from the leaf, a large portion of the sap is evaporated; and thus the necessary conditions of a continuous current are established.

The downward flow of the sap, which distributes it to the surface of the tree, is only a part of the circuit, caused by the upward motion. After the sap is changed in the leaf, it has no longer any affinity for the substance of the leaf, and is forced out of it by the upward current; and, passing through the pores of the *laticiferous tissue*, found, principally, in the inner bark and the under side of the leaf, it finds its way to every part of the surface of the tree, where it forms new wood.

I am aware that Mr. Bartlett's explanation is given by some good Botanists, but I cannot adopt it as long as we have another which is supported by even *better* authority, and seems to me far more reasonable.

The force with which sap ascends, has been estimated at thirteen pounds to a square inch; and, of motions, caused by capillary attraction, Draper says, "I have observed these motions occurring against a pressure of many atmospheres."

H. H. Barrett.

North Lawrence, N. Y., March, 1859.

WESTERN N. Y. FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY.

Mr. Editor:—I have been a regular attendant on the meetings of the "W. N. Y. Fruit Growers Society," since its commencement, with great satisfactions and edification. The discussions are always so practical, and the results of actual experience, that they cannot fail of exercising a beneficial effect on the great fruit growing interests of this country.

The winter meeting happening in January during the shortest days, allow but a brief period for discussing subjects, where there is much diversity of opinion, and, for the want of method and proper regulations, a great deal of time is wasted. But the greatest error in the arrangements in my estimation is, the want of previous and early information to the members of the subjects to be discussed. By about two o'clock on the first day, the subjects for agitation are laid before the meeting, no one is prepared, or has thoughtfully bro't his mind to the particular subject, and the discussions become a disjointed tea-party chit-chat in many cases; whereas, if they were given out a month or two before the meeting, those posted on the different subjects would digest and organize their ideas to great advantage; particularly those who have not the *gift of gab*, and not in the habit of public speaking.

There should be a rule that no one should speak longer than 15 minutes on any subject, and only once, except to give explanations to questions asked, or by a suspension of the rule.

I think this Society, under judicious management, is bound to do more good and diffuse a greater amount of important information than any other process that has yet been subjected to trial—in the settling the proper names and value of the great varieties of fruits—the manner of propagating, pruning, planting, and preserving—the habits and hardiness of trees and their diseases, and the insects that pray upon them.

Orleans, N. Y., 1859. L. B. Pattieson.

Tiles for Garden Border Edging.—In the English Horticultural Journals, we notice that tiles of different patterns are advertised for garden border edging.—We give an engraving of one of the neatest from the *London Gardeners' Chronicle*. It is furnished at 5d (about ten cents) a yard. This tile would be very useful here, and would be popular, no doubt, for we are impatient for immediate effect. Will not some of our brick or tile makers take the hint and put border tile of some neat pattern in the market? It could, we suppose, be made curved, so as to answer for circular beds or curved walks.

Chiswick Garden.—The London Horticultural Society's Council have decided upon making the Chiswick Garden in future exclusively experimental. A circular letter has been addressed to the trade, inviting co-operation by the transmission for comparative trial of every kind of new or supposed new vegetable.

WASHING-DAY.

Friend Rural:—In a late number we saw a few hints by a lady, some which were taken from Mrs. M. L. Scott's *Practical Housekeeper*, relative to washing-day and its evils, which our husband tho't we had better cut out and preserve, but instead, we would prefer to make a few remarks. Thus again, proving the old adage, that woman is always on the *contrary side*.

I do not wholly agree with said hints, especially for those who have the management of their own domestic affairs, in regard to dress, &c. I believe in dressing suitably to the work; not that I would advise negligence in our dress because we are washing, for we can have a wash dress, whole and clean, yet one we are not afraid of soiling. As for our house, we intend to have that put into the same order as for any other work, with the exception of cleaning before we commence our washing. If the appearance of the woman in her washing dress offends the fastidious eyes of the husband; if he has no business to call him out (which he certainly should have) he could walk into the parlor, if fortunate enough to have one; if not, he could go to bed and cover up head and ears to shut out all obnoxious sights. If he can not endure a part of the so-called ills of washing-day, when it is as much for his benefit as ours, and we have the largest portion of them to bear, it seems to me his room would be better than his company.

As for our being as liable to see company as on another day, we think not, if every one would act up to our rule, and wash on Mondays. But, if it so happens, which is necessarily the case sometimes, and *they* too cannot submit to the inconveniences attending washing-day, then they can also bear the husband company.

To men, who for want of system are driven from the domestic fireside, we would say look unto yourselves and see if there is not something you can do to alleviate this wrong. Are not the cares of your wife greater than she can bear? Are not her household duties, on account of their magnitude, a burden instead of a pleasure? Woman needs relaxation from the routine of every day life. She is your wife, and unless you attend to her wants and pleasures in some way that answers the expectations you raised before marriage, you need not wonder that she makes but an indifferent housekeeper—that she considers it heartless drudgery. There are a few, I admit, who are so constituted either from nature or education, that they love not order in anything.

Will not some of the lady readers of the Rural please to send a few directions for *cooking meats*, as well as for pastry, and oblige M. C.

Clarendon, N. Y., 1859.

ICE CREAM, AGAIN.

Messrs. Eds.:—In reading the "Domestic Economy" portion of the Rural, I find "E. Y. E.," wishes a recipe for Ice Cream. My rule, which I have always found excellent, is this:—Take one quart of sweet milk and cream; 2 eggs; 1 teacupful of white sugar; 1 teaspoonful of flour stirred into ¼ teacupful of sweet milk; flavor to your liking. Put your milk in the freezer, or if you have no freezer a 3 quart pail is as good, and set it into a kettle of boiling water, stirring the milk frequently, so that it will not burn. Beat the eggs, and when the milk boils stir them into the milk—take it out of the water, put in to the milk, the sugar, flour and flavoring. Put the ice into a bag and pound it into lumps the size of a hickory nut, put a layer of ice into a small tub, or whatever you wish to freeze it in, and a thin layer of salt, put your freezer or pail into the tub and then put a layer of ice and a layer of salt alternately around it. Stir the cream which will freeze, from the sides with a spoon; stir it frequently until it is frozen. If you make it as directed, you will not fail of having excellent ice cream.—Franky H—, *Fayette, Seneca Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

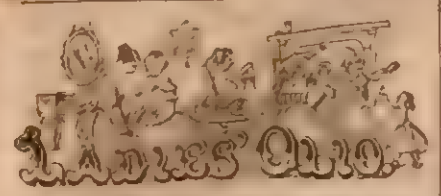
Eds. Rural:—In reply to the inquiry from a sister of Licking, Ohio, in the last Rural, I will give the following as the best recipe I have ever tried:—Take one quart of sweet cream, made very sweet with best sugar, and flavored; whip it to a light froth; skim off as fast as it is beaten and put into your freezer, until all is whipped to a light froth. You will find it will freeze in less time than any other recipe. The above will make five quarts of delicious cream.

Another, very Good Recipe.—Take 4 eggs, to 1 pint of milk; beat the *yolks* to a light froth, and put in the milk; sweeten very sweet. Put all in a tin pail, and set it in a kettle of boiling water, stirring all the time, till thick as cream; then stir in the *whites*, beaten to a froth. Then set the pail in cold water, stirring 'till cool,—adding Vanilla and a quart of sweet cream, (beaten to a froth.) Then put to freeze.—S. A. B., *Rochester, N. Y.*, 1859.

Fruit Cake.—Two pounds of flour; 2 lbs. butter; 2 lbs. sugar, beaten to a cream; 12 eggs, the yolks beaten with the sugar, and the whites to a froth; 2 wine glasses of rose water or brandy, in which lemon rinds have been steeped; 2 nutmegs grated; 2 teaspoons of saleratus dissolved in warm water; 2 lbs. raisins, stoned and chopped. This cake will keep three months.

Rice Pudding.—Two quarts of sweet milk; 1 teacup of rice; ½ teacup butter; ½ cup sugar; ½ nutmeg grated. Put the rice and other ingredients in the milk. Bake two hours.—Mrs. E. L. N., *Elba, Genesee Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

A Cure For Chilblains.—A correspondent of Springport, Mich., inquires what will cure chilblains. Put 1 ounce of litharge in 1 pint of strong vinegar; shake well, and bathe the affected part. This has cured several of my own family.—James P. Vincent, *Waterford. Pa., April*, 1859.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SILENTLY!

Silently! silently! fold the hands
Over the pulseless breast,
Hush! not a tear or quivering sigh—
See! she has sunk to rest.

Gone in her beauty's bloom,
Gone from hearts that loved,
Gone to an early tomb,
Gone to a Home above.

Gone from our tears and sighs
To a Land where they're unknown,
Where praise from "ever-tuned" harps arise
To One on a "Great White Throne."

Then quietly fold the hands
Over her peaceful breast,
For He that watcheth o'er all earth's lands
Hath given His beloved rest.

Grand Rapids, Mich., 1859. MRS. J. W. L.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

Plain Talks to American Women.--No. 8.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

"NAY, speak no ill; a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind,
But, O, to breathe each tale we've heard
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown
By choosing thus the kinder plan;
Then if but little good be known,
Let's speak of all the best we can!"

THERE is another way in which parents sometimes, unconsciously, perhaps, exert a pernicious influence upon the minds of their children, viz.: by freely conversing in their presence of the faults, imaginary or real, of their neighbors and others with whom they may be associated. By how many, even among professors of religion, is this precept of the Bible, "Speak evil of no man," disregarded? Charity, the purest ray that ever penetrated thick clouds of selfishness that have settled upon the human heart, would seem scarcely to have reached their souls, and instead of a noble germination of generous emotions, blossoming out in kind deeds and kind words, there is, as it were, a damp, moldy growth of envy, jealousy, hatred, and unforgiveness. It would seem to be much more agreeable to some persons of this class to discern and remark upon a fault in the character of another than a good quality, and if both exist, while the latter is almost wholly overlooked, the former is magnified many fold.

By listening much to conversation conducted upon this principle, children readily imbibe the spirit, and learn to speak the language of detraction. And not only this, but their confidence in many of the really good and noble may be destroyed, and any salutary influence, which such persons might have exerted over them, be counteracted. Their confidence in the religion of Jesus, even, may be thus impaired, for by looking at the characters of its professors through the refracting medium of their own uncharitableness, and that of others, and observing only distorted objects, they will be liable to reason that a christianity which, so far as they are able to perceive, produces only very imperfect results, has in it nothing of the divine. Truly, the tongue of the defamer has a deadly sting, and it is a sad thing when the children of a household all bear with them its poison.

Let us illustrate the subject a little. Mr. R. is a true man. He would scorn to do an ignoble act. He is conscientious and firm in his practical adherence to principle, striving by consistency of life to exhibit to the world the value of the truths he advocates. Chancing to be somewhat radical in his opinions upon certain subjects, his course of action, as harmonizing therewith, appears to some of his neighbors *odd*, and their minds having been accustomed to run in the channel of conservatism, and their actions to be governed by expediency, they are altogether unable correctly to account for it. Perhaps the offence against general opinion may lie in a hygienic direction. His medical and dietetic views may be at variance with popularity. To Mr. C., his nearest neighbor, are his views particularly obnoxious. Mr. C. is a man of the world. His opinions and practices are governed, to a great extent, by its opinions and practices. What has from time immemorial been believed by the world, possesses with him the authority of an oracle, and if this, as is most likely, coincides with his personal habits, he seeks no farther for a rule of action. He even shuns investigation, from the fear that he may be obliged to admit as true something that will conflict with his prejudices. In short, Mr. C., although as loud in condemnation of bigotry as any one, is himself a bigot. He has a large family growing up around him. In a general way he desires that they may become enlightened, honest, upright men and women. But is his own example such as will influence them to become so?—Does he in his daily conversation cultivate within them that independence and liberality of thought, does he impress upon their minds the necessity of faithfulness to convictions of duty, which he should do, if he would have them the unflinching, unbending champions of truth and right, which the age demands. Let us see. He is seated with his family at the dinner table, and by a natural transfer of thought from his own table, laden with highly seasoned and concentrated viands, to the simply and healthfully furnished board of his neighbor, he is led to remarks like the following:

"I declare, this seems like a dinner! Why, yesterday at Mr. R.'s, they had nothing but bran bread, and Johnny cake and milk—not a bit of tea or coffee—and some vegetables and fruits, and such like—not half seasoned either? If I was as rich as Mr. R. I wouldn't starve myself and family to death for the sake of laying up a little more money!"

"But, Pa," interrupts a little son a dozen years old, "Mr R says it is much more healthful to live so, and that *that* is the reason of their doing it!"

"Pshaw! he needn't tell me any such stuff as that—he's *stingy*—that's all! *Healthful!* My grandfather lived to be most eighty years old, and he hadn't any of these 'new-fangled notions;' he drank tea three times a day—couldn't get along without his pork just as often—chewed and smoked two pounds of tobacco a week, and took his bitters as regularly as I do my pipe;—that shows *me* plainly enough what's healthy in the eating and drinking line! Then as to washing, I don't believe he ever took a full *bath*, as they call it, in all his life!"

"Well, Pa, maybe if he had lived right, he would have lived twenty years longer than he did, and been more healthy than he was!"

"If I can live to be eighty years old, its all *I'll* ask! and as to being healthy, why, to be sure grandfather had the rheumatism sometimes, but that's nothing more than might be expected in an old man—he could do more work in one day than I can in two. How Mr. R. can stand it to cradle and mow on such living as he has, I'm sure I can't tell. I must have *solid* food, such as pork and beef, or I can't work hard two hours! Then just think, when Mr. R. gets sick—he *does* get sick sometimes—he never sends for a Doctor—too stingy to pay a Doctor's bill, I suppose!—he just splashes on a little cold water, at least he pretends he don't do anything else; I half doubt his word sometimes, for I don't believe water *can* cure a man so quick."

Now, what kind of an influence is this parent exerting in his family? He is judging of things of which he does not understand—slandering his noble-minded and conscientious neighbor—misrepresenting his theory, and all this in the presence of children who are ready to catch his own spirit, and be transformed into the likeness of his own little soul. No wonder there is such a narrow-mindedness in community, when parents thus cultivate it in their offspring! No matter if Mr. R.'s views *are* extreme; we have no right to treat any man's opinions in this way—have no right to defame his character because he happens to have struck out into a different path from the one in which we walk! We should cultivate in ourselves, and those under our charge, liberality of feeling, a willingness that all should enjoy the sacred right of thinking and acting for themselves. It is utterly at variance with the genius of our institutions, that we should prescribe and limit for another the bounds of his investigations and conclusions. It is at variance with the progressive spirit of our age that we should be content to believe what our fathers believed, and do as our fathers did, because they thus believed and acted. We should open our souls for all the light that may be poured out around us, believing that nothing is profitable for us, that "nothing is beautiful but truth." And this candor should we aim to beget in the minds of our children. A time is foretold in prophesy when "knowledge should be increased." We believe that time has come; but how little will it benefit us if we close our eyes, and shut our ears to the glory and the music of its coming.

Instances illustrative of this careless habit of detraction might be multiplied *ad libitum*. The mother, in the presence of her daughters, speaks almost as freely of the pride of Mrs. A., the deceitfulness of Mrs. B., and the selfishness of Mrs. C., as though she had been permitted to look into their hearts, and as she should do of her own faults in the presence of her God! She forgets that she is liable to misjudge of motives, and that she would feel much averse to having her own character thus analyzed, judged, and conversed upon by others. It should be the aim of the mother to cultivate in the minds of her children, the most kindly views of human nature consistent with truth. There may be instances where, in order to teach them to avoid error, and to secure them from temptation, it will be necessary to point out certain faults in certain individuals; but it should always be done judiciously—in such a manner that the object of doing so may be fully understood, and the lesson designed be impressed upon the heart. They should be taught the liability of *all* to do wrong, and be led to pity, and heartily desire the reformation of the erring one. No promptings of curiosity, envy, or jealousy, should be allowed to influence the mother to lower in the estimation of her children the character of a single individual, but that charity which "covers a multitude of sins," should be thrown as a mantle over all. Children are naturally trusting; let them trust, so far as they may without danger. If you observe in the young companion of your son a feeling of superiority, an aristocratic pride, do not hint the discovery to your child, lest you awaken in his heart a train of ungenerous emotions, and unholy passions, which years of experience and endeavor will scarcely suffice to eradicate. What matters it to your child, that another regards himself superior, so long as he is unconscious of it.—Ignorance, in a case like this, is by far the greater bliss.

A FAITHFUL WIFE.—The Mareschal de Mouchy, having been conducted a prisoner to the Luxemburg, had scarcely arrived there when his wife entered the prison. The gaoler observed to her, that the order for the Mareschal's arrest made no mention of her. She answered with mingled gaiety and sweetness, "*Since my husband is a prisoner, I am one also.*"

When he was carried before the Revolutionary Tribunal, he was still attended by his wife. The Public Accuser having informed Madame de Mouchy that she was not called upon to appear, she replied, "*When my husband is called for, I am also called.*"

In a word, when the fatal sentence of death was pronounced upon the Mareschal, his faithful wife ascended the cart with him; and when the executioner objected because she was not condemned to die, she answered, "*Since sentence is passed upon my husband, it is passed upon me also*"

CULTIVATED WOMEN.—Sheridan said, beautifully, "Women govern us; let us render them perfect. The more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men."

TRUE beauty is but virtue made visible in outward grace. Beauty and vice are disjoined by nature herself.

RICH, THOUGH POOR.

No rood of land in all the earth,
No ships upon the sea,
Nor treasures rare, nor gems, nor gold,
Do any keep for me:
As yesterday I wrought for bread,
So must I toil to-day;
Yet some are not so rich as I,
Nor I so poor as they.

On yonder tree the sunlight falls,
The robin's on the bough,
Still I can hear a merrier note
Than he is warbling now;
He's but an Arab of the sky,
And never lingers long;
But *that* o'erruns the livelong year
With music and with song.

Come, gather round me, little ones,
And as I sit me down
With shouts of laughter, on me place
A mimic regal crown:
Say, childless King, would I accept
Your armies and domain,
Or o'n your crown, and never feel
These tiny hands again?

There's more of honor in their touch,
And blessing unto me
Than kingdom unto kingdom joined,
Or navies on the sea:
So greater gifts to me are brought
Than Sheba's Queen did bring
To him who, at Jerusalem,
Was born to be a king.

Look at my crown, and then at yours:
Look in my heart, and thine:
How do our jewels now compare—
The earthly and divine?
Hold up your diamonds to the light,
Emerald and amethyst;
They're nothing to those love-lit eyes,
These lips so often kissed!

Oh! noblest Roman of them all,
That mother good and wise,
Who pointed to her little ones,
The jewels of her eyes.
Four sparkle in my own to-day,
Two deck a sinless brow;
How grow my riches at the thought
Of those in glory now!

And yet no rood of all the earth,
No ships upon the sea,
Nor treasures rare, nor gold, nor gems,
Are safely kept for me:
Yet I am rich—myself a King!
And here is my domain;
Which only God shall take away
To give me back again!

[*Knickerbocker Magazine.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

UNCLE BILLY.

BY HATTIE HOPEFUL.

UNCLE BILLY was a son of one of the first settlers, in a pleasant, fertile, and healthful part of the State of New York. He had neither brothers nor sisters that attained the age of maturity, and at his parents' death was sole heir to their estate. Accustomed to out-door exercise in early life, he had acquired a robust, strong, muscular frame.—Though possessor of much wealth he did not imbibe all the fashionable notions that many in his circumstances would have done. He had plain common sense, common education, and thought his own opinion worth as much as any man's, on subjects which he understood; and many people gave him the credit of having intuitive knowledge.

His style of expression on various subjects was peculiar to himself. He did not fear to be called singular. Odd, to him, had a different signification than what many attribute to the word; for he knew that a thinking, or original mind must necessarily differ in opinion from the general, or unthinking masses. It must deviate from the beaten track, and find a path for itself. This has been the case with all who merit the greatest honors for the many improvements of railway, steam-power, telegraphing, &c.

A thoughtful and conscientious mind must be singular, and must act from a sense of individual responsibility. So Uncle BILLY thought, and so he acted. "Kind, generous, and noble-hearted man," said the District School Teacher, whom he always welcomed to his home. "God bless him," said the poor widow, when he sent her a quarter of beef, some grain and wood. "Good man," said his neighbors—"we can well afford to call him Uncle BILLY, since he is always trying to aid us by giving us some profitable advice, whereby we may better our circumstances, and be more comfortable in health or home."

Plain food, said Uncle BILLY, is a better guaranty to health than all the skill of the doctors. Out-door exercise a better stimulant than tea, coffee, or cider, and he who drinks neither of these is not apt to drink any thing stronger. Puffing cigars, and spitting tobacco juice, he utterly abhorred, and openly averred his detestation of these things.—Though he abhorred these habits in any one, he did not turn aside from others, saying "come not near me, I am holier than thou;" for he believed man was born for society—that in society he should mingle, and exert his holy influence for good; if stronger in faith, virtue, knowledge, prudence, and temperance, he should exert his influence in trying to establish these graces in others.

Thus Uncle BILLY reasoned, and thus he acted; for he did not fear to do what his own conscience told him was right, lest some one else might think differently, and he might incur the risk of some thoughtless remarks. To do good to others was a principle with him; but he did not think that the only, or best way of doing good was always by giving property. Kind looks and words to the dejected—seasonable advice to the wavering—employment to the unemployed—instruction to the ignorant, were esteemed by him to be often as benevolent offerings as property.

When he saw a man indulging in any injurious habit, he kindly reasoned with him, asking him why he chose to do thus?—what benefit he derived therefrom?—what benefit he conferred upon others?—if the time and money expended in this way would not do himself and others more good in some better way, &c. In this manner he often succeeded in awakening thought in the minds of many whom he met, the result of which time will tell. When he heard a man swearing he felt sure that he had some other habit that paralyzed his moral sense—rendering him excitable, and unthinking—such as eating gross and unhealthful food, drinking unhealthful beverages, chewing or smoking tobacco, &c.

When the cold, wintry winds, and driving snow whistled around his dwelling, he thanked GOD for his comfortable mansion, warm fire, and abundant supply of food, and sat down to meditate on the condition of those around him. His nearest neighbors were men of wealth, who had lived on their fertile farms, in their peaceful homes, for many a year, and had no mercenary wants that they were not able to supply. As Uncle BILLY thought of the peaceful condition of these neighbors—their abundant supply of the necessaries of life—their temperate, industrious, and prudent habits—their attachment to their homes—their steady, persevering toil to secure and improve them, he exclaimed, "Health, temperance, industry, perseverance, and prudence, might secure homes to the homeless, almost any where in this fertile and free land, if they would but exercise these graces; but these graces are not exhibited to them in the light their importance demands. The fashionable way of expending ones earnings for things that do no good, but much injury, destroying health and happiness, ought to be discarded by every one. A home is one of the greatest essentials of mortal exisence, to secure which should be a paramount consideration with every one. A neat little house, a nice garden, and a few fruit trees confer many blessings on any family, and a permanent abode secures from many losses and anxieties of mind that must otherwise be felt. It is much better to be contented with so small a home, than to have none at all. Almost every family expends enough for unnecessary and fanciful things in a year or two, to secure these, or a foundation for these at least."

After meditating on these things, Uncle BILLY took his Bible to read a few chapters, as was often his custom; and his eye fell upon these words:—"The poor, ye have always with you, and whensoever ye will, ye may do them good." "True, said he, and I will go to-morrow and carry some supplies to the widow AMES; for sure, she has a hard lot of it, as every poor widow must have, with nothing to depend upon for support but the scanty wages that women receive for their toil. She might find families who would adopt her children, but she does not wish to part with them, and I do not blame her for that. She is capable of instructing them, and instilling such principles in their minds as will render them useful when they attain sufficient age to act a part in the drama of life.—Then I will go and see SMITH, that poor, intemperate man, who lives beyond there, and try to aid him by giving him some employment. That will keep him from the tavern some of the time, and I will talk kindly with him, when he is sober, and perhaps I can convince him that it would be much better for himself and family if he did not go to the tavern at all, for he could govern his appetite much better by avoiding the presence of temptation. I will try to convince him how soon the money he spends there would purchase him a little land—build him a small house—clothe himself and family comfortably, and perhaps prevent him from becoming a criminal as many drunkards have done. It is said there is a door in every one's heart; I will try to find that door in his, and if possible shut the demon intemperance out."

Onondaga Co., N. Y., 1859.

LACONICS.

LIES are hiltless swords, which cut the hands that wield them.

WHAT is that which shows others what it cannot see itself? A mirror.

THE costume of the Spanish ladies has not changed for two hundred years.

INK is a caustic which sometimes burns the fingers of those who make use of it.

AN indiscreet person is like an unsealed letter, which everybody can peruse.

HE is no mean philosopher who can give a reason for half of what he thinks.

HE only is independent who can maintain himself by his own exertions.

To speak harshly to a person of sensibility is like striking a harpsichord with your fists.

RELIGION and medicine are not responsible for the faults and mistakes of their doctors.

To act upon a determination made in anger, is like embarking in a vessel during a storm.

ALWAYS be up at sunrise if you wish to have the most golden of prospects.

A HEAD properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

IT is a pretty saying of an old writer, that men, like books, begin and end with blank leaves—infancy and senility.

To do good to our enemies is to resemble the incense whose aroma perfumes the fire by which it is consumed.

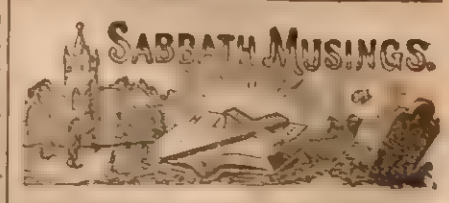
IN the conception of Mahomet's paradise, there is no distinction between a perfect woman and an angel.

WISDOM is the olive which springs from the heart, blooms on the tongue, and bears fruit in the actions.

LIFE may be merry, as well as useful. Every person that owns a mouth has always a good opening for a laugh.

"JUST put that back were you took it from!" as the Irish lass said, when young Rory snatched a kiss.

THE man who encores a pathetic song is capable of anything—even of sending his plate twice for soup when it tickles his palate.



THE FUNERAL.

And this is all! The long procession's pride,
The plumed hearse, the hatchment and the pall,
One tear of sorrow doth outweigh them all—
One drop o'erflowing from affection's tide,
Such has been here. The last of a long line
In the dim chamber of the tomb was laid;
The seeming of regret had been displayed.

Coldly—most coldly o'er his burial place
The mourners passed and smiled; but one was there,
Her pale face in her mantle almost hid,
And her heart swelling with a voiceless care;
She dropped a flower upon his coffin lid,
Thus, the true sorrow o'er the stately dead,
Was that young orphan's, whom his bounty fed.

THE DISCIPLINE OF DAILY LIFE.

THE reason why we have so many crosses, trials, wrongs and pains, is here made evident. We have not one too many for the successful culture of our faith. The great thing, and that which it is most of all difficult to produce in us, is a participation of Christ's forgiving gentleness and patience.—This, if we can learn it, is the most difficult and the most distinctively Christian of all attainments. Therefore, we need a continual discipline of occasions; poverty, sickness, bereavements, losses, treacheries, misrepresentations, oppressions, persecutions; we can hardly have too many for our own good, if only we receive them as our Saviour did his cross. It is by just these refining fires of trial and suffering, that we are to be most advanced in that to which we aspire.

We have not too many occasions given us for the exercise of patience; which is yet more evident when we consider the Christian power of patience. How many are there who by reason of poverty, obscurity, infirmity of mind or body, can never hope to do so much by action, and who often sigh at the contemplation of their want of power to effect anything. But it is given to them, as to all, who suffer; let them only suffer well and they will give a testimony for God, which all who know them will deeply feel and profoundly respect. It is not necessary for all men to be great in action. The greatest and sublimest power is often simple patience; and for just that reason we need sometimes to see its greatness alone, that we may embrace the solitary, single idea of such greatness, and bring it into our hearth unconfused with all other kind of power.—*Selected.*

LITTLE SINS.

LET us be on our guard against *little sins;* against what men call little sins, for there is nothing really little in the way of sins. Watch against anything that wounds the conscience, however slightly. Conscience is a sacred thing. Guard well your spiritual life. Watch against the little sin that insensibly may wound and thus in the end destroy. You can easily kill a man by stabbing him with one blow to the heart. But may you not easily kill a man also by opening a little vein in his wrist? The blood may only flow drop by drop, but if you don't stop that wound, you will bleed to death, and just as surely as if one plunged a dagger into your heart, and sent you into eternity in a moment. Beware, then, of the little things that keep the wounds of the soul open; guard against little sins, which, if not guarded against, will as surely destroy the soul as one great sin.

John Newton says Satan seldom comes to Christians with great temptation, or with temptations to commit a great sin. You bring a green log and a candle together, and they are very safe neighbors. But bring a few small sticks and let them take fire, and the log be in the midst of them, and you will soon get rid of your log. And so it is with little sins. You will be startled with the idea of committing a great sin, and so the devil brings a little temptation, and leaves you to indulge yourself. "There is no great harm in this," "no great peril in that," and so by these little chips we are first easily lighted up, and at last the great green log is burned. Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.—*Rev. Newman Hall.*

I WILL not quarrel with you about my opinion, only see that your heart is in the right toward God, that you know and love the Lord Jesus Christ, that you love your neighbor, and walk as your Master walked, and I desire no more. I am sick of opinions; I am weary to hear them; my soul loathes this frothy food. Give me solid and substantial religion; give me a humble, gentle, lover of God and man; a man full of mercy and good faith, without partiality, and without hypocrisy; a man laying himself out in the work of faith, the patience of hope, the labor of love. Let my soul be with these Christians, wheresoever they are, and whatsoever opinion they are of.—*John Wesley.*

THE piety which is faithful in that which is least is really a more difficult piety than that which triumphs and glares on high occasions. It requires less piety to be a martyr for Christ, than it does to look upon the success of a rival without envy, or even to maintain a perfect and guileless integrity in the common transactions of life.—*Horace Bushnell.*

THE FOREST TREES.—Build your nest on no tree here; for you see God hath sold the forest to death, and every tree upon which we would rest is ready to be cut down, to the end that we may flee and mount up and build upon the rock.—*Rutherford.*

A WEEK filled with selfishness, and the Sabbath stuffed full of religious exercises, will make a good Pharisee but a poor Christian. There are many persons who think Sunday is a sponge with which to wipe out the sins of the week.—*Beecher.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RULES TO BE OBSERVED BY SCHOLARS.

Messrs. Eds.:—I will give you a few rules which I have observed myself, and which I know to be beneficial. Will not some of your young readers try them? Arise at 6 o'clock in the morning. No person who makes any pretensions to industry will suffer himself to sleep away time after this hour. Study at least one hour before breakfast. Wash in cold water, and at the breakfast table guard well your diet. Eat sparingly of rich or highly seasoned food. No scholar can make rapid progress who indulges in eating such food as will employ the nervous fluid most of the time in the stomach to carry on the process of digestion, when the same is required in his head to digest his thoughts.

Eat no fat pork and but little grease of any kind. To eat much of such food makes a scholar feel dull, sluggish and sleepy. Drink no tea or coffee—nothing but cold water. In short, let your diet consist principally of vegetable food, indulging but rarely in animal food of any kind.

Be sure to get into the school-room before school has commenced. This will enable you to confer with your teacher upon any point of difficulty that may have arisen during your morning study. If, however, by any mishap, you should not be able to get in until after school has commenced, then let it be your aim to come in very still, so as not to annoy the rest of the school. Do not, by all means, allow yourself to come into the entry and there stamp the snow or mud from off your feet till you have attracted the attention of the whole school; and then, worse than all, open the door and stamp through to the stove. This is very annoying to the whole school; perfectly distracting to the teacher, and withal, entirely unnecessary.

Did you ever think what an easy matter it would be to come into the entry at such times very still, take the broom and brush your feet, and then enter the school-room so quietly as to attract the attention of neither scholars nor teachers. With regard to your deportment after you have entered the school-room it will be only necessary to observe that it should correspond throughout the day with this beginning. Be studious in school hours: let your motto be *diligence, energy* and *perseverence*.—When out at play be *lively* and *cheerful*.

In conclusion, may be allowed to say that any scholar who will put these regulations rigidly in practice, will not only stand a hundred chances to one of making *rapid progress* in his studies, but also of far surpassing such of his mates as are accustomed to rise at pleasure in the morning, gorge themselves with plenty of rich food, fat pork and grease not excepted, and then loiter into school at a time most convenient to themselves

Stockton, N. Y. SCHOOL TEACHER.

Hindrances to Study.—To be enabled to make improvement in the acquisition of knowledge, it is essential that the mind be in a state to *relish* the beauties of natural science, otherwise it will be useless for either parent or teacher to make any effort to implant useful ideas in the youthful mind. If our minds are not in a fit state for the reception of knowledge it is evident that the days of our youth will soon be spent, ripened manhood will appear, connected with ten thousand circumstances that will require the practice of that mental culture we ought to have acquired when the mind was elastic, and susceptible of almost unlimited expansion.

And, I ask, can our minds be in this "fitting state," if excited to unhealthy action and vitiated by a perusal of the yellow covered literature of the day?—by reading and pouring over the "thrilling tales" of experienced novelists? Parents, *teachers*, think of this! See to it that the minds of your children and pupils are not contaminated, aye, and diseased, by this or any other practice.—J., *Middlesex, N. Y.*

Teacher's Faults.—Teachers, show no partiality in your school. Deal openly and frankly with all, and endeavor to do all you promise to do for your pupils. Never promise to have an exhibition or a spelling school which you have no notion of, when speaking to your pupils; and when once the promise is made, fulfil it at all costs. For, if you deceive them once or twice, they will not respect your word. Never promise to give a premium without performing, unless the reason for so doing is clearly set forth, that all may understand it. I have known evils to result from such practices.—A Rural Reader, *Robertsville, Stark Co., O.*

Common Schools of Missouri.—The annual report of the Superintendent of Common Schools of Missouri shows the amount of money apportioned for the school fund of that State, to have been $244,993 54 in 1858; the number of children between five and twenty years of age was 341,121; ratio, 70 cents. Number of school districts in the State, 4,640; school houses, 3,382; colleges, 22, academies, 21; male teachers, 3,545; female teachers, 852; children attending school, 141,328. The amount apportioned for the school fund in 1857, was $235,811 94; the number of children between five and twenty years of age was 302,323; ratio, 78 cents.

The Children of N. Y. City.—Out of one hundred and twenty-three thousand, five hundred and forty-seven children between the ages of five and fifteen years, in the city of New York, forty-one thousand, eight hundred and ninety-eight, *more than one-third of the whole number*, go to no schools public or private, and receive no sort of education but that furnished in the streets. In connection with this fact the New York *Express* remarks—The citizens of New York cannot afford to be taxed over a million dollars annually for the support of common schools, and yet let more than one full third of her children go without a shadow of schooling.

HOW TO READ WITH PROFIT.

For the sake of those who are not accustomed to systematic reading, we make some suggestions as to the best mode of reading, so as to gain the highest advantage from the books they peruse.

1. Ascertain the *aim* of the author. You will thus know what to expect from his book, and may save much time, which might otherwise be spent in looking for what you could not find. An attentive reading of the title page, preface, and table of contents, will enable you to judge pretty accurately what the author is about. Some facts, too, which float only among intelligent men, will aid you greatly in these matters.

2. Read *wakefully* and *attentively*, and with a determination to comprehend thoroughly the book you are perusing. Read neither credulously nor skeptically, but candidly; endeavoring to go to the root of the matter, if possible. One hour of such reading is worth a week of the superficial reading which is so common.

3. Read with a *good dictionary at your elbow*, and consult it freely whenever you meet a word you are not sure you understand. Webster and Worcester are the best in general use. We use Webster. Never pass an important word without mastering its meaning in the work you are reading. In this way you will soon gain a good stock of words for your *own use*, while you are learning the meaning of the book you are reading.

4. After reading a chapter, close the book and try to recall, and state briefly in your own language, the substance of the chapter, in the order the author pursues. This is one of the most profitable exercises. It will show you just how much you have gained by reading. If you cannot do this, just read the chapter again. The second reading will probably do you some good. The first reading has been of little use to you, if you are unable to state what the main thoughts are.

5. If the book is your own—but not, if it is a borrowed one—you may mark with a pencil the most important thoughts. You will thus remember them more easily, and can refer to them more readily.

Adopting these suggestions, you will read slowly, but what you read will become *yours*. It will stir up your own thoughts, and probably develop your mental powers as healthfully as any other discipline you can have.—*Ohio Farmer*.

Never forget the kindness which others do for you, nor remind others of the kindness which you do for them.

The Reviewer.

The New American Cyclopædia: A Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Chas. A. Dana. Volume V. Chartreuse—Cougar. New York: D. Appleton & Co. [pp. 770.]

This is one of the most interesting volumes of the Cyclopædia yet issued. It comprises some twelve hundred subjects, with descriptions, definitions, &c.,—including a large number of distinguished names and important topics. Among the biographies are those of Chatterton, Chaucer, Clay, Clinton, Cobbett, Coke, Coleridge, Columbus, Combe, Cooper, and a host of other distinguished men of the past and present. Of the numerous important subjects treated upon with ability and research, the most prominent are—Chemistry, Chinese Language and Literature, Chivalry, Christianity, Chronology, Clocks and Watches, Climate, Coal, Coast Survey, Coins, Color, Commerce, Common Law, Common Schools, Comparative Anatomy, Congregationalism, Consumption, Copper and Copper Mines, Costume, Cotton and Cotton Manufacture, &c., &c. Among the Cities, States, &c., are Chicago, Cincinnati, China, Constantinople, Connecticut, Costa Rica, &c. A list of the contributors to the first five volumes is given at the conclusion of the volume, and comprises the names of many literary and scientific celebrities. Among the contributors to the fifth volume we observe the names of Bancroft, Dr. Cummings, Geo. N. Curtis, Dr. Edwards, Emerson, Everett, Greely, Hildreth, T. Starr King, Shelton Mackenzie, Seward, Dr. Sears, Simms, and a host of eminent scholars in the various professions. It is rare indeed that the fruits of so much varied talent and research are comprised in a single volume.

—We again commend the "New American Cyclopædia" to all who can make use of it, and as indispensable to every library of any note, whether public or private. For sale in Rochester by D. M. Dewey.

The New York State Business Directory—Containing the Names and Addresses of the Merchants, Manufacturers, Professional Men, &c. Also, a list of Banks, Insurance Companies, Railroads, Newspapers, &c., &c. [Being Part I of the Middle States Directory.] By Adams, Sampson & Co., Publishers of the New England Business Directory, and Directories for Albany, Troy, Boston, &c., &c.,—Principal Office No. 91 Washington St., Boston. New York: John F. Trow—1859.

In a closely printed volume of over 700 pages, we here have a large amount of information of great value, and which cannot be obtained elsewhere. Indeed, the work is a long-sought desideratum, as no other Directory of this State has been issued in ten years. It comprises the names of 124,000 business and professional men, arranged under the heads of the several trades and professions, located in various cities and towns of the State; also a complete list of Post-Offices, Towns, &c., with much other information, as indicated in the title. So far as we have examined, this Directory appears to be far more accurate and reliable than most works of the kind, and we daily have occasion to refer to its pages. The price of the work is $3. It is now being delivered to subscribers and purchasers, and may be obtained of D. M. Dewey, Rochester, or on application to the Publishers, 78 State st., Albany.

Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa. From the Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the auspices of H. B. M.'s Government, in the years 1848-55. By Henry Barth, D. C. L., &c., with notes and extracts from Mr. Richardson's account of the Expedition, and a sketch of Denham and Clapperton's Expedition, by the American Editor. Phila.: J. W. Bradley. 12 mo. pp. 538.

This is a condensed account of the journeys and discoveries of Dr. Barth, and perhaps, on account of its cheapness, may be better adapted for general circulation than the large work in three volumes, which we noticed in our issue for March 19th. How judiciously the American editor has performed the work of condensing the five volumes, as originally published, into one, we cannot say. He claims, however, to give, almost entirely in the author's own words, all the really important and interesting portions of his journal, omitting only uninteresting details. The work is illustrated with numerous wood-cuts, but they are not models of art, nor is the printing just what it should be to make a fine book—though perhaps both are as good as could be expected in a cheap, popular edition. Sold in Rochester by Allings & Cory, Exchange St.

WILLIAM A. ALCOTT.

A great man has rested from his labors. On the first of April, Dr. William A. Alcott departed this life in Boston, aged about 61 years. While we rejoice that the pious dead are blessed, and that their works follow them, it is well for the world that the works of the good man live, and the influence of his labors is felt long after the soul returns to God who gave it, and the body is mingled with the earth from which it came. The amount of good done, the sacrifices made and the privations endured in its performance, is the only true test of true greatness. Judged by this standard, the subject of our brief sketch was truly great. The results of his labors will be felt for ages, exerting a marked influence for good upon the education and happiness of millions in every civilized land. He was one of the noblest pioneers in the reformation of Common Schools in New England; an indefatigable laborer in the cause of popular education. While working with untiring zeal to give to every child an opportunity to improve the mind, he was extremely anxious that this should not be gained at the sacrifice of either health or morals. When asked by a distinguished educator what he considered the capital error of modern education, he replied, "the custom of pushing the cultivation of the intellect at the expense of health and morals." Since that time, (1830,) much improvent has been made in this respect, yet, perhaps, even now this is the best reply that could be made to the question.

William A. Alcott was born in Wolcott, Conn., on the 6th day of August, 1798. His opportunities for education were confined to the "District School as it was," for a few months each year, principally in the winter, where he learned reading, writing and spelling. His mother, however, who had been a school teacher in her youth, instructed him in arithmetic and some other English branches, repeated to him the substance of books with which she was familiar, but which were not now accessible to either, and thus awakened that love of study and thought, and instilled into his mind those noble, sel-sacrificing principles which ever characterized him. Another evidence of the power of the mother in moulding the character.

His darling project, all through the earlier years of his life, was to become a printer. Circumstances prevented this, and until eighteen years of age he was compelled to work on the farm during the summer months, improving, however, every leisure moment in perusing the books that he was able to obtain from the libraries of friends. These books he did not merely read, but made extensive notes of interesting passages, even copying rare works entire. With such perseverance he could not fail to make his mark in the word, and we commend this example to young men and women of the present day, who can hardly find patience to read a *dull* book, and consider everything dull but an exciting novel. Although he was sadly disappointed at being unable to become a printer, we have no doubt the farm work which circumstances compelled him to perform, was much the best calculated for the development of both body and mind. Of a delicate constitution, and threatened with pulmonary disease, if he could have followed his inclination he might have found an early grave.

At eighteen years of age he commenced teaching a common school in his native town, and continued in this work for about eight years. He soon commenced a war of extermination against the high, uncomfortable benches without backs, and after a good deal of effort was enabled to introduce more comfortable seats. Heat, ventilation, and the general appearance of the school room next claimed his attention, and thus commenced a reform which was long and sorely needed, and which has resulted in making our school houses, where our children spend so many of their wakeful hours, comparatively pleasant and healthful.

In 1824 Mr. Alcott, commenced the study of medicine, contining teaching, however, most of the time, and in 1826 received a regular license to practice medicine and surgery. His health being such as to prevent his teaching, he practiced medicine for about four years, when his health becoming much improved, he returned with delight to his favorite work of instruction.

In 1830 he became connected with Rev. Wm. C. Woodbridge, in an attempt to advance the interests of education in Connecticut, by establishing a school for the special instruction of Common School teachers, and to this end made various appeals in the journals of the day, wrote essays, delivered lectures, and visited schools, with a zeal and earnestness that never tired.

To aid in the work in which he was engaged, he conceived the idea of establishing an Educational Journal, but indigence and other obstacles prevented. In 1831 his friend and associate, Mr. Woodbridge, having purchased the Journal of Education, which he was editing, at his urgent solicitation Mr. Alcott removed to Boston, and became an associate editor of that Journal. He also edited a child's weekly paper, called the *Juvenile Rambler*, and for four years was the editor of that popular juvenile monthly, *Parley's Magazine*.

About this time he commenced those series of works which have rendered his name a household word wherever the English language is spoken. The most popular of these were "The House I Live In," "The Young Mother," "The Mother in the Family," "The Young Husband," "The Young Wife," "Lectures for the Fireside on the Ten Commandments," etc., etc. To show the untiring industry of the subject of this brief memoir, we need only state further that he was the author of over *one hundred* works, mostly of a respectable size. Fourteen of these books were designed more particularly for teachers and the friends of education; thirty treated of physiology, physical education and health; fourteen were books for the family and school library; and over forty were designed for Sabbath School Libraries, and they are the most useful of our Sabbath School books. In addition to these he preserved copies of over a thousand articles which he contributed to the periodical press.

But, his labors are ended—his work is done, and who will say that it is not well done. Still, we must say that, while there is much to admire in his system of government, both for the family and the school, we never could love his stern discipline—his military rule, where the slightest violation of law required an adequate punishmeut. It seemed too much of justice, unmixed with mercy. We would rather conquer by love. In this respect, we observed a marked improvement in his later works, and could he live his life over again, we have no doubt he would govern more by the law of kindness. Stern and exacting to himself, abstemious and self-sacrificing to a fault, it is not strange that he should show a little of the same sternness in his treatment of others.

The portrait which we give was engraved for the Rural, from a fine steel plate in *Alcott's Fireside Lectures*, published by E. Darrow & Bro., of this city, and was engraved from a photograph likeness. It is the only portrait of Mr. Alcott, we believe, in existence.

Life of John H. W. Hawkins. Compiled by his Son, the Rev. George Hawkins, A. M. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 12 mo. pp. 430.

A well-printed book of 430 pages, containing a sketch of the life and labors of John H. W. Hawkins, who was one of the most zealous and able of that noble band of men known as Baltimore Washingtonians. When a youth and an apprentice, he was not only virtuous, but an active christian, and established the first Sunday School in Baltimore, in 1815. Afterwards, from indulging in tippling, which was then fashionable, and is even now too much so, he became a drunkard, bringing poverty and misery upon himself and family. He made several earnest attempts to reform, but the habit was too strongly established to be easily overcome, and he repeatedly fell, after a few weeks or months of sobriety, causing himself intense remorse, and his wife and children and friends the most bitter grief, and presenting a terrible warning to young men who are trifling with this tempter, and nursing an enemy in their bosom that, when warmed into life and strength, will destroy them. In 1840 the Washington Temperance Society was formed in Baltimore, composed of half-a-dozen drunkards, who became living evidences of the fact that the drunkard can reform. This Society Mr. H. soon joined, remained faithful until death, and spent the remainder of his days in a noble effort to kill the monster that had caused him so much misery, and well nigh proved his ruin—a glorious revenge. The subject of this sketch died in August last. From the Publishers, but for sale by booksellers generally.

Books Received.

The Pillar of Fire; or Israel in Bondage. By Rev. J. H. Ingraham, Rector of Christ Church, and of St. Thomas Hall, Holly Springs, Miss.; author of "The Prince of the House of David." New York: Pudney & Russell. [12 mo.—pp. 600.] Sold by D. M. Dewey.

The Last of the Mohicans.—A Narrative of 1757. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. [12 mo.—pp. 448.] D. M. Dewey subscription agent for Rochester and vicinity.

Matrimonial Brokerage in the Metropolis—Being Ture Narratives of Strange Adventures in New York, and Startling Facts in City Life. By a Reporter of the New York Press. New York: Thatcher & Hutchinson. [pp. 350.] Sold by Dewey.

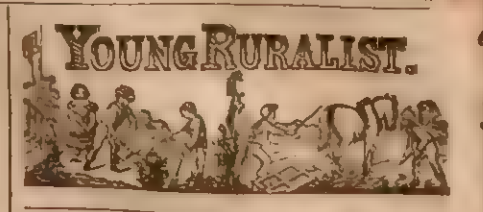
Oriental and Western Siberia: A Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Higher Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and part of Central Asia. By Thomas W. Atkinson. Philadelphia: J. W. Bradley. [12 mo.—pp. 488.]

Two Ways to Wedlock. A Novelette. [Reprinted from the New York Home Journal.] New York: Rudd & Carlton. [pp. 253.] For sale by Dewey.

The Lady of the Isle. A Romance from Real Life. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, author of "Retribution," "Deserted Wife," "Missing Bride," etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. [12 mo. pp. 598.] For sale by Dewey.

Home Memories; or, Echoes of a Mother's Voice. By Mrs. Carey Brock, author of "Children at Home," "Working and Waiting," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. [12 mo.—pp. 329.] Sold by Dewey.

The Culprit Fay. By Jos. Rodman Drake. New York: Rudd & Carlton. [pp. 62.] Sold by Dewey.



COUNTRY AND CITY BOYS.

Messrs. Eds.:—Though a resident of the city, I take the liberty to address you concerning many things, the bearings of which I have been enabled to perceive from a stand off point of view. I have taken the story-papers of New York city until I became fairly sick of the sentimental nonsense contained in them. My only relief is now found in the pages of your paper. It is of such a miscellaneous character that the tastes of all are gratified—the farmer, the artisan, the teacher, the school-boy,—all, young and old, find equal delight. That is the sort of a newspaper we want,—none of those flaring novelettes, and yet as the Rural proves, an agricultural paper need not be dull or destitute of life and interest for all.

Whoever has lived any considerable time in the city will be able to perceive the demoralizing effects of such society on all around. The young urchin, before he is able to eat his victuals with any tolerable degree of propriety is seized with a great craving for tobacco. This is the prelude to indulging in spirituous liquors, visiting engine-houses, theatres, &c. There is none of that characteristic, genuine refinement and modest good manners which belongs to our country youth.—That is the moral education which most city boys receive, and what are its effects? The history of our country at the present day shows.

Country boys when they come into the city are often jeered at, called "clowns," "gawks," and sundry other appellations of the curb-stone nomenclature. At our country fairs, many young people from the rural districts, station themselves with various articles on exhibition. They neither hurt anybody nor resent an injury, and yet they are sometimes beset by a loafish class who swarm in from any neighboring city. They do not even pay their fare if they can possibly avoid it, but climb under the fence, over the fence or jump on behind a farmer's team as it enters. Some of the worst steal melons and throw the rinds back in contempt at those whom they robbed of their lawful property.

Country boys, I know, are ignorant of a great many things with which city boys are familiar, and I am glad of it. Is it any discredit to be ignorant of their wicked ways? Not in the least. The look of manly innocence and good sense is often mistaken by these boys as the mark of an ignorant and sheepish spirit. Boys do not be affected by this.—Do not even desire the praise of the bad, and above all, do not endeavor to imitate these rowdies. You will be more respected if you remain even unconscious of the existence of such sinful disposed, boys and their practices. URBS.

Monroe Co., N. Y., 1859.

ARITHMETICAL CALCULATION.

Messrs. Eds.:—I have been a friend and reader of the Rural several years past, and I always am gratified when it comes, especially in perusing the columns devoted to the "Young Ruralist" and "Youth's Corner." And when I see so many boys of my own age contribute to its columns, I feel as though I ought to send in a few lines. In your issue for Feb. 19, 1859, "Orpheus" requires the reasons of several questions. I think that they have not been answered. In accordance with his request I will give my reasons. The question read:—Why does multiplying a number make it smaller? (suppose he means produce a smaller number.) Why does dividing a number make it larger (or produce a quotient greater than the dividend,) and, why do we place the decimal point where it is? For the first, What is it to multiply? Ans. It is to repeat a number, called the multiplicand, as many times as there are units in another, called the multiplier. If there is one unit in the multiplier we repeat the multiplicand once, if seventeen we repeat it seventeen times, if ⅙ of a unit we repeat it ⅙ of a time, if 6-1000ths of a unit we repeat it 6-1000ths of a time, and so on invariably, taking such a portion of the multiplicand as often as there is a like portion of a unit denoted by the multplier. For instance take the number 22.64 multiplied by .006, the product is .13584. We have taken six thousandths of the mulplicand and the product is less than the multiplier. And invariably when the multiplier is less than a unit the product is less than the number multiplied. In multiplying the number before stated we multiply 22.64 by .006 and we have for a product 14584.—In the first place, if we multiply the numbers as though they were whole numbers, our product would be .13584 without regard to the point. We have multiplied the number 2264 which of course is one hundred times too large. To produce the correct product we must therefore divide it by one hundred which is simply removing the decimal point two places towards the left, and our number is 135.84, that is, the multiplicand multiplied by 6. But our multiplier is six thousandths. Our product is one thousand times too large yet. In remedying this fault we divide it by one thousand, which is simply removing the decimal point three places towards the left and we have the number .13584 which is the correct product. In all we have pointed off five decimal places which, to shorten it, is the same number of decimal places as there are in both factors counted together. Hence, we have the rule—point off as many from the right of the product for decimals as there are decimal places in both factors. Pointing off in division of decimals is simply the reverse of multiplication of decimals. The product in multiplication answers to the dividend in division and the factors to the divisor and quotient. Then, also, the decimal places of the dividend, are equal to those of the quotient and divisor. We have those of the dividend given and those of the divisor, those of the quotient must be as many as those of the dividend exceed those of divisor. The quotient must make up the excess, for the decimal places of the quotient and divisor must be equal to those of the dividend. There might also be given a demonstration to division of decimals, but I must ask pardon for the space that this occupies. YOUNG RURALIST.

Erie Co., N. Y., 1859.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 16, 1859.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications, nor become responsible for their safety. Writers should retain copies of articles which they esteem of special value.

Our rule is to reject all articles from *anonymous sources*, however ably written or important the subjects discussed. The *real name* of writer must be in our possession, even if initials only or a *nom de plume* be affixed for publication.

The RURAL is not open to long essays on topics foreign to its legitimate purposes; and in all the range (wide enough, we think, for any other) that its pages, as well as subjects are limited. Those who wish to discuss Theology, Temperance, Moral Reform, Woman's Rights, Spiritualism, etc., should apply to the proper organs.

We do not wish to increase our list of paid contributors, and cannot be responsible for payment at present to any of the many who wish engagements to write for the Literary and Miscellaneous departments of the RURAL. Practical articles of special value and importance, however, will be paid for when published, if sent with that stipulation.

Review of the Week.

The "powers that be" at Washington, are blustering considerably about the action of the Nicaraguan government. It is evident that Mr. BUCHANAN allowed himself to be wheedled by SIR WILLIAM GORE OUSELY, and now, to make the best of a bad matter, "large talk" is indulged in to a considerable extent. The dispatches sent to Gen. LAMAR are, it is represented, of the most positive character. They instruct him to demand from Nicaragua an apology, restitution and indemnity, on a failure to comply with which, he is to ask for his passports. The whole squadron, it is said, will be strengthened, and the vessels placed at the disposal of Mr. L., to use them for the defence of American citizens, their property and vested rights. The dispatches to flag officers MCCLUNEY and LONG, Commanders respectively of the Home and Pacific Squadrons, are to obey the orders of Gen. LAMAR. Failing to receive them, they are to exercise a latitudinous discretion. Gen. JUAREZ, the Nicaraguan Envoy, has been formally notified of dispatches forwarded to Gen. LAMAR, instructing him to demand satisfaction of Nicaragua, should the reports relative to the seizure of the Transit Company's steamers prove to be correct. He is also instructed to demand the ratification or rejection of the Cass-Yrissarri treaty without delay. The usual diplomatic course has been pursued of informing the foreign legations of the intentions of this government.

The Paraguay difficulty has been amicably settled, and "an honorable arrangement" effected. A report of the negotiations and friendly offices of Gen. URQUIZA has been published, and we learn that at the suggestion of Mr. BOWLIN, Gen. U. proceeded to Ascension, the Capital of Paraguay, in order to avert the threatened hostilities by timely intervention. He reached that city on the 16th of January, and was cordially received by President LOPEZ. He found the Government of Paraguay determined upon resistance, and a considerable armament prepared for the defence. He represented to LOPEZ, however, the strength of the United States, his confidence in the fraternal feeling of this Republic, his belief that our government had no desire unjustly to exercise its power upon the Southern Republics of the Continent. To which representations President LOPEZ prudently listened. Gen. U. next had an interview with Com. BOWLIN, and represented to him that the proceeding of the Paraguayan Government had been exaggerated, and its temper misrepresented, and appealed to him to take into consideration the interests of that beautiful country, and the ruin which would result from war upon it. He found the Commissioner prompt to yield to such considerations, and generally disposed to a policy of conciliation. The parties to the dispute being thus brought into unity of disposition, there was little difficulty in coming to an agreement.

The terms of this agreement are not published, but there is a rumor that the basis was an indemnity of $10,000 to the widow of the person killed on board the Water Witch by the guns at the fort of Itapiru, and $25,000 to the Company represented by Mr. Ex-Consul HOPKINS. Nothing is said, by the rumor in question, of indemnity for the expense of the expedition. We presume, however, that that expense is provided for in the "honorable arrangement," otherwise the United States have paid heavily for collecting thirty-five thousand dollars.

The Report of the Board of Army Officers, appointed by the Secretary of War to look into the army expenditures and other matters, with a view to retrenchment, recommends the abandonment of most of the interior posts beyond the western line of settlements. They are maintained at great expense, and all to no purpose. Shortly after these posts are built they are generally abandoned, and the cost is thrown away. Last year five of these posts were abandoned, and within ten years fifty. The Board recommends the advance of the corps of the army from the Western frontier, in the spring, to the interior, or across the Continent, and to return to the settlements in the winter.

It is rumored that the Cabinet recently held a meeting, and it was nearly or quite agreed that Congress should be called to meet on the first Monday in October. Perhaps, however, this measure is to be contingent upon the occurrence of further difficulties or delay in the adjustment of matters with Nicaragua. The Paraguay fleet will have returned and become serviceable for a movement against Nicaragua by the 1st of October or before. It may be expected home, indeed, in the course of sixty days, and three or four months may suffice to put it in efficient order for another expedition. It has been intimated that the President would now favor an Extra Session, not on account of the condition of the Post Office Department, but of our foreign affairs.

Personal and Political.

In Connecticut the Republicans were victorious, electing the entire State Ticket, all the Congressmen, and a large majority of the Legislature. The following State Officers are elected:—WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM, of Norwich, Governor; Julius Catlin, of Hartford, Lieu. Governor; John Boyd, of Winchester, Secretary of State; Lucius Hendee, of Clinton, Comptroller. The Congressmen elect, are:—1st district—Dwight Loomis, of Vernon: 2d district—John Woodruff, of New Haven; 3d district—Orris S. Ferry, of Norwalk; 4th district—Alfred A. Burnham, of Windham.

An election was held in Michigan last week for Chief Justice of the Supreme Court—the candidates being George Martin, Rep., and Alpheus Felch, Dem.—when the Republicans carried the State by a majority variously estimated at from 10,000 to 15,000.

In Rhode Island, Thos. E. Turner is elected Governor; John R. Bartlett, Secretary of State, and Jerome B. Kimball, Attorney General. These are on both the American and Republican tickets. There is no choice for Lieut. Governor and General Treasurer. In the Eastern Congressional District there is no choice, the vote standing Robinson, American and Republican, 8,797; Davis, Republican, 2,422; Arnold, Democrat, 1,532. In the Western Congressional District, Brayton, who was supported by the Americans and Republicans, is elected. The vote is, Brayton 2,945; Anthony, Dem., 700. There is no election of members of the General Assembly in Providence. The Opposition have both branches of the Legislature by an overwhelming majority.

The good people of St. Louis, Mo., held their election for choice of municipal officers, the other day, and nearly full returns give Filley, the Rep. candidate for Mayor, 2,500 majority over Bogy, Dem., and 4,500 over Wyman, American. Filley's plurality may be increased to 8,000. The Republicans have also elected their whole city ticket and a majority of the Common Council.

The Concord (N. H.) Democrat shows a curious change in political sentiment in that State, by its statement that in 23 towns which gave 1,449 maj. for General Jackson in 1828, the Republicans had 455 majority in 1859; while in 19 "old federal towns" which gave 902 majority against Gen. Jackson, the Democrats had a majority in 1859 of 868.

The Legislature of Louisiana, in default of any action by the Federal Government, is about making appropriations for clearing out the obstructions at the mouth of the Mississippi. Why don't they wait for the great meeting of Dentists at New Orleans?

The Call for "a Convention of Slaveholding States," which has grown out of the Southern Commercial Conventions, locates the Convention at Vicksburg, Miss., on the 9th of May. It speaks of the "seemingly secured majorities of Black Republicanism in the Electoral Colleges," declares that opposition to slavery has entered into the head and heart of the people of the North, and warns the South not to be lulled into a false security.

Gov. CHASE and the Ohio Senate are in a belligerent attitude. The Senate passed a resolution calling upon the Governor, in terms of decided disrespect, to say why he had not informed the Legislature of recent frauds upon the treasury.—The Governor answers back that the Senate's language is unsuitable to intercourse with the Executive, and that his respect for the people who have entrusted him with the Chief Magistracy forbids him to reply.

Returns from Wisconsin indicate the election of Byron Paine, Republican candidate for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. His majority will probably exceed 5,000.

News Paragraphs.

It is said that $50,000 worth of marble taken to Washington City, to be used in the extension of the Capitol, has been condemned as worthless. What's the odds? Uncle Sam pays for it.

The shock of an earthquake was distinctly felt at Jeffersonville, Tazewell county, Va., about 9 o'clock at night on the 22d ult. A heavy rumbling sound, easily distinguished from that of thunder, was several seconds after followed by a distinct jarring of houses, rattling of queensware and window sash. It was less violent than the one experienced at the same place in May, 1852.

The rapid growth of Leavenworth City, Kansas, is astonishing. Although only four years old, it contains a population of 10,470, with an an assessed valuation of $3,871,375. It has nine churches, ten schools, four daily and four weekly papers, seven job printing offices, eighty-nine lawyers, and forty doctors.

Rev. Dr. BERESFORD, of England, who is related to a noble Marquis, and who with a living of £1,000 a year committed forgery to an enormous extent, is now employed in sweeping the wards in the new prison at the convict station in Fremantle, Western Australia, whence he was transported for his crimes. England metes out justice without respect to persons.

The money power, as bearing on war, or the ability of making and sustaining it, was recently pointed out by the London Times. Next year the "Long Annuities," (so called,) will expire. In other words, Great Britain will, by the termination of these annuities, have £70,000,000 of her national debt swept away. Thus her borrowing power will be immensely increased, and her credit be higher than ever.

A carriage-builder at Concord, N. H., has received an order for twelve or fifteen wagons, for parties on the coast of Africa. With the order came a pattern which is to be imitated in every respect. The wagon is used in long caravan journeys, and is of a very primitive and substantial description.

In Palermo, Sicily, the police are paid from week to week only one-half of their wages. The other half is kept as a reserved fund, out of which all parties suffering loss by theft, burglary and similar crimes, which it is the duty of the police to prevent, are indemnified. There is a settlement at the end of every six months, and the surplus is divided among the policemen who are thus made to suffer a loss of wages by every failure to perform their duty. The system works admirably.

The Calhoun (Miss.) Independent of the 16th ult., says fourteen persons have lately died in the southern portion of Calhoun county, of a disease resembling black plague.

Gov. MORGAN, of this State, refuses to commute in the case of Mrs. Hartung, now under sentence of death at Albany. He refers to the general aversion to hanging women, but believing the prisoner to be guilty of deliberate murder, he thinks that public justice as well as the safety of human life, demand her execution.

The ranks of the U. S. army are full, and recruiting has been discontinued. This has not happened before for twenty years. The pay, $11 per month for infantry and $12 for cavalry service, has been an inducement in the recent hard times.

Mr. WILLIAMS, editor of the Utica Herald, writing from Tunis, states that the American Consulate is supported at Tunis at an expense of $4,100 per year, and yet but one American vessel has anchored in that harbor for five years.

The stock of pork at New York on the 1st of April, was 1,600 barrels less than on the 1st of March, when it was 84,400 barrels. This return is considered favorable by holders, as an increase was anticipated.

The Legislature of Maine have appropriated a million and a half acres of public lands, and have authorized the city of Bangor to loan its credit to the amount of five hundred thousand dollars, in aid of the Aroostook and the European and North American Railroads. There is also to be a trunk line from Bangor to New Brunswick, with a branch line to Aroostook. The measure passed by very decided majorities.

The Sickles' Trial.—The trial of DANIEL E. SICKLES for the murder of PHILIP BARTON KEY,—the facts of which are well known and to which we have sufficiently adverted,—commenced at Washington, on Monday, the 4th inst. The prosecution is conducted by the U. S. District Attorney for the district, (Mr. Ould, successor to the murdered man,) assisted by Mr. Carlisle. Mr. Sickles has an able array of counsel to conduct his defence, numbering ten of the best lawyers of the country. They are James T. Brady and John Graham, Esqrs., of New York; E. P. Stanton of Pittsburgh; Samuel Chilton and Daniel Ratcliff of Washington, and others. The impaneling of a jury occupied three days, about one hundred and eighty talesman being exhausted in the operation. Among the rejected, the great proportion had formed and expressed opinions favorable to the accused. The prosecution closed on Saturday, 9th inst., and the general impression seems to be that the government have a very weak case. Three days were spent in proving what the defence did not deny—the killing—not a single fact calculated to aid or strengthen this position was brought forward. Concerning the line of the defence we are not prepared to speak, but it is more than probable that the provocation, and a temporary insanity—caused by observing the destroyer of his peace giving his accustomed signals—will be the strong *plea of the defence.*

From Utah.—The War Department has advices from Utah to the 1st ult. Mormonism is represented to be waning. Brigham Young keeps secluded. It is reported he intends quitting Salt Lake, and has agents negotiating in some of the Northern Provinces of Mexico, and also in Central America, for the purpose of obtaining a site for a new settlement. The Territorial officers of Utah experience much difficulty from Mormon interference. The army is in fine spirits. The Indians are troublesome.

Old World Matters.

The steamer Indian arrived at Portland, Me., on the 7th, and the Canada, with Liverpool dates to the 28th ult., arrived at Halifax on the 8th inst.—The news is important, exhibiting a greater tendency to a peaceful condition of affairs, than has been received for some time. We make the following synopsis:

Great Britain.—In the House of Commons on the 25th, Mr. Owen Stanley gave notice that in the event of the Reform bill being rejected on the second reading, he should move a resolution that the measure of the Government having failed to give satisfaction, the Government was no longer entitled to the confidence of the House.

The general impression was that the Ministers were sure of a defeat, in a division upon Lord John Russell's amendment to the Reform bill, and there were various speculations as to the course they would adopt. The *Times* thinks the defeat will be so decided as to leave no excuse for the dissolution of the Parliament, and an appeal to the people, and calls upon Lord John Russell to have his measure ready.

France.—Austria had consented to the proposed European Congress to settle the affairs of Italy. The other four powers, England, France, Russia, and Prussia, had also consented, and the Congress would probably meet at Aix la Chapelle. Piedmont and the other Italian States were likewise to be admitted. It was reported that Prince Napoleon would represent France, and the Earl of Malmesbury, England.

It is stated that Austria consented to a Congress on certain conditions, but that they are not of much importance. It is said that, as a matter of course, she would insist on a strict maintenance of the treaties of 1815, but that she will hardly object to a revision of her special treaties with the Italian States.

The French journals assume that Lord Cowley's mission to Vienna has had nothing to do with the Congress, and they credit Russia with the proposition.

Private advices from Paris say that a new credit Mobillier Bank is about being started under the auspicies of the Count De Morny, with the favor of the Emperor. This movement, at the present time, is regarded as an indication on the side of peace.

Spain.—In the Chamber of Deputies, a call having been made for the production of the papers relative to the negotiations between the United States and France and England, for the acquisition of Cuba by America, the Minister of Foreign Affairs replied that some Deputies had expressed a desire to see the administration of Cuba improved, and the President of the United States expressed the same wish. The opinion of the President was that Spain did not administer the government of Cuba well, and that the United States, on account of their higher intelligence, had a moral duty to fulfil, which was to purchase the Island.

The Government could not allow this idea about Cuba to remain uncontradicted. All Governments had labored to improve the condition of that Island, and the present Cabinet had certainly been occupied with measures calculated to give the inhabitants of that Island the share they ought to possess in their internal administration, without compromising the ties that unite them to the mother country. The best reply to the representation of certain orators of the United States, was the prosperity of the Island of Cuba. That the question of the acquisition of the Island was imposing and menacing, could not be denied, nevertheless, the Government declared that it felt all the security which its great national resources were calculated to inspire. It had not, however, rendered insult for insult, and that would probably have aggravated the question. It had conducted itself with prudence and dignity, and had not applied for assistance to any other power. If any other foreign power had offered assistance, the Government would have felt grateful, but it would not have accepted it, because it did not think any aid was necessary, as no diplomatic documents existed on the question, which happily was almost terminated.

Sardinia.—A Paris letter in the *Nord* states that the Sardinian Cabinet has addressed a communication to the five great Powers, strongly insisting on being allowed to take part in the deliberations on the affairs of Italy; and a Paris correspondent of the London *Post* says that in consequence of the representations made by Count Cavour, the French government consents that Piedmont and other Italian States shall be represented at the Conference.

Commercial.—*Breadstuffs.*—Richardson, Spence & Co. quote American flour very dull, and difficult to sell at quotations, namely: 10@12s2d. Wheat dull, but steady. Western red 8s9d@9s4d; white 8s7d@7s9d. Southern white 10@10s9d. Corn dull; prices easier. White 72@74. *Provisions.*—Messrs. Bigland, Althya & Co., Richardson, Spence & Co., James McHenry and others, quote beef firm for good sorts, but there has been a decline of 2s6d on inferior kinds. Pork dull. Lard dull.

Flood in the Lower Mississippi.—The flood in the Lower Mississippi is doing great damage below Memphis. Despatches from New Orleans report a serious break at Diamond Island, flooding many plantations, and damaging private property. Serious apprehensions are entertained that a break will occur above the city, and a force of 500 men have been employed to strengthen the levee. The river is still rising rapidly, though already nine inches higher than last year. The *Times* and *Delta* say that the flood is constantly increasing, and that unless the river falls soon, the whole town will be disastrously inundated. The city of Cairo is becoming rapidly inundated by the percolation of water through the levees. A large portion of the city—nearly half—is now covered with water, some places to the depth of seven feet. At latest accounts the water had gained the basement story of the Taylor House, and in that part of the town known as "Edwardsville," the houses were standing in water four or five feet deep.

Indian War Threatened.—The St. Joseph *Journal* learns that an extensive war is on foot between the various Indian tribes on the Plains, headed by the Minnecougues, and that negotiations are now pending between the Chennes, Arapahoes, Crows, and other tribes.

The News Condenser.

— The first vessel built in Rhode Island, was launched in 1646.

— Not a single hide dealer suspended business during the panic of 1857.

— The telegraph wire between Bagdad and Constantinople is laid down.

— Several Cashmere goats have been introduced into Cherokee Co., Texas.

— The standing armed forces of the European nations is about five million men.

— It is said that one man in every eight, in Massachusetts, is a shoemaker.

— A woman has been indicted at Anderson, S. C., for being a "common scold."

— Three hundred and forty-six men were naturalized in Brooklyn, during March.

— Bogus three cent and one cent pieces are said to be as plenty as genuine ones.

— The new cent, the one ornamented by the Indian squaw, is said to be poisonous.

— By the assessors' returns there are 220,000 more hogs in Ohio this year than last.

— Several jurors have been fined $100 each for non-attendance in a Philadelphia court.

— Dr. George, American Vice-Consul at Cairo, Egypt, died in Alexandria, in January last.

— There have been 400 cases of measles at Niles, Mich., within the past four months.

— Charles Sampson, one of the firm of Philips, Sampson & Co., Boston, died on the 4th inst.

— It is said that all the recent duels in New Orleans were fought on Piccolomini's account.

— The first tavern for the sale of wines and strong waters, in R. I., was established in 1638.

— A paper published at Buchanan, Bathcourt Co., Va., is called "The Last Rose of Summer."

— Significant—one of the persons connected with Belly, in his canal scheme is M. de *Gammon.*

— In Canada there is no postage on newspapers. A movement is now making to charge for them.

— Miss Maria Mitchell is preparing to establish an observatory at a suitable position in Nantucket.

— The second prize "Burns' Poem," submitted to the committee in England, was by a boy 15 years old.

— A grand daughter of the late Thomas H. Benton, was married at Calcutta on the 20th of December.

— Several men have been digging for gold on Crooked Creek, a few miles northwest of Macomb, Mich.

— The wives along the Mississippi never *blow up* their husbands. They leave it all to the steamboats.

— Judge Edmonds, of New York, is writing a series of articles in the Tribune, in defence of spiritualism.

— A Yankee doctor has got up a remedy for hard times. It consists of ten hours' labor well worked in.

— Rev. John Marquett, Baptist, and wife, residing in Wisconsin, were recently murdered by an insane son.

— Large quantities of tea seed are on the way from the East to the Commissioner of Patents, Washington.

— In Kentucky a man's life is by far the cheapest and most precarious piece of property he carries about him.

— A bill has passed the Legislature of Louisiana designing to prevent any free negro from entering that State.

— The cause of religion is prosperous throughout Texas. Two religious newspapers are amply supported.

— The Canadians have surveyed and are about constructing a canal to connect Lake Huron with Lake Ontario.

— A Cuban passed through Petersburg, Virginia, with a stable of sixteen New York bred horses, en route for Havana.

— Rev. Gad Newell, the oldest graduate of Yale College, died at Manchester, N. H., a few days since, aged 96 years.

— One John Hull, of Syracuse, N. Y., has been sentenced to four years in the State Prison, for stealing an overcoat.

— The Canadian papers are beginning to discuss the propriety of having a written constitution for the Provinces.

— Reports from the Nebraska gold mines are of a favorable character. From Pike's Peak they are contradictory.

— The Golden Wedding of Colonel Seaton, editor of the National Intelligencer, Washington, was celebrated March 31st.

— Queen Victoria has sent a gold snuff box and a medal to Capt. Hudson for his services in laying the Atlantic Cable.

— The General Assembly (O. S.) of the Presbyterian Church of the U. S., convenes at Indianapolis on the 19th of May next.

— It is rumored that the U. S. officers have seized about 50 of the Africans brought to Georgia in the pirate vessel Wanderer.

— Butter is so scarce in Indianapolis that large quantities of it are being shipped from Chicago, selling at 30 cents per pound.

— They hang for burglary in South Carolina. A man was executed at Charleston, last week, for breaking into and robbing a dwelling.

— The Hon. J. Glancy Jones, of Pennsylvania, has been officially received at the court of Vienna, as Minister of the United States.

— At last accounts the deposed Emperor Solonque was lying sick at Jamaica, and his advanced age renders his recovery doubtful.

— A woman in New York recently complained against a Chatham street Merchant for selling her a horse-hair mattrass filled with rat tails!

— A La Porte, Cal., paper of the 21st ult., mentions a snow storm which lasted three week, and left from 15 to 20 feet of snow on the ground.

— The Times says the New York courts seem more like bear gardens than temples of justice, the lawyers bully the judges in such a manner.

— A dispatch from Pottsville, Pa., says the coal mines in that region have been drowned out by the heavy rains, and all operations suspended.

— Elizabeth Blackwell, M. D., is delivering a course of lectures in London, Eng., on the value of hygienic and medical knowledge for women.

— Salt Lake news indicates the rapid decay of Mormonism. Apostacy is frequent, and Brigham Young lives in constant fear of assassination.

— The New Bedford Mercury states that a matrimonial epidemic is raging in that city, boys and girls are rushing to the altar like sheep over a wall.

— The Jews of the U. S. contemplate establishing a general assembly, or board of representatives, to take control of Jewish interests in this country.

— A new bridge, the first which ever spanned the Connecticut, is in course of erection at Hanover. It will cost $10,000, and be finished by the first of June.

Fillibustering Projects.

THE *Courier des Etats Unis* repeats its story in relation to another expedition to Cuba. It states that one ship has already sailed from New York, carrying out to that island a select company of "emigrants," that being the disguise under which our fillibusters evade the neutrality laws. Others are ready to depart at a moment's notice. The plan of operations is stated to be, to disembark at some point on the south coast of the island, and by the aid of co-operations already arranged, to get possession of Principe, and to hold it in expectation of insurrections to break out at different points. The promoters of this scheme are said to have assurances from Washington that as soon as this shall occur, Government will regard the insurrection in the light of a war of independence, and will allow perfect freedom of action to all such sympathizers as may choose to take part in it.

The armed expeditions now being organized in New York and other cities, with the ostensible view of emigrating to Arizona, will not be permitted to enter that Territory, special orders to that effect having been issued to the United States troops on the frontiers. The stopping of Col. Lockridge by Gen. Twiggs is sanctioned at Washington, and similar orders have been issued to prevent the entrance of bands of marauders into that Territory. The troops now in New Mexico will be marched into Arizona if it should become necessary, and their places supplied by others from the Platte country.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.—By the Quaker City, which arrived at New Orleans on the 8th inst., we have Vera Cruz dates to April 1st. Miramon appeared before that city on the 18th ult., with an advance guard of 800 men. He reconnoitered the place and retired to his main army, which was encamped near Medilline, nine miles off. The women and children in Vera Cruz were transferred to the ships, and the Liberals prepared to make an animated defence. Miramon sent 1,200 men against Alvarado, but finding the place strongly defended, they retired without attacking it. Miramon, finding himself out-generaled at all points, broke up his camp on the 27th, and commenced his retreat on the Capital. Gen. Ampudia was in strong force to cut off his retreat. Degollado with 4,000 men was at Tacubaya, and other liberal forces surround the Capital which was expected soon to surrender. Mr. McLane, U. S. Minister, arrived at Vera Cruz, April first, amid great rejoicings for Miramon's retreat and his arrival.

ST. DOMINGO AND DENMARK AT WAR.—The N. Y. *Herald* has letters from St. Domingo to the 15th of March, announcing that hostilities had begun between the Dominicians and Denmark. A Danish Envoy had recently arrived there in a war vessel, and peremptorily demanded $150,000 indemnity for the seizure of two Danish vessels by President Paez, during the recent revolution in Dominica.—President Santa Anna offered to refer the matter to arbitrators. The Danish functionary declined, giving the Dominicians twenty-four hours to comply with his demands, with the understanding that the refusal would be followed by a blockade of their ports. The Dominicians decided in favor of war, and forthwith commenced manning their batteries. There was but one Danish war vessel in the port.

AN ENGLISH WINTER.—A late London paper remarks of the winter and spring of 1858-'59 in England:—"The nightingale was heard in England on the 18th of February. This is a remarkable fact. It has been repeatedly heard since; so the declaration may be believed. Over the greater part of the pasturage of the kingdom grass has not ceased to be green throughout the winter; and the roses and honeysuckles put out shoots almost as soon as their latest leaves dropped. All the spring flowers of our garden welcomed, open-eyed, the coming of March. The Elm, Lombardy Poplar, and thorns, have burst their buds at the very beginning of the month, while the Willow Catkins have overhung the streams as in April."

POPULOUSNESS OF JAPAN.—Every house in Japan seemed to be overrun with children, in some of which I counted ten or a dozen, and all of about the same size! The birds in a nest, the chickens in a coop, the frogs in a pond, are not more compact and crowded than these human bee-hives seem to be, and I may add, or more happy. The average number of the inmates of each house in Japan is estimated at between *thirty and forty*. It is a *fruitful* country in more senses than one, and can support so dense a population only by the simple style of their living. They eat but little meat except fish, which abound in these waters, both in the bays and the sea, and are easily procured, as well as fine. A gentleman told me that he believed, from his most careful observation, not above *one in fifty* of the people ever eat any other animal food.

There are a few sheep; a cow is rarely seen; goats, which might have a fine range and the best pasturage in the mountain tops, now unoccupied and uncultivated, are almost unknown; hogs are seen only in the cities, and these are raised mainly to sell to ships; while wild game is seldom hunted or taken. Poultry and ducks are abundant, and eggs also, which, however, are not obtained at a cheap rate. Fish and rice are the main articles of food, with garden vegetables, though bread is not unknown, a small quantity of wheat, millet and buckwheat being produced in some localities, but which are not liked as well as rice. An ox or a horse would require land enough for its living to support the population of a little village.—*Letter to the Journal of Commerce.*

THE NEW CANADIAN TARIFF ADOPTED.—A Toronto despatch states that the new tariff has been carried through the Committee with a few alterations, consented to by the Inspector General, the most important of which are, that the new duty on tea and green coffee does not come into effect until the first of January, 1860; the rate then to be 15 per cent. ad valorem; and the new duty on sugar commences on the 1st of July next, the rate to be 30 to 40 per cent., according to the quality.

THE English frigate Curacoa, with Lord Lyons, the new British Minister on board, entered Chesapeak Bay on the evening of the 6th inst.

Publisher's Notices.

TERMS OF THE RURAL FOR 1859.

Single Copy, One Year	- - - - -		$2
Three Copies,	" - - - -		$5
Six	" and 1 free to Club Agent,		$10
Ten	" " " "		$15
Sixteen	" " " "		$22
Twenty	" " " "		$26
Thirty-two	" " " "		$40

☞ Back numbers of this vol. can still be furnished, or subscriptions can begin with the New Quarter, April 2d. Clubs for Six or Nine months at same proportional rates as for a year, and Gratuities, &c., allowed.

NEW QUARTER—SUBSCRIPTIONS, &c.

THE SECOND QUARTER of our Tenth Volume began April 2d—a good time for single or club subscriptions to commence. Renewals and additions to clubs are also in order. Though we have entered full Ten Thousand more names upon our books during the past three months than in the corresponding period of last year, they contain "ample room and verge enough" for five thousand additions. Any and every aid which the agent and other influential friends of the RURAL may lend in obtaining said additions during the ensuing month will be gratefully appreciated and substantially recognized. See notices below.

CHOICE FLOWER AND VEGETABLE SEEDS
As Gratuities for Agents, &c.

IN recognition of recent exertions of Agent-Friends, and as an extra inducement for continued canvassing during the Spring Campaign, we now make the following very Liberal and Seasonable offers:

To any Club-Agent making additions to his present club to the amount of $5, we will send (post-paid,) TEN CHOICE VARIETIES of Annual Flower Seeds, put up by THORBURN & Co., New York, or BRIGGS & BRO., Rochester, (as preferred,) price 50 cents. The same to any person forming a new club of 8, and remitting $5.

For EVERY remittance of $10—whether in addition to clubs, or for new clubs—we will send (post-paid,) *in addition to the extra copies already offered*, a DOLLAR PACKAGE OF FLOWER OR VEGETABLE SEEDS, as preferred by the person entitled, to be selected by such person from the following packages put up by B. K. BLISS:

FLOWER SEEDS.	Price.
No. 1—consists of Twenty choice varieties of Annuals,	$1 00
No. 2—consists of Twenty choice varieties of Biennials and Perennials,	1 00
No. 3—consists of Ten extra fine varieties of Annuals and Perennials, embracing many of the new and choicest in cultivation,	1 00
No. 4—consists of five very choice varieties, selected from Prize Flowers of English Pansies, German Carnation and Picotee Pinks, Verbenas, Truffaut's French Asters and double Hollyhocks,	1 00
VEGETABLE SEEDS.	Price.
No. 5—collection of Twenty selected varieties, including two vars. of beets, two of cucumbers, two of cabbages, two of melons, the celebrated Hubbard Squash, Early Paris Cauliflower, &c., &c.,	1 00

(Packages sent to Canada or other British Provinces will not be post-paid, as the postage in some instances would be nearly or quite $1. We send post-paid to any address in the United States.)

☞ Subscriptions can begin with the New Quarter, April 2d, or we can still furnish back numbers from Jan. 1st, so that all who desire can have the volume complete. Clubs for Six or Nine months at the same proportional rates as for a year.

☞ DRAFTS AT OUR RISK.—We lose little money by mail, but prefer Drafts on New York (less exchange,) payable to our order, and which may be sent at our risk if carefully mailed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and each and all who form clubs, will not only receive extra copies, but their aid will be appreciated. We have no traveling agents, nor do we give certificates.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, April 12, 1859.

After about two weeks of cold north wind, with occasional storms of snow and rain, we are again favored with mild, spring-like weather. Business, which has been dull for some time past will no doubt revive. Our Seed trade is already showing signs of activity. Corn and Oats are two or three cents lower than last week; Butter two cents per pound higher. Potatoes are rather dull, and some five cents lower. We quote at 45c. for the best, though choice samples of Mercers, we think, could be disposed of at 50 cents.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		FEES, dozen	10@11c
Flour, wint wheat	$7,25@7,50	Honey, box	15@16c
Do spring do	$5,00@7,00	Candles, box	12@13c
Do Buckwheat 8 cwt.	$1,75	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,60@1,75	Apples, bushel	50c@1,75
Best white Canada	$1,60@1,75	Do. dried	$1,50@1,75
Corn	70@72c	Potatoes	25@43c
Rye, 60 lbs ♀ bush	77@78c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Oats by wt.	00@50c	Slaughter	6@6½c
Barley	65@70c	Calf	10c
Buckwheat	48@50c	Sheep pelts	$1,75@2,00
Beans	65@75c	Lamb do	25@63c
MEATS.		SEEDS.	
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,00	Clover, bush	$4,50@5,00
Do cwt	$7,50@8,00	Timothy	$2,00@2,50
Beef ♀ cwt	$5,50@6,00	SUNDRIES.	
Spring lambs each	$1,50@2,00	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Mutton (carcass)	5@6c	Do soft	$3,00@3,00
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,25
Shoulders	6@8c	Do. Scranton	$5,00@5,50
Chickens	7@8c	Do. Blossburg	$5,00@5,50
Turkeys	10@11c	Do. Shamokin	$5,00@5,50
Geese	38@44c	Do. Char	10@12c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl.	$1 88@1 35
Butter, roll	20@22c	Hay, tun	$7,00@11,00
Do. firkin	18c	Wool ♀ lb	35@50c
Cheese	10@12c	White fish, bbl.	$7,00@7,50
Lard, tried	11@12c	Codfish ♀ quintal	$4,75@5,00
Tallow	10@10½c	Trout, bbl.	$6,50@7,00

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, April 11.—FLOUR—The market for Flour is unchanged. Sales at $5,00@5,50 for common to choice super State; $5,50@6,30 for extra State; $5,00@5,60 for super Western, $5,90@6,50 for extra do, $6,40@6,55 for round hoop Ohio—closing quiet. Canadian flour quiet at $6,50@7,40 for common to choice extras.

GRAIN—Wheat dull and unchanged. Sales small at $1,00 for unsound Chicago spring, $1,43 for winter red western—Rye dull at 80@82c. Barley dull—sales at 68c for State. Corn quiet, sales at 81@83c for inferior to prime yellow Southern; Western mixed nominal at 80@81c. Oats are dull at 53@56c for State, 58@59c for Western and Canada.

PROVISIONS—Pork market dull and lower. Sales at $17,60@17,75 for new mess, 17,17 for old mess, $12,62 for prime; $18,40 for thin mess. Lard firmer; sales at 11@11½c. Butter quiet at 8½@13 for Ohio; 14@22c. for State. Cheese dull at 8@10c.

ALBANY, April 11.—FLOUR—Heavy showers of rain have fallen during the morning, which have checked all out-door business, and nothing of moment has been done in this market.

GRAIN—There was a slim attendance of the trade on 'Change this morning and but few sales were effected. In Wheat nothing has transpired. Corn is steady, with sales round yellow, in lots, at 85@86c. at the depot. Rye, Barley and Oats are quiet.

SEEDS—There is a steady business doing in Clover at 7¾@9c. for medium and large, and in Timothy at $2,00@2,50.

FEED—Sales 2000 bu. at $1,00 for 34 lbs., and $1,15 for 56 lbs.

BUFFALO, April 11.—FLOUR—Is in very moderate request this morning, both for the interior and home use. Medium grades heavy. Market without quotable change, although tending downward. Sales 350 bbls. at $5,00@5,50 for State, from Chicago and Milwaukee club wheat; $6,00@6,37½ for the range of extra Mich., Ind., and Ohio, and $6,50@6,75 for double extras. Corn Meal—steady at $1,50 for coarse, and $1,75 for fine.

GRAIN—Wheat—parties continue apart in their views, and the market is excessively heavy. The only sale reported was 500 bu common white Ohio, in bags, at $1,12. Corn—two lots prime State, aggregating 800 bu., changed hands in the afternoon of Saturday, at 80c. Oats—with a fair stock offering, the market rules quiet. State nominal at 54@55c., and Canadian at 57@58c. Barley quiet at 65@80c. for the range. Rye nominal at 88@90.

PROVISIONS—No change in pork. Sales 5000 lbs. bacon, sides and hams at 8½c. Also 1000 lbs. prime sugar cured ham at 10½c., and 500 lbs. dried beef, at 10c.

SEEDS—Quiet and unchanged.

ALBANY, April 11.—Receipts at West Albany for the week: Cattle, 2,340; Sheep and Lambs, 1,151; Hogs, 1189.

BEEVES—Prices take the following range—Extra 6@6¼c; First quality 5½@6¼c; Second do 4¾@5¾c; Third do 4@4¾c; Inferior do 3¾c.

SHEEP—Sales at from $5,75@13,00, as to quality.

HOGS—Sales at 6¾c.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, April 6.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, @11,50@12,00; Ordinary, $10,50@11,00; Common, $9,50@10,00; Inferior, $8,00@9,00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55@65; Ordinary, $45@50; Common, $35@40; Inferior, $20@28.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ♀ lb., 7@7¾c.; Ordinary, 5¾@6¾c., Common, 4½@5¾c.; Inferior, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, per head, $10,00@12,00; Ordinary, $7,00@9,00; Common, $5,00@7,00; Inferior, $4,00@5,50.

SWINE—First quality, 6¾@6¾c.; Other qualities, 5¾@6¾c.

CAMBRIDGE, April 6.—At market 514 Cattle, about 450 Beeves, and 64 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $6,00@6,50; First quality, $7,50@7,75; Second, $6,00@6,50; Third, $4,50; Ordinary, $4,50.

WORKING OXEN—$100, 125@175 per pair.

COWS AND CALVES—$30@40@36@67.

STORES—Yearlings, $00@00; Two Years Old, $22@26; Three Years Old, $28@33.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1700 at market. Prices—Extra and Selections, $4,50@6, 8; in lots $2 50@3,3, 0.

HIDES—7¾@8c. ♀ lb. Tallow 7¾@8c. ♀ lb.

PELTS—$1,62@1,87 each. Calf Skins, 14@15c. ♀ lb.

VEAL CALVES—Sales at $4, 5@10.

N. B.—Beef extra and first quality includes nothing but the best, large, fat, stall-fed Oxen.

BRIGHTON, April 6.—At market 700 Beeves, 90 Stores, 1700 Sheep and Lambs, 2300 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $6,00@6,75; First quality, $7,25; Second, $6,50, Third, $5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$90, 100, 130@150.

MILCH COWS—$38@40, common, $30@21.

VEAL CALVES—$4,00, 7,00@9,00.

STORES—Yearlings, 00@00; Two Years Old, $22@26; Three Years Old, $25@31.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—By lot, $2,50@3,75; Extra, $4, 5, 7@9.

SWINE—Fat Hogs, 6c.; Retail, 6@7c.; Pigs 5¾@6¾c.

HIDES—7¾@8c. ♀ lb. Tallow—7¾@8c. ♀ lb.

PELTS—$1,62@1,87. Calf Skins, 14@15c. ♀ lb.

The Wool Markets.

BOSTON, April 6.—Fleece Wool is steady with a small stock, but pulled is dull, and has declined in some instances 1@2c ♀ lb. The sales of the week have been 150,000 lbs fleece and pulled at 40@60c for fleece, and 38@58c for pulled. In foreign, sales of 400 bales Mediterranean, Cape and South American on private terms, and other considerable sales, the particulars of which are not made public.

Sax. and Mer. fine	60@70	Western mixed	40@50
Full Blood	53@56	Smyrna, washed	17@30
Half and ¼ blood	44@53	Do unwashed	10@18
Common	40@43	Syrian	11@22
Pulled, extra	50@60	Cape	24@30
Do. superfine	43@45	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	38@43	Buenos Ayres	9@42
Do. No. 2	@@	Peruvian, washed	30@36

THE WOOL TRADE.—The movements in Wool in the New York market, during March, have been reviewed by Messrs. Tellekempf & Kitching, thus:—"The market has been quiet for all kinds of Domestic Fleece and Pulled Wools, but prices remain unchanged: if any, it is in favor of the buyer.—The stock of Fleece is gradually diminishing, while Pulled has been accumulating, and it is difficult realizing the prices obtained some weeks ago. Desirable kinds of Texan and California continue in good demand, at about the same rates, but it is thought prices will recede somewhat after the new clip is in. It has been reported that contracts have been made for the wool on the 'sheep's back,' at high prices. The farmers will without doubt embrace so good an opportunity of disposing of their wool. Fine Foreign Wools, in the grease, have been in moderate demand and brought full prices, and the stock is better. We hope soon to receive full supplies of the medium qualities. We are much pleased to see the improved condition of the new clip of Buenos Ayres Wools, which are just coming in, being more free of burrs and dirt than in former years. Low Foreign Wool, for carpets, &c., continue very firm, and some of the more desirable kinds have been sold at an advance, though there have been fewer sales made than during the month of February. The stock is only moderate."—*New York Paper.*

Deaths.

IN Afton, Wis., March 7, 1859, of consumption, Mrs. MARY E., wife of Deacon J. F. Antisdel, aged 39 years.—Seldom does it fall to the lot of any people to send before them to the grave so pure and exemplary a Christian. Her departure has spread a deep gloom over not only the church of which she was a bright ornament, but over all who knew her. She left the world with a bright hope of a joyful life to come, and rests from her labors. A bereaved husband, three children, and a large circle of relatives mourn her loss.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, and leaded—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, IN ADVANCE.—

☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

☞ All transient advertisements must be accompanied with the cash, or a responsible reference, to secure insertion. Those who send us advertisements to be published at prices they specify, are respectfully advised that we are not in a position to allow any one to dictate terms—especially when the demand upon our columns, at published rates, exceeds the space appropriated for Advertising.

HIAWATHA, (1663,) Red; bred by Samuel Thorne; calved Nov., 1855. I offer the above Short-Horn bull for sale. He is a *sure getter*. JOHN R. PAGE,
484-4t Sennett, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—A Short Horn Bull, one year old in January last. Color, Red Roan. Well bred, and good proportions. Will be sold very low. O. K. WARD,
484-2t LeRoy, N. Y., April 1859.

WAKEFIELD'S CORN and BEAN PLANTER.—Farmers of this State desiring a *reliable* and *cheap* Planter, are requested to send immediately for a Circular to
481-3t M. W. SIMMONS, Dansville, N. Y.

GRAPE VINES, HOP TREES, &c.—Send stamp for Priced Catalogue. Hubbard Squash seeds, by mail, five stamps per package. Address A. W. POTTER & CO., Grapelawn Nurseries, Knowlesville, Orleans Co., N. Y.

TRICKS OF HORSE DEALERS!!—BY THE LATE "FRANK FORRESTER."
Only 10 cents. Illustrated. Sent free by mail.
484-2t Address DINSMORE & CO., 9 Spruce St., N. York.

A YOUNG MAN of experience in teaching, desires a place to instruct in high or common English, Latin, or French studies. Is a professor of religion. Can refer to clergymen and teachers. Address R. C. HATCH,
484 Fayetteville, Onondaga Co., N. Y.

RARE SEEDS BY MAIL, Post-paid.—Abies Douglassii, 15 seeds for $1; 50 for $3; 100 for $5. 150 varieties Rare Australian Seeds for Green House, each 15 cts.—American and European tree and shrub seeds, 24 cts. per package. Honey, Cantaloupe and Cassabar, best melons, 24 cts per package. W. C. HAMPTON,
484-1t Mt. Victory, Hardin Co., Ohio.

LADIES' COMPANION.—S. F. PRATT'S PATENT SEWING MACHINES. Double and Single Thread. Sews from two ordinary spools, no rewinding of thread, and will not rip though every fourth stitch is cut. Warranted to do work as well as the high priced machines, and sold at the following low prices.—Single Thread, $25; Double Thread, $35. Send for a Circular. H. B. ROBINSON, Agent,
La Grange, Wyoming Co., N. Y. 484

ROE'S WESTERN RESERVE PREMIUM CHEESE VAT AND HEATER will save its cost in one year in labor alone. It is made to open daily, thereby adding to its cleanliness and durability more than one-half. It is better made and better finished, and superior in its arrangements, to any other Cheese Vat in the world. It is warranted to give full satisfaction or no sale. Send for a Vat and try it, or for a *Circular* and see what the Dairymen say of it. HENRY A. ROE
484-1t Madison, Lake Co. Ohio

STONE YARDS—FOR 1859.—RATHBUN & WHITMORE, have always on hand a good supply of Lockport and Medina Stone, Caps, Sills, Platforms, Steps, Posts, Well and Cistern Covers, Curbing, Paving, and Building Stone, Flagging—all sizes, Fire-proof Vaults, &c. They will *contract* for Street Improvements, generally, at home or *abroad*, and fill all orders on short notice, addressed to THOMAS RATHBUN, Buffalo, WM. W. WHITMORE, Lockport, or to the subscriber, Pittsburgh St. Bridge, Rochester.
484wo WM. CARSON, Agent.

SORGHUM SUGAR CANE.—Our Annual Illustrated Pamphlet, now in Press and to issue about the 15th of April, contains a plain and comprehensive treatise, explaining how to make SUGAR and SYRUP from SORGHUM CANE; together with reports of interesting experiments made throughout the country during the last two seasons. It also contains a Catalogue, with cuts and descriptions of our Improved Patent Sugar-Cane Mills, Pans, Clarifiers, Furnace Fixtures, Skimmers, Ladles, Thermometers, Pots, Saccharometers, Retorts, Molds, and all the appurtenances requisite in the Sugar making process.

On receipt of three Postage Stamps this will be mailed prepaid to any address HEDGES, FREE & CO.,
No. 6 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

SHORT-HORN HERD AT AUCTION.—Having sold my farm at Chestnut Ridge, Dutchess Co., N. Y., I will offer for sale at auction, my entire herd of Short-Horned Cattle, consisting of about thirty-five head of superior animals. Among them will be the unrivalled Bull, *Highflyer*, 578; also, stock sired by him, as well as the *Earl of Warwick*, 465. The sale will take place at Dover Plains, on the New York and Harlem Railroad, on the 10th day of May next, at 12 o'clock.

Catalogues of Pedigrees may be had at the offices of the *American Agriculturist*, New York, *Country Gentleman*, Albany, *Ohio Farmer*, Cleveland, *Boston Cultivator*, *Rural New-Yorker*, and of the subscriber.

Mineola, Queens Co., N. Y. SAMUEL T. TABER.

P. S.—No animals will be disposed of before the sale at auction. 484-4t

ENGLISH GALVANIZED CHAIN PUMP TUBING. Superior to *Zinc* or *Wood*, and much more *durable*. Manufactured by RICHARD KING, JR.,
483 Batavia, Genesee Co., N. Y.

THE FAMOUS HUBBARD SQUASH.—Specimens of this celebrated Squash, sound and perfect, may be seen at the Seed Store, 22 Buffalo st.; also Genuine Seed for sale at the Grower's price.

Having been extensively engaged in growing Seeds and Vegetables for thirty years, and during this period annually testing new varieties and retaining such as promise useful-ness, and having satisfactorily tested the Hubbard Squash on the table, I find it decidedly superior to any other variety of Winter Squash. I therefore procured from the original grower a quantity of packages which I will forward by mail at 25 cents per package, with full directions for cultivation.

Also, Improved Victoria Pie Plant, the earliest and best variety, perfectly hardy, producing abundance of large and tender stalks the second year from seed; 15 cents per package.

True Conn. Seed Leaf and Virginia Broad Leaf Tobacco; 50 cents per ounce.

All packages pre-paid, with directions for cultivation.

English Fluke Potatoes, (sound and genuine) very productive, good for cooking and free from rot; $4 per barrel, delivered on cars.

Always on sale, a full and complete assortment of Choice American and Garden and Field Seeds, grown on my own grounds and having my personal supervision, at wholesale and retail, at the lowest market prices.

484 2t C. P. CROSMAN,
Office and Seed Store 22 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

JOSEPH HALL'S
IMPROVED
Threshers, Separators and Horse-Powers,
Established in 1828.

THE Subscriber tenders his thanks to his patrons of the past THIRTY-ONE YEARS, and begs to inform them and all others in want of a THRESHING MACHINE, that he is again ready to supply them.

During the past year he has spent much time and money in a series of *practical experiments*, to improve his machines, and takes pleasure in informing the Agricultural public that he has made very IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS, particularly in the *cleaning and separating apparatus*. The alterations in the FANNING MILL now render *the separator* the most perfect thing of the kind that is manufactured.

He offers his customers a choice in the following Separators and Horse-Powers:

The Hall Double-geared six foot Power.
The Iron Planet Power.
The Woolbury Mounted Power.
The Hall Rochester Thresher and Separator.
The Woolbury Thresher and Separator.

All of the above Machines have been improved in *mechanical construction, strength, durability and finish*, and he does not hesitate to pronounce them the *most perfect Machines*, for both beauty of finish and for execution, manufactured in the United States.

Orders given to WM SANBORN, Traveling Agent, or addressed to A. HITCHCOCK, Agent at Detroit, Mich., or to the subscriber at Rochester, N. Y., will receive prompt attention.

CANADA BRANCH.—The Subscriber has leased the large establishment known as the OSHAWA MANUFACTURING CO., at OSHAWA, C. W., and is now prepared to furnish the *farmers of Canada* with Machines the same in every respect as those made by him at Rochester. Address orders for Canada to the subscriber, at Oshawa, C. W.

Rochester, April 9, 1859. JOSEPH HALL.

GLADDING'S HAY ELEVATOR,
Patented May 11, 1858.

THIS HORSE PITCH FORK possesses many important advantages over all other Forks, among which are the following:—The tines being allowed to drop to discharge its load, tilting of the handle, as in other Forks, is avoided; hence, hay can be unloaded with the utmost facility and ease into shed windows or beneath purlin beams, and other places where other Horse Forks cannot be used. It can in all cases be managed with greater ease than any other Horse Fork. It is equally adapted to stacking. With this Fork a ton of hay can be unloaded in from five to seven minutes. Price, full-rigged, $12.

TESTIMONIALS.

Hornby, N. Y., Aug. 31, 1858.

I hereby certify that I have witnessed the operation of C. E. Gladding's Patent Horse Pitchfork, and am free to say that I esteem it a great acquisition to the Agricultural department. Its simplicity, durability, perfect operation, and comparatively trifling expense, recommends it to the farmers of our country. A. B. DICKINSON.

Northumberland, Pa., Oct. 1, 1858

Having been acquainted with Horse Power Pitchforks for several years, and having witnessed the operation of Mr. Gladding's Patent Improvement of the same, I cheerfully recommend it to the farming community as decidedly the best that I am acquainted with. A. E. KAPP.

February 15, 1859.

I hereby testify that I have for some years been using the common Horse Power Pitchfork, and have seen C. E. Gladding's Patent Improvement, and do most cheerfully recommend it in every respect—a decided advantage.

SAMUEL LEVERICH,
B. S. CARPENTER.

☞ The above testimonials are selected from many others, the signers being generally known as distinguished agriculturists. All who have seen it operate agree in the above opinion of its merits. This Fork has taken the First Premium at every Fair to which it has been exhibited, including the State Fairs of Pennsylvania and New York for 1858.

STATE AND COUNTY RIGHTS FOR SALE.
Address C. E. GLADDING, Troy, Bradford Co., Pa.

PLASTER AND GUANO.—J. K. CHAPPELL, 69 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y., is Agent for Garbutt's Celebrated Land Plaster, and the American Guano Co's GUANO. Plaster only $3.25 per Ton. 483tf

MANNY'S COMBINED
REAPER AND MOWER,
WITH WOOD'S IMPROEMENT,
For the Harvest of 1859.

The subscriber begs to inform the public that he continues to manufacture this popular machine, and pledges himself to produce an implement that will fully sustain its former reputation, as the best combined machine yet introduced, and inferior to none, either as a Reaper or Mower.

It has had a steady and increasing popularity from the first, achieving a complete success in the first important trial at Geneva in 1852. It carried off the highest honors at the great National Field Trial at Syracuse in 1857; and amidst all the competition and trials of 1858, came out with more and better established points of excellence than ever before.

The general principles peculiar to this machine, and upon which it is constructed, have proved so successful that there has been no attempt to change them.

The main effort during the last year has been to improve its mechanical construction, to make it stronger and more durable, and sustain its reputation as the leading and most acceptable machine to the largest class of farmers in the country.

Warranted capable of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass or grain per day, in a workmanlike manner.

Price of Machine as heretofore, varies according to width of cut, and its adaptation in size and strength to different sections of the country, from $125 to $150, delivered here on the cars. WALTER A. WOOD,

Manufacturer and Proprietor, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

BENNETT GRAY, Brockport,
WM. HENRY HARMON, Scottsville,
483-tf. Agents for Monroe County, N. Y.

THE "OLD DOMINION" COFFEE POT is Manufactured under the Patent for the United States, by ARTHUR, BURNHAM & GILROY, Philadelphia, and is for sale by dealers in Housekeeping articles and Storekeepers generally. 482-13t

FAIRPORT CHEMICAL WORKS.
D. B. DeLAND,

Acknowledging the favor and patronage which have been bestowed upon him by the Trade and others, since the commencement of his enterprise, respectfully informs his patrons and the public generally, that with greatly increased facilities he continues to manufacture a superior article of *SALERATUS, PURE CREAM TARTAR, BI CARBONATE OF SODA, SAL SODA, &c.*

The above articles will be sold in all varieties of packages, at as low prices as they are afforded by any other manufacturer, and in every case warranted pure and of superior quality. Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled.

☞ Consumers of Saleratus, Cream Tartar, and Bi-Carbonate of Soda should be careful to purchase that having the name of D. B. DELAND on the wrapper, as they will thus obtain a pure article.

Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y. 482wctf

BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO'S NEW SCALE PIANO FORTES!

Perfect in Musical Qualities and Mechanism, and having our new Patent Improvements, the Insulated Iron Rims, Corrugated Sounding Board, &c., making them the best and most durable Pianos in the World.

All sizes from 6 to 7¼ octaves, and all prices from $125 to $800, according to size and finish, will be sold at very low prices for Cash, and perfect satisfaction guaranteed.

Illustrated Price Lists and Circulars furnished on application. Please call and examine them at our

MUSIC HALL!
468 and 470 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.
482wctf BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO.

KETCHUM'S COMBINED HARVESTER.

KETCHUM'S	Improved Combined Machine, "Iron Frame," with Reel and adjustable Roller. Cut 4 feet 10 inches,	$130 00
KETCHUM'S	Improved Two Horse Mower, "Iron Frame" with the adjustable Roller to Cutter Bar,	$110 00
KETCHUM'S	Improved One Horse Mower, "Iron Frame,"	$ 75 00
SANFORD'S	Portable Farm Mill for Grinding Feed for Stock, Plaster or Bones for Manure,	$ 30 00
SANFORD'S	Portable Plantation, or Hand Hominy Mill,	$ 20 00

Machines and Mills shipped without extra charge.

These Machines are simple in construction, have no equal for durability, and light draft; are entirely free from all side draft, and have no weight upon the horse's neck.

This Machine, as improved for 1859, was awarded the first premium by the Michigan State Agricultural Society, at its Annual Fair in Sept. last as a Reaper and as a Mower.

The New York State Agricultural Society at its late Fair awarded it the first premium as a Combined Grain and Grass Harvester.

Ohio, also, awarded it its best commendation.

All orders will receive prompt attention.

R. L. HOWARD,
Manufacturer and Proprietor, Buffalo, N. Y.

I have for sale pure Hungarian Grass Seed. Price, Three Dollars per bushel.

Emery's One and Two Horse Railroad Powers, for sale at manufacturer's prices, adding transportation from Albany.
482-4t R. L. HOWARD.

RARE AND BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.
B. K. BLISS,

SEEDSMAN AND FLORIST, SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Would invite the attention of all who love the cultivation of Flowers, to his large and splendid assortment of English, French and German Flower Seeds, received from the most trustworthy sources, embracing every desirable variety in cultivation.

The seventh edition of his Catalogue of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, arranged on an improved plan, and containing much valuable information, both to the amateur or novice, is now ready for delivery, and will be sent to all applicants upon receipt of postage stamp.

FLOWER SEEDS BY MAIL.

For the accommodation of those who reside at a distance—he has prepared the following assortments, with full directions for cultivation, containing only the most showy varieties, of easy culture, which will be sent post-paid to any address in the Union at the following prices:

ASSORTMENT	
No. 1 consists of twenty choice varieties of Annuals,	$1 00
No. 2—consists of twenty choice varieties of Biennials and Perennials,	1 00
No. 3—consists of ten extra fine varieties of Annuals and Perennials, embracing many of the new and choicest in cultivation,	1 00
No. 4—consists of five very choice varieties, selected from Prize Flowers of English Pansies, German Carnation and Picotee Pinks, Verbenas, Truffaut's French Asters and Double Hollyhocks,	1 00

Purchasers remitting $3 will receive the four assortments *postage free*.

The above collections have been favorably known in every section of the country for the past five years—and can be confidently recommended to all who wish for a fine display of Flowers at a moderate cost.

The following additional assortments (his selection) will also be sent, *free of postage*, at the prices annexed:

ASSORTMENT	
No. 5—contains fifteen very select varieties of Greenhouse Seeds,	$3 00
No. 6—contains one hundred varieties of Annuals, Biennials and Perennials, including many new and choice varieties,	5 00
No. 7—contains fifty varieties of Annuals, Biennials and Perennials,	2 50
No. 8—contains twenty varieties of hardy Annuals, Biennials and Perennials, for sowing in the autumn	1 00

All orders must be accompanied with cash. Remittances can be made in current Bank Bills or Postage Stamps.
480eow4t B. K. BLISS, Springfield, Mass.

CHOICE VEGETABLE SEEDS BY MAIL.
20 Varieties, $1—45 Varieties, $2.

Wishing to give those who reside at a distance an opportunity to test the quality of our *Vegetable Seeds*, which we are confident will compare favorably with any ever offered in this country, we have prepared small packets of all the leading varieties which will be sent by mail, post-paid, to any address in the Union at the above prices. To those who wish for *larger quantities* he would recommend the following collections, suitable for a large, medium or a small garden—which will be carefully packed for transportation, by EXPRESS to any part of the world:

No. 1—COMPLETE COLLECTION—Sufficient for a large garden for one year's supply, comprising 12 quarts of Peas of the very best sorts for succession—6 varieties each of Beans, Cabbage, Turnips, Corn—4 varieties each of Lettuce, Onions, Radish, Muskmelons, Watermelons, Cucumbers—3 varieties each of Tomatoes, Cauliflowers, Celery, Broccoli—with a full supply of Spinach, Beet, Carrot, Cress, Parsley, Parsnip, Salsify, Egg Plant, Peppers, Endive, Rhubarb, Sweet and Pot Herbs, and many other sorts of culinary and vegetable seeds, in liberal quantities, $10 00

No. 2—COMPLETE COLLECTION for a moderate sized garden, comprising 6 quarts of Peas, and most of the other varieties in proportion, 5 00

No. 3—COMPLETE COLLECTION for a small garden, 3 00

The quantities included in the above

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BE CONTENT.

The little flowers which rear their heads
Unnoticed in the wilds untrod,
Freely their silken beauties spread,
And breathe their fragrance forth to God.

The bird on mountains far remote,
Waits not for man to hear his song;
He pours the rapture of his note
The rural hills and rocks among.

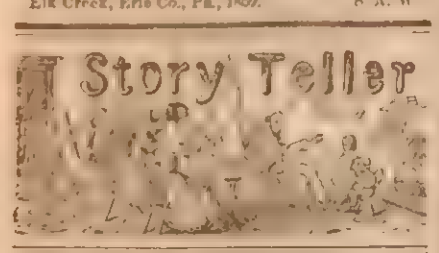
The rill glides on in forest wild,
Nor hides its wave, nor checks its flow,
Because no richly cultured field,
Nor towns gay tumult it may know.

The tree, compelled by artful care
To shade the city's dusty way,
Breathes thankful in the given air,
Nor yields untimely to decay.

O, man, from nature's page still learn,
Where'er in life is cast thy lot,
To check thy vain desires which burn,
And bless and beautify thy cot.

Elk Creek, Erie Co., Pa., 1859. S. A. W

Story Teller



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

INVALIDS:

A SKETCH WITH AN INSTRUCTIVE MORAL.

BY NETTIE.

"Mother;" said a sad and weary looking boy to a sad and weary looking woman, "mother, do you hear the boys in the streets laughing and shouting! Please let me go and play with them."

"No! Johnnie dear, I fear there may be some bad children among them, whom I should be very sorry to have my little boy become acquainted with."

"But, mother, I am tired of staying all by myself, it is so lonesome. May I go and ask Charlie Phillips to come and play with me?"

"You know, my child, that your father has forbidden your asking any little boy into our yard, because he cannot endure the noise you would make at play."

"Well, mother," said the little fellow, impatiently, "what *can* I do? I can't sit still and make marks on my slate or look at pictures all the time. I tried to play horse with Rover in the yard a little while ago, and the very first time I said 'whoa,' you came to the window to say that I disturbed father, and I must come into the house Then I thought I would play cars in the hall, and had only just commenced 'tooting' for my locomotive, when father sent word that I must be shut up in the closet if I did not keep still. So I went out into the yard again, and filled my little wagon with charcoal and hitched Rover on, and started around the house; but before I had called *c-h-a-r-c-o-a-l* a half a dozen times, you rapped on the window, and said father couldn't rest. I do hope father won't be sick always."

"We all hope so, Johnnie," said his mother.—"You have really had a good many disappointments to-day."

"I have just as many every day," said Johnnie.

"Never mind, my boy," replied his mother.—"Perhaps mother can think of some nice quiet amusement for you. How would a kite please you? We will try to make one. You may find some nice sticks, and I will make some paste, and help you put the paper on."

Johnnie's eyes were beginning to sparkle, and he was bounding away in search of the sticks, when *ding, ding, ding,* sounded from an upper room. The weary looking woman ascended the stairs, and was greeted by a peevish voice,—"Bring me a glass of water Martha; now bathe my head—there, that will do—don't make so much noise in walking."

"Can I do anything more for you, John?"

"Not now."

She hurried down stairs, and met Johnnie with a nice little bundle of sticks in his hand. They were just fairly engrossed in whittling, and cutting, and shaping, when Johnnie's face was clouded again by the ding, ding of the bell in the upper room. Wearily the mother ascended the stairs again.

"What are you *doing* down stairs, Martha?"—the peevish voice inquired.

"I am helping Johnnie make a kite."

"Let the kite go, and sit here and brush the flies."

Down the wearisome stairs she went to tell the sadly disappointed boy that he must wait until another time, and then wearily up again. Seating herself beside her husband, she could not repress the inquiry,—"Don't you think you could be comfortable down stairs now, John?"

"Dear me! no! I can hardly endure the noise as it is. I have told you, hundreds of times, that I should die in a week if I had to hear any more. You will be relieved of the trouble I make you very soon. No doubt it will be a relief all round. Here I have been shut up for six weary months, and how I have suffered!"

Then closing his eyes and groaning aloud, he did not see the tears which trickled down his wife's cheeks, nor hear the sigh which she involuntarily heaved It had been a weary six months to her Her husband's illness had rendered the strictest economy necessary in their domestic affairs, and at a time when the care of a nervous invalid was added to her household duties, her one servant girl had to be dismissed There was, besides, the great and painful task of keeping perfect silence in and about the house, where three young hearts, buoyant with life, were eager to have vent in laughter and play She felt she could endure all this, however, if she could only have sympathy and consideration But she could not help feeling her husband's selfishness in carelessly adding to her heavy burdens, and his unkindness in finding fault with her loving efforts to please him

The sad reveries of both husband and wife were interrupted by the bounding entrance of a boy and girl, exclaiming together in joyous tones,

"See, mother, what nice presents we got at school to-day. We are both in the first class, and Miss Lawrence says"—

They were interrupted by the peevish voice,—"Do send those children away, they distract me."

Instantly the young brows were clouded, and with a burden resting on their joyous spirits, George and Mary stole down stairs and joined little Johnnie, who was sitting moodily on the doorstep, watching a funeral procession go by.

"O!" said he, "don't you wish we could have a nice funeral for father."

"Hush, Johnnie," said Mary; but she and George were both secretly thinking it would not be, after all, such a terrible thing to ride in a long procession to Mount Hope, and then to return home to run and laugh, and talk and play, without the fear of being forever chided.

Six weary months the shadow of disease had hung over that household—had hung over it until the life was almost crushed out from the heart of the devoted wife, and the free joyous spirits of the young children almost broken. "O, is it not a dreadful thing to have an invalid in the family."

Do you think so? Allow me to introduce to you my grandmother. My mother remembers her as a brisk and rosy housewife, flitting here and there with a light and joyous step, the very impersonation of matronly grace, "looking well to the wants of her household, and refusing to eat the bread of idleness." *My* earliest recollections of her, however, are as sitting in her cushioned easy chair, or resting on her couch. Let me give you a picture of one day's scenes in grandma's sick-room—fac-similies of those enacted there every day.

Early in the morning aunt Mary entered the room. Grandma's morning devotions were already over, and she greeted aunty with a very cheerful smile.

"How do you do this morning, mother?"

"Very comfortable, thank you." Precisely the same answer she had given every morning for years.

"Shall the children come in now?"

"O! yes"—and joyfully two listening little ones bounded in and kissed grandma a happy "good morning." Then kneeling by her bedside, her wasted hands resting on each little head, they repeated "Our Father which art in Heaven."

After breakfast the doctor's visit was expected, (by the way, grandma employs a Homœopathic physician,) but as he did not arrive, little Charlie thought he would prescribe for her. So he entered her room with a very dignified mien and stood by the stove, warming and rubbing his little hands in professional style. At length he approached the bed, took grandma's hand, felt her pulse, and made some very grave inquiries. Then, taking an apple, he cut off a piece of the rind of the size of a sixpence, put it into a tumbler of water, and turning to his patient said, "Now, grandma, you must take half a teaspoonful of this once an hour, and if it don't *op-e-ate in free hours, double the dose.*"

All this performance did not disturb dear grandma in the least. She gave little Charlie a hearty kiss, and assured him that he was worth more than forty doctors; "for," said she, "you make me forget all my pain."

Grandma's pastor called that morning. He had often been taught by her fervent piety and glowing love, and cheered by her earnest faith; and as he bade her "good morning," the remembrance of her cheerful, patient smile went with him, and assisted him greatly in preparing his next Sabbath's sermon, upon the text, *All things work together for good to them that love* God.

Presently a little tap on the door was answered by "Come," and little Fannie entered, arrayed in her mother's bonnet and shawl. She had come "a bistin," and was inclined to be very sociable.

"How long have you been sick, grandma?"

"'Most twenty years, Fannie."

"How long since you have been to the barn?"

"'Most twenty years, dear."

"How long since you were at the gate?"

"'Most twenty years, darling."

So the little chatterbox went on, asking questions as only children can.

"I am afraid you weary grandma," said Fannie's mother, entering just then.

"O! no," said grandma, "I love to hear her sweet little voice."

In the afternoon, a grand-daughter from a distance, recently married, called with her husband to say good-bye. No praise could have been more grateful to the heart of the young wife, than grandma's softly whispered, "I like your husband."—With her parting words, not in cant phrases, but in sweet and gentle words and tones, she commended the young couple to Gon's unbounded love, and bade them help each other in their Christian pilgrimage, and incite each other to deeds of love and charity. She sent a sympathizing and consoling message to a sick and afflicted friend, who could not fail to be comforted by such words from such a source

Towards night grandma became very, very weary. She thought she would call aunt Mary to sit by her and bathe her aching head; but when she heard her hurried step and knew that she was busied with her household cares, she said to herself, "I will wait until her work is done" At length aunt Mary entered She tried to look cheerful, but grandma detected the care worn look as she said, "Can I do anything for you, mother?"

Grandma had been anxiously waiting for more than an hour Her poor head ached sadly indeed It aunt Mary would sit by her for an hour she would fall asleep; but she looked into the care-worn face and said—

"Yes, you can do something for me; send the baby to me, and then put on your things and go out for a walk." Aunt Mary tried to object, but grandma insisted, and so aunt went When she returned, baby and grandma were both asleep, with baby's soft hands resting on grandma's wrinkled brow.

O! our dear, dear grandma has been a blessing to us all From her sick room has gone forth an influence, the power of which shall not be known, until we all [illegible] Dear grandma! that was apparently a useless Providence which, twenty long years ago shut you up for life in a sick room, but Oh how pure has the spirit come out of that trial, and what a fragrance of sweet, Christian resignation and patience have diffused all around you, making the sick room the happiest in all the house!

Kind reader, is it so bad, after all, to have an invalid in the house?

Wit and Humor.

EVERY-DAY ABSURDITIES.

To attempt to borrow money on the plea of extreme poverty.

To ask the publisher of a new periodical how many numbers he sells a week.

To ask a wine merchant how old his wine is.

To make yourselves generally disagreeable, and wonder why no one will visit you, unless they gain some palpable advantage by it.

To judge of people's piety by their attendance at church.

To keep your clerks on miserable salaries and wonder at their robbing you.

Not to go to bed when you are tired and sleepy, because it is not bed-time.

To make your servants tell lies for you, and afterwards be angry because they tell lies for themselves.

To tell your own secrets and believe other people will keep them.

To expect to make people honest by hardening them in jail, and afterwards sending them adrift without the means of getting work.

To fancy a thing is cheap, because a low price is asked for it.

To keep a dog or cat on short allowance, and complain of its being a thief.

To expect your trades-people will give you a long credit, if they generally see you in a shabby condition.

To arrive at the age of fifty, and be surprised at any vice, folly or absurdity, your fellow-creatures may be guilty of.

The Results of Hippophagy.—A Berlin gentleman has eaten so much horse-flesh lately, that his nature is becoming rapidly altered. He went to a farrier's, the other day, to be measured for a new pair of shoes. He has grown so wild and restive that his wife finds the greatest difficulty in reining him in. It is supposed that the horse of which the poor man partook so largely must have had a great deal of the *Cruiser* in its composition. At the advice of her friends, the distracted wife has decided upon sending her husband to Mr. Rarey, with a view of seeing whether he cannot be tamed.

Autographs may be classified and characterized thus:—Those of merchants are *cents*-ible those of authors, *dolor*-ous; those of doctors, *bill*-ious; those of lawyers, *fee*-ble; those of painters, *art*-ful; those of clergymen, *study*-ed, and those of editors, *sanctum*-onious.

On a very pretty girl's saying to Leigh Hunt, "I am very *sad you see*," he replied, "O, no; you belong to the other Jewish sect; you are very *fair I see!*"

The more seldom a barrister gets a chance to plead, the longer he talks when he does get one.—He is the *less brief* the more he is *briefless*.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 482.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Agriculture is the most healthy, useful and noble occupation.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus given in the Rural of March 26th:

Douglas Kansas Nebraska Bill in the House can upset American Independence.

The first three correct answers were from Thos. Cushing and S. Thompson, of Wyoming, and Harvey T. Foot, of Marion.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 7, 8, 13, 4 is something we do daily.
My 1, 10, 11, 5 is much sought after.
My 15, 9, 6, 8 is one of the points of the compass.
My 3, 14, 12, 7 are toys for children.
My whole is an important invention.
Hornby N. Y., 1859 L. M. G.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

Three men were carrying a stick of timber thirty feet long of equal size—two at the lever and one at the end Where must the lever be placed so that each one may carry his third of the stick?

Alden Centre, N. Y., 1859 C. L. C.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GRAMMATICAL RIDDLE.

An Irregular Verb in the Past Tense.

Past participles with past tense, you know,
In regular English verbs agree—
But you add a letter to each end,
That participle to make, of me.

Attica, N. Y., 1859. "L. S."

☞ Answer in two weeks.

Advertisements.

SETS OF THE PRINCE ALBERT POTATO sent to any address, by mail, on receipt of 4 red stamps.
483 M. S. PARKER, Lyndonville, Orleans Co., N. Y.

PRINCE ALBERT POTATOES FOR SALE. Price, $1.50 per bushel. *Warranted genuine.*
483-3t P. P. BRADISH, Batavia, Gen. Co., N. Y.

BURDETT'S NEW SEEDLING STRAWBERRY.—Fruit sold for 35 cts. per qt. in Buffalo, last season. Reference—Geo. Gage, Buffalo. Plants $5 per dozen. JOHN BURDETT, La Salle, Niagara Co., N. Y.

MONEY FOR ALL!—Agents Wanted in every Village and Town throughout the United States. No capital required and a easy business guaranteed to any one, under certain conditions. Write Mrs. Lovell to the country who have a milk line to themselves can make money. What every farmer and country merchant needs." Address by mail, (inclosing stamp.) E. L. LEE, Buffalo, N. Y.

REBECCA GRAPE VINES.—A large stock of strong one year well rooted vines, for sale at old prices.—Also, Concord Grape Vines, Brinckles Orange Raspberry, Myatt's Linoeus Rhubarb, in any quantity, very low. Catalogues furnished on application. Address
H. C. FREEMAN, (late Freeman & Kendall,)
Ravenswood Fruit Garden, Ravenswood, L. I., near N. York.

LINNÆUS RHUBARB:
PRINCKLE'S ORANGE RASPBERRY.
A large stock of the above superior articles for sale at reduced rates. Market Gardeners and Fruit Growers furnished with large quantities at very low prices. Also Rebecca Grape Vines, &c., &c. Circulars furnished on application.
Address H. C. FREEMAN,
(late Freeman & Kendall,) Ravenswood Fruit Garden,
483-3t Ravenswood, L. I., near New York.

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VOL. X. NO. 17.] ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1859. [WHOLE NO. 485.

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

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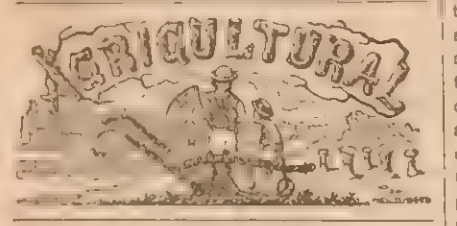


OATS, THEIR USE, PRICE, AND CULTURE.

Of all the cereals, the oat is, perhaps, the most generally cultivated, and the least liable to disease or injury from insects. It is successfully grown throughout a wide range of latitude, enduring almost Siberean cold and tropical heat,—and on the poorest sandy soil, the stiffest clay, or the more genial loam. Though used in this country principally for food for the horse and other working animals, in some parts of the world, as in Scotland and in Ireland, it is one of chief articles of human food. Scotland is called the "land o' cakes," from the fact that cakes of oaten meal forms the principal support of her laboring population, while the *stirabout*, which is a thick *mush*, made of this meal, is an every-day dish, both in Scotland and Ireland. In various parts of Canada, oat-meal is largely manufactured, and is freely used by settlers from Europe, and a portion of this Canadian meal finds a market in the United States, and can be purchased in most of our cities. By many, and generally by Europeans, it is preferred to the meal from Indian Corn. The principal demand for oats, however, in this country, is to supply our cities with a nourishing food for horses, that will enable them to endure the external hard work with which many of the poor animals are taxed.

The price of Oats ranged in Rochester during the last year from 38 to 45 cents, and most of the time would sell readily at about 43. In New York city the range is about five cents per bushel higher, and in Chicago a few cents lower. The average yield in this section of country, on fair soil and tolerable culture, is something over thirty bushels to the acre, though double this quantity is sometimes grown. In looking over more than a dozen experiments made in England, we find that the smallest yield reported was 48 bushels, and the largest 92. From these facts our readers may be able to judge somewhat of the prospects of profitably growing oats. In making a calculation of this kind, however, it should be remembered that the straw of the oat is much more valuable than that of most cereals, either for sale in cities, or feeding, and also that it is at least one of the best with which to seed down to clover.

There are very many varieties of oats, differing in weight and productiveness. Thirty-two pounds to the bushel is about the ordinary weight, but the finer varieties often weigh as high as 40, and we have seen oats weigh nearly 60 pounds. From the last Transactions of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, we learn that the sample which took the first premium in 1857, weighed 43 pounds, the second 42, and the third 41. The varieties are not given. Morton numbers forty-five varieties cultivated in England. "The different kinds of oats are distinguished from each other by a variety of characteristics, such as color, size, and form of seeds, quality of the straw, the period of ripening, liability to shed their seeds in high winds, and adaptation to particular soils and climates.—There are three principal groups of oats, easily distinguishable by color; white, black, and gray, or dun. White oats are separable into two principal varieties, the late and early, and these again into several sub-varieties, characterized by certain peculiarities of growth.

Early oats are best adapted for the better class of soils, as the greater yield per acre more than compensates for the inferiority of the straw.—Their earliness renders them very suitable for late districts; but the liability of some to shed their seeds in high winds, renders their cultivation in high-lying and exposed situations extremely hazardous.

Late, or common oats, as they are more generally termed in Scotland, are distinguished from the early variety by late ripening, thicker husk, and less meal; the latter being of better quality, lighter per bushel, not usually so prolific; the former, however, have a more vigorous constitution, and are better able to resist the effects of atmospheric changes, such as rains or drougths, and when ripe they are less liable to shed their seed in high winds; the straw is greatly superior as fodder; and lastly, they can be cultivated with greater success than the earlier varieties on inferior soils, and those of a strong clayey nature.

Black oats are of two kinds, the one the Tartarian, having the ear only on one side of the straw, and the other the old or common black, with black seeds, but having a spreading ear, similar to the white varieties. Dun oats are to all appearance hybrids between the last mentioned variety and one or other of the white sorts, most probably the late or common white oat, as they have more of the characteristics of the last mentioned; such as hardiness, lateness, adaptation to clayey and cold-bottomed soils, and by the superior quality of the meal and straw." In another number we will give descriptions, and perhaps engravings, of some of the best varieties.

Oats are sown any time during May, and even as late as June, but it is usually found that the earliest sown yield the best. A change of seed is of great benefit, as oats will deteriorate if sown for a series of years on the same soil. Morton says "the best and soundest oats for seed are produced by land of a firm clayey nature, situated in an early climate; and in changing seed from one locality to another that from which the seed is obtained should be earlier than the one where it is to be sown. Experiments show a loss of four bushels to the acre, solely from taking seed-oats from a later to an earlier soil. The heaviest oats are not always the best for seed, because great weight per bushel is generally indicative of a thin husk; and hence the germ being unprotected is very apt to receive injury from any excess or deficiency of moisture in the soil at the period of germination." Many of the best Scotch farmers invariably sow seed two years old, and contend that thereby the plants are more healthy and vigorous, and the yield much greater than if the seed of the last year was used. It is also a custom to mix two varieties in sowing, both ripening about the same time—one that is apt to grow weak-strawed and thin upon the ground, but productive, with another that is strong-strawed, grows thickly on the ground, but less prolific.—This course is said to yield a better crop than though either was sown separately. Farmers differ very materially as to the amount of seed necessary, some say two bushels, others nearly or quite double this amount, while the Scotch farmer will sow 5½ bushels of some varieties. Such excessive seeding, however, is condemned by the more intelligent.

THE RURAL SKIES BRIGHTENING!

UNDER the heading of "Farming Prospects," the N. Y. *Tribune* has a brief but suggestive and comprehensive article. Though some of its advice is, perhaps, too late—such as the admonition about preparing "to double in '59 the Grain crop of '58," inasmuch as winter grain cannot now be increased, while farmers have very generally made their arrangements for Spring crops, &c.,—the facts and logic presented are worthy of special consideration, and such action as may be consistent on the part of cultivators. After stating that Winter Grain generally looks well throughout the country—much better than could be expected, considering the open winter—and confidently hoping for heavy crops of both Wheat and Rye, the *Tribune* says:

"But it must be considered that the general yield of Grain last year was a very light one throughout the Free States. Wheat did well in the South, as did Indian Corn in the North; but the Great West—the granary of America, and to some extent of Europe also—had a lighter yield per cultivated acre than ever before. We estimate the Wheat crop of the entire Union at less than ten bushels per acre, and that of the Free States at less that eight bushels. Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota had the best of it; but even they did not average a middling crop of Oats. Hardly a third of a crop was realized throughout the country—in the West, hardly more than was sown. Indian Corn did better—in the North, very well; in the South, middling well; in the West, there was rather more than half a crop, but not much more. Iowa had probably less; Illinois and Indiana, not much more: Ohio, at best, a light yield. The aggregate deficiency in the Grain-harvest of 1858 must be estimated by hundreds of millions of bushels.

"We say, therefore, to the few who have made the inquiry, and to whoever may think our opinion worth hearing, There is a positive and signal deficiency of Grain in the country at this moment, and you can hardly sow and plant too much. We do not mean that any man should plant or sow twenty acres when he has only help, team and fertilizers to cultivate ten thoroughly; but we do say, Put in the crops; put them in well, and as large an area as you can fully take care of. There is a great European War looming on the horizon—it may or may not break out this year, but all the craft of Diplomacy, all the pleadings of Christianity, cannot prevent it. That war will create an immense demand for our Provisions; but even were it to be ultimately averted, the immense preparations of the prospective billigerents, their musterings, marchings, and concentrations of troops; their diversion of Skill and Labor from productive industry to fortification, cannon-casting, the rifling of muskets, the manufacture of powder, &c., must create an extra demand for food. And not only is there much less Grain now in the country than usually at this season, but we hear complaints from various quarters of the scarcity of Fodder also—caused, in part, doubtless, by the deficient Grain harvest last year. Let the husbandman prepare, therefore, to double in '59 his Grain crop of '58, in the confident assurance that the fruits of his labor will command a liberal recompense."

FACTS ARE FALSE, AND FIGURES LIE.

THE rankest falsehoods and the wildest absurdities come to us backed by the most formidable array of "*facts and figures.*" Statistical people are the greatest blunderers. Beware of the man who approaches you with a demonstration. Mathematics is the parent of moonshine. It comes in this wise: Truths are related—they are members of a family—stones in an edifice—parts of a whole; they should be considered in their relations, connections, and dependencies if you would use them for purposes of argument, illustration, or influence. A fact is a phase of being. It is what you find in a particular place at a particular time. If you will let it alone, it is a fact—a truth—but you harness it to some creed or theory, you consider it in its relations to other facts, and you are liable *to misjudge those relations* as a necessary consequence of human ignorance and imperfection.

This statement has a wide application.

In politics, if the Currency is the topic, there is nothing but *Currency*—the world's axis turns upon "hard money" or soft. History reveals that a nation prospered in the use of paper money—"don't you see," says the bank man "the great fact that paper money is the source of national prosperity." The other side hunts up a nation that has prospered on hard money—that settles the question the other way. It don't occur to the contestants that the country may have prospered in spite of their favorite panacea, just as the man got well notwithstanding the doctor. Many a balsam has the credit of curing, simply because it didn't kill.

Among the myriad influences that modify results, how difficult to assign to each the share which belongs to it. I have a profound regard for my mother—I think she was right in saying that, "garden sauce saves bread, and ought to be attended to." But when my father justified his neglect of the garden, by saying that "cucumbers and cabbage are unhealthy," she ought not to have shut him up by replying—"the Dutch eat such things, are not the Dutch healthy?" The Dutch woman with her ruddy cheeks, and a bushel of potatoes on her head, owes more to her freedom from fashionable hours and fashionable food—to air and exercise, and uncompressed lungs—than to sour krout and boiled cabbage.

Happily, a spirit of investigation is abroad—it pervades even the domain of agriculture—*may it be thorough and exact.* One of my neighbors is particular to sow his onions in the *old of the moon in April.* He bears down on all opposition to the "old of the moon," by showing his onions, which are uniformly excellent. Perhaps I may be permitted to add, his ground is excellent, (a sandy loam, which has the wash of the barn-yard, and his cultivation is unsurpassed.

I was looking at a friend's sheep; they were good blood, well formed, and very fat. I praised them—he was pleased, and said he would tell me "*the secret*;" he lowered his voice almost to a whisper, (no body was within a half a mile of us,) "I feed a little sulphur in their salt," he said.—Now, I guess sulphur is good—I mean *bad*—for the ticks, and for cutaneous diseases, (nobody ought to take medicine in health;) but I could not help observing, that the *pasture was remarkably fine*, and as the sheep were of good age, and had good constitutions, well adapted to laying on fat, I thought I saw other reasons than sulphur bearing on the case.

A farmer tries plaster, ashes, guano, or some other well known fertilizer, and pronounces it a humbug, another tries it with very gratifying results. What makes the difference? Perhaps one tries it a wet season, and the other in a dry one—one on clay, and the other on sand—one early and the other late—one on corn, and the other on wheat—one with the right quantity, and the other with the wrong. Gentlemen, you should notice all the qualifying circumstances, and in every experiment strive to ascertain the real causes of the results obtained.

One man is in love with a particular breed of cattle, sheep, or hogs; another condemns it entirely. Their opinons are not to be accepted without their reasons. One markets early, and of course requires what will mature early. One feeds *high*, and will be suited with *high bred* animals; another deems it essential that an animal should *bear grief* well. So of variety of grains, fruits, and vegetables;—each has its place, and there are circumstances in which it will do better than any other, and perhaps uses, which it will subserve better than any other.

Moral.—Be careful that your facts are not inferences, and wrong ones at that. Be careful that you trace results to their true sources, effects to their real causes. Be observing and inquiring always.—H. T. B.

BEE CULTURISTS are referred to an article entitled "The Apiarians in Convention," given on page 127—fifth page of this number.

KIRBY'S AMERICAN HARVESTER, AS A MOWER.

WE take pleasure in giving an illustration and description of this valuable machine, which is gaining wide celebrity. It was extensively used in various parts of the country last season, and so far as we are aware, gave very general satisfaction. The manufacturers affirm that the marked success of this machine at the celebrated Syracuse Trial, in 1857, was followed by greater successes at various trials last season. At the Indiana State Trial, last year, the 1st premium for Combined Machine was awarded to KIRBY'S American Harvester, the Judges remarking, in their report, that it was beyond all question the lightest draft machine on exhibition, the actual draft for mowing being only 170 lbs. We believe it also received the 1st premium as a Combined Machine at the Indiana State Fair, and as a Reaper at the last New York State Fair—and the same rank at many County Fairs and Trials. The above cut represents the American Harvester *as a Mower*, but we shall hereafter illustrate the machine as a Reaper.

The following description of the machine, by the manufacturers, will give our readers an idea of its construction and operation:

"It is made entirely of iron, except seat and pole, and is consequently very durable. The castings are made of Salisbury iron, the finger-bars of refined wrought scrap, and the bolts of the best Norway iron with forged nuts. The finger-bar, frame and driving-wheel are so jointed as to act entirely independently, each following the inequalities of the ground, and enabling the machine to do good work on very rough ground. It also permits the cutters to be set at any desired height, both in mowing and reaping,—thus adapting it to all kinds of ground and every variety of work. By means of a lever the driver can at pleasure elevate either end or both ends of the finger-board to pass over obstructions, carry his swath, or move from field to field. By another lever he can throw the cutters out and in gear while the machine is in motion.—The driver's seat is so pivoted over the driving-wheel as to take all pressure off the horses' necks and throw the weight upon the wheel. The driver's position is both easy and convenient, being back of the cutter-bar where he can keep the working of the machine constantly under his eye, and control its action by means of the levers within his reach,—while the gentle motion of his seat relieves him of the weariness of constantly sitting in one position. The driving head acts as a balance-wheel, does away with the necessity of constantly renewing boxes, and enables the operator to change the length of stroke—giving faster or slower motion as is desirable for different kinds of work. All parts of the machine are simple and durable, and it works perfectly, both in mowing and reaping.—Manufactured by the Buffalo Agricultural Machine Works, Buffalo, N. Y., and D. M. OSBOURN & Co., Auburn, N. Y."

WHEAT GROWING,—THE MIDGE, &c.

EDS. RURAL:—We are glad to see the wheat question occasionally agitated in the RURAL, as it not only involves a deep interest to the farmers of the Middle, but of the Western States, especially in the wheat growing sections. The earliest and hardiest varieties should be procured, and after we are satisfied by experience that we have those kinds, the question arises how we shall get rid of that pest, the midge. It has been suggested (we think in the RURAL) whether slaked lime would not have a beneficial effect, if sown broadcast on the fields when wheat is in the right state for the midge. This we think might prove beneficial, but the idea is new to us. Will some one who is experienced, respond through the RURAL?—stating whether it will injure the crop if sown on when the grain is damp or wet, and the quantity of lime per acre? We have a beautiful field of wheat that we would like to try the experiment upon, if it will not injure the crop, and then report the result. Although we have escaped the midge, even the last season, whilst others near us met with entire failure, we don't say we farm any better than our neighbors, but we think there is something in farming, as well as in the kind of seed we sow.

We have a variety of Winter wheat which we consider better than any kind we have formerly grown. We obtained it of a farmer in Schuyler county, this State, who called it the "Favorite." In 1857 we sowed it the 7th of September, and harvested the 10th of July last; but as a general rule we think it will mature about the 15th of July in this section. We would recommend sowing between the 25th of August and the 8th of Septem-

[illegible], and not later, especially [illegible]. The reason we would not sow earlier than the 25th of August, is because the wheat gets too large in the fall, and a deep fall of snow is very apt to injure the crop by smothering. There is another kind of wheat sown by some about here, known as the Mediterranean. It is rather dark colored, and we think it does not fill as well as the Favorite. As a general rule it does not mature quite as early, say six or eight days later. We would recommend these two varieties in preference to all others in this section.

We have a preference in breaking up summer fallow. If possible we would break fallow the fall previous to the season we want to sow. We do not approve of putting on a spring crop, as formerly, or before the midge commenced its ravages. If we should sow a spring crop it would be peas in preference to any other. Some might say, why not plant corn in the spring on the fallow intended for wheat? Our answer is, it is difficult to get a spring crop off for the fall seeding.

For spring wheat we would recommend corn stubble, especially on gravel or clay loam soil. We would not sow spring wheat earlier than the 10th of May, and not later than the 15th of the same month. What say you, farmers? Let us have your experience, and thus benefit each other.

J. KIRKENDALL.

Steuben County, N. Y., 1859.

ABOUT SHEEP, AND THEIR CARE.

MR. MOORE:—I doff my hat to Messrs. TABOR and GRAVES, and own up beat. I am really pleased to know there are other farmers than myself who have a few good sheep. I clearly perceive that my sheep are nothing more than common, when compared with those of the above-mentioned gentlemen. There is some truth in the saying, "the man that tells the first story has no chance," not reflecting any doubts as to the truth of the above statements—for probably their reports will soon be eclipsed by other accounts far exceeding either yet made. Mr. TABOR really must have a fine flock of ewes, and yet he feeds no grain or roots. This is something that certainly needs explanation. What kind of sheep are they? How are they fed?—perhaps, like the Dutchman's horses, "they be fed mitch oat straw and that poorly threshed."

Now, gentlemen, you might as well try to convince me that hogs would fatten on raw potatoes and dish-water, as that sheep will pay well without good care and feed in our changeable climate.—Perhaps in some more Southern latitudes they will not really require the shelter and extra feed that they need here. I have been convinced for some time that my flock of sheep could be improved, and that it is a duty we owe to ourselves and the farming community generally, to make all the improvement that is within our reach. It costs no more, if as much, to keep a flock of sheep in good condition as it does poor and half-starved. When thriving, sheep are very seldom diseased, but when poor, they are seldom healthy. There is much cost to a farmer every year in his feelings, if his flocks and herds are lean and dying for want of proper care. Nothing can be more harrowing to a farmer's feelings than to find his stock and sheep decreasing in value for want of a little corn or oats. Every sensible wool-grower will find it for his interest to have his flock fat for the butcher or eastern market at all times, for it is a fact clearly established, that there is a certain season in each year when fat sheep bring an enormous price in New York and other eastern markets, and the cost and trouble of getting them there is but a trifle on our railroads.

I hope the subject will not drop here, but that we may hear from more extensive wool-growers as to larger flocks paying,—the most profitable kinds of sheep to be raised, taking both wool and mutton into account. H. N. WHITTEMORE.

Fluvanna, N. Y., March, 1859.

OLD HAY vs. NEW, AND OTHER THINGS.

ED. RURAL:—J. W. K. inquires about the whys and wherefores of the difference between old hay and new, or rather why old hay, or that which has been summered over, is better than that foddered the winter immediately after cutting. A shrewd farmer of my acquaintance (now deceased) preferred old hay, because, as he averred, it was better than the interest of the money at the price the hay would bring if sold, and would not sell any surplus hay.

There are other articles considered better, or that will spend further for long keeping. The prudent housewife will not cut new bread for the table, because of the economy of the thing, older bread going further. My good wife says that old wheat is better than new—that is, there is more economy in using the flour of old than new wheat, although the new is more palatable to the taste. Old candles are said to burn longer than those fresh dipt or moulded. In the days when blacksmiths used charcoal in the forge, I have heard them say that old charcoal was a better investment than money at interest; how it is with stone coal I have not learned. As a cabinet maker I can testify positively that old copal varnish, or that which had been been kept sometime, was better than the fresh made, for I made my own varnish years ago. Old cheese is well known to spend further than fresh made, for the less quantity suffices the appetite. "Strong as old cheese" is an old saw.

Other things might be mentioned, but these are enough to establish the fact that many do believe, and practice on that belief on the score of good economy, and I think there is some ground for such notions. The reason why is rather more difficult to answer, and, like a good Yankee, I will give a guess for not being a practical chemist, I cannot demonstrate it by chemical analysis. I would suggest that it is oxygen that is acquired from the atmosphere by time or age. In the process of curing or manufacturing substances for consumption or use, other gases are evolved, these in time are slowly given off, and oxygen as slowly and surely acquired instead. Chemists and geologists aver that three fourths of this globe and its atmosphere is oxygen, if so, my hypothesis is a plausible one at least. If any one can furnish a better, I for one shall be willing to hear it.

Western New York, 1859. R. V. U.

DAINES' DRAIN-TILE FACTORY.

MR. MOORE:—I have just returned from a visit to the Drain-Tile Manufactory of Mr. JOHN DAINES, of Birmingham, Mich., a short description of which, I think would be interesting to your numerous Michigan subscribers and perhaps others.

At considerable expense and labor Mr. DAINES has been experimenting for several years, to produce a machine for making tile that should be simple in construction, durable and easily worked. He has been eminently successful in the production of one, perfect in all its parts, and for some months had one in operation, from which, by the labor of one man and two boys, he can make from one hundred to two hundred and fifty rods of tile per day, according to size, in a most perfect manner. The machine is made of cast iron, occupying a space of about eight feet by four, placed on wheels like car wheels, including a tender for holding clay. He has a drying house one hundred feet long and fifteen feet wide, with a good roof, and open on both sides and ends to admit a free circulation of air.—Through the center of this house there is laid a railroad track made of scantling. From the end of the drying house a track is extended into the kiln through the door-way, and another track to the Pug Mill where the clay is ground by the labor of one horse. The machine is placed upon the track at one end of the house, and is supplied by the tender with clay, being propelled by the labor of one man, with one boy to supply clay from the tender, and another to remove the tile from the machine to the shelves on both sides of the house.—The machine is moved forward on the track as fast as one tier of shelves are filled. The tile, as soon as they dry, are placed upon a car and run *into* the kiln and packed for burning; the kiln holds tile enough for seven hundred rods of assorted sizes. There are dies for making three, four, and six inch horse-shoe tile, and dies for pipe tile which may be used in the machine and changed at pleasure.

The machine is simple in all its parts and perfect in all its operations and the tile manufactured of the first quality. Mr. DAINES is having manufactured under his supervision, machines which he furnishes to any part of the United States. The Pug Mill for grinding clay can be made by any good mechanic. Farmers have thus placed within their reach a portable tile machine which can be removed from one town to another where suitable clay is found and accommodate any number that may combine for the purpose—and furnishing themselves and others with tile at less cost, including the machine, than they could by transporting tile any considerable distance, and those having suitable clay will find their interest promoted by so doing.

Mr. DAINES deserves much praise for the perseverance manifested in bringing his machine to great perfection, and engaging in their manufacture, as well as tile to supply all demands, and I confidently hope he will be amply remunerated for his labor, and his exertions duly appreciated by the farmers and others who need either tile or machines. S. B. NOBLE.

Pontiac, Mich., 1859.

ABOUT ROTATION OF CROPS.

SAYS H. T. B., in a late RURAL, "Plow less and seed down more." Now let me say, plow more and seed down more, also. That is, change from grass to grain, and vice versa, more frequently. That this would be more profitable than the usual way of seeding down a part of the land, and having the remainder continually under tillage, let me try and illustrate.

Most farmers must have observed that, as a general rule, the *first* crop of grass or grain is always the best, each succeeding one growing poorer; and as we cannot always remedy this by applying manure, I think it would be a safe rule for us never to have two grain or grass crops in succession—except where corn is planted, in which case use manure. Thus the land would be kept in much better condition, and freer from weeds. Of course, in this case clover would be the main variety of grass, the seed of which would be the greatest object, though the small kind will produce a pretty good crop for hay also. I find it will yield two and a half bushels to the acre, where it would be likely to give fifteen of wheat or forty of oats. Its failure of seeding well is mainly owing to the first crop not being cut early enough;—should always be off the land by the first of July, to insure the ripening of the seed.

When clover seed is sown, to insure its *catching* sow plaster also; it will be of the same benefit to the crop the next season. This is not believed by many, but is nevertheless a *fact*. I would further add, in behalf of the clover crop, that the saving of plowing, and its uses as a manure for the succeeding grain, will compensate a great ways for its occasional failures.

Now, brother farmers, please consider the subject; and if you are satisfied it will *pay*, why not *act*? I, for one, practice what I preach in this respect; have raised this last season more clover than grain—more money's worth to the acre, and grain not badly weevil-eaten either.

FALLOWING.—There are two ways whereby we can save a year's use of the land, and accomplish the same object. They have only been partially tried here, and I would solicit further information. First, to kill Canada Thistles—Plow the land twice the same season, after a crop of barley. Secondly, with a crop of corn, cultivate and plow through the whole season.

Where can a good ditching plow be had?

Lodi, Seneca Co., N. Y. H. VOORHIS.

HOW THE BEAN CLIMBS THE POLE.—Prof BREWER, of Washington College, Pa., gives, in the *Journal of Science and Arts*, the result of some experiments with climbing vines—the Hop, the Lima Bean, and the Morning Glory. He finds they will climb around a transparent glass pipe just as well as anything else, and that they are most ardent in their embraces when the pole is warmer than the surrounding air. During the day the vine is attracted toward the light, but at night, and especially on cool nights, it turns to the pole. He learned, also, that the color of the pole makes no difference; that the curious instinct of the vine has no prejudice against any shade. The element of constancy is very largely developed, the vine, after it has reached its pole, showing a much stronger tendency to wind around it than it did before to reach it.

OPERATION OF THE HYDRAULIC RAM ILLUSTRATED.

THE recent discussion on the value, uses and operation of the Hydraulic Ram,—elicited by previous inquiries in the RURAL,—has attracted considerable attention among our readers, indicating that the subject is regarded as one of no little importance. Within the past few weeks we have received several practical articles on the subject, but as our space is limited, and the matter was pretty fully discussed in the RURAL of April 2d, (and previous issues,) we defer their publication, for the present at least, and may omit them altogether. Meantime, we give the accompanying cut furnished us by COWING & Co., of Seneca Falls, N. Y., who manufacture an Improved Hydraulic Ram. It is intended to illustrate the use of the Hydraulic Ram—representing one operated by the water from a spring near which it is located, and forcing the water through suitable leading or discharge pipe, to a considerable elevation, (either perpendicularly, or upon an inclined plane,) to a trough, which may be placed in any convenient locality for watering farm stock of every description, affording a constant supply of pure fresh water the year round.

As there is considerable inquiry for Rams, we would add that COWING & Co., manufacture six different sizes, adapted to springs or brooks furnishing from 3 quarts to 80 gallons of water per minute. Their card will be found in our advertising department.

Condensed Correspondence.

Government Farming.

I AM sorry that the RURAL and some of its correspondents have so poor an opinion of the aid furnished them by the General Government.—Especially am I grieved that they so undervalue the precious volumes that annually emanate from the Patent Office. I have been so fortunate as to receive their latest Agricultural Report—for 1857—and I am only a plain farmer, though I did help to elect a Member of Congress. It has lain idle for some time, but since you and your Michigan friend have "had your say," I thought I would examine it a little. It is filled with exceedingly *weighty* matter. *Tea culture* is honored with 25 pages,—*Sorghum canes* with 45, and *Meteorology* with 133. Who can complain of that? It commences with a resolution of the House of Representatives, that there be printed for the use of that body, 200,000 *extra* copies, and for the Patent Office, 10,000—and closes with a dissertation on the influence of the *moon*, accompanied by a table showing the moon's changes from 1776 to 1889 inclusive. Isn't all this of permanent national importance? Besides, printers must live—you know that, Mr. Editor—and if they can't get a living any other way, how convenient to have it furnished by Uncle Sam! We are informed that certain ones of olden time, when their *craft* was in danger, joined together as one man, to defend it. Printers seem to be less wise in this generation. Talk about these volumes being of no value. Why, not many years since, I attended an auction sale of the effects of an unfortunate printer in this section. He had a very good collection of Patent Office Reports in his library—Mechanical as well as Agricultural—all profusely illustrated, and they brought, cash down, from 8 to 12½ cents a copy—about their value for paper-rags. Surely, no one need complain that agricultural knowledge is not *duly appreciated*.!—PUBLICO, *Wayne Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

Hemlock and White Cedar.

AN inquiry appears in a late number of the RURAL, from D. K. S., who wishes to know the comparative value of hemlock and white cedar for posts. I have been conversant with the two kinds of timber for twenty-five years or more, and in answer to his question, would beg leave to say that, if he wants posts for building, hemlock is better than cedar where it can be kept dry, as it will hold a nail much better than cedar. On the other hand, if he wishes the timber for fence posts, to put in the ground, the cedar will last much the longest. I have removed hemlock posts from the ground that were rotted off at the surface within five or six years from the time of setting, and have known white cedar to last well twenty years or more. The only drawback on the white cedar is that it does not hold a nail quite as well; but this may be obviated in part by putting up the fence with heavier nails.—STEPHEN SUMNERS, *Livonia*, 1859.

An Experiment.

THE following may prove of advantage to those who would like to raise good calves at a small expense. One of my cows came in the latter part of February, and as my winter stock of butter was running low, I wanted to make butter, and I also wanted to raise the calf, as it was of good stock.—Here was a dilemma, for, if I raised the calf I wanted it well done. So I tried an experiment. I had some carrots boiled and mashed, and put a little in a me milk, and the calf soon becoming fond of it, I increased the quantity of carrots, and decreased the quantity and quality of the milk, until we put in a little butter-milk, skim-milk, or sour-milk, the main feed being carrots, and the calf grows finely, and is fat.—B. C., *Waterford, Pa.*

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Ashes for Potatoes.

RUFUS BROWN, of Chelsea, Orange Co., Vt., says that in an experiment tried by him, the gain in a crop of potatoes by the use of ashes at the rate of a teacupful to the hill, was about a bushel and a half of potatoes for each bushel of ashes used. The kind of potatoes was the English pink-eye, and yield 200 bushels per acre. The ground was planted May 7, with the ashes in holes, and a little dirt over them. It was plowed and hoed June 18, the rows being four feet apart and hills three feet. The ashes cost 12½ cts. a bushel, and potatoes sold at 35 cents, returning full 50 cents a bushel for the ashes employed.

An Experience with Carrots.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Germantown *Telegraph* writes that paper as follows:—"I manured a piece of sod for this crop, plowed it in; after rolling, sowed about 200 pounds guano to the acre, harrowed it well, ridged slightly, then drilled in the seed. They did not come up well on account of too much wet at that time. One-half of the seed was of the yellow variety; the other was white. We are now harvesting them. The white ones are much easier taken up; as they grow out of the ground as well as in, they can be pulled with the hand. The yellow require a deep furrow drawn close to the row to get them out; the white will make nearly double the number of bushels, and for feed I think they are quite as good as the yellow."

Coal Ashes as Manure.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New England Farmer* recommends the use of coal ashes for manure, and to prove their value gives an experiment made by an Enlish farmer:—"The ground selected contained three perches of clover; the first had no manure, and produced thirty-eight pounds when cut in full head; the second, where four quarts of sifted coal ashes, which had not been exposed to the weather, were applied, the produce was fifty pounds; on the third perch, one quart of pluster was sown, and the crop weighed fifty-four pounds. It will be seen that the ashes increased the clover nearly one-quarter above that on which no manure was applied, which goes to prove that this substance is a valuable fertilizer." We never could find much benefit from coal ashes. In 1856 we tried them in growing pumpkins, and the more ashes the smaller the pumpkins. One vine grown on a heap of ashes about two feet thick, was a miniature plant, growing but about four feet in length, and producing pumpkins about the size of apples.

Composting Bones.

FOR a number of years I have had about a tun of coarse bones, and after trying various ways of applying them as manure, I settled down upon the following unscientific way for composting them:—I first soften the bones with heated ley, until they can be crushed with a wooden beetle. After they are crushed, I mix well together one part bones and three parts wood ashes, slightly dampen the whole—then pile it up in a heap. The heap should be trod together very hard. After two days the heap should be mixed with ten or more times its bulk of peat or pond mud. I usually compost it in October, shovel once in November, and use to top-dress my corn-field the next spring. I have used it three years in succession, and it has paid the best of any manure I have ever used.

I am aware that many will condemn this way of composting bones on account of the waste of ammonia, but it seems to me that the wasted ammonia is more than compensated for in the increased value of what there is left. Bones and ashes prepared in this way, cause a pile of mud sixteen times their bulk to heat, and the bones will nearly all crumble to powder before the heat spring. So says a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*.

Agricultural Miscellany.

MICHIGAN PLASTER.—We are indebted to Mr. N. S. HAMMOND, of Clinton Co., Mich. for several excellent specimens of crystallized and granulated Gypsum, from the Grand River Valley. The specimens are very fine [illegible].

SHEEP SHOW.—The Orleans Co. Ag. Society propose to have an Exhibition of Sheep, &c., about the 1st of June. By the way, what has become of the "Wool Growers' Association of Western New York," and when and where is to be its next annual exhibition?

THE TEST CREST EXPERIMENT, given in a late number of the RURAL, has called out several communications—mostly from believers in the theory that wheat turns to chess. Several of these are anonymous, and hence inadmissable under our rule: and, as the others contain nothing original on the subject, we must decline again opening a useless and endless discussion. The experiment alluded to was called a "test" by the person proposing it, who fully believed in the transformation, and in the method by which it would be accomplished; that method was followed by himself and each of the Committee, and, as stated in Prof. DEWEY'S report, proved an entire failure.

WOODEN WATER PIPE TESTED.—During the past two weeks several specimens of Wooden Water Pipe manufactured by I. S. HOBBIE & Co., have been subjected to severe tests, under the supervision of DANIEL MARSH, Esq., civil engineer, at the Novelty Works in this city. The apparatus used for determining the pressure was simple, but ingenious and accurate. The results (as given in an advertisement in this paper) are somewhat remarkable, showing much greater strength than we supposed wooden pipe possessed. We witnessed the testing of several pipes, of different sizes, and were surprised at the amount of pressure necessary to burst them. We have heretofore spoken of the durability of wooden pipe, when properly laid, and can now add our testimony as to its great strength, as indicated by the tests to which various specimens have been subjected. As *strength* and *durability* are the essential features in the use of water pipe we are constrained to state—and we do so without any solicitation—that the wooden tubing of our townsmen is worthy the special attention of all interested in "laying pipe."

THE BYRON AND BERGEN AG. SOCIETY, (Genesee Co.,) elected the following officers for 1859, at its Annual Meeting:—*President*—N. H. GREEN; *Vice Presidents*—F. S. Terry, John Green, Fred. Lewellen, E. F. Hubbard; *Secretary*—D. Hooper; *Treasurer*—J. A. Todd; *Executive Committe*—S. Richmond, Willis Benham, A. T. Weeks, J. Harris, H. Reed, Benj. Child, W. P. Munger, Abner Hall, Jr., Wm. G. White, J. H. Crampton, and J. M. Bower.

A FARMERS' CLUB was organized in Harpersville, Broome Co., N. Y., last fall, for the purpose of discussing subjects of interest to Agriculturists and Horticulturists. The terms of membership were 25 cents per quarter—between thirty and forty members were enrolled—meetings have been held regularly once a fortnight—and the debates ably conducted and interesting. The officers are,—*President*—JAS. A. CHAFEE; *Vice-Prest*—Albert Pratt; *Secretary*—O. D. Boeman; *Treasurer*—Almon Wasson. The Club has been the nucleus of forming the "Harpersville Agricultural Society," to include several towns. Officers of the Society for 1859:—*President*—MORRIS J. MUDGE; *Vice President*—Fred. H. Perry; *Secretary*—Wm. L. Mudge; *Treasurer*—B. G. Harper; *Directors*—Lewis Northrop, Geo. Collington, Ira B. Knox, W. Dusenbury, Platt Bishop, Wm. Doolittle, Jas. A. Chafee, John F. Bishop, Edwin Northrop, Levi Pratt, Harvey Munn, Geo. Wilcox, A. Everts, A. Wasson, J. H. Cole.

ABOUT MARKET FAIRS, AGAIN.—We have received from Mr. W. E. EDMONDS, an account of the Spring Fair of the "North Bloomfield Agricultural and Mechanical Exchange," held on the 7th inst., as already noticed. Mr. E. states that, notwithstanding the winter storms which prevailed for several days preceding and the hesitancy with which new projects are received, the large attendance, and the number and excellence of the animals on exhibition, was as gratifying as it was indicative of public sentiment. "As a show merely, it gave evidence of thrift and a generous outlay of means and care in producing a race of hardy, vigorous animals. But the main objects was not simply a strife for premiums; it was an assemblage of farmers and mechanics, with the proofs of their skill and industry beside them, for the purpose of instituting a Public Mart for the sale and exchange of property." Our correspondent then speaks of the advantages derivable from such Fairs, but gives no facts or figures as to the amount of sales—and we are really little wiser than before as to the result of the experiment. He also states that the Association proposes to institute sales at auction—that it was fortunate in the selection of a location for its Fairs and Meetings, and that the next one will be held on the 30th of June, "when, its plans being better perfected, an opportunity will be offered for demonstrative proof of the benefits resulting therefrom." We DO NOT concur in the concluding sentiment expressed by Mr. E., as follows:—"It seems that Market Fairs must ultimately supercede the present order of County Associations, inasmuch as they offer a wider and more congenial field for the exercise of those business characteristics peculiar to the necessities of the laboring classes. Let the farmer and mechanic ponder these things, and give them a trial." We think it may be well, as we have previously suggested, for County and other Ag. Societies, to try Market Fairs in the Spring, and make sales a feature of their regular Annual Exhibitions, (as some do already,) but we are far from believing that the former "will ultimately supercede" the latter. Market Fairs are still in the crysalis or experimental stage in this country.

FISH CULTURE.—A remarkable account has been lately given by Dr. CLOQUET, to the Paris *Society d' Acclimation*, of the results of an attempt to keep salmon in fresh water ponds having no communication with the sea. The experiment was made at St. Cucufa, near St. Cloud, where M. COSTE has successfully carried on piscicultural operations on a very extensive scale.—The pond chosen for the experiment in question is of small extent, and is supplied by a small stream of fresh water, sufficient to form a cascade. Three years ago the pond was entirely emptied and cleaned out. In April and May 1855, several thousand salmon only two months old, were placed in the pond with trout, and, notwithstanding the voracious nature of the latter fish, the salmon have prospered so well that a few weeks ago, in the presence of the Emperor, who takes great interest in the artificial production of fish, no less than 200 kilogrammes weight of salmon was caught by one haul of a net. This result is very surprising, but M. COSTE states that he was far more astonished to find that the female salmon were full of eggs. He adds that he saw several eggs so highly developed that they were on the point of being emitted. These results, which bear the stamp of high authenticity, prove that salmon may be produced and reared in fresh water ponds, under similar circumstances to those by which trout are now so successfully multiplied in various waters around Paris.—*Selected.*

HORTICULTURAL

THE APPLE TREE BORER.—I see the RURAL is truly the farmer's friend. Allow me to make an inquiry. Some years since I set out an orchard of which I thought not a little. It has commenced rewarding my labor, but I have discovered during the past winter and the present spring that an enemy was at work at my trees. What it is I know not. From the roots upward, from six inches to two feet, it looks as it would to take a knife and prick the bark parallel with the tree. There are holes as though a worm had eaten through the bark and sap wood, then eaten up and down two or three inches more, and then eaten out, the pulverized wood remaining in the hole caused by the worm. My apple trees are all affected, except one, which the mice nearly destroyed when they made such ravages among fruit trees. That tree appears to be thrifty, but all the rest are injured. My orchard is on dry land, being on the east side of a ridge of land running north and south, which is not springy. Part of it is gravel land, subsoil, same; some is sandy, subsoil, same; and some is clay. The trees on the clay are the most injured; those on the sand next; those on the gravel the least affected. The land was subsoiled when the trees were planted. My cherry and peach trees appear to be free from injury. There is no other young orchard in the neighborhood where I live. Will you, or some of your numerous correspondents, tell me the cause and cure, if any? Can my apple trees be saved? I trim them yearly. I have raised corn and potatoes in my orchard, but it has been seeded to clover two years. Last fall I plowed and sowed to wheat, which looks fine. I put manure all over the lot previous to plowing. I think the land has been in good heart ever since I set my orchard. I would like to hear an opinion of my case. My trees are grafted fruit, purchased of ELLWANGER & BARRY.—W. H., *West Rush, N. Y.*, 1859.

THE insect that injured the apple trees was, undoubtedly, the *Apple Tree Borer*, and it is one of the worst enemies against which our apple trees have to contend. It is quite common throughout the country, and the injury it does is often charged to an unsuitableness of soil or climate, or the nurseryman is blamed for selling unhealthy trees. The egg which produces the borer, is laid by a winged insect which makes its appearance every season in June, and flies only in the night. During June and July, the female beetle deposits her eggs, one at a place, upon the bark, generally where it is tender, near the surface of the earth. Sometimes, when they are very numerous, they deposit eggs higher up, particularly in the crotches formed by the lower limbs. From each of these eggs is hatched a small maggot, of a white color, with a yellow tinge to its head. This maggot eats its way directly downwards in the bark, producing a discoloration where it is situated. If the outer dark colored surface of the bark be scraped off with a knife, the last of August or fore part of September, so as to expose the clean white bark beneath, as can easily be done without any injury to the tree, wherever there is a young worm it can readily be detected. A little blackish spot, rather larger than a kernel of wheat, will be discovered wherever an egg has been deposited, and by cutting slightly into the bark the worm will be found. It gradually works its way onwards through the bark, increasing in size as it advances, until it reaches the sap-wood; here it takes up its abode, feeding upon and consuming the soft wood, thereby forming a smooth, round, flat cavity, the size of a dollar or larger, immediately under the bark. It keeps its burrow clean by pushing its excrement out of a small crevice or opening through the bark, which it makes at the lower part of its burrow, and if this orifice becomes clogged up it opens another. This excrement resembles new fine saw-dust, and enables us readily to detect the presence of the worm by the little heap of this substance which is accumulated on the ground, commonly covering the hole out of which it is extruded, and by particles of it which adhere around the orifice where it is higher up, or in the fork of the tree; the outer surface of the bark also often becomes slightly depressed, or flattened, over this cavity.

For a more full description of this insect and its operation, we must refer to the RURAL of January 9th, 1858.

The most efficient enemy of these borers is the common wood-pecker, so frequently seen in our orchards. They should never be molested in their work. Various experiments for killing the worm have been proposed, such as plugging up the hole, thrusting a wire into it, &c., but the nature of the burrow which we have described, makes this very difficult. Perhaps there is no better way of dislodging the insect than by cutting him out with a strong knife. The wounds thus made will generally heal readily, and it is much better than to allow the insect to continue in his course of mischief. FITCH recommends that the course of the burrow be ascertained by puncturing the bark with an awl, and then the bark at the top be cut away, so that scalding water can be poured from a teapot or other vessel into the burrow, which will kill the varmint.

As a preventive, washing the bark with strong lye, in August, when the newly hatched grubs are but slightly sunk in the bark, is useful.

In a late number of the RURAL, Hon. A. B. DICKINSON recommended the placing of soft soap in the crotch of the tree for this and other insects. We think well of this plan, for soft soap, and in fact all alkaline substances are offensive to insects, and as the soap would be constantly washed down the trunk by rains, we think great advantage would result from this course. In conversation with CHAS. DOWNING and Dr. GRANT, some time since, these gentlemen recommended to us the making of wooden boxes around the trunks of orchard trees, as a sure defence against the borer as well as mice.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—We are indebted to many friends for Catalogues, &c.—to B. K. BLISS, of Springfield Mass., for a package of his choicest Flower Seeds, which we design shall bloom at us daily the present season—to E. D. HALLOCK, Seedsman of this city, for a fine collection of his best Vegetable Seeds, which will speak well for themselves in a month or two, we have no doubt.

FRUIT FOR CERTAIN LOCALITIES.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have no doubt when the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York was formed, its object was to disseminate knowledge to fruit growers. This has doubtless been accomplished in a good degree, but could not this Society be more useful to the public generally, if it would recommend a *list of fruits* similar to the one recommended by the American Pomological Society, with this exception, that the list should be for Western New York *only*, while the American Pomological Society recommend one for the *United States*? Now, it is evident that many fruits that succeed well in one locality, are worthless, or nearly so, in another. For instance, the *Beurre d' Aremberg Pear* is recommended by the American Pomological Society for general cultivation. In this section it is worthless, or has proved so with me. Let us examine some of the lists of apples recommended by some of the Western States. We will commence with Ohio. The Cincinnati Horticultural Society furnishes the following list of apples for the vicinity of Cincinnati, Ohio:

FOR OHIO—*Best Six Varieties.*—Red Astrachan, Benoni, Maiden's Blush, White Pippin, Winesop, Rawle's Janet.

MICHIGAN—*Best Six Varieties.*—Early Harvest, Late Strawberry, Gravenstein, Bellmont, Yellow Bellflower, Esopus Spitzenburgh.

ILLINOIS—*Best Six Varieties.*—Red June, Summer Pennock, Snow, Domine, Wagener, Willow Twig.

WESTERN NEW YORK.—The following kinds received the highest vote at the meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society at Rochester in January last:—Baldwin, Rhode Island Greening, Roxbury Russet, King, (of Tompkins County,) Northern Spy, Twenty Ounce.

From the above list of apples from four States, six each, we have in the aggregate twenty-four kinds—no two States recommending the same apple. Mr. BATEHAM, of Ohio, at the American Pomological Society's meeting in New York, said many of the apples recommended on the list for general culture, were not adapted to a great portion of the country, particularly the West, and that planters were misled by it. Many of the winter sorts fail entirely in the West. Seven or eight varieties should be stricken from the list for general culture, and placed in the one for certain localities. It appears that certain fruits well adapted to New England States, do not succeed well here, and that some of our best fruits are worthless at the West. This being the case, is it not highly important that we have a list of fruits adapted to Western New York? and what Society is better qualified for this important work than the *Fruit Growers of Western New York*. I throw out these hints, in hopes to hear from others on this important subject

Greece, N. Y., April, 1859. J. S. CLARKE.

TAKE CARE OF THE ORCHARD.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Among the numerous things to be done upon the farm during the busy season of spring, is the necessary care of orchards. The raising of fruit successfully requires care like any other crop upon the farm. Too many farmers neglect this important branch of husbandry, and consequently reap the reward of such care, (poor crops of poor quality,) while by extending needful care, no other portion of the farm *pays* better, besides the luxuries gained. If your orchards are not grafted do not let April and May pass away without seeing that every tree which bears poor fruit is grafted with the most approved kinds; draw manure to the roots of the trees. If they are old, or not in a thriving condition, scrape the bark with a sharp hoe, wash them with lie, give them sufficient pruning, cut the limbs close down so that they can heal over, and your orchards will amply remunerate you for all your trouble and expense, and make its owners proud of that property which previous to such care was comparatively worthless. Farmers, if you consult your interest as well as pride and fancy in this matter, you cannot fail to extend a portion of your time to so important an object.—Land can hardly be cropped to better advantage than that of the production of the best fruit. Make your orchards your hog pasture. The hogs will destroy those worthless, wormy apples which fall from the trees before maturity, and also work among the roots of the trees, which is much better than plowing.

If wood-peckers attack your trees, spread grafting wax over the wounded parts, and they will cease from troubling them. Grafting wax is composed of five or six parts rosin, one part beeswax, and one part tallow, melted together and thoroughly stirred till cool. A good selection of fruit is as follows:

For *early use*, Early Harvest, Sweet Bough, Washington, Golden Sweeting, Ladies Blush, Cabbasbee, Detroit Red, Autumn Bough, &c.

For *winter use*, Holland Pippin, Gilliflower, Ribstone Pippin, Peck's Pleasant, Seeknofurther, Rhode Island Greening, Esopus Spitzenburgh, English Russet, Baldwin, Swaar, Yellow Bellefleur, Roxbury Russet, Tallmon Sweeting, and Northern Spy. NATHAN SHOTWELL.

Elba, Genesee Co., N. Y., 1859.

BARTLETT PEAR ON GRAVELLY SOIL, &c.—Will the Bartlett Pear do well on gravel land if made very rich? I want to set out two grape vines. Now, which would you advise, the Delaware, Diana, Hartford Prolific, or Northern Muscadine? I want the best two of these four. Please answer a great admirer of your valuable paper. I have the Concord grape; it is good. And I have the Isabella; it winter-kills, and when it does not it will not ripen before frost. I know of quite a number of vines in Suffield, but not of one that will ripen their fruit.—R. J., *Suffield, Hartford Co., Ct.*, 1859.

THE Bartlett pear, on its own roots, we think would succeed well on a gravelly soil. We have seen it flourishing under such circumstances, and also on a very sandy loam. On such soil, however, manure must be freely applied. This, if well-rotted, may be forked in, but if fresh, should be laid on the surface for a season, as a mulch, and then dug in. Old, rotten turf would make a superb dressing for such soils. Of the varieties of grapes mentioned, our choice would be Delaware and Hartford Prolific for your locality. Both would ripen, and we have no doubt would prove entirely hardy.

HARDY FLOWERING SHRUBS.

No class of plants or trees are more useful than the *Hardy Flowering Shrubs*. Beautiful both in foliage and flower, growing with even less care than a currant bush should receive, they recommend themselves alike by their value and ease of culture to all lovers of the garden. Among them are numbered those old favorites, the *Lilac*, the *Snow Ball* and *Syringa*, and those exceedingly interesting families, the *Spiræa* and *Thorns*. With annual and herbaceous flowers, skill and care is necessary to prevent the ground from being bare a part of the year, which is always unsightly in a flower garden; and trees require a long time to obtain sufficient growth to afford shade or to please the eye with their beauty. In a year or two, however, the hardy shrubs are in perfection,—they commence blooming with the first dawn of spring, when the *Daphne*,

"Though leafless, well attired and thick beset
With blushing wreaths, investing every spray,"

delights the lovers of flowers; and the frosts of autumn find the garden gay with the charming *Altheas*.

FIGURE 1—DAPHNE MEZEREON IN FLOWER.

No fanciful arrangement of flower beds, even with nicely kept gravel walks and borders of box, is so neat and tasteful for the garden immediately in front of the house or around it, as a well kept plot of grass or lawn, with a few flowering shrubs in groups, particularly around the edges, and so arranged as to hide the fences and all unsightly objects. By a skilful arrangement of the shrubs a lawn fifty or a hundred feet square may be made to appear much larger than its real size.

FIG. 2—DAPHNE MEZEREON, LEAVES AND BERRIES.

THE DAPHNE MEZEREON, or *Pink Mezereon*, is one of our prettiest very early flowering shrubs, and grows about four feet high. The pink flowers appear before the leaves, in clusters all around the shoots of the previous year, as shown in the engraving—fig. 1. The flowers are followed by beautiful brilliant scarlet berries, the size and appearance of which are shown in the engraving, (fig. 2,) so that the plant is as showy when covered with berries as when in blossom. It flowers early in April, its blossoms are sweet scented, and it is in all respects desirable, and worthy a place in every collection of shrubs. The Daphne thrives well in any good dry soil, but dislikes a wet position, and will soon show its dislike by becoming stunted and mossy. The fall would be the best time for transplanting but those that plant in the spring should do so as early as possible.

PRUNING THE VINE.

EDS. RURAL:—Much has been written for your paper in regard to the cultivation of Grapes, and also the manner of pruning the vine, all of which I read with pleasure, as I am considerably interested in that branch of Horticulture. Of course I cannot subscribe to it all. Who could? A few days since I received the *California Culturist*, published at San Francisco, which gives my views of pruning the vine, much better than anything else which I have read, a part of which I will give you for the benefit of your many readers.

"The proper pruning of the grape vine is a subject upon which a great diversity of opinion has ever existed, and yet there are certain general features or rules pertaining to the art of vine-dressing, that are to a great extent common to every system.—Pruning the vine is a very different process from cutting in or shortening the fruit-bearing shoots, and yet there are those who know, or make, no distinction between pruning the vine at a proper season, in order to produce fruitfulness, and a recommendation to *be cautious how you cut back the bearing shoots of your grape vines, with a view of increasing the size of the fruit.* A prevention of the elongation of a bearing shoot, and cutting it back, are two different things. The proper season for pruning the vine, with a view of securing its fruitfulness, commences about the first of November, or immediately after the leaves drop in the fall, and can be continued at convenience for three or four months. Cutting in, as injudiciously practiced by some, is usually performed when the fruit is swelling. With this process, then, we have, at this season of the year, nothing to do but record our protest against the practice, based upon our own personal experience for years, as well in the Western States as in California, and this experience is endorsed by the oldest culturist of this State, and in a section that produces the largest and best grapes that have ever yet appeared in the market of San Francisco. All cultivators of the vine admit the necessity of an annual pruning. It is this that gives to the cultivated vine a productiveness over the uncultivated wild grape vines, indigenous to our mountain gulches and ravines, for it is a well known fact that such wild vines subjected to a proper winter pruning are rendered fruitful, and this without any after cutting-in, or shortening of the fruit-bearing branches, at the season of the swelling of the fruit. The proper mode, then, of pruning the vine to secure fruitfulness as well as a vigorous, healthy growth, is one of the first importance to the vine-grower. Every day's experience is teaching the observant grape culturist the utter fallacy and error of being unchangably wedded to the old system of pruning, or of supposing that because entirely applicable to other countries, the same must necessarily be here.

We are entirely opposed to the system of close (*summer*) pruning so rigidly adhered to, even in this country of heat and sunshine, by most of our culturists with a European experience. This class of culturists grow grapes here, and often very good ones, but seldom equaling those grown under a less rigid system of (*summer*) pruning.

The Hon. A. G. SIMMS, of Florida, an amateur culturist of grapes, says,—'I train my vines on trellis of wire, but cannot follow the rigid system of pruning recommended in European culture, and practiced at the north. We have to so train our vines that not a ray of sunshine ever touches the fruit, otherwise the fruit loses much of its fine flavor, and is altogether robbed of its bloom. It is all-important that the grape be entirely shaded at every stage of its growth and maturity. The natural shade and protection of the fruit is its foliage, and the more luxuriant this is, the greater certainty of fruit of large size and rich flavor.'

J. FISK ALLEN, in his treatise on the culture of the grape, says:—'It is the established opinion in vineyard culture, that the best fruit is produced when the vine receives the most sun—not upon the fruit, but upon the foliage.' H. W. S. CLEVELAND, of Burlington, N. J., cultivates an extensive vineyard, and is increasing it largely. He says:—'Formerly I used to be careful of my summer pruning, but after experiment I was convinced that the vines are best let alone; that all the leaves are needed for ripening the fruit.'

Dr. SIDNEY WELLER, of North Carolina, in an article originally written for *De Bow's Commercial Review*, also says:—'The principle of allowing the vine to spread and range during summer, is undoubtedly correct.' And, J. FISK ALLEN, as good authority as we have in the United States, says:—'It is what I have recommended for many years.'

From my own experience for the past three years in the cultivation of the grape and the summer pruning of the vine, I think the above is nearer right than anything I have before seen. In 1856 I had 100 vines which came into bearing, and not knowing very well how to summer prune, I solicited information from quite a number, and from such information as I received, I commenced cutting-in at from two to four joints beyond the fruit, as is now recommended by some; but before I finished, a man came into my vineyard, when a discussion was commenced as to the advantages and disadvantages of such a system of pruning, which resulted in my leaving one row of eight vines, from which I pinched the terminal bud on the bearing shoots, simply checking the growth, and watched for the result. In the fall I was perfectly satisfied that the grapes on that row were better than on the others, though not as to the cause, as I recollected that I had given the ground about that row a coating of leached ashes, which the others did not have.

In 1857, I tried another experiment. I cut off all the bearing shoots four joints beyond the fruit, and on one row I let all the laterals grow. On the others, the laterals were kept trimmed back, as is now recommended. In the fall I saw a decided difference in favor of the one row which had the most foliage. The grapes were larger, earlier, and of finer flavor. In 1858, some of my vines I cut-in considerably, others but little, and the rest not any, except to pinch the terminal bud, and remove branches where I thought them too thick, as I did on all my vines. I am now perfectly satisfied that the cutting-in is a decided injury to the fruit. I shall thin out the branches where too thick, and where two or three branches come from one spur take off all but one. Last fall I purchased the fruit from six different vineyards; none of them had been pruned to excess, some not any, and some thinned out and the bearing branches allowed to grow, and the quality of the fruit from those vineyards goes to sustain me in the system I have adopted. F. B. PECK.

East Bloomfield, N. Y., March, 1859.

THE KING GRAPE.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I wish to call the attention of your readers, now that the new grapes are creating so much excitement, to the *King Grape*. It is a white grape, and a seedling, perfectly hardy, in every respect, early, and originated in the garden of ROBERT WEEDER, of this city. The vine came up from self-sown seed, among some currant and gooseberry bushes, and remained where it came up until it bore fruit. Mr. WEEDER has the *Clinton*, *Sweetwater*, and a number of other varieties growing in his garden, and is in the habit of making wine and throwing the seeds into the garden.—From this seed it is supposed this grape originated. It bore for the first time in 1857, when the vine was three years old. In the summer of 1858, Mr. W. called my attention to it, when it was in fruit, and I then made an arrangement to take the vine into my hands, for propagation and sale on shares, with the privilege of naming it. In the fall I exhibited the fruit before the Fruit Committee of the Genesee Valley Horticultural Society and the Committee on Native Fruits of the Monroe County Agricultural Society, and received favorable notice as a promising character, and honored me by naming it the *King Grape*. The vine grew in a poor, damp soil, among currant and gooseberry bushes, and shaded by trees and vines, and without pruning. The fruit, of course, was not what it would have been under more favorable circumstances, but I have taken care of it the present season, and hope to show fair specimens this summer.

Rochester, N. Y., April, 1859. WILLIAM KING.

STONES UNDER FRUIT TREES.

THE above caption in your issue of April 9th, served to remind me of an occurrence confirmatory of "H. S.'s" article. While on a visit at Cape Cod, a year or two since, my attention was called to an orchard of apple trees. The owner was a retired sea captain, who, in early life, planted the trees, that he might eat of the fruit when on the "*retired list.*" At the time of planting out the trees, he secured the services of an old Scotch gardener. The trees were heeled in, the location for planting staked out and then came the instructions of the owner, as he was obliged to absent himself for awhile.

"If it takes you two days to plant each tree, I wish it *well done.*" The gardener went to work, digging large holes, sufficient to dump in loads of stones from a tip-cart, and on the return of the proprietor he had only set out four trees. Though he had done his work well, as the sequel will show, the captain thought he had played "*soldier,*" and discharged him. The balance were set out as trees sometimes are (where the blame is laid to the nurserymen,) and now, after forty years, those four trees give more fruit than all the remainder.

Dedham, Mass., 1859. E. W.

A BATCH OF CAKES.

EDS. RURAL:—Inclosed please find a few recipes, which I trust may be worthy of publication:

DELICATE CAKE.—Take the whites of 16 eggs; 1 lb. of flour, 1 lb. of pulverized sugar; ¾ lb. butter; 1 tablespoon vanilla; 1 teaspoon cream tartar; ½ teaspoon soda. Cream the butter and sugar together, and put in the eggs with the flour. This will make a large cake.

SPONGE CAKE.—Two tumblers of pulverized sugar; 2 do. of flour; 10 eggs. Beat the yolks with the sugar, then beat the whites to a stiff froth, and turn in with the flour.

FRUIT CAKE.—One lb. of sugar; 1 of butter; 1 of flour; 10 eggs; 2 lbs. currants; 3 lbs. raisins; ½ oz. mace; ½ lb. citron; ½ teacup brandy; 1 teacup molasses.

CUP CAKE.—One cup of sugar; 1 cup butter; 2½ flour; 4 eggs; ½ cup buttermilk; ½ teaspoon saleratus. Add a few raisins.

COOKIES.—Four eggs; 1 cup of butter; 2 cups of sugar; 2 teaspoons of saleratus; a little nutmeg; flour enough to roll. Bake in a quick oven.

FRIED CAKES.—One cup of sugar; ½ cup of lard; 1 teaspoon of salt mixed with the flour; 1 qt. buttermilk; 1 tablespoon saleratus; 2 eggs. Cinnamon or spice to your taste.

CORN STARCH PUDDING.—One quart of milk; 5 teaspoons of starch wet up in milk; 3 eggs beat up and stirred in with the starch, and then stirred into the milk, boiling. Cook three minutes.

Side Hill, North East, 1859. PEGGY A.

AN INQUIRY.—I would like to make a few inquiries through the columns of my esteemed visitor—the RURAL. Will some one please inform me what is Madder Compound? It is spoken of in several of the coloring recipes. I do not know, nor mother, and she is a very old lady, and has dyed often. I also noticed an inquiry for a good cement to mend glass or china, but have not seen it answered. Will some of the wise ones please answer and oblige?—MISS L., *Porter Village, Mich.*, 1859.

A POULTICE FOR FELONS, &c.—Take Castile soap and scrape a large or small quantity, according to the amount wanted, and simmer in new milk till it forms a paste as thick as cream, cool and apply. You will find this one of the best poultices for felons, or any kind of swelling that needs poulticing, and far superior to bread and milk. Try it, ye afflicted.—MISS L., *Brick Cottage, Mich.*, 1859.

TO PRESERVE FURS.—My *better* half wishes to inform the friends of the RURAL that she has kept her furs perfectly safe through seventeen summers, simply by putting them into a tight linen bag, tying up tight and hanging up in some dark, dry closet. Those who put up their furs safe in May will find them safe in November.—A. CHOATE, *Perrytown, C. W.*, 1859.

A REMEDY FOR BRONCHITIS.—Having seen it stated that dried mullen leaves smoked in a common pipe would cure bronchitis, my wife concluded to test the matter, and after a few month's use she thinks she is cured.—A. S. COOKS, *Logansport, Ind.*, 1859.

INFORMATION WANTED.—My wife wishes to inquire of some one who has had experience how to make soft or hard soap from potash. BABBITT'S directions are on cans, but she does not succeed very well with them.—O., *Racine, Wis.*, 1859.

WOOD ASHES and common salt, wet with water will stop the cracks of a stove; and prevent the smoke from escaping.

GREEN should be the prevaling color of bed-hanging and window drapery.

THE MINIATURE.

BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

WILLIAM was holding in his hand
The likeness of his wife;
Fresh as if touched by fairy wand,
With beauty, grace and life.
He almost thought it spoke—he gazed
Upon the treasure still,
Absorb'd, delighted, and amazed
To view the artist's skill.

"This picture is yourself, dear Jane,
'Tis drawn to nature true;
I've kissed it o'er and o'er again,
It is so much like you."
"And has it kiss'd you back, my dear?"
"Why—no—my love," said he,
"Then, William, it is very clear
'Tis not at all *like me!*"

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SYMPATHY.

LIKE the Night-blooming flower
That its fragrance sends forth,
When darkness o'ershadows
All the bright things of earth;
So is SYMPATHY pure
In life's suffering hours;
So sweet and so grateful,
Like the fragrance of flowers.

South Butler, N. Y., 1859. AN INVALID.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LOSS AND GAIN.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

I THINK I felt unusually complacent as I put the last touches to my toilet, and started on that shopping expedition. I remember a passing reflection, as I put my little portmonnie in my pocket, that it was probably better filled than many a more pretentious one; not heavy enough to be at all burdensome, but just enough to carry comfortably through the streets without suggesting pick-pockets. Every lady knows how time flies when one is shopping; and amid the endless variety and tempting patterns of the furniture rooms, my brain was sorely puzzled—but a choice was made at last, and already I saw in imagination my pleasant parlor adorned by the pretty sofa and graceful chairs, when chancing to put my hand in my pocket, *I found it empty.*

There was a moment of stupid bewilderment, and then the conviction came with all its length and breadth to my mind—*my money was gone.* Dropped on the street, no doubt, and as hopelessly lost as if in the bottom of the Red Sea, with the loose change PHARAOH may have had about him.

I have a thermometer usually with me called *Self-Complacence*, and some plain-spoken friends of mine have assured me that it generally indicates a high temperature, but I can confidently assert that at this time the mercury was below zero. Have you ever seen on an icy day an elegant specimen of the genus homo, flourishing his dandy cane along the walk with an air of intense satisfaction, and just as he was preparing for an exquisite recognition of some belle of the promenade, do you remember how the treacherous ice glided from under his tread, and the next glimpse you had impressed on your memory a promiscuous mixture of boot soles, broadcloth, small cane, eye-glass and dandy? With what a crest-fallen look the poor fellow gathered himself up and crept away. You could not help pitying him, laughing all the time. I laughed at just such a sight last Sabbath, when I ought to have been meditating on the sermon, but if two persons ever have precisely similar sensations, I shared his feelings so fully, as I slowly turned my face homeward, that I hardly knew whether it was the collapsed dandy or my proper self.

Well, the money was gone. That was, as J—— used to say, "*a true fact*"—so calling to my aid all my stock of philosophy, strengthened by sundry wise saws, I sat down by the fire to meditate. If I could only know who would find it—and then I fell to dreaming over the chances; and pictures presented themselves to me in this wise:—A garret in an obscure corner of the city, with the sky peering in through the yawning roof, and a little fire smouldering on the hearth. Drawn close to it a rickety chair, and a pale woman, wasted with want and pain, reaching out her thin hands toward the feeble warmth. By the window a young girl bending wearily over her needle, with a hopeless look in her sad face. There is neither food nor fuel in the room, and the scanty pay that will be given for the garment in her hands is all her hope of escaping a little longer from the grasp of cold and hunger. It is finished at last, and the girl hastily rises, puts on a thin shawl and faded bonnet, and with a loving word to the invalid mother goes out into the street.

How merrily the world seems to go! Ladies wrapped in costly furs are whirled by in sleighs, to the music of the bells, or trip gaily along the walk, sweeping past the poor little seamstress without a glance or a pitying thought. She, poor shivering thing, draws her shawl more closely about her, and plods along to the shop with her work. The well-dressed clerk takes it carelessly from her hand, inspects the sewing, and tosses it one side. "You will have to come on Saturday for your pay," he says; "we have decided upon weekly payments," and turns away. Not a trace of the girl's disappointed face, and the stony look that came into her eyes as she crept trembling out of the shop, haunted him as he sat down that night amid all the outward blessings of life. Oh, no! he was used to it—it never troubled him now. I took up the poker and stirred the fire with a vindictive feeling for a moment, then leaned back in my chair and dreamed on. Once on the street the girl walks mechanically homeward for a few moments. There is so much blind despair in her heart that there is no room left in it for any faith in God's pity or man's humanity. "We may as well die now as any time—we must starve in the end—there is no room in the world for us," and she turns a bitter, fierce look upon the merry pedestrians, that jostle her as they pass. If a dim thought of the promises on which her mother has always leaned in her sorest need, comes into her mind, it is too faint a light to make any show in such great darkness. We have all seen such times of sore temptation, but GOD knows our human weakness and unbelieving, and will not condemn us unmercifully. What is that lying at her feet? Her fingers tremble with eagerness as she grasps the treasure, opens it and examines the contents. It is a lady's portmonaie, and contains what seems to her, so long fighting with poverty, a great sum. Visions of comfort and happiness, such as she had not known for years, rise up quickly before her. Food and clothing, fuel, and medicines for her sick mother, little delicacies that her failing appetite craved—all these the purse would supply. Then came another thought,—the money was not hers. Where was the owner?—She dares not think of it, but hurries home to the garret, and tells the whole story to her mother.

"I think the LORD sent it to us, mother, to keep us from starving, and I think it would be right to use it. We can never find the owner?"

"Perhaps not, my child, but we must do what we can. You had better go and tell Mr. C—— about it, and ask him to let me know if anybody should advertise for it. We will wait a week and then I think it will be fairly ours."

"And how are we to live in the meantime? we shall die of starvation."

"I believe there will be some way provided; the LORD never leaves us utterly to perish, but if we die let us die in our integrity."

"I hope they will use the money," said I, starting from my chair—"the LORD sometimes forces our tardy charities from us, and makes us his almoners against our will."

The tea-bell was ringing, my brother came in from his study, and seated at the table I told him of my misfortune.

"Had I better advertise it?" I asked him.

"It is hardly worth while. If an honest person finds it he will advertise, and if any one else has it, your advertisement would do no good."

"Well, I hope some one who needs it will find it, and I believe it will be so," said I; and I had half a mind to tell him about the sewing girl and her mother, but his face looked so unpromisingly practical that I forbore.

"Most likely," said he, "it will supply some son of Erin with the 'drop o'gin,' and the 'bit o'tobaccy' for the rest of the winter."

The suggestion made me indignant, and I poured my tea in silence; but I have gone back to my first fancy, and hope soon to see it fully confirmed.

Brooklyn, Conn., April, 1859.

MOTHERS.

IF anything in life deserves to be considered as at once the exquisite bliss and pre-eminent duty of a mother, it is this—to watch the dawning disposition and capacity of a favorite child; to discover the earliest buds of thought; to feed with useful truths the inquisitiveness of a young and curious mind; to direct the eyes, yet unsullied with the waters of contrition, to a bounteous Benefactor; to lift the little hands, yet unstained with vice, in prayer to their Father which art in Heaven. But so it is; the child, as soon as it is released from the bondage of the nurse, and needs no longer a careful eye to look after its steps, and guard it from external injury, is too often surrendered to instructors, some of whom are employed to polish the surface of the character, and regulate the motions of the limbs; others to furnish the memory, and accomplish the imagination; while religion gets admission as she can—sometimes in aid of authority, and sometimes in a Saturday's task, or a Sunday's peculiarity, but how rarely as a sentiment! Their little hearts are made to flutter with vanity, encouraged to pant with emulation, persuaded to contract with parsimony, allowed to glow with revenge, or reduced to absolute numbness, by worldliness and cares, before they have ever felt a sentiment of devotion, or beat with a pulsation of sorrow for an offence, or gratitude for a benefit in the presence of GOD. Believe me, mothers, you have no right to expect that the sense of religion will be infused by the labors of others. When parents have ceased to be teachers, religion has ceased to be taught.—*Selected.*

EVENING BEFORE A WEDDING.

"I WILL tell you," continued her aunt to Louisa, "two things which I have fully proved. The first will go far towards preventing the possibility of any discord after marriage; the second is the best and surest preservative of feminine character."

"Tell me!" said Louisa anxiously.

"The first is this—to demand of your bridegroom, as soon as the marriage ceremony is over, a solemn vow, and promise yourself, never, even in jest, to dispute, or express any disagreement—I tell you never!—for what begins in mere bantering, will lead to serious earnest. Avoid expressing any irritation at one another's words. Mutual forbearance is the one great secret of domestic happiness. If you have erred, confess it freely, even if confession costs you some tears. Further, promise faithfully and solemnly never, upon any pretext or excuse, to have any secrets or concealments from each other; but to keep your private affairs from father, mother, sister, brother, relations, and the world. Let them be known only to each other and your God. Remember that any third person admitted into your confidence becomes a party to stand between you, and will naturally side with one or the other. Promise to avoid this, and renew the vow upon every temptation. It will preserve that perfect confidence, that union, which will indeed make you one. O, if the newly married would but practice this spring of connubial peace, how many unions would be happy which are now miserable.—*Knickerbocker.*

I sorrow that all the fair things must decay.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

MODESTY conciliates and subdues opposition, courage defies and overcomes it.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE MARINER.

BY MINERVA OSBORN

Along the banks of life's little stream
Sails a child in his winsome glee,
Keeping time to the ripples' roguish play
As they kiss the pebbles on their way,
Their way to the far-off sea.

Now he talks to the flowers along the brook,
Then he sings some childish song;
He watches the stars as they bend to look
At their sister stars in the lowly brook.
He had always thought they were very high,
Far up in the roof of the sheltering sky;
He smiles to see them so near him now,
Glistening and gleaming just under his prow,
As he lightly skims along.

But the stream flows on with a swifter course,
And the child hath ceased his lay:
O'er the hurrying wave his bark he guides,
Nor heeds the flowers by the river's side,
For he sees beyond a broader stream
When along the shore
Lies the glittering ore,
And precious gems in the sunlight gleam.

Then an Angel comes to the mariner child,
"By those glittering gems is thy heart beguiled;
They are false and vain,
And will fill thy heart with woe and pain.
Thou art on the uncertain stream of life,
Thou must gird thee for its toil and strife,
Thy way is dark,
Here's a compass true,
And there is a star, its beacon ray
Will guide thy bark
On its perilous way."

The angel ceased; for the mariner's eye
Is fixed on the shore where the treasures lie;
For the deeper tide he dips his oar
To join in its ceaseless strife and roar,
With anxious look and a brow of care,
He leads his bark with the baubles fair;
But heavier grows his heart the while;
No time has he to sing or smile,
But toiling over,
Along the shores of the widening river
He gathers his precious store.

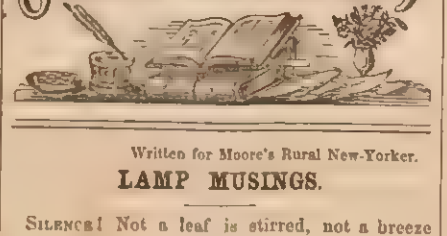
He pauses a moment amid his toil
To gladden his sight with the shining spoil,
But, alas! each treacherous wave that swells
O'er the vessel's side
Sweeps off some gem to the greedy tide.

Then the mariner wakes from his mocking dream,
And finds he has passed far down the stream—
"O, why did I hurry on so fast,
My gems are lost, and my youth is past.
Alas! 'twas true what the Angel said—
But the little brook—where, where has it fled?
Far over the hills like a silver thread
It winds 'mid the music song-loving birds,
While the flowers echo back their low lisping words.
A toil worn man,
I have almost measured out life's span;
In these foam crested waves there's a message for me
By this solemn roar
And this widened shore,
I know I am nearing eternity's sea."

Then the Angel looked with pitying eye
O'er the surging waves, then came a sigh:
'Tis a perilous way to the port of heaven;
And now alone,
On a tide unknown,
By the veering winds thy bark is driven,
The star that shone so clear and bright
When I pointed thee to its guiding light,
Is dimmed with clouds; but its flickering ray
May shine again on thy gloomy way!
Watch well its light!
Tho' thy hope is dim and thy lot unblest,
It *may* lead thee to the port of rest.

Then the mariner watched with an earnest eye
For the flickering star in the troubled sky,
And watching thus, an ocean wave,
In its course sublime,
Swept round his bark,
And bore him out from the river of time.

Butler, Wis., 1859.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LAMP MUSINGS.

SILENCE! Not a leaf is stirred, not a breeze moves. Nature is taking a rest, a quiet repose; and so the earth floats softly the yielding space in the gentlest of all moods, with her great pulse beating slowly and her thousand voices hushed and stilled. There is something expressive in silence. Speak the word and your voice will fall to a whisper; think of it, and your mind will run back along the path of years to the first great SILENCE. In a book published long ago and not read as much as it should be, there is a passage which describes the place in which it dwelt; here it is:—"And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep." In that darkness and over the dreary waste of those waters black, there reigned a solemn silence. Even the attendants of old chaos moved about in shadowy forms that made no noise, and the KING himself spoke not, for no "palpitating air" could tremble with a sound. Within those realms no whisper rose. Black gates that turned on vapor hinges, shut in those silent lands of moving mist, all tenantless of speech or echoing sound. No voice of birds—no rush of rolling streams—no gentle murmurings of a summer breeze—no grating voice of tempests hoarse—no whispered waving of the golden grain—no clashing of embattled trees—no music from the voice of man—no deep-toned thunder from the hand of GOD: one deep mysterious *silence* reigned o'er all. Can mind conceive the nature of that silence? Can the deepest reasoning fathom it? In the music of nature, as well as in that which springs from the heart of man, there are sympathetic chords that oft-times mingle into one deep strain. So there are, also, periods of rest, that folds each in a calm repose; and how impressive is that repose! Here, far away from the "busy haunts of men," I may and do notice it in a striking manner. Above, the moon in silence takes her evening walk; not a cloud moves—not a star sings, all is quiet there. Here around my western home there is the same stillness. I do not hear the whip-poor-will's voice—nor the cricket's hum—nor the beetle's droning notes—nor the katy-did's continual contradiction—nor the owlet's cry—nor the watch-dog's bark—nor any of the "voices of the night."

The fact (in spite of all my wondering) still remains. Nature is resting in silence. Well, if her mighty energies need recuperation, those of man certainly do. It is a great thought, and I would that I could do it justice. From GOD to man two principles ever typify the nature of mind and intelligence—*labor* and *rest*. We may conceive, but we never can realize either the giant toil, or the mighty effort that in six days made Heaven and Earth, or the significant rest that followed the completion of the work; but the thought, deep and startling, remains, that even GOD rested. It is a natural result of a first cause. Think of it, children of earth—men of business when ye turn night into day and toil incessant on the ledger's page. Student of the midnight, damp and dim set types, whose souls, laudable in effort, but untempered with prudence, lingereth long within the "still small hours," and drinketh seeds of death in waters of knowledge—votary of science, training a nice result, or searching for another precedent to form the wondrous law of fact. And ye, citizens of a great metropolis, when ye seek pleasure in the theater or the concert room, and inhale the tainted air of closely fitting walls, remember that throughout the day ye labored, and your systems needeth rest. Remember that rest is a law of your nature, and it cannot be broken with impunity. O! how many energies have been wasted—how many bright eyes dimmed—how many burning lights extinguished in the fields of science—how many hearts beating strong with the highest impulses of an exalted humanity and full of generous love and sympathy for the beautiful and true of life, have been stilled forever by the iron hand of endless labor. Let us go lovingly to rest, nor aim to emulate the ridiculous industry of some, who shut one eye in sleep and keep the other open in business.

Would you count the evils of an infringement of nature's rights, read the ages of the sleeping ones who lie within the cities of the dead! Not in a country burying place, but where the remains of the denizens of a crowded city are placed. There are seen mournful epitaphs of men and women who have destroyed themselves, who have gone to their long rest before their appointed time, by striving to interrupt the natural course of nature's laws, and by endeavoring to place in the balance sheet of their lives a greater amount of credit on the side of labor. When, O, man, wilt thou "know thyself?"

POOR CHARLES LAMB, how fond thou wast of silence, and how kindly did'st thou look upon the thoughts which it gavest. Thou coulds't ever love the quiet Quaker meeting houses, for an atmosphere of heavenly stillness surrounded those places, and man in quietude worshiped his Creator. Truly, when thy speech grew faint, and thy thoughts went seeking for oval vehicles in which to visit men, thou coulds't think and write great thoughts in silence. And thou, too, dear THOMAS GRAY, singing thy immortal elegy in the "solemn stillness" of a "country churchyard," with the "glimmering landscape" fading on the sight, and the air lulled with "drowsy tinklings," thou knowest the charms of silence, for then thou coulds't write in heavenly numbers that shall never die. O, silence! most favorable contemplation; most favorable to those severer thoughts that rise as the lark riseth, with alacrity to heaven, and most favorable to those just reflections which the great mystery of our lives present. Most favorable to the whisperings of that "soft still music of humanity" which strikes impromptu chords with that of a better land. Let others seek the "maddening crowd's ignoble strife"—let them learn to love the excitement of a city life; but oh, give to me the "stilly" night and quiet days of a country life where silence sometimes reigns. There I may call in my truant memories, and look with profit on the faithful pictures which the artist hand of time has painted on the glowing past.—There I may learn how great secrets we perpetuate in our minds and bodies, each day of our lives—there I may administer to one the food of knowledge, and warm the other by the fires of exercise. But, if ambition calls me to the mails and trading places of the world, if within red walls I shall work out the sum of my destiny, let me have some seasons of silence such as this in which to grow better and wiser.

S. E. W.

Stanton Copper Mines, Franklin Co., Mo.

EXERCISE.—Throughout all nature, want of motion indicates weakness, corruption, inanimation, and death. Trenck, in his damp prison, leaped about like a lion, in his fetters of seventy pounds weight, in order to preserve his health; an illustrious physician observes:—"I know not which is most necessary for the support of the human frame—food or motion. Were the exercise of the body attended to in a corresponding degree to that of the mind, men of learning would be more healthy and vigorous—of more general talents—of more ample, practical knowledge; more happy in their domestic lives; more enterprising and attached to their duties as men. In fine, with propriety it may be said that the highest refinement of mind, without improvement of the body, can never present anything more than half a human being."

THE NEW BORN AND THE DEAD.—LAVATER, in his *Physiognomy*, makes the following curious remarks: "I have had occasion to observe some infants, immediately on their birth, and have found an astonishing resemblance between their profile and that of their father. A few days after this resemblance almost entirly disappeared, the influence of the air and food, and probably the change of posture, has so altered the design of the face, that you could believe it a different individual. I afterwards saw two of these children die, the one at six weeks, and the other at four years of age—and about twelve hours after their death they completely recovered the profile which had struck me so much at their birth; only the profile of the dead child was, as might be expected, more strongly marked, and more terse than that of the living."

"THY WILL BE DONE."

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O, teach me, from my heart, to say,
Thy will, my God, "Thy will be done."

Tho' dark my path, tho' sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
But breathe the prayer, divinely taught,
"Thy will, O God, 'Thy will be done.'"

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine,
I only yield Thee what was Thine,
Thy will, O God, "Thy will be done."

If but my fainting heart be blessed,
With Thy sweet spirit for its guest,
My God! to Thee I leave the rest,
Thy will, O God, "Thy will be done."

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
Thy will, O God, "Thy will be done."

Then when on earth I breath no more
The prayer oft mixed with grief before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will, My God, "Thy will be done."

VANITY OF WORLDLY THINGS.

WHERE are now the famed potentates whose powers extended over almost the whole earth?—Who is it that made them descend from their lofty height, and despoiled them of all treasures?—Whither have gone those vaunted heroes whose achievements drew forth such expressions of admiration; those learned prodigies of acquirements, whose writings are spread to the remotest corner of the globe; those sublime orators who decided the decrees of Senates at their pleasure? Ask where are the proud, the rich, the voluptuous, the lounger? where those haughty nobles, those hard masters, who so rigorously required such implicit obedience? Ask the earth—she will show you the places where they lie. Interrogate the tomb—it will tell you the narrow space in which their bodies are compressed. Their bodies? Do they then still exist? Perhaps a handful of dust may remain of each.

But whilst all around us thus passes away, whilst everything escapes us, the kingdom which shall not pass away draws nigh. So many revolutions, such a continual flux and reflux of human things, these perpetually changing scenes of a fleeting world, all point the end towards which we are hastening our steps. It is the voice of the bridegroom who calls us to the marriage feast, and by his reiterated warnings, urges us to walk accordingly. You who are deaf to this voice, who remain buried in the mire of earthly things, go down yet lower, and what will you find? the grave which is waiting for you, and into which you must descend, whether you will or not. Already death stands at your side, ready to fall upon you and drag you into it, as he has done with those who have preceded you.—*Book of the Fathers.*

"I'LL REST WHEN I GET HOME."

WHILE I was walking through a street in the city of ——, a few days ago, I passed a man whose head was whitened and body bowed by the hardships of not less than sixty years. His limbs trembled under their heavy burden, and with much apparent effort he advanced but slowly. I overheard him talking in a low and subdued voice, evidently mourning over his weariness and poverty. Suddenly his tone changed, and his step quickened, as he exclaimed, "I'll rest when I get home."

Even the thought of rest filled him with new life, so that he pursued with energy his weary way. To me it was a lesson. If the thought of the refreshing rest of home encourages the careworn laborer, so that, almost unmindful of fatigue and burdens, he quickens his step homeward, surely the Christian, journeying heavenward, in view of such a rest, should press onward with renewed vigor.

This little incident often comes to mind amid the perplexing labors of the day, and stimulates me to more constant and earnest effort. Each laborer toiling in his Master's Vineyard, bearing the heat and burden of the day, can say, "I'll rest when I get home." Here let us be diligent in the service of our Lord, remembering that our rest is above. Fellow traveler, are your burdens grievous to be borne, so that you are ready to faint in the way?—JESUS says, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." To rest from toil is sweet; to rest from sin is heaven.—*Christian Miscellany.*

FAITH IN GOD.—Have faith in God. Faith will be staggered even by loose stones in the way, if we look manward; if we look Godward, faith will not be staggered even by inaccessible mountains that stretch across and obstruct apparently our onward progress. "Go forward," is the voice from Heaven, and faith obeying, finds the mountains before it as flat as plains. "God with us," is the watchword of our warfare, the secret of our strength, the security of our triumph. "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." How strong faith is when we are just fresh from the fountain of redeeming love! A good conscience, and then faith will do all things, for it is in its very nature such as to let God work all; we may say that it is most active when it is most passive, and that it wearies least when it does most work.

SWEARING.—"Trust not to the promise of a common swearer," says Francis Quarles, in his *Enchiridion*, "for he that dares sin against his God for neither profit or pleasure, will trespass against thee for his own advantage. He that dare break the precepts of his Father, will easily be persuaded to violate the promise unto his brother."

NOT to hear conscience is a way to silence it.

The Apiary.

THE APIARIANS IN CONVENTION.

At a supposed meeting of the friends of improvement in Bee Culture, held on the 5th day of February, 1859,—Present, E. Kirby and others—on motion, A. S. Wadsworth was elected Chairman, and J. A. Gillett, Secretary.

Communications were read from the following gentlemen, viz.,

Milo Walton, of Amity, Maine.
C. A. Howe, of Homer, N. Y.
C. C. Wilson, of Niagara Co., N. Y.
M. Quinby of St. Johnsville, N. Y.

M. Quinby in one of his printed articles proposes that as soon as there is no further prospect of pleasant weather, in which the bees will fly out of their hives again for the season, the hives should be removed to a *dry, dark, warm,* and *close* room, into which too much air must not be admitted, as a very little will be sufficient, and there placed in such a manner that the hive will be reversed from its natural position, that is, standing on the top, leaving the bottom of the hive uppermost, and unprotected by the bottom board, to remain in this position till the warm weather of the following season.

E. Kirby, in reply to the communication, stated in behalf of the bees, that an All-wise Creator had endowed the bee with certain instincts which directed their operations. He has taught them in the pleasant weather of summer, to provide food and nourishment for themselves during such cold weather as would follow and confine them to their hives. The same Being has also taught them to deposit their honey at the top of their hives, and the bread and brood comb at the bottom. Consequently we find that during the winter, in a hive that stands in its usual position, the bees, after the cold weather sets in, collect in the upper part of the hive, where they have previously provided and placed their food, and during the winter all the chippings which they make, together with the bodies of their dead, and all other substances of an offensive nature, drop to the bottom of the hive, so that in the spring they will be prepared to have their houses swept and garnished.

The gentleman from St. Johnsville has done the subject of bee culture serious injustice by publishing so extensively his theories, advising all to treat their bees in so unfeeling and shameful a manner. To take them from the light of the sun, and consign them to a dark cell for six months or more of each year, perverting the laws of God, which he has in his goodness made for them—inverting their dwelling place, compelling them to go downwards for their food instead of going upwards, thus thwarting the laws which God has given them,—compelling them to drop the chippings of their comb and the dead bodies of their companions, to fall into that which in its natural position would be the top of the hive, among the honey. These chippings by dampness are thus soon caused to mould and sour, and with the dead bodies of the bees, to send up the effluvia which the bees are hardly able to endure, being confined contrary to the laws of health and the wisdom of God. After having been confined for a few months their distress becomes intolerable. At the least ray of light with sufficient warmth, the teachings of nature induce them to rush to the top of the hive, and not having sufficient light to leave the hive, are compelled, in order to find relief, to besmear themselves and comb, rendering their habitation more filthy than the hold of a slave ship filled with victims from the coast of Africa. Far better for them had they supplied themselves with a natural home, even as far north as where the mercury congeals in the winter, for under these circumstances even, cases are on record where they have been known to prosper.

C. C. Wilson, of Niagara Co., N. Y., has published a communication, on the subject of moisture and frost which he discovers during the cold weather in his hives, and asks "what is to be done?"—and in order to remedy this supposed difficulty, he proposes to bore holes in the top of the hive, that an equilibrium may become established between the atmosphere and the air in the hive, thereby dispelling either moisture or frost.

To these propositions from Mr. Wilson, Mr. Kirby replies:—God is the teacher of the bee, and His wisdom cannot err. He has taught the bees, on the approach of winter, to close every opening in their hive, except one at the bottom for ingress and egress. Why is this? In order that the heat generated by the natural warmth of their bodies should not escape but should remain in the upper part of the hive, to furnish them with warmth sufficient for their comfort and convenience. But by boring holes near the top of the hive, this design of the Creator is frustrated. The warm air by its lightness rises to the top of the hive, and escaping through the holes, leaves the interior of the hive nearly as cold as the external air, and thus the ingenuity of man deprives the bees in a great measure of that genial warmth which the wisdom of their Maker had provided for them.

Mr. Wilson speaks of the frost accumulating in the hive. This, as he correctly observes, is the frozen vapor arising from their bodies, and from this they obtain, during the winter, a supply of drink. But the current of air occasioned by boring holes in or near the top of the hive, carries off a large portion of this moisture, and thus deprives the bees of another source of health, which their kind Creator had intended for them. Now, in the language of Mr. Wilson, "what shall be done?" Locate your hives in such a place that they will be protected by buildings, high fences, or something of the kind from the north and west winds, and let them also front the south-east. Leave the hives through the winter in the open air. Take long straw and stand it up all around the hive; bind it around the bottom and bind the ends over the top, forming a thatch of straw four inches in thickness, leaving only a small opening for the passage of the bees at the bottom of the hive, and this opening you must be particularly careful to keep clear during the winter, and then there will be no danger but that they will stand the cold of our severest winters.

Mr. Quinby recommends that the hive be ventilated by raising it one-fourth of an inch from the bottom board, and that holes be bored in the top, and a box placed above to receive the moisture.—But while the God of Nature has taught the bee to close up all holes, except the small place of ingress and egress, in order that the requisite warmth and moisture may remain in the hive, do we not thwart both these purposes by raising the hive up and opening the holes in the top? Of what use to the bee will be the warmth generated in the hive, or the moisture there collected, to relieve its thirst, when both warmth and moisture have passed into the box above.

The Author of Nature has taken good care to defend all animals that are intended for cold climates against the severity of the winter. To the sheep he has given a thick fleece of wool—to animals of the Polar regions he has given a warm coat of soft fur—to the whale, the seal, and the walrus, an abundant supply of blubber; all orders of creatures, from the greatest to the least, are the objects of His care, and all receive from their kind Creator every provision which is necessary for their well being. Many of these He has so formed that man can render them subservient to his use. In our efforts to convert to our own use, any of the lower ranks of creatures we must first learn, and then obey the laws by which the Creator governs and sustains those creatures. If we act in accordance with His laws, all will be well. But God is unchangeable, and His laws are as unchangeable as their Author. So far as we go counter to these laws in our treatment of the animal creation, just so far we inflict misery upon those creatures, and just so far also will our attempts to render them subservient to our use prove a failure.

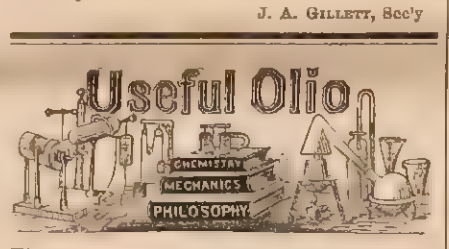
A communication from Mr. Walton, of Amity, Aroostook Co., Maine, stated that in the spring, after the first winter of his residence in that cold region—a winter during which, in one instance, the mercury in the thermometer was actually frozen—he traced some bees to their home in a large hollow pine tree which they had evidently occupied for some years. Several hundred pounds of honey were found, and notwithstanding the severity of the winters, the bees were numerous, healthy, and in the best condition. They had chosen their home without the direction of man, and could not have found a better one. The warm, thick walls of the hollow pine defended them well from the cold, and they neither had, nor did they need any ventilating holes in the top of their hive.

The communication from C. A. Howe, of Homer, N. Y., did not differ essentially from those first mentioned.

On a review of the various errors committed in the management of these useful little creatures, we are reminded of the words of Holy Writ—"Lo this have I found, that Thou madest man upright, but they have sought out many inventions."

On motion, it was resolved that a copy of the proceedings be forwarded to the Rural New-Yorker, for publication, and that the Convention stand adjourned "*sine die.*"

J. A. Gillett, Sec'y



WHO INVESTS IN THE U. S. FUNDS?

Harper's Weekly contains an elaborate account of the Sub-Treasury in New York. We quote a passage which will be read with interest by the general reader:

Not the least curious desk in the sub-treasury is that of the clerk who pays the interest on the public debt. The coupons and interest on about seven-eighths of the debt of the United States are paid out of the sub-treasury in New York. The balance is in the shape of an inscribed debt, on which the interest is payable to the parties whose names are entered on the great rolls at Washington. Every six months the names of the parties are written out in a book at Washington and sent here to serve as a guide to the sub-treasurer.

These books are a curious study. Many of the names which they contain are household words. Some are the names of Europeans; others of West Indians, and even Asiatics. Barely a third of the public debt is held in this country. The bulk of it, we imagine, is held in continental Europe. One is not surprised to find the names of John J. Astor, Wm. B. Astor, Jacob Little, George Peabody, and such men, in a list of creditors of the United States; but they and their countrymen are in a minority. The heaviest foreign creditor we noticed is Lord Overstone, (the famous Jones Loyd,) who has let this country no less than $350,000. A Spanish lady, Merced de Layseca, is our creditor to the tune of $200,000, and a noble friend of hers, the Count Casa Montalvoy Castillo, draws six per cent. on $100,000. Several persons connected with the royal families of Europe are creditors of ours. The brother of the King of Naples took $50,000 some years ago, and instructed his agent to invest the dividends, as they accrued, in the same security. He now owns over $75,000. His niece, the daughter of Bomba, is registered as a creditor for over $50,000. These wise people have been looking out for a rainy day. Another noble personage, the late Duchess of Orleans, has enough in the United States sixes to save the Count of Paris from being compelled to follow his grandfather's example and keep school; several of the Saxe Coburg Gothas have also invested in the same security.

The Count Rossi saw enough of this country, while he was here, to invest a few thousands in the famous name of Sontag; and little Paul Julien has a trifle—enough to keep him when his violin fails. One can readily account for the appearance of the name of the Rothchilds, both of London and Paris; but it is curious to note that the famous publisher, Panckouke, of Paris, is a creditor of the United States; and that the dramatic author, Scribe, has also invested enough to give him nearly 10,000 francs a year. A careful study of Democracy in America appears to have persuaded Monsieur de Tocqueville to lodge some of his savings in the hands of our government; and Lord Macaulay, who began with a bagatelle, of some $5,000, has since increased his venture to nearly $30,000. But we should never end if we attempt to enumerate all the people who think their money well placed in United States securities. Here are Lord Dundonable, the great sailor, who has a large sum for a son of Neptune; the Prince de Beauveau, the Count de Narbonne, Sir John Balyey, the Marquis of Champagne, Baring Brothers, Count de Beaumont, Gen. Rermoloff, and a host of other titled people, who, perhaps, depend on the honesty and solvency of the United States government for a living. Lord Elgin saw enough of us to leave $17,500 of his savings in our six per cent.; and the famous Russian, Alexandre Herzen, has a bagatelle of $80,000 in the same security. There is another creditor whose name is a curiosity. It runs thus: Baron Louis Numa Epaminondas Justinian Artstides Decius Salis Haldenstein Lichtenstein Grotenstein. Fancy a man with such a name drawing twenty-six dollars and fifty cents from the United States.

WHAT PEOPLE EAT.

This is the heading of an article in the Indiana *American*. We copy it below:

"I suppose, you have heard that 'Jack Sprat could eat no fat; his wife could eat no lean.'—Come along with me, and let us take dinner to-day in one nation, to-morrow in another, until we go all over the world, and we will find that there are worse people than Jack Sprat and his wife, so far as regards likes and dislikes.

We take dinner to-day with the Frenchman, and find prepared for our entertainment a piping dish of fried frogs. You must not look disgusted at your dinner, for frogs are as nice an animal in their habits as many things we eat at home. Another day we sit at meat with the Chinaman. Here we have the most refined cookery the world knows. Shark's fins are before you. Soups made of birds nests, invite the appetite with relishes of salted fishing worms, grubs, moths, etc. If you are not satisfied with these delicacies, you will find convenient a cut of roast dog, cat or rat. Do you not still be disgusted, for none of these look worse than the slimy lump of inert matter, called oyster, which, should you offer it to a Chinaman, would be rejected as unfit for food.

The Romans feasted on *garmum*, which is a pickle made of fishes' blood and gills, while they were forbidden by law to eat poultry.

Look at the Esquimaux family at supper, and perhaps you, and I too, would be disgusted at the manner of sopping their bread in whale's oil, which is our stinking tanner's oil; and the little oil eater would be equally disgusted with you if he saw you eating sugar.

The South American hunter, wishing to give us the best entertainment in his power, provides for us a roast monkey, and is astonished that we cannot relish the feast with him.

In Central America, the greatest delicacy is cooked monkey and boiled water lizards. I have myself seen the Gautemalean shoot the lizard as it lay upon the bush overhanging the water, and as the victim fell and sank in the water he would dive for it, and bring it up as it entwined itself about his arm in its dying agonies. With this boiled in a pot of plantain, he had a most delicious feast.

We, too, eat many things that are not eaten by others. The hog is regarded as unfit for food by the Jews."

THE FALCON.

The Falcon was a bird much honored in the days of chivalry, but in these latter times of utilitarianism and gunpowder, has been degraded from its honorable position, and made to take its true place among the feathered tribe. He is, in fact, only a hawk,—a blood-thisty, rapacious, unscrupulous robber, the hated enemy of all the feathered tribe, and the legitimate aim of every old shot-gun, in the hands of man or boy, that can be fired off without the danger of bursting.

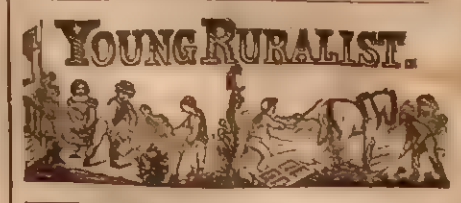
There are a great many branches of the hawk family, but like many aristocratic families among men, they have all sunk very low in public estimation, the unenviable characteristics of the tribe rendering them unfit associates in a well-ordered and peaceful community. The rearing and employment of the falcon in the sports of the field was essentially an aristocratic prerogative, and could only be maintained in those times when the iron rule of despotism rendered the mass of men mere tools and machines to minister to the wants and caprices of the few. The march of civilization, and the invention of artificial means whereby the feathered tribes are made to fall before death-dealing fire-arms, have rendered the services of the falcon as useless as they certainly are cruel. Fine ladies do not now indulge in the cruel sport of sending a rapacious hawk in pursuit of a poor fugitive songster of the forest, and clap their hands over the successful seizure of the pray.

Falconry is a very old amusement in Europe and Asia. In the middle ages it was the favorite sport of princes and nobles; and as ladies could engage in it, it became very prevalent, as a gentle kind of hunting, in which wives, daughters and lady-loves could engage equally with their husbands, fathers and lovers. The falcon was trained with the greatest care, taught to pursue the bird, as soon as released from the hand, and return with it to its keeper. The falcon was generally blinded until the game appeared in sight, by having the head covered with a leather hood. This hood was removed when the game appeared in sight, and the bird which was taught to perch upon the wrist was immediately released to commence the chase, while the spectators looked on in the greatest excitement, cheering the falcon by various well known signals.

In the East, this pastime is still to some extent, pursued, and the Persians are particularly skilful in training falcons. They hawk after all kinds of birds, and even after gazelles. The falcons are taught to fasten themselves on the heads of these creatures, and peck at their eyes, which checks them until the hounds come up to dispatch them. This sport is also popular in Palestine. Dr. Thompson, in his travels, says:—"The emeers and feudal chiefs of the country hunt the partridge and other birds with the hawk, and keep up, with great pride, the ancient sport of falconry. The falcons are of two kinds, a large one for woodcock and red-legged partridges, and a smaller for the quail. The Beg at the castle of Tibnin, always keeps several of these large falcons on their perches in his grand reception-hall, where they are tended with the utmost care. I have been out on the mountains to see them hunt, and it is a most exciting scene. The emeers sit on their horses, holding the birds on their wrists, and the woods are filled with their retainers, beating about and shouting, to start up and drive towards them the poor partridges.—When near enough, the falcon is launched from the hand, and swoops down upon his victim like an eagle hasting to the prey. After he has struck his quarry, the falcon flies a short distance, and lights on the ground, amid the redoubled shouts of the sportsmen. The keeper darts forward, secures both, cuts the throat of the partridge, and allows his captor to suck its blood. This is his reward. Notwithstanding the exhilaration of the sport, I could never endure the falcon himself. There is something almost satanic in his eye, and in the ferocity with which he drinks the warm life-blood of his innocent victim. I once saw some men of Tortosa catching the Syrian quail with a small hawk. This was done on foot, each sportsman carrying his bird on the right wrist, and beating the bushes with a stick held in his left hand. These quails are less than the American; are migratory, coming here in early spring, and passing on to the north. They hide under the bushes, and will not rise on the wing unless forced to do so by a dog, or by the hunter himself. I was surprised to see how quickly and surely the little hawk seized his game. His reward, also, was merely the blood of the bird. I do not know whether or not the Jews in ancient days were acquainted with falconry, but David complains that Saul hunted for his blood as one doth hunt for a partridge in the mountains; and this hunting of the same bird on these mountains, and giving their *blood* to the hawk, reminds one of the sad complaint of the persecuted son of Jesse."

Mental Independence.—Every man and woman is brought up from the cradle with a bias. The mind is never sent out into the world's life unfettered. It carries with it always the heavy chain of habit. The politics of the father; the politics of the son; the religious character of the household is the seed of many more households of like faith. It is a strong and admirable mind indeed, which, nursed in error, has the courage and heroism to begin its own emancipation. It requires more courage to think differently from the multitude than it does to fight them. The first hero, therefore, was not he who made the first conquest, but he uttered the first doubt.

Young Ruralist.



"HOE OUT YOUR ROW."

Dear Rural:—Inclosed please find a few lines which I would like to have your many ten thousands of readers persue, if you think them worthy of a place in the Young Ruralist. If you ever hoed corn when a boy, in the long hot days of June, you know how to appreciate the first verse.

A Friend and Subscriber.

One lazy day a farmer's boy
Was hoeing out the corn,
And meodily had listened long
To hear the dinner horn.
The welcome blast was heard at last,
And down he dropped his hoe;
But the good man shouted in his ear,
"My boy, hoe out your row!"

Although a "hard one" was the row,
To use a plowman's phrase,
And the lad, as sailors have it,
Beginning well to "haze"—
"I can," said he, and manfully
He seized again his hoe;
And the good man smiled to see
The boy hoe out his row.

The lad the text remembered,
And proved the moral well,
That perseverance to the end
At last will nobly tell.
Take courage, man, resolve you can,
And strike a vigorous blow;
In life's great field of varied toil
Always hoe out your row.

COUNTRY AND CITY BOYS.

Messrs. Eds.:—In the last number of the Rural, under the heading which I have chosen for this article, "Urbs" describes, and very justly lashes, "a loafish class of boys" to be found in every city, and to some extent also in every country village. I have nothing to say in defence of the conduct spoken of—on the contrary, I am glad to see the perpetrators shown up, and I hope many of them will look at their own portraits as drawn by Urbs, until they are heartily ashamed of themselves, and resolve upon a thorough reformation. The boy, it has been said, is "the father of the man," and if the boy is vulgar, rowdyish and dishonest, what will the man be? Boys are traveling on the road to manhood, but they are going in very different directions, and in consequence will arrive at very different ends, unless some of them consider, stop and turn from their evil ways,—unless, in the language of Scripture, they "cease to do evil and learn to do well." Some are going as fast as time and their own evil conduct can take them, to the Jail and State Prison,—others with less disposition to evil, but lazy and careless, are very likely to find a home in the Poor-House,—still others, jovial, fond of fun and frolicksome company, and learning to tipple, are marching in a direct line to the drunkard's grave. A few, alas, too few, are studious, active, honest, respected and loved by all who know them—they will make what has been said to be the noblest work of God—*honest men*. They are traveling in the high road to honor—they will make respectable, useful men, in whose prosperity and advancement all good people will delight.

But "Urbs" seems to wish us to think that bad boys are confined to cities. Should he live in a city, or visit one on the 4th of July, or on any holiday, he would be very quickly undeceived. He would then find the most noisy and ill-bred young men—those who made the most noise and drank the most poison—would be from the country. At the same time I have no doubt many of the "loafish class" of city boys might be found at the country taverns. When persons, (boys or men,) do things that they are ashamed of, they like to get where they are not known.

There are mean boys both in the country and in the city. Cannot something be done to show them the folly of their course, and induce them to walk in "wisdom's ways?"

City Boy.

THE TWO FOOLS.

When quite a small boy, like most other youths, I had a great inclination to attend all the shows, circuses, negro-dances, concerts, etc., that came along. On one occasion I was very much amused at the wit of the clown, who was convulsing the crowd by his grotesque appearance and witty sayings. After a while he said something the crowd did not consider very "funny," and at which no one laughed, when a drunken man, no longer able to hold his tongue, cried out, "You're a fool." "True," responded the clown, "and so are you; the only difference between us is, I am a fool for money, and you are a fool for nothing."

Now whenever I see large placards stuck up, announcing the arrival of a "strange animal," "unrivaled circus," "a wonderful attraction," etc., I invariably think of the saying of the clown, "I am a fool for money, and you are a fool for nothing," and stay away. There is generally but one clown, but a great many of the others.

When I see advertised in the papers, "splendid lottery schemes," "sixty thousand dollar prizes," "great inducements to buy," "almost certain of a prize," etc., I think of the clown's "two fools," and how many buy and but one sells, and excuse myself from buying a ticket. "One is a fool for money," the other is "a fool for nothing."

When I pass a splendid saloon, with decanters of sparkling wines and brandies set around in the most inviting manner, with smiling clerks ready to hand you "a glass," I am sure to think "there is a fool for money," and, as the deluded wretches crowd around the counter, "these are fools for nothing."

When I hear of some "divine" woman going about singing Italian songs, and men paying from ten to four hundred dollars a night for seats to hear, and when they cannot understand one word of it, I think of the "two fools," and keep my money in my pocket.

In short, Sir, whenever any "unusual attraction," any "rare chances for speculation," offer, I suspect at once, that if I take hold of it, there will be another fool at the other end, and so let it alone.

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Peas! Peas!!—J. Rapalje.
For Sale—50,000 Strawberry Vines—Joseph Caldwell
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2... Varieties of Vegetable Seeds for $1—E. D. Hallock
The K... Corn.—William King
...ed Onions! Seed Onions!—J. O. Bloss & Co.
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Red Top and Blue Grass Seed—J. Rapalje.
Spring Wheat—J. Rapalje.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER AND ADVERTISER.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 23, 1859.

Golden Humbugs.

The rush to Pike's Peak has fairly commenced and, judging from the reports brought us by our Western exchanges, bids fair to eclipse any movement for similar purposes that has occurred since the opening of the California gold fields. Our exchanges inform us that the emigration amounts to 2,000 daily, which, doubtless, is not an exaggeration. On the 30th of March 934 persons arrived at Kansas City, and on the 31st, 854—a total of 1,788—and this is only one of several routes parading its claims before the gold-seeker. The opening up of auriferous deposits in California, and the consequent settlement and development of the various interests of that State, gave a new idea to the world—an idea which both nations and individuals have kept in active operation. "Money makes the mare go," is an adage old and trite—gold will take a man to the ends of the earth if thereby he can clutch a few handfuls of the shining ore.

The *first* of these Humbugs (because it gulled the experienced, and would seem to have had the sanction of a powerful government,) was known as the "Frazer River Gold Discoveries." Great Britain is supposed to look with anything but gratification at the giant strides of the Young Republics on the Pacific, (California and Oregon,) and would fain remove San Francisco to New Caledonia. To this end population is required—brain and blood and muscle—how shall it be most readily obtained is the problem. It was soon solved, and the following couplet—got off by the victimizers—tells the whole story:

"Full thirty thousand brawny men to Frazer River run,
And find that Yankee-Doodle *do* is Yankee-Doodle *done*."

Next we hear large stories from Iowa concerning the wealth of the soil in gold deposits. When the State was nearly ruined in the mad haste of the inhabitants to get rich, the second sober thought took possession of the people and made all things right once more. There was wealth in the soil, but it could only be got out profitably by the aid of the plow—waving wheat fields, golden corn, the produce of the dairy, the garden and the orchard, alone could supply a "circulating medium." We have heard little of late concerning the "Gold Fever" as exhibited in Iowa, and suppose the sons of that thriving young State have found legitimate occupation for both body and brain.

We have neither time nor space to array the numerous humbugs that have been played upon poor humanity under a golden guise, but come at once to the question in mind when we sat down to pen this article, viz: Is "Pike's Peak" the crowning humbug of the kind? As we have never tried the life of the professional "gold seeker"—have never "prospected for a lode"—we cannot be expected to give the results of personal observation in the case, but will spread such evidence before our readers as may be deemed reliable.

The Chicago *Press and Tribune* gives the result of an interview with Charles Nichols, a member of the first company that went out in search of these gold mines,—a man to be depended upon. Mr. N. spent some eight months prospecting, going to, and returning from the gold fields. He traversed the country, searching for "dust," and "nuggets, from the *Spanish Peaks*, on the South, to the *Medicine Bow*, on the North—a distance of more than 200 miles. He says that of the hundred that prospected for gold, between October and the time he left, he did not think that those who found it averaged a dollar per day, or even fifty cents. The best digging of which he had any knowledge was made by a company of six men, who daily averaged three dollars each for two weeks; they worked hard and had happened to find an extra rich placer. But the general average of the miners was not one-third or one-fourth so much. He does not pretend to say that richer diggings may not be found this season,—but judging from his own experience and observation, he is not at all sanguine. His company prospected over a tract of territory 350 miles long from north to south, and from 40 to 80 miles wide from east to west.

The *Kansas Chief* says that there is no doubt gold can be found in sufficient quantities to pay the experienced gatherer, provided the necessary implements are at hand for obtaining it. Those unacquainted with the labor required to a profitable pursuit of the business of mining had better keep away; such cannot make more than 50 to 75 cents per day. Those who wish to see the "elephant" are informed that the animal is at the "Peak," but are advised to bring money enough with them to "cover all the expenses of a 'homeward bound' voyage." The editor of this journal states upon the authority of a friend, that letters have been written to papers in Leavenworth and other places along the Missouri river, giving the dark side of the picture, pronouncing the mines a "take in," and advising the people to keep away. No such letters have ever appeared in any of the papers, and the public can readily form an idea of the manner in which persons are being duped.—The dark side is suppressed, and the bright side greatly exaggerated. Persons are induced to sacrifice the comforts of home, good business prospects, and even their property, to go to the mines, only that they may be fleeced.

Such testimony as the foregoing might be introduced until our columns were filled—for those who have not had the "fever," the dose is sufficient; where the disease has fairly "set in," we are not aware of anything that will act so effectually as a change of climate—performing a journey of six hundred miles across the sterile plains stretching out to the base of the Rocky mountains.

Legislature of New York.—The law-makers of the Empire State are entitled to reward for only one hundred days services, (a wise provision,) and the hundred days expired with the 13th inst. The "love of the thing" has been the ruling motive since the period referred to, and it is marvellous, compared with what was previously accomplished, to observe the amount of labor that has been completed within a few days. A large number of bills have been passed, (one, the "Canal Bill," over the Governor's veto,) and all without the aid of such Senators and Assemblymen as were under arrest for violation of Parliamentary regulations. Our Representatives, however, will soon tire of such profitless employment, and an adjournment will, no doubt, be speedily effected.

Another Overland Mail.—The Overland Mail, with San Francisco dates of the 18th ult., arrived at St. Louis on the 11th inst. The steamer Uncle Sam had returned to California, after landing a large portion of the 6th Infantry at the mouth of the Colorado. Col. Hoffman was to commence active operations against the Mohave Indians about the 20th of March. Business was generally brisk, and the miners were doing well. Advices from Van Couver's Island and the British Colonies were cheering. The British Government were making improvements, and encouraging emigration. The reception of the President's Message at Guaymas created much excitement, and greatly enhanced the value of property.

Mexican News.—By the steamer Tennessee, which arrived at New Orleans on the 11th inst., we learn that there was great rejoicing—a national salute and a military parade there—in honor of Mr. McLane's recognition of the Juarez government. The Liberals surrounding the capital were 13,000 strong. They had cut off the supplies of water and provisions. The garrison numbers 6,000 men. Miramon had sent 1,500 men to the capital from Orizaba. The forces of Juarez were pursuing Miramon.—Senor Mata has despatches confirming the news by the Tennessee. He returns to Washington in a few days.

Squaring of Accounts with Paraguay.—The Buenos Ayres *Commercial Times* of February 19th, says that although nothing is certainly known of the terms of the settlement of our Paraguay difficulties, they are currently believed to be as follows: 1. The Water Witch affair is to be apologized for by a salute to the American flag of 21 guns. 2. Ten thousand dollars is to be paid to the representatives of Samuel Chancey, killed in the affair at Fort Itapiru. 3d. The treaty of 1852 is to be ratified. 4. The navigation of the Paraguay and Parana is to be acknowledged free. 5. The claims of the Navigation Company are to be settled by a mixed commission at Washington.

New Discoveries of Gold in Kansas—Great Excitement.—A telegram from Leavenworth on the 12th inst., says late private advices afford ample evidence of the discovery of rich placers in the mountains. Statements from different sources corroborate the statement that paying deposits of shot gold exist in bowlders through a section of thirty miles in extent. There was much excitement at Denver City and along Cherry Valley, and all the reports are more sanguine than ever and entirely consistent. There have been several letters received from parties who went from ... and perfect reliance is placed in their statements.

The Daily Democrat, of this city, has just donned a new and beautiful dress, vastly improving its appearance and readability. The dress was furnished by Nathan Lyman, of Buffalo, and is creditable to his taste. We are glad to note this evidence of enterprise and prosperity on the part of our cotemporary.

Personal and Political.

Mr. Abrams, of Henrico, Virginia, has announced himself as a candidate for Congress, on the platform of Emancipation in Virginia.

Dr. A. Thowbridge died at Watertown, a few days since, aged 80. He has lived in Jefferson co., N. Y., 63 years, except when serving as a surgeon in the army during the last war. He was an able practitioner and a most estimable man.

The death of Hallam, the Historian, left a vacancy in the Trustees of the British Museum, which has been filled with an another eminent historian, Mr. Grote.

The Ann Arbor, (Mich.) Argus, (Dem.,) declares that it has no disposition to spread out the scattering returns of the late election in that State.—"They are," it adds, "decidedly too black for us to derive any comfort from so doing. 'The Quakers didn't vote,' and the Republicans had it all their own way, electing Martin by from 12,000 to 15,000." Decidedly good-natured.

The Republicans of Wheeling, Virginia, have addressed a memorial to the Republican National Committee, urging the selection of Wheeling as the place for holding the National Convention that is to nominate the next President.

The people of Kansas, at the recent election, voted in favor of taking the necessary proceedings for the formation of a State Government, by a large majority. The vote was small, but about four-fifths of it were given for a Constitution. The election for delegates to a Convention to frame a Constitution, will be held in June next.

The Hon. E. V. Whiton, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, died at his residence in Janesville, on the 11th inst.

The Hon. Nicholas Brown, formerly American Consul at Rome, and Lieutenant-Governor of Rhode Island, his native State, died at Troy, recently, of congestion of the lungs. He was 66 years of age.

Geo. Wilson, Esq., editor of the Canandaigua Repository, died in that village on the 27th ult., aged 64 years. Most of his life had been devoted to educational pursuits, as author and teacher, and in all that he undertook he exhibited the scholar and the Christian.

The Cleveland Plaindealer takes a philosophic view of the result in Connecticut. It announces the fact thus:—"Farewell old Nutmeg! The last nest egg of New England Democracy was knocked to immortal smash on Monday last."

Destructive Fire in Buffalo.—On Thursday morning, the 14th inst., a fire broke out at Bidwell & Mason's ship-yard which resulted in considerable loss. The buildings consumed were a large planing and saw-mill, sixty feet in length by fifty in width. A barn two hundred feet in length, used for horses, and also in connection with the Marine Railway. In this building were three valuable horses, which were consumed before assistance could reach them. A blacksmith shop, forty feet in width by fifty in length. A machine shop, with engine house and boiler house, thirty by forty feet. Two joiner shops, each thirty by forty feet. Three dwelling houses occupied by poor families. From them the families saved most of their property, the average loss to each being one hundred dollars.—The saw-mill belonged to the Marine Railway Company, and contained about $1,000 worth of finished lumber. Total loss $24,300; insurance, $9,000. The origin of the fire is clearly ascribed to incendiarism. When the fire was discovered, the barn and the joiner shops were all on fire, although the buildings were over two hundred feet distant from each other.

Commissioners to Equalize Taxation.—Gov. Morgan has appointed T. C. Peters of Genesee, A. S. Thurston of Chemung, and Thomas Clowes of Rensselaer county, Commissioners to Equalize Taxation in the several counties of this State, under the law passed at the present session of the Legislature. The great inequality in the valuation of real estate, in the counties, has long called for some remedy. It is anticipated that these Commissioners will endeavor to ascertain the proper and equitable standard, so that the burthen of supporting the Government may be equalized, and a true equilibrium established throughout the State.

—The Rural congratulates its Contributor, Mr. Peters, upon his appointment—believing it eminently proper, and one in which his hosts of friends and the people of Western New York generally, will cordially concur.

Missionaries for India.—On the evening of the 8th inst. five Missionaries, bound for India, were ordained in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Lynn, Mass. These men are Messrs. Judd, Downey, Parker, Waugh and Thoburn. The ordination was by Bishop Ames, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Durbin, Merrill, Taylor, and others. The services were of an interesting character; Dr. Durbin gave a brief account of the rise, progress and prospects of the British Empire in India; connecting it with the rise, present condition, and prospects of the mission under the care of the Methodist Church. The Missionaries were expected to sail for India on the Monday following.

The Anti-Rent Cases Decided—Mr. Patison's Bill Sustained.—The *Evening Journal* of Friday week announces that "the several cases involving Van Rensselaer claims to rents from lands conveyed in fee, in this county, have been decided by the Court of Appeals. The decision is adverse to the tenants. All the Judges concur in the opinion that the rents and arrears must be paid. This action of the Court of last resort is necessarily final. It has been looked for with deep interest by the parties concerned and the public, and terminates a long and excited controversy."

Fast Day Observances.—Friday week was observed as an annual Fast, in Massachusetts. In Boston there were religious services in the morning at the churches, and the places of amusement in the afternoon and evening, were thronged. On the Common there were numerous ball and cricket clubs indulging in their invigorating sports which were viewed by large numbers of spectators.

News Paragraphs.

A bill has been introduced into the House of Assembly of Canada, "for the *protection of spendthrifts*, and the custody and disposal of their real and personal property."

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has decided that an orphan is a fatherless child. This was a question arising from the refusal of the Directors of Girard College to admit a boy that has lost but one parent, they contending that an orphan meant only one who had lost both parents.

They must have some women of stamina in Massachusetts. Last week, Miss Elenore Rosebooks wheeled a barrel of flour from her father's store to her minister's house. Her father, who is a bitter tunbel, gave the flour to the minister on condition that she should wheel it to him. The young men gave her a purse as a reward for her spirit, and she immediately bestowed that upon the minister also.

The great fact in Continental news is, that the war papers still pronounce for hostilities, notwithstanding the coming Congress to promote peace. The Siecle goes so far as to argue that the convocation of Congress is a reason why warlike preparations must be pushed with fresh vigor.

An instance of almost unprecedented disinterestedness is related by Mr. Warren, M. P., the author of *Ten Thousand a Year*. A short time ago, a gentleman in England of large fortune—worth £40,000—was indignant with his daughter, an only child, for marrying against his wishes. He quarreled with her, disinherited her, and left the whole property to his attorney and other gentlemen. His attorney went to his co-legatees, got them to sign their claims over to him, and then paid the whole £40,000 to the daughter.

A Russian merchant of Berdiansk announces the sale in his warehouse at Odessa, Nicolaieff, and Sebastopol, of 451,000 pounds, or 7,351 tuns of iron and cast iron, coming from projectiles picked up in the Crimea after the war. This will give an idea of the prodigious consumption of shot and shell in the siege of Sebastopol.

The Baltimore Patriot sates that never has Baltimore enjoyed the quiet and freedom from disorder that she now does. This change it attributes in great part to the re-organization of the Fire Department, the observance of the law prohibiting the sale of liquor on Sundays, the vigilance of the Police Department, the conviction of offenders, the wholesome dread inspired by just verdicts, the awful sentence of the law, and the active exertions of Christian Associations among the depraved classes.

A great many people are going to Europe the ensuing summer. About sixty passports have been issued daily by the State Department for a month past, and probably that ratio will continue till July. None are necessary for England, and thousands are obtained from our Minister at London for continental travel.

The bodies of six men and women and four children, who met with violent deaths, awaited the attention of the Coroner in New York on Saturday. One was the body of an old man aged 70 years, who had been stoned by a lot of rowdy boys, and received a blow which caused his death.

Gold having been found in the crop of a defunct turkey at Wesley, Ark., the neighbors of the man who found it, are killing their turkeys, and prospecting for gold in their gizzards.

The N. Y. Tribune of Monday says, yellow fever arrived at Quarantine yesterday from Rio. We learn that in Cuba the pestilence has commenced unusually early, and with extreme violence.

From a return made to the Bishop of London by his clergy, it appears that the annual cost of the ministrations of the Episcopal Church in London, is over twelve dollars to each man, woman and child belonging to the Episcopal congregations.

At the excavation of the ground on which St. Peter's Church recently stood, at Albany, a double coffin was discovered, supposed to be that in which Lord Howe, who was killed at the battle of Lake George, July 6, 1758, was buried.

Weather of First Half of April.

The average heat of this part of April, for 22 years, is 40.9°, and this is also the mean for this half of the month. It has not been as warm as in this part of April last year, but warmer than for the same in 1857, and the same as in 1856. Considering the warmth of the three preceding months, this has been middling. Vegetation has moved on; the roads have been soon settled; the wheat-fields in a distance of a few miles of the city look finely and promise well. Abundance of rain has fallen. A high wind and much rain came to us on the 3d and 4th, with some snow. Much rain again on the 11th, and again on the 14th and 15th. A good deal of wind strong and gusty, has fallen to our share. Thunder at a distance on the 11th at eve, and a heavy thunder shower in New York at 10 P. M. of that day.

The highest heat was the 14th, giving us the temperature of 65° at noon, and 51° for the mean; yet the 11th was only up to 63° at noon, but hotter all day, being 53.8°. Well may we be satisfied, and rejoice in the kindness which has been shown to us.

The warmth of the first three months of this year has often been noticed. Some of those three months have been as warm in other years; but each of them has not been so warm in 22 years, except in 1842. That winter was very like the present, though there was more mud. In this winter there has been more uniformity of heat, and the earth kept frozen at the surface most of the time. The first three months of 1842 had each of them a little higher mean temperature. Here both may be seen:

1842	Jan. 29.64°.	Feb. 31.08°.	March, 39.77°.
1859....	Jan. 28.85°.	Feb. 30.00°.	March, 39.30°.

As the mean of the first half of April is the average of it for 22 years, we may well call this year, so far, unusually warm and pleasant. I congratulate the lovers of uncommon weather and singular seasons on the fact just stated. They will enjoy the result.

C. D.

The News Condenser.

— A whale was seen in the Delaware last week.

— Lord Taylor has sold $1,000 worth since December 1st.

— The small-pox has again broken out at Buffalo and Rochester.

— Measures have been taken to light the city of Honolulu with gas.

— The 28th is set apart as a day of fasting and prayer by the Governor of Iowa.

— Some of the Southern States have recently been visited with considerable frost.

— Thirty-nine divorces were granted in the supreme court at Providence, last week.

— An Englishman named Adams, recently walked seven miles in fifty-five minutes.

— The English papers state that the Great Eastern will be ready for sea in four months.

— The boiler for the new war steamer, building at Philadelphia, weighs 80,000 pounds.

— A war dance by the Winnebagoes, at Washington, lately, attracted a large street crowd.

— Cincinnati has nine steam fire engines, costing $66,000, and means to purchase two more.

— According to dispatches, they are discovering gold, and getting excited very fast out in Kansas.

— The birthday of Henry Clay was commemorated in New York by a banquet at the La Farge.

— The London Morning Post intimates that the tyrant King of Naples has become veritably insane.

— The Jackson Monument on the New Orleans battle ground is now 70 feet high, at a cost of $90,000.

— The Camanches have killed several families in Denton Co., Texas, and run off with their stock.

— Another company of boys have been sent from New York to the West, by the Children's Aid Society.

— There was a slight fall of snow at Athens, Ga., on the 18th ult., and also at Dalton on the same day.

— No less than nine murderers were arraigned in the New York Oyer and Terminer on Monday week.

— A lady, named Miss Mary Way, is making balloon ascensions in New Orleans, generally on Sunday.

— There are 2,000 sewing machines in operation at Troy, mostly shirt making, and 500 in New Haven.

— The Eastern manufacturing companies are advancing the wages of operatives—a favorable symptom.

— Many of the "flying" rumors of the day would be more appropriately designated by leaving off the f.

— There are 560,000 books in the British Museum, 80,000 of which were published in the United States.

— The State of Ohio has purchased in New York eighty thousand dollars' worth of school library books.

— General Sir William Eyre has tendered his resignation as commander-in-chief of the forces in Canada.

— Nearly eighteen tuns of human hair are annually worked into wigs and other fabrics by civilized nations.

— An infant seven months old was saved in the Princess' disaster by a life preserved being made fast to it.

— The Ohio Canals are to be leased on the 15th of August next to the highest bidder, for a term of five years.

— The Atlantic Bank, Brooklyn, has obtained some $20,000 of the funds abstracted by the defaulting teller, Field.

— The shoe business is so brisk in Marblehead, Mass., as to make it difficult to get hands to man their fishing vessels.

— The School of Design attached to the Maryland Institute, at Baltimore, is very prosperous. It has 643 pupils.

— Upwards of 50,000 skunk skins have been shipped from New York to Russia and Turkey within two months.

— There is to be a grand international celebration of the completion of the Victoria bridge at Montreal, in October.

— The Quebec Gazette notices the death of Michael Lefever in that city. He leaves 171 children and grandchildren.

— The gas company of Dublin import coal from England, and supply good coal gas at 80 cents per 1,000 cubic feet.

— Wm. Andrews, of Schoharie Co., stole an umbrella in Troy, and was sent to jail for 25 days as a punishment for the theft.

— The receipts at the Patent-Office during the last month are said to be fourteen thousand dollars above the expenses.

— No less than 47 vessels, says the N. Y. News, cleared from the Custom House, on Saturday week. Times are getting better.

— The Gloucester (Mass.) Telegraph says that at a wedding which took place in that town lately, there were 62 cousins present.

— For loving a Gentile, says a Salt Lake letter, a young Mormon woman was publicly flogged by the Frogtown Mormons.

— A company of twelve or fifteen hundred men has been formed on the frontier of Texas for a descent upon the Lower Indian Reserve.

— During the reign of Napoleon III, the French debt has increased more than 50 per cent.—from about £220,000,000 to about £340,000,000.

— The Southern Presbyterian states that the late James Allen, of Mississippi, left an estate worth $70,000 to the Oglethorpe University.

— General Twiggs publishes a proclamation in the Texas papers, warning citizens against engaging in lawless expeditions to Mexico.

— Timothy Taylor, of Lisbon, ninety-five years of age, is believed to be the oldest person who voted at the late New Hampshire State election.

— It is stated that Jenny Lind's fortune has been squandered, and she is to attempt to make another. She is advertised to sing in England.

— A hundred cattle, from Texas, died recently from starvation, on Lick Creek, Sangamon Co., Ill., where they had been driven for wintering.

— The National Academy of Design opened to the public on Tuesday week. The exhibition is said to be superior to those of previous years.

— One passenger by the Star of the West, at New York, a Cornish miner, has one hundred and fifty pounds of gold dust, valued at $60,000.

— Theodore Parker writes to his friends in Boston that the tropical air, sea-bathing and horseback-riding have been very beneficial to his health.

— Rev. Dr. Magoon, of Albany, has declined the call of the First Baptist Church of San Francisco, who tendered with the invitation a salary of $5,000.

— An installment of 4,500 dead letters was sent from the Lowell (Mass.) post-office to Washington on Thursday, it being the accumulation of one quarter.

— Intelligence reached Fort Smith, Ark., on the 31st ult., of the death of the famous Chief, Billy Bowlegs. Suspicions are entertained that he was poisoned.

Old World Matters.

The Steamship City of Baltimore arrived at New York on the 12th inst., with Liverpool dates to March 26th. We make the following synopsis:

Great Britain.—The reform debate in Parliament progressed during the week, and the last Ministers show their face on the issue. The Liberal journals consider their resignation certain.

In the House of Lords, Earl Malmesbury, in reply to Earl Clarendon, made a long explanation touching Lord Cowley's mission and the proposed Congress. He said the composition of the Congress had not been decided on, although he had no doubt it soon would be. Government were desirous that every one of the Italian States should be represented, and their object was to recommend to the Italian people what they believed would be for their own good and for the safety of Europe.

Both Austria and Piedmont had formerly declared that they would not attack one another, and would abstain from hostilities. There was reason to hope therefore, that peace would not be broken, and that the Congress would reach the result that all hoped for.

A deputation had waited upon Sir John Packington on the subject of the Honduras Oceanic Railway. It was stated that a substantial contractor had offered to construct a Railway for $2,500,000.

The Vienna correspondent of the London Times says, although Austria consents to attend the Congress, she has no belief that peace will be maintained. Therefore she continues her armaments.

Count Cavour writes to the Sardinian Ambassador at London, in reply to a question propounded by the British Government, that it will be impossible for Sardinia to remain defenseless in the face of the provoking and avowed attitude of Austria.

France.—The meeting of the new European Congress had been fixed for the 1st of May, probably at Baden. It will be attended by Cabinet Ministers, namely: Malmesbury, for England; Walewski, for France; Gortschakoff, for Russia; Buol, for Austria, and Scheinit, for Prussia. The Italian States will be indirectly represented. Lord Cowley will assist Malmesbury, and M. De l'Huys will act as Secretary to Walewski.

The latest reports are, that while Piedmont will have a seat in the Congress, she will not have a vote; and that other Italianists will be admitted on the same conditions.

The announcement of this Congress has not produced any improvement in the general trade of France. All the war material recently prepared, such as artillery projectiles, floating tents, &c., were to be stored at Lyons and Marseilles.

Paris letter-writers state that armaments were going on in France without relaxation. Government had also decided upon adding a fourth battalion to each of the hundred regiments of the line.

Italy.—It is contemplated that by the close of March, Austria would have in Lombardy 70 battalions of infantry, who added to the artillery, cavalry, engineers, &c., would make her army in Italy number about 220,000 strong.

Letters from Pinerolo announce that 1,300 Austrian waggons, 70 cannon and other war munitions, had arrived there. The church had been converted into a flour magazine.

Warlike preparations were also going actively forward in other portions of Italy.

The Rumored Invasion of Cuba.—The Journal of Commerce, alluding to the rumors of the invasion of Cuba, says:—"The local disaffection is said to be widely spread, and the plan of revolt so skillfully made and carefully matured, that—unless thwarted by treachery—it will not fail of success. The New York expeditionists are mostly young men, many of them sons of wealthy Cubans, but the leaders are men of age and experience, who have long been identified with the cause of Cuban freedom. Of the latter, General Goicouria is reported to be one, and his sailing in the Cahawba for Havana is supposed to have some connection with the hazardous enterprise. Whatever truth there may be in these reports, it is a fact that the Spanish Consul at this port is considerably excited by them, and sent out warning dispatches to the Governor-General of Cuba by the last steamer. The Spanish Minister was also sufficiently alarmed to come on from Washington, and is now waiting further intelligence in this city."

Trouble with the Texas Indians.—A New Orleans despatch of the 14th inst., says that Capt. Ford's company of Texas Rangers, numbering forty-seven, had been surrounded in the southern part of the State by eight hundred Indians, and a desperate battle ensued, in which Captain Forbes and four of his men cut their way through the Indians. The remainder were killed. Great excitement prevails on the frontier, and large companies will proceed in search of the Indians.

A Fleet on Arabs Service.—The N. Y. Sun says a fleet of Cuban patriots sailed from this port the latter part of March with arms and ammunition. Most of them are young men and sons of the leading men of the Island, and all determined to free their native soil or die in the attempt. Their landing was to be the signal for the revolt to the patriots already on the Island. The first day of April was the day fixed upon.

The New York Police Question.—The Court of Appeals has decided that the old Police force in New York are still in office, their discharge by the Metropolitan Commissioners having been illegal. Judges Gray, Strong, Comstock, Selden and Allen concur in the decision, and Judges Johnson, Denio and Grover dissent. This ruling will cost New York city more than a million dollars.

A New "Key to the Gulf."—It is now proposed to get rid of the acquisition of Cuba, by providing another key to the Gulf of Mexico, than the Queen of the Antilles. The plan is to dig a Ship Canal across the peninsula of Florida. The distance is only — miles, the country low and favorable for such a work, and the cost estimated at $10,000,000.

Liquor Law in Canada.—We understand that many numerously signed petitions for a Prohibitory Liquor Law, have been presented to the Canadian House of Assembly.

Publisher's Notices.

TERMS OF THE RURAL FOR 1859.

Single Copy, One Year	- - - - -	$2
Three Copies,	" - - - - -	5
Six "	and 1 free to Club Agent,	10
Ten "	" " "	15
Sixteen "	" " "	22
Twenty "	" " "	26
Thirty-two	2 " "	40

☞ Back numbers of this vol. can still be furnished, or subscriptions can begin with the New Quarter, April 2d. Clubs for Six or Nine months at same proportional rates as for a year, and Gratuities, &c., allowed.

NEW QUARTER—SUBSCRIPTIONS, &c.

The Second Quarter of our Tenth Volume began April 2d—a good time for single or club subscriptions to commence. Renewals and additions to clubs are also in order. Though we have entered full Ten Thousand more names upon our books during the past three months than in the corresponding period of last year, they contain "ample room and verge enough" for five thousand additions. Any and every aid which the agent and other influential friends of the Rural may lend in obtaining said additions during the ensuing month will be gratefully appreciated and substantially recognized. See notices below.

☞ Additions to Clubs—Are now in order, and whether they come (as they do daily) in ones, twos, fives, tens or twenties, are gratefully welcomed and receive prompt attention. Please note, and send on the names of all wish to join your club, even the eleventh-hour men and stragglers.

☞ Back numbers of this vol. can still be furnished, or subscriptions can begin with the New Quarter, April 2d. Clubs for Six or Nine months at same proportional rates as for a year, and Gratuities, &c., allowed.

☞ Drafts at our Risk.—We lose little money by mail, but prefer Drafts on New York (less exchange,) payable to our order, and which may be sent at our risk if carefully mailed to D. D. T. Moore, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ Any person so disposed can act as local agent for the Rural, and each and all who form clubs, will not only receive extra copies, but their aid will be appreciated. We have no traveling agents, nor do we give certificates.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, Rochester, April 19, 1859.

The weather is all that can be desired for out-door operations and the result thereof is the almost total absence of farmers from our streets. A general dullness pervades all departments of business, and the changes we have been able to note are extremely rare.

Flour dull—sales at last quoted rates.

Grain—No change in price for Wheat. Corn is wanted and rules firmer. Oats have put on a range with a slight decline.

Potatoes would seem to have recovered from the decline noticed a week or two since as best varieties readily bring 50 cents per bushel.

Hay has gone up $1 per ton all round—$8@12 being the rule at prices.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

Flour, winter wheat	$7.25@7.50	Eggs, dozen	10@11c
Do spring do	6.50@7.00	Honey, box	12@13c
Do Buckwheat	$1.75	Candles, box	12@13c
Wheat, Genesee	$1.40@1.75	Fruits and Roots.	
Best white Canada	$1.60@1.75	Apples, bushel	50@$1.75
Corn	37@39c	Do. dried	$1.50@1.75
Rye, 56 lbs ₱ bush	77@78c	Potatoes	25@50c
Oats by wt	48@50c	Hides and Skins	
Barley	65@70c	Slaughter	6@6½c
Buckwheat	48@50c	Calf	10c
Beans	65@75c	Sheep pelts	$1,75@2,00
Meats		Lamb do	38@63c
Pork, Mess	$17.00@18,00	Seeds.	
Do Prime	$7.50@8.00	Clover, bush	$4.50@5,00
Beef, Prime	$5,50@6,00	Timothy	$2,00@2,50
Spring lambs each	$1,50@2,00	Sundries.	
Mutton (carcass)	5@6c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Do. soft	$3,00@3,00
Shoulders	6@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,25
Chickens	7@8c	Do. Scranton	$5,00@5,50
Turkeys	10@11c	Do. Blossburg	$5,00@5,50
Geese	8@9@44c	Do. Shamokin	$5,00@5,50
Dairy, &c.		Do. Char	10@12c
Butter, roll	20@22c	Salt, bbl	$1,20@1,25
Do firkin	18c	Hay, ton	$8,00@12,00
Cheese	10@12c	Wool, lb	50@55c
Lard, tried	11@12c	White Fish, bbl	$7,00@7,50
Tallow	6@6½c	Codfish, quintal	$4,75@5,00
		Trout, bbl	$6,50@7,00

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, April 18.—Flour—The market for Flour is heavy and drooping. Sales at $5,20@5,60 for com to choice State; $5,60@5,45 for extra State; $5,20@5,60 for superfine Western; $6,00@6,60 for extra do.; $6,40@6,60 for round hoop Ohio—closing dull and heavy. Canadian flour is dull at $6,50@7,40 for common to choice extras.

Grain—Wheat firm. Sales at $1,45 red winter Western; $1,45 for white Southern; $1,53 for red Genesee. Rye heavy; sales at 82c. Barley dull; sales at 62@63c. Corn is somewhat lower; sales of 40,000 bushels Western mixed at 47½c in store, and 48c afloat. Oats are dull at 32@33c for Western and Canada.

Provisions—Pork market opened heavy. Sales at $17,00 for new mess; 18,00 for iron hoop do; $12,37 for prime; old mess nominal. Lard dull; sales at 11¼@11¾c.; and kegs at 12¾c. Butter quiet at 8½@12 for Ohio, 15@24c. for State. Cheese dull at 9@10c.

BUFFALO, April 18.—Flour—With a fair demand for the home trade and interior, prices remain steady. Sales at $4,50@5,37½ for ordinary to fair State from upper late spring wheat; $5,50@5,75 for the range of supe. Mich, Indiana and Ohio; $5,87½@6,25 for extra do; $6,50@6,87½ for double extra.

Grain—Wheat in moderate milling demand and coming mainly for export; prices steady. Sales Milwaukee club at $1,45; red Ohio at $1,35, and choice white Kentucky at $1,75. Corn in fair distilling request and market steady. A cargo to arrive was reported as having changed hands on Saturday at 78c. Oats—The stock offering is large, the market for which is dull and heavy at 50@52c for State, and 53@55c for Canadian. No sales other grains. Market steady.

Seeds—Clover steady at $4,50. Sales Timothy at $2,25.

Provisions—Quiet and unchanged. No sales.

ALBANY, April 18.—Flour and Meal—Our market for Flour opened without animation, and throughout the morning the business has been confined to a limited home trade demand. Corn Meal is quiet.

Grain—Wheat quiet at unchanged. Corn dull with a good supply coming both from the Hudson and Western Canal Receipts. Barley in possession but unchanged, most of the late cargoes in Oats are quiet and unchanged with a fair supply and sales Milwaukee at 35c; and State at 36c in store.

Seeds—Clover steady and rate request at unchanged prices. Timothy is rather quiet.

TORONTO, April 16.—Flour—The market has, if possible, grown still more inanimate during the week. The present quotations are:—Superfine, $6 to $6,25; fancy, $6,25 to $6,50; extra, $6,75 to $7 per barrel. The wholesale transactions are very small and hardly afford an indication as to the state of the market.

Grain—Fall Wheat has come in very sparingly from farmers during the week, and the receipts from country merchants have been less. The demand has remained steady but with little alteration as to prices, all to the small supplies. Prices for Oct. wheat are unchanged to 1c lower, ranging from 82½c to 83c for No. 2 Chicago to arrive, and 83½c to 84c for the same to come to hand. Spring Wheat was in steady request, and prices have advanced from 81 30c to 81 34c, good to fair per bushel

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

BY VERNA LOUISE.

I am so weary, weary, mother,
Body and spirit faint,
The only wish I have, mother,
Is rest—and heaven with you.

Rest for this aching frame, mother,
In the quiet, peaceful grave;
Rest for this weary, mild'ned heart,
In the home the *Angels* have.

The world seems harsh and cold, mother,
Even *friends* can be unkind;
And a heart to love me, *faults and all*,
Is so very hard to find.

I'm sick of these heartless forms, mother,
Of the measured, soulless smile—
Of hollow friendships, flattering word,
Meant only to beguile.

I long for the smiles and love, mother,
Of Heaven's unsinning ones:
How long, O, how long will it be, mother,
Ere I hear their gentle tones?

Genesee Co., Mich., 1859.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

ONE cool afternoon in the early fall, I—Chester F. Le Roy, a gentleman—stood on the platform of the Albany depot, watching the procession of passengers just arrived in the Hudson River boat, who defiled past me on their way to the cars. The Boston train, by which I had come, waited patiently as steam and fire might, for their leisure, with only occasional and faint snorts of remonstrance at the delay; yet still the jostling crowd hurried past into the cars, and flitted through them in search of seats, their increasing numbers at last warned me that I might find it difficult to regain my own, and I followed them.

"I beg your pardon, sir."

I turned, in obedience to a touch on my arm, and saw a respectable looking negro man before me, who bore the traveling-bag and shawl, and was, evidently, the attendant of a slender and stylish girl behind him. "Do I speak," he said, bowing respectfully, and glancing at the portmanteau I carried, on which my surname was quite legible, "do I address, sir, Mr. Le Roy?"

"That is my name—at your service—what can I do for you?"

"The young lady, Miss Florence Dundard, who was to join you at Albany, at six o'clock, this evening—I have charge of her." He turned to the young lady behind him

"This is Mr. Le Roy, Miss."

The young lady, whose dark blue eyes had been scanning me, as I could perceive through her blue silk veil, now lifted it with an exquisitively gloved little hand, and extended the other to me, with a charming mixture of frankness and timidity.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Le Roy," said she. "I thought I should know you in a moment, Jenny described you so accurately. How kind it was for you to offer to take charge of me. I hope I shan't trouble you."

In the midst of my bewilderment, at thus being addressed by the sweetest voice in the world, I managed to see that I must make a proper reply, and proceeded to stammer out what I thought an appropriate speech, when the servant who had left us for a moment, returned, and I abandoned it unfinished.

"Did you see my baggage, Edward?" asked his mistress.

"Yes, Miss; it is all on."

"Then you had better hurry to reach the 7 o'clock boat. Good-bye, and tell them you saw me safely off."

I stood like one in a dream, while the man handed me two checks for the trunks, and endued me with the light baggage he had carried; but I was aroused by the young lady's asking me if we had not better secure our seats in the cars, and answered by offering her my arm. In ten minutes we were seated side by side, and trundling out of Albany at a rate that grew faster and faster.

I had now time to reflect, with that lovely face opposite me, but where was the use. Some strange mistake had undoubtedly happened, and I had evidently been taken for another person of the same name; but how to remedy this now, without alarming the innocent young lady in my charge—how to find the right man, with the right name, among several hundred people, and how to transfer her, without an unpleasant scene and explanation, to the care of some one whose person was no less strange to her than mine! While these thoughts whirled through my head, I happened to encounter those smiling eyes fixed upon me, and their open, unsuspicious gaze decided me. "I will not trouble or distress her, by any knowledge of her position," I concluded, "but will just do my best to fill the place of the individual she took me for, and conduct her wherever she wishes to go, if I can only find where it is!" I turned to her with an affectation of ease, which I was very far from feeling, and said, "It is a long journey."

"Do you think so? But it is very pleasant isn't it? Cousin Jenny enjoyed it so much!"

"Ah, indeed!"

"Why, what a queer man!" she said, with a little laugh. "Doesn't she never tell you, as she does me in all her letters, how happy she is, and that St. Louis is the sweetest place in the world to live in? Dear me! that I should have to tell her own husband first. How we shall laugh about it when we get there."

So it was St. Louis we were going to, and I was her cousin's husband. I never was so thankful for two pieces of information in my life.

"And how does dear Jenny look? and what is she doing? and how is my dear Aunt Beman? do tell me the news!"

"Jenny," said I, mustering courage and words, "is the dearest little wife in the world, you must know, only far too fond of her scamp of a husband—as to her looks, you can't expect me to say anything, for she always looks lovely to me."

"Bravo!" said the pretty girl, with a malicious smile; "but about my dear Aunty's rheumatism?"

"Miss, I mean, of course, Mrs. Beman, is very well."

"Well!" said my fair questioner, regarding me with surprise, "I thought she had not been well for a number of years!"

"I mean well for her," said I, in some trepidation; "the air of St. Louis (which I have since learned is of the misty moisty order) has done her a world of good. She is quite a different woman."

"I am very glad," said her neice.

She remained silent for a few moments, and then a gleam of amusement began to dance in her bright eyes."

"To think," said she, suddenly turning to me with a musical laugh, "that in all this time, you have not once mentioned the baby!"

I know I gave a violent start, and I *think* I turned pale. After I had run the gauntlet of all these questions triumphantly, as I thought, this new danger stared me in the face. How was I ever to describe a baby, who had never noticed one? My courage sank below zero, but in the same proportion the blood rose to my face, and I think my teeth fairly chattered in my head.

"Don't be afraid that I shall not sympathize in your raptures," continued my tormentor, as I almost considered her. "I am quite prepared to believe anything after Jenny's letter—you should see how she cares for him."

"Him!" Blessed goodness, then it must be a boy!

"*Of* course," said I blushing and stammering, but feeling it imperative to say *something*, "we consider him the finest fellow in the world; but you might not agree with us, and in order to leave your judgment unbiased, I shall not describe him to you."

"Ah! but I know just how he looks, for Jenny had no such scruples—so you may spare yourself the trouble or happiness, which ever it is—but tell me what you mean to call him?"

"We have not decided upon a name," I replied.

"Indeed! I thought she intended to give him yours."

"The deuce she did!" thought I. "No, one of a name is enough in a family," I answered.

The demon of inquisitiveness, that, to my thinking, had instigated my companion heretofore, now ceased to possess her, for we talked of various indifferent things, and I had the relief of not being compelled to draw on my imagination at the expense of my conscience, when I gave the particulars of my recent journey from Boston. Yes, I was far from feeling at ease, for every sound of her voice startled me with a dread of fresh questions, necessary, but impossible to be answered, and I felt a guilty flush stealing up my temples, every time I met the look of those beautiful blue eyes.

It was late when we stopped for supper, and soon after I saw the dark fringes of my fair companion's eyes droop long and often, and began to realize that she ought to be asleep. I knew perfectly well that it was my duty to offer her a resting place on my shoulder, but I hardly had courage to ask that innocent face to lie on my arm, which was not as she thought it, that of a cousin and a married man.—Recollecting, however, that it was my duty to make her comfortable, and that I could scarcely deceive her more than I had already done, I proffered the usual civility. She slightly blushed but thanked me, and accepted it by leaning her head lightly against my shoulder, and looking up into my eyes with a smile, said, "As you are my cousin." Soon after her eyes closed and she slept sweetly and calmly, as if resting in security and peace. I looked down at the beautiful face, slightly paled with fatigue, that rested against me, and felt like a villain. I dared not touch her with my arm although the bounding of the cars jostled her very much. I sat remorseless until the sleeper settled the matter by slipping forward and awakening. She opened her eyes instantly, and smiled. "It is no use for me to try to sleep with my bonnet on," she said; "for it is very much in the way for me, I am sure it troubles you." So she removed it, giving me the pretty little toy, with its graceful ribbons and flowers, to put on the rack above us. I preferred to hold it, telling her it would be safer with me, and after a few objections, she resigned it, being in truth too sleepy to contest the point; then tying the blue silk veil over her glossy hair she leaned against my shoulder, and slept again. This time when the motion began to shake and annoy her, I stifled the reproaches of my conscience, and passing my arm lightly round her slender waist, drew her head upon my breast, where it lay all night.—She slept the sleep of innocence, serene and peaceful, but it is needless to say that I could not close my eyes or ease my conscience. I could only gaze down on the beautiful, still face, and imagine how it would confront me, if she knew what I was, and how I had deceived her, or dreaming more wildly still, reproduce it in a hundred scenes which I had never before paused to imagine as the face of *my wife*. I had never loved, unless the butterfly loves of Saratoga and Newport might be so dignified, and still less had I ever dreamed or thought of marrying, even as a possibility and far off contingency. Never before, I solemnly aver, had I seen the woman whom I wished to make my wife—never before had I so longed to call anything my own, as I did that lovely face lying on my heart. No, it was impossible for me to sleep.

In the morning we reached Buffalo, and spent the day at Niagara. If I had thought her lovely while sleeping, what was she when the light of feeling and expression played over her face, as she eloquently admired the scene before us, or was even more eloquent still. I don't think I looked at the Cataract as much as I looked at her, or thought the one creation more beautiful than the other.

She was now quite familiar with me, in her innocent way, calling me "cousin Frank," and seeming to take a certain pleasure in my society and protection. It was delightful to be greeted so gladly by her, when I entered the hotel parlor, to have her come forward from the lonely seat where she had been waiting, not unobserved or unnoticed, to receive me—to have her hang on my arm—look up into my face—tell me all her little adventures alone, and chide me for leaving her so long. how long it seemed to me while every word, look, and smile seemed doubly dear to me, because I knew the precarious tenure by which I held my right to them. She busied herself, too, while I was gone out, with our joint baggage, and rummaging all over her trunk to find a book which I had expressed a desire to see—she rewarded me, as I stowed the hand on my travelling cap, and I found a cigar case wherever I had lost it, which was about twenty times a day, while she scolded me for the carelessness which she declared seemed natural to me. I suppose she did, poor child, never dreaming how much her gentle chiding, "with all [illegible] was sweeter to me than words of love, and [illegible] to take out what was wanted for her travelling companion. I enjoyed it with a troubling heart, as I was aware, and determined to confess all the dark follies to which my soul probably had, but should not, be subjected, and which, with prayers and tears, she had, perhaps, the weakness possible to woman to forgive. So I prepared for confession, and [illegible] to [illegible] which I am afraid I kissed—a card with her name on it, and a memorandum in a pretty hand "No. — Olive St., St. Louis," which, as I rightly conjectured, was the residence of her cousin Jennie whose husband I was; a very fortunate discovery for me. Indeed, thus far, I had not yet found the way of the transgressor hard, in external circumstances at least, and when with her I forgot everything but her grace and beauty, and my firm resolution to be no more to her than her cousin should be; but out of that charmed presence my conscience made me miserable.

I am afraid I must sometimes have betrayed the conflicts of feeling I had, by my manner; but when I was reserved, and ceremonious with her, she always resented it, and begged me so bewitchingly not to treat her so, and to call her by her sweet name, "Florence," that had I dreamed as much as I longed to do, I could not have refused her. But the consciousness that I was not what she thought me, but an impostor, of whom, after our connection had ceased, and she had discovered the deception practiced upon her, she could think or remember nothing that would not cause unmerited self-reproach and mortification, all innocent and trusting as she was, this reflection, more than any other, I confess, and the knowledge of the estimation in which she would forever hold me, after my imposition was discovered, agonized, and I would have given all I possessed to own it to her and leave her sight at once, though the thought of never seeing her more was dreadful. But that could not be.

At last we reached St. Louis. Do I say "at last?" When the sight of those spires and gables warned me that my brief dream of happiness was over, and that the remorseful reflections I had been staving off so long were now to commence in earnest, the thought of the coming banishment from Florence was dreadful to me, and the time seemed to fly on lightning wings as it drew near. She was all gayety and as astonished at my sadness and absence of mind when so near home and Jennie, and when we entered the carriage that was to convey us to our destination, I had half a mind to take a cowardly flight, rather than encounter the scorn, and disappointment of those blue eyes; but I mustered courage and followed her in, giving the address found in the porte monnaie, which fortunately was the right one, to the driver.

"Almost home!" said she, turning her bright face toward me—we were rattling up the street and my time was short—"how *can* you be so cold and quiet?"

"Because, Miss Florence," I answered, "the time has come in which I must confess to you that I have no more right in the home to which we are hastening than to the name by which you address me, and that my only claim to either, is that of an imposter and deceiver."

She turned her lovely face, wondering and puzzled, toward me.

Thank Heaven I did not read fear and aversion in it.

"No right! no claim!" she repeated; "what can you mean."

I told her frankly, and fully, the whole truth, nearly as I have set it down here, denying nothing, and concealing nothing, not even the useless secret of my love for her. When the brief recital was ended, we both remained silent, but although she had hidden her face, I could see that she trembled violently with shame and repulsion. The sight of her distress was agony to me, and I tried to say a few words of apology.

"You cannot blame or hate me, Miss Dundard, more than I hate and blame myself," I said, "for the distress I have so unwillingly caused you.—Heaven knows that if I accepted the charge of so much innocence and beauty too lightly, I have heavily atoned since, in having occasioned this suffering to you, and my own punishment is greater than I can bear."

The coach stopped as I spoke; she turned towards me eagerly, her face bearing traces of tears, and said, in a low voice,

"Do not misunderstand me if I was so silent."

The coachman threw open the door, and stood waiting. I was obliged to descend and assist her out. I hardly dared touch that little hand, though it was for the last time, but I watched her graceful figure with sad distress. She was already recognized, for the door of the handsome house before which we stopped was thrown open, and a pretty woman followed by a fine-looking black whiskered gentleman, whom I supposed to be my namesake, rushed down the steps. There were loud exclamations of astonishment and pleasure, a cordial welcome, and some rapid questions to which Florence returned very low and quiet answers, and quickly extricating herself from the confusion, presented me as "Mr. Le Roy, your husband's namesake, and the gentleman who kindly took charge of me." I glanced at her face to see if she were mocking me, but it was pale and grave. Mrs. Le Roy opened her pretty eyes widely, but was too well bred to express surprise, and after introducing me to her husband in the same terms, invited me into the house. Hardly conscious of what I did, or anything, except that I was still in the presence of Florence, from which I could not endure to banish myself I followed them into a handsome parlor, where sat an old lady, who my conscience told me was the rheumatic aunt I had so cruelly belied.—Florence herself presented me to this lady, who was a fixture, and unable to raise from her chair, and before I could stammer an apology and retire, related in her own way (how different from mine,) the mistake by which she had been placed in my care, and the history of our journey, in which it appeared our host, Mr. Le Roy, had been a fellow passenger. When she had ended, they all crowded about me, warmly expressing their thanks for my "kindness and consideration," to my utter bewilderment and surprise, and cordially inviting me to remain with them, and make the acquaintance of my namesake and family. I detached myself from all this unexpected kindness as soon as I could, for I fancied I read aversion in the flushing and paling face, and drooping eyes of Florence, and with one last look at her, left the room. A moment after, I felt the touch of a light hand on my arm, and turning, saw, with mute surprise, that she had followed me into the vestibule.

"Mr. Le Roy," she said hurriedly, "I cannot let you go away misunderstanding me as I see you do. If I was silent while you so humbly apologised for the noble, generous, and honorable delicacy of your conduct, it was not from anger, believe me, but because I was first too much astonished, afterwards too much moved and grateful to speak. I owe you more than I can say, and should be miserable, indeed if a false shame, which you see has not prevented my telling you this, should prevent you from continuing an acquaintance so strangely begun. Trust me, sir, I speak the truth."

I don't know what answer I made, for the revulsion of feeling was almost too great for words, and the rapture of knowing, as I looked down into that lovely face that it was not for the last time, quite took away the little sense I had remaining. If you want to know how I felt, ask a man who is going to be hung, how he would feel to be reprieved.

Well, how time flies! It certainly does not seem five years since all this happened, yet cousin Jenny (*my* cousin Jenny now,) so bitterly reproaches us in her last letter, for not visiting her in all that time that we have again undertaken the journey, but under different auspices, since Florence is Florence Dundard no more, and sleeps upon my arm in the cars no more blushingly, but with the confidence of a wife of nearly five years standing, and I register our names in the hotel book, as "Mr. and Mrs. Le Roy," and bless my lucky stars, as I read it over. Even while I write, Florence, rather than ever, as I think, makes a grand pretence of arranging our baggage at the hotel where we stop, (which has reminded me, by past tenses for me to write down this story) or comes leaning over me to call me "dear Chester," instead of "dear Cousin Frank," as five years before, and to scold me for being so stupid as to sit and write, instead of talking with her. Stupid, indeed, to prefer a black pen to those rosy lips.—Was ever a man so happy in a "Slight Mistake."

—*Ladies' Home Magazine.*

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 4, 7, 8, 13 is what every carpenter has.
My 1, 2, 4 is what every person must do.
My 2, 6, 12 is a kind of drink.
My 4, 7, 11, 13 is what a great many would rather not do.
My 13, 11, 12 is what every child should not do.
My 10, 11, 6, 1 is what most everybody has.
My 3, 4, 2, 5, 13, 1 is what every farmer must have.
My 9, 2, 3, 4 is what belongs to a ship.
My 12, 6, 5, 2 is an island in the Mediterranean Sea.
My 10, 11, 1, 6, 14 is what every farmer has.
My 1, 14, 11, 3, 4, 3 is a river in North Carolina.
My 4, 3, 2, 14 is a lake in Africa.
My whole is a town in New York.
Franklin Mills, Ohio, 1859. W. G. WISE.
☞ Answer in two weeks. East Bloomfield

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ENIGMA.—BOQUET OF FLOWERS.

1, a beverage and a beautiful flower.
2, an Empire and a color.
3, a green substance and a girl's name.
4, a goddess, an insect and a snare.
5, a girl's name and a metal.
6, a reptile and a part of the face.
7, a vehicle and the people of the United States.
8, anything pleasant to the taste and a boy's name.
9, anything stiff and a flower.
10, a place of punishment and a month of the year.
Pennsylvania, 1859. CARRIE W. T.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WHAT two numbers are those which, if to the square of the greater the less be added, the sum will be 1,888—and if we add the square of the less to the greater, the amount will then be 898? R. N. COOLEY.
Castleton Medical College, Vt., 1859.
☞ Answer in two weeks. 57. 44

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

One-half of five and third of six,
I have somewhere seen
Written out in such a fix
As to read fourteen.
Attica, N. Y., 1859. "L 8"
☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 483.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—A new broom sweeps clean.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Edward Bulwer Lytton.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—The side of the box will be 20 inches. *Solution*—[illegible] square feet equals 2,168 square inches. Diminish this by [illegible] extract the square root of 1-6 of the remainder. This root, plus 1 (the thickness,) gives 20 inches, the side.

Advertisements.

PRINCE ALBERT POTATOES FOR SALE. Price, $1,50 per bushel. *Warranted genuine.* 483-3t P. P. BRADISH, Batavia, Gen. Co., N. Y.

BURDETT'S NEW SEEDLING STRAWBERRY.—Fruit sold for 35 cts. per qt. in Buffalo, last season. Reference—Geo. GAGE, Buffalo. Plants $5 per doz. JOHN BURDETT, La Salle, Niagara Co., N. Y.

REBECCA GRAPE VINES.—A large stock of strong one year well rooted vines, for sale at old prices.—Also, Concord Grape Vines, Brinckles Orange Raspberry, Myatt's Linnæus Rhubarb, in any quantity, very low. Catalogues furnished on application. Address H. C. FREEMAN, (late Freeman & Kendall,) Ravenswood Fruit Garden, Ravenswood, L. I., near N. York.

WHITE RED BLAZE EIGHT-ROWED CORN. A few bushels of this early variety for sale, if applied for soon. Price $1,50 per bushel. T. C. PETERS. Darien, N. Y., April, 1859. 482-cow3t

LAWTON BLACKBERRY PLANTS—The original variety. Circulars free—how to obtain—price—method of cultivation, &c. Address WM. LAWTON, New Rochelle, N. Y. 481-4tco.

THE NANSEMOND SWEET POTATO—Successfully cultivated in the North. Plants from 1st of May onward, $2 per 1,000—10,000 or more at $1,50. Send stamp for Circular. O. S. MURRAY & SON, Twenty Miles Stand, Warren Co., Ohio. 480cow4t

CONNECTICUT SEED LEAF TOBACCO.—Packets containing a *half ounce* will be sent post-paid to all applicants on receipt of *eight three cent stamps.* **Real Havana Tobacco** (Imported Seed) in *one-eighth ounce packets*, will be sent in return for *five* three cent stamps. [480cow4t] B. K. BLISS, Springfield, Mass.

RHODE'S SUPERPHOSPHATE—Manufactured by B. M. RHODES & CO., Office 82 South St., Bowly's Wharf, Baltimore. Packed in Barrels and Bags—price $45 per Ton. *This well established Manure having been used for seven years past on Southern Plantations*, is for sale by the Sole Agents. JOHN MOORE, 153 Front St., New York. 480cow8t D. T. MILLS & CO., 15 Custom House St., Boston

STEWART'S AID TO ECONOMY! BY AN INVENTOR OF FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE. THIS WORK IS ENTITLED **Stewart's Improved Fuel-Saving and Comfort-Producing Cooking Stove!!** An improvement even over the old stove—it has the best flues ever made. Saves half the fuel burnt in any other Stove, and lasts twenty years. Thirty-five thousand families use it and will endorse these facts. FULLER, WARREN & CO., Sole Manufacturers, Troy, N. Y. Sold in all the principal places in the United States.—Agent in Rochester, FOSTER SPRAGUE. Buffalo—HADLEY & HOSTER. Detroit—W. H. TAPPT & Co. Cleveland—JOHN INGERSOLL & Co. Chicago—C. METZ. (477 7teow) ☞ Descriptive pamphlets by mail, *gratis*, postage paid.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Full particulars *free*. Agents wanted. [476co10t] SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

LEA & PERRINS' CELEBRATED WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE,

PRONOUNCED BY Connoisseurs TO BE THE Only Good Sauce, AND APPLICABLE TO EVERY VARIETY OF DISH.

EXTRACT of a Letter from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN, AT MADRAS. To his Brother AT WORCESTER.

May, 1851. "Tell LEA & PERRINS that the receipt of their highly esteemed in India, and is, in my opinion the most palatable as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

EXTENSIVE FRAUDS.

The only Medal awarded by the Jury of the New York Exhibition for Foreign Sauces, was obtained by LEA & PERRINS for their Worcestershire Sauce. The world wide fame of which having led to numerous *Forgeries*, purchasers are requested to see that the names of LEA & PERRINS are upon the *Wrapper, Label, Stopper and Bottle.*

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COUGHS and COLDS, which are of such frequent occurrence, and which so often lay the foundation of diseased lungs, bronchitis and consumption, may all be at once cured by the Fever and Cough Pills.

In all CHRONIC DISEASES, such as Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Piles, Female Debility and Irregularities, old Headache, Sore or Weak eyes, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, and other old eruptions, the case has specifics, whose proper application will afford a cure in almost every instance. Often the cure of a single chronic difficulty, such as Dyspepsia, Piles, or Catarrh, Headache, or Female Weakness, has more than paid for the case ten times over.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.—A gentleman, well known in this City, in at our office, remarked: "Your COUGH PILLS have been of great value at our house this Winter.—In every instance when one of the family has taken a cold, three or four doses of the COUGH and FEVER PILLS, given in alternation, have entirely cured the case in a day or two. The case has already paid for itself several times over."

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DYSPEPSIA OR WEAK STOMACH, CASE 1.—A young man of 19 had Dyspepsia for two years, attended with a severe pain in the pit of the stomach, coming on during eating or as soon as food reached the stomach, and continuing through the period of digestion. The pain was severe and aching, sometimes extending to the shoulders, less if he eat very digestible food, and proportionably more violent as his food was less carefully selected. It was also worse during warm weather. The bowels were very costive—stools hard and dry. Allopathic medicines only made him worse, and the prescriptions of a very regular Homœpath failed to help him. He commenced taking the DYSPEPSIA PILLS, one pill three times per day, with prompt relief. In little more than a week this pain of two years' standing had disappeared, and in a month more his bowels had become perfectly regular and he was entirely well.

2. A young lady of 26 had been troubled with indigestion for several months, so as to render great care necessary in the selection of her food. After eating, the stomach became acid, food rising in her mouth with water, and unpleasant, heavy load like sensation in her stomach, continuing some hours, frequently headache, bowels constipated, and a depressed mental condition. She commenced taking the DYSPEPSIA PILLS, one morning and night, and in less than a week almost every symptom of her disease had vanished, and she felt like a new being.

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VOL. X. NO. 18.] ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859. [WHOLE NO. 486.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
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With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

OATS—VARIETIES, &c.

In our last we stated there were over forty varieties of oats cultivated in Great Britain. Some of these are grown in this country, under their true names, and several, we have no doubt with other and sometimes several names. Our oats, however, are badly mixed up and it is somewhat difficult to obtain any variety pure. The *Poland Oat*, a few years ago was a short, plump grain, weighing forty pounds and over to the bushel. We have now before us three samples obtained from as many lots offered for sale as *White Poland Seed Oats*, and they are of all forms, with a sprinkling of brown and black, while but few show the plumpness that formerly characterized that variety. Thirty pounds to the bushel would be about as much as either of these samples would weigh. The opinion is quite general that the best of foreign oats will degenerate in this county, so that in a few years they will be no better than our common white oat, but whether this degeneracy is not in part caused by careless culture, unsuitable soil, and the sad mixture of seed, is a question well worthy of thought.

If, with the slight variation of the English climate, the farmers of the Northern counties of England, or Scotland, find it necessary or profitable, to plant a different variety of oats from that planted by those of the South; if the English farmer has ascertained by long experience that one variety cannot be profitably grown on a light soil, while another will succeed best in such a situation—that one sort will utterly fail if sown late, while another will do well under such circumstances—that some kinds are peculiarly adapted to a low peaty soil, luxuriating in that in which others would perish—may not we with our wide extended country, our varied climate and diversity of soil, study with advantage the character and productiveness of varieties and the circumstances under which they fail or flourish.

For some time we have been in pursuit of knowledge about oats, and their culture in this country, but we are able to obtain but little reliable information of value to the farmer, and it is principally for the purpose of soliciting facts that we now allude to this subject. Will not our readers give us the desired information about the sorts they cultivate, mode of culture, productiveness, and such other information as will be profitable to our readers. In the mean time we give brief descriptions of the principle varieties cultivated in England.

Potato Oat.—The Potato Oat received the name from having been found in a potato field, in 1788. For some years after its introduction it was considered superior to all other varieties, but of late years it has not succeeded well on clay soil, but is generally and successfully cultivated on rich, [illegible] soils, composed of black earth or [illegible]. The straw is about medium height, [illegible] and plump. When fully ripe it [illegible] reaping, and therefore requires to [illegible]. The grain weighs from 40 to 46 [illegible] it is a sure indication [illegible] or that a change [illegible] from a different and better locality is [illegible] variety was tried here some years [illegible]

[illegible] was discovered by a Lord [illegible] recently that own[illegible] and received the Lord's name Alexander [illegible] It is smaller than the Potato, but weighs well in the bushel. It is valuable for sowing on moist soils where the crop is apt to be laid, as the straw is of great stiffness. It is better for clay lands than the Potato oat.

Hopetoun Oat also originated in Scotland about 1830. When well grown it has a large spreading ear, large seeds of a brownish tinge, having a red spot on the breast, by which it is easily known.—The straw is remarkably long. It does not shed its seed in high winds and harvesting, like the Potato oat, but when laid it goes flat on the ground, and when this is the case much is lost by shedding. To remedy this defect it is sometimes sown with the *Sandie* or some other strong-strawed variety. The grains are large, and from this fact, and that it does not tiller much, an extra bushel an acre should be sown. It is not adapted to clay, but is valuable on light soils.

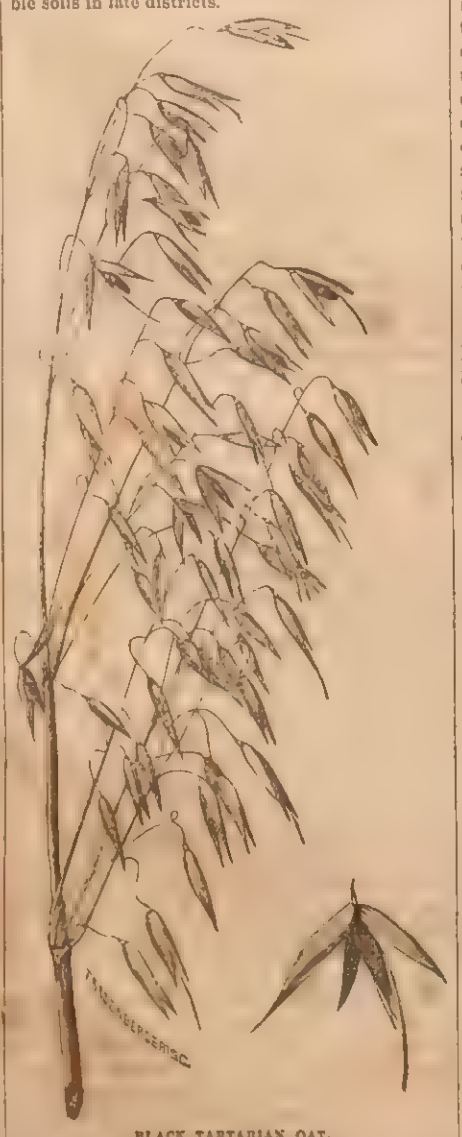
Early Angus Oat.—This is not so liable to shake out as the Potato oat, is shorter in the straw, which is of better texture and makes better fodder. It is only suitable for good land in high condition. On poor soils it grows well until the time of earing, but is apt to thin out afterwards and give but a poor crop. It degenerates very rapidly if sown for a succession of years on the same farm. A change of seed is absolutely necessary.

Sherriff Oat.—This is a new variety not fairly tested, early, and appears to be very productive, as over 100 bushels have been raised to the acre.

Berlie Oat.—There are two varieties of this oat, the English and Scotch. The *English* is a good sort for all descriptions of rich soil. It stands well, ripens equally, and is prolific. The *Scotch* is better for light soils, not easily shaken out, and the straw is of excellent quality. We rather think this is the variety we have seen in this country called the *Barley oat.*

Barbachlaw Oat is a hardy, early and prolific oat, well adapted for high and inferior soils.

Dyock or Davidson's Oat.—Early, hardy, very prolific, but rather apt to shed its seeds when ripe, and should be cut raw. Best adapted to soft, friable soils in late districts.



BLACK TARTARIAN OAT.

Black Tartarian Oat.—This variety is early, long-strawed, and yields very abundantly, and carries the ear on one side of the straw, as shown in the engraving. It is particularly adapted to peaty, marshy soils, and is much cultivated in districts where such soils abound. It often produces 100 bushels to the acre. Where oats are much used for meal, as in Scotland, its color is an objection. The straw, too, is much inferior to that of white oats, and this is no small objection to the English and Scotch farmer who depends upon the oat straw for a valuable supply of fodder.

Flemish Oat.—A hardy, free-growing variety, having a long straw and producing a large return upon rich clay soils to which it is particularly adapted. It has, in a great measure superceded the Potato and Sandie varieties on such soils.

Old Poland.—Very hardy, and early, with plenty of straw, but grain somewhat inferior, but in some districts producing excellent crops.

Kildrummy or Halkerton Oat.—Long, tallish, but tough straw; well-formed, bright colored grain with thickish husk; the young plants tiller well. It is prolific, but not heavy in the bushel, and being a free grower is well adapted for poor, and late soils.

The above are all early varieties, and white, except the *Black Tartarian.* MORTON says, "the best of the early sorts for general cultivation are the Potato, Sandie, Flemish, two varieties of Berlie, Hopetoun, early Angus, Sherriff, old Poland, Barbachlaw, and Kildrummy. The order of their comparative merits will vary of course, according to differences in the soil and climate. The Potato, English Berlie, Hopetoun, early Angus, and Sherriff oats, are best adapted for easy alluvial loams in good order; the Flemish and Sandie for clay soils, and the Scotch Berlie, old Poland or Tam Finlay, Barbachlaw, and Kildrummy, for inferior and late soils."

In another number we will give descriptions of the most noted of the late varieties. We cannot, of course, say how valuable these sorts would prove in this country, but we do think they are worthy of a trial.

HOUSE BUILDING.—NO. I.

ALL buildings should be properly planned as a preliminary step toward their erection. The probability of attaining a satisfactory result will generally be in exact proportion to the amount of time and thought expended in this direction, and to the completeness and perfection of the drawings prepared. This may seem like stating an axiom, but as simple truths are so often overlooked or disregarded it is well to repeat them occasionally, lest they should be forgotten entirely. Usually among our farming community the plan of a house is got up by the builder; or, rather, the proprietor decides upon its size and general shape, and then the carpenter subdivides it into apartments under the direction of the female head of the family. It seems a better way would be to determine the number, size and style of rooms desired first, and arrange them in buildable shape afterwards. In this way the principal rooms may be made of such dimensions as to admit of using carpeting without waste and in good proportions.

In deciding upon the number of rooms do not get too many; a multiplicity adds complexity and perplexity more often than it does convenience.—The *size* of rooms should depend upon the requirements of the family, but they should always be of such shape that either in length or width they may be divided by yards or half yards. With paper, pencil and an ordinary rule you can draw out your own plan of arrangement, and by making proper allowance for outside walls, the inside partitions and base or mop boards, you will find the dimensions necessary to carry out your ideas. At this stage, if you are satisfied that you have planned a larger building than you can put up well for the money you wish to expend upon it, (which will generally be the case,) and your rooms are not over large, reduce the plan by leaving out one or more of the rooms commencing with the parlor, (for you have probably got one marked thus on the plan,) as being most useless of all. If you are as good as your neighbors you will have but few visitors too good to set down in your living room and enjoy a farmer's luxuries—apples, butternuts and cider. It is better to build a small house to live in yourself, than a large one to lock up for want of proper furniture, or to open only for visitors. A front hall and baluster stairway seem to be more for ornament than use in a farm house and usually occupy the best corner, giving the house a gloomy appearance at the expense of the living room.

It is fashionable in many places to build in a square form, but although this affords much more inside room in proportion to the outside covering, there is really little gained by so doing, unless it is in avoiding those nuisances, leaky gutters; for, in a house of ordinary dimensions, the side walls must be much higher than is required on the inside, to make it in good proportion, and for the same reason the roof must be made much too flat in pitch to be durable, where shingles are used for a covering.

As tastes, requirements and locations are so various, it is of little value to present ideal plans or sucheven as have been worked from, but there are many little conveniences which may be introduced in nearly all farm houses which occasion but little extra expense and are of great help to the mistress and her daughters. A china closet between the living room and cook room; windows on opposite sides of the dining room, insuring a free circulation of air; a kettle set in an arch for heating water on washing day, and for other purposes; a pantry with not only shelves, but drawers, cupboard, &c.; a sink for washing dishes, and a drying shelf near the china closet, are all good institutions in their way.

After you have arranged your place to suit you, (don't do anything else until you have,) and you wish to lay out the stairs, chimneys, doors and windows, let *convenience* be the first consideration. The length of room occupied by the stairs should exceed the elevation to be attained by at least one quarter, and should be about three feet wide. The best place for chimneys is in inside partitions, as each chimney will thus serve for at least two rooms on each floor, and much more of the heat will be saved thereby. They should terminate at the ridge of the building if possible. In locating the doors and windows, bear in mind that the house is to be furnished, and leave suitable room for such furniture as must necessarily be used.

If thus far you have gone along satisfactorily, you are prepared to put your plans in the hands of a draftsman, which it is essential to do, as a plan drawn mechanically correct will more than pay for itself in the time it will save in the building. If you have any desire to have your house erected with taste, employ an artist rather than a mechanic to get up your drawings, for to him the peculiarities of your arrangement, and the irregularity of openings, will be no stumbling block. And here a word of caution is necessary. If you employ an artist do not dictate to him, but leave all matters of style, finish and ornament to his taste and judgment. The old saw that "two heads are better than one even if one is a sheep's head," is not applicable to a case of this kind.

Before you are ready to commence your foundation walls, if our friend MOORE will allow, that branch of the subject shall be treated of in another number.

J. H. S.

Pompey, Onon. Co., N. Y., 1859.

SHALL WE PLOW DEEP OR SHALLOW?

EDS. RURAL:—We all look with deep interest on whatever pertains to our most important farm operation, viz., plowing. To be right in this respect, is to lay at least the foundation for success; to be in error here, is to commit a radical mistake, which no after culture can fully retrieve. Shall we plow deep, i. e., from 10 to 14 inches, or shallow, i. e., from 5 to 7? A. is an experienced, practical cultivator, and tells us to plow deep; B. is equally reliable, and tells us to plow shallow. Now, "when doctors disagree, who shall decide?" Why, evidently, each for himself.

But, first, why do the doctors disagree? There are several reasons. One is, they are differently constituted. Some, possessing tremendous physical and mental strength and energy, feel like ripping up the earth to the very center, and they never saw a team nor a plow strong enough to fully satisfy their ambition. Then, others are constitutionally tender and effeminate. Such shrink from the task. They do not like to incur the necessary expenditure of strength and capital. Another reason is, these doctors of Agriculture have been differently educated—some on the Homeopathic, some on the Allopathic, and some on the Hydropathic principle. Now, when called to decide in a given case, each, of course, will view it from his particular stand-point, and his decision must necessarily smack of his educational predilections.—Then, there is the force of habit. One's father did thus, and was successful, therefore, it is right; or, another's grandsire performed in the opposite manner and succeeded, therefore *this* is right—and as their predecessors did thus and so, and as they, thus far, have followed in their example, therefore their practice is doubly strengthened. They make no allowance for difference of circumstances. Such is the force of habit, or custom. Then, others do not consider the great difference of soil and climate. A depth of plowing that is commendable and successful on one kind of soil and in one climate, might be wholly unsuccessful, or injurious, or inefficient, on an entirely different soil, thousands of miles from the other.

What, then, shall we tyros in the noble science of Agriculture—thirsting as we are for knowledge, and thoroughly anxious for the highest meed of success—do in such a dilemma as this? The *shallow* man (we refer only to his system of plowing,) says that GOD, in his great field of Nature, to raise all his crops of seeds, fruits, grass and timber, never plows at all; that he deposits the seeds on the surface of the soil and covers them only with the leaves and stems of the decaying plant; that these coverings keep the ground moist and cool; that the frost is a sufficient mellowing and pulverizing agent; that if we do not want surface water, surface drains are sufficient to carry it off, and that Nature has provided for the rest, etc. The *deep* man (we intend no especial compliment,) tells us to drive the plow as near to the geographical center of the sphere as all our team and all our neighbor's combined will propel it; that Nature has only half completed her work, and so carries it on to great disadvantage; that our land must be underdrained four feet deep, and four rods apart, at an expense of—well, we must not stop to count the cost,—it must be done at all hazards; that the roots of the corn plant must have a chance to push downward after the *mineral* elements, and in time of drouth, for moisture; that the foundations of the earth must be torn up, and brought under the ameliorating influence of heat and cold, etc.

Again I ask, what shall we do? I will tell you, my friends, what we will do. We will think, talk, read and write, on this subject; but above all things, we will *experiment.* Here is our principal reliance. We have seen that the doctors cannot assist us, because their prescriptions are at variance. We must depend on ourselves. "GOD helps those who help themselves," and now is a good time to commence. "Is *deep* or *shallow* plowing best for corn on my soil?" This is the query, and we will answer it by driving four furrows right through our corn-field, as deep as all the force we can raise will draw the plow—four furrows shallow, and four furrows half way between. We will plant a row of corn on each of these different plowings—same kind of corn—same treatment—then watch the result. Then, if not satisfied, we will try again.

G. M. REYNOLDS.

Corunna, Shiawassee Co., Mich., 1859.

VARIETY OF CROPS.

THE farmer must have not one, but many strings to his bow, so that if one fails he can try another. If we rely on one kind of production, and the season proves bad for it, we are "up Salt River;" but with a variety of crops we must hit right with some of them, let the season be what it may. Besides, a variety of crops enables us to be sowing and harvesting throughout the season. Raising many different articles permits us to fill up the measure of our time, and our cellars, corn-cribs and granaries to overflowing. Little things are often overlooked, but it is many minute atoms that form the mighty aggregate. This variety is the spice of the farmer's life.

We will here mention a list of articles which every large or small farmer may raise and sell to profit. Wheat, rye, barley, oats, buckwheat, corn, broom-corn, millet, beans, peas, hay, straw, corn-fodder, horses, hens, geese, turkeys, ducks, beef, pork, and lard, tallow, hides, mutton, wool, butter, cheese, milk, flax, flax-seed, potatoes, beets, onions, cabbages, carrots, turnips, cucumbers, lettuce, pumpkins, squashes, muskmelons, watermelons, tomatoes, peaches, pears, apples, cider, vinegar, currants, grapes, raspberries, strawberries, quinces, cherries, cranberries, basket willow, walnuts, chestnuts, bees, honey, wood, maple sugar, &c., &c. Here, then, we have enumerated sixty or more different articles, which at the low average estimate of $10 each, will give the handsome sum of $600. A nice little income, is'n it?—Why would it not be a good plan to keep a book in which to register and account our crops? We might start with the determination to come up to the above estimate, and as our ability, experience and capital increases, we might double or quadruple it, which last would be $40 for each article, or $2,400 in the aggregate.

This mattter is certainly worth looking into, if we desire success. The Mississippi is a mighty stream, but it derives its magnitude and power from the little rills that come pouring into its bosom in the great valley of the West. It is so of wealth or wisdom. We must multiply the sources, if we would build up a fortune and a reputation.

Cambridge Valley, N. Y., 1859. H. K. F.

SMUT AND ITS PREVENTIVE.

MR. MOORE:—I observe that the subject of *Smut* in Wheat is very much agitated at the South and West, and even in California and Oregon, and a great deal of research is resorted to for old, and, in this region, exploded preventives,—blue stone, (blue vitriol, sulphate of copper,) arsenical solutions, &c., are recommended.

The troublesome disease known as smut, is an organized vegetable production, well known to naturalists under a hard Latin name, which I will omit—a parasitical fungus that propagates itself from the seed through the medium of the juices of the plant. The old process of thoroughly washing or scouring in lime or brined waters, was safe but tedious, and since the introduction of the threshing machine, by the great frictional forces it was subjected to, it had almost entirely disappeared in this region, previous to the prevalence of the wheat midge or weevil.

For the benefit of those districts yet troubled

with that deleterious disease. I give the following very simple and easy process, which I have used many years and found a *perfect specific*:—Pour the seed on any tight floor, and to about every bushel throw on one pint of air or water slaked lime—water slaked is the best, as it is free of carbonic acid, which renders it more or less inactive,—then with a shovel thoroughly mix it and leave it in a compact pile. Then sprinkle on water till it begins to run off at the bottom, again thoroughly shovel it over, leaving it in a pile till the next day, when it is fit for sowing, and may be kept thus for a week without injury, if spread out and stirred.

This process is as effectual as all the far-fetched, and empirical nostrums that have ever been proposed. L. B. MANLY.

Monroe County, N. Y., April, 1859.

CHEAP MODE OF UNDERDRAINING.

MR. MOORE—I wish to make known to the farming community, through your valuable paper, a cheap and effectual mode of underdraining. I would premise by telling you that for the last ten years I have underdrained extensively with tile, and last year, being desirous of draining a piece of land very early, I could not for love or money procure any tile. Being in this predicament, I used brush in place of tiles. I had my ditches cut in the same manner as for tiles, with the regular draining tools, and then laid in brush cut in lengths of four or five feet, from 1 inch to 2 inches in diameter.—On this I placed the smaller brush in bunches; then, pressing all down tight, I placed a layer of straw, and filled in. The land was then ready for the plow, and I raised a fair crop of corn. Since then a year has elapsed, and this spring the same land is already in oats and seeded down. Having occasion to put in another branch drain this year, in connection with the main one put in last year, I examined the old brush and found it as fresh and good as the day I put it in.

Now, Sir, this brush will last for at most twenty years, and my drains will have only cost the price of digging. Now, this expense lies within the reach of every farmer whose land requires drains, and what land does not call for it, unless a light loam on a gravelly subsoil? The objection to tiling has been that it is too expensive, but I know it will pay a heavy per centage. I now offer a very cheap way, if the disposition lies in a man to improve his land. Let any farmer give it a fair trial, say only on one single acre, and then keep an account of the produce of that solitary acre, and he will be satisfied. But "a word to the wise," &c.

Encouraged by what I had done last year, I have this year brush-drained a good many acres, and now continue to do so. One piece of four acres thus done would have required $50 worth of tile. This piece was so wet I could do nothing with it; but it is now thoroughly drained, as dry as need be, and has been plowed and waiting for the proper time to receive the corn. I may remark that I had heavily manured this piece of land, having hauled my manure on it in a frozen condition, but all this would have been useless if I had allowed the water to remain on the land.

If you think these observations are worthy of consideration, or a place in your valuable paper, you may probably hear from me again on the subject of draining. Any person desirous of seeing this mode of draining can satisfy themselves by giving me a call, and I shall be most happy to show them and give them all information on that head.

Yours, &c., W. L. LOUIS.

Wilford Farm, Seneca, N. Y., April, 1859.

P. S.—I fear many might doubt me if I affirm that I have land that has only cost me $5 per acre to drain, but such is the fact. W. L. L.

CLERICAL FARMING.

I ONE day came to the conclusion, like many other of my brethren, that I must do something to eke out an inadequate salary, and provide for the wants of a hearty, hungry family. I was running behind every year, and getting in debt. I had a couple of stout boys, old enough to be of a good deal of use. They were anxious to move into the country. I had a passion for the country myself. I was born on a farm. But all my practical knowledge of Georgics had been confined to the cultivation of a parsonage garden, and of Bucolics to the care of a minister's single cow. I enjoyed sound health—hadn't a single clerical disease about me. I had considerable confidence in my power of adapting myself to circumstances, and doing well whatever I should undertake; and as I reached middle life, and my hair came to be well streaked with gray, a strong yearning grew upon me to become an owner of the soil, and wrestle with Nature for a better subsistence than my clerical labors during twenty previous years had afforded me.

So it was decided, after much deliberation in the family, and earnest prayer to that Gracious Power who directs the steps of such as wait upon Him, to purchase a farm; so a farm was found at a convenient distance from the scene of my professional labors, of convenient size, and on convenient terms, and just as March was going out, roaring in the most ferocious style, I packed my family and effects into sleighs, and moved out over huge snow banks, into the old-fashioned, low farm-house I found on the premises. I should say, however, that from the time I decided on the purchase, I began to "cram" myself most diligently with agricultural knowledge. The first thing, (and you will surely acknowledge I couldn't have done better,) was to subscribe for the RURAL NEW-YORKER. I then got all the volumes of the "Transactions" I could find. I studied carefully the volumes on Agriculture and Geology in the Natural History of the State. I got various other Agricultural works, and pored upon them as HORACE advised the young orator to study the exemplaria Graeca. I ought to mention especially, that I derived great benefit from those two admirable treatises composing the Farmers' Library, Vol. 1—Pettibold's Chemistry, and Thaer's Agriculture. The latter, though containing many things not applicable to the present state of agriculture in this country, is the work of a great mind, able to grasp broad principles, and familiar with the minutest calculations and details.

Thus crammed with "book farming," I entered on my first practical experiences, and hardly was my moving finished, before I had my team at work improving the last snows of April to draw out as much as possible of the huge deposits which I found accumulated around the barns. This brings me to speak more particularly of my farm. My eye had first been attracted by a noble point embraced in it, jutting boldly out into a fine sheet of water. From the bluff at the point the ground falls away toward a plank road which intersects the farm, leaving on the lake side some fifteen acres of beautiful meadow land. We had lately been reading LONGFELLOW's Indian romance, and agreed to baptize the place "Muskoday,"—the meadows.

I now began a thorough examination of the soil and subsoil, and, greatly to my satisfaction, found it much better than I had been led to expect. It was called a poor farm—a wet farm, fit for nothing but grass, &c. Indeed, its superficial appearance justified the most unfavorable criticism. The high and dry parts were overrun with Canada thistles. On the meadows, the cultivated grasses had run out, and been superceded by a dozen varieties of the coarsest sedge. The orchard had apparently been unvisited by saw or knife for ten years, and was choked by excess of wood. There was scarcely a fence that would turn a cow of the least enterprise. Through the misfortune rather than the fault of the old owners, the farm had barely produced enough for years before to pay the taxes.

On examination I found that the higher parts of the farm comprised some twenty acres admirably adapted to the culture of wheat. The soil was a loose gravelly loam, overlying the "Marcellus Shales," which rapidly disintegrate from the weather, and break up easily under the plow. On this land I had two plows at work during the recent fine weather, without finding the least obstruction from either frost or wet. The rest of the farm I found to consist of a rich vegetable mould with subsoil of sand, easily worked, and as well adapted as any one could desire to corn, vines, roots, or any ordinary culture. That it wanted draining was obvious. The water stood late upon it in spring; but it was equally plain, both from the soil and the grades, that nothing would be easier than to drain it thoroughly. Two or three acres, lying by the lake shore, almost swampy, I found to consist of heavy turf resting on a fine grey beach sand; and this I set apart for a cranberry yard. So I had my work before me, having spied out the actual nakedness of the land, and its potential capabilities. But this story has already occupied as much space as I can expect. If your patience holds out, I may have something to say regarding my further experience that will tend to encourage other adventurers in farming, whether clerical or lay. S. M. H.

Muskoday Farm, N. Y.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

MR. MOORE:—I do not observe in any of the published accounts that any person in this State, or in the Eastern States, has yet succeeded in making sugar from this article, though, according to the Patent Office Report, various persons situated farther south, have been entirely successful; in some cases it chrystallized into a solid mass, with very little drainage of molasses, while others, at the west and east, after following all the prescribed methods, even the use of bone dust and other known clarifiers, have been unable to reach that result.

Our climate is not warm and genial enough to perfect the saccharine matter; it is in too green and unripe a state—the juices are like the true sugar cane at the south, the upper joints of that kind will not make sugar, and the productiveness of the crop, every year, depends upon the number of joints ripened, and perhaps we might succeed better, if we only used those near the root, which evidently contain a thicker and stronger juice than the upper joints; which are thin, less sweet, and consorted with starch, acids and gummy matter, that are an absolute hindrance to chrystallization.

All matter (and what is not matter ceases to be) is composed of definite multiform *atoms*—yea, every substance known in the material world, is wonderfully endowed by this law, to form each its separate duty and material. The air, all gases, water, the blood, all minerals and vegetables and their component parts, are formed by its peculiar shaped *atoms*, invisible in most cases to microscopic eye. The infinitesimal globules of butter are so enveloped by the casein or curd, that great labor is required to break the enchantment and allow the butyraceous particles to congregate and form butter. So with our cane juice, but slightly supplied with saccharine matter, is so surrounded with the starchy, albuminous and mucilaginous material in its unripe state, that it is impossible for the atoms of sugar to separate and join their congeners and chrystallize. The lower and ripened joints might realize a different issue.

A few years since the production of *silk* was the popular hobby, and hardly any family "with souls above buttons," but what experimented in that mania, which was the universal topic of conversation and the trumpetings of the public prints—not a paper, daily or weekly, but what made this subject a constant theme, until silk worms and multicaulis ruined thousands. Where is the great speculation now?—gone to the tomb of the Capulets. There is great danger of a like result for the sugar cane. Its successful operation depends on so many contingencies—so foreign to the habits and abilities of farmers in general—requiring strong, well-made iron crushing rollers and evaporating pans differing from any thing in common use, that well-grounded fears may be indulged that this valuable addition to domestic comforts, and even as a profitable crop, will be abandoned and sink into the dark waters of neglect and forgetfulness. E. Y.

Prolific Sheep.

I HAVE wintered twenty New Leicester and Cotswold ewes. Within the past two weeks they have dropped 30 lambs—10 pair of twins, and 10 single lambs. Two we lost by accident, one other got chilled and perished. This is 150 per cent. increase. I have even exceeded this in past years. In 1856, 26 ewes of the same blood dropped 44 lambs—16 pair of twins, 1 pair triplets, and nine single lambs. Perhaps others may have been more successful. If so, I should be pleased to hear from them.—JOHN BAKER, *Macedon, N. Y., 4th mo., '59.*

Condensed Correspondence.

Plowing—An Experience.

HAVING read what has been said in the RURAL about plowing deep, and especially in that of the 16th by brother O., which revealed his troubles to his friends and called upon them for help, I am induced to relate a portion of my experience. When but a boy, living at home, I broke up about four acres of hard-pan land in February, at an average of about four inches, some less than that—the plow at all times running on the hard-pan, leaving the bottom of the furrow as blue as a whetstone. In the spring, sowed to oats, and raised a fair crop. Cut very high, and plowed in the stubble as deep as two horses could plow, and continued to work in the same manner for six years in succession, when the hard-pan had entirely disappeared and the oats grew so large that it took me from sunrise until 5 o'clock to cut them, and at that time my cradle could keep up with any in that vicinity. It is now twenty years since I broke up that field, and it continues to bear large crops of corn, barley and grass. I am now on a farm composed of a stiff loam from 16 to 20 inches, with a hard-pan subsoil. I get the largest corn by plowing deep in the fall and ridging lightly in the spring, which keeps it dry and warm in the spring and causes it to root deep, from eight to twelve inches, and thereby enables it to stand the drouth in midsummer. My corn was the only corn planted in this way in this neighborhood last year, and was affected less by the cold, wet weather than any other. I shall continue to follow Poor RICHARD's saying.—S. E. L., *Wirt, Allegany Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

Jerusalem Artichokes.

LAST year I raised two varieties of Jerusalem Artichokes, one a large red, and another a white variety. The red is larger and yields most, while the white is more nutritious. The yield of the red variety was about fifteen hundred bushels per acre, and the white ones yielded over one thousand bushels per acre. I have fed them to most kinds of stock, and they are exceedingly fond of them, particularly horses. Hogs will dig them, when the ground is not frozen, for themselves and other stock. They are not injured by freezing, and are very easily preserved for winter use, and can be raised at a cost not to exceed four or five cents per bushel. They should be planted early in spring, but will yield well if planted any time before the first of May. I plant them two by four feet, with one piece in a hill, and cultivate about the same as corn, although it is not so much work to keep them clear from weeds on account of their shade.—L. D. SCOTT, *Milan, Ohio.*

A Good Fence.

As many farmers are now fencing, I will mention a kind of fence which is thought very good hereabouts. It is a combination of wall and board fence. About two feet (or two and a half) is stone wall, and the top part boards. The posts are pointed and driven in the ground, the wall built around them, and two boards nailed on top completes the fence. Such a fence in a frosty, windy country, has many advantages over every other. The posts and wall mutually support each other, and as to the topping it cannot blow off. Fence made entirely of boards, stone, or rails, frequently gets out of repair, while a fence made as described stands firm and unshaken.—H. K. F., *Cambridge Valley, N. Y.*, 1859.

Inquiries and Answers.

STUMP MACHINES.—As your paper is getting to be the medium through which we look for the improvements in Agriculture, &c., will you, or some of your subscribers, inform us which is the best constructed stump machine—one the price of which will come within the range of farmers in moderate circumstances? If convenient describe so that one could be made from the description.—M. S. BAKER, *Portland, Mich.*, 1559.

WE have illustrated and described several Stump Machines in former volumes—including one or two patent ones—but are not prepared to say which is the best and cheapest now obtainable.—We have received several inquiries on the subject within a few days, and shall be glad to give the desired information from those who can speak from experience.

NEW CHURN.—Will you please inform me as to the success of the machine for churning new milk? If worthy of attention, where can it be had? Your answer will much oblige—A NEW SUBSCRIBER, *Seneca Falls, N. Y.*, 1859.

WE have heard of, but not seen, the new invention. A friend, who is investigating the subject, says the new churn is evidently the long sought desideratum. Do not think it is yet offered in market, else it would be advertised in the agricultural journals.

BEES AND BEE-HIVES.—Will you, or some of the many readers of your truly valuable paper, please inform me through the RURAL as to the best plan for constructing an apiary? Also, of the best bee-hive in general use? And whether you, or any of your readers, have used SYLVESTER DAVIS' Platform Bee-hive, and if so, if a good hive?—W. G. RICHEY, *Malone, Franklin Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

WILL you, or some of your able correspondents, inform me through the RURAL which is the best plan for constructing bee-hives? Also, which is the best book treating on bees?—J. H. SMITH, *Dundas, C. W.*, 1559.

WE shall be glad to receive from some experienced apiarian, a good or the best plan for constructing an apiary. As to which is the best hive, and which the best book, doctor's disagree, and we can hardly admit replies from interested parties—except in our advertising department.

DRAIN TILE, &c.—I wish to inquire through the RURAL if there is any place on the Central Railroad or Canal, especially between Rochester and Syracuse, where good drain tile are manufactured, and the price per thousand? Also, if any of your numerous readers have had any experience in making and laying cement tile—made of water lime and sand—and what is the cost per thousand.—D. J. S., *Camillus, Onon. Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

THERE are, we presume, several points on the road and canal named, where drain tile are made; and the manufacturers would probably let the fact be known in the RURAL were they not afraid of being crowded by a rush of customers!

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Culture of Corn.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Ohio Cultivator* says:—The grand axioms in corn raising are—Good ground well prepared, early and careful planting, early cultivation and hoeing, and destruction of all weeds the summer through. If prompt and energetic action is important and necessary anywhere, it is most emphatically so in a corn-field. But go into any department of labor, and who wins? The easy, the indolent, the careless? No! The Micawbers who are always waiting for "something to turn up"—some God-send or another—never accomplish anything, but die before their visions are realized. It is certainly not these, but the man of energy, of method—the man of steady work and close calculation who succeeds, in all positions.

Harrowing and Rolling Wheat.

EDWARD MASON writes in the *Michigan Farmer* as follows:—It is a well established fact, that harrowing and rolling wheat in spring, are very beneficial to the crop, and most destructive to those "pests of the farm" which mar the hopes of the farmer. The pupa of those formidable insects, the "wheat" and "Hessian" flies lie, buried in the earth, near the roots of the young plants, at the depth of about one inch from the surface, when they are torn up by the harrow, and exposed prematurely to cold weather, myriads of them are destroyed. Besides the good done in this way, harrowing breaks lumps, fills up the cracks and fissures, and softens the soil around the roots of the wheat.

Subsoil Plowing.

IN an article upon this subject, the editor of the *Working Farmer* calls the attention of his readers to the advantages of the system, summing up thus: "The use of the subsoil plow does not elevate the subsoil to the surface, and thus removes the only objection ever urged against its use. It does permit the atmosphere to enter the soil to a greater depth. It enables the roots to travel through larger portions of the soil, and thus come in contact with a greater amount of food. It prepares the subsoil for future elevation and admixture with the surface soil, thus deepening all our soils. It does away with sourness of soil. It prevents drouth, by enabling the moisture to come in contact with the cold surfaces on which it will be deposited by condensation. No well subsoiled field ever suffered from drouth. No subsoiled meadows ever run out. For until roots are brought in contact with cold and undisturbed subsoil, their crowns can never cease to tiller, and thus replace such crowns as may be broken by cattle's feet while pasturing. Old meadows may be subsoiled without turning over the sod, lifting the whole field half an inch, suffering dead roots to decay, and new ones to form, admitting atmosphere and moisture, and regenerating the growth so that an ordinary top-dressing may cause new vigor."

Wool Growing Profitable.

FROM a recent number of the Detroit *Free Press*, we clip the following:—"The importance of Wool as a staple is but just beginning to be realized among the farmers of Michigan and other States of the West. The repeated failure of the wheat crop in this section of the country, and its low price during an abundant season, have been causes for great discouragement to the agricultural community, and has compelled them to seek for relief from impending ruin, in some other of the gifts which Dame Nature lavishes so bounteously on her industrious votaries. The attention of the farmers of the Northwest having been fortunately directed to the breeding of sheep, the experiment has been found to work admirably, and there has, for the past three years, been a continually increasing clip of wool sent forward to market from the interior of Michigan, in the aggregate amounting to some millions of pounds. The prices, so far, have been higher, more uniform, and better sustained than those of any other product of the farm and, as the Paw Paw *Free Press* remarks, it is becoming pretty certain that wool is to be, at least, one of the leading agricultural products. The market for this article is very brisk—the manufacturers have not a supply on hand, and importations to some extent have taken place the past season."

Hop-Poles—A Substitute.

THOS. D. AYLSWORTH, of Herkimer Co., N. Y., (says the *Tribune*,) has laid the hop growers under great obligation to him for his invention of a substitute for hop-poles, which have been so used up in hop growing districts that they are onerously expensive, and, as is well known by all hop growers, the labor of setting a large field of poles every year is very great. This labor may now be dispensed with. Mr. AYLSWORTH's plan is to set stout posts some six or eight rods apart, in as long rows as the field will admit of. On the top of these posts a wire is drawn, and from it strings are carried to short stakes in the ground by the hop roots. The vines climb the strings readily, and as these give no shade, there is a great advantage gained in this respect over poles. When the hops are ready to pick, the wire, which is attached upon one post to a small iron shaft with a crank, is loosened so that the strings, which have a little wire spring hook at the upper end, can be unhooked, and as many strings taken down at one time as the picker desires, and stripped in the field, or severed from the bottom stakes and carted to the barn. A small, cheap cast-iron clamp is attached to each post that holds the wire, so that one space only is loosened at once, and in case of a wire breaking, the vines of that space only will be prostrated. The contrivance is altogether, both in economy and use, an improvement worthy the attention of all hop growers. The same plan will also answer for those who grow Lima beans on a large scale. Just now is the right time to make the needed preparation.

SPECULATION IN CLOVER SEED.—The Cincinnati Price Current says that with the belief that the clover seed crop of last year was a failure, speculators went into the market and purchased largely at high prices. The principal purchases were made at six dollars, but at one time it went up to seven. The bubble soon burst, however, and it is now found that the article is a drug at $4,75 to $5, and the stock large. Prospective *profits* doubtful.

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE WEATHER has been most unpropitious in this region during the past week—"Winter lingering in the lap of Spring" to such an extent as to render out-door operations impracticable. On Friday night Western New York was visited with one of the most severe north-east snow storms experienced for years, making Saturday the most unpleasant day for months. Snow fell to the depth of four to six inches over a large extent of country—from Syracuse to St. Catharines, C. W.—and put a damper on the hopes of immediate progress by cultivators. No special damage was occasioned, however, except in retarding the season and its labors. We trust this will prove a "clearing-up storm"—though succeeded by a heavy rain on Monday night—and that genuine Spring weather will soon prevail.

THAT FOUR-MINUTE CHURN.—In the RURAL of the 2d inst., we gave an extract from an article by H. A. COOK, of Columbia Co., N. Y., which spoke of using a four-minute churn, and churning milk "right from the cow," &c. The matter has attracted considerable attention among our readers, and we have at least a score of inquiries about said churn—asking for information as to the facts from any one "posted"—and also in regard to the butter-worker mentioned in the same article. We can neither answer the queries nor give the address of Mr. COOK,—but presume the churn alluded to is the same about which we publish an inquiry elsewhere, and that some of our friends will ere long favor RURAL readers with definite information on the subject.

THE BEST IMPLEMENTS—*A Poser.*—In a recent business letter, A. MCNARY, of Christian Co., Ill., says:—"Will you please name, in the next number of the RURAL, the *best* corn drill (worked by horse)—the *best* wheat drill—the best combined reaper and mower—the best mower (single machine)—the best reaper (single machine)?" We could easily name a *good* machine of each kind, but we cannot say which is positively the *best*. That is a point on which the best judges, practical farmers and editors, honestly differ—and of course it is very difficult to discriminate in many cases, to say nothing of its impropriety in our position. As we have frequent inquiries of similar import, we would refer all to the awards of committees at Trials of Implements, Fairs, &c., but more particularly to the testimonials of reliable practical farmers. Many good machines are advertised in the RURAL, and frequently with testimonials and references whereby any one interested can easily obtain satisfactory information.

UNION AG. SOCIETY—Palmyra, N. Y.—The proceedings of the last Annual Meeting, sent us by the Secretary, show that this Society "still lives," and is progressing. At the recent annual meeting the following officers were elected:—*President*—LUTHER SANFORD. *Vice-Presidents*—W. P. Nottingham, Palmyra; Elisha Yeomans, Walworth; Lorenzo Hathaway, Farmington; Russel Stoddard, Manchester; George W. Marshall, Macedon; Elihu Durfee, Walworth; Sam. H. Ducl, Ontario. *Cor. Sec'y*—C. H. Rogers. *Rec. Sec'y*—A. P. Crandall. *Treasurer*—G. W. Cuyler. *Directors*—S. K. Williams, of Newark, and J. C. Pettit, of Palmyra, for the ensuing three years,—and Lemuel Durfee, of Macedon, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of A. H. Cooper.

AN AG. EDITOR CANED!—Brother WELD, of *The Homestead*, has been presented with a *gold-headed cane* by an admiring reader, in appreciation of his arduous services, &c., as the letter reads. Mr. W. makes a fine speech—on paper—in reply, showing that the cane is bread and butter in this wise—"The staff is an excellent support for the physical man, but in this connection we are reminded that 'Bread is the staff of life;' *apropos:* bread and butter is the *gold-headed cane.*" May our contemporary ever be abundantly supplied, and bear his honors becomingly!

"FREAKS OF NATURE" are often reported in the papers, but this one from the Bluffton (Ind.) Banner is decidedly ahead of ordinary specimens:—"On the farm of our old friend, JOHN A. DEAN, are two lambs, which are joined together, their heads being reversed. They are perfect in every respect, with the exception of the connection which holds them together. In sucking they appear to have come to a mutual understanding, and take it one at a time, the other patiently waiting. They follow the dam by going round and round in a circle."

A "MONTHLY JOURNAL of the California State Ag. Society" was commenced in March last. We are indebted to O. C. WHEELER, Secretary of the Board, and also to GEO. W. WHEELER, of Sacramento, for copies of the initial number. The object is to give the proceedings of the Board at its monthly meetings, schedules of premiums offered, and awards made, with lists of letters received, donations to library and cabinet, &c.

IN OFFICE.—R. F. JOHNSTONE, of the *Mich. Farmer*, has been appointed General Superintendent of the Agricultural College Farm, at Lansing, Mich. He accepts, but will retain his connection with the Farmer. Glad of this appreciation of brother J.'s knowledge of "western farming and western interests."

A WEIGHTY CALF.—Mr. EDWARD BEMAN, of Livonia, informs us that he has a calf about one month old, which weighed, at the time of its birth, *one hundred and thirty-three pounds!* The dam is a half-blood Durham, sired by old Splendor. The calf was sired by a Kentucky bred Short-horn bull.

LARGE PREMIUM FOR A STEAM PLOW.—In addition to the premiums of $3,000 and $2,000 offered by the Illinois State Society for the best Steam Plow, the Ill. Central Railroad Co. offers $1,500 for the same object. The Suckers are evidently bound to inaugurate steam cultivation, and that right speedily.

STATE AG. SOCIETY'S PREMIUM LIST, &c.—We are indebted to Col. JOHNSON for pamphlet containing Premium List, Regulations, &c., of N. Y. State Ag. Society for 1859. Copies may be obtained at the principal Implement Warehouses throughout the State.

SOD FENCES.—Having noticed in some paper a description for building a ditch and sod fence on marshes, by digging two ditches five feet apart and packing the sod and dirt between, I wish to inquire through the RURAL if you, or any of your correspondents, have had experience enough in sod fences to vouch for their durability and utility as a fence? Also, the size of ditches in order to get dirt enough to build a sufficient fence; and also the cost per rod of building such fence, over and above the common method of ditching?—WM. H. CHAFFEE, *Byron, Shia. Co., Mich.*, 1859.

THE SCAB IN SHEEP.—At an arbitration in my neighborhood it was decided by the Referee that a sound and healthy sheep (Buck,) put in with a flock of scabby sheep could not take the disease so as to shed a good portion of his wool and scratch badly in from forty to fifty days, but that it required from six to eight months after taking the scab to effect any sensible injury to the sheep. Will sheep men acquainted with the scab give their opinion and oblige a doubter?—A. TRIPP, *Albion.*

HORTICULTURAL

A GARDEN GATE.

Few things are more annoying than to have garden gates left open, which vagrant cows take immediate advantage of to ravage the grounds, destroying the trees and shrubs, and with them the hopes and the patience of the gardener. This evil is particularly felt in villages and in the suburbs of cities, as we have good reason to know, having suffered in this way many times. We introduce to the notice of our readers a gate which is quite common in England, but which we have never seen in this country, that requires no shutting, and therefore can never be left open, or rather, is always open, and yet is so constructed that no animal can enter.

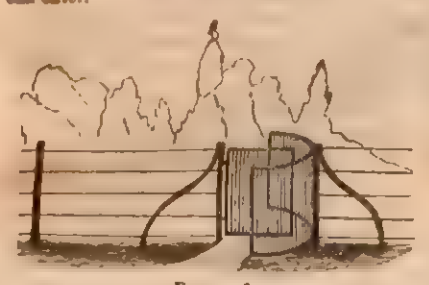


Figure 1.

The engraving, figure 1, shows the gate, which may be of iron or wood. There is just room enough for a person to pass comfortably between the gate and the circular guard. The black lines in fig. 2, show the gate and the guard, the dotted circular line, the swing of the gate, and the straight dotted lines the position of the gate when closed, or forced on either side as far as it will swing. When an animal attempts to enter the gate it is forced in the opposite direction, and ingress is impossible. No animal larger than a small pig could effect an entrance.

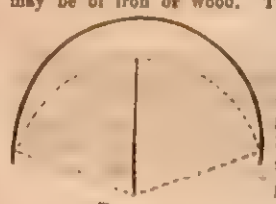


Figure 2.

UNSUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS.

Having read a great deal about the superiority of house-ripened pears over those allowed to hang on the tree till they reached maturity, we undertook last year for the first time to ripen, without the aid of sunshine, some large, summer pears, excellent for cooking and tolerable to eat out of hand. The pears were picked after two or three had fallen from the tree from premature ripeness, and were placed in a dry, cool, dark room for two weeks.—At the end of that time they were found to be mellow and much juicier than when ripened on the tree, but, oh, how sour!

A lady, a neighbor of ours, a year ago last spring, purchased four cherry trees at the nursery, and planted three of them so near the house that she could easily give them some extra attention, and she determined to do so. Accordingly, having heard and read of the beneficial effect of soap-suds applied to fruit trees, vines, &c., but not having noticed the oft-repeated warning of nurserymen that the cherry is impatient of moisture, with a special dislike to soap-suds, she made a practice of bestowing on each of the trees most convenient to the house, a pailful of that liquid fertilizer, on wash days, and occasionally at other times. The result was, that, in the course of the season, the three petted trees died, while the neglected one lived and flourished.

A few years since chance led us to select a low, moist part of the garden, along the south side of a fence, and considerably shaded by trees, for yellow Antwerp raspberries. The plants grew well, and with no further attention than occasional mulching with chip dirt, cutting out the old canes and shortening in the new ones, produced a good supply of fruit. In the fond hope that a better exposure to the sun might cause them to yield even larger returns of berries, a portion of the roots were removed to a more open and somewhat dryer situation. But no small amount of coaxing has thus far produced from them more than a lean, scraggy growth of canes, with a few berries, not large and fair like those growing on the shaded bushes, but small, dry, inferior specimens hardly worth gathering. Some other roots of the same variety, planted on the west side of the house, on ground that had taken the wash of the house for many years, and is more heavily shaded than the first mentioned situation, make, each year, a fine growth of canes, but bear very little fruit. A.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1859.

Remarks.—The pears were perhaps gathered before mature. Those that dropped may have ripened prematurely from being stung. Perhaps, however, this cooking pear would be best ripened on the tree, but our readers must not conclude that this is generally the case with pears. Ashes are bad for cherry trees, and soap-suds may be also. Good gardeners we know would say, give raspberries a free open exposure; make the soil deep and rich, and you will not fail to grow good fruit and plenty of it. This is true, but yet we like to grow them where they are a little shaded, as, for instance, on the north side of a fence. In this situation they suffer little from the coldest winters, and produce a full crops of fair fruit.

Improved Composition.—I see by the Rural [illegible] correspondent inquires how to make Graft[illegible] I have tried many kinds of compost[illegible] best I ever used is to take loam and [illegible] manure, about equal parts, and mix [illegible] using water enough to make a thick [illegible] and apply while wet. It will form a hard [illegible] and will stay as long as required. No [illegible] strings are needed for the birds to pull at [illegible] off the grafts.—R. T. G., *Peoria, Suff. Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

KILLING OF PEACH BUDS BY COLD.

Messrs. Eds:—Your correspondent L. B. Manly, some time since stated that *no* conclusion could be arrived at with regard to the laws that govern "Meteorologic Physics," and felt a little vexed at the prospects of his peach crop. Now, (with your permission,) I will suggest to him the laws that seem to me to hold the reign of life and death over the peach buds. But first, does he know that the peach buds were sound and hale up to the notable 10th of January? With us we had had a warm, growing fall up to the 21st of September, without any frost. But on the morning of the 21st, we had a *killing* frost that destroyed the vitality of the leaves while in a growing condition, and the sap, instead of going to the leaves, was forced into the buds in an unnatural manner, and the weather soon became warm again.

In that condition the first cold weather sufficient to *perfectly* freeze the buds destroys its vitality. But, when the fall is dry and gradually cools down, and the first frosts are light, nature has time to make due preparation for the coming winter, and with the buds thus prepared, I do not believe that all the cold of the Arctic regions will destroy them, provided it be not continued long enough to *dry* out and season the wood of the twigs. For trees that are *winter-killed* are only *season-killed*,—and if the expansion that takes place at the freezing point does not destroy them, all the additional cold that takes place after that will not. On Thursday, the 2d week in January, 1857, the thermometer stood 30 below zero, and the following fall we had the largest peach crop that we had for many years.

S. G. Manchester.

Wallaville, Luzerne Co., Pa., April, 1859.

Remarks.—There is something no doubt in this theory, but we cannot believe that if a peach bud is not killed by simply freezing, that it will endure any amount of cold, for previous to the few extreme cold days in January the peach buds were all good, although we had severe frost, but after this the greater part were found to be dead. Other winters we have watched the peach buds and found them sound, until, perhaps, in February, or even March, although the thermometer several times had been below zero, when it would fall to 15 or 18 below, continuing at this stage only a few hours, and the buds would be destroyed.

Inquiries and Answers.

Grapes for Illinois.—Can grapes be grown with success in the State of Illinois; and if so what part would you recommend as best for the vineyard cultivation of the grape?—W. D., *Paris, C. W.*, 1859.

Only the most hardy varieties can be grown in the northern part of Illinois. In severe winters the Isabella is killed to the ground in the neighborhood of Chicago. Southern Illinois, we have no doubt, is well adapted to grape growing.

The Mazzard Cherry.—I have Mazzard Cherry Seedlings three years old which I procured with intent to bud them, but failed in getting the buds to grow, having tried them two seasons with but little success. (*a*) Can I part the roots and graft, as is usually done with apple seedlings, and be likely to succeed? (*b*) Or, if transplanted as they are, would they be of any value? Is the Mazzard of the heart variety? Is it sweet or sour, large or small, red or black? Does the seed produce a variety of sorts? Do the trees attain a large size, and are they capable of enduring cold winters? Please answer through the Rural and oblige a subscriber.—J. McCune, *Auburn, Ind.*, 1859.

(*a.*) You can graft the Cherry as it grows, in the usual way, but should not take it up or cut or part the roots as is done with apples in the root-grafting. It should be done very early in spring.

(*b.*) The *Mazzard* is the wild species of Europe, from which all the Heart and other sweet cherries originated. It grows rapidly and in a few years makes a very large pyramidal-headed tree, perfectly hardy. The fruit is small, roundish or oval heart-shaped, flattened on the sides, when ripe jet black. The flesh is soft, melting, sweet, with abundant juice, a pleasant sprightly flavor, but a little bitter. We like the old Mazzard with which in our boyish days we used to blacken our face and fingers. Many a bushel have we eaten of them.

Fruit Growing in Michigan.—Wishing to engage in the fruit business in the West, permit me to inquire in regard to climate, soil, and probabilities of success, were one to locate on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan? I would like to make the following inqury. What would be the influence of the lake winds in preserving fruit buds, and how far in country would this influence be felt? Which would be best, the soil of openings or timber? Does fruit do well as far north as Grand River?—A Subscriber, *Macedon, N. Y.*

Once when on a trip West, we observed very fine peaches in the Chicago market, and on inquiry were informed that they came from Michigan, on the Eastern shore of the lake, and that the supply from that quarter seldom failed. Will not some of our readers in this section answer the inquiries of "A Subscriber?" Large bodies of water ameliorate the climate, and of course the further from the water the less the influence is felt, but just where an appreciative influence ceases to be observable we cannot say.

Pound Pear, &c.—(*a*) I send you a scion from a pear tree which I received under the name of Pound. I think from its stout, stubbed growth it is a mistake. If you can tell me the correct name, I would be thankful. (*b*) Also, what time to shorten dwarf pear trees? (*c*) Will it hasten the fruiting of standard apple trees to shorten the last year's shoots, and if so, at what time should it be performed? (*d*) I have two or three hundred dwarf pears one year from the bud—would it be better to plant in the place for the orchard, or to set them out and cultivate in a nursery this season? (*e*) Have any of the Rural readers ever tried the English Hawthorn for dwarf pears?—E. L., *Ringwood, Ill.*, 1859.

(*a.*) We could not undertake to name a variety from an inch or two of scion, and badly shriveled at that. (*b.*) Dwarf pears may be pruned any time after the severe frost of winter is over. They may be pruned here any time between the fall of the leaves and spring growth. (*c.*) Apple trees that are disposed to make a rank growth of wood without making fruit buds, may often be rendered fruitful by a summer pruning in June, or early in July. By removing so many of the leaves the tree receives a shock; its luxuriance is checked, and the buds that would have made wood, if the tree had not been pruned, are changed to fruit buds.—(*d.*) One-year pears we would plant immediately in the orchard or garden, where they are to fruit.—Cut them back well, give good cultivation, and they will soon make fine trees. (*e.*) It is useless to try thorns of any kinds with pears while we have good pear and quince stocks.

Root Grafting, &c.—(*a*) Will you inform me through the columns of the Rural the proper mode of root grafting apple trees? (*b*) Can any other trees be successfully root grafted? (*c*) I have a number of dwarf pear trees growing. On some of them the leading shoots, last summer, grew two and a half feet, while others grew not over several inches. Now, how shall I prune them? G. A. Rohr, *Hecktown, Pa.*, 1850.

When is the best time and what is the best method of root grafting? (*d*) Are the roots of the thorn bush as good as apple roots to graft apples into? (*e*) Which is the best, grafting or budding into the wild plum?—D. B. P.

(*a.*) Seedling stocks of one or two years old are used for root grafting; if they have made a fine growth, so as to be about three-eighths of an inch in diameter, they are large enough. It is done in the winter, and then the grafted plants are preserved in boxes in the cellar, for spring planting. The graft is made at the collar, when the root is used whole, though it is quite common to cut a good root in two or more pieces, grafting a scion on each piece. A good deal has been written and said against this practice, though we know of no facts showing that it is any way objectionable. The root used is left about four inches long, the long tap root being removed, and any long fibres, as shown in figure 1. The grafter then makes a

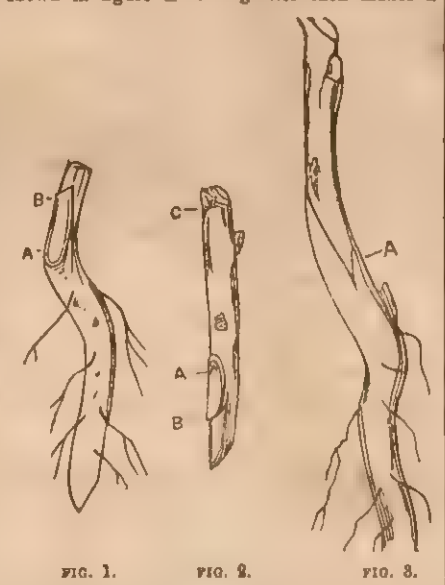


Fig. 1. Fig. 2. Fig. 3.

smooth, even, sloping cut, an inch long, upwards on the collar of the root, A; and in the centre of this cut, he makes a slit or tongue, B, downwards. The scion, which should be three or four inches long (fig. 2,) is cut on the lower end with a sloping cut downwards, and similar in all respects to that made on the stock; a slit, or tongue, is made in it upwards, B, corresponding, also, with that on the stock; and they are then neatly fitted together, the tongue of the one within the other, (A, fig. 3,) and the inner barks of both placed in close and perfect contact, at least on one side. The fit should be so complete as to sit close and firm in all parts. It is covered with a piece of cloth or paper saturated in grafting wax, and the work is done. Our illustration is from Barry's *Fruit Book*.

(*b.*) Pear stocks may be successfully root grafted, though the pear is more generally propagated by budding, and with other fruit trees it is seldom practiced.

(*c.*) It is difficult to give directions for pruning in special cases, without seeing the trees; still we would say, cut back the most vigorous shoots on your trees to about one-half their length; those which made but a few inches of growth will require to be cut back only to a vigorous bud. The form of the tree, however, should be considered in all those operations.

(*d.*) Don't bother yourself with thorn roots, except for amusement.

(*e.*) The plum is usually propagated by budding, but where the stocks are too large for budding they may be grafted, very early in the spring.

Blasted Apples.—Being a reader of your paper, permit me to make an inquiry, which you, or some one of your correspondents, may be able to answer. I have an orchard of ninety trees; among them is a tree that has borne, till about three years ago, good fair apples. Since that time, when grown to about the size of a walnut, they wither and dry up, some falling off, others remaining on the tree until the next season. Now, I wish to know the cause and the remedy, if there is any. The apple has been pronounced by good judges to be one of the best of fall apples. I know of no name. I have manured the tree and applied ashes leached and unleached, to no benefit. The tree is well trimmed and is thrifty. I would not take fifty dollars for the tree if it was as it used to be.—Lyman Robbins, *Popple Row, Herk. Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

Onion Grub.—Who knows of a way to protect onions from the grub that is so badly injuring this crop in many parts of the country? We saw a statement some time since that guano was effectual, but this has been denied. Salt, too, has been recommended. We wish experience on this point for the benefit of several readers.

Curculio Remedy.—A correspondent of Quincy, Illinois, writes that he is confident he has found a remedy for the curculio, and if, after another season's trial it proves effectual, will make it known.

Chronometrical Thermometer.—A new thermometer, very valuable to horticulturists, is now made in England, called the *Chronometrical Thermometer*. It consists of a good eight-day clock, showing the time in the ordinary way, and connected with this clock is a newly patented thermometer, in which glass and quicksilver are dispensed with. It writes down the temperature of the atmosphere on a slip of paper, and when placed in a hot-house, forcing-house, or conservatory, &c., supplies a valuable record of the temperature, with all its variations, showing the time when any change took place, and how long such change continued. The proprietor, though absent for the whole day, can learn every change that has occurred, and may thus be able to account for things which, but for this knowledge, might appear mysterious.

THE NEW NATIVE GRAPES.

Messrs Editors:—Will you allow me to offer a few explanatory remarks through the Rural, in relation to the *Franklin Grape*? As I am not in the *selling* line, you will at least give me credit for honesty of purpose—no self-interest to induce me to "*puff*." You warn the gentlemen "not to spread it on too thick," and seem to think "that if *one-half* that is said of the new seedling grapes *is true*, in a few years we shall have the most delicious fruit *the world ever saw or tasted*, in the *greatest variety and abundance*." (The Italics are mine.) Now, in reading both articles and your editorial remarks, we cannot help but say,—the Editor is laying it on rather *thicker* than either of the others, or than their remarks will warrant!

As my name has been used in this connection, I feel that some explanation is due. That any of the *new seedling grapes* will surpass "anything the world ever saw," we do not even hope for; but that they will surpass all the old native varieties, we honestly believe, otherwise there would be no *progress*,—or that we shall produce native seedlings superior, or even *equal*, to a Hamburg, a Chasselas, or Muscat, we dare not even hope. The *Franklin* is not equal to the Catawba, where the latter *comes to full perfection*, either in size or quality; nor is it equal in size to the Isabella, though of better flavor. What makes it valuable is its earliness, hardiness, freedom from all disease, capable of withstanding heat, drouth, cold and mildew, much better than the *Catawba* or *Isabella*, and always bearing fair crops of *good* grapes, while the other two rarely, with us, perhaps one year in ten produce a crop in *tolerable* perfection. What we do claim for the *Franklin*, is its ripening before any others,—its hardiness and entire freedom from disease,—the prospect of *improving* on it from its seedlings, its *promising* qualities for vineyard purposes and the making of wine, (its fruit and juice being *sweet*, will require less sugar, if any, to turn the must into wine,) and as a *reliable* grape for all seasons and soils. We honestly believe its superior is not yet known to the public. The general appearance of the plant, vines, leaves and fruit, so closely resembles the *Clinton*, that one might be taken for the other by the eye, but when the palate is brought into requisition, the difference is soon detected—the *Franklin* being sweet, while every one knows the *Clinton* is too acid for a table grape. It is yet quite scarce, Mr. Hobbs being the only person who has plants for sale, though several other nurserymen now have it under propagation, and will soon be able to supply all demands.

Columbia, Pa., April 11, '59. J. B. Garber.

We are pleased with the above, because our correspondent has acted in accordance with the advice we gave, and compares the *Franklin* grape with the *Isabella* and *Catawba*, so that we are enabled to judge of its character. In answer to the charge that we put a construction upon the descriptions of Messrs. Hobbs and Miller, not warranted, we will reply in a few words. The *Franklin* Mr. Miller pronounced "*excellent*." This is not very definite, but is explained by Mr. Garber, that it possesses all the hardiness that can be desired, is early, and *of better flavor than the Isabella*. This is a pretty exalted character; but Mr Miller said a seedling from it, which had been named *America*, is "*infinitely superior to the Franklin*." Now, the *Franklin* is of better flavor than the *Isabella*, and the *America infinitely superior* to that. If this is not setting it up, we don't know the meaning of words. Could more be said of the best foreign grape? We know words are used carelessly, but they should not be so used in describing fruit.

We have the satisfaction of knowing that our course on this subject is warmly approved by many of the most intelligent horticulturists of the country, and the most extensive propagators of the new native grapes. Let the wild, *spread-eagle* style of description continue and become general, and the people will soon believe the whole thing a humbug. We are anxious that our readers be not misled, and shall do all in our power to prevent such a result.

HORTICULTURAL IMPROVEMENTS.

Messrs. Editors:—As you have ever evinced a deep and lively interest in all rural progress, and are always ready to chronicle the same, I will call your attention to some important improvements in gardening, now in progress in the beautiful village of Le Roy, Genesee Co., N. Y. A. F. Bartow, Esq., is laying out about three acres in lawn, dwarf pear orchard, kitchen garden, &c. The lawn is to be planted with ornamental shrubs, trees, &c., and the carriage-road and walks well made.—When completed, this will be one of the most desirable places in the vicinity, as it commands a fine view of the surrounding beautiful and fertile country. J. R. Olmstead, Esq., has a neat Gothic house, with several acres attached, which he has commenced improving. About two acres immediately around the house, are to be improved, and principally devoted to lawn and pleasure grounds, with winding gravel walks, flower beds, summer houses, and other adornments. The kitchen garden and orchard, however, are not neglected. H. W. Hascall, Esq., is about to surround his Gothic cottage with a fine lawn, with flower beds on the borders of the walks, and decorated with the finer kinds of ornamental trees and shrubs. The plan which he has adopted also provides for a picturesque dwarf pear orchard, circles about four feet in diameter being cut in the turf for the trees. Other improvements are planned, or in progress, but I only mention these to show that advancement is the order of the day in this pretty rural village, and as an inducement to others to do likewise.

W. Webster.

Peas in China.—The Mark Lane Express, in an article on leguminous seeds, says:—"The Chinese make cheese from the casein of peas. The peas are boiled, and coagulated by a solution of gypsum. The cheese gradually acquires the taste and smell of milk cheese. It is sold in the streets of the large cities, and forms a considerable article of food for the people. There is a large white pea used in China for pressing oil from, and in which an enormous trade is carried on at Shanghai and the Northern Chinese ports, the cake being afterwards largely used for manure." Perhaps it may be worth importing for the oil or cake—the subject of its value and uses is at least worthy of an examination.

ICE CREAM, APPLE CUSTARD, OMELET, &c.

Messrs. Eds.:—I noticed in a late Rural a request that some of your readers would give a recipe for Ice Cream. Here is mine, together with some other excellent recipes:

Ice Cream.—Three quarts of milk; 2 of cream; 3 eggs; 1½ lb. sugar; 3 tablespoons starch; 2 of lemon. When the milk and cream are at the point of boiling, stir in the eggs, sugar and starch—when nearly cold, put in the lemon and stir it well.

Omelet.—Beat 1 dozen eggs as for custard, add 1 cup of thick sweet cream, and a little salt; have your spider well buttered, pour in your mixture, set over a slow fire, stirring it continually until it thickens. Pour it immediately into a deep dish.

Soft Gingerbread.—One teacup of butter; 1 of sugar; 1 tablespoon of ginger; ½ teaspoon of cloves; 1 of cinnamon; ½ pint of molasses; 1½ pints flour; 3 eggs; ½ pint sour-milk; 1 teaspoon soda. Improved by 1 pound raisins.

Clove Cake.—One teacup of sugar; 1 coffeecup molasses; ½ cup of butter rubbed with the sugar; 3 eggs; 3 cups flour; 1 coffeecup raisins; 2 teaspoons cinnamon; 1 of cloves; 1 nutmeg; 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in ½ cup milk.

Golden Cake.—Yolks of 14 eggs; whites of 2; 1 lb. of flour; 1 lb. sugar; ½ of butter; ½ cup of sour cream; a little soda.

Silver Cake.—Whites of 14 eggs; 1 lb. sugar; 6 oz. butter; 12 oz. of flour.

Dayton Cake.—Two cups sugar; 1 of butter; 5 eggs; 3 cups of flour; ½ cup sweet cream; 1 teaspoon cream tartar; ½ teaspoon soda, nutmeg or mace.

Pound Cookies.—One pound white sugar; 1 of butter; 3 eggs; ½ cup of sour milk; 1 teaspoon of soda.

Another.—One egg; 2 cups white sugar; 1 cup cream; a small piece of butter and a little soda—season to your taste.

Apple Custard.—Take half dozen very tart apples, halve them, peel and core, cook them until soft in ½ cup water, then lay them in your pudding dish and sugar them; beat 6 eggs; add 4 spoons sugar; 3 pints sweet milk; pour it over the apples, and bake half an hour. Eat with a little butter.

Willow Brook, N. Y., 1859. Margarette.

CAKES, COOKIES, &c.

Eds. Rural:—Being an interested reader of your estimable weekly, and being assisted in my domestic affairs by your "Domestic Economy," I thought I would lend my feeble aid in sending a few recipes which I know to be good.

Fruit Cake.—One lb. of flour; 1 lb. fruit; 1 lb. butter; 10 eggs; 1 teaspoonful saleratus; ½ cup of sour milk or buttermilk.

Raising Cake.—One cup new milk; 1 teaspoon saleratus; 1 large cup of sugar; 2 eggs; 3½ cups melted butter—add spice and citron to taste. Bake in loaves.

Drop Cake.—To 1 pint of cream put 7 well beaten eggs, a little salt; add flour to make a thick batter. Bake in small cakes fifteen minutes—to be eaten warm.

Cookies.—One cup butter; 2 cups sugar; 1 cup cold water; ½ teaspoon saleratus; 2 eggs—flour enough to roll.

Cream Cake.—One cup cream; 1 cup sugar; 2 cups flour; 2 eggs; 1 teaspoon saleratus—flavor with lemon.

Soft Gingerbread.—One cup molasses; 1 cup sugar; 1 cup buttermilk; 1 egg; 1 teaspoon saleratus; flavor with cloves—mix pretty thick.

Harrison Cake.—Beat light 2 eggs; add ½ lb. of sugar; 1 tablespoon of butter; ½ teacup sweet milk; ½ teaspoon saleratus; a little salt; ½ grated nutmeg; flour enough to make a smooth batter—beat till it rises, and bake in a quick oven.

Henry, Marshall Co., Ill., 1859. Julia.

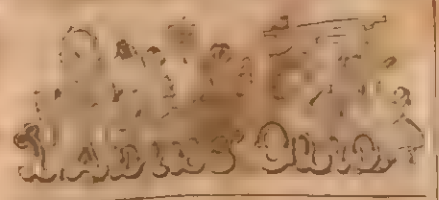
Remedy for Contracted Cords.—I saw an inquiry in your paper of the 19th ult., for a remedy for contracted cords, from a Farmer's Daughter of Chemung Valley, N. Y. I will send one that I know is good, from experience. I broke my thigh and also my jaw in three places, and my collar bone and three of my ribs, which confined me to my bed for five months, and just about the third time of getting up I met with an accident by falling and breaking it over again, which confined me four months more. But to come to the point, I had no use of my limb for 12 months, so that the chords became contracted. I tried everything that I could obtain and the only thing that did me any good was this:—1 oz. olive oil; 1 oz. gum of camphor; 3 ozs. oil of origanum. This must be rubbed in close to the fire. It costs 50 cents for the whole.

Can you inform me where the Gold Chain Tree can be obtained, &c.—T. R., *Florida, March*, 1859.

The *Golden Chain*, or *Laburnum* can be obtained at almost any nursery where ornamental trees are sold.

On the subject of "Bites and Stings," Hall's Journal of Health has an item which may be important for some:—"As many of our readers are preparing to travel or go in the country for the summer, it may be useful to remind them that an ounce vial of spirits of hartshorn should be considered one of the indispensables, as in case of being bitten or stung by any poisonous animal or insect, the immediate free application of the alkali as a wash to the part bitten, gives instant, perfect and permanent relief, the bite of a mad dog, we believe, not excepted; so will strong ashes and water.

Scotch snuff put on the holes where crickets come out will destroy them.



Written for M[illegible] New Yorker.

THE ANGELS ARE NEAR.

BY A. T. SMITH

I see the forms of angels, mother,
Hovering round me now,
And a joyous smile of welcome seems
Encircling each fair brow;
A harp is in each hand, mother,
And as they sweetly play,
The rapturous music seems to drink
My feeble life away.

I know I soon must go, mother,
Into that happy land,
Where, free from worldly care and pain,
I'll join this angel band;
Then do not weep for me, mother,
Soon you will meet me there,
Then all those heavenly joys above
Together we will share.

O, bear my love to Willie, mother,
And I speak these words for me;
My spirit will ever be near to him,
A star on life's dark sea.
Say I whisper kindly to him, mother,
And my spirit will smile as sweet
As I did on the day I gave my heart
While we sat on the garden seat.

Here, take me in thy arms, mother,
And press this hand in thine,
And in thy kind and soft embrace
Let me my life resign.
The angels beckon now, mother,
And sweeter sounds the lay,
And sweeter smile the angel band—
I go with them away.

Nankin, Mich., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

Plain Talks to American Women.--No. 9.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

What Christian mother, in looking abroad upon the impurity and degradation that exists in the world, but feels deeply the danger to which her offspring are exposed, of having their young hearts sullied by contact with vice? What one but would, from the depths of her maternal nature, cry aloud unto her God, "Unfold and preserve within my child's soul the pure blossoms of virtue!"

And yet Christian mothers often have occasion to weep over some lost lamb of the fold, and their gray hairs go down in sorrow to the grave, because of the erring of a child of many prayers. How is this? Is God unfaithful to his promises? No, *never!* It is still true as of old, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he *will not* depart from it." There must, then, be something deficient or wrong in the training; some little key must have been unskillfully touched or neglected, that thus the harmony of life is spoiled. The sweet soprano of prayer has musically ascended to heaven, mingled, perhaps, with the soft alto of tears, but where was the deep-toned bass of watchfulness? It is sad, mother, that you should have forgotten that, without this accompaniment, the music would be imperfect! It is sad that in your ignorance you should have prepared a soil too favorable to the growth of those unholy passions which have now destroyed your peace, and that in their first appearing you should not have snatched them from the garden of your child's heart.

It is undoubtedly true that the children of some parents inherit a moral obliquity, no less than those of others inherit physical degeneracy. This may, perhaps, as often result from ignorance of marital law as from direct vice, and in still further ingorance may be often found an *alma mater* that nourishes it into a rank growth of poison. By gross and luxurious habits of living, such as are too prevalent in our times, are the passions often stimulated to a morbid growth. Perhaps it were not too much to say that impurity is often the out-growth of physical disease. This being true, it would follow that education and other things being equal, the most healthy child would be the least liable to the contaminations of vice. It may be from neglect in this very particular that many who have been very faithful in imparting moral and religious instruction, have failed to see the desire of their hearts, that their children should lead pure and virtuous lives, realized. With one hand they have destroyed the temple of beauty which, with the other, they have been endeavoring to construct. And, on the other hand, it perhaps as frequently happens that a child's bodily health becomes seriously deteriorated by vicious practices before the parent is aware of the means by which the mischief is being wrought. Very few parents have any idea of the dangers to which their little ones are daily exposed. They send them to school in the morning with little thought of the poison that may be instilled into their hearts before evening. They are often trusted, unguarded and uninstructed, in the society of unprincipled and ignorant hired help, till, alas they become too well acquainted with the wickedness of the wicked. O, parents, would you have your children pure and good, expose them as little as possible to the corrupting influences of evil society! Know what their private habits are, and be instant to correct anything dissonant with purity. Impart sufficient instruction to guard against evil.

Perhaps one of the most efficient means of preserving the young from corruption is the cultivation of an affectionate intimacy between parent and child. There should be a mutual and endearing confidence. The son and daughter should be encouraged to pour freely into the bosoms of the parents their secret thoughts and feelings, their purposes and desires, assured that they will find there that sympathy and aid which they need.

What more lovely, what has a greater tendency to promote the happiness of the family than this common out-pouring of sentiment and feeling? False impressions are thus eradicated, false habits corrected, and the soft dews of wisdom distil as gently into the heart of childhood as the night-tears upon Hermon. If the parents' souls be endued with the purity of the gospel, it were but natural to expect, under circumstances like these, a beautiful unfolding of pure principles in the hearts of their children.

Besides the influences of which we have spoken, the direct authority of God's moral law should be brought to bear upon this subject. The young should be taught how odious in the sight of a holy God is everything unclean, how it is condemned by his word, and how impossible it will be for anything that defileth to enter into the bright home of the future where "the pure in heart shall see God."

A false delicacy should not cause a neglect of duty in this matter. The enemy is ever busy sowing and cultivating tares. Let Christian parents be as vigilant and faithful in broadcasting and nourishing the seeds of truth, and in rooting up whatever is obnoxious to their growth, and a golden harvest may be anticipated, sheaves fully ripened for the garner of God.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HOW SHALL WE AMUSE THE CHILDREN!

To amuse the little ones, the children, successfully, is no small or easy task. To simplify our words and actions, so as to meet the comprehension of a child, requires a better knowledge of ourselves, and of nature, than most people possess.

How often we hear it said—"Such a one is just fit to play with and amuse the children;" and their minds and capacities are held in comparative insignificance and contempt, while in fact their mental capacities are superior to those who thus hold them in ridicule. The truth is, human nature is prone to undervalue qualities or capacities which are beyond our reach, or ambition. A weary, ever-plodding mother or sister may bend her energies, and no matter how worn, or disgusted with the toil and worry of petty, endless, trivial cares, the children hang around her, when at last she has a long-coveted moment to sit down. Mother must tell the stories, or explain the pictures, or mend the toys, or in some way or other devise ways and means for the time to be spent by these restless, ever-active children. And what of it? Nothing—only those people who are supposed to have no brains, and to have been made on purpose to fritter away whole lives in the constant employment of the merest trifles,—viz., women—are not, after all, the most enviable people in the world. To be useful, even in small things, is pleasant—but after you have struggled to bring your mind to the faithful performance of little duties, to have your reward in the mere assertion—"O, it is nothing for her; it just suits her—all she is good for." Some people like to do the great things, and have the name of it, because they well know it requires the stronger mind, and the greater effort, to perform small things, well and constantly. Basket.

Western New York, 1859.

A FRENCH WOMAN AT HOME.

She helps to cook the dinner she has bought—for servants are wasteful with coal, and she knows to an inch how little she can use. In that marvelous place, a French kitchen, where two or three little holes in a stove cook such delicate dishes, and perform such culinary feats as our great roaring giants of coal fires have no conception of, she flits about like a fairy, creating magical messes out of raw material of the most ordinary description. Yes, though a lady born and bred, refined and elegant, and agreeable in society, a belle in her way, she does not think it beneath her dignity to lighten the household expenses by practical economy and activity. The dinner of a French family is cheap and simple. There is always soup, the meat of the stew pan—sometimes, if not strict in expenditure, another plate of meat—generally two vegetables, dressed and eaten separately, and sometimes (not always) a sweet dish; if not that, a little fruit, such as may be the cheapest and the ripest in the season. But there is very little of each thing, and it is rather in arrangement than in material that they appear rich. The idea that the French are gourmands in private life is incorrect. They spend little in eating, and they eat inferior things; though their cookery is rather a science than a mere accident of civilization. At home, the great aim of the French is to save, and any self-sacrifice that will lead to this result is cheerfully undertaken, more especially in eating and in the luxury of idleness. No French woman will spend a shilling to save herself trouble. She would rather work like a dray-horse to buy an extra yard of ribbon, or a new pair of gloves, than lie on the softest sofa in the world, in placid fine ladyism, with crumpled gauze or bare hands.—*Lady's Treasury.*

Humility of a Queen.—Maud, surnamed "The Good," daughter of Malcom Canmore, King of Scots, and wife of Henry the First, King of England, was so affable, pious and humble, that she condescended to relieve the poor with her own hands, dress their sores, and wash their feet; and, being reprimanded for it by a courtier, as not agreeable to her royal dignity, she made this answer:—"That she followed the example of our blessed Savior, and the precepts of the Gospel; and that the brightest jewel in the crown of majesty, was affability and courtesy."—*Noble Deeds of Women.*

The Mother.—Young man! Thy mother is thy best earthly friend. The world may forget you—thy mother never; the world may willfully do you many wrongs—thy mother never; the world may persecute you while living, and when dead, plant the ivy and the nightshade of slander upon your grassless grave—but thy mother will love and cherish you while living, and if she survives you, will weep for you when dead, such tears as none but a mother knows how to weep. Love thy mother.

Bad temper is more frequently the result of unhappy circumstances than of unhappy organization.

LINES TO A BEREAVED PARENT.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

When on my ear your loss was knelled,
And tender sympathy upburst,
A little cell from memory swelled,
Which once had soothed my bitter thirst:

And I was fain to bear to you
Some portion of its mild relief,
That it might be as healing dew
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of death
Like a long twilight sadd'ning lay;

And friends came round with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,
This story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love:

"They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb

"To airy shelves of pastures green
That hang along the mountain side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mist the sunbeams glide.

"But naught can tempt the timid things
That steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And scared below the pastures lie:

"Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go,
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rocks and snow.

"And in those pastures high and fair,
More dewy soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed."

This parable, by nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south wind free,
O'er frozen brooks that float unsheathed
From icy thralldom to the sea.

A blissful vision, through the night,
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the Good Shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the stony way,

Holding *our* little lamb asleep;
And, like the burden of the sea,
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "*Arise and follow me!*"

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OUR ACADEMY.

Methinks this is the natal day of many a soul-stirring poem, for its serene loveliness cannot but stir the very depth of that nature-worshiping wonder-a poet's heart. The sparkling emeralds with which mother Earth is decorating her russet robe, the bright blue sky, the trilling of robins, and even the little birds on the hazle boughs, are poems of themselves.

Let us stroll away and read them, not with our optics only, but, forgetful of self, send our hearts to revel in them, for, if we read aright, we shall learn that they have, like the fabulous fountain sought by the Spaniards of old, the property of restoring a vigorous youth.

Let us take the path that leads toward the old academy, for it is pronounced by "sentimental young ladies" of Oakwood, "decidedly romantic." True, a little way it is sort of common-place, but here it improves, being environed by majestic old oaks whose branches seem to be interwoven, forming a beautiful arch overhead. But yonder appear the walls of Oakwood's time-honored hall of learning. The situation is picturesque, is it not? A pleasant eminence overlooking the village. But the most attractive feature is the grove on the south, with its inviting seats, whose hospitality we will not scorn, since we may gain wisdom from the "silent teachings" of the time and spot. For our academy, "if walls might speak," would tell us touching stories of the past. But Memory has diligently garnered them in her store-house—let us ransack her homely treasures.

Our remembrance of the "first teacher" is imperfect, yet his very name inspires us with a sacred awe, for older brothers and sisters have taught us to thus revere it. Very often, as in the twilight hour, old-time scenes are revived in their minds, they repeat to us kind words of admonition which were wont to fall from the lips of that never-to-be-forgotten teacher, as guiding his pupils in the path of knowledge he bade them look upward for light which never fails. For he was a young man of eminent piety, who guarded the attainments of those entrusted to his superintendence, as one who must render a "report of progress" at celestial courts. We can trace the origin of many a career of usefulness to germs of right implanted by his careful hand, and nurtured by his prayers.

But his holy mission was soon accomplished. One morning in the spring-time we placed our childish hands upon his cold brow, beautiful in its sad repose, and, though we could not comprehend why he slept so long, there was a deep void in our hearts when we were told that we should never hear his voice again. Even now the sages of Oakwood speak in saddened tones of that first teacher—of the good he would have done, while the young dwell with earnest gratitude on that which he did not leave undone.

Like that of others, the government of our academy is necessarily an absolute monarchy, and the next who seized the sceptre was one fully competent to quell all rebellious subjects, and preserve a general good humor throughout his dominion—an energetic, resolute young man, and very mirthful withal. Pursuing an independent, manly course of action, he not only gained the esteem of his pupils, but, what subsequent teachers can testify to be of exceedingly difficult attainment, the co-operation of the good people of Oakwood in the advancement of his students. But he, too, bade us farewell, for Oakwood had become to him the burial-ground of cherished hopes, the dreary resting-place of his beautiful bride.

So it seemed we were fated to a constant change of preceptors, and we were now treated to an entirely original character in the person of a middle-aged minister, with flaxen hair, blue eyes, and a most ludicrous physiognomy. A "*perfect whirlwind*" we youngsters termed the bustling Divine. Under his jurisdiction we made rapid advancement, for scores of school books were "completed," by those who had heretofore been entire strangers to the latter half of books to which they were introduced years before. And you have not forgotten his custom of fumbling nervously at every recitation the pages yet to be *glanced at* ere we should have the intense pleasure of saying adieu to the musty text-book.

A very exalted opinion of himself had our clerical teacher. But we would not detract from the intrinsic excellence of his character, nor depreciate the great assistence he rendered to the growth of Oakwood, for perhaps it *is* to his influence that we are indebted for the new church and stores erected after his arrival among us, and the neat, orderly appearance of our village. But, after advancing those under his guidance a long way up the "fearful hill," in which arduous task he passed several years of sincerely earnest labor, he delivered his farewell address to a tearful audience, for he was not unloved, and we spoke another good-bye.

A few weeks before there was a solemn gathering at the old parsonage, and we followed to the tomb the gentle form of her who still lives in the hearts of Oakwood's people. Methinks "all hearts did pray God love her"—our minister's wife—and now we regard, with a holy affection, the pure spirit above. A bitter adieu to each who held sway in our academy-world, we seem to have been destined to speak. Tears will come as we think of him we next received to our school-room, for, one short month after speaking the word of welcome, we gathered an afflicted band at the grave of the teacher, around whom the tendrils of our young hearts had begun to cling.

The students who have assembled here season after season, are scattered now. You remember the sweet voices of those two sisters which our music teacher prized so highly. They write that they carol as freely now in their homes of the far west, though their song is oftener "lullaby" than those we used to sing. Some the angel of death long since claimed, and "bore over the river."—Others are bright stars in the crown of honor, which we award to our Academy, for, though she be the humblest of the sisterhood, we think she has whereof to boast. Memory, in her faithful record, has inscribed the names of young men who gathered gems of knowledge within her walls, and unsatisfied, stepped higher, even into the temple wherein are garnered the deeper treasures of science. They came forth enriched, and the jewels they bore thence, now shed a glorious radiance along their pathway.

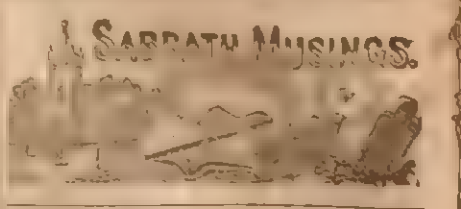
Others have gone from the old Academy into Nature's great school-room, and now their broad acres and beautiful homes testify that they are apt pupils. The teacher's ranks have been reinforced by others who bore their regalia from our Academy. Indeed, this venerable institution has supplied competent occupants of nearly every *honorable* station, and though it has not even a name among the seminaries of our land, how pleasant a field it presents for the study of character—what touching, yet profitable lessons, we might learn from the pages of its history. But it is most solemn to meditate upon the influence which even in its insignificance, is emitting to the world; Though we smile at the thought, still if we ponder a moment we are convinced that there is much of importance attached to the characters of those it has sent forth into life's great conflict. None will be idle. The bearing of each, even the least, will affect the conquest to be gained. Let us trust they will all do battle under the "banner of Right," that they may share the glory of a victory over Error, and you, dear old Academy, be able to render a worthy account of your labors.

Oakwood, Mich., 1859. Amy Summers.

A Newspaper Editor must, like the poet, be born to his calling, as, in the majority of instances, no amount of training will fit a person for such a post, unless he have a natural taste and aptitude for that description of literary labor; for, although many persons are able to write "leaders," or "literary articles," for a newspaper, few can be entrusted with its editorial control, few can scent out the libel which lurks in almost every communication, few can distinguish the report intended to please the speaker instead of informing the nation, and the letters written to serve private interests instead of public ends; still fewer who can tell at a glance, the kind of literary or political material which will promote the circulation of a journal—in fact, a good editor's great difficulty is not as to what he should put in, but what he should keep out of his columns. Successful editors have not been great authors, but men of good common sense, and their good common sense has taught them to write but little themselves, but to read, judge, select, alter and combine the writings of others.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Hospitality.—I have a higher reverence for the virtues of hospitality than we seem to set upon it at present. When a Turk regales a Christian with ham (as it happened at Athens last winter)—a priest in Lent roasts his turkey for you—when an advocate of the Maine Law gives his German friend a glass of wine—when some of my anti-tobacco friends allow me to smoke a cigar in the back parlor with windows open—there is a sacrifice of self on the altar of common humanity. True hospitality involves a consideration for each other's habits—not our *excesses*, mind you, but our usual habits of life—even when they differ on such serious grounds as I have mentioned. But I have dined with vegetarians who said, "Meat is unwholesome, so my conscience will not let me give it to you;" or to the ventilators, who proclaim that "fires in bed-rooms are injurious,"—and I was starved and frozen.—*Bayard Taylor.*

Speak but little, and to the purpose, and you will pass for somebody.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

REST.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD

O, let me rest! From all the striving
After vain-glory and still vainer joy!
From toiling over, nor arriving
At that bright Future which is Hope's decoy.

O, let me rest! From all the longing
For glimpses of that dreamy world unseen,
Where visions beautiful are thronging
In light which glimmers thro' the mists between!

O, let me rest! From all the grieving
O'er hopes delusive, and o'er wasted hours!
And high resolves, which naught achieving,
But mock the soul's enfeebled powers.

O, let me rest! From all the loving,
Which kindred natures never may requite!
The ceaseless yearning, seeking, roving
After that bliss which maketh burdens light.

O, let me rest! From all the weeping,
The poor relief of countless, aching hearts,
Which find no shield, awake or sleeping,
From Disappointment's woe-envenomed darts.

O, let me rest! From all the illness,
All the dying, darkening life with gloom!
O, let me rest in that calm stillness
Which reigns throughout the all-forgetting tomb!

O, let me rest, on Jesus only!
Forgive the murm'ring spirit, sorely tried!
Help me, dear Lord, though poor and lonely,
To find, in *Thee*, all longings satisfied!

Dedham, Mass., 1859.

"THE LIGHT OF HEAVEN."

We present below a passage from "Meister Karl," in the Knickerbocker. It is a "Refrain" bearing the above title. To our conception it is beautiful:

It is dark when the honest and honorable man sees the result of long years swept away by the grasp of knavish, heartless adversity. It is dark when he feels the clouds of sorrow gather around, and knows that the hopes and happiness of others are fading with his own. But in that hour the memory of past integrity is a true consolation, and insures him, even here on earth, gleams of the light in heaven! It is dark when the dear voice of the sweet child, once so fondly loved, is no more heard around in murmurs. Dark, when the little pattering feet no more sound without the threshold, or ascend, step by step, the stairs. Dark, when some well-known melody recalls the strain once oft attuned by the childish voice now hushed in death! darkness, indeed; but only the gloom that heralds the day-spring of immortality and the infinite light of heaven! It is dark, when, in later life, we tread the scenes of long-vanished pleasures—pleasures pure and innocent, whose memory has often thrilled our soul—whose voices, like those of some phantom band, are ever sweet and sad; but never sadder than when chiming with the after-echo, "We return no more!" Ring as you will, sweet voices, there are loftier joys awaiting in the golden Eden land, which lies beyond the sunset of life, and is gladdened by the light above in heaven! It is dark, very dark, when the grim hand of sickness has passed fearfully over us with its deathly magnetic stroke, and left behind the life-enduring sorrows of blindness, decrepitude or debility. It is dark, sadly dark, when we are neglected for the fair and comely who abound in this gay and thoughtless world. Cheer up, thou poor sufferer; for there are those among angels who love you, and you will yet shine as fair as they, when touched by the light above in heaven! It is dark beneath the noon-day sky—dark in the sun-ray, the moon-beam, the star-light! But for the true heart and trusting soul, who lives in the life of love and gentleness, there beameth ever a light of joy from heaven.

Repentance.—Alas! I can neither set my head nor my heart about anything, but I still show myself to be the sinful offspring of sinful parents, by the sinful parent of a sinful offspring; nay, I do not only betray the inbred venom of my heart, by poisoning my common actions, but even my most religious performances also, with sin. I cannot pray, but I sin; I cannot hear, or preach a sermon, but I sin; I cannot give any alms, or receive the sacrament, but I sin; nay, I cannot so much as confess my sins, but my very confessions are still aggravations of them; my repentance needs to be repented of; my tears want washing; and the very washing of my tears needs still to be washed over again with the blood of my Redeemer. Thus, not only the worst of my sins, but even the best of my duties, speak me a child of Adam. Insomuch, that whenever I reflect upon my past actions, methinks I cannot but look upon my whole life, from the time of my conception to this present moment, to be but as one continued act of sin.—*Bishop Beveridge.*

Patience of God.—How wonderful it is! Think what he hears and sees, and yet, though immaculately holy, so that sin is infinitely offensive to him, and infinitely powerful, so that he can punish it, how he spares! Take the oaths that are uttered. He hears them all, and they soar up in one horrid chorus to the skies. Take the cries which wrong and outrage extort from widows, orphans and the oppressed. He hears them *all*, and how—as Abel's slaughtered corpse called from the ground—must they pierce his ears and demand vengeance! The blood which is unjustly shed,—drawn from the veins of innocence—he sees it all, and it is sufficient to make rivers. What a foul stench reeks up from corrupt cities, dwellings and hearts of depraved humanity! And it all mounts to him. And yet he spares—keeps back the struggling thunders. How amazing his patience? He is a God and not a man, and therefore his compassion fails not.—*Rev. J. Brace.*

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PUFFING BOOKS.

Thanks to the Rural, that in the various departments of Journalism we can find independence enough to stand firm against the myrmidons of indiscriminate *Puff*—at least *one paper* that *dare* repel the attacks of this literary Briarcus of the nineteenth century. Often has the patriot and philosopher told us the need of *men;* but once cast the eye over our present periodical literature and we shall see the need of men who will and *dare* stand as sentinels against this ruinous army of *quacks* in letters who are destroying every independent thought of American writings. Books not dry from the press come to us draped plentifully in the habiliments of bombastic praise, and others yet undeveloped in the "womb of time" are heralded by the press "*runners,*" as the *real nectar* of the Gods; while scarcely does the modest volume start on its mission from the Metropolis, ere its *divine afflatus* has distilled mildly from the lakes of the North to the coral reefs of the Gulf, and afar over the sandy deserts to the *puff-gang of California.*

But there is one department of puffing to which our thoughts at present are called, viz., School Book. Now, here is a place where no excuse should allow the educator to help a publisher *palm off* his books, because there is need, oftentimes, that the buyer shall trust the experience of one who professes, at least, to know the need of the purchaser. The teacher surely should be sparing of his meed of praise until thoroughly qualified by investigation in regard to the works recommended. But how is it? Plainly, the same style of political gambling. A new book is crammed down our throats are a word of real genuine examination or practical use has tested its merits. This *stuffing* is the business of all that great tribe of agents sent broadcast from publishing houses to introduce new works, and we are sorry to say that some teachers embrace this opportunity for money-making. We have in mind, now, a teacher of New York, who changes his opinion in regard to the best works in his particular department oftener than the equinoxes. The great *mystery* was solved when we learned that said teacher was agent for those books, and would afford them *very low for cash*—thus making this great *sacrifice* for the good of students. Thus he would change his opinion as often as the agency.

But worst of all are our Committee and Official puffs. At Institutes, Teachers' Conventions, &c., the agent slyly works his way into the open hearts of the unsophisticated, scatters liberally his *worse* of *highly instructive* works before them, and then, by managing with a few of the *leading ones*, the books are adopted *unanimously* by the Committee or Association, who, perhaps, know as little of their real merits as the Bushmen of Africa. Now, we do not blame the teachers so much, yet they ought to be more independent when acting as agents for others; namely, the patrons and youth. Let us have a class of active, independent teachers.

A word relative to the officials—especially of this State, the Commissioners. It is too true, that they are burdened with duties; yet this should be no excuse for hurried glances of books, and then extensive *puffs* to be heralded by publishers. No, let them say nothing, or what is just, both to the book maker and book-user. Let them not impose upon honest people who trust to their judgment, by the too common practice of dressing up *trash* in the plenary robes of official garb.

Finally, let us not have careless King *Puff*, champion of reviews, but honest thoughts of honest men. Jopas.

Great Valley, N. Y., April, 1859.

A LITTLE LEARNING.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing:
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring
Where shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
But drinking largely sobers us again."

This sentiment of Pope, so poetically conceived, so gracefully expressed, has been received for generations as a truth which it were madness for any to dispute. It has become a part of our proverbial philosophy. It has insinuated itself everywhere where the English language is known. It has inwoven itself into our very thought—has assumed a place among our household words—constitutes a part of our educational creed. It meets the tyro at the very outset of his career. It is dimly traced upon the gates of the little road-side chapel, which affords him his first resting place as he begins to clamber up the famous "Hill of Science." It is pictured upon the doors and lintels of the more pretending structure, higher up the difficult mount. It is emblazoned on the walls of the gorgeous temple which is supposed to crown its top. And as he goes forth thence, it takes on airy shapes. He seems to hear it in the light whispers of the grove, in the tempest's wail, in the ripple of the brook, in ocean's roar, in the crowded thoroughfare, in the quiet seclusion of home—"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

Now, what does all this mean? Why—for this is the commonest acceptation—darkness is better than twilight; blindness is to be preferred to an unpleasant dimness of sight; utter ignorance, to mere scraps of knowledge. There is danger in the ray dawn that ushers in the day—in that state, which sees men as trees walking, indicative of coming sight—in those fragmentary fruits of the tree of knowledge which create an ardent desire for more. Tread cautiously ye who are at the mountain's base, for ye walk with uncertain steps on treacherous ground. Tarry not, ye thirsty ones, to drink at the little rills whose waters maddden the brain, but hasten onward to slake your thirst with sober draughts at the bubbling pools of the parent fount. "Make haste slowly," is a delusion. "Despise not the day of small things," is a meaningless injunction, not applicable to the progress of mind. "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves," is a fogyism that should have been buried in Poor Richard's grave. "Och! by the powers!" said a newly arrived emigrant upon our shores, "what a murtherin fool, to be after picking up a single dollar, when we shall soon be where we can scrape 'em up by the bodfull." A true philosopher that. "Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring." Now, a truce to this poetic nonsense. I venture the assertion, that truth was never more outrageously outraged in so small a space, as in these same four lines from Pope, as they are generally received in the world. Or, if they are true, as received, then do they constitute the most powerful plea in behalf of ignorance that was ever uttered.

We should, however, think the man insane, or mischievously malicious, who should counsel the starving beggar to reject a crust and insist on the entire loaf, and yet this same insanity manifested in another direction, is received as inspired wisdom. We have nothing to do with the writer's intention in penning these lines, but with the fact, that he is hailed as Sir Oracle in the utterance of a sentiment so utterly repugnant to nature and to truth. Of what other good under the whole heaven does wisdom thus warn us to beware? Yet this is wisdom! Aye!—forgive me this apparent betrayal of my ancestral home—it is wise nonsense. —M. P. C., *in N. Y. Teacher.*

THE SCHOOL-ROOM A LITTLE WORLD.

The school-room is often called a little world, and a little world it should be in more respects than the term usually implies. There is perhaps a fallacy in the aphorism of Tupper, "A kingdom is a nest of families, and a family, a small kingdom;" but in regard to the school, we say, let it be a microcosm.

There are little boys, fellow-classmates, who will soon be fellow-citizens. Let them learn in their juvenile intercourse those courtesies and principles of action, that will be requisite when they become men. Dr. Carpenter says in his Physiology, that the brain grows to the condition under which it is habitually exercised. If this be true, and I suppose no one will question it, it is a matter of some moment to consider the best mode of exercising the *six thousand tuns of brain* now plastic in the school-houses of our country. Makers of surveying instruments are very careful to graduate the arcs, which will indicate the direction of the telescope, with the utmost accuracy, as the minutest error will be vastly magnified in the position of the distant object. So in the school-room, the *microcosm*, which is concentric with the *macrocosm*, or the world's wide stage, the smallest error in direction will lead to a departure which no traverse table can indicate.

If it be true that knowledge is composed of *ideas*, "which are the joint product of the mind on the one part, and of external causes on the other,"—it is manifest that the opportunities of observing the objective, are of great importance in an educational course. Hence such an apartment as Dickens described, where nature was strongly bricked *out*, as killing airs and gases were bricked *in*, should never be selected for a school-room. On the other hand, as much of nature as is possible should be introduced, and so arranged as to arrest the pupil's attention whenever his eye may wander from his book. It is objected that the book will receive but little attention! I would say, be it so, so long as no interest is felt to learn its contents. But in getting knowledge, as in getting money, the more we have, the more we want; and from observation and oral instruction alone, a thirst for knowledge is often acquired which libraries cannot supply.

Let Aquaria exhibit the living wonders of the deep; let Geological cabinets present the wondrous forms and huge proportions of former animals and plants; let collections of minerals display the glittering ores and symmetrical crystals of the rugged mountains; strew flowers from the wild woods and cultivated garden, in the way of the youthful hero—for such should every school-boy determine to be—and make the school, as in ancient times, a pleasant place of resort. But men, not boys, attended those ancient schools or places of recreation and leisure from the active duties of life. Boys are better than men, and will make better use of the privileges afforded them. Such at least, is the experience of one who has been a teacher for twenty years.—Curiosity is the antecedent of attention, which is indispensable to every learner. Let curiosity be properly directed, and, as far as possible, gratified. Cultivate the perceptive faculties by constantly exercising them—bring to aid the organs of sense, the telescope and microscope, models of engines, pumps, and various machinery, as well as drawings and diagrams. See in every tiny shot, the manifestations of the same law which made the earth a globe; in the school-boy's sling, the principle that changed the globe to a spheroid; in every rolling hoop or spinning top, the cause of the procession of the equinoxes, and departure of the polar star so far from its place, that in 13,000 years it will even set in the north-west and rise in the north-east—and make the school as far as possible a little world, where, as is the case with the symmetry of large ships, the *model* will afford the best opportunity for study and investigation.—N. B. Webster, *in Educational News.*

A Smart Spell.—A gentleman in North Chester, Vermont, two or three weeks since offered as a prize a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary to the one of the scholars in all the public schools in town who should "spell all the others down."—Seven schools were accordingly represented, and about a dozen teachers and a large crowd of spectators were present, when the trial took place on the 25th ult. But one trial was to be had on a word, and the unfortunate who missed must take his or her seat. Eighty scholars contested for the honor and the prize, and after five hours' trial, five pupils remained standing, and the enthusiastic audience soon raised the needful to purchase each a copy of the great Unabridged.

Fools line the hedges which bound the road of life:—what can the wise man do but smile as he passes along it?

VERA CRUZ IN A STORM.

It is well known that the harbor of Vera Cruz, if indeed it may be called a harbor, affords but slight protection to vessels at anchor, when the terrible tornado called the *Norte*, or *Norther*, sweeps the Gulf of Mexico. R. A. Wilson, in his *History of the Conquest of Mexico*, of which we shall speak in a subsequent number, thus describes a tempest which he witnessed:

"The port was filled with shipping, when a well-known monitor, the sinking of the atmosphere upon the mountain northward, foretold the impending danger. A crowd gathered upon the shore, from that attraction of mutual sympathy so keenly felt towards men in imminent peril. All looked intently at the heavens, as they gathered black, and saw far off on the horizon the clouds and waves mingled together in one great vaporous mass.—Now and then were brief intervals of bright skies; again to be quickly overcast, and shrouded by a more intense darkness, while the temperature fell to a degree of chilliness unusual in the 'hot country.' The howling of the wind was terrific. The crowd was near enough to see, or at least to catch a glimpse of the shipping. Every extra anchor that could be got at was soon thrown out. But to little purpose: a coral bottom is but poor holding ground in a Norther; and one by one the fleet began to drag; even the castle, *San Juan de Ulua*, itself, seemed at times as though it would be torn from its rocky foundations and dashed upon the town. The terror of those on land was hardly to be described, as they saw the apparent destruction of both vessels and crews so nigh. Now and then one would hold a little by some new obstacle the anchor caught, but the resistance giving way, it soon moved again, approaching the shore, to which all tended, excepting those sheltered under the lee of the castle and island. They did not all drag at once, or together, but one by one, as their powers of endurance gave out; and one by one they drove towards the beach with little of help, or hope, if the storm continued. Even that little gave place to despair, as vessel after vessel approached the land; and, as they were dashed upon it, men held their breath, watching the hardy seamen struggling in the waves. One staunch vessel without cargo being carried broadside on, her crew leaped out of her and ran off safely."

The Reviewer.

The Methodist; or Incidents and Characters from Life in the Baltimore Conference. By Miriam Fletcher. With an Introduction by W. P. Strickland, D. D. In two volumes. New York: Derby & Jackson. [12 mo. pp. 364 and 360.]

Although this work belongs to the class denominated imaginative literature, it not only bears internal evidence of truthfulness, but some of the actors in the scenes described now live, enjoying, in peaceful old age, the fruits of laborious and well-spent lives. It is designed to rescue from oblivion the trials, toils, and labors of the early Methodists in the Baltimore Conference, and cannot fail to interest and, we think, improve the hearts of those who read its pages. The descriptions of scenes at Camp Meetings, Quarterly Meetings, Love Feasts, as well as the travels and privations of the circuit preachers in the thinly-settled districts, are always interesting, often sublime. From the Publishers.

Oriental and Western Siberia: A Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Higher Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and part of Central Asia. By Thomas W. Atkinson. Philadelphia: J. W. Bradley. [12mo.—pp. 483.]

This is a compilation. The author was an English artist, and traveled to gratify his taste for romantic scenery, and taking of views never seen and scarcely known to Europeans. He traversed much of the unexplored regions of Central Asia, making 560 sketches in colors, which are given in the large work published in London, of which this is an abridgement. The engravings, printing, paper, &c., of the volume before us are not first class, though good for a cheap, popular edition. For sale by Allings & Cory.

Books Received.

Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic. By Sir Wm. Hamilton, Bart., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh; Advocate, A. M. (Oxon.) etc.; Corresponding Member of the Institute of France; Honorary Member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and of the Latin Society of Gena. Edited by the Rev. Henry L. Mansel, B. D., Oxford, and John Veitch, M. A., Edinburgh. In two volumes. Vol. I.—Metaphysics. [8vo.—pp. 718.] Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Sold in Rochester by Adams & Dabney.

Mothers and Infants,—Nurses and Nursing. Translation from the French of a Treatise on Nursing, Weaning, and the General Treatment of Young Children. By Dr. Al. Donne, late head of the Faculty of Paris, Inspector General of the Schools of Medicines, etc. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. [12mo. pp. 303.] Sold by Dewey.

Frankwei; or, The San Jacinto in to Seas of India, China and Japan. By Wm. Maxwell Wood, M. D., U. S. N., late Surgeon of the Fleet to the U. S. East India Squadron; author of "Wandering Sketches in South America, Polynesia," etc. New York: Harper & Bros. [12mo.—pp. 545.] For sale by Dewey.

The Life of North American Insects. By B. Jaeger, late Professor of Zoology and Botany in the College of New Jersey. With numerous Illustrations from Specimens in the Cabinet of the Author. New York: Harper & Bros. [16mo.—pp. 319.] Sold by Dewey.

Frank Elliott; or, Wells in the Desert. By James Challen, author of "The Cave of Machpelah," "Christian Morals," etc. Philadelphia: Jas. Challen & Son. [16mo.—pp. 347.] Sold by Darrow & Bro.

First Things; or the Development of Church Life. By Baron Stow, author of "Christian Brotherhood," etc. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. [16mo.—pp. 282.] Sold by Adams & Dabney.

Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements Considered. By John Lord Campbell, LL. D., F. R. S. E., in a Letter to J. Payne Collier, Esq., F. S. A. New York: Appleton & Co. Sold by Dewey.

"Love me Little, Love me Long." By Chas. Reade, author of "It is never too late to Mend," "White Lies," etc. New York: Harper & Bros. [16mo.—pp. 435.] For sale by Dewey.

The Romance and its Hero. By the Author of "Magdalen Stafford." New York: Harper & Bros. [16mo.—pp. 424.] Sold by Dewey.

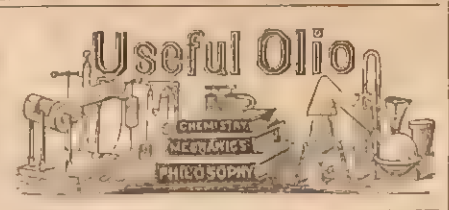
Agnes Hopetoun's Schools and Holidays. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Katie Stewart," etc. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. [16mo.—pp. 300.] Sold by Adams & Dabney.

More About Jesus. With Illustrations and a Map. By the Author of "Peep of Day," "Reading without Tears," &c. New York: Harper & Bros. [A beautiful Juvenile of 246 pages.] Sold by Dewey.

How's Drawing-Room Dances, especially designed for Social Evening Parties; containing all the Popular and Fashionable Quadrilles, Cotillions, Fancy Dances, Contra Dances, &c., with every variety of the most approved Figures and Calls for the Different Changes. Music arranged for the Piano Forte. By Elias Howe. Boston. Hubbard W. Sweet. Sold by Jos. P. Shaw, Music Dealer, 104 State St., Rochester.

Our Homeland Songs of Ireland, Music and Words. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. Sold in Rochester by Wm. S. Mackie, Music Dealer, 82 State St.

The Home Melodist, A collection of Songs and Ballads, for the Voice only. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. For sale by Wm. S. Mackie.



LONDON BANKS.

There are nine joint-stock banks in London, with a combined capital of nearly four millions sterling; and current deposits nearly forty millions sterling; and circulation—*none*. Their payments in bank-notes are made in the notes of the Bank of England. The immense increase in the banking business of London alone is shown by the annexed aggregates of deposits in the nine banks first named above, between 1848 and 1858:

Year 1848	£ 9,823,000 or	$ 49,115,000
" 1853	20,812,000 "	104,060,000
" 1858	39,583,000 "	197,915,000

The balances at the Clearing House are paid by checks for the precise amount on the Bank of England. This obviates entirely the tedious and vexatious payments of coin as still pursued at the Clearing House in Wall street.

The absence of small bills in London and the interior—the Bank of England issuing none under five pounds—gives a steadiness to the bank-note currency which is well worth consideration. The larger bills enter into the operations of commerce, but the petty transactions of the day, anything under five pounds—or twenty-five dollars—are adjusted by the medium of gold and silver. Thus the lower classes of people, market people, tradesmen, etc., are not annoyed with small bills, which here uniformly are the beginning of a crisis.

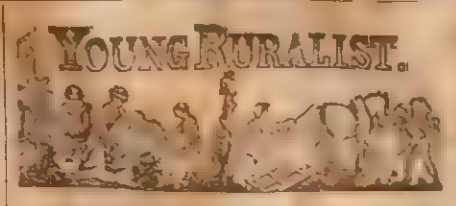
We submit these tabular statements for those who have the currency question under consideration, suggesting that the bank-note system of England may be well worth adopting here.—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.*

Dividing One's Time.—Some plodding genius has discovered, while spending his own time, that the word Time itself, when artificially transposed, or metagrammatized, will form the following words, meti, emit, item. And if the afore-named and its anagram be placed in the following quadrotic position, they will form what may be termed an anagrammatic palindrome.

T I M E
I T E M
M E T I
E M I T

This word Time is the only word in the English language which can be thus arranged; and the different transpositions thereof are all, at the same time, Latin words. These words in English, as well as in Latin, may be read either upwards or downwards. The English words, time, item, meti, and emit (to send forth), are mentioned above; and of the Latin ones—Time, signifies fear thou; Item, likewise; Meti, to be measured; Emit, he buys.

Animal and Vegetable Life.—There is nothing short of revelation that more beautifully or satisfactorily proves the existence of an Almighty mind, than the fewness and simplicity of the ultimate elements of animal and vegetable life. Thus, there are but four elementary principles essentially necessary, and but six generally employed, to form every variety of organic life; nitrogen, carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen are the bases, to which sulphur and phosphorus may be considered supplementary. With these, infinitely varied in their atomic proportions, are built up not only the whole animal kingdom, but also every variety of the vegetable world—from wheat, the "staff of life," to the poison of the deadly Upas tree. It is also worthy of remark, that these four elemental principles are those also of which both air and water are composed, so that air and water may be considered in truth and fact, as being the original elements of organic life.—*Dr. Toulman.*



PLEASURE GARDENING FOR CHILDREN.

Messrs. Editors:—I am an old man, and therefore, perhaps, I have no right to occupy even a line in the column devoted to Young Ruralists, unless as some may think I have arrived at *second childhood*, and can make my claim on this ground. This point, Mr. Editor, I will leave for your decision.—But, I am an old gardener; my father learned me to love gardening, and my mother taught me the names of the flowers, and to love them too—and that was long, long ago. I have no *little* boys now that I can tell about gardening, and so I thought I would to teach the great *Rural Family*, for as I understand the matter right, Mr. Rural, you have a very large family of young folks, numbering several thousands.

As everything should have a *head*—I hope all the boys and girls who read this will get their's full of wisdom—I have placed *Pleasure Gardening for Children* as the head of this article. Now, all gardening to me is *pleasure* gardening. I receive as much pleasure, I think, from raising a *fine* patch of corn, or splendid melons, as I do in growing a shrub, or tree, or flower. The pleasure of gardening is mainly in doing everything just as well as it can be done—a little better, if possible, than it was ever done before. I would at any time rather see a finely grown *Beet* or *Cauliflower*, than a poor, half-starved, neglected Rose. One looks like a *gentleman* in rags, pride and poverty united—the other like a well fed, honest laborer, of the first class, who is *all* he claims to be, with no desire to pass for what he is not. If boys will learn this, and feel so too, they will never make poor farmers, nor brainless dandies—nor will they ever value fine appearances above true worth.

But, I am not getting at my subject, for old men, like children, are fond of talking, and I must commence. I take it for granted that all the children who read the Rural, can have a small piece of ground for their own gardens if they will take care of it. It is to-day the 20th of April, and if this is printed my young readers will probably get it before the 1st of May. At any rate, as soon as you get this number have your garden nicely dug up, deep, and raked smooth. Your little gardens are not large enough to grow peas and early potatoes, and those kinds of things, and they will be provided plentifully in the gardens of your parents, we hope, for we pity the *poor* children who have not a good supply of good peas, and corn, and radishes, and Lima beans, and melons, during the summer. There are a good many such *poor* children, although some of their parents are *very rich*. The larger children, however, if they can get ground enough, may grow plenty of such kind of things. The *Horticultural Department* will tell you how it is done, so I need not fill up this column with directions. After the little patch is dug up and raked, then get a piece of narrow board with a straight edge, for a ruler, lay it upon the ground and make your name in printing letters, or the first letters of your name, by forming shallow drills from one to two inches wide. In these drills sow lettuce seed and cover them nicely, and in two or three weeks after you will see your name in living green letters. Then make your little brother's or sister's name in the same way, and sow the seed of *curled cress*, or pepper grass, which is the same, and in one week, if the weather is fine and warm, this pepper grass will be up, and afford the little one a good deal of pleasure. In a week or ten days after, the *cress* may be cut, and is excellent with bread and butter for tea, or cut up with vinegar.

I designed to tell the boys how to raise a few melons and radishes nice, but I have talked so much that I must leave it until next week.

Old Gardener.

DON'T THINK.

Walking in the country one morning, in early spring-time, we seated ourselves to rest on a large stone near an orchard gate. Very soon we observed a large man hanging to the topmost limbs of a small apple tree by one hand, while with the other he was cutting off twigs and branches. We bade him good morning. He answered cheerfully, and we ventured to hint that the tree he had climbed bore a heavy burden. "Yes," he said, "the trees all need pruning, but I can only attend to a few of them. The others would not bear my weight."

"Why don't you fasten your saw to a pole, stand upon the ground, and prune such trees as most require it?" we asked.

"Well, I declare," he answered, "that would do—I didn't think of it."

There was a valuable lesson in that confession, "I didn't think of it." It explained why, in many respects, the farmer was not prosperous. He was a hard worker. He endeavored to be economical, but he was always behind. His orchard didn't yield abundantly; his cattle had disease; his grain was often poor, and he could only sell at a low price—*because he didn't think.* He had never learned forethought; he did not know what it was to consider; he did not understand how judicious head-work assists hand-work.

"Didn't think!"—that is the sorry explanation of much error, of many a crime, of many a failure, of many a hardship, and many an abuse.

Little boys and girls, bear in mind that whatever advantage you may have at home, in school, in business or society, unless you think, your lives will be sad and your efforts unsuccessful. Learn, then, while you are young, the art of thinking. To be great and good you must understand the art of reflection, as well as appreciate the pleasure of memory.—*Selected.*

To Remove Grease from Books.—Lay upon the spot a little magnesia or powdered chalk, and under it the same; set on it a warm flat-iron, and as soon as the grease is melted it will be all absorbed and leave the paper clean.

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Farm Drainage—A New Book—A. O. Moore & Co.
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Farmers, Mechanics and Builders—Moore, Hebing & Co.
Langstroth on the Bee—A. O. Moore & Co.
To Egg Packers, Farmers and Others—Hall & Co.
English Fluke Potato—C. W. Thompson.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 30, 1859.

For notice to Correspondents and Readers see first column of next page.

Review of the Week.

The arrival of the Arabia, at Halifax, with a week's later news (a synopsis of which will be found in another column,) seems to confirm the warlike spirit observable in the dispatches of the previous steamer. Austria and France are equally active in all preparations for offense and defense. Statisticians are already figuring the chances of the combatants, and we present the following view which seems to be the most tangible of any brought to our notice. Austria has 220,000 in her Italian possessions, being a force equal to about one twenty-third part of all her Italian subjects. A country that can be retained only by such a force as that, is not worth having. The army is large; but in case of war, at least 50,000 of it would have to be left in garrison, and an equally great number so stationed as to be ready to act in other Italian communities, or against the Lombard peasantry. Hence, she could bring but 120,000 men against the French and Sardinians, and the latter could bring 40,000 men into the field, while France ought to be able to send double that number by land alone. The real weakness of Austria, however, would proceed from the naval superiority of the French by sea, as the latter would be able to choose their points of attack, and so compel the Austrians to disseminate their forces,—and dissemination is often fatal to armies. To equalise her forces with those of France and Sardinia, Austria should have 300,000 men in Italy, and heavy forces in all the countries bordering on the Adriatic and its estuaries. As to help from any of the Italian rulers whom she helps, it is what she cannot look for, and probably does not expect. *They* would have enough to do to uphold their own power, if that could be upheld. She is clearly overmatched.

From Washington we learn that Secretary Cass has expressed to the Nicaraguan Minister his approval of the Cass-Yrsarri Treaty, but the President rejects it. His objection lies against what is known as the additional article, as amended by Nicaragua, which provides that the United States will do all in her power to enforce the neutrality laws, and for the prevention of any armed expedition against Nicaragua. While some prominent gentlemen look upon this as a reflection of our good faith in carrying out the neutrality laws, and as unnecessary, others are disposed to regard the ratification as an evidence of a disposition of Nicaragua to cultivate friendly relations with the United States. Slight as the amendment is, it is not certain it will be acceptable to the Administration, which has not yet given it due consideration with regard to the efforts of the British authorities to remove the obstacles to the Clayton Bulwer Treaty. Much interest is manifested in diplomatic quarters in regard to the subject. It is stated that Gen. JUAREZ will return to Nicaragua in the steamer of May 5th.

The Sickles' trial drags its slow length along. It was hoped that counsel would submit the case to the jury without argument, and a conclusion would thus have been obtained on Saturday, the 23d inst. But speak they must and will—when exhaustion occurs we shall look for a verdict.

One State Legislature found a day of adjournment at last. The dissolution occurred on the 19th inst. The Legislature sat one hundred and six days. During that time 895 bills were introduced in the Assembly, and 352 in the Senate, making a total of 1,247. The total number of bills passed by both Houses is 536, much less than one-half of those introduced. The Governor, on the 18th, had signed 512, vetoed 13, just a baker's dozen, and had under consideration 11. While the "ties of duty and social intercourse" which bound our lawmakers together were being severed, wit, humor, solemnity and deep feeling ruled the hour, as each individual was impressed by the transactions around him. We may "raise the curtain" upon some of the "closing scenes," in a future RURAL.

In another portion of our present issue it will be observed that Gen. TWIGGS has ordered out a considerable force for the purpose of chastising the Indians of Texas. This would seem to be necessary, if the following paragraph (said to be well authenticated,) contains nothing but the truth:

"Capt. FORD, with forty-seven of his men, left camp in pursuit of the Indians, who had carried off four hundred horses. He was joined by two hundred friendly Indians, and afterwards by Major VAN DORN, with two hundred and eighty regulars. After the united forces had passed the headwaters of Red river, Major VAN DORN, not deeming it prudent to press the pursuit further without additional supplies for men and horses, turned back. Capt. FORD and men, with the friendly Indians, continued two days traveling in the direction of Kansas. Between midnight and daybreak of the second night, the Indians left the camp of Capt. F. About daylight Capt. F. found himself surrounded by eight hundred warriors, who demanded his surrender.—He refused, and ordered his men to prepare for fight, each being armed with two revolvers and a rifle. They fought bravely and desperately, but were overpowered by numbers, and all butchered except Capt. FORD and four of his men, who cut their way through and escaped."

During the night of Friday, the 22d inst., we were visited by a north-easter with the unusual accompaniments. For about twenty-four hours the warring elements had everything pretty much their own way—wind, rain and snow alternating. Sunday morning we were blessed with nearly six inches of snow. The storm extended to Syracuse on the East, and to St. Catherines, C. W., on the West—the fall of snow growing heavier as its western boundary was approached. In Buffalo the people rode to church in sleighs. We are not possessed of the figures, but are inclined to the belief that more moisture was deposited during this brief storm than for any similar period within a twelvemonth.

The Overland Mail, with San Francisco dates to the 25th ult., arrived at St. Louis on the 20th inst. The news is unimportant. Markets generally unchanged. The State Finances were flourishing—upwards of $80,000 in the Treasury. The mining news from California and British Columbia, was favorable. The news of the admission of Oregon as a State reached Portland on the 15th ult., but occasioned no demonstration. Passengers by the mail report the massacre of a family of nine persons by the Caddo Indians, in the vicinity of Cooper Camp, Texas.

EXPORTS OF BREADSTUFFS.—The Courier and Enquirer says the exports of breadstuffs from New York to Great Britain and Ireland, for the fiscal year commencing the 1st of September last, is about one-ninth that of the three previous years, and the aggregate exports of the same from the United States for five fiscal years, have been as follows:

Year.	Value.	Year.	Value.
1853-4.....	$48,383,000	1855-6.....	$56,619,000
1854-5.....	81,557,000	1856-7.....	66,024,000
1857-8			$33,695,000

An average of forty-three millions of dollars; or ten millions in excess of the last fiscal year; and ten millions less than the export in 1846-7—the latter having been $53,262,000.

THE RUMORED CUBAN REVOLUTION.—The official Gazette of Havana, in its issue of April 10th, publishes an elaborate article contradicting and ridiculing the report that an expedition of fillibusters from the United States has started, or is about to start, for the island of Cuba. It says that the people of the island are contented, prosperous, and devotedly loyal, and have for their defence an army of 20,000 regulars and 30,000 armed volunteers, and a fleet of more than thirty vessels; that it is absurd to suppose that the fillibusters, if they succeeded in effecting a landing, could accomplish anything but their own destruction.

A NEW CONTROVERSY.—A new controversy with Great Britain is growing up in the North West.—It appears that when the United States gave up the right to all the territory as far as 54° 40' north latitude, the boundary was laid down in such an ignorant and careless manner, that it is now uncertain whether certain waters and islands belong to Great Britain or Washington Territory. The influx of settlers has rendered these doubtful islands valuable, and the chances for another dispute seem to be excellent.

N. Y. STATE EDITORIAL AND TYPOGRAPHICAL ASSOCIATION.—The Sixth Annual Meeting of the New York State Editorial and Typographical Association will be held in the city of Syracuse, on Thursday, June 9, 1859, at 12 o'clock M. It is expected that the Annual Address will be delivered in the evening by Hon. HORACE GREELEY, editor of the N. Y. *Tribune*. After the address, a poem will be delivered by ANSON G. CHESTER, Esq., editor of the Syracuse *Daily Journal*.

Personal and Political.

GOV. RANDALL has appointed Hon. Luther S. Dixon, of the Ninth Circuit, as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, in the place of Judge Whiton, deceased.

Iowa holds a Republican State Convention at Des Moines on the 2d of June.

DR. WM. SAWYER, who was the oldest living graduate of Harvard University, having graduated in 1788, and an eminent physician, died in Boston Monday week, aged 89 years. Hon. Josiah Quincy is now the oldest living graduate of Harvard.

THE Hon. Geo. M. Bibb died of pneumonia, at his residence, in Georgetown, on the 21st inst. He was a long time United States Senator from the State of Kentucky, and Chancellor of that State, and subsequently filled the office of Secretary of the Treasury in the administration of President Tyler. His age was between eighty and ninety years.

THE Jackson (Miss.) Eagle of the South, argues that, inasmuch as by the Federal basis of representation, slaves are counted only at three-fifths, and as African apprentices, "bound to service for a term of years," would be computed and fully represented, thereby increasing the power of the South in Congress, that the establishment of such a system is worthy of the serious consideration of the South.

THE Hon. Jeremiah Clemens, of Memphis, Tenn., in a speech at Nashville, Tenn., on the 29th ult., said that it required extraordinary credulity to believe that the Administration intended to use the $30,000,000 it asked for of the late Congress in the purchase of Cuba. "In my honest opinion," continued Mr. Clemens, "the intention was to use it as a corruption fund to secure the nomination and election of Mr. Slidell as President of these United States. There is nothing in the past history of either James Buchanan or John Slidell to place them above suspicion. Give them $30,000,000 to be used in buying Spanish officials, and unless some such miracle occurs as that of the leopard changing his spots, a part of the sum will be employed in buying the Charleston Convention, and the remainder in purchasing the vote necessary to insure the election of its nominee." These "Honorables" ought to know how the wires are pulled.

HON. WILLIAM C. BOUCK, of Schoharie, died at his residence in that county, on the morning of the 19th instant, aged seventy-three years. From a notice of Gov. B. in the Albany *Argus*, we learn that in 1807 he held the first offices of the town of his residence in Schoharie, and in 1812 was appointed Sheriff of the county. He was a member of the Assembly in 1814-15-16 and '18. In 1820 and '21 he was a State Senator. In March, 1821, he was elected by the Legislature one of the Canal Commissioners. This office he held uninterruptedly until 1840. In 1840 he was the Democratic candidate for Governor, but was beaten by Gov. SEWARD. In 1842 he was elected Governor, and held the office for one term, retiring from it on the first day of January, 1845. In 1846 he was a member of the Constitutional Convention. In the same year he was appointed by President POLK Sub-Treasurer in the city of New York, and held that position until the accession of President TAYLOR, in 1849.—From that time he has quietly resided at his homestead in Schoharie, agreeably spending the evening of his days in the home, and among the associates of his youth and early manhood. He lived on the same farm occupied by his father and grand-father, and which was a part of the tract on the Schoharie creek patented by the latter and others from George the II, in 1755.

Important News from Utah.

THE Deseret Valley Tan of the 15th of March, contains the following news of interest:

Between four and five thousand persons will leave this Territory for the States and California, all of them apostates from the Mormon Church, in a few months.

A rumor of a collision between troops stationed at Provo and Mormon citizens, prevailed at Salt Lake City. The troops were stationed there by order of Judge Cradelbaugh during the session of his Court. It was supposed that the Court would adjourn the 15th, and that nothing would be done except to try two Indians, the Church hierarchy that controls this people over-reaching the jurisdiction of the United States Courts. Judge Cradelbaugh thus explains this matter in his charge to the Grand Jury:

"Some United States troops are here. Perhaps it is an unusual thing. I knew that there were those who were guilty, out of the camp, and also that there were many guilty around here of numerous offences. I was informed that there was no prison here, and those troops were sent by the commanding General, at my request, to take care of the prisoners now in custody, and not to interfere with any one. They are here to take care of and preserve the peace. If prisoners are brought they will be taken care of, and the whole authority of the troops is to detain those persons in custody until they are called for by the Court, and they have no power beyond that Court." The Judge, in his charge to the Grand Jury, refers to the fact that attempts had been made to destroy the Court and its usefulness, and even to bring the jurors into disrepute. He refers to many cases of murder and crime committed throughout the district, but in which no indictments had been found by previous Mormon Grand Juries.

S. L. Hubbell gives an account of his travels from Salt Lake City to Weber Station. At Emigration Canon, he met snow 12 to 15 inches deep. Over the Little Mountain the snow was four feet deep; at the spring on the Big Mountain, the mail party, having traveled eleven hours, had made two miles. Mr. Hubbell started next morning, and found the snow six to eight feet deep. Still further on, in eight hours' travel, they made half a mile. But the worst was to encounter in getting down the Big Mountain, where the snow was at least 15 or 20 feet deep. Monday, the 21st of February, they made East Canon Creek, all nearly snow-blind, except one Mexican and the writer—four of them could only keep the path by holding on to a mule—in snow six to ten feet, and not a sign of a trail. On the 23d, they arrived at Weber Station; and were relieved.

News Paragraphs.

CAPT. JOE PARKS, the celebrated Shawnee Chief, died at Westport, Mo., on the 4th inst. He had been for twenty years the ruling spirit among the Shawnees on the Missouri border, and his loss will be severely felt by his tribe.

AT a recent festival in Paris, Louis Napoleon wore a sword whose scabbard and hilt were covered with $30,000 worth of diamonds, while the Empress displayed a million of dollars worth of diamonds.

IN pursuance of orders from the War Department, the recruiting service throughout the United States was discontinued on the 30th ult. The ranks of the army are now full for the first time in twenty years, but there is a considerable surplus of recruits from which to fill future vacancies. We are now ready for the next war.

VENEZUELA is reported to be in a state of revolution. An action had taken place between Generals Garvaez and Pinto, in which the former was routed. The town of San Felipe had been plundered of $100,000 worth of property by Gen. Zamara.

THE Davenport Gazette has a letter from Florence, Nebraska, dated the 5th inst., stating that there was then eighteen inches of snow on the ground, and it had drifted terribly. A dreadful storm of wind had prevailed, prostrating almost everything in its way. No covered wagon or tent could stand before it. It is to be feared that there has been a great loss of life on the plains among the emigrants to Pike's Peak and elsewhere, and certainly a great deal of suffering, at the least.

THE average income of the Mexican Church is twenty-five millions a year, while the revenue of the National Government of the Republic is only fifteen millions.

LORD CAMPBELL'S bill substituting the verdict of the majority for the unanimous verdict of juries in civil cases, has been thrown out of the House of Lords. Only 7 votes were given for the measure.

THE number of Jews in Oregon, most of whom are engaged in commercial pursuits, is large. In Portland they have a synagogue, lately incorporated by the Legislature, under the name of the "Congregation Beth-Israel," where religious worship is conducted after the custom of the German Israelites. A large portion of them, however, are free-thinkers.

THE opposition to the presence of the Chinese in California is growing stronger every day. In the mining districts the hostility is kept within bounds only by the strong arm of the law. Among the bills before the Assembly is one to put a stop to the species of serfdom by which large numbers of Chinese are held by wealthy Chinese companies in a condition of slavery. Also a bill increasing the tax upon Chinese laborers, and others annoying them in different ways.

WEDNESDAY week will be remembered by the clerks in the N. Y. Post-Office. The foreign letters dispatched were 35,187; the foreign letters received per Niagara, Kangaroo, and Persia were 72,499; add to those 99,000 for domestic—sent and received—and we have a total of nearly 200,000 letters, making the largest and heaviest day's work ever known in the Post-Office.

COL. WILLIAM BENT, of Bent's Fort, which is in the midst of the Kansas gold region, has arrived in Illinois, and gives it as his opinion that money cannot be made at Pike's Peak unless richer mines are discovered than have yet been found. His opinion is worth something.

THE remains of the Christian hero, Havelock, lie in a dirty kitchen garden at Lucknow, India, the only mark to designate the spot being his name rudely cut in the bark of a neighboring tree.

THE Hamilton (C. W.) Times mentions the following peculiarities of the new Canadian cent coin. They are not only tokens of value, but also standards of weight and measure. One hundred cents weigh exactly one pound, and one cent measures one inch.

FOR the first time in 51 years, the Chief Justice of Canada was presented by the Sheriff with a pair of white gloves, signifying, according to the old English custom, that there were no prisoners to be brought before the present Assizes.

THE Government lands of Michigan, which were withdrawn from market two or three years ago, for the purpose of permitting the railroad companies make their selections from the grant of Congress, have been restored, and the land-offices at Ionia and other places again thrown open to purchasers.

IT has been found in Springfield, that 290 gallons of Massachusetts State rum does not contain pure spirits enough to pay for distillation. Massachusetts had better stop peddling liquor.

THE Court Milliner recently died in London, leaving property valued at $400,000. She leaves most of it to charities; for herself, she directed that she should be buried in point lace.

THE Milwaukee News says a large number of Pike's Peak explorers from Wisconsin are returning. They have little to say, and nothing to show.

NINE AND A HALF MILLIONS of acres of the public lands in Kansas and Nebraska which were withheld last year on account of the financial revulsion, will be in market in July, August and September. It is expected that these sales will increase the revenue for the next fiscal year very materially.

THE Utah correspondent of the Chicago Tribune has taken notes of the status of that territory. The results foot up as follows:—Three hundred and eighty-seven men with seven or more wives; of these 13 have more than 19 wives; 730 men with five wives; 1,100 men with four, and 1,400 with more than one wife.

SINCE the commencement of the Sickles trial an average of 15,000 words have been sent by telegraph daily from Washington to New York. Such an amount of telegraphic transmission never was heard of in Europe, and is unprecedented in this country.

There is an abundance of splendid timber of the softer kinds in California, but the country is destitute of the tough, hard timber for ship building and other purposes requiring stout and durable material. The whole supply of such timber is obtained from the Atlantic States—of course at great cost. All the wood for land carriages is imported, as are also axe, hammer and hoe handles.

The News Condenser.

— The number of guns carried by the British navy is 15,138.

— Washington Irving attained his 76th year on the 3d inst.

— Philadelphia has nine steam fire engines ready for service.

— It is again reported that Spurgeon is coming to this country.

— It is now stated that the Sickles trial will last till the first of May.

— At noon on Monday week the Governor of this State had signed 220 bills.

— Seven million gallons of whisky are annually consumed in Scotland.

— There are about twenty-nine thousand post-offices in the United States.

— Miss Harriet K. Hunt, of Boston, has commenced to preach the gospel.

— There were 4,469 bales of cotton burnt at the late fire in New Orleans.

— Rev. Mr. Finney is preaching daily to crowded audiences in London.

— Stone coal has been discovered in the town of Boston, Erie Co., N. Y.

— There is said to be an active volcano in a secluded part of Shasta Co., Cal.

— Strawberries, of Maryland growth, have appeared in the Baltimore market.

— The population of Paraguay in 1856 was 976,000; two thirds of whom are Indians.

— A young man died in N. Y. city recently from inhaling chloroform to allay the toothache.

— An English paper says the Prince of Wales will be Viceroy of Ireland before the close of 1860.

— There is much excitement in Norwich, Conn., in consequence of the small pox breaking out.

— The French experiments in fish culture have discovered that salmon may be raised in fresh water.

— The railroads in the six New England States have cost more than a hundred and fifty million dollars.

— A writer in one of the N. Y. city papers proposes the establishment of an asylum for indigent old men.

— The Massachusetts Legislature is to hold an extra session to *revise* the *revision* of the *Revised* Statutes.

— Attorney General Black feels much better than he did some time ago, and has gone back to Washington.

— A law recently passed in Maine establishes the annual salary of the members of the Legislature at $150.

— Some ninety liberated slaves, and over thirty free negroes, are about to embark, at Baltimore, for Liberia.

— The Southern route for a Pacific Railroad has been abandoned. No water to be had by boring six hundred feet.

— Two girls passed through Providence, Ill., a few days since, on their way to Pike's Peak with an ox team.

— Dr. Duff, the eminent Scotch missionary in India, who visited America a few years ago, is again in feeble health.

— An extensive iron mine, of exceeding richness, has been discovered in Oregon, about thirteen miles from Portland.

— Five men accidentally happened to congregate at a store in Monterey, Cal., whose combined weight was 1,076 lbs.

— Wm. Wilson, formerly a member of Congress from the Lycoming District, Pennsylvania, died at Sunbury last week.

— During last winter, the State of New York supported, in various ways, 30,000 persons as paupers or prisoners.

— The State of Ohio has wormed an auger into itself at Columbus to the depth of 1,960 feet—not a drop of water yet.

— It is stated that buildings to the value of over three million dollars are now in the course of construction in New York.

— Fresh bananas and Bermuda potatoes are selling at Albany—the former 10@25 cents each, and the latter $1,75 per peck.

— The quantity of oysters opened at Fairhaven, Conn., within the past six months, is 700,000 bushels, equivalent to 350,000 gallons.

— A letter from a planter in Florida, says that it has been raining almost incessantly in that region for the last three months.

— The news of the admission of Oregon as a State reached Portland on the 15th ult., but occasioned no demonstration.

— A man in Indiana has been sentenced to eighteen years' imprisonment, for burning his own child to death because it fretted.

— The Green Bay Advocate says that none of the saw mills in that city are running, and but three of them will fire up this summer.

— The Lawrence Herald of Freedom states that the prospects for the establishment of a University in Kansas are very flattering.

— The Massachusetts Legislature has before it a bill making a single case of drunkenness a crime to be punished with imprisonment.

— Dr. Scanzoni, of Wurtzburg, who attended the Empress of Russia at the birth of her last child, has received for his services $25,000.

— A vessel arrived at Portland from Havana, when 2½ hours of port, picked up a cat, which was demurely seated on a bale of goods.

— The merchants of Albany N. Y., have opened a war on the old copper cents, the greatest nuisance in the currency of the country.

— Over $70,000 have been subscribed to the fund for the establishment of Prof. Agassiz's proposed Museum of Natural History, in Boston.

— Soulouque's prime Minister is said to have cheated the ex-Emperor out of all his ill-gotten money, and is enjoying it at present in Paris.

— The propeller Hunter, first vessel of the season for Chicago, sailed from Collingwood Saturday week, with a full cargo and 20 passengers.

— A certain preacher, addressing himself to ladies who wear exaggerated hoops, said recently, "Remember how narrow are the gates of Paradise."

— A note from Paris, dated April 4, states that Senator Sumner had gone to Rome. He was, at last accounts, in a very bad condition of health.

— The statistics of Ohio for 1858, show that the number of suicides in that State was sixty in all, or one in every forty thousand of the population.

— Jerome Bonaparte, the survivor of all the brothers and sisters of Napoleon I., "still lives," at the age of 76. He was the youngest of the family.

— A proposition is before the California Legislature to set off all below the 36th parallel as a separate territory to be united to Arizona, or to form a new State.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications, nor become responsible for their safety. Writers should retain copies of articles which they esteem of special value.

Our rule is to reject all articles from *anonymous sources*, however ably written or important the subjects discussed. The *real name* of writer must be in our possession, even if initials only or a *nom de plume* be affixed for publication.

The RURAL is not open to long essays on topics foreign to its legitimate purposes and objects, for the reason (aside from any other) that its space, as well as subjects, are limited. Those who wish to discuss Theology, Temperance, Moral Reform, Woman's Rights, Spiritualism, etc., should apply to the proper organs.

We do not wish to increase our list of paid contributors, and can give special engagement at present to any of the many who would encourage it to write for the Literary and Miscellaneous departments of the RURAL. Practical articles of special value are liberally paid for, however, and will be paid for when published, if sent with that stipulation.

THE substance of the above has been repeatedly stated in the RURAL, but the subject is one that will bear frequent ventilation. We are constantly flooded with all sorts of communications, especially for the miscellaneous departments, and find it utterly impossible to give half of even the most acceptable articles we receive—nor have we time to write letters of explanation to the parties interested. Our aim is to do the best we can, considering the objects of the RURAL—giving precedence to whatever is most appropriate for its pages. That we often err in judgment, is probable, but we must in all cases "assume the responsibility" and abide the consequences. An editor must necessarily possess some decided notions and convictions as to *how* his paper should be conducted, and *ought* to be a far better judge of his own duty, and what is proper to be published, than any correspondent. In deciding according to his convictions of what is right, however, he will often make enemies, and, temporarily at least, retard his pecuniary interests. But we regard an editor who is guided chiefly by self-interest in accepting or rejecting an article, as unfit for his position and unworthy the profession. We endeavor to promote the interest and welfare of our readers and the public *first*, and encourage correspondents so far as consistent with this object. Many writers of merit were first introduced to the public through the pages of the RURAL—and some of these, we are proud to say, have become somewhat celebrated as authors, editors, &c. But in the interim, we have provoked the enmity and revenge of not a few who *thought they knew our business and duty better than we did ourselves*. Allow us to amplify a little on this point, by giving two or three illustrations.

Within the past few years sundry authors of "rejected addresses" have written us very severe letters—which did not particularly disturb our equanimity; others have given vent to their vanity and ire by abusing us in "the papers"—which didn't make us feel any worse, or change our course in the least, and probably benefited the RURAL in the way of advertising. In one instance a correspondent sent us an ultra sectarian article as long as a sermon, and very abusive of a respectable denomination of Christians—and because we would not deviate from our rule, ignore our own judgment, and publish what was most objectionable in style and length, "berated" us in another paper, and discontinued the RURAL. [It is proper to say he has since recovered, and, without any solicitation on our part, is now a subscriber and occasional correspondent on practical subjects.] Another case. Somebody sent us several *anonymous* articles on Woman's Rights, from Erie Co.,—very rabid they were, too. Of course they were rejected under our rule. Months after the writer favored us with a regular Caudle epistle, saying how meanly she had been treated, and that she was determined to make her WILLIAM "stop the RURAL." [Can't say whether he ever did such a foolish thing—presume likely.] The next we heard from our valiant heroine was in the shape of a complimentary communication in a Buffalo daily—which was paid for as an advertisement, we presume. We trust she is satisfied with the investment and feels relieved! Once more. Quite recently—only a week or two ago—an article appeared in a New York city paper, from one RUGGLES, who bitterly complains of martyrdom equal to his great prototype, for that whereas he has sent us three several articles against tobacco culture, not one of which has been published, (we quote from memory, after a hasty perusal, having lost or mislaid the paper,)—declaring, after firing several quotations of Scripture at our devoted head, that we don't allow "readers and patrons" to be heard in the RURAL! Mr. R. evidently feels bad, and has our profound sympathies. But we cannot, even to please him, publish *all* that may be sent us by our two or three hundred thousand readers. For his special consolation, however, we will say that *one* of his said articles has been waiting insertion since "long time ago," but not so long as have scores of *better ones* of a similar character—i. e., controversial rather than practical. And it is not likely it will appear soon; indeed, there is now no need of it, as the writer has found a paper which allows him to be "heard," especially when he gives a *quid pro quo* (we *don't* mean a quid of tobocco!) in the shape of praising books which we recently had the audacity to fairly criticise!—[*said books and paper being published by the same firm!*] We congratulate our would-be correspondent upon his success in at last finding an organ (particularly as we believe he had been refused in his own State before applying to us,) and *Life* upon its acquisition! Verily, each party hath his reward—on the principle, "You tickle me, BILLY," &c. Both parties being satisfied, must constitute a model "mutual admiration and *aid* society." Wonder, though, if our very thin-skinned friend RUGGLES—who can't endure the idea of tobacco-culture, and is *down* on the RURAL and other Journals for answering inquiries on the subject—really likes the manner in which the circus has been extolled in his organ! If so, perhaps he might consistently have *patronized* a still more positive "sporting paper." But in thus tarrying to "answer a fool according to his folly," we are digressing and will return.

As already stated, we endeavor to encourage correspondents so far as consistent. We are *always* glad to hear from sensible, experienced Men and Women on *practical* and *useful* subjects,—but we cannot consistently, and *will not* to retain a subscriber or obtain favor, allow one-idea men, hobby-riders, silly sentimentalists, &c., to preach and storm, grind axes, and utter ridiculous nonsense through the pages of the RURAL. We believe in free speech, a free press, and reform and progress—but do not believe all that is thought and written should be said and printed, nor that reform and progress are promoted by those who are devoid of judgment and discrimination, and above all sound Common Sense. "A place for everything and everything in its place" is not a bad adage in this connection, trite as it may be; and we don't believe the pages of the RURAL the proper *place* for a thousand "things" sent us for publication—including matters which are only appropriate for political, sectarian and sporting journals, poetry without rhyme or reason, advertisements in the guise of valuable information, and so forth and so on to the end of the chapter.

—This is plain talk, we admit, but we consider it just to all parties concerned—correspondents, readers and ourselves. We are far from claiming infallibility in this matter. No doubt we have committed various errors and neglected many correspondents, indeed we have found it utterly impossible to publish much that we desired, especially at the proper season, and now have many articles on file (and one in type) which were prepared over two years ago! Many an article of interest or value at a certain season, arrives too late, or is necessarily deferred for six months or a year. Others possessing merit though of a purely literary character—are of course deferred from time to time, according to our space and the large amount of such matter on hand. But, after reassuring Correspondents that Patience is a cardinal virtue, and again referring to the rules at the head of this column, we must close.

Old World Matters.

THE Royal Mail Steamship Arabia, arrived at Halifax on the afternoon of the 20th inst. Her news is of more than ordinary importance, seeming to indicate that war is not only inevitable, but that the crisis is at hand. We make the following synopsis:

GREAT BRITIAN.—Lord Derby announced in the House of Lords on the 4th, the intention to dissolve Parliament. He severely attacked Lord John Russell's course, and characterized Lord Palmerston's recommendations, that Russell's amendment be accepted by the Ministers, as a direct insult. On the 6th, Palmerston defended himself from the imputations cast upon him by the Ministers, to which Sir J. Packington replied and reiterated the assertion that Palmerston had made a direct threat that if the Crown exercised its right to dissolve Parliament, the House might refuse the supplies.

In the House of Lords on the 8th, Earl Malmsbury said he hoped to make a statement to the House before the prorogation, which would show that government had done all it could to preserve the peace of Europe. These remarks are construed into an admission that there is no hope for peace.

In the House of Commons, Lord Palmerston had given notice of a question respecting our foreign relations and the affairs of Europe, but at the urgent request of Mr. D'Israeli, he postponed it.—The latter announced that in a day or two he would make a statement on the subject.

FRANCE.—The movement of troops and war material in France, continues on a large scale. The Paris correspondent of the London Herald, says that about 25,000 men are on their way to reinforce the army of Lyons. The correspondent of the Times, writes that the question of peace or war, is still left to conjecture.

The feeling that the war is inevitable prevails at the French foreign office, and is shared by some of the highest functionaries.

Count Cavour is reported that he could at any time apply the match to the materials of conflagration at his command, and force France to join him.

The Daily News correspondent says:—Orders have been sent to Toulon that 68 vessels, which had been long prepared there, be ready to put to sea upon a day's notice, if required. Eight vessels have already been ordered from Brest for Toulon. All Marseilles vessels in the Adriatic, are returning home, considering those waters unsafe, and that no freights from the Trieste are now to be had.

AUSTRIA.—The Vienna correspondent of the London Times telegraphs as follows:

"The long expected crisis is at hand. A corps of 50,000 men goes from this city to-morrow, and on the following day another corps of 60,000 men, to be assembled here. A reserve corps of 70,000 men will be placed in Bohemia and Moravia. The reserve of the army in Italy and of the corps about to leave this city have been called in."

Advices from Milan state that the following orders of the day have been posted in the barracks of the town:—"Austrian Soldiers, the Emperor calls you round his banners to beat down for the third time the pride of Piedmont; to expel from their den those fanatics who destroy the tranquility of Europe. Advance against the enemies who have always fled before you. Remember the victories of 1848 and 1849; remember Navarare, where your foes were dispersed and annihilated. Let our watchword be *'Vive Imperatore'*—our rights forever!"

ITALY.—The correspondent of the Times, at Rome, says that the general opinion there is that the Congress will simply delay war, but cannot prevent it, because it will not effectually settle the Italian question. It is confidently stated that neither the Papal government nor the King of Naples will send representatives to Congress.

PORTUGAL.—The government has authorized the free admission of corn.

INDIA.—The Bombay mail of March 12th, reached England on the 6th. Tantia, Topee and other leading rebels were hiding under false names.—The soundings taken by the steamer Cyclops in the Red sea, for the Indian telegraph, had been perfectly successful.

AUSTRALIA.—Australian papers and correspondents from Melbourne to Feb. 13th, are received but add little of importance to previous telegrams. New gold fields of fair promise had been discovered near Melbourne. There was much activity in the shipment of gold—over a million sterling was en-route to England.

COMMERCIAL—*Breadstuffs.*—Richardson, Spence & Co. quote American flour very dull, and difficult to sell at quotations, namely: 10@12s3d. Wheat dull, but steady. Western red 8s9d@9s4d; white 8s7d@10s. Southern white 10@10s9d. Corn dull; prices easier. White 5s3@5s11. *Provisions.*—Messrs. Bigland, Althya & Co., Richardson. Spence & Co., James McHenry and others, quote beef firm for good sorts, but there has been a decline of 2s6d on inferior kinds. Pork firm. Lard quiet at 58s. Irish had advanced 1@2s.

WAR WITH THE TEXAS INDIANS.—General Twiggs has ordered out a cavalry force for active service against the Indians in Texas. Major Van Dorn is charged with the duty of scouring the country to the western line of the State. The force numbers about one thousand men. The settlers on the frontier complain bitterly of new outrages from the savages. The arrangements made by the Government for the removal of the Reserve Indians beyond the limits of the State are said to be at the point of consummation.

THIRTY MEN DROWNED.—A special dispatch from Memphis to the Cincinnati Commercial, says that two coal barges, containing 72,000 bushels, belonging to J. L. Hyatt, of Louisville, were swept into the crevasse near Lake Providence on the night of the 22d inst., and their crews, consisting of 30 men, perished. Several new and disastrous breaks are reported in the levee below Memphis.

ANOTHER FILIBUSTERING EXPEDITION.—The Saint Louis Republican of the 21st inst., calls attention to a secret movement among the emigrants at Pike's Peak for the organization of an expedition to take possession of the Mexican provinces of Sonora and Chihuahua. A consultation has been held over this matter at St Josephs, and probably at other points on the border, and prominent parties in St Louis are cognizant of the movement.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, April 28, 1859.

FLOUR—The only change observable in the rates of Flour is in that manufactured from Spring Wheat, which has declined 25 cents per barrel, and is now selling at $5,50@5,75.

GRAIN—Wheat is drooping, $1,65 being the outside price. Canada Wheat continues to arrive here, and sells to our millers, and Canada dealers continue to arrive here to purchase flour for that market. A Montreal buyer was in town last week and purchased something like 1,000 barrels, to be taken down the St. Lawrence. On Saturday two lots of fair white Canada wheat were sold. Four thousand bushels sold for $1.60—one thousand at $1.61 free on the cars at Charlotte. A lot of Milwaukee club sold at $1.22. All other kinds of grain unchanged.

Our table of "SUNDRIES" will pay for looking over, as considerable alteration is noticeable in such matters as farmers are compelled to purchase.

HAY took a considerable start during the week, $8@11 being the range, and is in good demand.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		Eggs, dozen	10@11c
Flour, winter wheat	$7,25@7,50	Honey, box	10@12c
Do spring do	$5,25@5,75	Candles, box	12@13c
Do Buckwheat ₩ cwt	$1,75	**FRUITS AND ROOTS**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,60@1,65	Apples, bushel	0@$1,25
Best white Canada	$1,60@1,65	Do. dried	$1,00@1,25
Corn	72@75c	Potatoes	25@30c
Rye, 56 lbs ₩ bush	77@78c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Oats, by weight	48@50c	Slaughter	6@6½c
Barley	65@70c	Calf	10@10½c
Buckwheat	45@50c	Sheepskins	$1,75@2,10
Beans	65@75c	Lamb do	38@45
MEATS		**SEEDS.**	
Pork, mess	$17,00@18,00	Clover, bush.	$4,50@5,00
Do cwt	$7,00@8,00	Timothy	$2,00@2,50
Beef ₩ cwt	$5,50@6,00	**SUNDRIES.**	
Spring lambs each	$1,50@2,00	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Mutton (carcass)	4@6c	Do soft	$3,00@3,50
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Coal, Lehigh	$6,75@8,00
Shoulders	7@8c	Do Scranton	$5,00@5,00
Chickens	7@8c	Do Blossburg	$5,00@5,00
Turkeys	10@11c	Do Shamokin	$5,00@5,00
Geese	38@44c	Do Char	10@12c
DAIRY, &c		Salt, bbl	$1,00@1,25
Butter, roll	20@22c	Hay, ton	$8,00@11,00
Do firkin	0@18c	Wool ₩ lb	47@50c
Cheese	10@12c	White fish, bbl	$7,00@8,00
Lard, tried	11@12c	Codfish ₩ quintal	$4,50@5,00
Tallow	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$7,50@8,00

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, April 23.—FLOUR—The market for Flour is heavy and lower. Sales at $4,85@5,50 for com to choice super State; $5,40@6,20 for extra State; $4,90@5,35 for super Western; $5,80@6,30 for extra do.; $6,10@6,30 for round hoop Ohio—closing heavy. Canadian flour is quiet at $6,40 @7,40 for common to choice extras.

GRAIN—Wheat is dull and drooping. Sales at 82c for unsound Chicago spring; $1,45 for red winter Western. Rye lower; sales at 85@86c. Barley dull; sales at 65c for State. Corn lower; sales at 85@86c for inferior to prime yellow Jersey and Southern; 84c for white Southern; mixed Western nominal at 82@83c. Oats are more active at 52@55c. for State; 53@58c for Western and Canada.

PROVISIONS—Pork market dull and heavy. Sales at $17,12 @17,37 for new mess; $16,00 for thin do; $17,00 for old mess, $15,50 for prime mess; $19,7(@20,00 for clear; $12,50@12 75 for prime. Lard firm; sales at 11¾@11¾c. Butter quiet at 8¾@12c for Ohio; 15@21c for State. Cheese dull at 8@9c.

BUFFALO, April 25. FLOUR—A fair demand has prevailed since the date of our last, which was mainly confined to the home and interior trade, at steady prices. Receipts by lake are moderately large, but the great bulk is consigned directly through by rail. As heretofore the demand is mainly confined to the better grades; sales at $5 for low State from Chicago wheat; $5,50 for fair do from Milwaukee club wheat, $5,87½@6,37½ for the range of extra Michigan, Indiana and Ohio, and $6,50@7,00 for double extras and favorite family brands.

GRAIN—Wheat, with a moderate milling demand, the market continues steady. No speculative feeling is observable on account of the firmness of holders. Sales red winter Illinois at $1,35, and Chicago spring at $1. CORN—Sales prime State at 80c. Oats heavy at about 49c for ordinary State and Western, and 51@52c for Canadian. Barley heavy within the range of 60@70c. Rye scarce and firm at 90c.

SEED—No sales and market steady.

PROVISIONS—Sales heavy mess pork at $17, and bacon at 6¾c for smoked shoulders, and 9¼c for hams. Nothing doing in other articles, and market steady.

ALBANY, April 25.—Flour and Meal—There is a fair business doing in Flour at rather easier prices. Corn Meal is steady.

GRAIN—There is a moderate demand for Wheat, with sales Mediterranean on p. t. Corn is plenty and lower; sales round yellow at 83c, delivered in cars at East Albany, and 81c here in store. Rye rather lower and quiet; sales at 85½c. Barley is dull and reduced prices are accepted; sales two rowed Onondaga county at 67½c. Oats steady, with sales at 51@52c.

SEED—There is no change to note in this market for either Clover and Timothy, with only a moderate business doing.

TORONTO, April 23.—FLOUR—Dull, and from the absence of sales in large lots, is almost unquotable. The accumulation here, about 1,000 barrels, has not been materially diminished by shipments this Spring, and as yet we have no sales for export, to report. The present wholesale quotations are therefore nominal at $4@4,25 for superfine, and some hold as high as $4,50 per bbl; fancy $4,50@4,75; extra $4,75@7,00 per barrel.

GRAIN—Wheat remains as before. The quantity brought in is insufficient to cause any anxiety on the market, and there is little or no competition. The demand is very steady and not at all affected by the movements in other markets. For very prime $1,50 (8s) has been paid freely, but the relative quantity of prime sample brought in this week is much smaller than usual, and the average is therefore lower, say $1,57 (7s 10d) per bushel—medium and common lots have brought from 7s 3d to 7s 9d per bushel, inferior 6s 6d to 7d.—Spring Wheat is in very active request, and for samples fit for seed 7s@7s 6d has been paid, ranging from that to 6s 9d. Scotch Fife Wheat is much inquired from dealers at 8s@8s6d, but it is very scarce. Oats are firmer, and 3s per bushel has been paid in several instances to farmers, the price most current ranging from that down to 2s 10d per bushel. Peas are more active, and 4s@4s 6d is the frequent rate for the best samples. Barley and Rye are both in very poor supply at 3s 6d to 4s per bushel.

SEEDS—Timothy Seed is not so firm, and purchases of the best varieties could be made at $1,75@2,20 per bushel.—Clover is in good demand, and is held firmly at $5,60@6 per bushel, the first being the wholesale price.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, April 20.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.—First quality, ₩ cwt., $11,75@12,00; Ordinary do., $11,25@11,50; Common, do., $10,50@11,00; Inferior do, $10,00@10,50.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55@65, Ordinary do., $45@50; Common do., $35@40, Inferior do., $20@28.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₩ lb., 6@6½c.; Ordinary, 5½ @6c.; Common, 4@5c; Inferior, 3@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, per head, $6,50@7,00; Ordinary, $5,50@6,00; Common, $4,50@5,50; Inferior, $3@4.

SWINE—First quality, 6¾@6¾c.; Other qualities, 5@6¼c.

CAMBRIDGE, April 20.—At market, 735; about 600 Beeves, and 135 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three year olds.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $8,50@9,00; First quality, $7,75@8,25; Second quality, $6,25@6,75; Third quality, $5,00; Ordinary quality, $4,50.

WORKING OXEN—Per pair, from $75, 100@180.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 30, 45@68.

STORES—Yearlings, 00@00; Two Years Old, $22@26; Three Years Old, $28@33.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1100 at market. Prices—In Lots, $1,75 2,50@3,25 each; Extra, $4, 5,50, $6@8¾ or from 4½@5c ₩ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$2,50, 4@6.

HIDES—7¼@8¼c. ₩ lb. Tallow—4¼@4c. ₩ lb.

PELTS—$1,62@2,00 each. Calf Skins, 14@15c. ₩ lb.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, April 20.—The demand has been moderate pending the result of the auction sale. In domestic fleece, sales of some 50,000 lbs fine grades have been made at 48@ 50c, as to quality; 30,000 do Pulled at 31@35½c. In foreign, the transactions include 100 bales Moradore at about 29c; 80 do Smyrna and Cape at 31@35c; 100 do Buenos Ayres, and 40,000 lbs Peruvian on p. t.

BOSTON, April 20.—We notice a better demand for fleece Wool, and, with a small stock, prices are firm. Pulled is plenty and dull but has been rather more inquired for at the close. The sales have been 175,000 lbs at 44@50c for fleece, and 46@50c for No 1 and extra pulled. The sales of foreign have been 400 bales Cape and 131 bales Oporto and Buenos Ayres on private terms.

Saxon and Merino fine	55@57	Western mixed	35@45
Full Blood	52@54	Smyrna, washed	17@30
Half and ¼ blood	42@44	Do unwashed	9½@19
Common	40@42	Syrian	11@23
Pulled, extra	48@50	Cape	24@30
Do superfine	44@47	Crimea	9@17
Do. No 1	34@43	Buenos Ayres	30@45
Do. No 2	@	Peruvian, washed	30@35

AUCTION SALE OF WOOL IN NEW YORK.—The Tribune of the 22d inst., says:—"The Wool sold at auction in this city, today, was mostly made up of undesirable lots of foreign, such as had proved unsalable at private sale; and though there was a good number of buyers present, there was but little spirit manifested, and prices generally did not come up to the expectations of owners. A few lots of rough brought their value, but many of the better parcels sold for considerably below the prices asked at private sale. Many of the larger lots were either entirely withdrawn, or only a very small portion offered, at which considerable dissatisfaction was expressed by some buyers who had come from a distance expecting the wool to be sold in good faith, as advertised. There is no other way of selling wool than at auction, but if, when buyers are called together, they are deprived of the opportunity of laying in their supplies, as they had a right to expect, such sales will cease to be well attended. It is supposed that every other parcel of the wool offered at this sale did not change hands at all."

The Courier and Enquirer remarks that this sale drew together the largest number of buyers ever assembled in this continent. If such a system is established in other cities, Europe will soon find it worth while to send her wools here for sale. Prices ranged for California wools are from 15 to 30c for fine description; Australian sheep wools from 36 to 52c. Bloody brought from 14 to 18c.

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No. 1—COMPLETE COLLECTION—Sufficient for a large garden for one year's supply—comprising 12 quarts of Peas of the very best sorts for succession—6 varieties each of Beans, Cabbage, Turnips, Corn—4 varieties each of Lettuce, Onions, Radish, Muskmelons, Watermelons, Cucumbers—3 varieties each of Tomatoes, Cauliflowers, Celery, Broccoli—with a full supply of Spinach, Beet, Carrot, Cress, Parsley, Parsnip, Salsify, Egg Plant, Peppers, Endive, Rhubarb, Sweet and Pot Herbs, and many other sorts of culinary and vegetable seeds, in liberal quantities.	$10 00
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No 3—COMPLETE COLLECTION for a small garden,	3 00

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For the accommodation of those who reside at a distance—he has prepared the following assortments, with full directions for cultivation, containing only the most showy varieties, of easy culture, which will be sent post-paid to any address in the Union at the following prices:

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No. 1—consists of twenty choice varieties of Annuals,	$1 00
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Purchasers remitting $3 will receive the four assortments *postage free*.
The above collections have been favorably known in every section of the country for the past five years—and can be confidently recommended to all who wish for a fine display of Flowers at a moderate cost.
The following additional assortments (his selection) will also be sent, *free of postage*, at the prices annexed:

ASSORTMENT	
No 5—contains fifteen very select varieties of Green house seeds,	$3 00
No 6—contains one hundred varieties of Annuals, Biennials and Perennials, including many new and choice varieties,	5 00
No. 7—contains fifty varieties of Annuals, Biennials and Perennials,	2 50
No. 8—contains twenty varieties of hardy Annuals, Biennials and Perennials, for sowing in the autumn,	1 00

All orders must be accompanied with cash. Remittances can be made in current Bank Bills or Postage Stamps.
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Gents' Silver Lever Watches,	15 00
Gents' Silver Lepine Watches,	12 00
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Ladies' Cameo Sets, (Pin and Drops,) extra fine,	15 00
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Medium size, No 3 Lockets, do do	3 00
Heavy Gold Pencil Cases, with Gold Pens,	7 50
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Ladies' Gold Pencils,	2 00
Gents' Heavy Gold Pencils,	3 50
Gents' Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Pencils	2 00
Ladies' Gold Pens, in Boxes with Ivory Holders	1 50
Ladies' Mosaic Gold Stone Sets,	12 00
Ladies' Florentine Sets, Pins and Drops	10 00
Ladies' Jet Sets, do do	7 50
Ladies' Lava, do, do	10 00
Ladies' Cameo Pins, large size,	3 00
Ladies' do do medium,	3 50
Ladies' do, do, small,	2 50
Ladies' Gold Stone Pins, small,	2 00
Ladies' Box and Glass Miniature,	3 00
Ladies' Plain Gold Pins, new pattern,	2 50
Ladies' do Ear Drops,	2 00
Misses' do Gold Pins,	1 50
Gents' Cluster Pins, opal centre	2 50
Gents' Single Stone Pins,	1 00
Gents' Cameo or Mosaic Bosom Studs,	4 50
Gents' Engraved Gold do. do.	2 50
Gents' Plain do. do. do.	2 00
Gents' Sleeve Buttons,	2 50
Ladies' do. do.	2 00
Ladies' Pearl Card Cases,	5 00
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Gents' Gold Watch Keys and Pencils combined,	2 00
Gents' Gold Toothpicks, with Slides,	2 00
Gents' Gold Rings, with Stone Setting,	2 50
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Sets Silver-Plated Tea Spoons,	3 00
Silver Plated Butter Knives,	1 00
Ladies' or Gents' Portmonnaies,	1 50
Gents' Gold Watch Keys or Vest Hooks,	1 00
Ladies' Florentine Breast Pins,	3 50
Ladies' Jet do. do	3 50
Ladies' Mosaic do do	5 00
Ladies' Cameo Ear Drops,	4 50
Misses' do. do	2 50
Misses' Ear Drops, with Stone Setting,	3 00
Misses' Gold Bracelet, Half Round Band,	4 00
Ladies' do do. do,	6 00
Gents' Scarf Pins,	2 00
Gents' Jet Studs,	3 00
Gent's Jet Sleeve Buttons,	3 50
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SPRING HAS COME

[illegible]

The [illegible] for all a day,
[illegible] morning rays,
For they're western, cold and clear,
The [illegible] in its thin blue haze.

And first the [illegible]'s bells are seen,
Then close against the sheltering wall
The tulip's horn of dusky green,
The peony's dark unfolding ball.

The golden-chaliced crocus burns;
The long narcissus-blades appear;
The cone-beaked hyacinth returns,
And lights her blue-flamed chandelier.

The willow's whistling lashes, wrung
By the wild winds of gusty March,
With sallow leaflets lightly strung,
Are swaying by the tufted larch.

The elms have robed their slender spray
With full-blown flower and embryo leaf;
Wide o'er the clasping arch of day
Soars, like a cloud, their hoary chief.

——[See the proud tulip's flaunting cup
That flames in glory for an hour,—
Behold it withering,—then look up,—
How mock the forest-monarch's flower!—

When wake the violets, Winter dies;
When sprout the elm-buds, Spring is near;
When lilacs blossom, Summer cries,
"Bud, little roses! Spring is here!"]

The windows blush with fresh boquets,
Cut with the May-dew on their lips;
The radish all its bloom displays,
Pink as Aurora's finger-tips.

Nor less the flood of light that showers
On beauty's changed corolla shades,—
The walks are gay as bridal bowers
With rows of many petalled maids.

The scarlet shell-fish click and clash
In the blue barrow where they slide;
The horseman, proud of streak and splash,
Creeps homeward from his morning ride.

Here comes the dealer's awkward string,
With neck in rope and tail in knot,—
Rough colts with careless country swing,
In lazy walk or slouching trot.

Wild filly from the mountain side,
Doomed to the close and chafing thills,
Lend me thy long, untiring stride
To seek with thee thy western hills.

I hear the whispering voice of Spring,
The thrush's trill, the cat-bird's cry,
Like some poor bird with prisoned wing
That sits and sings, but longs to fly.

Oh, for one spot of living green,—
One little spot where leaves can grow,—
To love unblamed, to walk unseen,
To dream above, to sleep below!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DAISIES.

BY WINNIE WILLIAN.

"By Jove! Miss Hoyt, if I thought there was such a thing as disinterestedness among women, I should be tempted to commit matrimony. Here I am, thirty-five years old, and still a bachelor.—My house and gardens are going to ruin, all for the want of a woman's presence, and I sadly need re-humanizing myself. Such maneuvering as I have witnessed among husband-seeking old maids, marriageable young ladies, managing mammas, and giggling school-girls, have put me entirely out of humor with the sex. What do you think of my case, Dessy Hoyt?"

"Sad, very, but not hopeless," she replied; "but you have only looked on one picture. You have mingled only with the gay and trifling—the heartless votaries of fashion. You are surfeited with empty pleasures, the glamour of inexperience has passed from your eyes, and you see things as they are. Your pure gold has turned out to be a thin gilding; but I think if you will step aside from your path of worldliness, you will find that there yet live women noble and true-hearted enough to suit even your fastidious taste, Mr. Herrick."

"Perhaps so," he replied carelessly, "but I haven't the inclination to hunt them up. Ah! this is a sad, weary world. Miss Hoyt, what is your idea of life"

"It is too solemn a thing to be trifled with," she said, looking at him with her earnest, searching eyes. "Do you know, I often wondered that you, with all your wealth and talents, should have accomplished so little for your own good or that of your fellow beings. It is not too late to begin yet, Paul Herrick. Let the world be the better for your having lived."

A bright color suffused her auditor's face. "I used to have such dreams when I was young," he said, "but I have out-lived them with my youth. As you say, it is not too late to commence living in earnest, and I have half a mind to try. Do you possess a charm, Miss Hoyt? I always feel like a 'new creature' when in your neighborhood, you are so unlike most ladies of your age. You are—how old, Miss Dessy?"

"Twenty-nine," she quietly replied.

"And you experience no uneasiness at the tho't of living a single life!—have no horror of being called an 'old maid?'"

Dessy [illegible] her own peculiar smile. She said [illegible] come to the conclusion that [illegible] to provide a 'worser' half for [illegible] moreover, I have 'learned in whatsoever [illegible] I am, therewith to be content.' In my early days I imbibed a horror of artful, designing old maids, and then determined to live as a model of what a spinster should be." She added, more se[illegible]

Mr. Herrick was silent awhile, and Dessy [illegible] plied her needle. At last he spoke:

"You have heard of the old Spaniard who left his sunny home to seek in the New World the life-giving waters of the fountain of youth? He did not find them. Nevertheless, I shall start on a similar tour, though not quite so foolish as his.—I shall seek for a wife and happiness. Pray I may be more successful than he."

A half sigh rose to Dessy's lips, but she smothered it, and answered in her low voice.

"Ponce de Leon might have found happiness, if not youth, at home. We often overlook the dear little daisies at our feet, in search of gaudier flowers; but 'distance lends enchantment to the view,' and when we, bruised and wearied, reach the objects of our striving, we find them noxious weeds, and long for the humble daisies."

"Well, perhaps I shall stumble upon my daisy, yet," he said gaily; "and now I'm off for the country. I'm tired of city life and feel a desire for green fields and fresh air. Adieu!" and he was gone.

Dessy Hoyt checked another sigh, and laying aside her work, sought her room with a book. But I fancy she did not read much, and I imagine also, that, avowed old maid as she was, despite his faults, she cherished something more than mere friendly feeling toward Paul Herrick in her maidenly heart.

And Paul—as for Paul, he had overlooked his daisy already.

The evening train bore our friend from the city, and ere midnight he reposed his "weary, pilgrim limbs" beneath the friendly roof of the only hotel which the village of F—— afforded. The next day at an unfashionably early hour, he strolled forth to enjoy the morning beauties of his stopping place. "I wonder what Dessy would think of this," he soliloquised, as he stretched himself on the dew-gemmed green-sward, (a very imprudent performance,) and enjoyed the songs of the birds and the smell of the flowering grasses. "I know she would say that the country is the only place where one can truly *live*." Perhaps Dessy would and perhaps she would not have said so. Be that as it may, I am sure of one thing, that Mr. Paul Herrick acquired a most outrageous appetite for his breakfast, as his landlady can testify to this day

Time passed on and our friend became more and more delighted with his surroundings—especially as his hostess had kindly introduced him to all the village maidens, and he had found one, who, he thought, was all his "fancy painted her."

There's no denying the fact, that Jenny Page was pretty, but she possessed a shrewdness our Paul little dreamed of; she read him well, and behaved accordingly. A more demure, artless lassie would be hard to find. Yes, Jenny Page, with her bright curls, laughing blue eyes, and dimpled white shoulders—Jenny in her simple white dresses—had fairly danced into the bachelor-heart that had withstood the attacks of troops of beautious ladies clad in gold and velvet.

Such walks in the moon-light; such sails on the river, delightful pic-nics and rambles in the woods, Paul Herrick had never experienced before, and consequently imagined he dwelt in fairy land; while Jenny, artful gipsey, grew tired of the "sweetness long drawn out," and began to wonder if "he was ever going to propose."

Paul wrote once to Dessy—"I have found my daisy, dear Dessy, and a veritable little country daisy it is, quite unpretending enough to suit even you. Think you my blossom will bear transplanting to city soil?—or will our scorching sun wilt its tiny white leaves? But I am foolish to talk so, as I have not as yet breathed aught of love in Jenny's ear. Isn't it a pretty name? The owner is pretty, too, I assure you,"—and here followed a catalogue of Jenny's charms, quite interesting to the lovers, no doubt, but not so to my reader, who, if he be a lover also, thinks his own Jenny the very prettiest and best in the world.

A few tear-drops from Dessy's eyes blotted this same letter, but what caused them I don't pretend to say—perhaps a friendly solicitude for the happiness of the writer. Her answer was brief.

"I rejoice that you have at last found your daisy, Paul Herrick, but you had better make haste, or other hands may gather it. God bless you."

Paul, also, thought he had better come to an understanding with the fair Jenny at once. He thus made up his mind as he lay in the clover reading Dessy's letter. "She is right," he soliloquized, folding it up—"some one else may carry off my daisy—and—" here Paul Herrick came to the conclusion that such a procedure would kill him. "I could never bear it," he continued. "I'm sure I never could recover from the blow." Just then he heard voices—Jenny's among the rest.

"I should like to know what he means, Jen., hanging around all summer, and not a word of love, although it's plain to be seen that he is smitten."

"Yes, I have him sure enough," said Jenny, "but then he's so provokingly slow about proposing. But when I am once married to him, 'I'll act out' to pay for being so outrageously prim this summer."

"Ah! how I envy you, Jenny," said another girlish voice. "They say, he's immensely rich, and you'll live in such style—have your carriage—fine house—and servants and such dresses! Oh, my!"

"Don't feel bad, Sue; I'll hunt you up a rich husband in the city. Yes, I'll live in style, girls. You may believe I'll make his money fly when I get hold of his purse-strings," and laughing and chattering gaily, the girls tripped away.

Paul was thunder-struck; for a few moments the field and sky fairly spun around, and he could not have told whether he was himself or a bunch of clover. After an immoderate rubbing of his eyes, he came to the wise conclusion that he was still alive. "And I was sure it would kill me to lose my daisy," he murmured, "and I believe it would, had it been a true flower. But as it is—why, I suppose 'it's better as it is;'" and with a sigh he [illegible] An hour later, and he had packed his [illegible] a note to Miss Page, wherein [illegible] Mr. Herrick regretted that [illegible] pleasure of making his [illegible] handling his own purse-[illegible] red the billet he [illegible]

Mr. Herrick talked to himself something after this wise:—"I don't think I have loved her so very much after all, for I don't feel anything like committing suicide. And Dessy"—here the calm, sweet face of Dessy Hoyt rose vividly before him "and Dessy, I know she will be sorry for me. Perhaps"—but the rest of the sentence could not be heard for the ringing of bells as the train neared the city.

The next morning when Dessy awoke, she found a vase of white daisies on her table, and, upon questioning Betty, obtained a knowing nod of the head with only this answer—"I put them there 'cording to instructions, Miss Nabby; you don't know who sent them."

Dessy did not shed any tears over her flowers, but she placed them very tenderly in the window, and sat down by them to her sewing. But she had a very strange feeling in her heart. While it was yet altogether too early for fashionable calls, there was a ring at the door-bell, and Betty ushered Mr. Paul Herrick into the cosy little drawing-room, and Dessy received him in her old cordial way.

"I did not expect you back yet awhile, 'she said, after the usual greetings had taken place. "Have you come to prepare a soil for your daisy?"

"Yes," he replied, his face fairly shining; "I have come to make ready my garden. And, by the way, it must be a fancy-like enclosure, full of rare flowers and singing birds, and silvery fountains. I cannot get too nice a place for my daisy, Dessy."

"Surely not," she answered, wonderingly—for she never saw him so moved before.

"I haven't told you how that would-be daisy in the country, turned out to be no daisy at all, have I?"

"No," with an astonished look.

"Well," I found out by chance that it would only flourish in a golden soil, and that would'nt suit me; you understand, Dessy? It was nothing but a weed, after all,—not worth the plucking,—and I have come to gather my true blossom. Am I too late?"

There was no misunderstanding him now, and Dessy with trembling fingers picked one of the pure white blossoms in the window and gave it to him. He eagerly grasped the little hand and flowers, both, exclaiming:

"Dessy—my own Daisy!" and—and—indeed, dear reader, I dare not tell any more of that scene. Sufficient to say, it was highly satisfactory to both parties. They were married soon after, and to the wonderment of her friends, in addition to her simply snowy robe, the bride wore a wreath of white daisies. But she vouchsafed no explanation, and Paul highly approved her bridal gear.

It was then Paul Herrick began to live in earnest. It was hard at first to cast aside his indolent nature, but with Dessy as his encourager, counsellor and loving guide, he has gloriously succeeded, and I think the world is the better for his having lived.

One word, dear reader,—don't overlook the daisies.

Rochester, March, 1859.

Wit and Humor.

A STRING OF CONUNDRUMS.

What is that which when found in wedlock is single, yet in widowhood always becomes double? The letter O.—Why must the letter R be always in confusion? Because it is in the midst of a labyRinth.—Why is the letter N like a faithless lover? Because it's inconstant.—What is the nearest thing to a cat looking out of a window? The window.—When you cut six inches off a walking stick how long is it? Six inches shorter.—What are the most useful letters for a man of business? A Y Z.—Why are policemen like the days of man? Because they are numbered.—If cheese comes after meat, what comes after cheese? A mouse.—How would you express in two letters that you were twice the bulk of another person? I W.—What letter is that which is invisible, yet never out of sight? The letter I.—Why is a flea like a railway? Because it travels over the sleepers.—Why is a lover like a tailor? Because he presses his suit.—What is the moral difference between cake and wine? The one is sometimes tipsy, and the other is always drunk.—Why is a conundrum like a monkey? Because it is far-fetched and full of fun.—What is that which no man wants, which, if any man has, he would not part with for wealth untold? A bald head.

It seems that a lawyer is something of a carpenter, he can file a bill, split a hair, make an entry, get up a case, frame an indictment, impanel a jury, put them in a box, nail a witness, hammer a judge, bore a court, and other like things.

A French paper relates that, when Rothschild was asked whether he would not like to become a temporal King of the Jews in Palestine. "Oh, no!" said he, "I would rather be a Jew of the Kings, than King of the Jews?

"Adam," said a sagacious man, "showed much wisdom in giving names to the animals when they were brought to him. But as for the *hog*, I think any one would have known what *it was*, if he had not named it so."

The man who thought he could learn to make boots by swallowing "sherry cobblers," has just issued a work in which he attempts to prove that by eating "hops" you will acquire a knowledge of waltzing.

A Frenchman, wishing to speak of the cream of the English poets, forgot the word, and said, "de *butter* of poets." A wag said that he had fairly churned up the English language.

The man who travels a thousand miles in a thousand hours may be tolerably quick-footed; but he isn't a touch to the woman who keeps up with the fashion.

[illegible] Home may be the "Abode of the [illegible] are *tired* of hearing it *spoken* of

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1, 6, 9, 18, 1, 11, 15 is one of the Southern States.
My 3, 2, 14, 3, 18 is a flower.
My 16, 3, 9, 6, 17 is a lady's name.
My 18, 9, 22 is an animal.
My 16, 17, 14, 3 is one of the four seasons.
My 7, 15, 4, 14, 19 is an indispensable article of furniture.
My 4, 15, 14, 20, 11, 3, 9, 13, 22 is a city in Maryland.
My 1, 3, 9, 13, 1, 19 is a gentleman's name.
My 15, 3, 9, 12 is a medicinal plant.
My 3, 17, 18 is one of the twelve months.
My 3, 18, 6, 21, 14, 19 is a flowering plant.
My 3, 3, 4, 18, 15 is one of the twelve signs of the zodiac.
My 21, 17, 18, 3, 9, 13 was one of the Presidents.
My 6, 9, 3, 12 is a city of Italy.
My 2, 7 is a personal pronoun.
My 6, 9, 4, 12, 13, 20 is a gentleman's name.
My whole was an illustrious general of the eighteenth century.

Howells, Orang. Co., N. Y., 1859 F. E. Hor[illegible]

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ORTHOGRAPHIC ENIGMA.

In every valley I take up my berth;
Likewise in heaven, but never in earth;
In water, like nautilus, I hoist my sail,
Yet not in the form found in heaven or vale.
I belong to man, it is truthfully said;
But never the soldier whose blood has been shed;
I'm with the boy as he plods to the field;
But to the gay girls I never can yield;
I roam in the woods and meadows so fair;
Attending the panther, leopard and bear.
If you view the west my form you can see;
But with the north, south, or east, I can't be;
I'm seen in the rainbow set in the sky;
Also in hoops to which ladies comply.
With the good old Whigs I once could be found,
But now they're gone, to their works I am bound;
Also to wheels, such as trundle the earth,
And the sharp whinyards which warriors send forth.
Yet one other form I often assume,
Which is found alike in the falls and the flume.
I go with the farmer from morning till night;
I lead the brave freemen, (freedom is right;)
I am with the females in every bliss;
And to close up, I help form the *Ants*.

Philadelphia, Jeff. Co., N. Y. A. E. Macomber.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

Suppose a horse fastened to a post three feet in circumference by a rope 118 yards long, how many miles will he have to travel in order to wind the rope around the post, provided he keeps the rope continually straight?

Harmony Chau. Co., N. Y., 1859. J. J. W.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 484.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Fawkes' Steam Plow.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—Five feet from one end.

Answer to Grammatical Riddle:—Ate (eat, ate, eaten.)

Advertisements.

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AGENTS WANTED To travel and solicit orders for the Celebrated $15 Sewing Machines. Salary $30 per month with all [illegible] Address, with stamp [illegible] J. M. DAGGETT & CO Boston, Mass

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100 bushels Canada Creepers,
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20 " Early Kents,
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All at the lowest prices for cash.
All orders addressed to J. RAPALJE will be promptly attended to.

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Farm Right for 100 acres, $5—$1 less for every 25 acres less than 100, and $1 more for every 50 acres over 100. For further particulars, or the purchase of Town, County or State Rights, send for an illustrated and descriptive Circular.
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SHORT-HORN HERD AT AUCTION. I have sold my farm at Chestnut Ridge, Dutchess Co., N. Y., and will offer for sale at auction, my entire herd of Short-Horned Cattle, consisting of about thirty [illegible] superior animals. Among them [illegible] *Highflyer*, bred [illegible] stock [illegible] of Warrington & Co. The sale will take place [illegible] on the New York and Harlem Railroad, [illegible] 10th May next, at 12 o'clock.
Catalogues of P[illegible] *American Agriculturist*.
SAMUEL THORNE.

FLOWER SEEDS 200 [illegible] Flower Seeds just put up [illegible] of any house in the [illegible] falo St., Rochester, N. [illegible] J. RAPALJE.

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The best Combined Mowers and Reapers in the World. Simplicity; durability, convenience; adaptation [illegible] of work and every variety of ground, [illegible] freedom from side draft, clogging, and [illegible] horses' necks; portability; perfection of work [illegible] simple features are combined in the above ma[illegible]
The American Harvester is a two horse ma[illegible] of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass, and [illegible] acres of grain per day. The Little Buffalo [illegible] one horse machine capable of cutting from [illegible] grass, and from 10 to 15 acres of grain per day.
PRICES AT FACTORY.
American Harvester as Mower, [illegible]
" Combined, [illegible]
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" Combined, [illegible]
Manufactured by the Buffalo Agricultural Machine Works, Buffalo, N. Y., and D. M. OSBORNE & CO., Auburn, N. Y., and for sale by their Agents in every County. Catalogue containing full description of the Machines, Testimonials, accounts of Trials, &c., may be had by applying to the Manufacturers or any of their Agents. 483tf

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Patented February 22d, 1859.
During the six years I have been engaged in the manufacture of the Manny Combined Reaper and Mower, I have given much thought and attention to the construction of what I foresaw would be a great want of the Farmers—a lighter and cheaper machine expressly for mowing, than had yet been made.
And now, after the most thorough and repeated experiments and tests in every variety of field, and in all kinds and to every condition of grass, I am prepared, with entire confidence, to offer to the farmers and dealers of the United States, the great *desideratum* in this department of Agricultural labor saving machines—a Mower, superior in its capacity for good work to any hitherto introduced, of easy draft, light, cheap, and durable.
This machine I now offer as my latest invention, to meet a special want of farmers, and to place within the reach of all, a Mower that for practical working, cheapness and simplicity, will be without a rival.
I build Two-Horse and One Horse Mowers. The Two-Horse Mower weighs 430 lbs., and cuts a swath four feet wide (or more if specially ordered.) The One-Horse Mower weighs [illegible] lbs. less, (395 lbs.,) and cuts a swath three and a half feet wide.
For a more full description of the Mower, reference is made to my Pamphlets, which will be furnished on application.—With each machine will be furnished two extra guards, two extra sections, one wrench and oil can.
Warranted capable of cutting ten acres of grass per day in a workmanlike manner.
Price of Two-Horse Mower.....$80
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Delivered here on the cars.
I continue as heretofore, and with greater success than at any previous time, the manufacture and sale of "Manny's Patent Combined Reaper and Mower with Wood's Improvement."
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WITH WOOD'S IMPROVEMENT.
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It has had a steady and increasing popularity from the first, achieving a complete success in the first important trial at Geneva in 1852. It carried off the highest honors at the great National Field Trial at Syracuse in 1857, and amidst all the competition and trials of 1858, came out with more [illegible] better established points of excellence than ever before.
The general principles peculiar to this machine, on which it is constructed, have proved so successful that there has been no attempt to change them.
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Price with arrangement, for [illegible] Corn Meal for family use while grinding, [illegible] $40
Price with Bolting Machine attached, [illegible] $45
Flour, [illegible]
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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

AGRICULTURE · HORTICULTURE · RURAL LIFE · EXCELSIOR · LITERATURE · SCIENCE · ARTS

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

The Rural New-Yorker is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the Rural an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper in America.

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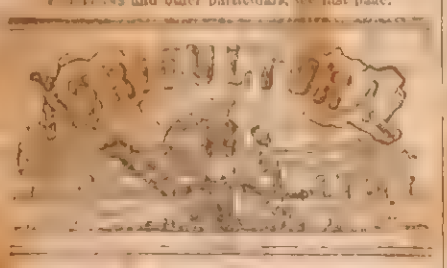


OATS—VARIETIES, &c.

In our last we gave descriptions of the best varieties of *Early Oats* cultivated in England and Scotland, and now we purpose to describe the late sorts.

The Late Angus Oat is the best of its class for growing upon all kinds of clay land. It requires an early climate to insure perfection, and therefore some parts of England and Scotland are unsuited to its culture. It would ripen here, without doubt, in most localities, certainly where Indian corn could be grown. It produces a better crop than most of the early white varieties. The straw is very tall, strong, not easily lodged, and makes good fodder, and seldom sheds its seeds even in winds that would shake out other kinds. The grain is large, longish, and about two pounds lighter per bushel than the Potato or Sandie.

Grey Angus Oat.—This is similar to the last in its habit of growth, but the grains are larger and of a bluish-grey color.

Blainslie Oat is the common oat of the South of Scotland, but it is much earlier than any of the other varieties of common oats, and therefore is suited to late districts. The grain is plump and roundish.

Hangingside Oat.—This oat gives a good crop, and weighs about 38 pounds to the bushel. It requires sowing early on a warm soil.

Drummond Oat.—This is the common white oat of the central parts of Scotland. It is much shorter strawed than the *Late Angus*, ripens about a week earlier, and the grain is rounder and seldom unsound, except when grown too long upon the same farm. It is well adapted for heavy clay lands in good condition, as it is not easily lodged and seldom sheds its seeds, except in more than ordinarily severe gales. It does not yield as well as the Late Angus, but is much liked, as the meal is very superior.

Bothrie Oat.—This is the latest of all the common oats. It is well adapted for clay soils in early districts, yields well to the acre and weighs well in the bushel, is not so long-strawed as the Late Angus, but rather more so than the Drummond. It is of finer quality than either of the two last mentioned.

White Tartarian Oat.—The straw of this oat is very tall, straight and reedy, and not apt to lodge. the ear is bent to one side, but not so decidedly as the Black Tartarian, (an engraving of which we gave last week,) and is also more straggling. The grain is long, of a dull white color, very prolific, but light in the bushel. It requires a good soil, either of black mould or peat.

Common, or Old Black Oat—is a very old variety, now not much cultivated. It is a good variety to sow on newly broken up [illegible] superior [illegible] greatly deteriorates, both in quantity and quality. No kind can stand unfavorable weather like the Dun Oat. There is a winter variety of this oat, but much inferior, cultivated in France and also in the South of England. In France it is some in September, and ripens in July.

We have now given the principal varieties of oats cultivated in Great Britain, condensed from *Morton's Cyclopedia of Agriculture*, and with such attention to varieties and their adaptation to different soils, and climates, to early and late sowing, and the changing of seed, as is there given, it is not strange that we have commonly reported in the English journals, oat crops ranging from sixty to ninety bushels to the acre, and weighing from forty to fifty pounds to the bushel, although we are well satisfied that our climate is much better adapted to this crop than either England or Scotland.

Mixing different varieties together for seed has of late years become very common and popular.—The object of doing so is to obtain a heavier and more prolific crop, by taking advantage of peculiar habits of growth. Thus, when one variety is productive, but weak strawed and thin on the ground, it is common to sow with it a strong-strawed variety that will help sustain it, though less prolific. In this way a better crop is produced than one variety would give alone, with little danger of loss from lodgment. From a series of experiments we observe that an increase by this means was reported in various trials of from *eleven* to *twenty* bushels.

To the subject of Oat Culture in this country, we propose to devote a column or two before long, and hope our friends, in all parts of the country, who possess valuable information on this subject will impart it at once.

THE WOOL GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.

Mr. Moore:—In your issue of April 23d, I notice an inquiry of "What has become of the Wool Growers Association of Western New York?"—As one deeply interested in the rise, progress, and fall of said Association, I assume to answer the inquiry.

From the hot bed in which the first seed of that Association germinated, to the winding sheet which finally wrapped it for the grave, it was fed solely by private hands and private subscription. The only direct application which the Wool Growers ever made to the State for a scanty pittance, was to aid this Association, and that was not asked for before it started, neither was it asked for while it was a yearling, but when it had assumed a name, place and interest, not only in Western New York but in several of the wool growing States of the Union. While the People's funds have been wantonly and ridiculously squandered by their representatives, not even the small pitance of $500 could be obtained in aid of this great interest.—Could it only have worn a *political* mask, it might have been honored and favored.

At the meetings of this Association I have met the wool grower from Ohio and Vermont, and the emmissaries of the famous firm of Lawrence Stone & Co., each making the journey for no other purpose than to attend an exhibition of the Association. It is the only place where I have known of that famous firm making a direct attack upon the wool growers, and had they been met, and as completely vanquished in every other place as at that, they would never have had an opportunity to have squandered $70,000 which did not belong to them. I really hope to see this institution revive, as, under the fostering hand of the State, it might be of great and lasting good to the wool growing community. Will not the Rural take an interest in its resurrection? T. M. Youngloves.

Urbana, Steuben Co., N. Y.

Remarks.—When we propounded the inquiry quoted by Mr. Y., we were not aware that the Association had ceased to exist as an organized body, but supposed it was only temporarily in a quiescent state—to become aroused and vigorous again in due season. We still hope nothing worse has occurred—that the Association not only "still lives," but will soon manifest the fact to its members and the large portion of community interested in its perpetuity. Hence, though our correspondent speaks of its "fall" and "winding sheet," we are not inclined to write its obituary until the time for its next Annual Exhibition shall have passed [illegible] effort to revive an organization which, properly conducted, must prove of great benefit to the Wool Growers of Western New York. This is the more important, now that Sheep and Wool are profitable "institutions," and from the fact that the failure of our wheat crop renders it necessary to pay more attention to wool growing, stock breeding, grazing, &c.

The farmers of Western New York ought not only to sustain a Wool Growers Association, but also one to promote the interests of Stock Breeding, &c. If the former cannot be sustained alone, or as a speciality, we would suggest an organization uniting the two objects, as they are closely allied. Why not form a Stock Breeders and Wool Growers Association—thus enlisting all interested in breeding Improved Domestic Animals and growing Wool? Breeding, Wool Growing, Grazing and Dairying, are annually becoming more important and leading branches of husbandry throughout a large portion of Western New York, and we are satisfied that an Association designed to promote these interests, would be of incalculable advantage. The very fact that a large proportion of the farmers of this region have comparatively little experience in stock growing—having devoted their principal attention to grain growing, until that branch became unprofitable—renders it vitally important to adopt proper measures to facilitate a change which seems inevitable over a large extent of country.

Since the midge has prevaled in this section, fruit growing has received a great impetus, and the organization of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York is one of the results of this change. The last annual meeting of that Society drew together one of the finest assemblages we ever witnessed—not in numbers, though in that respect highly creditable, but as composed of men of experience and ability in their occupation. The discussions (a synopsis of which was given in the Rural,) demonstrate this, and that the information thus called out and disseminated must prove of great value to cultivators, not only in this region but other parts of the Union. Now, why may not the Stock and Wool Growers organize, and assemble at least twice a year—in the Summer to exhibit the results of their skill; and in the Winter for the purpose of discussing questions of vital interest, and the proper elucidation of which must vastly enhance their prosperity? We may be visionary in our suggestions, but hope the matter will at least be considered, with a view to action if thought expedient. We shall be glad to hear from those interested in the matter. We have in mind a score or more of stock and wool farmers, located in various sections of Western New York, whose opinions are entitled to weight, and who we trust will discuss the subject through the pages of the Rural, thus addressing the great mass of those directly interested in the proposition.

A PEEP INTO MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

The fields of Science are so numerous, and so many new *conditions* of elements meet the searcher after truth at every stage of progress, that he is almost universally compelled to give up his researches in disgust, and declare "God's ways past finding out." But modern philosophers are bold in their positions, and declare they "are clear and unquestionable, and can be supported by facts and arguments irrefragible." Polk "backed down" on the question in quotation, and the Liebig philosophers will back down on soil analysis. So far as practical results are concerned, said analysis is a naked fallacy. Science is only a new name for investigation—a side trail upon the great highway of knowledge. Analysis does not reach the creative power in the production of results, but merely discusses the existence of materials as furnished to an unknown power to work out magnificent results in the vegetable kingdom. The cause, the means employed—the channel through which fourteen distinct elements of vegetable life are used to produce a perfect head of wheat—are yet obscure to the eye of vegetable physiology. Investigation, notwithstanding it has assisted the cultivator of the soil to increase his crops in many instances, has, in a majority of cases, presented false theories. The fact that 100 pounds of wheat, when grown, contains 1 pound of phosphoric acid by analysis, does not demonstrate that the application of 1 pound of the same acid from the drug store returned to the soil, will, next season, produce like results. Or, if 1 pound of lime be forced into 100 pounds of wheat straw, by analysis, it does not prove that all that lime was drawn from the soil by capillary attraction, and that by returning the same amount of lime to the soil next season, like results will be secured.

The man who says to the tiller of the soil, "Show me 100 pounds of the soil you cultivate, and I can tell you how much lime, gypsum, potash and other elements are necessary to produce 30 bushels of wheat per acre," is an impostor, and deserves to be treated as such. The soluble materials of the earth, and the volatile elements of the atmosphere, are drawn into the plant by capillary attraction and atmospheric pressure, where the unerring laws of composition and decomposition are continually going on, by which these elements are transformed into straw and kernel. The amount of wheat grown at any given time depends much upon the state of the weather during its growth and maturity. If the season be excessively wet, there will be an over-growth of straw and a diminished growth of grain. Visible facts clearly show that the 80 per cent of silica found in a wheat, rye, barley or corn plant, when ripe, is but a small part drawn from the "flint sand" of the soil, but crystalized in the plant from liquids and fluids drawn and compressed into it while growing. Then shall we stop investigation in this direction? Certainly not; but by giving more attention to visible results drawn out by the practical tillers of the soil—thoughtful, observing men—and less to the conclusions of speculative philosophers, sugar refiners and manufacturers of patent manures, we should approximate much nearer a substantial agricultural progression.

The man who grows 20 bushels of wheat produces 12 lbs. of phosphorus. Does vegetable economy teach that 12 lbs. phosphoric acid from the druggists, in its crude state, at a cost of $25, should be returned to the soil? Such a course of reasoning would inevitably lead to false conclusions and disastrous results. Ground bones furnish this material in great quantities; and lime and ashes furnish nearly all the materials that enter into the composition of bones. By analysis, we have discovered that these materials exist in plants; but practical experience proves that they shall be returned to the soil to unite with vegetable materials, to make them available to the growing plant. Vegetation undoubtedly manufactures most of its silica from the unfixed alkalies furnished in the soil and decomposing vegetable matter, and requires it in the condition of *soluble silicate*, to be held by absorbents to be given up to the plants as required for crystalization. Leaves, leaf mold, muck and ashes are extremely valuable for this purpose. Silica is said to be the hardest of all earthy substances, and the most insoluble. "It may be boiled for hours in aquafortis, sulphuric and muriatic acids, without dissolving." I doubt that this is *vegetable* silica, or that it enters into the plant to any degree, during its growth. All the constituent elements which enter into the composition of vegetable life and growth, must be governed by the same elementary laws of astronomical science that govern the planetary system. The moment we commence investigating in this direction, we find that all the planets are revolving about the sun in one direction. We do not find them revolving about in opposite directions, but all sweeping around in the same harmonious order. It is held by many leading Astronomers that they might revolve about it in any direction and be sustained by the laws of gravitation. This phenomena cannot be *explained* by the laws of gravitation; and, in pursuing inquiries into the laws and operations of vegetable science, by soil analysis, we find many contradictions in the results obtained. I hold that we never are in a condition to decide when results contradict one another.

Now, when I reach this point in the investigation, it seems to me that there is some great law which presides over the elements and directs the

PREMIUM FARM HOUSE.—No. III.

The Plan to which the Committee awarded the third premium, we this week present to our readers. It perhaps partakes more of the character of a Rural Cottage than a Farm House, though there are many farms where such a building would be very desirable, and few of our readers, we think, would object to such a house. The committee appointed for the purpose, considered it of sufficient merit to be entitled to the third premium, and Rural Editors and readers will endorse their decision. It was built and is owned by Wm. S. Engar, of Jacksonville, Illinois.

The outside appearance is attractive, light and pleasant, and not over-ornamented—a great fault with many modern houses. The rooms are large, and conveniently arranged. Every room of the ground floor is pleasant enough for a parlor or a living room.

The great defect of the house, in the opinion of many, would be that it contains no bed-room on the lower floor. Such a room is needed, in case of sickness, and is convenient, but difficult perhaps to obtain without reducing the size of the rooms, or destroying the arrangement. We know of no better way of arranging this matter than converting the Library into a bed-room, and occupying one of the bed-rooms on the second floor for a Library. We know of no objection to this change; indeed we think, in many respects, an upper room the best adapted for a Library, as its occupant is more retired and more secure from interruption, and less likely to be disturbed by the noise of children or the performance of the ordinary household duties.

Ground Plan—D. R., Dining Room 18 feet 0 inches by 15 feet; Parlor, 16—9 by 14—6; Library, 15 by 14—6; Kitchen, 12—6 by 13—6; Wash Room 12 by 8; Hall 6—3 in width.

Second Story—A., Bed Room 14 feet 5 inches by 11 feet 9 inches; B., Chamber 18—9 by 15; C. C. Halls; D. Bed Room 9—6 by 11; E. Bed Room 14—6 by 11; F. Servants' Bed Room 12—6 by 14—6; G. Passage 3—6 in width.

laws of vegetable physiology, which no rule of soil analysis can explain. A physical fact presents itself here, which demands our earnest attention to the condition of the natural and mechanical elements which surround us. All investigation beyond the reasonable circle of man's comprehension will be attended with wild speculations and conflicting results. Man is placed here in some sort of a circle, and knowledge is stretched out all around him. Within the compass of this circle only, representing the extent of his comprehension, is his knowledge complete and his experiments accurate. Within that circle alone can he reconcile all the different phenomena that present themselves to his vision; beyond that circle he will find everything in a new condition, and subject to different laws. But, forsooth, some bold adventurer strikes out into unknown space, where he discovers a glimpse of some new theory, as it presents itself to his amazed comprehension, and unfolds it to the circle as the discovery of some new fact. Another discoverer pushes out in a transverse direction, and beholds the same elements in another condition; and upon comparing results with the first, finds there is a want of harmony.—Astronomical science clearly demonstrates that all the elements that enter into vegetable life have existed in a gaseous state, have passed from a gaseous to the liquid, and from the liquid to the solid state. Now, it is evident that soil analysis cannot harmonize this confusion in the sriform or gaseous state, out of which nine-tenths of our vegetable materials are derived. Has there been one *new* idea established by soil analysis? There are two forces pervading the universe, whose harmonious co-operation in all the practical manifestations of the principles involved, make this world a cosoms, and not a chaos. In the material world, these forces are called contraction and expansion; in the vegetable kingdom, composition and decomposition. Every element in the universe has been brought down from a state of chaos to a state of cosmetic refinement by the working of these laws upon the elements, whether in a gaseous, liquid or solid state. The production of a field of wheat or corn, is but the evident result of the working of these laws.

The fundamental laws of the universal elements may be called *practical* and *philosophical*. The formation and maturity of solid particles in vegetable composition, is the legitimate result of this practical law. Monstrosities in the natural and wonders in the visionary world, are the chance workings of the philosophical law, and this law is always out of gear to human comprehension.—Philosophically, we live to eat—practically, we eat to live. Physiology teaches that "once in seven years every particle of the human body changes." Philosophically this may be true; but practically it is a stupid non-truth: the scars and other external manifestations of the body follow the man of 100 years down to the grave. If no physical law can account for this identical phenomena, we flatly demur to the unwarrantable position. God is represented through all these laws, not figuratively, nor intermediately, nor consequently, but really, actually, practically, in all the positive attributes of his being. God is not a retired mechanic, who built up the vast complicated machinery of the universe, started its "perpetual motion," and left all results to the law of chance. But go on, Mr. Philosopher, we bid you God speed. Instead of holding down man's aspirations, instead of forbidding and checking his progress and his elevation to the most lofty and noble employment of man, (farming,) we hold up to you the motto of the RURAL—"Excelsior."

L. L. PIERCE.

East Jaffrey, N. H., 1859.

CARE OF YOUNG LAMBS.

EDS. RURAL:—Is it necessary to lose more than two or three per cent. of young lambs? What little experience I have had goes to show that it is not.

In the first place, select ewes with good constitutions, and keep them well. In raising young lambs, particular attention should be given to the little things. Frequently the milk of ewes, especially young ewes, is thick at first. The lamb is too weak to draw it, and after making a few fruitless attempts, gives up discouraged. He must now have help or be lost. Milk the ewe, and milk it into the lamb's mouth. Her milk will soon be thinner, and the nourishment the lamb receives from the food will soon stimulate him to help himself. See that the lamb's teeth are cutting easily; keep warm; feed the ewe plenty of roots if not at grass. If not owned by its dam, confine them for a short time and all will be right. Save the twins; raise them by hand if you lose no lambs; but in case you lose a lamb, let the ewe lie with the skin of the lamb, and keep the milk flowing until your twins appear, then put the skin of the dead lamb upon the twin, and pen it up with the dead one's dam. Cut their tails as soon as they get fairly straightened out; don't wait until the youngest are large enough, for then the oldest will be far too large. By carefully attending to these little things, *in season*, much may be saved in raising lambs.

Manchester, Vt., 1859. A. S.

THE WHEAT MIDGE.—EXPERIMENTS.

EDS. RURAL:—I noticed an inquiry in a late RURAL, from J. KIRKENDALL, as to what effect slaked lime would have sown broadcast on wheat. I will give my experience.

Some three years since I got an idea, from some source, that slaked lime, sown broadcast on wheat when it was in blow, would destroy the midge. Consequently when the wheat was in the right stage, as I supposed, I dressed myself up for the occasion, and started for an experiment. I went to work on the back side of the lot, (so that my neighbors would not see me, of course,) and commenced operations. I found it no boy's play to go in wheat as high as my head, and wet at that, and sow slaked lime broadcast; but as I was rigged for the business, I was bound to stick to it until I had sown enough to make a fair trial. About the time that I adjourned up came one of my neighbors from across the fields, and he had a good laugh at my plight, with my old clothes wet up to my neck, well coated over with lime. We sat and talked awhile, until I found the lime had commenced "working" on *me*, if it never did on the midge.—When I came to change my clothes I found that about the knees, where the pants were wet and drawn close to the skin, the lime had commenced eating the flesh, and I had all I could do to heal it up by the time the wheat was ripe.

Now, I would say to Mr. KIRKENDALL, and all others interested, that in that one experiment I learned three things—first, that lime is *not* good for human flesh; secondly, it won't injure the wheat; and lastly, *it did not hurt the midge*, as I could never see any difference, all being badly injured.

I made an experiment last year that was more pleasant to all concerned. From a stool of wheat I selected one head, upon which I blew tobacco smoke, morning and evening, while it was in blow, and afterwards (at harvest,) found the head that had the smoke, about half destroyed by the insect, while the rest of the heads on the stool nearly escaped—showing that the midge had a little fondness for the weed as well as myself!

So far as my experience goes, all that we can do to escape the *varmints* is to sow the earliest varieties of winter wheat, and the latest of spring wheat. If Mr. KIRKENDALL has found a kind of winter wheat that is six or eight days earlier than the Mediterranean, I think that would dodge them entirely. T. C. O.

Lodi Centre, Seneca Co., N. Y., April, 1859.

THE BACK FURROW.

EDS. RURAL:—I was lately walking over the farm of an intelligent friend in this county, when, as a matter of course, draining was the topic of conversation. He said he did not underdrain much, but got along for the most part with the open drain and back furrow. He showed me a number of fields which he had made perfectly dry by means of the back furrow. He says when he plows a field he likes to plow the whole, it looks so much better. When he lays down a field, he leaves the wet positions in ridges, whether it be for meadow or pasture. He pointed out portions of fields which formerly were not plowed, now made perfectly dry by this process. It struck us at once that the plan was a good one.

It appears, then, that the side-hill plow should not be used in those portions of a field where the water has a tendency to settle. The side-hill plow used indiscriminately, operates injuriously, inasmuch as it dams up the water and prevents its passage to the plain, whereas the common plow, and back furrow up and down these wet portions, cuts so many channels for its escape. Water seeks a level, and the judicious farmer should assist rather than contract this tendency. The tailor cuts his cloth with reference to the nap, and the joiner in planing a board notes carefully the course of the grain, and why should not the cultivator of the soil observe the nature of the ground, and plow accordingly? H. K. P.

Cambridge Valley, N. Y., 1859.

SPAYED COWS give much better and more healthful milk than cows in the natural state. So, at least, says a French work on this subject. The cow will continue to give milk, in this condition, two or three years; then she will fatten easily, and make excellent beef. This may be true; but American dairymen will not soon adopt this practice in regard to their cows.

MULES WANTED.—A subscriber in Saratoga County, (S. WHALEN, of So. Milton,) wishes to know the best place to purchase mules. He wants a pair that "will weigh at least 1,600 lbs., kind, true, orderly and capable of doing heavy work—principally for lumbering, to draw big, heavy loads. Others have inquired for mules. Who can supply the demand?

KIRBY'S AMERICAN HARVESTER,—AS A REAPER.

Two weeks ago we gave an illustration and description of KIRBY'S American Harvester, *as a Mower*. The above cut represents the same machine *as a Reaper*, as it appears in operation in the field. Its advantages, and also its operation and construction, we give in the language of the manufacturers, as follows:

"One of the distinctive characteristics claimed for the KIRBY Machine is, that it is a *perfect* Combined Machine. While there are many good mowers which are not good reapers, and many good reapers that are not good mowers, there are very few successful *combined machines*. Most farmers are not able to keep two machines, one for mowing and one for reaping, and yet every farmer ought to have a machine for each operation, and the single machine that will successfully perform both is a desideratum. With such a machine the farmer purchases a perfect reaper for only $20; and if he has only one-fifth as much grain to cut as he has of grass, he can afford to buy a combined machine. Indeed, the price of the KIRBY Combined Machine is as low as that of many single mowers. Aside from the saving of labor in reaping by machinery, there is the further advantage of being able to gather the crop at the *right time*, whether laborers are scarce or plenty. The same machine can be also used to great advantage in gathering clover and grass seed. The following description of the American Harvester as a Reaper, will enable the reader to understand its construction and operation:

"All of the KIRBY machines are combined machines, and the Reaper is the same as the Mower, with the addition of the platform, reel and raker's seat, and by merely bolting these to the Mower, (which is but a moment's work,) you have a complete Reaper. The cutters, in reaping, can be set to cut at any height, thus adapting it to all kinds of grain, and to gathering clover and grass seed. The grain is delivered in well-formed gavels at the side of the machine, and entirely out of its way on the next swath. The raker's position is peculiar, and enables him to do his work with ease, he being placed at the side of the machine, facing obliquely the uncut grain, and in the center of motion of the rake, so that by an easy quarter-turn motion, or circular sweep of the rake, he delivers the grain in gavels at the side of the machine. This position also enables him to control the grain as well without a reel as with one, and is the *only position* with which a machine can be successfully worked *without the reel*. In this position a boy can rake off all day with ease, and as soon as the horses get accustomed to the work the raker can dispense with a driver, and both rake and drive himself."

The manufacturers are also making a successful one-horse Harvester, called the "Little Buffalo Harvester," constructed upon the same principle as the American Harvester, which we shall take early occasion to illustrate.

Condensed Correspondence.

Mangel Wurtzels.

IN looking over my books I find that my last crop of mangels yielded at the rate of eleven hundred bushels per acre, at a cost of six cents per bushel. My ground is a deep loam, and was well manured with stable manure. The wurtzels require no more care than a crop of corn, as they are a strong-growing plant. While young they soon get the start of weeds, and do not require as much weeding as carrots or bagas. The fly never troubles them, but they will not stand much frost in the fall. I usually plant the Yellow Globe variety, but either is good, and keep them until spring. As it is now time for farmers to arrange their crops, I would advise them to plant from a half acre to an acre of mangels for their stock. They are very nutritious, and I am satisfied the cheapest root that can be raised. I have raised a good many carrots and some bagas, but prefer mangels to them. Try them, brother farmers, and reports the result. —W. G., *Troy, N. Y.*, 1859.

Unburnt Brick Houses.

IN the RURAL of March 12th a correspondent asked information relative to unburnt brick houses. Having perhaps had as much experience as any mason in this State, I will give it briefly. Eleven years ago this summer, I helped build the second house of that material, I think, that was built in this State. It was all the go then. It lasted about five years, in which time there were some fifteen houses built in this vicinity. The stucco then commenced clearing off with part of the brick adhering to it. There does not seem to be cement enough to the brick to hold it on. Several purpose to restucco this season, in the hopes of making the walls stand by driving in nails and letting them stick out about three-eighths of an inch. The great difficulty with them was the idea that the brick could be made of most any kind of material, and in most cases it was dug out of the earth just as nature mixed it. I think if they could be made of pure clay, and coarse sand and gravel enough mixed with them to keep them from cracking, they would stand. They should be laid up with lime mortar. Unburnt brick make a warm house in the winter and a cool one in the summer. They are non-conductors of cold or heat. If your correspondent has not had any experience, nor any of the mechanics in that vicinity, I would advise him to build with some other material.—N. H. ISBELL, *Union District, Wash. Co., Mich.*, 1859.

About Hens and Eggs.

READING several inquiries and articles in the RURAL about Hens and Eggs, and having had some experience in the business, I will give you a few lines on the subject. I keep hens for the convenience of them. I have 16 hens; have kept an account of the eggs laid from March 6th to April 17th—six weeks. The first week they laid 71; second, 76; third, 66; fourth, 74; fifth, 78; sixth, 85. Cost of feed for the six weeks (one bushel of mixed corn, rye, peas and oats,) fifty cents; half bushel screenings, 13 cts.; half bushel corn, 40 cts. —total, $1.03. My hens are a mixture of Golden and Silver Pheasants and Polands. I believe in a mixture of feed, but I want it mostly corn. I feed my hens all the broken earthen and glass they will eat—breaking it about as small as a pea or a kernal of corn. I never keep a hen over one year old for laying eggs. My hens seldom want to set before they are two years old. I have one hen that I keep for raising chickens. I set her twice last year—I put 17 eggs under her each time. She hatched and raised 16 chickens each brood. Keep young hens of a good breed, feed and water them regularly twice a day in the winter season and once a day in the summer, and you will have plenty of eggs.—A MECHANIC, *Akron, N. Y.*, 1859.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Steeps for Seeds.

THIS subject, says the *Working Farmer*, has for a long time engaged the attention of many experimenters, and with various results. Strong solutions of any of the well-known materials used are apt to injure the germs of seeds, while weaker solutions, being held by the spongy coatings, frequently not only secure earlier germinations, but by a timely supply of necessary pabulum, secure vigorous plants, which, as a necessity of proper conditions in their early stages of growth, yield larger returns. Among the materials used we would enumerate the following: Saltpetre, Sulphate of Ammonia, Carbonate of Soda, Soluble Phosphate of Lime, etc.

Successful Turkey-Raising.

WE have an example in the way of turkey-raising, by a woman, that is worthy of attention by some farmer's wives, who may perhaps go and do likewise. LYDIA ELDRIDGE, of Andover, Mass., writes her experience in raising turkeys, under date of Dec. 25, 1858:—"Last spring, my husband purchased a farm in this town, and I obtained one turkey, and she laid 24 eggs, hatched them all out at one litter, and I raised them all. Yesterday we dressed the last of them. The united weight of the whole when dressed was 212½ lbs; 198 lbs. were sold for a shilling a pound, New England currency, amounting in the aggregate to $33. The whole number at that price would have amounted to $35,41. Now, I think that is doing quite well, and if any body among your army of readers can do better than that, I think they deserve a premium; but until that is done, I think I can claim the palm."

Potato Culture.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Southern Homestead*, gives the result of some experiments in the growth and culture of the potato, as follows:—"We have had some very pleasant and satisfactory experience in raising potatoes, from planting simply the *eyes*, just rimming them off with the point of a narrow knife. We selected the largest and best potatoes from the cellar, took out the eyes, and used the rest of the potato for the table, about as profitably as if the eye had not been taken out. They were then planted three in a hill, about one foot apart, and cultivated often enough to keep the weeds down, and to keep the ground stirred and mellow. The result was, we gathered a fine yield of *large* potatoes from every hill, with no small ones—a very important consideration in harvesting or picking them up. Besides, we had no diseased or unsound ones; although in the adjoining ground, where we planted *whole* potatoes, there were many unsound ones at the harvest. Hence, we believe, where there are large quantities of old seed to rot in the hill, it is likely to effect the young tubers unfavorably; and also where there is too much seed in a hill, it produces too many tubers, so that the young potatoes grow badly crowded, and, consequently, many of them must be small, and others become diseased. Here is a matter for thought and experiment."

WEATHER ITEMS.—There was a severe frost at Norfolk, Va., on Monday week, and the Day Book estimates the loss sustained in vegetables at $50,000.

The thermometer on the western side of the White Mountains, at sunrise on the 25th ult., indicated seven degrees below freezing.

On Friday week there was a violent snow storm in Michigan.

They are complaining already at New Orleans that the weather is uncomfortably hot. Hereabouts it is uncomfortably cold for the season.

Agricultural Miscellany.

SPRING has come at last, and the long Winter of the farmer's discontent is made glorious Summer by bright sunshine and a balmy atmosphere. "Speed the plow!"

EARLY CUCUMBERS.—On the 2d inst., Mr. C. P. CHOSMAN, Seed Grower and Nurseryman, of this city, presented us with a full grown cucumber. That will do, considering the season—though of course grown in a hot-bed.

MIDGE-PROOF WHEAT.—We are indebted to ELISHA HARMON, Esq., of Wheatland, N. Y., for a specimen of growing wheat called Dayton or Weevil (Midge) Proof. The specimen is 28 inches long—tall wheat for this season of the year. Mr. H. has 70 acres growing, and will, of course, be able to report the result after harvest.

THE RURAL STORY, commenced on last page of this number, teaches a lesson worth reading and heeding by thousands of Ruralists. Though given in an early volume, we re-publish it in the belief that it will be new to most of our readers, and worthy of re-perusal by others. As a reason for deferring several excellent original sketches to make room for it, we quote what an Ohio friend of the RURAL and its objects says in a recent letter:—"I have one *special request* to make. Will you re-publish the story of 'The Twin Cottages?' It was published in your volume for 1852. I don't know but you may think this asking too much, but I consider it one of the best stories (if not *the best*) ever published in the RURAL, and believe its re-publication will greatly subserve the object for which you labor." Read "The Twin Cottages."

THE PEOPLE'S COLLEGE.—The following note from the President of this Institution, located at Havana, N. Y., explains itself:

MR. MOORE:—I am receiving letters almost daily inquiring when the People's College will be opened to receive students. Permit me, then, to notify your numerous readers that the work on the College edifice is progressing with due dispatch. But it is a great work to complete a building of its large dimensions, which must necessarily consume much time. It is not expected to get matters in readiness to open the College before September, 1860. Yours, &c., AMOS BROWN.

MARKET FAIRS.—The Massachusetts Board of Agriculture have been considering the feasibility of American farmers holding Market Fairs, and have voted "that the Board recognize the great importance of establishing frequent Markets or Fairs for the sale of Agricultural products." To aid in the development of the proposition, the Board have issued a circular, in connection with which is a prize essay upon "Market Days," by A. W. DODGE. The subject is to be examined in all its aspects by the Massachusetts agriculturists.

TO KILL SHEEP TICKS.—In answer to a recent inquiry in the RURAL about killing ticks on sheep, Mr. J. J. MOORE, of Point Abino, C. W., writes:—"My plan is to take a pipe, fill with plug tobacco, lay a cloth over the bowl of the pipe, part the wool over the sides and around the neck of the sheep, and blow the smoke in next to the skin. It will kill the ticks."

BLACK QUARTER OR BLOODY MURRAIN.—A PREVENTIVE.—Mr. GEORGE DAVIS, of Chenango Co., N. Y., sends us the following:—"I have raised cattle for over thirty years, and for the first twenty lost more or less calves in the fall of almost every year—those that were the best and in the best condition. For the past ten or twelve years, however, I have been in the habit of giving soot, salt and ashes, in troughs, once or twice a week, and since I adopted the practice have not lost an animal from the black quarter."

A CURE FOR THE HORN AIL (so called) is given as follows, by Mr. IRA COMSTOCK, of Salisbury:—"Take of good vinegar and spirits of turpentine one gill each; of salt and pepper (red or black,) half a gill each. Simmer these together and apply them as warm as your hand will bear, between the horns, winding a cloth around the horns, near the head, in order to retain as much of the compound as may be. One application is sufficient in ordinary cases, but where the case is obstinate a repetition may be necessary. I have used this remedy nearly twenty years, and never knew it to fail."

REMARKABLE FECUNDATION IN A COW.—Mr. M. B. FORBES sent the London, (Eng.,) *Veterinarian* the following particulars relating to the birth of five calves at one time:—"A cow of the short-horned breed, six years old, the property of Mr. RICHARD KNIGHT, farmer, Santon, about a mile from Ryegate, was safely delivered on Monday morning, the 21st of February, *three weeks before her time*, of five calves—four bulls and one cow. Three of the calves died a few hours after birth, but the fourth survived until Tuesday, and the fifth until the following day, Wednesday." Mr. FORBES saw the cow on the 23d, and found her going on well. It was her third calving.

ENDURANCE OF THE HORSE.—Some cruel experiments have lately been made at Paris to test the endurance of horses. It appears a horse will live on water alone five and twenty days; seventeen days without eating or drinking; only five days if fed but unwatered; ten days if fed and insufficiently watered. A horse kept without water for three days, drank 104 pounds in three minutes. It was found, too, that a horse taken immediately from "feed" and kept in the active exercise of the "squadron school," completely digested its "feed" in three hours; in the same time in the "conscript's school" its food was two-thirds digested; and if kept perfectly quiet in the stable, its digestion was scarcely commenced in three hours.

EXPORT OF EGGS FROM FRANCE TO ENGLAND.—A curious statistical return has lately been made of the supply of eggs to England from France, by which it appears that the annual value of this export to that country exceeds that of wine. Even before the oidium disease, the difference in value in favor of eggs amounted to 107,072 francs yearly. In 1815 there were imported into England from France 1,800,915 kilogrammes of eggs; in 1856, 9,005,756 kilogrammes; and as each kilogramme is calculated to be equal to eighteen eggs, it follows that France furnishes England with 200,000,000 of eggs annually.

CHINA TEA WHEAT.—*Inquiry.*—I wish to inquire through the RURAL, of its readers, if any of them ever knew the China Tea Wheat to be injured by the midge. I have not been in the habit of raising spring wheat till last year, when I sowed a piece of Tea Wheat. The seed not holding out, I finished the piece with Canada Club—all sown on the eighth of May. After heading out I watched it very close, and never found any midge in the Tea, but the Club was entirely destroyed by them. Both were struck with the rust. I have inquired of a number of old farmers and not one of them ever knew the Tea Wheat to be midge eaten. If we can't find anybody that ever did know such to be the case, we shall be safe in sowing it early.—J. J. B., *Lockport, N. Y., April*, 1859.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE SEASON.

For a week or two past the weather has been very cold and unpleasant; so much so as to check and almost suspend vegetation. On the 23d of April we had a heavy snow storm, with considerable frost, followed by cold north and east winds. Banks of snow were to be seen in shady places a week afterwards. For three days past, (now May 2d,) we have been favored with warm, growing weather. The peas, lettuce and other early vegetables are making a rapid growth; the apricots in warm situations are in flower, the cherry blooms are just bursting their casements, and the apple trees are fast becoming spangled with green.

In the flower garden, we are about taking our farewell of the *Crocuses*. On the 18th of March we picked the first crocus this season, (the Cloth of Gold,) and to-day the *Late Yellow* and *Cloth of Silver* are in flower. So these flowers, which are generally considered so short-lived, have cheered us for forty-five days, or nearly a quarter of the season of flowers.

The *Hyacinths* will not be in perfection for a few days, though there are many charming varieties in full flowers, and they are now the ornament of the garden. The *Narcissus*, the *Early Tulips*, and the *Fritillaria*, are opening their gay petals, and of these we shall make note next week.

All garden work should now be pushed forward with the greatest rapidity. There is no time for delay, neither is there much danger from late frosts in most localities. If you have anything particularly choice that is tender, sow only one-half of the seed, and reserve one-half for a later sowing.

PROFITS OF A GARDEN.

No portion of a man's time will yield a greater profit in soil-culture, than that spent in the vegetable or fruit garden. To illustrate this, I will give a little experience in raising early potatoes, and contrast the actual result with an estimate of the probable success in raising that vegetable in the field. On the 26th of March, 1858, a square of four rods in my garden was planted to early Mercer potatoes. Rows one foot apart, tubers six inches apart in the row. Quantity, three gallons—seed finely cut. Soil stiff clay, heavily coated with ashes, barn-yard and poultry-house manure.—They came up well, grew rapidly during the heavy rains of May and June, were not overtaken by the drouth and striped-bug, (which ruined those late planted,) but were ready for the table July 4th.—The product in bushels is, we regret, not known. A family of eight persons were supplied until the season for late potatoes. If 10 bushels grew on four rods, one acre would give 400 bushels. The entire work on this plot would not be more than one day of a good hand.

Now, we will suppose that these potatoes had been planted in a field of ordinary fertility, and the rows three and half feet apart, tubers ten inches apart in the row, they would have occupied more than one-eighth of an acre. Hoeing alone could not have been less than three times that of the first instance. Considering the unfavorableness of last season, we are satisfied that time would have been wasted, labor thrown away, and land unprofitable. In short, potatoes not worth gathering. Had the season been auspicious, the clear gain would sum up two or three hundred per cent. in favor of garden over field culture, with this vegetable. The rule that it pays to make the soil rich, is equally applicable to the whole farm, and holds good in every variety of produce in the vegetable kingdom.

Let no husbandman neglect his garden under the impression that time can be more profitably employed in grain growing. Let him calculate in dollars and cents the amount saved (by lighter meat and store bills,) by keeping his table well supplied with the various esculents found in a good garden, and he will find that health and economy speak out in favor of closer attention to such "small matters."

H.

McDonough, Delaware, April, 1859.

Remarks.—The above we fully endorse. Any farmer can make or save more from half-an-acre in a vegetable garden, than from any three acres in cultivation on the farm. Early potatoes, peas, beans, cabbage, cauliflowers, squashes, lettuce, radishes, beets, with the small fruits, which are so easily and so cheaply grown, make excellent summer living, without much aid from the store.

APPLE PIE MELON.

Messrs. Eds.:—In response to an advertisement of mine in the Rural of the 19th ult., a great number of your subscribers and readers have desired me—when ordering the seeds—to give them some ideas as to growth, uses, etc., of the Apple Pie Melon. This has been quite impossible from want of time, but, if friend Moore will allow me, I will instead give them a few hints through the New Yorker, which may also be of some service to those who have not so requested.

The *Japan Apple Pie Melon* comes to us—as its name would appear to indicate—from Japan. It looks not unlike an Orange Watermelon, and has a similar habit and growth. It is equally as hardy and as easily grown, and a very prolific bearer. I raised one last year that weighed 43 pounds, and several over 20. The flesh is very firm, compact and white, with a very thick and hard rind, and keeps well through winter. Makes good preserves, and is said to make good pickles.

In preparing this melon for pies, it should be peeled and cut into small pieces. These should be boiled until they look like stewed apples. Add a small quantity of sugar, although this is not essential, as it is sweet enough to many tastes; flavor with a little lemon juice, and make into pies. The most acute epicure will discuss this "genuine" apple pie with all the relish of the real. By the addition of milk and eggs, omitting the lemon, you have a fine custard.

This melon is destined to be one of our most valuable acquisitions from abroad, since, from it, pies of most unquestionable flavor may be made, equaling the good old-fashioned apple pie, or the rich and creamy pumpkin or custard, and this, too, at a time when apples are scarce, while it is equal to the finest citron as a preserve, and I am told is well adapted for pickling.

Morrisania, N. Y., 1859. C. V. Rapalye.

Remarks.—No doubt this *Apple Pie Melon* will make a good pie if enough good things are put with it to make it good, but of itself it is destitute of flavor, and its only merit, in our opinion, is that it has *no bad taste*, being very much like citron, or watermelon rind. We think very little of it.

EFFECTS OF A SOUTHERN EXPOSURE.

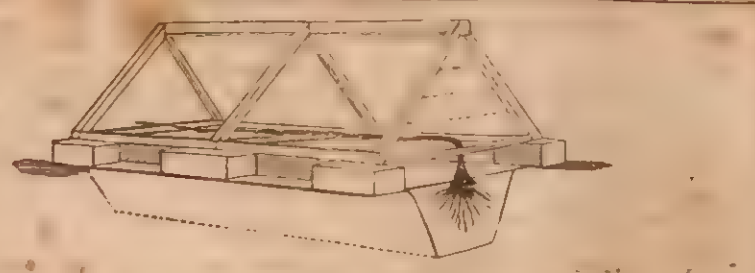
Messrs. Eds.:—Noticing in the Rural of April 9th a recommendation from S. N. Holmes to plant grape vines on the south side of a house, I would say that my experience has been unfavorable. About the spring of 1850 I set a plant of the Catawba and one of the Isabella on the south side of my house, building for each a trellis, giving the best of opportunities, both as regards planting and cultivation, but thus far with intolerable results—a few pounds of fruit in one season only. I have no difficulty in producing a rampant growth of vines, with leaves, in some instances, ten and twelve inches in diameter, but the difficulty is, *they invariably winter-kill close to the ground*. The young wood starts up strong and vigorous each spring, continues growing till late in the fall, then perishes in the winter. These results may be confined to my own experience, but I had determined to remove my vines this spring to less sheltered positions, hoping thereby to check their late fall growth, and enable them more fully to mature their growth. Is there any remedy for the evil complained of? G. M. Reynolds.

Corunna, Shia. Co., Mich., 1859.

Remarks.—A southern exposure is the very worst that could be selected for any vine in a climate where it is liable to be winter-killed. But we doubt whether you could ripen the Catawba in any other. The better way would be to plant hardy varieties that would not winter-kill in such a position, or early sorts that would ripen with a different exposure.

Preserving Fruit.—1st. Will some friend tell me whether fruit can be preserved in brown earthen jars, in the usual way of excluding the air by heating and sealing, with nothing but the cover placed on with grafting wax? 2d. Will the acid of the fruit eat off the glazing so as to injure the fruit? Is the glazing poison?

We have kept fruit in common earthen preserve jars, but the bottles are better. We covered the top with a mixture of rosin and tallow. It is necessary to put paper around the edges to prevent the composition from entering the jar. Very acid fruit it is said will dissolve the glazing, which, in some cases, has proved to be poisonous. Even tin is said to be easily affected by strong acids, and all things considered glass is no doubt the best material for containing preserved fruit. On this matter we would like the experience of our friends.



A SMALL AND CHEAP VINERY.

In England much is being done to popularize gardening by the introduction of such cheap appliances as are within the reach of the masses, are easily managed, and that afford a good deal of amusement if not much profit. The last thing of the kind we notice is called *The Curate's Vinery*, a glass frame, hardly worthy to be called a *vinery*. Why this name we cannot say, unless it is that *curates* are generally acknowledged to be a poor class, and can afford no more costly buildings. In no country that we know of are glass frames more useful than in our own. Our springs are so uncertain, so changeable, that a glass covering of any kind, be it only a simple box or hand glass, is a great advantage in forwarding melons and other tender plants, that require a long season to bring them to maturity, or that it is desirable to have fruit early. Then, for lettuce, radishes, &c., a glass frame, such as this *Curate's Vinery*, is very desirable. But, to the description of this house, which is from a little book by Mr. Rivers.

"The annexed figure will convey a correct idea of its shape and make. To form a vinery of this description, some dry place in the garden must be selected; if not naturally so, it must be well drained. A dry gravelly or sandy border, gently sloping to the south or south-west, will be found a favorable site; a flat surface will, however, do well if fully exposed to the sun.

"When the site is determined on, a trench should be dug, two feet wide on the surface and fifteen inches deep, sloping on each side to the bottom, which should be six inches wide; the bottom must be paved with tiles, placed lengthwise, and the sides lined with the slates called Duchesses, also placed lengthwise.

"On each side of this trench, on the surface of the soil, a row of bricks must be placed two inches apart, end to end, leaving spaces between each brick two inches wide—these are for ventilation. On these two rows of bricks the roof is to be placed, which would be a ridge of the following dimensions: 2 feet 5 inches wide at bottom, and 15 inches deep from the centre to the apex. It should be made in lengths of 7 feet, two of which, placed end to end, form one vinery 14 feet long. Each length should be glazed with four pieces of glass; and as each sloping side of the ridge is 20 inches deep, four pieces of glass, about 20 inches square, for each side will be required. The two outer ends must be closed with boards; at one end a notch should be cut in the board, to admit the stem of the vine, which should be planted outside, so that its stem is on a level with the surface of the soil outside the soil the vine is planted in should be well stirred, two feet deep, over a space six feet square, and enriched with rotten manure, and what are called one-inch bones, or 'bone dust.' The vine, when planted, should be introduced and suffered to grow, as in a common vinery, till it reaches the end.—Pruning on the spur system is the only method to be followed. To support the vine in the centre, pieces of slight iron rod should be placed across the furrow, two feet apart, resting on the surface outside; to these the stem of the vine should be fastened, so as to be under the center of the roof. The bunches of grapes will thus hang in the center of the furrow, and, owing to the radiation of heat from the slates and tiles, they will ripen well. I need scarcely mention that in pruning, either in winter or summer, the two lengths of ridge forming the roof must be taken off, and replaced when the operation is finished.

"There are several garden purposes to which these simple structures may be applied. I fill my trench half full of rich mold early in November, and plant in it Endive and Cabbage Lettuces for winter and early spring Salads. In gardens where these glazed roofs are not wanted for vines, they will be found most useful for these and other plants. They may be placed on any warm border on the surface of the soil, and early Peas, French Beans, and many other early vegetables requiring protection from spring frosts, be grown under them with advantage. In all cases they should be placed on bricks, with spaces between them."

The cost of this little vinery is 25 shillings for fourteen feet in length, in England, about six dollars. The editor of the *London Gardeners' Chronicle* is highly pleased with it, and says:—"To how many purposes may such a little seven-foot span be applied when the owner is tired of his vine experiment. Mr. Rivers mentions some; but there are many more. Bringing forward a row of Strawberries, for instance, or a line of Asparagus, or spring Onions, or Radishes, or sheltering small matters in winter, such as Endive or Winter Spinach, or Lamb's Lettuce. For all such purposes the glass roof, taken off its vine trench, will be found very far better than handglasses or cloches, or such devices. For ourselves, we have already set a carpenter to work up some old materials."

SETTING HEDGE PLANTS.

When your ground has been well, deeply and thoroughly mellowed, strike two straight parallel shallow furrows one foot apart, with the dirt thrown right and left from the furrows, where you wish your hedge to stand. Then your plants should be set in the furrows so as to make two straight parallel lines one foot apart with the plants from ten to twelve inches distant in the rows, set in such manner that the plant in one row shall stand opposite the space in the other row—thus:

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Then, again, set the plants at an angle of forty-five degrees, or leaning over half way from a perpendicular towards the earth in the direction of the rows—thus:

Both rows need not lean the same way. By setting plants in this manner you can make a hedge of the Osage orange, the common native buckthorn, the willow, or cottonwood; either of which will make a good hedge throwing up several more perpendicular shoots than when set in the usual upright manner, and when well grown forming a dense, strong and reliable fence.

We must depend upon the living hedge for fence at the West, in place of the reliable stone walls of the land we have left, and no very long time will elapse before we shall be forced by stern necessity to pay that attention to hedging which we should now give from choice, that we may be in readiness for the time when hedge fencing will be a yet greater need than at present. W. H. Gardner.

Amboy, Ill., April, 1859.

THE PEAR ORCHARD.

Eds. Rural:—As this is the season for transplanting fruit trees, I wish to call the attention of your readers to the cultivation of the pear on the quince. In June last I gave you my experience in the cultivation of three thousand trees, five hundred of which were standards, upon their own stalk, and twenty-five hundred on the quince. I am now setting out five hundred more dwarfs, all of Duchesse D'Angouleme. I would not set over five or six varieties were I to set an orchard of ten thousand trees, and these should consist of the Duchesse D'Angouleme, Louise Bonne de Jersey, Beurre Diel, Bartlett, Easter Beurre, and the Vicar of Winkfield. I would grow the Seckel on its own roots, and in some localities I would set the Virgalieu. Our nurserymen are growing too many varieties for orcharding purposes. The above varieties have all done well, and the fruit was not blasted last year, when other kinds were cut off. I had some 100 kinds that I have fruited. In planting set the quince entirely below the surface, so that the pear wood will be at least two inches below the surface of the ground.

The question will naturally arise, what kind of soil would you plant your trees upon? My answer is, upon any soil where you can raise good corn or wheat. In planting an orchard of dwarf trees I would never set them over eight feet apart each way, one acre will then contain 680 trees, and you can cultivate them with as little trouble as it would take to cultivate an acre of corn, with the exception of pruning.

I do demur to the short pruning recommended by Mr. Barry and others, leaving only three or four buds to each limb. I would never take off or cut back over one-half of the previous year's growth. You must have size to your trees before you can get much fruit. I have obtained from 1½ to 2 bushels of pears from my trees which are 10 years' planted this spring, and 2 years old when planted. Manure well, keep the grass out of your orchard, and you will not be troubled with your trees being eaten up with mice. Any man that will set out and cultivate an orchard, is a benefactor to his race, and future generations will call him blessed.

Rochester, April, 1859. Lewis Burtis.

YANKEE HORTICULTURAL CRITICISM.

A correspondent of the *Albany Statesman*, in describing a stroll through the Central Park, now being laid out and planted in New York City, says:

"As I was strolling along I came to a wet, somewhat marshy spot, where men were engaged in setting out some plants adapted to moist ground. Knowing the plants by name I was somewhat surprised at the selection, when a raw Yankee stepping up and looking a moment burst out into a loud laugh. 'Well, that beats all,' said he, '*poke root and skunk cabbage*,' by jiminy. Settin' out poke root and skunk's cabbage in New York,' and then he roared. 'Why,' said he, 'we try to get rid of those peaky things up our way.' The fellow was right—they were setting out poke root and skunk's cabbage, by way of adorment to a little dirty ditch. Seeing I had come across a genuine specimen, I entered into conversation with him, and told him the object was to imitate nature. 'Imitate natur!' he exclaimed, 'why don't they get a live skunk then, and tie him here—that will be jinuine natur, and strong too. If they are so fond of natur, I s'pose there is a place somewhere about here where they've got out Canada thistles and mullein stalks. I went out yonder to see 'em drainin', and I tell you it's tall drainin', but it would'nt pay up our way. But what do they want to drain it for, if they want it like natur? Natur has made lots of swamp up our way.' I asked him if he did'nt think they had managed the rocks nicely? 'Why,' said he, 'they've dressed up these darned rocks just like they do their children—why don't they blow 'em up?' He went on criticising one thing after another, but the spectacle of three grown men setting out poke root and skunk's cabbage was too much for him, and as he swung along the gravel walk I could hear him say, 'By golly, if that don't beat all,' and then he made the air ring with his rollicking laugh."

SPARE THE BIRDS.

A little while since I was crossing over the field and saw a nest with three dead birds in it, which were about half grown. I do not know what bro't the little, innocent things to so sad an end, but I could not keep the thought out of my mind that most likely some boy had wantonly killed the mother bird while she was in pursuit of food for her little nestlings. If that be so, and that boy could have heard those harmless birds cry for food, he would have been sorry for his cruel deed and I hope would never repeat an act so wicked. They were blue birds. I lingered at the nest and tho't how many, many miles the wings of that mother-bird had borne her from her sunny winter home to the pleasant grove where, perhaps, she had before built her nest and reared her young—how she was the first bird of spring—and my heart was sad at her cruel fate. Could that boy but realize that *He* who gave that bird such beautiful plumage and such sweet notes of melody, and taught her to fly away to the sunny South as winter draws on, and then to return when the cold frosts are past—that, He saw her when she fell, he would weep at his wanton and wicked deed. It is sad, indeed, that there are any who, for amusement, will molest or destroy the nests or silence the soft and joyous notes of our little birds.

In many countries birds are treated very kindly and are never killed for sport. Several American officers, while in Japan, started off across the fields and commenced shooting the birds. The Japanese who saw it, were shocked at such wanton cruelty, and at their earnest request Commodore Perry put a stop to it. The act of shooting a few birds had such an effect upon the Japanese, that in their treaty between the two countries they made a condition that the birds should be protected.

There is perhaps, no country where the birds are so wantonly destroyed as with us. Almost every boy seems to think himself licensed to destroy as many as he pleases, and they too often go unrebuked. Many boys grown to the stature of manhood, still rove over the fields and shoot every bird within their range. The useful little things are frightened away from the habitation of man and seek the dark wood and distant fields for protection. The birds are driven away and vast multitudes of insects swarm in the air and settle upon and destroy the fruit and every beautiful plant. The insects are the natural food for the birds. Let the birds live and they will destroy the insects. They are beautiful and their song is pleasant:

"Spare, spare the gentle birds,
Nor do the warbler wrong;
In the green wood is heard
His sweet and holy song
His song so clear and glad,
Each listener's heart has stirred,
And none, however sad,
But blessed that happy bird."

Syracuse, N. Y., 1858. N. F. G.

Isabella Grapes in April.—We received, April 21st, from Nelson Hatch, of Holley, N. Y., several bunches of Isabella Grapes in fine condition. Such grapes, at this season of the year, are, beyond question, a great luxury, and yet it is one very easily obtained. A few weeks since Wm. Roades, of this city presented us with excellent Catawbas.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

TO PRESERVE ORANGES, CAKE RECIPES, &c.

Messrs. Eds.:—Noticing an inquiry in a late issue of the Rural for a good receipe for preserving oranges, I send one, together with some for cake-making, which I think very good:

To Preserve Oranges.—Boil oranges in clear water until you can pass a straw through the skins; then use three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of oranges. Reduce to a syrup and pour over the fruit while hot,—let them stand one night, then boil until they are clear and the syrup thick. Take from the syrup and strain it clear over them.

Sponge Cake.—Five eggs; one tumbler white sifted sugar; one tumbler of sifted flour; two even teaspoons of cream tartar; one-half teaspoon soda—pulverize the cream tartar and soda together and sift with the flour—little salt and one teaspoon extract of lemon—the yolks and whites of the eggs to be beaten separately.

White Cake.—One pound sugar, three-quarters butter; one pound flour; six eggs; one cup sweet milk; two teaspoons cream tartar; one of soda; season with nutmeg or rose-water. The butter and sugar are to be stirred to a cream, and the yolks and whites of the eggs to be beaten separately.

Raised Cake.—Take one and a half teacups buttermilk, and one teaspoon soda, stir as thick as common emptyings, put where it will keep warm over night; next morning add three eggs; two teacups sugar; one do. butter; three teaspoons soda; raisins and spice to taste. Let stand about an hour before baking. Roll the fruit in flour before putting it into the cake.

Cream Cake.—One egg; one cup sugar; one cup sour cream; even teaspoon soda; a little salt; season to taste.

Log Cabin Cake.—One cup butter; two cups sugar; three cups flour; four eggs; one teaspoon soda; one cup sweet milk—spice to taste. This should be spread as thin as possible on pie tins well buttered—as soon as baked spread jelly over the top of each loaf, and put one above the other,—this will make two loaves.

Soda Cake.—Two eggs; two cups sugar; two-thirds cup butter; one and a half cups sweet milk; two even teaspoons cream tartar; one of soda; four cups of flour.

Molasses Cookies.—Two even teaspoons soda; two tablespoons of cold water; two tablespoons of butter; fill the teacup with molasses; two teacupfuls for a baking.

Sugar Cookies.—Four eggs; one and a half cups sugar, nearly one teacup of butter; a little soda, salt and nutmeg.

Fried Cakes. Three eggs; one cup sugar, one cup sour cream; one and a half cups buttermilk; one teaspoon soda. Amelia.

Manlius, N. Y., April, 1859.

BEANS FOR DYSPEPTIC BACHELORS.

Here is a recipe for cooking beans which agrees well with a dyspeptic friend of mine, and will be found excellent by others beside the "Dyspeptic Bachelor." Soak a quart of beans in cold water over night, in the morning boil slowly till they can be squeezed between the thumb and finger; then pour the water off, or strain through a colander, and put them in a deep dish in which you have previously put a tablespoonful or two of sweet cream or milk, a teaspoonful of sugar, and a little salt. Fill the dish with water to prevent burning; *cover* it, and bake three or four hours.—Mrs. E. M. V., *Seneca Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

A "Bachelor" wishes to be informed the "best mode of cooking beans." It strikes me that beans are not just the right sort of diet for a "Dyspeptic Bachelor," and I am surprised that some philanthropic and kind-hearted sister did not at once offer some friendly suggestions, for a man laboring under *two such grevious complaints* should not be neglected. As no one has yet "come to the rescue," I will try to give as good advice as possible. I would suggest the strictest regimen, confine yourself to brown bread and crackers, (a little *bean soup* now and then if desirable,)—ride vigorously at least five miles every day on horseback, (as it is supposed you possess at least *one* of those serviceable animals, and as soon as you find yourself gaining make the acquaintance of some substantial farmer's fair daughter, and make known to her your trouble, —dwelling *more particularly on the bachelor part*,—and my word for it, in less than six months your dyspeptic habits will have gone to "the dogs," and you will have a wife that will know how to "cook beans" *in all possible ways*, and you can then delight your eyes as well as palate. She can place a platter of cold baked beans and pork before you once a week—for the washing-day dinner if you like. Try it, it is at your service.—Miss A. M. B., *Pavilion, N. Y.*, 1859.

Dear Rural:—I saw in one of your columns that M. C. A. wishes to know the best method of cooking beans for a "Dyspeptic Bachelor." As you submitted the question for a reply, and no one has responded, I thought I would give him one of my ways, and as I am somewhat dyspeptic, and rather *old maidish*, too, perhaps can fix up a dish that will suit his stomach and taste. Take a quart of nice white beans, put them in a clean bag, not very thick, boil until done, then take out the bag, and fix the water for a bean soup, by putting in cream, butter, salt, when boiling, to make the beans good, pepper if liked, then turn into a dish with crackers split open, which will give all a good flavor. The beans will be very nice and mealy.

M. E. *Castile, N. Y.*, 1859.

Loaf Pudding.—Tie up a pound-loaf of baker's bread in a cloth, and put it into boiling water with considerable salt in it, and boil it an hour and a half. Eat with cold sauce.

Ladies' Department.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WINNIE ASLEEP.

When the rosy twilight
In the West grows pale,
Gentle stars are looking
Through the azure veil;
They, like angel watchers,
Holy vigils keep
Where lies lovely Winnie
'Mid the flowers asleep.

There the sad mourning dove
Folds its trembling wing,
And a plaintive melody
Sweetly it doth sing
'Neath the drooping willows
In the shadows deep,
Resting over Winnie
'Mid the flowers asleep.

Her tiny white hands clasped
On her still bosom now,
A wealth of golden ringlets
Encircling her brow—
Oh, she's very lovely!
We may not choose but weep
When we think of Winnie
'Mid the flowers asleep.

Sandstone, Mich., 1859. ADNIEL.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE TWO HOMES.

A STORY FOR MOTHERS.

"Mother," said a girl of ten summers, "I have done all the work you gave me—now may Willie and I go to Mr. Gray's?"

"I *do* wish you would keep out of the way, and stop teasing," replied the mother, as she gave her daughter a push, which sent her reeling against a chair

"Why, mama," said Willie—a bright, sturdy little fellow of five years, who had been busily engaged for the last hour trying to make a wooden knife for sister—"Why, mama, you promised we might go to-day, and now if you don't let me, it will be telling a wrong story."

"Well, *do go along*—stay an hour, and I hope I shall have some peace while you are gone!"

"Hurrah," said Willie, jumping up. "Where's my cap? Mama I can't reach it."

"I'll warrant it—always *something* to hinder me; here, take you're cap and go;" and with the same impatient step and frowning brow which had been seen all that day, she turned again to her work.

But let us follow the children as they leave the house. Sarah walks along with a sad and tearful face—her's is a peculiarly sensitive nature, and the harsh reproof so often given is sure to cast a shadow on her heart—and as Willie glances up into her face, rebellious thoughts arise, and his eyes flash indignantly as he says, in a comforting tone, "I wouldn't feel bad if mama does scold. I shall be a big man pretty soon, and then I'll talk right back to her just as she does to us, and when I get rich enough I'm going to buy a horse and carriage, and you and pa may ride with me, but mama shant, 'cause she aint good. Maybe she'll grow old sometime and come to live with me, just Grandma does to our house, and then if she talks so to us, I'll just shut her up in the dark, wouldn't you?"

Little does that mother think she is sowing seed in the young hearts which shall spring up and yield a "hundred fold" of *bitterness and sorrow.*

* * * * * * *

Ten years have flown—let us again visit that dwelling. Where is now the gentle Sarah whom every one thought so sweet tempered? She is there, but how changed. In *former* years the angry reproof would only cause a flood of tears, but as day after day, and year after year, the harsh words fell upon her ear, angry feelings began to surge up, until her very nature became changed, and she has learned at last to throw back the bitter retort. Sadly darkened must be the soul of that mother who thus wounds and crushes the heart of the sensitive, until hatred takes the place of love, and the Evil Genius presides where once Heavenly Angels loved to linger.

But we miss the brave little Willie. Where can our pet have flown? In "days of yore" his laughing eyes and sunny smile, were always the first to greet us; now we list in vain for his coming footstep. He is a wanderer—exiled by his mother's frowns and irritableness from an otherwise pleasant home.

Oh, mother! how great an influence thy words, thy tones of voice possess! Are they harsh and vituperative? Are those tender blossoms entrusted to your care made to feel they are only a trouble and a burden? Then murmur not, if when the frosts of age have whitened your locks—when your steps are slow and feeble, and all the helplessness of a second childhood is upon you—you are treated in like manner. Unloved—unhonored it may be—you will go down in sorrow to the grave.

But let us turn, kind reader, to a pleasanter scene. Go with me to the house of Mr. C——. The mother, a pleasant-looking lady, is busily engaged with her morning duties. Hardly have we entered ere the sound of little feet is heard, and Charlie rushes in. "Mamma," said he, his face glowing with an matron as he spoke, "George Lane has just the prettiest new sled that I ever saw. It is painted all over, and has his name in large letters on the side, and he wants I should go home with him and ride on it—may I go?"

"Yes, my son," is the pleasant reply, "if you will be back in half an hour. I shall want you then to do an errand for me. Here, let me tie your scarf around your neck, but stop a little and play pleasantly with George." and stooping she looks upon his rosy lips, she turns again to her work.

But where is little Annie, the pet of the household? The mother remembers that she has not seen her for some time. "The little rogue is in some mischief, I presume, else she would not be so quiet, I must find her." After looking in various places, she softly opens the parlor door, and there sits her "little one," with pussy by her side, and in her hand a beautiful steel engraving which she had torn from one of the books that adorned the centre table. We watch with interest to note the effect upon the mother. Shall we see her face flush with anger? Will she pass along with hasty steps—seize the engraving—box the ears of the child, (unconscious of wrong, though she be,) saying she never *did* see such a "young one," always doing *something* she ought not to?

Very *many* mothers would have pursued such a course. But not so with Mrs. C——. She stops at the door to listen while Allie talks on, all unconscious of the presence of another. "Kitty, aint you glad that we came in the parlor this morning, cause Allie's found such a nice picture for you to look at? Now, if you will keep still, I'll tell you all 'bout it. There's a little girl just like me, only she aint quite so big, and her name is Allie, too. So there's two Allie's here? You don't known kitty, what that little girl's holding, but I do, cause papa told me; its a rabbit; but I'd rather have a kitty than a rabbit, shouldn't you, kitty?"

"Why, Allie," said her mother, advancing and speaking in a kindly tone, "didn't you know it was very naughty to tear papa's book? How sorry he will feel to hear what his little girl has been doing." "Allie wont do so no more—not a bit," replied the child with a quivering lip. "Well, we will go out and see if we cannot find something better for Allie to do, than tear papa's book. Can you bring some wood for mama?" "Yes," is the quick reply, and away she bounds, her eyes sparkling at the thought of really doing something to help mama.

How it cheers the heart to enter a household where *love* reigns, and *kind words only* are spoken. Children living under such influences *will* grow up good and noble, for the heart will expand and its *nobler* qualities develop under the genial influence of *kind actions*, and *kind words*. Mother, the echoes of your voice may linger long years in the hearts of your children. Shall they be soft, sweet echoes, seeming like angel music, winning them to the love of God and Heaven? If so, then will you be rewarded with a golden harvest. And should the kind Father—when "many years" have wrought their changes, and the eyes grow dim with watching the advent of a glorious hereafter—allow you to gaze upon a household of your matured children, they will surely call you "blessed."

McGrawville, N. Y., 1859. Mittie Lee.

SCOTCH MARRIAGES.

There are two sorts of Scotch marriages, regular and irregular. The former are preceded by publication of banns in the parish *kirk* (not Episcopalian Church) of the place where one of the parties has previously resided, and the marriage is afterwards registered in such kirk. In such case a certificate of registry may be obtained by application to the parish clerk of such kirk, of course on payment of a small fee. As to the *irregular* marriages, they may be contracted, as is well known, without any formalities—simply by the couple acknowledging themselves as man and wife before any witnesses, or by living together *as* man and wife permanently. Such marriages exclude the idea of any registration at all. But "the blacksmith" at Gretna, and other personages on the border, who were accustomed to assist runaway couples in perpetrating irregular matches, merely by *witnessing* them, were accustomed to enter their names in a book. The excellent statute lately passed, requiring a certain length of residence in Scotland previous to marriages of the latter class, has now made them a matter of past history.—*Notes and Queries.*

Gossip.—The bane of social life; always indicating a small mind, having affinity with petty concerns; often a malicious mind, delighting in traducing others; irreverence for truth, risking the violation of it for the pleasure of telling stories, which may be false, often are known to be so; great lack of honor—a sneaking disposition, saying behind the back of another what would not be said before his face; presumptive want of power to converse on nobler subjects, at least, lack of interest in them. Generally supposed to belong exclusively to woman, but supposed very incorrect. Male gossips are very numerous, and are worse than female. Their spheres are different. Women gossip chiefly about domestic life, love, marriage, flirtation, servants, entertainments—and a world of mischief they do there—of heart-burnings, heart-sinkings and heart-breakings—of broken ties and alienated affections. But men gossip, too! Authors, professors, commercial men—oh! what keen, biting, withering gossip they have! half untrue, wholly needless. Literary gossip, political gossip!—why the world is half ruled by gossip, and half its miseries are made by gossip.—*Selected.*

Twenty-One and Seventeen.—Arthur had laid his hand on the soft arm that was nearest to him, and was stooping towards Hetty with a look of coaxing entreaty. Hetty lifted her long dewy lashes, and met the eyes that were bent towards her with a sweet, timid, beseeching look. What a space of time those three moments were, while their eyes met and his arms touched her! Love is such a simple thing when we have seen only one-and-twenty summers and a sweet girl of seventeen trembles under our glance, as if she were a bud first opening her heart with wondering rapture to the morning. Such young unfurrowed souls roll to meet each other like two velvet peaches that touch softly and are at rest; they mingle as easily as two brooklets that ask for nothing but to entwine themselves and ripple with ever-interlacing curves in the leafiest hiding-places. While Arthur gazed into Hetty's dark beseeching eyes, it made no difference to him what sort of English she spoke, and even if hoops and powder had been in fashion, he would very likely not have been sensible just then that Hetty wanted those signs of high breeding.—*Adam Bede, by Eliot the Elder.*

Reputation is thought to thin metal, and lost without coin.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MUSIC OF EARTH.

There's music in the pealing tones
Of the thunder from on high,
When "The Lord of Hosts" on its message sends
His lightning through the sky;
In the balmy breath of the ev'ning wind
As it breathes o'er the weary glade;
Then s'goes thro' the leafless groves its notes
In a murmuring serenade.

There's music in the dancing brook
As it winds 'mong the clustering hills—
Now playing its notes on a bending reed,
Now gliding soft and still.
In the fluttering voice of the leaves that float
O'er our path through the forest lone,
As they tell wild tales of a race long past
From the deer's and the Indian's home.

There's music in the vesper song
Of the birds in their native grove,
When they pour their tuneful incense forth
To their guardian Father's love;
Each note of joy from their sylvan chant
Wakes an echoing strain within,
For we know that a song of praise goes up
From tongues that are free from sin.

There's music in the night's soft sounds
That floating zephyrs bring
From a far-off heavenly land of joy
Where white-robed angels sing;
And we almost hear the rustling flight
Of the minstrel's shining wing
As they hover round in the silent night
A guardian host from their King.

And thus the earthly wand'rer finds
Sweet sounds attend his way,
While o'er the harp of a thousand strings
Some heavenly breathings stray
To guide him to the unknown shore
Where golden harps attuned
By loved and lost ones gone before,
Seek to lure him home.

Seneca, N. Y., 1859. A. A.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AN OLD CHURCH.

Reader, do you worship in an old church, or a *new* one—in one round which the ivy clings, and in whose mossy corners the rooks have built their nests for half a century; or, in one whose smoothly polished walls bear no marks of Time's fingers?—If the former, do you despise the poor old building and seek to ridicule its various oddities—its elevated pulpit—its hard, high-backed seats and antiquated furniture—or do you approach its site with reverence, remembering that it is holy ground? Or, have you been *deprived* of this sacred edifice which has withstood the storms of many generations, and which you have come to love so dearly? Have you seen it torn down by ruthless hands to give place to a larger and more elegant one? How numerous are the thoughts that come thronging the entrance-gates of Memory as you witness the demolition of the aged edifice! How various are the reminiscences connected with those crumbling walls!

As you witness stick after stick thrown from the tall old spire, and stone after stone whirled from the spot where it has rested so many years, how many pictures does Imagination paint for you of events that have transpired beneath that roof!—You see in that consecrated desk venerable ministers bowing their hoary heads, and invoking the blessing of Jehovah upon the assembled congregation; breathing words of consolation to the mourner, or counsel to the erring. Again you see young men, who have but just commenced the labors of the ministry, embarrassed by the listlessness of their auditors, and discomfited at the slightest change of programme. Another large and beautiful picture is that of the Sabbath School. The busy, bustling Superintendent and his assistants—the earnest, prayerful teachers—the attentive, affectionate pupils, all hold conspicuous positions. Around the dilapidated altar you behold crowds of kneeling penitents, shedding bitter tears of grief as they think of their guilt, and singing the song of praise as they taste the joys of sin *forgiven.*—You see that broad gallery filled with youthful forms and beaming faces; but now, alas! it will echo no more to the sound of their light footsteps and singing voices. That old bell which has tolled the death-knell of many a departed saint, and rung a merry peal on the festive wedding-day, is now cracked and battered, and will soon be cast among the rubbish, where its voice will be hushed forever. Humble believers have worshiped hundreds of Sabbaths in those old-fashioned pews which are now the contempt of those who attend church merely to quiet their consciences, and go through the *form* of a religious service.

Formerly all was peace and quietude within the old temple, but now, mark how different! Flying dust and broken glass, ruined walls and fallen casements, proclaim that man, everrestless, ever designing, has become wearied of the ancient structure, and must have one to correspond with the more modern styles of architecture. But though he may provide one more spacious and elegant than that which is now decaying and time-worn, for the *aged man* the antique church has a thrilling interest—every inch of its timbers seems sacred.

How many bright pictures, too, *our* memory holds for us, of scenes that were enacted in the old tabernacle in the days of childhood! The one bearing earliest date is that where our youthful pastor is telling of Savior's love as exhibited in His death, and we remember how our young heart was touched even then with sorrow for Him "who bore the sins of the whole world in His own body on the tree." It was the first time we had ever been in a church, except when carried there to the baptismal font, and our childish wonderment at everything we saw, which made us desirous of asking "Mamma" so many questions, was with difficulty quieted till we reached home, by her frequent, gentle whisperings, "Hush, my dear! Reserve your questions till the meeting closes." Next is the Sabbath School, where our loving teacher met us each Sabbath, and taught our infant lips to lisp the words of the Decalogue. There, in later years, we "stood up before men" and took upon ourself the vows of discipleship; and there a beloved brother was inducted into the office of the ministry. One bright morning, when earth was laughing out in melody and beauty, we went up thither to the marriage of a darling sister; our hearts were sad *then*, but they were sadder still when, soon after, we wound in solemn procession through the long aisles, and took the mourners' seat in front. Death had entered our household, and taken thence its life, its center, its sun—our father! Orphaned and desolate we wander now, but in whatever land, under whatever sun, surrounded by whatever circumstances, our thoughts will often revert to that old temple under the hill, where we worshiped in our youth.

Gentle reader, let me pray you *never* to look with *indifference* upon such a scene as the demolition of an old church—but remember that the spot is *hallowed* by associations, and let a feeling of *awe* check the impulsive desires of your bounding heart!

Cora L. Latimer.

Angelica, N. Y., 1859.

OUR YOUNG MEN.

We doubt whether any other country exhibits a larger amount or proportion of useless talent, of misdirected energy, than ours. Our clever young men, in fearful superabundance, addict themselves to law, to physic, to commerce, mainly because these seem the only pursuits which promise wealth and distinction. Hazardous as merchandizing is known to be, long and toilsome as is the path to eminence and fortune at the bar or in medicine, these seem to most of our aspiring youth, the only unofficial avenues to fame and fortune; hence, they are uniformly ruinously crowded. There has been no day of the last forty years, in which there were not four times as many trying to live by trade in this country, as were needed in that occupation—twice as many as could possibly succeed. Hence, the fatal expansion and looseness of mercantile credit; hence, the failure of at least nine-tenths of all who engage in traffic. To fail is as natural an end to a mercantile career, in this country, as to be killed is to the soldier enlisted for life. "How long will he last?" and he who escapes bankruptcy for so long as ten years, does well—better than the average. We could name country villages which have had their fifteen or twenty mercantile firms in the course of the last thirty years, and broken them all within two or three; and of these, not one has retired with a competence.

One is trading yet and solvent; two, perhaps, have retired or removed, losers, but not broken; the rest have gone the way of all American traders—or so nearly all that the exceptions help to prove the rule. Of the young men who will this year embark in trade, it is safe to say that three-fourths will want a National Bankrupt Law within the next ten years, and the other within twenty. But they cannot break so fast that others will not scramble for their places. Thousands of new concerns will be opened this year to be closed as thousands were in 1857-8. It were idle to remonstrate against this tendency—the thing to be done is to counteract it.—*Horace Greeley.*

SIGNS OF SPRING LIFE.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher writes thus to the *Independent:*

"But I am whirling along the Hudson, a river that never wears out any more than it runs out. If any other land has a more glorious river, I am glad of it! The ground is all disrobed of snow. Willows are yellowing the edges of low woods. Buds are making the forest look purplish. Grass is everywhere starting, and in favored spots it has lifted up that green which all summer long shall not wear out. The plow has already been at work. Farmers are all astir. Barn yards are vocal with hens celebrating the earliest achievements in the egg speculations of another season. Calves and lambs are come. Ah, you do not know, poor creatures that live in the cities,—you do not know that spring has come! But the signs of the year are for the country. Now the peony is pushing up its ruddy knuckles, honeysuckles are leering out, flags are drawing their swords, the swamps are full of blackbirds, wild duck are on the ponds, trout are ready for the angler, long wedge lines of wild geese stream northward, trumpeting as evening comes on, and they are wing-weary. Brook willows are downy with their velvety catskins—mosses in the damp woods are green with the cleanest, moistest, and intensest green. Streams are full, and turbid, little ones are racing down into bigger ones, and these are pouring into other streams, and everything seems hurrying and hasting as if a universal activity had inspired the year!"

Happiness.—Happiness is a thing which every human being is in search of, and the materials of which are everywhere and in the possession of every creature that God has created. Like the grass in the field, the means out of which happiness may be moulded grow everywhere, even in the poorest soil. It is, however, an irrevocable law of the Creator, that he that would be happy must use materials which He in His bounty has furnished. The insect that sports but a day in the summer sunlight—the cattle upon a thousand hills, and the teeming multitudes of mankind—all are supplied with the means of life and enjoyment. But by each and all the effort must be made. The provision must be applied. The living thing that disposes the treasures that surround it, and out of which it must prolong its life and pleasure, must surely fall and die. The man must perish in the neglect of the supply which Nature places near him; the insect can do no more. Let none complain of their lot of life, when each chooses that lot for himself.

Marshal Vaillant, the French Minister of War, says, in a letter announcing the death of his career, "I have no child, and this is the greatest sorrow God has given me."

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

I'LL PRAY FOR THEE.

By Caroline A. Howard.

O, art thou sad, while Fancy, backward turning,
Repaints the hours which nevermore may be;
Of bliss remembered now with fruitless yearning
And bitter tears? O, then I'll pray for thee?

And art thou weary of the ceaseless clangor—
The strife of millions struggling to be free—
The war of life, where fear, and crime, and anger,
With faith and love contend for mastery?
So weary art thou that the calm sweet languor
Of the *last sleep* would welcome refuge be?
Hope thou in God, to Him I'll pray for thee.

And is thy heart like some cold hearth-stone lonely,
Where Hope and Love, fair guests, were wont to be?
Have these bright angels fled and left thee only
The pensive shade of tender memory?

Lift thou thine eyes, and by the light of heaven
Thou mayest read the sacred mystery
Of life eternal, which to souls is given,
When Death hath set them from earth's bondage free.
We may not mourn, though dearest ties be riven,
Our loss their everlasting gain must be.
Dark is the hour, yet still I pray for thee!

Lift thou thy heart, and Peace, serene and holy,
Shall enter in, and gloom and doubt shall flee,—
O, lift thy heart in supplication lowly,
That God may hear me when I pray for thee.

Dedham, Mass., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LET US SING.

Yes, let us sing. Why not? The practice lightens the heart by driving away the murky, ill-favored ghosts of melancholy. It imparts cheerfulness to those around us, for the emotional sensations of our nature are contagious. A merry whistle or the fragment of a song are often more successful in driving away gloomy feelings than the most elaborate essay on the duty of cheerfulness. Singing enlivens social intercourse, imparts keenness and relish to intellectual pursuits, and improves the character. It prepares the mind for exertion by driving away troublous, vexing thoughts, and is a good respite from toil, because it soothes and elevates. Singing is friendly to the spirit of devotion. Without it the services of the sanctuary would be lifeless and wearisome. The heart is melted, and raised above the little concerns of earth, by the inspiring words of song. The human voice is the noblest of all instruments, and never can it be better employed than in praising God.

Children should be encouraged in singing. It seems to be natural for them to chatter and sing. But when the years increase, the toils and cares of life take more and more room in the head, and thus the voice of song is hushed. It is a good indication, when a child is a lover of music. A peculiar aptness for it may be regarded as a token that he is capable of reaching a high state of perfection in the art. Handel, when a child, was strictly forbidden to touch a musical instrument. But he found means of conveying a clarichord to a room at the top of the house. Here he used to repair when the family were asleep. His father little thought that the very genius for music which his child possessed, would be the means of his assisting his widowed mother in after years.

Music has been a favorite recreation with some of the greatest minds. With Luther it was a passion. What a happy looking group is that the artist has represented of Luther surrounded by his family engaged in singing. The painter has rendered familiar many scenes in the heroic life of the Reformer, but in none is the real goodness of his nature manifested so clearly as in this. You can see by his fine expressive face that he loved home, and was happy in the company of his beautiful "Queen Kate," and interesting children. It is a picture that lingers in the fancy and casts a pleasing charm over the life of the German hero.

Nature teaches us to sing. Just listen to the birds. It is no indifferent pean they raise to heaven. They pour upon the air a perfect gush of melody. The wind is a great minstrel. It sweeps over the seas, forests, and plains, giving forth the sounds in "Nature's Anthem." It rushes over the broad track of ocean and the great waves rise and fall, keeping time to the "eternal bass." It strikes the forest pines, and we hear a low sweet alto filling the air. Again it rushes over the earth in a fierce wild blast. Nature, animate and inanimate, has its voice of song. "Where singing is not, Satan enters." M. Osborn.

Wisconsin, April, 1859.

Church Etiquette.—We think there is good sense in a suggestion made by an American who thus writes from London:—"In the churches, whosoever comes first, whether gentleman or lady, takes the further seat in the slip, and those that follow fill up the remaining seats, and thus avoid the awkward disturbance which occurs in our churches here in the process of filing out and in by men, in order to isolate woman at the further end of the pew. It is said the habit so universal among us originated with the early settlers, who sat near the doors of pews so that in case of an attack by the Indians, they might be ready for action. In many cases this marching out and in, like a parcel of soldiers, is a perfect nuisance, and the custom might well be changed."

Children to be told of Christ.—"Little children can be interested in the story of His redeeming love. The amazing love of Christ can be painted out to them, as it was exhibited in the disciple that leaned on Jesus' bosom; as it shone in the countenance of the rapt and dying Stephen; as it poured itself out in the conversion of Paul and in his unparalelled labors, or as it has manifested itself in the living example of persons whom they well know, or in the full and sweet consolations of the departing Saint."—*Professor Edwards.*

The Reviewer.

LECTURES ON METAPHYSICS AND LOGIC. By SIR WM. HAMILTON, Bart., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh; Advocate, A. M. (Oxon.); etc. Corresponding Member of the Institute of France; Honorary Member of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, and of the Latin Society of ——. Edited by the Rev. HENRY L. MANSEL, B. D., Oxford, and JOHN VEITCH, M. A., Edinburgh. In two volumes. Vol. I.—Metaphysics. [8vo.—pp. 718.] Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON was for twenty years Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. He was educated at Glasgow and Oxford, leaving the latter University at twenty-four, with a premium reputation for classical and philosophical erudition. Subsequently he was a member of the Scottish bar, and for a short time Professor of Universal History in the University of Edinburgh, where he had taken up his residence. In 1836, after a hotly contested election, he was chosen to the chair, which he filled till his death, with a reputation for learning, comprehensiveness and power of thought, which placed him, by common consent, among the foremost philosophers of his own or any previous age. His edition of REID, and the Philosophical papers contributed to the Edinburgh Review, have been before the public for many years, and have taken rank among the profoundest discussions in the whole range of literature. This is not the place to recount his doctrines, or give a critical estimate of their value as a permanent addition to the sum of human thinking. It is sufficient here to say that, with some few variations, he follows the sober and cautious methods of REID and STEWART, whose system he has made more positive and clear, defended against Continental objections and criticisms, supplemented them where deficient, and showed to be in the main harmonious with the common judgment of men. Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON'S fame will rest among the learned mainly upon the critical essays published before his death. These Lectures are worthy of his great reputation, and will extend that reputation among thousands who would be repelled by the abstruse discussions, bristling with learning, which constitute the staple of the supplementary notes to REID and the essays in the Edinburgh Review. The Lectures will be adopted, doubtless, as a College text-book, and be read and studied by all who would be acquainted with the state and tendencies of inquiry in psychological science. The volume of Logic is to follow at an early day. Sold in Rochester by ADAMS & DAUNEY.

GOULD & LINCOLN have laid Agricultural readers under great obligations for their Annual of Scientific Discovery, filled, as its volumes have been, with so much that is useful and suggestive. The issue of these Lectures and MASON'S MILTON, with the promised reprint of MANSEL'S Bampton Lectures, gives them a place among publishers for the excellence of their publications second to no House in our country.

EASY INSTRUCTOR FOR THE PIANO FORTE, in A. S. SMITH'S Patent New Method of Reading Music. Instructions and Exercises Selected and Arranged by JOHN H. KALDENBRENNER and E. GIFFORD CUTLER—to which are added a number of Popular Melodies. Published by GIDUS, BAND & SATHERLEE, Nunda, N. Y.

THE new system of Music explained in this work was patented by Mrs. SMITH, of this city, two or three years ago, and has been highly commended by several professors of Musical Science. As explained by its author, the new method consists, principally, in "placing at the head of each note the musical letter, adapted to its place upon the staff, and in light face for the longer, and dark face for the smaller timed notes, and varying the forms of each letter, so that for each flat, sharp or natural key or tone of each letter, we have a definite representative of tangible form upon the staff presented to the eye, which may be read at a glance in difficult as well as easy music, thereby greatly assisting the labors of teacher and learner, while it adds no inconvenience to the experienced performer, as in it are incorporated the organic laws, order and arrangement of the old, and all for which it is valuable, so that the transition from one to the other is perfectly easy." The system apparently renders the acquisition of a knowledge of Music comparatively easy, as it simplifies what has long been obscure and difficult of attainment—thus placing the science, by a simple and in fact labor-saving process, within the comprehension and means (so far as time and labor to acquire are concerned) of thousands who have neither the time nor patience to acquire a knowledge of the old system. If the certificates of competent professors are reliable, (and we have no reason to question them,) the new system is destined to bring about a long-needed revolution in music and the music-publishing business—and it will greatly facilitate the acquisition of a graceful accomplishment. The fact that the system was invented in our midst, and is being introduced by citizens of Western New York—away from the great marts of Music Composers and Publishers—induces us to commend it to the attention and examination of all interested in Music and Musical Education. The Instructor is for sale by D. M. DEWEY.

SIXTY YEARS' GLEANINGS FROM LIFE'S HARVEST. A Genuine Autobiography. By JOHN BROWN, Proprietor of the Universally Billiard Rooms, Cambridge. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

FOR the odd hours of a week's jaunt by rail or boat, we think "Sixty Years' Gleanings" would prove a rather pleasing companion. The journey ended, *give* the work to some friend about to try similar experiences—such a volume is seldom re-perused. As a book for the home circle or library, we cannot give it any special commendation. Sold by DEWEY.

WAVERLY NOVELS.—A cheap edition of these novels is being issued by T. B. PETERSON & BRO., of Philadelphia. Commencing on Saturday, March 5th, with "Ivanhoe," they have issued a volume every week since, and purpose to complete the series of twenty-six volumes in the course of six months. Though nominally very cheap—only 25 cents a volume, or the whole twenty-six for five dollars—the print is too fine, and the paper too thin, to render the edition a desirable acquisition; and we respectfully decline publishing the long puffs kindly furnished by the Publishers. We trust they are not in collusion with the oculist and spectacle manufacturers, as might be inferred from this apparent attempt to permanently injure, or perhaps destroy, the visual organs of the people!

LORD BYRON made a comparison of divers languages with music. "The Russian tongue," said he, "was like a kettle drum; the German like a bass viol; the French, as a wedding hymn; the Italian, like an Italian harp; the English only being the human voice." On the contrary, HEINE gives the following. He says:—"Take a word into the mouth, turn it round therein, and spit it out, that's English."

THE affections of some men are like wells, stony on the outside, narrow, yet deep within, not flowing like rivers to seek souls far and near, to gladden the earth, nor gushing up and around like fountains in the sun, for all who seek them, but useful, well-standing, and very precious, each to some one individual or household.

Useful Olio

IS IT "FALSE PHILOSOPHY?"

EDS. RURAL:—There is a class of people who, having the first impression of a sound theory, pursue that theory beyond all legitimate application. They are men of one idea, and who find fault with all others who do not give the same universal application and prominence to that idea which they do. If, in the conclusions of any philosopher, these theories are not specially recognized, they assume his position to be false, and announce their discovery of a case of "False Philosophy," stupidly forgetting that he is probably more posted in science than themselves.

W. R., in your paper of the 9th ult., condemns the opinion hitherto received in regard to the experiment of two suspended balls, and assums that, because all radii converge, this accounts for all convergence in this case. If W. R. would calculate the convergence arising from this cause for two lines three hundred feet in length, he would perceive the insignificance of the result, and correct his own philosophy. Had his knowledge of geometry been more considerately applied, he would not have fallen into this error. The same calculation would enlighten him as to the pertinency of his remark upon the walls of a building.

He is correct when he asserts that east and west lines are not straight so far as they follow the surface of the sphere, and incorrect when he says they are not parallel. The definition of this term will explain this. What he says in regard to surveyors running a line one mile west and thence one mile east, and not striking the same point, amounts to this—that one cannot produce a line and follow it back and touch the same point of commencement, which involves an absurdity. It is true that the intersection with the earth's surface by a plane that is perpendicular to only one meridian will bisect the equator, and depart southerly from any parallel of latitude running through the point of contact of such meridian and plane, which parallel is the true east and west line. But the difference between them for the distance of one mile at the latitude of W. R., in Cayuga Co., is obscured by the necessary imperfections of instruments, and, in surveying, by the diurnal variation of the compass needle, to say nothing of the local causes that disturb it. A surveyor that runs a line westerly by one course one mile, and thence one mile easterly by one course, would, for these reasons, fall quite as likely to the north of his commencement line as to the south of it. Were absolute perfection in mathematical instruments attainable, the intelligent surveyor could easily discriminate between a parallel of latitude and a great circle, and run a true east and west line. S. W. STRONGER.

Penfield, N. Y., 1859.

MESSRS. EDS.:—In the RURAL of April 9th, I notice a communication from W. R., entitled "False Philosophy." He arraigns a certain Professor of Philosophy, and objects to his explanation of the attraction of gravitation, and endeavors to prove that the center of two balls, suspended by two lengthy cords, would be nearer each other than the cords would be at the top, is not mutual attraction, as explained by the "Professor."

After perusing the article, I hunted up an old volume of COMSTOCK'S Philosophy, and found therein an explanation similar to the one used by the Professor, and I am inclined to believe this to be the *true* philosophy, although I do not dispute that the cause assigned by W. R. would have its share of influence. But how much. If the cords by which the balls are suspended were forty feet apart at the top, and one-fourth of a mile in length, they would approach each other, by reason of their pointing towards the center of the earth, just three-hundredths of an inch; a distance barely discernible with the naked eye; and, if the cords were very near each other the difference would be proportionately less. I regret that I have not the figures on the Professor's side of the question, but I think W. R. will be convinced that, if there is a perceptible difference, the Professor must be right.

W. R. also inquires why east and west lines running around the earth are not parallel, straight lines. I think I can give the explanation. They are parallel lines, but not, relatively, straight. A straight line is one that runs directly around the center of the earth, while the east and west lines run parallel to the equator—consequently, a straight line, here, would, on the opposite side of the earth, be about 42° south of the equator, and the east and west lines would be proportionately curved, so much so that all parallels of latitude within 84° would cross our straight line. This accounts for the phenomenon, which seems mysterious to many, of the sun's rising north of east, and setting north of west, in the longest days.

I think W. R. must be in an error in relation to a surveyor running one mile east, and then one mile west. He says the surveyor cannot strike the same point from which he started. If so, it must be on account of an imperfection in his instruments. But if he run one mile east, thence one mile north, thence one mile west, thence one mile south, he will not strike exactly on the point from which he started, on account of the convergence of the north and south lines towards the poles; but the difference would be barely perceptible, even if he could run exactly in the directions mentioned.

Smithfield, N. Y., 1859. J. D. P.

TO-MORROW is like a juggler that deceives us; a quack that pretends to cure us, and thin ice that will not bear our own weight. It is a fruit beyond our grasp; a glittering bubble that bursts and vanishes away; a will-o'-the-wisp that leads many into the mire, and a rock that many mariners have struck and suffered shipwreck. It is an illusion to all who neglect the present hour, and a reality to those only who improve to-day.

IT is much better to have your gold in the hand than in the heart.—*Fuller.*

ADULTERATIONS OF FOOD.

BREAD.

FOR some years the chemists of Europe have vied with each other in their attempts to discover the various modes by which food is adulterated, and the success which crowned their efforts has certainly been remarkable. Our own country presents an ample field for thought and study, and though we have been occasionally startled by the discoveries of some solitary investigator, and have turned with loathing from that which had previously been as a "sweet morsel under the tongue," our qualmishness soon subsided because a complete and thorough exposition of the system of adulteration has never been given to the American public. This want we are to have supplied, however, and our long-time literary friend, the *Knickerbocker Magazine* has determined to expose the "tricks of the trade," and give to the world the names of those who thus make playthings of human lives. We wish it success in the undertaking. The article which follows—on *Bread*—is the first of the series, and though its length compels us to divide and publish in two numbers of the RURAL, the importance of the subject will, we think, fully justify such procedure. As "Knick" continues to enlighten upon the doubtful query—"What do we Eat?"—we shall be happy to spread before our RURAL parish, such portions as possess general interest. But to the subject in hand:

WHAT shall we eat? What shall we drink? And wherewithal shall we be clothed? continue to be considerations that exercise the carnal and worldly, notwithstanding the Divine injunction to the contrary.

In its persistency in the effort to secure a wardrobe, the wicked world has succeeded in a manner quite satisfactory. Doeskin and calico have accomplished the result. If, however, there be a great lack of the conscientious fibre in the French cloths manufactured in the Bay State, and Valenciennes and Brussels have not experienced the purifying properties of the sea-air, the delusion is perfectly harmless. The pocket, it is true, may be depleted without adequate consideration; and self-love may wince under the conviction of a simulated and tawdry apparel, but in this there is nothing alarmingly fatal. The innocent possessors of sensibilities so delicate will survive the shock of the exposure. But *eating* and *drinking* require serious consideration. *What* it is that people eat and drink they scarcely know. There is a nomenclature, it is true, belonging to this great science of regaling the physical man; but with reference to their original application and use, the terms now employed are certainly misnomers. We speak more particularly of articles of food which undergo a process of preparation, and are somewhat removed from a condition of nature.

We find bread, for instance, compounded of potatoes, alum, beans, chalk, carbonate of magnesia, silica, pipe-clay, bone-dust, plaster of Paris, sulphate of copper, etc.

Coffee is adulterated with chicory, roasted wheat and beans, mangel wurtzel, acorns, etc. Tea is mixed with leaves of beach, elm, willow, poplar, sand, starch, etc., and the dangerous auxiliaries, Venetian red, chrome yellow, carbonate and arsenite of copper, chromate and bi-chromate of potash, etc., are subsidized to give the counterfeit the requisite color.

That which is sold for sugar, contains sand and plaster of Paris. And the cerulean fluid yclept milk, if it be not elaborated in the diseased organisms of briefly caudated animals, is at least diluted with water and thickened with chalk, and in some instances with sheeps' brains!

It may be interesting to the extractors of tobacco-juice to know, that while they are complacently enjoying an imaginary cud of placid contentment, they are in fact chewing a quid of bitter disappointment; and to those who resort to combustion of the delightful narcotic for visions of happiness in the upper-regions of the blest, to learn that they are regaling themselves with the fumes of most unsentimental and uninspiring materials. Tobacco contains the following refreshing ingredients:—bran, oakum, cabbage leaves, sea weed, roasted chicory root, beet root dregs, fuller's earth, sal-ammoniac, carbonate of ammonia, salt, potash, opium, etc. It was not long ago, that an importer in this city refused to pay the legal duties on a package of cigars at the Custom-House, on the ground that *there was not a particle of tobacco in them!*

This system of adulteration, when extended to the depreciation of what supports life, or, worse, when it furtively intermixes a health and even life-destroying agent, should be exposed, in order that it may receive from the public the condemnation it merits; and legislation ought to be enlisted in the suppression and punishment of the baneful fraud. In this country as well as in Europe, the practice of adulteration extends to almost every article of food. Not only do luxuries possess the deleterious ingredients, but the commonest necessaries of life are contaminated; so that all ages, classes and conditions are exposed to the noxious effects of this shameless outrage, the extent of which seems to be limited only—if at all—by the impossibility of finding materials valueless enough to be profitably used.

Scarcely anything that we eat or drink is free from falsification of some kind; either by mixture of a cheaper article of the same general alimentary character, in which case we only pay an exorbitant price for a given amount of really nutritious food, and are only cheated out of our money; by the substitution of harmless yet inferior and not equally palatable substances, in which case we are defrauded not only of our money, but of the proper amount of food, and the enjoyment of it; or, finally, which is far worse, by the addition of injurious, and often highly poisonous substances, for the purpose of giving a satisfactory color, improving the appearance, or of disguising certain products of decomposition in a damaged article. In this last case we are swindled every way—in our pockets, our palates, and in our pancreatic functions.

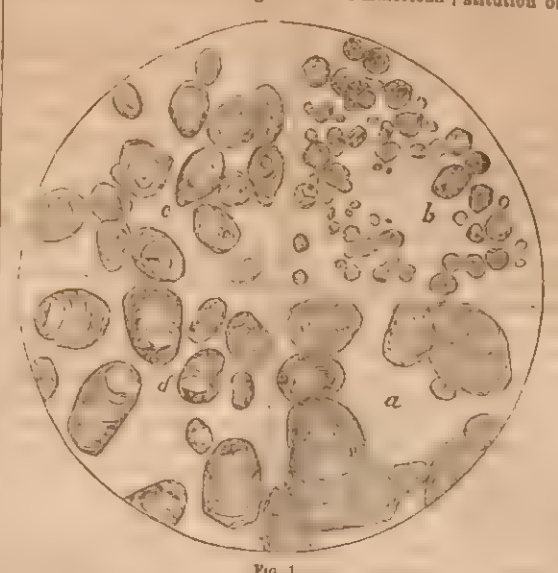

FIG. 1.

a, Granules of Potash-starch; *b*, of Tapioca-starch; *c*, West-India Arrow-root; *d*, Sago-starch.

The detection and exposure of a large class of these adulterations is within the province of chemical science, and the analyst can with the most unerring precision detect the existence of any of that class of substances called *inorganic*, and determine the quantity to the minutest fraction of a grain. But in determination of many *organic* substances, it becomes necessary to call in the aid of the microscope. Before this instrument was brought to the aid of chemistry, many adulterations of food of a most pernicious character were quite beyond the reach of exposure. Chemical re-agents revealed very little respecting the use of organic matter in adulterations. The chemist was utterly powerless to distinguish the leaf of the veritable T. Bohea of celestial growth, from that of the willow or the hawthorn. He could not distinguish between pure ground coffee, and the semblance of it containing a large proportion of chicory. But the microscope, with its auxiliary use of polarized light, and the various superior appliances with which modern art has supplied it, has left no problem unsolved in this direction. It unravels the most delicate vegetable tissues, and by the peculiarities of their structure, designates the true and the false with unfailing certainty. All vegetable forms have definite organisms, these organisms varying in different parts of the same plant. The root, stem, leaf and fruit, all exhibit a marked difference in their organic structure—a structure detectable in the minutest particle, even when it has been ground to impalpable powder, and torrified by excessive heat; so that, for instance, it would be impossible to adulterate the ground coffee berry with other parts of the coffee plant without detection. Even when there is a close resemblance in the organisms to be singled out from each other, there still exist slight shades of difference that enable the microscopist to decide with certainty between the real and the counterfeit. And so vigorously does this instrument, in the hands of a master, define the form, measure the size, and analyze the structure of the most delicate animal or vegetable organisms, that the most cunning adulterations are brought to light, leaving no escape for those who, in supplying our alimentary wants, are guilty of these criminal falsifications.

It then remains for the people at large to rebuke the fraud, to redress the high-handed wrong, and to punish, through the competent authorities, those who thus recklessly trifle with the public health.

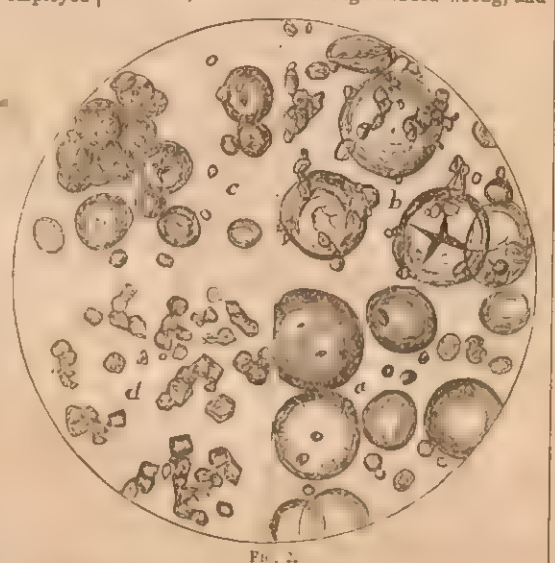

FIG. 2.

a, Starch granules of Wheat-flour; *b*, of Rye-flour; *c*, of Indian-corn; *d*, of Rice-flour.

If by the publication of an extended series of chemical analyses of food, accompanied by the most searching microscopic examinations, we can expose "the tricks of trade," and awaken in our own citizens a determination to live longer and better on pure food, the effort shall not be wanting; and the names of manufacturers and dealers who (so far as our investigations extend) are guilty of these adulterations, will be published. All that we desire is, the co-operation of manufacturers and dealers, and the sympathy of the suffering public.

Above we give illustrations showing granules of starch from different grains, which will be more particularly explained in our next, when will also be given engravings exhibiting varieties of fungus growth and animalculæ in damaged flour.

I SUPPOSE that one of the severest trials of a sordid man is that which is caused by the disgust he feels in the society of his own soul. I once heard a preacher remark that were it not for the interposition of sleep, by which all men are separated once in twenty-four hours from the consciousness of their own meanness, they would all die of self-contempt.—*Selected.*

YOUNG RURALIST.

PLEASURE GARDENING FOR YOUTH.—No. II.

MESSRS. EDS.:—In my last I promised to tell the boys, and the girls, too, how to grow radishes, melons, &c., and this promise I will now redeem. Most of the radishes grown and sold are hard, wormy, with a hot, strong taste. Now, a radish, when good, must be tender, crisp and mild. The reason why radishes are so hard and hot is, that they are too long in growing. A radish to be good must be grown quick, and for this reason they should not be sown until the weather is tolerably mild in the spring, and the ground warm, and then a warm, sheltered spot, on the south side of a fence, in a warm sandy soil should be selected. To make a sure thing of raising good radishes, go to the woods, or on the common, where the soil has never been cultivated, take off the top soil, carry it home and mix with the garden soil. I have never failed to grow excellent radishes on a new soil. Almost every one can get a little for the purpose, but where it cannot be obtained charcoal dust is excellent, coal ashes is not as good, but some benefit, and bran is more costly, but first rate.

Sow the seed in shallow drills, just far enough apart to allow the soil to be loosened between. After the sowing is done, allow an old gardener to advise you to scatter over the surface a little soot from the chimney, or a little fine charcoal will do, though it is not so good.

I recommended sowing on the south side of a fence, on account of the warmth, but as we seldom get a good without an evil, so there is some evil attending this course. On the sunny days of early spring it will be very warm and comfortable under this fence, and if the air is a little chilly you will like to get there yourself, where you will be sheltered from the north wind, and watch the growing of your radishes as soon as they are up. But you are not the only one that will discover that this is a very comfortable place. It will be found out by about all the little insects in the garden, and there they will assemble to enjoy themselves, and eat their dinner. That little black, hopping flea, sometimes called the turnip fly, will be there in great numbers, and they are very fond of the first thick tender leaves of the radish, turnip and cabbage family, and will eat small holes through them killing the plants. A little ashes or any fine dust sprinkled over them, early in the morning, when wet with dew, will prevent the insects from eating. Probably it injures their teeth. But this washes off with every shower, and is blown off when dry, and the insects will find it out long before you do, and make a good meal. The best remedy for this, is to make a frame of boards around the bed, and but few of these troublesome flys will go over it. They probably think it is some trap, in which they dare not venture. My space is so fully occupied, that I will reserve the remarks on growing melons for another number. OLD GARDENER.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

I VISITED, a few days since, our State Prison. It was an awful scene, and one I should be unwilling to look upon again. I cannot forget it if I would. I seem to see them still—that motley array of all ages and conditions. Not a word, or even look at their fellows allowed, even under the eye of a vigilant keeper; and then, as they were examined, marched to their cells and locked up for the night, only to pursue again that unvaried round of labor for months and years, and some for life. O, how it made my heart ache. It was sad to see among them *young men* in freshness and vigor doomed by crime to that wretched life. *Old men*, too, even with gray hairs, were there,—not a "crown of glory," but badges of shame were theirs. But if possible, it was sadder still to see among them *boys*, one *less than fourteen years of age*, younger than one of my own little boys at home. And then I thought, if he and other boys could once look upon such a scene, it would be a life-long lesson to them.

The warden very kindly answered all inquiries; and what do you think brought that boy there? It was *passion, uncontrolled temper*. He commenced only in play, then got angry with a playmate, and in the heat of passion dealt him blows that took his life. "He did not mean to do it," he said.—Probably he did not, but his sorrow could not restore life. An indictment was found. He pleaded guilty, and now, in silence and shame, the weary years that should have gladdened his parent's home are dragged on in those prison walls. Would he not say to you, boys *govern your temper?*

Another sad fact the warden related. Of those one hundred and one convicts, *all but six* were brought there by the use of intoxicating drinks. I hope not one of all the boys who read this, will ever touch, taste or handle the destroying cup; but very many of them I fear have not perfectly learned that difficult lesson—*to conquer self*. Do you ever think, when tempted to anger, to what it may lead?—*American Messenger.*

LITTLE MEN.—It takes little men to set the world on fire, and polish off their jobs neatly. Show me a big fellow, and ten to one I'll show you a big booby; but introduce me to a small shaver—any chap between four feet nothing and five feet four in his boots—and I'll recommend to your notice a fellow that knows what's what, and who has plenty of brains in his head, if he hasn't got much to boast of in the matter of legs in his breeches. As a general rule, the cause of the difference in size of the human family is this: some men's meat go into their bodies—others into their souls; consequently, the smaller the corporeal dimensions the larger the mental developments, and vice versa.

ACTS of love and kindness naturally conciliate esteem.

IT is with life as with coffee; he who drinks it pure must not drain it to the dregs.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 7, 1859.

Summary of Home and Foreign News.

In *Washington*, since the acquittal of DANIEL E. SICKLES for killing PHILLIP B. KEY, the excitement has passed away, and those who possess that peculiar organism requiring "fever heat" to be at all comfortable, are patiently "waiting for something to turn up." We make the following synopsis of affairs at the National Capital:

On the 28th ult., Senor MATA was formally presented to the President by Secretary CASS. In delivering the letter which accredits him as the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Mexican Government to the United States, he conveyed to the President at the same time the sentiments of friendship and high regard which the Constitutional Government, as well as the people of Mexico, entertain for him and for the citizens of this great Republic.

The revenue for the current month from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Orleans, is assumed to be $4,000,000, on the basis of returns already received. The revenue for the quarter is estimated at over $12,000,000.

England has signified her willingness to accept Secretary MARCY's proposition substantially, for the exemption of all private property from seizure on the ocean, but Mr. BUCHANAN insists upon a condition respecting the blockades, which effectually prevents the conclusion of the negotiation.

The Navy Department have received voluminous dispatches from Commodore CONOVER, of the African squadron, dated Porto Praya, March 12. The sloop-of-war Vincennes, and the flag-ship of the squadron, were at that port, and the Dale was shortly expected. The slave trade, as usual, was being carried on extensively. Quite a number of captures had been made, both by American and English cruisers.

Dr. FORNEY, Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Utah, writes to the Indian Bureau, under date of March 18th, that he is in possession of reliable information that leaves no doubt of the complicity of the Mormons in the Mountain Meadow Massacre, and that, after which, there was distributed among the leading church dignitaries, thirty dollars' worth of property. The seventeen children who escaped were in his (FORNEY's) care, and arrangements had been made to restore them to their friends in Arkansas.

Our *Mexican* news will be found at length in another column and we will only remark here that MIRAMON, the Constitutional Chief of Mexico, has succeeded in the purpose he formed after abandoning the attack upon Vera Cruz. He has cut his way through the lines of the Liberals, and reached the city of Mexico, which was in the possession of his troops. Arrived there, he has commenced a work of slaughter and imprisonment of foreigners. Mr BLACK, the American Consul General, is banished. In the meantime, JUAREZ, (SENOR MATA, whose recognition and reception by our Government as Mexican Minister we have noted above, is the protege of JUAREZ we believe who holds the sea coast and most of the lower country, is having troubles of his own. The British Minister insists upon the payment of the English claims, demanding a million and a half of dollars under the penalty of the bombardment of Vera Cruz. British men-of-war are also threatening the Mexican ports on the Pacific.

The telegraph gives information of the arrival of two steamers from *Europe* with later and important intelligence. The *British Parliament has been dissolved.* The Queen's speech merely says that a dissolution has been resolved on to give an opportunity for an expression of opinion on public affairs, and give to the Government the confidence of the House of Commons. The dissolution would take place on the 23d, and the election a few days afterwards. The British Ministry have made an official statement relative to European affairs. It was considered a matter of regret that Lord COWLEY had not been allowed a longer time to mediate, as there would have been more chance of a successful result than at present. The Ministry could not, however, refuse the proposal made by Prussia for a Congress. The five powers agreed to the stipulations that the treaties of 1815 should be left undisturbed, but subsequently collateral questions arose as to the composition of the Congress, and the disarmament of the powers antagonistic to each other. The latter had not been settled. It was the opinion of Her Majesty's government that a disarmament was necessary previous to the assembling of the Congress. Sardinia had also been invited to disarm, but refused on the ground of non-admission to the Congress. Some remarks were made by Lords CLARENDON and DERBY, the forming stating that no party spirit would prevent him from making every allowance for the difficulties of the subject, and that he should be only too glad to hear of its success; and the latter stating that in case of war, which GOD forbid, the position of England must be one of armed neutrality. Lord PALMERSTON thought the Congress might meet at once, and settle the real questions upon which the peace of Europe depended. Let France and Austria withdraw their troops from Central Italy, and pledge themselves that at no future time they shall return. The Congress, might then, if it pleased, go into the question of amelioration of Italy in general. Lord JOHN RUSSELL coincided with PALMERSTON.

The *Moniteur* (the organ of the French government,) of the 19th, has an official article on the War question. It explains the basis agreed upon for the proposed Congress, and the present condition of the negotiation, and says that France is willing to prove her conciliatory disposition, and promises to request Piedmont to disarm on the condition that Piedmont and the other Italian States be invited to take part in the Congress. It hoped this proposal would meet with the unanimous consent of the other powers. France has ever proved that she is disposed to consent to the disarmament preliminary to the Congress. Everything, therefore, seems to justify a belief that if all the difficulties are not removed, a definite understanding will ere long be established, and that no further obstacle will oppose the assembling of the Congress.

Our *Canadian* politicians (at least that portion comprising the Ministry,) seem to have a lively time of it. The Supply bill passed the lower House after a sharp fight: but while the Cabinet was rejoicing over that achievement, the bill was defeated in the Council by a vote of 20 to 33! This vote will embarrass the Ministry quite as much as the loss of the Appropriation bill in our own Legislature would embarrass our State officers. Resign, gentlemen, and appeal to the people—there's no use working without the reward which alleviates toil and sweetens labor.

Weather of April.

The cooler weather of the last half of April has delayed the progress of vegetation, so that there is no advance on that of ordinary years. Indeed, some flowers are now later by a week than in 1858. Forsythia, that beautiful shrub of yellow blossoms, before a leaf appears on it, showed its first blossoms last year on April 23d, and was full of blossoms on the 30th; but this year the blossoms first opened on the 30th, and came out with far more rapidity than last year. Except wheat and grass, and some few early maples and elms, vegetation is much the same in forwardness as in common years. The mean heat of the last half of April is 42.1°, or five degress less than the average for twenty-two years. The mean of the month is 41°, or three degrees below the average for twenty-two years.

The rain of the 22d, and violent snow storm of the 23d, gave us 1.74 inch of water, and much resembled that of two days earlier in the month, 1856, when the Suspension Bridge, below the Lower Falls of the Genesee, collapsed. Then we had less wind, but more rain and snow, which gave us 2.8 inches of water. From the great and continued rise of the Genesee the last week, it is probable that the amount of snow and rain was greater at the south of us than about us. A large quantity of water has fallen in April, and from the heavy rains at the west, the Lakes have risen—Lake Ontario has risen half a foot in the month, yet the Lake is not so high by 3½ inches as in August, 1858. No less than 4.11 inches have fallen here in the month, more than one inch of which fell on one day in the first half.

In the warmer parts of Kentucky, Indian corn was mostly planted before the 25th; and in Southeastern Missouri wheat was fully headed by that day, and apples, cherries, &c., were as large as bullets. There the earliest cherries began to show ripeness on the 29th.

Aurora Borealis was splendid on the evenings of the 27th, 28th and 29th. The auroral arch and cloud did not rise to the height of the Pole Star, though some streams passed higher. On the evening of the 27th and 29th, a fine belt of cotton from Aurora extended from east to west, many degrees south.

C. D.

May 2d, 1859.

BRITISH ANNEXATION.—The British have taken possession of another island in the Red Sea, which they claim to have purchased from an Arab Sheik. The name of this last acquisition is Kramakan—It lies north of Perim, near the Arabian shore, and it is said to be almost wholly surrounded by submarine banks, rendering it easy of defence.

Personal and Political.

MR. LETCHER, of Virginia, is too ill to take the stump in his candidacy for Governor.

THE Anti-Douglas Democracy of Illinois have issued a circular announcing that they will elect delegates to the Charleston Convention, in opposition to the Douglas faction.

A GENERAL CONVENTION of the colored voters of New England has been called to meet in Boston on the 1st of August, to take action in reference to the Presidential campaign of 1860.

THE Democrats have called their State Convention in Ohio for the last week in May, and the Republicans early in June.

MR. PHILLIP CLAYTON is appointed acting Secretary of the Treasury during the absence of Secretary Cobb, who left on Tuesday week for Georgia.

SENR. MATA, the new Mexican Minister, has arrived at Washington, and will be presented immediately.

DR. ACKLEY, of Cleveland, a distinguished physician of the West, died in Cleveland, on the 24th, after a very brief illness. Dr. Ackley was one of the founders of the Willoughby Medical College, now located at Cleveland. He was a man of eminent ability, and ranked among the first in his profession. He was formerly a resident of Rochester.

MR. BIBB, who died at Washington on the 14th ult., was a National Senator nearly 50 years ago, in 1811, and was active as a politician before Jefferson was President. He had been forgotten, and the announcement of his death was to most persons the first they knew that he had not been long in his grave. He was one of President Tyler's army of cabinet officers—for if that gentleman's party could have been got into an omnibus, it is certain that the ark might have served to accommodate his constitutional advisers—whose advice he rarely followed.

MR. FORSYTH, ex-Minister to Mexico, in a letter to some friends at Columbus, Ga., who had invited him to a public dinner, explains the failure of his mission by laying the blame on President Buchanan. Under the Pierce administration, Mr. F. had concluded a Convention by which commercial intercourse with Mexico would have been largely increased, American colonization encouraged, public safety secured, and the country gradually Americanized by a natural, easy and peaceful process.—This Convention was pending when Mr. Buchanan came into power. It was rejected, but the Administration never furnished him with any form or outline of its Mexican policy; and he adds, truly enough, that it had none. It approved in express and flattering terms of every step he took but failed to sustain him in his views and measures. If he had been praised less, and supported more, he thinks his usefulness might have been greater.

Exciting News from Utah.

THE news by the Utah mail represents the affairs of that Territory as wearing a very threatening aspect, and seems clearly to argue the impossibility of the federal court administering justice. Judge Cradlebaugh, on the occasion of discharging the grand and traverse juries, charged the Mormons with obstructing the officers of the Court, and suppressing testimony, and refusing to make provisions for the confinement and maintenance of the prisoners.

Owing to the excited state of popular feeling, about 1,000 men moved from Camp Floyd, and encamped near Provo. Gov. Cumming issued a proclamation taking ground with the Mormon sentiment. It is not stated whether he demanded the withdrawal of the troops from Provo, but by his action he has laid himself open to the charge of complicity with the Mormon theocracy. Much bad feeling exists between the troops and the Mormons, though the former stationed at Provo behaved with remarkable forbearance. A collision is imminent.

The Utah correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican*, writing about the affairs of that Territory, says that things are in a worse condition than ever before. After the advent of the army, the feeling reached the culminating point, and we are on the eve of open hostilities. The writer also says that there is a difference between General Johnston and Governor Cumming in relation to their respective powers, and an open division and rupture between the Executive and Judiciary. The misunderstanding between Gov. C. and Gen. J., seems to have grown out of the refusal of the latter to withdraw the troops from Provo, sent there under a requisition of the Court to protect witnesses.

The *Deseret News* has published a memorial from the people to Gov. Cumming, attempting to prove the illegality of Judge Cradlebaugh's holding Court at Provo. It also severely criticises the Judge's course, and accuses him of setting himself up against the civil authorities of the Territory.—It also charges him with a settled purpose to force a collision between the people of the Territory and the troops. The Mormons regard President Buchanan's proclamation as exempting parties from arrest for past offences.

LIBERIAN INTELLIGENCE.—The Liberian brig E. M. Rogers, Captain Alexander, arrived at New York on the 28th ult., from Monrovia, which port she left on the 15th of March. This is the first vessel belonging to Liberian merchants which has arrived at that port. When she left, everything was going on favorably, and the prospects were pleasant. Among the public acts passed by the Legislature is one prohibiting enlistment of native African emigrants. The Liberia Herald expresses its satisfaction at the appointment of the Rev. John Seys in place of the late Dr. Forney.—Dr. F., American Commercial Agent for Liberia, died at Monrovia on the 9th of February. Chief Justice Day died at Monrovia on the 15th of February, in the 62d year of his age.

MORMON EXODUS FROM DENMARK.—Over four hundred Danish Mormons left Flensburg on the 2d inst., in the steamship L. L. Hoidt, bound for Hull, England, where they would embark for the United States. Their destination is the Great Salt Lake. The men were mainly young and robust, while the women seemed somewhat more advanced in years, and many of them had infants in their arms.

News Paragraphs.

THE Charleston Mercury says that the jury acquitted the men of the Echo slaver, because they considered the foreign slave trade no more a crime than the domestic trade, and that further prosecutions at the South will be idle, expensive and vain.

A DRAFT for the $10,000 awarded by Paraguay as indemnification to the family of the seaman killed on the Water-Witch, by a shot from the fort, has been received at the State Department in Washington.

A FRAZER RIVER correspondent writes to a California paper:—"We had a splendid dinner on New Year's day. This is the bill of fare:—First course, bean soup; second course, boiled beans; then some baked beans, with *frijolis* plain; then fried beans, *frijolis guisados con manteca.* Desert—coffee and beans."

FOUR hundred Allopathic doctors in Paris ate a three dollar dinner, on the 29th of March, in honor of their triumph over the Homœopathists, in a trial before the French Courts.

GENIO C. SCOTT says that the sweeping machines of the Broadway sidewalks, are "thirty yards of eight dollar silk, mounted on a reticulated frame of whalebone and steel."

THE American ship Florence, of 1,000 tuns, has arrived in the London docks, from Japan, with a cargo consisting chiefly of vegetable wax. This is the first cargo from that country.

THE Legislative Council of Canada have taken a firm stand against death-bed bequests—enacting that no bequests will be valid if made within six months of the testator's death.

BARON HUMBOLDT, the confidential adviser of the Prince Regent of Prussia, writes to a diplomatic correspondent at Washington, that war cannot be postponed beyond July.

THE Vicksburgh papers state that card playing among steamboat travelers in the West has diminished fully one-half within the past year, and its place has been supplied by chess. This is a good move.

SOUTHERN papers state that recruiting agents are traveling through the South, endeavoring to enlist men for an expedition against Cuba, and in many instances with considerable success. The Augusta (Ga.) Dispatch says that a number of worthy young men in that town are inclined to try their fortunes in this way, and warns them to remember the fate of Lopez, Crittenden and their companions.

THE National Treasury is in better condition than was anticipated. The receipts from import revenues are large, the balance of trade *against* this country since the 1st of January being about forty-five millions. No Treasury notes have been issued as yet, and Secretary Cobb will withhold them so long as his receipts continue as full as at present.

THE flood in the valley of the Lower Mississippi is almost unprecedented, and immense damage has been done to plantations along "coast." In places the river is now fifty miles wide.

UNDER the act of Congress of 1856, some fifty or sixty guano islands in the Pacific ocean have been taken possession of by Americans. Six of them are known to have large and valuable deposits of guano, and this is believed to be the case with twenty. Of the others little is known.

Important Mexican News.

THE steamer Tennessee, which arrived at New Orleans on the 26th ult., brought advices from Vera Cruz to the 22d, and from the City of Mexico to the 19th of April. The news is of great interest, and indicates a very decided change in the aspect of affairs in Mexico. Gen. Miramon had succeeded in forcing the lines of the Liberal Generals Ampudia and Llave at Orizaba, and had hastened forward to the Capital, which city he reached on the 11th, with a diminished army. The victorious general had already commenced the work of slaughter, and was murdering peaceable foreigners indiscriminately. He had also issued a formal protest against the recognition of the Juarez government.

The Exequatur of Mr. Black, the American Consul General, had been withdrawn, and he banished from the country.

Mazatlan had been captured by Pasquira. The English were threatening that place, and the other Mexican Pacific ports, and demanding payment of claims against them. At Vera Cruz, too, matters are approaching a crisis. The British Ministers had insisted on the full payment of all the claims of his countrymen, and had instructed the commander of the English fleet at Vera Cruz to demand $16,500,000 from the custom house in that city—and in case of refusal, to bombard the city. Juarez had withdrawn the Exequatur of the Spanish Consul at Vera Cruz.

PIKE'S PEAK FILLIBUSTERISM.—Advices from Leavenworth confirm previous statements of a secret movement at Pike's Peak for a descent upon Mexico. Agents of this movement are at Leavenworth and other points, urging forward the migration to the gold regions in order to have at Pike's Peak sufficient material for their purposes. The leaders base their hopes on anticipated developments in the gold country, and the probable dissatisfaction of great numbers with their prospects at the mines. The plan of the leaders is not yet fully developed, but it embraces, it is said, first, a descend upon Sonora, and afterwards upon Durango and Chihuahua. Ten thousand emigrants have already left different points on the Missouri for Pike's Peak.

CONTINUED SHIPMENT OF SILVER TO INDIA AND CHINA.—The stimulus which the increase of European trade has given to industry in India and China, and the consequent increase of the value of labor there, which, though adding but a few cents a day to the wages of the natives, in the aggregate, among so many millions of people, reaches a great sum, causes the draw of silver from England and the Continent to continue on an enormous scale.—The last fortnightly steamer for Calcutta and Hong Kong from Southampton took out about $5,000,000. The place of silver in the circulating money of Europe is supplied by gold.

The News Condenser.

— The population of Ohio is 2,800,000.

— The tax levy for Boston this year is $2,055,080.

— A large bank defalcation has been discovered in St. Louis.

— A hospital for sick children is to be established in Edinburgh.

— The project for a daily religious paper in New York has been abandoned.

— De Tocqueville, the distinguished French author, died recently in Paris.

— The Millerites of Newark, N. J., are hourly looking for the end of the world.

— James Buchanan, President of the U. S., was 68 years old on Saturday, the 23d ult.

— There have been four hundred cases of measles at Niles, Mich., within the past four months.

— Mathew Gilroy died at Deerfield, Oneida Co., N. Y., on Monday week, at the age of 105 years.

— A bill to prohibit the marriage of white and black persons has passed the Wisconsin legislature.

— Eighteen thousand herrings were caught, on Monday week, at Squawbetty, near Taunton, Mass.

— Steamboat navigation has been resumed on the St. Lawrence river between Montreal and Quebec.

— The first daily paper issued in Virginia was in 1760, the annual subscription to which was $50.

— The Camanches have killed several families in Denton Co., Texas, and run off with their stock.

— The San Antonio Texan states that Gen. Twiggs has been dangerously ill, but is slowly recovering.

— Our Texas exchanges are talking of dishes of strawberries and cream, and "corn waving, breast high."

— Fifty men succeeded in killing a bear at Chittenden, Vt., on Wednesday week, that weighed 360 pounds.

— Letter writers from the Continent give it as their opinion that war cannot be delayed longer than July.

— The Savannah Republican says that a vessel is now loading at that port with lumber for Beirut, Syria.

— A correspondent writing from Leavenworth, Kansas, abbreviates the name of that town thus—"11 worth."

— General Sir William Eyre has tendered his resignation as commander-in-chief of the forces in Canada.

— A special committee of the Lower House of the Canadian Parliament have reported a prohibitory liquor law.

— In Florida, a town known by the ambitious name of "Enterprise," consists of a hotel and a nine-pin alley.

— Quite an excitement has been started in Danby, Vt., by the discovery of gold on the banks of the Whitebrook.

— Since 1839, six persons have been convicted of murder in Vermont, but no executions have taken place.

— Two agents of the Haytien Government are in St. Louis to promote the emigration of free negroes to that country.

— Statistics show that within the last twenty years thirteen steamships with three thousand persons have been lost.

— A Galveston paper says that Liverpool letters complain strongly about cheating in the packing of cotton in Texas.

— The first Episcopal Church in Kansas has been consecrated at Leavenworth by Bishop Kemper, of Wisconsin.

— Lake Pepin is now open for navigation. The first boat from St. Paul, Min., arrived at La Crosse, Wis., on the 23d ult.

— The Stamford Mercury, in England, has been published, without interruption, for one hundred and sixty-three years.

— It is said by many of the Western papers, that prices of lumber will rule unusually high throughout the coming season.

— A son of Samuel Short, of Newburyport, came to his death last week, in consequence of swallowing a percussion cap.

— A family of nine persons were murdered recently, in the vicinity of Cooper's Camp, Texas, by a band of Caddo Indians.

— Miss Burdetts Coutts has endowed the bishopric of British Columbia with the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds sterling.

— An arrival at Baltimore reports the death of Mr. Morush, United States Consul to Trinidad. He died on the 1st of March.

— A gentleman recently from England brought two dozen English sparrows, three pairs of which he loosed in Portland, Maine.

—Mr. Jessie Trammel, who is one hundred years old, served the whole of last week as a juryman in the Court at Greenville, S. C.

— The Gloucester (Mass.) Telegraph says that at a wedding which took place in that town lately, there were 62 cousins present.

— Rev. Dr. Richards, recently deceased at Hanover, N. H., left manuscript sketches of nearly all the graduates of Dartmouth College.

— A rich deposit of zinc ore, extending over a large area of ground, has been discovered in East Penn township, Carbon Co., Pa.

— In Illinois some $700,000 are lying under protest because the banks refuse to redeem their bills with anything but small silver coin.

— The Steuben Co. (Ind.) Republican reports the divorce of about twenty couples at the late term of the Circuit Court in that county.

— The London Police includes a force of 6,189 men, and the total expense of the last year was nearly two million and a half of dollars.

— Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has consented to occupy the desk of the society of Rev. Theodore Parker, Boston, some time during the summer.

— Elder Joel Hudson, of Geneseo, a respected old gentleman of 88, and a resident in the Genesee Valley for 50 years, died on Tuesday week.

— A La Porte, Sierra Co., California paper mentions a snow storm which lasted three weeks, and left from 15 to 20 feet of snow on the ground.

— Some of the London papers now assert that Lord Cowley went to Vienna as a peacemaker, at the urgent request of the Emperor of the French.

— A Baltimore paper says that there are three sets of harnesses, two carriages, and a double and single buggy in preparation there for Louis Napoleon.

— A disturbance occurred among the students of the Georgia Military Academy a few days ago, which resulted in the dismissal of the entire senior class.

— The New Orleans Crescent estimates the product of the cane crop for 1858 at 650,000 hogsheads of sugar and 450,000 barrels of molasses, valued at $24,000,000.

— A large Bengal tiger, which was lately exhibited at Philadelphia, died on the 12th. He was the finest specimen ever seen in this country and valued at $10,000.

Old World Matters.

By the Washington, at New York on the 25th, the Africa at the same port, on the 28th, and the Circassian, at St. Johns, on the 26th ult., we have a week's later intelligence from Europe. The news will be found of special interest, and we devote considerable space to its detail.

GREAT BRITAIN.—It was intended that Parliament should be dissolved on the 21st; in which case the Borough Elections would take place on the 27th of April.

Thirty of the Neapolitan Exiles have left England.

War is generally considered inevitable, and much depression prevailed until the 12th, when reassuring rumors were current, and announcements were made of preliminary concessions by Austria, which gave renewed hopes for the meeting of Congress, and caused considerable recovery in the funds at London and on the Continent.

The House of Commons rejected the resolutions in favor of ballot, by three majority.

A dispatch from Paris says that England will propose the question of disarmament to the Plenipotentiaries. The Times says the pacific advices from Paris produced very little effect on English funds on Tuesday. The public do not believe that Napoleon intends to promote a pacific adjustment on the basis that shall clearly recognize the treaty rights of Austria, and consequently such as can be accepted by that power, while it will utterly disappoint Sardinia if the arrangements were patched up. To-morrow, with the existing feelings of France, Austria, Sardinia and Russia, left in play, the prospect of repose in Europe would not be in the slightest degree better than at this moment.

There have been still further unfavorable movements in the Austrian rates. The correspondent of the Herald says, that notwithstanding the pacific assurances warlike preparations continue in France on a tremendous scale. Troops are pouring into Lyons from all points.

The London News correspondent says Lord Cowley and Count Walewski, after a long discussion, separated, with the conviction that very serious differences of opinion exists between France and Austrian.

FRANCE.—The Paris Patrie, which is the organ Napoleon's private Cabinet, speaks of a last and superior effort which England and Prussia are making in behalf of peace. Referring to the Austrian proposition for a general disarmament, the Patrie asserts that France is still on a peace footing. She has collected no army on the frontier; has not applied to the Legislature for war credit; while Austria having increased her army in Italy to 100,000 men, might commence a campaign to-morrow.—The Patrie concludes with a threat saying, that if Austria means that a general disarmament is to result in the maintainance of *statu quo* in Italy, and in resolving the imperious difficulties of the present situation, it must not be expected that France will be duped by such a demand.

The movements of the French troops assume the most threatening proportions, and the preparations in every branch continue without abatement. The Paris Patrie nevertheless asserts that France has not armed. The Patrie says France cannot be expected to diminish her army, nor to send back a single cannon to her arsenals.

All the French officers on leave, have been ordered to join their ships forthwith. A rumor was afloat that the Emperor would soon depart for Lyons. Warlike materials are accumulating at Marseilles to an alarming extent. Five steam frigates have gone to Algeria, supposed to bring troops back to France. Nine gun-boats were ordered to be made ready at Cherbourg without delay.

AUSTRIA.—The Arch Duke Albrecht had gone on a special mission to Berlin.

Austria was willing to make important concessions to Prussia on certain points in dispute, and a perfect understanding between them was considered highly probable.

Warlike preparations continued in some of the smaller German States. The Bavarian army had been placed on a war footing.

The Times Vienna correspondent states that during the last few days several of the leading papers had openly declared that the Germans would not shed one drop of blood either for the maintenance of the special treaties or Austrian Concordat.

Vienna advices had been very warlike, but slightly moderated at the close. The Austrian troops in Lombardy continued to advance and threatened Piedmont frontiers.

ITALY.—The political prisoners at Naples, whose fate was determined by the decree of the 18th ult., had received passports to the United States. It was reported at Rome that the Pope would protest against the European Congress. Sir Moses Montifiore had arrived at Rome with a petition from the Jews in England and America in favor of the boy Mortara. Rumors were current that the King of Naples was either dead or in the last extremities. Nothing authentic, however.

GENERAL SUMMARY.—Holland and Belgium are said to have concluded a treaty of mutual defense in case of war.

The Hong Kong advices by mail are to February 26th. The supplies of tea were failing, all the tea districts having been swept, and the low qualities arriving show that there is very little to come. Considering the quality, the prices are extremely high. In the Bashan districts it is reported that the plants are suffering from drouth. The export of tea to the United States showed a decrease of 805,000 pounds from last year.

The attack on Saigon took place Feb 17th, and was perfectly successful. Nine forts, strongly armed, were cannonaded and stormed. The French loss was small, but the enemy's was heavy.

Advices are favorable to the Suez canal. Public functionaries were ordered to assist M. Lesseps, and the Governor of Suez had been deposed.

COMMERCIAL—*Breadstuffs*.—The more warlike news received from the continent yesterday strengthened the trade, and an advance of 1 to 3s per qr. made on wheat. To-day the rumors are more pacific and business quiet, still with a good attendance in buyers, wheat was in improved inquiry, and prices were in turn in favor of the seller. One or two parcels of fresh wheat were taken for export to Portugal. Flour a shade firmer. In Indian Corn little doing without change in value. We quote red Chi and Milf 5s9d to 5s3d., Ind 5s9@6s4d., white western 5s3d to 5s., southern 10s2@10s9d. Flour 30s. Indian Corn—yellow 4s8d@5s; white 5s. Oatmeal per cental. *Provisions*—Beef—Reports of increasing war induced a speculative feeling, and holders ask 5s to 5s6d an advance of 2s6d to 3s per tierce. The sales are 150 tierces new Paris prime mess 95s6d, and 1,000 tierces old on p t. Pork—A further slight advance is asked, there are no sales to report. No sales of American bacon, but Irish is clear and the feeling is rather firmer. Lard continues neglected and no business has been done. Tallow firm.

Pacific Side Intelligence.

We had two arrivals at New York during the past week—the St. Louis (with $1,773,000 in treasure,) and the Northern Light—bringing California dates to the 10th ult., from which we gather the following items of interest:

The markets at San Francisco were flooded with goods, owing to the large number of ships which had arrived within the week, and prices continued to decline.

Advices from the Sandwich Islands state that the volcano of Mauna Loa continues very active.

Several rich guano islands have been discovered northwest of the Sandwich Islands, and possession taken of them by the commander of the government steamer Fennimore Cooper.

On the evening of the 17th, during the procession on Palm Sunday, at Panama, a riot occurred between the natives, who reside within the city, and the blacks, who reside without the walls, in which two or three were wounded. The military were called out and were under arms all night.—The U. S. Consul signaled the men-of-war lying in the harbor, and Commodore Long sent several small armed boats, with 300 men to protect the American residents, but their services were not required, and they returned on board at daylight.

A fearful earthquake destroyed the city of Quito with over 2,000 lives. The loss of life is computed by some as high as 5,000. The loss of property is said to amount to $3,000,000. A number of small towns to the northward were also destroyed, and some damage was occasioned in Guayaquil.

Dr. Trevit, the U. S. Consul at Valparaiso, has had a difficulty with the government. Several of the principal actors in the outbreak of 28th of February took refuge in his house, which was invaded twice by armed police, and the wrong men were taken prisoners. The first time the police were driven off, but on the next day the Consul was obliged to submit under protest.

DREADFUL STEAMBOAT ACCIDENT.—The steamer St. Nicholas, Captain McMullen, bound from St. Louis to New Orleans, exploded her boiler at 10 o'clock on the night of the 25th ult., at Island No. 60. The boat and cargo are a total loss. The loss of life among the passengers, as far as ascertained, amounts to forty-nine, namely:—26 cabin passengers, including nine ladies, and 23 deck passengers. All the boilers exploded at the same moment. They were old, but thought to be safe, of course.

Special Notices.

MORGAN HORSES.—"STRIKE, BUT HEAR!"

MR. MOORE:—Some time last June there appeared in your paper an article over the signature of one LEVI S. FULTON, in which my name was mentioned in an unfavorable connection, with charges made, and directly intended, no doubt for E. P. HUBBARD of your County, and to injure the reputation of the celebrated horses, "Black Hawk Morgan," and his son, "J. C. Fremont." Duty to myself, as well as to Mr. HUBBARD and the stock growers of Western New York, demands that I make public, though at a late period, all the facts in my possession bearing upon the Pedigree of these horses.

I have been long and well acquainted with the race of horses known as Black Hawks, and it may well be supposed am a judge of the blood; yet no gentleman will testify to the pedigree of an animal unless he raised it himself, or was equally as well acquainted with it as the man who did. Not knowing, therefore, the true pedigree of Black Hawk Morgan when he came into my possession, it became necessary to obtain from those better acquainted with him than myself certificates of what it was. I had occasionally seen him, and heard him called a Black Hawk, and was aware that Mr. C. P. AUSTIN purchased him as such at a high figure when a colt. With directions where to find men that had known the horse, and the name of the man who raised him, I began to trace his pedigree. The first certificate received was from a Mr. MORGAN, of Hubbardton, Vt., who stated that the colt was once offered him, with a warrantee that he was by "Old Black Hawk"—that he had since owned and seen his stock, and had no doubt of his blood. But the man who raised the colt was the one to settle the question, and from whom there could be no appeal. This man was Mr. A. G. FOSTER, of Whitehall, N. Y., whose certificate states not only that he was by the original Black Hawk, but that he put the mare himself and paid the price of service. Mr. HIRAM PARISH, of Orwell, and Mr. C. P. WARD, of Poultney, Vt., who had premium stock from the horse, gave certificates in his favor.

With such satisfactory statements I passed the horse to Mr. HUBBARD, at the same time saying to him that, though I believed him a Black Hawk, yet I could not warrant him as such, not having raised him myself or known him when a colt. When it became necessary for Mr. HUBBARD to obtain another horse to assist the "Black Hawk Morgan" in the increasing business that drove too heavily upon him, he wrote me to procure one. The son, "John C. Fremont," was at once chosen as the horse to fill the place. With him in harness I drove to DAVID HILL'S, the 12th of April, 1858, and received from him the following certificate:

"The certificate of Mr. FOSTER, giving the pedigree of the horse Black Hawk Morgan, I regard as conclusive. With the above named horse, however, I am unacquainted, but when Mr. BENSON drove into my yard to-day a beautiful colt from him, called 'J. C. Fremont,' I said at once, 'He is a Black Hawk.'"

After the publication of the article of the last of June, I again went to Mr. HILL'S to ascertain why he had attacked the horse Black Hawk Morgan, and received from him the following statement:

"I consider a horse's stock to be his best recommendation. It truthfully advertises his blood. All good horses will sustain themselves by their progeny. I do not suppose I should know all the colts old Black Hawk sired while I owned him, but if the horse Black Hawk Morgan was by him, (*and the statement of the man who raised him should be first taken,*) the fact will appear in his stock. The colt, John C. Fremont, certainly speaks remarkably well for him, and his dam, 'Lady Ward,' proves of true Morgan descent, her sire's dam being, as I understand, by old Sherman Morgan, the same that sired old Black Hawk."

The date of this statement is June 28th, 1858, and is duly signed, with a postscript, by DAVID HILL. Fremont's dam last season was merely named in the bill as a true Morgan mare. Since that time her pedigree has been fully traced, and Mr. WARD'S certificate substantiated.

Now, I am unable to judge of the motives of the Messrs. HILL in attempting to shoulder the horse "Live Yankee," at the solicitation of SMITH & SPAULDING, through the agency of this LEVI S. FULTON, who, to my certain knowledge, is one of the bitterest enemies to Mr. HUBBARD that a man can possibly have. I am aware that their statements are very strong ones, and having official seals attached, may be of more worth than unbought certificates, but be it known to the readers of the RURAL, and all to whom this may come, that I never had any conversation with D. E. HILL in relation to Black Hawk Morgan, and that Mr. AUSTIN never said what is attributed to him in the said D. E. HILL'S deposition.

A word here as to the pedigree of old Black Hawk. When DAVID HILL first brought this horse to Vermont, he attracted for some years but little notice. The current rumor was that he was a French horse from Canada—a spotted horse kept painted—a circus horse without the first drop of Morgan blood in his veins. These rumors died away, and Mr. HILL established his pedigree by a statement from the man who raised him that he put the dam to Sherman Morgan, and paid the price of service. No wonder Mr. HILL now thinks that the man's testimony who raised an animal should be first taken as establishing a pedigree.

I am proud of having introduced into Monroe county two horses, the equal of which, as father and son, cannot be found—horses that have won premiums whenever shown. I will not close this communication in the language of Mr. FULTON. I am responsible for what I say, and have no fears of "wrongfully injuring any one."

Very truly yours, S. BENSON.

Orwell, Vt., April, 1859.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, May 3, 1859.

FLOUR.—The flour market has been sensibly affected during the week, up and down being the order of the day, as our foreign intelligence would indicate a rise or fall abroad. Eastern advices of yesterday have got the rates up to precisely what they were a week since—how long they will thus remain it is impossible to tell.

GRAIN.—Wheat has fluctuated considerably during the week, but the ruling rates to-day correspond with our quotations. Corn is firm, and wanted, at 75c per bushel. No other change in this department.

BUTTER is drooping—2 cents per pound is the decline of the week.

POTATOES are in better demand this A. M., and an advance of 5@6 per bushel is noticed for all varieties.

WOOL.—Our wool-dealers are taking the world very easy at present, "nothing to do" being the order of affairs just now, but they are looking forward hopefully. It is expected that a couple of weeks will witness a resume of operations. We cannot alter quotations.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	10@11c
Flour, wint. wheat	$7.25@7.50	Honey, box	15@16c
Do. spring do.	$5.50@6.75	Candles, box	12@13c
Do. Buckwheat ₩ cwt	$1.75	**FRUITS AND ROOTS**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1.60@1.65	Apples, bushel	50c@$1.75
Best white Canada	$1.60@1.65	Do. dried	1.25@1.50
Corn	75c	Peaches, do. ₩ lb	20c
Rye, 56 lbs ₩ bush	77c@78c	Cherries, do, ₩ lb	22c
Oats, by weight	48@50c	Potatoes	30@50c
Barley	65@70c	**HIDES AND SKINS**	
Buckwheat	48@50c	Slaughter	6@6½c
Beans	65@75c	Calf	10@10½c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	$1.75@2.00
Pork, mess	$17.00@18.00	Lamb do	38@63c
Do clear	$00.00@00.00	**SEEDS.**	
Do cwt	$7.50@8.00	Clover, bush	$4.50@5.00
Beef ₩ cwt	$5.50@6.00	Timothy	$2.00@2.50
Spring lambs each	$1.50@2.00	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton (carcass)	5@6c	Wood, hard	$4.00@4.50
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Do soft	$3.00@3.50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$5.75@6.00
Chickens	6@8c	Do Scranton	$5.00@5.00
Turkeys	10@11c	Do, Blossburg	$5.00@5.00
Geese	38@44c	Do Shamokin	$5.00@5.00
Ducks, per pair	00@00c	Do Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1.50
Butter, roll	16@20c	Hay, tun	$8.00@14.00
Do firkin	0@18c	Wool, ₩ lb	35@50c
Cheese	10@12c	White fish, bbl	$7.00@8.00
Lard, tried	11@12c	Codfish ₩ quintal	$4.50@4.75
Tallow	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$7.50@8.00

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, May 2.—FLOUR—The market for Flour is 10@20c better. Sales at $5,25@6,00 for com to choice super State; $6,25@6,55 for extra State; $5,30@5,90 for super Western; $5,20@6,80 for extra do.; $6,55@6,90 for round hoop Ohio—closing quiet. Canadian flour is nominal at $6,50@7,50for extras.

GRAIN—Wheat has advanced 1@2c ₩ bushel. Sales at 150@151 for winter red Western; 172 for white Kentucky. Rye quiet at 85c. Barley heavy; sales State at 60c; and California on p. t. Corn better; sales at 86@87½c for yellow Jersey and Southern; mixed Western nominal at 86c. Oats better and active at 54@56c, for State; 56@58c for Western and Canada.

PROVISIONS—Pork market dull and lower. Sales at $16,00@16,25 for new mess; $16,00 for old mess; $12,50@12,70 for prime. Lard heavy; sales 500 bbls. at 11¾@11¾c,—including prime western to arrive at 11¾c. Butter steady at 9@12c for new Ohio; 22@25c for new State. Cheese quiet at 9@11c.

BUFFALO, May 2.—FLOUR—In fair demand and market firm. Sales at $5,00@5,25 for State from Chicago spring wheat; $5,25@5,50 for do from Milwaukee club wheat; $5,50 for fine Indiana; $5,25@5,50 for State from red wheat; $5,25@6,62½ for the range of extra Michigan, Indiana and Ohio, and $6,75@7,00 for double extras.

GRAIN.—Wheat. A fair milling and speculative demand exists, while the market is firm. Sales damaged mixed, winter and spring at 88c; damaged Chicago spring, at 90c; fair do at $1,00; extra Milwaukee club at $1,25; red Ohio to arrive, part private, balance at $1,45; white Indiana at $1,48, and choice white Kentucky at $1,75. Corn in moderate demand and market firmer. Sales sound western, Saturday evening, at 75c. This morning do at 78c, and prime State at 80c. Oats.—Parties are apart and no sales have been reported. Western remains firm at 50c. Barley dull and heavy within the range of 58@62½c. Rye scarce, and firm at 90c.

SEEDS.—Nothing doing and market steady at $4,75@5,00 for clover, and $2.00@2,25 for Timothy.

ALBANY, May 2.—Flour and Meal.—There is a better feeling in the market, and for the medium and better grades prices are 25c ₩ bbl. better, the top price for extra brands being $8,25. Corn Meal is steady but quiet.

GRAIN.—There is but little Wheat offering and the market is quiet. Corn steady with a moderate business doing; sales round yellow at 85@86c. In other grain nothing transpired.

THE PRODUCE TRADE OF CHICAGO.—The Chicago *Press and Tribune* of the 27th ult., says:—The receipts of Produce during the past week were 7,906 bbls of flour, 33,454 bush wheat, 80,350 bush corn, 6,171 bush oats, 1,170 bush rye, 3,158 bush barley; equal to 163,732 bushels grain, against 327,049 bush for corresponding week in 1858. The total receipts of breadstuffs since 1st of Jan. are 88,918 bbls flour, 567,319 bu wheat, 773,984 bu corn, 137,444 bu oats, 14,603 bu rye, 86,663 bu barley; equal to 2,104,573 bu grain, against 3,353,145 bushels same period last year.

Exports during the past week:—9,648 bbls flour, 31,258 bu wheat 51 22 corn, 1,035 oats, 102 barley. Total exports since Jan. 1st, 67,201 bbls flour, 258,569 bu wheat, 321,012 corn, 45,978 oats, 19,252 barley; equal to 934,834 bu grain, against 2,213,409 bu exported during same period in 1858. Of the wheat exported since the first of Jan., 75,266 bu went to supply western millers in Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Iowa and Michigan, besides about 180,000 bu to supply Chicago millers, distillers and others; showing a drain on this market of over 15,000 bu weekly. Of the flour exports since Jan. 1st, 3,274 bbls have been shipped back into Illinois and Iowa. Of the corn, 107,596 bu have been shipped by railways into Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Wisconsin.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, April 27.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ₩ cwt., $10,00@11.50; Ordinary do., $11,25@10,75, Common, do., $9,00@10,00; Inferior do., $8,00@9,00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55@65; Ordinary do., $45@50, Common do., $30@40, Inferior do., $20@28.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₩ lb., 6@6½c, Ordinary, 5½@6c, Common, 4@5c, Inferior, 3@4c

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, per head, $6.50@7.00; Ordinary, $5.50@6.00; Common, $4.50@5.50, Inferior, $3@4.

SWINE—First quality, 6¼@6¾c, Other qualities, 5@6¼c.

ALBANY, April 30.—Receipts at Albany for the week: Cattle, 2,366. Sheep and Lambs, 870. Hogs, 839.

CATTLE—Prices take the following range: Superior, 6@—c; First quality, 5¾@6¾c, Second I quality, 4¾@5c, Third quality, 4@4¾c, Inferior, 3½@3¾c.

SHEEP—Sales 116 head sheared at $5,50 ₩ per head, and 147 from Kentucky at $6,25 ₩ head—average 121 lbs.

HOGS—We cannot learn that any were taken by Albany parties.

COWS.—But few offering, and none sold.

CAMBRIDGE, April 27.—At market, 650; about 575 Beeves, and 75 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three year olds.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $8,50@9,25; First quality, $8,00@8,25; Second quality, $6,50@7,00; Third quality, $5,50; Ordinary quality, $4,50.

WORKING OXEN—Per pair, from $80, 125@180.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 45, 50@60.

STORES—Yearlings, 00@00; Two Years Old, $22@26; Three Years Old, $28@33.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1630 at market. Prices—In Lots, $1,75 2,50@3,25 each; Extra, $4, 5, 6@7, or from 4½@6¾c ₩ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$2,50, 4@6.

HIDES—7¾@8¾c. ₩ lb. Tallow—7¾@8c. ₩ lb.

PELTS—$1,62½@2,00 each. Calf Skins, 14@15c, ₩ lb.

SWINE—1050 Western at market.

PHILADELPHIA, April 27.—The supply of Beef Cattle to day was much better than the week previous—the offerings at both drove yards amounting in all to over 1,300 head in all of which were sold except 250 head, that were shipped for New York 150 of these were from Chicago; the freight for Cattle having been reduced between this and that point, will increase the number of Cattle from Illinois and points adjacent. They brought prices ranging from $10,00 to $11,00 and $11,50 for choice and extra quality, and from $8,50 to $9,50 and $10,00 for inferior and good quality; the market was quite brisk but prices tendered downward.

SHEEP—This market was quite brisk, and a large number (6,000 head) were sold at from 6¢@6¾c ₩ lb. gross.

HOGS—The demand for hogs has improved slightly over the week previous, and 1,935 head were disposed of at Phillip's Yard, at prices ranging from $8,50 to $9,00 and $9,25 per 100 lbs. net

COWS—There has been no change in this market; only 225 head were sold at from $15 to $50, according to quality and condition.

BRIGHTON, April 28.—At Market, 750 Beeves, 75 Stores, 1,600 sheep and Lambs, and 1,400 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices, $6@7.75; first quality, $6.75@8.50; second quality, $7.50; third quality, $6.00.

WORKING OXEN.—$110@175.

MILCH COWS—$45@60; common, $22@32.

VEAL CALVES.—$4,00, 5,00@6.00.

STORES. Yearlings, none; two years old, $20@24; three years old, $26@41.

HIDES.—7@8c ₩ lb. Calf Skins, 14@15c ₩ lb.

TALLOW.—Sales at 7¼@8c ₩ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—$1,75@2.50; extra, $4.00@7.50.

PELTS.—$1,62½@2,00 each.

SWINE.—Fat Hogs, 00. Pigs, 6½@7c; retail, 7½@8c.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, April 27.—The market presents no new feature of striking interest; the demand is only moderate, particularly for Domestic, owing to the light stock offering, and the extreme prices asked; the stock of Fleece, in parcels, is very small, and manufacturers are timid purchasers at the prevailing currency, though most holders are indifferent about offering their supplies, unless at extreme rates; sales of some 75,000 lbs Fleece at 45@63c for half to choice full-blood Merino and Saxons, the latter is an extreme price, which was paid for a small parcel of 3,000 lbs, probably the nicest in the market. Pulled Wools are in good supply with only a limited inquiry, sales of 40,000 lbs No 1 City and Extra Country Saxony at 53@55c. Foreign is more active, particularly carpet qualities, and prices are generally firm; sales of 200 bales fine Mestizo at 28c; 50 do Washed Buenos Ayres at 14@c; 130 do Unwashed do at 9@11c, and 70 do East India at 8@12c, 6 mos. The auction sale, previously referred to, came off on the 21st inst, and was very largely attended by the elite of the trade, but still the sale proved almost a failure, from the fact that the offering was generally undesirable, yet prized so much by owners as only to offer it in very small parcels. This, connected with the fact that some of the parties, connected with the sale, were bidding, gave general dissatisfaction, and the result was that, out of some 4,000 bales on the catalogue, only 1,175 bales, 14,000 lbs and 63 bales shoddy sold. Some dealers in the interior think the sale was a "one-horse" affair, but we are assured not the sellers up, we understand, were only bidding on orders.—Some of the Wool sold cheap, but most of it brought fully as much as it was worth.—*Tribune.*

BOSTON, April 27.—Pulled Wool is dull and prices tend downward, but there is a fair inquiry for fleece, which is very scarce. The sales have been 100,000 lbs fleece and pulled, of which 40,000 lbs fine fleece sold at 60c ₩ lb, the latter now an extreme price. The sales of foreign have been 600 bales and 155 bags Mediterranean, East India and South American, and 95 bales Cape on private terms:

Sax. and Mer. fine	65@67	Western mixed	35@45
Full Blood	62@64	Smyrna, washed	17@20
Half and ¼ blood	43@49	Do unwashed	9@19
Common	40@42	Syrian	11@23
Pulled, extra	45@58	Cape	24@40
Do. superfine	43@47	Crimea	9@17
Do. No 1	34@43	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No 2	@	Peruvian, washed	30@35

Marriages.

AT Phelps, Ontario Co., N. Y., by Rev. William L. Pare, Mr. SILAS GORDON PETTITT, son of Gen. Joseph Pettitt, of the Square, Cayuga Co., N. Y., and Miss A. E. FRISBIE, daughter of E. Willard Frisbie, M. D., of Phelps.

IN Oswego, April 14th, by Rev. A. J. Phelps, at his residence, Mr. OLIVER PECK and Miss CYNTHIA A. ASHLEY, all of Oswego.

Deaths.

IN Lakeville, Liv. Co., N. Y., April 23d, of Inflammation of the Lungs, MARY ELIZABETH, only daughter of Samuel N. and Phebe Wright, aged 11 years, 5 months and 17 days.

In Mt. Morris, April 29th, of pleurisy, MARY, daughter of Robert and Ruth G. Weeks, aged 9 years.

In Ontario, Wayne Co., N. Y., on Tuesday morning, April 26th, MARGARET E., only daughter of Joseph and Orsena Middleton, in the 16th year of her age.

In Ridgeway, Orleans County, N. Y., at the residence of her father, Elisha Weld, April 13th, NANCY E., wife of Wallace Weld, late of Little Prairie, Wis.

Advertisements.

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HYMN TO THE PEOPLE.

BY C. D. ELLIS.

Not [illegible] with [illegible] strength,
[illegible] the sword and shout for the King,
Or [illegible] [illegible],
Proclaiming the good of [illegible] the brave.

To have the power to bide the scorn,
And rise above the hate and strife
Of those to wealth and title born,
Is the crown'd courage of our life.

What are the swords that prop a king—
The banners in his army's van—
To strength of soul that dares to spring
And show the monarch in the *man*?

Kings and the mightiest men of arms,
Strong as the heads of realms they bide,
Sport as they may with fortune's charms,
They are like leaves upon the tide.

In dim old sepulchres they lie,
The feast of silence and decay,
While the true world-heart beateth high,
And throbs itself upon to-day.

Give me the man whose hands have tossed
The corn-seed to the mellow soil,
Whose feet the forest depths have crossed,
Whose brow is nobly crown'd with toil.

Story Teller

THE TWIN COTTAGES:

A STORY OF RURAL LIFE.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

Chapter I.—The Old House.

No two families ever dwelt together under the same roof in more perfect unity and happiness, than did the brothers Felton, occupying, with their wives and children, the old Felton house, in the flourishing township of Pennfield. The brothers were brothers in feeling as well as in name; their wives were like sisters, and their children were like the children of the same parents, in their kindness towards each other. Neither of the brothers ever visited the city and brought home presents to his own children, without distributing gifts equally curious and gratifying, to his little nephews and nieces. The two families enjoyed everything in common, eating at the same table, riding in the same great carriage, sitting in the same pew at church, and laboring together to advance their common interest.

The Feltons lived together thus for years. But at length, when the brothers saw new and beautiful houses rising about their estate, in the fairest portions of Pennfield, they conceived a desire to build a more splendid house than the humble cottage in which their parents had lived and died.

"Why not?" asked Lionel, the elder of the two brothers, as they were walking across the fields together, one mild Sabbath afternoon. "The old house is really getting to look quite poverty-stricken, in the midst of the improvements which are going on around us."

"And as our families increase," rejoined Richard, who was no less ambitious than his brother, "we find the old house growing too small for us. We must either build an addition in the spring, or put up a new house; and, really, I am inclined to think the latter would be cheapest, in the end."

"No doubt of it, brother," said Lionel. "But even if it would not, we can afford a little extravagance, I am sure. Here we are with two hundred acres of the best land in the county—free from incumbrance; and we have money enough at interest, to build as fine a house as you can see from the top of Hodge's hill."

"Well, then, supposing we put up a new cottage," added Richard, casting his fine eye, with an expression of pride, around him on the broad and beautiful fields of the Felton estate. "Where shall it stand?"

"On the north road, to be sure," replied Lionel. "There is not another such fine locality in Pennfield; and I am sure father himself would propose building there, had he lived. The finest orchard on the farm, you know, is on the North road; the new house shall go up directly in front of the orchard, with its front door looking towards the east."

Richard was accustomed to rely upon his elder brother's judgment, and on this occasion, he coincided with him, in any suggestion he made, touching the new house. They walked leisurely over to the North road, and, in their imagination, constructed just such a cottage as they wished to build them in reality, and admired its imposing beauty, until it would have been a difficult thing for them to dismiss the subject from their minds, and live contented in the old house half-a-dozen years longer.

It was resolved, then, that the new house should be built, and you may be sure that the wives of Lionel and Richard showed no disposition to discourage the enterprise. It was something they had long desired, but to which they had small hopes of being able to persuade their husbands, for—if the truth must be told—the old Felton house was quite large enough, and sufficiently convenient, for both families, for ten years to come; and it was hardly thought that two such sober-minded [illegible] and Richard, would be to the expense of a new house, merely for the sake of appearance.

The [illegible] the subject for [illegible] study during the [illegible] and after the [illegible] to the construction of the cottage were resolved upon, an architect was employed to draw up a plan of it.

We [illegible] drawing-less to the [illegible] the [illegible] our [illegible] to [illegible] that day, and upon the style [illegible] was to be [illegible], and [illegible] article, whether for use or show, from the ornaments on the parlor mantle-piece, to the stove in the kitchen. All this time their labors and discussions were conducted with great cheerfulness, and commendable good feeling.

One important arrangement, however, still remained to be made. The large square bed-room, in the south-east corner of the house, would be the most desirable and pleasant apartment of all.

"I think," said Martha—Lionel's wife—referring, for the fifteenth time that day, to the plan of the new house, which lay upon the sitting-room table, "I think, Maria, you can't object to giving *that* room up to me. Lionel has spoken of it; I think he is set upon it; and, really, I think we ought to have it."

"I don't know about that," replied Maria, bending over her work, and plying her needle very rapidly. "Richard and I were thinking *we* ought to have that room; in fact, we didn't suppose there would be a word said against it."

"Well, we won't quarrel about it, of course," pursued Martha, pushing the drawing across the table in a rather abrupt manner; "but I am sure, when you come to reflect you will allow that we have the best right to the room."

"How the best right?" asked Maria in a quiet tone.

"Why, my dear woman, you can't deny but that Lionel has done all the planning, and headed every enterprise, about the new house. He first suggested the idea of building, as Richard himself allows. Now, really, every person of sense must say that *he* ought to have his choice of the rooms."

"Every person of sense?" echoed Maria, losing patience with her sister-in-law. "You appear to think *I* am not a person of sense."

"Maria—"

"Because I don't happen to think just as you do. Now, I must say that I think any person of sense must give the right of the square bed-room to me."

"Well," said Martha, with an angry gesture, "by what right do you lay claim to the room?"

"I can tell you, without getting angry," replied Maria in a significant tone. "You say Lionel has taken the lead in everything connected with the new house; and so he has, because Richard has been willing to give in to his opinions, as younger brothers generally do. Lionel has had his way about everything, but Richard has done as much hard work as your husband has; and he could have done the head work as well, if Lionel had not insisted on having it all done to please himself.—Now, after giving up all to Lionel, Richard certainly ought to have his way about one trifling matter—and that is, the square bed-room."

"How unreasonable you are!" exclaimed Martha. "You haven't any sense on this subject. You know very well that Richard was glad to have my husband take all the cares of building off his mind—because Lionel is more capable of head-work than himself."

"That I deny!" said Maria with great firmness of manner. "I don't know what you can be thinking of, to make such an absurd remark. Wasn't Richard always the best scholar, and don't Lionel even now apply to him, where there is any figuring to be done?"

"The best scholar, has nothing to do with building a house," said Martha. "But there is no use of talking with you, until you come to your senses. All I've got to say is, *we* shall have the square bed-room, at any rate! There!"

This arrogance on the part of her sister-in-law made Maria very angry, and she answered without giving her passion time to cool.

"I declare, Mrs. Felton, this is too bad! A person would think you were insane. It is not the room I care so much about—for if you had asked me kindly to give it up to you, I would have given it up without a word—as Richard and I have always given up everything to you and your husband. But if you *claim* the room, it is another thing, and you'll find that people who have suffered themselves to be trampled upon, can set up for their rights, when driven to it. Say what you may, *I* will never go into the new house unless we can have the square bed-room!

"We can go into it alone then, and like it so much the better," said Martha, with a provoking laugh.

"We'll see if you can!" retorted Maria, her eyes flashing upon her sneering sister. "We'll see!"

Maria turned her back scornfully upon Martha, as if determined to have no more conversation with one so void of reason; and Martha deliberately moved her seat to the opposite corner of the room, apparently with the intention of getting as far from the insane Maria as possible.

Chapter II.—The Quarrel.

It was on a cold afternoon in midwinter that the dispute—the first serious quarrel between Martha and Maria—took place. Lionel and Richard had been at work all day, drawing logs out of the woods; and at night, unharnessing their teams together, they returned to the house, walking slowly side by side.

"I calculate we shall move into the new house early next fall," said Lionel. "Our work gets on famously. We shall have everything ready for the carpenters in two months, and the masons can build the cellar-wall as soon as the frost is out of the ground."

"The women are getting on finely, too," rejoined Richard. "Now tell me, Lionel, did you ever see two wives, under the same roof, agree so well?"

"Never. But it is no wonder. Martha would sooner give up everything to Maria, than quarrel with her."

"And Maria feels the same towards her."

With these words on his lips, Richard opened the door. The wives were sitting in the position in which we left them.

"How happens this?" said Lionel. "The table is not set."

"Maria, how have you forgotten yourself so?" asked the mild Richard. "You usually got supper, I believe."

"I always have still to-night," said Maria, flushing very red. "For two months I have set the table three times a day, without a word. Now I think it is time *somebody else* should set it."

As Martha knew very well who was meant by *somebody else*, she said quickly,

"I don't know what this means, I am sure.—Maria has always wanted to set the table, because she doesn't like to set all day; and as I can sew faster than she can, I have left the duty to her."

"I don't understand this trifling," said Lionel, sternly.

"Nor I," replied Richard, biting his lips.

"Come, brother, let us set the table ourselves."

Maria had now reflected long enough on the folly of what she was doing to be heartily ashamed of her conduct. She felt that she ought to have set the table, but pride had sustained her; and now, [illegible] leave her chair, Martha, who knew [illegible] too much a little condescension at such a [illegible] speak in her favor, and to Maria's dismay, [illegible] arose, and put away her work.

[illegible] said she, "I would rather [illegible] pleasanter than sitting [illegible] had supper all ready by [illegible] posed *somebody else* pre-

[illegible] was this [illegible]

[illegible]

"I have been trodden upon and insulted long enough!" she sobbed.

"Trodden upon and insulted!" echoed the impetuous Lionel, with a frown. "By whom? Not by Martha, I know. Come, sisters! have done with this nonsense."

"Brother," replied Richard, in a suppressed voice, "it is not for you to judge and condemn my wife. See—she weeps—and she would not weep for nothing."

"Fudge!" said Lionel, with a gesture of irritation.

Richard turned calmly away, and followed Maria to her room.

As soon as Martha saw her husband disposed to take her part, she thought best to hold her peace, and go quietly about her work, with the peculiar air of a person very much abused, but nevertheless perfectly resigned. Lionel walked across the room, sat down and took his youngest child upon his knee.

"Now tell me what this quarrel is," said he to his wife, in his usual imperative manner, when excited. "What is the matter of Maria?"

"It is such a trifling matter, that I am ashamed to mention it, replied Martha. "I didn't think she was so silly. There was something said about the large square bed-room, in the new house, and Maria spoke up very crank, and said *she* laid claim to that. I asked her by what right, and she answered that it was time for her to lay claim to something, since she and Richard had suffered us to trample upon them, and have our own way in everything, so long."

"Did she say that?" said Lionel, angrily.

"Yes, and a great deal more like it, which I can't repeat. "Of course," added Martha, with a self-approving smile, "I couldn't hear her talk so, without making some reply; and so I told her that if anybody had a right to the bed-room, it was ourselves, for the house would never have been built, if it had not been for you."

Lionel's brows gathered.

"Richard shall know of this," he muttered. "I could have borne anything rather than that she should have said *we* trample upon *them*. My blood boils at the injustice of the charge. I take the lead in business, because I have more of a business turn than Richard has; and because he knows it, and is more willing to trust to my judgment than his own. We trample upon them! So, this is the reason why Maria did not set the table."

"I don't know of any other reason, I am sure," replied Martha.

Meanwhile Maria was telling *her* story to her sympathizing husband.

"I ought to have set the table, I know," said she. "But Martha was so unjust and tyrannical that I had to rebel. It is true we never quarreled seriously before, but it is only because I have always tamely submitted to her domineering disposition. She had everything her own way; and so has Lionel; and she thinks that because we have submitted before, we must now. I told her, if she had asked me kindly for the bed-room, I would have given it up to her; but when she claimed it, on the plea that the house was of Lionel's building and not yours, and that you were not capable of taking the lead in business—"

"Did she say that?" muttered Richard, whose pride was touched to the quick.

"O, that is not half what she said," exclaimed Maria.

"This is insulting," said Richard, with much irritation. "Because Lionel is the eldest, and I have allowed him to take the lead, as elder brothers naturally do, she must doubt my capability! But Lionel himself must see the injustice of this, and he shall know of it to night."

During this time, Richard's two eldest children—Jackson and Walcott—together with their cousin Edward, were milking the cows, feeding and taking care of the stock, and performing other duties about the yards and barn, to which they always gave their attention after school. To see that the boys slighted none of the "chores," Lionel, as was his custom at night, left the house, directing his footsteps towards the barn, and Richard went out soon after, on the same errand. The brothers met in the door of the wagon-house, and stopped to speak with each other.

"The women," said Lionel, carelessly, "have had a foolish quarrel."

"I am very sorry for it," replied Richard.

"I hope they will soon make it up again, brother. But I must say, I think that Maria is the most to blame."

"To blame for resenting an insult to her husband?" said Richard, hastily.

"Who has insulted you?"

"Martha. She said I was not capable of doing business. If I have permitted you to take the lead, Lionel, it is not because I consider myself in any way your inferior."

"It seems to me you are getting into a passion about nothing," replied Lionel. "Martha may have said you have less business tact than I have; and that you yourself cannot deny."

"That I do deny! I acknowledge no inferiority. As Maria said, you and Martha are growing presumptuous."

"She said we trample upon you! Absurdity!"

"Ha!" ejaculated Richard, trembling with irritation. "You have never presumed too much, have you? Your wife laid claim to the bed-room, because your judgment is superior to mine!"

"Come, come, you talk like a school-boy!" muttered Lionel, with a sneer. "I think we had better drop the subject, till some time when you are cool."

"Lionel! this is unkind! this is unjust! I cannot suffer such intolerance. It is as Maria said.—You presume too much on our good nature."

"Hum! yes! trample upon you!"

Richard turned angrily away. The two families sat down to the table together that evening, but not a word was spoken by the parents. The children saw that there was some trouble in the house, and conducted their conversation in whispers.

After supper, Richard sent Jackson down cellar for a pan of apples, and a pitcher of cider; but instead of directing him, as heretofore, to pass the fruit first to his aunt, and fill his uncle's glass before his own, he told him to place the pitcher and pan upon the hearth, before the blazing fire, where everybody could help themselves.

Lionel cast a strange look upon his brother, and exchanged glances with his wife. Immediately after, Martha called Edward to her, and whispered something in his ear.

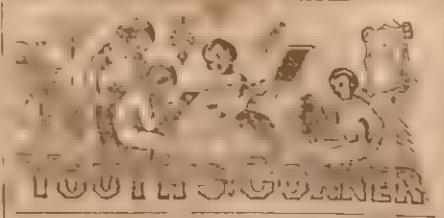
Although the candle Jackson had used, was still left burning, Edward lighted a fresh one, and passing through the party, went down cellar. In a few minutes he returned with another pan of apples, and another pitcher of cider, which he placed upon the hearth, close beside Jackson's, selecting the nicest apple he could find, for his mother, and filling his father's glass to the brim.

"Pass it to Richard," said Lionel.

Richard, proud, sensitive, and indignant when aroused, imputed this silent rebuke as an insult, and refused the proffered glass with a look of scorn. Lionel smiled contemptuously, and quaffed the beverage in silence. For the first time in many years, the two families parted that evening, without bidding each other good night.

(To be Continued.)

INDUSTRY.—Toil is the price of sleep and appetite, of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth, is a blessing. The world does not contain a brier or a thorn that divine mercy could have spared. We are happier with the sterility which we can overcome by industry, than we could be with the most spontaneous and unbounded profusion. The body and the mind are improved by the toil that fatigues them; that toil is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasure it bestows. Its enjoyments are peculiar; no [illegible] can purchase them, no insolence touch them. They only flow from the exertion which they repay.



For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My [illegible] is a river in Ohio.
My [illegible] 27 is a city in Hindoostan.
My 19, 2, 6, 18 is a gulf in Asia.
My 8, 1, 7 is a color.
My 14, 23, 10 is a kind of tree.
My 25, 26, 4, 17, 28, 23 is one of the seasons.
My 11, 21, 24 is a kind of vine.
My 20, 26, 18, 12, 28, 23 is a simple laugh.
My whole is a true saying.

Hornby, N. Y., 1859. L. M. G.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 14, 16, 5, 17 is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 6, 10, 2, 12, 13, 17 is a small town in Mexico.
My 3, 5, 7, 10 is a town in South America.
My 1, 14, 12, 17, 16 is a river in Europe.
My 12, 5, 15, 7 is a gulf in Asia.
My 13, 15, 4, 7, 6, 12 is a cape in Africa.
My whole was a great English poet.

Mt. Vernon, Mich., 1859. J. Milton Johnstey.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANALYTICAL PROBLEM.

Two men own adjoining farms and raise sheep. A has in his field No. 1, the smallest number; in field No. 2, 4 more than in No. 1; in No. 3, 4 more still; in No. 4, one-half as many as B has in his No. 1; in B's No. 2 are 4 more than in A's first three, and in B's No. 3 are 3-5 as many as A has in No. 4—altogether B has as many again as A. How many have each? X.

West Bloomfield, N. Y., 1859.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 485.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—East Bloomfield.

Answer to Enigma—Bouquet of Flowers:—Water-lily, China Pink, Moss Rose, Venus' Fly-trap, Marigold, Adder's Tongue, Carnation, Sweet William, Primrose, Stock July Flower.

Answer to Algebraical Problem:—The greater number is 37—the lesser 19.

Answer to Numerical Puzzle:

"One half of FIVE is IV;
X is one-third of SIX;
Then add up so (X plus IV) or so (4 plus 10)—
You have the asked-for "fix!"

Wit and Humor.

A STRING OF CONUNDRUMS

Why is an invalid cured by sea-bathing like a confined criminal? Because he is secured (sea-cured.)—Why is mist the poetry of nature? Because when it falls upon the earth it freezes and forms rime?—Why does a lady with wealthy lovers around her hear more music than anybody else? Because she hears several million-aires at once.—Why is the sofa that your father is sitting on like railroad stock? Because it is below par.—Why is letter G like matrimony? Because it is the end of courting.—What is the difference between the man that keeps watch on board a ship and a phrenologist? One looks out a head and the other looks in a head.—What tune can make every one glad? Fortune.—What post is never a very welcome guest? Impost.—What machine is sometimes seen in a ball-room? A spinning-jenny.—What is the easiest fence a sportsman ever took? Offence.—Why is love like a glass of champaigne? Because it is very exciting and soon loses its briskness.—What is the greatest general of the age? General Consumption.—Why have ladies discarded streamers? Because they prefer beaux (bows.)

As Good as if it were Æsop.—The Nantucket Islander says that the following story was lately told by a reformed inebriate as an appology for much of the folly of drunkards:

"A mouse ranging about a brewery, happening to fall into a vat of beer, was in imminent danger of drowning, and appealed to a cat to help him out. The cat replied, 'It is a foolish request, for as soon as I get you out I shall eat you.' The mouse piteously replied, that fate would be better than be to drowned in beer. The cat lifted him out, but the fume of the beer caused puss to sneeze, and the mouse took refuge in his hole. The cat called upon the mouse to come out—'you, sir, did you not promise that I should eat you?' 'Ah!' replied the mouse, 'but you know *I was in liquor at the time!*'"

Advertisements.

AGENTS WANTED—To travel and solicit orders for the Celebrated $45 Sewing Machines. Salary $100 per month, with all [illegible]. Address [illegible]
487-4t J. M. DAGGETT & CO., Boston, Mass.

HIAWATHA, (1853) Red; [illegible] Spring Pigs, calved Nov., 1858. I offer the above [illegible] for sale. He is a *sure getter*. JOHN R. [illegible]
487-3t Scipio, N. Y.

STONE YARDS—FOR 1859.—RATHBUN & WHITMORE, have always on hand a good supply of Lockport and Medina Stone, Caps, Sills, Platforms, Steps, Posts, Well and Cistern Covers, Curbing, Paving, and Building Stone, Flagging—all sizes. Fire proof Vaults &c. They will *contract* for street Improvements, generally, at home or *abroad*, and fill all orders on short notice, addressed to Thomas Rathbun, Buffalo, Wm. W. Whitmore, Lockport, or to the subscriber, Pittsburgh St., Bridge [illegible]
485-6mo Wm. [illegible], Agent.

WHITE KIDNEY CORN—EIGHT-ROWED EARS, [illegible] variety for sale, if [illegible] Price $1,50 per bushel. T. C. Peck & Co.
[illegible] N. Y. April, [illegible]

LAWTON BLACKBERRY PLANTS: [illegible]
[illegible] WILLIAMSON, N. Y.

RHODE'S SUPERPHOSPHATE [illegible]
B. M. RHODES & CO.,
[illegible] Boston.

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.—This is The Largest Newspaper in the World—Nathaniel Whiting, Editor. Religious—Belonging to no Party in Politics and to no Sect in Religion. Edited by a Corps of Clergymen and Laymen of large experience, having the most Eminent Writers of the day among its regular contributors, and a Foreign Correspondence unrivalled. It [illegible]

FAMILY NEWSPAPER

that can be made: published on a large double sheet, so that it may be separated, making

TWO DISTINCT PAPERS,

each perfect in itself. No other newspaper is made upon this plan.

The Secular sheet contains a full report of all the News of the Day, with a vast amount of miscellaneous reading; an Agricultural page; a Commercial page, and a Miscellaneous department, embracing scientific, literary and [illegible] matter.

The Religious paper is filled with the choicest original and selected matter in every department of Christian Literature. One of its chief features of attraction is a Summary of Intelligence from

ALL RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS;

a feature peculiar to the *Observer*, and highly valued by Christians who wish to know what is doing in other communions than their own.

The grand object of the New York Observer is to promote "peace on earth and good-will among men."

It is the *cheapest* newspaper of its class [illegible] published, both the secular and religious papers are sent for *two dollars and fifty cents*, in advance.

For further particulars, see advertisement in the Rural New-Yorker of Nov. 13th and 27th, 1858.

SIDNEY E. MORSE, Jr., & CO.,
Editors and Proprietors.
483eow2t 37 Park Row, New York.

WOOD'S MOWER.—

Patented February 22d, 1859.

During the six years I have been engaged in the manufacture of the Manny Combined Reaper and Mower, I have given much thought and attention to the construction of what I foresaw would be a great want of the Farmers—A lighter and cheaper machine expressly for mowing, than had yet been made.

And now, after the most thorough and repeated experiments and tests in every variety of field, and in all kinds and in every condition of grass, I am prepared, with entire confidence, to offer to the farmers and dealers of the United States, the great *desideratum* in this department of Agricultural labor saving machines—a Mower, superior in its capacity for good work to any hitherto introduced, of easy draft, light, cheap and durable.

This machine I now offer as my latest invention, to meet a special want of farmers, and to place within the reach of all, a Mower that for practical working, cheapness and simplicity, will be without a rival.

I build Two-Horse and One Horse Mowers. The Two-Horse Mower weighs 425 lbs., and cuts a swath four feet wide (or more if specially ordered.) The One-Horse Mower weighs 30 lbs. less, (395 lbs.,) and cuts a swath three and a half feet wide.

For a more full description of the Mower, reference is made to my Pamphlets, which will be furnished on application.—With each machine will be furnished two extra guards, two extra sections, one wrench and oil can.

Warranted capable of cutting ten acres of grass per day in a workmanlike manner.

Price of Two-Horse Mower..... $80
" One-Horse Mower. 70

Delivered here [illegible]

I continue as heretofore, and with greater success than at any previous time, the manufacture and sale of "Manny's Patent Combined Reaper and Mower with Wood's Improvement."

WALTER A. WOOD,
Manufacturer and Proprietor, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

PEASE & EGGLESTON, 84 State St., Albany, Agents for Albany County and vicinity.

BENNETT GRAY, Brockport,
WM. HENRY HARMON, Scottsville,
483-tf Agents for Monroe County, N. Y.

MANNY'S COMBINED
REAPER AND MOWER,
WITH WOOD'S IMPROVEMENT.
For the Harvest of 1859.

The subscriber begs to inform the public that [illegible] to manufacture this popular machine, and pledges [illegible] to produce an implement that will fully sustain its [illegible] tation, as the best combined machine yet introduced, [illegible] and inferior to none, either as a Reaper or Mower.

It has [illegible] steadily and [illegible] popularity from the first, achieving a [illegible] the first important trial at Geneva in 1852. It carried off the highest honors at the great National Field Trial at Syracuse in 1857; and amidst all the competition and trials of 1858, came out with more and better established points of excellence than ever [illegible].

The general principles peculiar to this machine, and upon which it is constructed, have proved so successful that there has been no attempt to change them.

The [illegible] of the [illegible] has been to render it more durable, and [illegible] to the [illegible] and [illegible] the country.

We are [illegible] capable of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass or [illegible] in a workmanlike manner.

The [illegible] varies according to width of cut, and its adaptation in size and strength to different sections of the country, from $125 to $150, delivered here on the cars.

WALTER A. WOOD,
Manufacturer and Proprietor, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

BENNETT GRAY, Brockport,
WM. HENRY HARMON, Scottsville,
483-tf Agents for Monroe County, N. Y.

PLASTER AND GUANO.—J. K. CHAPPELL, 61 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y., is Agent for Caribbee's Celebrated Land Plaster, and the American Guano. Plaster only $3,25 per Ton. 482-tf

THE "OLD DOMINION" COFFEE POT is Manufactured under the Patent for the United States, by ARTHUR, BURNHAM & GILROY, Philadelphia, and is for sale by dealers in Housekeeping articles and Storekeepers generally. 482-13t

FAIRPORT CHEMICAL WORKS.

D. B. DeLAND,

Acknowledging the favor and patronage which have been bestowed upon him by the Trade and others, since the commencement of his enterprise, respectfully informs his patrons and the public generally, that with greatly increased facilities he continues to manufacture a superior article of

SALERATUS, PURE CREAM TARTAR, BI CARBONATE OF SODA, SAL SODA, &c.

The above articles will be sold in all varieties of packages, at as low prices as they are afforded by any other manufacturer, and in every case warranted pure and of superior quality. Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled.

☞ Consumers of Saleratus, Cream Tartar, and Bi-Carbonate of Soda should be careful to purchase that having the name of D. B. DeLand on the wrapper, as they will thus obtain a pure article.

Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y. 482wetf

WILSON'S ALBANY SEEDLING.—THE BEST *and most Prolific Market Strawberry! Yields* 150 *to* 200 *Bushels per Acre!* Genuine Plants of this superior variety for sale, in large or small quantities. Price, $10 a thousand—$1,50 a hundred, or $1 for fifty.

Red Antwerp Raspberry canes, $4 per 100—$2,50 for 50, or 15 for $1.

New-Rochelle (or Lawton) Blackberry canes, $10 for 100—$6 for 50—$3 for 24—$2 per dozen.

All plants ordered, securely boxed and delivered in Albany, without extra charge.

Orders accompanied by cash promptly attended to.

WM. RICHARDSON,
481 95 South Pearl Street, Albany, N. Y.

BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO'S NEW SCALE PIANO FORTES!

Perfect in Musical Qualities and Mechanism, and having our new Patent Improvements in the Insulated Iron Rims, Corrugated Sounding Board, &c., making them the best and most durable Pianos in the World.

All sizes from 6½ octaves, and all prices from $175 to $[illegible] each, according to size and finish. [illegible] by low prices for Cash, and [illegible] for time.

Illustrated Price Lists and Circulars furnished on application. Please call and examine before you buy.

MUSIC HALL!
468 and 470 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.
483wetf BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO.

AMERICAN HOP TREE.—The subscribers recommend the above Tree as a substitute for the unsightly and troublesome Hop Vines. The Hops grow in large clusters, are much stronger and always preferred to the ordinary Hops. Tree is perfectly hardy, highly ornamental, and will bear the second year from seed. Trees from 15 cts to $1,00 each, or Seeds free, by mail, for nine three-cent stamps.

McILVAIN & YOUNG, Seedsmen,
480tf No. 9 John St., New York.

Moore's Rural New-Yorker,

THE LARGEST CIRCULATED

Agricultural, Literary and Family Weekly,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

D. D. T. MOORE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Office, Union Buildings, Opposite the Court House, Buffalo St.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:

Two Dollars a Year—$1 for six months. To Clubs and Associations—Three Copies one year, for $5; Six, and one free to club agent, for $10; Ten, and one free, for $15; Fifteen and one free, for $22; Twenty, and one free, for $30; Thirty-two, and two free, for $40, (or Thirty for $37,50,) and any greater number at same rate—only $1,25 per copy—with an extra copy for every Ten Subscribers over Thirty. Club papers sent to different Post-offices, if desired. As we pre pay American postage on papers sent to the British Provinces, our Canadian agents and friends must add 12½ cents per copy to the club rates of the Rural. The lowest price of copies sent to Europe, &c., is $2,50—including postage.

The Postage on the Rural is only 3½ cents per quarter to any part of this State, and 6½ cts. to any other State, if paid quarterly in advance at the post office where received.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

AGRICULTURE · HORTICULTURE · RURAL LIFE · EXCELSIOR · LITERATURE · SCIENCE · ARTS · NEWS

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

VOL. X. NO. 20.] ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1859. [WHOLE NO. 488.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

AGRICULTURE

SPRING NOTES.

Our Spring Notes are not such as greet the ear and cheer the heart these beautiful spring mornings,—notes of melody, songs of joy and praise from feathered choristers,—but plain, practical, homely notes, far less beautiful but fully as profitable, perhaps, to the farmer.

Corn Planting.

CORN is very liable to rot in the ground if planted too early; or if it does not rot it comes up yellow and sickly, becomes stunted, and makes but little growth until warm weather. As a general thing, we have no doubt corn planted from the twentieth of May to the first of June will ripen as early as though planted before that time, while the chances of success are much greater. No crop is more benefited by a little attention at the early stages of its growth than corn. A little manure in the hill just before the first hoeing, will show itself all through the season, and tell a profitable tale at harvest time. For this purpose we take especial care of our hen manure, and it is almost equal to guano. The *Crows* and *Wire-worms* destroy a good deal of newly planted corn, and, in addition to these, our friends at the West have the uniformity of their planting very much destroyed by gophers. The best security against these depredators that we know of, is to coat the seed before planting with tar, then roll in plaster and ashes. The tar should be mixed with hot water, so as to give the seed but a thin coating. One way we have seen practiced, is to put the corn into a tub of scalding water, let it remain for five minutes, then pour off most of the water, add the tar and stir until every kernel is coated. One excellent farmer we know of always adds a little sulphur, and claims great advantage from its use. Another remedy is of a benevolent nature, and yet like a good many benevolent acts, is founded on selfishness. This is to scatter corn on the surface of the ground, and, of course, while enough to satisfy their wants can be gathered on the surface, the birds will not disturb that which is buried in the soil. But, whether such a course will not cause an extra number to congregate for the enjoyment of the feast, is a question we cannot answer, though we know this course is relied on by some of our friends to preserve their seed corn, after planting, and they claim that it is successful. Our idea of this remedy when first announced, was, that the operator would be somewhat in the situation of the man who undertook to catch squash bugs and kill them, he declared that killing them only made matters worse, for when one was killed a dozen came to the funeral.

Potato Planting.

EARLY planting is necessary to success in potato growing, as a general rule, though occasionally our seasons are such that those late planted do best. The vexed question, whether it is best to plant large or small potatoes, cut or uncut, in hills or drills, or level, we will not now attempt to discuss. On these subjects there are different opinions among practical men,—and the few reliable experiments we have noticed seem to tell different stories. We have always decided that a small potato, if [illegible] good for seed, but if it is improved [illegible] fall growth, then [illegible] We are taking a good deal of pains to test [illegible] and other questions in potato culture this season, and hope in the fall to [illegible] interesting facts. The correctness [illegible] of the *Early Manly* has been called in question as it is supposed by some to be the TRUE *Early June*. The sound, white potato, poor and watery, commonly known and sold as the *Early June*, is, we have no doubt, the *English White*. Then we have here several sorts sold as the *Early Manly*, and we find it difficult to trace out their origin, or give them correct names, or even to judge of all their qualities. All of these early sorts we now have planted side by side, and we think we are in a fair way to obtain some light. CHAUNCEY E. GOODRICH, of Utica, who has given more attention to potato culture than any man in the State, or perhaps in the country, and to whom we are indebted for a variety of seedlings for trial, gives the following directions:

"*Soil.*—This should be but moderately rich, at least in an unsteady climate like ours. A sandy soil heats and cools too readily. A stiff clay soil is too close. A loam soil is best. A new soil with much woody matter in it is good. For this reason, stiff greensward and well-drained swamps, furnish good soil for potatoes.

Exposition.—High hills, and even mountains are favorable places for the cultivation of potatoes.—Level ground, or slopes to the west or north are more favorable than slopes to the east or south. On the east slope they heat too rapidly after a cold night, while on a south slope they heat too much at noon. We err in planting potatoes in the same soil and position with corn, melons, &c., unless constrained by the want of one that is cooler. In the Southern States they have learned to put the potato in their coolest soils. But potatoes need a well-drained soil as much as corn.

Culture.—Do not cut your seed small, nor plant small seed. The reason is plain. Such seed gives a feeble plant, which grows too slowly for the first few weeks, and so does not bear the succeeding hot weather, nor tuber as early as it ought, especially if it be a late sort. It is true that where your variety of potatoes ripens quite early, the cutting of seed very small will give a much larger crop for its weight than in the use of larger seed, but it is not, in the end, as well for the health of the crop. *Plow and plant deep*, except you are obliged to use a heavy or wet soil. Thus the roots are cooler in hot weather, and chill less in sudden changes. They also stand drouth better. *Cultive at level.* A high hill heats and cools worse than a level one. *Plant wide*, usually as wide as 3 by 3, and often more. Thus every hill has its share of light and air. The rule should be to have your ground just covered when the vines get their full growth.—*Plant early.* Then the vines make a slower and more hardy growth, having less spongy and more woody matter in them. They will thus stand bad weather better than when rapidly grown. *Use early sorts.* Then the tubers get ripe before the dark, damp and cool weather, which is always felt in the parallel of Boston and Chicago, and often early in September. The weather that produces early chills and disease, has almost always come in the first half of July. Potatoes of tolerable constitution which have been cultivated as above directed, usually escape in this chill. *Very early sorts* should not be sought for the main crop. It is sufficient that the sorts for winter use should mature with the season. If, however, you wish to cultivate for early market or fall feeding, you may force your potatoes in a rich soil, and reap a heavy crop, but do not use such for seed. Indeed, potatoes with a vigorous constitution may be cultivated without immediate harm, in a rich soil, but the tendency will always be to weaken their constitution. In a good soil—one adapted to the growth of all ordinary vegetables, *your seed potatoes never need changing*, especially if they be sorts ripening in good season. If your soil be deficient it may be well to change seed with those who have a better soil."

The Best Crop to "Seed Down" with.

IN an article on *Oats, their Value, Culture, &c.*, we incidentally remarked that the Oat crop was one of the best with which to seed down to clover. A correspondent calls our attention to this statement, thinking it may mislead, as many farmers find oats bad to seed down with, far inferior to wheat in this respect. The remark was made with the fact in our mind that wheat culture is about abandoned for the present in Western New York, and if farmers sow clover on grain it must be on some other crop than wheat. But, some persons write as though they supposed there was something in some grains antagonistic to clover, if not actually poisonous. Our view of the matter is this. For the good of the clover it would be better to sow it thick and alone in the spring. We have sown clover and grass for lawns and parks, early in the spring, and by the first of July had the surface entirely covered a beautiful green carpet.—The thicker the grain grows on the ground, the more it abounds in leaves to increase the shade, and the longer it remains the more injurious to the clover. Of course the lighter the grain stands on the ground, the less dense the shade, and the sooner it is removed the better for the clover. It this view is correct, and we believe the experience of most practical men will corroborate its truth, then there need be no question as to what grain crops are best to sow clover upon.

BRIEF FARM HINTS.

THOSE of us who do our principal farming in the editorial "sanctum," may be expected to avoid many disgraceful errors into which out-door cultivators are prone to fall. We never let thistles, burdocks, and other noxious weeds, go to seed on our premises; the boards are not off from our barns, and unsightly rubbish don't accumulate on our premises—(this may be slightly exaggerated, but we will assume it for argument sake); our cattle are not poorly fed; our plowing is not of the "cut and cover" kind, and our planting is not out of time. We are therefore the men to exhort others to the performance of duty.

Will you not then, *this Spring*, go into a general clearing up about your fences and buildings of those unsightly accumulations which have annoyed your wife and daughters so long, and in your more susceptible moments brought a very little color into your own cheeks? If that old hay rack is worth anything, would it not pay to carry it away to some shelter? If it is fit for wood, suppose you burn it in-doors, and if not, burn it somewhere. Ditto that horse-rake, plow, old sled, old wagon, and cultivator.

Are you through with those plum trees, covered with black knots and dead limbs?—then, for your country's sake, if not for your own, burn them or try Mr. DICKINSON'S remedy, (given in RURAL of April 9th); by all means, *kill* or *cure* them.

Circumnavigate your whole farm, and if you find in any fence corner a good rail, put it on the fence; and if you find stumps, stones, broken rails, or bushes, put them out of the way. Let every fence corner be ready for the scythe; then you will be able to gather much valuable fodder to store away for a scarce time.

Be sure and pick up all sticks and stones upon your newly seeded meadows—we will not insult you by supposing that your old meadows require anything of the kind—then roll them in a wet time, and you will have a good time with your mowing machine.

If you have omitted to dig about and dung your fruit trees, omit it no longer. Labor judiciously expended on fruit trees will meet with a large reward.

Be sure of one thing—your care and labors will increase upon you as the season advances, so see to it that your hay racks, reapers, mowers, &c., are at once put in order; otherwise you may wait for them at a serious cost. The *right* time for doing any branch of farm work is a *brief* time; so rapid are the changes of our seasons that a day or two's delay may spoil the profits of a large transaction. Therefore, *Be ready.*

Look to it that you are not putting off some indispensable business for a "convenient season." That time is never coming. Most likely you will be compelled to do it at a most *inconvenient* season. Getting a new buggy, a new hat, some new hoops for your wife, (there may be some doubt here,) will admit of delay—a new house may be waited for—but a new fence, a new plow, a new hay rack, if not provided at once, may result in serious loss.

It may not be too late to turn some rivulet on to your pasture or meadow, and so increase your grass. Irrigation is a much neglected, but very important operation in farming. Standing water, however beneficial to grass, is destructive of grain. See that there are no ponds on your grain fields.

See that your manure is either applied to your crops or guarded against waste from fermentation or exposure to the elements.

Look to your early sown vegetables, and keep the ground loose and the weeds under.

Don't neglect to hunt the eggs, and "set" the hens in good places, with the right number of eggs.

Keep your cattle from cold storms, and let them into the yard on cool nights to eat some hay, by way of change from the flashy grass.

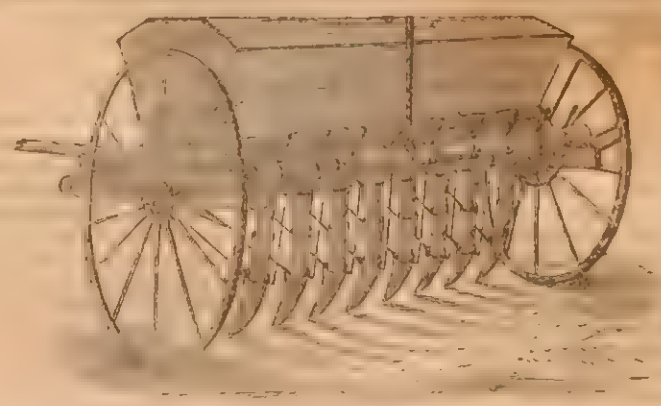
Have you a good rain water cistern, with good troughs and conductors leading into it? That is among the indisputable and inalienable "rights of women."

Have you a good drain to conduct the surplus water of the kitchen to the compost heap, which of course is well supplied with the scrapings of the walks, muck, sods, &c. Have you gathered up the chips from your winter chopping, the splinters and small sticks, bits of bark, &c., which cumber the ground, and when dry are so useful to start the fire. Let these be carefully gathered and put in some dry place above the ground, ready for use.

See that your potatoes are sprouted and put into a dark, cool, dry place. See that there is no grain or other eatables left in by-places, to be consumed by rats and mice. Make vigorous war upon these enemies of the human race, before they escape into the fields to recruit for next winter's campaign.

Put away in a dry, airy place, plenty of *good, tough* timber, suitable for hoe handles, rake teeth, whiffletrees, wedges, pins, plow handles, &c., &c.

Cast up and see if you are getting behind with any item of business; and if *so, prove yourself equal to the emergency*—employ more help, or double your diligence, and *fetch up* somehow. Be sure if you can't "afford" to do a thing at the right time, you can't afford to do it at all.



BICKFORD & HUFFMAN'S GRAIN DRILL.

"BICKFORD & HUFFMAN'S Premium Iron-Cylinder Grain Drill" is probably the most popular machine of its class in this country, as it certainly is among the best, and by many pronounced *the* best. The proprietors have been engaged in the manufacture of Grain Drills for the past ten years, have made many improvements, and claim that the machine now offered to the public is the most perfect one in America. And we confess that their claim is well sustained by the testimony of numerous farmers and planters who have used the drill, and the fact that it has never failed of receiving the first premium at any of the many State, County and Town Fairs where it has been exhibited during the past four years.

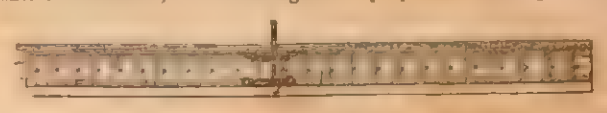
The accompanying cuts, together with the following description by the manufacturers, will convey an intelligible idea of the construction, operation and capacity of the Drill and its Attachments:

GUANO ATTACHMENT TO BICKFORD & HUFFMAN'S GRAIN DRILL.

"This drill will sow any desired quantity per acre, with the utmost precision, (as has been often tested,) from 4 to 16 pecks, by changing the gear wheels, which are marked to designate the number of pecks each will sow. It is also constructed to plant corn or beans in drills, by shutting off the grain from as many drills as desired. We have in our possession certificates from many practical and scientific planters and farmers, recommending our drill for planting corn, and it is believed to be the only Grain Drill so constructed as to perform this work in a satisfactory manner. It may also be used as a broadcast machine, by simply removing the drill tubes. We are manufacturing three different sizes of Drills, 7, 8 and 9 Tube; the Drill Tubes are placed in two rows, thereby facilitating their passage on stony or lumpy ground. The single row form, however, is preferred on all lands properly prepared.

"*The Guano Attachment*, with the late improvments, will sow, with the grain, from 50 to 300 pounds of guano to the acre. The desired quantity may be regulated with accuracy, by a slide and notches. Where set at the first notch, it will distribute 50 pounds, and by moving the slide one notch, the quantity delivered will be 75 pounds per acre, and so on, each notch increasing the quantity 25 pounds. Here, too, is a great saving of expense in the use of the Drill, to say nothing of the relief which any one must appreciate who has sown guano by hand. It is acknowledged by all close observers, that one-half the quantity of guano usually sown broadcast, will suffice when sown with drills, and in the furrow with the grain.

"The principle and arrangement of this attachment is the result of much careful research, and numerous and costly experiments by us. The great affinity of guano for moisture, and its sticky nature when moist, renders it extremely difficult to be sown by a machine, and, in fact, all the machines heretofore introduced have failed to distribute guano, except when in a perfectly dry state. As shown in the cut, this distributor is simply a verticle shaft, with arms sweeping across the bottom of the hopper, their action is such as to loosen and render less compact the material to be sown, also to comminute and move it over and into the discharge apertures. The great simplicity, as well as durability of this attachment, together with its certainty of action with guano and other fertilizers, either in a dry or damp state, render it certainly the most desirable machine yet offered to a discerning public. This fixture will also distribute lime, plaster or ashes, either in drills with the grain, or broadcast without the drill tubes. [Plain and perfect instructions on a printed card accompany each machine.]



THE GRASS SEED ATTACHMENT.

"*The Grass Seed Attachment* can be used without the grain drill or the guano attachment, or with all these in connection, performing in one operation the work of many men and teams, and other implements, viz.:—It sows your grain more perfectly than can be done by hand; it distributes your guano and other fertilizers more perfectly and economically than can be done by hand; it also sows your grass and clover seed broadcast behind the drills, after the work of sowing and manuring is performed, more evenly than can be done by hand, and all with one man and team. It will distribute from two quarts to one-half bushel to the acre, in the most perfect manner, can be quickly thrown in and out of gear, or removed entirely from the drill when not required."

It may be proper to add that this Drill is manufactured only by the Patentees and Proprietors, Messrs. BICKFORD & HUFFMAN, at Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y., and Baltimore, Md.

LEAF MOLD.

IF any country reader of the RURAL who owns a farm has never penetrated the banks of leaves that lie against old logs and in sheltered nooks and corners in his woods, let me advise him to lose no time in doing so, and I assure him that a sight of what he will find buried there will more than compensate for the trouble. Brushing aside the dry, rustling leaves that cover the underlying mass, keeping it constantly moist, and thus assisting decomposition, he comes, first, upon a closely-packed layer of dead foliage, always wet from the latest rains, and emitting that peculiarly clean and agreeable odor,

perhaps never possessed by decaying vegetable matter under any other circumstances. Below this, lies a strata of once green leaves, now half-dissolved by long-continued dampness, still retaining their form in a considerable degree, but yielding to the slightest effort to tear them in pieces. Descending deeper, the moisture decreases, and he finds a substance in color and texture much resembling fine-cut tobacco, consisting of separate, distinct particles, the whole curiously threaded with the yet undecayed veins of leaves; and, lower still, of almost velvety softness, lies the finest, cleanest, smoothest, prettiest dirt imaginable, if that can be called dirt which fingers of the most delicate touch experience a sensation of real pleasure in handling.

If the explorer, after pursuing his investigations thus far, experiences anything of the wonder and admiration I anticipate for him, and possesses, in the smallest degree, the zeal of a curiosity hunter, he cannot resist the wish to carry away a specimen of his new-found treasure; and if nothing more convenient to gather it in be at hand, he will carefully collect and tie up in his pocket-handkerchief a few handfuls wherewith to puzzle and surprise those at home whose ignorance of this substance is probably as great as his own was an hour before. Then, after passing it round for examination, if he remembers to have read of its good effect on grape vines, strawberry vines, blackberry and raspberry bushes, &c., he will most likely bestow his sample on some favorite plant and determine to improve the first opportunity to go with his team and fetch home, for the benefit of his young trees, vines, bushes, &c., a quantity of this said-to-be-excellent, and certainly most interesting fertilizer.

So much beauty as lies hid in one of these rich deposits of mold ought not to be unmasked without plenty of appreciative eyes to witness it. Especially, be sure to have the children present when the precious heap is opened. The revelation of its contents, accompanied by some account of the slow and curious process by which the wonderful pile accumulated, would afford them heartier delight than many a novelty they are carried miles to see, while the exercise of helping collect in baskets this substance, which, considered in its origin or in itself, is as beautiful and as surprising as a miracle, would yield a vast amount of innocent and healthful enjoyment. There need be no difficulty about a provision of implements for taking out the contents of this sylvan laboratory; children would as soon pick up acorn cups, chestnuts, walnuts, or apples, with a pair of tongs as gather such pretty stuff as leaf mold with any other tools than hands.

Individuals or parties visiting the woods for rural enjoyment, may make an examination of one of these neglected leaf banks a most pleasant and instructive incident of their excursion. They will scarcely find, in the course of a day's ramble, anything better worth their attention, or longer to be remembered. Even the curious inquirer into Nature's secrets is here presented an interesting subject for investigation. A common observer could give only a rough guess (it would probably fall quite below the mark,) concerning the length of time a particular mold-bed has been forming; but the nice, critical, scientific searcher goes carefully to work, separates and removes, with caution, each successive layer, as distinguished by the different stages of decomposition they have reached, and by his skillful anatomy, arrives at a tolerably accurate estimate of the number of years through which the dead leaves showering down from the surrounding trees have drifted against the huge log where they lie, each fresh deposit burying deeper its predecessors, itself, in turn, the subject of like sepulture, and transformed by time and damp into the very poetry of decay. Truly, there be some things belonging to Earth that never lose their beauty, and leaves are of them; we do not know when to admire them most—in life, in death, or in dissolution.

A.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1859.

THE TWO ENDS OF THE HORN.

Eds. Rural:—I lately ventured into a piece of extravagance, viz., subscribed for the Rural, and as you invite farmers to write to you, I thought I would send you a few items of my experience—showing my poor success in that ennobling and glorious employment in relation to which orators and statesmen make so many profound and Buncombe speeches, and editors, political, literary, and agricultural, say so many beautiful things. If success is sounded forth, and by means of the press published to the ends of the earth, should not want of success be as widely disseminated, that the world may strike "the happy medium?"

If the fact that the Hon. A. D.'s cow had two beautiful Durham calves at a birth, which he promptly refused to sell for $500, goes the round of the papers, ought not the conflicting fact to be published as well, that Hon. A. D.'s neighbor J. E., after feeding out all his fodder, tried in vain to get his cow up May hill, and all he could save was her hide, which he sold to the tanner, lest all the world buy cows, and go to raising calves under the impression that they can sell them for $250 apiece? If the papers publish the statement, that C. Cackle, Esq., from 4 parent birds raised 19 pairs of Bramshang chickens, which brought him $5 per coop, and also supplied a small family with eggs—making, by nice figuring, a clear profit of $30 in one year,—ought they not also to publish Farmer Snow's emphatic statement that his 20 imported fowls are a curse to him—that the "tarnal critters" eat themselves up four times in the course of a winter, requiring a bushel of corn per week—that they scratched up two acres of corn for him in the spring, besides destroying his garden, tangled down three-fourths of an acre of oats in harvest time—that he has never a chick to peep, nor eggs enough to pay for looking them up?

If we must needs hear that Mr Brisk killed a pig ten months old, weighing 1.00 pounds dressed weight, would it not be as well to be apprised of the fact that Mr. Easy, on the adjoining farm, next day killed ten of the pointer breed twenty months old, averaging 2.0 lbs? If A cuts a Rural potato into sixteen pieces, and raises half a bushel of uncommon fine large potatoes, which he by figuring calculates to be at the rate of 700 bushels per acre, and the papers blow it broadcast, should they not give a few puffs to the equally conclusive and practical experiment of B. who planted 3 acres with 25 bushel of the same kind and harvested 100 bushel per acre of inferior potatoes?

If Prof. Profundicus, having sowed a plat of highly manured land, three yards square, with a foreign variety of wheat, and having guanoed and plastered the same, finally reaps and threshes it, and by nice measuring and figuring triumphantly demonstrates that it has yielded at the rate of 74¾ bushels per acre, and immediately sends to Constantinople for a cargo of the same for seed, has his name, experiment and speculation heralded abroad for the public good,—for the same reason ought not the subsequent experiment of Farmer Simple to receive a like publicity, and be sounded in the ears of an expectant public? He reads Prof. P.'s experiment, receives Prof. P.'s circular, gets excited, takes to figuring, buys 20 bushels of P.'s wheat at $5 per bushel, sows it, and takes to dreaming—dreams of harvests both of grain and dollars and cents. The land is ordinary, the season ordinary, the harvest less than ordinary.—Simple's dream is over. He now takes to thinking. Thinks he is a fool; thinks Prof. P. is a knave; thinks farming is a bore.

Let us hear both sides. If there is sunshine, there are shadows; if there is honey, there are nimble stingers to defend it; if there is fruit, so are there thorns; if there are ups, so are there downs. And it was in relation to some of these downs in my experience that I took my pen to address you, but I must defer it until another time.

Jedadiah Easy.

Red Creek, Wayne Co., N. Y., 1859.

Remarks.—If Mr. Easy's initial blast is a fair index of his promised "experience," Rural readers may expect some items tending to enable them to strike "the happy medium." But we submit that, notwithstanding his fine exordium, it is always wise to "breed from the best"—to take your cow to the best male bovine—and that care in the selection of sires and seeds, as well as a little extra expenditure in securing them, (with corresponding pains-taking in breeding and culture,) will generally pay large dividends. The cases cited by friend Jedadiah are extreme ones, and—but we will await his conclusion, and see *which* end of the horn is the largest.

BRUSH UNDERDRAINS.—THE OTHER SIDE.

Friend Moore:—I have been an ardent friend, a constant reader, and I suppose my name has been on your books as a subscriber for your valuable Rural for eight years. I have read accounts of a number of experiments made by correspondents after one year's trial, which have proved their experience or conclusions to be erroneous. They jump at conclusions in the outset, whereas they should "wait a little longer," or until they know more positively whereof they affirm.

In the Rural of April 30, our friend W. L. Logie, under the head of "Cheap Mode of Underdraining," says that for the want of tile he made use of brush. After his drain had lain for one year he examined the brush, found it as fresh as when first put in, and says—"Now, sir, this brush will last for at most twenty years, and my drains will have only cost the price of digging."

Now, sir, I call this jumping at conclusions—for sixteen years at least. Six years ago I laid about eighty rods of brush drain, the same way as Mr. L. I have a field of five acres, sloping to the south at about 6 inches to the rod—wet, spongy, the soil mostly producing grass. Having plenty of brush, I tried the experiment of brush draining. I cut a ditch two feet wide and 18 inches deep. Commenced to put in brush at the mouth of the drain, but-ends foremost, the tops resting on the buts of the others. The thickness of the brush was ten inches, covered with a coat of straw, put inverted turf on the straw, then filled in with earth thrown out of the ditch. I plowed deep; the season was dry; plowed no more, but cultivated often. Sowed to wheat, Sept. 4th; harvested a good crop.

I felt as much overjoyed as does W. L. L. at his success in cheap draining, and put about 16 rods in each branch, draining into a large open ditch. The first and second year it worked well. The third year, however, the water made its appearance through my brush drains, on the top. I examined them; found them pressed together, and the earth from the top filled into the brush, completely choking the drains. The fourth year I dug them out, and let the water have free course. W. L. L. says you may probably hear from him again on the subject of draining. With due respect I advise him to wait six years, and then report progress.

Stafford, N. Y., May, 1859. E. Bixby.

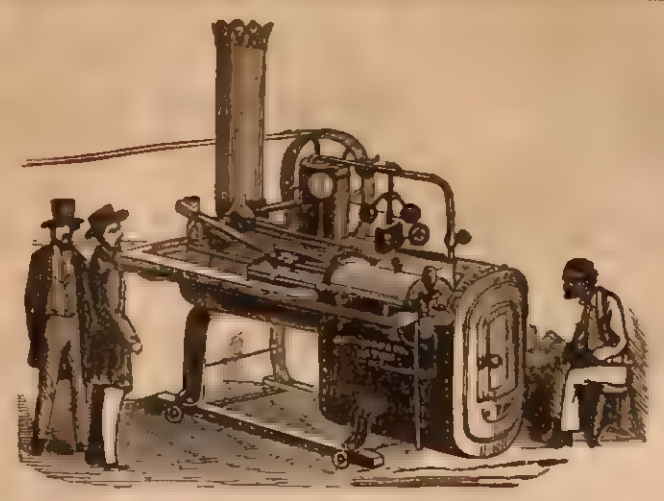
MOON FARMING.—AN INQUIRY.

Eds. Rural:—I have recently become a reader, and consequently an admirer of the Rural. I consider it one of the "institutions" of the American farmer. One of its happiest and most instructive features is the interchange of thought it elicits from its numerous readers throughout the country, giving each an opportunity to benefit his brother farmer by his own experience. It is emphatically the people's paper, the farmer's instructor, and as I am one of your pupils I beg the privilege of asking a plain question through its columns. It is this—*What time "in the moon" should we sow our seed this Spring, to insure a good crop next Fall?*

It is held by many good and wise people, that sowing the seed in the "wrong of the moon" has a disastrous effect upon the crop; if this is so it is time we all understood the theory and *philosophy* of the fact. If Mrs. Luna smiles upon a seed one day, and frowns upon it the next, it behooves us all to study her disposition. Again—it is said this very fastidious old lady is immoderately particular about her diet, especially pork, "shriveling it up in the pan," if it is not killed *just* the time her fancy dictates. Soap is also under her especial care, and obstinately refuses to "come" except at her bidding.

Now, Mr. Editor, I ask this question seriously, for I am in a dilemma. I have heard that certain seed ought to be sown either in the full or old of the moon, and that it would either come up or rot, —I have forgotten which. Will some of your kind readers please tell us how we can call down the blessings, and avoid the curses, of this crop, pork, and soap regulator, Mrs. Luna?

Nelson, Mad. Co., N. Y. D. D. Holdridge.



PORTABLE STEAM ENGINE.

The above cut represents a Portable Steam Engine, as manufactured by A. N. Wood & Co., of Eaton, Madison Co., N. Y., whose reputation as builders is well established throughout the country. The uses to which these engines may be applied upon a farm, are various. Upon a large farm or plantation, where much grain is threshed, wood sawed, &c., they are considered almost indispensable. They are convenient for steaming milk for dairy purposes, and feed for fattening stock—for running a grist mill, grindstone, washing-machine, corn-sheller, sausage-cutter, &c. The steam may also be used for heating shops, tanneries or buildings where stoves are not safe or convenient. See announcement of the manufacturers in our advertising department.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

To Compel a Cow to Yield Her Milk.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, having taken a lesson from the calves, states that in every case a cow may be made to let down her milk by striking the udder with the clenched fist. He says:—"When a boy, my business was to suckle the calves night and morning. I noticed after the calves were of some size, and when first admitted to the cows, and after, when the milk was nearly exhausted, particularly if the supply was scant, that they made a most vigorous butting of the cow's bags, causing them to kick about lustily." From this he took the hint, and has never failed, by a judicious use of his fists, to bring the milk speedily down from the most obstinate holders up.

Dairy Salt.

S. P. Joslyn, of Waitsfield, Vt., sends to the *New England Farmer* the following method of preparing dairy salt:—"Take the best crystal salt, wash it, dissolve, strain, settle, and turn off; boil it down in some perfectly clean iron vessel, skim as boiling; when stirred off dry, it will produce fine salt, white as the drifting snow, which, if stirred up in a glass vessel of water, will produce no sediment, and will be distinct from any mineral or other possible impurity. Salt is offered in the country markets for from one and one-fourth to one and one-half cents per pound, which looks like the model of perfectness. After the above method of manufacture, it will cost nearly double that amount For two years past we have manufactured salt in this way for the produce of about three tuns of butter each year." This mode was introduced to Mr. J. as being practiced by an experienced Scotch dairyman, and such faith is placed in the purity of the salt after preparation, that Mr. Joslyn, after his two years' experience, purposes to continue the experiment.

"High Farming."

An Ohio correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer* gives it as his opinion that "what is done on a small scale, *with ordinary means*, may be done by the acre." To sustain this position he remarks that, "on a square rod of land, occupied for the second year only as a garden, and consequently well manured, a neighbor raised, last year, nine bushels of carrots—or at the rate of more than fourteen hundred bushels per acre." Taking this as his text he gives us the following brief discourse:—"Did any one ever fully appreciate the value of a single bushel of carrots to a cow giving milk and making butter in winter? If so, such a one may understand the benefit which may be derived from a herd of twenty cows, the whole of which receive a half bushel per day each all winter from a crop of fourteen hundred bushels. If worth twenty-five cents a bushel in saving hay, improving the condition, and increasing milk and butter, the whole crop would be worth $350. Yet the cost of raising need not be $100, at ordinary prices of manure in most localities. 'High farming' in some matters will not pay, but it will eminently do so in this; and one of the great points of skill in successful farmers, is to know when it will, and when it will not."

Dutch Butter-Making.

We are indebted to *Dickens' Household Words* for the following description of the process pursued in the manufacture of butter by the best Dutch Dairies:—"There they come, the milkmaid and the boy. The boy is towing a little boat along the canal, and the maid, with her full blue petticoat and her pink jacket or bedgown, walks beside him. Now they stop; she brings from the boat her copper milk pails, as bright as gold, and, with a cooing greeting to her dear cows, sets down her little stool on the grass, and begins to milk. The boy, having moored his boat, stands beside her with the special pail, which is to hold the last pint from each cow; the creamy pint which comes last, because it has risen to the top of the udder. Not a drop is left to turn sour and fret the cow. The boy fetches and carries the pails, and moves as if he trod on eggs when conveying the full pails to the boat. When afloat, there is no shaking at all. Smoothly glides the cargo of pails up to the very entrance of the dairy, where the deep jars, appropriate to this "meal" of milk, are ready—cooled with cold water, if it is summer, and warmed with hot water if the weather requires it. When the time for churning comes, the Dutch woman takes matters as quietly as hitherto. She softly tastes the milk in the jars till she finds therein the due degree of acidity; and then she leisurely pours the whole—cream and milk together—into a prodigiously stout and tall upright churn. She must exert herself, however, if she is to work that plunger. She work it!—not she! She would as soon think of working the mills on the dykes with her own plump hands. No—she has a servant under her to do it. She puts her dog into a wheel which is connected with the plunger; and, as the animal runs round, what a splashing, wolloping, and frizzing is heard from the closed churn! The quiet dairymaid knows by the changes of the sounds how the formation of the butter proceeds; when she is quite sure that there are multitudes of flakes floating within, she stops the wheel, releases the dog, turns down the churn upon a large sieve, which is laid over a tub, and obtains a sieveful of butter, in the shape of yellow kernels, while the buttermilk runs off for the benefit of the pigs, or of the household cookery."

Inquiries and Answers.

Wind Power.—I would like, through the Rural or otherwise, to get a little more information about wind power for sawing wood. Will some one that has such a machine please describe its construction, tell the cost, whether it pays, &c.?—O. D. H., *East Rodman, N. Y.*

Cement Roofs—*Inquiry.*—A rumor has reached us that in New York State, water lime cement has been used for barn roofs, and that it has stood the test of years. Will some one who is in possession of the facts, tell us, through the columns of the Rural, all about it? Please not forget the disadvantages and objections, if any.—P. H., *Milan, Ohio*, 1859.

Sod Fences.—In a late Rural, Mr. Wm. H. Chaffee, of Byron, Mich., asks for information about sod fences. Our English friends who came to this country and settled in Stafford twenty-five years ago, commenced building sod fences on dry land, in marshy places and swampy grounds. The freezing in winter and the action of thawing in spring soon laid the fences in the place where lovers of strong drink are often found—in the ditch.—E. B., *Stafford, N. Y.*, 1859.

Cellar Above Ground.—I would like to inquire through the Rural, what is the best plan for building a cellar on top of the earth, where stone is plenty, and it is not possible to dig down? Will a wall 18 inches thick, with scantling set upright on the inside, and lathed and plastered, keep things from freezing—or what is the best plan to build a cellar above ground?

Also, what is the best plan to build a door yard fence where it is impossible to set posts on account of rock?

Also, what is the best plan for attaching sheds to a barn, where the great doors are on the north and south side?—C. H. De Witt, *Wood Co., Ohio.*

Brush Underdraining—*Inquiry.*—The very common *error*, which you so justly complain of in many of your contributors, of not being explicit enough, is partially seen in an article by Mr. Logie, in the Rural of 30th ult., on *Brush Underdraining*. He says "cut the ditch as for tile;" but some cut much deeper than others, &c., soil making a great difference. Now, will Mr. L. tell us how wide and deep he digs, what kind of soil, and what kind of brush (hard or soft wood,) he made his drain of, and oblige at least one who takes an interest in his article?—C. D. D., *Syracuse, N. Y.*, 1859.

Wire Worm in Potatoes.—Among the multitude of "knowing ones" who fill the columns of the Rural is there not one who can give a remedy for the wire worm in potatoes? My potatoes were badly pierced with them last fall, and I have found some fine sprightly fellows in the soil this season ready for the campaign.

A small bug or fly, with black wings and golden neck and shoulders, is devouring the leaves of my seed turnips and cabbages, and my young radishes. What will check them?—O. Sackett, *Sherburne, N. Y.*, 1859.

Wolf Teeth in Horses.—What are "wolf teeth" in horses? We have a valuable colt of the Black Hawk blood, two years old past, and on his upper jaw, on each side, immediately in front of the grinders, is a small, sharp tooth or tusk, protruding from the gum three-eighths or half an inch. Are they what are called "wolf teeth" or not, and how should wolf teeth be treated? Will they produce injury if let alone?—C. H. W., *Raymondville, N. Y.*, 1859.

The teeth described are called Wolf teeth by some, and by others eye teeth. Dadd does not mention them—neither does Youatt—but in "Every Man His Own Farrier" they form the subject of a very brief chapter. It says:—"This is a small tooth appearing on the upper jaw, at the distance of about half an inch, or an inch from the grinders; sometimes on one side, and at other times on both sides. These teeth are seldom found in young horses; but old horses are sometimes subject to them. They are supposed to affect the eyes at different times: they must be removed either by the application of a hammer and chisel made for the purpose, or by filing them down level with the gums."

Cattle Statistics.—In 1858 Illinois sent to the New York market 53,464 head of cattle, while the States of Ohio, Indiana, Iowa and Michigan together, only sent 53,025 head. Illinois is the greatest grass growing State in the Confederacy.

Agricultural Miscellany.

May opened warm and brilliantly, the first seven days being exceedingly pleasant, with a higher temperature in this region, than has been experienced, so early, for many years. As a consequence, Vegetation made most remarkable strides in garden, field and forest, and the Rural World is already decked in summer array.

Fine Wool.—Mr. E. Munson, of Tyre, N. Y., has favored us with samples of Spanish Merino wool of superior quality.

The Perry and Castile Ag. Society, (Wyoming Co., N. Y.,) has the following officers:—*President*—Alton Palmer, Perry; *Vice Pres't*—Walter Gillespie, Castile; *Sec'y*—S. M. Howard, Perry Centre: *Treasurer*—Russell Mordoff, Perry.

Warts on Animals.—C. H. W. writes thus:—"Here is a cure for warts on animals cheap, and easy of application. I saw a young horse with a bad wart in the face, which was entirely removed by a few applications of common pine tar—just rubbed on."

A Convention of Wool Growers and Manufacturers is to be held at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 4th of August next. The Ohio Farmer says the "call" is signed by many of the most prominent wool growers in that State—that the premiums will be quite liberal, and a pleasant and profitable meeting may be expected.

The Spring Show and Stock Exhibition of the Niagara Co. Ag. Society, held at Lockport on the 4th inst., is said to have been largely attended, while the display made, particularly of horses, was large and unusually fine. We are surprised that more of our County Societies do not hold Spring Exhibitions.

The Fourth Annual Fair of the St. Louis Ag. and Mech. Association is to commence on the 25th of Sept. next. Among the premiums offered are the following: For the best thorough bred stallion, $1,000; for the best thorough bred bull, $1,000; for the best roadster stallion, in harness, $1,000. Liberal premiums, those, and such as ought to call out the best.

Milking Young Cows.—It is said that young cows, the first year they give milk, may be made, with careful milking and good keeping, to give milk almost any length of time deemed desirable; but that if they are allowed to dry up early in fall, they will, if they have a calf at the same season, dry up at the same time each succeeding year, and nothing but extra feed will prevent it, and that but for a short time.

Extensive Potato Growing.—A paragraph is going the rounds of the papers stating that a Mr. Shoecraft, of Sturgis, St. Joseph Co., Mich., has already planted *fourteen hundred acres of potatoes!* Though it *may* be true, we beg leave to doubt the statement until some of our subscribers in Sturgis verify its correctness. We *suppose* more potatoes are grown in this (Monroe) county, than any other in the Union, but if one man cultivates 1,400 acres in St. Joseph, and others imitate him to any extent, the banner must change locations. *Our* growers do not plant many hundred acres each, but they manage to obtain a good many bushels of superior potatoes per acre.

About Steam Cultivation.—The *Prairie Farmer* says:—"Mr. Field, of St. Louis, called on us last week on his way to Seneca Falls, N. Y., where he has contracted for the building of a steam engine, which is to work a series of spades, by which he intends to cultivate the prairies of Illinois. His machine is to be completed the 15th of June.

"Mr. Field, referred to above, has recently seen Fawkes' new steam plow, and says it will not astonish him to hear within six weeks that Fawkes is breaking up fifty acres of Illinois prairie every twenty-four hours. His machine will soon be completed. Mr. F. speaks of it in high terms—believes it will be a success."

"Nova Scotia Corn."—We are indebted to Mr. D. B. Waite, now of Springwater, N. Y., for a sample (ear) of corn, of which he tells this history:—In 1855 he picked an ear from the stalk on Rock River, Ill., it being the second growth of that year; took it to Minnesota, (in latitude 45 degrees,) and planted in garden; from thence brought seed to New York and planted last year, and this ear is part of the product. It was called "Nova Scotia Corn" in Illinois. It ears well—not uncommon to find three ears on a stalk, and one on top of each sucker. Does well for early table corn. Planted it the 22d of May last year, it was tasseled 26th June, and used as green corn for dinner on 29th of July. Soil not favorable, (clay, cold and wet,) light coating of stable manure plowed under, and no extra culture. Mr. W. proposes to distribute the seed to any wishing to give it a trial—sending on receipt of letter stamp, all the postage will cover. Don't think he intends to "speculate," or would not notice. The ear is small, eight-rowed—and, though it might do for late planting, in case of emergency, hardly think it a desirable variety for profit.

Tarring Seed Corn—"*Heading*" *the Crows.*—Writing to the *New England Farmer*, E. Mansfield thus speaks of the benefit of tarring seed corn, a process frequently recommended in the Rural:—"Tar applied to seed corn before it is planted, certainly will prevent the crows destroying it. For more than forty years I have not been able to detect a single failure, wherever it was done correctly. Not one person in ten would probably be successful in their first endeavor in tarring corn; to be known, the operation must be seen. One man dare not use boiling water, so he fails; another destroys the vitality of the kernel by too great a degree of heat long continued. I have known parts of fields destroyed by poisonous manures, when this single fact was overlooked, and tar, or the birds, was erroneously supposed to be the cause. Could some President of an Agricultural Society, or some pattern farmer, be induced to try the experiment of tarring seed corn, I doubt not that in less than ten years, scarecrows would be among the missing."

The editor of the Farmer adds the proper mode of tarring (substantially the same as has been several times given in the Rural, and which we know has been practiced successfully by a number of "pattern farmers" and at least one "President of an Ag. Society,") as follows:—"Our neighbors practice in this way: They fill a pail half full of boiling water, add about half a pint of common tar—coal tar is just as good—stir it until the tar is melted and thoroughly mingled with the water, then add the corn, stirring it well for about ten minutes, or until it is completely covered with the tar. Take the corn out and roll it in plaster or fine ashes, and the process is completed."

Another Mode.—E. A. Damon, in the same paper, tells "how to prevent crows from pulling up corn" in this wise:—"Take two ounces of nitre to a peck of corn; dissolve the nitre in half the quantity of boiling water wanted to cover the corn, then add as much beef brine, and soak the corn from twelve to twenty-four hours, then roll in plaster or dry ashes. I have followed this method for more than five years, and have suffered no loss from crows."

HORTICULTURAL.

NOTES IN THE FLOWER GARDEN.

Could trees or plants be removed from the nursery or the woods to the garden or lawn in early summer, when the leaves are so brilliantly green and the flowers so beautiful and fragrant, then everybody with a rod or two of ground would turn planters. But, trees must be planted when destitute of their summer robes, when they have no beauty to recommend them. The work of planting, too, cannot be done, as a general rule, when the genial sun and the singing birds charm the dullest to an admiring sense of nature's beauties, and woo even the sluggard to the garden. This work must be performed when the winds are chilly, when the cold blasts from the ice-fields of the North benumb the fingers, when the soil is damp and everything has an unpleasant aspect. The planter, then, must be a man of forethought, faith and patience—one who is willing to labor and wait for coming good, having confidence in the glorious promise that "seed time and harvest shall not fail." Our notes in the Flower Garden are taken when the plants described are in full flower, and will give the true character of each. These notes should be preserved, as they will be of great aid in making proper selections for next fall or spring planting.

HERBACEOUS AND PERENNIAL PLANTS

Pulmonaria—(*Lungwort.*)—There are several varieties of *Lungwort*, and they are among the finest ornaments of the garden at this season of the year. The name is probably derived from the fact that this plant is used in pulmonary complaints. They require a dry, sandy soil. The prettiest variety now in flower is the *Cerulea;* the leaves are of a lively green the flowers of the most delicate azure blue, thickly set, and forming a pendant raceme. The buds are like the lilac in color, which they also resemble in form.

Phlox Procumbus is a very pretty spring flower. As its name indicates, it is procumbent in habit, keeping close to the ground and sending up flower stalks about four inches in height, with fine clusters of red flowers.

The Dielytra Spectabalis is really one of the most valuable of all our new flowers. It is as hardy as an oak, an exceedingly free bloomer, without a fault that we know of, and good everywhere; in the parlor, the greenhouse and the garden. The flowers are curious in form, something like a purse, and some twenty of these curious bells are attached to a gracefully pendant foot-stalk.

The Sweet Scented Violet is the sweetest of all the early spring flowers, and like the Sweet Mignionette, it is a general favorite on account of its fragrance. A single flower will perfume a room; and often have we entered a room with a violet concealed, when in a minute the exclamation would be—"what a delightful fragrance." A cluster or two which any person can procure at a nursery for 25 cents, will make the garden deliciously fragrant from early in April until June. There are white and blue varieties, both single and double, but the double blue is the best. We give an engraving of this plant and flower. Herbaceous plants should be set out, if possible, in the autumn.

SAXIFRAGA CRASSIFOLIA.

Saxifraga.—This is a genus of plants which are great favorites in English gardens, but are not very common in this country. The two best which we notice this spring is the *S. Cuneifolia* and the *S. Crassifolia*. The leaves are thick and large and remain green all winter; but sometimes become so much injured as to be unsightly. The flower stem is from 8 to 12 inches in length, bearing very large, clusters of lilac flowers. Our engraving gives a very good idea of the appearance and habit of the plant.

FLOWERING TREES AND SHRUBS.

The Magnolias are the only ornamental trees in flower.

The Conspicua, or *Chandalier Magnolia* is a Chinese variety, quite hardy in the Middle States, and is one of the most beatiful small trees imaginable for the lawn. It branches low, and is in every way desirable. To-day, (May 7th,) it is in full bloom here.

The Purpurea is another small Chinese sort. It bears its flowers before the leaves in spring. They are purple, on a light ground.

THE DOUBLE SWEET SCENTED VIOLET.

The Soulangeana, is a variety produced by crossing the two preceding. The flowers are white, tinged with purple. It is very hardy, and a profuse bloomer. It is now in full flower, and is the most beautiful object to be seen in our gardens.

FORSYTHIA VIRIDISSIMA.

The Forsythia Viridissima is now decked in its holiday dress. The flowers are of a bright yellow, rather loose and ragged, but clustering so thickly around the branches before the leaves appear, as to look very fine.

Japan Quince.—This charming early flowering shrub is now the gayest of all the shrubs. There are two varieties, bright red and rose-colored. Every collection of shrubs should contain both of these, for when planted together the effect is charming.

Our notice of bulbous flowers we must defer until next week.

PUT ON THE BRAKES.

Messrs. Eds.:—I have been listening for some years to your prudent advice and direction regarding things Agricultural and Horticultural, or rather, I have had my name registered with the thousands upon the subscription list of the Rural for some four or five years, and there I intend it shall remain until I shall be removed beyond the reach of a newspaper, always provided (and perhaps I had as well left out the proviso,) it shall retain its present high character. Thus long I have been listening—or rather reading—all that you and your numerous correspondents (some of them truly wise and prudent, but some few I fear are only self-wise,) have had to offer, especially upon the above subjects, to all of which I have endeavored to give the most earnest heed. Until now I have been a silent listener, having replied never a word. But, at the risk of having my communication consigned to the dead-letter-box, I have concluded to urge my claim to a brief hearing upon one or two points.

Some ten years since I commenced cultivating the grape, and have now in bearing about three thousand vines. Have just used the last of last year's crop, but have a little wine, second quality, in the cellar. I intend to extend my vineyard, and although less anxious than some of your correspondents about *varieties*, I, of course, wish to put out the very best sorts.

As yet (excepting a few plants experimental,) I have planted only Catawbas and Isabellas, believing, as Mr. N. Longworth, of Cincinnati, assured me not long since, (no mean authority you will say,) that they were the only sorts to be relied on for general cultivation where they can be ripened perfectly. But, then, perhaps he knows nothing of the *Franklin*, or the buttery *Ontario*, or that other *superlative* seedling produced from the Franklin. By the way, allow me to say that I think you have bit some of the grape puffers about right, and I am surprised that other Horticultural Journals should allow interested parties to make such untrue statements without one word of caution to their readers. But perhaps the subscribers of such Journals put no confidence in them, and therefore are not misled or cheated by this silence, or half-way endorsement. The readers of the Rural, however, have confidence in its editors, and believe they will guard their interests. At the same time we will take care that our good Rural does not suffer by doing battle for the right. Never fear or regard the threats of interested humbuggers. They may all say, as one did, that you will "make nothing by such a course," but be assured no other course can win. Doubtless, you are fully aware of this,—you know it *has* won, and you will not doubt that it will win every time. The fact is, these enthusiastic cultivators of seedling grapes are running wild, and unless you put on the brakes smartly now and then, thousands of us who are uninformed, but anxious to get posted, will be badly humbugged. We look to you to keep us right. See that you do not give the trumpet an uncertain sound.

I have some dozen or more different varieties, besides some worthless seedlings of my own raising. For some I paid high figures, and I find them generally of small account, just as I expected. Mind you, I do not wish to discourage experimenting for new sorts, by no means. On the contrary, I am experimenting myself, and shall continue so to do. I hope and expect to see other varieties produced worthy of extensive cultivation, but let cultivators remember that the Isabella and Catawba *are hard to beat!*

In conclusion, I propose to give $100, for two one-year old plants of a better variety than the Isabella or Catawba, to be tested by three competent judges in Rochester, or elsewhere, upon examination of specimens of fruit, to be presented, say on the first of October, and also on the first of April.

North East, Pa., April, 1859. Wm. Griffeth.

FRUIT FOR CERTAIN LOCALITIES.

Friend Moore:—I noticed a communication from J. S. C. in the Rural of April 23d, on "*Fruit for Certain Localities*," and thinking I might add a thought or two on this subject, which seems to me one of *great interest* to fruit-growers, I have begun this letter. It is a principle (or fact) two little understood, that *many* fruit trees, shrubs and vines, which "*do well*" in one locality, will not answer for another locality, perhaps of the same latitude. I have known a number of persons in this vicinity to purchase from the agents of *Eastern Nurseries*, apple trees for orchards, and although the trees seemed to be vigorous, healthy, and in good condition, now, (two years after,) there are not five per cent. of said trees in the "land of the living." The Isabella and Catawba grapes, we read, "do well" in *our* own latitude in the East, yet our friends of Northern Iowa will doubtless agree with me that they *invariably* winter-kill here, unless buried in earth during winter. We have a grape, the *Alexander*, perfectly hardy, a good bearer and excellent fruit. The *Concord* grape also appears to be hardy.

There has been a lamentation going about *here*, as I doubt not there has been in other new countries before, that fruit will never grow here. Ten years will show such a sentiment to be very false. I have visited a number of Nurseries in Northern Iowa, and one thing has invariably attracted my attention. There would be a number of rows of trees (apple) side by side, sickly, half dead or dead altogether, while on either side perhaps a number of rows of healthy, vigorous trees. I inquired "*Why is it?* Were they not planted at the same time and treated in the same manner?" They were precisely, but the healthy, fine trees are hardy here, and the sickly trees are tender and not fit for this vicinity.

Each locality has its own peculiar soil and climate, and must have fruit trees, vines, &c., which will thrive with such elements. And why need this be so little understood. Iowa has her large, Western corn, and spring wheat, and New York has eight-rowed Yankee corn, and winter wheat. The beech, chestnut and magnolia trees that grow so luxuriantly in Northern Ohio are not found here. But I will leave this subject to abler pens. Phineas Allyn.

Hopkinton, Del. Co., Iowa, April, 1859.

Lime for the Curculio and Black Wart.—J. W. Hill, of Gardner, Mass., says in the *N. E. Farmer*, that himself and some half dozen neighbors have for the last three years scattered air-slaked lime over their plum trees, from the time the blossom leaf begins to fall until the curculio has done working, usually about four weeks. Their trees are "all in a healthy state, and loaded with good, smooth fruit, and the trees entirely free from the black wart," though trees left to themselves are badly affected with it. They use lime freely, as often as the dew or rain takes it off—applying it with a sort of pepper-box affixed to a pole. If this proves generally effective it will be a great blessing to lovers of fruit. B.

MELONS.

As the season is approaching for all lovers of good fruits and vegetables to commence planting, I thought a little information in the line of melon-growing would not come amiss. In order to have good melons it is necessary to spend a little time in preparing the soil and guarding them against the many dangers that beset them. The first thing to be considered is the soil. Warm, sandy loam is the best soil to plant, in order to be sure of a good yield. The ground should be plowed about ten inches deep eight or ten days before planting. The hills should be prepared in the following manner:—Dig holes eight feet apart each way in a straight line, that they may afterwards be cultivated with a horse. The holes should be dug twelve inches deep and sixteen inches square. Let the holes become perfectly dry on the inside, then fill each hole to within about one inch of the top with fresh horse manure, and cover it with about one-half an inch of rich, sandy earth, then your ground will be ready for the seed. The time of planting depends much upon the season. They should generally be planted after corn planting.—As soon as the plants are up a little plaster should be sprinkled upon the leaves to prevent the ravages of the striped bug, and should be repeated as often as is necessary. The plaster is not a remedy, but a preventive. When the plants begin to show the third leaf they should be watered two or three times a day with a liquid manure, which may be prepared in the following manner:—Take one peck of hen manure and put it in a small barrel and add about three times as much water, and let it stand about twelve hours. When the weeds begin to show themselves above ground take a horse and cultivator and cultivate the ground all over between the hills, and weed between the plants. The weeds should be kept down, and the ground kept mellow between the hills. All the work should be done in the hottest part of the day, for it is very injurious to the plants to work among them when they are wet and cool. After you have followed all these directions, all will be done to your melons but to watch them from robbers and eating them.

David W. Herman.

Fairville, Wayne Co., N. Y., May, 1859.

Remarks.—We like these directions—all but the slight covering to the manure. Was the manure thoroughly rotted it might answer, but half an inch is not sufficient covering for such a bed of fresh, hot, horse manure. We think our correspondent must have made some mistake on this point.

The Apple Bark Louse.—From several friends, mostly at the West, we have received pieces of apple bark, completely covered with the *Apple Bark Louse*, with inquiries for a remedy. The scales are relics of the bodies of female insects, covering and protecting their eggs. The eggs are so minute that these small scales sometimes cover more than a hundred. The time of hatching is from the middle of May until the first of June. We will give two of the best remedies known. 1st. Prune early in the spring. Mix tar and linseed oil together, and apply warm with a paint brush to every limb. This, when dry, cracks and peels off, bringing away the scales and eggs with it. Trees thus treated will show the benefit received by a vigorous growth. 2d. Boil leaf tobacco in a strong lye until it is reduced to an impalpable pulp; mix this with soft soap (which has been made cold, and not the jelly-like boiled soap,) to make the mass about the consistence of thin paint. Prune the trees and apply this preparation with a brush, to every limb and twig. This will take time, but the remedy is effectual. A gentleman in the Western part of this State wrote us last season that he had entirely rid his orchard of this pest, by simply throwing unleached ashes over the branches and trunk when wet. Care must be used that the ashes do not touch the leaves. The best time for this operation would be early in the spring, before the buds push.

Manuring an Orchard with Clover.—Having set out a large orchard, and as it is rather difficult to manure it with stable manure, I wish to know the propriety of sowing Clover and Timothy—to let it rot, not taking any grass off, but mulching the trees with it, and let it all rot on the ground every year? I have never seen anything on this system of treating an orchard. Should be pleased to see it in your valuable paper.—Young Farmer, Prospect Farm, Dansville, N. Y., March, 1859.

We once recommended the sowing of clover in a peach orchard, for manure, and watched the result. The soil was very sandy, and poor, and the trees were evidently suffering for nourishment. It was sown very early in the spring, thick, and made a good growth. We concluded that the trees were injured by the clover the first summer, but the next, just before coming into flower, it was plowed under, and the effect was very marked and beneficial for two or three years afterwards.

APPLE TREE WORMS.

Eds. Rural:—It is just in time to say to farmers, "clear your orchards of these loathsome worms." But, says one,—"My neighbors have orchards well covered with this pest, and it is useless for me to fight single handed against so great an enemy."

The subscriber has neighbors, also, and they have orchards; and some of these orchards have plenty of worms. This spring I have counted 20 in a tree. They are from 30 to 50 rods from mine. I have just been through my orchard of 200 trees, and found but three nests in all. My trees are from five to nine inches in diameter—large, open, spreading tops.

Now, would you know the "modus operandi" of exterminating the vermin? I will tell you how *I* do it. I take the little colonies when they first appear, with my fingers, from the crotches, where they generally commence their webs. With one wipe I take the entire family, house and all, and crush them under my boot. As to the myriads in my neighbors' orchards, I have learned they are not so much to be feared. If you will not allow them to mature on your own premises, you will find the seed very scarce another year.

If you can't touch "the nasty things" with your fingers, I presume you can invent some other plan to bring them down. As I know of no better, I will not trouble you by suggesting one. Bud.

Macedon Centre, N. Y., 1859.

Top Onions, &c.—Which will cost most for seed, the top onions or the seed, and which is safest? What will be the cost of each, sufficient to seed an acre? Also, which yield best, white, yellow, or red onions? Will they grow to good advantage on green sward? Would it be best to have the green sward broken up the fall before, or the spring they are to be sown? Is sheep manure a good fertilizer?—W. H. S., *Eddytown, N. Y.*

Top Onions are only grown, as far as we have known, in gardens, for summer use. Four pounds of Onion seed we generally sow to an acre, costing from $1 to $1,50 per pound. Top Onions sell for $3 per bushel, and it would take nearly 14 bushels to plant an acre four inches apart in the rows, and the rows one foot apart. The White Onion is prized for garden culture, but is not generally grown by farmers. There is little difference as to yield between the red and yellow. We would plant Onions only on a well-prepared, clean soil. The labor of keeping an acre of Onions clean on a turf would be intolerable. Sheep and hen manure are excellent for onions. If common stable manure is used, it should be thoroughly decomposed.

A Curiosity.—We were shown yesterday afternoon, by Mr. B. F. Sloan, what we consider quite a curiosity, though others have seen the same things heretofore. It is a rose grafted on the peach tree. The tree is now in full bloom, and must present a beautiful appearance.—*Pendleton Messenger.*

Hybrid Grapes—(*T. W., London, C. W.*)—It is by no means certain that a hybrid grape has ever been produced. Many of the most scientific pomologists consider the change from the parent as only a sport.

COMPOSITION CAKE, PORK CAKE, &c.

Messrs. Editors:—Seeing by your paper that good recipes will be favorably received, I send a few which we think are really excellent:

Molasses Fruit Cake.—One cup of butter; one cup of sugar; 1 cup of molasses; 1 cup of sweet milk; 3 eggs; 1 teaspoonful of soda; 2 of cream tartar; 1 of cinnamon; 2 of cloves; 1 nutmeg; 3 cups of flour; 1 pound of fruit.

Pork Cake.—One pound of pork (fat and salt) chopped very fine; 1 pint of boiling water poured on the pork; 1 cup molasses; 2 of sugar; 1 tablespoonful of saleratus; 1 of cloves; 1 of cinnamon; 5 cups of flour; 1 pound of raisins. This makes a very good fruit cake, especially if butter and eggs are scarce.

Composition Cake.—One and one-third teacups of butter; 1½ teacups of cream; 3 cups of sugar; 7 eggs; a teaspoonful of saleratus; 1 cup of raisins. Stir as thick as cup cake. M. H. S.

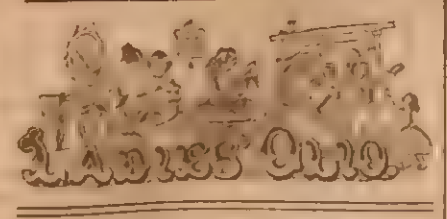
East Bloomfield, N. Y., 1859.

Beer and Vinegar.—Awhile since my wife made some beer by the following process:—Shelled some corn and boiled in clear water until *slippery*, (say half an hour,) then took it out of the water and put into a keg of clean, cold water. To this we added about 1 quart of molasses to 5 gallons of water; left it in a warm place about 30 hours when it was very palatable. But the best of the story is to come. After two or three days it soured, and by putting some of it in a jug by the stove, in just *one week's* time we had good vinegar. This I believe is the cheapest and quickest made I have ever known. Thinking this may prove of value to others I have narrated it for the thousands of Ruralists.—G. D. B., *Rochester, Mo.*, 1859.

Hard Soap—*An Inquiry.*—If any of your numerous readers have a *good* recipe far making hard soap, I wish they would send it to the Rural for publication, and thus oblige very many housekeepers who desire to make their own soap.—Rural Reader, *Onondaga Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

Graham Bread.—Take a pint of warm water; half a teacup of coffee sugar; one-fourth teaspoon of soda; mix soft with unbolted flour made of good winter wheat, cut in small cakes, bake quick. —H. B. D., *Orangeville, N. Y.*, 1859.

Putty that has become hardened may be rendered soft, so as to be easily removed, by the application of a hot iron to it. In this way it may be readily removed, where glass is broken, without injury to the sash.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE MESSENGER.

Last night there came a messenger,
A Traveler from an unseen land,
He smiled upon our Babie fair—
Then 'round his soft and yellow hair,
We thought we saw a radiant band
Of glory shining there.

We folded the white hands on his breast,
We closed the eyes so dark and bright;
While gazing on his peaceful rest
Shone the star-sentinels of night.
We watched the shadows 'till they fled
In terror from the eye of day,
Ah! thus to thee, sweet child, we said,
Have cares of earth now passed away.

Paris, Mich., 1859. Mrs. J. W. S.

THE BABY.

Another little wave
Upon the sea of life;
Another soul to save,
Amid its toil and strife
Two more little feet
To walk the dusty road;
To choose where two paths meet,
The narrow, or the broad.

Two more little hands
To work for good or ill;
Two more little eyes;
Another little will.
Another heart to love,
Receiving love again;
And so the baby came,
A thing of joy and pain.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

Plain Talks to American Women.--No. 10.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

Veneration for God.—The child comes into the world ignorant of the being of a God. Soon, in Christian countries, it learns of His existence, and begins to gather some dimly-conceived-of personality, various attributes, and to entertain towards Him feelings of love, or of hatred—of trust, or of fear. How important, then, that the impressions made upon its mind relative to the "High and Lofty one that inhabiteth Eternity," be just impressions, such as will cause its young affections to go out towards Him as an All-Wise, All-Holy, All-Powerful, and All-Loving Father! We counsel no precocious unfolding of the spiritual nature, this is unnecessary; but as the intellect and heart, in natural and healthful development, reach forth after the Unseen, let the feeling become full and settled that the *ultima thule* of all perfection, that the great focal point of all the glory of the Universe, is God.

Perhaps the first idea of God which should be taught the child, is that He is the Creator of all things—and the second, that He is *Love*. This order is natural, and easy. Who made this?—how came it to be?—are early inquiries of childhood, and when it learns that the ultimate cause of all things is God, and looks abroad upon nature, and beholds the beauty and fitness, so far as it is able to comprehend, of its various parts, it will be easy for it to be led to feel that no one but a being full of love could have formed and arranged it. Impressions of other divine attributes, such as wisdom, and omnipotence, will readily follow.

Few of us realize as we should, and as our capacities if properly cultivated would enable us to do, these infinite attributes of Jehovah. We are not sufficiently accustomed to trace in His works the evidences of their existence. Very low and unworthy are our ideas of Him "who hath stretched out the heavens as a curtain, and before whom the inhabitants of the earth are as grasshoppers," to whom "the nations are as the small dust of the balance," "who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand," and "taketh up the isles as a very little thing." If mothers, to whom is given the pleasant work of imprinting upon the soft heart of infancy, its first impressions of a God, would often revolve in their own minds the evidences of His infinite perfection, a deeper love would be enkindled in their own bosoms—a loftier faith would burn upon the altars of their hearts—and we might look for the glow of the love and of the faith to radiate into the souls of the precious ones committed to their care, lighting them up with a glory akin to the brightness of Heaven. Such meditations are eminently elevating in their tendency.—Combined with reflections upon the divine plan of salvation, they cause the Christian soul to flow forth towards the Great Fountain of light and love, in lively emotions of gratitude and praise. A deep appreciation of the works, the attributes, and the truths of God, will lead the mother earnestly to desire, and fervently to pray that the spirits of her own cherished offspring may be tuned in harmony with the grand orchestra of the Universe, to the praise of Him to whom at some future time shall be given from "every creature which is in heaven and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea," this noble ascription:—"Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever." It will also lead her to inquire by what means this may most effectually be secured. It may not be too much to say that it will be by a similar process to that which has led her own mind to take delight in the deep things of God.

An elegant writer, (George Gilfillan,) remarks of the sentiment, "God is Love," "Why is not this sentence sown in our gardens of living green—framed and hung in our nurseries—taught as the first sounds to little ones? Why not call God love? Why not change the name of our Deity? Why not instruct children to answer, when asked who made you? Love, the Father. Who redeems you?—Love, the Son. Who sanctifies you? Love, the Holy Ghost." Without admitting the propriety of the selection of this particular attribute as a representation of "Our Father," to the exclusion of others, and of His personality, we would still have our children's hearts deeply imbued with the idea that God is Love. We would have our nurseries abound in illustrations of this glowing truth, and we would have our darlings feel that it *is* "sown in our gardens of living green," that it is written upon every pebble in our pathway, that it twinkles in every star that blazes upon the coronet of heaven, and that in brightest, deepest lines, it is engraven upon the cross of Christ.

Mother, take the soft, dimpled hand of that dear child in your own and lead it out among the roses and the violets—show the little one how from tiny seeds imbedded in the earth, has upsprung all the loveliness which it beholds. Take in your hand a flower, exhibit its beauty and delicacy as visible to the naked eye, then under the microscope reveal its still more wonderful beauty and delicacy.—Compare this work of God with some exquisite work of art, and show how, in the comparison, the latter becomes coarse and imperfect. Show him how well adapted is the beauty of the blossom to please the eye, how grateful to the sense of smell is its fragrance—how the prevalent emerald of Nature's summer robe is suited to the organ of vision, being just the soft tint most agreeable to its nature—bid the thoughts of the child go forth over the wide world, and recognize in the abundance and variety of bloom and verdure, the infinite wisdom, and the goodness of the Almighty, and say, when he again kneels at your side with clasped hands and upturned eyes for his evening prayer, will he not feel that the Father of whom he asks a blessing, is indeed a God of Love.

Take him at night out beneath the bending heavens, softly radiant with the light of a thousand gems; explain to him that these are all worlds, called into existence from nothing, by the will of the great I Am; that they all have their appointed orbits, from which if any one should greatly deviate, it might cause a universal "wreck of matter, and crush of worlds"—take him upon your knee and unfold to him some of the wonders of his own body, the breathing of his lungs, the beating of his heart, the circulation of his blood—show to him that if any of these operations should by any cause be arrested life would become extinct; that causes sufficient to this exist all around him, at all times, and, after all these illustrations, will he not feel, and feel deeply, that he is dependent upon a God of Love for every moment of existence?

Tell him the sad story of man's failure in Eden—of its fearful consequences, sin and death—how through the thick darkness that fell upon the world when man first did wrong, no light, no ray of hope penetrated, till God sent a beam of glory from the fountain of his own goodness, and lo! there broke upon the earth a brightness that only culminated in the death and resurrection of his Son. Teach him that "God so *loved* the world that he" thus rescued it from eternal gloom—that it was Jesus' *love* that led Him to become the "man of sorrows," to give himself a sacrifice for sin, to become the Redeemer of sinners, and will not the heart of childhood beat with deeper, fuller throbs of sorrow for sin, throbs of pity for the Savior, and throbs of love for "Our Father" and our "Elder Brother?" And will not a holy faith bud there, a faith that shall blossom into a glorious maturity, and bear fruit for the future Paradise of God? O, mother, do you realize your mission?

In similar ways may you impress upon the minds of your children a sense of the power, the wisdom, and the justice of God, and thus, step by step, lead them on in the delightful paths of the truest wisdom. And how in after years, when your own dust shall be reposing in the wasting tomb, may the remembrance of the precious instruction you have given, come home each day freshly to their hearts, and bring fresh tears to their eyes, which they would fain shed as the evening dews upon the flowers that bloom upon your grave, or with which they would embalm every relic of a mother's love. How worn may be the spot where their knees shall press the sod above you—how tender will be their hearts when they remember that the God to whom they pray is the God of a sleeping mother! And how will they long for the immortal rising! Yes, softly, like the echoes of a music that has floated away, will come home to their souls the vibrations a mother's harp of love, touched by the soft breath of holy Christian Faith!

A FACT FOR LADIES.

A writer on fashion says that flounces, by marking the height at regular intervals, take away from it and make a short *figure* look shorter. For this reason, short persons should not wear strips running in parallel rings round the dress. Perpendicular stripes upon a dress make the wearer look taller, like the flutes in a composite. It is too much the custom of all who would be considered fashionable, to imitate the prevailing mode, regardless of its suitability to face or form. When flounces and hoops, as now, are worn, short, dumpy ladies flounce up to their ears, and extend their diameter infinitely beyond their perpendicular measure, which gives them a ludicrous appearance enough, somewhat similar to a Dutch built brig, under full press of canvas.

There is nothing moves a gentleman's admiration for a lady so quickly as that she has adapted her dress to her stature and figure. In choosing colors, great care should be taken—a gaudy show creates disgust, and even it were better they should be plainer than the dresser likes, than they should run to the other extreme. No one ever lost by simplicity. Simplicity of manners and simplicity of dress are the greatest charms in the world. And let it be remembered, let there always be a sympathy between yourselves and your dress. The rose would appear less beautiful with the tint of the violet, and yet both are beautiful.

Vanity in Dress.—Some young ladies, feeling themselves aggrieved by the severity with which their friends animadverted on their gay plumes, crinolines, scarlet petticoats, and flounces, went to their pastor to learn his opinion. "Do you think," said they, "that there can be any impropriety in our wearing these things?" "By no means," was the prompt reply. "When the heart is full of ridiculous notions, it is perfectly proper to hang out the sign."

HAVE FAITH AND STRUGGLE ON.

BY E. G. S. ANDROS.

A swallow, in the spring,
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring
Wet earth, and straw, and leaves.

Day after day she toiled
With patient art, but ere her work was crowned,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought;
Yet not cast down, forth from her place she flew,
And with her mate, fresh earth and grasses brought,
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hand, or chance, again laid waste
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again; and last night, hearing calls,
I looked, and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O, man!
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust or plan?
Have faith and struggle on.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PLOWHANDLE PAPERS.

MR. PLOWHANDLE CLOSES UP THE GAPS.

Kabttail Cottage, Feb. 1st, 1859.

Col. Moore.—*Dear Sir*:—I felt so kinder rung out when I wrote my last letter, that I thought I should never get pluck enough to write to you again. But since I got the bound volume of the Rural for last year, I have been reading it over, especially my letters, and I find there are some gaps in the account of our folks that ought to be closed up. Between ourselves, Col., I feel pretty grand to see my letters bound up in a book like the Rural. It looks considerable like going down to posterity, and being read, and talked about when you are dead, like Webster and Gen. Jackson, and other poets.

SPECULATIVE.

Don't you think it would be a good plan to get all my letters into a book by themselves, and put my picture on the front, and your'n and mother's along between the leaves. I think the book would sell well, especially if you would make a perface in the beginning on't. I do believe I could sell more nor a dozen copies down at the corners next training. If you're minded to go into it, and will git it up nice on your own account, I will go halves with you on the profits, and you might go a long ways over a good road before you'd find another man that would make the same offer.

MATRIMONIAL.

But I'm takin my pen in hand now mostly to let you know what became of Sam and Susan's affairs. You see, Sam got his girl in spite of us; tho' when I thought about getting into office I didn't make much opposition, for I knew Sarah had been where they knew how to set out their best mahogany as naturally as we do our best cherry; and as mother and I might go to the Assembly, it would be a good plan to know how to put our feet under it kinder scrumptiously. Of course I was dreadful glad when Bob won Susan. We all concluded to have the weddings Monday after New Year's day, so as to have both the girls make their wedding party at the same time, and we'd have a grand smash-up of it all at once.—Mother and Susan were for having a kinder patent leather affair of it, and only ask in a few of their fine acquaintances; but I and Sam didn't like it at all, and Smith didn't like it any better than we did, for he wanted the second day wedding at his house, when he was going to bring home the widder; for, you see, just as soon as he got elected, she came right down and agreed to have him on sight.

We'd been talking about it at tea, and when the women lit the candles, Sam, and I, and Bob, were all together in the setting-room, and Mother, and Susan, and Sarah, and I thought I'd just jump right in and paddle out the best way I could; so says I to Sam, says I, "Sam, have you seen Ick about coming with his fiddle?"

You ought to have seen Mother how quick she took off her spectacles, and laid down her stitching, and looking up, says she—and there was a little grit in it—says she:

"What did you say, John?"

But I pretended not to hear her, and kept looking right straight at Sam.

A SQUALL.

Sam went on just as though nobody had spoken but me—says he, "I saw Ick, and he says four of 'em will come."

You see the cloud bust right on my devoted head. The girls leaned back in their chairs.—Mother got up and came towards me, and Bob and Sam sorter shied. But, thinks I, who's afeard; so I straightened up to my tallest inches; so she came right up to me, and laid her hand on my shoulder, and says she, pretty sharp,

"Are you going to have fiddling and dancing in this house to-morrow night, John?"

Says I, "You never said a truer thing in your life."

"Well, it's too bad. But it can't be done."

"Perhaps not."

"We've no place to dance—no place for the music—besides, what will people say?"

"Well, let us see. There's the front room, that will hold a good floorwing, and the big bed-room, that will hold a good French four."

"But the carpets will be spoiled, and the bed is in the way."

"We can take up the carpets," said the girls.

"Then there will be the bed."

"Well, we can take it down in five minutes," says Sam.

"And the music can stand in the front entry," says I.

"Oh dear! how dreadfully the house will look without the carpets."

CALM COMING.

I thought the wind was going down somewhat, so, thinks I, perhaps I may come the sweetnin' a little. So I just kinder slightly slipped my arm around her waist, and says I:—"My good little wife, I want to dance at our Susan's wedding just as I danced at yours 30 years ago."

"Not thirty, John, only twenty-nine. But you are old and grey-headed now."

"Well, if my head is grey, my heels ain't, no how," and I just come one of my old-fashioned breakdown double-shuffles, and a pigeon-wing at the end on't, and balenced up to her. "There," says I, "did you see any grey hairs in that?" And I took her in my arms, and gave her a smacking kiss. "Well, says she, there ain't any in that any way." "Besides," says I, "you used to love dancing before we were married, as much as anybody, and I used to think sometimes you danced with the other fellows just to show me what a pretty figure you made on the floor."

"Oh, John!" says she, and putting her arm around my neck she gave me one of the sugarest kisses I ever had.

You see, Col., I won that time on the honey principle, and I do think, after all, that *sweetnin'* is a blessed institution in a family, and perhaps it would'nt be bad in a small town like yourn.

Everybody sposed they'd be married in church on Sunday, and the house was fuller than I'd seen it before since Deacon Goodenough's funeral. But they got a good sermon for nothing, and that's all they did get anyhow. The young people wan't married till the next day; and then we had one of mother's grandest kind of dinners, rice pudding and nutcakes, and custard, just as much as we could eat. Well, it's no use of talking about the good things one eats, 'cause if you do you are sure to be wanting to eat them again when you can't.

THE DANCE.

The very capsheaf of glory was the dance in the evening. Tho', to be sure, I did feel kinder bad to see Susan get married, and know that she was going to love another man better than her father. She'd always been a good, kind girl, and the thousand and one little things that she would contrive to do to make me feel how pleasant home was, made it seem kinder hard to part with her. But then as I had served another man pretty much the same trick I didn't think I ought to worry much about it; besides, mother was left.

It wan't long after the candles were lighted before the young people began to come in, and pretty soon there was a heap of them. Smith wanted me to open the dance with the widder, and he'd take mother, and the boys and girls all set in, and they wouldn't take no for an answer; so, I had to lead off. After all, I felt sorter of queerish, for I hadn't danced in a great while, and I feared I might go wrong. But I knowed the widder was up to snuff in these kind of things, and would bring me out anyway.

"What'll you dance, Mr. Plowhandle?," says Ick.

"Money Musk," says I. "Ready," says Ick, and off we started.

Perhaps, Col., you've never danced Money Musk? If you havn't, you don't know what good dancing is, that's all. There's no other figure that I ever heard on that begins to have the real old-fashioned dancing in that this has, nor one that you can show off in, if you've got the steps, like it. I've sometimes thought it was a good deal like the world generally, for you dance with your partner some, but you balance to other people's partners more.

Well, the weddings are over, and I go about my chores just as usual; but the remembrance of the good time I had is a kind of green spot of pinks and violets on a dry knoll.

I don't think I shall ever have any thing more to write about, Col., though Smith writes to me that he'd want me to help him lobby or he won't get the law for the bridge over the Toe-muddy. If I go perhaps I'll write to you again.

Yours, to command.

John Plowhandle.

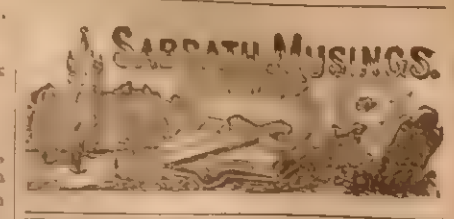
"ROUGH, BUT HONEST."

Perhaps so. Such persons have existed, beyond question. The fallacy lies in the implication that roughness and honesty are naturally twinned; the the truth being quite as often that they are not in the least related. Good manners and good morals are oftener found in company than rudeness and goodness. Genuine kindness of heart rarely fails to produce gentle words and a benignant countenance. Coarse manners are either the result of a coarse nature, or are assumed on the strength of the "rough-but-honest" proverb, to get credit with shallow observers for a sincerity that does not exist. Shakspeare, who knew a thing or two about human nature, was not deceived by pretexts of this sort. Observe his portrait of one of these humbugs:

—"This is some fellow
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from the nature: he cannot flatter, he—
An honest mind and plain;—he must speak truth;
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbor more craft and more corrupted ends
Than twenty silly clucking observants
That stretch their duties nicely."

Human nature has not greatly changed since the time of the great poet. The old tricks are all in vogue, and make, perhaps, as many dupes as ever. Your genuine "blunt-and-honest" fellow is at least tolerable; but the imitator is the most disagreeable of all the impostors extant. Luckily, he is sure to show his real character at a pretty early day, and is branded thenceforth "rough and rascally."—*Boston Post.*

Critics are a kind of freebooters in the republic of letters—who, like deer, goats, and divers other graminivorous animals, gain subsistence by gorging upon buds and leaves of the young shrubs of the forest, thereby robbing them of their verdure, and retarding their progress to maturity.—*Washington Irving.*



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE EVENING AND THE MORNING.

I turned to the dial of life to mark
How the moments fled away,
And the silent hand had pointed down
To the closing hour of day.

The sun, which lingered among the clouds,
Looked out with a golden gleam,
And its light flowed over the fading past
Like the music of a dream.

Then the night came on—the long, long night—
With its heavy weight of woe,
Behind were the flowers of former hours,
And before was the falling snow.

In the dead mid-watch a spirit of light
Passed through the shadowy dome,
The stars looked down and beckoned me,
And I felt that I was going home.

When the morning broke—the glorious morn—
It shone on eternal day,
That spirit of light still led me on,
And the world had passed away!

Ogdensburgh, N. Y., 1858. E. C. J.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE FUNERAL.

There is something in the passing of a funeral procession which appeals to the heart with wonderful power. A soul has departed from among the living, and we are now rendering the last tribute we can ever give. First comes the slowly moving hearse, shrouded in black, symbolical of the darkness within. Closely following are weeping friends, attending to its lasting place, that loved form which, a short time ago, was animate with life and health, and spake loving words, but now, cold and silent in the embrace of Death.—Then come friends and neighbors, to pay their last respects to the departed, and witness his consignment to the narrow tomb. It is wonderfully touching. That mortal will never walk this beautiful earth again. He has had but one short life to live and that is done. Now he has put on immortality. The realities of eternity he now knows, while we have them yet to learn. Thou following train, he goes before thee to the everlasting habitations, and unto thee also is the decree, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." Jane. E. H.

Piffard, N. Y., 1859.

Temptation Universal.—In no scene of earth, in no condition, are we exempt from the incursions of temptation. If we flee to the desert, and brook not the sight of our fellow-creature's face, we bear thither the fiend within; we cannot build out or bar out the indwelling evil spirit. The gratings of the monastery cannot exclude the wings of the fallen seraph, nor solitude sanctify the unregenerate heart. In the garden or the grove, the palace or the hermitage, the crowded city or the howling wilderness, sin tracks us, and self haunts us. If the poor is tempted to envy and dishonesty, the rich, as Agur testified, is equally endangered by pride and luxury. If the man with ten talents is puffed up with self-confidence, and arrogant impiety, the man of one talent is prone to bury slothfully the portion intrusted to him in the earth, and then to quarrel with its Holy Giver.

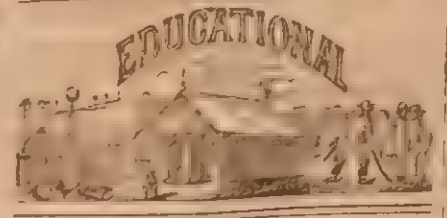
The great adversary has in every scene his snares, and varies his bait for every variety of condition and character. Each man and child of us has his easily besetting sin. The rash and the cautious, the young and the old, the rude and the educated, the visitant of the sanctuary, and the open neglecter of it, the profane and the devout, the lover of solitude and the lover of society, all have their snares.

Triumph Over Evil.—We are rewarded for every triumph we make over temptation. I will suppose there are many who have struggled against the vanity of vain pleasures; many who have put down evil thoughts with a strong will; many who, after a long, and it may be an uncertain conflict with the seductions of the world, have at length triumphed. I will put it to them whether, when they have combatted and so prevailed against the evil, and their hearts have not softened and melted within them, whether they have felt within their bosoms a seraphic influence? No sooner shall they have driven from them the demon of pride, of vanity, of anger—no sooner shall the devil have left them, than angels will come and minister unto them.—*Jerrold.*

The Bible.—Out of it have come all the pure moralities. Forth from it have sprung all sweet charities. It has been the motive power of regeneration and reformation to millions of men. It has comforted the humble, consoled the mourning, sustained the suffering, and given trust and triumph to the dying. The wise old man has fallen asleep with it folded upon his breast. The simple cottager has used it for a dying pillow; and even the innocent child has breathed his last happy sigh with his fingers between its promise-freighted leaves.—*Timothy Titcomb.*

Christian Traveler.—Each true Christian is a night traveler; his life, his walk—Christ his way—and Heaven his home. His walk painful, his way perfect, his home pleasing. I will not loiter, lest I come short of home; I will not wander, lest I come wide of home, but be content to travel hard and be sure I walk right, so shall my safe way find its end at home, and my painful walk my home welcome. —*Author Warwick.*

Daily Bread.—That bread which nourisheth to eternal life. He who has lost his appetite, is certainly sick; so is the soul that desireth not the good which cometh from God. We receive grace in the same degree as we desire it.—*Selected.*



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SCHOOL GOVERNMENT.

One great hindrance to successful teaching is the want of a proper faculty to govern, yet, by careful study of the nature and disposition of children, and a determination to succeed, this may be acquired to a certain extent. It is a fact to be regretted that many of our instructors teach only from a love of gain, and, of course, take the easiest way of acquiring their object, with but little regard to the performance of duty, or the right formation of the moral and intellectual character of their pupils.—Such is the force of first impressions upon the youthful mind, and so strong the determination not to forget that their good intentions have been disregarded, that the first day of school decides how successful the teacher shall be in the management of his scholars.

This reasoning may seem incorrect, but let us take an instance. Let the first work of the teacher be that of posting a long list of rules in a conspicuous place, and as soon as the scholars have entered the school-room, let them be read with a you'll-mind-me sort of an air—as if nothing was expected but open rebellion—and in the meantime let particular care be taken to call their attention to the bundle of rods the master has not forgotten to place in the corner. What is the result? The scholars conclude at once that they are to deal with an enemy, and will not conform to the rules of the school unless to escape punishment—their chief aim being to thwart the plans of the teacher. But little advancement is made in study—the time is worse than uselessly spent, because habits are formed which require a great deal of correction to overcome. Yet this called *teaching school*, from the fact that people suppose *keeping* and *teaching* school are synonymous terms.

There are instances when corporeal punishment must be resorted to—prompt obedience must be given—yet do not lose your influence over a child by continued threats. Let every rule be well considered, and the necessity for making it, before it is given to the school—avoid making rules as much as possible. If the scholars are interested in study they will discipline themselves, and to the attainment of this end the teacher should leave no means untried. By never speaking in a harsh or unkind manner—always having perfect self-control—never saying things hastily—of which you will have cause to regret—in short, "let patience do her perfect work," and you will teach your scholars *submission by example*, which is better than precept.

If disposed to condemn the conduct of a child, look at the motive, not the deed. We know not how hard the battle before wrong overcame right—shall we then blot out every pure impulse from the mind of the child by hasty chastisement, or by good counsel and words of encouragement make an impression which shall be lasting, and thereby reclaim the erring one? EMILY ELLIS.

New Lebanon, Col. Co., N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

STUDY-BOOKS.

Are books the only source from which we can obtain knowledge? or, are there are other means by which the mind may be educated? We are sure that these questions open a field of thought in which we may take long and pleasant rambles. In our younger school-boy days, we used to think that when the much-wished-for vacation come, we were through with our studies; but little did we think as we chased through the fields and over the hills with gleeful shouts, that we were under the instruction of Nature's silent teachings—that the sun, moon and stars, the rain and dew, taught their "sublime lessons," and that the grassy carpet beneath our feet, the flowers, trees and stones were full of instruction. Thus we find

"Books in the running brooks,"

and in everything around us volumes of thought, which, if we take the pains to peruse, will instruct us, and we will be better able to understand the handiwork of Nature.

The knowledge which is derived from books appears to be *mechanical* and insipid; while that derived from the beautiful mysteries of Nature which surround us, and which we draw in with the very air we breathe, is something *real*. We must study books to fit ourselves for the every-day transactions in business, and even when we are sufficiently skilled in this branch to perform our work with alacrity and correctness, our education is not yet complete. *We are being educated all the time.*—Whether holding the plow or leveling the forest tree—in the gay circle or the workshop, the process is still in operation. Men have lived and died during past centuries who had not the opportunity of getting their education from books. But were they not educated? Did they not let the mind go out in search of the beauties of Nature? And so they lived—under the instruction of a great and good teacher—now they live, in name, on the brightest pages of history.

"Though the palm be callous, holding fast the plow,
The round cheek is ruddy, and the open brow
Has no lines or furrows wrought by evil hours,
For the heart keeps wholesome, trained in Nature's bowers."

Hartford, Wis., 1859. DRAWER.

TEACHING ON A LARGE SCALE.—At a public meeting in 1855, Dr. Tyng narrated the following:—"Three years ago, Louis Napoleon, finding that most of the soldiers in his army were unable to read, advertised for a contract to teach them. A single gentleman undertook the task. He asked for no books—nothing but slates and pencils. He brought up the men in a line, and by the use of large letters, at his dictation, they all learned the alphabet and then to read. He then asked for one single tract. He was permitted to choose, and selected from all the tracts in the language the most beautiful and affecting the Gospel by John and in less than a year he had taught fifty thousand French soldiers to read the Gospel, and received copies enough to put one into the hands of each soldier."

APTNESS OF ILLUSTRATION.

The success of a teacher in his profession depends much less upon the *amount* of knowledge he possesses, than upon his *ability* for imparting it to others. Hence we see, not unfrequently, men of great erudition unsuccessful in the profession; and their department (if a speciality in an academy or college) the peculiar dread and horror of all students. Class after class unite with great unanimity in voting such a member of the learned faculty a bore; and hold a jubilee over the hour of emancipation from his authority. And yet, as a man and a scholar, all concur in the opinion that he stands in the foremost rank. The dry and prosy details of a science presented to the minds of pupils in naked general formulæ, unillustrated by familiar examples, and unilluminated by special applications, make, at the best, but faint and imperfect impressions. In order to render these general truths valuable to pupils, the ingenuity of the instructor is taxed to the utmost. One illustration which is perfectly understood by one, may be utterly incomprehensible to another; and one reflection from the master mind, which kindles a responsive ray in one intellect, may leave another still in doubt and obscurity. Hence the necessity of varied illustration; and hence, as a consequence, the greater success of the ingenious teacher who is fertile in expedients, awake to his subject, and capable of holding it up to view in all its varied aspects.

We do not advocate the substitution of ingenuity for erudition, or fertility of expedients for profundity of wisdom; we would have the latter, at all events, but we would have it *cum grano salis*. The profoundest blockhead in the world, is the learned blockhead. The successful teacher, in addition to his book learning, must be familiar with common things; must understand and be competent to draw examples from the every-day affairs of life. He ought to be able (but it is not usually the best way) to soar high or dive deep for an illustration. Things palpable and familiar, matters that occur from day to day, and are seen and known by the pupils, are usually much to be preferred. If the latter assert an absurdity, show up the absurdity in a ridiculous light; if he stagger under an obscure or weighty truth, alleviate his burthen by a cognate truth more easily understood.—Humble expedients can be resorted to with great success; a knitting needle thrust through a potato represents admirably the axis of a sphere; a thistle down is one of the best possible examples of spherical radii; the scale of a thermometer, or north and south longitudes are excellent illustrations of positive and negative quantities; the leaves of a book at different inclinations make diedral angles; the hopper of a mill is a right quadrangular pyramid; a section of stove pipe a cylinder, &c., &c. All nature and all art teem with illustrations, and the teacher, not too proud to avail himself of homely expedients, nor too indolent to duplicate them for the benefit of the less acute of his pupils, need not despair of leading his charge upon an upward road.

The teacher loses nothing of dignity by the simple illustration of a knotty point; nothing of manhood by being laborious and patient in clearing obstructions from the pathway of a plodding and ungifted student; nothing of self-respect by remembering that what he himself now sees clear as the sun, was once difficult to comprehend; nothing of pre-eminence by reflecting that he stands upon a higher plane, and can see further than the youth below, struggling up the steep. We, who have taught for a series of years, sometimes forget that we were pupils once ourselves; and, seeing the path so plainly now, wonder that our disciples do not see it also.

The writer was once, during a college vacation, teaching a district school in Massachusetts, and numbered among his pupils a little girl thirteen or fourteen years of age, who possessed a remarkable mind. Ambitious of distinction, and sensitive of reproof, she rarely merited the one, or failed of gaining the other. Not comprehending readily, one day, several illustrations of the old Arithmetical rule of Practice, the writer remarked somewhat abruptly, it may be impatiently:—"It is passing strange you can not see a point so plain." The poor girl burst into tears of mortified pride, at the implication of dullness, and answered: "I could see it if I was not a fool!" The error on the part of the teacher was repaired as speedily as possible, by telling her that it was not surprising a pupil failed occasionally to grasp a principle; and that teachers sometimes forgot, in the familiarity of repeated application, that they themselves had once met with difficulty on the same points. The poor girl probably soon forgot the circumstance, and with it the momentary pang; but he who inflicted it by an impulse of thoughtless impatience, will carry the recollection of it as a caution while he lives.—She, several years since, went to her rest in the morning of a brilliant and promising life, while her teacher still labors in the profession, striving in a humble way, with "aptness of illustration," to instil into the minds of the young, some of those scientific truths which render man akin to the Immortals.—*New York Teacher.*

LEARN ALL YOU CAN.

Never omit any opportunity to learn all you can. Sir WALTER SCOTT said, even in a stage coach he always found somebody to tell him something he did not know before. Conversation is generally more useful than books for the purpose of knowledge. It is, therefore, a mistake to be morose or silent, when you are among persons whom you think ignorant; for a sociability on your part will draw them out, and they will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment. Indeed, some of the most sagacious remarks are made by persons of this description, respecting their particular pursuit.

HUGH MILLER, the famous Scotch Geologist, owes not a little of his fame to the observations, made when he was a journeyman stone-mason and worked in a quarry. SOCRATES well said that there was one good, which is knowledge, and but one evil, which is iguorance. Every grain of sand helps to make the heap. A gold digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not fool enough to throw them away because he hopes to find a huge lump sometime. So, in acquiring knowledge, we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure, spend it over a good or instructive thing with the first person you meet.—*Educational Herald.*

ADULTERATIONS OF FOOD.

BREAD.

[Concluded from page 158.]

The following list, taken from the results of the labors of Hassall, Marcet, Mitchell, and others, of England, and corroborated by examinations in our own country, will give a condensed history, past and present, of the adulterations of the more common articles of food. Many of the substances used are not only harmless, but even nutritious, but their presence too often involves the addition of still other and more objectionable constituents, for the sake of preserving color, and improving the general appearance of the articles.

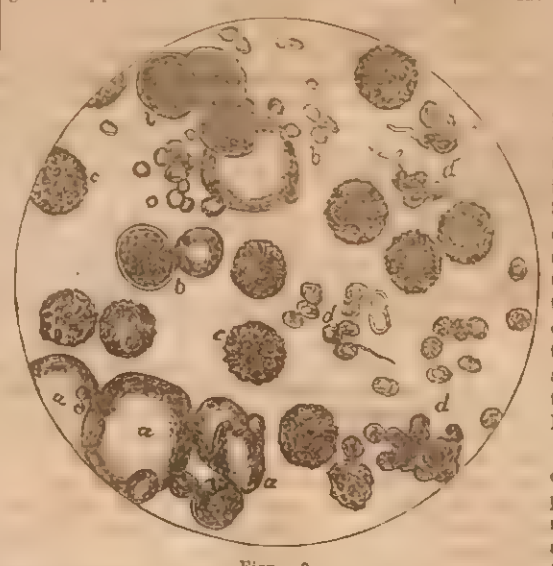


Figure 3.

a, Starch granules of Wheat-flour; *b*, Puccinia Graminis (Spores of;) *c*, Sporules of Uredo Caries; *d*, Sporules of Uredo Segetum.

FLOUR—Rice, beans; rye, corn, and potato-flour; alum, bone-dust, powdered flints, plaster of Paris.

BREAD—Mashed potato; rice, bean, rye, and corn-flour; chalk, plaster of Paris, pipe-clay, alum, carbonate of ammonia, sulphate of copper, sulphate of zinc.

SUGAR—Wheat and potato-flours, tapioca, starch, water, lead, iron, sand, chalk, pipe-clay, plaster of Paris.

COFFEE—Chicory, roasted wheat, rye and potato-flour, roasted beans, mangold-wurtzel, acorns, burnt sugar.

COCOA AND CHOCOLATE—Maranta, East India and Tahiti arrow-roots, Tous les Mois; the flour of wheat, corn, sago, potato, and tapioca; sugar, chicory, cocoa-husks, Venetian red, red ochre, lard, tallow, mutton-suet.

TEA—Exhausted tea-leaves, leaves of the horse-chestnut, sycamore, plum, beech, plane, elm, poplar, willow, etc.; lie-tea, sand, starch, black-lead, gum, indigo, Prussian blue, turmeric, Chinese yellow, China clay, soap-stone, rose pink, Dutch pink, chrome yellow, Venetian red, carbonate and arsenite of copper, chromate and bi-chromate of potash, carbonate of lime and magnesia.

TOBACCO—Water, sugar, molasses, salts, oil, rhubarb, potato, coltsfoot, dock, and other leaves, sawdust, earthy matter, sand, nitrate of soda, etc., etc.

VINEGAR—Water, burnt sugar, sulphuric acid.

PORTER AND ALE—Water, sugar, molasses, salt, Cocculus Indicus, grains of paradise, capsicum, ginger, quassia, wormwood, calamus-root, caraway and coriander-seeds, orange-powder, liquorice, honey, sulphate of iron, sulphuric acid, cream of tartar, alum, carbonate of potash, oyster-shells, hartshorn-shavings, nux vomica, beans.

GIN—Water, sugar, cayenne, cassia, grains of paradise, sulphuric acid, coriander-seeds, angelica-root, oil of almonds, calamus-root, almond-cake, orris-root, cardamom-seeds, orange-peel.

COLORED CONFECTIONARY—East India arrow-root, wheat and potato-flour, hydrated sulphate of lime, cochineal, lake, indigo, Prussian blue, Antwerp blue, artificial ultra-marine, carbonate of copper, white and red lead, vermillion, chromate of lead of different shades, gamboge, sap green, Brunswick green, arsenite of copper, Indian red, brown ferruginous earths, etc.

PICKLES—Salts of copper.

PEPPER—Wheat and pea-flour, ground rice and mustard-seeds, linseed-meal, pepper-dust.

SNUFF—Chromate of potash and lead, ferruginous earths, red and white lead, carbonate of ammonia, lime, powdered-glass, powdered orris-root.

CAYENNE PEPPER—Ground rice, mustard-husk, salt, red lead, bi-sulphuret of mercury, Venetian red, turmeric, brick-dust.

GINGER—Wheat, sago, and potato-flour, ground rice, mustard-husks, turmeric-powder.

HONEY—Flour, cane-sugar, chalk, pipe-clay.

LARD—Potato-flour, water, mutton-suet, salt, carbonate of soda, caustic lime, alum, potash.

MUSTARD—Wheat-flour, tumeric, yellow ochre, chromate of lead.

Figure 4.

a, Ovum of Acarus Farinæ; *b*, *c*, *e*, Acarus Farinæ; *d*, *d*, Vibriones Tritici.

Such are the results of the investigations to which we have referred. In view of the diversity of the constituents, which is shown by the above list to enter into our daily food, the naturalist might classify man as an omnivorous animal, in the broadest sense. Judging us by the amount of ferruginous earths, chalk, pipe-clay, plaster of Paris, etc., that we are obliged to swallow in our daily bread, we might also appropriately be ranked with the *clay-eaters* of Siam or Kamtschatka. Fortunate indeed if we are not pinched with colic, prostrated with paralysis, and irrecoverably poisoned through the insidious effect of the most destructive metallic salts and oxydes with which our food is seasoned.

Many foreign articles come to our markets surcharged with villainous compounds; while the modes of adulteration in this country differ but little from those employed in England, except in cases where the required material is cheaper or less available. The four varieties of starch represented in Figure 1, (see RURAL of last week,) as seen in the field of the microscope, will illustrate, though imperfectly, the discriminating power of that instrument: we say imperfectly, for it is impossible to represent in an engraving of this kind the more delicate shades of difference that characterize them in the eye of the observer. The difference in size, however, of these and other varieties of starch granules, is generally sufficient to distinguish them from each other, varying, as they do, from the one hundred and eightieth part of an inch—the size of potato-starch—to the twelve hundredth part of an inch, about the average diameter of the granules of buckwheat starch.

The characteristic shapes exhibited by the granules of the potato, sago, and tapioca starches, and West India arrow-root, under the microsrope, are sufficient, independently of their relative sizes, to distinguish them. The oyster-shape, and the distinctness of the concentric rings having their common focus, if we may so call it, at one end, mark the potato starch; the oblong form, truncated at one end, that of sago; the irregularity of form, sometimes even becoming triangular, that of maranta, or West India arrow-root; the more nearly circular form, and the tendency to compound granules, consisting of two, three, or even four united, that of tapioca. Thus by the microscope, and by that alone, we detect the adulteration of sago with potato flour; tapioca with potato flour and sago meal; and West India arrow-root with all three.

Bread in itself contains nearly all the elements, and in almost the requisite proportions, indispensable to the sustenance of man: nerve and sinew, bone and adipose tissue, alike gather strength and fulness from its substance. It is, more than any thing else, the universal pabulum of civilized man. Not inappropriately, then, has the word "bread" become the synonym of food. Such is the universal necessity, such the unceasing demand for, and enormous consumption of, bread, that the adulteration, even to a moderate degree and with the least hurtful materials, becomes a great wrong to the public: but the revelations of the microscope and the test-tube show that the avarice of the dealer has not spared even the "staff of life." Figure 2 (see RURAL of last week,) represents the starch granules of different varieties of flour, as seen by the microscope, and illustrates the ease with which the more innocent modes of adulteration—the mixture of inferior with the more valuable farinas—are detected. The starch is readily separated from the gluten, by making a thick paste of the flour, wrapping it in a piece of cotton cloth, and kneading it with the fingers while a very small stream of water is running over it. The starch washes through the cloth, and will subside readily in the water, and may be easily transferred to the microscope. If it should be a sample of damaged flour, you may find scattered here and there in the field of the instrument, the different varieties of fungus growths depicted in Figure 3, *b*, *c*, *d*, of which *b*, (Puccinia Graminis,) is commonly known as *rust*; *c*, (Uredo Caries,) as *pepper-brand*; and *d*, (Uredo Segetum,) as *smut*.

These fungi we have often detected in an examination of samples of inferior brands of flour in New York city. They will seldom be found associated together in the same sample.

A still more uninviting picture is sometimes exhibited by the microscope, and one that is calculated to suspend the gnawing of hunger in a sensitive stomach. (See Fig. 4.)

The Vibriones Tritici exist usually in the blighted grains of wheat, as a cottony substance, exhibiting great activity except when perfectly dry. From this latter condition, however, lifeless they appear, and though they crumble at the touch, they can be restored to a lively existence by simple moistening. It has been supposed that these animalcules do not find their way into flour through the meshes of the miller's bolting-cloths but they certainly exist in the damaged article.

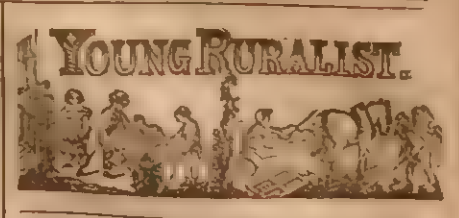
The Acarus Farinæ is another accompaniment of damaged flour; *a*, *e*, *b*, *c*, represent this mite in its different stages of development, from the ovum to the full-grown animal.

To the adulterations of flour and bread with the inferior farina, there is another class of substances superadded that can be detected only by the aid of chemical reagents. We refer to the extensive use of alum, sulphate and carbonate of lime, and more rarely perhaps, carbonate of magnesia. The use of alum serves a variety of purposes:—First, it enables the baker to use a larger proportion of inferior flour without essentially affecting the appearance of his bread. Secondly, he can use with impunity damaged flour. Thirdly, it gives to bread, made even from the best flour, a whiter appearance. Carbonates of lime and magnesia are also used for the purpose of improving the appearance of bread and disguising an inferior quality of flour.

The effect upon health of the daily use of these substances, with some of which baker's bread is almost universally contaminated, is most pernicious. The continual use of food containing carbonate of magnesia is likely to result in the formation of the most painful calculi. We ask for bread, and they give us a stone.

The astringent effect of alum as a medicine should satisfy us of its evil effects as a constituent of food. The natural result from its continual use is acidity of the stomach, costiveness, dyspepsia. We may here state that, with scarcely an exception, alum is to a fearful degree a constituent of baker's bread in New York city; and in many instances, lime and other deleterious substances are associated therewith.—*Knickerbocker Magazine.*

Two centuries ago not one in a hundred wore stockings. Fifty years ago not a boy in a thousand was allowed to run at large at night. Fifty years ago not one girl in a thousand made a waiting maid of her mother. Wonderful improvements in this wonderful age.



STUDY AND LABOR.

KNOWING that there are many *smart* young readers of the RURAL, who would delight to assist one who is first commencing business for himself, that is, trying to do something for a living, I would ask a plain, perhaps a simple question, so that there will be no doubt but what I shall get all the information I desire. My question is, can a man be both a student and a farmer at the same time?

Having commenced farming for my occupation during the summer, and wishing to make the *best* use of my time, I would, if thought best by my young friends, follow a course of study; or, if this would take too much time, reading would answer very well. My experience, as far as it goes, tells me that to make farming *profitable* and *pleasant*, I must give up studying *entirely*, and attend to *one thing at a time*. For instance—the other day my employer sent me to the village expressly on business; and for fear lest my memory should prove treacherous I took my errands with me on paper. I had a good time riding to the village, thinking of what I had read a few days previous. When I arrived there, hastily glanced at my paper and read my errands. Having got what I *supposed* was right, took my homeward way, and finished my review, *in mind*, of the history of the Carthaginians. When I returned home, I found that I had, through my great eagerness to return to my train of though, made a grand mistake, both in *quantity* and *quality* of the article I had *expressly* gone after. You can imagine my feelings. I *most emphatically* felt ashamed of myself. This, I think, conclusively proves that to follow *two* employments, is neither *profitable*, nor, to meet with the success that I have met with, *pleasant*. Advice wanted. VINTON.

Pompey, N. Y., 1859.

REMARKS.—Although we leave these questions to be answered by Young Ruralists, yet we will make a remark or two. It is difficult to do two things at once, and it is equally difficult to do one thing well unless the mind as well as the hands are engaged in the work. But, because a man has to sow and reap, or build houses, or edit a newspaper, it does not follow that he should not read, inform his mind, and become interested in other subjects not directly connected with his business. What we should learn is to gain such control over the mind as to be able to direct our tho'ts to the business in which we are engaged, and keep them there until it is accomplished. Our young friend needs mental discipline.

GET A RAPID GROWTH.—As a general rule the object of the young gardener, and old gardener too, should be to get a rapid and constant growth on everything he plants. If anything occurs to check or suspend the growth of a plant, it is very hard to get it started again. It is often better to sow again than to wait for the sickly plant to recover. My promised letter about growing melons I will give the boys next week. It won't do to start them too early, or the cold nights we have occasionally at this season will stunt them, which is just about as bad as killing them outright.

OLD GARDENER.

LACK OF REVERENCE IN THE YOUNG.

REV. A. SMITH, Commissioner of Public Schools in Ohio, in a recent report, makes some forcible remarks upon the want of good manners shown by the youth of the present day in their conduct toward the aged. After alluding to the deference and respect which the youth of former days were taught to extend to their superiors in age and wisdom, he says:

But where, in all our land, does this good old practice now prevail? Who does not know that bows and courtesies on the part of our boys and girls are obsolete? It has been remarked that "there are thousands of boys in this great country, not one of whom has ever made a bow, unless when he had occasion to dodge a snow-ball, a brick-bat or a bowlder."

Some eight or ten winters since Ex-Governor Everett, of Massachusetts, with the late Amos Lawrence, was in a sleigh, riding into Boston. As they approached a school-house a score of young boys rushed into the street to enjoy their afternoon recess. Said the Governor to his friend, "Let us observe whether these boys make obeisance to us, as we were taught fifty years ago." At the same time he expressed the fear that habits of civility were less practiced than formerly. As they passed the school-house all question and doubt upon the subject received a speedy if not satisfactory settlement, for each one of twenty juvenile New Englanders did his best at snow-balling the wayfaring dignitaries.

DON'T BE HASTY.

1. Because you will be likely not to treat rightly two very good friends, Reason and Conscience, who will not have a chance to speak.

2. Because you will have to travel over the same ground in company with one Sober Second Thought, who will be more likely to have with him a whip of scorpions than a bunch of flowers.

3. Because the words or actions involved in it are more likely than otherwise to be misunderstood, and therefore to be severely judged.

4. Because this is one way to please and give great advantage to a great enemy of yours, one powerful enough to be called "the Prince of the World," and who has caught more people than can be counted in this very trap.

5. Because in so doing you are likely to be a fellow-traveler in such company as follows:—"He that is hasty with his feet sinneth." "He that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly." "Seest thou a man hasty in words? there is more hope of a fool than of him." "The thoughts of every one that is hasty tend only to want."

6. Because such a fire may be kindled that it cannot be put out even by all the water a whole engine company can throw, with Second Thought for their captain.

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A Profitable Use for Brush Wood, &c.—B. D. Washburn.
For Sale or Exchange—Charles Sutton.
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Something New—S. M. Myrick & Co.
Morgan Horse General Gifford, Jr.—E. Yeomans.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 14, 1859.

The European War Question.

The news brought by the Niagara, (which will be found in detail in its appropriate column,) brings Continental matters directly to the point to which they have for months been tending—*War is considered inevitable.* France is concentrating troops upon Toulon, which is only twenty-four hours sail from Genoa; and other troops are proceeding toward the Piedmontese frontier by forced marches. From Vienna large masses of troops are constantly moved forward by rail to Milan. Sardinia is bringing up her forces for the defence of her eastern frontier, where she will soon have the assistance of the French arriving by the way of Genoa, across the country by the coast route, and over the Alps by the Simplon. England remains impassive, and apparently more busied with the parliamentary election than the war. It does not seem probable that she feels constrained to assist Austria in the maintenance of the Treaty of 1815. If she is indisposed to do so, she can readily plead previous violations of the Treaty by Austria, and the rejection of the peace proposals made through Lord Cowley. Prussia has called out a large army for the defence of the Rhine. It is understood that this is to be only an army of observation, to be called into action should French troops pass the Rhine. In the Papal States the Pope has been endeavoring to get up an army, with very indifferent success.

There is a legitimate cause for "this great commotion," and though the discussion of political matters, either domestic or foreign, is not within our peculiar sphere, and our readers care very little about Continental matters of such nature, present circumstances will justify a brief resume of the whole subject, for the facts of which we are, in a great measure, indebted to the Philadelphia *Press:*

Austria, besides possessing a large domain in Germany, also holds the Tyrol, Bohemia, Hungary, a large slice of what once was the Kingdom of Poland, the countries which line the north and east of the Adriatic Sea, (down to the extremity of Dalmatia,) as well as a large portion of the north of Italy, consisting of Lombardy, which is divided into two governments, Milan on the west, and Venice on the east. These Italian territories, covering about 16,000 square miles, and containing about 4,500,000 inhabitants, were secured to Austria, first by the Treaty of 1814, on the overthrow of the elder Napoleon, and subsequently, in 1815, after his exile to St. Helena. Large as this Austrian Italian province is, the Kingdom of Sardinia, which adjoins it and partly forms its north western boundary, is much more considerable, for it covers nearly 30,000 square miles, and has a population exceeding 4,000,000. The Austrians and the Italians have never assimilated, treaty or no treaty, nor is it likely that they ever will or can. The consequence is that Austrian Italy is almost perpetually making Austria very uneasy. To keep the excitable Italians in check, an immense military force is scattered all over Lombardy, and these soldiers are most cordially hated by the inhabitants of the country.

The antipathy of the Italian to the Austrian is deadly—a hatred only appeased when it kills—and should an Italian meet an Austrian out upon the mountains, with no human looker on, the chance is that the German would speedily take leave of time. For the Italian cannot help regarding the Austrian as an enemy and oppressor who ought to be swept away from off the face of the earth. Americans who have traveled in Italy have noticed the causes of this hatred. The Austrian soldiers, from the General to the drummer, perpetually indulge in the most vexatious tyranny, whenever they can exercise it. They are willing instruments in the hand of capricious misrule.—They seem to delight in annoying the natives whenever they have a chance. In this they are encouraged by their superiors. They uphold, with their bayonets, the dreadful system of espionage, secret false information, arrest, imprisonment, torture, execution.

Against this hard rule the Lombards and Venetians have long chafed. They even conspired, but nothing came of that. The Carbonari always had the misfortune to be betrayed by spies, and the Austrians ever kept them down, in the dungeon, by exile, or on the scaffold. At last came 1848—the great year of European Revolutions—in which Louis Phillippe had to fly for his life and Louis Napoleon, emerging from comparative obscurity in England, went to Paris, the accepted Chief of the new Republic. Swiftly spread the flame of Revolution. There were successful revolts in Sicily, Naples, Tuscany, Parma, and Rome. Then the Austrian provinces in Lombardy demanded reforms, which Metternich refused. On this, the late Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, threw an army of succor into Venice. Eventually he was beaten by the Austrians, under Radetsky, and (in 1849) had to abdicate and resign his throne to his eldest son, the present Victor Emanuel, King of Sardinia.

With Charles Albert declined, for a time, the ambitious hope of uniting Lombardy to Sardinia, and making an independent sovereignty of the two—involving, of course, the banishment of the Austrians from Italy. In the Crimean War, good help was rendered to the Allies by Victor Emanuel, and Sardinia began to acquire caste and character as a second rate Power—the Five Great Powers being England, France, Russia, Austria, and Prussia.—Ever since, the ties of amity between France and Sardinia have been drawn closer and stronger together. At the beginning of the year, Louis Napoleon angrily notified Austria of his dissatisfaction with her hard rule in Lombardy. At the same time, Sardinia publicly notified a sort of intention to interfere, against Austria, in Lombardy. Preparations of war have since been abundantly made by Austria, on the offensive, and by Sardinia on the defensive.

The foregoing is a complete view of the relations of the various governments, (Austria, Italy, France,) and the entire causes of the present disturbed state of feeling, *as history will record it;* but it is urged that there are other reasons for the difficulty.—Two of those powers, France and Austria, are in a condition of bankruptcy,—a war gives the latter opportunity to refuse the payment of interest upon the "National Debt," while it furnishes the former with a plea for a loan. The urgent need of France, pecuniarily, is exhibited when we observe that the Emperor does not wait the first blow, but with only the notes of preparation sounding in his ear, the would-be Napoleon is found in the market asking for one hundred million dollars. What the result will be it is impossible to even surmise.—The strife may be confined to the powers now engaged, it may end in a general European war—in fact, we can hardly see how the latter is to be avoided. At all events, *our duty* is to keep clear of entangling alliances—if Europe must fight, let it be our privilege to supply the nations with food—if a Continental war is inevitable, America will be looked upon as the granary upon which the world may draw for subsistence.

The Latest War News.

Just as we were going to press the telegraph brought us still later news from Europe. The steamship *Adelaide* arrived at St. Johns on the 9th inst., and we give a brief synopsis of her news.

The Austrians, 120,000 strong, are said to have crossed the Ticino, but there had been no actual conflict. Just as the Adelaide was on the point of leaving, however, an official dispatch was received from Paris, saying that hostilities had commenced.

The French troops were pouring into Piedmont. Tuscany had joined France and Piedmont, and troops were landing at Genoa in large numbers. They were most enthusiastically received.

The most active military movements prevailed throughout France. 80,000 French troops were expected to be in Italy by the day the Adelaide sailed

The Tuscan army had called for the Grand Duke to join France and Piedmont, and declare war against Austria. He declined and fled, and Tuscany had declared in favor of a military dictatorship.

It was reported that Denmark had concluded a treaty offensive and defensive with France.

The King of Sardinia had issued proclamations to the army, saying he regarded Austria's ultimatum as an insult, and rejected it with disdain. He had gone to join the army of Allisander.

Warlike preparations were going forward rapidly in England. At Woolwich there was great activity. The government had chartered Cunard's screw steamer Etna, and a number of other vessels to convey troops and ammunition to the Mediterranean. There were rumors of a proclamation calling for 10,000 men for the navy. War premiums were being generally demanded at Lloyd's.

LIBERIA SUGAR.—Jesse Sharp, a sugar planter of Liberia, has sent by the Liberian brig E. N. Royes, which arrived at New York on the 28th ult., 12 casks syrup, from his plantation on the St. Paul's River, near Millsburg, on which he has 280 acres of choice land for cane. The sugar he can sell at four cents per pound, and the syrup at 25 cents per gallon. He intends to send his sugar to the New York market.

Affairs at Washington.

THE Government has received voluminous dispatches from Nicaragua, but they throw no new light on events in that quarter. The Belly contract has not been confirmed by the Congress of Nicaragua. The free transit passed by this body is to become a law if the President of that Republic deems it advisable to issue his proclamation to that effect. Gen. Juarez will leave the 5th of June for Nicaragua to enter the Cabinet of President Martinez. The legation here remains in charge of M. Molina, who will be charged with the negotiation of a new treaty.

Special dispatches received at the French Legation confirm the report of strong words having passed at Paris between Lord Cowley and Count Walweski, relative to the course pursued by the English Cabinet. Napoleon thinks the English Cabinet has proved false to the professed *entente cordiale*, and expresses confidence that the English people will never sanction the subjugation of Italy by Austria. The approaching election for Parliament, he thinks, will prove the correctness of his judgment.

Dispatches are being prepared at the State Department, which will go out by a special bearer to our Minister at Mexico. The Administration have determined to lend its power and influence in aiding and sustaining the Juarez Government, and thereby insure if possible its supremacy. The course pursued by Miramon taken in connection with the action of the British and French Ministers, necessitates this prompt and decided action of our Government. The British and French Ministers here have assured our Government in the most positive terms that the action of their Ministers in Mexico was without authority from the Home Government, and that their course will not only be disapproved, but severely censured.

The Government has not yet taken definite action in the troubles among the Federal Officers in Utah, but will wait for further information from that Territory, and especially as to the course of Judge Cradlebaugh. The indications are that Gov. Cumming will be sustained by the Administration—his conduct being regarded as wise and conciliatory. Such instructions will shortly be forwarded to Utah as will prevent further difficulty among the Federal Authorities. From all that can be ascertained, no trouble is apprehended among the Mormons.

Another dispatch says:—"The Mormon troubles bid fair to be speedily and permanently settled. It appears that Brigham Young has submitted a proposition to a company of capitalists to sell all right and title to Utah Territory, and to leave the Territory within a specified time. Some of the company are here consulting with the Administration; they desire the aid of Government in carrying out this undertaking, and it is probable that the Government will lend them all the aid in its power. If it cannot be effected in any other way, the subject will be laid before the next Congress."

The Treasury receipts for the quarter ending April 1st, were nearly $22,500,000, including upwards of $3,000,000 from customs, and between $8,000,000 and $9,000,000 from the loan of 1858. The expenditures for the same period were nearly $18,000,000, including $3,000,000 for the redemption of treasury notes issued under the act of Dec., 1857.

Personal and Political.

THE Hon. Wm. Slade, Jr., of Cleveland, is spoken of as a candidate for the Republican nomination for Lieut. Governor in Ohio.

THE Legislature of Connecticut has organized by choosing Republican officers in both Houses.

FERDAND F. MORRELL, Esq., for many years Secretary of the State of Vermont, and one of the most prominent citizens of that State, died suddenly at Montpelier, his place of residence, on Monday week, aged about forty-five years.

THE receipts into the Connecticut State Treasury, last year, were $339,911, and the expenses $327,500. The State debt is only $48,620. Her School Fund is $2,043,375, which produces an income of $143,-303. Her State Prison has yielded a revenue of $1,871 60.

THE "States Rights Democracy" of Pennsylvania, in the person of the State Central Committee, are in session at Harrisburgh. They have resolved to adhere to the doctrine of Popular Sovereignty against that of Congressional Intervention, whether advocated by the Democrats for the extension of Slavery, or by the Republicans for the opposite purpose.

A LETTER from Texas states that Gen. Samuel Houston is the candidate for Governor in that State, of the Independent or Anti-Convention Democrats, in opposition to Gov. Runnels, the candidate of the Convention Democrats.

THE Washington *Republic* names as prominent candidates for the nomination of the Charleston Convention, as President, Generals Harney, Wool, Josup, Commissioner Bowlin, and Secretary Cobb. Mr. Orr will, it thinks, if he cannot get the first place on the ticket, take the second.

NEW YORK lost one of her most eminent advocates and jurists, on the 1st inst., in the person of Nicholas Hill, who died at Albany, of brain fever.

MR. GREELEY announces in the *Tribune*, that he proposes taking a trip westward this season thro' Kansas and the alleged gold regions at the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, thence through Utah and the Great Basin to California, returning across the Continent or by the Isthmus, as circumstances shall dictate. He purposes an absence from May 10th to the middle of September.

DEATH FROM SWALLOWING A NICKEL CENT.—The Lansingburgh Democrat says that a little child of a Mr. Lovejoy, residing in the south part of that village, came to its death a few days since, from the effects of swallowing one of the new nickel cents.

MORE GUANO DEPOSITS.—Some excitement existed at Honolulu, at last accounts from the Sandwich Islands, on account of the alleged discovery of new guano islands, the location of which was not disclosed. The deposits were more than five feet deep, and very rich.

News Paragraphs.

IN Essex County, Mass., the value of the wild pigeons annually captured is $20,000. In some towns 3,000 dozen are taken every year. They bring about a $1 a dozen in the Boston market.

THE Republic of Hayti has commissioned two colored gentlemen, Toussant and Merdon, as Ministers to London, where they have been received officially.

A fashionable Paris tailoring firm advertise that "they offer at all times to the purchaser new articles of a late pattern, for the reason that all those remaining at the end of each year are exported to America." It would thus appear that the Paris tailors send their old clothes to the United States.

ONE of the Paraguay steamers that the government gave $44,000 for has recently been sold for $4,000. The severest punishment, says the Providence Journal, that could have been inflicted on Old Lopez, would have been to make him take half the fleet at the government price.

ADVICES from Iron Mountain, Lake Superior, near Marquette, to April 14th, report the snow four feet deep; weather clear and cold, thawing a little in the middle of the day.

THE Legislature of Maryland, at its last session, passed a law prohibiting lotteries after the 1st day of April, 1859. It seems, however, that the law is inoperative and worthless, by reason that no penalty attaches to its violation.

THE Rev. W. E. McLaren, formerly attached to the editorial corps of the Cleveland Plaindealer, is preparing to depart for Japan, where he will hereafter devote himself to Missionary service.

The Episcopal Church in Canada is divided into *veto* and *non-veto* parties; the one sustaining the right of the Bishops to negative the action of the Church Synods, the other denying such right.—The recent election of lay delegates at Quebec and vicinity turned upon this point and considerable excitement was the result. The *non-vetoes* were generally in a majority.

OF the once powerful tribe of Pequot Indians, there now remain fourteen males and seventeen females, residing on a reservation of 180 acres, in the town of Ledyard, Conn.

THERE have been cut during the winter 100,000,000 feet of logs in the Green Bay lumber region, nearly all of which will be shipped to Chicago during the coming season.

IT is stated that $70,000 have been collected for the establishment of the new Museum of Comparative Zoology in Boston; which, with $50,000 donated by Mr. Gray, makes the whole available fund $120,000, exceeding by $20,000 the sum required by the legislative enactment to insure State aid to the amount of $100,000 more. Ground for the Museum will be broken this summer.

REV. MR. ALEXANDER, of Kentucky, for 26 years Missionary at the Sandwich Islands, arrived with his family in New Bedford on Sunday week, in the ship Mountain Wave, from Honolulu.

Latest Mexican Intelligence.

OFFICIAL advices from Vera Cruz received at Washington mention a rumor that the principal cause of Degollado's retreat was the destruction of his ammunition by the explosion of a shell at Tacubaya. The only cities in possession of Miramon are Cordova, Puebla, Orizaba and Mexico.—Three thousand troops under Ampudia were marching toward the last named city. Gen. Garcia was also moving in the same direction by the way of Huasteca with 1,500 men. These would be joined by 400 more from San Louis Potosi together with Degollada's forces and others from the south. The re-actionist army in the city of Mexico does not number more than 6,000 men. The Juarez government speaks in confident terms of its ability to conquer the Capital.

It is known here that our government can obtain the right of way over Mexican territory to Arizona, with an outlet at Guaymas, on the Gulf of California. The importance of such an arrangement has for months occupied the attention of our government, especially with reference to saving time and expense in the transportation of supplies and troops to the Pacific. It is highly probable that these subjects will be embraced in the instructions to Minister McLane, as calculated to strengthen the friendship between the two countries.

The New Orleans Picayune of the 6th inst., on information from Vera Cruz, says Mr. McLane had, when the last steamer left, about abandoned the idea of going up the Table lands for the present, both, because of the distracted state of the country, and the desire to be nearer the government with which he is in official communication. He designed, however, to go on board one of the ships-of-war at Sacraficios, probably the Savannah, till her relief by the Saratoga. He proposed to put himself in communication with the leaders of the opposing parties, for the purpose of protecting the lives and property of American citizens.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The California Overland Mail arrived at St. Louis on the 5th inst., bringing San Francisco dates of April 11th. News unimportant. Markets unchanged. This mail brings advices of another conflict on the Colorado between the Indians and a party of men under Mr. Bishop, who were on their way to join Lieut. Beale's surveying expedition. This party were proceeding along, as they supposed, in perfect security, having distributed considerable presents to the Indians on the route, and received their permission to pass through the country, but on arriving at the crossing of the Colorado, they were, on the 20th of March, suddenly attacked by a party of some 600 or 700 Indians of the Mohun, Yuns, and Phante tribes. A desperate fight ensued which lasted for three hours, during which a large number of the Indians were killed. Bishop had retreated toward Fort Tejon, and sent thither to Col. Hoffman for assistance.

VETERINARY PROGRESS.—There is now going up, in Twenty-third Street, near Sixth Avenue, New York, a splendid edifice for the College of Veterinary Surgeons," which is to cost about $40,000.

The News Condenser.

— Gold diggings have been discovered in Vermont.

— General Cass has been again quite seriously indisposed.

— The valuation of property in Cincinnati is $110,000,000.

— Strawberries from the South sell in New York for $2 a quart.

— Several schooners are loading with staves at Detroit for Liverpool.

— Copper ore, very pure, has been discovered in McHenry Co., Ill.

— The manufacture of silk was introduced into Europe in the year 551.

— The population of Cincinnati is estimated by the Gazette at 200,000.

— The expenses of Congress being $5,068,523, each member costs $16,954 05.

— Two children and a man in Chicago were bitten by a mad dog on the 30th ult.

— The Boston banks now hold over $9,000,000 in coin, and the amount is increasing.

— The wool growers are to hold a convention at Cleveland, on the 4th of August.

— A Dublin writer asserts that fully one-half the people of Ireland are Protestants.

— According to the Detroit Advertiser, the population of that city now numbers 75,000.

— London is rapidly extending its boundaries. It now covers an area of 121 square miles.

— The city of Providence, R. I., has contracted for two steam fire engines, costing $10,000.

— Ninety-nine liberated slaves and thirty free negroes are about leaving Baltimore for Liberia.

— A cow in Woburn, Mass., lately ate 20 pounds of white lead, and has survived the repast!

— A letter from Frazer river says that women are at a premium there "inexpressible by figures."

— Two cargoes of ice—three hundred tons—have been received at Buffalo, from Lake Superior.

— Rents in New York are said to be very high, and real estate almost everywhere on the advance.

— The Albany police are to be provided with a uniform like that worn by the police in New York.

— The announcement of the death of De Tocqueville was premature. He was very ill at last accounts.

— Three children have recently been poisoned in Georgia by eating the flowers of the yellow jasmine.

— Another company of boys have been sent from New York to the West, by the Children's Aid Society.

— The Nova Scotia Parliament has been dissolved. The writs of election were returnable on the 12th inst.

— It is said that Sir E. Bulwer Lytton will make about £15,000 out of his last novel, "What will he With It?"

— A pair of fine sturgeons, each three feet long, have been added to the Aquaria at the Aquarial Gardens, in Boston.

— Theatrical performances are now given in the city of New York in English, French, German, and Italian.

— In Vienna an order was recently issued prohibiting the employment of Christian servants in Jewish families.

— A letter from Rome, dated March 24th, says there were four hundred Americans in Rome during the carnival.

— There are one thousand five hundred square miles of ice in the Alpine ranges, from eighty to six hundred feet thick.

— Our American dinners gave Frederika Bremer the dyspepsia, and she is still, at 60 years of age, scolding about them.

— Never confide in a young man; new pails leak. Never tell your secrets to the aged; old doors seldom shut closely.

— The skeleton of a giant, eight feet high, has been exhumed from the farm of Mr. Colvin, near Monongahela City, Pa.

— A salt cellar of the Henry II pottery—of which ware only thirty-two pieces exist—was lately sold in Paris for $2,520.

— The Arch Duke Maximilian d'Este is loyal—he has given his whole fortune, 80,000,000 of zwanzigers, to the Austrian cause.

— Thirteen thousand sailors have deserted the service of Queen Victoria during the past three years, leaving $180,000 due them.

— The N. O. Picayune has intelligence that the sugar crop of Southern Cuba, now nearly all in, falls far short of that of last year.

— Professor Olmsted, of Yale College, is said to be so ill of neuralgia of the stomach that his recovery is considered very doubtful.

— A sum of $146 has been subscribed in Scotland for the relief of the distressed agriculturists in Huron and Bruce counties, C. W

— A correspondent of the Providence Journal says that green shoots of asparagus, eaten raw, will cure hydrophobia at any stage.

— The National Typographical Convention has been in session at Boston, Mass. The next session will be held at Nashville, Tenn

— A stranger from Virginia arrived at New York on Thursday last, bringing 760 barrels of green peas and 10 cases of strawberries.

— It has been an extremely good sugar season in Vermont this spring, and in some instances the yield has been ten pounds per tree.

— The iron trade is slowly reviving. All the smelting furnaces on the Schuylkill, between Philadelphia and Norristown, are in full blast.

— The National Convention of Homœpathists will meet in Boston the 1st of June. It will wind up with a ball and levee at Faneuil Hall.

— Judge Cradlebaugh, United States Judge in Utah, whose course brought him in conflict with Governor Cumming, has been removed.

— Mires, the Paris banker, lately gave a ball which cost $25,000! He commenced life by selling old stoves—then, as now, a *grate* financer.

— A child in New York, four years old, in the absence of its mother, got hold of a gin bottle and drank freely and died in two hours thereafter.

— The steamship Vanderbilt, which left N. Y. on Saturday, took out three horses for Napoleon, from Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, of Baltimore.

— The bell swinging in the tower of St. Stephen's Church, East Haddam, Ct., is over a thousand years old! It bears the date of A. D., 815.

— The young Bavarian, wife of the heir to the throne of Naples, distinguishes herself at the hunting lodge of Caserta by driving out four-in-hand.

— A steam fire engine weighing 6,000 lbs. has been ordered for Lowell, Mass. The whole number of men attached to its fire department is 338.

Old World Matters.—War Imminent.

By the arrival of the Niagara at Halifax, with Liverpool dates to the 23d ult., we are placed in possession of the following important news, fully exhibiting the alarming political condition of Europe:

GREAT BRITAIN.—The final proposition made by England to Austria was a general disarmament by means of Commissioners, including Sardinia, and the admission of the Italian States to the Peace Congress, as at Laybach, to be presented to all the powers to get their assent, except Austria, which rejected it.

The *Daily News* says the reply of the Emperor of Austria was received in London, and he declines to reconsider the responsibility incurred in commencing war in the heart of Europe. Count Buda declares his master, having taken this course, will pursue it to the end.

The *Times* says the Imperial Manifesto which is to accompany the Declaration of War against Sardinia, is already prepared. Austria, mistress of the position, is ready by the act of State and deed of war, to initiate the sanguinary drama upon which the curtain is about to rise.

The *Herald* gives, in the same semi-official form, specific and exclusive information of the movements of the French army. It says, orders have been given for the embarkation at Toulon, of 30,000 troops, not to sail, however, until further orders. The divisions at Lyons, Grenoble, Besancon, &c., are also ordered to be ready to march at a minute's notice, but not to move until further instructions. The total French force, destined to co-operate with Sardinia, in the event of war, is estimated at 80,000, and will be in two divisions, one under Canrobert, the other under Baronay de Hilliers, the Emperor in person.

The British Embassador at Turin has returned to his post.

Gyulai, the Austrian commander at Lombardy, has been ordered to present an ultimatum for disarmament and sending away of volunteers. If refused, war is to be declared in three days. The *Times* adds:—"We have reason to believe the same intelligence has been received by the Government. A Cabinet Council was at once summoned." The English Government promptly telegraphed to Vienna the strongest protest against the above menace.

FRANCE.—The *Patrie* says, General Marmora informed the French government, by telegraph, that the Austrian army made a significant movement or strategetical lines on Ticino, and he feared an attack at any moment. Napoleon had held a Council of the Ministers. Those in attendance were Princes Jerome and Napoleon, as Princes of the blood. The King of Sardinia also held a Council of Ministers on Thursday.

The Paris *Moniteur* says Austria had not given adhesion to the proposition made by England, and accepted by France, Russia and Prussia. Besides which, it appears that the Cabinet at Vienna is resolved upon addressing direct communication to the Cabinet at Turin, in order to obtain the disarmament of Piedmont. In consequence of these facts, the Emperor has ordered the concentration of several divisions of the army on the frontiers of Piedmont.

The last specific article in the *Moniteur* exercised little influence in Paris, negatived by the English Ministerial explanations, which were regarded as unfavorable.

The *Herald's* Paris correspondent says preparations for war are pushed forward with feverish rapidity, notwithstanding the professions of willingness to disarm. This correspondent says:—There is no cessation of the armaments. Masses of troops continue to concentrate at Lyons. An army is to be collected on the Rhine frontier, and numerous Cavalry regiments have already commenced marching thither. A number of regiments of Hussars have been ordered to proceed by forced marches to Piedmontese frontiers. French soldiers, on renewal of furlough, are reported to have been called in.

AUSTRIA.—The following official statement is published:—"Piedmont, which for years past endangered Austria's rights, has been summoned most urgently to disarm. Besides that demand expressly addressed to Piedmont, Austria adheres firmly to the proposal for a general disarmament, although she cannot make that proposal as subordinate to the summons she sent to Sardinia."

The Vienna correspondent of the *Times* telegraphs as follows:—"Day before yesterday Austria forwarded a categorical summons to Sardinia to dissolve the free corps and to disarm, the reply to be given within three days of the receipt of the summons; an evasive answer to be considered equivalent to a refusal." Eighty thousand more Austrians are ordered to the Ticino. Austria had rejected England's final proposition.

PRUSSIA.—It is stated that the mission to Berlin of the Arch Duke Albert of Austria, has been most completely successful, he having signed a Military Convention with Prussia, by which the latter engages to send to the Rhine an army of 28,000 men, under the command of the Prince Regent.

If the negotiations for peace fail, this force will be increased by the contingent of Bavaria, 60,000 strong, and the 8th federal army corps of 60,000—whilst other contingencies will be held ready to march.

The newspapers in Prussia, it is said, have been requested not to publish anything connected with the preparations for war, or the movements of the troops.

SARDINIA.—The Turin correspondent says that Count Cavour must fall if war is not declared, and such an event would possibly be the signal for insurrection in various parts of Italy, and disturbances in Piedmont, where 20,000 Italian volunteers confidently await hostilities.

ITALY.—The King of Naples still survives.

Naples admits corn into Sicily for two months from March 30th. The government at Rome is said to have sent around a private circular to the Bishops, urging them to collect men for two legions of pontifical troops. The attempt was unsuccessful, notwithstanding a large bounty was offered.

TURKEY.—The apprehension of war had aroused insurrection in Turkey. Advices from Bessarabia confirmed the reported Russian armaments there, and there are reports of the intended assembling of 100,000 Russians in that province.

COMMERCIAL.—*Breadstuffs.*—The market was very steady, but quiet at Tuesday's advance, reported per North Briton. Richardson, Spence & Co. report no sales at market since Tuesday. Flour steady at 19@ 20s. Wheat quiet at Tuesday's advance. Western red 8s6d@9s3d; do. white 9s@10s4d; Southern white 10@12s. Bigland, Allen & Co say corn is 1d higher, and quote white 7s3d@7s6d, and yellow 6s6d@6s8d.

Marriages.

In this city, on the 5th inst., by Rev. A. G. Hall, D.D., C. S. BENJAMIN and Miss MARY C. YOUNG, daughter of James Young, Esq., all of this city.

In Wyoming, N. Y., on the 2d inst., by Rev. H. Daniels, EZRA ARMSTRONG and Mrs. JOANNA BARRY.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, May 10, 1859.

FLOUR—Our market exhibits an advance of 25 cents per barrel on Flour during the week, and the tendency is still upward. In addition to the "war fever" we have a new customer in our Canadian neighbors. Farmers who can afford to hold on to their Wheat in Canada refuse to sell at the current rates, and Canadian millers are purchasing the manufactured article in this market. The sales of the past week to our across-the-lake friends amounts to about 3,000 barrels. The prospect of a European war also strengthens holders, and this A. M. they are very firm in their demands.

GRAIN—Wheat has got the upward movement—best white Canada readily brings $1,75. At these figures several thousand bushels changed hands during the week. Corn has advanced 3@5 cents per bushel and is very much wanted.

POTATOES—The increased rates affecting the "staff of life" have resulted in bringing up potatoes 5@6 cents per bushel. At the quoted rates they are very firm, and we should not be surprised at a still further advance.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	10@11c
Flour, wint. wheat	$7.50@7.75	Honey, box	15@16c
Do spring do.	$5.50@7.00	Candles, box	12@13c
Do. Buckwheat ₩ cwt.	$1.75	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee,	$1.60@1.65	Apples, bushel	50c@$1.75
Best white Canada	$1.65@1.75	Do. dried,	1,25@1,50
Corn,	78@80c	Peaches, do. ₩ lb	90c
Rye, 60 lbs ₩ bush	77@78c	Cherries, do. ₩ lb	22c
Oats, by weight,	44@50c	Potatoes	35@62½c
Barley,	65@70c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat,	45@50c	Slaughter	6@6½c
Beans,	65@75c	Calf	10@10½c
MEATS.		Sheepskins	$1,75@2,00
Pork, mess	$17,00@18,00	Lamb do	38@63c
Do clear	$20,00@20,00	**SEEDS.**	
Do cwt	$7,00@8,00	Clover, bush	$4,50@5,00
Beef ₩ cwt	$5,50@6,00	Timothy	$2,00@2,50
Spring lambs each	$1,50@2,00	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton (carcass)	5@6c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Do. soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	7@8c	Do Scranton	$5,00@5,00
Turkeys	10@11c	Do Blossburg	$5,00@5,00
Geese	38@44c	Do Shamokin	$5,00@5,00
Ducks, per pair,	00@00c	Do Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,30
Butter, roll	16@20c	Hay, tun	$8,00@14,00
Do firkin	0@18c	Wool, ₩ lb	35@50c
Cheese	10@12c	White fish, bbl.	$7,00@8,00
Lard, tried	11@12c	Codfish ₩ quintal	$4,50@4,75
Tallow	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$7,50@8,00

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, May 9.—FLOUR—Market 5@10c better, and active. Sales at $5,25@5,30 for com to choice super State; $5,70@7,00 for extra State; $5,60@5,30 for super Western; $5,70@7,00 for extra do.; $7,00@7,20 for round hoop Ohio; closing buoyant. Canadian flour is nominal at $6,75@7,50 for extras.

GRAIN—Wheat has advanced 2@4c ₩ bushel. Sales at 155@160 for red winter Western; 163@160c for mixed do.; 198 for white Kentucky. Rye better; sales at 94c. Barley firmer; sales at 64@75c for State and Canada. Corn firmer; sales at 92@93½c for mixed Western, 90@95c for white; 94@95c for yellow. Oats firm at 59@60c. for State; 51c for Western and Canada.

PROVISIONS—Pork market lower and heavy for mess. Sales at $16,12@16,18¾ for new mess; $16,00 for old mess; $12,87 for prime—including 1,500 bbls mess for June at $16,25, and 2,000 bbls do for July and August on p. t. Lard dull; sales at 11@11¼c. Butter quiet at 8@10c for Ohio; 20@22c for new State. Cheese firm at 9@12½c. for new.

BUFFALO, May 9.—FLOUR—In good demand and market firm. Sales at $5,25 for State from Chicago Spring wheat; $5,50@5,75 for do from Milwaukee club wheat; $6,12½@6,15 for straight Wisconsin; $6,37½@6,75 for the range of extra Michigan, Indiana and Ohio, and $7@7,40 for double extras.

GRAIN—A fair speculative and milling inquiry for Wheat prevails this morning while the market is firmer. Sales since our last as follows:—Saturday evening choice white Ohio at $1,65, and do white Kentucky at $1,80. This morning damaged Chicago spring at 90c; fair do at $1,63; No 1 Milwaukee club at $1,25, and good white Indiana at $1,60. Corn in fair request and market firmer; sales Saturday evening, old from store, at 86c. This morning damaged Illinois at 77c; prime do and Ohio held at 83@83c. Oats scarce and market firm; sales Canadian at 56c; State and Western held at 52 @55c. Barley dull and heavy; sales Western at 60c. Rye scarce and firm at 87½@90c.

SEED—Quiet and unchanged.

PROVISIONS—Pork dull and unchanged. Sales shoulders, in dry salt, @5½c. Lard steady at 11@11¼c.

ALBANY, May 9.—Flour and Meal—The buoyant feeling noticed on Saturday in Flour still pervades our market and prices have further advanced 10@12c per bbl. The receipts are very light and the stock here is fast dwindling down.—Without an increase in supplies it is plain, not be long before the better grades will be scarce. Favorite brands of Extra Canadian and State are selling at from $5,37½@5,62½—an advance of 37½c ₩ bbl in two days. Corn Meal is quiet and but little offering at even 12½c advance.

GRAIN—Wheat is quite scarce and prime is wanted for milling here. No sales have transpired. Corn in demand with but little, if any, to be obtained at the advanced rates. Rye quiet. Barley is held more firmly with but little offering; sales Monroe Co. at 70c. Oats scarce and wanted at the advance.

TORONTO, May 7.—FLOUR—The market is rather more buoyant, with a slightly better demand. Some Western flour has been introduced in the market during the week, which, although somewhat inferior to Canadian, finds a ready sale. The shipments thus far in the season are inconsiderable and a stock of at least 10,000 barrels remains at this point still.—The market closes firm at the following quotations:—Canadian Superfine, per bbl., $0,37½@0,50. Do. Fancy, $6,62½@6,75; Do. Extra, $7@7,25; Western Superfine, $6,25.—Family flour is firmly held at $7 for common, and $7@7,75 for extra.

GRAIN—Fall Wheat continues in light supply with the usually active demand. We quote prime fall Wheat at from 8s to 8s 4½d per bushel; ordinary to good 7s 6d to 8s; inferior to common 6s 6d to 7s 3d per bushel. Spring Wheat is in very active demand, especially of good samples for seed. From 7s to 7s 9d per bushel is the current range, while 7s 7d has been paid in one or two instances. Barley comes in sparingly and is not much inquired for. The nominal quotation is 3s 9d to 4s per bushel. Rye is quiet at the same figure. Oats are coming in more plentifully from farmers, who sell them at 2s 11d to 3s per bushel, the latter being the extreme figure.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, May 4.—The demand for Domestic is quite limited, but prices are without further change, the decline in Fleece is about 5c ₩ lb from the highest range, and in Pulled 7c; the former is now in measure supply, and all the old stock on the market will be wanted (before the new clip is available,) at full prices—say 53@58c for good to choice Style Saxony, and 57@62½c for good to choice Pennsylvania qualities. Pulled is in good supply, but it has come to market in poor condition, and buyers are timid purchasers of whole parcels, unless at lower rates, there is little or none here now that would command over 52c, the sales of Fleece do not aggregate over 50,000 lbs, in lots, at 43@50c for one-quarter to full blood, and 55@60c for good to choice Saxony. 3,000 lbs Pulled sold at from 47@50c for No. 1 City and extra Country. California has recently come forward in very poor condition and the result is that owners have been obliged to accept lower rates in order to realize; sales of some 550 bales common to fine have been made at from 10@29c, as to quality. Foreign is less active, and a decline of 5@10 ₩ cent may be quoted on the inferior qualities since the auction of the 21st ult. That sale had a ludicrous effect on our market. Apart from sales of 75 bales low Cape on private terms, no sales have come under our observation. We quote:

Am. Saxony Fleece, ₩ lb	58@63
Am. Full blood Merino	55@58
Am. ¾ and ⅞ blood Merino	48@50
Am. Native and ¼ blood Merino	42@45
Pulled Extra	48@53
Pulled Superfine	43@45
Pulled No 1	38@35
California, fine Unwashed	23@30
Do. com. do	10@17
Peruvian Washed	30@34
Valparaiso Unwashed	11@13
South Am. Common Washed	10@13
South Am. Extra fine Washed	15@18
South Am. Unwashed	9@14
South Am. Cordova Washed	20@22
East India Washed	20@22
Afric in Unwashed	9@12
African Washed	9@18
Smyrna Unwashed	16@28
Smyrna Washed	14@18
Mexican Unwashed	11@14

[N. Y. *Tribune*.

BOSTON, May 5.—Fleece and Pulled Wool remain without material change. Fleece is scarce and firm, but pulled is dull. The sales of the week have been upwards of 100,000 lbs, previous prices, including 30,000 lbs extra pulled for New York at 55c and 60@62c for fine fleece at 60c, cash. The sales of foreign have been 200 bales Mediterranean and South American, and 50 bales Peruvian, on p. t.

Saxony Merino	60@62	Western unwashed	35@45
Full blood	54@56	Smyrna, washed	17@20
Half and ¾ blood	47@49	Do unwashed	10@19
Common	40@42	Syrian	11@25
Pulled, extra	60@62	Cape	24@30
Do superfine	45@48	Crimea	9@17
Do No 1	38@42	Buenos Ayres	9@15
Do No 2	35	Peruvian, washed	30@35

CINCINNATI, May 5.—Dealers keep the transactions they make very quiet, and it is difficult to ascertain the true state of the case. We understand, however, that 50c is being paid for fine X grades, and that from this rate down to 35c may be called the range.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., May 4.—Very little coming in and we continue to quote nominally at from 25 to 26c for grease, 32 to 33c for pulled, and 45@50c for tub washed. Manufacturers are generally buying in small quantities.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, May 4.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ₩ cwt., $11,50@12,00; Ordinary do., $11,00@11,25; Common, do., $10,00@10,50. Inferior do., $9,00@9,50.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55@65. Ordinary do., $45@50; Common do., $35@40. Inferior do., $30@35.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₩ lb 6@6¾c. Ordinary, 5¾@6c. Common, 4@5c. Inferior, 3 3¼c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, per head, $6,50@7,00. Ordinary $5,50@6,00. Common, $4,00@5,50. Inferior, $3@4.

SWINE—First quality, 6¼@6¾c.. Other qualities, 5@6¼c.

ALBANY, May 9.—Receipts at Albany for the week: Cattle 2,919. Sheep and Lambs, 700. Hogs, 983.

CATTLE—Prices take the following range: Super, 6¼@6¾c. First quality, 5¾@6¼. Second quality, 4¾@5¾c. Third quality, 4@4¾c. Inferior 3¼@4c.

SHEEP—Inquiry limited among two or three Eastern buyers, who have taken the most at $5,25@6,25 per head. A very fair lot of 61 head sold at $5,75.

HOGS—The only sale was a lot of 141 head at 6¾c per lb—average 179 pounds.

COWS.—Sales at $35@50.

CAMBRIDGE, May 4.—At market, 613; about 525 Beeves, and 87 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three year olds.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $6,75@7,25; First quality, $6,00@6,25. Second quality, $5,50@7,00; Third quality, $5,50; Ordinary quality, $4,50.

WORKING OXEN—Per pair, from $75, 110@130.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 40, 55@67.

STORES—Yearlings, 00@00. Two Years Old, $23@29; Three Years Old, $30@33.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1370 at market. Prices—In Lots, $1,75 2,50@3,25 each; Extra, $4, 5@6, or from 4@7c ₩ lb.

VEAL CALVES—3@6 7.

HIDES—7¾@7¾c. ₩ lb. Tallow—7@7½c. ₩ lb.

PELTS—$1,50@1,87 each. Calf Skins, 13@14c. ₩ lb.

SWINE—0000 Western at market.

BRIGHTON, May 5.—At Market, 650 Beeves, 90 Stores, 1,300 Sheep and Lambs, and 1,400 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra, $0 00@0,75; first quality, $0,00@ $0,00; second quality, $5,00; third quality, $6,00.

WORKING OXEN.—$75, 110@130.

MILCH COWS.—$45@65; common, $21@22.

VEAL CALVES.—$4,00, $5,00@$6,00.

STORES.—Yearlings, none; two years old, $23@28; three years old, $30@33.

HIDES.—7¾@7¾c. ₩ lb; Calf Skins, 14@15c ₩ lb.

TALLOW.—Sales at 7@7¾c ₩ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—$1,75@3,50; extra, $4, 5, 6@6,50.

PELTS.—$1,50@1,87 each.

SWINE—Wholesale, 6¼@6¾c for sows, and 7¼@7¾c for barrows; retail, 7¼@8c.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, and leaded—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, IN ADVANCE.—☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

MORGAN HORSE GENERAL GIFFORD, Jr., will stand at the Stable of the Subscriber. Send for a Bill. E. YEOMANS, Walworth, Wayne Co., N. Y.

SOMETHING NEW'—Agents wanted to go into a New and Honorable Business, which will pay from *Fifteen to Thirty Dollars* weekly. No Humbug. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send stamp for particulars, which are free. 477-6t S. M. MYRICK & CO., Lynn, Mass.

PORTABLE STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS
MANUFACTURED BY
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Of all sizes and of the most approved designs, and made of the best materials and in perfect workmanship.
Orders for Steam Engines will be filled on short notice. Any persons interested or wishing Steam Power, by inclosing a P. O. stamp to our address, will be furnished with a Circular. 488-13t

FOR SALE—Or Exchange for Village or City property (well located) 563⅓ acres land 2½ miles north of Fairfax Court House, Va., and 16 miles from the cities of Alexandria, Washington and Georgetown. Quality not excelled by any in the county. Buildings nearly new, large and convenient; about 1,500 panels new post and rail fence; two young fruit orchards; a large portion in grass; pure water and timber abundant, and as healthy a location as can be found in the United States. Will be divided into 3 or 5 farms if desired. Possession given at any time.
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A NEW AND PROFITABLE USE FOR BRUSH WOOD AND THE TRIMMINGS OF TREES.—DANIEL'S Patent Granular Fuel is Manufactured by cutting into lengths of about 4 inches, the growth of swamp lands and the trimmings of trees. With Daniel's Patent Fuel Cutter a man and a boy with Single Horse Power can cut (600) six hundred bushels of this fuel per day. Two men with Two Horse Power will cut one thousand bushels per day. Seasoned hickory 9 inches in diameter is cut with ease by it.

This Fuel is preferred by all to charcoal or split wood for kindling fires, at the same price per bushel, and has become exceedingly popular as a summer fuel. The average cost of its manufacture does not exceed 3 cts. per bushel. It sells readily for 10 and 12½ cts. per bushel. The sales in small cities have reached five hundred bushels per day, paying a net profit of $25 per day. Over 30 of these machines are in successful operation in Mass. References of the highest class given. For circulars or information concerning unsold territory, apply to B. D. WASHBURN.
488-2t Gen'l Agent for United States, Taunton, Mass.

KETCHUM'S COMBINED HARVESTER.
KETCHUM'S Improved Combined Machine, "Iron Frame," with Reel and Adjustable Roller—cut 4 feet 10 inches, $130 00
KETCHUM'S Improved Two-Horse Mower, "Iron Frame," with the Adjustable Roller to Cutter Bar, 110 00
KETCHUM'S Improved One-Horse Mower, "Iron Frame," 75 00
SANFORD'S Portable Farm Mill, for grinding feed for stock, plaster, or bones for manure, 30 00
SANFORD'S Portable Plantation or Hand Hominy Mill, 20 00
Machines and Mills shipped without extra charge.
These Machines are simple in construction, have no equal for durability and light draft, are entirely free from all side draft, and have no weight upon the horse's neck.
This Machine, as improved for 1859, was awarded the first premium by the Michigan State Agricultural Society, at its Annual Fair in Sept. last, as a Reaper and as a Mower.
The New York State Agricultural Society, at its late Fair, awarded it the first premium as a Combined Grain and Grass Harvester.
Ohio also awarded it its best commendation.
Machines may be had of the different Agents through the United States, who have them on exhibition.
An examination is earnestly solicited before giving your order for any other machine. The corrected Report of the United States Trial show this to be the lightest draft Combined Machine in the World, by at least 20 per cent.
Call on the Agent and give your order early.
All orders will receive prompt attention.
488tf R. L. HOWARD, Manufacturer and Proprietor, Buffalo, N. Y.

A SUPERB BOOK.
IN PRESS.—READY JUNE FIRST.
"COUNTRY LIFE."
A GREAT AGRICULTURAL WORK,
COVERING THE WHOLE GROUND OF
AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE,
AND
Landscape Gardening.
With 225 superb illustrations, designed and engraved expressly for the work, by eminent artists.
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Such a work as the above has long been needed, combining in one volume a whole Library of Facts, and the experiences of the best Agriculturists in both hemispheres, brought down to the present day, and all arranged in months, so that any cultivator of the soil, be he the proprietor of hundreds of acres, or of a single acre, can have before him a practical Manual, or rather an Encyclopedia, divided into months, showing him at a single glance just what he must do in every month in the year, *when* to plow, *when* to plant, and *what* to plant, *how* to plow, and *how* to plant, from the smallest flower to the cereals which sustain life. Also the most complete description of the manner of constructing and managing *Hot Houses*, containing a thorough treatise, with full illustrations, on *Rose Culture*, together with descriptions of the principal Flowers, Plants, and Shrubs, which can be cultivated here, and how to cultivate them, and the most elaborate treatise yet published on LANDSCAPE GARDENING, with numerous plans for laying out *gardens*, or *fields*, or *entire farms*, with complete plans and descriptions for draining lands.

Mr. Copeland is well known in his profession, he has made it the enthusiastic study of his life, and probably there is not a man living in this country, who is better qualified than he for so great an undertaking. And that he has acquitted himself nobly in this great work which he now offers to the public, we have the testimony of several of our most distinguished Agriculturists, who have examined his proof sheets.

The work will be published about the first of June, in one *superb* 8vo *vol. of 800 pages, with 225 elegant illustrations*—PRICE, THREE DOLLARS.

In order, however, to place so valuable a work (which, in the language of a gentleman of high culture and extensive experience, who has read all the proof sheets,) "*contains more, and better information, than any one books on these subjects*" within the reach of all, we shall issue an edition on fine paper and sell for TWO DOLLARS, deposited upon receipt of order.

We want a few FIRST RATE AGENTS, and only a few. We want those who can make a *permanence* in selling books of this kind. We will give such a territory sufficiently large to make it pay, and only for one year.

All applications should be addressed to the Publishers.

In order to see a single copies by mail (please state which edition is wanted. JOHN P. JEWETT & CO.,
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WAKEFIELD'S HAND CORN AND BEAN PLANTER.—The Best in use; will do the work of Three or Four men. *Price Reduced* to $4. Sold by agents throughout the State, and sent to any railroad station on receipt of price, by M. W. SIMMONS,
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ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!!
JENNINGS ESTATE STOCK CERTIFICATES.
No. ——— ——— Shares. 135
This certificate entitles or bearer to shares of one hundred dollars each, in the estate of William Jennings, late of Acton Place, in Suffolk Co., England, who died on or about the 19th day of June, 1798, and entitles the holder to receive the amount of said shares out of the funds of said estate, within three months after recovered and received by or in behalf of Hector Jennings, of Sandusky, in the State of Ohio, who is a claimant and heir to said estate; said payment to be made at the Park Bank New York.
———, Att'y.

From the New York Tribune, March 11

Francis G. Young, of this city, now in London, has been appointed agent for the American claimant of the Jennings estate—Mr. Hector Jennings, of Ohio—an estate valued at the nice sum of between one and two hundred millions of dollars. The father of Mr. Hector Jennings came to this country in 1780, and settled in Elmira, N. Y. According to the sworn testimony of the octogenarians of that place, he always claimed relationship with the Baronet who left this fortune. He was too poor to pursue this claim, and so were his descendants. Mr. Lyon late Secretary of the American Legation in London, considered, as we learn from his letters, the claims of Hector Jennings as well based and undertook to enforce them, but death stopped him. Mr. John A. Corbin, of Owego, Tioga County, is the American agent here, who is endeavoring to interest parties in the project.

Extract from Secretary Lyons letter, of June 17, 1852.

"The Jennings Estate is, of all others, worth considerable sacrifice to us. I do not view it like a lottery, where there is so great a number of blanks to one prize. I think our chance of success is nine out of ten. First, the heirs are not to be found in this country, as appears very evident. Second, the whole ground has been thoroughly gone over, and every point canvassed likely to afford information of the lawful heirs. Third, the Association formed in Dublin, last Aug., after spending between two and three thousand pounds sterling, concluded that the heirs are in the United States of America. Fourth, That the Tennessee Association and the Massachusetts and Maine Jennings, who have heretofore requested me to look into this matter, have been unable to establish any relationship to Mr. Jennings. These facts seem to circumscribe our case to somewhat narrow limits, and if they do not prove who the lawful heirs are, they do prove who they are not, thus leaving us almost without rivalry or opposition. On a calm and deliberate review of the whole, my convictions are so strengthened in our prospects that I am willing, if need be, to advance one thousand pounds sterling, provided you do the same, on condition that this sum shall be needed. We have a great work, great encouragement, and the most favorable advantage."

Banking Office of EDWARD L. LEE,
Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1859.

One of the exciting facts of the present day, of great interest to this Country, is the claim of HECTOR JENNINGS, of Sandusky, Ohio, to the vast Estate of the late WM. JENNINGS, of England, which now exceeds one hundred millions of dollars, and is in the hands of the British Government waiting the identification of the heirs at law. Many thousands of dollars have been expended in England by supposed interested parties, to prove heirship, but without success.

In 1852 Jno. Lyon, Esq., Secretary of the American Legation in London, took charge of this Claim, and made considerable progress in gathering the necessary evidence establishing the fact of HECTOR JENNINGS' heirship.

As you will see by the above extract from one of his letters, he had great confidence in being able to recover the Estate, and offered to advance £1,000, but his death prevented a further prosecution of the matter, and to the present time, for want of the necessary funds to proceed, the case has remained unmoved. The evidence is now complete, and by the papers now in my possession it is distinctly proved that HECTOR JENNINGS IS THE SOLE AND LAWFUL HEIR TO THIS VAST ESTATE. The amount required to prosecute the claim is $10,000, and Mr. JENNINGS being without means seeks to raise this amount by issuing "Certificates of Stock," of which the foregoing is a copy.

These Shares are of $100 each, and are offered at $10 per share, and ONLY A SUFFICIENT AMOUNT WILL BE DISPOSED OF to enable him to raise the required sum. Mr. JENNINGS will leave for Europe on the 10th June, and commence the prosecution immediately, AND THE COURTS OF CHANCERY OF ENGLAND BEING ABOLISHED the time of recovery of the estate *cannot* exceed two years. The proof of his being the heir is so well established THAT WE HAVE EVERY CONFIDENCE IN HIS RECOVERING THE ESTATE IN LESS THAN ONE YEAR. Mr. JENNINGS is certain of ACCOMPLISHING THE TRANSFER OF THE ESTATE AND REDEEMING THE STOCK AT PAR, WITHIN SIX MONTHS AFTER LANDING IN ENGLAND.

THIS IS NOT A LOTTERY with *one* chance in *one thousand* of drawing a prize, but promises a large profit on *every dollar invested*. It is a fact of immense interest to every American, and we wish to have every Young Man in the Country have a Share in this vast Estate.

TO ANY ONE, AND EVERY ONE!! whether you have ten dollars or one hundred!!
This is the greatest chance ever offered you for making money!!

You can invest a small or large amount, realizing a handsome profit according to the amount you invest.
☞ An investment of $10 will give you $90 profit.
☞ An investment of $100 will give you $900 profit.
☞ An investment of $500 will give you $4,500 profit.

After Mr. JENNINGS arrival in England he will keep us advised by each Steamer, and all persons taking Stock will be promptly advised of progress.

On receipt of $10 we will send one share of $100 to any address by return mail, and for a larger amount in the same proportion.

☞ You may send bank notes by mail (if securely sealed in an envelope) at our risk; but if you can procure a draft on New York to my order, less exchange, we would prefer it.

☞ Any information you may wish we shall be pleased to impart, and all such letters must contain a stamp to ensure attention.

☞ Please be particular to write your name distinctly and give Town, County and State.

Agents.—In case you can make up a club, we shall be pleased to have you do so, and will allow you a very liberal commission. We will send terms on advice from any one wishing to act for us. Address all letters to
EDWARD L. LEE, Agent,
Corner of Main and Exchange Sts
488 Buffalo, N. Y.

25 CHOICE VARIETIES OF GARDEN SEEDS sent for $1. J. RAPALJE, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—For East Bloomfield Academy, a competent Teacher as Principal. Inquire of
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Premiums on Farms, 1859.
Premiums are offered for Best Cultivated Farm, mostly devoted to Grain Growing.—Best Grazing and *Cheese Dairy Farm.*—Best do, *Butter Dairy Farm*,—not less than 50 acres exclusive of wood and waste land. Premium, $50 each, and for best cultivated Grain Farm, not less than 50 acres, *woodland included*, $30 premium. Persons desiring to enter their farms will please give notice to the Sec'y by the 1st July, so that the farms can be examined by a committee appointed by the Executive Board. Premium of $50 for best acre of Carrots raised by boys under 18 years of age, (not less than 500 bushels per acre.) Directions furnished by Secretary on application. B. P. JOHNSON,
Ag'l Rooms, Albany, May 2, 1859. *Sec'y.*

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Will find at No 74 Main St., Rochester,—Hardware, Nails, Iron, Paints, Oils, Glass, Windows, Doors—*Blinds at 25 cts. per foot;* Coffin Trimmings, Mechanic's Tools, Corn Hoes and Planters, Cutting Boxes, Hurlbut's Swivel Saw Vice, the Continental Coffee Pot, &c., &c., cheap for cash.
Also, orders received for Cook's Park and Cemetery Fence.
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ART OF DYEING—A practical treatise, with more than *one hundred* recipes, with full directions for making all the *Chemical Compounds* for this beautiful Art—including recipes for *crimson orange, and yellow, reduce colors, discharging colors, bleaching cotton and woolen goods, straw bonnets, &c., for staining washing compounds, hard soap, hair dye, fluid, gun cotton, nitrate of silver, nitrate of iron, sugar of lead, muriate of tin, indigo compound, &c.* Will mail (postage paid) promptly on receipt of price, the above book, 40 pages—1 copy fifteen cents, 2 copies 25 cents, 10 copies *for one dollar*. Send cash or stamps.
Address DANIEL CONGER,
[486 3t] Wolcott, Wayne Co., N. Y.

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CONNECTICUT YANKEE,
IN SOUTH AMERICA, AFRICA, AUSTRALIA, AND CALIFORNIA, with Descriptions of the several Countries, Manners, Customs and Conditions of the People, including Miners, Natives, etc. Also a detailed Account of a Voyage Around the World, attended with unusual suffering, hardship, privation, disappointment, and dangers arising from fearful storms, threatened wrecks on rocky coasts, and amid reefs, by fire, deception, mutiny, etc.
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The Publishers offer the Public no apology for issuing this work, or under the title of its merits, feeling confident the author has fully maintained the World wide reputation of the Connecticut Yankee.
This work will contain over 350 pages, be printed on good paper, illustrated with Ten Beautiful Steel Plate Engravings, and substantially bound with FULL GILT SIDES AND BACK, MARBLE EDGE.
WANTED Lady and Gentleman Canvassers to sell this work in every County in the United States. Every body will want to know of a low price Yankee, and in the course of the World he has seen, recently five dollars in his pocket to start with.—$1,50 will pay for sample copy and prospectus, postage prepaid. Address L. STEBBINS & CO., Hartford, Ct.
N. B.—Apply immediately or the chances will soon be secured. 486-4t

KIRBY'S AMERICAN AND LITTLE BUFFALO HARVESTERS.
THE BEST COMBINED MOWERS AND REAPERS IN THE WORLD. Simplicity, durability, convenience, adaptation to all kinds of work and every variety of ground; light draft; low price; freedom from side draft, clogging, and pressure upon the horses' necks, portability; perfection of work—all these desirable features are combined in the above machines.
The American Harvester is a two horse machine capable of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass, and from 12 to 16 acres of grain per day. The Little Buffalo Harvester is a one horse machine capable of cutting from 8 to 12 acres of grass, and from 10 to 15 acres of grain per day.
PRICES AT FACTORY.

American Harvester as Mower,	$185 00
" " Combined,	185 00
Little Buffalo Harvester as Mower,	90 00
" " Combined,	100 00

Manufactured by the BUFFALO AGRICULTURAL MACHINE WORKS, Buffalo, N. Y., and D. M. OSBORNE & CO., Auburn, N. Y., and for sale by their AGENTS in every County. A Catalogue containing full descriptions of the Machines with Testimonials, accounts of Trials, &c. may be had by applying to the Manufacturers or any of their Agents. 488tf

STONE YARDS—FOR 1859.—RATHBUN & WHITMORE have always on hand a good supply of Lockport and Medina Stone, Cape Sills, Platforms, Steps, Posts, Well and Cistern Covers, Curbing, Paving, and Building Stone. Flagging all sizes. Fire proof Vaults, &c. They will *contract* for Street Improvements, generally, at home or *abroad*, and fill all orders on short notice, addressed to THOMAS RATHBUN, Buffalo, WM. W. WHITMORE, Lockport, or to the subscriber, Fitzhugh St. Bridge, Rochester.
484wo WM. CARSON, Agent.

WOOD'S MOWER.—
Patented February 22d, 1859.
During the six years

THE WITHERED DAISIES.

BY NANCY A. W. PRIEST.

I know she loved them.
You ask me why I love them so,
These simple flowers,
That grow only pastures low,
In April's sunny showers;
And why a daisy wreath I twine,
Instead of dewy roses,
To hang about the holy shrine
Where our lost child reposes.

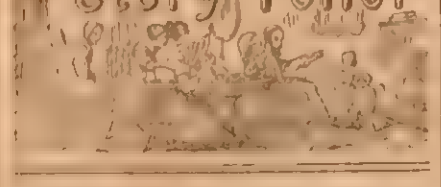
'Twas in the spring-time that she came,
And all the forest mazes
Were bright with flowers without a name,
The fields were white with daisies.
You know how beautiful she grew,
How fair, and sweet, and holy,
But the violet, wet with morning dew,
Is not more pure and lowly.

She flitted like a sunbeam bright
Around our cottage door;
Her footsteps, as a fairy's light,
Made music on the floor.
On every flower of wood or glade
She lavished childish praises,
She loved all things the Lord had made,
But most she loved the Daisies.

How many thoughts beyond her years,
That then were all unheeded,
We think of now, with blinding tears—
Sweet teachings that we needed.
Three happy years we led her feet
Along life's thorny mazes;
The fourth, we laid her down to sleep
Beneath the April Daisies.

'Tis well, and we are reconciled,
For He who gave the Heaven,
Who lent to us our angel child,
Recalled her to His bosom;
And waiting till He calls for me,
To sing with her His praises,
I keep her blessed memory
Embalmed in April Daisies.

[*Springfield Republican.*



THE TWIN COTTAGES:
A STORY OF RURAL LIFE.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

Chapter III.—The Feud.

[Continued from Page 156, last Number.]

Lionel arose betimes, on the following morning, lighted the kitchen fire and went out to feed the teams long before the dawn, while Martha, contrary to her custom, busied herself in preparing breakfast. This strong-minded couple, in talking over the quarrel of the previous evening, behind their bed-curtains, had arrived at the fixed conclusion, that, Richard and Maria having acted foolishly, they should be the first to make advances towards a reconciliation.

"It will be best to go about our business, and say nothing to them, until they have done pouting," said the stern Lionel.

"I think so too," said Martha.

On the other hand, Richard had said to his wife,

"Lionel has not been like a brother in this, nor Martha like a sister. Their conduct has been too overbearing. They have insulted us, and I think it is their duty to ask our pardon."

"To be sure it is!" exclaimed Maria.

So there had been four hearts full of bitterness and anger beneath the peaceful roof of the old Felton house that night.

When Maria arose and found that Martha was preparing breakfast, she was more angry than ever.

"She does it to provoke me!" she exclaimed to Richard. "This is insult upon insult!"

At the breakfast table, a sullen silence was maintained by Richard and his wife, while Lionel and Martha kept up a light and careless conversation between themselves, in order to show a proper contempt for the resentment of their companions. This affected indifference rankled in the sensitive heart of Richard, and having made a light and hasty breakfast, he went to the barn and drove his team into the woods without saying a word to his brother.

Lionel followed soon after; and the brothers helped each other roll the logs upon their sleds, as usual, but it was without a kind word, or a kindly feeling. Each waited for the other to speak; and had Richard or Lionel uttered a single word of kindness, it would undoubtedly have been responded to with an outburst of brotherly love, and would have resulted in a perfect reconciliation; but as it was, they worked together thus all day, making themselves and each other as miserable as possible.

The following day being Saturday, Lionel rode into the city to make some purchases, and to conclude a contract for the disposal of a quantity of wood, which the brother had long been anxious to send off, while the sleighing lasted.

Now Lionel, imperious and unyielding as he sometimes was, had naturally a kind and generous heart; and when he thought how wretched the family quarrel had made them all, during the past eight and forty hours, and remembered how happy they had been living together in peace and good fellowship, he resolved to forgive Richard's unreasonable spite, and make the first efforts towards the restoration of mutual confidence and love. Accordingly, while he was in the city, he purchased a box of figs, to be divided equally between Richard's children and his own, a silver comb for Maria, precisely similar to one he bought for Martha, and a handsome gold pencil, which he intended as a gift for Richard.

With these laudable resolutions and generous presents, Lionel returned home at noon, joyfully anticipating the blessing which should follow a noble action. But, most unfortunately, Martha and Maria had been quarrelling all day, and even the children had begun to imbibe the prevailing evil, and show their spite towards each other.

When Lionel produced the figs he called all the children to him, and chose some of the nicest to give to little Lizzie, Richard's youngest child.

"Come, my dear," said he, "I have got something for you."

He held up the figs, and Lizzie, clapping her little hands with delight, started forward to receive them; but her eldest brother, Jackson, said,

"You don't want any figs, Lizzie; let Jane have them, and I will buy you a new doll, and a whole bunch of raisins, when I go to town."

Lionel scowled darkly upon his nephew, but once more offered the figs to Lizzie, who, influenced by her brother, hesitated to receive them.

"I would'nt coax her!" exclaimed Mrs. Lionel. "Give the figs to Martha and Jane; they will be glad of them. *I* have not told *them* not to accept anything that is given them."

These emphatic words, uttered in a significant tone, were accompanied by a sneering glance at Maria.

"Mrs. Felton," said Lionel, sternly, "is it your will that your children should not accept a present from me?"

Maria answered, on the angry impulse of the moment:—"If you think your presents are going to pay us for the abuse you have heaped upon us, you had better keep them to yourself."

Lionel's eyes flashed fire, as he pushed the box of figs away from him, exclaiming,

"Here, Edward, divide them with your sisters. Take these combs, Martha. I designed only one of them for you; but since I cannot make an offer of a present without being insulted, you had better take them both."

Had Richard been present, it is probable this scene would have terminated more happily; for he only waited for the smallest manifestation of kindness on the part of his brother to forgive and forget all. But the brothers did not meet until Martha had conferred with Lionel, and Maria had told her side of the story to Richard; so that Lionel's efforts towards a reconciliation resulted in a more bitter and determined animosity between the families. Lionel's pride would not allow him then to offer Richard the pencil he designed for him, nor is it probable Richard would have received it, had it been offered.

Taking example from their parents, the children now did nothing but quarrel continually. Even on the following morning, which was the Sabbath, usually so peaceful and happy in the old Felton house, there were dissensions and strife between Richard's children and Lionel's.

Richard was somewhere about the yard, and Maria occupied the sitting-room, while Lionel and his wife remained by the kitchen fire. Lionel was shaving, and preparing for church, when his attention was drawn to angry voices in the yard behind the house. Looking out of the window, he saw Lizzie, Richard's youngest child, quarreling with his daughter Martha, whom he had sent to the shed for some chips.

"Call her into the house," said he to his wife.

The latter was about to comply, when she heard Maria, in the other room, cry out,

"There is that great creature, Martha, hurting little Lizzie! It is a shame! Run out, Wolcott, and bring your sister in the house!"

"That is pretty talk," muttered Martha, turning to Lionel. "Let us see what Wolcott will do!"

They watched from the window, and saw the boy run hastily up to the children, seize Martha rudely by the shoulder, and push her aside. Unfortunately, Martha's foot slipped, and she fell to the ground

"The little villain!" muttered Mrs. Lionel.

"I will see if he is to treat my girls in that way" said Lionel, going towards the door.

"There is no need!" exclaimed his wife. "There is Edward."

In fact, Lionel's eldest child was already upon the spot. Seeing Martha crying, and supposing Wolcott had hurt her badly, he struck his cousin violently on the cheek. With a cry of rage, Wolcott flew at his assailant; but Edward was much the largest and strongest boy, and a moment after, he had thrown his cousin down upon the frozen ground.

"Edward! Edward!" cried Lionel, "come into the house!"

Before the boy could obey, however, Richard, coming out of the wagon-house, and seeing his favorite son beaten by his cousin, so much older than himself, ran to the spot, and taking Edward angrily by the shoulder, shook him with all his might.

"Let go of me!" shouted Edward, fiercely—"I ain't to be whipped by you, sir!"

"There's spirit for you!" cried Mrs. Lionel, delighted. "But I hope you are not going to see your son abused by his uncle, for taking his sister's part."

"No, by heaven!" muttered Lionel, rushing out of the house. "Take your hands off from him!" he added in an angry tone, confronting Richard.

"Do you mean to bully me?" demanded Richard, purple with rage. "By the gods! you will find that I shall stand upon my rights now, if I *have* suffered your tyranny from my boyhood."

"Brother! brother!" cried Lionel, choking with wrath, "beware what you say!"

"Beware what you do!" retorted Richard, still retaining his hold of Edward.

"As I am a living man!" muttered Lionel, intensely excited, "I shall use violence if you do not release my son."

And he placed his strong hand upon the throat of Richard.

"Unhand me! unhand me, sir!" cried Richard, beside himself with passion. "I shall strike!"

"Release my son!" said Lionel.

Richard did release his son, but it was to clench his fist, and level a fierce blow at his brother's temple. Lionel staggered; but recovering himself immediately, he folded his arms, and fixing his terrible eye upon Richard, said in a hoarse voice,

"That blow shall never be forgiven!"

And he stalked into the house, leaving Richard overwhelmed with rage and shame.

Chapter IV.—The Building of the Cottage.

The awful occurrence of the morning cast a deep shadow of gloom over the Old Felton House, for the remainder of the Sabbath. Even the youngest children seemed to be aware that sin had been among them in an unusual form. Neither family went to church that day; nor did they eat together, or associate together in any manner. Edward made a fire in the parlor, by the direction of his parents, and thither Lionel's family retired, leaving Richard's in possession of the sitting-room.

"You needn't have anything more to say to your uncle's people," said Martha to her children.

"Did Uncle Richard strike father?" asked little Jane.

"Hush!" muttered Lionel.

The sound of his brother's name made his brow contract with pain.

Meanwhile Richard was miserable. "I should not have struck my brother," he would say in his remorse, then in his anger and pride he would add, "But he had [illegible] upon my throat! I [illegible]"

In the [illegible] Lionel leaving the house. He did not return [illegible], and Richard, with many misgivings, asked himself where his brother could have gone. He knew in the morn[illegible]

[illegible] Squire Stone came early to the house and [illegible] Richard. As the latter had [illegible] work as usual, he was easily found, and the [illegible]

"I am very sorry to learn that there is [illegible] difficulty between you and your brother, Mr Felton."

Richard scowled, kicked the ground with his foot, and said nothing.

"I saw Lionel last night," pursued the 'squire. "He says he thinks a division of your property is necessary."

Richard started, and turned pale, but he only murmured,

"Well."

"Are you of the same way of thinking?"

"I will agree to any thing reasonable."

"But this, Mr. Felton, I think unreasonable. I told your brother so, and tried to dissuade him from it. But he is determined."

"He!" cried Richard, trembling with excitement. "Very well. Let the property be divided. I am willing."

"But you know this division will necessarily be a very difficult thing."

"Not so difficult but that it can be accomplished," said Richard, firmly.

'Squire Stone then saw Lionel, and, after a conference with him, returned again to Richard.—Unfortunately, 'Squire Stone had not the faculty of reconciling enemies; and his negotiations only made matters worse. Before night, the division of the property was a settled affair, and the preliminary steps had been taken to effect the important object. Arbiters were chosen to adjust the business, so that the brothers might not come in contact; for all this time they had never spoken to each other, since the fatal affray.

The directions Richard gave to his freuds, were:

"Divide the stock, the farming implements, the land—everything as you see fit. Act according to your judgment and friendship. Only one thing I insist upon—the site where we were going to build in the spring, must be included in the land which falls to my share." Now, it so happened that Lionel had set his heart upon that building-lot.

"I must and will have that," said he, "if it be at the sacrifice of ten times as much land any where else."

With the building-lot in the way, the arbiters found the greatest difficulty in settling the division of property. At length, 'Squire Stone suggested that the lot itself should be divided.

"A good idea," said one of the arbiters; we can run the line up to the north road, and cut the lot in the centre, giving the boys half and half."

This suggestion was reported to the brothers.

"Very well," said Lionel, "divide it."

"Cut it in halves, then," were the words of Richard; "I care not, since he is not to have the whole."

The lot was accordingly divided, and the arbiters having come to a decision, a surveyor was appointed to run a line according their directions. The necessary articles of agreement were then drawn up, to which the brothers were to put their name.

Until the last moment Richard had hoped that some word of regret at the division of the property would escape his brother; nor was it without many misgivings that Lionel saw the hour arrive when the last tie between him and Richard was to be broken. The hand of the latter trembled as he took the pen to sign his name. He raised his eyes to his brother's face to find there one kind look—one of regret—of which he might take advantage, even at the last moment. But Lionel looked sternly on to see if Richard would sign without an appeal to him for a brother's reconciliation. Pride restrained the better feelings of both, and, with a nervous hand, Richard wrote his name. How angry with himself was he afterwards, to think that his hand trembled, while Lionel's was firm; and how the latter sneered as he glanced his eye at the unsteady lines his brother had traced in his agitation. The deed was done, and henceforth the brothers possessed nothing in common. The old house had fallen to Richard's share; but Lionel was to occupy a certain portion of it, particularly designated in the articles of agreement, until he could build. The house, the cattle, the flocks of sheep, the poultry, the farming implements, the household furniture, even the timber which had been got out for the new house—every thing was divided. Even with the old house in his possession, Richard was resolved to put up as fine a cottage as his brother; in fact, having learned that Lionel proposed using the old plan, and building as close to the desirable site on the north road, as possible, Richard determined to put up a cottage exactly like it, upon his own side of the line, in order not to be outdone by his brother.

While the Feltons were energetically making preparations to build, they lived in the old house in the most wretched manner imaginable. Maria never suffered her children to set foot in Martha's portion of the house; and the latter was quite as anxious to prevent all intercourse between the families; while Lionel and Richard avoided each other scrupulously, nor ever communicated, except through the medium of a third person.

The two families no longer sat together in church. The second Sabbath after the affray, both were present at the morning service; but the old pew was vacant. Unbeknown to each other, the brothers had hired separate pews in another part of the house. Richard cast his eye toward the old pew, to see how Lionel's family would look there alone; and Lionel, about the same time, glanced in the same direction, impelled by the same curiosity.—Both were surprised to see the old pew vacant; but they were still more surprised when their eyes met, and they found that the new pews adjoined each other in the body of the house! However, as Lionel entered his pew from the right hand aisle, and Richard his from the left, and as it would require but little care on the part of the parents to keep the children from getting together, neither of the families saw fit to change their seats again.

As soon as the frost was gone out of the ground in the spring, Lionel set his men at work on the northeast corner of his farm, close to Richard's line; and Richard at the same time employed laborers to dig a cellar on the southeast corner of his land, close to the delectable site which had formed the object of dispute. Masons laid the two cellars at the same time, and worked so near each other that it was easy for them to jest about the strife between the brothers, talking across the line.

"It gives two jobs to us and the carpenter," laughed one.

"So it does," replied the other. "People never make fools of themselves without working for somebody's good. What will you bet but I will get my cellar done first?"

"A new hat for Sundays," was the answer.

The bet was wagered, but neither won it; for the cellars were both finished on the same day, at the same hour.

Meanwhile the timbers were hewn, and the two master carpentors emulated each other in getting ready the frames. These were both finished at about the same time, and they might have been raised on the same day, but Lionel sent out his invitations to his neighbors before Richard; so that when the latter went around to his neighbors to invite them to the raising-bee, he found to his chagrin that they were all engaged to his brother. Lionel's haste, however, availed him nothing. In his anxiety to get the start of Richard in putting up his cottage, he sent out invitations prematurely, and when his neighbors were on the spot, the carpenter declared, that, do all he could, he had not been able to get ready for the raising. So Richard's house-frame was put up on the following day, and Lionel's the day after.

In then became a matter of strife between the two families, to move and get settled in their new houses, before each other. The frames were clapboarded, and the roofs shingled in the most hasty manner; the doors were hung, and the windows set with the greatest possible dispatch; then a few rooms were done off, to accommodate the families, until the rest could be finished. Both brothers now became strangely nervous; and Lionel, fearful of being preceded by Richard, made hasty preparations to move. Discovering these, Richard did the same; and the brothers went out into the twin cottages on the same day, almost before the paint and plastering were dry.

[Concluded Next Week.]

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 52 letters.

My 13, 5, 3, 6, 12, 16 was a Governor of Pennsylvania.

My 18, 45, 13, 5, 2, 6 was a distinguished Revolutionary officer.

My 18, 2, 25, 4, 12, 14, 3, 21, 20 is a city in New York.

My 7, 9, 3, 4, 13, 5, 12 was a member of President Pierce's Cabinet.

My 7, 41, 40, 47, 6, 12, 13 was a Governor of Massachusetts.

My 26, 41, 18, 12, 13, 2, 6 was a distinguished United States Senator.

My 18, 2, 40, 52, 36, 14 is a Bishop of the M. E. Church.

My 3, 12, 43, 9, 13, 14, 43, 4 was a distinguished Indian Chief.

My 4, 9, 45, 3, 43, 41, 40 was an Inca of Peru.

My 7, 12, 6, 48, 3 was a Minister from France to the United States, who attempted to induce the American people to embark in a certain cause. France, at the request of President Washington, annulled his powers, and he was succeeded by my 10, 45, 9, 43, 4, 12, 3.

My 47, 41, 13, 5, 9, 14 was a Persian King.

My 3, 13, 5, 6, 5, 23, 45, 47 was where Com. Oliver H. Perry died.

My whole is an incontrovertible fact.

Mount Vernon, Mich., 1859. J. Milton Johnston.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

BY A. E. HATHAWAY.

☞ Answer in three weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

If a solid globe of glass at the furnace, whose diameter is 8 inches, be blown into a hollow globe till the shell is but 1-5 of an inch in thickness, what will then be its diameter, and how much will it hold?

Harmony, Chaut. Co., N. Y., 1859. J. J. W.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 486.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Gilbert Motier Lafayette.

Answer to Orthographic Enigma:—A Labial (B, F, M, P, V, W, Wh.)

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—22 miles, 6 15-44 furlongs.

Wit and Humor.

A Short-Metre Prayer.—The Rev. Mr. Derwell, a pious and curious old Methodist minister, went from Tennessee to Kentucky, in 1812, to visit his relative, the Hon. William Bolton. The man was not a religious man, but was a gentleman, and invited the minister to have family worship every evening. While he was visiting there, Judge Cone and his wife, from Nashville, arrived there to pass the night, and Mr. Bolton, being a little embarrassed, said to the old minister, as he brought out the Bible, that he had better be short, as the Judge was probably not accustomed to such things.

"Very well, very well," said he, and reading a single verse, he knelt down and prayed:

"O Lord, we are poor and needy creatures, and we know that Thou art able to supply all our wants, but Cousin William says that Judge Cone and his wife, from Nashville, are here, and are not used to family worship, and however needy we are there is no time to spare in telling Thee our wants. Amen."

The Judge was taken all aback, and so was Cousin William. They both pressed the old gentleman to conduct the services in his own way, which he did, to their great edification.

Modern Refinements.—People do not laugh now-a-days—they indulge in merriment. They never eat any food—they masticate it. Nobody has a tooth pulled out—it is extracted. No one has his feelings hurt—they are lacerated. Young men do not go courting girls—they pay young ladies attention. It is vulgar to visit any one—you must only make a call. Of course you would not think of going to bed—you would retire to rest. Nor would you build a house—you would erect it. One buys drugs at a "medical hall," wines of a "company," and shoes at a "mart." Blacking is dispensed at an "institution," and meat from a "purveyor."—One would imagine that the word "shop" had not only become contemptible, but had been discovered not to belong to the English language. Now-a-days, all the shops are "warehouses," or "bazaars," and one will hardly find a person having the hardihood to call himself a shopkeeper. "Work-people" are "*employees*," "tea meetings" are "*soirees*," and "singers" are "*artistes*."

Why is whispering a breach of good manners? Because it is not aloud.

When is a sample enough? When you take away the *s*; it is then *ample*.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

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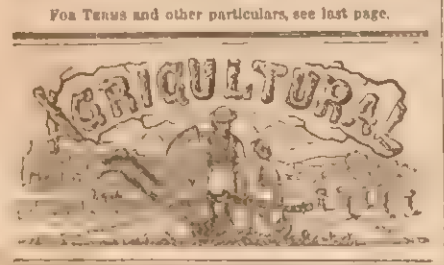


WHAT IS THE USE?

THIS is an exclamation we sometimes make, almost unconsciously; and last week, while rambling through the country east of this city, in company with a friend, as usual we became absorbed in reflections awakened by what our eyes beheld. No doubt we were quite uncompanionable, for thought was too active to admit of words, so we passed on in silence. At length the silence was broken by the inquiry of our companion—"*What is the use of what?*—you have been asking, 'what is the use?' half-a-dozen times within the last fifteen minutes, and if I knew what you meant I would give you the necessary information, so as to stop further inquiry."

Feeling a little chagrined that we had been thinking aloud all this time, we explained that it was only a habit we had of unconsciously speaking our thoughts, when very much interested or a little excited—a habit, no doubt acquired by our custom of making such rambles alone. But we had to explain the circumstances which caused such outbursts, which we did somewhat as follows:

Did you not see that long line of Osage Orange hedge back a mile or two. It must have been planted two or three years, long enough almost to make a hedge that would turn any animal. It looks as though it had been well planted; but is no nearer forming a hedge than when first set out, although the tall, straight shoots of last year, are four feet long. It has not been cut back, and the base is thin and open, the grass is thickly matted about the stems and over the roots, and unless attended to soon, it will be ruined. The plants and planting must have cost somebody a good deal of money, and would have been a first rate investment had it been cared for, but now it is likely to be a total loss, besides being a source of vexation and regret. *What is the use* of wasting money and labor in this way?

You recollect that boy in the field to the left, who was supporting himself with the hoe, and who sat so still and motionless that we could hardly tell whether he belonged to the genus *homo* or the genus *scarecrow*. No wonder he was discouraged in view of the hopeless task assigned him, of breaking up those baked clods of clay. He may succeed in pulverizing a few of the hard-heads on the surface, if he ever wakes up, but what will this avail, as the soil is as solid, even more so, than tho' it had never been plowed. The object of plowing is to pulverize the soil; but this was not pulverized; it was only turned over and *pressed together*, making it into unburnt brick. *What is the use* of plowing clay land when it is so wet? It will take years to overcome the injury thus done to the soil. Clay land should be quite dry when plowed, and a narrow furrow should be turned so as to effect its division and pulverization as much as possible. The English understand and practice this rule, and even then they use a clod crusher with spikes or teeth that penetrate the soil, and break up the clods. Is it not enough to make one cry out, *what is the use*, to see such practices?

Again, did you not see that fine farm-house on the right? It is tastefully built, looks convenient, is well painted, with good barns and out-houses. It must have cost several thousand dollars, and is really pretty, and worth the money, but its beauty is spoiled by the unsightly grounds in front. They are low near the road, and wet, and rushes and tufts of coarse swamp grass abound. This had been set on fire, and the door-yard, instead of presenting a cheerful aspect this pleasant spring weather, looked as black and desolate as a prairie after burning in the autumn. What is the use of spending so much money for the purpose of producing a good effect, and having everything nice, and then spoiling the whole to save a week's labor at filling, up and a few dollars in draining?

LINSEED CAKE IN ENGLAND.

THE amount of Linseed Cake used in England may be judged somewhat from the fact that the official returns show that in 1857 there were imported into the United Kingdom 8,800,000 bushels. The use of Linseed Cake has increased steadily and rapidly for the last twenty years. In 1842 less than three million bushels were imported, and in 1852 about six millions. The total v[illegible] of Linseed consumed annually in Great Britain is estimated to be about ten millions of dollars. Too little attention is here given to this most valuable food for stock, or we believe much more would be consumed at home and less sent abroad. We remember when not one farmer in a hundred knew it was good for food, and the venerable JOHN JOHNSTON, of Geneva, was the school-master to many in this respect.

But Linseed Cake, like every other good thing, must suffer adulteration, and the English public are becoming aroused on this subject, and are seeking to remedy the evil. The Linseed, as well as the Cake, is adulterated, generally with Wild Rape, Mustard, Millet, &c. A delegation of London dealers appointed for the purpose, called upon the leading Greek houses, who are the principal ones concerned in this fraud, to protest against the practice of adulteration. They failed, however, in the object, for the Greeks showed that it was the competition among the English dealers and their anxiety to obtain cheap seed that caused the evil complained of.

The Americans are accused of having a hand in this adulteration, and a writer in the *Journal of the English Agricltural Society*, says:—"Our brethren across the Atlantic have studied the art of manufacturing Linseed Cake. What they produce is faultless to the eye, and, if not always perfection to the taste, it is thin, tender, flaky, and finds a ready sale in this country at the highest market price of the day, the question of genuineness being left entirely for subsequent determination. The Cake pleases the eye, and is always in good demand; and what more is required? Farmers have only themselves to blame in this respect. A considerable quantity of Cake is now used for feeding sheep, and for this purpose Cake of a tender kind, such as this, is preferred; it is produced by the addition of bran in its manufacture. Thus the farmer has to pay $50 or $55 per tun for Cake which pleases the eye in this country, but omits to consider that for this he has to pay dearly for the admixture of bran, which costs $20 or $25 per tun, and in the United States probably about half that price."

We cannot say whether this charge is true or not, but we do know that much of the seed brought to the oil mills in this country, and from which the Cake is made, generally contains much foul seed, and this is not designedly mixed, but is the result of careless culture on the part of our farmers.

FORESTS AND SHADE TREES.

I BELIEVE in "*progress*," but I am inclined to think that our Creator arranged some things pretty well as long ago as when we were quite small.—Touching *forest trees*, it is generally conceded that He made a great mistake in cumbering the earth with so much useless shrubbery, subjecting us to unnecessary labor in "clearing the ground."—Some are willing to compromise the matter by tolerating a *few* trees, provided always they can be kept out of sight in the rear of the farm. The general doctrine, expressed or understood, is, that forests are the enemies of civilization, barriers to progress, to be put out of the way as soon as possible. Coal will do for fires; brick, stone and metals, answer for buildings and machinery; what special need of wood?

After all, I wonder that some one having a pretty good opinion of Divine Providence has not ventured to inquire whether, really, trees "were made in vain" IN WHOLE OR IN PART! Should such inquiry be made it would take us back to the early history of the race when men were few and trees were many. It would be seen that a sparse population could subsist on game and such fruits and vegetables as had a spontaneous growth. With the increase of population there would arise a necessity for cultivating the ground, but *there would be found uses for all the timber growing on the ground needed for cultivation*. After buildings, implements, and inclosures, &c., were provided for, the balance of wood material might have been converted into *charcoal*, which, if judiciously used as an *absorbent* and applied to the soil, would, with other possible appliances, have kept the human race without famine or short allowances, *on one-tenth of the area* that has been denuded of forests, impoverished, polluted,—in short, "reduced to cultivation." In other words—mankind have done their best to turn the forests to the least account. Intent on exterminating them, they have neither inquired whether there was a real necessity for occupying the ground on which they stand, or whether there was a profitable use to which the timber they were removing could be applied.

Forests were so prominent a feature of the earth when man took it in charge from its Maker it would seem as though the inquiry would have been oftener and more earnestly made, "Would it not comport with the Divine Arrangements to retain *by systematic and enforced provisions*, legislative and otherwise, a greater portion of the dress with which Omnipotence decked His creation?" A friend who has reared to his memory, many beautiful monuments, planted and protected by his own hands, has submitted to my consideration several reasons in behalf of shade trees, as follows:

A single row of shade trees on the sides of the street, in a small village will make every $1,000 of real estate worth $1,100 in five years. A dozen trees, maples, horse-chestnuts, elms, with a half dozen *untrimmed* evergreens, judiciously arranged about a farm house, will add $5 per acre to the price of a hundred acre farm. A very ordinary house may be made very respectable by a neat yard, well stocked with trees. Many cords of fire wood may be saved by a grove of evergreens and other trees on the windward side of a house. I ascertained by actual experiment that a room shaded by a single row of maples was cooler by 17 degrees in a hot day than another room similarly situated except the maples. In case of fires, green trees protect buildings from flames raging near by and also afford great shelter to the firemen.

It may be late in the season to transplant trees, though it is early enough for evergreens, but it may not be too late to protect trees already planted from cattle, horses, &c., and without protection they had better remain in the forest or nursery.

Important as these considerations certainly are, in reference to shade and ornamental trees, there is the more significant inquiry, what are to become of our forests? The failure of springs and streams, the terrible force of the winds, the unusual severity of the winters, and in many places prospective barrenness, all in consequence of the loss of our forests, should induce efforts to stay the desolation. If farmers could be persuaded that they could produce as much from fifty acres well tilled, as from a hundred indifferently managed, would they not be willing to till the fifty and devote the balance to trees?

In this matter our Government has something to do. Let it refrain from bringing lands prematurely into market. No necessities of the National exchequer can justify the sacrifice of property that belongs not so much to us as to humanity. We have no business to desolate the earth, and unfit it for the purposes of human life. Save, then, ye men in power, the Western wilderness, its soil and its timber for generations that will succeed us.—Let them have the benefit of cheap lands, clothed with verdure by their Heavenly Father. Bring no lands into market till there is an absolute necessity. Will the President and Congress heed?—H. T. B.

THAT APIARIAN CONVENTION.

IN the whole round of farming operations there is no one point so much in the dark, or where there is so much presumptious conceit, so much pretension with so little knowlege to support it, so much contradictory teaching, as in Bee-Culture. Every man that has raised a half dozen stocks, presumes he has the whole secret of success, and forthwith issues his instructions through some newspaper whose editor is as ignorant as the writer, and cannot decide between ruinous and valuable teaching. The candid inquirer, desiring reliable information, is disgusted with the subject in the vain attempt to separate anything valuable from the mass. At present there seems to be no other way but for each one to investigate for himself. The experience of a quarter of a century with hundreds of stocks, is not distinguished from that of three years, and a half-dozen hives. If the inquiry is made as to who *is* reliable, but few can answer, because no proo or test is demanded by those whose duty it is to give a reply.

Mr. KIRBY, the only one we are sure was present at the "Convention that met on the 5th day of Feb., 1859," (see RURAL of April 23d,) has shown, in what he had to say, that he is himself only in the rudiments of bee-culture; being ignorant of their natural habits, and deficient in practical experience. That he is ignorant of *one important point* of natural history, can be proved by an extract from what he said:—"The same Being has also taught them to deposit their honey at the top of their hives, and their bread and brood combs at the bottom. Consequently we find that, during the winter, in a hive that stands in its usual position, the bees, after the cold weather sets in, collect in the upper part of the hive, where they have previously provided and placed their food." This is a serious blunder for one who criticises so boldly. The bees *never voluntarily leave the brood combs* and "*collect* in the upper part of the hive *where* they have stored their honey." If by any circumstance a colony is forced to cluster among combs all filled with honey, it cannot be wintered in the open air, by Mr. KIRBY or any one else—empty cells are all important. The old Indian's story was "two-thirds true." This one is half—the honey *is* in the upper part of the hive generally,—that the bees cluster there at the beginning of cold weather, is *not true*, as any one who presumes to teach the public ought to know, and might know if he had ever taken the trouble to examine. To say now that he did know, would only make it appear that what he said was in spite to me, and show him dishonest—ignorance is more readily excused than ——. In all *prosperous* colonies the bees will continue to rear brood till the honey fails in the flowers; as cold weather approaches, this brood matures, and leaves a few thousand empty cells. If the rest of the combs are filled with honey, then among these empty cells is where the bees cluster for the cold weather. This thing is easily decided—let it be examined.

All the twaddle about "perverting the laws of GOD," amounts to nothing. There is hardly a man living but does it in a similar sense every day! It is done in ten thousand forms. Why does man cut down the forest? GOD made it. Why invert the soil? He formed it as it is. Why so presumptuous as to cut out the thick set branches of our fruit trees, letting in sunlight and air, making them comely in shape, and productive in good things, or pluck the weeds from his garden when GOD in his goodness has made them grow? If Mr. KIRBY is willing to take all things just as GOD has left them,—in a state of nature,—he would prefer the wheat in the kernel, the apple and peach bitter, sour, or poisonous, the potato as found wild, and trusting to Nature's planting all these. If man has nothing to do?—if GOD has done all?—why was it necessary for man to "dress and keep the garden of Eden?"—or why have "dominion" of all beasts, birds, &c.?—was it not for some purpose? When man brings from a southern clime, from Nature's planting, either animal or vegetable to a cold region, he must take them under his fostering care, and bestow especial attention, or be fails. The conservatory exhibits the orange in all the beauty of its native clime, when protected from the rigor of our northern winter, yet GOD planted it in the open air; and the man who argues that it must be kept in this latitude in the same manner, on that account, must be a *valuable* instructor. The bee, located by Nature in the sunny south, is brought by man to a cold region, and with her, all her instincts, which, however well they may serve her in her own home, are found by experience to be unavailable here. Hence the *necessity* of surrounding

KIRBY'S LITTLE BUFFALO HARVESTER,—AS A MOWER.

ALTHOUGH mowing and reaping machines are becoming a necessity to every farmer who grows grain and grass to any extent—and who would keep pace with the age and successfully compete with his neighbors,—yet there is one class of farmers (and a numerous class,) whose wants have not hitherto been supplied, in consequence of which they have been placed on an unequal footing, and labored under disadvantages. We refer to those whose farms are not large enough, or who do not grow a sufficient amount of grain or grass, to warrant them in purchasing the large and more expensive machines, and who frequently keep but one horse for such purposes. The machine above represented, intended to supply this desideratum, is thus described by the manufacturers:

"To meet the wants of a large class of farmers, the manufacturers offer the *Little Buffalo Harvester*, a one-horse Mower and Reaper, which has proved to be a perfect success. KIRBY'S American Harvester having proved to be so successful in its work, and so light in draft—far excelling all other machines yet invented in this particular—it occurred to the manufacturers that the long-sought desideratum, a successful One-Horse Harvester, might be constructed upon the same principle.—They accordingly instituted experiments which resulted in the production of the Little Buffalo Harvester. They constructed patterns and built a few of these machines in the spring of 1858, and put them into the hands of practical farmers, with directions to test them as thoroughly as it was possible to do in all kinds of work throughout the season, and not to spare nor favor them in any manner. The result of the season's test was a perfect triumph for the machine, and they now offer the Little Buffalo Harvester to the public as a *thoroughly successful machine*, both in Mowing and Reaping, and the *only One-Horse Combined Mower and Reaper that has yet proved successful, and the only one now in market.*

"KIRBY'S Little Buffalo Harvester is constructed upon the same principle and possesses all the distinguishing characteristics of KIRBY'S American Harvester, illustrated and described in a late number of the RURAL. Like the American Harvester it is made mostly of iron; has the same independent action of finger-bar, enabling it to work on rough ground, and permitting the cutters to be set at any height both for mowing and reaping; a lever at the driver's side by which he can elevate the finger-bar to pass over cut grass or obstructions, or move from field to field; another lever in front of the driver to throw the cutters out and in gear; a balance-wheel driving head; the driver's seat so arranged that the driver's weight balances the weight of the frame and takes the pressure off the horse; freedom from side draft and clogging; light draft; low price;—all these desirable features are combined in the Little Buffalo Harvester. It cuts a swath but one foot narrower than the American Harvester, and is capable of cutting from 8 to 12 acres of grass, and from 10 to 15 acres of grain per day; and, although it performs as much work as most two-horse machines, it is easily handled by one horse. Both thills and pole are furnished with each machine, so that it can be used with a single horse, or a span of ponies, at pleasure.

"These machines are being extensively manufactured by the Buffalo Agricultural Machine Works, Buffalo, N. Y.,—D. M. OSBORNE & Co., Auburn, N. Y., and A. S. CLARK, Bellows Falls, Vt., and are for sale by their Agents throughout the country. Every machine is warranted."

The Little Buffalo Harvester as a Reaper, will be illustrated in a future number.

her artificially with what our climate fails to give for a portion of the year.

"Mr. WILSON, of Niagara Co., N. Y.," asks a question relative to "frost in the hive," that requires a little serious attention. It shows that *he* has been along there, and has some experience. Mr. KIRBY's answer to him, indicates his want of the first lesson. *This* is his reasoning:—"GOD is the teacher of the bee, and his wisdom cannot err. He has taught the bee on the approach of winter, to close every opening in their hive, except one at the bottom for ingress and egress. Why is this? In order that the heat generated by the natural warmth of their bodies should not escape, but should remain in the upper part of the hive, to furnish them with warmth sufficient for their comfort and convenience. But by boring holes near the top of the hive, this design of the Creator is frustrated. The warm air, by its lightness, rises to the top of the hive, and escaping through the holes, leaves the interior of the hives nearly as cold as the external air, and thus the ingenuity of man deprives the bees in a great measure of that genial warmth which the wisdom of their Maker has provided for them." Now, I deny that he proves any such design! He first assumes a *fact* that is *not a fact*, when he says the "bees close every opening except the one at the bottom." Where is the evidence that "GOD designs the entrance at the bottom of the hive?" In the trees of the forest, we find quite as many going downward as upward to the hive from the entrance. In hives of man's construction, it is common to make entrances only at the bottom; but this proves nothing of what is natural. Now, it happens that I have had entrances near the top in two or three scores of hives, since I have kept bees, which have been as prosperous as any, and *never yet had the entrance of one of them closed up!* Mr. KIRBY is not the first man that has got in a swamp by theorizing in relation to bees. Again, Mr. K. says:—"But the current of air occasioned by boring holes in or near the top of the hive, carries off a large portion of this moisture, and thus deprives the bees of another source of health, which their kind Creator had intended for them." If he had had experience on this point, he would, like the rest of us, have discovered the combs ruined by confining this "moisture," by just such methods as he recommends, *and see the necessity* of getting rid of it, by boring holes, inverting the hive, or any other way. I deny that this moisture is essential to their health as a drink.

Again,—"The Author of Nature has taken good care to defend all animals intended for cold climates, against the severity of the winter." This, of course, we will not deny in many cases. But I hope he will excuse us if we object to admitting that the bee was intended for a cold climate, on that account.

One extract more. "The gentleman from St. Johnsville has done the subject of Bee-Culture serious injustice, by publishing so extensively his theories, advising all to treat their bees in so unfeeling and shameful a manner." This is a sweeping assertion, and at present lacks the necessary proof. Wintering bees in this manner, is "theory," is it? I think I am safe in saying it is *past* that. I will guarantee that I can show ten, if not one hundred stocks, that have been *successfully* wintered the last winter on this plan, where Mr. K. can produce one wintered successfully by the method recommended by him. The desire to make known my method of wintering, and management generally, may be a weakness. It probably arose thro' self-esteem, egotism, perhaps conceit. I had kept bees thirty years, and had been quite successful—call it lucky, if it suits better—the number of stocks gradually increased till I now manage some 600 colonies, and they are subjected (except what are in the movable frame hive,) to this "shameful and unnatural treatment." My success having been pretty uniform, and my stocks increasing beyond any that I have heard of in this State, or any other of the States, I felt vain enough to offer some advice. I did it well knowing what I said, especially with respect to wintering. This was offered gratis, as advice to promote bee-culture. Suppose no one chooses to profit by it, I shall not cry over it, or make myself very uncomfortable, even if some prefer to go to that "dear school," so necessary for those that can learn in no other.

St. Johnsville, N. Y., 1859. M. QUINBY.

THE WIRE WORM—POTATO GROWING, &c.

EDS. RURAL:—In the RURAL of May 14th I notice an inquiry from O. SACKETT, for a remedy for wire worm in his potatoes. I can recommend salt as an effectual preventive against their ravages. I always use it plentifully in the hill or drill at the time of planting, and never, to my recollection, have my potatoes suffered, though corn planted in the same field has been badly injured. If used alone I should say from 2½ to 3 bushels per acre, but it is better applied composted with other special manures, and for the benefit of my brother farmers, I will give you my recipe for increasing the quantity and quality of potatoes, and preventing the rot.

For my early potatoes I mix all my hen manure, collected under cover through the year, amounting to from 4 to 6 barrels, with 1 barrel fine salt, and 5 bushels plaster. Apply to the drills by strewing it along from the hand, walking about as fast as for ordinary sowing. This amount of manure, so applied, will do for 1½ to 2 acres. For the main crop, I take 10 bushels fresh lime, 10 bushels fine salt, (or 2 barrels,) 20 bushels unleached wood ashes, 5 bushels plaster. Make a bed of the ashes as for mortar, mixing the lime and salt in the centre, then pour on water enough to slake it, covering it over with the ashes, and plaster on the top.

If there is time for this mixture to stand for two or three weeks or more it is much better, so that the chloride of calcium formed by the union of the lime and salt,) can be perfectly composed. It, however, as is often the case, the making of this manure is delayed from forgetfulness, I let it stand for two or three days until the whole mass is thoroughly slaked and heated up, then mix well together, and apply in drills as before stated, or, if in hills, put a good handful in, draw a little dirt over it, then put on the seed, and cover, and I guarantee the good results will be seen from the time the potatoes are first up, till the time for planting comes around again.

The above are the proportions I use. I can't exactly say how much land this amount will serve for, but certainly two or three acres—and any that is left over will do well to sow broadcast and drag in for some of those small experimental patches of carrots, beets, turnips, &c., &c., which all we readers of the RURAL who have never grown any before, intend this year, I hope, to put in.

For the fly which Mr. SACKETT states is destroying his turnips, cabbages, &c., I should recommend a liberal dusting of soot, ashes, plaster, tobacco dust, or something of that sort, as a preventive.

I had a word or two to say respecting Mr. LOGIE's system of brush draining, mentioned in RURAL of April 30th, but must wait another opportunity, thinking this communication enough of an endurance for yourself and readers for once.

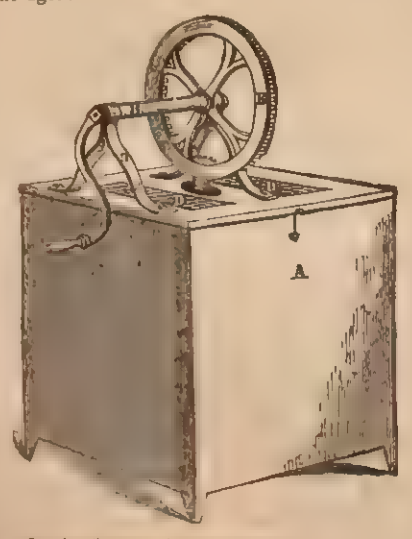
Aubrey Farm, Fayette, N. Y. W. W. STACEY.

WICKS' ATMOSPHERIC CHURN.

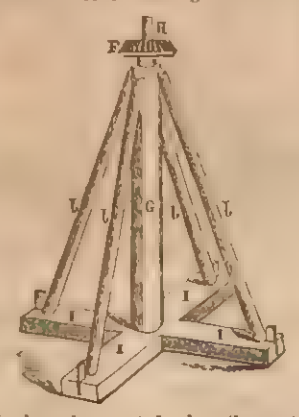
IN the RURAL of April 2d, we gave an extract from an article by H. A. COOK, of Columbia Co., which spoke of using a four-minute churn. Its publication soon brought us a large number of inquiries, and in our issue of the 30th ult., (under the head of "That Four-minute Churn,") we stated that we could neither answer the queries nor give the address of Mr. COOK, but presumed some of our friends would ere long favor RURAL readers with definite information on the subject. Only a day or two after the last-named paragraph was published, we casually met (in Arcade Hall,) an Agent of "WICKS' Atmospheric Churn," and learning, on inquiry, that he was from Washington County—that it had been introduced into Columbia—and that it was a "four-minute churn"—we surmised that perhaps this was the identical churn alluded to by Mr. COOK, about which we had received so many inquiries, and resolved to ascertain in regard to its operation and merits. The gentlemanly and apparently very candid agent, Mr. N. BROWNELL, promised us an early opportunity to witness the operation and speed of the churn, and we have, within the past ten days, been present at four trials of its capacity, at different places. Three of these were made one day last week, in the town of Gates, a few miles west of Rochester, and subsequently one in this city.

The first three trials were made at as many different farm houses. On the first trial, cold cream was used, in the open air on the north side of the house, the morning being quite cool. The churning was completed in between ten and twelve minutes, notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstances. The second trial was made with cream at a temperature of about 60 degrees, in a warm room; time 9 minutes. The third trial was made in a warm room, with the cream at a temperature of 63 to 64 degrees, and the churning was completed in *four and a half minutes*. Butter was produced in four minutes, in this instance, but the churn was not stopped until the work was complete—4½ minutes. These experiments were witnessed by several gentlemen conversant with butter-making, all of whom, we believe, were satisfied that the churn would produce butter within five minutes, at any time, with the cream at a proper temperature—say from 62 to 64 degrees Fah. The cream was not measured in these trials, but from eight to twelve pounds of butter were made at each churning. We witnessed another experiment with the same churn, (at the National Hotel, in this city,) on Monday of this week, when butter was produced in from four to four and a half minutes.

Such is the result of our investigations—and it may be proper to add that we handled the thermometer in the two last experiments, carefully noting the temperature, and also timed each churning by the watch. We have been bored by a great many agents of patent churns, bee-hives, etc., and examined scores of such inventions which we considered unworthy of the least notice; but in this instance we set about the matter voluntarily—perhaps bored the agent—and, though not prepared to cry "*Eureka*," we are satisfied that *Wicks' Improved Atmospheric Churn* is a decided acquisition, if not the long-sought desideratum. We are assured that it has completed a churning in one minute and-a-half, and often in three minutes, but if it will do the work in five minutes—or even inside of ten—it is a great and valuable improvement. In this belief we confidently commend it to the attention and examination of the large number of our readers interested. To enable them to understand its construction and operation we subjoin the following cuts and description, as furnished by the agent:



"In the figures, A represents the body of the churn; C, C, represents uprights on the top D, D, which support the shaft B, on which is secured the driving wheel E, said wheel E, being provided on its side with teeth or cogs which work in a bevel wheel F, on shaft G, which serves to drive said shaft; G, represents a vertical shaft which is provided near its top with the bevel wheel F, and which has a bearing in the center of the bottom of the churn, for its lower end; this shaft passes through two pieces I, I, at their junction, said pieces crossing each other at right angles, are secured near the bottom of the shaft G, to said shaft; J, J, J, J, represent four tubes, the lower ends of which are secured in openings in, or near the extremities of the cross pieces I, I, the upper ends of said tubes being secured around the shaft G, near its top, under the wheel F; funnels are secured in the sides of the cross pieces as represented, near their extremities, in such manner that they will communicate with the bottoms or lower ends of the tubes J, J, J, J. D, D, represent openings in the top of the churn, which are covered with gauze wire as shown.



"This churn is operated, when the parts are all in proper position, by turning the crank, which gives motion to shaft B, and wheel E; this communicating a rotary motion to the shaft G, and its attachments in a direction which will keep the mouths of the funnels constantly receding from the cream; as the funnels recede from the cream or milk, a vacuum is produced in the tubes J, J, J, J, and the external air rushes in immediately at the tops of the tubes, and is conveyed through them to the bottom of the churn, where it escapes and rises through the cream to the top of the churn again. As the lower ends of the tubes move much faster than the upper ends, the equilibrium is destroyed, and the air rushes into the tubes much faster than it would if the tops and bottoms moved at the same speed. When the shaft G, is turned rapidly, the cream in the churn assumes the shape of a hollow frustrum of a cone, and is kept between the sides of the box and the circle or cone described, by the revolving of tubes J, J, while the butter when it begins to come, being heavier than the cream, falls between the tubes J, J, and keeps between these tubes at the bottom of the churn. The object of the gauze wire covering for the apertures D, D, is, 1st, To give ventilation, and in the 2d place, it affords an opportunity of examining the condition of the cream while the operation is going on. 3d, It prevents spattering. It is often necessary during the process of churning, to examine the condition of the cream, to note its changes, so as to know how to treat it properly, and this cannot be done in ordinary churns without taking off the top, which always produces a bad effect upon the cream in a more or less degree."

This Churn has been thoroughly tested, during the past month, in Washington county. The *Washington Co. Post* of the 8th ult., in speaking of the churn and a public trial of its capacity, says:—"The first operation was that of churning about four gallons of cream, which, according to our time, (and we timed it,) and the time of several other watches present, was performed in *three minutes* from the first stroke, and produced from 16 to 19 pounds of butter. The next operation was the churning of about the same quantity of milk,—milked the night previous, though still sweet—which was executed in *five minutes*. *These facts we state on our own knowledge, and hold ourself responsible for their truth.*"

The same paper of the 15th ult. says:—"We had the pleasure of again witnessing an operation of the Atmospheric Churn on Tuesday last. There were about five and a half gallons of cream in the churn, and although the quantity was a little greater than should be churned at one time in that sized churn, yet the churning occupied just three minutes by the watch, and the amount of butter, which was weighed by our own hands, was 35 lbs. before the milk had been fully worked out of it. The butter, after being fully worked, would weigh about 33 lbs. Several gentlemen were also present to witness the operation,—among them our friends D. VOLENTINE and Mr. STOCKWELL, of Aurora, Ill. All present seemed perfectly satisfied with the success of the experiment."

The Churn above described was patented by L. J. WICKS, of Racine, Wis., in March last, but the patent is now owned by E. JUDSON, of Cambridge, Wash. Co., N. Y., and S. JUDSON, of Racine, Wis.

SALE OF S. T. TABER'S SHORT-HORN HERD.

EDS. RURAL:—The sale of Mr. TABER's fine herd of Short-horns came off to-day, (at Dover Plains, Dutchess Co., N. Y.,) and I give you the results of the sale. The day has been a most unfavorable one—a cold, north-east rain storm preventing, doubtless, many from attending. There was a fair attendance, mostly from Dutchess county. The best bidders, however, were from New England, and they bought the best animals. Ten Bulls and twenty-four Cows and Heifers were sold. The stock was in fair condition; the sale was conducted as such sales should be—every animal put up and sold to actual purchasers without a single by-bidder. Only one animal had a reserved price upon it. Mr. TABER requested this privilege as the last animal was brought into the ring, his stock bull "Highflyer," a very superior bull—sired by "Duke of Gloster," (now owned by JAMES O. SHELDON, of Geneva,) his dam imported "Diana Gwynne." He was five years old, in fine condition; his stock on sale showed him a capital stock getter. He was started at $450 and realized $505, and went to Massachusetts. I regretted he had not been retained in New York. He cost Mr. TABER, when 6 months old, $600—and was a bargain, I think, at a much higher figure now.

I give you a list of the animals, and the purchasers and prices, as well as they could be ascertained. Taking notes in the field, with the thermometer at 40° or thereabouts, and the north-east wind making it good for 10 degrees more of cold, was not the most favorable for work. I give you, however, as understood at the time, and presume the list is correct as to the prices, and as to purchasers substantantially so. There were ten Bulls sold at an average of $121.20 each, all but four yearlings—one 9 months. Twenty-four Cows and Heifers at an average of $114. The Bulls brought $1,212, and the Cows and Heifers $2,736. Total, $3,948. Had the weather been favorable I think the attendance would have been such as to have secured a considerable advance in the prices of the best animals.

BULLS.

Name.	*Age.*	*Purchaser.*	*Price.*
Messenger, 3 years old,		M. Halleck, Ulster Co.	$ 90
Generic, 1 year old,		Wm. A. White	76
Hyperion, 1 year old,		Mr. Rathbun, Otsego Co.	91
Buccaneer, 2 years old,		Mr. Thirsby	90
Alaric, 1 year old,		Daniel B. Haight, Dutchess Co.	145
Attila, 1 year old,		E. Griffen, Dutchess Co.	58
Comptroller, 1 year old		E. K. Taber, Dutchess Co.	47
Plebian, 1 year old,		Valentine Halleck, Dutchess Co.	55
Reefer, 9 months,		Henry Wulf	45
Highflyer 5 years old,		A. G. Wood, Massachusetts	505
Average $121 20			$1,212

COWS AND HEIFERS.

Name.	*Age.*	*Purchaser.*	*Price.*
Gem, 5 years old,		S. N. Buffam, N. Hampshire	$105
Aurelia, 9 years old,		D. B. Holcomb, Mass.	100
Atalanta 3d, 6 years old,		D. B. Holcomb, Mass.	100
Arexonia, 2 years old,		Paoli Lathrop, Mass.	100
Colona, 1 year old,		M. J. Smith	75
Autumn, 4 years old,		R. S. Van Wyck, Dutchess	50
Laura 3d, 8 years old,		Paoli Lathrop, Mass.	140
Lauretta, 5 years old,		Mr. White	111
Lizzy, 4 years old,		Judah Swift	105
Calia, 6 years old,		Abram Burton	83
Jeanett 5 years old,		Same	86
Edith, 3 years old		Samuel Thorne, Thornedale	100
Zilpah, 2 years old,		Abram Burton	100
Zipporah 1 year old,		Haight & Merrett, Dutchess	65
Zada, 2 years old,		Z. K. Taber, Dutchess	80
Aurora, 14 years old,		Gilbert Coffin, Dutchess	71
Luna, 5 years old,		Paoli Lathrop, Mass.	190
Dawn, 2 years old,		New Hampshire man	110
Twilight, 9 months old,		Same	75
Starlight, 2 years old,		M. J. Smith	155
Twinkle, 9 months old,		Paoli Lathrop, Mass.	100
Althea, 6 years old,		Sylvanus Willis	220
Cuphea, 3 years,		Same	190
Erica, 2 years old,		Same	225
Average $114 00,			$2,780

Yours, &c., J.

May 10, 1859.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

A Hint to take Now.

WHITE WALLS, and long lines of white fences, gleaming amid luxuriant and embowering foliage, give to a farm establishment an appearance of neatness and rural elegance and comfort, indescribably attractive to the man of taste, and can in no way be so effectually and economically secured as by giving them a few coats of whitewash. The whitewashing of cattle and horse stalls, as well as inside of hog cotes and heneries, not only renders them more healthy, but prevents the animals and fowls from being infested with troublesome, filthy vermin.

How to Wash Sheep.

ONE of the correspondents of the *Wool Grower*, H. H. ROBINSON, of Millersburg, O., gives the following as his mode of Washing Sheep:—"Take a large sized store box and place it below a mill-dam or on a rivulet where you can have a stream of water running in it through a spout. The way to manage the sheep is this: turn the sheep on its back, let one person take hold of its fore legs with his left hand, and hold of the back of its head with the right, and another person hold the hind legs, and in that manner dip the sheep in the box of water a few times, then let the sheep turn on its feet in the box and press the wool until it becomes clean. I like this way of washing much better than the old way of dragging sheep into a stream and worrying them about until the wool is clean."

Sowing Peas.

S. R. ELLIOTT, of Cleveland, writing to the *American Farmers' Magazine*, says:—"Some years since, I commenced sowing peas, and covering them at different depths, varying from one inch to one foot. I found those buried eight inches deep appeared above the ground only one day later than those buried only two inches; while those that were covered twelve inches deep were a little over two days behind. As they grew no perceptible difference was noticed, until they commenced blossoming and setting, then the advantage of the deep planting exhibited itself; for those that were eight and ten inches deep continued to grow, blossom, and set pods long after those only two to four inches commenced ripening and decaying. If the soil is light and loamy, I will hereafter plant my peas eight to ten inches deep; if the soil is clayey, I would plant six inches. I never earth up, but leave the ground as level as possible."

Save the Soot.

WE clip the following from the *Maine Temperance Journal*:—"This, though generally thrown into the street and wasted, is one of the best manures. It is extensively used in England, and when only fifteen or twenty bushels are applied to the acre, it induces the most luxuriant crops of wheat and other grains. It contains, in small compass, almost all the ingredients of coal or wood used for fuel. It also contains the several salts of ammonia, magnesia, lime and muriatic acid. Its components are the natural food or stimulants of plants, and it can be used to great advantage as a concentrated fertilizer to stimulate germinating seeds in the drill. It is not only sown broadcast with the grain, but it is applied to the root crops with the best results. Potatoes and carrots especially are benefited by it. Six quarts of soot to a large hogshead of water make an excellent liquid manure for the garden. It can be applied with safety to all garden crops, and will pay well for saving."

On Sowing Plaster.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Agriculturist* describing this process, says:—When your land is tolerably free from obstructions, not too hilly, and dry enough in spring for a wheel carriage to pass over it without damaging the clover, rise with the sun, or a little before it, on a still morning; take a cart, (as it is better to turn than a wagon,) put a barrel of plaster in the fore end of it, and a shovel to fill with; fix a box or tub close by the tail-board of the cart, about the height of your knees, and an old chair or seat in front of it. Fill your tub, take your seat, tell your boy to drive on, and commence sowing over the tail of the cart with both hands, just as you would do if walking and carrying the article, the difference being that, instead of walking into the dust, you are riding away from it, and by being elevated, can sow a wider cast; instead of having to go across an acre several times, while sowing it, to get your mouth, nose and eyes filled with dust, you may be as clean as when you began, except a little scattered upon your trousers; when the wind rises, quit, and you will do more in one morning than in half a day by the old method.

Agricultural Miscellany.

GRAIN AND PRODUCE—*Great Advance in Prices.*—It will be observed by reference to our Market Reports that prices of Breadstuffs, Produce, &c., have taken an astonishing leap during the past week. Flour and Grain are especially elevated, with an "Excelsior" (still higher) tendency, while Potatoes and Pork participate in the upward movement. Our dealers are more excited and feverish than we have known for many years, and some of the shrewdest anticipate a still further and continued advance—predicating their opinions upon the last foreign advices, including the declaration of war by three great Powers, and the supposition that they are short of Provisions. What the result will be time alone can determine. Though we are inclined to look upon the sudden advance, and speculative feeling and action, as the temporary result of excitement caused by the foreign news, and the *anticipated* European demand for our Breadstuffs, we are yet of the opinion that a *permanent* advance of prices may be maintained. This, however, must depend upon circumstances and contingencies, and we are inclined to the belief that producers who now have anything to sell would do well to take advantage of the high prices which now rule. As to the future, each farmer should carefully note the market reports and foreign news, and act upon his own judgment.

THE WHEAT CROP.—Our accounts, by letter and otherwise, from the wheat growing sections of the Union, generally speak in the most encouraging terms of the appearance and prospects of the crop. Correspondents in Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, and other parts of the West, report very favorably, and concur in the opinion that, extraordinaries and contingencies excepted, the wheat crop of 1859 will prove the best harvested for years. We rejoice with them in the prospect, and trust that the crop will escape injury or destruction by the enemies and contingencies to which it is liable. A good wheat crop, now, will *tell* upon the individual prosperity of the growers, and immensely benefit the country.

PREPARING GROUND FOR CORN.—A Michigan correspondent of the Tribune produces great crops of grass by using plaster. For corn, he plows in clover sod in the Fall, and applies all his manure to it in the Spring, working it in thoroughly with the cultivator and harrow. "Hoeing the corn fits the ground well for wheat, and I sow it as soon as the ripening of the corn will admit. After the wheat comes off, I plow in the stubble in the Fall, for oats, with timothy and clover in the Spring. In this way I get three crops of grain (one of them wheat) in three years, and get the land back to clover in the time. Last year my corn yielded 100 bushels of ears per acre, and the wheat this year, on the same ground, averaged 14 bushels per acre, though it was badly shrunk. These crops were raised on land which was thought nearly barren when it came into my possession."

A HAPPY AND "LUCKY" SHEPHERD.—In a recent letter, GEO. W. KENDALL, formerly editor (and still co-proprietor) of the New Orleans Picayune, who has for several years lived upon his great sheep ranche, near New Braunfels, Texas, writes thus glowingly to a friend in Boston:—"I have now five thousand sheep, and all fine stock. Have realized over seventy-five per cent. profit per annum on the investment since I have been here, which will do for hard times. Flocks now in healthier and finer condition than ever. My good luck has now lasted three years without intermission. I went to New Orleans last Christmas time, with my wife and oldest girl; was gone six weeks, which was quite long enough. I wouldn't live in a city if you would give me one. I am in the enjoyment of the very best health, and am now ten years younger than I was ten years ago."

GRUBS IN SHEEP.—A writer in the Mich. Farmer says this is a perfect cure for grubs in the head of sheep:—"Take one quart of whiskey and two ounces of yellow snuff; mix and warm to blood heat. Let one man hold the sheep and another take a small syringe and discharge about a teaspoonful of the mixture into each nostril. It is a certain cure. My father met with quite a loss in his flock; he tried this remedy, found it satisfactory, and never lost another sheep."

THE HOG CHOLERA, which has made such fearful ravages in Kentucky for a year or more, has broken out in Central Illinois, and is making sad havoc among the swine. One day, recently, two men in Sangamon Co., lost one hundred and thirty-five head, and another over seventy head. Within two weeks another person lost two hundred head, while many others have lost more or less.

THE ANNUAL HORSE SHOW of the Monroe Co. Ag. Society is to be held on the Fair grounds, near this city, on the 4th of July ensuing. The list of premiums (amounting to over $300,) regulations, &c., will soon be published.

THE ORLEANS CO. HORSE SHOW is to take place on the Society's Grounds, in Albion, on the 2d and 3d days of June. The arrangements are on a liberal scale, and a successful exhibition is anticipated.

THE LODI TOWN FAIR (Seneca Co.) is to be held June 8th. Opportunity is offered for the sale and exchange as well as exhibition of Stock, &c.

THE ANNUAL FAIR of the Berrien Co. (Mich.) Ag. Society will be held at Niles on the 27th, 28th and 29th days of September, 1859.—R. W. LANDON, *Sec'y.*

THE PALMYRA UNION AG. SOCIETY'S next Annual Fair is to be held Oct. 11th, 12th and 13th.

THE AGRICULTURAL PRESS.—The following paragraph from the *Journal of the California State Agricultural Society* contains some facts worthy of notice,—and of reflection as to what the same Power (the Agricultural Press and Literature,) rightly directed, may accomplish within the next thirty years:

"Few persons appreciate the benefits of a well-conducted Agricultural Journal to the country whose resources it is designed to develop. The cant phrase, tluctured with a sneer, '*book farming*,' is still sufficiently prevalent to show that Agricultural Literature has not yet accomplished its work. Still it has done much, and its successes annually multiply. Forty years ago, and the '*American Farmer*,' published at Baltimore, under the auspices of John S. Skinner, was in embryo, its maturity and real birth being on the 2d of April following. In August, 1822, Thos. G. Fessenden, of Boston, issued the first number of *The New England Farmer*, also a weekly; and not long afterward Mr. Samuel Fleet commenced *The New York Farmer and Horticultural Review*. These were all the agricultural journals in existence thirty years ago. Even as late as within the last twenty-five years, all the Agricultural Journals on this Continent had not an aggregate circulation of 10,000, while at the present hour the aggregate is more than a quarter of a million. And beside this, the time has come when our best family periodicals, from the half-penny daily to the ponderous quarterly, find it to their advantage to have an 'Agricultural Department' to their columns. For the influence of the Press, we refer to the improvements in every department of Agriculture—the implements with which the work is done; the quality of the productions, and the profits of the enterprise. They are all as visible as the morning star. The time has come, and may it never depart, when, other things being equal, he who does not read a good Agricultural Journal, cannot successfully compete with him who does."

NOTES IN THE FLOWER GARDEN.

In our last notes we were compelled for want of space to omit mention of the Bulbous rooted flowers. Previous to that we had described the Snow Drop and the Crocus.

HYACINTHS.

The season was quite favorable for Hyacinths, and our show was exceedingly fine. Among the best we note the following:—*Baron Thuyll*—a large compact truss, violet blue. This is one of the finest of the color. *Amiable Brunette*—dark blue. *Belle Blanche*—large compact spike, white. *Gen. Antink*—double—light blue. *Mars*—single red, striped with white, very showy and beautiful.—*Diebitsch*—the finest red. *Belle Corina*—pink, striped with red; one of the best fancy sorts. *La Desiee*—double white, truss good. *Candius Violaceous*—white, very double, large bells and good large spike; one of the best of the light doubles. *Grootvoorst*—double blush, fine large truss; every way desirable. *L'Amie Du Caur*—pink, and one of the very best of the color; fine truss. *Virgo*—double, white, tinged with blue; long fine truss. We find a long list in our note-book, but the above twelve sorts will be sufficient, as we wish to give a few useful hints in regard to culture, &c.

One reason why the Hyacinth has not been more generally cultivated by ladies, who always love flowers, and even under the most unfavorable circumstances, manage to grow a few, and by those who have but little time and means to devote to gardening, is the fact that the directions given by European and even American writers, have been so formidable as to discourage, if not confuse. The cultivator is generally told to remove the common soil two feet or more deep, and fill up with clean sand and well rotted cow manure. Now this is well enough, if flowers were to be grown for exhibition, but good hyacinths may be raised in any ordinary loamy soil. If the garden soil is heavy clay then remove a portion, and add good sandy loam from the woods.

The latter part of October is the best time to make Hyacinth beds, which should be from three to four feet wide. Set the bulbs from six to eight inches apart each way, and four inches deep. It is a good plan to surround the bulb, when setting, with a little clean sand. Before winter sets in cover the bed with leaves, or a little straw or litter.

In about five or six weeks after flowering, when the leaves are dead, the bulbs may be taken up, dried and packed away in paper for fall planting If the bed is wanted for other flowers, they may be removed in three weeks after flowering, the flower stem cut off, and the bulbs laid on a dry bed and covered with a little earth until the leaves have ripened, when they should be packed away as before recommended.

Many persons ordering Hyacinths from the seedsmen and nurserymen entertain the idea that none but the double ones are desirable. This is not the case. The value of this flower depends principally upon the form of the spike and the arrangement of the single flowers or bells upon the flower-stem. The truss of bloom or spike should be pyramidal, and the flowers close enough to entirely conceal the stalk.

THE NARCISSUS.

Flowering with the Hyacinth we have the Narcissus family, including the well-known *Daffodil*, and *Jonquil*. They are mostly perfectly hardy, should be planted in the autumn like the Hyacinth but may remain in the ground a number of years and until they become so thick and matted as to make a division of the roots necessary. Some of them are double, and are very showy, but the single sorts are more delicate and prettier. The *Early Double Daffodil* is of a bright yellow. *Incomparable Pleno* very double, light yellow or straw color, intermixed with dark yellow, or orange.

The engraving will give a very good idea of the form of the single flowers, and the central cup, which being of a different color from the six petals, makes these flowers exceedingly attractive. Some have the petals of a light yellow, and the cup orange, others with the petals white and the cup yellow, while the *Poet's Narcissus*, sometimes called *Pheasant's Eye*, is snowy white, the cups cream color with a delicate fringed edge of red, which gives its latter name. Then there are some varieties with the cups very large and long, in the form of a trumpet. One of the best of these is called the *Sulphur Trumpet*, with the cup or trumpet nearly two inches in length and broad at the extremity.

The most beautiful class of the Narcissus family, however, is the *Polianthus Narcissus*. The flowers are produced in clusters or trusses of from half a dozen to three times this number. Like the others they show every shade of color from the purest imaginable white to deep orange; the cup of the white varieties being yellow, and of the yellow sorts orange. These are not as hardy as the other varieties, but are sufficiently so for general culture in this latitude in a well drained soil.

In our next we will give a few suggestions on *Tulips* and their culture.

THE SEASON.

The weather for the past week or two has been remarkably fine, and vegetation has made rapid progress. The prospects at present are that we shall have an abundant crop of all fruits except peaches.

Annuals may still be sown, but there is now no time for delay. About the first of June, Bedding Plants should be put out, and they are among the most useful ornaments of the flower garden, particularly valuable in beautifying new grounds, or filling beds where bulbs have flowered. Those who live near a green-house can obtain them conveniently and cheap, and they can be safely sent by express almost any distance. Our advertising columns no doubt will tell where they can be obtained. In the next number we will describe a few of the best.

CANKER WORMS.

For two years past the apple orchards in this vicinity have suffered extremely from the visits of millions of caterpillars, which we cannot fully identify with any variety described in either Harris' or Fitch's works, though they are undoubtedly a variety of *canker worm*. They make their appearance with the first leaves, in the early part of May, being quite small when first seen, and continue until the middle or latter part of June, increasing in size, until they are from an inch to an inch and a half in length. At first they are scarcely noticed, as they form no web, but cluster together on the tops of the branches. In a short time, however, they become so large and so numerous, and create such havoc among the trees, destroying every leaf within their reach, that the farmer becomes alarmed for the safety of his orchard, and all the available strength is immediately set to work to kill these destructive enemies.

It was only last season that our attention was particularly called to these caterpillars, and the present year they bid fair to be more numerous than ever in many orchards. The largest are now about one inch in length. They have fourteen legs, eight behind and six before, and crawl along, not moving like the inch-worm. The belly is of dullish yellow, there is a very fine line of white, a stripe of ashy blue, above which is a fine line of yellow. The back is black, ornamented with nine white spots. The head and other extremity is of a bluish ash. When disturbed, they fall from the limb and hang suspended by a single web.

It will be well for our readers to examine their trees for these insects—for if permitted to take their course for one season, where numerous, they will not only destroy every leaf, and of course the present crop, but do the trees permanent injury. We know of persons whose orchards were fairly overrun with them before they were aware of it.

THE ALLEN RASPBERRY.

Two years ago, L. F. Allen advertised two varieties of "*hardy Raspberries.*" I had already several kinds that needed winter protection, and felt, like many others I suppose, quite willing to get rid of putting down the canes every winter to save them. I sent for a dozen each of these varieties of Mr. Allen. Of one I obtained only about a half dozen, but the other made up the deficiency, and I should have lost nothing if it had made up the whole. They produced fine canes and a few berries the first season, and last year I had probably a fair test of the fruit by the side of the *Yellow Antwerp*, *Fastolff*, *Franconia*, and others. One variety will compare favorably with either of the others, and when we take into consideration its hardiness, it must be superior; having stood unprotected, without apparent injury, two winters. The other and inferior variety, in color, is half way between the wild red, and black, but larger than either, and a very poor bearer.—The canes, like the berries, appear like a cross between the red and black, not bending over quite as much as the black, nor as upright as the red, very branching and quite liable to be broken with snow. The color of the canes is also on the same principle, darker than the red, &c.

Now, if any one has only one variety of this *Allen Raspberry*, (I suppose the name applies equally to both,) and *that* should happen to be the darker one, I think there would be some grounds of complaint; but with the other kind I think the complaint would depend on disposition. As for myself, I am well satisfied so far with the one, but shall dig up and throw away the other.

St. Johnsville, N. Y., 1859. M. Quinby.

PRUNING DWARF PEAR TREES.

Messrs. Editors:—In response to a vast number of inquiries, from interested persons, as to my mode of *Pruning Dwarf Pear Trees*, with your permission I will give some specific directions in reference thereto, which, if well followed, it is believed will enable persons without practical experience, to wholly avoid the *principal cause* of a large share of the failures with dwarfs, viz.:—*a want of thorough pruning.*

Experience has convinced me, that with good trees, of well chosen varieties, on any good corn land, which is never too wet; and with the culture a good farmer gives his other crops; and the important—nay, more, the indispensable requisite to success—*thorough pruning*, no one need fail of attaining a degree of success highly satisfactory and profitable.

A Dwarf Pear Tree should never be planted at one year old. A good one year old tree consists of a single upright shoot or stem, from three and one-half to five feet high, and should be cut off at about two feet from the ground; and in order to give a smooth handsome stem or trunk, let the buds be rubbed off, to the height of one foot from the ground—leaving on the upper portion six to nine buds, more or less; with the tree standing in its original position, in full vigor, and cut back as above stated, each one of these buds will throw out a good strong branch, which gives a full round distiff form to the tree; and is the time and manner, and the only time, when that desirable shape can be given, on which the future form of symmetry and beauty, so much depends; and to avoid what is termed a crotched or forked-top tree in which the two uppermost branches are about of equal vigor and height, let the second branch from the top be pinched off, when about nine inches or a foot long, which will check and weaken it, while the uppermost one becomes a strong central leader. Whereas, if the tree be transplanted at one year old, and cut back as above stated, the vital forces of the tree will be weakened half or three-fourths by transplanting, and, as the result, only two or three, (more or less,) of the buds on the trunk will grow so as to form branches; and they perhaps only at the top or all on one side, while the remaining buds remain dormant, never afterwards to be developed, as the other branches form new channels, which will more readily carry the sap to other and upper portions of the tree.

For transplanting, therefore, let a tree be two years old from the bud, well cut back at one year old, and with six to nine main branches, which form the frame-work, or foundation, which is to give form and character to the future tree, with proper care and management.

FIG. 1.—DWARF PEAR TWO YEARS OLD.

The annexed cut, figure 1, will illustrate a two year old tree, as above described, its lower branches about one foot from the ground, and its upper branches being the strongest and most upright, and those below less vigorous and more horizontal.

I speak of this more particularly for the reason that all the cuts which I have noticed in works on Pomology, and in agricultural papers, represent a two year old tree, with branches much the longest, and strongest, at the bottom; and diminishing in vigor towards the top, except perhaps the center top branch; while all experience illustrates the principle that the sap flows most freely and readily to the upper branches, giving them vigor, strength and uprightness to the diminution of the same characteristics in those below.

The dotted lines indicate where the branches should be cut back at the time of planting.

FIG. 2.—DWARF PEAR THREE YEARS.

In cutting a tree, with branches formed as above described, let the leader be cut down within four to six inches of the place where the one year old tree was cut off, and just above a good bud on the side of the tree over the previous year's cut, thus keeping the leader in a perpendicular position over the original trunk or bottom of the tree.

If the side branches are too horizontal, an upper bud is left for its extension; if too upright, a lower bud is left. Side direction may be given, if desirable, to fill wide spaces, in the same way.

Cut the other branches at such a distance from the trunk, that the ends of all of them would form a pyramid, the base of which should not be over twelve to sixteen inches in diameter, and in smallish trees much less; thus the lowest branches will be left the longest; the object of which is to check the natural flow of sap to the upper branches, and induce it to flow more forcibly to the lower ones, increasing the vigor and force of the latter as much as possible, which must be done at that time or never.

Figure 2 represents a three year old tree after it has been pruned at two years old, and made the third year's growth, and showing where it should be cut back at that time. All subsequent pruning will become easy to any one who has attended to these directions thus far—observing the same principles, thinning out or cutting back any secondary, or other branches, as shall seem to be necessary to admit light and air, or give vigor or symmetry of form to the tree, but as the greatest force of sap will flow to the central and upright branches, they will need to be cut back most, retaining as near as may be the pyramid form; ever bearing in mind this fact, that no one prunes too much; and, after having pruned well and gathered rich harvests of luscious pears, if you still wish to grow them *larger* and *better* than ever before, prune a little closer, and that result will certainly be attained, and the *vigor*, *beauty* and *longevity* of your trees will be increased thereby. T. G. Yeomans.

Walworth, Wayne Co., N. Y., 1859.

ORCHARDS IN CANADA.

In the Canadian *Agriculturist*, Mr. Geo. Leslie gives an interesting history of fruit culture in Canada West:—"Twenty years ago," he says, "the few scattered cherries consisted of sour kinds, commonly called Kentish, with sometimes a few scattered May Dukes and Ox Hearts. Our plums consisted of common and yellow, with a few Egg and Green Gage. Few people had ever heard of the fine varieties that have been introduced within the last fourteen years, such as Bolmar's Washington, Jefferson, Duane's Purple, Imperial Gage, &c. The only distinction then was, wild plums and tame plums. Of pears, there were none, and they are still scarce, and a great rarity in our markets. These remarks apply to the common practice only; there were here and there worthy exceptions, of individuals who in the face of great difficulties which have now happily disappeared, had collected many of the improved varieties which even now stand among our esteemed sorts; such as, for instance, among apples, the Fameuse, Pomme Gris, Bourassa, Baldwin, R. I. Greening, E. Harvest, &c. Last year our fruit crop was rather a failure, but in the fall of 1855 I was very much pleased to see a few barrels of fine specimens of the following sorts, grown in the neighborhood of Toronto, offered for sale in our markets, namely:—Fall Pippin, Æsopus, Spitzenburg, Yellow Bellefleur, Baldwin, Roxbury Russet, St. Lawrence, Ribston Pippin, &c., &c., and from the number of the trees planted of late years, we expect to see in our market a few more of the best sorts, for commerce and transportation.

"As far as my knowledge extends, the following list of apples comprises some among the best and most suitable varieties adapted to our climate:—*Summer Varieties.*—The Early Harvest, Summer Queen, Early Strawberry, Sweet Bough, Duchess of Oldenburgh, Red Astrachan. *Fall Varieties.*—Fall Pippin, St. Lawrence, Fameuse, Twenty Ounce, Ribston Pippin, Porter. *Winter Varieties.*—Rhode Island Greening, Baldwin, American Golden Russet, Pomme Gris, Roxbury Russet, White Bellefleur, Æsopus Spitzenburg, Newtown Pippin, Bellmont, Swaar, Northern Spy, Dutch Mignonne.

Inquiries and Answers.

The Apple Worm, &c.—I have been but a short time a subscriber and reader of your valuable paper, but this short time has shown me—I am not mistaken—that your subscribers ask many *questions*, as well as help you answer the many inquiries weekly made of you. Permit me, then, to follow the example of the first mentioned, by asking questions, the answers to which I think may be of benefit to many beside myself. May I look for an answer in your next issue?

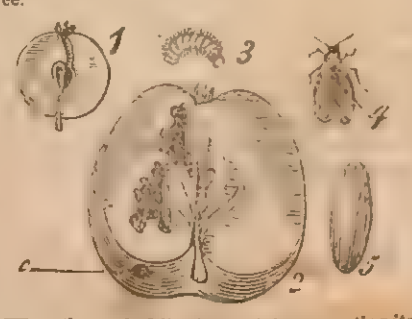
1st. I have a very fine Baldwin apple tree standing in my garden. Soil, clayey loam, clay subsoil. Tree some fifteen inches through in trunk, and in most vigorous health. It blows full, the apple forms, but most of them fall while quite small, and the very few that do not are wormy, rotten, poor things, and last fall there were but two of this sort. I pruned the tree well, and also pruned one of the large roots. Not in a very scientific way, for my garden was made, and not wishing to disturb it I cut it close to the trunk of the tree, my purpose being to stop the great flow of sap. The tree is shielded on the north by brick wall. I am told I cannot raise apples on the soil we have here, but without much reason, I think. Although the axe has been near its roots more than once, I have given it a reprieve of one year more, it is such a splendid-looking tree, capable of bearing many bushels. Can you tell me what it wants?

2d. Is it well to train a grape vine on a brick wall, or better to put a trellis a short distance from the wall? If so, what distance, and what is the best cheap trellis?

3d. I see much said in the *Tribune's* reports of the Farmers' Club of the mixture of lime, slaked with water, saturated with salt, (three bushels lime to one of salt,) letting it stand until the light powder shows itself on the outside of the pile, which is the valuable part, if I understand it, for top dressing, &c. Is it equally good for all kinds of grain and grass growing on all kinds of soil? If better for one than another, will you let us know which, and what quantity and time to apply? Will it pay, lime and salt, at one shilling a bushel? Give any other information that you may think important about it. I am disposed to use it, as well as salt and plaster, on my farm, and want to make the best application of it.—C. D. D., *Syracuse, N. Y.*, 1859.

1st. There is no difficulty, we imagine, either with your soil or tree, but the fruit is destroyed by the *Apple Worm*, which, of late years, has become exceedingly numerous and destructive.

The *Apple Worm* is produced from the egg of the *Codling Moth*, and this moth is shown, of the natural size, in the engraving (4.) It deposits its eggs in the calyx or eye of the young fruit, during June or July, and the grub is hatched in a few days, and eats its way into the fruit, as seen in the engraving, (1) leaving behind it a brown powder. This grub attains its full growth in a few weeks. Its natural size is shown in engraving (3.) Apples thus affected drop sometimes when they are not more than half grown, others remain on the tree until they acquire a premature ripeness. Few of our readers but must have noticed on trees of early apples, some wormy specimens ripe, while the sound apples were far from being fit to eat. Still others, and particularly winter apples, seem to be less affected by the worm, and hang on the tree.



When the apple falls the grub leaves, eating its way entirely through the apple, as seen in the engraving, coming out at *c*, and selecting itself a place in some crevice in the bark of the tree, spins a thin white cocoon, shown in the engraving (5,) in which to spend the winter, and comes out the following spring a moth, to commit again its depredations on the fruit, and blast again the hopes of the cultivator. We think many of these worms leave the apples before they fall, particularly those which have taken possession of late varieties. Some think that a portion of them produce a second generation the same season. We have seen no facts to warrant this belief.

We must say, as we have before, that we know of no patent remedy for this evil—no bomb-shell that will destroy a thousand at a blow. We have always had to fight them singly. In early spring search for the cocoons in the rough bark, the roughest of which may be scraped off. In this way a great many may be destroyed. Also pick up all wormy apples as soon as they fall, and feed them to hogs, or destroy the worms they contain in some other way. Cole says if old cloths are laid in the crotches and arounds the trees, many will crawl into them to form their cocoons, and may be readily destroyed. We never tried this. We know, however, that if the first two plans are industriously followed, the amount of wormy fruit will be greatly diminished.

2d. A trellis made of posts and wire, and within six inches of the wall, is better than fastening vines directly upon it, as it affords an opportunity for the circulation of air, and the fruit leaves are not pressed against the bricks and injured. Then it is more convenient for training. In Europe, peach, apricot, and other fruit trees, are trained upon walls, but walls made for this purpose contain a portion of wooden blocks cut just the form of the brick. In the *wooden bricks*, nails can be driven.

3d. We have never found much benefit from the use of salt, except for asparagus; a little, however, will help celery. We would rather receive than give information on this subject. We have heard of a great many experiments on this point, that when traced out amounted to very little as a guide in practice.

PIE PLANT WINE, TOMATO CHOWDER, &c.

Eds. Rural:—As one of the subscribers of your valuable paper I have (with many others,) derived much benefit from the many recipes in it. I send you the following, which I think may be useful to some of your many readers and, perhaps, new.

Pie Plant Wine.—Wash and cut the stalks into pieces about two inches long, put these into a stone jar, place the jar in a kettle of cold water and let it remain until it is sufficiently cooked to squeeze the juice from it. To each four quarts of juice add two of water. To each quart (water and juice,) one pound brown sugar mixed well and put into a cask. The cask should be filled and a few quarts left to add up with while in the state of fermentation, at which time the vent should be left open to let off the refuse. When it gets through fermenting it should be corked tight. If kept until spring it should be bottled. This is full as good as currant wine, and much less labor.

Tomato Sauce.—Seven pounds tomatoes to four pounds sugar; one ounce cinnamon; 1 oz. cloves, and 1 pint vinegar. Boil slowly five hours. This, I think, is excellent.

Tomato Chowder.—To one bushel of green tomatoes add 1 dozen green peppers; 12 common-sized onions; 1 quart of grated horse radish; 1 cup ground mustard; 1 oz. cinnamon; 1 oz. cloves, whole. The tomatoes, onions, and peppers chopped fine. Put the tomatoes and onions in a vessel over night, sprinkle a little salt over them, and in the morning drain the water off, put all together and boil them in clear water until tender, then drain the water from them pack in a jar mixed with the above named spices and pour scalded vinegar over them. Ruth.

Fond du Lac, Wis., 1859.

How to Make Bed Comforters.—It may be new to some of the Rural readers that nice warm bed comforters can be made without the labor of quilting. I have never seen any in the farm-houses in this section made in this way; though "Out West" they are very common—house-keepers there having to be more saving of their time. Take the calico and make up in the usual way; stitch in a frame or, (as I have often done,) lay it on the floor, put in the batting, which may be thicker than if for quilting, if desirable; put the cover on even, pinning or stitching all around, and with a long, slim, sharp darning-needle, and some bright-colored thread or yarn—the eye full—stitch through the quilt, at intervals of three or four inches, in diamonds, &c., all over it, cutting the threads and tying each stitch *tight*, leaving it a little longer than the stitch. If made from one piece of cloth there is no need of binding the quilt. This is warm and durable if made right—warmer than when quilted.—Mrs. E. M. V., *Seneca Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

Brown Bread.—One quart of sweet milk; four cups of Indian meal; 2 cups coarse flour; ½ cup molasses; ½ teaspoonful of soda. Will some of your lady readers please give us a recipe for making Bakers' Gingerbread.—H. N. F., *Manhattan, Kansas*, 1859.

To Keep Potatoes from Sprouting.—To keep potatoes intended for the use of the table from spring until new potatoes grow, take boiling water, pour into a tub, turn in as many potatoes as the water will entirely cover, then pour off all the water, handle the potatoes carefully, laying up in a dry place on boards, only one layer deep, and see if you do not have good potatoes the year round, without hard strings and watery ends caused by growing. The neighbor I got my information from says he has never failed, or had any trouble from rotting or sprouting. Try a few.—*Prairie Farmer.*

How to Make a Home Happy.—Always be cheerful. A dwelling furnished with cheerfulness and cheap furniture will always afford more happiness to the inmates than cushioned sofas and floors, elegant mirrors and mahogany sideboards, with sour looks and ill-temper. Though the elegances of a well-furnished house are not to be despised, they are not alone sufficient to produce happiness. Parents, teach your children cheerfulness, and you will make them happy.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PARTING THOUGHTS AT A SISTER'S BRIDAL.

BY MRS. S. K. FURMAN.

O, NEVER again in the green isles of earth
This sacred embrace may be given,
The quick pulse of joy the pale cheek ne'er may warm
As when loving eyes fondly gazed on thy form,
Or voiceful harp chim'd the sweet notes of the soul—
But, O, I would meet thee in heaven.

I had dreamed, O, how fondly, that destiny's hand,
Thro' all of life's changeable day,
Might so guide our steps that one path would be ours,
Though laden with thorns, or besprinkled with flowers;
But another hath won the sweet light of thy smiles
To gladden a home far away.

I would not reflect on thy young bridal heart
The shadows that flit o'er my own,
Nor tinge with forebodings of future alloy,
The beautiful hopes of thy soul's wedded joy—
Thy chasten'd smile mirrors thy lot all untried
In the paths that but woman hath known.

I'm musing again on the fair autumn eve,
And the room where our pale mother lay,
When the soft golden light through the red maples gleam'd,
And flush'd the lov'd face that with angel-smiles beam'd,
And the lessons of duty she whispering gave
I would treasure to life's latest day.

She call'd thee her lily-bud, fragile and pure,
As thy bright head reclin'd on her breast,
Then folding us both in her frail, dying arm,
She bade me so ever to shield thee from harm,
And tenderly pray'd her poor shepherdless lambs
In the All-Father's fold might find rest.

Even so hath it seem'd, O, my brother, she's been
As a joy in our household for years,
Like a bright happy bird that is ever in tune,
Or the warm sunny smile of the rose-tinted June—
Not strange if the peace of her light step to me
Be lonely with shadows and tears.

With blessings untold and unwavering trust,
My sister, to thee, I confide;
There's balm in her heart for each conflict of thine,
And round thee the vine of her sweet faith will twine,
O, see no rude sorrow its green tendrils blast,
But cherish thy fair orphan-bride.

And if, as it may, her tried spirit should fail
Life's trials to bear calm and even,
O, ever, as now, her strong solace still prove,
And each cloud be span'd with the brow of thy love,
And, more than all, nurse the blest hopes that may bring
A blissful reunion in heaven.

East Clarkson, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

THIS is a subject on which so much has been said and written that it seems well nigh exhausted, yet how few, even of the female portion of community, realize that they do, or can exert any important influence on the character of society—or give a thought to the subject of that influence, whether it is for good or for evil. Few women have enrolled their names among those of the leading spirits of earth,—man has usually been the instrument in the hand of Omnipotence of building and overthrowing empires and deciding the destinies of nations. To man alone are we indebted for most of those discoveries in science which have so materially altered the aspect of the world, and man must ever continue to be first in all the great events of life. The Creator has so ordered it, and in endowing him with greater strength and superior powers of mental and physical endurance has provided for the fulfillment of his own decree.—True, history tells us of a SEMIRAMIS of Assyria, and a BOADICEA of ancient Britain, who marched at the head of armies to the battle-field, and led their hosts from victory to victory; and later, Austria has numbered MARIA THERESA among the ablest of her sovereigns, and England under none of her rulers has made greater progress in all that conduces to the honor and glory of a nation than under the sway of the inflexible ELIZABETH.—Russia, too, boasts her CATHARINE, who wielded the sceptre of her gigantic realm with an energy and sagacity worthy of a NICHOLAS. In literature, also, woman has begun to reap a few of these laurels man has worn so long and so proudly. NAPOLEON said of Madame DE STAEL that her pen was a weapon that would hit a man, if he were seated on a rainbow.

Yet all this no more proves that woman's most potent influence has been exerted in public life—or that at the head of nations or armies is the most appropriate place for the exercise of her powers—than that the midnight heavens owe their beauty less to the fixed stars, shining on forever with a dim but changeless light, than to the flaming comet sweeping the skies in its erratic flight, or the brilliant meteor that flashes for an instant and is gone. It is in private life that woman has ever been most powerful, in moulding the characters, strengthening or weakening the energies, and contributing to the happiness or unhappiness of those with whom she mingles in the domestic and social circle. As well might we attempt to estimate the good done by the silent dews of night, or tell the amount of evil produced by poisonous miasmas that float unseen upon the air, as to calculate what woman has done "to save, to ruin, to curse or bless those who are brought within the reach of her influence." Not till the great day of final account will it ever be known how many have been purified, strengthened and ennobled by association with the good, the gifted, and the pure of the gentler sex in the various relations of life; or how many intellectual and moral natures have been perverted, weakened, and destroyed by the influence of weak, unprincipled and frivolous women to whom they were bound by the ties of consanguinity or friendship. Not until JEHOVAH shall have opened the Book of his Remembrance, in which "our not doing is set down among our darkest deeds," will woman herself be enabled to see the amount of good fruit springing from a faithful discharge of every duty to herself, her family, society and her Maker; or the evil results growing from a neglect of those duties, and a perversion of the talents nature has given her.

Avoca, N. Y., 1859. E. B.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

EDDIE'S GRAVE.

"THE flower that blooms the brightest,
Is doomed the first to fade,
The form that moves the lightest,
In earth is soonest laid."

"ASHES to ashes, dust to dust," and they consigned the little sleeper to his last, long home. After days and nights of intense suffering the worn and weary one found rest. He who had for six short summers been the light and joy of the household,—he who had made so many hearts glad with his merry laugh, quick and buoyant step—had passed from earth, leaving hearts lone and desolate. Methinks, even now I see him with the glow of health upon his cheek, those bright and sparkling eyes, again hear the echo of that clear, merry laugh, telling in stronger terms than language could, of a free and happy spirit. But no; yonder grassy mound upon which lies a tombstone, with his name and age inscribed thereon, also a vacancy in the family circle, a void and aching in our hearts which refuses to be satisfied because one is not,—all these remind me that he has passed "to that bourne from whence no traveler returns." And yet, though mourning, we can rejoice (his earnest faith and child-like love for Jesus witnessing a change of heart,) that ere those little feet had wandered long and been firmly set in the broad road which leads to destruction and death, GOD in His great mercy plucked our bud and transplanted it to bloom in the Garden of Paradise.

But our little grave is not the only one,—our wounded hearts do not bleed alone,—oh, no;

"There's many an empty cradle,
There's many a vacant bed,
There's many a lonely bosom
Where joy and light have fled.
For thick in every graveyard
The little hillocks lie,
And every hillock represents
An angel in the sky."

Hillsdale, Mich., 1859. ADDIE E. WALKER.

LADIES AND WOMEN.

SOME words have a magical effect on us from the mental pictures connected with them, or from the estimation in which we think the things represented by them are held. If two or more words express the same qualities in an object, and one of these words implies a manifestation of these qualities more valued, we are flattered when that word is applied to us. What female is not more pleased to be called a lady than to be called a woman? When the word is spoken, nobody, now, thinks of what is said to have been its original meaning—*one who gives bread*. Neither, as commonly used in this country, does one think of a woman of rank, so called. But a lady is something nice—redolent of band-boxes. The word is suggestive of ribbons and dress-making, delicacy and leisure, money and ease; and the puerilities of factitious refinement so predominant in the modern training of the young, that these things and conditions are as *the good* of life.

Lady!—the word is full of softness and refinement, accompanied with weakness and dependence. The white fingers, dexterous in ornamental art, glitter and tantalize; the eye, unused to watch over the feeble, flashes to enchant; the voice, using culled words, ravishes with a sweetness never tested by corroding acids. Lady!—the word falls from the lips like the dropping of balsam. But, sometimes, we are amused by its queer use. We have heard of a woman who always calls her scrubbing woman, "the lady that washes for me." Why not? "Is Miss Potter a lady, mamma?" asked a little girl of six years, who was with her mother visiting in a certain city. "Yes, Miss Potter is a real lady," the mother replied. "But, mamma, she works!" returned the child; "she washes and cooks breakfast; how can she be a lady?" The ornamental only is associated with the word lady.

But the word woman smacks of nothing artificial. It means only what the Lord God made for man to love and to live with as part of himself—a dearer part, and a part he will not do without. Many men do, in truth, live their whole lives apart from this half which would make them perfect men; but it is because some *lady* has given them a serpent instead of the bread their souls craved; or the finer half has, in the transforming process of fashionable culture, become so changed to a lady, that the stupid men do not recognize in it the one designed to finish up the structure of their manhood. Perhaps, indeed, the modern schools have so modified mind and body, that the "last best gift to man" is no longer a "help-meet" for him; the rib is so bent that it will not fit; he dares not say it is his lost one. So the poor bachelor goes through life mourning for his spare-rib. All that he sees seems too polished to be natural.

What female, when called a woman, feels a quickening of the blood? None. It is a common word, expressing a common object, simple, free, and like all common things coming direct from God's hand, just adapted to a man's nature. Woman expresses just the combination of qualities which fills the vacuum in a true man's heart; just what is fitted to establish his happiness, to perfect his human existence. When a real woman marries a real man, they cannot be put asunder. God hath joined them. Ladies can never meet the heart-want of man. If they marry, it is to their mutual sorrow and chagrin. Ladies are beautiful, enchanting. But the true man wishes to go through life a natural being rather than an enchanted one. His highest earthly aspiration is to walk, side by side, in sunshine and in storm, with a WOMAN.—*Selected.*

THE National Era says it is not for the generation among whom Elizabeth Browning has sung, and Charlotte Bronte spoken, and Harriet Hosmer chiseled, and Rosa Bonheur painted, and Mary Lyon taught, and Florence Nightingale lived, to despair of woman's achievement of her highest destiny.

OLD FRIENDS TOGETHER.

O, TIME is sweet when roses meet
With spring's sweet breath around them;
And sweet the cost when hearts are lost,
If those we love have found them;
And sweet the mind that still can find
A star in darkest weather;
But naught can be so sweet to see
As old friends met together.

Those days of old, when youth was bold,
And time stole wings to speed it,
And you ne'er knew how fast time flew,
Or, knowing, did not heed it;
Tho' gray each brow that meets us now,—
For age brings wintry weather—
Yet naught can be so sweet to see
As those old friends together.

The few long known, whom years have shown
With hearts that friendship blesses;
A hand to cheer, perchance a tear,
To soothe a friend's distresses;
Who helped and tried, still side by side,
A friend to face hard weather;
O, this may we yet joy to see,
And meet old friends together.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

REFLECTIONS.

FAR back in the unfathomable depths of the "beginning" was conceived the creation of the universe, and, touched by the hand of Omniscience, myriads of worlds came forth, vieing with each other in rendering homage to Him "who spake and it was done." The "morning stars sang together" in the joy of their new existence. The Creator beheld the beauty, the harmony, the glory of His work, "and it was very good."

Indelibly written on every leaf was the character of its Author, but it was not complete until mind prefaced the great book of Nature—the likeness of Divinity. Fallen spirits read and envied, and with "malicious leer malign" they sullied the purity of that likeness, and sin, with all its hideous forms, marred the symmetrical beauty of the greatest work which ever emanated from the hand of the Divine Artist.

Man, eager to solve the mysteries of obscurity, strives in vain to unravel the intricate purposes of GOD which He has wisely hidden from his dependent creatures. Although man has made great discoveries in regard to the laws which govern the material world, and has made the elements obedient to his will, spanning the waters of the deep, and looking into the starry heavens to measure other worlds, there are boundaries to knowledge which he may not pass. The finite is lost in the infinite, and in the incapacity of his soul, he sees the distance between the creature and the Creator. But this strange part within, struggling to break the fetters that bind it as it roams through radiant fields of thought in search of something to answer the inspiration of its existence, is it never to soar at pleasure beyond the confines of its material abode? Yes, we thank our Maker for the immortality He has given us. There will be a time when the child of GOD will traverse the golden streets of the New Jerusalem—when, washed in the pure waters of the River of Life, his soul shall mount on wings of immortality to fathom eternity, then to bask in the sunshine of eternal truth, which folds in its wide embrace the majesty of creation, and the purposes of Divinity.

Who art thou, O, man, that boastest of thy wisdom or thy might? Look out upon the starry worlds above and then consider, that, with all the glory thou wilt have in thy future home, still, thou mayest be least in the kingdom of Heaven. If each orb is peopled with intelligent beings, as we have every reason to believe, then, at the consummation of all things, will a myriad of intelligences surround the throne to give all the glory to the Creator of the universe. Of the capacity or condition of mind possessed by the inhabitants of other worlds we can form no correct estimate. It is a beautiful thought which we have seen expressed, that perhaps they have never sinned and are constantly enjoying the presence and the smiles of GOD. Perhaps their capacity of mind increases in proportion to the splendor and magnitude of their respective abodes.

If the Creator had given us a more beautiful, or a larger dwelling place, with our present powers of mind, our knowledge and comprehension of the same would be proportionally less. So we may suppose that the inhabitants of many other globes have arrived at a greater degree of development and advancement in knowledge than ourselves. Hence, when all are gathered together, from one end of Heaven to the other, *they* will be capable of enjoying more, and will occupy higher seats in the place prepared for all the righteous. Then, mortal, humble thyself in the dust, for "what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?" JANE E. H.

Piffard, N. Y., 1859.

PICTURES.—A room with pictures in it, and a room without pictures, differ about as much as a room with windows and a room without windows. Nothing we think is more melancholy, particularly to a person who has to pass much time in his room, than bleak walls with nothing on them,—for pictures are loop holes of escape to the soul, leading to other scenes and other spheres. It is such an inexpressible relief to a person engaged in writing or even reading, on looking up, not to have his line of vision chopped off by an odious white wall, but to find his soul escaping, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture, to other beautiful and perhaps heavenly scenes, where the fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Thus pictures are consolers of loneliness; they are a relief to the jaded mind; they are windows to the imprisoned thought; they are books; they are histories and sermons, which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves.—*Downing.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

How much trouble would be saved in this world if every one would remember and practice upon the old adage, "Mind your own business." Curiosity is a principle implanted in every human being, but it was never intended that it should degenerate into that mean, prying-into disposition which we discover everywhere about us. In every community there is a class of persons who well deserve the title of "busy-bodies," for they spend all of their time in minding everybody's business but their own. Do a couple see fit to marry, every fact in the history of each is chronicled, and many are the wonders how they happened to choose each other—just as if that were any one's business but their own. Did you ever hear of a match that suited everybody? I never did any but *Lucifer matches*. Yet whose business is it, if people suit themselves?—what should we care? Does a stranger make his appearance in town—then, who is he? where did he come from? what is he worth? are questions which give our "busy-bodies" employment for some time. Let a person do anything a little out of his line of conduct, and how quick is it noticed and commented upon, just as if 'twere anybody's business what anybody's business is.

Finally, there is no character more despicable than these "busy-bodies"—tattling, mischievous, slandering "busy-bodies;" how easy the ascent—how quick they carry the mark of the "green-eyed monster." What do they gain? Not the least thing. They are despised by everybody. If we would be learned, wealthy and respected, we must "mind our own business." They only who labor can win the prize. Yes, "mind your own business" ought to be *thumped* into the head of a great many people in the world, for they are a disgrace to themselves, to the community and the world.

Cayuga, N. Y., 1859. AMELIA.

WHAT IS WIT?

THE term "wit," in its oldest signification, generally implied rationality, and so we understand it in its derivations "to wit" (to know) "half-witted," "witless," &c. In the time of Dryden, it expressed fancy, genius, aptitude. Thus the famous couplet:

Great wits to madness are allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide,

is almost an amplification of that "fine frenzy" which Shakspeare has delineated, and "wit," in this sense, is merely a synonym of imagination. Locke, who was a cotemporary of Dryden, defines wit as lying most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy. This definition of wit he places in opposition to judgment, which, he says "lies quite on the other side," in carefully separating one idea from another, wherein can be found the least difference, thereby to avoid being misled by similitude and affinity, to take one thing for another.

Addison quotes this passage in the Spectator, and says:—"This is not, I think, the best and most philosophical account of wit I ever met with. I shall only add to it, by way of explanation, that every resemblance of ideas is not what we call wit, unless it be such a one as gives delight and surprise to the reader. These two last properties seem essential to wit, more particularly the last of them." To come down still later, Dugald Stewart endorses Locke, with this addition, that wit implies a power of calling up at leisure the ideas which it combines, and Lord Kame denominates wit a quality of certain thoughts and expressions, and adds—"The term is never applied to an action or passion, and as little to an external object." Wit, in the modern sense, has a very different meaning.—*Selected.*

A GOOD OLD MAN.

A GOOD old man is the best antiquity, and which we may with least vanity admire, one which time has been thus long a working, and, like winter fruit, ripened, while others are shaken down. He hath taken out as many lessons of the world as days, and learned the best thing in it—the vanity of it. He looks over his former life as a danger well past, and would not hazard himself to begin again. The near door of death saps him not, but he expects it calmly as his turn in nature, and fears more his recoiling back to childishness than dust. All men look to him as a common father, and on old age, for his sake, as reverent. He practices his experience on youth without the harshness of reproof, and in his counsel is good company. He has some old stories still of his own seeing to confirm what he says, and makes them better in the telling; yet is not troublesome with the same tale again, but remembers with them how often he has told them. He is not apt to put the boy on a younger man, nor the fool on a boy, but can distinguish gravity from a sour look, and the less testy he is the more regarded.—You must pardon him if he likes his own times better than these, because those things are follies to him now, that were wisdom then; yet he makes of that opinion too when we see him, and conjectures those times by so good a relic. He goes away at last, whensoever, with all men's sorrow but his own; and his memory is fresh when it is twice as old.—*Bishop Earle.*

HOME.—How touchingly beautiful are the relations of home! There each is bound by an electric chain, that seems to pass to all hearts in the family group; so that one cannot enjoy pleasure unless all partake in it. If one heart is oppressed, all sympathize; if one is exalted, all must share the happiness. It is in the home where the aching heart is soothed, where the oppressed are relieved, the outcast reclaimed, the sick healed, or falling, the tear of pure love drops from the mourner's eyes, when the dear ones are gathered to their long home.—*Selected*

SPEAKERS AND HEARERS.—Hearers will always give speakers their attention, if speakers will give hearers something to attend to. That the former may be interested, it is necessary that the latter be interesting.—*Dr. Emmons.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"GOD SAW THAT IT WAS GOOD."

GOD spake,—not e'er before a sound,
Had stirred the dark abyss profound—
"Let there be light," and forth it came,
Not in a faint and flickering flame,
But pure, effulgent, from the Throne
Of Him in whom is light alone.
And Day and Night twin sisters stood—
GOD saw the light that it was good.

GOD spake—the firmament came forth,
And sun, and moon, and stars had birth;
The gathered waters, seas were called,
Alone by His firm mandate walled;
Then Earth appeared, but 'twas not blest
With aught to cheer, till His behest
Brought grass, and herb, and fruit for food—
GOD saw His work that it was good.

GOD spake—the waters teemed with life,
And birds, with song and beauty rife,
Sped thro' the air in tireless flight,
To find an ever-new delight.
And wild beasts roamed, not to destroy,
And creeping things in life found joy.
Sin had not cursed—man had not trod—
GOD saw His work that it was good.

GOD spake, and Oh, what wondrous plan
Filled th' Almighty's thought, when man
In angel grace and beauty came
His power and wisdom to proclaim!
In GOD's own image!—how the sight,
The angels fill with deep delight,
And wonder—not *yet* understood—
GOD saw His work, and lo! 'twas good.

The tempter came—ah! evil hour,
When first he sought our mother's bower.
Now, Desolation, like a wave,
Roll over all—the earth's a grave
For every living beautious thing—
Yet still we to our idols cling,
And ask why Sorrow, Darkness brood?
The answer still—"GOD saw 'twas good."

Yes, good; for earth no more can be
Fit dwelling-place, its melody
Is mingled with discordant sounds,
Which Sin has made. There e'er resounds
Some note of grief, or sight of woe,
Or fiend-like tone where'er we go;
And thus the heart forever pines
For happier realms and purer climes.

And Heaven—Oh! ear hath never heard
The thrilling notes by angels stirred!
And eye ne'er oped in world like this
On scenes of such transcendent bliss.
We'll bless the Hand that smites to dust
The cherished idols that we trust,
While "tempest-tost and rudely driven,"
We'll seek to find our rest in heaven.

Hillsdale, Mich., 1859. JULIA.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

IMMORTALITY.

"WHENCE this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man."

WE all know that beyond the turbid waters of death lies a better country—"even an heavenly." It is taught, not only in Revelation, but all Nature, from the murmuring rivulet to the boundless ocean, seems to say to us, "thou art immortal." And there is a something within that is ever telling us this is not our *entire* life; it is merely the dawning of a more glorious and unending one, which is enshrouded in the impenetrable folds of the mysterious future to be disclosed ere long to our enraptured gaze in all its resplendent beauty.

Oh! how it buoys the sinking spirits of the weary invalid, as he tosses in physical anguish, to feel, to *know*—blest assurance—that there is a world to which he is fast hastening where there will be neither sickness nor sorrow. How the grave loses its horrors illumined by such a faith, in the pure, soul-soothing light of which we may enter its otherwise gloomy portals hopefully, trustfully, knowing it is but the entrance to an "Eternal City whose builder and maker is GOD."

It is impossible with our present organization to have a perfect conception of what we shall be when unincumbered by this earthy tenement, "for it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." And it is well we do not, lest becoming weary with the disasters of this inconstant life, we should wish, and even dare to rush unbidden to our final home, forgetful of the duties to be performed, ere we shall become fitted for that holier, nobler life. Even now, when by faith we catch a glimpse of that heavenly world and the glorious things in reserve for us, our souls would fain leave the baser things of earth, and soar on spirit-wings to heights unseen, unknown to mortal man. Nevertheless, we are content to "abide our time," and cheerfully labor on, hope on, striving to perform aright the duties assigned us, and then, when this material body shall have become spiritual, we shall, with unclouded vision, behold the unspeakable glory of GOD. Is it not enough, to know that "we shall be like Him?" F. M. TURNER.

Oxford, N. Y., 1859.

A CHRIST-LIKE SENTIMENT.—Rev. Dr. Johns, an Episcopal clergyman in Baltimore, says of excessive denominationalism:—"Wherever this goes beyond love for souls, something is wrong. So fearful am I of this spirit that I have been accustomed for years in passing a house of worship of some other denomination than my own, to lift up my heart to God in prayer for that minister and his people."

MAN was made in the image of God that he might understand Him.

LETTERS FROM A HUNGARIAN.

NUMBER SEVEN.

Road to Fored, the most celebrated Water-Cure of Hungary—Indian Corn—Lake Balaton—Scenery—Remarkable Echo—The Visitors at the Water-Cure—The Peasantry on Sunday—The Great Prize-Winners at the Lottery—Concert, a Jewish Violinist—Return to Gran—Gipsies on the Road—Clay Houses.

DEAR FRIEND MOORE:—After having visited the capital and principal fortress of Hungary, *Buda-Pesth*, I made another excursion into the interior of the country to learn more of the character of the real Magyars, and for that purpose started for the most celebrated Hungarian water-cure, *Fared*. I accordingly entered the mail-coach (when the railroad now in progress is finished, the conveyance will be twice as cheap and convenient) at the post-office in Pesth; and after a journey of fifteen hours, interrupted only by the change of horses at every station, we reached the most favorite and elegant (and, of course, most expensive,) bathing-place of Hungary, situated on the shores of Lake Balaton, a sheet of water about fifty miles long and six in breadth, some eighty miles south-east of Pesth. The road through which we passed carried us through several towns and villages, over hills and valleys, none of which, however, are of sufficient importance to demand special mention. The valleys lining the macadamized highway on both sides, bloomed most luxuriantly with various kinds of grain, potatoes, and that most abundant *Kukuruts* (the Hungarian name for Indian corn.) So richly does this product cover the fields throughout Hungary, that during three months in the year, it is never wanting as a dessert, after dinner and supper, among the rich and poor. In one of the national melodies of the Magyar this grain is immortalized as an everlasting companion. It is rather strange that an article so abundant in Hungary, should be called "*Turkish* wheat" in German, and "*Indian* corn" in English. This latter appellation has led many farmers in the United States to believe that it is only grown in America; and I recollect seeing an *educated* farmer in the very city which may boast of issuing so well-conducted a journal as the RURAL, perfectly surprised at my telling him that I had seen *Indian* corn long before coming to America, and that I had up to my twelfth year probably eaten more "*Kukuruts*" than any Yankee of equal age.—Another particular that may not be uninteresting, especially to your *agricultural* readers, is the fact that in one place the fields were, for several miles in extent, almost literally covered with stones as big a man's head, and yet potatoes and other vegetables grow here in great abundance. The stones are left on the field, as the plant nevertheless forces its way through all obstacles; and it is only when fears are entertained lest the too vast collection of rocks suffocate the germ that the largest are removed and gathered in a heap.

After this digression about the road, let me tell you what I saw at *Fared*. This place consists of but one street—the houses of which are mostly hotels of more or less magnificent styles—at the end of which stands a chapel where, during the bathing season, (from May to September,) divine service is held on Sundays and other holidays.—Around this street are many promenades and an elegant park, in the center of which stands the *Sauerbrunn* ("sour fountain.") The water of this well has an acid taste, but is most agreeable to the palate and salutary to the body. Large quantities of this healthy water are sent in corked bottles to all parts of Hungary, where it forms a most luxurious beverage when mixed with wine. The addition of a little sugar causes the mixture to foam like ordinary soda-water, thus creating a most refreshing, invigorating, and cooling draught during the summer. But though such large quantities of this water are exported, it is here (at the water-cure) offered gratis to all as the fountain seems inexhaustible; and the man who stands at the well furnishing all who will with a glass, seems to me to proclaim, in the language of Isaiah:—"Ho, he that thirsteth, come ye and drink," &c. Not so, however, is it with the delicious fish who "multiply and increase" in the *Plattensee* (Lake Balaton.) Although these thrive here in great abundance, yet so superior are they to all others, that they, also, like the water of the fountain, are carried in such vast quantities to the markets of the larger cities, as to render them enormously dear even in the place of their nativity—about half a dollar a pound.

The scenery, on the whole, is most charming and picturesque, particularly on the rising hills of the opposite shore of the lake, where the echo is so perfect that if you make a speech in *one breath*, it will be repeated *verbatim* with the greatest distinctness. The lake itself seems to be a magic reflector, for when the sky is here and there veiled with thin, fleecy clouds, the limpid waters throw the various hues of red and blue. To a spot so delightful it is no wonder that the people are annually attracted; and, though the waters of the lake are fitted principally for *patients*, vast numbers of the wealthy *and healthy* flock hither just to show and enjoy themselves, while not a few make grand preparations and adroit displays to "catch a beau," or a "belle," as the case may be. In this way Fored, like many of the fashionable water-cures of America, is growing more and more aristocratic, frightening away the real but unfortunate patients of Æsculap. Still, there is one day when you can see hundreds of the *poorest* classes, even, the strong as well as the weak, either basking in the sun or standing in the large common baths. This is on Sunday, when the peasants of the neighboring villages come, one and all, bringing with them what food they need for the day, and enjoying the music in the park with the satisfaction, on their returning, of not having left a copper at the fashionable summer resort. I had thus the opportunity of seeing the most magnificent apparel beside the simple, peculiar dress of the genuine Magyar; the expanded crinoline beside the many-folded, gaily-colored Sunday petticoat; the tight pantaloons of the dandy beside the peasant's linen trowsers (*Gatya*) of almost fabulous width. Nor is that peculiar garment of the Magyars wanting—the *Bunda*. This is a long cloak of sheepskin which, as the peasant maintains, protects him against *heat* as well as cold. In cold weather he wears it with the wooly side *in*, in warm weather he turns the wooly side *out*. Some of these Sunday visitors spend all day in the bath, though the physicians advise their patients not to spend more than half an an hour in the water, nor bathe more than twice a day. But these unsophisticated peasants, being informed that most patients must take from twenty to sixty baths a season, think their bathing ten hours in succession must be an equivalent to at least twenty baths of half an hour each; and so they often come out of the water with hardly strength enough to keep them on their feet.

While I was walking up and down in the park with a friend of mine, I noticed several persons whose awkard demeanor, yet proud gait and splendid dress showed them to belong to the class of beings favored, by Mammon, but sadly neglected by the divinities of wisdom and common sense. Nor had they a noble birth to boast of. Still they excited attention and formed the topic of conversation in many a circle. "These," said my friend, as he noticed my somewhat surprised countenance, "these are among the happy *few* who had the fortune of winning the great prize at the imperial lottery. Yes, they are few, indeed, whose lot turns out so favorable; while hundreds are annually ruined by sitting down with a blank. An industrious shoemaker died some years ago in *Comorn*, among whose effects was bequeathed a box of blanks which amounted to near 1,000 florins (about $500.) Thus does the government give its sanction to that hazardous game which saps the accumulated savings of thousands of its subjects."—The remarks of my friend need no comment. Justly did the Hungarian patriots of '48 demand, among other points, the abolishing of the prevailing lottery system. The incomes of the lottery, it is argued, are applied to the building of highways and other public works. But, it seems to me, that, by these public works is meant the numerous palaces of the imperial house of Hapsburg.

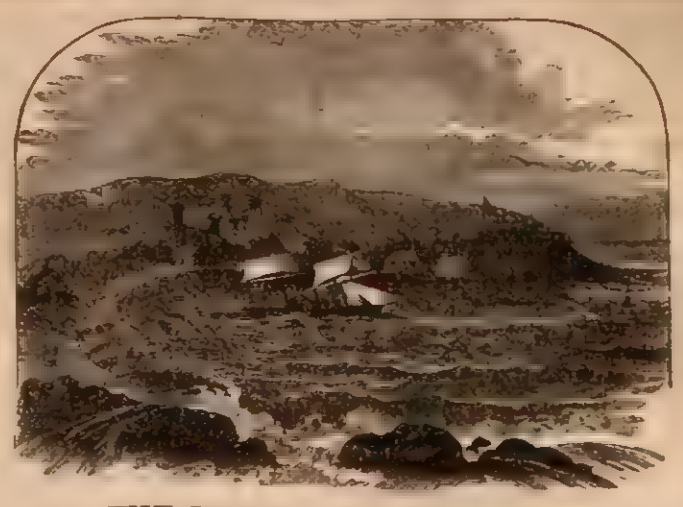
In the evening (Sunday) I had the pleasure of attending a concert, the hero of which was a musical genius only ten years of age, who executed some of the most difficult compositions of MEYERBEER, HALEVI, and others, on the violin. This young genius, who bids fair to rival OLE BULL—and will then, no doubt, "astonish the natives" of America, also—is a little Jew, LEOPOLD AUER, by name, and happens to be a native of the same city where I was born, viz., Wesprim, a few hours' ride from the summer retreat I am now describing. This boy affords another testimony that, though the sons of Israel have "hung their harps on the willows by the streams of Babylon," they have not forgotten the art of the Levitical choirs of old, but do even now challenge the admiration of the world, in such persons as THALBERG, VIEUXTEMPS, ERNEST, DEILLAG (a Jewess at the royal opera of Vienna,) not to speak of the many Jewish composists, such as MENDELSSHON, BARTHOLDY, MEYERBEER, and others.

Having arrived at Fœred in August, when the "season" was already drawing to its close, I no longer found the place so filled as it is in the early part of the summer. Most of the guests had already left, and so I determined to leave myself after having several times enjoyed the truly refreshing baths of the lake. For the sake of variety, I now took a different route from that on which I had come hither, and accordingly left with the *omnibus* (which is cheaper but not half so comfortable as the mail-coach, the former taking twelve passengers while the latter carries only six,) for *Gran*, the city where I first stopped on my arrival in Hungary, and of which I have given you a description in one of my previous letters. But though I now traveled a different route, I observed nothing new worth chronicling, excepting the large number of dirty villages, with no sidewalks in the streets, nor even closed yards to the houses. These are mostly built of clay which the peasant stamps himself, and piles together in thick, crooked walls, whose only beauty is the glistening whitewash. But the Hungarian farmer feels quite content within these loam walls, which, like his *bunda* (cloak,) keep out the heat in summer and the cold in winter.—Wherever we stopped for refreshments, we were regaled with the lively melodies of Hungary played either by Magyars or by that strange, dispersed race, the Gypsies, who wander about from place to place, the husbands playing music and the women telling fortunes by cards. How it happens that this forlorn race abounds more in Hungary than in any other country, I have never been able to ascertain. But such is the fact, and were it not that the Hungarians are passionately fond of music, the Gipsies would not be tolerated here either, they being of the foulest character. But I must not weary you with so many details, and hasten to bring this lengthy epistle to a close.

Yours, SIMON TUSKA.

THE CHAMELEON—*Singular Fact.*—Mr. Buckland, the great Naturalist, says:—"Betwixt the two sides of the body there seems a lack of sympathy. One eye may be looking straight forward, while the other is looking as directly backward. One may be entirely asleep, while the other is wide awake. And this kind of independent and separate action applies to each side of the creature—*to its limbs. It cannot swim, because its limbs refuse to act in concert.* Could the two sides understand one another, and agree on a prescribed course of action, it might always be awake, or half awake. But it gains nothing by its unilateral independency; the two sides are like two horses that won't work in harness. It seems strange, with such a peculiarity, that on trees, or *terra firma*, the creature should be able to make any progress. But as the two sides are fed by one mouth, and, as the insect tribes refuse to come to it, so they seem in regard to all culinary matters, to agree to sink their differences, and to move in harmony. The stomach is a potent harmonizer."

THE rich man travels as he pleases, the poor man as he can.



THE HARBOR OF ACAPULCO.

THE Harbor of Acapulco, on the shores of the Pacific, appears like a nest scooped out of the mountains, into and out of which the tide ebbs and flows by a double entrance riven by an earthquake in the solid rock. Tradition says another once existed, which an earthquake closed, while it opened the present channels. There is still in the sharp mountain ridge, that shuts it from the sea, another opening, dug by the labor of man, at a point opposite the entrance of the harbor; to let in the cool sea-breeze upon one of the hottest and most unhealthy places upon this continent. Such, in substance, is and was the little city of Acapulco, the seat and focus of the Oriental commerce of New Spain, and of the Spanish Empire.

It was not discovered when Cortez built in Colima the vessels that went to search for a northwest passage; but when they had returned from their fruitless voyage, they anchored in the mountain-girt harbor of Acapulco. The discoveries of the celebrated navigator, MAGELLAN, fixed the commercial character and importance of this seaport. He had sailed through the straits that bear his name, and coasted northwardly as far as the trades. And from thence he bore away to the Spice Islands, discovering on the voyage the Philippine Islands, where the city of Manilla was founded. By this voyage he demonstrated that the advantages of a route across the Pacific were so superior to a voyage around Cape Horn, as to justify the expense of a land transit from Acapulco to Vera Cruz, and reshipment to Spain. Now that the Panama Railroad is made, this demonstration may prove advantageous to other nations.

The practical advantage of this discovery was the establishment of the Manilla Company, whose annual galleon carried out 1,000,000 silver dollars to purchase Oriental products for the consumption of Spain and all her American colonies. In this galleon sailed the friars that went forth to the spiritual conquest of India. In it sailed Spanish soldiers, who followed hard after the priests, to add the temporal to the spiritual subjugation of Oriental empires. To this harbor the galleon returned, freighted with the rich merchandise of China, Japan, and the Spice Islands. When the arrival of the galleon was announced, traders hastened from every quarter of New Spain to attend the annual fair. Little vessels from down the coast came to get their share of the mammoth cargo. The king's officers came to look after the royal revenue; and caravans of mules were summoned to transport the Spanish portion of the freight to Vera Cruz.—Thus, for a short time, the population of this village was swollen from 4,000 to 9,000, which fell off again when the galleon took her departure.

Such was the commercial condition of the town of Acapulco down to the time of the independence. From this time it was lost to commerce, until it was made a half-way house on the voyage to California. The town lies upon the narrow intervale between the hills and the harbor. It is built of the frailest material, and is destroyed about once in ten years by an earthquake.

The castle of San Diego stands upon the high bank, and, though commanding the entrance to the harbor, is itself commanded by the surrounding high lands, and has so often been taken by assault during the last thirty years as to be considered untenable.—*Wilson's New History of Mexico.*

RISE OF WATER IN LAKE ONTARIO.

EDS. RURAL:—The rise of Lake Ontario for the last six weeks has been fearfully rapid. Not less than fourteen inches, during that time, have been added to its then unusual elevation; and at the present time it is about five feet above its lowest level.

Storms, when the water is so high, are always more or less destructive, in proportion to their violence, washing away land and sometimes other property. Saturday last we were visited by the most destructive storm that we ever witnessed here. The wind, attended with rain and snow, blew a gale from the N. E. most of the day; tearing up everything vulnerable in that direction. In the afternoon it changed into the N. W. and continued through the night, part of the time with increased violence, and abated not in its march of ruin till it strewed the shore for a great distance with the ruins it had wrought. The long and expensive wharf of B. TODD & SONS, together with one warehouse, were completely demolished and scattered along the shore. Another warehouse belonging to them is completely riddled, the floor torn up and the north end carried away. The wharf of Mr. J. REYNOLDS was swept clear of everything that lay above the water, every plank torn away, and a large quantity of cedar posts were cast upon the water, and now lie piled promiscuously along shore. His two warehouses did not escape material damage. A large blacksmith shop, built of cobble-stone, two stories high, (originally some forty feet from the lake, and protected by a wharf,) was ruined by the storm. The whole side next the lake fell with a crash about nine o'clock last evening. We heard that three vessels went ashore near Sodus last night (doubtful) and one five miles east of this place. The lake has been high for several years. Last summer it was some ten inches above its present height, and about that number of inches higher than ever known before; but it fell during the fall and winter about two feet, and commenced rising again some six weeks ago. D. C. H.

Pultneyville, N. Y., April 25, 1859.

REMARKS.—According to the regular measurement of the level of Lake Ontario for several years, at the Port of Genesee, at the mouth of the Genesee, this statement and several others need some correction.

The change in the level has been greater in a month than this here given. The level has risen six and a half inches in April and five in March, and is now three and a half inches lower than in Aug., 1858.

The lake has not been rising for several years; for the lowest known here in thirteen years was in Feb., 1857, as low into one inch in 1850, and into two inches in 1848 and in 1846. Indeed the lake was low the last five months of 1856, lower still in Nov. and Dec. of that year, and in Feb., 1857, the lowest, as already stated. It then rose to the mean height in May, 1857, and was the highest that year in October. It was high in Jan., 1858, and highest in August, 1858. Since that time it has fallen some, but is now quite high again. The variation of the level at Toronto corresponds to this here nearly in time and quantity.

The range here in thirteen years has not exceeded fifty-four inches, and occurred in 1857 and 1858, the water being lowest in Feb. of the former and August of the latter.

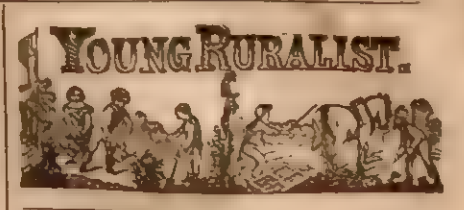
The lake rises or falls from the varying quantity of water from rain and snow, and of evaporation, as the principal causes, the excess being poured from the great water-shed into this great natural reservoir prepared for it. The rise of Lake Ontario has been expected on account of the great rains at the West. It would not be strange to find the level yet higher. There is no difficulty in accounting for the change but that of the varying quantities of rain at different times and in different years.

May, 2, 1859. C. D.

TEA-TASTING.

FEW of our readers are aware that tea-tasting is reduced to a regular profession, one which is as certain death to a man as the continued practice of opium-eating. The success of the tea-broker, or taster, depends upon the trained accuracy of his nose and palate, his experience in the wants of the American market, and a keen business tact. If he has these qualities in high cultivation he may make from twenty to forty thousand dollars per annum while he lives, and die of ulceration of the lungs. He overhauls a cargo of tea, classifies it, and determines the value of each sort. In doing this he first looks at the color of the leaf and the general cleanliness of it. He next takes a quantity of the herb in his hand, and, breathing his warm breath on it, he snuffs up the fragrance. In doing this he draws into his lungs a quantity of irritating and stimulating dust, which is by no means wholesome. Then, sitting down at the table in his office, on which is a long row of little porcelain cups and a pot of hot water, he "draws" the tea and tastes the infusion. In this way he classifies the different sorts to the minutest shade, marks the different prices, and is then ready to compare his work with the invoice. The skill of these tastes is fairly marvelous, but the effect of the business on their health is, as I have said, ruinous. They grow lean, nervous, and consumptive. At the end of a hard day's work they feel and act as fidgety and cross as if they had the hysterics.

CROCODILES.—After burying the eggs in the soil, there to be matured by the sun, the female visits, from time to time, the place in which they are secreted, and just as the period of hatching is completed, exhibits her eagerness for her offspring in the anxiety with which she comes and goes, walks around the nest of her hopes, scratches the fractured shell, and, by signs which resemble the bark of a dog, excites the half-extricated young to struggle forth into life. When she has beheld, with this sort of joy, fear and anxiety, the last of her offspring quit its broken casement, she leads them forth into the plashy pools away from the river, and among the thick underwood, to avoid the predatory visits of the father, whose palate delights in nothing more than the flavor of his own young, which he eats remorselessly on every opportunity. In this season of care and watchfulness over them, she is ferocious, daring, and morose, guarding with inquietude her young, whenever they wander. She turns when they turn, and by whining and grunting shows a peculiar solicitude to keep them in such pools only as are much too shallow for the resort of the full-grown reptile.



PLEASURE GARDENING FOR YOUTH.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Once or twice before I have undertaken to tell my young friends who read this department of the RURAL how to grow MELONS. I do so with good confidence that I am not writing about an uninteresting subject, for all the boys and girls like *good melons*. The best soil for the melon is one that is warm and sandy; in fact, I do not care how sandy it is if I have a little well rotted manure to enrich it with. But all who would like to grow and eat melons cannot find such a soil as this, and therefore they must plant on the best they have. There are very few difficulties of this kind, however, that cannot be overcome, if we try in earnest. This is a lesson that I learned long ago, and never have forgotten it. This is the way I have always prepared hills for melons in a heavy clay soil, and I have never failed to grow them so good as to make the boy's mouths water—in fact they have presented so great a temptation that many dishonest fellows have robbed my melon patch. I regretted, of course, the loss of my melons, but I regretted far more that any young men should so far forget the right as to do so mean a thing, and pursue a course very likely to lead them to even still worse practices, and finally, perhaps to prison. Most of this practice, I think, is the result of thoughtlessness, for some boys, I have no doubt, have taken my melons, who would die rather than steal a chicken from my fowl-house, or a dollar from my pocket. And yet some nights they have done more mischief to my melon patch, and caused me more loss than though they had robbed me of half-a-dozen fowls or as many dollars. Boys that will grow melons themselves, or any other fruit, will not steal thoughtlessly; they know how much care and time it takes to grow good fruit, and how much a person prizes a fruit that he has raised, often far above its market value. Sometimes I have had a pear picked thoughtlessly that was worth only a few cents, and yet we would not have lost it for several dollars. After we have grown a tree two, or three, or more years, we look anxiously for the first fruit, to see its quality, and its loss causes great disappointment and regret.

Well, this has not much to do with growing melons, but still it will be useful I hope, to the youth, whom I love as well as fruits and flowers; in fact I never talk and think of children, but I compare them to flowers, and get them all mixed together,—the children are the flowers of the family, some of them wild ones, with prickles and thorns,—like thistles, they annoy everybody that has anything to do with them, while others are as sweet as the violet, and beautiful as pinks. The flowers are the children of the field.

But I must keep to the melons. If you have only a heavy soil, then dig holes six or eight feet apart, where the hills are to be. Make them four feet in diameter and about eight inches deep in the center, running to nothing at the edges. Then go to some sandy knoll in the woods and gather the surface soil, which will be composed of decayed leaves and sand. Fill the holes with this material, making it about three inches higher in the center than the natural soil, and round off the hill nicely. Plant six or eight seeds in each hill, though three strong plants are enough. The weak ones can be removed after danger from insects is past. Keep the ground between the hills mellow. This can be done in a large field by the cultivator, but in a small patch the best thing is the manure fork, and it should be done only in dry weather. Don't touch the soil or walk upon it when it is wet.

The time for planting is between the 20th of May and 1st of June. One of the best things for forwarding melons is a little box made of boards sloping towards the front and covered with one or more lights of glass as shown in the engraving. This should face South or South-east, and be placed over the hills, and after the plants are up a little air should be given warm days, by moving the glass one side, but nights and cold days it should be closed tight. After the weather gets quite warm, and the plants are so large as to fill the box, remove it. This is a sure protection against insects, and forwards the melons several weeks, which is a very important matter. Before removing the box it may be raised up by placing stones under it. If this is done for a week or so the plants will become so hardened that they will not notice the removal. Do this, and you will have good melons, whether your neighbors have any or not.

Monroe Co., N. Y., May, 1859. OLD GARDENER.

THE Poet Gray once said:—"I have discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one can never have more than a single mother." I said to a young artist once, in allusion to the kiss that Benj. West, when a boy received from his mother, for his picture of "the baby,"—"Sir, your mother ought to kiss you." "I have no mother," said he, and the emotion that filled his voice revealed the true man. No mother! Badly off is he whose mother cares not for him; still worse off is he who cares not for his mother.

IF we do not learn to love the beautiful in youth we never shall. The Sabbaths are not the same to me now as they were in childhood; they are not so still; the sun rises more worldly; the cattle are not so devout. They have all changed, or I have, and not for the better.—*H. W. Beecher.*

THE alphabet of our knowledge is in our own faculties—in Hope, Fear, Love, Reverence, susceptibility to beauty, or what not.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER AND NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 21, 1859.

Latest News, Foreign and Domestic.

The telegraph last evening (Monday,) informed us of the arrival of four steamers at New York and Quebec—the *Weser* and *Borussia*, from Bremen; the *Arago* and *Nova Scotian*, from Liverpool. The news received is four days later than that of the *Persia*, given in another column. There had not been a collision up to hour of sailing between the Austrians and French, but Austria had entered Sardinia and taken possession of two or three inferior towns, while France had declared war. We give a condensation below:

Queen Victoria has issued a Royal Proclamation, offering a bounty of £10 to able seamen willing to enter Her Majesty's service, with the intention of recruiting 10,000 additional seamen. The English naval dock-yards and arsenals are in a great state of excitement. Preparations for war were being made on an extensive scale. Admiralty instructions were received at Woolwich dock-yard April 30th, directing the acting master shipwrights to hasten with all possible dispatch the completion of the various new class steam frigates in process of construction.

The proclamation of the Austrian Emperor concludes as follows:—"Austria, faithful to her mission in the political world, has drawn the sword to defend the rights which treaties have given her, and to maintain the independence of European States."

Napoleon sent to the Corps Legislatif, on the 3d, a strong warlike manifesto, in which he says:—"Austria has virtually declared war against France, and nothing remains for France but to take up the sword in defence of Italy. He disclaims all idea of conquest, and professes nothing but the purest sympathy for Italy, and says he is about to place himself at the head of the army, and leave the Empress and his son to the patriotic care of the French people.

Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, addresses his troops as follows—"Soldiers!—Austria, who is increasing her armies on our frontier, and threatens to invade our territory because her liberty reigns with order—because, not might, but concord and affection between the People and the Sovereign here govern the State—because the groans of oppressed Italy here find an echo—Austria dares to ask us, who are only armed in self-defence, to lay down our arms and submit to her clemency. That insulting demand received the reply it deserved. I rejected it with contempt.—Soldiers, I tell it to you, convinced that you will take an insult to your king and to your nation as an insult to yourselves. The announcement I make to you is the announcement of war! Soldiers, to arms!"

In *Washington*, matters are pretty quiet just at present. The correspondent of the N. Y. *Herald* writes that Mr. Dallas, our Minister at London, has informed the Secretary of State of the disapproval by England of the treaty recently negotiated by Sir Wm. Gore Ousley, and that they had given him peremptory orders to proceed to Nicaragua and conclude a treaty in accordance with his instructions.

The territorial routes, between Neosho, Missouri, and Alberquerque and New Mexico, and between Kansas Mission and Stockton, California, which were let by contract last year, have been discontinued, to take effect on the 1st of July next. The failure of Congress to make the usual appropriation for the Post Office Department, the interruptions of the mails, mostly from the presence of hostile Indians along the lines, and the consequent reduction of mail matter to a comparatively insignificant amount, are the reasons alleged for the discontinuance of this overland experiment.

Dispatches received from Minister McLean announce that he has arranged the basis of a treaty with Mexico, by which the right of way from the Rio Grande to Guaymas is secured. The neutrality of the Tehuantepec is also to be guaranteed.

From *Nebraska* and *Kansas* we learn that the inhabitants of the former Territory are earnestly agitating for the annexation of so much of Nebraska as lies south of the Platte river to Kansas, so as to secure her admission into the Union at the next session of Congress. The public sentiment in that portion of the Territory strongly favors the proposed annexation, and it was recently resolved in Mass Convention, that Nebraska City nominate delegates to the Kansas Constitutional Convention, which is to assemble at Wyandotte in July.

The latest *Mexican* dates are from Vera Cruz to the 8th, and the City of Mexico to the 1st of May. News unimportant. Gen. Robles was at Jalapa with 1,000 men. He has issued a decree forbidding the passage of the American mails. Great confusion existed at the Capital, where a change in the Presidency was daily expected, and an outbreak consequently feared. Miramon was trying to raise money from European capitalists, on a pledge of the church property, the Archbishop consenting to the mortgage. The English and French fleets were still at Sacrificio.

What Napoleon Contracts to Perform.—A gossiping letter from Paris, speaking about the Austrian Emperor's mother, says:—"The Archduchess is a woman of the most powerful intellect, and still holds her rule over her son as firmly as in the days of his minority. Her penetration is proverbial; and she still consults with Metternich upon all subjects connected with the interests of the Austrian Crown. Ever since the marriage of Prince Napoleon, the suspicions of the lady have been aroused; and at length, by dint of artifice and money, of faith in themselves and the want of it in others, the experienced pair have succeeded in obtaining the full copy of the letters of Prince Napoleon and the Emperor of the French to the King of Sardinia, by which it becomes clear that *the war in Italy is but a secondary object—that the ultimate end is the bestowal of Lombardy on King Victor, Rome on Prince Napoleon, Naples on Prince Murat, and the overthrow of Austria*, which leaves the road open to Russia; and then—hurrah for the long-cherished idea of an attack on England!—the deed which is to render his name immortal as that of Cæsar, and efface that of the great Napoleon, by performing that which even he never dared to do, and avenging him." A nice little job and very easily completed, no doubt!

Medical Information Sought.—At the suggestion of the American Pharmaceutical Association, the Secretary of the Interior has directed the following queries to be forwarded to the Indian Agents in the employ of the Government:—1st. What medicinal plants are used by the different Indian tribes in the vicinity of your agency? 2d. The medical virtues ascribed by the Indians to them, whether emetic, carthartic, diuretic, diaphoretic, expectorant, anthelminthic, stimulant, narcotic, tonic, astringent, or anti-spadmodic; the diseases said to be cured or alleviated by the respective plants? 3d. In what latitude are they to be found? 4th. In what quantities can they be obtained? 5th. How near to navigable streams can they be gathered? 6th. What facilities can be had for sending them to market? This information is to be forwarded to the Indian Bureau.

Fairport Chemical Works.—These Works, established some years ago by Mr. D. B. DeLand, at Fairport, in this county, rank among the most complete and successful of the kind in the Union. Last season the enterprising proprietor visited Europe with a view of obtaining a knowledge of any improvements worthy of note and introduction, but found he was already in advance of manufacturers in the old world, in some respects. The articles manufactured are Saleratus, Bi-Carbonate of Soda, Sal Soda, Cream Tartar, &c., and their reputation is such that they sell readily throughout the country, thus constantly increasing the demand through the orders of dealers.

Exploration of the Unknown Regions of the Northwest.—The Common Council of the city of St. Paul have passed a resolution providing for the fitting out of a party of exploration to traverse the unknown regions between the boundary line of Minnesota and British Columbia. The party is to journey under the command of General S. B. Olmstead of Fort Ripley, and Col. Wm. H. Nobles of St. Paul. The expedition is to penetrate the unbroken forests of the Red River of the North, explore the sources of the Columbia River, and the region occupied by the Kutonais Indians, and return to Minnesota by the way of the Lewis & Clark pass, the falls of the Missouri, and the valley of Milk River.

The Division of California.—The telegraph brings information that a bill for the division of the State of California has passed both branches of the Legislature, and gone to the Governor for his signature. This bill is entitled "An Act for granting the consent of the Legislature to the formation of a different Government for the Southern counties of the State," and undoubtedly looks to the erection of a territory thus set off, into an independent State. The name proposed to be given to it is the Territory of Colorado.

The Pike's Peak Emigration.—Advices at St. Louis on 10th inst., from Pike's Peak give very discouraging accounts of matters in that region. Large numbers of miners were returning without the means of subsistence on the way back, and it is feared that many will die from starvation. Apprehensions were also entertained that they would attack the outgoing trains.

Personal and Political.

Prof. Olmsted expired at his residence in New Haven on the 13th inst., aged 68 years. He graduated at Yale College in 1813, was elected Professor of Chemistry of North Carolina in 1816, and served ten years. When there he made a geograpical survey of that State, the first State survey made in this country; and in 1825 he was elected Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Yale College, which post he filled at the time of his death.

But a short time since we announced the death of Dr. George Abbott, American Vice Consul at Cairo; and we now learn of the death of the elder brother, Dr. Henry Abbott, the well known collector of Egyptian antiquities, and for nearly thirty years the only resident English physician in Cairo.

Ex-Gov. Kent, of Maine, has been appointed Justice of the Supreme Judial Court of that State.

The Republicans of Minnesota have called their State Convention at St. Paul on the 20th of July to nominate State Officers and Congressmen.

The Cincinnati Gazette says the talk about Guthrie for the next Presidency has nearly died out in Kentucky, and Vice-President Breckenridge is now the cry. The latter, remarks the Gazette, will undoubtedly be the man of the Southern Democracy.

The telegraph informs us that D. A. Smalley, of Vermont, the Chairman of the National Central Democratic Committee, is now in Washington, conferring as to a compromise of the difficulties between the Douglas and Buchanan wings of the Democracy, and perhaps in reference to the delegates to the Charleston Convention.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune says that Mr. Slidell is laying his wires for the nomination at Charleston, having a perfect understanding with Mr. Bright, to the effect that their interests are in no event to clash, and are to be combined, according to the necessities which may arise.

A select party of the hard shell Democracy met at the Astor House, New York city, on the 12th inst., to devise some plan to reunite the Democracy of the State. A communication was addressed to the State Central Committee, couched in becoming terms, proposing a basis of union by which the edict of proscription, issued by the last State Convention, should be recalled. The offices are to be divided next fall, and the delegates to the Charleston Convention appointed between the softs and hards according to their relative strength in the State.

The Last Fillibustering Expedition.—It will be remembered by our readers that the 1st of April last was the day appointed for the delivery of the "groaning Cubans from the Spanish yoke," and that various enterprising New Yorkers had contracted not only for the completion of the task, but also for furnishing a bran new government to the benighted residents of this "Gem of the Antilles." Something was sadly out of joint, however, and the Cubans will be compelled to submit to the burdens their masters may see fit to impose, a little longer. By the Quaker City, at New Orleans on the 4th inst., we learn that the brig African arrived at Port Au Prince, with 35 fillibusters, 240 guns, and other munitions of war, having failed to land them at Nueva Grandes, Cuba. The attempt was made on the 7th ult., but the boats were swamped and the munitions in them lost. The African received $1,000 in allowance for the service. The Spanish Consul in Hayti had notified Gen. Concha, who dispatched a war steamer to capture them. The Cahawba, at New York on the 5th inst., confirms the foregoing report, adding that one vessel was wrecked, and that the crew and fillibusters were dependent upon public charity at San Domingo.

Cotton in Algeria.—The Paris correspondent of the N. O. *Picayune* gives the following information touching the experiment of raising Cotton in Algeria:—"The French Government has decided that hereafter the premiums paid for the cultivation of cotton in Algeria shall be abolished. Although the Moniteur boasts that while 1,014,000 pounds of cotton was grown in Algeria in 1854, and 1,560,000 pounds in 1857, and the crop of 1858 will be still larger, there seems to be little question the experiment has proved a costly failure, and the Government regards money spent on this crop as treasure thrown away. The decree hints the Government will soon cease to buy the cotton in that Colony; at present it is under obligation to buy all the cotton raised there. Therefore, in a year or two this experiment of the French will share the fate of their other costly exporiments."

From Japan.—News from Japan dated at Nagasaki on the 16th of February, has been received at New York. Tycoon, the new civil Emperor, was crowned on the 4th of last month at Jeddo. He is only 15 years old. A Japanese war steamer was to accompany the embassy for Washington as far as Panama. A fire in Jeddo had destroyed 5,000 buildings. Very important despatches from the English government had reached Nagasaki, and were at once sent on to Jeddo. Their contents were not known.

A Large Business.—The *Courier and Enquirer* of the 12th inst., says the transactions on the Corn Exchange yesterday footed up about 30,000 barrels of flour, 50,000 bushels of wheat, 46,000 bushels of corn, and 20,000 barrels of beef, pork, &c., to the value in all of at least $600,000. This for the season, when stocks and receipts of breadstuffs are much smaller than at other periods of the year, is a very large business.

Plenty of Wine.—The Cincinnati *Gazette* says that in Longworth's Wine House there is wine enough, of last year's growth, to fill ninety thousand bottles. The entire amount of wine on hand is estimated at upwards of 310,000 bottles.

The Earthquake—"No Great Shakes After All."—It is now said by a journal published near Quito, in South America, that only ten persons lost their lives by the late earthquake in that city. It had been reported that 8,000 were destroyed.

News Paragraphs.

Among the quotations in the Liverpool market range on the 30th ult., was an advance of fifty to seventy cents in the price of saltpetre. Could anything be more significant of war than this simple statement.

The aronauts are going to meet in New York to consider the various plans for crossing the Atlantic, a thing that several of them are confident can be done. Mr. Wise intends to try the voyage from St. Louis to New York in the course of the season.

Major Kearney, of New York, who took a prominent part in the war with Mexico, it is rumored, has entered the staff of one of the French Generals as a volunteer.

Letters from abroad report that the agitation which has been going on in Europe for the last three months has produced at least one good result. During that period the people have enjoyed more liberty of discussion, and have probably learned more, than during the preceding ten years. Through journals and pamphlets appeals have been made and heard.

The Province of Novia Scotia is following out the reform begun in Canada, and has decided to adopt the decimal system of currency. The system is to go into operation December 21, 1860.

New York is an enterprising village. In August last—nearly a year ago—the City Hall was partially destroyed by a fire, caused by the fire-works used during the Atlantic Cable festivities, but so queerly are things managed by the Gothamite officials, the building has not been repaired to this day, notwithstanding the rain pours down through the roof at every storm.

The town of Nelson, N. H., containing a population of about 650, has made fourteen and a half tuns of maple sugar the present season. The number of trees tapped was 10,859; the number of trees in the town suitable for tapping, which were not tapped, is 10,333.

The Austrian Government has had under discussion an edict that no Christian should be allowed to remain in the service of a Jew. Whereupon the Jews resolved that if this edict passed no Jew should discount Austrian paper. This was more than Austria expected. She therefore discarded the exclusive idea on her part, to enjoy the coveted privilege of still borrowing money from the Jews! Mammon forever!

The work on the People's College is progressing finely; the work in the brick yard has also been resumed; all is bustle and stir about the College buildings. We understand that it is the intention of the Trustees to have the building up and enclosed this season. So says the Havana Journal.

Many Italians have left, and others are about leaving this country, to take part in the threatened struggle on the soil of their native land. They hope that, in the strife, something favorable to Freedom may "turn up." But how, when, or where, is not so clear.

It has been ascertained by careful investigation into the influence of marriages of consanguinity of offspring, that over ten per cent. of the blind, and nearly fifteen per cent. of the idiotic in the various State institutions, for the treatment of their defects, are offspring of kindred parents. And making an estimate based on the best ascertained data, there would be found in the twenty millions of white inhabitants in the United States, six thousand three hundred and twenty-one marriages of cousins, giving birth to three thousand nine hundred and nine deaf and dumb, blind, idiotic and insane.

The death of M. de Tocqueville, already more than once prematurely announced, is now unhappily a fact only too well established. The celebrated author of *La Democratie en Amerique*, died at Cannes, on the 16th ult., at the age of 54 years.

The Savannah Republican says 1,344 tuns of guano have been transported to the interior of that State over the railroads, for the four months ending 31st March. The Republican says the older portions of Georgia are more thrifty and productive, at this time, than they were 20 years ago.

The accumulation of smoke in the atmosphere of Cincinnati so perpetually obscures the heavens from view, that Prof. Mitchell has urged the removal of the Astronomical Observatory. The recommendation will be carried out.

Peterson's Detector warns persons who are compelled to handle bank notes, not to wet their thumbs while counting the bills. It remarks that if the thumb comes in contact with the tongue after handling a note from the pocket of a man infected with the small pox, the infection is as sure to take effect as the inoculation of a child.

From the Pacific Side.

The steamship Star of the West arrived at New York on the 14th inst., from Aspinwall with California mails and dates of April 20th. She left Aspinwall the 4th, and touched at Havana the 9th.—She brings nearly $1,500,000 in specie. She left at Aspinwall the frigate Roanoke.

She reports a rumor at Acapulco—her dates probably not so late as already received via. Vera Cruz—that the Liberals had taken all of the city of Mexico, excepting the Palace.

The overland mail of March 28th, arrived at San Jose, April 19th. All of the California news of interest has been anticipated via. New Orleans.

The San Francisco markets are dull and glutted with Eastern produce. A large number of auction sales of assorted dry goods, boots and shoes, and groceries, had taken place during the fortnight.—Money market easy and active.

Mining reports continue promising. Weather favorable for both agriculture and mining.

Advices from the Isthmus are unimportant. The Panama Star says the Cass-Herran treaty, sent from Washington to Bogota for ratification, had been lost in the Magdalena River by the capsizing of the boat.

The French brig Lydia, from Bordeaux for Carthagena, was lost near the latter place, April 11th.

There are no later dates from South America than those brought by the Northern Light.

The News Condenser.

— There are 29,000 post-offices in the United States.

— The principal stores in Philadelphia are closed at 5 o'clock P. M.

— The water celebration in Brooklyn cost that city over $10,000.

— Massachusetts Bay is reported to be full of humpback whales.

— Immense flocks of wild pigeons pass southward near Chicago.

— Prof. Morse and family have returned to New York from Porto Rico.

— A New Orleans editor had green corn for his dinner on Monday week.

— Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the Novelist and Cabinet Minister, is very ill.

— A French writer estimates the whole number of vessels afloat at 129,948.

— Walker, "the gray-eyed man of destiny," is residing quietly at San Francisco.

— A halibut, weighing 475 pounds, was caught off Point Judith, on Sunday week.

— The chain cables of the steamship Great Eastern weigh seventy pounds per link.

— The Philadelphia Tract Society distributed 1,659,044 pages of tracts the past year.

— Bishop Davis, of South Carolina, has, it is stated, almost entirely lost his eye-sight.

— The Peoples' line of boats carry flour from Albany to New York for eight cents a barrel.

— Grace Church, Providence, R. I., was commenced 18 years ago, and is not yet finished.

— A law abolishing the office of crier in the courts has gone into effect in Massachusetts.

— Geo. Roberts' and Park Benjamin's Constellation newspaper in New York, has "gone out."

— The "Prairie Chicken" is the name of a newspaper recently started in a town Out West.

— Paul Morphy, the renowned chess player, arrived in the Persia, and is stopping in New York.

— The census to be taken next year will show the population of the U. S. to be over 30,000,000.

— Fifty-one new counterfeits, on different banks, have been put in circulation since the 1st of April.

— The Emperor Napoleon III., having been born on the 20th April, 1808, has completed his 51st year.

— It cost the city of Albany last year to sustain their municipal government the round sum of $506,552.

— There is to be a grand celebration of the completion of the Victoria Bridge, at Montreal, in October.

— Dr. Henry Miller, of Ky., is elected President of the American Medical Association for the ensuing year.

— At Petersburgh, Va., last week, a party of factory girls administered an unmerciful thrashing to a libertine.

— The Kent (Md.) News states that at least one-half of the peach crop in that county has been destroyed by frost.

— It is computed that not much less than a hundred thousand pounds of sugar will be made in Liberia this year.

— A factory for the manufacture of tapestry carpets is about to be established at Cohoes by Albany capitalists.

— The Milwaukee Sentinel says that 85,000 barrels of lager beer and ale are manufactured in that city annually.

— The Legislature of California has resolved to have the laws of the State translated into the Spanish language.

— Major General Sir Fenwick Williams, Bart., of Kars, is appointed Commander-in-chief of the forces in Canada.

— Commander J. S. Paine, of the United States Navy, died at his residence in Portland on Monday week, aged 60 years.

— Bishop Cobb, of Ala., has sent to the county treasurer at Huntsville, $960 handed him by a thief at the confessional.

— The Prussian frigate Gedon, which has arrived at Norfolk, Va., has on board 500 men and officers, including a prince.

— St. Louis now claims a population of 190,000, by actual count, and that the census of 1860 will credit her with 225,000.

— In one part of London, people live in the proportion of 243,000 per square mile; and in a part of Liverpool 460,000.

— Five car loads of English converts to Mormonism passed West the other night, on the emigrant train, bound for Salt Lake.

— The Milwaukee Sentinel chronicles the arrival of passengers in that city in forty hours from New York,—the quickest time yet.

— At the New Tyne Docks, in England, a steamer was recently loaded with 400 tuns of coal and trimmed for sea in 55 minutes.

— In 1814 there were but 11 weekly papers in Connecticut—no dailies, of course. There are now some 40 weeklies and 14 dailies.

— A little son of J. B. Chase, of Albany, Wis., died on Saturday week, from the effects of a pumpkin seed lodging in his windpipe.

— Two well known Canadian nabobs are up for Parliament in England, Sir Allan McNab and Judge Haliburton (Sam Slick.)

— Soulouque's prime Minister is said to have cheated the ex-Emperor out of his ill-gotten money, and is enjoying it at present in Paris.

— Some 80 young Germans have left Cincinnati for the father-land, intending to enlist in the service of Austria, out of dislike to Napoleon.

— The statistics of Ohio for 1858 show the number of suicides in that State to have been 60 in all, or one in every 40,000 of the population.

— Death-bed bequests are not valid in Canada. Bequests, to be valid, must be made six months at least before the death of the testator.

— Every person who smokes in the streets of Salem, Mass., renders himself liable to a fine of $3. The authorities are enforcing the law.

— Collantes, Spanish ex-Minister of Public Works, has been impeached by the Cortes for having, in 1854, defrauded the Treasury of $50,000.

— Among the passengers for Europe in the steamer Africa, which sailed on Wednesday, was Chevalier Hulsemann, the Austrian Minister.

— Barbers complain that the prevailing custom of wearing all the hair that will grow on the face has decreased their business at least 10 per cent.

— Mr. Wheeler Green, of Ashley Falls, Mass., over 100 years old, has recently married Mrs. Schemmerhorn, of Norfolk, Conn., over 80. A "love match."

— In Cincinnati they have introduced a plan of making the inmates of the city prison earn their Bread. A large number are at work in the stone quarries.

Old World Matters.

At time of writing, (Monday A. M.,) we are without any foreign intelligence that can be called later than what was given RURAL readers in our last issue. The news by the *Persia*, however, (of which we give a transcript,) is more explicit than that already published. Two or three steamers are now due, and the probabilities are that something of a definite character, concerning the movements of the belligerent parties, will be received ere we close for the press.

GREAT BRITAIN.—It *is* said that the French and Russian Governments have lately been procuring large supplies of charts and surveys of the English coast and the English stations in the Mediterranean, and have likewise been engaged making large purchases of coal, irrespective of price or quality.

It is also intimated that an extensive order for charts had been received from the Spanish Government, and the inference was that Spain would throw herself into the arms of France.

The quarterly returns of emigration from Liverpool show great activity in the movement towards the United States, and it was believed that the next four months' emigration would be the largest experienced for several years.

The *Herald* says, speaking of the English mediation, that further attempts appear useless. The French, it believes, are anxious to re-open negotiations by means of conference between England, Prussia and Russia, to be held during a sort of armistice between the actual litigants.

The *Times*, re-uttering its previous statement, says the advance post of the Austrian army crossed the Ticino on the 26th, and would take position on the enemy's territory; and the main army crossed on the 29th. By all accounts the Austrians had determined on a vigorous movement, and there can be but little doubt are desirous of striking a blow before the French troops can reach them.

FRANCE.—Paris is in a high state of excitement. The French were unprepared for the bidden movements, they expecting to begin war at their leisure, somewhere about the end of May.

The Ministry of Police is to be re-established after the fashion of the first Emperor.

Eight steam frigates filled with troops, left Toulon on the 26th for Genoa. Genoa is to be occupied as the basis of operations, whence they can threaten the Austrian's left flank, and there is to be another basis at Lusa, which will also be fortified and made a general depot for the troops that arrive through the Alpine pass.

The French troops experienced some difficulty in crossing Mount Cenis. Forty thousand workmen were employed in clearing off immense masses of snow. It was expected by the end of the week there would be eighty thousand French troops in Italy.

SARDINIA.—The following is the summary of the King of Sardinia's proclamation to the army:—The King regards the demand to disarm as an outrage on himself and the nation, and has therefore refused the demand with disdain and scorn. The King calls to mind Italy's cry of anguish, and says, I will be your Captain. I have proved your valor on the field of battle by the side of my illustrious father. This time you will have for your comrades the gallant French soldiers, your companions on the Chernoya, whom the Emperor has sent to support and defend our just and civilizing cause.—Forward to victory! Let our banners announce to you that our object, like our war cry, is Independence of Italy!

The Universities of Piedmont had been closed by royal decree.

The Sardinians had retired from Palasia to the west bank of the Sesia. The great mass of the army, 75,000 strong, was concentrated around the fortresses of Allesandria and Casale, with a second line at the foot of the Apponines, between Novo and Tortona.

The Turin correspondent of the *Times* does not think the Austrians will reach the Capital. The country has been laid under water, by means of the canals of Cygag, and measures have been taken to render the roads temporarily impassable.

THE BOUNDARY LINE DISPUTE WITH GREAT BRITAIN.—A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, who is connected with the public service in Washington Territory, says that the islands in dispute with Great Britain, on the northwest coast and near Vancouver's Island, are 15 or 20 in number, and of great military importance, and declares that the boundary line claimed by the Americans is the natural and obvious one, and that it is the one contemplated at the time of the treaty, altho' not named. The National Intelligencer coincides with the opinion of its correspondent, deeming the American view of the question as correct, and that of the British officials as presumptuous.

WM. S. GRANT, Esq., of Farmingdale, Maine, who was a short time since at Pike's Peak, sends word to a company at Gardiner and Farmingdale, not to come out there, as the bubble has exploded.

EXPORTS OF BREADSTUFFS FROM THE UNITED STATES.—The following from the New York *Shipping List* shows the export of Breadstuffs from the United States to Great Britain and Ireland, since 1st Sept., 1858:

		Flour, bbls.	Meal, bush.	Wheat, bush.	Corn, bush.
New York	May 10	78,708	20	395,655	850,267
New Orleans	Apl 30	2 095	....	18,623	2,500
Philadelphia	May 7	2,063	..	20,381	14,181
Baltimore	" 7	..	..	....	....
Boston	" 7	..	..	....	....
Other Ports	" 6	.. 40	..	....	....
Total, 1858	1859	82,766	20	445,570	866,797
" 1857	1858	857,294	607	3,666,525	2,780,573
Increase					
Decrease		774,528	587	3,220,955	2,474,795
Total, 1856-1857		830,802	836	7,114,518	4,425,097
" 1858-1856		793,308	5,719	8,866,679	4,330,300

TO NOR CONTINENT

		Flour, bbls.	Wheat, bush.	Corn, bush.	Rye, bush.
New York	May 10	53,060	51,825	17,744	....
Other points	"	13,453	6,020	8,175	....
Total 1858-1859.		67,563	57,845	25,919	....
Total, 1857	1858	228,017	244,709	16,551	....
" 1856	857	397,715	2,800,673	529,988	218,613
" 1855-1856		682,459	2,180,231	214,561	1,020,180

Marriages.

On Thursday, April 14, by the Rev. Dr. Morris, CHARLES CRAMER, of Brockett's Bridge, N. Y., to FIDELIA KLOCK, of St. Johnsville, daughter of John G. Klock, of the latter place.

On the 19th inst., by Rev. J. R. Shaw, D. D., Mr. ERASTUS BURNHAM of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Miss CARRIE A., daughter of Thomas Pease, Esq., of this city.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, May 17, 1859.

OUR market is in a complete state of excitement this morning, and for the past two or three days prices have gone up with a rapidity rarely witnessed. This feeling is purely speculative as yet, and is dependent upon two contingencies—the progress of the European war, and the appearance of Foreign Powers as purchasers. Our readers can judge for themselves as to the probabilities of the former—the Commissariat Department of the French Army is said to be in a very depleted condition, and the recent loan of $100,000,000 may be for the purpose of replenishing the stores. Should these presumptions become facts it is the belief of those who are generally considered "posted," that the prices of produce will range higher than for many years, being influenced by the present short stock throughout the country.

FLOUR—The market opens at an advance of 75 cents to $1, and is firm with a decided upward tendency. The stock on hand is very light and transactions are of course limited.—Choice winter Wheat make is worth $8,50; while "Double Extra" to-day cannot be bought for less than *nine dollars at wholesale*.

GRAIN—Genesee Wheat ranges from $1,90 to $2,00, while choice Canadian readily brings the latter price. Corn is up to 90 cents; Rye reaches the same rates. Oats have gone up to 53@55c. Beans range from 75c to $1, the latter figures are readily given for choice.

PROVISIONS—Pork has got the upward movement—mess having advanced 50c@$1, while holders of Clear are asking $2,00 rise, or $22.00 per barrel.

DAIRY, &c.—Butter, roll, is down to 16@18c and is becoming somewhat plenty. Firkin is dull at 15c. Eggs are scarce at 12½c per dozen. Tallow is firm at an advance of 25 cents per 100 pounds.

POTATOES—While we cannot raise the price of the poorer varieties, the better kinds are in great demand at a large start. Blue Mercers are sought for at 80 cents per bushel.

For all other changes see table of quotations.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	.00@12½c
Flour, wint. wheat	$8,50@9,00	Honey, box	11@13c
Do. spring do.	$8,50@8,00	Candles, box	12@13c
Do. Buckwheat ₱ cwt.	$1,75	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee,	$1,90@2,00	Apples, bushel	50c@$1,75
Best white Canada	$1,90@2.00	Do. dried,	1,25@1,50
Corn,	00@90c	Peaches, do, ₱ lb	20c
Rye, 60 lbs ₱ bush	00@90c	Cherries, do, ₱ lb	22c
Oats, by weight,	53@55c	Potatoes	35@80c
Barley,	65@70c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat,	48@50c	Slaughter	6½@7c
Beans,	75c@$1	Calf	10@12c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts.	$1,75@2,00
Pork, mess	$17,00@18,50	Lamb do	38@63c
Do. clear,	$21,00@22,00	**SEEDS.**	
Do cwt	$7,50@8,00	Clover, bush	$4,50@5,00
Beef ₱ cwt	$5,50@6,00	Timothy	$2,00@2,50
Spring lambs each	$1,50@ 2.00	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton (carcass)	5@6c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Do. soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens,	7@8c	Do. Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	10@11c	Do. Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	38@44c	Do. Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, per pair	00@00c	Do. Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1 10
Butter, roll,	16@18c	Hay, tun	$8,00@14,00
Do. firkin,	00@15c	Wool, ₱ lb	35@50c
Cheese	10@12c	White fish, bbl	$7,00@8,00
Lard, tried	11@12c	Codfish ₱ quintal	$4,50@4,75
Tallow	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$7,50@8,00

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, May 16.—FLOUR—Market excited and 15@20c better. Sales at $5,75@7,20 for com to choice super State; $7,35@7,70 for extra State; $6,10@7,25 for super Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan and Iowa, &c.; $7,35@8,00 for extra do.; $7,75@8,25 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing tame. Canadian flour is nominal at $7,75@8,75 for extras.

GRAIN—Wheat has advanced 2@10c ₱ bushel, but rather quiet. Sales at 120c for Racine; 175@190c for red winter Western; 190@200c for white do.; 190c for amber Michigan, 200c for white do. Rye better; sales at 103c. Barley firmer; sales Canada at 80c. Corn a shade firmer; sales at 94@95c for mixed Western; 95c for white Southern; 98@100c for yellow of all kinds. Oats firm at 58@60c for State; 61@62½c for Western and Canada.

PROVISIONS—Pork market better but less active. Sales at $18,25@19,00 for new mess; $18,00 for prime and thin mess; $15,00@15,25 for prime——including 1,000 bbls new mess for June, July and August at $18,50. Lard firmer; sales at 12@12½c.—closing heavy. Butter dull—17@20c for new State and Ohio. Cheese quiet at 9@10c.

BUFFALO, May 16.—FLOUR—Active before steamers news, on receipt of which the market advanced 25@50c on desirable brands, with moderate demand. Sales at $8,57@7,00 for extra Illinois: $7,25@7,50 for do Wisconsin; $7,50@8,00 for the range of extra Michigan, Ohio and Indiana; $8,12½@8,50 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat excited and red Ohio advanced 5c; sales at 140c for Milwaukee club; 174@180c for red Ohio; 187½@200c for fair to choice white Kentucky. Corn nominally better; sales early Indiana at 90c, afloat—now held at 93@95c. Oats firm with sales Western, afloat, at 58c. Barley—60@62½c.

ALBANY, May 16.—FLOUR—Firm; advanced prices demanded on foreign advices; sellers not pressing at an increase of 50c ₱ bbl. Sales at $7@8 for super to extra State; $7,50@9,00 for Western; $8,50@9,50 for extra Genesee—closing firm.

GRAIN—Wheat advanced; sales white Canadian at 196½c, two cargoes held at 205c. Corn—A cargo of Western mixed sold at 98c. Oats in fair supply, with sales Canada at 92c.

DETROIT, May 14.—The tendency of the market east is to insist on a concession in prices. Every cent, per ₱ gained is an addition to the margin calculated upon by the great buyers and mill owners, and which they must have, if they would carry on their business successfully, and with a due regard to their dividends at the close of the year. Here there has been bought about 3,000 ₱s during the week at 44@45c, for the same qualities, which a month ago brought 47@48 cents.—*Mich. Farmer.*

MOVEMENT OF BREADSTUFFS.—The Albany *Statesman* says the tide-water receipts of the leading articles of produce from the opening of canal navigation to the 8th inst., at Albany, West Troy, New York and Waterford, present the following aggregates. Next week we will present the comparative table as usual:—Flour, 35,614 bbls; wheat, 74,223 bush; rye, 31,977 bu; corn, 164,163 bu; oats, 313,542 bu; barley, 72,618 bu; pork, 13,563 bbls; beef 9,461 bbls; cheese, 65,500 ₱s; lard, 19,300 ₱s; butter, 71,600 ₱s; bacon, 42,300 ₱s.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, May 11.—The inquiry for Native Fleece is quite limited, but, as the stock here is nearly exhausted, the market retains its firmness· sales of 40,000 ₱s in lots, at 40@60c for common to choice Merino and Saxony. Pulled is inactive, with an ample supply offering; prices, however, are without further change; sales of 30,000 ₱s in lots at 32@50c, as to quality. Foreign, of medium and fine qualities, has been in fair request, with sales of some 500 bales South American, Merino and fine Mestizo at 20@28c; Smyrna and Morocco at 20@22c; Cape at 32@35c, 6 mos; and a parcel of Peruvian on p. t. We quote.

Am. Saxony Fleece, ₱ lb	58@62
Am. Full-blood Merino	55@58
Am. ¾ and ⅞ blood Merino	48@50
Am. Native and ½ blood Merino	42@45
Pulled Extra	48@53
Pulled Superfine	43@45
Pulled No. 1	33@35
California, fine Unwashed	28@30
Do com. do.	10@17
Peruvian Washed	30@34
Valparaiso Unwashed	11@12
South Am Common Washed	10@13
South Am Entre Rios Washed	15@18
South Am Unwashed	9@14
South Am Cordova Washed	20@22
East India Washed	20@22
African Unwashed	9@18
African Washed	16@28
Smyrna Unwashed	14@18
Smyrna Washed	22@28
Mexican Unwashed	11@14

[*N. Y. Tribune.*

BOSTON, May 11.—There is no material change to notice in the market for domestic Wool. Fleece is scarce and firm but pulled is in fair supply, and gradually easing off in prices. The sales of the week have been 100,000 ₱s, mostly pulled.—The transactions in foreign comprise 850 bales Cape, South American and Mediterranean, on p. t., but at about previous prices. A lot of about 10,000 ₱s Shaddy had been sold on private terms.

Sax. and Mer. fine	55@57	Western mixed	35@45
Full Blood	52@54	Smyrna, washed	17@30
Half and ¼ blood	43@43	Do unwashed	9½@19
Common	40@42	Syrian	11@23
Pulled, extra	49@58	Cape	24@50
Do superfine	42@48	Crimea	16@17
Do. No 1	32@43	Buenos Ayres	9@35
Do. No 2	@	Peruvian, washed	30@35

ALBANY, May 11.—The demand for Wool has been active throughout the week, and the aggregate sales, which are 60,000 ₱s, leaves but a small stock in market. Included in the sales are 5,000 ₱s No. 1 Pulled at 35c, 23,000 ₱s super do at 43½@45c, 20,000 ₱s extra do at 46c, and 12,000 ₱s do on private terms.—*Journal.*

CINCINNATI, May 11.—The market has not changed, as far as we can learn; the demand is good, we understand, throughout the interior, at 35 to 50c, according to quality.—*Gazette.*

CHICAGO CATTLE TRADE.—Live stock of all kinds has been in active demand during the past week. The supply has been about the same as that of last week, but the demand has been much better. Dealers were anxious to purchase, either by the head or weight. Cattle of common qualities sold at from $2 to $3, and those of a better grade from $4 to 75 per head. Milch cows have sold from $25 to 40. There has been considerable inquiry for cows and calves, and they are rather scarce. Sales were made of sheep at $3 per head, and 4 to 4½ ₱s live weight. Hogs brought $4,50 per cwt. The supply of sheep and lambs still continues limited. The price for the former has ranged from 5 to 5½c for the best, and 4½ to 5c for the lighter cattle. There is no packing being done at present, as the demand arises from the regular city consumption, and from the wants of buyers for the Eastern markets.—*Democrat.*

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, May 11.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ₱ cwt., $11,50@12,00; Ordinary do., $11,00@11,25; Common, do., $10,00@10,50; Inferior do., $9,00@9,50.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55@65; Ordinary do, $45@50; Common do., $35@40. Inferior do., $20@25.

VEAL CALVES—First quality ₱ lb., 6½@6¾c.; Ordinary, 5¾@6c; Common, 5@5c; Inferior, 3@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, per head, $6,50@7,00. Ordinary, $5,50@6,00; Common, $4,50@5,50. Inferior $@$.

SWINE—First quality, 6¼@6¾c.; Other qualities, 5@6c.

ALBANY, May 16.—Receipts at Albany for the week: Cattle, 1,288; Sheep and Lambs, 1218; Hogs, 700.

CATTLE.—Prices take the following range: Super, 6¼@6¾c; First quality, 5¾@6; Second quality, 5@5¾c; Third quality, 4¾@4¾c; Inferior, 3¾@4c.

SHEEP.—The quality this week is not remarkably tempting, but still there are some fair droves offering. Eastern men are the principal buyers at $5,50@6,50.

HOGS.—The only sale was a lot of 83 "block" hogs at 6¾c per ₱.

COWS.—Sales at $35@55.

CAMBRIDGE, May 11.—At market, 676; about 575 Beeves, and 101 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three year olds.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $8,75@9,50; First quality, $8,00@8,25; Second quality, $6,50@7,00; Third quality, $5,50; Ordinary quality, $4,50.

WORKING OXEN—Per pair, from $90, 110@180.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 40, 50@67.

STORES—Yearlings, 00@00; Two Years Old, $24@28; Three Years Old, $30@33.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1785 at market. Prices—In Lots, $1,75 2,50@3,25 each; Extra, $4, 5@6, or from 4@7c ₱ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$3,50@7.

HIDES—7¼@7¾c ₱ lb. Tallow—7@7½c. ₱ lb.

PELTS—$1,50@1.87 each. Calf Skins, 13@14c. ₱ lb.

SWINE—360 Western at market.

BRIGHTON, May 12.—At Market, 1000 Beeves, 150 Stores, 1,700 Sheep and Lambs, and 2,500 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra, $9,50@9,75; first quality, $9,00@$9,50; second quality, $7,00; third quality, $6,00.

WORKING OXEN.—$145@180.

MILCH COWS.—$39@40; common, $19@21.

VEAL CALVES.—$3,00, $5,00@$6,00.

STORES.—Yearlings, none; two years old, $24@28; three years old, $30@$33.

HIDES.—7¾@8¾c ₱ lb; Calf Skins, 13@14c ₱ lb.

TALLOW.—Sales at 7@8¼c ₱ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—$1,75@3,50; extra, $4@8,00.

PELTS.—$1,50@1,87 each.

SWINE—Fat hogs 00c; Pigs 6¼@7¾c; retail, 7@9c.

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It has had a steady and increasing popularity from the first, achieving a complete success in the first important trial at Geneva in 1852. It carried off the highest honors at the great National Field Trial at Syracuse in 1857; and amidst all the competition and trials of 1858, came out with more and better established points of excellence than ever before.
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Old England, she has great warriors,
Great princes, and poets great;
But the Blacksmith is not to be quite forgot
In the history of the State.

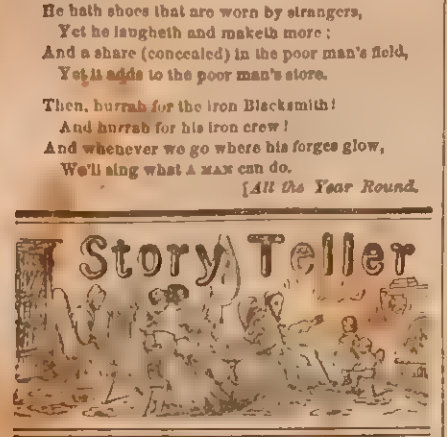
He is rich in the best of all metals,
Yet silver he lacks, and gold;
And he payeth his due, and his heart is true,
Though he bloweth both hot and cold.

The boldest is he of incendiaries
That ever the wide world saw,
And a forger as rank as e'er robbed the bank,
Though he never doth break the law.

He hath shoes that are worn by strangers,
Yet he laugheth and maketh more;
And a share (concealed) in the poor man's field,
Yet it adds to the poor man's store.

Then, hurrah for the iron Blacksmith!
And hurrah for his iron crew!
And whenever we go where his forges glow,
We'll sing what a man can do.

[*All the Year Round.*



THE TWIN COTTAGES:

A STORY OF RURAL LIFE.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

[Concluded from Page 164, last Number.]

Chapter V.—Pleasant Neighbors.

Ill-luck now appeares to attend all the undertakings of the two brother's, who had formerly been noted for their good fortune. Richard, unaccustomed to take the lead in business, missed Lionel's cool head and practiced judgment; and the latter began to see the inconvenience of having no one to second his efforts. When they worked together, success had always appeared easy and natural; and many a time both had reason to recall the old fable of the bundle of sticks.

It was not in the farming business alone that the brothers were not so prosperous as formerly. From the day they moved into the twin cottages everything went wrong. The children took cold from the dampness of the freshly plastered rooms, and there was sickness in both families. Owing to the division of the household furniture, both found themselves crippled for the want of useful articles which it was difficult to procure. A horse which nobody but Lionel could ever manage, but which had fallen to Richard's portion, kicked Jackson in the side, and laid him up all summer with broken ribs. Then Edward fell into the well Lionel was digging and broke his arm, and Lionel himself got his fingers smashed beneath a beam, at the raising of his barn. Richard, overcome by anxiety of mind, had a fever, which left him a mere wreck, and from which he was long recovering. Both Martha and Maria, worn out by hard work in their new homes, were obliged to employ girls to help them; and girls are always a great trial to people who have been accustomed to do their own work.

The expenses of building were so much greater than Richard had anticipated, and he had to employ so much extra help on the farm during the summer, that long before fall he bitterly regretted not having remained in the old house five or six years longer. But having commenced, he would not be outdone by his brother, so he borrowed money to build exactly such a barn as Lionel was building, and to make everything else correspond.

Richard had been in his new cottage a year before the last of the carpenter's work was done; and even then, in consequence of the haste in which the frame had been put together and covered, it was necessary to call in a joiner to make some little repairs. All this time Lionel's house was in nearly the same condition; but at length both cottages were, as you may say, completed; and there they stood, side by side, on the north road, looking so exactly alike in outward form and arrangements that they attracted general attention, and obtained the appellation of "The Twin Cottages."

Now all the satisfaction the two rival families had gained by building separately, was in the possession of *two* large square bed-rooms, instead of one; although, singular to relate, Richard did not occupy his within two years after his removal into the new house,—and it is currently reported that Lionel's was never "done off" for a sleeping apartment, but left as a sort of play-room for the children, and a convenient place to shell corn in or crack butternuts in rainy days. Thus, the square bed-room, which was the origin of all the unfortunate difficulties between the two families, became an object of very small importance in their eyes, long before they had experienced half the inconvenience of the separation.

The cousins were brought up to hate each other, and to do each other all possible mischief. They formed their school-fellows into distinct clans, that waged perpetual war, and gave their teachers as well as themselves, a great deal of trouble and unhappiness; until all respectable and well-meaning boys shunned the Feltons, as if their influence had been contaminating.

Not many months had elapsed before both families saw the convenience of living so near together, the proximity of their houses affording every inducement and facility to quarrel. The cousins threw stones at each other over the board-fence which had been built on the dividing line of the two estates; they got each other's balls, when knocked over by accident, and refused to give them up; and once, when an unconscious chicken of Lionel's stole tamely through the fence to pick a grain of corn out of Richard's yard, Wolcott set the dog upon it, and afterwards threw its dead carcass insultingly into his uncle's garden. By way of retaliation, Edward, who at that time had no dog, loaded his father's gun, and peppered the first of Richard's geese that put its unlucky head through the fence. After this, as if impelled by some fatality, turkeys, ducks, geese and hens showed an extraordinary tendency to rush blindly upon the destruction that awaited them at the mouth of the dog and muzzle of the gun; so that numbers of the inoffensive poultry fell miserable victims to the animosity existing between the two families.

Things progressed in this happy manner until a fat calf belonging to Lionel had the misfortune to take a fancy to some nice grass which grew on the wrong side of the fence. For many days the fated animal might have been seen casting anxious glances at the appetising herb, which perhaps looked ten times more delectable in perspective, than the most epicurean calf would have proved it to be in reality; so that when the fence was broken by a gale of wind, the devoted animal leaped gaily through the nearest break, and commenced cropping the grass with great voracity, without alloying the pure pleasure of the stolen repast with a single thought of Richard's merciless big dog. In five minutes, however, he was aroused from his delicious revery by a terrible growl, and in an instant the fangs of Nero were fastened upon his throat. Jackson and Wolcott set Nero on, while Martha, from the door of her own house, watched the sport with a heart boiling over with rage. Edward ran to the rescue, but two boys and a dog being too much for him and a calf—or for *two calves*, as Jackson facetiously remarked—he was forced to retreat. The calf was horribly mangled, so that it died the day after, to the grief of Richard, and the infinite wrath of Lionel.

Edward, more incensed than even his parents, felt bound to retaliate. Accordingly, when Richard's best horse jumped into his father's corn-field a few weeks after, the determined youth deliberately loaded his gun, and walking up close to old Bay, shot him in the right knee. The animal was ruined, and Richard enraged. A lawsuit followed, which proved to be of endless duration, owing to the obstinacy of the contending parties, and which involved both brothers in debt, giving the lawyers of Pennfield more lucrative employment than three generations of Feltons had ever done before.

In connection with the cold-blooded maiming of old Bay, an incident occurred which, as an instance of the manner in which the brothers now annoyed each other, will bear relating. It became necessary for Richard to purchase another horse, he attended an auction for the purpose, and bid high upon a fine chestnut mare, which he thought just suited for his business. His bid was eighty dollars, somebody else bid eighty-five. "Ninety," said Richard. "Two and a half," came from another part of the room. "Five," pursued Richard. "Eigh," was bid by the same individual.

"Its your brother bidding against you," whispered a friend in Richard's ear.

True enough, Lionel was bidding for the horse. Resenting this interference—for he knew his brother had no use for another horse at that time—Richard was determined to outbid him. But when the horse had gone up to one hundred and twenty-five, the thought struck him that he did not want him at that price, and that Lionel wanted him still less. So he let Lionel have him; and Lionel sold him a week afterwards for eighty-seven.

In the following spring there was a freshet, and the brook which, in its southwesterly course, watered first Richard's farm and afterwards Lionel's became swollen to an unusual degree. One afternoon, Jackson and Wolcott, having been down the stream to repair some fences, discovered a spot where, with a little assistance, the water would overflow its banks, and turning into a deep ravine, find its way to the river without flowing through Lionel's land. No sooner was this discovery made than the advantages of a brook were considered, and concluding that a diversion of the course of the stream would be of lasting injury to their uncle, the boys began to work with their shovels in right good earnest. In a short time a narrow, turbid channel crept sluggishly across the softened earth; then it came with greater force, carrying the mud and gravel with it; and finally it went rushing down into the ravine a perfect torrent, to the great delight of the boys, who ran away, that their share in the work might not be discovered.

On the following morning Lionel went over his farm, to see if the west meadow still lay under water, in consequence of the overflowing of the stream, and was astonished at the sudden and mysterious manner in which the waters had subsided The meadow was dry, and the stream had shrunk into a mere thread of water. He followed it up until he discovered the cause. In his wrath he sent 'Squire Stone to Richard, charging him with diverting the course of the stream, and threatening a lawsuit if the bank was not repaired. Richard knew nothing of the change in the course of the brook, and he sent back a scornful defiance to Lionel. A lawsuit followed, even more difficult and expensive than the other; it being alleged by the defendant that the stream had now found its original course, from which it had been diverted by his father forty years before, in order to water the south part of the farm; and by the plaintiff, that the defendant had turned the water into the ravine to do him an injury. Thus, aside from their other misfortunes, the brothers had two endless lawsuits to plunge them into debt.

Chapter VI.—The Conflagration.

The quarrels of Lionel and Richard proved injurious not only to themselves, their families, and their immediate friends, but in a certain measure to both Church and State. They belonged to the same political party; but when Lionel received the nomination for Sheriff, Richard's friends refused to vote for him, and for the first time in ten years the opposite party carried the day. Afterwards Richard was nominated for State Representative, and by way of retaliation Lionel's clique went against him unanimously, throwing their influence in favor of another candidate. Owing to this split in the party, their political opponents triumphed again, and sent to the Legislature a fellow who proved a traitor to the best interests of his district. The quarrel of the brothers created a division in the Church, too; the devil taking that opportunity to sow dissensions and hatred in the hearts of two-thirds of the members.

Meanwhile Martha and Maria cherished as bitter animosity against each other as their husbands did. They never visited the same neighbors, nor met each other at the same sewing circles, if they could help it. If Maria received an invitation to visit a friend, she was sure to ascertain if Martha was to be there, before accepting it; and Martha was no less scrupulous in avoiding her sister-in-law. On one occasion, when Maria arrived at a tea-party and found Martha there, she turned abruptly about and went home in high dudgeon; in return for which demonstration Martha, a few weeks afterwards, suddenly took her departure from a quilting-bee, when Maria, unconscious of her presence, made her appearance. These quarrels and petty spites created a great deal of scandal and ill-will in the neighborhood, until the good ladies of Pennfield, tired of strife and dissensions, resolved with one accord to drop the acquaintance of the Feltons altogether. So Martha and Maria received no more invitations to any place; and you may judge how miserable they were, living by themselves.

On the last occasion of a tea-party at Maria's house, an incident happened which particularly had something to do with the subsequent coldness of the Pennfield ladies towards the two sister-in-laws. Of course Martha was horribly jealous to see so many famous tea-drinkers visiting her rival; and she fretted and scolded about it all the afternoon. Edward took the hint to invent some method of annoying Maria, and please his mother.

In the field in the rear of Lionel's house was a brush heap, the result of trimming the orchard the previous season.

"The brush is dry, and the wind in the southeast," said Edward.

"And the smoke?"

"Will hide Dick's house in a beautiful manner."

"Burn the heap, then!" cried Martha, with a malicious laugh.

Accordingly the heap was fired, and Richard's house smoked. It was a warm day, but Maria was obliged to close all the doors and windows, to keep out the suffocating cloud, which rolled down upon them before the south-west wind. In spite of all her efforts, however, the smoke got into the house and into the eyes, and into the tempers of both her and her guests. Even the tea failed to soothe them, and the party separated in the worst humor in the world. Martha watched the discomfited ladies as they went away all enveloped in smoke, and laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks. Edward laughed too, until the wind changed and blew the fire into the fence, which he was obliged to sit up all night to watch, with a couple of buckets of water for his companions. After this, Richard's boys burned a brush-heap, when the wind was in the north-west, and smoked a juvenile party which their cousin Martha gave, to the great distress of the poor children, who went home with tears in their eyes.

But the rival families were destined to have enough of fire and smoke as we shall proceed to show.

After watching many months for an opportunity to shoot Richard's dog—which manifested a great deal of canine sagacity in avoiding Lionel's premises, and in scrupulously keeping on the right side of the board fence—Edward determined to have a dog too, as large as his uncle's. He accordingly purchased a pup, of a breed famous for size and fierceness, and kept him chained to his kennel until he had attained to formidable proportions. In the pride and ambition of his youth, Cæsar took early advantage of his freedom from the chain, to invade the territory beyond the board-fence and declare hostilities against the unknown dog, whose hated bark he had heard so often. Nero, feeling, as a matter of course, a bitter enmity towards everything that made its appearance from the other side of the fence, marched up to Cæsar in true Roman fashion, and with a growl challenged him to a personal combat. The ambitious Cæsar desired nothing better; but Nero's maturity and knowledge of the world were altogether too much for his youth and inexperience Cæsar was discomfited, and returned to his rightful dominions, in a frightfully mutilated condition.

Cæsar for a long time did not cross the board fence again, but contented himself with growling on his own territory, at his formidable enemy, who regarded him with lofty disdain. One evening, however, four years after the removal of the brothers into their new cottages, Cæsar had the audacity to chase one of Richard's cats over the line. Richard, who happened to be in the yard at the time, whistled for Nero, whose rage was unbounded on seeing his rival within his domains. A skirmish ensued and Cæsar retreated over the board fence, but Nero, to much excited to use his ordinary discretion, followed him, and fought him upon his own territory, reckless of consequences.

Lionel heard the affray, and, it being late in the evening, and quite dark, he came out with a lantern, to see what was the matter. Perceiving that Nero had Cæsar by the throat, and was shaking the life out of him with considerable dispatch, he placed his lantern upon the ground, and ran for a pitchfork.

Observing that his brother was about to make use of that formidable weapon to terminate the quarrel in favor of Cæsar, Richard ran hastily to the fence and was on the point of shouting a fierce remonstrance, when a striking accident attracted his attention. Nero had thrown Cæsar against the lantern and upset it; the candle had fallen out, and now the flames were creeping languidly into the straw, scattered before Lionel's barn. The pressure of a foot would have extinguished the fire, and Richard's first impulse was to warn Lionel of the danger, but when he saw his brother set upon Nero with the fork, he thought, in his anger, "the wind is north, *my* barn will not be in danger," and held his peace, shrinking away into the darkness to witness the result.

Pierced with the sharp tines, Nero fled howling over the fence, pursued by Lionel, until beyond his reach. Then Lionel turned back, and to his consternation, saw the barn all in a blaze.

"Fire! fire! fire!" he shouted, trampling upon the flames, "Fire! fire! fire!"

His shouts filled the night with echoes. A moment before Richard had been laughing in malicious triumph; but the wild, startling cries of fire smote heavily upon his conscience. Much as he felt that Lionel had wronged him, the sight of the flames, which he might have extinguished, oppressed him with a sense of remorse.

"I am no better than an incendiary!" he muttered, in his wild excitement. "But it may not yet be too late!"

Lionel trampled upon the flames with furious energy. But the straw was dry and he saw the fire gaining upon him, and darting its forked tongue towards the barn threatening destruction. In despair he cast his eyes towards the house and shouted again for help. Nobody appeared. The fire was within three yards of a large pile of straw, heaped before the barn door. Suddenly Lionel was conscious that there was somebody working by his side. He did not pause to see who it was, until the pile of straw burst forth one sheet of flames. He turned, and in the glare of light, saw his brother Richard!

The latter was laboring with desperate energy to smother the flames beneath his coat; and as his resentment gave way to gratitude for that one act of generosity,

"Brother," said he in a trembling voice, "I thank you; but it is too late. The barn must go."

Richard raised his eyes to his brother's face, and slowly withdrawing from the heat of the flames, murmured,

"I am sorry! I am sorry!"

"God bless you, brother! I did not expect this kindness!" exclaimed the agitated Lionel.

"This is no time to talk," said Richard, "the wind is getting into the west. I am afraid your house will go, too, brother!"

As he spoke the dry straw and hay within the barn having taken fire, the flames burst forth thro' the cracks and crevices, and through the thin roof, throwing a wild glare of light around.

Chapter VII.—The Last of the Twin Cottages.

The brothers rushed to the stables adjoining the barn, and made haste to save the horses, the carriage, and all articles of value, which could be got away with dispatch. Meanwhile, Edward, who had gone to bed, was aroused by the alarm and rushed half-dressed to the scene of destruction.—Jackson and Wolcott came next, and taking example from their father, exerted themselves to save their uncle's property; then several of the neighbors, aroused by the shouts of fire, and alarmed by the fearful glare of light, came hurrying to the spot.

The barn burnt like kindling wood. The stables were on fire in an astonishingly brief space of time, and the flames went surging on towards the house.

"Leave everything!" shouted Richard, "and remove this wood! it is the only way to save the house."

The wood was corded in long rows between the stables and the cottage; and following Richard's example, all hands went to work, tearing it away. But as the fire increased, the heat became insufferable. The smoke and flames rolled across the wood piles, blinding and suffocating, and conspiring with the heat to drive the fire-fighters backward. The most they could do was to remove a few cords of wood nearest the house; then, while some began to carry the furniture out of the cottage others brought water from the well and cistern, and with the aid of ladders, drenched the clapboards and roof. All efforts were vain, however.

"The house must go!" said Lionel.

The wind had increased and the advancing flames had driven the inexperienced fire-fighters from their position on the roof.

"I will mount the ladder!" cried Richard.

He went up and received the buckets from Lionel's hands, working with the energy and courage of desperation, until both cistern and well failed.

"It is useless to work longer," said Lionel.—"There is no water."

"Then the house must surely burn!" said Richard.

"And my family!" murmured Lionel, as he saw his wife and child carrying goods out of the house, or standing in the fierce light, looking up with terror and dismay at the increasing flames. "They will be houseless!"

"Not so," replied Richard. "The old house is at your disposal. I was going to tear it down last fall, but I am glad I did not. It is yours, brother!"

Lionel was too much affected to utter his thanks.

At that moment a wild shout rang upon their ears. Richard's barn was on fire!

"I am ruined by my own folly and guilt!" he muttered, as he descended to the ground.

The brothers rushed together to the new scene of excitement. It was too late. The fire, left to itself, had crept from barn to barn, through the straw, and now Richard's stables were in a blaze. The wind had increased and was blowing strongly from the west. Lionel neglected his own property to save that of his brother, and while the cottage of the former was left to inevitable destruction, everybody ran to the rescue of Richard's. But his cistern was dry, his well shallow, and between his house and barn there was a haystack in a most dangerous position. This was sure to burn; for the sparks from the barn were already falling upon it, and and nothing it was thought could then save the cottage.

Maria had experienced a sort of fearful joy when told that Lionel's buildings were on fire; but when she saw Richard at work to save them, she also began to feel an anxiety to see the flames extinguished. This kindness towards her neighbors, was followed by many unpleasant reflections touching the past, and the sight of Martha in distress, made her conscious that she had wronged her sister-in-law more than she had ever acknowledged to herself before. So when she saw Martha retire to the fatal fence, and weep bitterly over her misfortunes, she went to her and asked her to come into her own house. Martha felt this kindness and thanked her; but she could not go in. She must see her own cottage burn.

Then when the alarm was spread on Richard's side of the fence, all Maria's pity and anxiety for others was changed to fear for the safety of her own home. Martha saw the danger, and although a moment before she might have felt a vindictive joy at beholding Maria as unfortunate as herself, it was not so now; for even Richard's exertions in her behalf had not touched her heart like Maria's single word of kindness. Women are more impulsive than men, and nothing knits together hearts at enmity, like mutual distress; Martha and Maria fell into each other's arms, and embraced, mingling their tears together!

Richard's fears for his cottage were but too well founded. The flames blew upon it from the stack, the shingles caught and all exertions to save it were in vain. Soon its light added to the general conflagration, and billows of fire surged upward from the roaring roof, illuminating the country for miles around.

Richard had been even more successful than his brother in saving his portable property, which was all conveyed to a safe distance from the fire.

When everything was done the brothers stood together in the glare of the fierce light which shone from Richard's house, and their families gathered around them.

"You see," said Richard, "I shall have to go with you, into the old house."

"Pardon me," replied Lionel, "I am afraid you will want it alone with your own family."

"There is room for all of us," said Richard.—"There was once—there is now."

"Will you give me your hand brother?" asked Lionel.

Richard made no reply, but extended his hand, while the dazzling light from the house betrayed the emotion visible on his features.

"We have not thriven since our separation," pursued Lionel. "Ours has been an ungodly quarrel, brother. Shall it end here?"

"There can be no better time," replied Richard. "After the awful chastisement with which Heaven has punished our folly, we should be reconciled.—I acknowledge myself to blame, brother. I ask your forgiveness."

"With all my heart, I forgive you, Richard," exclaimed Lionel through his quivering lips. "And you will forgive me, although I have been more to blame than you. As I was the oldest, I should have come to you first to offer you my hand, when we quarreled."

"Say no more!" murmured Richard. "I forgive everything. Here is my hand again, brother! And our wives—"

Martha and Maria were weeping again in each other's arms.

"This is well," said Lionel. "Let this end all differences, law-suits and strife, which have proved so ruinous. We will tear up the papers, brother, which divide our land."

"And the old house," added Richard, smiling through his tears, "will be large enough and good enough for our families, for ten years to come."

"We will never leave it till it falls down," cried Lionel. "We were happy in it before the new house was thought of; and we can be happy in it still. And, oh, brother—sister—wife—children! let these four terrible years of unhappiness and strife be a warning to us in future!"

They stopped not for the congratulation of friends, but by the light of the burning cottages took their way together across the fields towards the old house, which was henceforth to be the happy home of the re-united families.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 44 letters.

My 32, 43, 7, 22, 8, 44, 38 is mentioned among the jewels of the King of Tyre.

My 5, 2, 14, 8, 16, 22 is a city in the land of Canaan.

My 10, 5, 42, 4 was the brother of Jacob.

My 10, 39, 40, 28, 41, 28, 6 is the capital of Assyria.

My 20, 21, 18, 11, 31 was the name of Abraham's grandfather.

My 29, 30, 1 was the son of Haran.

My 33, 34, 35, 39, 20, 28 is a kind of wood mentioned in Scripture.

My 36, 37, 29, 43, 21, 26, 27 was a renowned champion of the Philistines.

My 15, 16, 44, 42, 12, 2 is a city of Manasseh.

My 28, 8, 14, 17, 6 is a seaport of Idumea.

My 5, 3, 8, 24, 22, 24, 44 was the son of David.

My 25, 43, 31 is the name of a tree mentioned in Scripture.

My whole is a part of one of the Ten Commandents.

Hopewell, N. Y., 1859. Mary E. Hyslop.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 18, 10, 5, 24, 27, 15, 21, 8, 26 is one of the Canary Islands.

My 14, 1, 2, 26, 16 is a county in New York.

My 16, 10, 23, 16, 26, 20 is a city in New Jersey.

My 6, 4, 9, 15, 7, 5 is a county in Tennessee.

My 19, 23, 22, 12, 11, 25, 17 is a city in one of the Canary Islands.

My 3, 12, 24 is a city in Farther India.

My whole is a poetical quotation.

Hornby N. Y., 1859. L. M. G.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PUZZLE.

Before a circle, let appear
Twice twenty-five, and five in rear;
Join them to E, and you will find
What oft disturbs the gentle mind.

Port Rowan, C. W., 1859. E. L.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 467.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—A man may be witty, but not very wise.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—William Shakespeare.

Answer to Analytical Problem:—A has 36 acres and B 72.

Advertisements.

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JENNINGS ESTATE STOCK CERTIFICATE.

No. —— —— Shares. , 185

This certificate entitles or bearer to shares of one hundred dollars each, in the estate of William Jennings, late of Acton Place, in Suffolk Co., England, who died on or about the 19th day of June, 1798, and entitles the holder to receive the amount of said shares out of the funds of said estate, within three months after recovered and received by or in behalf of Hector Jennings, of Sandusky, in the State of Ohio, who is a claimant and heir to said estate; said payment to be made at the Park Bank New York.

——, Att'y.

From the New York Tribune, March 11.

Francis G. Young, of this city, now in London, has been appointed agent for the American claimant of the Jennings estate—Mr. Hector Jennings, of Ohio—an estate valued at the nice sum of between one and two hundred millions of dollars. The father of Mr. Hector Jennings came to this country in 1780, and settled in Elmira, N. Y. According to the sworn testimony of the octogenarians of that place, he always claimed relationship with the Baronet who left this fortune. He was too poor to pursue this claim, and so were his descendants. Mr. Lyon, late Secretary of the American Legation in London, considered, as we learn from his letters, the claims of Hector Jennings as well based, and undertook to enforce them; but death stopped him. Mr. John A. Corbin, of Owego, Tioga County, is the American agent here, who is endeavoring to interest parties in the project.

Extract from Secretary Lyons letter, of June 17, 1852.

"The Jennings Estate is, of all others, worth considerable sacrifice to us. I do not view it like a lottery, where there is so great a number of blanks to one prize. I think our chance of success is nine out of ten. First, the heirs are not to be found in this country, as appears very conclusive. Second, the whole ground has been thoroughly gone over, and every point canvassed likely to afford information of the lawful heirs. Third, the Association formed in Dublin, last Aug., after spending between two and three thousand pounds sterling, concluded that the heirs are in the United States of America. Fourth, That the Tennessee Association and the Massachusetts and Maine, Jennings, who have heretofore requested me to look into this matter, have been unable to establish any relationship to Mr. Jennings. These facts seem to circumscribe our case to somewhat narrow limits, and if they do not prove who the lawful heirs are, they do prove who they are not, thus leaving us almost without rivalry or opposition. On a calm and deliberate review of the whole, my convictions are so strengthened in our prospects that I am willing, if need be, to advance one thousand pounds sterling, provided you do the same, on condition that this sum shall be needed. We have a great work, great encouragement, and the most favorable advantage."

Banking Office of Edward L. Lee,
Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1859.

One of the exciting facts of the present day, of great interest to this Country, is the claim of Hector Jennings, of Sandusky, Ohio, to the vast Estate of the late Wm. Jennings, of England, which now exceeds one hundred millions of dollars, and is in the hands of the British Government waiting the identification of the heirs at law. Many thousands of dollars have been expended in England by supposed interested parties, to prove heirship, but without success.

In 1853 Jno. Lyon, Esq., Secretary of the American Legation in London, took charge of this Claim, and made considerable progress in gathering the necessary evidence establishing the fact of Hector Jennings' heirship.

As you will see by the above extract from one of his letters, he had great confidence in being able to recover the Estate, and offered to advance £1,000, but his death prevented a further prosecution of the matter, and to the present time, for want of the necessary funds to proceed, the case has remained unmoved. The evidence is now complete, and by the papers now in my possession it is distinctly proved that HECTOR JENNINGS IS THE SOLE AND LAWFUL HEIR TO THIS VAST ESTATE. The amount required to prosecute the claim is $10,000, and Mr. Jennings being without means seeks to raise this amount by issuing "Certificates of Stock," of which the foregoing is a copy.

These Shares are of $100 each, and are offered at $10 per share, and ONLY A SUFFICIENT AMOUNT WILL BE DISPOSED OF to enable him to raise the required sum. Mr. Jennings will leave for Europe on the 10th June, and commence the prosecution immediately, AND THE COURTS OF CHANCERY OF ENGLAND BEING ABOLISHED the time of recovery of the estate *cannot* exceed two years. The proof of his being the heir is so well established THAT WE HAVE EVERY CONFIDENCE IN HIS RECOVERING THE ESTATE IN LESS THAN ONE YEAR. Mr. Jennings is certain of ACCOMPLISHING THE TRANSFER OF THE ESTATE AND REDEEMING THE STOCK AT PAR, WITHIN SIX MONTHS AFTER LANDING IN ENGLAND.

This is not a Lottery with *one* chance in *one thousand* of drawing a prize, but promises a large profit on *every dollar invested*. It is a fact of immense interest to every American, and we wish to have every Young Man in the Country have a Share in this vast Estate.

TO ANY ONE, AND EVERY ONE!!
whether you have ten dollars or one hundred!!
This is the greatest chance ever offered you for making money!!

You can invest a small or large amount, realizing a handsome profit according to the amount you invest.

☞ An investment of $10 will give you $90 profit.
☞ An investment of $100 will give you $900 profit.
☞ An investment of $500 will give you $4,500 profit.

After Mr. Jennings arrival in England he will keep us advised by each Steamer, and all persons taking Stock will be promptly advised of progress.

On receipt of $10 we will send one share of $100 to any address by return mail, and for a larger amount in the same proportion.

☞ You may send bank notes by mail (if securely sealed in an envelope) at our risk; but if you can procure a draft on New York to my order, less exchange, we would prefer it.

☞ Any information you may wish we shall be pleased to impart, and all such letters must contain a stamp to ensure attention.

☞ Please be particular to write your name distinctly and give Town, County and State.

Agents.—In case you can make up a club, we shall be pleased to have you do so, and will allow you a very liberal commission. We will send terms on advice from any one wishing to act for us. Address all letters to
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For TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

EUROPEAN WAR AND AMERICAN PRODUCE.

Europe is in commotion. The sword which scarcely three years since was returned to its scabbard is again unsheathed. Again it will cause human blood to flow in one great desolating stream, bringing darkness to thousands of hearth-stones and despair to many hearts. Again the widows' tears will fall and the orphans' cries ascend to the Lord of Sabbaoth. He who ruleth in the Heavens and noticeth even the sparrow's fall will make requisition for this great waste of human life—this wholesale butchery. Great is the responsibility of those who are in positions to exert an influence for War or Peace, and terrible will be the condemnation of those who through ambition or a desire to tyrannize over a people compel their fellow men to turn human butchers. Happily we are far from the scene of conflict, from the glare of burning cities, the sound of the death-dealing cannon and the groans of the wounded and the dying.—Happier still that we live in a country where the will of the people is the law of the land—where no tyrant can get up battles for us to fight, or drag our sons from our doors to lay their bleaching bones on foreign fields. Let us feel grateful for the blessings of good government—swear eternal fidelity to the glorious principles of freedom—pray earnestly that the down-trodden may enjoy a like blessing, and the time soon come when "HE shall judge among many people, and *rebuke strong nations afar off*; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more; but, they shall sit, every man, under his vine and fig tree, and none shall make them afraid."

Though so far removed as to scarcely feel the evils of war in Europe, still its influence is felt by almost every one. In times of peace and plenty Europe feeds her own people. The price of produce in the principal countries of the Old World is so near that of our own that we cannot generally export with profit. Occasionally a short crop, or some other unfavorable circumstance enables us to compete successfully in the produce markets of England. But, with an European war, when a great portion of the labor is diverted from the peaceful fields of agriculture to the field of battle, when large and wasteful armies, which carry desolation in their train, are to be fed, America is depended upon to furnish the supplies. Not only do those countries actually engaged in war need supplies, but as soon as war is commenced between any two nations or even seriously anticipated, all the principal nations engage at once in the work of preparation, wages for labor advance, and much of it is diverted from agriculture. In 1856, when the Russian war was in progress, we sent to Great Britain and Ireland 800,000 barrels of flour, 7,000,000 bushels of wheat and 4,000,000 bushels of corn; to the Continent 300,000 barrels of flour, 2,000,000 bushels of wheat and 500,000 bushels of corn.—Since 1st September, 1858, to Great Britain and Ireland only 80,000 barrels of flour, 400,000 bushels of wheat and 300,000 bushels of corn; to the Continent 40,000 barrels of flour, 50,000 bushels of wheat and 20,000 bushels of corn. This extraordinary decrease in our exportations was doubtless the result of the peace which was declared in 1856. The recent announcement that war had been declared between France and Austria at once caused all kinds of provisions to advance rapidly. This is in a great measure speculative, of course, in anticipation of a foreign demand, and not the result of a demand actually made, but if the war continues, there can be no doubt that Europe will furnish a good market for all the surplus food we can produce, and at high rates.

We will not speculate as to the probable duration or the result of this war, but a thought or two may not be amiss. Austria is one of the most powerful nations of Europe, and having taken her present course, to retreat without disgrace will be difficult, and the terms she submits to Sardinia are so degrading that we think they never will be complied with by either that nation or France. NAPOLEON is, no doubt, anxious to *prove himself a Napoleon on the field of battle*. Defeat would insure his overthrow, for the French people would never submit to be ruled by *a Napoleon* who had been defeated by Austria, or compelled to abandon the position he had taken. It seems, therefore, we may expect a protracted, desperate and bloody struggle. England is looking on, but actively preparing for war; Russia and Prussia are in a somewhat similar condition. Events will be very likely to occur to involve in the struggle one or more of these powers. But, whatever may be the duration or result of the war, we repeat, it is pretty certain, that American farmers will have all they can do to raise provisions to supply the millions of Europe; and this work will be a mutual benefit to the American producer and the European consumer.—Prices will be advanced, and the American farmer will reap the benefit, but the large supply we can furnish, if we undertake the work in earnest, will keep down prices much below what they would be were this supply withheld.

With this view of the present condition of European affairs, we urge upon all our readers the necessity of making extraordinary exertions to increase the produce of their farms the present year. We do this not only because it will pay, but because nothing but increased production will prevent very high rates and consequent suffering among the poor of our own country, if the war should prove lasting. It is not too late to plant an extra acre or two of corn, potatoes or beans; or, perhaps, what is more important, to give extra attention to that already planted. The prospect is, that extra labor may be very profitably employed in increasing crops, and that Peruvian Guano and other fertilizers which are too expensive when produce rules low, might be used to advantage in that direction.

PREPARING WOOL FOR MARKET.*

[THE following valuable and seasonable article on this important subject, is from the pen of one of the pioneer farmers of Western New York—HECTOR HITCHCOCK, Esq., of South Livonia, who has for some thirty years made Wool Growing a prominent and profitable branch of business. During the past winter we had the rare good fortune of spending a night at the hospitable homestead of Mr. H., and listening to an interesting account of his experience, in the course of which he spoke at some length on the subject of Sheep Husbandry—imparting much useful information. * * It may be proper to add that Mr. H. keeps several hundred Spanish Merino Sheep—and if the hundred yearling lambs which we saw during our visit are a fair sample of the flock, (as we presume is the fact,) his reputation as a "good shepherd" is well merited. They were certainly *extra*, and such as would be creditable to any breeder in the land. But, in addition to giving the name of our modest friend, we are saying what, though deserved, he may not approve—and at the same time keeping our readers from his excellent article.—ED. RURAL.

How Should Wool be Prepared for Market?

THIS is a very important question, both for the wool grower and manufacturer. There are three ways of doing it. The easiest and best, is that recommended a few years ago by Messrs. PERKINS & BROWN, of Ohio, of wetting the sheep and allowing them to stand in the yard until they have become warm,—when the oil becomes "soapy," requiring but little labor afterwards to wash them entirely clean, and shear in three days, or as soon as dry. Another way is to wash without the "soaking and warming" process—the way usually practiced—leaving a large proportion of oil in the fleece, and allowing them to run from one to two weeks before being sheared. The third is to shear without washing.

The wool through the country is usually bought by small speculators, or by agents of manufacturers, generally at a commission of one cent per pound, with directions to get up a lot at an average, stipulated price for each particular locality. The wool of different sections has in each a distinctive character, and is known in market as Vermont wool, Michigan wool, &c. If the buyer finds it necessary to pay one man for a bad lot ten cents a pound more than it is worth, in order to make his cent a pound, he must, as a matter of course, buy of the next, who has a choice lot in good condition, for ten cents less than it is worth, and the thing is accomplished. The manufacturer gets his wool at a price satisfactory to himself, and the buyer gets his cent a pound. The operation of this average principle affords poor encouragement for preparing a choice lot of wool for market, when $100 from the value of every 1,000 lbs. is to be put into the pockets of another as a premium for his slovenly management.

I have no hesitation in saying that all wool growers whose clip is sufficiently large to enable them to sell directly to the manufacturer, should prepare in the way first mentioned. The washing and shearing requires less labor and time—the wool has an appearance and character of which the owner may justly be proud—and there can be no apology or reason for refusing a fair price for the clip. But for the small wool grower, who is compelled to sell to the speculator or agent, the matter is entirely different. The writer of this article, with a desire of having his wool in the best condition, and in the expectation of receiving a price that would be satisfactory, followed that method three years, when he found to his cost that, instead of having a desirable lot of wool in market, it was difficult to find a purchaser. When the buyers were scouring the country, the question was often asked them, "Have you bought H.'s wool?" Oh, no; he has a very choice lot, and it ought to bring what he asks for it—but we are not authorized to pay so high a price for *any* wool"—and the consequence was, he has been forced to leave in the usual quantity of grease and gum to make it *merchantable*.

S. H. MANON, of Ohio, in an article in the April number of the *Wool Grower*, suggests the propriety of shearing without washing, on account of injury and loss of sheep sustained by him and others from its effects. No doubt the loss sustained was caused by washing, but not necessarily so. It may be accounted for in this way: being anxious to wash clean, they were kept in the water too long. Had he followed the "soaking and warming" process, the very short time required to keep them in the water would not have produced that result.

The practice of shearing in the dirt would be liable to serious objections. By many the value of sheep would be estimated by the quantity of grease and dirt they would shear—frauds and deceptions would with greater difficulty be detected—the character of American wool would be greatly depreciated, and even the extra expense for freight in transporting to market would not be a small item in the account.

But the question is—How should Wool be prepared for Market? The answer may be given'—whether the method first described should be followed, or the usual way of washing and shearing, there should be uniformity in doing it in each locality depending upon the same market. As the oil cannot be taken out by the common method of washing without injury to the sheep, they may be considered clean when the water runs clear from the fleece, and should not (unless prevented by bad weather) be allowed more than six or eight days before shearing. In doing up the fleece, all the washed wool belonging to it should be rolled up in such manner as to give it the best appearance. There is no fraud in this, as it is not only expected but desired by the purchaser. The practice of using an unnecessary quantity of twine, because there is profit in it, or of rolling in manure and filth, cannot be too strongly condemned. Let there be uniformity in each locality, and a consciousness of having done it honestly, in all who prepare wool for market, and all will be right.

H. H.

* Republished from the RURAL NEW-YORKER of May 24, 1856.

DRAINING AND WIRE WORMS.—INQUIRY

EDS. RURAL:—I desire to ask, through the medium of the RURAL, of one or more of your readers "posted" in the matter, some questions relative to draining and wire worms. Firstly, then, I am thoroughly impressed with the importance of having land well freed from surplus water, and I wish to know, from some one who has tested *both*, the comparative merits of stone and tile drains. Which method is preferable, all things considered? I live upon the homestead occupied by my father and grandfather, and have assisted in building several hundred rods of stone drain. Some of these drains were built twenty-five years ago, when Agricultural papers were scarcely known, and the subject of draining comparatively little thought of. Since that time we have laid more or less almost every year. Some of the first have had to be taken up and relaid, and others, though answering a very good turn, are not quite up with the spirit of the times, while *others, still*, (built recently work admirably.

Now, as any one knows who has had experience in the matter, it is no *small* job to build a hundred or two rods of stone drain, even when the stones are handy; I refer of course to drains with a throat. During the coming summer I propose building about one hundred rods in a field intended for seeding in the fall to Timothy, and, as stones are scarce on that field, I have *thought* of using tile. I would therefore like to inquire of some one *experienced* in the matter, as follows:

Are tile durable? Is there no danger of their dissolving? If a tile drain is properly constructed of *good* material, how long will it probably remain in good working condition? Will a tile drain convey surplus water readily when placed two and one-half feet below the surface, especially if the subsoil is inclined to be clayey? Some of my acquaintances lay their tile and then lay a stone throat over them, by placing a stone on each side of the tile and covering the whole with flat stones. Is this necessary? It *seems* very much like double work; it may pay, however. What is the comparative cost of the two kinds of drain built in the ordinary manner, supposing you have the stones on the farm, and have to haul the tile five miles? Are sole tile preferable in ordinary soil to horse-shoe? If sole tile are used, is it necessary to lay boards on the bottom in mucky land?

Secondly, I would like to know if there is any *practicable* method of guarding against the ravages of the wire worm? A few years since I plowed a piece of old meadow, and planted with corn; the crop was a heavy one, and I planted it again the second year. The corn came up finely, but before it had been out of the ground one week I could not find a score of thrifty spears upon an acre! Upon examination, I found that these pests were literally *feasting* upon the softened kernels, there being, in some instances, forty in one hill. A neighbor has had a similar experience, raising a splendid crop, and the year following having a perfect failure from the same cause. Why does this worm allow the grain to grow without molestation during the first year after an old piece is plowed, and then wage such warfare the second? Is it because while the old soil lasts he feeds upon that? Last year I planted nine acres of old meadow and pasture, and would like to plant the same piece again as I harvested over one hundred bushels of sound corn (ears) to the acre. Now, is there any method by which these marauders may be headed and the corn saved? An answer to these questions by those who *know*, will much oblige an old subscriber and attentive reader of the RURAL. J. A. T.

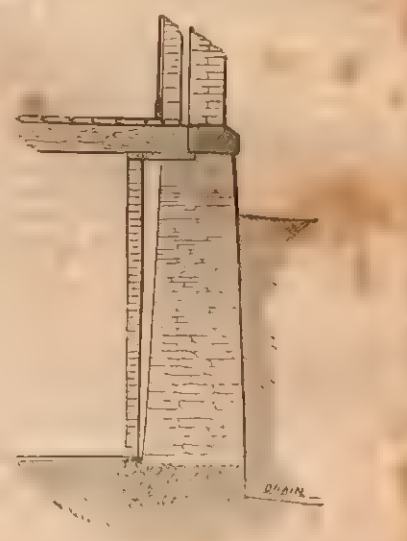
Port Gibson, N. Y., 1859.

HOUSE BUILDING.—NO. II.

BEFORE we turn our attention to the specialty which was to be the subject of this number, let us look over your plans and see if they are so complete that the building when finished will be likely to meet all your requirements and stand unshamed before intelligent criticism.

The general outline, that which gives the first impression to the mind as we approach anything, is one of the most important points, but we must leave it entirely to the taste and skill of the designer. The color is another matter of considerable consequence, and one in relation to which, let us hope, some one entirely conversant with the subject will give RURAL readers a chapter. The cornices, openings and trimmings are to be treated of in detail hereafter, so we will pass them by for the present and look at what a stranger would come to first—the front entrance.

Have you determined on four or five broad stone steps, a large stone platform, a pair of splendid Grecian columns of the same material, surmounted by a classical Grecian cornice, graced by ornaments few can understand or appreciate, and distinguished by names most painful to pronounce, but all made of wood on ever so cheap a scale? Let us hope for better things. Perhaps you have thought of having broader steps and a more extensive platform, a magnificent colonnade the whole width of the house, with five or six larger columns and a great pediment above all, made in imitation of stone as before, but so palpably *wooden* as to deceive no one *but* the builder? I trust not, for such things are expensive and give but little return in looks and none whatever in comfort. What is better, is a roomy porch, with seats on the side and trellis work above—a place where you can lower your umbrella in a storm without the concentrated force of a nor'wester giving you a dose of hydropathy from the eave-spout free of charge—a place where friends can wait in comfort for the door to be opened, or where you may sit in summer with your family and enjoy the evening breeze. To make all comfortable and keep out snow in the winter a temporary door may be hung on the outside. The front door will open into a vestibule or hall, if you have one, or into the living-room if you have not. I will say nothing of a parlor, as you may have acted on my suggestions and concluded to live without one, notwithstanding the girls insisted upon having a place where they could receive their beaux in style. (This would undoubtedly be a pleasant arrangement, girls, but yet young gentlemen, if they are happily possessed of good common sense, will enjoy visiting with the old people until an *early* bed time, and certainly they will lose nothing by having a good understanding with them before hand.) But, though we will waste no time upon the consideration of a special room for patients suffering from the harmless malady, love, let us inquire if you have made suitable provision for sickness of a more serious nature. If not, now is the time to remedy the oversight. To be appropriate the sick room should be susceptible of thorough ventilation, and cut off from other rooms by a narrow hall, which will allow egress at the back of the house without the necessity of passing through other rooms. Your living-room will also be benefited by such a hall, as it will give your men folks a fair chance to come in and sit down while awaiting their meals, without having to find their way through wood-house, cook-room and kitchen, which is always a source of annoyance, and often disturbs the equanimity of the presiding genius of the culinary department.



SECTION OF CELLAR WALL.

Watertable for Wood Building.

With this review of the plans in which a few of many points that always should be thought of, but seldom are, have been merely alluded to, we will leave them for alteration and correction,—for one dollar will make an alteration in a place that it would cost one hundred to make in a building.—Make the plan as perfect as possible, before you commence your building, and then carry it out to the letter. Do not make an alteration after that, without having the plan thoroughly revised by your draftsman. This is the only possible way of avoiding blunders.—You cannot very well commence your foundations without the assistance of your builder or superintendent, and for this office employ a mechanic, and the best one you can find, though you have to pay an extra price, for he will surely be the cheapest hand in the end. Make the excavations for the cellar and foundation walls at least six inches larger on all sides than you intend to have the walls of the building. Make trenches under the cellar walls from one to two feet deep and a drain from these to carry off the water. All buildings will settle more or less in proportion to their weight and the density of the earth beneath, and that they may settle uniformly is what should receive your particular attention. Large flat stone throughout the lower part of the wall, and angles laid with a proper bond, will insure what you desire one way, and a balance slope the other. [See illustration of section.] By this I mean, have the center of the foundation wall under the center of the wall or sill to be supported.—Your wall may slope on the inside three or four inches from bottom to top, and the same on the outside from bottom to surface of ground; above that it should be plumb. This, if your wall is commenced six inches larger than the building and slopes three inches, will leave a projection of three inches outside of the sill or brick wall, which should be protected by a heavy, jutting water table. A house or any other building made on this plan will not only *be better*, but will have some visible means of support, which adds as much to its looks as it does to the reputation of a young man in the eyes of a prospective mother-in-law. If you wish to have a dry, warm cellar, lay up a four inch brick wall inside with a space between that and the stone, commencing on a plank of some durable timber.—Old or soft brick will do for this purpose, and plas-

tering will adhere to them much better than to lath.

Hoping this will furnish as good a foundation for what remains to be said, as it will for you to build upon, we will leave the matter for another week. J. B. S.

Pompey, Onon. Co., N. Y., May, 1859.

HOW TO CUT DRAINS FOR BRUSH OR TILE.

Eds. Rural:—In reply to inquiry of C. C. D., of Syracuse, I beg leave to say that my ditch is one foot wide on the top, four inches wide on the bottom, and three feet deep where the land will permit; in some flat spots I can only get it eighteen inches. My soil is a loam one foot to eighteen inches deep, on a clay subsoil. I have some portions of land composed of one foot black soil and one foot of sand on a clay subsoil. I use beech for brushing, as hard wood is the best. Pine would be very lasting, and the foliage excellent for covering the drain. Cedar is another good material. I have said my ditch was a foot wide on top, four inches on the bottom, and three feet deep. This is the way it is done:—A common spade takes out nearly a foot wide, and ten inches deep; a second spade takes out ten inches deeper, then follows the shovel to clean out the crumbs the spade has left behind. There is just room in the ditch to allow the shovel to work easily. My ditch is now twenty inches deep, and ready for the draining spade to take out 16 inches deep at a draught; this gives me a ditch 36 inches. After the draining spade follows a long handled hoe made like a scoop, seven inches long; this takes out all the crumbs and removes any small obstacle, and I am now ready for my brush or tile. A ditch thus made resembles a bottle turned bottom upwards. How does it get that shape? By this means:—The common spade makes a square cut down for twenty inches, then the draining tool, which is eighteen inches long and five inches wide at top of plate, tapering down to four inches at the point, completes the work by taking out sixteen inches of earth, allowing two inches to the tool to work easily. The cutting of this part in a peculiar manner lies in handling the draining tool in a proper way. It is not to be used like the common spade, but, being gouge-shaped, it is pressed into the earth in a diagonal manner, and draws out the earth in one solid piece, in the same way as the tool that is used in trying butter when in a firkin. It is a difficult matter to describe its operation; it must be seen in operation, and then looks simple enough.—Should any one be desirous of seeing the operation of draining, let him, without any ceremony, give me a call, and I shall be happy to show him how it is done. I have expert hands, who will soon cut out a few rods, and show the process. I reside on the plank road, two miles north of Geneva, and any one coming from a distance can make my house his home during his visit, and I can warrant him a good welcome. W. L. Logie.

Willford Farm, Seneca, N. Y., May, 1859.

P. S.—I sowed some orchard grass seed last year. This year it was the earliest out, and began to head on the 10th of this month, it then being knee high. Is not this very early? The land is drained.

W. L. L.

BRUSH DRAINS "RIGHT SIDE UP."

Eds. Rural:—E. Bixby's publication of his experience with brush drains I fear may cause brush to fall below par, and tile to rise; but time will decide the question. My "jumping at a conclusion for sixteen years" had not for its base my solitary year's experience, but from information obtained from those who had personally known brush drains to last twenty years in England, and my poor experience of one year, enabled me to conclude I might be as successful as others who had more experience than myself. There is a right and a wrong way of doing a thing; perhaps Mr. B.'s may be the right way, and mine the wrong; time must decide that. According to E. B., he cut a ditch 2 feet wide and 18 inches deep, and put in brush 10 inches thick, leaving 8 inches clear of the brush. Now, he need not complain; I think it operated well for the time and circumstances. I should not consider this a drain; in my humble opinion it is a miniature brush-heap. A horse walking over a surface two feet wide, only eight inches of soil covering the brush, must certainly make some impression on the drain and pack it well down, particularly if the earth is in a wet state. I cannot blame any one for coming to the conclusion that brush was no go under such circumstances. I mean to stick to Mr. Brush, for he has been a good friend to me, and hope to have him in my soil for many a long year; but should he use me badly I will then "report progress" for the benefit of all concerned.

Men will have different views and opinions of matters and things. Had I the land Mr. B. describes I should treat it to an open ditch till all the surplus water was removed; then I should consider whether it was worth tiling, which I think it must be, for Mr. B. owns to one good crop under the brush-heap system. A neighbor of mine came to see my brush drains, was much pleased with them, and made many inquiries. I showed him the draining tools, and told him to get one at cost of $1.75. He said he could do just as well with a common spade. He has since plowed and scraped out a ditch, filled in with brush, and no doubt will expect great results; but his labor will be lost, and he will be "down" on brush drains. An outlay of a few dollars would have enabled him to do the thing the right way and get good returns.

I would here remark that ditching and draining are distinct branches. You must have open ditches to carry off the floods if land lies level, as mine does, then tile underground that the remaining water may percolate through the soil and reach the drains. It is too much to expect tile to take all the water, it will take too long a time to percolate through, and the earth does not get the full benefit of the drains. I have a map of my farm with all the drains laid down, and showing the open ditches. I find it very useful. I got this idea from a seaman's chart. I hope some day to have the pleasure of showing it to you and receiving your comments on it. Yours respectfully,

Willford Farm, May, 1859. W. L. Logie.

HOW TO MAKE FENCE ON ROCK.

Friend Moore:—C. H. De Witt, Wood Co., Ohio, wishes to know "what is the best plan to build a door-yard fence where it is impossible to set the posts in the ground on account of rock." I will give him my plan; it may not be the best, however, but such as I have I will give.

Use 4 by 4 scantling, (oak is preferable,) for the posts; length according to the height of fence desired—(mine are three feet seven inches.) Take ⅝ inch oval iron for braces; cut them from 17 to 18 inches long; let a blacksmith flatten one end, and punch a hole suitable for a ⅝ inch bolt, and bend the same as nearly as he can to the perpendicular of the post, when the brace is bent to it, which is easily done when fastened at the bottom. If the surface of the rock upon which he purposes building is level, or nearly so, and soft enough, drill a ⅝ inch hole, say 3 inches deep, in the place where the post is to be set. Take ½ inch round iron, cut spikes about five inches long, have them sharpened or pointed at one end, for the posts to rest upon; bore a ½inch hole in the bottom of the post, deep enough to admit the spike; fasten the blunt end of the spike in the rock firmly, (which can be done by running in hot lead or driving in common cut nails at the side;) then drive the post firmly down upon the spike; then (or before if preferred,) drill another hole just the size of the brace inside of the post, far enough from the post to give the brace an angle of about forty-five degrees when bent to it; then bolt the upper end firmly to the post with a ⅝ bolt 4½ inches long (being particular in fastening to the post so as to get it perpendicular.) He will then have a post, when the fence is completed, that will stand firm against the strongest winds.

I have about sixty rods of this description of fence for door-yard, garden and lanes, that has been built about three years, and stands firm as a rock. My posts are set upon rough quarry stones, averaging say nearly 18 inches long by 12 to 15 wide, and from 3 to 6 inches thick. I then believed, and am now satisfied, that it is a better way than setting the posts into the ground, as there is but little if any chance for the posts to rot, being always above the surface of the ground. The expense is but a trifle more than setting posts in the earth; the iron (here) would not cost over 4½ cents per pound, and the bolts say $3,25 per hundred. It takes less timber for posts, and not much more labor to set them. If quarry stone are used they should be bedded about half their thickness into the ground, as they will stand more firmly than on the surface.

North Rush, N. Y., May, 1859. H. B. H.

SOD FENCES.

Eds. Rural:—Having noticed the inquiry of W. H. Chaffee, of Byron, Mich., in regard to sod fences, I would inform him, through the Rural, that they are very common in the West, on both wet and dry land. For marsh land they are the *best*, as well as the *cheapest*, fence made. The ditches should be from five to six feet apart, and large enough to carry off the water, as they then answer the double purpose of fencing and draining the land. For land not too wet, the ditches should be four feet wide and three deep, and tapering to one foot in width at the bottom, will be found sufficient to give plenty of sod and earth to build a durable fence. The cost of double ditch of this size is about fifty cents per rod, now, but in good times seventy-five cents was the ruling price.

Prairie land can be fenced by single ditch for twenty-five cents per rod, and double ditch at thirty-eight cents, and if well built is durable and needs but little repair annually.—L. H. Doyle, *Otsego, Wis., May* 16, 1859.

BEES AND BEE-HIVES—AGAIN.

Messrs. Editors:—As the inquiries of W. G. Richey and J. H. Smith, in the Rural, of April 30th, under the head of "Bees and Bee-hives," have not yet been answered, I will offer a few words on the subject. But as I shall not attempt to answer the important inquiry fully, I will proceed in that very brief and wholesale manner in which I commenced this article.

Apiaries should be so situated and constructed that the hives and bees, and the atmosphere in their immediate vicinity, may be warmed by the sun at nearly all times of day, and at all seasons of the year, and at the same time be protected as much as possible from wind and weather. I have observed that generally those who have been successful in bee-keeping, have kept them in a warm, sheltered (not shaded) situation, and that bees thus kept, in the morning in early spring, were at work long before those which were exposed to cold and upon which the sun was not admitted. As "to know the disease is half its cure," a remedy is readily suggested.

As to "which is the best plan of constructing bee-hives," I would say that I distinctly, though briefly gave my views in the Rural of Jan. 29th, and they are unchanged. In that communication I stated that I preferred the common box-hive (not to say that it was perfect.) There is a hive made in this place named from its shape, "the No-Patent Octagon Hive." This hive has a box on the top for taking honey and for feeding bees; it is made of pine, 1¼ inches thick, planed and painted, and though not differing in principle from the common box-hive, its form makes it quite ornamental. Of "S. Davis' Platform Bee-hive," I have heard, but not seen, and have no more to say. And as to "which is the best book treating on bees," I have only to say, I may have been unfortunate in my selection; for, out of a large number, I have not found as valuable information on the subject as from Agricultural papers, where disputed points were replied to and fairly discussed. Something may be learned, however, from all. Not prepared to say which is best.

No one, of course, ought to object to a *patent hive*, if it is an improvement, but so far as my observations extend in that direction, the so-called improved bee-hives properly belong to that class of improvements, called the backward march improvements. Something of an idea of the situation of the bees being wintered in these hives, (in which the bees are divided and subdivided, and ventilated on all sides,) may be had by imagining a swarm being wintered in a fanning-mill with a boy to turn all the time. Some years ago I *undertook* to use one of these machines, (bee-hives,) the price of which was $4,50. The first season I drove a strong swarm into it, which, after remaining a few days, came out and flew to parts unknown. The next I put a young swarm into this hive, which starved in winter with plenty of honey in a box just above them; those few that passed into this box found it so cold that they could not uncap the honey. The third year I put a small swarm into it, not thinking it a safe place for a valuable one. This swarm located themselves in the moth, at least the queen and most of the bees—a box in the lower part of the hive which would hold about ten pounds of honey, but which never did contain more than half that amount for some unknown reason. This was not far from where I came to the conclusion that the next man that sold me a dose of humbug under the name of improved bee-hives must be a resident, for at least a long time, of the land of wooden nutmegs,—*and then he would'nt.*

East Shelby, N., Y., May, 1859. I. I.

ABOUT CHINA TEA WHEAT.

I can say to J. J. B., of Lockport, who inquires in the Rural of May 7th about China or Tea Wheat, that it has been grown in this vicinity for several years, and for three or four years it has been badly eaten by the midge, unless sown late.—O. D. H. *East Rodman, N. Y.*, 1850.

Messrs. Eds.:—In the Rural of May 7th is an inquiry from J. J. B., Lockport, N. Y., in regard to the midge working in the China Tea Wheat. I would say, as regards this section, they worked very badly indeed last year. It has been almost the only variety sown in this section for a few years past, but a great many have changed their seed this spring, and have sown the Scotch or Fife Wheat. I think for flouring the China is ahead of any variety we have ever raised here, but it has to be cut before it is very ripe, or the first heavy wind will shell it.—T. O. W., *Rutland Hills, Jeff. Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

Friend Moore:—J. J. B., in your issue of May 7th, wishes to know if any one ever knew the China Tea Wheat to be injured by the midge. Permit me to say for the benefit of your correspondent and all others concerned, that I, for one, have known the Tea Wheat to be injured by the midge; and I have good reason to believe that there are many more farmers in our town who can testify to the same fact. In the spring of 1858 I sowed my Tea Wheat earlier than usual, about the middle of April, and I think I can safely say that I lost one-fourth of my crop in consequence of the midge.—But the Tea Wheat sown late, say from the 12th to the 20th of May, I have never known to be injured to any extent by that little pest of an insect. Being a bearded variety it is less liable to be injured by the midge than either the club or bald variety; nevertheless, if you will sow the Tea Wheat early, and sow no Club Wheat for them to work in, I dare venture they will not hesitate to attack it.—R. W. L., *Onondaga, May*, 1859.

HITCHING POSTS.

Hitching Posts! What is there in a *hitching post* that is worth considering? 1st, The material. Iron is strong, durable, and can be cast in a great variety of fancy or fantastic forms. A good iron post, well masoned in, is perhaps best, yet rather expensive. Stone is expensive, is not strong, is constantly liable to get broken, and should not be used. Living trees would be good, except that there are horses that would be quite sure to girdle and destroy them the first opportunity.

A good post may be made as follows:—Take a chestnut post eight feet long and ten inches in diameter; cut a notch all around the small end, about six inches from the end. Then hew the large end from the middle of the post to the end, where it should have a diameter of about nine inches. Make a large hole four feet deep; set the post with top end down; prepared as described above; fill up the hole with stone well pounded down. Plait the top of the post over with sheet iron, and wind the upper part of it with hoop, band or sheet iron, to prevent the horses gnawing it; then trim it with a ring, hook, and a chain three feet long with a snap on each end. Fasten the chain to the post by a staple, one-third the way from one end of the chain to the other. The short end of the chain will serve for a single horse or the nearest horse in a team, and the long end will be right for the horse furthest from the post. Put two such posts six or eight feet apart, and make a platform between them from which to get into wagons, with steps to ascend to the platform from the sidewalk, and you have a very desirable accompaniment to a well appointed home. No house should be without its hitching post. And while making it, make it safe. Get a strong post, know that it is well anchored, have ring, hook, staples, chain and snaps all strong. *Sham* will do on fancy articles, where the appearance is all that is desired; but a hitching post with all its fixtures, which are liable to be put to the severest tests at any hour of the day, by either frantic or vicious horses, should be *sound*. Fences are neither safe nor cheap hitching posts. Shade trees should never be used. If you would save horses, fences, shade trees, horses, wagons, harness, and the risk of having broken bones by runaway horses, and also keep out a constant token to your friends to come and share your hospitalities, *put up good and substantial hitching posts.* S.

Binghampton, N. Y., 1859.

Maple Sugar.—Twelve farmers in Greenfield, Mass., made 12,175 pounds of maple sugar the present season. The total number of trees tapped was 3,742. The greatest yield per tree was four pounds; and the smallest a trifle less than three pounds; the average was about three and a half lbs. per tree.

A Naturalist Northward Bound.—Mr. Robert Kennicott, son of Dr. J. A. Kennicott, of Illinois, has recently started on an expedition to the Hudson Bay Territories, with the design of spending two years in the far north, on an Entomological Exploration, and to ascertain relative to the various animals inhabiting that region. He goes, we believe, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institute.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Burning Sods for their Ashes.

At a meeting of the Skaneateles Farmer's Club, says the Albany *Cultivator*, Mr. W. P. Giles gave the result of an experiment on his farm, some years ago, in burning the turf upon a piece of swampy ground which had been reclaimed by draining. The sod was cut loose in the fall, and in the spring was thrown into heaps, and burned by the aid of old rails and stumps, and the ashes was then spread as a top-dressing upon the land immediately after plowing; the result was an enormous crop of corn, while the adjacent parts of the same field were ruined by the worms. The ground continues to produce larger crops of grain and grass than any other parts of the field to this day. He also alluded to the practice of the Hon. Mr. Dickinson, of Steuben Co., of cutting up the sod along the side of the highway, and throwing it in heaps and burning it as a manure, with beneficial results.

Sulphur for Stock.

A writer in the *Ohio Farmer* thinks that the value of Sulphur for stock is not sufficiently known, and in recounting the benefits to be derived from its use, argues as follows:—"Most farmers are well aware that there are certain seasons in the year when animals of every description on the farm—from the finest colt to the poorest calf—become afflicted with (in plain English) *lice*, (one of the plagues of Egypt,) or *ticks*. To become free from any trouble or injuries from the attack of these pests, we have only to put sulphur in the food, or salt of stock so infested, or mix a little in lard, and rub it on the small and young animals. A speedy cure may be depended upon. I think a teaspoonful two or three times a week—four or five times a year—will generally keep hogs and sheep entirely free from such vermin. The above article is more particularly applicable to sheep and hogs. It has been said, and, I believe, with some show of truth, that, given plentifully at the beginning of warm weather, as above directed, every other week, till shearing time, it opens the pores of the skin, curing cough, and whitening the wool; and as evidence of which, look at the big snow white sheep on the mountains of Virginia, in the vicinity of the sulphur springs."

Black Leg in Calves.

This disease is prevailing to some extent in Ohio, and a correspondent of the *Ohio Cultivator* writes that journal as follows:—"Black Leg first makes its appearance on the inside of the hind leg of the calf, about two or three inches above the hoof, in the form of a small scab. Sometimes this scab will increase in size, and sometimes not. I have known calves to die with it, when the scab was no larger than a five cent piece, and at other times I have seen it spread over the whole surface of the leg. If my observations be correct, I believe the disease is more fatal when the scab is of a small size, for this indicates an inward working of the destroyer. But if the sore or scab be large, and maturates freely, there are some hopes that the disease is of a superficial nature. That this death-dealing disease may be stayed in its course, I would advise those who have any of this afflicted class of stock to watch them with a careful eye, and as soon as the disease makes its appearance, remove the scab, and with a sharp knife lay open the leg about an inch above and below the sore, cutting immediately through it, and if possible to the bone, which is no difficult task, as the bone lies near the surface in this part. If the orifice should close too soon, it should be opened again, and kept open for several days, or until the calf is out of danger. If the weather be dry, or the calves have good shelter, it would be well to mix a small quantity of sulphur with their salt, as it would have a tendency to purify their blood."

Good and Bad Farming.

One of the contributors to the *American Farmers' Magazine* gives us his views upon this subject in the following manner:—"If there be what our title indicates, then there are both good and bad farmers. Did the earth bring forth spontaneously, in all latitudes and localities, then there would be no occasion to speak of good farming and bad farming, nor of good farmers and bad farmers, for there would be nothing to do but to gather the spontaneous productions of the earth. But this is not so; for it has been decreed to man, that by the sweat of his face he should eat bread. This implies labor, whose application and direction constitutes the principal difference between good and bad farming. For the same sun shines, the same dews distil, the same showers descend, the same breezes sweep over the plains of the bad farmer that do over the acres of the good. The latter is diligent, methodical, skillful, and enterprising, while the former is wanting in all these, and more, for he is the slothful man, whose portrait is so vividly drawn in an old oriental volume well known to our readers. The good farmer takes care to have plenty of forage, for without forage he can keep no cattle, no horses, no cows. Grass lands, both for hay and pastures, are indispensable; and root crops are also essential to aid in feeding live stock. Besides these, wheat, barley, buckwheat, oats, rye, and corn, must be produced to feed and sustain man.

But, says the bad farmer, wealth is the secret of success with my neighbor, the good farmer. He has inherited money, or else has made it in other business, and can therefore outdo one who has inherited nothing and made nothing but what he has got off from the farm. This may be true in your case, while it may be also with many well-to-do farmers. Remember, it is good farming that pays. Bad never does. So far is it from this, that it not not only fails to pay, but impoverishes him who is engaged in it. No man can afford to raise seven bushels of rye per acre, or ten bushels of wheat, fifteen of oats or barley, twenty of corn, &c., while good farmers produce of wheat and rye each from thirty to sixty bushels per acre, eighty of oats, and seventy-five to one hundred of corn, and two or three hundred of potatoes. No wonder that bad farming leads ultimately to the abandoning of the business, because it does not pay. True, it does not pay, never did for any length of time, and never will. There are no more independent people in the world than good farmers, and few more miserable, dependent, and wretched, than bad farmers. It is the purpose of every philanthropic man, and more especially it is so with those who conduct the press, to greatly multiply the former class by diminishing the latter. Then shall good farming be the rule, and bad farming the exception. May the day be hastened when this shall be verified."

Agricultural Miscellany.

The Devon Herd Book—American edition, 2d volume, by Sanford Howard—will be issued soon.

The Seneca Co. Fair is to be held at Waterloo, Oct. 12th, 13th and 14th.

The Annual Fair of the Jefferson Co. Ag. Society is to be held at Watertown, Sept. 21st and 22d.

The Annual Plowing Match of the Livingston Co. Agricultural Society is to be held at Avon on the 9th of June.

Mr. E. Marks, of Camillus, N. Y., has recently sold the imported Short-horn bull "Marquis of Carrabas" (11789) to Wm. Boies, Esq., Cortlandville, N. Y. This noted animal is said to be lively and vigorous, yet perfectly docile.

Woman as a Farmer.—A southern paper states that the most extensive plantation in Louisiana is managed by a woman—Mrs. A. E. Flint. During the last year she raised 1,800 hogsheads of molasses and 400 bales of cotton—the largest crop produced on any plantation in that State.

New Horse Track Proposed.—A gentleman of Hartford, Ct., suggests a new form of "track" for the exhibition of horses. His idea is to make it in the shape of an elongated figure 8, so that as the track crosses the intersection or middle of the figure, neither horse can get the advantage of the shorter or inside track.

Tents and Flags for Ag. Fairs, &c.—In answer to several recent inquiries, and for the benefit of officers of Agricultural Societies and others interested, we would state that Mr. James Field, of this city, can accommodate those who wish to rent or purchase tents and flags for use at Fairs, Encampments, &c. See his announcement in our advertising department.

Weather, Crops, &c.—The weather has been quite cool since our last—with a hail storm on Saturday and a slight frost on Sunday night, though no material injury was caused by either. The weather is now (24th) warm and pleasant again. The growing wheat, spring crops, grass and fruit (except peaches) look remarkably fine, and promise well for the season. Our advices from the West, and other parts of the Union, are generally most encouraging in regard to crops.

Fawkes' Steam Plow.—Writing to the Prairie Farmer Mr. Fawkes says he has tried his new plow and it works satisfactorily—is much pleased with the improvements, and believes he is able to compete with the world. After exhibiting his plow in Philadelphia and Lancaster, Pa., Mr. F. will ship his machine to McLean Co., Ill., where he has contracted to break prairie, and purposes to compete for the liberal premiums offered by the State Ag. Society.

Mutton Sheep for Texas.—A New York city paper says Mr. Leland, of the Metropolitan Hotel, recently shipped forty pure blood Southdown and Leicester sheep to his brother in Texas, intended to improve the breed upon a large sheep farm or "rancho," and adds: "When shall we have fresh, fat Southdown mutton from Texas served up daily upon our hotel tables? For to that complexion, we suppose, we shall come at last. We have had fresh mutton in this city from Algeria, in Africa, and by the same process of preservation we can certainly have it from Texas."

Gone to Europe.—We have neglected to state that Luther H. Tucker, Esq., junior editor of the Country Gentleman, is spending the Summer in Europe—having sailed on the 23d ult. Also, that Sanford Howard, Esq., of the Boston Cultivator, was prevented from leaving for Europe on the 4th inst., as announced, on account of severe illness. We are glad to learn, however, that Mr. H. soon recovered, and sailed on the 18th. We trust our friends will have a pleasant and profitable season abroad—steer clear of the "grand armee" and fighting generally—and return to home and friends in health and safety.

Early Winter Wheat.—An enterprising farmer of Holley, Orleans Co., Mr. Nelson Hatch, writes:—"On the 8th day of Sept. last, I planted a small piece of early wheat as an experiment. It wintered well, now stands 3 feet 6 inches high, and this 21st day of May is headed out,—while Mediterranean, sown on the same land and fifteen days earlier, is not as high, and judging from appearances will not head in ten or fifteen days. If this wheat proves what it now promises of doing, and should be thought worthy of notice, I will advise Rural readers of its yield, quality and other particulars not here mentioned."

Hay Caps Wanted.—A subscriber at Middleville, N. Y., asks us to inform him, through the Rural, "if there are any manufacturers of hay caps, and if so of what sizes and prices? Are they without a seam, and are they oiled or painted, or both?" Hay caps are manufactured somewhat extensively in Boston, but we cannot answer definitely as to sizes, prices, &c. We believe they are from 1½ to 2 yards square, made of sheeting and drilling, and cost from 30 to 62 cents each. Can any of our readers answer as to the cost and utility of hay caps from practical experience?

How to "Head" the Crows.—Mr. H. O. Gregory, of Lockport, who evidently does not consider crows very valuable, thus tells us how he prevented them from pulling up his corn:—"Having seen many scare-crows in newspapers and cornfields, I want to tell you how I managed last year. Obtained a shilling's worth of strychnine, dissolved it in about two quarts of warm water, and soaked some corn in the water over night. Early in the morning I scattered the corn in the most exposed portions of the cornfield. Such a caw-cawing as there was among the crows a little after sunrise I never before heard. Happening to be in an adjoining piece of woods a few days after, I picked up about twenty dead crows, and after that there was not a crow seen on that cornfield, nor scarcely any in the neighborhood during the summer."

The Rural Appreciated.—We are in daily receipt of letters speaking in the most appreciative terms of the Rural, but rarely publish any of them. For example, we this morning (May 21st) received, among others, three epistles from which we will quote in the order in which they were opened. No. 1 is from Newark, N. J., and says:—"Having one of your Ruruls before me, and it being, according to my knowledge, the best paper devoted to Agriculture, Rural Life, Literature, Science, &c., I am desirous of taking it for at least six months, and therefore inclose $1." No. 2, from Rome, N. Y., says:—"I have taken the Rural about four years, am very well pleased with the paper, and shall continue it as long as it bears its present reputation." The third hails from Esopus, Ulster Co., N. Y., and reads thus:—"I send you $2 for the Rural one year. I have been a reader of its pages for six months, and find it the *ne plus ultra* in the Agricultural newspaper line. I have found several articles in it, *each of which was worth the price of a whole volume.*"

HORTICULTURAL.

CURRANT AND GOOSEBERRY CATERPILLAR.

So numerous and pressing are the inquiries, as to what can be done to rid the currant and gooseberry bushes of the caterpillars with which they are now infested, threatening not only the destruction of the leaves and the present crop of fruit, but the plants themselves, that we devote considerable space to this subject, although treated of pretty fully about one year since. These pests have been rapidly increasing for the past two or three years, and now in this section, nothing but the most untiring vigilance will secure a crop of fruit, or save the plants from ruin. The engraving and description of the *Currant Moth* is from Dr. Fitch.

THE CURRANT MOTH.

Soon after the middle of May, when the currant bushes have become well clothed with leaves, and have fully put forth their flowers, a worm appears upon them, feeding upon the leaves. The worm is so small and so much concealed among the foliage, that it is never observed, until it has increased considerably in size. In almost all gardens it is so abundant during the last week in May, that it may readily be found. It is at this time a quarter of an inch or more in length, and about the diameter of a coarse knitting-needle. It is of a lively, light-yellow color, and thickly covered with numerous black dots of different sizes, most of which, when closely examined, are discovered to be symmetrically arranged, and forming rows lengthwise of the insect. It continues to feed, and to increase in size, until near the middle of June, when being fully grown, it is almost or quite seven-eighths of an inch long, and one-eighth of an inch in diameter. It moves by arching its back upwards, and spanning off a particular space at each step. It is rather sluggish and inactive during the day time, if undisturbed; and if obliged to migrate from one bush to another in pursuit of a more abundant supply of food, the journey appears to be performed by night.

Like other geometrician larvæ, this may frequently be observed with its hind feet firmly attached to a branch, and its body extended stiffly outwards, sometimes in one posture, sometimes in another. It thus often presents a most grotesque appearance, as it remains for hours rigidly fixed and motionless, as though it was a withering twig dotted over with lichens, or some other natural appendage of the plant.

Though the chief supply of food for this insect is furnished by the currant bushes, it with equal avidity devours the leaves of the gooseberry wherever these occur within its reach. And it not only consumes the leaves of these shrubs, but it nibbles the peduncles or stems which bear the fruit, wounding them to such a degree that they perish, and the fruit withers whilst it is yet but half matured.

Having completed its growth the worm descends to the ground, and burying itself slightly under the surface, changes to a pupa of a shining black color, about thrice as long as it is broad, and measuring about half an inch in length. These pupæ may be found in abundance in the earth directly under the leafless currant and gooseberry bushes, about the middle of June. They are not enclosed in cocoons, nor surrounded with any other covering, but lie naked, in contact with the earth. In this state it continues but a few days, when the hard outer shell cracks asunder, and the perfect insect crawls from it and readily works its way out of the loose loamy soil in which it is buried.

The winged moth may be met with from the middle of June till after the middle of July. During the day time, with its wings fully spread, it remains at rest, concealed among the foliage of the shrubbery and vegetables of the garden and its confines. As dusk approaches, it commences flitting about, and is most active in the evening. It suddenly takes wing, flies rapidly a few yards, and then suddenly drops amid the grass or foliage and disappears from view. Like many other moths, it is attracted by the light of a candle, and hence frequently enters the opened windows of dwellings in the evening. The exact situation in which it deposits its eggs, I have not yet discovered. These remain, it is probable, during the autumn and winter, to hatch and produce another generation of worms the following May.

This insect is so closely related to the Gooseberry Moth of Europe, that we may confidently infer that those measures only which have been found efficacious for checking the ravages of that species, can be of material avail against this. Numerous remedies have there been resorted to; such as sifting the fine dust of soot, of ashes, &c., repeatedly over the bushes; sprinkling with lime-water, or with decoctions of tobacco, of fox-glove, of alder, &c.; by successive shakes of the bushes, causing all the worms to descend to the ground, and then tying cabbage leaves around the base of the stalks, over which it was reported the worms would not crawl to re-ascend. But none of these remedies have established themselves in public favor; and the only measure which is recommended with confidence, by all the more intelligent writers, is that of "hand-picking," as it is termed. This, though tedious, is said to be, in the end, the most economical of any measure known, and the only one on which full reliance can be placed. It is commonly accomplished by suddenly jarring the bush, and then with a forked stick or some similar implement, gathering those worms that have let themselves down by threads, and crushing them beneath the foot. This process requires to be repeated three or more times to free a bush from the worms, as but part of them let themselves down on the first agitation.

This remedy should be resorted to with our insect, as soon as the young worms are discovered upon the bushes, and if perseveringly followed up, will, no doubt, be effectual. The task, however, will be a formidable one, to thus free a garden of the countless numbers of these larvæ by which it is infested; and the measure can only be resorted to with facility in those gardens where the bushes are kept well thinned by pruning.

A less laborious mode of reducing the numbers of our moth in badly infested gardens, it strikes me is so feasible that some may be disposed to test its efficacy by giving it a trial. As already stated, the worms having completed their growth, bury themselves slightly in the ground under the bushes, where they lie several days in their pupa state, and then the winged moths come from these pupæ and make their way out of the ground. Now if the surface of the earth beneath currant and gooseberry bushes be leveled and made smooth with a rake, it will be but a slight labor, when the worms have mostly left the bushes and buried themselves, to closely cover the ground beneath and around the bushes with boards, or pave it with bricks, should these be at hand, allowing this covering to remain three or four weeks. The winged moths on coming from their pupa shells, would probably then be unable to make their way into the air, and would perish in their confinement. The efficacy of this measure would be indicated, on removing the boards, by the numbers of dead moths on the surface of the ground beneath them.

THE CURRANT MOTH.

Fig. 1, The Male Moth. 2, Female. 3, Larva—lateral view. 4, Larva—dorsal view.

GOOSEBERRY SAW FLY.

It is only two years since our attention was first attracted to this insect. How long ago it was first seen in this country, or whether it is a native or an emigrant, we cannot say. But of the fact of its having taken almost entire possession of our Gooseberry and Currant bushes, and of its very close resemblance to the *Gooseberry Saw Fly* of Europe, there can be no doubt. It first attacks the gooseberry, but when these leaves become scarce those of the currant are greedily devoured.

The flies emerge from their winter quarters in the ground the latter part of April or early in May, and soon after the female begins to deposit her eggs on the under side of the newly expanded leaves, choosing the sides of the veins or nervures as a fitting place. With the saw-like appendage, for which the family is remarkable, the female commences cutting into the leaves, and in the opening deposits her egg. The larva is hatched in about a week, and commences feeding on the leaf, increasing in size and frequently changing its skin, till it is about three-quarters of an inch in length. It is now of a dull pale-green color, the first thoracic segment being deep yellow, the penultimate being also of the same color; the feet, tail and head are black, and each segment is dotted black also, some having as many as twenty-four spots arranged in lines down the back, while those on the sides are more irregular, with one large one at the base of each foot. They have six pectoral, sharp, horny feet; the fourth segment appears destitute of feet, but the six following are each furnished with a pair of legs, which assist them in walking; they have also a pair of feet at the extremity of the last segment.

GOOSEBERRY SAW FLY.

Grub, Cocoon and Perfect Insect.

In the fly state it assumes an ochreous color; the body is orange, sometimes bright; the wings are iridescent, and, when expanded, are about two-thirds of an inch in length; the antennæ are almost as long as the body, bristly, brownish above, and nine-jointed; the crown of the head and eyes are black, as are also three large confluent spots in the center of the trunk, and also a large patch on the breast or sternum.

The broods of caterpillars appear in succession occasionally from March till October, but in greatest numbers in June. Sometimes they severely attack the gooseberry in July and August, and after denuding the bushes of their foliage, they descend into the earth, spinning themselves a yellowish cocoon of an elliptical form, and remain in their pupa state till the following spring. Those of the early summer brood descend in like manner but in the course of three weeks, or less, undergo their transformation, and again appear as perfect flies.

Syringing the bushes, on the first appearance of the caterpillars, until the foliage is well wetted, and then dusting them all over with powdered caustic lime, is effective. The operation should be performed at least two or three times to secure their destruction, and the earlier it is done the better.—Watering with lime-water has much the same effect, and covering the ground under the bushes with fresh tanner's bark is also advantageous. The most radical cure, however, is to remove the soil under the bushes to the depth of three inches, and to dig pits two feet deep and bury the soil in them, substituting that taken from the pits for that which has been removed. Water heated to 140 degrees, and applied by the syringe or garden engine, has been found destructive to the caterpillars, while the foliage has sustained no injury. The practice of striking the stem of the bush suddenly with a mallet, so as to cause the caterpillars to fall to the ground, where they may be bruised to death with the back of the spade or trodden under foot, is sometimes attended with much injury to the stem and bark of the tree. If the insects are not too numerous a good deal can be done by hand-picking. But, at whatever cost, these insects must be subdued or we shall have to give up the culture of the most valuable of all our small fruits.

CIRCULATION OF THE SAP.

Messrs. Editors:—As one of my sons takes the Rural, I peruse its instructive columns, and occasionally meet with an article that seems to me *not* to be founded on true philosophy. One such article appeared in the Rural, by L. Bartlett, on the circulation of the sap! A reply to this, by H. H. Barrett, was published on the 16th ult. This reply is well written, and appears to me, with one exception, to accord with sound philosophy and the laws of vegetable growth, as now understood. The power of "capillary attraction" is considered sufficient to force the sap to the extremities of the tallest trees, and in the case of those gigantic ones of California, would seem to require a power equal to ten atmospheres, or 150 pounds to the square inch. Enormous as this seems to be, there is evidence that it is capable of such performance. In mill-stone and marble quarries, the former one of the hardest of rocks, the workmen drill holes where they wish to split them, and then drive seasoned hard-wood wedges in these holes firmly, and then, by saturating these wedges with water, they rend these rocks with great nicety and precision. Here is practical evidence of the power of capillary attraction alone, of tremendous force. This is a beautiful law of the Great Creator of matter, that enables water to enter even rocks and other substances, and under atmospheric influences to cause their destruction, and thus form soils by which organic life is supported.

The objection to this article is in the paragraph on "the downward flow of the sap;" of this I have no evidence whatever that it does exist. I am aware that I am opposing old theories—theories proclaimed in the infancy of science, when the operations of nature where but little understood; but now, when facts are required to support theories, it is found that facts do not support this. Where is any evidence that the "flow of the sap is forced out of the substances of the leaf by the upward motion," and that thus a "circuit" is carried out and matter "finds its way to every part of the surface of the tree, where it forms wood." A little reflection, it seems to me, should convince any one that a power with force enough to drive the sap upward to the leaf, and then drive it down again to the root against the upward flow, occupying as that does every pore of the wood and bark, would burst every leaf of the tree, even if made of material strong as India rubber.

It was easy to infer, after the theory of the circulation of the blood in the animal economy became known, that a similar circulation of the sap took place in vegetables. This, however, is now seen not to be the fact. Gray, in his Botanical Text Book, says "there is no circulation in plants similar to that in animals." And in the American Encyclopedia, now in course of publication, article "Botany," the author argues against a downward flow of sap, and shows conclusively that, considering the great amount of water given off from the leaves of plants during growth, there is good reason to conclude that sufficiency of matter for building up the plant is carried up by the sap, even allowing that amount to be little at a time. It was supposed that the "crude sap," as it was termed, was not in a state to be assimilated by the plant, until it had been exposed to the action of sunlight, by being spread out in the leaf, the carbonic acid gas there decomposed, the oxygen given off, and the carbon deposited as growth by the downward circulation. But where is the evidence that sunlight does decompose carbonic acid gas? My reading of chemistry is not very extensive, but I have observed but little to support such a conclusion, while electricity is well known to be able to release oxygen from its compounds with facility. The author in the Encyclopedia considers electricity as playing an important part in the growth of vegetable matter, and had he considered it as the principal agent in decomposing carbonic acid gas, he would, I think, have come nearer the true theory. Sunlight we know is important in growth; it gives the green color to vegetables, and may, in connection with electricity, aid in preparing matter for growth, but as the decomposition of carbonic gas is mainly performed while the sap is carrying it upward, it must be done without the aid of direct sunlight, principally, at least. Light and electricity are so similar in some of their effects, as to be difficult to discriminate between them. Electricity has been employed in increasing the product of vegetables, by raising poles in fields with wires extended above them, and then conducting these wires beneath growing vegetables, and thus causing a large increase of growth and productiveness. This increase was doubtless caused by the increased facility of the decomposition of the gas, as the electricity added nothing to the soil.

It is a well known law of electricity that when a body positively charged with it, comes in contact with another body in an opposite state, it always passes to it, so as to produce an equilibrium between the two, and should this latter body then become positive to the other, the fluid will pass to the former whenever a contact takes place. The air and the earth are often positive and negative to each other. Changes in the amount of electricity in the atmosphere are continually taking place. A driving, heavy fog has been known to exhibit electricity almost as strongly as a heavy thunder-storm. Indeed, most of the atmospheric changes may be fairly ascribed to its influence.

Here, then, we have a law of nature, fitted for the purpose exactly in the position to have the effect, and suited to every variety of growth.—Every sprig, every point of a leaf, is a conductor of electricity from the air to the earth, and *vice versa*. Whenever one is positive to the other, the fluid passes through these conductors, and having a strong affinity for the water of the sap in plants, it here meets the carbonic acid gas in the sap exactly where the carbon is needed for growth. No necessity for sending the matter for growth to the leaf to be vitalized. This roundabout way of producing an effect, is not in accordance with the simplicity of nature's operations, she always works in the simplest manner possible.

I claim no credit for any discovery in this matter, as the Prince of Humbug on "Terra Culture," lately among us, does in his theory. I only present the views of others, but they accord so well with my own observations, and so completely remove the difficulties that existed in my own mind relating to the downward flow of sap, which I could see no fact to support, that I at once gave in to the theory. I do not wish one individual to accept of this theory because I consider it the true one; let us individually examine into the laws of nature for ourselves; truth never suffers by examination, and it is hardly to be supposed that we are yet fully posted up in our knowledge of Nature's laws.

I may again express my satisfaction with the article of H. H. Barrett, except the paragraph commented on, and have reason to believe, that if he will lay aside all previous theory on the subject, and bring facts, and the latest experiments of philosophy, to bear on the case, he will come into the view here presented. Wishing only to advance truth is my excuse for this essay.

London County, Va., 1859. Yardley Taylor.

The Curculio.—I give your readers a "*Sovereign Remedy*" for the Curculio, which if any doubt it, just try and report. Plums can be raised, that's certain. It is one of the easy things to do, viz.:—Just calculate to have a brood of chickens come along with about two or three week's growth, so as to have the old hen in a small coop, or tied, according to the circumstances of the case, near or under the plum tree as soon as the fruit begins to form, till the hardening of the stone, and the plum is beyond harm. The little "*Turk*" will not have many marks, especially if the chickens are called, and the tree is every morning or two jarred, and a few crumbs of food sprinkled around under the tree with the falling of the insects on jarring the tree. Not only will this pest become very scarce, but also all troublesome insects and worms throughout the garden, helping the gardener much more than all the damage unless on beds. Try it.—J. P. M., *Sandusky, Ohio, May*, 1859.

Oyster Shell Lime for Grapes, &c.—Will you, or some of your subscribers, please inform me whether oyster shell lime is good for grape vines or fruit trees, or, as some suggest, whether it is injurious? I want the information from some one who has used the same. The lime has been used in manufacturing gas.—O. F. Adams, *Macon, Georgia*, 1859.

Lime, whether made from oyster shells or stone, is good on any soil where this mineral is deficient. Lime from gas-works is injurious to vegetation if applied fresh, but after laying exposed to the atmosphere from six months to a year it loses its injurious properties. This is our experience, and we believe it is sustained by the best European authorities, though our work in the garden is now too pressing to admit of our hunting them up.

We are so busy in the garden, fighting caterpillars, coaxing melons, &c., that some correspondence awaits attention. Next week we will make all right.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

COLORING RECIPES.

Eds. Rural:—As I take considerable interest in the column of recipes, I thought I would express that interest in a way that may perhaps add to the *general* satisfaction,—that is, by doing my share of *the work* pertaining thereto. I have some recipes that are excellent for coloring old white bonnet silks, lining and ribbons, so that the children's bonnets and hoods can be remodeled and made to look almost as "good as new."

Pink or Rose-Color.—Tie up a thimbleful of cochineal in a piece of strong cloth, then take two teacups, bowls, or larger dishes, according to the quantity of ribbons you wish to color,—put a little pulverized alum into one dish, a very little good cream of tartar and the bag of cochineal into the other, pour boiling water in each sufficient to give the articles plenty of room, put them (previously cleaned) into the alum water, rub out the cochineal with a spoon or fingers, until your dye is good color, then take the articles from the alum water, and put them in the dye. Let them remain until rose-color, or bright pink, as you prefer. The dye should be kept hot, and judgment should regulate the quantity of cream of tartar. If there be too much, it will not color well, if too little, the dye will be of a crimson or purple color. The bag should be preserved for future use, unless you color a very large quantity of silks, sufficient to extract its strength.

Straw-Color.—Smartweed, boiled in brass, and set with alum, will color a fine straw-color.

Orange.—Bloodroot, boiled in brass, and set with alum, will color an orange color that is not easily faded. Old silk that is not very fair, will do just as well for this color.

Drab.—If you wish for a handsome drab-color, boil sage in iron and set the dye with a little copperas. Be careful and stir the goods often, else they will spot.

These recipes are all for silk, and would not color cotton or wool, unless, perhaps, we except the straw-color. Yankee Ette.

COLORING RECIPE, CRACKER PIE, &c.

Eds. Rural:—As others of your readers are contributing "good things" to the "Domestic Economy," here is our mite:

Cracker Pie.—Six small crackers, broken into two cups of cold water, with two tablespoonfuls of sour boiled cider, little salt and a few lumps of butter. Flavor with what you please. Stir together—put into the crust and cover with another. This recipe is sufficient for a square tin, and is best when just cold.

Jenny Lind Pudding.—Slice dry cake and steam it. Make a sauce of butter and sugar, and a little flour. Pour on hot water and season. Stir them together, and pour over your dish of cake.

To Color Silk Salmon Color.—To a quart of rain water, put two teaspoonfuls of soda. Tie some annatto in a cloth, and rub into the water enough to get the required scald. When hot, put in your silk and let scald, then rinse in strong blueing water, (I used Bristol's Blueing Fluid,)—finally rinse in gum Arabic water and iron wet.

Can any of your readers inform me where the best knitting machines are manufactured? The *old-fashioned* ones have been in use so long, we want an improvement,—one that can take more than one stitch at a time. Nelle.

"Cottage Hill," N. Y., 1859.

HOW TO MEND BROKEN CHINA, &c.

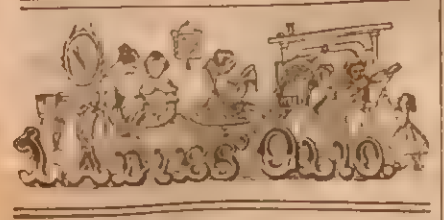
Messrs. Eds.:—In a late issue of the Rural is an inquiry for a recipe for mending China. I give one taken from my "Scrap Book." Take a very thick solution of gum Arabic in water, and stir into it plaster of Paris until the mixture becomes a viscous paste. Apply it with a brush to the fractured edges, and stick them together. In three days the article cannot be broken in the same place. The whiteness of the cement renders it doubly valuable.

Allow me to say a few words about "Scrap Books." The cost is but a trifle, (seventy-five cents will pay for a good one,) and the benefits are many. Mine has more than paid me a dozen times this spring. I have an old cigar-box with a cover, into which I put my "scraps" until an opportunity offers to paste them in. They are arranged under different "heads." The "Farm," "Garden," "Household," "Stock," &c. Many an invaluable "item" is thereby saved for future reference. J. A. P.

Oswego Falls, N. Y., May, 1859.

How to Do Up Shirt-Bosoms.—Having seen a call for the best way to do up fine shirts, I take the liberty to say that the first step to the perfect ironing of a shirt bosom is to have it so made that it is *possible* to iron it smooth. As shirts are generally made, it is an impossibility to get more than a few inches smooth, (by smoothing, pulling both ways, and rubbing the wrinkles up and down,) in the front of the bosom so that when the vest is on, all looks right. I do not profess to be a teacher of shirt ironing, as it is a *knack* that can only be learned by practice. A mere child can be put in practice as soon as tall enough to reach the work, and will soon outdo the mother, if father or brothers will only praise them a little when they do their best. All cloth should be washed and boiled thoroughly (in order to shrink it) before making into shirts that are to have bosoms in them. Great care should be taken in sewing on the bosoms so that they will iron smooth—they should not be too long, as that is the chief cause of their shoving up by stooping. I think the best way is to have the bosoms in a *dickey*, and wear over a plain shirt.—A Farmer's Wife.

Cream Cake.—Two cups sugar; 2 do. cream; 3 do. flour; 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon saleratus. To be eaten warm.—Edwards, *Skaneateles, N. Y.*, 1859.



"TIRED TO DEATH."

My lady is "tired to death!"
She has studied the print of the gay velvet rug,
And given her dear darling poodle a hug,
And from her bay-window has noticed the fall
Of a ripe nectarine from the low sunny wall;
She's embroidered an inch on some delicate lace,
And has viewed in the mirror her elegant face,
Has looked at an album, a rich bijouterie,
Then restlessly owned herself dead with ennui!

And my lady is "tired to death!"
Exhausted! It's strange that as day after day
Of her frivolous life passes slowly away,
So aimless and "stylish," so empty and fine,
So free from those duties sometimes called divine—
That she wearies of something; she hardly knows what,
Thinks of not what she is, but of all she is not!
Oh, no! all emotions are vulgar you know,
And my lady's have always been quite *comme il faut*.

Still, my lady is "tired to death!"
Oh, woman, false woman, false mother, false wife,
What account can you give of your poor wasted life,
Of that life that has passed like a feverish dream,
The life that has been not *to be*, but *to seem?*
What account will you give in the awful, last day,
When the pomp and the show of the world pass away,
When the Master demands of the talents He's given,
A stewardship rendered on Earth and in Heaven?

"Tired to death!"
Cast off for a moment your diamonds and lace,
And shine in the light of true womanly grace;
Look around you and see with eyes raised to the light,
Strong men and true women who live for the right;
Brave hearts that ne'er falter, though distant the goal;
Great lives whose fierce struggles will never be told,
Whose wild straying hearts stern duties control,
Whose only true life is the life of the soul!

[*Providence (R. I.) Journal.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

Plain Talks to American Women.--No. 11.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

One of the most efficient means of moral culture—and one within the reach of every family—is *music*. Conducted aright, it has almost the power, for the time being, of transforming the earthly home into a heaven of purity and joy. How delightful the gathering together of the family around the bright fireside for an evening song! How sweet the united melody of the aged grandmother's tremulous voice, the father's deep bass, the brother's boyish tenor, and the soft treble of the mother and sisters. And if there be the sweet accompaniment of instrumental music, it is so much the more enchanting. How does the chain of harmony bind all hearts in one! And if it be devotional, how, in the consonance of sweet sounds, are the feelings of the heart elevated towards that holy world where angels strike golden harps, and sing anthems of praise eternally! How do the aspirations reach forth to a future participation in seraph songs!

And why is not this more common? Why, from the family altar, ascends not as frequently the voice of praise as the voice of prayer? The sentiments we sing, sing often and appreciatingly, are wont to sink deeply into our souls, and become, as it were, part of ourselves. There was much wisdom in the thought of him who said, "Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes the laws."

How precious to us are the snatches of song—which we can never forget—sung to us by a loved mother in the days of our childhood! If that mother has passed away, do not the tear-drops start from their fountains, if, perchance, they are heard in the careless throng? How do their echoes linger in the heart, like the song of the dying swan, or like a breath of melody let fall from the lips of a passing angel on his ministering mission! Mothers, when you bend above your babes to hear them lisp the evening prayer, sing softly to them some holy hymn, and, mayhap, even in their dreaming, you will see a smile light up their faces, to tell you they are happy. Be sure that happiness will steal into their souls like sunshine, and be reflected back again upon the giver. Some one has written as follows, concerning music:

"Appropriate singing has a wonderful effect in promoting a sweet disposition, and in calming angry feelings. Three brothers who lived in the same neighborhood were all hopefully converted about the same time; and they frequently met together to sing and pray, and were remarkable for their piety, and sweet and amiable dispositions.—Several months thus happily glided away; at length one of them was passing the house of another, he heard his two brothers engaged in an angry dispute—he went in and began to sing,

'How happy 'tis to see
Brethren all agree,' &c.

They instantly ceased their dispute, and soon one joined in singing, and directly the other also.—Their angry feelings were banished, and they had a joyful season of prayer. Ever after they lived in peace and harmony. 'The mother by singing can charm her wayward children, and supplant the angry by the enchanting and subduing. When her children become fretful or ill-natured, she can sing them out of ill-temper into sweetness much more easily and effectually than by scolding and chastisement. One sweet tune, when they are wrangling, will quell wrath and promote love a hundred fold more than whips. The former is irresistible and [illegible] the rougher passions at once, the latter only re-inflames.'" This is undoubtedly often true. If even the savage breast is not insensible to its power, how much less that of the little child!

Let no one think that money wasted which is expended in procuring for the family circle some musical instrument, from which even the little ones may learn to draw forth harmony, and with the aid of which they may cultivate the ear and the voice to a greater perfection. Better that they be clothed in plain attire, and fed with plain food, than that they be denied this inexhaustible source of enjoyment.

But not alone from the human voice, and from the works of art, should the child become conscious of the power of music! Teach him that

"There's music in the sighing of a reed,
There's music in the gushing of a rill,
There's music in all things, if man had ears."

Let his heart go out with the singing of the birds, and in its joyousness, become as wild and free as they! Let him listen to the murmur of the brooklet, the soughing of the wind among the pines, the "patter of the rain upon the roof," the "voices of the night," and the deep voice of "old ocean," and fill to its full measure his soul with the softness, the sadness, and the solemnity of the varied breathings, till he learns to love intensely the love-songs of Nature, and trustingly to listen to her melodious teachings, and appropriate them to his own spiritual sustenance.

Akin to the power of music is that of *pictures*. How much may a child be taught by them! What can you give to a child of two or three years, that will afford a better and more lasting entertainment than a book full of distinct and beautiful pictures? How interested will he become to point out various peculiarities, as the hump on the back of the camel, the trunk of the elephant, &c. Give him a pencil and paper, and let him try to make pictures. How delighted will he be with his robin birdie, his eagle birdie, his cage, and other pictures, none of which, perhaps, any one but himself would be able to name! Quite a general idea of natural objects might be given to a young child by means of pictures, and familiar oral illustrations, and gained in a manner not at all irksome or injurious to health. Far better this method of imparting instruction to the infant, than that of confining its attention to the printed page while as yet there is not sufficient physical stamina to endure safely severe mental application. Take a child of four years of age. Suppose you wished to give him an idea of a volcano. Explain to him that it is a great hill, as high as several of the highest he has seen, piled one top of the other; then tell him that fire, melted stones, ashes, &c., burst from its top and sides in such quantities as sometimes to bury whole cities; give him all the interesting facts upon the subject which you can call to mind, then show him a pictorial representation of such a scene, true to nature, and in after years, when he comes to take in hand a Geography, how readily will he memorize the definition given in reply to the question, "What is a Volcano?" So with a great variety of natural objects which he cannot have the opportunity of examining personally, as oceans, water-falls, animals, vegetables, different parts of the human system, &c.; exhibit to him correct plates, and interest him in their description. Let this course be pursued for two or three years before it is proper for him to attend school, or attempt reading, and what a fund of knowledge will he bring with him when his feet first seek the halls of science! With what a zest will he enter upon his new field of labors, feeling that the mysterious characters upon the printed page, will but open to him the gates to a long and delightful avenue of natural wonders!

But aside from their value as aids in intellectual culture, what deep *moral* lessons may be taught by appropriate pictures! Away with all such representations from the nursery as have no refining or instructive influence. Let its walls be hung with what is really beautiful and useful; let the picture-books put into the hands of the little ones convey no false or gross impressions, but tend to elevate, and how naturally will they drink in a love for the beautiful, the pure, and the true! Let representations begetting a martial spirit be avoided. Boys, especially, become so readily fascinated with the idea of military display, and military victory, that if the Christian mother would inculcate the *peaceful* spirit of Jesus Christ, she should be careful that her aim be not defeated by pictures of battle scenes, the praise of battle heroes, and the parade of military companies.

Do we not all remember some old pictures that hung upon the walls of the nursery of our childhood which we gazed at again and again, ever with interest, finding something upon which our fancy could play, our minds speculate, or which caused our souls to grow big with feeling. Perhaps some Scripture representation was so forcibly impressed upon the mind that we never read the passage illustrated, but we fancy it as having occurred as it was painted for our child-eyes to gaze upon. O, it is a pleasant thing in many ways to have a home adorned with pictures! We converse with them as with familiar friends, and the stories they tell to us oft become part of the treasure we cherish in the store-house of memory. Our hearts mayhap are chastened and strengthened by their influence, till we become very different beings from what we should have been but for their presence. Blessings, then, on music and pictures! May every home be gladdened by the melody of the former, and the light that streams from the latter be as sunshine from the unclouded orb of day!

Trials of Married Life.—Married life has its trials and its sorrows. Tempers may prove incompatible, and call for forbearance. Fortune may be chary of its favors, and enforce self-denial. Children may be ungrateful, and sting the poor heart that has pillowed them. Sickness may come, and haunt a household for years. But ask the poor man, struggling along with his debts, and the weary woman, toiling early and late, accomplishing the ruin of all her beauty and her buoyancy, if they would be placed apart, could competence be given them, and all their trials be brought to an end. The answer would be:—"There is something sweeter in this companionship of suffering, than anything the world can offer from its store-house of joys outside of it, and something which would make even severer trials than ours only iron bands to draw us more firmly together."—*Springfield Republican.*

Providence has so ordained it that only two women have a true interest in the happiness of man—his own mother and the mother of his children. Besides these two legitimate kinds of love, there is nothing between the two creatures except vain excitement, painful and idle delusion.—*Octave Feuillet.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A WISH.

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

Long night, hasten by with your wild beating rain—
I weary of watching in darkness and pain;
My bosom is cold and my heart is in twain—
I have prayed God for slumber and prayed but in vain.

The cup that I drained I have dashed to the ground,
And broken the weapon which dealt me this wound;
I have cast off the roses that died on my brow,
And the dust of their beauty drifts back to me now.

Stop, heart, stop thy throbbing—pale lips, hush your prayer—
Go, wild fiend of Passion, and couch in thy lair,
And prey on his footsteps, and spring fierce and sure,
And torture his life to the death I endure.

Rochester, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LETTERS FROM OUR FARM.—No. 6.

Have you seen the new Monthly for May? Not the *Atlantic* or *Pacific*, but Nature's grand issue, the *World's Pictorial*. It lies open before me as I write, a ponderous volume, bound in green and azure and clasped with golden sunbeams. Thousands and thousands of fingers have turned the delicate pages—thousands and thousands of eyes have wandered delightedly over the glowing pictures, but to-day not a leaf is torn or a color faded. For ages—none know how many—it has been issued fresh every month, moist and breathing of perfume, with such rare variety of contents that, from the little child to the white-haired sage, no sound heart ever wearied of it. Not like other volumes that drop from the press right into the hands of the rich in their palaces of brick and stone, and only wander occasionally away from towns and cities, growing old and stale by the way, Nature's great Monthly comes first to us here at Our Farm, and to all dwellers in broad, green, country places. In fact they never see it in town, or at best only short extracts, and pictures clipped out here and there, tantalizing hints of its peerless beauty.

Look at this picture—an orchard on a slope, the trees stooping to the weight of the great billows of bloom the spring has drifted over them. How the grey trunks show beneath, like rocks amid the sea of wavy grass that sways about their feet. Was ever a fairer foreground than that brook that creeps along through its fringe of alders, or a more exquisite background than the deep blue of the sky shading softly upward into paleness? See the oriole among the branches. What shall we call him—a golden blossom—a little winged bundle of music and sunshine. A single glimpse of the little flashing wanderer carries my heart straight back to childhood, to the days when I sat with folded hands under the cherry tree, with the white petals fluttering down upon me and only heard the brook below the garden wall, chime, chime, as it tinkled over the pebbles, and above my head the drowsy hum of the bees, and the short, mellow note of the oriole, flashing in and out with that low, rich trill that sounded like a quiet laugh of delight. Oh sunshine, and blossoms, and sweet May dreams!

There are songs scattered here and there through the pages—rare poems set to rarer melody—not written in our harsh tongue, but in the liquid syllables in which the birds and the winds talk to one another. Now and then a poet, silver-tongued and golden-hearted, catches the rhythm, and translates so truly that the busy people stop to hear, and go on saying the song over and over in their hearts, yet thousands of poems just as beautiful lie all about them, only waiting for lips loving enough to give their sweetness utterance.

Dame Nature it would seem has her living to make as well as the rest of us, for here are her advertisements in flaming letters:

"New Goods! New Goods! Just received, and constantly arriving, the choicest assortment of Spring Goods ever offered to the public. Buds and Blossoms of every shade and hue, suited to all tastes and ages; Leaves of the newest and most desirable patterns—in short, everything that the most fastidious could desire. A large supply of the choicest and most valuable Perfumes always on hand, also a splendid assortment of Jewels, consisting of the celebrated dew-drop diamonds, pearls, &c., but customers must call early to secure these, as they will not be exhibited long after sunrise. The ladies will find some celebrated Tinctures and Cosmetics for beautifying the complexion, and imparting brilliancy to the eyes, such as the "Balm of the Morning," "Glory of Sunshine," and many others whose merits have been abundantly testified to. A band of trained minstrels always in attendance to furnish the best of music.

"Carpets of green tapestry laid to order upon lawns and enclosures, and hangings of embroidery furnished to suit all situations. Call at the old stand—out of doors."

Why should I try to review it—this richest, most exquisite of publications? Its great, unbroken, unutterable beauty rises up before me, and grows upon me as I write. With a feeling akin to reverence I turn the pages day by day, the pictures brightening towards the close, and think how in a few days the glorious June will interpret all these sweet May prophecies in grand fulfillment. H.

Home.—Love watches over the cradle of the infant, over the couch of the aged, over the welfare and comfort of each and all; to be happy, man retires from the out-door world to his home. In the household circle the troubled heart finds consolation, the disturbed finds rest, the joyous finds itself in its true element. Pious souls, when they speak of death, say that they go home. Their longing for Heaven is to them a home-sickness. Jesus also represented the abode of eternal happiness under the picture of a home, a father's house.—Does this not tell us that the earthly home is appointed to be a picture of Heaven, and a foretaste of that higher home?

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"FURROWS RUNNING THE WRONG WAY."

Uncle Jasper and I were riding out one day, when we came to a field of pale yellow corn; some hills had two or three stalks, and some only one while a considerable number were without any. The owner was trying to dig up the tough sods that had taken a strong hold in the soil, and being near the fence—or, rather, an apology for one—uncle spoke to him—as is his custom whenever he meets with a neighbor. After the health compliments, he remarked, "Your corn does not come on very well, Mr. Sayres—what is the matter with it?"

"Why, you see, last year was a pretty dry season, and this field was too dry—it all baked down—*then* I cut the furrows down the hill so that the water all ran off; this year I run them across the slope, and as much wet weather as we have, there is water standing here nearly all the time—the furrows run the wrong way."

We passed on, silently for awhile, until I began to wonder if uncle would not make some of the quaint remarks which I love to hear so well, but still he remained silent. My thoughts had gone into another channel when he repeated—"The furrows run the wrong way!" There are no thoughts of mine that I like half so well as his, so I turned to him with a silent, but smiling inquiry, and he remarked:—"I fear a great many of Mr. Sayres' furrows run the wrong way—nor are his the only ones." After a few moments' thought, he continued:

"If you see a family trying to become respectable by imitating the style of the more wealthy, you may be sure *the furrows are running the wrong way.*

If you see a man whose daily practice does not agree with his religious profession, you need not fear that he will have more influence than his humble, but pious neighbor—*the furrows run the wrong way.*

If you hear a person tell of reading a great many books, you need not at once conclude that he is sensible—the probability is that *the furrows run the wrong way.*

If you hear a man speak contemptuously of those younger, or disrespectfully of those older than himself, you must not suppose him a kind-hearted man—*the furrows run the wrong way.*

If you see one try to injure the character of another in order to cover his own faults, be sure he will not succeed—*the furrows run the wrong way.*

If you see a youth very attentive to the young and sprightly of his lady acquaintances, and uncivil and neglectful of the aged, especially his mother, he will not become a great or good man you may be sure—*his furrows run the wrong way.* And if you see a young lady trying to win the attention of sensible men by gay dress, or a free manner, you may be sure *her furrows are running the wrong way.*" Belle.

Damascus, Wayne Co., Penn., 1859.

CONSTANT EMPLOYMENT.

The man who is obliged to be constantly employed to earn the necessities of life, knows not the unhappiness he prays for when he desires wealth and idleness. To be constantly busy is to be always happy. Persons who have suddenly acquired wealth, broken up their active pursuits, and begun to live at their ease, waste away and die in a very short time. Thousands would have been blessings to the world, added to the common stock of happiness, if they had been content to remain in a humble sphere, and earned every mouthful of food that nourished their bodies. But no; fashion and wealth took possession of them, and they were completely ruined. They ran away from peace and pleasure, and embraced a lingering death. Ye who are sighing for the pomp and splendor of life, beware! Ye know not what ye wish. How is it possible for you to be happy while you possess a deceitful heart? No situation, however; no wealth, however magnificent; no honors, however glorious, can yield you solid enjoyment, while discontent lurks in your bosom. The secret of happiness lies in this—to be always contented with your lot, and never sigh for the splendor of riches, or the magnificence of fashion and power. Persons who are always busy, and go cheerfully to their daily tasks, are the least disturbed by the fluctuations of business, and at night sleep with perfect composure. The idle and the rich are seldom contented. They are peevish, fretful, irascible. Bid them good morning, and they scowl. Nature and art have few attractions for them. They are entirely out of their view. While in this state, the springs of life are rusting out, and the decay of death has commenced undermining their constitutions.—*Goward's Journal.*

Resistance to Improvement.—It was the physicians of the highest standing who most opposed Harvey. It was the most experienced navigators who opposed Columbus' views. It was those most conversant with the management of the Post-Office who were the last to approve of the plan of the uniform penny postage. For the greater any one's experience and skill in his own department, and the more he is entitled to the deference which is proverbially due to each man in his own province, the more likely, indeed, he will have to be a good judge of improvements in details, or even to introduce them himself; but the more unlikely to give a fair hearing to any proposed radical change. An experienced stage coachman is likely to be a good judge of all that relates to turnpike roads and coach-horses; but you should not consult him about railroads and steam-carriages. Again, every one knows, how slowly, and with what difficulty, farmers are prevailed on to adopt any new system of husbandry, even when the faults of an old established usage and the advantage of a change can be made evident to the senses.—*Whately.*

So They Say.—"They" will say anything and everything. "They" have said everything mean and despicable. "They" say things that break up families, crush hearts, blight hopes, and smother worthy aspirations. Whenever a man circulates a slander and gives "they" as his authority, turn your back upon him. He mean no good.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"GONE BEFORE."

BY IDA FAIRFIELD.

Gone in the pride of his beauty,
In the opening bloom of his youth,
When his arm was strong for duty,
And his soul was pure with truth;
Oh, God! how heavily falls the hand,
Smiting again our desolate band!

Gone from the hearts that loved him,
From the home of his earliest years,
From the mother who kept o'er his cradle
Her vigil of prayers and tears,
Who needed the strength of his arm to bear
Her safely through life's journey of care.

Gone from the thorns besetting
The devious paths of youth,
From the hidden snares and pit-falls
Which lure the soul from truth,
And gone from a weary world of pain—
Can we wish the freed soul back again?

Gone where the loved are waiting—
Gone where the angels dwell—
Where sin and death cannot enter,
And never the word "farewell"—
Be strong, sad heart, and weep no more
For the loved who wait on a better shore.

Gone where we soon shall follow,
In the path we all must tread,
For the road to Heaven lies only
Through the valley of the dead;
And the glory-light in fitful gleams
Through Death's dark portal softly streams.

Independence, N. Y., 1859.

THE FIRST MORNING HOUR.

Nature tells what it should be. Not ushered in with din and strife, and the trumpet call to battle; but stealing softly, quietly, serenely over the senses, with song of birds and scent of myriad flowers. Just so should the spirit be in its waking hours, buoyant, hopeful, bright, soaring, rejoicing. No cloud of discontent, no fog of sullenness, no biting breath of words that slay quicker than knife or bullet, and too often, God knows, those who, defenceless and hopeless, can wage with the tyrant victor no warfare. What misery a day, the first morning of which, thus ushered in, shall bring, ere its sunset—how many aching hearts can tell! How leaden the feet of duty move unwinged by love, how many a sorrowful household might reveal, did its tomb-like walls tell all the sighs and tears witnessed within them! Oh, mothers, fathers, guard your first *waking* thoughts! Burden not unnecessarily, or despondingly, or selfishly, the new born day with *yesterday's* discontents and sorrows, do not for your own sake; do not for the sake of those whose unlifted faces reflect every flitting shadow that mars the sunshine of yours. A frowning face! How sad a legacy for children to hang up in memory's cabinet, when they sit musing, in after years, on the influences that have marred their happiness and by so much *maimed* their usefulness. Look to the *first* morning hours of each day, for, like the little stone which you idly throw into the lake, careless where it sinks, it leaves a ripple that shall widen and widen till it reaches the shore of eternity.

Heaven's Trustee.—Beauty, we say, is given by God; it is a talent; position is given by God; it is a talent; but money, we are apt to say, is proper wages for our day's work; it is not a talent, it is a due. We may justly spend it on ourselves, if we have worked for it. And there would be some shadow of excuse for this, were it not that the very power of making the money is itself only one of the applications of that intellect or strength which we confess to be talents. Why is one man richer than another? Because he is more industrious, more persevering, and more sagacious than others. Well, who made him more persevering or more sagacious than others? That power of endurance, that quickness of apprehension, that calmness of judgment, which enables him to seize the opportunities that others lose, and persist in the lines of talents—are they not, in the present state of the world, among the most distinguished and influential of mental gifts?—*John Ruskin.*

Secret Religion.—God is often lost in prayers and ordinances. "Enter into thy chamber," said he, "and shut thy door about thee." "Shut thy door about thee," means much; it means shut out not only frivolity, but business; not only the company abroad, but the company at home; it means,—let thy poor soul have a little rest and refreshment, and God have an opportunity to speak to thee in a still small voice, or he will speak in thunder. I am persuaded the Lord would often speak more softly if we would shut the door.—*Cecil.*

Power of Kindness.—Kindness is known to be a specific for many forms of disease, and kind nursing for many more. Christ's whole ministry was one of personal kindness. Charity is the great lever of Christianity; by it the messengers of the gospel can open the eyes of Pagan blindness; by it the ears of the most obstinate and hardened can be unstopped; by it reason can be restored and life saved; by it every human ill can be alleviated; by it all obstacles to the progress of Christianity can be removed or diminished.

A Very Common Mistake.—Many Christians imagine that now since they have believed, they must draw their comfort from some other source, or in a different way from what they did at first; they turn their whole attention to themselves, their experience, and their graces. Forgetting that the true way of nourishing these is by keeping their eye upon the cross, they turn it inward, and try to nourish them by some process of their own devising.—*Selected.*

THE PEOPLE'S COLLEGE.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of this Institution was held in the village of Havana, on the 11th instant. The principal business transacted consisted in the adoption of the following resolutions:

Resolved, That, until otherwise ordered, the Trustees of this College will endeavor to endow or otherwise provide for the maintenance of the following named Professorships in this Institution, viz:

1st, A Professorship of Natural and Revealed Theology.
2d, Of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy.
3d, Of Jurisprudence and Political Economy.
4th, Of Logic, and the Science and Art of Instruction.
5th, Of Ancient and Modern History.
6th, Of English Literature, Rhetoric and Oratory.
7th, Of Taste, as applied to the Arts, and of the History of the Arts.
8th, Of Anatomy, Physiology, Hygiene and Veterinary.
9th, Of Natural History, comprising Zoology, Ichthyology and Entomology.
10th, Of Chemistry, Botany and Mineralogy.
11th, Of Agricultural Chemistry, and Chemistry as applied to the Arts and Geology.
12th, Of Practical Agriculture.
13th, Of Horticulture.
14th, Of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.
15th, Of the Application of the Sciences to the Arts, comprising Architecture, Engineering, &c.
16th, Of Geography, Meteorology and Astronomy.
17th, Of the Latin and Greek Languages.
18th, Of the Modern Languages.
19th, Principal of the Preparatory Department.

Resolved, That there shall be established three Courses of Study in this College, which shall be severally denominated Classical, Scientific, and Provisional or Select; and for admission to the Classical Department, students shall be required to sustain an examination in such studies as are now required to be pursued in order to admission to the other Colleges of the State:—Students designing to pursue the Scientific Course of Study, shall be required to sustain an examination in English Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic and Algebra, through simple Equations. For admission to the Provisional or Select Course of Study, no more shall be required, than that the student shall have capacity and culture sufficient to enable him to pursue with profit to himself and without hindrance to others, the branch or branches of study of his choice.

The length of the College Course to be pursued in the Classical and Scientific Departments, to entitle students in the one case to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and in the other to that of Bachelor of Science, shall be four years. Students, however, who may enter the College with the intention of pursuing a Select Course of Study, shall, at the close of their course, be entitled to an examination in the branches pursued by them, and, if meritorious, to a certificate, or diploma, carefully written and signed by the President of the College and such other persons as may be hereafter designated, which shall expressly specify the branches pursued by them.

Rev. F. G. Hibbard, editor of the Northern Christian Advocate, was appointed to the Professorship of Natural and Revealed Theology, in the College.

The President was directed to procure some gentleman of distinction to pronounce an address in the Chapel of the College, at the next meeting of the Board, in August.

HOW TO TEACH THE ALPHABET

At a recent school meeting in Boston, George B. Emerson, Esq., had something to say of what he had seen of teaching in Europe during his travels. He spoke of what he saw in Dresden. He spoke of teaching the alphabet—of its usually being regarded as a drudgery, which he called a sad mistake. He cited an example of forty boys, seven years old, coming to learn their alphabet. It was taught by a man competent for a College President. He commenced by drawing a fish on the blackboard, and inquiring of the boys, "What is that?"

One answer was, "A fish," another, "It is the picture of a fish," and another, "It is the drawing of a fish." "Right," said the teacher to the last. They were then required to make a nice sentence about the fish. This being done, he then placed before them the letters that made the word. They were then required to put the letters together so as to spell the word. This was done; also the making of the letters on their slate, forming the word. They were next required to draw the picture of the fish. This was the method of teaching the alphabet, by no novice, but by a most learned German scholar. This method of thoroughness was everywhere practiced in teaching—a little at at a time, and constant repetition. "The effect of this method," said he, "was surprising." How unlike is this method to that pursued in our primary schools! The teachers use no books in teaching. Consequently their minds are wholly on the matter of teaching—watching the effect of their teaching upon their children. When their interest tired, their attention was directed to a new subject, and thus the happiest results are produced.

A Gem.—The following beautiful gem, taken from a speech of Webster, has been printed in large and bold types, on thick card paper, and distributed among the schools of all grades in New London, by a gentleman of enlarged and enlightened views on the subject of education. In their neat gilded frames, they not only adorn the walls of the school-room, but shed forth a light upon the teacher's pathway, encouraging him to press on in the imperishable work in which he is engaged.—"If we work on marble, it will perish; if we work on brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust. But if we work upon immortal minds, if we imbue them with high principles, with just fear of God and their fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something which no time can efface, but which will brighten to all eternity."

Mistake in Education.—One great mistake in our present school system consists in the number and variety of studies required of the children. A few things thoroughly learned and fixed for life, are much more useful than a mass of facts hastily committed to memory, never properly digested, and soon so far forgotten as to leave only indistinct impressions.

The Reviewer.

Hints to Horse-Keepers.—A Complete Manual for Horsemen: Embracing How to Breed a Horse, How to Buy a Horse, How to Break a Horse, How to Use a Horse, How to Feed a Horse, How to Physic a Horse, (Allopathy and Homœopathy.) How to Groom a Horse, How to Drive a Horse, How to Ride a Horse; and chapters on Mules and Ponies. By the late Henry Wm. Herbert, (Frank Forester.) With Additions, including "Rarey's Method of Horse-Taming," and "Baucher's System of Horsemanship;" also, giving Directions for the Selection and Care of Carriages and Harness of every description, and a Memoir of the Author. Beautifully illustrated. [12 mo.—pp. 425.] New York: A. O. Moore & Co.

The inviting appearance of this volume, in addition to the important subjects discussed in its pages, induced us to give it an examination on its first receipt, to the neglect of other works awaiting notice. And we were so well repaid for our time that we resolved to embrace the earliest opportunity to commend the work to the large number of our readers who are horse-*keepers* if not horsemen.

The Horse—a good, sound, well-trained, gentle yet free and "ready" specimen of the equine race—is an "institution" in this country which must continue popular and in demand, for pleasure driving and business, though the land may be intersected with railroads, and hence such a work as the one before us will prove of great value to those who wish to understand his characteristics, training, and the treatment of his diseases. The first thirteen chapters were written by Mr. Herbert only a short time before his death, and the outlines of the remaining ones were being filled out by him when his earthly career was terminated. His portion of the work is worthy the reputation of the author of "The Horse of America," comprising much valuable information on the various topics discussed, even to those who consider themselves well posted thereupon; while the volume seems to have been completed by persons qualified for the work. Combining, as we are assured it does, the experience of a number of competent contributors, the work necessarily embraces a completeness and variety not to be expected in the production of any one mind. The book certainly contains a great amount and variety of information, the Hints including almost every subject of interest to owners of horses, in a brief and condensed style—adapted to the wants of those who do not wish to examine several volumes to ascertain certain facts, or obtain a little information. Indeed, we look upon the work as a sort of *Cyclopædia of Horseology*, as it comprises, in one, a compend and the main facts of several elaborate volumes on different branches of the subjects it comprehends, with the addition of late discoveries and improvements. Unless we misjudge these "Hints to Horse-Keepers" will prove a most valuable acquisition. In externals, typography and illustrations, the volume is worthy of its contents, and very creditable to the publishers.

The Spy: A Tale of the Neutral Ground. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley. [12mo.—pp. 468.] New York: W. A. Townsend & Co.

The beautiful appearance of this volume constrains us to again commend Messrs. Townsend & Co.'s splendid edition of Cooper's Works. In the language of a cotemporary, "the unrivalled illustrations of this edition by Mr. Darley give each successive volume a new interest, as it issues from the press. The artist has caught the very spirit of the author in his characteristic designs, which are reproduced with excellent effect by the skill of the engraver. In every respect, this beautiful library edition deserves to be in the hands of the admirers of Fenimore Cooper." Sold by Dewey.

Broken Cisterns; Or, The Story of Jesse Worthington. [16mo.—pp. 384.] Published by the American Sunday-School Union.

The First Twenty Years of My Life. By Allen Richmond. [pp. 268.] Same publishers.

The Working Boy's Sunday Improved. [pp. 216.] Same publishers.

These volumes are published in the best style of the Society under whose auspices they are issued. Each teaches an important lesson, and may be read with interest and profit by both parents and children.

The Union announces that, in addition to the large number of books already on its Catalogue (being over twelve hundred distinct volumes,) it will issue a new work every Saturday during the year. Adams & Darney are its Agents in Rochester.

Books Received.

The Limits of Religious Thought Examined. In Eight Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford, in the year 1858, on the Bampton Foundation. By Henry Longueville Mansel, B. D., Reader in Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy at Magdalen College; Tutor and late Fellow of St. John's College. First American, from the third London edition. With the Notes Translated. [16mo.—pp. 364.] Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Sold by Adams & Darney.

Three Years' Wanderings of a Connecticut Yankee, in South America, Africa, Australia and California,—with Descriptions of the several Countries, Manners, Customs and Conditions of the People, including Miners, Natives, &c. Also, a detailed account of a Voyage Around the World, attended with unusual suffering, hardship, privation, disappointment, and dangers arising from fearful storms; threatened wrecks on rocky coasts, and amid reefs; by fire, deception, mutiny, &c. Also various incidents of life on Shipboard. By C. M. Wells. Illustrated with beautiful Steel Plate Engravings. New York: American Subscription Publishing House. [pp. 358.] From L. Stebbins & Co., Hartford, Ct.

The Art of Extempore Speaking. Hints for the Pulpit, the Senate, and the Bar. By M. Bautain, Vicar-General and Professor at the Sorbonne, etc. With Additions by a Member of the New York Bar. [16mo.—pp. 364.] New York: Charles Scribner. Sold by Allings & Cory.

Mosaics. By the Author of "Salad for the Solitary," etc. [12mo.—pp. 420.] New York. Chas. Scribner. For sale by Allings & Cory.

The Romance of a Poor Young Man. Translated from the French of Octave Feuillet, by Henry J. Macdonald, late of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. [16mo.—pp. 318.] New York: Rudd & Carleton. Sold by Dewey.

The Vagabond. By Adam Badeau. [16mo.—pp. 368.] New York: Rudd & Carleton. Sold by Dewey.

High Life in New York. By Jonathan Slick, Esq., of Weathersfield, Conn. A Series of Letters to Mr. Zephaniah Slick, Justice of the Peace, and Deacon of the Church over to Weathersfield in the State of Connecticut. Embellished with Illustrative Engravings. Phila.: T. B. Peterson & Bros. [16mo.—pp. 299.] Sold by Dewey.

The Jealous Husband. A Story of the Heart. By Mrs. Annette Marie Maillard, author of "The Compulsory Marriage," "Zingra, the Gipsy," etc. [16mo.—pp. 375.] Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. Sold by Dewey.

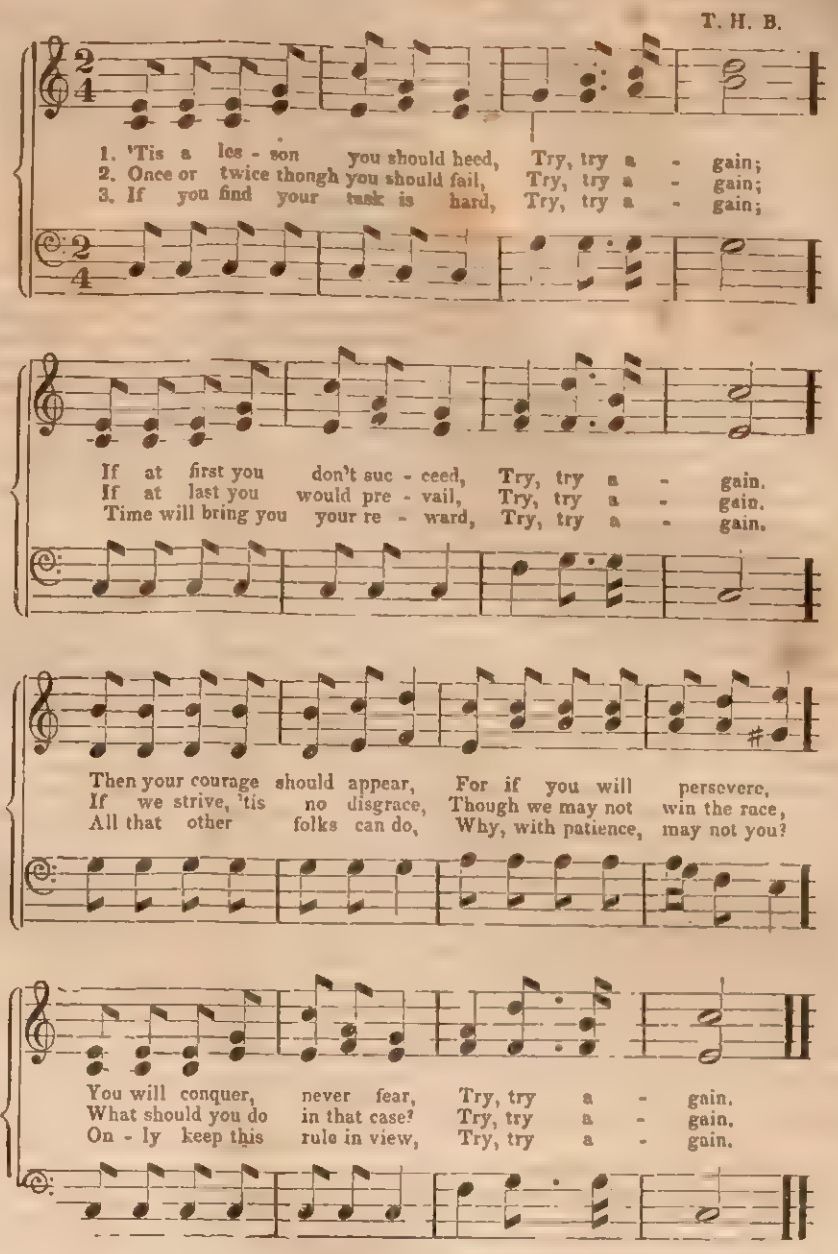
Ben Sylvester's Word. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." New York: Appleton & Co. [pp. 141.] Sold by Dewey.

The Singer's Manual: Consisting of 1st, A Complete Elementary Treatise on Music, with full Practical Illustrations and Exercises; 2d, Glees and Part Songs; 3d, Church Music; 4th, Music for Concerts and Singing Schools. Arranged for the use of Singing Schools, the Choir, the Social Circle, Concerts, and Exhibitions. By W. Williams, author of "Gloria in Excelsis," "the Song Wreath," Oratorio of "Our Savior," &c. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown. For sale in Rochester by Allings & Cory.

The Song Wreath:—Containing the Elementary Principles of Music, carefully arranged in a new, simple and concise manner for Instruction, together with a Collection of Music for the use of Schools, Juvenile Classes, Exhibitions and the Social Circle. By W. Williams, author of the "Gloria," "Sabbath School," Oratorio of "Our Savior," &c. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown. Sold by Allings & Cory.

TRY, TRY AGAIN.

T. H. B.



FRANCE AND AUSTRIA.

Just at the present time the following article, which we clip from the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, will prove of interest as exhibiting the feelings which have ruled "Camp and Court" in both Austria and France for the greater portion of the past century, and as proving that the relations of these two Powers have not always been such as would characterize the best intentions and the kindliest feelings. The *Enquirer* says:

"Within the last seventy years there have been five wars between France and Austria on the continent of Europe. Austria was one of the first nations that took up arms against the French Revolution. In connection with Prussia, in 1792, her armies invaded France. After a desperate struggle they were driven out by the energy of the French Republican Assembly, and by the valor and military skill of Gen. Demourier. The French Assembly, by a conscription, called out one million two hundred thousand men for the defence of the country, a military exertion which has seldom, if ever, been equaled in military annals.

Prussia and Spain withdrew from the coalition, and, in 1696, Austria was left to sustain the shock of the French in Italy. She was supported by the King of Sardinia, a State which is now her bitter enemy. The French army under Napoleon in two campaigns detached Sardinia from the alliance, drove her troops out of Italy, and pursued them into Germany, nearly to the gates of Vienna. Under the walls of that capital France dictated peace to Austria in 1796. By that peace she made large cessions of territory and influence in Germany.—As a recompense, Napoleon assigned her Venice and Lombardy, and first made her an Italian power.

In 1799, Austria and Russia took up arms against France, and for a time were very successful. They drove the French out of Italy. In the latter part of that year, however, Napoleon returned from Egypt. He induced the Russian Emperor Paul to withdraw from the Austrian alliance. Having accomplished this he led his army into Italy. On the plains of Marengo he fought a decisive battle, the result of which expelled Austria from Italy.—It was soon followed up by the victory of Hohenlinden, in Germany, gained by the French under General Moreau. The French columns were again near Vienna, and again France compelled Austria to sue for peace. In 1804, the Emperor of France became the King of Italy. Immediately after Austria and Russia attacked France. Such, however, was the power of the latter, that in six months one Austrian army was destroyed at Ulm, and another, together with the Russians, destroyed at Austerlitz. The French entered Vienna and again dictated a peace.

In 1809, Austria and France again met in collision on the tented field. The French, however, under Napoleon, marched down the valley of the Danube with the velocity, almost, of the wind, and in one campaign took up their quarters in Vienna. A severe and ignominious peace for Austria was the result. In 1813, Austria United with all the great powers of Europe, overthrew the French Empire, and broke down the very power which had so often entered the gates of Vienna in triumph.—By the treaties of 1814 and 1815 the northern States of Italy, Venice and Lombardy, were ceded to Austria by the leading nations of Europe. It is now on the faith of these treaties that Austria rests her case, and appeals to the rest of Germany, and to England, to assist her in maintaining them inviolate. As they were the treaties which witnessed the humiliation of his uncle, Louis Napoleon has no great respect for them."

Rules for Travelers.—The following rules, all of which, we believe, are founded on legal decisions, are of sufficient importance to travelers to be committed to memory:

It has been largely decided that applicants for tickets on railroads can be ejected from the cars if they do not offer the exact amount of their fare. Conductors are not bound to make change.

All railroad tickets are good until used, and conditions "good for this day only," or otherwise limiting the time of genuineness, are of no account.

Passengers who lose their tickets can be ejected from the cars unless they purchase a second one.

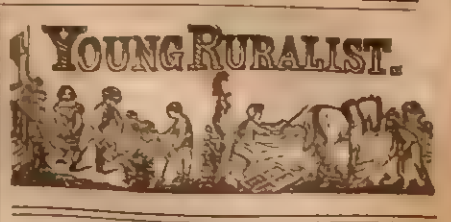
Passengers are bound to observe decorum in the cars, and are obliged to comply with all reasonable demands to show tickets. Standing upon the platform, or otherwise violating a rule of the company, renders a person liable to be put from the train.

No person has any right to monopolize more seats than he has paid for, and any article left in the seat while the owner is temporarily absent, entitles him to the place on his return.

"Alessandria."—This place, the rendezvous of the Sardinian army, whither the King has gone to take command, is probably destined to play an important part in the coming war. It is a fortified city, near the eastern frontier of Piedmont, whose guns bristle towards the Austrian territory. It stands in the midst of a sterile plain. It is the great stronghold of Piedmont, and is to the Sardinians what Gibraltar is to the English, or Sebastopol was to the Russians. During the reign of the French in Italy, its formidable fortifications made it one of the strongest places in Europe, but these were subsequently demolished, leaving only the citadel. Within the past few years workmen have been busy in reconstructing them, in anticipation of the events now at hand. In the surrounding plain, two miles distant, is Napoleon's celebrated battlefield of Marengo. Alessandria is garrisoned with several thousand troops, and, being connected with Turin and Genoa by railway, any number can be readily concentrated there. To capture it would be a crowning glory to the Austrian Generals, and to lose it a deep humiliation to Sardinia.

"The Ticino."—Cæsar's decisive step was the "Crossing of the Rubicon," and the step conceded on all hands to be decisive of peace or war, is the Austrian Army's crossing the Ticino. This stream is a small river rising at the foot of Mount St. Gothard, in Switzerland, flowing southwardly through Lake Maggiore, and finally emptying into the Po near Pavia. During the latter part of its course it forms the boundary line between Lombardy and Piedmont, and hence its importance in a military point of view. It is easily crossed and not strongly defended, is remote from the centres of Sardinian population and strength, and hence is naturally chosen as the most feasible entrance for the Austrian troops into Sardinian territory.

It is a universal rule, which, as far as I know, has no exception, that great men always resemble their mothers, who impress their mental and physical mark upon their sons.—*Michelet.*



DECEPTIVE APPEARANCES.

That the world in which we live is fraught with deceptive appearances is an unmistakable fact, and that mankind are very apt to judge by outward appearances, is very true. That we allow ourselves to be governed by the eye, to form our likes and dislikes, to banish or embrace as it may seem to please in appearances, is also true. The black, the rough, the uncomely, we are ready to discard, while the dazzling, the high polished, the white, the beautiful to gaze upon, we are ready to grasp. Within the black and sooty bed of coal we procure our choicest diamonds. Within the repulsive shell of the oyster are found valuable pearls; not always, as many can testify not a thousand miles from us, who, toiling night and day to dissect the poor creatures, obtaining only those which proved a slight resemblance, and valueless. Nay! it is not all gold, that! Neither are all diamonds that sparkle. Many worthless pieces of glass are palmed off upon the unwary as diamonds, or precious stones. How prone are we when we see the gaily attired, the man of wealth, surrounded by all that is magnificent and beautiful; the man of fame, of honor of a high-sounding name, to believe they possess clean hands and pure hearts, free from guile and wrong. But alas! how often are we deceived. Often do we form attachments to friends, believing they are what they appear to be. Our very thought is confided to them. But oh, how often do they prove false. Let misfortune come and you find yourself deserted.

The friends that in our sunshine live,
When summer's gone and flown;
And those that have but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

When Satan wishes to accomplish any amount of evil he attires himself in the livery of Heaven that he may the better accomplish his nefarious designs. The villain who contemplates evil will meet you with a bland and smiling countenance.—It is not the people of our day who alone are deceived by false appearances. Our Mother Eve was surrounded by everything that was luxurious and beautiful,—all that was necessary to health and happiness was hers,—yet there was one little tree laden with forbidden fruit which attracted her eye that was so beautiful; surely thought she, death cannot be therein—I will eat. Eat she did, and we are reaping the bitter consequences; and we have received from her this frailty of being deceived by appearances. Phebe D. Bullock.

Ellisburgh, Jeff. Co., N. Y., May, 1859.

YIELDING TO TEMPTATION.

The progress of the youth, from the time he begins to mingle in society, is full of trials and temptations. The youthful mind is naturally inclined to seek for pleasure and recreation, and this should be sought at home, and if sought, as a general rule, it will be found there.

Youth are easily led from the paths of virtue, and on this point they should be on their guard. The young man, just commencing business, has many trials to undergo, and temptations to overcome. If he yields to discouragement and neglects his business, serious consequences are apt to follow. The young man, endowed with fine talents, promising to become a respectable and honorable citizen, is frequently tempted, and sometimes yields to some of the temptations which are thrown around him. Ruin and disgrace is the consequence; he neglects his business, and is unconcerned and sluggish in the duties of life. He is frequently seen lounging around groceries and saloons, satisfying his growing appetite for strong drink.

Time passes, and ere he is aware, it has made its wrinkles on his brow; his cheeks are furrowed, and his eyes are sunken. Intemperance, brought on by the non-performance of his domestic duties, has made its impression. His home becomes a scene of misery,—happiness is not there. Wretched relatives are left to suffer the disgrace of his misspent time. What was once a happy home becomes a scene of wretchedness and misery. But this cannot always last. Death seals his fate. The companions of his youth who resisted the trials and temptations which beset their path, are bright and intellectual men, and an honor to the world; but he is gone; gone to fill a drunkard's grave.

Guilford, Medina Co., Ohio, May, 1859. J. C. C.

The Crow.—In the article on Winter Birds we have this defence in the *Atlantic Monthly*:—He consumes, in the course of the year, vast quantities of grubs, worms, and noxious vermin; he is a valuable scavenger, and clears the land of offensive masses of decaying animal substances; he hunts the grass-fields, and pulls out and devours the underground caterpillers, wherever he perceives the signs of their operations, as evinced by the wilted stalks; he destroys mice, young rats, lizards, and the smaller serpents; lastly, he is a volunteer sentinel about the farm, and drives the hawk from its inclosures, thus preventing greater mischief than that of which he himself is guilty. It is chiefly during seed-time and harvest that the depredations of the crow are committed; during the remainder of the year we witness only his services; and so highly are these services appreciated by those who have written of birds, that I cannot name an ornithologist who does not plead in his behalf.

Intemperance.—It is like an Alpine avalanche that lays waste all that is before it. Youth of America!—if you hope for peace or happiness,—if you ever expect to enjoy the blessings of life, to be respected by the good and virtuous, you must abstain from the use of ardent spirits. Not only is it demoralizing and destructive to health, but it is also ruinous to every bright prospect, to everything that makes life happy.—A School Boy, *Pulneyville, N. Y., May*, 1859.

The way of the world is to make laws, but follow customs.—*Montaigne*

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Dr. J. H. Robinson writing for the N. Y. Mercury—Caudwell, Southworth & Whitney.
Commencement of Volume XIX—Harper & Brothers.
E. Bell's Ohio Reaper and Mower—E. Ball.
The Atlantic Monthly—Phillips, Sampson & Co.
Nurserymen Wanted—Geo. G. Curtiss & Co.
"The Vermont Wind Mill"—A. P. Brown.
Vegetable Plants for Sale—C. W. Thompson.
Inventors, Patents, Patentees—J. Fraser.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Farmers, Now is Your Time to use Fertilizers.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 28, 1859.

Affairs at Washington.

Just previous to Count Sartiges leaving Washington, recently, he openly said in a conversation with two well-known gentlemen of the State of New York, that if there should be a European war he believed it would not be without embarrassment to our commercial relations, for the right of search would be re-asserted and enforced. This remark was made with emphasis. The responsibility of the parties from whom this information was derived leaves no doubt of its truth.

All the new Naval steamers are to be put in commission as soon as they shall be successfully finished, and before the close of this year every available vessel will probably be in active service. The design is not, however, in reference to the European war, as no damage to our commerce is apprehended from that cause. Vera Cruz is considered, in official quarters, to be one of the most important points where a large fleet is required, and hence additional vessels will be despatched to the Gulf of Mexico. The facilities in the neighborhood of Central America, afforded by our squadrons, either for sea or land operations, are considered sufficient for all emergencies.

Efforts are being made to supercede Mr. Dallas as Minister to Great Britain, by Attorney-General Black, and to replace the latter by Commissioner Reed, just home from China.

Mr. Reed, ex-Minister to China, closed the affairs of his legation to the entire satisfaction of all.—The provisions of his principal treaty in June last are yet imperfectly understood. Mr. Ward, his successor, took it to exchange ratifications. All the great powers agreed upon having temporary missions only at Pekin, abandoning the idea of making that a permanent residence.

The basis of the treaty arranged by Minister McLane is on the principle of that which existed before the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, and which regulated the commercial intercourse from the borders of the Missouri to and from Santa Fe. In this case the right of way over Mexican territory to the Gulf of California, is proposed, with every prospect of success. Ex-Commissioners Reed and Bowlin have met with a cordial reception from the President, and others associated with him in the government.

The first installment of $100,000 of the debt ascertained and adjusted in the treaty recently concluded by Minister Reed with the Chinese Government, and due by it to certain American citizens, has already been received at the U. S. Treasury.

The Administration has recently received such evidences of the good faith of Great Britain as to satisfy it in the belief that she is sincerely disposed to fulfill all her engagements with this country in regard to the Central American question.

Personal and Political.

The Republican State Convention of Maine is to be held in Portland on Monday, the 6th of July.

The Legislature of Connecticut is in session at the present time. Among other movements, a License Law has been introduced, as a substitute for the present Prohibitory Law, and referred to the proper committee.

The Democrats of Texas have nominated for Governor, H. R. Runnels; for Lieut. Governor, F. R. Lubbock; for Commissioner of the General Land Office, F. M. White, of Galveston—all three the present incumbents. A resolution in favor of the re-opening of the slave trade was tabled, after a stormy debate. Col. W. N. Waul has been unanimously nominated for Congress by the Democrats of the Galveston District.

In several of the Democratic Conventions in Alabama, for the nomination of candidates for Congress, notice is given that they will, at the Charleston Convention, insist upon a platform in which the doctrine of Congressional intervention in favor of Slavery in the Territories will be insisted upon.

The Washington States advises Mr. Buchanan to convene Congress on the third Monday in September—the substantial reason for an extra session being furnished by our peculiar relations with Mexico. The States adds that, as far as "concerns detriment to good neighborhood, peace and commerce, 'the gem of the Antilles' is a mere stalking horse to us at present, while Mexico is a loud, outspoken, palpable reality."

The mixed up condition of party politics is shown in the fact that the democrats of the ninth Congressional District in Kentucky have re-affirmed the doctrine of squatter sovereignty in respect to slavery in the Territories and denied the authority of Congress to legislate in respect to it, while the opposition in the same district take the ground that Congress can and should legislate to protect slavery in the territories.

San Francisco dates of the 25th ult., have been received. Senators Broderick and Gwin were mustering their respective forces for the ensuing campaign. There will be two democratic tickets in the field, Lecompton and Anti-Lecompton. The State Convention is to be held at Sacramento, June 15th.

Weather of the First Half of May.

The fine weather of another half month has been quite acceptable, though preceded by so much of the like kind for several months. The warmth of many of the last fifteen days has been called extraordinary. Certainly it has been striking, as well as heating. Let us see. The average heat of this half for twenty-two years is 52.9°, and for this present is 59.7°, showing above the mean about *seven* degrees. Last year this mean was about the average. In May, 1842, the mean was ten degrees below that of this half month, so that we cannot longer compare the season of that year with the present. Indeed, I find no first half of May with so high a mean temperature as the present.

At the beginning of May the season was not much in advance of some other years. But from the 4th to the 9th was very warm, and vegetation came forward with great rapidity. Cherries, pears and apples showed a great profusion of blossoms, and the trees of the latter were truly loaded with them. Last year at the 7th, vegetation was rapid, but was exceeded by that of this year.

In the five years from 1843 to 1848, inclusive, the average of this half of May was above the mean of it for twenty-two years, but three to five degrees less than this year. Turning to an old record of the heat of this part in 1830, the mean was a little higher than this year; but of that season I find no other record.

The heat was 86° at noon of the 9th, and not much less the day previous. But the heat has been lessened in the afternoon of several days, by a breeze from the N. N. E., and the cooler—Lake Ontario.

Rochester, May 17th, '59. C. D.

Dangerous Counterfeits.—According to the Buffalo *Courier* there are in circulation at the present time a large amount of the genuine notes of broken Nebraska and other Western Banks, which have been altered by erasing the original name and inserting the title and name of the town and location of very many good New England Banks. The altering process has been so skillfully accomplished that these spurious notes will deceive every one not acquainted with the genuine bills of the banks whose issue they purport to be.

The Liquor "Nuisance" in Massachusetts.—Some months since Judge Shaw decided that intoxicating liquors might be destroyed in that State as a "nuisance." A writ upon this decision was carried up to a full bench, and the unanimous opinion of the Court, as now given, is that the legal sale of spirituous liquors is not a nuisance of such a character as to justify its destruction at the hands of the citizens. A new trial of the case is therefore ordered.

The Cuban Fillibusters.—Correspondence from Havana, 8th inst., states, that the orders of General Concha, to the commander of the Spanish war steamer sent to Hayti to look after the welfare of the Cuban "Convention," were to offer them a passage to New York, and to supply them with such necessaries as, in their military misadventure, may have been lost, &c.,—that is, to see that they did not suffer for the want of funds.

American Baptist Missionary Union.—The American Baptist Missionary Union held its 45th anniversary in New York on the 19th inst. Ex-Gov. Briggs, of Massachusetts, presided. The attendance was large. The new Constitution proposed by the Board of Managers was discussed and finally adopted. It was opposed mainly by those who desired to do away with life memberships and abolish entirely the Board of Managers.

Battle with the Indians.—Austin (Texas) advices of the 11th inst. state that Capt. Bayer entered the Upper Reserve on the 3d, with 50 men, killed 15 Indians and fled. A party of dragoons and Indians were pursuing him. There was great excitement, and the Indians in the Lower Reserve had left their farms for Capt. Rio's encampment.

The Pike's Peak Humbug.

The Detroit *Advertiser* says that Mr. Stephen C. Johnson, of that city, an old California gold digger, left Detroit on the 5th of March last, and has just returned. He fully confirms the reports that the whole thing is a most stupendous humbug, conceived in fraud by a set of unmitigated sharpers and swindlers, the chief of whom is the notorious Gen. Larimer. After having prospected the alleged gold region thoroughly, he satisfied himself that the reports in regard to the inexhaustible supply of gold at Pike's Peak have been manufactured by unprincipled spectators, for no other purpose than to give them an opportunity to prey upon those who might be drawn to the fabulous El Dorado in search of the precious metal. Mr. Johnson's report is highly unfavorable in every respect, and wherever his statements are credited, and his reliability is vouched for by the Advertiser, they will have the effect to stop further emigration to the Pike's Peak "gold diggings."

Mr. J. B. Bromley, Route Agent of the Overland Mail Company, writes from Cottonwood Springs, April 28th, to his employers:—"Pike's Peak has turned out to be a humbug, and the road is lined with starving men; and God knows we have got to give them something to eat as long as we have it. If you could do something to keep the poor deluded beings from starving, you would be doing a kindness to humanity. We will try and get through as well as possible, but lots of the poor fellows are bound to die. There are no provisions in the country only what belongs to the Mail Company. The traders along the road have nothing in the way of provisions. They (the emigrants) have not attempted to force anything yet, but are bound to do it if you do not give them something to eat."

A letter, dated Fort Kearney, 8th inst., says that the Pike's Peak emigrants are returning in droves. Nine hundred wagons had passed the Fort in a week. The emigrants were in an extremely destitute condition and selling their wagons, horses and out-fits almost for nothing.

Leavenworth dates to the 17th, state that there is a great scarcity of provisions in the mines at Pike's Peak, and much suffering among the emigrants. Several deaths were reported from starvation, and the emigrants are arriving in a destitute condition. An abundance of provisions, however, are on the way, from several points. Contradictory reports prevailed regarding the mining prospects, and the general tenor of the intelligence, however, is not encouraging; but the unfavorable accounts are ascribed to the destitute and discontented emigrants. No remittances of dust or rich discoveries are announced

The St. Joseph correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat notices the arrival at that place of 100 Pike's Peakers who give deplorable accounts of mining prospects and suffering on the Plains. It is estimated that 10,000 men are now on their way, all or most of whom, destitute of money and the necessaries of life, are perfectly reckless. Desperate threats are made of burning Omaha, St. Joseph, Leavenworth and other towns, in consequence of the deception used to induce emigration. Two thousand men are reported fifty miles west of Omaha in a starving condition. Some of the residents of Plattesmouth have closed up their business and fled, fearing violence at the hands of the enraged emigrants.

Postal Revenue.—The returns of the Post-Office Department for the quarter ending December 31st, 1859, sum up as follows, according to the statement made by the Acting Auditor of the Treasury for the Department:

RECEIPTS.

Amount of letter postage	$ 197,468 85
" newspaper postage	149,905 52
" registered letter postage	7,402 62
" stamps and stamped envelopes sold	1,494,809 77
" box rents	21,089 45
Total	$1,869,176 14

The expenditures, not including inland transportation, were:

Compensation to post-masters	$593,853 45
For ship, steamboat, and way letters	3,572 24
Incidental expenses	277,088 01
Total	$874,513 70

This shows the net proceeds to have been $985,662 44, being an increase of $53,555 70 over the preceding quarter, and $99,110 86 over the corresponding quarter of last year. The amount of postage pre-paid in postage stamps and stamped envelopes during the quarter was $1,376,681 93.

A National Blunder.—The Philadelphia *North American* says that a characteristic blunder was made in fitting out the Paraguay Expedition, by the omission to lay in a sufficient supply of powder. The consequence was that even the peace salutes could be fired from only one or two vessels of the squadron. Had war actually occurred, our fleet would have been in a nice predicament. But undertaking to fight without ammunition, according to the *American*, was not the only mistake made. The deficiency in powder was made up by an oversupply of coal. Some thousands of tuns more than could be burned, sold or brought home, were landed in Rosaria, and remain there still, leaving the Administration to foot a bill of $40,000. Had the Government made the mistake the other way, and bought too much powder, it might now be sold at an advance, perhaps, to the European belligerents; but the Government never has any such good luck. It is sure to make the blunder in the way that will cost most.

Exploring Expedition.—There are now two Surveying or Exploring parties employed by the Federal Government, and about taking the field under the direction of the Topographical Bureau. The first is dispatched to explore the San Juan River, in New Mexico, a tributary of the Colorado of the West, and to discover, if possible, a route between Santa Fe and Utah, in the vicinity of the San Juan. The other party is charged with the exploration of the Yellow Stone and Missouri Rivers, a service of magnitude and importance, which will keep the Expedition in the field about eighteen months.

News Paragraphs.

A flood of emigration is coming. Up to the 23d ult., 6750 had sailed from Liverpool for New York in April, and the number was expected to reach 10,000 in the course of the month.

The New York Courier says that the channel in the East River is rapidly closing, and where five years ago vessels of any draft could safely pass, now those of ordinary draft find bottom.

Mr. Henry Boardman, a nephew of King Glass, of the Gaboon country, West coast of Africa, was married at New York, on Sunday week, to a Miss Evans, a native of Baltimore. Mr. Boardman has been sometime in this country, and has been employed in the translation of the Scriptures into the Mpanga language.

The celebrated Baron Humboldt, the most distinguished name of the age in the various departments of physical science, died at Berlin on the 6th inst. His age was over 90. All the civilized world will honor his memory.

The Legislature of California has rejected the Bachelor's Homestead bill, which proposed to give to men who prefer a life of single blessedness, the same immunity from seizure of their homesteads for debt, as now enjoyed by those who have the good sense to get married.

Two American officers will probably take part in the coming—perhaps existing—war, viz:—Young Jerome Bonaparte, of Baltimore, who is a Lieutenant in the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and Major Kearney, of N. Y., who, it is said, has entered the staff of one of the French Generals of Division, as a volunteer.

The Cleveland Leader says there is quite a stir in Coshocton, Ohio, touching what was supposed to be a silver mine near West Lafayette. It is stated that the ore has been taken to the Philadelphia mint, and was pronounced the richest ever received there, every three pounds of ore making one pound of pure silver. The ore is found in a bed fifty yards wide and three feet thick, overlaid with a vein of lead one foot thick.

Letters from Montevideo intimate that Lopez is again disposed to be tyrannical, and six Paraguayans and one Englishman of American sympathies have been imprisoned since the departure our fleet. It was believed that President Urquiza would soon force, by war or negotiation, Buenos Ayres to join the Argentine Confederation.

The Post-Office Department has taken steps to obtain with accuracy the number of letters sent in the mails. New blanks are to be supplied to the Post-Masters, and it is presumed that this report will commence on the 1st of July.

The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Osgood, of Springfield, Mass., celebrated their golden wedding on Monday week, in company with twenty or thirty children and grand-children, and scores of friends. The occasion was one of unalloyed pleasure to all the participants.

Christian Esselen, one of the most accomplished scholars among the German emigration to the United States, died at the Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island, on Sunday week, in consequence of the breaking of a blood vessel in the brain.

They have in Boston, two children, who unitedly weigh less than Tom Thumb. The elder of the sisters is eleven years of age, weighs fifteen pounds, and is twenty-eight inches in height; the younger is aged nine, weighs thirteen pounds, and her height is twenty-six inches. They are perfectly formed, and, says the Gazette, one experiences none of the disgust at looking at them that the sight of a dwarf so often inspires, for nothing can be imagined more etherial than these daintily formed and fairy little creatures.

The lace makers of Mechlin, who spin the thread for lace and also for French cambrics, are obliged to work in confined, dark rooms, into which light is only admitted partially by a small aperture, and by being thus compelled to pay more constant attention to their work, they discipline the eye and attain the faculty of spinning the flax of that web-like firmness which constitutes the excellence of these two fabrics.

The Albany Journal says that on 'Change, Saturday morning, C. W. Armstrong, Esq., exhibited a sample of 100 barrels of flour manufactured in France, from wheat grown in that country. The flour was landed in Montreal, Canada, and will soon be forwarded to Albany, when it will be offered for sale.

The Havana papers report that two cargoes of African slaves were landed recently on the eastern coast of the Island, supposed to be the two propellers reported off the Island a few days previously, and which were supposed to be filled with fillibusters.

Viscount De Treillard, acting French Charge, is now in Baltimore making contracts, it is understood, for the purchase of several clipper ships for his Government.

A Bishop Trusting in a Sign.—The facts in regard to the breaking up of a Methodist Conference in Texas, and the expulsion of Bishop Janes, have already been made public, but there is one incident in the affair which is not generally known. When the Bishop was cornered by the mob he resorted for aid to the Masonic sign. Rev. I. Blackford, in a report of the Conference to one of our Methodist Exchanges says:—"The Bishop in the hour of extremity, gave the Masonic sign, the rabble dispersed and the Conference was permitted to close its session."

A Professor in Luck.—Prof. N. C. Morse, of Louisville, recently took fifty acres of land in West Tennessee on debt, at $40 per acre. On examination he found that it contained vast quantities of lead, the rocks beneath the soil being lead ore. A thorough test shows pure lead ore to the value of 86 per cent., and associated with sulphate of baryta, equally valuable as the lead ore. Since the discovery, Prof. M. has refused $1,000 per acre for the land, and has raised $25,000 in Cincinnati, where he formerly resided, to build furnaces and commence mining operations immediately.

The News Condenser.

— Wheat is nearly ready for the reaper in "Egypt."

— Professor Agassiz is going to Europe this summer.

— Cincinnati strawberries are in the Cleveland market.

— At one time the late John Jacob Astor was worth $21,000,000.

— It is said that the French army of the Rhine will number 500,000.

— A man worth $75,000 recently died in the Illinois State Penitentiary.

— Steam canal packets between Syracuse and Rome are well patronized.

— The King of Siam has a son named in honor of Gen. Geo. Washington.

— They had a heavy frost in and about Warsaw, Wyo. Co., N. Y., on the 18th inst.

— John Appleton, Esq., has resigned his office of Assistant Secretary of State.

— The Arago passed close by icebergs for 12 hours previous to passing Cape Race.

— Our exports to Mexico for last year were $3,315,625, our receipts from there $5,477,465.

— A wharf rat weighing thirteen pounds was killed in Portland, Me., on the 16th inst.

— The free colored population of Louisiana are emigrating to Hayti in large numbers.

— The Philadelphia Tract Society has distributed 1,659,045 pages of tracts the past year.

— The Paris Great Exhibition of Fine Arts opened on the 15th inst., but is very incomplete.

— A rising in European Turkey is imminent, and the Danubian principalities are much agitated.

— All the saltpetre in the New York market has been withdrawn to anticipate gunpowder necessity.

— It is asserted by Hungarians in Paris that Kossuth passed through that city about the 1st of May.

— Hon. Peter Mitchell, an old and prominent citizen of Manchester, Ontario Co., died on the 16th inst.

— Four of the men concerned in the outrage at Jaffa, last year have been condemned to the galleys for life.

— Gen. Bonat, a distinguished French General with the army in Italy, died of apoplexy at Susa, on the 4th inst.

— There are in the State of Oregon 135 flour mills, with a capacity of producing 2,500,000 barrels per annum.

— The trustees of the State Inebriate Asylum have issued an appeal to all the churches of the United States for aid.

— The report of the Sickles trial sent by telegraph contained 152,140 words, and cost the Associated Press $3,982 89.

— William L. Patterson, of Mississippi, has been appointed by the President Consul of the United States at Genoa.

— It is said by many of the Western papers that prices of lumber will rule unusually high throughout the coming season.

— A man one hundred and two years old entered a quarter section of land at the Menasha Land Office, on Friday week.

— Wall street, which is about half a mile long, has 6,000 inhabitants and forty miles of stairway, so says a letter carrier.

— New York city, it is estimated, consumes seven million bushels of oysters annually, valued at seven million dollars.

— According to the calculations made regarding the old muskets, every man killed in battle had cost his weight in lead.

— New potatoes were dug from the open ground in the garden of Daniel Russell, in Portland, Conn., on Monday week.

— An individual at Cornwall, England, has made himself a complete suit from 670 *rat skins*—using tails in the neck tie!

— The numerous arrivals from sea the past few days report heavy winds, and many icebergs were seen as late as April 30.

— The Italians residing in Richmond, Va., are forming an association to raise funds for transmission to their brothers in Italy.

— In the city of Montreal there are nine thousand and five hundred legal voters. They are Registered in the City Clerk's office.

— Salem, Mass., believes in trees. There are two thousand six hundred and fifteen trees on the streets, commons, and squares.

— Active steps are being taken in order to have the Great Eastern ready for sea by the latter end of July, or the beginning of August.

— The Churchman states that Bishop Potter, of the diocese of Eastern New York, has confirmed 1,036 persons since the 4th of March.

— The Russian official journal declares in the most positive manner that there exists no treaty of alliance between Russia and France.

— The Common Council of Cincinnati has just authorized a loan of $100,000 to be expended in the erection of school houses in that city.

— Letters from Gen. Pierce say that he will probably remain another year abroad, in consequence of the improvement of his wife's health.

— The Seneca Falls Knitting Factory has a contract to make socks for the United States Army. One thousand pairs are produced daily.

— Since the first of January foreign goods to the value of five and a half million dollars have been imported into Philadelphia direct.

— The wheat crop in the vicinity of Augusta, Ga., is quite matured, and will soon be gathered and placed in market. It is generally very fine.

— The husband of the daughter of Mr. Corcoran, the Washington Banker, receives with his wife, if rumor be true, a bridal present of $1,000,000.

— The people of Woodbury, Ct., are going to have a Centennial Celebration on the 4th and 5th of July next, with his historical addresses, poems, &c.

— The Canadian Legislature has addressed an invitation to Queen Victoria to be present at the opening and completion of the Victoria Bridge in 1860.

— There are no less than 4,600 Lodges of Free Masons in the United States, nearly all of which are said to be in an unusually flourishing condition.

— The Rev. Alexander Gregg, of South Carolina, has been unanimously elected Episcopal Bishop of Texas by the Episcopal Convention at Galveston.

— The Vienna correspondent of the London Times says Austria can keep 650,000 men on foot; Prussia 400,000; and the other German States 250,000.

— A Connecticut deacon utters this sound advice: "There are three things in the choice of which you should not hurry—a wife, a minister, and a horse."

Old World Matters.

There have been several arrivals from abroad during the week, and the news, though not startling, is of sufficient interest to repay perusal. The action of Austria seems to be a riddle not easily solved by the other European powers, and all are anxiously awaiting further developments. We give the following synopsis:

Great Britain.—The Duke of Malakoff had an audience of Queen Victoria on Thursday, and delivered his letters of recall.

The members returned to the new House of Commons up to Thursday night, amounted to 552. The *Times* estimates the total Ministerial gain at 17, and the *Herald* at 24.

A Hamburg telegram says that England has given official notification that she will not be able to protect commercial vessels in case of war between Germany and France.

The *Globe's* Paris correspondent says that Victoria has sent an autograph letter to Napoleon, expressing her confidence in his strict honor, and that he would not go a step further than he assured her some months back.

Dr. Lardner is dead.

There was considerable animation in the English Naval Department. Additional vessels were being placed in commission, and recruiting was actively going on. The London *Times* continues to assert its belief in an alliance between France and Russia, and argues that Russia would not have gone so far as she has without a previous understanding with France. The correspondent of the *Commercial* says: Preparations are going on in every dock-yard and arsenal throughout the country. Supplies of cannon are still being sent off to Gibraltar and all other important stations, and the force of marines is to be increased by 2,000 men. The manning of the Navy is also making favorable progress. Every day furnishes new collateral proofs of the fact of a secret agreement, menacing to England, having been concluded between France and Russia, and the correspondent says no one ought to feel surprised if we wake early some morning to a consciousness that we may spare ourselves all further discussion on the neutrality question.

France.—The subscription to the new French loan of 500,000,000 francs, had reached 300,000,000 the first day. The French at Rome are to be increased, and placed on a war footing. M. De Persigny has been appointed French Minister to London.

The Emperor Napoleon, quitted Paris on the 10th for Geno. The Empress is proclaimed regent during the Emperor's absence. It is said that the Emperor expects to be in Milan by the end of May or the beginning of June.

Within a fortnight it was expected that the French army in Sardinia would be 100,000 strong. The admission of Austrians into French territory has been allowed only on special authorization.

A large portion of the French army had been unable to cross the Alps, in consequence of the passes being blocked with snow. Those who had crossed suffered terribly. It is reported that Prince Napoleon will command a corps of 25,000 men on the shores of the Adriatic

The Turin correspondent of the *Daily News* asserts positively that France is about to mobilize between 700,000 and 800,000 men, and that the French army on the Rhine is to be increased to about 500,000 men, as the Emperor fears that Germany will not remain quiet. The same correspondent also asserts that on the day the Emperor quit Paris he addressed a solemn manifesto to Europe, espousing the cause of the nationalities.

Marshal Valliant and Count Walewski are appointed members of the Privy Council. Gen. Randon succeeds to the Minister of War, and M. Royer becomes President of the Senate. M. De Laugle retires from the Ministry of the Interior to the Ministry of Justice, and the Duke of Padone becomes Minister of the Interior.

It was reported in military circles that the Ministers intend to call out the whole Militia and add fifty Battalions to the line.

It was reported that the French government were endeavoring to procure the neutrality of Prussia, and that they had promised on their side not to form an army of observation on the Rhine, and that the war should be circumscribed to Italy.

The French subjects in Austria had been placed under the protection of the Spanish Minister.

Austria.—The Austrians were expected soon to have three-quarters of a million of men under arms. The Austrians had declared Ancona in a state of seige. The Pope had protested against the action, and Austria was to reconsider it.

A series of failures are announced at Vienna and in the provinces. It is feared that the number would be augmented for some time to come.

The Austrian army had taken up its position between the Po and Sexia, to await better weather before resuming the offensive. Austrian troops had destroyed the railroad bridge at Vallesia. No battle had as yet occurred between the opposing forces in Sardinia. The Austrians had, however, been repulsed in an attempt to cross the Po at Frassinitto with considerable loss. The Emperor of Austria was preparing to take chief command with Gen. Hess. The latter, it is reported, disapproves of Gen. Gyulai's plan of attack.

The London *Times* of the 6th, speaking of the military operations, says:—They have come to no other result than that, after having been seven days on Sardinian soil, the invaders have not advanced more than 35 miles from the frontier river. It seems that Austria had staked heavily for an opportunity, has won it, and now thrown it away.—They have gained nothing by their choice of their movements and sudden initiative, except the power of making forced contributions on the enemy's country, while all the positions Sardinia holds are connected with lines of rails with each other, and with Alpine passes into France

Prussia.—The celebrated Baron Humboldt died at Berlin on the 6th inst.

In the Chamber of Deputies the Foreign Minister has made a statement of political affairs. He said that Prussia was without deviation pursuing the object of watching over the safety of Germany, and looking to the security of the National interest and the mainten ance of power in Europe, and with these objects the army had been placed ready to march. The Finance Minister then moved a temporary addition, for one year, of 4,000,000 thalers to the income tax, the class tax, and the taxes on meat and corn; the addition to be further increased by 25 per cent., in case the mobilization of the army becomes necessary. The Bank of Prussia had raised its rate of discount to 5 per cent.

Sardinia.—The King of Sardinia had issued a decree giving forced currency to the notes of the National Bank. The Turin Bank is moreover authorized to issue additional notes to the amount of 6,000,000 francs, and in return therefore engages to lend the Government 30,000,000 francs at 5 per cent. per annum—the rate of discount not hereafter to be advanced without the consent of the Minister of Finance.

An official bulletin announces that the enemy evacuated Livorno, Trouzano, Santhia, Cavaglia, Salunzola and Vercilli, and recrossed the river Sezia in great haste, leaving part of the forage, &c, which they had demanded, behind them. Yesterday a strong Austrian column appeared at Strapeianna. This morning they withdrew hastily from Capacano and Strapeianna.

Turin.—The following official bulletin is published:—On the morning of the 11th, at 10 A. M., on reaching Vercelli, the Austrians ceased their retrogade movements. To-day they they make an excursion toward Forsars. Yesterday ten batteries and thirty carts of sick and wounded returned to Gravallona. Count Cavour leaves to-day to meet the Emperor Napoleon at Genoa.

India.—The following telegraph dispatch, dated Alexandria, April 27, had been received from the British Consul there:—The mail steamer has arrived at Suez from Bombay, and brings the following news:—On the 2d of April Rajah Maunsigh surrendered to Major Mead five columns, at Manadra. Tantia Toupee was captured on the 8th by that force, assisted by the above named Chief and by Cols. De Salles, Riches and Collum. The combined movements attacked the rebels in front and rear, killing in one fight 500 of them, including three of their officers. The Chiefs, however, managed to escape. The body of the rebels are still in Nepal. Sir R. Shapespeare succeeds Sir R. Hamilton, who is now in Oude bound to England.

Commercial—*Breadstuffs.*—Breadstuffs generally lower. Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co quote flour very dull. American 11@14s7d. Wheat very dull, and 6@9d lower. Sales quite unimportant and quotations nominal. Western red 7s6d@10s6d; do. white 10@11s; Southern white 10s0d@18s. Corn dull and 6d lower. Mixed 6s3d@6s8d; yellow 6s6d@7s; white 7s9d@8s4d. Wheat has an upward tendency, and slightly better rates have been paid for French. Other articles unchanged. *Provisions.*—Liverpool Provision Market quiet and nominal. Sugar quiet, Coffee dull. Rice firm at previous prices.

Special Notices.

FARMERS, NOW IS YOUR TIME!

With empty granaries, and a War in Europe, the times are propitious for producers. Neglect not the opportunity. See to it that you apply the Fertilizers to to your crops. It will pay largely to use Plaster, Guano, Bone Dust, &c., &c. Adopt no penny-wise and pound-foolish policy this year; it WON'T PAY.

Superior Guano, Plaster, &c., may be obtained of J. K. Chappell, 69 Exchange st., Rochester, N. Y., whose sales have been much larger thus far this season than heretofore.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New Yorker Office,
Rochester, May 24, 1859.

Our market sympathises with that of the Eastern cities, and a decline is noticed in Flour, equal to 25 cents per barrel on all grades.

Grain—Wheat holds to last week's rates. Corn has established a range, but prime does not drop. Oats are a little better in price.

Dairy, &c.—Butter is coming down materially, 14@15 cents per pound being the highest rates for choice new roll. Firkin is slow of sale at 12@12½ cents.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

Flour and Grain.		Eggs, dozen	12½@13c
Flour, wint. wheat	$8,50@8,75	Honey, box	12@13c
Do. spring do.	$8,50@8,75	Candles, box	12@13c
Do. Buckwheat ₱ cwt.	$1,75	**Fruits and Roots**	
Wheat, Genesee,	$1,90@2,00	Apples, bushel	50@$1,75
Best white Canada	$1,90@2,00	Do dried,	1,25@1,50
Corn,	78@80c	Peaches, do, ₱ lb	20c
Rye, 60 lbs ₱ bush	100@90c	Cherries, do, ₱ lb	22c
Oats, by weight,	45@50c	Potatoes	37@75c
Barley,	65@70c	**Hides and Skins.**	
Buckwheat,	48@50c	Slaughter	6@6½c
Beans,	75c@$1	Calf	10@12c
Meats.		Sheep pelts,	$1,75@2,00
Pork, mess	$17,00@18,50	Lamb do	38@40c
Do clear,	$21,00@22,00	**Seeds.**	
Do, cwt	$7,00@8,00	Clover, bush	$4,50@5,00
Beef ₱ cwt.	$3,50@6,00	Timothy	$2,00@2,50
Spring lambs each	$1,50@2,00	**Sundries.**	
Mutton (carcass)	5@6c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Do soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,00@6,00
Chickens,	7@8c	Do Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys,	10@11c	Do Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	38@44c	Do Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, per pair,	00@00c	Do, Char.	10@12½c
Dairy, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,50
Butter, roll,	14@15c	Hay, tun	$8,00@11,00
Do. firkin,	12@13½c	Wool, ₱ lb	33@35c
Cheese	10@12c	White fish, bbl.	$7,00@8,00
Lard, tried	11@12c	Codfish ₱ quintal	$4,50@4,75
Tallow	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$7,50@8,00

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, May 23. Flour—Market more active and 15@25c better. Sales at $5,75@6,90 for com to choice super State; $7,10@7,50 for extra State, $5,[illegible]@6,90 for super Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana Michigan and Iowa, &c $7,00@7,50 for extra do., $7,00@7,75 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing buoyant. Canadian flour is nominal at $7,75@8,50 for extras.

Grain—Wheat has advanced 3@5c ₱ bushel. Sales at 115@150c for Chicago and Milwaukee club; 175c for red Western; 200c for white Michigan; 210c for white Kentucky, 135c for mixed spring. Rye dull; sales at 98@100c Barley quiet, sales at 60c. Corn advanced 1@2c, sales at 92@94c for mixed Western and Canadian, 96c for white Southern. Jersey and round yellow. Oats are firmer and in demand at 54@55c for State, 52@53c for Western and Canada.

Provisions—Pork in market firmer. Sales at $17,50@17,62½ for new mess, $18,00 for prime mess, $17,75 for thin mess, $15,25@15,50 for prime, including 1,000 bbls prime, buyer's option, 3 days, at $15,62½. Lard firmer, sales at 11½@11c. Butter steady—18@20c for new State and Ohio. Cheese steady at 9@9½c.

BUFFALO, May 23.—Flour—Demand active and market 25c better; sales at $7,50 for good to choice extra Michigan, Indiana and Ohio; $7,75@8,00 for double extras; $8,50 for favorite bakers' do.

Grain—Wheat in good demand and better; sales for red Ohio; 175c for ordinary white do; 193c for good white Kentucky. Corn firmer, with sales on p. t. Nothing doing in other grain.

TORONTO, May 21,—Flour—The total absence of stock has alone prevented large transactions. Within the past few days, we have had no transactions to record, and it is, of course, impossible to give quotations with any degree of accuracy. Good Canada flour however, could be freely sold at the following rates:—Superfine, $7,25 to $7,50; fancy from $7,63½ to $7,75; extra, from $8 to $8,25. The market closes firm, but without animation at these rates.

Grain—Higher prices have been paid for Fall Wheat in this market during the past week than at any time for the past year. Very little good wheat has been brought below 9s, while 9s 6d and 9s 9d, and in one or two instances, 10s has been paid. Had the supply been large and the sample equal to the general average of the crop, these prices would have been paid freely; and so great has been the demand the business would have only been limited by the extent of deliveries. For Spring Wheat the demand is not so active, and prices not so high. Ordinary to prime samples bring from 7s 6d to 8s. The supply of Barley is very limited, and we note only a few sales at 4s 3d to 4s 6d per bushel. The demand is not active, but 6 cwts sold at these rates. Rye is very quiet and purely nominal at 3s 9d to 4s per bushel. The supply of oats has not been large as during the previous week and the market is firmer. The sales from farmers' wagons are at 2s 11d to 3s per bushel. Peas are very scarce and much in demand for Chicago. Choice varieties will bring from 4s 9d to 5s per bushel, ordinary lots 4s 3d to 4s 6d.

ALBANY, May 23.—Flour—Quiet in the afternoon and holders not inclined to realize; sales only of small parcels.

Grain—Wheat quiet at morning's quotations—red Indiana 135c Corn moves slowly at prices quoted, with sales of 2,000 bushels.

OSWEGO, May 23.—Flour—Dull but without material change; sales at $7,75 from red winter wheat, including fancy Michigan at $7,50.

Grain—Wheat firmer, with an upward tendency; sales at 127½@130c for Chicago spring; 165c for red winter Illinois.—Oats held at 58@59c.

Our Exports.—The following table will compare the exports of the seven principal staples for the week ending May 12.

	1858. Amount.	Value.	1859. Amount.	Value.
Cotton, bales	1,626	$ 93,003	3,665	$ 210,[illegible]
Flour, bbls	[illegible]	145,989	21,206	1[illegible]
Corn Meal, bbls	404	1,099	1,951	[illegible]
Wheat, bush	26,337	26,565	[illegible]	[illegible]
Corn, bush	56,100	41,377	6,346	5,[illegible]
Beef, bbls and tcs	1,435	23,631	3,331	60,[illegible]
Pork, bbls and tcs	903	18,655	5,474	84,815
Total		$368,439		$499,528
Increase of the week as compared with that of 1858.				130,089
Decrease of the year as compared with 1858				651,019

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, May 18.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

Beef Cattle—First quality, ₱ cwt., $11,50@12,00; Ordinary do., $10,50@11,00; Common, do., $9,50@10,0; Inferior do., $8,00@8,50.

Cows and Calves—First quality, $55@65; Ordinary do., $45@50; Common do, $30@40. Inferior do, $20@28.

Veal Calves—First quality, ₱ lb, 6@6½c.; Ordinary, 5½@6c, Common, 4@5c, Inferior, 3@4c

Sheep and Lambs—Prime quality, per head, $6,50@7,00; Ordinary, $5,50@6,00, Common, $4,50@5,00, Inferior, $3@4.

Swine—First quality, 6½@6¾c., Other qualities, 5@6c

ALBANY, May 23.—Receipts at Albany for the week: Cattle, 2,795; Sheep and Lambs, 2,349; Hogs, 235.

Cattle—Prices take the following range: Super, 6½@7c; First quality, 5½@5¾; Second quality, 4¾@5½c; Third quality, 4½@4¾c Inferior, 3½@3¾c

Sheep—Receipts comparatively heavy, and as demand is light, it is doubtful whether holders will get much more than their money back. Some will consider themselves fortunate if they do this. The only sale was a lot of 144, not sheared, at $7; average weight a trifle over 100 pounds.

Hogs.—No sales: nominally 5¾@6¾c per ₱.

Cows.—Sales at $35@55.

CAMBRIDGE, May 18.—At market, 779; about 600 Beeves, and 173 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three year olds.

Prices—Market Beef—Extra, $8,75@9,50; First quality, $8,00@8,25; Second quality, $6,50@7,00; Third quality, $5,50; Ordinary quality, $4,50.

Working Oxen—Per pair, from $80, 115@180.

Cows and Calves—$30, 45@67.

Stores—Yearlings, 00@00; Two Years Old, $24@28; Three Years Old, $30@33.

Sheep and Lambs—1150 at market. Prices—In Lots, $1,75 2,00@3,00 each; Extra, $4, 5@6, or from 4½@6½c ₱ lb.

Veal Calves—$3@5.

Hides—7½@7¾c. ₱ lb. Tallow—7@7¼c. ₱ lb.

Pelts—$1,50@1,87 each. Calf Skins, 13@14c. ₱ lb.

Swine—000 Western at market.

BRIGHTON, May 19.—At Market, 850 Beeves, 90 Stores, 1,100 Sheep and Lambs, and 2,500 Swine.

Beef Cattle.—Extra, $9,50@9,75; first quality, $8,00@$8,50; second quality, $7,00; third quality, $6,00.

Working Oxen.—$135@180.

Milch Cows.—$39@45, common, $19@20.

Veal Calves.—$4,00, $5,00@$7,00.

Stores.—Yearlings, none; two years old, $24@28; three years old, $30@$33.

Hides.—7¼@7¾c ₱ lb; Calf Skins, 13@14c ₱ lb.

Tallow.—Sales at 0@7½c ₱ lb.

Sheep and Lambs.—$1,75@2,00; extra, $3@6,00.

Pelts.—$1,50@1,87 each.

Swine—Stores—Wholesale, 6@6½c. Sows—Retail, 7@9c. Barrows, 7@7½c.

PHILADELPHIA, May 17.—The supply of Beef Cattle has been quite limited, amounting in all to about 1,000 head most of which were from Lancaster and Chester counties of this State, and in prime order; consequently former prices were well maintained, and a small advance took place upon extra lots, choice qualities selling from $11@12 and $12,50 per 100 lbs., and prime from $9@10, and inferior and ordinary from $7,25@8,50 there were but few, however, of the latter kind. It is thought a few weeks of warm weather will increase the number of arrivals, and reduce the price now so complained of by butchers and consumers.

Sheep—Good sheep were in active demand, and, in consequence of the limited supply, prices were kept up at a high figure The offering amounted to 2,800 head only, all of which were sold at from 7@8c for wooled sheep, and from 6@6½c, gross.

Hogs—The supply of Swine was quite limited, amounting only to 1,500 head. These were sold at from $7,25@8,50 and $8,75 per 100 pounds.

Cows—This market was rather dull and only 260 head were sold at $35@45 for Milch Cows, and from $18@20 for dry and second rate Milch cows.

TORONTO, May 21.—On foot, prime cattle are scarce at $5,00; medium, $7,00; inferior, $3@4,25 per 100 lbs, deducting one third for shrinkage

Sheep are more plentiful at $4@4,50 for clipped, and $5,50 @6,00 for unclipped. Lambs $2 each. Calves plentiful at all prices between $1@7 each.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, May 18.—Wool has been in good request, particularly the low and medium grades of Foreign, the stock of which has become reduced, and the downward tendency has therefore been arrested; the demand for most descriptions is fully equal to the supply, and prices still rule high. The transactions in Native Fleece comprise 75,000 lbs common to choice Saxony at 40@50c; 35,000 lbs No. 1 city and extra country Pulled at 32@50c; 150 bales common to medium California at 12@20c; 200 bales fine South American Merino and Mestizo at 25@28c; 60 do Smyrna at 18@20c, 50 do Washed Sax and Cape at 35c; 30 do common Buenos Ayres at 9c; 200 do fine Morocco at 18c—all 6 months; and 1,800 do common to medium do to a large Eastern Company on private terms. We quote:

Am. Saxony Fleece, ₱ lb	58@62
Am. Full-blood Merino	55@58
Am. ¼ and ⅜ blood Merino	48@50
Am. Native and ¼ blood Merino	42@45
Pulled Extra	48@51
Pulled Superfine	43@45
Pulled No. 1	37@35
California, fine Unwashed	28@30
Do com. do.	10@17
Peruvian Washed	30@[illegible]
Valparaiso Unwashed	10@12
South Am. Common Washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios Washed	15@18
South Am. Unwashed	9@14
South Am. Cordova Washed	20@22
East India Washed	20@22
African Unwashed	9@18
African Washed	10@28
Smyrna Unwashed	14@18
Smyrna Washed	22@24
Mexican Unwashed	11@14

[*N. Y. Tribune*

BOSTON, May 18.—The transactions in Fleece and Pulled Wool have been about 100,000 lbs, at prices indicating no change since last week. 1 foreign, sales of 225 bales South American and Cape, and 300,000 lbs Valparaiso on private terms:

Sax. and Mer. fine	55@57	Western mixed	35@45
Full Blood	52@54	Smyrna, washed	17@20
Half and ¼ blood	43@49	Do unwashed	9@[illegible]
Common	40@42	Syrian	11@23
Pulled, extra	49@58	Cape	24@30
Do. superfine	42@48	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	32@43	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2	@..	Peruvian, washed	30@35

ALBANY, May 19.—The market has been inactive but steady throughout the week with sales 3,000 lbs super pulled at 41½c. and 2,000 lbs extra do at 49½c, both cash.

TORONTO, May 21.—The Wool market is beginning to show signs of activity, and a large crop is expected this year; quotations range from 1s to 1s 3d per pound.

Deaths.

In Scipioville, Cayuga Co., N. Y., April 27, 1859, HENRY C. WATKINS, only son of George L. and Ann E. Watkins, aged 13 years and 3 months. Sad indeed is the task to record the death of this beloved boy, so early summoned away from a large circle of friends to whom he had endeared himself by his kind and gentle deportment. He bore his sufferings with fortitude and resignation until the last, and then without a struggle sweetly passed away into his Savior's arms.

In West Brighton, N. Y., on the 11th inst., after a brief illness, (during the absence of her husband in Missouri,) SUSAN, wife of Mr. Benjamin Griswold.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. Special Notices—following reading matter, and leaded—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, in advance.—☞ The circulation of the Rural New-Yorker far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

VEGETABLE PLANTS FOR SALE—Of all the varieties, including Sweet Potato. Carefully packed and sent by Express to all who order by mail or otherwise.
490 C. W. THOMPSON, 92 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

INVENTORS! PATENTS!! PATENTEES!!! Patents obtained on reasonable applications, or no charge but examining fee of $5. New applications made on reasonable terms. Send for a Circular. J. FRAZER,
490-2t 51 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

"THE VERMONT WIND MILL." This approved mill will do pumping for stock and reservoirs, or irrigate dry grounds, and drain bogs. The large sizes will saw, thresh or grind. No. 1, pump and all, ready to run, costs $50. Inducements to agents, first purchasers in a county, and all dealers. (490) A. P. BROWN, Worcester, Mass.

NURSERYMAN WANTED.—One who is well acquainted with the propagation of Grapes, Roses, &c. &c. None need apply who cannot furnish the best of reference as to habits, &c., from former employers. A liberal salary will be given. Address
GEO. G. CURTISS & CO., Maysville, Ky.,
490-4t Or inquire of the Editor of this paper.

E. BALL'S OHIO REAPER AND MOWER.

The Subscriber wishes to call the attention of the readers of the Rural New-Yorker to his improvement in Reaping and Mowing Machines.

Ball's Ohio Mower is known in almost every section of the country where Machines of this kind have been used.—It was first introduced in the year 1856, and so rapidly did it gain the public confidence that five hundred were sold the first year of its existence. In the year 1858 sales amounted to near one thousand machines, and so that year it was sent to the great National Trial of Reapers and Mowers, held at Syracuse, N. Y., and although the machine used at that trial was not got up for that purpose, but was one of 15 sent there for sale, and in fact stood at the machine entered that contest a stranger and almost friendless, there being no one present to take account of it, or to represent it, who felt any particular interest in its success, it received the highest number of credit marks (61,) as a Single Mower of any machine on the ground.

Had it been heralded and introduced to the World with a flourish of trumpets, and a long retinue of influential friends interested in its success, puffed in the Press and glorified in the West, by the owners of territorial rights—employed at World's Fairs in Europe and—invented by potentates and princes that knew as much about machinery as they do of the density or quantity of matter in the center of the earth—or had it ever been persecuted into notoriety by a host of jealous competitors, and been manufactured in various States and Counties—a scale and success might have been much more extensive, but the machine itself not one whit more complete and satisfactory.

During the last year the Machine has been entirely remodelled and vastly improved by the Patentee, and is now offered to the market as one of the best Combined Machines in the country. Space will not permit us to give a detailed description of the character and operation of the machines. For this information I beg leave to refer customers to my printed Circulars in the hands of my Agents.

The following named gentlemen are Agents for the sale of my Machines during the coming season. They have ample machines on exhibition at the several places of business, and also be happy to communicate any further information that may be desired

TIFFANY & ROBERTS, Fredonia, N. Y.
R. C. TERRY & CO., Angelica "
ROSE & STRAWN, Hornellsville, "
HIRAM KETCHUM, Elmira, "
STORRES & CHATFIELD, Owego, "
WM. HARRIS, Binghamton, "
M. W. BOSWORTH, Hinsdale, "
JOHN MANLEY, Little Valley, "
LUMAN BISHOP, Cortland, "
A. B. NICHOLS, Seneca Falls, "
J. S. COOLEY & CO., Canandaigua, "
MOORE, HEBING & CO., Rochester, "
Canton, Ohio. (490-8t) E. BALL.

COMMENCEMENT OF VOLUME XIX.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

With the June Number Harper's New Monthly Magazine enters upon the Tenth Year of its publication. Its general aims and objects, and the manner in which they are carried out, are now so well known, that the Publishers think it scarcely necessary to say that the Magazine is the organ of no party in Politics, of no sect in Religion, of no clique in Literature or Art. It aims to meet the wants and express the sentiments of the wise and good, the conservative and patriotic, who form the mass of the citizens of every section of the country.

The Editorial Departments of the Magazine will present the same features as heretofore. In the "Table" will be discussed grave themes of historical or ethical interest; the "Easy Chair" will touch upon the varying social and æsthetic topics of the day at home; the "Foreign Bureau" will present the gossip and chat of the Old World; the "Record" will briefly chronicle events of political or historical importance; the "Literary Notices" will furnish impartial critique upon the leading books, as they issue from the press; the "Drawer" will, by favor of hundreds of contributors, continue to be the repository of odd, humorous, or pathetic anecdotes, sayings, and reminiscences.

While the Magazine will still be mainly filled with original papers upon American subjects furnished by American authors, the Publishers will also procure from foreign sources such articles as may seem to them of special interest or value. The Magazine, to Coming at least one third more matter than any other published in the country, will be able to give an Essay by Macaulay or Carlyle, a Serial Novel by Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, or Reade, or a Tale by Miss Muloch, Mrs Gaskell, or Wilkie Collins, and still furnish more original matter than any of its contemporaries.

The series of illustrated Papers upon American Scenery, Manners, and History will continue to be a special feature of the Magazine. These will be continued at brief intervals, until every portion of our continent has been faithfully illustrated by pen and pencil.

In making their selections from the mass of matter continually placed in their hands, the Editors will be influenced solely by their judgment of the intrinsic merits of the articles, wholly irrespective of their authorship. Contributions from entire strangers will receive the same consideration as those from the most intimate friends of the Editors. They might spare themselves much labor by refusing to examine contributions from those whose names are not already known to the public. But they are confident that the Magazine would soon retain very few readers, if many of the most valuable articles which it has contained have been received from writers who were unknown to the Editors and to the public.

The unexampled success of the Magazine imposes corresponding duties upon the Publishers. At no former period have their facilities been as great as now; and they pledge themselves that no effort or expense shall be spared to make the Magazine worthy of a continuance and increase of the favor which it has uniformly met.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers.

Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly, together, one year, $4,00.

The Postage upon "Harper's Magazine" must be paid at the Office *where it is received*. The Postage is *Thirty-six Cents a year.*
490 HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

DR. J. H. ROBINSON WRITING FOR **THE NEW YORK MERCURY.**

ANOTHER GREAT ENGAGEMENT.

The proprietors of THE NEW YORK MERCURY respectfully announce the engagement of the celebrated author, Dr. J. H. ROBINSON, universally acknowledged to be the only truthful delineator of FAR WESTERN TRAPPER LIFE.

His Opening Tale for THE MERCURY is now nearly completed, and he believes it to be the best he has yet written. The following announcement from the author's graceful pen will be greeted with enthusiasm by his tens of thousands of admirers:

A CARD.

TO THE READERS OF "BUCK BISON," "NICK WHIFFLES," "ONE-EYED SAUL," ETC.

To those who have followed my heroes and heroines over the Western Trail, and to the far trapping grounds of the Great North, I beg leave to announce that I am now engaged in preparing another Serial, the scenes of which transpire in the same wild latitudes, and which I shall endeavor to render worthy the attention of my former readers. It will be perceived that I have chosen a section of country in which daily events transcend the feeble fancies of fiction—where incident crowds upon incident, and wild adventure and daring deeds are inevitable things.

The title of my new story will be

PATHAWAY;

OR,

THE MOUNTAIN OUTLAWS.

A Tale of the Northern Trapping Grounds.

"PATHAWAY" will be published in the columns of THE NEW YORK MERCURY, to which journal I have engaged to contribute EXCLUSIVELY for a term of years. To my numerous readers I would return my sincere thanks, and shall ever hold in grateful remembrance those who, by their partiality and favor, have contributed to my success. If we do not jog along together as heretofore, mutually pleased with each other, I trust it will not be through want of effort on my part to continue to merit their approbation. Those who have taken an interest in the "difficulties" of Nick Whiffles—a character pretty extensively known—may very possibly find in "PATHAWAY" a character of his name and nature, whose exploits and drolleries will not shame those of other years. In short, it is my purpose to produce a story that shall excel other productions of my pen, in the novelty of its situations, in truthfulness of delineation, intricacy of plot, and rapid succession of incident.

It will be illustrated by DARLEY.

J. H. ROBINSON.

Worcester, May, 1859.

The publishers of THE MERCURY will only add that they pay Dr. Robinson a higher price for his labors than has ever yet been paid by the newspaper press to any American romancer, but a sense of duty to our quarter of a million readers demands his eminent services. It is our mission, by honorable competition, to excel in every department, at whatever cost, and that mission will ever be faithfully performed.

"PATHAWAY" will be commenced in THE NEW YORK MERCURY without delay, and other novelties will follow in rapid succession.

CAULDWELL, SOUTHWORTH & WHITNEY,
490 Proprietors New York Mercury

PORTABLE STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS MANUFACTURED BY **A. N. WOOD & CO., Eaton, N. Y.,**

Of all sizes and of the most approved designs, and made of the best materials and in perfect workmanship.

Orders for Steam Engines will be filled on short notice. Persons interested or wishing Steam Power, by inclosing a P. O. stamp to our address, will be furnished with a Circular. 488-13t

A few moments spent in reading the "Rural" will dispel the darkest cloud of despondency that ever cast its shadow across the path of a mortal.—*Visitor, Indianola.*

NOW READY—THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR JUNE.

Contents.—Shakspeare's Art; Mien-Yuen, Joy Month; A Trip to Cuba; Some Inedited Memorials of Smollett, the Novelist; The Differential and Integral Calculus; Rolls and Leaves; The Sphinx; A Charge with Prince Rupert; Stereoscope and the Stereograph; The Minister's Wooing; The Professor at the Breakfast Table, Reviews and Literary Notices, Recent American Publications.

THE MINISTER'S WOOING.

By Harriet Beecher Stowe,

Is continued in this number, and the numerous admirers of that lady's genius, unanimously confess, as the story progresses, that it seems likely to surpass in interest, brilliancy, and power, all the previous works of the accomplished author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

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Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALL EARTH IS BEAUTIFUL.

Oh, tell me not this earth is all
A scene of foul decay,
That o'er its joys a funeral pall
Is spread in dark array.
Oh, tell me not there is no love,
No beauty here below,
For God, from higher courts above,
Hath blessed all things below.

There's beauty in each tiny flower
That blooms along the way,
Or decks the cool and shady bower
In rich and bright array!
There's beauty in each forest tree
That shades the passer by,
There's music in the tiny bee
That hum's his busy lay.

There's beauty in the mountain rill
That flows along the glade,
There's beauty in the rugged hill
And in the forest shade;
There's beauty in the summer day,
There's beauty in the night
That comes to us with gentle lay
And happy visions bright.

There's beauty in the summer cloud
And in the April shower,
For these our All-Wise Father gives
To gladden leaf and flower!
Oh, yes, all earth is beautiful
With every varied scene,
For wherescoe'er the eye may gaze
The Hand of God is seen!

Princeton, Ind., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATTIE'S MISTAKE.

BY ELLEN C. LAKE.

—— Cottage, April 18.

I am going to write you a letter this morning, dear Abbie Linton, so erase at once the long line of black marks which I doubt not you have placed against my name in your heart-book, disperse from your busy brain the manifold cares of your matronship, and listen to me, the "wilful and untamed" of our school-girl days, but now,—alas! for the romance-killing effect of years and matrimony,—transformed into the staid and yielding spouse of one Henry Graves.

I can see just how you lift your hands and open your eyes, Abbie; I know just what an exclamation of wonder and surprise will spring to those saucy lips of yours, but to all that you may think, or do, or say, I only drop a very demure "curt'sey,"—as Miss Prim used to have it,—and repeat my assurance that "years and *matrimony*" have worked a great,—and, I fancy that I may add with propriety, a *miraculous* change in the friend of yours who once bore the name of Mattie Somers.

You hadn't heard of it, had you? I have taken all possible care that you *shouldn't*, a fact for which you will doubtless think of calling down "inverted blessings" in my behalf, but don't do more than *think* of such a proceeding, for I am free to assert that when my motives are explained, you will find good in the seeming ill.

Such long, quiet talks as we used to have in that room of ours at H—— school—such castles as we used to build—and such wild, romantic fancies as sprang to life in our maiden brains—fancies at thought of which I smile now, for, do you remember, they were mostly of some "lone sequestered dell," where, in "maiden meditation fancy free," we were to spend our lives untroubled by the obnoxious presence of the masculine gender—where the "lot" of woman would not blast our hopes, break our hearts, and consign us to early graves.

Do you remember, too, how we denied ourselves all little luxuries that we might purchase linen for our "old maid's hall?" Well, one of those same napkins I have seen lying beside my "cara sposa's" breakfast-plate to-day,—a fact which proves very effectually, to me, the "vainness of earthly hopes." But perhaps it is not a laughing matter after all.—It was a *crying* one for me, when Cupid shot an arrow through John Linton's heart into yours, and I was obliged to witness the sacrifice.

Perhaps you remember that I was, or tried to be, extremely unconcerned, but it was with an uncomfortably heavy feeling about the heart that I caught my last glimpse of you on the morning of your marriage, and after you were fairly gone, the tides that had been rising so long within, had their own way as to overflowing.

It was not to be wondered at, I presume, that I grew low-spirited, alone with my servants in the great, vacant-seeming house; which, lacking the presence of those who had so early left me, could be in no wise *home*, and it was not long before I came to a very positive conclusion that I should not stay in it.

I had read in the papers left by my father at his death, of a small property in the township where he was born, which, it struck me, would be a suitable place for carrying out the project we together had originated, but which I alone was to execute, so with my usual and rather stubborn decision, I immediately set about preparing to take possession of my country residence. Annis, my "maid of all work," was to accompany me, and as she was about as ignorant of country life as I, we were neither of us troubled by a doubt as to our getting along without a man's assistance, though whether she shared my aversion to the sex, I have reason to doubt.

Well, in due time our plans were put in execution, and one bright afternoon in Spring we reached Welton. I was in extacies at the aged and time-worn appearance of my domicil, built in the fashion of an old, old time, with gables and turrets, crooks, windings and turns, such as I am sure now, no woman untouched by an old maid manner would think of enduring. That *I* was not untouched I think you willing to concede, when I tell you that so much was my natural disposition changed by the engrafted ideas that I—actually *I*, who used to call a servant to bring me a book—helped Annis carry our trunks from the gate, where they were left by the coachman, to the porch; unpacked their contents, and arranged a room for our occupancy before I slept that night, dreaming wondrous dreams, when I did sleep, of the rights and dormant faculties of womankind. We prospered finely for a few days, but the time came when we had burned the last stick we could lay hands on, and began to realize that *something* must be done. Annis would not dare, she said, to go out alone, so after a good deal of hesitation I donned my plainest garb, and we went together to the nearest farm house. Now, I'm a bit proud of the titles of my ancestors and the blood in my veins, as you know, and I can tell you that the latter boiled some when, in answer to our summons, a red-faced servant girl opened the door, who, after a deliberate survey of our persons, said with a broad accent and a broader sneer,—"Sure, and where did ye's come from?"

"The next house," said I, shortly.

"We don't have *such* here," was her answer, shutting the door in our faces, and there we were, strangers, with that emphasized "such" ringing in our ears, and the comfortable assurance that the girl's opinion of us was copied from that of her betters.

We were turning to leave the house when an elderly gentleman, closing the front gate, came up the walk toward us. He bowed, politely but coldly, and remembering our need,—an urgent one, you will admit,—I ventured to state the case to him.

"I will see that you are supplied," was his answer, ascending the steps as he spoke, and we had nothing more to do but regain our lodgings. I don't remember exactly whether I laughed or cried about it, but I guess a little of both, for though the treatment we had received was exasperating, the real state of the case was quite ludicrous enough to warrant a hearty laugh—which I doubt not *you* will indulge in.

Our fuel made its appearance that afternoon, and I was quite regaining my "mental equilibrium" when Annis asked my orders for tea, adding, at the same time, with a look that told her appreciation of our situation, that there "wasn't so much as a dust of flour in the house."

My enthusiasm was cooling very rapidly, but after taking myself to task for the "womanly weakness" of fearing the tongue of "they say," I tied my bonnet-strings very firmly, armed myself with my porte-monnaie and "sallied forth." The first shop at which I stopped was full of men, and my errand there was a vain one, for they either had nothing, or were ignorant as to the existence of the *coin* I carried. At the next I succeeded better, but had the pleasure of feeling that two pair of feminine eyes were taking notes of my proceedings, and laying up for future use a large quantity of food for scandal, while—alas, for my boasted strength and independence—I had not the slightest armor for protection of feeling.

But you have "seen the end from the beginning," I doubt not, and I am not going to furnish you with more laughing material from the history of my trials at present; trials which ended at last in the complete overthrow of my theory, and defeat of my heroism, as you have already guessed. I returned to the city a wiser and, in some things, perhaps, a sadder woman than when I went away, but the "entree" into society which I accomplished under the chaperonage of an old maid aunt in the course of the following winter, served to dispel very effectually the last remnant of my school-girl romance, for (attracted more by my "dimes" than my dimples, I doubt not,) I had so many on my list of admirers who were ready to spring at my lightest bidding, that I found it quite uncomfortable for me to dispense with even the lip-service of the "lords of creation."

It was a vain, almost a *wicked* life, Abbie, and looking with a happy heart and loving eyes at the home and the home-*rest* which I have found at last, I thank the stars of my fate that the life within me has grown too deep with earnestness and too strict in honesty for such a sphere.

But who *is* Henry Graves? I know that you are beginning to ask the question rather impatiently, and you shall be kept in suspense no longer by my wandering pen. Here I can write up to the rules of romance for it was at the "last party of the season," and at a moment when, "weary of the festivities," I had "withdrawn to a shadowy recess" that an old friend of my father's presented to me a young friend of his own, who was no other than this self-same Henry Graves. I remember nothing peculiar about this first interview of ours, more than that I found my companion of the half hour following our introduction, possessed of more sense and less folly than most of the young men who danced attendance on the aforesaid dimes, and concluded that he would do to retain in my "list."

I am quite sure that I have not the least talent for writing "love stories," so you will have to imagine all the dramatic passages and tender scenes which occurred (or rather *might* have occurred, I don't say that they *did*) in the course of a love which, though it ran smoothly, I believe to have been and to be, "true as steel."

I knew little about my husband's relatives before our marriage, and in the bustle and excitement previous to the "final end," did not think when he told me the name of the town where they resided, that it was the same as the one where I had spent or attempted to spend the summer of the year before. But when, in the afternoon after our marriage, I found myself in a carriage which stood before the door what had once been closed in my face, I began to realize my whereabouts, and feel, as well, a slight stirring of mischief within me.

The girl who had performed the afore-mentioned act for me, was not to be seen and had probably been been discharged, but the gentleman whose opinion of me had been so legibly written on his face stood at the gate and had fairly grasped the hand of his new daughter, before, as I threw up my veil, he recognized an old neighbor. I cannot, in any measure, give you an idea of the perplexed and astonished expression that swept over his countenance, but after a moment of hesitation he recovered himself and led the way to the house.

I could see that he was woefully puzzled, yet decidedly fearful as to the effect of the queries he was tempted to make, so, in pity for his embarassment. I mentioned, casually, in the conversation which followed, the fact of my having once been a resident of the "ruined castle" adjoining his farm, together with the motives and result of my adventure. It would have done you good to see his face brighten, and, seeing through the sport I was having at his expense, be joined in it so heartily that we were all like old friends at once. Henry had been from home when I was there, and had known nothing of the trials and tribulations of my attempt to lead a single life, for, of course, I would be the last one to tell him.

But such a long letter as I have made of this!—I elect you the medium of my respects to your "better half," and add,—par parenthesis, as something of a moral to the tale I have told—the confession of Mattie Somers that when she deemed herself, (in the singular number, possessive case, to no man,) self-sufficient for battle against labor, life, and above all, *scandal*, she was simply—*mistaken*.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MARIAN CROSS.

All that dark, cloudy November day I had been listlessly gazing out at the sullen-looking sky, vainly hoping to get a glimpse of a single ray of sunshine, or at least one little, bright cloud to relieve the general dreariness,—but no, it still kept raining, raining. Turning moodily from the window, I caught up the fragment of an old newspaper, and as I read the words, blotted and almost effaced by age and use, I forgot that the day was "dark, and sad, and dreary." In thought I went back to the time when I made one of the merry group at the old red school-house upon the hill. I had seen the fading leaves of only twelve Autumns then, the days all seemed bright, and earth very joyous to me, yet I had learned that it was not so to all. I knew that among the youthful band who gathered there day after day, there were some who trod the life-path wearily—despairingly. And as I read

"She was not beautiful, poor girl,
Her figure or her face
Had none of all the charms that give
To maidenhood its grace,—
One of those beings upon whom
All sorrows seems to fall,
Deformed and homely, poor and sad,
And mind to feel it all,"

the pale, sad, thoughtful face of Marian Cross, came up before me, as, seated alone at her desk, she industriously committed to memory lesson after lesson, heedless of the busy hum around her; or, standing a little apart, watched us in our noisy sports at play hours. Now and then our lively sallies would cause a faint smile to light up her face, but it quickly faded, and the same mournful look would again take its place. We sometimes wondered *why* she was sad, yet never paused to consider whether *we* could do aught to make her life more pleasant.

Once, at her request, I went with her to her home, and from that hour her sad looks were no mystery to me. I will not attempt to describe that home,—I felt that its very atmosphere was enough to chill every joyous impulse. I wondered if the sunshine ever entered there,—sure was I that the sunshine of love never did, or it would have been a happier one.

Her harsh, unfeeling, intemperate father; rough, clownish brothers, and careless, selfish sisters, had no sympathy for the timid, sensitive child; and her patient, over-tasked mother had no time to devote to her, and from others

She never sought a smile
To cheer her lonely heart,
But by herself, with shrinking step,
She struggled on apart.

After a time the gloomy old house she had so long called home was exchanged for a pleasanter one, but more agreeable associations, or all the glowing beauties of earth that surrounded her, had no power to bring happiness to her desponding heart. There came also a change in the household, some had found other homes, death had removed the mother and a sister, leaving of the group that once gathered at the homestead only Marian and her father.

Many a long, long day—yes, even weeks,—she spent then alone, sorrowful and disheartened.—Friends endeavored to cheer her with words of kindness and encouragement, yet her pale cheek grew paler, her step slower, and her slender form bowed beneath the crushing weight of sorrow which rested upon her young heart, slowly, surely wearing her life away. The look of quiet, patient endurance which was ever upon her face, we felt, as we stood beside her last resting-place, came not from a meek, forbearing spirit, or she would have waited patiently until God called her to a happier world.

Poor Marian! she was alone in the hour of death; none knew when it came. A friend hearing that she had been many days alone, and wishing to spend a little time with her, entered the house on beautiful autumn morning, and found her sleeping—sleeping the peaceful, dreamless slumber of death. By her side stood the cup that had contained the deadly draught; the hand that prepared it yet remained clasped over the heart, which had ceased to beat; around the cold lips still lingered a smile,—the weary one was at rest.

In tearful silence friends gathered as they learned the sad story, but there was none that could answer the half-uttered words of inquiry that rose to every lip—none but the Searcher of all Hearts knew how deep was the anguish, how strong, how alluring the temptation which caused her to commit the dreadful deed. Slowly, sadly, they bore her to her last resting-place, gently they laid her down to repose beneath the green turf, and now but few can tell

Where blooms the clover, white and red,
That nature kindly rears
To guard the slumbers of the child
Of poverty and tears.

Oakland, N. Y., 1859. E. M. S.

Most of their faults women owe to us, while we are indebted to them for most of our better qualities.—*Lemaitre.*

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 44 letters.
My 24, 3, 24, 25, 23, 19, 17 was an ancient city.
My 9, 7, 24, 22 are a kind of potato.
My 26, 4, 27, and 17, 6, 30, 5, 31, 37, 34 have no enemies but the ignorant.
My 25, 43, 39, 21, 3 hides our own faults.
My 22, 40, 36, 13 is compounded chiefly of mineral substances.
My 18, 12, 11, 18, 33, 17 are of both the head and heart.
My 25, 4, 42, 36, 22, 5 owes its value to its scarcity.
My 1, 26, 43, 22, 15, 14 was the capital of Poland.
My 2, 7, 4, 32, 18, 40, 43, 35 has a retreat for the insane.
My 41, 15, 8, 17, 34, 24, 10, 20, 21 is a variety of sweet potato.
My 37, 5, 44, 18, 10, 8 is an island belonging to the British.
My 17, 5, 29, 37, 33, 3, 18, 18, 34 are islands in Africa belonging to England.
My whole is a conundrum. Mollie.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 46 letters.
My 21, 12, 27, 25, 7 is a river in Prussia.
My 28, 17, 7, 21, 18 is a river in Spain.
My 23, 12, 8, 30, 32, 39, 10, 42 is a river in France.
My 18, 20, 21, 22, 8 is a lake in Austria.
My 19, 6, 20, 21, 33, 35 is a town in India.
My 24, 12, 44, 4 is one of the United States.
My 2, 31, 27, 13 is a river in the United States.
My 1, 16, 8, 18, 24, 43 is a town in Kentucky.
My 32, 4, 41, 20, 23, 23, 13 is a port in Maryland.
My 46, 16, 18, 44, 25 is a town in Scotland.
My 43, 27, 1, 6, 11 is an island in the English Channel.
My 34, 27, 30, 40, 45, 2, 21 is a town in Canada.
My 29, 10, 4, 39 is a town in England.
My 18, 24, 35 is a town in India.
My 36, 14, 25, 39, 8, 9 is a town in China.
My 5, 36, 25, 7 is a river in England.
My 28, 14, 36, 25, 39, 27 is a river in South America.
My 15, 38, 25, 16, 14, 27, 26 is a town in South America.
My 33, 17, 37, 11, 44, 39 is a town in the United States.
My whole is one of the Proverbs of Solomon.
Oakville, C. W., 1859. A. J. Doty.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of two syllables, take case from my first and empty remains; transpose my last and it is an intoxicating liquor; to one-half the letters in my first syllable, add one-third in my last, and they make three more than my whole. My whole is what every person enjoys with a friend. A. M. A.
Watertown, Jeff. Co., N. Y., 1859.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

A person expends just £100 for live stock, consisting of geese, sheep, and cows; for each goose he paid 1s., for each sheep £1, and for each cow £5. How many did he purchase of each kind so as to have just 100 in all? J. J. W.
Harmony, Chaut. Co., N. Y., 1859.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 468.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Nothing suffers from free discussion.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—13.679 plus inches in diameter and will hold 5.3074 plus gallons.

Wit and Humor.

MY WIFE.

She tied the new cravat
Which she so kindly made me;
Then smoothed with care my hat,
And with her arms delayed me;
She brushed my "glossy hair,"
And said "it was so curly!"
While going down the stair,
She cried, "Come home, *dear*, early!"

How happy then was I,
With all I e'er desired;
I fortune could defy
While thus I was admired!
We parted at the door—
Her smile deserved a sonnet!
"Dear love, but one thing more:
I want—*a new spring bonnet!*"

[*Home Journal.*

How he did it.—I gave her a rose and gave her a ring, and I asked her to marry me then; but she sent them all back, insensible thing, and said she'd no notion of men. I told her I'd oceans of money and goods, tried to frighten her with a growl; but she answered that she wasn't brought up in the woods to be scared by the screech of an owl. I called her beggar, and everything bad; I slighted her features and form; till at length I succeeded in getting her mad, and she raged like the sea in a storm. And then in a moment I turned and smiled, and called her my angel and all; she fell in my arms like a wearisome child, exclaiming, "We will marry this fall."

A Good Illustration.—In a time of much religious excitement and consequent discussion, an honest Dutch farmer on the Mohawk was asked his opinion as to which denomination of Christians were on the right way to Heaven. "Vell, den," said he, "ven we ride our wheat to Albany, some say this road is the best, and some say dat—but it don't make much difference which road we take, for ven we get dare dey never ask us vich vay we come—and it's none of their bianess—*if our wheat is good!*"

When Jemima went to school, she was asked why the noun bachelor was singular. "Because," she replied, "it is so very *singular* they don't get married."

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" " Combined, ... 125 00
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WITH WOOD'S IMPROVEMENT,
For the Harvest of 1859.
The subscriber begs to inform the public that he continues to manufacture this popular machine, and pledges himself to produce an implement that will fully sustain its former reputation, as the best combined machine yet introduced, and inferior to none, either as a Reaper or Mower.
It has had a steady and increasing popularity from the first, achieving a complete success in the first important trial at Geneva in 1852. It carried off the highest honors at the great National Field Trial at Syracuse in 1857; and amidst all the competition and trials of 1858, came out with more and better established points of excellence than ever before.
The general principles peculiar to this machine, and upon which it is constructed, have proved so successful that there has been no attempt to change them.
The main effort during the last year has been to improve its mechanical construction, to make it stronger and more durable, and sustain its reputation as the leading and most acceptable machine to the largest class of farmers in the country.
Warranted capable of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass or grain per day, in a workmanlike manner.
Price of Machine as heretofore, varies according to width of cut, and its adaptation in size and strength to different sections of the country, from $125 to $150, delivered here on the cars. WALTER A. WOOD,
Manufacturer and Proprietor, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.
BENNETT GRAY, Brockport,
WM. HENRY HARMON, Scottsville,
483-tf. Agents for Monroe County, N. Y.

WOOD'S MOWER.—
Patented February 22d, 1859.
During the six years I have been engaged in the manufacture of the Manny Combined Reaper and Mower, I have given much thought and attention to the construction of what I foresaw would be a great want of the Farmers—a lighter and cheaper machine expressly for mowing, than had yet been made.
And now, after the most thorough and repeated experiments and tests in every variety of field, and in all kinds and in every condition of grass, I am prepared, with entire confidence, to offer to the farmers and dealers of the United States, the great *desideratum* in this department of Agricultural labor-saving machines—a Mower, superior in its capacity for good work to any hitherto introduced, of easy draft, light, cheap, and durable.
This machine I now offer as my latest invention, to meet a special want of farmers, and to place within the reach of all, a Mower that for practical working, cheapness and simplicity, will be without a rival.
I build Two-Horse and One-Horse Mowers. The Two-Horse Mower weighs 425 lbs., and cuts a swath four feet wide (or more if specially ordered.) The One-Horse Mower weighs 30 lbs. less, (395 lbs.,) and cuts a swath three and a half feet wide.
For a more full description of the Mower, reference is made to my Pamphlets, which will be furnished on application.—With each machine will be furnished two extra guards, two extra sections, one wrench and oil can.
Warranted capable of cutting ten acres of grass per day in a workmanlike manner.
Price of Two-Horse Mower, ... $80
" One-Horse Mower, ... 70
Delivered here on the cars.
I continue as heretofore, and with greater success than at any previous time, the manufacture and sale of "Manny's Patent Combined Reaper and Mower with Wood's Improvement." WALTER A. WOOD,
Manufacturer and Proprietor, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.
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Price with Selve arranged, for sifting Corn Meal for family use while grinding, ... $50
Price with Bolting Machine attached, for making Family Flour, ... 75
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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
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CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

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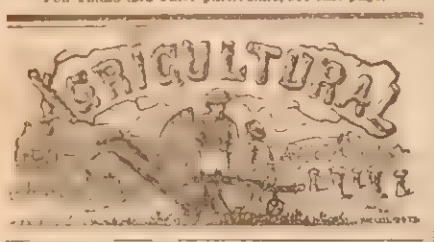


BUTTER MAKING.

THE ART OF MAKING BUTTER is but imperfectly understood over a large extent of the Union, if the products of manufacturers of the important staple are taken as a criterion. If not one of the *lost arts*, it is certainly sadly neglected, to the great disadvantage of producers, and disgust of consumers. The little thought and attention given to the subject by the great mass of farmers, has long been matter of surprise to those who appreciate the difference in the value of a good and inferior or worthless article—and yet, though there is scarcely any branch of husbandry which has been more reliable or steadily profitable for the past ten years, little brains and pains are devoted to the improvement and perfection of the products of the Dairy. True, there are limited districts in which a prime article is produced, but we do not believe, as many affirm, that it is solely or mainly attributable to the fact that such districts are well adapted to dairying,—but that good butter and cheese may be made in other sections (not to say all,) by the exercise of proper care, skill and judgment. The high reputation of Orange County Butter, for instance, is owing in a great measure to the *manner* of its manufacture, packing, &c.; and the same is true of Philadelphia butter, as well as of that of other sections which have acquired a reputation in the leading markets.

We apprehend that the *uniformity* of the manner of making and packing has been the great secret of the success of the butter dairymen of certain localities, and hence that many other sections could successfully vie with them in the production of a superior article, *by adopting proper and uniform rules in manufacturing*. As good butter is made in this County, as in Orange or other famous butter making districts, yet not over one producer in twenty makes a good article. And why? Simply, we apprehend, because they do not know how, nor care to learn. This having been a grain growing region, few have given special attention to either butter or cheese making; and now that more attention is necessarily turned to dairying, (in consequence of the failure of wheat,) the great mass of farmers seem to lack knowledge as to the requisites and modus operandi. A few seem to understand the business, and their butter sells readily at from 2 to 5 cts. per lb. above the market price—but, as already intimated, most of the butter brought into this market seems to have been made by guess work or at hap-hazard. Each dairywoman has her own "notions" about making butter, and very few, we fear, understand the correct process, or do not "take pains" to produce a fine article.

Western New York is becoming, to some considerable extent, a grazing and dairying region, and it behooves our farmers to give this branch increased attention. We do not say that they can successfully compete with the celebrated dairy sections, but we *know* they can produce butter and cheese profitably, and *believe* that in time an enviable reputation might be established in the large markets—such as has already been acquired by certain producers and localities of Western New York. To aid so desirable a consummation, we propose to give, during the season, such information as we believe will tend to the result. In former volumes of the RURAL, we have published much on the subject of making butter and preparing it for market, yet as the matter is one of increasing importance, and as every year brings us thousands of new subscribers, it becomes necessary not only to recur to the subject but to discuss it somewhat thoroughly, annually. In a few weeks we shall publish a valuable and original *Prize Essay on Butter Making*, which discusses the whole subject—including the Best Breeds of Cattle; Influence of Feed, Exercise and Shelter; Dairy Salt, Milking the Cows; Dairy Apartment; Care of Milk, Water Care of Milk, Churning; Working the Butter, final Packing. We also invite experienced and successful Butter and Cheese makers to contribute to the pages of the RURAL the most approved modes of manufacture. Meantime we give the following extract from an article in a recent number of the New York *Tribune*, furnished by DRAW & FRENCH, Commission Merchants, who deal largely in dairy products. It contains some valuable suggestions in regard to the making and packing of Butter for the New York Market:

While local characteristics are prominently marked, the difference in quality resulting from different degrees of skill and care in the makers of the same section is no less striking, some dairies bringing, in the same state of the market, 2 to 8 cents per pound more than others from the same neighborhood.

Much has been said and written on the art of Butter-making. We trust some good has resulted from these efforts, but still a very large proportion of the butter sent to market is of inferior quality, and sells at low prices, though more labor may have been bestowed upon it than upon the very best.

Nothing pleases commission merchants more than to receive a strictly fine dairy of butter—sweet, yellow, rosy to the smell, and delicious to the taste. It sells readily at a satisfactory price, and everybody is pleased, from producer to consumer. Common and inferior butter *sticks*, notwithstanding its *greasiness*, at every stage, causing dissatisfaction and trouble from beginning to end. It is either colorless, milky, sticky, oversalted, under-salted, strong, rank, or rancid, or all these combined—at any rate, it is not what it should be.

Without pretending to a practical knowledge of butter-making, we herewith condense such of the principal conditions and requisites for making first-rate butter as we have been able to gather from various sources.

We will thank any first-rate butter-maker for additional hints or criticisms of what we have herein stated.

CONDITIONS REQUISITE.—*First:* Cows of good milking quality; some good butter-makers think selected natives the best.

Second: Food—One of the most experienced and best butter-makers in the State, recommends a mixture of grasses, such as red and white clover, timothy and blue grass. Keep the pastures free from rank and strongly flavored weeds. Pungent roots and vegetables, such as turnips and cabbage, will injuriously flavor the butter, and injure its keeping qualities. Pumpkins and carrots are the best vegetable food when the season of grass is over, and give a fine color to the butter; but ground feed, such as the bran of wheat, rye, and corn, or ground oats, is believed to be best in Winter, as it keeps the cows in thriving condition, without too much increasing their fat, and makes the best-keeping and best-flavored butter.

Third: Keep the cows quiet, particularly during the warm weather. The milk from cows when in the periodical fever, or when heated from any cause, will not make the best-flavored or best-keeping butter, and should be rejected from such use.

Fourth: Keep the atmosphere of the milk-room perfectly fresh and pure, and at as even a temperature as possible—it should not be warmer than 65 deg. Fah. As soon as the milk congulates, or just before this change occurs, it is ready to be churned, or skimmed. Some of the best butter-makers churn the milk with the cream, others skim and churn only the cream. When skimmed, the cream may be kept in the cream-jar six to twelve hours, occasionally stirred, but never covered. Tin pans are commonly used for setting milk, but tin pails, holding twelve quarts, are preferred by some of the most skilful.

Fifth: The contents of the churn should be at the temperature of 64 deg., and the dash should be moved at the rate of about 80 strokes per minute; neither hot nor cold water should be turned into the churn to regulate the temperature. Setting the churn in hot or cold water is a better way; hot water turned into the churn injures the color and grain of the butter. Soft water is indispensable for washing butter to the best advantage. If you cannot get soft water otherwise, save rain water and cool it with ice. The water from ice is always soft. When thus washed it is ready for salting. When the conditions are right the butter will "come" in 20 to 30 minutes. When done, the butter should be taken from the churn and thrown into a smaller vessel, partly filled with water, at 42 to 44 deg. Fah., and the buttermilk forced out with a small dash or ladle; then put in trays and wash until the water used ceases to be the least discolored with buttermilk. The great point to be attained in washing or working butter is to expel *all* the buttermilk without overworking the butter, which spoils the grain, and renders it sticky or greasy. After the butter has stood in the trays about twenty-four hours, and been worked lightly three or four times, it is ready for packing. Some good butter-makers do not work so many times. It should never be worked in a dry state or without water, as that would injure the grain and damage the flavor at once. After the firkin or tub is filled the butter should be covered with a thin piece of muslin, and the whole covered with strong pure brine, which must not be allowed to evaporate or leak out.

Over-salting is one of the most common faults of butter-making. Not uncommonly coarse salt is used in such quantities, and with such treatment, that it remains undissolved, and will grate in the teeth. Such butter must be sold from 3 to 6 cents per pound lower on that account.

BUTTER PACKAGES.—White-Oak Firkins, with smooth, round hickory hoops, holding about 100 lbs., are most largely used, and decidedly the best when the article is to be kept a long time—no other can be used for shipping. Half firkin tubs, or the regular firkin sawed in two, with a flat cover nailed upon the top, is a favorite package for choice Butter. Welsh tubs, or tubs with straight staves, largest at the top, with cover or lid shutting over and strapped down with pieces of leather or tin, are much used in some sections. They are very convenient for the domestic trade. They are commonly made of ash, which is next to white oak for this purpose. Maple, whitewood, and other soft woods, are unfit, as they soak largely and impart injurious flavors to the butter. Butter may be advantageously kept under brine while at the dairy, but when finally closed up for market the pickle should be carefully turned off and a cloth wet in strong brine spread over the top. The top head of the firkin or the lid of the tub should never touch the butter.

THE RURAL'S PREMIUM BARN.—No. III.

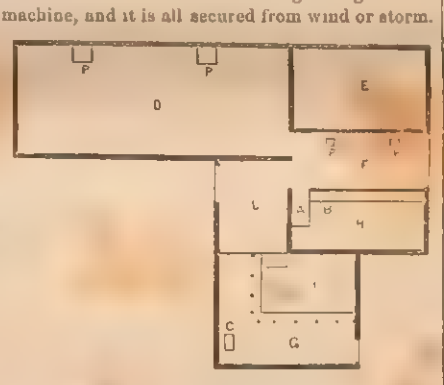
HEREWITH we give the BARN PLAN to which the Committee awarded the RURAL's third premium. This Barn is owned by JAMES WHITNEY, of Big Flatts, Chemung County, N. Y., who furnishes the following description:

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have the name of having the most convenient *Barn* in our part of the country, and accordingly have made a draft to the best of my ability, being nothing but a farmer. I think, however, I understand the wants of farmers better than the mechanic or architect can. You will discover I have an elevation of ground nearly eight feet, which is some fourteen rods north of east and west road, and slopes towards the south-west. I have cellar under barn and east shed, the north-east corners in the bank. East and north stone wall for barn is nine feet high, and that for shed is six feet high.

GROUND PLAN OF LOWER STORY.

A, Standards for tying cattle. F, Lower Feed Room in front of cattle, 4 by 64. G, Bunks for Cattle, 9 by 64. H, Doors. I, Manure Cellar under east shed, 16 by 24. J, Open Shed. K, Horse Stalls, 10 by 30. L, Horse Bunks, 2 by 28. (hay from above, and grain in front of horses, by falling doors in ceiling.) M, Stairs. N, Halls in Granary. O, Root Bins. P, Cleaning Floor and Weighing Room, and Feed Room for horses, which does not freeze in winter, 18 by 24.

I enter the barn from the north with team on upper floor, thrash with a self-cleaning machine, and have straw-carrier attached, so that I can run the straw in either shed I choose. I have two good Bays without incumbrance from stabling or granary, and spouts or conductors marked, corresponding with bulls in granary beneath, to conduct the grain where I wish; and this, when thrashing, saves at least one man's labor. Two men are sufficient to take care of straw from a good eight-horse machine, and it is all secured from wind or storm.



PLAN OF UPPER STORY.

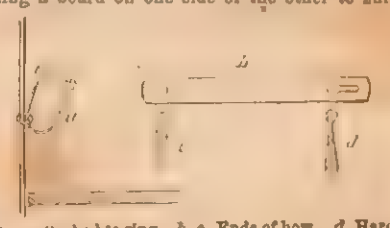
A, Stairway to Stable. B, Space for letting hay down to story below, for horses. C, Trap Door, to throw manure down from cattle sheds. P, P, Openings to let feed down. D, Floor for storing fodder, 25 by 64. E, West Bay, 19 by 30. F, Upper Barn Floor, 18 by 30. G, Cattle Stalls, 9 by 24 and 9 by 32. H, West Bay, 18 by 30. I, Loft of Lean-to, 10 by 20.

My *Basement* is dry. Sills two feet from ground. My grain has never musted nor wet, and feed never frozen in winter. I have twelve *Grain Bins*, so arranged that I can get to any one of them when I wish, capable of storing over 3,000 bushels, and four *Root Bins*, which will store about 800 bushels, where they can be seen to at any time.

My stone wall is laid in mortar and pointed; the frames are all made of square timber and joist; no round timber anywhere about; outside, all planed and painted. The *Basement Story* is eight feet; barn posts 18 feet long; the *Long Shed* is 25 wide, 64 long; posts 20 feet. *East Shed* posts nine feet long.

The cost of *Barn* without sheds $400, including board of hands; can be built $50 cheaper without planing or painting. *Sheds* cost $430, including board of hands, and can be built for $400 without planing or painting.

My mode of fixtures for tying cattle is much cheaper than the ordinary way, besides being much more comfortable for the animals—it is as follows: first, I set my standards four feet apart, have a ring made of three-eights or half-inch iron about six inches across, put over the standard, and then put the bow through the ring and over the animal's neck. The operation is shown in the engraving. Have a piece of hard wood for a latch one inch thick and eight inches long, 1¼ inch hole at one end, and one inch at the other. The bow needs a knob on one end and katch in the other. This, I have also endeavored to show in the engraving. The rings will slip up and down to suit the animal's convenience. They can lay down and turn their heads around on their side, and they can lay much nearer than if fastened in any other way, and if you have an animal that is inclined to be masterly you can make him keep his head on his own side, by putting a board on one side or the other to suit your convenience. Thus you can control the most vicious of animals, and make them perfectly submissive. I have adopted four feet apart for my standards, but they will do much nearer for small animals.



a, Bow, attached to ring. *b*, *c*, Ends of bow. *d*, Hard Wood Latch, showing holes for ends of bow.

ON KEEPING LIVE STOCK.

WHY DO WE KEEP LIVE STOCK? The correct answer, doubtless, is, that live stock changes for us certain products of the land not marketable, or not good for human food, into other products available for both those purposes; or by such aid we can change products of less value into other products of greater value. Of the products which we desire thus to change, grass is the chief. By the aid of live stock we can convert grass into meat and its accompaniments, milk and its products; or into wool.

Now, if the answer given be correct, then it follows that it is the business of stock to consume food, and it is for the farmer's interest to furnish it in abundance. The greater the quantity of food consumed without waste, the larger the remuneration we receive. Also it follows that the question should not be, how many animals will a pasture preserve in life, or how many our winter forage will keep with the skins and bones together, but how many will consume the unmarketable products which our farms yield, to the greatest profit. Experiment will prove that abundant feeding is decidedly for the farmer's advantage, both in summer and winter. When the Western country, where I live, was new, the wild wood and prairie summer range was almost unlimited, and farmers could keep as many cattle as they could winter. Then some farmers were particularly adroit in starving a large number of cattle on a small quantity of fodder—turning them out in the spring just alive and not on the lift—"thin," as they expressed it, "yet in good heart." Even then, however, it soon grew into a maxim that a well wintered two year old exceeded in value a poorly wintered three year old. The breed of cattle, too, deteriorated under this economy. Now that the land is nearly all under fence, each farm must depend on its own resources, and it is not difficult to arrange matters so that the winter keep shall fully equal the summer in abundant supply for stock, with some to spare for village consumption.

To illustrate the value of grass as an important item in mixed husbandry, I will give the following facts:—A year ago I had a seven acre lot which, in ordinary course, was a fresh clover pasture.—On apportioning my stock by estimate for the summer, I found this field extra, so I purchased some thrifty yearling cattle, which had been well wintered, partly Durham. I paid for them $8 each. Seven of them I assigned to this lot, putting them in as soon as they could get a full bite. During the flush season of pasture I turned in four horses, but of these I will not take account. Most of the time the pasture was very abundant, all of the time sufficient. At the expiration of three and a half months the conclusion of harvest had furnished abundant range for the young cattle elsewhere, the bite had become short, and the lot was laid by for late pasture for sheep. I then had the cattle valued by a competent judge, who said that they would sell quickly for $13 each. From which it appears that the grass consumed by these young cattle yielded $5 per acre. No rise in the value of cattle occurred during the time, but rather a depression. The field was an highly elevated, sandy ridge—the cattle had water at will, and were duly salted twice each week. For this last, the pleasure of looking at them and seeing them grow, was sufficient compensation.

I may add that I have since wintered these cattle on hay and corn-stalks. This spring I sold one of them to the butcher for $23; another is a cow, giving milk, worth $25. The remainder worth from $20 to $25.

P. H.

Milan, Erie Co., O.

"IT WON'T PAY!"

ANONG the silliest of silly things, is the indiscriminate use of the expression, "It won't pay." Uttered with regard to some matters it is wise and proper, but relative to many others it is unwise and improper, if not wrong. Out in the busy walks of life, where men are constantly engrossed with the pursuit of money, and where experience has given a keen edge to the perceptive faculties, it is little wonder that the thousand and one foolish schemes that grow with such weedy growth in the brains of imaginative men, should receive a cold water extinguisher in the shape of the exclamation quoted. But, that beneficial institutions developed by age, by usefulness, by experience, and

by every means through which the value or usefulness of a thing can be demonstrated, should be set aside without an investigation of the principles upon which they are built, or the object which they are designed to and are attaining, by the use of such a foolish remark, seems unworthy of the answer of a man of sense.

So I thought on becoming acquainted with the following circumstances. A certain good farmer (?) having occasion to sell some corn, went to a dealer in produce to dispose of it. "What will you give," said he to the man of grain, "for one hundred bushels of corn?" "Well, don't know,—the fact is don't care about buying much. Market's pretty full; things are looking gloomy on account of this war; guess times are going to be pretty hard, 'spect corn's worth about seventy cents." "Can't you give no more than that for it?" "No sir," emphatically responded Grain, turning upon his heel, apparently indifferent concerning the event—"Well, I guess you can have what little I've got," returned our Farmer.

This pretty little business transaction was duly "signed, sealed and delivered," and one of the parties made a large profit, and the other a large loss. Let us examine this transaction. To my certain knowledge this farmer "dropped" his paper because he wanted "every cent he could get," and it "would'nt pay to continue it." Hence he did not know that periods of war excitement generally produce advanced prices in those things upon which war depends for its sustainment, (although followed by a corresponding depression at its close, if not before,) but he might have been posted in this respect if he had known *what* would *pay*, and have saved something besides, as the following portion of his experience will show.

A few days after the "sell," he met a neighbor, from whom he learned that a brother farmer had just been offered eighty cents a bushel, but concluded that it would be higher, and was going to "hold on." Last week he felt so "worked up" about it, that he borrowed a paper from another neighbor, and reading the "Markets," discovered that corn stood at ninety cents a bushel. What his ideas concerning the profit-ability of taking a good paper, (such as the one that he borrowed,) are, I know not; but, I think, myself, that in his case at least, going without one "won't pay. In the case of the dealer, it did pay to know what was going on in the world of trade and barter, and I hazard nothing in saying that *his* paper is continued.

Thus much for an illustration drawn from actual life, concerning the working of this non-investigating, without information, penny-wise, pound-foolish, anti-progressive principle. It serves to give a true appreciation of the old adage, "Knowledge is Power." There were days when this might have been reversed, affording a reason why the desired end of both (success,) was not more readily attained. But the Present demands of him who would win, a steady step, side by side with every *real* improvement; a thorough study of the great world in which he lives, and a proper combination of Theory with Practice.

A man who lives without any or with but little knowledge of what progress the world is making in the various phases of its manifested life, or who knows nothing (comparatively speaking,) of its daily experience, must not be astonished if his fellow-beings outstrip him in the march of time.

That Farmer who believes that it "Won't Pay" to take a good paper, and who depends upon others for that information which he should possess and reason upon himself, must not be surprised if he obtains such information at second hand; or, still more, if he ascertains the fact that "Knowledge is Power"-ful to make money. W. E. S.

SOIL ANALYSIS,

AND THE CHANGEABILITY OF THE HUMAN BODY.

Messrs. Editors:—The article in the Rural of May 7th, entitled "A Peep into Modern Philosophy" is replete with good things, and I think your many readers feel obliged to the writer for attempting to expose some of the fallacies that obtain so readily in this wonderful latter part of the nineteenth century. After discussing pretty thoroughly the prevailing doctrines of Agricultural Chemistry and Vegetable Physiology, he asks—"Has there been one *new* idea established by soil analysis?" I will answer in the most decided manner,—Yes sir, *thousands* of them. The analysis of soils is one of the grandest achivements in Agricultural Science, and the experiments that have been made by Liebig, and other eminent Chemists, have opened a rich mine of agricultural knowledge, of which the world was entirely ignorant. It is well known that some soils are not congenial to certain crops, the only difficulty being a lack of some of the elements which enter into their composition, and in order to ascertain the deficiency the soil must be analyzed and the difficulty obviated by supplying the needed element, whether it be lime, sand, potash, bone dust or any other substance that can be easily applied to the soil. This has been done *repeatedly*, and by this process many farms have been made productive. Now, in order to raise any grain whatever, the *elements* of such grain *must* be in the ground. Hence the utility of soil analysis, and special manures.

All physiologists agree that the human body is renewed every seven years, or, in other words, that it evaporates or passes away by the sensible and insensible perspirations. The writer says that, "physiologically this may be true, but practically it is a stupid non-truth." But we think that he has failed to demonstrate the proposition. He says that the scars and other manifestations of the human body follow the man of 100 years to the grave True, all persons preserve their form, complexion and identity, and some say that if the body is renewed every seven years, we should never *grow old*.

In the first place, change is the prevailing law of the Universe, and the human system is not an exception to this universal principle. The food that we eat supplies the natural waste of the body, but in order to sustain life, it must contain *all the elements* of which the body is composed, after passing into the stomach and undergoing certain changes, it is absorbed into the veins, and carried by the blood to all parts of the system and supplies the decay that is constantly going on in every part of the human frame. As soon as a worn out particle is thrown off, its place is immediately filled by another through the agency of the blood, and thus the identity of the person is preserved. But the objector may say, if the old particles are replaced by new ones, how can we ever become infirm in body? I answer that the change takes place gradually, among the infinitely minute particles or atoms of matter, of which the human form divine is composed, and the new particles are corrupted by the remaining old ones, so that they in turn have to take their exit from the body. By taking a calm rest into the *philosophy* of the thing, we cannot fail to see that it cannot be otherwise, for if it were not so, men would in a short time wear themselves out. How long would it take a man to *wear out his hands* in handling wood or stone?—We frequently wear off the outside skin or cuticle, and it is as often renewed. It requires but sixteen weeks for the nails to grow from the roots to the ends of the fingers. The hair of the head, and the beard, when shaved off, are constantly reproduced.

I will conclude with an extract from one of our well known Philosophers:—"The decay and decomposition of animals and vegetables on the surface of the earth form the soil, which nourishes the growth of plants and other vegetables; and these in their turn, form the nutriment of animals. Thus is there a perpetual change from death to life, and from life to death, and as constant a succession in the forms and places which the particles of matter assume. Nothing is lost, and not a particle of matter is struck out of existence. The same matter of which every living animal and every vegetable was formed, before the flood, is still in existence. As nothing is lost, or annihilated, so it is probable that nothing has been added, and that we ourselves are composed of particles of matter as old as the creation." N. B. Arent.

"WHAT ARE WOLF TEETH IN HORSES?"

[The following article has been furnished us by R. Jennings, V. S., Professor of Anatomy in the Veterinary College, Philadelphia, Pa.]

In answer to your correspondent C. H. W., in the Rural of May 14th, I would say that what are called wolf teeth in horses, (so named probably from their resemblance to the first molar teeth of the wolf,) are regarded by Veterinary Surgeons to be two small supernumerary teeth making their appearance on either side, immediately anterior of the first molar teeth of the upper jaw. The germs of these teeth will be found in the jaw of the developed foal, and are fully formed in the yearling, ready to work their way through the gums,—after which, as a general rule, they soon fall out; sometimes, however, they remain to an advanced period of life, during which time they undergo a change in form and resemble more closely the incisor teeth of man. Horsemen generally look upon these teeth as injurious to the eyes, but such is not the fact, as the experience of all Veterinary Surgeons will prove. What gave rise to such opinions I am unable to say; suppose such was the case, a majority of our horses would go blind, as all horses have these teeth at some period of their lives, most generally from the first to the fifth year.

If a horse has an attack of specific ophthalmia, these teeth are looked for (but at no other time) and if found, of course they are supposed to be the cause of the disease and are at once knocked out. This process bruises the gums, causing considerable inflammation in the parts, which, acting as a counter irritant, attracts the inflammation from the eye, the same as if a blister had been applied to some remote part, without disturbing these teeth. I have been practicing the veterinary profession a number of years and have yet to see a single case where these teeth have been in any way injurious.

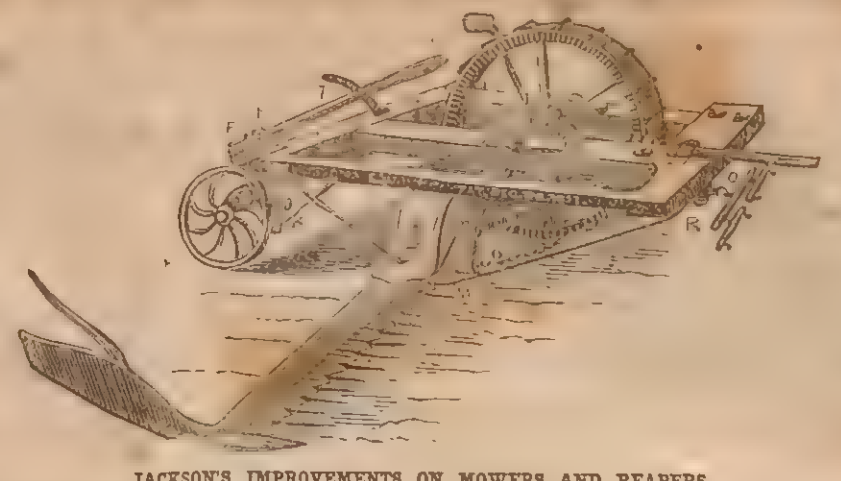
In quoting "Every Man his Own Farrier," you have given publicity to some notions which are not founded upon the experience of the author or any one else, but are altogether imaginary. He says they appear "half an inch, or an inch from the grinders." Such is not the fact; they are situated in close proximity to the first molar on either side. I have my doubts if the author of that *valuable work* ever saw a wolf tooth, certainly not in the jaw. Again, he says—"These teeth are seldom found in young horses." Wrong again, for young horses are the very ones in which they are found. He says they are "supposed to affect the eyes and must be removed," and recommends the filing of them off even with the gums. If they are injurious how is this filing process to benefit the horse? The roots yet remain, and if the teeth are injurious at all it must be the roots that are so. Such authors do more harm than good by advancing false theories that have not a particle of evidence to sustain them. This filing process could not be accomplished, as the tooth would either pull out or break off in the effort to accomplish such an end. If you want the teeth removed take a common pair of dentists forceps and pull them out.

Rochester, May, 1859.

ABOUT THAT FOUR MINUTE CHURN.

Mr. Moore:—In your paper of April 2d, I noticed a hint from H. A. Cook, of Columbia Co., N. Y., relative to the "four-minute churn," and have seen some reference to it before. We know nothing of it in this region, but if it is what is claimed for it, we want it here. We have had many churns with equal pretensions to the one above named, most of which have proved humbugs, rather than churns. Now, if this is a new humbug, we would like to have it remain among the rocks and scrub-oaks of Columbia Co., where, in youthful days, we used to hunt rabbits. But, in order to test its real merits, I will offer a premium of ten dollars, (to be awarded under the direction of a Committee appointed by the Kalamazoo County Ag. Society for that purpose,) for a churn that will answer the following description, viz:—1st. It must be so simple in its construction, and so convenient that it will be adapted to general use. 2d. It must be durable, and so cheap as to bring it within the reach of all who wish to use it. 3d. It must make from new milk as much butter, and of as good quality, as can be made from the cream of the same milk, and do it with as little labor as would be required to make it with the old-fashioned dash churn.

Kalamazoo, Mich., 1859. M. Heydenfeldt.



JACKSON'S IMPROVEMENTS ON MOWERS AND REAPERS.

For Description, Price, &c., of Improvements above illustrated—intended to reduce Side Draft and lessen Whole Draft of Mowers and Reapers—see advertisement of S. E. & M. P. Jackson.

TO THE OLD HEADS.

We do not mean, Mr. Moore, to use this term, "old heads," irreverently. To do ourselves justice it is proper to say we have been brought up to treat our elders with respect. We are in the habit of addressing men by their titles, as Col., Capt., Squire, Dr., &c. Others who have not these appellations, we address by the general term of Uncle, this being as courteous as any of which we can think. As a matter of course our relatives are numerous. But to the old heads.

Are you putting your sons forward? If not, we must take you to task. Do you do all the running to the store, the mill, &c.? When you ride out, do you hold the lines yourself, or put them into the hands of the son who rides by your side? The most successful farmer I know of here invariably lets his boys drive. He charges them with business as much as he can. As a consequence his boys are smart and ambitious, and are a help and a blessing to him. I saw him ride by to-day with his youngest son occupying this post of honor. The King of Heaven places his Son upon the right hand of his throne. Our Savior said, "I and my Father are one." It has always been clear to me why celebrated men do not generally have distinguished sons. The presence of the parent overshadowed them so completely that they had no chance for self-reliant, independent development. It is often the case that we see men upwards of thirty, who, to all intents and purposes, as far as business is concerned, are boys still. They do not speak like men, understand like men, or act like men in any sense of the word. Now, the fault, to my knowledge, is not in "their stars or themselves, but in their father's that they are underlings." We have known farmers to introduce the parson or other visitors to their horses, cattle and sheep, while their children were kept entirely in the background. Can their be anything more chilling and deadening to the growth of manly feeling than such treatment?

We beg of you then, farmers, who have families growing up, to give them a little sunshine. Permit your sons now and then to put in a word edgewise when visitors come. Trust them to buy and sell, to pay out and receive money. Suppose they make mistakes now and then; if you deal with honest men, they can be rectified. When you are passing down the declivities of this life, have a care that your sons are pressing up. Let it not be when the stranger or parson comes, "my cattle" or "my horses," but "my son, sir."

Cambridge Valley, N. Y., 1859. H. K. F.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Culture of Carrots.

It is not too late to try the following mode of cultivating the Carrot, as stated by an Illinois farmer in the *Prairie Farmer*:—"I have been very successful for the past two or three years in cultivating the Carrot. As a root for cattle and horses I prefer it to any other. It is very productive, yielding with us from five hundred to eight hundred bushels to the acre. The whole process of cultivating is very simple and cheap, not costing more than six cents per bushel. To grow them successfully requires a deep, rich soil, such as would produce the best corn. When the ground is in good order, say about the middle of May, plow deep and narrow, leaving twelve or fifteen inches of fine mellow soil. I prefer leaving it in beds or lands twelve feet wide. When plowed, if the land is quite dry, pass over it with a roller before planting. Plant in drills twenty inches apart. We use a line, mark with a hoe, cover half an inch deep, and press the soil by treading on the rows. The used of a seed drill would be much quicker, and probably better. With a hoe and line, two men will plant about an acre a day. Sow thick enough to insure a plant or two every inch. If all has been done well thus far, the young plants will make their appearance long before any weeds. As soon as the plants get large enough to show well, or before any weeds start, pass between the rows, hoeing the ground over lightly. Let them remain a week or two longer, and pass up and down the rows with a narrow hoe striking out the plants, leaving the hills from four to six inches apart. A few days after the hoe thinning, and after a second hoeing of the spaces, probably the plants will be large enough to thin by hand. This is the most tedious part of the work, and will require some patience, but I think four or five men will thin an acre a day. One plant is all that should be left in a hill. After thinning, hoe frequently, as it is much easier to prevent weeds than to kill them.—If the fall is favorable, the roots will grow one-half after the middle of September, therefore the need of keeping them clean all through the season.

"*Harvesting.*—This is a short job and may be done quite late. Take a sharp hoe, or what is better, a long Dutch shovel, commence next the deep furrow, shaving the tops from the first row into it, passing directly around the land. Follow with a plow, turning the soil from the roots on the tops which have been cut; now put the plow in deep and pass round the land again, turning the roots bottom up, draw them on one side with a potato-hook or hoe, plow two more furrows round and shave the tops off the next row, then plow the roots out and proceed as before. Two men and a team will plow them out as fast as two men and another team can haul them away. The seed we use is of the common yellow sort, never having tried the large white. The whole secret of success depends on having the land in first-rate order, and starting the plants without any weeds."

Hay Caps—Use and How Made.

A writer in the *Country Gent.* strongly advises the use of hay caps, and says:—"In July, 1855, I had ten tuns of hay cut on four acres, by Mowing Machines. It was put up, and the second day covered with 200 covers. I weighed several of the cocks and they averaged 100 pounds. It rained nearly two days, and the quantity of water was two inches and four-tenths. On the third day at 10 o'clock, I began to draw it in, only the bottom being a little wet. This saved me one day opening and spreading, and in my opinion saved one-third of the value of the hay. My caps to cover a tun, cost $5, and the hay sold for $12 a tun, and this saving was from three days' use of the hay caps.—How much hay is injured by being wet is a matter we cannot speak of with entire certainty, but I had rather keep even the dew off of mine."

An exchange says the manner of making hay caps is as follows:—Purchase a piece of brown cotton, a yard and a quarter or half wide, stretch it in pleasant weather along a board fence, and apply a coat of linseed oil, with a paint brush, mixed with about one-quarter its bulk of spirits of turpentine, well stirred in while both are warm. Let the cloth hang till dry, and it will be ready for use.

Another, and perhaps a better way, is to mix two pounds of beeswax, a quart of Japan varnish, and a gallon of linseed oil together. Then apply with a brush while moderately warm. When the cloth is dry cut it into squares, then have an eyelet hole worked in each corner, to admit small wooden pins, which are to be used to fasten the caps to the hay. Some people sow up small stones in bags, and attach them to the corners of the caps, which keep them in position by their weight. These weights would be much handier if attached to strong wire hooks and kept separate from the caps, and hung on as the caps are used. But cast-iron weights, with hooks attached, would be still better, if painted to prevent rusting.

Not too Late to Plant Corn.

The June number of the *Am. Agriculturist* has these timely suggestions:—"It is by no means too late to plant corn during the first week in June. Some good farmers purposely delay their principal corn planting until the last of May or first of June. Their experience has taught them that, as a general rule, corn planted June 1st is as forward by the end of July, as that planted May 10th. They say, that when planted late, the ground is warm and quickly germinates the seed, and starts it at once into vigorous growth, and that it will soon overtake and go ahead of the early planted. They also argue that one hoeing is saved by the late working of the soil previous to planting, as a large number of weeds which have started, are then killed. This year it is safe to act upon this theory, where there is a spare plot that may be used. The quick growing varieties, like the King Philip, are most desirable for late planting, and for filling up vacant spots in that already above the ground. Of course, it will not do to mix in the different varieties where pure seed is to be gathered."

Mowing Machines, &c.

"Essex" writes to the *N. E. Farmer* in this wise:—"I am frequently asked what kind of Mowing Machine had I better obtain for the cutting of the grass on a farm of about one hundred acres—fifteen of which are upland mowing? A Mower moved by one horse should be sufficient for such a farm; though if two or more adjoining farmers could unite in purchasing a machine to be moved by two horses, the work would be better done. The best way you can fix it, it requires power, and considerable of it, to carry through a swarth three and a half or four feet wide, where there is a burden of grass of two tuns to the acre; and no enterprising farmer should remain satisfied with a crop less than this, on land of fair quality. I know that the average product, throughout the State, is less than one tun to the acre; but this does not prove that it ought not to be two tuns; it only proves that the present state of culture is far below what it ought to be. So many have practiced *skinning their land*, by running the plow only four or five inches deep, and *scrimping* it by dealing out their manure with a small shovel—that the small crop mentioned is the consequence."

Fall Plowing for Roots.

John Howatt, of Kentucky, says that in Great Britain, the plowing of land in the fall, that it may thus be exposed to the action of the frosts and of the atmosphere, is considered as good as seven tuns of additional manure in the growth of turnip and carrot crops. If that be so in the old country, it must be much more so here, where the winter is longer and the frosts are more severe and penetrate more deeply into the soil.—Ed.

Agricultural Miscellany.

The Crop Prospects continue favorable in this region. Our information is that wheat appears unusually promising, while other crops are progressing finely, with the prospect of an abundant yield. The heavy rains and cool weather of the past week have proved favorable for grass, which is reported light. The "chill" has of course checked the growth of corn, but caused no material injury. Reports from the West, and other sections, continue favorable, though adverse accounts reach us from some localities.

Give the Prices.—As we have hitherto suggested, if advertisers would give the prices of lands, implements, &c., offered for sale, it would save the time and trouble of writing many letters, and thus greatly facilitate trade. We are in frequent receipt of letters inquiring the price of articles advertised in the Rural, and are often unable to answer; such inquiries should always be addressed to the advertisers. The best way is for advertisers to state prices whenever practicable.

How to Get Patent Reports, &c.—A correspondent wishes to know how he can procure the Patent Office Reports and the Transactions of our State Ag. Society. The best way to obtain the former is to apply to the M. C. of his District, (or to some aspiring M. C. or office-holder at Washington.) As to the Transactions, our members of the Legislature are usually pretty well supplied with the volumes issued during their term. We cannot say where back sets of either Patent Reports or Transactions can be purchased, though they are occasionally obtainable at $1 per volume.

High Prices for Horses.—Rochester and Monroe County have long been celebrated for producing superior horses. Many fine specimens of the equine race are annually sold here, for fancy and "fast" service in New York city and elsewhere. Within a few days three Monroe Co. horses have been sold, separately, (as single horses,) at high figures. One of these was sold by Morgan L. King, formerly of this county, but now of New York, for $1,800; one by Hon. E. B. Holmes, of Brockport, for $1,000, and another by Ald. Bradstreet, of this city, at the same price. Of course each of these horses combined style and speed in an eminent degree.

Drainage in France.—Within a year past considerable tracts of land have been systematically drained in the vicinity of Paris. In the Arrondissement of Corbeil, for instance, $58,000 have been expended in drainage. The total amount of land drained in the Department of *Seine-et-Oise* is 5,000 acres by 224 land-holders, at an average cost of $27 per acre. The product of this land has been increased by $9 an acre. The yield of wheat has been augmented from 19 to 26 bushels per acre, and of oats from 28 to 40. A writer expresses the hope that before many years draining and irrigation may be carried to such an extent as to free France, in a great degree, from the ruinous inundations to which many portions of the country are now subject.

Michigan State Ag. Society.—The next Fair of this Society is to be held at Detroit, Oct. 4th to 9th inclusive. The premiums offered in the various classes of Live Stock are quite liberal, and the rules and regulations comprise porper explanations and restrictions—the whole having been thoroughly revised by the present Executive Committee. Among other new features we observe that no animal is barred from competition on account of having taken a first premium at any previous Fair, and that two new classes have been added in the Horse Department—one "Black Hawks and Morgans," and the other "Horses Partly Thoroughbred." So far as we have examined it we consider the list a decided improvement upon its predecessors. The premiums are open to competitors from any part of the World.

The Southern Cultivator.—The June number of this leading Agricultural Journal of the South, contains the valedictory of Dr. Daniel Lee, formerly of this city, who has been one of its editors for several years. The Dr. says the *Cultivator* has "so many warm friends and contributors that it can well spare the aid of my [his] editorial pen"—and the proprietor adds, "we can confidently promise a more *practical* and *progressive* Agricultural monthly than we have heretofore furnished." We are inclined to subscribe to the truthfulness of both these statements, though the latter is not especially complimentary to our retiring friend, the Doctor. D. Redmond, Esq., who has been the principal conductor of the Cultivator for some years, becomes sole editor, under whose control we have no doubt its high reputation will be fully maintained. Published at Augusta, Ga., by Wm. S. Jones, at $1 per annum.

Market Fairs.—At a meeting of the Mass. Board of Agriculture, some time ago, it was "*Voted*, That this Board recognizes the great importance of establishing frequent Markets or Fairs for the Sale of Agricultural Products." Also, "That the subject be brought before the County Ag. Societies, with the request that they will take early steps for the establishment of Markets within their respective districts." Since this action Market Fairs have been held in several districts, and resulted quite satisfactorily, so far as we can judge from the reports published. Speaking of the Market Fair at No. Andover (19th ult.,) a writer in the *N. E. Farmer* says—"The gathering was large, the animals presented of superior character, and trading brisk and satisfactory. So well satisfied were the Trustees that they determined to hold another at Georgetown, June 21st. I was pleased to see on the ground a mower, to be moved by one horse; and wheels for guiding the plow without hands; and corn cultivators, said to do the needful, without disturbing the roots of the plants. I have entire confidence that market fairs are to be one of our 'Yankee Notions.'"

Wool Growing in California.—The climate and pasturage of California are well adapted to wool growing, and a large area of the State can be most profitably employed in that direction. Considerable attention is being given to the business. An instance is mentioned of a gentleman who five years ago bought 600 ewes for $7,500—from which investment he has sold sheep and wool to the amount of over $70,000, and now has a flock worth over $40,000. A late issue of the San Francisco *Price Current*, in an article speaking of the pioneer sheep ranch of Monterey county—the San Juste, owned by Messrs. Flint, Bixby & Co.—says:—"On this ranch there are now 24,000 sheep, young and old, of which about 2,000 are pure Merino. This season one flock of 1,900 ewes have produced 2,300 lambs. Another of 1,100 ewes, 1,400 lambs. All the lambs are from one-fourth to three-fourths Merino. The original stock were driven to California across the plains, and of course are superior to the Mexican sheep. The wool grown at San Juste last year, amounting to upwards of 70,000 lbs., was lately sold in Boston (returns received by last mail,) at an average of 30c. per lb., which is equivalent to 45c. for the same quality of washed wool. Under constant efforts to improve stock, the wool will grow better each year."

Monroe Co. Horse Show.—The complete Premium List, Regulations, &c., for this exhibition will be found on our seventh page.

THE TULIP.

For more than a century the Tulip has been a great favorite with the lovers of flowers. Nothing in the floral world can exceed the beauty and brilliancy of a bed of fine Tulips; and yet, travel over the country, through city, and village, and farming district, and with the exception of the nurseries and the gardens of professional florists, scarcely a respectable bed of Tulips is to be found. The cause of this neglect is partly attributable to the idea so prevalent, and encouraged by most writers, that a great deal of care and skill is necessary to grow a good Tulip—that the natural soil must be removed for several feet and substituted by one prepared with the greatest nicety. This, we wish to say, is not at all necessary. Tulips may be grown in any good, rich, garden soil. It should be well drained, and if a little sandy all the better; if inclined to clay, add a little sandy loam, and if poor, add rotted turf, or soil from an old pasture, with any thoroughly rotted manure. There is no difficulty, and need be no mystery, about the culture of the Tulip.

The time for planting is in October. Make the bed prepared for them fine and mellow, and plant the bulbs in rows from six to eight inches apart each way. Unless the ground is quite light, it is well to surround the bulb with sand at the time of planting. This is for beds entirely devoted to the Tulip, but they look well if placed in the border or on the lawn, half-a dozen or more in a cluster. Bulbs can be obtained from the nurseries and seedsmen at prices varying from one dollar to three dollars per dozen.

In Europe, where this flower is so highly prized and generally cultivated, and where they have a Great National Tulip Show, and Tulip Societies, the "*properties*" or "*points*" of a good Tulip are well understood, and of course govern the judges in making their decisions. A few of these we will give.

1. The Cup should form when quite expanded, from half to a third of a hollow ball. [The half is shown in engraving.] To do this the petals must be six in number, broad at the ends, smooth at the edges and the divisions between the petals scarcely to show an indenture.

2. The three inner petals should be set close to the three outer ones and the whole be broad enough to allow of the fullest expansion without *quartering*, that is, exhibiting an opening between the petals.

3. The petals should be thick, smooth and stiff, so as to keep their form well.

4. The ground should be clear and distinct, whether white or yellow.

5. All the six petals must be marked alike.

6. The color must be dense and decided, distinct in its outline, not shaded or flushed.

7. The height should be about thirty inches; for the inside of the bed not less than 30 inches, and the outside eighteen or twenty

The Tulips are divided into two general classes, *Early* and *Late*, and these again into several others. The Early Tulips flower in this latitude about the first of May. The *Duc Van Thol*, single and double, are very pretty and showy, growing on short stems, about four inches in height. There is a single and double variety. *Tournesol* is another early variety or class, with showy flowers, orange and red. These are the only sorts suitable for forcing in glasses, or in pots in the house.

Of the Late Tulips there are many varieties, the distinctions between each more or less clearly defined, though even among the best florists there seems to be some confusion. We describe the principal classes.

A Self or Plain is either white or yellow.

Breeders are those of any other than the above two colors, and of only one color.

Bizarres have yellow ground, broken and marked with any other color.

Bybloems have white ground, marked with purple or violet.

The Rose has white ground, marked or variegated with rose, scarlet, crimson or cherry color.

The Dutch make a little different classification; and in addition to *Bybloems* and *Bizarres*, have *Prime Baguets*, very tall, with fine cups and white, bottoms, well variegated with brown. *Rigauts Baguets*, not so tall as the last, but with thicker stems, and large, well-formed cups; white bottoms, variegated with brown.

Incomparable Verports—cups very perfect, cherry and rose with white bottoms, well variegated with shining brown.

In addition to these, we have the *Parrots*, the edges of the petals being fringed, colors crimson and yellow, marked with bright green; and altho' these are not much esteemed by florists, who are very arbitrary in their notions, we say with confidence that those who plant *Parrots* will be delighted with their beauty in the flowering season.

The Double Tulips, too, are of every shade of color—brilliant red, and double as the peony, yellow as gold, and of every shade of color. Of late years the Double Tulips have been much improved, and deserve a place in every good collection.

GENESEE VALLEY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

This Society gave its first exhibition in Corinthian Hall, in this city, May 20th. It was a little too late for the *Hyacinths*, but the *Tulips* were in perfection, and this was the grand feature of the show. The best display was made by Ellwanger & Barry, and the exhibition of A. Frost & Co. was fine, as was also that of Wm. King. Not a single collection was made by an amateur, although the premium list called but for *twelve* specimens, and we therefore, conclude that no amateur could show twelve good specimens, which is a rather humiliating fact. The President, Selah Matthews, exhibited some splendid grown pot plants and grapes, which deserved, and received commendation. The next exhibition for *Strawberries, Cherries, &c.*, is to be held on the 24th of June.

PERFECT TULIP.

GARDENING.

Men and women, whose occupations confine them for the most part within doors, if so fortunately situated as to have the use of a garden, deprive themselves of a rich source of physical and mental profit by hiring their gardens planted and tended. Country mechanics and professional men, and residents of villages and the suburbs of cities, whose work is generally in the shop, mill, office or study, are seldom without a piece of ground devoted to gardening purposes attached to their dwellings, but, too often, the only use the occupants of these little estates derive from their possession is the privilege of eating the fruits and vegetables raised in them by hired labor. But the whole use of a garden does not lie in consuming its products; there is as much benefit, though of a different kind, in *raising* melons, squashes, cabbages, strawberries, &c., as in *eating* them, and, but for the advantages of freshness and economy, one might as well obtain his garden fruits at the market as gather them from a piece of ground on which they have grown with no more aid from him than have the blackberries in the woods.

Perhaps the greatest advantage the in-door laborer derives from gardening, consists in its affording him a means of taking exercise in the open air, *with an object*. Long, errandless walks, undertaken at stated times of day, not from a love of walking but for the sake of health, and the various manœuvres of ball, cricket and other games, performed not always because the actor feels in playful mood, but because he must do something for his health, and other like expedients for the maintenance or restoration of physical vigor, generally fall short of the happy results expected from them. The pursuit of health, like the pursuit of happiness, is attended with the best success when the pursuer forgets what he is after and turns aside in search of other objects. The instinct of animals is a useful guide on this point. Delighting in the open air, (they are sometimes allowed a hurtful excess of it,) they take little exercise, except for the purpose of satisfying their wants. Imagine a flock of sheep promenading the pasture by the hour for exercise! birds flying for exercise! fish swimming for exercise! They are too sensible for that.

Even if the beginner resorts to gardening as a medicine, and takes it up, at first, in a reluctant, mechanical way, the charms of this pursuit are sure to so win upon him that what was commenced as a duty will soon be continued as a pleasure.—The immediate and visible effect of his labors in beautifying his ground and bringing forward the objects of his care, so satisfy his mind and stimulate him to renewed exertion, that it is not long before, on entering his garden for an hour's work, he ceases to remember that he has any other errand there than to assist the development of the various forms of vegetable life it contains.

The garden also affords a most suitable and profitable outlet for the nervous irritation which long-continued labor in-doors, and especially brain-work, engenders, and which is far more easily *worked* off than *walked* off. The longing to escape from the depressing influences of confinement to the house, and to shake off the fret and worry brought on by disturbing events or by the perplexities of business or study, often amounts to a fever of impatience before the day's work is finished. The hoe is an excellent conductor of this fever-fluid, and noxious weeds are perfectly legitimate objects to spend its wrath on. Muscular exercise in the open air, directed towards one interesting object, by drawing the mind from the subjects of its late vexation, soon restore it to equanimity and repose. Persons who have felt the happy effect of an hour's brisk work in the garden, in quieting nervous excitement, will recognize the mistake made by Charlotte Bronte's father, who, when annoyed, was accustomed to vent his displeasure, and thus tranquilize himself, by some disagreeable or mischievous act, such as firing off pistols, or destroying his wife's silk dresses and his children's fancy shoes.

Men, whose cultivation of the earth is limited to a garden, must, of course, divide the care of it with the other members of their family, but the garden belonging to a farm-house may, properly enough, so far as they are able to attend to it, be given up to the management of the wife and children of the owner. But, unfortunately, the feminine portion of farmers' families can generally spare less time from household duties to devote to out-door work than the wives and daughters of other classes of laborers. The cause of this is to be found in the fact that farmers are generally anxious to possess more land than they are able to cultivate with their own hands and the help of their sons, and from considerations of economy, or because it is the custom, or for some other reason, adopt that pernicious system of employing help which, from April till December, turns their dwellings into boarding-houses, the boarders being partly permanent and partly transient, in proportion as the exigencies of farm work require the aid of season-hands and day-laborers. It sometimes happens that the convenience of a family is promoted by receiving a help as an inmate, but that relation of employer and employed, which requires one man's wife to cook for half a dozen other women's husbands, has no foundation of propriety, and ought to be broken up.

The great advantage of gardening, for persons who have but a small portion of each day to devote to out-door labor, is that, from the beginning, the work may be done by littles. Spring weather is so variable, and seeds differ so much in their dependence on the warmth of earth and air to help their growth, that the season of planting a garden may be extended through several weeks. A like succession is practicable, and even necessary, in hoeing and weeding it. Spending one day out of a fortnight or a month in *doing* the garden, hoeing potatoes, corn, beans, cabbages, and whatever else can be crowded in, is but an awkward, clumsy method of caring for the different varieties of plants of which a good garden collection consists, and which are as unlike in their wants and in the frequency of the attention they require, as they are in the habits of growth. The more tender, delicate plants are sure to suffer severely from such careless treatment, the notion prevailing that strawberries and such fancy fruits are of secondary importance—vigorous, coarse-growing vegetables, which might successfully contend with weeds for the nourishment in the soil, are likely to receive the first attention; usually but little, and frequently no time remaining to bestow on things that stand in greater need of cultivation. As might be expected, when the time comes at which the delicate fruits and finer vegetables should be ready for the table, they are *non est;* and the owner of the ground, probably quite unconscious of his neglect, begins to doubt whether such things are really worth cultivating, and finally, after allowing them to drag out a half-starved existence for two or three years, banishes them from the garden.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1859. A.

THE NEW GRAPE.

Beloved Rural:—At the close of several articles on *New Grapes*, which appeared in your issue of the 26th of March—among them one from me—you remark that, "If *one-half* that is said of the new seedling grapes is *true*," &c., and add, "Be a little careful of your descriptions, *gentlemen*—don't spread it on too thick."

Being engaged in originating new fruits, flowers, &c., making the hardy native grape a speciality; and supposing it to be a matter of public interest, provided I had produced something new and valuable—sent for publication in the Rural the articles referred to, intending to continue, after describing the parent grape, a description of such of my new grapes as I thought worthy of notice.

The description I gave of the *Franklin*, is as follows:—"The bunches are of medium size, black, with a blue bloom; berries round, about half an inch in diameter, ripening about the first of September. * * * I have always esteemed it a good grape, all things considered, but do not profess to be a connoissieur in such matters." I also gave the opinion of J. B. Garber, Esq., of this grape, and added, "The vine and fruit closely resembles the *Clinton*, bunches more compact, berries much sweeter."

And this is what the Editor of the Rural calls "spreading it on too thick," and professes to believe that, if "*one-half*" is "*true*" "we shall have the most delicious fruit the world ever saw or tasted."

"On Syntac's tap there is a cap,
And in that cap there is a drap."

The point contained in the remarks of the Editor are as mysterious to me as the riddle of "Syntac's"—a Gordian knot which I cannot untie—none but the "Editor" can do it. Will he try?

The *Franklin* grape was noticed first of March in the *Gardeners' Monthly*, by a competent and disinterested person, to whom I had sent a vine on the 7th of May, 1856, and which he had in bearing in 1858. The Editor of a leading Horticultural Journal should not have been ignorant of this,—especially at a time when the "*New Grape*" mania is at full tide.

I have propagated, sold and given away vines of the *Franklin* for several years, charging twenty-five cents each when sold. They were advertised at that rate in the Rural. If selling valuable grape vines at twenty-five cents, or giving them away, constitutes the "spreading it on too thick," whilst at the same time far inferior varieties are selling at from one to five dollars each, and "ten dollars per pair" on "*subscription*," too! then I am a stranger to a proper sense of propriety, and will yield implicit obedience to the suggestions offered—otherwise not.

No, dear Rural, I am not "in the market," tho' my grape vines are, at twenty-five cents! No grapes are offered on "*subscription*" by me,—no five nor ten dollar grapes have, nor ever will, originate in my grounds; and though they should excel *Hamburgh*, *Muscat*, or *Chasselas*, and prove to be "the most delicious fruit the world ever saw or tasted," they get no reputation from me.

If my new grapes are worthy, they must get a reputation from those who are capable, worthy of confidence, and as much strangers to me as is Editor of the Rural. The patrons of the Rural will render judgment. O. T. Hoxie.

Randolph, Cnaw. Co., Pa., May, 1859.

Remarks.—The above seems to need a word from us. The remarks we made, and which our correspondent has quoted several times, were, as he very truly says, made "*at the close of* several articles *which appeared March 26th, among them* one *from me*," [O. T. Hoxie.] Now, our correspondent is so unfair as to take these remarks made in reference to "*several articles*," apply them all to his own communication, and then quotes from *his own article* only, to show that they were uncalled for, and pretends to be wonderfully exercised to know what they mean, and why they were made. There are none so blind as those who *will not see*.

We did see the description of the *Franklin* grape, in the *Gardeners' Monthly* and of the *Ontario* in the *Horticulturist*, and we have lately read many descriptions of new grapes, and it was this that induced us to give a few words of caution to those who describe as well as those who invest their money in new varieties. "*The present excitement for new hardy grapes—the epidemic or grape fever*," (to use the words of Mr. Garber,) the interests of our readers, and of truth, demanded this, and we have performed our duty.

CURLED LEAF IN THE PEACH.

Messrs. Eds.:—I noticed an inquiry in the Rural some time last summer asking for information respecting the disease in peach trees, commonly called the *Curled Leaf*. I have not the paper by me just now, but you said that it was by some supposed to be cause by an insect, but you had never been able to discover any which appeared to cause it. I now send you a few specimens of the critter. They are rather scarce on my trees this year, but I have frequently seen the underside of the leaf literally covered with them, and as soon as the leaf begins to curl and get red or brown, the insect is gone. I have observed their ravages for several years, and can always find the insect if I look in time, but almost every person that I have spoken to on the subject lay it to some other cause, from the fact that they have never been able to see anything of the kind. They never examine, however, until the leaves begin to curl and drop off, and then it is too late—the bird has flown.

I would just say that the currant leaves are attacked in the same manner here by similar beings, the leaves also curl and get red, but the insect is easier discovered on them than on the peach. If this leads you to examine in time and discover them on the trees, my object in this scratch will be gained. My trees stand on high sandy soil.

St. Catharines, C. W., 1859. Moses Cook.

Remarks.—These insects we have often seen on both currant and peach leaves, and on the former they cause the reddish blotches so often seen. We have long thought that the curl was caused by cold, wet weather in the spring when the leaves were young and tender, as it is not seen during fine mild weather, but after a cold storm almost every leaf will fall from the trees. Still, we are thankful for the hint. Close investigation is what we need in horticulture.

Sweet Potatoes.—I have a garden of warm sandy soil in which I purpose to try the experiment of raising sweet potatoes. Not being acquainted with the *modus operandi* please furnish such information as is necessary to secure success. In doing so you will not only confer a favor on the subscriber, but hundreds of others who read your useful paper. At harvest time, if nothing prevents, will report my success.—Warren Clark, *Gasport, Niagara Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

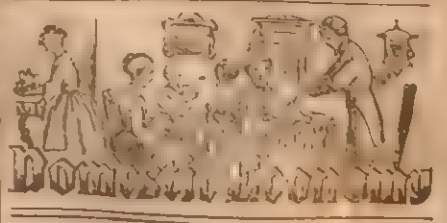
Sweet Potatoes in this climate, must be started in a hot-bed. Several persons in different parts of the country make quite a business of raising young plants to dispose of. One or more of these have advertised in the Rural the present spring. The price being only from $1,50 to $2,00 per thousand, those wishing only a few hundred plants had better procure them in this way. From the first to the middle of June is the time for planting. Set in hills, about three feet apart, in pretty high hills, one plant to the hill. Another plan is to plow the ground up in ridges, setting a row of plants on the highest part of each ridge, so that the plants will be from three feet to three-and-a-half feet each way. Cultivate enough to keep the weeds destroyed, the soil mellow, and the vines from taking root at each joint, which they are very apt to do, unless well cared for. This will destroy the crop, and give you a mass of worthless, small potatoes. A correspondent in Ohio sends us the following on the subject:

Sweet Potatoes.—I have tried, during the last five years, three different methods of raising this delicious vegetable, which, by the way, I believe can be had in perfection in many parts of our Northern States, where the people who have never made the trial, would as soon think they could raise oranges.

The *first* of these methods is, I suppose, the common one, viz., to obtain slips, as they are pulled from the unlifted seed potato in the hot-bed, and plant them out in high ridges, or hills, about the time of planting corn. I have in this way, in rich, well-worked ground, obtained every year for the last four, what I have regarded as amply remunerative for the care and labor bestowed.

The *second* method is to take off the slips two or three weeks earlier, and plant them in another hot-bed or cold frame, that they may become well rooted and strong. I this year had very fine plants in this way, with abundance of roots, ready to go right along with a vigorous growth as soon as put into the open ground. But mark the result,—a *great* number of *small* potatoes.

The *third* method, which, judging from the experience of a single year, the present, is by far the best of all, is to raise your own plants at home, in your own hot-bed, and be ready as soon as they are large enough, and the danger of frost is over, and there is a fair prospect of a shower at hand, to take up the seed potato from its bed, and cut out a little of the old potato with each shoot, so as not to injure the fibrous roots, and immediately plant out in the prepared hills. Of course you will not get half as many plants from the same quantity of seed in this way, as by the other method of taking off slips, and leaving the old potato to send up a new crop. But if the object is to get fine, large, and early ripened *potatoes*, rather than *plants*, I feel confident that great advantage will be found in the method proposed. At least such has been my experience this year—the crop raised in this way the present season being the largest and finest I have ever seen. Will some others take note of this, and try the same thing next year, and communicate the result?



SALERATUS.

Of late some of the doctors, and others who think they have more light on the subject of dietetics than their neighbors, have commenced a crusade against the use of saleratus in making articles of human food. They seem to have one poet, at least, in their ranks, and here is the first effusion that has met our eye:

None can make a shortened cake
So good as could my mother,
And I think I know why 'tis so
As well as any other.
Because, since then, some wicked men,
With a kind of apparatus,
Have made a stuff the bread to puff,
And called it saleratus.

Don't ask us why so many die—
That *some* should live's surprising—
Since now our food is made of wood,
And salts is used for rising.
I hope the cooks (with their good looks,)
Will not exterminate us
With cake and pie mixed up with lie,
Reduced to saleratus.

May every pot in which they've got
The stuff, be burst to atoms;
May everything in which it's been
Be minus top and bottom.
May every store on sea and shore,
(What else could more elate us?)
By fire or flood, or in the mud,
Lose all the saleratus.

And now ye fair, I little care
What else may be the diet,
Though made of rye, and hard and dry,
The big brown loaf, I'll try it.
With cabbage "biled" and turnip piled,
You're welcome to come at us—
Yes, anything but poisoning
With puffing saleratus.

USEFUL RECIPES.

Mr. Moore:—I am neither the *Wife* of a *Farmer* nor a *Farmer's Daughter*, but will not yield the palm to any *in cooking a dinner*, and send a few recipes which I trust will be acceptable to my sister readers of the Rural:

Vegetable Oysters.—Put one quart of sliced oysters in two quarts of water, cook till very tender, then add salt, pepper and butter, and a half pint of sweet cream. Serve with crackers.

Chicken Pie.—Boil the chicken in water sufficient to make a good dressing, till the meat will easily slip from the bones—the latter to be all removed. Mix the meat well together, season with salt, butter, and a little flour. Make a crust in the usual manner, line dishes two or three inches in depth with crust, put in the meat with plenty of [illegible] a great improvement upon putting in the bones, as it does away with a choice in the parts.

Butter Crackers.—Four eggs, one cup of sour cream, a lump of butter the bigness of an egg, flour sufficient to knead good. Pound ten minutes.

Extra Ginger Snaps.—Four teaspoonfuls water, six of butter, one of soda, one of ginger. Put in a teacup and fill up with molasses.

Window Shades.—Will some one who knows, give the readers of the Rural a recipe for making transparent window shutters. N. C. M.

Home Vale, Liv. Co., N. Y., May, 1859.

CORN MEAL PUDDING, INQUIRIES, &c.

Messrs. Eds.:—Where has the "Domestic" department of your valuable paper hidden itself?—Have not the ladies ambition and intelligence enough to sustain *one* column? I, for one, *hope* it will *revive* with the vernal showers, and will add my mite.

Floating Islands—*Extra.*—Five eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, add to the yolks 1½ pints good sweet milk, a small sized cup of sugar, nutmeg, or lemon, to the taste. Heat almost to boiling point, or till it begins to thicken, remove, dish, and spread the white froth over, and serve hot or cold.

Corn Meal Pudding.—Scald 1 quart sweet milk, while boiling stir in corn meal until it is of the consistency of pancake batter, remove from fire, add 4 eggs beaten together; 1 cup sugar; nutmeg; pour in a dish and bake moderately 2 hours—serve hot, with cream or wine sauce.

Will some of the sisters inform me how to color soiled white ribbon pink?—tan color, blue? and ashes of roses? Please be explicit as to quantity of material. Will some of the ladies please inform me how to make No. 1 Jumbles?

Hopedale, Ohio, 1859. M. Taggart.

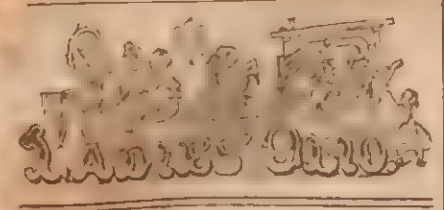
Hard Soap—Washing.—Having seen an inquiry in your valuable paper for a good recipe for making hard soap, I do not hesitate to send you the following:

Three patent pails of soft soap, five pints of salt; boil and stir well together, then cool; take off the top and add to it 1½ pails of *very* weak lye, 2½ pts. of salt and ¾ lb. of rosin. Boil and stir thoroughly as before; then cool and cut in bars to dry. The more times it is melted the whiter it will be.

I will also give the following recipe for washing, which we consider an excellent one:—Mix half gallon of water, one pound sal-soda, one gill spirits of turpentine, and let them heat slowly to a boil, then cool, stirring it frequently until it becomes *hard*.* Soak your clothes over night, and to four or five pails of water, add one teacupful of the soap, boil them 20 or 25 minutes, and rinse in hot water.—E. L. M., *Coventry, Chenango Co., N. Y.*, 1858.

* Our correspondent we think has forgotten the soap. It would be difficult to boil such a composition until it becomes hard.—Ed.

Will some Rural reader please give their method of washing *white crape* shawls, and oblige a sister of—Drawda, *Hartford, Wis., May*, 1859.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

A village deserted; how strangely still
Falls the chastened light on the untrod hill,
And muffled seems even the laugh of the rill,
As, gliding on,
It kisses the wheels of the motionless mill
With a sighing tone.

Echoes lie sleeping in every nook,
But wake at the sound of a human foot,
And fly to the meadow across the brook,
And hide away,
Till gone are the eyes that came to look
On beauty's decay.

The soft green moss has daintily thrown
Its velvet sheen o'er each paving stone,
And undisturbed has it ever grown;
For gone are the feet
That trod there once—the busy throng
Are all asleep.

And the homes that were once by love made bright,
Are dark and cold. Ah, no more the light,
And the holly bough of the festal night
Shall deck the walls;
For decay is there, and the mildew blight
Makes dim the halls.

The ivy climbs round the old church door,
Steals through the cracks to trail on the floor,
And seems half-conscious that never more
The Te Deum long
Shall roll through the aisles as in days of yore
From the low-bowed throng.

They say sometimes when the day grows dim,
And through each crevice the shades drift in,
That unseen hands sweep the organ grim,
Till the very breeze—
To list to the strange and holy hymn—
Hangs mute on the leaves.

Lonely and still, but the mists dim fold—
As it upward glides with a graceful roll,
And is turned, by the sunlight's kiss, to gold—
Rests softly there,
O'er the ruined homes and gardens old,
Like a silent prayer.

Marshall, Mich., 1859. LENA.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE HOOP DISCUSSION.

Really, ladies, I think this question has been quite thoroughly canvassed. No doubt it is a very important subject, but is it not rather inappropriate that so much of the space of a literary and family newspaper should be occupied in the discussion of how a lady shall wear her petticoats; and whether her skirt shall touch the floor, or be a foot or so above it? If any more light is needed upon this intricate matter, would it not be well to have all correspondence on this point issued in a separate circular? Any extra expense might be defrayed by a contribution among the "reformers." The Rural has many friends because it teems with useful information—with food for mind and heart. Is it not detracting from the dignity of a paper occupying the position that the Rural does, to have its columns taken up with what would better suit a "Woman's Right's" organ? My ideas may arise from prejudice that will wear away when the long-expected day shall arise, when the "reform dress" shall be installed into public favor,—at all events, I am sincere in these sentiments.

As to the present style being the cause of ill health, I have no doubt any other mode of dress can be made just as uncomfortable as the long skirts. Tight lacing is much more injurious than long skirts. Any woman so addicted to fashion that she will sacrifice her health to its requirements will manage to make herself uncomfortable in some way. Such a class of women need a *reform of the heart and mind* instead of the outer garment. As to those who are so anxious to display the beautiful forms hidden behind long dragging skirts, their condition is pitiable. I know not what can be done to alleviate their sorrows. I hope they may be blest with sufficient patience to wait the wished-for day, when these trailing robes shall be banished, and woman liberated from her thraldom. May the Rural prosper, and may the "Ladies Olio" soon be better filled than with talk of Hoop Skirts. Em.

Out West, April, 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AUNTIE TO THE BOYS.

Boys, did any body ever pat you on the head, and say "You'll be a rich man before you die?" Did it please you very much? I presume it did.—You think it would be a fine thing to live in a large house, with a beautiful garden around it, and ride in a new carriage.

But there is *danger* in growing rich. I presume you think I mean the danger of taking dishonest ways of making money—cheating, stealing, forging and such; but I do not mean any of these.—There is danger that in becoming rich, you will also become *selfish*. You may be so engaged in making money, that you will forget to make yourselves noble men—forget to cultivate your minds—forget to govern your tempers—forget to polish your manners; and on the contrary, become as hard hearted as the copper cents you so much admire, and as dull and rusty as the oldest one you ever saw. Then do you suppose good people will respect you, just for your money? No, indeed. A gentlemanly, intelligent and generous man of wealth is respected, but one who has only his money to recommend him, is poor indeed.

The Bible says, "If riches increase, set not your hearts upon them." There is the secret. "set not your hearts upon them." Put you money to some good use, and then it will not rust your souls.—M.

It everything that women write there will be thousands of faults against grammar, but also, to a certainty, always a charm never to be found in the letters of men.—*Madame de Maintenon.*

ENGLISH GIRLS.

English children must have abundance of fresh, out-door air every day, if possible; and an important part of the duty of the nurse-maid is to take the children out several hours every fine day, including the infant. One of the most beautiful pictures in the London parks, and, indeed, everywhere all over England, is the innumerable nurse-maids, themselves radiant with health, with their still more radiant children. Thus the English girl is early trained to a habit and love of walking that she never loses, and in this way secures round limbs, and expanded chest, and ruddy countenance while still a child. It is hardly necessary to say that the shoes of English children have thick soles, and that their clothing throughout is very carefully adapted to the season and the weather.

I am afraid that American mothers will laugh when I say the mothers of England are very particular not to allow their children, before they are old enough to walk, to sit much on the carpet, as it is a posture unfavorable to erectness and fullness of figure. They are therefore taught, with especial pains, to roll themselves on the carpet, and to lie on the stomach, all of which has a direct tendency to secure a perpendicular spinal column and a broad, full chest.

It is a beautiful feature of English families that the children, instead of being pushed into a precocious maturity of dress, and manners, and habits, are *children* all along; their parents love to have it so—simple, free, joyous, playing, laughing, romping all they can. It is not the least of the advantages of this, that when womanhood comes, as come it will in spite of everything, it sets easily and gracefully upon them.

English children do not go to fashionable parties, or keep late hours. It is a special study to provide for them abundance of *healthy* sports, and above all to make home radiant with cheerfulness through the day; and when the night comes, the young misses, instead of staying up and being called *ladies*, are called *girls*, and sent to bed.—*Happy Home.*

GALLANTRY TO WOMAN IN RUSSIA.

Gallantry to woman does not seem to be cared for even by the highest classes in Russia. In proof of this we cite an incident wherein the actors are of the greatest of their class. The scene in the "Chambre d'or," and the days those of the late Czar Nicholas:

"In this Chamber and the adjoining ones, it is the delight of the younger Grand Dukes to drive their imperial mother in an easy wheel-chair. On one of these occasions, just as the brothers, side-by-side, were propelling the Tzaritza at unwonted speed, and were entering the Chambre d'or, whom should they meet, coming from his *cabinet d'affaires* in an opposite direction, but their Imperial father, and what was more, their Tzar—and what was more importance still in that Tzar's eyes—their General! The young Grand Dukes fully understood the nature of the 'fix' they were in, for to pull up stock-still in a second, like Circassian or Cossack blood-horses, was impossible, and to pass their superior officer without stopping to make the necessary salute, which is rather a lengthy affair, was equally impossible, for the indignity of arrest would assuredly have followed such a breach of military discipline, and that was not to be thought of for a moment; so leaving the impetus-propelled chair to its fate, about, 'head up, arms down, heels together,' until their General—who could scarcely refrain from laughter—he is said to have indulged in a loud peal at the other end of the gallery—had passed out. The Empress, meanwhile, made the entire *trajet* of the Chamber d'or, the impetus having only expended itself as she neared the ranges of chairs which flanked the apartment, and where she received the dutiful apology of her 'younker' sons with her usual affability."

The young Grand Dukes, in fact, risked breaking their mother's neck rather than fail to salute their general! Not after this fashion did Cleobus and Biton honor *their* mother, Cydippe, when they harnessed themselves to her chariot, and drew her tenderly to the Temple of Juno at Argos, at whose threshold they were blessed by the gods, and died. But they were pagans!—*Six Years Travel in Russia.*

SUICIDAL WOMEN.

Unwise above many is the man who considers every hour lost which is not spent in reading, writing, or in study; and not more rational is she who thinks every moment of her time lost which does not find her sewing.

We once heard a great man advise that a book of some kind be carried in the pockets to be used in any unoccupied moments. Such was his practice. He died early and fatuitous.

There are women who, after a hard day's work, will sit and sew by candle or gas-light until their eyes are almost blinded, or until certain pains about the shoulders come on, which are almost insupportable, and are only driven to bed by a physical incapacity to work any longer. The sleep of the overworked, like that of those who do not work at all, is unsatisfying and unrefreshing, and languor, with an inevitable result, both dying prematurely.

Let no one work in pain or weariness. When a man is tired he ought to lie down until he is most fully rested, when, with renovated strength, the work will be better done, done the sooner, done with a self-sustaining alacrity.

The time taken from seven or eight hours' sleep out of each twenty-four is time not gained, but time more than lost, we can cheat ourselves, we cannot cheat nature. A certain amount of food is necessary to a healthful body, and if less than that amount be furnished, decay commences the same hour. It is the same with sleep, and any one who persists in allowing himself less than nature requires, will only hasten his arrival at the mad house or the grave.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Great and rare heart-offerings are found almost exclusively among women; nearly all the happiness and most blessed moments in love are of their creating, and so also in friendship, especially when it follows love.—*Ducles.*

No woman, even the most intellectual, believes herself decidedly homely.—*Stahl.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HOPING—DESPONDING.

BY SPENCER F. TOOLEY.

O, the hearts that o'er are sorrowing,
Deep and bitter anguish borrowing,
Filled with fearful images, blackened with despair;
Hoping, striving, yet desponding,
Searching, longing, ever yearning
After brighter, better somethings in the grasp'less air.

Hear we seldom gentle laughter,
For the sigh becomes welling after;
Hearing sighs and rolling tears, like the ocean main;
Hear we seldom songs of sweetness,
Breathed in hours of joy's completeness,
For joy's blessed ray of sunshine is soon lost again.

Yet in darkness they keep yearning,
They keep longing, ever turning
To the time (endearing future) when on golden wings
Joy ecstatic, purest pleasure,
Richest blessings, without measure
Shall be brought and ever thrilling, thrilling their heart-strings.

Feeble hope! the dreaded present
Finds all end in disappointment;
And them care-worn, weary, watching for a perfect rest;
Weary, watching and—'tis coming—
It has come, and they are slumbering,
Slumbering, undisturbed forever, in the arms of death.

Marshall, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BYGONES.—No. III.

My Seminary Life.

My soul sickened and anon reveled in the falseness and emptiness of life as I found it at the Seminary. To be otherwise than superficial required constant effort and unfailing resolution. The few conscientious teachers were sorely disturbed, but were obliged to yield to the wishes of their patrons. Young girls, whose deepest cogitations had never extended beyond the shape of a shoe, or the shade of a ribbon, affected to puzzle their brains with Logic and Geometry, Virgil and Upham, Astronomy and Rhetoric, finishing each in a certain allotted time, with scarcely a smattering of what they were designed to teach. Common sense fell below par in the demand for that exquisite sense which disables for the *duties* of life and affords scarcely a fitting preparation for its shifting pleasures. We almost came to think everything as false and empty as our recitations and examinations. A system of petty falsehood seemed the only perfected system of which the school afforded an example, and only the prematurely wary and discerning could escape being drawn into the toils. Study, earnest, faithful study, was not required, and, in many other respects, the whole establishment was a ruinous burlesque.

Hours nominally devoted to the preparation of lessons were spent in idle gossip and frothy conversation and the recitation drawled through with no seeming purpose except to occupy the allotted time. The lessons were longer than an ordinary undisciplined mind could compass and doled out without comment or explanation by the teachers. Most of the graduates went out into the world with a smattering of French and Mathematics, and minds so confused that Chemistry was only a puzzle, Astronomy a myth, and Grammar an unsolved problem. Like the hurrying traveler, few had any just conception of the ground over which they had so rapidly passed, and none that balance and discipline of character which correctness and completeness always fosters and produces. Their so called accomplishments were rude attempts at Drawing and Painting and murderous abuse of the Piano and Guitar. Fortunately my rapid acquirements and fruitless strides were too conspicuously evident at home, and I was immediately removed to another school, based upon principles totally different, and conducted with a spirit truly conscientious and Christian. I felt the growing incrustation of falsehood and pretence gradually melting under the softening influence of kindness and sincerity. Faint glimpses of a new life dawned upon me, a renovated spirit fresh and pure, rejoicing in all that is holy and noble. I found teachers imbued with that true missionary spirit which falters not under defeat, shrinks not from difficulties, wearies not with dullness or carelessness, and never ceases to gaze with that far-seeing eye of faith beyond the discouraging present. I caught a dim glimpse of that beautiful inner life which soothes and cheers amid trials and sorrows and works out high and holy soul-purposes into beautiful realities.

The commonest practicabilities are first begotten in this ideal atmosphere; it is the hope of the world—the heritage of the just. All projects or achievements famous in history or celebrated in song were created, refined and sublimated in this vast thought-world long before commonting millions speculated upon their relative merit or probable results. I felt my soul warming with this new element, so contagious and so freely imparted. I experienced the throes of that heroic existence to which after misfortunes gave birth and imbibed the practical bearing of those sober truths upon which common life is based. The fungus growths of childhood disappeared with the later frothy excrescences, and health, pure and strong, developed new vitality. I saw that rigid school-system and unvarying regularity accomplished much, and that living to some purpose gave unbounded satisfaction. Studious work, unceasing and untold, redeemed the wasted years and built a mental fabric which time could not shatter. The chaos of confused thought gradually took shape,—the vagaries of imagination and the perceptions of sense settled to their proper rank and brought that confidence which growing development always gives the youthful nature. My destiny was in my hand, that strong hand, nerved for labor, calloused and hard. My strength was not all spent upon books—the striking diversities of character displayed about me inspired intense study. I had a room-mate, whose strong human propensities, tempered by a high-toned intellect, were a perpetual mystery and an absorbing subject of speculation. I venerated the purity of her lofty purposes, and laughed at the betrayal of her numerous feminine weaknesses. Her scorn for meanness and her indignation at wrong were sublime; yet she was easily conciliated by their perpetrators with a few adroit words addressed to her natural and not exorbitant vanity. Incessantly industrious she forced everything to subserve to her accommodation and yet was generous of time and money. Bold, imperious, and determined by nature, she yet yielded sway to the higher law of kindness and duty.—Beautiful contradictions and incongruous harmonies mingled in strange and confused regularity in her composition, and constituted my most laborious and incomprehensible study. Another fair girl, with deep black eyes, liquid in their distant depths, was a perpetual and unutterable delight to my musing hours. Through the rose-tinted medium of youthful vision, I beheld her pure, true, and lofty, yet humble. An indefinable charm, a conviction of unsullied purity hovered about her and none could doubt its genuineness or venture to mock at its trivial niceties. She had quick apprehension, but not that subtle, grasping intellect which some women possess; truly, peculiarly feminine in all her attributes, she had, in large measure, all a woman's weakness and her mightiest strength,—patient, forgiving and unchanging love and devotion. An inborn dignity allied to the delicacy of her nature gave her grace, modesty and firmness in a marked degree, and in marked combination. She met my full ideal of womanly perfection and I worshiped and loved without daring to imitate. She seemed a spiritual existence trembling in the clay, which was refined to such a degree that it involuntarily contracted and fluttered at a shadow of wrong or a touch of coarseness. She was a being to love with a holy affection,—the basest could offer her none other. It was unspeakably sad to see her fade in after days; a blight, a sorrow, heart-wrung and deep, touched her and she fainted, drooped and died—our darling Anna.

I found continual pre-occupation in analyzing the variety of characters which a school, made up of such heterogeneous materials, always affords. I learned to sneer at that little, consequential air which position and property confer, and to fathom the petty mysteries which usually lurk beneath a demure face and a guarded manner. I accumulated a mine of thoughts and ideas, ever crowding and multiplying, from whence and where I could never know. It is impossible to trace those light impressions and subtle influences which people the inner world and form the burden of its fullness.—Our minds may catch tone and purpose from the falling of a shadow—a tinge of sunlight in the distance,—the glance of an eye,—the curve of a lip, or the emphasis of a word. Dreamy and absorbed as we think ourselves, we never escape the tender touches, the unfelt breathings of the immediate outer world. Who does not melt at gentleness, harden with unkindness, and refine in the diffusive presence of an elevated mind. Where is the soul so hardened that music may not soothe, so opaque that a beautiful landscape will not please, or so lost the voice of affection is not welcomed.

L. A. T.

SYMPATHY OF THE NERVES.

When the nerves, from long habit, have been accustomed to transmit their messages from distinct parts, and are suddenly cut off from them, they still retain along their trunks the sympathetic or sensational actions. Thus, a man who has had a leg amputated will feel distinctly along the course of the trunk the nerve sensation from toes which no longer exist. The mind also is influenced by this; and frequently this peculiar direct nervous action can only be allayed by that which is negative and reflex. A curious instance occurred within my own experience. An old sailor suffered much from this; he retained his diseased foot too long, but at last consented to amputation. I knew him only with a wooden leg. When he had his nervous pains, he always called for hot water, into which he put his wooden stump. If told of his folly in supposing that such a proceeding could do any good, he would become enraged, and his paroxysm of pain would increase; but if gratified, he took things easy, and the process actually appeared to do him good, though all must know there could be no real benefit. Still, here is the effect of mind over matter.—*Ridge on Health and Disease.*

Quakers.—It is noteworthy that three prominent Americans—Benjamin West, the great painter; Charles Brockden Brown, the noted novelist; and John G. Whittier, the gifted poet, should be of Quaker lineage. This fact is a remarkable one, inasmuch as the society of Friends, both in principle and practice, manifest a repugnance rather than a sympathy with the products of the imagination. Tom Paine, the noted deistical and political writer, was of Quaker parentage, but in early life renounced the faith of his family. John Neal was of Quaker family, but in his boyhood was "read out" of the drab fraternity for "knocking a man, who had insulted him, heels over head; for paying a military fine; for making a tragedy, and for desiring to be turned out, whether or no." It is singular that while Neal does not appear to have inherited any Quaker placidity of mind, his first novel was entitled "Keep Cool."

Newspapers in the Olden Time.—In 1718, the Boston News Letter, which had been printed on a half-sheet of foolscap size, was enlarged so as to require a whole sheet. The publisher naively remarked that it was impossible "with half a sheet in the week to carry on all Publick News of Europe, though hitherto all those of Great Britain, Ireland, our own and our Neighboring Provinces have been yearly inserted." He was now *thirteen months behind with the Foreign News*, and to make up the deficiency, and to make all "new that used formerly to be old," he resolved to print a whole sheet every other week. What would our readers think of waiting fourteen months, fourteen days, or fourteen hours, even, for their foreign news?"—*Boston Journal.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THINE.

BY STEPHEN FORBES.

Thine! 'tis a little sound,—
Trace back its silver line,—
What labyrinths of thought are found
By that clue—Thine.

What heights of holy zeal,
What depths of love Divine,
What consecration true and leal
In that word—Thine.

"Mine" is the golden key
That opens love's fair shrine,
Can any word more holy be?
Love's *self* is—"Thine!"

"Mine," says the manly voice
Beneath the hanging vine,
"Mine, O, my queen, my love, my choice!"
But *she* says "Thine!"

"'Tis better far to *give*,"
Spake Christ, the gift Divine,
Who said (and died that we might live,)
"Not Mine, but Thine!"

Two words of priceless worth!
Yet not alike they shine;
They, who with joy, say "Mine" on earth,
In Heaven sing "Thine!"

For Self is lost in Love,
And Life 'round God shall twine—
We sum the ransomed about above,
In one word—Thine.

Utica, N. Y., 1859.

"HE PURGETH IT."

In a sermon on "Christ the true Vine," by Trench, we find this comforting thought, for those who watch and often wonder at God's dealings with his children:

"We sometimes wonder, with regard to some of God's dealings with the elect, that he should cast them again and again into the crucible of trial. It seems to us as though they were already refined gold. But he sees that in them which we do not see, a further fineness which is possible; and he will not give over till that be obtained. It is just as in a portrait by some cunning artist, which is now drawing near to its completion. Men look at it, and count it perfect, and are well-nigh impatient that the artist does not now withhold his hand and declare it is finished, while he, knowing better, touches and re-touches, returns again and again to his work. And why? Because there floats before him an ideal of possible excellence at which he has not yet arrived, but which he will not rest nor be contented till he has embodied in his work. It is thus with God and some of his elect servants. Men seeing their graces, which so far exceed those of common men, wonder sometimes why they should suffer still; why they seem to be ever falling from one sorrow to another. But He sees in them that which no other eye can see; the grace which is capable of becoming more gracious still; and in his very faithfulness he will not deprive them or suffer them to come short of this. They are fruit-bearing branches, and because they are so, 'he purges them that they may bring forth more fruit.' My brethren, how blessed must God's service be, when he can give nothing better to his servants in reward of their obedience, than the ability to serve him more and better."

A Glorious Thing.—Men of the world are sometimes ashamed to pray, and are unwilling to be seen in a praying circle, but they only proclaim their spiritual ignorance and blindness. The following paragraph indicates more wisdom and discernment:—"As John Foster approached the close of life, and felt his strength gradually stealing away, he remarked on his increasing weakness, and added, 'But I can pray, and that is a glorious thing!' Truly a glorious thing; more glorious than an atheist or pantheist can ever pretend to.—To look up to an omnipotent Father, to speak to him, to love him; to stretch upward as a babe from the cradle, that he may lift his child in his everlasting arms to the resting-place of his own bosom; this is the portion of the dying Christian. He was overheard thus speaking with himself:—'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.' The eye of the terror-crowned was upon him, and thus he defied him."

God Above All.—An astronomer, who had long idolized his favorite science, became a zealous convert to spiritual Christianity. His intimate friend, knowing his extreme devotion to astronomical study, asked him:—"What will you do with your astronomy?" His answer was worthy of a Christian philosopher:—"I am bound for heaven," said he, "and I take the stars in my way!" By these words the astronomer taught his friends that he had transferred his affections from the created to the Creator; that instead of finding his highest pleasure out of God, he found it in God; and that the true use of the visible was to assist him in his aspirations after the invisible and eternal.

Mr. Adams and the Bible.—In a letter to his son in 1811, John Quincy Adams says:—"I have many years made it a practice to read through the Bible once a year. My custom is to read four or five chapters every morning, immediately after rising from my bed. It employs an hour of my time, and seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day. In what light soever we regard the Bible, whether with reference to revelation, to history, or to mortality, it is an invaluable and inexhaustible mine of knowledge and virtue."

If we love, we know how God feels; if we are just, we know in our measure how God feels—we have *one letter* of His alphabet.

THE TRAVELER.

LETTERS FROM A HUNGARIAN.

NUMBER EIGHT.

Hungarian Melodies and Dances—Departure for Vienna—Keeping "to the Left"—Peculiar way of Sprinkling the Streets—General Description of the City—Cathedral of St. Stephen—Strange Numbering of Houses—Peculiar Thoroughfares—Politeness of the Viennese—Theatre and the Opera Crowded.

DEAR FRIEND MOORE:—Though I spent only two months in my fatherland, and within that time made but few excursions into the rural sceneries of Hungary, yet my notes on the Hungarian Life and Customs have swelled to such an extent that it would be matter of no great difficulty to weave them into a series of two or three letters more. But I am afraid that my poor skill in the art of weaving might produce but an ordinary home-spun texture, not possessing attraction enough to be displayed in the graceful columns of the worthy RURAL. I will therefore weary your readers with but one paragraph more about the genuine *Magyars*, and then hasten to the Capital of Austria—*Vienna*.

In the evening, when the Hungarian peasant has done with his task in the field or vineyard, he betakes himself with his comrades to the village inn, where, with the wine-cup in his hand, he chats on the works and incidents of the day, and not unfrequently (when no police or *gens d'armes* are around) about politics. Occasionally two or more musicians of that homeless people—the swarthy Gipsies—make their appearance and take up their position in a corner of the room. They strike up a tune on their fiddles and symbals. The first gentle, melancholy tones with which the national melodies of the Magyars begin, have scarcely vibrated on the air, when the young swain, who had thus far lain listless on the bench, rises, and as the notes rise higher and higher, his eye sparkles and his body begins to keep time with the music. He steps up to the Gipsies, tells them what air to play by singing the first verse of the song himself, (the dancing melodies are, at the same time, the national songs of the Hungarians.) And when the tender strains of the *adagio* gradually pass over into a more rapid time, his movements grow quicker too. He takes hold of the beautiful country lass, and the dance becomes more and more general, assuming the glow of passion. Suddenly, in the midst of the dance, the music comes to a violent stand-still; the dancing couple remain immovable, as if some higher power held their passion in fetters. Then the music begins again in a sad, plaintive strain. The female partner slips out of the arms of the rural swain as if she feared to betray her feelings: by many a graceful turn she escapes the arm that would embrace her again, and the two dance separately. The dancer, as it were, relates his pain, his love. His motions follow the melancholy tones; gradually he approaches the hesitating girl,—and, when the slow *adagio* lapses into the boisterous *allegro*, his arm has seized her again, and, as if subdued by passion, they whirl about with nimble feet and glowing faces.

Such is the passionate love of the Hungarian to dance. He can hardly listen to a national melody of his country without leaping up and moving his limbs accordingly. The melody itself is as peculiar as the dance, which may be described as a mimic representation of ideas or emotions. The music being the melody of certain national songs, the corresponding dance resembles a conversation between the dancer and his partner; it is a mysterious talk—a confession of his emotions—a disclosure of his moved heart. This is the peculiar character of that most popular Magyar dance—the *Csardas*, (pronounced *tshardash*.) There is no rule by which it may be taught—as is the case with the language of passion—and, hence, none but a real Hungarian will ever dance it as it should be, without rendering it a confused, meaningless pell-mell. [I have since seen this very dance performed by the excellent ballet-dancers of Berlin; but—"bless me," said a Hungarian, who happened to be with me on that occasion—"bless me, if my countrymen and women do not make it better."]

And now, gentle reader, will you embark with me for Vienna? I say *embark*—for I am still in the town of *Gran*, on the Danube; and though we might in less than one-third of the time reach the Austrian Capital by *railroad*, let us prefer the steamboat, as the slowness of the passage (the boat going up stream,) will be amply repaid by the ease and quiet of the journey, and, what is better, the far more romantic scenery along the Danubian shores. It will lead you by the almost invincible fortress of *Comaen* which played so noble a part in the late revolution, that it surrendered only after a capitulation permitting its Governor (UJHAZY) and friends to seek a refuge in the "Land of the Free" across the Atlantic; it will show you *Pressburg*, once the Capital of Hungary, with its lofty hill on which the magnificent ruins of the royal castle (destroyed in a conflagration, 1811,) tell you of the many Hungarian Kings who were crowned here since the sixteenth century, and who, after the coronation, would deal four strokes towards the four cardinal points of heaven, signifying that they would protect the land on all sides; it will carry you along many other objects of interest too numerous to mention here. Besides, it being just after harvest, you will see the river studded here and there by numerous flour-mills, whose mighty wheels are driven by the downward course of the stream. [In the winter, when the Danube freezes, these floating mills are drawn on shore.]

At length, after passing under several suspension bridges connecting the city with its suburbs, we are in the very heart of *Vienna*, and the very first thing that attracts my attention, as the hack carries me to one of the hotels in the city, is the notice, "*Hier wird links gefahren*," signifying that vehicles should keep *to the left*. I had always been taught to keep *to the right* when riding, (and such, I believe, is the custom almost everywhere;) it, therefore, appeared rather strange to me why they don't keep to the right here. But I satisfied myself (poor satisfaction that,) with the thought that there are a great many other things not taking the *right* course in Vienna, (and Austria generally,) and so my driver hurried me along "over the left" path, which, however, in this case, did not lead to destruction, as the streets are mostly very *narrow*. Riding in and about Vienna, is, in fact, very pleasant, as the streets are all paved with smooth stones like Broadway in New York.

The peculiar method of sprinkling the streets was another thing that at once excited my observation. Every sprinkling wagon requires *two* men, the driver, who simply guides the horses, and the sprinkler proper. The latter, with his pantaloons rolled up to his knees, follows the wagon *on foot*, wagging right and left a gutta-percha hose, through which the water in the wagon is conducted. When I at first saw this method, it presented a very ludicrous spectacle to me; for, the sprinkling wagon itself not yet being in sight, I thought the man was pulling the *caudal* appendage of some beast, while he, himself, seemed to be pulled along by the latter.

After having duly arranged my effects at the hotel, and, in accordance with the municipal regulation, delivered my passport to the host, I took advantage of the clear, bright sunshine, and walked abroad through the streets of the Capital. The city proper is only a le gue in circumference, surrounded by a wall, which is now, however, being in part demolished to make room for new edifices and forts. Yet within this small circuit about 60,000 inhabitants manage to breathe. Many of the streets are, in fact, so narrow, that two persons, standing in two houses opposite each other, might shake hands by putting them out of their respective windows. Besides, the height of the houses, many of which are from six to seven stories high, renders it physically impossible for sunshine to penetrate the lower stories. But by far the greater part of the population of Vienna, which is a little above half a million, live in the suburbs, (of which there are thirty-four,) outside of the city wall, the largest and most beautiful of which is the *Leopold-stradt*, which is separated from the city proper by the Danube. The beauty and grandeur of Vienna, however, are concentrated within the walls. Here is the imperial palace with its vast royal library and treasury; its collection of coins and antiquities, Zoological, Mineralogical, Botanical and Astronomical Museum; the University with its valuable collections; the most beautiful churches, theatres and mercantile edifices,—in short, the *life* of Vienna. Of the palaces, of which Vienna counts over a hundred, (such is the number of dukes, and princes, and counts,) none are distinguished for architectural beauty, though grand and massive in appearance. Berlin, in this respect, far excels the Capital of Austria. But the *churches*, reared by Catholic wealth—or rather by the onerous taxes of the masses—are truly magnificent, and even sublime; the most costly and beautiful of which is the *Cathedral of St. Stephen*. This church alone is worth a visit to Vienna. It is open from sunrise to sunset; and, occupying an entire square in the heart of the city, it serves not only the wants of the *pious*, but also the convenience of the *hurrying* passer-by—since, by going *through* the church, instead of going *round* it, a good deal of time is saved in going from one part of the city to another. Do not expect from me, kind reader, a description of this vast Gothic structure with its magnificent decorations—*that* would require a pretty thick pamphlet. But if you should ever visit this imperial residence, do not fail to ascend the lofty, pyramid-like, world-renowned steeple of *St. Stephen*, from which you will enjoy a most wonderful prospect extending to some of the hills of Hungary.

In walking through the streets, I noticed another strange peculiarity, viz:—the numbers on some of the houses—many of them displaying a number which is apt to mislead, if not utterly confound, the uninitiated. Thus, I observed the figures 1080 in a street which I am sure does not contain above 200 houses. And what is worse than all, the houses are often numbered at hap-hazard, so that in looking for any particular number—say 76—you will be not a little surprised to find it between such numbers as 960 and 1170.

Another peculiarity of Vienna, are the many thoroughfares leading through *houses*, from one street to another; by means of which the pedestrian saves many a long circuitous way. To the stranger these often appear as merely private yards; and fearing to be led astray by them, he prefers to take the longer route, as I have myself sometimes done. But when the shortest way is most practicable, do not hesitate to ask the next gentleman you meet. The Viennese, to their honor be it said, are so polite, that, if they pass by ever so rapidly, they will stop to answer your questions, and with hand and tongue will give you full directions—nay, even go with you back to the next corner, that you might the better acquaint yourself, and when you express your thanks will reply with that civil phrase, so glibly uttered by most every Austrian—"*unterthanigster diener*," ("your most humble servant.") So much for politeness in showing you through the crooked, irregular streets of the city.

Going into one of the numerous coffee saloons, (which are similar to those in *Pesth*, and of which I have in a former letter given a description,) I took up the *Viennese Gazette*, and observed that at the royal opera-house "the Jewess" (music by HALEVY) would be represented. The principal character of the piece (RACHA, the Jewess,) was to be given by M'lle CSILLAG, who is herself a Hungarian Jewess, and is the prima donna at Vienna.—Now, thought I, here is a *Jewish* subject, the music by a *Jewish* composist, the heroine herself is to be represented by one of her own faith, and—you are yourself a son of ABRAHAM—how can you, under so many coincident circumstances, refrain from going? And so I *did* go—but oh, what a crowd was there at the door before it was opened! And *what a rush*, when it was opened! and how they squeezed one another to the ticket office, and jammed their hats and tore their coats! I thought that the music can be heard as well in *any* part of the house, so I kept aloof from the boisterous mass, waiting till my turn. But though there were two ticket offices and many had already procured their tickets during the day, I had to wait full ten minutes before I could, without danger of being squeezed too hard, extend my hand to the ticket-hole. But, imagine my amazement, when the ticket officer asked me if I wished a *standing*-place,—there was no seat to be had in the parquette, nor first, nor second, nor third gallery! Such is the passion for operas in Vienna. But the crowds, I am told, are none the less great at the other nine theatres of the city, to say nothing of the masses resorting to the numerous concerts and other places of amusement. Well, I got in, satisfied with a convenient standing-place, and enjoyed the musical representation none the less. Any critical remarks on the performance itself would be of little interest to readers so far from the scene of action; I will only say that the singing was excellent and exercised a most beneficial influence on the heart, and close with the wish that similar operas might grow more general in America than the merely comical performances on the American stage.

Yours, SIMON TUSKA.

BARON VON HUMBOLDT.

A GREAT man has passed from earth. On the 6th of May, ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT died at Berlin, Prussia, aged nearly ninety years. In after ages, when many who are now thought great shall have been forgotten, and others are remembered only to be despised, the name of HUMBOLDT, shall stand forth in characters of living light, the admiration of the old and the young, the illiterate as well as the learned. He was great—his reputation world-wide—he belonged to nation, no country—no continent could claim him. He was truly a citizen of the world, and every man is proud to own him as a brother-man. He was great, but his greatness was not founded on family distinctions or national honor—princes and kings delighted to become his friends—yet he received from the association no honor—kings could add no lustre to his name—crowns could not adorn his brow. It is such an example as this that we delight to set before our youth, who are prone to think too highly of renown gained through blood and tears and woe—and the honors conferred by paltry office.

HUMBOLDT, as has been truly said by another, was a benefactor to the human race, and his career is a noble example of a long life well spent in severe physical and mental toil, whereby the sphere of man's information has been greatly extended and enriched. His memory was prodigious, his intellect active and acute, and his taste exquisite; and over everything which he wrote he threw the charm of a genial disposition and a generous heart. For the past fifty years he has been the Nestor of Science, and has gone down to the grave bearing the esteem of all men, and "laden with wealth and honors nobly won."

He was born at Berlin on September 14, 1769; his father was a soldier of distinction and a man of wealth. Left fatherless at the age of ten, Fredrich Heinrich Alexander—this was his name—was carefully educated by judicious relatives, and spent a creditable career at the universities of Berlin and Gottingen. His taste for scientic pursuits led him to devote especial attention to geology and mineralogy. His university studies were varied by excursions to the Harz Mountains, and to the vicinity of the Rhine, which occasioned the first fruits of his literary labors, in a work entitled, "The Basalt on the Rhine" in 1790.

His fame as a mineralogist was early established, and at twenty-three years of age, he was appointed to the important government post of Superintendent of Mines in Franconia. Having felt a strong desire to visit distant lands, he soon resigned this situation, and sold a large estate to furnish means for traveling in America. After many disappointments, he was at last enabled to visit the New World under the patronage of the Spanish government, and in 1799 commenced to explore the great valley of the Orinoco. During the five years he was a traveler on our continent, he visited the sources of the Amazon, climbed the snow-capped peaks of the Andes, and under a burning sun traversed vast plains, pestilential swamps, and barren deserts where the foot of white man had never trod before.

It affords us much pleasure to state that Baron Von Humboldt included a portion of our own country within his extended American tour. He visited Philadelphia, Washington, and our principal seaboard cities, and was personally known to some of our distinguished men, and was treated with distinguished attention by President Jefferson. He quitted this country in 1804, and returned to his native land. Our institutions made a most favorable impression upon his mind, and he ever afterwards retained a pleasant recollection of our people. His published accounts of these travels, attracted the attention of the whole civilized world. The field was fresh, the power of the author's description was vivid; they were filled with thrilling incident, and contained a mass of new geographical, botanical, and mineralogical information of the most interesting character. His fame was at once established by their publication, and honors poured in upon him from the scientific associations of all lands. They were printed in seventeen large volumes, richly illustrated with figures of the subjects described. They embraced geography, zoology, botany, mineralogy, the natural history of animals, astronomy, geology, climatology, in short, every branch of science. Some idea of the value of his American harvest may be gathered from the fact that his published account of his travels in South America and Mexico comprises seventeen volumes folio, and eleven volumes quarto, and costs $2,000 a copy. It took him twelve years to write. So varied and profound were his attainments, it was at once felt that he stood out in bold relief as the most accomplished traveler that ever lived.

Of late years, the name of Humboldt was made more widely known by his "Cosmos," a work written during the long and pleasant twilight of his life, in which he considers (and in this view he is right) all created things as linked together forming one uniform whole, and affording evidence of one great creative mind as the author of the visible creation. This work has been translated into several languages—our own among the number—and is replete with curious, varied and profound information.

With the King of Prussia he lived on terms of almost brotherly intimacy; and though his political opinions were much too liberal for his sovereign—he was, in fact, a thorough republican—he represented Prussia faithfully and honorably on several momentous occasions. The crisis of 1848 is said to have led to some decided expression of his liberal views, and for a time to have estranged him from his royal friend; but the separation was brief—the King was a very good man at bottom, and meant well—he could not live without Humboldt, who, for his part, was so much engrossed with scientific concerns as to be rarely anxious about politics.

The Prussians were so proud of him, and so fearful of losing him—strong inducements were held out to him to settle in France—that he was made a councilor of State, and given to understand that no favor would be too great for him to ask. He had no political ambition, however, and was happy in being able to prosecute his studies. After his Survey of the Prussian-Asiatic possessions, Nicholas would gladly have retained him in Russia, but Humboldt was too inflexibly attached to his native land.

Humboldt was ever at work, always in pursuit of knowledge and this he was willing to gain from sources apparently the most forbidding. He considered every man able to add a little to the stock of human knowledge. Every man was for him a teacher of something; every object a theme for study; every event a new problem solved, to be stored away in the proper shelf in his capacious mind. Tuckerman says of him:—"If delayed by the events of war from embarking on his American expedition, he occupied himself in ascertaining the height of the central plains of Castile; when becalmed on soundings, he examined the weeds collected on the lead to gain new light for the theory of the coloring of plants; the haze that for many hours concealed from his sight the Peak of Teneriffe induced ingenious speculations on the effects of atmosphere on vision." Our countryman, Mr. Squier, who visited him at Berlin, thought, after a few hours in his company, that the rapacious *savant* had pumped him dry about Central America; but he was mistaken, for, before his departure, an urgent note reached him from Humboldt imploring him to say whether the potato disease had ever existed in Nicaragua!

Between Americans and Humboldt there always existed a strong bond of sympathy. His early travels; his republican opinions, and his intimacy with some of our greatest men, always led him to feel a strong affection for the United States, and to show to American travelers more attention than to foreigners generally. It is not enough to say that his regard was reciprocated by the American people. No foreigner enjoyed such general veneration in this country as Baron Humboldt. The proposal which was made to leave the Oregon dispute to his arbitration was one of the many evidences of the unexampled esteem in which he was held on this side the water.

MIND AND BODY.—The necessary connection of the condition of the body and of the mind is matter of universal and constant experience. Mental influences affect the physical health; and the state of the body, on the other hand, exerts powerful effect on the mind. In treating of health, it is therefore necessary to consider the management of the thoughts and passions. In some diseases physical and mental disorders are so complicated and blended together, that it is impossible to tell in which the derangement had its origin. Even when the disturbance does not go to the length of disease, the mutual influence of the mind and the body may play an important part in the question of health. The body is constantly acted on through the mind, and this way of reaching and influencing the corporeal health deserves more attention than it usually receives.

YOUNG RURALIST.

HIGH NOTIONS.—Under this heading a young correspondent sends us the following article, in which he stoutly maintains the honorable nature of the farmer's calling, and handles those pretty severely who are disposed to think it otherwise.

"I had rather live in the village, on potatoes, than live here where Mr. —— does, buried up in country," said a dashing young man.

The gentleman spoken of was a thrifty farmer, and a well educated man. He had a neat cottage situated on one of our main roads, and everything around him bore the marks of industry, neatness, and comfort. Enjoyment always supped with him and sat at the open gate. Do you suppose that this young man ever thought, as he sat down to the well filled table, that he was indebted to the farmer for that nice white bread, and those beautiful *Peach Blows*, or *Mercers*, just ready to pop open, and that delicious cut of steak? Did he ever think that he was dependent on the farmer for that glossy coat of black, and those rich Cassimere pantaloons? I am not a farmer, but my whole heart goes out to those bronzed faces and toil worn men of our land, and many has been the time that I would have gladly exchanged the cares and petty strifes of business for the more quiet and pastoral cares of the farmer. It is true, that he must encounter storms, but Nature's storms are not often like our commercial ones. If the young men of to-day all thought as this young man does, these smiling fields would soon become a howling wilderness.

YOUNG RURALISTS, if you are tired of home and its comforts, and are longing for a town or city life, I would advise you to turn back and take hold of the plow handle with a firmer grasp and labor and study, and wait for destiny to shape your course. You will be wanted! All steady and active young men will be wanted! The road to distinction is as easy from the furrow as from the counting house or professional chair.

Spencer, Tioga Co., N. Y. CHIPS.

Our correspondent should remember that though the farmer raises the wool, without which, of course the cloth could not be made, yet it is the skill acquired by the manufacturer that makes it so beautiful, and he is assisted by the inventor and the machinist, who make the machinery by which it is so well and cheaply done. One trade is dependent on the other, and the head might as well quarrel with the body, or the feet with the hands, about the position of honor, as one trade with another. Every useful occupation is honorable.

Another is determined to obtain a collegiate course of education, if he can do so by means of hard labor. This is right. A good education, if rightly used, is a great blessing; but by bad use it is often made a curse to its possessor and the world. A young man who has his eyes open, and keeps his "thinking cap" on, however, will not die ignorant, even should he never enter a college. Opportunities for improvement are plenty, and a thirst for knowledge is sure to be gratified. But W. S. we think is a little too fast in calling all "*old fogies*" who do not think he is pursuing the wisest course. But, here is the letter:

MR. EDITOR:—Your subscribers and correspondents often inquire through the columns of your valuable paper for information in regard to diseases, their cures, &c. I would like to inquire relative to a certain disease with which the folks in these parts think I am afflicted, and which if I do not rid myself of soon will prove my ruin. It gives me a very strong desire to read newspapers and books, and of late has given me a strong desire to take a college course and educate myself for a profession. This I will have to accomplish by my own means and hard labor, and without any assistance but plenty of opposition from the old fogies, who talk of nothing but the imperfections of human nature, because all will not dig in the dirt for a living. They think a young man foolish to spend money for newspapers, books, and everything which tends to lead man into a more useful sphere of action. W. S.

Niagara Co., N. Y., May 18, 1859.

A YOUNG LAWYER.—Here is a letter from a *very young* gentleman, as the writing plainly shows:

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I think I have got to be old enough to write a few lines for your paper, and in the first place I will tell you what I think of farming. It is in my mind a real dog's life, and I take no delight in it, for it is *work all the time*, and I am sure there is no use of killing yourself by work. It is well enough to work *part of the time*,—in fact I love to work *some*, but there is no use in being a slave all your life. For my part I mean to be a lawyer, and there can be no scaring me out of it, for I prefer studying and learning to farming or anything else.—H. S. C., *Monroe Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

This is quite prompt for a little man. "All work and no play," will make a dull boy and man, too. But no class of people have more leisure time than the farmer for reading, and as for study, no man can be a good farmer without constant study. As H. S. C. grows older, we have do doubt he will grow wiser, and things will seem different from what they now do.

THE GREAT MEN OF OUR COUNTRY.—A young friend, fourteen years old, sends us sketches of many of the great men of our country, with remarkable incidents in their lives, and closes by saying—"America can boast of men and soldiers far superior to any born on European soil. True, Europe can boast of NAPOLEON, of a CROMWELL, of a Queen VICTORIA, and many others, but she cannot boast of a WASHINGTON, or a JEFFERSON, or a FRANKLIN, or a TAYLOR, or a SCOTT." Modesty is a great virtue in an individual, and not less so in a nation, and it is not well to boast too much of our greatness, or of our great men. Of WASHINGTON we have a right to be proud; he was so transcendally *great* and *good* that all we can claim is acknowledged by the civilized world. His reputation is world wide. So is that of HOWARD, the Philanthropist. Such characters belong to no nation, but to humanity.

COUNTRY AND CITY BOYS.—We have received several articles on this matter, but they contain nothing new or important to justify their publication. We have already given both sides, and the facts in the case are apparent. All are not good, either in the city or country. Mean, dishonest, vulgar men and boys are found everywhere, we are sorry to say, and engaged in every calling.—Let all YOUNG RURALISTS pity the bad and imitate the good.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER AND NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 4, 1859.

BACK NUMBERS AND VOLUMES.

Back numbers of this volume of the Rural can still be furnished to new subscribers. Though our edition is running low, we find, on counting, that we yet have a few hundred sets more than we wish to save for binding. Hence, we can still supply copies of the entire volume at the rates heretofore offered to Agents.

In answer to frequent inquiries whether we can furnish all the back volumes, at what price, &c., we would again state that *neither of the first five volumes can be supplied.* We can only furnish the last four volumes—for 1855, '56, '57 and '58. The price, bound, $3 per volume. The only volume we can furnish *unbound* is that of last year—price, $2.

☞ We have many orders on hand for all the back volumes, and regret that we can only furnish as above, except when we can purchase the first five volumes, as is occasionally the case.

Latest News, Foreign and Domestic.

European War Matters.

The belligerent armies seem to be enjoying a quiet repose, that, however grateful to them, is rather annoying to the lovers of exciting news, who are now growing rather impatient that something should be done. Two immense armies of over 100,000 men each, are now within twenty miles of each other, and yet for days, so far as we can learn, nothing has been done. This looks little like the *Old Napoleon*, who astonished the world by the rapidity of his movements. But blood will flow quick enough and freely enough, we have no doubt. The conduct of the Austrians in rushing into the conflict so precipitately, and then, losing, by inaction, all the advantages that could possibly be gained, causes a good deal of speculation among those who profess to be wise in these matters.

In our last we chronicled the departure of Napoleon from Paris for the seat of war. He had arrived at Genoa, on the 11th ult., where he was received with acclamation by the people. On the 12th he issued an address to his soldiers.

The Queen of England has issued a proclamation enjoining neutrality on the part of all British subjects, and declaring "that the Government is determined to abstain altogether from taking any part, either directly or indirectly, in the war now unhappily existing between the Sovereigns of France, Austria and Sardinia, and to remain at peace with, and to maintain a peaceful and friendly intercourse with all and with each of them, and their respective subjects, and others inhabiting within any of their countries, territories and dominions, and to maintain a strict and impartial neutrality in the said hostilities and war unhappily existing between them."

There can now be no doubt but both England and Prussia have assured France of their neutrality during the war. The declaration of England that she would not protect Germ an vessels in case of a general European war, will show the German States the necessity of remaining quiet during the contest, and there is now a very great probability that the war will be confined to the limits laid down by Napoleon in his proclamation, to wit: a war for the emancipation of Italy, and with no acquisition of territory for France.

Seat of War.—An Austian official dispatch announces that the Austrian army has suspended operations in consequence of the heavy rains and floods, but adds that it will resume on the return of fine weather. The truth of this excuse for inaction seems to be doubted. The French and Sardinian army and position, it is thought, is too strong to warrant an attack.

The Vienna official paper states that, as "information contained in the Austrian papers concerning the movements of the Imperial Royal Army may in a few hours become known to the enemy—who might be able to take advantage of it—the movements of the army will therefore only be made known to the public in a general way."

Great Britain.—A highly important notice had been issued by the Secretary of War. It is addressed to the Lord Lieutenants of the various counties in the Kingdom, sanctions the formation of volunteer corps, and explains the conditions under which the project is to be carried out. It is provided, among other things, that the volunteers will be liable to be called out in case of actual invasion, or the appearance of an enemy in force on the coast, or in case of rebellion arising out of either of those emergencies—and that while thus under arms the volunteers will be subject to military law.

For several days two French steamships-of-war have been lying-to outside of Portsmouth, and it is reported that two others are outside of Falmouth. On Wednesday a corvette, with about eighteen guns, with painted ports, and a schooner of twelve guns, all black, were observed for five hours four miles S. S. E. of the Eddystone, in the run of the homeward-bound ships. The schooner, when hailed by a pilot-boat, declared her nation, but declined answering any other questions. It is also stated that it had been discovered that a dealer in charts had contracted with agents of the Prussian Government to furnish all the charts of the English coast. Such things cause a good deal of excitement.

The Papal States.—The neutrality of the Papal Government had been formally announced to the Austrian and French Governments, and formally accepted. A dispatch from Rome says that orders had been sent to the Pope's Nuncio to leave Florence.

France.—The Paris *Pays* states that Rear Admiral Jeurien de Lagraviere had left Genoa in the Algesiras for the Adriatic, to give notice to the military authorities that the ports of the Austrian coast are in a state of blockade.

The Empress had already transacted business, and was to hold weekly reviews of the National Guard.

The gunboats are not to be employed, but five frigates are to be immediately prepared for sea.

Prussia.—A Parliamentary Commission had been sitting at Berlin to examine the exceptional laws rendered necessary by the present crisis. The Minister of Foreign Affairs declared verbally before the Commission that if ever it should happen that the efforts of the Italians to obtain a better administration should degenerate into revolutionary movements, Prussia nevertheless would see no reason for giving armed assistance to Austria.

Austrian Barbarities.—The depredations committed by Austria in Piedmont are now (says the Pays) explained. They are razzias executed, not for the immediate wants of the army, but in order to fill the storehouses of Lombardy. Every day long files of wagons laden with hay, vegetables, grain and provisions of all kinds, are seen passing by Novara and Vigevano for the left bank of the Ticino. The Austrians literally strip the Piedmontese provinces and carry off their booty to a place of safety. The Austrians cannot pay for what they take. If they were to plunder in Lombardy they would run the risk of an insurrection of the peasantry. They, therefore, go into Piedmont and make a clean sweep of everything that they can find.

Latest European News.

Just as we were going to press,—by the arrival of the Hungarian at Quebec, and the Hammonia at New York,—we received London dates to the 18th ult. The news from the seat of war is not very important. Napoleon had arrived at Alessandria, an important and fortified city 46 miles southeast of Turin. He was busy with his Generals laying plans. It was thought that as soon as Napoleon joined the main body of the army a decisive movement would be made.

Austria has recognized the neutrality of the States of the Church. Four Austrian merchant vessels had been captured by the French squadron in the Adriatic. The Austrian Lloyds had stopped running all their steamers. The waters of the Po had risen. Women and children of the country were compelled by the Austrians to labor at the works. Several Sardinian Mayors who refused to comply with the Austrian demands for contributions had been arrested.

The London *Morning Advertiser* of the 18th, has the following:—"We are enabled to state that a very angry correspondence is just now going on between the French and English governments, relative to the permission granted by our government to Austrian vessels to take shelter under our guns at Malta. The French government energetically complain of this as showing an undue friendship for Austria, inasmuch as French vessels, having no fear of Austrian ships, do not seek or require the same protection."

Commercial—*Breadstuffs*—All descriptions are slightly higher. Flour quiet, but firm, at an advance of 2d@3d. Wheat firm, at an advance of 2d@3d; quotations not given. Corn firm, and 3d higher for mixed and yellow. Mixed 5s10d@5s11d. White 5s4d@5s9d in retail.

Matters at Washington.

We are getting but little news of importance from Washington. A dispatch dated 27th ult., says that Lord Lyons is of the opinion that the British Minister in Mexico will soon, if he has not done so already, recognize the Juarez Government, and it is understood that he has instructions to that effect.

Dispatches have been received from Gen. Larna. He states that the Belly contracts have not been ratified. It is understood that Juarez, the Nicaraguan Minister, has received intelligence from Walker that the English and French Admirals on that coast have instructions to seize him and his followers—either ashore or afloat.

There are but $5,000,000 subject to draft in the Treasury, which is barely the margin required for working smoothly. Large sums in Treasury notes are coming in and being re-issued. The amount over due now held in New York, would absorb every dollar in the Treasury, and would require $2,000,000 more.

W. D. Bishop, the recently appointed Commissioner of Patents, has entered upon the duties of his office.

A thorough reconnoisance of all the mail routes is being made with a view of curtailment at every point where it is practical without serious detriment to the public, while in many cases the service has been altogether discontinued. In others the number of trips have been reduced from daily to tri-weekly, and from tri-weekly to weekly, &c.—Acting on this principle, the Post-Office Department has, in the last few months, effected an annual saving of about $1,500,000 exclusive of $500,000 saved by the refusal of the Post-Master General to put into operation the nearly 700 routes created in 1858, but for the support of which no appropriation was made.

Pike's Peak Collapse.

This seems to have been one of the most disastrous of humbugs; and now that the bubble has burst we are beginning to see its bitter fruits. The charge is freely made that the whole excitement was got up by speculators—owners of real estate and those with stocks of goods on the frontiers, that the owners were anxious to dispose of to the adventurous seekers after gold.

The regular correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat, writing from Denver city, in sight of the diggings, on the 9th inst., recounts a most deplorable condition of things on the Plains. Many of the emigrants were dying of starvation, while others were subsisting on prickly pears and wild onions found along the road. The stage agent reports picking up a man named Blue, who was reduced to a skeleton from starvation. He had started with his two brothers. One of them died, and the remaining two ate his body. Another died, and he in turn was nearly devoured by the survivor. A man named Gibbs had reached the mines in a starving condition, and he expressed the opinion that his party, numbering nine, had all perished. Many graves are reported along the route, and much property had been abandoned and destroyed on the road. There are some returning who have not a cent to take them back, while those who have anything are hurrying back as fast as they can to keep from being robbed by the rest.

A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, who dates his letter "In Sight of Pike's Peak," speaking of Denver city says—"The city folks are lying around, smoking and playing cards, and when asked about the diggings they will say, 'Oh, we have not had time to prospect yet, but no doubt there will be good diggings discovered soon.'—There is a little fine gold here on the streams on the bed rock. There have, no doubt, been a few instances where men have made $3 or $5 per day, but all acknowledge that there is no place yet tested where it will pay more to work it, and they all acknowledge that letter-writers have humbugged us poor emigrants; but they dare not say much about their town lots, for they have been threatened with mob violence, and I fear something of that kind may take place yet."

Over ten thousand discontented emigrants are on their return, many of them in a starving condition, and fears are entertained that the small towns on the frontiers will be sacked by these starving men. Such threats have been made, and the inhabitants of these places are endeavoring to place themselves in a proper attitude for defence.

In the face of these facts the Rocky Mountain News, speaking of the disappointment and return of so many says:—"All this has been brought about by the action of a few restless spirits who are of no advantage to any country. They arrive in the vicinity of the mining region, stop a few hours or a day or two, perhaps prospect a little in places the most unlikely in the world for finding gold, and because they cannot shovel out nuggets as they have been accustomed to dig potatoes, they raise the cry that it is all a humbug; that there is no gold in the country, and take the back track for home, where it is to be hoped they will ever after remain."

An English Yacht in New York.—On Sunday evening, the 15th ult., the citizens of New York were surprised by the arrival at that port of a little foreign craft of only 160 tons register. The vessel proved to be the Yacht *Ursula*, owned by Mr. Tennet, of Glasgow. With a couple of friends and three young ladies, his nieces, he sailed from the Clyde on the 15th of April, made the Azores on 25th, and arrived at New York on the 15th of May.

The *Ursula* is a pretty little craft, built on the model of the famous yacht *America*. She has sailed 14 knots an hour, and in entering the bay she is said to have outstripped a fast clipper ship and some of our crack pilot boats. Brave girls these, to undertake a journey across the Atlantic in such a small vessel. It is rumored that she is to take part in the next regetta, and endeavor to win back the honor lost by England in the celebrated Yacht *America*.

Important Biblical Discovery.—The London Athenæum says that Prof. Cischendorf, who had been sent by the Russian Government on a journey of scientific exploration, in a letter from Cairo, dated 15th March, states to the Minister of Saxony, Herr Von Falkenstem, that he has succeeded in making some valuable discoveries relative to the Bible. The most important of these discoveries is a manuscript of the Holy Scriptures, from the fourth century; consequently as old as the famous manuscript of the Vatican, which, hitherto, in all commentaries, maintained the first rank.

A Humane Invention.—A correspondent of the Boston Journal writes from on board the U. S. ship Dale, just arrived at Portsmouth, N. H., from the coast of Africa. He says:—"On board the ship Dale has been invented an apparatus for instantly lowering a boat into the water, and detaching it from the ship, also for attaching. It is simple and economical, and will doubtless attract the attention of shipmasters. Countless lives have been lost by the inability to lower boats safely at sea; the Davidson boat-lowering, detaching and attaching apparatus seems to fill up the want of a century."

News Paragraphs.

The Sixth Annual Meeting of the N. Y. State Editorial and Typographical Association will be held at Syracuse, on Thursday next, June 9th.

It is a singular fact that the number of emigrants now going from the Eastern States to California is, by actual count, greater than it was during the height of the gold fever. At this rate the Pacific coast will soon be populated.

Movements are quietly progressing among some of our enterprising American houses for chartering vessels for Genoa, and to load them with flour, tobacco, and rum, or whisky, for the use of the belligerent forces in Sardinia.

A Zouave, on stepping on board of a vessel at Marseilles bound for the seat of war, was stopped by the Colonel of the regiment, who recognized, in the soldier's dress, a young girl, who had assumed the uniform in order not to be separated from her lover.

A rumor circulates at Madrid, that the Pope will, in case of war, retire to the Beleare Island, and that an application for such an emergency has been submitted to the French Government.

The friends of Washington Irving will be glad to hear that his health is now becoming quite settled. He made his first appearance in New York the other day for the first time in many months. Mr. Irving's illness has been the result of his long continued application, and had become so serious as to cause many fears as to the final result. He is now past 76 years of age.

The furniture at Rydal Mount, near Ambleside, the residence of Wordsworth, was announced for sale by auction on the 5th and 6th of May. Mrs. Wordsworth is dead, and the home that was the poet's is broken up.

When Mr. Russell, of the London *Times* arrived at Marseilles, on his way home from India to England, a telegram from Printing-House Square reached him, with a request to turn his steps, not to London, but to Lombardy. His reply is understood to have been that, for the present, he preferred the banks of the Thames to the banks of the Ticino.

Personal and Political.

The London Illustrated News says that Mr. Rarey has made arrangements with the Horse Guards to teach the British Cavalry, and will enter upon his duties in June. At last accounts Mr. Rarey was successfully exhibiting at St. Petersburg, Russia.

Mr. Ernest Noel, a son of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, of London, arrived in New York a few days since.

Mrs. Arow, a Chinese woman, has been baptized in the Bohemian Church (Protestant) at Berlin, (April 15, last,) and is going out as a missionary to China.

About 12 years since, Dr. Gregory, then living in Geneva, lost a purse containing $200, of which no trace was ever found until a few weeks since, when the Recorder of Geneva advertised the money, stating that the person who had found it had become religious, and felt that he could no longer keep property which did not belong to him.

A report is current that Kossuth is now in Sardinia, and in communication with the Hungarian troops in the Austrian army.

Harriet Martineau says:—"The Bonapartes are not men of character, of political wisdom, of patriotic temper, of philosophical sagacity."

Richard Ansdale, the well-known animal painter of London, proposes to visit this country during the present season, for the purpose of studying the buffalo of our western prairies.

The Democratic State Convention of Ohio, met at Columbus on the 26th ult., and made its nominations for State Officers. Judge R. P. Runney is the candidate for Governor.

European Rumors.—Mr. Biglow, of the N. Y. Evening Post, writing from Paris, intimates that the Emperor's delay in leaving Paris, was owing to the discovery of a combination among the disaffected Orleanests, to make trouble in Paris during his absence. Generals Changarnier, and Lamoriciere are said to have been in the combination. The Emperor made no arrests, as he did not wish to give the matter publicity, but for greater security recalled the Duke of Malakoff from London, and placed him at the head of the home force consisting of 200,000 men.

Kossuth, it is said, is also causing Austria a good deal of anxiety, as there can be no doubt but he is operating on the Hungarians and watching for the favorable opportunity to strike a blow that shall be felt by his old and hated enemies.

The War of the Three Sovereigns.—It is a singular coincidence, that during the first campaign of the French Empire in 1805, in which the French army obtained the appellation "*le grand armee*," there were three sovereigns in the field—the Emperor Napoleon, the Emperor of Austria, and the Emperor of Russia. On this account the battle of Austerlitz was baptised "The Battle of three Emperors." Now, in 1859, Napoleon III, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Sardinia are expected to fight at the head of their respective armies, and their first grand engagement will probably be called "The Battle of the Three Sovereigns."

Statue of Commodore Perry.—A year ago the citizens of Cleveland were taking measures to erect a statue of the hero of Lake Erie in a beautiful park that overlooks the Lake. The work is now in progress, the marble being ready and contracts made, the whole to cost the sum of six thousand dollars, and to be completed and ready for inauguration on the 10th of September, 1860.

Female Preachers.—At the late session of the Des Moines (Iowa) Conference of the United Brethren, it was "Resolved that we recommend those sisters who have grace and ability to preach, to act as co-laborers with us." According to this action Phebe Benton and Elizabeth Frankhouse were granted recommendations to act as preachers.

The News Condenser.

— A gray hound was lately sold in England for $1,000.

— Muskets were invented, and first used in England in 1421.

— The valuation of property in Cincinnati is $110,000,000.

— Strawberries from the South sell in New York for $3 a quart.

— In North Carolina the wheat crop is reported damaged by rust.

— The Empress Eugenie, on the 3d ult, completed her 33d year.

— Copper ore, very pure, has been discovered in Mcreary Co., Ill.

— The manufacture of silk was introduced in Europe in the year 551.

— Gunpowder was first made in 1320, by a Hollander name Schwarts.

— On the 20th ult., Queen Victoria reached the 40th year of her age.

— Mr. Richard Cobden has joined Horace Greeley on his Western tour.

— Several schooners are loading with staves at Detroit for Liverpool.

— Mrs. Douglas Jerrold died in the Isle of Thanet on the 6th ult., aged 64.

— In four days of last week, 5,861 European emigrants arrived at New York.

— A French writer estimates the whole number of vessles afloat at 1,9 948.

— A. J. Horton, of Suffolk, L. I., raised 76¼ bushels of rye last year on 1¾ acres.

— The streets of London, Eng., were first lighted with gas in the year 1814.

— The shoemakers of Massachusetts are to meet in State Convention June 7th.

— A shipment of 1,200 barrels of flour was made in Chicago lately for St. Paul.

— A movement is contemplated for the purchase of Ashland from James B. Clay.

— Ripe strawberries, raised in Kentucky, have made their appearance in Cincinnati.

— The Illinois Agricultural Society offers a premium of $3,000 for the best steam plow.

— A paper recently started somewhere out West styles itself the "Prairie Chicken."

— Religion and medicine are not responsible for the faults and mistakes of their doctors.

— Post offices were first established in Europe in 1464, and in the United States in 1710.

— No less than three hundred persons were burned to death in the city of London in 1858.

— The expenses of the last Congress being $5,083,513, each member cost the country $10,954 05.

— There are upwards of one thousand six hundred vessels navigating the northwestern lakes.

— Wm. Adams, Jr., of West Brookfield, has a sow two years and a half old, which has 52 pigs.

— Subscriptions in favor of Lamartine in France has reached to $60,000 from about 45,000 persons.

— The Rocky Mountain News is the name of a paper just started in the mining region, Pike's Peak.

— A London correspondent of the Charleston Mercury intimates that Bulwer, the novelist, is insane.

— A tornado in Southern Arkansas three weeks since, prostrated the forests five or six miles in width.

— The British Government have offered a bounty of fifty dollars to able seamen willing to enter the service.

— Mad dogs are becoming plenty. Accounts of their biting cattle, horses, men and boys have been frequent of late.

— In Longworth's Wine House at Cincinnati, there is enough wine, of last year's growth, to fill 90,000 bottles.

— Denison Olmsted, LL. D., Professor of Astronomy in Yale College, died on the 19th ult., in the 68th year of his age.

— Of all the different species of wood, that of the Pomegranate tree is said to have the greatest specific gravity.

— Professor Agassiz delivered a eulogy on Humboldt before the Society of American Arts and Sciences at Boston.

— A letter from Milan says that in consequence of the war, travelers staying there are exposed to the greatest annoyance.

— A colony numbering nearly a thousand Norwegians and Swedes are about removing from Illinois to Minnesota.

— Quite a number of the U. S. soldiers in Utah have turned Mormons, through the influence of crinoline, it is intimated.

— Newspapers were first published in Europe in 1562. The first paper published in the United States was at Boston in 1704.

— An old man, upwards of 70 years old, has left Fox Lake, Wis., for Pike's Peak. The ruling passion knows no abatement.

— Power's statue of the Greek Slave has been purchased A. T. Stewart, New York, and will be placed in his dry goods store.

— About 500 workmen are employed on board the monster steamship Great Eastern. She will be completed by August next.

— They have a rose grafted on a peach tree at Pendleton, S. C., and the tree being in full bloom, presents a beautiful appearance.

— The Empress of France wore on a recent occasion a bonnet of white crape, with a small humming bird placed on a spray of lilac.

— Two propellers were lately discovered at the east end of the Island of Cuba, abandoned. They are supposed to have landed slaves.

— Three boa constrictors, of the pure African breed, were brought to Salem, Mass., by the brig Potomac, from Sierra Leone, last week.

— The death of Dr. Lardner, already announced, occurred at Naples on the 21st ult. He was ill but a few days of inflammation of the chest.

— A French translation of Chinese poems, from the 7th to the 10th century, is in course of publication by the Marquis d'Hervey Saint Denys.

— It is said that the Rothschilds have lost 75,000,000 francs by the great Viennese house that has just failed; but this is probably an exaggeration.

— The fourth annual meeting of the "National Dress-Reform Associations" (Bloomerites) is to be held at Auburn, N. Y., on the 22d and 23d of June.

— Paul Morphy arrived at Boston on the 28th ult, and was received at the depot by a committee of the Boston Chess Club and escorted to the Revere House.

— The idea of Christianizing Japan finds much approval, and missionaries are going out there quite numerously. Fourteen sailed from New York on the 7th.

Special Notices.

MONROE COUNTY HORSE SHOW.

LIST OF PREMIUMS, REGULATIONS, &c.

THE NEXT ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF HORSES OF THE MONROE COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY will be held on the Society's Grounds, near Rochester, on

MONDAY, JULY 4th, 1859.

The following liberal list of *Cash Premiums*, amounting to over $400 is offered, and the Managers not only hope to exhibit a large number of Horses, but have reason to believe that some of the best and most noted animals in the country will be present.

The Grounds are spacious and pleasant, and Exhibitors will find the Track to be one of the best in the State:

LIST OF PREMIUMS.

CLASS I—HORSES FOR ROAD OR CARRIAGE.

No 1.—*Stallions*—Best Stallion 4 years old and over $15; 2d best $10. Three years old, $8; 2d best, $5. Two years old $5.

No 2—*Matched Horses and Mares*—Best pair Matched Horses $20; 2d best $10. Best pair Matched Mares $25; 2d best $15.

No 3.—*Single Horses*—Best Gelding, $20; 2d best, $10. Best Single Mare, $10; 2d best, $5.

CLASS II—HEAVY DRAFT AND WORK HORSES.

No 4—*Stallion*—Best 4 years old and over, $15; 2d best $10. Three years old and over, $8; 2d best, $5. Two years old and over, $5.

No 5—*Matched Geldings and Mares*—Best pair Matched Geldings $20; 2d best, $10. Best Matched Mares $25; 2d best, $8.

No 6—*Geldings (under 4 years) and Fillies*—Best Gelding 3 years old, $10. Best Filly 3 years old, $5.

CLASS III—HORSES FOR GENERAL UTILITY.

No 7—*Stallions*—Best Stallion 4 years old or over, $15; 2d best, $10. Three years old, $8; 2d best, $5. Two years old, $5.

No 8—*Matched Geldings and Mares*—Best pair Matched Geldings, $20; 2d best, $10. Best Matched Mares, $15; 2d best, $10.

No. 9—*Single Horses*—Best Gelding, $15; 2d best, $10. Best Mare, $10; 2d best, $5. Best pair Ponies, $10; 2d best, $5. Best Pony, $8; 2d best, $4.

No. 10.—*Brood Mares and Colts*—Best Mares with Foal by her side, $8; 2d best, $5. Best Colt 3 years old, $4; 2d best, $3. Best Colt 2 years old, $3; 2d best, $2. Best Colt 1 year old, $4; 2d best, $3.

CLASS IV—HORSES FOR STYLE AND SPEED.

No 11.—*Trotting Stallions*—Best, $15; 2d best, $10.

No 12—Trotting in Harness, (double) open to all Horses or Mares—Best, $30, 2d best $20.

No 13.—Trotting in Harness, (single) open to all Horses or Mares—Best, $100; 2d best, $50.

No. 14.—Trotting in Harness, (single) open to all Horses or Mares that have never trotted for money—Best $40; 2d best, $20

No 15.—Pacing in Harness, open to all Horses—Best, $15; 2d best, $5.

In all cases, the trotting to be best 2 in 3.

No 16—To the Best Pair of Stallions, driven together in Harness $10

REGULATIONS, &C.

Competition for Premiums open to the States and Canada.

Horses must be entered in the name of the *real owner*, and stabled on the ground before 10 o'clock on the day of Exhibition.

The Judges will be called and enter upon the discharge of their duties at 10 o'clock A. M.

Premiums will not be awarded to Horses of inferior merit, although there be no competition; but want of competition will not preclude awards to Horses of real merit. No Horse will be allowed to compete except for a single Premium.

All Horses and other animals entering the Grounds will be subject to the direction of the Officers of the Society. Hay and Water will be provided for such Horses as compete for Premiums.

The Society will take every possible precaution for the safety and comfort of Horses on Exhibition, but will not be responsible for damage or expense.

An efficient Police will be in attendance, and *good order and decorum must be maintained*. No person will be allowed to dispose of Spirituous Liquors on the Grounds or near the Gates.

No Fire-works of any description will be permitted on the Grounds or near the Gates.

The Managers will cause the Track and Ground to be surrounding to be well watered, and kept sprinkled during that day, if needed.

Refreshments can be procured on the Grounds at reasonable rates.

ENTRY FEES.—All persons, whether Life or Annual Members, or otherwise, will be subject to a charge equal to *ten per cent* of the amount of the Premium competed for, as Entry Fee.

ADMISSION FEES.—Life Members, with Carriage and Family, *Free*. All other persons, twenty-five cents for each admission, saddle Horse and Rider, 50 cents; Single Horse and Carriage, 25 cts., and 25 cts. for each additional. Two-Horse Carriage 40 cts., and 25 cts. for each "part." Admittance to Terrace Seats, near the Track, 10 cents each, *to all*.

Competent Judges will be appointed, and the Board of Managers will use every endeavor to cause everything connected with the Exhibition to be carried out in a manner to meet with the approbation of Competitors and the public, it being their desire to have this Horse Show surpass all previous Exhibitions of the kind in this County.

DANIEL WARNER, *President*.
M. CANFIELD, *Secretary*.
Agricultural Rooms, Rochester, May 15, 1859.

KETCHUM'S MOWING MACHINE.

NEW Mowing Machine, of the scores which have been patented in the past few years, has maintained a reputation to compare with the Ketchum Machine, manufactured by R. L. HOWARD, Esq., of Buffalo. Many of its competitors have been beautiful pieces of mechanism, but somehow they have failed to work, especially in *heavy* circumstances. The Ohio *State Journal*, of the 6th ult., has the following notice of the working of these machines at Columbus:

There was a treat in Capital Square, yesterday afternoon, of a beautiful one-horse Mowing Machine, on the heavy clover which has already attained a height and the richness of growth unparalleled in this section of the State. It is well known that grass, before it ripens, or while in a green state, cuts easier with a common scythe than when stiff and ripe. Not so when a machine is used, for the knives, playing in the sheathes, are more liable to become clogged with the juicy, pliable stalk of unripe grass than the upright, hardened growth of hay. Nevertheless, the little machine, with a light lively horse attached, swept over the ground, and cut the heavy growth of grass with the greatest ease.

The machine used is Ketchum's patent, manufactured by R. L. Howard, at Buffalo, N. Y., and is warranted to cut from five to seven acres of grass per day. Mr. Howard also manufacturers Ketchum's Patent Grain and Grass Harvester—a large machine for both mowing and reaping, which will cut from ten to fifteen acres per day.

A farmer who witnessed the machine operate in the State yard, was so well pleased that he immediately purchased one of Mr. Wm. Gill, the agent for their sale in this central portion of the State.

Mr. GILL was a member of the Committee at the United States Trial at Syracuse in 1857, and, of course, witnessed the operation of the different machines which were tested at the time. Being strictly a practical man, it reflects credit upon and gives character to the Ketchum Machine, that he should have selected it from the many on exhibition, to sell and recommend to the farmers of his own State.

Improvements are constantly being made in these machines which render them more simple, more durable, and better adapted to practical use. From long experience, the manufacturer is able to give the several parts of the machines their proper relative strength, and so avoid the danger of breaking. They wear almost as well as the celebrated "one hoss shay," of which the Autocrat sings.—*Buffalo Daily Courier*.

REVIVAL OF THE MARSEILLAISE.—The Marseillaise Hymn, whose stirring notes and burning words have been created as the signal of Revolution, and have long been proscribed under all the despotic governments of Europe, is again on the lips of the people. The army that goes to "liberate Italy" chant it with impunity, and it echoes in the streets of Paris. The Courier des Etats Unis remarks:—It is sung by troops all the way from Paris to Rome. It re-echoes in the passes of the Alps, and arises from the plains of Lombardy. To the Italians it is already a signal of relief and rescue, and may yet be a coronation anthem of triumph and liberty.

THE ST. NICHOLAS DISASTER.—The bodies of the persons drowned in the Mississippi, at the time of the explosion of the St. Nicholas, constantly rise to the surface. Gen. Pillow has taken out twenty-three while searching for that of his son, which is not yet discovered.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester May 31, 1859

FARMERS are busy and but little is doing in the streets.—Flour is as quoted last week. Corn, Oats and Beans a little lower. The best Potatoes have receded a little. We notice large shipments to Canada. The commoner varieties are generally purchased for the Canada and Western markets. Nothing is doing in Wool.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		EGGS, dozen	12½@13c
Flour, wht. wheat	$5,50@5,75	Honey, box	10@10c
Do. spring do.	$7,00@7,75	Candles, box	12@13c
Do. Buckwheat ₱ cwt.	$1,75	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee,	$1,90@2,00	Apples, bushel	50@$1,75
Best white Canada	$1,90@2,00	Do. dried,	1,35@1,50
Corn,	80@80c	Peaches, do. ₱ D	20c
Rye, 60 ℔s ₱ bush	60@90c	Cherries, do. ₱ D	22c
Oats, by weight,	28@30c	Potatoes	37@42½c
Barley,	65@70c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat,	48@50c	Slaughter	6¾@7c
Beans,	70@85c	Calf	10@12c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	$1,75@2,00
Pork, mess	$17,00@18,50	Lamb do	38@45c
Do. clear,	$21,00@22,00	SEEDS.	
Do. cwt.	$7,50@8,00	Clover, bush	$4,50@5,00
Beef ₱ cwt.	$5,50@6,00	Timothy	$2,00@2,50
Spring lambs each	$1,50@2,00	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton (carcass)	5@6c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Do. soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens,	7@8c	Do. Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	10@11c	Do. Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	38@44c	Do. Shamokin	$4,25@1,50
Ducks, per pair,	00@00c	Do. Clear	10@12½c
DAIRY, &C.		Salt, bbl	$1 75
Butter, roll,	14@15c	Hay, ton	$8,00@13,00
Do. firkin,	12@13½c	Wool, ₱ lb.	35@50c
Cheese	10@12c	White fish, bbl	$7,00@8,00
Lard, tried	11@12c	Codfish ₱ quintal	$4,50@4,75
Tallow	10½@11c	Trout, bbl	$7,50@8,00

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, May 30.—FLOUR—Market for flour 15@20c better. Sales at $5,50@6,50 for com to choice super State; $6,90@7,25 for extra State; $5,70@6,30 for super Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan and Iowa, &c.; $6,90@7,30 for extra do; $7@7,10 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing buoyant. Canadian nominal at $7,50@8,50 for extras.

GRAIN—Wheat market a shade firmer but quiet. Sales at 20c for white Kentucky and Southern; 1@2½c for choice white Michigan; 190c for red Southern, Rye dull at 98c.—Barley quiet. Corn is quiet and unchanged; sales at 87½@88c for unsound Southern; 92c for prime yellow Jersey; mixed Western nominal. Oats are dull at 50@51c for State, 50c ₱ for Western and Canada.

PROVISIONS—Pork market dull and unchanged. Sales at $17,25 for new mess. $11 for clear, $15,25 for prime. Lard heavy, sales at 11½@12c. Butter ready—15@20c for new State and Ohio. Cheese dull at 5@10c.

BUFFALO, May 30.—FLOUR—In fair request at the figures of Saturday, with more firmness on the part of holders at the close. Sales since our last at $5,75@6 for State from Chicago spring wheat; $6,25@6,37½ for do from Milwaukee club wheat; $6,75@7,25 for extra Michigan, Indiana and Ohio, and $7,50@8 for double extras, together with small lots favorite family brands at $8,12@8,25.

GRAIN—Wheat is going to nothing doing. Corn closes firmer—holders demanding 80c for sound Illinois river. Sales Saturday evening damaged Toledo at 70c, together with sound upper lake at 77c afloat. This morning heated Illinois at 76c. Oats nominal at 55@58c for State, Western and Canadian. Nothing doing in other articles and market steady.

ALBANY, May 30.—FLOUR—Heavy, but prices are unchanged.

GRAIN—Wheat offering freely at 92 for white Canada; but buyers are out of market; the only sales were damaged Canadian at $1,75. Corn opened firmer, but market less active at the close; sales at 80 c for round yellow, 83c for white. Oats offered freely at 51@52c for State with no buyers.

OSWEGO, May 30.—Market for Flour and Grain is very quiet. No sale of moment have been made since steamer's news. A firmer feeling among holders is apparent.

TORONTO, May 26.—FLOUR—Wholesale transactions of Flour have been rare, owing both to an absence of stock, and the declining prices in other markets. Prices are unsettled, and it is impossible to give quotations with any accuracy. Nominal rates may be stated as follows:—Superfine, $5,—; fancy, $5,—; extra, $5,—@5,—. Family flour is held firmly at $6,—@6,— per barrel, in bags, delivered.

GRAIN—The daily receipts have averaged 1,000 bushels per day. Up to Saturday the advance noted in our last review was fully sustained and 10s 6d as an extreme figure was paid in several instances. But since then the market has given away and prices sympathised with those of other markets.—Yesterday, deliveries to the extent of 1,500 bushels were bought, and the highest ruling figure was 10s, with 10s 3d only in one instance. Prices ranged from 8s 6d to 8s 9d for common and for delivery, from 9s to 9s 6d for medium, and 9s 3d to 10s for good and prime. The competition between buyers less active, although there is still a good demand, the declining tendency is very evident. The market closes dull with seller at these prices. Spring Wheat continues in active request for milling purposes, at 7s 6d for ordinary, 7s 9d and 8s for good and prime. The supply is unusually light. Barley is still an inactive business. Prices remain purely nominal at 4s 6d to 4s 9d per bushel. Rye is perfectly dull, transactions seldom occurring. Nominal quotations are 3s 6d to 3s 9d. Oats are steady at 2s 10d to 2s 11d per bushel, with an occasional sale of a small lot at 3s per bushel. Peas are scarce, and in demand at 4s 9d to 4s 6d for common, and 4s 9d to 5s for the very best samples.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, May 25.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ₱ cwt., $11,50@12,00; Ordinary do., $10,50@11,00; Common, do., $9,50@10,0; Inferior do., $9,00@9,50.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55@65; Ordinary do., $45@50, Common do., $35@40. Inferior do., $20@28

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₱ lb., 6@6½c., Ordinary, 5½@6c. Common, 4@5c., Inferior, 3@4c

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, per head, $5,00@6,00, Ordinary, $4,25@4,75, Com., $3,50@4,00; Inferior $4@4,50

SWINE—First quality, 6½@6¾c., Other qualities, 5½@6¼c.

CAMBRIDGE, May 25.—At market, 966, about 700 Beeves, and 266 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three year olds.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $8,00@9,00; First quality, $7,25@7,75; Second quality, $6,00@6,50; Third quality, $5,00; Ordinary quality, $4,00.

WORKING OXEN—Per pair, from $80, 125@180.

COWS AND CALVES—$40, 47@57

STORES—Yearlings, 00@00, Two Years Old, $24@28, Three Years Old, $—@—

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2200 at market. Prices—In Lots, $1,75@5,00 each, Extra, $4@4,25, or from 4@6½c ₱ lb.

VEAL CALVES—4@6.

HIDES—7¼@7¾c ₱ lb. Tallow—7@7½c ₱ lb.

PELTS—$1,50@1,87 each. Calf Skins, 13@14c. ₱ lb.

SWINE—000 Western at market.

BRIGHTON, May 25.—At Market, 900 Beeves, 200 Stores, 2,000 Sheep and Lambs, and 1,300 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra, $9,00@9,25; first quality, $8,50; second quality, $7,00; third quality, $6,00.

WORKING OXEN—$130@160.

MILCH COWS—$35@40 common. $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—$3, 0, 4 00@5,00

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $24@28; three years old, $30@34

HIDES—7@7¾c ₱ lb; Calf Skins, 13@14c ₱ lb.

TALLOW—Sales at 7@7¼c ₱ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,75@2,00, extra, $3@6,00.

PELTS—$1,50@1,87 each.

SWINE—Fat Hogs, 0.; Stores, 6@7¼c; Retail, 6½@8c.

PHILADELPHIA, May 25.—There was a better supply of Beef Cattle this week than for two or three weeks previous, but the market was rather dull, in consequence of the high figure demanded for good and prime cattle. The offerings at both yards amounted to 1,140 head, most of which were sold at from $9 to $12 per 100 lbs for good and prime cattle.—Two small lots of extra, from Lancaster and Chester counties, sold as high as $13.

SHEEP—This market was quite lively, owing to the large supply in the pens, the offerings amounting to 6,300 head.—The demand was not equal to this number and prices therefore declined about 1c per lb. The sales made, ranged from 5½@6c per lb, gross, for clipped, and 6@6½c for Wooled Sheep.

HOGS—There has been but little change in this market, the receipts of which offered amounted to 1,700 head, most of which were sold at from $7,50@8,00 and $8,75, the net 100 pounds.

COW—There was a little more activity in this market, and sales of cows were made at fair prices, say $40@50 each. Common cows continue dull, while ordinary and common sold at $20@40.

TORONTO, May 28.—Some prime American cattle have brought $4@5 per 100 lbs, freely and prices are from that to $7,00 per 100 lbs, deducting one third for shrinkage. Of third rate cattle there is none on the market

PRICES—Prime cattle, at $3,50@4 each

SHEEP—Prime, $4@5 each, clipped $3,50 to $4,50.

LAMBS $1,50 to $2 each.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, May 25.—The demand for all descriptions is very [illegible] and the market [illegible]. The European war is beginning to derange matters seriously, and "caut on" is the watchword among dealers generally for the time being. No one as present will risk much beyond to operate extensively till he learns whether there is to be a war or not: but the general impression favors a collision, and consequently shipments from South America, Mexico, France, Spain, Australia and even England, are being diverted to this market, and already offered on sample at very low rates. The Boston importers even are offering samples, and we have in our possession samples of fine Mexico, free from "burs," which can be bought at 30c, and this compares favorably with common domestic Fleece, which cannot at present be touched within 40c at least of this rate. The hardening tendency of the European money markets accounts for so little speculative movement in this market, but the outward movement of the [illegible] is quite active, and the [illegible] and exporters and manufacturers. The shearing has now commenced in Pennsylvania, the Lake States, &c., but [illegible] of the crop is of course as yet, but in [illegible] of the season, owing to the extreme prices demanded. In Washington county, Pa., no really choice Saxony can be touched short of 55c, but buyers are purchasers at these figures for [illegible] for full blood Merino and Saxony, more or less, according to quality. With regard to the prospect of the crop, we are not yet fully advised, but will append the annexed, from the letter of an intelligent wool grower in Coshocton, Ohio, who previous to April 15th sheared 30 of his flock, and sent the wool unwashed as it was to a respectable house in this city for sale. The quality, indeed, was very superior, and, if hand-washed and properly sorted, would readily command 55c. But the neighbors too cold to wash the sweat and the dirt, as they would say, and the place were it not that they were intended for exhibition at the State fair. The Wool has been sold at a good round sum, and the gentleman no doubt has the proceeds in his pocket in hard cash ere this, deducting 1 per cent commission and about ¾c freight charges. The average was very near 7 lbs to each sheep, but to the point he says—"Our general shearing in Ohio will take place this year between the 25th of May and June 1st; and although the sheep are greatly reduced in number from former years, yet, the sheep having wintered remark ably well, the Wool will be of much sounder and thicker and better quality than ever before." The transactions in old fleece comprise 84,000 lbs at 42@45c for ¾ to full blood, and in pulled 30,000 lbs at 35@37½c, as to quality, beside which some 450 bales Texas has been sold on p.t. In foreign, no sales of moment have transpired. We quote:

Am. Saxony Fleece, ₱ lb	55@60
Am. Full-blood Merino	53@55
Am. ¾ and ⅞ blood Merino	46@49
Am. Native and ½ blood Merino	40@44
Pulled Extra	47@52
Pulled 1 Superfine	42@45
Pulled No. 1	38@35
California, fine Unwashed	28@30
Do com. do.	10@17
Peruvian Washed	30@34
Valparaiso Unwashed	11@12
South Am. Common Washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios Washed	13@18
South Am. Unwashed	9@14
South Am Cordova Washed	20@23
East India Washed	20@22
African Unwashed	9@18
African Washed	16@22
Smyrna Unwashed	11@18
Smyrna Washed	22@28
Mexican Unwashed	11@14

[*N. Y. Tribune.*

BOSTON, May 25.—The stock of Fleece Wool is very small, but the market continues to be pretty well supplied with pulled. The sales of the week have been 120,000 lbs fleece and pulled, principally the latter, at 32@35c for No. 1 to extra. In foreign the sales have been 700 bales Mediterranean and South American, and 150 ballots South American on private terms.

Sax. and Mer. fine	60@65	Western mixed	35@45
Full Blood	53@57	Smyrna, washed	17@30
Half and ¼ blood	46@52	Do unwashed	10@13
Common	40@45	Syrian	10@28
Pulled, extra	50@58	Cape	30@40
Do. superfine	44@48	Crimea	20@27
Do. No. 1	38@42	Buenos Ayres	9@15
Do No. 2	30@—	Peruvian, washed	30@35

TORONTO, May 28.—The season for the purchase of Wool commences under favorable circumstances. Prices upon the basis of 22c ₱ lb, for good washed wool, and 15c to 18c for unwashed.

Deaths.

At the residence of her father, in Granger, N. Y., May 5th, Mrs. GEORGEANNA M., daughter of J. and E. Pitt, and wife of ALFRED D. BUNT, in the 29th year of her age.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each Insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, and headed—Fifty Cents a Line, each Insertion, IN ADVANCE.—☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

☞ All transient advertisements must be accompanied with the cash, or a responsible reference, to secure insertion. Those who send us advertisements to be published at prices they specify, are respectfully advised that we are not in a position to allow any one to dictate terms—especially when the demand upon our columns, at published rates, exceeds the space appropriated for Advertising.

300 AGENTS WANTED To engage in a new, lucrative and honorable business. For particulars, address M. M. SANBORN, Brasher Falls, N. Y. 491-2t

AGENTS WANTED IN THIS STATE to canvass with the GOLDEN SALVE. Sells rapidly. Can make good pay. For terms, &c., send stamp. 491-13t O. P. WHITTEN, Lowell, Mass.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED To sell 4 new inventions. Agents have made over $25 000 on one,—better than all other similar agencies Send four stamps and get 80 pages particulars, gratis. 491 13t EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass

FOUNTAINS, VASES AND STATUARY.—A great variety in cast iron, elegant, cheap and durable, no decorat on adds half as much to the natural beauty of a country place, at the same expense.
Illustrated Catalogues sent by mail.
JANES, BEEBE & CO.,
350 Broadway, New York.
491 8t

BRING DOWN THAT STREAM OF PURE Water to the house, barn and dry fields. Use the Water Pipe made by T. S. HOBBIE & Co., the cheapest and best known in the world. Made of Pine timber, and if properly laid will bear any required pressure and be nearly or quite indestructible. Address T. S. HOBBIE & CO.,
491 44 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

WICKS' ATMOSPHERIC CHURN.—Having purchased the right for most of Monroe Co., of this celebrated Churn (described in RURAL of May 21st,) I have commenced manufacturing in the hope of supplying the demand. With cream of a proper temperature the churn will make butter in five minutes For sale at GIFFORD'S Store, corner of New Main and Franklin Sts., Rochester. Price, $4 to $5, according to size. A few Town Rights for Sale.
DANIEL VANDERBECK,
491-2t No. 9 Weld St., Rochester, N. Y.

COLORED FRUIT PLATES.
300 Varieties,
Embracing most of the Popular Fruits Grown.
Shrubs, Evergreens, Flowers, Apples, Pears, Peaches, Plums, Cherries, Grapes, Crab Apples, Nectarines, Apricots, Gooseberries, Currants, Raspberries, Strawberries, &c. The largest collection made in the United States, an I great pains taken to have them true to nature and colored be the best artists.
☞ Nurserymen and tree agents can send for Catalogues.
☞ Books of Plates made to order containing fruits sold either in the Northern, Western or Southern States
☞ Nurserymen and Tree Agents printed Order Books on hand. Address D. M. DEWEY, Horticultural Bookseller,
491-3t. Arcade Hall, Rochester, N. Y.

KEEP YOUR FEET DRY AND PRESERVE YOUR HEALTH.
THE long sought for principle of making leather perfectly water-proof, without injuring it, has at last been discovered.
A. Brower's Patent Water-Proof Composition for Leather,
makes Boots, Shoes, Hose, Harness and all Leather perfectly impervious to water by a single application and warranted to keep so, at the same time it softens, makes the leather pliable, prevents cracking, will polish with blacking better than before, and leather will last at least one-fourth to one-third longer by using it For sale by A. BROWER & CO No 4 Reynolds st., New York, and by all the principal Boot and Shoe, Hardware, Druggist, Grocery and Yankee Notion Houses.—A liberal discount to agents. 491
N. B. None genuine unless signed by A. BROWER.

INVENTORS' PATENTS!! PATENTEES!!! PATENTS obtained on *reasonable* applications, no charge but examining fee of $5. New applications made on reasonable terms. Send for a Circular. J. FRAZER,
490-2t 51 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

HORSE FAIR AT THE MAPLE GROVE Track, Waterloo, Seneca, Co.,
JULY FIRST AND SECOND
FOR PREMIUM LISTS apply to JOS WRIGHT,
Chairman of Committee.
490

NURSERYMAN WANTED.—One who is well acquainted with the propagation of Grapes, Roses, &c., &c. None need apply who cannot furnish the best of reference as to ability, &c., from former employers. A liberal salary will be given. Address
GEO. G. CURTISS & CO., Maysville, Ky.,
490-4t Or inquire of the Editor of this paper.

S. E. & M. P. JACKSON'S IMPROVEMENTS ON MOWERS AND REAPERS,
For Reducing the Side Draft, and Lessening the Vibrating Draft.

HAVING obtained Letters Patent for IMPROVEMENTS on Mowers and Reapers, we take pleasure in giving an illustration (see engraving on 21 page of this paper) representing the same as attached to the KETCHUM MACHINE, (although just as necessary, and ready to be applied, to any other Machines) which we present to the farmers of this and other States as needed improvements that have been long called for to assist in perfecting those most labor saving machines. One of the greatest objections to all Mowers and Reapers, has been and is their heavy side draft, which we assure the public is entirely overcome by our improved manner of hitching, and also [illegible] the draft of the machine to the point necessary. The lever axle and wheel when we attach, and by [illegible] with the tilt of the drive wheel constantly [illegible] and even [illegible] to the new plan of [illegible] and [illegible] that to place the [illegible] the other with the greatest [illegible] at any moment, in passing over stones knolls or other obstacles lessening the whole draft of the machine [illegible] price with, and even cheaper in many cases than the old plan.

They have been thoroughly tested by many farmers, and nearly all pronounce them the greatest improvement yet made on Mowers and Reapers—(consequently farmers having an old or new machine runs no risk in purchasing the improvements for his machine, and if so purchased we send directions how to attach them by having a description of the machine.) We apply a rotator wheel in place of the straight one as shown in the engraving, which farmers say takes [illegible] only half the [illegible] and [illegible] they have the want of confidence of farmers to contend against—for they have been so deceived in Mowing and Reaping Machines that they have lost confidence in the manufacturers. But we assure all interested that there is no humbug about these improvements, and further, we received a premium at the Ohio State Fair at Rome in Sept last, a Diploma at the State Fair at Syracuse, and also at the Agricultural Fair at Albany in February last. We have allowed the improvements to show for themselves. Other improvements have been substituted, but are pronounced unequal to ours. The [illegible] is the [illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible] applied, in many instances, and pronounced superior to all others.

R. L. HOWARD, the manufacturer of the Ketchum Machine, says in a letter to us, that he is aware that our improvement is a good and useful improvement, and wishes us all success in its sale. He thinks it best not to attach our improvements to his machine for this season, as he has his own already made—nearly as many as he will use. His machine, with our improvements, is, in our judgement, the leading machine, and so we might say by many others. We shall operate principally for the old KETCHUM Machines this season. At the Wauseon Co. Trial of Mowers, in July last, the Ketchum Machine, with our improvements, cut the acre of grass in less time than any other machine present, and the horses less fatigued, doing the work in 25 minutes. For reference we refer you to JOSEPH STONE, Oneida Castle, N. Y. For Improvements ready made, or for State, County, Town or Shop Rights, address S. E. & M. P. JACKSON,
Boonville, Oneida Co., N. Y.

Also W. SMITH, Utica, N. Y., who has the General Agency. Boonville, N. Y., May 23, 1859.

Price of Improvements at Boonville:—Wood frame, Ketchum machine, $12; Iron, $15. Manny machine, $12. Allen, $12; Hallenbeck, $12. Please send check on some bank payable to our order, if you wish an Improvement for your machine, and be particular to order early.

REFERENCES:

Elisha Scoville, J. H. Utley, O. P. Jackson, S. Pitcher, W. R. Tanner, John Ables, Wm. Adams, Boonville, N. Y.; Hiram Gutman, Trenton Falls; J. C. Cotes, Holland Patent; Thomas L. Beard, Utica; Samuel Gunn, Clinton; D. A. Jackson, Kirkland, Oneida Co., N. Y.; Lyman S. Todd, C. C. Jackson, Fairfield; J. Smith, Norway; J. J. Cook, Salisbury; Harris Lewis, Schuyler, Herkimer Co.; E. Merriam, J. S. Jackson, Leyden; A. H. Buck, Lowville, Lewis Co.; T. S. Jackson, Somerville, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., and many more if necessary. 491

HOMES FOR ALL.
THE AMERICAN
EMIGRANT AID AND HOMESTEAD COMPANY,
Having its head-quarters in the City of New York, has been created [illegible] for the purpose of colonizing foreign [illegible] upon [illegible] in connection with [illegible] of the United States, at low prices, and commencing those [illegible] in the most favorable [illegible] who have [illegible] capital to [illegible] [illegible] It [illegible] [illegible] settlers [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] One Million Acres of [illegible] lands, with some improved farms, mainly in the States of Virginia, Pennsylvania, Tennessee and Missouri; and it will soon extend its operations into other States. Offers of good lands will [illegible] next year, not, which they are willing to sell at low rates, are invited to communicate with us on the subject.

To immigrants from Europe, to the energetic young men of our compactly settled States and sections, to the lives of mechanics and laborers who find their employments and pay in constant and reasonable dread that panic or pestilence, war, revulsion, or some alteration in the channels of trade, may, at any moment, deprive them of employment and their families of bread, we say, Resolve now, while you may, to seek a home where such perils are unknown. In every new settlement, in every thriving rural district, there is always work for the resolute and able, and a sure independence for those who by diligence and temperance deserve it.

We mean to sell lands, as well as negotiate for purchasers with those who have large tracts for sale, in every part of the Union; but our attention is more specially directed to the neighboring States—Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri. VIRGINIA especially proffers at this time remarkable inducements to immigrants. Her climate is temperate and genial—the Peach, the Apple, the Pear, the Grape, alike thrive in it—it is far better and more desirably Timbered than almost any new State; its navigable rivers and innumerable, available streams, water power, and profusion of the most valuable minerals—Coal, Iron, Salt, Copper, &c.—are unsurpassed; the State has expended large sums in constructing Canals and Railroads across its entire breadth, which place almost every County within a few hours' ride either of its seaports or of the great inland cities of Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Wheeling, Louisville, &c.; yet fertile, invigorating land, whether improved or new, is far cheaper in this day in the Mother of States, than it is in Minnesota or Oregon. No where else on earth can lands filled with inaccessible Coal or Iron Ore, covered with choice Timber, and excellent alike for Grain and Grass, Fruit and Roots, be obtained so cheaply as in Old Virginia; while to men of considerable means there [illegible] good farms almost within sight of Washington City for less than the fair cost of the improvements.

The Table Lands of East Tennessee present some of the most inviting fields for enterprise and industry. The climate is salubrious and healthful. Its soil is adapted to all agricultural pursuits. Its unimproved lands are covered with useful timber, or present natural openings and [illegible] to [illegible] The farmer can have his products on ship board in 30 hours, and can buy his Groceries, Dry Goods, &c., at home as cheap as any one in New England. Yet we can sell him good lands with perfect, undisputed titles at from one to three dollars per acre.

This Company recommends ORGANIZED IMMIGRATION. Let one hundred (more or less) young men or heads of families, including farmers, mechanics, millers, &c., with a lawyer, doctor, clergyman and two or more teachers, take counsel together and resolve to seek new and more eligible homes in company. Let them, clubbing their means, send two of their number to look at such lands as we are prepared to sell them, and such others as they shall see fit. Let these delegates, after a sufficient scrutiny, buy from five to twenty thousand acres in a body, embracing all the good points they require; then let them survey the whole into farms and lots of convenient size and put these up at auction to the highest bidder, whether a member of the company or not. Each member will, of course, be entitled to a return in land or money of the sum previously contributed by him to the common funds, and to his proportion of any profit realized from the transaction. The miller or manufacturer would naturally buy the water power, the miner or smith, the coal, if coal should be on the land, the merchant and profession man, the village lots, the wool grower, the cheap and rugged hill sides; the grain-grower, the warm and fertile valleys. Thus happily dividing and beginning to settle their tract as interest, taste, or convenience shall dictate, the Company will form a sort of spontaneous township, with its roads, bridges, stores, schools, church, &c., substantially after the New England pattern, such a location may easily be made; and into such a one, Slavery will have neither pretext nor desire to enter. The city of Wheeling, the Quaker portion of Loudoun county, not to speak of new experiments, fairly exemplify the law we here indicate.—Thus, before a steady and copious influx of Free-Labor Immigration, Slavery quietly and gradually disappears without convulsion or heart-burning, and the settlers will find their property quadrupled by the single act of settlement.

Young men! We proffer you cheap land, ample timber, a mild and healthful climate, adaptation to all the grains, grasses and fruits of the temperate zone, with ready access to ample and remunerative markets at all seasons. This day, more than half the arable land in Virginia has never been turned by a plow, while much of the good lands once generously productive, is now but meagerly so. Good treatment will readily and cheaply restore them to their pristine fertility. No stronger inducements to industry, no better opportunities to hew out a certain competence, no nobler theater for exertion, is proffered anywhere on earth. Will you call upon or write us for particulars? Please address FRANCIS W. TAPPAN, President, or JNO. C. UNDERWOOD, General Agent Am. Emigrant Aid and Homestead Company, No. 116 Broadway, New York. 491

ART OF DYEING—A practical treatise, with more than *one hundred* recipes, with full directions for making all the *chemical compounds* for the beautiful Art—including recipes for *crome orange, and yellow, restoring colors, discharging colors, bleaching cotton and woolen goods, stone browns, &c., for making, washing compounds hard soap, liquid soap, fluid, gum cotton, nitrate of gold nitrate of iron, mordant compound, muriate of tin, indigo composition*, &c. Will mail postage paid promptly on receipt of price, the above book, 46 pages.—1 copy fifteen cents, 2 copies 25 cents, 10 *copies for one dollar*. Send cash or stamps.
Address DANIEL CONGER,
[480-8t] Wolcott, Wayne Co., N. Y.

SOMETHING NEW—Agents wanted to go into a New and Honorable Business, which will pay from *Fifteen to Thirty Dollars* weekly. No Humbug. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send stamp for particulars, which are free. 477-8 S. M. MYRICK & CO., Lynn, Mass.

PLASTER AND GUANO.—J. K. CHAPPELL, 29 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y., is Agent for Garbutt's Celebrated Land Plaster, and the American Guano Co.'s Guano. Either only $2,50 per 100 lbs. 482tf

THE "OLD DOMINION" COFFEE POT is Manufactured under the Patent for the United States, by ALFRED R. BUCKINGHAM, of Richmond, Va., and is for sale by dealers in Housekeeping articles and Stoves generally. 482-13t

E. BALL'S OHIO REAPER AND MOWER.

THE Subscriber wishes to call the attention of the readers of the Rural New Yorker to the improvement in Reaping and Mowing [illegible]

Ball's Ohio Mower [illegible] has proved very popular in every

MAY MORNING.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

O, MOTHER! 'Tis the sweet May morn,
The birds are on the tree,
The blossom's cluster on the thorn,
The daisies on the lea.

The orchard boughs are white with bloom,
And, wafted on the breeze,
Comes up the breath of faint perfume,
And drowsy hum of bees.

Yet by my window, all alone,
I dream the livelong day,
Of fairer Mays my heart has known,
In meadows far away.

I shut mine eyes and think I hear
The merry music still;
The rippling waters, silver clear,
Go chiming by the mill.

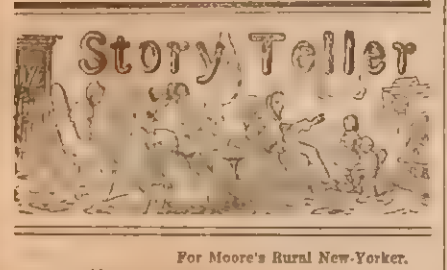
I would I were again with thee,
My gentle mother, mild,
And knelt at nightfall by thy knee,
A little stainless child.

I weary of the eyes that raise
No answering glance to mine;
What were the whole world's heartless praise
To one sweet word of thine?

In every dream that haunts me now
Thy tender form is near,
Thy gentle hand is on my brow,
Thy voice is in my ear.

O, mother! mother! tears will start;
There is no rest for me,
Till once again, with thrilling heart,
I greet my home and thee.

[Ladies' Repository.



For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE "HOUSEHOLD ANGELS"

OF

ZUNGE-STADT.

From the German—(text) of Der Mensch habe deswegen einen Mund und zwei Ohren, damit er weniger spreche, and mehr hoere.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

[NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.—When the good and wise ancestors of the people of Zunge-Stadt settled that thriving and now sizable town, which is about as far from where the sun rises as the island formerly called New Amsterdam, they selected as its site a lot of fertile land lying in a sort of triangle formed by a pretty river and two roads. From its situation, the place received its somewhat remarkable name. The good fathers, with more truth than taste, having discovered in the two roads a likeness to the Devil's tongue, which is said to be forked, bestowed upon their new settlement the striking appellation of Teufel Zunge. Their Fraus and Fraulein were not, however, as well pleased with the name, and opposed it stoutly, till at last, as the place grew in importance, its name was changed from Teufel Zunge to Zunge-Stadt or *Tongue-town*, a name quite appropriate, in more ways than one, as time proved.

The beautiful woods and fields with which Zunge-Stadt was surrounded, together with its fine river for boating and bathing in Summer, and skating in Winter, made it quite a fashionable resort, and if the intelligent reader of this chronicle has never had the good fortune to go there, he has doubtless heard of the place frequently.

The author humbly hopes that in choosing for his text the quaint German aphorism, (which, freely translated, reads—The reason why a man has but one mouth and two ears is, that he may speak less and hear more,) his dear friends in Zunge-Stadt will not think he meant anything pointed or personal.]

Chapter I.

THE sun shone brightly into the pretty, though plain, parlor where KIT WINKELMAN sat drumming her last new music upon an ancient and not very sweet-toned piano. Her fair blonde ringlets fell gracefully back from her plump cheeks, and from her white throat the words of "Schubart's Serenade" poured forth so sweetly and artistically that one would suppose the warbler entirely ignorant of the fact that her bustling and in no wise *genteel* mother was at that moment hard at work in the hottest and most odorous of kitchens.

A double rap from the brass lion-head which graced the low front door, and KIT sprang from the piano-stool, decapitating a half note in its birth. With a hasty survey of her soiled but pretty wrapper, she opened the door with a soft smile of welcome, and—

"My dear SERENE! You're the very one I was longing to see. Come in the nick of time. I'm so dull this morning, and for lack of something livelier, I was trying to pick out the new Serenade SIMPERSOFF sent up last night."

The young lady thus enthusiastically addressed, replied by a cautious smile which played a moment around her small mouth, and then disappeared beneath the dark lashes of her almond-shaped eyes, like a discret cat who thought she heard a mouse, but not seeing him, dodges back without more ado. It would be impossible to tell the color of those eyes. They might have been blue, gray, or *green*, for all the brightness or frankness that ever shown in them. Green, I think they were, though not on the outer surface of the ball. Her hair was black, and suggestive of some adipose perfume, a part of which might, by accident or otherwise, have been shed upon her skin, for it was dark and glossy as a young squaw's.

"Did SIMPERSOFF give you that—and you only in your second term?" was her languid remark, in a voice as low and clear as one of the small strings of a harp. "I told you he was partial. Well, I suppose *I* must plod on if I mean to learn, though I wish I had your quickness and musical taste. Here I have been in practice these two years, though to be sure I never had much instruction, and SIMPERSOFF has only just given me the "Wedding March," and will get me "Gems from the Operas" in a week or two."

As SERENE spoke, she, from time to time, lifted her lashes a very little to the face of her auditor, and a less acute observer than KIT WINKELMAN might have seen that there was a gleam of artful triumph in those nondescript eyes.

KIT prided herself on her musical talents. It was her own and her parents' wish that she should excel in that line, and every effort was made to reach the desired effect.

Prof. MENDELSSOHN SIMPERSOFF, her music teacher and admirer, favored the idea, and took especial pains with his very attractive pupil. She felt that in her friend SERENE SLEEPER, she possessed a rival of no mean pretensions. Both were only daughters. KIT's father was a mechanic, employed in Mr. SLEEPER's large foundry. The girls had been intimate from childhood. SERENE was the best player, though no singer, and, as on the present occasion, took a quiet satisfaction in showing her dear KIT that she surpassed her. They were always the kindest, most affectionate of friends.

"Well, KITTY, my love," resumed SERENE, "have you been favored with a peep at the new comers? Folks say the house is being fitted up beautifully; they must be *somebody*."

"I have seen the young lady pass once or twice, but she always wears a thick veil. I have managed to find out something about them, though, from PRISCILLA OGLEBY. She always knows everybody's affairs, or tries to—a weakness of old maids, they say."

"A weakness not limited to *old* maids," observed SERENE, with a side-long, upward glance from the end of the sunshade which she had in her mouth.

"There, SERENE. If that came from any one but you, I wouldn't put up with it. I've a great mind not to tell you now what PRISCILLA said."

"O, do forgive me! I'm dying to know."

"You know how she always acts? As if she knew everybody that was worth knowing, and might tell a great deal more than she will, but if you keep the right side of her, don't mind telling considerable. I was so anxious to know something of these people (you know it is necessary in society to know something of folks before you call,) that I didn't mind wheedling her a little for once, though goodness knows I don't love her any *too* well. I was in the garden, and she stopped at the gate. 'Good morning, Miss OGLEBY,' says I. I had been looking up street and saw her come out of the white house. 'Lovely morning. Have a few flowers, won't you?' 'O, *thank you*, Miss CATHARINE,' said she, as precise as ever, and with an extra emphasis on the '*rine*.'

"I knew she waited to be asked, so I said—'I see the white house is taken and a family are moving in. From a distance, they say. Do you know their names?'

"'To-be-sure I do. Know them! Why they are the RHINEHARTS from Upperton.'

"I knew no better than before, but she proceeded to enlighten me.

"'True, I do not know them personally. But when my father, who, you know, was an eminent lawyer, was Judge of the Supreme Court, we lived in Upperton and the RHINEHARTS lived in the next street. Mr. RHINEHART was then a rising young man, in good business. His father was rich before him. Mr. RHINEHART has been a member of Congress, but his health is not good, and now that he has retired from political life, he wants to live in a healthy country place. He has bought the white house, and is rich enough, I expect, to buy a dozen such.'

"'How much of a family have they?' said I, for I knew there were two or three, and I had seen a young man there.

"'Besides Mr. and Mrs. RHINEHART, there are four. Their oldest daughter ANNIE is a lovely girl, about your age, but she does not appear a bit like you. She is a perfect lady in her manners.'

"Only think, SERENE, how cut up I must have felt at *that* hint.

"'Then there is another girl and a little boy,' said she.

"'You said there were four, Miss PRISCILLA. O, don't you want this beautiful geranium?'

"'Yes, there are four in the family, but I don't know whether the young man is a brother, cousin, or a beau of ANNIE's. He don't look like her, and he acts more like a beau. I thought, considering how near we used to live to them, and that I am an old resident here, I'd better call and maybe assist a little by advice or otherwise, as they are strangers. This is the second time I've been.'

"'Why, they only came the day before yesterday,' said I.

"'Well, is twice much in two days, when they haven't a friend in the place? I tell you, Miss KIT, I ain't one to put myself forward, like some I know'

"'O, I know you don't, Miss PRISCILLA. I only spoke because I thought you were very kind to show them so much attention. But how does the young man look? Did you hear his name?'

"'The young man? O, you needn't fish around. I'll not tell you, just to keep you civil, till I see you again.'"

"So off she went, spiteful old thing!"

SERENE now had a chance to put in a word as KIT wound up with this emphatic sentence.

"I suppose you will be one of the first to call upon them, since everything seems so favorable?"

"I *dunno*—drawled KITTY. I suppose I ought to. It would be no more than mere politeness, you know."

"How conscientious you are, KIT. But I guess the dose would not be so hard to take if the young stranger should chance to be there when you call and should turn out not to be a beau of Miss RHINEHART's, but a brother. But I *must* be going, love, it is near dinner time."

"O, don't go, dear! Stop to dinner, and then we will call upon JANET ANDERSON and MAGGIE SWEETZER. You can't? How provoking. Kiss me once; there go, you naughty girl!"

Chapter II.

Tea Time at Mr. Rhinehart's.—Family Assembled.

"Well, ANNIE," said her father, "we begin to get a little settled once more, and how do you think you shall like Zunge-Stadt, aside from its ugly name?"

"I hope to like it, papa. It is a pretty place, and I shall certainly like it if it restores you to health. For myself, I think liking or disliking a place depends much upon the people, and as yet I am unacquainted with these."

"So it does, daughter," put in the mother.

"I suppose ANNIE means, mother, that her enjoyment will depend upon the number of young ladies and the agreeableness of the young gentlemen. Hey! ANNIE!"

"AUGUST! You tease? I'll wager a sixpence that you have looked around, and thought more about the girls in Zunge-Stadt than I have."

"Perhaps. I confess that my curiosity was a little awakened, after the visit of that old lady, (luckily she is not near enough to hear me call her *old!*) but according to what you tell me, I am fully satisfied that there are some remarkably fine girls hereabouts. I always draw that conclusion when an old maid gives them a setting out, or when they perform a like favor for each other."

"Pshaw! brother! You must have taken a great fancy to Miss OGLEBY, for you have talked about her ever since she was here. She may be a kindly, obliging, and agreeable person for all her peculiarities."

"So she may, and she *may* be prying, officious and jealous. You can take your choice of terms, as Dr. H. said of Homeopathy. But jesting aside, ANNIE, I *have* seen one pretty girl and that to-night. As I stepped from the cars I was face to face with a little Miss, of sixteen or so, who was getting out of the next car. She had a roll of music in her hand and as she looked up at me she let it fall. Of course I picked it up and returned it with one of my best bows. She said 'thank you!' with the prettiest little mouth."

"Describe her. You said she was pretty."

"I call her decidedly pretty. Flaxen curls, blue eyes, pink and white cheeks and little feet and hands. She lives in this street; I dare say you will see her."

"Why, I presume she is the very girl Miss OGLEBY was talking about, as likely to call on me soon. Her name is CATHARINE WINKLEMAN, so Miss OGLEBY says, but she is called KIT and KITTY."

"KITTY WINKLEMAN! Not a bad name." And Mr. AUGUST RHINEHART put his hands into his pockets and sauntered away whistling.

The next forenoon ANNIE RHINEHART looked out of the parlor window and saw a pretty little figure tripping along the walk towards the house. She was dressed in a very becoming blue morning robe, open to show an embroidered shirt, and over her head a veil was gracefully thrown.

"Good morning! Miss RHINEHART, I presume?" she said, as ANNIE opened the door to her. "I am KATE WINKLEMAN and I live in the brown house below here. I hope you will excuse my coming in morning dress, but I thought I would not be on ceremony as we are to be neighbors."

ANNIE thanked her kindly, and they were soon engaged in such conversation as occurs to young ladies meeting for the first time. ANNIE's plants and birds were duly admired and many questions asked. Music, Art and Books were touched upon by ANNIE to whom such things were dear and familiar. KITTY had never read much, except some of the weaker sort of novels, and literature was to her an unexplored country.

"Are you fond of reading, Miss WINKLEMAN?" asked ANNIE, in a pause.

"O, yes! Exceedingly! Next to music I like reading of all kinds. But ma says I have neither eyes nor ears for anything but music, and I do practice a great deal."

"Have you read the last number of Blackwood, or don't you take it!"

"No, we don't take it. I don't take any interest in law and politics; I leave that all to the gentlemen. I like to read a good story sometimes."

"O, there is not much law or politics in Blackwood's Magazine, and the novel which they are now publishing is, I think, very interesting, replied ANNIE, with a puzzled look.

"A novel, why it's a Magazine then! I thought you meant the book that all the lawyers talk so much about."

"Do you mean Blackstone's works?" asked Annie, much amused.

"La, yes! Blackstone and Blackwood are so much alike that I couldn't tell 'tother from which."

"Blushing a little at her mistake, but too proud to show confusion, KIT jumped up and began turning over a pile of Music.

"O, here's 'Twilight Dreams!' Isn't it elegant? I heard it once to a concert and have been dying to hear it ever since. Do you play it?"

ANNIE replied that she did, but would like to hear Miss WINKLEMAN play.

"O, I couldn't think of playing before you.—You've had the best masters in Upperton. But if you insist, I'll try after you play 'Twilight Dreams.'"

Without any urging, ANNIE complied and played it so well that KITTY could not repress a pang of jealousy, and the mental commentary of "I hope SIMPERSOFF won't hear her."

She then played and sang a few pieces, which ANNIE admired as she was fond of singing.

KITTY arose to go, and, hesitating a moment, said in a pursuasive tone. "Excuse my taking such a liberty, but would you have any objection to lend me 'Twilight Dreams' a day or two? If I have any pieces you would like, you are welcome to them, but you play so much better, that you will hardly want any that I have."

ANNIE kindly lent the piece, and KIT went away smiling and polite, saying to herself, "I'll never rest 'till I can play that as well as she? Won't SERENE stare!" She worked upon it most industriously, all the next day, for on the next following, she knew that SIMPERSOFF would come to give a lesson and she was anxious to play it for him.—He was in raptures, and said with a very expressive manner.

"Miss KATY, you surpass yourself. Ah! you were made for a musician! That piece goes to my heart, it is like your voice when you are gentle and pleasant to me."

"O, pshaw!" said KITTY, "then I pray I may change the air immediately." And she burst into a comic song, beginning

"O beware of the tongue, that is oily and sweet!"

That evening she went up to the white house, in the summer twilight after tea, to take the music home. ANNIE and AUGUST were sitting in the piazza. ANNIE introduced her and they sat talking for awhile, KITTY preserving a discreet and modest quietude of manner. She had discovered in August the handsome stranger whom she had met in the Depot so recently, and was anxious to strengthen any good impression which she might have made. As the shadows lengthened, AUGUST said,

"ANNIE, can't we have a little music? Miss WINKLEMAN plays, I believe, and sings, too, if I have not mistaken the voice that I have heard in passing her house."

With a thrill of pleasure KIT heard this acknowledgment. Let us confess, more frankly than he would have done, that AUGUST proposed the measure as much to have a better view of the fair musician in the light of the parlor chandelier, as to hear her sing.

KIT played well. She was dressed becomingly, behaved in a ladylike and apparently unaffected manner, and sang sweetly. Mr. AUGUST was so far pleased that he walked home with her with much satisfaction. He possessed a thorough education and fine conversational powers, so that KIT was sufficiently awed or interested to be an attentive listener. AUGUST was mentally remarking upon her ease and modesty when she suddenly electrified him by exclaiming,

"Lord! Mr. RHINEHART. You talk like a minister! Why, it will take me all night to understand what you've been saying."

"Miss WINKLEMAN," he replied gravely, "I am shocked and very sorry to hear a young lady speak in that manner of her Maker."

Vexed at herself that she had thus disenchanted him, and with a vague hope of repairing the mischief, KIT replied meekly,

"I *am* sorry. It is a bad habit, but one which all the girls have now-a-days."

"Have they? I should be sorry to think so"

[To be continued in our next.]

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 22 letters.
My 1 answers to the same as 7, 22, 18.
My 2, 13, 4 is excellent in winter.
My 3, 6, 10, 18 is a girl's name.
My 4, 8, 7, 14, 22, 17 is what young men get very often.
My 5 is a pronoun.
My 6, 8, 9 is a part of the face.
My 7, 2, 3, 19, 14, 10, 18, 17, 14, 8, 12, 12, 19, 20, 10, 3 failed to operate.
My 8 is a substitute for myself.
My 9, 11, 14, 9, 18, 18 is a sensation of the heart.
My 10, 22, 4, 16, 17 is a kind of fruit.
My 11, 12, 3 is a cold substance.
My 12, 19, 7 is a favorite of mine.
My 13, 5, 17, 14 is a relative.
My 14, 16, 4 is a nickname.
My 15, 6, 3 is what old women call for my 10, 11, 10.
My 17, 22, 7, 14 is a name.
My 18, 16, 9 is a plaything.
My 19, 1, 7, 8, 12 is part of a house.
My 20, 3, 18, 17, 6 is what some folks don't know.
My 21, 8, 7, 14, 6, 3 is a small portion.
My 22 is one letter of the alphabet.
My whole is the oldest piece of furniture known in the present age. MOLLIE FLAGG.

Grove Hill, 1859.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

1 5 5. For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

RIDDLE.

My first is indefinite you'll see,
As also my last must always be;
Cut off my first and my next is yet
What industrious wives so often get;
Take away my first and second too,
Then half my first is five hundred true.
My fourth very often takes the place,
Of other things in many a case;
With half of the fifth, I plainly see,
That twice the amount belongs to me.
My last, and half the first, rightly laid,
Will give the name of many a maid.
Now my number, I will truly fix,
Which is exactly an even six,
But if my whole you desire to count,
Then you will find just twice that amount;
And yet I am one and nothing more,
As time declared to our father Noah.
My birth and death came altogether,
Which was effected by the weather;
I never sinned, and yet justice's rod
Slayed me by the stern command of God.

Stowell's Corners, 1859. C. C. BLODGETT.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 489.

Answer to Biblical Enigma:—Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

Answer to Puzzle:—Love.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus given in the RURAL of May 14:

In the late encounter between Sickles and Key at Washington you see some men would not profit by all the wise rules King Solomon penned.

Advertisements.

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484we WM. CARSON, Agent.

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THE BEST COMBINED MOWERS AND REAPERS IN THE WORLD. Simplicity, durability, convenience, adaptation to all kinds of work and every variety of ground, light draft, low price; freedom from side draft, clogging, and pressure upon the horses' necks, portability, perfection of work—all these desirable features are combined in the above machines.
The American Harvester is a two horse machine capable of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass, and from 12 to 18 acres of grain per day. The Little Buffalo Harvester is a one horse machine capable of cutting from 8 to 12 acres of grass, and from 10 to 15 acres of grain per day.

PRICES AT FACTORY.

American Harvester as Mower,	$105 00
" Combined,	125 00
Little Buffalo Harvester as Mower,	80 00
" Combined,	100 00

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L. SILLIMAN, Agent for Monroe County.

MANNY'S COMBINED
REAPER AND MOWER,
WITH WOOD'S IMPROVEMENT.
For the Harvest of 1859.
The subscriber begs to inform the public that he continues to manufacture this popular machine, and pledges himself to produce an implement that will fully sustain its former reputation, as the best combined machine yet introduced, and inferior to none, either as a Reaper or Mower.
It has had a steady and increasing popularity from the first, achieving a complete success in the first important trial at Geneva in 1852. It carried off the highest honors at the great National Field Trial at Syracuse in 1857; and amidst all the competition and trials of 1858, came out with more and better established points of excellence than ever before.
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Warranted capable of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass or grain per day, in a workmanlike manner.
Price of Machine as heretofore, varies according to width of cut, and its adaptation in size and strength to different sections of the country, from $125 to $150, delivered here on the cars. WALTER A. WOOD,
Manufacturer and Proprietor, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.
BENNETT GRAY, Brockport,
WM. HENRY HARMON, Scottsville,
483-tf Agents for Monroe County, N. Y.

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Patented February 23d, 1859.
During the six years I have been engaged in the manufacture of the Manny Combined Reaper and Mower, I have given much thought and attention to the construction of what I foresaw would be a great want of the Farmers—a lighter and cheaper machine expressly for mowing, than had yet been made.
And now, after the most thorough and repeated experiments and tests in every variety of field, and in all kinds and in every condition of grass, I am prepared, with entire confidence, to offer to the farmers and dealers of the United States, the great *desideratum* in this department of Agricultural labor-saving machines—a Mower, superior in its capacity for good work to any hitherto introduced, of easy draft, light, cheap, and durable.
This machine I now offer as my latest invention, to meet a special want of farmers, and to place within the reach of all, a Mower that for practical working, cheapness and simplicity, will be without a rival.
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For a more full description of the Mower, reference is made to my Pamphlets, which will be furnished on application.—With each machine will be furnished two extra guards, two extra sections, one wrench and oil can.
Warranted capable of cutting ten acres of grass per day in a workmanlike manner.

Price of Two-Horse Mower	$80
" One-Horse Mower,	70

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May, 1851.
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VOL. X. NO. 24.] ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1859. [WHOLE NO. 492.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

For TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

THE FLUKE, OR PRINCE ALBERT POTATO.

For some time we have been waiting for the information necessary to enable us to answer with confidence some questions in regard to the identity of the *Fluke* and *Prince Albert Potato*, its history and quality. In March last we said, in answer to a correspondent, that the *Prince Albert* had not been cultivated in this vicinity, that we could learn, but promised to try it the present season. Accordingly, we sent for seed, and on opening the package, were not a little surprised to find that the English Fluke had been sent us. From the description we had a little suspicion that they were one and the same, and this seemed to be confirmed. To arrive at a certainty on this point, however, we obtained specimens of *Prince Alberts* from two other sources, and received *English Flukes* every time. We know of persons who have paid $1 and $1,50 per bushel for *Prince Alberts*, while the same were selling in this market under the name of *Flukes*, for about 60 cents. Now, we have a great curiosity to know who gave the Fluke Potato its new name, and the motive for so doing. Had the *Flukes* become so common that fancy prices could no longer be obtained, and it was necessary to find a new and taking name? So far as we can learn, it was never known by that name in England, and it is undoubtedly a dodge of some Yankee speculator. Any of our readers who can furnish information on this point will please do so.

Of the quality of this potato there is a variety of opinions, some considering it the best potato grown, while others think it almost worthless.—The same difference of opinion we see exists in England. We copy the following remarks by a writes in the *English Cottage Gardener*, which may throw some light on the cause of these antagonistic opinions:

"Many speak of the Fluke Potato in such high terms as to pronounce it unequalled; whilst others condemn it as decidedly the worst Potato they ever grew. I will offer a few remarks respecting this Potato, in consequence of the divided opinion that still exists respecting its merits. I have, on several occasions, heard people exclaim, 'Somebody must tell lies; for one party recommends it, while another condemns it.' On several occasions, also, I have witnessed different growers digging up their crops of *Flukes*, and have frequently asked them their opinion; which may be summed up as follows:—'Well, master,' I would say, jokingly, 'are they good?' The reply would be, 'Ah, good for the pigs. I will never plant another *Fluke* as long as I live.' Another, perhaps, would be more favorable, and say, with a smile, 'They are the best croppers and boilers I ever saw in my life.' On the other hand, others would raise the following objections:—'Too rank in the haulm'—'too much deformed.' While the first season the complaint was, 'Not one-half came up that were planted.'

I will state my opinion respecting the culture and merits of the *Fluke* Potato. The *Fluke*, being rather a coarse grower, should be planted on rather poor soil. When planted on rich manured land, the tubers become deformed, the haulm exceedingly coarse; and, in consequence, warmth is not admitted to the tubers, nor light and air through the haulm. The tubers do not get thoroughly ripened; the strength of the haulm keeps up the sap until so late in the season, that the skin on the tubers merely gets set, and not properly matured. Such Potatoes cannot be expected to boil like a ball of flour, or to eat in flavor equal to a well-ripened variety.

The *Fluke*, planted on poor soil, new broken land, or sandy, does well, brings perfect tubers of moderate size; the haulm, being of moderate strength, dies down in sufficient time to ripen the tubers as they should be, while the quality is of the first class. The fault thus lies not in the Potato, but in the soil, or the method of cultivation."

We have eaten the *Fluke*, when it was fine, and we would have pronounced it next to the *Mexican* for baking, and again when we thought it worthless. It is of good flavor, as a general rule, though not as dry when boiled as we like, particularly the large, and perhaps overgrown specimens, and the stem end is apt to be quite wet. It ripens late, and in rich, moist ground, seldom matures. The skin is thin, and white, and when dug before fully ripe bruises easily and turns black. When well ripened, carefully handled, and kept from exposure to the air, there are few handsomer potatoes; and when well ripened in a rather poor, sandy soil, it is a very good table potato.

The *Fluke Potato* was raised from seed in 1842, by a weaver named JOHN TURNER, in Lancashire, England. He raised a number of seedlings, but this being the only one he thought promised well, the others were thrown away. He made presents of the tubers to his neighbors, particularly the farmers around, but never made a penny of them in the way of trade. About 1850 they began to attract pretty general attention, and a number of gentlemen, in 1852, raised a subscription of about $500 as a reward to Mr. TURNER for raising this potato, and its gratuitous distribution. We cannot say when it was first brought to this country.

HOUSE-BUILDING—No. III.

Of the various *materials* that have been used in constructing human habitations, let us take into special consideration only those most commonly brought into requisition, viz: wood, brick and stone, and see if some better way may not be devised in putting them together than is ordinarily tried. In case our efforts are successful, you may possibly be induced to build in a more substantial manner than did your ancestor, who reared the pioneer tabernacle which you now inhabit, but which is so fast going to decay over your head. Much has been said in favor and also against the use of each of the above mentioned materials; therefore, it is, perhaps, fair to conclude that a good house may be built of either, and that the best *you* can do will be to use that which you have at hand, or that which can be most easily obtained, rather than incur the extra expense of procuring a foriegn material, in hopes of out-doing your neighbors, or because Mr. Such-an-one has done so before you.

If you have the timber, you will find it best to build of wood, and use for a side covering clapboards or vertical ceiling; if the former, the studs should not be more than sixteen inches apart from centre to centre, nor should the siding be more than six inches wide. Should you desire to make your house warmer than this, you can do so by covering it with inch sheathing before it is clapboarded, by filling in between the studs with brick, or by using an extra partition of lath and plastering, put on cleats nailed to each side of the studs, about two or three inches back of the inner edge. If you choose to use vertical ceiling, the cheapest and best way is to stud the same as for siding, except set the outside face of the studs two inches within the face of sills and plates. Outside of these spike 2 by 4 girts as ribs, horizontally, and about two feet apart, to receive the ceiling. Lath to the studs on the outside, between the girts, before the ceiling is put up, and put on a coat of coarse mortar between the studs on the inside before finishing. A good up-ground cellar may be made in this way, by adding studding on the inside, and another coat of mortar, making, in all, three separate partitions of plastering, besides an outside ceiling.

In case you build of brick, have a hollow wall by all means. If your mason is careful in laying it up, a two inch space is sufficient. The plastering will be much more durable on the brick than it will be on furring, and your building will be dry if you attend to two things. First, To prevent the moisture from rising from the foundation into the brick wall by capillary attraction, lay a plank or continuous course of roofing slate under the first floor joists, so as to entirely disconnect the inside portion of the brick wall from the stone wall. Second, *Ventilate the hollow.* Use for headers or bonders, brick, or oak lath, cut into proper length. Insist on having your brick wet just before they are laid. Your walls will be stronger and dryer if this done. If your brick are of uniform color, give the outside two coats of boiled oil. If you wish to paint, do not plaster the outside, but make it smooth by filling the joints and imperfections with mortar, and rubbing the entire wall down with brick. This makes a good surface for painting, and leaves nothing to flake off. All window sills and projecting caps should be constructed with a drip, so that the dust and dirt that lodges on them, as it washes off will fall away from the building, and not streak down the sides.

If your walls are to be of stone, lay a course of slate or flagging stone just below the water table, the entire width of the wall, and with the edges closely fitted together. If the stone are from the quarry, have them laid in their natural bed, and not stood up edgewise, to give them the appearance of larger blocks. If the stone is of such a kind, and the building of such a character, as to admit of or require a hammer dressed surface, do not fancy that they need to be all of the same size and shape, so as to look like an elongated chessboard when put up. Mixed work is better. There is a saving of material, it admits of proper bonders, looks better, and gives the workman a chance to display his skill and taste. Walls built of quarry or field stone, may be greatly strengthened by laying in strips of hoop iron or wood lath, throughout the wall, and particularly at the angles. A house built of this material, and in this manner, protected with a wide projecting cornice, will be dry, even if the plastering is put on the stone itself.

It is pretty generally conceded that the American people do their work in rather an unsubstantial manner—and a simple glance at the crooked buildings, cracked walls, broken lintels, ragged arches, hollow-backed roofs, lop-sided cornices, rattling windows, dragging doors and squeaking floors, to be met with everywhere will satisfy the most incredulous that builders, at least, should not find fault with this almost universal judgement. Not that the builder is always altogether to blame, for if the work is by the job, and let to the lowest bidder, he must drive it through to save himself; or, if by the day, the more he does (if not so well) the better it suits the man who pays—not perhaps because the latter wishes to get more than the worth of his money, but because he has planned his house to cover so much ground—that if *well* built his money would not cover the expense.

Pompey, Owen Co., N. Y., 1859. J. E. S.

TO PLOW BOYS.

Being fresh from the plowed field, I wish to say a word, while my mind is upon it, about plowing green sward. The great point in plowing is, a complete inversion of the sod. Having not unfrequently taught men to plow, it would not be strange if some of the rising generation who read the RURAL, might be benefitted by a few thoughts upon plowing. It is possible you have not learned to plow, but have been presumed by your parents and employers to know how without teaching, as if farming was not a science. Come with me, then, to the field.

In the first place, to plow green sward well you must have a steady, well-trained team, that can be guided rather by the voice than the rein, for the attention of the operator must mainly be upon his plowing. The lines should pass around the neck; the ends may be of cloth to prevent friction. Next, your plow should be bright and smooth, and the point likewise. You should feel the point to cut rather than tear the sward. Strike the first furrow as nearly straight as possible. If not cut perfectly clean and completely turned, return again in the same, for much depends on the starting point. If the plow is thrown out by a stone, back up and start again. By all means do not let your go-aheadativeness make a balk, for I want you to make the field look as if penciled by a DE MOIVRE. If using a side-hill plow, drive straight out; do not let the furrow bend up or down. It would be well to cut a guide furrow upon each head land at the outset. As to depth, much depends on your skill in regulating the draft. The point to be attained is that which turns the sward the best. This point you can only find by a series of experiments. You must alter the bolt, take up or let out tugs, till this is discovered. You must make this discovery yourself, for plows and soils differ. A plow-boy a discoverer, say you. Yes, a discoverer, a second COLUMBUS, with this difference,—he plowed unknown seas; *you* are exploring untried soils.

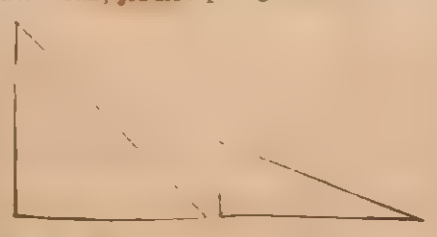


FIG. 1. FIG. 2.

Having said this much upon the particular art of plowing, I want you to plow a field inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees, as shown by fig. 1. I presume that you will be able to perform it tolerably well, because the force of gravity, combined with the action of the mold board, will assist you. But I have another field I wish to put you in, (such as I am planting this season,) approaching as nearly to a level as indicated by fig. 2. It is stony and the sward tough, and I want you to plow it with a side-hill plow as before. I do not wish the furrows to stand up edgewise, but to be rolled over neatly and evenly, and laid snugly together. I want you to do it, too, without breaking any of your ribs. In a stony country, it is considered quite a feat to plow any length of time without being injured in the breast. I have known several to be seriously injured, ribs broken, &c., by the plow handles. You must, then, if you would be safe and plow well in hard and stony soil, walk on each side of the furrow, instead of in it, as is the custom. You must not take hold of the tips of the handles, but grasp firmly the middle. Your right or left foot, as the case may be, should follow closely the action of the mold board, accompanied with a slight swaying of the plow in the same direction. By this method the vital organs are above danger, and the blows are taken by the hips and thighs. Besides, the blows are modified by our being so much closer to the plow. We lean, too, upon the handles, as upon canes, and the pressure of our foot upon the furrow, as we advance, does not fail in almost every instance of turning the most stubborn sward.

Cambridge Valley, N. Y., 1859. H. K. F.

LITTLE BUFFALO HARVESTER,—AS A MOWER.

THE LITTLE BUFFALO HARVESTER, AS A MOWER.

In the RURAL of May 21st we gave an illustration of "KIRBY'S Little Buffalo Harvester as a Mower," and now present an engraving of the same machine *as a Reaper*. We are unable to speak of the merits of this machine from personal knowledge, but give the following description of its construction, operation and advantages, in the language, and of course upon the responsibility, of the manufacturers:

"This machine stands without a rival, it being the *only One Horse Combined Mower and Reaper ever yet invented*; and while it is the best, it is also by far the *lowest priced* combined machine in market, and supplies the want, and comes within the reach, of every farmer who needs a Harvester. The Little Buffalo is a combined machine, and the mower is converted into a reaper merely by bolting on the platform and raker's seat. The grain is delivered in well formed gavils at the side, out of the track of the machine, on the next swath, and the raker's position enables him to control and deliver the grain with perfect ease without a reel.—For reaping lodged and tangled grain, this machine is unequalled. It cuts a swath four feet wide, and is capable of reaping from 10 to 15 acres per day. It is easily handled by one horse, or a pole can be attached to use it with a span of ponies if desired. The day is past for selling single mowers and single reapers. Every farmer who wants a machine at all, wants one capable of performing both operations, and here is one which is a *perfect* combined machine, and while it is the lowest priced machine in market, it is by far the lightest draft, most desirable and efficient.

"Having thus given the reader full illustrations and descriptions of the celebrated KIRBY'S Harvesters, we will now briefly enumerate some of the reasons why we believe them to be the best machines in market; and, in doing so, will simply classify the different machines before the public, as they embody similar principles, and point out the difference between them and the KIRBY Machines.

"1. INDEPENDENT-ACTION MACHINES.—These machines have been introduced within three or four years. Their distinctive feature is *their ability to work on rough ground*, and this is accomplished by *the independent action of the finger bar*, which freely rises and falls in following the inequalities of the ground independently of the driving wheel. This independent action gives the machine so many advantages on smooth as well as rough ground, that the older machines, not possessing this feature, are fast going into disuse. Wherever the independent action machines have been used, they are the general favorites. There are two ways of attaining this independent action. 1st. By a peculiar mode of attaching the driving wheel to the main frame, thus establishing the independent action between the wheel and frame, as in the KIRBY Machine. 2d. By a joint or spring in the finger-bar, near its connection with the frame, establishing the independent action between the bar and the frame.

"With the last mode it is *necessary* to use two wheels to carry the frame, or the machine would *tip over*, and these two wheels track so wide that in reaping it is impossible to deliver the grain at the side out of the way of the next track, and this, together with the difficulty of sustaining the jointed bar off the ground, has prevented them from being successful as reapers. But as mowers they have attained a high reputation, and are undoubtedly far superior to the old-fashioned, rigid-bar machines. Still we think that Mr. KIRBY'S method of attaining the independent action is decidedly the best, for, while it permits him to make a *perfect reaper* of his machine, it gives him many advantages over the two-wheeled, jointed-bar machine in *mowing*. For instance, the KIRBY machine, having but one wheel, can run in a ditch while the bar runs on the bank and cuts. No two-wheel machine can do this, nor can it run *wherever the form of the land has a tendency to bring the machine into a similar position*. Hence the KIRBY machine can be used on much rougher land than the two-wheel machines. Again, in the jointed-bar machines, the joint comes in the very place in the bar where there is the most strain, and the joint must necessarily bear this strain and wear rapidly. It also comes near or at the point of connection between the connecting rod or pitman and cutters, and the connecting rod is never in line with the cutters except when the machine is working on a *dead level*. Whenever the finger-bar is out of level the connecting rod works at an angle, binding the cutters, and sometimes so much they cannot work at all. None of these objections hold against the KIRBY Machine. The finger-bar is stiff and firm, and yet *perfectly free in its play up and down*. Either end of the whole bar will rise and fall without any cramping to the machine, or connecting rod, or cutters. Whatever may be the angle of the bar *the connecting rod is always in the*

same line, and the cutters perfectly free. With its one wheel it can run anywhere; it is very much lighter in draft, more simple in construction, and being an *iron*, instead of a wooden machine, it is much more durable, and more portable and convenient in all respects than the two-wheel machines. Thus, while the independent action machines are very much superior to, and destined to supercede all others, we think it demonstrable that Mr. KIRBY's method of obtaining the independent action is the *best* for a Mower, and the *only one* that is practical in Reaping.

☞ COMBINED MACHINES.—As we have seen, the KIRBY is the *only* successful Combined Machine among the independent action machines—and among the old fashioned rigid-bar machines there never has been but one that has attained much reputation as a combined machine. The independent action gives the KIRBY an incalculable advantage over the rigid machines in mowing, and we will only take space to point out some of its advantages in reaping. The independent action allows the cutters to be set at any height in a moment, thus adapting it to all kinds of grain.—The platform is of peculiar form, extending back in an angular or curved shape, giving ample room for the grain, and permitting the raker to deliver it at the side by an easy sweep of the rake; it is fastened on top of the iron finger-bar, giving stiffness and strength, and allowing the cross braces underneath to have a bearing from the bar. The platform can thus be made both light and strong. The common position for the *raker* on the other machine, is standing upon the back or outer corner of the platform, with his breast against a support, where, by main force, he pushes off the grain. To sustain his weight the platform and its support must be strong and heavy, and all must be carried on the *small platform wheel*, necessarily increasing the side draft, and every time the little wheel drops into a hole or passes over an obstruction, the pole is thrown against the horses sides, and the raker receives a blow on his breast from the support against which he leans. In the KIRBY Machine the raker is placed behind the horse, (where he can dispense with a driver,) on a comfortable seat, his weight directly on the driving wheel, where it is most easily carried, and in the best position for controlling the grain and delivering it at the side. This position of the raker, and form of platform, are secured by patent. These are some of the reasons why we deem the KIRBY the *best* Combined Machine in market. Did space permit, we could give many more."

ON PLOWING DEEP AND SHALLOW.

IN perusing the RURAL, my attention has been drawn to a number of articles on "deep and shallow plowing." Being an agriculturist, I was considerably interested in the discussion, if it may so be called, but was disappointed in not finding more reasons advanced on both sides.

Now, it is well known that whatever a man does in agriculture, or any other occupation, if he understands his business, can, if he sees fit, give some reason for so doing. So, if a man in tilling his land plows deep he should be able to give his reasons for so doing, as well as the benefit he derives from it. One man, in defence of shallow plowing, refers us to Nature, and says that the seeds of trees and plants growing naturally are sown, as it were, without the ground going through any course of tillage whatever, except being mellowed and pulverized by frost. But his argument would hardly hold good in southern climates, where vegetation has a far more rapid growth than it has here, and frost is hardly known. Again, a great many seeds sown in that manner lay for years before they even begin to grow, which would hardly do for us as agriculturists depending on our crops yearly. However, we will agree with him in plowing shallow, but on the proper soil for it. We have not the least doubt that plowing five or six inches, deep on a soil which has for its foundation gravel, or shelly rock, is as good as, or better than plowing it eight or ten inches deep. But let him try it on stiff, heavy clay, and he will soon find the difference. In the first named soil water never stands for any length of time, but quickly makes its way downwards through the open strata below; thus leaving the land as dry as before the rain.—And we do not know but deep plowing would have a bad effect; as the substance of any manure placed on it would the more rapidly leach away through the bottom, and, thereby, not be so beneficial to the land as if it were not plowed so deep; but in clay soil, such as we have to deal with, where if you scrape out a hole below plow depth the water will stand as in a bowl, it is a different thing—some other kind of tillage is required.

Now the question arises, what is required? If you till heavy clay until it becomes as fine as you could desire, at the first rain it becomes saturated down plow depth; in a few days of hot sun and drying wind, it becomes baked as hard as it was before being plowed, and any crop sown on it will find it difficult to make its way thro' to the sun—and when it does come up has rather a poor appearance. Now, it is easily understood that a rain sufficient to thoroughly saturate and make mud of land that has never been plowed more than five inches deep, would not have the same effect on land that had been plowed eight or nine inches, which is considered a good depth.—Neither would it dry out so quickly or become so hard as in the first case. But we frequently have rains that fill the ground with water to that depth even, thus rendering it unfit to work upon for some time, as such a soil does not admit of being worked while very wet. To remedy this we must use the subsoil plow, and, by running that so as to break the hard soil six or seven inches below plow depth, allow the water to descend so much deeper and give it a better chance to drain away at the bottom. Then, the rain that would fill the soil plowed to the depth of eight or nine inches, thereby rendering it unfit to work upon, would hardly affect it at all.

Another advantage obtained from deep plowing in clay soil, is found in localities subject to severe drouths, as is the case with us. It will be found if you plow land shallow, evaporation goes on rapidly in hot weather, and in a few days, at most, after a rain the soil is as dry as before. But, on the other hand, if the land be subsoiled, it gives the water a chance to go down in the cool ground below; and we know it must take much longer for moisture to evaporate at fifteen inches below the surface than it would at five—and by its thus evaporating gradually it leaves the land soft and moist for a much longer period. In fact, you may till a fallow on clay in ever so dry a season, if it be subsoiled, and you will always find it soft and moist, and grain when sown on it will come up rapidly. Some may think the labor and expense attendant on such a course will amount to more than the profit derived from it, but remember that, although it takes strong teams at first, you have it to do but once for, when ground is once broken in that manner, it never becomes as hard again; and in that respect I must differ from my friend that advocates shallow plowing, who argues that ground will settle together harder, from being broken up. However, I do not pretend to advocate deep plowing on all soils, for, as I have before stated, there are some where shallow plowing is preferable. For instance, the interval lands along the Mississippi, where merely stirring the surface of the soil enough to cover seed and keep down the weeds is quite sufficient. But in respect to plowing deep or shallow, farmers must depend upon their own judgment, and plow according to the soil they have to till.

Z. B. CHOATE.

Ashton Place, Glanford, C. W., 1859.

DRAINING WITH TILE.

FRIEND RURAL:—In your issue of May 28th, an inquirer, J. A. T., of Port Gibson, wishes information in regard to tile draining. Although it may be difficult for any person to say how long tile may last, I will reply that I do not know the man who has ever witnessed the final dissolution of a well-made tile, from suitable clay. In order to drain land, tile should be laid at least two-and-a-half feet deep. With a fair fall, hard bottom, pipe tile and the work well executed, your inquirer may rest assured he will be relieved from trouble with surface water. I would not lay horse-shoe tile. In using sole tile, I should allow it to meet on middle of sole. On soft or mucky bottom I would prefer board bottom.

As to the "stone throat," to me it is evidently useless. If memory serves me, it was in 1854 that my friend, and then neighbor, WM. P. OTTLEY, put down two drains, one, say 25, and the other, perhaps 15 rods. He used horse-shoe tile, as he could not then procure the pipe. In part of his drains the bottom was not very hard, so he laid in boards for tile bottoms. After placing his tile he covered them with stones, so that if from any cause his tile should fail, the water might filter through the stones, and thus answer all purposes. The plan, and his execution of it, pleased me at the time; and it was on the representation of those drains, to the State Agricultural Society, if I am not mistaken, for which said Society awarded him *Premium Medal*.

In order that Mr. OTTLEY might underdrain his land, it was necessary that I should do the same in a field of mine adjoining his, but a little lower, and which lay so low as to suffer very much from surface water. I laid pipe-tile, connecting with his, which received all of his water and carried it off and kept mine thoroughly dry. In a conversation with Mr. O. in March, 1858, upon draining, we spoke of the drains above alluded to, both agreeing that the stones were not necessary.

I like stone for wall, wherever I may need one, and especially for line fences—but for underdrains there is nothing, to my mind, that equals good pipe-tile.

G. W. P.

Phelps, N. Y., June, 1859.

CEMENT ROOFS—MATERIALS, &c.

DEAR SIR:—Reading the RURAL of the 14th of May, I observed the inquiry of P. H., Milan, Ohio, about Cement Roofs, with a request that the answer might be made through the columns of the RURAL. Now, I have not the least ambition to appear in print, but I have an idea that I think might be valuable to P. H., and to many others (if I am right.) As his name is not given I am under the necessity of asking you to add it and forward it to him for *his* own consideration, and I shall be happy to have him or any body else controvert or gainsay *to me* the ideas I shall suggest.*

I do not profess to be learned in earths or airs, but from my knowledge of natural laws I understand that in their natural state all earths are susceptible of expansion and contraction—that, if the expansion is occasioned by the introduction of water among the earthy particles, frost will swell that water, and occasion a rupture in the mass, and by repetition will enlarge and continue such rupture till a passage is formed for water to pass through. Therefore, judging from this belief, it would be my opinion that no cement made from earths could be made to remain impermeable to water. But I do believe that a cheap, tight roof and covering to a building can be made from an earth; but it must be changed from its natural state; heat and carbon must be introduced, and it must become vitrified—then water cannot penetrate it—air will not pass through it, and fire will not ignite it. If this is all right it must be matter of consequence, for if the torch of the incendiary could be rendered harmless and the fire insurers could be made producers, active labor would receive an accession, and valuable lives and property be saved to their possessors.

We know that the metallic part of clay is alumina, and that good sand is silex—that when these are brought to an incandescent heat they fuse,—that when so fused they vitrify, and when vitrified are impenetrable to water and air, and are incombustible. Why, then, should we not do away with shingles, and siding, and lathing, and adopt what is so safe, durable and cheap? I have never seen a brick burned larger than about 12 inches square, and the reason given is, that they cannot be dried of larger dimensions because they crack in drying, and that they can *not* be dried larger. This I know to be fallacious, for I have tried it, and altho' the process is rather peculiar, it can be done with facility. When dried as much as the sun will do it, they can be handled and placed in a furnace; and then the skillful operator can bake them as well as he can bake the large platters, without warping, or burn them as well as he can burn brick. This, then, is what I propose, that, instead of covering a roof with water lime or any other unmanufactured article, find good clay, destitute of lime pebbles, and good sand as near like flint as practicable; mix them well in proper proportion to form good brick; mould them in such shape, and size, and thickness, as you please, and if you require a smooth surface, strike them with the necessary care; if you desire a marble or variegated face, introduce the necessary coloring substance into the plastic mass, and if they are to be fastened to wood, leave holes for screws; then dry them—(which you will find the most difficult task unless you are fortunate enough to do it right.) When dry enough to handle, (which, for a mass of three-fourths of an inch thick, will be in one or two *good* days,) you can remove them to a furnace which should be built to fit the length of article manufactured; then the skillful operator will complete the job. When burned as hard as you desire, they will be carbonized, particularly if brought to a high or incandescent temperature. They may then be placed flat upon a roof or side, inside or out, and fastened with screws, and if they do not fit exactly the surface against which you place them, a little common mortar under will supply all deficiencies. When laying them they should be brought to one-fourth or half an inch of each other, and this space filled with a good cement, or lute, or putty.

Innumerable are the uses to which the highly carbonized clay could be made susceptible, for, "as the clay in hands of the potter," the side-walk, the wharf, the gutter, the arch and the pavement, the floor of buildings, &c., &c.

I shall be very happy to hear from you, Mr. P. H., and I wish you would be good enough to start all the objections you can think of to my plan, and direct to

WM. LYMAN.

Moscow, Livingston Co., N. Y.

* We prefer publishing the letter of friend LYMAN, instead of forwarding by mail.—ED.

PUBLIC ROADS.

HOW SHOULD THEY BE FORMED?

IN traveling over and examining the highways in the town in which I reside I find that a large portion (perhaps nine-tenths) of the roads are so constructed that in time of a freshet the surface water runs into the center of the road. I lately saw a path-master drawing gravel on to the center of the highway, on a gravelly declivity to cover over the stones washed bare by the Spring rains, and the road so formed as to concentrate the water into the wagon track. I inquired of him why he did not raise the center or turnpike the road. His answer was that "it had already been turnpiked." "But the ditches are all filled up," said I, "and want opening again, and the gravel you are drawing on will only make it worse." "Why so?" said he. I answered—"The first heavy rain that comes will wash away all the loam, sand and fine gravel, and leave the coarse stones, only to injure the horses feet and afflict the passengers who wish to drive fast down this declivity."

I mention this case not because it is an isolated one, but because it is common practice in the country towns. Not that I would say our country people are too ignorant to work roads, but they do not consider what they are doing, and so more than half of the road assessments are worked out in such a way that no good results from the labor—whereas, on a gravelly soil, like Monroe county, it is seldom actually necessary to gravel a road only to keep the ditches open and the road bed raised in the center to shed off the water.

A. M.

BEES, BEE-HIVES, &c.—BRIEFLY.

EDS. RURAL:—In your paper of April 30, Mr. W. G. RICHEY inquires about bee-hives, the apiary, &c. I have kept bees a number of years, and had as high as 70 swarms at a time. I do not like a bee-house on any plan. It is too much a harbor for ants and other insects. The best way, in my opinion, is to put four posts in the ground, lay on a plank, set on your hives, and cover with boards. If you have many hives, scatter them around; they do better than to have them all in one place. The best hive is the old fashioned square hive, with two drawers in top, six inches square by fourteen inches long.

As for SYLVESTER DAVISE's bee-hive and bee-feed, they are perfect humbugs; neither are worth using. If you think a recipe for making the feed worth publishing, for the sake of exposing the humbug, I will send it to you.

Five years ago I had forty-five swarms of bees and in two winters they all died, leaving plenty of honey. They did not freeze, nor did the miller kill them. Can you or any of your readers tell the cause?

B. S.

Westeyville, Erie Co., Pa., 1859.

NEW WHEAT.—A small lot of new wheat was offered for sale at St. Louis on Monday, the 30th of May, and brought $5 per bushel. It was *May* wheat, and was grown by Dr. DOCKERY, of De Soto county, Mississippi. The same gentlemen exhibited the earliest wheat at St. Louis the two past years, also—in 1858, the 5th of June, and 1857 the 26th of June.

CHINA TEA WHEAT.—In regard to the inquiry in a late RURAL, whether any one had ever known this variety of wheat to be injured by the midge, Mr. M. D. COVELL, of Pultney, Steuben Co., writes:—"I sowed five bushels last year (the 24th and 25th days of March,) on dry, gravelly ground. The straw was as large as it could be and stand, and some of it did not stand. I had about 60 dozen large sheaves, and 80 bushels of wheat, machine measured; after it was cleaned through a fanning mill, there was about 20 bushels. The midge or weevil almost destroyed it. (By the way, is there any difference between the midge and weevil?—these were a small, yellow, or redish worm, about an eighth of an inch long, and from one to twelve or more in each head.*) There were but few heads but what had more or less of them in—and a strip about six feet in width, all around the field, did not contain wheat enough to put in tea."

* Yes, there *is* a difference. *Wheat midge* is the the correct name of the insect you mention.

THE GENESEE CO. AG. SOCIETY'S second annual Horse Show is to be held at Batavia on the 4th of July.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Sheep Shearing.

WHEN SHOULD IT BE DONE?—The common answer to this question is: When the oil has been secreted after washing, so that the wool has its greasy look and feel, and the "yolk" has begun to form near the root of the fibre. This is well—one other matter needs to be looked after, also. It is the growth of the new wool. Every year a new growth of wool commences from the skin of the sheep. This should be watched by the shepherd, and the shearing should be done just as the second growth begins to start. The shearer should cut as nearly as possible along the dividing line between the old and new. If the second year's growth is allowed to grow somewhat, before shearing, you take part of two year's wool in the same fleece.—This impairs the fibre, for at the point of union between the growths of the two years, the wool is weak. This lowers the price. Besides, if the shearing is long delayed, the fleece for the next winter will be thinner, and the sheep more liable to sicken and die. On the other hand, if you shear *before* the second year's growth has started at all, some of this year's growth will be left at the outer extremity of the next year's fleece. This remnant of this year's fleece, will diminish the value of the next year's fleece, for the reason mentioned above. We say, then, shear your sheep, if possible, when the new fleece is just beginning to start.

PREPARATIONS FOR SHEARING.—Sweep off the barn floor, scatter a little straw over it, and nail over that a bit of coarse canvass, or old oil cloth. This will make a soft bed for the sheep to rest on during shearing, and it can be kept perfectly smooth and clean. If you use low benches to shear on, they should be prepared in a similar way. The place where the sheep lie during the process should, at least, be very clean and smooth, to avoid filth in the wool, or tearing it with a rough surface. Drive into the outside barn-yard, sheep enough to last the shearers half a day. Then drive a portion of these into a smaller enclosure, (a stable or part of the "bay,") near the barn floor. Strew the floor of this enclosure with clean straw, that the sheep may not become dirty, if they lie down.

CAUTIONS ABOUT PREPARING.—1. Wait till the dew is off, before shutting up the sheep, under cover. 2. Do not, if you can avoid it, confine a greater number of sheep *at once* than the shearers can shear in half a day. It does the sheep no good to be long shut up, and the shearing can be done more easily and neatly if the body of the sheep is full of food. 3. The above cautions are for dry weather. But if the weather should be wet, you must wait a few days, till it becomes clear, or keep the sheep under cover and feed them as best you can. For it should be always kept in mind, that shearing should not be done when the wool is wet. Sometimes in "catching" weather, sheep thus confined, can be let out to feed in a pasture near by, and driven under shelter again, if a shower should be coming up. 4. These facts, as well as the fatiguing nature of the work, will suggest the importance of employing as great a number of good hands as you can, and doing up the work as soon as possible. We would want "good hands," for a poor shearer wastes more than his wages, in haggling the wool and injuring the sheep.

MODE OF SHEARING.—Every shearer has his own way. We would not dictate to any. But the following is a good mode:—Place the sheep on his rump, with his back towards you, and his left side resting against your left leg and thigh. In this position the sheep may have "his jacket opened;" that is, the shearer will commence at the brisket, and shear down the belly on the right side; then shear the outside of both thighs; then up, on the left side of the belly to the brisket; and then both sides of the neck, with the head. This is "opening the jacket." The sheep is then laid upon his side, and the shearer commences at the rump, and shears thence towards the head. Then the sheep is turned over, and the other side is sheared in like manner. Great care should be taken in turning the sheep, to prevent his struggling and kicking the fleece to pieces. Prudence and gentleness are qualities that will pay here, as well as everywhere else. A few suggestions must close what we say now. Remove all straw, burs and other filth from the fleece, before beginning to shear. Also wipe the feet of the sheep, if they have dung on them. Keep the platform clear, by frequent sweepings.—Use no violence, and remember with pity the fears of a dumb animal. Shear close and even, and be very careful not to cut the wool twice, which is often done by unskillful or careless shearers. Do not cut the skin of the sheep, or prick it with the point of the shears. When the operation is done, see that all tags and stray locks are cut off, from legs, tail, belly, and every other part. Leaving such tags is very slovenly, and gives protection to the ticks.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Salt for Stock.

THE Boston *Cultivator*, of the 21st inst., has the following from one of its contributors:—"There are many farmers that seem to know little of the value of salt for stock; many give their cattle none at all, while others give it to them at stated intervals, say once a week or fortnight, and the cattle not having had salt for so long a time, sometimes eat too much, which does more harm than good. I have a trough fixed under a shed, so as not to be exposed to rain, and in a convenient place, where the cattle can visit it at pleasure; and in this trough I keep Rock Island coarse salt constantly, putting in half a bushel at a time, and as soon as the cattle have eaten that, I replenish it, and following this plan, the cattle will eat what they need, no more. My cattle are generally very healthy and free from most of the diseases that trouble stock at this season of the year, and I very seldom, if ever, have known them to have any kind of vermin on them. Salt is equally good for horses, and if you would have your horses strong and healthy, always keep salt in their mangers, and you need have no fears of their eating too much if you keep it where they can get at it when they choose. Many cattle, when first turned upon grass in the spring, suffer much from sores of some kind, but by following this plan, that difficulty will be entirely obviated—at least, this has been my experience."

Agricultural Miscellany.

WEATHER, CROPS, &c.—Since our last issue the weather has been remarkably cool—aye, cold—for the season, with a severe frost on Saturday night (as reported on next page.) Fires and overcoats were in demand on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, but the temperature is now (Tuesday 7th,) becoming seasonable. We trust the accounts of damage by frost are exaggerated—though we fear the injury is material in some localities, as a letter just received from R. B. WARREN, Alabama, Genesee Co., says: "The frost entirely destroyed the Grape crop, and injured pears, plums, cherries and apples very much. I estimate my own loss at not less than $100 on a single acre. I fear that wheat and rye are also injured."

—Our accounts of the growing field crops continue favorable, indicating an abundant yield in every section of the country. We do not remember a season during the past ten years, when the prospect was so encouraging for the farmers and planters, nor one in which they expressed such general confidence of a successful and profitable result.

A HINT ABOUT HORSES.—(To Officers of Ag. Societies.)—Large premiums are offered for "style and speed" at Ag. Fairs and Horse Shows—the speed meaning, of course, fast trotting. This may be well enough in sections where road and carriage horses are bred and in demand, but we submit whether other requisites than those understood by the term "style and speed," are not essential to make a good horse. Among these, we suggest that *fast walking* is an important item, and worthy of encouragement. A horse which can walk four to five miles an hour is certainly far more desirable and valuable that one that can only walk two to three. Why not offer premiums for the *fastest walkers*, as well as for the best trotters?

VETERINARY COLLEGE OF PHILADELPHIA.—We are in receipt of a pamphlet entitled "The First Annual Announcement of the Veterinary College of Philadelphia." It contains the Act of Incorporation, (passed in 1852,) with lists of Officers, Faculty, &c. The College, as is announced, "will be put into operation the present year at Philadelphia, where it will be permanently located." The regular Lectures of the course commence on the first Monday in November, and continue daily for sixteen consecutive weeks. The lecturers embrace the several departments of Veterinary Medical Science, as taught in the regular Veterinary Institutions of Europe. It is stated that "the Museum of the College already embraces a collection of Pathological specimens, in point of excellence far surpassing those of many European Veterinary Colleges of many years standing." Full particulars may be obtained by addressing R. JENNINGS, V. S., Dean, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE AMERICAN HERD BOOK,—Containing Pedigrees of Short-horn Cattle, with Introductory Notes by LEWIS F. ALLEN—Vol. IV. We are indebted to the author for a copy of this work. It is a handsome 8vo. volume of 608 pages, and comprises nearly three thousand pedigrees, (1,103 of which are of bulls,) and many fine portraits, mostly drawn by PAGE, and well engraved and printed. The volume will of course command the attention and patronage of Short-horn breeders, by whom it ought to be largely appreciated. The price is $5, if sent by express—5 50 by mail. Address LEWIS F. ALLEN, Black Rock, N. Y.

TRIAL OF PLOWS.—The Maine State Ag. Society announces a thorough Trial of Plows, to be made under its auspices at Augusta, commencing Sept. 13th, 1859. Medals will be awarded for the best plow for all work; sod plow for stiff soils; sod plow for light soils; plow for fallows; reversible plow; combined sod and subsoil plow; subsoil plow; implement for deep and thorough pulverization of the soil, that shall successfully compete with the plow. The plows must make a furrow at least seven inches deep, and be adapted for all-work, for fallows, and for stiff and light soils. Competition open to all the world. Entries must be made with the Secretary, Dr. E. HOLMES, Augusta, Me., previous to the first of August.

THE DEATH OF REV. J. S. HAGGARTH, M. A., late Principal of the Royal Ag. College at Cirencester, England, is announced. The London Ag. Gazette says Mr. H. was appointed Principal about eight years ago, when the College had fallen into disrepute, and reopened it with only fifteen pupils, but in a few years the number increased to more than the institution could accommodate. It hence attributes the present high standing of the College to Mr. H.'s energetic and judicious management.

BOUGHTON WHEAT.—A Canada friend asks if this early variety of Virginia wheat, noticed in the RURAL last autumn, can now be procured. We presume that it will be for sale before seeding time. Observing our notice of this wheat, Mr. HENRY WRAY, of Gates, near this city, obtained and sowed a bushel of it last fall. It was fully headed out on the 22d of May—some days earlier than any other variety in this vicinity, we presume—and now looks fine, with a prospect of entirely escaping the midge. Time will tell, and we will report.

CHEAP SALT FOR MANURE.—Mr. V. W. SMITH, Sup't. of the Onondaga Salt Springs, Syracuse, announces to farmers and others disposed to make use of salt, by way of experiment, as a fertilizer, that salt of an inferior quality, (as valuable as any other, however, for agricultural purposes,) can now be obtained at the works in Syracuse, in any quantity equal to the probable demand, and at a very low figure. "It can be had for, say, 75 cents per barrel of five bushels, or for not to exceed 11 cents per bushels, shipped loose in boats. When wanted in any considerable amount, say twenty-five barrels or upwards, for agricultural or experimental objects, it will afford me great pleasure to attend to any orders for the same, gratuitously, so far as my personal services are concerned. I am one of those who believe in the value of salt as a top-dressing for grain and other crops, and feel as though I should be rendering a public service by facilitating any trials of its efficacy in that respect, within my power."

FEED FOR FATTENING.—A correspondent of the Mark Lane Express says that wheat boiled with a small quantity of roots will fatten cattle faster than the same value of best bruised oil-cake will do. Another has fatted pigs on wheat boiled with potatoes, and found them to "thrive most wonderfully." Linseed cake is too high, compared with most other food for stock—an evil which farmers can readily remedy by refusing to buy it.

JACKSON CO. (MICH.) AG. SOCIETY.—The next Fair of this Society is to be held on the Grounds, in Jackson, Sept. 27th to 30th—four days, in regular State Fair style. This Society ranks among the very best in the State, has fine grounds and improvements, and is officered and manned by some of the most progressive farmers in Central Michigan.

GOOD LAMBS.—An Albany paper says WM. VERNON, of Schaghticoke, last week sent to that city ten Cotswold lambs only ten weeks old—that the average weight of each was 78 lbs., and that they sold for $5 50 each.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE GARDEN.

On Saturday evening, June 4th, we were visited with a severe frost, doing much damage in the garden. The fruit, we think was sufficently protected by foliage to prevent injury, but the tender shoots of the grape vines in many places are destroyed. Beans, melons, cucumbers and other tender things, are destroyed in many gardens, while in others, from some cause, they are uninjured. Where there was a free exposure to the wind the frost appeared to be less severe than in sheltered positions. The corn and potatoes are nipped in the tops, but not sufficiently to do permanent injury. By telegraph reports we see that the frost was even more severe in Northern Ohio, Buffalo, and in the Southern counties of this State. We fear further reports will be even more gloomy.

The Thorns are a very beautiful class of small trees, now, (June 6th,) in full flower, and deserve and receive general admiration. There are few trees or shrubs more worthy of general cultivation, and we would be glad to see them in every garden. The best varieties are the *Single Pink* and *Single Red*, and the *Double Red* and *Double White*.

Several varieties of the Spirea are just gone out of flower, and we took notes of the *S. trilobata*, and *S crenata*, both very neat shrubs of rather dwarfish habit, with trusses of small flowers almost covering the plant. *S. ulmifolia* is of larger growth, with larger flowers. *S. lanceolata* is the finest of the class—of the purest whiteness. Its branches are floral snow-wreaths. Every body should plant it.

The Calycanthus is becoming a great favorite, as the demand for it at the nurseries shows. There are several varieties, sweet scented shrubs, with large flowers of a cinnamon color.

The Rose-Colored Wigelia is in full bloom. It is a magnificent shrub, when covered with its rosy flowers, blooms profusely, and is as hardy as a lilac. Plant it next fall or spring, by all means.

That old favorite, the Snowball, is now a little past perfection. There is nothing better. Everybody has it, or should have it. It is a crooked, rambling grower, and the wood is tender; the consequence is, many plants are broken with the weight of the flowers, especially in wet weather. Young plants should be pruned, so as to secure a stiff stem and a compact head.

The Horse Chestnuts are just passing out of bloom. The common variety, and the *Red Flowering* are fine. The flowers of the *Yellow* variety are poor, not differing much from the *Buckeye*. The *Double White*, an engraving of which we give, is the finest of them all. The flowers are white, prettily spotted with red, like the common variety, but perfectly double. There is a variegated-leaved variety, with red flowers, but it is not much disseminated.

Our notes on Herbaceous Plants in flower we must reserve until next week.

TREES AND FRUIT IN SOUTHERN ILLINOIS.

Charles Kennicott, the Horticultural Editor of the *Prairie Farmer*, writes as follows from Southern Illinois:

"The current spring has been a very singular one in Central and Southern Illinois, particularly characterized by frequent and high winds, unexpected and severe frosts, and rains long continued, but for the most part warm. Here, in Marion county, April did not afford us three really fine days, and May, so far, promises no better state of things. Very little farming has been done, for our farmers have learned from experience that it is worse than useless to disturb our heavy soils while saturated with water. This section of Egypt is again threatened with a short corn crop, for the usual planting season is at hand, and probably not one acre in ten has yet been plowed. But unfavorable as the season is for spring crops, it is grand for the newly planted orchards, and no portion of the West has set so many as Egypt, it being estimated in this county alone, that from $50,000 to $100,000 worth of trees have been set. Nor have our people confined their purchases to fruit trees alone; much has been done in the way of planting choice ornamental trees, shrubs and plants. Evergreens are especially popular, and most species and varieties seem to thrive admirably in our soil. Here the prospect of a fine fruit crop is beyond a doubt certain. Every little dwarf pear tree and most of the standards are loaded with fruit already as large as musket balls.

Two days since we spent a half day in visiting the fruit gardens of the young city of Centralia, a place that bids fair to rival even Boston in successful pear culture. We are personally pretty well acquainted with most of the cities and towns in the Northern and Central portions of the State, and we know of no place of the same age and size where so much attention has been paid to fruit culture, or so much taste displayed in the cultivation of flowers."

Mr. Kennicott is not only one of the most intelligent Horticulturists of the West, but a Western Nurseryman, who can have no interest in speaking a good word for those in the same business at the East; and yet he takes occasion, for the sake of truth, to contradict some of the slanders so industriously circulated of late. We commend his remarks to the attention of our Western readers who are not afraid of truth, which it is our aim always to elicit:

"And here we would remark (in no spirit of malice either,) that certain well-known Western establishments have furnished our farmers with trees, that any abused Rochester nurseryman would have been ashamed to send out. Indeed, candor compels every liberal planter to admit that a majority of the best trees in this section, especially pears, have come from Mount Hope and other Eastern nurseries."

DOUBLE FLOWERING HORSE CHESTNUT.

THE ALLEN RASPBERRY.

Messrs. Editors:—In the Rural of the 21st inst., Mr. Quinby relates his last year's experience with the two varieties of fruit under this name. He is slightly mistaken as to the name. The "Allen" designates the *best* of them, as he supposes. The other, and poorer one, I call the "*Red Prolific*," as the gardener called it, for distinction, not knowing any name for it. Mr. Quinby may be correct in relation to the two berries; but I submit to him whether one year's trial is a sufficient test of their comparative merits. He would do well to remember that *locality* has a great influence on the habits and character of different fruits, the small fruits in particular. With me the "*Prolific*" is every way equal to the "Allen" in size and flavor. The wood is more *upright, and not* at all "branching," and of a crimson-russetty color. The fruit, too, is quite as bright, and as abundant on the stalk as the other. Several cultivators who have had large quantities of both kinds from me prefer the *Prolific* as the best bearer, and market fruit. It has so proved in Connecticut and New Jersey. Yet it may prove very different in the Mohawk Valley with Mr. Quinby. There is nothing better settled in *practical* pomology than the fact that the same fruits do not equally succeed in different soils and localities, even under the same climate. Nor does the experience of one, two, or even five years, settle the question. Acclimation and adaptation to a new soil after a few years, may altogether change the character of a single fruit, and such fact every one should know before he condemns it on a year or two's trial.

I have never said, and never supposed, that either varieties of my raspberry would be equally or *absolutely* successful in *all* localities, soil and climates. Yet I know they both succeed well with me, and with many others who have had them from me, and so it is with other raspberries. The *Hudson River Antwerp* is wonderfully successful in some places, as in New Paltz, Hampton, and along the west shore of the Hudson, in Orange and Ulster counties in this State, and is the great market raspberry of New York city from those counties, although it requires winter covering to succeed.—Yet in many other localities it is an entire failure. A plantation of an acre or more was made in this vicinity a few years since, in good soil, and it was well cultivated; but it proved an entire failure, and the canes were taken up, and thrown out. Other trials have been made hereabouts, but with no better success. For the last five years I have weekly passed a fine garden, with a considerable plantation of one of the highly esteemed varieties of garden raspberry in it, and after much pains-taking, and years of trial, they have been thrown out as nearly or quite worthless. I would advise Mr. Quinby to hold on to his condemned raspberry a year or two longer, before he utterly repudiates it.

Black Rock, May 30, 1859. L. F. Allen.

GRAPES, SUMMER AND WINTER.

"What a man sows that shall he also reap."—This adage human experience every day verifies, and still, like all rules, it has its exceptions. If a man *properly* plants a grape vine and *properly cultivates* it, and gives it the *necessary protection in winter*, the fair presumption is, that in due time and in the proper season, he will reap grapes to his own health and pleasure, and to the gratification of his friends. Judging from my own experience and observation, I supposed that all whose good judgment had led them to become permanent readers and patrons of the Rural would have, ere this, not only succeeded in the Alpha, but also in the Omega of grape cultivation. But in this there also appears exceptions, and among them one of your contributors and readers, my friend, (as I trust all your readers are,) G. M. Reynolds, of Michigan, who, when about to reach the goal of grapes in *his* experience—Jack Frost interfered and blighted his hopes. Now I would advise my friend not to give it up so, but persevere; and if he will take a little advice, and do works meet for success, he will yet have grapes enough and to spare—for I speak as one having been through the mill—having had my own vines, some years since, frozen down—and yet, I never thought for a moment of abandoning my nice sheltered southern exposure for a bleaker one. Having a natural appetite for the best grapes and a plenty of them, and still have the pleasure to supply my table (May 10,) with grapes in good preservation. The next year succeeding my misfortune I reasoned upon the subject, and then mixing faith and works checked the growth of my vines, by taking the ends off two or three times during the season, and when winter approached about the first of December trimmed my vines according to "*Holmes*," took them from the trellis and laid them on the ground, with a block of wood next above to keep them quiet.—Then scattered refuse straw or some other similar substance on them, (not enough to shelter mice,) but sufficient to catch the snow and keep their temperature uniform, and in so doing have found the care and labor a cheap insurance, and the vines well protected. S. N. Holmes.

Syracuse, N. Y., 1859.

PREVENTING THE MAGGOT IN THE ONION.

Messrs. Eds.—Having seen numerous inquiries in the Rural to prevent maggots in the onion, I send, for the benefit of those interested, what I suppose to be a remedy, in part. I have not tried it, but intend to in a few days, being in the gardening business, and having suffered a good deal from the maggot. One day last fall being in market, (Potsdam Village,) I met with Mr. Salmon Currier, quite an extensive seed grower of Potsdam, and in conversation with him, found he had good success in growing onions. He told me how it was done, and I have concluded to try it myself and give others an opportunity. But to the remedy.

The maggot is the work of a fly. After the onions are up and the weather is warm, the fly appears and does the mischief. Go to the crockery store, get the cheapest bowls you can, enough to set one on every eight or ten feet square; fill them about two-thirds full of sweetened water, quite sweet. Then take small pieces of boards, make three holes in them, the same as a milking stool, make the legs sharp at the lower ends, and set the stools over the bowls to keep the storms out, and press the legs into the ground to prevent the wind from blowing them over. Do this and you will catch flies at such a rate that you will have to empty your bowls and fill them with sweetening several times. The flies like it better than onions. Mr. C. told me he caught millions on a bed where he raised a hundred bushels. You may think this quite a process to go through with, but I hope Ruralists will try it and report their success next fall. G. R. Crandall.

East Pierpont, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., 1859.

Susquehanna and Chemung Valley Horticultural Society.—The next Exhibition of this Society is to be held at Elmira, June 22d and 23d. We are told there is every prospect of a successful show. The various Committees have been appointed, and all the necessary preliminary arrangements made for carrying out the Exhibition. The Elmira Gazette says, "in accordance with a time honored custom of the Society, the Committee on Wines is composed exclusively of Editors. We hope, therefore, that the exhibition of that article will be made a leading object in the minds of the Managers, and that in fixing their premiums, reference will be had to the quantity as well as quality."

ABOUT STRAWBERRIES.

Friend Moore:—For two years I have been trying to renovate a bed of Strawberries, which was overrun with grass and weeds when it came into my possession. I have spent time and labor enough on it to have cultivated an acre of corn a season through, and it is only about two rods square. The varieties were *Hovey's* and the *Early Scarlet*. Though we succeeded in getting a few fine berries, we had nothing like a supply for the table. Reading such marvellous stories in the public prints "about strawberries," and especially *Wilson's Albany and Peabody's Seedlings*. I procured a dozen plants of each last Spring. The *Peabody's Seedling* did not have a fair chance, being overrun by a squash vine, the seed of which, an amateur farmer sent me, with a *rich* name and a *great recommend*, which turned out, however, to be a common pumpkin and a great nuisance, as it damaged my strawberry plants materially. But this dozen was increased to about 100 good plants now in bearing. The *Wilson*—the most hardy—the most prolific, the best and most perfect berry, all things considered, has gone far beyond the marvelous. From the dozen small plants set last spring, we had perhaps a pint of good berries, not one of which would have been suffered to mature, had I been as well as posted then as now in their culture.

These plants, though permitted to bear fruit the first season, gave me an incredible number of fine healthy young plants, or runners as they are commonly termed. I commenced removing them the latter part of July, to a patch of sweet corn, near by, which I followed up till the new strawberry bed was filled with setts, (5 rows, 100 in each row). These plants expanded their roots after the removal of the corn, as well as before; so that these very plants, not yet a year old, promise a bountiful supply of berries, some at this moment, (30th of May) are over two inches in circumference.—The largest berries are on the young plants. At a safe estimate, the 12 old plants will average 100 berries each, and the young plants 50 each. One dozen plants of this variety as a beginning, will give an increase of 1000 the first season, with ordinary attention in a good soil, so that in the fall of the next season after planting the first dozen, a person may set his acres if he wishes, or supply all his neighbors with enough for a garden bed.

It is proper here to remark that I commenced setting the new plants rather too soon, if the object is to obtain the greatest increase of plants; but the earlier the young plant can be severed and removed from the parent with safety, the better, and better will be the prospect of a large number of large berries, the following season. Several of the younglings that were first removed, threw out runners, and gave four or five good plants each; these were taken up this spring to supply orders by mail.

It will be recollected by many of the readers of the Rural, that Mr. Peabody, of Ga., obtained $5,00 per. dozen for his plants, the first sent out by mail. No such effort was made by Mr. Wilson to introduce his strawberry; in fact it has been left almost to introduce itself, which it is abundantly capable of doing. Two or three cents per plant is about the highest figure that nurserymen have demanded for them, in small quantities of 100 or less. They can be sent to any accessible point in the United States by mail with safety, if properly packed, and for 50 to 60 cents per dozen, including postage, for any distance under 3000 miles. No man having half an acre of ground, need be without this cheap luxury. Early in the spring is the time to send by mail, as the plants then are in the dormant state. In August they will bear transportation no great distance without being boxed in moist earth. This may be done and sent by express, but spring time is the safest.

Macedon Centre, N. Y. I. W. Briggs.

Remarks.—If Mr. Briggs' old beds which he tried to renovate, had been the *Wilson* instead of *Hovey's Seedling* and *Early Scarlet*, the result would have been the same. We think a good deal of the *Wilson*, but it is not fair to contrast a new and vigorous bed of this variety, with an old and worn-out bed of *Hovey*. When the *Hovey* was first shown here, they were monstrous in size, sometimes measuring six inches in circumference, and the beds were productive. In a few years the *Hovey* grown in this section were not much larger than *Early Scarlets*, and cultivators began to say they were unproductive—all because the beds were old and neglected. And so it will be with the *Wilson* in a few years. Every new sort is *praised* and *taken care of* for a few years, then it is *neglected* and *condemned*.

Inquiries and Answers.

Insects.—Inclosed please find evidences of the ravages of a certain worm which infests my apple orchard. You will perceive on the stem I send you, the egg or deposit of the same. They come in droves and strip the tree of its verdure in a very short time. About two-thirds of my orchard is infested in this way. When the apple is formed, they eat through to the core. Can you, or the writers of the Rural, give any account of this worm, and the remedies to be used to get rid of the same? Please give me some information through the columns of the Rural. The worm when full grown is from one-half to three-fourths of an inch in length, a very supple measure worm of dark color. I am fearful they will kill my apple trees. I ask for information for the purpose of putting a stop to their ravages.—William Kinne, *Romulus, N. Y.*, 1859.

The leaf we found inclosed seems to have suffered from the ravages of the *Apple Tree Caterpillar*, but the piece of branch is covered with the *Apple Bark Louse*, which we described, in answer to a correspondent in the Rural a few weeks since, giving the best known remedies.

Raspberries.—Will you, or some of your many thousands of readers, please inform me whether or not raspberries might be cultivated on ground now occupied by a young apple orchard, just planted? and whether it would be any disadvantage to the growth and health of the trees or not? The trees are forty feet apart.—A Young Farmer, *Tyler Co., Va.*, 1859.

A few rows of raspberries between each row of apple trees might be grown to advantage for several years and without injury to the trees. Only give all good, thorough, clean culture.

Domestic Economy

TO MAKE HARD SOAP, COOKIES, &c.

Hard Soap.—Noticing an inquiry in your last paper how to make hard soap, I send you a recipe. Take a pail full of good soft soap, let it boil, add 1 pint salt, stir it till well mixed, and set away till cold. Then drain out the lye, which will be at the bottom, boil the soap again, add half as much salt, let it cool, drain off the lye as before, repeat the process a third time with a handful of salt. When cooled, take off the soap, melt it, perfume with what you choose; run in moulds, set away in a cool, dry place, and in a few days it will be fit for use.

Cookies.—One cup of butter, 2 of sugar, ½ cup of butter-milk or sour milk, 4 eggs, tea spoon soda, flour to make it a proper stiffness, knead a good deal; bake 15 minutes. When cold put them in a tin or stone jar, cover tight, and they will keep six months as nice as when just baked.

Cheap Gingerbread.—One pint molasses, 1 tea-cup sour milk, 4 tablespoons shortening, teaspoon soda or saleratus, 2 tablespoons ginger, flour till you can roll it.

Boiled Pudding.—One pint good butter milk, 1 pint sweet milk, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup fruit, 1 teaspoon soda. Thicken to a stiff batter, boil 4 hours, serve with butter and maple honey.

Springfield, Erie Co., Pa., 1859. Amanda.

FROM A ROCHESTER LADY IN MINNESOTA.

Excuse me, Dear Rural, for my presumption, but I think it may be of some benefit to your *fair readers* to know how to make a good *Minnesota Peach Pie*, so here it is:

Minnesota Peach Pie.—Prepare a rich crust, line your tin, then slice (very thin) *tomatoes!* that have just begun to turn, lay them evenly upon your crust, cover with sugar, and spice to your taste. I prefer lemon peel grated on, or cinnamon. Dissolve a small piece of tartaric acid in a little water, to improve the taste, cover with "a network crust," and if you do not pronounce it most delicious, then please tell me. Bake half an hour.

Minnesota Preserves.—Take good full grown *tomatoes*, just before they begin to turn, slice in three pieces, (discarding the ends;) prepare your syrup the same as for other fruit, (pound for pound,) let it come to a boil, drop in the fruit, simmer till clear, season with lemon; then remove your fruit, boil down the syrup to the consistency of molasses, and when cold pour over the fruit. This mode of preserving tomatoes has been pronounced superior to any other, by those who know what is good.—As it is *my way*, you can publish it if you choose. —Mrs. V. R. G., *Lakeland, Wash. Co., Min.*

BAKER'S GINGERBREAD, &c.

Eds. Rural:—Noticing an inquiry in your valuable paper for making baker's gingerbread, I tho't I would send mine; also a recipe for cookies without eggs:

Baker's Gingerbread.—Two cups of molasses, and 4 tablespoonsful of butter stirred together without melting; then add 1 cup of flour; 2 tablespoonsful of soda dissolved in 1 cup of milk; 2 teaspoonsful of alum dissolved in ½ cup of boiling water, and one tablespoonful of ginger. Stir all well together, adding flour gradually. Roll thin, cut into cards and bake quick.

Cookies.—Two cups of sugar; ½ cup of butter; 1 cup of thin cream, a teaspoonful of soda. Plenty of seeds.—A Young Housekeeper, *Herkimer, N. Y.*

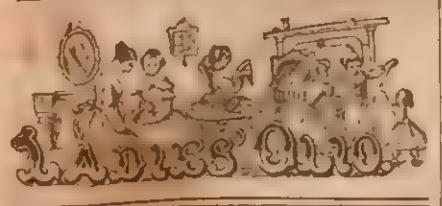
Dry, Mealy Potatoes.—In one of the late Ruralls, Mrs. M. A. Rice, of Howe, Franklin Co., Mass., gives the following method to secure dry, mealy potatoes:—"They should be dropped into boiling water, and be kept boiling swiftly until done. Pour off the water and set the kettle on the stove. Partially remove the cover for the steam to escape. The sooner they are eaten the better they are." But, at this season of the year, when potatoes are withered, I think she will often fail of having mealy potatoes, unless she pares them and soaks them in cold water three or four hours, or when it is convenient over night, before boiling. At least this is my experience.—Sara, *Pembroke, N. Y.*, 1859.

Pie Plant and Gooseberry Pies.—As this is my first summer's experience at keeping house, if any of your kind lady friends will give recipes for making *Pie Plant, Green Gooseberry* or *Currant Pies*, they will confer a great favor upon.—Chisse, *East Palmyra, Wayne Co., N. Y.*

Cocoa Nut Pie.—A friend of mine desires me to ask of your numerous readers, a recipe for *Cocoa Nut Pie*. If rightly made it is said to be delicious. —M. L. P., *Lyndonville, N. Y.*, 1859.

HOW TO PACK EGGS.

The following directions are given, by one who has had a good deal of egg packing to do, as the best method:—"Always use clean oats. First put them one inch deep in the bottom of the barrel; then a pretty firm sheet of paper; then a half-inch of oats again, well pressed; then eggs, end up, followed by oats and eggs as before, but working each layer of oats with the hand snugly down around the eggs next the barrel, as well as rubbing them effectually in between each of the eggs in the layer. I use a board some six or eight inches square, with a loop or staple in the center, for pressing each layer of oats firmly down. There will be something gained by lifting and dropping the barrel square on the end, but not by shaking, as it disturbs the layers. When it gets too heavy to lift, use a board three-fourths as large as the head, and get on it, increasing your weight with a spring. End as you began, with paper and oats, getting on the head and driving it in. The secret lies all in packing the oats. Oats are better worth sending to market than hay, and just as safe. I have sent ten barrels at a time without losing a single egg. You must pack tight. Remember that."



WHO LOVETH BEST?

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Man hath a sturdy and heroic soul;
He can go forth to war and victory,
Can master tears, can smother sighs and groans,
And without terror as a martyr die.

Yet woman hath a stronger heart than man,
And woman's love more tender is and true;
Finer her faith, quicker her sympathy,
And more for Jesus will she dare and do.

All through his mournful pilgrimage below
She was his tender, ever-faithful friend;
Man's fickle love oft wrung his soul with woe,
But *woman* loved him steadfast to the end.

[*Ladies' Repository.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

Plain Talks to American Women.--No. 12.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

We have alluded in the foregoing number, to one method of instruction adapted to infancy. It has come to be a well-settled opinion that children's minds should not be precociously developed; that until the constitution is well established, it is physically injurious to urge them rapidly forward. And where sufficient opportunity for mental culture is enjoyed later in life, a few years delay in early childhood in undertaking the study of books, is found to be no obstacle to ultimate success. Indeed, it is even advantageous, for the vital energies become so strengthened, that the brain may afterwards work more steadily and intensely, and thus the mind make more rapid advancement.

It is very pleasant to mothers to know that their children are "smart," and gratifying to their pride to have their infant minds crammed with knowledge, but when this is gained, as it most likely will be if the result of application to letters, at the expense of physical deterioration, and of future imbecility, it should be a source rather of sorrow than of pleasure.

Rather send the child of three or four years out into the sunshine, to study the brooks, the pebbles, the flowers, the trees, and the birds,—to chase the butterflies over the walks, and play at hide-and-seek among the shrubbery of the lawn, than keep him in the house upon a chair at your side to learn the strange characters of the alphabet, and combine them into those unmeaning syllables, so often the first succeeding lessons, called a-b-abs. He will learn more from the book of Nature,—learn it with greater delight, and with less injury to his system, in one week, if allowed the former course, than in a month if confined to the latter. The latter course is unnatural. Childhood loves to be free. The fresh breezes and playful exercise, which, if unrestrained, it will be sure to enjoy, paint the roses of health upon the cheeks, and pour into the soul a full stream of gladness.

The sentiment that education consists simply in the acquirement of knowledge, so extensively prevails, that many poor babes of three or four years are sent to spend several hours of the delightful days of summer, and even the short, cold days of winter, in some uninviting place dignified by the name of school-room, and the excrutiating tortures which they there often undergo, are known only to the experienced. How the bones ache, with sitting upon the hard benches! How the tongue aches to speak, and the limbs for a run upon the green turf, or upon the snow banks! How the eyes ache with gazing at the blinding letters! How does the *heart* often ache for the love of home, all unaccustomed as it is to the coldness, the repulsiveness, the unkindness, which it sometimes meets with from one who has assumed the place of teacher. What compare can the advantage gained by the memorizing of a few letters, or even a thus early power to read monotonously simple sentences, when acquired under such circumstances, bear to that derived from the boisterous, happy freedom of a natural childhood?

Oh, mothers, if you love your babes, don't send them to the school-room as soon as they can walk, to have their brows marked with lines of care, their dispositions soured and rendered melancholy, their cheeks paled by confinement, and their minds contaminated by evil associations! Keep them with you till they are six or seven years old at least.—Gratify their curiosity, and feed their minds as suggested in the last number, but make not such instruction a task! If you have leisure—and if a mother should have leisure for anything, should it not be for the training of her children?—be their daily companion in little pleasure excursions. Go with them into the field, and show them how hay is made, how wheat is harvested, how the corn and the potatoes grow; go with them into the forest, and point out the various species of birds, and their methods of nest-building; the different varieties of trees and their peculiarities; gather with them wild flowers for the pitcher on the mantel, and the vase on the parlor table; go with them to the lake shore, and the river's side, and study fishes, and shells, and pebbles, tell them stories as you go, beautiful stories, such as children love to hear.—Will not your children love you for such a course? Will they not learn to prefer your society to any other, and to love a home whose guardian angel bestows such blessings?

And when you come to give your little ones an introduction to the mysteries of "book-learning," let the instruction still be given in such a manner that there shall be found in it nothing repulsive. Having beforehand awakened an interest, a desire for the attainment, by a representation of the increased happiness which it will bring, seize upon the most propitious moment to commence the work.

Attempt but little at a time. Give your little daughter, for instance, a few letter blocks or cards with which to adorn her play-house. Let her hang them up for pictures. Select such letters as will form a familiar word. Acquaint her with their names, and let her play teach them to her doll.—When you are sure she knows them all, place them together, and tell her what they spell. Perhaps the word is "Ma." That would be a very interesting word for an affectionate child to commence with. How her eyes will brighten when you tell her that the letters she has been playing teach with dolly, spell "*Ma!*" Talk with her then about loving Ma, and trying to please her; let her name the letters a few times in the order in which they occur in this word, then place them together in her playhouse again for a large picture, and will she ever forget them?

Various similar expedients can the ingenious mother adopt to teach the alphabet, and the reading and spelling of simple, common words, and no others should be taught for some time. When a little skill in the new art is acquired, cards with short words combined into sentences expressing some moral sentiment, Bible precept, or pleasant truth, may be hung up in the nursery, and the ingenuity of the child exercised in ascertaining what it is; but he should not be allowed to become in the least discouraged. Help him just at the point where help is needed, but not before. A triumph in such an undertaking will be a stimulus to succeeding endeavors.

In teaching children to read, be sure that they acquire from the commencement, the habit of reading naturally; that they adopt, and continue, so far as possible, the conversational style. Insist, from the first, upon correct pronunciation; give them nothing to read which they are incapable of understanding, and be certain that they *do* understand it, before a new lesson is given. It would be well that the import of every lesson should be fully comprehended from the explanations of teacher, before being read. Afterwards there should be close questioning, and the child allowed and encouraged to repeat its substance in his own language. This will cultivate a facility for the expression of ideas, and if sufficient care is taken, greatly increase the pupil's knowledge of the construction and use of language.

When you have taught your child to read, you have placed in its hands a most efficient means of mental and moral culture. You have, as it were, given him a lever with which to pry into the mysteries of Nature, and draw from her secret storehouses rich and rare gems. But you have afforded it a means, which, if perverted, may become instrumental in its destruction. Let a taste for reading be cultivated, but by all means, let it be a taste for pure and noble reading! The mother should *know* what is the mental ailment which is offered to her young children. Nothing of an immoral tendency should be tolerated for an instant. The stream of pollution once having opened a crevasse into the mind of childhood, spreads with a rapid, wild and fearful course, destroying the fair gardens of truth, and the pleasant fields of wisdom, as only error can destroy.

And what is given the child to read, should be simple—not puerile and trifling, but noble truth simply expressed, and in an entertaining manner. Do not create a disgust for literature, by placing in its hands learned disquisitions which it cannot digest, dry treatises, which being incomprehensible, are therefore uninteresting. Children love stories, and are easily influenced by them—it is natural. The impressions conveyed to their minds by a representation of scenes which might have occurred, or which have occurred in actual life, are in general more vivid than the mere relation of abstract truth. Tell a child that "Honesty is the best policy," that falsehood brings disgrace, and how indistinct will be the impression, compared with that which will be received by tracing out the effects of these causes in a well-written story. The latter will be *felt*; it will be engraven upon the mind as pictures are engraven upon copper-plate, and remain there ready to be transferred at pleasure to some blank page in the intellect of another. We would not encourage an exclusive attention to this kind of reading, but it may be permitted as spice to more solid food.

Blessings upon Peter Parley who has written so much and so beautifully for children! No estimate can be made of the influence of "Goodrich's brain" upon the youth of our country. May his mantle, when dropped from his shoulders, fall gracefully upon those of some apostle of Nature, and lover of children, who shall open for them another casket of diamonds, equally brilliant, and equally valuable!

One of the best little libraries for children with which we are acquainted, is the series of "Rollo Books." Finely illustrating many of the principles of Natural Philosophy, there is conveyed besides a fund of other knowledge, in a manner so agreeable as almost surely to secure attention, and become stamped upon the mind. Parents, buy such books for your rising families. If you give them not in your own homes that which will interest their mentality, they will be impatient to seek it elsewhere. Give them access to newspapers, magazines and new books. Retrench as you may your expenses in other directions, keep up, if possible, a full supply of entertaining literature. If you are unable to purchase, encourage the free use of public libraries.

What a vast difference there is between a reading family, and one in which is cultivated no taste for such employment! What a difference in intelligence, in refinement and domestic happiness! And what a difference in the ultimate usefulness of the members! See the father and children of one spending the long winter evenings whitling over the stove, or playing at fox-and-geese, dominoes or checkers, and relating the floating gossip of the neighborhood, while the mother, with her knitting, meditates perhaps upon the cares of the day, and those of the morrow, or joins in the relation of the news, by telling what Mrs. So and So says Mrs. No. Two says Mrs. "They Say" says of somebody else.

See the different members of the other gathered around the fireside, each one with some individual intellectual employment, which lights up their faces with joy, or all enjoying a social mental repast, by the reading aloud of some member of the family, which is frequently and pleasantly diversified with questions, explanations and remarks! How swiftly the hours fly away! All too soon comes the signal for retiring. Each gathering of this kind adds a new link to the bond of family union, and when those youth who have thus associated beneath the "roof-tree" of home, go forth to the world, will it not be to build up the various societies where their lots may be cast, to radiate the sunbeams of intelligence and domestic love into the bosoms of other families, and give a new impetus to the onward-moving car of Science?

Written for Moore's Rural New Yorker.

WHY I LOVE HER.

For her dark bright eyes of brown,
For their lashes drooping down,
For the bloom upon her cheeks,
For the gentle words she speaks,
I love her.

For her hand of parian hue,
For her red lips moist as dew,
For her waist so taper-neat,
For her tiny little feet,
I love her.

For her dazzling pearly teeth,
For the dimpled chin beneath,
For her carriage free and light,
For her shoulders snowy white,
I love her.

For her brow so purely fair,
For the truth that's written there,
For her heart so true and kind,
For her pure and noble mind,
I love her.

For the love-light in her "ee,"
For the pledge she gave to me,
For the words "*forever thine*,"
For the kiss her lips gave mine,
I love her.

West Mendon, N. Y., 1859. T. C. H.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MEMORIES OF A SABBATH.

It was the Sabbath day; not the calm, quiet Sabbath of May or June, but a stormy, blustering one in November. The rain had descended in torrents since morning, and the winds whistled through the bare branches of the trees that surrounded a little church in a quiet country village.

But though the storm-king raged in all his fury, even the aisles and galleries of that house of God were crowded, for on that afternoon some of the noblest sons and fairest daughters of our village were to receive the holy ordinance of baptism.

The gray-haired minister had descended, the group of young men and maidens had gathered round the altar; the baptismal vows had solemnly been spoken, and the angels had swiftly borne them to the ear of Him, to whom those youthful ones had consecrated their lives.

All hearts were uplifted in silent prayer that they might always be led by the Good Shepherd "into green valleys and beside still waters;" and that when they walked through the "valley of the shadow of death," they might "fear no evil," but have the rod and staff of the Almighty to lean upon. All was silence, when suddenly the door opened, and a stranger, with a sad countenance entered. Advancing to the altar, he whispered a few words to our pastor, and then withdrew. The people gazed wonderingly on the man of God, until he arose, and with tear-filled eyes said, "My children, your former pastor, Howard Phelps, is dead. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Old men and women, young men and maidens, and even gentle childhood, bowed their heads beneath this great grief; and a low wail from all hearts ascended as they murmured, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away," but *blessed be the name of the* Lord was too great a trial for their faith to utter, at this moment of sudden bereavement. Sob after sob testified how truly they had loved him, who but a few months since had left them to minister to a congregation in a neighboring village.

In the prime of manhood, with apparently as fair prospects of long life as any of us, we had seen him for the last time. And now he was numbered with the dead! Oh, it was too much for our bleeding hearts to say, "Thy will be done," for he had grown to manhood among us; had addressed his first discourse to the same congregation now assembled; rejoiced with us in prosperity, and in adversity had led us to the Savior for consolation. We could not realize he had passed from earth, and forever.

Again, another scene. In the church over which he presided at the time of his death, was a much larger assembly than we first saw, for the two congregations were together mingling their tears over his coffin. The hymn, the prayer, made our hearts bleed afresh, for we could only think of the departed as dead; but when the words were announced, "To Him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne," then we received consolation, for we knew he had overcome, and we could look up with spirit-eyes and behold him with the Blessed One who spoke this precious promise.

And so they laid him to rest, quietly and peacefully, while we shut down the wailing of our hearts, murmuring, "It is well." Wildly the wind shrieks over his grave to-night, but his spirit is enjoying the rest of him that overcometh. E. G. H.

Verona, May, 1859.

What a Good Periodical May Do.—Show us an intelligent family of boys and girls, and we shall show you a family where newspapers and periodicals are plentiful. Nobody who has been without these silent private tutors, can know their educating power for good or evil. Have you never thought of the innumerable topics of discussion which they suggest at the breakfast table, the important public measures with which, thus early, our children become familiarly acquainted; great philanthropic questions of the day, to which *unconsciously*, their attention is awakened, and the general spirit of intelligence which is evoked by these quiet visitors? Anything that makes home pleasant, cheerful and chatty, thins the haunts of vice, and the thousand and one avenues of temptation should certainly be regarded, when we consider its influence on the minds of the young, as a great moral and social blessing.—*Emerson.*

Ink is a caustic which sometimes burns the fingers of those who make use of it.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE PLUCKED LILY.

Come with me to yon green churchyard. Kneel with me at this little tombstone. Spring flowers are, for the first time, hovering o'er this new made grave. Let us read the simple words inscribed on the pearly marble:

"ELLA!"
"Our Lovely Lily."

Yes, *how* lovely. Sweetest and most beautiful of flowers was the lily which bloomed in the garden of our hearts. We watched it when a tiny bud, leaning on its mother stalk. Ah! even then it shed a genial warmth on all around. We saw it as it unfolded its petals, innocently to our gaze. Watched it as nature moulded and perfected.—Beautiful! Beautiful! oft rose to our lips while still new charms were unfolded to our vision. Beautiful indeed, she was—not alone in personal charms; she possessed deeper, purer charms than these—heart, soul, spirit, bouyant with purity, love and beauty. She was an angel among us—a star to guide us on our dreary way. For fourteen summers did she bless our hearts, imparting a fragrance "all her own." For fourteen summers did we see her loving form, as in innocence and glee she bounded to our arms, presenting some choice plucked flower—pure emblem of herself.—But ah, she was too pure to breathe this tainted atmosphere. Her spirit longed for more congenial climes. Aye, methinks, even now I hear that sweet, eloquent voice, as, with soul-filled joy, she asked to go "home to Jesus." It were mete that one like her should depart, when the flowers began to fade, and cast their petals to the ground.—It were mete that the autumnal winds echoed the wailings of our hearts, in long and mournful requiems for the dead. It were mete that *all* nature be arrayed in sombre robes, for we have lost our lily. Her gentle spirit passed away as did the lovely flowers. But her pure spirit is at rest. We mourn not "as those without hope," for the words "weep not, I'm going home," are ever with us, as in the hour when with Heaven beaming in her countenance, she uttered them. And oft as we wander to this sacred spot, where reposeth *only* the *casket*, we feel the bright assurance that in Jesus' brow the gem sparkles the "brighest of the bright," and back to us, in echoing answer, from that glorious land, there comes a voice, "Jesus plucked your lily." Tears dim our eyes, yet we *feel* the assurance that we shall one day meet her. Casting the eye of faith towards Heaven, we see transplanted in the garden of Paradise, and blooming with heavenly beauty, Our Lovely Lily.

Adrian, Michigan, 1859. Mollie.

THE VALUE OF A BIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

In the course of our miscellaneous reading, we came across the following good story, which illustrates the value of a bit of practical information, when applied at the right time:

In the Plaza before St. Peter's, at Rome, stands the most beautiful obelisk in the world. It was brought from the circus of Nero, where it had lain buried for many ages. It was one entire piece of Egyptian marble, 72 feet high, 12 feet square at the base, and 8 feet square at the top, and is computed to weigh about 470 tons, and it is supposed to be 3,000 years old. Much engineering skill was required to remove and erect this piece of art; and the celebrated architect, Dominico Fontane, was selected and engaged by Pope Sixtus V., to carry out the operation. A pedestal, 39 feet high, was built for its reception, and the obelisk brought to its base. Many were the ingenious contrivances prepared for the raising of it to its last resting place, all of which excited the deepest interest among the people.

At length everything was in readiness, and a day was appointed for the great event. A great multitude assembled to witness the ceremony, and the Pope, afraid that the clamour of the people might distract the attention of the architect, issued an edict containing regulations to be kept, and imposing the severest penalties on any one who should, during the lifting of the gigantic stone, utter a single word. Amidst suppressed excitement of feelings and breathless silence, the splendid monument was gradually raised to within a few inches of the top of the pedestal, when its upward motion ceased; it hung suspended, and could not be got further; the tackle was too slack, and there seemed to be no other way than to undo the great work already accomplished. The annoyed architect, in his perplexity, hardly knew how to act; while the silent people were anxiously watching every motion of his features to discover how the problem could be solved.

In the crowd was an old British sailor; he saw the difficulty and how to overcome it, and with stentorian lungs he shouted, "Wet the ropes!"—The vigilant police pounced on the culprit and lodged him in prison; the architect caught the magic words, he put the proposition in force, and the cheers of the people proclaimed the success of the great undertaking. Next day the British criminal was solemnly arraigned before his Holiness; his crime was undeniably proved, and the Pope in solemn language pronounced his sentence to be—that he should receive a pension annually during his lifetime.

These little facts stored up from observation, can never do the owner any harm, and may some day be of great utility; and this story only proves the value of remembering small things as well as great ones, for there is nothing that is too insignificant for man to know, and there is no knowledge that has not its use.

The Necessity of Bodily Health.—No keenness or culture of intellect that does not embrace culture of health—no wealth, no morality, and not even a religion, that does not embrace the preservation of the physical system from all deterioration, and its cultivation to the highest perfection, will ever last long. No nation or people will ever preserve the weight of influence to which they were naturally entitled, among others, without manliness of development as the only reliable foundation of manliness and reliabity of character. All that tends to produce that is so far a vital good.

NATURE AND FAITH.

BY REV. ROBERT PERRY.

Nature sees the *body dead;*
Faith beholds the *spirit fled;*
Nature stops at Jordan's tide;
Faith can see the other side;
That but hears farewell and sighs;
This, thy welcome in the skies;
Nature mourns the *cruel* blow;
Faith assures it is not so;
Nature never sees thee more;
Faith but sees thee gone before;
Nature reads a dismal story;
Faith has visions full of glory;
Nature views the change with sadness;
Faith contemplates it with gladness;
Nature murmurs; *faith* gives meekness;
"Strength is perfected in weakness;"
Nature writhes and hates the rod;
Faith looks up and blesses God;
That looks downward, *this* above;
That sees harshness, this sees love.

THE FOREST FUNERAL.

She was a fair child, with masses of long black hair lying over her pillow. Her eye was dark and piercing, and as it met mine, she started slightly, but smiled and looked upward. I spoke a few words to her father, and turning to her, asked her if she knew her condition.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," said she, in a voice whose melody was like the Æolian harp. You may imagine that the answer startled me, and with a very few words of the like import, I turned from her. A half hour passed, and she spoke in the same deep, rich, melodious voice—

"Father, I am cold—lie down beside me;" and the old man lay down by his dying child, and she twined her arms around his neck, and murmured in a dreamy voice, "Dear father, dear father!"

"My child," said the man, "doth the flood seem deep to thee?"

"Nay, father, for my soul is strong."

"Seest thou the thither shore?"

"I see it, father—and its banks are green with immortal verdure."

"Hearest thou the voices of its inhabitants?"

"I hear them, father, as the voices of angels, falling from afar in the still and solemn night-time; and they call me—her voice, too, father, oh, I heard it then."

"Doth she speak to thee?"

"She speaketh in tones most heavenly."

"Doth she smile?"

"An angel smile! But a co'd, calm smile. But I am cold, cold—cold! Father, there is a mist in the room. You'll be lonely. Is this death, father?"

"It is death, my Mary."

"Thank God!"

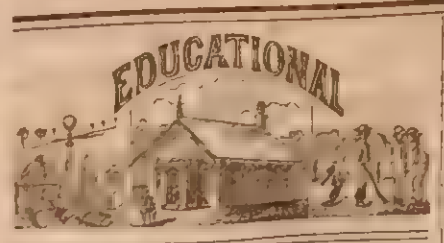
Sabbath evening came, and a slow, sad procession wound through the forest to the little schoolhouse. There, with simple rites, the good clergyman performed his duty, and went to the grave. The procession was short. There were hardy men and rough, in shooting jackets, and some with rifles on their shoulders. But their warm hearts gave beauty to their unshaven faces, as they stood in reverent silence by the grave. The river murmured, and the birds sung, and so we buried her.

I saw the sun go down from the same spot—and the stars were bright before I left—for I always had an idea that a grave-yard was the nearest place to heaven on earth—and, with old Sir Thomas Brown, I love to see a church in a grave-yard, for even as we pass through the place of graves to the Temple of God on earth, so we must pass through the grave to the Temple of God on high. —*Selected.*

The Blessed Country.—So much as moments are exceeded by eternity, and the sighing of a man by the joys of an angel, and a salutary frown by the light of God's countenance, a few frowns by the infinite and eternal hallelujahs, so much are the sorrows of the godly to be undervalued in respect to what is deposited for them in the treasures of eternity. Their sorrows can die, but so cannot their joys. And, if the blessed martyrs and confessors were asked concerning their past sufferings, and their present rest, and the joys of their certain expectations, you should hear them glory in nothing, but in the mercies of God, and in the cross of the Lord Jesus. Every chain is a ray of light, and every prison is a palace, and every loss is the purchase of a kingdom, and every affront in the cause of God is an eternal honor, and every day of sorrow is a thousand years of comfort, multiplied with a never-ceasing numeration; days without nights, joys without sorrows, sanctity without sin, charity without stain, possession without fear, society without envying, communication of joys without lessening; and they shall dwell in a blessed country, where an enemy never entered, and from whence a friend never went away.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Reasons for Being Holy.—A man who has been redeemed by the blood of the Son of God should be pure. He who is an heir of life should be holy. He who is attended by celestial beings, and who is soon, he knows not how soon, to be translated to heaven, should be holy. Are angels my attendants? then I should walk worthy of my companionship. Am I soon to go and dwell with angels? then I should be pure. Are these feet soon to tread the courts of heaven? Is this tongue soon to unite with heavenly beings in praising God? Are these eyes of mine soon to look on the throne of eternal glory, and on the ascended Redeemer? Then these feet, and eyes, and lips, should be pure and holy; and I should be dead to the world, and live for heaven.—*Albert Barnes.*

The true measure of loving God, is to love him without measure.—*Countess of Warwick.*



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WHAT SHALL WE TEACH, AND HOW?

It is characteristic of our American people to drive ahead in all the departments of life; and it is this go-ahead principle which makes us the enterprising nation that we are. Yet even this, like all other things, may be over-done; in fact, in many instances we do need restraint. There is no other department in the various missions of humanity in which extremeism is so fraught with disastrous results, as in the teaching of children. Parents are superficial, and in looking for the main chance, and delving hard to rapidly accumulate gold,—to rear splendid residences, and appear in costly equipages,—neglect their *own moral and intellectual culture*, and, as a consequence, the proper education of their children is totally overlooked. The teacher who will *drive the child fastest*—make the greatest display, by storing the mind with the greatest number of studies—is their model teacher, and, of course, commands the highest remuneration. Teachers—knowing the facts—acquainted with the weakness of their patrons—seek to flatter their vanity, thereby advancing themselves in the favor of their employers. As one who delights in the instruction of the young, I call upon my fellow teachers to reflect upon the consequences of such an extravagant career. Bethink you of the importance of your mission—look at the precious gem before you,—the immortal mind, Nature's crowning element, placed in your hands to mould, making you the agent of morality and virtue—placing in your possession the casket of seeds for future usefulness and happiness. It is of paramount importance, then, that you sow them judiciously.

But to our question. How shall they be sown?—or, "what shall be taught?" Even though it be to secure the approbation and patronage of the most influential, deviate not from instructing your pupils in the most *thorough* manner. Commencing at the foot of the Hill of Science, make sure and steadfast every step of the advancing scholar. Let each branch be taught as though *it* were of the highest importance. The greatest fault in teaching has been a too rapid succession of studies. The child is hurried from letters to reading,—through all the successive series of readers—and attains such a flippancy of speech and pronunciation, that it is really charming to hear the little fellow go on, especially if he possesses a good development of the perceptive faculties. His slow class-mate even stumbles over the simplest words, but his "quick neighbor" tells him all the harder ones, while neither reads understandingly. In a course of reading, teach thoroughly; have your pupils obtain a clear utterance, then a correct pronunciation, and then the meaning of what is pronounced. Let not one reading exercise pass, until your class can give the definitions of the most prominent words.—Geography is not half learned, and if its importance was more fully realized, it would be taught better than it is. Arithmetic is to be *understood*, therefore teach it understandingly,—be not in haste to leave the mental for the written,—the simpler branches for higher, but master each in its order. All the higher branches may be taught "with success" in our common schools—providing the rudiments have been learned correctly.

But I fear I have already been too prosy, therefore will leave the subject for the present. In the teachers of our Common Schools, more than any other class of citizens, lies the destiny of our future. As our children are reared so will the next generation be. It is their mission to mould our nationality, to eradicate existing evils, and build an edifice of morality. They should make themselves active and influential reformers. Let their aim be high, their work broad and deep—and they will be crowned with the highest honors of the land, and the just approbation of Heaven. M.

St. Johnsville, N. Y., 1859.

THE WILL.

How many times have we heard both parents and teachers say, such a child must have his will broken—he is too headstrong. Is the will ever broken? It may be made to bend, but never, it is never broken. "If John was not so willful, he would do well enough," say the parent and teacher, when every success that crowns his endeavors, is the fruit of the will. Guide this heaven-born gift, aid the child in placing this firm, strong lever beneath good and noble purposes, and much will be accomplished. When the Will joins hands with Reason and Religion, its power will be for good.—Strong will is the great characteristic of all those who have achieved power, either for good or evil, in the world's history. The will is the most prompt and decisive faculty of the mind, and impels to immediate action.

It is necessary for the teacher to possess this firmness of purpose, that he may cultivate the same in his pupils. If they find a will to meet each duty faithfully, they will be inspired with the same feeling in their duties.

I have often seen this spirit cultivated in a class. For instance: Not long since a difficult problem was given a class, with this remark: Who will have *the will* to overcome the difficulty? The tinder was struck, a strong purpose lighted even the most indolent eye. The morrow came, and the question, How many have failed? brought up many hands. "Then in this class there is no will-lever to move obstructions. Shall I say you give it up?" For a moment there were glances passed from one and another in the class, and then an emphatic "No," fell upon my ear. One, more excitable than the others, started from his seat, saying "*I will, I will* have it," and more than one heart responded, aye. The next recitation did not bring failures. The great river of the will passed the barrier, and in its right channel moved on towards the ocean of power. It is not one *lesson* gained, but strength for future efforts. Teacher, it is for you to direct these efforts. Your purposes, directed in the path of knowledge, virtue and truth, will aid your pupils. If you are feeble, inefficient, lacking in that power which wills, and it is done, your pupils will be your prototype. How many times I have seen the teacher wanting in this vital mental principle, and the student possessing a sufficient quantity, using it in every way possible to aggravate his teacher, while the teacher deplored the willfulness of human nature.

Not long since I accompanied a teacher on her visit to the parents of a boy of nine summers, who had been playing truant. It was the second offence. We found the father at home, and immediately introduced the object of our call. With tears he answered, "I have tried to make Johnny be a good boy, but he will not. I have punished him, and it does no good. If you will correct him, I shall be very much obliged. I cannot do anything more with him; I fear he is ruined." *A boy of nine.*—Was the boy to blame for possessing a power stronger than this specimen of a man? There was no home will to guide and aid the little fellow in his purposes. He must use the power. He willed to do wrong, and did wrong because the weak father did not teach to will to do right. Nature teaches us to cultivate the will; not to make it the tool of wicked purposes, but the acting force for good.—E. A. R., *in N. Y. Teacher.*

The Reviewer.

The Life of North American Insects. By B. Jaeger, late Professor of Zoology and Botany in the College of New Jersey. With numerous Illustrations from Specimens in the Cabinet of the Author. [16mo.—pp. 319.] New York: Harper & Bros.

This is a very readable book, and must prove very interesting to all who are willing to think. It gives knowledge on one part of Natural History now first made accessible to the great body of readers in our country. It is also on a class of animals found about us, which are very useful or very injurious and annoying. Many of them, too, are splendent in beauty, and their organization is wonderful. Their modes of life are wonderfully diversified, and often exceedingly attractive to observers. As the animals of this class are nearly divided into two parts, they are called *Insects*, from the Latin, *to cut into*, and the science is called Entomology from a Greek word of the same import as the Latin just noticed. As they have not a vertebrate column or a back-bone, like beasts, birds, reptiles and fishes, they are named *invertegrated* animals, and in their perfect state have *six legs*, for the use of a body formed of united or *jointed* rings.

It is too late to think of Insects as contemptible, ugly, or hateful things, when the great Creator has formed them and placed them in His world and our world. It is wise to know more of Him by the study of his wondrous works. Has the infinite Hand given these their wonderful adaptations and curious instincts and endless variety, for us only to show our weakness, ignorance, or insensibility?

The work is not a regular system of Entomology, but has enough of science to give more zest to its study. There should be many thousands of readers of such a book. Please to refer to the first insect of the work, the Lady Bird, page 20 to 23; to the Katydid on page 105 to 111; the Silk-Worm Moth, beginning on page 141, for instance. Even the Life of the Caterpillar, on page 156, or on page 169 to 172, ought to be understood. Sold by Dewey.

Hints Toward Physical Perfection: or the Philosophy of Human Beauty; showing how to Acquire and Retain Bodily Symmetry, Health and Vigor; secure Long Life; and avoid the Infirmities and Deformities of Age. By D. H. Jacques. [16mo.—pp. 239.] New York: Fowler & Wells.

In the preface to this attractive volume the author says—"We have aimed, not so much to unfold new principles or present novel facts, as to popularize those which scientific investigation has already established, and show, in some cases at least, more fully and clearly than had hitherto been done, their practical application." The work is neatly printed and illustrated, and embraces a variety of topics relating to Anatomy, Physiology, Embryology, Mental and Physical Culture, Health, Beauty, Longevity, &c. The author maintains that the physical improvement of the race is certain and easy of accomplishment by the use of the legitimate means pointed out in this treatise, and that this result pertains not only to individuals themselves, but to their offspring, whose conformation, tempers and happiness are influenced by the temporary as well as permanent condition of the parents. We can commend this work to the general reader, as containing much that is interesting and valuable—while, at the same time, we may not assent to all its physiological deductions, nor pledge ourselves to the belief that physiology is the science thro' whose benign influence an era of physical beauty and perfection is to dawn on our race. From the Publishers—sold by Dewey.

Books Received.

Wyandotte; or, The Hutted Knoll. A Tale. By J. Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley. [12mo.—pp. 523.] New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. Sold in Rochester by D. M. Dewey.

The New and The Old; or, California and India in Romantic Aspects. By J. W. Palmer, M. D., author of "Up and Down the Iwawaddi; or, the Golden Dagon." With Illustration from Original Designs. [12mo.—pp. 423.] New York: Rudd & Carleton. For sale by Dewey.

Summer Pictures: From Copenhagen to Venice. By Henry M. Field, author of "The Irish Confederates and the Rebellion of 1798." [16mo.—pp. 291.] Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Rochester—Adams & Dabney.

All About It: or, the History and Mystery of Common Things. [12mo.—pp. 360.] New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. Rochester—Dewey.

The Best Things. By the Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., author of "Rills from the Fountain of Life."—[16mo. pp. 293.] New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Rochester—Allings & Cory.

The Boy's Book of Modern Travel and Adventure. By Meredith Johnes, author of "The Children's Bible Picture Book," etc. With 8 illustrations by Wm. Harvey. "Travelers tell strange tales." [16mo.—pp. 333.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Sold by Dewey.

The Precious Stones of the Heavenly Foundations. With illustrative Selections in Prose and Verse. By Augusta Browne Garnett, author of "Musical Composition," "Hamilton the Young Artist," etc. [12mo.—pp. 323.] Sold by Dewey.

On the Probable Fall in the Value of Gold; the Commercial and Social Consequences which may ensue, and the Measures which it invites. By Michel Chevalier, Member of the Institute of France, etc. Translated from the French, with Preface, by Richard Cobden, Esq. New York: D. Appleton & Co. [8vo.—pp. 211.] Sold by Dewey.

The Christian Graces: A Series of Lectures on 2 Peter i. 5—12. By Jas. P. Thompson, Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church (New York.) [16mo.—pp. 280.] Boston: Gould & Lincoln. For sale by Dewey.

The Bertrams. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope, author of "Barchester Towers," "Doctor Thorne," etc. [16mo.—pp. 328.] New York: Harper & Bros. For sale by Dewey.

A Bachelor's Story. By Oliver Bunce. [12mo. pp. 247.] New York: Rudd & Carleton. Dewey.

MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR—ITALY.

The accounts published in the papers of the situation and movements of the two great armies now menacing each other in Italy and awaiting the moment of deadly combat are mainly unintelligible, and, therefore, uninteresting. This arises from the fact that but few are familiar with the geography of the county, or even the names of the towns and rivers, and therefore when it is stated that the Austrians had retreated from Vercelli or that Napolean had arrived at Alessandria, and as soon as he reached Casale it was expected active operations would be commenced, no idea is conveyed to the mind of the movements of the troops or the advantages gained or lost by either. To aid in making this matter clear, so that hereafter all we publish on the subject may be well understood, we have prepared a map of Northern and Central Italy, the seat of the war. For the sake of clearness we omit the small and comparatively unimportant places, giving only those likely to be mentioned in the accounts given of the progress of the conflict.

PRINCIPAL DIVISIONS OF ITALY.

The divisions of Italy, as shown in our map, are *Lombardy, Piedmont, Savoy, Parma, Modena, Tuscany, &c. Lombardy* belongs to *Austria; Parma, Modena, Tuscany*, &c., are independent States.

The Government of *Sardina* embraces *Piedmont* and *Savoy* as shown on the map, and the island of *Sardinia*, South of *Corsica*, which is not shown. The Eastern portion of *Piedmont* is a part of the great plain of *Lombardy*, and is divided from *Lombardy* proper by the *Ticino* river. On the West it is enclosed by the Alps and Appenines. *Savoy* contains about 600,000 inhabitants, and a little over 400,000 square miles. The country is mountainous and infertile. *Savoy* and *Piedmont* contain about 5,000,000 inhabitants, and keep a standing army of 60,000.

PRINCIPAL CITIES OF SARDINIA.

Turin, the capital of Sardina is situated on the *Po river*, 79 miles South-West of *Milan*. It lies in a rich and well-watered plain, studded with fine residences. Population about 150,000.

Genoa is the next city in importance, and is situated on the *Gulf of Genoa*, (Mediterraneau sea.) It is a strongly fortified seaport, containing over 100,000 inhabitants, and is 79 miles South-East of *Turin*.

Alessandria is a fortified town 46 miles South-East of *Turin*, and nearly the same distance North of *Genoa*. Population, including suburbs, 40,000.

Mortara is about 25 miles North-East of *Alessandria*. It is fortified, but contains only about 6,000 inhabitants, as it is considered unhealthy on account of the miasma arising from the rice-fields with which it is surrounded.

Casale is a city of over 20,000, on the river *Po*, 38 miles North-East of *Turin*, and about 20 South-West of *Mortara*.

Vercelli, (shown by a star in the map,) is on the right bank of the *Sesia* river, 14 miles North of *Casale*. Population about 20,000.

Susa is a small town about 30 miles West of *Turin*, at the junction of the principal routes across the Alps.

RIVERS OF SARDINIA.

The principal river of Italy is the *Po*. It rises in Monte Viso, flows East in a tortuous course and empties into the Adriatic. Length 340 miles. In many parts it is above the neighboring plains, and care is necessary to prevent inundations.

The *Ticino* is 125 miles in length, rises in Switzerland and empties into the *Po*, forming the boundary between *Piedmont* and *Lombardy*. The *Sesia* is a small stream about 30 miles West of the *Ticino*, and empties into the *Po* near *Casale*.

The *Dora* is a small stream rising in the Alps, running East and South-East for about 90 miles, emptying into the *Po* about 20 miles East of *Turin*.

THE POSITION OF THE ARMIES.

The *Austrians* who seem to have commenced the war with the greatest precipitation, crossed the *Ticino* river into Piedmont, with an army said to be over 100,000 strong, and advanced westward as far as the river Sesia, thirty miles into the Sardinian territory on the way to Turin, and within less than sixty miles of that capital. The object of the Austrians was supposed to be to take *Turin* before the French could furnish their allies aid. In this they were checked by heavy rains, which swelled the rivers and flooded the flat country, as well as by the rapid movements of the French, who soon had an army sufficient to intercept their foes, with some confidence of success should an engagement take place. About the 10th of May they retreated from Vercelli, re-crossed the Sesia river, and fell back about 20 miles, to *Mortara*, which is only 25 miles North-East of Alessandria, where Napoleon was at last accounts.

The *French* and *Sardinians* at the outset established themselves in two lines at right-angles with each other, the one on the *Dora*, a little river, about 30 miles west of the *Sesia*, and emptying into the *Po*, about 15 miles North-East of *Turin*. This position seems to be well chosen to protect the capital, while it was convenient for reinforcements from France over the *Alps*, by the way of *Susa*. The other line was on the *Po*, at *Casale*, 38 miles North-East of *Turin*, and 70 miles from *Genoa*, from which place this line receives its reinforcements.

RISE AND FALL OF LAKE ONTARIO.

That there should be variations in the surface of the Lake, sometimes higher and at others lower, was to be expected. They have long been noticed. But, the absence of any regular and continued measures of the fluctuations, has permitted the existence of many absurd notions. One of these was the notion of a regular rise for several years, and then a regular fall for about as many more.

For the last thirteen years the variations have been measured for every month, at the mouth of the Genesee. They are given in the following table. They show the above notion to be baseless. They exhibit also a regularity in the time of highest and lowest level in each year, subject to a difference depending on the quantity of water in rain and snow, on the great water-shed which passes through the great chain of Lakes to the ocean. The more rain and the more extensive, the higher is the lake, and vice versa, while in other years the level is nearer the mean. To this should be added the small difference in the quantity of water evaporated in different years. As Lake Ontario is the eastern of this chain of great Lakes, the variation of level must generally be later than that in Lake Erie and the Western Lakes. The range in the year, and the greatest and least level in several years is shown to be about the same in all the lakes as far west as Sault St. Marie. The table will be readily understood.

VARIATIONS OF THE LEVEL OF LAKE ONTARIO, FOR THE SIX MENTIONED YEARS, MEASURED FROM A FIXED POINT DOWNWARDS TO THE WATER. THE LARGER THE MEASURE, THE LOWER THE LEVEL.

TABLE—Measure in inches.

Years.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Mean	Range	Relative.
1847	51	48	48	45	42	39	36	34	32	30	28	27	38	24	Low
1848	49	46	46	43	40	37	34	32	30	28	26	25	36	24	Below mean.
1849	50	50	50	48	45	42	39	36	34	32	30	28	40	22	Low
1850	54	54	54	52	49	46	43	40	38	36	34	32	44	22	Higher.
1851	53	53	53	51	48	45	42	39	37	35	33	31	43	22	High
1852	39	38	38	36	33	30	27	25	23	21	19	18	29	21	Below mean.
1853	36	36	36	34	31	28	25	23	21	19	17	16	27	20	Higher
1858	47	46	46	44	41	38	35	33	31	29	27	26	37	21	High
1859	45	44	44	42	39	36	33	31	29	27	25	24	35	21	Very high.
Means	48	47	47	45	42	39	36	34	32	30	28	27	38	22	

THE TABLE SHOWS.

1. That the lowest was in February, 1857, and the highest in August, 1858, making the greatest range of the thirteen years to be 54 inches, and that the lowest in 1857, was only a little greater than in Feb., 1846, in Nov., 1848, in March, 1849, in Nov., 1850, in Feb. and Nov., 1851, in Feb., 1852, in Dec., 1854, in Feb., 1855, and in Nov. and Dec., 1856.

2. That the level has been very high only in 1857 and 1858.

3. That the range was far the greatest in 1857, little more than one-third as much in 1858, when the lake was high, and still less in 1846 when the lake was low through the year.

4. That the summer months generally have the higher water, and the winter months the lower.

5. These results will satisfy some inquiries made by a correspondent, and render absurd any attempted comparisons, with the variations of Lakes in other continents. C. D.

Rochester, May 16, 1859.

Hands and Hearts.—The author says that to large hands belong the spirit of minutæ and of detail; Frederick I. of Prussia, surnamed the King Corporal, had large hands. To moderate-sized hands belong the conception of details and of the whole; such were those of Walter Scott, Montesquiu, Tasso, Racine, Corneille, West, Leibnitz, &c. A subtle and disputatious spirit is connected with small hands having delicate fingers.

Beecher says "The human heart is like an artist's studio. You can tell what the artist is doing, not so much by his completed pictures, but by the half-finished sketches and designs which are hanging on his wall. So you can tell the course of a man's life, not so much by his well defined purposes as by the half-formed plans, the faint day-dreams which are hung in all the chambers of his heart."

STUDY AND LABOR.

In looking over the Rural of May 14th, I saw that there was a question opened for discussion for the Young Ruralists. Being one of that class, I will contribute my mite to sustain the question. The question, "Can a man be both a student and a farmer at the same time," is a very sensible one. To sustain my position, I would reason from the two-fold nature of man. He is a physical and an intellectual being. The development of both these parts is necessary to form a *man*. Exercise or labor is necessary to develop the body; study develops the mind. The question is, "whether we can combine the two so as to make the labor both profitable and pleasant." The experience of Vinton seems to prove the negative of the question, at least to him. If he had examined the subject, or rather *himself*, a little closer, before he had come to his conclusions, perhaps he would have found other things that tended to make his experience prove as it did; not so much the *close* study, as the *little* carelessness which he manifested.

A certain degree of common sense is necessary to choose what studies we ought to follow with our farming; and also the time to pursue these studies. For a farmer to study medicine or law, and then attempt its practice, at the same time that he was working on his farm, his success *might* not be with profit or pleasure. We see that here is a wrong combination of the two. But to give up study *entirely*, simply because men sometimes make mistakes in their choice of studies, would be like giving up trying to do *right* because some men will do *wrong*. If we should study something that would add to the interest of farming, at a time when we have leisure, and not when our mind is busily engaged in business, so as to forget business entirely, we would find that we could make farming both profitable and pleasant. Duane.

Pompey, N. Y., 1859.

THE SUPPLY OF STREAMS.

Messrs. Eds.:—My views about the supply of streams are different from those in a late number of the Young Ruralist. Rains and snow contribute to the supply of streams, but their constant supply is from a depth, the water rising in. The supply of rivers has not the appearance of moving down an inclined plane, like flooding a stream, as it would be were streams supplied from rain and snow alone.

The writer says no experiment in filtering salt water made it fresh. The filtering process carried on by the Mediterranean Sea, as described in the Young Ruralist, will make salt water fresh, if carried inland farther. Inland seas in depressed valleys are salt, for the reason that fresh water goes up to higher fountains, not by capillary attraction, but by the weight of the land. Land is heavier than water. Water is fluid, and rises to an equilibrium with the land. Fresh water is lighter than salt water and will rise higher.

Water stands near the surface all over the land, and the influence that governs the tides of the ocean, keeps it flowing or issuing. Thus are springs, lakes and rivers supplied.—W. M. Mason, *Polo, Ill.*

Remarks.—The above contains some very curious statements, to which we call the attention of our young friends. Are they well founded, or contradicted by science and experience?

WRITING.

To think rightly is of knowledge; to speak fluently is of nature; to read with profit is of care; but to write aptly is of practice.—Tupper.

What a *multum in parvo* is contained in the words "to write aptly is of practice." Writing is said to be the "world's messenger." Through its medium we are enabled to treasure up the wisdom of the present generation and hand it down to generations yet to come. Through its medium we are enabled to drink at the fountain of knowledge, learn of nations and governments that were, but are no more; nations once second to none, now known only in history. By it we are enabled to chain the mighty thought ere it escapes from the mind, and its foot-prints are forever erased from the tablets of the memory. "No talent among men hath more scholars and fewer masters." Many there are who have dabbled in both poetry and prose, and yet have never become very proficient in either, for want of that "practice" which makes perfect. How many there are that converse fluently and learnedly upon the topics of the day that are mere novices at writing. That instrument, more powerful than the sword—the pen—is wielded but by few successfully. ***.

A Word for Farmer's Boys.—Boys, improve the moments which you catch for reading something useful. However busy you may be—planting, cultivating, haying, harvesting—find someing time during the twenty-four hours for reading some item which will do you good in future life. Ten minutes each day, for the six working days of the week, give you one hour. Sands make the mountain, minutes the year.—J. R. J.

Questions for Debate.—A Young Ruralist wishes some one who has had experience in Young Men's Debating Clubs and Lyceum, to furnish profitable questions for discussion.

To-Morrow.—To-morrow is like a juggler the deceives us; a quack that pretends to cure us, and thin ice that will bear its own weight. It is a fruit beyond our grasp; a glittering bubble that bursts and vanishes away; a will-o'-the-wisp that leads many into the mire, and a rock that many mariners have struck and suffered shipwreck. It is an illusion to all who neglect the present hour, and a reality to those only who improve to-day.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

Farmers, Use Plaster and Guano—Dealer.
Spurgeon's Sermons in New York Waverly—Publishers.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 11, 1859.

BACK NUMBERS AND VOLUMES.

Back numbers of this volume of the Rural can still be furnished to new subscribers. Though our edition is running low, we find, on counting, that we yet have a few hundred sets more than we wish to save for binding. Hence, we can still supply copies of the entire volume at the rates heretofore offered to Agents.

In answer to frequent inquiries whether we can furnish all the back volumes, at what price, &c., we would again state that *neither of the first five volumes can be supplied.* We can only furnish the last four volumes—for 1855, '56, '57 and '58. The price, bound, $3 per volume. The only volume we can furnish *unbound* is that of last year—price, $2.

☞ We have many orders on hand for all the back volumes, and regret that we can only furnish as above, except when we can purchase the first five volumes, as is occasionally the case.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

But little of importance is transpiring at Washington. The Navy Department received a letter of June 2d, from Capt. Farragut, commanding the United States ship Brooklyn, dated Vera Cruz, May 21, in which he says:—As Minister McLane is desirous of having a ship at Tampico, in anticipation of an attack on that place by the Miramon party, I shall direct Commander Turner to proceed thither immediately, with orders to land a force of marines and others, if necessary, for the protection of the American Consulate, and such Aerican citizens as may seek his protection; and, in the event of the town being carried by assault, to require of the Commanding General the assurance of protection to the Consulate and all American citizens.

Mr. Mason has tendered his resignation as Minister to Paris, but he will be retained, as it is now decided not to displace Mr. Dallas from his post as Minister to Great Britain.

Secretary Cobb's recent circular, requesting American Captains to hoist the Stars and Stripes in the presence of foreign vessels of war, is principally designed for application on the coast of Africa, where they manifest an indisposition to embarrass British cruisers stationed there.

Dispatches went out in the Persia to Judge Mason, our Minister at Paris, directing him to intimate to the French Government, that in case Germany should be drawn into the war, this Government will not suffer any interruption of the service of the Hamburg and Bremen steamers now carrying the U. S. Mail, so long as those steamers do not carry articles contraband of war.

The War Department is in receipt of intelligence from the head quarters of the Department of California, announcing the complete success of Lieut. Col Hoffman in his Colorado expedition against the Mohave Indians. The troops engaged, with the exception of two companies, are now in march for economical stations upon the sea coast.

The Indian Superintendent Collins, of New Mexico, announces to the Indian Bureau the perfect safety of the southern Overland Mail route.—Agent Stock, who proposes to meet some 1,500 Indians upon the Gila to distribute the usual quota of agricultural implements, writes that the guard on the occasion will consist of ten Mexicans armed only with poles and whips.

A dispatch says Attorney General Blacks' opinion conflicts with the military understanding of the instructions to Gen. Johnson, and the intention of the War Department when they were issued—hence further complications are apprehended.

Storms and Casualties.

A Water Spout on the Prairie.—A correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune* gives an account of a Water Spout on the Prairies near Iowa City on the 24th ult, accompanied by destruction of property and life, as follows:—"Last evening, while yet it was light, there arose suddenly a violent wind, accompanied by strong indications of rain In a few moments, the whole horizon became pitchy black, and the most vivid lightning darted athwart the sky. A terrible thunder storm burst upon us. While yet it was raging fearfully, the sky suddenly appeared unclouded in the east for a space several degrees in width. Many of our citizens, who were watching from their windows the raging of the storm, discovered, indistinctly at first, the rapid approach of an immense water spout. The phenomenon was so unusual that the attention of hundreds was drawn to it. The appearance of the huge volume of water as it reached from earth to sky—swaying to and fro like a rope hung in the wind—was exceedingly grand. The water spout remained in sight nearly fifteen minutes, when the sky becoming obscured, it was lost sight of.

The next express from the country brought us information that a family, by the name of Morgan, three in number, had been struck, two of its members killed instantly, and the mother so seriously injured that it is thought impossible for her to recover. Mr. John Frick, who was in a brick house, which was entirely demolished, by some providential circumstance, escaped with but slight injury. Two men, whose names I could not learn, were killed instantly. Many have had their legs or arms broken, and others have suffered from contusions and fractures, occasioned by the fall of houses, which had been blown down upon them.—But it is impossible to give correct details in the midst of the confusion and rumors incident to so distressing an event. I have only given such facts as I know to be correct. Eight are thus far known to be killed."

Hail Storm.—A destructive hail storm passed over Holly Springs, N. C., recently. The hail in some places fell to the depth of twelve inches, destroying corn, cotton, wheat, and, indeed, almost everything within its range. On the next day, at 2 o'clock, P. M., the hail on the ground in some places was six inches deep. Fences were blown down, windows in houses broken to pieces, fruit trees destroyed, &c.

Terrible Storm in Illinois.—Our Western papers contain gloomy accounts of a most terrific hurricane that visited Central Illinois on the 26th ult. It appears that the storm started somewhere at or near the Mississippi river, in Calhoun county, and passed up in a northeasterly direction through the centre of Green and Morgan counties, touching the southeast corner of Cass and the northwest corner of Menard, and through the middle of Mason and Tazewell counties, spending its force somewhere in Woodford county, northeast of Peoria. Its track was about one hundred yards wide, but it appears to have been most powerfully destructive in Morgan county, near Jacksonville, where it swept everything in its course, uplifting and destroying houses, barns, fences, cattle, trees and everything else that was movable In Morgan county, as far as heard from, fifteen persons were killed. Besides these, it is thought that several of the wounded cannot recover. There were some fifty seriously injured in Morgan county.

In other counties through which the tornado passed less injury was done, so far as heard, but houses were blown down in great numbers, fruit trees ruined and many persons seriously, if not mortally injured. So severe was the storm in Morgan and Tazewell counties, that men, beasts, wagons and heavy logs and other solid substances were taken up into the air and carried off hundreds of yards. The air was literally filled with flying timbers, splinters, stones, fowls and animals, rushing along, in terrible confusion, with the velocity and on the wings of the wind. Many beautiful farm houses are scattered into atoms, orchards completely stripped, stock killed, and even fields of grain torn up as if freshly plowed.

The Tornado in Wisconsin.—The Chicago Journal says:—"We learn that on the same day of the tornado here, a destructive storm passed through Central Wisconsin, from Madison westward, doing much damage, though less disastrous than that in our State. In Madison, buildings were unroofed and chimneys blown down, and the little lakes in that vicinity were lashed into a perfect fury, doing much damage to fishing boats and to other property along the banks."

The Hurricane in Michigan.—The tornado of the 26th, it seems, extended to Michigan, for on the same day, at Pipestone Township, Berrien Co., Mich., one house was blown down, another was lifted bodily from its foundations, carried over several stumps, from three to five feet high, and thrown down upon three other stumps. Several persons were injured.

More of the Storm.—We seem to have been visited with a series of storms, commencing at the West, and extending east as far as New York.—Thursday morning, the 3d inst., a little after midnight, one visited London, C. W. The *Free Press* says:—"The rain poured down in great streams, deluging the city and surrounding country. The thunder was particularly loud; sometimes like the roar equal to the discharge of artillery, and frequently only to be compared to the sharp crack of thousands of rifles. Many persons state that their houses were shaken by the concussion of the thunder clouds; while, in many instances, loss of life and damage to property was caused by the discharge of the electric fluid."

On Thursday evening it reached Albany, unroofed buildings, damaging vessels at the docks, tearing up trees by the roots and doing much other mischief. The telegraph of Friday from New York announced a "tremendous rain storm accompanied by thunder and lightning prevailing there," but we hear of no casualties.

A Destructive Hail Storm—Great Damage to the Crops.—On Monday evening, May 31st, a storm of hail swept over a strip of country, about two miles in width, lying a few miles southwest of Hagerstown, Md., which is reported to have been very destructive to the growing wheat crop within its range. The Torch says:—"Some of the hail were as large as a hen's egg, and after the storm was over they could have been gathered by the wagon load. Clover fields, orchards and gardens were also completely destroyed, presenting the bleak and melancholy aspect of mid-winter.

Great Hail Storm at York.—The York (Pa.) Gazette states that on Monday afternoon, the same date as the above, that borough and vicinity was visited by one of the heaviest hail storms that has occurred there for many years. The storm lasted for nearly half an hour, and in some places the hail entirely covered the ground. The stones were very large, and it is feared great damage has been done to the crops and fruit.

A Seminary Struck by Lightning—Wonderful Escape.—The Genesee Valley Seminary, at Belfast, Allegany Co., N. Y., a wooden structure 64 by 66 feet, and 50 feet high, with cupola of 30 feet, was struck by lightning May 27th. The fluid struck the northwest corner of the cupola, shattering it, descended to the garret and the rooms below, to the ground, in its passage bursting off casings and plaster, shivering doors, tearing off siding, splintering studs, collecting in the window weights, exploding there and destroying the window frames and casing, and tearing off lath and plaster in its wild career. It also collected in pipes and stoves, and from them shivered the floors, tore up carpets, blackened or burned all around.

Nearly fifty persons were in the building when a sharp, quick, deafening report was heard with the crash of shivered timbers and falling plaster. In one room the teacher and all her class were prostrated, senseless, on the floor. After a few moments they recovered. In another room some also were prostrated. That all among so many, with such near contact of the mysterious agent, should escape unharmed, is the most remarkable of all—a miraculous deliverance.

News Paragraphs.

A Strawberry Party is to be given for the Benefit of the Industrial School—to defray current expenses—in Corinthian Hall, on Thursday evening, June 16th. The country friends of the institution are advised that strawberries and cream, or other donations, will be gratefully received by the Managers.

Whaling Unprofitable.—Whaling of late seems to have been quite unprofitable. The New Bedford *Mercury* of the 23d ult., says:—"Five whaleships returned to this port on Saturday, after an absence of from four to five years each, all of which have made losing voyages, amounting to an aggregate of $75,000 to $80,000. This ill-success is owing to the small catch, heavy expenses incurred in fitting and recruiting during the voyage, and the reduction in the price of oils. Another whaler arrived yesterday has had no better luck, the whole six ships having made losing voyages."

Liberty and Toleration.—The Revolutionary Tuscan Government fitly opens its reign by proclaiming religious freedom, and the Jews of the Grand Duchy have tendered to the Provincial Government an expression of the grateful sense of the seasonable act which makes all religious sects equal before the law. This is consistent. The Tuscans deserve to succeed.

A Delightful Place.—A Denever City correspondent says the place contains about 100 log cabins. Corner lots range in price from $50 to $500. The inhabitants are Indians, Mexicans and white people—about equally divided—all hard cases, drinking and fighting all the while; some one killed nearly every week.

A Child Killed by Whisky.—In Buffalo last week, a boy six years old was sent by his father for whisky. On the return he stopped to drink with another boy, deeming that good for him which his father prized so highly. Both boys were found soon after helplessly intoxicated, and one died therefrom the same night. This is melancholy, but we have known many poor children and women, too, killed by whisky that they never touched.

Wholesale Desertion.—Sir Charles Napier says that thirteen thousand sailors have deserted the British naval service within three years; and that too, with more than $130,000 due them. So long as the brutal practice of flogging seamen is continued, it will be a difficult matter, even were there no other drawback, to make any service popular. If the civilized governments of the world ever learn to treat sailors as men, then they may expect their ships to be well manned.

Annual Expenditures of the War Department.—The following table shows the annual expenditures of the War Department from 1850 to 1860 inclusive—the latter year being the amount appropriated by Congress:

1850	$ 9,401,239 00	1857	$19,261,774 16
1851	11 811 792 00	1858	25,485,383 60
1852	8 2 5 246 92	1859	19,109,129 00
1855	9 947 2 0 87	1860	15,508,533 00
1856	16,948,106 89		

Free and Easy.—The Daily Dunkirk Journal of Saturday contains the following cool announcement:—Being a disciple of that good old reformer, "Isaak Walton," and having several of "the same opinion" in our employ, no paper will be issued from this office on Monday next. If news of importance to our business men should come to hand, an extra will be issued.

Terrible Depression of the Shipping Interest.—Ships have been, up to this moment, says the New York Tribune, for a year or two past, "so unprofitable a property, that the question has been whether scuttling or sailing was the wiser course for the owners." It is just as bad on the lakes; but the owners are living in hope, under the expectation of a large business in the autumn.

Personal and Political.

An association has been organized and incorporated for the purpose of erecting a monument in New York city, to the memory of Dr. Kane.

Mr. Angell, our Minister to Sweden, Mr. Daniels, our Minister to Turin, and Mr. Dodge, our late Minister to Spain, were all in Paris a fortnight since.

Gov. Morgan visited the State Prison at Sing Sing, without notice, form or ceremony. He went for the purpose of making personal examination of the numerous convicts who have made application for pardons. This looks right.

Foreigners should be cautious about returning to the land of their nativity during the war. The Indianapolis *Journal* says that Mr. Frederick Rusch, of that city, who went to Europe six or eight weeks since, on a visit, immediately on his arrival in Prussia was claimed as a conscript, forced into the army, and is now held there to serve out his three years as a Prussian soldier. In answer to a letter from a gentleman of Tennessee, Secretary Cass writes:—"In reply I have to state that it is understood that the French Government claims military service from all natives of France who may be found within its jurisdiction. Your naturalization in this country will not exempt you from that claim if you should voluntarily repair thither."

Smith O'Brien the Irish patriot who has just left this country for his home, at his farewell speech in New York, gave the following wholesome advice to his countrymen:—"I have seen a great many individuals, both in America and Australia, who coming into the country with nothing but the labor of their arms to depend upon, have ended in piling thousands upon thousands, but I do not remember any single instance of a place-holder making a magnificent fortune. Therefore, it would give me a very great pleasure to learn that there was not one single Irishman in the United States who was seeking office as a place holder." This is excellent, and just as good for natives as Irishmen.

Bishop Delancey, of Western New York, the Bishop of St. Andrews, the Bishop of Edinburgh, and other prelates, took part on Easter Tuesday in the consecration of the new Bishop of Glasgow, at St. Paul's Church, Edinburgh.

The large sum of $100,000 was given by a jury in St. Louis, to Miss Carstang for breach of promise. The defendant was rich, and his counsel endeavored on the trial to destroy the character of the young woman, but failed, and this is supposed to be the reason for the large verdict, and it is right. The man who would allow his counsel to attempt to ruin the character of a woman to save himself a few dollars, deserves no more consideration than a rattlesnake.

Mr. Richard Cobden has been visiting the Connecticut Legislature. He is not on his way to Pike's Peak, as was reported.

Mr. Hamilton E. Towle, who graduated at the Lawrence Scientific School, connected with the Harvard University, and was subsequently employed on the Government works at Rouse's Point, for the purpose of erecting extensive fortifications at Pola, on the Adriatic, about ninety miles south of Trieste. The works were nearly completed at last accounts.

Clippings from Foreign Journals.

English Neutrality.—Hon. Mr. Bright, M. P., is addressing the English people in favor of peace and neutrality. The Press is almost unanimous in favor of peace. The *London Punch* serves up the following:

Let France delight to go and fight,
If 'tis her folly to;
Let Austria cry for "territory!"
With that we've nought to do.

Our shout must be "Neutrality!"
To England peace is sweet;
But, friends, that she may neutral be,
Let's Man our Forts and Fleet!

The Vienna journals say that the Government is anxious to see free corps raised in all parts of the Empire except in Italy, and that where the inhabitants of towns are lukewarm on the matter, it is taking measures to stimulate them.

The *Augsburg Gazette* calls on the German ladies to give up purchasing any French articles of millinery. "We must not," it says, "let German money pass from our pockets into those of the French, and enable them to make war on us.

France.—Orders have been sent to Baron Gros, the French Ambassador, at China, instructing him to return to France. The French fleet has also been recalled from China.

The Rothschilds.—Advices say that the utmost consternation prevails among the family of the Rothschilds in Europe. The Vienna Rothschild lately posted to Paris, to confer with the Baron, James, who is said to be the ablest man in the family.

Freedom in France.—The present war is stirring up a feeling in Paris which may lead to strange results by and by. It is said that in all the cabarets and drinking shops in the Faubourge St. Antoine and St. Marcel, nothing now is heard but the "Marseilles" and "Mourir pour la Patria," which have been for so many years forbidden to be sung. Nor is this all. A freedom of political discussion is observed, which has not been permitted of late years. The result of the war has, according to Paris gossip, occasioned both surprise and disgust to the Emperor. This surprise and disgust is very likely to be further increased.

Naples.—The King still survives. Great intrigues were on foot to procure the crown of the Two Sicilies for the Queen's eldest son.

The Marquis of Alfieri, President of the Sardinian Senate, has put his palace at the disposal of Canrobert, and the General has taken it for his residence.

The Atlantic telegraph enterprise is not yet abandoned, according to the account. In spite of war in the South of Europe, this bond of friendship may attach Europe and America to the interests of peace. A general meeting of the Atlantic Telegraph Company has been called to sanction the heads of the agreement with the Government, and issue of preference shares of £600,000, new capital

The News Condenser.

— Spectacles were invented in the year 1290, by Spina.

— The King of Siam has named a son George Washington.

— In Southern Illinois the farmers commenced cutting wheat June 1st.

— Washington Irving has just completed his fifth volume of Washington.

— Pennsylvania, this year, mines nearly a million and a quarter tuns of coal.

— One establishment in Vermont has made two tuns of maple sugar this season.

— New Jersey ranks the fifth State in the Union, in point of manufacturing industry.

— Rosa, the beloved daught of Charles Mackay, died at Naples on the 26th of February.

— Forty-one years ago Saturday, the 25th ult., the first steamboat was floated on Lake Erie.

— M'lle Piccolomini sailed for Europe on the 4th inst. She made $30,000 in this country besides gifts.

— Connecticut State Prison, with 208 convicts, pays its way and yields the State a net profit of $1,600.

— A small lot of flour made of new wheat was sent from Augusta, Ga., to New York on the 10th May.

— The crop of turnips, mangold wurzel, &c., in Great Britain, is estimated at twenty million tuns.

— The Troy Times says the Niscayuna Shakers have lost another couple. They went off and got married.

— The Emperor of France has decreed the erection of a statue to Humboldt in the galleries of Versailles.

— At Key West, Florida, on the 16th ult., 100 houses were destroyed by fire, involving a loss of over $250,000.

— Count Teleki, the former Embassador of Kossuth in Paris, has just left for Italy as a volunteer of the army.

— Two hundred thousand copies of Spurgeon's Sermons have been sold by Sheldon & Company, of New York.

— Since the first of January foreign goods to the value of $5,500,000 have been imported into Philadelphia direct.

— The Central Park Commissioners in New York announce the completion of the first portion of their labors.

— Prof. Morse has had a public dinner tendered to him by his neighbors and fellow-citizens of Dutchess county.

— A National Convention of the drovers and shippers of stock was held in Pittsburgh, on Wednesday the 8th of June.

— Angus Mackay, Queen Victoria's favorite Scottish piper, was recently drowned in the river Nith, Dumfriesshire.

— McCormick, the reaping machine man has given the O. S. Presbytorian Theological Seminary at Chicago $100,000.

— New York State Editorial and Typographical Association held its 6th annual meeting at Syracuse, June 9th.

— Four hundred and fifty United States troops arrived at St. Louis on the 26th for the Plains, to protect emigrants.

— The New Orleans papers say that, contrary to the reports, there has not been a case of yellow fever there this season.

— The Cincinnati Gazette says that strawberries are selling in that city at five cents a quart. Here twenty-five cents.

— The Emperor of Austria has sent an autograph letter to the Pope, assuring him of his eagerness to serve him.

— The wealthy Mrs. William B. Astor, of New York city, supports a female orphan asylum at Red Hook, Dutchess Co.

— Mr. Wise, the aeronaut, has completed his arrangements for a balloon journey from St. Louis to the Atlantic seaboard.

— Jacques Maurice, author of "K. N. Pepper Papers," has assumed the editorial management of the N. Y. Picayune.

— Four of the officers of our army have gone to Europe to observe the warlike movements of the French and Austrians.

— A lot of flour was delivered Tuesday week, in Albany, from the interior of Indiana, for twenty-nine cents per barrel!

— Mexico, since its establishment as a Republic 37 years ago, has had 56 Presidents, an average of one and a half annually.

— Some of the political papers have already commenced the foolish practice of talking about bets on the next Presidency.

— The Insurance Companies of Boston offer $10,000 reward for the person who set fire to the Mechanical Bakery in that city.

— The Trustees of the Inebriate Asylum make an appeal to the clergy to have one collection taken in each church in its behalf.

— Extensive preparations are being made to work the gold diggings in Plymouth, Vt. Whether it will pay remains to be seen.

— The Chicago, St. Paul and Fond du Lac Railroad was sold June 2d to the first and second mortgage bondholders for a nominal sum.

— Twenty of the camels belonging to the U. S. Government in California, lately strayed. It is thought the Mohave Indians have them.

— Movements are progressing among some enterprising American houses for chartering vessels for Genoa with flour, tobacco, rum, &c.

— The Emperor of the French is a great smoker, and his subjects emulate his example, having consumed 523,636 000 cigars during 1857.

— There are men in San Francisco whose families are destitute, who, a few years ago, were worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

— Mr. Everett is reaping money for the Washington fund by his lecturing tour in North Carolina. He has thus far received about $3,000.

— A box containing a lot of wooden-soled shoes, supposed to date back to the time of Penn, were exhumed in Philadelphia, on the 30th ult.

— The Memphis (Tenn.) Appeal learns that six miles north of that city the locusts are appearing in swarms, eating up everything in the gardens.

— An iron bridge over the Sandusky river at Upper Sandusky fell on Monday week, together with a man named Yonkers and a span of horses.

— In Medina a house incumbered by mortgage, and about to be sold, was moved, one night, off the mortgaged lot without disturbing the family.

— The iron crown of Charlemagne was carried off on the nights of April 22d and 23d, from Monza to Mantua, escorted by a troop of hussars.

— The Hamilton (Iowa) Freeman says a man recently saw over a hundred swans floating on one of the prairie ponds a mile or two this side of Wall Lake.

FOREIGN NEWS.

From the Seat of War.

The news from the seat of war is not of much importance; several steamers are about due and we may receive further information before going to press. The *America* arrived at Halifax, Wednesday, June 1st. The Sardinians had taken possession of Vercelli, after its abandonment by the Austrians. The Austrians head quarters had been removed to Garlasco, a small town some twenty-five miles southeast of Novarra and about twelve S. E. from Mortara. A dispatch from Paris dated the 19th ult., says:—"Great movements of troops have taken place, and a collision is expected to-day or to-morrow." Rumors from other quarters state that a battle is considered imminent; but the London *Times*, in summing up the position of affairs, considers it almost certain that June will have begun before any great blow is struck

It was reported that the Austrian General Gyulai had sent word to his government that his provisions were beginning to fail in Piedmont, and that he would not be able to hold his present position for more than fifteen days longer; and that the Emperor of Austria arrived on the 19th, at Milan, and departed directly for Paris, accompanied by General Hess.

The French fleet before Venice had already taken twenty vessels, but the *Times* correspondent in the Austrian camp, says that a naval attack on Venice would have no chance of success. Every channel has either been quite blockaded by sunken ships, or vessels laden with stones are moved close by, ready to close the small remaining passages at a few minutes' notice, and guns of large caliber command all these obstacles. The Paris correspondent of the *Times*, however, says that the French squadron is not to attack Venice, but merely to blockade that port for the present

The Liverpool *Post* professes to have reliable information explanatory of Austria's mysterious proceedings. It says the moment the French troops cross the Ticino, the Austrian troops will march directly on Paris. Russia will then join Austria, and the reward of what looks like treachery is to be Moldavia and Wallachia. The crossing of the Ticino will be regarded as an invasion of Austrian territory. This is to be followed by an European Alliance against Napoleon.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Parliamentary elections were completed, with the following result:—Liberals elected, 353; Conservatives elected, 302. This is a Ministerial gain of 23. Included in the Liberals are about 60 Independent members, who will hold the balance of power. The Queen's speech, it was expected, would not be delivered before the 10th of June. The Daily News says that the Liberals will insist in taking up the Reform question at the point where it stood when the dissolution of Parliament took place.

Carrying Contraband Goods.—The shipping interest is greatly agitated as to the conveyance of goods *contraband of war*. Lord Malmesbury, in reply to a special inquiry whether the neutrality proclamation contemplated coal as contraband, says that the passages in the proclamation referring to contraband goods are not intended to prohibit the exportation of coal or any other article, but to warn Her Majesty's subjects that if they do carry for the use of one belligerent, articles which are contraband, and their property be captured by another belligerent, Her Majesty's Government will not undertake to interfere against such capture.

The *Shipping Gazette* suggests that the Government should call on the belligerents to specify, by proclamation, those articles which they are resolved henceforth shall constitute contraband of war.

Latest Arrival.

THE FIRST BATTLE FOUGHT—As we anticipated, another arrival, just before going to press, has brought us a few days later news from the seat of war. The *City of Washington*, which passed Cape Race on Saturday, the 4th inst., brings account of a battle between the Allies and Austrians. It was fought at *Montebello*, on the 21st ult. *Montebello* is an unimportant village 25 miles E. N. E. of Alessandria.

The French account says that the Austrians, 15,000 strong, under Gen. Stradion, attacked the advance post of Marshal Baraquay De Hilliers, and were driven back by Gen. Forris division, after a fierce battle of four hours duration. The Allies, including some Piedmontese cavalry, carried Montebello, but did not pursue the Austrians. The loss of the latter is stated by the French at 1,500 to 2,000, and that of the French at 600 to 700, of whom many were officers. Two hundred Austrians, including a Colonel, were taken prisoners.

The actual strength of the French is not stated. Report says they numbered from 6,000 to 7,000, besides a regiment of Sardinian cavalry.

The Austrian account does not acknowledge this to be much of a battle, and simply states that Gen. Stradion pushed forward a reconnoissance by forced march toward Lights and Montebello, but after a hot fight with the French force, of superior strength, retreated behind the Po in perfect order.

A Sardinian bulletin also announces that the extreme left of the army, under Gen. Caldoni, forced a passage over the Sesia, putting the Austrians to flight.

Other trifling engagements are reported. The wounded at the battle of Montebello had been carried to Alessandria. The King of Naples is dead, and Francis II has assumed the reins of Government. England and France are about to send Representatives to Naples. Revolutionary movements are reported in Lombardy. Prince Napoleon, with a small French force, had arrived at Leghorn. It is rumored that six English men-of-war had entered the Adriatic.

Special Notices.

☞ FARMERS, don't forget that you must use a top-dressing of Guano and Plaster for your Corn, Beans and Potatoes. Tobacco can't be half grown without Guano. After the late frost you must apply stimulants.

SPURGEON'S SERMONS APPEAR IN THE "NEW YORK WAVERLY" EVERY WEEK.—By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that the enterprising publishers of this admirable literary journal have, at great expense, made an arrangement to publish every sermon of this very celebrated London divine, revised and corrected by himself, and forwarded by every steamer express for their paper. This novel feature in literary journalism must commend the NEW YORK WAVERLY to every household, and its energetic publishers to the patronage and support of the enlightened public.

Marriages.

In Iowa City, May 11, 1859, by Rev. J. Phillips, JAMES H. KRUTZ and THERESE J. ALLEN, daughter of Col. LYMAN ALLEN.

On the 24 inst., by Rev. John Johnston, of Newfane, Mr. TRISTRAM GOULD, Jr., of Pendleton, and Miss RACHEL L. BOSSARMAN, of Lockport.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, June 7, 1859.

THE general feeling in our market this A. M. is one of depression. Flour has dropped 25 cents per barrel on Winter Wheat make, while Spring holds its last week's rates. There is hardly enough doing to fix prices.

GRAIN—Genesee Wheat drooping, with a decline since our last of 10@15 cents per bushel. Best White Canada maintains its price. Corn has lost its firmness and is now selling at 82 cents for choice. In Rye a range has been established, 85@90 cents being the figures.

DAIRY, &c.—Butter is firm at 13 cents for nice roll. Eggs 12 cents per dozen.

WOOL—Nothing doing as yet. Wool buyers are holding off for a reduction—maybe they'll get it, maybe not—and the probabilities are that all who can afford to store it will do so for a short period. We will endeavor to keep readers posted as to transactions throughout the country and they can judge for themselves as to what movement on their part will result in the greatest benefit to themselves.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		Eggs, dozen	12c
Flour, winter wheat	$4.50@4.50	Honey, box	12@15c
Do spring do	$4.00@4.25	Candles, box	12@13c
Do Buckwheat	$ 75	**FRUITS AND ROOTS**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1.[illegible]@1.40	Apples, bushel	50@$1.75
Best white Canada	$1.[illegible]@1.00	Do. dried	1.25
Corn	80@82c	Peaches, do	20c
Rye, 56 lbs	80@90c	Cherries, do	20c
Oats, by weight	1[illegible]@1[illegible]c	Potatoes	37@62c
Barley	[illegible]@70	**HIDES AND SKINS**	
Buckwheat	1[illegible]@1[illegible]	Slaughter	6@6½c
Beans	[illegible]@[illegible]	Calf	10@12c
MEATS		Sheepskins	$1.[illegible]@1.40
Pork, mess	$17.00@18.50	Lamb do	38@40c
Do clear	$[illegible]@[illegible]	**SEEDS**	
Do cut	$[illegible]@[illegible]	Clover, bush	$4.50@5.00
Beef, per cwt	$[illegible]@[illegible]	Timothy	$2.00@2.50
Spring lambs each	$1.50@[illegible]	**SUNDRIES**	
Mutton (carcass)	[illegible]@10c	Wood, hard	$4.00@4.50
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Do soft	$3.00@3.50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$[illegible]
Chickens	8@9c	Do Scranton	$4.[illegible]@4.50
Turkeys	10@11c	Do Pittston	$4.[illegible]@4.50
Geese	8@10c	Do Shamokin	$4.25@4.50
Ducks, per pair	00@00c	Do Char	10@12c
DAIRY &c.		Salt, bbl	$1.00
Butter, roll	00@13c	Hay, ton	$8.00@11.00
Do firkin	12@[illegible]c	Wool, lb	[illegible]@[illegible]
Cheese	10@12c	White fish, bbl	$7.00@8.00
Lard, tried	11@12c	Cod fish, quintal	$4.00@4.75
Tallow	10½@11c	Trout, bbl	$7.50@8.00

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, June 6.—FLOUR—Market opened heavy but closed better. Sales at $6.40@6.70 for superfine State; $6.90@7.20 for extra State; $6.40@6.70 for super Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan and Iowa, &c.; $6.85@7.25 for extra do.; $7.10@7.30 for round hoop Ohio—closing firm. Canadian quiet and nominal.

GRAIN—Wheat firm but quiet. Sales at 95c for unsound Chicago spring, 150c for Milwaukee club. Rye lower at 97c (a) 1.00. Barley dull at 75@75c. Corn firmer; sales at 87@88c for mixed Western; 91½c yellow do; 90@92c for sound yellow; 92c for white Southern. Oats lower and dull at 52@53c for State; 55@58c for Western and Canada.

PROVISIONS—Pork market firmer but quiet. Sales at $16.80@17.00 for new mess; $14.62@14.75 for prime. Lard opened firmer but closed unchanged; sales at 11¼@11½c. Butter steady—10@20c for State and Ohio. Cheese dull at 5@10c.

BUFFALO, June 6.—FLOUR—The market is flat, stale and unprofitable this morning, prices being a shade easier than on Saturday, while the demand is of the most limited character. Sales at $6.65@7.25 for extra Michigan, Indiana and Ohio, and $7.50@8 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat dull and heavy, and parties apart. Sales red Ohio on p. t. Corn in fair demand and steady; sales rejected Illinois, to arrive, at 70c; sound do at 78, and Ohio, a good sample, at 77c. Oats quiet; sales Canadian at 52c.—Barley in moderate request at 60@70c. Rye scarce and in demand. We understand a recent sale was effected at $1.05.

PROVISIONS—No sales and market dull and heavy.

ALBANY, June 6.—Flour and Meal—The market opened quiet, and throughout the morning it continued languid.—The demand for Flour is quite limited, and is mainly confined to the wants of the trade at previous prices. Corn Meal is steady.

GRAIN—Wheat in good supply with but little if any inquiry and no sales. Corn quiet and Western mixed held at 90c. In Barley and Rye nothing has been done. Oats lower with only a moderate demand; sales Canada East at 55@56c, weight.

TORONTO, June 1.—There has been only a moderate business done in the produce market this week, but quite as much, and even more than we had reason to expect, considering the small amount of produce said to be in the country

GRAIN—The Wheat market at the date of our last review closed unsteady at 10s per bushel, after a decline from 10s 6d. Falling upon this price, up to Tuesday, prices fell as low as 8s 9d per bushel for the purest samples, being a decline of fully 1s 6d to 1s 9d in less than ten days. Yesterday, however, the market showed some signs of revival, and 9s 3d to 9s 6d was pretty freely paid for good to choice samples, while little, if any, approaching to merchantable Wheat was brought below 8s 6d. The average price for the day's deliveries, which amounted to about 1,500 bushels, was not less than 9s per bushel. Prices ranged at about the following rates:—Fall Wheat prime to extra per bushel from 9s to 9s 6d ($1.65@1.70) Medium to good sold to 9s 0d ($1.50@1.62½) Inferior and ordinary 7s 6d to 8s 3d ($1.35@1.50) Spring Wheat has remained much in request during the fall grain, and closes at nearly the highest rates touched, viz: 9s 6d per bushel. The demand is fair with light deliveries

Flour and the Indian cereals have been limited as to sales, both in the way of shipment and the disposition of dealers upon the nearly unsettled state of the money markets. No material change in the range of quotations for Canadian flour are:—Superfine $[illegible], fancy $[illegible], extra, $6@6 50. Some Western State flour has been in the market at $6,50 for superfine. A novelty in the shape of some French flour of excellent quality for cooking, in attractive packages at 25 per barrel, has been offered in the market. It was said to be selling very well before ordered in the market. Buckwheat flour is retailed in bags at all rates from as low as $[illegible] for common brands to as high as $4 per barrel for the best qualities. Barley comes in very slowly, and is nominally quoted at 4s 6d to 4s 9d per bushel, the latter for the very best. Rye is also very limited in supply, and is also quoted at 3s 6d to 4s per bushel. Oats are in good stock, with light supplies from farmers. Prices are steady at 2s 10d to 2s 11d per bushel, wholesale, and 3s retail. Peas are scarce and in good demand at 3s 6d to 3s 9d per bushel, and even 4s might be paid for an extra sample.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, June 1.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ₹ cwt., $11,50@12,00; Ordinary do., $11,00@11,25; Common, do., $10,50@11,00; Inferior do., $9,50@10,25.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55@65; Ordinary do., $45@50; Common do., $35@40; Inferior do., $20@28.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₹ lb., 6@6½c.; Ordinary, 5½@6c.; Common, 4@5c.; Inferior, 3@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, per head, $5,00@6,00; Ordinary, $4,25@4,75; Com., $3,50@4,00; Inferior, $3@3,50.

SWINE—First quality, 6¼@7c.; Other qualities, 5½@6¼c.

ALBANY, June 6.—Receipts at Albany for the week: Cattle, 2,535; Sheep and Lambs, 3,420; Hogs, 480.

CATTLE.—Prices take the following range —Super, 6¼@6¾c; First quality, 5½@5¾; Second quality, 4¾@5c; Third quality, 4¼@4½c; Inferior, 3½@3¾c.

SHEEP—The only sale we have to report are 211 head sheared at 3¾c ₹ lb, and 50 head not sheared at 5¼c.

HOGS.—Sales 40 head fat pigs at 6¼c per lb.

COWS.—Quoted nominally at $30@65.

CAMBRIDGE, June 1.—At market, 240; about 200 Beeves, and 40 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three year olds.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $8.00@8.50; First quality, $7.25@7.75; Second quality, $6.00@6.50; Third quality, $5,00; Ordinary quality, $4,00.

WORKING OXEN—Per pair, from $75, 150@200.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 45@67.

STORES—Yearlings, 00@00; Two Years Old, $33@37; Three Years Old, $30@38.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2700 at market. Prices—In Lots, $1,75 2,00@3,00 each: Extra, $4@4,25, or from 4@6½c ₹ lb.

VEAL CALVES—4½@7.

HIDES—7½@8½c. ₹ lb. Tallow—7@7½c. ₹ lb.

PELTS—$1,33@1,87 each. Calf Skins, 12@13c. ₹ lb.

SWINE—000 Western at market.

BRIGHTON, June 2.—At Market, 800 Beeves, 67 Stores, 2,000 Sheep and Lambs, and 1,300 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Extra, $7.00@7.25; first quality, $6,50; second quality, $7.00; third quality, $6,00

WORKING OXEN—$[illegible]

MILCH COWS—$[illegible] common, $13@20.

VEAL CALVES—$3,00 $4.00@$7.00

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $21@26; three years old, $[illegible]

HIDES—7¼@8½c ₹ lb; Calf Skins, 13@13c ₹ lb.

TALLOW.—Sales at 7@7½c ₹ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1.75@2.00; extra, $4@6,00.

PELTS—$[illegible]

SWINE—Stores, 6@6½c; Retail, 6¼@8c; Spring, 10c; Retail, 12@[illegible]

TORONTO, June 1.—Prime American cattle are bought at $7,50 to 8,00 per 100 lbs—medium $7,00@7,50 per 100 lbs, deducting one-third for shrinkage.

BEEF—[illegible]

LAMBS—[illegible]

CALVES—[illegible]

SHEEP—[illegible]

SALESMEN—Employed, are worth 8s 9d. Pelts 7¾d, Lamb Skins 1s [illegible] Beef Hides $6,50 per 100 lbs. Calf Skins 7¾d per pound.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, June 1.—The demand for all descriptions is quite moderate, and prices are [illegible] for Fine and Medium, and [illegible] for Coarse; [illegible] for Fine and Medium, and [illegible] for Coarse; [illegible] for Fine and Medium, and [illegible] for Coarse;

THE WAR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

There is a sound of thunder afar,
Storm in the South that darkens the day,
Storm of battle and thunder of war,
Well if it do not roll our way.
Storm! storm! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Be not deaf to the sound that warns!
Be not gull'd by a despot's plea!
Are figs of thistles, or grapes of thorns?
How should a despot set men free?
Form! form! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Let your Reforms for a moment go,
Look to your butts and take good aims,
Better a rotten borough or so,
Than a rotten fleet or a city in flames!
Form! form! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form!

Form, be ready to do or die!
Form in Freedom's name and the Queen's!
True that we have a faithful ally,
But only the Devil knows what he means.
Form! form! Riflemen form!
Ready, be ready to meet the storm!
Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen form.

[*London Times, May* 11.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE "HOUSEHOLD ANGELS" OF ZUNGE-STADT.

From the German—(text) of Der Mensch habe deszwegen einen Mund und zwei Ohren, damit er weniger spreche, und mehr hoere.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

Chapter III.

[Continued from page 188, last No.]

KIT had promised to go with SERENE SLEEPER and introduce her to ANNIE RHINEHART. When SERENE called for that purpose, she was accompanied by JANE ANDERSON. Having duly expounded to them all the latest news, including the progress of her acquaintance with the RHINEHARTS, and the remarkable beauty and gallantry of AUGUST, KITTY dressed and they set out. They found ANNIE at home, but were not favored with a glimpse of the wonderful brother.

"I hope you will get acquainted, and feel at home in Zunge-Stadt soon. It must be very dismal to be in a strange place," said SERENE to ANNIE.

"I do not find it so at all," said ANNIE. "I have so many sources of pleasure, and my own family are company for me."

"Well, to-be-sure," said JANEY ANDERSON, "that is something, though I, for one, do not like to stay at home as much as perhaps I ought to. But you are more fortunate in respect to family, than the most of us. There's KIT, an only child. SERENE has two brothers, both younger than herself, while I have no brother and am the eldest of five girls. MAGGIE SWEETZER has an older sister and brother, but the brother has gone West."

"We are not many, but really, Miss RAINEHART, we are nearly all the girls there are in Zunge-Stadt," KIT chimed in.

"Do you know a young lady, in this town, named FRANTZ?—LOUISE FRANTZ?" asked ANNIE

KIT gave SERENE a quick, intelligent glance, as JANEY replied.

"Miss FRANTZ? She must be the young lady who dresses in black and boards at Mrs. MULLERS. I am not acquainted with her." She spoke coldly, and as if she had no wish to be acquainted.

"Has she called on you?" inquired KIT, significantly.

"She has not, but I understand that she is very beautiful and very talented. I have quite a curiosity to see her. Pardon me, if I mistake, but your manner implies that there is something peculiar about her. May I inquire if it is anything public?" said ANNIE.

KIT hesitatingly said, "Well, no! there's nothing as I know of, only I thought it hardly likely that she *would* call."

"The fact is," said JANEY, who was very plain spoken, "that when she first came here she went to the Academy to school, and at first the girls admired her and tried to find out all about her. She took all their advances very coolly, and they got little information. As a natural consequence, they speculated the more on what they *could* learn, and a variety of reports regarding her were circulated. She took offense at their impertinence, and since she left school has not returned a single call that we girls have made her."

"When I called there," said KIT warmly, "she did not treat me civilly. Every look and word was freezing."

"Strange!" said ANNIE. "Unless she had some severe provocation, I should think she might be polite, even though distant."

"So should I," said SERENE, who generally said little but *heard* everything. "However, we girls don't care. I have passed her in the street several times, and did not appear to know her. Ma goes there and Mrs. MILLER comes to see us occasionally, but we never inquire after LOUISE."

ANNIE thought this rather unkind policy, but said nothing.

"As to her being *talented*," resumed Miss WINKLEMAN, I suppose some would think so, and I believe all geniuses *are* eccentric. She used to write compositions, out of which I couldn't get a single idea, and which the teachers called admirable. They say she is a poetess. She must be a dreadful gloomy one, or sentimental, or both."

"That makes me think," said JANE ANDERSON, and here she gave a sly look at KIT. "GUS TANGLETON told me that when LOUISE came there with her aunt, Mrs. MILLER, he talked with her and he should think she had done nothing but read all her life, but that her talk was much too fine for him. MAGGIE SWEETZER said that she was walking with her sister in Briar Lane, and they came suddenly upon Miss FRANTZ sitting on a stone by the brook. She arose hastily, thrusting a pencil and paper into her pocket and walked on. She must have been writing or drawing."

"Well," said KITTY, "there is a saying that nobody is ever so bad but somebody can love them, and I suppose it's so with her, for, folks say she is engaged to PAUL WAGNER. He goes there a sight. I suppose she takes him for pity, for nobody that I know would have him. He is as homely as a hedge-fence and dreadful dull and prosy when he talks. He is one of Judge TANGLETON'S clerks, and he digs all the time at his business. He must be awfully stingy, for he hasn't had a new coat since I can remember, and he never spends money in any sort of amusement."

"Why, KIT!" said SERENE, "what a setting out you do give the poor fellow. Miss RHINEHART will think that you are a disappointed admirer of his."

Now SERENE knew her mark and fully expected the indignant glance which her dear friend threw upon her. But further remark was cut short by JANEY, who, looking from the window, exclaimed,

"Girls! we must be going, for there comes PRISCILLA OGLEBY. Let us leave her a clear field, for doubtless she has come on purpose to give us all a character."

ANNIE bade them good-bye with a half sigh of relief, and mingled feelings of wonder, amusement, and indifference, and ushered in Miss OGLEBY.

It was not late and the girls concluded to pay a visit to MAGGIE SWEETZER and her sister LISBET. On the way, the last call was discussed.

"Miss RHINEHART is a very fine looking girl," said candid JANEY ANDERSON. "She is intelligent and amiable looking."

"She *looks* well enough," said KITTY, "but I think her cold and stiff. I've been there several times and she is always just so. She listens to all you say, as polite as possible, but seems afraid to say a word more than is necessary herself. It makes one feel uneasy, as if she were suspicious of them. She is not half so agreeable as her brother; he talks a great deal and is very gay and witty."

"O, it's natural that you should prefer the brother—a matter of course, "said SERENE, who knew KIT'S weak point and never let slip a chance to give her a thrust, in revenge for her being the prettiest and most attractive.

"I think," said JANEY, "that I can explain her manner. I have no doubt that Miss OGLEBY has described us to her, and you can judge as well as I how flattering it would be. You know our poor abused town has been famous for gossip since its earliest day and it is scarcely possible that Miss RHINEHART comes here ignorant of the fact."

"I confess," said SERENE, "that our recent conversation has not been calculated to lessen that impression."

Of course these young ladies gave MAGGIE SWEETZER and her sister the benefit of their ideas on ANNIE'S house, furniture, dress, looks and conversation, including what had been said about LOUISE FRANTZ.

"I should think that LOUISE might be just such a person as Miss RHINEHART would like, and I shouldn't wonder if they soon become friends," said MAGGIE, whose sole peculiarity seemed to be a mild and sunshiny temper.

"I'll bet not, after what she said this afternoon," said KIT. "She said if Miss FRANTZ was a lady, she would be polite, even if she didn't want our acquintance."

"That does not argue that she thinks she is *not* a lady," said JANE, who liked nothing better than to bother KIT WINKLEMAN, whose character for veracity was not high among the girls.

"And when we were talking about PAUL WAGNER, what was it she said, SERENE?"

"I didn't hear her say anything," replied SERENE.

"O, fudge! My dear SERENE, you are a nice girl in your way, but I *vum* you *are* stupid sometimes."

"Thank you, my love. I see you still make use of that lady-like expression, for which you were noted at school."

"Heavens!" cried KIT, starting, "how I did jump. There's the door-bell, and, as I'm a sinner, there's the Rev. IMMANUEL CHRISTIAN. Now, girls, look in your pockets and bring out your Sunday faces!"

"Good afternoon, young ladies," said a very pleasant voice, from a tall, intellectual-looking man who stood in the door-way.

IMMANUEL CHRISTIAN might have been thirty years of age, but his countenance bore evidence that, whatever his years, they had been well improved. He was a general favorite among the young folks, and they all paid him the compliment, to try to appear to the best advantage in his eyes.

"Miss JANEY, how did you enjoy the ball the other night?"

"O, very much, Mr. CHRISTIAN. It was the best, I think, they ever got up in Zunge-Stadt. There was a fine company, and, as you know, I am always fond of music and dancing."

"Did you go, Miss SERENE?" he then said, with what KIT thought an earnest look.

"O, no! I do not care for such things nearly as much as I used to. One tires of them."

"So they do," he replied, "especially if the mind be strongly engaged with more serious and weighty thoughts. Such things jar upon it."

"I have not seen you in some time, Miss KITTY. I am glad to find you well."

"And pray whose fault is it, if you have not?" replied KITTY, archly, and with a demure look in her blue eyes. "Am I not as much one of the lambs of your flock (a stray one, I admit,) as any who go to the fold without coaxing or driving?"

"He gave a quizzical smile, and said—"I tho't perhaps certain young friends at the white house, near you, might have monopolized your attention. By-the way, the RHINEHARTS have taken a pew in our church. I have not called yet, but I shall soon."

"I think," said KIT, "that you will be very much pleased with ANNIE RHINEHART. I feel already somewhat acquainted with her. I think she is just such a girl as you would admire."

"And what kind of a girl do you think I would admire, Miss KITTY?"

"O, learned, dignified and cultivated."

"Thank you! You pay a high compliment to my taste, but I also like an artless, mirthful and affectionate nature."

KIT looked at SERENE with a conscious smile, for she knew that remark could never apply to *her*.

The conversation then became more general and less trivial. Sunday school and sewing societies were talked over, and SERENE SLEEPER took a prominent part. LISBET SWEETZER, a delicate, spiritual-looking girl, seemed much interested.

As soon as Mr. CHRISTIAN left, SERENE turned to KIT, and said, sneeringly, "It seems to me that you sang a very different tune to Mr. CHRISTIAN about ANNIE RHINEHART, from what you sang to us a little while before."

"Yes, I know, but I spoke of her to you as she appeared to *me*, and to him as I knew she would appear to him after he has known her awhile."

"And you wanted him to give you credit for more discernment than he thought you had?" said JANE.

"I wanted to help the man to a friend that I thought could appreciate him. I don't know of any girl in this town that he can care much about, unless it is LOUISE FRANTZ. They say he goes there a great deal."

SERENE looked daggers at her friend, and said—"I'm sure of one thing. I wouldn't speak with two tongues—one to go with a Sunday face, the other with the every-day one."

"I don't think you would, SERENE," retorted KIT. "The 'gift of tongues' don't seem to have been one of your gifts. And I don't think *I* would put on a Sunday face and talk like a saint or missionary's wife, even for the sake of having Rev. IMMANUEL CHRISTIAN come to our house once a week or so, to talk to me about my soul's interest. Really, SERENE, you have so far forsaken the vanities of this world that I wonder you are not in a convent. I thought I should have laughed right out to hear you tell Mr. CHRISTIAN that you didn't care for balls and such things, when we all knew you were intending to go with GUS FANGLETON, and he didn't ask you."

"KIT, I beseech you, do not make light of serious matters," said LISBET SWEETZER, who, it was understood, was going to join the church soon, with several others—among whom rumor said that LOUISE FRANTZ and SERENE SLEEPER were two.

"To change the subject," said JANE, "I think, girls, that some of us ought to get up a sociable, or little evening party, and invite the RHINEHARTS. Who shall it be?"

"O, let it be me!" said MAGGIE; "I should like it extremely. I know ma would be willing."

"We'll see about it."

Chapter IV.

As the girls had predicted, Miss OGLEBY had much to say about them, and in general her remarks would have no tendency to make them vain. Miss OGLEBY was "a maiden lady, thin and spare," quite well preserved—like barberries, "warranted to keep for years and retain their acid." Her father had been a wealthy and quite noted lawyer, but misfortunes had come upon them, he had lost much of his property through the dishonesty of others, and from being one of the aristocracy of Upperton, his daughter had come down to the resident of a small cottage in Zunge-Stadt, who lived upon the remnant of their property, and boarded the bachelor minister. The latter part of her fate was borne with more resignation than the former. She almost worshiped the young "divine," who, in the kindness of his heart, called her "Aunt PRECILLA," and she watched over his interests most zealously. She knew that she was not be loved by either young or old in Zunge-Stadt. Somehow she seemed naturally endowed with a faculty for minding everybody's business but her own, which faculty years and leisure had fully developed.

PRISCILLA had had her favorites among the young girls, nearly all of whom had stood in that position at some time, but it was a precarious one, and they were one by one dislodged, through their own thoughtlessness or some sudden and unexplained dislike of her. She knew that Mr. CHRISTIAN was much attached to his people, especially the young, and the interest seemed mutual, much more so than Miss OGLEBY desired. She could not see how he could endure *some* people, and she would have wished him to carry his regard for himself so far as to be indifferent to those who were her own aversion. But in this she was powerless, though she never relaxed in her self-imposed duty of keeping him "posted up" in the short comings of his parishioners. She had been in the habit, by way of showing a particular partiality towards any who had the rare fortune to please her, of inviting them to tea at her own house, and since Mr. CHRISTIAN had boarded with her, the girls had tried to keep the right side of her temper sufficiently to win this privilege, but she was more than a match for them in maneuvering.

Mrs. MILLER had always treated her with the greatest forbearance and consideration and held a high place in her very small circle of friends.—LOUISE, following her aunt's example, treated her well, though not familiarly. These two were prominent on her visiting list, and to them she now added another in the person of ANNIE RHINEHART. Let us do her the credit to say that she was really a well educated and intelligent woman. In her father's life-time she had enjoyed great advantages and had improved them. She had also, I believe, had a sweeter temper before disappointment, both matrimonial and pecuniary, had overtaken her. She certainly displayed good taste in seeking the society of IMMANUEL CHRISTIAN, LOUISE FRANTZ and ANNIE RHINEHART, and through her agency, the three became social and congenial friends.

[Concluded next week.]

THE man who carries a lantern in a dark night can have friends all around him, walking safely by the help of its rays, and he not defrauded. So he who has the God-given light of hope in his breast can help on many others in this world's darkness, not to his own loss, but to their precious gain.

THE RISK IN READING.

No considerate and wise parent will trust his child—no prudent person will trust himself—to a stranger who he has reason to suspect will commit an injury upon him in any way. The parent pours into his child's ear many cautions concerning the company he may fall into, and restrains him from entering into places of unknown or suspicious character. Yet he most inconsistently will allow him the company of books which are strangers, and books which deserve to be suspected of an immoral tendency. The names of some authors ought to be enough to condemn volumes bearing them, but children are permitted society with their works. Is this wise and prudent?

Yet such is the common practice of reading books of whose nature the reader is ignorant, and in this practice lies a great moral risk; for very few can peruse a bad volume without being contaminated in some degree. Some minds, like some beasts, have no choice of aliment, and devour whatever falls in their way. But this should not be the practice of a person of pure taste, intelligent mind and healthy conscience. While you would avoid intimacy with a person of whose morals you know nothing, why is it, that with a most unsafe and injudicious hospitality, you hesitate not to take to your bosom—to receive to your heart—to admit to the secret chambers of imagery—into your very life, a book, which in one page may contain more to poison your soul—more to excite impure thoughts and impious dispositions, than a vicious person may be able to do in a twelve-month?

Whence comes much of looseness of principle, the extravagant views and purposes, the disorganizing and infidel notions, the vile irreverence and total neglect of sacred duties, manifest in some persons, but from their reading? If a man may be known by the company he keeps, he may be doubly so by the books he reads. And how many books which now have done their mischief, would have been cast into the fire, had their character been known before the perusal, by persons who now sympathize with their abominable contents!

We repeat, that there is a great moral risk in beginning to read a book of whose character you are ignorant. We seriously advise our young friends especially not to open a volume till they have some positive reason for believing it safe and instructive to read. Look to its recommendations; learn, if possible, its author, and heed the advice of friends concerning it; for that very book may be the moving cause of your deterioration in morals and piety, and of the ruin of all your prospects for life, and of your soul in eternity. The darkness of night in an unknown region prompts a wise man to the practice of caution and vigilance.—*Selected.*

BUDS.—Do not pluck those beautiful and fragrant buds, but let them expand into the full-blown flower. And why not? They are very beautiful and very fragrant, and if left to expand their fragrance will soon depart, their fresh tints will be lost, and the chilly wind of evening will scatter their leaves, or the noonday sun will destroy them. God often plucks the buds in the midst of their beauty and fragrance, before they expand and perish. We miss them from the parent stem, but still remember them only in that exquisite freshness in which they were taken from our gaze.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 44 letters.
My 5, 36, 32 is worn by men.
My 35, 6, 8, 37 is to stop.
My 20, 15, 44 is very cold.
My 25, 14, 6, 23 is a fruit.
My 22, 6, 27, 32, 42, 31, 41, 28, 30, 10 is the surname of a very celebrated lady.
My 7, 2, 24, 15, 35, 39, 33 is a cluster of islands in the Pacific Ocean.
My 1, 29, 4, 17, 11, 6, 21, 28, 29 is a town in Michigan.
My 33, 9, 3 is a pronoun.
My 7, 17, 18, 42, 10, 41, 4, 29, 26, 31, 16 was a celebrated traveler in Africa.
My 12, 19, 36, 13 is part of a century.
My 43, 29, 16, 34 is to see.
My 40, 28, 21 is a vessel.
My whole is an Asiatic proverb. M. E. P.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 25 letters.
My 2, 1, 24, 18, 13, 16, 7 is a river in Michigan.
My 11, 16, 10, 25, 21 is a county in Canada.
My 3, 19, 15, 18, 6 is a city in Russia.
My 4, 22, 17, 8 is a river in New Jersey.
My 11, 14, 9, 12, 14 is a city in Asia.
My 24, 16, 23, 19, 7 is a river in North Carolina.
My 11, 14, 15, 7 is a body of water.
My 3, 20, 14, 24, 22, 6, 22, 5 are mountains in Asia.
My whole is a Proverb.
Allanburgh, C. W., 1859. Z. C. SPENCER.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

AT what time between 12 and 1 o'clock will the hour and minute hands of a clock or watch have made equal acute angles with a line passing from 6 to 12—that is, the minute hand wanting as much of being up to 12 as the hour hand has passed beyond 12?
Harmony, Chaut. Co., N. Y., 1859. J. J. W.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 490.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Where can you always find sympathy? In the dictionary.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise.

Answer to Enigma:—Meeting.

Answer to Algebraical Problem:—80 geese, 1 sheep and 19 cows.

Advertisements.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Full particulars *free*. Agents wanted. [476eo10t] SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

HOMES FOR ALL!
FOR SALE.
At $1,25 per Acre, desirable FARMING LANDS in Western Virginia, Eastern Kentucky, and Middle Tennessee. Also, Valuable Lands in Sullivan and Elk Counties, Pennsylvania.
Apply to the AMERICAN EMIGRANT AID AND HOMESTEAD COMPANY, No. 146 Broadway, New York. 483tf

U. S. TENT AND FLAG MANUFACTORY,
Rochester, N. Y.
TENTS AND FLAGS to Rent, suitable for Agricultural Fairs, Military Encampments, Conferences, Camp Meetings, &c., &c.
Having the entire stock of Tents formerly owned by R. O. WILLIAMS, with several new ones in addition, I am prepared to fill all orders the public may feel pleased to honor me with. Tents and Flags of every description made to order.
Address JAMES FIELD.
439 Box 701, Rochester, N. Y.

STONE YARDS—FOR 1859.—RATHBUN & WHITMORE have always on hand a good supply of Lockport and Medina Stone, Cape Sills, Platforms, Steps, Posts, Well and Cistern Covers, Curbing, Paving, and Building Stone, Flagging—all sizes, Fire-proof Vaults, &c. They will *contract* for Street Improvements generally, at home or *abroad*, and fill all orders on short notice, addressed to THOMAS RATHBUN, Buffalo, Wm. W. WHITMORE, Lockport, or to the subscriber, Pittsburgh St. Bridge, Rochester. 484wo WM. CARSON, Agent.

KIRBY'S AMERICAN AND LITTLE BUFFALO HARVESTERS.
THE BEST COMBINED MOWERS AND REAPERS IN THE WORLD. Simplicity; durability; convenience; adaptation to all kinds of work and every variety of ground; light draft; low price; freedom from side draft, clogging, and pressure upon the horses' necks; portability; perfection of work—all these desirable features are combined in the above machines.
The American Harvester is a two horse machine capable of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass, and from 12 to 18 acres of grain per day. The Little Buffalo Harvester is a one horse machine capable of cutting from 8 to 12 acres of grass, and from 10 to 15 acres of grain per day.
PRICES AT FACTORY.
American Harvester as Mower, ... $105 00
" " Combined, ... 125 00
Little Buffalo Harvester as Mower, ... 90 00
" " Combined, ... 100 00
Manufactured by the BUFFALO AGRICULTURAL MACHINE WORKS, Buffalo, N. Y., and D. M. OSBORNE & CO., Auburn, N. Y., and for sale by their Agents in every County. A Catalogue containing full descriptions of the Machines with Testimonials, accounts of Trials, &c., may be had by applying to the Manufacturers or any of their Agents. 485tf
☞ E. D. HALLOCK is authorized to receive orders for the above Machines, and they may be seen at his Agricultural Warerooms in Rochester.
L. SILLIMAN, Agent for Monroe County.

MANNY'S COMBINED REAPER AND MOWER,
WITH WOOD'S IMPROVEMENT,
For the Harvest of 1859.
The subscriber begs to inform the public that he continues to manufacture this popular machine, and pledges himself to produce an implement that will fully sustain its former reputation, as the best combined machine yet introduced, and inferior to none, either as a Reaper or Mower.
It has had a steady and increasing popularity from the first, achieving a complete success in the first important trial at Geneva in 1852. It carried off the highest honors at the great National Field Trial at Syracuse in 1857; and amidst all the competition and trials of 1858, came out with more and better established points of excellence than ever before.
The general principles peculiar to this machine, and upon which it is constructed, have proved so successful that there has been no attempt to change them.
The main effort during the last year has been to improve its mechanical construction, to make it stronger and more durable, and sustain its reputation as the leading and most acceptable machine to the largest class of farmers in the country.
Warranted capable of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass or grain per day, in a workmanlike manner.
Price of Machine as heretofore, varies according to width of cut, and its adaptation in size and strength to different sections of the country, from $125 to $150, delivered here on the cars. WALTER A. WOOD,
Manufacturer and Proprietor, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.
BENNETT GRAY, Brockport,
WM. HENRY HARMON, Scottsville,
483-tf. Agents for Monroe County, N. Y.

WOOD'S MOWER.—
Patented February 22d, 1859.
During the six years I have been engaged in the manufacture of the Manny Combined Reaper and Mower, I have given much thought and attention to the construction of what I foresaw would be a great want of the Farmers—a lighter and cheaper machine expressly for mowing, than had yet been made.
And now, after the most thorough and repeated experiments and tests in every variety of field, and in all kinds and in every condition of grass, I am prepared, with entire confidence, to offer to the farmers and dealers of the United States, the great *desideratum* in this department of Agricultural labor-saving machines—a Mower, superior in its capacity for good work to any hitherto introduced, of easy draft, light, cheap, and durable.
This machine I now offer as my latest invention, to meet a special want of farmers, and to place within the reach of all, a Mower that for practical working, cheapness and simplicity, will be without a rival.
I build Two-Horse and One-Horse Mowers. The Two-Horse Mower weighs 495 lbs., and cuts a swath four feet wide (or more if specially ordered.) The One-Horse Mower weighs 30 lbs. less, (395 lbs.,) and cuts a swath three and a half feet wide.
For a more full description of the Mower, reference is made to my Pamphlets, which will be furnished on application.—With each machine will be furnished two extra guards, two extra sections, one wrench and oil can.
Warranted capable of cutting ten acres of grass per day in a workmanlike manner.
Price of Two Horse Mower.....$90
" One-Horse Mower..... 70
Delivered here on the cars.
I continue as heretofore, and with greater success than at any previous time, the manufacture and sale of "Manny's Patent Combined Reaper and Mower with Wood's Improvement." WALTER A. WOOD,
Manufacturer and Proprietor, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.
PEASE & EGGLESTON, 84 State St., Albany, Agents for Albany County and vicinity.
BENNETT GRAY, Brockport,
WM. HENRY HARMON, Scottsville,
483-tf Agents for Monroe County, N. Y.

LEA & PERRINS' CELEBRATED WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE,
PRONOUNCED BY Connoisseurs TO BE THE Only Good Sauce, AND APPLICABLE TO EVERY VARIETY OF DISH.

EXTRACT of a Letter from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN, AT MADRAS, To his Brother AT WORCESTER.
May, 1851.
"Tell LEA & PERRINS that their *NABOB* is highly esteemed in India and is, in my opinion the most palatable as well as the most wholesome *Sauce* that is made."
EXTENSIVE FRAUDS.
The only Medal awarded by the Jury of the New York Exhibition for Foreign Sauces, was obtained by LEA & PERRINS for their **Worcestershire Sauce.** The world-wide fame of which having led to numerous *Forgeries*, purchasers are requested to see that the names of LEA & PERRINS are upon the *Wrapper, Label, Stopper and Bottle.*
LEA & PERRINS will proceed against any one infringing, either by manufacturing or vending Spurious Sauce, and have instructed their correspondents in various parts of the world to advise them of any infringements. Sole Wholesale Agents for the United States,
JOHN DUNCAN & SONS, 406 *Broadway, New York.*
A stock always in store. Also, orders received for direct shipment from England. 450-cowly

Moore's Rural New-Yorker,
THE LARGEST CIRCULATED
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IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

VOL. X. NO. 25.] ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1859. [WHOLE NO. 493.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.
CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE.
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

☞ All communications and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

For TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

Hooks, or Haw.

CAN you give me any information through the RURAL about what is called Hooks, or Haw, a disease of the eye of cattle, not very common, I believe, but one with which I have already lost the benefit of one ox, and now have another affected in the same way? Some reliable remedy is very desirable.—T. B. H., *Rotendale, Wis.*, 1859.

Cattle have a contrivance for cleansing the eye from annoying substances, termed the haw, a flat piece of cartilage, of a semi-circular form, situated within the corner of the eye. This portion of the eye is disposed to disease. The little portion of fleshy substance towards the inner edge of the cartilage, and the caruncle, or small fleshy body, placed at the corner of the eye to give a proper direction to the tears, take on inflammation from sympathy with the eye generally, or from injury, dust or gravel; they swell prodigiously, and the haw is protruded over the eye, and cannot return. Ulceration appears, and a fungus growth springs up. Every means should be adopted to save the haw, for the removal of it will torment the animal as long as he lives.

If the disease is connected with inflammation of the eye generally, it will subside with that inflammation, and this may be hastened by the application of a Goulard wash, or diluted tincture of opium. If it is a disease of the part itself, zinc lotion must be used (two grains of white vitriol dissolved in an ounce of water, and the vitriol gradually increased to four grains; the application of it confined as much as possible to the part, and the liquid not being suffered to get to the sound part of the eye.) When it loses its power, a lotion of corrosive sublimate may be adopted, first of half a grain to an ounce of water, and gradually increased to two grains.

If it becomes necessary to extirpate the part, the beast must be cast, (but this should not be done until it is known to be *absolutely necessary*;) keep open the eye with the fingers; a crooked needle armed with strong silk, must be passed through the cartilage, by means of which the part may be drawn out as far as possible; and then, with a pair of crooked scissors, the haw may be neatly dissected out. If the ulceration extend to any of the parts behind, or to the neighboring tissues, they also must be removed. Considerable bleeding will probably follow the operation, and some inflammation of the neighboring parts; but they must be subdued by proper means. If fungus sprout, it must be touched with caustic; there is little danger attending the operation, if done carefully, but the unpracticed should employ a farrier, if possible.

A gentleman of Michigan wrote us, some time since, that honey and lard, equal parts, mixed and rubbed in the eye, will in almost every case effect a cure. Fomentation with warm water is recommended by another subscriber in the same State, who very justly condemns the brutal practice of removing the *Haw* on the first appearance of inflammation, as blindness is apt to follow.

Gas Lime.

WILL you please inform the public whether refuse lime from gas works, such as has been used for purifying gas, is of any benefit for agricultural purposes; and if so, how applied, and to what?—P. W. CASS, *Johnstown, N. Y.*, 1859.

Gas lime, when fresh, is a mixture of sulphuret of calcium with carbonate of lime, and in some cases it may contain small quantities of ammonia, but not enough to make it of any value on this account, and the small quantity it contains will be dissipated in drying. Fresh gas lime is considered by those who have given the matter particular attention, to be injurious to vegetation on account of the alkaline sulphuret of which it is in part composed. By exposure to the air the sulphuret of calcium speedily absorbs oxygen and becomes a sulphate of lime, or gypsum, in which condition it is valuable for clover or grass, or for any crop that would be benefited by plaster.

Wash for Outbuildings.

I WANT to know how to make a good, permanent whitewash for outside buildings and board fences.—A. LAING, *Simcoe, C. W.*, 1859.

WISHING to know how to make a whitewash that is both durable and good, I thought the inquiry would perhaps be answered by you or your numerous correspondents. I have a fence inclosing about an acre of ground, a poultry house, and a small barn to whitewash, and I would like to have them appear well, and also the whitewash to last some time.—D. GETHART, *Williamsport, Pa.*, 1859.

Take a barrel and slake in it carefully, with boiling water, half a bushel of fresh lime. Then fill the barrel two-thirds full of water, and add 1 bushel of hydraulic lime or water cement. Dissolve in water and add 3 pounds of sulphate of zinc, (white vitriol,) stirring the whole to incorporate it thoroughly. The wash should be of the consistency of thin paint, and may be laid on with a whitewash or other brush. The color is pale stone color—nearly white. If you wish it to be straw color add yellow ochre, 2 pounds in powder; if drab, add 4 pounds raw umber.

Another good wash is made as follows:—Slake lime with hot water, in a tub to keep in the steam. When dissolved, and in a half fluid state, pass it through a fine seive. Take six quarts of this lime and one quart of clean rock salt for each gallon of water—the salt to be dissolved by boiling, and the impurities to be skimmed off. To five gallons of this mixture, (salt and lime,) add one pound of alum, half a pound of copperas, three-fourths of a pound of potash, (the last to be added gradually,) four quarts of fine sand, or hard wood ashes. Add coloring matter to suit the fancy.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* gives the following:—One bushel unslaked lime; half a gallon salt; three pounds alum, powdered; three pounds saleratus. Mix and put in a tight barrel with one head out. If the lime is quite fresh, cold water—if not, then use hot water. Keep stirring while slaking, adding water as required, so as not to become dry at any time. If it heats dry it becomes lumpy, and must not be overflowed with water so as to prevent the slaking going on. Stir up well from the bottom. When finished it may be thick as mush. When to be applied by a brush, make the mixture the consistency of whitewash—about the thickness of cream. Apply the first coat very thoroughly, filling every crack or interstice between the bricks or in the boards. For wooden fences a second coat of the same material is all that is required. Those who desire to have some other color than white, can add coloring matter to taste.

FOR BRICK HOUSES.—For the second coat, add to the first named materials 12 pounds melted tallow, and mix as before. This coat is impervious to water—is brighter, looking clean longer than paint, and preserves the cement between the bricks better than paint.

THE OAT CROP.

MESSRS. POMEROY and MARSHALL, of Mobile, Alabama, write that they have perused with much profit our articles on *Oats*, as this is a crop to which they give particular attention, and in response to our appeal for information send the following in regard to Oat Culture at the South, and the varieties best adapted to Southern culture:

OATS flourish well on almost any kind of soil, if properly prepared and sown in due season. The quality of the land of course influences the product, and the greater its fertility the better the crops. Heavy manuring may be applied directly, as it cannot be to most other grain, without producing too great a growth of straw. Thorough and careful cultivation of the soil is not lost upon the oat crop. In favorable seasons, on well-tilled soils, with proper quantity and kind of fertilizers, sixty to eighty bushels per acre are produced, and cost of production does not exceed 15 to 18 cents per bushel.

In regard to quantity of seed required per acre, a difference of opinion prevails. Some think oats will tiller like wheat and rye; but the product of the side shoots is inferior, and it is better to sow sufficient seed to cover the ground—from three to five bushels are commonly sown, though some think two sufficient. On a rich soil we would sow four bushels; on poor land three would be a plentiful supply. Some varieties of oats require less seed than others.

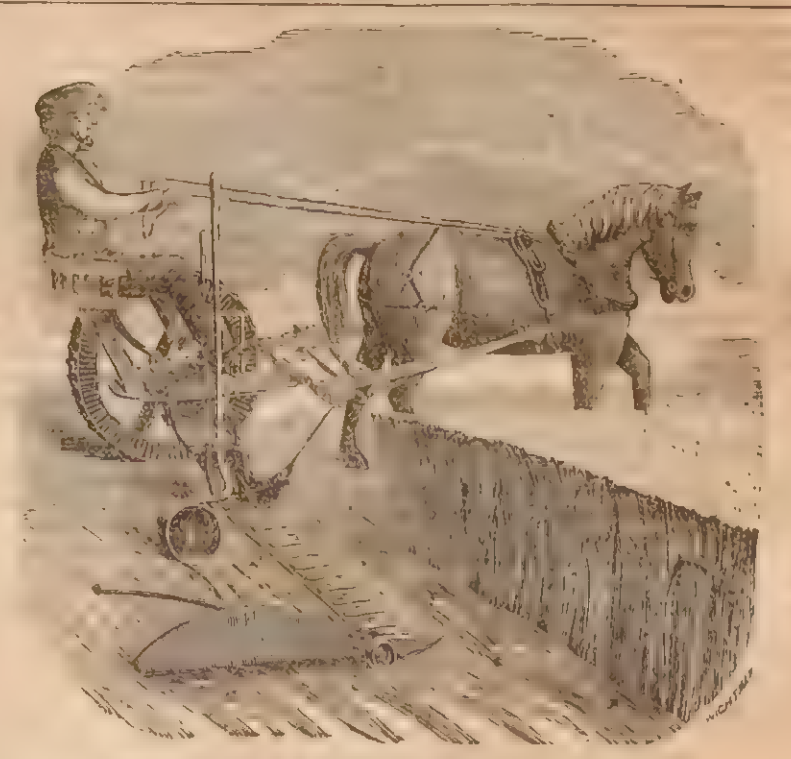
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND BLACK OATS.—These oats are a large heavy variety, grown in Prince Edward's Island, a small island in the British Province, situated in the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and they have proved a very superior variety for winter and early spring sowing, withstanding the coldest weather we have in this section; and being from three weeks to one month earlier, enables the planter to harvest his crop in season to plant the same land with other crops. They weigh from 5 to 7 lbs. more than the ordinary oat, and the large leaf-top makes it a superior variety for cutting in the milk state for forage. When properly cured, it is equal to the best fodder or hay, producing on our piney woods land from 2½ to 4 tons per acre of this superior forage. In harvesting, there is always seed enough falls to seed the ground again, and the same land can be planted with other crops, and the oats will come up in the fall and furnish another crop. Thus, once sowing will bring you crop after crop, until run out. No crop pays a better profit for the same investment and trouble.—This excellent variety was first introduced into this section some ten years ago, and its cultivation is increasing.

CALIFORNIA OATS.—Last season these remarkably heavy oats were introduced by us for the first time in this section. They far surpass any oat we have ever seen in size, weight, and yield. They are a white oat and will weigh from 40 to 50 lbs. per bushel, are thoroughly acclimated and have produced 80 *bushels per acre*. In California they have produced 125 bushels per acre. Sow from the first of January to May, about two-thirds usual quantity of seed. The following is the history of the origin and introduction of them, which is furnished us by the party who introduced them.—When in Napa Valley, California, during the spring and summer of 1854, a gentleman having heard much about a newly discovered oat, the incredulous tales about its enormous yield and height induced him, before starting home (in the spring of 1855,) to travel a considerable distance in search of the discoverer, who informed him that three years previously, in harvesting his wheat, the seed of which came from Chili, he found one bunch of oats the product of a single grain. Observing their great superiority to any ever seen by him before, he carefully preserved them and had sown them for three successive years; and though he came near losing them the first, they had *that* year produced 125 *bushels to the acre*. He would only part with a teacupful, which was sown in drills in the State of Georgia, in the memorable dry spring of 1855. Although affected much by drouth, they yielded 2½ gallons. These were sown in 1856 (also a fatal year on oats, being very dry in the first part of the spring,) and eighteen bushels were gathered. In the spring of 1857, a portion of this eighteen bushels was sown on thin upland; lost considerably by allowing them to get too ripe, and harvested 336 bushels *by measurement*, which, by weight, would have been over 400 bushels, entirely free from smut and blasted heads. Their height, one to two feet higher than ordinary oats, and abundant yield. Their weight, and the superiority of their straw and fodder, and of their fertilizing qualities, will cause them to supersede all other varieties.

EGYPTIAN OAT.—This oat was imported into this country from Scotland. It sometimes weighs as high as 42 pounds to the bushel. It is a large white oat, and besides being the heaviest oat we have, my experience authorizes me to say that it is the hardiest also. Col. CROOM, the President of the Alabama State Ag. Society gives his experience with this oat as follows:—"It is safer, both for a winter and volunteer crop, than any other oat which I have used, and quite as safe for a spring crop. It certainly, for a volunteer crop, adds much to its value, as these crops furnish fine grazing, usually from the middle of February until June; so that from a field of these oats, first, a valuable grain crop is obtained in June; next, grazing from native grass often till frost; and then four months' gazing from the volunteer crop, in the latter part of winter, and the entire spring sowing."

THE WESTERN BLACK AND WHITE OAT and the *Northern White* are suitable for spring sowing.

GREEN MOUNTAIN OATS.—M. GREGORY, of Orleans county sends us a short, plump, heavy white oat, a small package of which he received from Washington under the above name. Mr. G. says:—"these I have been endeavoring to increase, but owing to grasshoppers and other evils am not yet ready to supply 'RURAL readers' with seed. I have sown six pecks this spring. They are a new variety to me, altogether, grow very rapidly and at the time they begin to head are some six inches higher than the common oat, and about the same at maturity. They ripen some ten days earlier than the common oat."



KETCHUM'S ONE-HORSE MOWER.

THE above engraving represents KETCHUM'S One-Horse Mower, as now manufactured by Maj R. L. HOWARD, of Buffalo, N. Y., in connection with KETCHUM'S Two-Horse Mower and Combined Machine. KETCHUM'S large Mower has long been a celebrated "institution" among farmers, by whom its inventor is regarded as a great benefactor, and if, as is claimed, this single machine includes all the best features and late improvements of the double one, it must prove a most valuable acquisition. It is thus described by the Manufacturer, and commended by the Press:

"This machine weighs about 450 lbs, cuts 3 feet 4 inches, is easily drawn by one horse, and capable of cutting from six to eight acres of grass per day. It combines all of the features of the larger machines, and has all of the late improvements. These valuable improvements consist of an improved guard-finger, lever and roller, by which the driver can raise the finger-bar at pleasure; a roller in the outer shoe, so that in reality the entire machine now runs on wheels, which wholly prevents any *drag*, and consequently much reduces the draft. The machine is warranted *in every particular*, or no sale. A Trial of this machine took place at Columbus a short time since, of which the *Ohio State Journal* remarks, as follows:

"'There was a trial in Capital Square, yesterday afternoon, of a beautiful one-horse Mowing Machine, on the heavy clover which has already attained a height and thickness of growth unparalleled in this section of the State. It is well known that grass, before it ripens, or while in a green state, cuts easier with a common scythe than when stiff and ripe. Not so when a machine is used, for the knives, playing in the shenthes, are more liable to become clogged with the juicy, pliable stalk of unripe grass than the upright, hardened growth of hay. Nevertheless, the little machine, with a light lively horse attached, swept over the ground, and cut the heavy growth of grass with the greatest ease.—The machine used is Ketchum's patent, manufactured by R. L. Howard, at Buffalo, N. Y., and is warranted to cut from five to seven acres of grass per day.—Mr. Howard also manufactures Ketchum's Patent Grain and Grass Harvester—a large machine for both mowing and reaping, which will cut from ten to fifteen acres per day. A farmer who witnessed the machine operate in the State yard, was so well pleased that he immediately purchased one of Mr. Wm. Gill, the agent for their sale in this central portion of the State.'

"The *Buffalo Courier* quotes the remarks of the *Journal*, and adds:—'Mr. GILL was a member of the Committee at the United States Trial at Syracuse in 1857, and, of course, witnessed the operation of the different machines which were tested at the time. Being strictly a practical man, it reflects credit upon and gives character to the Ketchum Machine, that he should have selected it from the many on exhibition, to sell and recommend to the farmers of his own State.'"

BUTTER MAKING.—PRIZE ESSAY.

[THE following able and practical Essay on Butter Making is from the pen of our valued correspondent, PETER HATHAWAY, of Milan, Ohio. It is worthy the attention and study of all RURAL readers interested, as its teachings are adapted to a wide range of latitude. We copy from advance sheets of the Annual Report of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture.—ED.]

Preface.

SCATTERED over the State of Ohio, and forming an important division of the mixed husbandry which generally prevails in it, are very numerous small dairies, of from four to six, or ten cows each. From the surplus product of these small dairies, our market supply of butter is mainly derived. In the composition of this Essay, I shall write with special reference to these facts, and shall aim at practical results, rather than attempt a treatise which an amateur might pronounce perfect.

If correct and practical information, in the art of Butter Making, could be disseminated among all the managers of these small dairies, so as to attract and fix their attention, and bring their management into conformity therewith, who can doubt that the comfort of their homes would be improved, their pecuniary interests advanced, and a special favor conferred on all who partake of the product of their skill.

Having been, for the last thirty-three years, a practical farmer, and during that time connected with a Dairy, I have tested all that is contained in this Essay.

Best Breed of Cattle.

I think it may be "regarded as established," that, in selecting cows for a dairy, we may with success select cows for their individual character, without reference to any particular breed; that is, if the dairy alone is to determine the selection.

It may be "regarded as established," that, while the Short-horns, as a breed, are mainly adapted for beef, yet there are families and individuals of this breed, excellent for the dairy; and if a selection of such be carefully made they would give good satisfaction. It is said, that, in the London dairy establishments, nearly every cow is a Short-horn.—If, in the mixed husbandry associated with the dairy, beef is an object, then, by all means, select from the Short-horns.

The established character of the Devons is to yield milk in small quantity, but rich in quality; yet from this breed, as from the Durhams, individuals may be selected that are all the dairyman can expect, and some practical dairymen prefer them.

Of our native cows, it is on record that E. K. Evans, of Marcy, Oneida Co., N. Y., with five cows, selected from his native herd, made 217 pounds of butter, in thirty successive days; while George Vail, of Troy, in the same time, in competition for the New York State Premium, with five Short-horn cows, made 224 pounds. It may be regarded as established, that, from native cows and crosses, individuals may be selected, that for dairy purposes are as good as the best.

The Ayrshires and Alderneys have established a famous reputation for the dairy, yet in Ohio they are not found abundant enough for the dairyman's selection.

On the whole, it appears clear, that, in selecting cows for the dairy, we need not be confined to any one breed, but may search for the best milkers, regardless of breed, being aware, however, that the quantity of milk does not always determine the quantity of butter. Of this, the churn or the lactometer should be the test.

Influence of Feed, Exercise and Shelter.

From whatever breed the selection is made, the dairywoman, who is required to make choice butter, may insist that the cows be healthy; that they

have access to good, sweet pasture in summer; that they have water at will, and that they are freely supplied with salt; and that, if excellent butter is still required after the pasture is injured by frost, that pumpkins and meal be added to their fare. I have observed, that, in seasons when soft corn abounds, and the cows are fed freely with it, that late fall butter may be made of excellent quality, little, if any, inferior to that made in the choicest part of the season.

The connection between the kind of food consumed by the cow, and the quality of the butter made from her milk, is as intimate as that between the food consumed by the bee, and the honey produced. Old fertile pastures of timothy, white clover, and June grass, or the aftermath of old intervale meadows, furnish a better pabulum for butter than fresh pastures of red clover. The last will be improved by a mixture of timothy, and the natural grasses. When the cows are fed on dry fodder, roots will increase the flow of milk; but for the production of excellent butter, experience has taught that grain is necessary. Indian meal, bran and shorts are good. For dry fodder, perhaps cornstalks are the best. It is very important that, in the winter, cows be kept in good condition, and not suffered to lose flesh, in view of both the quantity and quality of the butter made during the coming season.

Exercise is essential to the good health of all domestic animals. In summer, roaming the pasture secures it. In winter, such an arrangement of yards, straw-ricks and sheds, should be contrived, as will insure a sufficient amount of exercise at that season. It may be "regarded as established," that stables in winter are the best shelter, with yards for exercise in the day time; yet, for a small stock, and where the capital of the husbandman is inadequate for greater outlay, such an arrangement of ricks, sheds and board fence, may be devised, as will furnish very cozy and healthy wintering places for cows. The shelter of shade trees in summer should not be forgotten.

Dairy Salt.

The dairywoman should with all earnestness insist on being supplied with good salt, as poor salt will injure the very best made butter. Liverpool dairy salt, or the coarse solar salt made fine, are both excellent. If any doubts are entertained of the genuineness or fitness of the salt obtained, dissolve a little in a glass tumbler; if the brine formed is clear, the salt is good; if, on the contrary, it is of a milky appearance, it should be rejected.

Milking the Cows.

On the Western Reserve, (to their praise be it spoken,) mothers have taught the men to be careful of their wives and sisters; consequently the men almost invariably milk the cows. The mistress of the dairy should see that the milkers' hands are clean, and also the cows' udders at milking time. I would advise her to occasionally visit the milking yard, in order to superintend matters there. She should know the cows by name, together with the quantity and quality of each cow's milk, and should advocate tenderness and gentleness in that department. The milking yard ought not to be a place for scolding and blows, where harsh language may be heard daily, night and morning, but a quiet inclosure, where the cows may chew the cud in happy complacency, and where the thoughtful milker may peacefully think, or the merry one whistle or sing, while drawing the lactean stream. The milking yard should be a permanent inclosure, containing a pen for breaking heifers, and all fixtures necessary or convenient for the milking process; and as soon as the cows are milked, they should be turned into other inclosures for feeding or rest, so that the milking yard may be preserved sweet and clean, and but little trodden by their feet. I have been myself a milker of cows for more than thirty years, and I think it a scene worthy of a painter's eye, when a herd of beautiful, sleek and well-trained cows come orderly and quietly into the clean milking inclosure, each one taking her accustomed place, and evincing that confidence in man or maid, who may happen to be there, that proves established acquaintance and tried friendship between them.—There may be here, as well as in other scenes of the farmer's life, much of poetry, and those numberless small sources of contentment and delight, which are unhappily often missed where they might be enjoyed. Milking may be so managed as to be a pleasant relaxation from toil, rather than a hateful chore.

If, at any time, the milk pans exhibit a sediment proving a want of cleanliness in milking, the mistress of the dairy should have authority in the case, without appeal.

Dairy Apartment.

The dairy apartment should be cool, airy and clean. If a cellar is used, it should be plastered, whitewashed, have a stone or cement floor, be furnished with wire-grated windows, and be appropriated exclusively to milk, cream and butter. A dairy house built on the surface of the ground, scientifically constructed, and properly shaded, would doubtless be preferable to a cellar under ground; yet I do know that, all other things being right, very good butter may be made, in a good, well-ventilated cellar. Spring houses are out of the question, in very extensive localities, in our State.

Care of the Milk.

Immediately on the receipt of the milk in the house, let it be strained into six quart tin pans, and set on a long, narrow table, or on the floor of the dairy apartment, as the temperature of the season may indicate. For cleanliness and convenience, the table is preferable, but the floor may be used when the weather is very warm. A recent writer, whose essay has had a wide circulation in the columns of the New York *Tribune* advocates the use of tin pails, in preference to shallow pans, for setting the milk. I think his suggestion is not accompanied by sufficient experimental proof to change old established usage The cream will doubtless rise more readily in shallow pans.

It may here, once for all, be written down, that great cleanliness must be observed ever and always in butter-making. The atmosphere, the table, the vessels, the floor, everything must be kept sweet and clean. The neat dairy woman will not allow dusty coats, muddy boots, or tobacco odor, to come in close proximity to her butter bowl or milk table.

The time during which the milk should remain set, depends upon the temperature, natural or artificial, of the dairy apartment. Just long enough for all the cream to rise and no longer, is the rule, economically considered; yet if a sample of very choice butter is desired, regardless of economy, the cream may be skimmed off and churned sweet; this practice cannot be recommended as an ordinary one—it is wasteful. Again, if the cream is skimmed when the milk sours before it coagulates, or in the phrase of the dairy, becomes lobbard, choice butter may be made; but in order to obtain all the cream, it is necessary to wait till the milk coagulates. Very important is it that the cream be now removed before the milk and cream becomes wheyish; if this change occurs, good butter cannot be made. It is the want of skill and attention at this point, that causes much of the failure in making butter, in the practice of ordinary operators. The cream should now be stored in a stone crock; if it is to be kept till the next day, a small handful of salt added, and the mass stirred with a wooden spatula, kept for the purpose. When more cream is added on the succeeding day, the stirring may be repeated without further addition of salt. This process is to prevent the formation of whey. If the dairy is large enough, a daily churning will certainly be preferable; in that case put the cream in the churn as it is skimmed. In warm weather the churning should, in all cases, be performed as often as every other day.

Winter Care of Milk.

The winter care of milk differs somewhat from the above. On the approach of severe cold weather a dairy apartment should be provided, warmed in some way by artificial heat. The temperature of the room may be lower than will suffice to coagulate the milk. When the firm, leathery appearance of the cream, together with its thickness, indicates that it has all risen, an incision may be made in it with the skimmer, and by dexterously holding the cream back, the milk may be decanted from the cream expeditiously and without waste. The milk should not, at any time, stand longer than three days without skimming. The cream may now be stored in a cold apartment, and treated according to previous directions.

Churning.

The kind of churn I leave to the fancy of the operator. The kind I prefer is an upright cylindrical-shaped churn, made of oak; both extremities of the same size, and having a slight bilge, not in the middle as in a barrel, but swelling a few inches from the bottom. In such a churn the dash nearly fills the churn from top to bottom, excepting the slight bilge, and all the cream is continuously and uniformly agitated. The cream should be brought by cold or warm water surrounding it, or by such appliances as the ingenuity of the operator may devise, to the temperature of 62 deg. Fahrenheit, and at that temperature churned. I have known most excellent butter made by a skillful dairywoman, without other thermometer than a little of the cream taken on her finger and touched to her forehead. Experience has proved that such a stroke of the churn-dash as will bring the butter in about 30 minutes, makes the best butter. At a temperature of about 62 deg. Fahrenheit, from 50 to 60 strokes of the dash per minute will accomplish this result, if care is taken to strike the top of the cream and the bottom of the churn at every stroke. If the churn be filled so that the dash cannot strike the top of the cream, the operation can scarcely be accomplished at all. Rapid churning should be avoided at the commencement, though the motion may be accelerated after the cream curdles with butter. The butter, when sufficiently gathered by churning, should be transferred with a wooden ladle to a wooden bowl.

Working the Butter.

Language, here, ceases to be adequate to the theme. Who can, with the pen, teach a young lady to spin? Who can, by language alone, describe the peculiar feel in *handling* cattle? Who can find letters to spell that sound used in driving horses, the nearest word to which is chirrup? In like manner, who can give adequate directions for working butter? The writer who can do it will certainly deserve a premium larger than any yet offered. A mother's counsel, precept and example, conjoined with one's own experience and practice, are the best means by which this knowledge can be transferred. Yet the skeleton outline may be given.

The amateur dairy mistress is very particular in the selection of her ladle—it must be delicate and artistic in its curve, light, thin and strong, as every gentleman knows who has endeavored to purchase ladles for such a wife, bringing them home and seeing them cast aside as unworthy of her hand, until the right one was procured.

After the butter is taken from the churn, it should be skillfully worked until nearly all the buttermilk is out of it. And here arises the mooted question, whether cold water should be used in the process; whether the butter may be washed? My decision is, that if the temperature of the dairy apartment is under the control of the operator, so that a low degree can be secured in warm weather, that working out the buttermilk without water will insure the most exquisite excellence as its result. But the buttermilk must be expelled at all events; and under ordinary surroundings, and with ordinary appliances, a free use of cold water will more certainly and speedily accomplish this object than any other means; and all other things being right, water-washed butter will be very good—perhaps I might venture to say, good enough. The keeping quality of butter without washing, is thought by many to be the best. I have for years visited at the houses of two highly intelligent and experienced dairywomen, both famous, in their respective neighborhoods, for the excellence of their butter. One of them, who has obtained premiums at public exhibitions for the best butter, and who has supplied numerous regular customers, to their entire satisfaction, with crocks of choice butter for winter keeping, is a warm advocate for the free use of cold water in extracting the buttermilk, and she assures me that the good keeping properties of her butter have been fully tested. The other lady, whose numerous customers are always ready to attest the superior excellence of the butter made by her over that of ordinary sale, will not allow cold water to come in contact with cream or butter, except in extreme cases of oily softness. I have often eaten butter at their houses, and my judgment is that the unwashed butter is slightly superior in delicate aroma and marrowy sweetness; yet to distinguish the difference, the taste must be set fine and the attention concentrated on the trial.

When the buttermilk is pretty well worked out, such a quantity of salt should be added as suits the tastes of those who are to be its consumers. Tastes vary greatly on this head. The habits of some sections require more salt than others. Some directions give seven-eighths of an ounce of salt to a pound of butter as a rule. Let the salt be thoroughly incorporated with the butter at its first working. The butter must be subjected on the ensuing day to a second working; these two may suffice for present consumption, but for butter, intended to be long kept, a third working on the third day will be necessary. Experience and practice can alone enable the operator to work the butter skillfully, so as to completely exclude the buttermilk, without rendering the butter salvy. A machine called a butter-worker will very much aid in the second and third workings. It is to be remembered that butter will keep, and that butter-milk will not—conjoined, they will certainly spoil.

Final Packing.

For keeping butter, for family or neighborhood use, I know of no vessel preferable to stone crocks, containing two or three gallons each. In these crocks pack the buttor in layers of such thickness as will be convenient for use, sprinkling a little salt between each layer; this sprinkling of salt is for convenience in extracting the butter for use.—Continue until the crock is nearly full; then cover with a fine muslin cloth, on which place a layer of salt half an inch thick; then fill with strong brine, and cover with a stone cover, and the work is done.

If the directions given in this essay are followed with the skill and tact of practice, butter may at any time be extracted from said crock, that good judges will pronounce A No. 1.

Even inferior butter may be long kept unchanged, if it be kept cold, and the air entirely excluded. I once, in very warm weather, suspended a package of once worked butter in a deep well; through accident it fell to the bottom. Several years after, on cleaning out the well, it was recovered, and on scraping away the dirt which had gathered on the surface, the butter proved to be unchanged in quality. From this fact, a hint may be derived that to keep it cold and exclude the air, will aid in preserving the good qualities of packed butter.

Condensed Correspondence.

"What Ailed the Steer?"—In the spring of '58, I had an ox sicken and die in a very short time. At first he appeared in great distress, and commenced bloating. I took him from the stable, tied him to the fence, in order to try and do something for him, and in his writhings he jammed over the fence, fell, and died immediately. He was bloated as full as possible. In dressing, we found, to all appearance, that no food had passed his "paunch" for the previous 24 hours, perhaps longer, but *all* that he had eaten had lodged in said organ, and appeared to be harder than usual. Now, I wish some Rural reader would inform me what the disease was. I can find nothing in any books that will touch the case. Some of our neighbors call it "Dry Murrain." I wish also to know the remedy—and if anything could be of any avail. He died too soon to have anything take effect, unless it would act immediately—was dead in about twenty minutes after I found he was sick. I had been feeding some grain all winter, and he was in good flesh.—T. P. H., *Farmington, Mich.*, 1859.

Where should Bees be Kept?—We recollect reading in the *Genesee Farmer*, about fifteen years ago, an article detailing success in bee-keeping, in which the writer recounted an experiment of keeping bees in the garret of his house. He claimed that the plan was possessed of many advantages, which, judging from what we know of the instincts of the bee, we should consider true. The bee when left to select its own abode, fails not to locate it as high from the ground as possible. In this practice very many different species of bees and wasps join, although some species build upon the ground, and some even in the ground. We would recommend the trial of the experiment, believing it may result in adding valuable knowledge to our present fund of bee literature.—G., *Out West*, '59.

Culture of Onions.—Last fall I noticed an article on the cultivation of onions, the manner of which I thought was not the best. Now, the best mode of doing things is what we want to know.—As far as my experience goes, I will tell Rural readers how they may raise good onions every time they try. Onions require a dry soil. Manure well, plow deep, level off with rake or harrow, and here comes the secret in cultivating: Make the ground hard on the top by stamping or rolling, loosen the surface so as to plant your seed in drills half-inch deep, and one foot apart. Keep free from weeds, and all the scullions you have next fall you can eat at one mess.—S. A. C., *Smyrna, N. Y.*, '59.

To Keep Eggs Fresh.—Here is a recipe that I am informed will keep eggs sound one year. I presume it will do it; but I wish to be positive, as I expect to lay down a large quantity the coming summer, if I can obtain a reliable recipe:—Boil one pound of salt and one ounce of salt-petre for ten minutes in five quarts of water. When nearly cold add four tablespoonfuls of good lime. Keep them in a cool place. Will some of your correspondents inform me with reference to the foregoing, or give me another recipe that will answer the purpose, and much oblige—A Subscriber, *Bronte, C. W.*

To Cure Hollow Horn.—We are receiving much profit from the columns of the Rural, and would cast in our mite for the general good, by giving a sure remedy for the cure of hollow horn, or hornail, in cattle:—Dissolve a tablespoonful of copperas in warm water, and mix with the creature's mess, if it is not past eating, if it should be, pour it down. This dose will seldom need to be given more than once. It has been our remedy for many years in a large dairy.—E. J. Stanclift, *North Collins, N. Y.*

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Large vs. Small Horses.

Our readers all know with what favor large-sized horses have been viewed by English farmers, and have read concerning the many experiments made to combine great bulk with perfection of movement and economy in keeping. The following article, from an English exchange, would seem to indicate a change of opinion and a seeking for good qualities only in medium-sized animals:—One of the principal mistakes of the present age has been the enhanced value set upon horses of great size. There is a standard of excellence which governs the size of all animals; those most essentially which are required for labor. It is often remarked that "a good big horse is superior to a little one." In theory it appears to be a just conclusion, but practice inquires "where the good big one is to be met with?" There is likewise something more than power requisite to complete a good horse; that is, the will to give effect to the power. This excellent faculty is derived from the nervous excitability of the brain and nervous system, which influences the muscles of locomotion; and when this property exists extensively, unless it be counterbalanced by some physical inability, ill health, or want of sufficient nutriment, the animal will possess equivalent good qualities. When the relative proportion of horses and mares is studied, it will be found that the horse is naturally of greater size; it is, therefore, by all means desirable to seek for mares of the largest frame. Nature is an excellent monitor on such occasions, and and does not suffer her ordinations to be transgressed with impunity. Any oversized mare is very uncertain in her produce; one year she will give birth to a puny, weak, leggy foal, and the succeeding one will, in all probability, be too bulky, inactive, and clumsy.

Ravages of the Turnip Fly.

Many devices have been recommended against the attacks of the Turnip Fly, but no absolute specific appears as yet to have been discovered.—Mr. Poppy's scheme for escaping it consists in sowing alternate rows, or occasional patches of common turnips in the midst of the Swedes, in the belief, to which his experience had led him, that the fly would confine itself to the former. He has since found that mustard attracts the fly from both common and Swedish turnips. Mr. Grey, of Dilston, Eng., has for some years planted field potatoes in rows alternately with Swedish turnips, on land which had been worked, manured, and drilled up in the previous autumn, or very early in the spring, the potato seed being put it with the spade. This he did to preserve the potatoes from the prevalent disease; and the turnips were always the best in the field. Lord Grey states his experience of the same practice thus:—"It is a curious thing that in one field, when I have tried your experiment of sowing two drills of turnips together between the drills of potatoes, the turnips have entirely escaped the fly, though in all the rest of the field, sown at the same time, they are completely destroyed." It would seem that the potato top is so distasteful to the fly, as to afford protection to plants of another kind growing in immediate proximity. Still another method has been furnished the *Canadian Agriculturist* by a Canadian farmer who has had considerable experience in raising turnips, and has never wholly lost his crop by the attacks of the fly—and seldom indeed much injured. His practice is to sow very thickly, and as soon as the smooth leaves begin to appear, to scatter over the drills a quantity of quick-lime, dry wood ashes, and soot, intimately mixed; the proportion of lime being equal to the other two ingredients.

About Feeding Pigs.

One of the Marietta, Ohio, farmers writes to the *Cultivator* upon this subject as follows:—"Persons who have had much experience in rearing swine, have noticed the woe-begone appearance of young pigs, suddenly deprived of nature's first food. Few persons, indeed, know how to wean pigs. I give you my experience for the benefit of the Cultivator circle. Provide yourself with troughs made of boards one foot in width, five feet long, with sides but two to three inches high. The idea is, to provide a trough that will be accessible to *pigs* as well as the sow. Each sow and litter, for manifold reasons, should have separate pens and ranges. Feed the sow sparingly for the first three or four days after farrowing. Afterward she should be fed in the shape of *slops*, all she can eat. *It will pay*, rest assured of it, reader. At the end of four weeks the pigs will take to the well-prepared slops, and consequently will gain faster and draw less heavily on the dam. At the end of seven or eight weeks, pigs thus fed, will look as Farmer Thrifty's should, and can be taken from the dam without injury, continuing, of course, to feed nourishing slops. In this connection I must tell you how I fix my swill barrel to keep the contents warm in cold weather:—I dig a hole 18 inches deep, and 10 or 11 feet in diameter, fill it 18 inches with fresh manure, warm from the stable, set the barrel in the middle of the heap, and pile manure around it as high as its top, cover with two or three inches of dirt and the work is done. Your pigs will compensate you for this labor by laying on flesh even in cold weather."

Corn Fodder.

Says the editor of the *New Hampshire Journal of Agriculture*, "let every farmer keep a load or two of fine manure to use for raising a patch o corn to cut up green in the fall. Those who have never tried it are not aware how much may be raised per square rod. After your planting is finished and you get breath a little, plow up a small patch (plow deep,) harrow well, and with a common plow furrow one way two feet and a half apart.—Scatter in your manure an inch deep—scatter in your corn—at the rate of thirty or forty kernels to the foot and cover it up. When up about a foot high, go through with a plow and turn a furrow against each side of the corn, sufficient to cover weeds. The corn will soon have the mastery and no weeds will appear. When feed begins to fail, begin on the corn, and if your cows get it, they will tell of it in the milk pail, and if you have a large dairy, a few more pans will be needed. Some prefer the large sweet corn. Some of both kinds may be sown and then see which is the best."

Agricultural Miscellany.

The Frost.—*Its Range and Effects.*—Since our last, numerous letters and exchanges have furnished us accounts of the wide range and effects of the severe frost of June 4th. Many of the reports are conflicting, and it is impossible to arrive at any definite conclusion as to the extent of the actual damage, though it has no doubt been so great in some sections as to render the June Frost of 1859 memorable in the annals of Summer temperature. The frost seems to have prevailed over a wide extent of country, though, from the accounts received, the greatest damage occurred in Southern and Western New York, Northern and Western Pennsylvania, Northern Ohio, Wisconsin, and Canada. From various localities of the sections named we have mournful accounts of loss, many of which aver that the wheat is destroyed. This may be true to some extent, but we think the cereal crops have generally escaped, and that the general average will not be materially diminished, (taking the whole country together, and considering that the frost has been beneficial in destroying insects.) True, the first reports from various sections stated that wheat, rye, &c., were entirely destroyed—yet later accounts indicate that the extent of the injury was greatly exaggerated.

Corn, potatoes, garden vegetables, &c., were injured or destroyed to a considerable extent in portions of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa; but, though untimely, the frost was not so late in the season as to prevent replanting, or substituting other crops, with the prospect of fair yield. Fruit has also been destroyed in some localities, yet we think the damage is not extensive. Viewed in the most favorable light, however, the frost has proved a great calamity, and calls for the exercise of patience and resignation—remembering the promise of "seed time and harvest"—as well as industry and wise and prompt action in replanting crops destroyed, or substituting such as will be likely to prove most remunerative. The much labor is lost, if all affected act promptly and prudently, the calamity will be overcome, and the country speedily recover from its effects.

— Another frost occurred on Friday night (June 10th,) which was somewhat destructive to tender vegetation, but so far as ascertained the damage was comparatively trifling in this vicinity.

Season and Crops in New England.—Our New England exchanges speak very favorably of the season and crop prospects thus far. The *N. E. Farmer* of the 11th inst. says:—"The promise is at present strong for abundant crops. The hot days which we had about the middle of May brought the plants forward with great rapidity,—but the cooler weather since has given them a desirable check, so that they have grown stocky and strong, instead of aspiring to reach the skies. The apple blossom has been full in this region. The cherry blossom only moderate, while we have met only two armers who have seen a peach blossom this spring! A copious rain fell here on the night of the 31st of May, and the ground is well wet below,—so that if little or no rain should fall before haying, the grass crop will be an average one. Hay still commands a somewhat high price, however, in consequence, we suppose, of the high price of grain, as it brings readily in our market from $1 00 to $1 15 per hundred pounds, according to its quality. Planting was somewhat delayed by the northeast storm which occurred in the last half of May; but the crops were got in seasonably, notwithstanding, and the grain crops are up and appearing well. Corn has come up promptly, and looks well, and so do many fields of potatoes. Winter rye and winter wheat are of good height and fine color, and have a fine start for rich harvests. Spring wheat also looks well."

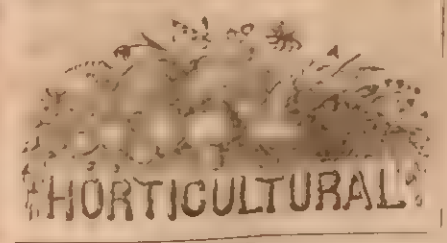
Rats take the Corn.—Illinois papers say that some sections of that State are greatly troubled with rats, and the plague begins to look as formidable as any of those which overran Egypt. The animals have increased to such an extent, it is said, that large corn-fields are entirely ruined by their burrowing in the soil and eating the kernels, even after they have germinated and the plant obtained some growth. One farmer near Pontiac mixed corn with arsenic and spread it on the field. The result was a general destruction of the rats, six wagon loads of the dead vermin having been removed, 120 out of one hole! These stories are rather huge, but are probably partially true. The people of Logan county have felt constrained to offer $100 in premiums to be paid at next County Fair—$50 for the largest number of rats killed, $30 for the second, and $20 for the third. Under this stimulant it is said one man has already killed nearly a thousand of the depredators.

Western New York vs. India.—A letter just received from a friend in India (dated Singapore, March 30,) says:—"I might write to you of wide, smooth roads lined with bamboo hedges, interspersed with acacia trees—of fields covered with the sensitive plant—of groves of nutmeg and palm trees—of the cocoa-nut, clove and chocolate tree—of the mango, and the mangostive so white and delicate—of the Jack and bread fruit, &c., but fear I should not write understandingly, or so as to give you any definite idea. We have all heard somewhat about 'India's coral strand,' and 'air perfumed with spices'—of delicious fruits and magnificent flowers, &c.,—but one whiff of old Ontario's breeze—one good-sized pebble on Genesee's shore—one good Bartlett pear, or ripe peach, with the thermometer somewhat below toasting heat, *would be a luxury.*"

The Prize Essay on Butter Making, published in preceding columns, is a model in its way—being practical, brief, and withal so comprehensive as to include every branch of the subject. In our remarks on first page, we ought to have stated that the Essay was written in competition for a Premium of Fifty Dollars, offered by the Ohio State Board of Agriculture in the following terms:—"*For the best Essay on Butter Making.*—This essay is expected to embrace whatsoever may be regarded as established respecting the adaptation of different breeds of cattle for butter making, with influence of feed, exercise and shelter, and the whole process and *rationale* in making and curing."

Notes on European Agriculture.—We have the pleasure of announcing that a series of Letters on European Agriculture will appear in the second half of this volume of the Rural, commencing with July. They will be contributed by Sanford Howard, Esq., of Boston, who is so widely and favorably known as a sound, practical man, and able writer on agricultural subjects, that the simple announcement of his name is a sufficient guarantee that the letters will attract attention and prove interesting and instructive to thousands of our readers. Mr. H. is now in Europe, and we hope to receive an instalment of his Notes in time for the first number of our new half volume, July 2d.

The Paper Weights, made of Grand Rapids Gypsum, cut and polished, and kindly sent us by Mr. N. S. Hammond, of the Mich. Central Nurseries, near St. Johns, Mich., are very beautiful and especially appropriate for the Rural sanctum. They are both useful and ornamental—keeping papers in their places, and being much admired by friends.



FRUIT CULTURE—ITS DIFFICULTIES.

The opinion is becoming quite general that our springs are colder and more variable, and the fruit crop far less certain, than in former years. There is a disposition, we know, to magnify the evils we are compelled to endure, and to think too lightly of our greatest though common blessings; and we might, as some have done, moralize on this point, and endeavor to show that this evil of which there is much complaint, is not real but imaginary, and that there has been no change. We despair, however, of being able to convince our peach-growers, ably as we might reason. In former years, as regular as the season came round, they sold hundreds and thousands of baskets of luscious fruit, and gathered in the golden harvest. It would be hard to convince them that the vacuum in their unused peach baskets, and in their pockets, is not real but imaginary; or that the almost leafless, dying trees are as healthy and vigorous as they were ten years since. In 1850, one of our largest and most experienced fruit growers declared that in over twenty years' experience he had known but two failures of the peach crop. Now, we are sorry to say, a good crop seems to be the exception. And this result cannot be attributed to want of care, or to the age of the trees—for we believe as much care is given them as at any other time, and our farmers and fruit growers have continued to plant with the the greatest courage and perseverance. More peach trees were planted within 20 miles of Rochester in 1857-8, than in any two years since the settlement of the country. That our seasons in Western New York are far less favorable than in former years to the more tender fruits, as the Peach, Apricot, &c., we cannot doubt; and may we not hope for a change for the better, before long? Some persons, we know, assign causes for the change, such as the destruction of forests, &c., which would preclude a hope; but a similar change has been experienced in some parts of Europe, where this cannot be the cause.

The seasons are beyond our control, but there are other things lessening our fruit crop in a fearful degree, and which must be charged to the carelessness of cultivators. The principal of these is the rapid increase of insects. With the increase of fruit culture, which furnishes them the means of subsistence and propagation, the fruit-loving and fruit-destroying insects have increased in a four-fold ratio, until almost every apple orchard is swarming with caterpillars, bark lice, &c., the luscious plum and the apricot are banished from the garden by the curculio, the currant, that everybody supposed could be grown in any out-of-the-way corner, uncared for, is eaten by the gooseberry fly-grub, the garden disfigured by its bare limbs, and every hill of melons swarms with *flies, striped bugs* and *squash bugs*, and fortunate or persevering is he who saves a single plant from their ravages.—Here and there a cultivator has been diligent to destroy injurious insects, but as a general rule they have been allowed to increase unmolested, until they have over-run our orchards and gardens. We need plain talk and prompt, thorough action, on this subject. Every one should not only attend to his own garden and orchard, but urge upon all his neighbors a similar course of action, for a few cannot arrest this evil. It should be made the subject of discussion in every farmer's club, in every neighborhood and in every farm house; and every one should be zealous to set a good example to his neighbors.

It is useless to wait for any patent remedy, any Paxhain gun that will annihilate an army of insects at one discharge. Untiring watchfulness and diligence is the price of success in this work. The best of remedies will fail if not faithfully and repeatedly applied. Wage a war of extermination, and if one thing fails, which you supposed to be *easy* as well as *certain*, try another that you *know* to be *certain*, though more difficult; catching and killing is sure death in all cases.

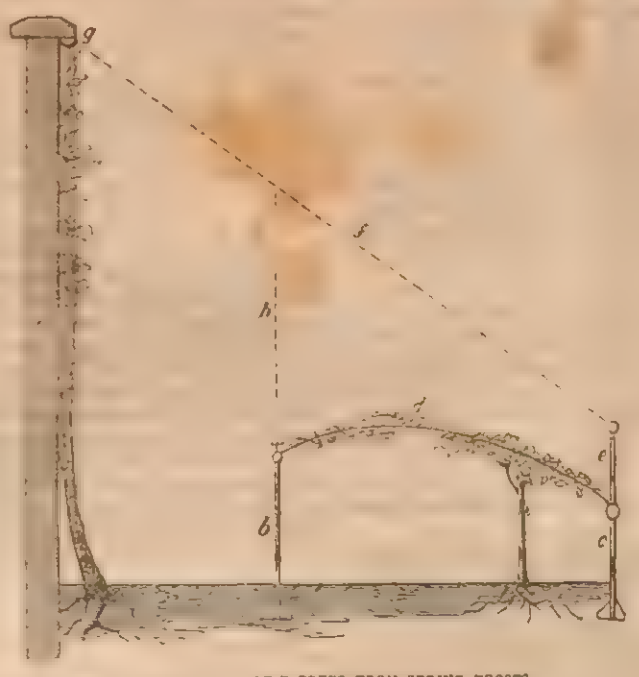
The past winter was unusually warm, with the exception of two or three days. The buds were swollen and tender, when a degree of cold that in ordinary seasons, would be productive of no evil, killed the peach buds and injured many half-tender things. The spring was mild and forward, and all flowering shrubs and trees were in bloom two weeks earlier than last season. Corn, beans, cucumbers, melons, &c., were planted as a general thing quite early, and up to June 4th everything seemed favorable for an abundant crop. On the evening of that day, however, it became quite apparent that we were to be visited by a frost, and means were taken by a few for protection, by spreading mats, sheets, &c., over their plants, by which many were saved from material injury. In gardens unprotected, corn and potatoes were injured, but not destroyed, melons, cucumbers, beans, tomatoes, &c., mostly killed. Since that time the weather has been cold and windy, with occasionally a cold rain storm, and last night, (the 10th,) there was a slight frost. The grape vines have suffered in many places, the tender shoots being killed. The apple and pear trees have been thinned of their fruit,—the older and more matured specimens have received no injury, but the smaller and more immature fruits are falling from the trees. It seems that all that had arrived at a certain stage of growth were hardy enough to withstand the frost. Perhaps enough will be left for a good crop.

The past winter and spring in England was in many respects very similar. The *Florist and* [illegible] of May, says

"The extraordinary vicissitudes of our English climate have never within our memory been so grievously realized as in the present season. After the frosts which occurred at the end of November, we have had no winter to speak of; indeed, December, January F. bruary and March were remarkable for unusual mildness, and this, too, accompanied with a high barometer and the absence of rain in many localities. Our last English winter, in fact, might have answered for the South of Italy, by its immunity from frost, and generally clear, bright weather. Very early in February, a number of shrubs were fast breaking into leaf, and Apricots opening their blooms; during March all went on unchecked, so much so, that by the beginning of April, notwithstanding the severe frost of March 30 and 31, the woodlands and pasture grounds presented all the appearances usually shown by the first week in May, and every description of garden produce partook also of the general earliness of the season. On the 31st of March we had 10° of frost, which, following after a snow the previous evening, did a vast amount of mischief to such fruit trees in bloom, besides destroying in several places the crops of Apricots, which were then of a considerable size Peaches had partly set, and suffered more or less throughout the country; and early Pears and Plums also. The weather became warmer, and the 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th of April were remarkable for their great heat, the day temperature having been 82° in this neighborhood on the 7th, and between 70° and 80° the greater part of the former three days, an extraordinary temperature for the first week of April, and exceeding by a few degrees the two or three hot days occurring later in the month of April, 1858. The weather next became sensibly colder, and on the 14th and following days, indications of winter made their appearance, followed by snow storms, cold north-west winds, and frosty nights. On the morning of the 20th we had 8° of frost, accompanied by an easterly wind; this frost has almost completed the ruin of our crops of Pears, Plums and Cherries, excepting perhaps those in some favored locality, or which had ample protection, a thing almost impossible to effect within the means of an ordinary garden expenditure, to say nothing of orchards and open garden fruits."

To remedy the vicissitudes of the climate, and the consequent uncertainty of the fruit crop, *Orchard Houses* are being very rapidly built, and are becoming a substitute for the old brick walls. These we have before described, but like grape houses, and all glass structures, they are expensive, and this will prevent their general adoption in this country, if not in England. The *Florist* proposes a plan "to ensure crops of fruit without the assistance of glass," which the following description and engraving will make plain:

"To render our meaning clear, we will take a south wall, cropped, say with Peaches and Apricots; take the wall 14 feet high, and the border at 14 feet wide. Let the soil the whole width be duly prepared for fruit trees, as it generally is near the wall for the Peaches. We would then throw an arched trellis, springing two feet from the ground at front over the border, to within five or six feet of the wall, under which we would plant other kinds of fruit trees for covering the trellis, say the best kinds of Pears and Plums on south aspects; Cherries, Plums and Pears on east and west borders; and Warrington Gooseberries and late Currants on north aspects. The accompanying diagram represents the wall and trellis, and will help to show the plan of protection recommended. When it is wished to put on the protecting material, the upright (*e*,) which, however, may be permanent, should be set up, to hold the front horizontal bar, and strips of wood, iron bars, or even cordage, run up every eight or ten feet from the front horizontal bar to the one under the coping (*g*.) If the strips are not considered sufficiently strong to sustain the covering, wooden uprights may be substituted as a support for the tie (*h*.)



PROTECTION OF FRUIT TREES FROM SPRING FROSTS.

The whole of the frame and supports (*e, f, h,*) can be easily put up and removed, and may be used when the fruit wants protection in the autumn, equally when the bloom requires it in the spring. It now remains to notice the best material for protecting the bloom; this should be so arranged on rollers as to draw up to the coping (*g*) when not wanted. Woolen netting is perhaps the best known protection against frost; but, as it is necessary that the bloom be kept dry if possible, a thin waterproof material is yet wanted, manufactured sufficiently thin and light not to be inconvenient in drawing up and letting down, and yet impervious to rain. We hope manufacturers will try what can be done towards supplying this deficiency in horticultural shadings. In the mean time Shaw's Tiffany, or Brown's Shading, dipped in oil and dried, would answer the purpose of excluding damp and a great deal of rain, and would last for a number of years, substituting netting for the autumn, when birds, wasps, &c., only are to be kept from the fruit.

When new gardens or new walls are in course of formation, we see no difficulty in the matter; and we are very strongly impressed with the conviction that a concentration of our best varieties of fruit trees, so as to admit of an entire covering when necessary, will be found as sound in practice as it will in the end prove to be economical when glass cannot be afforded."

STRAWBERRIES.

Messrs. Editors:—I notice in the Rural of June 16th an article signed I. W. Briggs, in favor of the *Wilson Seedling*. In your remarks it is intimated that if the *Wilson* had been subjected to the same treatment as *Hovey's Seedling* and the *Early Scarlet*, its fruit would have presented a similar appearance. I do not assert the contrary, but desiring that the relative merits of these varieties may be fairly placed before the public, and admitting at the same time that one experiment in one locality may not afford conclusive evidence, I submit the following facts.

In the Spring of 1856 M. Quinby, of St. Johnsville, procured a number of each of the above named varieties. They were set in the same plot of ground, tended by the same person, and cultivated with the same care. Very soon after planting the *Wilson* exhibited a more vigorous and healthy growth, but it was not until the following summer that its greater excellence became fully manifest. Then its vast superiority in size and quantity of fruit became strikingly apparent. Not only were the berries, on an average, full one-half larger, but the quantity by measure was *three* or *four* times as great. In flavor this berry is considered, by many, quite equal to either *Hovey's Seedling* or *Early Scarlet*, and it is certainly not inferior as a market fruit. J. W. Quinby.

St. Johnsville, N. Y., June, 1859.

Remarks.—It was not our intention to say aught against the productiveness of the *Wilson Seedling*, but to prevent our readers from getting the erroneous idea, which was conveyed in the article, that the old and neglected beds would have been productive, had they been composed of the *Wilson* instead of the *Hovey* and *Early Scarlet*. We have never seen the *Wilson* grown as large as the *Hovey* Last season we expressed our opinion of its merits as follows, and have no reason yet for changing a word:—"*Wilson's Albany* thus far proves to be exceedingly productive—indeed, we know of nothing like it. The fruit is borne in immense clusters, on a very strong fruit-stalk, but still not strong enough to bear up the extraordinary weight of fruit. The plant grows with great vigor. The fruit is from medium to large, and irregular in form. It cannot be considered high flavored, but is a pleasant mixture of sweet and acid."

Inquiries and Answers.

Strawberries Drying Up.—Can you, or some of your numerous readers, tell me what will prevent strawberry plants from drying up and dying? Last fall I got some plants and set them out. Under them in holes I put horse manure and leached ashes, and this spring they all withered up and died. I got some more and they are dying the same. Now, can you tell me what to do for them and oblige—A Constant Reader, *Centerville*, 1859.

The ashes and manure, we suppose, killed your plants. Neither strong manure nor ashes should touch the roots of plants. The manure should be thoroughly incorporated with the soil before planting, or else, spread on the surface afterwards, to be forked in at the time of hoeing.

Pruning a Winter-Killed Grape Vine.—Either yourself, or some of your correspondents, perhaps, will be kind enough to inform me what course I should adopt with my grape vines, which are partially winter-killed. They are apparently dead from the lowest main branch, excepting here and there a bud just broken open near the bottom of the canes, but from thence to the top of them, not the least signs of vitality. Should I cut away all the dead parts, or what process should I pursue? The vines are trained on trellises against the south end of the wood-house, and grew last year very luxuriantly. My neighbors have vines exposed to all aspects without showing any injury.—J. T., *South Bristol, N. Y.*, 1859.

Your object must be to remove all the dead wood and lay in a stock of live as rapidly as possible.—How this can best be done, we cannot tell without knowing more of the condition of the vine, the way in which it is trained, &c.

Strawberries.—Will you please inform the best method of raising strawberries? Is it best to keep the runners cut and the plants cultivated, or the whole bed in a mass of vines, thus shading the fruit?—Eugene, *Wisconsin*, 1859.

Did we wish to grow berries of extra size we would grow strawberries by single plants, at least a foot apart, removing the runners and mulching the ground. To produce the greatest quantity, however, it would be best to allow the plants to run into rows, say two feet wide, and with a foot of space about a foot wide between the rows. Keep the weeds destroyed, and thin out, so as not to allow the plants to grow within three inches of each other. After the third year, after fruiting, dig under the center of the rows a foot and-a-half wide, leaving a few plants on the edge of the rows, to throw out runners for the next year's crop. That which was the center of the rows will now become the open space between the rows, and that which was the open space before, (after being forked up,) will be covered with plants. This process may be repeated from year to year, giving a good coating of well-rotted manure every time the plants are dug under.

Degeneration of Flowers.—Will you, or some of the readers of the Rural, please inform me how to preserve flowers double? I have several times obtained seeds from the East and different places. The first year the flowers are beautiful and very double, but after that the seeds from those produce single flowers, particularly the annuals. Double Hollyhocks and even my White Peonies have dwindled down to half their former size. They are planted in a rich soil, and I think they have very good care.—A. W., *Lake Mills, Wis.*

Good culture, and care in preserving seed from the finest flowers is the only means to prevent degeneration. Where plants are designed for seed, remove the side-branches and allow only a few of the finest flowers to form seed. It is almost impossible, however, to obtain good seed of some varieties of flowers in this country, and this is particularly the case with *Asters*. The finest *Balsams* give but few seeds, and must be watched, or these will be lost. *Hollyhocks* and *Peonies* do not produce their like from seed, and therefore plants raised from seed by ordinary care are apt to be inferior. The Hollyhock should be divided and replanted, when a good flower is obtained, for the old plant dies after the third year.

Egg Plants.—Having a prospect of raising a crop of eggs the ensuing season from the egg plant, and not being acquainted with either the mode of culture, or cooking of this vegetable, I wish to inquire the proper mode of cultivating, and the best manner of serving its fruit for the table?—Miss Lizzie, *Greensboro, Ind.*

The culture of the *Egg Plant* is not difficult. The plants may be raised in a hot-bed and transplanted into the open ground the middle of May, or they may be grown on a warm border, when they will be ready to transplant early in June. Plant out during showery weather, two feet apart each way, in a good, rich soil. Keep the ground free from weeds and mellow, by a diligent use of the hoe, and as growth advances draw earth to the stems. A few may be left in the seed-bed, where they will grow and do well. They are fit to be eaten when of about the size of a goose egg, and until nearly ripe. The usual way of cooking is to cut into thin slices, and fry them, when they taste something like fried oysters. We believe they are also used in soups and stews, though we have never tasted them prepared in this way.

Raising Grapes from Seed.—I have just commenced the culture of grapes, on a small scale, and of course take great interest in all you say about them, and particularly new varieties. You are my oracle on this subject. But my mind has been puzzled not a little by a remark in your notice of the *Stockwood Golden Hamburg*, in which you say "it was raised from the *Black Hamburg*, impregnated with the pollen of the *White Sweet Water*." Please gratify all your subscribers in this locality, and me in particular, by a more minute description of the process by which this new variety was propagated. I can imagine how a new or mongrel fruit could be raised from two different varieties by pollen impregnation; but cannot imagine how a *new vine* bearing the same kind of fruit could be more readily raised from such fruit *seed* than from the seed of any other, unless all the information has been erroneous on this subject, for our nurserymen are unanimous in the saying that grapes, like apples, grow very uncertain from the seed.—S. A. D., *Keokuk, Iowa*, 1859.

If we understand our correspondent, the difficulty in his mind is that the seedling should partake of the character of the parents, when it is known that "grapes, like apples, grow very uncertain from the seed." This is true, and so it is of strawberries and other fruits, and yet we often trace in a new variety a strong resemblance to the parents, to one, perhaps in foliage and habit of growth, and to the other in fruit. The plants raised from the same seed will also differ much in character, some resembling one parent, some another, some, perhaps, very little of either. We will give a chapter on Hybridization before long.

Exhibition of Fruits and Flowers in Rochester.—The Spring Meeting of the *Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York*, will be held at the Court House, in Rochester, on Thursday, June 23, 1859, at 10 o'clock A. M. Important questions pertaining to the interests of Fruit Culturists, will be discussed, and any member wishing any particular subject brought up, will please send early word to the Secretary, C. P. Bissell, Rochester. An Exhibition of Strawberries, Cherries, and other seasonable fruits will be made.

The June Exhibition of the *Genesee Valley Horticultural Society* will be held at Corinthian Hall on the same day, (June 23d.) At this show there will be a fine exhibition of *Roses, Peonies, Strawberries, Cherries*, &c. Indeed, we believe it is the intention to unite the two Exhibitions, making only one, and that at *Corinthian Hall*, the discussions, only, being had at the *Court House*. This is an opportunity to examine fruits and flowers that occurs only once in a year, and should not be neglected. A new feature has been introduced the present season. Hitherto the *tasting* has been confined to the Judges; arrangements are now being made to furnish every visitor with a dish of strawberries, of any variety preferred.

Melons.—In the Rural of May 14th, you have made some very unfavorable remarks upon my melon article. The substance of your remarks is,—"Half an inch is not sufficient covering for such a bed of fresh, hot, horse manure." Why it should not be enough is of course a mystery to me, and the only way that I can take it is, that things that will answer here, will not answer in your part of the country, for I have always treated my melons in the way described, and always have raised good ones, and the plants look thrifty all summer, however hot the weather may be. The bed of fresh, hot, horse manure loses its heat, and becomes cool and damp, and remains so through the season. But, before I close I will say, that if the quantity of horse manure is as small as I described, it will not heat in the least all summer.—David W. Herman, *Faircille, Wayne Co., N. Y.*, 1849.

CAKES, GINGER SNAPS, COOKIES, &c.

Eds. Rural:—Notwithstanding this is my first effort to aid in contributing a few good recipes for the benefit of those who are lovers of "good things," I do not intend it shall be the last. The following recipe I know from trial to be *palatable*, if nothing more:

Ginger Snaps.—One and one-half cups of molasses; ½ cup of sugar; 1 of butter; 2 tablespoons of ginger; 1 teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a cup warm water.

Ginger Cookies.—Two cups of molasses; 1 of butter; 1 tablespoon ginger; 1½ teaspoons saleratus dissolved in a cup water; 2 do. of alum dissolved in ½ cup water.

Doughnuts.—Two cups sugar; 1 egg; 1 teaspoon saleratus; 1 do. salt; 1 nutmeg; ½ pint cream; ½ pint buttermilk—cut in rings and fry.

Queen's Cake.—Two cups of sugar; 1 of butter; 1 of buttermilk; 4 of flour; 4 eggs; 1 teaspoon saleratus; 1 nutmeg; 1 pound raisins.

Soda Cake.—Two cups loaf sugar; ½ do. of butter; 1 of sweet milk; 1 spoonful cream tartar; 1½ spoons soda; the whites of 5 eggs beat to a stiff froth.

Snow-Ball Cakes.—One cup of sugar; 1 of butter; ½ cup buttermilk; 1 teaspoon soda; the whites of 3 eggs beat to a froth—bake in small tins. Aunt Isaac.

CHICKEN PIE AND INDIAN PUDDING.

Take two full-grown chickens, (or more if they are small,) disjoint them and cut the back bone, &c., as small as convenient. Boil them with a few slices of salt pork in water enough to cover them, let them boil quite tender, then take out the breast bone. After they boil and the scum is taken off, put in a little onion, cut very fine, not enough to taste distinctly, but just enough to flavor a little; rub some parsley very fine when dry, or cut fine when green, this gives a pleasant flavor; season well with pepper and salt, and a few ounces of good fresh butter. When all is cooked well, have liquid enough to cover the chicken, then beat up two eggs and stir in, also some good sweet cream. Line a five quart pan with a crust made like soda biscuit, only more shortening, put in the chicken and liquid, then cover with a crust the same as the lining. Bake till the crust is done and you will have a good chicken pie.

Indian Pudding.—Boil a quart of water, put in a little salt, stir in corn meal while boiling till quite stiff. Take it off the fire and stir in cold new milk till thin enough to level itself. Beat up three eggs and stir them in the batter. Butter a pudding dish, put in the mixture, and let it bake an hour and a half. Serve with good, rich sweet cream and sugar. A Farmer's Wife.

BEEF PIES AND CRULLERS.

Messrs. Eds.:—As it is the duty and privilege of farmers' wives and daughters to contribute something in the shape of good recipes for the domestic corner of "our Rural," I will offer one or two which I think good.

Beef Pie.—Take nice white potatoes, pare and slice thin, boil in just water enough to cover them. When done have ready the paste, put in a deep dish, place layers of potatoes and beef, (which must also be cut in small, thin slices,) alternately until the dish is full, then cover with a nice crust, and bake thirty-five minutes. To be served warm. Call in your papa, husband, or lover, as the case may be, and try it.

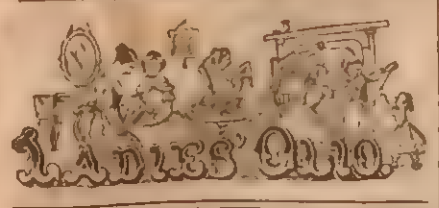
Crullers.—Here is a recipe for crullers which I consider superior to any others I have tried. Take seven spoonfuls of coffee sugar and seven egg, well beaten, or a spoonful of sugar to each eggs, more or less, add a little salt, and season to your taste. Fry in nice white lard until a light brown. A quarter of a dried apple put in the fat while frying, will prevent them getting *too* brown. Pavilion, N. Y., 1859. Miss A. M. Bishop.

Cracker Pie—*Correction.*—In the Rural of May 28th I noticed a recipe for cracker pie. The recipe is a good one, with the exception that the chief ingredient is omitted. One cup of sugar should be added. I take the liberty to mention this to save pies from being spoiled, and the recipe being condemned, which is a good one in a scarcity of fruit.—Aunt Charity, *Le Roy, N. Y.*, 1859.

Inquiries.—Will some of the lady readers of this department give some good recipes for making Crackers? also tell us something of Cooking Meats, as a knowledge of this is essential to every housekeeper. Those who can compound such cake and pie as our Rural housekeepers, can certainly prepare meats for an epicure, however dainty.—A., *Empire State*, 1859.

Johnny Cake.—One pint sweet milk; 1 teaspoon soda in the milk; 3 tablespoons sugar; 3 do. flour; 1 do. butter; 1 teaspoon salt; 2 eggs; 2 teaspoons cream tartar in the flour. Indian meal to make it about as thick as pound cake.—Edwards, *Skaneateles, N. Y., May*, 1859.

Pickled Eggs.—At the season of the year when eggs are plentiful, boil some four or five dozen in a capacious saucepan until they become quite hard. Then, after carefully removing the shells, lay them in large-mouthed jars, and pour over them scalding vinegar, well seasoned with unground pepper, allspice, a few races of ginger, and a few cloves of garlic. When cold, bung down closely, and in a month they are fit for use. When eggs are plentiful, the above pickle is by no means expensive.—*Selected.*



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

REMEMBER ME.

BY GERTRUDE GREY.

O, NOW in youth's bright spring-time
When skies are brightest o'er me,
When with flowers fair and sweet
My path is strewn before me;
Not when upon my cheek
The glow of health you see,
When life and joy are in my eye—
Not then remember me.

And not when bright wing'd Hope
Sheds her mystic radiance round me,
When in life's garish noonday
Summer friends sorround me;
Not then when Fortune smiles,
When my heart is light and free,
When earth is but a fairy land—
Not then remember me.

But, O, when friends forsake me,
When all is lone and dark,
When wintry storms o'ertake me,
Tossing my foundering bark;
And when my cheek is fading—
When Hope's bright day-dreams flee,
When sorrow my brow is shading,
Then—then remember me.

Cleveland, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

QUEEN MARY'S LOVE.

BY MRS. ALLEN MORRIS.

O! DARK is the gloom o'er my young spirit stealing!
Then why should I linger where others are gay!
The smile that I wear, is but worn for concealing
A heart that is wasting in sadness away.

[MRS. WELBY.

AT sixteen, MARY, the eldest daughter of JAMES the Second, was married to WILLIAM of Orange, who was then twenty-eight. She was pretty, graceful, loving, and of common understanding; but she lacked that strength of intellect which would have been worthy the counselor of the greatest Prince of his times, yet what she lacked in mental capacity was much more than ordinarily supplied by the constancy and depth of affection with which she regarded her cold and reserved husband. Had she been a woman of ambition and great mind, she would have reigned alone upon the throne of her ancestors, but untold love and adoration for WILLIAM filled the soul of the noblest and purest of Princesses.

They had been married about nine years, and though the faithful wife had tried every means in her power to make her husband happy, she could not help perceiving that something weighed heavily upon his mind,—that he was far from being happy,—and a few words from MARY's instructor in divine matters, revealed to her the cause of WILLIAM's strange reserve.

At the death of King JAMES, MARY would then be the ruling sovereign of a great Kingdom,—a person of no small consequence,—while her husband would occupy only a subordinate position. This thought continually galled the proud spirit of the ambitious Prince, while MARY, in the simplicity of her heart, never cared or dreamed that she should ever be more than the *wife* of her husband.

WILLIAM was a man of good morals, of trusting friendship, of clear judgment, great strength of intellect, and indomitable will—yet with a soul of the deepest feelings, the keenest sensibilities, under the most implacable reserve, and most perfect self-control. He was worthy the love of a noble woman, like MARY of the STUARTS, and of the love and homage of his own subjects, and better qualified than any living Prince to succeed to the British throne. He did not wish to rob his wife of her own rights, but he could not rank below her, and he little understood her heart and her devotion.

One day in summer time, when nature was inviting, the Prince, who brooded over his griefs but never spoke of them, started out on the chase, of which he was exceedingly fond. His figure was slender, for his health had always been delicate. His eyes were bright and piercing, his cheeks thin and furrowed with lines of care, his forehead high and broad. He was a great warrior rather than statesman—he rivaled in the battle field even the old and renowned Generals of his times. While he was pursuing the game through his native forests the Princess retired to her private apartments. She looked about upon the rich and costly adornings of her palace chamber, but not all the grandeur, the wealth, the homage paid to a Princess, could fill her heart with gladness and her life with happiness—she mourned over unreturned love. She sat down upon a low cushion and buried her face in her hands and wept. Slowly the tears rolled down her beautiful face, and her bosom heaved with heavy bursting sobs. "Why, oh, why, my GOD, can I not inspire the love of the Prince—there is nothing in the world I would not do for him—my life, even; would I give for his happiness," were the thoughts of her yearning, loving nature.

There was an altar erected in her apartment for her private devotions. She knelt there long, long, for the burthen of her soul was great—too great it seemed for mortal to bear. Her jewelled hands were clasped, and her beautiful eyes raised toward heaven—she needed no form of prayer then, her own lips alone could frame the prayer of her soul—she was very devotional, and possessed great faith in GOD. She left the room, and was soon after sought by BARNET, her spiritual instructor, who had long known the cause of the estrangement between the Prince and Princess. He plainly told her what were the feelings of WILLIAM—the cause of his unhappiness—and she learned for the first time that when she became Queen of England WILLIAM would not also be King.

"Oh," she said, "there was no proof of love and submission that she was not ready to give."

"The crown is yours in legal right—it is your own, your just inheritance, my esteemed Princess, and you can easily, when you ascend the ancient throne of your fathers, induce your Parliament to give your husband not only the regal title, but the administration of affairs; but your Royal Highness should consider well before announcing such a resolution, for having once made it, you cannot safely or easily retract."

"My best of counselors,—I want no time, it is enough that I have an opportunity for showing my regard for the Prince. Tell him what I say, oh, tell him now, and bring him to me, that he may hear it from my own lips."

BARNET went in search of the Prince, but he had not yet returned from the chase—was many miles away. It was late when he returned, and MARY did not see him until next morning. She passed the night anxiously counting the slow hours, for she wished to make her husband happy. At the invitation of MARY, WILLIAM sought her in her apartments. She arose, and with a beautiful smile of love and devotion, begged him to be seated—she knelt at his feet, taking his hand, and looking tenderly in his large beaming eyes.

"My husband, I did not know until yesterday that there was such a difference between the laws of England and the laws of GOD. But I now promise you that you shall always bear rule, and in return I ask only this, a large place in the heart of WILLIAM of Orange for his wife—a husband's love is all I ask—and I shall observe the precept which enjoins wives to obey their husbands, and you will observe that which enjoins husbands to love their wives."

This generous affection could not but gain the love of so worthy a man as WILLIAM. From that time the confidence of the happy pair was entire, complete, and at the sad day of MARY's death he was carried from her room in convulsions. She was loved by him as woman is seldom loved—for where in the annals of history is an example so full of self-sacrifice—of entire devotion. Their names are associated together in history—it was the reign of "WILLIAM and MARY." There have been other Queens who have achieved triumphs by the greatness of their minds, the brilliancy of their reigns—such as ELIZABETH of England, and CATHERINE of Russia—but the true and noble heart of the woman we love and ever admire, is MARY the Princess of Orange.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

LET the education of the young woman be commensurate with her influence. Is it true that, in the completion of social life, she is the mistress of that which decides its hues? Then let her be trained to wield this fearful power with skill, with principle, and for the salvation of social man. Does she sometimes bear the sceptre of a nation's well-being in her hand? Cato said of his countrymen, "The Romans govern the world, but it is the women that govern the Romans."

The discovery of this very continent testifies to the political influence of women. Who favored the bold genius of Columbus? Do you say Ferdinand of Spain? I answer Isabella, prompting her partner to the patronage he so reluctantly bestowed. Her influence unexerted, the Genoese mariner had never worn the laurel that now graces his brow. Will you now leave this all-potent being illiterate, to rear sons debased by ignorance, and become dupes of the demagogue?

Look at the domestic circle! Not more surely does the empress of night illuminate and beautify the whole canopy of heaven, than does woman, if educated aright, irradiate, and give her fairest tints to her own fireside. To leave her uncultivated, a victim of ignorance, prejudice, and the vices they entail, is to take home to our bosoms a brood that will inflict pangs sharper than death. For the love and honor of our homes, let us encourage the most liberal culture of the female mind.—*Young Maiden.*

ROMANCE OF THE NEEDLE.—What a wonderful thing is this matter of sewing! It began in Paradise, and was the earliest fruit of the fall. Amidst the odor of flowers, and by the side of meandering streams, and under the shade of the dark-green foliage, the cowering forms of the guilty progenitors of our race bowed in anguish and shame, as they took their first lessons in that art which has ever since been the mark of servitude and sorrow. And yet the curse has not been without its blessing.

The needle with the thimble has done more for man than the needle of the compass. The needlework of the Tabernacle is the most ancient record of the art. Early used to adorn the vestments of the priests, it was honored by God himself, and became a type of beauty and holiness. "The king's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold; she shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needle-work." The magnificence of kingly pomp, the imposing spectacles of religion or wealth, the tribute of honor to the great, the charm of dignified society, the refined attractions of beauty, are dependent upon the needle.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

SISTERS AND MOTHERS.—These are ties which like the invisible strings of conscience, bind man to the world of kindly affections, and are the last things forgoten when one leaves life. The marriage situation may be one of pure and uninterrupted felicity; there may be no cloud in its whole happy horizon; it may be ever sunny, and flowers spring in it at every season of the age; but even these happy ones, who are in this clime of bliss, remember long and late the claims of a sister or a mother to their best affections. The feelings inspired by both sister and mother are all derived from sources pure as the Divinity that inspired them.

ENVY, like a cold poison, benumbs and stupefies; and thus, as if conscious of its own impotence, it folds its arms in despair, and sits cursing in a corner. When it conquers it is commonly in the dark, by treachery and undermining, by calumny and detraction. Envy is no less foolish than detestable; it is a vice which they say keeps no holiday, but is always in the wheel, and working upon its own disquiet.—*Jeremy Collier.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

SUMMER.—A SONG.

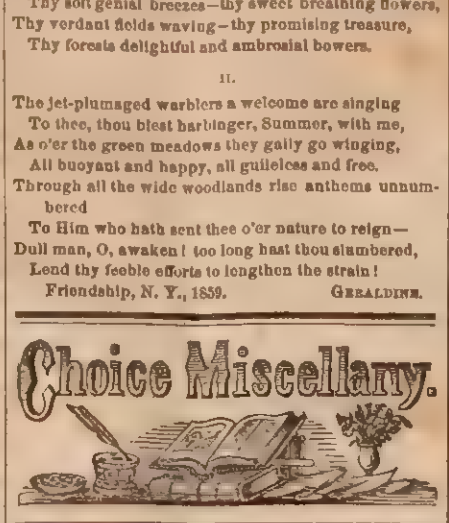
I.

How often, loved Summer, when cold Winter, dreary,
Held all these thy beauties in his chill embrace,
Have I longing wished, until patience grew weary,
For thou, Queen of Seasons, to reign in his place.
Now fair, blooming Summer, I hail thee with pleasure,
Thy soft genial breezes—thy sweet breathing flowers,
Thy verdant fields waving—thy promising treasure,
Thy forests delightful and ambrosial bowers.

II.

The jet-plumaged warblers a welcome are singing
To thee, thou blest harbinger, Summer, with me,
As o'er the green meadows they gaily go winging,
All buoyant and happy, all guileless and free.
Through all the wide woodlands rise anthems unnumbered
To Him who hath sent thee o'er nature to reign—
Dull man, O, awaken! too long hast thou slumbered,
Lend thy feeble efforts to longthen the strain!

Friendship, N. Y., 1859. GERALDINE.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THEORY vs. PRACTICE—HEART vs. TONGUE.

MAN's life is full of strange contrasts and queer contradictions. From the cradle to the grave he is continually playing a double part. The language of his heart, and the acts of his life are often at total variance. He can talk and theorize most admirably on all matters of public or private policy; but heart and practice ever stand out in bold relief and opposition thereto. We see the working of this everywhere—all around us, at all times and places. For instance, see that group of school-boys. They are engaged in the noble, health-invigorating game of ball. They are all attention, and enjoying it finely, when lo! the school-bell rings. Everything is dropped instanter,—it is "bie for school," &c., and a casual observer might imagine, from the alacrity of their obedience to the summons, that of all possible spots, the dear old school-room was just at that very moment the most attractive and inviting. Not so—if the truth was only known, they wish heartily for another half hour's enjoyment of their favorite sport.

See that unsophisticated youth who is about leaving home for the first time to shift for himself, or, in other words, to "paddle his own canoe" upon the great sea of life. With what tender solicitude does the anxious mother caution her darling boy against evil associations, and the many temptations incident to youth, enjoining him to remember the precepts he has been taught from his infancy, and exhorting him, by the cultivation of habits of industry, strict integrity, and usefulness, to reflect credit upon himself, his parents, and his friends. Now we do not pretend to say that that mother really felt in her heart that the noble boy would *fail:* no, she *knew better* all the while! To all these cautions, injunctions, and exhortations he dutifully assents, and readily *promises* implicit obedience,—but his *heart* replies, "Does my mother suppose that I do not know enough to take care of myself?"

Look at the scheming politician and statesman. Hear him lay down his brilliant theories for the furtherance of the wealth, prosperity and happiness of his dear country! Doesn't he expatiate, and promise—and isn't he all *suavity* immediately before election! but how does his *practice* agree with his fair professions? Truly, he is very forgetful, very inconsistent—rather reminds one of a guide-board, which will *point* the way, but will not *walk* therein.

Take the *disinterested* parson—loud in declaiming against the greed of gain, love of mammon, sin of covetousness, etc., exhorting his flock by all means,

"To hate the world—in holy ways be bold;
And *shun the soul's seducer—glittering gold!*"

See him yield a ready compliance to a *loud call* elsewhere—as the poet pertinently observes:

"What though the *stipend* was a *trifle* more
To one who placed in wealth so little store?
This had *no weight*, you know, at all;
'Twas not the *cash*; Oh, no, but 'twas the LORD commanded!
And, though 'twas *hard* to go away,
Should he refuse the LORD t' obey,
And be a *careless* servant branded?
No, sure, so he must go."

"Pray keep your sitting—make yourself perfectly easy," says the impatient editor to his tedious visitor, who has already detained him until the "boys" are frantic for "more copy"—casting a distracted glance at his unfinished "leader,"—while in his inmost soul he has long been wishing him well clear of his sanctum!

"Why, how do you do, my dear Mrs. C.," exclaims the fashionable Mrs. B., as she languidly sails into her splendid parlor, (just from the perusal of the last novel,) to receive her visitor. "How rejoiced I am to see you! and how are your little children? Let the little dears make themselves perfectly at home." After a lapse of fully ten minutes, during which time "little dears" had found ample employment for their mischievous fingers, to the no small detriment of table-ornaments, and window drapery, the lady is most obsequiously bowed out, with a pressing invitation to call again soon, with her interesting children.—Simultaneous with the closing of the door, the language of the *heart* is heard, in the soliloquy which follows very much after this sort:—"Oh! dear, was there ever such a bore?—did I ever see such ill-behaved children! They have ruined everything they have laid their dirty fingers on. I *hope* Mrs. C. will keep her ugly brats at *home* in future!"

Behold the lawyer shedding great tears, as he pules on the *pathetic*, (after he has sufficiently befogged the intelligent and discriminating jury,) for his client, the great rascal whom he *knows* is guilty, who sits there in all the meekness of injured innocence, where the convincing arguments and touching appeals of his learned counsel have so adroitly placed him.

Who has not heard the pretty maiden declare, time after time, her firm resolve never to marry? Does she *practice* what she preaches? Does she mean what she says? On the contrary, while in the very act of giving utterance to her scornful disclaimer of anything like affection or regard for the men, her thumping *heart* declares—"Fie, SALLY, that's a bouncing lie!"

And so it is, go where you may—this popular antagonism of *practice* to *theory*—*heart* to *tongue* is ever seen. We might extend these examples, but trust our meaning is sufficiently apparent. A thought suggests itself, however,—is this inconsistent being we have been considering, man?—man, created in the image of his Maker, endowed with talents of a high order, and placed at the head of all created beings? If it is man, has he not sadly degenerated from what he *should*, and was *intended to be?* Is this false appearance and double-dealing necessary? We answer, emphatically, *No.* And far nobler would man appear if his *tongue* ever gave utterance to the sentiments of his *heart.* We should then see him honest with himself, honest with his fellow, honest with his Maker, and POPE says,

"An honest man's the noblest work of GOD!"

Buffalo, N. Y., 1859. C. L. P.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DAY DREAMS.

IT is a very easy matter to sit with folded hands and be a hero. Imagination never tires; our feet never falter from fatigue; we have no need to wipe the sweat drops from our aching brows; no need to turn aside from loathsome sights and unpleasant sounds; to hear the gibes and sneers of those who walk not as we walk; but living ever in an ideal world, among flowers and singing birds, dream away the life GOD gave for active deeds of benevolence, and loving kindness to our fellow creatures. No wonder that so many of us wander unsatisfied; our aspirations unrealized. We have no right to expect to enjoy what we have never earned. Have our dreams ever placed upon our heads a brighter crown than decks the brow of FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE? and yet, we can but partially see how it was won. Our Father only knew the heart aches; the fearful struggles, ere the world, its pleasures, and its friendships could be resigned for a work *so* merciful, that angels must have hovered very close around her pathway, ready to minister unto her, when poor human nature felt the strain too keenly. And you, my sisters, (I speak to the pure, the good, and the true,) would gladly exchange your dream wreath, for the bay that so beautifully crowns our own ELIZABETH BLACKWELL; and yet it was not easily obtained. Alone, and unassisted, she walked bravely on; her own sex, those for whom she was toiling so patiently, looked at her askance, turning aside, lest contact with one so daring, might leave a stain upon their own garments. They could not comprehend the high and holy spirit which incited her mission, their own hearts had never been stirred by that deep love for humanity which impelled that noble woman on, until prejudice was disarmed; and the prize she sought was won. This was not the diploma she received in common with her brothers; but a more satisfying result to a mind like hers. She has opened a path in which her sisters can now safely tread; and thousands of earth's suffering daughters, are blessing her, who dared to be true to her own lofty nature, regardless of the world's smiles or frowns.

Dreams can never satisfy us, but leave the mind enervated and incapacitated for any real good; one effort of the will, one act of self-denial will do more for us than a life-time of wishing; and tho' we may not become what some others have, we may still be workers in our Master's vineyard, and if we hear at life's close the words, "she hath done what she could," they will sound no less sweetly to our ears, than if earth's loudest praises had greeted them here. H.

Covington, May 17, 1859.

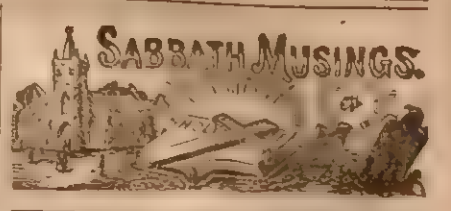
USE OF ADVERSITY.—You wear out your own clothes. You are not troubled with many visitors. You are exonerated from making calls. Bores do not bore you. Sponges do not haunt your table. Tax-gatherers hurry past your door. Itinerant bands do not play opposite your window. You avoid the nuisance of serving on juries. You are not persecuted to stand god-father. No one thinks of presenting you with a testimonial. No tradesman irritates you by asking, "Is there any other little article to-day, sir?" You practice temperance. You swallow infinitely less poison than others. Flatterers do not shoot their rubbish into your ears. You are saved many a debt, many a deception, many a headache. And lastly, if you have a true friend in the world, you are sure in a very short space of time to learn it.—*Selected.*

SATURDAY NIGHT.

THE week is past; its latest ray
Is vanished with the closing day;
And 'tis as far beyond our grasp
Its now departed hours to clasp,
As to recall the moment bright
When first creation sprang to light.
The week is past! if it has brought
Some beams of sweet and soothing thought,
If it has left some memory dear
Of heavenly raptures tasted here,
It has not winged its flight in vain,
Although it ne'er return again.—*Bowring.*

THE PRESS.—Much has been accomplished; more than people are aware—so gradual has been the advance. How noiseless is the growth of corn!—Watch it night and day for a week, and you will never see it growing; but return after two months and you will find it all whitening for the harvest. Such, and so imperceptible in the stages of their motion, are the victories of the press.—*De Quincey.*

COLERIDGE, speaking of the zest for new truth felt by those already well instructed, as compared with the indifferent mental appetite of the ignorant, says:—"The water-lily, in the midst of the water, opens its leaves and expands its petals to the first pattering of the shower, and rejoices in the raindrops with a quicker sympathy than does the parched shrub in the desert."



AFTER THE NIGHT, MORNING.

WHEN the day is clouded,
Dreary, dim and cold;
In its web of shadows
Not one thread of gold—
Wing with hope the hours,
Till the morrow's hand
Flings a veil of amber
O'er the smiling land;
Just outside the cloudy gate
All the golden sunbeams wait!

When the heart is sombre,
Shrining like a tomb
Joys that dropt to ashes
From their richest bloom—
Though life's rare enchantments
Die with their decay—
Wait till some white angel
Roll the stone away;
From its grave some bliss may rise,
Purer than the joy that dies!

When dear hopes have vanished,
As the bright stars flee
From the wrathful midnight,
Wait thou trustingly—
Buds that die in autumn,
Sunny June will bring;
And some hopes must perish
That new joys may spring!
Every cheerless winter day
Leads at length to bloom and May.

[*Philadelphia Press.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE IDEAL.

THERE are so many rough places in our pathway that the frequently repeated maxim, "Life is real, life is earnest," grates very harshly on our ears. We long to leave the dull routine of practical life, leave behind the world *as it is*, and take a ramble with fancy, to look at things as they *might be*, or build for ourselves airy castles, decorated with beautiful pictures, and place therein an image which is the embodiment of all that is *pure* and *beautiful.* When our hearts sicken at the sight of sorrow, crime, and error, *then* this image casts its shadow over the objects about us, removing much of the gloom of stern reality. And we ever endeavor, though *vainly* to make *ourselves* like unto this *image*, and though this temple and these shrines have been broken down; though we have wept to see them crumble, yet they have been rebuilt, and we have had *purer*, *nobler* purposes, higher aspirations, and *warmer* desires to elevate ourselves and the world.

The world has its dreamers and its *actors;* the practical portion of mankind keep life's machinery in motion, while others, finding no attraction or congeniality in life *as it is*, *dream* their lives away, *crowning* and re-crowning some *ideal goddess.*—Nor do they dream in vain—they dream noble dreams; think noble thoughts; originate grand schemes which they leave for their more practical neighbors to carry out—thus the *dreamer* and the *actor* each has his work to do, but there is not that harmony of character that there is when the several parts are so fitted together as to make one *perfect, complete whole*, when the *ideal* and *real* are *blended.*

Practical people denounce the *ideal* as a fair mockery, *treacherous* as *beautiful*, they look upon the creation of fancy as a waste of time, and a dissipation to the mind, rather than as a gentle force to add strength to the mental powers; nor is this to be wondered at, for once these cold, stern, practical mortals, yes, even *they* once had an *ideal* shrine at which they sacrificed their hearts' best, warmest impulses; but they have seen them polluted, and *now* they are broken down. Perhaps the vivacity of youth has passed away, and they look back upon their early fancies as an idle dream. But there are some young persons who seem to have no particular object in life, no *ideal* standard, to which they strive to attain, no fancy imagery to make their youthful lives more beautiful. It always makes one sad to see them, for when they reach maturer years they will be still more *cold*, and chill other youthful hearts. On the other hand imaginative persons are no less severe in their denunciation of the *practical;* they have such a disgust and disrelish of the busy life about them that were *they* the representatives of mankind in general, the machinery of every-day life would very soon stand still.

We read in that Great Universal History, of a city with golden paved streets, the Great White Throne, and the most glorious of *all* of Him who sits thereon. Here are blended the *ideal* in *character* with the *real* in *existence.*

Let the worshiper at fancy's shrine, *still* worship there, and, with a soul ennobled by beholding the grand first image of *ideality*, be ready to perform life's great *practical mission*, and let him whose mind never rises above dull, prosy care, cast a glance upward to *Him* who sits on that *Great White Throne*, and may the image of the Greatest and Best be stamped indelibly upon all souls.

MATTIE M. MINER.

"LEADING MEN."—It is customary to speak of sundry men in the Church of Christ, as "leading men;" i. e., they go before others, and make and second the motions which others vote for. It should not be forgotten, however, that a man in a Christian Church, who really deserves the name of a "leading man," *serves* the Church. He moves and goes in the right direction. As BAXTER well remarks,—"Church *greatness* consists in being *greatly* serviceable."

HERE AND HEREAFTER.—It is strange that the experience of so many ages should not make us judge more solidly of the present and of the future, so as to take proper measures in the one for the other. We dote upon this world as if it were never to have an end, and we neglect the next as if it were never to have a beginning.—*Fenelon.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TEACHING.

Dear reader, did you ever teach school? If not, let me tell you (unless you are an Editor,) that you know little about trouble, and still less about human nature. Just imagine yourself surrounded by a crowd of "young ideas" four years old and upwards, which you are expected to initiate, advance, and graduate in the art of "shoot"-ing, and then determine how many various compounds, permutations, combinations, and arrangements, may result from the heterogeneous mass, and you will have in advance, some idea of experience which awaits you. If you do not, before the close of the first session, gather material for a volume of sermons, a treatise on family government, a quarto of adventures, (i. e., if you board around,) a book of poetry and a comic almanac the fault will be your own. You will be pretty sure, also, to acquire a good portion of orthodoxy in the line of doctrine. I never knew a teacher who was not a firm believer in "total depravity," and but few who did not consider Solomon unquestionable authority on the use of the rod.

Theoretically, the teacher's is a high and holy calling—practically, it is an awfully responsible one, burdened with the interests of eternity; yet, after all, when we come down to the every-day minutiæ, there is so much of nature in its primitive simplicity, so much to excite the risibilities, that I sometimes wonder whether comic almanac-makers are not retired school-teachers. From the youngster in pinafores to the young lady past her teens (I beg her pardon) it is comical all the way up.—The little fellow who reads "p-o-t, kettle," has just as clear an idea of what he is doing as the young lady who tells you, on the authority (!) of the master of criticism that "the natural signs of passion are voluntary," and both compare favorably with a third, whom I once heard render a passage from Byron's "Darkness," in this wise:

> "The palaces of crowned kings, the huts,
> The habitations of all things which dwell -
> Were burnt for *bacon*!"

It was enough to upset the gravity of a Puritan, and yet where is the school-room in which such blunders never occur?

As for patience, Job himself would have needed a fresh supply, had he turned teacher. In the school-room, as elsewhere, it is not the dashing of the great wave, but the continual dropping which wears the stone. Great troubles do not often occur; it is the little trials, the petty cares, the constant watchfulness that try one's temper. It requires all one's self-control not to give way, sometimes, to impatience, yet wo to him who does give way!—his empire is at an end.

The teacher must not expect too much. Perseverance will accomplish wonders, but it will not always bring success, and he must be prepared for an occasional failure. There are some scholars that *wont* learn. They are too lazy to study, too stupid to think, too easy to be ambitious, and if, perchance, they are forced out of the common branches into any of the higher studies, their ignorance cannot be concealed. They never know *b* from *d*. Like the *Shibboleth* of the Ephraimites, these letters are sure to betray them.

Notwithstanding these petty trials, the teacher receives, in the success of those who will learn, an ample reward for his labor and his care. They whose character he has formed, whose intellectual symmetry he has fashioned, will remember him with grateful affection, and future generations "shall rise up to call him blessed."

Stanardsville, Va., 1859. Bertha Mortimer.

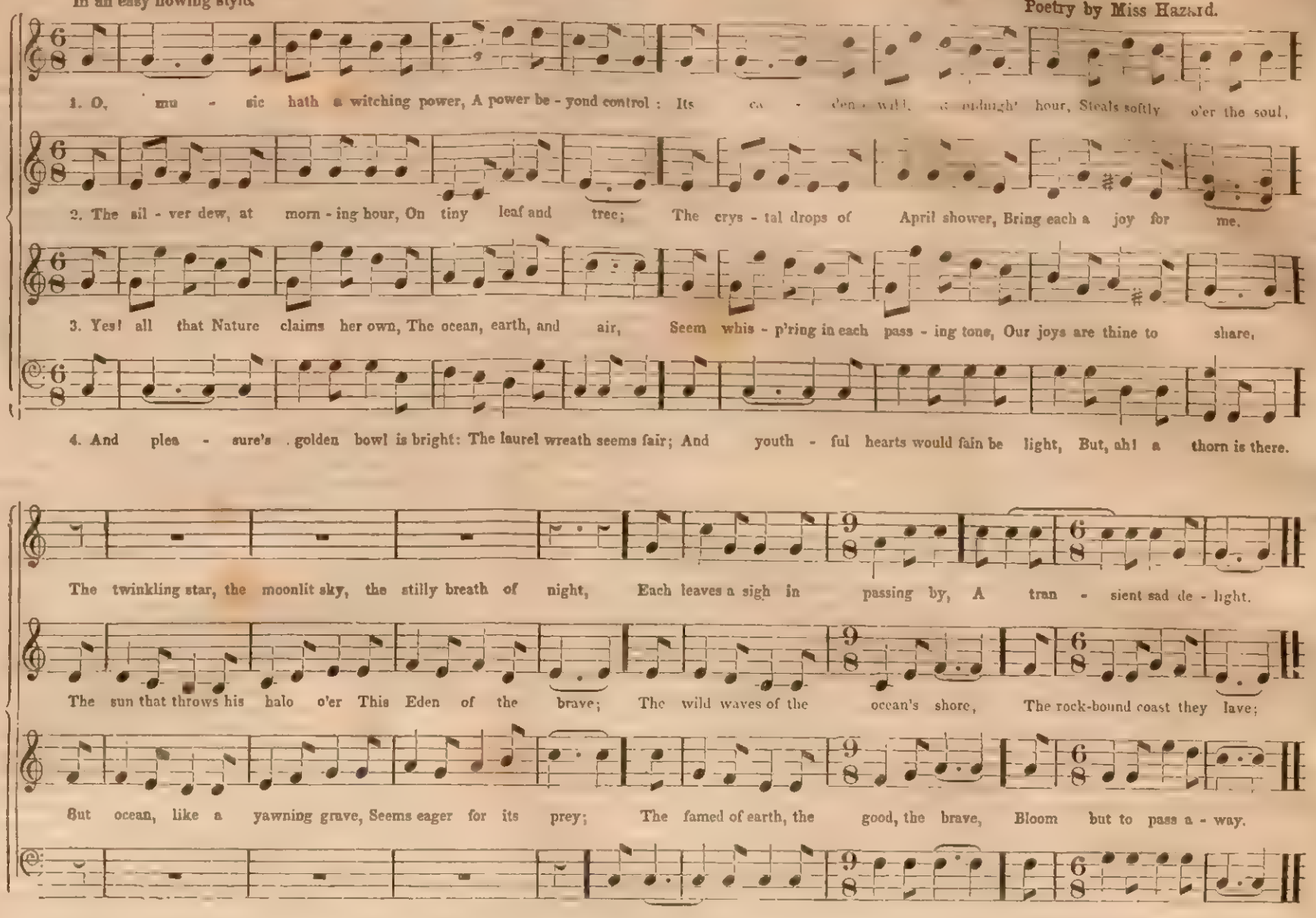
THE TEACHER IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

If we enter successively a number of school-rooms, we shall probably discover a contrast something like this:—In one we shall see a presiding presence, which it will puzzle us at first sight to analyze or to explain. Looking at the master's movements—I use the masculine term only for convenience—the first quality that strikes us is the absence of all effort. Everything seems to be done with an ease which gives an impression of spontaneous and natural energy; for, after all, it is energy. The repose is totally unlike indolence. The ease of manner has no shuffling and no lounging in it. There is all the vitality and vigor of inward determination. The dignity is at the farthest possible remove from indifference or carelessness. It is told of Hercules, god of real force, that "whether he stood, or walked, or sat, or whatever thing he did, he conquered." This teacher accomplishes his ends with singular precision. He speaks less than is common, and with less pretension when he does speak, yet his idea is conveyed and caught, and his will is promptly done. When he addresses an individual or a class, attention comes, and not as if it was extorted by fear, nor even paid by conscience as a duty, but cordially. Nobody seems to be looking particularly, yet he is felt to be there, through the whole place. He does not seem to be attempting anything elaborately with anybody, yet the business is done, and done remarkably well. The three-fold office of school-keeping, even according to the popular standard, is achieved without friction and without failure.—Authority is secured, intellectual activity is stimulated, knowledge is got with a hearty zest.

Over against this style of teacher we find another. He is the incarnation of painful and laborious striving. He is a conscious perturbation, a principled paroxysm; an embodied flutter; a mortal stir; an honest human hurley-burley. In his present intention he is just as sincere as the other. Indeed, he tries so hard, that by one of the common perversions of human nature, his pupils appear to have made up their minds to see to it that he shall try harder yet, and not succeed after all. So he talks much, and the multiplication of words only hinders the multiplication of integers and fractions, enfeebles his government and beclouds the recitation. His expostulations roll over the boys' consciences like cloquely shot balls over the ice, and his gestures illustrate nothing but personal impotency and despair.—*American Journal of Education.*

EARTH HATH NO JOY THAT'S PURE.

In an easy flowing style. Poetry by Miss Hazard.



The Reviewer.

The Life of General H. Havelock, K. C. B. By J. T Headley, author of "Napoleon and His Marshals," "Washington and His Generals," "Sacred Mountains," etc. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner.

By the agency of a neat volume containing nearly four hundred pages, we are placed in possession of a full and extended biography of the eminent Christian soldier, Henry Havelock. The author, in his endeavor to account for the peculiarity of the fact that the biography of so distinguished a British general should be first attempted by an American, remarks "that Havelock was one of those rare characters that belong to the race, and are not the exclusive property of any nation. The mere fact that when the news of his death reached this country, the flags of the shipping in the port of New York were hung at half-mast—a mark of respect never before shown at the death of any chieftain or potentate of the Old World—shows how deeply the sympathies of the American people were enlisted in his career." Mr. Headley undertook the present work only at the urgent request of a friend of Havelock's family, and of the missionaries with whom Havelock was on the most intimate terms, and on the assurance that those relatives of the deceased soldier who had contemplated issuing a memoir would be unable to accomplish the object for several years. Of Mr. Headley's style it is unnecessary to speak, suffice it to say that every opportunity has been afforded him to procure the *materiel* for a work of vivid interest, and the manner in which he has improved these facilities, has in nowise tarnished his fame in the field of letters. For sale by Adams & Dabney.

The *North British Review* for May will have ardent friends when its merits are thrown forward in comparison with the other publications of the quarter. The review of the first volume of Masson's *Milton and His Times*, gives us all that is known of the poet's life, when viewed in connection with the political, ecclesiastical, and literary history of his day. We are also furnished with a biographical sketch of the late Douglas Jerrold; Select Memoirs of Port Royal; Sketch of the History and Development of Socinianism; Lectures on Metaphysic and Logic; Miss Proctor's Legends and Lyrics; The British Press; Public Life of Lord Brougham, and a well-written paper on Ornithic Anatomy. Leonard Scott & Co., New York. Sold by Dewey.

Books Received.

An American Dictionary of the English Language; Containing the whole Vocabulary of the First Edition in two volumes Quarto; the entire Correction and Improvements of the Second Edition in two volumes Royal Octavo: To which is prefixed an Introductory Dissertation on the Origin, History, and Connection of the Languages of Western Asia and Europe, with an Explanation of the Principles on which Languages are Formed. By Noah Webster, LL. D. Revised and Enlarged by Chauncey A. Goodrich, Professor in Yale College. With Pronouncing Vocabularies of Scripture, Classical, and Geographical Names. To which are now added Pictorial Illustrations, Table of Synonyms, Peculiar Use of Words and Terms in the Bible, Appendix of New Words, Pronouncing Table of Names of Distinguished Persons, Abbreviations, Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish Phrases, etc. [In one volume, Crown Quarto. pp. 1,700.] Springfield, Mass.: Geo. and Charles Merriam. Sold in Rochester by E. Darrow & Bro.

New Star Papers; or, Views and Experiences of Religious Subjects. By Henry Ward Beecher. [12mo. pp. 403.] New York: Derby and Jackson. Sold by Dewey and Darrow & Bro.

Plain and Pleasant Talk about Fruits, Flowers and Farming. By Henry Ward Beecher. [12mo. pp. 420.] New York: Derby & Jackson and A. O. Moore & Co. Rochester—Dewey.

Stadley, or, the Mystery of the Westervelts. By J. W. De Forest, author of "Oriental Acquaintance," "European Acquaintance," etc. [12mo.—pp. 466.] Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Sold by Dewey.

Memoirs of the Empress Catharine II. Written by Herself. With a Preface by A Herzen. Translated from the French. [12mo.—pp. 409.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—Adams & Dabney.

Thoughts on Educational Topics and Institutions. By Geo. S. Boutwell. [12mo.—pp. 365.] Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Rochester—Dewey.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANECDOTES OF WILD GEESE.—NO. II.

My first story was rather lengthy, and I promise this time to be more brief. For years, and I may say always since I commenced to think for myself, have I been a lover of wild geese, and to tell the truth, I believe my interest was first enlisted upon hearing that "the cackling of geese once saved Imperial Rome." That it was the cackling of *wild* geese I do not say, but this little incident made such an impression upon my boyish fancy, that since then I have taken every possible occasion to inform myself and get posted up in this particular branch of natural history.

The first pair of wild geese I possessed, and which I valued as only an amateur knows how, met with an early and unfortunate death. They were very wild when I obtained them, and I took the utmost pains to make them acquainted with my presence and whistle, and imagine my pleasure when, after much trouble, I quieted their fears, so that they would feed out of my hand, and always approached me as if for protection, when any stranger or strange thing made its appearance. But after all this affection on their part I never dared to allow them to go past the seasons, (spring and fall,) without having their wings clipped, which, if suffered to grow out, they would take advantage of and fly away.

They were only a year old when I got them, and when the third year came about I was looking with intense interest and speculation upon the probability of their breeding—imagine my disappointment and vexation one fine spring morning, upon hearing the report of fire-arms at the pond, I hastened on with my clothes and quickly as possible got down there—only to find my poor pets unceremoniously being dragged by their necks out of the water by the vandal who had shot them. What I said it matters not, as I am a person of a very quiet temperament; but why, you ask, did he kill them on private grounds? I will tell you. He was a new-comer in our neighborhood; some kind of a mechanic in a large furniture establishment, who, returning home just at night, espied the geese in the pond, said to himself, "if you will only wait patiently until morning I will load my gun and kill you." Sure enough they were there in the morning and with a good round charge in his fowling piece, he fired away at them almost under his nose, and as the sequel is already told, killed them both. The fellow was just from California, or some place where wild geese frequented, and had been in the habit of shooting them; but after the *mild address* I gave him, I doubt not he was more careful where he sent his lead.

After this experience, nothing daunted, I procured another pair, who, in due course of time, commenced breeding—nor have I since been without their happy *look*. But to give an anecdote as the heading indicates. As the past fall approached, all of my geese showed more or less sign of uneasiness and disposition to take a journey south, which was prevented by their being pinioned.—One particular pair (and handsome birds they were, too,) tormented me, by wandering to a small stream half a mile off, and sometimes I was obliged to follow it up a long distance before I could find them. Finally I concluded to shut them up. Before I imprisoned them I lost two of my geese by the roup and in a few days I heard the female shut up, making that peculiar noise which (swan like) had preceded the death of the others, and which I hoped might not prove fatal if good nursing could save her; but, alas! passing the coop late in the afternoon I heard a struggling and fluttering as though some animal had the geese by their necks and was choking them. Upon hastening to open the door and look at them I found the gander had the goose by the neck and was evidently trying to choke her to death, and she it was that made the noise of strangulation. Pulling her away from him, which made him perfectly furious, so that he attacked me, I found, upon examination, that she was badly bruised and very bloody. Putting her by herself I visited her an hour afterwards and found her dead, why and wherefore I could not explain, and must say I felt exceedingly puzzled.—Finally, one day I happened to meet a friend that had more experience than myself and I told him my story, asking him if he could account for the gander killing his mate. Oh yes, he said, nothing easier, I have had the same thing occur twice. In both instances the females were the parties attacked by the roup and their mates killed them in like manner as did yours, besides which I have heard of the same thing from other sources. The roup is a distressing sickness, and one from which they seldom recover, and the loving husband, rather than witness such cruel pain, kills her to put an end to her agony.

By-the-by, let me ask if you, or any readers of the Rural, have ever seen or heard of a *white* wild goose? Two of my friends that have been in California insist upon it that they have seen with wild geese, *white* ones, and more than that, have killed them. I cannot understand how this can be, and think they must have been mistaken.

Dedham, Mass., 1859. E. W. K.

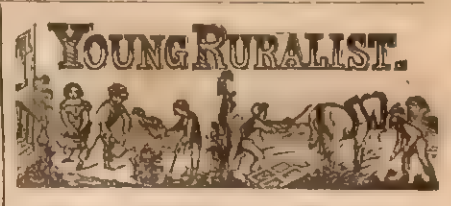
Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SOMETHING FOR GEOLOGISTS.

On the bank of Buffalo Run, a small creek near the southern boundary of Greene Co., Va., is one of the most remarkable curiosities which I have even seen—a rock marked with human foot-prints. The surface of the rock, which is several feet square, slopes gradually towards the stream, and the tracks extend to the water's edge. In appearance the foot-prints are those of a child of three or four years. The first tracks are not deep; the next are irregular, as if the child had tottered and crossed its feet to preserve its balance. Below, the ball of the foot and toes have left a deeper impression, as if the little thing had attempted, by bracing its feet in the soft clay, to stop in its downward course. Then the tracks are a little lengthened at the heel, as if the foot had slipped—each one, as it proceeded farther, presenting a longer slide, until the doom of the little one was sealed by the last footstep which slips off into the water.

There are many conjectures as to the origin of these tracks. Some maintain that they are the true impressions of a child's feet, made while the rock was in a clayey state, others suppose them to be the work of the Indians, carved there in commemoration of some unfortunate little one, that had walked down the rock into the water. There is material for a poem in either conjecture.

Stanardsville, Va., May, 1859. Bertha Mortimer.



FEEDING CALVES.

Messrs. Eds.:—I will give you something I am sure will help some of your *Young Ruralists* in the vexing business of feeding calves. Where there are a number together, every boy who has tried to feed with pails knows what danger there is of losing milk, toes, and patience. Having a dozen to feed one year we made stanchions for them on the side of the lot facing the house.

We took a basswood stick about thirty feet long and faced it on one side. Then dug out troughs as large as wanted, 2½ feet apart. Then, by setting a post at each end and in the middle, we stretched strips two by six the whole length, the bottom one being on a level with the trough and the upper one two feet higher, nailed on the top of the posts. The strips should be bored previously for the stanchion rounds opposite each trough. By making one of the rounds fast and boarding up between, the thing was made.

After this it was mere fun to feed calves. We had just to pour into each trough the required mess, and by simply raising the loose round the fellows are let in and fastened in a moment. This was made on the farm of Hon. Geo. Geddes, in Fairmount, N. Y. It did well.

If you think the patent right worth a copy or so of the Rural, we can use them among our neighbors who have none. B. G. Munson.

Fowlerville, Livingston Co., Mich., 1859.

AN OUT-DOOR CELLAR.

Messrs. Eds.:—I noticed a letter from one of your correspondents requesting information how to build an out-door cellar where he could not dig. My father made one last fall and I will describe it for his benefit as well as for the rest of your readers. We first laid up the frame of logs and built a sloping wall around it, out about three feet at the bottom and sloping to within eighteen inches at the top. Filled in with dirt between the logs and the wall, filling the cracks with straw to keep the dirt from running in.

Then we laid a log across for the middle of the roof to rest on and laid sticks across it. Then put on two feet of straw and covered thick with dirt.—With double doors this made us a good warm cellar.—E. W. Munson, *Fowlerville, Livingston Co., Mich., May*, 1859.

Quiet vs. Fuss.—It is amusing to notice how, in some parts of the world, noise and pretension pass for power and merit. In reading the life of Watt, the inventor, recently published, we find in his correspondence a paragraph which both illustrates this popular infirmity of judgment, and exhibits the pleasant humor of the machinest. Writing to his partner, respecting one of the first steam engines put in operation in Cornwall, Watt says—"The velocity, violence, magnitude, and horrible noise of the engine give universal satisfaction to all beholders, whether believers or not. I have once or twice trimmed the engine to end its stroke gently, and make less noise; but Mr. —— cannot sleep unless it seems quite furious, so I have left it to the engine man. And, by the by, the noise serves to convey great ideas of power to the ignorant, who seem to be no more taken with modest merit in an engine than in a man."

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Farmers, Attention!—B. H. Colgrove & Son.
Cider Press Screws—L. M. Arnold.
300 Agents Wanted—M. M. Sanborn.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Horse Fair at the Maple Grove Track, Waterloo, N. Y.
Monroe Co. Horse Show—Daniel Warner, *Pres't.*
Exhibition of Horses at Lyons.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 18, 1859.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

The Administration has not yet fully determined on its course of action pending the war in Europe, but has under consideration a declaration or statement of the principles by which the United States, as a neutral, will be governed. It clearly sets forth the just rights of American citizens engaged in peaceful pursuits of commerce, which, as far as possible, the Administration designs to protect. The precise positions which will be assumed, cannot now be ascertained, but they approximate to the principles heretofore declared, namely:—That free ships make free goods, contraband of war, excepted, and that the goods of a friend captured on board the vessels of an enemy, with the like exceptions, shall not be subject to confiscation, and that the rights of war ought not, in the nature of things, to extend further than to exact from neutrals the interruption of all trade with a blockaded port, and to subject articles contraband of war to capture and confiscation. The official exposition will involve the discussion of important questions, including that of blockade, as to how far this belligerent right should be exercised.

The Secretary of the Treasury has given notice that sealed proposals will be received until the 30th inst., for the issue of any portion or the whole of $5,000,000 in Treasury notes in exchange for the gold coin of the United States, under the authority of the acts of Congress of 1857 and 1859, the interest not to exceed 6 per cent. The receipts of the Treasury for the week ending Monday, were $1,263,000. The amount of the drafts issued $1,718,000, and the amount subject to draft $2,574.

A dispatch from Washington on the 11th inst., states that owing to complaints from the English authorities, of the inefficiency of our Navy in carrying out the treaty stipulations for the suppression of the Slave Trade, President Buchanan has determined to send to the Coast of Africa and Gulf of Mexico all the gun-boats now being built at the several Navy Yards.

Personal and Political.

Gov. Goodwin, of New Hampshire, in his late Message, congratulates the Legislature on the very small public debt of the State. It now amounts to $72,886, having been reduced the last year $17,700; also, upon the flourishing condition of the public schools, and upon the great improvements made within a few years past in agriculture. But, tho' much has been done and is done in this behalf, by the agricultural societies, there is ample room for further advancement, and as a means toward it, the Governor refers with much satisfaction to a plan in progress to establish an agricultural department in Dartmouth College.

New-Hampshire has also derived great benefit from the manufacturing establishments set up within her borders—in which is invested a capital of sixteen millions of dollars—by means of which towns and cities have been built up where, a few years since, there were no inhabitants. This business is recovering from its late depression. Litigation seems to be on the decrease in the State.—The business of the Courts is so much diminished, that it might be well to inquire if some of the terms might not be discontinued without any detriment to the administration of justice. The banking system of the State is in a sound and satisfactory condition. The banking capital is five millions; the circulation three millions; the specie and specie funds upward of eleven hundred thousand. The Insane Asylum supports itself, as does also the State Prison. The House of Reformation for juvenile and female offenders promises to fulfill the objects of its establishment. Though the law against the sale of intoxicating liquors does not in its operation satisfy all the wishes of the friends of temperance, yet, it is a great aid to their efforts, and ought not to be disturbed.

The Democracy of Louisiana, met at Baton Rouge on the 25th ult., and, after a stormy session of three days, nominated a ticket for State officers, in the selection of which the Slidell wing of the party seems to have triumphed by a small majority over the Soule faction. The result of the Convention was the nomination of Mr. T. O. Moore, for Governor; Mr. Hyams, for Lieutenant-Governor; Mr. Hardy, for Secretary of State; Mr. Semmes, for Attorney-General; Mr. Robertson, for Auditor, Mr. Defreese, for Treasurer; and Mr. Avery, for Superintendent of Public Instruction. The Convention adopted resolutions highly laudatory of the President, and adjourned.

After the adjournment of the Southern Convention a Society was formed for the encouragement of the Slave Trade.

The House of Delegates of the Virginia Legislature consists of 152 members. The election returns thus far received show that 77 Democrats and 50 Opposition members have been elected.

State Editorial Convention.

The Sixth Annual Meeting of the N. Y. State Editorial and Typographical Association was held in Convention Hall, Syracuse, on the 9th inst. About forty representatives of the press were present at the business sessions—principally from Central, Southern and Western New York—including the following named gentlemen:

Franklin Tuthill, N. Y. Times; D. D. Waite, Daily Republican Advocate, Batavia; J. Tarbell, Times, Oswego; N. Burrill, Transcript, Jordan; Oscar F. Knapp Advertiser, Auburn; Isaac Fuller, Seneca County Courier, Seneca Falls; J. H. Selkreg, Journal, Ithaca; J. J. Mattison, Ontario Messenger, Canandaigua; W Johnson, Courier, Geneva; Henry Stowell, American Reveille, Seneca Falls; H. N. Beach, Republic, Brockport; N. T. Hackstaff, Niagara City Herald; W. T. Tinsley, Republican, Lyons; James T. Norton, Livingston Republican, Geneseo; C B. Thomson, Gazette, Le Roy; A. M. Clapp, Express, Buffalo; Anson G. Chester, T. S. Truair, J. G. K. Truair, R. L. Adams, Journal, Syracuse; P. H. Agan, M. Summers, Standard, Syracuse; D. J Halsted, Courier, Syracuse; H. C. Page, Sentinel, Dansville; R. Perry Staples, Republic, Brockport; W. J. LaRue, Times, Dansville; S. M. Pettengill, New York; J H Masten, Cataract, Cohoes; Edward D. Van Slyck, Republican Banner, Cortland; C. G. Beach, Orleans Republican, Albion; R K. Sanford, Patriot & Gazette, Fulton; C Fairchild, Bee, Ovid; Chas. Sentell, Seneca Observer, Waterloo; H. L. Tobey, Herald, Utica; Geo. D A. Bridgeman, Democrat, Penn Yan; S. C. Cleveland, Chronicle, Penn Yan; Mr. Brunol, Record, Dundee; D. D. T. Moore, Rural New-Yorker, Rochester.

The President, Thomas S. Truair, Esq., of the Syracuse Journal, made a very happy and appropriate speech on calling the Association to order, and the proceedings were generally harmonious. Various matters pertaining to the interests of editors and publishers were introduced, discussed and adopted. Among the propositions submitted by the Business Committee, and adopted by the Association, were the following:

As a means of protection against imposition, it is recommended that in cases of strangers, itinerating doctors and new advertising agencies, &c., seeking to advertise, satisfactory references or advance payment be invariably demanded, and that advertisers failing to pay, be reported to the Secretary of the Association, and by him made known to all those present at this meeting.

Of the Advertising Agencies, the firm of S. M. Pettengill & Co., is recognized as the fairest and most satisfactory, and recommended to the press for good prices and as a model advertising agency.

The Committee further recommend a strict adherence to remunerative prices, and a nearer approach to the cash system, by exacting prompt pay, believing long credit to be particularly onerous to publishers.

The following resolution passed by this Association, at its last annual meeting, is again submitted as worthy of being constantly kept before the minds of those conducting the press:

Resolved, That we regard it as the duty of the editor to cultivate more and more that kindly and courteous feeling that should ever exist among gentlemen; and that in the controversies that may arise, political or otherwise, the *personnel* of the editor should never be named, but ever sunk in his article or public course.

Buffalo was designated as the place for holding the next Annual Meeting of the Association, and the following officers were elected:

President—A. M. Clapp, Buffalo Express.
Vice-Presidents—J. Tarbell, Oswego Times; I Butts, Rochester Union; Jos. Warren, Buffalo Courier, Wm. Stuart, Binghamton Republican; I Fuller, Seneca Co. Courier; D. J. Halsted, Central City Courier; O. F Knapp, Auburn Advertiser; J. H. Selkreg, Ithaca Journal; H. L. Tobey, Herald, Utica; C. Comstock, Albany Argus; Alex. Mann, N. Y. Times.
Secretary—Jas. T. Norton, Livingston Republican.
Treasurer—T. S. Truair, Syracuse Journal.

Resolutions were unanimously adopted thanking the Press of Syracuse for the courtesy and hospitality extended to members of the Association, and complimentary to the retiring President.

In the evening an Address was delivered by Dr. F. Tuthill, of the N. Y. Times, and a Poem by A. G. Chester, Esq., of the Syracuse Journal, to a highly pleased and appreciative audience. Both were excellent, and well worthy the four complimentary adjectives, (able, eloquent, instructive and appropriate) included in the resolution of thanks and request of copies for publication. We shall endeavor to publish extracts in a future number. The evening's exercises included the singing of several fine ballads by Mr. James G. Clark.

After the public exercises the members of the Association repaired to the residence of Mr. President Truair, and spent an hour or two most pleasantly in social intercourse. A fine collation was partaken of, an unexpected serenade listened to, and a beautiful display of pyrotechnics witnessed. The occasion was apparently most pleasant to all participants.

— The Press of Syracuse, and the hosts of the Voorhees House, Syracuse House and Globe Hotel, are entitled to the acknowledgments of members, for the courtesy and hospitality manifested. Those who remained over Thursday night, visited the Salt Works and Idiot Asylum on Friday, under the escort of Ex Mayor Winton and Messrs. Chester and Halsted, and were highly pleased with what they saw of the works and institutions of the Central City—of which we may say more anon.

Conflagrations, Casualties, &c.

A fire broke out in Cincinnati, at 3 o'clock, on the evening of the 10th inst., in John Piper's tin shop, on Front street, and communicated to Mr. Jone's carpenter shop, and French and Wilson's feed store, all of which were destroyed. Loss $25,000. At 2 o'clock in the morning, the saw-mill of Richard Swift, on East Front street, was almost destroyed by fire. Loss $10,000; partially insured.

A fire broke out in Salem, Mass., at 1 o'clock on the morning of the 8th, in the stable of the Mansion House, in Essex street, destroying it together with 18 horses. The hostler, named Hatch, was burned to death. The stable of the Essex House was next destroyed. The Mansion House, the largest and oldest hotel in the city, was also destroyed, as well as a large number of smaller buildings, containing twenty stores and shops. The loss is estimated from $100,000 to $150,000.

The steamer John Lawton exploded near Savannah, Geo., on the 9th inst., killing the Captain, Pilot, Asst. Engineer, and John S. Montholin, a passenger, and a man named Goty F. Barnwell. A number were scalded and bruised, some of them, it is feared, fatally. The number killed and missing is eight. The steamer is a total loss.

Minnesota papers contain full details of the recent flood in the Mississippi. The damage done appears to be far greater than at first stated. The levee at St. Paul is entirely submerged, and at St. Anthony and Minneapolis, the storm and flood combined were terribly destructive. In the former place property to the value of several hundred thousand dollars was destroyed. The St. Anthony Water Co. lost 5,000,000 feet of logs, valued at $40,000. The boom at Coon Creek, containing 10,000,000 feet of logs, is momentarily expected to give way. Logs to the value of $13,000 went over the Falls during the three days previous. The river is twenty-one feet above low water mark, it being within a foot and a half of its height at the time of the great flood of 1850. The storms of the last week in that section of the country are described as the most frightful ever witnessed.

The steamship Edinburg, from New York for Glasgow, put into St. Johns on the evening of the 7th inst., with two of her compartments full of water, having struck an iceberg on Monday at 11.20 A. M., 180 miles east of St. Johns, in a heavy fog. The iceberg was first discovered directly ahead of the ship, being in lat. 47.40, lon. 48.20. The helm was put hard aport, and she passed close alongside without touching the part above water, but struck under water, a little abaft the port bow, and stove in one of her forward plates. The two foremost compartments filled almost immediately with water. The pumps were quickly set going and sails and bedding lowered over into the boats. All the male passengers assisted the crew in working the pumps and bailing. There was a dense fog all day Monday and Monday night, with rain—wind fresh, but sea smooth. At noon of Tuesday an observation was taken for the first time for three days, and the ship was found to be in lat. 47.41, N. lon. 50.29, at a distance from St. Johns of 47 miles. At — o'clock, made the land, all hands working vigorously at the pumps and bailing to keep the ship from sinking. The water was only kept from flowing into the other compartments, by incessant labor.

News Paragraphs.

The export of cotton to Great Britain this season is 500,000 bales larger than for the corresponding period of 1857; and the total foreign export is 640,000 in excess. This furnishes a basis to the extent of $30,000,000 at least, in liquidation of indebtedness abroad; and makes amends for the short supply of grain.

The St. Johns News learns from reliable authority that orders have been received from England to dispatch the regiments of the line in Canada to England, and to break up the military sations at Montreal and Toronto. Quebec and Kingston are to be the only garrisoned cities, and the headquarters of the Royal Canadian Rifles are to be fixed at St. Johns.

Garibaldi, the white-haired leader of the Italian volunteers in the army of Sardinia, was exiled from Italy in 1849, and found refuge in the United States. A Western exchange says that he kept a coffee-house in Cincinnati a few years ago. He is now a General in the Sardinian service, commanding fifteen thousand men, and to a great extent controlling the destinies of States.

It has lately been discovered that the Post-Office Department loses about a million dollars a year by counterfeit postage stamps. It seems that there are two classes of persons engaged in this nefarious business—one which manufactures, either from engraved or photographed plates, and sells new postage stamps; and another, that gathers those which have been used, from waste paper collections, and by means of an acid washes off the Post-Office stamp that was put on them when they passed thro' the Office.

A Boston paper states that of 953 clergymen attending the late Anniversaries in that city, but 73 wore the professional badge, the white cravat.—The growth of hair on the faces of many of the divines, was another sign that they are willing to stand as men among men; and to find their appropriate distinctions in something of more consequence than peculiarities of costume.

The imports of dry goods at New York, during last week, amounted to $1,296,687, against $497,753 same time last year, and $884,675 in 1857. The total for the year thus far is $47,799,856 against $42,082,586 in 1857, and $19,769,641 in 1858. While these immense importations are made, trade is nearly stagnant. Millions of coin are flowing out, while luxuries are coming in at this prodigious rate.

The whole North American Continent has only 36,000,000 of inhabitants, hardly as much as France or Austria. The whole of Central and South America has only 23,000,000; less, then, than Italy. European Prussia, with its 60,000,000, has as many inhabitants as America, Australia and Polynesia together. More people live in London than in all Australia and Polynesia. China proper has more inhabitants than America, Australia and Africa put together, and India has nearly three times as many inhabitants as the whole of the New World.

FOREIGN NEWS.

From the Seat of War.

In the Rural of last week we gave the particulars of the first collision (at Montebello,) between the Allies and Austrians. Since that period we have been particularly favored with foreign arrivals, and the ball then opened seems to be kept up although a lack of spirit is observable. An official Sardinian bulletin says that the Sardinians passed the Sesia in the face of the Austrians, who were fortified at Palastrio, after a severe conflict, and carried the place, making many prisoners. The Sardinians were under under the command of King Victor Emanuel. Garibaldi was making some bold movements in Lombardy. On the 27th, after a furious fight of three hours, he entered Como. The Austrians retreated to Camerlatta, where the combat was renewed, and the Austrians again retreated towards Milan. All the steamers on the lake were in the hands of the patriots. It was reported, via Berne, that on the 29th, Garibaldi was defeated by a superior force, and withdrew into the Canton Tessin, but this lacks confirmation, and Turin dispaches give the impression that he was making further progress.

The *Moniteur* publishes the following telegram: "The Emperor is enjoying perfect health. We have but few sick. The weather is beautiful and the harvest is begun. The army is abundantly supplied, and the soldiers continue to feel full of confidence, and are in high spirits. The Emperor was about to remove his headquarters from Allessandria, and it was reported he would go to Casale."

Great Britain.—The London *Post*, in reply to some statements as to Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell being actuated by mutual rivalry, says the public may rest assured that if the Liberal party cannot act unitedly the fault will not rest with its chiefs.

The English Parliament met May 31st—Speaker Dennison was unanimously elected.

The terms offered by the Government to the Atlantic Telegraph Co. to be considered at the approaching meeting are ½ per cent. guarantee for twenty-five years, provided the cable is in successful operation, at the rate of 100 words per hour, and they will pay £20,000 per annum—the arrangement for £94,000 per annum to stand good. The company in return surrender the exclusive privilege of landing a cable on the coast of Newfoundland.

The Red Sea cable was believed to have been successfully laid from Suez to Perim, a distance of 261 miles.

The London *Times* alludes to the designs on the part of the Viceroy of Egypt to take advantage of any disturbance which may arise in Turkey, for the purpose of obtaining, if not independence, at least a large measure of authority. The influence of France for the moment is supreme, but England will allow of no trifling in the matter. The slightest sign to evade the treaty of 1840, will bring down on the Viceroy the whole weight of England's power.

Commercial—*Breadstuffs.*—Richardson, Spence & Co. report that the weather has been very favorable for the crops. Breadstuffs were declining. Flour was dull, and 2d@3d lower. The quotations are 11s@18s8d. Wheat was also quite dull, and the prices were nominally unchanged. Western red 8s@10s6d; western white 10s6d@11s1d; southern white 10s9d@13s. Corn dull and neglected. Mixed western quoted 6s8d@6s9d; yellow 6s9d@7s1d; white 8s@8s9d. *Provisions* continue scarce.

Clippings from Foreign Journals.

The French army in the city of Paris is larger than it was before the war.

Austria has recognized the neutrality during the war of the States of the Church.

The Vienna correspondent of the London *Times* says, Austria can keep 650,000 men on foot, Prussia 400,000, and the other German States 250,000.

The London *Times'* Turin correspondent says the feeling there and in some other parts of Italy was particularly hostile to England.

A battalion of Hungarian volunteers, 2,000 strong, arrived at Vienna on the 19th of May, and were received with the most enthusiastic cheers by the people.

A Vienna letter says that by the middle of June the Austrian army in Italy will probably be 325,000 strong, with 75,000 horses and 850 to 900 guns. A conscription of 100,000 men was expected to be made in Austria in a few days.

It is announced by the Suez Canal Company that the digging of the Isthmus of Suez commenced on the 25th of last month, and that the first sod was turned by M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, at the point determined on for the outlet of the Canal in the Mediterranean.

The London *Advertiser* states that Kossuth intended to quit England in eight or ten days for Hungary. He goes, in the first instance, to Genoa, with the full concurrence of the King of Sardinia and the Emperor Napoleon, and will then concert, with Gen. Klapka and other eminent Hungarian officers who are waiting to receive him, measures for throwing off the Austrian yoke in their native country, and for restoring its independence.

A dispatch from Vienna announces the death of the Ban Jellachich, famous during the Hungarian war as an unscrupulous ruler, and a firm adherent of the Emperor of Austria. No Ban of the Croats ever possessed such entire power over that wild, unruly tribe, as Jellachich. In spite of the life of warfare he had led, he was devoted to the arts and sciences, and was the inventor of the art of fixing the color on zinc by means of acid, now so generally adopted, and which, in France, has increased the value of zinc, according to returns of the Vieille Montague, more than forty per cent. during the last few years.

From Brazil—Terrific Storms and Terrible Ravages of Yellow Fever.—Advices from Pernambuco represent that there has been a terrific storm on the coast of Brazil, and the whole coast from Bolivia southward was covered with wrecks, and the loss of life is terrible. A Brazilian frigate went down with over 400 on board, only 40 of whom were saved. The yellow fever is worse than ever at Rio. People are dying by thousands. The devastation among the shipping was unparalleled.—One English brig had lost five captains; the sixth was sick and not expected to recover.

The News Condenser.

— The prospects for a large harvest in Oregon are good.

— A knitting factory is about to be started at Oswego, N. Y.

— It is stated that M. Collard, a Parisian, photographs at night.

— The wheat harvest commenced in North Carolina on the 23d ult.

— Copper ore, very pure, has been discovered in McHenry Co., Ill.

— The manufacture of silk was introduced in Europe in the year 551.

— Two boys only 7 years old have been arrested in Utica for burglary.

— The telegraph cable has been laid under the Red Sea from Aden to Suez.

— At the period of his retirement Mr. Buchanan will be seventy years of age.

— The European steamers week before last took five million dollars in specie!

— The vintage in Cincinnati bids fair to be the most prolific for many seasons.

— It is estimated that the Americans spend forty millions a year in pleasure travel.

Incendiaries are at work in Hamilton, C. W., destroying barns and other buildings.

— The number of emigrants who landed in this country during last week was 5,331.

— The Spiritualists at Sturgis, Mich., have built a Gothic temple, costing $3,000.

— Several dogs, supposed to be rabid, were killed within three days in Cincinnati.

— In New Jersey there is a good prospect of apples, pears, and cherries, but no peaches.

— A number of ripe watermelons were shipped from Charleston last week to New York.

— Eggs are selling in Minnesota at five cents per dozen, and potatoes at forty cents per bushel.

— Immense swarms of grasshoppers have made their appearance in different parts of Bucks Co., Penn.

— Henry C. Ware, of Youngstown, Ohio, entered a gas receiver to make some repairs and suffocated.

— Several lady editors are to attend the Editorial Convention which is to come off shortly at Milwaukee.

— An Italian translation of Mr. Longfellow's poem, "Evangeline," has recently been published at Florence.

— Count Teleki, the former Embassador of Kossuth in Paris, has just left for Italy as a volunteer of the army.

— A French photographer has discovered a process for obtaining photographs of red, green, violet, or blue color.

— John A. Washington has received another $10,000 instalment for Mount Vernon. About $30,000 remains unpaid.

— Twenty-two steamships arrived at Boston, New York and Quebec, during the month of May, from Europe.

— The locusts have made their appearance in Egypt, or Southern Illinois, and cover the woods and orchards in swarms.

— In a recent pistol target shoot at Peoria, Ill., the ladies (Germans) entered the lists and took six out of the nine prizes.

— The Tiffin (Ohio) Tribune says that the wheat fields in that vicinity never looked better than the present year.

— Three cities, Chicago, Boston, and New York, have been the scenes of 44 murders since the 1st of January last.

— The library of a clergyman lately deceased in England, was valued at £3, while his wine is estimated to be worth £300.

— A lawyer from Iowa, late clerk in the general land office, is in jail in Milwaukee for forgery of Senator Douglas' frank.

— A Vienna letter declares that the subscriptions to the Austrian patriotic fund amount to 106,409 florins (about £10,000.)

— The Haytien Legislature will not expel Soulouque for life, and President Geffrard thinks of expelling the Legislature itself.

— The Italians residing in Richmond, Va., are forming an association to raise funds for transmission to their brothers in Italy.

— It is a startling fact that 30,000 out of 35,172 persons arrested for crime during last year in New York were intemperate.

— One of the little Aztecs, who have been exhibited in the United States and Europe, died early in May at Swansea, England.

— Mr. Joseph Roy, one of Napoleon Bonaparte's soldiers, died in Warren, Macomb Co., Mich., on the 10th ult., aged 76 years.

— Over 1,000 hogs died of cholera at Jersey Ferry, Ill., within a few months past. At last accounts, the disease was abating.

— It is reported that Lieut. Gen. Scott has made a bet of 500 bottles of champagne that Louis Napoleon will never return to Paris.

— A large-sized "elephant," with yellow skin, is now on exhibition in the vicinity of Pike's Peak, and is attracting many visitors.

— The Syracuse Courier tells of a hen's egg weighing one pound twelve ounces, which has been sent to that office for inspection.

— On Monday week four hundred and fifty dogs were impounded in New York, and before sunset they were all drowned. Poor Tray!

— Hailstones, from the size of a partridge egg to that of a goose egg, fell in Talladega Co., Ala., recently, doing considerable damage.

— The Oshkosh (Wis.) Democrat says that 57 new buildings are already under way in the district burnt over by the recent great fire.

— Charles W. Allen, of New Haven, has a coin taken from the ruins of Nineveh, which cannot be less than from 2,300 to 3,500 years old.

— The New York Historical Society are trying to raise $34,000, necessary to complete the purchase of Abbott's Egyptian collection.

— The City Council of Boston have appropriated $14,000 to defray the expenses of the public celebration of the Fourth of July this year.

— An emigrant, on his way to Pike's Peak, was fortunate enough to be struck by lightning lately before he had gone beyond St. Joseph, Mo.

— A mammoth butterfly, brought to Plymouth from Brazil, and measuring ten inches from tip to tip of his wings, has been sent to Prof. Agassiz.

— L. B. Towsley, the Children's Minister, has received since the injury which disabled him, the sum of $13,197, contributions from various sunday schools.

— Some papers have a queer way of talking. For instance, the Boston Gazette boasts of the "healthy growth" of a cemetery in that neighborhood.

Pike's Peak News—Terrible Suffering.

The *Rocky Mountain News* of the 17th ult., states that every day men are arriving by the "Moky Hill" route in a famishing condition. The editor remarks "that on the 4th a man arrived at Russellville, and reported his companions—nine in number—had given up and laid down upon the prairie some miles distant. A relief party was sent out, who found one of the number dead from actual starvation, and two others so far gone that they died soon after reaching the settlement. A few days later a party of thirteen reached here who had followed the Smoky Hill as far as practicable, and then struck across the divide to the Platte, by which route they reached here nearly starved, having been obliged to kill their pack horse and subsist for days upon his flesh. Three days ago nine men reached Fort St. Vrain, whilst we were there, more tottering skeletons. They stated that they had not tasted bread for more than ten days, part of which time they had lived upon the flesh of a dead ox, which they found upon the prairie but partially devoured by the wolves, and for four days they had nothing but roots. They stated that they traveled more than one hundred miles without finding water, and must have perished of thirst but for some snow squalls that occurred. Great destitution prevails all along the latter part of the route. Emigrants are wandering over the plains in all directions, discouraged and bewildered.—Some are striking for the Arkansas, some for the Platte. Men leave their trains to search for a road, and are never seen more; others lie down and die, and become food for wolves. One man tells us he knows of seventeen men who have thus perished or disappeared; another says the remains of one hundred may be seen along the track they have followed. We hope the reports are greatly exaggerated, and that time will show that the missing are not lost, but we greatly fear the worst, and give the reports precisely as they were given to us. This much is certain—the protruding eyes, the sunken cheeks, the trembling knees and cracked voices of many of those we have seen do not lie."

Ginseng for Chinese Chewing.—A company of Virginians, who understand the tobacco trade, have established a manufactory of Ginseng, near Minneapolis, Minnesota. They expect to make up some 60,000 pounds this year, worth $18,000. The article is to be exported to China, the natives of which country chew it for its narcotic and stimulating properties, as people in this country chew tobacco.

Special Notices.

MONROE COUNTY AG'L SOCIETY
WILL HOLD THEIR
THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF HORSES,
On their Fair Grounds, near Rochester,
Monday, July 4th, 1859,
With other Exercises appropriate to the day.
A LIBERAL LIST OF PREMIUMS,
Amounting to nearly $900, is offered for the different Classes of Horses, as will be seen by reference to the Show-Bills.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Ten O'clock—Examination of Horses in Classes I and II will commence.

Twelve O'clock—An Address will be delivered by JOHN H. MARTINDALE, Esq.

After the Address the Star Spangled Banner and other National Airs will be sung by a select Choir of Vocalists.

One O'clock—Examination of Horses resumed.

Two O'clock—Trotting will commence.

A FULL FIRST CLASS BRASS BAND
Will be in attendance and play during the day.

For further particulars see Show-Bill.

DANIEL WARNER, *President.*
M. CANFIELD, *Secretary.*
Agricultural Rooms, Rochester, June 15, 1859.

1859. **HORSE FAIR** 1859.
AT THE
MAPLE GROVE TRACK, WATERLOO, N. Y.,
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, AND SATURDAY,
June 30, and July 1 and 2.

PREMIUMS.

Brood Mares and Colts, best, $10; 2d best, $5. One year old Colts, best, $5; 2d best, $3. Two year old Colts, best, $6; 2d best, $4. Three year old Colts, best, $8; 2d best, $4. Single Horses, best, $15; 2d best, $5. Single Mare, best, $15; 2d best, $5. Matched Horses, best, $20, 2d best, $7. Matched Mares, best, $15; 2d best, $5. Draft Horses, best pair, $7; 2d best, $3. Draft Stallion, $9. Four year old Stallion, best, $10; 2d best, $5. Stallion of any age, best, $20; 2d best, $10. Diack Hunary, $200

PURSES.

No. 1, $65.—Trot in Harness, 3 in 5; time 3 minutes; for Horses that never trotted for purse, premium, or stake over $100 a side. Best, $50; 2d best, $15.

No. 2, $45.—Trot in Harness, 2 in 3; time 3½ minutes; for Matched Teams. Best, $25; 2d best, $10

No. 3, $25.—Donkey Race, under saddle; half mile and repeat. Six horses to make a field. To go any gait. *Each rider to mount his neighbor's horse.* Last horse in to take the Purse.

No. 4, $35.—Trot in Harness, 3 in 5, for 4 year old Colts, from 1st April and under. Best, $25; 2d best, $10.

No. 5, $100.—Trot in Harness, 2 miles and repeat. 300 lbs. wagon and driver. Best, $75; 2d best, $25

No. 6, $20.—Trot in Harness, 3 in 5; for Horses that never trotted for purse, stake, or premium. Best, $15; 2d best, $5.

No. 7, $50.—Trot in Harness, 3 in 5; time 3 10-60 minutes, for Double Team. Best, $40; 2d best, $10.

No. 8, $10.—Walking, under saddle, single half mile. Best, $7; 2d best, $3.

No. 9, $15.—Pacing in Harness, 2 in 3. Best, 10; 2d best, $5.

No. 10, $10.—Foot Race, half mile. Best, $7; 2d best, $3.

No. 11, $200.—Trot in Harness, 3 in 5; time 2 19-60 minutes. Open to all. Best, $150; 2d best, $50.

REGULATIONS.

All stock must be entered before 2 o'clock, Thursday, at which hour the Judges will commence examinations.

The decision of the judges, in the respective classes, shall be final, and settle all misunderstandings.

The Premiums and Purses will be paid immediately on the Judges making the awards.

Entry fee for Purses 10 per cent. of amount of Purse. For Premiums one dollar for each Horse.

A ticket admitting one person only, will be given with each entry

Single admission tickets 15 cents. Tickets for the Fair, admitting the purchaser, one lady, and children under 10 years old, one dollar

All carriages and horses will be admitted without charge. But drivers and passengers must all be provided with tickets, either single or season.

No family tickets will be issued; tickets to seats 10 cents each.

COMMITTEE.

E. WRIGHT, H. F. GUNTER, W. KNOX, R. D. HUBBELL, C. SPENCER, P. P. HOWE, A. HINMAN, J. K. LORING, R. P. KENDRIC.

EXHIBITION OF HORSES
AT LYONS, WAYNE CO., N. Y., JULY 4th, 5th, 1859.

GREAT FIVE MILE RACE!

Premiums, $125, 75, 70, 65, 40, 35, 30, 25.

LIST OF PREMIUMS.

No. 1—Trotting in Harness, Best 2 in 3, Open to 3 year old Colts. 1st, $15; 2d, $5.

No. 2—Trotting in Harness, Best 2 in 3, Open to all Horses owned in Wayne county, 4 years old and under. 1st, 15; 2d, $5.

No. 3—Pacing in Harness, Best 3 in 5, Open to all Horses. 1st, $15; 2d, $5.

No. 4—Trotting in Harness, Best 3 in 5, Open to all Horses that have never trotted for money. 1st, $20; 2d, $10.

No. 5—Trotting in Harness, Best 3 in 5, Open to all Horses that have never trotted for purse stake premium of over $100. 1st, $50; 2d, $15.

No. 6—Trotting in Harness, Best 3 in 5, Open to all Horses. 1st, $100; 2d, $25.

No. 7—Trotting in Harness, Best 3 in 5, Open to all Stallions that can trot a mile in 3 minutes. 1st, $30; 2d, $10.

No. 8—Trotting in Harness, Best 2 in 3, Open to all Stallions. 1st, $15; 2d, $5

No. 9—Trotting to 800lb. wagons and drivers, Best 3 in 5, Open to all Horses. 1st, $50; 2d, $20.

No. 10—Trotting in Harness—Five mile race. 1st, $50, 2d, $20.

No. 11 Single Horses for Road, speed and style considered. 1st, $15; 2d, $10; 3d, $5.

No. 12—Matched Team for Road, speed and style considered 1st, $15, 2d, $10

No. 13—Foot Race, half mile. 1st, $10; 2d, $5.

ENTRANCE FEES.

Ten per cent. on amount of premium entered for, but no entrance fee less than $1.

DEWITT C. VAN SLYCK,
Pres't Wayne Co. Ag'l Society.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, June 14, 1859.

OUR quotation table exhibits less alteration this morning than at any other period during the present year. In some departments of trade there is no stock with which to operate—in others, buyers and sellers are apart in their views—while others, still, the showery condition of the weather for the past two or three days affects very seriously.

FLOUR—There has been some slight fluctuation in prices during the week, but rates now range at last week's quotations.

GRAIN—Wheat, Corn, Rye, Beans, &c., as last quoted.—Oats a little lower. Barley drooping.

In MEATS and the DAIRY last week's prices rule. POTATOES have put on three cents per bushel for inferior varieties.

WOOL—We alter prices this week. But one lot has been offered in market, common quality, which was purchased at 33 cents per pound. Buyers are unwilling to pay more than 30@45 cents, while holders seek an advance. We give below the rates in various portions of the country, from which those of our readers specially interested may be able to judge as to future prospects.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		Eggs, dozen	12c
Flour, wht wheat	$5.25@5.50	Honey, box	15@16c
Do. spring do	$5.00@5.75	Candles, box	12@13c
Do Buckwheat ₩ cwt.	$1.75	FRUITS AND ROOTS	
Wh't, treasee	$1.75@1.80	Apples, bushel	50@$1.75
Red white Canada	$1.80@2.00	Do. dried	1@2
Corn	80@82c	Peaches, do ₩ b	20@
Rye, 60 lbs ₩ bush	55@60c	Cherries, do, ₩ lb	20c
Oats, by weight	35@36c	Potatoes	40@62½c
Barley	60@70c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	48@50c	Slaughter	5½@7c
Beans	75@85c	Calf	10@12c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	$1.75@2.00
Pork, mess	$17.00@18.50	Lamb do	38@43c
Do clear	$21.00@22.00	SEEDS.	
Do cwt	$7.00@8.00	Clover, bush	$4.50@5.00
Beef ₩ cwt	$5.50@6.00	Timothy	$2.00@2.50
Spring lambs each	$1.00@2.00	SUNDRIES	
Mutton (carcass)	5@6c	Wood, hard	$4.00@4.50
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Do. soft	$3.00@3.50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehich	$5.75@6.00
Chickens	7@8c	Do Scranton	$4.25@4.50
Turkeys	10@11c	Do. Pittston	$4.25@4.50
Geese	9@10c	Do Shamokin	$4.25@4.50
Ducks, per pair	00@00c	Do Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1.30
Butter, roll	00@11c	Hay, ton	$8.00@12.00
Do firkin	12@13½c	Wool, ₩ lb	0@45c
Cheese	10@12c	White fish, bbl	$9.00@ 00
Lard, tried	11@12c	Codfish ₩ quintal	$4.50@4.75
Tallow	10@11c	Trout, bbl	$8.00@8.50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, June 13.—FLOUR—Round hoop Ohio 10c better, while other kinds are without important change. Sales at $6.30@6.50 for super State; $6.60 for small lots choice super State, $6.60@7.00 for extra State; $6.30@6.60 for super Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan, Iowa, &c.; $6.70@7.10 for extra do.; $7.00@7.30 for round hoop Ohio—closing steady. Canadian dull and nominal.

GRAIN—Wheat market a shade firmer. Sales trifling at 135c for Milwaukee club; 140c for winter Western; 183c for white Kentucky; 300c for new red Georgia. Rye dull; sales at 97@98c. Barley quiet. Corn unchanged; sales at 88½@89c for old and new mixed Western, in store and delivered; 86c for unsound Southern; 93c for Southern yellow; 89@92c for round yellow. Oats firmer at 50@53c for State; 54@56c for Western and Canada.

PROVISIONS—Pork market firmer. Sales at $17.00@17.25 for new mess; $15.12@15.25 for prime—including 3,000 bbls new mess buyers option 15 days at $17.12. 500 bbls prime buyers option 60 days on p t. Lard steady sales at 11¾@11¾c.—Butter dull at 13@17c for Ohio, and 14@20c for State. Cheese dull at 5@9½c.

ALBANY, June 13.—Flour and Grain very dull—stormy weather adding the depression. Only retail sales of flour.—No sales of Wheat. Corn quiet; sales of Western mixed at 88c, and sound yellow at 90c.

BUFFALO, June 13.—FLOUR—Market steady with a moderate demand. Sales at $7@7.25 for good to choice extra Michigan, Indiana and Ohio; $7.50@7.75 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat in moderate demand and market steady; sales at 119c for Milwaukee club; 138c for winter red Illinois; 160c for red Ohio. Corn steady; sales at 73c for Illinois to arrive, 75c for prime do on the spot. Oats quiet. Rye firm at 100c.

OSWEGO, June 13.—FLOUR—Market unchanged with a good demand for the local, interior and Canadian trade, at $6.65 for State from Chicago spring Wheat, $6.50 from Milwaukee club, $7.25 from red Western, $7.75 from white do.

GRAIN—Wheat market opened dull but closed firmer; sales in the morning Milwaukee club at 117c. Corn firmer but quiet. Oats inactive.

TORONTO, June 10.—FLOUR—There is a complete stagnation in the flour market at this point, there being no demand except for consumption resulting from the high views holders entertain, and the dullness exhibited in every other market. It seems impossible to sell at even lower rates, and the trade to be, indeed, is a comparable pressure of stock on the market the holders being largely in the majority among the dealers. No sales have been consummated

GRAIN—For winter Wheat the market during the week has been more than usually steady, prices closing at the rate current at the date of our last. 3s 3d to 3s 4d for the very best samples sold to 3s for fair and good, and 2s to 2s 6d for inferior and medium. Spring Wheat remains very steady, there being but 9c per bushel the latter for the best samples sold. Barley and Rye are in very poor supply at 2s 6d to 3s 9d per bushel, some very fine samples are held at 4s to 5s per bushel. Oats remain steady at 2s 3d to 2s 11d by the load, and 3s retail per bushel of 34 lbs. Peas are in good demand and are scarce at 4s 3d to 4s 9d per bushel. Corn is quiet, and held firmly at 4s 6d to 4s 9d per bushel.—*Globe.*

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, June 8.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows.

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ₩ cwt., $11.50@12.00; Ordinary do, $11.00@11.25, Common, do., $10.50@11.00; Inferior do., $9 @10 25

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55@65; Ordinary do., $45@50, Common do., $35@40, Inferior do., $20@28.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₩ lb 6@6½c; Ordinary, 5½@6c, Common, 4@5c, Inferior 3@4.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, per head, $5.00@6.00; Ordinary, $4.25@4.75, Com., $3.50@4.00 Inferior, $3.00@3.50.

SWINE—First quality, 7@8c, Other qualities, 6@6½c

ALBANY, June 13.—Receipts at Albany for the week—Cattle, 3,375, Sheep and Lambs, 2,450, Horses, 100.

CATTLE—Prices take the following range: Super, 5¾@6¼c. First quality, 5@5½, Second quality, 4½@4¾c. Third quality, 4c, Inferior, 3@3½c.

SHEEP—The sales were 11c head sheared at $4.75 per head, average weight 85 lbs. 400 head sheared at $3.81 per head; and 1,100 sheared at $4 per head, average weight 90 pounds.

HOGS—Nothing doing

COWS—Sales at 43@55.

BRIGHTON, June 9.—At Market, 800 Beeves, 100 Stores, 2,000 Sheep and Lambs, and 1,000 Swine

BEEF CATTLE—Extra, $5@5.50, first quality, $5.75, second quality, $5.00 third quality, $4.00.

WORKING OXEN—$150@—

MILCH COWS—$40@—, common, $21@22.

VEAL CALVES—$4.00@5 per head

STORES—Yearlings, none, two years old, $20@30, three years old $—@—.

HIDES—7@8½c ₩ lb; Calf Skins, 12@13c ₩ lb.

TALLOW—Sales at 7@7½c ₩ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1.50@2.00; extra, $3@6.00.

PELTS—$1.00@2.00 each.

SWINE—Stores, 6@7c, Retail, 7@8c.; Spring, 9c; Retail, 10@12c.

CAMBRIDGE, June 8.—At market, 800; about 700 Beeves, and 100 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three year olds.

PRICES—Market Beef, Extra, $5.50@6.00, First quality, $5.00@5.25, Second quality, $4.50@5.00, Third quality $4.00 Ordinary quality, $4.00.

WORKING OXEN—Per pair, from $75, 150@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 45@67.

STORES—Yearlings, $9@10; Two Years Old, $22@27; Three Years Old, $30@35.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2100 at market. Prices—In Lots, $1.75 2.00@2.50 each. Extra $4@4.75, or from 4@5½c ₩ lb.

VEAL CALVES—3@5½c.

HIDES—7@8c ₩ lb. Tallow—7@8c, ₩ lb.

PELTS—$1 @1.50 each. Calf Skins, 12@13c. ₩ lb.

SWINE—600 Western at market.

PHILADELPHIA, June 8.—BEEVES—The supply of Beef Cattle this week was much less than for several weeks past, amounting to only 1,000 head; notwithstanding this fact, prices declined about 25 per cent. on the 100 lbs, a state of things likely to continue for some time, as the demand will scarcely be greater than now during the warm weather.—Choice cattle from Chester and Lancaster counties sold at from $10.50 @12 to $1.25 per 100 lbs, and prime at from $9 to $10, common grades up to fair sold at from $7.25 to $8 and $8.75 per 100 pounds.

SHEEP—There is a perfect rush of Sheep, the pens being crowded to overflowing, and therefore prices still have a downward tendency. The offerings this week amounted to 7,500 head and the sales were effected at from $2 to $4.50 per head, and 7@9c per pound.

HOGS—The market continues very good, the demand being about equal to the supply. Sales of 1,650 head were made at from $6.25 to $6 per 100 lbs, net

COWS—There was a little more animation in this market, and good milch Cows advanced in price, 275 head were disposed of at from $40 to $50 for prime, and from $15 to $35 for dry and 2d and 3d rate cows.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, June 8.—The inquiry for Domestic is quite limited at the moment, from the fact that the stock of Old Fleece has almost become exhausted and enough of the new clip has not yet arrived to operate to any extent, nor is this the reason for any extensive transactions in this market, indeed as all interest seems to be centered in the interior.—Several speculators as well as manufacturing agents and dealers are now out West in the growing districts, but they purchase with greater circumspection than usual. In Ohio sales of choice Saxony are making at 50@55c., but buyers are timid purchasers at these rates. Pulled is in limited request at 32@50c. In Foreign, sales of some 300 bales have been made at 11@25c for Smyrna, as to quality, 8@11c for Buenos Ayres, and 20c for Peruvian, 6 mos. We quote

Am. Saxony Fleece, ₩ lb	56@60
Am Full blood Merino	53@55
Am. ¾ and ⅝ blood Merino	46@49
Am. Native and ½ blood Merino	40@41
Pulled Extra	47@52
Pulled Superfine	43@45
Pulled No 1	33@35
California, fine Unwashed	20@30
Do com do.	16@17
Peruvian Washed	30@34
Valparaiso Unwashed	11@12
South Am. Common Washed	10@14
South Am. Entre Rios Washed	15@18
South Am. Unwashed	9@14
South Am. Cordova Washed	20@22
East India Washed	20@22
African Unwashed	9@18
African Washed	18@28
Smyrna Unwashed	14@18
Smyrna Washed	22@24
Mexican Unwashed	11@14

In addition to the foregoing report of the *Tribune* we clip the following from the *Courier and Enquirer*:—"Shearing is progressing in the country, and buyers are looking around, but no purchases have yet been made, to establish prices.—The heavy stock and large importations of clothing qualities will prevent growers getting the high prices expected. The European war, exports of specie and apprehended tightness of money, will also have a depressive influence on the trade—especially on the price of new clip domestic. No transactions of note have taken place to cause the alteration of our quotations, which remain unchanged, but merely nominal, and purchasers would have little difficulty in buying almost every description at a material concession."

IMPORTS OF FOREIGN WOOL.

	For past Week.	Since Jan. 1.	Do. '58.
Bales	2,913	23,649	2,717
Value	$14,102	$1,151,431	$163,249

BOSTON, June 9.—There is no change in fleece or pulled Wool. Manufacturers purchase only in lots as wanted, the sales of the week comprising 85,000 lbs. The advices from the country report no active movements in new clip.—Growers ask about 5c advance on last year's prices, which is above the views of buyers. In foreign the sales have been 1100 bales Cape, Peruvian, Mediterranean and South American at various prices, as to quality:

Sax. and Mer. fine	55@57	Western mixed	35@45
Full Blood	52@54	Smyrna, washed	17@20
Half and ¼ blood	43@47	Do unwashed	11@13
Common	40@42	Syrian	11@23
Pulled, extra	48@	Cape	21@30
Do. superfine	42@48	Crimea	20@17
Do. No 1	32@42	Buenos Ayres	8@45
Do. No 2	40	Peruvian washed	20@35

ALBANY, N. Y., June 9.—The business in Wool during the week has been confined to the street, and the sales of new clip have been only to a moderate extent at 30@42c. The stock of Fleece here is light, and but little Pulled can be obtained.—*Journal.*

PONTIAC, Mich., June 8.—Exchange papers from various towns in the State, give as the prices paid for wool 35 to 45 cents, according to quality. From all we can learn, prices will average a few cents better than last year. The few sales which have been made here the past week, close closely on last year's figures.—*Gazette*

LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 9.—Fair demand, with sales of grease wool at 22@26c; pulled wool ranges from 30 to 38c, and tub washed 33 to 38, as to condition and quality.—*Courier.*

HARTFORD, Conn., June 9.—The influence of the war has caused a decline in foreign wools from 10 to 20 per cent—equivalent to 5 to 10 cents on domestic fleeces. Prices of domestic wools not yet fixed. Buyers and farmers are too widely separated in their ideas.—*Homestead.*

CHICAGO, June 8—There is but little coming in. Fleece full blood and Saxony is quoted at 35@38c; ¾@¾ blood 32@35c; ½@½ do 27@30; common to ¼ 35@37; pulled super 35c; extra 40c.

DETROIT, June 11.—Buyers of this city report some 2,500 lbs good pulled wool purchased at 43c, and are buying fleece slowly from 35 to 40c, but say that farmers are holding back in expectation of higher prices. The recent cold weather has had the effect to delay shearing to some extent, and the market seems quite as unsettled in regard to prices as it did last week.—*Mich. Farmer.*

MILWAUKEE, Wis., June 9.—Market very quiet with downward tendency. The following sales were reported today—¾ blood at 25c; do at 26c; ½ blood at 29c; 1,000 lbs common domestic fleece at a range of 22@25c.—*Sentinel.*

TORONTO, C. W., June 10.—Wool continues to come in freely, and the market is rather more settled at 1s 4½d@1s 6d per lb for clean washed samples, the latter being an extreme rate and paid only seldom. The demand is brisk and the competition between buyers active.—*Globe.*

Advertisements.

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Cuts and descriptions were given in a late number of the Rural (May 14th.)

Price of 7 Tube Drill	$70
" " 9 Tube Drill,	80
" " Guano Attachment	25
" " Grass Seeder	10

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Had it been heralded and introduced to the World with a flourish of trumpets, and a long retinue of influential friends interested in its success—puffed in the East and glorified in the West, by the owners of territorial rights—displayed at World's Fairs in Europe, and commended by potentates and princes that know as much about machinery as they do of the density or quantity of matter in the center of the earth—or had it ever been persecuted into notoriety by a host of jealous competitors, and been manufactured in various States and Countries—its sale and success might have been much more extensive, but the machine itself not one whit more complete and satisfactory.
During the last year the Machine has been entirely remodeled and vastly improved by the Patentee, and is now offered to the market as one of the best Combined Machines in the country. Space will not permit us to give a detailed description of the character and operation of the machines. For this information I beg leave to refer customers to my printed Circulars in the hands of my Agents.
The following named gentlemen are Agents for the sale of my Machines during the coming season. They have sample machines on exhibition at their several places of business, and also be happy to communicate any further information that may be desired

TIFFANY & ROBERTS, Fredonia,	N. Y.
R. C. TERRY & CO., Angelica,	"
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Having its head quarters in the City of New York, has been organized for the sole and definite purpose of collecting information from all parts of the country wherein desirable lands may be had at low prices, and commending those lands to the attention and favor of all who may be induced to purchase and improve them. It is now ready to offer to the American people for selection embracing more than One Million Acres of cheap wild lands, with some improved farms, mainly in the States of Virginia, Pennsylvania, Tennessee and Missouri, and it will soon extend its operations into other States. Owners of good lands, whether improved or not, which they are willing to sell at low rates, are invited to communicate with us on the subject.
To mechanicals from Europe, to the energetic young men of our comparatively settled States and to those to the loves of mechanics and laborers who throng our cities and live in constant and reasonable dread that panic or pestilence, war, revolution, or some alteration in the channels of Trade, may, at any moment, deprive them of employment and their families of bread we say, Resolve now, while you may be sure of a home where such perils are unknown. In every new settlement, in every thriving rural district, there is always work for the resolute and able, and a sure independence for those who by diligence and temperance deserve it.
We mean to sell lands, as well as negotiate for purchasers with those who have large tracts for sale, in every part of the Union; but our attention is more specially directed to the neighboring States—Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri. VIRGINIA especially proffers at this time remarkable inducements to immigrants. Her climate is temperate and genial—the Peach,

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DREAMING.

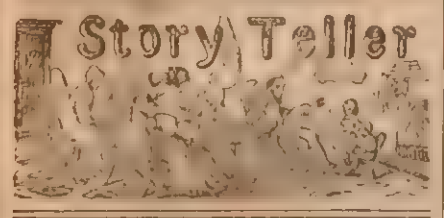
BY MRS. M. P. A. OSGOOD.

Angel Sleep, I'm very weary,
Come and softly close my eyes!
Let me on thy magic pinions
Soar away to Dream Land skies—
Soar away to Heaven's portals,
There to list the seraph choir—
List the strains of noble music
They are sweeping from the lyre!

Bear me up a little higher
That I overlook the wall;
That a view of Heaven's glory
On my mortal eyes may fall;
So that in the dark to-morrow,
When I'm sick with worldly care,
On my heart a blessed vision
Of God's Heaven I may bear.

This will give me strength to labor
Yet a little longer here,
Knowing when Earth's toil is over,
And the shepherd doth appear,
I shall doubly be rewarded
With a palm of victory,
Crown of glory, harp all golden,
Robe of immortality.

Grand Rapids, Mich., 1859.



For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE "HOUSEHOLD ANGELS" OF ZUNGE-STADT.

From the German—(text) of Der Mensch habe deszwegen einen Mund und zwei Ohren, damit er weniger spreche, and mehr hoere.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

[Concluded from page 196, last No.]

Thus the Summer and Autumn passed away, and once more we take up our thread of gossip at the house of Serene Sleeper. As usual, she and Kit Winkleman are in consultation and Kit is the principal speaker.

"So it has turned out just as Maggie Sweetzer said it would, after all. Annie Rheinhart and Louise Frantz are great friends. I meet them together every time I go out. Who would have thought it? I can't see how Annie managed to thaw her."

"Perhaps, since Louise has given her heart to the Church, she has been trying to make a convert of Annie," Serene replied in a sarcastic tone.

"Given her heart to the Church! It's more like she has given it to the Pastor. Ha! Ha! Don't you think so?"

Serene acquiesced and Kit went on.

"Speaking of her heart reminds me that I have great news to tell you. There is a new boarder at Mrs. Miller's. A great, foreign-looking fellow, with black whiskers and moustache, black hair and the sharpest black eyes. He looks for all the world, like a Spanish Don, and is very handsome, I think. The first time I saw him, he was out walking with Louise. Only think, and he hasn't been there a week. Well, I always thought she liked the gentlemen."

"What a bond of sympathy between you?" murmured the incorrigible Serene.

"'Like loves like,' they say, so that accounts for you and I being such friends, I suppose. But about the 'black prince,' as I have named him for lack of a better cognomen. He has been to the Rheinhart's with Louise to spend an evening, I suppose she had to introduce her prize, and he has taken her a sleigh-ride. I saw them go. Now, if that is n't pretty fast for *one week*, I don't know!"

"I should think it was," said Serene. "I wonder how poor Paul Wagner likes that."

"I guess he don't like it at all. I was speaking about it to Sue Brinkerhoff, (you know she lives right across the street from the Miller's,) and she said that he went up there the afternoon that this fellow came, and stayed about an hour, and when he came out he looked very sad, and rather vexed, she thought, and as true as you live, he hasn't been there since."

"Well done! Serves her right! I suppose he has seen the goings-on; and if he is a fellow of sense, he will quit her now."

"I've tried to find out his name, but nobody seems to know it. August Rheinhart walked home with me from Annie's last night, and I asked him. He said he was not at home on the night they called, but he understood Annie, that the gentleman was from Cuba, and, as he spoke Spanish, he might be a Spaniard."

"Did he say anything about Louise's going with him?"

"No, not particularly; but he seemed to have his thoughts. I told him *my* mind pretty freely, and took Paul's part. I let him know that all Zunge-Stadt was talking about them. He is very cautious about giving his opinion, but he said, 'I expected they would,' very significantly. It is n't hard to guess what he thinks."

After an hour or so, thus passed, Kitty went to see another dear friend, Agnes Vandenburg, and the talk was a fac-simile of that between herself and Serene.

Walking home, she encounted one of her most ardent admirers, Gustav Fangleton, a soft and not very intelligent son of the wealthy Judge.—Gustav was a youth after Kit's own heart, and would have been her lover, had his parents' permitted, but the Winkleman's were not of "their set," and poor Gus had to admire and gallant her by stealth. To him Kit communicated her wonderful news, and as the young gentleman had quite a large circle of acquaintances, and nothing better to do, (he was not capable of transacting actual, earnest business,) the incidents of the young Spaniard's arrival were extensively circulated before another sundown.

The wealth of Gustav's father procured for him admission into circles, to which his mind could never have been a passport. The same misfortune, a wealthy father, exempted him from labor, and gave him plenty of leisure to devote to the affairs of others. Had Nature endowed him with a little less conceit, he might have been a public acquisition; but, as it was, he was a public nuisance.—True, people did not say so, openly—they would not offend his family. But, among themselves, the fathers called him a "*bore*,"—the mothers a "*Miss Nancy*,"—the girls, "*flat*," and the young fellows, "*a milk-sop*."

Chapter V.

The long-projected "sociable" took place in January, at the house of the Sweetzers. They were pleasant, kindly people, and everybody liked them, for they possessed the rare faculty of preserving the good-will of those with whom they associated. Of course they invited every one that they knew, and therefore Louise Frantz, Paul Wagner, and even the young Spaniard were invited. Louise did not go; she never went into *mixed* company. Paul Wagner was also absent; Kit Winkleman said, "because he was afraid Louise would be there." The young Spaniard, however, came, and was introduced by August Rheinhart, (who had grown strangely intimate with him of late,) as Mr. Carl, of Mutanzas, Cuba. He created a sensation among them all, but especially among the "angels," all of whom were present that have been mentioned in this chronicle, with the exception of Louise. Professor Simpersoff presided at the piano during the dance, and Kitty Winkleman sang some of her best pieces. She noticed, with pleasure, that Mr. Carl kept near her, and scarcely took his eyes from her face after his introduction by August. Kit had been favored with the first presentation, which she considered a virtual acknowledgement of her belleship by Mr. August. She enjoyed, in no small degree, the angry scowls of Gus. Fangleton, and the forlorn expression of Mendelssuon Simpersoff.

Mr. Carl spoke but little, and that in imperfect English. August left him, at length, to Serene Sleeper and Kitty Winkleman, while he withdrew to a little group, composed of Janey Anderson, Maggie Sweetzer, and his sister Annie. They were discussing the authorship of a very interesting and popular novel, just issued by one of the principal publishers in Upperton. Everybody read it and praised it, but no one could tell who wrote it. Gus Fangleton had joined them, and growing tired of what, to him, was devoid of interest, he changed the subject by saying,

"Speaking of literature, ladies, I have a very choice specimen in my pocket, from the 'Zunge-Stadt Free Speaker.' With your permission I will read it, and then we will guess who wrote it, for, as seems to be the fashion with great works, the author is *incog*, as father says."

All gathered round, assenting to anything that promised fun, including Serene and Kit, accompanied by Mr. Carl, and after "*Ahem*," and "Attention!" Mr. Fangleton read:

TO THOSE WHO CAN APPRECIATE IT

O, Teufel Zunge, fitly named!
Since *gossip is* the devil's tongue;
E'en father Satan would be shamed
Should he this people come among.
And if he for *his own* should call,
Our next year's Census would be small.

By tongues men make their presence known,
And tell their thoughts, their woes and bliss:
So Satan's power, like seed is sown,
In thickest rows where Scandal is.
Most conscientious have we grown,
Since we so *very* much abhor him,
To crush his power and sink his throne,
We steal his tongue—and *wag it for him!*

Around us, like a hive of bees,
On every flower of joy alighting,
(Or, rather, like those other *ees*
So spry and famous for *back-biting*;)
Above, around, below, beneath,
Scandal swarms and hearts are stung,
Till safe within their master's teeth,
We wish *the talkers and the tongue.*

The piece occasioned much merriment and good-natured badinage.

"I declare! we have got our deserts now," said Janey Anderson.

"Hot and heavy!" said Gustav.

"I am sure," said Maggie, "who ever wrote that must have had good courage. I shouldn't dare to show up Zunge-Stadt talkers, though I confess we do all need it."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Kit, who had not liked the meaning glances cast at her and Serene during the reading; "it isn't hard to guess where *that* originated. Zunge-Stadt has but *one* poet, or rather poetess. None but a woman could write so spiteful a thing."

"If you mean Miss Frantz," said Lisbet Sweetzer, "I am sure you are mistaken. Louise Frantz is too far above noticing petty gossip to write that. It bears a very masculine appearance."

"Mees Frantz?" asked the Spaniard, "Mees Frantz, zee authoress, who write zee beautiful book zey call 'Heart Light,' zat everee one go mad about? Pah! Mees Frantz be insult to write this *doggery!*"

"Miss Frantz write 'Heart Light,'" exclaimed half a dozen voices. "Impossible! You *must* be mistaken!"

"It ees true!" persisted Mr. Carl. "She told me so herself, only a leetle while. She is going home. She only wait till zee book be done."

And it *was* true. Annie and August were as much surprised as the others, for the secret had been carefully kept by Louise and her aunt. Of course nothing else was talked of for the rest of the evening.

August accompanied Janey Anderson home, and Mr. Carl went with Annie. He was still there when August returned

"I declare, Carl," he cried, laughingly, as he gave him a hearty blow on the shoulder, "you *are* a trump! You were famous for foolery, even at college, but you excelled to-night. *Mr. Carl*, indeed! Ha! ha! But, my boy, why did you not tell us that Louise wrote 'Heart Light? You ought to be proud of such a sister."

"And I am," said the young man, who we must now call Carl Frantz. "But what could I do when under a bar of silence? It was only by hard coaxing that I could persuade her to let me tack on the secret, by way of postscript, to your capital *pome*. August, your laurels are won. Louise has a powerful rival in her literary fame."

"Why, August! you *didn't* write those miserable lines in the 'Speaker,' did you?" asked Annie.

"Spare me, my sister! I did."

"How could you? I fear some of our good people will feel hurt."

"Most amiable of sisters, when Hamlet ordered his father's death scene to be played, his uncle and aunt might have enjoyed it as a mere play, had they been innocent, but being guilty, it cut deep. Do you see? I but held 'the mirror up to Nature,' and compel no one to see their own reflection. So it is not, after all, the *good* people, as you say, who will feel hurt."

As might be expected, Louise and Carl were lions during the remainder of their stay, though they preserved the same demeanor as before. The wonder of the "angels" was beyond description when they learned that the young Spaniard was her brother, and that her father was one of the richest men in Cuba, who, having sent his daughter to her aunt to be educated, had sent his son to bring her home. They were a little disappointed that she should not marry the handsome foreigner, and that Paul Wagner, who had been away on business for a few weeks, returned in time to see Louise every day while she remained, and take an affectionate leave of her.

Mr. Mendelssuon Simpersoff gave his grand musical exhibition just before they left, at which his young lady pupils all distinguished themselves, particularly Kit Winkleman, who sang "Farewell to the songster who southward flits!" composed for the occasion by the Professor. So well did the young musician acquit herself, that at the close of the performance, Judge Fangleton and lady actually came forward to shake hands with her rough father and robust mother, congratulating them on the success of their talented daughter.—Gus was in ecstasies, for he hoped much from this favorable augury.

Chapter VI.

The final disposal of the characters who figure in this chronicle must be learned from a conversation between Sue Brinkerhoff and Agnes Vandenburg, some years after the scenes just related.

"I hear that Carl Frantz is to be one of the groomsmen. There are to be three, and three bridesmaids."

"Indeed! so many? I should hardly think a quiet, modest man like Mr. Christian would like so much ceremony."

"Well, I don't think he does, but then the bride has so many particular friends, and he would do anything she wished."

"Of course August Rheinhart, being bride's brother, is first groomsman, and of course Jane Anderson, being her sister-in-law elect, is first bridesmaid. But who stands up with Mr. Frantz?"

"Maggie Sweetzer. Her pretty face captivated him, long ago."

"But she is in mourning for Lisbet."

"I know, but it is nearly nine months since she died, and white will not be out of place."

"I suppose Mr. and Mrs. Wagner of Upperton will take the third place. By-the-way, they say the profits of her first book, 'Heart Light,' enabled them to set up in fine style, though he was poor. She has been busy on another work of late."

"Yes, so Miss Oglesby said. She has been up to Upperton making a visit. How important she acts about the wedding! One would think Mr. Christian was her son, as well as her minister, she makes such a fuss over him."

"I think the wedding will make a decided sensation. More of one than Zunge-Stadt has known since Professor Simpersoff eloped with Kit Winkleman."

"That reminds me! I heard of them the other day. They are giving concerts at the West. Serene Fangleton told me of it very coldly, when I inquired if she had heard from Kit. You know what intimates they used to be."

"Yes, and I think, too, that her husband used to have a strong desire to bestow his precious self on Kit, but his father and mother not being willing he took up with Serene Sleeper, who had the most money if she hadn't half Kit's beauty and wit."

"I always suspected Serene of 'setting her cap' for Mr. Christian, but with all her art, I think he saw through her. So she and Gus are about an even match."

Beauty.—The philosophers will never agree in the definition of beauty, though every one knows what it is. Burke was beautifully sublime on the "sublime and beautiful;" but the world is little the wiser for his speculations. Whether beauty really exists in the object which is called *beautiful*, or whether the beauty is all "in your eye," as the phrase is—that is to say, exists only in the mind of the observer—has never been definitely settled, and perhaps never will be. It is not impossible that the whole truth in the matter is comprehended in both theories—that beauty is partly in the object, and partly in the mind that gives it recognition. This much is true, at least, that while two persons shall both agree that a particular thing has beauty, one of them shall see much more than the other, according as his taste or imagination shall be better. Of beauty in person, some writer has said:—"There is none to be found after a fortnight's intimate acquaintance, except beauty of expression merely, and even that depends on association." The dogma is sometimes too strong to be wholly true, and yet the truth doubtless lies within it. Fortunate is he who has a ready discernment of beauty in nature and art—in the world of external objects, and the world of internal reflections.

Mrs. Sot Angels.—When the French embassador visited the illustrious Bacon in his last illness, and found him in bed with the curtains drawn, he addressed this fulsome compliment to him:—"You are like the angels, of whom we read and hear much, but have not the pleasure of seeing them." The reply was the sentiment of a philosopher, and language not unworthy of a Christian:—"If the complaisance of others compares me to an angel, my infirmities tell me I am a man."

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 9 letters.
My 5, 6, 7, 8, 2 is a delicious fruit.
My 5, 7, 8 is seen in a careless farmer's fence.
My 9, 7, 3, 4 is an unwelcome storm.
My 8, 2, 5 is useful to shoemakers.
My 6, 7, 5, 4 is what passionate people are often in.
My 5, 7, 8 is an old man's name for girl.
My 8, 7, 3, 2 is employed in making a fence.
My 1, 6, 7, 8 is used by trappers.
My 9, 7, 6, 8 is a musical instrument.
My 1, 2, 7 is the old lady's delight.
My 9, 7, 6, 2 is the name of an animal.
My whole is a useful and modern invention.
Bullston, N. Y., 1859. M. L. Stilwell.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 18, 14, 16, 3 is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 9, 18, 3, 4 is a county in North Carolina.
My 10, 17, 19 is a river in Louisiana.
My 3, 7, 6 is a river in Scotland.
My 19, 14, 16, 1 is an island in Holland.
My 5, 17, 16, 2, 12 is a town in Afghanistan.
My 10, 15, 17 is the Capital of Cochin China.
My 9, 11, 16, 6 is a river in Massachusetts.
My whole is a maxim ever to be borne in mind.
South Byron, N. Y., 1859. Mary Bratt.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RIDDLE.

Come, black eyes and blue, I'll give you in rhyme,
A riddle to solve, when you have got time,
Concerning myself the riddle shall be,
As, when I've got through, you plainly will see.
And now to begin a servant I am,
Degraded below th' descendents of Ham—
A servant of servants, borne down and oppressed
By servants and masters while they are at rest;
Yet I never complain, but quietly bear
The burdens my maker designed me wear;
Though a servant I am, I'm honored by all,
With a place in the mansion, the parlor and hall.
The king on his throne my presence doth court,
Relying upon me for daily support;
Oft when he would have a favor from me,
He cometh before me upon bended knee;
No sooner, however, the favor I yield
Than by him in bondage I'm cruelly held.
Well, now I've most done with my riddle and rhyme,
And now, if you're ready, improve the good time—
Just take up the Rural, then take me in hand,
Sit down by the table—my help I will lend;
And now, if I do understand you aright,
You *assure* me you've got me, though out of your sight.
Williamsville, 1859. H. M. M.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

Wanting to know the distance between two trees, A and B, which cannot be measured because of a pond which occupies the intervening space, the distances of a third point from each of them were measured and it was found that the distance A C equals 520 yards, B C equals 680 yards, and the angle A B C equals 50 deg. and 20 seconds. Require the distance A B.

Bethany, 1859. Frank.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 491.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—The Multiplication Table.

Answer to Riddle:—Antediluvian.

Wit and Humor.

Peter His Own Judge.—The following amusing incident, communicated by a friend in Roxbury, Mass., occurred in a school in that city:

"A lad, whom we will call Peter for the sake of a name, playing truant from the school, and wishing an excuse the next day, altered over an old note (which had been used for the same purpose on a former occasion), by expunging the old date and substituting the present. The master immediately detected the trick, and in the presence of the school, impressed upon him the dangerous character of such frauds. He then told Peter that he would leave him in the aisle for half an hour to reflect upon this, and be his *own judge* as to the punishment due the offense. The half hour having elapsed, the whole school was called to the 'third position'—the attitude of attention—and the teacher said,—'Now, sir, you yourself are the judge in this case; what is your decision?' Peter hesitated a little, then, hanging his head, pronounced in a whining voice, the following impartial verdict:—'*Why, as its the first time, I think you'd better let the poor fellow go!*'"

The customers of a certain cooper in a town out West, caused him a great deal of vexation by their infamous shaving habits and presistence in getting all their old tubs and casks repaired, and buying but little new work. "I stood it, however," said he, "until one day old Sam Crabtree brought in an old bunghole to which he said he wanted a new barrel made. Then I quit the business in disgust."

"I say, Mr. Pilot, ain't you going to start soon?" said a cockney on a steamer lying to during a fog. "As soon as the fog clears up," replied the captain. "Well, it's starlight now overhead," said the cockney. "Oh! yes, but we're not going that way," said the captain.

Poetry and Prose.—"See, nurse!" exclaimed papa, as a smile irradiated the face of his infant "an angel is whispering to it?" "No, sir," replied nurse, "it is only the wind on its little stomach."

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The American Harvester is a two horse machine capable of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass, and from 12 to 18 acres of grain per day. The Little Buffalo Harvester is a one horse machine capable of cutting from 8 to 12 acres of grass, and from 10 to 15 acres of grain per day.
PRICES AT FACTORY.
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" " " Combined, ... 125 00
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Manufacturer and Proprietor, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.
BENNETT GRAY, Brockport,
WM. HENRY HARMON, Scottsville,
483 tf Agents for Monroe County, N. Y.

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Patented February 22d, 1859.
During the six years I have been engaged in the manufacture of the Manny Combined Reaper and Mower, I have given much thought and attention to the construction of what I foresaw would be a great want of the Farmers—a lighter and cheaper machine expressly for mowing, than had yet been made.
And now, after the most thorough and repeated experiments and tests in every variety of field, and in all kinds and in every condition of grass, I am prepared, with entire confidence, to offer to the farmers and dealers of the United States, the great *desideratum* in this department of Agricultural labor-saving machines—a Mower, superior in its capacity for good work to any hitherto introduced, of easy draft, light, cheap, and durable.
This machine I now offer as my latest invention, to meet a special want of farmers, and to place within the reach of all, a Mower that for practical working, cheapness and simplicity, will be without a rival.
I build Two-Horse and One Horse Mowers. The Two-Horse Mower weighs 425 lbs., and cuts a swath four feet wide (or more if specially ordered.) The One-Horse Mower weighs 30 lbs. less, (395 lbs.,) and cuts a swath three and a half feet wide.
For a more full description of the Mower, reference is made to my Pamphlets, which will be furnished on application.—With each machine will be furnished two extra guards, two extra sections, one wrench and oil can.
Warranted capable of cutting ten acres of grass per day in a workmanlike manner.
Price of Two-Horse Mower $80
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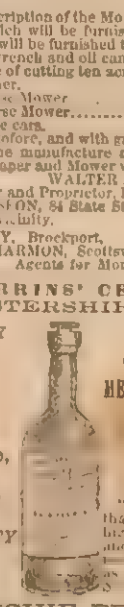

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May, 1851
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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

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PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

The *Corn Crop* is one that requires constant attention, and this consideration should be freely awarded, for we very much doubt if there be among all our farm products any one that will pay agriculturists better dividends for care bestowed than this. Cultivator and hoe ought not now be permitted to wear the garb of idleness—rust is the viper which stings the farmer's purse—nor will they where the largest possible yield is diligently sought. The ground should be stirred often (to prevent the growth of weeds which would rob both crop and husbandman,) and deeply, that the roots may extend and appropriate the moisture and fertilizing elements which would otherwise be denied them.

In this connection we may add a paragraph relative to corn for *soiling* purposes. Prepare any good strong soil in same manner as for full crop, mark with corn-marker in drills, and sow at the rate of four or five bushels to the acre—thirty or forty kernels to the foot. Take a light corn plow and run it each side of the drill, and the seed is covered. A Connecticut correspondent of the Rural, who has for several years thus occupied any spare day between June 15th and July 1st, states that he has met with the best success in the use of either the Southern flint or Ohio gourd seed, these varieties attaining a much greater growth than any of the kinds commonly planted in the New England States. The only after-culture given is to run the cultivator or shovel-plow once between the rows, when the corn is from eighteen inches to two feet high. Cut and feed when the pastures are affected by summer drouths. By so doing plenty of room is furnished upon which to completely cure whatever may remain standing late in the season. If any attempts are made to preserve the surplus for winter fodder—for which it will prove of exceeding value—it must be spread very thin to prevent heating and mildew. The editor of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* last year tested Southern corn for this object, and thus relates his experience:—"About the middle of May last we planted the seed in rich heavy loam. By the middle of July it had grown nearly five feet in height. We cut some of it close to the ground and some of it twelve to eighteen inches high, in order to test its ability to produce a second crop from one sowing. We find that that cut close to the ground does not start, while that cut higher grows at the rate of about three inches a day. The younger the corn the lower it will do to cut it. We anticipate cutting repeated crops, of course each time higher up, until frost comes."

When it gets through raining and blowing cold—which it probably will one of these days—there will be a loud call upon the farmer from the *hay-field*, and this is one of that class of "*calls* which must be received and responded to with promptness. When the heavens are propitious, and the grass in just the right condition for the commencement of operations, every man ought to "put in an appearance" immediately, and each implement be in readiness. There will be no time for repairs then—if mowing machines or scythes need an introduction to a mechanic, give it now—if rakes exhibit marks of last year's contest, and require dental improvement, let such measures be instituted as will attain the desired object to-day.

As regards the *process of hay-making*, our views have been so fully and frequently given in the Rural that we will not at present trench upon the subject, except in one respect,—the *manner of curing*. There are men in this vicinity who, when they have a load to sell, are oftentimes compelled to stay in the "market all the day long," and never get as good prices as their neighbors (whose surplus may be readily contracted,) can command. The grasses cultivated by both parties are the same—the same heavens overhead and the same earth under their feet—equal opportunities are afforded each—then, why the difference? These things being so, it is evidently caused by carelessness or a lack of knowledge. The process of curing should, if possible, be perfected in the cock. Hay thus made retains more of the color and juices of the grass than when thinly spread over the field exposed to the rays of a burning sun. It should, if spread, be gathered into windrows or "foot-cocks" at night—dew falling upon it when scattered results in more or less injury. The chief point after cutting is to preserve it from dew and rain, as these soon wash away the soluble salts, and its keeping qualities are thereby seriously affected, for hay thus deteriorated ferments very readily when stacked. If the weather is unfavorable the less hay is shook about the better. It will preserve its nutritive properties for a considerable period of time if left undisturbed, but when submitted to repeated dryings and wettings it is soon utterly ruined.

The time for *Weaning Lambs* is fast approaching, as an inquiry upon the subject from a Pennsylvania subscriber indicates. When the facts that increased attention has been given to the growth of this species of farm stock in many portions of the country, and that an unnecessary degree of mortality is observable among the young at this period,—causing heavy losses to flock-masters,—is considered, a few words thereupon may prove of value, especially to the inexperienced. About *four months* from date of parturition is the time usually given the lamb to suckle in this latitude. This is governed somewhat by the breed, condition, and disposition to be made of the young. If of mutton varieties, and designed for the butcher, a longer or shorter period may be allowed, the rule being *fitness* for sale. The first thing is to separate ewes and lambs as widely as possible—they should be out of sight and hearing of each other. A better pasture must be provided (not too luxuriant, however,) for the young, as an equivalent for the loss of the mother's milk. Here is the spot at which many flock-masters fail. An opportunity to over-feed being given, the lambs gorge themselves, and acute diseases quickly decimate the flock. Where an error of this nature has been made, L. A. Morrell, in *American Shepherd*, says all baneful effects will be "prevented if they have been previously trained to eat salt, which when given freely, operates much to counteract hoove, and some other diseases of the digestive organs. When lambs are first placed upon clover, give them all the salt they will eat. If this is done, the gases evolved, instead of acting as in cases of hoove, will pass naturally through the intestines." For the ewes, the poorest pasture should be selected for a week or two, else distension of the udders and inflammation, or garget, are likely to result. Should this prove the case, they ought to be separated from the rest of the flock and milked for a few days. In this department, as in every other upon the farm, the watchful, careful man will not only merit but meet with the highest reward.

NOTES AND INQUIRIES ABOUT POTATOES.

The Fluke and Prince Albert.

I see that you state the Fluke and Prince Albert to be one variety. This may be, but the Flukes with me grow with large, rank tops, requiring rather poor land to check their growth, or wide planting, and I had been informed that the Prince Alberts were as good as the Flukes in all respects, and somewhat similar, but with shorter tops, and therefore better for close planting, and better in all respects for strong land.—S., *Greece, Monroe Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

The *Fluke* is always described in the English journals as being a "*coarse grower*." Indeed, the greatest objection made to it is being "*too rank in the haulm*," and when grown on rich land that the tubers are too large, and deformed. This accords with your description. You have, no doubt, the genuine English Fluke. The *Country Gentleman*, in noticing our recent article, says:—"The Rural New-Yorker pronounces these two varieties identical, and thinks the change of name was given for purposes of speculation. Perhaps this is so. The potatoes considerably resemble each other, but our experience in growing each sort has resulted so differently that we have thought them different kinds. The Fluke turned out very poorly for the two or three years under trial, while the Prince Alberts, grown last season, were a decided success. The vines of the first-named were dwarf and bush-like, those of the last of medium length, and the usual appearance. The product of the first was very small potatoes, though on equally good soil with the Alberts, which were mostly very large and handsome. We have seen Flukes of equally good appearance."

Our Albany friend must have grown his *Flukes*, with "*dwarf and bush-like vines*," on some of the "*Albany barrens*." If the *Prince Albert* grows more rank than the *Fluke*, it is not wanted in *Western New York*. But of their identity we have no question. We have tubers received under both names in our office, from different sources, and no person can tell the one from the other. We have them growing on the same soil, side by side, and our labels are the only means we have of distinguishing them. We have no question of their identity. If the *Prince Albert* is not the *Fluke*, who can tell where and when it originated?

Potatoes Mixing in the Hill.

Do potatoes mix by different sorts being planted together? Some say they *do not*. I think they *do*. Please settle the question through the Rural beyond doubt.—L. F. H., *Belfast, Alleg. Co., N. Y.* 1859.

Potatoes will not mix, as supposed by our correspondent. Plant a set of a *Merino* and a *Mexican* in the same hill, and continue this practice for ten years, and you will see no change in the character of the two varieties. We have done this for several years. Potatoes raised from the seed of either would be likely to partake somewhat of the character of each, though this is uncertain. We have raised white, red, and black potatoes from the same seed ball.

Jenny Lind Potatoes.

I wish to make an inquiry about potatoes that I have just become acquainted with. It is a large, oblong potato, deep eyes, parti-colored (red and white,) flesh white and mealy, yields well, but rots some. It is called the Jenny Lind potato. I wish to ask if that is the true name, and if it is a profitable potato to grow extensively?—Wm. C. Mills, *Silver Creek, Chaut. Co., N. Y.*

We are not acquainted with this variety. Who can answer the questions of our correspondent?

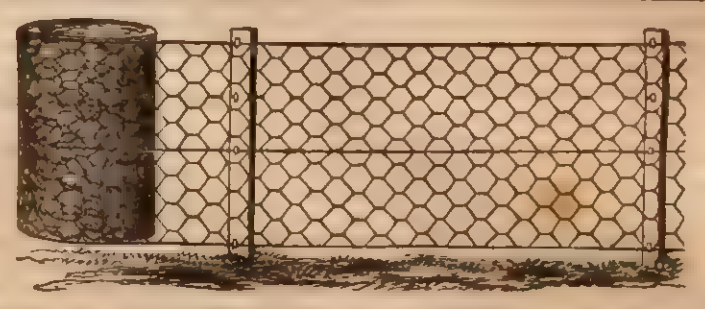
DEEP PLOWING OF PRAIRIE SOD.

Eds. Rural:—By reading your valuable paper I discover that the subject of "Deep Plowing *vs.* Shallow," is attracting the attention of practical farmers generally, and that both systems are being supported by intelligent men of the class above mentioned. In the Rural of April 16th, under the head of "Deep Plowing of Prairie Sod," is an article, from the *Missouri Democrat*, stating that "recent experiments in deep plowing, with the Michigan double plow, have begun to create doubts as to the correctness of the idea of shallow plowing." Another from the *Prairie Farmer* states that "Mr. Van Doren says he gets more corn from one acre of deep plowing than from four ordinarily plowed."

That the first sod corn crop will be greatly increased by deep breaking, (say five or six inches deep,) I do not deny; but the question I propose is:—Does it pay through a series of years? I will try and answer it both experimentally and theoretically. Three years ago I plowed a field in Wisconsin that had been under cultivation twelve years, and yet the grass roots were more troublesome than those of an adjoining field which had been cultivated only one year. I inquired into the cause and was told that it was plowed too deep the first year. Last year I broke prairie, here in Kansas, at an average depth of three inches. In September when I went on with my harrow to prepare for winter wheat, I found the sod entirely rotted, and in as fine condition as I could wish. During the season I broke six acres for a neighbor, fresh from New York, who had not been initiated into Western customs, consequently it must be plowed six inches deep. His corn crop surpassed mine, I admit, but I observed him *breaking* it up again this spring with a heavy breaking plow and team, preparatory to *another sod* crop, while I am raising an "old land crop" (as we term it,) on one field—having plowed it with one yoke of cattle and light plow—while on another I have a fine crop of wheat, simply by harrowing my last year's breaking.

The reason that sod rots quicker in shallow breaking is obvious. But very little soil is turned over with the turf, consequently the grass roots are more exposed to the burning heat of the sun, and during the hot summer months are literally burnt up; while in deep plowing the roots are shielded from the sun by six inches of soil, thus rendering the decomposition of the sod almost impossible. Sod rots much better without a crop than with, but here, in this new country, corn is our main dependence for bread, and the newly arrived emigrant must raise it on sod, or not at all. Where sufficient old land can be obtained for corn, I think it more profitable to let the sod land rot without a crop until fall—then sow to wheat, as the heavy growth of corn stalks prevents the heat of the sun from reaching the roots almost as effectually as deep plowing. If the increased crop for one year on deep breaking compensates for the extra labor and decreased crops of succeeding years, why, then, break deep; if not (and I contend it does not,) break shallow, and thereby save time and money. After the sod has become decomposed, let the plow go down deeper, not ten inches the first "pop," as this is "running the thing into the ground;" but increase gradually in depth each year until you get to the depth desired.

Cottonwood Falls, Chase Co., Kansas. C. S. Hill.



PATENT WIRE FENCING.

Though many of the attempts to introduce wire fence, during the past few years, have proved failures, the manufacturers of the Patent Lowell Wire Fencing, above represented, think they have succeeded in making a cheap and durable article. It is "made of annealed wire, formed by machinery into a strong network, the wires of which are so firmly twisted together at the union of its angles, that it requires a force equal to the strength of the material to dislocate or separate the meshes." The wires may be larger or smaller as desired, and the size of the open spaces may be varied, according to the use for which the fence is intended. The sizes of wire used in making the different styles of fencing vary from No. 8 to No. 14, and are said to be sufficiently strong and durable for the purposes for which they are designed.

After weaving, the fencing is coated with Japan, made of asphaltum, to prevent rusting. When completed for transporting, it is rolled up in bales containing from 20 to 25 rods each, and weighing from 200 to 300 lbs. per bale, thus making it the most portable fencing material in use. It is claimed that this mode of weaving the wire makes it much better than any other process. Unlike the fence made by running parallel wires from post to post, the woven fence is not expanded and contracted by heat and cold, as it acts on the principle of a combined spring. Indeed the manufacturers claim that it is "a practicable material for fencing, where the requisites are strength, closeness, elegance, portability, cheapness and durability." For railroads, highways and lanes it is claimed to be superior, as snow does not drift by it. In some places it may be very desirable for lawn and division fences, where the owner does not wish to have the fence very conspicuous. For ornamental purposes it is said to cost about as much per rod as other kinds of iron fence cost per foot.

This style of fence is also made of galvanized wire, and presents a neat appearance. The cost of it when galvanized is of course somewhat greater than when coated with the black Japan. Various fancy structures and articles, such as summer houses or arbors, trellises and window guards, are made of the same material and serve a good purpose—are both ornamental and useful, as well as cheap.

These statements are condensed from a pamphlet furnished by Messrs. Z. Hosmer & Co., Boston, Mass., who are the General Agents of the manufacturer, and of course are not made upon our own knowledge of the fence. From the descriptions and testimonials given, however, we think the Wire Fencing worthy the attention of those interested, and any one can procure a pamphlet and other testimony, and judge of the merits of the article before purchasing. The above cut is No. 8 in the pamphlet. The sample represented is made of 10 and 14 wire, 2¾ feet high, meshes 4 inches wide. Weighs 8½ lbs. per rod. Price, $1,50 per rod. The fencing is made of different heights—from 16 inches to 4 feet, we believe—and costs from 75 cents to $2 per rod, according to size of mesh and weight. We believe Messrs. Moore, Hebing & Co., of No. 74 Main street, Rochester, are Agents for the sale of the Wire Fencing in this vicinity.

THE APIARIANS.

E. Kirby's Review of Mr. Quinby's Criticisms on the Apiarian Convention.

Mr. Quinby says that I am "ignorant of their natural habits," (that is, of the natural habits of the bee,) "and deficient in practical experience." He attempts to prove this position by an extract from an article which appeared in the Rural of April 23d, entitled "The Apiarians in Convention." In that article I said that "they deposit their honey at the top of the hive," &c.; and that "after cold weather sets in they collect in the upper part of the hive, where they have *previously provided and placed their food*." In this I claim that I am right, that the expression I then made use of was correct, and that Mr. Q. is wrong. We both admit that capped honey is in the top of the hive, but Mr. Q., by his manner of quoting, makes me say that they cluster upon the capped honey—which I did not say nor imply, as I am perfectly aware that with the bee, *food* does not mean honey alone. I am sorry to think that the author of "The Book for Bee Keepers," and who appears to be so well acquainted with the English language, should either intentionally, or ignorantly, misinterpret an English sentence so perfectly clear and plain as the one which he has selected. He quotes a second time this expression of mine, "collect in the upper part of the hive, where they have previously provided and placed their *food*," by substituting the word honey in the place of food, and makes this change either carelessly or intentionally, so that it will read for his convenience, in order that it will better bear out the argument he is trying to advance. Now, I submit, that this using of quotation marks upon sentences that I did not utter,—sentences changed by inserting words which I did not use, to prove something that I did not say,—is not very fair reasoning, to say the least of it.

"All the twaddle," says Mr. Q., "about perverting the laws of God, amounts to nothing." To this "twaddle" I must add a little more. In Ecclesiastes, iii, 14, we find this passage:—"I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever; nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it." We cannot change the laws of God; they are unchangeable. In our dealings with the creatures that He has made, we must act in accordance with those instincts that God has given them; we must take those creatures and those instincts as we find them. "But," asks Mr. Q., "if man has nothing to do, if God has done all, why was it necessary for man to dress and keep the garden of Eden?" &c. I will answer it by saying that man, by violating the commands of God, brought sin into the world, and some of those things which he has to do, are parts of the penalties inflicted for that transgression. But I have not contended that man has nothing to do, or that God intended him for perfect idleness. He asks, "Why does man cut down the forests, why invert the soil?" &c., bringing up a number of examples in the vegetable kingdom, and reasons that from my argument it would appear that I would take all things in their natural state, without bestowing upon them the arts of cultivation. These questions I regard as somewhat foreign to the subject, as I was treating, not of the Vegetable, but of a department in the Animal kingdom; and although the two kingdoms are somewhat analogous, yet in the main they differ pretty widely. But in regard to bees, any person who has read without prejudice the article which has given the gentleman so much trouble, in which I gave so minute a description of what I considered the best plan for protecting the hive, will see at once that I was by no means a stickler for having *everything* in its natural state, as the gentleman seems disposed to infer. I am really sorry that Mr. Q. has so far misrepresented my meaning, as he certainly has done, and I feel unwilling to think that he has done so willfully; but if he *has* done so, I can only remind him of the words of Holy Writ:—"Devise not evil against thy neighbor, seeing he dwelleth securely by thee." From the most reliable sources of historical information, no particular place or climate can be pointed out as the peculiar home of the bee, and therefore we regard Mr. Q. as having no authority for saying that the bee was "located by Nature in the sunny South." He is also greatly mistaken in supposing that bees are created for and placed in only a

warm climate. They were created for almost all climates where flowers are found in sufficient abundance for their support, as is shown by the fact that they find themselves natural homes, and thrive and prosper in regions where the mercury has congealed in winter.

Mr. Q. asks, "Where is the evidence that God designed the entrance at the bottom of the hive?" The evidence will be found in the answers of the great majority of the bee keepers, when asked their opinion on the subject, as well as in their practice in using hives of this construction; and to this I can add that my own experience for years in this respect is to me proof positive. I have for years made numerous experiments in regard to this very point; these have been witnessed by honorables, divines, doctors, lawyers and magistrates, and almost all classes of men, who are ready to bear testimony to the result. The uniform result has been that, where openings have been made in the hive at different heights from the bottom, and covered with wire screen, the bees have invariably closed them up with bee-glue, even going to the chamber; and where a hole had been bored in the top of the hive, over which a box had been placed, they made the box air tight, not being able to close the hole,—leaving only the opening at the bottom for their entrance into the hive. I therefore regard the evidence as complete, that GOD, who gave to the bee its instinct, designed that the entrance to its hive should be at the bottom, and hives with entrances at the top have in consequence been abandoned. Another evidence we have that bees work upwards, instead of downwards, is that by taking an old hive full of honey, and containing a swarm of bees, and turning it bottom upwards and fitting another hive of the same size over it, the swarm will fill the new hive with comb and honey, and late in the season, after they can no longer extract honey from vegetation, they will even remove honey from the old hive to the empty cells above, and finally, as winter closes in upon them, they will entirely forsake the old hive for the new one.

In regard to the position, that the proper entrance for the bee is at the bottom of the hive, Mr. Q. says:—"In the trees of the forest, we find quite as many going downwards as upwards to the hive from the entrance." Now, I would like to be surrounded by any number of intelligent bee-keepers, and show them a tree to which the entrance was in the centre of the cavity,—that is to say, at equal distances from the top to the bottom,—and ask them which direction a bee, from its natural instinct, would take after entering this tree from that opening. I am satisfied that all would answer promptly and decidedly, "upwards." Even Mr. Q. himself, should he happen to be present, would, I am confident, if he answered at all, faintly articulate the word "upward."

Mr. Q. still clings to his theory of placing his swarms in the cellar, winters, turning the hives bottom upwards. In this I disagree with him, and think him a transgressor of some of *Nature's bee laws*. We are taught that "the way of the transgressor is hard," and his future success will probably decide the correctness of his theories on this point. Mr. Q. questions the *fact* that bees require drink. Every observer has seen bees collect around a pump, and also around water on the ground. So the evidence that they do drink is established from observation, and if they drink in summer they must need drink in winter; and I showed (April 23d) how Nature provided for them in winter. Mr. Q. might as well say that animals with lungs do not need air to promote life, as that a bee does not require water for the same purpose.

There are many other strong points connected with this subject that I would have been very glad to introduce had space permitted me to do so, but I know the dread that Editors have of having their columns monopolized by these personal discussions, and I had for this reason, from the very first, decided not to be led into them by any one. I feel that I was forced into this, my *first* and *last* one, and in future shall make no reply to any attacks which may be made on my articles, excepting when I am convinced that I have advocated something that is wrong, and then I will make use of the same columns, in making my acknowledgements and correcting my mistake, that first published the error to the world.

Henrietta, N. Y., May 25, 1859. E. KIRBY.

HOW TO PLOW.—TO THE BOYS.

IN the RURAL of June 11th, I noticed a communication from one who had "not unfrequently taught men to plow," giving instructions to the boys. Some of his ideas are good and practicable, and if followed, plowing would not be so slovenly done, as it now is in too many cases, yet I think not a few of the "RURAL" boys could teach their instructor in the matter of plowing at least.

Allow me, Mr. Editor, to give the RURAL Plow-Boys my ideas with regard to plowing. I do not consider it as the *ultimatum* to have a "well-trained team," although desirable, yet a *plowman* should be able to guide any horse team with accuracy. In the first place, be particular to pace off your land of equal width at each end; set a stake at one end, and make a mark with your heel at the other; set the plow in the mark; place the lines around your waist; look between the heads of your horses, and get something between you and the stake, in range with it, as a small stone, or weed; start your team, turning the body to the right or left to guide them, *and be sure to hit every object of range between you and the stake.* Having got your furrow through straight, it needs a little more judgment and practice to turn the back furrow, so as to lap the edges together nicely. Don't be discouraged if you fail the first time; it can be done with a little care. If you get your furrow through straight, the next thing is to keep them straight. Be careful to cut your furrow-slice of equal width from end to end, looking ahead occasionally to see if there are any bends; should there be any, caused by going around a stump or other obstruction, straighten it by running the plow to land where it bends outward, and cutting a narrow furrow where it bends inward. If your land is kept straight on both sides, it obviates the necessity of turning around in the middle, by finishing up with one furrow, which is done by running the wheel along the side of the furrow, thus letting the plow down a little lower, so as to give the landside a purchase to throw it over. If your ground is dry, and you do not wish to throw it into ridges, in turning your back-furrow it is the better way to set the plow to run about four inches the first furrow across and back, then let the plow down the proper depth; your back-furrow will then hardly be distinguished from the general surface.

The most workmanlike manner of plowing headlands, is to begin the lot by striking a land ten paces from the fence, and back-furrow, leaving a strip four paces wide on either side of the lot, and a headland of corresponding width at each end; this leaves a space wide enough to turn around on.—After finishing up in the middle of the lot, commence at one corner and go around it, turning the furrow from the fence; never turn a furrow against a fence twice in succession. If your fathers or hired men have been accustomed to plow in a zigzag, serpentine manner, take the plow handles yourselves, boys, and with a little care and attention you will soon be able to "show them how it's done." A. C. G.

Paw Paw, Mich., June, 1859.

IF H. K. T., author of an article on plowing in the RURAL of June 11th, will show me how to plow a side hill which inclines 45 degrees, I will acknowledge him to be a superior farmer. I believe I can hold a plow as well as any other man, but I *cannot drive a team on a side hill* of that description.—J. H., *Glens Falls, N. Y., June*, 1859.

PORTABLE CATTLE RACK.

EDS. RURAL:—While I am writing, I will give the plan of a portable rack which I have used to great advantage in feeding hay to cattle. Take two poles of sufficient size to admit of being put together, after form of the bottom frame of a common wood-bed, with two inch auger. These poles may be of any convenient length to suit other lumber; place them four feet apart, and fasten at each end and middle with good rungs, or cross bars; slope the ends after the fashion of a board sled; mortice in the top with one and a half inch auger, and put in post 2 by 4 inches, 4 to 5 feet high. If for calves, colts or sheep, 4 feet; for older cattle, 5 feet. Lean the posts or uprights out at the top, so that when finished it will be 20 inches wider at top than bottom. Side up with plank or boards 1 by 4 inches, making 3½ to 4 inches; fasten up ends in the same way, and your rack is done. This rack can be moved as easy as an empty sled, thereby depositing the manure and seed where it is most needed in the meadow or field.

I have sets of these racks made 12 and 24 feet long, which I invert during the summer, and I feel confident they will last fifteen years. During the past winter, in feeding 150 cattle, I am confident I have saved five tuns of hay, over any other way I have ever seen hay fed in the open field. This would, at a very low estimate, more than pay for all the racks at cost for material and building.

Marshfield, Ind., 1859. J. W. KENT.

Inquiries and Answers.

TURKEY RAISING.—For the past year I have read a great deal about successful turkey raising, and having half a dozen I concluded to try my luck. The amount of eggs laid was seventy, and out of that number I have but seven young turkeys living. Nearly all the eggs hatched, but after a few days the young would begin to droop, and finally die. I fed them sour milk, meal, and occasionally a little pepper. Now, I would like to have some one of the many readers of the RURAL give their mode of raising turkeys and oblige—A READER OF THE RURAL, *Cayuga Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

HOW TO RAISE A COLT BY HAND.—I would be obliged for information from some of your able correspondents as to the best manner of raising a colt by hand, as I have a mare that has a fine colt, but no milk. It is four days old. I have been feeding it on cow's milk, but it does not seem to agree with it—bowels too open. From what information I could gather, I have to one quart of new milk added one-third water, one teaspoonful of sugar, and the white of one egg. Some tell me cow's milk is too strong—others say not. I do not know, as I never have had the trial of raising one in this way before, therefore any knowledge will be thankfully received.—P. H. RYMAL, *Waterdown, C. W.*, 1859.

GARGET.—A valuable cow of mine came in last week, and three of her teats have hard lumps, or a gristle, up in the upper part of the teat so that I cannot get the milk. If you, or any of your numerous readers, can give a remedy through the RURAL, you will confer a great favor. I have another cow that lost the use of one teat before this spring, and a neighbor, whose cow lost the use of one last summer from the same cause.—SAMUEL N. STILLMAN, *Alfred Centre, N. Y.*

AN immense number of inquiries upon the disease known by the various appellations of "Inflammation of the Udder," "Garget," "Knots in the Teat," &c., reached the *sanctum* last year, and the season for such queries seems to have again come around, if we may judge by the communications already received. In order to fully answer the questions of our correspondent, and all others who desire information upon this point, we give, at some length, the various processes which bear the patent of "*regularity*."

In the early stages the most effectual remedy is to place the calf with the mother, that it may suck and knock about the udder at pleasure. Relief, in most cases, soon follows. Should the inflammation continue, or the bag be so tender that the cow will not permit the calf to suck, and, especially, should the fever increase and the cow refuse to eat, or cease to ruminate, and the milk become discolored and mixed with matter and blood, then the case must receive immediate attention. YOUATT recommends bleeding, a dose of physic administered, the udder well fomented, the milk drawn gently but completely off, at least twice in each day, and an ointment, composed of the following ingredients, as thoroughly rubbed into the bag as the cow will permit:—Soft soap, one pound; mercurial ointment, two ounces; camphor, rubbed down with a little spirit of wine, one ounce—rub well together. Apply after every milking, the udder being well fomented with warm water, and the remains of the ointment washed off before the next milking. If the foregoing fails to speedily remove the disease, *iodine* must be resorted to The mode of application is external, in the form of an ointment (one part of the hydriodate of potash being incorporated with seven parts of lard,) one or two drachms (about the size of a filbert) of which should be rubbed into the diseased portion of the udder morning and night. Doses of the hydriodate may daily be given internally, with a little gruel, gradually increasing from six to twelve grains. During the process the udder must be closely watched, as matter will begin to form, and it should be speedily removed. If suffered to work its own way to the surface, large, irregular ulcers, difficult to heal, will be formed. Whenever there is the appearance of suppuration, the diseased part should be freely and deeply lanced. While the disease is in progress the bowels should be kept open, and for this purpose take half doses of the following:—Epsom salts, one pound; powdered carnway seeds, half an ounce. Dissolve in a quart of warm gruel. A fever drink, composed of emetic tartar, one drachm; powdered digitalis, half a drachm; nitre, three drachms—mix and give in a quart of tolerably thick gruel. A drink more decidedly diuretic is made of powdered nitre, one ounce; powdered resin, two ounces; ginger, two drachms—mix well together in a little molasses, and give in warm gruel. This latter drink it will be well to continue for two or three weeks after all bloody discharges have ceased.

The treatment recommended by Dr. DADD is to perseveringly foment the teats, or quarters that have become hot and tender, with an infusion of elder or camomile flowers, at the same time drawing, in the most gentle manner, a small quantity of milk. He then gives an aperient—one pint of linseed oil and the yolks of two eggs, *or* one pint of sweet oil and half a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper—and keeps the animal on light diet. If there is danger of matter forming, rub the bag with equal parts of goose oil and hot drops. If the parts are exceedingly painful, a wash of weak lye, or wood ashes, or sal soda, is recommended. If necessity compels the use of the lancet, after the matter is evacuated the part is washed clean and a stimulating liniment applied."

TANNING AND COLORING SHEEP-SKINS.—Please give me through your valuable paper the process of tanning and coloring sheep skins for mats, and you will oblige very much at least one reader of the RURAL. The process was given some three or four years ago.—J. A., *Waterloo, N. Y.*, 1859.

As far as possible, we give an answer to our correspondent by publishing an article from the *Scientific American*, which first appeared in Volume IV of the RURAL. This, however, only furnishes the process of *tanning*—will not some of our readers give their modes of *coloring?*—"Take two long-wooled sheep skins, and make up a strong lather of soap; the sign of proper strength is when the lather feels slippery between the fingers. When the lather is cold wash the skins carefully in it, squeezing them between the hands so as to take all the dirt out of the wool. When this is accomplished, lift out the skins and wash them well in cold water until all the soap is extracted. Have a vessel of clean cold water ready, to which some alum and salt (about half a pound) which have been dissolved in a small quantity of hot water, are added, and the skins left to steep all night. They are taken out in the morning and hung over a pole to drip. When all the alum water has dripped off they are spread out on a board to dry, and carefully stretched with the hand from time to time. Before they are thoroughly dry a composition of two tablespoonfuls of alum, and the same of saltpetre, are ground to powder in a mortar, or otherwise, and sprinkled carefully on the fleshy side of each skin. They are then placed the one on the top of the other, leaving the wool outside, and hung upon a rack of slats, in a barn, shed, or dry, airy place, for about three days, or until they are dry; they should be turned every day. After this they are taken down and the flesh side is scraped with a blunt knife, and each skin trimmed for a mat. The flesh side may then be rubbed over with pipe clay, beat with a switch, and will then be found supple, of a beautiful white color, and fit for a door mat for a mechanic or prince."

EXPERIENCE IN SEEDING ONE SEASON.—I planted eight acres of corn,—on land manured the fall previous, thirty loads per acre,—four feet apart; cultivated both ways; made no hills; hoed last time second week of July, and sowed on grass seed, a peck to the acre; husked early on the hill, and then turned the cows in. The green feed and stalks lasted till November, greatly increasing the quantity of milk and the flesh of the cows. Cut the standing stalks close to the ground the next spring, in one day, with a corn-cutter. This piece yielded the largest crops and the longest of any I ever seeded, out of over a hundred acres, put down with oats and wheat in the spring.—G. D. C.

SCOVILLE'S ROTARY SUBSOIL PLOW IMPROVED.—We are glad to hear of the improvement mentioned in the following note, and that the plow is to have a public trial:

FRIEND MOORE:—In a communication to you on the 16th of April, in reply to "L. S." of Attica, I called attention to SCOVILLE'S *Rotary Subsoil Plow*, giving a description of its practical working, and stating that I had one in use on my farm. In commenting upon it you suggested some alterations calculated to improve it. I am informed that the Patentee has made the improvement suggested, and that a public trial of the Plow will soon be made—probably on the Monroe County Fair Ground at the time of the trial of Mowers and Reapers on the 30th inst., or at the Horse Show on the 4th of July.

Truly Yours, I. S. HOBBIE.

Rochester, June 21, 1859.

MILK TRADE OF THE METROPOLIS.—A New York paper says some idea may be formed of the extent of the milk business of that city by the quantity which arrives through one channel. About two hundred and forty single and double wagons cross the Jersey City ferry every night for their supply of milk, which arrives principally by the New York and Erie road. The wagons average eighteen cans of forty quarts each, making a total of 176,800 quarts. The freight upon milk on the New York and Erie road amounts to about $1,000 per day.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Cultivation of Buckwheat.

A LATE number of the *Ohio Farmer* remarks upon this subject as follows:—"It has been said that buckwheat occupies the same position among grains as the donkey does among animals—*useful, but not popular*. It will grow on the poorest of sandy soils; can be sown later than any other grain; and is one of the best crops for cleaning the land and for killing wire-worms and other injurious grubs. It has been extensively used for plowing in as a manure. But though it has proved beneficial for this purpose, it is not as good as many other crops that might be used, such as white lupin, spurry, red clover, &c. Buckwheat is often sown too early. When too early, the hot sun is apt to blast the flowers. The middle of June, in this section, is considered the best time to sow; though in New England, good crops are often obtained when sown as late as the fourth of July. In sections where there is danger of frosty nights early in the fall, it must be sown early, as a slight frost, often destroys the crop. We must endeavor to steer between the two dangers—blasting of the flowers in the summer, when sown early; and the destruction of the crop by frost in the fall when sown late. It succeeds well sown on clover or grass seed. Formerly it was considered best to break up the land in the spring, but lately the practice is to pasture the land, and break up immediately before sowing. From three pecks to a bushel is the usual quantity of seed. Of the use of buckwheat, we need not speak. Everybody likes buckwheat cakes on a cold winter's morning. It is good food for poultry. Hogs thrive upon and are fond of it. When crushed, it is good feed for horses—more nutritious, it is said, than oats. It is good for milch cows, increasing the quantity and richness of the milk."

Will you Lend me Your—?

YES, neighbor, if you will bring it home again *to-day*. There is no greater trial of one's patience than this everlasting, unfaithful borrowing. No benevolent man—such as we are—will refuse to lend a friend a book or a hat, a razor or a hand-saw, a plow or a pick-axe, if he can have a reasonable assurance that it will be returned, when the immediate purpose for which it was borrowed has been accomplished. But to reduce yourself to beggary, by lending all you have, with no prospect of seeing again, in proper time or suitable condition, the articles lent, is a tax upon our good nature, which is perhaps more than ought to be borne.—We have sometimes doubted the inspiration of the proverb, "The borrower is servant to the lender." At any rate, men have so far deteriorated in their sense of propriety, that they—some people—borrow with the most perfect assurance, as if the lender were a servant to them. Of this, however, we should not complain. Let us lend cheerfully all that is asked, as humble servants of the borrower, but let us muster courage to say to our inveterate and self-confident borrowing friends, please return that axe, umbrella, book, hoe, rake or jack-knife, to-day or to-morrow, or as soon as you can make it convenient.

The above paragraph, which we clip from the Portland (Me.,) *Transcript*, will probably hit a good many individuals throughout the country.—All who consider that this short sermon is intended to meet their particular case will please heed its injunctions and "sin no more."

Feed for Horses.

THE London Omnibus Company, says an exchange, have recently made a report on the feeding of horses which discloses some interesting facts. It seems that the Company uses no less than 6,000 horses; 3,000 of this number have for their feed bruised oats and cut hay and straw, and the other 3,000 get whole oats and hay. The allowance accorded to the first was—bruised oats, 16 lbs.; cut hay, 7½ lbs.; cut straw, 2½ lbs. The allowance accorded to the second—unbruised oats, 10 lbs.; uncut hay, 13 lbs. The bruised oats, cut hay and cut straw amounted to 26 lbs., and the unbruised oats, &c., to 32 lbs. The horse which had bruised oats, with cut hay and straw, consumed 26 lbs. per day, and it appears that it could do the same work as well, and was kept in as good condition, as the horse which received 32 lbs. per day. Here was a saving of 6 lbs. a day on the feeding of each horse receiving bruised oats, cut hay, and cut straw.—The advantage of bruised oats and cut hay over unbruised oats and uncut hay is estimated at 5 cts. per day on each horse, amounting to $300 per day for the Company's 6,000 horses. It is by no means an unimportant result with which this experiment has supplied us. To the farmer who expends a large sum in the support of horse power, there are two points this experiment clearly establishes, which in practice must be profitable; first, the saving of food to the amount of 6 pounds a day; and secondly, no loss of horse power arising from that saving.

Remedy for Rust in Wheat.

THE *Indiana Farmer* proposes to head the rust by prompt cutting. It says:—"When nature is bent on rusting the wheat, man can always prevent the evils of rust, and, if we understand the signs of the times, it is important that we consider *how* we may do this. Cut it down immediately, is our remedy. Not only cut it down, but see that it cures, after it is cut. The rust is a fermentation of the sap, and to arrest it actual drying of the straw is required. In order to do this have everything ready to begin, at least two weeks before harvest time. Watch the weather, watch the wheat. A very slight discoloration of the straw may occur without material injury to the grain; but when it is manifest the grain is to suffer, muster all the available force, and separate the stalk from the earth, as soon as possible. When the process of rusting is established, the formation of milk, sap or grain-food has ceased, and degeneration of the sap progresses. When the wheat stalk is cut off from the ground the sap ceases to circulate, the stalk dries, shrinks, and thus throws the milk-sap back toward the grain. Let every farmer sleep with his armor on, for, just as sure as the sun shines, there is money in wheat this year!"

THE TENNESSEE STATE FAIR is to be held at Nashville the second week in October, commencing the 10th.

Agricultural Miscellany.

WEATHER, CROPS, &c.—The most of this month has been cool and unfavorable for vegetation, with two severe frosts as already noticed. For a few days past the temperature has been warmer, with some hot, corn-growing days, though the nights are too cool for the season. We continue to receive accounts of the devastations of Jack Frost on the nights of the 4th and 10th inst., in various sections. The second visitation was quite severe in some sections where the first caused no injury. Our advices as to the extent of the damage are so conflicting that we can add nothing positive to last week's report—except that wheat and winter barley are more extensively injured in some parts of Western and Southern New York than we then supposed. The frosts have doubtless caused no little damage over a large extent of country, but the extent of injury was at first exaggerated and later reports are more encouraging. We do not yet despair of comparatively good crops in most parts of the Union.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS FOR 1859.—We are preparing tables embracing the times and places of holding the various State, County and District Fairs, for publication, and trust Secretaries will favor us, as early as convenient, with the requisite information in regard to their respective Societies.

KALAMAZOO HORSE SHOW.—At the recent annual meeting of the National Association for Improving the Breed of Horses, held at Kalamazoo, Mich., the stockholders authorized a premium list of $3,000. The Annual Exhibition is to be held on the Grounds of the Association, in Kalamazoo, Oct., 11th to 14th inclusive.

HUNGARIAN GRASS—*Time to Sow.*—A correspondent inquires if it is too late to sow Hungarian Grass. We think not. Though it is usually sown in May, we have heard of good crops from seed sown the middle of June and later. Have any of our friends sown it as late as July, and with what success?

A GOOD COW.—Under date of June 15, Mr. R. L. SAMSON, of Le Roy, N. Y., writes:—"Within the last seven days I have milked from an ordinary sized cow, 439 lbs. of good, rich milk—averaging over 61 lbs. per day. The most given in any one day was 67¼ lbs. If any of your subscribers can beat this I would like to know it."

NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL FAIR.—The Executive Committee of the United States Agricultural Society have decided to hold their Fair at Chicago this year, provided the Chicagoans comply with certain conditions—furnish seventy acres of ground suitably enclosed, with necessary buildings, etc., and guarantee that the receipts shall not fall below $17,000, which sum is necessary to cover the premiums and the expenses incurred by the Society. The Chicago Journal says the conditions will of course be complied with. The Fair is to commence the 12th of September.

A HINT ABOUT STACKING HAY.—In a recent letter, Mr. JOHN JOHNSTON, of Seneca, (near Geneva,) writes: "I have seen Gladding's Horse-Power Pitchfork in operation. I think it will prove quite a labor-saving machine, especially in large barns and for making large stacks, and (if stacked at all) hay ought to be put up in large stacks, as it is much better. The two or three tun stacks that are so common over all the country, are a great loss in a pecuniary point. The hay in small stacks never becomes solid. The air is constantly passing through and greatly lessens its value."

CHINA TEA WHEAT, AGAIN.—In reply to a communication in the RURAL of June 11th—stating that the China Tea wheat is no more free from the midge than any other—A. D. T., of Niagara county, says:—"Last year I sowed six acres of wheat, three acres of the China Tea and three of the Club and Fife. All was sown in the same field, side by side, on the same quality of land, and at the same time. I venture to say that there was not one peck of the Club and Fife, while there was a good yield of the China Tea variety. In this section farmers can raise good crops of the China Tea wheat while the other kinds fail."

SEVERAL HEADS OF "MAY WHEAT," grown from Seed procured in Southern Illinois, were sent us on the 16th inst., by Mr. JAS. WHITE, of Wayne county, N. Y. They appeared to be earlier than any wheat we had seen this season, with indications of a good yield. Mr. W. says he did not receive the seed until Sept. 20th, and then sowed after corn,—but that it looks ten days earlier than Mediterranean which was sown two weeks earlier. He promises us samples from time to time, in order that we may judge of the success of the experiment, and adds:—"If it should be sufficiently early to mature before the midge commences its ravages, the variety will be valuable to Western New York farmers; while, if it proves a failure, my experience may save others from similar loss." We shall note the result.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.—There are upon record, in the office of the Secretary of the Interior, at Washington, as in existence in the several States 786 Agricultural Societies. Illinois has the largest number of any State, 88; then New York, 77; Indiana, 75; Pennsylvania, 68; Ohio, 63; Massachusetts, 44; Iowa, 36; Wisconsin, 31; and Missouri, 34. The Southern States have but few, except Virginia, 31; Maryland, 10; Tennessee, 18; South Carolina, 8; etc., etc. There was one in Kansas, one in the Indian (unorganized) Territory; 8 in California; 2 in Oregon; 11 in Nebraska Territory; 11 in Minnesota; 1 in Utah; and 2 in Washington Territory.

FIRING CANNON TO PREVENT FROSTS!—A correspondent at Westfield, N. Y., suggests that late spring and early autumn frosts can be prevented by *firing cannon*—though he first puts the suggestion in the shape of several queries on the subject. Perhaps the object could be accomplished *with plenty of cannon and ammunition*, but we hardly think it would PAY, and advise "Decipie Naturæ" to reduce his theory to a practical science, and figure the cost and profit before speculating too extensively. We give his closing suggestion:—"The firing of cannon on the morning of the coming 4th of July will afford a good opportunity (to those who have thermometers and barometers) to note the effect produced thereby on the temperature, pressure and motions of the atmosphere. Would it not be well for men of science to seize the opportunity? [D. N. will *of course* do so, and report.]

—The article above alluded to was sent with directions to "print in your [our] next issue and send half a dozen copies for distribution," etc. And in a private note our correspondent says:—"I intend to write another paper on the subject of preventing drouths, and long-continued rains, by a systematic course of cannon-firing, conducted upon scientific principles!" We beg our friend *won't do so*—at least not until we recover from his first shock. We can't bear too much, even of a good thing, and feel confident that (though it *is* near the "Glorious Fourth,") the farmers of this "Great Ked'ntry" are too peaceable to beat their pruning hooks and plows into cannon! Shooting the frost might possibly do, but the idea of killing both drouth and rain with the same gun is too much of a "stunner." Where is Prof. ESPY, the "Storm King?" Has his mantle fallen upon D. N.?

CITY AND COUNTRY LIFE.

We love the country and country life—the green fields, the waving trees, the fragrant flowers, the grand old woods—even the stumps and rail fences and log cabins of the country. Here we see on every side the wisdom, power and goodness of the Creator. Here, as in the city, man with an unaccountable perverseness, often endeavors to deform what has been made so perfect and so glorious, yet thanks to the sparseness of population essential to the practice of agriculture, man, in the country, has not been able to obliterate the impress stamped upon nature and natural scenery by the Great Author of all beauty. The birds still sing in the tree tops, the sighing of zephyrs and the shouting of the tempest is still heard among the lofty pines, the brook murmurs on in its pebbly bed, and the water-fall continues to send up its silvery spray. Happy are they whose lot is cast in the country. They should appreciate the privilege, and sympathize with those who are imprisoned in large cities, where light and air and sunshine are admitted only in quantities barely sufficient to sustain life; where, instead of fragrance from the wild honey-suckle, the vine and the clover blossom, gutters and cellars send up their effluvia; and instead of the pleasant hum of the bees and the low of the cattle, is heard the clatter of horses' feet upon the stone pavement, the rumbling of wheels, and a confusion of cries. The poor and the rich alike have reason to rejoice in the glorious country, for the poorest log cabin or slab shanty may be clean and healthful, and it is the poor man's castle, sacred to him and his family. The broad acres on which it stands, the prospect from its windows, the wealthy of cities would give thousands could they possess.

We were led to these reflections by a report recently made at a meeting of the *Sanitary Association* of New York, showing that, on an average, over three families reside in each house in New York city, while there are about 14,000 houses that average *six* families to a house!

Three years ago the dwellings and buildings of all kinds in the metropolis numbered 53,000. The city is divided into 22 wards. In 1856, 19 of these wards contained a population of 535,027 inhabitants, divided into 112,833 families, averaging a little less than five souls in each family. For the accommodation of these 112,833 families residing in nineteen wards, there were 36,089 dwellings, averaging about three and one-half families to each dwelling. There are but 12,717 of those families occupying an entire house; 7,148 of these dwellings contain two families; 4,600 contain three families. Thus while 24,465 of these dwellings contain but 36,213 families, the remaining 13,623 have to shelter 76,620 families — averaging nearly six families to each house, — showing that about three-fourths of the whole population of New York live averaging but a fraction less than six families in a house, while only about one family in ten occupy a whole house.

The effect of living in this condition, upon the health, comfort and morals, we leave for our readers to imagine, if possible. From the bottom of our heart do we pity the poor children who have no green fields or lanes to run in, no dandelions or buttercups to pick; no opportunity to play in the meadow or the barn, or frolic among the new mown hay. And yet these city children love flowers, for it is a love which God implants in every heart, though the weeds of selfishness sometimes choke it in after years. The *New York Tribune* gives a very beautiful incident, showing how hungry the children of a large city are for flowers. Our old friend and correspondent, R. G. Pardee, who is now living in New York city, visited a day school last fall, when the Asters were in flower, and promised to save seed, plant them in the spring, and the present June to give each child a plant who would agree to set it out in the yard, or a pot, and take good care of it. A few days since, Mr. Pardee visited the school again, to see if the children remembered the promise, and not one had forgotten it.

"Now," said he, "I am ready to fulfill my promise. I have planted the seed, and God has blessed it and the object for which it was planted; for he loves little children. Now about these little plants. I can't pull them up and bring them here, because they will wilt, and perhaps die; but, as many of you as can find a place to plant one in the ground, and will promise me to take care of it, shall have one to-morrow at 5 o'clock, at my house in Thirty-fifth street. I will take them from the bed where they are growing, and wrap a little paper and dirt around the roots, and you can each take one in your hands and run home and set it out, and water it, and it will live and grow and bear flowers. But no one need come who is not willing to take care of it for months, and wait patiently for its flowers."

"I fear," said the teacher, "that they will be troublesome in going to your house."

"Oh, no; I presume of the thousands here, not more than a hundred will come."

In this he was mistaken; for before 4 o'clock the streets began to fill with children. They soon filled the steps of Mr. Pardee's house, as well as those of his neighbors, and the sidewalks were lined with amateur florists. For two hours he labored as fast as possible to supply their little hands—the girls first, the boys, at his suggestion, generously giving way and quietly waiting their turn, until, instead of the anticipated one hundred, he furnished a majority of the whole school. For two hours, the street was a scene of great interest. Passers by stopped to gaze and wonder, and inquire what it all meant. The windows and doors of neighboring houses all exhibited curious faces, and eyes gleaming with pleasure at such an unwonted scene in that quiet locality. Already had the flowers blossomed and borne fruit in the hearts of the children.

What a rebuke is this to those children of a larger growth, who, with abundant land and means, and every facility for making the desert blossom as the rose, never grow a single flower; and even pretend to think it manly to affect a contempt of such things as beneath their notice, and only worthy of women and children.

In the country it takes but a little means to make a tasteful and beautiful home. Land is cheap, and trees and shrubs abundant. A few weeks since we visited the village of Fairport, in the eastern part of this county, where D. B. De Land, Esq., has been making improvements, and ornamenting his grounds, and we were more than pleased with what we beheld. For more than a quarter of a mile, from the railroad to his residence, Mr. De Land has made a gravel walk, high, dry and well drained, planted with shade trees, and fenced, so that no stray cattle can injure it. West of his house are about eight acres of naturally heavy, retentive land, which has been too wet for successful cultivation, and this has been thoroughly underdrained with tile, and made as mellow and dry as can be desired. This has been planted with shade trees and seeded down to grass, in English Park style. Around the house is a velvety lawn, made by laying down turf, in which is cut tasteful flower beds for roses, verbenas, &c., while the lawn is ornamented with shrubbery. In the center stands a *Rustic Summer House*, thatched with straw in the old English manner. (Mr. D'L. traveled in Europe last summer, we believe, and this accounts, we suppose, for his taste in this and some other matters that have a decided English look.) Back of the lawn, and separated from it by an evergreen hedges is the kitchen garden, which has been thoroughly trenched, and well planted; indeed, all the work appears to be well done. And all these improvements, which command the admiration of visitors to that village, as we had good reason to know, when attending a Convention there recently, cost but about $1,500. The people of the village could well afford to pay Mr. D. this amount, for it has been of far more advantage to village property than this. A few such improvements in the villages surrounding a city, and the denizens of the town will soon be attracted to them, in search of pleasant homes. But what would $1,500 have done towards beautifying a city home. Four times this amount would hardly have purchased the materials for a three-story brown stone front, and after it was done it would have been lost in the crowd,—and been out-shown by more pretentious edifices. Let us be thankful that we have *homes* in the country, and improve the privileges we enjoy.

STRAWBERRIES.

We are now enjoying the *Strawberry Season*, and having spent several days among the beds, and taken some notes as to quality, productiveness, &c., we purpose to transcribe a few to our columns, reserving the remainder for a future occasion.—Next week we shall be able to give a report of the Exhibition of the *Genesee Valley Horticultural Society*, and of the *Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York*.

Messrs. Frost & Co. have very extensive beds, and fruit this season over sixty varieties. H. E. Hooker & Co. fruit all the best sorts. Their berries are well grown, and show what each will do with fair treatment. C. P. Bissell & Co. have large beds of *Hooker*, and other leading sorts. Ellwanger & Barry have made this season a new and extensive Strawberry plantation, that next year will be in perfection, their old beds are consequently neglected, though producing very well. To all of these gentlemen we are indebted for such information as we needed to aid us in our investigations.

The Hooker maintains its reputation, we think, as a *high-flavored* variety, and a fair producer. *Burr's New Pine* is not much cultivated now, as it is considered rather tender, and not a first-rate producer. Of its *quality* there can be no doubt, and we prophecy that it will be more prized.

Wilson's Albany sustains the reputation it gained last year, as a most productive variety, of rather ordinary quality. The two-year-old plants, however, in some beds, are producing little fruit, while in others they appear to be doing full as well as last year.

McAvoy's No. 1, is of poor quality, but a great producer, almost if not quite equal to *Wilson*. We saw a bed in the grounds of Mathew G. Warner, Esq., four feet wide and twenty-five feet long, from which twenty-one quarts had already been picked. The proprietor had no doubt but he could pick as many more.

Jenny Lind is a good-flavored fruit, large, and as early as *Early Scarlet*.

Triomphe de Gand.—For three years we have watched this fruit, and this season we are prepared to recommend it as one of the best. Fruit of the *largest size*, generally conical, but the largest specimens flattened, as shown in the engraving, and often irregular and of cockscomb shape. Color blood red, becoming glossy crimson at full maturity; seeds yellow, and standing out from the surface. The flesh is quite firm, pale red, juicy, melting, musky and perfumed, partaking of the pine-apple flavor. It has a hard, glossy surface, and will bear handling better than any Strawberry we are acquainted with. It bears abundantly, and is a most desirable variety either for the amateur or market grower.

Prince's Eclipse, a bright scarlet berry, rather inferior in flavor, but a good producer. The fruit-stalks are very strong, keeping the fruit entirely from the ground, and the berries clean.

Longworth's Prolific is a good bearer, and of good quality.

Pyramidal Chilian is a very good berry, and this season is bearing an abundant crop.

Fillbasket, is a bright, showy berry, of medium size, and good quality. It gives evidence this season of being a good producer.

Prince's Scarlet Magnate gives a good crop, but is of very poor quality. Prince's Imperial Scarlet is of very poor quality this season, and this is the only opportunity we have had of tasting it. Duc de Brabant we have observed for several seasons. It is early, ripening with Early Scarlet, large, conical dark crimson, glossy, with yellow seeds slightly imbedded in the surface. High flavored, like Triomphe de Gand.

THE BLACKBERRY.

Since the almost entire failure of our standard fruits, as apples, peaches, plums, &c., it becomes a matter of necessity as well as expediency to supply their place, at least temporarily, by the domestication and improvement of our *native wild fruits*. To do this successfully, a knowledge of the distinct varieties, and an intimate acquaintance with their habits of growth and fruiting, is necessary. To this end I have for two years carefully studied, with a wide range for observation, the habits and distinctive features of the *wild Blackberry*. I find four distinct varieties, each marked by well defined characteristics. The first is the *Trailing* or *Vine Blackberry*,—but as my object is to direct in the selection of plants of the only reliable variety, I have only to deal with three varieties that grow alike, and are intermingled, often on the same square yard, but differ widely in *worth*.

1st. The Thornless.—The cane of this is *smooth*, or with only an occasional very small thorn. It rarely grows more than four feet in length—stocky at the base, but tapering rapidly,—generally bending over in a half circle, and branching considerably. It is the earliest variety in fruiting,—fruit short, of large, full globules, juicy, and very sweet, but is *not a fruitful bearer*. Only occasionally, and in favored situations, does it seem to fruit well, and a distinct feature in its fruiting is that the fruit all ripens nearly at the same time. On account of its shyness of bearing I could not recommend its cultivation, though this obstacle overcome, which cultivation might do, it certainly would rank high. Is not this the same as, or similar to, *Newman's Thornless*.

2d. The Large Long Blackberry.—This berry needs no description. The cane is thick, set with large thorns; it rarely branches, grows upright, and ranges from five to eight feet in height. Sometimes it reaches sixteen feet. This variety in any favorable situation and season, rarely fails of fruiting full, and continues in bearing from three to six weeks, and in favorable weather even longer. This is the *Blackberry*, but it also has the thorns.

3d. The False Blackberry.—I so name it, because it is *false* in its berry, being small, short, dry, and knotty; *false* in its thorns, being few and those slender, only about one-half the size and number of the large, long variety. It is false also in its cane, having a more slender form, and never growing more than five or six feet high. It frequently grows intermingled with No. 2, and hence the need of careful discrimination in taking up plants, for No. 3 will always deceive the expectations of cultivators. H. H. Doolittle.

Oaks Corners, N. Y., 1859.

FRUIT GROWING IN MICHIGAN.

Messrs. Eds.:—In reply to the inquiries of your "Subscriber" concerning fruit growing on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, I would submit a few observations from my experience.

The lake shore country from St. Joseph to the Kalamazoo river is, beyond question, well adapted to the growth of tender fruits. Further south would be less sheltered by the lake, and further north would be, of course, colder. At St. Joseph the lake-protection does not extend far inland, one, two, or three miles at most, but in the region of the base line, some 30 miles further north, 15 miles from the lake, peaches, since first raised, (a dozen years ago,) have never failed, while in the interior of the State, not only has the crop failed, but the trees themselves have mainly been destroyed. On the Kalamazoo river, peaches have been grown for the last twenty years without even a partial failure until last year, when the crop was very light. At St. Joseph, where peaches have been raised most extensively, they have had eminent success.

Our winters are not extremely cold—10° below zero being the coldest weather ever known at our place, and the banks and drifts of ice, which the prevailing westerly winds drive upon our shore, keep the atmosphere cool and the fruit buds back until all danger from frost is over.

The region spoken of is nearly all heavy timbered, yet it embraces every variety of soil, from light sand to heavy clay.

I might, were it not for trespassing too far upon the indulgence of the Editors, give many proofs and illustrations of the fact that we can raise tender fruits profitably here; and when the delicious freight is ready for exportation, we are within six hours steaming of one of the best markets in the world. Any one wishing further information may address the subscriber. A. S. Dyckman.

South Haven, Van Buren Co., Mich. 1859.

American Pears in England.—Mr. Rivers, writing to Mr. Hovey, says, that the Seckel, Moyamensing and Tyson are the only ones that have proved really good. The Seckel they "make a standard of flavor."

Fine Strawberries.—We are indebted to Mrs. H. N. Langworthy, of Greece, for a bountiful supply (for one day, at least,) of Hooker's Seedlings. This variety is always excellent when ripe, but these were voted extra by the family. S. Boardman & Co., of the Rochester Nurseries, Brighton, have favored us with a dish of McAvoy's Superior—large and fine-flavored.

CAUSE OF THE FLOW OF SAP.

Friend Moore:—H. H. Barrett's communication on the "Circulation of Sap," published in the Rural of April 16th, induces me to offer my views, since it is a question not yet decided, and one, too, about which theories are too apt to be based on hypothesis.

His argument is to prove the "*cause* for the ascent of the sap" in plants. He thinks capillary attraction is the true cause, and refers to experiments with tubes, sponge, sugar, &c. There is some resemblance certainly, but if this attraction is the true cause, why does not the sap continue to flow as abundantly during the winter as through spring and summer? And why does it cease when the tree dies? The roots and trunk are still composed of tubes, which are there in immense numbers, in a more favorable condition than can be represented by any experiment we can adopt, with dead or unvitalized matter.

In all our inquiries into the whys and wherefores of vegetable and animal growth, we can mostly discover the beautiful adaptation of the organization to an especial purpose. But the cause we cannot always detect separate from that All-pervading Spirit which can animate or vitalize all things.

It cannot be questioned that the sap flows from the roots up through the true wood to the leaves, and after exposure to the light flows downward next the bark, and deposits, in its progress, material for new wood and buds for the succeeding year. But like the blood in the human system, its motion and deposition of particles with such regularity, must be assigned to the *vitality* in the plant, whether that vitality is inherent to all parts or only the crown.

He remarks that Draper "has observed *these motions* occurring against the pressure of many atmospheres." The flow of sap will operate against the pressure of many atmospheres in the living plant, but take the vitality away, and the capillary attraction will fall far short of proving this assertion.

This can be tested with the grape vine, thus:—While it is in vigorous growth, cut the vine off six feet from the root—then tightly fix a glass or iron tube, four or six feet long, (open at both ends,) over the cut end, and the sap will be forced upwards until the tube is filled, and perhaps for a considerable time afterwards.

When this is fairly tried, take the vine and roots from the ground, and place them in a dry situation until the plant is entirely dead,—then place the roots in a tub of water and repeat the experiment with the tube. The result will be similar, and equal to the former experiment, if capillary attraction is the true cause for the flow of sap.

Chemists would long ago have imitated vegetable growth, did the flow of sap depend on capillary attraction alone, but their efforts, to form either vegetables or animals from inert material, have thus far been futile. Were we as well acquainted with the principle of growth, as is the *cause* of that principle, we then might operate without stumbling, and teach others to do likewise.

Springdale, Lou. Co. Va., 1859. G. A. Newbold.

Brooklyn Horticultural Society.—The June Exhibition of the *Brooklyn Horticultural Society* was held on Wednesday, the 15th inst. From one of the New York papers we obtain the following facts:—This exhibition surpassed in all respects any of those in the month of June in former years. Mr. Langley, one of the Vice-Presidents, sent to the exhibition a black Hamburg vine in full bearing, although only a year old. Mr. John Ellis, of Hart's Corners, Westchester Co., exhibited several varieties of hot-house grapes, which received the highest premiums. A single bunch of black grapes weighed over five pounds. There were very choice strawberries, "Peabody's Seedling," from Dr. Thornton, of Brooklyn, which were entered too late for competition, but the beauty and large size of this variety attracted much notice. John B. Kitching, Esq., of Bay Ridge, made a very large and fine display, and took the first premium.

Among the flowers the most attractive were the orchids, from Dr. Knight, of New York, and Mr. Isaac Buchanan, of Astoria, and the hot house plants of Mr. B. were among the choicest exhibited. The President of the Society, Mr. John W. Degraw, exhibited a very elegant floral design, which ornamented the center table and attracted much attention. Mr. George W. Ingram, of Greenwood, had a display of roses, that has probably never been surpassed, although Mr. A. G. Burgess, of East New York, proved a very strong rival.

Large Stalk of Victoria Rhubarb.—I was this morning presented with a stalk of *Victoria Pie-Plant*, grown by A. Fitch, Esq., of Rigo, that I think worthy of notice. It measured 22½ inches clear of leaf, largest circumference 5½ inches, weight 16 ounces after being cut from the root about two days. Entire weight of stalk and leaf two lbs., and the circumference of leaf twenty-two feet and six inches, with a natural diameter of two feet and ten inches. Beat this who can.—F. A. Marsh, *Holley, N. Y., June 9th*, 1859.

Gas *vs.* Trees.—A committee appointed in New Haven, to examine the subject of the injury done to shade trees by leakages from gas pipes, report that forty trees have been killed in that city, from this cause, during the last three or four years, twenty-one of them last summer, owing to a flash of lightning which followed the pipes under ground and caused leaks.

Borers in Maples.—In certain parts of Maine, the locust tree borer (*cytus pictus*) has destroyed nearly all the locust trees. In another part of Maine the apple-tree borer (*saperda candida*) has destroyed whole orchards, which a very little painstaking would have saved, had the farmer only known the habits of the insects. A borer very similar to the last mentioned, has done much damage to the sugar maples in Maine.—*Maine Farmer*.

The State of Ohio has purchased for her school libraries 1,000 copies of "Downing's Landscape Gardening," and 500 of "Darlington's Agricultural Botany."

CURRANT WINE.

No. 1.—Take ripe currants, wash them clean, clear them from the stems, and add a gallon of water to a gallon of fruit. Bruise them well in the water, and strain the liquor through a cloth. To one gallon of this liquor add two pounds and three-quarters of *good* brown sugar, and stir well. When the sugar is dissolved, put the wine in a cask not stopped. When the fermentation is over bung it up tight, and in six (6) months it will be fit for use.

No. 2.—Take ripe currants, clear them from the stems, strain through a cloth. To every quart of juice add three quarts of water and four pounds of sugar. When the sugar is dissolved, put the wine in a cask not stopped—the third day, (after filling it up with some of the wine reserved for the purpose,) bung it up tightly and let it stand twelve months unmoved, when it will be fit for use.

The above modes are *both* very good—the second being, on the whole, rather the best. Wine made according to it has been preserved, without any extra care, *fifty years*, perfectly sound—not a drop of spirit being added, none being necessary, That which was brewed in 1806 was found, in 1856, unexceptionable in every particular. This was owing to the liberal supply of *good* sugar, faithfulness in every stage of the process of manufacture, and the time allowed (twelve months) for it to *ripen* before it was bottled. Some persons purchase the lowest-priced sugar which they can find—saying that *any* sugar is good enough for wine, and thinking this is the cheapest. They are sadly mistaken. Low-priced sugar always contains much dirt, and dirt is not good economy at *any* price. The writer has known three instances, in two years, where it was necessary to add to the liquor afterwards a very liberal supply of sugar, in order to prevent its entire loss—the cost being much greater than would have been the case, (to say nothing of the additional labor and trouble,) had good sugar been used at the beginning. Good wine cannot be produced without good materials, and patient, faithful manipulation. It is often said that it can be manufactured for twenty-five cents a gallon. Perhaps it can, but one who regards economy, and his palate at the same time, had better keep his quarter and dispense with the liquor. It will never be decent *vin-aigre*, much less wine.

Connecticut, 1859. O. W.

TO COOK BEEFSTEAK—COOKIES, &c.

Messrs. Eds.—Having read in the Rural a recipe for making Fruit Cake which I think is very good, I will add another that I *know* to be good:

Fruit Cake.—Take 5 eggs; 3 cups of sugar; 4 of flour; 1 pound of raisins, stoned and chopped; 1 of currants. Brown half of the flour and stir the other half with the fruit, add cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, and a little alspice; 1 cup of molasses; a tablespoon of essence of lemon and a wine glass of brandy. This cake will keep a year or longer.

To Cook Beefsteak.—A very good way for cooking beefsteak is to take slices of beef, hack it with a knife instead of pounding, and then lay it in a spider, add pepper and salt, turn and press it while cooking. When done lay the meat on a platter. Add butter to the gravy, a little flour and water, stir it until it thickens and pour over the meat. This is better than broiling, as it save the juice and flavor of the meat.

Carolina Cake.—Take the whites of six egg beaten to stiff froth, add 2 cups of white sugar; 2 of flour; 2 tablespoons of butter; 1 cup of sweet cream; 1 teaspoon of cream of tartar; ½ do. of soda; 1 tablespoon essence of lemon. This makes a very nice and cheap cake.

Custard.—Take 1 pint of rich sweet milk and boil it, then add the yolks of six eggs beaten with a tablespoon of sugar, stir into the milk until it is thick as you would like it—flavor with essence of lemon. Mrs. E. Cranson.

Middlebury, Ind., 1859.

"No. 1" Jumbles.—Rub to a cream a pound of white sugar and half a pound of butter; add eight well beaten eggs; essence of lemon or rose-water to the taste, and flour to make the jumble stiff enough for rolling out. Roll out in powdered sugar about half an inch wide and four inches long, and form them into rings by joining the ends. Lay them on buttered tins and bake in a quick oven.—Mary Seaver, *Ypsilanti, Mich.*

To Clarify Sugar for Preserving.—Put into a preserving pan as many pounds of sugar as you wish; to each pound of sugar put half a pint of water, and the white of an egg to every four pounds; stir it together until the sugar is dissolved; then set it over a gentle fire; stir it occasionally, and take off the scum as it rises. After a few boilings-up, the sugar will rise so high as to run over the side of the pan; to prevent which, take it from the fire for a few minutes, when it will subside, and leave time for skimming. Repeat the skimming until a slight scum or foam only will rise; then take off the pan, lay a slightly wetted napkin over the basin, and then strain the sugar through it. Put the skimmings into a basin; when the sugar is clarified, rinse the skimmer and basin with a glass of cold water, and put it to the scum, and set it by for common purposes.—*Selected.*

To Keep Preserves.—Apply the white of an egg, with a suitable brush, to a single thickness of white tissue paper, with which cover the jars, overlapping the edges an inch or two. When dry, the whole will become as tight as a drum. To prevent jams, preserves, etc., from graining, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar must be added to every gallon of the jam or preserves.—*Selected.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE ECHO.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

Where, amid the opening flowers,
The light-winged zephyrs stray'd;
Beside a merry, tinkling rill
A little maiden played;
Where the brightest flowers grew wild
Sweetly sang the happy child.

Now, with rosy lips apart,
The bright-ey'd maiden stood,
Listening as her merry notes
Were echoed through the wood;
Half in wonder, half in fear,
To hear the echoes silvery clear.

'Twas no fairy's voice, my child,
Softly falling on thine ear,
But thine own sweet merry tones
Ringing in th' greenwood near;
The joyous laugh—th' silvery tone—
'Twas but th' echo of thine own.

So methinks we ever are
Waking echoes like the child,
And they ever come to us
Silvery sweet, or harsh and wild;
The notes of love, or angry tone,
Are but the echoes of our own.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

Plain Talks to American Women.--No. 13.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

Following, or accompanying, in a course of mental culture, the acquirement of the art of reading, we should advise that of penmanship. By the use of the pen, much knowledge which might otherwise be lost, may be permanently secured. In a course of reading, children should be encouraged to make frequent abstracts of the author's sentiments, and of the instruction conveyed in his work. Blank books should be furnished them for preservation, and in which they may be allowed to write out also their own reflections upon, and inquiries concerning, the subject which has engaged their attention. They may thus become accustomed, very pleasantly, to composition. And, as aiding further the easy acquisition of the latter very useful art, they should be permitted and encouraged to frequent letter-writing, and to the keeping of a journal of their daily life. This latter employment may also become the means, if conducted under the direction of a judicious mother, of exerting a powerful moral influence. The child's diary should ever be open to the maternal eye. How pleasantly might she spend a half hour each evening with her children, recalling the incidents of the day, the sources of their enjoyment, the lessons they have learned, whether physical, mental or moral, and assisting them in classifying and arranging all for an entry into their diaries. And it has occurred to us that a family journal, kept perhaps by some older member, might be useful. Here, on opposite pages, might be recorded the pleasant and the unpleasant incidents which have taken place, and memoranda made of everything worthy of special notice, as new ideas, moral sentiments illustrated, &c. In the moral discipline of the family, this might be made a powerful instrument for the accomplishment of good. And how pleasant, in after years, for the children to be able to look over these records of the past, to trace the growth of their own minds, and the advancement of their souls in the ways of wisdom!

In connection with reading and writing, spelling and defining will naturally be taught; then successively will the child be introduced to other studies. In everything there should be an aim at *thoroughness*—at *mental discipline*. The child should learn to *think*. It is *thinking* which constitutes the great difference between the intellectual giant, and the mental Lilliputian. The one may have had greater opportunities, but thinking alone has caused those opportunities to benefit him. It was *thought* that led Galileo to the conclusion that the world moved, that led Harvey to ascertain the fact of the circulation of the blood, that led Columbus to the discovery of America, that led Newton to adopt the theory of gravitation, that led Franklin to identify lightning with electricity, and Morse to the invention of the Electric Telegraph. *Thought* has been the parent of all the noble works which fill our libraries,—*thinkers* have been the individuals whose names have been written upon "the walls of fame," and live in the hearts of a grateful posterity. Teach, then, the child to *think*—to *reason*—to *investigate!* When informed *how* an effect results from a certain cause, lead him to inquire also *why* it is so. This little word "*why*,"—frame it in gilt and hang it up in your school-room, a motto for each day's practice!

For the exercise of the reasoning and investigating faculties of her children, it would be well for the mother to have at hand a list of scientific and other questions, from which she may occasionally select,—say once a week,—one for their examination. This will add variety and interest to their studies. Care should be taken that the questions selected be adapted to the degree of advancement and intellectual discipline which the child has attained, that he may not be disheartened by repeatedly failing of success in his search for truth. Let them at least be such questions as he can answer in some way, and if he make mistakes, do not, by laughing at them, discourage him from trying again. Show him kindly, and carefully, how and why he is wrong, and be sure to give him due credit for all he deserves, in the patience, thoughtfulness, and thoroughness of his investigations. A word of encouragement from the mother, how like an electric thrill will it give new life to the desponding spirit! The child has, perhaps, labored hard, has become all flushed with excitement at the thought that he has achieved a triumph—how like a chill will come over his heart the idea that all his toil has been of no avail! But guard with sympathy the information you would convey of his error, show him that although his conclusion is wrong, yet he has done nobly in his search, and by further trial may very likely succeed,—if necessary put him upon the right track, and his ambition will be likely to remain unquenched, and he be ready for renewed effort.

But, while nothing discouraging should be said, and a great deal of encouragement given to the child, there is a limit to the praise which should be bestowed. He should be made to feel that it is his duty to do the best he can, and to look for his greatest reward in the approbation of God, and the consciousness of having done right. His mental attainments should not often be spoken of in company, and the parent should be watchful of the tendency to self-conceit. He should be made to feel how very little he knows of what is to be known, how very little the wisest of mankind have learned of the mysteries of Nature. Thus may his desire to learn be kept brightly burning, while his heart is humble. Thus will he occupy a teachable position, and there may be anticipated a rapid advancement in knowledge. But if the idea obtains with him that he already "knows a little more than anybody else," he will see little necessity of further exertion, and be likely to content himself with very imperfect culture.

Each mother should try to stimulate within her children the laudable ambition of "true nobleness"—the ambition to *do something* in the world. They should be reminded of their indebtedness to society, and of their duty to pay up that indebtedness with full usury; and this they should be taught it will be impossible for them to do if they lay away in a napkin the talent with which they have been intrusted, and repose in "imbecile idleness." *Action*, action, should be taught them as the watchword of the true life. They should learn to look upon labor as the wise ordination of God, without which men would be the most miserable, as the most useless of beings. The pearls upon the temples of the humble laborer in the field should be in their eyes gems of the purest lustre—the silver threads that gleam out among the locks of the noble thought-toiler, as but the record of the lines of light which have radiated from his brain as sunbeams into the darkness of the world.

There is in the world too much of the pride of uselessness. It may not assume in any mind exactly this phase of appearance to him who cherishes it, but what else is that aristocracy which says "I am greater than thou," because of the wealth which releases my hands and my head from toil, because of my "lily hands" and unbrowned face? Oh, let us feel, let our children feel, that God made labor honorable when he created the world,—that Jesus Christ dignified it when he worked at the humble trade of the carpenter! Have not the truly noble of all ages had respect to this ordinance? Did not Cincinnatus, after having toiled in the cause of his country, return to his toil at the plow? Did not Washington, after the most arduous labors as the Father of his Country, retire to his Mount Vernon, that he might labor on in the humbler avocation of the farmer? Why did not these heroes of patriotism, having seated themselves on the pinnacle of honor, fold their hands, and repose in the luxury of their own fame? They were too much *men* to do it. Never let us be guilty of giving to the world children who shall shrink from bearing their part faithfully, whether their duty lie in the field of manual or of mental exertion!

But something more than the *desire* to be, and to do, something more than a willingness to undertake duties which are "thrust upon them," must exist in the minds of those who would become truly great and wise. "The longer I live," remarks Goethe, "the more certain I am that the great difference between men, the great and the insignificant, is energy—invincible determination—an honest purpose once fixed—and then victory." We must arouse our children's energies. The genuine Yankee "go-a-headitiveness" should be stirred up within them; they must feel that to accomplish anything great, there must be great effort, and that the reward is worthy the toil. Point out to them how great have been the exertions of the Humboldts, the Wilsons, the Kanes, the Millers, who have so indelibly written their names upon the temples of science; of the Washingtons, the Jeffersons, the Adams, and the Franklins, who have engraven theirs so deeply in the hearts of their countrymen; of the Pauls, the Luthers, the Wesleys, the Chalmers, the Whitefields, who have done so much for religion; of the Howards, the Frys, the Nightingales, whose names will never be forgotten while human hearts bleed, and the angel of Philanthropy finds a dwelling-place in human souls.

But in order that the requisite energy be developed, physical health is almost indispensable. How can a mind dependent from childhood upon a poor, tired, weakly body, be expected to arouse itself to great endeavor? And how can a frame borne down by disease, sustain long the additional burden of laborious exertion? But let the vital forces be strong, let health bound like a mountain stream through the arteries, and then, with a mind properly disciplined, and a heart governed by Gospel principles, we may look for something worthy of humanity—of beings created in the image of God.

The Child's Answer.—Little Nellie L., had lost her father, and her mother was poor. Her sweet temper and her winning ways gained her many friends. Among them was an excellent lady, Miss N. A glimpse of Nellie's bright face peeping in at the door always brought a smile of peculiar tenderness over Miss N.'s placid features. She loved to sit by the child, softly stroking her hair, and while gazing thoughtfully into her smiling eyes, would often say, "Poor, poor Nellie!"

When Nellie shook her head, with a heart too happy to forbode evil, her friend would caress her still more fondly, and then say, "Poor little Nellie!"

The child's heart seemed troubled by these pitying words, for she asked one day,—"Why do you call me poor? Please don't, Miss N. I'm not poor; why, I've got twenty-five cents and a good mother!" "Rich little Nellie," said her friend. "A good mother! Ah, how long I was in learning what this little one already knows." "A good mother"—could any earthly treasure have made her so truly rich?—*Selected.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE SONG OF OCEAN.

I love to sit at "eventide"
By the side of the "deep blue sea,"
And gazing out on the waters wide,
Catch the song they bear to me.

A mournful story they unfold
Of maiden fair and proud,
Lying there "in death so cold,"
With bridal dress for shroud.

They sing of mariner brave
Who sank 'neath the foeman's steel,
Chanting a requiem o'er his grave
When kindred may not kneel.

Of the sighs of those who languish
Morn and night upon the shore,
Shedding tears of bitter anguish
That their friends come back no more.

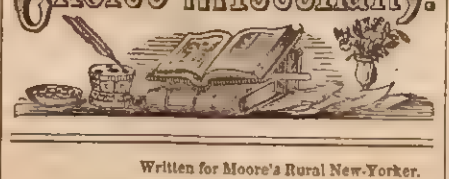
Of the hopes of many more
Watching for their treasures dear,
Friends beloved in days of yore,
Home returning—drawing near!

Telling of jewels rich and rare,
Of stores of shining gold,
Of countless gems that glitter there
In the halls of ocean old.

Whisp'ring of scenes of murd'rous strife,
Oppressor's wrong and captive's woe,
Of savage lust and hellish life
That have marked their restless flow.

Telling of sleeping hate and love
Lying side by side in peace,
To wake at the call of Him above
When ocean's song shall cease.

West Macedon, N. Y., 1859. T. C. H.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THOROUGHNESS.

Thoroughness is a quality indispensable to *first-rate* success in any business or pursuit. It is the product of energy, patience, and perseverance—energy to overcome difficulties and perform the hard labor; patience to wait for slow results, and endure the vexations that arise from losses and miscalculations; and perseverance to keep the mind, as it were, in the harness, when every influence tends to divert it from its proposed object.

Thoroughness in the sales-room gives an aspect of cleanliness and order; gets rid of the rubbish on the shelves, and lades them with salable goods; attends with alertness to the wants of customers, dispatches duties with neatness and precision, and gives a business character to the establishment.—In the counting-room it keeps with accuracy the books of the merchant, and regularly balances his accounts, keeping before him a statement of his affairs, succint, systematic, and correct, so that at any hour he may know whether he is on the safe waters of success, or hovering near the shoals of bankruptcy.

In the work-shop it produces the best specimens of art, and finds reputation abroad for the quality of its manufactures. It finds for the mechanic ready employment, and insures him the highest wages, while, at the same time, it adds to the correctness of his eye and the skill of his hand. It raises him by degrees from the condition of apprentice to that of employer, while his careless and less thorough fellow-workman remains, in truth, a *journey*-man, journeying from place to place in search of employment

In the school-room it may not *always* distinguish the scholar who takes the prizes, or the lead in his classes, but it will not be found wanting in the one who is to make the man of strongest, soundest mind, or the one most likely to be "heard of" in the future. It is the thorough scholar, he that labors with a determined will to know all within his reach upon the subject he is studying, and not he that is ambitious to get over the greatest amount of *text*, who gets the discipline.

Thoroughness on the farm is the precursor if not the attendant of fertility and profit. It turns up the unemployed subsoil, converts the low-lands and swamps into fertile meadows and grain-fields, economises in seed while it increases the productiveness of the soil, and surrounds the farm-house with choice orchards and convenient appurtenances.

In connection with any useful or honorable pursuit it is a quality which never fails to command respect. The thorough teacher is respected by his pupils and by his patrons; the thorough mechanic, by his employers and those who make use of his wares; the thorough business man, by all with whom he transacts business; and in all cases thoroughness is an evidence of good sense, and superior endowments of character. C. B. C.

Mendon, N. Y., 1859.

The Dying Never Weep.—It is a striking fact—*the dying never weep.* The circle of sobbing, agonizing hearts around produces not one tear. Is it that he is insensible and stiff already in the chill dissolution? That cannot be; for he asks for his father's hand, as if to gain strength in the mortal struggle, and leans on the breast of mother, brother, or sister, with still conscious affection; and just before expiring, at eve, after a long day's converse with the Angel of Summons, he says to his oldest brother—the last audible good night of earth—"Kiss me, kiss me!" It must be because the dying have reached a point too deep for our earthly crying and weeping. They are face to face with higher and holier beings, with the Father in heaven, and his angel throng, led on by the Son himself; and what are griefs of a morning, tears of a dying farewell—be it that they are shed by the dearest on earth—in that vision bright of immortal life and everlasting reunion!

If a man all his life-long should do no other good thing than educate his child right in the fear of God, then I think this may be an atonement for his neglects. The greatest which thou canst do is even this—that thou educatest thy child well.—*Luther.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE CHANGING SEASONS.

"For this the golden sun the earth divides,
And wheel'd through twelve bright signs his chariot guides.
Five zones the heaven surrounds, the centre glows
With fire unquench'd, and suns without repose;
At each extreme the poles in tempest tost,
Dark with thick showers and unremitting frost;
Between the poles and blazing zones confined,
Lie climes to feeble man by Heaven assigned.
'Mid these the signs their course obliquely run,
And star the figured belt that binds the sun."

[*Sotheby's Virgil.*

The contemplation of the changing year is to us one of deep and thrilling interest, perhaps rendered more so by the beautiful poetry of a Thompson, a Bloomfield, a Cowper. A theme which, even to Chaucer, and Spencer, and Shakspeare, and Milton, was a passion. Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter comes and goes—we heed them not as we should. Spring points to the seed-time, to the singing of birds, the humming of insects, the blooming of flowers, the green, grassy meadows. The sear and yellow heath puts on a new garb, beautiful and soft as the velvet down of other years. In reflecting on the beauties of spring, we are led to say with Howitt, in his *Book of the Seasons:*—"Oh, that I could but touch a thousand bosoms with that melancholy which often visits mine when I behold little children endeavoring to extract amusement from the very dust, and straws, and pebbles of squallid alleys, shut out from the free and glorious countenance of Nature, and think how differently the children of the peasantry are passing the golden hours of childhood, wandering with bare heads and unshod feet, perhaps, but singing a childish, wordless melody through vernal lanes, or prying into a thousand sylvan, leafy nooks by the liquid music of running waters, amidst the fragrant heath, or on the flowery lap of the meadows, occupied with winged wonders without end. Oh, that I could but baptize every heart with the sympathetic feeling of what the city-pent child is condemned to lose; how blank, and poor, and joyless must be the images that fill its infant bosom to that of the country one, whose mind

Will be a mansion for all lovely forms,
His memory be a dwelling place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies!"

Spring-time is the loveliest of the year, all things start anew, all life is full of animation. The swallow skims the placid lakes and sings to his nest in the wall. The glow-worm emits a tiny spark at nightfall to guide him in the shades of night. The robin builds her nest in the apple tree by the door; sings us sweet notes of music at dawn of day, and hops upon the old stone step to pick her scanty meal. The innocent lamb skips and jumps by its mother's side, while the shepherd pipes his horn to call his flocks from the neighboring hills, and leads them away to the fold. We talk of Spring, we read of Spring, and poets sing of Spring. Yes, our hearts grow glad at the approach of Spring when we read what has been written by our loved poetess, L. H. Sigourney:

"Break from your chains, ye lingering streams;
Rise, blossoms, from your wintry dreams;
Drear fields, your robes of verdure take;
Birds, from your trance of silence wake;
Glad trees, resume your leafy crown;
Shrubs, o'er the mirror-brooks bend down;
Bland zephyrs, wheresoe'er ye stray;
The Spring doth call you—come away."

Fluvanna, N. Y., 1859. H. A. Whittemore.

"THE SHADOWS WE CAST."

In this great world of sunshine and shadow, we are constantly casting shadows on those around us, and receiving shadows from them in return. There is no pathway in life which is not sometimes in the shade, and there is no one who walks over these paths, it matters not which way they tend, who does not, now and then, cast his shadows with the rest. How often do we, by a mere thoughtless word or a careless act, cast a shadow on some heart which is longing for sunlight. How often does the husband, by a cold greeting, cast a gloom over the happy, trusting face of his young wife, who, it may be, has waited anxiously for the first sound of his footsteps to give him a joyous welcome to his home. How often has the parent, by a harsh reproof, chilled the ever-flowing spring of confidence and love which is bubbling up from the fountains of the heart of the innocent prattler at his knee. How often are the bright rays of hope torn from the clinging grasp of the souls of those worn out by poverty and by the never-ending conflict of life, by the stinging ridicule, or the sordid avarice of those whom the world honors—aye, *loves* to honor. How often does the child—even after it has grown to the full bloom of manhood, and is clad in garments of strength and beauty—bring sorrow to the parent already tottering on the brink of eternity. Then beware, lest you cast a deeper shadow over those which are already darkening his happiness. The shadows we cast—can we escape them? Can we look back, as we walk on in life's journey, and see no shadowy marks about our footprints?

Sidney Smith on Enjoyment.—Mankind are always happier for having been happy—so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it. A childhood passed with a due mixture of rational indulgence, under fond and wise parents, diffuses over the whole of life a feeling of calm pleasure, and in extreme old age is the very last remembrance which time can erase from the mind of man. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having once made an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure, which contributes to render old men so inattentive to the scenes before them, and carries them back to a world that is past, and scenes never to be renewed again.

Take the hand of the friendless; smile on the sad and dejected; sympathize with those in trouble; strive everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine and joy. If you do this you will be sure to be beloved.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GOD'S PROMISES.

BY JULIA B. SMYTHE.

What sweet and gracious promises are made to those who trust in the Lord, promises that apply to every case, that meet our every want. God's sweet promises! what could we do without them? What a staff to lean upon when our path lies through the steep and rugged places of life—what an anchor to stay the soul when the tide of adversity rushes in upon us—and what a light to illumine our hearts in the deeper than midnight gloom of affliction's darkness.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters." Oh, hapless wanderer, led by the syren's voice over trackless wastes, weary from following the mirage of Pleasure, longest thou not for the green pastures, the balmy breeze, the overshadowing trees, and cooling waters? Unsatisfied as thou canst but be with earth's illusive pleasures, reach out for the Guiding Hand that would surely and quickly bring thee safe across the desert plains to fountains of living waters.

There is a happiness, there is a "peace that passeth understanding," that may be experienced, even in this world of sin and sorrow; but that hallowed peace oftener folds its wings in the straw-thatched cottage—in the haunts of poverty—than in the stately homes of affluence.

In the round of earthly pleasure
Trodden by the young and gay,
Long I sought the priceless treasure
Of a heart at peace alway.
Yet to me the search was ever
But a vain and joyless one;
Pure contentment deigneth never
To abide in Pleasure's dome.

Sad, dispirited, returning
From the gay, deluded throng,
In my heart-depths woke there burning,
Sweeter words than syren's song;
Words that thrill me through with gladness,
Words of charmed melody,
Quick disperse the clouds of sadness—
'Tis my Father calling me.

Kindest Shepherd, rough and dreary
Is the wanderer's dangerous track;
At thy call, careworn and weary,
To thy fold I haste back;
Where the tender grass is springing
Close the cooling stream beside,
Where o'erhead the birds are singing
From the dawn till eventide—

Thitherward thy footsteps wending,
Thou dost gently lead the way;
In thy arms the young ones tending,
Lest they faint in noontide's ray.
Here it is that living waters
Quell the soul's tumultuous flow;
Here it is earth's sons and daughters
Only lasting peace may know.

Here may those, depressed by sorrow,
Lay their burdens down and rest;
Patiently the glad to-morrow
Waiting on the Savior's breast.
From that fold, O, Shepherd, loving,
Nevermore let me estray,
Till the hand of Death, removing,
Leads me to eternal day.

Upsonville, Susq. Co., Pa., 1859.

Sabbath Bells.—Said Daniel Webster:—"I once defended a man charged with the awful crime of murder. At the conclusion of the trial, I asked him what could induce him to stain his hands with the blood of a fellow being. Turning his blood-shot eyes full upon me, he replied, in a voice of despair, 'Mr. Webster, in my youth I spent the holy Sabbath in evil amusements, instead of frequenting the house of prayer and praise.' Could we go back to the early years of all hardened criminals, I believe, firmly believe, that their first departure from the path of morality, was when they abandoned the Sabbath School, and their subsequent crimes might thus be traced back to the neglect of youthful religious instruction.

"Many years ago I spent a Sabbath with Thomas Jefferson, at his residence in Virginia. It was in the month of June, and the weather was delightful. I remarked, 'How sweetly, how very sweetly sounds that Sabbath bell!' That distinguished statesman for a moment seemed lost in thought, and then replied:—'Yes, my dear Webster, yes, it melts the heart, it calms our passions, and makes us boys again.'"

Little Graves.—Sacred places for pure tho'ts and holy meditation are the little graves in the church-yard. They are the depositories of the mother's sweetest joy, half unfolded buds of innocence, humanity by the frost of time, ere yet a single canker worm of corruption had nestled among its embryo petals. Callous, indeed, must be the heart of him who can stand by a little grave-side and not have the holiest emotions of his soul awakened to the thought of purity and joy which belongs alone to God and heaven; for the mute preacher at his feet tells him of life began and life ended, without a stain; and surely this be the spirit-land, enlightened by the sun of infinite goodness whence emanated the soul of that brief sojourner among us. How swells the heart of the parents, with mournful joy, while standing by the cold earth-bed of lost little ones!—mournful because a sweet treasure is taken away—joyful, because that precious jewel glitters in the diadem of the Redeemer.

Refuge in Trouble.—It is a poor relief from sorrow to fly to the distractions of the world; as well might a lost and wearied lord, suspended over the abyss of the tempestuous ocean, seek a resting place on its heaving waves, as the child of trouble seek a place of repose amid the bustling cares and intoxicating pleasures of earth and time.—*Spring.*

LETTERS FROM A HUNGARIAN.

NUMBER NINE.

Vienna (continued)—The Imperial Palace—Seeing the Emperor—The Royal Museum and Treasury—The Belvedere Picture Gallery and Antiquities—Circuit around the City Wall—Life in the Volksgarten—Marble Group by Canova—Environs of Vienna—Schœnbrunn—The Prater—Military Music—Departure for Prague.

DEAR FRIEND MOORE:—An entire week would hardly suffice for a survey of the most distinguished sights and scenes in and about Vienna, and yet I managed to enjoy the most within the space of half a week. On the day following my arrival I bent my way directly to the Imperial Palace, to see its vast treasures and monuments—the seat of Austrian Sovereignty since the 18th century. The palace, consisting of several somewhat irregular buildings built at different times, surrounds a large court-yard called *Francis Square*, in the middle of which stands an imposing monument of the Emperor FRANCIS I, (died 1835,) surrounded by allegorical figures of Justice and Valor, Peace and Religion. As I was beholding this group, a watchman at the outer gate cried at the top of his voice "Kaiser," (Emperor,) and in a trice a guard of soldiers stood in array awaiting the appearance of their sovereign. The people in the court stood in mute silence, and dashing along came a stately chariot drawn by four horses and containing FRANCIS JOSEPH I, and one of his private counsellors. All took off their hats—except *one;* for though I was in Rome I did *not* as the Romans do, but gazed with a feeling of awe mingled with disgust on him whose despotic sway I had but recently observed with my own eyes heavily pressing upon my noble countryman—the *Magyars.*—The sight of that young but imperial brow recalled to my memory volumes of wrongs heaped upon the devoted land of the Huns, and I could not conscientiously join the crowd in presenting him a token of respect. After the Emperor was out of sight, the soldiers retired to their barracks, and I, with several others about me, entered the Museum connected with the court. Here, within the space of three hours, my eyes glanced rapidly over the vast zoological, mineralogical and astronomical cabinets. The zoological specimens are arranged according to the various continents of the world, whose animals they represent. The mineralogical cabinet, contained in three large halls, is one of the greatest collections in the world, numbering over 100,000 specimens, among which I noticed two meteoric stones found near *Agram* in 1751, and weighing, respectively, 70 and 100 pounds. Formerly the botanical collection, which is said to be equal to any in the world, was in the court-buildings also, but was removed some years ago to the garden of the University in one of the suburbs. The library, containing over 300,000 books and 20,000 MSS., and over 12,000 works printed in the early part of the 16th century, the immense collection of steel and wood engravings, coins, medals and antiquities generally, I passed without notice, as I wished to spend the remaining hour (from 11—12) in the *Imperial Treasury.* To obtain admission to this I was obliged to procure a card (gratis,) the day before, otherwise you cannot enter without giving the porter a florin (about 50 cents.) Here the eye is dazzled by the numerous resplendent jewels, diamonds, gold and silver works. Here I saw, among other precious works of art, a large badge of the Theresian Order containing near 600 brilliants; the great diamond of Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, found after the the battle of *Grandson* by a Swiss, who, not knowing its real character, sold it for a few florins, *though worth* 150,000 *ducats;* the silver cradles and wagons of the King of Rome; the imperial dress of CHARLEMAGNE; the sword of TIMOUR; the horoscope of WALLENSTEIN; the full dress of NAPOLEON when crowned King of Italy, and many other precious reliques of times long since past.—Crowds of events recorded on the page of history, cluster about almost every treasure preserved, and the student may here revive his historic lore with ease and delight, though not without a tear of melancholy for those so-called *great* actors, of whom these reliques are almost the only things they have left to record their former existence on earth.

It was just noon when I finished my survey of these rich collections; and hastily partaking of a dinner at a neighboring restaurant, I entered one of the omnibuses standing around St. Stephen's square, (in Vienna, as in most European cities, the omnibus takes passengers at certain *starting-places* only,) and in about 15 minutes alighted at the celebrated *Belvedere* in the suburb *Wieden.* This was once the summer residence of Prince EUGENE (who died in 1736,) and consists of two palaces separated by a large garden *a la Francaise.* The upper *Belvedere* (the palace most distant from the city wall,) contains a picture gallery of over 3,000 paintings of the several schools, among which the "Madonnas" play a conspicuous part, a Madonna of some one painter or another being found in almost every one of the twenty rooms of this picture gallery. The lower *Belvedere* contains the cabinet of Egyptian antiquities (mummies, coffins, sphinxes, papyrus-rolls, &c.,) and the *Ambraser* collection, so-called, from its having been originally in the possession of the Arch-Duke FERDINAND (16th century,) at the castle of *Ambras,* near Innspruck. Here the eye is fatigued by over 1,000 portraits of distinguished men of the middle ages, over a hundred complete armaments as originally worn by Princes and Generals of those times, and numerous bronze and marble statutes. I spent the whole afternoon in visiting these collections, and in the evening, before returning to town, refreshed myself by breathing the pure and balmy atmosphere of the large and charming garden connected with the *Belvedere.*

Before retiring to rest after a day of so much sight-seeing, I still ventured to spend the twilight in making a circuit round the city-wall. This I did partly on the wall, partly on the *Glacis* (space between the latter and the suburbs,) beautifully laid out with rows of trees and grass-plots, and in company with a friendly cicerone, who described to me the character of the numerous stately edifices and distant prospects which the eye here beholds to the right and left. The best place to begin this circuitous walk is at the magnificent *Burgthor* (gate leading from the court to the suburbs,) built after the manner of the *Propyleum* of Athens with 12 massive pillars of the Doric order and five passages. Turning to the left, I arrived, in little over an hour, at the *Paradise Garden* from which I passed to the *Volksgarten,* which is just to the right of the *Burgthor.* Here you could see the *people* of Vienna all alive, drinking beer or coffee, and listening to the band of music which still more enlivened the scene. Here you might also see specimens of the *thirteen* different nationalities composing the heterogeneous realm of Austria, with now and then a Turk in oriental costume, who is being educated in the various branches of art and science in the Polytechnic and other educational institutions of Vienna. Here I really *enjoyed* the cool, refreshing breeze of the evening, wafting harmonious music to my ear, as I too, partook of a glass of beer (which is most excellent here,) and bread and cheese; and to crown the delights of the day, I took a view of the *Temple of Theseus* (built here in Grecian style, by NOBILE,) containing a marble group (THESEUS slaying the Centaur) by CANOVA—one of the greatest master-pieces of modern art.

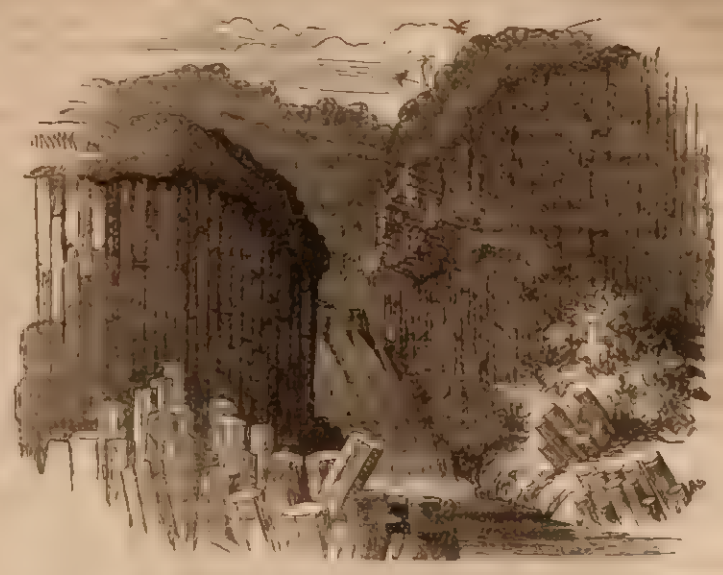
Thus pleasantly passed the second day of my sojourn in the imperial residence, where I was to spend twice twenty-four hours more. But of these I intended to devote about one-fourth to the environs, for the beauty of which Vienna is justly celebrated. The most charming of these, and one to which the citizens of Vienna are continually resorting during the summer months, is *Schœnbrunn,* the favorite summer residence of the Emperor.—An hour's ride with the omnibus will bring you to a spot, than which you can hardly imagine anything more charming and striking. The eye is here abundantly satisfied for that which it so much lacks in the city. At first view *Schœnbrunn* ("fair fountain"—so-called, from the cool, beautiful well where the mighty hunter Emperor MATTHIAS, refreshed himself in 1619, and first conceived the idea of building a hunting palace here,) appears like a flower of a hundred beauties, spreading before you a slanting valley of parks and gardens, woods and hedges, with here and there a stately edifice or marble monument—the whole presenting a panorama of the most graceful combination of Nature and Art. But let us draw nearer and examine each beauty more closely. Taking our position in the center we behold the royal palace (which owes its present form to MARIA THERESA,) three stories high and near three thousand feet in length. The majestic court-yard, filled with rattling carriages and hurrying pedestrians, wending their way to the right and left, would of itself produce a much greater charm, did we not, through the open-arched gate beneath the principal balcony, see a most alluring perspective—the park with its fragrance and sunshine, its fountains and monuments—and in the rear, on the top of a sloping hill, the "*Gloriette,*" seeming like a key-stone to this variegated scene. The Gloriette is a long, airy and fairy-like portico, from whose pillared platform the great Empress, MARIA THERESA, is said to have sent every morning a greeting signal to a favorite daughter in *Pressburg* (the castle now in ruins,) and received a similar one in return. Let us tarry here a little, and while we enjoy the fine prospect of the ocean of houses in the distance (Vienna,) and the still more distant hills of Hungary, think a moment of the great, cheering and mournful scenes that have taken place on the very spot and palace before us. Here the threads of the Seven Years' War were spun; here JOSEPH II, celebrated his hymeneal festivities; here Arch-Duke CHARLES mustered the brave troops (1801,) who were to meet the all-conquering forces of BONAPARTE, and here the great NAPOLEON himself, after his victorious career in 1809, took up his residence, while his successful marshals paraded their veteran army in the glistening sun. Here, too, the exile of St. Helena decreed that there is no more a *papal* Rome, and enriched Europe with another *kingdom;* and here, where his mighty father issued these decrees, lived and died the son, the "King of Rome," without Rome or any other kingdom.

To the right, in one of the labyrinthine gardens, is the rotunda with the menagerie containing *living* specimens of all possible monsters of Asia, Africa and America, and the everlasting, deafening screeching of parrots in the central pavilion. Here lounge about nurses with innumerable children; here you may see the comic peasant with staring eyes, apprentices and soldiers of all possible nationalities—and such faces as they make! The photographer might here make "a good catch"—say in front of the monkey-cage—worthy of being displayed in any picture-gallery. The elephant is continually busy with devouring the rich cakes bestowed by the gratified spectators. Natural history is here enriched with sayings and opinions at which a BUFFON, a CUVIER, or an AGASSIZ would shudder, and which "philosophers certainly never dreamed of." Near the menagerie is the botanical garden of European celebrity, with a great many hot-beds concealing a luxuriant display of the vegetable kingdom of all zones and climes.

To the left of the palace is another forest of trees with meandering paths and an artificial Roman ruin; which is, however, so skillfully built, that many a stranger has been led to regard it as a real ruin of some Roman edifice. From this ruin, which reminds us of Rome, the imagination is carried to the banks of the Nile by the projecting obelisk supported by four huge gilded tortoises; and half-way between the ruins and the obelisk is the beautiful fountain (from which the name of this spot is derived,) with the marble figure of a female so beautiful—even more so than the most beautiful VENUS—that Pygmalion might have been justified had he stolen heavenly fire to animate *this* marble woman. This reposing, reclining form is worth a pilgrimage! And if any one is willing to make a fool of himself and sink down upon the bosom of a white marble nymph, let him come hither—here he may succeed.

But enough about Schœnbrunn and—the reader will say,—enough about Vienna, too. I will not, therefore, trouble you with a description of what other things I saw in and about the Austrian capital. But before quitting it, let me speak of but one spot more which is the pride of Vienna—the *Prater,* in the suburb Leopoldstadt. This is the promenade of the aristocracy as well as of the people. I don't know how I can better describe it, than by comparing it to an immense outspread fan, the alleys running north, east and south far into the country and concentrating at the so-called "*Praterstern*" (*star*) at the end of the Jagerzeile the most fashionable street of Vienna. The principal alley is near a league in length, and is studded with several places of refreshment. The several alleys, of which there are five, are separated by green meadows, groups of trees, and in the more remote portions by little woods frequented by wild game. Here, then, I strolled about one Sunday afternoon, at which time the vehicles of the rich, and the more natural vehicles (legs,) of the poorer classes roamed about in vast numbers; though, as my companion told me, by no means to be compared with what it formerly was, when the numerous railroads traversing in various directions, had not as yet offered such cheap facilities for making excursions into the country. Happening to be in Vienna on the anniversary of the birth-day of the present Emperor, I witnessed a grand pyrotechnic display given to the public on one of the alleys of this *Prater,* accompanied by music from one of the numerous military bands of the capital. Speaking of music, I cannot help remarking that the military music of the Austrians is the most delightful I ever heard—far surpassing that of any other German city. And no wonder, for the military bands here are composed of regular *Hungarian* and *Italian virtuosi;* who, besides being exempt from the more onerous duties of the other soldiers, are at liberty to profit by their art by giving private concerts in the evening at the various resorts of pleasure. It is thus that the people are so fond of viewing military parades, where the glittering array of helmets and weapons, the precision and order of the movements, and, above all, the enlivening music, inspire the masses with love toward those very bodies which, at the bidding of a single man, did once ruthlessly turn their deadly arms against them for endeavoring to shake off the yoke that weighed upon them too heavily. Begging pardon for this digression, I will now take you along to the capital of Bohemia, Prague, whither the railroad hurries us through Moravia, in one of whose cities (Olmutz,) the noble LAFAYETTE once experienced the sufferings of an Austrian dungeon, from which the magnanimous appeal of the "Father of our Republican Country" alone was able to free him.

And now, dear reader, I will weary you with but *one* more epistle about the wonders of another great city—the extreme western seat of the Slavonic race—Prague. SIMON TOMA.



THE FALLS OF REGLA.

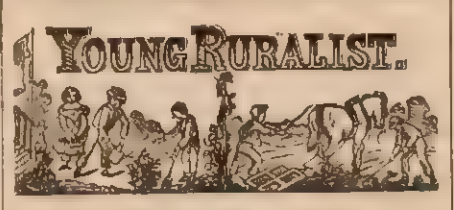
In describing the *Silver Mines of Mexico,* WILSON, in his *History of the Conquest of Mexico,* gives the accompanying view and description of the *Falls of Regla,* near which are extensive works for extracting silver from the ore:

"The Patio, or open yard of the Regla, on which the principal portion of the ores of the Real del Monte company are 'benefited,' or, as we should say, extracted, is situated deep down in a *barranca,* where both water-power and intense heat can be obtained to facilitate the process of separation. The immense amount of mason-work here expended in the erection of massive walls, would make an imposing appearance if they had been built up in the open plain; but here they are so overshadowed by the mason-work of nature, that they sink into insignificance, in comparison. The bank, some two hundred feet high, of solid rock, as it approaches the waterfall on either side, has the appearance of being supported by natural buttresses of basaltic columns—columns closely joined together and placed erect by the hand of nature's Master-builder. Still, all would have been stiff and formal, had the sides of the *barranca* been lined only with perpendicular columns; but broken and displaced pillars are piled in every conceivable position against the front, while a vine with brilliant leaves had run to every fissure, and spread itself out to enjoy the sunshine. The little stream that had burst its way through the upright columns and flowed over the broken fragments, fell into a perfect basin of basalt, heightening immensely the attractions of the spot. I sat down upon a fallen column, and for a long time continued to contemplate the unexpected scene, of which, at that time, I had read nothing. There was such a mingling of the rich vegetation of the 'hot country' with the rocky ornaments of this pretty waterfall, that I could never grow weary of admiring the combined grandeur and beauty of the place."

THE THREE GREAT RIVERS.

LIEUT. HABERSHAM, in writing to the Philadelphia Ledger, says:

"The Mississippi, opposite New Orleans, is not quite six hundred yards wide, with a mean depth of one hundred feet; and a velocity of one and a half miles per hour. Thus, a body of water one and a half miles long, six hundred yards wide, and one hundred feet thick, is driven into the Gulf of Mexico every hour. A little more than one hundred miles from the mouth of Yangtese-Kiang, (the Son of the Sea,) is located the city of Kiang Yun. The river here is one thousand nine hundred yards wide, has an average depth of ninety-nine feet, and a mean velocity of two miles per hour. Thus, we have, he remarks, a body of water two miles long, nineteen hundred yards wide, and ninety-nine feet thick, hourly urged into the bosom of the Yellow Sea. Compare this volume with the first, and it will be found to be almost double. Were the length of the great Chinese water course only known, the comparison might be completed, but that cannot be until the interior of China is open to the world. Its estimated length is three thousand three hundred miles. Lieut. Habersham estimates that the waters of the Yangtese-Kiang carry along in suspension the remarkable quantity of thirty-three per cent. of sedimentary matter. According to this estimate, 1,985,330,000 cubic feet of mud is hourly transported to the sea by this river. It seems quite incredible, but as the earthy matter discharged by the Yangtese-Kiang colors the waters at its mouth, giving to them the name of the Yellow Sea, besides forming immense flats, the amount must be very large. The Yangtese-Kiang, however, bears no better comparison to the Amazon, than, according to Lieut. Habersham, the Mississippi does to the Chinese river. The Amazon, which is the largest river in the world, is one thousand seven hundred and sixty-nine miles in length, in a direct line, or, including its windings, nearly four thousand miles, while four hundred miles from the Atlantic it is more than a mile in width, and has a velocity of three and a half miles per hour, and in mid-currents no bottom is found within twenty fathoms, or one hundred and twenty feet. This noble river, with its tributaries, is estimated to afford fifty thousand miles of inland navigation."



STUDY AND LABOR.

MESSRS. EDS.:—VINTON, in a late RURAL, (14th ult.,) asks in substance the following question:—"Can a young man study his books while working on the farm?" Now, there are two things to be considered in this question. 1st, Can one find the requisite time? and 2d, Would not his daily labor detract from the interest in his studies? I should say, to come to the point at once, that there was at least no *regular time* for study during summer on the farm—that being, I suppose, the season to which VINTON refers, as he probably attends school during the winter. Where one labors steadily from the sun's rise to its disappearance, it is evident that evenings would be the only opportunities obtainable for this purpose; but these in summer are quite short, and furthermore, if I can be allowed to judge of others by myself, one wants three of these evenings at least, out of each week, to devote to our weekly visitors, the RURAL, TRIBUNE, &c., as a good stock of general information is more of a present necessity, to the youth, than a knowledge of the languages and sciences. This last assertion, however, might be a matter of opinion, and some ambitious youth would raise the inquiry, Why not study and let the papers go? If one can forego the pleasure of reading, why not substitute study in its stead? Because one is a recreation and the other a labor; the one requires no effort or exertion while the other does; and Nature would argue strongly against the practice of studying evenings after a steady day's work. She designed the night as a period of sleep and rest from labor, mental as well as muscular, and an observance of this law of Nature is rendered imperative in the case stated. It cannot always be disobeyed with impunity, and to persist in disregarding it would soon begin to tell on the health and *weight* of the individual. I should advise VINTON, therefore, not to study evenings, during the seasons of the hardest labor, at least.

But "circumstances alter cases," and perhaps VINTON is so situated as to have some portion of the day itself for study, in which case what has been said would, of course, not apply. But, altho' there may be obstacles in the way of our having regular hours for study, there are sundry other odd moments of leisure, which, if one bears in mind that "where there is a will there is a way," can be improved to the decided advantage of one's knowledge. A sudden shower may come up while at work in the field, and send one to the house for an hour or so; rainy days are frequent, though he is a poor farmer who cannot find work for his boys on such days.

The second consideration I based somewhat upon the supposition that if during the muscular labor one cannot think over or digest what he has been learning from his books, his studies would be less interesting than if the reverse were the truth; and such is the case, though it is dependent in a great measure upon what the studies are. This consideration, also, involves the one which VINTON illustrates, though it would hardly seem to me that the instance he mentions afforded such "conclusive evidence" to the truth of it as he states. On the contrary, he can go on a similar errand, think over his reading as before, and my word for it, he will not again fall into that predicament, unless intentionally. His experience will teach him better, and I believe that in some cases two employments can be pursued at one time with profit; to be sure, neither will be done as well as when our whole attention is directed to one alone, but the advantage derived from both would more than make up the deficiency. In planting or hoeing corn, for example, it is well nigh impossible to keep the mind steadily fixed upon the work. One's thoughts will be running upon something, and better by far have them engrossed with what we have read from some useful book, than with the interminable yarns of some gossiping fellow who can readily be distinguished from the rest by his being furthest behind with his row. But, there are also other kinds of work which require the head as well as the hands, and on the whole, in view of these facts, and also that we are most of us differently situated as regards the amount of time we can obtain for the purpose of study, we should have to rely on our own judgment, as no particular rule could be given. Let us by all means study all we can as far as it can be done without affecting our health; but we should seek to preserve *that first,* for of what benefit would be the best education if obtained at the dear cost of life or reason?

VINTON seems to make a distinction between studying and reading, as far as acquiring knowledge is concerned. It seems to me that no such distinction exists, or rather as much advantage is obtained from the one as from the other, where the reading is pursued as it should be; and for directions how to read correctly, I would refer VINTON and others to the article in the RURAL of April 16th, second column. These rules I have practiced, and can testify to their value, as I have found them a great improvement over the inveterate old habits of skimming over, which, like all such old habits, it is extremely difficult to overcome.

One more remark upon VINTON's article. If my inferences are correct, there appears to be some inconsistency in the course he is pursuing, as his studies hardly seem to accord with his intended occupation. Ancient history, I believe, is included in the classical course of study, as well as the dead languages; and if these are the studies he wishes to pursue or is pursuing in the place of those which are far more applicable to his profession, then, I must say, he is taking an improper course. One of the ancients, when asked what things boys should learn, replied, "those which they will practice when they become men." Now, if VINTON is calculating to become a lawyer or a minister, he is on the right track; but he is to be a farmer—and one who intends to make that his calling, should pursue those studies which really are applicable to our profession—viz., Agricultural Chemistry, Botany, Meteorology, &c. This would do away with the objection raised by VINTON, of the impossibility of doing two things at a time with profit; for in this case the two employments would in fact be but two branches of the one. From the books we learn the science of what we are daily practicing and experiencing. C.

Livonia, N. Y., June, 1859.

THE following is the article referred to by our correspondent, and which he has so long remembered with profit:

HOW TO READ.—*Think* as well as read, and *when* you read. Yield not your minds to the passive impressions which others may please to make upon them. Hear what they have to say; but examine it, weigh it, and judge for yourselves. This will enable you to make a right use of books—to use them as *helpers,* not as *guides* to your understanding; as *counselors,* not *dictators* of what you are to think and believe.

ADVICE TO THE BOYS.

Now, boys—farmers' boys I mean—clear your upper stories, as soon as may be, from thoughts of a "good time coming," break yourselves of the habit of day-dreaming, of forever picturing to yourselves a "rose-tinted existence" in the future. These *vague* pictures of *future* success fill the mind with *vivid* pictures of *present* ills. Dreaming of "purple and fine linen" makes blue jean and cotton altogether intolerable. Don't imagine that happiness is a tenant of any of these "air castles," but exactly the reverse. The reading of the greater part of the fiction of the present day has a tendency to fill the mind with visions of coming good. Clear your libraries of all such trash, and clear your heads from a desire to read it. What is it to you if "a solitary horseman *was* seen wending his way along the skirts of a forest," &c., or if Miss JUVENELIA FANDANGO, "wearied with the festivities of the evening," *did* "retire to a shady recess." It will not add one cubit to your intellectual stature to read of a hundred such "remarkable events."

The habit of roving is a dangerous one, too. To the unsettled there is ever a good thing a little ways ahead. The rover will travel one weary round, and often make his starting point his final resting place. Spend your "rainy days" in reading something *worth remembering.* If your father does not take a good agricultural paper, take one yourself. You cannot be a farmer without. Commence early the practice of corresponding with your friends; this is of much importance. It learns you how to spell, to write, and more than all, it learns you to *think.* H. E.

Castile Centre, N. Y., 1859.

NEVER open the door for a little vice, lest a great one should enter.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Keep Your Feet Dry—A. Brower & Co.
Gutta-Percha—Foster & Stephenson.
Bounty Land Warrants—Wm. Van Marter.
House and Lot For Sale—I. W. Briggs.
Elmira Female College—Rev. A. W. Cowles.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Ketchum's Reaper & Mower Still Triumphant—A Farmer.
Monroe Co. Horse Show—Daniel Warner, *Pres't.*

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:

One copy, 1 year,	82	One copy, 6 mo's,	81 00
Three copies,	5	Three copies,	2 50
Six copies,	10	Six copies,	5 00
Ten copies,	15	Ten copies,	7 50
Sixteen copies,	22	Sixteen copies,	11 00
Twenty copies,	26	Twenty copies,	13 00
Thirty-Two copies,	40	Thirty-Two do.	20 00

And an Extra Copy, free, to every person remitting for a club of six or more copies, and 1 Two free copies for every club of Thirty or over. As a new Half Volume commences next week, Now is the Time to form Clubs for either Six Months or a Year. All persons who form new clubs to commence with July, or introduce the RURAL in localities where it is not now taken, will be liberally remunerated for their time and attention.

☞ Back numbers from April or January can still be furnished, if desired. We will send Specimen Numbers, Show Bills, &c., to all applicants, and to the addresses of as many non-subscribers as may be forwarded.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER AND NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 25, 1859.

ANOTHER HALF VOLUME.

Announcement to Agents and Subscribers.

AGENT-FRIENDS, Subscribers, and all others interested, will please note that this number closes the first half of Vol. X of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. All whose terms expire this week will find "Time Up" printed on the margins of their respective papers—and we trust each and all so notified will not only be disposed to renew their own subscriptions, but that many of them will form new clubs, thus furnishing the RURAL at a low rate to neighbors and friends who have long desired it, and only waited for *an invitation* or favorable opportunity to subscribe. "Where there is a *will* there is a *way*" and every one addressed who has the welfare of the paper, the cause it advocates, and community at heart, can, by a little timely effort, secure a club of six to thirty, and thereby promote the interest of all parties. Some have already renewed and enlisted new recruits, and we hope the remainder, and our Agents generally—to whom we are largely indebted for the remarkable prosperity of the RURAL this year—will give the matter such timely attention as may be consistent.

THE NEW HALF VOLUME, commencing July 2d, will not be inferior to either of its predecessors—(and the one now terminating has been more warmly commended and approved by Subscribers and the Press than any before published.) Our aim is to *improve as we advance*, and we never possessed such ample facilities as now, for the successful prosecution of the enterprise in which we have been so long and ardently engaged, nor a greater desire to maintain and augment the pre-eminence of the RURAL NEW-YORKER in all the essentials of an AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY WEEKLY. The extraordinary success of the RURAL has created in some sections a spirit of envy and jealousy unworthy any one engaged (as all rural journalists should be) in similar efforts to promote the Best Interests and Home Happiness of the Rural Population, yet every exhibition of this animosity has increased its circulation and consequent influence and usefulness, and we shall endeavor to wield wisely and well the power and responsibility with which we are thus endowed. And we again frankly ask all who believe this Journal is doing good—but it is enhancing Rural Progress and Improvement, and worthily fulfilling the mission of an Instructive, Entertaining and Useful Visitor to the Family Circle—to lend a portion of attention and influence to extend its sphere of usefulness, and thus augment its benefits to community.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

THE views of the Administration as to the rights of naturalized citizens who may return to Europe, have been promulgated by Gen. Cass in a letter to the State Department. The Secretary states that this Government will not interfere in cases where individuals voluntarily return to countries to which they owed military services at the period of their departure for the United States.

The State Department has received advices from our Minister at Chili, giving all the facts relative to the seizure of the schooner Townsend Jones. The Administration has sent instructions to our Minister to demand reparation for the revocation of the exequatur of the American Consul at Valparaiso, and a man-of-war has also been ordered to that port.

The ordering of a more efficient naval force to the African coast was not in consequence of any late complaints by the British Government. It was long ago contemplated, but until recently there were no vessels which could be used for that purpose. So far as our Government is aware, no new orders have been issued by the British Government since 1842, in connection with the treaty stipulating for the suppression of the slave trade on the coast of Africa.

A despatch from Washington to the *Tribune* says Government has determined, if next advices from Texas contain a confirmation of the report of continued hostility with the Indians, to remove them immediately to the reservation of the West Choctaw settlement. The outrages on the Indians have been committed by an organized band of white outlaws who desire their lands.

The proposals for the $5,000,000 Treasury Loan were opened on the 20th inst, by the Secretary of the Treasury. There were upwards of forty bidders, and about $13,500,000 bid for $7,500,000 were awarded under 6 per cent., viz:—from 5¼ to 5 4 per cent., and $100,000 at 5 per cent. All the other bidders proposed 6 per cent., among whom the remainder of the loan will be proportioned pro rata.

The Collector of Baltimore has applied to the Secretary of State for information as to the nature and extent of the protection which may be afforded by the United States to a foreign built vessel, purchased by an American citizen. It is understood that our Government entertains the views held by the last Administration, viz:—That if an American citizen buys, in good faith, a vessel from a belligerent or neutral power, with whom we are at peace, it becomes American property. The vessel, however, cannot get a register unless by the act of Congress.

A dispatch from Washington states on probable authority, that Mr. McLane has negotiated a treaty with Juarez, ceding to the United States the States of Sonora and Chihuahua, and a part of the Tamaulipas, the United States engaging to assist the Liberal party and to pay the claims within a limited amount, to be ascertained by a Mexican Commissioner. The treaty is expected within a month.

Conflagrations and Casualties.

A DESTRUCTIVE fire occurred at Toronto, C. W., on the evening of the 11th inst. The lumber yard and steam factory of Smith, Burke & Co., was totally destroyed, besides a number of adjacent buildings. Loss estimated at $24,000, upon which there was no insurance.

THE Classical Institute of Galena, Ill., together with its contents, was destroyed by fire on the 15th inst. The library was partially saved in a damaged condition. Loss $14,000. Insured $6,000.

AT 2 o'clock on the morning of the 15th inst., a fire broke out on board the steamer Endeavor, lying at her dock in Pittsburg, Pa., which soon spread to the Gazette, and both boats were burned to the water's edge. There was no freight on board of either boat. The Endeavor was partially insured, having $1,400 in the Pennsylvania Co., at Harrisburg; $2,000 in the Quaker City Co., also in Harrisburg; and $1,500 in the Great Western, at Philadelphia. The Gazette had but $1,500 insurance on her

A TRAIN of the Cleveland and Pittsburg road ran into a train of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago road, while standing at Rochester, Penn., on the 15th inst., taking in wood, and injuring the following persons:—Phras Kaufman, of Lancaster, Pa., and Mrs. T. B. McKean, seriously; Josiah Steward, of Clarksville, Pa.; C. L. Warner, of Salem; Frank Grebe, of Sheboygan; W. A. Benton, of Chicago; T. H. D. Blake and Edward D. Porter, of Boston; D. M. Cook of Mansfield, slightly. A number of others also received bruises whose names are not known.

KILLED BY A PAIR OF SHEEP SHEARS.—According to the Chenango *Telegraph*, a man named Reuben Orr, who lived in the town of Otselic, met his death on Wednesday last under the following circumstances:—He was employed in shearing sheep for Mr. Thomas Havens, and was alone in the barn at some distance from the house. He had a sheep upon a low table, and was working at the animal, when it kicked against the handle of the shears, driving one blade into Orr's leg above the knee, and completely severing the large artery. He at once started for the house, the blood flowing from wound in a great stream, and as soon as possible after he reached it, Mr. Havens bound the limb tightly with a cord. This stopped the flow of blood—it had been running freely about fifteen minutes—and an express was sent off for Dr. Day and other physicians. When the doctor arrived, he found Orr failing very fast from the great loss of blood before the limb was bound, and although every effort was made to revive him, he died in less than three hours after the accident.

News Paragraphs.

THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES of Elmira Female College will take place on Wednesday next, June 29th. Oration by Rev. Joseph Cross, D. D., of Charleston, S. C.

THE Rochester Theological Seminary, and the University of Rochester, announce that their Anniversary and Commencement Exercises will take place from the 10th to the 14th of July. We shall endeavor to give the programme of each in our next.

THE Davenport (Iowa) *Democrat* says that an official letter from Kossuth to a Hungarian exile at that place has been received, requesting him to take immediate steps towards embarking for Hungary. From the tenor of the letter it would appear that Kossuth was engaged in raising an army.

UNDER the late assessment for taxation in the State of Indiana, the valuations have risen from about $400,000,000 to between $600,000,000 and and $700,000,000. This, under the present rates of taxation, will produce a large revenue. The assessments prior to this last, were made seven years ago. The increase has been much greater than was anticipated.

THE reports from the manor towns of Rensselaer county, indicate that more and serious troubles will follow attempts to collect back rents by selling property under execution.

THE Louisville *Journal* says that on Monday evening a terrific descent of gnats was made on that city. Places of amusement were rendered unbearable. Gnats were showered on the hotel tables till the lights in the chandeliers had to be extinguished. Eyes, ears and mouths, were exposed to the annoyance.

DATES from British Columbia are to May 14th. The amount of gold shipped from Fraser's River from April 11th to May 10th was $195,000. The number of men at the mines was rated from 2,000 to 8,000. The accounts of the yield of gold were conflicting. An attempt has been made to fit out an exploring expedition to Queen Charlotte's Island.

THIRTY-THREE stars must be on the National Flag from and after the 4th of July next. This is in compliance with the act of Congress passed April, 1848, which declares that, on the admission of every new State, one star shall be added, and that each addition shall take place on the 4th of July next succeeding such admission.

THE Supreme Court of California, in a case between a citizen of that State and a Chinese Benevolent Company, has decided that idol worship is not forbidden by the Constitution.

THE KANSAS GOLD MINES.—Mr. Swinburn arrived at New York on the 14th inst., from Leavenworth, with $600 worth of gold from Pike's Peak. He says a much larger amount might have been got, but the miners were asking $20 per ounce, which purchasers thought too high. The Leavenworth *Times* says the accounts from the mines continue encouraging. Claims which four weeks ago were considered worthless, are now commanding from $5,000 to $20,000. The snow had disappeared from the mountains, and prospecting was rigorously conducted. New rich leads were being constantly discovered. At Gregory's diggings miners were making from $65 to $100 each per day. Arrivals of emigrants from the States continue large, and all rush immediately for the mountains. The health of the mining region was excellent, and the spirit of the miners good.

EFFECT OF WAR ON HUMAN STATURE.—Doctor Bell says that if the curse of war be long entailed on a nation, the physical energies of the people may suffer, by the loss of its finest population, to such a degree that the succeeding generation will fall short of its former standard stature, as was the case with the French youth drafted for the army after the general peace. Thus, in 1826, out of one million thirty-three thousand four hundred and twenty-two young men drafted to serve in the army, three hundred and eighty thousand two hundred and thirteen were sent back because they fell short of even the diminutive stature of four feet ten inches French.

LUMBER TRADE OF MILWAUKEE.—The schooner M. S. Scott, of Milwaukee, Capt. N. H. Blend, cleared from that port, 31st of May, for Cowes and a market, with a cargo of assorted timber, about 170,000 feet, the product of Wisconsin and Michigan forests. This is the first venture of the kind from Milwaukee to the Old World. The vessel's probable destination is Hamburg, and some of the German brewers in Milwaukee shipped by her some kegs of *Lager*, to show the good people across the water what Milwaukee can do in that line.

DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED INVENTOR.—Among our recent notices of deaths, says the N. Y. *Tribune*, we find that of Walter Hunt, aged 63. For more than forty years he has been known as an experimenter in the arts. Whether in mechanical movements, chemistry, electricity, or metallic compositions, he was always at home; and probably in all he has tried more experiments than any other inventor. He originated the sewing machine, spinning flax machinery, the first nail machine, the first machine for cutting brads by one operation, placing plugs in leather for soles of boots and shoes, a method of constructing docks by concrete, preparing a paper pulp so as to form boxes by one operation, the vapor baths, the ball known as the Minnie ball for the rifle, and many improvements in fire arms, printing by rollers instead of balls, and so many other things our space will not admit of details. Walter Hunt, like most inventors, devoted his life to his friends rather than to himself; was liberal to a fault, and none knew him but to love him; he struggled with that monster, the dollar, all his life, in hopes of mastering; yet his numberless experiments kept him always poor.

LAND SALES IN IOWA.—The quantity of land embraced in the President's Proclamation No. 640, amounts to 1,669,501 acres, to be offered as follows:

	Acres.
At Fort Dodge, on 26th September next	550,233
At Fort Dodge, on 10th October next	534,802
At Sioux City, on 3d October	584,466

This land lies on the head waters of the Des Moines and its tributaries, and is represented to the General Land Office as excellent farming land, well timbered, and well provided with water.

THE MORMONS ORGANIZING FOR RESISTANCE.—The late news from Utah represents that the Mormons are organizing military companies and arranging plans for resisting the federal authorities. Gov. Cumming, on receiving reliable information of these facts, issued a proclamation, commanding all such bodies to disperse and return to their usual avocations, on pain of being arrested and punished as disturbers of the public peace. The execution of this order was entrusted by the Governor to the Marshal appointed by the Mormon Legislature, and to this the *Valley Tan*—the organ of the Gentiles in Utah—strongly objects, as having a tendency to defeat and make of no avail the command of the Executive. Serious troubles are still apprehended, from the insubordination of the Mormons to the United States authorities.

FROM BUENOS AYRES.—By the arrival of the ship Parana at New York, we have papers from Buenos Ayres to April 29th. War had not yet been commenced between Urquiza and Buenos Ayres, and the probabilities were that actual hostilities would be postponed for a while. Urquiza's appeals for assistance to Lopez, of Paraguay, and Parreira, of Montevideo, had been unsuccessful. The government and people of Buenos Ayres appeared convinced that there would be no actual war for the present. The season was too far advanced, and winter was approaching. The Pampas were without grass for horses, and an army could not subsist on supplies from the provinces.

FROM MEXICO.—Late and important news from Mexico is to hand. Miramon is reported to have suppressed a pronunciamento by the priests in favor of Zuloaga, at the capital on the 23d ult. The Church tried Miramon, but the Padres were arrested and sent to Vera Cruz. The Liberals were encouraged. Murzuaz's expedition as against Morilla had been driven back, but not until the town had been ravaged and the women stripped naked and whipped in the effort to make them point out the hidden treasure. The American and other foreigners suffered much loss. Miramon had decreed the importations of Vera Cruz confiscated, and modified the advalorem duties. Mr. McLane was at Vera Cruz on the 30th. Miramon is reported to have been at Jalapa with 350 men. Our despatch is not clear on this point. Senor Bonilla issued a decree on the 26th, in which he says Mr. Buchanan's recognition of the Juarez government is not responsible, and that Americans are not accountable for his acts. Consul Black was reported to be going to Vera Cruz for safety from the rabble of the army. Gen. Cobas is reported at Oajaca, and private parties advise people not to cross the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Zuloaga is reported to have been imprisoned by Miramon.

FOREIGN NEWS.

From the Seat of War.

THE latest intelligence from the contending parties over the water, would seem to indicate that fighting in "*good earnest*" is to be the rule hereafter. The steamer *Europa* arrived on the 14th, and by her we learn that the Austrians were twice defeated in their attempt to retake Palestro. The King of Sardinia commanded the 4th division in person, and Gen. Cialdini at the head-quarters of the regiment. The Zouaves resisted the attack for a considerable time, and then, having very successfully assumed the offensive, pursued the enemy, taking 1,000 prisoners, and capturing eight cannons, five by the Zouaves. Some 500 Austrians were drowned in the canal during the fight. Another fight occurred at Confrenses, in the presence of Somelline, in which the enemy were repulsed by division 40, after two hours' conflict.

The arrival of the *Anglo Saxon*, on the 18th inst., confirmed the reports brought by the *Europa*, and startled all with the announcement that a terrific battle had been fought near Milan, in which the French claim a decisive victory. The loss of the Austrians is placed at 20,000—that of the French, 12,000. The forces engaged are reported at 150,000 to 180,000 Austrians, and 100,000 to 180,000 French.

The following is the announcement of the battle, by telegraph from Napoleon to the Empress:

NOVARA, June 4—11 30 P. M.—A great victory has been won at the bridge of Magenta. Five thousand prisoners have been taken. Fifteen thousand of the enemy are killed or wounded. The details will be dispatched by telegraph.

On the following day (Monday) the *Moniteur* published the following dispatches from the Emperor to the Empress:

MAGENTA, June 5.—Yesterday our army was under orders to march to Milan, across the bridges thrown over the Ticino, at Turbridge. The operation was well executed, although the enemy, who had repassed the Ticino in great force, offered a most determined resistance. The roadway was narrow, and during two hours the Imperial Guard sustained, unsupported, the shock of the enemy. In the meantime, Gen. McMahon made himself master of Magenta. After sanguinary conflicts, we repulsed the enemy at every point, with a loss on our side of about 3,000 men. The Austrians taken prisoners are at least 7,000, and the Austrians placed *hors du combat* are 20,000. Three pieces of cannon and two flags were captured from the enemy. To-day our army rests for the purpose of re-organizing itself.

Milan is insurgent. The Austrians have evacuated the town and castle, leaving in their precipitation the cannon and treasure of the army behind them. We are encumbered with prisoners, and have taken 12,000 Austrian muskets.

A dispatch from Paris, Monday night, to the London Post, says, the municipality of Milan proclaims for Victor Emanuel, King of Sardinia, and has presented an address to him in the presence of the Emperor. To-morrow the King will make his entry into Milan.

The following are the Austrian accounts by way of Vienna. The information is meager and unsatisfactory:

VIENNA, Monday, June 6—11 30 A. M.—A desperate combat took place on Saturday between the 1st and 3d (Count Glams' and Prince Lichtenst's) corps d'armee and the enemy, who had passed the Ticino in considerable force. The result of the contest was undecided. The combat was continued on Sunday.

Our troops threw themselves upon the enemy's ranks with ardor, and showed a valor and perseverance worthy of the most glorious feats of arms of the Imperial Army. Milan is perfectly tranquil. The head-quarters yesterday were still in Abbiatte Grasso.

An Austrian telegram from Verona gives a similar view, but adds that the authorities and weak garrison of Milan, with the exception of the castle garrison, have withdrawn at the command of Gen. Gyulai. The town is quiet.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Queen of England had delivered her speech to Parliament. The document possesses no important points.

A motion of want of confidence in the Ministry was pending in the House of Commons.

It was stated that the prospectus of a company would be issued in a few days for laying two telegraph cables from Cornwall, England, to Canada direct, and that the proposed capital of the company was £500,000.

A great explosion of saltpetre occurred on the troop ship Eastern Monarch, from Kurrachel, while at anchor at Spithead. She had 500 soldiers and their wives on board, returning from India. The ship was speedily enveloped in flames, but prompt action saved all but seven persons, including five children, who were killed.

FRANCE.—The *Moniteur* publishes the official notification of the blockade of Venice.

The recall of the French soldiers on leave of absence had added 120,000 veteran soldiers to the French army.

The Paris *Debats* had a letter from Rome stating that Piedmont has recognized the neutrality of the Pontificial States on certain conditions.

TURKEY.—The garrison of Belgrade has been reinforced, and it was reported that it would be trebled. It was also said that the Porte was about to send a strong naval force to the Adriatic. The Hertz Govina was reported to be in open revolt, and the latest intelligence says the whole of European Turkey was bordering on revolution.

GERMANY.—The feeling in some of the States of Germany against the French is so strong, that a French manufacturer at Hesse Cassel, employing 700 workmen, has been compelled to quit the place on account of the excitement.

PRUSSIA.—The terms of the new loan are announced. It bears five per cent. interest, and is to be issued by public subscription—the redemption to commence in 1860, by the payment of one per cent. annually—30,000,000 thalers is the amount.

AT the grave of Humboldt, the United States were represented not only by our Minister at Berlin, but by a representative from each State of the Union, gathered for that purpose at Berlin from different parts of the Continent.

The News Condenser.

— Mexico is in another state of commotion.

— It is said 4,000,000 of the people of France eat no bread.

— The Washington papers advertise bullfrog *horns* for sale.

— Vancouver's Island gold mines are now attracting adventurers.

— The population of the city and suburbs of Nashville is near 32,000.

— A child was baptized on a train of cars in Wisconsin the other day.

— Butter has been selling at ten cents per pound in Davenport, Iowa.

— African slave trade meetings have been commenced in Georgia.

— Heavy rains on Turk's Island have destroyed much of the salt on hand.

— The Moniteur publishes the official notification of the blockade of Venice.

— The Government of Naples, it is said, has prohibited the export of sulphur.

— Some progress was made last Sunday in New York in closing the dram shops.

— The middle classes of England are forming rifle clubs all over the kingdom.

— Prioress won the Queen's plate of 100 sovereigns at Epsom races. Six horses ran.

— New Jersey ranks the fifth State in the Union, in point of manufacturing industry.

— The women of Bliesfield, Mich., have organized a lodge of the Daughters of Malta.

— Four hundred likely African negroes have been landed on the coast of Texas lately.

— Ralph S. Hart, a St. Louis lawyer, has won a case in which his fees amount to $110,000.

— Under the head of "cholera," the Boston Post notices the sale of a dozen cucumbers.

— A savings bank in Litchfield Co., Conn., reports among its assets, "three dozen scythes."

— At the date of our latest advices, strawberries were worth $2 50 per pound in San Francisco.

— Col. Sam. Colt, of Hartford, has a 75 pound silver nugget, received from the Arizona mines.

— The French Engineers are said to have recommenced the fortifications at Civita Vecchia.

— Our Mediterranean Squadron is to be increased to protect American commerce during the war.

— Horace Greeley thinks the child is now born that will see Illinois a State of ten million people.

— Several small lots of peaches have already arrived in New York from Charleston and Savannah.

— The New York police have been forbidden to interfere with politics, under penalty of dismissal.

— The Grand Jury of Alachua Co., Fla., have presented Gov. Perry, of that State, as a "nuisance."

— Parisian bonnets are gradually coming over the face, particularly over the middle of the forehead.

— Gen. Walker, of Central American notoriety, has very suddenly and unexpectedly arrived in New York.

— The P. O. Department has a proposition to carry the mails from New York to New Orleans in four days time.

— Flat-bottomed boats were being constructed in France for the navigation of the Po, Ticino, and other rivers.

— Ginseng, about which there is an excitement raging at the West, has been sold to the Chinese at a dollar a pound.

— The editor of the Vicksburg (Miss.) Whig has seen a stalk of corn, of this year's growth, over eleven feet high.

— The San Francisco Evening Bulletin has been fined $200 for publishing Teresa Sickles' confession. Charge, obscenity.

— Complaint is made of a long protracted drouth in certain districts of Mississippi, Georgia, Texas, and Louisiana.

— The America, on her last trip, took out 67 passengers for Liverpool and $410,000 specie. Prof. Agassiz was a passenger.

— Yeh, the late Imperial Commissioner at Canton, has died in India, where he was a prisoner in the hands of the English.

— The lady who started the first Sabbath School in Boston, in 1811, is now living in Medford, Mass., at the age of seventy.

— Two public drinking fountains have been erected in New York. They are much used, and but very little water is wasted.

— The Turkish Pashas in Syria are reported to have commenced bitter persecutions against the native Protestant Christians.

— Mr. George Loring, the Grand Master of Odd Fellows, in England, has absconded with twenty thousand dollars of the funds.

— An official daily paper in the French language, *le Monitieur Ottoman*, is about to be published by the Turkish government.

— Pike's Peak news, now revived in all its glory, should be received with great caution for the present. It wants confirmation.

— There are 15 daily papers, 8 semi-weekly, eleven semi-monthly, 39 monthly, and 108 weekly, printed in the city of New York.

— The people of Newburyport, Mass., are talking about reducing the number of school hours, and having but one session a day.

— A novel procession of "old folks" is proposed at Clinton, Onei. Co., on the 4th of July. None to appear in the ranks if under 70.

— The immense military preparations which England is making, show that the government has little hope of preserving its neutrality.

— In North Carolina they have no penitentiary. Whipping and branding, the stocks and the pillory, are among their punishments.

— There is said to be not less than 10,000 Chinamen on their passage to California, where they will be likely cause trouble among the miners.

— It is said that the French Government has contracted for 20,000 tuns of American coal for their steamers, to be delivered at Marseilles.

— The Paris Debats has a letter from Rome stating that Piedmont has recognized the neutrality of the Pontifical States on certain conditions.

— The new Prussian marriage law has abolished no less than *eight* pre-existing grounds of divorce! There are more still left than there ought to be.

— Hon. John C. Richardson, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Missouri, has resigned his office on account of the inadequacy of his salary.

— A match manufacturing company in Cincinnati will take a tree in the field, and in four days have it made into matches and distributed to customers.

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Personal and Political.

THE Georgia Democratic State Convention, on the 17th, re-nominated Gov. Brown by acclamation. They also adopted resolutions re-affirming the Cincinnati Platform, expressing confidence in the ability and patriotism of President Buchanan, and an approval of the principles of his inaugural and annual messages on the subject of Slavery.

THE American party in Georgia have decided not to call a State Convention, but the Central Executive Committee recommend their brethern to send delegates to the Opposition State Convention, which is to meet in Milledgeville on the 20th July.

GEN. HOUSTON has concluded to accept the nomination for Governor of Texas, which he had previously intimated he should decline.

A STATE CONVENTION of the Republican party of Vermont, will be held at Brattleboro', in the county of Windham, on the 12th day of July, for the purpose of nominating candidates to be supported at the ensuing election for the offices of Governor, Lieutenant Governor and Treasurer.

THE Washington *States* says:—"Private accounts from Kentucky represent that the election of Mr. Breckinridge to the Senate of the United States, is almost positive to occur."

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the Boston *Journal* thinks Mr. Corwin, of Ohio, will be the next Speaker of the House of Representatives. Col. Schouler, Col. Forney, and one or two others are spoken of for Clerk.

THE Democratic State Convention of Massachusetts has been called at Worcester, September 7th. It will appoint delegates to the National Convention as well as nominate a State ticket.

THE Detroit *Free Press* has made the discovery that there are now no voters in Michigan. This happens from a blunder of the Legislature in drafting the Registry Bill, passed at its last session.—The law provides that no person shall be allowed to vote unless his name shall be duly registered, but makes no provision for registering until October next. As the law was to take effect immediately upon its passage, it follows that all voters are disfranchised until October.

NATHANIEL R. GREENE, the last surviving son of Major General Greene, of the Revolution, died at his residence in Middletown, last Saturday. He was 79 years of age. The only surviving child of General Greene is Mrs. Littlefield, who now resides in Mississippi.

THE Connecticut Senate last week took a vote on a proposed amendment to the Constitution, imposing upon foreigners, for one year, a disability similar to that incorporated into the Constitution of Massachusetts. It was rejected by 17 nays to 4 ayes.

THE Vermont Democratic State Convention assembled at Burlington on the 16th, and was largely attended. The following State nominations were made:—Governor—John G. Saxe, of Burlington. Lieut. Governor—Stephen Thomas, West Fairlee. State Treasurer—James S. Thurston, Montpelier. For Delegates to the National Convention to be held at Charleston, the following were chosen:—John P. Robinson, of Bennington; Henry Keys, of Newburg; Jasper Rand, of Berkshire; E. W. Brown, of Woodstock. For substitutes:—Henry Clark, of Poultney; Bentley, of Maidstone; W. W. White, of St. Albans, and Grants Plympton, of Woodsborough. All Douglass men. Mr. Saxe being present, made a brief speech accepting the nomination. Resolutions were adopted in favor of the Compromise of 1850; in favor of a strict adherence to the doctrine of Popular Sovereignty; endorsing the administration of James Buchanan; favoring the acquisition of Cuba; and hoping that the complication of European politics will aid the acquisition of that island without the sacrifice of the national honor. The resolutions further favor foreign emigration, and express an abiding confidence in the principles of the Democratic party.

Special Notices.

KETCHUM'S REAPER AND MOWER STILL TRIUMPHANT!

THE KETCHUM MACHINE of this year is "winning golden opinions from all men." It is now the first Mower and Reaper in the world, and is adapted to all kinds of work—will cut all kinds of grass under any circumstances, and is the best Combined Machine for cutting either grass or grain ever offered to the farmer.

Read the following testimony:

CYNTHIANA, Ky., June 16, 1859.

R. L. HOWARD, Esq.,—*Sir:* I witnessed the trial of Mowing Machines at this place on the 10th June, at which the Ketchum Machine took the first premium against a host of competitors, and now I have had the pleasure of being present at the second contest in cutting grain, in which it took the first premium as a Combined Machine. The wheat cut was heavy and green, which made it hard raking off, but the Ketchum Machine bore off the palm from all competitors. The wheat was delivered beautifully from the Ketchum Machine, and the lightness of the draft was remarkable. It was only 350, while that of the Manny Machine was 400. Manny's was the heaviest, while the Ketchum was the lightest. The farmers nearly all paid the highest compliments to the Ketchum Machine, and took more pains to interest themselves in its operation than in any other machine on the ground.

The Ketchum Machine stands very high in old Kentucky, and I know it will sustain itself against all competitors. Farmers are beginning to learn that it is best to stand by an old friend, which is constantly improving and advancing in excellence, rather than to follow after the new-fangled machines, which have no other recommendation than having a fifth wheel, or some inexplicable combination of cogs. Yours, &c.,

A FARMER.

MONROE COUNTY AG'L SOCIETY

WILL HOLD THEIR

THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF HORSES,

On their Fair Grounds, near Rochester,

Monday, July 4th, 1859,

With other Exercises appropriate to the day.

A LIBERAL LIST OF PREMIUMS,

Amounting to nearly $900, is offered for the different Classes of Horses, as will be seen by reference to the Show-Bills.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Ten O'clock—Examination of Horses in Classes I and II will commence.

Twelve O'clock—An Address will be delivered by JOHN H. MARTINDALE, Esq.

After the Address the Star Spangled Banner and other National Airs will be sung by a select Choir of Vocalists.

One O'clock—Examination of Horses resumed.

Two O'clock—Trotting will commence.

A FULL FIRST CLASS BRASS BAND

Will be in attendance and play during the day.

For further particulars see Show-Bill.

DANIEL WARNER, *President.*

M. CANFIELD, *Secretary.*

Agricultural Rooms, Rochester, June 15, 1859.

Marriages.

In Casenevia, N. Y., June 9th, 1859, by Rev. L. A. EDDY, RICHARD K. FAIRCHILD and MARTHA C. CORLISS.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, June 21, 1859.

FLOUR.—The stock in market is small, but sufficient for all purposes, as buyers are scarce. Sales are only made to supply retail trade, at a reduction of 25 cents per barrel from last week's quotations. The depressing influences of Eastern reports prevents speculation.

GRAIN.—Almost every species of cereal exhibits a decline in rates. Genesee Wheat has fallen off 20@25 cents per bushel; best white Canada 15@20 cents. Corn holds to former prices. Rye is firm at 90 cents. Oats drooping at 2 cents reduction. Barley as last quoted.

MEATS—Pork, per cwt., is down to $7,00@7,50. Beef is obtaining better rates—$6,00@6,50—an advance equal to 50 cents per cwt. Spring Lambs are sought for at $1,50@1,75 per head. Other meats unchanged.

DAIRY, &c.—In this department of trade we are unable to alter our table in any respect—last week's figures rule.

POTATOES are going up a little—50@65 cents is paid, as to quality and variety.

HIDES, &c.—The only change is in Sheep and Lamb pelts. The former are worth 12½ cents for shearlings; for wool pelts $1,75@2,00 is the range. Lamb pelts 25@38 cents is given.

WOOL.—But little is offered, so little that it is evident the large majority of farmers are storing their clip. Prices are unchanged. See reports under appropriate heading.

HAY shows a start this morning of $1,00 per tun for choice.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	12c
Flour, wint. wheat	$8,00@8,25	Honey, box	15@ 16c
Do. spring do.	$6,75@7,00	Candles, box	12@13c
Do Buckwheat ₩ cwt.	$1,75	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,50@1,75	Apples, bushel	50c@$1,75
Best white Canada	$1,75@1,80	Do. dried	1,25
Corn	80@82c	Peaches, do. ₩ lb.	20c
Rye, 60 lbs ₩ bush	90@90c	Cherries, do. ₩ lb	20c
Oats, by weight	47@48c	Potatoes	50@65c
Barley	60@70c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	00c@0c	Slaughter	6½@7c
Beans	75@85c	Calf	10@12c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	$1,75@2,00
Pork, mess	$17,00@18,50	Lamb do	25@38c
Do clear	$21,00@22,00	**SEEDS.**	
Do cwt	$7,0 @7,50	Clover, bush	$4,50@5,00
Beef ₩ cwt	$6,00@6,50	Timothy	$2,00@2,50
Spring lambs each	$1,50@1,75	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton (carcass)	5@6c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Do. soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehich	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	7@8c	Do Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	10@11c	Do Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	38@44c	Do Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, per pair	00@00c	Do. Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,90
Butter, roll	00@13c	Hay, tun	$8,00@13,00
Do firkin	12@12½c	Wool, ₩ lb	38@45c
Cheese	10@12c	White fish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Lard, tried	11@12c	Codfish ₩ quintal	$4,75@5,00
Tallow	10½@11c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, June 20.—FLOUR—Dull, heavy and 5@10c lower. Sales at $5,90@6,20 for common to choice super State; $6,30@6,70 for extra State; $6,55@6,90 for super Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan, Iowa, &c.; $6,50@6,90 for extra do.; $6,80@7,15 for round hoop Ohio—closing heavy. Canadian nominal.

GRAIN—Wheat very dull, heavy and drooping. Sales at 153½ for red Kentucky; 180@181c for white Kentucky, 160c for do Western; 180c for new amber Georgia. Rye dull at 96. Barley is quiet. Corn heavy. Sales at 81@83c for old western mixed; 85 for western yellow; 84 for round yellow; 86@88c for yellow Southern and Jersey. Oats heavy at 47@51c for State, 50@52c for Western and Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Pork market unsettled and lower. Sales at $16,50 for new mess; $14,45 for prime, $16 for sour mess; $17 for thin do; prime, nominal at $12,65. Lard heavy. Sales at 10¾@11¼. Butter dull at 13@17c for Ohio; 14@20c for State. Cheese quiet at 4@9½.

BUFFALO, June 20.—FLOUR—Dull, and prices a shade lower. Sales at $6,75@7,37½ for extra Wisconsin, $7@7,37½ for good to choice extra Michigan, Indiana and Ohio, $7,50@7,75 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat quiet. Corn quiet and lower. Sales small. Oats dull and nominal at 45c. Barley heavy. Rye firm.

ALBANY, June 20.—FLOUR—Exceedingly dull. Sales not over 500 bbls.

GRAIN—Little or no inquiry. Sales round yellow corn at 92, and State oats at 47, measure.

OSWEGO, June 20.—FLOUR—Dull and without sales of moment.

TORONTO—Wheat quiet, in consequence of the continued decline in flour at the east. Milwaukee club held at 110@115; red Indiana 100; white do and Michigan 105, and white Canada 100. Offers made to induce buyers to come into the market. Corn held at 75@78, no sales. Oats nominally 47@48.

TORONTO, C. W., June 17.—The unsettled weather and the bad roads have the effect of decreasing the usually small deliveries of produce. Yesterday the market was very poorly supplied, and with little or no variation in prices. There is no new feature to notice.

GRAIN.—Of wheat only about 500 bushels changed hands. Prices in one or two instances were a shade higher than on the day previous, but only for the primest samples. The current outside quotations ranged from 7s 6d to 7s 9d, with 8s 10d paid for two parcels. For ordinary and good lots 8s 5d to 8s 6d, and for inferior and medium 7s 9d to 8s were the ruling rates. Spring wheat is steady at 7s 3d to 7s 6d, and 7s 9d for the best. Barley and Rye are in exceedingly small supply at 3s 6d to 4s 3d, as purely nominal quotations. Oats are without change, and are steady at 2s 10d to 2s 11d, and sometimes 3s per bushel. Peas are in good demand at 4s 3d, 4s 6d, and sometimes 4s 8d per bushel. Corn is quiet, and held firmly at 4s 6d to 4s 9d per bushel.

POTATOES—Are plentiful, but are firmly held at 3s 6d to 4s per bushel. The principal supplies still consist of importations.—*Globe.*

EXPORTS OF BREADSTUFFS.—From the interesting statistics of trade and commerce contained in the June number of Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, we learn that the present fiscal year, which ends on the 30th inst., will probably present a smaller quantity of breadstuffs exported from the United States than has been witnessed in any year since 1849. Up to 1846 the largest quantity of wheat that was ever exported in any one year since the great European wars of the first Bonaparte, was 11,198,365 bushels in the year 1840. In 1857 the amount exported was 33,730,596 bushels; in 1858 it was 26,467,041. For the current year the amount will be greatly less, while it will also present the new feature of enlarged imports of wheat from Europe.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, June 17.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ₩ cwt., $10,50@11,00; Ordinary do., $9,75@10,25; Common, do., $8,75@9,50; Inferior do., $7,50@8,50.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55@65; Ordinary do., $40@50; Common do., $30@40; Inferior do., $20@30.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₩ lb., 6@6½c.; Ordinary, 5½@6c.; Common, 4½@5c; Inferior, 3@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, per head, $5,00@6,50; Ordinary, $4,25@4,75; Common, $3,50@4,00; Inferior, $2,50@3,00.

SWINE—First quality, 6½@6¾c.; Other qualities, 6@6¼c.

ALBANY, June 18.—There is a panic—a genuine full grown panic—among the cattle owners this week. Heavy losses are staring them in the face, and they have finally determined that the only way to save themselves is to combine for self protection, against the cattle brokers, butchers and consumers.

The quality of the cattle is very good this week—many of them premium beeves, but they can only be sold at a sacrifice. There are many who would willingly part with their droves at a loss of $5@7 per head, but there are no buyers, even at this.

CATTLE—We quote the market excessively dull, at a decline of ½c on all grades.

	This week.	Last week.
Superior	5¾@6c	5¾@6¼
First quality	5 @5½c	5 @5¾
Second quality	4 @4¾c	4 @4½
Third quality	4 @4½c	4¼@4¾
Inferior	@3c	3 @3½

Hogs—Nothing doing.
Cows—Sales at 30@70.—*Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, June 17.—At market, 900; about 700 Beeves, and 200 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three year olds.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $8,50@9,00; First quality, $7,75@8,00; Second quality, $6,00@6,50; Third quality, $5,00; Ordinary quality, $4,00.

WORKING OXEN—Per pair, from $80, 100@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 50@60.

STORES—Yearlings, 00@00; Two Years Old, $23@27; Three Years Old, $30@34.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2050 at market. Prices—In Lots, $1,75 2,00@3,00 each; Extra, $4, 4,50@4,75, or from 4@5c ₩ lb.; Spring Lambs $3@5.

VEAL CALVES—$4, 6@8.

HIDES—7¼@8¼c ₩ lb. Tallow—7@7½c. ₩ lb.

PELTS—$1,33@1,87 each. Calf Skins, 12@13c. ₩ lb.

SWINK—000 Western at market.

TORONTO, C. W., June 17.—Beef—Cattle are bought at $7,50 to $8,00; medium $7 to $7,50 ₩ 100 lbs., deducting one-third for shrinkage.

SHEEP—Unshorn, $5½ to $6 each; shorn, $4 to $5. Lambs $2 to $2,25 each. Calves all rates between $3 to $7.

SHEEPSKINS—Unclipped are now out of season and are not offered. They are worth from 7s 6d to 8s each. Pelts sell at 7 5d to 1s. Lamb Skins 1s each. Beef Hides 6½c ₩ lb.—*Globe.*

BRIGHTON, June 18.—At Market 900 Beeves, 000 Stores, 2,000 Sheep and Lambs, and 250 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE.—Extra, $9,50@0,00; first quality, $9,00; second quality, $8,50; third quality, $5,75.

WORKING OXEN.—$100@180.

MILCH COWS.—$30@40; common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES.—$3,00, $4,00@5,00.

STORES.—Yearlings, none; two years old, $23@26; three years old, $30@34.

HIDES.—7¼@8¼c ₩ lb; Calf Skins, 12@13c ₩ lb.

TALLOW.—Sales at 7@7½c ₩ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—$1,75@2,00; extra, $3@5,50.

PELTS.—$1,33@1,87 each.

SWINE—Stores, 6@7c.; Retail, 8@9c.; Spring Pigs 9@9½c. Retail, 9@10¼c.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, June 15.—The inquiry for mostly all descriptions is quite limited for the moment, as the attention of the trade is still diverted toward the interior; but, from what we can learn, the transactions there are less extensive than usual at this season, and the probability is, as we have before remarked, that most of the clip will be stored; the transactions here have been confined to small parcels of three-quarter and full-blood Saxony at 50@57½c; 50,000 lbs. at 30@48c; 150 bales California medium to fine at 18@25c; 40 do common coarse Spanish at 9½c, 6 mos.; and 65 Donskoi on private terms. We quote:

Am. Saxony Fleece, ₩ lb	56@60
Am. Full blood Merino	53@55
Am. ½ and ¾ blood Merino	46@43
Am. Native and ¼ blood Merino	40@44
Pulled Extra	47@53
Pulled Superfine	43@45
Pulled No. 1	33@35
California, fine Unwashed	28@30
Do com. do.	10@17
Peruvian Washed	30@34
Valparaiso Unwashed	11@12
South Am. Common Washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios Washed	15@18
South Am. Unwashed	9@14
South Am Cordova Washed	20@22
East India Washed	20@22
African Unwashed	9@18
African Washed	16@28
Smyrna Unwashed	14@18
Smyrna Washed	22@28
Mexican Unwashed	11@14

Tribune.

BOSTON, June 15.—The market for domestic Wool remains the same as last week. Very little fleece in market, but supplies of new will soon be arriving. The sales of the week have been 50,000 lbs. In foreign considerable has been done, the sales comprising 1,043 bales Cape, Mediterranean and South American, and 30,000 Mestizo, on private terms.

Sax. and Mer. fine	55@57	Western mixed	35@45
Full Blood	52@54	Smyrna, washed	17@30
Half and ¼ blood	43@49	Do unwashed	9@19
Common	40@42	Syrian	11@23
Pulled, extra	48@58	Capes	24@60
Do. superfine	42@48	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	32@43	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2	@	Peruvian, washed	30@35

ALBANY, N. Y., June 15—The new clip is coming forward slowly, and we have only to note sales in the street at 30@42, as in quality.—*Journal.*

BATH, N. Y., June 15.—As Steuben is the first county in the State in the production of wool, we have taken some little pains to ascertain, for the benefit of our wool-growing friends, about what they may expect to realize for their wool. It can hardly be said that prices are fairly established. Some buyers last on last year's prices, but the general impression is that wool will range higher this year than last. One lot was sold in Howard last week for 43 cents, an I another at 43. A dealer from Penn Yan was through this section last week, inquiring of holders if they would take 45 cents, but we do not learn that the former offered to give it, or the latter consented to take that price. These figures refer of course to the best grades. From all we can learn, we incline to the opinion that the best qualities will range from 40 to 45 cents; they may run higher, but are quite as likely to fall as rise. Experienced and careful buyers do not bite very sharp as yet; but as competition is the life of business, they may improve a trifle in a few days. A dealer in this town offered 45 cents last week for the "Valley wool," which was refused.—*Courier.*

PONTIAC, Mich., June 16.—There is quite a large quantity of wool being offered. The price ranges from 32 to 45 cents ₩ lb. Those who have wool to sell, will do well to get it into market as soon as possible, as the prospect is not very flattering for any further advance.—*Jacksonian.*

BALTIMORE, Md., June 14.—The following from the Baltimore *Price Current*, shows the dealing in wool at that city for the past week:—"There is but little new wool coming in—prices unchanged, viz: new unwashed at 21 to 22c; old do at 22 to 24c; tub washed 35 to 36c; pulled from 30 to 33c for No. 1, and 35 to 38c for Merino. More has been doing in pulled at low rates; some 15,000 to 20,000 lbs. sold to go East at 30@40c ₩ lb., averaging 37½c ₩ lb."

CHICAGO, June 16.—Some small lots have come in during the week, which have been sold at higher prices than many dealers anticipated could be paid. Among the sales were lots at 35@40c for extra good fleece, 32c for common to quarter blo., 37@38c for fine, 20c for coarse unwashed Missouri; 30 for native tub washed. The rates may be stated as follows:—Common to quarter blood 30@32c, one half blood 32@33c, three quarter blood 35½@36c.—*Democrat.*

WATERTOWN, Wis., June 16.—Thus far during the season the wool trade has not been very brisk in this city. On the contrary, it has been unusually dull. Comparatively little has been brought in, though what has been offered has found a ready sale at the figures which the buyers are willing to give. The largest amount sold in any one day was a thousand pounds. The prices range from 20 to 35 cents per pound, according to quality, and there is no reasonable probability that much more will be paid. Buyers here at present are by no means as numerous as they ordinarily are, and consequently there is scarcely any competition among them.—*Democrat.*

TORONTO, C. W., June 17.—Wool continues to come in freely, and the market is rather more settled at 1s 4½d ₩ lb. for clean washed samples, this figure being an extreme rate, and anything higher is paid but seldom. The demand is brisk, but the competition between buyers is not so active.

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Had it been heralded and introduced to the World with a flourish of trumpets, and a long retinue of influential friends interested in its success—puffed in the East and glorified in the West, by the owners of territorial rights—displayed at World's Fairs in Europe, and commended by potentates and princes that know as much about machinery as they do of the density or quantity of matter in the center of the earth—or had it ever been persecuted into notoriety by a host of jealous competitors, and been manufactured in various States and Countries—its sale and success might have been much more extensive, but the machine itself not one whit more complete and satisfactory.

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WM. HARRIS,

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ASPIRATION AND GROWTH.

BY GEO. A. HAMILTON.

Alone in the busy world of thought,
I mused with aspirations high—
I would be pure, and true, and good,
And would the enticing world defy—
I'd range among the noblest things,
Would give to thought its purest sway,
The bright to-morrow should perform
Some greater action than to-day—
Whatever deeds are true and pure,
All noble things of good report,
Whatever likens mortals here
To Him who rules the heavenly court—
These I'd pursue with ardent heart,
With earnest and unwavering will,
Nor cease the struggle, long, severe,
Until my bounding heart was still.

But stay, my soul, wait not for scenes
Of greatness, or for world-wide fame,
Life's little acts in kindness wrought
Shall glow with purest, fairest flame.
To cheer a child, to help a friend,
To make a spot of earth look bright,
To turn desponding ones to Him
Whose love brings always sweet delight,
That everywhere I go or stay,
An influence for the right shall flow,
Till every friend, companion, all,
Shall find their hearts more tender grow.
Ah, this is earnest life and growth,
And this most like the Savior's love,
More like the way that heaven approves,
And more like angel-life above.

South Butler, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GLEANINGS.—NO. VI.

BY WINNIE WILLIAN.

"The inconsolable widow of Deacon Benott,
Don't intend to get married again."

The good Josiah Hubbell was dead at last; and after all due preparations had been made, the accustomed quantity of tears shed over the lifeless clay, they bore the coffin from the little "front-room," out into the sunshine, through the green meadows to the church-yard. "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes,"—the yawning pit received its victim, the damp sods were heaped above his breast, and they left him to his slumbers until the sounding of the trump. People wondered that he had lived so long, but his wife said that he was "one of those men that would never give up if he could help it;" so for many long months he had struggled against a legion of diseases, but one smiling June morning Death triumphed, and Peaceable Hubbell was a widow.

In the evening the neighbors assembled together at the house of a noted gossip to "talk over" the funeral.

"Did you ever see any one 'take on' as she did?" queried Miss Celestia Ann Brown, an amiable spinster, somewhere on the shady side of forty. "I shouldn't have thought she could have had the face to have carried on so, for both you and I know, Mrs. Dibble, that she did not lead him a very *peaceable* life. I do suppose she grumbled every step she took for him while he was lying there, not able to turn himself in his bed."

Mrs. Dibble puckered up her mouth—a very disagreeable looking mouth, by the way. "Indeed, my dearest Celestia, you know what I have always told you. Now, between you and me,"—shaking her head and elevating her forefinger,—"between you and me, Josiah Hubbell died before his time, though the land knows he was an awful while about it. Such long sicknesses make one so much work, don't they? But as I was saying, if he had married a different woman, such as you, Celestia, no doubt he would have lived to a ripe old age." Here Mrs. Dibble wiped her eyes, and Celestia Ann affected a blush.

"Poor woman! how sorry I feel for her," said a girlish-looking creature. "How dreadful it must be to be a widow," and the young wife drew closer to her husband.

"She's well provided for, any way, and that's a good thing," said Grandma Green. "No one knows unless they have tried it, how hard it is to be left a widow, poor, and with a family of children to bring up. I've been through the mill, and I know all about it."

"I suppose the place is paid for," suggested Deacon Dodd.

"Oh, la, yes! I suppose so," said Grandma; "and then you know she has no children, and I think she ought to be thankful she's so well off."

"No doubt she has cause for thanksgiving," responded a would-be wag. "Left a widow at the age of forty—no children, and the place paid for—certainly, Mrs. Peaceable Hubbell should be a happy woman, eh, Deacon?" The Deacon answered not, but there was an unusual light in his watery blue eyes; an idea had disturbed the wonted serenity of his peaceful cranium. Deacon Dodd was a widower, the happy father of six about as red-headed children as ever were seen. A very nice man was the Deacon—at least everybody said so—middle aged, of a respectable size, and denominated one of the "pillars" of the village church; although he was not burdened with a superabundance of this world's goods. However, he was very kindly regarded by mamas who had marriageable daughters, and *young* ladies who had a horror of spending their lives in single blessedness, while the young Doddses, being continually dosed with sugar-plums and sweet-meats, were generally in an exceedingly dilapidated state of health, thus causing their dear papa many hours of sleepless anxiety.

"How lonesome the house seems, mam'a," said Hannah, Mrs Hubbell's help; "the master was such a pleasant man, to be sure."

"Oh, Hannah!" groaned the widow, "my loss can never be made up to me."

"Sure, that's true for you, ma'am," but she added, retreating into the kitchen, "you deserved to lose him. I hope he's better appreciated wherever he is, poor soul!"

Time passed on, and the widow wore the deepest mourning; assuring her friends her loss could never be repaired. As she told Deacon Dodd, upon receiving his congratulations—or condolences, rather—"her affections were buried with Josiah. It seemed at first as if she had nothing to live for; but she had become convinced that it was her duty to pluck her heart from his grave, and strive to live for others. We've both trod the paths of affliction, Mr. Dodd," she said. "We can sympathize with each other, being partners in distress." Here the pearly drops bedewed the widow's hatchet face, while the Deacon mopped his flabby cheeks with his yellow silk handkerchief. Altogether it was a moving scene. Soon after this the widower's six young hopefuls were attacked by the measles, and their father found a "friend in need" in Mrs. Hubbell. Never was there a more indefatigable nurse. Indeed, as Celestia Ann rather sarcastically observed, "the widow couldn't have taken better care of the Deacon himself, had he been afflicted with the measles instead of his children." As soon as they fully recovered from the dangerous malady, the Deacon became alarmed for the future well-being of his red-headed offspring. They were such a serious responsibility for him to be in charge of,—deprived of a mother's care,—that he finally prevailed upon their kind nurse to "live" for him and his; or, in other words, to change her name from Hubbell to Dodd, and all live together on the "place;" its being paid for forming no very serious objection with the Deacon. When the state of affairs was fully known in the village, there was no end to the talk. Miss Celestia Ann, who, in addition to her other maidenly accomplishments, was also "litery," as Mrs. Dibble expressed it, wrote a poem in twelve cantos upon "First Love," and had it published in the *Doddington Gazette*, in which poem there was so much mention made of "blighted hopes," "withered affections," etc., etc., as caused a great many surmises and conjectures among the good people of the village, respecting the state of Celestia's feeling towards the worthy Deacon.

Well, the spring violets had just reared their blue heads upon Josiah's grave, when his widow became a bride. What's the use of telling more?—how Celestia Ann's ringlets looked more like pipe-stem's than ever, upon the happy occasion—how the widow appeared in orange blossoms, and the Deacon in white kids? It is useless—my pen would fail me. Mrs. Deacon Dodd expressed her feeelings thus:—"Her heart bubbled over with the loftiest emotions of gratitude—to say nothing of other feelings—to think that she could at last rest her weary head upon the 'pillow' of the church!" After a few day's shining, their honey-moon declined and set in the interminable darkness of a domestic storm. The Deacon and his little flock found by bitter experience that all things earthly are subject to change. Mrs. Hubbell, the kind, attentive friend, was a different person from Mrs. Dodd. Alas! for human judgment. What if the place was paid for? The memory of the former wife—a weak, uncomplaining woman—haunted him day and night. His children safe through the measles, he half wished himself a widower again, and Mrs. Dodd and the place in Flanders. You may always know when this amiable couple have been indulging in one of the "scenes"—which I devoutly wish were blotted out from life's drama—for at night-fall, as the witching hour comes on, Deacon Dodd may be seen, sitting on the door-step, singing through his nose:

"I would not live alway, I ask not to stay,"

or,

"This world is all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given."

Rochester, N. Y., 1859.

THE BUSH GUINEA.

One of the most famous and flourishing hotels in England, when Bristol had a fair share of trade and commerce, monopolizing a great portion of the West India trade, was the Bush Inn, kept by a true-hearted, downright honest man named John Weeks. At the time of which I speak, this inn-keeper was not very wealthy, though he deserved to be. The poor were largely benefited by his charity, and it was discovered—not until after his death, for he was one of whom it might literally be said that his right hand knew not what his left hand did—that several decayed house-keepers were largely indebted to his benevolence for food, clothes, fuel and money, during the hard season of winter in particular, and at times in general.

In the Bush Inn there was a mighty kitchen—it is there yet I presume, if the house be kept up as an inn—down the centre of which extended a mammoth table. It was the delight of this Boniface, on every Christmas day, to cover this great table with a glorious load of roast beef, plum-pudding, flanked, most plenteously, with double home-brewed of mighty strength and glorious flavor, that one might have called it malt-wine rather than malt-liquor. At this table, on that day, every one who was pleased was welcomed to sit down and feast. Many to whom a good dinner was an object did so; and no nobler sight was there in Bristol, amid all its wealth and real hospitality, than that of honest John Weeks at the head of his table, lustily carving, and earnestly pressing his guests to "eat, drink, and be merry."

Nor did his generosity content itself with this. It was the custom of the house and of the day, when the repast was ended, and the guests had drank some toasts, commencing with "The King, God bless him," (and be sure that their gratitude did not forget their generous entertainer,) that each person should go to worthy John Weeks, in the bar, and there receive his cordial wishes for many returns of the genial season. They received something more—for according to their several necessities, a small gift in money was pressed upon each. To one man a crown, to another, half a guinea—to a third, as more needing it, a guinea.—On the whole, some fifty or sixty guineas were thus dispensed. The gross amount might not be much, but the good done was great, and on that day, perhaps, John Weeks thus expended a good portion of his annual net profits, though less it might be, than many a plethoric Alderman would lavish on a single entertainment to persons of his own rank who did not require, and would scarcely thank him for it.

On one particular year, it had been noticed during the months of November and December, that a middle-aged man, whom no frequenter of the Bush Inn appeared to know, and who appeared to know no one, used to visit the coffee room about every day, and calling for a sixpenny glass of brandy and water, sit over it till he had carefully gone through the perusal of the London paper of the preceding evening, which used to arrive about an hour before his visit—owing to Mr. Palmer's then acceleration of mail coach traveling from five to eight miles an hour—a great novelty, at that time considered to be the accomplishment of very extraordinary speed. The landlord of the Bush, seeing how anxious the reduced gentleman was to read the London paper, made it be understood that while he had it "in hand" no one else was to expect it. Thus, without being pressed for time, the reduced gentleman was allowed to read his paper at his ease, which he did, apparently commencing with the title on the first page, and ending with the imprint on the last.

Garments in that state, which though not actually "shabby," may be described as "seedy," a beaver, which, most rusty and napless, was carefully brushed—faded gloves—spatterdashes of doubtful hue covering shoes which appeared to have been made for a much larger man—plain buckles—a lean body—a confirmed stoop—and a limited expenditure of the single sixpence every day, without any gratuity to the waiter, so very clearly intimated this man's condition, that if a customer asked for the London paper, it was sufficient to say, "the decayed gentleman has it in hand."

On Christmas Eve, honest John Weeks, anxious that the "decayed gentleman" should have one good meal at least, in the Bush, addressed him as he was quitting the coffee-room, and delicately intimated that, on the following day, he kept open table, at which all who could not obtain good Christmas dinners at home, were very welcome to sit down free of cost. The decayed gentleman looked at the inn-keeper with some surprise, and smiled—but he presently recovered himself, and retired without saying a word, simply bowing his acknowledgment. If there had been any doubt of his condition, it was at an end on the next day, when punctually at one o'clock, being the appointed hour, he appeared at the Bush, in his usual seedy attire. By virtue of his being a stranger there, and the appearance of having seen better days, he was honored with a seat at the upper end of the long table, even next to John Weeks himself. He partook of the good dinner with the apparent relish of a man to whom such a feast had long been a novelty, and duly did justice to the "stunning ale," for which, far and near, the Bush then was famous. Now and then the landlord had snatches of conversation with him, and very soon perceived that the decayed gentleman was shrewd in his remarks, and had evidently sat at rich men's tables at some period of his life.

The dinner was concluded. The landlord retired to his bar, into which, one after another, straggled his guests, and then received the various money doles, which John Weeks' knowledge or suspicion of their respective wants had provided and apportioned out for each. The decayed gentleman remained the last at the long table—a kind-hearted waiter, who knew how much he liked to read the London paper, and knew also, that he had not visited the coffee-house that morning, had brought down the broad sheet (Cowper's folio of four pages,) and the decayed gentleman read it by the kitchen fire after his dinner, with as true a sense of enjoyment as my Lord Duke could have had in his palatial library. Presently there came a message from some civic functionary, desiring the attendance of the landlord of the Bush, to receive instructions about a feast which was to be given at the Mansion House on the New Year, and to be provided from the Bush. Therefore, when departing to attend to this important summons, John Weeks called his head-waiter, a sagacious, well-powdered, steady man, to whom he confidentially entrusted the donation which he had set aside for the decayed gentleman, and with it were many instructions to exercise great delicacy in handing him the gift; "for," said John Weeks, "it is evident he has seen better days, and we should have regard for his feelings, Morris, particularly as he is a stranger in the city." Thus saying, he departed, and faithful Morris remained to execute his delicate and holy mission.

Just as the decayed gentleman was leaving the house, and when there was no witness of their interview, Morris blandly and respectfully accosted him, and slipping a guinea into his hand, said, "My master requests, sir, that you will do him the favor to accept this, and he is sorry that his being called away causes it to come through my hands." The money rested in the palm of the decayed gentleman. He looked at the gold—he looked at the waiter—he looked at the gold again. Morris thought, at first, that he intended returning it. But the decayed gentleman quietly put it into his waistcoat pocket, from which he drew a card which he handed to Morris, saying, "My compliments to your master, and my thanks. This is my name and address, and if he should ever come my way, or think that I can do him any service, I beg that he will call upon me, or write." He buttoned his coat, went away, and from that day to this, was never again seen in the coffee-room of the Bush. The inscription on the card was simply, "Thomas Coutts, 59 Strand." The owner was the great London banker, and had come to Bristol on some very particular business, and it was his humor to live there in an humble manner.

In a short time, John Weeks, to the surprise of the Bristolians, purchased the Bush Inn, at a large price, from Griffith Maskelyne, the owner. Next he embarked largely in the coaching and posting department, and throve abundantly. Soon after, when a bargain was to be had of some land belonging to the Corporation, the purchaser was John Weeks, who let it off for building leases, by which he obtained twelve or fifteen per cent. for his investment. Finally, having acquired a competency, he withdrew from business, and went to live on an estate which he had purchased at Shirehampton. No one exactly knew how he had obtained the capital to embark in great speculations as he did—but his drafts upon Coutts & Co., 59 Strand, were duly honored, and to her dying day, among the heir-looms which she most particularly prized, the Duchess of St. Albans, widow of Thomas Coutts, used to show a coin richly mounted in a gorgeous bracelet, which coin bore the name of "The Bush Guinea."

"THE EAGLE'S NEST OF THE REPUBLIC."

A number of years ago, happening to be in Paris on the 4th of July, with many other Americans, we agreed to celebrate "the day" by a dinner at the Hotel Maurice. There were seventy-two of us in all. We had but one guest. This was M. de Tocqueville, who had rendered himself famous by his great work upon Democracy in America. During the festivities of the evening, after the cloth had been removed, and speechifying had commenced, some gentleman alluded *en passant* to the fact that he was born in Connecticut. "*Connect-de-coot,*" exclaimed Monsieur De Tocqueville, as he suddenly rose, with the enthusiasm of a Frenchman, "Vy, messieurs, I vill tell you, vid the permission of de presidante of this festival, von very *lectal* story, and then I vill give you von grand sentiment, to dat little State you call Connect-de-coot. Von day ven I vas in de gallery of the House of Representif, I held von map of de Confederation in my hand. Dere was von leetle yellow spot dat dey call Connect-de-coot. I found by the Constitution he was entitled to six of his boys to represent him on dat floor. But ven I make de acquaintance *personelle* with de member, I find dat more than tirty of the Representatif was born in Connect-de-coot. And then ven I was in the gallery of the House of the Sen*at*, I find de Constitution permit Connect-de-coot to send two of his boys to represent him in dat legislature. But vonce more when I make de acquaintance *personelle* of the Senator, I find nine of the Senator was born in Connect-de-coot. So den, gentlemen, I have made my leetle speech; now I vill give you my grand sentiment.

"*Connect-de-coot*, the leetle yellow spot dat make the clock peddler, the school-master, and de Senator. De first give you time; the second tell you what you do with him, and the sird make your law and your civilization"—and then, as he was resuming his seat amidst roars of laughter, he rose again, and with that peculiar gesticulation which characterises all Frenchmen in moments of excitement, he shook his finger tremulously over the assembled *confreres*, and exclaimed at the top of his voice, "Ah! gentlemen, dat leetle yellow State you call Connect-de-coot, is one very great miracle to me."—*Democratic Age.*

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 18, 2, 2, 3 is a girl's name.
My 17, 1, 7, 2 is what we have some ...ys
My 9, 4, 10 is the whole.
My 16, 2, 18, 13 is an insect.
My 8, 1, 13 is an animal.
My 20, 3, 6 is a covering for the head.
My 4, 7, 16, 14, 6 is what we have every day.
My 8, 11, 4, 15, 2 is one of the months.
My 10, 7, 19 is an organ of speech.
My 15, 2 is a preposition.
My 2, 18, 7, 10 is a measure.
My 6, 12, 5 is the way to solve enigmas.
My whole is a study.

Charidon, O., 1859. D. M. L.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BIOGRAPHIC-POETICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 32 letters.
My 1, 31, 7, 16 is an English poet.
My 5, 7, 12, 28, 29 is an English poet.
My 1, 31, 8, 22, 26 is a Grecian poet.
My 6, 9, 8, 24, 15, 10 is an American poet.
My 8, 2, 32, 30 is an English poet.
My 8, 31, 20, 9 is an Irish poet.
My 16, 19, 5, 16, 22, 13 is an English poet.
My 10, 23, 7, 30, 30 is a Scotch poet.
My 11, 3, 21, 31, 4 is an English poet.
My 10, 21, 29, 7, 12, 19, 13, 32, 5 is an American poet.
My 16, 18, 15, 14 is an American poet.

My whole is the names of two good writers who were formerly contributors to the Rural.

Inverness, Liv. Co., N. Y., 1859. Mary.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RIDDLE.

I am a *king*, my palace low, yet rule I with extensive sway;
Great kings had Egypt long ago, but yet I reign'd before their day;
To epicures my reign I owe more than to any other thing,
Though guillotine I undergo, it keeps me not from being *king*.
With head cut off I am *a king*; with neck cut off and head left on,
I will *be king*, yes, I'll be king, though head and neck should both be gone;
If head and foot I both should lose, a blood relation you'd espy;
For then *a kin* I would disclose—now tell, I pray, what *king* am I?

Sterling, N. Y., 1859. W. H. W.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

Three persons buying a piece of land for $4,569, pay in such proportions that the first and second own ⅗ of it, the second and third 3-5 of it, and the first and third 7-10 of it—how much did each pay, and what part does each own? J. L.

Middletown, Middlesex Co., Ct., 1859.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 492.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—You shall only receive in proportion to what you give.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Empty vessels make most sound.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—55 5-13 past 12 o'clock.

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" IX—How to Buy a Horse.
" X—How to Feed a Horse.
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It has had a steady and increasing popularity from the first, achieving a complete success in the first important trial at Geneva in 1852. It carried off the highest honors at the great National Field Trial at Syracuse in 1857; and amidst all the competition and trials of 1858, came out with more and better established points of excellence than ever before.
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During the six years I have been engaged in the manufacture of the Manny Combined Reaper and Mower, I have given much thought and attention to the construction of what I foresaw would be a great want of the Farmers—a lighter and cheaper machine expressly for mowing, than had yet been made.
And now, after the most thorough and repeated experiments and tests in every variety of field, and in all kinds and in every condition of grass, I am prepared, with entire confidence, to offer to the farmers and dealers of the United States, the great *desideratum* in this department of Agricultural labor-saving machines—a Mower, superior in its capacity for good work to any hitherto introduced, of easy draft, light, cheap, and durable.
This machine I now offer as my latest invention, to meet a special want of farmers, and to place within the reach of all, a Mower that for practical working, cheapness and simplicity, will be without a rival.
I build Two-Horse and One-Horse Mowers. The Two-Horse Mower weighs 425 lbs., and cuts a swath four feet wide (or more if specially ordered.) The One-Horse Mower weighs 30 lbs. less, (395 lbs.) and cuts a swath three and a half feet wide.
For a more full description of the Mower, reference is made to my Pamphlets, which will be furnished on application.—With each machine will be furnished two extra guards, two extra sections, one wrench and oil can.
Warranted capable of cutting ten acres of grass per day in a workmanlike manner.
Price of Two-Horse Mower.....$90
" One-Horse Mower..... 70
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BENNETT GRAY, Brockport,
WM. HENRY HARMON, Scottsville,
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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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For TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

RURAL LETTERS FROM EUROPE.—I.

BY SANFORD HOWARD.

Voyage from Boston to Liverpool—Life on a Steamship—From Liverpool to Glasgow, via Carlisle, Gretna, etc.—Topography of the Country, its Aspect, Soils, &c.,—Principal breeds of Cattle and Sheep on the route,—Arrival in Ayrshire,—Show of the Glasgow Ag'l Society.

TARBOLTON, Ayrshire, Scotland, June 6, 1859.

I LEFT Boston by the steamer Niagara, on the 18th of May, and arrived at Liverpool on the evening of the 29th. A voyage between these two ports at this season of the year, affords little which can be made to interest the general reader. In this case we had not even the excitement of rough weather, or the dangerous proximity of those wonderful objects, "from Greenland's icy mountains," which sometimes beset the navigator's pathway, and have sent ships to the bottom of the great deep. On a voyage made a little later in the season, last year, we met with numerous icebergs.

The principal business of the passengers (or of those in health,) was eating, drinking, and sleeping. We were called to breakfast at half-past eight, to lunch at twelve, to dinner at four, to tea at half-past seven, and to supper at ten o'clock. I send a copy of "bill of fare" for dinner, for one day, from which you will infer that the British and North American Steam Packet Company does not neglect the physical wants of its friends. If a passenger is seasick, as many will be for a while at least, the steward will bring the nicest of oat-meal gruel, and render the best attention. Or, if medical treatment is required, the ship's surgeon will politely administer to your necessities, without fee or reward. If your health admits of your walking about, you may interest yourself in obtaining from the Captain, or the Chief Engineer, some statistics in regard to the working and management of the ship. You will learn that she consumes *daily*, on her voyage, *sixty tuns* of coal; that her boilers are supplied from the ocean, and that by condensing the escape steam, a large quantity of pure fresh water is obtained, which is used for the culinary and other purposes. You may obtain leave (or perhaps an invitation,) to go down with the Engineer, and see the ponderous and mighty machines which propel the ship through the water, sometimes at the rate of 300 miles a day. To watch their action when the course of the ship is opposed by a head wind and heavy sea, and observe with what certainty and precision the onward revolutions are made, overcoming even the resistance of the elements, cannot fail to give an idea of the high powers with which man has been endowed, and of the great ends which he was destined to attain.

My stay in Liverpool was short. I only wished to arrange some money matters, and make preliminary inquiries in regard to the shipment of live-stock. On Tuesday, 31st ult., I took the "rail" for Glasgow, that "Bee-hive of the North," which within a few years has grown into so much importance, both as a manufacturing and commercial city, having a population of nearly half a million.

The opportunity of viewing the country while traveling in a railroad car at the rate of forty miles an hour, (which was about the speed of our train,) is not such as would afford a very minute idea of its Agriculture. Still, certain things can be seen. Some idea may be obtained of the topography of the country, something of its geology, and something of the capacity and production of its soils. Something can also be learned of the character of the breeds of cattle and sheep which are kept in different localities.

Leaving Liverpool, we find the soil rests on standstone, and is for the most part warm and friable. The cattle we see in the pastures are of the Short-horn family, or crosses of it. They are not generally bred into the fashionable fattening variety, and are mostly rather coarse and large boned. The sheep are of the Leicester character, in some cases perhaps entirely of that breed. The pastures are well set with good grass.

As we proceed on our journey and approach the Cumberland Hills, the aspect of the country greatly changes. There is little level land—it is chiefly hilly, in many instances showing a surface of rocks, (we cannot always, at the distance, tell what kind of rocks,) and in other places cleared fields with a somewhat thin and stony soil, which by good cultivation appears to produce fair crops of grass, or, in the most favorable spots, grain. Much of the land is in a wild state, having never been disturbed with the plow. It is covered with heath, between the patches of which a little grass grows. These wild tracts are sheep-ranges. But you do not see the sluggish Leicester which occupied the fertile pastures below. The Black-faced breed of the Scottish mountains is best fitted for the rough mode of life that must be endured here. You see the hardy animals grubbing the scanty grass among the wild shrubs, or resting themselves on the bare rocks. Occasionally the rattle of the train starts some of the young lambs from their afternoon nap, and they run off with almost the agility and wildness of the hare. Few cattle are seen, and they are of the Highland or of the Galloway breeds. Occasionally a more fertile tract intervenes. The fields are divided by stone walls, laid in mortar, and with almost as much nicety as we would build the walls of our cellars.

At length we reach the summit and descend to the vale of the Eden, a smiling, fruitful district, in the centre of which is the handsome town of Carlisle. Proceeding a few miles north, we cross "The Border" at Gretna, so memorable for the facilities it formerly afforded to persons whose real or fancied "affinities" led them to the pursuit of marriage under difficulties. Here we commence the passage of the South Highlands. The road lies along the bank of a rapid stream, winding between high hills, which are sometimes covered with heath, but frequently with grass. It is almost entirely a sheep country, and the enclosures called "stells," for sheltering the flocks from severe snow-storms, often appear. They are situated in some sheltered spot, and are simply stone walls, generally forming a circle. The sheep are generally of the Black-faced breed, though the Cheviots are sometimes seen. In the broadest parts of the valley, there are farms where cattle are kept, and some cultivation is carried on. But you no longer see the large frames and gay colors of the Short-horns, or if now and then one is seen in a herd of a different breed, the projecting bones and lean carcass show that it is out of its legitimate sphere. The pastures are blackened with the short-legged Galloway and the shaggy Highlander, still partially clad in their winter coat, which has shielded them from the chilling storms. Or, if the location is more favorable, the farm is devoted to dairying, and the Ayrshire cow is the occupant of the pastures.

Having overcome the acclivity, we descend to the north through the valley of the Clyde, till we arrive at the commercial metropolis of Scotland—Glasgow. From this city my course was to the southwest, the place from which I date being about seven miles from Ayr. On another occasion I will speak of such branches of Agriculture in this district as appear likely to interest the readers of the RURAL.

GLASGOW, June 8th.—The Show of the Glasgow Agricultural Society commenced here yesterday and closes to-day. It is a large and very interesting exhibition. I have not now the opportunity to give a description of it, but will make the attempt in my next.

"BETTER GO UP THAN DOWN."

A FEW years since one of the residents of our goodly city made himself the possessor of a fine piece of property situated just within corporatorial limits. Fronting upon the highway, its situation was considerably above the level of the road, and this feature was deemed quite objectionable by a number of visiting friends. A spirited discussion ensued, in which the merits and demerits of such elevation were duly considered. "Gentlemen," remarked the proprietor, "better go up than down. This principle is of universal application, in religion, in politics, in trade, in any pursuit." The response was immediate. "With so great faith, why not adopt it as a family motto, friend S., giving it a prominent place upon the record?" The hint was accepted, and the passer-by may catch the words as they issue from marble lips, "*better go up than down.*"

"Sermons in stones," wrote the immortal poet, and though we are not in a sermonizing mood this morning, we purpose testing this "universal application" of our text by making the inquiry of RURAL readers whether, in *agricultural affairs* we had not "better go up than down."

In *retaining the fertility of the soil*, all will readily admit its truthness—not a doubter, not a skeptic do we find. But, friends, how does practice correspond with belief? What is the connection between the words of our mouths and the labor of our hands? There is no such thing as standing still in any of the multifarious avocations of man—*up* or *down* we move, and this law governs our being until "dust returns to its kindred dust." Between precept and example the lines may be closely drawn, (we hope they are,) they may be as widely separated as those which

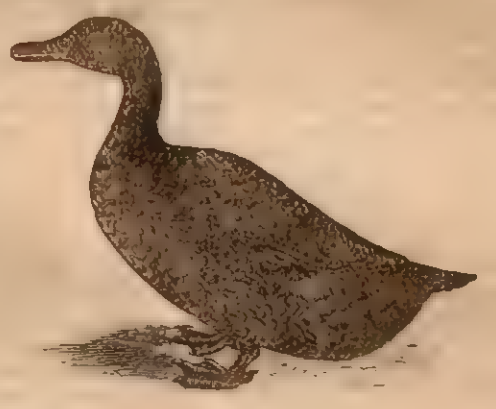
"Arctic and Antarctic seas divide."

Some of our correspondents have been "taking liberties (?)" with the *sanctum*, (as will be seen by referring to fourth page of present issue,) and in self-defence we have strong inclination to ramble over your farms, take notes and print them, and would do so were it not we prefer each should tell his own story. It is a matter of little moment what the balance on hand in one of our banking institutions—what your array of *special interest* in corporations—the points to be settled are—what the amount of capital *in* the soil, and are you keeping the investment good? "If a person is purchasing a house with *all the 'modern improvements,'*" remarks a witty writer, "the first thing to be inquired into is the *amount of the mortgages upon it.*" Many a farmer who thinks he can give a clear title to his estate, we are fearful is in error. Through imprudence and carelessness there is an "incumbrance" of which he is not aware, one which will require the assiduous attention of both himself and heirs to liquidate. How is it with you, reader? When, weary of the toils and tribulations which fall to the lot of humanity, the armor is cast aside, and you seek final repose upon the bosom of our common mother, shall *burden* be written where *blessing* was intended—shall those composing the "home circle" bow under the crushing weight that parental hands has placed upon them? Whether *we* ever prove the fine gold involved in our subject or not, those who suffer by our indiscretions will have just cause to exclaim—"Better go up than down."

The Products of the Farm.—Farmers, as well as the rest of mankind, must plead to a love of good returns for capital invested and for labor expended. The thought of reward is the great incentive to toil—it encourages amid failure, soothes amid privation, and gives to the depressed spirit a further stimulant to exertion. Though present prospects may be shrouded in gloom, a "good time coming" is to all the Lamp of Hope. "Better up than down, in this respect," we are confident will be the response of every tiller of the soil, and a peculiar emphasis accompanying the expression is observable. When a man finds that his course is onward, upward, with what complacency he views the movement of the world about him. Pleased with himself, he would be pleased with every one with whom he comes in contact. But write that other word—*down*—upon his business, and mark the change. Frowns usurp the place of smiles—harshness rules where kindly feelings were wont to predominate. We have touched the fountain-head from whence emanated the life-stream, and the entire man wears a keep-your-hand-out-of-my-pocket air and appearance. Noting such metamorphosis, who would not rather "go up than down!"

Home and its Surroundings.—Something (can it be scenes we have witnessed?) whispers "you are now in disputed territory." The acquisition of a home is the greatest of our earthly blessings. With what fullness of truth has it been written:—"Happy is the man who possesses a true HOME—the temple of his household gods, where he reigns as patriarch, priest and king—a refuge from envy and malice, a shelter from the storms of life, that no loss of wealth, no change of circumstance can affect—a rose without a thorn—a sun that knows no setting." The joys of a "true home" are not alone for the "patriarch"—though this would seem to be the creed of many who are laboring to procure one—all the inmates bask in its sunshine. To have children grow up with a love for rural life, and prevent even a desire for other scenes and other pursuits being harbored by them, it is the duty of the parent to provide such incentives as will win the household to calm delights. In the successful accomplishment of this purpose, we need *progressive farmers*—those determined that their influence and energies shall be given to the cause of advancement. Admitting the truth of the maxim, "man is the arbiter of his own destiny," we have great faith in the use of proper restraints and wholesome influences upon the youthful mind. These are the prerogatives of the parent, and according to the exercise and discharge of such sacred privileges, will our offspring be educated for good or evil. When we reflect that the impressions made by the home fireside reach out into that dim future which the eye of man hath not seen, neither can he comprehend, and we realize how fearful the responsibilities connected with our position, with what overwhelming truth is our text laden—"*Better go up than down!*"

WHITE GUINEA FOWL.



CAYUGA BLACK DUCK.

THE POULTRY-YARD.

On Raising Ducks.

DUCKS are, as a general thing, considered the most difficult to rear of any of our feathered domestic birds, and, in the ordinary "take-care-of-yourself" way, scarce one in fifty arrives at maturity. Yet, it is the easiest thing possible to bring up an entire brood; and when they can be made to weigh from five to seven pounds each, they will well repay the care and trouble required. It is better to start with the largest and finest breeds, such as will give sizeable progeny,—either of the following named varieties will answer, viz.:—Aylesbury, Cayuga Black and Rouen. I would prefer them in the order in which they are named, though either variety will be good enough.

Setting.—*Invariably* make use of a hen to bring out the young, and if the weather is very hot, once in two or three days dip the hen's breast in water.

Management of the Young.—Do not allow them a wide range—have the yard roomy and dry. In fact they *must not* be allowed any water to dabble in; merely sufficient to drink, and that placed in a shallow vessel. The sun's rays must not be allowed to injure them. I do not mean by this that they should not have the sun during some portion of the day. They must be kept in these quarters till well feathered, after which they may be turned at large.

Feeding.—Procure liver or some offal at the butcher's, which cook with meal and potatoes, chopping the whole fine—*never* give them, while young, any food that has not been cooked.

If your readers would give their experience, some of the number might derive advantage from hints thrown out on any subject.

N. B.—I would here state that I have no ducks to sell. EBEN WIGHT.

Dedham, Mass., June, 1859.

The Guinea Fowl.

THE Guinea Hen, or Pentado, is nearly an everlasting layer. They are said to unite the properties of the turkey and pheasant. They are a native of Africa, though said by some to belong equally to this country, and are easily domesticated. Its flesh is more like that of the pheasant than the common fowl, both in color and taste, and is reckoned a very good substitute for that bird. It assimilates perfectly with the common fowl in its artificial habits and kinds of food. Its gait is peculiar as are its cries. They are fond of marshy places—always perch during the night in high situations or on trees. It is a little singular that American farmers do not turn their attention to these fowls. A knowing Jerseyman, named DAVID BONNER, from England, hired a patch of five acres, four years ago, and commenced raising eggs for the New York market. BONNER has never hired any help, and at this moment owns a farm for which he paid $4,700, of which the buildings cost over $3,000. His farm is all paid for; he owes not a cent in the world and he owns a flock which varies from 600 to 1,200 Guinea Hens.

Fowl Items.

Feeding Poultry.—An idea prevails with many that any sort of grain, even if a little damaged, will do for poultry; but this is a great mistake. A friend of the writer once came very near losing his whole flock of valuable fowls from feeding them with damaged corn, which had been heated. Those who feed largely know better, and invariably make it a rule to feed none but the best, and if of corn, it is all the better for being broken.

On Breeding.—There is just as much necessity of breeding from birds that are good layers, as in selecting milch cows those animals which are bred from good milkers, though, as in fowls, it does not necessarily always follow that their progeny are equally profitable.

Nest Eggs.—To those who keep fowls in winter and desire eggs, a good nest is important. The qualities of a good nest egg is a tolerable resemblance to a real egg. A hen will not lay to an eggshell, however perfect it may be—for she knows by its want of weight that it is a counterfeit. The best artificial egg is that made of glass, which is so exact an imitation of real eggs, in form and color, that Mistress Biddy would find it difficult to detect it. These eggs may be had at most all the agricultural warehouses, seed stores, and of crockery dealers.

Fowls Eating their Eggs.—It is well known that hens when shut up are very apt to eat their eggs. The best preventive is to keep them well supplied with lime and gravel, and with fresh meat in some form. The nest should be so deep in the boxes that they cannot reach them without standing on the edge.

Floor for Poultry-House.—The floor of the house should be of any material easily scraped clean; quick lime and coal ashes mixed and put on hot bind well, and if coated with boiled tar when dry, will be found to stand well. Bricks have been recommended by some, but they are objectionable on account of their absorbing moisture.

Fowl Manure.—A barrel of fowl manure mixed with muck, or leaf mold, will manure half an acre of corn, and is as valuable as guano. The dung of poultry contains silica, and phosphate and carbonate of lime; and, along with pigeon dung has been dried and broken down and pounded, and mixed with earthy substances, and applied in moist weather, and covered by harrowing of the seed, at the rate of forty or fifty bushels of the mixture to the acre. If used fresh, the quantity must be small; but as a very small quantity of such excrements will come into the possession of the farmer, the readiest and probably the most economical application will be to spread it evenly on the top of a dung-heap, just before it's being turned over, which will mix the substances, and extend the benefits equally.

Azote Food Necessary for Fowls. A letter was read before the British Association from M. SACH, of Switzerland, giving an account of some experiments in the feeding of fowls. He states, first, that fowls to which a portion of chalk is given with their food, lay eggs, the shells of which are remarkable

for their whiteness. By substituting for chalk a calcareous earth, rich in oxide of iron, the shells become of an orange-red color. Secondly, he informs us that some hens fed upon barley alone would not lay well, and that they tear off each other's feathers. He then mixed with the barley some feathers chopped up, which they ate eagerly and digested freely. By so adding milk to their food they began to lay, and ceased plucking out each other's feathers. He concludes that this proceeding arose from the desire of the hens for *azote* food.

Merit of Fowls.—Like human beings, fowls are susceptible of being influenced by change of climate, dirt, soil and water. They require a little care until they become acclimated, which they never fail to be after a time; but it is unfair to condemn them as tender or unfitted for any particular locality, because a trial of a few months has not been satisfactory. Their habits should also be studied. Some bear confinement without injury—others require a range. Their properties are so different, that every one may be suited if he will only take the necessary trouble and seek proper information.

Manner of Feeding.—Regularity where fed by hand, should always be observed in the hours of feeding; also in the quantity of food given. Not surfeit them one day and starve them the next, but give the fowls their food as regularly as you take your own meals. Nothing is easier kept than fowls. No kind of food comes amiss to them.

Weight of Poultry.—In England, more than forty years ago, there were exhibitions and prizes awarded for the best and largest poultry. At these exhibitions noblemen of the highest rank became competitors. Earl SPENCER, in 1837, carried the highest prize for a turkey, which weighed 20¼ pounds. One capon was exhibited which weighed 7 pounds and 14 ounces; one pullet, 6 pounds and 3 ounces; one goose 18 pounds 2 ounces; one pair of ducks 10 pounds and 10 ounces.

In December, 1822, two turkeys were sent to Cork, one weighing 33 pounds, and the other 34 pounds.

In December, 1833, three turkeys were sold at Leadenhall Market, which weighed 91 pounds, and brought three guineas each. One eighteen months old, and weighing 34 pounds, was sold at the same price.

We have seen it stated in a Philadelphia paper, that in 1842, a farmer from New Jersey obtained $10 50 for a turkey, in this way:—He boasted that his turkey weighed 30 pounds, and asked a price for it proportionate to its dimensions. A customer, doubting this, said he would give him five dollars for the turkey if it weighed 25 pounds, and one dollar for every pound over that weight. The turkey was put on the scales and weighed 30½ pounds. The gentleman kept his word, paid the $10 50, and took his turkey home for his New Year's dinner.

Springside, N. Y., 1859. C. N. BEMENT.

ECONOMY IN BUILDING.—CEMENT ROOFS, &c.

I ACKNOWLEDGE the receipt, through the columns of the RURAL, of a letter from WM. LYMAN, of Moscow. We are obliged to him for his suggestion; for although his plan may not, on trial, prove to be *the plan*, yet the discussion may lead to valuable improvement.

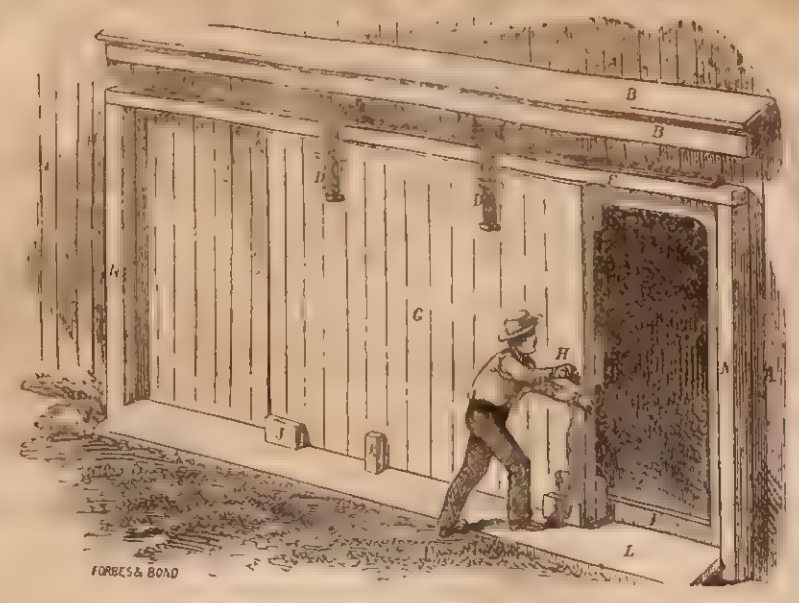
There are in the West very many people—a multitude—of limited means, who desire to build, but who are deterred, more or less, by want of capital. These are all deeply interested in any plan which promises to diminish the *first cost* without too much sacrificing durability, usefulness, and taste. Durability is a very important consideration, yet it may be purchased at too great cost, especially by beginners in life. In illustration I give my own experience. Twenty-five years ago, having linked my destinies with those of a "fairer and better half," I found it necessary within the limits of six months, and a small amount of funds, to build a house and move into it, to build a barn and fill it, and dig a deep well that we might drink of its water. I accomplished it all, having the satisfaction of proving an estimate of receipt and disbursement made in the beginning of my undertaking, to be so far correct that the latter fell within the former. I placed a heavy and substantial barn frame on burr oak pillars, some of them five feet in length, obtained from a large tree near by at a cost of about $3. A stone wall would have cost $50. Twenty-four years after I renewed these pillars at a cost of $10—making $13 for, say 40 years. Now, had I built the stone wall, and paid for durability at the same rate through the whole of my undertaking, I should have seriously embarrassed myself, and been unable to obey the Apostle's injunction "owe no man anything."

Still, durability is very valuable. Frequent extensive repairs often seriously derange farm business, causing much loss; and sometimes they are not seasonably attended to, very much to the damage of the buildings. I made the inquiry about water-lime cement roofs, because I was informed that they had stood the test of years, at a cost of one-half, or less, than the cost of pine shingles. If this be true, I hope some one will yet respond to the inquiry. If the RURAL can be the medium of disseminating such information as the above promises to be, it will add one more valuable item of intelligence to the many it has published.

Friend LYMAN solicits criticism. Without pretending much qualification for the task, I venture on a little. 1st. I think his plan will not diminish the first cost. 2d. If cement is objectionable over the whole roof, would it not be more so between the tiles? 3d. Would not the severe extremes of heat and cold, of wet and drouth, expand and contract the tiles, causing leakage in the joinings?—4th. The plan is not tested. All who have often come in contact with new inventions, know the weight of this item. Very respectfully,

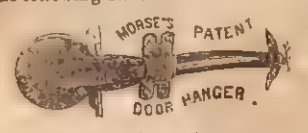
Milan, Erie Co., O., 1859. P. H.

COBBLE-STONE FLOORS.—In answer to the inquiry of A. B. about cobble-stone floors, I would say, they are very good if laid right—that is, laid in leached ashes, dirt, or sand, with the *big end down*, and then covered with dirt or sand. It would be well enough to lay a couple of planks at the back of the stable, on sticks laid in the ashes. —ALLEN BROWN, *Borodino, N. Y.*, 1859.



MORSE'S PATENT DOOR HANGERS.

THE accompanying engravings are intended to represent MORSE'S Patent Self-Adjusting Door Rolls, or Hanger, for Sliding Doors—the small cut showing the hanger, and the large one the door complete—as manufactured by A. N. WOOD & Co., of Eaton, N. Y. This improvement is well adapted to barns and other out-buildings, is cheap, and has been highly commended by practical men who have it in use. The proprietors of the invention make the following statement:



"It is a settled question as to economy and convenience that Doors on Barns and out-buildings should be suspended on rollers. The great liability of the swing door to be broken in pieces by the wind, together with many other inconveniences, should be taken into consideration by every farmer. Sliding doors, when properly constructed, may be set down as a *permanent fixture*, always in order, and may at any time be opened (pushed back,) to a greater or less distance, as circumstances may require. It is also a well known fact that doors being constantly exposed are liable to warp, changing their position more or less every day. The side of the building is seldom if ever true, rendering it difficult to make a straight track. In order to insure ease of operation, the above difficulties must be overcome. By allowing the roller an independent motion in a lateral direction, or a *self-adjusting principle*, which will admit of its accommodating itself to a crooked rail, or allow the door to warp without changing the relative position of the roller with respect to the rail, all cramping is avoided. The above cut represents a door hanger that has most effectually overcome this difficulty. This article has been thoroughly tested by many practical farmers, and has taken the place of the old-fashioned permanent standard. It has been much improved during the last year, and is now offered to dealers in hardware and agricultural implements, warranted in every respect superior to anything of the kind before the public."

THE FROST AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"JUNE FROSTS" were never popular among this people, and I observe the more they abound the more they are spoken against. Some get along with them better than others. J. took to rejoicing over the escape of his peas and onions, while W. was assiduous in making himself miserable over the loss of his tomatoes and squashes. If people could spare a little time from their losses and tribulations to think of their mercies, they would get *rich* just as fast, and *happier* a great deal faster.

Looking, then, at what we have saved, I think one-half of our apples remain, (apples are worth all other fruits put together.) Now, as in good years, one-half of the apples of the country are uniformly and invariably lost by neglect, or by careless feeding and gathering, I propose that we take good care of our trees—dig, dung, prune and mulch them—and then save all that grow upon them, and so be as well off as common.

I think one-half of the corn in Western New York was not large enough to be materially injured by the frost. Much of it was not out of the ground. A few pieces were re-planted, in part, with beans. Corn is small, but it is generally of good color. We hand it over with our best wishes, to July and August—trusting that no one will forget that the soil should be mellow and the weeds be missing.

Early potatoes have suffered most, but the destiny of the potato crop is still with the future. Comparatively few beans (in Wyoming Co.) have been injured; the greater portion were not up. They are largely planted, and if we have a good Fall to ripen and save them we can get up bean porridge enough to feed the nation, and have some to spare to "the rest of mankind."

Winter wheat, rye and barley were somewhat injured, but not as much as was represented.

Grass is the nearest to a failure. It was nipped and stunted by the frost, but the open winter, the cold, dry spring, and *multitudinous neglect and abuse, as heretofore set forth by your correspondent*, are the principal causes of the fearful *shortness* that fills many with alarm. It is calculated that many of our meadows will not yield more than half a ton of hay to the acre, but I can show any gentleman who will call upon me, some grass managed according to my directions, (given in the RURAL last April,) that will *yield four tuns to the acre*. Anybody that goes to berating Providence on account of short grass, is a mean fellow, anyhow.

Oats, spring wheat and barley, (not much of the latter was sown in this quarter last spring, for people will seldom put in a crop unless they are allowed to pay high for their seed,) are small and backward.

Buckwheat is being sown, for it can take the place of grain that has failed, and it is bringing from a dollar and a half to three dollars a bushel for seed. Black raspberries were reported "failed," but persistent urchins and inquisitive females will find some on the lower branches and the sheltered bushes. Garden sauce of the tender sorts was saved in part by woolen.

On the whole, if we *attend well* to what remains, we may, with the blessing of Providence, live through. E. T. B.

THE DRIVE WHEEL OUT OF PLACE.

FRIEND MOORE:—Your RURAL occupies a high and noble position as the faithful friend of honest industry, and your arduous labors are highly beneficial to the human race. Your task is assumed in an age in which the laboring man has fallen *"among thieves,"* who have robbed him and left *him half dead*, and your weekly issue, like the good Samaritan, comes to his rescue, binding up his wounds, and affording aid and protection.

The spirit of speculation has long run rampant through the business world, proposing to revolutionize, remodel, and improve the whole machinery, and promising wealth without labor, and pleasure and luxury without care. The industrious, thrifty, happy farmer was allured from his field, and persuaded to "sow to the wind, and has reaped the whirlwind." The honest, unsuspecting mechanic was flattered from his workshop, deceived, stripped and cast down. Nor could this spirit cease its work until a blow was struck at the very foundation of permanent prosperity, and the long tried main-spring, or drive wheel, was displaced, and a new one with reverse revolutions, now occupies its position.

The Arts and Sciences, as applied to Agriculture and Mechanics, have ever constituted the drive or power wheel of all sound, honest, prosperous, and permanent business. But the fast age of speculation was unwilling to acknowledge dependence upon that which has been branded as the drudgery department of business, and now this old wheel, which has turned the whole machinery of business for centuries with strength and safety, must be torn out, and a new one substituted, one made of railroad and bank stocks, pride, and political gambling. To execute this work no patronage is wanting.—Stocks are current in exchange for "Honorable Legislators." A new Administration with a chosen corps of Engineers, is organized. Will it run and drive the machinery profitably, is the great question in Wall street. Some fear, others hope, while the more shrewd know it will not. "All ready—clear the track—go ahead." Not a motion. *"Go ahead—go ahead!"* One turn and a crash—'37—57. It has proved a fatal experiment.

A man once built a brick ship for the ocean. She swamped, and went down in the harbor—the builder, just escaping with his life, comforted himself with the reflection, "it is worth something to know what I can't do." So in this reversion of the order of business, if we are satisfied to know what *can't be done*, and will learn to do what *can* and *ought to be done*, a little good may yet be gathered from the evil. What is to be done? Let the old power wheel be put back in the best possible state of repair, and swell the shout through the land, *all honor to the real producers*, and the whole machinery will be again in motion, and every department rapidly feel the invigorating impulse.

When we reflect that all animal existences are consumers, and that so small a portion are real producers, it is no marvel that the laborer is crushed under his unjust task, and the resources of the country are dried up. The time was when children were taught to love work and their books equal to their sports, and manual labor was a part of every child's education. It was never even hinted that honest labor was not respectable. Boys were not then educated in saloons, theaters, and gambling houses; nor girls fitted up for dolls, or show cases. The child was taught to live for an end and with a plan. These were time-honored days—days that reared healthful bodies, strong and well disciplined minds, and a nerve to plant and mature the free institutions of this country. To the doctrine of self-dependence in honest industry America is indebted for its high position among the nations of the earth. And so far as we have departed from this doctrine, either in practice or the education of our children, we have tarnished our good name, and endangered the best interests of society. The doctrine of wealth without labor, and pleasure without toil, is false in theory, dangerous in practice, and unworthy a place in any honest man's creed. Yours, then, is a responsible position.—You stand at the only available wheel that drives the whole machinery of society. Its sturdy revolutions, with a smiling Providence, send gladness and plenty through the land. The time I trust is hastening, when this doctrine will be more than ever appreciated, and prosperity more justly distributed through society. C. P. O.

Wisconsin, 1859.

ACCURATE knowledge is the base upon which to build correct opinions.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Drugging Animals.

IN nine cases out of ten when our domestic animals become diseased, they are at once the victims of the owner's misplaced confidence in some quack cow-leech, or drug, or patent medicine, and in their cure and treatment we are more in the dark than in any other department of farm economy. The drugging system is getting a good many hard knocks from the Agricultural Press now-a-days, and we hope it will soon be banished forever. A recent issue of the *American Stock Journal* remarks:—"Continually dosing animals is just as useless and injurious to them, as is the constant swallowing of drugs and poisonous compounds to the human system. It is all folly to allow your stables to become hospitals, and to smell and appear like an apothecary's shop. It is much more humane to shoot a horse, or knock an animal on the head at once, than to force down its throat doses of drugs whose quality of action you know little about, having the effect to create disease where it did not exist, and prolong suffering much beyond the time in which nature would herself effect a cure."

Management of the Barn.

A RECENT issue of the *Rural Intelligencer* contains a few hints upon this subject which are to the point. They are as follows:—"Let the utmost neatness be observed in the management of the barn. No more hay or other fodder should be thrown on the floor at once than is requisite to supply one feed. By throwing large quantities from the mows or scaffoldings, there is an unavoidable loss from the drying of the fiber, which renders it less palatable to the animals, as well as less nutritious. Sweeping the floor daily promotes cleanliness, and conduces to the health and consequently the comfort of animals. The sweepings of the floors should be preserved, as this is the easiest way to save some of the most valuable grass seeds. The mangers and cribs should be daily cleaned out and frequently washed. 'What is the use of being so very particular? I never washed my cattle's manger,' said Solomon Shiftless. Very well, Solomon, your cows probably have as keen an appetite for their fodder as you would have if your wife gave you the same plate unwashed for a month, from which to take your meals."

A Grain of Gold.

EDWARD EVERETT is the most elegant rhetorician in America. Here is a little allegory taken from one of his agricultural speeches:—"Drop a grain of California gold in the ground, and there it will lie unchanged to the end of time. The clods on which it falls are not more cold and lifeless. Drop a grain of our blessed gold into the ground, and lo! a mystery. In a few days it softens—it swells—it shoots upward—it is a living thing. It is yellow itself, but it sends up an emerald green through the soil—it expands to a vigorous stalk—revels in the sunshine—itself more glorious than Solomon in its broad, fluttering, leafy robes, whose sound, as the west wind whispers through them, falls as pleasantly on the husbandman's ear as the rustle of his sweetheart's garment; still towers aloft, spins its verdant skeins of vegetable floss, displays its dancing tassels, surcharged with fertilizing dust, and at last ripens into two or three magnificent batons like this, (an ear of Indian corn,) each of which is studded with hundreds of grains of gold, every one possessing the same wonderful properties as the parent grain, every one instinct with the same productive powers."

Henry Ward Beecher on Cows.

THE last Star Paper in the *Independent*, is evidently written by Mr. Beecher from his new farm. He dates "from the country," and says "And now, do you ask, wondering reader, what all this preludes? Just this: that we are a three-cow gentleman farmer! Again, we know what is the real taste of milk. We have once more, before we die, seen cream! Twenty-six pans of milk were skimmed this very morning; and now, if you were riding past, you should see twenty-six inverted pans on the fence, in the sun, shining like silver, and sweetening themselves all day, in the air and sunshine, for the night's milk! Even the pigs fare better here than citizens do in New York. For, although we take off the cream, we never think of giving them anything weaker than skim-milk!—four pigs that once were longer than broad, but which are rapidly growing to the shape of a marble." Mr. Beecher says a cow is the saint of the barn-yard. She eats, ruminates, digests, and, in short, lives for the sake of others. She could be fat if she was only selfish, but nothing can well be more devoid of all beauty than a genuine milker. She economizes beauty that she may be profuse in milk. She is the very ideal and pattern of a saint, who is as poor as if living a life of maceration, who gives her whole strength to lacteal benevolence, who is patient, gentle, guileless, contented.

Ashes as a Manure.

SAYS the editor of the *Working Farmer*:—"Ashes may be composted with swamp-muck, river mud, or other soil containing much organic matter, and after the decomposition of the deodorizer by ashes, the whole may be mixed with stable manures; but ashes in its natural state should never be mixed with any manure containing ammonia or its constituents. Lime or ashes, if mixed with stable manure, causes its decomposition to be too rapid, forcing out the ammonia and causing its loss. The potash in wood ashes is of a progressive character, and is very valuable for most crops, and on all soils. We never met with soil overcharged with potash, for even when the organic matter of the soil has been too rapidly disposed of by an excess of ashes, it has resulted in a greater amount of plant-growth, enabling the owner to afford new doses of organic matter. Although ashes should should not be mixed with stable manure, still, after the manures have been plowed under, a top-dressing of ashes is always useful; the potash leaches gradually into the soil, correcting acidity during its descent, and on meeting with the manure, decomposes it, and renders it soluble for the use of plants. Potash in the soil prepares silica, by rendering it slowly soluble, to form the outer coating of plants; it also assists in the various chemical changes necessary for rendering inorganic matter of all kinds soluble."

Agricultural Miscellany.

NATIONAL, STATE AND PROVINCIAL FAIRS are to be held this year, so far as ascertained, as follows

U. S. Ag Society, Chicago	Sept. 12.
Maryland, Frederick City	Oct. 25-28.
Tennessee, Nashville	Oct. 10-15.
Georgia, Atlanta	Oct. 24-28.
Illinois, Freeport	Sept. 6- 7
Indiana, New Albany	Sept. 26-29.
Iowa, Oscaloosa	Sept. 22.
Kentucky, Lexington	Sept. 13-16.
Maine, Augusta	Sept. 13-16.
New Jersey, Elizabeth	Sept. 13-16.
New York, Albany	Oct. 4- 7.
South Carolina, Columbia	Nov. 9-11
Ohio, Zanesville	Sept. 20-23.
Vermont, Burlington	Sept. 13-16.
California	Sept. 27, Oct. 6.
Michigan, Detroit	Oct. 4- 9
Missouri, St. Louis	Sept. 25
Canada West, Kingston	Sept. 27-30
Canada East	

STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLGE.—We understand the Trustees of the Ag. College will meet at Ovid on Thursday next, July 7th, and that they propose to lay the Corner Stone of the building now in process of erection. EX-GOV. KING, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, will deliver an address on the occasion.

THE FROST A PROBABLE BLESSING.—The frost has been severe in many localities, over a wide extent of country, and no doubt occasioned much temporary damage. Thus much is beyond question. Yet, in the opinion of many intelligent cultivators, the result is likely to prove advantageous—a benefit, rather than an injury—in various sections, *for many destructive insects have been checked or killed by the frost*. It is believed that, but for the timely check, the midge, grasshoppers, &c., would have *destroyed* far more than the frost has *injured*. If, as is supposed, the grasshoppers have been "headed," the frost will prove a blessing rather than a curse in many localities of Western N. Y.

THE WEATHER is at last *seasonable*—so warm that none need examine the Almanac to ascertain whether it is really Summer. Last week closed hot, and the present opened hotter, the mercury in thermometers becoming very buoyant and elevated, while earth and air are so charged with caloric that corn, etc., must begin to make rapid progress upward. Of course all engaged in rural pursuits are greatly encouraged, and determined to "make hay while the sun shines"—though, speaking of hay, we fear the crop will be considerably less than the average of former years in this region. The present fine weather is, however, greatly enhancing the growth and maturity of grass and grain.

HORSE SHOWS.—During the ensuing week several Western New York Ag. Societies hold their annual exhibitions of horses. The Monroe Co. Show is to be held on the Fair Grounds, near this city, on Monday, the 4th inst.,—that of Genesee Co., at Batavia, on the same day—and that of Wayne Co., at Lyons, on the 4th and 5th. A "Horse Fair" is also to be held at Waterloo, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week (June 30th and July 1st and 2d.) The premiums are generally liberal, but we think "style and speed"—in other words, fast trotting—has the lion's share, leaving little for ordinary service, utility and "all work." We fear some of our Societies are getting altogether *too fast* in this matter. It may be well enough to liberally encourage the breeding and exhibition of horses of superior style and speed, but to offer ten times as much for this object as is given for general utility is not consistent, agriculturally considered.

SEEDING TO TIMOTHY WITH BUCKWHEAT.—Last season Mr. J. B. POTTER, of Madison, Ohio, inquired through the RURAL for information from farmers about seeding to Timothy with Buckwheat. In a letter just received from him, Mr. P. says:—"Though I got no response through the RURAL, I learned enough from other sources to determine me to try a small piece of low land, the soil of which is a mixture of muck and sand. The result was a first rate 'catch,' and the grass at this present writing (June 23d) looks well. I am so well satisfied with my success that I intend to seed seven acres in the same way the present season."

—Hon. A. B. DICKINSON, of Steuben county—well known to many of our readers as one of the most extensive and successful farmers in Western New York—informs us that he always succeeds well in seeding Timothy with Buckwheat. His mode is to sow the buckwheat and drag once; then sow the Timothy (after tarring the seed and rolling in plaster,) and drag in with a brush or light harrow, as it needs little covering. He then uses the roller, which completes the process. Mr. D. says this manner of seeding is most complete.

ABOUT TARRING SEED CORN.—A "Corn Planter" in Danby, Tompkins county, who was induced to try the mode of tarring corn recommended by the *N. E. Farmer* (and commended in the RURAL of May 14th,) has not found it satisfactory and gives us his experience. Under date of June 15th he writes:—"It has been my custom for four or five years to soak seed corn in a *strong solution* of saltpetre, applied to the corn as warm as I could hold my hand in it, and allowed to soak from 12 to 48 hours, as circumstances might require—preferring just 24 hours if weather permitted. Hoping to find something better I tried the tar—applied in the approved method described in the RURAL—with the following result:—That soaked in the saltpetre was well up, and we could see the rows distinctly, in nine days from planting. The 'tar-water' was from 15 to 18 days in arriving to that state, and came up quite unevenly—the seed being the same kind and *first rate*. There was on Friday evening last at least *one week's difference in favor of saltpetre* over 'tar water'—both planted same day, (23d May,) and both rolled in plaster at planting. The crows *commenced first* at the saltpetre corn, because *that was first up*, but since the 'tar-water' has got in sight, they have tried that also, but they do not like either first rate."

We willingly publish this statement, (though the author says if it is *not* given he shall certainly continue to read and pay for the RURAL next year, if he lives,) and submit it to practical correspondents—suggesting that the failure may be owing to some imperfection in the tar or the mode of its application. Had our friend given his exact process, perhaps we could decide at once.

—Speaking of Tarring Corn, here is an item in its favor. A correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune*, writing from Morristown, N. J., June 18, says:—"Passing along the road the other day, I saw a fact worth reporting. Two corn fields, divided only by a fence, were planted about the same time. The one was all destroyed by the blackbirds and crows, and the other was left unmolested. The first field was planted with corn just as it was taken from the crib; the other with seed which was thoroughly soaked in tepid water and then mixed so as to have a slight coating of tar, and then it was rolled in plaster. In this section many farmers have tried this plan with success, while many who have neglected it are complaining of their bad luck and the birds."

THE CROP PROSPECTS are improving. Late reports are quite favorable, indicating a confident hope of good crops in most sections of the Union and the Canadas.—Our advices in regard to the Wheat Crop throughout the country are generally encouraging.

FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

The Spring Meeting of the "*Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York*" was held in the city of Rochester on Thursday, the 23d inst., President Hoag in the Chair, and was one of the most interesting meetings ever held at this season.

The "*Genesee Valley Horticultural Society*" changed the day for its exhibition from the 24th to the 23d ult., in order that the *Fruit Growers* might exhibit their fruit in the *Horticultural Hall*, and by this combination of both fruits and flowers, made one of the most attractive exhibitions ever seen in Rochester at this season of the year. The excellent judgment of the officers was shown in the results; for a more numerous assembly of the lovers of Flora and Pomona, was never before congregated in Rochester.

Morning Session.

The meeting was called to order at about 10 A. M., and the minutes of the Annual Meeting (6th of January) were read by the Secretary, and on motion were approved as read.

The Secretary read some subjects which had been sent in by members for discussion.

On motion of P. Barry, seconded by W. B. Smith, the Chairman nominated Messrs. Barry, Townsend and Ainsworth a Committee to select, prepare, and report *subjects for discussion*; and while the Committee were out an interchange of opinions was had as to the propriety of having the Committee select subjects for discussion at the September meeting, and advise the Secretary of the same, on or before the middle of August, in order that full notice might be given to members what would be the leading topics to be brought up at the September session. It was not intended that this should preclude the appointment of the usual Committee on subjects at each meeting, but only that members might feel that there were some prominent topics which would engage their attention, and also might realize that from the moment of organizing, business was laid out for the meeting, and the first subject that would be introduced.

P. Barry objected to having the work and discussions of the Society laid out for months beforehand, because the desire was that when any subject was brought up, each member should relate the *simple facts of his own experience*. There should be no temptation to investigate the sayings of others and give long details of hearsay evidence. If the members were notified for months beforehand what were to be the subjects brought up, this temptation would be very strong.

Other members felt that the warning beforehand would interest the public, and that assurance would thus be given of interesting and animating discussions. Also, that those desiring to hear the experience of our fruit growers on special topics would be particularly induced to attend the meetings, by knowing that these topics were to be freely and thoroughly discussed.

A motion to nominate a Committee to prepare beforehand subjects to be discussed at the September meeting, was lost.

The Committee on Subjects here submitted the following questions for the consideration of the Society:

Question First.

Are there any benefits to be derived from the practice of ringing, ligating, girdling, &c., of the grape vine? and if so, what are they?

S. H. Ainsworth saw grapes exhibited at the meeting of this Society last fall, by a neighbor of his, Mr. Peck, of Bloomfield, which were so large as to attract great attention. A small ring had been taken out from the bark of the vine below the bunch, and the result, in the increase of size, was very apparent.

W. P. Townsend recalled to the recollection of gentlemen who were at the meeting of the *State Agricultural Society at Buffalo*, that a person from Chautauque county exhibited some specimens of grapes which so far exceeded anything else shown there as to attract universal attention, and to cause even a doubt and an appeal to Mr. Downing as to the variety which the owner called the *Isabella*. These grapes were fully one-half larger than the usual size, and a good deal of inquiry was made as to how they happened to become so. It was found, upon investigation, that the vine upon which they grew stood near the corner of the house, where there was a good deal of passing, and the portion of the vine which produced them had been accidentally so broken as to rupture the vessels conveying the return sap from the leaves. The balance of the crop was of the usual sized *Isabellas*, but this particular portion of the vine produced these large grapes. This is by no means a new practice. We read that in France many vintners practice ringing, annually, whereby the size of the berry is very much increased, and the fruit is ripened from one to two weeks earlier than it otherwise would be. My neighbor Paine, at one time, tied a string around a branch of a vine, and the effect was that the crop was increased in size and hastened in maturity.

Dr. Spence here questioned as to what would be the effect upon the crop of the next year from the branch mutilated by ringing.

Mr. Townsend thought that where vines were trained and pruned according to the *renewal* system, there could be no possible injurious effect, because the branches which were ligated were those which were to be removed the same autumn, while the branches which were depended upon for bearing fruit the next year could not possibly be injured, because they were not operated upon in any way.

Wm. Brown Smith was in Buffalo at the meeting of the State Society referred to, and was upon the same Committee with Mr. Townsend, but his recollection of the grapes is, that although they were not fully ripe when exhibited, they were nearly twice the size of ordinary grapes.

L. B. Langworthy knew that the effect upon apples, peaches, &c., was to accelerate the period of ripening materially, and reasoning from analogy it ought to do the same with grapes. A certain person who owned a nice peach orchard near Rochester used always to astonish everybody by the enormous size and fine flavor of his earliest peaches, and for some time there was supposed to be a wonderful secret about it. It was found out that the gentleman, about the time of the setting of the fruit, used to go out and twist a small wire closely on the old wood of the bearing branches, and it produced the effect spoken of. After the fruit was pretty well developed, he would untwist and remove this wire, and no injurious effect resulted to the tree.

S. H. Ainsworth remarked that two years ago, at the *Ontario County Fair*, some bunches of grapes were exhibited which attracted considerable attention, being as large as the *Black Hamburgh*, and perfectly enormous in size of bunches and berries, for a native grape. There was great inquiry to know what variety of grape they were, because nobody believed that the *Isabella* could be so large. They were upon the premises of F. B. Peck, who made a critical examination of the vine to find what caused such extra specimens, and found that near the ground a tendril of the previous year had entwined itself closely around the vine and prevented much of the growth of the plant that year, and the whole force of the vine went into the grapes, which were very ripe, and in quality very fine — This was the only fruit exhibited at that fair which was perfectly ripe—so that the accidental ligating of the vine did in this case hasten the ripening.

C. L. Hoag remembered that seven years ago a portion of one of his vines became accidentally girdled, one cluster, which was beyond the accident, ripened up perfectly, while some others did not ripen.

Mr. Ainsworth brought to mind a similar case in which two bunches were more than two weeks earlier than the rest of his grapes, and the berries were fully double in size.

J. J. Thomas could not but doubt whether the quality of the fruit could be improved by any such increase of size or hastening of maturity.

T. C. Maxwell thought that the time of performing the operation had something to do with the result. Immediately after the fruit had set was the proper time to perform it. Again, too large a circle of the bark must not be removed, else the operation will kill both vine and fruit. There was an old gardener in Geneva who had practiced this for a long time, and always with very evident effect, both as to the size and the earliness of the fruit.

Dr. Spence, of Yates county, inquired of Judge Langworthy whether in view of the fact that girdling the peach and apple produced an abnormal condition of the branch, he considered the advantages sufficient to recommend it as a steady practice.

L. B. Langworthy had girdled a great many limbs of peach trees, but considered the limb lost, and removed it after the fruit was perfected in the fall *Early Harvest Apples* were produced of very fine size, and remarkably early in the same way.

P. Barry spoke of the numerous experiments upon this subject made by the French in 1856. The *Horticultural Society of Paris* were so much taken by the specimens which were exhibited before them, that they sent out a Committee to examine into the mode of its performance and its effects upon the vines. There is nothing new about it. It was well known to the Romans, and is an old practice. Mr. Knight, an English writer, mentions it quite favorably, if under suitable circumstances. Mr. Rivers also speaks in terms of partial commendation. He was not convinced that it is an operation that is to be recommended for general practice. It does add to the size of the fruit, and certainly does hasten the maturity, but it does not improve the quality, while there is great danger of its injuring the rest of the fruit, and it does injure the roots of the plant. It can be performed upon the grape with more impunity than upon any other plant, because the vine makes new wood so easily. The question before the meeting is an interesting one, and worthy the attention of the members. It is to be hoped that members will experiment, and will exhibit and report the results of their experiments at the September meeting of the *Fruit Growers' Society*.

Mr. Townsend hoped that members would experiment and give us their results. Could not quite agree with the gentleman as to the injurious effect upon the vine. Suppose an *Isabella* trained and pruned upon the renewal system, and you have in fact two vines taking sap from the root and giving an outlet to the sap through the leaves. Now, by girdling and preventing the return of some of the sap, the only loss to the roots is from the extra development of the fruit and the growth of a little more wood.

L. B. Langworthy.—If there be any good in this practice at all, its application to the *Catawba* in this climate will be a capital thing. We certainly shall gain a fortnight in the maturity of the berries. Hoped the members would try it. Use the small annealed wire, and the results will surprise you, gentlemen. Most of us never saw a ripe *Catawba* grape, and if by this operation we can ensure some fine ones, let us try it.

W. Brown Smith hoped the members would all experiment, for only thus could we hope to gain experience, and *go on* in the work of fruit culture.

Question Second.

The late frost.—What has been its effects upon the grape with reference to the present and next season's crop?

Mr. Townsend stated that in Niagara county the effect had been the total destruction of this year's crop.

Dr. Spence said that the frost had been very severe in Yates county, and had resulted as in Niagara county, in the total destruction of this year's crop: also, that all this year's growth of wood was totally killed. In Steuben county extensive vineyards at the head of Crooked Lake had been left entirely uninjured. Many of these were up on side hills 200 and 300 feet higher than the lake, while near Seneca Lake which is 270 feet lower than Crooked Lake, the vines were entirely killed. This frost seems not to have been governed by any rules in its effects. In some cases it injured the lowest and most sheltered, and leaving the highest, most exposed, and least sheltered spots entirely uninjured,—in other cases killing the highest and not touching the lowest. Sometimes the currents of wind were what seemed to kill the plants wherever exposed, and in others the circulation of the air seemed to be the only preservation. The effect upon next year's crop cannot but be injurious, for the wood already made is entirely killed, and the new wood now commencing, cannot mature in time for next year's crop sufficiently to stand this winter. The vines have commenced sending out new shoots, but, as before stated, they are very feeble.

L. B. Langworthy remarked that the cold of the 4th of June was not a *frost*, but a *freeze*; that it seemed very singular in its vagaries. In some places nothing was killed that was over two feet from the ground, and in others it was only the leaves covering the top of the arbor, that were killed. Had noticed one case where things covered with metal, and ever so carefully protected, had been killed, while by their side others, with only a peach-basket turned over them, were entirely safe.

Dr. Spence had noticed that those vines which were laid down after being cut loose from the trellis, had remained unharmed, while those remaining upon the trellis, even though covered up with carpets, and ever so well protected, were killed.

Benj Fish had noticed that on his trellises the highest parts of the vines were injured, while the bottoms were unharmed. Thought we should still get a partial crop of grapes; that the chance in this part of the country for next year was pretty good, since the young vines were most hurt at the top, and could renew the lost portion quite easily and very soon.

C. L. Hoag said that at Lockport vines laid flat on the ground were all killed. Those that were left erect were killed at the top. Upon trellises, all that were above four or five feet from the ground were hurt at the tops. Noticed one circular arbor where the sides were not hurt, while over the top they were as dead as vines could be. Would call attention to one singular circumstance with him,—the *Rebecca* was not hurt, while vines of same age and condition all around it were killed. Accounted for this by the way the *Rebecca* ripened up its wood about as fast as it grew; while we know the others make a strong, rank, succulent growth, which does not ripen up for weeks or months. The *Rebecca* seems thus to be calculated to withstand sudden and violent changes of temperature almost with impunity.

S. H. Ainsworth, of Ontario county, said that in his vineyards he had the *Diana, Isabella, Rebecca, Concord, Northern Muscadine, Charter Oak*, &c., &c., and that the *Rebecca* was the only vine which stood unharmed—not a leaf touched, while all the others were more or less killed. In answer to questions, he said the *Rebeccas* were within two to three feet of killed vines, "all side by side, and mixed." His neighbors found also that their *Rebeccas* were all uninjured, although standing (as his did) "mixed" with vines which were badly killed.

O. C. Ross, of Monroe county, had seen no difference in his vineyard among the *Diana, Concord, Isabella*, &c., as to the effect of the frost; but his *Rebeccas* were not hurt at all. When asked, he said his vines alternated; *Diana, Rebecca, Concord, Isabella, Rebecca, Concord*, &c.

C. P. Bissell had been very slightly affected by the frost. Had thousands of vines of *Diana*, &c. His *Diana, Rebecca, Isabella, Childs' Superb, Clinton, Concord*, &c., all stood equally exposed, and the *Isabella* was the only sort touched at all, and but few of those. Didn't say that any sort was more or less tender than the others. In answer to questions—"Isabella was the only kind that happened to be touched, with me; and so far as that fact showed, it semed, in this freeze, to have been the most tender sort."

Dr. Spence inquired if at any other spring there should be imminent danger of a similar frost, "would laying down do any good?"

C. L. Hoag and S. H. Ainsworth both replied that so far as they saw, in this freeze, those vines nearest the ground were hurt the most.

The President, B. Hodge, remarked that near Buffalo the frost had been as severe as anywhere, and the grape vines were supposed to be ruined, both as to this year's crop and all future. There was a large commercial grapery near Buffalo, used to grow vinery grapes for the market, and in this the vines were frozen through the glass, although carefully sheltered, and the house as warm as it could be kept without fire heat. Near the lake, and near Niagara river, there did not seem to have been as much damage done.

A gentleman remarked that some *Hartford Prolific* vines which he was cultivating, and which were tied to stakes, escaped, while those which lay on the ground were hurt more or less badly.

Afternoon Session.—Question Third.

Which are the best varieties of Strawberry for general profitable cultivation, according to present experience? What is the most profitable and at the same time the most economical mode of cultivation?

H. N. Langworthy remarked that particular attention should be paid to hardiness in winter. We want such as produce berries of good size, of high color, of fine flavor, and such as are firm in flesh, to bear carriage to market. Also, sorts which have strong foot-stalks to keep up the berries from the dirt; keeping the berries clean and bright without the trouble of mulching.

L. B. Langworthy had found *Wilson's Albany* the greatest bearer; considered it the most productive, and it was of pretty good flavor. Feared that *Triomphe de Gand* would fall off in field culture; knew *Hooker* would make a good crop in field culture, and was *sure* that the berry did not run down. Mr. L. spoke of the great *Pulmyra Secret*, by which a Mr. Stoddard, of Palmyra, once produced berries of enormous size, got up quite an excitement about the plants, sold off all the plants he could raise for ten cents apiece; but when cultivated on other ground, these were the commonest sorts possible. His soil was a frog pond, filled in with surface earth from his other grounds, so as to be dry at the surface, while the tap-roots could always be fed with an abundance of liquid aliment.

C. M. Hooker thought that *Triomphe de Gand* must be cultivated in hills so as to be good, and produce good crops the second year.

J. J. Thomas spoke highly of *Wilson's Albany*. Had cultivated *Peabody's Seedling* for two years, and considered the berry excellent. It is fine and large, is a poor bearer, and if allowed to send out its runners freely and cover the ground, it bears *very little*. If cultivated in hills, is better, and is of good flavor always. Some gentlemen speak of the flavor of the wild strawberry as being always superior to that of the cultivated. Now, this depends very much upon the condition of the *eaters*. We all remember those travelers who were crossing the Rocky Mountains a few summers ago, and found some strawberries there, which were the most delicious and the *highest flavored* which they they had ever tasted; were, in fact, so far superior to anything they had ever eaten at home that they took up some of the plants and preserved them with great care, as promising to be a very valuable addition to the fruits at the East. They were sent to R. G. Pardee, who cultivated them with great care, and when the fruit was mature every, one who tasted the *Early Scarlet* or *Burr's New Pine* and then the *Wild Berry* found it inferior. These travelers had not tasted fresh fruit for a long time; they were living upon half-Indian fare, and the transition from dried buffalo meat to these strawberries made the fruit seem beyond all comparison the most delightful they had ever tasted. A person who is hungry for fruit will call anything good, while those who have abundance are a little more nice in their taste.

Dr. Spence thought no water ought to be in any way confined in any basin under the roots of strawberry or other plants. Better sub-drain the soil if wet, and then put water upon the top of the plants. Irrigation at certain seasons improved the fruit mightily, both as to size and number.

M. G. Warner wished to recommend *McAvoy's No.* 1, as one of the most prolific berries he knew. It was a *pistillate* and more productive than the *Wilson's Albany*. It was far superior to the *Hooker* as to bearing. His custom was to plant a row of *Early Scarlet*, then two rows of *McAvoy's No.* 1, then two rows of *Hooker*, then two rows of *Hovey's Seedling*, and so on. He gave all the same chance, never covering or protecting any of them in the winter, and (referring to the needed qualities spoken of by H. N. Langworthy,) he had found the *Hooker* was worse killed out by the winter than either of the others. The best mulching is grass, which is mown before the seeds are matured.

Mr Smith, of Geneva, said the *Early Scarlet* was the most profitable berry that can be grown; it is a strong grower, keeps up a good succession of fruit, the same plants continuing in bearing for fully two weeks, while there is no other sort which continues so long. As a fertilizer to the pistillate sorts it is better than any of the hermaphrodites, and probably fully equal to the pure staminates — Next to *Early Scarlet*, *Wilson's Albany* promises the best of any vine that he had; it is larger and appears to be just as good a bearer. The *Hooker* don't seem to stand well the second season, don't seem to have vitality enough to ensure the second crop.

Mr. Townsend had found the same objection to the *Hooker* as the last two speakers. Called upon Dr. Sylvester, of Lyons, as one who had long and successfully cultivated the strawberry.

Mr. S said the flavor of *Wilson's Albany* was rather too acid to suit [illegible] plate; but it certainly was very productive, [illegible] for market their size makes them very desir[illegible] The pickers can easily fill five boxes with *Wilson's Albany* in the same time as two boxes of *Burr's New Pine* or *Hovey's Seedling*. As to flavor *Burr's New Pine* certainly was of the highest flavor and the best berry he knew; but, for market purposes we want the most abundant bearer. *Peabody's Seedling* seemed to have succeeded better with Dr. S. than with many other persons, and he considered it one of the best flavored of hermaphrodite berries. Dr. S. spoke of a kind of mulching which he had tried and liked very much. His mode of cultivation is to let all the runners grow, filling the whole ground, and each year to plow up alternate strips of the land, thus practicing a sort of renewal system, and having half the land supplied with new plants each year. In the fall he took a quantity of black muck, allowed it to freeze thoroughly, (the freezing and thawing causes it to become as fine as white sand,) each fall spread a quantity of this, say to the depth of half an inch over the part of the land which he wished to protect. It acted as a most excellent mulch, protecting from the cold; was an excellent fertilizer, and assisted in keeping the berries clean, for berries were injured no more by contact with it than with grass or the purest lake sand.

C. M. Hooker stated his mode of cultivation in which he had found no mulch was needed. The rows were originally set out four feet apart and the plants one foot apart in the rows; then kept the land clean with horse cultivators and hoes; let all the runners grow, and thus formed beds which was allowed to bear for two years, and the third year plowed up and planted again. Three-fourths of the vines set out by them were always the *Early Scarlet*, and for all market purposes it had been found the most profitable. *Wilson's Albany* promises very well indeed, for market; to be sure, its quality is not in all respects equal to some others, but it is productive, large and fine-looking. *Crimson Cone*, for preserving, is always in demand and is also a capital market berry. *Hovey's Seedling* had never succeeded very well with him; but might with amateurs, who keep all the runners off. In private gardens the best way would be to mulch with grass or saw-dust. Had used the muck as a mulching; but not a great deal. Applied it fresh in the fall, and the result was that the berries were large and were kept clean.

M. G. Warner had found the *Early Scarlet* to be one of the most delicious and the easiest grown of berries, and doubted if any berry would produce more fruit to the acre for field culture. It ripened at least four days earlier than *Burr's New Pine*, and eight to ten days earlier than *Hovey's Seedling*. Planted the rows three to four feet apart, and the plants eighteen inches apart in the rows, and in a very short time the whole surface of the ground would be completely matted with runners. The way he thinned out was to go with a narrow bitted hoe and chop up whatever plants seemed to be superfluous, and rake them off as he would weeds.—Did not often thin out a bed before the third year after the planting. For a fertilizer for any and all the pistillate varieties no sort acts better than the *Early Scarlet*, for it continues in bearing a great while and the blossoms succeed each other as long as the pollen is needed as a fertilizer. *Burr's New Pine* is very highly flavored, but we cannot make a field berry out of it. For two or three years it will do very well indeed, for garden culture, but the trouble is the same as with *Hovey's Seedling*, it depreciates too fast as to size. As a market berry it was not equal to some others.

Dr. Sylvester had cultivated *Burr's New Pine* for several years as a market berry, and had found it very productive; sufficiently so for market, although not equal to *Wilson's Albany*. The reason for his excellent success may be that he fructifies with the pure staminate plants, and the pistillates prove enormously productive, highly flavored, and maintain their size to the last. These pistillate varieties, in order to show what their true merits are, require a good deal of pollen, and Dr. S. maintained that the needful quantity could not readily be supplied by the hermaphrodite plants; that the pure staminates were needed to furnish pollen in abundance. When thus properly fructified he had picked 32 quarts of large, fine berries, from the pistillates growing upon a single square rod of land.

A ballot was taken as to the best six varieties of strawberries for market purposes, and as to which six the members thought best for amateur cultivation. These ballots showed a pretty wide range of opinion, although all united upon *Early Scarlet* and *Wilson's Albany*, which two were upon every ballot. *Hooker* received 11 votes, *Hovey's Seedling* 10, *Triomphe de Gand* 8, *Burr's New Pine* 6, *Genesee* and *Crimson Cone* each 4, *Jenny Lind* 3, *Cushing, Longworth's Prolific* and *McAvoy's Extra Red* had 2 each, and the following sorts 1 each, viz:—*Scott's Seedling, Brighton Pine, Victoria, McAvoy's No* 1, *Fillbasket, Huey's Seedling No.* 1, *Huey's Seedling No.* 2, *Walker's Seedling* and *Pyramidal Chilian*.

This diversity of opinion among the gentlemen as to which should make up the six, after such entire unanimity upon the *Early Scarlet* and *Wilson's Albany*, it was suggested, must be owing to some peculiarities of soil and cultivation in each case; causing favorite sorts to succeed especially well in these cases, while others found other sorts to do far better.

Upon the varieties for *amateurs* the opinions of the members were expressed, with hardly a variation in the ballots, for *Early Scarlet, Hooker, Burr's New Pine, Hovey's Seedling, Wilson's Albany* and *Triomphe de Gand*.

While the ballots were being made out and counted, several gentlemen were called upon for their experience upon particular points in cultivation. H. E. Hooker had found for field culture the beds better than rows or hills, and he allowed the plants to make all the runners they wished. In his own garden he planted in hills or rows, mulched with care, and kept off the runners.

P. Barry agreed with Mr. Hooker.

B. Hodge had noticed some lands near the shore of Lake Erie, near Buffalo, which were used as market lands for strawberries, and produced great crops. This soil was never manured, and would not raise Indian corn four feet high, but the crop of *Hovey's Seedling* was perfectly astonishing, both as to size and quantity. The practice of the gardeners was to leave all the runners upon the plants, and about the third year to plow up the fields and put in new plants again. *Hovey's Seedling* was a variety which made but few runners, and the most of the strength of the vine went to the fruit.

Joseph Frost had found the earliest strawberry he raised to be the *Jenny Lind*. The berry was of good size, and always earlier than the *Early Scarlet*, which was a very desirable market quality, and besides it was sure to produce a better crop.

J. J. Thomas strongly advocated large and good-looking berries, in order to ensure a quick sale in market; had known fine looking *Wilson's Albany* to sell in the Buffalo market with rapidity at 25 cts per quart, while other sorts were slow at 10 cents.

H. E. Hooker thought *Wilson's Albany* as poor as any other sort, if cultivated as those other sorts were spoken of, that is, the runners forming mats covering the whole ground, and let run. It is a new sort, and every purchaser pays attention to his plants, and the high cultivation is what makes *Wilson's Albany* so good and productive. It does not form a great many runners, anyway, so that the strength of the plant can mostly go into the fruit, which must become large.

T. C. Maxwell inquired whether the sourness of *Wilson's Albany* berries did not adapt them particularly for preserving, especially in *Yeoman's Fruit Bottles*.

C. P. Bissell had always been requested to buy *Crimson Cone* and *Rival Hudson* as preserving berries until of late years, when "our folks," after giving the *Hooker* thorough trials, had preferred it to any and all other varieties for preserving. *Hooker* seems to be equally adapted for keeping in the fruit cans or bottles, or for sweetmeats; its firmness of flesh and fine flavor both remain, whether kept for months or years.

P. Barry recalled with pleasure the remarks made by Mr. H. N. Langworthy, when subject No. 3 was first introduced. Let us be sure that we know what we want; what qualities we desire in the plants, and what in the berries, then let us cultivate our vines in the proper manner—let everything be done according to some system, and we shall have results which shall astonish those who just go along hap-hazard, anyhow, and who are consequently always having bad luck with their berries.

Disease of the Pear.

Dr. Spence here stated to the meeting that he had suffered upon his premises very severely from a *mysterious disease affecting his Pear trees*. They were standard Pear trees, 5 years old. In the fall of 1858 the leaves commenced to assume a red hue very prematurely. During the summer of 1858, they had made a good strong growth—(and here he showed some very long branches of last year's growth.) This spring, 1859, the buds had swelled as usual and seemed ready to develop. The fruit buds even began to unfold, and then *all stopped*.—The bark remains green all down the body of the tree until near to the ground, and root, and it then is all dead and has the appearance of having been dead for a year. The point where the bark changes from green and bright to brown, is sometimes above and sometimes below the point of junction between the pear stock and the graft. The wood is dead beneath the bark and the bark is dead.—Had examined thoroughly, with a microscope, and could find no insect there and no mark of any insect having been there. Had brought to the Society some of the stumps of the trees, and wished the gentlemen to look at them. The Doctor verified all his statements as he proceeded by cutting the bark, and showing it green above and dead at the roots. In answer to questions—the roots were always mostly dead. His loss had been within the last four or five years fully 250 out of 1,200 trees. Disease is not confined to his own land, or to any particular kind of soil; is not confined to Yates county; had seen it in different parts of the State. Never found the tree dead higher than a foot from the ground, except sometimes a spot of the bark as large as a silver dollar would be dead, but all would be green above and below it. The roots in all cases of these trees looked as if they had been dead for years. Is very sure that there is no stagnant water around the roots; there had not been any. Dr. Spence here stopped answering questions, and asked whether Mr. Thomas could not tell him what it was, and how to prevent, or cure it.

J. J. Thomas—The more I study the diseases of the pear the less I find that I know.

T. C. Maxwell thought it was the fire blight.—Had found in his experience that the blight uses all bark just in this same way. The disease seems to commence in the roots; the roots all seem to die. The further supply and circulation of fresh sap is of course stopped. There remains enough of sap in the bark and body of the tree to make the fruit buds and leaf buds commence to swell and to keep the bark green.

W. P. Townsend had suffered more or less for several years from the various forms of fire-blight, and there are always some quite singular appearances in every case of the disease. In some instances branches will be dead while all remains green and apparently thrifty above and below them. In other cases, it attacks the top and works down, while in Dr. Spence's case it attacks the root first.

Alvah Covey had lost Cherry trees in the same way. Two *Napoleon Bigarreau* trees died last year, and upon digging them up found that the roots were dead, with the same appearance as those now before the meeting. Disease is not confined to standard Pear trees, by any means.

Mr. Smith, of Geneva, thought from the look of the stumps shown by Dr. Spence, that there must have been something in the soil not adapted to the cultivation of the pear tree, or there had not been sufficient culture bestowed upon the trees; thought that very likely the land sustaining the trees needed manure. Could see by the trees here shown that the tap roots did not make good growth.—Feared there may have been a want of drainage and the subsoil cold and sour, so as to prevent the tap roots from penetrating it and doing well in it.

Mr. Boardman had had trees die under precisely similar appearances, although standing over a blind drain.

B. Hodge had lost many trees by the same disease, and had laid it to the freezing and thawing of soil with too much moisture in it; had noticed it to be mostly confined to wet soils. Over this blind drain was just such a spot, for this drain would not have been put there except to carry off water, and water must have been all the time coming around these roots and freezing.

Mr. Yeomans, of Walworth, had planted two hundred standard pear trees, and they were all gone now; knew that in his case it had been caused by an excess of water. Having the excess of water once in a while is what does it. The shape of this land was so that the water would center to the trees; a sort of cup around each tree. the effect upon the tree was very much like that of boiling water—fire and frost act very much alike in their effects upon plants. After the roots of trees are dead and the bark is dead all around the root of the tree, the trees will leave out and live, and the fruit will even become half grown; yet, during the summer, the leaves, fruit and all, are sure to turn yellow and die.

P. Barry—This disease looks amazingly like the fire-blight; but the whole thing is mysterious.—Agreed exactly with brother Thomas.

S. H. Ainsworth—Looking at these stumps of Dr. Spence would call attention to the roots.—They seem all to be lateral roots, to run near the surface of the ground—trees seem not to have had any tap roots. Thinks there must have been wet subsoil or some water which, flowing to the trees, prevented the growth of the tap roots. Much depends upon the condition of the earth in the spring; alternate freezing and thawing is almost sure death to the trees. Had lost a great many trees in his day, but never had any die where the subsoil was dry.

Wm. Brown Smith, of Syracuse, here moved that when we adjourn we adjourn to meet at Rochester, at the call of the Council.

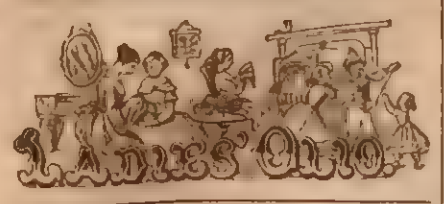
P. Barry, of Rochester, recalled to the memory of Mr. Smith that when the Society was organized it was the *Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York*, and that it was understood that meetings should alternate between Syracuse, Geneva, Auburn, Buffalo, Lockport and Rochester. Mr. Barry was opposed to the resolution because it was giving to Rochester more than its share of the meetings, and moved to amend by substituting Geneva for Rochester.

T. C. Maxwell, of Geneva, would be very glad to have the Society in their village; would entertain them to the best of their ability; could give them a good hall for the meeting; but he knew they could not get as great a number together; could not make near as fine a show of fruits.—Reminded the members that although they had assembled at Buffalo, Syracuse, &c., that their largest and pleasantest meetings had always been held at Rochester.

Quite a number of members spoke briefly, expressing their preferences upon this subject and it was noticeable that while Rochester gentlemen all spoke in favor of the amendment, every gentleman from other towns spoke against it.

The amendment having been accepted by Mr. Smith, the question was taken upon the resolution as amended, and it was found to be lost by a majority of two to one, all of the members except Rochester gentlemen voting against it.

Mr. Smith again introduced his original resolution, when Mr. C. P. Bissell moved to amend by substituting Syracuse for Rochester. After some little debate Mr. Smith also accepted this amendment; but the resolution as amended was again lost by an equally decisive vote. Mr. Smith again introduced his original resolution, and no more amendments being offered, the members from other towns had it all their own way, and passed it without opposition. The Society then adjourned.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE OLD HOUSE.

That little brown house! I remember it well—
'Mid roses and lilacs embowered—
No palace of kings was e'er loved half so well,
Tho' in pride and in grandeur it towered.
With door always open to want and distress,
Kind hearts there to comfort and cheer.
And hands ever ready to give and to bless—
Sure, peace and contentment dwelt here.

Its compass was small, yet there ever was room—
Its walls no rare pictures adorned -
No costly upholstery there to shed gloom
And discomfort on all things around.
But the "old kitchen chairs" that so nicely did fit,
The "arm-chair" all covered so neat,
And the "little chair," too, where I first learned to knit
Seated there at my dear mother's feet.

Not these, in exchange for the sofas, divans,
That modern apartments adorn,
Would I give, though with time, and the oft busy hands
Of children, disfigured and worn.
Then the "old German clock" that has hung on the wall,
And numbered the hours as they past,
Though of joy, or of sorrow, it recked not the while,
But whispered, "not always they'll be last."

And then the "old cupboard" with door never barred
To guard the rich dainties within,
But filled with a store of nice cakes, pies, and bread,
Which we buttered in slices *not thin*.
O, *such* bread and butter as there was produced,
Never since have I tasted, or can;
It seemed that *new life* with each *slice* was infused
As it came from our kind mother's hand.

'Twas the home of my childhood! that little brown house!
Where I whiled its bright hours away,
With the bird, and the bee, and the sly little mouse,
As wild and as careless as they.
And near it was there an "old barn," which I ween—
As piled with rich harvests it stood—
Some other *rude girl* like myself must have seen
And loved it as well as I could.

Oh, many and sweet are the mem'ries that cling
Around that loved home of my heart!
'Tis hallowed by scenes that around me still fling
A charm that can never depart.
Tho' it standeth no longer, and I am afar
In a land that is new to my sight,
Yet my spirit oft passes and wanders back there
With a feeling of strange, wild delight.

Mina, N. Y., 1859. LUIE.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GOVERNMENT OF CHILDREN.

Nothing in this world presents a sight half so pleasing, beautiful, attractive, captivating, (I speak for one,) as a group or family of children attentively, aye, eagerly listening to the counsel of their parents. The divine injunction is explicit:—"*Train up a child in the way he should go.*" And I remark that the *way* here meant is, *firstly*, obedience to its parents. For a child to *disobey* its parents is to *dishonor* them, which is a violation of both the natural and moral law.

Some one (I hope many,) may ask, *How would you have us do to prevent this.* Pay attention, my friends, and, if I may be allowed, I will answer you as briefly and plainly as I can, and with all the pleasure imaginable. First, for your encouragement, I will here tell you that it is a work that *well pays*, and that no parent can neglect it without meeting with a loss far "transcending all price." Let me impress it into your minds that the obedience of children to their parents depends *wholly* on carring out striotly in practice a few plain, simple rules. The most important of these I shall here lay down.

1st. By *all means* both parents (if there are two living,) should be UNITED—should act in unison, "in concert," in harmony. Bitter conflicts and many evils grow out of a disagreement between parents. Of these squabbles children are *much earlier* observers than parents have any idea, and will seldom fail taking the advantage of such occasions and weaknesses, and fly for shelter and protection to the one or the other that will take their part. Should parents differ as to their mode of government, as may sometimes happen, they should take the utmost care that it does not come to the knowledge of the child.

2d. The next thing is *to begin in season.* Almost all parents are apt to put off bringing their children under wholesome discipline and restraint, until they have been left to their own way so long that the habit of disobeying becomes so fixed, and the will so strong, that it takes full double the medicine to operate. Parents who thus neglect and postpone, are never known to make amends. The fact is, they have neither the disposition nor the ability. The child is beyond their control.

3d. *At what age is it proper to commence?* As soon as the child is capable of understanding a plain, simple order,—somewhere, say, from ten to eighteen months old. Parents by a little attention can very easily and correctly determine. At this age commence a thorough, uniform, regular, systematic, daily course of training. There are many in-door errands and offices which the child is capable of doing and should be required to do at this age; such as "bring me the broom,"—"carry sister the pan,"—"pick up the cake,"—"shut the door," and the like.

4th. Let your orders always be given in language adapted to the child's understanding—the plainest and simplest possible. Many children are blamed and cruelly punished for not understanding what it is utterly impossible for *any one* to understand.

5th. See that your requirements are *just and reasonable*, so that there shall be no difficulty whatever—that is, want of power on the child's part in complying with them. The reason for this it is not necessary to give. Then, when they are made,—when the order is given, see that it is obeyed *without any failure*, by speaking only *once*. To this end let it be given in *a firm and decisive manner*, yet spoken in tones of kindness and accents of love. If your child is *once* allowed to get the *mastery* over you, it will be next *to*, if not *quite*, impossible for you ever to conquer him afterward. Under such mis-rule, believe me, an instance of complete subjection was probably never known.

It is sometimes said that children of different dispositions, require different modes of treatment. Very true. Yet there are, in the science of government, certain established principles and rules which are wisely and happily adapted, and indispensably applicable, to all children, of whatever temperament, excepting idiots. Such are the foregoing.

Now, dear reader, as you have got through, do I hear you say:—"I wonder if that man knows any more about bringing up children than other folks? I don't believe he has ever had any to bring up."—Yes I have. "How many?" Why, enough to learn something about it—say a pretty fair experiment in reducing theory to practice. How many do you suppose a parent needs to bring up in order to understand the philosophy? Or does it depend on the *number* at all? If it does, why, then, do not those who have the *largest* families *excel?*—I presume you would not question or underrate the ability of a mineralogist to instruct you in his branch of science, because he had not laid as many rods of stone wall as a man of your acquaintance, who has devoted an entire life to the latter pursuit.

Woodbury, Ct., 1859. D. WELLMAN, Jr.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE "SANCTUM"—WHAT IS IT LIKE?

I wonder if any of the lady Rural Correspondents have ever seen the inside of an Editor's sanctum? If you have, I wish you'd tell us how it looks, and initiate us somewhat, in its mysteries. Does he not have a great pile of letters, and newspapers, and periodicals, and books, to examine every mail—subscriptions, queries, articles for publication, &c.?—and who opens them, and disposes of their contents? Does the Editor himself, with assistants? Take, for instance, the office of the Rural New-Yorker. Does the Editor condescend to look over all the communications, deciding which to publish, and which not; or does he trust that department to some other person? I have often wondered how he, or any one else, could endure to inspect all the articles sent to them; and so far from feeling dissatisfaction, if a piece has been deemed unworthy, or overlooked, have been surprised to see it again.—How can we judge of the fitness of an article for publication? It may be too late, or too early, or out of season, or on subjects not treated upon in that paper. In short, it may lack or possess too much, for that particular paper, or time, or region; or, in the multiplicity of an Editor's duties have been overlooked for months or years. As the Editor is responsible for the influence and impression his publications may exert or create, how impossible it would be for him to indorse the sentiments of all who choose to address his paper, by giving them publicity thro' its columns.

Probably, the mass of people are very ignorant of the duties, and exertions, attending the successful publication of newspapers. Few men are qualified to fill with continued popularity an "Editor's Chair," and we scarcely know how to appreciate the efforts he must make, and the obstacles overcome, before he can become fairly established in public opinion and receive an encouraging patronage. And is it not in his power, to do more good, or harm, than any other class of our public teachers? The Editor's influence ranks the highest and most extended in our country, and through him, if it ever comes, we must look for "the good time coming." QUERCHY.

[Without assuming to answer the queries propounded to Lady Correspondents, we would refer QUERCHY to an article in next column from the pen of a gentleman who has visited the Rural sanctum, and knows somewhat whereof he affirms relative to its topography, &c. It is proper to remark, however, that though the principal editor opens and cursorily examines all communications, many are necessarily submitted to the close examination of assistants and contributors who have more leisure, and make certain branches their specialities.—ED. RURAL.]

THE INDUSTRY OF WOMEN.

The last Edinburgh Review has an interesting paper on the labors and emoluments of women.—The writer affirms that education is the surest means of placing her in the position nature intended her to occupy. Out of six millions of women in England and Scotland, he shows that no less than half are industrial in their mode of life, more than a third being self-supporting. The matrimonial cases under recent laws have disclosed an amazing amount of female industry; almost every wife who sought protection proving that she had supported the household and acquired property. The reviewer does not hesitate to attribute difficulties in regard to the industrial independence of women to the jealousy of men. This jealousy, he says:

"Shows itself with every step gained in civilization, and its immediate effect is to pauperize a large number of women, who are willing to work for their bread; and we need not add, to condemn to perdition many more who have no choice left but between starvation and vice. The jealousy which keeps country women from the employment of engraving the brass work of a watch, and from pasting patterns of floss silk upon cards, for trade purposes, long kept the School of Design in London closed against female pupils, and renders it still more impossible for an Englishwoman to qualify herself for treating the diseases of women and children. The same jealousy cost many lives in the late war, by delaying the reception of the nurses into the hospitals in the East, and by restricting their action when there. In the Staffordshire potteries, women are largely employed in painting porcelain—an art which they are better qualified to practice than men. It will hardly be credited, but we can vouch for the fact, that such is the jealousy of men that they compel the women to paint without a rest for the hand, and the masters are obliged by their workmen to sanction this absurd act of injustice."

Men can better philosophize on the human heart, but women can read it better.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OUR JIMMIE AND HIS BRIDE.

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

I look upon a sunny path
Where two walk side by side;
They love each other true and well,
But, ah! the future, who can tell?
Kind Heaven keep
Our Jimmie and his bride.

No clouds are frowning o'er their heads,
No thorns are 'neath their feet,
They think the wide world glad as they;
Dear Father, grant they ever may,
And let no woe betide
Our Jimmie and his bride.

Their years are few, and may their locks
Grow white before they part,
But never let a snow-flake fall
To blight their bloom of heart;
We love them much, and to Thy care
We leave them, and confide
That angel wings will fold around
Our Jimmie and his bride.

Rochester, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"EXCELSIOR;"

A STORY FOR THE STORY MAKERS.

BY W. H. GARDNER.

In a three-cornered, high-walled room, fronting upon a busy, din-raising street sat a man surrounded with books, letters, and newspapers. He plies his task diligently, silently, save the rustling of paper or the occasional scratching of his pen.—The rumble of machinery barely reaches him, but undisturbed he toils on—the written page lengthening—the piles of examined manuscripts and exchange papers of various classes growing larger; until, after a time,—a long time of unceasing effort,—he rises, having filled the iron band-measure which encircles the metallic signs of his brain-labor. He is the Editor—the parent mind of the establishment we have unceremoniously entered,—the thinking power, like the sun lighting and warming a whole solar system of satellite workers.

In the room from which we entered this are stored thick volumes, containing the ligaments binding the *sanctum* to that portion of the outer world which feeds it. The result of the hand and brain-labor of which we are speaking, directed by those volumes, finds its way through the throbbing, beating, iron-arteried world to the hearths and homes of thousands in our loved land. The means furnished by enlightened and well-organized society are used—the universal mail conveyance of our domain—to pay to each creditor his dues, but this detracts naught from the praise which the master brain of the enterprise deserves.

In another apartment we hear the click, click, of lettered type, and the constant use of copy, drawn from the tri-cornered fountain, tells the unremitting toil of him who feeds the stream from that inner "holy of holies." Yes, copy is the constant want here—copy which, radiated upon the world, becomes real copy for an infinitude of forming, enlarging, progressive minds. The trickling stream from that worn pen-nib multiplied, is more effective in forming mind than the will of any tyrant who ever forged chains on a minion-supported throne. In yet another apartment is the magical product and invaluable servant of diffused science—the power printing-press. The product of the labor of that inner fount passing 'neath the magic touch of this machine may be exchanged for a trifle with thousands, instead of remaining only his. It is a wonderful consummation of labor to him who has passed more time in trapping than study—it is a wonderful success to every division of labor, and calculated to bring forth unconcealed wonder from even intelligent eyes.

None but carefully educated eyes, hands and brains labor here. The final immortal product bound in mortal caskets is too precious to allow aught but finished, gilded gems to speak upon the page of the sheet whose inspection is rigid, and motto is "*Excelsior.*"

"Yet higher" is the aim of the pen-guide in the sanctum, the printer at his "case," and the workmen at the press, and the impress of their thought is enstamped upon their labor, to be engraven upon the heart of the herd-tending school-boy, who nightly denies himself hours with his skates, that he may share their thoughts. "Excelsior" is engrafted upon all who come within its radius, and truth impressed for eternity, is photographed upon the heart by the Editor's labor.

It is a vain endeavor to trace the influences which conspired to produce the artizan who labors in the sanctum to furnish copy to set in living forms, imperishable as immortal. We imagine preparation, youthful study, training hope, and, finally, the adoption of the ever-retreating beacon, "Excelsior." We have known him of the sanctum for more than half a score of years—we have within us caverned memories, youthful planted, fixed and unfading—ours for good from him forever. Others have them—we are not alone, and now proceed to give another view drawn from the sanctum's influences.

The snows of early winter were sifting upon farm-land and moor in the "Prairie State," when a teacher in a beautiful school-room—from whose windows fully four hundred square miles of prairie could be seen at one sweep of the eye—laid upon his table before the wondering eyes of his pupils a package of papers, fresh from the post-office. Unbinding the bundle he found it to contain specimen sheets from the establishment described by us.—When the hour of separation came, each tugging laborer for the lore garnered for him on the famed hill of science was bidden take one. Into capacious pockets they are thrust, and, one by one, with their noisy owners, have disappeared through the opened door. New and untrodden paths await those records of labor—new hearths—strange firesides are visited. They are bidden full welcome by all save those who have no desire for true, intelligent copy.

At the home of that boy setting out alone for a three mile walk to reach it, let us call and witness the scrutiny which the labor of the sanctum receives. His parents are New Englanders—educated and intelligent reading farmers, they left the early home land for this more fertile and promising soil. Their labors have been blessed, and they are enjoying the decline of life as only the industrious can enjoy it. Not their smallest comfort is that boy whom we have seen hastening along the prairie path, hardly able to wait until he reaches home to enjoy the copy in his possession. Good copy has ever been his—parental copy without a fault, from which others, as well as himself, have profited. But yet the parents feel a want of what, without exchange of labor, they cannot gratify—a real, pressing, not-to-be-foregone want of examples—of copy to point their boy's mind on the way to yet higher development in science and truth. The age demands that he should receive not only the impress of their own proper, everyday, stereotyped habits and manners, but the mind-labor and choice product of some one educated for the duty, constantly. Such is the great need in this house where want seemeth a stranger so full is the ample-stored abundance, the content and happiness which marks its indwellers. But their want is not for the temporal supply of their bodies—it is instruction—added thought. The thinking part of man requires strengthening and quickening as regularly as the body. He may acquire more consuming, hateful, burning thirsts, but until stifled, he possesses Nature's in-planted relish for the congenial, sympathetic condiments of other mind-labor, which ever prompts him to higher action, and never satisfied, is constantly crying give, give. It is the yearning of the heart for true knowledge in the student of the farm as well as the laboratory. It is the want also of the parent for his offspring—the teacher for his pupils—the pastor for his flock—a want or association not to be denied. Money in the purse—herds in the field—measured stores in the garner, are naught compared with the want of the parents spoken of. They want the entire labor of him whose sanctum we have visited. They are not ambitious, neither extravagant, but after examining the stranger introduced by their school-boy son, resolve to bestow upon him the product of that Editor's labor—think of it ye who flourished in the days of Pythagoras and Demosthenes—think of it ye who value too highly your insignificant flock and herd products, to give in exchange a few cankered shillings for fifty-two measures of a full mind's action. Surely Alexander received less in his early training under the philosophic Aristotle, with national wealth at his beck, than this farmer boy of the prairie. Wonderful realization of desire—consummate success, the placing, by occasional revolutions of the press given in exchange for a few hours labor, the aggregate experience and wisdom of ages in the hands of our youth.

The connection between the toiling Editor's sanctum and the hearts and homes of the people is very acute. While the latter are furnished mental sustenance by the former, the support of the sanctum is derived by supplying just such wants as the one described at the prairie hearth-stone. Although depending upon the voice of the people for success, intelligent, sufficient, honest labor fails not of appreciation and remunerating return. Liberal support accorded to the sanctum, and careful preparation of the product of the press with "Excelsior" for its motto, will result advantageously to both parties, proving to each an untold augmentation of happiness, as the effect of a division of labor.

Amboy, Lee Co., Ill., 1859.

How You May Know Good Fathers.—It is a good sign and true when you see amid a group of boys one dart from the rest, and, tossing his arms above his head, shout—"*There's my father!*" as he runs to meet him. You may be sure, no matter what business soever, that man may have, that there is a spot in his heart still fresh and green, which the cares of the world have no power to blight. "There's *my* father." With what a pretty pride the little fellow shouts this. He must be indeed a brute, whose fatherly heart does not swell with love, whose eyes do not glisten, who does not at such a moment feel amply repaid for that day's toil, no matter how wearisome. After all, love is the only thing worth having in this world. They who stand over new-made graves tell us so. Fame, money, and ambition dwindle into nothing, beside the white, calm brow of death, though God knows it may be the youngling of the flock whose lips have never even learned to syllable our names.

Very Touching.—Mr. Backus, the editor of the Canajoharie Radii, is a deaf mute; but how eloquently he gives voice to the language of grief in the following passage from his last paper:

We cannot this week fill our usual column—every time hitherto, before this, that we have sat in the old place, to the now regular recurring duty, we have had dear little fingers rambling along our knees, or making stray snatches at the paper. A little face, all lit with happy eyes, bo-peeping into ours. A little head, nodding, as it shook its curls, a mock "by-by, papa," and turning back again to the sweet childish teasing. But now, alas! the little fingers are no longer here; the little eyes are dim with a dimness that shall never know the old lustre again, and the little curls are yonder, beneath that sod that gleams so greenly beneath the trees and the glimmering white tombstones.

Aristocracy.—I can respect the aristocracy of family—the consciousness of blood that has flowed through historic veins and throbbed under blazoned shields of renown. I can respect the aristocracy of talent, rising above all material conditions in its splendor and power. I can respect the aristocracy of enterprise that bursts all obstacles, and itself earns and holds with a modest self-exertion. But of all aristocracy, the aristocracy of mere vulgar, flaring wealth, and nothing else is the emptiest and silliest.—*E. H. Chapin.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

JESUS WEPT.

Oh! how sweet for weary ones
Of earth's sighing, fallen sons,
As they travel here below
In this world of weal or woe;
Sweet, though life a troubled deep;
Jesus wept that we might weep.

Mourner, hast thou naught to cheer
Thy lone path while traveling here?
Art thou of a friend in need?
Jesus is thy friend indeed.
He thy guide, thy hope will be;
Jesus wept, He'll weep with thee.

Careless sinner, dost thou scorn
Jesus Christ, for sinners born?
Dost thou scorn the path He trod?
Ere thou feel His chast'ning rod,
Pause, behold His love how free;
Jesus wept! He wept for thee.

Christians, journeying hand in hand
Till ye reach the promised land,
Can ye still inactive be,
While a world in sin ye see?
Sow in tears, in gladness reap;
Jesus wept and ye should weep.

Piffard, N. Y., 1859. JANE E. H.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LIFE'S MISSION.

How many reminiscences sad and sorrowful do we find recorded upon life's pages. Sad disappointments, hidden heart-aches, unrealized aspirations, and petty trials—how these at times come like a load of misery to crush our weary hearts, until it seems almost a burden to live, with such an array of bright hopes unrealized, and good resolves broken for a future warning. Life! What depths of meaning does this simple word convey! How it speaks of earnest struggles for right and truth, of good resolves and noble deeds,—how it tells of crime, misery, want, and wretchedness. Though the discords of sin are continually drowning the beautiful harmonies of life,—though evil and temptation ever surround us,—though disappointments and hourly trials may attend us through life's journey,—though the slanders of the malicious, and the faithlessness of those we have trusted may wound us; yet it will be but a short time before the winds above our graves will chant our requiem "while we rest from our labors." Life is not given us for vain repinings and murmurings, but for a higher and nobler purpose,—for the good of others. We have each a life-work to do, which noble and generous hearts should covet. It is to check the swelling tide of human wretchedness and woe, to comfort the broken-hearted, to scatter the gems of sympathy and kindness among the sorrowing sons and daughters of earth. Were it but the aim of every one to promote the happiness of others, how many hearts now sad would bound with life and joy—how many moments of anguish that are known only to the deeply sensitive heart, might be spared. How often has the unkind word, the thoughtless criticism, sent the burning tear of anguish unbidden to the eye, which by a simple word of kindness might have been sealed deep in their fountains. Ever, then, oh! earth-pilgrim, speak and act kindly. Kind words and deeds are more precious than glittering diamonds, or the laurels wreathed around a victor's brow. Perchance, by kindness and encouragement well bestowed, the erring wanderer from the path of purity and peace, may be led to return again to a better and a holier life—to the afflicted, a word or look of kindness may find a sunny resting-place, which may kindle the light of joy in his saddened heart, sheding a halo around his future pathway, cheering it to the tomb.

"Then ever speak in tones of kindness
To the sorrow-stricken heart,
And never let a word or action
Cause the bitter tear to start,
For how many spirits broken,
Bowed beneath a load of care,
Have been cheered by kind words spoken,
Cheered their daily cross to bear."

May it then be our "life mission" to crown each day of our lives with good and beautiful deeds, that when the snows of life's December shall whiten our heads, we may look back upon a life well spent, and enjoy a hope of a resurrection unto life immortal, a rest in that "Eternal Country" which God hath prepared for those that serve Him.

Wilson, N. Y., 1859. MARION.

The Dignity of the Ministry.—When the celebrated George Herbert informed a court friend of his resolution to enter the holy orders, he endeavored to dissuade him from it, as too much below his birth and the excellent abilities and endowments of his mind. To whom Herbert replied:—"It hath been formerly judged that the domestic servants of the King of heaven should be of the noblest families of the earth. And though the iniquities of the late times have made clergymen meanly valued, and the sacred name of priest contemptible, yet I will labor to make it honorable by consecrating all my learning and all my poor abilities to advance the glory of that God that gave them, knowing that I can never do much for him that hath done so much for me as to make me a Christian. And I will labor to be like my Savior, by making humility lovely in the eyes of all men, and by following the merciful and meek example of my dear Jesus."

Meditation on the Word of God.—By continual meditation on the sacred writings, a man as naturally improves and advances in holiness, as a tree thrives and flourishes in a kindly and well-watered soil. All the fruits of righteousness show themselves at the proper season, as opportunity calls for them; and his words, which are to his actions what the leaves are to the fruit, fall not on the ground, but are profitable as well as ornamental.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HELP IN COMPOSITION.

It has come to be quite a general article of belief with people who attend common school exhibitions, that the papers and separate essays, which form so large a share of the entertainment, and claim to be the work of the pupils, are often little more than examples of what SWIFT mildly terms "digressing from one's self." Assuming that foundation for such belief exists, it is but fair to regard those who thus pass off as their own what belongs, in whole or in part, to another, as more sinned against than sinning in the case; since, in perhaps nearly every instance, the attempted fraud is less the result of a disposition to deceive, by appearing in borrowed or stolen plumage, than of a wish to come up to the requirements of ambitious teachers and no less ambitious friends. In many cases the pupil is merely a passive party to the fraud; the piece which the public are to suppose he composed being placed in his hands and himself exercised in the proper delivery of it; or his own production submitted for criticism and correction, being returned to him so altered that he recognizes it only by the title. Without inquiring into the wisdom of obliging pupils to write, or to *appear* to write, when they feel that they have nothing to say, let us indulge in a few general reflections on the mischievous practice teachers too often encourage, and even connive at, of beginners in literary composition begging or borrowing the materials for their pretended production; said incipient authors sometimes ransacking works on Rhetoric and the confessions of experienced writers for a patent method of putting the elements of their discourse together.

We commit a fatal mistake when we imagine and act on the supposition that a particular acquaintance with the intellectual modes employed by others is essential to a successful prosecution of our own work, or even affords valuable aid thereto. Except for the gratification of curiosity such knowledge is useless; for another's processes are not ours — and if it were possible for him to explain them minutely, which it seldom or never is, we could not adopt them if we would; the continued attempt to do so would very likely cost us what skill we have gained in our own method. So, if my friend furnishes me a thought or a sentence, no amount of generosity on his part, no vehemence in disclaiming the ownership of it can make it mine in any other sense than that of acceptance, just as the oldest thought in Literature may belong to me; whatever felicity resides in those words is inalienably his; the success is his, and not mine; for, instead of doing the little I was capable of, I have merely received from him and accomplished nothing myself.

Nor does the loss of practice in forming and giving expression to thought, which is the price of allowing another to say for us what we are pretending to say for ourselves, constitute the entire disadvantage of accepting this falsely-termed aid. It exposes us to the danger of self-deception—of unconsciously falling into the persuasion that we are really profiting in a disciplinary sense—are gaining skill and execution by these efforts of others added to trifling exertion of our own. But the immense moral injury involved outweighs every other consideration. Though innocent of willful fraud in presenting as our own creation what is only partly ours, the practice, perhaps slowly and insensibly, but surely, induces a false estimate of respectability; an estimate in which appearance supplants reality—sham and show take the place of substance, and the superior ease of shining by reflected light sets aside the homely, prosaic truth that more honor resides in professing but little and *being* but little, than in high, baseless pretension. We see, then, that what our distorted vision too often regards as helps, are, in both a moral and an intellectual view, the worst of hindrances.

How many of us, though scorning to accept tangible aid, and jealous of anything that proposes to smooth the difficult approaches to the formidable task, yet find ourselves longing for direction—guidance! But the feeling of satisfaction with which we contemplate the finished work, fully balances the dread we experience in entering on its execution; when commencing it, we, in spite of ourselves, wish for some invisible agency, something that will not detract from our own merit, if merit there be,—that will assist us and yet not assist us, so that the work when done, shall be fairly and completely ours,—to help us through it. When completed, we rejoice that we were compelled to do it alone.

He is, indeed, fortunate, who early learns that in all the world there is no help for him equal to self-help; that though millions combine to thrust greatness on him, they cannot elevate him a hair's breadth above his purchased level,—purchased by conquering, inch by inch, and step by step, the ground that lay before him, and making it, by dint of careful guarding, a fast possession. A.

South Livonia, N. Y., June, 1859.

ROUTINE AND GUESSING IN SCHOOL.—Almost every profession has its peculiar perils to the moral and intellectual nature of the man, and that of the teacher is by no means exempt from them. Besides the danger of growing arbitrary and dogmatic, which he ought to remember in his daily prayer, he is particularly liable to become a *routinist*. As he obtains experience in his calling, which is as valuable to him as to the physician or the lawyer, he may sink into that state of indifference wherein his words and his acts are lifeless; wherein he becomes a machine, and discharges his duties as a grist-mill grinds corn. In this condition, he is no longer a teacher; he literally only "hears lessons." He puts questions, and, by a sort of mechanical skill, determines whether the answers are right or wrong. He scolds and frets from the force of habit, rather than because he is irritated by the stupidity and carelessness of the scholar.—*Mass. Teacher.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OUR TEACHERS.

How thoughtless must they be who can appreciate no lessons but those that they receive from professed teachers; and how illiterate must they be whose guide in practical life is confined to the say-so of books? Books are great helps, and they point us to the beautiful objects that surround us, the formation of which displays the skill of a superhuman artificer; they inspire us, too, with lofty aspirations, and kindle the flame of human ambition. But who would be willing to confine their knowledge of this world to what they may learn from professed teachers and books? Let us ramble abroad, with eyes open, and see these things for ourselves. Behold the modest, blushing flower as it springs forth from the bosom of mother earth; it clings to her like a fond child to its parent; it sucks from her unbounded resources all its rosy tints and mellow hues—and is nature impoverished by thus giving? No. Look again,—that flower begins to fade; its love-blushes are gone,—the soft blending of light and shade in its velvet petals have disappeared; it wilts and droops upon the strong arm of nature, and she takes back the precious draught she gave, enriched by the sweet consciousness of having done good. Let us learn a lesson from the flower, and as we drink in so bounteously of nature's goodness, let it bud forth into new life, losing none of its varied richness by a blighting and withering influence; but, gathering fresh impulses from every contact with our natures, tuning our voices to sweet melodies, making our hands more helping, and our hearts more easily impressed with one's relations to humanity and our duty to our Maker. OSCAR TALCOTT.

Ionia, Mich., June, 1859.

USE OF KNOWLEDGE.—Some men think that the gratification of curiosity is the end of knowledge; some the love of fame; some the pleasure of dispute; some the necessity of supporting themselves by their knowledge; but the real use of all knowledge is this, that we should dedicate that reason which was given us by God to the use and advantage of man.—*Lord Bacon.*

The Reviewer.

THE LIFE OF JAMES WATT, with Selections from his Correspondence. By JAMES PATRICK MUIRHEAD, M. A., author of "The Origin and Progress of the Mechanical Inventions of Watt," "Correspondence on the Discovery of the Composition of Water," etc. Illustrated. [pp. 424] New York: D. Appleton & Co.—1859.

During the year 1854 a volume entitled "The Origin and Progress of the Mechanical Inventions of Watt," made its appearance in London, and, although a costly work, illustrated by numerous large copper-plate engravings, was well received. This fact led the author to the preparation of a book comprising all of interest which the volume mentioned contained, and, at the same time, at such low rates that the masses could procure it. The present work supplies this want, and every man may now be the possessor of a full and authentic biography of JAMES WATT. Mr. MUIRHEAD being a kinsman of the illustrious engineer—long the intimate friend, and now the executor of his son—had peculiar facilities for obtaining an accurate knowledge concerning all matters requisite for a complete and graphic life-history. These opportunities were eagerly embraced, and the work happily carried forward to completeness. The reputation of the publishers is a sufficient guarantee of the good style in which the whole is presented. For sale by DEWEY.

THE ART OF EXTEMPORE SPEAKING. Hints for the Pulpit, the Senate, and the Bar. By M. BAUTAIN, Vicar General and Professor at the Sorbonne, etc., etc. With Additions by a Member of the New York Bar. [pp. 364.] New York: Charles Scribner.

AN acute observer of American institutions once remarked that "in no country whatever is a genius for writing or speaking a more useful or commanding endowment than in this." The truth of this assertion being admitted, the careful study and practice of the precepts contained in just such volumes as the one before us, will form a most important part of the education of all who are preparing to become public speakers in any of the callings of life. Prolific as is the English language in Treatises upon Rhetoric, and the Arts of Composition and Delivery, we do not know of a work that will rival M. BAUTAIN'S. The chapters added by the American editor, contain much valuable information, and his brief summary of "Rules of Order and Debate" will be found very useful to presiding officers and debaters. For sale by ADAMS & DARNEY.

OUR favorite among the Quarterlies—the *London Review*—has come to hand for April, and the present issue fully sustains its goodly reputation. The political article in this number, "*Foreign Affairs—War in Italy*," has a peculiar interest just now, discussing, as it does, the views and position of Austria. We have also a review of Carlyle's Frederick the Great; The Minstrelsy of Scotland; National Galleries; Devonshire; George III and Charles James Fox; Lord Brougham and Law Reform; Bunsen's Egypt and the Chronology of the Bible. The latter paper is the most thorough and best worked out of the eight comprised in the Table of Contents, and will prove of intense interest to students of biblical literature. Republished by LEONARD SCOTT & Co., New York. DEWEY Agent for Rochester and vicinity.

Books Received.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA: A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Vol. VI. Cough—Education [pp 772] New York: D. Appleton. Sold in Rochester by D. M. DEWEY, Subscription Agent.

COUNTRY LIFE: A Handbook of Agriculture, Horticulture, and Landscape Gardening. By R. MORRIS COPELAND. [8vo.—pp 818.] Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. Cleveland: Henry P. B. Jewett. From the Publishers.

FARM DRAINAGE. The Principles, Processes, and Effects of Draining Land with Stones, Wood, Plows, and Open Ditches, and Especially with Tiles; including Tables of Rain-Fall, Evaporation, Filtration, Excavation, Capacity of Pipes; Cost and Number to the Acre, of Tiles, &c., &c., and more than 100 Illustrations. By HENRY F. FRENCH. [12mo.—pp. 384.] New York: A. O. Moore & Co. Rochester—E. Darrow & Bro.

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN. By the author of "Olive," "The Ogilvies," "Agatha's Husband," "The Head of the Family," "A Hero, and other Tales," etc. With Illustrations by AUGUSTUS HOPPIN. [16mo.—pp. 455.] New York: Harper & Bros. Sold by DEWEY.

COSMOS: A Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. By ALEX. VON HUMBOLDT. Translated from the German by E. C. OTTE and W. S. DALLAS, F. L. S. Vol. V. [16mo.—pp. 462.] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—DEWEY.

NATURE'S SCHOOL; or, Lessons from the Garden and the Field. [16mo.—pp. 347.] Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union. Sold by ADAMS & DARNEY.

FIRST METHODIST CHURCH, ROCHESTER.

THIS edifice, though small, (being 50 feet front by 88 deep,) will, when completed, be one of the most tasteful churches in our city. It was commenced in 1856; the basement or lower room is finished and occupied, but the audience room is yet in an unfinished state. The style partakes somewhat of the Romanesque, but like the great majority of American churches, belongs to no order, unless it be an *American Church Order*. It is built of brick, and is to be covered with mastic; the roof is slate, the windows stained glass. The spire, which is very tapering and graceful, is 160 feet in height.

The audience room is to be 48 feet wide by 74 deep, with a Gothic ceiling, divided into panels by raised mouldings. The height from the floor to apex of ceiling is 36 feet, and 23 feet at the sides.

The basement or lower room, for it can hardly be called a basement, being entirely above ground, is the pleasantest room of the kind in the city,—dry, airy, and the arched windows and stained glass give it an air of taste and neatness not usual in church basements. The ceiling is eleven feet from the floor. This room is now used as the audience room, but is designed for the Sabbath School and weekly meetings.

The building, when finished, will cost about $15,000. Messrs. AUSTIN & WARNER, of this city, were the architects.

Rev. ISRAEL H. KELLOGG is the present Pastor.

IS THE NEW CENT POISONOUS?

EDS. RURAL:—Sometime since I noticed an account in a New York paper of the death of a child, caused, it was supposed, by swallowing a cent of the coinage of 1857—otherwise, the "new cent." This account was sent abroad on the authority of the attending physician, and at the same time implying that the swallowing of this coin was most baneful in its effects. Since then every mother has guarded the new cent with more than a "miser's care," least her child should lay hold of the poisonous currency. This course is right enough; but as I have never seen the New York physician's statement contradicted, the facts of the thing are different from his account, as there is but very little or no danger from the *injesta* of this coin.

Twelve cases are reported where children, from the ages of ten months to five years, have swallowed the new cent, none of which proved of any injury to the child, and but little or no change was produced in the appearance of the coin.

The new cent was to weigh 72 grains—48 grains being nickel and 24 grains being copper. "Nickel resembles very much the ferruginous (iron) preparations, and is not injurious when taken into the system." This being the case, the danger, if there is any, must be from the copper, and that cannot be very great, for often has the cent of the "old coinage" been swallowed without any bad consequence, and there being less copper in the new cent, the danger must be consequently less.

We believe that the great amount of danger attending the swallowing of such substances as money, buttons, &c., is due to attempting to do *too much* to procure their expulsion from the system, and the consequent irritation and prostration that follow the employment of harsh remedies. Emetics, as a general thing, are useless, as are also active cathartics. If anything at all is done, give the child a mild portion of oil; but, above all, exercise *patience*, and the satisfaction will be in knowing that nature alone is sufficient for the task.

Churchville, N. Y., 1859. A PHYSICIAN.

EFFECT OF MUSIC ON ANIMALS.

THAT music has a charm on the animal creation has long been known. The sense of hearing in many animals is very acute. They love to hear gentle voices, and are grateful for kind words. The tiny mouse charmed by the whistle of the Alpine herdsman, will abide in his hut, and come from its covert to listen to his song. In ancient times the grazing herds were charmed in listening to the flute of the shepherd. The bell cow is proud of her bell, and shows it in her gait, as she leads off the herd, and shows grief when it is taken from her, and cattle have been known to pine away and die when deprived of their harmonious ornament. The horse is particularly charmed with music, for

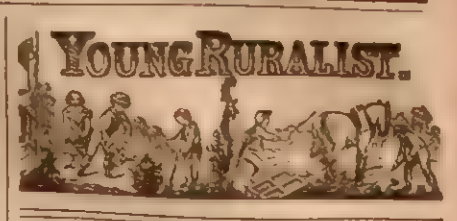
At the shrill trumpet's sound he pricks his ears.

Many will remember the account of the Libyan mares, who would only be handled when soothed with soft music, and of the horses of the Sybarites, that had been taught to dance to pleasing melodies, and then, when bearing their masters into battle, suddenly heard, in the enemy's ranks, the well-remembered sounds, and instantly set to dancing instead of fighting! The same love of music in the horse has been noted in more modern times. The eccentric Lord Holland, of the reign of William III., used to give his horses a weekly concert in a covered gallery, especially erected for the purpose. He maintained that it cheered their temper, and an eyewitness says that they seemed to be greatly delighted therewith.

Music is appreciated by the elephant in a remarkable degree. Sweet, gentle strains delight him, while loud, harsh notes rouse his passions to uncontrollable fury. The Arab entertains his camel with music, song and fairy tale, and with the plaintive tones of his voice. Birds are the true musicians of the animal kingdom. They have what many men lack, a genuine talent to learn and appreciate musical notes and melodies. You sing and they will repeat, bar after bar; others listen with eager attention to a hand-organ, and, little by little, learn whole tunes; the ablest of all even imitate the songs and notes of others. —*Transcript.*

HE is no mean philosopher who can give a reason for half what he thinks.

WISDOM is the olive which springs from the heart, blooms on the tongue, and bears fruit by the actions.



QUEER NOTIONS.

FRIEND RURAL:—In perusing the *Young Ruralist's* column, I observed a short effusion from the pen of CHIPS, entitled *High Notions;* and, as my *notions* do not exactly coincide with his, I take the liberty of disagreeing with him. I think that there is an old adage which says, practice what you preach, which is equivalent to this, viz., that in order to preach you must have some practice. If friend CHIPS would *grasp* the plow-handle for one year, and *hang on to it*, I think that his ideas of farming would assume a rather different position. At all events, he would find himself better prepared to discourse on the subject.

I should like to ask how much time the farmer has for study. If he is an *enterprising farmer*, he rises early; and if he is an industrious man he seeks how much he can accomplish, and of course works late. His chores, and keeping things to rights about the house, employs his odd hours, except evenings, and when night comes he much prefers *rest* to *study*. Now this is the exact course pursued by what are called enterprising farmers, which is no more nor less than absolute slavery. If a farmer does not take that course, he is denominated *lasy* or *shiftless* by his harder-working brethren.

Again, I do not agree with friend CHIPS, as regards waiting for destiny to shape your course. I think if he will look around a little, he will see a good many that are waiting for destiny to shape their course, or, in other words, waiting for something favorable to *turn up*. Now, that is the great stumbling block of three-fourths of the young men of our country; they have not got decision of character sufficient to drive ahead and carry out their designs. The only path to distinction is to adopt the course that you are best qualified for, and then bend every effort to its accomplishment. Stick to it with the tenacity of a bull-dog, and success will eventually crown your efforts.

EFAN DAN.

SUPPLY OF STREAMS.

MESSRS. EDS.:—In looking over the *Young Ruralist* of June 11th, I saw some very curious statements, made by a *Young Ruralist* of Illinois, in an article entitled *The Supply of Streams*. He says the constant supply of streams is from a *depth*, the water *rising*, and that water is raised up to high fountains by the *weight* of the *land*—which is at variance with philosophy and science.

Water will rise nearly as high, but cannot rise higher than the source from whence it issues, unless it is by *capillary attraction*. It is well known that though rivers frequently rise in lakes or springs from small elevations, the *great* storehouse from which the mightiest streams are supplied are the ice-clad mountains of the table lands.

That streams are supplied by rain and snow from the surface of the earth, is proved by many demonstrative facts, as we have the largest streams where the surface of the land contains the most water, and *vice versa*.

The writer also says, that inland seas in depressed valleys are salt, for the reason that fresh water goes up to higher fountains, *not* by *capillary attraction*, but by the *weight of the land*, in which I think my friend is mistaken.

It is well known that all lakes and seas that have no outlet, are salt, as they have no means of discharging the saline matter that is brought down by streams; such as the *Caspian Sea*, which receives the water of the *Volga*,—a river which is 2,200 miles long,—and also the water of the *Ural*, and many other streams of considerable magnitude, and yet its level is never changed, though it has no outlet. It is therefore supposed its evaporation must be immense.

The surface of all fluids, when in a state of rest, partake of the spherical form of the earth, to which they all gravitate; and the influences that govern the *tides* of the *ocean*, do *not* cause rivers to flow, but they are governed by the same laws that cause water to flow down an inclined plane.

Pultneyville, N. Y., June, 1859. B.

FOR YOUNG MEN TO THINK OF.

IN the latest of his preachings upon "Popular Proverbs," Dr. HOLLAND closes a thoughtful and suggestive discourse on sensual pleasure, with the following earnest remarks to young men, which deserve to be thought of:

"Oh! if this world could rise out of this swamp of sensuality, rank with weeds and dark with deadly vapors—full of vipers, thick with pitfalls, and lurid with deceptive lights—and stand upon the secure heights of virtue, where God's sun shines, and the winds of heaven breathe blandly and healthfully; how would human life become blessed and beautiful! The great burden of the world rolled off, how would it spring forward into a grand career of prosperity and progress! This change, for this country, rests almost entirely upon the young men of the country. It lies with them more than any other class, and more than all other classes, to say whether this country shall descend still lower in its path to brutality, or rise higher than the standard of its loftiest dreams. The devotees of sense, themselves, have greatly lost their power for good, and comparatively few will change their course of life. Woman will be pure if man will be true. Young men! this great result abides with you! If you could but see how beautiful a flower grows upon the thorny stalk of self-denial, you would give the plant the honor it deserves. If it seems hard and homely, despise it not; for in it sleeps the beauty of heaven and the breath of angels. If you do not witness the glory of its blossomings during the day of life, its petals will open when the night of death comes, and gladden your closing eyes with their marvelous loveliness, and fill your soul with their grateful perfume."

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Atlantic Monthly for July—Phillips, Sampson & Co.
The Oriental Horse Charmer—C. J. Eldridge.
The Best Bargain Yet—Woodhouse and Butler.
Family Pictorial—Marie Louise Hankins & Co.
Black Hawk Horse "Live Yankee"—Smith & Spaulding.
Durham Bull For Sale—Benjamin S. Tuthill.
Vermont Wind Mill and Pump—A. P. Brown.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Monroe Co. Horse Show—Daniel Warner, *Pres't.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
AND
NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 2, 1859.

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☞ Back numbers from April or January can still be furnished, if desired. We will send Specimen Numbers, Show Bills, &c., to all applicants, and to the addresses of as many non-subscribers as may be forwarded.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

THE opinion among gentlemen connected with the diplomatic corps is, that although the governments of Europe not engaged in the present hostilities are desirous and hope for peace, the complications are so great that there is almost an impossibility of preventing a general war. In such an event there is no doubt that Russia will array herself with France.

The U. S. Surveys in Utah, which were two years ago interrupted by the Mormon difficulties, are to be resumed immediately by Surveyor Samuel Stambaugh. The lands already surveyed amount to 2,000,000 acres.

Private letters from El Paso and Arizona, the 7th of June, state that the late attempt to revolutionize Chihuahua by Jose Maria Zulonga, brother of the late President of Mexico, has been entirely suppressed, Zulonga surrendering without a battle, and being pardoned.

The people of New Mexico adhere to their determination to take no part in the New Mexican election, on the ground heretofore stated in their memorial to Congress, of having no fair representation or vote. No U. S. Court is held at Mesilla this year. Arizona will send her own delegate to Congress, and if Lieut. Mowry consents to run again, he will be re-elected to Congress as a delegate from New Mexico, without serious opposition.

The Secretary of War has refused to permit any more officers on leave to depart for Europe. It is feared that they might join some of the armies, and in the event of being taken prisoners, would lead to serious complications, which our government desires to avoid.

A dispatch from Washington says an unexpected obstacle has occurred in the settlement of the Central American question, on account of the hesitation of Nicaragua to consent to the relinquishment by England of the Protectorate over the Mosquito Kingdom, upon the ground that if withdrawn the fillibusters would enter and sweep the country; Gen. Walker's recent movements having produced alarm there; but the British Government denies having made any interference on this point, and expresses itself ready to carry out the arrangements conformably to the understanding at Washington.

Personal and Political.

MR. SUMNER has arrived in Paris, in good spirits, and looking well.

DR. GAMALIEL BAILEY, editor of the *National Era*, died at sea, on board the steamer Arago, bound for Havre, on the 5th of the past month. Dr. Bailey had for some years been suffering from chronic dyspepsia, which had so enfeebled his system that on the 28th of May he left the United States, in company with his eldest son, to regain his health by a tour in Europe.

IT has already been stated that Kossuth, with a number of Hungarians, has left England for Genoa, where Gen. Klapka, Col. Kiss, Gen. Perezel, Gen. Vetter, Col. Yasc, Col. Teleki, and other Hungarian refugees, await him. It is said to be his purpose to issue a proclamation at Genoa, calling on the Hungarians in the Austrian army to desert en masse, and with these deserters (should they number 15,000 or 20,000) and a small division of French troops under the French flag, to cross the Adriatic and the Austrian provinces into Hungary, and then promote insurrection.

IN the New Hampshire House of Representatives on the 23d ult., a stringent bill in relation to the rendition of alleged fugitive slaves, was reported by the Judiciary Committee. The bill provides that any person who shall aid or abet in any rendition of a person claimed as a slave, shall be punished for the first offence by five years' imprisonment for life. The bill passed the House by a vote of 134 to 101. In the Senate, action was indefinitely postponed.

THE Republican State Convention, held at Des Moines, Iowa, on the 22d ult., nominated the following ticket:—For Governor, S. J. Kirkwood; Lieut. Governor, N. S. Rush; Supreme Bench, L P. Lowe, L. D. Stockton and Cabet Baldwin. Resolutions condemning Gen. Cass' naturalization letter, the slave trade, and the Massachusetts constitutional amendment, providing for two years' residence after naturalization before voting, were passed.

ADVICES from Oregon state that the Legislature met at Salem on the 16th of May. Luther Elkins was chosen President of the Senate, and W. G. L. Faulk, Speaker of the House. Judge Williams and Mr. Grover, late representatives in the Legislature, are the most prominent candidates to supercede Delazon Smith in the U. S. Senate.

AT the election held at Providence, R. I., on the 22d ult., for a Member of Congress from that District, Christopher Robinson, the American Republican candidate, was elected. He received about 3,200 votes. Thomas Davis, the straight Republican candidate, supported also by a portion of the Democrats, received about 2,500 votes.

THE Leavenworth *Times* of the 13th ult., sums up the Kansas election for Delegates to the Constitutional Convention as follows:—Republican, 29; Democrat, 20; uncertain, 3.

THE President of the United States has recognized Henry W. Ovenden, as Consul of her Britannic Majesty for the State of Maryland.

MR. FAY, our Minister to Switzerland, will soon be recalled. He has not been within the limits of the United States for thirty years.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS is out with a bid for the Presidency in the form of a letter answering certain queries propounded by his friends. The "Little Giant" remarks:—"Before the question can be finally determined, it will be necessary to understand distinctly upon what issues the canvass is to be conducted. If, as I have full faith they will, the Democratic party shall determine in the Presidential election of 1860 to adhere to the principles embodied in the Compromise measures of 1850, and ratified by the people in the Presidential election of 1852, and reaffirmed in the Kansas-Nebraska act of 1854, and incorporated in the Cincinnati Platform of 1856, as expounded by Mr. Buchanan in his letter accepting the nomination, and approved by the people, in that event, my friends will be at liberty to present my name to the Convention, if they see proper to do so. If, on the contrary, it shall become the policy of the Democracy, but which I cannot anticipate, to repudiate these, their true principles, by which we have achieved so many patriotic triumphs, and in lieu of them the Convention shall interpolate into the creed of the party such new issues as the revival of the African Slave Trade or a Congressional Slave Trade for the Territories, or the doctrine that the Constitution of the United States either establishes or prohibits slavery in the territories beyond the power of the people legally to control it as other property, it is due to candor to say, that in such an event I could not accept the nomination if tendered to me."

Pacific Side News.

THE steamship *Moses Taylor* arrived at New York on the 26th ult. She brought 600 passengers and $2,041,000 in specie.

From California or Oregon there is no news of interest. Valparaiso dates are to May 28th. The revolution in Chili is perfectly suppressed. Frequent outrages are reported by bands of robbers throughout the country. The leader of the revolution in the North, Senor Gallo, was at Lima. Don Bartalone Riobo had been sentenced to death, and to two others to banishment ten days. Bolivia and Peru were in a peaceful condition. The blockade of the Equadorian ports, by the Peruvian squadron, continues.

The English ship Indian Queen, Capt. Brewer, from Melbourne, for Liverpool, with 41 passengers struck an iceberg April 1st. Capt. Brewer, the first mate, thirteen men and two passengers, got into a life-boat and came alongside a quarter of an hour afterwards, and, finding the ship making no water, attempted to get on board, but, losing their oars when too far off to catch a rope, drifted off and were never seen after. The ship, in a dismantled condition, but all on board well, reached Valparaiso May 10th.

SALVADOR.—An attempt had been made to assassinate Gen. Hernandez, Governor of the Department of Cuscutlan, who was severely but not mortally wounded. The would-be assassin was shot. War seems inevitable between Salvador and Honduras, but it was thought Guatamala would interfere to preserve peace.

NICARAGUA.—Gen. Lamar had sent copies of Gen. Cass' dispatches to the Government demanding acceptance of the Cass-Yrissari Treaty, ratification of the Mosquito Convention, re-installation of the Wright Contract, transit holders' indemnification for the seizure of boats, and satisfaction and apology to the United States, for the insult of having offered them the Ousley Treaty.

The substance of the Nicaraguan reply is as follows:—Nicaragua, as a sovereign power, claims the right to accept or reject a treaty. She had previously made three treaties with the United States, which were ratified by her Congress and rejected at Washington; that on this one she only requires amendments, and that after the Congress considered the treaty last year, and it had been sent to Gen. Juarez in Washington, who had full power to remedy it, the Cabinet, though agreeing to certain modifications, did not make them; nor was the United States' Minister in Nicaragua authorized to do so. Furthermore, that when Sir Gore Ousley concluded his treaty, which was the Cass-Yrissari treaty, with the remodified amendments, according to the American view, Gen. Lamar made the Zeledon treaty, with the favorable amendments, as to England and the United States, of Sir Gore Ousley. The Government of Nicaragua cannot see any insult to the United States in this. As to the Mosquito treaty, it has not been rejected, and will probably be accepted. Nicaragua claims the return of the Mosquito territory unconditionally, and refuses to acknowledge a King whom neither she nor the United States ever admitted, and she prefers to let the matter remain in *statu quo*, than act against her ally. In regard to the service of the boats, Nicaragua justifies her conduct.

From Pike's Peak.

The telegraph, from Leavenworth, gave us the following on the 21st ult.:—The overland express arrived here Sunday night, eight days from Denver City, bringing a large mail and $3,500 in gold dust. The previous extraordinary reports of discoveries in Gregory, Jackson, and other mining camps, are confirmed. Horace Greeley arrived out in less than seven days. He had visited Gregory's diggings, and signed a public communication endorsing the richness of the claims.

The result of the operations of a company of thirteen, given in Greeley's published letter, show the highest day's yield $510. A company from South Bend, Indiana, has taken out 3,000 pennyweights of gold dust, with a sluice, within three weeks.

Emigrants are charged not to start without four or six months' supplies, as snows set in on the mountains in October, and adequate provisions should be made by all persons leaving this season for wintering in the mining region; this is to prevent a recurrence of the suffering and privations of the previous hegira.

Conflagrations, Casualities, &c.

THE steamer Morning Star, which had been laid up at Bissel's Point, about four miles above St. Louis, was destroyed by fire on the 20th ult. Loss $24,000—insured $2,000.

A FIRE broke out at an early hour on the morning of the 22d ult., in Young's Block, adjoining the Custom House, Milwaukee. The block was entirely consumed. It was occupied by some 20 business firms. Loss on the building $50,000—insured $50,000. The Custom House is damaged to the extent of $15,000. Loss in merchandise not yet ascertained, but very heavy.

THE manufactory of Avery Babbitt, in Auburn, was struck by lightning on Friday evening, the 24th ult., and set on fire. Before it was subdued the damage done amounted to over $9,000. Insured only $3,000.

AT the burning of a dwelling house on Plymouth street, Brooklyn, on the evening of the 26th ult., twe men—James McGinnis and Daniel Olcott—were suffocated to death. A child was rescued in an insensible state. A fireman fell from a ladder and was fatally injured.

ON the evening of the 21st ult., H. Van Dyck, Jr., aged 21 years, only son of Hon. Henry H. Van Dyck, Superintendent of Public Instruction, was thrown from a wagon while on his way home (Albany) from a visit in the country, and fatally injured.

A VIOLENT fall of hail took place in the neighborhood of Albany, N. Y., on the the 21st ult., continuing half an hour, and extending over a space of about a mile in width. The hail stones were as large as marbles, and congealed into large cakes of ice almost as soon as they fell. Windows were broken, and flowers, &c., cut to pieces.

THE Cleveland (O.) Herald of the 24th publishes the following from a Hudson correspondent:—"What hope the frost had left the farmer, has just been destroyed by the worst hail storm I have ever witnessed. As I write, the ground is covered with stones of the size of robins' eggs and larger. It has stripped the trees almost bare, and probably left nothing in the form of wheat and rye. Almost all the windows which are not covered with shutters are broken, and the College looks like a perfect ruin. It would seem as if it were impossible to add anything to the disaster, unless it be to burn the houses."

News Paragraphs.

CORRESPONDENCE has taken place relative to the disposition of Sardinia to receive American physicians into the Sardinian army. The answer is, that the Government thanks the Americans for their sympathy, but cannot avail itself of the offer.

THE schooner Exile arrived at New London on the 12th inst., after having made what is believed to be the longest whaling voyage on record. She sailed August 18th, 1852; consequently she was absent six years, nine months and twenty-five days.

GOING into battle by rail, is one of the peculiarities of the present war. At the battle of Montebello the allied supports came into the field under the lead of locomotives, rapidly succeeding trains bringing up a brigade.

THE number of passports which have been issued during Gen. Cass' administration of the State Department, was, on the 11th inst., fourteen thousand and some hundred. If each person, observes the New York Journal of Commerce, for whom a passport is taken, spends in a tour $500, the whole amount would be over $7,000,000.

A SEVERE hail-storm passed over the town of Glen, Schenectady county, and Clifton Park, Saratoga county, on Tuesday, doing great damage to crops and fruits.

THE educational statistics of the United States show that there are four millions of the youth of this country connected with the various educational institutions in the different States in the Union. Their teachers number more than one hundred and fifteen thousand. The annual current expenses are estimated at about $14,000,000.

IT turns out that the "Vegetable Wax" of Japan, about which so much has recently been said in the papers, is nothing more nor less than the product of the common myrtle bush, to be found in every roadside thicket-bush in North Carolina.

THE N. Y. Times contains an address from M. Kossuth to the Hungarians in America, in which address, after referring to the present state of affairs in Europe, he warns his fellow countrymen that it is not yet time to move. Grave considerations forbid his entering upon promature explanations, but they shall be apprised in due time.

COMO.—This famous city, now in possession of Gen. Garibaldi's forces, is situated at the Southern extremity of the Lake of Como, twenty-two miles north-west of Milan. It rests upon a very picturesque site, 702 feet above the level of the sea. Its population, including that of the suburbs, is 18,000. It was formerly well defended by fortifications, which have become nearly useless, unless recently repaired by the Austrians. The chief edifices of the city are of white marble, and the whole appearance of the place betokens commercial and manufacturing prosperity. It was an important hold, even in the middle ages, although its real fame goes much further back, the younger Pliny, (and probably the elder,) having been born there. Two Popes and the eminent chemist Volta were also natives of the city.

FOREIGN NEWS.

From the Seat of War.

IN the last issue of the RURAL we gave some account of the great battle of Magenta, and the arrivals during the week tend to confirm the French report of that engagement. The Allies entered Milan on the 7th, when the municipality of that city issued the following address to Victor Emanuel:—"The municipality of Milan are proud of being able to make use of its freshest privileges in being interpreter of its fellow-citizens at this great crisis. They are willing to renew the compact of 1848, and to proclaim again before the Italian nation the great fact which has required eleven years for full development in the intelligence and hearts of the people. The annexation of Lombardy and Piedmont is the first step in the new way of public right, which allows nations to be free disposers of their own destinies. The heroic Sardinian army and our brave Allies, who insist upon Italy being free, as far as the Adriatic, will soon achieve the magnanimous enterprise. Receive, sir, the homage of the town of Milan at our hands, and believe that our hearts belong entirely to you. Our cry is the King of Italy."

The *Bremen* arrived at New York on the 25th ult., and we have the following by her files:—"It was rumored that Napoleon is about to return to France, and that Pellissier would be Commander-in-Chief of the army. The Austrians had evacuated Piecensea, after blowing up the Citadel and fortifications. Their provisions, ammunition and cannon were abandoned. Pavia and Lodi had been evacuated, and the Austrians quitted Bologna on the 11th for Modena. The Austrians had also evacuated Ferrara and Ancona, and indeed all the States of the Church. Garibaldi had occupied Bergamo, and repulsed the corps of 1,500 Austrians who were marching against —— from Brescia. The French army had crossed the Adda without striking a blow. Prince Metternich died on the 11th. The French fleet in the Adriatic had received heavy reinforcements, and it was reported that a landing of troops would take place at Venice and Trieste. The Austrian head quarters were at Mantua. Five thousand Austrian prisoners had arrived at Marseilles and Toulon."

GREAT BRITAIN.—The "motion of want of confidence," pending in the House of Commons, mentioned in last RURAL, was carried by 13 majority, and the British Ministry resigned. Lord Granville was summoned, but was not able to form a government. Lord Palmerston agreed to serve under him, but Lord Russell would not. Lord Palmerston then had an interview with the Queen, and had undertaken to form a new government with the co-operation of Lord John Russell, who accepts the Foreign office.

The *Daily News* of the 14th says that it believes Lord Elgin has been offered the Secretaryship of the Colonies.

Mr. Cobden will have the option of the Board of Trade, and Milner Gibson will enter the Cabinet. Sidney Herbert will probably be Minister of War. Sir G. Lewis President of the India Board, and Mr. Gladstone Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sir R. Bethune is also spoken of for the later office. Sir James Graham and the Duke of Argyle had declined to join the new administration.

According to the opposition statements in both Houses of Parliament, a sum of £7,000,000 must be provided by the government to bring to bring the revenue up to the present rate of expenditure. The account will not probably prove quite so bad, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer seems to wish to prepare the public for a consideration of the subject, by announcing that the financial measures in preparation are of the gravest character.

PRUSSIA.—It is reported that the Prussian army is to be mobilized, and Prussia soon to take a part in the conflict.

RUSSIA.—The Russian government had concluded a convention with the Rothschilds, by which the latter are to raise any future loans the former may require in London.

Later and Very Important.

THE *Nova Scotian* passed Farther Point, on her way to Quebec, yesterday (Monday) afternoon about 4 o'clock. The telegraph gives us the following important intelligence:

A Turin dispatch says that after the retreat of the Austrians from Bologna, the Cardinal Legate departed, and the municipality proclaimed Victor Emanuel dictator.

The King of Sardinia issued an order of the day, extolling Garibaldi, and awarding him a gold medal of the military order.

The official *Welner Zeitung* says, the Emperor of Austria will forthwith assume the Commander-in-Chief, and has ordered a new position for his army, which would be taken up in the best manner. The Austrians were evacuating Modena, and were in full retreat towards the river Oglio.

Large re-inforcements were about to leave France for the army. Napoleon, on the 12th, removed his head quarters to Gorgonzoll.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Lord Palmerston was making good progress in the construction of a Cabinet. The authentic list was expected to be made public on the day the Nova Scotian sailed. Rumor gives the Earl of Elgin the Colonial Secretaryship, Mr. Cobden the Presidency for the Board of Trade, and Mr Gladstone the Secretaryship for India.

The Advertiser says after Russell accepted the Foreign Office, any office he might prefer was offered Sir John Graham, who declined from inferior health, but assured Palmerston that he cordially supported the Ministry.

The Herald, in publishing a telegram, says that six Prussian *corps de armie* are mobilized, and says, of course this means war. Palmerston had evidently induced her to take this decisive step and join Austria.

COMMERCIAL.—*Breadstuffs.*—Wheat declined 2s on English and 2s on Foreign. Flour dull, 25s@28s for American. Corn, white 32@33s per quarter; yellow 32@34s. *Provisions* dull. Sales unimportant.

THE Philadelphia Ledger says that the United States shipping office in that city has been crowded for more than a week past with men and boys anxious to enlist in the naval service as seamen, ordinary seamen, landsmen and boys.

The News Condenser.

— The cry of destitution is again raised in Upper Canada.

— Pennsylvania, this year, mines nearly a million and a quarter tons of coal.

— Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell is lecturing with success in Manchester, England.

— The city of Baltimore receives $900,000 as its share of the McDonough estate.

— Seven hundred and eighty-eight coolies have lately been landed in Cuba from Mexico.

— The Chicago Tribune devotes over forty columns to the delinquent tax list of Cook Co., Ill.

— One thousand four hundred and seventy-six dogs were slaughtered in New York last week.

— Contracts for the new crop of corn are being made in Texas, at from 20 to 25 cents per bushel.

— Sewing machines are run by steam in Bridgeport, Conn., at the rate of 1,200 stitches per minute!

— Four thousand dollars have been collected in Boston in aid of the suffering inhabitants of Fayal.

— The crop of turnips, mangold wurtzels, &c., in Great Britain, is estimated at twenty million tons.

— A chemical match has been invented in England without phosphorus or other poisonous substances.

— The motto of the Carlinville (Ill.) Free Democrat is "Peace and good will to all who pay promptly."

— The Emperor of France has decreed the erection of a statue to Humboldt in the galleries of Versailles.

— It is said there are several young Americans in Paris, mere boys, who spend $100 per day in fast living.

— After the adjournment of the Southern Convention a society was formed for the encouragement of the slave trade.

— Two young ladies of Cleveland have lately accomplished the pedestrian feat of walking forty-five miles.

— Count Teleki, the former Embassador of Kossuth in Paris, has just left for Italy as a volunteer of the army.

— The Central Park Commissioners in New York announce the completion of the first portion of their labors.

— J. T. Headley has been appointed by the Associated Press their especial correspondent at the seat of war in Italy.

— The ship Wanderer arrived at San Francisco, in 158 days from New York, had, among other freight, two elephants.

— Complaint is made of a long protracted drouth in certain districts of Mississippi, Georgia, Texas, and Louisiana.

— Four hundred and fifty United States troops arrived at St. Louis on the 26th, for the Plains, to protect emigrants.

— A Mr. Sullivan, of Dixon, Ill., died of hydrophobia on Sunday week. He was bitten on the hand about the 1st of May.

— The New Orleans papers say that, contrary to the reports, there has not been a case of yellow fever there this season.

— Quite a number of the U. S. soldiers in Utah have turned Mormons, through the influence of crinoline, it is intimated.

— Near Charlestown, Md., three hundred bats were killed in a single night by two or three indefatigable "sportsmen."

— A marine school for nautical instruction, similar to the one at Baltimore, was inaugurated at Charleston on the 22d ult.

— The Chicago, Iowa, and Nebraska Railroad has been opened to Cedar Rapids, eighty-one miles beyond the Mississippi.

— In 10 years, 18 Atlantic steamers were lost, with 3,000 persons—a loss of about one passenger in every hundred carried.

— The celebrated Miss Dix is now visiting the prisons of Illinois. She is making a general tour through the South and West.

— In the year 1858 the deaths in England amounted to 450,018. This mortality very greatly exceeds the normal rate of death.

— Five children were accidentally poisoned in St. Louis on the evening of the 16th, by a servant administering stramonium.

— The Patriot says the real indebtedness of the State of New Hampshire, above available means, is probably not less than $100,000.

— A letter from Milan says that in consequence of the war, travelers staying there are exposed to the greatest annoyance.

— The London health officer reports that the Thames has again exhibited unmistakable symptoms of being incipiently odoriferous.

— At Bastrop, La., on Sunday week, the Rev. John B. Spencer, while preaching in the pulpit of the church, suddenly fell back dead.

— Persons at work in the Vermont gold mines are said to be making from $2 to $3 per day. One man found a "lump" worth $62.

— There are at present three vessels on their way with negro emigrants to Liberia, including 80 liberated slaves of the late Mr. McDonough.

— It is rumored that Gortschakoff, the Russian minister, resigned because the Emperor refused to fulfill engagements with France.

— The savings banks of Connecticut have deposits to the amount of $14,059,181 56, which is an increase of $1,459,586 91 over last year.

— Rev. Mr. Stewart stated recently that there are now eight ships of the American navy, on each of which a daily prayer meeting is held.

— The Emperor of the French is a great smoker, and his subjects emulate his example, having consumed 523,639,000 cigars during 1858.

— The origin of the late fire in Salem, Mass., is unknown. Nearly three acres of ruins remain in the place of nearly $100,000 worth of property.

— Hamilton E. Towle, an American engineer, is employed by Austria in the construction of one of the most important Italian fortifications.

— The ladies of Lee, Mass., have had a strawberry festival, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to widening the sidewalks of the town.

— The Pensacola Observer says there are at present 59 cases of Cholera fever on board the sloop-of-war Savannah, lying at the naval station.

— The Canadian authorities have made material reductions on merchandise, wheat, flour, corn, stoves, and lumber, passing through the Welland Canal.

— The town of Lenox, Mass., has challenged Stockbridge to meet her with a row of trees on either side of the highway, each planting to the boundary line.

— Letters from Europe state that great agitation prevails in Hungary, Gallicia, and the Polish provinces of Austria. They hope now to recover their rights.

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Special Notices.

MONROE COUNTY AG'L SOCIETY
WILL HOLD THEIR
THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF HORSES,
On their Fair Grounds, near Rochester,
Monday, July 4th, 1859,
With other Exercises appropriate to the day.

A LIBERAL LIST OF PREMIUMS,
Amounting to nearly $900, is offered for the different Classes of Horses, as will be seen by reference to the Show-Bills.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Ten O'clock—Examination of Horses in Classes I and II will commence.

Twelve O'clock—An Address will be delivered by JOHN H. MARTINDALE, Esq.

After the Address the Star Spangled Banner and other National Airs will be sung by a select Choir of Vocalists.

One O'clock—Examination of Horses resumed.

Two O'clock—Trotting will commence.

A FULL FIRST CLASS BRASS BAND
Will be in attendance and play during the day.
For further particulars see Show-Bill.
DANIEL WAGNER, *President.*
M. CANFIELD, *Secretary.*
Agricultural Rooms, Rochester, June 15, 1859.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK IN ROCHESTER.—The Theological Seminary and University announce the following arrangements for Commencement Week:

Rochester Theological Seminary.—The Examination of the Theological Classes will commence on Thursday, July 7th, and continue through the week. Sunday, July 10th, Sermon before the "New York Baptist Union," by Rev. E. G. Robinson, D. D., at the Second Baptist Church, at 2½ o'clock P. M. Evening, Sermon before the "Judson Society," by Rev. R. D. Hitchcock, D. D., of Union Theological Seminary, at the First Baptist Church. Monday, July 11th, Annual Meeting of the Board of Trustees of the N. Y. Union for Ministerial Education, at 2 o'clock P. M. Also, Address before the "Robinson Rhetorical Society," by Prof. James B. Angell, of Brown University. Tuesday, July 12th, the Annual Meeting of the N. Y. B. Union for Ministerial Education, at 10 A. M., at the First Baptist Church. Also, a meeting of the Alumni of Rochester Theological Seminary, at 2 P. M., at the First Baptist Church. Thursday, July 14th, Anniversary of the Rochester Theological Seminary, at the First Baptist Church, at 10 A. M.

University of Rochester.—Monday, July 11th, Prize Declamations, by members of the Sophomore Class, at Corinthian Hall, at 7½ P. M. Tuesday Morning, July 12th, Annual Meeting of the Board of Trustees of the University of Rochester. Also, the Examination of Students for Admission.—Also, (Afternoon,) Commemorative Discourse of the late John N. Wilder, President of the Board of Trustees, by President Anderson, at the First Baptist Church, at 4 P. M. Also, (Evening,) Anniversary of the Delphic and Pithonian Societies. Orator, Dr. J. G. Holland, of Springfield, Mass.; Poet, Rev. W. C. Richards, Providence, R. I., at Corinthian Hall. Wednesday, July 13th, Commencement Exercises at 9 A. M., at Corinthian Hall. Also, (Afternoon,) Alumni Dinner and Meeting of the Society of Alumni.

GOLD EXCITEMENT IN VERMONT.—Quite a fever has broken out in regard to the alleged rich gold placers at Plymouth, Vt. It is said that there are now on the ground from three to four hundred miners, who average from $4 to $8 per day. A party of fourteen armorers left Springfield, Mass., on Wednesday to "prospect" the region, and some of them will stay if matters warrant it. Twenty-five persons left Bellows Falls on the same day for the same destination.

A HAPPY couple have just returned to Falmouth, Mass., from their wedding trip, which was a whaling voyage that lasted five years. During their absence, the wife gave birth to two babes, one of which was a child of four years when it reached home.

A MOVEMENT has just been initiated by leading individuals in the commercial interest in New York and other cities, for the extension of our trade in the Black and Mediterranean seas.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, June 28, 1859.

FLOUR—*Down* in rates seems to be the order of the times. For some weeks we have noted a decline in price, and now have to take off an average of 25 cents ₱ barrel.

GRAIN—Wheat follows flour in tendency, and a reduction equal to 10 cents a bushel is noticeable. Corn is selling at 80 cents ₱ bushel. Oats drooping, with a falling off of 3 cents. Buckwheat has taken a temporary start, and is wanted by seedsmen at 80c@$1.00. This figure will be maintained for only a week or two.

DAIRY, &c.—Butter—notwithstanding the excessive heat of the weather—is firmer, and wanted at 13@14c. Cheese has taken off 3 cents ₱ lb. during the week. Eggs scarce at an advance of 1@2 cents ₱ dozen.

SEEDS—In Clover and Timothy there is little doing, and that at a decline in rates.

WOOL—The purchases of the week do not foot up more than 8,000 or 10,000 lbs., and rates are unchanged.

HAY is scarce and a decided advance has been taken, equal to $2,00 ₱ ton for choice quality.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		EGGS, dozen	12@13c
Flour, wint wheat	$7,75@8,00	Honey, box	15@18c
Flour, spring do	$6,25@6,75	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$2 cwt	FRUITS AND ROOTS	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,30@1 35	Apples, bushel	50c@$1,75
Red white Canada	$1,50@1 55	Apples, dried	$1.25
Corn	80c@80c	Peaches, dried, ₱ lb	20c
Rye, 60 lbs ₱ bu	90c@90c	Cherries, dried, ₱ lb	20c
Oats, by weight	45c@45c	Potatoes	50@55c
Barley	60c@70c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	85c@$1,00	Slaughter	6½@7c
Beans	75@85c	Calf	10@12c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	$1,75@2,00
Pork, mess	$17,00@18,50	Lamb pelts	25@38c
Pork, clear	$21,00@22,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$7 00@7,50	Clover, bush	$3,50@4,00
Beef, ₱ cwt	$6,00@6,50	Timothy	1,50@2,00
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	6@6c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	7@8c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	10@11c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	38@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ₱ pair	00@0c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,30
Butter, roll	13@14c	Hay, ton	$8,00@15,00
Butter, firkin	12@12½c	Wool, ₱ lb	30@45c
Cheese	8@10c	Whitefish, bbl	$5,00@5,50
Lard, tried	11@12c	Codfish ₱ quintal	$4 75@5,00
Tallow	10½@11c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, June 27.—FLOUR—Dull, heavy and 10@15c lower. Sales at $5,50@6 00 for common to choice super State; $6 00@6,30 for extra do; $5,50@6 00 for superfine Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan, Iowa, &c; $6 10@6,60 for common to medium extra do; $6,25@6,70 for extra round hoop Ohio—closing heavy.

GRAIN—Wheat dull and lower. Sales at 135c for new amber Georgia, 160 for red Southern, 170c for white do. Rye lower. Sales at 89@90c. Barley heavy and dull. Sales at 60@70c. Corn market steady. Sales 28,000 bu at 81@84c for new mixed western; 83@84c for yellow; 83½ for yellow northern; 80c for old mixed western. Oats dull at 44@46c for State, and 46@47c for Canada.

PROVISIONS—Pork market active and firm. Sales at $16,25 for new mess; $17,00@18,00 for prime mess, $16,24@16,50 for thin mess; $13,25 for prime. Lard firm. Sales at 10¾@11¾. Butter dull at 13@16c for Ohio; 14@19c for State. Cheese at 4@9¾c.

ALBANY, June 27.—FLOUR—Dull and unchanged. Sales of 900 bbls for retail trade.

GRAIN—Nothing doing in wheat or oats. Sales 3000 bush round western yellow corn at 80@81c.

BUFFALO, June 27.—FLOUR—Market dull and heavy. Sales at $5 50@5,87½ for State from spring wheat; $6,12½ do. from club wheat; $6,87½@6,75 for extra Wisconsin; $6,87½@7,12½ for good to choice extra Michigan, Indiana and Ohio; $7,50@7,75 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat dull; no sales of moment. Corn firm. Sales at 71c for Illinois, 73c for Toledo. Oats nominally at 42c for western. Barley and Rye quiet.

OSWEGO, June 27.—FLOUR—Dull, and sales confined to small lots for local and neighboring trade.

GRAIN—Wheat inactive and quotations entirely nominal. Corn very dull, with small sales Illinois at 76c, which is a trifle above the market for larger parcels.

TORONTO, C. W., June 25.—FLOUR—The market presents no new feature, except that holders are beginning to show signs of lowering their views to meet the state of the market, although we have not yet heard of any sales. The state of the market renders it impossible to give correct quotations, but the following may be regarded as the nominal rates:—Superfine, $6,50@6,75; fancy, $6,75@7,00; extra, $7,25@8,00 ₱ barrel.

GRAIN—The price of winter wheat during the week has not been at all settled, the tendency being downward. Prices yesterday ruled from 7s 9d@8s for the best loads—the highest rate, 8s 2d, being paid in only two instances. For ordinary and good lots 7s 8d@7s 9d was paid, and for inferior and common the range extended from 6s 6d@7s ₱ bushel. Spring wheat is in brisk demand at somewhat lower rates, say from 6s@6s 4d for good, and 5s 6d@5s 10d for the best, ₱ bushel. Barley or Rye has not been offered for some time. The nominal quotations are 3s 6d@3s 9d ₱ bushel. Oats are not so firm, several lots having been purchased at 2s 9d@2s 10½d ₱ bushel. Neither the stock nor the supply are large. Peas continue in good demand at 4s 3d@4s 6d ₱ bushel. A very fine sample might command 4s 9d.—*Globe.*

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, June 22.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ₱ cwt., $10,50@11,00; ordinary do, $9,75@10,25; common do, $ 75@9,50; inferior do, $,50@ ,00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55,00@65,00; ordinary do, $40@50; common do, $30,00@40,00; inferior do, $20,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₱ lb., 6@6¼c; ordinary do, 5½@6c; common do, 4½@5c; inferior do, 3@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ₱ head, $5,00@ ,50; ordinary do, $4,25@4,75; common do, $3,50@4,00; inferior do, $2,50@3,00.

SWINE—First quality, 6¾@6¾c; other qualities, 6@6¾c.

ALBANY, June 27.—The following is a comparative statement of receipts:

	This week.	Last week.
Cattle	3376	3184
Sheep and Lambs	3480	3433
Hogs	65	114

CATTLE—We quote the asking prices:

	This week.	Last week.
Superior	5¾@6¾c	5¾@6
First quality	4¾@5¾c	4¾@5
Second quality	4 @4¾c	4 @4¼
Third quality	3½@3¾c	3¾@3¾
Inferior	@3 c	3 @

SHEEP—3¾@4½c ₱ lb., live weight.
HOGS—Nothing doing. Nominally 6@6¾c.
COWS—Sales at $35@65.—*Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, June 22.—At market 887 cattle, about 700 beeves, and 187 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market beef—Extra, $8,25@8,75; first quality, $7,50@7,75; second do, $6,50@6,75; third do, $5,00@0,00; ordinary do, $4,00.

WORKING OXEN—$70, 100, 145@150 ₱ pair.

COWS AND CALVES—$28, 30, 43@60.

STORES—Yearlings, $,00@00,00; two years old, $22,00@27,00, three years old, $29,00@30,00.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1675 at market. Prices—In lots, $1,75, 2,00@2,50. Extra, $3,00, 3,50@4,25, or from 4@5c ₱ lb.

SPRING LAMBS—$3,00@3,50.

HIDES—7¼@8¾c ₱ lb. Pelts, 50c@$1,87 each.

CALF SKINS—12@13c ₱ lb. Tallow, 7@7½c ₱ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$4,00, 6,00@7,00.

PHILADELPHIA, June 22.—The supply of beef cattle at the drove yards yesterday was unusually large, amounting to some 1400 head. The sales reached 1300 head, and about 100 were sent over to New York. The prices ranged from 9 to 12c ₱ lb., the latter for a few superior lots. The average was about 10@10¾c. A large number were brought from Ohio and Illinois, which sold from 10@11½c.

SHEEP—There was an unusually large supply of sheep in the market, amounting to all the pens to over 10,000 head; prices of course fell off considerably, good sheep having been sold at from $3@4 each, sheared, and from 7@8c ₱ lb.

HOGS—The supply of hogs continues quite good, the offerings yesterday and to-day having amounted to 1600 head, all of which were sold at $8,00@9,25 ₱ 100 lbs, net.

COWS—This market was poorly supplied, there being only 200 head all told; they sold at from $30@50 for good and prime milch cows, and from $15@28 for ordinary and second rate.

TORONTO, C. W., June 25.—In this market a great change has taken place within the past few days. The meagre supplies and high rates of last week have been succeeded by large arrivals and considerably reduced rates. Just now the drovers commence to bring their grass fed cattle into market, and the result at present is a perfect glut. Yesterday first-class beeves were selling at 6¾ ₱ 100 lbs on foot, second class at 6s, and inferior at $4,50@5. Sheep are plentiful, and very cheap. They now sell at $2,50@4 per head. Lambs are also plentiful, and meet a brisk inquiry at 7s 6d@10s per head. Calves are in good supply at $3@4,50 per head.

TALLOW is worth 8c ₱ lb.

SHEEP SKINS, unshorn, are worth 7s 6d@8s 9d. Lamb Skins and pelts 1s 3d. Beef hides 56½ ₱ 100 lbs., and calf skins 7½d ₱ lb.—*Globe.*

The Wool Markets.

BOSTON, June 23. The transactions in wool the past week have been 100,000 lbs. fleece and pulled at steady prices. The advices from the country continue to report very high prices, and the sales moderate, as yet to manufacturers only. The transactions in foreign comprise 550 bales Cape, Mediterranean, South American and East Indian at various prices, as to quality.

Saxony and Merino, fine	55@57	Western mixed	35@45
Full blood	52@54	Smyrna, washed	17@ 0
Half and ¾ blood	@	Do. unwashed	9@11
Common	40@42	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	@55	Cape	24@30
Do superfine	50@50	Crimea	20@25
Do No 1	45@42	Buenos Ayres	12@15
Do. No. 2		Peruvian, washed	30@35

NEW YORK, June 20.—Our market for most descriptions continues very quiet, as is generally the case about this season of the year, when the attention of the trade is centered in the interior. The clippings is now over, and it may not be uninteresting to refer to the result. The plain facts of the case are, that a wave about the first of May the manufacturers, as well as jobbing and speculating interest is brought to bear (through the influence of an unprincipled class of writers) on the market, so that very often the wool-growers are fleeced of their fleeces, and then immediately subsequent in August, holders advance their prices very materially. But little of the clip has changed hands in comparison with former years, and our scale of prices has been fully realized for fine wools, for which demand has been the greatest. Probably, however, our readers will feel startled when we tell them that a Philadelphia dealer has paid as high as 58c for two parcels of extra Choice Saxony in Washington county, of his own State. This price is the above anything we anticipated, but we only give it as a clue to feeling in the interior, hence the light purchases. There is one thing certain, that in the present state of the financial world, prices in the interior are too high to speculate upon, and wool growers should not demand extravagant rates, as the manufacturers have now a better chance of supplying themselves with a better selection of all grades of foreign wools than probably ever before, and at lower rates too. Large quantities are arriving from the Canadas too, and fine foreign wools are being smuggled through this channel without paying any duty. The transactions are confined to small parcels of common to fine State and Ohio fleeces at 44@57½c; 25,000 lbs. pulled at 30@48c, as to quality; 80,000 lbs very fine unwashed Mestizo at 30c, and 300 bales of Peruvian, Oporto, East India, &c., at 26c for Peruvian, 19c for Oporto, and 13@17c for East India, 6 months. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece, ₱ lb	56@60
Am. full blood Merino	5 @55
Am. ¾ and ½ blood Merino	48@49
Am. native and ¼ blood Merino	44@44
Extra, pulled	45@50
Superfine pulled	37@42
No 1, pulled	28@33
California, fine, unwashed	25@28
California, common do	15@17
Peruvian, washed	29@30
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@12
S. Am. common, washed	12@13
S. Am. Entre Rios, washed	15@18
S. American, unwashed	9@14
S Am. Cordova, washed	20@22
East India, washed	20@22
African, unwashed	@18
African, washed	14@28
Smyrna, unwashed	14@18
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

Tribune

BUFFALO, June 21.—Receipts are now quite liberal, and this market offers inducements to eastern purchasers not obtained at any other point in Western New York, if located in the State. Ohio has contributed more than any other State, yet the amount of Canada fleece coming forward is quite large. The market is hardly established, and as the few sales which have taken place have been entirely of a private character, we are necessarily in the dark relative to prices. We learn, however, that the range is in the neighborhood of 25@40c for ordinary to fine.—*Com. Advertiser.*

CHICAGO, June 23.—The receipts of wool during the week have been about 19,000 lbs. The sales have been made at the figures given below:

FLEECE—Common native, 25; quarter blood, 30; half-blood, 33; three quarter blood, 35; full blood, 38.

PULLED—No. 1, 30; superfine, 30; extra, 35; double extra, 40.—*Democrat.*

ADRIAN, Mich., June 23.—Since our last article in relation to wool, eight days ago, the market in this city has been very active and large quantities have been purchased. The amount of wool in the streets on several days, has been estimated as high as 25,000 lbs. Probably not less than 100,000 lbs. have been purchased during a week past, a considerable part of which has been shipped eastward. It is remarked by buyers, that wool comes into market this year in far better condition than ever before. The market in this city has thus far this season been higher than in other towns in Michigan. The highest price in other places, that has met our observation, is 44 cents. Here several lots brought 48, during the first days of this week. Since then, however, the price on the best grades has been reduced one cent, the highest within the last three days being 47 cents. To-day the prices range from 37 cents for common to 47 for best fleeces.—*Watchtower.*

ANN ARBOR, Mich., June 24.—Wool has been coming in freely since our last issue, and the aggregate sales have been large. Prices have ranged at about our last quotations, say from 38 to 45 cents. On Wednesday over $10,000 was paid out by purchasers, and as much or more yesterday.—*Argus.*

TORONTO, C. W., June 25.—The market for wool has fluctuated during the week, prices having gone up to as high as 1s 6d ₱ lb. Yesterday the market was more settled, and rates are steady at 1s 4d@1s 5½d ₱ lb. The supplies are falling off; dealers through the country have purchased the principal part of the clip.

Marriages.

On the 23d inst., at the residence of D. M. BROWLEY, by the Rev. Dr. SMITH, Hon. D. B. BALDWIN, of Weedsport, Cayuga Co., and MARY BROWLEY, of this city.

In Greece, June 21st, by Rev. E. SAWYER, Mr. LYMAN BUTTON and Miss MARY ANN NORTHRUP, all of Greece.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, and leaded—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, IN ADVANCE.—☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

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Two Years Old. BENJAMIN S. TOTHILL,
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BLACK HAWK HORSE "LIVE YANKEE" will make the season of 1859 at the Stable of MEIGS BAILEY, 2½ miles north of West Henrietta, Monroe Co., N. Y., where he may be found at all times. For terms, see Posters. SMITH & SPAULDING, Proprietors.
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THE BEST BARGAIN YET!—A quarter section of Land, one mile from Lansing City, on which are improvements, Orchard, &c., worth $50 per acre, will be exchanged for merchandize or other property at $33, subject to a cash encumbrance (deducted) of $2,500. Address
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THE ORIENTAL HORSE CHARMER!—This valuable little work, on Raising, Breaking, Training, Riding, Driving, Stabling, Feeding and Doctoring Horses, is daily being mailed to applicants to all parts of the United States. Send on your quarter for one, or $1 for 5 copies, and you are sure to get it by return mail. Books on this subject containing no more, have been sold, and are now selling, for 5 to $10. Address O. J. ELDRIDGE, Box 2433, Cincinnati, O. 495 1t

NOW READY—THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR JULY.

THE present number commences a new volume, and the publishers have the pleasure to announce, that in addition to
MANY NEW CONTRIBUTORS,
whose articles will enrich and enliven the pages of the current volume, those universal favorites,
MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,
AND
DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,
will also contribute to every number.

The friends and patrons of the ATLANTIC will also be glad to learn that it has already attained to a monthly circulation of more than
40,000 COPIES,
and that the number of its subscribers is constantly increasing.

TERMS.—Three dollars per annum, or twenty-five cents a number. Upon the receipt of the subscription price, the Publishers will mail the work to any part of the United States, prepaid. Subscriptions may begin with either the first or any subsequent number. All back numbers can be supplied.

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THE BEST GRAIN DRILL IN AMERICA!
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It is so arranged as to Sow or Plant, with equal facility, all kinds of Seed, from the smallest Grass Seed to Corn or Beans, either Broadcast, in Hills or in Drills. Also, every description of Concentrated Manures,—as Guano, Lime, Ashes, Gypsum, Poudrette, Bone Dust, &c.

Cuts and descriptions were given in a late number of the Rural (May 14th.)

Price of 7 Tube Drill	$70
" " 9 Tube Drill	80
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For further information, Circulars, &c., address I. W. BRIGGS, Agent, at Macedon Centre, N. Y., or the Proprietors, Macedon, N. Y. BICKFORD & HUFFMAN.

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KETCHUM'S Improved Combined Machine, "Iron Frame," with Reel and Adjustable Roller—cut 4 feet 10 inches	$150 00
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Machines and Mills shipped without extra charge.

These Machines are simple in construction, have no equal for durability and light draft, are entirely free from all side draft, and have no weight upon the horse's neck.

This Machine, as improved for 1859, was awarded the first premium by the Michigan State Agricultural Society, at its Annual Fair in Sept. last, as a Reaper and as a Mower.

The New York State Agricultural Society, at its late Fair, awarded it the first premium as a Combined Grain and Grass Harvester.

Ohio also awarded it its best commendation.

Machines may be had of the different Agents through the United States, who have them on exhibition.

An examination is earnestly solicited before giving your order for any other machine. The corrected Report of the United States Trial show this to be the lightest draft Combined Machine in the World, by at least 20 per cent.

Call on the Agent and give your order early.

All orders will receive prompt attention.
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KIRBY'S AMERICAN AND LITTLE BUFFALO HARVESTERS.

THE BEST COMBINED MOWERS AND REAPERS IN THE WORLD. Simplicity; durability; convenience; adaptation to all kinds of work and every variety of ground; light draft; low price; freedom from side draft, clogging, and pressure upon the horses' necks; portability; perfection of work—all these desirable features are combined in the above machines.

The American Harvester is a two horse machine capable of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass, and from 12 to 18 acres of grain per day. The Little Buffalo Harvester is a one horse machine capable of cutting from 8 to 12 acres of grass, and from 10 to 16 acres of grain per day.

PRICES AT FACTORY.

American Harvester as Mower	$105 00
" " " Combined	125 00
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Manufactured by the BUFFALO AGRICULTURAL MACHINE WORKS, Buffalo, N. Y., and D. M. OSBORNE & CO., Auburn, N. Y., and for sale by their Agents in every County. A Catalogue containing full descriptions of the Machines with Testimonials, accounts of Trials, &c., may be had by applying to the Manufacturers or any of their Agents. 485tf

MANNY'S COMBINED REAPER AND MOWER,
WITH WOOD'S IMPROVEMENT.
For the Harvest of 1859.

The subscriber begs to inform the public that he continues to manufacture this popular machine, and pledges himself to produce an implement that will fully sustain its former reputation, as the best combined machine yet introduced, and inferior to none, either as a Reaper or Mower.

It has had a steady and increasing popularity from the first, achieving a complete success in the first important trial at Geneva in 1852. It carried off the highest honors at the great National Field Trial at Syracuse in 1857; and amidst all the competition and trials of 1858, came out with more and better established points of excellence than ever before.

The general principles peculiar to this machine, and upon which it is constructed, have proved so successful that there has been no attempt to change them.

The main effort during the last year has been to improve its mechanical construction, to make it stronger and more durable, and sustain its reputation as the leading and most acceptable machine to the largest class of farmers in the country.

Warranted capable of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass or grain per day, in a workmanlike manner.

Price of Machine as heretofore, varies according to width of cut, and its adaptation in size and strength to different sections of the country, from $125 to $150, delivered here on the cars. WALTER A. WOOD,
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WOOD'S MOWER.—
Patented February 22d, 1859.

During the six years I have been engaged in the manufacture of the Manny Combined Reaper and Mower, I have given much thought and attention to the construction of what I foresaw would be a great want of the Farmers—a lighter and cheaper machine expressly for mowing, than had yet been made.

And now, after the most thorough and repeated experiments and tests in every variety of field, and in all kinds and in every condition of grass, I am prepared, with entire confidence, to offer to the farmers and dealers of the United States, the great *desideratum* in this department of Agricultural labor-saving machines—a Mower, superior in its capacity for good work to any hitherto introduced, of easy draft, light, cheap, and durable.

This machine I now offer as my latest invention, to meet a special want of farmers, and to place within the reach of all, a Mower that for practical working, cheapness and simplicity, will be without a rival.

I build Two-Horse and One-Horse Mowers. The Two-Horse Mower weighs 425 lbs., and cuts a swath four feet wide (or more if specially ordered.) The One-Horse Mower weighs 80 lbs. less, (395 lbs.,) and cuts a swath three and a half feet wide.

For a more full description of the Mower, reference is made to my Pamphlets, which will be furnished on application.—With each machine will be furnished two extra guards, two extra sections, one wrench and oil can.

Warranted capable of cutting ten acres of grass per day in a workmanlike manner.

Price of Two-Horse Mower	$80
" One Horse Mower	70

Delivered here on the cars.

I continue as heretofore, and with greater success than at any previous time, the manufacture and sale of "Manny's Patent Combined Reaper and Mower with Wood's Improvement." WALTER A. WOOD,
Manufacturer and Proprietor, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

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BENNETT GRAY, Brockport,
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No.

THE TWO STREAMS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Behold the misty veil
That down its sloping sides
Pours the swift rain drops, blending as they fall
In rushing river tides!

Yon stream, whose sources run
Turned by a pebble's edge,
Is Athabasca, rolling toward the sun
Through the cleft mountain-ledge.

The slender rill had strayed,
But for the slanting stone,
To evening's ocean, with the tangled braid
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

So from the heights of Will
Life's parting stream descends,
And, as a moment turns its slender rill,
Each widening torrent bends,—

From the same cradle's side—
From the same mother's knee,—
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the Peaceful Sea!

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by D. D. T. Moore, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Northern District of the State of New York.

ROSAMOND;
OR,
THE YOUTHFUL ERROR.

A TALE OF RIVERSIDE.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

Chapter I.—The Owner of Riverside.

All the day long the September rain had fallen, and when the night closed in it showed no sign of weariness, but with the same monotonous patter dropped upon the roof, or beat against the windows of the pleasantly lighted room where a young man sat gazing at the glowing grate, and listening apparently to the noise of the storm without. But neither the winds, nor yet the rain, had a part of that young man's thoughts, for they were with the past, and the chain which linked them to that past was the open letter which lay on the table beside him. For that letter he had waited long and anxiously, wondering what it would contain, and if his overtures for reconciliation with one who had erred far more than himself, would be accepted. It had come at last, and with a gathering coldness at his heart he had read the decision,—"she would not be reconciled," and she bade him "go his way alone and leave her to herself."

"It is well," he said; "I shall never trouble her again,"—and with a feeling of relief, as if a heavy load, a dread of coming evil, had been taken from his mind, he threw the letter upon the table, and leaning back in his cushioned chair tried to fancy that the last few years of his life were blotted out.

"Could it be so, Ralph Browning would be a different man," he said aloud; then, as he glanced round the richly furnished room, he continued—"People call me happy, and so perhaps I might be, but for this haunting memory. Why was it suffered to be, and must I make a life-long atonement for that early sin?"

In his excitement he arose, and crushing the letter for a moment in his hand, hurled it into the fire; then, going to his private drawer, he took out and opened a neatly folded package, containing a long tress of jet black hair. Shudderingly he wound it around his fingers, laid it over the back of his hand, held it up to the light, and then with a hard, dark look upon his face, threw it too upon the grate, saying aloud, "Thus perisheth every memento of the past, and I am free again—free as air!"

He walked to the window, and pressing his burning forehead against the cool, damp pane, looked out upon the night. He could not see through the darkness, but had it been day, his eye would have rested on broad acres all his own, for Ralph Browning was a wealthy man, and the house in which he lived was his by right of inheritance from a bachelor uncle for whom he had been named, and who, two years before our story opens, had died, leaving to his nephew the grand old place, called *Riverside*, from its nearness to the river. It was a most beautiful spot, and when its new master first took possession of it, the maids and matrons of Granby, who had mourned for the elder Browning as people mourn for a good man, felt themselves somewhat consoled from the fact that his successor was young and handsome, and would doubtless prove an invaluable acquisition to their fireside circles, and furnish a theme for gossip, without which no village can well exist. But in the first of their expectations they were mistaken, for Mr. Browning shunned rather than sought society, and spent the most of his leisure hours in the seclusion of his library, where, as Mrs. Peters, his housekeeper, said, he did nothing but mope over books and walk the floor. "He was melancholy," she said; "there was something workin' on his mind, and what it was she didn't know more'n the dead—though she knew as well as she wanted to that he had been crossed in love, for what else would make so many of his hairs gray, and he not yet twenty-five!"

That there was a mystery connected with him, was conceded by most of the villagers, and many a curious gaze they bent upon the grave, dignified young man, who seldom joined in their pastime or intruded himself upon their company. Much sympathy was expressed for him in his loneliness by the people of Granby, and more than one young girl would gladly have imposed upon herself the task of cheering that loneliness, but he seemed perfectly invulnerable to maiden charms, and when Mrs. Peters, as she often did, urged him "to take a wife and be somebody," he answered quietly, "I am content to follow the example of my uncle. I shall probably never marry."

Still he was lonely in his great house,—so lonely that, though it hurt his pride to do it, he wrote the letter, the answer to which excited him so terribly and awoke within his mind a train of thought so absorbing and intense that he did not hear the summons to supper until Mrs. Peters put her head into the room, asking "if he were deaf or what."

Mrs. Peters had been in the elder Browning's household for years, and when the new owner came she still continued at her post, and exercised over her young master a kind of motherly care, which he permitted because he knew her real worth, and that without her his home would be uncomfortable indeed. On the occasion of which we write, Mrs. Peters was unusually attentive, and to a person at all skilled in female tactics, it was evident that she was about to ask a favor, and had made preparations accordingly. His favorite waffles had been buttered exactly right—the peaches and cream were delicious—the fragrant black tea was neither too strong nor too weak—the fire blazed brightly in the grate—the light from the chandelier fell softly upon the massive silver service and damask cloth,—and with all these creature comforts around him, it is not strange that he forgot the letter and the tress of hair which so lately had blackened on the coals. The moment was propitious, and by the time he had finished his second cup, Mrs. Peters said, "I have something to propose."

Leaning back in his chair, he looked inquiringly at her, and she continued:—"You remember Mrs. Leyton, the poor woman who had seen better days, and lived in East Granby?"

"Yes."

"You know she has been sick, and you gave me leave to carry her anything I chose?"

"Yes."

"Well, she's dead, poor thing, and what is worse, she hain't no connection, nor never had, and her little daughter Rosamond hain't a place to lay her head."

"Let her come and sleep with you, then," said Mr. Browning, rattling his spoon upon the edge of his cup.

"Yes, and what'll she do days?" continued Mrs. Peters. "She can't run the streets, that's so; now, I don't believe no great in children, and you certainly don't b'lieve in 'em at all, nor your poor uncle before you; but Rosamond ain't a child. She's *thirteen*,—most a woman,—and if you don't mind the expense, I shan't mind the trouble, and she can live here till she finds a place. Her mother, you know, took up millinering to get a living."

"Certainly, let her come," answered Mr. Browning, who was noted for his benevolence.

This matter being thus satisfactorily settled, Mrs. Peters arose from the table, while Mr Browning went back to the olden memories which had haunted him so much that day, and with which there was not mingled a single thought of the little Rosamond, who was to exert so strong an influence upon his future life.

Chapter II.—Rosamond Leyton.

Rosamond had been some weeks at Riverside, and during all that time Mr. Browning had scarcely noticed her at all. On the first day of her arrival he had spoken kindly to her, asking her how old she was, and how long her mother had been dead, and that was all the attention he had paid to her. He did not even know the color of her eyes, or texture of her hair,—whether it were curly or straight, black or brown; but he knew in various ways that she was there—knew it by the sound of dancing feet upon the stairs, which were wont to echo only to Mrs. Peters' heavy tread—knew it by the tasteful air his room suddenly assumed,—by the ringing laugh and musical songs which came often from the kitchen, and by the thousand changes which the presence of a merry-hearted girl of thirteen brings to a hitherto silent house. Of him Rosamond stood considerably in awe, and though she could willingly have worshiped him for having given her so pleasant a home, she felt afraid of him and kept out of his way, watching him with childish curiosity at a distance, admiring his noble figure, and wondering if she should ever dare speak to him as fearlessly as Mrs. Peters did.

From this woman Rosamond received all a mother's care, and though the name of her lost parent was often on her lips, she was beginning to be very happy in her new home, when one day towards the middle of October, Mrs. Peters told her that Mr. Browning's only sister, a Mrs. Van Vechten, who lived South, was coming to Riverside, together with her son Ben. The lady Mrs. Peters had never seen, but Ben, who was at school in Albany, had spent a vacation there, and she described him as a "great, good-natured fool," who cared for nothing but dogs, cigars, fast horses and pretty girls.

Rosamond pushed back the stray curls which had fallen over her face, glanced at the cracked mirror which gave her *two* noses instead of one, and thinking to herself, "I wonder if he'll care for me," listened attentively while Mrs. Peters continued—"This Miss Van Vechten is a mighty fine lady, they say, and has heaps of niggers to wait on her at home,—but she can't bring 'em here, for *I* should set 'em free—that's so. I don't b'lieve in't. What was I sayin'? Oh, I know, she can't wait on herself, and wrote to have her brother got some one. He asked me if you'd be willin' to put on her clothes, wash her face, and *chaw her victuals* like enough."

"Mr. Browning never said that," interrupted Rosamond, and Mrs. Peters replied—"Well, not that exactly, but he wants you to wait on her generally."

"I'll do anything reasonable," answered Rosamond. "When will she be here?"

"In two or three days," said Mrs. Peters, "and I must hurry, or I shan't have them north chambers ready for her. Ben ain't coming quite so soon."

The two or three days passed rapidly, and at the close of the third a carriage laden with trunks stopped before the gate at Riverside, and Mrs. Van Vechten had come. She was a thin, sallow-faced, proud-looking woman, wholly unlike her brother, whose senior she was by many years. She had seen much of the world, and that she was conscious of her own fancied superiority was perceptible in every movement. She was Mrs. Richard Van Vechten, of Alabama—one of the oldest families in the State. Her deceased husband had been United States Senator,—she had been to Europe,—had seen the Queen on horseback,—had passed the residence of the Duchess of Sutherland,—and when Rosamond Leyton appeared before her in her neatly-fitting dress of black and asked what she could do for her, she elevated her eyebrows and coolly surveying the little girl, answered haughtily, "Comb out my hair."

"Yes, I will," thought Rosamond, who had taken a dislike to the grand lady, and suiting the action to the thought, she did *comb out* her hair, pulling it so unmercifully that Mrs. Van Vechten angrily bade her stop.

"Look at me, girl," said she; "did you ever assist at any one's toilet before?"

"I've hooked Mrs. Peters' dress and pinned on Bridget's collar," answered Rosamond, her great brown eyes brimming with mischief.

"Disgusting!" returned Mrs. Van Vechten—"I should suppose Ralph would know better than to get me such an ignoramus. Were you hired on purpose to wait on me?"

"Why, no, ma'am, I live here," answered Rosamond.

"Live here!" repeated Mrs. Van Vechten, "and pray, what do you do?"

"Nothing much, unless I choose," said Rosamond, who, being a great pet with Mrs. Peters and the other servants, really led a very easy life at Riverside.

Looking curiously into the frank, open face of the young girl, Mrs. Van Vechten concluded she was never intended to take a negro's place, and with a wave of her hand she said, "You may go; I can dress myself alone."

That evening as the brother and sister sat together in the parlor, the latter suddenly asked, "Who is that Rosamond Leyton, and what is she doing here?"

Mr. Browning told her all he knew of the girl, and she continued, "Do you intend to educate her?"

"Educate her!" said he, "what made you think of that?"

"Because," she answered, with a sarcastic smile, "as you expect to do penance the rest of your lifetime, I did not know but you would deem it your duty to educate every beggar who came along."

The idea of educating Rosamond Leyton was new to Mr. Browning, but he did not tell his sister so,—he merely said, "And suppose I do educate her?"

"In that case," answered the lady, "Ben will not pass his College vacations here, as I had intended that he should do."

"And why not?" asked Mr. Browning.

"Why not?" repeated Mrs. Van Vechten. "Just as though you did not know how susceptible he is to female beauty, and if you treat this Rosamond as an equal, it will be like him to fall in love with her at once. She is very pretty, you know."

Mr. Browning did not know any such thing In fact, he scarcely knew how the young girl looked, but his sister's remark had awakened in him an interest, and after she had retired, which she did early, he rang the bell for Mrs. Peters, who soon appeared in answer to his call.

"Is Rosamond Leyton up?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered Mrs. Peters, wondering at the question.

"Send her to me," he said, and with redoubled amazement Mrs. Peters carried the message to Rosamond, who was sitting before the fire, trying in vain to undo an obstinate knot in her boot-string.

"Mr. Browning sent for me!" she exclaimed, her cheeks flushing up. "Wants to scold me, I suppose, for pulling his sister's hair. I only did what she told me to," and with a beating heart she started for the parlor.

Rosamond was afraid of Mr. Browning, and feeling sure that he intended to reprove her, she took the chair nearest to the door, and covering her face with her hands, began to cry, saying,—"It was ugly in me, I know, to pull Mrs. Van Vechten's hair, and I did it on purpose, too; but I won't do so again, I certainly won't."

Mr. Browning was confounded. This was the first intimation he had received of the *barberic* performance, and for a moment he remained silent, gazing at the little girl. Her figure was very slight, her feet and hands were very small, and her hair, though disordered now and rough, was of a beautiful brown, and fell in heavy curls around her neck. He saw all this at a glance, but her face, the point to which his attention was chiefly directed, he could not see until those little hands were removed, and as a means of accomplishing this he at last said, kindly,—"I do not understand you, Rosamond. My sister has entered no complaint, and I did not send for you to censure you. I wish to talk with you—to get acquainted. Will you come and sit by me upon the sofa?"

Rosamond's hands came down from her face, but she did not leave her seat; neither did Mr. Browning now wish to have her, for the light of the chandelier fell full upon her, giving him a much better view of her features than if she had been nearer to him. If, as Mrs. Peters had said, Ben Van Vechten was fond of pretty girls, he in a measure inherited the feeling from his uncle, who was an ardent admirer of the beautiful, and who now felt a glow of satisfaction in knowing that Rosamond Leyton was pretty. It was a merry, sparkling, little face which he looked upon, and though the nose did turn up a trifle, and the mouth was rather wide, the soft, brown eyes and exquisitely fair complexion made ample amends for all. She was never intended for a menial,—she would make a beautiful woman,—and with thoughts similar to these, Mr. Browning, after completing his survey of her person, said,—"Have you been to school much?"

"Always, until I came here," was her answer; and he continued,—"And since then you have not looked in a book, I suppose."

The brown eyes opened wide as Rosamond replied,—"Why, yes I have. I've read ever so much in your library when you were gone. Mrs. Peter's told me I might," she added hastily, as she saw his look of surprise and mistook it for displeasure.

"I am perfectly willing," he said; "but what have you read? Tell me."

Rosamond was interested at once, and while her cheeks glowed and her eyes sparkled, she replied,—"Oh, I've read Shakspeare's Historical Plays, every one of them—and Childe Harold—and Watts on the Mind—and Kenilworth—and now I'm right in the middle of the Lady of the Lake. Wasn't Fitz James the King?—*I* believe he was. When I am older I mean to write a book just like that."

Mr. Browning could not forbear a smile at her enthusiasm, but without answering her question, he said—"What do you intend to do until you are old enough?"

Rosamond's countenance fell, and after tapping her foot upon the carpet a while, she "Mrs. Peter's will get me a place by-and-by, and I s'pose I'll have to be a milliner."

"Do you wish to be one?"

"Why, no; nor mother didn't either, but after father died she had to do something. Father was a kind of a lawyer, and left her poor."

"Do you wish to go away from here, Rosamond?"

There were tears on the long-fringed eye-lashes as the young girl replied—"No, sir,—I'd like to live here always, but there's nothing for me to do."

"Unless you go to school. How would you like that?"

"I have no one to pay the bills," and the curly head shook mournfully.

"But I have money, Rosamond, and suppose I say that you shall stay here and go to school?"

"Oh, sir, *will* you say so? *May* I live with you always?"—and forgetting her fear of him in her great joy, Rosamond Leyton crossed over to where he sat, and laying both her hands upon his shoulder, continued,—"Are you in earnest, Mr. Browning? May I stay? Oh, I'll be so good to you when you are old and sick!"

It seemed to her that he was old enough to be her father then, and it almost seemed so to him.—Giving her a very paternal look, he answered,—"Yes, child, you shall stay as long as you like; and now go, or Mrs. Peter's will be wondering what keeps you."

Rosamond started to leave the room, but ere she reached the door she paused, and turning to Mr. Browning, said—"You have made me *so* happy, and I like you so much, I wish you'd let me kiss your hand—may I?"

It was a strange question, and it sent the blood tingling to the very tips of Mr. Browning's fingers.

"Why, ye-es,—I don't know. What made you think of that?" he said, and Rosamond replied,—"I always kissed father when he made me very happy. It was all I could do."

"But I am not your father," stammered Mr. Browning; "I shall not be twenty-five until November. Still you can do as you please."

"Not twenty-five yet," repeated Rosamond;—"why, I thought you were nearer *forty*. I don't believe I'd better, though I like you just as well. Good night."

He heard her go through the hall, up the staire, through the upper hall, and then all was still again.

"What a strange little creature she is," he thought; "so childlike and frank, but how queer that she should ask *to kiss me!* Wouldn't Susan be shocked if she knew it, and won't she be horrified when I tell her I *am* going to educate the girl. I shouldn't have thought of it but for her. And suppose Ben does fall in love with her. If he knew a little more, it would not be a bad match Somebody must keep up our family, or it will become extinct. Susan and I are the only ones left, and *I*"—— here he paused, and starting to his feet, he paced the floor hurriedly, nervously, as if seeking to escape from some pursuing evil. "It is terrible," he whispered, "but I *can* bear it and I will," and going to his room he sought his pillow to dream strange dreams of tresses black, and ringlets brown,—of fierce, dark eyes, and shining orbs, whose owner had asked to kiss his hand, and mistaken him for her sire. [To be continued.]

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

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I am composed of 23 letters.
My 16, 17, 19, 23, 12 is one of the United States.
My 5, 22, 17, 21, 1 is a lake in Ireland.
My 8, 7, 14, 11, 10 is a river in France.
My 12, 19, 7 is an island in the Grecian Archipelago.
My 17, 16, 18, 17 is a town in India.
My 9, 4, 2, 20 is a county in Florida.
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Medina, N. Y., 1859. S. H. C.
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My first three letters as you will find
Compose a nickname of most common kind;
My second syllable you'll soon discover
Is a word much used our country over;
My last four letters, all taken together,
Is sometimes used in very dark weather;
My whole much loves in the meadows to dwell,
Where its sweet and gay tones mellifluously swell.
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Had it been heralded and introduced to the World with a flourish of trumpets, and a long retinue of influential friends interested in its success—puffed in the East and glorified in the West, by the owners of territorial rights—displayed at World's Fairs in Europe, and commended by potentates and princes that know as much about machinery as they do of the density or quantity of matter in the center of the earth—or had it ever been persecuted into notoriety by a host of jealous competitors, and been manufactured in various States and Countries—its sale and success might have been much more extensive, but the machine itself not one whit more complete and satisfactory.
During the last year the Machine **has been entirely remodeled and vastly improved** by the Patentee, and is now offered to the market as one of the best Combined Machines in the country. Space will not permit us to give a detailed description of the character and operation of the machines. For this information I beg leave to refer customers to my printed Circulars in the hands of my Agents.
The following named gentlemen are Agents for the sale of my Machines during the coming season. They have sample machines on exhibition at their several places of business, and also be happy to communicate any further information that may be desired.
TIFFANY & ROBERTS, Fredonia, N. Y.
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THE LARGEST CIRCULATED
Agricultural, Literary and Family Weekly,
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY D. D. T. MOORE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

The Rural New-Yorker is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the Rural an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates.—It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper in America.

☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

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A SHORT CROP OF HAY.

It is pretty generally admitted that the crop of hay in this vicinity, and, indeed, in several States, is less than usual, even when uninjured by frost, but in many parts of the country, as we learn by letters from our readers, as well as by published statements, the injury by the June frost was quite material. The prospect is, therefore, that next fall many farmers will find themselves possessed of an unusually small quantity of hay, with which to carry them through the winter. How this deficiency is to be met and provided for is an important question; and even to those more favorably circumstanced a few thoughts may not be uninteresting. Two plans suggest themselves, one of which, perhaps, is generally practiced under the circumstances.

First, to sell off a portion of the stock; *second*, to endeavor to keep all over the winter on rather short allowance. Both of these plans are unwise, and should only be resorted to in extreme cases, though the former is preferable to the latter. If a part is sold the farmer generally finds that the portion of his stock which it is to his interest to keep sells most readily in the market, and at the best prices, and he is tempted to part with those animals which he should by all means keep. Articles which the farmer is forced to sell seldom bring a fair price. Such sales are about as ruinous to the farmer as getting notes shaved is to the merchant. Then, in the spring, the manure pile is small and the dressing given to the poor fields scanty, and as a consequence the next crop is inferior; and the evils resulting from this one act run through a series of years. The effects of the other course, of attempting to keep stock through the winter on short rations—just keeping soul and body together without making flesh—is so evidently unprofitable and so revolting to the feelings of every kind-hearted man that we need not dwell upon it.

What then can be done to avoid these evils—to save the farmer from the necessity of choosing between the one or the other—a result from which many are beginning to think it almost impossible to escape?

As the grass in many places, in consequence of the frost, was cut uncommonly early, may we not anticipate with favorable weather, an unusually good second growth, which should be made available not only in saving that already secured, but in adding to it. The season is pretty well advanced for planting corn for fodder, otherwise we know nothing that will so well supply the place of hay. We have, however, planted corn the middle of May and cut it the middle of July, two months after planting, the stalks being from four to five feet in height. Western corn, sown in drills gives an enormous amount of dry food. Corn grown in this way cannot be well cured on the ground on which it is grown, as it is so bulky and contains so much water that it is apt to heat and mildew, unless spread out thin and well cared for. It is necessary, therefore, in most cases to draw a part of the crop on other ground for curing, and not to cut down more at a time than can be well taken care of. Many fine crops have we seen much injured by careless curing. This is particularly the case if the crop is cut late, or the weather proves unfavorable. Many have, no doubt, availed themselves of this resource, and will have a fine crop of corn fog to make up for any deficency in the grass or clover crop.

Something can be done by giving extra culture so as to secure the best possible growth, and then preserving all coarse fodder, so that nothing is wanted. Those who have planted carrots or other roots, should give them a good chance by keeping the weeds down and the ground well cultivated.—An acre of ground in roots, if a good deal of labor is bestowed upon it, will give a large amount of food.

It is too late to sow *Ruta Bagas*, but the *White Turnips* may be sown from the present time to the middle of August; the first sown will generally give the largest crop, but the late sown will be the soundest, and the best for keeping. The best soil for Turnips is a deep or sandy loam, and they flourish extremely well on new land. The best crop we ever saw in this country was grown on a reclaimed swamp. The owner had drained it for corn the next spring, but thinking he might raise a few turnips, as he was likely to be short of winter feed, sowed thinly and broadcast, and with the most decided success. Turnips sown in drills are the most easily cultivated and kept clean. They are exposed to numerous insect enemies, among which, the fly or fly-beetle is most to be dreaded. Remedies innumerable have been promulgated, but the most of them, just when depended upon, have failed. Observation has shown, however, that a rough or gritty state of the leaf will put a quietus upon their operations, and any substance, such as ashes, that will thus coat the plant, will act as a preventive to their destruction. After an application is made, should rains occur, the process must be repeated. Care in this respect will almost insure the cultivator reward for his labors. For the experience of an English cultivator on this point, we refer our readers to the following article on *European Agriculture*.

EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE.

In perusing the Foreign Agricultural Journals which we receive, we frequently note "matter" for publication, but the crowded condition of our own columns frequently denies it admission, as we prefer to talk and present the *American side of the question*. A considerable portion of such segregations, however, is eminently valuable and practical to farmers in this country, and we believe a careful perusal of the subjoined will well repay those specially interested:

To Prevent the Ravages of the Turnip Fly.—At the "Weekly Council" of the English Royal Ag. Society, held June 24th, Fisher Hobbs, in accordance with the request of the Society, related his experience in preventing the ravages of this fly. Mr. H. gives great importance to the preparation of the soil, care of manure, &c., (which we will not refer to *at present*, as the incipient portions of this labor are performed in the closing months of the year,) and this part of the proceedings is based upon the principle that "prevention is better than cure." The "cure" is simply the application of top-dressings. Mr. Hobbs remarked as follows:—"I have tried various experiments, steeping the seed, and top-dressings, for upwards of thirty years, but though sometimes successful I could not depend on any of them until I adopted my present system, and I think it is only fair that I should state that I derived the chief features as to the use of this top-dressing from my late bailiff, Mr. O. Hawkins, who came to me some nine years since with an especial recommendation on this point; in fact, he himself engaged to secure the turnip plant from the ravages of the fly, adding that he was willing to give up his situation immediately if he could not do so. I can only add that for eight years, during the whole time he was with me, he fulfilled all he promised in this respect. The following is Mr. Hawkins' recipe for a top-dressing:—1 bushel of white gas-ashes, (gas-lime,) fresh from the gas-house; 1 bushel of fresh lime from the kiln, 6 lbs. of sulphur, and 10 lbs. of soot, well mixed together and got to as fine a powder as possible, so that it may adhere to the young plant. The above is sufficient for two acres when drilled at 27 inches. It should be applied very early in the morning, when the *dew is on the leaf*—a broadcast machine being the most expeditious mode of distributing it, or it may be sprinkled with the hand carefully over the rows. If the fly continues troublesome the process should be repeated; by this means 200 to 220 acres of turnips, Swedes, and rape have been grown on my farms annually for eight or nine years, without a rod of ground losing plants. The above is a strong dressing, to be used when the fly is very numerous, and has never failed when applied at night. Numerous experiments have been tried, and amongst them I recommend the following in ordinary cases, and intend to use it during the present season if necessary:—14 lbs. of sulphur, 1 bushel of fresh lime, and 2 bushels of road scrapings per acre, mixed together for a few days before it is used, and applied at night, either by means of a small drill, or strewed along the rows by hand. I have known sulphur mixed with water, applied in a liquid state by means of water-carts during the night, and the horse-hoe immediately following the water-cart. This has succeeded admirably. In consequence of the dryness of the climate in my neighborhood (the rain-fall being on the average only about sixteen inches annually) I usually sow on the flat; but the dressings above named are equally applicable to crops sown on the ridge."

The Taste of Butter.—A correspondent of the London *Agricultural Gazette* complained of the bad taste of his butter when the cows were fed upon Mangold Wortzels and beans, "a scrupulous cleanliness being exercised in dairy utensils, the cream being churned once a week." The editors called for an expression from dairymen upon the subject, and received "answers from Warwickshire, Cheshire, Gloucestershire, and Devonshire." As a general thing, the evil complained of had not been experienced by those who responded, some attributed it to ill-tasted weeds which were mixed with the fodder, and others give a remedy where said difficulty exists. We extract a few of these, as queries on this point often reach the Rural sanctum:

"1. I have found chloride of lime very effectual to remove from butter the taste of turnips, or any other bad flavor. A drachm of it to every expected pound of butter put into the water of the second washing, after it is taken out of the churn, and the butter well but rapidly kneaded in it.

"2. Do not feed your cows with turnips until they have been previously milked, by which means the animal has twelve hours to get rid of the flavor of the vegetable. Good hay must also be given in sufficient quantity. I need not add great cleanliness not only in the cow-house but in the dairy.—No stale pieces of turnip should on any account be allowed to remain in the manger, which should be cleaned out before feeding.

"3. As soon as the milk is brought into the dairy, (warm from the cows,) pour into it, in the proportion of half a pint of boiling water to a gallon of milk; cover it over with a cloth, four times doubled, for half an hour; then strain and pour it into milk dishes to stand for cream. I have never known this recipe to fail, unless the dairy-maid put a wooden cover over the milk-pail instead of a cloth, which absorbs the steam.

"4. I occupied a farm of 500 acres, and kept a large dairy of cows, and never had the taste of turnips in the butter, by applying hot water and steam, at different times, to the milk and cream, which entirely took away all flavor of the turnip. We generally made from 1*d*. to 2*d*. per pound of our butter more than market price. Our system been carried out for 40 years, and has never been known to fail where properly attended to.

"5. Make a strong solution of nitre, and add a dessert-spoonful of it to every two gallons of milk as it is brought in from the cow.

"6. The simplest and most convenient preventative against turnip taint, and one to the efficacy of which I can speak from daily experience, is to let your cows have their feed of turnips immediately after being milked, and at no other time."

How to Use Guano.—Among our European brethren Guano is very much used, and the success which a great majority of English cultivators have had, has wonderfully stimulated the demand for this valuable fertilizer. American farmers are beginning to learn its worth as a stimulant, and each year witnesses a large increase in sales, particularly in the Eastern and Southern States.—Such being the fact, the following rules, from the *Mark Lane Express*, will doubtless prove of utility, especially to those unacquainted with the manner of application:

"*First*.—Never mix guano with anything; all lime, compost, ashes and similar expedients, too often contain caustic alkali to drive off the ammoniacal parts before the soil can surround and absorb them.

"*Second*.—Mix it as much as possible with the soil, not too deeply, but plow it in after sowing it broadcast.

"*Third*.—If applied as a top-dressing—which is rarely advisable—always apply it, if possible, before rain, or when snow is on the ground; and if on arable land, harrow, hoe or scuffle immediately after the operation.

"*Fourth*.—For speedy and powerful operation, apply on limited surfaces dissolved in water.

"*Fifth*.—If sowed with drilled grain, or, indeed, with any seed whatever, it should never come in contact.

"*Lastly*.—Be sure to get, if possible, *the genuine article*, and use per acre, from two to three hundred pounds!"

Systematic Labor accomplishes far more than that without plan or order, and with more ease.

CROP PROSPECTS IN THIS STATE.

A somewhat extended tour over that portion of our State west of the meridian of Utica, has given a very good opportunity to notice the crops as they appear up to this time.

Grass.—This crop was affected by the early dry weather, and in many places by the frost. In some portions of the midland counties the hay crop will only be fair, but as a whole there will not be one-third of a crop, even if we have rains and a favorable fall. Thousands of acres will not be mowed till August or September. Pasturage is also growing short, and unless refreshed with timely showers, must soon prove wholly inadequate to the demands made upon it.

Corn.—A larger breadth than ever before has been planted to corn, and generally the stand is good. The frost put back the plant in many places, but it is coming on again well, and if we are not treated to a September frost, the yield will be large and fill up the gap in the hay crop very well.

Winter Wheat.—Through the great wheat counties there is but a small breadth, but generally the appearance of the plant is such as to promise a large yield. The Mediterranean is the prevailing sort sown, and should it this year escape the midge, immense quantities will be sown the coming autumn.

In some localities the frost did immense damage, but the loss is not spread over much surface.—Though its extent and severity have been exaggerated as a whole, the result will prove disastrous in limited sections.

Winter Rye.—The cultivation of this crop, as well as winter barley, is spreading, and the yield this year must be a very satisfactory one.

Spring Wheat, and Oats, of which unusual quantities have been sown this year, are looking well, yet it is too early to predict the harvest with any accuracy.

Fruit is more or less injured, but as a whole there will be a very good crop in most sections, especially of Apples.

As the result now depends, in a great measure, upon an early frost—or its absence—we can only keep hoeing, and pray for the right sort of weather.—P.

HOUSE BUILDING.—NO. IV.

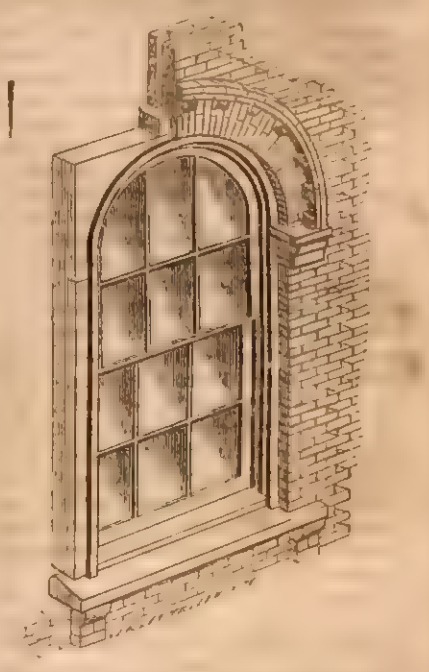
In resuming our subject, let us take matters in the same order that the builder will be most likely to, and consider in this number the form and construction of the apertures, and the framing and covering of the roof. Although it is not our intention to raise these articles to the dignity of a work on Architecture, yet we must have more or less to say about style and appearance, and will endeavor to do so in a matter-of-fact way, keeping in mind Ruskin's great maxim:—"Until Common Sense finds its way into Architecture there can be but little hope for it."

If you build of wood, make the openings square heads, except perhaps in the gables or dormer windows. Couple or triple them if you choose, but do not circle the tops. You have no use for the arch, (the space above being self-supporting, both apparently and really,) and if you make them circling, you double the expense merely for show, and your windows will demonstrate more forcibly than words can, perhaps, that you are foolish.

Hoods over the windows, where outside blinds are dispensed with, can be made an ornamental feature in the modern styles of building, and have a practical advantage beside—i. e., the upper sash can be lowered in stormy as well as pleasant weather, which is a better ventilator than most houses have. If your building is of brick or stone, and good, sound cut stone lintels can be easily obtained, it will be your cheapest way to span the openings with them, but if they cannot be had, the better way will be to use an arch made of the same material as the building, and the higher it is in proportion to the width the better. If what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, then make the arch a semi-circle, or pointed gothic, if the building is in that style.

Arched openings undoubtedly add to the expense, as well as to the beauty of a building, but not so materially if the arch is continued back only to the sash. This is sufficient for all practical purposes, and even better on some accounts, as it admits of using either the common curtain fixtures, inside shutters, or blinds. (See illustration.)

If outside blinds are used, the upper portion, as far down as the spring of the arch, should be stationary. In this way they will not appear unsightly when the lower half is open. Probably the best way yet invented to hang the sash is to balance them with weights, and fasten them with



OUTSIDE OF WINDOW, AND ONE-HALF OF BRICK ARCH.

Arnold's side-meeting rail sash-locks, which will allow the upper sash to be lowered three or four inches, and yet be burglar proof, and it costs but two or three dollars more per opening than the common window.

The edges of the sash, and the groves wherein they play, should be well oiled and not painted, which will allow the sash to fit much closer and yet play easily. Arnold's improved sash-locks for common windows, and Charles Parker's improved blind trimmings, are much inadvance of anything else now in use for the same purposes.

Inside of window, one-half caused up square.

In constructing roofs, make the frame-work light and strong. Do not depend on the stiffness of timber for the support of the roof, nor on the strength of the plates to withstand the outward thrust. Either will show evidences of their weakness in a few years, and the remedy had better be applied in the beginning. The roof may receive its support from the partitions and foundations below, or from a truss; and the plates from ties or collar beams nailed to the lower ends of the rafters. Rafters 2x8 weigh and cost no more than those 4x4, and will support the same weight with only one-half the sag. The joints of the roof boards should come on alternate rafters, and the surface for slating should be true and the joints tight. Shingles and slate are probably the best roofing materials in general use, (the slate having the advantage in everything but the cost and liability to be damaged by frost,) and for either, a steep pitch is preferable. Shingles should be laid at least one-fourth of an inch apart at the lower ends, (so that the dirt, as it washes down, will not clog and dam up the water,) and nailed with one nail only in each shingle, that they may shrink and swell without splitting. I see in a late number of the Rural a correspondent proposes to use what we should call a tile roof, and what he says sounds rather "sound." Such roofs are common in the East, and are said to be and look heavy. However, if your correspondent can make a good roof, we will invent a support for the weight, and can learn to endure the looks. J. E. S.

Pompey, Onon. Co., N. Y., 1859.

PLOWING, PLOWS AND TEAMS.

H. K. F., Esq.,—*Sir*:—Yours entitled "To Plow Boys," in No. 492 of Rural New-Yorker, is all correct, and good advice to young or old farmers, except some things I will notice. Who ever heard of a science farmer being injured in or about the breast when following his plow? Such a thing is now only in the history of the past, when we were boys, and our father's plows were made under the old constitution. This is an age of improvement and experience, and we must be readers and hard students to keep up with the age.

Your having a team steady, and attractive, and well broke, setting the bolt, and shortening and letting out the tugs is all correct; and striking the first furrow, and straightening and inverting when you plow green sward or other lands, is equally right, and about a Plow Boy being a discoverer, is also true. But to walk outside of the furrow, or talk of breaking ribs or fracturing breasts, is all out of order and not true. If your plow kicks, (as Buckeyes say,) there is something not right about the draft, and the manufacturer did not understand

his business. A plow should never kick, nor should it be assisted to turn the furrow by compelling the plowman to walk on it to keep it down; the draft from point of cutter or shear, and the centre of clevis at end of beam, should be in such a position that when the plow strikes it will lift or jump perpendicular, and not side ways, so as to take a fellow in the ribs or breast with the point of the handles. Your plow should run square and true, just land enough and no more, and if anything a little too deep, because there is less danger in plowing too deep than not deep enough; besides, if your plow runs too deep, it is easy and natural for a good plowman to rest himself by bearing down slightly upon the point or end of the handles; it is much easier to bear down than lift up. I know it used to be the complaint in an earlier day, in plowing rough, stony, or hill-side land, that many were hurt in various ways, in the ribs and shins especially, by the plow; but this was a quarter and half-quarter of a century ago, when our parents were our age or less. When our plows had wooden moldboards and heavy and large beams, as if all the strength and qualities of the plow laid in the size of the beam. Were plows manufactured now as then, they would not sell at one-tenth the cost of making.

There is as much improvement in the make of a plow as any tool a farmer has to use; and if H. K. F.'s plow is in the habit of breaking ribs, I would advise him to get one of more recent make, for it is no small matter to have a rib broken. Why, if you had an animal that was in the habit of kicking you every time you went near him, you would rid your premises of the same as soon as possible.—Why not, then, rid yourself of a kicking plow, (for it is equally dangerous,) and get a good one—one that is at least one-third lighter in weight, and that will perform a third more plowing with more ease to man and beast? Let mechanics live, also.

Your having a heavy and good sized team, with a heft in proportion to your work, is all right; it is no use to plow heavy plowing with a light one. You talk, too, of having the ends of the lines of cloth, or something that will prevent friction around the neck. I always had a horror against carrying the lines around one's neck; it always looked too much like hanging. I don't believe I could stand hanging with any kind of a string. This putting the lines around one's neck, or fastening them around the wheel, or carrying the ends forward to hitch, is bad farming as well as bad practice, and many accidents happen in consequence thereof. Why not drive a horse team, in the plow especially, without a line, the same as an ox team, or stand without being hitched?

Marion, O., 1859. OHIO RAILROAD FARMER.

ABOUT CHEESE AND CHEESE-MAKING.

EDS. RURAL:—Is it not a fact that a large portion of the cheese made in this country which finds its way to our markets, is far from what it should be in those qualities so desirable to all lovers of good cheese? The labor and expense of making a poor article is the same as that of producing a good one, as all dairymen will acknowledge. There is a *best way* for doing everything, and all admit the importance of doing things in that way in their particular branches of business, yet it seems that many dairymen lose sight, in great measure, of that word "Excelsior" in practice, and thereby lose much in a pecuniary point of view.

Look at the different gradations in the price of cheese in market, and see if the producer of poor cheese does not suffer in comparison with his neighbor who may have an article that will out-sell him by far. The time has come when the old way of making cheese should be abandoned. Dry, hard cheese, that will crumble almost at the touch, is not what most of people want in these days when better can be had, that is, more moist, richer, finer flavored and pleasant. I think many salt too much, which has a tendency to harden cheese and make them crumble; seasoning too high will make it tough and tasteless. It is a nice point to know, and to acquire the experience to meet all the variations necessary to produce an even dairy the season through. The changes of the weather from heat to cold and back again. A certain amount of heat in scalding to-day may not answer for to-morrow. In very warm weather the tendency of the curd is to harden and become sour, and then less heat should be used because the whey and curd are more seperated and in a more advanced state. Less salt should then be used. I think there are no set rules that can be given to make good cheese without practice to accompany them. The changes required are too many, yet a few suggestions may be valuable to new beginners. Any information that is wanted on this subject through the columns of the RURAL I will give as far as I can.

I would inquire if any one knows the cause of rennets being so poor and almost worthless with us—many others in this vicinity complain of the same. M. B. W.

Apulia, N. Y., June, 1859.

HOW TO SHEAR SHEEP.

EDS. RURAL:—In your issue of June 11th is an article from the Ohio *Farmer*, headed "Sheep Shearing." The writer gives very good directions till he comes to the "mode of shearing," which I think may be improved. I was so fortunate as to secure the services of a *scientific* shearer, Mr. EDMUND BELKNAP, who sheared a small flock for me to-day. I soon saw that he handled sheep adroitly, and thought I might benefit some of your readers by communicating his *mode*, and accordingly, pencil in hand, I noted down as correctly and minutely as I could, the operation, by watching the motions of the shearer. I send you the result. My notes are approved by Mr. BELKNAP.

Have a stool just knee-high to the operator, 18 inches square, of soft wood planed smooth, or covered,—a dry good's box that height will answer. Place your right foot on the stool, set your sheep so that his back will rest against your right thigh, with your right arm forward of his fore legs; commence at the brisket, with your shears across the sheep, shear the belly, quite down, trimming the tags, &c. The belly wool must be laid aside to be done up with the fleece,—that done, place your left foot on the stool, with the left side of the sheep resting on your left leg, back to you; commence at the point of the right shoulder, and with a curve backwards, open the wool with the shears to the back of the neck, nearly, and ending at the back of the right ear. Shear the shoulder, and the neck lengthwise, and forward to the under side of the neck. As the operation progresses, turn the sheep gradually to the right, till the back rests on your thigh, with the right side to you, shear around the neck, (lengthwise,) and down on the left leg and shoulder, (the neck being the first finished,) then downward along the side, hind leg, and ham, then lengthwise upward and backward till the backbone or spine is passed a little. Now gather the fleece, holding it against the back and unsheared side, turn the sheep on his haunch bones, as on a pivot, to the right, place your right foot on the stool, resting the left side of the sheep against you, with its back on your right thigh, shear down the right thigh and ham, which finishes the operation. In this way you roll the sheep out of his fleece, rolling the sheep to the right and the fleece to the left.

I think there are important advantages in this method. Sheep require an easy position, or they will be restless and often unmanageable. No position is more uncomfortable to a sheep than flat on his side, and none easier than the sitting posture—though kept on end during the whole shearing. The position is changed often enough to keep the sheep from being restless; for you are turning him nearly all the time to the right,—he wants no holding, his feet or legs should never be touched, and he will scarce ever move them,—if he does, he cannot touch the fleece,—that is all the time out of the way of his feet, to the left. If handled gently, and not kept *too long on the stool*, he seems to enjoy the luxury of being divested of his fleece in warm weather. The lower point of the shears should be leveled a *little*, so that they will run easily over the skin without catching, and the wool should never be pulled, for the skin is raised with it. To smooth wrinkles, draw the skin with the left hand. Gentleness will make the sheep lie quiet. Finally, why not suppose this the ancient mode of shearing? I never was so fully convinced of the aptness and force of the passage "as a sheep *before* her shearers is dumb," than when watching the motions of Mr. B., while shearing our sheep. S. S. BATES.

Titusville, Craw. Co., Pa., June 20th, 1859.

CULTURE OF CARROTS.

MESSRS. EDS.:—As I have had some experience in the raising of the above named root, I will, with your permission, give it to the readers of the RURAL. Perhaps I shall tell nothing new or valuable to farmers who have been in the habit of raising them, but it may be of some use to new beginners. There are few, if any, crops that will yield a greater number of bushels to the acre than carrots, when well cultivated. They are less affected by the worms and insects, are easily harvested, and keep well through the winter. Many animals, especially cattle, are very fond of them, and will thrive well when fed on them. I have heard that they will kill calves, but never saw any calves killed by them, or any that there was any signs of their dying or being hurt, and believe that there is much more danger of their being killed for the want of them.

The carrot thrives best in a deep, rich, sandy soil, or a sand and clay mixed. The ground should be plowed deep, fine manure well mixed in, and all sticks and stones removed. They can be sown from the first of May to the first or middle of June, according to the weather and situation. In this State they do best when, sown on sandy soil, the first of May. Sow in rows or drills, from a foot to sixteen inches apart, according to the fancy of the raiser—I generally have the rows about fourteen inches apart. The seed should be sown thick, as some of the seeds will not grow, and many plants will be destroyed by worms and insects. After the young plants have attained a sufficient size, the ground should be hoed between the rows, and all the weeds destroyed. This process should be repeated through the Summer, and the plants thinned to about two or three inches apart in the rows. This is all the culture they will need. They will grow until hard frosts come in the Fall, when they should be dug and put in the cellar, or a pit dug for them—they usually keep well either way. W. H. H. PEARSON.

Pitcairn, St. Law. Co., N. Y., 1859.

SEEDING TO GRASS.—LIGHT WANTED.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Having failed in securing a good catch of grass seed for some years past, I write this in hopes to receive some advice and suggestions for further trial. In the first place, I will state what course I have taken, with the result. My land is a low, flat piece, (not marshy,) heavy clay, with from three to five inches black soil, or vegetable mold, on the surface. I first planted to corn, (it being an old meadow,) had a fair crop. The spring following sowed to barley—the next spring sowed to oats, and ten quarts of Timothy, with two of clover seed, per acre. Harvested a fair crop of oats, but the grass being in spots, and too thin at that, I plowed up one-half and sowed to rye the 20th September, with twelve quarts of Timothy seed per acre. This time the grass seed came up and looked as well as any I ever saw at the commencement of winter, but the spring following my prospects were blasted by finding the grass in one loose mat, completely thrown out. I then sowed twelve quarts per acre more, and obtained a meagre catch. In the spring of 1858, I sowed the other half to oats, with twelve quarts of Timothy seed per acre, harvested the seed lightly, but, as usual, not one-third of the grass seed came up and matured. Not wishing to plow the land again in the month of March last, I sowed eight quarts of Timothy and eight quarts of red top per acre, and this time it came up tolerably well, but the dry season here has nearly used it up again.

Now, *I feel pretty well used up* in the grass seed line, and as the land is uncertain for winter grain, I am thinking of trying once more by putting on buckwheat, and, sometime during the fall, harrowing over the ground and sowing to grass seed again. Will others, having experience and better judgment than I, be good enough to advise me through the RURAL what course to pursue, obliging the writer and perhaps others? H. J. B.

Hector, N. Y., 1859.

WHERE ARE WE DRIFTING?

EDS. RURAL:—During the pressure of '57—'58, a prominent Senator predicted that the business interests of the country would revive as speedily as they were prostrated. The sequel has not verified the prophecy. On the contrary, we notice a general quiet soberness as compared with the mad excitement which everywhere prevailed two years ago. Then, with a wild hurrah, we were bent on business, progress, wealth, improvement, etc.—Now, men are confused, and seem to be waiting for something to turn up that will bring back the swimming prosperity that was so suddenly checked. The propheciers of "smooth things" told us a year ago that the annual crop, soon to be harvested, would set everything in motion again and make all right, but did it prove so? Let our idle shipping, our comparatively light railroad receipts, our diminished canal revenues, the dearth of new enterprises, and the general stagnation, answer!—And the same hope is being again indulged. A splendid crop is being garnered—a very superb crop, the farmers having made a determined effort,—and this, assuredly, will set everything agog. The same old story, you perceive, to be followed, perhaps, by a similar disappointment.

Our difficulties lie too deep to be quickly cured. As a nation we have been "fast," and have boasted of it; and, as sometimes happens with young sprigs to whom that term is applicable, so we have got into trouble. In our haste, we have forgotten the Giver of the increase. We have magnified material progress. We have worshiped images which our own hands have made. We have sought to contravene the established law of GOD that we shall eat our bread in the sweat of our brow. We have glorified our so called labor-saving inventions, and have imagined that in their perfection and by their use, we were all going to get rich surely and with ease. But lo! when all was ready, when the land was filled with reapers and mowers, and the thousand and one improvements of modern contrivance, and threaded with multitudinous lines of railroad, &c., to convey the products of the soil to market, and covered with a net-work of wires whereon to flash the latest pricies in our centers of trade, what do we hear? Why, that the nation is in debt to Europe hundreds of millions of dollars for articles of necessity and of luxury; that our Government is a borrower in the market for money wherewith to keep its wheels moving; that one-tenth of the denizens of some of our cities are supported, in whole or in part, by charity during a portion of the year; that the prisons of the State of New York need enlargement; that the whole vast sum of railroad stocks in the country is verging towards nothingness; that over extended tracts of the Northern States the standard fruits are failing; that flood and frost, drouth and tornadoes, rot and weevil, and the whole insect race are doing their dreadful work beyond anything dreamed of before the distinctive age of progress commenced; that our soil—even that for which the poor pretence cannot be set up that it has been made sterile by the foot of the bond-man—does not produce as much per cultivated acre, or as much per laboring man, as it did when the condemned implements of olden days were in use, while virgin prairies of unsurpassed richness are all the time inviting and receiving cultivation; and that the general mass of American farmers are growing neither rich nor happy from tilling the soil!

Is it not well to stop and think of these things, and to ask if prosperity may not lie quite in the opposite direction whence we have looked for it?—Whether human progress is not really downwards? Whether the highway to national greatness is not quite away from creature exaltation? Whether, in short, we may not profitably turn away our eyes from beholding vanity, to Him in whom our strength is? But such views are not relished.—Human nature greatly prizes human sagacity, and rejects, as sheerest nonsense, the truth that man's wisdom is folly, and his strength weakness in the every-day business of life. W. B. P

THE JENNY LIND POTATO.

MESSRS. EDS.:—One of your correspondents, WM. C. MILLS, Silver Creek, N. Y., makes inquiry through a recent RURAL about the potato called the Jenny Lind. I have grown the variety of potato described by Mr. MILLS for the last four years. It is very productive in this locality, and yields more to the acre than any other potato I am acquainted with. It does not rot in the field, but is very subject to dry rot in the cellar unless thinly spread. It is a late potato, and wants the whole season to come to maturity. The vines will be fresh and green until hard frosts in the fall. I came to the conclusion last winter that the dry rot was partly, if not wholly, in consequence of the potato not being fully ripe when dug, and I planted them last spring two or three weeks earlier than formerly, hoping by so doing to avoid their rotting in the cellar. Jenny Lind is the only name of this variety of potato. It was introduced into this place a few years since from the east side of the Hoosick Mountain, and said, by some, to have originated from the seed ball of the Merino, but it more nearly resembles the Rohan potato.

About the first of April last, not having seen any notice of the Jenny Lind in the RURAL, I put up a small package of that variety and of one other variety, which I think better of, to send to you, in hopes you would give both a fair trial in your locality, and make your report in the fall, but I failed of the expected opportunity of sending them to you in time for planting, but shall send you a sample of each kind next fall or spring. By the *other variety* I mean a kind, a few tubers of which came to this place from Boston a few years since, called the St. Helena potato. It nearly answers to the description you gave some months since of the Prince Albert potato, but whether it is the same or not, it is one of the best potatoes for our locality. It is very productive—does not rot at all—grows very smooth—is more easily prepared for cooking than the Jenny Lind—is quite as good for boiling, and better for baking.

Williamstown, Berkshire Co., Mass. S. HOSFORD.

RYE WITH BUCKWHEAT.—Allow me to inquire of the RURAL readers what has been their experience in sowing Winter Rye with Buckwheat? We propose to try it this season, and would like a little information of a practical nature on the subject before we sow, if possible.—I. W. B., *Macedon N. Y.*, 1859.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

How to Cure Clover.

THE following mode of curing clover is recommended by the *Ohio Valley Farmer*:—"In the curing of herbs, where it is desirable to retain all their virtues, we endeavor to have them go through the drying process without exposure to the heat of the summer sun. And if you would secure the best of hay from your clover, it should not be permitted to remain spread upon the ground only long enough for the leaves to become partially wilted. Then put it up in small cocks, say three feet in diameter and four or five feet high. Thus put up, the air will circulate through the same, and cure it sufficiently for the stack or the barn. Every farmer should, however, provide himself with *cloth caps*. To do this, take cheap muslin, a yard wide, and cut it up into yard lengths. These should be spread over the cocks, and the corners made heavy by fastening a stone or piece of brick in them, so that the wind will not blow them off. Clover, timothy or grain may thus be protected against foul weather. If the clover can remain a week or ten days, it will be all the better. If, however, there is an ample supply of bright, dry straw on the farm to mix with the clover, the latter may be removed from the field after remaining in the cock only one or two days. In stowing it away now, a layer of clover should be followed by a layer of straw, and so on, alternating the one with the other. This is an excellent plan, and when opened in the winter, the straw itself will be found superior fodder, besides having preserved the clover from heating or moulding."

Value of the Earth-Worm.

THE new edition of the *Encyclopedia Brittanica* speaking of the earth worm, remarks:—Though apt to be despised and trodden on, it is really a useful creature in its way. Mr. Knapp describes it as the natural manurer of the soil, consuming on the surface the softer parts of decayed vegetable matters, and conveying downwards the more woody fibres, which there moulder and fertilize. They perforate the earth in all directions, thus rendering it permeable by air and water, both indispensable to vegetable life. According to Mr. Darwin's mode of expression, they give a kind of under-tillage to the land, performing the same below ground that the spade does above for the garden, and the plow for arable soil. It is, in consequence, chiefly by the natural operations of worms that fields, which have been overspread with lime, burnt marl, or cinders, become in process of time covered by a finely divided soil, fitted for the support of vegetation. This result, though usually attributed by farmers to the "working down" of these materials, is really due to the action of earth-worms, as may be seen in the innumerable *casts* of which the initial soil consists. These are obviously produced by the digestive proceedings of the worms, which take into their intestinal canal a large quantity of the soil in which they feed and burrow, and then reject it in the form of the so-called casts. "In this manner," says Mr. Darwin, "a field manured with marl, has been covered, in the course of eighty years, with a bed of earth averaging thirteen inches in thickness."

About Scare Crows.

ALTHOUGH a little behind the season, we think the following article from the *Maine Farmer* is worthy the space it occupies, and we consequently put it "on record." "This is the time of year for our cornfields to exhibit all sorts of artistic ingenuity, in the shape of old clothes statuary, and a very odd and expressible tableau, as well as a great amount of never-ending twine, glittering pieces of tin hung on poles, by ever twisting and twisting strings, old coffee-pots and dilapidated hats,—all to intimidate that very sable, but sagacious bird, the crow. Mr. Crow generally laughs in his sleeve at all this expenditure of cast-off toggery, and takes the corn he wants before the farmer is up, or in the house at his meals, or gone to meeting, or absent from the premises from some other cause. The best mode that we ever adopted to keep this inveterate poacher from pulling up our corn, was to surround him with assailants of his own kind. Make bird fight bird. We once set up a couple of martin-boxes on poles in our cornfield. These were occupied by families of martins, and woe fall on every crow's devoted head that dared to show itself anywhere near the premises. They were out as early as Mr. Crow himself, and ready to give him battle all summer, or until their young had flown and they got ready to migrate South. There was many a battle fought over the field, but no corn was pulled up that year."

Tan Bark for Potatoes.

THIS subject is brought before the farmers of England, by a communication in the *Mark Lane Express*. Mr. R. B. Bamford claims thirty-five years' practice and experience in this matter; and has issued a pamphlet giving his method of using it, which is brief in the following:—He does not cut his potatoes for setting, but sets them whole, and the largest he can select. The rows are thirty inches apart, and the potatoes are put nine inches from each other in the row. The land is plowed only eight inches deep, treads the manure firmly in the furrows, puts in the tubers, and covers them in with tan refuse, nine inches deep, instead of earthing up. In this way he reports that in 1857 he raised 675 bushels of potatoes—not a rotten one among them—to the acre, with nothing but waste tan as a covering. This is of great importance, the tan refuse being of little or no value, and if it can be put to so important and advantageous a use as in this case, it should be widely known and practiced.

Management of Horses.

NEVER attempt to clean or otherwise disturb your horse while eating his meals, unless you want him to bite and kick. But when you clean, take him out of the stall, and make a business of it. Tie your horse in the center of the stall, unless you want him to do, as most horses do, drive more on one rein than on the other. Horses that are liable to cast themselves in their stalls, should be tied with neck-halters, giving them much more freedom of the head than the nose-halter. Gentleness, firmness and moderation will subdue the most obdurate. So says the *New England Farmer*.

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE WEATHER of the past week has generally been quite favorable for vegetation, with copious rains in this region. The crops are looking better, though the hay crop must be very light. Harvest will be commenced hereabouts this week, considerable wheat and barley being ripe enough to cut, and we think the yield will be better than was anticipated a month ago.

THE HORSE SHOW of the Monroe Co. Ag. Society, on Monday, comprised a fair display in the various departments, and the attendance, though not as large as anticipated, was quite respectable. The weather was unusually fine—as favorable, for such an exhibition, as could be desired. We are unable to give any particulars as to the awards of premiums, or financial result, until our next.

TRIALS OF MOWING AND REAPING MACHINES are now the order in various parts of the country. Many are simple tests of a few machines, without premiums or committees, before neighborhood companies of farmers—while others are formal trials before judges, in competition for premiums. We are often requested to publish the results, but the trials are so numerous that we are unable to make room for even brief notices of all, and shall therefore only chronicle the decisions in the more important and complicated cases. Though it would afford us pleasure to accommodate personal friends so far as consistent, we cannot discriminate between friends and strangers in this matter, and must treat all ordinary trials alike—with equal publicity or silence.

AN INFORMAL TRIAL OF MOWING MACHINES—that is, one without premiums or awarding committees—was held on the Fair Grounds of the Monroe Co. Ag. Society, last Thurday. Ten machines were tried on the light grass of the grounds, (nearly twenty acres,) and worked to the general satisfaction of spectators. The machines operated were—KETCHUM'S double and one horse mowers, (two machines;) WOOD'S mower; MANNY'S combined machine, with WOOD'S Improvement; KIRBY'S combined machine; two of AULTMAN & MILLER'S combined machines, as made by WILLIAMS of Henrietta; BURRALL'S combined; PARKHURST'S combined. Most of the machines did good work, and several were so nearly equal that it would be difficult to attempt to discriminate. The one-horse mower of KETCHUM'S patent worked admirably, and was pronounced a decided success by many practical men who witnessed its operation.

THE HOMESTEAD announces that Mr. GEO. D. RAND has purchased the proprietary interest of Mr. WELD, its former publisher and associate editor, and assumed the business management of the paper. Mr. W. is retained in the Editorial Staff, no change being contemplated in that department. We believe Mr. RAND is well qualified for the position and duties of publisher or editor (or both) of a rural journal, and therefore cordially welcome him to the the field of labor and usefulness he has chosen. Excellent as the *Homestead* has been in the past, we are confident it will be still better in the future, and sincerely wish it, Mr. R. and his associates, a prosperous and successful career.

PLOWING BY STEAM.—AS we have already noted, several different steam plows are in the field this season, and the experiments inaugurated must tend to a favorable result—the success of plowing by steam. The Scientific American learns that a company has been formed in Chicago, with a capital of $50,000, for introducing into practical use the Traction Locomotive Rotary Tiller of THOMAS KIDDY, (heretofore noticed in the RURAL,) of which it says:—"KIDDY'S steam plow is a locomotive that carries its own endless railroad to prevent sinking into the soil, and thus it is intended to save the power that would otherwise be expanded to drag itself. Its tillers are not common plowshares, but double vertical revolving screw cutters, for cutting and stirring up the soil, and they appear well adapted for this purpose. Every American steam plow that has yet been brought before the public, embraced the locomotive principle of the engine moving over the entire field, dragging a set of plows, which is quite different in its nature from FOWLER'S, the one which has been most successful in Europe. The engine used for operating a steam plow should also be capable of being applied to threshing, grinding and other operations of a farm, as none of our farmers can well afford to keep an engine for plowing exclusively. In hilly countries the steam plow will never be able to supplant the horse; but in such a State as Illinois, where the farms are very large, the soil mellow and the fields nearly level, and where fuel is abundant, the steam plow appears to be invited to success."

PLOWS AND PLOWING.—A member of the Club named writes us substantially as follows:—"The Farmers' Club of East Maine (Broome Co.) having at their meetings discussed at some length the merits of the different kinds of plows in use by its members, it was agreed that the only way to find out was to try them all side by side, and let each farmer decide for himself. A standard of depth and width was adopted, (suited to the locality,) and at a specified time and place the trial came off, each plow working on its own land, but held by any who wished to try it. A great number of plows were on hand, and were fully tested, each farmer judging for himself. But the work being done by so many different hands the Committee were unable to judge of the merits of the different plows. Another trial was therefore resolved upon, which resulted in a regular plowing match, the owner of the land plowed furnishing dinner for all, and also a cash premium for the three best specimens—after which the draft of the different plows was tested, and much useful information obtained. The plowing was good; in fact there is a marked improvement in the plowing this season within the influence of the Club, and as the farms grow older and admit of a finer cultivation, the farmers are wide awake and ready for every improvement within their reach."

AGRICULTURE IN OHIO.—The editor of the Ohio Cultivator disproves the truth of the oft-repeated assertion that the "wheat crop of Ohio has fallen off one-half." He shows from statistics that, for the last four years, "the wheat crop has been tending upwards, and this, too, in the face of its insect enemies, before unknown, and also in the face of the fact that while the early settlers occupied only the best lands, the later fields have been made from the second and third-rate lands, which reduces the average per acre, without involving the farmer in the censure of mismanagement."

CURE FOR WARTS.—A correspondent asks how to cure Warts. To answer him, and benefit others also, we quote this remedy given by T. H. in the Ohio Farmer: "My hands being literally covered with warts, I tried some dozen recommended cures, with no good effect, until I procured some muriatic acid. A few applications with a knitting needle to the top of the warts entirely removed the whole of them in a few days, without causing any sore or pain."

THE grasshoppers in certain parts of Virginia have taken to chewing tobacco. They have also commenced depredations upon wheat, corn, &c.

HORTICULTURAL.

DISSEMINATING NEW FRUITS.—PEABODY STRAWBERRY.

Some of our friends thought we were rather severe when commenting upon the manner in which the *Peabody Strawberry* was introduced and sold. Mr. Peabody would not dispose of a plant, so that good judges could test it, until he had received orders for one thousand dozen, at $5 per dozen, thus securing to himself *five thousand dollars*, whether his strawberry proved valuable or not; quite too large a sum to take from the cultivators of the country without a valuable return. In answer to a correspondent who asked our opinion about investing $5 in this lottery, we said:—"If we believed one-half the good things that are said of this strawberry, we would advise our correspondent and all others to purchase it at once. Unfortunately, we do not believe one-quarter that is told to be true. We are decidedly opposed to the manner in which it is disseminated. The whole thing looks to us very much like a humbug, and we therefore refuse to countenance it in any way.

"We caution all persons against purchasing any new varieties of fruit sent out with a flourish of trumpets, at high prices, as by doing so, they will most assuredly get cheated. Whenever a new claimant for the public favor appears, its merits should be canvassed thoroughly and carefully by disinterested and competent persons, and whenever practicable, it should be presented to some Horticultural Society, and if deemed of sufficient importance, a committee should be appointed to examine the fruit, the habit, growth and productiveness of the plant or tree, the nature of the soil, manner of cultivation, and such other things as they may deem important. This committee should publish their report for the benefit of the public. If, after full investigation, they should deem it an important acquisition, planters would buy with confidence; if they considered it unworthy of general cultivation, it would prevent the reading public from being cheated. If they should think another trial necessary, it would be for the true interest of both buyer and seller to have this trial made before the plant or tree was offered for sale. We protest most decidedly against the patent medicine system of puffing a new fruit or flower."

For advising this, the only true course, we were rather severely handled, but had the satisfaction of knowing that we were saving our friends from imposition. Now, this strawberry is known, and what is its character? At the last meeting of the *Fruit Growers' of Western New York*, when a vote was taken for the *best six varieties for market, and the best six for amateurs' cultivation*, the *Peabody* did not receive a single vote for either.

Again, then, we repeat our caution. Put no faith in the descriptions of interested parties in regard to new fruits, until they have been fairly and fully tested by competent Societies and Committees.

GENESEE VALLEY HORT. SOCIETY.

The June Show of the Genesee Valley Horticultural Society was held on the 23d ult. This, in many respects, was one of the most successful exhibitions made by the Society, and was largely attended by visitors from the opening until quite late in the evening. The show of Strawberries was magnificent, and, though rather early for cherries, very many fine specimens were on exhibition. The Committee on Fruits remark in their report that "there was a greater variety of strawberries and cherries than ever before exhibited—fewer of inferior quality, and the specimens finer grown than ever before."

The premium for the BEST QUART was taken by H. E. Hooker & Co., for the *Triomphe de Gand*. The premium offered for the best six sorts was given to the following:—*Pyramidal Chilian, Hovey's Seedling, Wilson's Albany, Triomphe de Gand, Hooker, McAvoy's Superior.*

W. P. Townsend, of Lockport, exhibited a fine seedling cherry, and Zera Burr, of Perrinton, four varieties, which the committee think possess "much merit, but they refrain from expressing a more definite opinion until they shall have been thoroughly tested, for, before a premium can be awarded them, it must be known that they 'excel in some valuable qualities any varieties now in cultivation, and to be eminently worthy of dissemination.'"

The show of Flowers was fine, though not as large as usual, as the new rules of the Society prevent persons from making large exhibitions. But, in Roses, Peonies, Verbenas, the show was fine, as it was also in Bouquets and Floral Ornaments. One great feature of this display was a large and most beautiful *Sago Palm*, presented by A. Reed, Esq., of Hulberton, N. Y.

A goodly number of Vegetables were shown, and among them we noticed fine *Lettuce, New Potatoes, Peas, Rhubarb, Cucumbers*, &c., all well grown.

STRAWBERRY CULTURE.

Messrs. Editors:—I would like to say a few words to your readers about Strawberry Culture, as it is a kind of hobby of mine. It is surprising to me that it is not better understood and more attention paid to it, when I think what a luxury it is and how easily and surely it can be obtained. It does not cost me to exceed one dollar a bushel, aside from picking. And first let me say that a bed once set should not be considered a *permanent* thing. Many think if a strawberry plant is well taken care of and the runners kept off, it will bear any number of years, but my experience is that it soon becomes barren, or if not, the fruit becomes small and comparatively worthless. The same plants should not be allowed to bear more than two, or three years at most. My method is to prepare the ground by spading or deep plowing about the 1st of August, or as soon as the young plants are well rooted, and give it a light dressing of leached ashes. Something else may be as good, possibly better. I then set young plants from prolific vines, and keep the ground clear till winter, pulling off what runners appear, which with me is not half a dozen to the square rod.

In spring I hoe them twice, and after the last hoeing, mulch the ground with new-mown grass, to keep the fruit clean. I do not disturb the runners in spring. I do not stir the ground again until the next spring, when I spade under all between the rows, hoe and mulch as before. After fruiting the second year, I spade again between the rows and dress with ashes as before, and let the runners spread over it. The next spring I turn under the old plants and leave rows of the young ones for fruiting, and after this renew the plants the same way every year.

As to varieties, I have tried some of the celebrated ones, but have settled on *Burr's New Pine* as being far the most profitable for family use. It is too soft for a market berry. With me it has produced this year from plants set at the same time, and side by side, full twice as much as *Wilson's Albany*, three times as much as *Early Scarlet*, or *Longworth's Prolific*, and more than four times as much as *Hovey's Seedling, McAvoy's Superior*, or *Peabody's Seedling*. It has been uniformly as prolific with me since I have had it. It is a good flavored berry, and large, being nearly three inches in circumference,—on plants not too crowded the largest are three and three-fourths inches; but *Longworth's Prolific* and *Hovey's Seedling* produce single berries slightly larger. Plants of this kind set in August, 1857, produced in 1858 at the rate of 107 bushels to the acre, actual measurement. The same plants this year are producing more than twice as much, and I don't know but when I get them all picked, I shall have to say nearly three times as much.

My ground is not rich—it would not yield more than a medium crop of corn. It is a gravelly loam, with porous subsoil, and the surface not more than three to five feet above the sandstone rock, and slightly springy in places. It does not follow that everybody should plant nothing but *Burr's New Pine*. It does follow that it should be planted in this locality. Each of the other varieties named may be, and probably is, a better kind to plant in some particular locality or soil. My advice is, find what is best for your soil and climate—then plant that exclusively. I use *Early Scarlet* for a fertilizer, and shall give the *Wilson* further trial; the others I shall discard.

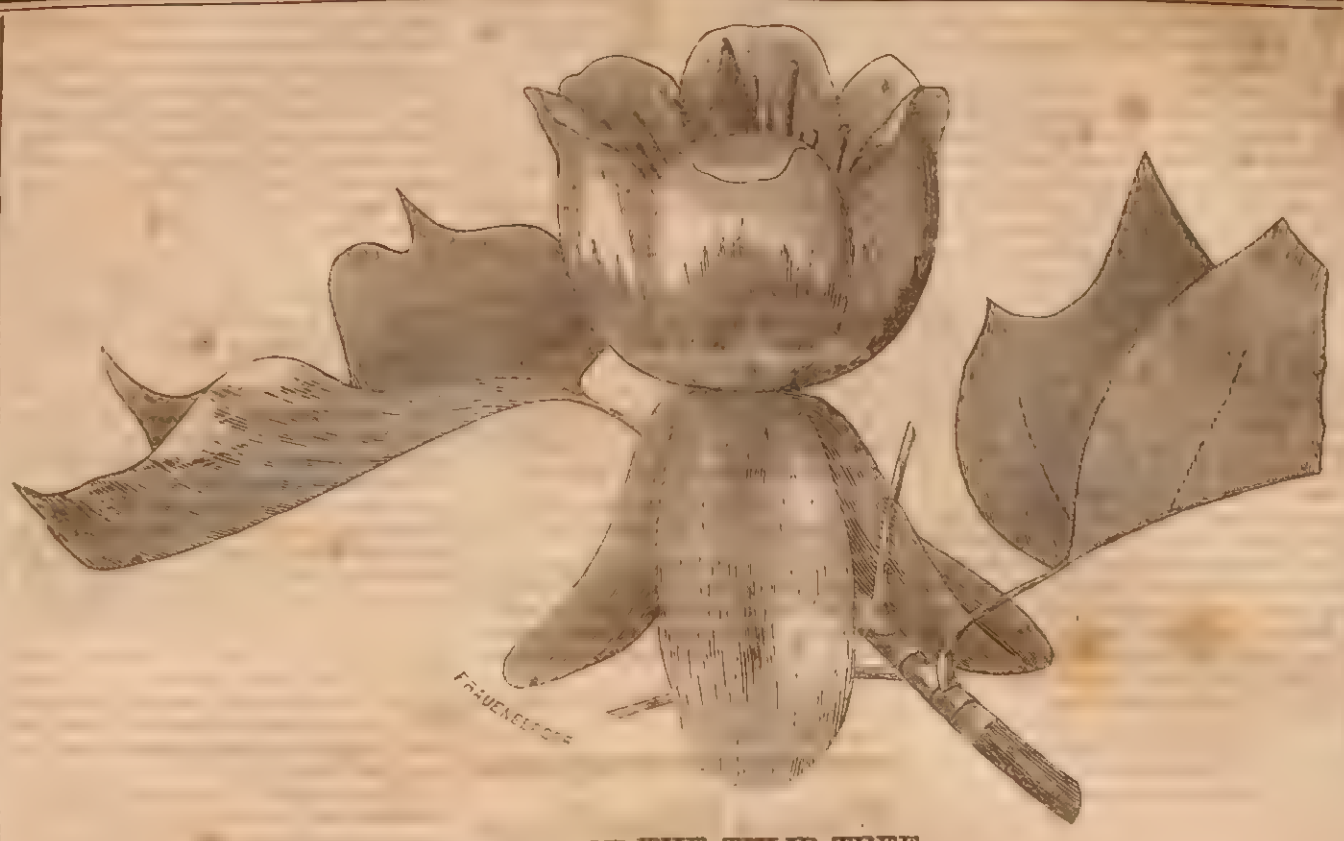
Welshfield, Geauga Co., O. Geo. W. Dean.

Messrs. Editors:—I noticed in the Rural of June 11th, an article about *Strawberry Culture*, by a correspondent—Mr. I. W. Briggs, of Macedon, N. Y. He said that he had tried for two years to renovate a bed of old planted strawberries. This cannot be done effectually, short of re-setting. As the plants grow old they become small and weak, therefore the berries become small and few. My plan is to re-set every two years, and then you have a good crop and large berries. I have *Hovey's Seedling* and *Early Scarlet*, and with good care they are as good as any, except the celebrated *Wilson's Albany Seedling*. Mr. Briggs mentions the *Wilson* and *Peabody Seedlings*. I have had some experience in strawberry culture for the last ten years, and I have tried different varieties, and find but few worthy of cultivation, from the fact that they soon run out. I obtained a few plants of the *Wilson*, which outstrips all others. All the berries are large. I have the *Hovey*, but it is not so uniform in size. I have counted on the *Wilson* from ten to one hundred berries, on the last fall settings. The *Peabody* I cannot recommend. The berries are larger, but *few on a hill*, and it will not pay for cultivation.

My plan of putting out strawberries is in rows, two feet apart, and 16 to 18 inches apart in the row. Pull off all runners until they have done fruiting. Set in the fall, after early peas and corn, keep well hoed and free from weeds until the next bearing time, and I will warrant a good crop of strawberries. Some people think it too much trouble to cultivate strawberries, unless they will grow among grass and weeds. I wonder if farmers would expect a good crop of corn in this way. The strawberry likes a good soil, but not too rich, or they will grow too much vines and not fruit.

D. H. Bennett.

Brancbport, Yates Co., N. Y., July, 1859.



FLOWER OF THE TULIP TREE.

The Tulip Tree is one of the most valuable and beautiful with which the Creator has adorned our world. An eminent American Horticulturist once observed that "the whole world does not produce a deciduous tree that surpasses it in stateliness and symmetry of form, in ample foliage and superb flowers." And yet, it is neglected, forgotten, in the race for new and foreign, though far less beautiful trees. It is scarcely ever seen in the private lawn, or in the parks and public grounds. Every season, however, we see it in flower in its native home—the woods—stand by its side in wonder and admiration, and feel much inclined to take off our hat in the presence of this queen of the forest. Its large, yellowish flowers, variegated with green and orange, its broad, bright green leaves, its uniform, straight trunk, its general beautiful and stately appearance, make it one of the most magnificent productions of the temperate zones.

The principal cause of its neglect is the fact that it is difficult to transplant when large, and those who go to the woods and obtain large trees, as they do maples, seldom succeed in saving them. The proper way to procure these trees is to obtain them quite small from the nurseries, plant in a good soil where they will not be troubled with stagnant water and then take care of them. Our *hurry* has been the cause of our *slow progress* in horticulture. We have planted the *largest* and fastest growing trees that could be obtained, and the consequence is one-half have died, and half of the remainder are worthless from being unsuitable for the positions in which they are placed. It is not uncommon to see a large Abele growing in a small lawn, and ruining it by its shade and its multitude of suckers. Its rapid growth has caused it to be planted where it is a nuisance instead of a benefit. It is full time for a reform in this matter. Let us seek the best and most suitable trees, and not reject a fine tree for a poor one, because it must be planted when small, or makes but a slow growth.

Our engraving shows a small branch, with flower, drawn from a specimen, as taken from the tree a week or so since. The leaf is too large to be shown to advantage.

GRAPES AND INSECTS IN WISCONSIN.

Dear Rural:—I am a weekly reader of your pages, my son being a subscriber, and through his efforts and recommendation many copies are taken in this vicinity, read with much pleasure, and I trust with much profit. We get much useful information through your columns, about the best mode of managing our farming concerns and matters of an agricultural nature, which we could not do very well without.

Please indulge me, a plain farmer of sixty-two years' experience, in making some inquiries of you, and through you of your readers. I have been much interested in reading the reports of the Pomological Societies, as published in your columns, giving the opinions of many experienced men upon the best kinds of apples, pears, and other fruits, recommended to be cultivated, having myself had some experience in cultivating fruit, especially apples and pears, which I deem the most valuable of all fruits in our country.

And now to my inquiry. After having our orchards well filled with the best of trees of the choicest kinds of fruit, how shall we defend them against, and free them from, the various kinds of insects and pests that threaten to destroy them. Our trees *here in Wisconsin* are very much infected with what is called the *bark louse*, (I do not know whether they are lice, nits, or something else, nor how they propagate or get deposited.) Many of our largest and best trees are covered from the body to the tip of the limbs, so that a pin's head could hardly be got to the bark of the tree. The tree is covered with them very rapidly after they commence to appear, and I have tried to learn from those who have been longest troubled with them, what they come from and how they propagate, but have not been able to get any satisfactory information. Some have tried to destroy them by oiling the tree over with curriers' oil. I have seen an orchard that was thus served about two years ago. The lice are not destroyed, but the trees are mostly dead, and I dare not try it. Some have washed their trees with ley from wood ashes. I have thrown dry wood ashes on the trees when they were wet, and it has removed some of them. Now will you, or your readers, inform through your columns how we can get rid of these destructive insects, and save our trees, and in so doing, benefit a large community of farmers.

And now that I have commenced a communication, I will state to you what I accidentally experienced in my native State and place, Northford, Connecticut. The orchards in our neighborhood had been rendered almost leafless by those pestiferous worms called the *Canker Worm*. The following spring I tarred my trees around the body to prevent the millers from ascending. In one of my orchards, which had suffered with the rest the preceding year, I tarred a few times, *but caught no millers* of any account, and discontinued tarring, thinking I was *too late*, and that the millers had gone up and done their work. But when the time came for the worms to eat, my other orchards, *where I had tarred and caught abundance of millers*, were badly eaten, and the orchard above referred to was scarcely touched, and the following year I had a bountiful crop of first-rate apples, while other orchards around bore no apples.

The query in my mind was, what is the cause of this? It cannot be the direct interposition of Providence, favoring me above my neighbors, for my other orchards are affected like theirs. It cannot be because any particular crop was raised on it different from others. It cannot be because this was plowed and the others not plowed, for some of the others were plowed. The only satisfactory cause to me was that *this orchard was plowed the last of June* and first part of July, (it being then grass land,) about the time the worms were stringing down from the trees, and that the plowing at that time probably destroyed them. I know of no other cause that could affect this orchard more than my other orchards.

We are not yet troubled with the canker worm, here in Wisconsin, but if your readers where these worms are making havoc with orchards, can derive any benefit from this communication of my experience and conclusions, I shall be well pleased.

Bristol, Wis., June, 1859. Chas. M. Fowler.

Remarks.—Enclosed in the above communication we found a piece of an apple shoot *literally covered* with *Apple Bark Lice*. We have several times before spoken of this insect, and the best methods known for its extermination, and we again put the facts on record, as we well know that thousands of trees, in the West particularly, are being destroyed by this insect. The engraving shows a small piece

of the bark with the insects, as they appear upon it. The *Apple Bark-louse* is about one-eighth of an inch long, of an irregular ovoid form, often bent in its middle, and more or less curved at its smaller end, which is pointed, the opposite end being rounded. It is of a brown color, of much the same tint with the bark, its smaller end being paler and yellow. It closely resembles a minute oyster-shell pressed against the bark—a similitude so striking as to be readily perceived by every one, and is frequently designated in common conversation under the name of the Oyster-shaped Bark-louse. The shells or scales are situated irregularly, though the most of them are placed lengthwise of the limb or twig, with the smaller end upwards. These scales are the relics of the bodies of the gravid females, covering and protecting their eggs. During the winter and spring these eggs may be found on elevating the scales. The number of eggs under each scale is very variable, ranging from about a dozen to one hundred. In a late number of the *Michigan Farmer*, A. G. Hanford gives a very favorable account of the effects of tar and linseed oil, beat together and applied warm with a paint brush thoroughly, before the buds begin to expand in the spring. This, when dry, cracks and peels off, bringing off the dead scales with it.—Trees which were thus treated grew from two to two and a half feet last summer, which had advanced only a few inches in previous years. Another remedy is as follows:—Boil tobacco in strong lye till it is reduced to an impalpable pulp, which it will be in a short time, and mix with it soft soap, (which has been made cold; not the jelly-like soft soap,) to make the mass about the consistence of thin paint, the object being to obtain a preparation that will not be entirely washed from the tree by the first rains which occur, as lye, tobacco water, and most other washes are sure to be. The fibres of the tobacco diffused through this preparation, cause a portion of its strength to remain wherever it is applied longer than any application which is wholly soluble in rain water can be. First trim the trees well, so that every twig can be reached with the paint brush, and apply this preparation, before the buds have much swelled in the spring, to every part of the tree. This will effectually remove the scales.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

RECIPES FROM A RUSTIC PLACE.

Eds. Rural:—I will inform your correspondent, M. Taggart, that the "Domestic Department" is not quite hidden yet, for I, too, will add my mite to swell the columns in which I take so much interest. Here are my recipes that I have selected for the New-Yorker. These I have tested, and find them all they are recommended to be.

Bread Cake.—Three cups of very light dough; 3 do. of sugar; 1 of butter, and 3 eggs. Beat all thoroughly together, and grate in a nutmeg. Use as many raisins as you wish. Dissolve one teaspoon of saleratus in a little warm water. After putting it in the basins, let it stand a little while to rise, as it will make the cake lighter. This cake is excellent for *raising cake*.

Soda Sponge.—One cup of sugar; 1½ of flour; 3 tablespoons of sweet cream; 3 eggs; 1½ teaspoon of saleratus, and as much cream tartar.

Boiled Indian Pudding.—Two cups of buttermilk; 2 of milk; 1 egg; 1 teaspoon saleratus; a little salt. Stir in one-quarter of flour and the rest meal until quite thick, put it in a wet pudding bag pretty tight, yet leaving room to rise, place it in the pot with the meat and potatoes when you boil dinner, and boil it constantly for three hours. Serve with cream and maple sugar.

Grove Hill, N. Y., 1859. Mollie Flagg.

CAKES, COOKIES, AND TARTS.

Eds. Rural:—Having been much benefited by your domestic recipes, I am inclined to add a few of my own, hoping they will prove useful:

Striped Cake.—Take the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth; one cup of white sugar and half cup butter, rubbed together to a cream; half cup milk; one teaspoonful of cream of tartar; half as much soda—put all together with one cup flour and a little lemon extract—stir well.

Trifles, or Tarts.—Take one egg and two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, mix hard with flour, roll very thin, and cut out round, with notched edges, the size you wish, then boil in lard. Lay jelly or jam on the centre.

Cheap Sponge Cake.—Take 1 egg; 1 cup of sugar; 1 cup of water or milk; 2 cups flour; 2 teaspoons cream of tartar and 1 of soda.

Economy Cookies.—One cup sugar; 1 cup thick sour cream; 1 teaspoonful soda—season to taste. Mix stiff, roll thin, bake quick, and *eat when you please*.

E. S. P.

Locust Hill, N. Y., 1859.

To Make Bread from Grown Wheat.—In reading the Rural I find many good recipes for cooking, but I think I can give you one for making bread of grown wheat that is much more wholesome and cheaper than that which appeared in the New-Yorker. My mother has urged me to write to you ever since we read yours, for we have tried our rule many years, and never knew it to fail. When we set our rising we put in one large spoonful of Indian meal, which we set in a quart pitcher. The meal will prevent the rising getting thin, and when we mix our bread—in what would make a loaf in a six quart pan—we put in one teacupful of meal. We have never failed having good bread, and if the meal is fine, you would not discover it. The meal is good to correct flour that becomes heated in the mill by grinding.—C. C., *Belfast, N. Y.*, 1859.

Rhubarb Pie.—Being fully aware of the anxieties of the modest an inexperienced housekeeper, I submit the following for "Crissie," although quite late in the season for a recipe for Rhubarb Pie. I hope everything is not as backward in that region. The skins should be stripped from the stalks, and the latter cut into small pieces, then placed in the crust with a large teacup of sugar and a small bit of butter. Dust in a little flour—nutmeg or cinnamon for spice. Gooseberries and currants may be prepared in the same way for pies.—Wesley, *Walworth, Wayne, Co., N. Y.*

Washing White Crape Shawls.—In a late number of the Rural I notice a lady wishes to know something with regard to the best method of washing white crape shawls. My method is this:—Make a suds of soft water and a cake of refined soap, and after washing the shawl, starch it in scalded starch—made quite thin—then stretch and pin it on a clean carpet to dry. The fringe of the shawl should not be starched.—Mrs. A. Ketchum, *Victor, N. Y.*, 1859.

Cocoa-Nut Pie.—Noticing an inquiry in a late Rural as to the mode of making Cocoa-Nut Pie, I take the liberty to send you my recipe, which I think is very good. Take the white meat of half a large cocoa-nut, grate it, and stir it into a pint and a half of sweet, fresh cream; two beaten eggs; one cup of white sugar; a little salt. Line a deep earthen pie-plate with butter crust, and bake half an hour. Eat as soon as cold.—Susan J. Steuben, *Lysander, Onon. Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

Strawberry Cake.—As we are in the height of the strawberry season, the Rural would no doubt confer a favor on multitudes of its readers, besides ourselves, if you would publish the best recipe for the famous "Strawberry Short Cake." May we not learn from the pen of some of the peerless Marthas of the land the most acceptable mode of serving up this king of berries?—Bachelor, *Rutland, Jeff. Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

To Prevent Melon Vines from Blowing About.—Martin Roberts, of Henrietta, says the best thing to prevent melon vines from blowing about and becoming injured, is to mulch the ground with fresh cut grass or weeds. The tendrils will attach themselves to the mulching and keep the vines in place. Melon growers will try it.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

KIND HEARTS

Let but the heart be beautiful
And I care not for the face,
I heed not that the form may want
Pride, dignity, or grace.
Let the mind be filled with glowing thoughts
And the soul with sympathy,
And I care not if the cheek be pale,
Or the eye lack brilliancy.

What though the cheek be beautiful,
It soon must lose its bloom;
The eye's bright lustre soon will fade
In the dark and silent tomb;
But the glory of the mind will live,
Though the joyous life depart,
And the magic charm can never die
Of a true and noble heart.

The lips that utter gentle words
Have a beauty all their own,
And more I prize a kindly voice
Than music's sweetest tone;
And though its sounds are harsh or shrill,
If the heart within beats free,
And echoes back each glad impulse,
'Tis all the world to me.

Northville, Mich., 1859. M. M. G.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

Plain Talks to American Women.--No. 14.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

Employments and Amusements of Children.—Little restraint should be placed upon the boisterous merriment and activity of early childhood. Those exuberant spirits which constrain the little one to run, jump, climb trees, shout, laugh, and sing, are the wise provision of Providence, not only for its happiness, but for its physical development. Following out its native impulses, its limbs become strong for the labor of after years, the lungs are strengthened for *their* important work, and the whole body acquires a perfection which, under the "quiet" system of management, it is not possible for it to attain.

One of the most effectual means of promoting the happiness of children is to "keep them employed." But the employment must not be distasteful; their playful inclinations must be greatly consulted, and all labor or study made attractive. For *very* young children, perhaps *all* employment should be really amusement, but when a few years have passed over them, it will be necessary that they be taught patiently to endure toil, although they become weary, and the task be unpleasant.

In how many ways may be effected the combination of labor and play, in a manner to promote the child's enjoyment,—not alone from the stimulus of agreeable exercise, but from the idea of being useful! A child, rightly trained, will delight to feel that he has done some good—that he has added to the happiness of others. With what a keen pleasure will he sit down by the glowing fire on a stormy winter's day, when sliding, skating, snow-balling, and the like, are impracticable, to roast chestnuts, parch corn, and crack nuts, not only for his own eating, but his dear mama, who is too busy to spend time for this purpose herself! How will he delight to sit by her side and pick out stitches, or read stories to her while she sews! One kiss from her sweet lips is an ample reward. Then, the gathering of snow to wash—the filling of the wood-box, *for her approbation*, become pleasant labors—amusements, even.

But one of the most *useful* entertainments for children, and one in which they may be led to take great delight, is *gardening*. A spot of ground *all their own*, a hoe, a rake, a spade, *their own property*, and how assiduously will they work at digging the soil, laying out beds, sowing seeds and removing weeds. If *required* to keep it all in order, they may tire of the requisite labor, but if *encouraged* by the desire to do something nice in the way of furnishing the table with vegetables—of cultivating fine flowers for mama's vase—or, if allowed the proceeds of their toil for pocket-money, how faithfully will they labor for the reward! The hope of reward is always a stimulus to effort. It may be a parent's smile, or a pocketful of pennies, but some inducement must be offered, or the energies will flag, and a habit of indolence obtain.

Even in maturity we do not work without an motive. The back-woodsman who, axe in hand, enters upon the stern labor of subduing the wilderness, sees spread out before him, in some bright future, a beautiful home for his wife and children. The farmer who plows his ground in the storm, expects to reap golden harvests. The citizen who bends over his folios in the counting-room, till his brain is weary and his eyes are dim, is, perchance, looking forward to future wealth, days of independence, and retirement from business to the bosom of his family. The Christian, in the faithful occupation of his post, has his eye on "the mark of the prize." The philanthropist who, with his pitying heart, denies himself the comforts of life that he may relieve the "weary and heavy-laden," hears softly in the distance the approaching voice of his Master, the largest-souled philanthropist the world has ever known, saying, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me!" The reformer, who, alone, braves the derisions of the world, and "presses the battle to the gate," hopes for the time when the truths he loves will be appreciated, and govern human action—when *might* shall be on the side of *right*. The student who grows pale with his midnight watchings, grows pale for the meed of glory, or of usefulness. The warrior who dares the sword and the cannon's mouth, is urged onward by the hope of victory. Even so must it be with the child; some bright star of promise must shine in the skies, or he will prefer to fold his pinions in the vale of Indolence rather than spread them for "the upward flight."

And in all our intercourse with children, it would be well for us to remember that their feelings are but our own, with a tropical growth of luxuriance. The sun shines warmer on the plains of childhood than away up on the mountain-tops of maturity! the flowers of hope which spring there, although, perhaps, more tender and transient, have deeper tints, and yield a richer, sweeter fragrance; the birds of joy that warble there are more melodious, and wear a brighter plumage; and so also, perchance, are the serpents of passion which lurk there more ready to inflict their poison. For all this we should make allowance, and not attempt their government altogether by our own cold standard, but we should go back to the child-years of our own lives, think of their smiles and their tears, think how the one, gushing into our heart like the Spring's early sunshine, was as quickly followed by the other as the weepings of April dispel it—think how, to our inexperienced minds, there was no happiness like *our* happiness and no sorrow like *our* sorrows. We should go back again, and feeling how love was a full cup of gladness to our hearts, and unkindness the bitterest draught that we could drink, govern gently, govern lovingly, govern sympathizingly, with the full belief, that, as a general thing,

"He who checks a child with terror,
Stops its play and stills its song,
Not alone commits an error,
But a great and moral wrong."

We may prune and direct the vine we have planted, but let us be careful lest by a too free use of the former means—efficacious if used prudently to promote a noble growth—we destroy its vigor. One or two severe applications might be useful, but five or ten might prove its ruin. One may be too strict in family government, as others are far too lax, not too strict perhaps in insisting upon uprightness and integrity, but too exacting in the requirement of attention to non-essentials. Especially should the parent be careful when the child approaches the period of life spoken of by Hugh Miller, in the following passage from his "*Autobiography*:"

"There is," says he, "a transition time in which the strength and independence of the latent man begin to mingle with the willfulness and indiscretion of the mere boy, which is more perilous than any other, and in which many more downward careers of recklessness and folly begin, that end in wreck and ruin, than in all the other years of life which intervene between childhood and old age. The growing lad should be wisely and tenderly dealt with at this critical stage. The severity that would fain compel the implicit submission yielded at an earlier period, would probably succeed, if his character was a strong one, in insuring but his ruin. It is at this transition stage that boys run off to sea from their parents and masters, or, when tall enough, enlist in the army for soldiers. The strictly orthodox parent, if more severe than wise, succeeds occasionally in driving, during this crisis, his son into Popery or infidelity; and the sternly moral one, in landing his in utter profligacy. But, leniently and judiciously dealt with, the dangerous period passes,—in a few years at most, in some instances in even a few months,—the sobriety incidental to a further development of character ensues, and the wild boy settles down into the rational young man."

THE OLD-FASHIONED MOTHERS.

The old-fashioned Mothers have nearly all passed away with the blue check and homespun woolen of a simpler but purer time. Here and there one remains, truly "accomplished," in heart and life, for the sphere of home.

Old-fashioned mothers—God bless them—who followed us with heart and prayer, all over the world—lived in our lives and sorrowed in our griefs; who knew more about patching than poetry; spoke no dialect but love; never preached nor wandered; "made melody with their hearts," and sent forth no books but living volumes, that honored their authors and blessed the world.

The old homestead! We wish we could paint it for you, as it is—no, we dare not say, as it is—as it *was*; that we could go together from room to room; sit by the old hearth, round which that circle of light and love once swept, and there linger, till all those simpler, purer times returned, and we should grow young again.

And how can we leave that spot, without remembering one form, that occupied, in days gone by, "the old arm chair," that old-fashioned Mother—one in all the world, the law of whose life was love; one who was the divinity of our infancy, and the sacred presence in the shrine of our first earthly idolatry; one whose heart is far below the frosts that gather so thickly on her brow; one to whom we never grow old, but, in "the plumed troop" or the grave council, are children still; one who welcomed us coming, blessed us going, and never forgets us—never!

And when in some closet, some drawer, some corner, she finds a garment or a toy that once was yours, how does she weep, as she thinks you may be suffering or sad.

And when spring

"Leaves her robe on the trees,"

does she not remember *your* tree, and wish you were there to see its glory?—*Selected.*

Cultivate Domestic Peace.—To those scenes of domestic peace which pure religion created and adorned, the thoughts of the youngest member of the family will cling in after years; they will become a kind of hallowed ground in his memory; they will exert a restraining and sanctifying power: and thus we may expect to see the promise fulfilled:—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Well-Spent Time.—Spend your time in nothing which must be repented of. Spend it in nothing on which you might not pray for the blessing of God. Spend it in nothing which you could not review with a quiet conscience on your dying bed. Spend it in nothing which you might not safely and properly be found doing, if death should surprise you in the act.—*Baxter.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE OLD INSTITUTE BELL.

Silent and still is the old school bell,
Hushed are the peals of its musical strain,
Notes that the heart of the student would thrill
With joy and new life will awake not again.
We have loved the old school-house for scenes of the past,
For the friends who have died that were once gathered there,
For the bright happy hours, for the hopes that they cast,
For the walls that long echoed the accents of prayer.

But the time-hallowed form we shall see never more,
Yet its influence sweet in each spirit will dwell,
And its image will live for long years in the soul,
While fond mem'ry shall hear the old Institute bell.
Tho' the gondolier's notes are so sweet on the river
When 'tis night on the waters, thy music is still,
But when night on life's ocean our spirits will ever
Still hear the sweet sound of the Institute bell.

Farewell, then, old school-house! another can never
Fill the void in our hearts that was once filled by thee;
In our joys, in our griefs, thou hast cradled us ever,
As the sea-bird has slept on the tempest-lulled sea.
Yet *a soul was within thee that never can perish*,
And thine influence pure for long ages shall dwell;
While the East and the West thy remembrance shall cherish—
Till the sun has gone down on life's mountains—Farewell.

Nunda, N. Y., 1859. Lyra.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FROM THE WOODS.

A busy "New-Yorker," whom I met this morning, a most enterprising Squirrel, quite animated me with a desire to secure him as an agent for your "Rural." His activity and industry were amazing. What wonders he could accomplish if his energies were only directed wisely. Ah! he was a squirrel of capacity—he had ideas above his fellows, and their "quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles."

Ossian makes the ghosts of his heroes bewail their lack of fame, and I fear that this little grey Knight is treated in his realm of squirrel-dom, much as we often treat our best authors. Most certain it is, that the "root of his fame will never be in his dead body." However, he is a gentleman farmer, and superintends the servants upon his estate; ants build, and dapper crickets work, while he, trusty bailiff, watches by.

"Wad ye see him in his glee?
For mickle mirtle has he."

A hermit Toad, who dwells in a dismal cave in the hollow, turns out as the Squirrel comes, and the two are as merry as the Curtal Prior and bold Allan-a-Dale.

Imaginative, say you? Well, why should one not be, such a day as this, for no fairer was ever born in Tuscany or Attica. June is the violin month of the year—for the year is like an orchestra, and the months are the instruments. June is the violin, that mystical "violet-violin" of Seraphael, which breathes of song, and poesy,—answers in all its fullness of melody to the beat of human passions; is nearest allied to love and life—the very Skylark of music, that

"Singing still doth soar, and soaring ever singest."

In June, above all times, should the heart rejoice, and up-wing itself on airy pinions. For then all Nature is full of gladness; waters laugh, birds sing, wild lily-bells ring. Oh! "what is so rare as a day in June."

This morning our intelligent Cossack, nodding his sagacious head, took his own way into the woods, and stopping short under the thick shade, looked at us with a wink, as to say, "*ben trovato*." And now to lie perdue on this slope, soft with pine straws, an easy couch, backed by a gigantic sky-piercing pine. Exquisite mosses drape the stump close by, and there are ginsengs, and nodding Solomon's seals, and the glistening cornel, and viburnums, and vigorous green pines shooting up, proud as young palms. Hark!—the little, shy, plaintive notes of the Wood Sparrow. And there, twirling now here, now there, among the bushes, is that little sprite, the Chewink. You know him by his spots of white, red, and black, and his two long notes, and his squirrelly nimbleness.

Listen—amid the din of insects, and whir of grasshoppers, and sighing of the pines, and all those soft sounds that vitalize the solitude of the forest, hear that slender note, scarce more than a shrill vibration. It is that of the Speckled Creeper, as he goes further into the depths of the forest. But a rush of song comes now, like the last trills of the Canary at home. It is that of the Golden-Crowned Thrush, sitting on the topmost oak bough, who "lets his illumined being o'errun with the deluge of summer it receives." And far off in in the wood resounds the voice of another Thrush, called the Cat Bird. And there wheels the gay Red Mavis, and involuntarily we cry, with dear old Scott,

"Oh merry it is in good green wood,
When Mavis and Merle are singing."

What a vivid consciousness of life these brilliant songsters awake for us, in the quiet, I had almost said the solitude of the forest. But that is an error, for no place is more populous than the depth of a forest. There are lessons to be learned of the tenants there, and good to be had for the wishing, such as we find no where else. And we realize, too, how full the world is of life, God-granted life, and we go home to understand more keenly how noble minds are stirred to utter great thoughts—how sublime life is to those who feel its deepest pulsings, and in whom action and thought are in harmonious balance.

All this while the birds are singing, rushing, flowing, outpouring notes of such vivid, intense joy, and the brook ripples on an accompaniment as melodious as one of Tom Moore's best flowing lines; which I take to be compliment enough for any brooklet not swollen with vanity.

But Cossack has moved on, and now looks back as if to ask, "Have you forgotten the Azaleas?"—True, we started out in search of Azaleas, and it is full time we pass on; but I expect that Cossack, like his betters, has mingled motives, and that a certain repast at the hour of high-noon, though "lost to sight" is still "to memory dear."

Allons, brave comrade!—and now for the full glories of that sweet, love-flushed flower, the wild Azalea. B.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RURAL LIFE.

In the simple life of the farmer there is, perhaps, more happiness, usefulness, and contentment than among any other class of people. Many are unaware of this fact, and often the tiller of the soil feels discontented with his calling, and envies the lot of others whom he deems more fortunate in the choice of an occupation than himself. But he who entertains this opinion is unacquainted with the high station to which he has been called. Man was appointed to it before he was compelled to roam on account of sin; for when the framer of the universe first fashioned this beauteous world, and everything therein, according to his divine pleasure and pronounced it good, he created man in the image and after the likeness of himself, and placed him in the delightful Garden of Eden "to dress it and keep it."

If we would seek for the nearest approach to that Eden from which man was expelled, where would we find it sooner than in a rural site, the abode of some peaceful and happy farmer, whose domain is his empire, and whose greatest pleasure is the right cultivation of his fields and the embellishment of his home. Go to yonder cottage, surrounded by trees planted either for utility or ornament, and there you will behold the abode of Industry—the home of Cheerfulness and Contentment. Here we see marks of thrift and prosperity—always the result of labor properly directed and cheerfully performed. He rises with the dawn, and, as he walks over his fields smiling with beauty and presenting the appearance of a rich and bountiful harvest, sees more to raise his thoughts and feelings, and to give him a just conception of Nature and her beauty, than he who, living in the city and shut in by human crowds, would see in a whole lifetime, did he always remain pent up in his prison. He sees the glorious sunrising—the innumerable diamonds of dew scattered upon every blade of grass, sparkling amid his glittering rays—the fields clothed with their mantles of verdure—the meadows covered with the blossoming clover—all about are "colors that please and charm the eye," and upon his ear falls the sweet music of the feathered songsters issuing forth in the joyful notes. No other occupation is better adapted to him who is the lover or student of Nature. His life is with her, surrounded on every side by her works, from which he may read instruction in every object.

But the farmer's life is one of incessant toil and labor. Each hand is employed—idleness finds no home here. From one season to another new labors present themselves from which there is no respite; but from being habituated to them he learns to love them, so that, instead of their being a task, they become a pleasure. He follows the plow behind his "smoking team" round after round, as the sun ascends the heavens and moves on until it sinks behind the western horizon. Through the long and sultry days of harvest he swings the glittering scythe, and in the autumn-time husks the yellow corn.

In every age the farm has been the birthplace, or the farmer's life the chosen occupation of men who have reached the eminence of distinction. Cincinnatus, the savior, at one time, of the Roman Commonwealth, sighed to leave his little fields for the dictatorship of the "Mistress of the World." Washington, after fighting with the enemies of his country and gaining its freedom—after presiding for eight years as its Chief Magistrate, retired to his peaceful farm home, and there passed the remainder of his days. It has ever been "the nursery of great men." Orators and statesmen, poets and scholars, have had their early training in its school. Some one has beautifully and truthfully said:

"Would you be strong, go follow up the plow;
Would you be thoughtful, study fields and flowers:
Would you be wise, take on yourself this vow
To go to school in Nature's sunny bowers.
Fly from the city, nothing there can charm;
Seek wisdom, health, and virtue on a farm."

Yellow Springs, Greene Co., O., 1859. H. D.

A BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.

Rev. Mr. Barnes, in his sermon on "Life at Three Score," illustrates the magnitude of eternal things as he approaches the end of life, compared with those which ordinarily occupy the attention of mankind, by the following beautiful figure:

"The earth, as it moves in its orbit from year to year, maintains its distance of ninety-five millions of miles from the sun; and the sun, except when seen through a hazy atmosphere, at its rising or its setting, seems at all times to be of the same magnitude—to human view, an object always small, as compared with our own world. But suppose the earth should leave its orbit, and make its way its way in a direct line towards the sun. How soon would the sun seem to enlarge its dimensions!—How vast and bright would it become! How soon would it fill the whole field of vision, and all on earth dwindle to nothing! So human life now appears to me. In earlier years, eternity appeared distant and small in importance. But at the period of life which I have now reached, it seems to me as if the earth had left the orbit of its annual movements, and was making a rapid and direct flight to the sun. The objects of eternity, towards which I am moving, rapidly enlarge themselves. They have become overpoweringly bright and grand.—They fill the whole field of vision, and the earth, with all which is the common object of human ambition and pursuit, is vanishing away!"

Nature is a pattern man-of-all-work, and does best when least meddled with. She knows her work, and does it, if let alone.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SABBATH MUSINGS.

"Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it dies."—Corinthians xv.: 36.

This beauteous bud, so fair to human eye,
Unblossomed yields not fruit or flower,
As hopes in life are often wont to die,
So fades this beauty of an hour
And yields not seed to propagate its race,
Nor leaves a tablet of its lowly grace.

The Christian soul, like modest rose in bloom,
Unconscious of its jewels rare,
Yielding rich fragrance in the sick man's room,
Sweet foretaste of the upper air!
Sows its good seed upon earth's weedy soil,
And we regret when death shall end its toil.

The heart, like stream whose pearly waters flow
Towards the ocean of its rest,
Encircled in its winter's ice and snow,
Forever would remain unblest,
Did God not kiss it with his warming light,
And bid it leave its dark and wretched night.

The eye, which moon adorns not with her smile
To guide our spirit on its way,
Without a star to light the weary mile,
And strengthen hope beyond decay;
Indeed! would be a sad and sorry sight
If morn should gild it not with golden light.

And thus with mortals, they who do good deeds,
And make the darkest spot most fair,
Sow in the field of Christ immortal seeds
Which blossom in this world of care,
But ripen not and are not garnered in
Till death shall free them from their earthly sin.

Dedham, Mass., 1859. E. W. K.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SPIRIT OF LOVE.

We should cultivate the spirit of love if we would enjoy the present and have hope for the future, for this alone will re-create in us the image of God. We are interested when we look upon a noble rolling river, and think that it has been flowing on for six thousand years, slaking the thirst of a thousand generations, giving life and beauty to all within its reach, and yet showing no sign of waste or want; and when we see the sun rise above the crest of the mountain, draped with golden curtains, we wonder to think that he has melted the snows of so many Winters, renewed the verdure of so many Springs, painted the flowers of so many Summers, ripened the fruits of so many Autumns, and yet, shining as brilliantly as ever, undimmed, unabated in strength—nor are the fountains of light less full for coming centuries of boundless profusion. These are but images of love as exhibited in all the works of God, and especially of the love of Christ to a fallen world. This principle is eternal, for "God is love." And when judgment flames have licked up the flowing stream and the light of the glorious sun shall be quenched in darkness, the love of God will flow on, in all its fullness, throughout the endless ages of eternity. Those who receive the image of love in their hearts, in this life, will hereafter enjoy a fullness of the love of Christ, in whose presence is "fullness of joy, and pleasures forever more."

Then let us seek the holy mountain
Whence flows love's stream, a gushing fountain,
For 'tis the fount of life's fair river,
It flows to all, and flows forever.

Deville Reynolds.

Mt. Pleasant, Wayne Co., Penn., 1859.

LITTLE SINS.

Let us be on our guard against *little sins*; against what men call little sins, for there is nothing really in the way of sins. Watch against anything that wounds the conscience, however slightly. Conscience is a sacred thing. Guard well your spiritual life. Watch against the little sins that insensibly may wound and thus in the end destroy. You can easily kill a man by stabbing him with one blow to the heart. But may you not easily kill a man also by opening a little vein in his wrist? The blood may only flow drop by drop, but if you don't stop that wound, you will bleed to death, and just as surely as if one plunged a dagger into your heart, and sent you into eternity in a moment. Beware, then, of the little things that keep the wounds of the soul open; guard against little sins, which, if not guarded against, will as surely destroy the soul as one great sin.

John Newton says Satan seldom comes to Christians with a great temptation, or with temptations to commit a great sin. You bring a green log and a candle together, and they are very safe neighbors. But bring a few small sticks and let them take fire, and the log be in the midst of them, and you will soon get rid of your log. And so it is with little sins. You will be startled with the idea of committing a great sin, and so the devil brings a little temptation, and leaves you to indulge yourself. "There is no great harm in this," "no great peril in that," and so by these little chips we are first easily lighted up, and at last the great green log is burned. Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.—*Rev. Newman Hall.*

Value of the Scriptures.—As the beauty of the world is set off by a graceful variety, so is it in the Scriptures. There are sublime truths, that the most aspiring reason of man cannot overtop; and there are more plain and easy truths, on which the weakest capacity may converse with delight and satisfaction. No man is offended with his garden for having a shady thicket in it; no more should we be offended with the word of God, that among so many fair and open walks, we here and there meet with a thicket that the eye of human reason cannot look through.—*Bishop Hopkins.*

How often do men mistake the love of their opinions for the love of truth

Spice from New Books.

Mineral Springs, Strathpeffer, Scotland.

I DESCENDED the hill, and after joining my friends at the Strathpeffer, visited the Spa, in the company of my old friend, the minister of Alness. The thorough identity of the powerful effluvium that fills the pump-room, with that of a muddy sea bottom laid bare in warm weather by the tide, is, to the dweller on the sea coast, very striking,—it is identity, not mere resemblance. In most cases, the organic substances undergo great changes in the bowels of the earth.

The mineral matter of the Caithness ichthyolites, exists, for instance, as a hard, black, insoluble bitumen, which I have used oftener than once as sealing wax; the vegetable mould of the Coal Measures, has been converted into a fire-clay, so altered in organic pabulum, animal and vegetable—whence it derived its fertility—that, even when laid open for years to the meliorating effects of weather and the visits of winged seeds, it will not be found bearing a single spike or leaf of green. But here, in smell at least, that ancient mud swam over by the Diplopterus and the Diplacanthus, and in which the Coccosteus and Pterichthys burrowed, has undergone no change. The soft bog has become solid rock, but its odoriferous qualities remain unaltered. I next visited an excavation a few hundred yards on the upper side of the pump room, in which the gray, fetid breccia of the Strath has been quarried for dyke building, and examined the rock with some degree of care, without, however, detecting in it a single plate or scale. Detached scales and spines, however, if carefully sought for in the various openings of the valley, might still be found in the original laminæ of the fragments. They must have been amazingly abundant in it once; for so largely saturated is the rock with the organic matter into which they have been resolved, that when struck by the hammer the impalpable dust set loose sensibly affects the organs of taste, and appeals very strongly to those of smell. It is through this saturated rock that the mineral springs take their course. Even the surface waters of the valley as they pass over it contract in a perceptible degree its peculiar taste and odor. With a little more time to spare, I would fain have made this breccia of the Old Red Sandstone the subject of a few simple experiments, I would have ground it into powder and tried upon it the effect both of cold and hot infusion. Portions of the water are sometimes carried in casks and bottles to a considerable distance, but it is quite possible that a little of the *rock*, to which the water owes its qualities, might, when treated in this way, have all the effects of a considerable quantity of the *spring*.

It might be of some interest, too, to ascertain its qualities when crushed as a soil, or its effect on other soils. Whether, for instance, like the old sterile soils of the carboniferous period, it has lost through its rock-change the fertilizing properties which it once possessed, or whether it still retains them, like some of the coprolitic beds of the Oolite and Green Sand, and might not, in consequence, be used as a manure.

In mentioning at the dinner table of my friend my scheme of infusing rock in order to produce Spa water, I referred to the circumstance that the Belemite of our Liasic deposits, when ground into powder, imparts to boiling water a peculiar taste and smell, and that the infusion, taken in very small quantities, sensibly affects both palate and stomach; and I suggested that Belemite water, deemed sovereign of old—when the Belemite was regarded as a thunderbolt in the cure of bewitched cattle—might be in reality medicinal, and that the ancient superstition might thus embody, as ancient superstitions not unfrequently do, a nucleus of fact.

The charm, I added, might amount to no more than simply the administration of a medicine to sick cattle that did harm in no case, and good at times.—HUGH MILLER'S "*Rambles of a Geologist.*"

Acclimating a Plow.

THE other day we were riding past a large farm, and were much gratified at a device of the owner for the preservation of his tools. A good plow, apparently new in the spring, had been left in one corner of the field, standing in the furrow, just where, four months before, the boy had finished his *stint*. Probably the timber needed *seasoning*—it was certainly getting it. Perhaps it was left out for acclimation. May-be the farmer left it there to save time, in the hurry of the spring work, in dragging it from the shed. Perhaps he covered the share to keep it from the elements, and save it from rusting. Or, again, perhaps he is troubled with neighbors that *borrow*, and had left it where it would be convenient for them. He might, at least, have built a little shed over it. Can any one tell what a farmer leaves a plow out a whole season for? It is barely possible that he was an *Irishman*, and had *planted* for a spring crop of plows.

After we got to sleep that night, we dreamed a dream. We went into that man's barn; boards were kicked off, partitions were half broken down, racks broken, floor a foot deep with manure, hay trampled under foot and wasted, grain squandered. The wagon had not been hauled under the shed, though it was raining. The harness was scattered about—hames in one place, the breeching in another—the lines were used for *halters*. We went to the house. A shed stood hard by, in which a family wagon was kept for wife and daughters to go to town in. The hens had appropriated it as a roost, and however plain it was once, it was ornamented *now*, inside and out. We peeped into the smoke-house, but of all the "fixings' that we ever saw! A Chinese Museum is nothing to it. Onions, soap-grease, squashes, hogs' bristles, soap, old iron, kettles, a broken spinning-wheel, a churn, a grindstone, bacon, hams, washing-tubs, a barrel of salt, bones with the meat half cut off, scraps of leather, dirty bags, a chest of Indian meal, old boots, smoked sausages, the ashes and brands that remained since the last "smoke," stumps of brooms, half a barrel of rotten apples, together with rats, bacon bugs, earwigs, sowbugs and other vermin which collect in damp dirt. We started for the house; the window near the door had twelve lights, two of wood, two of hats, four of paper, one of a bunch of rags, one of a pillow, and the *rest* of glass. Under it stood several cooking pots, and several that were *not* cooking. As we were meditating whether to enter, such a squall arose from a quarreling man and woman, that we awoke—and lo! it was a dream. So that the man who left his plow out all the season, may live in the neatest house in the county, for all that we know; only, was it not strange that we should have dreamed all this from just seeing a plow left out in the furrow?—HENRY WARD BEECHER'S "*Fruit, Flowers and Farming.*"

Secret of Pulpit Eloquence.

THE real orator should have but what is true in view; he should blot himself out in presence of the truth and make it alone appear,—as happens naturally, spontaneously, whenever he is profoundly impressed by it, and identifies himself with it, heart and mind. Then he grows like it, great, mighty, and dazzling. It is no longer he who lives, it is the truth which in him lives and acts; his language is truly inspired; the man vanishes in the virtue of the Almighty who manifests himself by His organ,—and this is the speaker's noblest, his true glory. Then are wrought the miracles of eloquence which turn men's wills and change their souls. Such is the end at which the Christian orator ought to aim. He should try to dwarf himself, to annihilate himself, as it were, in his discourses, in order to allow Him, whose minister he is, to speak and to work,—a result oftenest attained when the speaker thinks he has done nothing, on account of his too fervent and too natural desire to do a great deal.

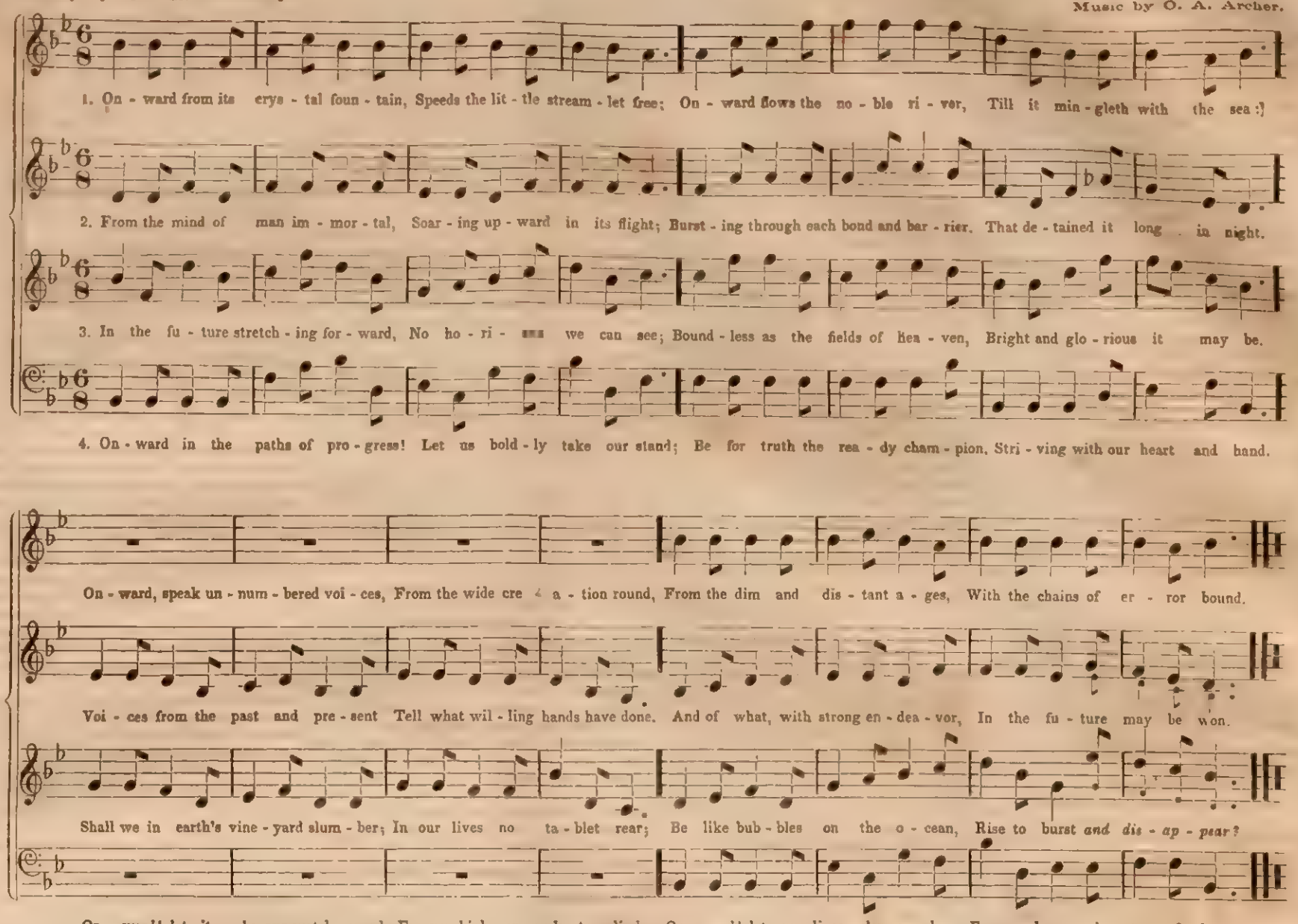
Oh, you who have taken the Lord for your inheritance, and who prefer the light and service of heaven to all the honors and all the works of earth,—you, particularly, who are called to the Apostleship, and who glow with the desire to announce to men the word of God, remember that here, more than anywhere else, virtue consists in disinterestedness, and power in abnegation of self. Endeavor to see in the triumphs of eloquence if they be granted you, one thing only,—the glory of God. If you have the gift of touching the souls of others, seek one thing only,—to bring them, or bring them back to God. For this end repress, stifle within your heart, the natural movements of pride, which, since the days of sin, would attribute all things to itself, even the most manifest and the most precious gifts; and each time that you have to convey to the people the word of Heaven, ask urgently of God the grace to forget yourself, and to think of Him and of Him only.—BAUTAIN *on Extempore Speaking.*

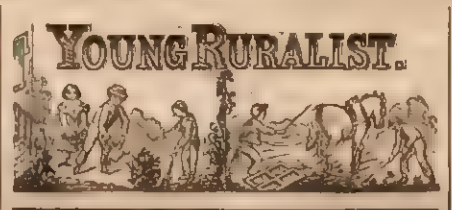
The Alpine Heights.

THE pen and pencil may attempt, and not unsuccessfully, to reproduce the soft gradations of the beautiful or the abrupt contrasts of the picturesque, but they are alike powerless and paralyzed before the awful grandeur of the Alpine Heights, where there is neither life nor motion; where a stern, unsmiling sublimity has molded every form, and stamped upon the scene the frown of a perpetual winter. There is nothing in the ordinary aspect of nature that prepares us for what we see when we have entered the region of perpetual snow. Here is no hum of insects, no rustle of folinge, no pulse of vitality. There is no provision for animal life in the pitiless granite, ice, and snow, that make up the landscape. The solitary eagle, whose slow circling form is painted on the dark sky above, seems but a momentary presence, like ourselves, and not a part of the scene. Nature is no longer a bounteous and beneficent mother, but a stern and awful power, before which we bow and tremble, and the earth ceases to be a man's farm and garden, and becomes only a part of the solar system.—HILLIARD'S *Italy.*

"ONWARD!"

Poetry by Miss R. M. Phillips. Music by O. A. Archer.





WORK AND STUDY.

EDS. RURAL:—In a late issue, VINTON asks if a person can follow *farming* and a course of *studies* at the same time. I would ask VINTON, can you follow farming constantly and pleasantly, without permitting a single thought or care, not *directly relating thereto*, to enter your mind? Then, in our natures, you and I differ most materially. In these long days, after the sun has gone to seek a different scene in the farther west, don't you feel a little lonesome and much wearied after having applied yourself, both physically and mentally, within the limits of your own farm? Then seek relief in the *studies you love!* Study is a very essential ingredient in the composition of a useful life, though it is of little value unless accompanied by physical exercise and a searching mind.

Six or eight hours is enough to sleep. Then you have several spare hours, morning and evening. Through the whole season, you can do as much work from six to six, including an hour's nooning, as from daylight till dark each day; and in that hour after dinner, you might learn much from reading or some light study that will not require deep thought.

Experience tells me that neither labor nor study, alone, is at all pleasant; but with both, all glides smoothly and swiftly on. As the Editor tells us, we need mental discipline to teach us to turn our attention from one thing to another, and to take hold of the different ones with a will that shows that the mind and hands are both at work.

Most certainly, *one thing at a time* is enough. But it does not follow that *that* thing need *last forever*. For, at day-time we can work upon the farm, and at night, forget the day, and turn our attention towards some other object of a different nature. Then, VINTON, you can go to town without forgetting your errand there, and return to your labors with your mind refreshed by what you have seen. Try it. EUGENE.

Wisconsin, June, 1859.

"CAN a man be a student and a farmer at the same time," is a question which seems to excite the minds of some of the Young Ruralists; and I must say that I do not quite agree with DUANE, of P——. We would ask the question, Can a man be a farmer *without* being at the same time a *student?* I would judge from D.'s argument, that farming required *nothing but the physical nature* of man, for we understand a farmer to be one who manages a farm, and that his *intellectual* nature, as he terms it, would be free to cultivate the arts and sciences. Not so. I cannot conceive how a man can be a farmer without bringing his *intellectual* capacities to bear upon it, equally with his physical; or for a man to engage in any business profitably, without exercising his mind toward the object, particularly a farmer, who *must* study, and *study diligently, the laws of Nature.* Again, can a man be a student at law or medicine, and at the same time a farmer? I say he cannot, for his mind will be divided. He will either do injustice to the one or the other; he will have to entrust his work on the farm to a hireling, and "a hireling careth not for the sheep;" or, as Poor Richard says,

"He that at the plow would thrive,
Must either hold, *himself*, or *drive.*"

Thus, I argue that for a man to be a farmer in the *true sense of the word*, he must direct his mind toward this one object. Yet this does not hinder the development of the mind; by no means. As I said before, he must study *diligently* the "beautiful" in the great book of Nature, and all subjects relative to the occupation of his choice; and if for his motto he has "*Progress and Improvement*," he will expand the better part of his nature, and he will drink deep from the fount of knowledge and wisdom which the CREATOR has placed in his hands.

Yet, again; can a man in the *employment* of a farmer be a student? (I think this the case of VINTON.) If I understand by the word student the following of any prescribed course of study, I think not, for want of time; for when a man engages to labor for another, he expects, of course, that his time will be spent to his (the farmer's) best interests, and

"When ruddy morning's broad day light
Bids man to labor go,"

he must be *up* and *doing*. At least it is so in *this* part of the country; and when Night throws her gloomy shadow over the earth, we welcome "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." Yet we find a few moments for reading and to gather intellectual food to digest while at work.

York, Livingston Co., N. Y. D.

BOYS, DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.

"THE robin red-breast till of late had rest,
And children sacred held a martin's nest."

AT the present time the animal kingdom seems to be gaining the ascendency over the vegetable, in the form of insects that vie with each other in their depredations upon vegetable products. A few years ago, the various kinds of grain, fruit, and flowers, were grown with little difficulty from that source, but now, almost everything that is planted or sown in the garden or field, is attacked by some villainous insect, that prevents the natural growth and development of the plant, and these pests of vegetation, are alarmingly on the increase; "see their numbers, how they swell." They are already formidable, and if they are permitted to proceed much further in their conquests upon the vegetable domain, it is evident, that they will subvert the kingdom, and CERES will be despoiled of her crown.

The most prominent cause of this embargo upon vegetable nature, has been the indiscriminate and cruel massacre of the birds, for the last few years, by boys and itinerant sportsmen, who have destroyed yearly, *tens of thousands* of the insect-eating birds, in consequence of which, some species have become nearly extinct. If boys must arm and equip for sporting, they should retire to some back field, or to the margin of some swamp, and shoot at a mark, and the ones that return without injuring their comrades, or molesting the birds, ought to be called *the best fellows!*

The birds are the natural enemies of insects, and they seem to have been created to keep the odious vermin within proper limits; and if the moral and intellectual faculties of Young America, remain so obtuse, as to cause their possessors to take pleasure in destroying the singing birds we should have stringent laws enacted for their protection.

The crows are perhaps the most useful of the feathered tribe, for they destroy worms, grubs, moles, mice, beetles, &c., through the summer, besides removing the putrid flesh from dead animals in the forests and fields, thus preserving the purity of the air, that would otherwise become destructive to animal life. It has been ascertained by experiment, that a chimney swallow consumes seven hundred or a thousand flies per day, and the other birds are equally useful in their respective spheres. Nothing was made in vain, especially the birds, whose presence and cheerful music animates and enlivens the scenery of earth.

When "the morning stars sang together," these ærial ministrels undoubtedly performed a grand oratario, in the bowers of Eden, the bird of Paradise presiding as chief director to the musical throng, whose enchanting melodies were in harmony with the most grand and imposing event recorded in the annals of the Universe.

When spring returns she is accompanied by these tiny songsters, whose rich and varied melody fill the air, while old Boreas retires to his arctic home. Aurora's approach is announced by a prelude from the sylvan songsters, while nature echos with more than dulcet symphonies her greeting to the orb of day. The farmer is welcomed to the field by the songs of the robin and lark, while the thrush sits upon the top-most bough of some monarch of the forest, and gives utterance to the exuberant feelings of his nature in a clear, sweet and eloquent song, interspersed with brilliant variations, that never fails to delight his auditors. The birds form a charming link in the great chain of animated being, that cannot be broken with impunity, for,

"From nature's chain, whatever link we strike,
Tenth or ten thousandth breaks the chain alike."

Mt. Morris, June, 1859. N. B. AMENT.

THE SUPPLY OF STREAMS.

THERE seems to have been quite a little discussion going on, in the *Young Ruralist*, in regard as to from whence comes the water which fills our streams; and in a late number of the RURAL, W. M. MASON holds forth a new theory, at least to me, and which seems to be slightly absurd.

Rain and snow not only contribute to supply our springs and streams with water, but are the only contributors. Rain falling upon the earth is either absorbed by it or trickling through it, drop by drop, each drop uniting with other drops, until, forming a small stream, it bursts forth into what is called a spring, and from thence flows on the surface; or when the rain falls very fast, runs off immediately, sometimes causing floods. The idea that the water from the sea filters through and forms the source of the Mississippi and the waters of the great lakes, is absurd.

There is also another wrong idea about inland seas. These are salt-water lakes, having no outlet; and herein lies the reason of the fact of their being salt. The streams running into them carry along, in a dissolved state, salt and other mineral ingredients of the soil, which are left on the evaporation of the water. The evaporation goes on as fast as it comes in. This will also account for the saltness of the ocean. Thus we see, in the constant circulation of the waters, in the rain falling upon and refreshing the earth, filling our springs and water-courses, the hand of the Creator, supplying one of the most important demands of nature and of man. The creation did not stop with the first seven days, but through the laws of Nature then established, has been continually going on, and is still going on, and will go on to the end of time. L. H.

Washington, Conn., June, 1859.

OUR happiness depends very much upon the estimate we form of life, and the effort we make to bring ourselves into harmony with its laws. There are some who are unhappy on system—from weakly adopting a philosophy which lifts all beauty from the face of things, and imbues all their thoughts with a coloring of sadness. These look too much to the negative of things. With them, present joys are ever darkened by the shadows of future grief.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 9, 1859.

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And an Extra Copy, free, to every person remitting for a club of six or more copies; and Two free copies for every club of Thirty or over. As a new Half Volume commenced *last week*, Now is the Time to form Clubs for either Six Months or a Year. All persons who form new clubs to commence with July, or introduce the Rural in localities where it is not now taken, will be liberally remunerated for their time and attention.

☞ Back numbers from April or January can still be furnished, if desired. We will send Specimen Numbers, Show Bills, &c., to all applicants, and to the addresses of as many non subscribers as may be forwarded.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

The receipts into the Treasury for the week ending June 27th, were $4,879,000, of which about $2,250,000 were from customs. The drafts paid amounted to $3,175,000, principally on account of treasury notes. The balance in the Treasury is $3,866,000.

Information has been received from a source regarded as thoroughly reliable, giving the particulars of the contemplated fillibuster descent upon Nicaragua. The names of certain parties who supplied Walker with arms and money are given, and the enjoyment of the benefits of the transit route are to compensate in part for the expense thus incurred. It is stated that the expedition will start by the middle of August, and that a party of fillibusters will rendezvous at Florida and be conveyed to Central America in the Scottish Chief. Whether or not this information is strictly true, it is certain our Government will endeavor to arrest all illegal enterprises, the orders to our naval vessels for this purpose heretofore issued being still in force. Gen. Juarez, before he left for Nicaragua, was fully informed of the fillibustering movements.

Advices from Mexico of the 11th ult., state the American Minister had addressed a remonstrance to Miramon's Minister for Foreign Affairs, in the name of President Buchanan, expressing his great indignation at the withdrawal of the exequaturs from the American Consuls, and the murder of peaceful American citizens by Miramon's soldiers at Tacubia. The massacres are characterized as a violation of national rights and treaty stipulations, and Miramon is warned that it will be remembered and redress demanded and ultimately obtained, whatever may be the result of the remonstrance.

Dispatches from the Indian agent of New Mexico to Commissioner Greenwood, state the Navajoes are again committing all manner of depredations, regardless of the authority of their chiefs, who are disposed to remain at peace with the whites. He thinks another Indian war is imminent.

The postage stamps and stamp envelopes sold by the P. O. Department during the two years and a half ending with December last, amounted to $14,000,000; about $1,000,000 have not been used in the pre-payment of postage.

Notwithstanding the failure of the Post-office Appropriation Bill, it is probable that the clerk hire and all incidental expenses will be paid by the Deputy Post-Master as heretofore out of the accruing revenue on postages for the quarter ending the 20th September.

Personal and Political.

Private letters received at New York by the California mail, report the death of M. Belly, the famous Frenchman whose canal schemes on the Isthmus have caused some commotion.

A letter from Rev. William Aitchison, dated Shanghai, April 5th, announces the death of Rev. William A. Macy, Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., at that place on the 9th of April. Mr. Macy was a nephew of the late Benjamin F. Butler, Esq. He was a fine classical scholar, of sound judgment and intelligent piety; and his early removal from the Missionary work to which he had devoted his life, will cause many a tear in China, as well as among his personal friends, and the friends of Christ in this country.

The recent English papers announce the death of the Rev. Dr. Burns, who was known as "the Father of the Free Church of Scotland." This event took place towards the close of May, when in the 81st year of his age. He was ordained in 1800; in 1820 he removed to Kilsyth, where his 39 years of pastoral labors have been greatly blessed.

The next Electoral College, chosen in November, 1860, to meet in February, 1861, will—if Kansas should be admitted at the approaching session of Congress—consist of 306 votes, 195 of which will be necessary to a choice for President. The non-slaveholding States will have 186 Electors, and the slaveholding States 120.

The Iowa Democratic State Convention assembled at Des Moines on the 23d ult., and made the following nominations:—Governor, A. C. Dodge; Lieutenant Governor, L. W. Babitt; Judges of the Supreme Court, L. S. Wilson, Charles Mason, and C. C. Cole. The Popular Sovereignty platform was adopted.

The Democracy of Maine met in Convention on the 1st inst.—625 delegates present. The Committee on resolutions reported a series which were adopted, declaring among other things, that the Democracy of Maine re-assert the principles of Popular Sovereignty as the basis of their policy in reference to the Territories, opposing any Legislation by Congress to establish, abolish, regulate or protect Slavery in the Territories; that the people of the Territories, like those of the States, should decide the question of Slavery for themselves; declaring it the duty of the Democratic party to resist all temptations to interpolate in its creed a Congressional Slave Code for the Territories, on the doctrine that the Constitution establishes or prohibits Slavery in the Territories beyond the powers of the people to control it; and declaring against the opening of the Slave trade. The resolutions also denounce the two year's amendment in Massachusetts, and go for the annexation of Cuba as a measure of humanity in regard to the Slave trade and favorable to American Commerce. They endorse the administration of President Buchanan in regard to its management of our foreign relations, the suppression of the Utah rebellion, the execution of the neutrality laws, and the exercise of retrenchment and economy.

The first ballot for Governor stood as follows:—Menasseh H. Smith, administration, 305; E. K. Smart, anti-administration, 284; scattering, 85. On the second ballot, M. H. Smith received 367 votes, and was nominated. George F. Sheply, of Portland; E. Wilder Farley, of Newcastle; A. M. Roberts, of Bangor, and Bion Bradbury, of Eastport, were elected delegates to the Charleston Convention. The first two are claimed as administration, and the last two as anti-administration.

Terrible Railroad Accident.

A little before midnight of the 28th ult., the night express train from Chicago to Toledo, on the Michigan Southern Railroad, when between South Bend and Mishawaka, passing over an embankment spanning a ravine, at the base of which is a culvert, the embankment suddenly gave way, and the whole train was precipitated into the ravine, which was filled with a perfect torrent of water. The engine was literally buried in the opposite side of the ravine in quicksand and mud, and the tender, baggage and express car, and two second-class cars, were shattered almost into kindling wood, and piled on top of the engine. The two first-class passenger cars followed, and were torn to pieces and carried down the stream, while the sleeping car, although making the leap with the rest, was less injured.

The stream is naturally but a rivulet, but was swollen by the extraordinary rains of the previous afternoon and evening. Flood-wood had probably checked the culvert, converting the embankment into a dam, and the great weight of water, with the concussion of the crossing train, caused the sad calamity. From 150 to 200 persons were on the train; of these upwards of 50 have been taken from the ruins dead, and 50 or 60 more are wounded, or escaped uninjured; and the rest not heard from. As many of the dead were drowned in the ravine, it is feared that others not heard from have lost their lives in the same manner. The killed, as far as their names have been ascertained, are as follows:—Hartwell, express messenger; engineer and fireman, both named Tulip; Babbington, baggage-master; C. W. Smith, road-master; Mrs. E. G. Gillett and child, Stone Mills, New York; Thomas Mishau, Michigan City; J. McCarty, Holmesville, Ind.; Mary Cowan; Mr. Walworth, Adrian, Mich; a man unknown, had on his right arm the initials W. S. E. S.; Richard Muldany, Calumet, Indiana; Streeter, Sparta, Wis; Harry Fleckinger, Reading, Pa.; B. P. McCullough, Lawrenceburg, Pa.; two boys named Tidwell; Mrs. Increase Sumner, Alice C. Sumner, Neville E. Sumner, Chicago; Mary Ann Curran, Dunkirk, N. Y.; McNealy, Fon du Lac, Wisconsin; Thomas Mishan, train boy, Laporte; a woman and four children, named Tixwold; Mrs. M. H. Regan, Rockford; Jacob Smith, banker, Wall st.; Cornelius Walworth, Rome, Wis. Eleven bodies not recognized. Quite a number of passengers are missing, and it is supposed they were drowned, and their bodies have floated away.

The unfortunate train left Chicago at 8:30 on Monday evening, and consisted of five passenger cars, besides the baggage and express car. It arrived at South Bend about 45 minutes behind time, and made the fatal leap at about 12¼ o'clock at night.

The Great Balloon Voyage.

The Rural has made brief mention of a contemplated trip of several aeronauts from St. Louis to the seaboard, as a species of test trip preparatory to a similar undertaking in crossing the Atlantic. This aerial voyage was entered upon in good faith on the first instant. On the evening of that day, the aeronauts, Messrs. Wise, Lamountain and Gager, with a reporter from the St. Louis Republican, Mr. Hyde, embarked at St. Louis in the car attached to the Balloon Atlantic, and were floated off towards the empyrean. We next hear of them as having been seen, six miles north of Ft. Wayne, Indiana, at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 2d.—Three hours and a half later, at 7:30 A M., the balloon was seen from Sandusky, Ohio, so near as to admit of reading the name inscribed upon it. As it receded it seemed to fall into the lake. But we hear of it again, two hours later, at Fairport, where also it is said to have nearly touched the water, and then to have risen and disappeared. It was seen from Buffalo about noon, directly over the Niagara River. At 12:15 it passed Niagara Falls. At half past twelve it was seen from Medina, N. Y. It went rapidly over Lake Ontario, and at 2 o'clock the passengers hailed the propeller Young America, then twelve miles north-east of Oswego. Soon after, the balloon landed at Adams, in Jefferson county, New York.

The editors of the Buffalo *Courier* have had an interview with Mr. Hyde, and obtained an account of the trip, which we condense, as follows:

The aeronauts left St. Louis at 20 minutes past 7 o'clock, on Friday evening, and took a course almost due east towards the eastern seaboard. Their motion was very rapid throughout the night, with calm and beautiful weather.

They reached Lake Erie, above Sandusky, about 7 in the morning of Saturday, and about 12 M. were opposite Buffalo. In the last 100 miles on this lake, a current of air in which they floated gradually bore them to the water, until on several occasions their elevation did not exceed 300 feet. Soon after passing the Falls, the strength of this current rapidly increased, until they neared Sackett's Harbor. When over Lake Ontario, and about 30 miles from shore, it became a violent gale of wind, blowing almost directly downwards. Every effort was made to keep the balloon up, by throwing out ballast, stores and instruments, but in spite of all exertions, she made a tremendous dive, striking the water, staving the boat, and nearly bringing about a fatal termination of the voyage to Mr. Lamountain. The balloon then rushed towards the shore, which was reached in a few minutes, from whence it plunged into a dense forest, at a speed which Mr. Hyde estimates at about two miles a minute. The grapnels were cast loose, but the strong iron hooks were wrenched off like pipestems. The boat, which was still below them, went crashing through the trees, leaving a path as if the locality had been visited by a tornado. Mr. Hyde says that trees, of a foot or more in diameter, were snapped asunder as if made of clay, while the branches were flying in every direction. After proceeding about a mile at this rate, in momentary expectation of destruction, the balloon was dashed against a huge tree, by which it was collapsed, and scarcely anything left of it but countless ribbons.

The landing took place on the farm of a Mr. Whitney, in the town of Henderson, Jefferson county, near Sackett's Harbor, at 20 minutes past 2 o'clock P. M., (by the adventurer's time,) being just 19 hours from St. Louis, a distance of over 1,100 miles, being by more than double the longest balloon voyage ever made.

Conflagrations, Casualties, &c.

Fourth of July Accidents.—Our city has usually been exempt from those distressing calamities which are so apt to mar the festivities of our National Holiday, but yesterday formed a dread exception, and at an early hour a gloom was thrown over the community by the announcement that three young lads were dangerously, if not fatally, injured. A cannon in the possession of some boys on Main street, had been overloaded and burst, and the ragged pieces of metal were projected indiscriminately amid the crowd surrounding the piece, wounding a son of L. Moore, flour merchant, Barney Shepardson, son of assistant in County Clerk's office, and Chas. Fry. The first named had an arm broken and was fearfully lacerated about the throat; the second, his leg dreadfully mangled, and the third was shot through the body. Young Fry died at half-past one o'clock—the others are as comfortable this morning as possible, with hopes of their ultimate recovery.

The ship Fleetwood, from Boston for Honolulu, struck a rock off Cape Horn some time in April, which caused her to leak so badly that she was abandoned by the crew, who took to the small boats. One of the boats was picked up and taken into Pernambuco. The other boats have not been heard from. One of the missing boats contained Capt. Dale, wife and child.

The steamship Argo, of the Galway line, left New York on the 23d ult., for Galway, via. St. Johns, N. F. She went ashore near Trepassy, in a fog, on Tuesday morning, and sank in the evening. All the passengers and crew were saved by the prompt assistance from St. Johns. Boats were constantly passing from the ship to a cove about a mile distant, carrying ashore what could be saved. The fishermen plundered the ship. One hundred of them came around on hearing the signal guns. They cut away the masts, and completely skinned her. At 4 P. M. the ship filled, and fell on her beam ends, in six fathoms of water. The baggage of many of the passengers was lost. There was no house within eight miles of the shore where she struck. The Argo was a superior ship—costing at the time of her construction £55,000 sterling. She was employed in the transport service during the war in the Crimea and in India. She was lately purchased by the Galway Co., and insured at Lloyd's for £45,000 sterling.

The steamer Geo. Lambert, bound up the Missouri with a valuable cargo, took fire four miles above St. Louis on the night of the 25th ult., and was burned to the water's edge. The boat and cargo were a total loss. The boat was valued at $28,000, and was insured for $15,000. The cargo was insured. No lives lost.

News Paragraphs.

Mr. Alfred Jansen, of Le Claire, Illinois, died a few days ago from the sting of a bee. He was stung in the neck. When stung, he said it was a serious matter for him, as he had once, after being stung, swooned away and remained insensible for several hours. Saleratus was applied to the wound, but he was soon violently ill, became insensible, and in a few minutes had convulsions, and three-quarters of an hour from the time he was stung was dead.

A "Wild Cat" Bank, located at Hartford, Ohio, and called the Manufacturers' Bank, was recently broken up, and the principal banker was arrested. The property of the institution consisted of a trunk, called the "safe," which contained a California of worthless notes, two shirts, one waistcoat, and two sections of a flute. The chief banker said that he had paid a certain New York Counterfeit Detector $1,900 *to quote the bank as good.*

A machine to manufacture paper bags, such as are used by grocers, has recently been put in operation in Cincinnati, and turns out from 60,000 to 75,000 bags per day.

A leading drug house informs the N. Y. *Tribune*, in view of the ginseng excitement in Minnesota, that the autumn is the time to gather ginseng, and that the root dug in the spring is valueless as an article of export. Perhaps the Minnesotians, by rooting up the Big Woods so thoroughly, have rooted out the crop, and thus destroyed the goose that might have laid the golden egg.

The average expense per annum to the members of the different denominations throughout the United States, for the support of their different church services, is estimated to be about as follows: Baptist and Methodist about $3,40; Presbyterian, $7; Congregationalist, $10; Roman Catholic, $15; Episcopalian, $18; Reformed Dutch, $22; Unitarian, $23.

When the workmen suspended work on Minot's Ledge Light-House, last fall, they put a fish six inches in length in the well room, leaving him in close confinement, with nothing to eat. When work was commenced in the spring, he was found as lively as ever, having grown six inches in length during the time, but from his long confinement in a dark place had become totally blind. When the fish caught in the waters of the Mammoth Cave, were exhibited a few years ago, it will be remembered that they were not only blind, but eyeless.

The total number of sea-going vessels in port at New York, most of which are lying idle for the want of remunerative employment, is 620, including 24 steamers, 153 ships, 121 barques, 118 brigs, and 204 schooners. The freight trade continues surprisingly dull, except to France, whither considerable coal is being shipped.

A recent debate in the Spanish Cortes, upon the increase of the army, shows no want of patriotic determination, both on the side of the Government and of the opposition, not only to maintain the dignity and honor of Spain, but to retain her Island possessions in the Mediterranean and the West Indies, against every power, European or American.

The first newspaper established in North America was issued in Boston in 1690. The oldest existing newspaper in Massachusetts is now published in Worcester, established in 1770.

The Supply of Gold.—The Philadelphia Pennsylvanian learns from the Hon. James Ross Snowden, Director of the Mint, that there is every reason to believe that the yield of gold, during the present season, from our gold-producing States, will afford a favorable comparison with that of any former year. He also states that there are large amounts of bullion, (principally silver,) being received at New Orleans and San Francisco, from Mexico. The Branch Mint of the United States, at San Francisco, is pushed to meet the business thrown upon it, by reason of the increased yield of the mines of California, and the receipt of silver from Mexico.—These circumstances, together with the fact that the semi-monthly California steamer, which was at New York on the 28th, had on board $2,600,000, justify the belief that whatever may be the shipment of specie to Europe for some time to come, it will be more than equaled by the product of our mines, and that our specie reserves will consequently be increased during the next few months instead of suffering such a diminution as to excite alarm, much less produce a money panic.

Lake Trade with Europe.—Since the inauguration of a direct trade with Europe from Lake ports in 1856, no less than thirty-seven vessels have cleared for foreign ports from ports on the lakes—chiefly from Detroit. Of these twenty-one have been sent out the present year. Their cargoes have been principally lumber and staves, with some wheat and a few hides. The Detroit *Free Press* furnishes the following table of the different articles exported during each year:

1856—Wheat, bush	15,000
1857—Hides, No	3,000
Staves, No	120,000
1858—Wheat, bush	12,300
Lumber, feet	575,000
Staves, No	700,000
1859—Lumber, feet	1,100,000
Staves, No. (West India standard)	2,000,000

Overland News.—The Overland Mail from California, the 6th, reached St. Louis on the 28th ult. A passenger states that the Indians on the route are quite troublesome. At Mohawk station the Company employees had refused the Apaches water, in consequence of the great scarcity of that article, there being none for forty miles on either side of the station. The Indians were gathering in considerable numbers around the Correl, and threatening violence.

About forty miles this side of Fort Davis, some four hundred Mexican families, comprising over eight hundred souls, had crossed the Rio Grande. They were Liberalists, and had been driven out by the Church party. They were at Smith's station when the mail passed, and represented as being in a destitute condition.

New York State Temperance Society.—The adjourned Annual Meeting of the New York State Temperance Society will be held at Saratoga Springs, on Wednesday, August 3d, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M.

The News Condenser.

— Another revolution has broken out in Sonora.

— Exchange is selling in Chicago at 2½ per cent.

— An Inebriate Asylum is about to be started at Cleveland.

— Strawberries are worth only $2 50 per pound in San Francisco.

— The "mumps" are raging in Petersburg, Va., as an epidemic.

— A man 74 years old has been arrested as a common thief in Buffalo.

— Snow fell at Hamilton, C. W., between 12 and 1 P. M., on the 21st ult.

— Two persons in Sterling, Ill., have recently been bitten by mad dogs.

— A hail stone fell in Saratoga Co., on Tuesday week, that weighed five pounds.

— A woman was killed last week at a fire-works exhibition in Boston, by a rocket.

— The sum of $2,204 44 has been raised in New York for the benefit of the Italian fund.

— The Treasury balance is brought down to $3,000,000, being $2,000,000 below the working point.

— It is now confidently believed that either the Queen or the Prince of Wales will soon visit Canada.

— They are now using steam power to help the guests up and down stairs in the New York city hotels.

— The people of St. Joseph, Mo., having built two theatres, are now thinking of erecting a church!

— A board six feet and seven inches in width, cut from a California saw-log, has arrived in Boston.

— During a recent tornado in Iowa, a tree ten inches in diameter was uprooted and carried seven miles.

— A land terrapin, bearing upon its shell the date of 1532, was seen near Wheeling, Va., a few days since.

— "In a month's time," said Napoleon, "I will date my proclamations from Milan." He keeps his promise.

— The Mobile Tribune confirms the report that a cargo of slaves was recently landed on the Florida coast.

— Rev. Mr. Millburn, the blind preacher, is lecturing in Montreal on "What the blind man saw in England."

— Two convicts have been discharged from the Insane Department of the Auburn Prison, perfectly cured.

— A nugget of gold found recently in Tuolumne county, California, yielded melted gold to the value of $5,750.

— One firm in Cincinnati has sold during the present season sixteen thousand five hundred bushels of strawberries.

— The editor of the Charlotte (N. C.) Bulletin brags of having eaten several of this year's growth of ripe apples.

— In 27 days, Italy has been strewn with 27,000 corpses—poor fellows who sought an epaulet and found a grave.

— A noon-day prayer meeting of business men is held in Philadelphia every day in the week, except Sunday.

— Mons. Blondin, a French rope-walker, crossed the Niagara river last week on a cable stretched from shore to shore.

— The Macoupin county (Ill.) delinquent tax list is 40 columns long. About the whole county will be sold for taxes.

— A block of gold worth $3,839 has been received from California as a contribution to the the Mount Vernon fund.

— A tobacconist at Cincinnati says that he sells upwards of 200 pounds of snuff in the course of a month to ladies.

— The most of what is called court plaster, used in this country and Canada, is made at Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

— Some modern translator of the Bible has made the discovery that the prophet Elijah was fed by Arabs, and not by ravens.

— Apple-Jack, two drinks of which will make a man pick his own pocket, is extensively manufactured in North Carolina.

— The Auburn Advertiser announces thirty-nine arrivals and thirty-four departures form the State Prison for the last week.

— A "Women's Dress Reform Convention" was held at Auburn last week, but adjourned without doing anything worthy of note.

— In 1840, $4,000,000 worth of dry goods was sold in Cincinnati. In 1850, $10,000,000. This year it will foot up over $26,000,000.

— It is said that the recent frost was so severe in Chautauque Co. as to cut down everything except town and county accounts!

— The news of the triumph of the French at Montebello was received with manifestations of joy by the French at New York.

— "Skunk Valley," in Iowa, is said to be a splendid country. It ought to have its name changed, to induce very rapid emigration.

— Eleven English cricket players are coming to this country in September next, to play against the cricketers of America and Canada.

— A man in Massachusetts recently drank three quarts of milk without stopping; then rested a moment and swallowed another quart.

— Ninety-five clerks were discharged from the New York Custom House last week. Their united salaries make over $100,000 a year.

— The entire amount for purchasing Mount Vernon has been subscribed. The money now taken goes to repair the dilapidated premises.

— The ship Bolton of Bath was wrecked near Machias, on the coast of Maine, on the 16th ult. Only three out of the crew of 18 were saved.

— Thirty or forty feet of rock in the centre of St. Anthony Falls, Mississippi, has been broken off, leaving the falls like a horse shoe in form.

— Mr. Greeley endorses Pike's Peak as a rich gold region, but warns miners against going there without taking with them a supply of provisions.

— The entire receipts of the Bible Society from New Jersey, for the year ending the 31st of March last, were $15,585 85, being greater than ever before.

— Five Americans who had been imprisoned at Rome had been released at the command of the American Commodore, and were on board the Wabash.

— Three Irish families in Springfield, O., narrowly escaped death, on Thursday week, by eating stramonium, commonly called jimson weed, for greens.

— We hear of a brutal old scamp up North who has perpetrated the atrocious joke of hanging up a dilapidated hoop skirt in his corn field for a scarecrow!

— Milton Curtis, of Piermont, turned a large boar into a pasture with a horse, and the latter was found dead, ripped open by the boar's tusks, the next morning.

FOREIGN NEWS.

From the Seat of War.

The Royal Steamship Arabia, Capt. Stone, from Liverpool on Saturday, 18th ult., arrived at Halifax at noon of the 28th, en route for Boston.—Her news is meagre and without much importance.

Gen. Guylai had been superceded in the command of the second Austrian army by Gen. Schliet. The Austrians report that Gen. Urban had repulsed Garibaldi, and that the latter was at Brescia.—Additional Austrian troops were moving towards Italy, and the Emperor Napoleon had demanded an additional 100,000 men to besiege the fortresses. The Austrians, it is said, were preparing at Mantua to attack the allies.

The mobilization of the Prussian army, together with the additional hostile attitude of Germany, had created great uneasiness. Kossuth had passed through France en route to Italy. Prince Napoleon's corps had commenced moving. It was reported that the Austrians had entered the Valtelline

The telegram from Vienna of the 16th, says, that Gen. Count Schliet had taken command of the 2d army, instead of Gen. Guylai, and that the French had established a depot at Antivari, on the Albanian Copalbainan coast, and disembarked large quantities of gold coin there.

The last accounts from Napoleon's head quarters say that he was concentrating his forces in order to attack the Austrians with an overwhelming force, and it was believed in Paris that a decisive battle would be fought in the course of a week.—The following bulletin had been received via Turin:

TURIN, June 15th.

The Austrians are retreating from the Oglio, and the allied armies continued to advance. The Austrian *corps de armee*, which had left Ancona for Pessaro, had been directed toward the lower Po, to be joined to the troops in the province of Venice. It is at present uncertain whether Ancona has been entirely evacuated by the Austrians. Modena and Brescella are free. The numerous municipalities of the Romagna had pronounced for the National cause

The allied army passed the Serio on the 13th, marching towards the river Oglio. Their advance guard is at Coccoaglio.

The head-quarters of the King of Sardinia are at Palazzio.

An Austrian bulletin, dated Verona, 15th, says the different *corps de armee* took their alloted positions unmolested by the enemy. The division of Gen. Urban alone sustained a flight at Castinodolo, with Garibaldi's bands, which, although amounting to 4,000 men and four pieces of cannon, were repulsed by the Austrains. The official Austrian correspondence says that the organization for the defence of the Tyrolese territory was progressing. Several companies had already reached there and others getting in readiness. The mountain passes are all occupied.

Vienna letters say that the *corps de armee* commanded by the Arch Duke Charles were beginning to leave for Italy. The third corps, under the Arch Duke Albert, were moving from upper and lower Austria to Trieste.

A second Austrian extraordinary levy is to be terminated by the 15th of September, and the standard military stature of the men reduced.

Garibaldi's corps is represented as becoming daily more formidable. It was threatening the Southern Tyrol, where the people were getting extremely impatient of Austrian rule.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The new Ministry is constituted as follows, but had not been officially announced:—*First Lord of the Treasury*—Viscount Palmerston. *Chancellor of the Exchequer*—W. E. Gladstone. *Foreign Secretary*—Lord John Russell. *Home Secretary*—Sir C. G. Lewis. *Colonial Secretary*—Duke of Newcastle. *War Secretary*—Sidney Herbert. *India Secretary*—Sir C. Wood. *First Lord of the Admiralty*—Duke of Somerset. *Lord Chancellor*—Lord Campbell. *President of the Council*—Earl of Granville. *Private Seal*—Duke of Argyle. *Post-Master General*—Lord Elgin. *President of the Board of Trade*—Mr. Cobden. *President of the Poor Law Board*—Milner Gibson. *First Commissioner of Works*—Mr. Cardwell. *Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster*—Sir G. Gray. Sir A. Cockburn succeeds Lord Campbell as Lord Chief Justice of England.

Lord Derby, in the Lords, officially announced the resignation of his Cabinet, and in doing so he warmly defended the foreign policy of Lord Malmesbury. Earl of Granville reserved an explanation of the policy of the new government for a future day. The House adjourned till the 21st.

In the Commons, Mr. D'Israeli announced the resignation of the Cabinet and moved a further adjournment to the 21st, which was agreed to.

The *Times* in its city article quotes advices from Frankfort, which state that the German Confederation are understood to have resolved that 80,000 men, namely, that 40,000 Prussians and 40,000 Austrians shall be sustained on the Rhine. There were also strong rumors that Prussia will issue semi-decisive announcements in the course of a few days. According to the prevalent conjecture peace is to be proposed to the Emperor Napoleon on certain conditions and if these are refused, Germany is to enter into the war. Under these circumstances, there is great anxiety and stagnation in all commercial cities.

The *Times* also says that Russia is making most warlike preparations at all the naval depots. The Nova division of the fleet is reported to number 88 first class ships and the Baltic fleet 85 sail of the line, of which 14 screw steamers are at Cronstadt.

The *Times* accounts for the recent shipments of gold from St. Petersburg to London, as payment for machinery made in America and elsewhere.—Large Russian orders are lying still unexecuted in England.

FRANCE.—The *Moniteur* would soon publish a decree, conferring the promotion of honors and crosses on nearly one thousand persons, for military service in Italy.

It was reported that the Generals under Pellissier are forthwith to repair to their respective stations, and it was considered not improbable that the army now called the "Army of the East," would be denominated the "Army of the Rhine." The Emperor is said to have demanded 100,000 men for Italy to besiege the Austrian fortresses. The French army of observation on the Rhine frontiers number 71,000.

AUSTRIA.—An Imperial decree proclaims that the public will receive, for the interest on the National loan now due, either bank notes at 125 florins for every 100 florins, or second government bonds redeemable with compound interest in five years. Commercial letters from Vienna describe the financial condition of Austria as one of complete bankruptcy.

RUSSIA.—A letter from St. Petersburg says if Prussia allows herself to be goaded into menacing steps, Russia will concentrate troops on the Gallician frontier, and send detachments of her fleet to the Russian Baltic ports.

TURKEY.—It is said that the 12th of June was the day appointed for the rising in European Turkey. The political ferment in Servia was increasing.

COMMERCIAL.—*Breadstuffs.*—Wheat dull and declined 3@4d on Tuesday, but the market on Friday was firmer at the following quotations.—Western red 8s@9s6d; do. white 9s6d@10s6d. Southern white 10s@12s. In corn there had been a slight decline of all kinds since Tuesday, but the demand was better. Mixed 6s@5s2d; yellow 6s1@6s4d; white 8s@8s6d. *Provisions.*—Messrs. Bigland, Althya & Co., Richardson, Spence & Co., and James McHenry & Co., quote provisions dull and a trifling lower. Pork heavy and declined 2s6d but quotations were nominal.

Weather of Last Half of June and the Month.

THE average of this half is 67:3°, and for 22 years is 69:2°; and the month is 68:4°, and for the 22 years is 66:2°. The mean heat, then, for this half and for each of the halves, and of course for the month, is below the average about 3°. The last half has been warmer than the first. We had a cold period for three days at the first of the last half, and another on the last day, both owing to thunder showers here or in sight, or extending far over the country.

We had a hot period in the last half week. On the 27th, the heat was 92°, the 28th was 91°, and the 29th was equally hot at 12, but there was a thunder shower passed over us, and the weather cooled some degrees before 2 P. M., and much more afterwards, so that our heat on the 30th at seven A. M., was 52°, and only 64, at 2 P. M. of this day.

The changes have been great through the month; really unusual weather; great cold rapidly following high temperature. Hence, vegetation has been slow, except on the first half of the present week, when Indian corn advanced with great rapidity.

Great rains have prevailed over the country. The Mississippi was very high in the first part of the month, and much damage was done by the flood of that river, and of others.

The flowers of the season, both cultivated and common, have been splendid, and the fruits of the season abundant. Strawberries have been prolific through the month, and, with cherries, have been earlier than usual. The rain here has been below the average, and some farms begin to suffer from drouth.

The effects of the frosts of the first half of the month have not been so injurious as was feared.—The wide extent of the frost was remarkable, as was its varying power in localities of the same vicinity. In some places winter wheat and winter barley were killed; in many Indian corn and potatoes, as well as many garden vegetables. But some have grown again, and some could be replanted. The leaves of shrubs and forest trees, even in the south part of our county, which were then young and tender, were entirely killed, and in two days the appearance was as if a fire had passed over them; but they will put forth again, as they were seen to do after the great cold of June, 1816, so that in Autumn, the vegetation will not appear to have suffered.

The harvest of winter barley commenced in the county a few days ago, and the wheat harvest is nearly finished in Southern Illinois, Southern Ohio, &c. The month has been relatively healthful in the great vicissitudes in the weather; and trust in the providence of Infinite Goodness is loudly demanded and will be richly rewarded. C. D.

Rochester, July 1, 1859.

PROBABLY FATAL ILLNESS OF SECRETARY FLOYD.—A Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Republican says:—"I regret to report the continued ill-health of Secretary Floyd, who is now sojourning at the Military Asylum, near this city.—His late trip to Virginia seems to have had but little effect upon his disease, and his friends are seriously apprehensive he will not soon recover. A member of the Cabinet, who visited Gov. Floyd on the 1st inst., in the country, expresses the opinion that his disease will probably terminate fatally.—His family are anxious for him to retire from the Cabinet, and he may do so at an early day should his residence in the country not produce a change for the better."

WILD HORSES FROM SOUTH AMERICA.—Captain Thomas, of the schooner Burdett Hart, from the River Platte, has brought five horses and four ponies to Brooklyn. They are said to be beautiful specimens of the wild horse of that country. Capt. T. spent some time and traveled a considerable distance to procure the finest and best that could be obtained, and these are selections from droves exceeding 10,000 in number. They are indeed a noble sight, and though they have been on board for 45 days, are in as good condition as though just taken from a stable. Their coats shine and look in every way as though they had been under the management of a first rate groom, and received as much attention as a man who thinks as much of his horse as his wife, could bestow.

HORSES IN SOUTH AMERICA.—A correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce*, who accompanied the Paraguay expedition, says:—"Horses and mares are so abundant as to be slaughtered for their hides and tallow. I have never been asked more than a doubloon for the finest animals I saw under saddle. The general price is $5 to $10 for geldings broken to the saddle."

MAPLE SUGAR IN VERMONT.—The Vermont papers state that the banner belongs to Harwick for making the most maple sugar this season. That town made 230,000 pounds. Orleans county boasts of fifteen farmers that have made 15,000 pounds. Harwick has twenty-five farmers that have made 7s,000 pounds, and two farmers in the same town have made 14,000 pounds.

SERVANTS IN PARIS.—An American lady, long resident in Paris and perfectly acquainted with its customs, gives her experience of Parisian servants, in the following language:—"You are aware of the petty taxes which our domestics are in the habit of imposing upon everything purchased by them for the use of the household. First in order is the 'sou per pound,' paid them by the grocers, butchers, bakers, &c., for their custom. This, however, is but a trifle in comparison. On a rabbit, bought at two francs and fifteen sous, the cook pockets the fifteen sous. For each dish ordered from a restaurant, the servant gets a premium of five sous. So with butter, and every other article of food. I have calculated that, over and above her wages, my cook's profits amount to at least fifty cents a day. Nor is she satisfied with this. She has made a nice little bargain with my butcher, to the effect that when she buys six pounds of mutton or veal, *for me*, the butcher is to add a pound of sirloin steak, *for her*. There is no use in changing servant or butcher. They are all thieves alike, and I might only make bad worse if I interfered."

TWENTY THOUSAND WIDOWS.—Sir Walter Scott admits that the battle of Waterloo created in the British Empire *fifty thousand widows*. It is probable that the recent battle of Magenta has created at least *twenty thousand widows* and *sixty thousand orphans*.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, July 5, 1859.

FLOUR—The tone of the market this A. M. is the same as for several weeks, and we take off another 25 cents ₱ barrel upon all grades.

GRAIN—Wheat declining, the reduction for the week being equal to 5 cents ₱ bushel. Corn drooping, a range of 75@80 cents being established. Oats are firmer and in demand. Buckwheat has got up to $1,00@1,50—these are the figures paid by seedsmen.

POTATOES are advancing, although foreign buyers have withdrawn from market—60@75 cents is paid, as to quality.

WOOL has been purchased pretty freely during the week, but we hear of no change in rates.

HAY is steadily advancing—$8,00@16,00 is the range.

Our market reports from abroad are not as late as we would desire, but telegraph operators are supposed to be possessed of as much patriotism as people generally, and, in addition, the lightning would not be forced into the harness on the glorious Fourth, so we must put up with those of Saturday—however, we do not think there is much change to be made.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	12@14c
Flour, wint. wheat	$7,50@7,75	Honey, box	13@16c
Flour, spring do	$6,00@6,50	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat, ₱ cwt	$1,75	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,50@1,60	Apples, bushel	50c@$1,75
Best white Can'a	$1,50@1,60	Apples, dried	$1,25
Corn	75c	Peaches, dried, ₱ lb	20c
Rye, 60 lbs. ₱ bu	80@90c	Cherries, dried, ₱ lb	20c
Oats, by weight	46@50c	Potatoes	60@75c
Barley	60@70c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	$1,00@1,50	Slaughter	6½@7c
Beans	75@85c	Calf	10@12c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	$1,75@2,00
Pork, mess	$17,00@18,50	Lamb pelts	25@30c
Pork, clear	$21,00@22,00	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	$7,00@7,50	Clover, bush	$5,50@6,00
Beef, ₱ cwt	$6,00@7,00	Timothy	1,50@2,00
Spring lambs, each	$1,00@1,50	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton, carcass	5@6c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$7,25@8,00
Chickens	7@8c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	10@11c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	8@10c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, pair	30@40c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,12
Butter, roll	14@16c	Hay, tun	$10,00@16,00
Butter, firkin	12@13c	Wool, ₱ lb	40@45c
Cheese	8@10c	Whitefish, bbl	$4,00@4,50
Lard, tried	10@12c	Codfish, ₱ quintal	$3,00@3,50
Tallow	10½@11c	Trout, bbl	$4,00@5,50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, July 2.—FLOUR—The market opened buoyant at 5@10 cents advance, but closed dull. Sales at $5,40@5,90 for superfine State, $6@6,30 for extra State, $5,50@6,00 for superfine western, $6@6,50 for common to good extra western, and $6@6,15 for good extra round hoop Ohio, and $6,25@6,70 for fresh ground. Closing quiet. Rye flour dull at $4,00@4,75.

GRAIN—Wheat continues dull and heavy. Sales at $1,00 for Milwaukee club, 81c for unsound do, $1,60@1,65 for new red Georgia, $1,50@1,80 for new white do, $1,55 for red Southern, $1,70 for white do. Rye dull at 86@90c. Barley dull and unchanged. Sales Canadian peas at $1,02@1,04. Corn quiet. Sales at 86c for new western yellow, 80c for unsound red, 82c for white southern; old mixed western nominal at 82c in store. Oats dull at 42@45c for State and 46@48c for Canadian.

PROVISIONS—The pork market is dull and heavy. Sales at $16,06@16 12 for new mess, $17@18 for prime mess, $10@10,25 for thin mess, $18,50 for clear, and $12,62@12,75 for prime. Total stock of all kinds of pork in the different yards, as made up to-day, is 90,017 bbls. Same time last year, 46,199 bbls.

BUFFALO, July 4.—The market for flour was less active on Saturday, and prices for the lower grades were easier. The demand was quite moderate and wholly for local trade. Sales at $6,75@7,00 for the range of good to choice extra Ohio, Michigan and Indiana; $7,25@7,50 for double extra, and $7,50@8,00 for favorite baker's brands.

GRAIN—The market for wheat was very steady and inactive. The demand was chiefly for small parcels. The receipts on Saturday were fair. Sales at $1,35 for red Ohio, and $1 for standard spring. Receipts of corn larger. Buyers and sellers were apart, buyers holding off for lower figures. No sales transpired. Oats are firmer. Sales to arrive at 44c. Nothing doing in barley or rye.

TORONTO, July 2.—FLOUR—The market for flour is still dull, with no demand for export, although there has been some shipments, perhaps to the extent of six or eight hundred barrels, to the north and west of the city. If a movement is noted at all in prices it is towards a decline. Nominal wholesale rates are:—Superfine, $6,25@6,50; fancy $6,75@7,00; extra, $7,25; double extra $7,75@8,00 ₱ bbl. The market closes dull, with a more settled disposition on the part of holders to realize.

FALL WHEAT—The market since our last has not been well sustained, a tendency toward a decline having prevailed throughout the week. The market closed heavily at the following quotations:—Good and prime samples 7s 3d@7s 6d; medium and ordinary 6s 6d@7s, and inferior 5s ₱ bushel. Spring wheat continues to be in good demand at 6s 6d@6s 9d, and good samples at 7s ₱ bushel. The quality continues to be of very excellent character. Barley or Rye is not offered at all in the market, and the quotations therefore must be purely nominal at 3s 6d@3s 9d per bushel. Oats are in larger supply, with considerable fluctuation in prices. In the early part of the week 2s 10d ₱ bushel was paid for wholesale lots, but recently 2s 9d@2s 10d have been the rates; the retail prices are 2s 11d@3s ₱ bushel. Peas are in small supply, with an active inquiry at 4s@4s 6d ₱ bushel. Nothing above these rates could be realized, except perhaps for a very extreme sample.—*Globe.*

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, June 29.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ₱ cwt. $10,50@11,00; ordinary do. $9,50@10,10; common do, 8,50@9,00; inferior do, $7,00@8,00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55,00@65,00; ordinary do, $40@50; common do, $30,00@40,00. Inferior do, $20,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₱ lb., 6@6½c; ordinary do, 5½@6c; common do, 4½@5c; inferior do, 3@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ₱ head, $5,00@5,00; ordinary do, $4,00@4,75; common do, $3,00@3,75; inferior do, $2,00@3,00.

SWINE—First quality, 6¾@6¾c; other qualities, 6@6¼c.

BRIGHTON, June 30.—At market, 1,000 beeves, 300 stores, 2,000 sheep and lambs, and 1,150 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Extra, $8,75@9,00; first quality, $8,50@9,00; second quality, $7,00; third quality, $5,50@6,00.

WORKING OXEN—$100@175.

MILCH COWS—$40@45; common, $21@32.

VEAL CALVES—$3,00, $4,00@7,00.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $23@26; three years old, $—@—.

HIDES—7¼@8c ₱ lb. Calf skins, 12@13c ₱ lb.

TALLOW—Sales at 7@7½c ₱ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,50@2,00; extra, $2@2,50.

PELTS—50c@$1,50 each.

SWINE—Spring pigs, 8½c; retail, 9@10c; fat hogs, 6¾c.¶ l

TORONTO, July 2.—BEEF—The supply of grass-fed beef, some of which this year is of very high quality, continues large, from all points. The best cattle can be had at $6, and medium at $4,75@5,25 ₱ 100 lbs., sinking one-third. Inferior cattle are bought by graziers for feeding at $3@3,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

SHEEP are plentiful at $2,50@3,50 each. Lambs $1,50@2,50. Calves $3@5 each. The supply of all these animals is large.

SHEEP SKINS [illegible] for pelts. Lamb skins 1s@1s 3d. Beef hides 5s@5s ₱ 100 lbs. Calf skins 6d@7½d ₱ lb.

CAMBRIDGE, June 29.—At market 1121 cattle, about 900 beeves, and 221 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market beef—Extra, $8,00@8,25; first quality, $7,[illegible],50; second do, $6,50@6,75; third do, $5,00@6,00; ordinary do, $4,00.

WORKING OXEN—$75 [illegible] ₱ pair.

COWS AND CALVES—$35,50,45@60.

STORES—Yearlings, $00,00@00,00; two years old, $22,00@27,00; three years old, $28,00@34,00.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—940 at market. Prices—in lots, $1,00, 2,00@2,50. Extra, $3,00, 3,50@4,00, or from 3½@5c ₱ lb.

SPECIAL NOTICES—[illegible]

HIDES—7¼@8c ₱ lb. Pelts, 50c@$1,75 each.

CALF SKINS—13@14c ₱ lb. Tallow, 7@7½c ₱ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$3,00@6,00.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, June 30.—Our market continues quiet, yet prices are well sustained, to the great chagrin of a portion of the trade, who are straining every nerve to depress the market, and quoting sales fully 5c lower than any good selection can be obtained in any wool-growing districts; but this mode of transacting business will in due course of time have a telling effect on those who falsify facts. The clipping season is now well nigh over, and the result is, nearly one-third of the crop in the Western States has been bought chiefly on manufacturing account, at an advance of fully 5c ₱ lb. on last year's prices. Dealers and speculators generally have purchased lightly, and this is well for the manufacturers of goods—it would indeed be a blessing to them often if there were no "middle men" to come between them and wool growers; but the great want of credit on their part, heretofore, has been so seriously felt that, without the assistance of the "middle men," it would be difficult for them to keep their looms in active motion. But those who now run the majority of our mills were not the constructors of them, and they probably bought very many of them under the auctioneer's hammer, at 50 cents on the dollar, or less; consequently they possess greater means than their predecessors, and therefore they or their agents now seek out the wool-growers, and are the principal purchasers of the clip, at the highest prices, too; indeed, the majority of them are always willing to pay the farmers at all times a proper remuneration for their wool. Let not our interior friends, therefore, be led astray by most of the reports emanating from here. In fleeces there is nothing of moment transpiring, and the few small sales making are mostly of inferior descriptions, which are no real guide to the market, the transactions include 60,000 lbs. common to full-blood fleece at 36½@37½c; 20,000 lbs. Canadian at 25@30c; 200 bales California at 16@20c; 50 do at 30@35c for fine; 25,000 lbs. pulled at 30@48c; 80 bales Cape at 34c; and 400 do do in Boston at 30c, cash, time and interest. Before closing, however, it may not be amiss to warn our farming friends against exalted prices. It seems, according to our correspondence, that very many base their prices on the extraordinary sales quoted in our last weekly issue, made at 70c, Washington county, Pennsylvania. But they forget that these wools excel in quality anything probably grown this year in the United States. Anything over 65@66c is too high a price to be paid in the country even for the finest picklock qualities; and none, we believe, has paid such high rates but a prominent Eastern wool manufacturing concern and the Philadelphia dealers. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece, ₱ lb	50@60
Am. full blood Merino	46@47
Am. ½ and ¾ blood Merino	40@42
Am. native and ¼ blood Merino	40@41
Extra, pulled	45@50
Superfine pulled	38@42
No. 1, pulled	30@33
California, fine, unwashed	23@28
California, common do	10@17
Peruvian, washed	26@30
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@13
S. Am. common, washed	10@11
S. Am. Entre Rios, washed	15@18
S. American, unwashed	9@14
S Am. Cordova, washed	20@22
East India, washed	20@23
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	18@28
Smyrna, unwashed	14@18
Smyrna, washed	23@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

Tribune.

BOSTON, June 30.—New wool comes forward slowly; and with very little fleece, and with a reduced stock of the better grades of pulled wool, there has not been much activity. Sales of the week 75,000 lbs. fleece and pulled, at steady prices. Holders in the country continue to demand very full prices. In foreign, sales of 300 bales Cape and East Indian, 150 bales Mediterranean and South American, and 120 bales Mestizo, at various prices, as to quality.

Sax. and Mer., fine	55@57	Western mixed	36@45
Full blood	52@54	Smyrna, washed	17@40
Half and ¼ blood	43@49	Do. unwashed	9½@19
Common	40@49	Syrian	11@23
Pulled, extra	45@55	Cape	24@60
Do. superfine	40@50	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	32@42	Buenos Ayres	7@45
Do. No 2		Peruvian, washed	30@35

CINCINNATI, June 30.—The market continues unsettled and dull. The demand is quite limited, and buyers seem disposed to hold off in anticipation of lower rates. The range of prices for such parcels as are arriving, may be put down at 30@45c, the latter an extreme rate.

TORONTO, July 2.—The busy season for purchasing wool is now nearly over. The sales of the week are not large. The price continues steady at is 4d@1s 5d ₱ lb., with an occasional purchase at 1s 6d ₱ lb. for clean washed lots.

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During the last year the Machine **has been entirely remodeled and vastly improved** by the Patentee, and is now offered to the market as one of the best Combined Machines in the country. Space will not permit us to give a detailed description of the character and operation of the machines. For this information I beg leave to refer customers to my printed Circulars in the hands of my Agents.

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KETCHUM'S Improved Combined Machine, "Iron Frame," with Reel and Adjustable Roller—cut 4 feet 10 inches. $130 00

KETCHUM'S Improved Two Horse Mower, "Iron Frame," with the Adjustable Roller to Outer Bar, 110 00

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SANFORD'S Portable Farm Mill, for grinding feed for stock, plaster, or bones for manure, 30 00

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Machines and Mills shipped without extra charge.

These Machines are simple in construction, have no equal for durability and light draft, are entirely free from all side draft, and have no weight upon the horse's neck

This Machine, as improved for 1859, was awarded the first premium by the Michigan State Agricultural Society, at its Annual Fair in Sept. last, as a Reaper and as a Mower.

The New York State Agricultural Society, at its late Fair, awarded it the first premium as a Combined Grain and Grass Harvester.

Ohio also awarded it its best commendation.

Machines may be had of the different Agents through the United States, who have them on exhibition.

An examination is earnestly solicited before giving your order for any other machine. The corrected Report of the United States Trial shows this to be the lightest draft Combined Machine in the World, by at least 20 per cent.

Call on the Agent and give your order early.

All orders will receive prompt attention.

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THE BEST COMBINED MOWERS AND REAPERS IN THE WORLD. Simplicity; durability; convenience; adaptation to all kinds of work and every variety of ground; light draft; low price; freedom from side draft, clogging, and pressure upon the horses' necks; portability; perfection of work—all these desirable features are combined in the above machines.

The American Harvester is a two horse machine capable of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass, and from 14 to 18 acres of grain per day. The Little Buffalo Harvester is a one horse machine capable of cutting from 8 to 12 acres of grass, and from 10 to 15 acres of grain per day.

PRICES AT FACTORY.

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Manufactured by the BUFFALO AGRICULTURAL MACHINE WORKS, Buffalo, N. Y., and D. M. OSBORNE & CO., Auburn, N. Y., and for sale by their Agents in every County. A Catalogue containing full descriptions of the Machines with Testimonials, accounts of Trials, &c., may be had by applying to the Manufacturers or any of their Agents. 488tf

MANNY'S COMBINED REAPER AND MOWER, *WITH WOOD'S IMPROVEMENT.*

For the Harvest of 1859.

The subscriber begs to inform the public that he continues to manufacture this popular machine, and pledges himself to produce an implement that will fully sustain its former reputation, as the best combined machine yet introduced, and inferior to none, either as a Reaper or Mower.

It has had a steady and increasing popularity from the first, achieving a complete success in the first important trial at Geneva in 1852. It carried off the highest honors at the great National Field Trial at Syracuse in 1857; and amidst all the competition and trials of 1858, came out with more and better established points of excellence than ever before.

The general principles peculiar to this machine, and upon which it is constructed, have proved so successful that there has been no attempt to change them.

The main effort during the last year has been to improve its mechanical construction, to make it stronger and more durable, and sustain its reputation as the leading and most acceptable machine to the largest class of farmers in the country.

Warranted capable of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass or grain per day, in a workmanlike manner.

Price of Machine as heretofore, varies according to width of cut, and its adaptation in size and strength to different sections of the country, from $125 to $150, delivered here on the cars. WALTER A. WOOD,
Manufacturer and Proprietor, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

BENNETT GRAY, Brockport,
WM. HENRY HARMON, Scottsville,
483-tf Agents for Monroe County, N. Y.

WOOD'S MOWER.—

Patented February 22d, 1859.

During the six years I have been engaged in the manufacture of the Manny Combined Reaper and Mower, I have given much thought and attention to the construction of what I foresaw would be a great want of the Farmers—a lighter and cheaper machine expressly for mowing, than had yet been made.

And now, after the most thorough and repeated experiments and tests in every variety of field, and in all kinds and in every condition of grass, I am prepared, with entire confidence, to refer to the farmers and dealers of the United States, the great *desideratum* in this department of Agricultural labor saving machines—a Mower, superior in its capacity for good work to any hitherto introduced, of easy draft, light, cheap, and durable.

This machine I now offer as my latest invention, to meet a special want of farmers, and to place within the reach of all, a Mower that for practical working, cheapness and simplicity, will be without a rival.

I build Two-Horse and One-Horse Mowers. The Two-Horse Mower weighs 425 lbs., and cuts a swath four feet wide (or more if specially ordered.) The One-Horse Mower weighs 30 lbs. less, (395 lbs.,) and cuts a swath three and a half feet wide.

For a more full description of the Mower, reference is made to my Pamphlets, which will be furnished on application.—With each machine will be furnished two extra guards, two extra sections, one wrench and oil can.

Warranted capable of cutting ten acres of grass per day in a workmanlike manner.

Price of Two-Horse Mower, $—
" One Horse Mower, —
Delivered here on the cars.

I continue as heretofore, and with greater success than at any previous time, the manufacture and sale of "Manny's Patent Combined Reaper and Mower with Wood's Improvement." WALTER A. WOOD,
Manufacturer and Proprietor, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

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WAITING.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

I'm waiting for my darling,
While sitting by the sea,
Whom never any ship that sails
Brings back again to me.

I miss her ringing laughter,
I miss her footstep light,
I miss her welcome home again
When I come back at night.

Oh, sailor! have you seen her?
You'd know her winsome face,
Her eyes so full of tenderness,
Her form so full of grace!

Yes I have seen your darling—
A fair wind never fails
To wait the good ship unto
The shore for which she sails.

King Death they call the captain—
His crew, a spectral band—
He steers, with pennons flying,
Toward a far-off land.

No other ship goes thither
And back across that main,
The passenger he carries
He never brings again.

[*Harper's Monthly.*

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by D. D. T. Moore, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Northern District of the State of New York.

ROSAMOND;
OR,
THE YOUTHFUL ERROR.
A TALE OF RIVERSIDE.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

[Continued from page 220, last number.]

Chapter III.—Ben's Visit.

The next morning, as Mrs. Van Vechten was slowly making her toilet alone, there came a gentle rap at her door, and Rosamond Leyton appeared, her face fresh and blooming as a rose-bud, her curls brushed back from her forehead, and her voice very respectful, as she said—"I have come to ask your pardon for my roughness yesterday. I can do better, and if you will let me wait on you while you stay, I am sure I shall please you."

Mrs. Van Vechten could not resist that appeal, and she graciously accepted the girl's offer, asking her the while what had made the change in her behavior. Always frank and truthful, Rosamond explained to the lady that Mr. Browning's kindness had filled her with gratitude and determined her to do as she had done. To her Mrs. Van Vechten said nothing, but when she met her brother at the breakfast table, there was an ominous frown upon her face, and the moment they were alone she gave him her opinion without reserve. But Mr. Browning was firm. "He should have something to live for," he said, "and Heaven only knew the lonely hours he passed with no object in which to be interested. Her family, though unfortunate, were highly respectable," he added, "and if I can make her a useful ornament in society, it is my duty to do so."

Mrs. Van Vechten knew how useless it would be to remonstrate with him, and she gave up the contest, mentally resolving that "Ben should not pass his College vacations there."

When the villagers learned that Mr. Browning intended to educate Rosamond and treat her as his equal, they ascribed it wholly to the influence of his sister, who, of course, had suggested to him an act which seemed every way right and proper. They did not know how the lady opposed it, nor how, for many days, she maintained a cold reserve towards the young girl, who strove in various ways to conciliate her, and at last succeeded so far that she not only accepted her services at her toilet, but even asked of her sometimes to read her to sleep in the afternoon, a process neither long nor tedious, for Mrs. Van Vechten was not literary, and by the time the second page was reached she usually nodded her full acquiescence to the author's opinions, and Rosamond was free to do as she pleased.

One afternoon when Mrs. Van Vechten was fast asleep, and Rosamond deep in the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," (the former having selected that poem as an opiate because of its musical jingle,) there was the sound of a bounding step upon the stairs, accompanied by the stirring notes of Yankee Doodle, which some one whistled at the top of his voice. Rosamond was about going to see who it was, when the door opened and disclosed to view a long, lank, light-haired, good-natured looking youth, dressed in the extreme of fashion, with a huge gold chain dangling across his vest and an immense diamond ring upon his little finger. This last he managed to show frequently by caressing his chin, where, by the aid of a microscope, a very little down might possibly have been found! This was Ben! He had just arrived, and learning that his mother was in her room, had entered it unceremoniously. The unexpected apparition of a beautiful young girl startled him, and he introduced himself to her good graces by the very expressive exclamation, "*Thunder!* I beg your pardon, Miss," he continued, as he met her surprised and reproving glance. "You scared me so I didn't know what else to say. It's a favorite expression of mine, but I'll quit it, if you say so. Do you live here?"

"I wait upon your mother," was the quiet answer, which came near wringing from the young man a repetition of the offensive word.

But he remembered himself in time, and then continued, "How do you know she's my mother? You are right, though. I'm Ben Van Vechten—the veriest dolt in school, they say. But, as an offset, I've got a heart as big as an ox; and now, who are you? I know you are not a waiting-maid!"

Rosamond explained who she was, and then, rather pleased with his off-hand manner, began to question him concerning his journey, and so forth. Ben was delighted. It was not every girl who would of her own accord talk to him, and sitting down beside her, he told her twice that she was handsome, and unknown to her, was cautiously winding his arm around her waist, when from the rosewood bedstead there came the sharp, quick word, "Benjamin!" and, unmindful of Rosamond's presence, Ben leaped into the middle of the room, ejaculating, "Thunder! mother, what do you want!"

"I want *her* to leave the room," said Mrs. Van Vechten, pointing towards Rosamond, who, wholly ignorant of the nature of her offence, retreated hastily, wondering how she had displeased the capricious lady.

Although Ben Van Vechten would not have dared to do a thing in direct opposition to his mother's commands, he was not ordinarily afraid of her, and he now listened impatiently, while she told him that Rosamond Leyton was not a fit associate for a young man like himself. "She was a sort of nobody, whom her brother had undertaken to educate," she said, "and though she might be rather pretty, she was low-born and vulgar, as any one could see."

Ben confessed to a deficiency of eye-sight on that point, and then, as his mother showed no signs of changing the conversation, he left her abruptly and sauntered off into the garden, where he came suddenly upon Rosamond, who was finishing the Ancient Mariner in the summer-house, her favorite resort.

"So we've met again," said he, "and a pretty lecture I've had on your account."

"Why on my account?" asked Rosamond, and Ben, who never kept a thing to himself, told her in substance all his mother had said.

"She always wakes in the wrong time," said he, "and she saw me just as I was about to give you a little bit of a hug,—so"—and he proceeded to demonstrate.

Rosamond's temper was up, and equally indignant at mother and son, she started to her feet, exclaiming, "I'd thank you, sir, to let me alone."

"Whew-ew," whistled Ben. "Spunky, ain't you? Now, I rather like that. But pray don't burst a blood vessel. I've no notion of making love to you, if mother does think so. You are too small a girl."

"Too small a girl," repeated Rosamond, scornfully. "I'm *fourteen* to-morrow—quite too old to be insulted," and she darted away, followed by the merry laugh of the good-humored Ben.

Two hours before, Rosamond would not have been so excited, for though nearly fourteen, she was in thought and feeling a very child, as was proved by her asking to kiss her benefactor's hand; but Mrs. Van Vechten's remarks, repeated to her by Ben, had wrought in her a change and in some respects transformed her into a woman at once. She did not care so much for the liberties Ben had attempted to take, but his mother's words rankled in her bosom, awakening within her a feeling of bitter resentment, and when next the lady's bell rang out its summons for her to come, she sat still upon the door-steps and gave no heed.

"Rosamond," said Mrs. Peters, "Mrs. Van Vechten is ringing for you."

"Let her ring, I'm not going to wait on her any more," and Rosamond returned to the book she was reading.

Meantime, flurried and impatient, the lady above stairs pulled at the bell-rope, growing more nervous and angry with every pull, until at last, as she heard her brother's step in the hall, she went out to him and said, "I wish you'd send that girl to me. I've rung at least fifty times; and dare say she's enticing Ben again. I knew it would be so."

Going hurriedly down the stairs, Mr. Browning sought out Rosamond and said to her, "My sister is ringing for you."

"I know it, sir," and the brown eyes, which heretofore had seemed so soft and gentle, flashed upon him an expression which puzzled him.

"Then why do you not go?" he asked, and the young girl replied, "I shall not wait upon her any more."

"*Rosamond!*" said Mr. Browning. There was severity in the tone of his voice, and Rosamond roused at once.

"She says I am *vulgar*, and *low-born*, and have designs upon Ben," said she, "and it's a falsehood. My mother was as much a lady as she. I am *not* vulgar, and I hate Ben, and I won't stay here, if I must wait on *her*. Shall I go away?"

If Rosamond left, the life of the house went with her. This Mr. Browning knew; but man-like, he did not wish to be conquered by a woman, and after questioning her as to the nature of Mrs. Van Vechten's offence, he answered, "My sister says some foolish things, I know, but it is my request that you attend to her while she stays, and I expect to be obeyed."

That last word was unfortunate, for Rosamond had a strong will of her own, and tapping her little foot upon the ground, she said saucily, "And suppose you are not obeyed?"

He did not tell her she must leave Riverside, but he said, "You must answer for your disobedience to me, who have certainly some right to control you;" then, fearing that his own high temper might be tried more than he chose to have it, he walked away just in time to avoid hearing her say, "she cared less for him than for his sister!"

Rosamond was too impulsive not to repent bitterly of her conduct, and though she persisted in leaving Mrs. Van Vechten to herself, and refused to speak to Ben, whose face in consequence wore a most melancholy expression, she almost cried herself sick, and at last startled Mrs. Peters, just as that lady was stepping into bed, by declaring that she must see Mr. Browning before she slept.

* * * * * * * *

Mr. Browning sat in his library, alone. He did not usually retire early, but this night he had cause for wakefulness. The burst of passion he had witnessed in his protege, had carried him back to a time when another than little Rosamond Leyton had laughed his wishes to scorn.

"And is it ever thus with them?" he said. "Are all women furies in disguise?—and Rosamond seemed so gentle,—so good."

He did not hear the low knock on his door, for his thoughts were far away in the south-land, where he had learned his first lesson of womankind. Neither did he hear the light footfall upon the floor, but when a sweet, tearful voice said to him, "Mr. Browning, are you feeling so badly for me?" he started, and there on a hassock at his feet, sat Rosamond Leyton. The sight of her was unexpected, and it startled him for a moment, but soon recovering his composure he said gently, "Why are you here? I supposed you were in bed."

Rosamond began to cry, and with her usual impetuosity replied, "I came to tell you how sorry I am for behaving so rudely to you. I do try to govern my temper so hard, but it sometimes gets the mastery. Won't you forgive me, sir? It wasn't Rosamond that acted so,—it was a vile, wicked somebody else. Will you forgive me?" and in her dread that the coveted forgiveness might be withheld, she forgot that he was only *twenty-four*, and laid her head upon his knee, sobbing like a little child.

"Had *she* done like this, how different would my life have been," thought Mr. Browning, and involuntarily caressing the curly head, he was about to speak, when Rosamond interrupted him, saying, "I won't deceive you, Mr. Browning, and make you think I'm better than I am. I am sorry I acted so to you, but I don't believe I'm sorry about Mrs. Van Vechten. I don't like her, for she always treats me as though I were not near as good as she, and I can't wait on her any more. Must I? Oh, don't make me," and she looked beseechingly into his face.

He could not help respecting her for that inborn feeling, which would not permit herself to be trampled down, and though he felt intuitively that she was having her own way after all, he assured her of his forgiveness, and then added, "Mrs. Van Vechten will not require your services, for she received a letter to-night, saying her presence was needed at home, and she leaves us to-morrow."

"*And Ben?*" she asked, "does he go, too?"

"He accompanies his mother to New York," he said, "and I believe she intends leaving him there with a friend, until his school commences again."

In spite of herself, Rosamond rather liked Ben, and feeling that she was the cause of his banishment from Riverside, her sympathy was enlisted for him, and she said, "If I were not here, Ben would stay. Hadn't you rather send me away?"

"No, Rosamond, no; I need you here," was Mr. Browning's reply, and then as the clock struck eleven, he bade her leave him, saying it was time children like her were in bed.

As he had said, Mrs Van Vechten was going away, and she came down to breakfast next morning in her traveling dress, appearing very unamiable, and looking very cross at Rosamond, with whom she finally parted without a word of reconciliation. Ben, on the contrary, was all affability, and managed slyly to *kiss* her, telling her he should come there again in spite of his mother.

After their departure the household settled back into its usual monotonous way of living, with the exception that Rosamond, being promoted to the position of an equal, became, in many respects, the real mistress of Riverside, though Mrs. Peters nominally held the reins, and aside from superintending her work, built many castles of the future when her protege would be a full grown woman and her master still young and handsome!

Chapter IV.—Rosamond's Education.

One year has passed away since Mrs. Van Vechten departed for the South, and up the locust-lined avenue which leads to Riverside, the owner of the place is slowly riding. It is not pleasant going home to-night, and so he lingers by the way, wondering why it is that the absence of a *child* should make so much difference in one's feelings! During the year Rosamond had recited her lessons to him, but with many others he fancied no girl's education could be finished unless she were *sent away*—and two weeks before the night of which we write he had taken her himself to Atwater Seminary, a distance of more than two hundred miles, and then, with a sense of desolation for which he could not account, he had returned to his home, which was never so lonely before. There was no merry voice within the halls,—no tripping feet upon the stairs,—no soft, white hand to bathe his forehead when suffering from real or fancied headaches,—no slippers waiting by his chair,—no flowers on the mantle,—no bright face at the window,—no Rosamond at the door.

Of all this was he thinking that November afternoon, and when at last he reached his home, he went straight to his library, hoping to find a letter there, telling him of her welfare. But letter there was none, and with a feeling of disappointment he started for the parlor. The door was ajar and he caught glimpses of a cheerfully blazing fire within the grate. The shutters, too, were open and the curtains were put back just as they used to be when *she was there*. It seemed like the olden time, and with spirits somewhat enlivened he advanced into the room. His favorite chair stood before the fire, and so near to it that her head was leaning on its arm, sat a young girl. Her back was turned towards him, but he knew that form full well, and joyfully he cried, "Rosamond, how came you here?"

Amid her smiles and tears, Rosamond attempted to tell him the story of her grievances. She was home-sick, and she could not learn half so much at the Atwater Seminary as at home,—then, too, she hated the straight-jacket rules, and hated the lady boarder, who pretended to be sick, and wouldn't let the school girls breathe, especially Rosamond Leyton, for whom she seemed to have conceived a particular aversion.

Pleased as Mr. Browning was to have Rosamond with him again, he did not quite like her reasons for coming back, and he questioned her closely as to the cause of her sudden return.

"I shouldn't have come, perhaps," said Rosamond, "if that sick woman hadn't been so nervous and disagreeable. She paid enormous sums for her board, and so Mrs. Lindsey would hardly let us breathe for fear of disturbing her. My room was over hers, and I had to take off my shoes and walk on tip-toe, and even then she complained of me, saying I was rude and noisy, when I tried so hard to be still. I made some hateful remark about her in the hall, which she overheard, and when Mrs. Lindsey scolded me for it, saying she was a very wealthy lady from Florida, and accustomed to every attention at home, I said back some pert things, I suppose, for she threatened to write and tell you, and so I thought I'd come and tell you myself."

There was a dizzy whirl in Mr. Browning's brain,—a pallor about his lips,—for a terrible suspicion had flashed upon him, and leaning forward, he said in a voice almost a whisper, "What was the Florida lady's name?"

"Potter, or Porter,—yes, *Miss Porter*, that was it. But what is the matter? Are you sick?" Rosamond asked, as she saw how white he was.

"Only a sudden faintness. It will soon pass off," he said. "Tell me more of her. Did she see you? Were you near her?"

"No," answered Rosamond. "She was sick all the time I was there, and did not leave her room. The girls said, though, that she was rather pretty, but had big, black, evil-looking eyes. I don't know why it was, but I felt afraid of her,—felt just as though she was my evil genius. I couldn't help it,—but you *are* sick, Mr. Browning. You are pale as a ghost. Lie down upon the sofa, and let me bring the pillows, as I used to do."

She darted off in the direction of his sleeping-room, unconscious of the voice which called after her, asking if it were not dark in the hall, and bidding her take a light."

"But what does it matter?" he said, as he tottered to the sofa. *She* is not here. Atwater Seminary is two hundred miles away. She can't harm Rosamond now."

By this time Rosamond came with the pillows, which she arranged upon the sofa, making him lie down while she sat by, and laid her hand soothingly upon his burning forehead.

"We will have tea in here to-night," she said, "I told Mrs. Peters so, and I will make it myself. Do you feel any better?" and she brought her rosy face so near to his that he felt her warm breath upon his cheek.

"Yes, I am better," he said, "but keep your hand upon my forehead. It assures me of your presence, when my eyes are shut."

So Rosamond sat beside him, and when Mrs. Peters came in to lay the cloth, she found them thus together. Smiling knowingly, she whispered to herself, "'Nuter is the same everywhere," and the good lady bustled in and out, bringing her choicest bits and richest cake in honor of her pet's return. That night, freed from boarding-school restraint, Rosamond slept soundly in her own pleasant chamber, but to Ralph Browning, pacing up and down his room, there came not a moment of unconsciousness. He could not forget how near he had been to one who had embittered his whole life,—nor yet how near to her young Rosamond had been, and he shuddered as if the latter had escaped an unseen danger. Occasionally, too, the dread thought stole over him, "suppose she should come here, and with her eagle eyes discover what, if it exists at all, is hidden in the inmost recesses of my heart."

But of this he had little fear, and when the morning came he was himself again, and, save that it was haggard and pale, his face gave no token of the terrible night he had passed. But what should he do with Rosamond? This was the question which now perplexed him. He had no desire to send her from him again, neither would she have gone if he had—and he at last came to the very sensible conclusion that the school in his own village was quite as good as any, and she accordingly became an attendant at the Granby Female Seminary. Here she remained for two years and a half, over which time we will pass silently and introduce her again to our readers, when she is nearly eighteen,—a graduate,—a belle,—and the sunshine of Riverside. [To be continued.]

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHEMICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 54 letters.

My 1, 2, 32, 47, 33, 4, 41 is the most perfect of metallic substances.

My 7, 22, 9, 49, 23, 24, 28, 16, 17, 11, 3, 29, 27, 25, 47, 33, 12 is one of the tests for gold.

My 12, 45, 30, 51, 47, 18, 40, 50, 15, 11, 40 is one of the proximate principles of plants.

My 50, 53, 54, 3, 17 is obtained by the distillation of alcohol with sulphuric acid.

My 35, 38, 16, 28 is a sulphate of alumina and potassa.

My 37, 18, 38, 30, 27, 37 is a kind of bark used in tanning.

My 9, 3, 2, 15, 17, 18, 9 is the matter or principle of heat.

My 6, 5, 31, 41, 26 is a useful agent.

My 21, 27, 52, 1, 20, 11, 32 is the narcotic principle of opium.

My 42, 53, 3, 44, 9, 48 is an abundant principle in the vegetable kingdom.

My 9, 3, 46, 1, 30, 27, 26 is one of the ingredients of plants.

My whole is a well known truth of nature.

Pavilion, N. Y., 1859. Miss A. M. Bishop.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SURVEYING QUESTION.

The area of a right-angle triangle is one acre, the acute angles are 10 degs. and 80 degs. Please give the length of base and perpendicular.

Kingsboro, N. Y., 1859. E. G. W.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c. IN No. 494.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Analytical Orthography.

Answer to Biographic-Poetical Enigma:—Harry Homespun and Carrie Carrington.

Answer to Riddle:—Ba-king.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—The first pays $1,015 83½, and owns 4-18 of it; the second $1,523, and owns 6-18; and the third $2,030 66⅔, and owns 8-18.

Advertisements.

ELMIRA FEMALE COLLEGE—An Institution of highest grade, with Domestic Department, in which all Students engage. Total expense for session of twenty weeks, $75. Year opens Sept. 1st. For Catalogues, &c., address Rev. A. W. COWLES, D. D., Elmira, N. Y. 491

BOUNTY LAND WARRANTS!—I have such a complete record of Officers and Soldiers of the War of 1812, that I am confident I can obtain Warrants for all who are entitled to land. I should be pleased to act for all whose claims are suspended. Address me, sending stamp for return postage. WM. VAN MATER,
494tf Lyons, N. Y.

A VALUABLE BOOK FOR INVALIDS. Sent by mail, and not to be paid for until received, read, and approved of. If not approved, no charge. Dr. Samuel S. Fitch's "Six Lectures" on the Causes, Prevention, and Cure of Diseases of the Lungs, Throat, Heart, Stomach, Bowels, Liver, Kidneys, Skin, etc., Female Complaints, and Chronic diseases generally, on the Laws of Life, and the true method of curing these diseases, and preserving life and health to old age. A volume of 348 pages, with 25 illustrations, bound. We will forward a copy of it, post-paid, to any address that may be sent us, and the price, 50 cents, may be remitted (in stamps or otherwise,) after the book is received and approved of. If remitted in advance, the price is 40 cents. Apply, giving Post-Office, County, and State, to S. S. FITCH & CO.,
488-13t 714 Broadway, New York.

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D. B. DeLAND,

Acknowledging the favor and patronage which have been bestowed upon him by the Trade and others, since the commencement of his enterprise, respectfully informs his patrons and the public generally, that with greatly increased facilities he continues to manufacture a superior article of

SALERATUS, PURE CREAM TARTAR, BI CARBONATE OF SODA, SAL SODA, &c.

The above articles will be sold in all varieties of packages, at as low prices as they are afforded by any other manufacturer, and in every case warranted pure and of superior quality. Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled.

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Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y. 493wtf

HOMES FOR ALL.

THE AMERICAN

EMIGRANT AID AND HOMESTEAD COMPANY,

Having its head-quarters in the City of New York, has been organized for the sole and definite purpose of collecting information from all parts of the country wherein desirable lands may be had at low prices, and commending those lands to the attention and favor of all who may be induced to purchase and improve them. It is now ready to offer to settlers a range for selection embracing more than One Million Acres of cheap wild lands, with some improved farms, mainly in the States of Virginia, Pennsylvania, Tennessee and Missouri; and it will soon extend its operations into other States. Owners of good lands, whether improved or not, which they are willing to sell at low rates, are invited to communicate with us on the subject.

To immigrants from Europe, to the energetic young men of our compactly settled States and sections, to the hives of mechanics and laborers who throng our cities and live in constant and reasonable dread that panic or pestilence, war, revulsion, or some alteration in the channels of Trade, may, at any moment, deprive them of employment and their families of bread, we say, Resolve now, while you may, to seek a home where such perils are unknown. In every new settlement, in every thriving rural district, there is always work for the resolute and able, and a sure independence for those who by diligence and temperance deserve it.

We mean to sell lands, as well as negotiate for purchasers with those who have large tracts for sale in every part of the Union; but our attention is more specially directed to the neighboring States—Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri. Virginia especially proffers at this time remarkable inducements to immigrants. Her climate is temperate and genial—the Peach, the Apple, the Pear, the Grape, alike thrive in it—it is far better and more desirably Timbered than almost any new State; its navigable rivers and innumerable, available streams, water-power, and profusion of the most valuable minerals—Coal, Iron, Salt, Copper, &c.—are unsurpassed; the State has expended large sums in constructing Canals and Railroads across its entire breadth, which place almost every County within a few hours' ride either of its seaports or of the great inland cities of Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Wheeling, Louisville, &c.; yet fertile, inviting land, whether improved or new, is far cheaper this day in the Mother of States, than it is in Minnesota or Oregon. Nowhere else on earth can lands filled with accessible Coal or Iron Ore, covered with choice Timber, and excellent alike for Grain and Grass, Fruit and Roots, be obtained so cheaply as in Old Virginia, while to men of considerable means we can sell good farms almost within sight of Washington City for less than the fair cost of the improvements.

The Table Lands of East Tennessee present some of the most inviting fields for enterprise and industry. The climate is salubrious and healthful. Its soil is adapted to all agricultural pursuits. Its unimproved lands are covered with useful Timber, or present natural openings and Meadows producing nutritious grass. The farmer can have his products on ship board in 30 hours, and can buy his Groceries, Dry Goods, &c., at home as cheap as any one in New England. Yet we can sell him good lands with perfect, undisputed titles at from One to Three dollars per acre.

This Company recommends Organized Immigration. Let one hundred (more or less) young men or heads of families, including farmers, mechanics, millers, &c., with a lawyer, doctor, clergyman and two or more teachers, take counsel together and resolve to seek new and more eligible homes in company. Let them, clubbing their means, send two of their number to look at such lands as we are prepared to sell them, and such others as they shall see fit. Let these delegates, after a sufficient scrutiny, buy from five to twenty thousand acres in a body, embracing all the good points they require; then let them survey the whole into farms and lots of convenient size and put these up at auction to the highest bidder, whether a member of the company or not. Each member will, of course, be entitled to a return in land or money of the sum previously contributed by him to the company's funds, and to his proportion of any profit realized from the transaction. The miller or manufacturer would naturally buy the water-power; the miner or smith, the coal, if coal should be on the land; the merchant and professional man, the village lots; the wool grower, the cheap and rugged hill-sides; the grain-grower, the warm and fertile valleys. Thus happily dividing and beginning to settle their tract as interest, taste, or convenience shall dictate, the Company will form a sort of spontaneous township, with its roads, bridges, stores, schools, church, &c., substantially after the New England pattern, such a location may easily be made; and into such a one, Slavery will have neither pretext nor desire to enter. The city of Wheeling, the Quaker portion of Loudoun county, not to speak of new experiments, fairly exemplify the law we here indicate.—Thus, before a steady and copious influx of Free-Labor immigration, Slavery quietly and gradually disappears without convulsion or heart-burning, and the settlers will find their property quadrupled by the single act of settlement.

Young men! We proffer you cheap land, ample timber, a mild and healthful climate, adaptation to all the grains, grasses and fruits of the temperate zone, with ready access to ample and remunerative markets at all seasons. This day, more than half the arable land in Virginia has never been turned by a plow, while much of the good lands once generously productive, is now but meagerly so. Good treatment will readily and surely restore them to their pristine fertility. No stronger inducements to industry, no better opportunities to hew out a certain competence, no nobler theater for exertion is proffered anywhere at cost. Will you call upon or write us for particulars? Please address FRANCIS W. TAPPAN, President, or JNO. C. UNDERWOOD, General Agent Am. Emigrant Aid and Homestead Company, No. 116 Broadway, New York. 491

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494wo WM. CARSON, Agent.

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THE LARGEST CIRCULATED

Agricultural, Literary and Family Weekly,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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AGRICULTURE · RURAL LIFE · EXCELSIOR · LITERATURE · SCIENCE · ARTS · NEWS

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates.—It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other Journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

RURAL LETTERS FROM EUROPE.—2.

BY SANFORD HOWARD.

GLASGOW CATTLE SHOW.—Ayrshire and other Dairy Breeds, and the "Points" by which they are Judged—Short-horns, Galloways and West Highlanders—Draft Horses, Roadsters and "Ponies for Milk Carts"—Black-faced Mountain Sheep—American Reaping and Mowing Machines—Cattle Fair at Tarbolton; Location, Traditions, &c.,—The Scene, Past and Present contrasted—WALLACE and BURNS; Historic Reminiscences, &c.—Closing Scenes of the Fair.

KILMARNOCK, Scotland, June 18, 1859.

In my last I made a brief allusion to the Glasgow Cattle Show, and a more particular notice of some portions of it may be interesting to some of your readers. To the public generally, the most attractive department was the Ayrshire cattle. In several of the western counties of Scotland, dairying is extensively carried on. Butter and cheese are made in large quantities, and in the large towns much milk is sold. The Ayrshire breed of cows is almost universally kept here, and it is deemed settled that they are the most profitable for the purposes mentioned. In fact it is the only dairying breed in Scotland. Other breeds have been tried—as the milking (Yorkshire) variety of the Short-horn, and the Channel Islands (Alderney) breed. The former is less hardy than the Ayrshire, is a large consumer, and is said to afford less milk—and especially less butter—in proportion to the cost of keeping. The Channel Islands breed answers well for butter, where good shelter is given, but does not bear the exposure which the Ayrshires are generally subjected to, and is less profitable in the cheese dairy. The Ayrshires are constantly disseminating themselves. They are rapidly increasing in Ireland; many orders are annually sent from England for them, and even the governments of France, Prussia, Russia, and other countries have sent agents to procure them. The rising colonies of Australia and Van Dieman's Land have also introduced them. The reputation which the breed has acquired, has tended to make breeders more careful in their system of breeding, and much improvement has been the result. I cannot help thinking, however, that the rules by which this stock is sometimes judged, are in some respects at variance with the principles of actual utility.—Too much attention is paid to a fashion in regard to the shape of the udder and the position of the teats. No doubt the shape, and especially the capacity of this organ has more or less to do with the power of the animal for yielding a large quantity of milk; but that the special model assumed here, is always indicative of the relative intrinsic value of the animal for milking purposes, cannot be shown. Indeed, several persons have been candid enough to admit, that a cow which did not come up to the fashionable standard in this point, might afford an equal or greater quantity of milk, and be in no way inferior on the score of actual profit. Yet the shape of the "vessel," (as it is called,) is often made the leading, and sometimes almost the only point, in judging cows in milk. At a show, (not that of Glasgow,) which I lately attended, the medal for the best cow or heifer, was awarded to a clumsy-headed, sour-countenanced, weak-backed animal, which I would not have accepted as a gift. But this was probably an exceptional case, and I am glad to know that there are breeders who will not be led by the mere caprice of the day, to sacrifice the most important points in reference to constitution and general usefulness.

The classes of "aged" animals (those three years old and over,) of the Ayrshire breed, at the Glasgow Show, were very fine. Several of the bulls and cows were almost faultless, so far as regards their external points, and it was wholly by these, in connection with pedigree, that they were judged—no statement, so far as I could learn, respecting the quantity of milk, butter or cheese, afforded by any cow, being given or required.—The one which took the first premium as a cow in milk, was a really splendid animal, lately bought by her present owner for £90—$450.

There was a good show of Short-horns. They were judged wholly in reference to their fattening points. With the exception of a single animal, none of them competed in the dairy classes.

Next came the Galloways and West Highlanders—aboriginal breeds of Caledonia, and admirably adapted to her heathy mountains and moors. Both are very handsome in form, though differing somewhat from each other. The West-Highlanders occupy the bleakest districts, and thousands of them are reared without shelter and with no other food, except a little milk from their dams in early childhood, than what they grub from the rugged pastures. Nature has given them a coat of hair which protects their bodies against the winter's storm. Some of them at this show had still a considerable portion of their last year's hair, three or four inches long, hanging in patches on them. The Galloways are not as heavily coated as the Highlanders, and belong to a lower country. They are larger, but hardly as deep-chested in proportion to their size as the Highlanders—very round-bodied, and lay their flesh very evenly. These breeds would be valuable in America, in the hilly and mountainous districts and on the north-western prairies. They are bred almost exclusively for beef, but some of the Highland cows present by no means a mean appearance for dairy purposes, and their milk is of the richest kind and affords butter of the best quality.

There was a large display of draft horses, chiefly of the Clydesdale breed. They are the best horses of their kind that I have ever seen. Their weight is from 1,500 to 2,000 lbs each, their shape excellent, and their action much superior to that of any other large horses I have anywhere met with. There was a class of roadsters, among which were some fairish animals, but quite inferior to our best horses of this class. A very useful kind of horse was shown under the name of "Ponies for Milk Carts." They were generally about 14 to 14½ hands high, snugly made, full of muscle, and generally fair trotters. They would weigh from 950 to 1,000 lbs. each.

There was a large display of the Black-faced Mountain Sheep, and to me they had a very interesting appearance. Their native habitat is the same as that of the Highland cattle, and there is between them a similarity of characteristics. Probably there are no hardier sheep in the world, or any which have a more striking individuality or fixity of type. The rams have very large horns, handsomely curved, and the ewes have small horns. Their heads, black or speckled, are beautiful—the eye full and bright. Their wool, of a year's growth, nearly reaches to the ground. A prettier sight is seldom seen than a flock of these sheep, led by a line of bold, active, full-horned rams, followed by ewes and young lambs. I think the breed may be useful in America, and I have bought a small lot for Mr. ISAAC STICKNEY, of Boston.

Among the implements at the Glasgow Show were McCORMICK'S reaping machine, HUSSEY'S, and MANNY'S and WOOD'S combined reapers and mowers. The two former have been somewhat modified since their introduction into Britain. The latter has been tried the present season as a mower, in England, with good results.

A few days ago I attended a fair for the sale of cattle, at Tarbolton. The occasion was not entirely novel, as I had attended some fairs of this kind before, but taken in connection with the associations of the place, it had a peculiar interest. It will be recollected that this town and neighborhood are connected with the Plowman Poet of Ayrshire, or to give him a higher title by which he is recognized, the National Poet of Scotland. The fair was held on what is called Fire Hill—that "hill" which BURNS says he "had come round about"—(it is hinted that he could not have traveled the foot-path which leads over it that night)—where he met the grim personage who communicated to him the designs of Doctor HORNBROOK. This hill is a singular spot for the curious. It is principally a natural elevation, at the apex of which is a mound of artificial formation, where, according to tradition, the Druids held religious worship. They kept a fire burning here day and night, for certain periods, and called the place Tar-bolton. Partly in remembrance of this ancient custom, the present inhabitants keep a fire here all the night preceding the annual fair. This has been done from the earliest period of the Anglo-Saxon occupancy. At the foot of the mound is a broad terrace, where it is said the heathen worshipers were gathered, and who were kept from the sacred mount by a circle of trees at its base. It is said that at a later period, this spot was the seat of judiciary tribunals for the inhabitants of the neighborhood.

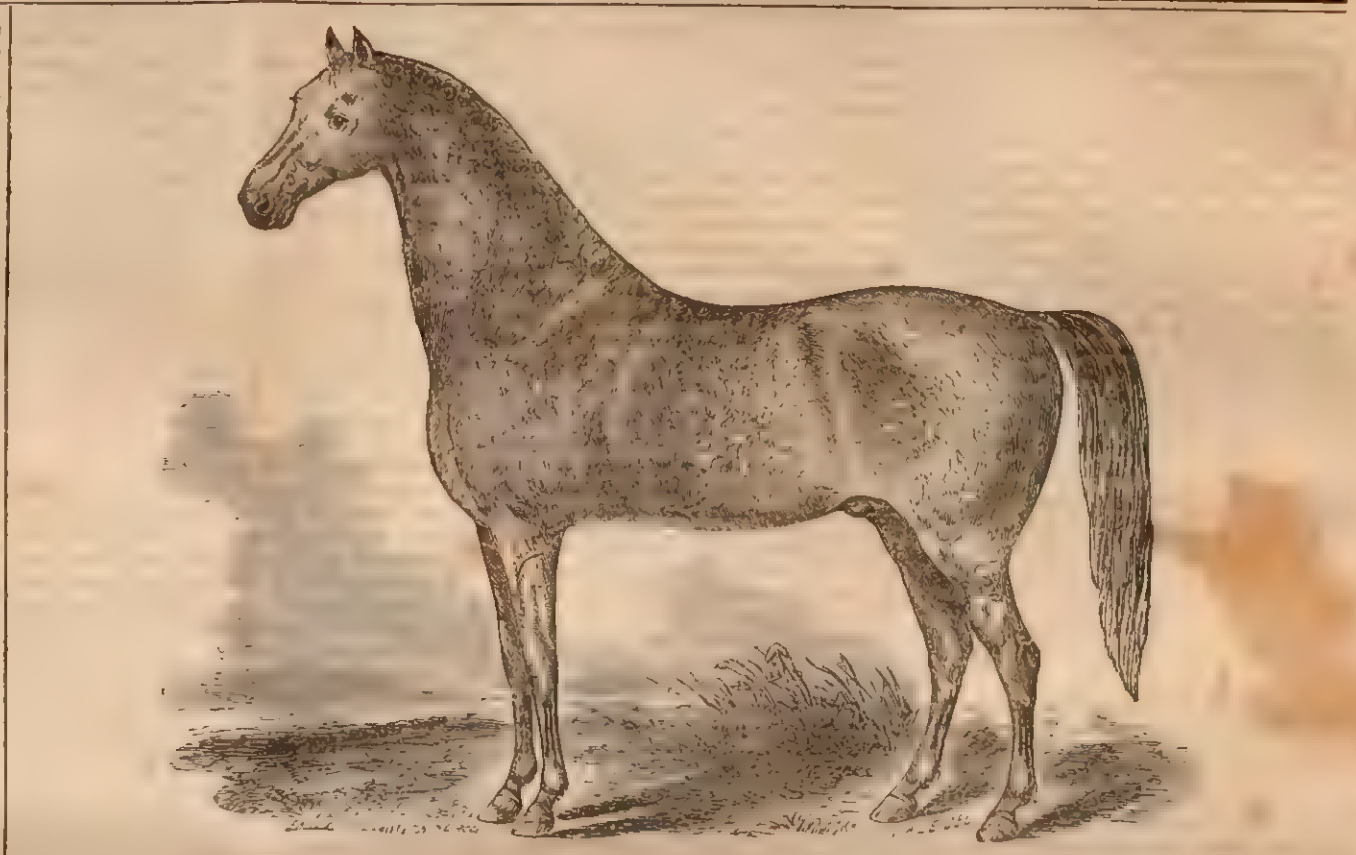
On this terrace and on the slope of the hill below, were collected on the present occasion, within the space of two hours, between 100 and 500 head of cattle with their attendants, while on the whole hill were several thousand persons, as purchasers or spectators. It was a most interesting scene.—Viewing it from the top of the mound, one could hardly help comparing it, in the mind's eye, with the scenes enacted here in former years. How wide the contrast! Under the influence of Christian civilization, as here displayed, how has the condition of man been improved, and his sentiments exalted. Where the rude hunter obtained but a precarious subsistence, the landscape smiles under the hand of skillful cultivation; green meadows alternating with fields of waving grain are presented on every hand, while immediately before the eye is a rich display of one the most important products of Agriculture.

But there are other associations which heighten the interest of the picture. On an eminence within view, is the lofty monument erected within a few years to the memory of "Scotia's ill-requited chief," WILLIAM WALLACE, in the inscription on which the name of our WASHINGTON is combined with that of the Scottish hero and the hero of Thermopylae, and all of them declared to be "Watchwords of Liberty." At a little distance, and almost within sight, are the ruins of Cragie Castle, which is said to have belonged to the WALLACE family, and where he is believed to have sometimes resided.

Much of "The Land of BURNS" is embraced in the view. In the distance are the Cumnock hills, o'er which "the rising moon began to glower" when the poet sat himself with all his power to counther horns, but could not tell whether she had "three or four." A little nearer, in the same direction, are the woods of Ballochrugle, the spires of the town of Mauchline, the scene of several of his poems, and near which is the farm of Mossgiel where he resided; while Lochleven, his previous residence, is in this (Tarbolton) parish, and only two miles distant. At the foot of the hill is "Willie's Mill," "Johnny Ged's Hole," and the cottage where the "Brethren of the Mystic Tie" assembled, of whom he took that touching, "heart-warm, fond adieu," when he had prepared to go to the Indies.

The business of the Fair was dispatched with great rapidity. By one o'clock, P. M., nearly all the cattle had been sold, and many of them had left the ground. I may here remark, that a fee of half a penny per head was collected for the cattle offered, and this was all that was required to obtain the facilities of the Fair.

Shortly after 12 o'clock a band of music appeared on the mound (the top of the hill,) and many well-dressed ladies stationed themselves there for a while, listening to the stirring airs from the instruments, and enjoying the rural holiday. Children of various ages had been out by hundreds all the morning. Soon after 2 o'clock every person and every animal left the hill, and nothing was seen of Turbotton Fair, except the numerous lots of cattle wending their way, on the various roads, to the farms of their new owners. But the picture was daguerreotyped on my mind, and will often be reviewed with pleasure.



MR. MACK'S TROTTING STALLION "NORMAN."

THIS fine Norman Horse, now the property of CHAS. S. MACK, Lockport, Niagara Co., N. Y., is 17 years old, 16 hands high, and weighs 1,255 lbs. His native color, a beautiful dapple grey, (now light dapple;) was got by Norman, (by some called "Morse's Grey,") out of a Messenger mare; grandsire, imported Norman, brought from Normandy, France, to Quebec, and purchased by JAMES MCNETT, of Washington Co., N. Y., and put into the stud barn. "Norman" took the first premium at the New York State Fair, Syracuse, 1849, being then owned by WM. P. NOTTINGHAM, of Palmyra, Wayne Co., N. Y., where he was very successful in the stud.

"Norman" is half brother to "Gen Taylor," of California—also half-brother to "Grey Eddy," now of Philadelphia—and is the sire of "Prince John," of New York City.

WHAT ABOUT FODDER?

THE *poetical* element in hay-making is sadly deficient when a "short crop" looks the farmer full in the face. The "ring of the mower's scythe" is very musical, no doubt, when a full swath of rich, luxuriant grass marks its sweep, but harsh and discordant are the notes when naught but stunted, woody fibre falls beneath the strokes of the mower. The haying season is with us once again, but it brings not the agreeable associations, the "wealth of blossoms," and the "sweet odors" of days aforetime. The most improved processes of cutting and curing will prove of little value to farmers in this vicinity—he who will tell how to manage so that one ton may be as valuable in stock-feeding as two have heretofore, will most assuredly become a benefactor worthy the highest honors. Less than this ratio will be gladly received, yet it is our belief that the *money valuation* will be nearly doubled within a year.

It may be profitable to review the current rates at which hay has sold in our market for ten years, (taking the middle of present month for the time,) hence we extract from the market reports of the RURAL for the period designated:

1850	$ 8 00@$ 9 00
1851	7 00@ 11 00
1852	8 00@ 12 00
1853	10 00@ 12 00
1854	8 00@ 12 00
1855	8 00@ 14 00
1856	6 00@ 12 00
1857	8 00@ 13 00
1858	6 00@ 9 00
1859	10 00@ 16 00

The extreme rates of '55 and '55 were but temporary,—caused by the pressure of labor upon the farmers and their consequent non-appearance in market,—and the close of the month witnessed a decline equal to two or three dollars per ton. In 1853 corn was considerable lower than at present—63a65 cents per bushel—while oats were worth only 40a42 cents. In 1855 grain of all descriptions took an almost unprecedented advance, on account of the foreign demand. Corn then reached $1,00 and oats 58 cents, but wheat was worth $2,50a $2,62½ per bushel. Now, while all other kinds of grain are declining in price, corn holds its rate of 75a80 cents per bushel, and oats are in demand at 45a50 cents the weighed bushel—an advance of five cents since our issue of 2d July.

But enough concerning prices,—when men have nothing to sell an array of figures are only arithmetical aggravations. True enough,—did the aggravating influences extend no further we would be ready to exclaim, with the ocean-lookout, "all's well!" What is a depleted purse to an empty stomach? That the probabilities seem to indicate the necessity for an exceeding and very unusual care in the dispensation of fodder, or "short commons," at the very least, will inevitably follow, the greatest doubter in "panic crop-reports" cannot deny. One of the most observing and intelligent of our farmers, in speaking upon the condition of the grass lands, remarked that "upon new meadows the crop was light, and upon old, without exception, it was not worth the labor of shaving." The keeper of the hay-market in this city,—who has noted the various fluctuations in value, with the causes for such changes,—gives his unqualified opinion that hay, from its scarcity, will rule much higher in this market than ever before.

The evident lightness of our hay crop leads to the query, What About Fodder? During the ten years that the RURAL has been in existence, the stock in our county—and, in fact, through Western New York—has increased fully one-third in numbers, and the consumption of fodder is proportionably heavier. The number of actual consumers—stock kept in cities, for which all provender is and must be purchased—exceeds the ratio given, and the needs of such will be greater than at any previous period. This being the actual condition of affairs, policy, if no higher motive, should urge the farmer to the accumulation and preservation of everything that can be profitably used in keeping up the animal economy of the country. The strongest of arguments for such a course may be gathered upon every grass field in this section—he that runs may read, and we hope all will be eventually benefited by the warning lessons now furnished us from the great Book of Nature.

HOW TO RAISE TURKEYS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In the RURAL of June 25th there is an inquiry from Cayuga Co., N. Y., about raising turkeys, which I will answer. Feed young turkeys with curd, made by heating thick sour milk and draining it through a coarse cloth. Then season it well with pounded black pepper, and give them sour milk to drink. Put in plenty of pepper, especially if the weather is cold or wet. The old turkey, or hen, can be fed corn if you choose, as the young ones will not eat it until they

are quite advanced. "*Meal*" will make young turkeys "*droop*" and *die*, as surely as it is fed to them, but by feeding as above directed, a careful person will not lose one turkey in raising a hundred. If any should show signs of drooping or sickness, increase the pepper and they will come up all right. Quite young turkeys should be protected from the wet, as they are very easily affected by it—often fatally. MISS KATE A. GREEN.
Lancaster, Erie Co., N. Y., 1859.

MESSRS. EDS.:—In the RURAL of June 25th, I noticed an inquiry about turkey raising. Now it is just as easy to "raise" a brood of turkeys as of chickens, and (if raised for market) a great deal more profitable. I will give the method "our folks" have tried for the last three years and with good success, not having lost a single turkey.—Here goes. We put the eggs under a hen and when "hatched" put them into a coop and fed them *well* with oat-meal, and occasionally some sour milk. We give no pepper. When they were about six or eight weeks old they leave the hen to scratch "on their own book." We then fed them a little barley, say once or twice a day, till fall. A nicer lot of "Thanksgiving Turkeys" was not to be found and they brought the highest price in the fall. Raising them with a hen prevents their rambling off as they would with the "old turkey"—and, again, corn meal is not good for turkeys—it is too "loosening." None of our neighbors who have used it have had good luck with theirs.—W. G. RICHEY, *Malone, Franklin Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

MESSRS. EDS.:—In answer to an inquiry by a "Reader of the RURAL," I will give him my mode of Turkey Raising. In the first place I winter over the largest and best turkeys that I have, and make them lay and set in the barn, but not near the roost, on account of the lice. When they come off the nest I grease their heads with lard, give them a boiled egg two or three times, and wheat bread and new milk till they get to be four or five weeks old. They do not like meal and I do not think it is good for them when young, but after they get to be a month old, then give them meal.—I wintered two turkeys and have got thirty-six young ones, have lost but one, and that was caught by the hawks.—C. H. REXFORD, *Madrid, N. Y.*

NEW YORK STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

Laying of the Corner Stone.

OVID, July 7, 1859.

FRIEND MOORE:—The ceremonies attendant upon laying the Corner Stone of the State Agricultural College to-day, were highly interesting, and as you were precluded from participating in the proceedings of the occasion and taking notes, I give you a brief account of the "transactions."

The ceremonies took place of course upon the College Grounds. About 1 o'clock Gov. KING, and most of the Trustees, with many leading and active friends of the College, formed a procession at the Farm House and were escorted to the platform by the citizens of Ovid, preceded by the Geneva Brass Band. A large concourse had assembled, numbering not less than four to five thousand—people who, from their behavior and attention, exhibited their deep interest in the proceedings.

On arriving at the foundation of the College edifice, Gov. KING called the assemblage to order, and an appropriate prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. HUNT of Ithaca. Col. B. P. JOHNSON, Secretary of the Board of Trustees, read the contents of the box to be placed in the Corner Stone, as follows.

Contents of Box Deposited under Corner Stone, July 7, 1859.

Plate with the following inscription:

NEW YORK STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE,
JULY 7, 1859.
Corner Stone Laid by
HON. JOHN A. KING, Chairman Board of Trustees.
Chartered April 15, 1853.
JOHN DELAFIELD, 1st President: died October 28, 1853.
SAMUEL CHEEVER, 2d President: resigned June 30, 1858.

TRUSTEES, July 7, 1859: John A. King, William Kelly, B. P. Johnson, Henry Wager, Wm. Buell, A. A. Post, Joel W. Bacon, J. B. Williams, E. P. Prentice, Samuel Cheever, Addison Gardiner, M. R. Patrick, Rufus K. Delafield, Alexander Thompson, Arad Joy, James O. Sheldon, Benjamin N. Huntington.

OFFICERS: John A. King, Chairman Board Trustees; B. P. Johnson, Secretary; Arad Joy, Treasurer; J. E. Seeley, Counsel to Board; S. E. Hewes, Albany, Architect; Thomas Crawford, Geneva, Builder.

The Bible, Transactions of the New York State Agricultural Society and American Institute, Red Book, Legislative Manual of New York, Norton's Elements of Agriculture, John Delafield's Report of the Seneca County Agricultural Society, Charter of the College, 1853, List of Officers, and Trustees and Regulations.—Reports of Trustees to the Legislature, 1858–59. Agricultural Papers, State of New York. Daily Papers:—Albany and New York, and other papers from the State. List of Trustees and Officers since charter.—Rev. B. W. Sprague's Sermon on the Completion of the Atlantic Telegraph. Copy of the last letter of Baron Alexander Von Humboldt on receiving the Transactions of the New York State Agricultural Society, April 15th, 1859, with a letter from the Hon. J. A. Wright, American Minister, Berlin. List of Premiums of the New York State Agricultural Society, 1859, and list of officers. Proceedings at the Dedication of the New State Agricultural Rooms, February 12th, 1857, with addresses by B. P. Johnson, Samuel Cheever, T. C. Peters, Wm H. Bogart, Wm. Kelly, Gov. John A. King, Harvey Baldwin. Addresses before the New York State Agricultural Society, by Hon. Edward Everett, Joe E. Williams, Alonzo S. Upham, Wm. T. McCoun and others. Dr. Asa Fitch's Reports on the Insects of New York. B. P. Johnson's Report on the World's Fair, 1851. List of the Subscribers and Donors to the College.

Gov. KING then laid the Corner Stone, and delivered a capital address to the people in attendance. The address will of course be furnished for publication. Briefer addresses were also made by Maj M. R. PATRICK, of Sackett's Harbor; Hon A. B. CONGER, President of the State Ag Society; Hon. J. B. WILLIAMS, of Ithaca, Col. B. P. JOHNSON, and others. The remarks of the several gentlemen were appropriate, timely and interesting.

The evening was celebrated in the village of Ovid by a very liberal display of fire works.

The New York State Agricultural College has now become a fixed fact, and its completion placed beyond the contingency of a doubt. I am not, on many accounts, pleased with the location, but still the Farm has great capacity, and perhaps is well adapted for the purposes intended. I regret that want of time precludes me from entering into details regarding the future of the College. It must not now be allowed to falter or fail.

Yours, P.

RICE vs. BEANS.

THAT an antagonistic spirit exists in man is fully evident—that a similar spirit exists in vegetables is not so generally known, and yet, believing it does exist, we shall offer in evidence the following:

No country was ever settled by a people laboring under severer deprivations and difficulties than New England. The determination to succeed, alone carried them through the labor of making the desert to "blossom as the rose." The hardships endured by them were romantic and thrilling beyond description. Thrown upon a rugged, uncultivated soil they were forced to be frugal in dress and diet. Among the vegetables found at their board we note *one*, chief in excellence and first in importance as a nutritious, healthful food. Grown upon their own soil by their own labor, and, withal, being exceedingly palatable, it is no marvel that this vegetable should become the patron diet of the hardy Puritans. It was not to gorge the appetite with the enervating products secured by commerce that they risked all in one throw for a home in the rugged forests of the West. The wilderness is no place for the gratification of an epicurean palate—at least it is not when men have the making of a nation and a government before them. To confess the truth, it must be admitted that the fare of the New Englanders was seldom that to tempt the appetite. It was rather promotive of sound heads, strong nerves, and sinewy arms for labor and defence. Hence, because first in value—prominent among the gifts of CERES—we record *Beans*.

This product entered very largely into the diet of the early settlers, and was prepared in several different ways—prominent among which was bean-soup—more commonly known as bean-porridge,

"Best when nine days old."

To this invaluable aid, we attribute the manly virtues, and strict morals, so long characteristic of the New Englanders. At the period of which we speak, this leguminous vegetable was so extensively cultivated and was so fully promotive of the success and progress of the people as to deserve being called the Era of Beans—or the age when the Yankees were emphatically above the reproach of "not knowing beans!" The boys and girls of this period were hardy and vigorous, and could tell "which side their bread was buttered" and "how they came by it." Their wants, engendered by such a regime, were neither fictitious nor difficult to satisfy, while the strength imparted is evidenced in the changes produced by their labor in not only the Eastern States, but New York, Ohio, and the West.

Their homely diet begat no burning desires for the expensive or showy in dress, and frequently the genuine home-spun arrayed the strong limbs, and set off the charms of the generous, hearty and happy "young folks." Wisdom smiled upon them, and the first men of our nation out-grew their sunny locks within range of the hunger-appeasing, odoriferous soup kettle.

The War of Independence served in no way to detract from the value and fame of beans. In fact they seem to have joined in promoting the cause, and contributed no inconsiderable items of aid in times of necessity towards the final result. The devotees of our hero looked for developments fluttering alike to their own labor and abstemious diet at the close of the war; nor were they disappointed. Cities arose,—commerce increased,—wealth was sought and flowed in as a reward for their constant labors. Nor in trade, commerce and the accumulation of wealth, were they alone successful—they maintained their rights in legislative halls, and commanded not only national respect, but the respect of all nations; so that the representatives of the "bean faction" were the messengers of the government.

But at length, after having enjoyed long and uninterrupted supremacy over all other vegetables, a rival enters the hitherto unobstructed path of our progressive hero. Cultivated by a different race of people who neither possessed the soil upon which it was grown, or were allowed the product of their own labor, *Rice* was at an early day offered in exchange for the ingenuity of the partisans of beans. Every argument which fancy could invent—and every inducement which reason could offer—were used in introducing this vegetable upon the tables of the Spartan followers of our "Hero of the North." Its success was not immediate, but it gained a foothold, and as a luxury, was occasionally offered upon the same table with our veteran, free-labor product.

Little fear was entertained in the beginning of an unfavorable result to our own toil-earned product; but for some unexplained cause,—although rice did not supply the place of beans as food,—the latter grew into less and less repute, until only found offered when an occasional day of extra physical exertion called for increased supplies of healthful nutriment.

The result of the abandonment of beans has been fertile in multiplied disasters. The wisdom of judgment,—the energy of action,—the high aim and unswerving integrity of purpose,—which once characterized our representatives is no more. Our parties are broken—our councils distracted—our efforts feeble and profitless. Rice has gained in every onset, and if not apparently victorious, manages to recruit its strength in every struggle. Triumph has followed triumph, until we behold the antagonism of vegetables engaging the attention of the highest intellects of the civilized world and distracting and rendering stormy and boisterous the councils of a great people.

The powers of wisdom, the labors of philosophy, and the cunning of reason, have all been invoked to assign the cause of our present position in the Financial, Commercial and Political world, and each has been baffled—the real cause remaining hidden. Our finances are deranged by the gratification of *imaginary wants*—our commerce through the derangement of our finances; while the cause of our political troubles is the prolific cause of each and singular of the above—simply this; we no longer *know* the patron diet of the north—the leguminous bean.

The whole swarming throng of evils which have come upon us like the murrain, and frogs, and lice of Egypt, are but afflictions from a dispensing hand to bring us again to a knowledge of our peculiar interests by acquaintance with beans.

Our people have not only forgotten beans in the outward world—politics, finance, &c.—but the body and heart have become contaminated. Rice, with its able and efficient supporters in the contest—Cotton and Tobacco—has introduced many and grievous habits. And as one vice alone seldom takes its abode in the human heart, so others follow in sickening detail, clinging like leeches to the deluded recruits of our Arch-Adversary until taken as bosom companions, thus evidencing that we are worthy the reproach, as a people, of *not knowing beans*.

O! ye deluded sons and daughters of the Puritans! acquire the habits and virtues, and adopt the manners and dress of your successful fathers, that your liberties may be upheld, your good name maintained, and your triumph insured. Think not to acquire happiness by abandoning the teachings of your worthy sires for those of to-day, and remember that, although "the wicked flourish for a season, their end is death." Harden not your hearts like PHARAOH of old, but consider present visitations persuasive enough to direct you into the way, and ever after in national councils—in politics, and finance, and morals, cling to the interests of your own soil in opposition, if it must be, to all all others, and let no antagonism of vegetables, or lure of trade, blind you from knowing our true-born, politic and sagacious counselor—the Shekinah of our success and liberty—the Leguminous Bean. W. H. GARDNER.

Amboy, Ill., 1859.

HOW SHOULD HAY BE CURED?

EDS. RURAL:—A farmer in a late number says, "The process of curing (hay) should, if possible, be perfected in the cock," and he seems afraid of the burning sun. This is a mistake. The true way is to "make hay when the sun shines." I have owned horses for the past twenty years, and have never had one get the heaves. I attribute their exemption to making the hay I have fed them, by curing in the sun, without cocking. Grass, with all its juices, particularly clover, will soon heat and sweat. And hay that has ever been sweated, let it be in cock or mow, must be dusty. In fact, the hay is partially or wholly destroyed in proportion to the heating. I admit, in most climates, (like the English,) there is some excuse for curing in the cock, but not the least in this climate. In drying by the sun the grass is cured by extraneous heat, while cock-cured grass has, by destructive fermentation, to furnish its own heat, and it does so at a great loss. Now, if we had room and leisure to hang up our hay and cure it in the same manner that tobacco is cured, and as medical men do their herbs, it would be the best way, but that, of course, won't pay. Nobody would think of putting tobacco, or any herbs for medicinal purposes, when green, in heaps or cocks to self cure by the heating and destructive process. Then why persist in curing the food of animals in that way? CALEB WINEGAR.

Lake Grove, N. Y., 1859.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Culture of Potatoes.

A WRITER in the *Prairie Farmer* thinks potatoes are seriously injured by working when wet with dew or rain, and relates the following experiment tried last year:—"A part of his potato field, the whole of which was treated alike, and a good soil, he plowed and hoed once only, in the middle of the day when the ground was perfectly dry, leaving them untouched until dug in October. The vines kept green throughout the season, and the crop of potatoes was very large. The other portion of the field was worked three times when the ground was wet with dew. These blighted early, gave but half a crop, and that of an inferior quality. The seed and time of planting were the same."

Chafing Under the Collar.

WE clip the following from the Boston *Journal*: "A gentleman who has tried the plan successfully for five years, communicates the annexed method of preventing horses from chafing under the collar. He says he gets a piece of leather and has what he terms a false collar made, which is simply a piece of leather cut in such a shape as to lie, singly, between the shoulders of the horse and the collar. This fends off all the friction, as the collar slips and moves on the leather, and not on the shoulders of the horse. Chafing is caused by friction, hence, you see, the thing is entirely plausible. Some persons puts pads or sheep-skins under the collar; these, they say, do as much hurt as good, for they augment the heat. A single piece of leather, like that composing the outside of a collar, without any lining or stuffing, he assures us, is better than anything else."

New Kind of Cattle Food.

THE English beef breeders are always on the lookout for cheap and nutritious feed for their stock. They use up everything that they can grow at home, and import millions of tons of different kinds of feed to supply the deficiency. More than 100,000 tons of oil cake are imported annually into the island, the greater part of which is obtained in the United States. The London *Farmers' Magazine* gives an account of a new species of cattle food which is beginning to be imported in large quantities, and used by the farmers. It is called the "Locust," or locust beans. It is the fruit of the locust tree (*Ceratonia Siliqua*) which grows in Spain and South of Europe. It states that in Sicily the quantity gathered amounts to eleven or twelve thousand tons in a year. They have long been used as cattle food in Spain, and are even relished by the inhabitants when fresh and ripe, from the sweet pulp they contain. According to a careful analysis these Carole or Locust beans give 65 per cent. of sugar and gum, and about 25 per cent. of nutritious vegetable matter.

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE WEATHER—HAYING AND HARVESTING.—The weather of the past week has been most auspicious for the labor in which farmers are generally engaged—Haying and Harvesting. The present week opened very warm, and as we write (Tuesday) the weather is becoming hot and dry. Considerable grass was cut last week. The crop is very light, as previously reported. Many farmers commenced harvesting wheat and barley ten days ago, and that important labor will be mostly completed in this region the present week. Both crops are generally good. Except in limited localities where it was injured by frost, the wheat crop is remarkably fine. Of course comparatively little is grown, but in proportion to the amount the yield promises to be most satisfactory. Had as much been sown as of yore—of early varieties, at the right time, and on proper soil—Western New York would this season produce a large surplus of "pure Genesee."

WHEAT IN WESTERN NEW YORK.—For nearly a decade past, Western New York has scarcely been "counted in" by those who annually make estimates relative to the Wheat Crop, its probable yield, &c. The prevalence of the midge for several successive years, discouraged the great mass of wheat growers, and but little ground has been occupied latterly by the former staple—though the success of some in obtaining a good yield last year, induced many others to "try again," and sow somewhat liberally last fall. The result, thus far, has been most favorable, where the proper conditions were observed as to varieties, soil, and time of seeding—except in localities where the Wheat was affected by the severe June frost. Indeed, during the past ten days *we have seen as fine fields of Wheat in this county as were grown before the appearance of the midge*. Many of these bid fair to produce from thirty to forty bushels of first quality Wheat to the acre. Among others, we examined several fields of Dayton wheat, the product of seed brought from Ohio last fall by Capt. R. FLINN, of Le Roy. It is a very fine variety—a white bald wheat, with short, stiff straw, and if it acclimates as well as the Mediterranean, will prove invaluable in this region. ELISHA HARMON, Esq., of Wheatland, has seventy acres of this variety, which we think will average at least thirty bushels to the acre. We are aware that "one swallow does not make a summer"—that the present season has been remarkably favorable for the growth and maturity of the wheat plant—yet, from information obtained last season and this, from observation and reliable cultivators, we are satisfied that the former great staple of this section of the Union, can still be successfully and profitably cultivated. We are devoting time and attention to the subject, *and confidently believe that we shall soon be able to state how the midge can be headed and wheat grown abundantly in Western New York.*

—Most of the wheat we have seen is of the early varieties—such as the Mediterranean, Golden Drop, and Dayton—yet we hear of some fine fields of the Soule's variety. A great portion of the wheat hereabouts will be harvested the present week.

STATE AG. COLLEGE.—Though we were prevented from witnessing the laying of the Corner Stone of this College, on Thursday last, one of our Special Contributors, who was present, gives a brief account of the proceedings, as published elsewhere. The occasion was apparently very pleasant and interesting to all participants—and we suspect that our friend P. was then and there more active and oratorical than his modest report showeth. The origin, progress and objects of the Institution are fully set forth in the address of Ex-Gov. KING, a portion or all of which we shall endeavor to publish in a future number. The affairs of the College have not, perhaps, been managed in the wisest manner, thus far, yet we trust the Institution will, ere long, become worthy its name and an honor to the Empire State. The College edifice is said to be well advanced—one entire story being complete, and also portions of the second. The Farm extends from Seneca Lake to the village of Ovid, a distance of nearly two miles, and possesses many advantages, in both soil and location, for the purposes to which it is to be devoted.

—A correspondent writing us relative to the laying of the Corner Stone of the State Ag. College, calls attention to the fact that the Programme of the occasion was headed "New York State Agricultural *Society*," and asks for an explanation—whether it was a misprint, or an intended (though sudden) intermingling of the two institutions. We are not advised, and can impart no light on the subject.

THE NEW ENGLAND FARMER of last week announces that Mr. NOURSE, who revived the paper in 1849, and has been its principal proprietor since that period, has relinquished a portion of his interest—one-third, to Mr. ALBERT TOLMAN, who has chiefly managed its business concerns for the past five years, and one-third to Mr. RUSSELL P. EATON, recently of Augusta, Me., and for several years editor of the News and Miscellaneous departments of the *Maine Farmer*. The new partners are said to be young, enterprising and capable, and will add strength to a journal which has long ranked among the best of its class. Ex-Lieut. Gov. BROWN will continue as the Agricultural Editor, in which position (with WM. SYMONDS, Esq., as General Editor,) he has earned an enviable reputation, and rendered the *Farmer* both popular and profitable. The new firm—Messrs. NOURSE, EATON & TOLMAN—and all concerned in conducting the *Farmer*, have our best wishes.

—A telegram just received, announces that Mr. SYMONDS, General Editor of the *N. E. Farmer* and author of the popular "Aimwell Stories," died of consumption on Friday night last.

FROST IN JULY.—The "glorious fourth" opened very coolly in this region, for we learn that there was a regular white frost in many localities of Western New York. We hear of no special damage, however—owing, *perhaps*, to the firing of cannon, (though the object was different from that suggested by our Chautauque Co. friend, whose article on "firing cannon to prevent frost" was noticed two weeks ago.) Letters from Ohio and Michigan mention frost there also, on the 4th, but no serious damage is reported.

THE UNITED STATES FAIR, which is to be held at Chicago this year, is the subject of a sharp chapter or two by our friends of the *Prairie Farmer*, who evidently don't like *national* interference with State affairs—affirming that the "Great National Exhibition" will prove injurious in lessening the interest and attendance at the Illinois State Fair.

AN Endowment in behalf of Agricultural Education has been made by P. ST. GEORGE COCKE, Esq., who has presented to the Virginia Military Institute $20,000 for the establishment of an Agricultural Department in that institution.

CORRESPONDENTS are again advised that all articles must be accompanied by the real name and residence of the writers to secure attention. It is not necessary that the names be published, but they must be in our possession.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS FOR 1859.

ANNEXED is as complete a list of National, State, County and Town Fairs for 1859 as we are enabled to give at the present time. We shall re-publish the list, with additions, next month, and trust Secretaries of Societies will meantime assist us by forwarding the necessary data in regard to Fairs not now enumerated:

U. S. Ag. Society, Chicago	Sept. 12.
Maryland, Frederick City	Oct. 25-28.
Tennessee, Nashville	Oct. 10-15.
Georgia, Atlanta	Oct. 24-28.
Illinois, Freeport	Sept. 5- 7.
Indiana, New Albany	Sept. 26-29.
Iowa, Oscaloosa	Sept. 29
Kentucky, Lexington	Sept. 13-16.
Maine, Augusta	Sept. 13-16.
New Jersey, Elizabeth	Sept. 13-16.
New York, Albany	Oct. 4- 7.
South Carolina, Columbia	Nov. 8-11.
Ohio, Zanesville	Sept. 20-23.
Vermont, Burlington	Sept. 13-16.
California	Sept. 27, Oct. 6.
Michigan, Detroit	Oct. 4- 9.
Missouri, St. Louis	Sept. 25
Canada West, Kingston	Sept. 27-30.
Canada East	

NEW YORK.

Cayuga, Auburn	Sept. 14-16.
Delaware, ——	Sept. 14-15.
Erie, Buffalo	Sept. 27-29.
Greene, Cairo	Sept. 28-29.
Jefferson, Watertown	Sept. 21-22.
Livingston, Genesco	Sept. 20-23.
Monroe, Rochester	Sept. 24-30.
Oneida, Rome	Sept. 27-29.
Onondaga, Syracuse	Sept. 26-29.
Orleans, Albion	Sept. 20-22.
Oswego, Mexico,	Sept. 13-15.
Putnam, Carmel,	Sept. 27-29.
Queens, ——	Sept. 15.
Rensselaer, Lansingburgh,	Sept. 13-16.
Saratoga, ——	Sept. 6- 8.
Schuyler, Watkins,	Sept. 14-16.
Seneca, Waterloo,	Oct. 12-14.
Steuben, ——	Sept. 28-30.
Westchester, North Salem,	Sept. 20-22.
Wyoming, Warsaw,	Sept. 27-28.
Yates, ——	Oct. 12-13.

TOWN SOCIETIES.

Brookfield, Brookfield,	Sept. 28-29.
Canaseraga, Dansville,	Sept. 28-30
Coventry, Coventry,	Sept. 27-28.
Dryden, Dryden,	Oct. 3- 5.
Galen, Clyde,	Sept. 15.
Palmyra, Palmyra,	Oct. 11-13.

OHIO.

Fayette, Washington	Sept. 7- 8.
Pickaway, Circleville	Sept. 7- 9.
Ashtabula, Jefferson	Sept. 13-15.
Geauga, Burton	Sept. 13-15.
Brown, Georgetown	Sept. 6- 9.
Jefferson, Steubenville	Sept. 14-16.
Erie, Huron	Sept. 14-16.
Marion, Marion	Sept. 14-16.
Madison, London	Sept. 14-16.
Portage, Ravenna	Sept. 19-21.
Brown, (Ind.) Ripley	Sept. 20-23.
Clermont, Olive Branch	Sept. 27-30.
Delaware, Delaware	Sept. 11-13.
Lake, Painesville	Sept. 21-23.
Preble, Eaton	Sept. 22-23.
Lorain, Elyria	Sept. 27-29.
Belmont, St. Clairsville	Sept. 27-29.
Medina, Medina	Sept. 27-29.
Greene, Xenia	Sept. 27-29.
Champaign, Urbana	Sept. 27-30.
Adams, West Union	Sept. 27-30.
Tuscarawas, Canal Dover	Sept. 28-30.
Geauga, (Free) Claridon	Sept. 28-30.
Columbiana, New Lisbon	Sept. 28-30.
Highland, Hillsboro	Sept. 28-30.
Seneca, Tiffin	Sept. 28-30.
Fulton, Ottakee	Sept. 28-30.
Defiance, Defiance	Sept. 28-30.
Union, Marysville	Sept. 28-30.
Putnam, Ottawa	Sept. 29-30.
Hancock, Findlay	Oct. 3- 5.
Logan, Bellefontaine	Oct. 3- 6.
Sandusky, Fremont	Oct. 5- 7.
Mahoning, Canfield	Oct. 4- 5
Darke, Greeneville,	Oct. 4- 6
Cuyahoga, Cleveland	Oct. 4- 6.
Clark, Springfield	Oct. 4- 6
Licking, Newark	Oct. 5- 6.
Noble, Sarahsville	Oct. 5- 6.
Stark, Canton	Oct. 5- 7.
Morrow, Mt. Gilead	Oct. 5- 7.
Harrison, Cadiz	Oct. 5- 7.
Wyandot, Upper Sandusky	Oct. 5- 7.
Wayne, Wooster	Oct. 5- 7.
Monroe, Woodsfield	Oct. 5- 7.
Montgomery, Dayton	Oct. 5- 8.
Summit, Akron	Oct. 12-14.
Morgan, McConnellsville	Oct. 12-14.
Crawford, Bucyrus	Oct 12 14.
Hardin, Kenton	Oct. 12-14.
Carroll, Carrollton	Oct. 25-27.

MICHIGAN.

Berrien, Niles,	Sept. 27-29.
Jackson, Jackson,	Sept 27 30.
Kent, Grand Rapids,	Sept 28-30.
Sanilac, Lexington,	Sept. — —.

TENNESSEE.

Maury, Columbia	Sept. 19-24.
Middle Division, Shelbyville,	Sept. 26-Oct. 1.
Shelby, Memphis,	Sept 11-15
Smith, Rome,	Sept. 28-Oct 1
Sumner, Gallatin,	Sept. 26-Oct. 1.
Williamson, Franklin,	Oct. 4-7.

INDIANA.

Clay, Center Point,	Sept. 28-30.
Fulton, Rochester,	Oct. 14-15.
Owen, Spencer,	Sept. 14-16

MISSOURI.

Charlton, Keyteville,	Oct. 3-6.
Clay, ——	Oct. — —.
Clinton, ——	Sept. 13-16.
Jackson, ——	Sept 27 —.
Lewis, Newark,	Sept 13-17.
North-West Dist., St. Joseph,	Sept 20 —.
Platte, ——	Sept 27-30.

MAINE.

Androscroggin, ——	Oct — —.
Franklin, Farmington,	Oct. 5-7.
Kennebec, Readfield,	Oct, 11 13.
Lincoln, Union,	Oct. 18-20.
North Franklin, Strong,	Sept. 28-29.

MONROE COUNTY HORSE SHOW—*Premiums Awarded.*—Below we give a list of the Premiums awarded at the recent Horse Show of the Monroe Co. Ag. Society:

CLASS I.—HORSES FOR ROAD AND CARRIAGE.

Stallions—4 Years Old—Best, J. Sherwood, Mendon, $15; 2d, A. B. Buckland, Brighton, $10. Best 3 Years Old, Leonard Buckland, Brighton, $8; 2d, Howe & Hall, Rochester, $5.

Matched Horses—Geldings—Best, John Craig, Rochester, $20. 2d, H. H. Norman, Fairport, $15. Mares—Best, M. C. Morduff, Rochester, $25; 2d, F. L. Churchill, Rochester, $15.

Single Horses—Geldings—Best, F. J. Ayers, Rochester, $20; 2d, E. D. Pierson, Rochester, $10. Mares—Best, W. Howland, Mendon, $10, 2d, Ashley Colvin, Henrietta, $5.

CLASS II.—DRAFT AND WORK HORSES.

Stallions—4 Years Old—Best, Azor Doty, Sweden, $15; 2d, Harry Olmstead, Greece, $10. Best 2 Years Old, Collins Eldridge, Pittsford, $5.

Matched Horses—Geldings—Best, G. & C. Crouch, Rochester, $20; 2d, Same.

Geldings and Fillies—Gelding, 3 Years Old—Best, Wm Yeo, Brighton, $10. Filly—Best, D. S. Whitlock, Brighton, $8

CLASS III.—HORSES FOR GENERAL UTILITY.

Stallions—4 Years Old—Best, J. K. Valentine, Chili, $15; 2d, M. Jackson, Henrietta, $10. Best 3 Years Old, N. Case, $8. Best 2 Years Old, William Yates, Chili, $5

Matched Horses—Geldings—Best, E. H. Shaw, Perinton, $20. 2d, S. Wilcox, Honeoye Falls, $10. Mares—Best, J. H. Upton, Greece, $15; 2d, G. H. Williams, Henrietta, $10

Single Horses and Ponies—Geldings—Best, E. C. Upton, Greece, $15. 2d, G. W. Walbridge, Rochester, $10. Best Mare, P. Caswell, Honeoye Falls, $10. Best pr Ponies, Lyman Bond, Mendon, $10. Best Pony, J. McMannis, Henrietta, $8; 2d, E. Gould, Brighton, $4.

Mares and Colts—Mare with colt at her feet—Best, Leonard Buckland, Brighton, $8; 2d E. D. Pierson, Henrietta, $5. Colt—3 Years Old—Best, Ira P. Harroun, Ogden, $8; 2d, Mathew Quirck, Henrietta, $4. Best 2 Years Old, Amos Biddiola, Chili, $5. 2d, W. H. Andrews, Chili, $3. Best 1 Year Old, G. Wheeler, Parma, $4; 2d, J. Buckley, Chili, $2.

CLASS IV.—HORSES FOR STYLE AND SPEED.

Trotting Stallions (Single)—Best, N. J. Lamson, Eagle Harbor, $15.

Trotting (Double)—Open to All—Best, Geo. D. Lord, Pittsford, $20; 2d, G. W. Walbridge, Rochester, $25.

Trotting (Single)—Open to All—Best, Oro. Hosley, Rochester, $100; 2d, Thos. Wilson, Rochester, $50.

Trotting (Single)—Open to horses that have not trotted for money—Best, W. C. Ross, Victor, $50; 2d, Zina Olmsted, Rochester, $25.

Pacing in Harness (Single)—Best, Edward Sperry, Henrietta, $10. Best pair Stallions, driven together in harness, R. P. Hubbard, Chili, $10.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE CHERRY.

For many years, even from the first settlement of the country, until the past two or three seasons, the cherry trees in Western New York have been entirely free from disease, and have borne regular and abundant crops of the finest fruit. Set out in almost any yard or garden, without pruning or care, bruised and broken, at the time of picking, they have borne all, struggled manfully against the greatest difficulties, and regularly as the season came round gave a generous crop of delicious fruit. For three years past, however, our cherries have suffered from unfavorable seasons, until many had been led to believe that their culture must be abandoned—the trees were injured in the winter, the fruit poor, wormy, and rotted on the trees before becoming fully ripe. The present season has put to flight all these gloomy forebodings. Never have we seen the trees more healthful and vigorous, or such an abundant crop of sound, beautiful fruit, and for days, and in some cases, for weeks, have ripe specimens remained on the trees uninjured. To-day (July 11th) we saw *Early Purple Guigne* on the tree, the first ripe specimens being gathered on the 20th June. This should teach us not to be too easily discouraged. If our seasons change for the *worse*, may we not reasonably believe that they will change for the *better* again? Let us exercise patience, wait and hope. *Impatience* is a worse enemy to fruit culture than insects or bad seasons.

The Cherry, although not grown extensively for market, like the apple, is one of our most valuable fruits. It ripens during June and July, when scarcely any other fruit can be had. The *Hearts* and *Bigarreaus* are fine for the dessert, and the *Morellos* and *Dukes* excellent for cooking. The trees grow rapidly and bear early, so that no one, however old, need despair of eating of the fruits of his own planting. In three and four years after planting, the Cherry will produce from one to two bushels. Then it is a beautiful tree, useful for shade and ornament, as well as the fruit. It is nicely adapted for small village lots, where there is only room for a few trees, and in such cases may well take the place of ornamental trees.

The Cherry bears so early, and is of so good a form, that not much attention has been paid to dwarfing, though in all our best gardens we find a few dwarf trees. On the grounds of Ellwanger & Barry are some beautiful specimens that are now bearing excellent crops, and the fruit is larger in many cases than we find it on standard trees. The *Early Purple Guigne*, for instance, was shown by these gentlemen at the last meeting of the *Fruit Growers' Society*, as large as the *Black Tartarian*. Almost every one declared, at first sight, that they were incorrectly named.

The Cherry is divided into three classes,—1st, Heart; 2d, Bigarreau; 3d, Duke and Morello.

1st, *Heart Cherries.*—The fruit of this class is heart-shaped, and the flesh sweet and tender. The trees are rapid growers, and attain a large size. The leaves are large, thin and pendant. The *Black Tartarian* and *Black Eagle* are two of the finest varieties of this class.

2d, The *Bigarreau* class comprise some of our largest and finest sorts, such as the *Yellow Spanish*. The flesh of this class is firm,—in other respects it is like the *Heart* Cherries. The growth and habit of the tree are the same. Indeed, the distinction, although made, we believe, by most cultivators and writers on the subject, is not very marked, as some sorts that are classed with the *Hearts*, have quite firm flesh.

3d, *Duke and Morello*—have roundish fruit, very tender, juicy and acid. It is only this class of Cherries that are fit for cooking. Indeed, some sorts are so sharp that while they are excellent for this, they are good for nothing else, such as the *Kentish*, *Morello*, and others like them. Other sorts, like the *Mayduke*, when fully ripe, are excellent for the table. The trees of this class have a slow growth, and never make as large trees as the *Hearts* and *Bigarreaus*. The leaves are small, thick and dark. This class is very hardy, succeeding well in almost any climate and soil. They are the only kinds that succeed in some parts of our country particularly at the South. The Cherry succeeds well generally on any good soil, though a sandy loam seems most suitable. Trees of the two first classes should be planted at least 25 feet apart, and the third class about 20 feet. We describe a few varieties—all that at present we can find room for.

Bauman's May is one of the first cherries to ripen in Western New York, and is very popular, both on account of its earliness and productiveness. It is is of French origin, and was first introduced into this country, by Col Wilder. The fruit is small, oval, heart-shaped. When fully ripe, of a darkish red color, nearly black. Flesh, dark colored, juicy, and of good flavor. The trees are free growers, and attain a large size.

Early Purple Guigne is larger than the preceding, ripens about the same time, and better in quality. It is about medium size, and of a blackish purple color when fully ripe. Both of these varieties generally ripen here between the 10th and 20th of June.

Knight's Early Black is one of the best black cherries, and comes in season just about the time the two preceding varieties are gone, generally between the 20th of June and the 1st of July. The fruit is obtuse, heart-shaped, and somewhat irregular in outline. Nearly black when ripe, and abounding with a rich, high-flavored juice.

Governor Wood is a tender and delicious cherry, raised by Dr. Kirtland, of Ohio, which we have before commended. Ripe generally about the 1st of July. The fruit is a little above medium size, of a beautiful amber color, and of a delicate cherry cheek on the sunny side, when fully ripe. One of the very best cherries grown.

GREAT BIGARREAU OF MEZEL.

Donna Maria is a very good acid cherry, following *Early Purple Guigne*, and valuable for pies, preserving, &c. It is of medium size, flattened at both ends, light red until matured, when it becomes dark. It makes but a small tree, in fact, not much more than a bush.

Great Bigarreau of Mezel, or *Monstreus de Mezel* is the largest and finest looking of all the black cherries. Its appearance is well shown in our engraving, though we have seen specimens larger. It is so large and showy, and the flesh so firm, that when generally grown it will no doubt prove one of our best market cherries. The tree is a strong and irregular grower, more so than any other variety we are acquainted with. The fruit is black, larger than *Black Tartarian*, heart-shaped, with an uneven surface. It is not high flavored, but juicy and agreeable. The fruit is produced in large clusters. Ripe in Rochester about the 1st of July.

Elliot's Favorite is one of Dr. Kirtland's seedlings, and is a beautiful small cherry, yellowish, mottled and shaded with red—flesh tender and almost transparent; not high-flavored. The tree a good bearer. A pretty, fancy fruit, for the amateur.

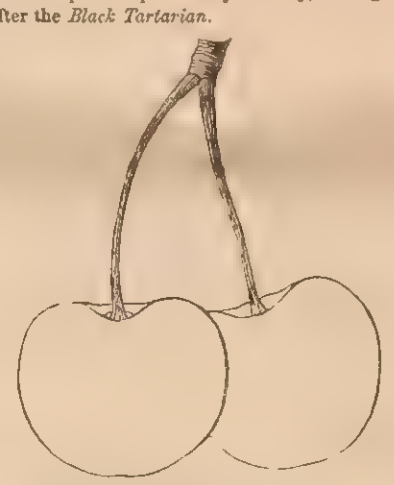
HOVEY CHERRY.

Hovey is a good, large cherry, and bears immense crops. The branches this season are fairly covered with the bright-red, showy fruit, making the tree a most beautiful object. In appearance it is somewhat like *Napoleon Bigarreau*, and about the same size, though of better quality. The fruit is obtuse, heart-shaped, with a shallow suture on one side.—Skin, fine rich amber in the shade, mottled with brilliant red in the sun, often covering the whole fruit, when exposed. Stem, rather stout, about an inch and a quarter in length, inserted in a deep, round cavity. Flesh, pale amber, rather firm, rich and juicy. Ripe this season here, from the 10th of July.

Mayduke.—The *Mayduke* is an old, a very popular and a very useful cherry. Before ripening so as to be fit for the table, it is excellent for cooking, and when fully ripe it is one of the richest of the half-acid cherries. It is, therefore, an excellent family cherry, and is well adapted by its hardiness for localities where more tender sorts fail.

Late Duke.—Following the *Mayduke*, is another excellent duke cherry, the *Late Duke*. It is large, when fully ripe, rich, dark red. Flesh, tender and juicy, with a sprightly sub-acid flavor; not quite as sweet as *Mayduke*. Ripens gradually from about the 10th of July, and hangs on the tree a long time. One of the very best of the *Duke* cherries.

Black Eagle is perhaps the highest flavored of all the black cherries. Indeed, it is so good that after eating freely of it, many other good sorts taste insipid. Ripens early in July, a few days after the *Black Tartarian*.



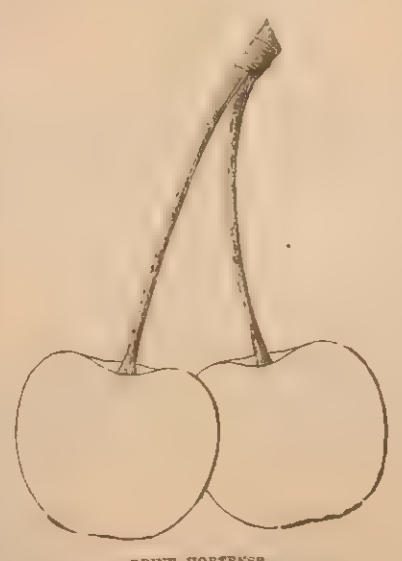
FLORENCE.

Florence.—Were we to select the brightest and most beautiful of all cherries, we don't know but the *Florence* would be our choice. Fruit is about the size of the *Hovey*, and somewhat similar in form. Skin, amber, shaded and marbled with a most lively red, with a tinge of delicate violet that distinguishes it from all other varieties we are acquainted with. Flesh is very firm, but very juicy and sweet. Ripe from the 10th of July to the 1st of August. An excellent sort for market.

Downer's Late Red.—Fruit large, roundish, slightly mottled, tender, juicy and sweet; an excellent late cherry. The tree is an erect, beautiful grower, bears well, and the fruit hangs for a long time on the tree. Ripe from the middle of July to the 1st August.

Bigarreau, or *Yellow Spanish.*—This variety has been cultivated in America about 60 years. It retains the popularity it acquired many years since, and is still one of the largest and finest of the light-colored, firm-fleshed cherries.

Napoleon Bigarreau is firmer in flesh than the *Yellow Spanish*, fully as large, and more heart-shaped. It is of good flavor, and a showy, popular market cherry, though the flesh is too firm to suit many.



REINE HORTENSE.

Reine Hortense.—A French Cherry of the *Duke* family, and an excellent variety, the largest of its class. Fruit, heart-shaped and bright red at maturity. Flesh, tender, juicy, sweet and rich, with a slight acid. The tree is a vigorous and handsome grower of the sort, resembling the *Mayduke*, and bears early.

Black Tartarian is perhaps the most popular of all our black cherries, and may be considered among the dark-colored cherries, what the *Yellow Spanish* is among the light. The tree is a rapid grower, erect, and makes a beautiful tree. Fruit, large, heart-shaped; skin, glossy, purplish black. Flesh, purple to black, thick; stone, small; rich and delicious.

Inquiries and Answers.

Diseased Apple Trees.—Being a reader of your valuable paper, I wish to inquire, through its columns, what is the cause of young apple trees *turning black*, a foot or eighteen inches from the ground, and afterwards dying? Our trees are on a loamy soil, well drained.—Will the Rural readers please give their opinion on the subject, and the cure, if any.—C. M., *Cicero, Onondaga Co., N. Y.*

Planting Forest Trees.—I should like to be informed by some reader of the Rural of the proper time to set out young forest trees, and the varieties which are most likely to live.—W. H. H. Pearson, *Pitcairn, St. Law. Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

Forest trees may be transplanted either in the spring or the fall. Among the best and most certain of our native trees, we will name the Sugar Maple, Soft Maple, Basswood, White Ash, and Elm

Old Strawberry Plants and Runners.—Can the true and genuine Strawberry be obtained by setting offsets or divisions of the original or true vines? Are those obtained from runners better plants, and more sure of producing fruit identical with the parent seedling? Your views upon this subject will be not only interesting, but probably profitable to many of your readers.—Erie, *Buffalo, July*, 1859.

The fruit will be *the same*, whether old plants or young ones from runners are set out. Young plants are the best, though we have often set out old ones rather than wait late in the season for runners, and with the best results. The old plants if watered, or the season is showery, will throw out runners, when set early in July, and cover the ground with young plants before fall.

Dropping of Peaches—Pruning Pears.—I receive almost daily inquiries for the cause of the rapid dropping off of peaches, (which are now about as large around as a copper.) I have noticed that gum issued from them in several places, and then in a few days they would drop off. Can you, or some of your subscribers, give the reason, and a preventive, if any, against it? I don't remember of ever seeing any similar disease on peaches here before. My trees are all very healthy and growing rapidly. Our soil here is mostly clay. When is the best time to cut back pear trees to have them form fruit buds for the next year?—W. C. R., *Granville, Licking Co., O.*, 1859.

Cold, wet weather, when the fruit is young, often causes it to drop. In many of the fallen specimens you will, no doubt, find a white maggot near the stone. The only tree we know of bearing fruit in this section the present season, is losing much of its fruit from the maggot. Where trees make a very rank growth of wood without forming fruit buds, pruning in July will check growth and induce their formation.

FRUIT CULTURE IN MICHIGAN.

Messrs. Eds.:—I notice an inquiry in the Rural relating to orcharding in Western Michigan, and not having seen any reply, I would say that for three or four years past much attention has been given to fruit-growing in this section. The immediate Lake shore, or within one or two miles, is considered better than it is further from the water. The peach crop very seldom fails here, and there is an abundant crop in prospect this season, near the lake, though further inland the crop suffered more or less from the severe frosts of June.

A dry soil of good quality, well adapted to fruit-growing, may be found both on openings and timbered land. Most of the orchards already set are upon the openings. Some prefer the timbered land. I think the peach does not do as well in the Grand River country as it does here. No doubt the apple will flourish there as well as further south. I was myself a resident of Macedon, N. Y., about nine years; and if my friend there desires to make any further, or any special inquiries, he may address me at Millbury, Berrien Co., Mich., and I will cheerfully reply. I. J. Hoag.

Worthy of Encouragement.—A somewhat novel yet benevolent project, for the amelioration of the condition of the poor orphan girls, is now under consideration. It is proposed by Mrs. T. W. Phelps, of Irving Place, who has generously donated an extensive and suitable plot of ground near New York for the purpose—to establish a Horticultural School, where young girls may learn such light and healthful branches of industry as are embraced in the growing and canning of all the finer fruits and vegetables, the care of hothouses, the breeding of birds, the rearing of fowls, etc. Prosperity attend the attempt to teach young ladies something useful!—*Horticulturist*

Report of the Fruit Growers' Meeting.—Duties as an officer of the *Genesee Valley Horticultural Society*, prevented us from attending the July meeting of the *Fruit Growers' Society*. For our report we had to depend upon the kindness of a gentleman who is unused to reporting, and this will account for some inaccuracies of which we have received complaint. J. J. Thomas, for instance, spoke of wild grapes being brought from the Rocky Mountains, and not strawberries. R. G. Pardee cultivated the wild strawberries to which he referred, and which proved inferior in flavor to most cultivated sorts.

Horticultural Exhibition.—The July show of the *Genesee Valley Horticultural Society* will be held on Friday, July 22d, at Corinthian Hall, in this city. Cherries, Gooseberries, Currants, Raspberries, Herbaceous Flowers, and Vegetables, are included in the premium list. The June exhibition was excellent and was visited by very large numbers. We anticipate equal success this month.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Eds. Rural:—Perhaps a few hints and suggestions may not come amiss to those housekeepers who do not yet understand the mysteries of domestic management and economy. The season for flies—those great pests to a housekeeper—is now hastening, and if you would not be swarmed and annoyed with them, you must use constant and unceasing precautions, which, if you will think so, are not half the trouble the flies will make you. Flies will "congregate most" where there is something to tempt them, and so leave nothing exposed to attract. A good housekeeper is uniformly neat and methodical, and usually has food away from dust. But now, especially, you need to be careful. Cover your bread, pies and cakes, as soon as out of the oven with a thin cloth, if nothing more. Keep meats of all kinds in a safe, if you have one, or in something they cannot get at. Keep covers on your sugar-bowls, and have your box open as brief a time as possible, and do not set food on the table, such as bread, cheese, sauce, cake, &c., to stand long uncovered before eating, and the moment the table can be cleared take care of them, and do not leave even a fragment of sauce or other food lying on a shelf, or any place. Have a definite place to cut bread and cake, keep a knife and cloth there, cover what you leave, and have a brush handy to brush away crumbs—it will not consume a moment's time to attend to all these little things, if you only have your mind on your interests, and have order and method about you. Go into a pantry in fly-time, and see a pie or two standing about, a dish of sauce, sugar uncovered, flour bin open, and shelves scattered with crumbs, dirty milk-pans, a dish of meat, &c., &c., and you may set down the mistress as a slovenly, untidy housekeeper, whose table will never be inviting, nor house in order.

We cannot expect to have a pleasant, cheery home, unless we take a little pains, and to do so it is not necessary to be too careful, and so fastidious as to render every one uncomfortable. Just be thoughtful, quiet, attentive, doing things in the right time and place, and doing them well. In cooking a meal you need not get your shelf, table, and sink, topsy-turvy with dishes, knives, spoons, covers, and traps that will take half an hour to pick up, and get in order to put away; and never get your hands in dish-water till you have enough to finish your work, and your dishes, &c., all snugly picked up and placed handy. Some girls and some women, too, begin to wash dishes with a little water, the fire just out, and none heating, and the table but half-cleared, dishes standing all over the pantry or cupboard, making them twice the work necessary.

Another important item in hot weather is to get over your dish-water the moment you have your meals prepared, and it will heat with the remaining fire, so you need not swelter in a warm kitchen to do up your work. Unless you can keep your wits about you, and attend to these trifles, you must expect a world of vexation, fatigue, and unnecessary labor. If you would not be a slave to your own heedlessness, *think*, see, observe, and you will be abundantly repaid in your clean, quiet home and dress, and especially will your husband bless the luck that gave him a thoughtful, orderly, tidy, cheerful wife and housekeeper.

A Farmer's Wife.

Western New York, June, 1859.

COOKING MEAT, CAKES, &c.

Bread Cake—"*Very Nice.*"—Three cups of dough (very light;) 3 cups of sugar; 1 of butter; 3 eggs; a nutmeg; fruit; 1 teaspoonful of pearlash dissolved in a little hot water. Rub the butter and sugar together, add the eggs and spice, and mix all thoroughly with the dough. It will do to bake immediately, but will be better to stand a short time.

A Nice Way to Cook Meat.—Take a couple of pounds of mutton, cut in small pieces about the size of a nut, put into a clean iron pot, add half a dozen good-sized fresh tomatoes, peeled and cut in pieces. Salt, and, if liked, a tablespoonful or more of rice. Water enough to cool it. Let it cook very slowly, and keep it covered. This is a very nice way to make a stew, and we have used it constantly during the season of tomatoes.

Black Cake.—One pound of flour; ¾ of a pound of butter; ½ pound dark sugar; 1 pint of milk; 1 teaspoonful pearlash; 4 eggs; 2 glasses brandy; spice and fruit; 1 pint of molasses. If wished richer, add another quarter pound of butter. Gabriella.

How to Starch Collars.—My wife wishes me to inquire through the columns of your paper the best method of starching collars. There is a gloss and a firmness upon them when they come from the store that *differs* from the ordinary domestic way of "*doing* them up," and the process by which this is done is what my wife desires to know. Any information from your intelligent correspondents will be thankfully received.—J. A. McCollum, *Newfane, N. Y.*, 1859.

We give the following in response to Mr. McCollum's query. This may prove just what is needed, meanwhile the wives and daughters of the land can report their various modes:

Take one ounce of spermaceti and one ounce of white wax; melt into a thin cake on a plate. A piece the size of a quarter dollar, added to a quart of prepared starch, gives a beautiful lustre to the clothes, and prevents the iron from sticking.

Keeping Eggs Fresh.—Take fresh eggs, cover the shell with grease, and lay, the small end down, in a jar or tub and cover tight. In this way I have kept them as fresh as when just laid.—Mrs. A. V. M., *Buffalo, N. Y.*, 1859.

ASLEEP.

An hour before she spoke of things
That memory to the dying brings,
And kissed me all the while;
Then, after some sweet parting words,
She seemed among her flowers and birds,
Until she fell asleep.
'Twas summer then, 'tis autumn now,
The crimson leaves fall off the bough,
And strew the gravel sweep.

I wander down the garden walk,
And muse on all the happy talk
We had beneath the limes;
And, resting on the garden seat,
Her old Newfoundland at my feet,
I think of other times;

Of golden eyes, when she and I
Sat watching here the flushing sky,
The sunset and the sea—
Or heard the children in the lanes
Following home the harvest wains,
And shouting in their glee.

But when the daylight dies away,
And ships grow dusky in the bay,
These recollections cease:
And in the stillness of the night
Bright thoughts, that end in dreams as bright,
Communicate their peace.

I wake and see the morning star,
And hear the breakers on the bar,
The voices on the shore—
And then, with tears, I long to be
Across a dim, unsounded sea,
With her forevermore.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE OLD TRUNK.

We have got one!—and its physiognomy has grown brown and defaced with age. The brass-headed nails have become tarnished, but I can distinctly perceive my father's initials upon the top—"H. D." I write these letters very reverently, for they are upon his tombstone in our country graveyard. There is a large padlock attached to this trunk, which has traveled over land and sea, but has now arrived at its "haven of rest"—"the garret." If it could tell its own story, I presume that it would call our attention to the many hard knocks upon its battered sides, and we should hear of long nights upon the stormy deep, when mighty winds lashed the waves into huge drifts of foam which swept down upon the rocking ship like an avalanche from the mountain height. But I love to look over the contents of this old trunk, for there are many sacred relics stowed away in its capacious corners.

"I must burn up some of this rubbish," said my sister, one day, when we were trying to reduce the mass of confusion to something like order.

"No, you shall not! for Time has been busy here, and I never liked to obliterate his dusty foot-prints."

It was ever my delight to pore over old dusty books, which were printed when literature was in its infancy. What changes the "age of progress" has wrought! Our own generation "takes time by the forelock," and marches through difficulties in a moment's period which our forefathers were all their life working to overcome. Here is an almanac twenty-two years old; 1837 is marked upon it, and busy fingers turned its pages to find "the day of the month," long before I was born. I will look in the glass of history to discover what important events are reflected upon it from that year. First I behold "a great commercial crisis, which was brought on by a madness of speculation, when city lots, real or imaginary, were so bought and sold that fortunes were made in a day." Idleness and extravagance stalked throughout our land, but after this public fever had subsided, numberless families were reduced to hopeless poverty. Upon the 4th of March, 1837, Martin Van Buren sat down in the Presidential chair for the first time, and his eyes looked over a nation that was sunk in pecuniary distress. But "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." Our country has been brought low many times, and as it sat weeping and bewailing in sackcloth and ashes, with bowed head and pride humbled, a great lesson was taken into the hearts of her children—how soon it was forgotten is testified by the recent calamities which have befallen them. We hope for better things *now*, for Aristocracy has laid aside her "royal purple," and condescends to appear in a "calico dress" at the house of God. But what is this!—my father's little, time-worn hymn-book! It has black morocco covers, and the leaves are yellow with age. The lines look blurred, too, but perhaps it is my eyes, for the tears are brimming over them, and my hands shake so I can hardly read the first verse of this hymn:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land
Where my possessions lie."

I can almost see the gray head keeping time, while my father sang this in his own old-fashioned way. But there was melody in his voice, and a prophetic light in his eyes, for they seemed to behold the possessions he has gone to claim. Ah! will his beloved companion and children join him there? He went down to the "dark valley" greatly comforted, for the angels sang to him,

"Come away, come away, to thy rest in the sky,
The tear, the last tear, wipe away from thine eye;
The wife of thy bosom, thy children so dear,
Bid adieu! till in heaven they all shall appear."

Here is "*The Family Guide!*" printed 1838, "comprising many useful directions for cookery, pastry and confectionery," from the *best authorities*, it says. Well, I can testify that they *were* extraordinary recipes, for my memory can tell about a tin oven in which many delicacies were "done to a beautiful brown," after this cook-book had been duly consulted, and various condiments stirred up and turned into the little heart-shaped cake-dishes "to bake." Those were the good old-fashioned days, when we had but one room, which served for parlor, dining-room and kitchen during the early settlement of our prosperous Western country, and the forest trees wrapped their green arms all around "our home." Now, broad meadow-lands stretch away to distant woods, which encircle our horizon with a narrow belt.

But this June afternoon is going down to clasp hands with the night, and I must finish my explorations in "the old trunk" at another time.

Michigan, June, 1859. A. P. D.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WOMAN'S EQUALITY AND "RIGHTS."

There is much contention in these days with regard to woman's equality and rights with man, and men are denounced as "monsters," "tyrants," &c., which seems to me somewhat ahead of the truth. True, men have enacted some laws which are not favorable to us—abridging our right to hold property, and this they did thinking women were incapable, by nature or practice, to manage and control business, and contend for and preserve their rights. And how far wide of the truth did they get? How many women are there who are fitted, by nature or education, for accumulating and controlling property. And as for her having the right of suffrage, if we were to *take time* and enter into the public arena of strife and corruption, what becomes of our homes and families? Things are better as they are. Men are men, and women are women, and we are no more fitted to fill their position than they are ours. What half of the women are hallooing and haranguing about I cannot imagine—we weak, defenceless pigmies of women!

What have our race ever done worthy of a monument? True, we are patient, enduring, gentle, and all that—but man is great, wonderful! He is, truly, "the noblest work of God!" His genius reaches to the clouds and spans the universe! He discovers planets and measures them, and calculates space and distance—even the lightning comes and goes at his bidding! His steamships traverse the boundless seas. Men build our railroads—they design and erect our temples, our churches, our buildings, and their art and ingenuity furnish and adorn them. They invent our machinery, construct our factories, weave our cloth, till the earth for food, and to their energy, strength and skill we are indebted, directly or indirectly, for every convenience or luxury of life—even to the small items of pins, needles, &c. Our legislators, statesmen, our orators, our editors, sculptors and painters, are men—with, perhaps, one or two exceptions.

And amid all this power and greatness, there are few who are not noble, generous, gallant, and considerate of the weak and unfortunate, as our public institutions for the relief of the distressed abundantly testify. And everywhere we women are feted, honored, protected and guarded against insult or danger, and every arrangement made for our comfort and ease that ingenuity can devise or expense accomplish. And what do we? We grumble because we do not receive more attention, and are not considered of more consequence! We receive all the benefits we enjoy as our just dues, and scarcely deign even a polite acknowledgement. And yet, what have we ever done—or the most of us—except to wear gracefully, or otherwise, the splendid and comfortable fabrics their industry and means have given us, and to eat, or, perchance, to cook the food furnished for us, and to stay in and order the sumptuous houses they build for us, and ride in their carriages, and perhaps take care of our children, &c., &c.—a multiplicity of multitudinous nothings. What more we have ever done, or are likely to do, I have not discovered. All honor, say I, to the strong and superior intellect and the toil-hardened hands! Heaven be praised that the world is not full of women! We are well enough—perhaps we act our part, and fill the niche nature intended; but to assert or assume an equality with man, in strength or intellect, how vain, how futile! Queechy.

PLEASURE FOR A CHILD.

Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may bloom forth. Does not almost everybody remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the day of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself at this moment as a barefooted lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village; with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage; he was a wood-cutter by trade, and spent the whole week at work in the woods. He had come into the garden to gather flowers to stick into his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations, which was streaked with red and white, he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home; and now, here at a distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but it now blooms afresh. —*Douglas Jerrold.*

Beauty is always a charm. It may be a cheat. The fruit which follows the flower gives character to the tree. A sweet, gentle heart crimsoning with its modest blush the face of beauty, is that finer touch which God impressed upon human nature, when he took a rib from the side of Adam and of it made woman.

Had I a careful and pleasant companion that should show me my angry face in a glass, I should not at all take it ill. Some are wont to have a looking-glass held to them while they wash, though to little purpose; but to behold a man's self so unnaturally disguised and disordered, will conduce not a little to the impeachment of anger.—*Plutarch.*

Sad it is when fate kindles the funeral pile of hope that Remorse should bring the torch.—*Jean Paul Bedford.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A SILVER LINING TO EVERY CLOUD.

BY MRS. MINNIE WELDON.

Sitting by my window gazing out into the West,
Where the lingering rays of sunset beautifully rest,
Where its arrows swiftly speeding gleam like burnished gold,
And rest them in the billows which the snowy clouds unfold;
A ray of peace steals o'er me, and a joy I cannot tell
Has lighted up the shadows that o'er my spirit fell.

Distant sounds of music gently greet my listening ear
Like the harpings of the angels coming over near;
And so heavenly in its tones, so divinely sweet,
As its murmurings and swellings softly blended meet,
That the sorrows of life's pathway quickly pass away,
And the flowers of existence fill each coming day.

Life need be no lengthening shadow flitting in our path,
Every night, however dark, a brighter dawning hath,
"Every cloud a silver linging," every leaf a light,
If the woes that thicken round us do not dim our sight,
And if we would catch the radiance of each glimmering star,
Hope must send its beacon light to guide us from afar.

Friendship's laurels may entwine us, and her genial smile,
Beaming 'neath a crown of roses, sorrow must beguile;
Let us win her favor and endear her to the heart,
Let the thorns that now surround us evermore depart,
And breathing in a purer air show that we have been
Where the lights are ever gleaming shadows in between.

Wilmington, Del., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LITERATURE.

Literature is a natural and necessary attendant on civilization. The wandering savage may possess his rude songs,—interpreters of the heart,—and his *wild* traditions, chronicling the glory of by-gone ages, but a scientific, æsthetic and religious literature he cannot have, from causes inherent in the nature of things. The trifling productions named, spring rather from an emotional nature than from a mind redeemed from its bondage to matter, developed, strengthened and matured by ages of intellectual culture. What is there in the calm, eventless, monotonous character of savage life, flowing idly by with scarce an ebb or ripple to arouse the nobler part of man, to cause the unfolding of the hidden wings, and the steady, resistless flight onward and upward to those serene, cloudless regions where the Day-Spring has its place? The daring adventures of the chase,—the simple tales of passion,—the exciting incidents pertaining to "the wager of battle,"—form the staple of the legends that the dark-eyed Arab maiden listens to in the quiet tent at the close of day.

There is no more interesting study than the progress of literature from these offsprings of nature and impulse to the chastened and carefully pruned productions of brain and soul—it is "first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." It is said that the discovery of the use of iron was the first step from barbarism to civilization, and this is true in a certain sense. Iron is the lever which moves the mechanical world. But there is something of infinitely more importance than anything which merely elevates the physical condition. The invention of letters, or hieroglyphic symbols of whatever kind, has done more for the advancement of society than any mechanical art or science could do. The thinking mind alone is competent to guide the working hand. It is said that in Scotland they could compose elegant Latin verses before they could make a wheelbarrow. The characters traced by the hand of Cadmus, were the germ of all the noble inventions which have since blessed the world so abundantly; and if ever man is able to pierce the veil that separates the known from the unfathomable,

"To tread unhurt the sea's dim lighted halls,
To chase day's chariot to the horizon walls,"

it will be traceable to the same general cause. When thought has been awakened, and a way found to express it, it grows and matures most gloriously, and no human hand can arrest its progress.

The preservation of the memory of the noblest achievements that have shed lustre over the annals of mankind, is due alone to the embalming power of literature. All the chivalrous daring of the high-souled patriot,—the exalted calmness of the martyr dying for conscience-sake,—the lofty heroism of absorbing love,—would be forgotten and the example be lost to future generations were it not for this preserving power. The vast monuments of art in Egypt, designed to commemorate those who erected them, have been powerless to effect that purpose, while the intellectual monument reared by the genius of Boswell, will convey the fame of the Ursa Major of English literature to untold myriads. The nations destitute of a written language and a literature, have utterly perished, and their very names are forgotten on the earth; but were Greece and Italy stricken out of existence to-morrow, they would still live, to all practical purposes, and possess the same influence over the thinking of all coming time.

The process of building up a national literature is often discouragingly slow, but it should be remembered that it is a work destined to last,—not a fleeting bubble, bursting as soon as formed.—The appreciation of literature grows with its growth and strengthens with its strength. England was content to listen for centuries to the simple hymning of untaught rhymesters before she was prepared to understand the rare philosophy embedded like pearls in the rough bed of Shakspeare's mind,—Greece, when first emerging from the shades of barbarism, (say for example in the heroic age,) would have derived little instruction from the pure metaphysics of Plato,—the majestic strains that Virgil drew from his sounding lyre would have fallen on unheeding ears had they been poured forth when Romulus laid the foundations of the Eternal City. That which has cost much toil and labor and wasting of the midnight oil, cannot be understood without some preparatory culture of the mind. Before literature can perform its rightful task of civilization and refinement, education must be general among the common people. They must hold in their hands the key to this choice mental treasure, otherwise, when the gifted few who guard it are gone, the blessing of it will perish with them, and those whom it would have benefited sink back into rayless night. It was so in ancient Egypt where the priests carefully closed every avenue to learning from all but themselves,—it will be so in any country daring enough to repeat the experiment. The true glory of literature, and the conditions of that glory, are but imperfectly understood. To be worthy of the name it must adapt itself to all parts of man's nature, and not only instruct him how to conquer the opposing elements, but also how to gain that noblest of all conquests, the victory over self; not only how to use this life, but also so to employ it as to gain a better,—not alone how to tread this earth, but also how to ascend into heaven. Literature is but the handmaid of religion, and the nation who converts her into the mistress, is sure to reap the reward of such folly. It is the violation of a most sacred law. A celebrated divine remarks that literature has a much feebler hold in America than is generally imagined, and would die out were it not for religion." It is well that it is so. Far distant be the day when religion is driven from our happy land; but if that day ever comes, literature will go, too; for God has joined them together, and man may not put them asunder. L. E. Weld.

Cohocton, Steuben Co., N. Y., 1859.

THE PRINTER.

The printer is the Adjutant of Thought, and this explains the mystery of the wonderful word that can kindle a hope as no song can—that can warm a heart as no hope—that word "we," with a hand-in-hand warmth in it, for the Author and the Printer are Engineers together. Engineers indeed!—When the little Corsican bombarded Cadiz at the distance of five miles, it was deemed the very triumph of engineering. But what is that paltry range to this, whereby they bombard ages yet to be?

There at the "case" he stands and marshals into line the forces armed for truth, clothed in immortality and English. And what can be nobler than the equipment of a thought in sterling Saxon—Saxon with the ring of spear on shield therein, and that commissioning it when we are dead, to move gradually on to "the latest syllable of recorded time." This is to win a victory from death, for this has no dying in it.

The printer is called a laborer, and the office he performs, toil. Oh, it is not work, but a sublime rite he is performing, when he thus "sights" the engine that is to fling a worded truth in grander curve than missile ere before described—fling it into the bosom of an age unborn. He throws off his coat indeed; we but wonder, the rather, that he does not put his shoes from off his feet, for the place whereon he stands is holy ground.

A little song was uttered somewhere, long ago—it wandered through the twilight feebler than a star—it died upon the ear. But the printer takes it up where it was lying there in the silence like a wounded bird, and he equips it anew with wings, and he sends it forth from the Ark that had preserved it, and it flies on into the future with the olive branch of peace; and around the world with melody, like the dawning of a Spring morning.

How the type have built up the broken arches in the bridge of time. How they render the brave utterances beyond the Pilgrims, audible and eloquent—hardly fettering the free spirit but moving—not a word nor a syllable lost in the whirl of the world—moving in connected paragraph and period, down the lengthening line of years.

Some men find poetry, but they do not look for it as men do for nuggets of gold; they see it in Nature's own handwriting, that so few know how to read, and they render it into English. Such are the poems for a twilight hour and a nook in the heart; we may lie under the trees when we read them, and watch the gloaming, and see the faces in the clouds, in the pauses; we may read them when the winter coals are glowing, and the volume may slip from the forgetful hand, and still, like evening bells, the melodious thoughts will ring on.—*B. F. Taylor.*

THE BEST SEWING MACHINES.

The following, from *Punch*, contains an admirable description of an old-fashioned but invaluable sewing machine:

"The very best sewing machine a man can have, is a wife. It is one that requires but a kind word to set it in motion, rarely gets out of repair, makes but little noise, will go uninterruptedly for hours, without the slightest trimming or the smallest personal supervision being necessary. It will make shirts, darn stockings, sew on buttons, mark pocket handkerchiefs, cut out pinafores, and manufacture children's frocks out of any old thing you may give it; and this it will do behind your back just as well as before your face. In fact, you may leave the house for days, and it will go on working just the same. If it does get out of order a little from being overworked, it mends itself by being left alone for a short time, after which it returns to its sewing with greater vigor than ever. Of course sewing machines vary a great deal. Some are much quicker than others. It depends, in a vast measure, upon the particular pattern you select. If you are fortunate in picking out the choicest pattern of a wife—one, for instance, that sings while working, and seems never to be so happy as when her husband's linen is in hand—the sewing machine may be pronounced perfect of its kind; so much so, that there is no makeshift in the world that can possibly replace it, either for love or money. In short, no gentleman's establishment is complete without one of these sewing machines in the house!"

The culture of social feelings, under the dew and sunshine of religion, is a duty as well as a pleasure.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MOURNING PILGRIMS.

BY SPENCER F. TOOLEY.

Mourning Pilgrims, O, how many
Groans of anguish waft afar;
Night of sorrow, without falling,
Comes on black without a star.
Hopes and prospects now are blasted,
Flower-gems lie 'long the plain,
Giant oaks the storms resisted,
Struggled hard, but all in vain.

Mourning pilgrims, marching slowly
To the quiet church-yard grave;
Heads bowed on your bosoms lowly,
While upon the airy wave
Music, doleful music's wafting
To the closets of your hearts;
O, what throbs of anguish ever
Does the tolling bell impart!

Mourning pilgrims, cease your wailing,
Weep not for the dear ones gone;
All earth's fairest gems are passing,
To their higher, better home.
There no gushing tears are falling—
There no mourning heart is riven—
Life is given everlasting—
There's no *tolling bell* in Heaven.

Marshall, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE BIBLE.

An, Holy Book! shall pen like mine
Bear witness of thy truth divine?
Unworthy worm like me engage
To tell the beauty of thy page?
Father, forgive my feeble pow'rs,
And with it bless departing hours.

Yes, who does not love the Bible?—and who shall say that it is not divine? It is a complete text-book of moral philosophy. It furnishes a complete index—as it were a chart of the human mind. The different characters that are brought to notice in the varied scenes of action, each harmonizing *with* the other, in that they act *upon* each other, and, combined, produce one grand result, the revealing of the human heart, intricate labarynth as it is, full of deep mysteries inexplorable to us. This, we say, is *one* grand argument in favor of its divinity. For who but He that formed the never-dying soul, could understand its wants, and direct us in the path of duty?

With what clearness of expression and vivid coloring is each scene and each transaction brought before the mind calculated to stir up every emotion of the soul. No book since the world began has ever equaled it in sublimity of thought, harmony of sentiment, concise reasoning and moral grandeur. Still it is only clothed in plain words—words which convey a world of meaning, and come home to the heart with a power that the productions of man could never exercise. Yes, our Savior, in his teachings, spake thus to man. His were "Words fitly spoken," like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." Ah! few and faint are our words to tell of its glories. He that loves the Author of it, loves the book. O! could we all feel its truth. We are all ready to admit that the Bible is true, but do we feel it to be true?

Indeed, it is a message of love to a sin-cursed world, with "healing on its wings." A message of love from God. Yea, such love as man never knew; a guide and a comforter, that we may know His will concerning us. Oh! precious book! Did we all perfectly obey its teachings, this world would be a paradise. Then let us read it more diligently, with a prayerful heart, that we may understand and obey its precepts. Jane E. H—.

Piffard, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"It Might Have Been."—'Tis a common expression, and oft-times lightly spoken, yet how chillingly it falls upon the heart! It has a deep meaning; its words are eloquent of grief. In their little sum is contained the history of thousands. What sorrow, what agony, what desolation of heart, hath earth's vain promise wrought! Disappointment stalketh abroad as a giant, and stricken souls are murmuring everywhere—"It might have been!"

'Tis the dirge of fondest hopes, the lament of the soul. From the frozen pole to the burning clime, the Angel of Grief spreads his leaden wings, and the note of wailing, like the plaintive cry of the dying swan, goes up from earth's myriads of broken hearts. It hath no pause, no change. The passing hours repeat its mournful music through the day, and darkness taketh up the strain through the night-watches. O! how often has the spirit caught the sad refrain, and echoed back amid its wild complainings, that death-knell of hope—"It might have been."—Bertha Mortimer, *Stanardsville, Va.*, 1859.

That one Single Verse.—An old negro in the West Indies, residing at a considerable distance from the missionary, but exceedingly desirous of learning to read the Bible, came to him regularly for a lesson. He made but little progress, and his teacher, almost disheartened, intimated his fears that his labors would be lost, and asked him, "Had you not better give it over?" "No, massa," said he, with great energy, "Me never give it over till me die;" and, pointing with his finger to John, third chapter, and sixteenth verse: "God so loved the world," etc., added with touching emphasis: "It is worth all de labor to be able to read dat one single verse."

A Tender Conscience.—It is an inestimable blessing to have a conscience quick to discern what is sin, and instantly to shun it, as the eyelid closes itself against a mote.—*Adams.*

A great part of mankind employ their first years in making their last miserable.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

USEFULNESS — NOTORIETY.

This is, emphatically, a utilitarian age. Never, perhaps, was there a more general desire in the hearts of men to perform some service which shall render them *eminently* useful. The rising generation have caught the spirit—they are eager in their preparations for usefulness. By them the useful arts and sciences are being extensively studied, often to the entire neglect of those accomplishments which are sometimes so much prized. We say *extensively* studied. By this we mean extent in breadth, not in depth of investigation. Their researches often include a vast catalogue of sciences, and they obtain a superficial knowledge of some of the general principles of these, but have no leisure to attend to the dry detail. "Action," "labor," "effort," seem to be their watchwords, but the labor is not of that patient, persevering kind by which the minds of the great were formerly built up,—it is rather of a spasmodic, nervous, restless character, more suited to this age of steam—this busy, bustling age. Their ardent spirits are impatient of the restraint and discipline of study. They are eager to try their strength on life's great battle-field—anxious to become actors in life's drama before the preparatory lessons are well conned. The stripling feels sure that the poet meant him when he said

"Act, act in the living *present*."

Each seems to be deeply impressed with the idea that he has a *very important* mission to perform, while he has a very lively sense of the shortness and uncertainty of life. He is convinced of the propriety of the Scripture injunction, "Let your light shine before men," and he is resolved to kindle a blaze which shall fill the world!

Many of our lesser institutions of learning, and even some of our colleges, have been compelled to succumb to the spirit of the times. They have made numerous erasures from their course of study, by the wise suggestion of a combined company of striplings, who would not, for the world, spend their precious time in studying anything which has not evidently a direct tendency to increase their usefulness! The languages are being condemned to have a place upon the useless list, and the "Scientific" is rapidly taking the place of the "Classical" course of study. There is also a "Shorter Course" being introduced in some of our colleges.

The spirited Sophomore or Junior may now often study to wonderful advantage away from the college which is honored with his connection, while he is engaged in some other useful pursuit, such as politics, or public speaking. How can his capacious mind find sufficient exercise within the narrow limits of the college walls! If his public spirit will allow him to remain connected with the institution until the proper time arrives for him to take the stand on Commencement Day, he is prepared to make a flaming speech, convincing his fond mother and doting relatives that he is a paragon of learning, and they flatter him until he is fully convinced that he is one of the wonders of the age!

The unfettered aspirant now takes his place among those who, by a like course of discipline, have prepared themselves for active life. He does not shrink from responsibility, but is most willing to use his talents in the service of the public—to fill an office in which he will surely have need of all his previously acquired knowledge, discipline, and mental acumen. He studies unceasingly the lives of the great. Not that part of their lives which relates to their preparation for service—he would consider himself dull, not to have got beyond this—but the history of their progress after they have entered the field demands his attention. He there finds an account of many important actions. He would fain act them over again. He learns that many who have been eminent for their talents and usefulness have had faults and eccentricities. He is willing to imitate even these, if so be that he may thereby become more influential. All this labor, all this effort, to be useful! Surely he can hardly fail to soon be acknowledged by all the discerning as a public benefactor in embryo!

The ladies are not behind the spirit of the age. They are becoming clamorous that their sphere of usefulness should be enlarged. They, too, have a strong desire to be public servants. They have become weary of the beaten track which their mothers have trod, and wish to branch out into a new field. They are not content that "their children should rise up and call them blessed." They have that greatness (?) of soul which is satisfied with nothing less than the praise of the whole community. They would have their sphere of action indefinitely enlarged, so that they may have an opportunity for the exercise of all their talents. Each is anxious to be a pioneer in this great reform. "Let us act like men," is their motto. "Let us be warriors in the battle-field of life," they say. "Let us enlist in the ranks of those who engage in the fiercest of the conflict. We would willingly ransack earth to find a new field of action if we might thereby but become more *obviously* useful."

Let us sincerely ask whether these professions to be so much devoted to usefulness are altogether truthful?—whether there is no selfish ambition, no restless desire for notoriety mingled therewith? Whether they are not really seeking the advancement of their own personal interests, rather than that of those for whom they profess to labor? Whether, indeed, the great influencing motive of their efforts—that which impels them on with such railroad speed—be not an ardent *love of notoriety*? We would not suspect *all* of being influenced by this principle; but is it not altogether too prevalent? Hence the vast number of those who fail to accomplish anything desirable. The basis, the governing principle of their actions is wrong, therefore their efforts cannot be blessed. In their over-anxiety to do something great,—to become renowned,—they fail to make the needful preparation for life's duties. Especially do they neglect that preparation of heart which is necessary to the accomplishment of any worthy purpose. Did they have more real benevolence—a greater desire to act *well their part*—to do *right* regardless of consequences—they would have a more correct view of things. They would be too conscientious to offer themselves as candidates for places of trust, which their common sense tells them they are not well qualified to fill. They would be more patient and industrious in their preparations for active life, and less sanguine in their expectations of success—therefore, less liable to undertake what they cannot accomplish.—Those virtues which qualify us for home enjoyments would be more prized,—even those accomplishments which contribute so much to the amenities of social life, would not be so much neglected.

We would not desire to repress the natural ardor of youth—we would not dissuade them from wishing to leave their "Footprints on the sands of Time." This desire is laudable, and need not be restrained—it should only be properly directed. Let them but seek to become worthy of renown for superior qualifications of heart and of intellect. Let them seek to have a heart to prompt them to noble deeds, and a knowledge to rightly direct them how to accomplish their purposes. Let them desire more to *merit* renown than to possess it. Let them strive rather to excel in goodness than in greatness. Let them be content with the consciousness of possessing real merit, being assured that it will have its reward. And let that lady who has acted well her part wherever Providence has placed her—even though it be in the centre of a large family circle—feel that she, too, has left her "footprints"—that her influence will be felt until the end of time, though her name may never be blazoned abroad. Surely, this thought will not be unwelcome to a womanly heart. E. A. Sandford.

Walled Lake, Mich., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A CHAPTER ON WORDS.

Words are the embodiment of thought. They are the most general, though not the only *media* of communication between mind and mind. They are the pictures and reflections of ideas. The hidden experience of the soul, the inspiration of true genius, the products of profound thought, are all—as soon as they are given birth—crystallized into words, and thus become the common property of man. From arbitrary marks, words become living things, all breathing with the life of the inner spirit, all glowing with the fires of intellect, all powerful with energetic forces. Plato and Shakspeare are by no means dead; their souls have transmigrated to new bodies—even the words which compose their works live on our library shelves, and we may commune with them at pleasure.

Nearly five-eighths of the words in the English language are of Anglo-Saxon origin; the bulk of the remainder is derived from the Latin and Greek, while nearly every written language of the world has its representatives in our mother tongue.

Words expressing primary ideas, simple and natural objects, are genuine Anglo-Saxon, as "home," "faith," "shepherd," "meadow." The Greek and Latin element was gradually infused into the language by the need of law terms, the opening of scientific fields, and the advance of literature.

It is proposed to trace the origin and changes of the signification of words that are of interest to the readers of the Rural.

Agriculture is primarily from two Greek words—but incorporated into English through the Latin—which still retain their original signification, viz., "field" and "tilling." *Colony* is from the same root as "culture," and the original word is often used by Virgil in the sense of "inhabiting" or "founding" a State. Culture has a higher signification when applied to the mind. By an appropriate figure, we carry up the idea of tilling the soil to the mind, and make *it* the field whereon to plow, sow and reap. From "ager" comes *acre*, which, in all languages except English, means any open plowed field. Hence the beautiful conception of the Germans of calling the burial place "God's acre." Its use was first prescribed to a definite portion of land in the time of Edward III. The terms "Agriculturist" and "Farmer" are nearly synonymous in the United States. In England the agriculturist is one who merely advances theories of farming, and the farmer is he who actually holds the plow. *Farm* is a Saxon word, and originally signified "provisions," "produce." Rent being paid in the productions of the soil, the word was gradually transferred from these to the soil itself.

All the ordinary and most common farming utensils are Saxon words, as "plow," "rake," "spade," "hoe," "drag," "harrow," "cradle," "scythe," &c. The elementary idea in the word *plow* is to "plug," "thrust," showing the simplicity of the origin of the word, and the connection of the meaning with its use. *Arable*, and the Latin word for "plow," have the same root. *Harrow* and *rake* have the same derivative origin. "*Cradle*" receives its name from its rocking motion while in use.

Some words are a small volume of history. In the early ages, before money was employed as a representative value, exchanges were made by means of cattle and flocks. Servius Tullius first issued coin with the image of cattle stamped upon it. The Latin name for cattle is "*pecus*," whence is derived our term "pecuniary."

Marion, Perry Co., Ala., 1859. Anad.

New England College Commencements.—The following are the dates for this year's college anniversaries in New England.

Harvard, Cambridge	July 20
Dartmouth Hanover	July 28.
Yale, New Haven	July 28.
Williams, Williamstown	August 3
Bowdoin Maine	August 3
University of Vermont, Burlington	August 3.
Waterville, Maine	August 10
Amherst	August 11.
Middlebury, Vermont	August 10.
Norwich University, Vermont	August 11.

NATIONAL TEACHERS ASSOCIATION.

The Second Annual Meeting of the Teachers' Association will be held in Washington, D. C, on the Second Wednesday, the 10th of August next, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M. At this meeting, Lectures are expected from the following gentlemen, viz.:—Introductory Address by the President Andrew J. Rickoff, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Lecture by Elbridge Smith, of New England. Lecture by J. N. McJilton, of Maryland. Lecture by James Love, of Missouri. Lecture by Mr. ———, of the South-West.

Several Essays and Reports are expected from gentlemen of different sections of the country. It is expected that papers embracing the several departments of instruction, from the Primary School to the College and University, will be presented.

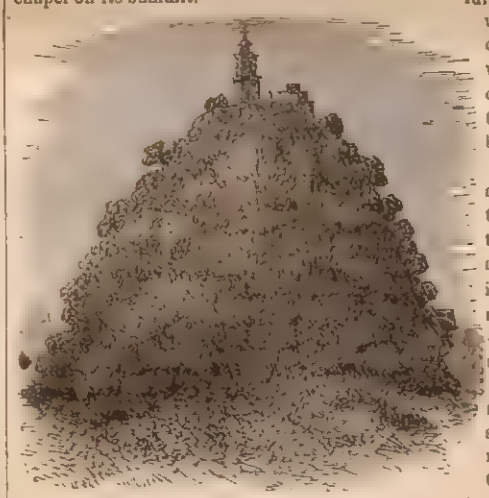
The order of exercises will be announced at the meeting Measures have been taken to make this the largest, most interesting and influential Educational Meeting that has ever been held in the country. A large number of the most distinguished educators, representing every department of instruction, are expected to be present and participate in the deliberations of the meeting.

The Local Committee at Washington, the Chairman of which is Prof. Z. Richards, is actively engaged in making preparation for the meeting.—Gratuitous entertainment will be given to ladies, and a reduction of fare made to such as put up at the public houses. A reduction of fare has also been secured on the principal lines of travel. Thus all who are interested can attend this meeting, and at small expense.

Further particulars may be had by addressing the President, A. J. Rickoff, Cincinnati, Ohio; Z. Richards, Washington, D. C.; D. B. Hagar, Jamaica Plains, Mass.; C. S. Pennell, St. Louis; or the Secretary, J. W. Bulkley, Brooklyn, N. Y.

GRAND MOUND OF CHOLULA, MEXICO.

Cholula is a decayed town in Mexico, 15 miles North-West of La Puebla, and inhabited by Indians. At the time of the Conquest of Mexico, by Cortez, it was said by the historians of the Conquest to contain 20,000 houses, besides an equal number in the suburbs, and more than 400 towers of temples could be seen in one view. The town was particularly noted for its great pyramid, which was erected by the ancient Mexicans, and according to the ancient historians of the Conquest, was 177 feet in height, measuring 1,440 feet on each side, ascended from its base by 120 steps. It was reported as composed of earth and brick. The Spaniards erected a chapel on its summit.



Wilson, in his *New History of the Conquest of Mexico*, gives the above engraving of this great mound or pyramid, taken on the spot, and says that much that is said of *Cholula* and of its pyramid, is mere romance; that the town is small and poor, and exhibits no signs of former greatness; that the pyramid is a mound of earth, covered with grass and bushes, that there are no steps to be seen, and no sign of art but the chapel on its summit. Mr. W. says:

"The striking resemblance of this to the mounds through the country of our northern tribes, satisfied us of their common origin, and that this, like the others, was but an Indian burying-place, formed by the deposition of earth upon the top of a sharp, conical hill, as often as fresh bodies were interred, and this is probably the fact. Its greater size is doubtless attributable to its situation in the midst of a most fertile plain, [*vega*] where from generation to generation a dense population must have dwelt, who used this as the common receptacle of their dead. The appearance of that structure, which Humboldt and other Europeans have considered a monument of antique *art*, is readily explained by opposing facts, familiar only to Americans, to the scientific speculations of foreigners!—But to this one there is now no question—an excavation having been made into the side of the mound, it revealed that truth which we only surmised."

A Perfect Man.—The man deserving the name, is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others, rather than for himself; whose high purpose is adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while heaven or earth affords means of accomplishing it. He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious word, nor take an evil path to secure a real good purpose. Such a man were one for whom a woman's heart should beat constant while he breathes, and break when he dies.—*Scott.*

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE AIR.

The air is an elastic fluid surrounding the earth, and extending forty-five miles above it. It is the medium of light with all its phenomena of colors, of heat, and sound. Its principal ingredients are nitrogen, oxygen, and a little carbon. So says philosophy, and such a definition we receive with great satisfaction, under the impression that we have added greatly to our store of knowledge. But, in reality, we know as little what air actually *is* as the little Nautilus that, launching his boat so trustingly on the waters, commits himself to the guidance of the winds. What is oxygen, what is nitrogen and carbon?

But, after all, it is useless to quarrel with this explanation, so long as there is no better one. Besides, it is an acknowledged principle in science that of the essence of matter we know nothing. If we are so restricted as to know nothing of its essence, we may tell of its qualities, effects, and uses. Here is field wide enough for our time and capacities.

Air is the great temporizer of the earth. The warm air of the tropics comes to spread beauty and verdure over the frosty fields of the north, while the cool northern wind rushes southward. Constantly, warm and cold currents of air are rushing past each other, or meeting and mingling together. As we ascend, cold increases, and we may conclude that beyond the limits of our atmosphere, heat is unknown. Air furnishes quite a proportion of the sustenance on which plants and animals subsist, so that, in the language of a recent writer, "we live upon air." It is so gentle that when at rest it will not disturb the down on the breast of a bird, but let it arise in its might and march through the earth, and nothing can resist it. Huge rocks are but as pebbles before it; tall pines and venerable oaks bow themselves, while the cataract lowers its voice to listen to its dreadful roar. Reader, you have often listened to the sighing of the night wind, and the answering whispers of the multitude of leaves. You have heard the caroling of birds, and the sweet, low strains of the Æolian harp-like music in the distance. You have heard the majestic strains of the organ, when the volume of sound almost lifted you from your feet. Perhaps from thousands of human voices you have heard the song go up,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Then, may be, you have listened to the roll of old ocean in a storm, when the frantic waves seemed almost ready to break from the fettering shore. What has been the agent in all this? Nothing but the vibrations of the *air*. Unseen, unfelt when at rest, let but its particles move among each other, and the effects are astounding.

If, in the natural world, the most spiritual essences are the mightiest, may we not expect that it will be the same in the world of mind? Yes. The most hidden powers of the mind, those which remain the longest unrecognized are the most powerful. The thought, too, is exceedingly painful, that so much mental strength is hidden and unappropriated. In a still day let a fire be kindled upon a common, and from all directions the wind will rush to meet it. So let the fires of earnest zeal be kindled in the soul, and the latent powers of that soul will make themselves known.

Condensed air is greatly increased in power, and is capable of sustaining life much longer than that of the common density. Reader, is there not a density of mind, too? Some are capable of sustaining great thoughts, and enduring long continued action. With others the mental atmosphere is exceedingly rare. With such, light substances in the form of diluted thoughts are more congenial than any other.—The air may be condensed by pressure, and by the disciplining pressure of close thought and study, the mind may be greatly solidified. Is it not a duty to make it so? Let the sensibilities, the reason, the will, and imagination, each be trained to its proper function, and balanced by a proper development of each, and the mind will take care of itself. Minerva Osborn.

Butler, Wis., 1859.

THE AMERICAN IN ROME.

A correspondent of the Boston Courier gives the following description of Brother Jonathan at Rome:

Rome he pronounces a one-horse town, slow, fearfully dull, and the people a set of rascally beggars. As for Murray, he is a humbug. What does he mean by going into frenzies about certain ruins, devoting pages to minute descriptions of them, when Yankee Doodle finds nothing but a poverty-stricken fragment of a wall, that, in his opinion, ought to be pulled down and carted away? What splendid building lots might be made out of Mount Palatine, and what fools the Romans are to permit that rubbish, called the Palace of the Cæsars, to occupy it. The Colissium rather staggers our countryman, who is willing to bet that Barnum could take it down, put it up in America, and yet make a good thing out of it. "It would pay well, sir."

Jonathan rushes through the Vatican in half an hour. In one statue, in one painting, he sees all; galleries of art are ever the same to him. St. Peter's he regards as a great waste of time and money; and as for its immense height, he assures his *valet de place* that when the Washington monument is completed it will beat St. Peter's all to nothing. He visits the artists' studios, and can't see what satisfaction there can be in a profession where so little money is to be made. He inquires the price of marble. Murray says that Rome *can* be done in eight days, but advises no one to make the attempt. For the one hundredth time Jonathan calls Murray a humbug, and declares he can see as much of Rome as he desires in less time than that. Frequently he does, rushing from one place to another with a perseverance and determination that, when applied to business matters in America, leads to fortune.

To be cast down by undeserved censure, or elated by unmerited compliment, is alike proof of weakness.

PLOWING.

Messrs. Editors:—I noticed in the Rural of June 11th, an article addressed to Plow Boys, by H. K. F., and a similar one in your issue of June 25th by A. C. G., and as I am one of the Boys, I think I should be entitled to a small space in the columns of the Rural.

There are many valuable suggestions in both articles, but in one or two points I would beg leave to differ with them. H. K. F. says you should have a "steady, well-trained team," which, of course, is preferable, but not always obtainable. He also says "the lines should pass around the neck." In this I think he is mistaken, as a person cannot control or guide a team as well with the lines in that position, as he could with them around his body.—O, H. K. F., I would suggest that you hold the lines firmly in your teeth, as you could guide your team about as well, and in case they were not "well-trained," but were inclined to run away, you could let go, and not be in danger of getting your neck twisted.

In marking out lands, A. C. G. says:—"Set a stake at one end, and make a mark with your heel at the other end; set the plow in the mark, place the lines around your waist, look between the heads of your horses and get something between you and the stake, in range with it, as a small stone or weed, start your team, turning the body to the right or left to guide them, *and be sure to hit every object of range between you and the stake.*" In all this I agree with him exactly, except the range, which, instead of "a small stone or weed," between him and the stake, should be a tree, a building, or something else far beyond the stake, the farther the better, as a little variation on the part of the plowman will be more plainly seen than if the object was nearer the stake. When done in this way you need not fear the consequences, as the furrow will be straight if you keep your range, which is easily done, especially if you have a "well-trained team." In cases where you are marking towards a thick woods, or anything that would obstruct the view beyond, you would have to follow A. C. G.'s plan, but it is not as accurate, and would seldom be necessary.

Aurora, N. Y., 1859. P. V. Egbert.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT DOGS.

Messrs. Eds:—In the Rural for May 9th, 1857, there is an article entitled "Dogs, a Dissertation," which is worthy of a place in every newspaper in the world. The writer's opinion of them exactly coincides with mine, and I, too, wish that there was not one in existence. They are, as he says, "a serious and increasing evil." Besides the many losses from sheep-killing dogs, there are many other evils which they are the cause of. It is dogs, *dogs*, DOGS, everywhere, in city and country—nowhere can we flee away from them. Travel wherever we will, we are almost sure to be saluted with the "bow-wow-wow," of one or two dogs about every house we pass, and are often in danger of being bitten by these yelping curs. A person might reasonably expect that they would be tired at night after their long labor, and wish to rest and allow people to sleep, but not even this can be said in their favor, for when night comes some one of the miserable pests will imagine he sees or hears something wrong, and will—after he is sure that he is in a safe place—at once start his music, and, other dogs hearing him, also commence, and in a short time there is a whole band of dog-musicians playing.

There is, doubtless, occasionally a dog that is of some benefit to his master, but there is a far greater number that are of no benefit to anyone. I do not write this to encourage the illtreatment of dogs—I like to see those who *keep* dogs treat them with kindness, but I believe it would be better if there was not one in existence. Perhaps some will think that this is of little importance to farmers, and altogether out of place in the Young Ruralist Department, but it is of as much importance to them as to others. At all events, I believe the subject is of sufficient value to have the opinions of others—for myself, I am willing to do my part towards waging a war of extermination against the entire canine race. W. H. H. Pearson.

Pitcairn, St. Law. Co., N. Y., 1859.

Worms in Bee-Hives.—Will some of your subscribers inform me, through the columns of the Rural, the best way of destroying worms in bee-hives, and oblige a young reader of your valuable paper.—J. K., *Le Roy, Jan.*, 1859.

Remarks.—The best way we know of is to take the comb from the hive, and then their track can be discovered, and they can be dug out with a pointed knife. How this thing is to be managed, we may describe hereafter, when we obtain the necessary engravings. In the meantime any of our experienced bee-keepers may give their views.

A Quick Quarter.—A boy worked hard all day for a quarter of a dollar. With the quarter he bought apples, and took them to town and sold them in the street for a dollar. With the dollar he bought a sheep. The sheep brought him a lamb, and her fleece brought him another dollar. With the dollar he bought him another sheep. The next spring he had two sheep, two lambs, and a yearling sheep. The three fleeces he sold for three dollars, and bought three more sheep. He now had six, with a fair prospect. He worked where he found opportunity, for hay, corn, and oats, and pasturing for his sheep. He took the choicest care of them and soon had a flock. Their wool enabled him to buy a pasture for them, and by the time he was twenty-one he had a fair start in life, and all from the quarter earned in one day.

Nothing establishes confidence sooner than punctuality.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Pratt's Patent Self-Ventilating Covered Milk-Pan—Arthur, Burnham & Gilroy.
To Farmers and Manufacturers of Mowing and Reaping Machines—H. & M. P. Jackson.
Wilson's Arable Seedling—Wm. Richardson.
Plain and Pleasant Talk about Fruit, Flowers and Farming—Derby & Jackson.
Horse Powers, Threshing and Mowing Machines—B. G. H. Hathaway.
Ingham University—Samuel Hanson Cox.
Three Year Old Bull, Heifers and Bull Calf—L. A. Beebe

SPECIAL NOTICES.

For the Complexion—Joseph Burnett & Co.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER AND NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 16, 1859.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:

One copy, 1 year,	$2	One copy, 6 mo's,	$1 00
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Thirty-Two copies,	40	Thirty-Two do.	20 00

And an Extra Copy, free, to every person remitting for a club of six or more copies; and Two free copies for every club of Thirty or over. As a new Half Volume commenced July 2d, Now is the Time to form Clubs for either Six Months or a Year. All persons who form new clubs to commence with July, or introduce the Rural in localities where it is not now taken, will be liberally remunerated for their time and attention.

☞ Back numbers from April or January can still be furnished, if desired. We will send Specimen Numbers, Show Bills, &c., to all applicants, and to the addresses of as many non-subscribers as may be forwarded.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

There is such information in Washington as warrants the belief that the recent change of the British Ministry will not affect the present position of her Majesty's representatives abroad, with the exception perhaps of Lord Cowley at Paris.

One of the conventions concluded by Minister M'Lean with the Juarez Government, has been forwarded hither by him, and others are in a fair way of consummation, there being no difficulties about the preliminaries. While the import and export duties at Vera Cruz have considerably diminished in consequence of the unsettled affairs in the interior, the receipts at the other ports on the Mexican coast have largely increased.

It is estimated that a reduction of from $200,000 to $300,000 will be effected during the fiscal year just commenced, by the retrenchments in the expenses attending the collection of the custom revenue now in progress. These will continue to be made from time to time, as reliable information on the subject shall reach the Secretary.

A Washington dispatch to the N. Y. *Times* says it is now understood that the Russians wholly repudiate the Perkin's claim for ammunition contracted for during the Crimean war, as being entirely without merit or proof.

A dispatch to the *Tribune* says an effort is being made by interested parties, both in Washington and in New York, to press upon the administration a treaty with Mexico, stipulating for a perpetual right of way for the Tehuantepec and other routes to the Pacific, and a right of a way on the line of the line of the Rio Grande to the Gulf of California, for the consideration of $25,000,000.

Among the measures contemplated in our intercourse with Mexico, is a limited reciprocity treaty. This, however, will not be proposed during the pending negotiations on other subjects.

Personal and Political.

The Hon. Rufus Choate, who sailed from Boston in the steamship Europa, on Wednesday week, for Liverpool, was obliged by illness, to leave the steamer at Halifax.

Prince Poniatowski, the sole representative of the Royal family of ancient Poland, who has escaped from exile in Siberia, has come to this country, intending to become a citizen. He is lecturing at Portland and Newburyport on Siberia and Russia, but means to go West for his residence.

The Republican State Committee of New York, met at Albany, on the 6th inst., and resolved to call a State Convention at Syracuse on the 7th of September next. The basis of Representation is to be two delegates from each district.

The Maine Republican State Convention, held at Portland on the 7th inst., nominated Hon. Lott M. Morrell, for Governor. The customary resolutions were passed and the Convention adjourned.

The Republicans of Wisconsin will hold a Convention at Madison, the Capitol, on Wednesday, the 31st day of August next, to nominate candidates for Governor and other State officers, and to select delegates to the National Republican Convention, should the Convention deem it advisable to do so. Each Assembly district will be entitled to two delegates.

The Republicans of California held a State Convention at Sacramento, on the 1st of June, and adopted resolutions re-affirming the Republican platform of opposition to slavery propagandism; also, in favor of a Pacific Railroad, a central mail route, a homestead bill and Mr. Grow's land bill. The following are the State nominations:—*Governor*—Leland Stanford, of Sacramento. *Lieut. Governor*—J. F. Kennedy, of Santa Clara. *Judge of the Supreme Court*—O. L. Shafter, of San Francisco. *Clerk Supreme Court*—S. D. Parker, of Trinity. *Treasurer*—Philip P. Caine, of Butte. *Comptroller*—J. R. Clarke, of El Dorado. *Superintendent of Public Instruction*—S. W. Brown, of Sonora. *Surveyor-General*—A. G. Randall, of Amador. *Attorney-General*—H. S. Love, of San Francisco.

In one of the counties of Wisconsin, it is said, there are three candidates for the Legislature:—J. M. Root, Democrat; Robt. Hogg, Free Soil; and T. H. Dye, Whig. So the people can have their choice,—"Root, Hogg, or Dye."

News Paragraphs.

A horse turned loose in the streets of Albany, recently kicked a little boy in the head, so that he died; whereupon the owner was pronounced guilty of manslaughter by the coroner's jury.

Jeshsham Sawin, a native of Westmoreland, N. H., died at his residence in West Windsor, Vt., on the 23d ult., aged 100 years 8 months and 23 days. The deceased was a private in Capt. Josiah Fish's Company, in Col. Fletcher's Battalion, in the Revolutionary War.

Yale College is said to own ninety acres of land in North Canaan, Ct., which has grown up to alders and hardbacks, and is so worthless that the lessees will not pay two shillings an acre for it.—The papers thereabouts suggest that rusticated students should be sent out to cultivate the wilderness.

The Charleston Mercury says that Mr. Antonio Canale, a well known fruiterer of Charleston, who recently sent 300 bales of cotton to Genoa by the barque Hollander, has been impressed into the Sardinian army, while in Genoa on business connected with his shipment.

The Louisville papers note the death of Victor F. Ward, aged 20 years. He was whipped by Butler, the school teacher, which whipping was the first act in the Matt Ward tragedy in Louisville.

The New London Star says that at the present time there is not a single whaler fitting in that port, and it is said that the business is rapidly declining.

It is now proposed in Philadelphia to tax the Insurance Companies some $10,000 for the water used in extinguishing fires. The reason for this is that the city pays $50,000 annually to Fire Companies, while all the property belonging to the city is insured, thus making the Insurance Companies gainers by this expenditure.

The Express bag sent by the United States Express Agent at St. Louis for New York, in the balloon Atlantic, was picked up on the 4th inst., on the lake, six miles west of Oswego. It contained over forty letters to New York correspondents, among which is a draft of $1,000 on a bank.

It has just been discovered that a young man sent a year ago to State Prison for ten years, for shooting a private watchman, is innocent, one of the really guilty parties having confessed their crime. The wounded man swore to his identity, and collateral evidence pointed to him as the criminal, and in spite of his assertions of innocence, he was convicted.

Recruiting in the U. S. army, which was stopped some months ago, in consequence of the ranks being full, as was given out at the time, has been revived to a limited extent, for the purpose of filling vacancies which are constantly occurring, especially in the Infantry service.

From Utah.—Later advices from Salt Lake state that Judge Cradlebaugh, who had just returned from his Circuit, had issued during his tour nearly 100 warrants against persons engaged in the Mountain Meadow massacre, and various other murders. The Judge says that for eight miles along his route, before reaching Santa Clara, he found human skeletons on almost every camping ground. He also says that eighty white men were concerned in the massacre of Mountain Meadow.

Metternich's Death.—The London News felicitously says:—"Metternich was the fanatic of the *status quo* whom Paul Louis Courier beheld in a vision on the morning of the creation of the world, crying out in indignation an alarm, '*Mon Dieu! conservons le chaos.*' Political life and liberty, national independence, the dignity of man as man, were chaos to him. Darkness was his 'order,' and when the darkness broke, he had the wit to die."

Arrival of the Overland Mail.—The overland mail arrived at St. Louis on the 5th inst., with California dates to the 13th ult. Business at San Francisco continued dull, and most of the leading staples had declined. Money was scarce, but the next shipment of treasure to the eastward would be large. The accounts from the mines continue favorable. Advices from Oregon state that the Legislature had adjourned without electing a U. S. Senator. Advices from Frazer River mines continue unfavorable. Crowds of emigrants were returning to California, and many others were settling in Oregon and Washington Territories.

The Late Kidnapping Case.—The trial of Low, Jennings, Mitchell, and Davis, for kidnapping, was commenced in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 6th inst.—At the instance of their counsel an arrangement was made by which *nolle prosequis* were entered in their cases, and those of the Oberlin rescuers who awaited trial, and the prisoners on both sides were discharged.

The Japan Minister.—The following is an extract from a letter written by an officer of the U. S. steamship Mississippi:—"Simoda, Japan, April 5th.—The Japanese Minister declines going to the United States until next February. We expect to have to wait for him, as cabins have been built for him upon our deck, and our ship detailed to take him to the States. We shall, at all events, spend the summer months in these waters. We will sail for Nagasaki in two or three days. Letters for our ship will reach us if sent to Hong Kong as heretofore."

The Pike's Peak Gold Stories.—Advices received at Leavenworth, July 2d, state that the news from Pike's Peak is still encouraging. A letter from Horace Greely says there is gold in paying quantities. Some claims were yielding $600 a day. A hundred dollars per day for each sluice, was considered a fair average. New and rich discoveries were being made every day, and it was calculated that 500 sluices would be in operation by next August. Large prospecting parties were being organized for an extended exploration of the mountain districts. Business was reviving in Denver City.

We have again flattering accounts from Pike's Peak, but the statement of Mr. McCoy to the St. Joseph's *Gazette* is more reliable. He says that the mines on the Gregory road are profitable, and will support 5,000 people, while there are 25,000 or 30,000 people there who are unable to earn a livelihood.

FOREIGN NEWS.

From the Seat of War.—A Great Battle.

In our last issue it was stated that Napoleon was concentrating his forces for the purpose of attacking the Austrians, and that a decisive battle would soon be fought. The steamers *Vigo* and *Adelaide* arrived at St. Johns on the 3d inst., and the *Hungarian* at Farther Point on the 8th, and we learn that the Austrians re-crossed the Mincio and attacked the Allies (with the expectation of beating them before the arrival of reinforcements,) but were obliged to abandon their positions and withdraw. Napoleon telegraphed to the Empress as follows:

"Cavriana, June 24, 11:30 A. M.

A Great Battle—A Great Victory. The whole Austrian army formed a line of battle extending five leagues in length. We have taken all the enemy's positions, many cannon, flags and prisoners. The battle lasted from 4 in the morning till 8 in the evening."

"June 25, 1:30 P. M.

It is impossible as yet to obtain the details of yesterday. The enemy withdrew last night. I have passed the night in a room occupied in the morning by the Emperor of Austria. Gen. Niel has been appointed a Marshal of France."

"Cavriana, June 26, 11:30 A. M.

The Austrians, who had crossed the Mincio for the purpose of attacking us with their whole body, have been obliged to abandon their positions, and withdraw to the left bank of the river. They have blown up the bridge of Goita. The loss of the enemy is very considerable, but ours is much less. *We have taken 30 cannon, more than 7,000 prisoners, and 3 flags.* Gen. Neil and his *corps d'armee* have covered themselves with glory, as well as the whole army. The Sardinian army inflicted great loss on the enemy, after having contended with great fury against superior forces."

The following is the order of the day, published by the Emperor Napoleon, after the battle of Salferino:

"Cavriana, June 25.

Soldiers:—The enemy, who believed themselves able to repulse us from the Chiese, have re-crossed the Mincio. You have worthily defended the honor of France; Salferino surpassed the recollection of Lonato and Castiglione. In twelve hours you have repulsed the efforts of 150,000 men. Your enthusiasm did not rest there. The numerous artillery of the enemy occupied formidable positions for over three leagues, which you carried. Your country thanks you for your courage and perseverance, and laments the fallen. We have taken three flags, 30 cannon and 7,000 prisoners. The Sardinians fought with the same valor against superior forces, and worthy is that army who marched beside you. Blood has not been shed in vain for the glory of France and the happiness of the people."

The following is the Austrian official account of the battle.

"Verona, June 25.

Day before yesterday our right wing occupied Pozzolenga, Salferino and Cavriana, and the left wing pressed forward as far as Guidizzolo and Cioffredo, but were driven back by the enemy. A collision took place between the two entire armies, at 10 yesterday. Our left, under Gen. Winpen advanced as far as Chiese. In the afternoon there was a concentrated assault on the heroically defended town of Salferino. Our right wing repulsed the Piedmontese, but on the other hand the order of our center could not be restored, and our losses are extraordinarily heavy. The development of powerful masses in the evening against our left wing, and the advance of his main body against Volta, caused our retreat, which began late in the evening."

Austrian correspondence contains the following: "Day before yesterday the Austrian army crossed the Mincio at four points, and yesterday came upon the superior force of the enemy in the Chiese. After an obstinate combat of twelve hours our army withdrew across the Mincio. Our headquarters are at Villa Franca."

The London Times says the Austrians have most candidly admitted their defeat, and that history scarcely records a bulletin in which such a disaster is more explicitly avowed.

The Paris Presse says that private messages from Berne are spoken of, which put down the Austrian loss at the enormous number of 35,000 *horse du combat*, 15,000 made prisoners, together with 14 flags and 75 pieces of cannon.

It is inferred from the telegraphs that the French army suffered so severely, that two days after the battle it was still unable to resume the offensive.—There were vague rumors of 10,000 to 12,000 French troops killed and wounded.

Official Austrian correspondence of the 27th of June, contains the following:—The Emperor of Austria will soon return to Vienna, on account of important business. The Commander-in-Chief of the army, which is preparing battle, is Gen. Hess.

Forty thousand men were embarking in Algeria for the Adriatic, and at Paris news was expected of the occupation of Venice by the French.

A dispatch from Stiennel says that the attack of the French on Venice and Tagliamento, about 45 miles northeast of Venice, was expected to take place on the 28th of June.

The Austrian reserves, numbering 175,000 men, were on their way to Italy. They are considered the flower of the Austrian army. Not a man of them has served less than eight years.

Great Britain.—Lord Palmerston, in his address to his constituents, expresses the hope that the Ministry he has formed will prove satisfactory to the country. He says it will be one of the great objects of the Government to preserve for their country the blessings of peace, and to take an advantage of any favorable opportunity that may present itself, to exert the moral influence of Great Britain to assist in restoring peace to Europe. In regard to the reformation, Lord P. simply says, that he trusts his Government may be able so to deal with the subjects as to strengthen the institutions of the country, by placing them on a broader and firmer foundation.

The elections for Members of Parliament to fill the seats vacated by those who have accepted office in the new Ministry, were generally resulting in the return of the Government candidates. Mr. Gladstone, however, was being close pressed for Oxford University by the Marquis Chodas.

An alarming and destructive fire took place at Cork on Thursday night, the 23d. Loss not stated.

France.—It was announced in Paris on Friday, that a *corps d'armee* of 40,000 men, mainly from African regiments, is expected shortly in the Adriatic sea.

The advices from Frankfort-on-the-Maine state that on the 25th of June Prussia made a proposal to the Federal Diet to place a corps of observation on the Rhine, to be the 7th and 8th Federal *corps d'armee*, under the superior orders of Bavaria. The proposal was referred to the military committee.

The Paris *Siecle* and *Journal des Debats* ridicule the idea of German mediation on the basis which rumor has placed in circulation.

It was reported that the Emperor of Austria would soon have an interview with the Prince Regent of Prussia.

The *Nord* publishes the following, dated Berlin, June 21st:—At a military conference held yesterday, it was resolved that the Guards shall remain at Berlin and Potsdam, and six regiments of cavalry and infantry shall be cantoned in the province of Brandenburg. Three *corps d'armee* will take up positions between the lower and central Rhine. Two other *corps d'armee* will be stationed upon the upper Rhine and the river Maine. One of the *corps* will proceed to its destination through Silesia, Saxony and Bavaria. The departure of troops will take place about the first of July.

The *Journal des Debats* asserts that the Bavarian Government has refused to allow Prussian troops to pass through its territory, until the Prussian Cabinet shall have answered the series of questions as to the meaning and purpose of the resolutions it has taken.

The naval expedition, possessing immense means of destruction, is on its way to Venice. One hundred and twenty flat-bottom boats, keeled with iron and filled with cannon, are, it is said, to ascend the Adige and the Po. If Venice falls, the fleet may land a *corps d'armee* on the Adige, and take the Austrians in the rear, while the land army attacks them in front.

Prussia.—The official *Preussische Zeitung* of Wednesday, says the French and Sardinian army is moving near the frontiers of Germany. The Prussian Government regards the security of Germany as intrusted to its care. The Italian conflict is assuming even increasing dimensions. England and Russia are arming on the greatest scale. The Prussian Government would be faithless to its duty and to the sense of the nation if she should neglect to act commensurably with that spirit by which Prussia has become great. Prussia is free from every engagement. She obeys only those obligations which spring from the inmost nature of her State interests. It will soon be seen whether Prussia's initiative will be supported with the necessary weight by the German States. Prussia's policy stands firm, and whoever lays obstacles in its way may consider that he is rendering service to the enemies of his fatherland.

Turkey.—Advices from Constantinople say that Said Pacha had been summoned to send his contingent to Rommelia, but replied that the indecisive policy of the Porte compromises Egypt, and that therefore he will send no succor, but will put his army on a war footing.

Rome.—Advices from Rome say that an attempt was made to display the tri-colored flag and proclaim for the Dictatorship of Victor Emanuel, but General Gorgon interfered to prevent. The Pope has notified his protest against the dismemberment of his States, to powers represented at the Paris conference. He had also communicated to the Cardinals a letter of the Emperor Napoleon, guaranteeing independence.

Commercial.—*Breadstuffs.*—Richardson, Spence & Co. quote breadstuffs tending downward. Flour was offered at higher prices, but sales quite unimportant.—The quotations are 10s6d@13s6d. The prices of wheat are easier, but without any decided change. Western red was quoted at 8s@9s10d; Southern white 10s@12s. All quotations of corn had declined slightly. Mixed 5s10@5s11d; yellow 5s11d@6s; white 6s@8s6d; and others quote pork dull. Lard heavy, and declined slightly. *Provisions.*—Messrs. Bigland, Althyn & Co., James McHenry & Co., and others quote pork dull.—Lard heavy, and declined slightly.

Clippings from Foreign Journals.

The London papers report that some of the oldest churches of that metropolis are about to disappear to make room for new warehouses. The churches in which Tillotson and Burnet preached, and in which so many people were "converted" for their own good, are now themselves to be converted into warehouses for the goods of Manchester, Halifax and Leeds.

An earthquake occurred at Erzeroum, the principal city of Asiatic Turkey, on the 2d of June, and 1,500 persons are said to have lost their lives. The city has a population of 50,000.

Orders have been given for introducing athletic games and gymnastic exercises in the British army. The idea is derived from the French. The Zouaves are trained gymnasts, and are as agile as so many Ravels. Their exploits in scaling ramparts are almost incredible. They climb over each other's backs, making a ladder of their bodies against a wall. The exercises are promotive of health, as well as of efficiency in the hour of action.

The correspondent of the London *Times* writes, "The battle of Magenta was 'regular slaughter-house work,' in the performance of which the parties concerned displayed equal skill and resolution. The retreat was made with such extreme rapidity that the men, who had no time to prepare their food, fell to the earth completely exhausted by heat, hunger and thirst. A medical man who is with the army, says that the first things required by the wounded men brought into the hospitals are 'food and drink.' This remark confirms me in the belief that the train was unable to keep pace with the army." The following short passage from a letter written at Binasco by a correspondent of one of the Vienna papers, probably gives a correct idea of the battle of Magenta:—"In hardly any battle was so much blood shed in so short a time. The bullets of the French came into our ranks like hail-stones into a field, and without word or groan very many of our valiant fellows fell to rise no more. You will be able to form a correct idea of the way in which the officers fought, when you have been informed that one battalion of the 'Kaiser' regiment of the line was brought back by a sergeant, and another by a lieutenant."

British Lord Chancellors.—On the resignation of Lord Chelmsford there will be five ex-Chancellors—viz.:—Lords Lyndhurst, aged 87; Brougham, aged 81; St. Leonards, 78; Cranworth, 69, and Chelmsford, 65—each receiving a pension of $25,000 per annum. Lord Campbell, the new Lord Chancellor, is in his 78th year.

The News Condenser.

— Railroad enterprises are active in Texas.

— They have in Philadelphia, for a novelty, a vegetarian church.

— About seven hundred important battles are recorded in history.

— A pickerel was caught the other day with a squirrel in his stomach.

— A man went over Niagara Falls in a boat, on Wednesday week.

— Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati, paid last year for taxes $37,510,56.

— Blondin crossed Niagara Falls, blindfolded, on a tight rope, on the Fourth.

— The Asia brings the news of the appearance of the cholera at St. Petersburgh.

— All the New England States support one clergyman to less than 600 persons.

— The number of dead letters annually returned to the department is about 2,250,000.

— Rev. Dr. Whipple, of Chicago, has been elected Bishop of the Diocese of Minnesota.

— Eight million bottles are annually made at a manufactory of bottles at Folembray, France.

— The receipts of the Treasury week before last were one million two hundred thousand dollars.

— The emigration of free colored people from the United States to Hayti is rapidly increasing.

— Horace Greeley thinks the child is now born that will see Illinois a State of ten million people.

— Seventy-three new counterfeits have been put in circulation in the United States since June 1.

— A Portugese seaman, name unknown, died on Wednesday week in New York, from coup de soliel.

— A man named Rosseau, living at Chippewa, is supposed to have gone over the Niagara Falls Saturday week.

— The New Hampshire House of Representatives has 325 members—the largest number of any State in the Union.

— A recent charity concert by Jenny Lind in London cleared $6,000. She sings, it is said, with all of her old power.

— The boy Mortara has been "confirmed," with great display, in the church of San Pietro and Vincula, Rome.

— For past six months the amount of imports is $52,553,460—for the same period in 1857, it was only $45,054,464.

— Isabella Thompson, of Washington county, Ohio, although not quite six years of age, weighs over 200 pounds.

— Three out of four, says a Mississippi paper, of the imported Africans, bought by planters in that vicinity, have died.

— On Friday morning, the 1st day of July, 1859, there was a white frost at New Boston village and in West Goffstown, N. H.

— Saturday week Mount Morris, N. Y., was visited by a tornado which removed chimnies, battlements, balustrades, roofs, &c.

— The imports at New York for the week ending June 25th, exceed those of the corresponding week in 1858 by $1,792,016.

— A Kansas paper publishes a report that three hundred persons starved to death on the Plains, on the Smoky Hill route.

— The cotton exported to Great Britain this year is 1,632,000 bales, and to France and other foreign countries, 917,000 bales.

— The names of no less than 24 individuals are now prominently before the country as candidates for the Presidency in 1860.

— There are 330 patients in the California State Lunatic Asylum, and the number increases at the rate of about one each day.

— Elegant wigs are now manufactured in London from hemp, which is dyed, greased, and curled to resemble the natural hair.

— Twenty lives are reported to have been lost by fire in the Pineries that divide Gregory's and Jackson's diggings, near Denver City.

— Gold has been discovered among the hills of Boston Co., Mo., and the excitement of the neighborhood is up to Pike's Peak pitch.

— The Court of Appeals has unanimously decided that the Atlas & Argus, (Dem.,) and not the Journal, (Rep.,) is the State Paper.

— The Sullivan Republican says gold has been found in small quantities at South Charlestown, N. H., on the land of Roswell Robertson.

— Among the prisoners in the Schenectady jail is an old man of 90 years, who is charged with assault with intent to kill his son-in-law.

— An automaton chess player is now being exhibited in N. Y. city. It is the form of a solemn old Mussulman, and plays a very good game.

— A Philadelphia real estate owner says there is this difference between his houses and his tenants, the former settle, while the latter don't.

— F. W. Bond, of Hudson, Wis., claims to have invented a process by which music may be printed by the act of playing it on the piano!

— Ex-President Pierce expects to return home next month, recent indications in Mrs. Pierce's health being less encouraging than heretofore.

— The Archbishop of Agram has written a pastoral, in which he describes Victor Emanuel as "a cock sparrow presuming to peck at the eagle."

— The library of Baron Humboldt, left as a legacy to his body servant, has been purchased for $4,000, by Mr. Wright, the American Envoy at Berlin.

— A block of gold, valued at $3,850 has been received as the result of one month's contribution to the Mount Vernon fund by the ladies of California.

— John Gorrie, M. D., of Apalachicola, has invented an apparatus for freezing by steam! The next step will be to warm ourselves with a snow-bank.

— Friends of the Bible cause in New York are now making contributions for supplying the armies now in the field in Europe with New Testaments.

— The Henry Clay monument at Lexington is more than 108 feet high, and nearly ready for the capital, on which is to stand the statue of the statesman.

— The drinking-fountain movement is spreading.—There is one of the merciful dispensations in Pittsburg, and they are agitating the subject in Baltimore.

— Some women in Kansas are signing petitions to the new Convention, asking for equal political rights with men, on the popular sovereignty principle.

— Rev. J. W. Ricks, of California, has been fined $500 for marrying Miss E. McDonald to John Yale, without the consent of her parents, she being under age.

— The Florence correspondent of the Newark Advertiser writes that many of the Americans who wintered at Rome are now there, generally on the way for home.

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THE LOWER SIOUX FARMERS.—The settlement of the Lower Sioux Indians of Minnesota is said to be making great progress in civilization. The agent reports a great many useful improvements as having been made since his last visit to them. A steam saw-mill has been for some time in successful operation, seventeen new houses built, and timber gotten out for the erection of fifty more during the coming season. The houses are neat, the fields well fenced and productive, and last year their surplus crop netted $10,000. The wilder Indians around are becoming convinced of the advantages to be derived from the arts of civilization, and are gradually beginning to unite with the settlement. Last year ten were added.

Special Notices.

FOR THE COMPLEXION.—Of all the Compounds we have yet seen prepared as a cosmetic for the skin, there is none that has a higher reputation, or one that is so popular with the ladies, as the far famed *Kalliston*. It will, with a few applications, remove tan, freckles, sunburn, and all cutaneous eruptions. It is extensively used for these purposes, and ladies who apply it can exercise in the open air as freely as they please, and experience no inconvenience from rough or irritated skin. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co. are the proprietors.—*Boston Transcript*

Marriages.

In Prattsburgh, Steuben Co., on the 9th inst., by the Rev. B. C. SMITH, Hon ELISHA DOUBLEDAY, M. D., of Yates Co., and Mrs. CAROLINE WILLIAMS, of Chemung Co.

Deaths.

In Middleville, Herkimer Co., N. Y., June 27th, Mrs. REBECCA STEVENS, wife of EDMUND STEVENS, aged 79 years.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, July 12, 1859.

FLOUR.—The downward movement has received a check—prices are stationary, just now—but we must add trade is exceedingly dull, nothing more doing than to supply local demand.

GRAIN.—In wheat there is an evident tendency to a decline with no transactions. Corn has advanced for inferior grades, but prime samples are at same rates. No change in Rye or Oats. Buckwheat is down to 75@$1,00.

POTATOES.—Old are worth 60@75 cents ₩ bushel. New (of which there are a goodly supply in market,) are bringing $1,25.

WOOL.—No change to note in quotations. There is, however, a desire evinced by some of our buyers to realize upon their stock on hand.

HAY.—We do not alter our quoted rates for hay, although it is only an occasional load—very inferior—that sells for $10,00. The average sales are made at $12,00@14,00. New is readily taken at $1,00@1,50. In some instances $17,00 has been asked for choice old, but we do not learn of sales at this figure.

FLOUR AND GRAIN			
Flour, wint. wheat	$7,50@7,75	Rye, ₩ bu	90@95c
Flour, spring do	6,00@6,50	Oats, by weight	45@46c
Flour, buckwheat, ₩ cwt	$1,75	Barley	60@75c
Wheat, (Genesee)	$1,50@1,60	Buckwheat	75@$1,00
Best white Can'a	$1,50@1,62	Beans	75@85c
Corn	58@60c		
MEATS			
Pork, mess	$17,00@17,50	Spring lambs each	$1,50@2,00
Pork, clear	$21,00@22,00	Veal	5@6c
Pork, cwt	9@9½c	Chickens	7@8c
Beef, best	6@7c	Turkeys	10@11c
Beef, cwt	5@6c	Geese	10@11c
Spring lambs, each	$1,25@2,75	Ducks, ₩ pair	60@75c
SEEDS			
Clover, bush	$3,50@4,00	Timothy	1,50@2,00
SUNDRIES			
Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50	Hay, tun	$10,00@11,00
Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50	Straw, ₩ bu	30@40c
Coal, Lehigh	$6,00@6,50	Wool, ₩ lb	30@40c
Coal, Scranton	$5,00@5,50	Wt fish, bbl	$6,00@6,50
Coal, Pittston	$4,50@5,00	Codfish, ₩ quintal	$4,00@4,50
Coal, Shamokin	$5,00@5,50	Trout, bbl	$5,00@6,50
Coal, Char	10@12c		
Salt, bbl	$1,12		

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, July 11.—FLOUR—Market very heavy and 5@10c lower. Sales at $5,25@5,75 for common to choice extra State, $5,85@6,10 for extra State, $5,00@5,50 for superfine Western, $5,25@5,40 for common to good extra Western, $5,45@6,00 for old, and $6,10@6,50 for fresh ground extra round hoop Ohio—closing dull and heavy.

GRAIN—Wheat dull and declining. Sales trifling at 156c for new amber Southern; 145c for common white Michigan; 175c for white Kentucky. Rye dull at 88c. Barley quiet. Corn less active and rather easier; sales at 82@90c for new mixed and yellow Western; 86c for Jersey yellow in store, not quite sound; 90c for round yellow. Oats dull at 45@49c for State; 49@51c for Canada.

PROVISIONS—Pork quiet but firm. Sales at $16,12@16,25 for mess; $16,00 for thin mess; $13,45@13,75 for prime. Lard dull; sales at 10½@11c; small lots of choice at 11¾c. Butter dull at 11@13c for Ohio; 18@18c for State. Cheese dull at 4@5¾c.

ALBANY, July 11.—FLOUR—Fair retail demand at unchanged prices.

GRAIN—Wheat is inactive; a small parcel Canada white sold at 160c. Corn in light supply and firm; sales in store at 87½c for mixed western. Sales State Oats on p. t., and Canada East at 49.

BUFFALO, July 11.—FLOUR—In moderate demand and the market steady. Sales at $4 37½ for sour; $4,87@5,25 for extra Illinois from spring wheat; $5,25@5,50 for extra Wisconsin from club wheat; $6,50@6,75 for extra Michigan, Indiana and Ohio; $7,00@7,37 for double extra.

GRAIN—Wheat quiet. Sales white Indiana at 137½c; white Kentucky on p. t. Corn opened firm, but closed 2c lower. Sales No. 2 Illinois to arrive at 73c, and No. 1 do at 77@78c from store. No sales of other grains.

OSWEGO, July 11.—FLOUR—Steady, with sales at $5,00 from Milwaukee club wheat.

GRAIN—Wheat quiet; small sales white Indiana at 145c. Corn dull; no sales of moment.

TORONTO, July 9.—FLOUR—The flour market remains without the slightest change—dull, inanimate, and the demand confined to the local wants of the city. Quotations, which must be regarded as purely nominal, are as follows: Superfine, $6,25@6,50; fancy, $6,50@6,75; extra, $6,75@7,50. Family flour, $6,50@7,50 ₩ barrel, for all grades.

GRAIN—The wheat market yesterday was a good deal excited, and prices ranged higher than have been current during the past week. The cause of the advance was purely that of rivalry between the buyers, some of whom are holders, and who endeavor by this means to keep prices up or till they can effect a sale of their stock. For extra prime wheat 7s 6d was paid three or four times, and 7s and 7s 3d was realized in a number of instances. Ordinary and good wheat sold at 6s 9d@7s, while inferior and medium samples brought from 6s to 6s 6d. The average price of the day's deliveries, which amounted to 1,300 bushels, was not higher than 6s 10d ₩ bushel. Spring wheat 6s 6d@6s 9d, and for a very fine sample 7s ₩ bushel. Barley 3s 9d@3s 10d ₩ bushel and offered very sparingly. Oats are not very steady at 2s 9d ₩ bushel.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, July 6.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ₩ cwt., $11,00@11,50; ordinary do, $10,00@10,50; common do, $9,00@9,50; inferior do, $8,00@8,50.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55,00@65,00; ordinary do $40@60, common do, $30,00@40,00; inferior do, $20,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₩ lb., 6@6¾c; ordinary do, 5½@6c; common do, 4¼@5c; inferior do, 3@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ₩ head, $5,00@6,00; ordinary do, $4,25@4,75; common do, $3,00@3,25; inferior do, $2,00@2,75.

SWINE—First quality, 6¾@6¾c; other qualities, 6@6¼c.

ALBANY, July 11.—The following is a comparative statement of receipts.

	This week.	Last week.
Cattle	3162	1600
Sheep and Lambs	3045	1868
Hogs	—	—

CATTLE—We quote the market languid at the following rates:

	This week.	Last week.
Superior	5¾@6 c	5¾@6¾
First quality	5 @5¼c	5 @5¼
Second quality	4¾@4¾c	4¾@4¾
Third quality	3½@3¾c	3¾@4
Inferior	2½@3c	3 @3¾

The market opened on Saturday ¼@¾c better than our quotations, but the receipts of yesterday were so unexpectedly heavy that it was impossible to check the depressing tendency.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—There is a fair inquiry for the East and New York, and prices are improving. Sales of good State are making at 4, 4½@5c ₩ lb. There is but little demand on Albany account.

HOGS—There are none here. Sales are being effected in a small way, on the Greenbush side, at 5¾@5¾@6c for fat, ranging from 180 to 220 lbs.—*Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, July 6.—At market 404 cattle, about 350 beeves, and 54 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market beef—Extra, $8,50@8,75; first quality, $7,25@7,75; second do, $6,75@7,00; third do, $5,00@6,00; or inferior do, $4,00.

WORKING OXEN—$75@150 ₩ pair.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 30, 40@50.

STORES—Yearlings, $00,00@00,00; two years old, $22,00@27,00; three years old $28,00@34,00.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2100 at market. Prices in lots, $1,50, 2,00@2,50. Extra, $3,50, 3,50@4,00, or from ¾@5c ₩ lb.

HIDES—7¾@8¾c ₩ lb. Pelts, 20c@$1,87 each.

CALF SKINS—13@14c ₩ lb. Tallow, 7@7¾c ₩ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$4,00@7,00.

BRIGHTON, July 7.—At market, 475 beeves, 90 stores, 2,000 sheep and lambs, and 700 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Extra, $9,50@09,00; first quality, $9,25@00,00; second quality, $8,00; third quality, $6,00@0,00.

WORKING OXEN—$100, 115, 130@160.

MILCH COWS—$45@70; common, $20@21.

VEAL CALVES—$3,00, 4,00, 5,00@7,00.

STORES—Yearlings, none, two years old, $22@27; three years old, $28@33.

HIDES—7¾@8¾c ₩ lb. Calf skins, 13@14c ₩ lb.

TALLOW—Sales at 7@7¾c ₩ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,50@2,00; extra, $2,50, 3,00@5,00.

PELTS—50c@$1,87 each.

SWINE—Spring pigs, 5¾@6¼c; retail, 6@7c; fat hogs, none.

TORONTO, July 9.—BEEF—First-class beef is in good supply at 6¾, and medium at 6¼@6¾c per 100 lbs.

SHEEP $4 each, and plentiful.

LAMBS—Sale 10s each.

CALVES $4@6 each.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, July 7.—Native fleeces have come forward more freely, and we notice a lively demand for Delaine qualities at full prices; the sales aggregate 550,000 lbs. at prices varying from 35@58c for common to choice, principally at 41@50c for quarter to half, and three quarters blood Merino and Saxony, deliverable in 60 days. Pulled is in fair request at full prices; sales of 25,000 lbs. at 30@48c for No. 1 City and extra Country; 15,000 lbs. Lamb's at 34@38c. Foreign is in good supply, and, with a fair inquiry, prices are maintained; sales of 10,000 lbs. fine unwashed Mestizo at 25c, 5,000 lbs. 50 do Cordova and 250 do Donskoi on private terms. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece, ₩ lb.	58@60
Am. full blood Merino	54@55
Am. ¾ and ¼ blood Merino	46@48
Am. native and ½ blood Merino	44@46
Extra pulled	45@50
Superfine, pulled	37@42
No. 1, pulled	30@33
California, fine, unwashed	25@28
California, common do	16@17
Peruvian, washed	26@30
Valparaiso unwashed	11@12
S. Am. common washed	14@15
S. Am. Entre Rios, washed	15@18
S. American, unwashed	9@14
S. Am. Cordova, washed	20@22
East India washed	20@22
African, unwashed	16@18
African, washed	24@28
Smyrna, unwashed	14@16
Smyrna, washed	25@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

Tribune

BOSTON, July 7.—New fleece wool comes along slowly. The advices from the West report considerable sales to manufacturers at high prices, much higher than were expected to be paid. The sales of the week have been 100,000 lbs at prices indicating no change since last week. The transactions in foreign have been nearly 700 bales Mediterranean, South American and East Indian, and 500 ballots Peruvian, at prices we did not learn, but at about previous rates.

Saxony and Merino, fine	55@57	Western mixed	35@45
Full blood	52@54	Smyrna, washed	17@30
Half and ¼ blood	44@46	Do unwashed	9@14
Common	40@42	Syrian	11@25
Pulled extra	45@55	Cape	24@30
Do superfine	40@50	Crimea	9@17
Do No 1	32@42	Buenos Ayres	9@15
Do No 2	25@30	Peruvian, washed	30@35

ALBANY, July 7.—The market has been quiet and the demand limited. We quote Saxony fleece and 35@48c for No. 1 to super and extra pulled. The sales during the week have been confined to 40,000 lbs. fleece.

DETROIT, July 7.—Our exchanges throughout the State have had but little to say about wool and its prices during the week, and we therefore judge that the market is nearly through for this year. Still a large quantity of wool remains upon the hands of growers, which we have indisposed to sell at the prevailing rates. In some localities it is stated that quite one third of the whole growth remains unsold. The prices which were quoted last week have suffered a slight depreciation at certain points, while at others they are still well maintained. The decline where it has occurred has been from 2 to 4c, so that now it sells at 40@45c for the best clips. Here in Detroit prices range mostly from 42 to 45, but Detroit is no criterion for the State, as, in fact, our dealers buy mostly through the means of agencies established throughout the State. We should say that the prevailing prices were now 42@43c, and only occasionally 45c can be. The amount brought forward by the railroad in transit was something to no less than 242 tuns for the week.—*Free Press.*

CHICAGO, July 7.—The receipts have been quite large, and Chicago and have been far better than was anticipated. The sales during the week have been at the figures given below. To-day a sale was made of 1,500 lbs., mixed, at 38½c.

Prices: Common native, 25@28c; quarter blood, 29@31c; half blood, 32@35c; three quarter blood, 34@37c; full blood, 38@40c.

PULLED—No 1, 20@25, superfine, 30@35.

TORONTO, July 9.—The season is well-nigh over, and the market acts dull. The best washed wool from farmers is now bought at 1s 4d ₩ lb. About ten tuns, a portion of the spring purchases, are held by dealers at 32@34c ₩ lb.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, and headed—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, IN ADVANCE.—☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

A THREE YEAR OLD BULL, SOME HEIFERS and a Bull Calf, all thorough bred Durham, for sale by 497-2t L. A. BEEBE, of Lima, N. Y.

INGHAM UNIVERSITY.—Autumnal Term commences September 21st—third Wednesday.
For applications, direct simply "Ingham University, Le Roy, N. Y."
The Institution will proceed with few changes as heretofore, Mrs. STAUNTON and Mrs. INGHAM still interested and assisting in its progress.
Terms per annum for Board and Tuition, $150. Few Extras. Synopsis sent at request.
SAM'L HANSON COX, Chancellor.
Le Roy, N. Y., July 9, 1859. 497-4t

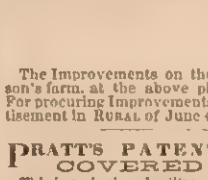
HORSE POWERS, THRESHING AND MOWING MACHINES.—HATHAWAY'S NEW AND IMPROVED PATENT MACHINE AND HORSE POWER, the Best in the World for Threshing, Separating and Cleaning all kinds of Grain, Clover and Grass Seeds. They are recommended to thresh and clean from 6 to 8 hundred bushels of grain per day, or from 3 to 5 bushels clover seed per hour, without injuring or wasting the grain or seed. These machines embrace most essential improvements, and have been thoroughly tested by many, who speak of their operation in the highest terms of praise, and express their entire satisfaction with them. They are cheap in price, durable in material, easily kept in order, handled or removed.
All orders for Machines, &c., will be promptly attended to by addressing B. G. H. HATHAWAY, at Rock Stream, P. O., Yates Co., N. Y. 497-1t

EVERY FARMER SHOULD OWN AND READ "PLAIN AND PLEASANT TALK ABOUT FRUIT, FLOWERS AND FARMING." It gives valuable information about the successful cultivation of Wheat, Corn, Rye, Oats, Fruits and Fruit Trees, &c. The proper management of Cattle,—a list of choice Seeds, Fruits and Flowers. How to transplant and prune Trees and Vines, Grafting, &c. Full information about Blight and Insects, &c., &c., &c.
"PLAIN AND PLEASANT TALK ABOUT FRUITS, FLOWERS AND FARMING," written by HENRY WARD BEECHER, who to his already renowned reputation as a Preacher, Orator and Author, must now be added that of a Practical Farmer and Gardener—for such he is and has been. 1 Volume, Price $1,25. For sale by all Booksellers and Agents, or sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price, by
DERBY & JACKSON,
497 Publishers, New York.

WILSON'S ALBANY SEEDLING!
BEST AND MOST PROLIFIC STRAWBERRY!
YIELD'S OVER 200 BUSHELS PER ACRE!
This unrivalled Berry has this year, on my grounds, exceeded all previous ones, in size, quality and productiveness. Numberless specimens, from 4 to 4½ inches in circumference, some still larger. Having marketed the earliest and best of this fruit—and for nearly five weeks—I can supply selected, strong, new plants, warranted pure, of the very best quality. Packed and delivered in Albany, $10 for 1,000; $6 for 500; $1,50 for 100; $1 for 50. Descriptive circulars sent to applicants inclosing stamp.
☞ No TRAVELING AGENT EMPLOYED.
WM. RICHARDSON,
497-4t Riverview, Albany, N. Y.

TO FARMERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF MOWING AND REAPING MACHINES!
July 1st, 1859, we were present at the trial of Ketchum's Mowing Machine, with S. E. & M. P. JACKSON'S Improvements attached, on the farm of D. C. Mason, in New Hartford, Oneida Co., N. Y., and say that we think the draft is a decided improvement of all the old style machines. Also for elevating the cutter-bar up to 1858.
MORGAN BUTLER,
E. F. SCHELLHASS,
S. M. MASON,
J. G. JEWIT,
D. C. MASON.
The Improvements on the machine can be seen on Mason's farm, at the above place, and a number of others. For procuring Improvements, or territorial rights, see advertisement in RURAL of June 4th. 497

PRATT'S PATENT SELF-VENTILATING COVERED MILK-PAN.
This is an inclosed milk-pan, so arranged as to secure the supply and circulation of air required for the separation and rising of the cream. By reference to the engraving, it will be seen that the pan has a cover, around the lower rim of this cover are several minute perforations for the air to enter, and at the top of the chimney, (as it may be called,) which rises from the centre of the cover, is another series of perforations for the air to escape. When new milk is placed in this pan, the cooler external air



presses in through the lower range of perforations in the cover, and forces the warm air out through the perforations above, thus producing the required circulation. This circulation of air will diminish, as the cooling process goes on, but not cease; for, gases being evolved in the production of cream, their lightness will still cause the air to draw in through the lower perforations, and so continue the process of ventilation.
The value of this new milk-pan will be at once apparent. Dairymen often have great difficulty in protecting their open pans from goats, flies, rats, mice, snails, lizards, &c., &c.; and they cannot cover them, because, if the air is shut out, the cream will not separate from the milk.
But not alone to dairymen is the invention of value. In every family milk is used; and with one or more of these self-ventilating pans, the best condition for raising cream is secured. Covered, and set upon a shelf, or the cellar floor, the pan is entirely free from molestation. During the time that the patent was pending, in 1858, this milk-pan was exhibited at the U. S. Agricultural Fair, held in Richmond, Va., at the Pennsylvania State Fair, held at Pittsburgh; and at the New Hampshire State Fair, held at Dover. In each case DIPLOMAS were awarded.
ARTHUR, BURNHAM & GILROY,
Sole Manufacturers,
117 & 119 South Tenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Also, Manufacturers, under the Patent, of "THE OLD DOMINION" COPPER POT and ARTHUR'S SELF SEALING FRUIT CANS AND JARS. 497-9t

AGENTS WANTED IN THIS STATE to canvass with the GOLDEN SALVE. Sells rapidly. Can make good pay. For terms, &c., send stamp.
491-10t O. P. WHITTEN, Lowell, Mass.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell 4 new inventions. Agents have made over $25,000 on one,—better than all other similar agencies. Send four stamps and get 80 pages particulars, gratis.
491-10t EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

E. BALL'S OHIO REAPER AND MOWER.
THE SUBSCRIBER wishes to call the attention of the readers of the Rural New-Yorker to his improvement in Reaping and Mowing Machines.
Ball's Ohio Mower is known in almost every section of the country where Machines of this kind have been used.—It was first introduced in the year 1856, and so rapidly did it gain the public confidence that five hundred were sold the first year of its existence. In the year 1857 its sales amounted to near one thousand machines, and in that year it was sent to the great NATIONAL TRIAL OF Reapers and Mowers, held at Syracuse, N. Y., and although the machine used at that trial was not got up for that purpose, but was one of 15 sent there for sale—and notwithstanding this machine entered that contest a stranger and almost friendless, there being no one present to take charge of it, or to represent it, who felt any particular interest in its success—it received the highest number of credit marks (81,) as a Single Mower of any machine on the ground!
Had it been heralded and introduced to the World with a flourish of trumpets, and a long retinue of influential friends interested in its success—puffed in the East and glorified in the West, by the owners of territorial rights—displayed at World's Fairs in Europe, and commended by potentates and princes that know as much about machinery as they do of the density or quantity of matter in the center of the earth—or had it ever been persecuted into notoriety by a host of jealous competitors, and been manufactured in various States and Countries—its sale and success might have been much more extensive, but the machine itself not one whit more complete and satisfactory.
During the last year the Machine has been entirely remodeled and vastly improved by the Patentee, and is now offered to the market as one of the best Combined Machines in the country. Space will not permit us to give a detailed description of the character and operation of the machines. For this information I beg leave to refer customers to my printed Circulars in the hands of my Agents.
The following named gentlemen are Agents for the sale of my Machines during the coming season. They have sample machines on exhibition at their several places of business, and also be happy to communicate any further information that may be desired.

TIFFANY & ROBERTS, Fredonia, N. Y.
R. C. TERRY & CO., Angelica, "
ROSE & STRAWN, Hornellsville, "
HIRAM KETCHUM, Elmira, "
STORRES & CHATFIELD, Owego, "
WM. HARRIS, Binghampton, "
M. W. BOSWORTH, Hinsdale, "
JOHN MANLEY, Little Valley, "
LUMAN BISHOP, Cortland, "
A. H. NICHOLS, Seneca Falls, "
J. S. COOLEY & CO. Canandaigua, "
MOORE, HEBING & CO., Rochester, "
Canton, Ohio (4-wost) E. BALL.

BRING DOWN THAT STREAM OF PURE Water to the house, barn and dry fields. Use the Water Pipe made by I. S. HOBBIE & CO., the cheapest and best known in the world. Made of Pine timber, and properly laid will bear any required pressure and be durable or quite indestructible. Address as I. S. HOBBIE & CO.,
491 44 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

THE BEST GRAIN DRILL IN AMERICA!
Is Manufactured by the Subscribers at Macedon, N. Y.
It is so arranged as to Sow or Plant, with equal facility, all kinds of Seed from the smallest Grass seed to Corn or Beans, either Broadcast or in Hills or in Drills. Also, every description of Concentrated Manures—as Guano, Lime, Ashes, Gypsum, Poudrette, Bone Dust, &c.
Cuts and descriptions were given in a late number of the Rural (May 14th.)

Price of 7 Tube Drill	$70
" " 9 Tube Drill	80
" " Guano Attachment	25
" Grass Seeder	10

delivered on board boat or cars.
For further information, Circulars, &c., address L. W. BRIGGS, Agent, at Macedon Centre, N. Y., or the Proprietors, Macedon, N. Y. BICKFORD & HUFFMAN.

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS AND PAPERS.
All the Publications of the
AMERICAN S. S. UNION,
may be found at NO. 40 BUFFALO STREET, Rochester, at the lowest prices.
ADAMS & DARNEY, Agents.
☞ A NEW BOOK PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY. 496-5t

BLACK HAWK HORSE "LIVE YANKER" will make the season of 1859 at the Stable of MEIGS BAILEY, 2½ miles north of West Henrietta, Monroe Co., N. Y., where he may be found at all times. For terms, see Posters. SMITH & SPAULDING, Proprietors.
M. BAILEY, Groom. 495 tf

HOMES FOR ALL!
FOR SALE,
At $1,25 per Acre, desirable FARMING LANDS in Western Virginia, Eastern Kentucky, and Middle Tennessee. Also, Valuable Lands in Sullivan and Elk Counties, Pennsylvania.
Apply to the AMERICAN EMIGRANT AID AND HOMESTEAD COMPANY, No. 146 Broadway, New York. 489tf

U. S. TENT AND FLAG MANUFACTORY,
Rochester, N. Y.
TENTS AND FLAGS to Rent, suitable for Agricultural Fairs, Military Encampments, Conferences, Camp Meetings, &c., &c.
Having the entire stock of Tents formerly owned by E. G. WILLIAMS, with several new ones in addition, I am prepared to fill all orders the public may feel pleased to honor me with. Tents and Flags of every description made to order.
Address JAMES FIELD.
489 Box 701, Rochester, N. Y.

PORTABLE STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS
MANUFACTURED BY
A. N. WOOD & CO., Eaton, N. Y.,
Of all sizes and of the most approved designs, and made of the best materials and in perfect workmanship.
Orders for Steam Engines will be filled on short notice. Any persons interested or wishing Steam Power, by inclosing a P. O. stamp to our address, will be furnished with a Circular. 488-13t

KETCHUM'S COMBINED HARVESTER.
KETCHUM'S Improved Combined Machine,

"Iron Frame," with Reel and Adjustable Roller—cut 4 feet 10 inches	$150 00
KETCHUM'S Improved Two Horse Mower, "Iron Frame," with the Adjustable Roller to Cutter Bar	110 00
KETCHUM'S Improved One-Horse Mower, "Iron Frame,"	75 00
SANFORD'S Portable Farm Mill, for grinding feed for stock, plaster, or bones for manure	30 00
SANFORD'S Portable Plantation or Hand Hominy Mill	20 00

Machines and Mills shipped without extra charge.
These Machines are simple in construction, have no equal for durability and light draft, are entirely free from all side draft, and have no weight upon the horse's neck.
This Machine, as improved for 1859, was awarded the first premium by the Michigan State Agricultural Society, at its Annual Fair in Sept. last, as a Reaper and as a Mower.
The New York State Agricultural Society, at its late Fair, awarded it the first premium as a Combined Grain and Grass Harvester.
Ohio also awarded it its best commendation.
Machines may be had of the different Agents through the United States, who have them on exhibition.
An examination is earnestly solicited before giving your order for any other machine. The corrected Report of the United States Trial show this to be the lightest draft Combined Machine in the World, by at least 30 per cent.
Call on the Agent and give your order early.
All orders will receive prompt attention.
R. L. HOWARD,
488tf Manufacturer and Proprietor, Buffalo, N. Y.

KIRBY'S AMERICAN AND LITTLE BUFFALO HARVESTERS.
THE BEST COMBINED MOWERS AND REAPERS IN THE WORLD. Simplicity; durability; convenience; adaptation to all kinds of work and every variety of ground; light draft; low price; freedom from side draft, clogging, and pressure upon the horses' necks; portability; perfection of work—all these desirable features are combined in the above machines.
The American Harvester is a two horse machine capable of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass, and from 12 to 18 acres of grain per day. The Little Buffalo Harvester is a one horse machine capable of cutting from 8 to 12 acres of grass, and from 10 to 15 acres of grain per day.
PRICES AT FACTORY.

American Harvester as Mower	$105 00
" " Combined	125 00
Little Buffalo Harvester as Mower	90 00
" " Combined	100 00

Manufactured by the BUFFALO AGRICULTURAL MACHINE WORKS, Buffalo, N. Y., and D. M. OSBORNE & CO., Auburn, N. Y., and for sale by their Agents in every County. A Catalogue containing full description of the Machines with Testimonials, accounts of Trials, &c., may be had by applying to the Manufacturers or any of their Agents. 488tf

MANNY'S COMBINED REAPER AND MOWER,
WITH WOOD'S IMPROVEMENT,
For the Harvest of 1859.
The subscriber begs to inform the public that he continues to manufacture this popular machine, and pledges himself to produce an implement that will fully sustain its former reputation, as the best combined machine yet introduced, and inferior to none, either as a Reaper or Mower.
It has had a steady and increasing popularity from the first, achieving a complete success in the first important trial at Geneva in 1852. It carried off the highest honors at the great National Field Trial at Syracuse in 1857; and amidst all the competition and trials of 1858, came out with more and better established points of excellence than ever before.
The general principles peculiar to this machine, and upon which it is constructed, have proved so successful that there has been no attempt to change them.
The main effort during the last year has been to improve its mechanical construction, to make it stronger and more durable, and sustain its reputation as the leading and most acceptable machine to the largest class of farmers in the country.
Warranted capable of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass or grain per day, in a workmanlike manner.
Price of Machine as heretofore, varies according to width of cut, and its adaptation in size and strength to different sections of the country, from $125 to $150, delivered here on the cars.
WALTER A. WOOD,
Manufacturer and Proprietor, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.
BENNETT GRAY, Brockport,
WM. HENRY HARMON, Scottsville,
483-tf. Agents for Monroe County, N. Y.

WOOD'S MOWER.
Patented February 22d, 1859.
During the six years I have been engaged in the manufacture of the Manny Combined Reaper and Mower, I have given much thought and attention to the construction of what I foresaw would be a great want of the Farmers—a lighter and cheaper machine expressly for mowing, than had yet been made.
And now, after the most thorough and repeated experiments and tests in every variety of field, and in all kinds and in every condition of grass, I am prepared, with entire confidence, to offer to the farmers and dealers of the United States, the great *leader and pattern* in this department of Agricultural labor saving machines—a Mower, superior in its capacity for good work to any hitherto introduced of easy draft, light, cheap, and durable.
This machine I now offer as my latest invention, to meet a speedy want of farmers, and to place within the reach of all, a Mower that for practical working, cheapness and simplicity, will be without a rival.
I build Two Horse and One Horse Mowers. The Two Horse Mower weighs 425 lbs., and cuts a swath four feet wide (or more if specially ordered.) The One-Horse Mower weighs 30 lbs. less. (395 lbs.,) and cuts a swath three and a half feet wide.
For a more full description of the Mower, reference is made to my Pamphlets, which will be furnished on application.—With each machine will be furnished two extra guards, two extra sections, one wrench and oil can.
Warranted capable of cutting ten acres of grass per day in a workmanlike manner.

Price of Two Horse Mower	$80
" One-Horse Mower	70

Delivered here on the cars.
I continue as heretofore, and with greater success than at any previous time, the manufacture and sale of "Manny's Patent Combined Reaper and Mower with Wood's Improvement."
WALTER A. WOOD,
Manufacturer and Proprietor, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.
PEASE & EGGLESTON, 84 State St., Albany, Agents for Albany County and vicinity.
BENNETT GRAY, Brockport,
WM. HENRY HARMON, Scottsville,
483-tf Agents for Monroe County, N. Y.

JAMESON AND ENSIGN, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW.—Office, No. 60 Main street, over Lockport Market,) Lockport, Niagara Co., N. Y.
Town, Wisconsin, and Michigan lands for sale or exchange or real property in Western N. Y. Loans negotiated.
A. H. JAMESON. [473] A. J. ENSIGN.

ASTOR HOUSE, Broadway, New York.—All the Milk used here comes from a Farm carried on for the express and sole purpose of furnishing Milk, Vegetables, Poultry, Eggs and Pork to this House. The Cows feed in Winter on the best of Hay and Meal, and in Summer on rich Pastures and Meal only. [440] C. A. STETSON

LIME.—Page's Perpetual Kiln, Patented July, '57. Superior to any in use for Wood or Coal. 1¼ cords of wood, or 1¼ tuns of coal to 100 bbls.—coal not mixed with stone. Address [481] O. D. PAGE, Rochester, N. Y.

HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES,
No. 562 Broadway.
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HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES,
No. 562 Broadway,
HAVE THESE ADVANTAGES.
THEY ARE HARMLESS! No injury can arise from their use.
THEY ARE SIMPLE! You always know what to take, and how to take it.
THEY ARE CONVENIENT! You can always give the medicated proper Sugar Pill at a moment's notice without hesitation or delay.
THEY ARE EFFICIENT! Thousands are using them in curing disease, with the most astonishing success.
LIST OF SPECIFIC REMEDIES.
No. 1. FEVER PILLS—For Fever, Congestion and Inflammation of all kinds.
No. 2. WORM PILLS—For Worm-Fever, Worm-Colic, and Wetting the Bed.
No. 3. BABY'S PILLS—For Colic, Crying, Teething and Wakefulness, and Nervousness of Adults.
No. 4. DIARRHŒA PILLS—For Diarrhœa, Cholera-Infantum and Summer Compl

DOUBLE NATURE.

Two lives the meanest of us live,
One which the world beholds, and one
Whose hidden history none may give,
But he who lives it—he alone.

Its wondrous realm's can know,
Its ever changing streams of thought;
Its deep, unutterable woe;
Its visions bright and heaven-fraught.

He o'er its secret sins may groan,
And blush to hear the common praise
Of actions, which, if rightly shown,
Could only loudest censure raise.

He o'er its noblest may rejoice,
Though none the virtues can behold;
For facts, that win the common voice,
Demand a blazonment of gold.

And so, with full, potential power,
For vilest sins, or purest deeds,
We pass through life, and win a dower
Of mingled praise and blame that needs

A juster judge, the scales to hold,
Than here on earth weighs cause and deed;
Ourselves and God alone behold
The motives which to action lead.

And thus we gather fame and shame;
Alike unearned—alike untrue;
Receiving praise where men should blame,
And blame where praise is rightly due.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by D. D. T. Moore, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Northern District of the State of New York.

ROSAMOND;
OR,
THE YOUTHFUL ERROR.
A TALE OF RIVERSIDE.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

[Continued from page 229, last number.]

Chapter V.—Brother and Sister.

During the time which had elapsed since Ben Van Vechten first made the acquaintance of Rosamond, he had not once been to Riverside, for failing to enter College, and overwhelmed with mortification at his failure, he had returned to Alabama, from which place he wrote to her occasionally, always addressing her as a little girl, and speaking of himself as a very ancient personage in comparison with herself. But that Rosamond was now no longer a little girl, was proved by her finely rounded figure—her intelligent face—her polished manners and self-reliant air. And Rosamond was beautiful, too—so beautiful that strangers invariably asked *who* she was, turning always for a second look, when told she was the adopted sister or daughter,—the villagers hardly knew which,—of the wealthy Mr. Browning. But whether she were the daughter or the sister of the man with whom she lived, she was in reality the mistress of his household, and those who at first slighted her as the child of a milliner, now gladly paid her homage as one who was to be the heir of Mr. Browning's wealth. He would never marry her, the wise one's said,—would never marry anybody,—and so, with this understanding, he was free to talk, walk and ride with her as often as he chose. He liked her, the people said, but did not love her, while Rosamond herself believed he almost hated her, so strangely cold and harsh was his manner towards her at times.

This coldness had increased of late, and when the Lawries, who, next to Mr. Browning, were the most aristocratic people in the place, suggested that she should accompany them for a few weeks to the Springs, she was delighted with the plan, and nothing doubting that Mr. Browning would be glad to have her out of the way, she went to him for his consent. She found him in his library, apparently so absorbed in reading that he did not observe her approach until she stood between him and the light. Then he looked up quickly, and, as she fancied, an expression of displeasure passed over his face.

"Excuse me for disturbing you," she said, rather petulantly; "I have to break in upon your privacy if I would see you at all."

He gave her a searching glance, and then laying aside his book and folding his arms, said pleasantly,—"I am at your service now, Miss Leyton. What is it you wish?"

Very briefly she stated her request, and then sitting down in the window, awaited his answer. It was not given immediately, and when he did speak, he said,—"Rosamond, do you wish to go?"

"Of course I do," she replied. "I want to go where it is not as lonesome as I find it here."

"Lonesome, Rosamond, lonesome," he repeated. "Riverside has never been lonesome since ——" he paused a moment and then added, "since you came here."

The shadow disappeared from Rosamond's face, as she replied,—"I did not suppose you cared to have me here. I thought you did not like me."

"Not like you, Rosamond?" and over his fine features there came a look of pain, which increased as Rosamond continued:—"You are so cold at times, and shun me as it were;—inventing excuses to drive me from you when you know I would rather stay."

"Oh, Rosamond," he groaned, "how mistaken you are. The world would be to me a blank were it not for you, and if my manner is sometimes cold and cruel, it is because stern duty demands it should be so. I cannot lay bare my secret heart to *you* of all others, but could you know me as I am, you would censure much, but pity more." He paused a moment, then, scarcely knowing what he said, he continued,—"Rosamond, we will understand each other. *I shall never marry*—never *can* marry. In your intercourse with me, will you always remember that?"

"Why, yes," answered Rosamond, puzzled to comprehend him. "I'll remember that you say so, but it is not likely you'll keep your word."

"I am not trifling with you," he said. "Marriage is not for *me*. There is a dreadful reason why I cannot marry, and if at times I am cold towards you, it is because—because——"

Rosamond's eyes were riveted upon his face;—darker and darker they grew, becoming at last almost black in their intensity. She was beginning to understand him, and coloring crimson, she answered bitterly,—"I know what you would say, but you need have no fears, for I never aspired to that honor. Rosamond Layton has yet to see the man she could *love*."

"Rosamond," and Mr. Browning's voice was so low, so mournful in its tone that it quelled the angry feelings in the young girl's bosom, and she offered no resistance when he came to her side and took her hand in his, saying as he did so,—"Listen to me. You came here a little girl, and at first I did not heed you, but you made your presence felt in various ways, until at last I thought I could not live without you. You are a young lady now—the world calls you beautiful. To me you *are* beautiful. Oh, *so* beautiful," and he laid one hand upon her shining hair, softly, tenderly, nay, proudly, as if she had been his child. "I am not old yet, and it would be natural that we should love each other, but we must not—we cannot."

"And lest I should love you too well, you have tried to make me hate you," interrupted Rosamond, trying in vain to release herself from his powerful grasp, and adding, "but you can spare yourself the trouble. I like you too well to hate you; but as I live, I would not marry you if I could. I mean what I say!"

He released her hand, and returning to his chair, laid his head upon the table, while she continued:—"I know just about how well you like me—how necessary I am to your comfort, and since fate has decreed that we should be thrown together, let us contribute to each others happiness as far as in us lies. I will think of you as a *brother*, if you like, and you shall treat me as a *sister* until somebody takes me off your hands. Now, I can't say *I* shall never marry, for I verily believe I shall. Meantime, you must think of me just as you would if you had a wife. Is it a bargain, Mr. Browning?"

She spoke playfully, but he knew she was in earnest, and from his inmost soul he blessed her for having thus brought the conversation to a close. He would not tell her why he had said to her what he had—it was not what he intended to say, and he knew she was in a measure deceived, but he could not explain to her now; he could not tell her that he trembled for himself far more than for her, and it was not for her then to know how much he loved her, nor how that love was wearing his life away because of its great sin. He was growing old now very fast. The shadows of years were on his brow, and Rosamond almost fancied she saw his brown locks turning white. She was a warm-hearted, impulsive girl, and going towards him, she parted from his forehead the hair streaked with grey, saying softly to him, "Shall it not be so? May I be your sister?"

"Yes, Rosamond, yes," was his answer; and then, wishing to bring him back to the point from which they started, Rosamond said abruptly,—"And what of the Springs? Can I go?"

The descent was a rapid one, but it was what he needed, and lifting up his head, he replied, just as he had done before, "Do you want to go?"

"Not as much as I did when I thought you were angry," she said, "and if you would rather, I had quite as lief stay with you."

"Then stay," he said, "and we will have no more misunderstandings."

The next evening, as he sat alone in the parlor, a servant brought to him a letter, the superscription of which made him reel, as if he would have fallen to the floor. It was nearly four years since he had seen that hand-writing,—he had hoped never to look upon it again,—but it was there before his eyes, and she who wrote that letter was coming to Riverside,—"would be there in a few days, Providence permitting. Do not commit suicide on my account," she wrote, "for I care as little as yourself to have our secret divulged, and unless I find that you are after other *prey*, I shall keep my own counsel."

The letter dropped from his nerveless fingers—the objects in the room swam before his eyes, and like one on whom a crushing weight has fallen, he sat bewildered, until the voice of Rosamond aroused him, and fleeing to his chamber he locked the door, and then sat down to *think*. She was coming to Riverside, and wherefore? He did not wish for a reconciliation now,—he would rather live there just as he was, with Rosamond.

"Nothing will escape her," he said; "those basilisk eyes will see everything—will ferret out my love for that fair young girl. Oh, Heaven, *is* there no escape!"

He heard the voice of Anna Lawrie in the yard. She was coming for Rosamond's decision, and quick as thought he rang the bell, bidding the servant who appeared, send Miss Leyton to him.

"Rosamond," he said, when she came to the door, "I have changed my mind. You must go to the Springs."

"But I'd rather stay at home. I do not wish to go," she said.

"I say you *must*. So tell Miss Lawrie you *will*," he answered, and his eyes flashed almost savagely upon her.

Rosamond waited for no more. She had discovered the impediment to his marrying. It was *hereditary insanity*, and she had seen the first signs of it in him herself! Magnanimously resolving never to tell a human being, nor let him be *chained* if she could help it, however furious he might become, she went down to Miss Lawrie, telling her she would go.

One week from that day was fixed upon for their departure, and during that time Rosamond was too much absorbed in dresses and finery to pay much heed to Mr. Browning. Of one thing she was sure, though,—he was *crazy;* for what else made him stalk up and down the gravel walk, his head bent forward and his hands behind him, as if intently thinking. Once when she saw him thus, she longed to go out to him to tell him she knew his secret, and that she would never leave him, however unmanageable he should become! But his manner towards her now was so strange that she dared not, and she was almost as glad as himself when at last the morning came for her to go.

"Promise me one thing," he said, as they stood together a moment alone. "Don't write until you hear from me, and don't come home until I send for you."

"And suppose the Lawries come, what then?" she asked, and he replied,—"No matter; stay until I write. Here are five hundred dollars in case of an emergency," and he thrust a check into her hand. "Stop," he continued, as the carriage came round,—"Did you put your clothes away where no one can see them, or are you taking them all with you?"

"Why, no, why should I?" she answered.—"Ain't I coming back?"

"Yes, yes,—Heaven only knows," he said. "Oh, Rosamond, it may be I am parting with you forever, and at such a moment, is it a sin for you to kiss me? You asked to do so once. Will you do it now?"

"I will," she replied, and she kissed, unhesitatingly, his quivering lips.

The Lawries were at the door,—Mrs. Peters also,—and forcing down his emotion, he bade her a calm good bye. The carriage rolled away, but ere its occupants were six miles from Riverside, every article of dress which had belonged to Rosamond had disappeared from her room, which presented the appearance of any ordinary bed-chamber, and when Mrs. Peters, in great alarm, came to Mr. Browning, asking what he supposed had become of them, he answered quietly,—"I have put them in my private closet and locked them up!"

Had not Mrs. Peters, and Rosamond, too, some well founded reasons for thinking the man was crazy?

Chapter VI.—Marie Porter.

The Hotels were crowded with visitors. Every apartment at —— Hall, from basement to attic, was full, save two small rooms, eight by ten, so dingy and uncomfortable, that only in cases of emergency were they offered to guests. These, from necessity, were taken by the Lawries, but for Rosamond there was scarcely found a standing point, unless she were willing to share the apartment of a sick lady, who had graciously consented to receive any genteel, well-bred person, who looked as though they would be quiet and not rummage her things more than once a day!

"She was a very high-bred woman," the obsequious attendant said, "and her room the best in the house; she would not remain much longer, and when she was gone the young lady could have it alone, or share it with her companions. It contained two beds, of course, besides a few *nails* for dresses."

"Oh, do take it," whispered the younger Miss Lawrie, who was not yet thoroughly versed in the *pleasures* of a watering place, and who cast rueful glances at her cheerless *pen*, so different from her airy chamber at home.

So Rosamond's trunks were taken to No. 20, whither she herself followed them. The first occupant, it would seem, was quite an invalid, for though it was four in the afternoon, she was still in bed. Great pains, however, had evidently been taken with her toilet, and nothing could have been more perfect than the arrangement of her pillows,—her hair,—her wrapper, and the crimson shawl she wore about her shoulders. Rosamond bowed to her politely, and then, without noticing her particularly, went over to the side of the room she supposed was to be hers. She had just lain aside her hat when the lady said, "That open blind lets in too much light. Will you please shut it, Miss —— I don't know what to call you."

"Miss Leyton," answered Rosamond, "and you are——"

"Miss Porter," returned the speaker.

Rosamond started quickly, for she remembered the name, and looking for the first time directly at the lady, she met a pair of large black eyes fixed inquiringly upon her.

"Leyton—Leyton," repeated the lady, "where have I heard of you before?"

"At Atwater Seminary, perhaps," suggested Rosamond, a little doubtful as to the manner in which her intelligence would be received.

A shadow flitted over the lady's face, but it was soon succeeded by a smile, and she said graciously, "Oh, yes, I know. You annoyed me and I annoyed you. It was an even thing, and since we are thrown together again, we will not quarrel about the past. Ain't you going to close that blind? The light shines full in my face, and, as I did not sleep one wink last night, I am looking horridly to-day."

"Excuse me, madam," said Rosamond, "I was so taken by surprise that I forgot your request," and she proceeded to shut the blind.

This being done, she divested herself of her soiled garments, washed her face, brushed her curls, and was about going in quest of her companions, when the lady asked if she had friends there. Rosamond replied that she had, at the same time explaining how uncomfortable they were.

"The Hotel is full," said the lady, "and they all envy me my room; but if I pay for the best, I am surely entitled to the best. I shall not remain here long, however. Indeed, I did not expect to be here now, but sickness overtook me. I dare say I am the subject of many anxious thoughts to the person I am going to visit."

There was a half-exultant expression upon the lady's face as she uttered these last words, but in the darkened room, Rosamond did not observe it. She was sorry for one thus detained against her will, and leaning against the foot-board, she said, "You suffer a great deal from ill health, do you not? Have you always been an invalid?"

"Not always. I was very healthy once, but a great trouble came upon me, shocking my nervous system terribly, and since then I have never seen a well day. I was young when it occurred—about your age, I think. How old are you, Miss Leyton?"

"I am eighteen next October," was Rosamond's reply, and the lady continued, "I was older than that. Most nineteen. I am twenty-eight now."

Rosamond did not know *why* she said it, but she rejoined quickly, "Twenty-eight. So is *Mr.* Browning!"

"*Who?*" exclaimed the lady, the tone of her voice so sharp—so loud and earnest, that Rosamond was startled, and did not answer for an instant.

When she did, she said, "I beg your pardon; it is Mr. Browning who is twenty-eight."

"Ah, yes, I did not quite understand you. I'm a little hard of hearing. Who *is* Mr. Browning?"

The voice had assumed its usually soft, smooth tone, and Rosamond could not see the rapid beatings of the heart, nor the eager curiosity lurking in the glittering black eyes. The lady *seemed* indifferent, and smoothed carelessly the rich Valenciennes lace, which edged the sleeve of her cambric wrapper.

"Did you tell me who Mr. Browning was, dear?" and the black eyes wandered over the counterpane, looking everywhere but at Rosamond, so fearful was their owner lest they should betray the interest she felt in the answer.

Mr. Browning," said Rosamond, "is—is—I hardly know what he is to me. I went to his house to live when I was a little, friendless orphan, and he very kindly educated me, and made me what I am. I live with him still at Riverside."

"Ye-es—Riverside—beau-ti-ful name—his country-seat—I—sup-pose," the words dropped syllable by syllable from the white lips, but there was no quiver in the voice—no ruffle upon her face.

Raising herself upon her elbow, the lady continued, "Pray don't think me fidgety, but won't you please open that shutter. I did not think it would be so dark. There, that's a good girl. Now, come and sit by me on the bed, and tell me of Riverside. Put your feet in the chair, or take this pillow. There, turn a little more to the light. I like to see people when they talk to me."

Rosamond complied with each request, and then, never dreaming of the close examination to which her face was subjected, she began to speak of her beautiful home—describing it minutely, and dwelling somewhat at length upon the virtues of its owner.

"You like him very much," the lady said, nodding a little affirmative nod to her own question.

"Yes, very—very much," was Rosamond's answer, and the lady continued, "And *Mrs.* Browning? Do you like her, too?"

"There is no Mrs. Browning," returned Rosamond, adding quickly, as she saw in her auditor's face an expression she did not understand, "but it is perfectly proper I should live there, for Mrs. Peters, the housekeeper, has charge of me."

"Perhaps, then, he will marry you," and the jeweled hands worked nervously under the crimson shawl.

"Oh, no he won't," said Rosamond, decidedly, "he's too old for me. Why, his hair is turning gray!"

"That's nothing," answered the lady a little sharply. "Everybody's hair turns early now-a-days. Sarah found three or four silver threads in mine this morning. Miss Leyton, don't you love Mr. Browning?"

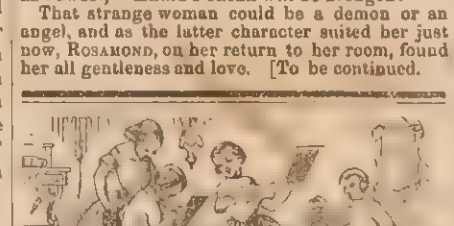
"Why, yes," Rosamond began, and the face upon the pillow assumed a dark and almost fiendish expression. "Why, yes, I love him as a brother, but nothing else. I respect him for his goodness, but it would be impossible to love him with a marrying love."

The fierce expression passed away, and Miss Porter was about to speak when Anna Lawrie sent for Rosamond, who excused herself and left the room, thinking that, after all, she should like her old enemy of Atwater Seminary very much.

Meantime "the enemy" had buried her face in her pillows, and clenching her blue veined nets, struck at the empty air, just as she would have struck at the owner of Riverside had he been standing there.

"Fine time he has of it," she muttered, "living there with her, and she so young and beautiful. I could have strangled her—the jade!—when she sat here talking so enthusiastically to *me, of him!* And she loves him, too. I know she does, though she don't know it herself. But I must be wary. I must seem to like this girl—must win her confidence—so I can probe her heart to its core, and if I find they love each other!"—she paused a moment, then grinding her teeth together, added slowly, as if the sound of her voice were musical and sweet, "Marie Porter will be avenged!"

That strange woman could be a demon or an angel, and as the latter character suited her just now, Rosamond, on her return to her room, found her all gentleness and love. [To be continued.



For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

From my native place, a sunny land,
I'm a wanderer bold and free,
Quickly I pass at art's command
From land to land, from sea to sea.

In various forms I come
To meet the wants of men,
Attend their steps where'er they roam,
O'er smiling field or forest glen.

In a three-fold clasp I hold
A silent wonder of the deep,
And many a form of Grecian mold
In my embrace I keep.

The virtues of the good and true
Shine on the page of history fair,
'Tis well for all—well for you—
That I fix the lasting record there.

Stockbridge, N. Y., 1859. C. G. L.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

I have a farm in Elba (town,)
Four angles right,doth bound it round;
A line diagonal divides
Two angles, making equal sides.
If to this same eight you combine,
It equals half the outside line;
If you this last divide by four,
The other five it will compare,
As seven-doth compare with four;
With Gunter's chain 'twas measured o'er.
How many acres I demand
Is there in this piece of land?
And also I would like to know
Its length and width if you can show?

Elba, Gen. Co., N. Y., 1850. Nathan Shotwell.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 495.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Hohenzollern Sigmaringen.

Answer to Poetical Enigma:—Bobolink.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—South, 51 degs., 3 min., and 4 sec. east, 7¾ miles per hour.

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To Immigrants from Europe, to the energetic young men of our compactly settled States and sections, to the hives of mechanics and laborers who throng our cities and live in constant and reasonable dread that panic or pestilence, war, revulsion, or some alteration in the channels of Trade, may, at any moment, deprive them of employment and their families of bread, we say, Resolve now, while you may, to seek a home where such perils are unknown. In every new settlement, in every thriving rural district, there is always work for the resolute and able, and a sure independence for those who by dilikence and temperance deserve it.
We mean to sell lands, as well as negotiate for purchasers with those who have large tracts for sale, in every part of the Union; but our attention is more specially directed to the neighboring States—Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri. Virginia especially proffers at this time remarkable inducements to immigrants. Her climate is temperate and genial—the Peach, the Apple, the Pear, the Grape, alike thrive in it—it is far better and more desirably Timbered than almost any new State; its navigable rivers and innumerable, available streams, water-power, and profusion of the most valuable minerals—Coal, Iron, Salt, Copper, &c.—are unsurpassed; the State has expended large sums in constructing Canals and Railroads across its entire breadth, which place almost every County within a few hours' ride either of its seaports or of the great inland cities of Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Wheeling, Louisville, &c.; yet fertile, unselling land, whether improved or new, is far cheaper this day in the Mother of States, than it is in Minnesota or Oregon. No where else on earth can lands filled with accessible coal or Iron Ore, covered with choice Timber, and excellent alike for Grain and Grass, Fruit and Roots, be obtained so cheaply as in Old Virginia; while to men of considerable means we can sell good farms almost within sight of Washington City for less than the fair cost of the improvements.
The Table Lands of East Tennessee present some of the most inviting fields for enterprise and industry. The climate is salubrious and healthful. Its soil is adapted to all agricultural pursuits. Its unimproved lands are covered with useful Timber, or present natural openings and Meadows producing nutritious grass. The farmer can have his products on ship board in 30 hours, and can buy his Groceries, Dry Goods, &c., at home as cheap as any one in New England. Yet we can sell him good lands with perfect, undisputed titles at from One to Three dollars per acre.
This Company recommends Organized Immigration. Let one hundred (more or less) young men or heads of families, including farmers, mechanics, millers, &c., with a lawyer, doctor, clergyman and two or more teachers, take counsel together and resolve to seek new and more eligible homes in company. Let them, clubbing their means, send two of their number to look at such lands as we are prepared to sell them, and such others as they shall see fit. Let these delegates, after a sufficient scrutiny, buy from five to twenty thousand acres in a body, embracing all the good points they require; then let them survey the whole into farms and lots of convenient size and put these up at auction to the highest bidder, whether a member of the company or not. Each member will, of course, be entitled to a return in land or money of the sum previously contributed by him to the company's funds, and to his proportion of any profit realized from the transaction. The miller or manufacturer would naturally buy the water-power; the miner or smith, the coal, if coal should be on the land; the merchant and professional man, the village lots; the wool-grower, the cheap and rugged hill-sides; the grain-grower, the farm and fertile valleys. Thus happily dividing, each will naturally settle their tract as interest, taste, or convenience shall dictate, the Company will form a sort of sponsorship, with its roads, bridges, stores, schools, court, &c., and essentially after the New England pattern such improvements easily be made; and into such a one, Slavery will have neither pretext nor desire to enter. The city of Wheeling, the Quaker portion of Loudoun county, not to speak of new experiments, fairly exemplify the law we here indicate.—Thus, before a steady and copious influx of Free Labor immigration, Slavery quietly and gradually disappears without convulsion or heart-burning, and the settlers will find their property quadrupled by the single act of settlement.
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VOL. X. NO. 30.] ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1859. [WHOLE NO. 498.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors

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DO POTATOES MIX IN THE HILL?

This question was unhesitatingly answered in the negative a week or two since—just as we would have answered had some one inquired whether different kinds of apples would mix by being grown in the same orchard; or whether calves and lambs would mix by being turned into the same yard; or the children mix by being congregated in the same school-room. Thousands of potato cultivators are ready to say that they have not seen the least evidence of mixture in the hill, and yet one occasionally asserts that such things do take place, and claims to have witnessed a perfect demonstration of the fact. Our brief note has called out the following reply in the *Patriot & Democrat*, and the author, or some other friend, forwarded us a marked copy.

"Do Potatoes Mix in the Hill?"—Mr. Editor:—In "Moore's Rural New-Yorker" the above question is answered in the negative. It is there averred that a trial for several years of *Merino* and *Mexican* in the same hill proves that no amalgamation occurs. Perhaps those two miserable varieties are *so multeish* as not to produce a new progeny. But *I* think good potatoes, legitimately descended from good ancestry, *will mix* in the hill. And you, Mr. Editor, with several other gentlemen of this village, have seen evidence of such fact. Now, what would our friend of the "Rural" say of that fact left by me at your office last fall, of three varieties actually on and grown upon one stalk? The year before I planted the "Carter" and the old blue, rough-skinned, round potato together, and last year nothing but *Carter* seed-balls where this grew. The yield was three distinct varieties. On that one stock, you remember, there were one round one, two, two oval-shaped long pink eyes, three Carter-shaped pink eyes, and one Carter, all of fair size.—W. B Rambern

Our friend of Oswego County is not quite as careful in his statements as he might be we think, or he would not call the *Merino* a miserable potato. Although unprofitable on account of the small yield, yet, for quality, we know of no variety superior, if any equal; and we believe this is the general opinion of good judges. Then what two varieties could be selected more likely to "mix," were such a thing possible, as these: the *Merino*, a strong, vigorous, productive red sort, just the thing to impress its character upon the fine, white delicate, slender-growing *Mexican*, could such a thing be accomplished by anything short of a miracle. But, with all our experience with these, as well as other varieties, we have never seen a single fact to warrant even a suspicion of the kind. This morning (July 7th) we dug *Small Early June*, *Mountain June* and *Buckeye*, grown in rows side by side, within two feet of each other, and they were as true to kind as though grown miles apart.

What, then, shall we do with the statement of Mr. R.? Vegetables, fruits and flowers occasionally "*sport*," that is, depart, in form, color or general appearance from the variety to which they belong, so as to appear like a new or different sort. Then, though there is a general resemblance in the different specimens to the variety to which they belong, no two is precisely alike. It is for these reasons that careful men, when called upon to name a fruit, prefer to have several specimens for examination, and, if possible, also the wood and foliage, and without these it is often difficult to arrive at a correct conclusion. From a bushel of potatoes of almost any variety, though the characteristics are very strongly marked in some cases, we can generally select a few specimens so unlike the others as to confound the best judges, were they called upon to name them. Potato plants taken up while in a growing condition, with some tubers almost matured, and others in the different stages, are not in the best condition to show their true character.

Some time since, an intelligent farmer, who well understood how unphilosophical was the idea that the tubers could become changed by growing near each other, was at a loss to account for the fact that the potatoes which he had been growing for a number of years, were very evidently and gradually changing in their character. This led us to examine them, and all the inquiries necessary to arrive at the facts. When first planted, about eight or nine years ago, they were of one kind, or nearly so, for he admitted that there might have been, in fact, there was, a *slight* mixture; *occasionally* a potato of another sort, though so few that it did not detract from their value or injure their sale. In a few years they were so mixed or changed as to affect their sale, the interlopers being of an inferior sort, which made it necessary to procure others for seed. We had no difficulty in accounting for this without a change in the hill. The bulk of the potatoes, when first planted, were *Mercers*, a first-rate potato, but, like most of our good sorts, not very productive. The others were much inferior in quality, though more productive, perhaps yielding one-half more than the true Mercer. Supposing that when first planted *one in twenty* was of the poor sort, producing *three* bushels where the Mercer produced *two*, and that no pains was taken to select the seed, but all planted promiscuously, as produced; in *eight* years the proportion of each would be *equal*, and in fifteen years only one in twenty would be of the original and good sort. Seed potatoes mixed with a variety producing double the quantity of the true seed, and planted as before described, in *four* years the varieties would be equal, and in eight years but about one in twenty would be of the original stock. This not only accounts for some facts which have caused many to think that potatoes mix in the hill, but also shows the necessity of carefully selecting seed.

Hybridization is effected alone through the sexual organs of the flower, the *pollen* or fertilizing powder of the *stamens* falling upon the *pistils*, and fructifying the half-formed seeds contained in the *ovary* or lower part of the pistil. The tuber, whether of the potato or artichoke, is but a thickened portion of an under-ground branch, the eyes being the buds, having no flower, and, consequently, no sexual organs. As well might the branches of a tree mix and change their character as the branches of the potato. Were this so, then all our works on vegetable physiology must be rewritten—we must unlearn all we have learned and commence anew.

WATER PIPE.—HOUSEHOLD DUTIES, ETC.

Some things in this world are worth all they cost,—some things are worth less. Among the former may be numbered, as a general rule, arrangements for a full and convenient supply of water for the household and for stock.

Lovers of cleanliness value antidotes for dirt, and lovers generally would lighten the labor of fair hands. Suppose a person, or, to make the case stronger, a woman, has quite enough to do,—just enough to do,—well, that's right, do it and be glad. Add something else thereto, *that's a burden*; small, counted immaterial, infinitesimal if you please, added thereto it exhausts the vital powers, and is at the expense of health and enjoyment. In the long run we shall accomplish most by avoiding oppressive labors. By far the largest portion of what most people do is reasonable labor; it is no more than health and happiness require of us;—but the little too much, the added cares, *make hard work of the whole*. Instead of being free laborers, we look dismally upon our slavish tasks, count all labor drudgery, and sigh for some other sphere of usefulness.

Let this nineteenth century consider it—consider by what appliances industrious people (other kinds may look out for themselves,) *may do their necessary work a little easier, making duty pleasure.*—Pursuing this inquiry, "the century" will find among the possibilities, and in some cases, it gives me pleasur to say, among the actualities, arrangements for bringing water into the house, the fields, and the yards.

Water has a habit of running down hill, which most people have doubtless observed; it will also accommodate you sometimes by running up hill. If you wish to bring water to any given point, all you have to know is that the spring, stream or reservoir that supplies you, is higher than the place you wish to bring it to, and that your conducting pipe does not in any place rise higher than the fountain head. Put it down under these circumstances, make the pipe tight and keep it clear, and the water will run; be sure and get it below the frost; sandy and gravelly land freeze deep.

How far it will "*pay*" to convey water in this way, depends upon the conveniences of digging, the expense of materials, and the magnitude of the interest to be served. Expensive arrangements would not be justified to give water to a horse and one cow, or to a very small family, needing but a small supply. I know of many cases where a very trifling expense would set the water to running through the house or the yard, and yet from mere inconsideration the chance is unimproved. In the hilly sections of New England and New York, there is scarcely a place to which water may not be brought by going a mile for it. Where springs or streams do not appear, resolute digging into some of the neighboring hills will develop them.

Free access to water should be considered an indispensable condition in raising stock. Occasional and semi-occasional supplies of water do not answer—a man drinks frequently and prodigiously some days—temperance men, too—at other times they don't drink at all. So with cattle—let them have "the largest liberty" in this respect, and they will not abuse it. I was pleased to notice extensive water arrangements made by Capt. Root, in York, Liv. Co. He used *basswood* logs, connected by iron sockets, and his logs extend more than a mile. He says basswood logs have been in use in that town more than forty years, and are good yet. They absorb water freely, and are thus preserved. He splits them into convenient size. I hope he will furnish the Rural with the expense per rod of his conductors, &c., by way of encouragement to others. H. T. D.

INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

Painting Lightning Rods.—After having made repeated inquiries of our smiths, without receiving any satisfaction, I would like to know of you what paint or varnish is best for a lightning rod. Copal varnish is said to be a non-conductor, and will not do to apply to the joints where parts come in contact; for in that case the point and the upper joints would be isolated by the non-conducting varnish. Is there any paint or varnish that is an electric conductor? An answer in the Rural might be acceptable to many others of your Western readers.—A Subscriber, *Sioux City, Iowa*, 1859.

Lightning rods may be painted with a paint of lamp-black and oil, as lamp-black, being charcoal, or carbon, is a conductor of electricity. Of course the white points of the rod need no painting. The joints should be too close for the paint to separate them; indeed the joints should be connected by screws.

Thunder Souring Milk, &c.—Please to explain, through the Rural, why it is that heavy thunder will sour milk,—also why dead bodies are raised upon firing heavy cannon over the water, and oblige an inquirer after knowledge.—W. W. Chapman, *Walton, Mich.*, 1859.

The change in milk by a thunder storm is not understood very well. Assuming the change as a fact, some have supposed that the jarring by the thunder, when the temperature is high, was the cause. It is known that electricity passing along a wire through new milk, will cause a change in the milk so that the curd collects around the wire. Hence, some have supposed that the mere passage of electricity in a thunder storm, in greater quantity, causes the milk to thicken. Others have said that the change will take place in milk in a metallic pan sooner than in a glass vessel, which is a poor conductor. By such this is held to be proof that the motion of electricity does the work. Let W. W. C. try some experiments to prove or disprove, and give them to the Rural.

Who knows that the firing of cannon will cause a *drowned* body to rise to the surface of water?—Did W. W C. ever witness the operation? I have known the explosion not to produce the effect.—The body had been under water only a few hours. If the explosion can produce such an effect, it can only be after the body has begun to be decomposed, when the concussion may cause the gases to be liberated, and expand the body so as to be lighter than water. When the body rises of itself it is by such expansion being produced. Consult the Rural of 1857.

Ruta Bagas Going to Seed.—Why do Ruta Bagas go to seed the first season instead of forming bulbs, thus destroying the crop and the hopes of the planter? Is the trouble with the seed?—T. J., *Wheatland, N. Y., July*, 1859.

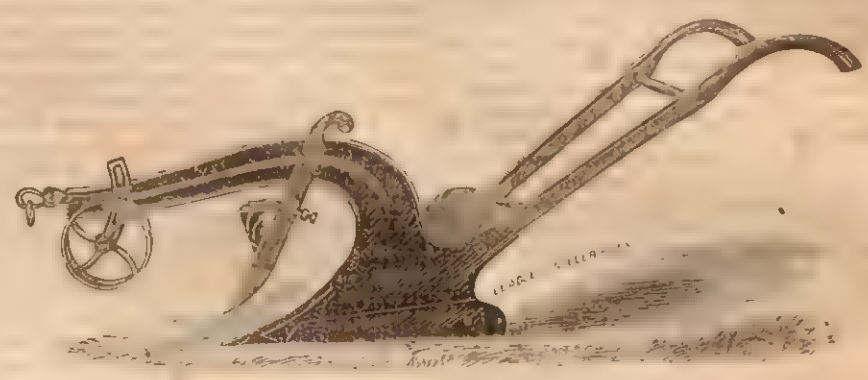
On this subject we have several inquiries, and one gentleman brought to us about the first of July a plant in flower, and stated that all his crop was in about the same condition. The turnip belongs to the *Brassica* family, embracing the cabbage and turnip. These have been much improved by cultivation, but under unfavorable circumstances, seem to go back to their wild condition. Under good treatment the turnip forms a bulb, in which is stored the material to be used in sustaining the growth of seed the next summer. But, when sown too early on a warm soil it forms only a small bulb, and goes on to its second stage the first season, forming flowers and seeds. The specimen brought us in flower the first of July, was evidently sown much too early. Could we be sure of showers in July sufficient to germinate the seed and secure the rapid growth of the young plants, on a warm soil it would be better not to sow until quite late in June. On a cool, clay soil, earlier sowing would be advisable. Any one can force the turnip to form seed the first year, in several ways, but the most successful would be the following:—Sow the seed early and thick in a poor soil, allow all the plants to grow without thinning or cultivation, and almost every plant will go to seed during the warm weather. The turnip makes its greatest growth, particularly of bulb, during our cool fall rains, and if the plants are healthy, though small at the first of October, a good crop is pretty certain. Seed raised from plants that matured the first year should not be sown, as the bad habit would be perpetuated, no doubt. Still, we do not think that any great quantity of seed sold in the stores is obtained in this way. It is mostly imported from Europe, where the cool, moist weather is favorable to the proper development of the turnip, and where growing of seed is an important business, conducted with energy and skill.

Marking Sheep.—I wish to know the best method of marking sheep, so it will last from one shearing to another.—S. S. B., *Titusville, Craw. Co., Pa.*, 1859.

We subjoin several modes for performing this operation, and S. S. B., with any others desiring like information may adopt whatever seemeth good in their sight:

In France sheep are marked with figures in India ink on the under side of the ear, by which number they are registered. The process is a very simple one, easily and rapidly performed. The operator has a set of numbers, three of each, the face of which are small points which will make slight punctures in the skin, when pressed upon it. Suppose the sheep to be marked is No. 721, he sets these figures in a pair of pincers, and then rubs a little prepared ink, vermillion, or indigo, on the smooth skin of the ear, gives it a pinch, rubs it a moment with the finger, and 721 is fixed forever upon that spot. Thus changing figures, with a simple little machine, a sheep can be marked any number from 1 to 999,888,000.

L. A. Morrell, in the *American Shepherd*, speaking of the uncouth and ludicrous manner in which sheep are often marked, says that this can be obviated by having the letter cut in pasteboard, and thereby some degree of taste and uniformity will result. If a letter is not indispensable, it will be better to have an iron formed to represent a ring, triangle, or diamond, with a handle attached; then dip the iron in the paint, which should be deposited in a shallow vessel, and immediately apply it to the wethers on the right shoulders, ewes on the left, or vice versa, and the bucks on the rump. This is practicable, if others near by do not adopt the same mark. Such marks of ownership are quite necessary, with a view to distant or more obvious



BILLS' PATENT COULTER CLEARER.

The above engraving is designed to represent a new invention patented by Mr E. C. Bills, Jr., of Perry, Wyoming Co., N. Y. We have not seen it in operation, but from an examination of a model, and the certificates of practical farmers and mechanics who have used the Clearer, we are inclined to believe it a valuable improvement.

The inventor claims that this Coulter Clearer "is just what every farmer needs to plow under clover, stubble or straw manure, which every scientific farmer has to do. It is simple, cheap and durable. It can readily be attached to any coulter by a blacksmith, at a trifling expense. This Clearer is so constructed that it is put in motion by the grass or straw rising against it, and thereby removes all such obstructions as clog an ordinary coulter. This improvement upon the Coulter prevents clover, stubble, manure, &c., from gathering in bunches in front of the same, and thereby enables the plowman to turn all such stuff under as evenly as it was on the ground before plowing. It of course avoids the vexation which often occurs from having to stop and clear the Coulter, and the expense of an extra hand to push away the stuff, as is always the case in plowing under such material as above mentioned; and thereby it is a saving of much time and labor, and does the work in a systematic manner. At the New York State Fair for 1857, this Clearer was awarded the First Premium, in addition to numerous other premiums and complimentary notices from the Press and scientific men."

For particular information relative to obtaining the Clearer or rights, address the patentee as above.

flock are breachy and disposed to stray. The materials for marking should be lampblack and linseed oil, or, as a substitute for the latter, hog's lard. Let the lampblack be "killed," as painters term it, by using a very little of spirits of turpentine, before the oil is mixed. It will not rub off so easily if allowed to stand twenty-four hours before applied. It is common to use tar; but this is objectionable with the manufacturer, it being difficult to separate by the cleansing process.

Randall gives preference to boiled tar—the boiling continued until it assumes a glazed, hard consistency, when cold, and a brilliant black color is given by stirring in a little lampblack when boiling. It is applied when just cold enough not to burn the sheep's hide, and it forms a bright, conspicuous mark the year round. Boil it in a high-sided iron vessel (to prevent it from taking fire) on a small furnace or chafing-dish near where it is to be used. When cool enough, forty or fifty sheep can be marked before it gets too stiff. It is then warmed from time to time, as necessary, on the chafing-dish. The rump is a better place to mark than the side. The mark is about as conspicuous on the former, under any circumstances, and it is more so when the sheep are huddled in a pen, or when they are running away from you. And should any wool be injured by the mark, that on the rump is less valuable than that on the side.

Will not our sheep-breeders respond to the inquiry of S. S. B., giving their mode, materials used, and experience?

FARMERS' BOYS.

The season of the year involving the cultivator of the soil with most strenuous exertions, is now upon us. The preparation of the soil, the sowing of the seed, the cultivation of the growing crop, and the joyful ingathering of the same, follow each other in rapid succession; and, while each particular part of the process is demanding our attention, we are to bestow on it the best efforts of our brains and muscles.

In the excitement and interest which very naturally attend the hopeful and busy prosecution of our callings at this season, there exists a few considerations of great importance which we are apt to overlook, because apparently not directly bearing upon the objects of immediate pursuit.

One of these is involved in the following proposition:—Most parents are naturally desirous of seeing their sons grow to habits of steady industry, frugality and thrift. This nearly all desire, and especially so those agriculturists who possess most eminently these characteristics themselves. Such are particularly anxious to imbue their sons with a thorough love of their own chosen avocation.

How shall we accomplish this object? I propose to make a few suggestions in answer to the query. The question is not how shall we make them intelligent, virtuous, useful men, but how shall we make them interested in their business? The answer to the first would involve us in a consideration of all the means of social, intellectual, moral, and physical development and improvement. We are too busy just now to discuss these, but the

answer to the second is immediately important, and I will endeavor to make it pertinent and brief.

1st. We must disabuse our minds of the impression, if it exists, that our boys are to give us a certain amount of service, in consideration of the fact that, as parents, we have reared and supported them until able to care for themselves—an impression false in theory and injurious in practice. We rear and educate them because we love them, and not from the identical motives which induces us to rear a horse.

2d. We must consider that our boys are reasoning beings, and, like "boys of larger growth," are influenced by motives. They must have incentives to action, like ourselves, based on considerations of personal advantages. They are not machines which can be wound up at stated intervals, and then left to the performance of their stated tasks, but thinking, miniature men, that need the stimulus of direct and controlling motives.

3d. To accomplish this end, we must give our boys a direct interest in the result of their labor, by allowing them, according to circumstances, a small or large proportion of all the products of the farm, to be devoted to their own special uses and pleasures,—to be their own. Prudence and judgment must determine, on the part of the parent, whether this proportion is to be a half or a hundredth, or something intermediate; and, according to the disposition of the boy, how these proceeds are to be spent or invested; but, somehow, the boy must have a direct interest in the result of all his labor. Thus situated, his motives to industry,—to studying the principles of agriculture,—to making himself generally useful and intelligent in his profession,—will be the same as ours, and equally efficient in their operation.

4th. Our boys must have ready access to the best agricultural reading. Beautiful and entertaining periodicals on farming must be constantly before them, and their attention frequently called to whatever may appear worthy of their thought and reflection.

5th. Our homes must be beautified, and our boys must assist in making them beautiful. Encourage them to plant trees, cultivate flowers, gravel the walks, paint the out-houses—anything, indeed, to create interest and a love of rural life.

6th. We must allow ourselves never to feel, and so express a sentiment of dissatisfaction in reference to our profession. God knows, and so does every intelligent man, that agriculture is the only truly noble profession in existence; the rest, at best, are but more incidentals—excrescences that we tolerate because of necessity. These truths we must act, and our boys be made to feel.

7th. We must teach them by precept and example that intelligence and gentlemanly accomplishments are the cultivator's birthright; that the accomplished agriculturist is the high priest of Nature, and needs to be initiated into all her mysteries; that these are his duty and interest. They must be educated,—head, heart and hands.

Corunna, Mich., 1859. G. M. Reynolds.

LETTER FROM KANSAS.

Messrs. Eds.:—Being here by compulsion, the [illegible] swollen the creeks to such an extent that we cannot ford them,) last evening I found a copy of the Rural New-Yorker in the shanty where I am stopping, and perused it with great pleasure, although I saw, but did not read it, before I left my home in Attica, N. Y. Here I am, however, and to improve the time, will send you some notings of the country, soil, etc.

The one great difficulty in traveling in this country, especially during the rainy times, is the numerous small rivers and creeks, as we have no bridges, and when those sudden rises happen, we must hold up till the waters subside. The landscape views here are magnificent beyond description. Any person in Western New York who has been on the highest spot in the village of Geneseo, and looked north-west over the Genesee Valley, can have *some* idea of a thousand (even now in the state of Nature) just such prospects in Kansas. No other person can ever approximate to an appreciation of the natural beauty of this Territory. And the country is *good* as well as beautiful. I claim that the *stone* in Kansas adds millions to her value over any prairie country I have ever seen. So far as I have been, there is an abundance for fencing and building purposes, thus supplying the scarcity of timber. The stone are mostly lime and sand-stone, and are found in all localities, but do not often injure the land for farming purposes.—Enough of timber and stone can be found on or near every claim for fencing and building purposes, and before the present timber is gone, trees of quick growth may be planted to supply all future demands. This is one important feature of the country. Another is, it is generally rolling. While many of the prairie lands in Western Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and other Western States, are flat for great distances, those of Kansas are almost invariably rolling, in some instances so much so as to be called mounds or bluffs. The consequence is that—the soil being rich and loose—the rains, no matter how heavy or long continued, after moistening the earth, pass off, and do not stagnate and kill vegetation. So the farmer is sure of his crop whether it rain or shine. This is a feature peculiar to Kansas which cannot be too highly valued.

Where I sit is one of those beautiful rolling prairie bottoms, surrounded partly by skirts of timber along the creeks, and partly by mounds or gently swelling bluffs. Between these groves and mounds is spread out as splendid a lawn, for a mile or two, as the eye ever rested upon, tenanted all over with various kinds of unsurpassingly beautiful prairie flowers, "born to blush unseen." Among the most numerous is the Prairie Pink, resembling, more than any other, our garden Sweet William, but of a much brighter and showy color. Last night, at sunset, was seen this charming spot in all its gorgeousness. The parting rays of the sun lent a mellow luster to the scene, which gave a heaven-like peace to our weary spirits, and we soon sank into repose. This seems to me to be "the land of the sun,"

"Where the virgins are fair as the roses they twine,
And all but the spirit of man *seems* divine."

Respectfully yours, A. S. Stevens.
Valley Precint, Linn Co., Kansas, 1859.

SOMETHING FOR HORSE OWNERS.

Eds. Rural:—Scarce a man who owns a horse or uses one, but has been asked the question—Why are so many horses lame? Echo answers, why? Lameness is so common that we can rarely see a horse that is not either lame, or stiff and sore. As we pass along the street it is seldom we see a horse moving freely, or standing with his limbs and feet in a natural position, but generally find some with one fore-foot set out as far as it can be reached,—others with both thrown forward,—some with contracted hoofs favoring their feet,—some standing tip-toe, with their knees bent forward,—others sprawling like a bear on their pasterns,—some with sunken breasts or shrunken shoulders,—many with cracked hoofs, ridged surfaces,—and more with contracted heels. In it is rare to see a perfect foot on a horse after he is five years old.

Have you ever examined the foot of your horse? Its parts are somewhat complicated, yet their design is simple and obvious. The foot is not as it appears to the careless eye, a mere solid lump of insensible bone fastened to the leg by a joint, it is made up of a series of thin layers or leaves of horn, about five hundred in number, nicely fitted to each other and forming a lining to the foot itself. Then, there are as many more layers belonging to what is called the coffin bone and fitted into this. These are elastic. Take a quire of paper and insert the leaves one by one into those of another quire and you will get some idea of the arrangement of these several layers. Now the weight of the horse rests on as many elastic springs as there are layers in his four feet, and all this is contrived not only for the easy conveyance of the horse's own body, but of human bodies and whatever burdens may be laid upon him. In the first place the colt is taken in hand to break. The owner, perhaps, not a judge of colts, thinks he will make rather a fancy horse, and he tells the blacksmith that he wants the colt shod forward,—wants it done in the most scientific style in order to make his foot look nice, cut the heel down so as to have a wide heeled shoe, cut away the frog, dress out the bottom of the foot and "do it up brown"—as colts should be shod scientifically the first time—sock the nails home, clinch fast, and dont be afraid of the rasp. The job finished, the colt looks as if he could travel, and if there is any trot in him it must come out.

The question is again asked, What is the cause of this lameness? I trust reasons may be given for this. I hope this may put some on their guard, and may set others thinking. This is my first attempt, and nothing short of twenty-five years observance of this growing evil would have induced me to appear in print, and I confidently hope and trust the remedy will be given, very much to the benefit of the horse and his owner. J. H.

Horseheads, Chemung Co., N. Y., 1859.

ABOUT HORSES.

Messrs. Editors:—In the Rural of April 9th I noticed a portrait and description of the Black Hawk horse "Philip Allen," which was all very well, but when I observed that you congratulated the farmers of Livingston and adjoining counties upon this chance to propagate from the best, I thought it was high time for some man to write something that would set farmers to thinking that it possibly might be as well to propagate from a very different class of horses. Gifford and Black Hawk Morgan horses have been all the cry here for the last twelve or thirteen years, and the horses of Onondaga county, at least, have been fast running down all this time. I think the colts raised in this vicinity at the present time do not average over nine hundred pounds in working condition. The Morgan colts will not average that. What are such colts worth to farmers? Are they the kind to turn the stiff soil of old Onondaga or Livingston, or draw the products of said soil to market? And as for speed, it is all in the papers, or sires, the colts certainly have no business on the road with the colts that we used to raise fifteen years ago. Great judgment should be used in crossing, but I think for most of our mares the stallion should be 16½ hands high, well proportioned, and weigh 14 to 16 hundred pounds. If it takes him 4 minutes to go a mile over our common roads his stock will be worth keeping at least, and as for selling, nine out of ten will sell at three or four years old at fifty per cent more. Look about the country; what are our best farm teams? Go into our cities—what are the best coach horses, or best selling horses there? But enough for the first.

South Onondaga, N. Y., 1859. J. W. Parsons.

Remarks.—We cheerfully give place to the above, and shall not now particularly dissent from its conclusions. We may remark, however, that many of the farmers of Livingston, Monroe, &c., find it more profitable to breed small than large horses, as the former are in greater demand and bring higher prices than the latter. Extra size, weight and strength are necessary for some purposes, yet at a time when "style and speed" are the fashion, horses which abound in nerve and muscle (and only weigh from 900 to 1,100 lbs.,) are the most profitable to breeders who supply the demand for road and carriage horses—and *profit* is an important item with most people. As to the final query of Mr. P., "Go into our cities—what are the best coach horses, or best selling horses there?" we can answer (so far as this city is concerned,) that light, Morgan-built horses are preferred for most purposes, and bring the best prices.

BLACK SPANISH FOWLS.

Eds. Rural:—Fowls are such pests to gardeners, if not kept in their proper place, that I have always been a great enemy to them. One year ago last spring, my children got a present of a few of the Black Spanish breed, and it was only with great entreaty that I consented to let them keep them, and seeing in the Rural the profits of fowl-keeping, I thought I would keep an account of mine. I sold a few pairs last fall for two and three dollars per pair, and kept twelve. They commenced laying when five months old and have continued laying steadily since, omitting a day in every six or eight. I kept them warm during the winter, letting them out on mild days. Their food was principally corn, wheat screenings, with corn meal and potatoes occasionally, and fresh meat two or three times a week. I commenced keeping account on the first of January, and from that to the first of July I got 1,135 eggs from eleven hens—two of them are half-breeds—the latter brought out a flock of chickens each, and one I parted with on the tenth of May. The pure bloods seldom want to sit and are easily put off, I have one hen, three years old, that never wanted to sit yet. I have kept a regular account of each day's eggs, and the price of those not sold, at the rate that eggs were bringing at the time. I could have sold more in April and May than they produced, and even now I can scarcely get any to use. I mean to keep account for six months longer, and will give a true statement of it.

FOWLS	Dr.
12 fowls valued at $1 each	$12 00
Food for six months	10 10
Total—	$22 10

FOWLS	Cr.
46 dozen eggs sold at 50c	$23 00
Value of eggs used	10 37
1 fowl sold	1 00
2 chickens, half-breed, killed	60
11 fowls on hand	11 00
80 chickens, present value 50c	15 00
Total—	$60 97

Profit for six months	$38 87
1,135 eggs, or 94⅚ doz. at 18c., the average price.	17 00
80 chickens, average price 80c	9 00
Total—	$26 00
Food for six months	10 10
Profit supposing them common fowls	$15 90

Troy, N. Y., 1859. J. C.

IMPROVEMENT IN WELL-BUCKETS.

Eds. Rural:—For some time I have contemplated writing concerning what I call an improvement on the well-bucket represented in your valuable paper. It is this:—Instead of taking the old bucket, make one out of a board—make it square, and of the following dimensions:—Twelve inches long, eight inches at the top, and eleven at the bottom. This gives a good chance for a large valve. Put on a heavy hoop at the bottom so as to sink it readily. Instead of a rag-wheel put on a break in the shape of a lever—cut a notch in the said lever to fit on the cylinder, or shaft, that the rope winds on, and you have the bucket at perfect control. The lever will be fastened to one corner of the curb, and at the other end fasten a strap or chain with a loop so as to slide back and forth to tighten the lever and hold the bucket at any point you please. This is the best fix for lifting water out of the well that I have ever tried.

Before closing this I must make inquiry of you Empire citizens, if you can beat or come up to the size of a Parsnip that I dug the other day. I had to get my post-auger to get it out, and did not get all of it at last, as the bottom was crooked and the auger cut it to pieces, but what I got measured 4⅛ feet in length, and 15¼ inches around the top.

Watuga, Ill., July, 1859. S. Goldsmith.

SOWING WINTER RYE WITH BUCKWHEAT.

Messrs. Eds.:—In a late issue of the Rural, I. W. B. inquires what has been the experience of sowing Winter Rye with Buckwheat? I will briefly state mine. Last year I purchased a tract of new land from which the wood had recently been cut; took possession on the 20th of May; grubbed, cleared and plowed nineteen acres, and spread thereon 500 bushels of lime, and sowed fifteen bushels of buckwheat, fifteen of rye, and two and a half of clover seed,—harrowed all in together,—finished about the eighteenth day of July. The buckwheat and rye both grew finely—an early frost shortened the buckwheat, though we have 154 bushels of prime grain, 40 bushels of which I sold at $1,25 for seed—balance made into flour. The rye made an excellent crop, well grown and heavily filled. We had two hundred and thirty shocks, which I think will average one bushel each,—the grain is light colored and plump,—we have threshed a part of it. The clover was a failure—the new ground, filled with sticks and roots, was too loose for it to stand dry weather, except along the edge of wagon roads, or such places as were more compact. Soil rather sandy.—Wm. Parry, *Cinnaminson, N J., 7th Mo., 12th*, 1859

A FEW WORDS ABOUT BEES.—INQUIRY.

Eds. Rural:—Last winter I kept over twenty-three swarms, and they all appeared in good condition till after the last snow. A few days after the snow storm I examined them, and to my astonishment I found that three swarms had left for parts unknown, their hives being full of good, white comb. I have now got twenty swarms, and to-day, June 18th, not a hive has swarmed. There are quite a number that keep bees about here, and I have not heard of a single instance of swarming. Last year my first swarm came the 18th of May, and they were all done swarming by this time, or nearly so. I took from fifteen hives last year four hundred and ten pounds of honey. Now, what I am the most anxious to learn, is how to try out beeswax. We generally place the comb in a coffee sack, put in a large kettle, and sink it by putting on weights, the wax rising on the top; but it is always of a very dark color, and not fit for market. Will some one please give me the desired mode?—R. Brail, *Dansville, N. Y.*, 1859.

TURKEY RAISING.

Eds. Rural:—In your issue of the 25th ult., "A Reader" asks the experience of some person in raising Turkeys. As I have had some experience in that line I will give it for what it is worth. As soon as the turkey chickens are hatched I coop them and commence feeding, giving them wheat bread, soaked, and boiled potatoes, together with curd made of lobbered milk, not confining them to either. Keep them cooped for about a week or ten days, then let them out when pleasant, cooping them at night and rainy weather. At this age it will do to feed them corn meal, but at first, we consider it bad food for them. They will soon learn to help themselves to insects. In this way we seldom lose more than one to fifteen or twenty, as about that proportion are weak and puny. I consider old turkeys preferable to raise from, as their young are stronger and need less nursing to raise them.—H. Brown, *North Plains, Mich.*, 1859.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Feed the Land and it will Feed you.

The *Homestead* well observes, "the true economy with land is to treat it as you would a laborer, from whom you wanted the most work. Let it be well fed, and there is much less danger of over feeding, than there is in case of man or animals.—No more should be cultivated than can be stuffed with a full supply of plant food. The sun and atmosphere are all ready to give you eighty bushels of corn to the acre, and it will not cost you a penny more to draw upon them for the necessary amount of heat, light, carbon, and moisture to make this quantity of grain, than to make twenty bushels. Here is an inexhaustible store-house of riches, and a well fed soil is the key to unlock its treasures.—Give to the soil generously and persistently, and it will give unto you 'good measure, pressed down and running over.'"

Value of Vetches.

A. Woolford, of Canada West, bears the following testimony to the value of vetches, one of the most profitable forage crops in use in England:—"Two years ago I imported a small quantity for trial, and I have pleasure in stating that the experiment has been far beyond my most sanguine expectations. I have tried it on all kinds of land, and it has done well on each, but I consider high land the best. Have sown it on a piece of rocky land, where there were not over four inches of soil, and the crop was abundant. I have mowed it three times in one season (upon common clay land) for my horses. I have also cut it once for feed, and left the second growth for seed, which returned twenty bushels per acre. I should also inform you that my cattle have been fed upon vetch straw this winter, and I consider it much superior as fodder, to any other kind of straw."

Corn Culture.

The *New-England Farmer* gives the following as the mode in which more than one hundred bushels of Indian corn was raised to the acre, in the State of Maine—the *northernmost* of all the States of the Union. "Mr. Willard, of Wilton, Franklin Co., Me., says, that in 1853 he grew fifty-five bushels, eight quarts, on half an acre, of merchantable shelled corn, fit for use. It was done after this manner: a piece of gravelly loam was selected, and finely plowed ten inches deep, and manured with six cords of stable manure, in best condition for use, one-half of which was spread and covered by the plow; the other half was placed in the hill. An abundant supply of well-seasoned seed was dropped, and the surplus plants were thinned out so as to leave about one plant to each square foot of land. It was carefully cultivated, and kept entirely clear of grass and weeds."

Root Crops.—Fodder.

In a recent issue of the *Maine Farmer*, the editor remarks:—"We are glad to see a return to the culture of roots, ruta bagas, mangel wurtzels and carrots, among us. Not that they have ever been wholly abandoned, but the culture of them, for the last ten years, has fallen off very much. People talk about the comparative value of these things. We all know that there is great difference in the nutritive power of the articles which we use, not only for our own food, but for the food of our domestic animals; and we also know, that we, as well as our animals, are so constituted as to require this same variety for the continuance of health and activity. Keep yourself on one single article of concentrated food, and you may perhaps grow fat, but you will also become sick, or languid and spiritless. Sailors know this. When they get into situations where they are obliged to live on one kind of food, they find their health decline and their strength and vital powers to flag, and they finally have to 'give up the ship.' It is, therefore, a duty to cultivate a variety of articles to be used as fodder for our stock, during our long winters. Good hay is the staple crop for this purpose. It is to cattle what bread is to their owner, the staff of their lives. But roots of different kinds make an agreeable and profitable variety. In olden times, when the potato rot was unknown, the potato, being the easiest raised and preserved, was much used for cattle food. The potato rot put a veto on this root as stock food."

Agricultural Matters in Kansas.

The *Kansas Chief*, noting the advantages presented to the Kansas sheep-breeder, remarks.—"It may not be generally known that Kansas is one of the best countries known for sheep-raising, but such it is, as we have been informed by persons acquainted with the subject. As a grazing country, Kansas is unexcelled. Sheep thrive here with little care, and can find plenty to feed on, summer and winter; and therefore their cost would be comparatively light. With proper attention to sheep-raising, we believe fortunes might speedily be amassed. The wool could be sent to a profitable market, at low rates of freight; or, if the business were entered into upon a scale of great extent, it would no doubt induce the establishment of manufactories of woolen fabrics at home." According to the following statement, which we find in the Lawrence *Republican* of the 7th inst., some portions of the Territory have taken an important position in the export of grain. There is little doubt that very few years will witness Kansas furnishing its full quota of the cereals for the sustenance of Eastern consumers. The *Republican* says:—"One of the largest dealers in grain in this city estimates that the surplus corn in this county, shipped from Lawrence this season, will be nearly 200,000 bushels. The total crop raised in Douglas county last year was from five to six hundred thousand bushels. That is doing well for a county that has been under actual cultivation but about two years. Now that our lands are pre-empted and a much larger surface planted, another year will clear our farmers from debt, and start them on a career of permanent prosperity and wealth." Speaking of present indications as regards growing crops, the same journal remarks:—"Corn in this county looks splendid. The weather has been highly favorable for its growth. Wheat is now being harvested, and the indications of rust have not materially damaged it. A fine crop will be gathered. The prospects for grain in the Territory are generally first rate."

Agricultural Miscellany.

Premium of $100 for Best Ten Acres of Wheat!—In order to encourage the production of Wheat, and obtain for dissemination reliable information as to the most successful modes of culture in sections where the midge prevails—as in Western and Central New York—we hereby offer a Premium of One Hundred Dollars for the Best Ten Acres of Winter Wheat (quantity and quality considered) grown in this State during the ensuing year, on one contiguous piece of land, being a part of the farm owned and cultivated by the competitor. A sample of the grain, and statement of mode of cultivation, &c., (similar to that required by the N. Y. State Agricultural Society on Farm Crops,) must be furnished to D. D. T. Moore, Rochester, on or before the 1st day of October, 1860, by whom, in conjunction with Gen. Rawson Harmon of Monroe Co., Hon. T. C. Peters of Genesee, John Johnston, Esq., of Seneca, and Hon. George Geddes of Onondaga, (or other competent and disinterested persons,) the premium will be awarded.

Conditions and Statement.—The land upon which the crop is grown must be in one contiguous piece, measured with chain and compass, and the surveyor make affidavit to his survey. The applicant and one other person who assisted in harvesting and measuring the crop, must make affidavit of the quantity of grain raised, and that the crop grown was in the usual course of cultivation, and must also state the whole quantity of land in the piece of which that intended for premium is a part. The entire crop upon the piece entered for premium to be harvested and measured.

The Statement must embrace also—1. Statement of the previous crop, if any, and how manured. 2. The kind and condition of the soil, whether underdrained or not, and the location of the farm. 3. The quantity of manure on the crop, the manner of its application, the quantity and kind of seed, and where (in what County and State) it was obtained. 4. The time and manner of sowing, harvesting and cleaning the crop; and the actual yield by weight and measure, the statute bushel in grain crops to be used; the market value of the crop, and the place where marketed, if sold. 5. A detailed account of the expense of cultivation. [Competitors are requested to notify us of their intention to compete previous to the first of April next, so that members of the Committee may, if convenient, see the wheat while growing. And if those who enter the arena of competition will furnish us their mode of cultivation as early as July or 1st of August, 1860, it will enable us to disseminate valuable information in time to benefit those who may sow wheat in the autumn of that year.]

Wheat Harvest.—The first four days of last week were very favorable for harvesting, and considerable wheat was secured previous to the storm of Thursday night—since which we have had such heavy rains as to check operations, and now (Tuesday noon) the sky is overcast, with a prospect of more rain. If the wet weather continues, and prevails at the West, we fear the wheat harvest will not only be retarded, but more or less damage caused. In a large portion of Michigan, and other sections where the wheat is very fine, the crop is not yet secured, and much depends upon the state of the weather. So far as this region is concerned the wheat crop is as good as we have anticipated and reported—though not matured for cutting as early as we expected, especially white wheat.

The Rural in the Premium Lists.—We observe that many County and District Ag. Societies in this and other States offer yearly copies of the Rural New-Yorker as premiums—several Societies offering from 40s to one hundred copies each the present season. The Schuyler Co. (N. Y.) list, just received, includes some seventy copies, and offered nearly as many last year. As we have never made any effort to have the Rural recognized and patronized in this manner, the large number of copies being offered by Societies is specially gratifying.

—To save answering frequent inquiries by letter, we would state in this connection that the Rural is furnished to Ag. Societies at the lowest club rate—$1 25 per yearly copy.

Addresses at Fairs.—A correspondent suggests that it would be well, in naming the times and places of holding Fairs, to also state who is to deliver the address. To prove its impracticability, however, it is only necessary to remark that our friend informs us, in the same letter, when and where his County Fair is to be held, but is unable to say who will give the address! And such is the fact in most cases—the time and place of holding the Fair being designated, in almost every instance, months before a speaker is engaged. We could not now name but two or three speakers at Fairs in this State—except our own engagements, which we are of course too modest to chronicle!

A Hint on Corn Culture.—An exchange (the *Amer. Farmer*, we believe,) says:—"But little is to be said about the Corn crop, as it is to be hoped the working is completed. If you must, however, work it in this month, keep the implement as far off from the corn as your work will allow. *Cultivate alternate rows.* That is, go over your field, leaving every other row untouched, so that every hill of corn will have its roots on one side uncut. Then begin again, going through the rows not worked before; by this time these roots first cut will have recovered in a measure from the damage done them."

Barometers Wanted.—We have occasional inquiries relative to Barometers—as to price, where obtainable, &c. A letter now before us, from a subscriber in Essex Co., wishes to know where he can get "a good, cheap and accurate barometer." We have a very good instrument made by J. Kendall, of New Lebanon, N. Y., who is considered one of the best manufacturers in this country. No doubt Mr. K. will furnish particulars as to price, &c., on application, and we refer those interested to him for such information.

Good Potatoes.—We are indebted to Hon. A. B. Dickinson, of Hornby, Steuben Co., for a barrel of Bermuda potatoes—a sample of his last crop of about *twelve thousand bushels*. They are much better than we expected—a fine, mealy table potato—good enough for the best folk (like editors!) and far better than nine-tenths of our city people can obtain at this season. Thanks to the Baron—and our regrets that grasshoppers lessened his crop nearly one half.

Ohio Wheat Crop.—The Secretary of the Ohio Board of Agriculture has visited the wheat growing counties of that State, and concludes that the loss from all causes will be about 3,500,000 bushels, while the whole crop will exceed thirty millions—three more than in any previous year.

Crops in Michigan.—Our letters and exchanges speak in the most encouraging terms of the crop prospects in Michigan. The frost caused but little damage. Wheat is remarkably good, while corn and potatoes are very promising.

Ontario Co. Ag. Society.—The Fair of this Society is to be held on the fine Grounds in Canandaigua, Sept. 28th, 29th and 30th. The Regulations, Premiums, &c., are of the usual progressive and liberal character of the Ontario Society.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE SEASON.

For several weeks we have been enduring a "dry spell" of unusual length and severity. Newly planted trees felt its effects very sorely, and some that were not properly cared for, we fear have perished. Many have we seen withering and dying that a good forking up of the soil, a few pails of water, followed by a mulching of refuse stuff would have saved. It is strange that people will spend their money for trees and allow them to die before their eyes without an effort to save them. The dry weather affected the VEGETABLE GARDEN very materially. The peas ripened up without giving half a crop, and the early potatoes are few and small. Corn can endure a great amount of heat and dry weather if the ground is kept mellow. Indeed, stirring the soil is the greatest protection against evil effects from drouth. A good hoeing among the garden vegetables or what is better, a *forking* is as good as a shower. This it is pretty hard to make people believe, but whoever tries it will be satisfied of its truth. Within the few days past we have been blessed with copious showers, and all nature is revived.

Many varieties of *Cherries* are still on the trees. *Currants* and *Gooseberries* are ripening, as are the *Raspberries*. On these small fruits we shall give a chapter after a little further opportunity for examination. In the FLOWER GARDEN the *Phloxes* and other *Herbaceous Plants*, are now the most attractive. Next week we will describe the principal varieties in flower.

VINE CULTURE AT HAMMONDSPORT.

WHILE at Hammondsport to-day, and waiting for the shower to pass, a sensible man who had the RURAL, lent it to me to read for the time being. It seemed very much like shaking hands with an old friend to take hold of the old familiar sheet.

It's a beautiful drive from Bath, and the best corn I have seen was along the route, several fields being in *tassel*, and some showing silk. The wheat along the hillsides looked beautiful. It will not be harvested till next week, (the 18th and later.) Other crops, except grass, are looking very well.

But what most struck my fancy, is the tendency to vineyards among the farmers on the north side of the valley. The hills rise rather abruptly to quite a distance, and are being rapidly converted to vineyards. The attempt to raise grapes in this region has been very successful, and it will be but a few years before they can sing or talk of their "vine-clad hills." They are not, as a general thing, bestowing the necessary care in the preparation of the land, and will not, of course, succeed as well as they ought or might with a very little more labor in the start. Instead of planting in rows up and down the hill, they should trench them into *borders* or terraces about 8 feet wide, running round the hill. The fruit will ripen much better, for no part of one row will shade the other; besides it will prevent washing, otherwise a serious difficulty upon these steep hills.

The land already appropriated to the vine in the towns of Urbana and Pultney would be quite an item even now. Ultimately all the available land will be used for that purpose, and will add largely to the wealth of these towns. It will be but a few years before the domestic wines will entirely supersede the foreign article. Pie-plant, currant and grape vines can be produced to an unlimited extent—as soon as it will pay.—P.

MAMMOTH RHUBARB.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Col. J. F. MORGAN, of our village to-day presented me with a stalk and leaf of rhubarb, grown by himself,—which would throw MARSH's entirely into the shade, especially if placed over it,—the dimensions and weight *of which* are as follows:—Length of stem, 23¾ inches, circumference, 6¾ inches; weight of stem, 1¾ lbs.; weight of stem and leaf, 3 lbs. 11 oz.; length of leaf, 4 feet; width of same, 3 feet 9 inches; circumference, 24½ feet.—D. M. NORTON, *Akron, Erie Co., N. Y., June* 24, 1859.

LARGE RHUBARB.—Having noticed an article in your valuable paper headed Large Stalk of Victoria Rhubarb, and asking all to beat it, and as a neighbor of mine, Mr. C. A. DUTTON, has fairly done it, I will give you the dimensions. The length of stalk, exclusive of the leaf, was 26 inches; largest circumference, 7 inches, and weight, 2 pounds and 11 ounces, which exceeds the weight of Mr. FITCH's by eleven ounces, leaf and stalk together. But, as we consider the stalk the most valuable part, we have made no account of the leaf. However, I don't see how Mr. MARSH gets so large a circumference of the leaf to so small a diameter. I am sure it can't be by geometry, or else he has taken one more lesson than I have. Perhaps he can explain it. However, I think he will have to try again.—GEO. TOWNSEND, *Elma, Erie Co. N. Y., July*, 1859.

RHUBARB.—Our friend, F. A. MARSH, speaking of a stalk of *rhubarb* which weighed *fifteen ounces*, says, "beat it who can." My neighbor, H. HATLER, brought a stalk into our village market which weighed on my small scales, one pound and eleven ounces, clear of leaf. He has more nearly as large.—A. WILLSON, *Marcellus, N. Y., June*, 1859.

SALT FOR WIRE WORM AND QUACK GRASS.—(O. H., *Jamesville, C. W., and others.*)—The worm you describe is the wire-worm. Enough salt to kill them would destroy the plants. If salt had been given early in the season, so that its strength might have been expended before the plants were set, enough might have been given to trouble the worms, and destroy some of them. Salt will destroy quack [illegible], but it will require a very large dose—enough we would think to prevent the growth of all vegetation for some time.

THE SCALE INSECTS.

ONE of our subscribers brought us a branch of the *Flowering Currant*, covered with scales, as shown in the engraving. On examining these scales through a glass we found they covered masses of transparent eggs, attached together like clusters of grapes. These we sent to our attentive correspondent, JACOB STAUFFER, of Lancaster, Pa., who with his usual courtesy and promptness furnishes us the following interesting article.

DEAR RURAL:—Yours with the enclosed twigs of a gooseberry bush, (as I judged,) covered with small brown excrescences, or "scales covering masses of transparent eggs," as you state, are the remains of the female scale insects—a species of *Coccida*, an order embracing several genera and numerous species.

The *cocci* are a prolific race, and like the *aphides*, or *plant-lice*, are a source of vexation and annoyance to the horticulturist and arboriculturist. They have become so common that almost every nursery is infested with one species or another.

These insects vary much in form and habit, and seem remarkably discriminate in their choice of food, almost every species being peculiar to some particular plant, so that they usually bear the name of the plant they feed on; for instance, the *coccus cacti*, found on the *cactus opuntia*, or prickly pear tree, in South America, produces the commercial *cochineal*, and with several other species, used for their coloring matter, are cultivated by certain attention to the breeding of these insects.

A dark colored fluid often exudes from some species common with us, and perhaps at the proper season, treated as the cochineal insect is, they might prove a good substitute. I would call attention in that direction.

There is this singular fact that many of these insects, when fully matured, become more and more *imperfect*, losing all traces of articulations in the body as well as of the limbs, becoming, in fact, inert, and fixed masses of animal matter, motionless, and eventually a dry, senseless scale, under which, however, the numerous eggs are hatched and sheltered until they venture forth to [illegible] and [illegible] it with its [illegible] sence-like carcass over a fresh brood.

The males are much smaller and more active than the females. Fig. 1 and 2 from, beneath one of these scales sent me, are highly magnified—fig. 3, a view of the twig with its scaly granulations upon it. 4, an enlarged scale.

The females have a three-jointed *promuscis*, apparently arising from the breast, capable of being greatly extended, which they insert into the bark, &c., of plants—the males appear to be destitute of of a mouth of any kind, become winged and fly about. When at rest their single pair of wings are carried horizontally—one covering the other. Fig. 5 and 6—1 illustrates the *Pseudo coccus*, male insect, much like the *c. cacti*. Several species of birds, such as the chic-a-dee and wren, prey upon them. A minute *Ichneumonous* fly also oviposits into the female cocci, for a nidus, and thereby many are destroyed, and a check put upon their excessive increase.

Where these insects once gain possession of a plant or young tree, its disfiguration and death is almost certain, through exhaustion, by the myriads of this class of minute vermin, and requires prompt and energetic action, otherwise it is next to impossible to exterminate them.

The recipe of Mr. HARRIS is perhaps the best, which is to make a wash composed of eight parts of water, two of soft-soap, with quick-lime enough added to bring it to the consistency of a thick white-wash. This ought to be laid on early in June, when the insects are young and tender, with a brush covering the surface of the branches and filling the cracks with it.

The apple tree bark-louse noticed in your issue of July 9th, (vol. 10, No. 28,) I judge is similar to the *coccus conchi formis* of GONELIN. Fig. 9 represents some that I found on an apple tree, beautifully striated, covering numerous oval eggs, 9—1 is a section showing a lower ridge. Fig. 8 is a species found on the lilac, of a drab color, and oval shape. In last year's RURAL, vol. 9., p. 231, (No. 29, July 7,) you figure the vine scale insect. Fig. 6 is the *coccus vitis*, as I have seen it represented, and is a different species. Fig. 7 is a beautiful pearly species, checkered with radiating dark spots, (7—1, the underside and posterior end turned up,) which I found on a grape leaf—a single specimen only—and may belong to a different genus. Fig. 10 is taken from a branch of maple (*Acer Dasycarpum* WILD,) an ornamental tree on the S. W. corner of South Queen street, in this city, giving the tree a very unsightly aspect, and will evidently be its destruction, if nothing is done, speedily.

This latter belongs to the wooly tribe of scale insects. Their eggs are so numerous that their bodies are insufficient to cover them, hence they have the faculty of emitting a fine cottony excrement, of a viscid consistency, capable of being drawn out into the finest cobweb-like threads, of a pearly whiteness. The embedded eggs are exceedingly numerous and of an oval shape. My friend, S. S. RATHVON, wrote an account of this species in the *Farm Journal*, for 1854, and proposed to call it *coccus innumerabilis*. It may prove a species of *Dorthesia Bosc*, the *Cionops* of LEACH. I have my eye on some close at hand, on the maple referred to, and shall become better acquainted with this insect, as to its transformation, before long. Much more might be said on this subject, but this is already sufficiently lengthy. Ever ready to respond, I am very truly yours,

Lancaster, Pa., 1859. JACOB STAUFFER.

DISEASED PEAR TREES.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In reading (in your paper of Saturday last) the very interesting and instructive proceedings of the *Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York*, I find that DR. SPENCE, and other members of said Society have been troubled with "a mysterious disease afflicting their pear trees."

Having for a number of years noticed the different phases of said disease, and tried various remedies therefor, I have by the merest accident discovered a certain remedy. It is this:—Carefully examine both body and limbs of your trees, and with a sharp knife as carefully remove the outer bark of the diseased parts, leaving only the fresh inner bark, with but a small portion, if any, of the outer bark remaining thereon. The second or third day thereafter, give the body and limbs a thorough coating of soft soap. Do this in the summer months.

I have never positively ascertained the cause of the disease; yet from having seen the tracks, but not the worm itself, I believe it to be caused by a very small worm, the egg from which it is produced having been deposited in the outer bark, by some insect at present unknown to fruit growers. In its first stages the disease discovers itself by brown or purplish specks showing through the clear and otherwise healthy outer bark.

I have tried the above remedy two summers previous to the present, and with decided success in every instance. GEO. C. BRECHER.

Livonia, N. Y., 1859.

AMERICAN BLACK RASPBERRY.—The finest quart of Raspberries we have thus far seen the present season is one of the *American Black*, presented us by ABA [illegible], while [illegible] market, near Rochester. MR A. thinks they will prove more profitable than any other sort; for, although injured by the June frosts they are yielding a good crop. The specimens sent us were the largest we have ever seen, as large as *Antwerps* are usually grown.

—A fine basket of the same sort came to hand just as we were going to press, from H. H. DOOLITTLE, of Oaks Corners, Ontario County. Mr. D. has made a *specialty* of this fruit, and his system of propagating and managing the plants was given in the RURAL of March 5th. Though far inferior in quality to the *Antwerps, Brinckle's Orange*, etc., the hardiness and productiveness of the plants, and the firmness of the berries, makes the *American Black Raspberry* very popular and profitable as a market fruit.

PIE-PLANT WINE.—Some time since we received from the Oneida Community several bottles of wine, made from pie-plant, the native grape, and currants. The labels on the bottles did not correspond with the description given in a note accompanying them, so that we were not able to report as we would have done. One bottle of the pie-plant wine had a strong *sherry* flavor, and it seemed fully equal to any of our domestic wines. We hope the time is not far distant, when not a single bottle of wine or spirits will be imported. We have soil enough, and can raise fruit enough to make all the wines, and cordials, and syrups we need. There is no use of spending our money for foreign mixtures.

UNION SHADE TREE ASSOCIATION.

THE beauty of a village, as every person of taste is aware, does not depend on its showy buildings so much as on its shady trees. Any place properly ornamented with trees is handsome; without them the most costly architecture is bare and unattractive. The citizens of Union Springs, a thriving village on the banks of Cayuga Lake, resolving to profit by these truths, formed an Association, with the following regulations in substance:—Each member pays an admission fee of one dollar, which is applied in procuring and setting out trees in such places as the owners are unable or unwilling to plant—any additional sum from a member is expended in planting trees, at cost, along his own grounds or where he may direct.

The admission fee of the Association amounted in the first place to some forty or fifty dollars—a part of which was from day laborers to be expended in work. The executive committee, after exploring the adjacent country, found a fine natural nursery of maples and other native trees, which they secured at five dollars per hundred. They were dug *with the roots*, (the roots are commonly cut off in such cases,) and several teams were dispatched for them. Over six hundred trees have been thus procured at a small cost, and have been placed along the streets, and if half of them grow and flourish, they will increase the market value of the lots they adorn, at least ten times the amount of the expenditure. This may not be the best mode, in every particular, of accomplishing so desirable an object; but it may furnish hints for an improved mode of proceeding in other places. It will be perceived that in all such cases, cattle must be excluded from the streets.—*Country Gentleman.*

Inquiries and Answers.

SILVER FIR AND DECIDUOUS CYPRESS.—Can you inform me through the RURAL as to the hardiness of the Scotch Fir and Deciduous Cypress?—A SUBSCRIBER.

Both are hardy here.

SOD LAND FOR STRAWBERRIES.—Will you, or some one who has had experience, please inform me and the many readers of the RURAL the best method of preparing *sod* ground for strawberries? Should the sod be removed entirely, or spaded under, if the latter, would manuring, *previous* to being spaded, be beneficial? The soil is a sandy loam, and partly shaded by forest trees.—T. H. TOOKER, *Ypsilanti, Mich.*, 1859.

SPADE the turf under deep. Work the manure into the soil while digging, so as to have it well mixed. This is better than burying it at the bottom, or spreading it on the surface. If partly shaded with forest trees, we fear the roots will so "*draw*" upon the soil as to injure the strawberry crop.

THE CROCUS IN AMERICA, AND THE RURAL IN EUROPE.—Permit me to inquire through the columns of your paper whether Crocus roots will bear being left in the ground all winter, or whether they must be dug up and laid away every fall like the Gladiolus, &c.? You may perhaps like to know what is thought of your paper on the other side of the Atlantic. Last week I had a letter from my respected mother. When answering some queries relative your paper, she says:—"We get the RURAL regularly every week. It is the best got up paper in every way I have seen from America.—J. H. J., *Starkey, Yates Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

CROCUS bulbs, if taken up after the tops have died, must be re-planted in the Autumn. It is best to allow them to remain in the same bed about three years, then take up and re-plant, or they will become too thick and the ground impoverished.

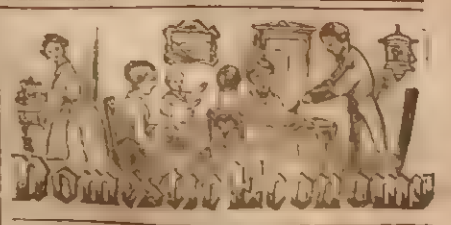
FIELD CULTURE OF SMALL FRUITS.—Considering the failure of the peach, plum, and partially the cherry, should not the small fruits receive more attention? They are quite free from diseases and insects so far, give quick returns, and for a *delicious succession* of summer fruit, what can we desire better than the improved kinds of strawberries, raspberries, and blackberries offer? With the aid of sealed cans, or bottles, we can prolong their duration, and increase our estimation of their good qualities. Now, will you, or some one who has experience in the matter, give us practical directions about their field culture, particularly raspberries and blackberries? How far apart should the rows or hills be, what varieties should be most depended upon, and would the Red Antwerp raspberry answer very well without protection in winter in this climate? Would it not be well to plant in rows to facilitate a succession of new plants before taking up the old ones? And, lastly, has any one experience in putting them up in bottles or cans for sale?

A word about those *Farm Hand Books* of FOWLER & WELLS. I confess I rather thoughtlessly practiced the author's suggestion, "putting a mound of ashes around apple trees as a preventive of the borer." I think the author must be a believer in the strongest doses of allopathy, and by way of retaliation, I should like to have him take his own physic, for, judging from effects, the remedy is worse than the disease.—H. V., *Seneca Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

WHILE leaving these inquiries to be answered, in the main, by our readers, we will give a few facts. Raspberries and strawberries are too tender and perishable to ship a great distance to [illegible]. Those who live near a good market cannot put [illegible] more profitable use than in growing these fruits. Generally, the Red Antwerp would not be injured in this section by the winters, though occasionally the canes are more or less killed. Large growers for market, even around New York city, find it more profitable to lay down the canes in the fall, and cover them with a little earth. The growth in the spring is more vigorous, the crop better, and perfect safety secured against an unfavorable winter. The Dorchester, or High Bush, and the New Rochelle are the two best varieties of blackberries. Which would prove best for field culture we cannot say. We would plant a portion of each. The currant is a most profitable crop when well grown. Our people don't begin to know the value of this fruit. The currants sold in our markets are poor things, grown without care or culture, and are not prized, nor do they deserve to be. For the last two seasons the gooseberry caterpillar has been exceedingly destructive to the currant here, destroying not only the fruit, but in many cases the plants. The raspberry may be planted for field culture 3 or 3½ feet each way, so as to admit horse culture both ways, or 2 feet apart in the rows, and the rows 3 or 3½ feet apart. A little wider planting is necessary for the blackberry, as it makes a larger growth. Some cultivators set raspberries as wide as five or six feet apart and three plants to each hill. Nothing keeps better than the currant in cans or jars, and in the winter no fruit is more delicious. The strawberry and raspberry do not keep as well; they lose both color and flavor. This is our experience.

WASH TO DESTROY INSECTS.—In the *Journal of the Horticultural Society of Paris*, it is stated that an excellent wash for destroying insects is made by boiling 1¾ pints of water, 62 grains of red American potash, and the same number of sulphur, and the same of soap. If it is necessary to make it stronger, double the quantity of sulphur and of potash, leaving the soap the same. Immersion for a second kills ants, large caterpillars, and cockchaffer grubs. The solution does no harm to plants. This is important, if true, and it can be easily tested. The large white grub of the *Cockchaffer*, or as it is commonly called here, the *May-Bug*, has been doing a good deal of mischief the last two or three years, particularly to strawberry beds, by destroying the roots. Specimens have been sent us from various sources this summer, and we have heard much complaint and seen many beds almost ruined. The potatoes, too, they have attacked most voraciously. Last summer we assisted H. N. LANGWORTHY in killing about twenty in one hill of potatoes, the tubers being almost entirely eaten up by them.

CHERRIES.—The cherry crop has been much better here this season than for many years previous; indeed, most abundant. To many of our friends are we indebted for fine specimens—among others, ALEXANDER WILSON, for a fine basket of *Eltons*, to ANSON ARNOLD for *Elton* and *Yellow Spanish*, and to HENRY BELL for fine *Yellow Spanish*.



BEEFSTEAK, SALAD DRESSING, &c.

DEAR RURAL:—As it is through your agency that we are favored with so many valuable recipes, I think it but right to acknowledge your benefits in striving to improve and add to the interest of this department, by contributing my "mite" occasionally, so please accept the following for all those who are fond of preparing good things:

FRIED BEEFSTEAK.—Take a nice, tender steak, which is about an inch thick, lay it evenly in a frying-pan, over a quick fire; add salt and a little boiling water; cover it close and boil twenty minutes; then add a large piece of butter, and fry both sides until done. Take on to a hot platter, sift pepper over, pour on the gravy and serve.—This is superior to broiled steak, as it retains its flavor more perfectly, and is much tenderer.

FRICASSED TURKEY.—Cut up a small turkey and rinse in cold water; put it into a stew-pan, with but little water. If the water boils out before the meat is tender, add more. It should be covered closely, and boiled gently until done. Skim off the scum as it rises, and when tender, add ¼ of a lb. of butter, a large teaspoon of salt, and half a one of pepper. When the butter is melted, dredge in a tablespoon of flour, or rolled crackers, and brown nicely. Turn the pieces, that they may have a fine color, then take them up, put a cup of boiling water into the gravy, then strain it over the turkey and serve.

SALAD DRESSING.—One cup good cider vinegar, a teaspoon of oil, one of made mustard, a salt-spoon of salt, and the yolk of a hard boiled egg rubbed fine; pour over the salad, and send to the table.

BATTER PUDDING.—Five eggs beaten light; one quart of sweet milk and one pint flour. Bake ten minutes without a crust, and eat it hot, with butter and sugar for sauce.

LEMON PIE.—The yolks of four eggs well beaten; three tablespoons brown sugar; one of water, and the grated rind and pulp, cut fine, of one lemon. Line a plate with rich pie paste, pour in the mixture, and bake till done. Beat the whites of four eggs light, with four spoonsful of double refined white sugar, pour upon the top of the pie, and bake three minutes longer, and you will have a truly delicious pie.—CORA W., *Lima, N. Y.*, 1859.

STRAWBERRY SHORT CAKE.

ED. RURAL:—Herewith please find a recipe for a strawberry short cake, in answer to the inquiry sent by a "Bachelor." I am somewhat interested in that species of human beings, therefore I wish to promote his happiness as far as short cakes are concerned. I can make one as nice as the next one, and if *he* makes it as I write the recipe, I can [illegible] will be good. Thus: Two cups of cream; 2 of buttermilk; [illegible] which dissolve one teaspoon of soda; a little shortening and salt. This is the cake. Hull your berries, dissolve sugar in cream, and pour upon them. Eat it, and I guess you will not wish for anything better.—MOLLIE FLAGG, *Grove Hill, N. Y.*, 1859.

"BACHELOR" wishes a recipe for strawberry short cake, and calls upon some of the MARTHAS to favor him. Unfortunately I do not happen to bear that name, consequently I suppose that *my* recipe will be unappreciated; yet, perhaps, there is some one (with whom LIZZIE is a favorite name,) that may have the benefit of it, so I will send it for insertion. Make a cake the same as for soda biscuit, and bake it whole. Having previously prepared your berries with rich, sweet cream, and sugar, part the cake while warm, butter it on both sides, lay on the berries and put together, and serve warm.—LIZZIE, *July 9th*, 1859.

A BATCH OF CAKES.

HERE are several recipes, which I hope will prove serviceable to *some* of the many readers of the RURAL. I have tried them, and I *know* them to be good.

RAILROAD CAKE.—One cup full of flour; 1 do. of sugar; 4 eggs; 1 teaspoonful cream tartar; ½ of soda.

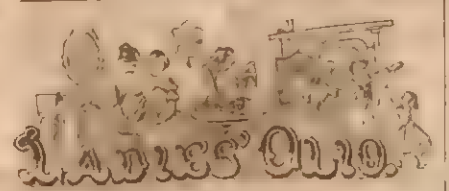
MOUNTAIN CAKE.—One lb. of sugar; 1 lb. of flour; ½ lb. of butter, 5 eggs; 1 teacup of sour milk; 1 teaspoon of soda; a lemon grated, and added with the juice.

JENNY LIND CAKE.—One cup of butter; 2 of sugar; 5 of flour; whites of ten eggs; ¾ cup of sweet milk; 2 teaspoons cream tartar; 1 of soda.

TEA CAKE.—Two cups of sugar; 6 tablespoonfuls of melted butter; 1½ cups of sweet milk; 2 teaspoonfuls of cream tartar; 1 of soda; 1 quart of flour; grated peel of a lemon.—VERITAS, *Cherry Vale, Pa.*

TOMATOES IN A NEW STYLE.—The Harrisburgh (Pa.) *Union* says:—"As the tomato season will soon be here, the following method of preparing them for the table, we are assured by one who has made the experiment, is superior to anything yet discovered for the preparation of that excellent article:—Take good ripe tomatoes, cut them in slices, and sprinkle over them finely pulverized white sugar, then add claret wine sufficient to cover them. Tomatoes are sometimes prepared in this way with diluted vinegar, but the claret wine imparts to them a richer and more pleasant flavor, more nearly resembling the strawberry than anything else."

PICKLING BEEF.—We would like to know the best way to pickle beef, and how, if there is any way to keep beef good more than one year. Perhaps some of your correspondents can tell us.—S. W. BISBEE, *Westfield, Chau. Co., N. Y.*, 1859.



THE DYING WIFE.

Lay the babe upon my bosom, let me feel his sweet, warm breath,
For a strange chill o'er me passes, and I know that it is death.
I would gaze upon the treasure, scarcely given ere I go—
Feel his rosy dimpled fingers wander o'er my cheek of snow

I am passing through the waters, but a blessed shore appears,—
Kneel beside me, husband, dearest, let me kiss away thy tears.
Wrestle with thy grief, as Jacob strove from midnight until day;
It may leave an angel's blessing when it vanishes away.

Lay the babe upon my bosom, 'tis not long he can be there—
See! how to my heart he nestles,—'tis the pearl I love to wear,
If in after years beside thee, sits another in my chair,
Tho' her voice be sweeter music, and my face than hers less fair;

If a cherub call thee father, far more beautiful than this,
Love thy first-born, oh, my husband, turn not from the motherless
Tell him sometimes of his mother,—you will call him by thy name,—
Shield him from the wilds of sorrow,—if he errs, oh, gently blame.

Lead him sometimes where I'm sleeping, I will answer if he calls,
And my breath will stir his ringlets, when my voice, in blessing, falls,
His soft blue eyes will brighten with a wonder whence it came,—
In his heart, when years pass o'er, he will find his mother's name.

It is said that every mortal walks between two angels here,
One records the ill, but blots it, if, before the midnight drear,
Man repenteth; if uncancell'd, then he seals it for the skies,
And the right hand angel weepeth, bowing low with veiled eyes.

I will be his right hand angel, sealing up the good for Heaven,
Striving that the midnight watches find no misdeed unforgiven.
You will not forgot me, darling, when I'm sleeping 'neath the sod?
Love the babe upon my bosom, as I love thee,—next to God.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

Plain Talks to American Women.--No. 15.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

Employments and Amusements of Children.

To what extent shall children participate in social festivities? In an age when childrens' parties often are marked in the folly of fashion, for display in the ball-room, when their little hearts become puffed up with vanity at the flatteries and attention they receives,—this is a serious inquiry.—Children are social beings—it will not do to deprive them of the companionship of those of their own age. How often, and under what circumstances may their passion for society be indulged? As often, we may say, as is consistent with the development of a stable character, and always under circumstances of the purest morality, and the sweetest simplicity. The natural artlessness of childhood should not be superseded by pride and affectation; its bashfulness should be guarded with the vigilance with which one would guard the costliest pearls.

It is not our opinion that it is wise for the Christian mother to permit her sons and daughters of from eight to fourteen years of age, to contract the habit of attending "parties," as they are called, and commonly conducted. Let her spend but one evening at such a gathering of children herself, and it would seem that she could scarcely fail to be convinced of their unhappy tendency—unhappy, as destructive of that bashfulness and simplicity of which we have spoken,—unhappy, because of their tendency to dissipation, to draw the mind from more noble and intellectual employment, and to blunt the moral sensibilities. The recreations frequently indulged in, while exciting in a high degree, are such as must shock the native modesty of purity.

Under the direction of some watchful, Christian mother, little neighborhood gatherings—gatherings where the poor may be equally welcome with the rich, the ragged with the finely clad, where no pride of aristocracy intrudes—with such an one to control, one who is interested in promoting the happiness of children, an occasional evening spent as children unspoiled by fashion love to spend them, in hearing stories, telling riddles, playing at "blind man's buff," "hide-and-seek," and such like innocent games, eating apples, and cracking nuts, may be as real sunshine to the glad hearts of childhood. Then those royal seasons, the winter holidays, Thanksgiving, Christmas, New-Years, and the birthday of Washington, they may be enjoyed surely, to their fullest extent.

We do not like the tendency of the age to pass so lightly over these time-honored institutions. It is pleasant to think of the olden time, when these festive days brought so great an amount of enjoyment with them. We would have "Thanksgiving" still the great family-gathering day, when the grandaire of four score should stand like a patriarch among his descendants, blessing them with his presence, and receiving the respect and love due to his gray hairs and great heart—when brother should meet sister, and sister embrace brother,—when little cousins should mingle their affections, and pour out their glee around the ample old fire-place,—when all the new babies should be brought home for the loving eyes of the dear old grandmother to look upon. We would have the "Merry Christmas" ever ring out as heartily as of old, and the "Christmas Tree" bend its laden branches—laden with the love-gifts of each child to every member of the family—in the brightly illuminated parlor. We would have the New Year ushered in with shouts of happiness, and its frosty air melodious with the ringing of the sleigh-bells, and the soft hum of children gathered cosily under buffalo robes and warm blankets, in the bottom of the family sleigh. Yes, these seasons should bring social gladness to our childrens' hearts—even drive the care from our own brows, and make us young again.

We have not spoken of the Fourth of July; this, our nation's holiday, the child of its bravely-won independence, should be forever consecrated to the Spirit of Liberty. Let our children, in the name of Freedom, lift their tiny star-spangled banners to the kiss of the breeze, and in such an hour, when their young hearts are patriotic to enthusiasm, tell them of the eclipse upon the escutcheon of their country's glory, and bid them pray the God of Liberty that it may pass.

Family birthday anniversaries, too, we would that they might occupy a more prominent place in the calendar than is usual—might be remembered, and in some pleasant way celebrated, becoming little love-links in the chain of time. How pleasant to see each child anticipating the birthdays of papa and mama, or the loved brothers and sisters, and striving to prepare some delicate gift for their acceptance. How will these mementoes of affection be valued, especially if the work of the giver!

We would say a few words with regard to the purchase of gifts for children. Let them generally be something of permanent value, something that the child can use, or that will afford a pleasure beyond the charm of novelty. A book, a picture, a spy-glass, a microscope, the daguerreotype of some friend, a little carriage, a wheel-barrow, a box of paints, a set of drawing-cards, specimens illustrative of natural history—how many such things might be selected that would be of real use and interest to the child, and afford delight to the whole family! And with regard to the last item named—it is a very pleasant employment for the young to collect such specimens for a home cabinet. How many hours have we spent in wandering along the brook and in other localities, searching among the gravel for curiosities,—how much pleasant time in preparing flowers for our herbarium! Were all the children of every large family interested in this work, what fine cabinets might we behold in private drawing-rooms, and how large an amount of information would be treasured up by the collectors! One child, whose favorite science was botany, might bring a store of rich treasures from the field and the forest; another, preferring mineralogy, might levy tribute upon the rocks and the mountains; a third, in love with the bright-tinted shells of the sea and lake shores, might gather the gifts of the blue waves; and still another, rejoicing in the varied forms of animated existence, add to the store-house stuffed birds, dried insects, &c.

How strong will become the attachment of children to homes thus adorned by their own industry! And if each child should be permitted to acquire a knowledge of some ornamental art, how greatly and how cheaply could this adornment be extended! One, perhaps, learns the art of drawing—indeed, *every* child should be taught this ——— ———plishment merely, but as a useful one—another painting, and the walls of the sitting-room are bright with pictures and maps executed by young artists; another learns embroidery, and papa's slippers, mama's pin-cushions, the ottomans and window-curtains of the parlor are traced with lovely, ideal creations. Need we say that a home thus rendered attractive by its inmates, and made so because of their interest in it as home, will be the dwelling-place of loving hearts? Would it not seem strange, almost anomalous, to hear in such a place the harsh accents of unkindness?

Another subject to which, perhaps, we may as well refer here as anywhere, is the cultivation of house plants. How greatly they may add to the attractiveness of the family living-room! Though the snow may be driving around the house, and the lawn become gracefully draped in the pure robes it brings, there is summer within, for there are flowers there—and if sweet birds are singing there also, it is all the more delightful. From what we can learn, aquariums are also adapted to afford great pleasure in the family circle. "But," says one, perhaps, "these things require so much care." Grant that they *do* require care, will not the gratification they bring, the refinement they give to the joys of home, amply repay? Let each child have the charge of a particular department—let the business of one be to take care of the birds, another of the flowers, and so on, and the advantage it will be to them in cultivating thoughtfulness, and in acquainting them with the habits of plants and animals, will be a still further compensation for the small amount of attention required. And here we would add, let each child have its pets. It will tend to cultivate that kindliness of disposition which every mother should desire to see developed in her children. Let the little ones love their birds, their lambs, their kittens, their ponies—they will love you none the less for this affection, rather the more, if a general family interest is taken in the pets of each. How many ways there are to make children happy!—One family may not be able to adopt them all, but each may find something adapted to itself, that the little ones may grow up in the sunshine.

Mothers, it is yours to cause the unfolding of the buds of gladness in your dwellings, or to blight them ere they break into blossom. It is yours to make home, *home*, or cause it to become merely a staying-place—scarcely that—for those whom your affectional natures cling to now, and would forever!

A Cruel Fashion.—If there is any one fashion more absurd or cruel than another, it is that of making little girl's dresses and skirts to be worn entirely off from the shoulder. One cannot meet a child, whose mother is more fashionable than wise, without feeling distressed for the efforts of the little one to use its arms, and constant shrugging of the shoulders to get one or the other a little liberty. This fashion undoubtedly does much to cause the almost universal deformity of shoulders observable in women.—*Selected.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

STRIVE AND HOPE.

BY SARAH FAUSETT.

On! though the shadows of evening hover,
Morning will dawn in its brightness at last;
Clouds may not always the bright sunshine cover,
Storms will be over—the darkness be past.
Strive! though the conflict may seem unavailing;
Hope! though no light in the dread future beams;
Hoping and striving is better than wailing,
Actions are better than rosy-hued dreams.

List! through the dirge that thy spirit has haunted,
Canst thou not hear those soft whispers of love?
Sweet, holy anthems by unseen lips chanted,
Murmurs of music that float from above?
Canst thou not hear them, the gladsome, the holy?
Deaf to all music and joy is thy ear;
Only the wild raging winds dying slowly,
Only the requiem now may'st thou hear.

Look! through the clouds of the shadowy even
Canst thou not see that faint flashing of light?
Soon it shall dinge with its splendor the heaven,
Gladsome and glorious burst on the sight!
Look! and thy eyes that the earth mists have darkened
Will open at last, for the veil will depart—
List! and the anthems for which thou hast hearkened
Wearily, vainly, will gladden thy heart.

Then onward! press on in the glorious weal,
On! till the conflict, the struggle are done;
Only by toil may be gained the ideal,
Only by action the victory won!
Then on! and remember, though all unavailing
Each noble aspiring, each soul yearning seems,
That hoping and striving is better than wailing,
Actions are better than beautiful dreams!

North Danby, Tomp. Co., N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TO DREAMERS.

Do not dream any longer. The more you indulge in idle reverie the more this mental disease will increase upon you. An uncontrolled imagination, like an enemy within the fortress, breaks down the barriers that reason and the will raise against intruders. Thus the beautiful temple of the mind is left to turn into a barren waste. As "men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles," so, from a mind given up to the fickle, uncertain guidance of fancy, we can expect nothing really great or good. The dreamer brings upon himself a lethargy of mind and body. Practical life is disagreeable to him. There is nothing he so recoils from as real, earnest thought. You can induce him to take hold of the plow or anvil much more easily than to undertake anything that would call forth earnest and continued mental toil. Thomson, in his Essays, never made a truer statement than that men in general were less inclined to mental than physical labor. Hence they take from *will* the reins of government and give them to fancy, to save themselves from the labor of thinking to some purpose. This natural aversion to the labor of thought supplies a cause for the great number of works of a superficial character that sue for public favor. The pure gold of tho't is a choice article. As "precious bundles are usually done up in small parcels," so it is a pretty safe rule to suppose that when an author becomes noted for the great number of his works, there is considerable waste matter. The imagination, if left unpruned, brings forth more leaves and boughs than fruit.

Day-dreaming affords not even a shadow of good to the mind. The happiness it brings is the very shadow of a shadow. Those who indulge it are ever

"Dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing *nothing* up."

What an employment for a reasonable being! Look among the great crowd of those who have aided in the world's progress. They are all men of action. Hand and brain have been earnestly engaged in the contest. They were thinkers and workers, mostly from the ranks of the poor. They had no leisure to stand with folded hands, and eyes on vacancy, while the battle was raging around them. Action, rightly directed, is the true philosophy of life. Every power of our physical and spiritual nature requires its appropriate exercise. Every faculty unused will bring us into condemnation in the day of final account. We shall be responsible both for what we have done and what we might have done. Say you that this is severe doctrine? Yet remember that ever faculty, if rightly used, is the means of unbounded happiness. The more you act the more will you be disposed to act, and the greater delight will you take in exerting your powers. Time that used to drag heavily will seem to fly, and life will be a new thing to you.

None should excuse themselves on the plea of small talents. This is mockery to our Creator and only a feigned humility towards our fellowmen. Observe that those who are the readiest to make this excuse are insincere. Let any one but themselves tell them of their meagre talent, and wounded pride will soon betray their weakness. God only requires that each should act well his part, whatever that part may be. The poem of Carlos Wilcox Antidote to Despondency bears upon the present subject. It is worth inscribing on memory's tablet, not so much for poetic beauty as for good common sense, and vigorous truth. Here is an extract with which I will close:

"Wake, thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
Lest these lost years should haunt thee on the night
When Death is waiting for thy numbered hours
To take their swift and everlasting flight;
Wake ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite,
And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed,
Do something—do it soon—with all thy might;
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God himself, inactive, were no longer blest.

"Has immortality of name been given
To them that idle worship hills and groves,
And burn sweet incense to the queen of Heaven?
Did Newton learn from fancy, as it roves,
To measure worlds, and follow where each moves?
Did Howard gain renown that shall not cease,
By wandering wild, that nature's pilgrim loves?
Did Paul gain Heaven's glory and its peace
By musing o'er the bright and tranquil isles of Greece?"

Butler, Wis., 1859. Minerva Osborn.

APPEARANCE OF LITERARY CELEBRITIES.

A New York correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* gives the following account of the personal appearance of the leading literary celebrities of our day:

Emerson looks like a refined farmer, meditative and quiet. Longfellow like a good-natured beefeater. Holmes like a ready-to-laugh little body, wishing only to be "as funny as he can." Everett seems only the graceful gentleman, who *has* been handsome. Beecher a ruddy, rollicking boy. Bancroft a plain, negative looking man. Whittier the most retiring of Quakers. Bryant a plain, serene looking man, dressed in gray. And thus I might name others. Not one of these gentlemen can be called handsome, unless we except Beecher, who might be a deal handsomer. In this respect they can bear no palm away from very intellectual women, who have always become homely. There is nothing in a dominant intellect, in continuous, far-reaching, wearing thought, to favor the curves of beauty; it consumes a greater quantity of tissue and fluids than it supplies. It dilates the eye, but deepens the lines, sharpens the bones, and often wears the nerves to a torturing quickness. So this is one reason why intellectual women should carry their quantum of ugliness.

Let us look at them as they pass. Mrs. Sigourney, the grand-mother of American "female" literature, in her prime (if we may believe her portrait) was quite handsome. Catharine Beecher is homely. Mrs. Beecher Stowe is so ordinary in looks that she has been taken for Mrs. Stowe's "Biddy." Mrs. C. M. Kirkland is a fat dowager. Mrs. E. F. Ellet looks like a washerwoman. Margaret Fuller was plain. Charlotte Cushman has a face as marked as Daniel Webster's, and quite as strong. So has Elizabeth Blackwell. Harriet Hosmer looks like a man. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, heavy and course.—Mrs. Oakes Smith is considered handsome. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has been a New York belle.—Francis S. Osgood had a lovely, womanly face. Amelia F. Welby was almost beautiful. Sarah J. Hale, in her young days, quite, unless her picture fibs. The Davidson sisters, as well as their gifted mother, possessed beauty. If we cross the ocean, we find Madame de Stael was a fright; but Hannah More was handsome; Elizabeth Fry, glorious; Letitia Langdon, pretty: Mrs. Hemans, wondrously lovely; Mary Howitt, fair and matronly; Mrs. Norton, regally beautiful,—but alas! she who has the largest brain of all, with as great a heart, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in physique is angular, and though she has magnificent eyes, her *face* is suggestive of a tomb-stone.

Charlotte Bronte had a look in her eyes better than all beauty of features. But if we look at British men of first class craniums—Shakspeare and Milton were handsome; Dr. Johnson was a monster of ugliness; so were Goldsmith and Pope; Addison was tolerably handsome; and Coleridge, Shelly, Byron, Moore, Campbell, Burns, were all uncommonly so. Sir Walter Scott looked very ordinary in spite of his fine head. Macauley is homely, Bulwer nearly hideous, although a dandy. Charles Dickens is called handsome, but I must be allowed to differ, and covered with jewelry, he can but look like a simpleton. I might go on *ad infinitum* but after all, in proportion, is this class any homelier than any other?

"TOO POOR TO LIVE IN THE CITY."

Blessed is the man who is too poor to live in the city, for he shall see June in its glory. Such mouthfuls of clover-scented air as he gets, no matter whose land the clover grows on; such glorious drinks of oxygen when the sun shines; such elbow-room when he feels like putting his arms a-kimbo; such a sweet, clean smell of rain, when it washes the faces of roses and paints the green leaves over again.

It is about noon by the clock of the year '59, and all the doubtful shadows of the morning are rolled up, and the grumblers are rolled up with them, we hope. "Dull weather for corn," said a country neighbor, this morning, when we ventured to pronounce it fine for wheat. "Dull weather for corn," and so he balanced the books, and went on, looking as if everybody were dead and he chief mourner. We are sorry these early summer months do not suit him. Won't he just please to make a private summer for his own use, and be sure to keep it on his side of the line fence, lest he be sued for trespass? We wouldn't take any home-made summer of his as a gift.

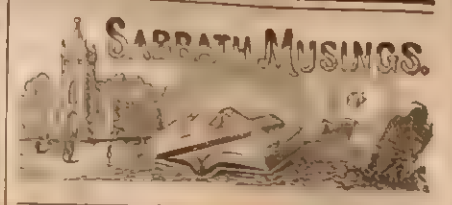
Why cannot people do as Luther said the bird did? "Look," said he, "how that little fellow preaches faith to us all. He takes hold of his twig, tucks his head under his wing, and goes to sleep, leaving God to think for him!"—*Chicago Journal.*

OUR CHILDREN.

Our children are to fill our places in society—in Church and State, and the manner in which they will fill them depends upon the manner in which we educate them. If we train them up in the Sabbath School, for God and his Church, they will amply repay us for our care; but if they are trained up for the world—in the streets—in the gambling and tippling saloon—in Sabbath breaking, profanity, licentiousness, and intemperance—in idleness—in sin, they will dishonor our names, and repay us by and by with a vengeance!

How fearful our responsibility! When we consider that our son may make a talented, useful, and happy man, respected and beloved by all around him, or he may make a consummate villain, detested by the world as a nuisance and a curse, and that our daughter has a corresponding alternative before her—that in the history of both, in all probability, there is a *crisis*, or turning point, when it is uncertain which way they will preponderate—and that we necessarily play an important part in tipping the scale, we can but feel that this is a matter not to be trifled with, and that every means possible should be resorted to, in order to secure the right drift, and save those so dear to us. As we would have them honorably act their part upon the stage of life, so let us sedulously aim to qualify them for it.—*Morning Star.*

We cannot understand anything of which there is not some touch in ourselves.



THE TIME FOR PRAYER.

When is the time for prayer?
With the first beams that light the morning sky,
Ere for the toils of day thou dost prepare,
Lift up thy thoughts on high;
Commend thy loved ones to His watchful care!
Morn is the time for prayer!

And in the noontide hour,
If worn by toil, or sad cares oppressed,
Then unto God thy spirit's sorrow pour,
And He will give thee rest;
Thy voice shall reach Him through the fields of air—
Noon is the time for prayer!

When the bright sun hath set,—
Whilst eve's bright colors deck the skies,—
When with the loved at home again thou'st met,—
Then let thy prayer arise
For those who in thy joys and sorrows share—
Eve is the time for prayer!

And when the stars come forth,—
When to the trusting heart sweet hopes are given,
And the deep stillness of the hour gives birth
To the pure dreams of Heaven,—
Kneel to thy God—ask strength life's ills to bear—
Night is the time for prayer!

When is the time for prayer?
In every hour while life is spared to thee—
In crowds or solitude—in joy or care—
Thy thoughts should heavenward flee,
At home—at morn and eve—with loved ones there,
Bend thou the knee in prayer!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A FRAGMENT.

A pale and attenuated form lay upon a couch of death. The wearied spirit was fast nearing the portals of eternity, yet mental, far more than physical suffering, had bowed that once manly form and chilled the heart whose beatings were about to cease forever. A desolating bereavement had been added to his own protracted illness, the friend whom, during his detention from business, he had honored with the most implicit confidence, had effected his pecuniary ruin, and one change succeeded another, until destitution and actual want followed. Friendless and alone, shrinking as only a sensitive nature can from the rude shock his feelings had received, his once cherished confidence and affection resolved itself, by a fearful re-action, into a stern hatred of man and a fatal distrust of God. And thus, in the prime of manhood, the victim of a hopeless and despairing sorrow was about to pass away—one who might have lived blessed and a blessing to the world. "Oh!" said he to one who sought to comfort him in his last hours, "tell me if there is hope—more of its beauties. Help me back to God. Blest Savior, thou wast deceived and betrayed. Shelter me, *and let more love fill human hearts to drive away this bitter cold.*"

Oh, if there is one sight more sad than any other—one upon which angels must look with wonder, methinks it must be upon the struggles of a crushed and wounded spirit, sinking under a burden of accumulated woe,—one upon whom no human eye looks with pity, and no arm is extended to save. Yet the work angels love, how apt men are to scorn. How many hearts there are shivering in "this *bitter cold*," that a little kindness and sympathy might comfort and save. There are few trials the heart feels more keenly than a betrayal of confidence or alienation of feeling in those we love. It is hard, when the storms of adversity have bowed the spirit, to meet only the contemptuous smile, the averted glance of the chosen friends of our heart.

And how must Christ regard the indifference of many of his professed followers to the woes of suffering humanity! How unlike the great and compassionate Redeemer are they who have no pity for the fallen, no word of kindness or look of cheer for those who can no longer echo back their own joyous tones of gladness! A smile—a look—a tone of sympathy—are little things; yet these have lifted many a burden, and saved the heart from breaking. That which is so easy to give, why are not men more prompt to bestow? To what higher honor can we attain, than to walk in the footsteps of Him who came to bind up the broken-hearted and comfort those who mourn? Yet, how prone mankind are to wrap themselves proudly in their own comforts, and neglect the Divine command, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." There is but one Being whose love can meet the demands of our yearning hearts—but one of whom we can say, "I *know* in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him." Oh, may more love fill human hearts, to drive away "this bitter cold."

Sherburne, N. Y., 1859. Lina Lee.

An Italian bishop, who had endured much persecution with a calm and unruffled temper, was asked how he attained such a mastery over himself. "By making a right use of my eyes," said he. "I first look up to heaven, as the place whither I am going to live forever. I next look down upon the earth, and consider how small a space of it will soon be all that I occupy or want. I then look around me, and think how many are far more wretched than I am."

Times of Trial.—Do you distrust faith because it is but as a pillar of *cloud* in the bright day?—Let the night come,—whether it be the night of affliction or the night of persecution; only let the night come—let it even come suddenly, densely, fearfully; and faith then shall be as a pillar of *fire*.

Defective Religion.—A religion that never suffices to govern a man, will never suffice to save him; that which does not sufficiently distinguish him from a wicked world, will never distinguish him from a perishing world.—*Howe.*

COMMENCEMENT WEEK IN ROCHESTER.

The Annual Commencement Exercises of the University of Rochester, and the Anniversary of the Rochester Theological Seminary, were celebrated last week. Though the weather was exceedingly warm most of the exercises were attended by large, intelligent and appreciative audiences, including many friends of these institutions from abroad. We are unable to give more than a brief synopsis of the most prominent of the very interesting and creditable proceedings of the week.

On Sunday evening, July 10th, the Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, of the Union Theological Seminary, preached before the "Judson Society." In the afternoon of the 11th Prof. James B. Angell, of Brown University, delivered an address before the "Robinson Rhetorical Society." On Thursday, 14th inst., the Ninth Anniversary of the Theological Seminary was duly honored at the First Baptist Church—the exercises comprising Orations by the Graduating Class, Music, and an Address to the Graduates by the Rev. Dr. Robinson. The Graduating class numbered twelve, as follows:—J. R. Bellamy, Newark, N. Y.; F. J. Gather, Va.; M. Jamison, Lyons, N. Y.; Charles F. Weston, Me.; Addison Jones, O.; R. M. Knott, Me.; D. M. Reeves, Ala.; E. T. Robinson, Rochester, N. Y.; A. H. Strong, Rochester, N. Y., N. Sheppard, Philadelphia; G. A. Starkweather, O.; W. C. Wilkinson, Mich.

The Anniversary Exercises of the Seminary were highly creditable to both Students and Professors, and most encouraging to the friends of the institution and its laudable objects—the proper education and training of intellectually endowed and devout Young Men for the Christian Ministry. Under the charge of Rev. Dr. Robinson, and Rev. Professors Hotchkiss, Northrop and Rosenbausch, the Rochester Theological Seminary is attaining a reputation and influence which must give it a prominent position among the best institutions of its class in this country—rendering it eminently worthy the encouragement and support of the denomination it represents, (Baptist,) and the best wishes of the religious community generally.

The Prize Declamations by members of the Sophomore Class of the University, on Monday evening were very commendable—superior to those of any previous class we have heard.

A Discourse commemorative of the late John N. Wilder, President of the Board of Trustees of the University, was delivered by President Anderson, on Tuesday afternoon.

Tuesday evening was devoted to the Anniversary of the Delphic and Pithonian Societies, connected with the University, when an Oration was delivered by Dr. J. G. Holland, of Springfield, Mass., and a Poem read by Rev. W. C. Richards of Providence, R. I. Wednesday A. M., the usual Commencement Exercises took place at Corinthian Hall, and our University completed the Academic year by commencing another. The Graduating class numbered twenty seven members, and its representatives ably performed the tasks assigned them, at once honoring themselves, the class of 1859, and their Alma Mater.

After the delivery of the Orations, the Baccalaureate degree, in course, was conferred as follows:—David Hamilton Robinson, Weedsport, N. Y.; Ingersoll Child, Canandaigua, N. Y.; Edward Powell Gould, West Springfield, Pa.; Arthur Barker Rathbun, Oakfield, N. Y.; William Wallace Shaw, Louisville, Ky.; Francis Edward Pierce, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Abel Godard, Richville, N. Y.; Adoniram Judson Gould, West Springfield, Pa.; Ebenezer Packwood, Auburn, N. Y., John Peck Colby, Nunda, N. Y., Elmore Williams Denison, St. Louis, Mo.; Ira Collins Clark, Rochester, N. Y., Thomas Augustus Hall, Waterford, C. W.; John C. Calhoun Clarke, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Pulaski Erastus Smith, Tyre, N. Y.; Stephen Paley Barrett, Kingsville, Ohio; George Washington Houghton, Fishkill Plains, N. Y., Winfield Scott, Farmer, N. Y., Allen Edward Kitchen, Waterford, C. W.; Francis Allen Macomber, Alabama; Oscar Folsom, Folsomdale, N. Y.; John Walker Delong, Macedon Centre, N. Y.; William Mackey, Ottawa City, C. W., Malcolm McVicar, Toronto, C. W., Daniel Elliot Lent, Towanda, Pa., John Griffith, Fairport, N. Y.; Joshua Gaskill, Royalton, N. Y.

The Degree of Master of Arts was conferred, in course, upon Jacob Sylla, Alonzo J. Howe, Geo. M. W. Carey and George M. Condron.

Honorary Degrees.—Henry H. Fay, Newport, R. I., Nathan W. Ayer, Penn Yan, and John A. Austin, Waterford, Pa., M. A.; William Gammel, Professor of History and Political Economy at Brown University, LL. D.; Rev. H. G. Weston, of New York, Rev. Daniel G. Corey, of Utica, and Rev. J. D. Backus, of Syracuse, D. D.

On the conclusion of the Commencement Exercises, the President, Board, Alumni and invited guests proceeded to Palmer's Hall and participated in the pleasures of the Annual Alumni Dinner, not the least interesting of which was "the feast of reason and flow of soul" which followed the appetizing portion of the banquet. The occasion was altogether most agreeable and entertaining. The handsome introductory remarks of Mr. James, President of the Alumni Association, and of President Anderson, were followed by speeches partaking of the grave and gay, lively and serious, from guests and graduates—the remarks of the representatives of the various classes being alternated (or "sandwiched") with those of friends who were not graduates of the University.

—Taken altogether, the exercises of Commencement Week were apparently most pleasant, interesting and profitable to all participants, and of such a character as to augment the reputation and usefulness of both the Seminary and University—institutions of which the citizens of Rochester and Western New York (and indeed of the whole State) may well be proud.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER.

[This Institution is a model in its line, and worthily represents the taste, enterprise and liberality of its founders and the citizens of Rochester and Western New York. It is accomplishing so much in behalf of liberal education, and has so many ardent friends among our readers throughout the State, that we are confident the following article from the *Daily Democrat* will be read with particular interest.]

We propose to avail ourselves of the interest excited by the Literary Festivities of Commencement week, to say a few words respecting the University which is the occasion of them.

While very many of the citizens of Rochester have never failed to understand and acknowledge the great advantages conferred upon the city by the University, nor the University to acknowledge the efforts and sacrifices of its benefactors and friends, yet we are persuaded that if our people at large had a more thorough and exact knowledge of what the University really is—of its objects and aims, of its means of general usefulness, and of its direct advantage to them, it would be productive of very beneficial consequences both to the University and to themselves. Some men are prone to regard our higher institutions of learning as mere exotics—as something apart from and above the common people—as objects proper to engage the attention and command the patronage of the rich, but with which men in humble and moderate circumstances have nothing to do. This view is a mistaken one, and any action or course of conduct based upon it, must be injurious to all concerned. The University should be regarded as established by and for the benefit of the whole people. There is not a citizen of Rochester so humble that he may not and does not receive some benefit, either educational or pecuniary, or both, from the University. On the other hand, the University is chiefly indebted to the practical recognition of this fact on the part of the people at large for its distinguished success.

The University has been in operation about ten years. It has graduated nine classes, and one hundred and sixty-three students—a result which may challenge comparison by any other College in our land. It has an endowment of $232,000. The Theological Seminary which, though under a distinct charter, yet working so closely and so intimately with the University, that they may be regarded as twin sisters, has an endowment of about $100,000. Here there is a fund of $332,000 set apart for the purpose of Academical and Religious education in our midst. The subscribers to this fund number about eight hundred—their subscriptions ranging from $25 to $25,000. There are now in all the classes, about two hundred students. Their number has increased from year to year so rapidly and constantly, that we may safely predict that in a very few years our University will rival in the number of its students, as it does now in almost everything else, the oldest and the best of American Colleges. The price of tuition is, for those who pay at all, $37,50 a year. The city of Rochester is entitled to twelve perpetual free scholarships. These scholars are selected on the ground of merit from the Public Schools of Rochester. They cannot be taken from any private or select school. This provision made by the University, crowning as it does, our admirable system of Free Common Schools and our High School, makes it practicable for the son of the humblest citizen of Rochester to ascend from the alphabet to the acquisition of the highest liberal education obtainable in our land, without the cost of one dollar for tuition. There are also in the University at the present time, about forty free ministerial scholarships. These scholars are selected, we believe, by virtue of an arrangement by which any person who has subscribed or may subscribe $1,000 to the funds of the University, may designate any young man intended for the Ministry, as a free scholar, and such young man (of whatever religious persuasion he may be) is then educated free of charge. In this connection we should add, that tuition in the Theological Seminary is all free.

The University of Rochester, like other institutions of the kind, is denominational, but not sectarian. Its Board of Trustees and its Faculty are composed of men of the principal religious denominations among us, and the students are not only permitted, but required to attend such Churches as their parents or guardians desire they should attend. Prayers are said daily at the University, but beyond this, there is no religious exercises enjoined.

We should like, had we space, to make a somewhat extended mention of the University Library, its Geological and Mineralogical collections, its Philosophical Apparatus, and its various means of an able internal working, but we must leave each of these for occasional mention hereafter. We cannot, however, refrain from congratulating our people that the time has come for the erection of the new University Buildings. The beautiful piece of ground, in the Tenth Ward, (eight acres of which were donated by Mr. Boody, and seventeen more purchased for the purpose,) will soon be crowned with a structure more imposing than anything now existing in Rochester. The plans of the buildings are already drawn, and the work of construction will be pressed rapidly forward.

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As we before remarked, eight hundred men have subscribed to the funds of the University. These, of course, are men of liberality and benevolence; and many of them possess large means. They have in their own persons and by their example incited to the highest realization the blessings of giving. They have given us a pledge of their permanent good will and substantial favor. Many of them live at a distance, but they come up annually, and some of them much oftener, to witness the results of their benefactions, and to connect their interests more intimately and strongly with ours. We need not say to the merchant, the manufacturer, or other intelligent business man, that an institution which brings to our city so many men of benevolence and wealth, and which educates so many young men to go abroad with the attainments and connections formed here, confers immense material benefits upon the city and all its people. There is another advantage which a prosperous and successful University is sure to bring to a city like this. Rochester is peculiarly situated, and has remarkable adaptations for seats of learning. The highest conditions known to the best city life may be found and enjoyed here, in connection with the peerless attractions and more solid enjoyments of the best rural life. It is a city of Schools and Churches, of productive industry and high culture; and has comparatively none of those vices which are so prevalent and destructive in our large commercial cities. It is but natural, therefore, that many men who have sons to educate, and who have acquired an ample fortune in metropolitan marts, or in prosperous country avocations, should be attracted hither by the educational advantages offered by our University, and by the purer and more elevated enjoyments of our city life. This will give to us the advantage of their accumulated means as a productive element, and the still greater advantage of their society, experience and benevolence. We might mention other benefits of like kind, both immediate and incidental, accruing to our city by means of the University, and others of a still higher nature which the mere utilitarian can neither conceive nor comprehend; but the object we aimed at will be accomplished if, by the few practical suggestions we have made, the attention and thoughts of our people shall be turned to the University as an object worthy of their constant solicitude and highest favor. More of the sons of Rochester parents should enter the halls of learning in this University. It has a Faculty equal to any in our country. The sons of the rich can here be educated without leaving the enjoyments or the salutary restraints of home; and the sons of the poor can here, almost without money and without price, receive an education as thorough and extended as can be acquired in this country. What other American city offers opportunities so great?

ORIGIN OF THE PRAIRIES.

Professor Wilber, State Geologist of Illinois, has recently delivered a series of admirable lectures on his favorite science. We copy from the Genesee Republican the following abstract of his theory on the origin and formation of the prairies:

Prof. Wilber adopts the theory that at one time—very far back in its history—this vast country formed a portion of the bottom ocean—that through the eruptions caused by the internal heat, together with the labor and activity of those master masons, the coral insects, our continent was raised to its present position above the water. To prove this bold proposition he refers to the many indications of salt water presence, the frequent occurrence of shells which legitimately only belong to animals of the sea—the evidence furnished by the rocks of the labor of the zoophytes, admirable in its development; the frequent discovery of the remains of monsters of the sea imbedded in our limestone system, the existence upon our surface of huge boulders, the former appendages of polar shores, drifted far away to the south-west, imbedded in huge frames of ice and dropped down at length upon the ocean's bed, whence they arose with our continent. The arguments, if not quite conclusive, are eminently suggestive, and should open the eyes of thinking men to the wondrous mysteries buried deep in the earth upon which we so familiarly tread.

The existence of our prairies is accounted for in this wise. The result of the "drift system" was to give to this part of the country a soil of unparallelled fertility, and arising from this, were the very large grasses, which are peculiar to this soil alone; luxuriant, and undisturbed, they grow to a great height, and fairly wove the surface of the earth with a thick, almost impenetrable covering. In the autumn, when this mass of combustible matter was dry, how easy for a shaft of lightning to send a conflagration from one boundary of the country to the other. The sprouting twigs of sturdier growth would perish by the occurrence of these fires, and hence the treeless appearance of the West. To aid the idea, it is claimed that the Indians, when they did arrive, which is supposed to have been long subsequent to the first period mentioned, regularly burned the prairie grasses, for the purpose of driving the game into more circumscribed quarters so that it might fall an easy prey to their arrows, and to lessen the difficulty of traveling.—*Life Illustrated.*

A SHORT CHAPTER ABOUT MONEY.

It arose in the degree of desire by which one thing was more wanted than another. The most desired commodity was taken in exchange. Barth, in Negritia, was a whole day exchanging to get at some particular article. He found narrow strips of cotton to be money. In South Africa lances are this medium of exchange. They have one advantage—they may be kept without spoiling. That is a requisite. We all want ice in summer, but it would hardly do to make it a medium of exchange. Clapperton speaks of blocks of salt used for money in the interior of Africa; Prescott, the historian, of cocoa beans in Mexico. This money first suggests itself and grows naturally out of the state of things. People don't come together and say let us adopt money. It comes unto us. It is also not merely an exchangeable thing, but it is used to value other commodities. It is not a measure of value, taken in the abstract sense, for there are two things to be valued, the money and what it buys. We notice the motive of acquiring it, either vastly than utility, though the latter is not excluded. Barbarous people seek ornaments, but commonly of some lasting material, as the metals. For centuries money was weighed. The Jews, who had no coin, always weighed it. This survives in the names of pounds, ounces, livre, mina, all derived from weight. The first coined money was private money. Bechtler, a German, for a time, carried on private coinage in Rutherford county, North Carolina. His coins were stamped with his name and the denominations; they circulated freely in Georgia, North and South Carolina and Tennessee.

In addition to these facts stated by Dr. Lieber, we may mention an incident which came under our observation:

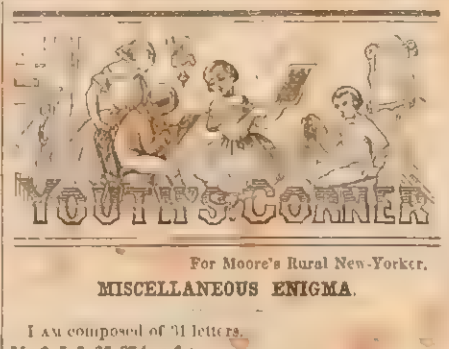
A merchant from the South brought to Philadelphia the sum of $2,700, in Bechtler's coinage—it produced between one and two dollars premium on the whole amount, showing the accuracy of the assay and valuation. Bechtler, on his death, was succeeded by his son. The establishment of the mint at Charlotte superseded these works. The business was conducted by the Bechtlers, from the beginning to the end, with the entire confidence of the community.

Coinage was a necessity from the difficulty of weighing and assaying metals.

Money, a common coin, was developed during the formative period of naturalization, in the middle ages, when the languages arose, and after literature, the law. It is never so difficult to convince people in matters of law, politics or theology, as it is to change their habits. This problem was, in reforms of the currency, to change the money in the minds of market women. Fifty years after the change by the revolution in France, it needed an edict of Louis Phillippe to enforce it. Even in our own country, with our convenient dollars and cents, are we not still, in the different States, thinking inconveniently in shillings and pence? Just so with the use of thermometers. People would not be cold in Centrigrade, or perspire by Reaumur; they would freeze and thaw only by their accustomed Fahrenheit. Still the tendency to uniformity went on, just as with dress, which had drawn the habits of modern nations to a resemblance, while a Spartan going to Athens was known at once by the difference of his garb, and nobody now-a-days can distinguish a gentleman from St. Petersburg in that way, and thus society would go on till the work of uniformization, if the word can be allowed, shall be completed.—*The Century.*

SLEEPING ROOMS.

The largest part of our rest is taken in sleep. Of course the kind of room in which we sleep is worthy of consideration. Hufeland says:—"It must not be forgotten that we spend a considerable portion of our lives in the bed-chamber, and consequently that its healthiness or unhealthiness cannot fail to have a very important influence upon our well being." It should at least be large. That is of prime importance, because during the several hours that we are in bed, we need to breathe a great deal of air, and our health is injured when we are obliged to breathe it several times over. We should at least pay as much attention to the size, situation, temperature and cleanliness of the room we occupy during the hours of repose, as to the parlors or drawing-room, or any other apartment. And yet how different from this is the general practice of families. The smallest room in the house is commonly set apart for the bed and its nightly occupants. The sleeping room should have a good location, so as to be dry. It should be kept clean, and neither too hot nor too cold. And more important still, it should be well ventilated. One bed occupied by two persons is as much as should ever be allowed in a single room; though two beds in a large room are no worse than one in a small room. Both are objectionable.—*Ira Warren, M. D.*



For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 2, 5, 9, 26, 27 is a fee.
My 5, 6, 12 is a troublesome animal.
My 30, 3, 17, 17 is a plant.
My 2, 11, 7, 1 is a berry.
My 12, 14, 10 is a weight.
My 18, 16, 24 is to fasten.
My 19, 31 is a personal pronoun.
My 21, 22, 24 is an article.
My 15, 8, 28 is an adverb.
My 13, 29, 28, 26 are vowels.
My 4, 6, 12 is a domestic animal.
My whole is a trite adage, and its truth cannot too often be impressed upon the mind.

Hopewell, N. Y., 1859. Mary.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 37 letters.
My 23, 9, 12, 34 is one of the United States.
My 5, 7, 33, 33, 15, 4 is a lake in Soudan.
My 29, 34, 6, 37, 30 is a cape of Europe.
My 2, 10, 15, 18, 11 is a river in Europe.
My 32, 34, 14, 23, 8, 16, 31 is a city in Asia.
My 32, 20, 21, 3, 16, 34 is a government of N. America.
My 1, 26, 22, 23, 8, 25 is an empire of Europe.
My 18, 19, 11, 21, 18, 23, 36, 6, 15, 18 is a town in Virginia.
My 31, 2, 18, 35 is a river in Europe.
My 17, 34, 26, 13 is a cape of South America.
My 24, 2, 18, 27, 11 is a river in Europe.
My whole was an illustrious European philosopher.

Cannon Falls, Minn., 1859. Wilbur H. Scofield.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

Two persons, A and B, bought 5 bushels of apples for which they paid $4—A paying 1⅔ times as much as B. Afterwards C gives them 1-5 as much as A paid for ⅔ of the apples. Now, supposing the (5 bushels) apples to be equally divided between A, B, and C, how much of the money which C paid had A ought to receive? J. Reilly.

Charlotte, Eaton Co., Mich., 1859.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 496.

Answer to Chemical Enigma:—Plants receive nourishment from the air as well as from the earth.

Answer to Surveying Question:—Base 33 chains, 69 links, nearly—perpendicular 5 chains, 94 links, nearly.

GAPES IN CHICKENS.

Messrs. Eds:—You will confer a great favor, I think, upon many of your readers, and particularly myself, by communicating through the columns of the Rural the cause, preventive, and cure of the Gapes in chickens. I am entirely ignorant upon this subject, having just commenced the raising of poultry.

Esopus, N. Y., 1859. C. Burkley.

Remarks.—We have had a good deal of experience with poultry, and only by care to have everything clean, and to provide everything necessary for the young chickens, have we been able to save them from this disease. Even then, some become affected, and in curing we have had but poor success. For the benefit of all our young readers we give a chapter on this disease from *Emmet's Poultry Book*. Preserve it, and you will have the facts on hand at all times.

Gapes.—Of all diseases, real or presumed, to which our domestic fowls are subjected, the most frequent is the *gapes*, sometimes called *pip*. It is a very common and troublesome disorder, and often proves fatal. All domestic birds, particularly young fowls, are peculiarly liable to it, and generally in the hot weather of July and August. By some it is considered a catarrhal disease, similar to the influenza in human beings, producing a thickened state of the membrane lining the nostrils, mouth and tongue.

Causes.—This disease is supposed to be produced from filthy, sour diet, and drinking from dirty puddle water, infected with putrid decaying substances, ill-ventilated fowl house confinement, or a spot of ground tenanted year after year by fowls, without attention to cleanliness, to renovation of the soil, etc. At the same time, let it be borne in mind that the "gapes" is an epidemic disease.

The gapes is supposed by some to be caused by a sort of internal worm infesting the wind-pipe; but though this may have, in some instances, been observed, it is by no means uniformly met with in all the disorders accompanied with gaping.

Symptoms.—The name is sufficiently expressive as to the symptoms of this disease; gaping, coughing, and sneezing, dullness and inactivity, ruffled feathers, and loss of appetite.

On the dissection of chickens dying with this disease, it will be found that the wind-pipe contains numerous small red worms about the size of a small cambric needle; on the first glance they would likely be mistaken for blood-vessels. It is supposed that these worms continue to increase in size until the wind-pipe becomes completely filled up, and the chicken suffocated. The disease first shows itself when the chicken is between three and four months old, and not generally after, by causing a sneezing or snuffing through the nostrils, and a frequent scratching of itself at the roots of the bill.

Treatment.—The plan formerly adopted, of giving remedies internally to remove the worms, is not a good one, as the medicine has to be absorbed, pass into the blood, and act powerfully upon the body of the fowl, before its purpose can be accomplished; its direct application to the worms is therefore preferable. This is readily secured by stripping the vane from a small quill feather, except half an inch from its extremity; this should then be dipped in spirits of turpentine; and, the chicken being securely held by an assistant, the feather so prepared is passed neatly down through the small opening of the wind-pipe, which is readily seen at the base of the tongue, and giving it one or two turns will generally bring up and destroy the worms. The turpentine at once kills the worms, and its application excites a fit of coughing, during which those that were left by the feather are expelled. This mode of application requires some dexterity, and at times the irritation proves fatal. We therefore suggest the shutting up of the chicken in a box, with some shavings dipped in spirits of turpentine, when the vapor arising from the extended surface, produces, in most cases, an equally beneficial result. Creosote, used in the same manner, has been found most extraordinarily efficacious.

Prevention.—We know a person, a very large breeder of fowls, who always gives his chickens, at six weeks old, wheat steeped in turpentine.—This is given them once in the morning, when fasting, and as a preventive against, instead of waiting for the arrival of, the gapes. Let their first food be coarse corn meal, almost dry; then give cracked corn. As soon as they can swallow whole grains, let them have them unbroken. All poultry-yards, of course, should be supplied with lime, and the chickens should have free access to water. After the gapes appear, the cure is always doubtful; but crushed corn, soaked in very strong alum-water, is a good remedy.

SPRINGS AND TIDES.

Messrs. Eds:—The article in the *Young Ruralist* of June 11th, in regard to the "Supply of Streams," may be correct in some points; but the theory in regard to the same influence governing the sources of streams, and causing the water to flow, that governs the tides, is not founded on good philosophy. The flow of the tides is an *unsteady* or *periodical* motion, and not a steady one as in the case of water issuing from the earth in springs. The same *cause* cannot produce the same *results*. Then the idea of the earth's pressing the water up, is, I think, equally wrong philosophy. There is no principle in hydrostatics that I am acquainted with that will warrant the conclusion. The subject is an interesting one, and I should like to have it more thoroughly agitated and discussed, but not to your inconvenience. In other words, I can't insist on others doing the talking and your doing the work unless you say come on. James B. Tibbits.

Franklin Grove, Ill., 1859.

A man's being is given him wherewith to understand all other beings.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Straight Forward, or Walking in the Light—Henry Hoyt.
The Explanatory Question Book—Henry Hoyt.
The Power of Faith—Henry Hoyt.
Strawberries—T. Buchanan, Jr.
Prince's Strawberry Catalogue—Wm. R. Prince & Co.
Great Curiosity—Shaw & Clark.
Stock for Sale—Walter Dole.
Buds—Buds—Bronson, Merrell & Hammond.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Mosquitoes—Joseph Burnett & Co.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER AND NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 23, 1859.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:

One copy, 1 year,	$2	One copy, 6 mo's,	$1 00
Three copies,	5	Three copies,	2 50
Six copies,	10	Six copies,	5 00
Ten copies,	15	Ten copies,	7 50
Fifteen copies,	22	Sixteen copies,	11 00
Twenty copies,	26	Twenty copies,	14 00
Thirty-Two copies,	40	Thirty-Two do.	20 00

And an Extra Copy, free, to every person remitting for a club of six or more copies; and Two free copies for every club of Thirty or over. As a new Half Volume commenced July 2d, Now is THE TIME to form Clubs for either Six Months or a Year. All persons who form new clubs to commence with July, or introduce the RURAL in localities where it is not now taken, will be liberally remunerated for their time and attention.

☞ Back numbers from April or January can still be furnished, if desired. We will send Specimen Numbers, Show Bills, &c., to all applicants, and to the addresses of as many non-subscribers as may be forwarded.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

THE War Department has adopted a regulation, fixing a tax upon settlers at posts occupied by one or more companies, at ten cents per month for each commissioned officer and enlisted man belonging to the command in each regiment. The fund accruing to it, as above, or as much of it as may be necessary, will be appropriated to the maintenance of the band.

The late Congress appropriated only $15,000 as a preliminary for taking the next census, for the preparation of blank forms, instructions to Marshals, &c. Ample time will be allowed for the selection of reliable deputies, and such arrangements will be made by the Secretary of the Interior as will secure the prosecution of the work with more promptness and perfectness than heretofore.

There is authority for the assertion that, however desirable the acquisition of Lower California may be to the Administration, no such proposition is now pending between the Government of the United States and Mexico, as had been stated.

The Washington *Constitution* of the 14th inst., contains a copy of a dispatch from the State Department, recently sent to our Minister at Berlin, on the subject of naturalization. The case is that of a naturalized citizen of the United States, who is a native of Hanover, and who, when he left his native country, was neither in actual service in the Hanoverian army, nor had he been drafted to serve in it, but who has yet, on his return to Hanover, been deprived of his liberty, and compelled to perform military service. The President and Cabinet concur in the views expressed, taking the ground that the moment a foreigner becomes naturalized, his allegiance to his native country is severed. He is no more responsible for anything he may say or do, or omit to say or do, after assuming his new character, than if he had been born in the United States. Should he return to his native country, he returns as an American citizen, and in no other character. In order to entitle his original government to punish him for an offense, this must have been committed while he was a subject and owed allegiance to that government. The offence must have been complete before his expatriation. It must have been of such a character that he might have been tried and punished for it at the moment of his departure. Our Minister is instructed to demand the release of the naturalized citizen in question.

Judge Rose, the American Consul at Guyana, reached Washington on the 14th inst., and tendered his resignation to the Government. He made a thorough exploration of Sonora, and pronounces it the richest mineral country in the world. Gov. Pescheira is now absent in Sinaloa, and the Indians are devastating all the upper and western portions of Sonora. Murders and robberies are every day committed.

Personal and Political.

GOV. SEYMOUR, late Minister of the United States at St. Petersburg, has arrived in Paris, en route for home.

THE New York *Herald* trots out George Law again for the Presidency.

THREE of the members of Congress elected to the next House of Representatives have died, viz., Hon. Thos. L. Harris, in the Sixth District of Illinois; Hon. Cyrus Spinck, in the Fourteenth District of Ohio, and Hon. Wm. O. Goode, in the Fourth District of Virginia. Messrs. Goode and Harris were representatives in the last Congress.

HON. RUFUS CHOATE died at Halifax on the afternoon of the 12th inst. Mr. Choate sailed from Boston for Europe a couple of weeks ago, but was obliged to leave the steamer at Halifax, where he remained up to the time of his death. Mr. C. was one of the most distinguished advocates and jurists in the United States. He was a native of Essex, Mass., and 60 years of age. He graduated at Dartmouth College, in 1819, and subsequently studied in the Cambridge Law School and the office of Wm. Wirt at Washington. Success and elevation followed every step of his professional career after his admission to the bar in 1824. He was a year in the Massachusetts House of Representatives and the same period in the Senate. In 1832 he was elected to the United States House of Representatives and served a single term. In 1841 he was chosen to the United States Senate by the Massachusetts Legislature, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Daniel Webster on entering Harrison's Cabinet. At the close of his term in 1845 he returned to Boston, and has since devoted his time to the practice of his profession.

THE Kansas Constitutional Convention has adopted the Ohio Constitution, as embodying the leading features which they would prefer to have incorporated in the instrument they have met to frame. The vote stood, for Ohio 28, Indiana 28, Kentucky 1.

THE Democratic State Convention of Mississippi assembled at Jackson on the 4th inst. The delegation in attendance was very large. The nominations are:—*Governor*—John J. Pettus, of Kemper. *Secretary of State*—Robert Webb, of Pontotoc. *Auditor*—E. R. Burt, of Noxubee. *Treasurer*—M. T. Haynes, of Yazoo.

THE complete official returns of the recent election for Governor of Virginia make Letcher's majority 5,470.

THE Anti-Lecompton State Convention of California, met at Sacramento on the 15th ult., and made the following nominations for State officers: *Governor*—John Curry. *Lieutenant-Governor*—John Conness. *Clerk of Supreme Court*—Joseph Powell. *State Treasurer*—David R. Ashley.—*Comptroller*—Geo. Pierce. *Attorney-General*—J. C. Steele. *State Printer*—John O'Meara. *Surveyor-General*—James S. Long.

News Paragraphs.

THE venerable David Smith, D. D., who spoke at the dinner of the Massachusetts Society of Cincinnati, was probably the oldest person in the country who made an address on the 4th inst. He was a lad of nine years when the Declaration of Independence was signed!

AT Norwich, Ct., on the 4th, a party of juveniles paraded the streets with a banner, on which was inscribed the following words:—"Young America. Give us liberty, or give us confectionery."

ON the hillsides near Monte Cristo, California, the wind catches up the snow drifts and makes "spouts of the feathery crystals thirty to fifty feet high, just as it would of the water at sea, only when the snow reaches the top of the spout it separates and falls over like spray.

THE proprietors of the Detroit and Milwaukee Railroad have authorized the erection of a force pump and convenient troughs in a building near their depot in Detroit, for the purpose of accommodating their passengers with gratuitous ablutions, where they may bathe and cleanse themselves with pure and refreshing water, after a long ride in the cars. Dressing rooms are soon to be added.

THE remarkable exemption of the city of New Orleans from yellow fever this year thus far, it is believed, is due to the long continued overflow of the Mississippi river. The theory that overflows are preventives of this disease, is strongly defended in the New Orleans Medical Review, and is daily becoming stronger in the public mind.

ZINC is now produced in the lead mines near Mineral Point, Wis.; and it is believed the amount produced in Illinois and Wisconsin will be large. If so, a new source of wealth is opened up in the West.

THE legacy of five thousand dollars left to the city of Philadelphia by Elliot Gresson, has been paid over. The bequest is for the purpose of planting shade trees in the streets of the city. From this wise investment there will be realized three hundred dollars a year—enough to pay for planting fifty or sixty trees annually.

THE climate of Arizona is slightly warm at this season of the year. On the 11th of June the thermometer at Tubac, in the shade of a cool hall, with the floor sprinkled, stood at 106°, and yet it was said that the "hot season" had not commenced!

AT the Fourth of July celebration in Ironton, Missouri, Capt. John Hall, one of Marion's men, was present. He is a native of North Carolina, and will be 99 years of age on the 21st of September next. He supports himself by making brooms and baskets, and has never received a pension, though he fought gallantly during the Revolutionary war, and distinguished himself at the battle of Guilford Court House, N. C., March 15, 1781, where he was Lieutenant of a company.

MR. NATHANIEL MORSE, of Newburyport, Mass., was fined $27 in the Police Court of that city, last Saturday, for shooting ten robins. His defence was that the birds visited the cherry trees and partook of the fruit. There seems to be a disposition in all parts of the Commonwealth to enforce the law for the preservation of useful birds.

MR. RAREY is now again in London, taming ferocious horses, giving lessons to cavalry officers and rough riders, and occasionally exhibiting his art in public. When he returns to this country he will bring the famous horse Cruiser with him.

A TORNADO IN NEW YORK CITY.—The tornado of last evening, (18th inst.,) was the most violent of the season, and lasted for two hours, accompanied by incessant lightning and torrents of rain. Many trees in the city and suburbs were uprooted by the wind or shivered by the lightning. Buildings were unroofed and streets flooded. Many of the railroad tracks in the city and vicinity were made impassable by falling trees. A conductor of one of the horse cars at Williamsburg was struck by lightning and badly injured, and several horses were killed in the streets. A pleasure boat was capsized on the Passaic, near Newark, and two young men drowned. Two young girls were also killed.

THE KANSAS GOLD MINES.—Later advices, to Leavenworth, from the mines, say that prospecting south of the present diggings has resulted in further gold discoveries. Good leads have been struck seven miles below Jackson's, on Clear Creek, and rich discoveries are also reported near Boulder City. Denver City is increasing largely in buildings and population, and there was an active demand for provisions. All the indications point to the re-establishment of confidence and the steady development of the Kansas mines.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF INSTRUCTION.—The next Annual Meeting of this body will be held at New Bedford, Mass., August 23d, 24th and 25th, 1859. It is anticipated that the meeting will be of more than usual interest, and a rich programme is promised.

FOREIGN NEWS.

From the Seat of War.

SEVERAL steamers have arrived during the week, and each has brought more or less intelligence from the field of battle. At the battle of Solferino, (a brief acount of which was given in last RURAL,) no less than 400,000 men were engaged, and Mr. RAYMOND, of the *New York Times*, writing from the scene, remarks, "of this number not less than 30,000 were killed or disabled." In a description of the position of the contending forces, Mr. R. says:

"Just back of Castiglione rises a high range of hills. The Austrians had taken position upon these hills, planting cannon upon those nearest to Castiglione, which they could approach, and had stationed their immense army all over the surrounding plain. Napoleon promptly accepted the challenge and commenced the attack as soon as it was light this morning, by placing cannon upon the hills still nearer to Castiglione than those held by the Austrians, and opened a fire upon them on the heights beyond. He took his own stand upon the highest of these—a steep, sharp-backed ridge, which commanded a magnificent view of the entire circuit of the plain, and from that point directed the entire movements of his army during the early portion of the day. The French soon drove the enemy out of the posts they had nearest the town, and followed them into the small villages of the plain below. The first of these was Solferino, where they had a sharp and protracted engagement. The Austrians disputed every inch of the ground, and fought here, as they did throughout the day, with the utmost desperation. They were three times driven out of the town before they would stay out."

The Austrians have abandoned the line of the Mincio and fallen back on Verona, after having burned the bridges at Monzambano, Vallegio and Goito.

A private dispatch from the French head-quarters, dated the 3d says:—This morning at 7 o'clock, the Emperor quitted Volta in order to cross the Mincio, and establish his head-quarters at Vallegio. We are only four leagues from Peschiera, the siege of which was begun two days ago by the Sardinians. Cannons were heard night and day in that direction. The Austrian advance post is but a short distance from Villa Franca, which is occupied by the corps of Marshal Neil. It is much doubted that the Austrian army will venture to accept a battle in the condition of demoralization and stupor into which they have fallen since our victory at Solferino.

FLUME, July 4.—It is asserted that French troops, amounting to 10,000 men, have disembarked at Lossino Piccalo, an island in the Adriatic, and that the bridge to Churso, an adjacent island, had been destroyed.

VALLEGIO, July 4.—(Official.)—The French army increased by Prince Napoleon's corps, will operate against Verona, whilst part of the Sardinians begin the seige of Peschiera. The Emperor having sent back the wounded, without exchange, and having requested an exchange of prisoners, an Austrian has arrived with the announcement that the Emperor of Austria will also send back, without exchange, the wounded prisoners of the allies, and that his Majesty is equally desirous for the exchange of others.

TURIN, July 4.—(Official.)—On the 29th ult. the Sardinians more closely invested the interior fortifications of Peschiera, situated on the north bank of the Mincio. Our army crossed the river on the 30th, to invest Peschiera, also on the left bank.

BERNE, July 4.—The Austrians have withdrawn from Burmia. The Piedmontese are advancing towards the Stelvio pass. A report was current that the Austrians had entered Verona. The Herald's Turin correspondent says, that 20,000 beds had been ordered down from Milan to Breschia and 10,000 from Turin. There were great complaints of scarcity of provisions in the village occupied by the allies.

Kossuth left Parma on the 28th for Napoleon's head-quarters. He had an enthusiastic reception at all the places he passed through, from Turin to Parma, and delivered many addresses. The organization of the Hungarian legion advanced rapidly.

Still Later Intelligence.

THE steamer *City of Washington* arrived at New York yesterday P. M., and the telegraph this morning (Tuesday,) puts us in possession of the following additional intelligence

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says, letters from the headquarters of Prince Napoleon state that another great battle is expected on the banks of the Adige, and the Austrians are believed to have 200,000 men in the line. French battalions are organizing at Paris. The *Times* also says that it is now pretty clearly understood that Prussia will only act on the defensive.

Reliable information had reached Vienna that Garibaldi's men had violated the Tyrol by entering Tonale Pass. Prince Windischgratz had been absent to Berlin to acquaint the Prussian Government of this fact.

A Frankfort letter announces that the Austrian Government, having been compelled by the battle of Solferino to dispatch to the theatre of war those troops which it had in reserve in the Tyrol, that province being consequently menaced by invasion by Garibaldi's corps, intends to propose to the Diet in virtue of the treaty of Vienna, which requires the German States to guarantee each other's German territory, to send a German army into the Tyrol.

Kossuth has issued a proclamation, calling the Hungarian nation to arms to struggle for liberty, and announces that he will soon be among them.

The *Invalide Russe* discusses the possible complications of the war. Prussia, it says, has called out an army of 300,000 men, which will be reinforced by a federal contingent of 150,000 men, and it is with such an enormous display of force that she proposes to offer her mediation to France, and to hasten the conclusion of a peace, but such an armed mediation constitutes a kind of ultimatum. Is not France entitled to reply that the conditions of peace ought to be proposed by all the great powers, conjointly, not by Prussia alone, and that such an armed mediation made by a single power is equivalent to a declaration of war? But when to maintain the Austrian possessions in Italy, a German army of a million men shall be put in motion to attack France, can the Palmerston-Russell administration remain indifferent spectators to a new confederation? The English Ministry will most certainly not allow the new war to begin without first exhausting all the powers of persuasion.

It is stated that the proposals made by Prussia on the extraordinary sitting of the Federal Diet on the 4th, were the following:

1st. The junction of the 9th and 10th *corps de armee* to the Prussian army.

2d. The appointment to the commander-in-chief of the four non-Prussian and non-Austrian *corps de armee*.

3d. The placing of all reserve contingence in readiness to march.

GREAT BRITAIN.—In the House of Lords, Lord Brougham called attention to the war rumor, asking if there was any truth in the report that Government intended to reduce the navy estimates. Duke Somerset denied the truth of the report. Earl Hardwick eulogized the late Government for their efforts to strengthen the navy, and gave various statistics to show that even yet it was not what it ought to be. Lord Ellenborough fully recognized the necessity of placing the navy in a proper condition, but trusted that some attention would also be devoted to the army.

In the House of Commons Palmerston announced the intention of the new Ministry to pursue the policy of strict neutrality with reference to foreign affairs. Also announced that a reform bill would be introduced immediately after the meeting of the next session of Parliament.

Milnor Gibson had accepted the Presidency of the Board of Trade, declined by Mr. Cobden.

FRANCE.—A *Te Deum* was chanted at Notre Dame on Sunday, for the victory at Solferino. The same thanksgiving took place in all the places of worship throughout France.

Naval preparations were never more active at Toulon and Bronte. Another division of the army of Lyons leaves for Italy, and immense quantities of projectiles of all kinds continue to be forwarded.

PRUSSIA.—Prussia is said to have given positive assurance that the recent measures with regard to her military forces are not taken with a view of hostilities, and that France may remain perfectly tranquil on that score.

On the 14th there was an extraordinary sitting of the Federal Diet at Frankfort, when Prussia presented new and further proposals respecting the establishment, extension and command of the corps of observation on the Rhine.

A Berlin correspondent of the *Times* says, that the Prussian proposals were in the hands of England and Russia. The writer says, that by the end of the week the Prussian army will be in full march. Two *corps de armee* will be stationed on the Silesian frontier, in case of an unexpected attack on that part by Russia. On the lower and middle Rhine 140,000 Prussians will be stationed. When these preparations are completed, Prussia will probably make her proposals to France, and will unquestionably be refused. The same correspondent gives an outline of the propositions, which include the erection of Venice into a separate Kingdom, with the Arch-Duke Maximilian as King.

COMMERCIAL—*Breadstuffs.*—Richardson, Spence & Co. quote breadstuffs tending downward. Flour was offered at higher prices, but sales quite unimportant.—The quotations are 10s6d@18s6d. The prices of wheat are easier, but without any decided change. Western red was quoted at 8s@9s4d; Southern white 9s@10s. All quotations of corn had declined slightly. Mixed 5s10@6s11d; yellow 5s10d@6s8d; white 7s@7s9d. *Provisions.*—Pork is heavy, with but little inquiry. Bacon unchanged. Business moderate.

Clippings from Foreign Journals.

THE Vienna correspondent of the London Times asserts that for the last ten years matters have been so terribly managed in Austria, that it will be almost miraculous if the Empire escapes dissolution.

THERE are now fourteen steamships employed by Scotch Companies in the whale and seal fisheries of the Arctic regions. We believe that none of the American Companies have yet employed steam vessels in fishing operations. So successful have been these Scotch fishing steamers that their number is increasing every year.

MANY of the Austrian prisoners will be dispatched to Algeria, to be employed there on the railways.

IT is mentioned that the army in Italy is almost without shoes, and that owing to the scarcity of labor in Paris, the government cannot get them made by contractors. The Mayor of each arrondissement has intimated to all the shoemakers, large and small, that the government will require about 70,000 pairs to be ready in fifteen days.—Every shoemaker will have to send in a certain quantity, according to his means, and it is hoped to collect about a million pairs in this way.

ACCOUNTS from Scotland state that the drouth during May and part of June, was more severe than during any past year since 1826. The rivers Earn and Tay were nearly dry—the famous Doon, immortalized by Burns, would slide through a measure, and other well known streams and rivers were thoroughly dried up.

THE impression existing that the Emperor Francis Joseph is himself responsible for the defeat of his army at Solferino is confirmed. He insisted on giving battle on the 24th, in opposition to the wish of Gen. Hess. The result is very unfortunate for him, and must have a dispiriting effect on the Austrian army.

THE North China Herald of April 27th, thinks there is considerable doubt if the proposed embassy from Japan to the United States will take place. The conservative party, who are opposed to all innovations, are determined to prevent the infraction of the law which prohibits Japanese from leaving their country.

WHEAT LOWER THAN CORN.—Says the Chicago *Tribune* of the 14th inst:—"Yesterday afternoon, an operator offered to give 1,000 bushels Standard Spring Wheat for the same amount of No. 1 Corn; but he could not find any one to trade with him.—The fact is, that No. 1 Corn was nominally one cent higher than Standard Spring Wheat—rather a singular fact in the grain trade. Since the foregoing was penned, our "Commercial" informs us that subsequent to the above offer being refused, wheat rose to the level of corn, and several thousand bushels were exchanged even."

LARGE DEPOSITS IN THE SAVINGS BANKS—PROSPERITY OF THE WORKING CLASSES.—The New York Herald says the best evidence that the late financial revulsion through which we have passed has not very seriously affected the working classes in that city, is to be found in the amounts deposited in the Savings Banks. In the Savings Banks of New York and Brooklyn, there are upwards of thirty millions of dollars deposited, bearing interest at rates varying from four to six per cent., which have been made since the 1st of January, 1859.

The News Condenser.

— The cholera has made its appearance at St. Petersburgh, Russia.

— The public debt of the United States on July 1st was $65,264,009.

— The Central Park of N. Y. city is the largest city park in the world.

— An upholsterer named Blair, in Albany, is making 5,000 beds for the French army in Italy.

— More than 1,500 hogs were killed by the falling of a pen-building in Cincinnati last week.

— "Thompson's Saloon," a famous Broadway establishment, is closed to be opened no more.

— Brevet Major Ridgley, of the United States Army, died at Washington on Wednesday last.

— Three United States Senators, viz.: Messrs. Seward, Clingman and Sumner, are now in Paris.

— The State of Maine will have a larger hay crop this year than has been known for some time.

— The New York Common Council have ordered fifty free hydrants for the benefit of the thirsty.

— A chicken was hatched in Gloucester, Mass., which had four legs, one body and head, and two bills.

— The horse Jack Rossiter has been matched for $2,000 in England to trot 20 miles within an hour.

— There are in Middleton township, Bucks county, Pa., 143 persons of the age 60 years and upwards.

— The Tioga county bank and the bank of Lawrence Co., Penn., have been discredited at Philadelphia.

— In Albany, complaints have been made against nine of the city bakers for short weight in their loaves.

— The Emperor of Austria is one of the best linguists in the empire. He speaks thirteen languages perfectly.

— Daniel E. Sickles has become reconciled to his wife, and is now living with her in a state of devoted attachment.

— The Handels-Zeitung states that the capital employed in the St. Louis beer breweries is nearly $20,000,00.

— A man died in city the of New York Wednesday week supposed of yellow fever. He was buried in a hurry.

— The Coinage Commissioners of Great Britain have decided against the use of the Decimal System at present.

— The city council of Toledo has contracted for boring and finishing twenty Artesian wells in different parts of that city.

— Seventy fugitive slaves lately arrived in Canada from Tennessee, the largest company that ever escaped together.

— The degree of A. M. has been conferred upon Miss Martha Haines Butt, by the Harrisburgh (Pa.) Female Institute.

— Complaint is made of a long protracted drouth in certain districts of Mississippi, Georgia, Texas, and Louisiana.

— Mr. Paul, a trader at Superior City, shipped about $20,000 worth of fine furs a few days ago to Europe via New York.

— A New Haven boy, a son of Samuel Ware, Esq., is head mechanic in the railroad machine shop, St. Petersburg, Russia.

— There were thirty-six American seagoing vessels reported during the last month as wrecked, missing, or otherwise lost.

— Gov. Hicks, of Maryland, has lost his eldest daughter and his youngest son within the short space of seven days.

— The town of Woodbury, Conn., last week celebrated the occasion of its reaching the ripe old age of two hundred years.

— The first street railroad in St. Louis has just been completed. Great rejoicings followed the progress of the initiatory car.

— The Chicago Tribune claims a population of 143,000 for that city, taking the last two directories as a basis for the calculation.

— The nutmeg tree in the East Indies has been seized with a disorder that not only is ruining the crop, but killing all the trees.

— The Pope has made a demonstration in token of his neutrality by canonizing on the same day an Austrian and a French saint.

— A party of four persons from New Bedford caught 700 pounds of sword-fish Thursday week, twenty-five miles below the city.

— A new paper is soon to be commenced in London, by Dr. Chas. Mackay. Several distinguished Americans are to be contributors.

— The fruit crop in California this year, according to the San Francisco Herald, will amount to between six and seven million dollars.

— The papers are freighted with 4th of July casualties. Scores of youth have been killed or maimed from the careless use of powder.

— The Albany Argus estimates that the canal revenues of the State of New York for 1859, will be $200,000 or $300,000 lower than in 1857.

— Since the North Carolina University bestowed the degree of LL. D. on the President, some of the papers speak of him as Dr. Buchanan.

— New revolutions have broken out in Chili, Peru, and Equador. In the latter State the defeat of the government is considered certain.

— A fleet of canal boats, five in number, arrived at Oswego, from Canada, with one hundred tuns each of leached ashes for New York.

—The Fall River (Mass.) News says that it is 19 months since the services of the fire department have been required within the limits of that city.

— The Probate Court of Cincinnati has awarded the city $250,000 damages for the use of certain of its highways by the Street Railroad Company.

— McMahon, the new Duke of Magenta and Marshal of France, is descended from one of the refugees who came to France with English James II.

— One of the passengers in the late disaster upon the Michigan Southern Railroad settled with the company for the loss of his wife and child for $500.

— Men in Milwaukee are gambling in breadstuffs. They engage to sell or to buy 50,000 to 60,000 bbls., when the daily receipts are not over 15,000 bbls.

— The sale of the Collins steamships of the Pacific Mail Co. is confirmed. The steamers sold are the Atlantic, Baltic, and Adriatic—price $800,000.

— During the eight days following the Fourth, no less than 200 patients were admitted to Bellevue Hospital, New York, to be treated for cuts and bruises.

— It is reported that Charles Sumner, now in Paris, is about to be married to Mrs. Thayer, (nee Granger,) widow of the late John E. Thayer, of Boston.

— At a late anniversary of the San Francisco Sunday School Union, it was stated that the association comprises 263 teachers, 1,400 scholars and 14 schools.

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From the Pacific Side.

The steamer Star of the West arrived at New York on the 12th, and brought nearly a million and three-quarters in treasure. She left Aspinwall on the 3d, and Key West on the 8th instant.

Rich discoveries of gold had been made in the Coast range mountains, Humboldt Co.

Business was very dull at San Francisco, owing to the non arrival of several clippers over due

Harvesting was progressing, and the yield promised to be more abundant than for home use

Oregon advices state that the Columbia and Willamet rivers were very high, causing great destruction of property.

The Columbia river was 45 feet above low water mark between the Cascades and the Dalles, and the whole country was submerged from the Cascades to Vancouver—not twenty acres were above water.

Fraser river had risen twelve feet in four days, causing great damage along the banks. Fort Yale, together with all the houses on the beach, were overflowed, and several had been swept away. Mining operations were entirely suspended. Coal had been discovered near Queensboro. Governor Douglass and Col. Moody had made the trip to the north entrance of the Fraser river, and found fine tracts of land.

Advices from Peru mention another revolution under the lead of Zeballos, Castillo, Echenique and others.

The revolution in Equador, under Moreno, had become quite threatening. The regular troops going over to the insurgents, the defeat of the Government forces was considered certain.

Guayaquil is still blockaded by the Peruvian fleet.

Dates from El Paso to the 28th of June state that the Apaches had stopped and robbed the mail coaches near Forson. They had also robbed the Patagonian Mining Company of several thousand dollars worth of property. Other minor depredations had also been perpetrated by them, and they had committed one murder at the copper mines.

There was much consternation at Sonora, at the rise of the Apala and Yaque Indians, who are defeating the Mexican government troops and advancing on the settlements.

INDIAN TROUBLES.—The Omaha *Nebraskian* of the 9th brings accounts of serious Indian depredations in Dodge county, Nebraska. Some 3,500 Pawnees had started on a buffalo hunt, and while waiting for the Omahas, encamped on the west side of the Elkhorn, near Fontenelle. Parties of the savages made visits to the white settlements in the neighborhood, and conducted in such a manner as to alarm and distress the people. Crops were destroyed, stock driven off, and houses plundered. A general massacre was feared, and the frightened inhabitants sent off for succor. Fifty-seven armed and mounted men at once set out upon the track of the Indians. Dividing the party at West Point, twenty went on to De Witt, where eleven Indians were enticed into a house, and a plan arranged for capturing the whole party. But the Indians took alarm, seized their guns and fired on the whites, wounding one of them. The fire was returned, and an engagement took place, in which four Indians were killed among the number one of the Chiefs—and several wounded. The savages then retreated. De Witt was depeopulated, the settlers deeming it prudent to concentrate at Fontenelle, some forty miles distant. Intelligence of these troubles having reached Omaha, the Light Artillery were despatched to the scene of disturbance. Gov. Black also sent out a detachment of dragoons, and several volunteers joined the little army of relief, so that the whole number in the field amounted to 250, 60 or 70 of whom are regular dragoons. The Indians had destroyed $100m worth of property

Weather for the First Half of July.

Another half month of rather singular weather. For a good while the changes have been great and rapid, and the return to the point of another change quick. The country, too, has been visited with numerous storms of wind and rain, usually attended with much lightning and thunder. The mean heat of this half is 70 4, or a little above the average for 22 years.

The last four days of June but one, were very warm; the last was quite cool; the first of July was a little warmer, but some frost was seen in the morning. There was frost also on the 4th and 5th; but not much injury was done. Oats were killed on the 1st in some places. Grapes were very unequally injured by frost. Strawberries and cherries have abounded this year. The high wind of the 2d, however, closed the season of strawberries. Rain has been less than usual for more than a month, and for the last fortnight the earth was athirst for rain; crops were suffering greatly. On the 15th came the long-hoped for rain, and the earth sang aloud for joy. Violent storms and great rains have occurred over much of the country. Mowing has been done for a fortnight, and the wheat harvest began about a week since. Severe tornado and rain at Mt. Morris at 2 P. M., July 2d, and the same day at evening at Albany and down the Hudson to New York; in Berkshire Co., at 11 in the evening. At New York again the 13th. The rain of the 15th was 1.416 inches, a very great mercy to all.—C. D.

INCREASE OF IMMIGRATION.—The N. Y. *Courier & Enquirer* says the immigration to that port up to the 13th inst., amounted to 42,778 persons against 40,561 up to the corresponding period of last year. The emigrants seem to be of a better class this year, judging from the number of inmates in the institutions on Ward's Island, 714 against 1,215 last year, and 1,416 the year previous. The arrivals last week numbered 2,775.

Special Notices.

MOSQUITOES.—An Antidote for the poison of mosquitoes, bees, wasps, and other annoying insects has been found in *Burnett's Kalliston*, prepared by Messrs JOSEPH BURNETT & Co. This preparation contains a peculiar property which instantly neutralizes the poison, and allays the inflammation caused by bites and stings of insects.—*Boston Journal.*

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, July 19, 1859.

FLOUR—Again do we note a reduction in the rates of Flour. On winter wheat varieties the decline is equal to 35@50 cents ₱ barrel—on spring 50@$1.00. Holders are anxiously looking for customers.

GRAIN—A large falling off is noticeable in quotations of Wheat, but we must say that the prices given are merely nominal—nothing is doing. Millers are awaiting the appearance of the new crop, and all are expecting (will their expectations be realized?) to purchase very cheap. In Corn we notice a decline in Inferior—No. 1 remains at last week's rates. Rye unchanged. No sales of Barley. Prime Oats readily bring 50 cents—poorer grades are firm at 48, an advance of 3 cents ₱ bushel. Buckwheat is down again, and it would be labor to procure our present figures of 50@60 cents ₱ bushel.

WOOL—The transactions of the week are light. While there is an evident tendency to higher prices for coarse grades, superior remains at old quotations. Potatoes are lower. Old are worth only 50@62½—new 75@88 cents ₱ bushel.

HAY—The indications are an advance. Although we do not alter our table, an occasional load is sold at the rate of $17.00 ₱ ton, and it is only in cases of very inferior quality, or of clover quite green, that only $10.00 is obtained. Good hay brings $16.00 very readily.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		EGGS, dozen	14@15c
Flour, wint. wheat	$7.00@7.50	Honey, box	15@18c
Flour, spring do.	$6.25@6.50	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat, ₱ bbl	$1.75	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	$1.40@1.50	Apples, bushel	.00c@$0.00
Best white Can'a	$1.40@1.50	Apples, dried	$0.00
Corn	50@50c	Peaches, dried, ₱ lb	0@
Rye, 60 lbs ₱ bu	80@90c	Cherries, dried, ₱ lb	0@
Oats, by weight	48@50c	Potatoes	50@62c
Barley	00@0c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	50@60	Slaughter	6½@7c
Beans	75@85c	Calf	10@11c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	25@
Pork, mess	$17.00@18.50	Lamb pelts	25@30c
Pork, clear	$20.00@22.00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$7.00@7.50	Clover, bush	$3.50@4.00
Beef, ₱ cwt	$5.00@6.50	Timothy	1.50@2.00
Spring lambs, each	$1.50@1.75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	6@7c	Wood, hard	$4.00@4.50
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Wood, soft	$3.00@3.50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$6.75@6.00
Chickens	7@8c	Coal, Scranton	$4.25@4.50
Turkeys	10@11c	Coal, Pittston	$4.25@4.50
Geese	8@9c	Coal, Shamokin	$4.25@4.50
Ducks, ₱ pair	00@00c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1.13
Butter, roll	13@14c	Hay, ton	$10.00@16.00
Butter, firkin	12@13c	Wool, ₱ lb	30@45c
Cheese	8@10c	Whitefish, bbl	$7.00@8.50
Lard, tried	11@12c	Codfish, ₱ quintal	$4.00@0.00
Tallow	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$2.00@3.50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, July 18.—FLOUR—Market heavy and 15@20 cents lower. Sales at $4.75@5.00 for super State; $5.25@5.50 for extra State; $4.75@5.00 for super Western; $5.25@5.75 for extra Western; $5.25@6.35 for old, and $5.35@5.60 for fresh ground shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing heavy.

GRAIN—Wheat market heavy and lower. Sales at 150c for white Missouri; 155@162c for new white Southern; 120@150 for new red do, and white Kentucky on p. t. Rye nominal at 80@90c. Barley dull. Corn buoyant; sales at 86c for damaged new mixed Western in store; 88c for old do in store; 93c for round yellow; 93c for Southern yellow. Oats lower and dull, at 41@43c for State; 40@45c for Canada.

PROVISIONS—Pork dull and lower. Sales at $16.85@16.90 for mess; $16.00 for thin mess; $15.00 for sour mess; $12.00 for prime. Lard dull. Sales at 10¾@11¾c. Butter dull at 11@15c for Ohio; 13@15c for State. Cheese quiet at 2@9¾c.

BUFFALO, July 18.—FLOUR—Inactive and the market tending downward. Sales at 83 for sour; $4.00@4.50 for State and extra Illinois from Chicago spring wheat; $4.50@5.00 for do Wisconsin from club wheat; $5.00@5.50 for extra Michigan, Indiana and Ohio; $5.25@5.75 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat dull and lower. Sales red Ohio bagged at 108@110; Kentucky at 145c for old and 140 for new amber; white Ohio at 110c. Corn closed dull; sales Illinois at 75c. No sales of other grains.

OSWEGO, July 18.—FLOUR—Dull.

GRAIN—Wheat continues dull, with a declining tendency. Corn without material change; sales 6,000 bu Illinois at 80c.

TORONTO, July 16.—FLOUR is still very dull, business being confined to the retail trade for home consumption. The stock is very light, and is retailed nominally at $6@6.25 ₱ barrel for superfine; $6.50 for fancy and for extra.

GRAIN—In this market the business of the past se'night has been very restricted in wheat, owing to the meagreness of the supplies brought on the market. A good demand continues to prevail, but so limited is the supply offering that even moderate orders cannot be fulfilled. Prime fall wheat commands 6s 9d@7s 6d ₱ bushel. In barley, rye and peas so little is doing that they are unquotable.—*Globe.*

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, July 13.—The current prices for the week at the several markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ₱ cwt., $10.50@11.00; ordinary do, $9.50@10.00; common do, $8.00@9.00; inferior do, $7.00@8.00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55.00@65.00; ordinary do, $40@50; common do, $30.00@40.00; inferior do, $20.00@30.00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₱ lb., 6@6½c; ordinary do, 5½@6c; common do, 4½@4¾c; inferior do, 3@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ₱ head, $5.00@6.00; ordinary do, $3.25@4.75; common do, $3.00@3.25; inferior do, $2.00@2.75.

SWINE—First quality, 6¾@6¾c; other qualities, 6@6¾c.

ALBANY, July 18.—CATTLE—We quote as follows remarking that on some of the lower grades purchases can be made within our figures:

	This week.	Last week.
Superior	[illegible]	[illegible]
First quality	[illegible]	[illegible]
Second quality	[illegible]	[illegible]
Third quality	[illegible]	[illegible]
Inferior	[illegible]	[illegible]

SHEEP AND LAMBS—The demand last week was fair, and so continues, but in view of the number offering, prices have declined, taking quality into consideration, 25@50c ₱ head. The fattest sheep in market will not bring more than $3.50, and from that figure prices slide down to $2, according to grade.

HOGS—Very few here, and we cannot learn of any sales. We quote nominally 5@6c ₱ lb.

MILCH COWS—An occasional sale is made, and we quote at $35@65, according to quality.—*Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, July 13.—At market 1,156 cattle, about 1,000 beeves, and 156 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market beef—Extra, $8.25@8.50; first quality, $8.00@8.25; second do, $6.25@6.50; third do, $5.00@6.00; ordinary do, $4.00.

WORKING OXEN—$75@175 ₱ pair.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 35, 40@60.

STORES—Yearlings, [illegible] two years old, $22.00@27.00; three years old [illegible]

SHEEP AND LAMBS—[illegible] market. Prices—In lots, $1.50, 2.00@2.25; extra, $2.50@3.00@3.50.

HIDES—7¾@8¾c ₱ lb. Pelts, 50c each.

CALF SKINS—12@14c ₱ lb. Tallow, 7@7½c ₱ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$5.00@8.00.

BRIGHTON, July 14.—At market, 900 beeves, 175 stores, 2,000 sheep and lambs, and 700 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Extra, $8.75@00.00; first quality, $8.50@00.00; second quality, $7.00; third quality, $6.50@0.00.

WORKING OXEN—$100@150.

MILCH COWS—$41@47; common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—$3.00, 4.00@6.00.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $22@27; three years old, $24@33.

HIDES—7¾@8¼c ₱ lb. Calf skins, 13@14c ₱ lb.

TALLOW—Sales at 7@7¾c ₱ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1.00@4.00, extra, $4.50@4.50.

PELTS—50@$1.75 each.

SWINE—Spring pigs, 5@6c; retail, 6@7c; fat hogs, none.

TORONTO, July 16.—Beef continues to meet a pretty active demand, and is worth $5 to $6 ₱ 100 lbs., on foot, for prime, and $4 to $5 for second class.

SHEEP are plentiful at $3 each. Calves are also plentiful at $4 to $5 each. Lambs are well supplied at $1 to $2 each.

TALLOW still sells at 8c ₱ lb. Hides are held at $6.50 ₱ 100 lbs. Sheep skins 1s 3d each. Calf skins 7½d ₱ lb.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, July 14.—Native fleece continues in good demand, particularly De Laine qualities, and prices rule firmly. Further sales of some 220,000 lbs have been effected at 40@58c for fine and extra quality, particularly at [illegible], this, together with the amount reported by us last week, exceeds the quantity on the market, but dealers have 60 to 90 days for delivering all that has been contracted for—the principal purchasers are the two large De Laine companies and they have bought at comparatively lower rates than the prices current in the interior the past month. Pulled is in moderate request at steady rates, sales of 25,000 lbs at 30@48c for No. 1 city and extra country Saxony. Foreign is in good supply and the demand is limited, yet prices are sustained; sales 50 bales Donskoi at 19c, and 150 do African on private terms. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece, ₱ lb.	56@60
Am. full blood Merino	53@55
Am. ½ and ¼ blood Merino	46@49
Am native and ¼ blood Merino	43@44
Extra, pulled	47@50
Superfine, pulled	37@42
No. 1, pulled	30@33
California, fine, unwashed	25@28
California, common do	20@24
Peruvian, washed	16@17
Valparaiso, unwashed	24@30
S. Am. common, washed	16@18
S. Am. Entre Rios, washed	15@18
S. American, unwashed	30@34
S. Am. Cordova, washed	20@22
East India, washed	20@22
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@22
Smyrna, unwashed	14@18
Smyrna, washed	22@24
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

Tribune

BOSTON, July 14.—There is no change to notice in fleece or pulled wool. New comes forward slowly, and the stock is light. The sales of the week have been 75,000 lbs., at prices indicating no change. The transactions in foreign comprise 450 ballots Peruvian and 100 bales Cape on private terms.

Sax. and Mer., fine	55@57	Western mixed	35@45
Full blood	52@54	Smyrna, washed	17@30
Half and ¼ blood	46@41	Do unwashed	9@14
Common	40@43	Syrian	11@23
Pulled, extra	45@55	Cape	24@50
Do superfine	40@00	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	32@42	Buenos Ayres	9@15
Do. No. 2	[illegible]	Peruvian, washed	30@35

ALBANY, July 14.—The market is firm for fleece, but the demand is moderate. The operations are mainly confined to the interior of this and [illegible] States. Sales 5,000 p. t. The tendency of the market is toward an advance. Pulled is very scarce and in active demand, and prices can be quoted higher.

CHICAGO, July 14.—The market is firm. The dealers have thus far operated very cautiously, believing the rates the farmers ask too high, and not justified by the prospects of future trade. It is reported that the wool of this clip is mostly in better condition than that of the preceding year. It seems reasonable to suppose that there will be left a great deal of fleece wool unsold in the hands of the armers under such circumstances. Pulled wool has been comparatively quiet during the past week. Within the last few days, however, holders have expressed more confidence in better prices and a better demand; this is because of the new rates being established for the new clip. The following are the ruling rates

FLEECE—Common native, 25@30c; quarter blood, 2@31c; half blood, 31@35c; three quarter blood, 34@38c; full blood, 37@42c.

PULLED—No. 1, 20@25; superfine, 30@35; extra, 35@40; double extra, 40@42.—*Democrat.*

CLEVELAND, July 14.—Receipts large and increasing. Buyers in this market are paying for native and common ₱ lb., 30@33; quarter blood, 35@36; half blood, 36@38; three quarter blood, 40@42; full blood, 44@48; fancy clips, 50@55.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, and leaded—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, IN ADVANCE.—

☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar Journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

☞ All transient advertisements must be accompanied with the cash, or a responsible reference, to secure insertion Those who send us advertisements to be published at prices they specify, are respectfully advised that we are not in a position to allow any one to dictate terms—especially when the demand upon our columns, at published rates, exceeds the space appropriated for Advertising.

FOR SALE—4 miles from Batavia Station, in the Putnam Settlement, one 3 year old Devon Bull, of fine form and pedigree. Also, 6 fine grade Short-horn Heifers. Also, a few choice Berkshire Pigs—all for sale at a low figure, by [498 2t] WALTER COLE.

BUDS—BUDS—BUDS.—We are ready to furnish Nurserymen with all the leading varieties, AT THE LOWEST RATES, securely packed for any distance.
BRONSON, MERRELL & HAMMOND.
Geneva, July 13. 498-3t

GREAT CURIOSITY.

We have one of the greatest curiosities and most valuable inventions in the known world, for which we want agents everywhere. Full particulars sent FREE.
498-4t SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

STRAWBERRIES.

WILSON'S ALBANY SEEDLING,
The Best and Greatest Bearing Strawberry Known.

This fine fruit has yielded with the subscriber this season, TWO BUSHELS to the square rod, or over 300 BUSHELS TO THE ACRE!

Plants for sale in any quantity, at $5 per 1,000; $3 for 500; 75 cents for 100, and 50 cents for 50.

They can be set any time before the first of October; yet it is better to set them in August, or by the fore part of September. T. BUCHANAN, Jr.
Utica, July, 1859. 498-3t

JUST PUBLISHED,
THE EXPLANATORY QUESTION BOOK,
WITH ANALYTICAL AND EXPOSITORY NOTES, AND AN
INTRODUCTION, BY REV. EDWARD N. KIRK, D. D.

The work announced is perhaps the most thorough and complete of any text book ever given to the public. It is topical in its character, covering a wide range of subjects, and containing fifty two lessons—one for each Sabbath in the year. The plan of the work is entirely new and somewhat original. On the left hand page is the lesson, and on the opposite page at the same opening are the

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These notes have been prepared with great care and ability, by a practical Sabbath School teacher, under the eye of Rev. Dr. KIRK, and will be found of invaluable service in elucidating the subject under consideration. The publisher would refrain from speaking with over confidence of his own issues, but he utters the [illegible] of other minds than his own in saying that [illegible] and investigation, this admirable question book leaves but little to be desired. It is in fact both a question book and a commentary combined. It is of extra large size and substantially bound. Price 15 cents.

Copy for examination sent post paid to any part of the country, on receipt of the price in stamps.
HENRY HOYT, 9 Cornhill, Boston.
For sale by all Booksellers in Rochester 498-2t

PRINCE'S STRAWBERRY CATALOGUE.—The [illegible] is now ready with descriptions of 113 Select Varieties and directions for culture.

Applicants by mail, inclosing 10 cents in stamps, will receive it. The New Catalogue of 150 varieties of Native Grapes, as well as Peonies, Dahlias, &c., will soon be ready, and will be sent on same conditions.
Flushing, N. Y. [15e-1t] WM. R. PRINCE & CO.

THE POWER OF FAITH.
A NARRATIVE OF SARAH JORDAN.
BY MRS. P. L. UPHAM.

Those who live in the secret of the Most High, and exercise a living and tender fellowship in all that relates to the dealings of God with his chosen and afflicted ones, will grasp, with eager hand, the little volume now presented.

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Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

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I have spoken, even in the softest whisper tone,
And repenting after would retract, but it had gone,
Thrown in echoes from a thousand tongues, and when I tried
To recall it, far away loud thunder tones replied.

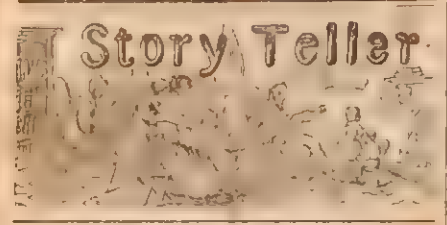
Close thy lips against all thoughts which thou hast weighed not long,
Better far be called reserved than utter one word wrong—
Spoken thoughts die not with time, but through eternity
Live on, busy, ever whispering good or ill of thee.

Cruel and relentless masters are they here on earth,
Swaying iron sceptres, if in evil be their birth;
Happy rulers, gentle guides, who never fail to bring
Joy and laughter, peace and quiet, when from good they spring.

Then select thy chosen thoughts, and give them tasteful dress,
Children are they—wilt thou send them forth in nakedness?
Own creations of thy brain, the offspring of thy mind—
Ragged must they go? Oh, heartless parent, strangely blind!

Seest not thou that they represent thee, and proclaim
What is far within thee, deep and hidden, and its name?
Wouldst thou gain for them a hearing? Wouldst thou have them bless?
First appearance much will do; give thy fair ones pleasing dress!

Disco, Mich., 1859. A. J. C.



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ROSAMOND;
OR,
THE YOUTHFUL ERROR.

A TALE OF RIVERSIDE.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

[Continued from page 236, last number.]

That night, when all around the house was still, the full moon shone down upon a scene which would have chilled the blood of Ralph Browning and made his heart stand still. Upon a single bedstead near the window Rosamond Leyton lay calmly sleeping,—her brown curls floating o'er the pillow,—her cheeks flushed with health and beauty,—her lips slightly apart and her slender hands folded gracefully upon her bosom. Over her a fierce woman bent,—her long, black hair streaming down her back—her eyes blazing with passion,—her face the impersonation of malignity and hate; and there she stood, a vulture watching a harmless dove. Rosamond [illegible] home, and the ogress, standing near, heard her murmur, "Dear Mr. Browning."

For a moment Marie Porter stood immovable,—then gliding back to her own couch, she whispered, "It is as I believed, and now if *he* loves *her*, the time I've waited for so long has come."

All that night she lay awake, burning with excitement and thirsting for revenge, and when the morning came, the illness was not feigned which kept her in her bed and wrung from her cries of pain. She was really suffering now, and during the next few days, Rosamond staid almost constantly at her side, administering to her wants and caring for her so tenderly that hatred died out of the woman's heart and she pitied the fair young girl, for in those few days she had learned what Rosamond did not know herself, though she was gradually waking up to it now. It was a long time since she had been separated from Mr. Browning, and she missed him so much, following him in fancy through the day and at night, wondering if he were thinking of her and wishing he could hear the sound of her voice singing to him as she was wont to do when the twilight was over the earth. Anon there crept into her heart a feeling she could not define,—a feverish longing to be where he was,—a sense of desolation and terrible pain when she thought of his *insanity* and the long, dreary years which might ensue when he would lose all knowledge of her. She did not care to talk so much of him now, but Miss Porter cared to have her, and caressingly winning the girl's confidence learned almost every thing,—learned that there was an impediment to his marrying, and that Rosamond believed that impediment to be *hereditary insanity*,—learned that he was often fitful and gloomy, treating his ward sometimes with coldness, and again with the utmost tenderness. Of the interview in the library Rosamond did not tell, but she told of everything else,—of his refusing to let her come to the Springs, and then compelling her against her will to go,—and Marie Porter, holding the little hands in hers and listening to the story, read it all and read it aright, gloating over the anguish she knew it cost Ralph Browning to see that beautiful girl each day and know he must not win her.

"But I pity *her*," she said, "for there is coming to her a terrible awakening."

Then, for no other reason than a burning thirst for excitement, she longed to see that awakening, and one day when they sat together alone, she took Rosamond's hand in hers and examining its scarcely legible lines, said, half playfully, half seriously, "Rosamond, people have called me a fortune-teller. I inherited the gift from my grandmother, and though I do not pretend to much skill, I can surely read your destiny. You *love* Mr. Browning. I have known that all along.—You think of him by day,—you dream of him by night, and no thought is half so sweet as the tho't of going home to him. But, Rosamond, you will not marry him. There *is* an impediment as you say, but not *insanity*. I cannot tell you what it is, but I can see," and she bent nearer to the hand which trembled in her own. "I can see that for you to marry him, or love,—mark me, Rosamond,—for you even to love him, is a most wicked thing, a dreadful sin in the sight of Heaven, and you must forget him,—will you?"

Rosamond had laid her face upon the bed and was sobbing hysterically, for Miss Porter's manner frightened her even more than her words. In reply to the question, "will you?" she at last answered passionately, "*No, I won't!* It is *not* wicked to love him as I do. I am his *sister*, nothing more."

Miss Porter's lip curled scornfully a moment and then she said, "Let me tell you the story of *my* life, shall I?"

No answer from Rosamond, and the lady continued, "When I was about your age I fancied I loved a man who, I think, must have been much like Mr. Browning——"

"No, no," interrupted Rosamond. "Nobody was ever like Mr. Browning. I don't want to hear the story. I don't want anything but to go home."

I will not tell her until it's more necessary tho't Miss Porter, but if I mistake not, she will go home much sooner than she anticipates. And she was right, for on that very night Mr. Browning sat reading a letter which ran as follows:

"I find myself so happy with *your little* Rosamond, who chances to be my room-mate, that I have postponed my visit to Riverside until some future time, which, if you continue neutral, may never come,—but the moment you trespass on forbidden ground, or breathe a word of love into *her* ear,—Beware! She loves *you*. I have found that out, and I tell it because I know it will not make your life more happy, or your punishment easier to bear!"

He did not shriek,—he did not faint,—he did not move,—but from between his teeth two words came like a burning hiss, "Curse her!" Then, seizing his pen he dashed off a few lines, bidding Rosamond "not to delay a single moment, but to come home at once."

"She knows it all," he said, "and now, if *she* comes here, it will not be much worse. I can but die, let what will happen."

This letter took Rosamond and the Lawries by surprise, but not so Miss Porter. *She* expected it, and when she saw how eager Rosamond was to go, she smiled a hard, bitter smile and said, "I've a half mind to go with you."

"*What! where?* To *Riverside!*" asked Rosamond, suspending her preparations for a moment, and hardly knowing whether she were pleased or not.

"Yes, to Riverside," returned Miss Porter, "though on the whole, I think I'd better not. Mr. Browning may not care to see me. If he does, you can write and let me know. Give him my love, and say that if you had not described him as so incorrigible and old bach, I might be coming there to try my powers upon him. I am *irresistible in my diamonds.* Be sure and tell him that; and stay, Rosamond, I must give you some little token of my affection. What shall it be?" and she feigned to be thinking.

Most cruel must her thoughts have been, and even she hesitated a moment ere she could bring herself to such an act. Then with a contemptuous [illegible] and opening her jewel box took from a private drawer a plain gold ring, bearing date nine years back, and having inscribed upon it simply her name "Marie." This she brought to Rosamond, saying, "I can't wear it now;—my hands are too thin and bony, but it just fits you,—see—" and with a chuckle of delight she placed it upon the third finger of Rosamond's left hand!

Rosamond thanked her,—admired the chaste beauty of the ring and then went on with her packing, while the wicked woman seated herself by the window and leaning her head upon her hands tried to quiet the voice of conscience which cried out against the deed she had done.

"It does not matter," she thought. "That tie was severed years ago,—by his own act, too. The ring shall go. But will he see it! Men do not always observe such things," and then, lest he should not quaff the cup of bitterness prepared for him, she wrote on a tiny sheet of gilt-edged paper, "Look on Rosamond's third finger!"

This she carefully sealed and gave to Rosamond, bidding her hand it to Mr. Browning, and saying in answer to her look of inquiry, "It is about a little matter concerning yourself. He can show it to you, if he thinks proper!"

"The omnibus, Miss, for the cars," cried a servant at the door, and with a hurried good-bye to her friends, Rosamond departed and was soon on her way to Riverside.

Chapter VII.—Making Love.

An accident had occurred to the downward train, and Rosamond was detained upon the road for a long time, so that it was already dark when she reached the Granby depot. Wishing to surprise Mr. Browning, she started for home on foot, leaving her trunks in charge of the baggage master. All about the house was still, and stepping into the hall she was about passing up the stairs, when the parlor door suddenly opened, throwing a glare of light upon her face. The same instant some one caught her round the neck, and kissing her twice, only released her when she exclaimed, "*Mr. Browning*, I am surprised at you!"

"Mr. Browning! *Thunder!* Just as though I was my uncle!" cried a familiar voice, and looking at the speaker, Rosamond recognized *Ben Van Vechten!* He had come to Riverside the day previous, he said, and hearing she was expected, had waited at the depot four mortal hours, and then returned in disgust.

"But how did you know me?" she asked, and he replied, "By your daguerreotype, of course. There is but one such beautiful face in the whole world."

He was disposed to be complimentary, and Rosamond was not sorry when his mother appeared, for in her presence he was tolerably reserved. Mrs. Van Vechten greeted Rosamond politely, but the old hauteur was there, and her manner seemed to say, "If you are educated and refined, I can't forget that you were once my waiting-maid."

"Where is Mr. Browning?" asked Rosamond, and *Ben* replied, "Oh, up in his den having the shakes. He mopes there all the time. Can't you break him of the blues?"

"I'll go and try," answered Rosamond, and she started up the stairs, followed by Ben, whose mother called him back, bidding him, in a low voice, "stay where he was and not make a fool of himself."

She could trust her *brother*, but not her *son*, and she thus did the former the greatest favor she could have done,—she let him meet young Rosamond Leyton alone. The evening was quite chilly for July, and as, since the receipt of Miss Porter's note Mr. Browning had seemed rather agueish, there was a fire burning in the grate, and it cast its shadows upon him as he sat in his accustomed chair. His back was towards the door, and he knew nothing of Rosamond's return until two soft, white hands were placed before his eyes, and a voice which tried to be unnatural, said, "Guess who I am."

"Rosamond,—darling,—have you come back to me again?" he exclaimed, and starting up, he wound his arm about her and looked into her face, expecting, momentarily, to hear her say, "Yes, I know it all."

But Rosamond did not say so. She merely told him how glad she was to be at home once more, in her delight forgetting that Marie Porter had said she loved the man who held her closely to his side and smoothed her wavy hair, even while his heart throbbed painfully with memories of the past and trembled for the future. He longed so to speak of her room-mate, but he dared not betray his knowledge of her existence, and he sat there waiting, yet dreading to hear the hated name.

"Did you room alone?" he asked at last, and now remembering the words, "You do love him," Rosamond moved quickly from his side. "She *does* know," he thought, and a silent moan of anguish died upon his lips. But Rosamond did *not* know;—the movement was actuated by mere maidenly reserve, and sitting down directly opposite him, she told him of Miss Porter, whom she said she liked so well.

"How much of an invalid is she?" asked Mr. Browning, when he could trust his voice to speak.

"Her health is miserable," returned Rosamond. "She has the heart disease, and her waiting-maid told me she was liable to die at any time if unusually excited."

It might have been because Rosamond was there that Mr. Browning thought the room was brighter than it had been before, and quite calmly he listened while she told him more of her new friend.

"She seemed so interested in you, and in Riverside," said Rosamond, "and even proposed coming home with me——"

Mr. Browning started suddenly, and as suddenly a coal snapped out upon the carpet. This was an excuse for his movement, and Rosamond continued, "She thought, though, you might not care to see her, being a stranger, but she sent you *her love*, and——. You are cold, ain't you, Mr. Browning? You shiver like a leaf. Ben said you'd had the ague."

Rosamond closed the door and commenced again. "Where was I? Oh, I know. She said if you were not a confirmed bachelor she would try her powers on you. '*She was irresistible in her diamonds*,' she bade me tell you. But *have* you an [illegible] chill? or what makes you look so? Shall I ring for more coal?"

"No, Rosamond no. Fire does not warm me; I shall be better soon."

Rosamond pitied him, he looked so white and seemed to be suffering so much, and she remained silent for a time. Then remembering the note, she handed it to him, and turning towards the fire stooped down to fix a bit of coal which was in danger of dropping from the grate. While in this attitude a cry between a howl of rage and a moan of anguish fell upon her ear;—her shoulders were grasped by powerful hands, and looking up she saw Mr. Browning, his face distorted with passion and his flashing eyes riveted upon the *ring* which glittered in the firelight, and plainly showed *what* ring it was. Seizing her hand, he wrenched it from her finger, and glanced at the name,—then, swift as thought, placed it upon the marble hearth and crushed it with his heel.

"It's mine,—you've broken it," cried Rosamond, but he did not heed her, and gathering up the pieces, he hurled them into the grate,—then, pale as ashes, sank panting into the nearest chair.

Rosamond was thunder-struck. She did not suppose he had had time to read the note, and never dreaming there was any connection between that and his strange conduct, she believed him to be raving mad, and her first impulse was to fly. Her second thought, however, was, "I will not leave him. He has these fits often, now, I know, and that is why he sent for me. He knew I could quiet him, and I will."

So Rosamond staid, succeeding so far in soothing him, that his eyes lost their savage gleam, and were suffused with a look of unnatural tenderness when they rested on her face. He did not ask her how she came by the ring, for he knew it had been sent as an insult to him, and he felt a glow of satisfaction in knowing that it was blackening on the grate. Ben's voice was now heard in the hall, asking if they intended staying there all night, and in a whisper Mr. Browning bade Rosamond go down and apologize for him. She accordingly descended to the parlor, telling Mrs. Van Vechten that her brother was too much indisposed to come down, and wished to be excused. Mrs. Van Vechten bowed coolly, and taking a book of prints busied herself for a while in examining them; then the book dropped from her hand,—her head fell back,—her mouth fell open, and Ben, who was anxiously watching her, knew by unmistakable sounds that she was fast asleep. It was now his time, and faithfully did he improve it, devoting himself so assiduously to Rosamond that she was glad when a sneeze, louder and more prolonged than any which had preceded it, started the lady herself, and produced symptoms of returning consciousness.

The next day, or the next, it was the same, and at the expiration of a week Ben had determined either to marry Rosamond Leyton, or go to the *Crimean war*, this last being the bugbear with which he intended frightening his mother into a consent. He hardly dared disobey her openly for fear of displeasure, and he would rather she should express her willingness to receive Miss Leyton as her daughter. He accordingly startled her one day by asking her to sanction his intended proposal to the young girl. Nothing could exceed Mrs. Van Vechten's amazement and contempt. She would never consent, and if Ben persisted in making so disgraceful an alliance, she would disinherit him at once. Ben knew she was in earnest, and so fell back upon the Crimean war as a last resort. "He would go immediately,—would start that very day for New York,—he had money enough to carry him there," and he pointed so vividly "death on a distant battle field, with a ferocious *Russian* rifling his trowser's pocket," that his mother began to cry, though she still refused to relent.

"Choose, mother, choose," said he. "It's almost car time—Rosamond or the war," and he drew on his heavy boots.

"Oh, Benjamin, you will kill me dead."

"I know it. I mean to. Rosamond or the war!" and he buttoned up his coat preparatory to a start.

"Do, Ben, listen to reason."

"I won't,—I won't;—Rosamond or the war! I shall rush into the thickest of the fight and be killed the first fire, of course, and black is *so* unbecoming to you."

"Stop, I intreat. You know you are afraid of cannons;" this was said beseechingly.

"Thunder, mother! No, I ain't! Rosamond or the war—choose quick. I hear the whistle at East Granby."

He left the room—went down the stairs, out of the door, through the yard, and out into the avenue, while his distracted mother looked after him through blinding tears. She knew how determined he was when once his mind was made up, and she feared his present excitement would last until he was fairly shipped, and it was too late to return. He would never *fight*, she was sure, and at the first battle sound he would fly, and be *hung* as a *deserter*, no doubt! This touched her pride. She would rather people should say of her boy that he married a milliner's daughter than that he was *hung*, and hurrying to the window just as Ben looked back, hoping for a signal, she waved her hand for him to return, calling out at the top of her voice, "I relent—I relent."

"I knew the *Crimea* would fetch her," said Ben; "lucky I thought of that," and without going to his mother at all, he sought out Rosamond. Half an hour later he astonished the former by rushing into her presence and exclaiming, "She's refused me, mother; and she meant it, too. Oh, *I shall die*, I know I shall. *Oh, oh, oh!*" and Ben rolled on the floor in his frantic grief. As nearly as she could, Mrs. Van Vechten learned the particulars of his interview with Rosamond, and, though at first secretly pleased that he had been refused, she felt a very little piqued that *her* son should thus be dishonored, and when she saw how wretched it had made him, her feelings were enlisted in his behalf, and she tried to soothe him by saying that her brother had a great deal of influence with Rosamond, and they would refer the matter to him.

"Go now, mother. Don't wait a minute," pleaded Ben, and Mrs. Van Vechten started for her brother's library.

She found him alone and disclosed the object of her visit at once. Rosamond had refused her son, who, in consequence, was nearly distracted, and threatened going to the Crimean war—a threat she knew he would execute unless her brother persuaded Rosamond to revoke her decision and think again.

Mr. Browning turned as white as marble, but his sister was too much absorbed in her own matters to heed his emotions, and she continued—"Of course it will be mortifying to us all to have her in the family, and maybe Ben will get over it; but they must be engaged somehow, or I know he'll go away. I'll send her up to you immediately," and she hurriedly left the room in quest of Rosamond. For a moment Mr Browning sat like one stupified; then covering his face with his hands, he moaned, "Must *this* come upon me, too? Must I, who love her so madly, bid her marry another? And yet what does it matter? She can never be mine—and if she marries Ben I can keep them with me always, and that vile woman will have no cause for annoying me. She said Rosamond loved me, but I pray Heaven that may not be so."

A light tread echoed in the hall, and with each fall of those little feet, Ralph Browning's heart throbbed painfully. Another moment and Rosamond was there with him—her cheeks flushed—her eyelashes wet with tears, and her whole manner betraying an unusual degree of excitement.

"I understand from your sister," said she, "that you wish me to marry *Ben*, or leave your house. I will do the latter, but the former—never! Shall I consider our interview at an end?"

She turned to leave the room, but Mr. Browning caught her dress, exclaiming, "Stay, Rosamond, and hear me. I never uttered such words to Mrs. Van Vechten. I do not wish you to marry Ben, unless you love him. *Do* you love him, Rosamond? Do you love anybody?"

This was not what he intended to say—but he had said it, and now he waited for her answer. To the first question it came in a decided "No, I do not love him," and to the last it came in burning blushes, stealing over her cheek—her forehead—her neck, and speaking in her down-cast eye. She had never believed that she did love her guardian until told that he wished her to marry another, when it burst upon her in all its force, and she could no more conceal it now than she could stop the rapid beatings of her heart. He saw it all in her tell-tale face, and forgetting everything, he wound his arms around her, and drawing her to his side, whispered in her ear, "Darling Rosamond, say that you love me. Let me hear that assurance once, and I shall be almost willing to die."

"Ladies do not often confess an attachment until sure it is returned," was Rosamond's answer, and doubly forgetful now of all the dreary past, Ralph Browning poured into her rear but burning words of love—hugging her closer and closer to him until through the open window came the sound of Mr Peters' voice calling to the stranger-girl who had that morning entered service at Riverside as a waiting-maid in general. *Maria* was the name, and as the ominous word fell upon Mr. Browning's ear, he started, and pushing Rosamond from him, turned his face away so she could not see the expression of mute despair settling down upon it. Sinking upon the lounge he buried his face in its cushions while Rosamond looked curiously upon him, feeling sure that *she* knew what it was that so affected him. He had told her of his love—had said that she was dearer to him than his life, and in confessing this he had forgotten the dark shadow upon his life, and it was the dread of telling it to her—the pain of saying "I love you, but you cannot be my wife," which affected him so strangely. But *she* knew it all, and she longed to assure him of her sympathy. At last when he seemed to be more calm, she stole up to him, and kneeling at his side bent over him so that her bright hair mingled with his own. [To be continued.]

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

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WHEAT GROWING.—EVADING THE MIDGE.

It is nearly ten years since a full crop of Wheat has been produced in this State—the prevalence of the midge (miscalled weevil) in those sections which formerly produced the great staple most abundantly, and the consequent partial or entire destruction of the crop, having caused a great change in agricultural operations and materially depreciated the value of farming lands in many localities. Farmers who had mainly cultivated and depended upon the wheat crop for a long series of years, were suddenly confounded by the appearance and ravages of a myriad-headed enemy, and knew not what to do to alleviate the calamity. In some districts of Central and Western New York, wheat culture was given up with scarcely an effort to head of counteract an enemy which seemed more numerous and devouring than the locusts of Egypt, and attention directed to other crops, stock breeding, grazing and dairying—thus inaugurating a comparatively new system of husbandry over a large extent of country. The change was of course somewhat difficult and expensive, so that the profits of the farm were, for a time at least, greatly diminished. In some localities, however, many farmers continued to sow and harvest wheat, though generally with little success until recently and after adopting a change of varieties and other requisites.

The ordeal has been a severe one, but the skies are brightening, and we believe that wheat can again be abundantly and profitably grown in sections where the midge has prevailed and proved so destructive for several years. Indeed we think the experience of wise and prudent cultivators has already demonstrated the correctness of this opinion. Last year many farmers succeeded in evading the midge, and growing excellent and profitable crops of wheat—and their success induced others to sow somewhat extensively last fall, from which a good yield has been obtained the present season. This result has been achieved, mainly, by a change of varieties, time of sowing, and mode of culture. Though the weather has been remarkably favorable for the growth and maturity of the wheat plant this season, the success of our cultivators is in a great measure attributable to their wisdom and foresight in management—for the midge was not destroyed by the June frost, as many suppose, but appeared in myriad swarms at the usual period, ready to attack and destroy the staff of life. The wheat plant escaped only for the reason that it was so far advanced at the period when the insect usually operates as to be invulnerable.

Within the past month we have devoted no little time and attention to the investigation of this subject, visiting various localities in this region for the purpose of examining the growing wheat of different varieties, and ascertaining as to time of sowing and culture. We have seen as fine fields of wheat in various parts of this county as were grown previous to the appearance of the midge. In every instance *where early varieties were sown at the proper time, on good, dry and properly prepared soil, we have found the crops good*—excepting only where the severe June frost proved injurious. As remarked two weeks ago, we are aware that "one swallow does not make a summer"—that the present season has been remarkably favorable for the growth and maturity of the wheat plant—yet, from information obtained, last season and this, from observation and intelligent cultivators, we are satisfied that the former great staple of this section of the Union can still be successfully and profitably cultivated. And yet, confident as we are in this opinion, we do not wish to excite hopes which may not be realized—and would not advise those who have changed from wheat growing to other branches of husbandry *in which they are now succeeding*, to return at once or fully to the former staple. The soil of a large portion of this State is eminently adapted to the production of wheat, and in some sections—if the enemies of the crop can be evaded—it will probably long prove the most remunerative crop that can be grown. Hence, we believe it advisable for those who own good wheat soil, and are not profitably engaged in other branches, to try wheat culture again—returning to it gradually and on a small scale, until satisfied as to the safety and profit of a full resumption.

The practical question which arises among cultivators is, How can we best evade the midge? Many conjectural and some very plausible theories have hitherto been promulgated on this point, few of which have proved of any great value, being either impracticable or too expensive. The result of careful experiments, by some of our most intelligent, observing and experienced grain growers, however, proves that there are three requisites to successful wheat culture in regions where the midge prevails, and these we will briefly enumerate and discuss.

1. *Varieties.*—The first and most requisite is to secure and sow seed of early and hardy varieties—such as the Mediterranean, Golden Drop, Dayton, &c. Those who have grown these, and experimented with more recently introduced varieties, the past year, have been quite successful. The Mediterranean has improved in quality of late years, and also in productiveness. In some instances, last year, from thirty to forty bushels per acre were produced in this county, the grain being of excellent quality, and we presume (from the fields we have examined) that the yield and quality will both prove good the present season. The Dayton variety was grown in Genesee county last year, and gave good satisfaction—escaping the midge and producing thirty-five bushels per acre. The success of the experiment induced several farmers of Wheatland, in this county, to procure (from Ohio) and sow seed of this variety last fall, the product of which escaped the midge and looked very promising two weeks ago—when nearly ready for harvesting. As we stated in the RURAL of the 16th, (after examining about seventy acres on the farm of Hon. ELISHA HARMON,) "it is a very fine variety—a white bald wheat, with stiff straw, and if it acclimates as well as the Mediterranean will prove invaluable in this region." Other new varieties have been tried on a small scale this year—such as the Boughton Wheat, (seed from Virginia,) by Mr. WRAY, near this city, and the Early May, (seed from Southern Illinois,) by Mr. JAS. WHITE of Wayne county. We hope to hear soon from these and other gentlemen who have experimented with new varieties, and that they will state time of sowing, yield per acre, quality, &c., for the benefit of the public.

2. *Time of Sowing.*—The general opinion among our best farmers is that, whatever seed is used, *it must be sown early to escape the midge.* Some are of the opinion that the Soule's wheat can be successfully grown—as it has been this past season—by sowing as early as the 1st of September on rich, dry and well prepared soil. It should be remembered, however, that the present season has been more favorable for wheat in this region than any other for perhaps twenty years, and hence that the result this year is not a safe index for ordinary seasons. We should prefer the early varieties, such as those named above, and *would sow as early as possible after the 25th of August*—say the last week in August or first in September. This is the opinion of our best farmers, and those who have experimented most, and been most successful in wheat culture, since the prevalence of the midge.

Soil and Culture.—Early varieties and early sowing will prove of little avail without *a rich, dry wheat soil and good culture.* The great cereal cannot be produced advantageously on poor, wet land in any part of the Union, and especially in sections where the midge prevails. To produce wheat abundantly and profitably the soil must contain the proper elements, and be in the right condition. In many cases underdraining is of the utmost importance, even on farms where it is not considered necessary. No one need expect to grow good wheat, and evade the midge, unless he has a rich, warm and comparatively dry soil, and gives it good culture,—but with these, and attention to the requisites above named, we believe wheat can again be cultivated successfully in Western and Central New York and other midge-infested sections of the country.

EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE.

SORGHO AS A FORAGE PLANT.—The Marquis DE VIBRAYE communicates to the *Journal of Practical Agriculture* his experience in feeding sorgho to cattle. He says:—"The sorgho is not a violent poison for cattle; but if the effects observed, not only in my cultivation, but also in that of many of my neighbors, be frequently renewed, we ought necessarily to attribute to this plant a deleterious influence. On a farm which I occupy myself, twenty-five horned cattle have been fed exclusively on sorgho during a month; and from the precise day on which it was introduced in feeding the cattle, the journal of the farm shows a diminution of the profit of the dairy by one-half, and the same decrease was exhibited every month of feeding with sorgho. On the other hand, there was, in respect to one of the cows, a case of wind, that caused its death. Any other kind of food might have produced a similar accident; but what many of my neighbors have asserted is, the sterility of the cow fed on sorgho. If these two facts, sterility on the one hand, and a diminution of half in the production of milk on the other, repeated regularly in consequence of feeding the cows on sorgho, we must conclude from them that this plant is injurious; since it hinders or diminishes all kinds of production by interfering with the secretions, which must necessarily provoke a perturbation in the animal organism; all morbid causes having their origin in suppressions of this nature."

FEEDING COWS IN A WINTER DAIRY.—The great authority on this subject, says the *Gardener's Chronicle*, is Mr. HORSFALL, who has laid the public under great obligations to himself for the publication of his experiments and views on this interesting question. His method of feeding is the following:—In May his cows are turned out on rich pasture near the homestead; towards evening they are housed for the night, when they are supplied with a mess of a steamed mixture, to be afterwards described, and a little hay each morning and evening. During June mown grass is given to them instead of hay, and they are also allowed two feeds of steamed mixture. This treatment is continued till October, when they are again wholly housed. After this they receive steamed food *ad libitum* three times per day. After each meal cabbages are given, from October till December; Kohl Rabi till February; and mangel till grass-time—the supply of each of these varieties of green food being limited to 30 or 35 lbs. per day for each cow; 4 lbs. of meadow hay are also allowed after each meal, or 12 lbs. per day for each cow, and water is placed before them twice a day, of which they partake as much as they feel inclined for. The steamed food consists of "5 lbs. of rape-cake, 2 lbs. of bran, for each cow, mixed with a sufficient quantity of bean-straw, oat straw, and shells of oats, in equal proportions, to supply them three times a day with as much as they will eat. The whole of the materials are moistened and blended together, and, after being well steamed, are given to the animals in a warm state. The attendant is allowed 1 lb. to 1½ lbs. of bean-meal per cow, according to circumstances, which he is charged to give to each cow in proportion to the yield of milk, those in full milk getting 2 lbs. each per day, others but little; it is dry, and mixed with the steamed food on its being dealt out separately." This is certainly high feeding, but it is amply repaid by the results; for while cows fed in the ordinary way seldom produce milk which yields more than 1 oz. to every quart, Mr. HORSFALL'S milk gives upwards of 1½ ozs. for every quart. It is also an important part of his system never to allow his cows to fall off in condition. He considers the maintenance of the condition essential to a large yield of milk. There can be no doubt of the soundness of this opinion. A cow low in condition cannot give the same quantity of milk, as much of the nourishment of the food is drawn off to make up the condition of the animal. And when a very lean cow is put on rich food, it is some weeks before the full benefit of the food can be obtained in milk for the reason stated above. In Scotland bran is not very often used as an ingredient in any mixture of food for milk cows; but it will be seen from the foregoing that it forms an important part of Mr. HORSFALL'S mixture.

Some time ago we came upon the following extract, we believe from the *Irish Farmers' Gazette*, which gives some valuable hints as to the use of different substances in the feeding of milk cows:—"In reading over the experiments on feeding in Stephens, a difference of opinion exists as to the comparative fattening qualities of linseed cake, bean and other meal; and in the "Report of the Larne National Agricultural School for 1858," 1 lb. of beans is said to be equal in fattening qualities to 30 lbs. of turnips, and nearly 3 lbs. of oatmeal. I tried the bean-meal one season, at the rate of 3 lbs. a day, boiled, for each milk cow, with mangel, turnip and hay. By February one of them was fat, but I may say dry; and the others with about half the quantity of milk they had when commencing. I tried, for two winters, oatmeal, the same quantity in the same way, and each cow gave three times the quantity of milk and butter, and turned out full better the following summer. I tried the same quantity of yellow Indian meal last winter, and I think it good for both milk and butter. I tried bran for three winters, at the rate of 4 lbs. every night for each cow; it was equal to the oatmeal, while using, and my cows turned out better the following summer than on any other feeding. The bran not only keeps them healthy, and gives them a greater relish for their food, but there is some combination of qualities in it beyond what any writer I have seen attributes to it."

The state in which the food is given has also a great effect in the production of both milk and butter. We have observed more than once that the yield of butter and milk is never so great when we give cows boiled turnips, with beans boiled quite soft amongst them, as when they get the boiled turnips and the same weight of beans made into meal and mixed raw with them. Again, there is more milk and no taste of the turnip in it, when the turnips are pulped and mixed with cut straw or chaff and fermented, than if the same weight of turnips are given whole and raw.

PORTRAIT OF A PRIZE COTSWOLD.

COTSWOLD SHEEP.—if their appearance in our markets, and the prices paid by butchers form a sufficient basis for correct judgment,—are fast obtaining popularity as a mutton breed among American farmers. The Cotswold is a long-time bred sheep in England. Like the New Leicester, the care and judicious selections of English breeders have done much towards their improvement, and although the size has been somewhat reduced, yet the aptitude to fatten and mature early has been greatly increased. Wethers are often fattened at fourteen months, when they weigh from 15 pounds to 21 pounds per quarter, and at two years from 20 pounds to 30 pounds. The experiments of Mr. LAWES "on the comparative qualities of the various English breeds of sheep," demonstrate that the Cotswolds will lay on fat with greater rapidity, and more in proportion to the amount of food consumed, than any other breed. The following table gives the pith of the results of these accurately conducted experiments:

	Oil-cake. lbs.	oz.	Hay. lbs.	oz.	Turnips. lbs.
Cotswold	259	12	219	1	3 608
Hampshire	204		259	12	3 941
Leicester	262	8	251		3 759
Half-bred wethers	264		251		3 725
do. ewes	268		250		3 666
Sussex	314	4	304	8	4,086

In our own country, those who have imported and bred the Cotswold hold them in high estimation, for both mutton and wool. The wool is strong, mellow, and of good color, though rather coarse, six to eight inches in length, and averaging seven to eight pounds the fleece.

A few facts and figures in regard to the estimate placed upon this breed of sheep by both breeders and butchers may prove of interest, hence we extract from the RURAL the following items:

"R. G. COFFIN, of Dutchess Co., gives his preference to the Cotswold over any other breed when looked upon as a wool-producing and mutton sheep. He sold in December last five wethers, 21 months old, at $14 each. The expense of rearing them to that age, including pasture, hay, turnips, and grain, was $42,13. They produced 40 lbs. of wool at 31½ cents, amounting to $12,60, making the whole income from them $82,60 and leaving a clear profit of a fraction over $8 each."

This account, though very satisfactory, is wanting in one important point—the live weight of the sheep. If we suppose they weighed 200 pounds, then they sold for 7 cents per pound. Or if we suppose their live weight was 175 pounds, which may be nearer the truth for sheep of that age, then they sold for 8 cents per pound. There is also a profit of $40 in feeding $42,13 worth of feed.

In the Market Report of the New York *Tribune*, Feb. 6th, 1858, is an account of the sale at Albany of 45 Cotswold sheep at $16 a head, the live weight of which was 188 pounds each. Forty of them were from the farm of WM. HALLOCK, Monroe Co., N. Y. These sheep sold for nearly 8½ cents a pound, live weight. The age is not given, but the live weight would seem to indicate that they were young sheep.

In the RURAL of Jan. 22, 1859, is the following: "Good Sheep and Good Prices—In the Market Report of the Albany *Journal*, we read, J. B. CROSBY, brought in eight head, fed by WM. HALLOCK, of Rush, Monroe Co., N. Y., which averaged 240 lbs. each—one weighed 268 pounds. They were full-blooded Cotswolds, 2 years and 8 months old; purchased by McGRAW at $25 per head." It was further stated in the *Journal* "that McGRAW said, any one having any more such sheep could draw on him for $25 a head for them."

Our engraving gives a good representation of a prize Cotswold Buck, the property of Mr. GEO. HEWER, Ley Gore, Gloucestershire, Eng., and winner of the First Prize of £125 at a meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society some years ago.

ABOUT CORN AND SOME OTHER THINGS.

CAN Indian Corn be cultivated too much? English writers make mention of land being harrowed to excess, until it becomes, to use their phrase, "deaf." English agricultural nomenclature, I have often thought, partakes somewhat of the gibberish of their uneducated peasant laborers. In this case I know not exactly what is meant by the word deaf, but conjecture that it is intended to denote a finely powdered road dust condition of the soil.

I have this year a field of seven acres, of deep sandy loam, lying contiguous to my door yard, and along the public highway, without stump or other obstacle to cultivation, and which has been for two years past a cow pasture. This spring I covered it well with barnyard manure, plowed it deep with three horses abreast, then, harrowed it thoroughly—crossing the harrowing diagonally in different directions—until a surface tilth was obtained nice for planting, then marked it out—somewhat as a ledger is ruled for straightness—four feet each way, then planted it with corn, using plenty of seed, so that nearly every hill needed thinning to obtain a stand of four plants to each hill; then dropped a tablespoonful of unleached ashes on each hill. President BUCHANAN says that short sentences are best, so I make a period here. As soon as the corn was visible I plastered it at the rate of three barrels to the seven acres, and at the same time dug into every hill that exhibited signs of cut worms, and

pinched them to death. The corn, from the first, gave good promise of excellence, and its position, in sight from the highway, and from the porch of our sitting-room, stimulated me to do what I could in the way of cultivation—besides, I had told the boys, my nephews, and they had told others, that I meant to lead in corn this year. Accordingly I have been through it with a light three-toothed cultivator six times, twice in a row each time, and have hoed it twice, the first hoeing a thorough one, the second was little more than leveling and adjusting the clean, mellow soil around the hill.—Within range of my ride, for miles each way, I have not seen field corn half as large. While holding the cultivator in this corn field I occasionally queried, "Can Corn be Cultivated too Much?" I think it can. Amateur gardeners sometimes spoil their land with manure, and amateur farmers may cultivate too much, but I confess I never have seen it done. There is one great benefit derived from frequent and early cultivation, of which I have not read,—that is, the decomposition of the sward is very much hastened, and is accomplished in time for the wants of the crop. This I think is a very important item. As long as any rip or tear is perceptible by contact of the cultivator with the sward, I think we may safely continue to cultivate.

While engaged in the cultivation of this field of corn, following a well-trained, and very docile mare, "fat and sleek as a mole"—inhaling the pure breeze as it came laden with the perfume of clover pastures—looking from the eminence on which I stood upon river and road and adjoining fields, where were neighbors similarly engaged—with a deep well of pure cold water conveniently by—and the faces of loved ones ever and anon in sight in the house porches—with an occasional spontaneous outburst of encomium from a passer by, as well as from these aforesaid loved ones, who could perceive that the corn had grown between morn and night—I thought of the din of war, of the strife and dust of commercial life, of the dependence of ill-requited professional labor, and I said there may be happiness in the farmer's life, easily attained, deeply felt.

I began this article with a question, which I have attempted to answer; I wish to end it by asking another. Eloquent casuists have declared that a little pride is not only admissable, but is a positive benefit. It is well for me if this be true—for I confess I have been conscious of a *very little* pride about this corn. The difficulty is, I cannot find any scripture recognition of pride as a virtue. Now, Friend Moore, when Rural readers are puzzled they apply to the Rural for help; will the editors tell us farmers whether we may feel just a *very little proud* of a good crop? P. H.

Milan, Erie Co., O., 7th Mo. 4, 1859.

Remarks It is our private opinion, somewhat publicly expressed, that such moderate pride as our esteemed correspondent evidently possesses, *is* allowable under the circumstances. Though pride in the abstract may not be recognized as a virtue in scripture, we believe such as springs from a consciousness of the strict performance of one's duty to his soil, his fellow man and his country—as in the careful and superior culture of such indispensable products as corn, wheat, etc.,—is just and proper, and may be indulged in with impunity. And, moreover, we believe an editor is justifiable for feeling a moderate degree of pride in having such careful and successful cultivators as P. H. among his correspondents!—Ed.

CEMENT ROOFS—CARBONIZED BRICK, &c.

Friend Moore:—Your paper of July 2d is before me, and I have read the article of P. H., of Milan, O. Sixty-five years have passed over me, and obliterated all ambition to appear as a writer for publication, but as P. H. does not write me, except through your paper, I am compelled to resort to the same channel of communication, relying upon your friendship to correct any error in diction that may occur.

P. H.'s four difficulties I have met with frequently, and I answer that I think the first cost would be about the same as a good roof of other materials. Cement of any earthy material will absorb moisture, will swell and contract by heat and cold—so will the substance to which it is confined, and if they all return to their normal condition, no rupture is effected. Does the mortar between brick expand so as to throw off? But suppose if any difficulty of that kind should arise, a lute prepared in which oil is the moistening ingredient, I think the difficulty would be removed,—yet I am aware that a roof would be a severe test, and although I fully believe that it will stand it unscathed, it is problematical; but between the joints of vertical walls I think the question is answered by looking at any brick structure. If this answer is satisfactory, then we can place upon the inside or outside wall an incombustible article that would be indestructible and impenetrable to atmospheric influences, for you understand the brick are to be burned to the consistency of glass. As P. H.'s inquiries extend only to roofing, it may be superfluous to add anything except on that subject; but as the subject is broached, I am tempted to wade in and open another and wider field. For years I have been satisfied that *clay* should occupy a more important position than I have known assigned to it. Before Joseph Wedgwood, Esq., made the advancement in the ceramic art, clay administered little to the necessities of the human family, but since that epoch it has formed an indispensable necessity and luxury—but its shape or form has been confined to spherical-shaped articles, or to a limited extended surface, like a brick or tile, and the reason given is, that in a flat, extended surface, as dessication progresses, the edges cannot be brought nearer the centre by any adhesive quality the mass possesses, and therefore cracks occur as the clay parts with its humidity and renders the manufactured article worthless. This difficulty I have surmounted, for I *know* that I can dry in a perfect level surface any given surface that can be safely handled. When this is accomplished the process of burning is simple, under the control of a skillful manipulator—or else I am wrongly informed. The next question is *cui bono?*—if a sidewalk is desired and you can have brick burned to the consistency of glass, 2, 2½ or 3 inches thick, with perfect edges, 18 by 24 inches, and laid upon a suitable foundation, would not the pedestrian be accommodated with a level footing?—would it not be vastly less expensive?—would it not be more pleasant to the eyes with an exact curb-stone? If Rochester streets were to be re-paved, and you were to substitute for the bumping, rumbling cobble-stone, a brick carbonized block 12 inches long, 4 by 4, and set on a firm foundation endwise—the next generation would use them and thank the past—for a good carbonized brick is harder than the hardest stone. If Buffalo or New York needed a wharf that would prevent the ingress and egress of water and rats, and would last as long as the waters lave the shores, then build them of 3 by 4 carbonized brick scantling, 3, 4, 5 or 6 feet long. If a bridge is to span the Niagara, build the piers and abutments of this article on a good foundation, and you are safe,—if the Erie Canal is to be lined, use 2, 2½ or 3 inch thick tile, 18 by 24 inches, and put on your steamboats,—if an arch is to be formed, get your curve and mould your brick to suit, and you may defy time or pressure,—if your fire-proof building is to have a suitable floor, use this article, smooth, and with variegated surface, (if desired,) and it is all right. Your tomb-stone, with raised or depressed letters,—your horse's watering-trough could be made from the same material, and I am mistaken if the track for the wheels of carriages could not be readily, cheaply and durably made, if this article might be employed, that would give the traveler the ease of the railroad, and I believe that the railroad could be built at half its present cost, more durable and vastly quicker,—the fence post, I know, can be made from this article.

Indeed, time would fail me to enumerate the uses to which clay and sand, manufactured as above, might be applied, *if* they can be burned *good*. Can this be done? It would require a furnace of 14 or 16 inch thick walls, of a height to suit the article to be burned, and they (the articles) be set in the longest way vertical, and then burn with a heat that is equally disseminated, and increased to the desired temperature. P. H. says that it has not been tested,—true, and my age and situation (away from any grinder) forbid my doing it; neither have I built a fire for to-morrow, but I have the fuel and the means of kindling—so I have the dried clay and sand, but I have no furnace, but I have before me the large platter and the carbonized brick, and I am firmly in the belief that what has been done, *can be done.* Wm. Lyman.

Moscow, N. Y., July, 1859.

SEEDING TO GRASS.—CROPS, &c., IN IOWA.

Eds. of Rural:—Your correspondent of July 9th, complains of being used up in the grass seed line, but gives a clue to the cause of his failure, i. e., he sowed in March, April and September, neither of which is the proper time to sow, although, under favorable circumstances, grass seed will catch sown almost any time in the year, but nevertheless there is a time to sow. Timothy and red top are perennial plants, and the proper time to sow in any climate, is when the seed becomes so ripe that it falls to the earth of its own accord. This time of course will vary in different climates. But occurs in this latitude from the 20th of July to the 15th of August. Turnips may be sown with the timothy; the ground should be thoroughly prepared, and you may reasonably expect a good crop of turnips in the fall and a good crop of hay the next summer. The practice of sowing timothy in the spring or fall with grain crops, in the expressive language of the day, *won't pay.*

While talking about grasses, I would say that the crop of grass is splendid in Iowa. Wheat and oats are not worth bragging about. Perhaps there is some more than half a crop; but the corn crop is emphatically the crop of Iowa, and this promises an abundant yield—in fact, I have not seen as good a prospect for corn but once in nine years. The drooping spirits of the farmers of this country begin to revive. They appear to breathe freer, and look cheerful. The season has been rather wet, and fears were entertained lest we should have another failure, but now the prospect is that we will have enough and to spare. We have been exempt from the late frosts that visited the States further east. The financial crisis, and two successive crop failures, with the Pike's Peak emigration, have well nigh ruined the business of this country, but we are still looking forward to that "good time coming." This is destined to be a great farming country, although it may take a long time to develop its resources. The soil is unsurpassed in richness, but timber is scarce for building and fencing, and in many instances is hauled from ten to fifteen miles. You denizens of the forest would think it a hard case to rise in the morning, the thermometer 20° below zero, and harness your team and drive fifteen miles and back (over an open plain, with the wind fairly howling around you,) to get a load of wood. But timber may be raised on the prairie. Cotton wood seems to be best adapted to the soil, is of quick growth, and like the willow, may be propagated from cuttings; a small twig stuck in the earth without roots, will grow in fifteen years to a large tree that will make a cord of wood. I think by setting them eight or ten feet apart, they would make good posts for a wire fence. The wire could be put through the trees when about four years old; it will then be near four inches in diameter; the wood grows firmly around the wire and makes a substantial fence, and is very cheap and durable. I tried some on a small scale two years ago, and the wire is perfectly tight and the trees growing finely. The trees would have to be trimmed to keep them from getting too shady, and the trimmings would make a large amount of fuel.

A. Yancey.

Mt. Pleasant, Henry Co., Iowa, July 15, 1859.

How to Grow Large Potatoes.—The *North British Agriculturist* says:—"To improve the size of potatoes, whether planted with small or large, whole, or even cut potatoes, when the plants are only a few inches high, let the shoots be reduced by pulling them up to one or two, or at most three of the strongest. The tubers will, consequently, be fewer and very much larger, also, in measure nearly all fit for market and the table. Every grower will do well to try a few rows by way of experiment, if he disbelieves the truth of this statement."

CULTURE OF POTATOES.—HOEING.

In a late Rural I notice a caution against hoeing potatoes when the vines are wet with rain or dew, and a case is mentioned of two parts of a lot of potatoes, in which one was hoed three times in wet weather, while the other was hoed but once, in the middle of the day,—the latter giving a large crop, while the former blighted early and yielded few and inferior potatoes. The treatment of both patches was otherwise the same. It is well known, or should be, that beans hoed when wet with dew or rain, will blight wherever the soil touches the wet vines, and the same may be true in regard to potatoes, for aught I know. But in this case the extra hoeing may have injured the vines if done in any state of the weather, especially if much dirt was plied about the roots at the last hoeing. Experience and observation teach that potatoes should be hilled but once, and not at all after the young potatoes have begun to "set." If much earth is piled over them then it destroys or greatly injures the tubers, and in many cases new ones must be formed above the first set. Potatoes, if hoed twice, must be hoed before the setting of young tubers, though it might be even still better to make a good large, broad, (not conical,) hill at first, and let all after cultivation, if any, consist in merely removing weeds from near the plants, without any further attempt at hilling. Let us have the experience of others on this subject.

Henrietta, N. Y., 1859. W. J. Fowler.

Inquiries and Answers.

Information Wanted.—I would like to get a little information to cure a year old colt which has stiff or rather weak legs from birth until the present time. It can run and jump sometimes. Will some one who knows of such a case tell me through the Rural about it?—J. B. Gehman, *Hereford, Pa.*, 1859.

Cleansing Wool for Home Use.—Can some of the numerous Rural correspondents give through its columns the mode of cleansing wool for home manufacture? As some of us poor Michiganders have to manufacture our own cloth, we wish to know how to cleanse it so the wool carder won't grumble.—A Subscriber, *Wheatland, Hillsdale, Co., Mich.*, 1859.

Plan for a Farm Stable.—As it is the privilege of your subscribers to make inquiries, I would ask some one to submit a plan for a farmer's stable, large enough for ten or twelve horses, and hay for the winter, with crib, granaries, shelter for wagon, and having the qualities of cheapness, convenience, and durability.—J. W. Nutt, *Waynetown, Mont. Co., Ind.*, 1859.

White Guinea Fowls.—Having noticed an account in a late number of the Rural concerning the White Guinea Hen, as I wish to get some, will you please inform me where I can get them and at what price?—Daniel Morey, *Lyons, Wayne Co., N. Y.*

Edward Onion, of Dedham, Mass., we think can give you the information you desire.

The Heaves—Windgalls, &c.—S. Hall, of Auburn, N. Y., gave a prescription in the Rural of Sept. 11th, 1858—a sure cure for the heaves. I should like to know, before trying such a complicated medicine, whether any one has tried it and found it as good as recommended. I would also like to know the best and surest remedy for windgalls on horses, or whether they can be cured? How should a horse be fed when doctoring for the heaves? Will some one or more of the many readers of the Rural please answer?—A Subscriber, *Susq. Co., Pa.*, 1859.

What Ailed the Cows?—In the spring of 1857 my cows were divided into two parts—one-half removed to an adjoining farm, the other half remaining. In the spring following (1858) the half remaining had a disease of which I have never before seen the like—both hair and skin, I should think, coming off near the back bone in spots the size of a man's hand—some larger and some smaller. All were affected at the old place—in some cases lasting through the season—while those removed one year before had none. The diseased cows were in good condition, and never did better than that summer. Can you, or any of your numerous correspondents, give the name of this disease, the cause, and cure? By so doing you will confer a favor on a constant reader of the Rural.—Geo. Clark, Jr., *Perth Centre, Fulton Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

From the description—with a single exception, the animals doing so well, although diseased—would say your cows were troubled with Mange, one of the most serious affections of the skin in cattle. In this disease the hair comes off entirely, or gets thin on various parts of the body. There are few scabs or sores; but either in consequence of the rubbing, or as an effect of the disease, a thick scurfiness appears, particularly along the back, and in patches on other places. It is usually first seen about the tail, and thence it spreads in every direction. The causes are various; they are occasionally as opposite as it is possible for them to be. Too luxuriant food will produce it; it will more certainly follow starvation. Want of cleanliness, although highly censurable, has been oftener accused as the cause of mange than it deserves; but to nothing can it more frequently be traced than to contagion.

The treatment is simple and effectual. The diseased cattle should be removed to some distant stable or shed where there can be no possible communication with the others. The disease, however produced, must be considered and treated as a local one. The scurfiness of the skin must first be got off, by means of a hard brush, or a curry-comb, somewhat lightly applied. To this must follow the application of an ointment which appears to have a specific effect on the mange, and which must be well rubbed in with a soft brush, or, what is far better, with the hand, night and morning. The ointment must have sulphur as its basis, aided by turpentine, which somewhat irritates the skin, and disposes it to be acted upon by the sulphur; and, to render it still more efficacious, a small portion of mercury must be added. The following will be a safe and effectual application—there are few cases which will resist its power. Take of flowers of sulphur a pound, common turpentine four ounces, strong mercurial ointment two ounces, and linseed oil a pint. Warm the oil and melt the turpentine in it; when they begin to get cool, add the sulphur, and stir the ingredients well together, and afterwards incorporate the blue ointment with the mass by rubbing them together.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Brains the Manure for Wet Lands.

Under this quaint caption the editor of the *Homestead* remarks:—"We are asked every day or two what manure will do on certain lands described as holding water a good while, or where it is "tolerably dry comes first of June of a good season," or where coarse grass and brakes will come in as soon as it has lain in grass a year or two, and where you can't get half a crop of anything. Under the direction of Boussingault, the Royal and Central Agricultural Society of France addressed a circular to agriculturists, inquiring into the use of gypsum. One of the questions related to its use on wet meadows, and the universal response was that it had no beneficial action. Stable and yard manure is as good as thrown away. If the land dries as early as the first part of June, a dressing of horse and cow manure, rather heating, applied late in May, will help warm up the land and make a crop of corn, but that will be the end of it. Ashes applied in spring, also, are of temporary benefit. Guano or superphosphate must be applied in the hill or on the surface with a knowledge that an unusually wet season will thoroughly neutralize their effects. Tax the brain a little—devise a plan for thoroughly draining the land, and then your manure will tell its story year after year, and the probability is that such land will become the richest and most remunerative of the farm."

How Weeds are Produced.

Professor Buckman, of England, has recently made some careful investigations as to the amount of weeds contained in seeds sold as clean, and we will state a few of the results obtained, as they cannot fail, we think, to interest our readers:—The Professor found "in a pint of clover seed, 7,000 weed seeds; in a pint of grass seed, 12,600; in broad clover, 39,440; and in two pints of Dutch clover, severally, 25,560 and 70,400 weed seeds. Supposing these samples to be sown, here were seeds enough to stock the land for many years. The farmer often goes to the cheapest market, and gets weeds for corn, and so pays dear for what he considers a cheap bargain."

If this be true in relation to English farming, how much more so must it be in America, where it is well known much less pains are taken in preparing grain for market, as well as in the selection of the seed and the general cultivation of the soil. In purchasing seed grain, turnip seed, grasses, etc., farmers often display a want of judgment and ordinary prudence by selecting such articles as are cheap, or, rather lower-priced, for that is not really cheap that is not genuine; and we can conceive no greater post in an agricultural neighborhood than a "cheap seed store," in the but too common acceptation of the term.

The fecundity of some weeds is truly astonishing. Professor Buckman has counted over 8,000 seeds in a single plant of black mustard, and in a specimen of charlock, 4,000 seeds. The common stinking camomile produces 46,000; and the seed of a single plant of the common dock produced 1,700 little docks.

Handling Horses While Being Shod.

W. V. Pierce, Veterinary Surgeon, Ravenna, Ohio, writes thus to the *Ohio Cultivator*:—Many horses, both young and old, are much spoiled by shoers. Horses sometimes stand quiet and easy, at other times they refuse to stand still while one foot is up—they struggle until it is released, and frequently the shoer beats, speaks sharply, swears, and frightens the horse, so that he must be held by force or abandoned. Another takes the tools and sets his shoes without any trouble. Now for a few of the reasons:

Under certain circumstances the muscles cramp, causing severe pain. Almost at any time a horse's hind leg may be raised so high, or in such a position, as to cause severe cramping, not to be endured. When a horse has had all the muscles relaxed by exercise, and stands and cools quick, an unusual position will most certainly produce cramping, and at the same time makes him irritable. A horse that has stood for some time in the cold, uneasy, and suffering with anxiety to get home, is in a bad condition to stand the bangs, and often painful position of shoeing, and too often fretted to that degree that he never gets over it—too often forced to stand and endure the pain of severe cramping, pricking, etc., until he will never forget it, and often refuses to enter the shop again.

Some horse-shoers have a habit of raising the foot and leg so high that no common horse can stand it, and thus he will shoe horses half his lifetime before he knows that the fault is in himself. The awkwardness and ill temper of some shoers is sufficient reason to withdraw your patronage, although they may do their work well. The damage done by forcing the horse to stand in pain, and the injury to his disposition, is infinitely more injury than to go ten miles, and spend a day and pay double price to one who has some sympathy, and shoes him without pain. One who exercises some reason, and judgment, and patience, and seems to sympathize with the suffering animal, has little or no trouble, and does no damage.

I once knew a horse that, if he was minus a shoe, would go by himself to a particular smithy, and there stand until the shoe was set. I once owned a horse that was shod three or four years without any trouble—at last he was sent to a shop to be shod, the shoer being a little intoxicated, frightened him, beat and abused him in such a manner, that he ever after feared to approach a blacksmith shop, and if forced to enter one, would tremble with fear. I think I shall be justified in saying that one-half of the horse-shoers are incompetent to the task, saying nothing about their workmanship of setting shoes. I have no doubt but some fancy shoers are the cause of splints, bogs, and curbs, as well as kicking, cringing, pulling at the halter, etc., etc.

Reader, if you are the owner of a good horse, go yourself and see him shod, unless you are well acquainted with the shoer, and know him to be careful, patient, mild-tempered, and humane. Withdraw your patronage from all reverse characters, before you sustain a loss. Never submit to or employ a shoer, whose character or intellect is inferior to that of your horse. If you do, you may have him lamed, abused and spoiled.

Agricultural Miscellany.

The Wheat Crop of 1859 has generally been harvested in good condition, and the commercial papers are already singing pæans thereat, and greatly exaggerating the actual result. Authorities *differ* full 100,000,000 of bushels in estimating the yield of the crop, proving that most fabulous statistics must be used in some instances, and that recklessness of assertion is not confined to political warfare. No doubt the crop is an abundant one in most wheat-growing sections of the country, yet that the yield is so much greater than that of 1858 as many suppose is an absurdity. It may be a few millions more this year than last, though that is even yet doubtful. An estimate of the comparative yield of the wheat crop of 1858 and 1859—made by Col. Johnson, Secretary of N. Y. State Ag. Society, and published in the Rural of April 9th—gave the estimated product for 1859 at only 158,500,000 bushels, against a total of 180,000,000 in 1858, (a difference of 21,500,000 bushels.) This estimate was, we presume, predicated upon the probable number of acres sown each year, and if so we hardly think the crop of this year will exceed that of last—for, though the season has generally been remarkably favorable, the June frost greatly depreciated the yield in some sections. We are aware that so much guess-work is indulged in annually relative to the wheat crop that it is difficult to approximate the truth, but submit that estimates which put the yield of the crop of 1859 at between two and three hundred millions of bushels are most absurd, and calculated to injure producers and benefit speculators. The prospect is that breadstuffs will rate low enough for awhile in any event, and we protest against making figures lie in order to promote the interests of non-producers.

Illinois State Ag. Society.—We are in receipt of a pamphlet containing the Constitution, Rules and Regulations and Premium List for the next (7th) Annual Fair of the Illinois State Ag. Society, to be held at Freeport, Sept. 5th to 9th inclusive. The premiums offered amount to $16,000, and are well distributed in the various branches of Agriculture, Horticulture, Mechanic Arts, Manufactures, &c. The Society offers $3,000 as a first premium, and $2,000 as a second premium, for the first and second best Steam Engines suitable for Plowing and other farm work; and the Ill. Central R. R. Company offer $1,500 additional for the best—making $6,500 for the Steam Plow. Such inducements ought to bring out the right machine for plowing by steam, and we have faith that they will accomplish the desired object. Illinois is a great State, but the Steam Plow will make it greater—giving it a vast deal more productive and paying land to the acre.

Maple Sugar—*Large Lump for one "Bush"*—Vermont is a great State for some things—Morgan horses, sheep (with or without "Cornwall finish") and tall men, for instance—but can be beat in the sweetening line. Our "special" friend P. (who, as one of the State Appraisers, is "around" somedeal, and picks up many facts,) says it may be a great thing up there in Vt. for a person to make 1,000 to 7,000 lbs. of sugar in a single season, as stated in a late number of the Rural—but in our own State, and especially on the famous "John Brown Tract," it would be called rather a poor yield. A single farmer in Denmark, Lewis county, (Judge Blodgett,) has made, this last season, *ten tuns* of as nice maple sugar as was ever produced in Vermont. The Judge taps about three thousand trees in one bush. Our Vermont friends are not expected to "dry up" on maple sap, but to "try again."

Wind Mills.—We think it may prove beneficial to some of our readers to state that Mr. Thomas C. Vice, of this city, is a successful builder of Wind Mills of various sizes and for different purposes. He has erected several mills in Illinois at a cost of over $5,000 each, which are giving good satisfaction. Mr. V. is now paying attention to the construction of small mills, (for farmers and mechanics,) which cost from $75 to $200 each. Jno. R. Murray, Esq., of Mt. Morris, says Mr. Vice has just erected a wind mill for him, to be used for raising water and other purposes, which gives entire satisfaction.

Marking Sheep.—Mr. A. Willson, of Marcellus, N. Y., writes:—"The mode of marking sheep in this neighborhood is to imprint the initials of the owner's name on the side of the sheep. Boiled linseed oil and lampblack form the composition. The letters are made of soft wood in the following manner:—Take a piece of soft wood 2½ by 4 or 5 inches and 8 inches long; make one end smooth, then mark out the letters and cut away the wood around them about half an inch deep. They must be made in the form of printer's type Some prefer a set of figures."

The Weather of the past week has been decidedly "catching," with frequent and heavy rains, in this locality. If the wet weather prevailed in other sections of Western New York and the West, the completion of harvesting must have been greatly retarded, and more or less damage caused. It is believed, however, that the wheat crop has mostly been secured in good order, though we hear of some injury from the extra moisture. The rains have been favorable for fruit, corn, grass, &c.

Weather of June 1859 and of 1816—*Facts and Teachings.*—The cold weather of June 1859 has left its tracks behind, but the warmer last half of the month and of the first half of July have redeemed the evil in good measure. As the Indian corn, which had its tops cut down, grew again from the roots, there is hope of a crop. The trees, which lost their young foliage and appeared as if a fire had passed over them, are putting forth again, and their foliage will be adequate. The effects of frost have been the same in parts of New England. No similar June has occurred since 1816, when this country was nearly a forest, and the cold of that *cold summer*, as it was long called, was little felt here. Let us see the weather of that June:

1816.—*June 5th.* Temperature at 12 was 83 deg.; a thunder shower (heavy) reduced the temperature to 69 deg. at 2 P. M., and much lower at evening.

6th. Snow squalls very severe; high N. W. wind; snow drifted on the hills; mean heat of the day, 43.4 deg.

7th. Cold driving northwester; no frost; earth frozen, and water frozen; moist earth frozen, so that a ring of it was taken up round the corn, leaving the corn standing. Mean, 43.5 deg.

8th. Some ice—no frost—windy—earth frozen again; cucumbers and garden vegetables destroyed. Mean, 46.8.

9th. Some warmer—wind lessening. Mean, 49.6 deg.

10th. Severe frost, clear and still. Corn, beans, potatoes, &c., cut down to the ground, and young leaves of the forest frozen. Mean, 44.1 deg.

11th. Severe frost, clear and cold. Heat rose to 70.5 deg. at noon, and the mean was 54.8 deg. In six days after the trees of the hills for miles had the appearance of having been scorched by fire. Subsequently the trees put forth their leaves again; corn grew up from the roots, and potatoes also.

So much for June. Did the corn ripen? In the valleys the corn in its ears was killed by a frost Aug. 29th. Many farmers cut up their corn by the roots and set it up in *hocks* on the earth. In this position more than half of it ripened and became hard. That which was left uncut, or was merely *topped*, ripened very little; the sap seemed to go down into the roots or to evaporate, and the corn shrunk, while in the *cut up* corn the sap seemed to flow into the corn and fill it out to maturity in some good degree. Should our corn be late, or suffer from a too early frost, the lesson of 1816 may be profitable in 1859.—C. D.

HORTICULTURAL.

HERBACEOUS PLANTS.

The Spring flowers are past, the trees and shrubs that so delighted us with their beauty and fragrance in the earlier summer months, please us no more, the fine late Annuals, such as the Balsam and Aster are not yet in bloom, and for the Phloxes and Dahlias we must wait a month or so longer.—This season, therefore, gives us an opportunity to examine and appreciate some of the pretty and too much neglected Herbaceous Flowers; as they are now almost the only ornaments of the garden.—First, and most conspicuous among these we find that old favorite family, the

Aconitum, (Monkshood) or *Turks-cap*, as we called it in our youthful days. There are several varieties, mostly blue, but there are also white and yellow. The flowers grow in spikes which in some sorts are three or four feet long. Among the prettiest sorts, which we notice in flower now, is a *versicolor*, white and blue, a very marked and pretty variety. *Variegatum* is much like *versicolor*, being light blue, edged with white. A small yellow variety called *lucidenum*, and a fine white sort, *Alba*.

Delphinium or *Perennial Larkspur*, is another showy and hardy class, composed of many species and varieties. Like the former, they are mostly blue in color, from three to five feet in height, and flower most freely. Indeed, when properly managed the whole plant seems like a wreath of blossoms of the brightest azure colors. Few flowers give as rich a variety of the most delicate and singularly beautiful shades of color, from the slightest tinge to the darkest purple. Among the finest we noticed *Barlowii*, growing five feet in height, with dark blue flowers; *Formosa*, very deep blue; *Sinensis*, light azure blue; *Alba*, white; *Grandiflorum*, double, deep azure blue; *Napellis*, large, dark blue. In addition to these, we noticed as very fine, *Mooreii* and *Hybridum*.

Campanula, or *Canterbury Bells*, is one of the oldest and most showy of our border plants.—These are also mostly blue, though some are white, while others have but a delicate shade. There are many varieties, which we will not now describe, but any of our readers ordering half a dozen sorts from a good nurseryman, will not fail to obtain desirable varieties.

Digitalis or *Foxglove* is another showy border plant of easy culture, with long, somewhat bell-shaped tubular flowers, of a variety of colors.—*Purpurea*, is a light purple; *Purpea Alba*, yellowish white; *Variegata*, striped with white.

Achillea or *Milfoil*, very pretty and desirable border flowers, particularly the white double variety, as it continues to flower most of the season, throwing up its daisy-like flowers in corymbs, on stems about a foot in height. Next to the white, the *rosea*, or *rubra*, is the best, having the most delicate rose-colored flowers in large trusses.—There are several yellow sorts.

Tradescantia or *Spiderwort*, is very common; indeed, is found in almost every garden. We never thought it very desirable, but we observed this season, in the grounds of Ellwanger & Barry, a most beautiful double variety, of a very desirable color, called *rubra pleno*.

The Yucca, *Adam's Needle*.—We have often wondered why the Yucca was not more generally planted. It is always admired, and when exhibited in our horticultural shows, looked upon as a great curiosity—a foreign plant—and yet it can be obtained at almost any nursery for a few shillings, and can be successfully grown and flowered in any cottage garden. The flower-stem grows to the height of from three to five feet, and is covered with large, bell-shaped, creamy-white flowers. *Y. filimentosa* is one of the best for flowering at the north.

The Hollyhock.—All our readers are familiar with the Hollyhock. It is found in almost every garden, "lifting its tall and majestic stems above its more humble companions, defying, apparently, the roughest treatment, yet ever gay, attractive and conspicuous, by the grandeur of its habit and its massive plumes of crimson, white, or yellow hues." Some may be disposed to think that this is altogether too common a flower to claim the especial notice of the Rural or its readers. Few, however, know how beautiful a flower the Hollyhock becomes under proper care and culture.—Look at the beautiful tall spikes of flowers shown in the engraving, as double and beautiful as the rose. These are far different from the poor, single or semi-double kinds generally seen, and there are few of our large and showy flowers that excel them. The much-lauded Dahlia, that has been especially set with florists for many years, we consider far inferior in grace and beauty.

Although the Hollyhock has been grown in almost all civilized countries for hundreds of years, yet no effort was made for its improvement, and it seemed to be entirely discarded both by professional and amateur florists, prized only by the most humble cottage gardeners, until within a few years. "Here, and there," in the language of an English Journal, "it has found a discerning patron; but, generally speaking, the floral world has been influenced by a Dahlia excitement, from which it is now subsiding, in sober disposition to judge all flowers by their respective merits. The rose is again the queen, and the hollyhock is again at court." This improvement of the hollyhock was not commenced by any celebrated personage, or at the gardens of any of the great horticultural societies. The person entitled to this honor, is a shoemaker in England, a lover of flowers, with whom the hollyhock was a great favorite, and pursuing a course of culture, dictated by his own observation and experience, he succeeded in astonishing the world by producing flowers far more beautiful than had ever before been seen.

To all lovers of flowers we say, obtain a few plants of the very best hollyhocks, from the best nurseryman within your reach. Order the *best*, regardless of cost, if only two or three plants.—They can be sent a long distance, and we know of nothing prettier for a bed on the lawn, or the border.

LAYERING.

Any of our readers who have fine *Carnations* or *Picotees* that they wish to preserve or increase, can do so very easily by *layering*, and it should be done immediately. Procure a quantity of small hooked pegs; then take a trowel and remove the earth to the depth of an inch or so directly under the shoot to be layered. Take the shoot in one hand, and with the finger and thumb of the other hand remove the leaves from the body of the shoot, and shorten those at the top an inch or so. With a thin, sharp knife, cut through the strongest joint on the body of the shoot, cutting upwards until within a short distance of the next joint, and if the joints are close it may be necessary to cut through more than one. The slit may be from one to two inches in length. Then press the center of the shoot down to the earth, being at the same time careful to keep the slit open and the top in an upright position; take one of the pegs and secure it in this situation. A little clean sand placed around the cut, will aid in the formation of roots. In September or October the shoots thus layered will be rooted sufficiently to separate from the parent plant, when they may be cut away and removed to winter quarters. The operation is pretty plainly illustrated in the engraving.

Chickweed.—As I am a continual reader of your valuable and useful paper, I should like to be informed through its columns of an effectual remedy against what is called around here the chickweed, which infests our gardens, and very much retards the progress of the plants, it being of that nature that the more you hoe it the more it needs it?—E. B. C., *Ashtabula Co., Ohio*, 1859.

Chickweed is most abundant and troublesome in a cold, damp soil. Drainage and the hoe are the only cures we know of.

CROWN BOB GOOSEBERRY.

Few of our readers know what a delicious fruit the gooseberry is,—how abundantly it bears,—how valuable it is in the hands of the cook, as well as for the dessert—and, indeed, we had almost forgotten these important facts, it is so long since we have raised a crop, or even more than tasted a few half-formed specimens. The *mildew* is the great, and, indeed, the only enemy of importance to the gooseberry in this country, and could this be overcome it would soon be a very important fruit, equal, we think, to any of our small fruits. In the Rural for February 5th, we gave some facts on this subject, to which we refer our readers. The American seedlings are not subject to mildew, and perhaps our only hope to escape the disease is in this direction; yet we were much delighted at the fine collections of English sorts shown at the last exhibition of the *Genesee Valley Horticultural Society*. We have never seen so good an exhibition in this country, of fine sorts, and they were entirely free from mildew. May we not hope that a brighter era is dawning?

Among the best and hardiest varieties on exhibition was the *Crown Bob*, of which we give a drawing, showing the size and form of the fruit, as well as of the leaf and branch.

DISEASE OF THE CHERRY.

Eds. Rural:—Your article on the *Cherry*, in the last Rural, suggested to me the idea of asking some information in regard to diseases to which the tree is subject in this section. I have been trying to cultivate the improved varieties for the last eight years, and although they grow very vigorously for a year or two, they soon begin to show signs of decay. Spots of gum appear in the trunk, the bark becomes dead, and the tree either dies or is so stunted as to be entirely worthless. On examining the gum spots, I usually find a white worm or grub in them, but whether that causes the disease or not I am unable to determine. The common red, sour cherry is entirely free from this disease, but having tasted the *Elton*, &c., I am unwilling to give them up and fall back on the common, if a remedy can be found for the above mentioned disease. My soil is gravel loam, with gravel subsoil, so that there is no danger of standing water about the roots. If you, or any cultivators of the Cherry, can furnish a remedy for this disease, you will confer a great favor on the readers of the Rural in this section.

Smyrna, July, 1859. W. Collins.

Remarks.—The evil of which you complain is very common at the South and West. A partial remedy, we believe, has been found in sheathing the trunks with straw or moss. On this subject, however, information is needed. The *Duke* and *Morello* varieties would, no doubt, succeed well with you.

AN EXAMPLE FOR LADIES.

Mrs. F. D. Gage, of St. Louis, Mo., writes as follows of her success in horticulture to the *Ohio Farmer*. We commend her example to the mothers, and daughters, and wives who read the Rural:

I procured some pear trees of Mr. L. Burtis, of Rochester, N. Y., which I superintended the setting of on a rainy day a year ago last fall. Spring came, and but three out of forty died. Some of them blossomed, but the flowers were removed to prevent fruiting. They grew wonderfully through the summer, and when fall came they were twice their usual height. After the leaves had fallen, I had them pruned, and they commenced growing the past spring more vigorously than ever. Six of them have fruited, one tree having thirteen pears on a single branch, another nine. I think they are the Flemish Beauty.

One year ago last May I purchased of Ellwanger & Barry's agent, three varieties of currants, in all, eight roots, and this season they have borne a few clusters of magnificent fruit. Fine gooseberries, two years from setting.

Now, I have said *I* all through this story, because I was *I* that did it, and *if* I, (an old woman, I was going to say, but I'm not old;) if I who am fifty, (and have gray hairs,) can set out pear trees, and gooseberries, and strawberries, and raspberries, what is the use of young women, just entering upon the threshold of life's usefulness, shrinking from such work, and waiting for husbands, or fathers and brothers to do it for them?

Oh! there is a joy in gathering the fruit that one's own hands have planted—in knowing that her work has helped the world so much. I never dropped a seed, or set a slip in the ground, in my life, that prospered, that I was not made happier for the work. And as I sit by my window, to-day, and see my laden little pear trees waving to and fro, I look back upon that hard day's work in the rain with as much complacency as upon any day's work for many years.

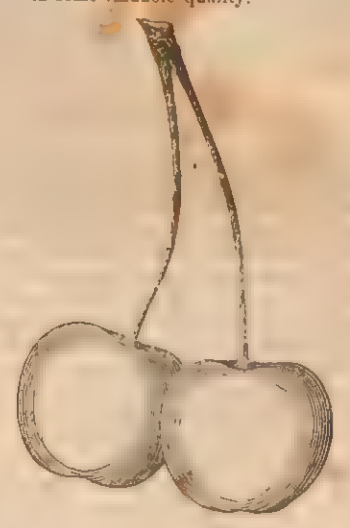
I have seen many chapters about pears, and read much discussion on the comparative merits of the dwarfs and standards; and if my dwarfs prosper, (and about half are dwarfs,) they will furnish us fruit each year for four or five years, or until the standards shall come into bearing; then we *can afford to let them die, if they must*. I have seen pears sell here, in the basket, for ten cents apiece, and my tree, that bears thirteen, would more than pay for itself in one year at that rate, and I am sure I have had pleasure enough in watching the growth, to pay for all my time and labor—pleasure, heartfelt, innocent and elevating pleasure.

Why should any family that has four rods of ground, do without fruit? One spray of forget-me-nots, left out of the border of the bonnet, or any other little self-denial, worth fifty cents, would purchase the tree, and a few hours stolen from the drowsy god of a summer morning, and a little gymnastic exercise with spade and hoe, are all that is needed. Try it, girls, try it; and my word for it, if there are roses on your cheeks, not a beau will miss the sprig of forget-me-not from your bonnet-rim.

No one need take pains to tell me that my pears are bearing too soon. I have heard so already. Nor do I think they have done anything extraordinary; but well, considering. I saw, by a McConnelsville paper, the other day, that Miss C. Thompson had presented, at the Morgan County Horticultural Meeting, a gooseberry measuring four inches. I suppose I planted that bush, for Miss Thompson lives upon "Mount Airy," and we left some of the finest bushes there, five years ago, that I ever saw—either they or their descendants produced the prodigy. We have a bottleful on the parlor mantle, as an ornament, that grew this year from a slip of that old Mount Airy stock. I am glad I planted that bush.

A LATE SEEDLING CHERRY.

We have so many valuable Cherries that there is little use of adding to the list, unless new candidates for public favor excel all varieties now cultivated in some valuable quality.



We now present our readers with an engraving of a Seedling Cherry, grown by Mathew G. Warner, of this city, and supposed to be from seed of the *American Amber*. The flesh is rather firm, juicy, sweet and rich. Color amber in the shade, to very dark red in the most exposed parts. Stem slender, nearly two inches in length. It is valuable for its lateness, being ripe this season about the 25th of July

GENESEE VALLEY HORT. SOCIETY.

The June Exhibition of the Genesee Valley Hort. Society was held on the 22d inst. The show was not large, but the attendance of members and citizens interested in Horticulture quite good. The next exhibition will be made August 19th. The following are the reports of Committees:

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON FLOWERS.

The Committee on Flowers regret to state that their labors were exceedingly light. Although the premium list was arranged to accommodate amateurs, who have but few flowers to show, this class seem slow to accept the advantages offered them. A. Frost & Co., made a fine show of herbaceous plants, roses, hollyhocks, phloxes, &c., and also exhibited several boquets. C. W. Seeley exhibited verbenas and flowers of hardy shrubs. W. King made a good exhibition of dahlias for the season; also, of picotees, hollyhocks, etc. Selah Matthews presented a fine floral ornament—not for competition. Mrs. E. K. Blythe and Mrs. Alfred Fitch also presented floral ornaments in excellent taste.

The Premiums awarded were as follows:

Best Boquets—A Frost & Co.

Best Floral Ornaments—Mrs. E. K. Blythe.

Hardy Shrubs—Best twelve cut Flowers—A. Frost & Co.

Verbenas—Best six to C. W. Seeley, for Blue Defiance, Mrs. Horsford, Madam Viard, Hiawatha, Giant de Battaile, and Brilliant de Valse.

Petunias—Best six to A. Frost & Co., for Glory of America, Great Western, Jupiter, Diana, Juno, and Amazon.

Herbaceous Plants—Best twelve cut Flowers, A. Frost & Co.

Dahlias—For a collection of twenty varieties, to Mr. King. James Vick, *Chairman*.

REPORT OF FRUIT COMMITTEE.

Gooseberries—Best six sorts, to C. W. Seeley.

Currants—Best two Red Varieties, to A. Frost & Co. for Fine Red Dutch and Victoria. Ditto, Best one quart, to A. Frost & Co. for White Grape.

Raspberries—Best four varieties, to H. E. Hooker & Co.; best quart of Red Raspberries; do., to H. E. Hooker & Co. for Hudson River Red Antwerp.

Fine specimens of New Rochelle Blackberry were shown by S. Matthews.

Early Harvest Apples from J. O. Bloss.

Red Astrachan Apples from E. S. Hayward.

C. P. Bissell and Salter presented a collection of Gooseberries, Currants, Blackberries, and Apples - but they were too late for competition, and have not therefore shared in the awards—the specimens were fine without exception, and showed skill in cultivation which is entitled to commendation.

H. E. Hooker, *Chairman*.

Raspberries.—We have seen nothing new or remarkable in the way of Raspberries this season. *Brinckle's Orange* maintains its reputation as the hardiest and best of the light sorts. *Red Antwerp*, *Fastolff*, and *Hudson River Red Antwerp* are the best of the red sorts. The *Catawissa* and some of the other new varieties are fruiting well. The *Allen* we have seen in two places and it appears to possess but little merit.

Hop Tree.—Please answer through your paper, either by yourself or some correspondent, if any person in the North part of New York State has ever tried the American Hop Tree, and with what success?—Obed Howell, *Jerseyville, C. W.*, 1859.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

DRYING FRUIT, WASHING RECIPE, &c.

Eds. Rural:—Being acquainted with a valuable method of preserving berries and tomatoes, I forward it for insertion:

Drying Currants, Tomatoes, &c.—To ten pounds of currants, picked clean from the stems, add a pound of sugar and a little water Put them into your kettle and let them boil gently a minute or so. When they all seem broken, take them off and dip into plates, pans, &c. There will not appear to be much but juice, but in three or four days, if kept in the sun and wind, and stirred and turned over two or three times a day, this will be a mass of jelly, sufficiently dry to be placed in a separate dish to finish hardening, which will take a few days longer. When dry, so as not to feel wet, put into paper bags and keep in a dry, dark place. They must be examined occasionally, or the millers will get to them and breed worms. This is a better way than preserving fruit in the usual mode, as it will not ferment. When wanted for use, put into a tin dish with boiling water and sugar, stew a short time and serve. I have now currants that were dried in this way ten years ago, and they are, to all appearance, as good as when first dried. The millers have not offered to trouble them since the first year. When I stew dried apples for pies, I stew with it a spoonful or two to a pie. This so much improves the flavor, that we hardly think dried apple pie is fit to eat without it.

Raspberries, blackberries, &c., can be preserved in the same manner. Last year I preserved a great many quarts of blackberries in this way, and had them occasionally all winter and spring, and they are not all used yet. Such fruit is very handy for pies in spring and early summer, when it is so difficult to furnish a variety of palatable food. Raspberries and blackberries should be put away in covered earthern ware or tin, as they cannot be dried so as not to stick to paper. Tomatoes must be skinned by first pouring boiling water on them, then cut in slices and cooked slightly, then spread and dried on tins and plates.

I also send a washing recipe which I think the best of any. To one pound bar soap, or its equivalent in soft-soap, add two ounces of pulverized borax and one pint of water. Put it into a kettle and keep it hot till dissolved. It must not boil, as it will not be properly combined. When going to wash, wet the clothes in cold water, rub well the soiled parts with the mixture, and pour on hot or boiling water, cover the tub and let them remain till morning, then wring out and boil in clean suds. The clothes, unless badly soiled, will need but little rubbing. Rinse and hang out. Try it, reader, and I hope you will find it as great a blessing as I have. H.

Moore's Hill, Dearborn Co., Ind., 1859.

REMEDY FOR BURNS.—NO HUMBUG.

Messrs. Eds.:—I have known and heard of so much suffering from burns, for want of the right kind of salve, that I am induced to give, through the Rural, my recipe—one that has been tested thoroughly. From thirty years experience, I believe there can be nothing better, never having known, in one single instance, a burn or scald, when dressed with this and followed up, that did not soon get well. There are no sticking plasters to be removed, causing double suffering—no proud flesh—no stiff joints or contracted cords—but comfort is soon restored. Now, if those that read this will get materials and make the salve, and keep it in the house constantly—we hope they may not have occasion to make a test—it will prove its worth on application. I do not suppose there has a week transpired since we have known its efficacy that we have been without it, and, although we have been so fortunate as not to need it, some of our friends or neighbors have been less favored. Here is the the recipe:

Burgundy pitch, 1 ounce; beeswax, ½ ounce; teacupful lard. Stir while simmering together, then pour from the dregs into earthen or glass to prevent rust. The first dressing not to be removed until the third day—afterwards change dressing every day. Clarissa Colvin.

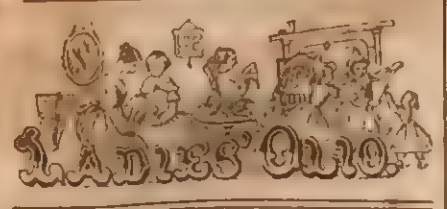
Henrietta, N. Y., 1859.

Ice Cream—Lemon Cake, &c.—Three quarts of milk; 2½ pounds of powdered sugar; 15 yolks, well beaten and strained, mix altogether in a tin pail, (do not use the whites of the eggs at all,) set the pail into a kettle of boiling water, and stir the custard all the time until it is quite thick. After it is cool, add two quarts of rich cream and the flavoring, then freeze. For an adult a large saucerful, a bright silver spoon, and a slice of *Lemon Cake*, made thus:

One pound of sugar; 14 eggs; ¾ pound of flour; 2 lemons. Beat the sugar and yolks well together, add the juice of the lemons—the whites must be whisked to stand—then sift in the flour, drop in buttered tins, and bake a light brown. Can some one send us a recipe for canning *corn*, —*one well tried*.—M., *Fort Wayne, Ind.*, 1859.

Packing Eggs.—Having read in the Rural one recipe for packing eggs, and also an inquiry for another, I send one that I have tried and know to be good. Take the barrel, or tub, and put a layer of Cayuga plaster in the bottom, then take the eggs, set them up on the end—don't have them so they will hit each other—then add more plaster, then another layer of eggs, and so on until the vessel is full. Set them where they will keep dry, and in the spring you will have plenty of fresh eggs on hand. Will some one send a recipe for making Wine Crackers?—M. E. Root, *Danville, N. Y.*, 1859.

A gallon of strong ley put into a barrel of hard water will make it as soft as rain water.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE VASE OF WITHERED FLOWERS.

BY LIBBY NEAL.

I PLUCKED them from the grassy bank
Beside the meadow's pearly stream,
From 'mongst the grass so dark and dank,
Beneath the sunlight's golden beam.

From their soft petals shook the dew
That weeping left its silken throne,
Took from its bed the violet blue,
The lily, daisy, one by one.

I placed them where the sunshine fell
In many a glorious, pleasing ray,
I thought the flowers I loved so well
Would bloom for me full many a day.

But they, removed from native bed,
Too quickly drooped by slow decay,
No genial soil their nature fed—
They wither'd soon and pass'd away.

So Hopes, like fairy blossoms grow,
Along the noiseless stream of Time—
We pick them, yet full well we know
They wither soon in this dark clime.

And flowers of Joy we gather there,
The fairest, sweetest blossoms cull,
Soon wither'd by this world's cold air,
To earth their blasted petals fall.

But amaranthine flowers o'er bloom
Beside the crystal stream of Life—
And Angel hands those flowrets plume
Where golden cups with joys are rife.

Northville, Mich., 1859.

WHAT HAS WOMAN DONE?

IN the RURAL of July 16th I observed an effusion from "Queechy," which appears to me quite *ultra*. Men are denounced as "monsters and tyrants."—*Indeed!* are they? By whom, pray, except it be a few, a very small number of misguided females, and of these you will find their exact counterpart in *some* specimens of the *genus homo*. Yet who of us would say that, *as a race*, "they are tyrannical, egotistical, and mercenary?" No one, I trust. We will judge not the many by the few. *Our* legislature is more generous than "Queechy," for it has granted to woman not only the right to hold, but to control property, not doubting her ability to do so.

"Queechy," with great dignity, advances the idea that "women are incapable of accumulating, or keeping property." I think there is a great mistake in this, for many of our most prosperous men owe their success in business to the careful and well-directed management of the household. All the avenues of business open to women are crowded, proving that she not only can, but will maintain herself when opportunity permits.

Again, "Queechy" inquires, with the greatest simplicity, "What have our race ever done worthy of a monument?" Is it possible one so well-informed as "Queechy" *seems* to be, is in such lamentable ignorance of the noble deeds and heavenly fortitude of women in the past as well as the present age? Out of pity I will endeavor to *illuminate*. First let me point to the days of antiquity, to PAULINA, the devoted wife of SENECA, who, when her husband was compelled to kill himself, opened her own veins that her life might ebb with his,—to EPPONINA, who cheerfully shared all the hardships and privations of exile, and made her home in a cave for her husband's sake,—to ARRIA and AGRIPPINA,—to the Roman daughter, PERO, who saved the life of an honored father, daily visiting him in his cell, where "the blood of a pious daughter returned to its source,"—to VOLUMNIA, mother of CORIOLANUS,—or, more recently, to Madam ROLAND, and JOSEPHINE, where we behold a strength of mind almost supernatural. Out of the multiplicity in the present age I will mention only a MORE, a STOWE, a PRIOR, ANN H., the wife of the missionary JUDSON, a FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. Have these done nothing for which a monument could with propriety be raised? Have *they* done nothing worthy of remark? Such instances of self-denial are not rare, as some may suppose. The world contains may who, in their families, daily perform more noble deeds and build for themselves more lasting monuments than the building of bridges, steamboats, or railroads, for theirs is the sacred task to mould the minds of the youth of our land—to teach the future "statesmen, orators, and editors," to be mighty in the cause of right—"for just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." JULIUS.

Shawangunk, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"SO COMMON."

"WHAT'S the use of petting a lilac?" asked my cousin JENNIE, as I bent caressingly over a favorite bush one pleasant June morning,—"no one thinks anything of lilacs in Liberty—they're *so common*," and the curve of the speaker's red lip expressed sovereign contempt for those so weak minded as to show liking for any flower except some queenly patrician blossom, just from the tropics. She had no respect for the floral "democratic throng"—not she. Straightway the fair spring landscape, smiling before me in its young beauty, faded away, and in its stead was a quiet New England village—one of the fairest jewels on the green old breast of Maine. The dim, misty sea line, the piney woods, the everlasting hills, the verdant meadows, curiously embroidered with flowers—how very fair they were, crowned with the golden diadem of pure May sunshine! Somewhere in this seaside village was an old red farm-house, embowered in clinging vines, and, furthermore, in the front yard two beautiful lilac bushes budded, and blossomed, and filled the balmy air with fragrance through each succeeding spring-time. I have no doubt that the fruit of the Hesperides was very nice in its way; or that the gardens of Armida contained some peculiarly beautiful flowers, but they could scarcely be so lovely to my childish eyes as were those scented thyrses of purple lilacs, with their perennial bloom and beauty.

That ancient dwelling in the pleasant town of Fairhaven is now much changed—the place is changed—the inhabitants are changed—and could I return to my early home, I should doubtless feel the like a stranger in a strange land; but if I found sweet, familiar blossoms of the lilac in their olden place by the little gate, a home feeling would come over me, and the flight of years would be forgotten. Those simple flowers wrought such a delight in my childish heart, "such a joy born of beauty," that they are as a living presence to this day, and stand as a type of the simple pleasures of childhood. Through the brief season of their bloom how many hearts they gladdened, how many dim eyes and sad faces brightened at their loveliness. Large clusters of them were carried to the sweet-faced girlish teacher who presided at the white school-house on the corner, and were carefully placed by her taper fingers in the broken pitcher ornamenting the carved and battered desk, and how they strengthened her timid little heart thro'-out the weary day! They cheered sick chambers with their sunny presence, bringing to the languid sufferer bright thoughts of the leafy woods, and purple-eyed violets nestling in the cool shadows, and murmuring fountains foaming up from the heart of jeweled moss, and, more than all, bearing sweet messages from a fairer country, even a heavenly. As I thought of what a blessing they had been to me, and how they were blessing myriads of children dwelling by happy hearth-stones scattered over our wide country—aye, and grown folks, too, for that matter—I thanked GOD that they were, indeed, "*So Common!*"

Cohocton, Steuben Co., N. Y., 1859. LAURA E. W.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

AT first I thought she was a nun, from her black dress and close cap. She was not introduced, and yet Edmund and I looked at each other at the same moment to whisper, "It is Miss Nightingale!" Yes, it was Florence Nightingale, greatest of all now in name and honor among women. I assure you that I was glad not to be obliged to speak just then, for I felt quite dumb as I looked at her wasted figure, and the short, brown hair combed over her forehead like a child's, cut so when her life was despaired of from fever but a short time ago. Her dress, as I have said, was black, made high to the throat, its only ornament being a large enameled broach which looked to me like the colors of a regiment surmounted with a wreath of laurel, no doubt some grateful offering from our men. To hide the close white cap a little, she had tied a white crape handkerchief over the back of it, only allowing the border of lace to be seen; and this gave a nun-like appearance, which first struck me on her entering the room, otherwise Miss Nightingale is by no means striking in appearance, only her plain black dress, quiet manner and great renown, told so powerfully altogether in that assembly of brilliant dresses and uniforms. She is very slight, and rather above the middle height; her face is long and thin, but this may be from recent illness and great fatigue. She has a very prominent nose, slightly Roman, and small dark eyes, kind, yet penetrating; but her face does not give you at all the idea of great talent. She looks a quiet, persevering, orderly, lady-like woman. I have done my best to give you a true pen-and-ink portrait of this celebrated lady. I suppose there is a hum all over the world of "What is she like?"—*Sketches by Mrs. Hornby.*

"PLEASE LET ME BE A LITTLE BOY."

"OH, JOHNNY!" cried a nervous mother, "do have some mercy on my poor head! Can't you play without shouting so?"

Poor Johnny drew up the tape reins with which he was driving two chairs tandem, and called out in a loud, hoarse whisper—"Get up, whoa!" But at length finding little measure in this suppressed amusement, he threw down the reins, and laying his hands on his breast, said, with a long breath, "Oh, mother, it's full of noise in here, and it hurts me to keep it in. Don't all little boys make a noise when they play?"

"Yes, Johnny, I believe they all do," replied the lady.

"Oh, then, mother dear," cried Johnny, in a whining tone, "please let me be a little boy."

We join poor Johnny heartily in this petition. Please, mother, let your sons be little boys while they may. Let them have a free and happy childhood—that when your head is low in the grave they may point back to those days and say—"We were happy children, for there was sunshine where our mother was."

CHILDHOOD.

LET no man smile, in the self-sufficiency of his acquisition, at the perceptions of early, very early childhood. Deep and rapturous are they, as some of those rare old springs of limpid water that bubble in brawling beauty to the earth's service from rocky recesses that never may see the light of day. To childhood all is real—that which appears to be, is. The little hand that, with no mental guiding notion of distance, out-stretches to grasp the moon for its silvery beauty, is but a type of the young mind that has made no moral comparisons. Vividity of conception and absolute faith in all they see, combined with an intuitive and deeply philosophical judgment of gentleness or harshness, make up the early mysteries of human intellect; perception and moral education, acting and re-acting in their thousands of after conditions, do all the rest. Happy is that tiny lord of the creation whose first tottering mental steps are guided by kindness. Woe, woe to those who, with so sacred a trust as a human soul, fresh, and unsullied from the hands of its Maker, confided to them, abuse the confidence of nature and betray their God.—*Stammerer.*

HE who gives pleasure, meets with it. Kindness is the bond of friendship, and the hook of love; he who sows not, reaps not.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GOOD NIGHT.

GOOD NIGHT!
For vigil stars are bending now
O'er nature hushed in sleep,
So do not sainted loved ones bow
And watch o'er mortals keep?
I'll trust that on this trembling heart
A *parent* waits the angels part.
Good night!

Good night!
My burthened spirit hastes to pour
In JESUS' ear its care and grief,
To plead for strength, and faith—implore
From dread temptation's power relief.
Remembering dear ones, then I'd crave
For you GOD's richest grace and love.
Good night!

Victor, N. Y., 1859. H.

THE AUTUMN OF LIFE.

BEFORE my door, in summer's heat,
Proudly the elms their branches spread;
Cool verdure sprang beneath my feet,
And shadows played around my head;
Joyful I passed the sultry hour,
And mocked the sun's meridian power.

But when, with withering hand, the frost
Shriveled the leaves, and gaunt and bare,
Their naked arms the elm tree tossed,
While Autumn tempests rent the air,
I mourned the summer's glories fled,
And copious tears of sadness shed.

When winter came, and cold and still,
The ice-king forged his frozen chain,
And over snow-clad vale and hill
Midnight assumed her solemn reign;
Forth looking from my window bars,
Through the stripped limbs I saw the stars.

Thus earthly loves, like summer leaves
Gladden but intercept our view;
But when bereft, the spirit grieves,
And hopes are crushed and comforts few;
Lo! in the depths of sorrow's night
Beams forth from far celestial light.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"A RAINY DAY IN HAYING TIME."

IT is raining, raining—clouds settling on the hill-tops—mists floating through the valleys—rain-drops drawing long lines, slantwise, across the features of the landscape, like the graining in *steel portraits*. How the rain-drops patter on the broad, scaly roofs of the farm buildings—on the arbor, with its roof of leaves and its ceiling of clusters—on the *starched ruffles* of the cabbage rows—and on the hoof-worn pasture ledge! How cosily it sounds under the snug farm roof, with the warm and fragrant air of the fresh hay—the chirping of grasshoppers, and the clucking and prating of the feathered dames, anxious about their numerous families! It is raining—raining—*raining!*

Memories of past haying seasons come flocking across the mind—banishing the present like the *dots* and *crooked paths* (on the window pane,) which seem to blot out the fields and trees from our sight to-day. Fifteen or twenty years ago there were fewer machines but more hay-makers. And when a rainy day like this came, they claimed it as a holiday, and sat about the barn or leaned against the new made mow, whiling away the time with many a long story. How deeply interesting to me were the "long yarns" told in that ring of merry hay-makers! Many an hour have I sat listening to them, rejoicing that the same cause which compelled them to hang up scythe and rake, also gave me an excuse for "*staying home from school.*"—The rainy patter on the roof seemed all the while reminding them that they were spending their time as profitably as could be expected, since there could be no work for them in the field.

Would that my pen could do justice to the character which my young imagination gave these heroes of my youth. Memory presents them to-day exactly as they seemed to me then. In every band there is a leader, and CHARLES HARRIS, on account of superior merit, held this place among the party which yearly swung their scythes over my father's meadows. The man was not to be found who could turn as smooth and broad a swath in the hay-field—who could outshine him on the training field at "muster" day—or who could tell a better story for a rainy day. In youth he had been remarkably strong and active, and many were the stories he told of his exploits at the foot-race, at leaping, wrestling, and the like—which matches were more in vogue in New England twenty years ago than they are now. He had been, in earlier days, a raftsman on the Merrimac, and this part of his life abounded in rare incidents. He could embellish these interesting epochs with all the skill of a WALTER SCOTT, though I presume he had never read a book through in his life. He was one of those uncultivated, yet gifted spirits, who are all the more lively and entertaining, because their *style* is natural and unformal, and whose stories are the more interesting because their lives have been a wild race through the rough places of the world. He had a very fine little farm of his own on the banks of the Merrimac, but he always finished his own haying while we were "*mowing around the edges,*" and was on hand by the time the business commenced with us in earnest. His brother WILLIAM was usually one of our company of hay-makers. Though his match in the field, he could not have entered the lists with him in the story-telling circle of the rainy day. His part, on these interesting occasions, was usually to sit by and listen, now and then aiding his brother with his better memory. They had been raftsmen at the same time, and WILLIAM seemed to recall the adventures and accidents of their various "*drives,*" more readily than CHARLES. Very often, when the latter was preparing for a grand effort, his brother would set him on the right track, by mentioning some incident of their common experience, and then "CHARLEY" would start off with such a story as would soon drive all thoughts of school or its requirements from my young head. "Captain BILL" was the familiar name of another of this band of worthies. It was his frequent boast, that though he carried a greater load of years than any of his fellow-laborers, he could still carry as wide a swath as the best of them. The old Captain had been a powerful man in his day, no doubt, but the many days of toil and exposure he had seen, and the many glasses of "*Pingley*" he had taken, had shown their effects in weakening his strong limbs and quenching the fire of his eye.—But as he grew older, and as his other powers failed him, his tongue seemed to gain what these had lost, and as a rainy-day story-teller, his superior was not to be found. Besides, as he had seen a longer life than the rest, his library of unwritten experience—upon which he relied for the foundation, at least, of his stories—was, consequently, much larger than theirs. But he usually required a good drink of cider, fresh from the cellar, to sharpen his wits before commencing. And did not the cunning old fox know, if he should just hint that "when the boy came back he would tell a *wonderful fine* story," the cider would come all the sooner? My only wonder is that I did not sometimes, in my haste, leave the tap loose in the barrel, thus meriting the *tongueable* displeasure of higher powers. But I do not remember that such an accident ever happened.

The memory of these early friends has always been dear to me. The quaint maxims and rules of life learned from them, often contained much sterling common sense, and at the time I treasured them up as sacred. I was always a favorite among them, and never asked a reasonable favor of any of their number, but it was readily granted. In this, however, some of them were not altogether free from selfish motives. They well knew that "*little* JOE" held almost absolute sway over a well-stocked cellar, and that there were numerous other important favors which it was in his power to bestow.

Alas! Time's changes! The two brothers now sleep side by side in the country grave-yard, where many of the graves are sunken, and the stones leaning, and some of them fallen. My father was with CHARLES the night he died, and I remember how anxious I was to ask about him, but could not,—for the death of one who had always been so happy and cheerful himself, and who could do so much to make others so, seemed very strange and solemn to me. The Captain, too, is there at rest, with a head-stone above him bearing his true name, not as familiar to his friends as the other. Most of the rest are there also. Their families have moved away, or are broken up, and when I visit the old place I find few traces of them, save on their tomb-stones or in my own heart. Since then, haying season has found me in many places—in New York, Ohio, and among the prairie and oak-openings of the Far West—and though it is not in the usual course of my present occupation, I cannot pass the season by without spending a few days at haying, out of regard for the memory of those who first taught me the mysteries of handling a scythe. G.

Clarence, N. Y., 1859.

GRAVE AND GAY.

BE content with enough. You may butter your bread until you are unable to eat it.

WHAT tree represents a person who persists in incurring debts? Willow (will owe.)

WHEN ill news comes too late to be serviceable to your neighbor, keep it to yourself.

THE first time a woman marries is generally to please another; the second time is invariably to please herself.

GOOD sense is the father of Wit, Truth his grandfather, and Mirth and Good-humor his boon companions.

A REVISING barrister having asked a voter the value of a house, the answer was, "That depends upon what sort of a wife there is in it."

THE following direction appeared on a letter recently delivered in Auckland, Durham:—"For Elizabeth Jane Spencer, a tall woman, with two little boys."

A SHORT time ago the following notice was stuck up at a tailor's window, near Manchester:—"Wanted, *two* apprentices; they will be treated as *one* of the family!"

VOLTAIRE, on one occasion, when his friends were conversing on the antiquity of the world, observed, "The world is like an old coquette—she disguises her age."

WE notice scores of poetical effusions directed to friends who are in heaven. Better give poetry of the heart utterance in words and deeds of kindness to friends upon earth.

A WAG being told by an acquaintance that Miss Brown (who is rather a broad-featured young lady,) had a benign countenance, he replied, "Perhaps you mean *seven-by-nine*."

AN outside passenger on a coach had his hat blown over a bridge into the stream. "True to nature," said a gentleman who was seated beside him, "a *beaver* naturally takes to the water."

A TEACHER wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster casts its shell when it has outgrown it, said, "What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You throw them aside, don't you?" "Oh, no," replied the little one, "we let out the tucks!"

AN old divine, cautioning the clergy against engaging in violent controversy, uses the following happy *simile*:—"If we will be contending, let us contend like the olive and the vine, who shall produce the most and the best fruit; not like the aspen and the elm, which shall make the most noise in the wind."

How many sickly ones wish they were healthy; how many beggarmen wish they were wealthy; how many ugly ones wish they were pretty; how many stupid ones wish they were witty; how many bachelors wish they were married; how many Benedicts wish they had tarried! Single or double, life's full of trouble—riches are stubble, pleasure's a bubble.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY ELIZABETH BONTON.

THE bond-woman's infant lies gasping,
Faint, weary, and ready to die,
O'er his bosom his tiny hands clasping,
Raised to heaven his dim pleading eye.

The pitiless heavens bend o'er him,
Beats the sun on his shelterless head,
Underneath, all around, and before him,
The sands of the desert are spread.

Unable to comfort or aid him,
His agonized mother weeps nigh,
Not daring to look where she's laid him
For, oh! she can not see him die.

Oh, cruel the master and father,
Who, alone in the desolate wild,
Sent to perish by thirst and by hunger
His handmaid and innocent child.

And did He not promise, that Being
Whom master and mistress adore,
That the seed of the boy yonder dying
Should outnumber the sands on the shore?

No eye sees the tears, unavailing,
The life of her darling to save,
No ear hears her impotent wailing,
Her own hands must hollow his grave.

Lonely weeper! no tear ever glistens
Unseen by one pitying eye,
One ear ever open still listens
To suffering humanity's cry.

And lo! from His throne, earthward winging,
A bright pinioned angel appears,
Relief for thy sufferings bringing,
Sad mourner, away with thy tears.

And learn that GOD's goodness abideth
Though sorrow encompass thee round,
Some merciful purpose he hideth,
When thou only seest his frown.

GOODNESS OF GOD.

I AM less and less anxious to make formal vindicatoins of the goodness of God. It needs no advocate. It will take care of itself, in spite of clouds. Men, who have eyes, believe in the sun, and none but the blind can seriously question the Creator's goodness. We hear indeed of men led into doubts on this point by their sufferings; but these doubts have generally a deeper source than the evils of life. Such skepticism is a moral disease; the growth of some open or lurking depravity. It is not created, but brought into light by the pressure of suffering. It is indeed true that a good man, in seasons of peculiar, repeated, pressing calamities, may fall into dejection and perplexity. His faith may tremble for the moment. The passing cloud may hide the sun. But deliberate, habitual questions of God's benevolence argue great moral deficiency. Whoever sees the glory and feels within himself the power of disinterested goodness is quick to recognize it in others, especially in his Creator. He sees in his own love a sign, expression, and communication of Uncreated, Unbounded, All-originating Love. The idea of malignity in the Infinite Creator shocks his moral nature, just as a palpable contradiction offends his reason. He repels it with indignation and horror. —*Channing.*

MODERN ELIJAHS.

IT is not well always to look on the shady side of affairs. There are men who came into existence under a shadow, and the shadow has dogged their lives, and all that is bright, and pure, and beautiful, takes the sombre hue of their own fancies. Their religion consists in bemoaning the evils of the world, in lamenting the gradual decadence of good, and in regarding all home evils and foreign complications as "signs of the times." They are the Elijahs, who retire into the wilderness of their own contemplations, saying, "I, even I, only am left," unconscious that all the time there are not only the "seven thousand who have not bowed the knee unto Baal," but that multitudes are everywhere obeying the gospel call. They are the Jonahs sitting under the gourds of their own security, amazed that the judgments of God do not descend upon a guilty world. These hypochondriacs are seldom found among the earnest workers, who seek to leave the world better than they found it, but among those who see its evils and sit by with folded hands.

A GLORIOUS THING.—Men of the world are sometimes ashamed to pray, and are unwilling to be seen in a praying circle; but they only proclaim their spiritual ignorance and blindness. The following paragraph indicates more wisdom and discernment:—As John Foster approached the close of life, and felt his strength gradually stealing away, he remarked on his increasing weakness, and added, "But I can pray, and that is a glorious thing." Truly a glorious thing; more glorious than an atheist or pantheist can ever pretend to. To look up to an omnipotent Father, to speak to him, to love him; to stretch upward as a babe from the cradle, that he may lift his child in his everlasting arms to the resting-place of his own bosom—this is the portion of the dying Christian. He was overheard thus speaking with himself:—"O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." The eye of the terror-crowned was upon him, and thus he defied him.—*Family Treasury.*

BIBLE PROMISES.—They are like the beams of the sun, which shine as freely in at the window of a poor man's cottage as the rich man's palace.

LOOKING UPWARD.—He who seldom thinks of heaven, is not likely to get there; as the way to hit a mark is to keep the eye fixed upon it.—*Home.*

Spice from New Books.

Rural Life in Cuba.

From R. H. Dana's new book, "*To Cuba and Back*," we derive the following picture:

As we leave Matanzas, we rise on an ascending grade, and the bay and the city lie open before us. The bay is deep on the western shore, under the ridge of the Cumbre, and there the vessels lie at anchor; while the rest of the bay is shallow, and its water, in this state of the sky and light, is of a pale green color. The lighters, with sail and oar, are plying between the quays and the vessels below. All is pretty, and quiet, and warm, but the scene has none of those regal points that so impress themselves upon the imagination and memory in the surroundings of Havana.

I am now to get my first view of the interior of Cuba. I could not have a more favorable day. The air is clear, and not excessively hot. The soft clouds float midway in the serene sky, the sun shines fair and bright, and the luxuriance of a perpetual summer covers the face of nature. These strange palm-trees everywhere! I cannot yet feel at home among them. Many of the other trees are like our own, and, though tropical in fact, look to the eye as though they might grow as well in New England as here. But the royal palm looks so intensely and exclusively tropical! It cannot grow beyond this narrow belt of the earth's surface. Its long, thin body, so straight and so smooth, swathed from the foot in a tight bandage of gray canvas, leaving only its deep-green neck, and over that its crest and plumage of deep-green leaves! It gives no shade, and bears no fruit that is valued by man. And it has no beauty to atone for those wants. Yet it has more than beauty—a strange fascination over the eye and the fancy, that will never allow it to be overlooked or forgotten. The palm-tree seems a kind of *lusus naturæ* to the northern eye—an exotic wherever you meet it. It seems to be conscious of its want of usefulness for food or shade, yet has a dignity of its own, a pride of unmixed blood and royal descent—the hidalgo of the soil.

What are those groves and clusters of small growth, looking like Indian corn in a state of transmigration into trees, the stalk turning into a trunk, a thin soft coating half changed to bark, and the ears of corn turning into melons! Those are the bananas and plantains, as their bunches of green and yellow fruits plainly enough indicate, when you come nearer. But that sad, weeping tree, its long, yellow-green leaves drooping to the ground! What can that be? It has a green fruit like a melon. There it is again, in groves! I interrupt my neighbor's tenth cigaritto, to ask him the name of the tree. It is the cocoa! And that soft green melon becomes the hard shell we break with a hammer. Other trees there are, in abundance, of various forms and foliage, but they might have grown in New England or New York, so far as the eye can teach us; but the palm, the cocoa, the banana and plantain are the characteristic trees you could not possibly meet with in any other zone.

Thickets—jungles I might call them—abound. It seems as if a bird could hardly get through them; yet they are rich with wild flowers of all forms and colors—the white, the purple, the pink and the blue. The trees are full of birds of all plumage. There is one like our brilliant oriole. I cannot hear their notes for the clatter of the train. Stone fences, neatly laid up, run across the lands—not of our cold, bluish-gray granite, the color, as a friend once said, of a miser's eye, but of soft, warm brown and russet, and well overgrown with creepers and fringed with flowers. There are avenues, and here are clumps of the prim orange tree, with its dense and deep-green polished foliage gleaming with golden fruit. Now we come to acres upon acres of the sugar-cane, looking at a distance like fields of overgrown broom-corn. It grows to the height of eight or ten feet, and very thick. An army could be hidden in it. This soil must be deeply and intensely fertile.

There, at the end of an avenue of palms, in a nest of shade trees, is a group of white buildings, with a sea of cane-fields about it, with one high furnace-chimney, pouring out its volume of black smoke. This is a sugar plantation—my first sight of an ingenio; and the chimney is for the steam works of the sugar-house. It is the height of the sugar season, and the untiring engine toils and smokes day and night. Ox-carts, loaded with cane, are moving slowly to the sugar-house from the fields; and about the house, and in the fields, in various attitudes and motions of labor, are the negroes—men, women and children—some cutting the cane, some loading the carts, and some tending the mill and the furnace. It is a busy scene of distant industry, in the afternoon sun of a languid Cuban day.

Now these groups of white one-story buildings become more frequent, sometimes very near each other, all having the same character—the group of white buildings, the mill, with its tall furnace-chimney, and the look of a distillery, and all differing from each other only in the number and extent of the buildings, or in the ornament and comfort of shade trees and avenues about them. Some are approached by broad alleys of the palm, or mango, or orange, and have gardens around them, and stand under clusters and shade-trees; while others glitter in the hot sun, on the flat sea of cane-fields, with only a little oasis of shade trees and fruit trees immediately about the house.

I now begin to feel that I am in Cuba—in the tropical, rich, sugar-growing, slave-tilled Cuba.

The Poetry of Nature.

What is it that imparts to Nature its poetry? It is not in Nature itself; it resides not either in dead or organized matter, in rock, or bird, or flower; "the deep saith it is not in me, and the sea saith it is not in me." It is in the mind that it lives and breathes; external nature is but its storehouse of subjects and models, and it is not until these are called up as images, and invested with "the light that never was on land or sea," that they ceased to be of the earth earthly, and from the ethereal stuff of which the visions of the poet are made. Nay, it is not mainly through that associative faculty to which the sights and sounds of present nature become suggestive of the images of a nature not present, but seen within the mind, that the landscape pleases, or that we find beauty in its woods or beside its streams, or the impressive and the sublime among its mountains and rocks? Nature is a vast tablet inscribed with signs, each of which has its own significancy, and becomes poetry in the mind when read; and geology is simply the key by which myriads of the signs, hitherto undecipherable, can be unlocked and perused, and thus a new province added to the poetical domain. We are told by travelers that the rocks of the wilderness of Sinai are lettered over with strange characters, inscribed during the forty years' wanderings of Israel! They testify, in their very existence, of a remote past, when the cloud-o'ershadowed tabernacle rose amid the tents of the desert; and who shall dare say whether to the scholar who could dive into their hidden meanings they might not be found charged with the very songs sung of old by Moses and by Miriam, when the sea rolled over the pride of Egypt? To the geologist every rock bears its inscription, engraved in ancient hieroglyphic characters that tell of the Creator's journeyings of old, of the laws which He gave, the tabernacles which He reared, and the marvels which He wrought—of mute prophecies wrapped up in type and symbol—of earth gulfs that opened, and of reptiles that flew—of fiery plagues that devastated the dry land, and of hosts more numerous than that of Pharoah, that "sank like lead in the mighty waters;" and, having, in some degree, mastered the occult meanings of these strange hieroglyphics, we must be permitted to refer, in asserting the poetry of our science, to the sublime revelations with which they are charged, and the vivid imaginery which they conjure up.—*Essays by the late* Hugh Miller.

Books Received.

The French Revolution of 1789, as viewed in the Light of Republican Institutions. By John S. C. Abbott. With One Hundred Engravings. [8vo. pp. 439.] New York: Harper & Bros. Sold in Rochester by D. M. Dewey.

Popular Tales from the Norse. By George Webbe Dasent, D. C. L. With an Introductory Essay on the Origin and Diffusion of Popular Tales. [12mo. pp. 379.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—Adams & Dabney.

Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain. By Agnes Strickland, author of "The Lives of the Queens of England." Vol. VIII. [12mo. pp. 379.] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—Dewey.

Love ("L'Amour.") From the French of M. J. Michelet. Translated from the Fourth Paris Edition, by J. W. Palmer, M. D., author of "The New and the Old," "Up and Down the Irawaddi," etc. [16mo. pp. 342.] New York: Rudd and Carleton. Rochester—Dewey.

Tent and Harem: Notes of an Oriental Trip. By Caroline Perine. [12mo. pp. 300.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—Adams & Dabney.

M. T. Ciceronis De Officiis. Libri Tres. With Marginal Analysis and English Commentary. Edited for the Syndics of the University Press by the Rev. Hubert Ashton Holden, M. A., Vice-Principal of Cheltenham College, &c. First American Edition, corrected and enlarged. By Charles Anthon, LL. D. Professor of Greek in Columbia College. [pp. 315.] New York: Harper & Bros. Dewey.

Elementary Grammar, Etymology and Syntax Abridged from the Octavo Edition of the "English Language in Elements and Forms." Designed for General Use in Common Schools. By Wm. C. Fowler, late Professor of Rhetoric in Amherst College. [16mo. pp. 224.] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—Dewey.

Roman Orthoepy:—A Plea for the Restoration of the True System of Latin Pronunciation. By John F. Richardson, Professor of the Latin Language and Literature in the University of Rochester. [16mo. pp. 177.] New York: Sheldon & Co. Rochester—Adams & Dabney.

The China Mission. Embracing a History of the various Missions of all Denominations among the Chinese. With Biographical Sketches of Deceased Missionaries. By William Dean, D. D., Twenty Years a Missionary in China. [12mo. pp. 396.] New York: Sheldon & Co. Rochester—Adams & Dabney.

The Cavalier. An Historical Novel. By G. P. R. James, Esq. [16mo. pp. 391.] Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Rochester—Dewey.

The Wars of the Roses; or, Stories of the Struggle of York and Lancaster. By J. G. Edgar, author of "History for Boys," "The Boyhood of Great Men," etc. With Illustrations. [16mo. pp. 470.] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—Dewey.

The Poetical Works of Edgar Allen Poe. With an Original Memoir. [pp. 278.] New York: Redfield. Rochester—Dewey.

Napoleonic Ideas. Des Idees Napoleoniennes, par le Prince Napoleon-Louis Bonaparte. Brussels—1839. Translated by James A. Dorr. [pp. 154.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—Dewey.

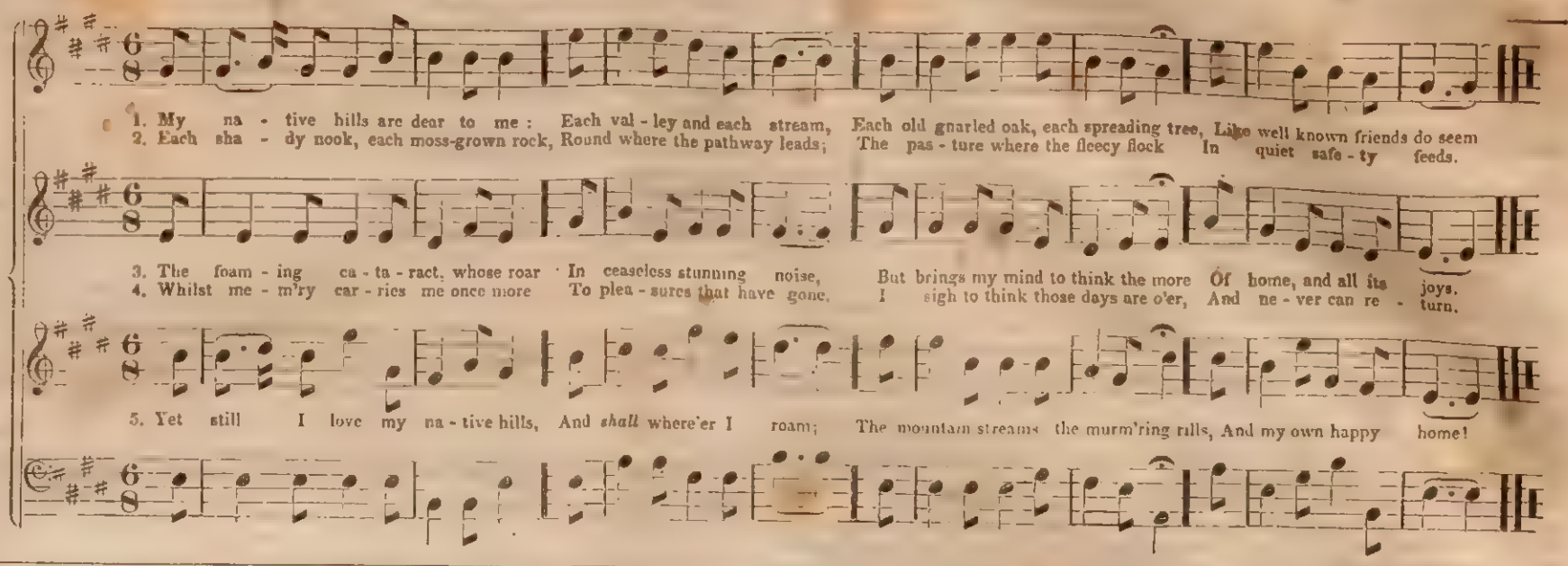
Napoleon III. the Man of Prophecy; or, the Revival of the French Emperorship anticipated from the necessity of Prophecy. By G. S. Faber, B. D. First American from the second English edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—Adams & Dabney.

Straight Forward; or, Walking in the Light. A Story for School Girls of all ages. By Lucy Ellen Guernsey, author of "Irish Amy," "The Sign of the Cross," "Kitty Maynard," etc. [16mo.—pp. 345.] Boston: Henry Hoyt. Rochester—Dewey.

Hannah Lee; or, Rest for the Weary. By the Author of "Isabel, or Influence," "Beauty of the Heart," etc. [16mo. pp. 250.] Boston: Henry Hoyt. Rochester—Dewey.

Haydn's Sacred Oratorio, The Creation. Edited by Vincent Novello. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. Rochester—W. S. Mackie.

MY NATIVE HILLS.



STONE ARROW HEADS—HOW MADE.

The heads of Indian arrows, spears, javelins, &c., often found in many parts of our continent, have been admired; but the process of forming them conjectured. The Hon. Caleb Lyon, on a recent visit to California, met with a party of Shasta Indians, and ascertained that they still used those weapons, which in most tribes have been superseded by rifles, or at least by iron-pointed arrows and spears. He found a man who could manufacture them, and saw him at work at all parts of the process. The description which Lyon wrote and communicated to the American Ethnological Society, through Dr. E. H. Davis, we copy below:

The Shasta Indian seated himself upon the floor, and laying the stone anvil upon his knee, which was of compact talcose slate, with one blow of his agate chisel he separated the obsidian pebble into two parts, then giving another blow to the fractured side he split off a slab some fourth of an inch in thickness. Holding the piece against the anvil with the thumb and finger of his left hand he commenced a series of continuous blows, every one of which chipped off fragments of the brittle substance. It gradually assumed the required shape. After finishing the base of the arrow head (the whole being only little over an inch in length,) he began striking gentler blows, every one of which I expected would break into it pieces. Yet such was their adroit application, his skill and dexterity, that in little over an hour he produced a perfect obsidian arrow head. I then requested him to carve me one from the remains of a broken porter bottle, which (after two failures) he succeeded in doing. He gave as a reason for his ill success, he did not understand the grain of the glass. No sculptor ever handled a chisel with greater precision, or more carefully measured the weight and effect of every blow, than this ingenious Indian, for even among them, arrow-making is a distinct trade or profession, but in which few attain excellence. He understood the capacity of the material he wrought, and before striking the first blow, by surveying the pebble, he could judge of its availability as well as the sculptor judges of the perfectness of a block of Parian. In a moment, all that I had read upon this subject, written by learned and speculative antiquarians of the hardening of copper, for the working of flint axes, spears, chisels, and arrow heads vanished before the simplest mechanical process. I felt that the world had been better served had they driven the pen less and the plow more.—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.*

WALKING.

Of all forms of exercise, walking is the most useful, as it brings into play the greatest number of muscles, without unnatural strain upon any. It also leaves free scope to the external senses, while allowing of simultaneous occupation of the mind. Another advantage is that it admits of complete regulation, both in degree and duration, according to the strength, time, or wishes of each individual. Those who have weak lungs or heart must be satisfied with gentle walking, and on level ground. Although conducive to mental activity, it is often advisable to keep the mind free from severe or sustained thought when walking. Hence the advantage of a companion with whom cheerful conversation can be kept up, or observing surrounding objects, whether in town or country, so as to divert the mind from study and care. The pursuits of natural history are good in this way, and hence also the chief hygienic effect of shooting and field sports, excitement and diversion of mind accompanying the actual exercise. Those who are engaged in business, where the dwelling and the place of business are at a distance from their place of residence, ought to walk at least part of the way, both in the morning and afternoon, if confined within doors during the day. Literary and professional men ought to walk more than they generally do. The time is not lost, as the mind will always be revived to work with greater energy. The brain will do as much work in one hour, when there is a fine glow of pure oxygenated blood, as in double the time when the nervous system is exhausted and the veins congested with dark blood. Artificial stimulants may quicken thought for a time; but their effect diminishing by habit, the quantity has to be increased, and injury in other ways is done to the system.—*Selected.*

SUDDEN WHITENING OF THE HAIR.

A correspondent of the Medical Times having asked for authentic instances of hair becoming grey within the space of one night, Mr. D. Parry, staff surgeon at Aldershott, writes the following very remarkable account of a case of which he says he made a memoranda shortly after the occurrence:—On February 19, 1858, the column under General Franks, in the South Oude, was engaged with a rebel force at the village of Chanda, and several prisoners were taken; one of them, a Sepoy of the Bengal army, was brought before the authorities for examination, and I being present had an opportunity of watching from the commencement the fact that I am about to record. Divested of his uniform, and stripped completely naked, he was surrounded by the soldiers, and then first apparently became alive to the dangers of his position; he trembled violently, intense horror and despair were depicted on his countenance, and although he answered the questions addressed to him, he seemed almost stupefied with fear; while under observation, within the space of half an hour, his hair became grey on every portion of his head, it having been, when first seen by us, the glossy jet black of the Bengalee, aged about 24. The attention of the bystanders was first attracted by the sergeant, whose prisoner he was, exclaiming, "He is turning grey," and I, with several other persons, watched its progress. Gradually, but decidedly, the change went on, and a uniform greyish color was completed within the period above named.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 45 letters.
My 23, 5, 21, 38, 42 was the name of an ancient king.
My 26, 12, 41, 3 is a kind of coin.
My 30, 28, 9, 32, 34 is what most people fear.
My 1, 7, 10, 39 grow on *my* 34, 27, 18, 15 as well as on *yours*.
My 10, 44 is a word of negation.
My 22, 45, 43, 14 is a mineral.
My 2, 24, 4, 2, 35, 39 was the name of an ancient Persian king.
My 6, 16, 37, 8, 22, 20, 16, 31 is a Southern State.
My 11, 31, 25, 33 is a bad word.
My 18, 40, 17, 36 means splendor, parade.
My 20, 29, 27 is a unit.
My whole is one of "Poor Richard's" maxim.
South Bristol, N. Y., 1859. L. F. J.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 1, 8, 12, 3, 11, 6 is a county in Georgia.
My 2, 9, 15, 11, 6, 5 is a city in Europe.
My 3, 5, 4, 7, 15, 14 is an island in Polynesia.
My 4, 11, 12, 8, 9, 9 is a town in Michigan.
My 5, 15, 9, 2, 6, 3, 7, 16 is a county in New Jersey.
My 6, 14, 9, 8 is a river in Africa.
My 7, 6, 13, 5, 9 is a river in Europe.
My 8, 18, 14, 1, 5 is a town in Missouri.
My 9, 11, 6, 13, 11, 6 is a capital in Europe.
My 10, 11, 3, 17, 6, 14, 5 is a gulf in Europe.
My 11, 10, 7 is a gulf on the coast of Asia.
My 12, 5, 9, 3, 11, 6 is a county in Florida.
My 13, 3, 2, 13 is a sea in Asia.
My 14, 16, 3, 9, 2, 6, 13 is an island belonging to Denmark.
My 15, 7, 3, 14, 16, 5, 16, 2 is a lake in South America.
My 16, 11, 10, 10, 3 is a capital in Africa.
My 17, 11, 16, 4, 11, 12 is a volcano in Asia.
My whole was a great American astronomer.
Mount Vernon, Mich. J. Milton Johnsten.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

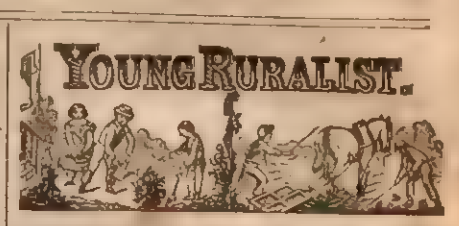
CHARADE.

My first is the name of a prophet and priest,
Imprisoned awhile, but shortly revealed;
My second's a bower, and but one of the kind
In the pages of history you ever can find;
My whole is a vine, by man neither planted nor tilled,
Although of great size, by an insect was killed.
Wauwatosa, Wis., 1859. A. B.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 497.

Answer to Poetical Enigma:—Gutta Percha—Gutta Percha Cane—Cable—Coffin—Pen.

Answer to Geometrical Problem:—19 1-5 acres, and 12 and 16 chains sides.



PLEASURE.

"And pleasure was so coy a prude,
She fled the more, the more pursued."

Pleasure assumes every variety of form. To one it seems to exist in hoards of gold; to another in hastily squandering such a prize. One pursues the phantom as it glides through his fancy to the summit of fame, another debases every noble faculty of the soul to the extreme of human degradation, to attain the same object. Pleasure is not found by those who most eagerly seek her. The rich often deny themselves the necessaries of life to amass their worshiped gold, or spoil the appetite and stupefy the sensibilities with indulgence.

The *man of genius* reaches the long sought goal, and rests to enjoy the anticipated pleasure, but learns too late, that the "*coy prude*" has ever been near him till his ambition was gratified, and then left him.

The *youth* throws off all restraint and follows desire through every form of excitement, but never can secure pleasure in his grasp; it is still before him, still beyond him. He only reaches the misery that ever follows in its shadow. Human nature is so arranged that excitement soon loses its effect if long pursued. Strong and unnatural excitement consumes the natural healthy action of the spirits, and leaves them to droop and despond.—Lord Byron, who suffered his noble genius and generous heart to be bound to the slavery of his passions, and spent his lifetime in their gratification, was ever unhappy. Burns, equally eminent for genius, yielded to his strong social impulses, and was intemperate. He has given the most accurate delineations of the pure pleasures of life in his poetry, but he has given an equally prominent example, in his life, of their opposite. Perhaps no Poet ever excelled him in picturing "the native feelings strong, the guileless ways," of a manly heart. His poetry was the language of a warm, generous heart, and though remarkable for the bright sunshine which pervades it, its author was far from being happy. He felt that intense anguish which only a noble heart can feel, when it has been carried away by generous impulses.—Others, after spending a lifetime in pursuit of pleasure, with the advantages of talent, wealth and fame, acknowledge their unhappiness, and say they have spent their lifetime in seeking pleasure where it was not to be found. A volume might be filled with such results to pleasure seekers. The history of mankind, thus far, has clearly proved that the road to happiness runs parallel with the Bible rule, "Be temperate in all things."
Castile, N. Y., 1859. H. B.

HIGH NOTIONS.

Messrs. Editors:—"Chips," in the Rural of June 4th, was evidently laboring under intense excitement when he wrote that article on "High Notions." A person would naturally be led to think by reading his flowery description of farming that it is one of the most delightful occupations on the face of the earth. "Chips," like many others of his class, has gathered his impressions and opinions by visiting the farm in the summer season, when Nature is clothed in her finest dress, when farming would be a very fine thing, if it consisted only in sitting under shade trees, and taking rides and moonlight strolls with the ladies, &c. These impressions can only be cured by taking a firm grasp on the handles of the plow, and laboring a few weeks in the hay and barley fields. I think if "Chips" was put through a course on the farm one summer, he would be willing to return to his commercial life, and let the farmer's boys work out their destiny in their own way, which many of them will do, in spite of all opposition. Let none of our young men yield themselves to this "*old fogy*" influence—which is afloat in our land, and tends to smother the exertions of many that are struggling to choose their own occupation, and prepare to wield an influence that will be beneficial to mankind—to the benighted millions that are now struggling in the darkness of error's night. W. S.
Niagara Co., N. Y., 1859.

When Alexander was giving away estates and domains with lavish prodigality, before setting forth on his eastward march, Perdiccas asked him what he reserved for himself. Hope—was his sole reply. And the whole secret of his wondrous career of insatiable conquest, fearless intrepidity and boundless aspiration, lies wrapped up in that sublime answer.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Kentucky Seed Wheats—Cobb & Co.
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Homes for All—Francis W. Tappan, President.
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The Best Business Yet—H. C. Rodney.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Freckles—Joseph Burnett & Co.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 30, 1859.

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And an Extra Copy, free, to every person remitting for a club of six or more copies; and Two free copies for every club of Thirty or over. As a new Half Volume commenced July 2d, NOW IS THE TIME to form Clubs for either Six Months or a Year. All persons who form new clubs to commence with July, or introduce the RURAL in localities where it is not now taken, will be liberally remunerated for their time and attention.

☞ Back numbers from April or January can still be furnished, if desired. We will send Specimen Numbers, Show Bills, &c., to all applicants, and to the addresses of as many non-subscribers as may be forwarded.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

THE Secretary of the Interior will transmit by the Pacific steamer of the 5th of August, $261,000 to Oregon and Washington, to satisfy recently audited claims on account of expenses for restoring and maintaining peaceable and more friendly relations with the Indian tribes. Owing to the inadequate number of Indian agents, and considering the wide extent of country over which the Indians are scattered, it has been found impossible in every case to carry out all treaty obligations in time to impress the Indians favorably by an exhibition of our good faith and prevent dissatisfaction arising from unfulfilled pledges. The present Commissioner of Indian Affairs, will, it is believed, recommend to the consideration of the next Congress, such measures as will lead to the carrying into effect of all our treaty obligations.

The Navy Department has received dates as late as the 28th of May, from our vessels on the Brazil station. All of them were in the river La Plata, off Buenos Ayres, and in view of the unsettled condition of affairs, it was deemed advisable to keep them there.

The Commissioner of Pensions has issued a circular, in which he directs the invalid Pensioners of the army and navy who are subject to biennial examination to present, with the usual vouchers, on the 4th of September and 1st of January next, respectively, the certificates as to their disabilities. The operation of the act of Congress of the 3d of March, 1859, virtually suspends the semi-annual payments of invalid pensions at the commencement of each biennial period, until the certificate of two physicians or surgeons have been presented.

The news of the European peace prospects produced much gratification in the government, official and diplomatic circles.

Advices from Utah to June 24th, states that Judge Eckles had returned to the territory and reorganized the federal courts. The district courts have been established and vigorous efforts were to be made to hold these courts and secure the prisoners without the assistance of the army.

Personal and Political.

COL. JEFFERSON DAVIS is said to be engineering the Presidential prospects of Gen. Pierce, who is reported to be in the race for Charleston.

JUDGE GILLIS, of Pa., has been appointed by the President, agent to the Pawnees, with a view to arrange matters so as to prevent future difficulties.

M. LA MOUNTAIN is at Watertown, engaged in re-constructing his balloon, the Atlantic, for an ascension from that place on the 11th of August. Parties from New York are there, and, it is said, they propose to place in his hands any amount, not to exceed $20,000, for the immediate construction of a new balloon for a trans-Atlantic voyage this season.

THE total vote polled for Delegates to the present Constitutional Convention in Kansas was 13,856, divided as follows:—Republican, 7,415; Democratic, 5,939,—Republican majority, 1,486. The vote polled on the celebrated Lecompton Constitution, which was the largest ever given, up to that time, in the Territory, was 6,759. Increase since that time, 6,561.

The Bill of Rights reported to the Kansas Constitutional Convention, numbers twenty-three sections. It sets out with the declaration that all political power is inherent to the people; prohibits slavery in the State; proclaims religious toleration; defends the soundness of the writ of *habeas corpus*; protects the freedom of legislative debate; forbids the transportation from the State of any party for any offence committed within the State limits; prohibits imprisonment for debt; insures to naturalized citizens the full privileges accorded to natives; and declares that no citizen of the State shall be held to appear before the Supreme Court of the United States on an appeal from the Supreme Court of the State, but that when appeals are taken on questions of inter-State law, they shall only be through or from the District Courts of the United States.

The correspondent of the New York Times, gives a summary of the report received by the Convention in reference to the amount of damages inflicted during the period of the disturbances in the Territory. The whole amount of losses, for which compensation is claimed, was $676,000.

News Paragraphs.

THE following statement is probably without a parallel:—The Rev. Wm. Williams was for fifty-six years pastor in Northampton, Mass., his son Solomon was fifty-four years pastor in Lebanon—Elphalet, the son of Solomon, was for more than fifty years pastor in East Hartford—and Solomon, the son of Elphalet, preached in Northampton for upwards of fifty years! Here are father, son, grandson and great grandson, each pastor for upwards of fifty years of their respective churches, and two of them of the same church.

AN ingenious Scotchman has trained a couple of mice to turn a small reel for twisting twine. The laborers run about ten miles a day, and reel from 108 to 120 threads. A half-penny's worth of oatmeal lasts a mouse five weeks, and the clear annual profit of each animal per year is computed at six shillings. This beats the "industrious fleas."

THE Washington correspondent of the Tribune says "no instructions have yet been given to Postmasters regarding the pay of themselves and their clerks. If they appropriate from the receipts of their respective offices, as heretofore, their accounts cannot be audited without violation of law, in the absence of an appropriation."

IT is rather a curious fact that the late victories in Italy did not affect the French funds so much, as the change in the English ministry. The victory at Magenta, the occupation of Milan, and the brilliant action at Melegnano did not start the Paris three per cents., but the defeat of the Derby Ministry sent them right up. This shows that commercial Europe fully believed the Tory Ministry of the Earl of Derby were sympathizing with Austria.

A PARTY of colored men and Germans, who had almost undermined a store in Philadelphia while digging for an iron pot filled with countless treasure, which, according to a dream had by a female friend, was buried there, were arrested Monday, 11th inst., and, with their divining rods and other conjuring implements, locked up in the station house on a complaint for trespass.

ONE of the best photographers in Europe took a bank note for 5,000 francs, on the Bank of France, and photographed one so much like it that the Bank's judges, the photographer himself, and in fact all who have seen the two, are unable to distinguish "which from tother." The Bank considers such success rather dangerous.

THE oldest preacher in Philadelphia is Rev. Geo. Chandler, pastor of a Presbyterian Church, who, in the course of the forty-six years of his ministry, has married 3,166 couples, and performed funeral services over the remains of 5,000 persons.

THE Richmond Enquirer says that during the hot weather the ladies of that city do all their shopping in carriages, and require the dry goods clerks and salesmen to exhibit their goods at the carriage doors, thereby saving to themselves the exertion of alighting and entering the stores. It pronounces this conduct of the ladies barbarous. This is the general custom of shopping in Cuba and other tropical cities.

MESSRS. KING, ALLEN and TURENNE are making arrangements for a balloon race, to come off the first week in August, at Providence, New Bedford or Hartford. They will ascend in three separate balloons, and see, first, who can attain the highest altitude; next, who can travel the greatest distance without alighting. What next?

SINCE July 4th it has been unlawful for any person to pass or receive in the State of Arkansas, any bank bill of less denomination than ten dollars.—After the 4th of July, 1860, no bill of a less denomination than twenty dollars can be kept or put in circulation.

THE San Francisco Directory for 1859, just published, shows the population of that city to be 78,083, of which 73,328 are whites, 3,150 Chinese, and 1,605 colored.

THE importations at New York of foreign Dry Goods, intended for the fall trade, during the week, have been quite heavy, the value of the total entries at the Custom House having been $4,988,720, against $1,679,300 same week last year, and $4,378,697 same week in 1857. The entries since Jan. 1st have been $57,572,956, against $27,189,633 same time in 1858, and $59,946,512 same time in 1857.

THE REVOLUTIONISTS OF SOUTH AMERICA.—A dispatch from New Orleans says that the State of Tamaulipas desires an American force of 3,000 men to aid them in the prosecution of the war. Some Americans had already arrived at Tampico to aid the Liberals. Gen. Demollary had arrived at Tampico. Garcia was at Vera Cruz.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN KANSAS.—In the Kansas Constitutional Convention, the yeas and nays were called on the question whether women should have the same control and management of school matters as men—that in all school elections, and the exercises of all the duties of school officers, no distinction should be made between them. The closing vote that settled this point stood 28 for to 21 against.

MORMONISM DECLINING.—A Salt Lake correspondent notices the remarkable fact that the institution of polygamy is becoming unpopular among the Mormons since the accession of the recent large emigration from the States; and that Brigham Young is beset with applications for bills of divorce. In consequence of this state of affairs, the "Prophet" has issued orders to suspend the ceremony of "sealing."

SHOOTING ROBINS.—Henry Ward Beecher says:—"A man that would shoot a robin, except in the fall, when in flocks they are gathered together to caravan the air in their long pilgrimage to southern glades and forests, and then really and conscientiously for food, has in him the blood of a cannibal, and would, if born in Otaheite, have eaten ministers, and digested them too."

GEOLOGICAL FORMATION OF PIKE'S PEAK.—An intelligent correspondent of the New York Post, writing from Pike's Peak, says, it is certain that the geology of the region furnishes an argument hostile to its mineral richness. Its prevalent structure is limestone, the latest formation and the parent of the baser metals. Pike's Peak is a mass of gypsum, and the mountain edges are but sparsely veined with that primitive quartz which is the mother of gold and gems.

From the Pacific Side.

BY the steamship *W. H. Webb*, and two arrivals overland, we have the following intelligence:

On the 25th ult., forty-three convicts escaped from the State Prison. The prisoners escaped by overpowering the guard. Twelve were re-captured, and eight shot in the bushes in endeavoring to escape arrest.

The Italians in San Francisco had raised $5,000 to send to King Victor Emanuel, for the benefit of his needy subjects.

Business was depressed at San Francisco, and there had been two large failures. The prices of leading goods were tending downward. Money market easy. Mining news good. The grain harvest promises to be abundant.

The election of members of Congress is fixed for the 2d of July.

The weather was intensely hot throughout California, parching vegetation. Some parts of the country looked as though they had been burned. The county of Santa Barbara had been visited by the terrible sirocco, forcing the people to shut themselves in doors, killing animals, and literally roasting the fruit on the trees. This occurred on the 17th ult.

The town of Lehama had been destroyed by fire. Loss estimated at $100,000.

The news from Mexico is interesting. General Marquesa had robbed the conducta from Guanajuato to San Blas of $600,000. A conspiracy had been discovered in the city of Mexico to place Marquesa in power, who subsequently declined in favor of Santa Anna at Guadalajara. Miramon had made a complete change in his Cabinet on account of a change in his policy, viz:—giving liberty to the press and amnesty for political offences, and a partial confiscation of the church property. The church had declared for Marquesa, who was at Gaudaljara with 2,000 men.

FOREIGN NEWS.

DURING the week two steamers,—the *Africa* and the *New Briton*,—have arrived, each of which has brought very important intelligence from Europe. The first gives some details concerning an Armistice between the contending forces of France, Sardinia and Austria; the latter an account of the interview between the Emperors of France and Austria, and the signing of a Treaty of Peace. The following is the telegram from Napoleon to the Empress, announcing the fact:

VALLEGIO, 11.—Peace is signed between the Emperor of Austria and myself.

THE CONDITIONS OF PEACE ARE:—*The Italian Confederation under the honorary Presidency of the Pope.*

The Emperor of Austria concedes his rights in Lombardy to the Emperor of the French, who transfers them to the King of Sardinia.

The Emperor of Austria preserves Venice, but it will form an integral part of the Italian Confederation.

The Paris *Moniteur* gives the following explanation of the circumstances attending the armistice between France and Austria. The great neutral powers exchanged communications with the object of offering their mediation to the belligerents, whose first act was to be an armistice, but the endeavor to bring about this result was not successful until some days ago, when the French fleet was about to begin hostilities against Venice, and a new conflict before Verona was imminent. The Emperor of France, faithful to his sentiments of moderation, and anxious to prevent the useless effusion of blood, did not hesitate to assure himself whether the disposition of the Emperor of Austria was conformable to his own. It was a sacred duty for the two Emperors immediately to suspend hostilities which mediation would render objectless. The Emperor having shown similar intentions, the armistice was concluded.

The two Emperors had an interview at Villa Franca on the morning of the 11th. The Emperor of Austria was accompanied by Generals Hess, Gramme, Kellmer, Kelloustein, Romnig, Ciriletty and others of his Staff.

The Emperor Napoleon has issued the following order of the day:

VALLEGIO, July 10.—SOLDIERS:—An armistice was concluded on the 8th inst., between the belligerent parties, to extend to the 15th of August. This truce will permit you to rest after your glorious labors, and to recover, if necessary, new strength to conclude the work which you have so gloriously inaugurated. I am about to return to Paris, and shall leave the provisional command of the army to Marshal Vallliant; but as soon as the hour of combat shall have struck you will see me again in your midst to partake of your dangers.

The *Times* Vienna correspondent says, that it was believed there that the British Government had brought about the armistice. Another authority says that the Prince Regent of Prussia took the initiatory in suggesting the armistice. The Vienna *Gazette* says that an autograph letter addressed by the Emperor Napoleon to the Emperor of Austria, led to the negotiations, the result of which was a five weeks' armistice. A Verona telegraph dispatch says that the late armistice was concluded after repeated requests from the French, and after their consent had been obtained to all the conditions asked by Austria.

The London *Daily News* affirms that the just hope and expectations of Italy are deceived. It adds, history will call the Emperor to a strict account for having waged war on false pretenses and signed a mock and selfish peace—a peace that leaves Austria impregnable in Northern Italy; that connects Central Italy to the patronage of the Pope, and to constant menace of military intervention on the part of the Pope's patrols, and that takes no account of the welfare of the people, and substitutes for national independence a Confederation under the lock and key of Austrian garrisons. The Emperor of France has sown the seeds of future wars, and the closer we examine the pretended pacification the more futile and iniquitous it appears.

The *Morning Post* contends that the soul of the treaty agreed upon is the nationality guaranteed under every variety of local government in a confederation of the Italian States. *The Emperor of Austria is to be King of Venetia*, solely as an integral member of the Confederation. He will rule less than 8,000,000 Italians, and will be controlled by a Confederation ruling not less than 26,000,000. The Pope is shorn virtually of his temporal supremacy. He is deprived of the substance, but keeps the shadow.

NAPLES.—Two hundred soldiers, fifty of whom are Swiss, revolted on the 7th at Naples, and left Fort Carmise for the purpose of rousing other troops to revolt, in which they failed. On arriving at Champ De Mars all the Swiss and native troops who remained faithful, met them with a discharge of artillery, and forty insurgents were killed and disabled.

TURKEY.—The Turkish steamers Silistria and Kars are reported lost. The former with 350 passengers for Constantinople, 77 of whom perished. The Turkish crew assassinated and plundered the Christians during the salvage. The Karr had 300 passengers from Constantinople, and has not been heard of. The Persians were said to be actively preparing in contemplation of war with Turkey.

INDIA AND CHINA.—The Calcutta mails of June 3d, and Hong Kong of May 21st, had reached England. The Indian Government has decided to permit all European troops who might desire it, to receive their discharge and a free passage to Great Britain, thus removing all grounds of complaint. It was expected that thousands would avail themselves of the offer. The rebel force was gradually diminishing.

COMMERCIAL—*Breadstuffs.*—Richardson, Spence & Co. quote breadstuffs tending downward. Flour was offered at higher prices, but sales quite unimportant.—The quotations are 10s6d@18s6. The prices of wheat are easier, but without any decided change. Western red was quoted at 7s6d@9s3d; Southern white 9s@10s. All quotations of corn had declined slightly. Mixed 5s10@6s3d; yellow 5s10d@6s3d; white 7s@7s9d. *Provisions.*—Pork is heavy, with but little inquiry.

Clippings from Foreign Journals.

THE American Minister at Turin is reported by correspondents to have been "hid," or as "hiding himself" ever since the armies began passing thro' there for the war.

SCOTCH journals are trying to make out that Garibaldi is a Caledonian. His father, they say, was a shoemaker at the Auld Big o' Stirling, and his name was Garrow. His son's Christian name was Baldie—a common Christian name in some districts of Scotland. In consequence of some freak or other, the son went to Italy; and the natives of that sunny clime, being unable to pronounce the names of Baldie Garrow, transposed them into the more mellifluous Garibaldi.

A GERMAN, arrested as a spy while the allies were at Brescia, pretended to a council of officers who were examining him, to be a merchant of Milan and to have lost his papers. "Hah," said a French Colonel, suddenly, "come closer; I can't hear you." The accused obeyed. "Now," said the Colonel, "in doing that you stepped off finely with your left foot—arm to the body by instinct—little finger on the stripe of the pantaloon. You are an excellently drilled old soldier, my friend." The man admitted it.

AMONG the obituary notices in the Leeds *Intelligencer* is the following:—"On the 20th inst., aged 45, Mr. Peter Matterson, of Low Dunsford, near Boroughbridge. He and his ancestry have been the owners and occupiers of the farm on which he died for more than eight hundred years. The farm was not entailed, and the owner has always been a Matterson, without adoption."

THE Italian editors are heard of now-a-days.—The morning after the French occupation of Milan several journals that had been suppressed by the Austrian government, re-appeared. One had been suppressed five years, and in the last number had promised the "conclusion" of a story in the next. True to promise, the next, at the end of five years, took up the story where it had been left off, and concluded it.

OSCAR, the King of Sweden and Norway, whose death is announced in recent foreign arrivals, was a son of the celebrated Bernadotte, alternately Napoleon's friend, rival and opponent. He married a daughter of Eugene Beauharnais, succeeded to his father's throne in 1844, and was 58 years of age. His administration has been marked by a fair degree of liberality and reform. He will be succeeded by his son, who married a Dutch Princess a few years ago, and will take the title of Charles XV.

A DELICATE HINT.—It will be remembered that Marshall Haynau, the brute at whose command innocent women were stripped naked and whipped by the Austrian soldiers, visited England six or seven years since, not long after the committal of the atrocious deed. When he visited the immense brewery of Barclay, Perkins & Co., in London, the workmen suddenly closed around Haynau, flogged him terribly, and would undoubtedly have killed him had he not been suddenly hurried off by some bystanders. Field Marshal Urban, another Austrian officer, has been endeavoring to equal, if not surpass, the illustrious Haynau in deeds of infamy. As soon as the workmen who had administered justice to the latter heard of the former's villainy, they published the following card in the London papers, as a hint of what he might expect did he come in their neighborhood:

"*A Card.*—The workmen in the employ of Messrs. Barclay, Perkins & Co., present their most earnest compliments to Lieutenant Field Marshal Urban, and entreat, should he favor London with his presence after the war, that they may be honored with a call. Marshal Haynau, it will be in Marshal Urban's recollection, took great interest in the process of the brewery, and the workmen will be delighted to renew the attentions which made that celebrated officer's visit an European event."

OUR ARMY MEN SENT BACK FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.—The European governments are not disposed to communicate the secrets of their military science and improvement in weapons of war to the Yankees. We learn from the Richmond *Enquirer* of the 13th, that private letters from the continent of Europe intimate that the American officers who had been permitted by the United States to go to the seat of war in order to gain military insight into war tactics by observation of the contending powers, have been refused passports to travel thither. They consequently returned to England to await further diplomatic consideration of the matter and causes of objection.

The News Condenser.

— Baltimore has a fire alarm and police telegraph in operation.

— Two men died of sun stroke in Cincinnati on Saturday week.

— The city of Cardenas, in Cuba, has ordered a statue of Columbus.

— The New Castle (Pa.) Bank has "gone under" and closed its doors.

— Sixty Americans had a great time at Heidelberg, Germany, on the 4th.

— A silver mine has been discovered in Missouri. It is said to be very rich.

— Thirty-six fires occurred in Philadelphia on the 4th. Rather dear celebrating.

— A distinguished German chemist has discovered that there is sugar in tears.

— The Duchess of Kent, mother of Queen Victoria, is suffering from internal cancer.

— Sixteen mules were killed by one stroke of lightning at Lebanon, Tenn., last week.

— A canal boat, loaded with corn, valued at $12,000, sunk at Rhinebeck a few days ago.

— Stephen A. Benson has been elected to the third term of the Presidency of Liberia.

— Garibaldi has a son who is a soldier with him, and fights like a lion by his father's side.

— A second crop of oats has been raised this season in the vicinity of Fort Smith, Arkansas.

— Persons at work in the Vermont gold mines are said to be making from $2 to $3 per day.

— Princeton College celebrated its one hundred and twelfth anniversary on Wednesday week.

— The longest bit of air line railroad in New England is seven miles—in Indiana, seventy miles.

— France is now said to be more licentious and dissolute than at any time since the first Empire.

— Ex-Mayor Mills, of Lasalle, Ill., who was bitten by a pet dog, died last week of hydrophobia.

— A large cave has been discovered near Bethlehem, Pa. Partial explorations have been made.

— Ripe peaches have made their appearance in the Cincinnati market at ten dollars per bushel.

— Kossuth had, at last advices, succeeded in flooding Hungary with revolutionary proclamations.

— There are 12 cases in Prussia involving the question of the rights of adopted citizens abroad.

— One cent a day will buy food in China sufficient to enable a laboring man to "live comfortably."

— The friends of Temperance are invited to rally at Saratoga Springs on the 2d and 3d of August.

— The Hungarians are moving in all our large cities for co-operation in case of a revolution at home.

— The Journal of Commerce says that June was the dullest month experienced in New York for years.

— Dr. Dick estimates the number of those who have perished directly or indirectly by war, at 14,000,000.

— The Bostonians are getting up a line of steamers to run between that city and Charleston or Savannah.

— Whiteside county, Illinois, advertises some 4,000 lots and parcels of land to be sold for the taxes of 1859.

— Forty-five insurance companies in New York have declared their July dividends—average, eight per cent.

— Enough of the Chinese sugar cane has been raised in Iowa, this season, to make a million gallons of syrup.

— The Washington (D. C.) Star estimates the population of the national capital city at from 75,000 to 80,000.

— General Palfrey, of New Orleans, who was an aid-de-camp to General Jackson, 1815, is on a visit to Montreal.

— A panther has been seen in the woods near Chittenango, but the hunters are unable to find his lurking place.

— In the reportorial corps at the Kansas Constitutional Convention, is Mrs. Nichols, the woman's rights lecturer.

— The American Scientific Association commences its next annual session at Springfield, Mass., on the 3d of August.

— A writer in Blackwood says the peculiarity of Louis Napoleon is that he consults every body and follows his own advice.

— There are 15 daily papers, 6 semi-weekly, 11 semi-monthly, 89 monthly, and 108 weekly, printed in the city of New York.

— Among the wounded in the personal staff alongside the Emperor of the French, is Edgar Ney, son of the great marshal.

— The venerable Mrs. Anna Pope, of Spencer, Mass., died Wednesday week, at the great age of one hundred and five years.

— The experiment of growing tobacco in Minnesota has proved quite successful, a heavy crop being anticipated this year.

— A minature model of Solomon's temple is exhibiting in San Francisco. It is said to be a splendid piece of workmanship.

— It is said that the two religious newspapers in Texas have a more extensive circulation than any other two papers in the State.

— An American gentleman from Boston, whose name is not given, is reported to have entered as a private soldier under Garibaldi.

— A church has been purchased for the deaf and dumb in New York, in which services are to be conducted in the sign language.

— An effort is made at present by the clergy of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland to revive the habit of kneeling at public prayer.

— Horace Greeley, in one of his letters from the plains, says that he is confident that he saw a million of buffaloes one day during his trip.

— During twenty-four hours, from Saturday evening to Sunday evening, five persons were drowned in Milwaukee. Two were children.

— One hundred and forty-one candidates for admission to Harvard College have presented themselves at Cambridge for examination.

— The London Star's Vienna correspondent says there is hardly a regiment in the Austrian army that does not contain an English officer.

— The General Superintendent of Police in New York city has issued an order directing the removal by the police of beggars from the streets.

— Since hostilities commenced no less than forty different pamphlets and books containing Garibaldi's biography have been published in Paris.

— A public meeting was held in Philadelphia on Tuesday week to take measures for preventing the running of cars on the city railroads on the Sabbath.

— Two gentlemen fishing in Juniata Co., Pa., had a narrow escape from wolves a few days since. They were chased by four of the ferocious animals.

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A KING CARRYING AROUND A SUBSCRIPTION PAPER.—Among the items by the last California mail is the following:—The arrival of ten Sisters of Charity from San Francisco, is rather opportune, as our community has been a good deal stirred up of late on the subject of hospitals for the indigent sick among the natives. The Legislature at its late session appropriated $5,000 towards the establishment of a hospital at Honolulu, and the King, yielding to the urgent requests of his accomplished consort, started around town with a subscription book, to try and add to this fund. It was a novel sight, a King begging for his subjects, but Kamehameha did it in a kingly way, and the result was a noble subscription. Foreign residents principally were those asked to subscribe, and they did so liberally, as Honolulians always do for "sweet charity's sake." The King's subscription had amounted to about $15,000 the last I heard of it—and this in Honolulu alone. The other Islands are yet to be visited by the King, when a large addition may be expected to this already respectable fund. The result will be that a hospital for sick natives will be established on each Island of the group.

STEREOGRAPHS OF BATTLES.—Dr. O. W. Holmes, in his scientific contribution to the last Atlantic Monthly, says:—The next European war will send us stereographs of battles. It is asserted that a bursting shell can be photographed. The time is, perhaps, at hand, when a flash of light as sudden and brief as that of lightning which shows a whirling wheel standing stock still, shall preserve the very instant of the shock of contact of the mighty armies that are even now gathering. The lightning from heaven does actually photograph natural objects on the bodies of those it has just blasted—as we are told by many witnesses. The lightning of clashing sabres and bayonets may be forced to stereotype itself in a stillness as complete as that of the tumbling tide of Niagara, as we see it self-pictured.

SUBSTITUTE FOR IMPRISONMENT.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial writes from Jefferson county, Texas:—"There is no county sent, but it is necessary to have some place of confinement for criminals; and as a substitute for a jail, the people have provided a large stone, weighing over three tuns, placed in the public square, with a large iron ring and long iron chain fastened to it, and when a poor fellow commits a crime, and the sentence is imprisonment, he is fastened to this chain by the ankle, and there remains night and day; but if his crime be light, and he previously bore a good character, the judge in his mercy often allows him to carry an umbrella to protect himself from the rain and storm."

NEGRO INSURRECTION IN VENEZUELA.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia Bulletin, writing from Paez to Cabello, reports an insurrection there on the part of the blacks. A judge of the village had been assassinated, and all the white women and children were compelled to take refuge in the vessels in the harbor. General engagements had taken place between the blacks and the troops, but with no decisive result, as the blacks fled to the bush, where they could fire on their opponents with impunity. The war is one simply of races.

FROM ARIZONA.—Private advices to Washington from Tucon, Arizona, dated July 2d, state that Peschiera had arrived at Hermosillo, and announced his intention of driving all the Apaches north of the line, with the Sonora battalion. The revolt of the Yaqui and Apopta Indians seemed suppressed, but another had broken out in the northern part of Sonora, and a band of 450 men under a Passago Indian leader, were creating damage.

NEW YORK STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.—The Fourteenth Annual Meeting of the New York State Teachers' Association will be held at Poughkeepsie on the 2d, 3d and 4th days of August.

FROM SANTA FE.—The New Mexican mail, with Santa Fe dates of the 27th ult., reached Independence on the 16th inst. Large numbers of the Camanches and Kaw Indians were at Walnut, and the latter were endeavoring to form an alliance with the former, for the purpose of punishing the people of Council Grove for hanging two of their tribe a short time ago. The two companies of troops at the crossing of the Arkansas were not sufficient to hold the Indians in check should they become hostile.

MORMONISM IN A NEW LIGHT.—A very strange thing has happened. The Episcopal Chaplain at Fort Laramie has been allowed to preach a gospel sermon in the Mormon temple at Salt Lake. The usual congregation of "Saints" was present, and gave the Chaplain a respectful hearing. At the close of the sermon, "Bishop" Kimball and Brigham Young spoke—the latter in warm commendation of a part of the Chaplain's sermon.

THE government of India has recently published the result of a geological survey of that country, which contains many matters of scientific interest. During the five months' duration of the surveyor's visit, there fell in his field of observations nearly five hundred inches of rain, and there were only sixty-three days in which the amount was less than an inch.

Special Notices.

FRECKLES.—Of all the effects that exposure of the skin to the air or sun produces, the most disagreeable is called freckles or tan. If spread over the entire surface of the parts exposed, it is called tan; if scattered at intervals, freckles. The finest skins are most subject to them. The *Kalliston*, prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, contains a peculiar erasive property which will remove these disagreeable stains. It is at the same time perfectly harmless, allays all tendency to inflammation, and renders the complexion clear and beautiful.—*Boston Herald.*

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, July 26, 1859.

FLOUR—By reference to our table of quotations it will be observed that we are again compelled to take 25@50 cents from the rates of all grades of flour. Nothing is doing, and holders are rather anxious to dispose of stock on hand.

GRAIN—In wheat the prices have fallen off 15 cents ₩ bushel. The figures we give are nominal—more guess-work than anything else—grain buyers are not in the market, and millers will not touch a bushel more than they need to keep mill-gearing from the rust. Corn, under eastern advices, is dull and lower. Oats in similar condition.

WOOL—But little is doing, and that at lower prices for best grades.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Fees, dozen	13@14c
Flour, wint. wheat	$6.50@7.00	Honey, box	15@18c
Flour, spring do.	$5.00@5.50	Candles, box	12½@13c
Flour, buckwheat, ₩ cwt.	$0.00	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1.25@1.35	Apples, bushel	.00@$0.00
Best white Can'a	$1.25@1.35	Apples, dried	$0.00
Corn	.75@75c	Peaches, dried, ₩ lb	.00c
Rye, 60 lbs. ₩ bu	.00@00c	Cherries, dried, ₩ lb	.00c
Oats, by weight	45@ 47c	Potatoes	.50@62½c
Barley	.00@.0 c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	50@60	Slaughter	6½@7c
Beans	.75@85c	Calf	10@11c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	25@25
Pork, mess	$17.00@18.50	Lamb pelts	.25@50c
Pork, clear	$21.00@22.00	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	$7.00@7.50	Clover, bush	$3.50@4.00
Beef, ₩ cwt	$5.00@6.50	Timothy	1.50@2.00
Spring lambs, each	$1.50@1.75	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton, carcass	.5@6c	Wood, hard	$4.00@4.50
Hams smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3.00@3.50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$5.75@6.00
Chickens	7@8c	Coal, Scranton	$4.25@4.50
Turkeys	10@11c	Coal, Pittston	$4.25@4.50
Geese	38@41c	Coal, Shamokin	$4.25@4.50
Ducks, ₩ pair	00@00c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1.12
Butter, roll	13@14c	Hay, tun	$10.00@16.00
Butter, firkin	12@12½c	Wool, ₩ lb	30@40c
Cheese	8@10c	Whitefish, bbl	$9.00@9.50
Lard, tried	11@12c	Codfish, ₩ quintal	$4.75@5.00
Tallow	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$2.00@5.50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, July 25.—FLOUR—Market unsettled and inferior grades 10c lower, while medium grades are steady and unchanged. Sales at $4.15@4.70 for superfine State, $4.80@5.15 for extra State, $4.00@4.70 for superfine Western, $4.75@5.00 for extra Western, $4.75@5.00 for old, and $5.00@5.50 for fresh ground shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing unsettled.

GRAIN—Wheat dull, heavy and 4@6c lower on new; old quiet. Sales at 130@135c for new white Kentucky; 110c for old red Genesee; 120c for white do.; 127c for new red Southern; 132c for white do. Rye dull. Sales at 83c. Barley dull. Corn is 1@2c lower, and active. Sales at 78c for old mixed Western in store, 60@62c for red delivered. Oats lower—41@42c for State and 40@42c for Canada.

PROVISIONS—Pork lower. Sales at $15.50 for mess; $16.00 for heavy do.; $14.50 for thin mess; $10.50@11.00 for prime. Lard heavy. Sales at 10¾@11c. Butter firm at 11@15c for Ohio; 16@19c for State. Cheese quiet at 8@9c for prime.

ALBANY, July 25.—FLOUR—Still lower, and only inquired after in a retail way. We quote the best standard brands at $7.50 ₩ bbl. Corn meal 13@14s ₩ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—Of wheat the only sale reported is that of 22,000 bu fair white Canadian at 115c, which indicates a considerable decline. Corn lower. Sales round yellow at 80c, round white at 81c, prime western mixed, in car lots, at 82c. At the close of 'Change prime western mixed was freely offered at 80c. Oats are without change. Sales Canada East, Saturday evening, in lots, at 43, 44@45c, weight, (it was only a small lot that brought the outside quotation,) and to-day at 44c, weight, and State, in lots, at 46c, weight. Nothing doing in rye, barley or malt.

BUFFALO, July 25.—FLOUR—In moderate demand and market unchanged.

GRAIN—With a moderate milling inquiry, the market for wheat is steady. Sales red winter Illinois at 70c; red winter Ohio, in lots, at $1.02, and choice new white Kentucky at $1.40. Corn quiet, and a shade easier. Sales Illinois railroad at 86c, afloat. Other grains quiet and no sales.

TORONTO, July 23.—GRAIN—The supply of winter wheat to-day amounted to about 600 bushels, and the market was pretty steady at 5s 6d@5s 8d ₩ bushel for fall. In one instance, 6s 9d was paid, but the general tendency of the market was to low rates. Spring wheat sold at 5s 3d ₩ bushel; very little offered. Holders of oats were asking 2s 9d ₩ bushel, with no offers at that figure. Nothing was done in other grains.

HAY (new) is in good supply, at $15@22 ₩ tun. Old is scarce, and is held at $26@30. Straw is scarce, and is sold at $10@12 ₩ tun.—*Globe.*

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, July 20.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ₩ cwt., $9.50@10,00; ordinary do, $8.50@9,00; common do, $7.50@8,00; inferior do, $6.50@7.50.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@60,00; ordinary do, $40@50; common do, $30,00@40,00; inferior do, $20,00@25,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₩ lb., 6@6¼c; ordinary do, 5@5¾c; common do, 4@5c; inferior do, 3@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ₩ head, $5,00@6,00; ordinary do, $4,00@4,75; common do, $3.50@4.00; inferior do, $3,00@3,00.

SWINE—First quality, 6¼@6¾c; other qualities, 5@6¾c.

ALBANY, July 25.—CATTLE—There is no improvement to note, neither in the quality offering nor in the tone of the market so far as prices are concerned. There is a falling off in the receipts as compared with last week, but still they are too large to admit of better prices, and the depression noticed by us for the past five or six weeks continues, without any promise of early improvement. Last week the freight receipts were 3100—200 were held over and about [illegible] the drove roads, making a total of [illegible] This week the fresh receipts for the 2[illegible] were called about [illegible] over, and [illegible] driven [illegible] the country [illegible] 2[illegible] last week.

We quote the ma[illegible]ts as opening rather [illegible]

[illegible] rates	The Week	Last
First quality	[illegible]	4
Second quality	[illegible]	3
Third quality	[illegible]	3
Inferior	[illegible]	3

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Supply fair and demand good. Prices unchanged. About 2000 head have changed hands at prices ranging from 3 to 4¾c ₩ lb., live weight.—*Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, July 20.—At market 1,836 cattle, about 1,100 beeves, and 256 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market beef—Extra, $8,00@8,25, first quality, $7,00@7,50 second do, $6,00@6,00, third do, $4,75@5,00, ordinary do $4,00.

WORKING OXEN $75@175 ₩ pair.

COWS AND CALVES $ 0 40 45 @60

STORES—Yearlings, $00@00,00, two years old, $22,00@27,00, three years old, $25,00@ 4,00.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2700 at market. Prices—in lots, $1,50, 1,75@2,50. Extra, $3,00, 3,25@3,75.

HIDES—7¼@8c ₩ lb. Lambs' Pelts, 55@62c. Sheep do, 20c.

CALF SKINS—12@14c ₩ lb. Tallow, 0@0c ₩ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$5,00@10,00.

BRIGHTON, July 21.—At market, 1350 beeves, 200 stores, 2,000 sheep and lambs, and 1,300 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Extra, $8,75 0,00, first quality, $8,50@ 00,00, second quality $7 50, third quality, $5,75@8,00.

WORKING OXEN $ 0@130

MILCH COWS $ 0@41; common, $00@00

VEAL CALVES—$3,00 5,00@7,00.

STORES—Yearlings, none two years old, $22@27; three years old, $2[illegible]

HIDES—7¼@8c ₩ lb. Calf skins, 13@14c ₩ lb.

TALLOW—Sales at 7 @8c ₩ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1 50@1,75, extra, $2,50@2,75

PELTS—2[illegible]@[illegible] each.

SWINE—Spring pigs, 5 @5¾c, retail, 6 @6¾c

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, July 21.—Native fleece is in fair request at full prices. Sales of 175,000 lbs at 40@57½c for quarter to extra full blood, and 63@c for a choice selected lot of picklock. Pulled is steady. Sales of 40,000 lbs at 46@50c, as to quality, the latter rate for extra country Saxony. Fore-an clothing qualities have been in improved demand, and prices generally are well maintained. Sales of some 700 bales common Peruvian, at 23@24c, 6 months, 300 bales Donskoi, 200 do Smyrna, 200 do Morocco, and a small invoice of Mexican, on terms not disclosed. We quote:

Am Saxony fleece, ₩ lb	56@60
Am full blood Merino	53@56
Am. ¾ and ½ blood Merino	46@49
Am native and ¼ blood Merino	40@44
Extra, pulled	45@50
Superfine pulled	37½@42
No 1, pulled	30@33
California, fine, unwashed	23@28
California, common do	10@17
Peruvian, washed	20@30
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@12
S. Am. common, washed	10@13
S. Am. Entre Rios, washed	15@18
S. American, unwashed	9@14
S. Am. Cordova, washed	20@28
East India, washed	20@22
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	15@28
Smyrna, unwashed	14@18
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

Tribune.

BOSTON, July 21.—There is no change in fleece or pulled wool. Demand moderate, with light receipts, and the sales of the week have been 75,000 lbs. at previous rates. In foreign wool the transactions comprise 556 ballots Peruvian, 200 bales East Indian, and 325 bales South American and Mediterranean, at various prices, as to quality.

Sax and Mer., fine	55@57	Western mixed	35@45
Full blood	52@54	Smyrna, washed	17@30
Half and ¼ blood	43@49	Do unwashed	9 @19
Common	40@42	Syrian	11@23
Pulled, extra	45@55	Cape	24@30
Do superfine	40@50	Crimea	9 @17
Do No 1	32@42	Buenos Ayres	9@35
Do. No 2		Peruvian, washed	30@33

MICHIGAN WOOL MARKET.—The market now is about over for the season, and returns of the amount purchased are beginning to come in. The average price paid seems to have been about 42c. The following are the amounts taken at a few of the principal points:

Adrian, 274,000 lbs.; Battle Creek, 148,000; Brooklyn, Jackson Co., 40,000; Concord, do, 10,000; Flint, 120,000; Grass Lake, 50,000; Grand Rapids, 60,000; Hastings, 10,000; Hudson, 113,668; Ionia, (est.,) 80,000; Jackson, 230,000; Kalamazoo, 236,000; Marshall, 100,000; Monroe, 41,000; Morenci, 32,000; Parma, 51,000; Romeo, 117,777; Tecumseh, 75,000. Being a total at 18 points of 1,796,443.

A shrewd wool buyer of this city estimates the entire clip of Michigan at three millions of pounds. We hope to get fuller and corrected returns hereafter.—*Detroit Advertiser.*

DETROIT, July 23.—The wool market has almost given out, and sales now are few, the farmers being busy in the harvest field. There is unquestionably a good proportion of wool held back with the idea of taking the chances for the remainder of the year on prices. The sales here are light, at present, and prices may be quoted at from 40 to 45c for the best fleeces of Merino full blood and three quarter bred sheep.—*Michigan Farmer.*

CLEVELAND, July 21.—Receipts large and increasing. Buyers in this market are paying for native and common, ₩ lb., 30@33; quarter blood, 35@36; half blood, 36@38; three quarter blood, 40@43; full blood, 44@48; fancy clips, 50@55.

Marriages.

In this city, on the 21st inst., by the Rev. J. H. TOWNE, Mr. JOSIAH BENTON and Miss HARRIET, daughter of O. L. ANGEVINE, all of this city.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, and leaded—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, IN ADVANCE.—☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

☞ All transient advertisements must be accompanied with the cash, or a responsible reference, to secure insertion. Those who send us advertisements to be published at prices they specify, are respectfully advised that we are not in a position to allow any one to dictate terms—especially when the demand upon our columns, at published rates, exceeds the space appropriated for Advertising.

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$88.50 A YEAR PAYS FOR BOARD, WASHing, and Tuition in Common English, in FALLEY SEMINARY, Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y. Fall Term opens August 11th, 1859. For Catalogue, address
499-2t JOHN P. GRIFFIN, Principal.

YOUR NAME IN GILT LETTERS (Adhesive.) Size 1 inch, ONE CENT each; 2 inches, TWO CENTS; 3 inches, THREE CENTS, &c., with red stamp to pay return postage. GRAND CHANCE FOR AGENTS!—12 Alphabets, one inch, for $1; two inch, 8 for $1; three inch, 5 for $1—assorted colors. Address [499-3t] GEO. K. SNOW, Boston, Mass.

WIND MILLS, FOR VARIOUS PURPOSES, continue to be manufactured by the Subscriber, at a cost of $75 and upwards (to $5 000.) He has just made a Mill for JOHN R. MURRAY, Esq., of Mt. Morris, N. Y., for raising water and other purposes—which gives entire satisfaction. Orders will receive prompt and personal attention. Address THOS. C. VICE, Rochester, N. Y. 499 4t

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SAPONIFIER,
OR,
PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH.

Warranted double the strength of ordinary Potash. One pound will make twelve gallons good strong Soap, without lime and with little trouble. Manufactured and put up in 1, 2, 4 and 6 lb. cans, in lumps, with directions, at the CHALLENGE CHEMICAL WORKS, New York.
E. R. DURKEE & CO.,
161 Pearl street, N. Y., Proprietors.
Sold everywhere. 499

HOMES FOR ALL.—Several families will start from New York for the table lands of TENNESSEE the first week of August. We intend to fit out companies of persons seeking new homes in VIRGINIA about the 1st of September. We therefore desire those who wish to unite, to furnish us with particulars of their wants, means and preferences, that the best possible provision may be made for them.

The rapid advance of the price of Land settled under the auspices of CONCERTED EMIGRATION is the grand, distinctive feature of our enterprise. We have the pleasure of assuring our friends of the success of those who have already gone on, and of the prosperity and perfect health which has attended them.

Please address FRANCIS W. TAPPAN, President, or JOHN C. UNDERWOOD, General Agent American Emigrant Aid and Homestead Company, No. 146 Broadway, New York. 499-5t

A SAFE AND PROFITABLE BUSINESS.—The Auburn Publishing Co. have just added to their list FOUR NEW AGENTS' BOOKS, which are sold only to Subscribers, and for which they wish to employ canvassing Agents in every county in the U. S. and Canada. That business with their [illegible]
$250!
[illegible] the profits [illegible] their [illegible] who now [illegible] readily profitable. They [illegible] circulars contain be full particulars of [illegible] and "Practical Instructions" how to conduct it, free, to all who will apply to E. G. STORKE,
499 3t Publishing Agent, Auburn, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED IN THIS STATE to canvass with the GOLDEN SALVE. It is rapidly. Can make good pay. For terms, &c., send stamp.
491-13t C. P. WHITTEN, Lowell, Mass.

KENTUCKY SEED WHEATS.
MAY WHEAT,
HILL WHEAT,
MEDITERRANEAN WHEAT,
WHITE KENTUCKY WHEAT

We are storing some of our receipts of earliest ripened and purest samples of the above varieties of Wheat, grown in Kentucky and Tennessee, for the use of Farmers as Seed Wheat, which we propose to sell at prices merely sufficient to pay the extra expenses incurred by so doing, in addition to the current value of these wheats for milling purposes. "May Wheat" is probably the earliest known in Kentucky, ripens 1st to 10th of June, has succeeded perfectly in this State the present season, *heads* smooth, *kernel* short, plump, heavy, and bright amber color, and comprises one half the stock from which is manufactured the justly celebrated St. Louis Bolted Extra.

"Hill Wheat" resembles the May in color and qualities—*heads* bearded, *kernel* nearly as long as Mediterranean, and plump.

"Mediterranean and White" are too well known to require description, but from several experiments we are well convinced the use of Kentucky or Tennessee seed will hasten the crop several days. CORB & CO.,
Produce Com. Merchants.
499 7t Nos. 20 and 21 Central Wharf, Buffalo, N. Y.

FOR SALE—4 miles from Batavia Station, in the Putnam Settlement, one 3 year old Devon Bull, of fine form and pedigree. Also, 6 fine grade Short-horn Heifers. Also, a few choice Berkshire Pigs—all for sale at a low figure, by [498-3t] WALTER COLE.

BUDS—BUDS—BUDS.—We are ready to furnish Nurserymen with all the leading varieties, AT THE LOWEST RATES, securely packed for any distance
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Geneva, July 13, 498-3t

STRAWBERRIES.
WILSON'S ALBANY SEEDLING,
The Best and Greatest Bearing Strawberry Known.

This fine fruit has yielded with the subscriber this season, TWO BUSHELS to the square rod, or over 300 BUSHELS TO THE ACRE!

Plants for sale in any quantity, at $5 per 1,000; $3 for 500; 75 cents for 100, and 50 cents for 50.

They can be set any time before the first of October; yet it is better to set them in August, or by the fore part of September. T. BUCHANAN, Jr.
Utica, July, 1859. 495-3t

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A NARRATIVE OF SARAH JORDAN.
BY MRS. P. L. UPHAM.

THOSE who live in the secret of the Most High, and exercise a living and tender fellowship in all that relates to the dealings of God with his chosen and afflicted ones, will grasp, with eager hand, the little volume now presented.

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Seldom has a "higher Christian life" been so clearly unfolded to the eye and heart, as in the life experience of this suffering but rejoicing child of God. No devout Christian can read it without an uplifting of soul and a yearning to enter into the "rest" in which Sarah Jordan continually abode. Christianity is under a weight of obligation to the gifted compiler of this work, in thus presenting to the world fresh incentives to follow in the footsteps of the just.
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Tens of thousands have hung with delight upon the words of this gifted lady in the half score of volumes she has given to the world, and thousands more will catch the words of interest that have dropped from the pen of this ready writer in the book now announced.

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For applications, direct simply "Ingham University, Le Roy, N. Y."

The Institution will proceed with few changes as heretofore, Mrs. STAUNTON and Mrs. INGHAM still interested and assisting in its progress.

Terms per annum for Board and Tuition, $150. Few Extras. Synopsis sent at request.
SAM'L HANSON COX, Chancellor.
Le Roy, N. Y., July 9, 1859. 497-4t

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BEST AND MOST PROLIFIC STRAWBERRY!
YIELD'S OVER 200 BUSHELS PER ACRE!

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Cuts and descriptions were given in a late number of the Rural (May 14th)
[illegible] 49[illegible]
[illegible] Manufacturers
Macedon, N. Y. LUCIUS [illegible]

HOMES FOR ALL!
FOR SALE,

At $1,25 per Acre, desirable FARMING LANDS in Western Virginia, Eastern Kentucky, and Middle Tennessee. Also, Valuable Lands in Sullivan and Elk Counties, Pennsylvania.

Apply to the AMERICAN EMIGRANT AID AND HOMESTEAD COMPANY, No 146 Broadway, New York. 499tf

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For sale at $40 per ton of 2,000 lbs., and liberal discount will be made by the cargo.

Circulars, with directions for use, may be had on application at our office. FOSTER & STEPHENSON,
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494-13eow Agents for The Atlantic and Pacific Guano Co.

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The American Harvester is a two horse machine capable of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass, and from 12 to 15 acres of grain per day. The Little Buffalo Harvester is a one horse machine capable of cutting from 8 to 12 acres of grass, and from 10 to 15 acres of grain per day.

PRICES AT FACTORY.

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STONE YARDS—FOR 1859.—RATHBUN & WHITMORE, have always on hand a good supply of Lockport and Medina Stone, Caps, Sills, Platforms, Steps, Posts, Well and Cistern Covers, Curbing, Paving, and Building Stone, Flagging—all sizes, Fire-proof Vaults, &c. They will *contract* for Street Improvements, generally, at home or *abroad*, and fill all orders on short notice, addressed to THOMAS RATHBUN, Buffalo, WM. W. WHITMORE, Lockport, or to the subscriber, Pittsburgh St. Bridge, Rochester.
484wo WM. CARSON, Agent.

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WITH WOOD'S IMPROVEMENT,
For the Harvest of 1859.

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ROSAMOND;
OR,
THE YOUTHFUL ERROR.

A TALE OF RIVERSIDE.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

[Continued from page 244, last number.]

"Mr. BROWNING," she whispered softly, "*I know your secret*, and I do not love you less."

"*You, Rosamond, you know it!*" he exclaimed, gazing fixedly at her. "It cannot be. You would never do as you have done."

"But I do know it," she continued, taking both his hands in hers and looking him steadily in the eye, by way of controlling him, should he be seized with a sudden attack, "I know exactly what it is, and though it will prevent me from being your wife, it will not prevent me from loving you just the same, or from living with you either. I shall stay here always,—and,—and,—pardon me, Mr. BROWNING, but when you get *furious*, as you sometimes do, I can quiet you better than any one else, and it may be the world will never need to know you are a *mad-man!*"

Mr. BROWNING looked searchingly into her innocent eyes, and then, in spite of himself, he laughed aloud. He understood why she should think him a mad-man, and though he repented of it afterwards, he hastened to undeceive her now. "As I hope to see another day, it is not *that*," he said. "It is far worse than insanity; and, ROSAMOND, though it breaks my heart to say it, it is wicked for *me* to talk of love to *you*, and you must not remember what I said. You must crush every tender thought of me. You must forget me,—nay, more,—you must *hate* me. Will you, ROSAMOND?"

"No,—no,—no," she cried, and laying her face in his lap, she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"Leave me," he whispered, "or I *shall* go mad, for I know I am the cause of this distress."

There was decision in the tones of his voice, and it stilled the tumult in ROSAMOND'S bosom. Rising to her feet, she said calmly, "I will go, but I cannot forget that you deceived me. You have wrung from me a confession of my love, only to throw it back upon me as a priceless thing."

Not thus would he part with her, and grasping her arm, he began, "Heaven knows how much more than my very life I love you ——"

He did not finish the sentence, for through the air a small, dark object came, and, missing its aim, dropped upon the hearth, where it was broken in a hundred pieces. It was a vase which stood upon the table in the hall, and BEN VAN VECHTEN'S was the hand that threw it! Impatient at the delay, he had come up in time to hear his uncle's last words, which roused his Southern blood at once, and seizing the vase, he hurled it at the offender's head,—then rushing down the stairs, he burst upon his mother with "Great Thunder! mother, Uncle RALPH is making love to ROSAMOND himself, and she likes it, too. I saw it with my own eyes! I'll hang myself in the barn, or go to the Crimean war!" and BEN bounded up and down like an India rubber ball. Suddenly remembering that another train was due ere long, he darted out of the house, followed by his distracted mother, who, divining his intention, ran swiftly after him, imploring him to return. Pausing for a moment as he struck into the highway, he called out, "Good-bye, mother. I've only one choice left,—WAR! Give my love to ROSAMOND and tell her I shall die like a hero. You needn't wear black,—if you don't want to. Good-bye."

He turned the corner,—he had started for the *war*,—and mentally resolving to follow him in the next train, Mrs. VAN VECHTEN returned to the house and sought her brother.

"RALPH," she began sternly, "have you talked of *love* to ROSAMOND?"

Mr. BROWNING had borne so much that nothing startled him now, and returning her glance unflinchingly, he replied, "I have."

"How then, is MARIE dead?" the lady asked.

"Not to my knowledge,—but hist," was the reply as Mr. BROWNING nodded towards the hall, where a rustling movement was heard.

It was the *new girl*, coming with dust-pan and brush to remove the fragments of the vase, though how she knew they were there, was a question she alone could answer. For a single instant her dull, gray eye shot a gleam of intelligence at the occupants of the room, and then assuming her usual appearance, she did what she came to do and departed. When they were again alone Mrs. VAN VECHTEN demanded an explanation of her brother, who gave it unhesitatingly. Cold-hearted as she always seemed, Mrs. VAN VECHTEN had some kind feelings left, and touched by her brother's tale of suffering, she gave him no word of reproach, and even unbent herself to say that a brighter day might come to him yet. Then she spoke of BEN, announcing her determination of following him that night. To this plan Mr. BROWNING offered no remonstrance, and when the night express left the Granby station, it carried with it Mrs. VAN VECHTEN in pursuit of the runaway BEN.

Chapter VIII.—News.

Nearly two weeks had passed away since the exciting scene in Mr BROWNING'S library, and during that time ROSAMOND had kept herself aloof from her guardian, meeting him only at the table, where she maintained towards him a perfectly respectful but rather freezing manner. She was deeply mortified to think he had won from her a confession of her love, and then told her how useless—nay, worse—how wicked it was for her to think of him. She knew that he suffered intensely, but she resolutely left him to suffer alone, and he would rather it should be so. Life was growing more and more a wearisome burden, and when just one week after the library interview he received a note in the well remembered hand-writing, he asked that he might die and forget his grief. The letter was dated at the Springs, where Miss PORTER was still staying, though she said she intended starting the next day for Cuyler, a little out-of-the-way place of the lake, where there was but little company, and she could be quiet and recruit her nervous system. The latter had been terrible shocked, she said, by hearing of his recent attempt at making love to ROSAMOND LEYTON! "Indeed," she wrote, "it is to this very love-making that you owe this letter from me, as I deem it my duty to keep continually before your mind the fact that *I* am still alive."

With a blanched cheek Mr BROWNING read the letter through—then tore it into fragments, wondering much who gave her the information. There were no *spies* about his premises. ROSAMOND would not do it, and it must have been his sister, though why she should thus wish to annoy him he did not know, when she, more than any one else, had been instrumental in placing him where he was. Once he thought of telling ROSAMOND all, but he shrank from this, for she would leave his house, he knew, and, though she might never again speak kindly to him, he would rather feel that she was there.

And so another dreary week went by, and then one morning there came to him tidings which stopped for an instant the pulsations of his heart, and sent through his frame a thrill so benumbing and intense that at first pity and horror were the only emotions of which he seemed capable. It came to him in a newspaper paragraph, which in substance was as follows:

"A sad catastrophe occurred on Thursday afternoon at Cuyler, a little place upon the lake, which of late has been somewhat frequented during the summer months. Three ladies and one gentleman went out in a small pleasure boat which is kept for the accommodation of the guests. They had not been gone very long when a sudden thunder gust came up, accompanied by a violent wind, and the owner of the skiff, feeling some alarm for the safety of the party, went down to the landing just in time to see the boat make a few mad plunges with the waves, and then capsize at the distance of nearly half a mile from the shore.

"Every possible effort was made to save the unfortunate pleasure-seekers, but in vain; they disappeared from view long before a boat could reach them. One of the bodies has not yet been recovered. It is that of a Miss PORTER, from Florida. She had reached Cuyler only the day previous, and was unaccompanied by a single friend, save a waiting-maid, who seems overwhelmed with grief at the loss of her mistress."

This, then, was the announcement which so affected RALPH BROWNING, blotting out for a moment the wretched past, and taking him back to the long ago when he first knew MARIE PORTER and fancied that he loved her. She was *dead* now—*dead*. Many a time he whispered that word to himself, and with each repetition the wish grew strong within him—not that she were living, but that while living he had not hated her so bitterly, and with the softened feeling which death will always bring he blamed himself far more than he did her. There had been wrong upon both sides, but he would rather now that she had been reconciled to him ere she found that watery grave. Hand in hand with these reflections came another thought—a bewildering, intoxicating thought. He was *free* at last—free to *love*—to *worship*—to *marry* ROSAMOND.

"And I will go to her at once," he said, after the first hour had been given to the dead; "I will tell her all the truth."

He arose to leave the room, but something staid him there, and whispered in his ear, "There may be some mistake. Cuyler is not far away. Go there first and investigate."

For him to will was to do, and telling Mrs. PETERS he should be absent from home for a time, he started immediately for Cuyler, which he reached near the close of the day. Calm and beautiful looked the waters of the lake on that summer afternoon, and if within their caverns the ill-fated MARIE slept, they kept over her an unruffled watch and told no tales of her last dying wail to the care-worn, haggard man who stood upon the sandy beach, where they said that she embarked, and listened attentively while they told him how gay she seemed that day, and how jestingly she spoke of the dark thunder-head, which even then was mounting the western horizon. They had tried in vain to find her, and it was probable she had sunk into one of the unfathomable holes with which the lake was said by some to abound. SARAH, the waiting-maid, wept passionately, showing that the deceased must have had some good qualities or she could not thus have attached a servant to her.

Looking upon Mr. BROWNING as a friend of her late mistress, she relied on him for counsel, and when he advised her immediate return to Florida, she readily consented and started on the same day that he turned his face towards Riverside. They had said to him, "If we find her, shall we send her to your place?" and with an involuntary shudder he had answered, "No,—oh, no. You must apprise me of it by letter, as also her Florida friends,—but bury her quietly here."

They promised compliance with his wishes, and feeling that a load was off his mind, he started at once for home. Certainty now was doubly sure. MARIE was dead, and as this conviction became more and more fixed upon his mind, he began to experience a dread of telling ROSAMOND all. Why need she know of it, when the telling it would throw much censure on himself. She was not a great newspaper reader;—she had not seen the paragraph and would not see it. He could tell her that the obstacle to his happiness had been removed, that 'twas no longer a sin for him to think of her or seek to make her his wife. All this he would say to her, but nothing more.

And all this he *did* say to her in the summer house at the foot of the garden, where he found her just as the sun was setting. And ROSAMOND listened eagerly, never questioning him of the past, or caring to hear of it. She was satisfied to know that she might love him now, and with his sheltering arm around her, she sat there alone with him until the August moon was high up in the heavens. He called her his "sunshine"—his "life," and pushing the silken curls from off her childish brow, kissed her again and again, telling her she should be his wife when the 20th day of November came. That was his twenty-ninth birthday, and looking into her girlish face, he asked if he were not too old. He knew she would tell him *no*, and she did, lovingly caressing his grayish hair.

"He had grown young since he sat there," she said, and so, indeed, he had, and the rejuvenating process continued day after day, until the villagers laughingly said that his approaching marriage had put him back ten years. It was known to all the town's folks now, and unlike most other matches, was pronounced a suitable one. Even Mrs. VAN VECHTEN, who had found BEN at Lovejoy's Hotel, and still remained with him in New York, wrote to her brother a kind of a congratulatory letter, mingled with sickly, sentimental regrets for the "heart-broken, deserted and now departed MARIE." It was doubtful whether she came up to the wedding or not, she said, as BEN had positively refused to come, or to leave the city either, and kept her constantly on the watch lest he should elope with a second-rate actress at Laura Keene's theatre.

ROSAMOND laughed heartily when Mr. BROWNING told her of this sudden change in BEN, and then with a sigh as she thought how many times his soft, good-natured heart would probably be wrung, she went back to the preparations for her bridal, which were on a magnificent scale. They were going to Europe,—they would spend the winter in Paris, and as Mr. BROWNING had several influential acquaintances there, they would of course see some society, and he resolved that his bride should be inferior to none in point of dress, as she was to none in point of beauty. Everything which love could devise or money procure was purchased for her, and the elegance of her outfit was for a long time the only theme of village gossip.

Among the members of the household none seemed more interested in the preparations than the girl MARIA, who has before been incidentally mentioned. Her dull eyes lighted up with each new article of dress, and she suddenly displayed so much taste in everything pertaining to a lady's toilet, that ROSAMOND was delighted and kept her constantly with her, devising this new thing and that, all of which were invariably tried on and submitted to the inspection of Mr. BROWNING, who was sure to approve whatever his ROSAMOND wore. And thus gayly sped the halcyon hours, bringing at last the fading leaf and the wailing October winds; but to ROSAMOND, basking in the sunlight of love, there came no warning note to tell her of the dark November days which were hurrying swiftly on.

Chapter IX.—The Guest at Riverside.

The November days had come. The satin dress was made,—the bridal veil sent home,—the wreath of orange, too; and then one morning when the summer, it would seem, had come to revisit the scenes of its brief reign, Mr. BROWNING kissed his bride elect, and wiped away the two big tears which dropped from her eye-lashes when he told her he was going away for that day and the next.

"But when to-morrow's sun is setting, I shall be with you again," he said, and he bade her quiet the fluttering of her little heart, which throbbed so painfully at parting from him.

"I don't know why it is," she said, "I'm not one bit superstitious, but Bruno howled so dismally under my window all night, and when he ceased, a horrid owl set up a screech. I told MARIA, and she said in her country the cry of an owl was a sign that the grave was about to give up its dead, and she looked so mysterious that she frightened me all the more—"

"That MARIA is too superstitious, and I don't like you to be with her so much," said Mr. BROWNING, his own cheek turning slightly pale as he thought of the grave giving up *his* dead. Thrice he turned back to kiss the little maiden, who followed him down the avenue and then climbed into a box-like seat, which had been built on the top of the gate-post and was sheltered by a sycamore. "Here," said she, "shall I wait for you to-morrow night, when the sun is way over there. Oh, I wish it would hurry."

He wished so, too, and with another fond good-bye they parted. The day seemed long to ROSAMOND, and though she varied the time by trying on each and every one of her new dresses, she was glad when it was night, so she could go to bed and sleep the time away. The next morning the depression of spirits was gone; *he* was coming,—she should wait for him beneath the sycamore,—possibly she would hide to make him believe she was not there, and the bright blushes stole over her dimpled cheeks as she thought what he would do when he found that she *was* there.

"Ten o'clock," she said to herself, as she heard the whistle of the upward train. "Seven hours more and he will come."

Going to her room, she took a book in which she tried to be interested, succeeding so well that, though her windows commanded a view of the avenue, she did not see the lady who came slowly up the walk, casting about her eager, curious glances, and pausing more than once to note the exceeding beauty of the place. Once she stopped for a long time, and leaning against a tree, seemed to be debating whether to turn back or go on. Deciding upon the latter she arose, and quickening her movements soon stood upon the threshold. Her ring was answered by MARIA, who betrayed no surprise, for from the upper hall Mrs. PETERS herself was closely inspecting the visitor.

"Is Mr. BROWNING at home?" the lady asked.

"Gone to Buffalo," was the laconic reply, and a gleam of satisfaction flitted over the face of the questioner, who continued, "And the young lady, Miss LEYTON? Has she gone, too?"

"She is here," said MARIA, still keeping her eye upon the shadow bending over the balustrade. "What name shall I give her?"

"No name. I wish to surprise her," and passing on into the parlor, the stranger laid aside her hat and shawl with the air of one perfectly at home,—then seating herself upon a sofa, she examined the room as curiously as she had examined the grounds of Riverside.

"It seems a pity to mar all this," she said, "and were it not that I hate him so much, I would go away forever,—though that would be a greater injury to her than my coming to life will be. Of course he's told her all, and spite of her professed liking for me, she is glad that I am dead. I long, yet dread, to see her amazement; but hist,—she comes."

There was the sound of little, high-heeled slippers on the stairs, the flutter of a pink morning gown, and then ROSAMOND LEYTON stood face to face with—MARIE PORTER! The grave had given up its dead, and without any visible marks of the world prepared for such as she, save, indeed, the the increased *fire* which burned in her black eyes, the risen woman sat there much as living people sit,—her head bent forward,—her lips apart,—and a look of expectation upon her face But she was doomed to disappointment. ROSAMOND knew nothing of the past, and with a cry of pleasurable surprise she started forward, exclaiming, "Oh, Miss PORTER,—I felt so cross when told a visitor was here, but now I know who 'tis, I am so glad, for I am very lonely to-day."

The hard woman swept her hand a moment before her eyes and with that moment swept away the kindly spirit, which whispered, "Don't undeceive her. Don't quench the light of that bright face, nor break that girlish heart."

But it was necessary,—MARIE PORTER knew that, and though she repented of what she had done, it was now too late to retreat, and all she could do was to break the heart of the unsuspecting girl as tenderly as possible.

"Why are you so lonely?" she said, "This is a most beautiful spot. I believe I'd like to live here myself."

"Oh, yes, 'tis a lovely place," answered ROSAMOND, "but,—but,—Mr. BROWNING is not here," and she averted her crimson face.

"Is Mr. BROWNING so necessary to your happiness?" Miss PORTER asked, and bringing an ottoman ROSAMOND sat down at her visitor's feet and thus replied, "We talked so much of him at the Springs that it surely is not foolish in me to tell you what every body knows. Now, you won't laugh at me, will you? Mr. BROWNING and I are going to,—oh, I can't tell it,—but, any way, your fortune-telling is not true."

"Mr. BROWNING and you are going to be married. Is that it?" the woman asked, and with a quick, upward glance of her soft, brown eyes, ROSAMOND replied, "Yes, that's it,—that's it,—and, oh, you can't begin to guess how happy I am. He is not *crazy* either. It was something else, though I don't know what, for he never told me, and I do not care to know. The obstacle has been removed, whatever it was, and it has wrought such a change in him. He's so much younger,—handsomer, now,—and so kind to me. I'm glad you've come, Miss PORTER, and you'll stay till after the wedding. It's the twentieth, and he has bought me so many new things. We are going to Europe. Just think of a winter in Paris, with Mr. BROWNING? But, what! Are you *crying?*" and ROSAMOND started as a burning tear fell upon her forehead.

"ROSAMOND LEYTON," said Miss PORTER, in a voice husky with emotion, "I have not wept in eight long years, but the sight of you so innocent, so happy, wrings the tears from my stony heart, as agony will sometimes force out the drops of perspiration when the body is shivering with cold. I was young like you once, and my bridal was fixed—" she paused, and stealing an arm around her waist, ROSAMOND said pleadingly, "Tell me about it, Miss PORTER, I always knew you had a history. Did the man die?"

"No,—no. Better for me if he had,—aye, and better, too, for you."

This last was a whisper, and ROSAMOND did not hear it. Her thoughts were bent upon the *story*, and she continued, "Will it pain you too much to tell it now?"

"Yes, yes, wait," Miss PORTER said, "Wait until after dinner, and meantime, as I cannot possibly stay until the 20th, perhaps you will let me see your dresses."

Nothing could please ROSAMOND more, and gay as a little child, she lead the way to the large upper room, which contained her wedding outfit.—Proudly she displayed her treasures, flitting like a bird from one pile of finery to another, and reserving the most important until the very last.

"There's the dinner bell," she suddenly exclaimed, "I did not think it could be *one*. Only four hours more,—but come, let us go down and after dinner, if you'll never tell Mrs. PETERS, nor any body, I'll try on my bridal dress and let you see if it is becoming. I want so much to know how it looks, since MARIA put the rose-buds in the berthe. And then your story. I must hear that."

As they were going down the stairs Miss PORTER took ROSAMOND'S hand and said, "How is this?—Where is my ring?"

ROSAMOND could not tell her of an act which now that it no longer had insanity for an excuse, puzzled her not a little. So she made some trivial excuse, which, however, did not deceive her auditor. But the latter deemed it wise to say no more just then, and silently followed her young friend into the dining-room. Dinner being over they went up to ROSAMOND'S chamber, the closet of which contained the bridal robes.

"*Two o'clock*," said ROSAMOND, consulting her watch, then bringing out the rich, white satin and exquisite over-skirt of lace, she continued, "I shall have just time to try this on, hear your story and get dressed before Mr BROWNING comes. How short the day seems, with you here! I told him I'd be sitting in that little box which you possibly noticed, built on the gate-post against the tree.—And he'll be so disappointed not to find me there, that may be you won't mind my leaving you awhile when the sun is right over the woods."

"Certainly not," answered Miss PORTER, and the dressing up process began, ROSAMOND chatting gayly all the while and asking if it were very foolish for her to try on the dress. "I should not do it," she said, "if you would stay. Can't you?"

The answer was a decided negative, and adjusting her little satin slipper, ROSAMOND stood up while her companion put over her head the satin dress. It fitted admirably, and nothing could have been fairer than the round, chubby arms and plump, well-shaped shoulders which the *shortcomings* of the dress showed to good advantage.—Now the lace over-skirt,—now the berthe,—and then the veil, with the orange wreath twined among the flowing curls, and ROSAMOND was dressed at last.

"How do I look?" she asked, but MARIE PORTER made no immediate reply, and as she gazed upon the young girl so beautiful, so innocent and unsuspecting, who can tell of the keen anguish at her heart, or how she shrank from the bitter task which she must do, and quickly, too, for the clock pointed to *three*, and her plan now was to strike the *dove* and then flee ere the *eagle* came. She would thus wound him more deeply, for the very uncertainty would add fresh poison to his cup of agony.

"How do I look?" ROSAMOND asked again and after duly complimenting the dress, Miss PORTER added, "I promised you my story, and if I tell it at all to-day, I must begin it now, for it is long and I would finish it ere Mr. BROWNING comes."

"Very well, I'm all attention," said ROSAMOND, and like a lamb before its slaughterer she knelt before the woman, bending low her graceful head to have the wreath removed.

This done, Miss PORTER said, "Have you any camphor handy, or hartshorn? I am sometimes faint and may want them."

"Yes, both, here in the bathing-room," said ROSAMOND, and she brought them to the lady, who placed them upon the table,—not for herself,—but for one who would need them more,—for poor, poor ROSAMOND. The disrobing proceeded slowly, for the little girl was well pleased with the figure reflected by the mirror. But Miss PORTER could not wait, and when the wreath, the veil, and berthe were removed, she seated herself by the window in a position which commanded a full view of her victim's face; and forcing down the throbbings of her heart, which it seemed to her were audible in that silent room, she commenced the story. [To be continued.]

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2. A young lady of 26 had been troubled with indigestion for several months, so as to render great care necessary in the selection of food. After eating the stomach became acid, food came into the mouth with water, and quite distant, heavy load the sensation in the stomach, with distressing pains, frequent headache, bowels constipated, and a depressed state of the system. She commenced taking the Dyspepsia Pills, one morning and night, and in less than a week almost every symptom of her disease had vanished, and she felt like a new being.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates.—It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

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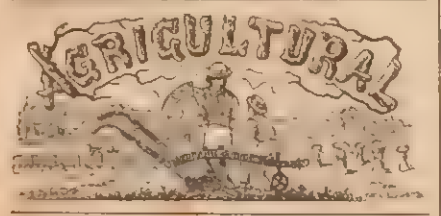


INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

Catarrh in Cattle.

EDS. RURAL:—By your kindness I wish to inquire if you, or any of your numerous readers, can give any information as to the cause, cure, and the name of a complaint among cows and calves, the symptoms of which are as follows:—They cough lightly at present, but it may be more severe after a little time—as was the case last season—and when this increases they are very much distressed in breathing—a quick short breath—very little appetite, and lessening the quantity of milk of the cows. Any information upon the above subject will be very highly esteemed by—A RURAL READER, *Ward, Alleg. Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

CATTLE are subject to several diseases—Catarrh, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs, etc.—any of which, in different stages, would exhibit the symptoms furnished us by our correspondent. In answering queries of this nature we are often in doubt, from the fact that many of the indications of disorder—those upon which the veterinarian relies for the distinguishing characteristics—are deemed of so little importance that they are not transmitted. Hence we, like many others, are in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, and if an opinion is expressed at all, we are compelled to find a basis for such expression in some extraneous matter, as the season, age and condition of the animals, sex, etc. This is our present position, and we pronounce the difficulty Catarrh, for the reason that it is most prevalent at certain periods of the year,—Spring and Autumn,—or during wet, cool weather, and because young cattle, and cows after calving, are very liable to its attacks.

Cause.—It is often very difficult to say whence Catarrh arises. Very slight changes in temperature, or in the care of animals, will produce it. If cattle be crowded in the cow-house, and the air be heated to any considerable extent beyond the external temperature, you may be confident of finding it. Where the food is not sufficient to keep up the growth and animal warmth—furnishing full and proper nourishment—it is seldom a herd can be found exempt. In the majority of cases it is the result of mismanagement. The great fault, however, is in the fact that the mischievous character of the disease is under-estimated. A cough is a trifling matter, in the consideration of many farmer. This is a grievous error. The breeder should be aware of every beast that coughs, and proper attention for a few days will prove whether it is "only a slight cold," disappearing in a few days, or something that will need close scrutiny and the immediate adoption of a systematic course of treatment. YOUATT says "there is no disease of a chronic nature by which cattle are so seriously injured, or which is eventually so fatal to them, as catarrh; yet very few of those whose interest is at stake, pay the slightest attention to it. The cow may cough on from week to week, and no one takes notice of it until the quantity of milk is seriously decreasing, or she is rapidly losing flesh, and then medical treatment is generally unavailing. The disease has now reached the chest, the lungs are seriously affected; and the foundation is laid for confirmed consumption."

Treatment.—When the appetite has not failed, if moisture be observable on the muzzle, and the flanks are quiet, one or two nights' housing, a few mashes, or a dose of physic may restore again to health. If, however, the muzzle be dry, the root of the horn hot, and a heaving is perceptible at the flanks, (light as it may be,) with a distaste for food, the usual mode is to bleed. The authority before quoted remarks:—To bleeding should succeed a dose of Epsom salts, with half an ounce of ginger in it. The latter ingredient will prevent griping, promote perspiration, and excite the rumen to action. Hot, stimulating drinks must be avoided. To the foregoing add warmth, warm mashes, warm drinks, warm gruel, and a well ventilated warm cow-stable. The following drinks will be found useful:

For Cough and Fever.—Emetic tartar, one drachm; powdered digitalis, half a drachm; nitre, three drachms. Mix and give in a quart of tolerably thick gruel.

For Purging.—Epsom salts, one pound; powdered caraway seeds half an ounce. Dissolve in a quart of warm gruel.

Seeding Down to Grass.

HAVING several acres which I wish to seed down to grass this fall—or as soon as such a process would be advisable—will the RURAL, or some of its correspondents, give me a little information as to the proper time, preparation of soil, &c., and oblige—A YOUNG FARMER, *Seneca Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

THE *best time* for "seeding down to grass" is a disputed point. Here, as in all other departments of labor upon the farm, we will find conflicting opinions—Spring and Fall have special advocates. A YOUNG FARMER "wishes to seed this Fall, or as soon as advisable," and we are not aware of any better period than the present,—any time during this month or first of September. Plow deep, turn well and roll with a heavy roller; spread fine, well-rotted manure, evenly and freely, and harrow thoroughly. If the incipient measures be carefully and properly taken, a good crop can be insured for a very minute premium. The smaller the seed the finer should be the manure, and the more necessary that it be well incorporated with the soil. Winter-killed grass fields are rare where all the labor has been skillfully and willingly performed. In the N. Y. State Transactions for 1856, WM. M. HOLMES, of Greenwich, Washington Co., thus describes a trial of fall seeding to timothy. He "divided a piece of land in the centre, and sowed half of it with seed and oats together, the other half sowed oats alone—and turned it over shallow after the oats were off, and sowed half a bushel of timothy per acre. This was about the 1st of September, and it gave more fall feed than the spring seeding. The next summer, the spring seeding was full of weeds, while the fall seeding was all clear timothy. Equal amounts of land gave:—Spring seeding, 3,840 lbs.; fall, 5,004 lbs.; and the latter was worth $3 more than the former." Will not some RURAL correspondent give his experience for the benefit of our young friend, as well as for all others who may desire similar information?

—We shall be glad to hear from Hon. A. B. D., of Steuben county, on this subject, (and also in response to the inquiry below,) as the result of his experience must prove of interest and value.

Sulphur-Water for Butter-Making.

I WISH to inquire through the columns of your valuable paper what effect water, slightly impregnated with sulphur, will have upon butter in the process of manufacture? I have a spring of this nature on my place which I wish to carry to the house—there being no objection but the above.—IRA K. BALL, *New Berlin*, 1859.

NOTHING that we know of more readily partakes of impurities in the atmosphere than cream or butter. Either kept in a room where there is decaying matter, or strong effluvia of any kind, for twelve hours, will be more or less injured by it. All dairymen know the importance of using the purest water that they can obtain for washing butter. We have never tried water impregnated with sulphur, but we have injured butter by using impure water, and that which we think far less likely to work mischief than sulphur water. Our correspondent can test the matter on a small scale, and any of our readers who have had experience on this point will please give us the result.

THICK OR THIN SOWING.—In a letter to the London *Agricultural Gazette*, J. J. MECHI remarks:—"I am about to "fag" great part of a field of wheat drilled with 4½ pecks of seed per acre. It is too thick. Had I sown 2 bushels it would have gone down in the grass. The field was wheat in 1857 and beans in 1858. So much for deep cultivation, drainage and cleanliness. A thick crop is not always the result of a thick sowing. Much money is lost by sowing large quantities on highly farmed lands. If I were to catechise a farmer I should say:—How many bushels of crop do you get for one bushel of seed? A Russian nobleman told me to-day he got 2 to 2½ for one. I replied that my crops which he was looking at would most probably yield 40 for one."

THE POTATO.

POTATOES MIXING IN THE HILL.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have long thought that potatoes might mix in the hill, but the way in which you account for the increase of certain varieties over others, when the seed happens even to be slightly mixed, has shaken my faith somewhat. Then, if it is true, as you state that the tuber, or potato, is not seed, not even a root, or a part of a root, but simply an enlargement of an underground branch, I cannot see how these branches can mix, as you observe, more than the branches above ground. On this subject I am very anxious for more light.—D. A. W., *Calhoun Co., Mich.*, 1859.

ANY one who will pull up a potato plant while growing, and examine that portion which lives and grows in the soil, will find that the main stalk passes down from six to ten inches below the surface, growing smaller as it descends. From this stalk an abundance of main roots branch out, connected with which will be many small, fibrous roots, but on none of these will a potato, large or small, be found. From this main branch will also grow out small, smooth, fleshy branches, thicker than the roots, and from these will also spring out other branches of the same character, and on the points of these the potatoes are formed. At first the point is noticed as a little thickened, and it gradually enlarges until the potato is fully grown. The *eyes* of the potatoes are merely the buds of these enlarged branches.

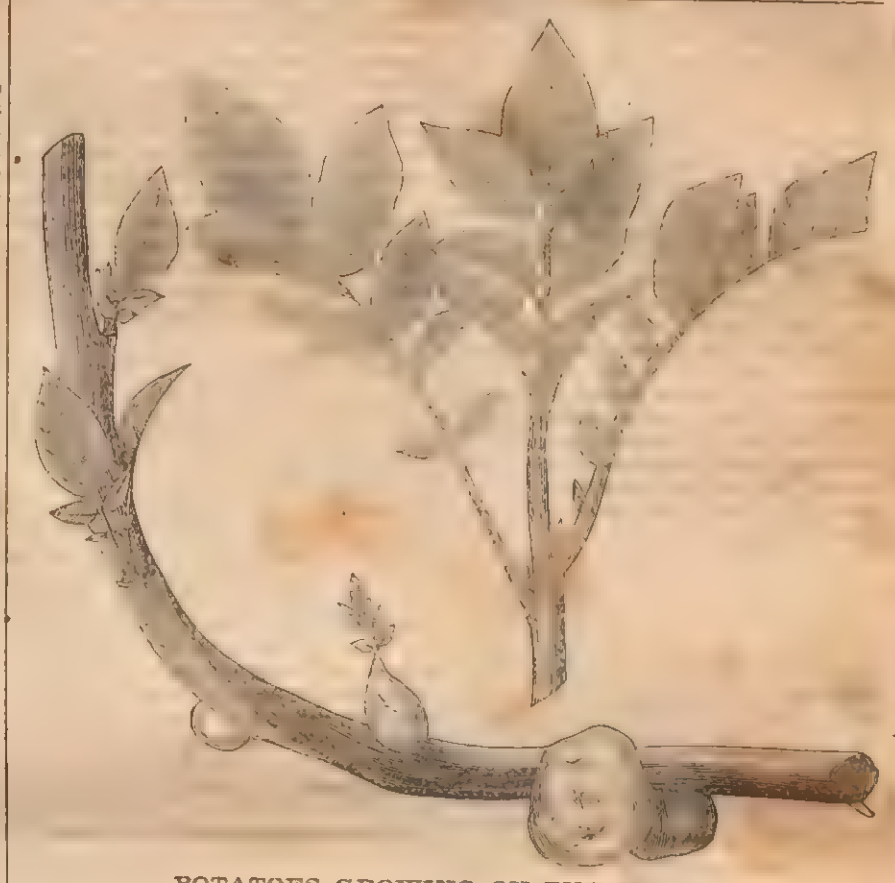
On this subject Prof. GRAY makes the following remarks:—"The potato plant has three principal forms of branches:—1. Those that bear ordinary leaves, expanded in the air, to digest what they gather from it and what the roots gather from the soil, and convert it into nourishment. 2. After a while a second set of branches at the summit of the plant bears flowers, which form fruit and seed out of a portion of the nourishment which the leaves have prepared. 3. But a larger part of this nourishment, while in a liquid state, is carried down the stem, into a third sort of branches under ground, and accumulated in the form of starch at their extremities, which become tubers, or depositories of prepared solid food; just as in the turnip, carrot, dahlia, &c., it is deposited in the root. The use of the store of food is obvious enough. In the autumn the whole plant dies, except the seeds (if it formed them) and the tubers; and the latter are left disconnected in the ground. Just as that small portion of nourishing matter which is deposited in the seed feeds the embryo when it germinates, so the much larger portion deposited in the tuber nourishes its buds, or eyes, when they likewise grow, the next spring, into new plants. And the great supply enables them to shoot with a greater vigor at the beginning, and to produce a greater amount of vegetation than the seedling plant could do in the same space of time; which vegetation in turn may prepare and store up, in the course of a few weeks or months, the largest quantity of solid nourishing material, in a form most available for food."

Thinking, from the similarity between the upper and lower branches, that we could cause tubers to grow on the stems above ground, by forcing the buds into tubers, we made an experiment which proved quite successful, and which we will endeavor to make plain with the aid of the accompanying engraving. About the first of June, selecting a branch of the *Early June* variety, about eight or ten inches or length, we cut it more than half through, about an inch from the surface of the soil, somewhat similar to a cut for layering. The branch was then laid down and slightly covered with earth for five or six inches of its length, the cut part being left above ground, as also the upper part of the branch. The result was as we anticipated, potatoes were formed from the buds, the lower ones being perfect, while the two above, as shown in the engraving, were only partially changed, the young branch and leaves growing out of the upper end of the potato. The branch at this point was only covered with the slightest sprinkling of earth.

JENNY LIND POTATO.

MESSRS. EDS.:—A correspondent inquires of the Jenny Lind Potato. I planted one acre last season, and harvested over four hundred bushels of good, healthy, sound potatoes. I planted eight different kinds on two acres and a half of ground, and harvested eight hundred and forty bushels, and had no rotten ones from either kind. The Jenny Linds, you see, yielded me far the best crop, but the best of it was they brought the best price in market. They weigh several pounds more to the bushel than any other kind that I raised. They are a good eating potato, and you hear no grumbling from the cook about small ones. All that I know about their being subject to the rot is, that those of my neighbors who planted them failed of a crop from this cause, but they were no worse than other kinds, and I think not quite as bad.—ANDREW CALHOUN, *Courtland, N. Y.*, 1859.

FROM the description given in the RURAL of the 9th ult., by a Massachusetts correspondent, we have not been led to think very highly of the



POTATOES GROWING ON THE HAULM.

Jenny Lind. It is said to be a seedling of the *Merino*, not a very creditable parentage, and to resemble the *Rohan*, certainly a very bad mark. Then it has another very bad trait—"the vines will be fresh and green until hard frosts in the fall." This is enough in our opinion to condemn it as a table potato. A potato with its top green is immature and watery, and we reject all long-growing, late sorts. They are only good when planted very early, and when the autumns are warm and dry.

PRINCE ALBERT POTATO.

MESSRS. EDS.:—I noticed in the RURAL of June 11th an editorial in which a desire is expressed to know whence came the name of the Prince Albert potato. In the winter of 1857-58 Messrs. MARSHALL & POMEROY, produce merchants in Mobile, found among an invoice of potatoes a lot which had no name. When publishing their annual catalogue they christened the nameless lot "Prince Albert," and they were shipped to various parts of the country for seed. I have not been able to learn where this firm originally procured the potatoes, nor what was their real name. This information is as I learned it from the lips of a planter who ordered some of the potatoes, and also from a Mobile merchant. I have shown the RURAL to several planters and others, and it has received the highest commendation. It is esteemed of great value by them, giving so fair an idea of farm life at the North, as it does.—G. D. B. MILLER, *Marion, Ala.*, 1859.

This may account for the name, but the dealers, it seems to us, might have very easily ascertained the name of the potato they sold, had they applied to the parties of whom they were procured. They were certainly to blame if they sent out an old variety with a new name, which, if not designed to deceive planters, was very likely to produce this result, causing confusion and loss. But, from the following communication from an intelligent English gardener, it will be seen that there is a variety known in England as the *Prince Albert:*

MESSRS. EDS.:—In a recent number of the RURAL, alluding to the Fluke and Prince Albert potatoes, you wrongly conjectured them to be one and the same variety. It is now some five years ago that I resided in the South of England, and I well remember that my father brought home some of the Prince Alberts from the neighborhood of Slough. On planting them alongside of the Flukes the difference in the variety was at once apparent, even to a casual observer. The Flukes being quite *dark* in the color of the foliage, and the Prince Alberts being of a much lighter green, a much stronger grower, and equally as productive. We at once concluded it to be quite as good a potato as the Fluke, and I think a better producer. If my memory serves me right, the tubers of the Prince Albert are not as flat as the Flukes, being more round and of a greater length.—JOHN CHARLTON, *Rochester, N. Y.*, 1859.

We have now the variety we procured for *Prince Albert* and the *Fluke* growing side by side, and though we could see no difference in the tubers, there seems to be quite a difference in the foliage, in color and general appearance, much as described by our correspondent. We shall watch them until digging time, and then shall be prepared to express a somewhat positive opinion in regard to their identity.

THE APIARIANS.

MR. KIRBY concludes his second article in reference to that sham Convention as follows:—"I feel that I was forced into this, my *first* and *last* one, and in future shall make no reply to any attacks which may be made on my articles, excepting when I am convinced that I have advocated something that is wrong, and then I will make use of the same columns, in making my acknowledgements and correcting my mistake, that first published the error to the world." I cannot of course tell what impelling power "forced" Mr. K. to the attack. I am sure I had said nothing to him until I was *censured, personally* and *publicly*. Long-tested, and reliable principles in bee-culture were attacked, and ruinous recommendations were advocated instead. Did Mr. K. suppose that I would sit tamely by and tacitly acknowledge that he was right? It is rather too late for him to shift to the shoulders of any one else the origin of this controversy. It seems he is not going to reply to any further remarks unless "convinced" that he is in error. I can assure him it is unnecessary even then, for he has made so many palpable blunders, that no one would be any *better* satisfied after he had acknowledged his mistake. Everyone would have to *test* the matter for himself. *This* is one of the advantages growing out of such discussion—people get interested, and investigate for themselves—it is the only way to get rid of the numerous presumptuous conceits in bee-culture.—How much better he has made things by writing his second article—quite clear—transparent as mud at last! Let us review a little. I wish to be fair in this matter, as he says I accused him of what he did not say, in order to prove something to suit my purpose.

Mr. K. says, in his first article, "that they (the bees,) deposit their honey in the top of the hive, and that after cold weather sets in they collect in the upper part of the hive, where they have previously provided and placed their food." In his last, he continues:—"In this I claim that I am right, that the expression I then made use of was correct, and that Mr. Q. is wrong. We both admit that capped honey is in the top of the hive, but Mr. Q., by his manner of quoting, makes me say that they cluster upon capped honey—which I did not say, nor imply, as I am perfectly aware that with the bee, *food* does not mean honey alone." Now, reader, what do you make of this? Can it be reconciled? He says "they deposit their honey at the top of their hive,"—"after cold weather sets in they collect in the upper part of the hive,"—"we both admit that capped honey is in the top of the hive,"—"but Mr. Q., by his manner of quoting, makes me say that they cluster upon the capped honey," &c. If any other conclusion can be drawn from it I cannot see it. "Capped honey is in the top of the hive," yet the bees do not cluster on it, although they collect there at the beginning of cold weather. I would really like to know what they *did* cluster upon? It may be that "*the top*" and "*upper part*," does not mean the same place with him, any more than that *honey* and *food* of

the bee, means the same thing. See how he proves that. "I am perfectly aware that with the bee, *food* does not mean honey alone." Then, assuming the matter as proved, he strikes out into a complaint, that I, either "intentionally or ignorantly, misinterpret an English sentence so perfectly clear and plain as the one selected" I suppose I shall have to plead guilty to a dull apprehension. I have tried my best to comprehend how his being "perfectly aware" of this, proves it—that food of the mature bee in winter, is *anything else than honey*. I have never discovered any evidence of it, and I have not the least idea that Mr. K can bring any proof of it, further than mere opinion, and that, I shall object to.

As regards transgressing the laws of GOD it is unnecessary to say any thing further on that point. It is a question aside from the real one at issue, and besides it would be ungenerous to do so, as he says he is "by no means a stickler for having *every thing* in its natural state." *This is satisfactory.*

Respecting the entrance of the hive being designed to be at the bottom, Mr. K. says:—"The evidence will be found in the answers of the great majority of bee-keepers, when asked their opinion on the subject, as well as in their practice in using hives of this construction." Suppose all these men have used such hives, and no others, as did their fathers—does it prove anything further than that the *makers* of them designed the entrance at the bottom? All the numerous experiments of Mr. K. that prove this "very point, that have been witnessed by honorables, divines, doctors, lawyers, and magistrates, who are ready to bear testimony to the result," prove only the facts. These men being doctors, lawyers, &c., does not qualify them, on *that* account, to judge in regard to a bee hive. I am perfectly willing to admit the result of his experiments, as far as the work of the bees is concerned. But I deny that there is ground for any such conclusion. It being "proof positive" to Mr K., only shows that some folks are very easily satisfied! This strong proof that the entrance was designed at the bottom, is as follows:—"When openings have been made in the hive at different heights from the bottom, and covered with wire screen, the bees have invariably closed them up with bee-glue, even going to the chamber, &c. I therefore regard the evidence as complete, that GOD designed the entrance should be at the bottom." Yes, and the same *kind of evidence* proves just as strong that the entrance was designed at the top! Just make a hole through the bottom-board, and cover it with wire screen; then let the hive down close, and soon after the hive is filled it will be glued to the bottom, and the wire screen covered completely air tight! I wonder that Mr. K.'s *extensive experience* did not discover this, and save himself from a ridiculous position. The merest tyro in bee-culture can testify to the fact, that whenever his hive bottom has rested on the bottom board, and was full through the season of collecting propolis, that it was invariably glued fast. It requires but little observation to show that *all* inequalities of the hive—corners, cracks too small for a passage, (whether top or bottom,)—will be sealed up; also, a chip, gravel stone, block of wood, or even a "snail" will have the edges of his shell fastened to the board! I have not intended to say that the bottom of the hive was not a proper place for the entrance. What I objected to, was the *proof* of Mr. K. that GOD designed it there.

In regard to the direction that a bee would take on passing the entrance into the hive when *that* is about the middle, he thinks all "intelligent bee-keepers would answer, promptly and decidedly, upwards. Even Mr. Q., himself, should he be present, would, I am confident, if he answered at all, faintly articulate the word upward." Here, as usual, Mr. K. is wrong again. I happen to have some facts bearing directly on this very point, where the bees themselves have decided it. This last spring, in moving the bees to one of my apiaries away from home, the loose covers of two of the movable frame hives were slipped off far enough to allow the bees to pass, and were left so carelessly. Here was an opportunity for the bees to choose which place they would enter—top or bottom. Those going in at the top must of necessity go downward—I think even Mr. K., were he "present, would faintly articulate" they do go downward. The result has been in this matter, that nineteen in twenty, if not ninety-nine in a hundred, prefer to enter the top, as it is probably easier to carry a load down than up. They have worked thus through the summer so far, and are as prosperous as others. To test this thing a little further since seeing Mr. K.'s article, I have given some new swarms their choice of entrance, which is the same as the old stocks. Do these facts prove anything? I think if Mr. K. had the chance, where the bee, acting from instinct, proved as much for him, he would be apt to make use of it. I can satisfy any one who chooses to stop and see me at St. Johnsville, on the N. Y. Central Railroad, that these things are as stated.

Relative to placing stocks in the house for winter bottom up, Mr. K. says his "future success will probably decide the correctness of his theories on this point." How long would he like to have me try it to *prove* a success? I have done it twenty years, and begin to doubt if bees can be wintered in the common hive so successfully *any other way*. With the way he recommends, I was soon satisfied, having combs completely spoiled by moulding. Having had this experience, I hope Mr. K. will excuse me if I doubt his ever having wintered ten stocks in the manner described by him, without moldy combs, while I can show him eight hundred wintered as I recommend, without a spot as large as my hand on any one of them.

In conclusion, I would advise teachers in apiarian science to be cautious how they jump at conclusions. Let close and *practical observation* prove the correctness of their practice or theories. It is as much trouble to disprove a false theory, promulgated through ignorance, as to establish a correct one in the first place. There is no longer any necessity for ignorance in these things. With the aid of the movable combs, we can go at once into the interior of bee hives, and prove or disprove many points which before were only guessed at.

M. QUINBY.

St Johnsville, N. Y., 1859.

WHEAT CULTURE.—MISSOURI WHEAT.

JOHN JOHNSTON, Esq., of Seneca county, favors us with the following interesting article, in reply to a recent letter of inquiry,—and also one on the Winter Feeding of Stock, which we shall give in a future number. As the *time* of sowing wheat is deemed an important point in sections where the midge prevails—many of our most experienced farmers considering early sowing necessary—we shall be glad to receive Mr. JOHNSTON'S views on the subject, (as alluded to below,) and also those of other successful cultivators in this region.

NEAR GENEVA, N. Y., 28th July, 1859.

MR. EDITOR:—Your favor of the 25th was duly received. In regard to my Missouri wheat, it was sown on or about the 18th of September. (I don't approve of very early sowing, and may give you my reasons at some future time.) I was made to believe that it was in full ear on the 26th of May, and so published; but when I viewed it myself, on the 28th, it was not in full ear, though much of it was. I sowed a little less than a bushel—say from a pint to a quart less. The yield was 30½ bushels by measure and 31 by weight—60 lbs. to the bushel. It has a very stiff straw; will require and will stand high manuring,—as all wheat with stiff straw that ever I was acquainted with needs rich land and high culture to make paying crops. The Soule's wheat requires the same, although I think the Missouri wheat is stiffer in the straw. It is called an amber-colored wheat, but it is what I would have called a red wheat—not bearded, but considerable spikes on the chaff. The kernel is not quite as large as the Soule's when plump, yet it has a plump kernel and is said to make extra flour. I shall try one bushel in flour. The 29½ bushels I will sow, and if I can recommend it next season will sell for seed. It came nearly a week earlier in ear than the Mediterranean, but was no earlier ripe; yet that don't matter, if it only gets in ear early, so that the chaff becomes a little hard before the midge is ready, and then they cannot sting it. I am in great hopes it may prove a valuable acquisition to this country.

My Soule's wheat is very fine this season, and must give an excellent return. When threshed, I will probably inform you. The whole field (28 acres) was very highly manured with cattle and sheep manure, but the Missouri wheat had rather the worst chance.

The two last seasons previous to this our wheat crops were late, and I suffered a good deal from midge; they were the only two years I suffered much from that insect, as I never had less than an average of 25 bushels per acre, (and always Soule's.) But these two years I have not, nor ever had, any fear of raising paying crops of wheat, independent of the midge, in *ordinary seasons*, as I never take over six crops of grain after manuring until I manure again, and often not over four crops between manurings. Then my manure is rich; I generally feed 30 tuns of oil cake meal every winter, and have done so for nearly twenty winters past—and some seasons as high as 45 tuns—besides considerable corn, buckwheat and oats.

It is just as vain to think that land can continue to raise wheat year after year unless it is highly fed, as to think you can get full work out of oxen or horses that have nothing but a straw stack to feed upon. I know if it had not been for rich manure, plenty of plaster, lime, and high feeding of cattle and sheep, I could never have paid for my land, built all the buildings, underdrained the whole farm, (the wood lot of 26 acres excepted.) I believe that but for this mode of management I would have been obliged to enter the poor-house when I became unable to labor.

JOHN JOHNSTON.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES AND PREMIUMS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I am pleased to learn (by the RURAL of July 23d?) that several Agricultural Societies have manifested their appreciation of the RURAL, by ordering copies of it to distribute among their exhibitors as premiums. And I hope all other Agricultural Societies will imitate this laudable example. This is just as it should be.—The RURAL is justly acknowledged to be the best Agricultural and Family Paper in America.—Therefore, it is not only suitable and valuable to offer as a premium, but is far better than cash.—All efforts to introduce it will add much to the public welfare, and when it is once introduced it will require no effort to "keep it before the people," for whoever once reads it will not do without it for five times its cost. I have often thought that the objects of Agricultural Societies, and the interest of their exhibitors and community generally, would be far better promoted by paying their premiums in appropriate Agricultural Books and Journals than in money. Some persons may suggest that they can as well subscribe for such papers and purchase such works themselves, independent of Agricultural Societies, which is all true; yet there are thousands who have but few if any such works or journals, and will neglect to obtain them until they do it by the earnest solicitation of some other parties. But when these persons do perchance obtain and read them, they will invariably appreciate and highly prize them and would not be deprived of them for thrice their cost. And I am confident that there are few libraries but what would be improved by the addition of some Agricultural work. Give us more RURALS and other Agricultural reading, and give us officers and managers of Agricultural Societies who duly appreciate such works and journals and will exert themselves to introduce them.

Allow me to suggest to Agricultural and other Societies to procure copies of the best works on Agricultural, Horticultural, Pomology, Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Poultry, &c., and make out a list o the same, and their prices, in order that members who are entitled to premiums may select such as they prefer and give their orders to the amount of their premiums, so that it would only be necessary for the Society to purchase such works as were ordered. Every Agricultural Society should keep a complete Library of such works; also, Stud Books and Herd Books, the two latter being necessary for the use of the Examining Committees on Thorough-bred Horses and Cattle, in enabling them to decide correctly as to the correctness and authenticity of pedigrees.

SUBSCRIBER.

Monroe County, N. Y., 1859.

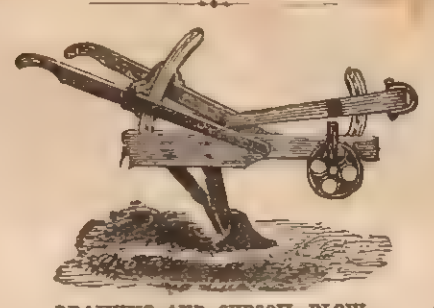
ABOUT PLOWING—ANSWER TO CRITICISMS.

EDS. RURAL:—It is curious to note the exceptions of your Michigan and Glens Falls correspondents, to my article on Plowing. I should not have been surprised if the former, being used (probably) to the prairies, considered figure 1st rather steep; but how any one hailing from *Warren county* should think so, is more than I can imagine. I have never been in J. H.'s neighborhood, but those who have inform me that they get all their grain upon sleds, and gather their apples by letting them roll down to the bottom of the orchards, where they are all scooped up at once. A vehicle there on wheels, is said to be a great curiosity to the natives. Your Michigan correspondent thinks that a plowman should be able to guide any horse team with accuracy. Now, I have seen teams so ill-matched and unmanageable, that I defy any one to plow well and guide them at the same time. I should like to see him drive a fractious, high-spirited span of four year old colts among those stumps he speaks of. I maintain that, in order to plow well, a good plow, a sharp point, a well-trained team, a skillful plowman, combined with patience and good judgment, are all necessary, and neither of them the ultimatum.

As for figure 1st, which troubles J. H. so much, I plead in abatement, that I drew it with the Green Mountains in my eye, on the one hand, and had the rugged and steep hillsides of Warren county in my thoughts, on the other. Under such circumstances, is it strange that figure 1st looms up considerable? I never plowed a hill quite so steep, but if J. H. wishes to try, I will depart from my usual course, and theorize as suggested, for him. I think he might do it by using a high, rangy horse on the lower side, and a short-legged Canada pony on the other, having the harness so adjusted that the horses could shift sides with expedition and ease. Rigged out in this manner, I have no doubt but he might plow that hill to a charm. But he need not make that acknowledgement he speaks of. I shall be satisfied if he thinks I am about middling. I am afraid J. H read my article, as children sometimes do books, by looking at the pictures, since figure 1st filled his eye so completely, that he thought of nothing else. But enough, gentlemen. As the bills say, this is "positively my last appearance" on the subject of plowing.

H. K. F.

Cambridge Valley, N. Y., 1859.



DRAINING AND SUBSOIL PLOW.

THE implement above represented has been used to some extent in Cayuga and other counties, and given very general satisfaction so far as we are aware. The manufacturers furnish the following in regard to its operation and advantages, both as a Ditching and Subsoil Plow:

"The depth may be regulated by raising the movable beam up the stiff, upright cast iron stem, a slot being made in the beam to meet the change of place by the circular movement. A similar provision is made for raising or depressing the handles, except the stem is of wood. If this plow were intended for subsoiling only, there need be but one continuous and fixed beam, and the handles need not vary in height. When used for ditching, it loosens up the subsoil, and obviates the use of the pick. In many places the subsoil is so hard that two-thirds or three-fourths of the whole labor is required to loosen it if done by hand. Hence the great saving by the use of horse labor. This plow is drawn by two horses, attached to the ends of a main whipple-tree about seven feet long, so that one may walk on each side. From one to three times passing will loosen up five or six inches of earth, which is then thrown out by hand with narrow shovels, constructed for this purpose. The same process is then repeated. The earth being thrown out on both sides alike, is easily returned to the ditch after the tile is laid, by means of a common plow, the horses being attached to the long whipple-tree as before. One pair of horses will thus fill in about one mile in a day. Drains which have cost thirty to thirty-five cents per rod when dug wholly by hand, have been completed with the assistance of this implement, ready for the tile, at a cost of ten to twelve cents." [For price and other particulars, see advertisement.]

RAISING TURKEYS—ONCE MORE.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Having noticed the articles in the RURAL of July 16th, in regard to raising turkeys, in which the writers did not mention some things which I think might be of use to those who wish to succeed, I will now give my method. As soon as the turkeys are hatched, I feed each of them one grain of pepper, and put them into coops that are arranged so that I can clean them out every day. I then feed them on corn meal, and for drink I give them sour milk. I have the coops constructed so that the young turkeys are mostly in the shade until they are about four weeks old—then I let them out in the day-time, and shut them nights. This year I have forty turkeys, and have lost but one. I prefer setting the eggs under the old turkeys rather than hens, because they will ramble in the fields more and give the young turkeys an opportunity to catch bugs, flies and grasshoppers, which are of great benefit to them. I think one of the most important things in raising turkeys is to keep them from the sun until they are about four weeks old, as I have seen them stand in the hot sun until they would begin to gap and drop their wings, and finally die. My experience teaches me three things—young turkeys must be kept clean, dry and from the sun.

A. D. THOMPSON.

Niagara County, N. Y., 1859.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

The Farmer's Creed.

THE following is from the New Jersey "*Preie Zeitung*," German:

I believe in small and well cultivated farms.

I believe that the soil wants nourishment, as well as man does; consequently, it needs manure.

I believe in good crops, not exhausting the soil, but enriching it as well as the proprietor.

I believe that everything ought to be tested to the bottom; therefore, I believe in deep plowing.

I believe that all the lime, gypsum, bone dust and guano in the world cannot render a farm profitable, unless combined with intelligence, care and industry.

I believe in good fences, good barns, good farm houses, good cattle, good orchards, and plenty of children to gather the fruit.

I believe in a clean kitchen, and a neat woman in it; in a clean dairy, and a clean conscience.

I believe that farmers, who do not improve their soil; farms, which grow poorer every year; cattle, that look like so many skeletons; farmers' sons, who are bent, by all means, upon growing into clerks and merchants; farmers, finally, who are ashamed of their station, and attempt to drown this feeling in liquor—all these I believe to be worth nothing.

On Butter Making.

THE following remarks on butter making are from "Our Farm of Four Acres and the Money We Made by it."—"In some parts of the country the butter made by the farmers' wives for sale is not washed at all; they say it washes all the taste away. They remove it from the churn, and taking it in the hands, dash it repeatedly on the board; that is what they call 'smiting' it. The butter so made is always strong, and of two colors, as a portion of the buttermilk remains in it; and if any of it were put in a cup, and that placed in hot water for the purpose of clarifying, there would, when it was melted, be found large deposits of buttermilk at the bottom of the cup. Good butter tried thus, yields scarcely any residuum. Besides, this 'smiting' is a most disgusting process to witness. In warm weather it adheres to the hands of the 'smitter,' who puffs and blows over it as if it were hard work. Indeed I once heard a strong looking girl, daughter of a small farmer in Kent, say, that she was never well, for 'smiting' the butter was such dreadful hard work that it gave her a pain in her side. After this 'smiting' is over, it is then put on a butter-print and pressed with the hand till it is considered to have received the impression. It is then, through a small hole in the handle, blown off the print with the mouth. I don't think I shall ever eat butter again which appears on the table with the figures of cows, flowers, &c., stamped on it. I should always think of the process it had gone through for the sake of looking pretty."

The Willow and Willow Ware.

THE Boston *Commercial Bulletin* furnishes the following statistics relative to the growth of the Willow in this country, and the importations, both crude and manufactured, etc., which may prove of value as showing the demand existing for its production:—"The willow used in making willow ware in this country, was formerly imported almost entirely. At present a large portion, estimated by some at one-half the quantity consumed, is grown in the United States, and chiefly, as we understand, in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Kentucky. A manufacturer of willow ware in Ripon, Wis., grows the Welsh willow on four acres of land, near that town, and this is perhaps the only place in that State where it is cultivated. The present is the second year he has cut his willow, and from his four acres he obtained six tuns, four of which he sold in St. Louis at $100 a tun. The importation last year of willow, unmanufactured, was valued at $35,141, of which $21,192 was from France, and $11,708 from Belgium. The manufactures of willow imported the same year were valued at $112,725, of which $68,902 was from Bremen, $34,126 from France, $6,280 from Hamburg, and $2,029 from England. Most of both these imports are received at New York. The imports of the previous year were larger, viz:—$175,484 of manufactures of willow, and $41,773 unmanufactured; and were, respectively, in about the same proportion from the several countries as in the last year."

STEAM PLOWING—*Successful Trial.*—FAWKES' Steam Plow was tried a few days since at Oxford Park, near Philadelphia, in the presence of a number of practical farmers and mechanics. From the reports we have seen, it is evident the trial was very satisfactory, indicating the complete success of the invention. A Committee appointed in behalf of the Pa. State Ag. Society make a gratifying report, in which they say the engine, of 30 horse power, is adapted to either wood or coal, and when the latter is used consumes about half a tun a day. All doubts of the success of the machine were speedily removed when it was put in operation. "The plows, eight in number, which were suspended by chains in a frame attached to the rear of the machine, about eighteen inches above the ground, by means of a slight adjustment of a crank, were dropped to their proper position for action; and at the sound of the whistle the plow moved forward in the most graceful manner, performing its work with ease, and to the admiration and perfect satisfaction of the most skeptical. The soil, which was made to yield to the united action of the eight mold boards, each turning a furrow slice of fourteen inches in width and six inches in depth, moving at the rate of four miles an hour, (or four acres an hour,) presented the appearance, in viewing it from the rear, of the undulations of a wave, hiding the plows entirely from view. The effect was most pleasing, and elicited the admiration of all. The experiment was made upon a tough timothy sod, which had not been plowed for some seven years previously. The grade was of about seven degrees, which tested the powers of the machine to perform on inclined surfaces. One of the Committee, familiar with prairie plowing, affirms that he has never seen level prairie turned as beautifully by horse power as the uneven timothy sod was by the steam plow." The Committee further state that the machine is adapted to uneven surfaces—that it was propelled rapidly over several gullies, one of which was 18 inches deep, while others were very abrupt, without any apparent detriment, and also moved in a circle several times, of a diameter of about twenty-five feet, and passed across the ground just plowed, without any difficulty, showing its adaptedness for all agricultural purposes, not only as a field plow but as a means of propulsion for mowing and reaping machines.

Agricultural Miscellany.

SPRD WHEAT—*New Varieties, &c.*—Those of our readers in this State, and other midge-infested regions, who purpose sowing wheat the present autumn, will naturally look for plump, clean seed of the best and most productive early and hardy varieties. This is a matter of great importance, and should receive early and careful attention. Such as cannot obtain suitable seed in their own localities, should at once look elsewhere, so as to secure a supply of a desirable variety in season—for, even if the midge should not prevail another year, (as some believe it will not,) it is the part of wisdom to prepare for the enemy by using proper precaution in selecting seed and sowing it early. It is always wise to use the best and purest seed obtainable, and certainly those farmers of Western and Central New York who purpose entering upon wheat culture again should take special pains to *start right*—remembering that the procuring of proper seed, and sowing it at the right time on good, well-prepared soil is all-important. The varieties recently introduced from the South and Southwest are worthy of particular attention. We have noticed several, and shall be glad to receive and publish the results of any satisfactory experiments with these and other new varieties, so that our readers may be correctly advised. If the midge continues to prevail, we must have early varieties, and these will naturally come from the South. The question as to which are the best varieties is very essential, and remains to be determined. In deciding it every one should have regard to the public welfare.

WHEAT GROWING IN CENTRAL NEW YORK.—We are glad to learn that the farmers of Central New York have cause to be encouraged relative to wheat culture, and to know that some of the best of them concur in the views we have expressed as to what is requisite to success. In a recent letter the Hon. GEO. GEDDES, of Fairmount, Onondaga County, writes us as follows:—"I have read the slips enclosed in your letter, [including article entitled "Wheat Culture—Evading the Midge,"] and find our views alike in regard to raising wheat. Last year we raised on ten acres of land (having over a dozen large apple trees and two other large shade trees on it,) 410 bushels of Mediterranean wheat,—which variety has become equal in quality to the old red chaff bald, but has less grains in a head. If Mediterranean wheat is sown on rich, dry land by Sept. 10th, in an ordinary season, we may expect 25 bushels to the acre. The other varieties you name, I have not seen. Spring wheat (China Tea,) is promising very fine crops here, and I think is to take the place of the Barley crop, which can no longer be raised here at less than $1 per bushel."

A PREMIUM APPRECIATED—*Ketchum's Combined Machine.*—In connection with an article published elsewhere, Mr. I. W. BRIGGS, of Wayne county, thus acknowledges a premium awarded him last year:—"If it will not be stretching this article too long, I would like to tender my grateful acknowledgments for that fine present of a Combined Reaper and Mower of the manufacture of R. L. HOWARD, of Buffalo, for my humble efforts in behalf of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. And perhaps it may not be doing injustice to manufacturers, venders and purchasers, to say that KETCHUM'S Combined Machine is *the thing*, after all. My Machine is off on duty almost every day, excepting Sundays. In neighborhoods where other machines are plenty we have had pressing invitations to mow and reap, but can't attend to half the calls. Long live the RURAL NEW-YORKER, its Editor and his co-workers."

PEOPLE'S COLLEGE.—Mr. President BROWN announces that the annual meeting of the Trustees of this Institution will be held at Havana, on Wednesday next, Aug. 10th. Rev. ASA D. SMITH, D. D., is to deliver an address before the corporation of the College and other friends of the institution; and it is expected that Gov. MORGAN, Ex-Gov. HUNT, Hon. ERASTUS BROOKS, Hon. GERRIT SMITH and Hon. JAS. S. WADSWORTH will be present and deliver addresses. The Building Committee have caused three stories of the main edifice of the College building, above the basement story, to be erected, and a commencement to be made on the fourth.—The building is to go up and be roofed this season.

SPRING BARLEY SOWN IN THE FALL.—Under date of July 4th, Mr. JOHN JOHNSTON, of Hess Road, Niagara county, N. Y., writes:—"It may be of some use to your readers to learn that, at least in one instance, Spring Barley, sown in the fall, has grown and ripened as well as winter barley. My brother-in-law, DAVID BAILEY, of the town of Porter, in this county, had not enough seed of the winter kind to finish sowing all the ground he had prepared last fall, so he took his spring barley to finish with, and now it is all ready to cut and no difference perceivable."

PLANTS UPON ONE ACRE.—Counting plants one foot apart each way, we shall have 43,560 upon an acre, because an acre contains that number of superficial feet. Take the figures in the first column of the following table as the distance apart, and an acre will contain the number of plants in the second column:

1½ feet	19,360	6 feet	1,210	22 feet	90
2 feet	10,890	8 feet	680	25 feet	69
2½ feet	6,969	10 feet	435	30 feet	48
3 feet	4,840	12 feet	302	35 feet	35
3½ feet	3,585	14 feet	185	40 feet	27
4 feet	2,722	16 feet	170	45 feet	21
5 feet	1,743	20 feet	108		

NEW HARROW AND SEED SOWER.—Mr. W. S. HUNTER of Cortland county, N. Y., informs the Tribune that he has invented and patented a Revolving Harrow and Broadcast Sower—the two may be used in combination or separate. He says, when detached, the sower does its work with surpassing ease and excellence, and the revolving harrow being so constructed as to adjust itself to any irregularities of ground, commends itself to the farmer as no other can. Thoroughly pulverizing the soil, it completes its work at once, better than others in three times going over the ground. It has been in use all the Spring in his vicinity, and given entire satisfaction.

A BEE-KEEPING LOCALITY.—Mr. WM. H. EMMONS who resides in the southeast part of Riga, in this county, says that in his neighborhood—within a circumference of two miles—thirty-six persons keep bees. Quite a number of these have from twenty to thirty swarms each, and Mr. E. himself has seventy-six. He thinks full half the farmers in the district named are bee-keepers, and that it is rare that so large a proportion of inhabitants of any town are bee-culturists.

ANOTHER GOOD COW.—In reply to the statement of Mr. SAMSON, of Le Roy, (in RURAL of June 25th,)—who reported that his cow gave an average of 61 lbs. of milk per day for one week, Mr. J. H. WILLIAMS, of Gates, near this city, informs us that he has a native cow which gave, for one week in June past, an average of 66 lbs. of milk per day.

THE MAINE STATE FAIR is to be held Sept. 20th to 23d inclusive—a week later than the period first designated by the Trustees. [We shall publish a revised list of State and County Fairs in a week or two.]

HORTICULTURAL.

AN EXTENSIVE PEAR ORCHARD.

The past week we visited a very extensive pear orchard in this county, perhaps the largest in Western New York, planted by Messrs. Starks and Mattison, embracing forty-five acres, on which is growing over 4,800 young standard pear trees, all healthy and making a good growth, and many of them bearing fruit. So well pleased were we with the appearance of this orchard, that we made a rather careful examination, and gained some facts, which may be of interest and profit to our readers. These trees were from three to five years old when planted, which was done during the winter of 1857–8. The winter being unusually mild, planting, which commenced in December, was continued through January, February, March and April. Occasionally, freezing weather would put a stop to the work for a few days. No difference is apparent in the growth of the trees between those which were planted in the fall, spring or winter, and not a dozen out of the number died. The varieties are as follows

Flemish Beauty	234	Dearborn's Seedling	58
Rostiezer	112	Gansel's Bergamot	50
Louise Bonne de Jersey	231	Columbia	58
Bartlett	1,000	Beurre Diel	294
Doyenne Gris d'Hiver	27	Winter Nelis	58
Seckel	270	Lawrence	311
Virgalieu	1,346	Giant Moreeau	116
Onondaga	58	Vicar Winkfield	378
Sheldon	151	Easter Beurre	70

The soil is a clay loam, or as the proprietor expressed it, a "limestone loam" for eight to ten inches or more, subsoil clay, though not very stiff, having an admixture of loam, with a little sand, the whole resting upon fossil lime rock. The ground was prepared by subsoiling, about eighteen inches deep, and the trees planted twenty feet apart each way. In setting them out the roots were covered with earth to the depth of about one inch, over which was spread something like two inches of stable manure. The remaining portion of the opening was then filled with earth to grade. The planting being completed the upper portion of the roots were about one inch below the average grade of the soil. About one half a bushel of earth was placed at the foot of each tree, in a conical form, immediately after planting, which was allowed to remain until the middle of May, and was then levelled and the earth spaded as deep as practicable without interrupting the roots, for a space six feet in diameter. In the fall of 1858 a mulching of about two bushels of manure was given to each tree, over which was placed earth in pyramidal form to the depth of one foot, to protect from mice and severity of winter. This was allowed to remain until the first of May last when all was made level, and spaded as before over an area seven feet in diameter.

The trunk of every tree, from the ground to the branches, is covered with a bag made of cotton cloth, sufficiently large to admit of three or four years' growth, the cloth being fastened to the lower branches, and hanging to the ground. This the proprietors believe protects the trunks from the sun, and from sudden changes of temperature, and in a great measure prevents blight and other evils, such as the hardening of the bark, the contraction of the pores, thus preventing the free flow of sap, necessary exhalation, &c. Two cedar stakes are driven by each tree, to which it is fastened, preventing swaying by the wind, in any direction.

The rows run east and west for about three-fourths of a mile, and are as true as it is possible to plant trees. At the western extremity is planted a belt of Norway spruce, across the entire orchard, consisting of two rows ten feet apart, and the trees in the rows twenty feet apart, those in one row being opposite the open space in the other, leaving the trees ten feet apart. Two similar belts are planted through the orchard, at about equal distances, though the highest points of land are selected for the purpose, and these it is thought will afford all necessary protection from the wind, as the trees are made to head low.

Now, for the result thus far. The trees are healthy and vigorous, and making a fine growth, many having already made shoots from three to four feet in length. Although having had but one season's growth since planting previous to the present, many of the trees are bearing fruit. On one *Seckel* we counted 131 specimens, and on the Bartlett, Flemish Beauty, &c., fully as many as the trees should be allowed to bear. On removing the cloth from the trees we found the bark glossy, smooth, and soft to the touch, yielding under the pressure of the finger. No blight has ever been seen in the orchard, and this exemption the proprietors think is mainly attributable to the protection afforded the trunks by the cloth.

The proprietors are entitled to great credit for their enterprise, and we hope to see them amply remunerated, as we have no doubt they will be before many years. Mr. Mattison is an experienced nurseryman, who knows how trees should be grown and cultivated, and practices himself the thorough course that he recommends to others, of which this orchard gives abundant proof.—Nearly every tree he has grown from the seed; and here we may say that Mr. M. claims an improved method of cultivating pear seedlings, by root-pruning during growth, thereby securing a larger number of fibrous roots, which, to some extent, prevents leaf blight, and ensures greater safety in the removal of trees, even when large.

This orchard, if well cared for, for a few years longer, must yield a princely revenue. We hope these gentlemen will have many imitators in Western New York; and, indeed in all parts of the country where fruit can be grown with profit.

Yield of Black Raspberries.—Mr. Doolittle of Oaks Corners informs us that he sold 7,500 quarts of Raspberries from 4¾ acres of land, at 10 cents a quart, making $450. This was exclusive of those used at home. A thousand quarts it is estimated was destroyed by frequent heavy rain.

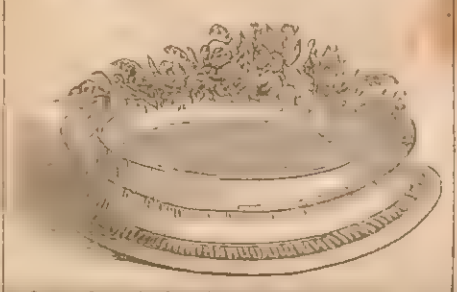
HARTFORD PROLIFIC GRAPE.

The Pomological Report.—At a late meeting of the Hartford Horticultural Society, Dr. Russell presiding, the fact was brought to the notice of the Society that the Report of the proceedings of the American Pomological Society neglected to state the action of the Society in regard to the Hartford Prolific Grape. Several of the delegates of the Society to the meeting of the American Pomological Society were present and gave their testimony, after which the following resolution was unanimously passed:

"*Resolved*, That from the direct testimony of delegates of this Society to the American Pomological Society, we are entirely satisfied that the Hartford Prolific Grape was thoroughly discussed, and put on the list of those promising well, by that Society at their meeting in New York last fall."

The *Hartford Society* is correct. By reference to our report we find the following remarks in regard to this grape:—"The Hartford Prolific was proposed by Mr. Terry, of Connecticut. It was an accidental seedling, and originated about ten years ago. Valuable where the Isabella does not ripen. It ripens well in Maine. Mr. Prince considered it valuable on account of its early ripening. Mr. Saul said one-half of the berries would drop off the bunches before the others were ripe. Mr. Terry said the falling of the berries was a fault at first, but the character of the vine seemed to have changed in this respect with age. Mr. Barry considered it of poor quality, though valuable in cold climates. Mr. Judd, of Flushing, found it very productive in his garden, less foxy than the Concord, and ripens one week earlier.—Mr Hoag, said it ripened in Lockport the first of September. Considered it one of the most valuable grapes he had. Mr. Walker tasted it four years since, and thought it quite inferior. Had not tasted it since until to-day. Thought it would prove one of the best of grapes for New England. Mr. Wilder had not ripened an *Isabella* grape on his ground in thirty years. The *Hartford Prolific* ripens well, is very hardy, and does not mildew. Not first-rate in quality, but valuable for cold climates. *Adopted as promising well.*"

Floral Wreath.—We saw a few evenings since a very simple and beautiful way of arranging and preserving flowers in a drawing room. It was in a tin box, made in a circular shape, as shown in the cut annexed.



It was brought from Berlin, Prussia, where they are much used. The box is about two inches deep, and one inch and a half in width, and about fifteen inches in diameter, although it can be made of any size. The tin box is painted green, and is kept nearly full of water. When the flowers are arranged in it, it presents the appearance of a beautiful wreath. A lamp, gas-burner or statuette can be placed in the centre of it.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

PEACHES, SUMMER APPLES, &c.

Messrs. Eds.:—I intend to plant a *Peach Orchard* of ten or twenty acres. 1. What are the best market varieties to cultivate on a dry, sandy soil, in a locality where peach trees have suffered but little during the late severe winters, and have borne fair crops for the last ten years? It may be proper to state that I shall have to transport my peaches about twenty-five miles by carriage to market, or from fifty to one hundred miles by rail to markets, and therefore would require varieties that will bear handling and transportation well.

2. What is the best way to pack peach buds or scions for transportation? What is the best way to preserve them for budding?—and how long can they be kept fit for use? Where can I best obtain buds of the varieties that I need?

3. I send you a specimen of a variety of early apples that I met with accidentally. I wish to learn its name and characteristics. The specimen I send you is a mere trifle over the average size of the present crop. The tree from which this specimen was obtained is large, strong, and appears vigorous—has a broad, spreading top and in appearance somewhat resembles the *Rhode Island Greening*, but perhaps a little more upright.—Think it bears every year, at least it has borne a fair crop last year and this. This variety is excellent for cooking at this season of the year, and even three weeks earlier, say from the first of July. What is your opinion of it? I wish to cultivate a few acres of apple orchard of the best variety to sell in market, in July, for culinary purposes.—What is the best variety for this purpose, as I am not sufficiently posted to make a selection, and when nurserymen disagree (as they often do,) I know of no better authority to appeal to than the Rural. I often wish for your counsel, but do not apply for it, fearing I may trespass too much on your time and generosity, and the claims of your thousands of subscribers who might not feel interested in my inquiries or remarks, therefore I have remained silent. Young Orchardist.

Remarks.—1. The most popular market varieties are Early York, Serrate, Early Crawford, Bergen's Yellow, and Old Mixon Free. Late Crawford is a magnificent late peach, but not very productive. Large Early York is excellent in quality but not sufficiently productive to be popular with growers for market. Morris White is a late peach, much prized for preserving, and sells high.

2. Scions can be obtained of any of our nurserymen, at about $1 a hundred sticks, each stick having from six to eight good buds. They should be packed in moss, and would keep in good order for a week or more, though it would be well to have them sent in small quantities every two or three days.

3. The Apple you send us is a large specimen of the *Early Harvest*. This, and the *Red Astrachan*, we consider the best summer apples for market; yet we doubt very much whether early apples can be grown profitably for market, except near a few of our largest cities. They are much affected by the Apple Worm, and drop from the trees. They soon perish after becoming ripe, and therefore must be disposed of at once. Every farmer, and indeed almost every one with even a garden, plants one or more trees of early varieties, and our markets are well supplied with early fruit. The best specimens are now selling at 50 cents a bushel in Rochester, and not a ready sale at that, as on account of their perishable nature dealers buy sparingly. Good winter apples will be worth as much, no doubt more, the trouble of marketing them is far less, and the demand always good.

CULTURE OF RASPBERRIES.

Messrs. Eds.:—I see by the last New-Yorker an inquiry in regard to the best mode of raising Raspberries and Blackberries by field culture. I have been engaged for the last few years in raising small fruit for market, and I will cheerfully give to the public through your paper my manner of cultivation. For Raspberries I raise the American Black, the *Red* and *Yellow Antwerps* and Fastolff. After long experience I have come to the conclusion that the Antwerps cannot be grown in this climate with profit, without winter protection; but with it they are very profitable, and this can be done with very little labor. To commence, I set the canes (the *Antwerp*) in rows, three feet apart, and the plants three feet apart in the rows, putting the Red and Yellow in alternate hills, believing they bear better by so doing. I likewise pick them together, as I find they sell better in market. As the Red is more acid than the Yellow, it seems to suit the taste of most people by being so mixed. Now for the manner of protection. Late in the fall, but before the ground is frozen, I cut out all the old canes, the young canes I take up and lay down for planting the next spring, leaving not more than three canes in each hill. Those I take by the tops, bend them down, lapping them past each other lengthwise of the rows, having a man ready with a shovelful of earth to lay on the tops, sufficient to keep them down until I have all the rows done. Then take a horse with a light plow and run two furrows between each row, throwing the furrows on to the canes that I have lain down; then the work is done for the fall, and two men can easily lay down one acre in a day. After the frost is out of the ground in the spring, (don't be in a hurry,) take a potato hook and put under the canes about where they lap, pull up, gently shaking the canes to detach the earth. After you have lifted all the canes, have some stakes sawed 1½ inches square, 4½ feet long, well sharpened,—stick one stake midway between two hills, lengthwise of the rows; take the canes of the hills in each hand, bend them over, lap the ends on the stakes, forming a bow. Have a boy ready with a piece of twine, (such as is used for hanging up tobacco is the best, common wrapping twine not being strong enough,) tie the top of the canes where they lap tight to the stake. After that you can take your horse and cultivator and pass between the rows, which I do until I commence picking. The Black Raspberries I set in rows six feet apart, and three in the row, cultivate the same with the exception of laying them down; yet it would have paid me well to have done so, for the two cold days last winter almost ruined my crop. L. Wells.

Cedar Lawn, (Obittenango,) N. Y., July, 1859.

THE FAMILY OF CURRANTS.

The edible Currants cultivated in Europe and America comprise four species and more than fifty varieties. The species are

Ribes Rubrum, } *European.*
Ribes Nigrum, }

Ribes Floridum, }
Ribes Missouriensis, or Aureum, } *American.*

About thirty-five years ago, Thomas A. Knight, President of the Horticultural Society of London, grew several seedling varieties of the *Ribes Rubrum*, which were announced in the Catalogue of that Society as—*Knight's Early Red, Knight's Sweet Red, Knight's Large Red.*

These are the only *new varieties*, and with ten other varieties of *Ribes Rubrum*, and six varieties of *R. Nigrum* and one of *R. Petræum*, now no longer cultivated, comprise the entire number enumerated in the third edition of their Catalogue, published in 1842, more than twenty years after the establishment of that Society, aided by an immense capital to advance its objects.

The three varieties presented little if any advancement, they being all very similar to the old *Red Dutch*, and this lack of progress arose from the circumstance that Mr. Knight and the Society had remained quite ignorant of the existence in France of very superior varieties, which he should have availed himself of when commencing his operations. Even up to the present period, being 27 years additional, but one new variety has been produced in England—the Victoria—and this an accidental seedling.

In France the results have been very different. The French people surpass all other European nations in the seminal production of new and estimable varieties of Fruits, and are only equalled in the production of new and rare flowers by the Chinese and Japanese. They have originated the following estimable currants:

Chasselas,	Fertile de Palluau,
Red Gondoin,	Blanche Perlee,
White Gondoin,	Blanche Transparente,
Cerise, or Cherry,	White Provence,
Native de Berlin,	Red Provence.

And more recently,

Attroear,	Gloria des Sablons,
Versaillaise,	Belle de Fontenay,
La Caucase,	Belle de St. Gilles,
Imperial Rouge,	Cerise a' longues Grappes,
Imperial Jaune,	Fertile d' Angers.

In our own country we have originated

Lovett's Seedling,	Princes Albinese,
Princes Coral, large red,	

And several fine seedlings not yet named or disseminated.

The varieties of the *Ribes Nigrum*, or European Black Currant, have a peculiar musky odor, unpleasant to most persons, but which is lost when made into jelly or conserves. The *Ribes floridum*, or American Black Currant, possesses also a disagreeable perfume. The *Ribes Missouriensis*, of which there are six or seven varieties in our gardens, produces showy yellow flowers, some being fragrant, and black, blue, red, yellow, or golden fruit of no unpleasant odor; but there are none of these berries as palatable as are those of the *Ribes Rubrum*. I will now present a Catalogue of the varieties cultivated in gardens.

Attroear, or Attractor,	Maple Leaved, red,
American Black,	Maple Leaved, black,
Bang up Black,	Missouri, black or violet,
Belle de St Gilles,	Missouri, blue,
Belle de Fontenay,	Missouri, red,
Black English,	Missouri, yellow,
Black Naples, or Grape,	Missouri, golden,
Brown Fruited,	Pearly Transparent,
Champagne - fleah col'd,	Prince Albert, red,
Champigny,	Princess Alianes,
Cherry, or Cerise, red,	Princess Coral,
Cherry, long bunched,	Red Dutch,
De Bar,	Red Grape,
Fertile d' Angers, red,	Red Provence,
Fertile precoce de Palluau,	Sea Bear or Sans Pepins,
Gloire des Sablons,	Sup to Grape, red
Good up Red,	Sweet burnished Red Dutch,
Graham White,	Tardive Rouge,
Native de Berlin, red,	Variegated Leaved Black,
Imperial Rouge,	Variegated Leaved Red,
Imperial Jaune,	Variegated Leaved White,
Knight's Early Red,	Versaillaise, red,
Knight's Sweet Red,	Victoria, red,
Knight's Large Red,	White Cas-selas,
La Caucase, red,	White Dutch or Clinton,
La Native,	White Pearl,
Large Red Boulogne,	White Provence,
Large White Boulogne,	White Transparent,
Lovett's Seedling,	Woman's Grape,
Magnum Bonum, red,	Yellow Champagne.

Also, Flowering Currants of various species.

Flushing, July, 1859. Wm. R. Prince.

AN EDITOR'S FARM.

A correspondent of the Yates County *Chronicle* who has been ruralizing in Cayuga County, thus writes of the farm of our good friend, J. J. Thomas:

"During our ramblings we passed by the farm of John J. Thomas, of Union Springs, Associate Editor of the *Country Gentleman*, the sight of which quite knocked out of us what little good opinion we had left with regard to theoretical farming. Instead of the high state of cultivation, the neat and orderly appearance, the signs of thrift and industry, the ordinary display of improvement which usually marks the surroundings of the progressive farmer's habitation, and which we would expect would be made manifest in this case,

* * * We saw the wild briar,
The thorn and the thistle grew broader and higher,

than in adjoining fields. Perhaps, however, this was merely an optical illusion or an erroneous impression proceeding from a lack of agricultural knowledge, which might go to prove that we could not tell a thistle or wheat from a whortleberry bush; but, as Sam Slick would say, if there were not weeds they had a 'consarn-ed' tarnal greedy appearance. One thing, however, was impressed upon our mind, and that was that the long, labored, elaborately-drawn up, scientifically-prepared papers, written to aid the farmer in the culture and improvement of the soil, which one sees in the agricultural prints of the day, do not always proceed from the pens of those persons who have the best practical success."

Well, what of it. Hasn't an editor as much right to be a bad farmer as anybody else; and to grow weeds that scatter their seeds over the adjoining fields? Indeed, has he not a better excuse to give for such a course than most men? while he sits at his table and fights the weeds with pen and paper, is it at all strange that they should take revenge by invading his garden? Then, we don't know when an editor would be in a better frame of mind to write an article on the advantages of *clean culture* and the folly of growing weeds than when his own soil was impoverished, his soul harrowed, and his temper spoiled by these persevering nuisances. But, we volunteer no defence of friend Thomas, as we have no doubt he will show the thing all right; perhaps he is merely giving a practical exemplification of the evils of bad culture.

SKEWERS FOR VINES.

Friend Moore:—Perhaps thousands of the readers of the Rural may have hit upon the same plan, but I dare say there are many thousands more who have been bothered as I have been with vines blowing about with the wind, rolling over, and sometimes even twisted off and ruined, all on account of the special care to keep them clear of weeds—the only place I now think of where foul grass is any advantage to cultivated vegetables. Nature has provided an abundance of tendrils to tie the vines to the ground,—these will cling to anything that comes in their way. As an additional security for keeping vines firmly to the ground, they take root at almost every joint if the vine remains in one position long enough to make fast. The vine first secures its position by clasping its tendrils around spears of grass or weeds, (if allowed to grow,) and then makes a more permanent fastening by roots, which also tend materially to feed the growing fruit.

After a constant warfare with the black bugs for about six weeks, in which time we have slain many thousands, and a total eradication of weeds and grass, I found my vines were nearly all pointing to the east, not only the main vine, but the laterals were taking the same direction. My plants being single and 10 feet apart each way, and the ground otherwise entirely barren, I saw the necessity of some of Nature's appointments, viz.—weeds and grass—or something as a substitute to keep the vines in place. You know it is said that "necessity is the mother of invention." The grass and weeds could not be restored in time to be of service, but the vines could be fastened just exactly where I wanted them to lie and grow, by a very simple contrivance, a hooked peg made from brush. The idea conceived, I was not long in carrying it out. The boys had just completed the stripping and piling the pea brush preparatory to conflagration, but before the torch was applied, I turned the old pea brush to good account. In a short time with a block and hatchet, I had turned out hundreds of these skewers. The longest leg is from four to six inches—the shorter, one to one and a half inches, and now, instead of all pointing eastward, each plant resembles the four cardinal points, and are taking roots greatly to my satisfaction. Simple as this appears, if it had occurred to me years ago it would have saved much perplexity and many valuable plants. And it is not now too late to be of good service to such of the fraternity as *do not know it all*.

The vines of which I am so very solicitous, are the "Honolulu Nectarine Squash." My first planting was cut off by the great frost of the 5th of June, but fearing some mishap, I had not planted all my seeds at one time. The next day after the frost I filled the same ground with plants from my hot bed—and if they are not too late to mature, I think I shall be able to present you with a fine specimen next fall. I. W. Briggs.

Macedon, N. Y., July, 1859.

Domestic Economy.

MOUNTAIN CAKE, RUSK, ELDERBERRY WINE.

Messrs. Eds.:—Noticing an inquiry in a late issue of the Rural for a good recipe for jumbles, I send one, together with some others, which I think are really excellent.

Jumbles.—Two cups of sugar; 1 cup of butter; 1 cup of sweet milk; 3 eggs; 1 teaspoon of soda, 2 of cream of tartar. Add the butter, sugar and yolks of the eggs first, and stir them to a froth, then add the milk, soda, and cream of tartar, and lastly the whites of the eggs well beaten,—mix quite soft, and drop them into pans, sprinkle with sugar before baking.

Mountain Cake.—One pound of sugar; half lb. of butter; 1 pound of flour; 1 teaspoon of soda; 1 cup of sour milk; 6 eggs; the whites and yolks beat separate. Flavor with lemon or vanilla.

Rusk.—One cup of sugar; half cup of butter; 1 egg; half cup of yeast; 1½ tumbler of sweet milk. Sponge over night, and mix the same as biscuit.

Cream Cake.—One cup of sour cream; 1 cup of sugar; nearly 1½ cups of flour; 3 eggs; 1 teaspoon of soda. Flavor with lemon.

Currant Wine.—One quart of juice; 2 quarts of water; 3 pounds of sugar. Put in a jar in a cool place and skim it every day until it is sufficiently fermented, then put into a cask, and cork it tightly until ready for use. The currants should be *very* ripe.

Elderberry Wine.—Two quarts of juice; 2 quarts of water; 4 pounds of sugar. Prepare the same as the currants. Rural Reader.

Poland, N. Y., July, 1859.

COOKING MUTTON, VEAL, FISH, &c.

Eds. Rural:—Having seen several requests for the best method of cooking meat, I have waited patiently, hoping the lady readers of the Rural would comply and give recipes for cooking meat, &c. We have plenty of recipes for cake, cookies, &c., but we wish for something more substantial, and in order that I may hear from others, I will give a recipe for cooking mutton and veal, which I consider palatable.

Take a fore-quarter of veal or mutton, cut off the neck and leg and boil in water, with a little salt, until done. Remove the meat from the bones and chop with bread, adding butter, pepper, sage, &c., as the taste may dictate. Make an incision on the upper side of the meat sufficient to admit the same, and sprinkle the whole with salt sufficient to season.

Cooking Salt Fish.—Dress the fish thoroughly, then soak in a pan of sour milk from twelve to twenty-four hours, after which rinse with cold water and place in a dripping-pan to bake. When nearly done pour on half a pint of sweet cream, and bake until nicely browned. E. M.

Alden, N. Y., July, 1859.

CAKES, COOKIES, &c.

Eds. Rural:—As your lady subscribers are all furnishing you with something useful in the line of "Domestic Economy," I must endeavor to do my part of the labor:

Soda Pound Cake.—Four eggs; 1 cup sugar; 1 cup butter; half teaspoonful soda; 1 teaspoonful cream tartar; 1 pint flour—flavor with nutmeg.

Lemon Cake.—Four eggs; 3 cups sugar; 1 cup butter; 1 cup sour milk; 1 teaspoonful saleratus; 4 cups flour.

Cookies.—One and one-half cups sugar; half cup butter; 2 eggs; half cup sour milk; half cup sweet milk; 1 teaspoonful saleratus.

Jumbles.—Two-thirds cup butter; 1 cup sugar; 3 tablespoons sour cream; 2 eggs; 1 teaspoonful saleratus.

Ginger Snaps.—Two cups molasses; 1 cup shortening; half cup water; 2 teaspoonfuls saleratus; 1 tablespoonful ginger. Sarah.

Canadice, Ont. Co., N. Y., June, 1859.

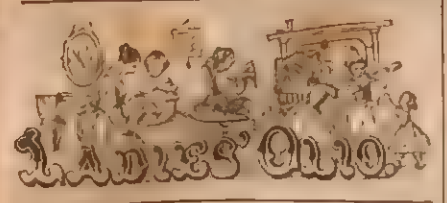
Pie Plant and Gooseberry Pie.—Crissey's conduct is worthy of our lady readers notice, inquiring through the Rural for advice in cookery. As this is her first summer's experience in housekeeping, I hope all who have good recipes will send them, so if I, or any of my bachelor friends, should chance to call to tea, all the eatables would be made by rule. For pie-plant pie slice the stalks with the skin on, add the inside of two lemons; one large cup sugar; one tablespoon water, then sprinkle dry flour over and it is ready for the upper crust. Gooseberry pie the same with one lemon. This makes a rich and excellent pie.—Dorothy, *East Palmyra, Wayne Co., N. Y.*

Crackers—How to make Starch.—Noticing an inquiry for a recipe for crackers in a late number, here is one I took from the Rural about a year ago. I like it much. One pint thin, sweet cream; one-fourth teaspoon salt; flour enough to make stiff dough; roll thin, cut, prick, bake in moderate oven.

I would like to ask some of the lady readers of your paper if they would tell the best way to make nice starch for fine shirts, collars, &c. Also, how to prepare gooseberries for jelly—if they should be ripe or not.—R., *Warren Co., Ohio*, 1859.

Preserving Green Corn—Calf's Head Jelly.—Will some of the Rural readers give a recipe that can be depended on for preserving green corn? I tried one last year, but found it all *moonshine*. Also, how to make "calf's head jelly."—M. K., *Willow Copse, Ohio*, 1859.

Shrewsbury Cake.—One pound of flour; three-fourths pound sugar; half a pound of butter; five eggs; a little rose water or essence of lemon.—O. W., *Connecticut*, 1859.



OUR IDOL.

Close the door lightly,
Bridle the breath,
Our little earth angel
Is talking with death.
Gently he woos her,
She wishes to stay,
His arms are about her—
He bears her away.

Music comes floating
Down from the dome
Angels are chanting
The sweet welcome home.
Come, stricken weeper!
Come to the bed,
Gaze on the sleeper—
Our Idol is dead!

Smooth out the ringlets
Close the blue eye—
No wonder such beauty
Was claimed in the sky;
Cross the hands gently
O'er the white breast,
So like a wild spirit
Strayed from the blest:

Bear her out softly,
This Idol of ours,
Let her grave slumbers
Be 'mid the sweet flowers.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

Plain Talks to American Women.--No. 16.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

BIBLE TEACHING.—We have occasionally alluded to this in former "Talks"—in the present we wish to consider it more at large.

Every mother whose heart is warm with the love of GOD, and who rightly appreciates His Word, will naturally desire that her children's souls be also imbued with Divine grace, and that they also should reverence the Sacred Volume. O, the depth, the tenderness, of a Christian mother's prayers for the conversion of her offspring! How can she who possesses a bright and abiding hope of immortality—how can she bear the thought that those so near to her heart should be lost—lost forever? And if one who has given no evidence of preparation for eternity is prostrated by disease that brings him near the gates of the tomb, what agony is hers lest the spark of life should be quenched—his lamp go out in obscure darkness! How does her heart upbraid her then if she has been unfaithful to his soul! How *can* she say "it is well," when the drops of life are trembling in the vase that totters on the brink of ruin? She fears to speak then, perchance, of the subject that most agonizes her, lest it prove too great a shock, and she fears to delay, lest the moments of probation pass. GOD pity—GOD help in such an hour! Mothers, then, whose darlings are in health, be faithful *now!* Teach your little ones the Gospel while their hearts are tender and their intellects regally wear the crown of reason. Commit the treasures of the Sacred Scriptures to the keeping of their hearts, so that if, perchance, the sun of the mind burn dimly in that eventide, as in the "eventide" of the "age to come," "it shall be light."

We know not whose was first the beautiful thought to gather the family circle around the fireside at morning and at eve, to listen to the words of the Most High, and kneel for His blessing, but what has shed a holier radiance upon the hearth-stone of home, than the fires kindled from Heaven upon a Christian altar there? How delightful the hour of sacred worship! How pleasant to hear a whole family,—from the aged grandfather who bends over the old large-print Bible, to the little one who can scarcely lisp the words of life,—read from the Precious Volume!—how beautiful to see them bend, all in silent waiting upon the Lord, save one, till the first words of the "Our Father which art in Heaven" break from the lips of him who leads, when all softly join in the holy prayer of JESUS, and as the echo of the "Amen" dies away, rise from their knees a God-blessed household! It would almost seem that spirits would grow into Christianity under such an influence, as naturally as spring flowers grow into beauty under the genial skies of May! Exercises of this character should not be very lengthy. Children, when very weary, will hardly be interested. Short Bible readings, accompanied by familiar explanations and practical remarks, and short, simple, expressive prayers, are best. If too much is read, but little is retained in memory, and the impression produced is less deep than where a few verses are slowly pronounced, and fully understood and appreciated.

Another very pleasant way of imbuing the mind with Scripture precepts, is to have each member of the family select and commit to memory for each morning, a text to be repeated and remarked upon at the breakfast table; and the texts thus selected may be mottoes for the day. How many lessons of wisdom would thus be treasured up, and how great might be their practical bearing! For instance, suppose the mother had selected for her morning text the following:—"In your patience possess ye your souls!" How careful would she be through the day, that, amid all her trials, the blessed spirit of patience govern her! Suppose the father has repeated the text,—"Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thy hand to do it." Recognizing the authority of the Bible, will he be likely, during the day, when he has the money in his pocket, to turn away without payment the claimant of an honest debt? And will not the children, seeing the cheerful obedience of the parents to the Sacred Word, readily follow the example? Suppose one child has chosen—"Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right;" another—"Love your enemies;" a third, "Swear not at all," and a fourth—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," &c. Suppose that these passages have been familiarly explained and illustrated, who shall say what influence they may not have during the day in guarding their young hearts from sin? The course of which we have spoken may be pursued, or some one subject may be selected; and each member of the family learn some text bearing upon that subject, thus bringing together, perhaps, the concurrent testimony of several Bible witnesses, and presenting it in a clearer light than any single one would be likely to do; and through the day all the different members of the family might be striving to exhibit in their lives the same gospel principle—might watch over and correct each other if they saw any deviation therefrom.

These are some of the ways in which Scripture lessons may be engrafted upon the mind. A watchful mother, whose own heart is influenced thereby, will often find occasions, in the administration of family government, for impressing upon the consciences of her children the authority of the Word of GOD. There is something there adapted to every circumstance of human life. No course of human action so complicated that the Bible does not furnish a clue to its untanglement! None so deep and hidden, that the Bible does not ferret out the motive that prompted it. It "is quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." How appropriate, then, that the mother often apply this probe, not only to her own spirit, but to those of her offspring, that she may discover and lay open any festering wrong that may have bidden itself beneath the garb of formality or outward piety, but is still there, poisoning the soundness of the soul, and endangering its existence. Selfishness, the monster evil of the age, may be lying in the inmost recesses of the heart, drinking at its life-fountains, and yet so silent be its workings that the outer world shall not suspect its presence, and the heart itself, "deceitful above all things," only fancy the presence of some agent adapted to produce sensations of pleasure, which, in its ignorance of true bliss, it falsely denominates happiness.

One child, perhaps, is fond of engaging in acts of benevolence, and trips away lightly through the storm, all comfortably clad as she is, to carry some blessing to the poor, but all the while her little heart is puffed up with self-righteousness, and as she goes she flatters herself that she is very good, and wonders who among her friends are observing her, and praising her charity. Let the mother be watchful to discern a case like this, and apply for a remedy texts like the following:—"Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in Heaven."

Too large a share of the responsibility of religious education should not be thrown upon the Church and the Sunday-school. These are important auxiliaries to home instruction, but ought not, indeed *cannot*, supersede it. If a child's attention is directed to religion and the Bible only upon the first day of the week, it will be no marvel if he come to consider Christianity only a Sunday concern, and that if he only observes that day with propriety, and attends to its assigned duties, it will not matter greatly if he is not very watchful of his conduct during the remainder of the week. Perhaps this is one reason why we have so many "Sunday Christians"—men and women who go to Church regularly, and attend to the sacraments, wear a solemn countenance during what they consider holy time, but whose every-day lives are no attestation of the purity of gospel principles. We should realize more than we do, that *all* time is holy, and should be consecrated to GOD—that he has given us no license to sin on *any* day, but requires that "whatsoever we do, whether we eat or drink," be done to His glory. Feeling deeply this truth, we shall not reserve all the work of religious instruction to one day in the seven, but each day shall bear its own burden, and teach its own lessons of truth and duty.

We can but refer to an institution to which our own heart owed, perhaps, many of its early religious impressions, and which we consider may be greatly promotive of the interests of which we speak, viz., the "*Maternal Association.*" It is long since we accepted it as our duty to become disconnected in a manner from the religious society under whose fostering care flourished the only organization of this kind with which we were ever associated, yet we still look back with interest to the Society which monthly met for the consideration of maternal duties, and social prayer for the children under its watch-care, and quarterly gathered a large proportion of those children for religious instruction. We could desire that every circle of Christian mothers might adopt some such plan of concerted effort for the more full understanding of their responsibilities and duties, as such, and for the influencing of the minds of their children towards her whose "ways are pleasantness," and whose "paths are peace."

In a time when skepticism is as prevalent as it now is, it may seem a little old-fashioned to insist so strongly as we do upon the religious instruction—Bible instruction—of children; but GOD forbid that we should ever love less the Old Book that has strengthened so many for the stern conflicts of life—that has hung over the dark "valley of the shadow of death" a bow of promise bright with the radiance of immortality! *God forbid we should ever love it less!*

HEALTH PROMOTED BY FAMILY MUSIC.—Music, like paintings and statuary, refines, and elevates, and sanctifies. Song is the language of gladness, and it is the utterance of devotion. But coming lower down, it is physically beneficial; it rouses the circulation, wakes up bodily energies, and diffuses life and animation around. Does a lazy man ever sing? Does a milk-and-water character ever strike a stirring note? Never. Song is the outlet of mental and physical activity, and increases both by its exercise. No child has completed a religious education, who has not been taught to sing the songs of Zion. No part of our religious worship is sweeter than this. In David's day it was a practice and a study.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AUGUST.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Rich-hued and green the trees—
The wild vine hangs its flowers
Out on the hill's rock towers,
And in the faint-lipped breeze,
The poplar's tender leaves
Tremble and rouse to life!
And from the dell-copse' shade,
The cuckoo's song
Floats beauty rife.

Pearl tints the morning skies—
Crimson dyes all the clouds
Like mighty christening shrouds,
They spread their draperies;
And o'er the fragrant leaves
The sunshine weaves its veil
Of gold and amber light,
And threads of glist'ning white
And shadows pale.

August! the founts are low,
The pastures cry for rain;
The cattle plod the plain
Seeking the clover blow;
And where the streamlets flow
O'er the rocks cool and gray,
The little snow-white lambs
Come with their nimble feet
To drink at set of day.

The forest throbs in pain,
Summer is flushed to death—
The last of her rich breath
Streams o'er the ripening grain;
And where the flowers have lain
Sad Autumn's feet come slow;
White with the harvest moon
She sweeps her frosty robe,
And buries Summer's glow!

Farmington, N. H., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MAPLE TREE.

THE subjoined was found upon the trunk of a huge maple, soon after it fell. Doubtless its authorship could be traced to the departed spirit of the tree. I believe Isaiah, chapter 55, and final clause of verse 12, suggests the *mechanical* ability of a tree to write. Waiving all desire to pursue the conjecture further, I submit the subject of the same to the reader. R., JR.

"Two hundred years ago—if the fibrous circles composing me indicate my age—I was a tender twig in this vicinity. Born amid forest flowers, my insignificance at first was without humiliation; but when deprived of their companionship, and witnessing the giant forms of my kin about me, I became envious. A wise maple warned me against cultivating this habit, and dropped a leaf bearing the instructive hint, 'as the twig is bent the tree is inclined.' A sad experience had given him wisdom and sympathy, for I learned in after years that his gnarled and crooked form was the result of early misdoings. As long as he lived he exercised a beneficial influence over me, and died expressing his satisfaction at my comely appearance, which he very justly attributed to wholesome restraint imparted in youth. I was honored in being permitted to exemplify, even to the last of a numerous family reared by Mother Earth hereabouts, the benefits derived from judicious training.

"When a sapling, shut in by the boughs of my ancestors, the occurrences above and around me were a succession of mysteries. The thick gloom with its myriad twinkling specks, and the dazzling brightness following it; both often preceded by a tinge of beauty resting on everything above, sent a thrill of delight, not unmingled with timidity, through every fibre of my system. The withering blight descending in the darkness upon the foliage, depriving it of the hue of life though rendered beautiful in death, and reducing to skeletons the tenderest twig and hardiest tree alike, was a sad mystery. So was the renewal of our foliage its pleasing contrast. But how strangely terrible was that mysterious quiet leading swift destruction into our midst. Whole forests twisting and writhing raged in angry commotion. Branches of a century's growth were tossed as leaves. The defiant oak and graceful elm fell with a terrific crash, fearfully sighing as they descended, while the fiery, zig-zag stream from above intensified the prevailing terror. At such times my littleness was safety, though I observed that many of my superiors, grown up in apparent discretion, yielded with bowed form and survived this power.

"Mature tree-hood acquainted me with the origin of these mysteries, and the night with its stars, the day with its morning and evening glories, the tempests and lightnings, were often repeated in all their grandeur. Then were my branches mingled with the loftiest of my species, sharing with them the crystal drops of the summer's night, that glistening died in the morning's rays, accompanying the earliest notes of the feathered songsters with the music of our leaves, and marking the many changes effected and threatened by the different enemies of our race. But I witnessed the death of all my companions. Many of them perished in this now naked meadow, but yesterday within the circuit of my shadows. Here fell one whose lungs were devoured by insects, inducing premature decay. There fell another—his heart laid bare by the lightning's stroke. Yonder, where my evening shadows faded away, died the patriarch of the forest, of old age. Just beneath me fell an aged relative in conflict with a tempest. But the greater proportion perished by that greatest enemy of our race, the axe. I was so destroyed. Old age was a feeble plea, and availed me nothing. Generosity—for I had shed many drops of blood that were transformed by the aid of fire into lumps of delicious sweetness—was forgotten, and my graceful appearance, that had spared me in earlier days, now appealed in vain. Had the united protest of the feathered family, that found a welcome home among my branches, prevailed, I should have numbered many more shadows. Or, had the woodchuck that was once seen at my roots weeping, reappeared in his sorrowful mood, my destroyer might have been moved with pity. But my death was not without consolation, for it carried with it a humiliating revenge. A post-mortem examination, commenced in a saw-mill and continued in a cabinet shop, revealed the fact of my utility *after* death. Will it be thus with the rich tree-hater, my destroyer? Let him think of this another winter, as he warms himself before my blazing limbs."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S INTEGRITY.

But few have it in their power to do so much good or evil as printers. We know they all glory in Dr. Franklin as a father, and are wont to mention his name with veneration. Happy would it be for them if they would read the following, with a resolution to imitate it:

"Soon after his establishment in Philadelphia, Franklin was offered a piece to publish in his newspaper; being very busy, he begged the gentleman to leave it for consideration. The next day the author called, and asked his opinion of it. Franklin replied:

"'Why, sir, I am sorry to say I think it highly scurrilous and defamatory. Being at a loss, on account of my poverty, whether to reject it or not, I thought I would put it to this issue:—At night, when my work was done, I bought a two penny loaf, on which, with a mug of cold water, I supped heartily, and then wrapping myself in my great coat, slept very soundly on the floor till morning, when another loaf and a mug of water afforded me a breakfast. Now, sir, since I can live comfortably in this manner, why should I prostitute my press to personal hatred and party passion, for a more luxurious living?'"

One cannot read this anecdote of our American Sage without thinking of Socrates' reply to King Archelaus, who had pressed him to give up preaching in the dirty streets of Athens, and come and live with him in his splendid Court:

"Meal, please your Majesty, is a half-penny a peck at Athens, and water I can get for nothing."—*Printers' News Letter.*

SALMAGUNDI.

A CRUEL INSINUATION.

WHEN man fell from his high estate
As Eve *in sin* the apple *ate*,
Quoth Adam, "Woman's curse is great;
'Tis written in the book of fate,
For evermore IN-SIN-U-ATE."

DEARER, YET DEARER, ART THOU, LOVE, TO ME.

DEAR LAURA! when you were a flirting young miss,
And I was your dutiful swain,
Your smiles could exalt to the summit of bliss,
Your frowns would o'erwhelm me with pain;
You were *dear* to me then, love; but now you're my wife,
It is strange the fond tie should be nearer,
For when I am paying your bills, on my life,
You seem to get *dearer and dearer!*

LABOR.—It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy only, by thought that labor can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity.

A TRULY grateful heart may not be able to tell its gratitude, but it can feel, and love, and act.

AN envious man repines as much at the manner in which his neighbors live as if he maintained them.

A WRONGED creditor, a neglected wife, a slandered neighbor, and a guilty conscience, are four things whose presence gives great pain.

LIFE may be merry as well as useful. Every person that owns a mouth has always a good opening for a laugh.

WOMEN and young men are very apt to tell what secrets they know, from the vanity of having been trusted.

POLITENESS is like an air-cushion—there may be nothing solid in it, but it eases jolts wonderfully.

THE taste of beauty, and the relish of what is decent, just, and amiable, perfects the character of a gentleman.

BY the use of eye-glasses, you may see as much as is to be seen; by the use of another kind of glasses, you may see twice as much.

FEROCITY is sometimes *assumed* as well as a gentleness. There are as many sheep in wolves' clothing as there are wolves in sheep's.

"WHY don't you ask your sweetheart to marry you? "I *have* asked her." "What did she say?" "Oh, I've the *refusal* of her."

A MAN has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.

A PRETTY girl and a wild horse are liable to do much mischief; for the one runs away with a fellow's body, and the other runs away with his heart.

VICE and folly may feel the edge of wit, but virtue is invulnerable; aquafortis dissolves the baser metals, but has no power to dissolve or corrode gold.

PHILOSOPHERS say that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. Perhaps this accounts for the habit some people have of always closing their eyes during sermon-time.

IT is a beautiful custom in some Oriental lands to leave untouched the fruits that are shaken from the trees by the wind; these being regarded as sacred to the poor and the stranger.

ECONOMY is the parent of integrity, of liberty, and of ease, and the sister of temperance, of cheerfulness and health; and profuseness is a cruel and crafty demon that generally involves her followers in dependence and debts—that is, fetters them with "irons into their souls."

"How do you feel with such a shocking coat on?" said a young dandy to old Roger. "I feel," said old Roger, looking at him steadily with one eye half closed, as if taking aim at his victim—"I feel, young man, as if I had a coat on which I had paid for—a luxury of feeling which I think you have never experienced."

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A HYMN FOR A TROUBLED HEART.

O, THOU who comfortest the sad,
And bids the broken-hearted live,
Send down that sweet relief to me
Which is in thine own power to give

I grope in darkness and despair,
My heart is troubled and afraid;
And often unbelief shuts out
The grace by which I should be stayed.

Dear SAVIOR! I do not desire
These clouds removed against Thy will,
But only Faith to see through all,
And seeing through to see Thee still.

S.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FORGIVE THE LIVING.

WE forgive those who have wronged us in tho't, word, or deed, when they are laid to their final rest—we speak kindly, tenderly, even *lovingly*,—if we speak at all,—removing the veil which has hitherto obscured so much of their life's harmony and sweetness, at the same time drawing it over those faults and foibles, temptations and failures, which are strewn so thickly in *our own* pathway, written so indelibly in our heart's history. We never seek to penetrate this veil, nor even wish to. And why? They have passed from earth forever. Their bodies are mouldering in the cold and silent tomb. This is sufficient. It seems to forbid all entertainment, much more expression, of aught but good will and kindly sympathy for the dead. But is this *real, true-hearted, benevolent* forgiveness? No! it is not worthy of the name. Forgive the *living*—those who mingle with you in the daily walks and avocations of life; they whose lives you may cheer, beautify, yea, *ennoble* if you will. Forgive a light, an angry word, let it not rankle in thy bosom till a fire be kindled, which, if nourished, will burn thine inmost soul—unfitting thee to go out among thy fellow-men lest they imbibe of the unrest and angry turbulence of thy spirit—unfitting thee for *all* high, holy, heaven-born aspirations—unfitting thee for life, death, and a blessed immortality. Forgive, though a wound be made causing all thy future in *this* world to be covered with a heavy pall. Forgive! taking for thy example the meek and lowly JESUS, then shall be gathered in the "crown of thy rejoicing" jewels whose lustre and brilliancy exceeds all mortal thought. "For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you."

ADDIE E. WALKER.

Ypsilanti, Mich., 1859.

AN ELOQUENT EXTRACT.—"Generation after generation," says a fine writer, "have felt as we now feel, and their lives were as active as our own. They passed like a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. The heavens shall be as bright over our graves as they now are around our paths. The world will have the same attractions for our offspring yet unborn, that she had once for our children. Yet a little while, and all will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled and we shall be at rest. Our funeral will wind its way, and prayers will be said, and then we shall be left alone in silence and darkness for the worms. And it may be but a short time we shall be spoken of, for the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the room in which we died; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried, and glisten again with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our names."

THE PARISH MINISTER.—The author of Adam Bede, in sketching the rector of a parish says, he was not much of a preacher. He preached short moral sermons. But then he acted pretty much up to what he said. He didn't set up for being so different from other folks one day, and then be as like 'em as two peas the rest; and he made folks love and respect him. Mrs. Poyser used to say, he was like a good meal o' victuals, your were better for him without thinking on it.

"ALL YOUR NEED."—Why was the "Bread of life" hungry, but that he might feed the hungry with the bread of life? Why was "Rest" itself weary, but to give the weary rest? Why was the "Prince of peace" in trouble, but that the troubled might have peace? None but the Image of God could restore us to God's image. None but the Prince of Peace could bring the God of Peace and the peace of God to poor sinners.—*Old Author.*

LIFE'S DUTIES.—It must doubtless be the design of our Heavenly Father, that all this toil for the supply of our physical necessities—this incessant occupation amid the things that perish—shall be no obstruction, but rather a help, to our spiritual life. The weight of a clock seems a heavy drag on the delicate movements of its machinery; but, so far from arresting or impeding those movements, it is indispensable to their steadiness, balance and accuracy.

ALMSGIVING NOT CHARITY.—It is difficult to be wisely charitable—to do good without multiplying the sources of the evil. We know that to give alms is nothing, unless we give thought also; and that, therefore, it is written, not "Blessed is he that *feedeth* the poor," but "Blessed is he that *considereth* the poor;" and we know that a little thought and a little kindness are worth more than a great deal of money.

THE mistake of idolatry is that it took the grosser part of humanity to represent God—that part which was common to themselves and animals.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A DEFECT AND THE REMEDY.

The design of our Common School System is to present all with the opportunity of acquiring an understanding of the rudiments of science—of principles sufficient, at least, for the common affairs of life—yet it appears that from some cause about one-third of those reported as entitled are deprived of that opportunity.

Comparatively,—with the abstract report in the Governor's Message,—our district is a fair sample of the State. It numbers 220 children of legal school age, but the teachers' lists for the last year contain only 145 different names of pupils. The list for the winter term of 100 days, shows an average attendance of 67 days for each, and for the summer term of 120 days an average of 54. The statistics in the report show an aggregate cost of common schools in the State, for the last year, equal to $3 06 for every child reported as entitled to share in the provision, and of $4 50 for every one accepting it. The total cost for the year, beside the district taxes, is $1 56 each for the whole number, and $2 31 each for all attending school. The amount of public money appropriated for the pay of teachers equals $1 10 each for all entitled, and $1 62 for each attending school. The aggregate of rate-bills equals $0 31 each for all, and $0 46 each for those who have attended school during the year.

Let it be assumed—as it is true—that it would cost but a trifle more, if any, to educate all the children in the State than it does the two-thirds that attend school, the report shows a loss, resulting from mismanagement, of one-third the cost, amounting to $1,264,816 26 annually; which, beside the public good involved, has a pecuniary value worth an effort to save,—to discover the fault and a remedy.

These facts are proof of fault in carrying out the intent of the system, by the loss on the capital invested, and by the burdens thereby laid on those laboring for the advantages, without directly benefiting the indifferent. An imperfection becomes a necessity only when known to defy every practical remedy. The first defect is—lack of inducement to cause a full and regular attendence of all entitled to the privilege. The remedy proposed is a law to apportion the teachers' money by the ratio of an average number of days' attendance,—during the legal terms of the year,—in proportion to the number of pupils on the school list. This, of course, will not increase the aggregate of expense in the State, but it will augment the share of the district where the inhabitants are most successful in filling the school. It will also incite a spirit of emulation among districts, and create a personal interest, resulting in public good by a more extended diffusion of knowledge,—the object of the system.

The next important mistake in law is that which prevents people from conducting their own affairs in their own way,—which lays *unequal* burdens upon *social equals*,—which deprives the inhabitants of a district of power to enforce a tax on themselves, however just, right and profitable they may judge it to be in order to pay for service which the law requires and the district needs. The philosophy of taxation is to make property pay public expense, while equity demands that taxes for any object be assessed in proportion to the value of property and the advantages expected to property holders, in the application. What social object takes precedence of education? Is it any advantage to property holders to have ignorant and uncultivated youths turned loose in community? Is it not better that society be composed of intelligent and well-informed members? The advantages of the system are justly apportioned to the residents in the district, but the tax for the service of trustees is not equitably assessed, unless—based on a sort of self-valuation—it is supposed they can afford to give time and energy for honors that are all easy, and, instead of "a dollar a day and roast beef," are content to work for nothing and "eat themselves."

S. Graves.

Marcellus Falls, N. Y., 1859.

Reading Aloud.—There is no treat so great, truly remarks the Springfield Republican, as to hear good reading of any kind. Not one gentleman in a hundred can read so as to please the ear, and send the words with gentle force to the heart and the understanding. An indistinct utterance, whines, drones, nasal twangs, gutteral notes, hesitations, and other vices of elocution are almost universal. Why it is, no one can say, unless it be that either the pulpit, or the nursery, or the Sunday School, gives the style in these days. Many a lady can sing Italian songs with considerable execution, but cannot read English passably. Yet reading is far the most valuable accomplishment of the two. In most drawing-rooms, if a thing is to be read, it is discovered that nobody can read; one has weak lungs, another gets hoarse, another has an abominable sing-song, evidently a tradition of the way in which Watt's hymns were sung, when he was too young to understand them; another rumbles like a broad-wheel wagon; another has a way of reading which seems to proclaim that what is read is of no consequence, and had better not be attended to.

The Connecticut Common School Journal, in an article on *Foolish Economy*, says:—"When you hear a man uttering his aversion to spending money to educate 'other folks' young ones,' you may safely conclude that his father was a man not very liberal in the education of his own; for the educated are invariably the most earnest champions of education.

The attempt to govern by loud speaking, stamping, thumping upon desks, or using an unnecessary amount of words, is vain. Subjection to wholesome laws, properly administered, is as much a part of essential education, as the knowledge acquired from books and teachers.

CUT-AND-DRIED TEACHERS.

Concerning plans of teaching, nobody has any right to impose his plan of teaching on his neighbor. There is no method that may call itself *the* method of education. There is only one set of right principles, but there may be ten thousand plans. Every teacher must work for himself, as every man of the world works for himself. There is, for all men in society, only one set of right principles, yet you shall see a thousand men in one town all obeying them, although all, in conduct, absolutely differ from one another. They will present among themselves the widest contrast, and yet every one may be prospering, and making friends. In the school, as in the world, a man must be himself if he would have more than a spurious success; he must be modeled upon nobody. The school-master should read books of education, and he may study hard to reason out for himself by their aid, if he can, what are right principles to go upon. A principle that he approves, he must adopt: but, another man's plan that he approves, he must assimilate to the nature of his own mind and of his own school before he can adopt it. Even his school he must so manage that it shall admit of great variety of plan within itself, and suffer him so to work in it as to appeal in the most effective way to the mind of each one of his scholars.

No man can be a good teacher who is a cut-and-dried man without any particular character. His individuality must be strongly marked. He should be, of course, a man of unimpeachable integrity, detesting what is base or mean, and, beyond everything, hating a lie. He should have pleasure in his work, be fond of children, and not think of looking down upon them, but put faith—and that is a main point which many teachers refuse to uphold—put faith in the spirit of childhood. He must honor a child or he cannot educate it, though he may cram many facts into its head. It is essential also to the constitution of a good teacher, that, whatever his character may be, he shall not be slow. Children are not so constituted as to be able to endure slowness patiently. He must also not be destitute of imagination, for he will have quick imaginations to develope and to satisfy.

The most learned teacher ought incessantly to read and think, so that he may be on each topic as full minded as he should be when he proposes to give lessons to a child. The good teacher must be devoted to his work; if he want pleasuee and excitement, he must find them in the school-room and the study. For it is only when his teaching gives great pleasure to himself, that it can give any pleasure whatever to his pupils.—*Missouri Educator.*

Industry and Genius.—There are many teachers who profess to show the nearest way to excellence; and many expedients have been invented by which the oil of study might be saved. But let no man be seduced to idleness by specious promises. Excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of labor. It argues, indeed, no small strength of mind to persevere in habits of industry without the pleasure of perceiving those advances which, like the hand of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation. There is one precept, however, in which I shall only be opposed by the vain, the ignorant, and the idle. I am not afraid that I shall repeat it too often. You must have no dependence on your own genius. If you have great talents industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is to be obtained without it.

I Will.—How many times have we heard both parents and teachers say, such a child must have his will broken—he is too headstrong. Is the will ever broken? It may be made to bend, but never, it is never broken. "If John was not so willful, he would do well enough," say the parent and teacher, when every success that crowns his endeavors is the fruit of the will. Guide this heaven-born gift, aid the child in placing this firm, strong lever beneath good and noble purposes, and much will be accomplished. When the Will joins hands with Reason and Religion, its power will be for good. Strong will is the great characteristic of all those who have achieved power, either for good or evil, in the world's history. The will is the most prompt and decisive faculty of the mind, and impels to immediate action. It is necessary for the teacher to possess this firmness of purpose, that he may cultivate the same in his pupils. If they find a will to meet each duty faithfully, they will be inspired with the same feeling in their duties.—*Selected.*

Educate the Perceptive Faculties.—Too much time is devoted to words—to little things. Every primary school should be supplied with *objects* as well as with *books*. In most schools the mind of the child is most carefully guarded against all ideas of the external world. Not one primary school in ten contains anything to develop the perceptive faculties. We seem to be ignorant of the fact that it is by exercising the senses that the germs of intellect are aroused. The child has mind; that mind becomes active as it cognizes qualities of matter. We do not say that matter *causes* mental activity, but that the senses form the medium through which mind is aroused, and that the senses can only be exercised by contact with material things.—*Wis. Journal of Education.*

The most difficult department of learning is to unlearn. Drawing a mistake or prejudice out of the head is as painful as drawing a tooth, and the patient never thanks the operator. No man likes to admit that his favorite opinion, perhaps the only child of his mind, is an illegitimate one. Sluggish intellects are ever the most obstinate, for that which it has cost us much to acquire, it costs us much to give up; and the older we get the more closely we cling to errors.

It is a pretty saying of an old writer, that men like books, begin and end with blank leaves—infancy and senility.

The pen, in the hand that knows how to use it, is the most powerful weapon in the world.

THE HUMAN HAND.

Issuing from the wrist is that wonderful organ, the human hand. "In a French book, intended," says Sir Charles Bell, "to teach young people philosophy, the pupil asks why the fingers are not of equal length? The master makes the scholar grasp a ball of ivory, to show him that the points of the fingers are then equal! It would have been better had he closed the fingers upon the palm, and then have asked whether or not they corresponded. This difference in the length of the fingers serves a thousand purposes, as in holding a rod, a switch, a sword, a hammer, a pen, a pencil, or engraving tool, in all which, a secure hold, and freedom of motion are admirably combined."

On the length, strength, and perfectly free movements of the thumb, depends, moreover, the power of the human hand. To the thumb, indeed, has been given a special name ("*pollex*," from a Latin verb, meaning to be able, strong, mighty,) because of its strength—a strength that is necessary to the power of the hand, being equal to that of all the fingers. Without the fleshy ball of the thumb, the power of the fingers would be of no avail, and accordingly the large ball formed by the muscles of the thumb, is the special work of the human hand, particularly that of a clever workman. The loss of the thumb almost amounts to the loss of the hand. Conscripts, unwilling to serve in the army of France, have been known to disable themselves effectually by cutting off the thumb of the right hand. The loss of both thumbs would reduce a man to a miserable dependence. Nor should we overlook another peculiarity. Were the tips of the fingers and the thumbs bony instead of being covered with flesh, many things we readily do would be absolutely impossible. We now take up what is small, soft, and round, as a millet seed, or even a particle of human hair, so exquisitely prehensile are the human fingers.

The nails are often of special service—perhaps always in works of art which require nicety of execution. Their substance is just what is needed; they are easily kept at the precise length which answers every purpose; had they been placed on the tips of the fingers, they would have been a loss of power, but their position ensures their highest efficiency. An interchange of power for velocity which takes place in the arm adapts the hand and fingers to a thousand arts, requiring quick or lively motions. In setting up the type of this page, there have been movements on the part of the compositor, of surprising rapidity to an ordinary observer, and the execution of performers on the piano forte, as well as on many wind instruments, is often astonishing; these are among the many instances of the advantage gained by this sacrifice of force for velocity of movement.—*Cassell's Popular Natural History.*

SINGING OF BIRDS.

The singing of most birds seems entirely a spontaneous effusion, producing no lassitude in muscle, or relaxation of the parts of action. In certain seasons and weather, the nightingale sings all day and the most part of the night; and we never observe that the powers of song are weaker, or that the notes become harsh and untunable, after all these hours of practice.

The song thrush, in a mild, moist April, will commence his tune early in the morning, pipe unceasingly through the day, yet at the close of eve, when he retires to rest, there is no obvious decay in his musical powers, or any sensible effort required to continue his harmony to the last.

Birds of one species sing in general very like each other, with different degrees of execution. Some countries may produce finer songsters, but without great variation in the notes. In the thrush, however, it is remarkable that there seems to be regular notes, each individual piping a voluntary of his own. Their voices may always be distinguished amid the choristers of the copse, yet some one performer will more particularly attract attention by a peculiar modulation of tune; and should several stations of these birds be visited the same morning, few or none probably would be found to persevere in the same round of notes; whatever is uttered seems the effusion of the moment. At times a strain will break out perfectly unlike any preceding utterance, and we may wait a long time without noticing any repetition of it. Harsh, strained, and tense as the notes of this birds are, yet they are pleasing from their variety.

The voice of the blackbird is infinitely more mellow, but has much less variety, compass, or execution; and he, too, commences his carols with the morning light, persevering from hour to hour without effort, or any sensible faltering of voice.

The cuckoo wearies us throughout some long May morning with the unceasing monotony of its song; and though there are others as vociferous, yet it is the only bird I know that seems to suffer from the use of the organs of voice. Little exertion as the few notes it makes use of seems to require, yet by the middle or end of June, it loses its utterance, becomes hoarse, and ceases from any further essay.—*Journal of a Naturalist.*

Controversy.—Those who have the true creed, and that faith in it which is derived from charity, and who therefore feel certain that it is true, will not be angry and complain if others do not treat them with the respect which they deserve: they will not complain if they are treated as imposters and deluded enthusiasts; for their own honor and glory are not the objects for which they are seeking. They are satisfied, let their success be great or small, with doing what they can for the benefit of others, and leave the rest to Him with whom is the residue of the spirit.

He only is independent who can maintain himself by his own exertions.

THE MOON'S SURFACE.

Professor Phillips, of England, in the course of some recent remarks before the British Association, on the lunar mountains, remarked that daily experience showed that the more the telescopic power was increased the less circular appeared the lunar crater, and the less smooth the surface of the moon. All was sharp and irritated—a perfect representation of its past history. On the much mooted question as to there being traces of the action of water on the surface of the moon, as now presented to us, the professor said that one time he believed there was no trace of water to be seen, but he confessed that more recent observations, particularly those made with Lord Rosse's telescope, shook his belief in that opinion. Professor Phillips also commented upon the continually growing exactness with which the telescope was applied to the delineation of lunar scenery, which, to inferior instruments, appearing smooth and even, revealed itself to more powerful scrutiny as altogether uneven, mostly rugged land, deeply cut by chasms, and soaring into angular pinnacles. The so-called seas, under this scrutiny, appear destitute of water, and their surface, under low angles of incident light, becomes roughened with little points and minute craters.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 25, 28, 27, 17, 26, 2 is something small.
My 22, 12, 6 is a conjunction.
My 13, 30, 24, 20, 14 belongs to man, beast and tree.
My 18, 23, 29, 19, 21 some people marry for.
My 23, 22, 21, 10 is dreaded by all lazy people.
My 29, 4, 16, 20, 2 is a friend to every intelligent reader.
My 1, 20, 7, 11, 8, 31 some men possess.
My 9, 5, 3 is a useful animal.
My 15 is an interjection.
My whole is a good motto. Hemway.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHEMICAL ENIGMA.

DEDICATED TO MISS A. M. BISHOP.

I am composed of 50 letters.
My 29, 7, 20, 34, 11, 36 is a very useful vegetable acid.
My 19, 33, 5, 18, 10 is produced by the union of charcoal and iron.
My 9, 41, 41, 7, 27, 11, 43, 46 is the cause of chemical action.
My 30, 31, 10, 46, 9, 45, 26, 48, 40, 50, 47 explains how matter unites.
My 27, 7, 37, 44, 24 was an ingredient of the celebrated "Greek fire."
My 15, 8, 17, 25, 22, 4, 16, 6 is the lightest known substance.
My 8, 1, 23, 11, 35, 50 is a metal extracted from common salt.
My 17, 7, 9, 47, 14, 26, 32, 13 is capable of converting starch into sugar.
My 42, 2, 28, 4, 38, 6 composes at least one-half of the globe.
My 12, 9, 10, 7, 43, 50 is softer than wax, and yet is a metal.
My 41, 49, 21, 39, 43, 50 is the most useful metal known.
Youngstown, Niag. Co., N. Y. Solomon Sias.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

Four boys have each a different number of pennies which form an arithmetical progression; each has the value of four different United States coin. How many pennies have each? A. M. Anderson.

Watertown, Jeff. Co., N. Y., 1859

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 498.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Procrastination is the thief of time.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Friedrich Heinrich Alexander Von Humboldt.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—48¾ cents.

TRIMMING MELON VINES.

Eds. Rural:—Having heard it remarked by one of my neighbors that the *size* and *quality* of melons might be much improved by diligently attending to the trimming of the vines, I have adopted the plan this season, by way of experiment. It is very likely that comparatively few readers of the Rural have ever heard of, much less practiced, anything of the kind; but no one can fail to have observed that melon vines left to themselves, not only completely cover the ground all around the hills, but even overrun themselves, to a great extent. Now is it not reasonable to suppose that, if these extra vines and branches had been removed when they first began to run, the additional amount of nutriment thus left for the remaining vines, would have enabled them to mature more and larger melons, and of superior flavor? If this method of culture be adopted, I think that it should be commenced as soon as the vining commences, and be faithfully followed through the season.

As this is merely an experiment with myself, and I a new subscriber, and inasmuch as most of my neighbors "never heard of such a thing as trimming vines," it would be quite gratifying to hear from "An Old Gardener" on the subject, or from some one who *knows*, from much experience, what the inevitable result must be.

There are no experiences given in the Rural that I read with more interest than those concerning *Watermelons* and *Strawberries*. Everybody should cultivate them, and eat them, too.

Clyde, O., July, 1859. Wm. M. Russell.

As an "Old Gardener" is appealed to he will say that he has practiced pruning or pinching melon vines for a great many years. If a vine is growing in rich soil, especially if it is strong and a little damp, or the season should be wet, a great growth will be attained, and kept up until quite late in the season, perhaps until frost. The consequence is a great many melons are formed that never ripen, some of them, when frost kills the plant, will be as large as eggs, others half grown, and so on. Now, this growth of vine and fruit is useless, or nearly so, for the women sometimes use a few in making mangoes. Where the ground is sandy and not too rich, the vine does not make so strong a growth, and ripens pretty much all the fruit that is formed. It is in strong soil, therefore, that the pruning is most necessary. As soon as the main branches of the vine have set as much fruit as you think will ripen well, just *stop* them, as gardeners say—that is, pinch off the ends. Previous to this, the side shoots will have made a good growth and formed some small melons. Let these remain untouched for about a week or ten days longer, and the principal growth will be thrown into them. Then *stop* the side shoots in the same way as the main. If the vine seems to grow rampant, so as to be crowded with branches, it is well to reduce the number by cutting away some of them.

A vine treated in this way will give fruit of a very large size, of the very best flavor, and all will be ripened. In fact, a melon vine needs treating very much like a grape vine, only with this difference that a melon vine is much more affected by the soil in which it grows than a grape vine. The roots of the grape vine go a long way in search of food, and as they live a number of years, they are very successful in finding what they want if it is anywhere near. If there is an old bone buried the roots will find it and fasten on it, go through it if it happens to be hollow, and suck out its juices as fast as it decays, until all is gone. But the melon lives only for a few short months, and if the soil is poor in the hill and immediately around it, the roots never get strength enough to go far in search of food, and they will remain half starved, with perhaps abundance of food within a foot or two, just as a child or an animal that could not walk might starve with a good dinner *almost* within reach. There is nothing like giving a plant a good, strong, healthy start at first, and then it gets so strong that it can do something towards taking care of itself, but when a plant or a boy makes a bad start in the world, it is pretty hard to make them go right. Solomon was right when he said, "train up a child in the way he should go," and it is just as important to train a young plant right; for unless trained both are apt to injure themselves, and destroy their usefulness by foolish and bad practices.

WELL-TRAINED TOMATO PLANT.

Tomato Vines are much improved by a little of the same kind of training. Cut away the small branches that will not bear fruit early enough to ripen, and as soon as the other branches have on them all the fruit that they will probably ripen, pinch off the ends. This will check the growth of the plant, throw the strength into the fruit, and cause it to be fine and ripen early. To-day, (July 27th,) I have ripe tomatoes on plants treated in this way, while others grown in the ordinary manner are only a mass of branches, leaves, flowers and green fruit. But, a tomato plant to be treated in this manner, must be fastened up to a trellis, the side of a building, or some such thing. A very easy and pretty way is to place four or five branches or bushes around a tomato plant, something in the manner of pea sticks, and the plant will run up among the sticks where the fruit will be well exposed to the sun, and ripen early.

By-the-by, Mr. Editor, I wish you would give your young readers another view of that beautifully trained tomato plant, which you gave the old folks a year or two ago, as it is a beautiful model to work after.

Old Gardener.

Remarks.—The Old Gardener is a great talker, when he gets started, but he talks well and wisely. We wish our young readers could only hear him talk in the garden, and see how nicely everything grows, as if by magic, under his care. As requested, we give the engraving of the tomato plant which we trained and pruned, and from which we picked over one hundred and twenty ripe tomatoes.

A Good Character.—Young man, one of the first things you have to consider is to build up a character. Allow us to tell you one thing about it, which we have learned from observation. It must be built like a pyramid, to be firm and lasting—broad at the base. Then the foundation must be good, or even a pyramid would crack and fall to pieces. Get a reputation from early boyhood, for truth, honesty and industry, obedience to parents and teachers, and above all, piety. By and by your character will be as firm as a pyramid; a host of calumniators could not overthrow it. But if youth and early life is bad, to build a character on such a beginning, would be almost as difficult as to build and poise a pyramid on its apex.

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Premium Strawberries—Wm. R. Prince & Co.
Hussey's Patent Portable Cider and Wine Mill and Press—W. C. Hickok.
Make Your Own Soap—E. R. Durkee & Co.
Wilson's and Peabody's Seedlings—I. W. Briggs.
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ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 6, 1859.

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☞ Back numbers from April or January can still be furnished, if desired. We will send Specimen Numbers, Show Bills, &c., to all applicants, and to the addresses of as many non subscribers as may be forwarded.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

ADVICES received here from Nicaragua give assurance of a fair prospect of satisfactory settlement of the transit difficulties, and speak in confident terms of the ability of Gen. Juarez to secure the rejection of the Lamar-Sceladon treaty, objected to by our Government.

The balance in the treasury on the 25th was nearly $5,000,000. The receipts for the week ending on that day were $2,256,000. The drafts paid amounted to $1,716,000, and the drafts issued to $2,114,000.

A letter from Supt. Johnson has been received at the Indian Bureau, in which, speaking of the difficulty between the Pawnee Indians and citizens of Nebraska, he says:—"No white person was killed, but the whites have killed two Indians and wounded one. The Indians made no resistance when approached by the citizens, who were more culpable in producing the difficulty than the Indians. The newspaper accounts are greatly exaggerated."

Information has been received at the Department of State to the effect that the proper steps have been taken by the Chinese Government to carry into effect the arrangements made by Ex-Minister Reed, for the payment of the various claims of American citizens, amounting to about $170,000.

The steamship Tennessee brings from Garzai of Tamaulipas, a request for 5,000 Americans, to prosecute the civil war in Mexico, but it is not understood that he acts under the authority of the Constitutional Government. The expedition is to be fitted out at Tampico, where Gen Degollado now is, and is to organize solely under the State authority.

A letter from Dr. Forney, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Utah, states that two of the children spared from the Mountain Meadow massacre have been returned by the U. S. District Attorney, as witnesses against certain white men, who are strongly implicated in that crime. The other children will arrive at Leavenworth about the 10th of August, where William C. Mitchell, whose two sons and their wives were among the wounded emigrants, will receive them and return them to their friends in Arkansas. The initiatory steps for their recovery were taken by Mr. Mix, the former Commissioner, and Commissioner Greenwood has zealously consummated that humane purpose.

The public lands advertised to be sold in Minnesota from the 1st to the 14th of October, embrace the government alternates within the six miles limits of the railroad grants and the pine lands of the northeastern portion of that State, consisting of 1,750,000 acres.

Personal and Political.

THE Republicans of Massachusetts have called their nominating Convention at Fitchburg on the 20th of September.

SEVERAL thousand electors of St. Louis have petitioned the Mayor to submit to a vote the question whether the sale of liquor shall be prohibited on the Sabbath. The petition is signed by men of all creeds, opinions and nationalities.

OF what material the next House of Representatives will be composed is a matter of speculation. The political character of the members already elected stands as follows:—Opposition, 112, Democrats, 51; Anti-Lecompton Democrats, 8; American, 1. If the other States elect as they did to the last Congress, viz:—nearly all Democrats, the complexion will be Opposition, 112; Democrats, 102; Anti-Lecompton Democrats, 9; Americans, 13. Oregon will come in with her representatives, and make the total of the House 237 members, and require 119 to make a majority.

THE Kansas Constitutional Convention has fixed the boundaries of the new State as already defined, except upon the west, where the twenty-third meridian of longitude is taken as the line. This makes the State 300 miles long by about 210 from north to south. The Constitution is radically anti-slavery, but differs from the Leavenworth instrument inasmuch as it does not extend the right of suffrage to negroes. The State Legislature is to consist of 72 Representatives and 21 Senators. The Business Convention disposed of, with tolerable expedition, the question of apportionment, the temporary Capital being the only measure which offered serious obstacles. Topeka is selected temporarily as the Capital, Lawrence being the competitor. The efforts of the partisans of both these places revealed considerable corruption both inside and outside of the Convention, and one or more members are implicated in charges of bribery. The Convention adjourned on the 29th ult. by 34 to 13, all the Democrats voting against it, and refusing to sign it.

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT BUCHANAN.—Mr. BUCHANAN writes to a friend, under date of July 25th, as follows:

"MY DEAR SIR:—I have received your kind note of the 19th inst., together with the leader from the *Post*. Whilst I appreciate, as it deserves, the ability and friendship displayed in that editorial, I yet regret that it has been published. My determination, not, under any circumstances, to become a candidate for re-election, is final and conclusive. My best judgment and strong inclination unite in favor of this course. To cast doubt upon my predetermined purpose is calculated to impair my influence in carrying out important measures, and affords a pretext for saying that these measures have been dictated by a desire to be re nominated.

With kindest regards,

Respectfully, your friend,

JAMES BUCHANAN."

From the Pacific Side.

THE steamship *Moses Taylor*, from Aspinwall, arrived at New York on the 27th ult., and the *Northern Light* on the 31st. The former brought $2,145,000 in specie. From the files we gather the following intelligence:

Business at San Francisco remains without any improvement.

Much excitement was caused on the Isthmus by the discovery of large quantities of golden images in the Indian graves in the Chiviqui District. Many hundred of miners have gone there, and already several thousands of dollars worth had been sent to Panama.

A serious disturbance took place at Aspinwall the 20th of July, occasioned by a scurrilous article published in a little news sheet printed in that place, reflecting on some of the railroad employees. The printing office was attacked by a mob, and the presses and all the other printing materials thrown into the sea. During the seizure the proprietors attempted to defend the office, and several shots were fired upon the assailants, resulting in the killing of one man and wounding five others. Horatio Lyon, proprietor of the paper, and three printers, were arrested and committed.

Chili has at last agreed to pay $15,000 indemnity to the owners of the American ship Franklin.

The town of Ancud, in the province of Chili, had been almost destroyed by fire. Loss $500,000.

Callao dates are to July 12th. The late attempt at revolution in the south of Peru had been put down, and an amnesty had been granted. Gen. Castilla and Dr. Ureta had been defeated by the government forces.

Accounts from Peru indicate that the revolutionary movements still continue. Castilla had issued amnesty to all soldiers and private parties engaged in it, provided they report themselves before the end of July. Castilla had also determined to declare war against Equador, and proposed leading the forces in person.

YOUNG AMERICA IN EUROPE—A YOUNG TOURIST.—James E. Thompson, of New Haven, a lad thirteen years of age, has recently returned from an European tour, including a visit to Paris, where he went alone and unprotected, and remained about a week. His schoolmates in the Lovell School of New Haven have honored the young traveler with a public reception, at which addresses of congratulation were made and responded to.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THERE have been four arrivals of foreign steamships during the week—the *Ocean Queen*, *Anglo Saxon*, *Europa* and *Kangaroo*—and the news brought by them we condense as follows:

GREAT BRITAIN.—In the House of Commons on the 13th, the bill abolishing Church rates was debated, and passed to a second reading by a vote of 262 to 193, amidst loud cheers.

The Duke of New Castle stated that the government did not intend renewing alliances, by which the Hudson's Bay Co., held their North American Territories.

Lord Somerset said that the expediency of entering into arrangements for arming the Ocean Mail Steamers, had been under consideration, but as the Committee of Naval Affairs, in 1852, reported against such a measure, on the ground of expense, nothing had been done. A general survey, however, had been recently ordered, of the steam brigs and other vessels, at the mouths of the rivers, in order to ascertain how far they might be rendered available for defensive purposes.

On the 15th, in both Houses, reference was made to the treaty of peace. Lord Derby pointedly inquired if the King of Sardinia was a party to the treaty, for it was understood that the Emperor of the French was his ally, and not the principal in the quarrel. Lord John Russell, in the House of Commons, said he did not know whether the parties to the treaty of Vienna had been consulted, but so far as England was concerned no particulars beyond those published had been furnished. Lord Cowley had called on the French government for the details of the peace. Walewski told him he could afford him no information until the Emperor arrived in Paris, which it was expected he would on the 18th.

Sir James Graham inquired if the Government was aware that a powerful French fleet was stationed at Cherbourg and Brest, with gun boats for landing troops. Lord John Russell replied that France had made no extraordinary preparations, and consequently no explanation had been demanded.

The English government has fully determined on laying a cable direct to Gibralter and thence to Malta.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has introduced his budget. He stated that the total revenue received during the past financial year, was £65,477,000, while the expenditures were £64,663,000, leaving a surplus of over £810,000. He estimated the revenue for the current year at £64,340,000, and the expenditures at £69 207,000, leaving a gross deficiency of £4,867,000. To meet this deficiency the Government preferred direct to indirect taxation, and instead of increasing the existing duties or imposing new ones, they propose to add 4d to the income tax on incomes of over £150, and ½d on incomes of between £100 and £150 per annum, making the former 9d and the latter 6½d. The debate which ensued was generally favorable to the scheme proposed, and the consideration of the budget in detail was postponed to the 21st of July.

FRANCE.—The statement of the Bank of France for the month of July, shows a decrease in cash of over 11,000,000 francs.

The *Nords* says the treaty of peace, although arranged in principle at Villa France, will be definitely draw up at Zurich, and will then be officially communicated to the Courts of Europe—the adhesion of these Courts being indispensable to the organic and internal stipulations which form part of the public law of Europe.

A Conference to settle the affairs of Italy has just been arranged at St. Cloud, and the early part of next month is spoken of as the time at which the representatives interested will assemble, but the place of their doing so is not yet mentioned. The same correspondent learns, on very high authority, that both Emperors are convinced that the bases for peace which they so hastily agreed upon, are in many respects impracticable.

The Peace Congress, it was settled, would meet at Zurich in about ten days. M. Bourguenz would represent France, and Count Collaredo would perform the same office on the part of Austria.

Letters from Paris assert that much discontent prevails there in regard to the terms of peace, and the small results of the war. Although the peace itself gave general satisfaction, the *Siecle*, the organ of the French Liberals, is dissatisfied, and says France will have everything to begin in a few years, if the minutest Austrian influence is suffered an abode in Italy. It calls for an expulsion of the petty Italian Princes, the confederates of Austria.

The Emperor arrived at St. Cloud on Sunday morning, July 17th.

The announcement of peace is said to have already caused signs of commercial improvement in France.

AUSTRIA.—The Emperor of Austria has ordered an immediate cessation of the recruiting just commenced.

It was rumored that the Emperor and Empress of the French would visit Vienna.

The French army were reported to have commenced their counter-march two days before the armistice, and a war tax was imposed on Piedmont amounting to one-tenth of all the taxes on property, customs, taxes, &c.

It was said that Garibaldi was about to issue a proclamation, and it was considered doubtful if he would lay down arms. Up to the 11th the formation of the Hungarian Legions had proceeded prosperously—five thousand men having joined.

ITALY.—Strong indications of discontent at the terms of the peace were visible in some parts of Italy. At Florence great agitation prevailed, and the Provincial government had issued a proclamation which describes the peace of Villa France as betraying the finest hopes, and says that the Tuscan government participated in the sentiments of the Tuscan people on the subject, and declares that Tuscany will not be replaced under the yoke and influence of Austria, against her will and rights.

SARDINIA.—The *Times* correspondent at Turin says that peace has produced the greatest exasperation and dejection in that Capital. The Emperor Napoleon is accused of being a traitor to Italy, and his portraits have been withdrawn from the shop windows, to prevent their being broken.

By the *Times* correspondent of the *Daily News* the Piedmontese are described as being a prey to grief and stupor in consequence of the peace, which leaves Sardinia without a fortified frontier.

The *Opinione* of Turin does not conceal the dissatisfaction with which it sees Venice remain in the hands of Austria.

LATEST.—A Ministry has been formed. The Minister of War and President of the Council is Gen. Dabormei, and the Minister of the Interior is Signor Rattazi.

The government of Lombardy has cautioned editors against using invectives in regard to recent events, and recommends them to assume sentiments of moderation, under the pain of suppression or suspension.

SWITZERLAND.—The Federal Council have resolved to disband the troops in the Canton Ticino, where a guard for Austrian vessels will alone remain. They have also resolved on enforcing severe measures to prevent the enrollment of the Swiss for foreign military service. An order has been issued to disband the troops called out during the war, and repealing the measure against the exportation of arms, ammunition, &c.

PRUSSIA.—The Prussian *Gazette* says, that in consequence of the treaty of peace, orders have been transmitted to the troops on the march, to halt at the respective places where they may happen to be; also, that the proposal made by the Prussian Ambassador to the Federal Diet, in regard to the Federal troops, had, under present circumstances, been withdrawn by the Prussian government.

NAPLES.—Additional details of the recent partial mutiny of the Swiss troops are received. A party of troops mutinied in the barracks, killing the Colonel and several officers of the 4th regiment, and afterwards repaired to the Royal Palace, but were driven back by the Chasseurs and Hussars on duty, to the Champede Mars, where they were surrounded. The Commander-in-Chief of the Swiss called on them to surrender. They replied by a discharge of fire-arms, wounding the General and about twenty privates. Orders were then given to fire on the mutineers, when 75 were killed and 238 wounded.

COMMERCIAL.—*Breadstuffs*—The weather has been favorable for the crops, and the harvest prospects are excellent. Flour was very dull, and French was offered at a reduction of 1s 3d per sack. American was quoted at 10s@12s6d per cental. Wheat dull but nominally unchanged, though parcels were pressing on the market. Western red 7s6d@8s; White 9s@9s6d. Southern white 10s@11s. Corn dull and nominal. Mixed and yellow 5s1d@5s3d; White 7s@7s9d. *Provisions.*—Bigland, Athya & Co., Richardson, Spence & Co., James McHenry and others, quote pork heavy and slightly lower, but quotations nominal. Lard quiet.

Clippings from Foreign Journals.

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE is so extremely ill that the worst results are apprehended. Her strength is diminishing sadly. She has been removed from Highgate to London, but is now confined to her room.

IN London there are only nine chartered Banks besides the Bank of England. Not one of these is allowed to issue notes payable on demand. Their united deposits are about £40,000,000 sterling, or two hundred million dollars.

COUNT ARESE, the new Prime Minister of Sardinia, appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Count Cavour, is a young man of not very prominent position in Sardinian politics, but one who has had some little diplomatic experience, having been sent by Cavour to Paris last spring as Envoy. He is a warm admirer of Louis Napoleon, and will be governed by his influence.

THE London papers, of late date, record the death of Lieutenant General Proctor, who played such an important part in the last war with Great Britain, having commanded the 82d regiment at the battle of Fort Erie, and subsequently shared in the campaign along the Niagara frontier. He was colonel of the 97th regiment. He died a few weeks since at his seat in Wales, suddenly, from disease of the heart. He had been sixty years in the army. In July, 1814, he commanded the 82d before Fort Erie from September 2d, and throughout the successive operations of the campaign, on the Niagara frontier. He received the brevet promotion of lieutenant colonel for his conduct in repelling the attack on the battteries and position before Fort Erie, on the 17th of September, 1814.

LORD PALMERSTON stated in the British House of Commons, on the 4th ult., that no reform measure could be introduced into the British Parliament at present.

A PARIS letter in the *Independence*, of Brussels, gives the following account of the circumstances which preceded the armistice:—"The Emperor of Austria having caused a demand to be made in the French camp, if it were not possible to obtain the remains of Prince Windischgratz, who was killed at Solferino, the Emperor Napoleon caused them to be sought for—and they were recognized partly by his uniform, and partly by some letters from his newly married wife, which he had about him. The corpse was placed in an artillery wagon, and conveyed, accompanied by an officer of the staff and an escort, to the Austrian head-quarters. The officer expressed to the Emperor the condolence of the Emperor of the French; and his Austrian Majesty (who was just recovering from a somewhat severe indisposition) begged, not without emotion, the officer to convey his thanks to the Emperor Napoleon, and to express his sorrow at the death of so many brave men in the French army. This led to some remarks on the cruel necessities of war, and from what was said the Emperor Francis Joseph was able to perceive that those necessities were regretted as much by his opponent as by himself. The Emperor Francis Joseph afterwards sent the son of Gen. Urban with a flag of truce to the French camp, as is known, and the Emperor Napoleon, by an autograph letter, proposed a suspension of arms."

RAREY has been very successful in London in taming a vicious horse, the "King of Oude." The *News* says the audience fairly trembled when he unlocked the iron pole, gave it to the groom, and, with not even a stick in his hand, stood in the ring with that screaming savage of a horse, and then fairly outmaneuvred him by his weird-like tact.

The News Condenser.

— The Ohio is very low.

— Yellow fever is prevalent in Havana.

— Blackberries are abundant in Kentucky.

— A late Pike's Peak express brought $3,000 in gold.

— Sweet Railroads are to be constructed in Cleveland.

— Gen. Paez, of Venezuela, has returned to New York.

— Green corn is selling in Cincinnati at 10 cents per dozen.

— A volcanic eruption is in progress at the Sandwich Islands.

— But one thousand miners are in the Frazer River diggings.

— The revolutionists of Yucatan have been quietly dispersed.

— New gold mines are talked of in Humboldt Co., California.

— New wheat has been sold in Cincinnati for a dollar per bushel.

— It is said that the Emperor of Austria wept at the result of the last battle.

— England has 751 vessels of war; France 450; Russia 168; United States 76.

— Seventy bushels per acre for wheat are talked of in some parts of California.

— Thirty-seven feet of snow, it is reported, fell on the Sierra Nevadas last winter.

— A company at Massillon, O., is building a steam yacht to navigate the canal.

— The ginseng excitement has nearly died out in Minnesota and the adjacent States.

A Sunday School picnic has been held at San Francisco. The world moves.

— There are 2,095 collieries in Great Britain, yielding annually 65,894,707 tons of coal.

— There are now 400 gas works in operation in this country, with $50,000 000 capital.

— An editor in Charleston has been presented with a peach 27 inches in circumference.

— In some Ohio counties the hay crop has been reduced fifty per cent. by dry weather.

— A ship canal to the Gulf from the river below New Orleans, is talked of. Cost, $1,500,000

— Instances of death from heart disease are reported with alarming frequency in California.

— The cannonading at Solferino was heard at Trieste, a distance of 150 miles, as the crow flies.

— An Indian has been committed to the District of Columbia Penitentiary for horse stealing.

— A wagon and four horses were swallowed up by a sewer caving in at St. Louis the other day.

— Nine inquests were held in St. Louis on the 19th, in cases of death from the effects of the heat.

— La Crosse, Wis., has a jail that cost $19,000, something more, it is said, than all her churches.

— The Pacha of Egypt has ordered of Wasson & Co., of Springfield, Mass., $50,000 worth of cars.

— The government revenue paid into the Bank of England amounts to nearly a million of dollars a day.

— The P. O. Department has issued stamps and envelopes during the last quarter to the amount of $1,004,000.

— The Court of Common Pleas of Ohio has pronounced the recent Black Law of the State unconstitutional.

— They are taking a census in Iowa, and from some returns it is inferred that the population of the State is 700,000.

— A rule is enforced in the Boston Superior Court which requires lawyers to stand up while examining witnesses.

— The Danbury (Conn.) Times says that the mercury rose to 112 degrees in the shade, in that village on Monday week.

— The latest advices from Utah, state that a movement is on foot among the Mormons to abandon polygamy.

— The last Legislature of Texas, it is said, contained thirteen "men of mark." Not one of them could write his name.

— Mary Zecher, aged eighteen, died in Lancaster, Pa., last week of lock jaw, caused by running a nail into her foot.

— Forty cells are to be added to the female department of the Sing Sing Prison. Is crime on the increase among females?

— The daily war expenses of France are estimated at 8,000,000 francs; of Austria at 1,200,000 florins, or each at about $600,000.

— Most kinds of flour can now be bought in New York three dollars per barrel cheaper than during the first week of last April.

— A recent assessment shows the number of hogs in Kentucky to be 815,638, an increase of 179,241 head over the number last year.

— Another Railroad war is threatened. The agreements they patch up don't seem to last long. Stockholders are to be pitied.

— A letter from Christiana states that Hans Michelsen, the oldest and the most celebrated sculptor in Norway, died on the 20th of June.

— A sewing machine company of Boston have recently manufactured a splendid machine to be presented to the Empress Eugenie.

— Over $1,000 in gold and silver were found in a bag of flax-seed offered at a sale of the personal property of a Mr. Oaks, in Dauphin Co., Pa.

— A correspondent of the Toronto Leader says they are agitating the question of annexation to the United States in the Red River country.

— From the 16th to the 21st ult., inclusive, there were 81 deaths by sunstroke at Cincinnati, being about one-fourth the entire number of cases.

— A suit has been instituted in Kentucky for the recovery of over 40,000 acres of land in Harrison, Bourbon, Nicholas, and other counties.

— The people of Southern Kansas are holding meetings in favor of a railroad from the mouth of Kansas river to the southern boundary of Kansas.

— The Hamburgh papers notice the arrival of 500 tons of Cincinnati pork, to provision the garrisons of Mayence, Ehrenbreitstein, Radstadt, and Ulm.

— The imports at Baltimore for the quarter ending on the 1st were $2 985,000; exports $2 275,000; tonnage entering and arriving 375,000; number vessels 1,053.

— A sturgeon weighing over 200 lbs. was caught by the revolution of the wheels of the Isaac Newton, and thrown up into the wheel house where it was found.

— The total vote of Virginia in the late election, was only about 150,000. The vote of Ohio, which, some years ago, was a county of Virginia, is about 400,000.

— A boy swam over the Detroit river from Detroit to the Canada side on Saturday week. The distance is half a mile, and the current three or four miles an hour.

News Paragraphs.

The Union Agricultural Society, at their next Fair at Dundee, Yates Co., in October, will offer a premium of five dollars to the young lady who will pare a peck of potatoes in the shortest time and do it the best.

The Mobile Mercury says that a government vessel has been sent to St. Andrew's Bay, to search for filibusters. The government had information that they were rendezvousing there in considerable numbers—some accounts say to the number of fifteen hundred.

The public lands advertised to be sold in Minnesota from the 1st to the 14th of October, embrace the government alternates within the six mile limits of the railroad grants, and the pine lands of the northeastern portion of that State, consisting of a million and three quarter acres.

The New Orleans Picayune says that the American Surveyors of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, in their explorations on the Pacific coast, discovered the ruins of an ancient city within a few miles of the sea. The Surveyors brought back a large number of terracota idols, musical instruments, silver rings, *bas relievos*, &c.; all of which indicate an advanced condition of civilization among the aboriginal people of Mexico.

Nicholas Longworth, the Cincinnati millionaire, was sitting on the steps of a drinking house the other day, with his hat between his knees, waiting for a friend, when a passing stranger dropped a quarter into his hat, thinking him a beggar!—Nick's personal appearance is said to justify the inference.

A Cincinnati Justice recently gave judgment in favor of a matrimonial broker for $25, for obtaining a wife for a client. The latter, after marriage with the article—a fine, stout German girl—thought the price too extravagant.

The Italian Colony at Tobasco, in Mexico, has been abandoned in consequence of persecution by the government, they being suspected of liberalism. On the 11th of April, Miramon shot three Italians without even the form of a trial.

There was a conspiracy among the convicts at Sing Sing to escape on Monday week, but it was found out in time to adopt efficient measures to prevent success. Not a man escaped, although about one hundred were in the conspiracy.

Public meetings have recently been held in Missouri, for the purpose of adopting measures to prevent the driving of Texas cattle through that State to the North. It is alleged that these droves leave malignant diseases along the route, of which many Missouri cattle have died.

Between two and three hundred thousand pounds of wool have been received from New Mexico this season. It is taken to Lexington, Ky., to be manufactured into blankets and the coarser woolen fabrics.

The Overland Mail brings intelligence that about three hundred Pike's Peak emigrants had arrived at Salt Lake City in a destitute condition. Two thousand Pike's Peakers are reported on their way to California, via. Salt Lake, and from their destitute condition, trouble was anticipated.

The Mayor of Philadelphia took measures to prevent the running of Sunday cars in that city. The matter was appealed to Judge Thompson, who has sustained the Mayor. He regards the running of cars on Sunday as a breach of the peace.

The immigration to Wisconsin and Minnesota is to be larger this year than for three years past, and most of the immigrants are Norwegians. During the first sixteen days of June 65 immigrant wagons, 325 immigrants, and over 1,000 head of cattle crossed the Mississippi at Da Crescent, Minnesota, for the purpose of settling in that State.

A Milan correspondent of the Boston Atlas gives this remarkable incident of the battle of Solferino. At the chateau of Cavriana was a lady with two sweet children, who were caressed and received sweet-meats on the morning of the 25th from the Austrian Kaiser, and in the evening from the Emperor Napoleon.

Kentucky Hog Crop.—The Assessors' returns of the number of hogs six months old, on the 10th of January, show an aggregate for the present year of 815,588, against 639,297 in 1858, being an increase of 176,240.

A Whole Train Loaded with Apples.—Fifteen cars arrived at Norfolk on Friday, over the Norfolk and Petersburg Railroad, loaded with apples from the adjacent counties. This immense quantity of fruit was shipped on Saturday evening in the various steamers for New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

From Havana.—The steamship Empire City arrived at New York on the 27th ult., having left New Orleans and Havana on the 20th. There is not much news at Havana. The most important item is the consummation of a postal arrangement between His Excellency, the Governor General of Cuba, and the U. S. Consul, Mr. Helm. The United States mails will, after the first of November, be made up at the office of the Consul General.

Governor General of Canada.—According to the latest London papers there is reason to believe that Mr. Cobden is not unlikely to be appointed to the important office of Governor General of Canada. Such a proposition has been discussed in high quarters, and it is said that when the opportunity for putting it in motion arrives, Mr. Cobden will be prepared to accept the honorable responsibility it will impose upon him.

Dissatisfaction in Canada.—At the time of the union of the Provinces, the debt of Canada amounted to only six million of dollars; now it is about sixty. The expenditure then was $1,820,000; last year it was $11,500,000. The expenses for the general purposes of government were last year $5,621,248, being an increase of $3,500,000 in five years. The interest on the public debt (not including sinking fund) was, in 1850, $[illegible], in 1858 it amounted to $[illegible]. The result is that the expenditure originated to conciliate localities and to assist speculators, has imposed so intolerable a burden upon the people that they begin to talk of repudiation—that is, of revolution and annexation to the United States.

The Census.—The President has appointed Mr J. C. G. Kennedy, who was the Superintendent of the seventh census, to make the necessary arrangements, in conformity with law, for the eighth census. Before the work of collecting the census is entered upon, which will not be until after the next session of Congress, it is intended, if possible, to collate and arrange the returns of the seven censuses already taken, so that they may readily be referred to and availed of for information—Many of these returns were never published. They lie in the department, an immense mass of chaotic matter. Inquiries made either by individuals or authorized by Congress, in regard to specific facts presented in the returns, could not be readily answered.

Perilous Passage of the North Briton.—The following paragraph is an extract from the "log" of the steamship *North Briton*, which arrived at New York last week:—"The North Briton discharged her pilot at the Bell Buoy, Liverpool, at 1:30 P. M., July 13th. Had head wind nearly the entire passage. On Wednesday, the 20th inst., at 1:25 P. M., saw a large iceberg, and continued to see icebergs all the afternoon. At night a thick fog set in, and we proceeded on our course very slowly. Soon after two o'clock on the morning of the 21st, the fog cleared away, when immense icebergs hove in sight in all directions. At about four o'clock the whole Atlantic ahead of us, as far as we could see, was covered with fields of ice, presenting, apparently, a perfect barrier to our course westward. The course of the ship was, accordingly, immediately changed to the south, and we steamed along in that direction until a passage was discovered through the ice, when the steamer was again headed westward. At one time, in the afternoon of the 21st, there were fifty-six icebergs in sight. We entered the straits of Belle Isle at 6 P. M. on Thursday, and on that evening saw many icebergs in the Straits. At one time seventeen were in sight. Early on Friday morning we saw two icebergs which had forced their way through the Straits. We were in the vicinity of ice for more than thirty-six hours, during a part of which time the temperature was only five degrees above the freezing point."

Special Notices.

THE TOILET COMPANION

Is the name by which Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co., at Boston, designate the neat and convenient case in which these famous chemists and perfumers put up their superior preparations for toilet use, viz:—"Kalliston," "Cocoaine," "Oriental Tooth Wash," and "Florimel." The *Kalliston* is an article the ladies already regard as an indispensable preparation for promoting the healthy condition of the skin, and beautifying the complexion. The *Cocoaine*, containing a large proportion of Cocoa-Nut Oil, imparts to the hair a glossy appearance, invigorates it, and gives it a healthy growth. The *Oriental Tooth Wash* arrests decay of the teeth, cures canker, hardens the gums, and imparts fragrance to the breath. *Florimel* is a delicate and enduring perfume, of exquisite odor, and so pure as not to discolor the lightest fabric. These preparations are not only of approved usefulness, and all that they profess to be, but also remarkable for a delicacy of perfume and healthy purity, very seldom met with in articles which are sold at such moderate prices.—*Providence Press.*

Beauty.—The perfection of beauty, even in the most beautiful woman, is gained at her toilet. There the use of Burnett's Kalliston is indispensable; it eradicates all unsightly objects, such as tan, freckles, and pimples, and gives the complexion a clear and blooming appearance. Prepared by Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston.—*Boston Traveller.*

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office,
Rochester, Aug. 1, 1859.

The alterations we are compelled to make in our table of quotations the present week are almost totally confined to minor matters, no change being observable in the great staples of Flour or Wheat. Corn and Oats are declining somewhat. The Live Stock market is slightly affected, the tendency being downward. In Fruits and Roots some trifling variations may be seen by referring to figures below.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

Flour and Grain.		Eggs, dozen	12½c
Flour, wint. wheat,	$6.50@7.00	Honey, box	16@15c
Flour, spring do.	$5.00@5.50	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat, ₱ cwt	$0.00	**Fruits and Roots.**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1.25@1.35	Apples, bushel	50@62½c
Best white Can'a	$1.25@1.35	Apples, dried	⊕0.00
Corn	70@70c	Peaches, dried, ₱ lb	00c
Rye, 60 lbs ₱ bu	00@00c	Cherries, dried, ₱ lb	0@c
Oats, by weight	33@33c	Potatoes, new	75c
Barley	00@00c	**Hides and Skins.**	
Buckwheat	50@60	Slaughter	6½@7c
Beans	75@85c	Calf	10@11c
Meats.		Sheep pelts	25@25
Pork, mess	$17.00@18,50	Lamb pelts	25@50c
Pork, clear	$21.00@22.00	**Seeds.**	
Pork, cwt	$7.00@7.50	Clover, bush	$3.50@4.00
Beef, ₱ cwt	$5.00@6.00	Timothy	1,50@2.00
Spring lambs, each	$1.50@1.75	**Sundries.**	
Mutton, carcass	5@5½c	Wood, hard	$4.00@4,50
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3.00@3.50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$5.75@6.00
Chickens	7@8c	Coal, Scranton	$4.25@4.50
Turkeys	10@11c	Coal, Pittston	$4.25@4.50
Geese	3@4½c	Coal, Shamokin	$4.25@4.50
Ducks, ₱ pair	00@00c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
Dairy, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1.12
Butter, roll	13@14c	Hay, ton	$10.00@15.00
Butter, firkin	12@13½c	Wool, ₱ lb	30@42c
Cheese	8@10c	Whitefish, bbl	$9.00@9.50
Lard, tried	11@12c	Codfish, ₱ quintal	$4.75@5.00
Tallow	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$8.00@8.50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, August 1.—Flour—Market active and 10@20 cents ₱ bbl better. Sales at $4.80@5.10 for super State, $5.10@5.40 for extra State, $4.75@5.05 for super Western, $4.90@5.50 for common to good extra do; $5.30@5.40 for old; $5.50@5.75 for fresh ground shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing firm.

Grain—Wheat 1@2c better and in small supply. Sales at 120c for old white Canada, 135@140c for new white Southern, 125@130c for common to fair new red Southern, and mixed Western 90c. Rye quiet at 75@80c. Barley dull. Corn dull and declining, sales at 76@77½c for inferior new red Western, 80c for yellow, and 80c for Southern yellow. Oats dull at 35@40c for State, 36@40c for Canadian and Western.

Provisions—Pork dull and drooping. Sales at $15.18@15.25 for mess; $10.75 for prime. Total stock now here, 90,601 bbls; last month, 80,017 bbls. Same time last year, 58,132 bbls. Lard dull, sales at 10¼@10½. Butter steady at 12@16c for Ohio, 16@20c for State. Cheese quiet at 7½@8½c.

ALBANY, August 1.—Flour—Opened better; medium grades advanced 10@15c; extra grades unchanged.

Grain—Quiet and little offering. Sales white Michigan at $1.20@1.25—latter for choice samples. Corn—sales of small lots western mixed at 78@79c. Oats declined. Sales at 40c, measure, for State and Canada East.

BUFFALO, Aug. 1.—Flour—Market for desirable extra, firmer than lake steady, demand moderate. Sales at $4.12½@4.25 for superfine and extra Wisconsin; $4.25 for extra Michigan, Indiana and Ohio, $5,50@5,00 for double extras.

Grain—Wheat quiet and firmer; stock limited. Sales standard Chicago spring at 70c; No. 1 red winter Illinois at 95c, choice white Kentucky, in lots, at $1,40. Corn quiet and heavy; buyers offer 65c; holders ask 67@68c. Sales prime Illinois Railroad, in lots, at 67@68c. Oats firmer, sales Milwaukee at 31c. Other grains quiet.

OSWEGO, Aug 1.—Flour—Dull and unchanged.

Grain—Wheat firm with moderate demand. Sales at $1 for red winter Illinois and Milwaukee. Corn without material change. Sales Ohio at 71c.

TORONTO, July 29.—The supplies of produce have been very insignificant throughout the week. Farmers generally have been too busily engaged to allow them to come to market.

Grain.—Since Saturday no fall wheat has been offered on the market. On Tuesday a few loads were bought at 92d ₱ bushel, but being the highest rate paid since that we are free out of the news of peace, and a step further decline has taken place in the market. The market is much affected by the late influences, and we question much if wheat had been offered by sample day, it would have commanded over 8s 6d per ₱ bushel for the best. Spring wheat has not been offered, and under present circumstances is not quotable. Barley, of good quality, might be sold ₱ bushel, but even this rate is a nominal one. The last sale of peas was a small lot of 30 bushels at 5s ₱ bushel. Oats are likewise nothing on the market. Farmers get 2s 9d ₱ bushel, while large lots are purchasable at 2s 8d.

Flour.—There are still no transactions to note in flour, beyond sales for family consumption. Wholesale quotations are purely nominal at $3,50 for superfine, $3,75 for fancy and $4 for extra. Family flour is retailed at $3@3.25 ₱ barrel.—*Globe.*

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, July 27.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

Beef Cattle—First quality, ₱ cwt., $10,00@10,50; ordinary do., $9,00@9,50; common do, $8.50@9.00; inferior do. $7,00@8,00.

Cows and Calves—First quality, $50,00@60,00; ordinary do, $40@50; common do, $30,00@40,00; inferior do. $20,00@25,00.

Veal Calves—First quality, ₱ lb., 6@6½c; ordinary do, 5@5½c; common do, 4@5c; inferior do. 3@4c.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime quality, ₱ head, $5,00@6,00; ordinary do, $4,00@4,75; common do, $3.50@4.00; inferior do, $2,00@3,00.

Swine—First quality, 6½@7 4-8c; other qualities, 5½@6½c.

CAMBRIDGE, July 27.—At market 1,380 cattle, about 1,100 beeves, and 280 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows, and one two and three years old.

Prices—Market beef—Extra, $7,50@8,00; first quality, $6,50@6,75; second do, $6,00@0,00; third do, $5,00@0,00; ordinary do $3,75.

Working Oxen—$75, 110@175 ₱ pair.

Cows and Calves—$25, 37, 45@50.

Stores—Yearlings, $00,00@00,00; two years old, $22,00@27,00 three years old $28,00@33,00.

Sheep and Lambs—1300 at market. Prices—in lots, $1,50, 2,00@2,25. Extra, $2,75, 3,00@3,50.

Hides—7½@8c ₱ lb. Pelts, 50@62c each.

Calf skins—12@13c ₱ lb. Tallow, 7@7½c ₱ lb.

Veal Calves, $4,00@7,00.

PHILADELPHIA, July 27.—There was quite a large supply of beef cattle at the two principal drove yards this week, the offer ings amounting to about 1,000 head. The unusual number for this season of the year has a tendency to reduce the price about ½c ₱ lb. The sales of ordinary to good cattle varied from $5,50@9 50@10,00 ₱ 100 lbs.

Sheep—The supply of sheep was not so good as for some weeks previously, the offerings amounting to only 4,000 head, most of which were sold at from 6@9c, net. A large lot of store sheep were sold to graziers in New Jersey.

Hogs—The offerings of hogs only amounted to 950 head, all of which were sold at from $8@9 ₱ 100 lbs.

Cows—There is no change in this market, but few cows being offered, and not many of them of very extra quality. 200 were sold at from $18 to $60, according to quality and condition.

BRIGHTON, July 28.—At market, 1100 beeves, 200 stores, 4,000 sheep and lambs, and 170 swine.

Beef Cattle—Extra, $8 25@01,00; first quality, $8,00@00,00; second quality, $7,00; third quality, $5,50@0,00.

Working Oxen—$100@180.

Milch Cows—$30@45; common, $19@20.

Veal Calves—$3 00, 5,00@7,00.

Stores—Yearlings, none; two years old, $22@27; three years old, $24@33.

Hides—7½@8c ₱ lb. Calf skins, 12@13c ₱ lb.

Tallow—Sales at 7@7½c ₱ lb.

Sheep and Lambs—$1,50@1,75; extra, $2,00@3,50.

Pelts—90@95c each.

Swine—Spring pigs, 6½c. fat hogs, 6¾c.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, July 28.—Native fleece is in fair request at full prices, sales of 175,000 lbs. at 37½@41c for quarter blood, 47@51c for half to three quarter, and 55@58c for full blood and choice Saxony. Pulled is in moderate request at steady rates; sales of 35,000 lbs. at 30@48c, as to quality. Foreign is in good supply, and is less active, but prices are without essential change. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece, ₱ lb	56@60
Am. full blood Merino	53@55
Am. ½ and ¾ blood Merino	46@49
Am. native and ¼ blood Merino	41@44
Extra, pulled	45@50
Superfine, pulled	37@42
No. 1, pulled	30@33
California, fine, unwashed	25@28
California, common do	16@17
Peruvian, washed	26@30
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@12
S. Am. common, washed	10@13
S. Am. Entre Rios, washed	16@18
S. American, unwashed	8@11
S. Am. Cordova, washed	20@22
East India, washed	20@24
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@24
Smyrna, unwashed	14@18
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

Tribune.

BOSTON, July 28.—Rather more doing in domestic wool, and prices are steady. The sales have been 150,000 lbs. fleece and pulled, at prices ranging from 42@55c for fleece. A lot of coarse Canada sold at 35c. In foreign the sales comprise 400 to 500 bales Cape, Mestizo, East Indian and Mediterranean at various prices, as to quality.

Sax and Mer., fine	55@61	Western mixed	33@36
Full blood	52@54	Smyrna, washed	17@40
Half and ¼ blood	43@48	Do. unwashed	9½@19
Common	40@42	Syrian	11@23
Pulled, extra	47@51	Cape	34@40
Do. superfine	40@50	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	32@42	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2		Peruvian, washed	25@32

CHICAGO, July 30.—Quiet, but prices fully maintained. The following are the closing rates.

Fleece—Common native, 30@32c; quarter blood, 32@33c; half blood, 34@36c; three quarter blood, 37@39c; full blood, 42@44c; full blood Saxony, 44@46.

Pulled—No. 1, 20@25; superfine, 30@33; extra, 35@40; double extra, 40@42.—*Democrat.*

CLEVELAND, July 28.—Receipts falling off. The following quotations are paid by the principal dealers in this market:—Native and common, ₱ lb., 30@33; quarter blood, 35@36; half blood, 38@38; three quarter blood, 40@42; full blood, 44@48; fancy clip, 50@55.

TORONTO, July 30.—Wool comes in slowly and in small lots. It brings from 1s 4d to 1s 4½d ₱ lb. for the best. Sheep skins 2s each. Beef hides $5,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

Marriages.

In Penfield, on the 24th of June, by the Rev. Thomas Tousey, Henry W. Norman, of Volatie, Columbia Co., and Miss Rebecca Wood, of this city.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. Special Notices—following reading matter, and leaded—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, in advance.—☞ The circulation of the Rural New-Yorker far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

GRAPE VINES.—For sale, at the Schuyler County Central Nurseries, Watkins, N. Y., 130 000 Isabella Grape Vines, 30,000 Catawba do.; 5,000 Clinton do.
July 29, 1859. [500-3t] M. D. FREER & CO.

TEACHER.—A Young Man who has had experience as a Civil Engineer and Surveyor, and also as a Teacher, wishes to engage as Teacher of Mathematics and the Natural Sciences, or French, in some respectable Institution. Best of references given. Address J. A. PETERS, 500-4t Darien, Genesee Co., N. Y.

FAIRFIELD SEMINARY.—The high reputation of this Institution has become so generally known throughout New York and other States that the Board of Managers deem it unnecessary longer to particularize in regard to its superior advantages for the education of young Ladies and Gentlemen. Board and Washing $1,75 per week. Tuition from $4 to $6. Fall Term begins August 17th, 1859. *Send for a Circular.* J. B. VAN PETTEN, A. M., Principal. Fairfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y., July 25, 1859. 500 3t

WILSON'S AND PEABODY'S SEEDLINGS! To all whom it may concern and especially the members of the Rural Empire Club.—I will deliver at your Post Office, or nearest Express Office, Free of Charge, and warrant their safe arrival in a good and healthy condition, plants of the above fruit, at the following very low rates—12 plants for 50 cents, 40 do for $1, 100 do for $2, 500 do. for $7, 1,000 do for $12, 2,000 do for $20—with full printed instructions for planting, &c. Address I. W. BRIGGS, 500-3t Macedon Centre, N. Y.
N. B.—Notes of any specie paying Bank, received at par.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP.
SAPONIFIER,
OR,
PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH.
Warranted double the strength of ordinary Potash. One pound will make twelve gallons good strong Soap, without lime and with little trouble. Manufactured and put up in 1, 2, 4 and 6 lb. cans, in lumps, with directions, at the Challenge Chemical Works, New York.
E. R. DURKEE & CO.,
181 Pearl street, N. Y., Proprietors.
Sold everywhere. 500-25t

AGENTS WANTED IN THIS STATE to canvass with the Golden Salve. Sells readily. Can make good pay. For terms, &c., send stamp.
491-10t O. P. WHITTEN, Lowell, Mass.

HICKOK'S PATENT PORTABLE CIDER AND WINE MILL AND PRESS.
This sterling Machine, which from the test of several years has proved itself superior in point of utility and efficiency to anything in the market, is now ready for the apple harvest of 1859.
It is made of possible better than ever, and where there are no Agents, Farmers will do well to send to the manufactory early for a Circular. We also make large iron screws from 3 inches diameter and 4 feet long, to 6 inches diameter and 8 feet long, at reasonable prices. Address
500 3t W. O. HICKOK, Eagle Works, Harrisburgh, Pa.

PREMIUM STRAWBERRIES.—WM. R. PRINCE & CO., Flushing, N. Y.—Prince's Scarlet Magnate, the largest of Strawberries, sweet and fine flavor, $3 per 100, $12 per 1,000. Eclipse, Globose Scarlet, Imperial Scarlet, Ladies' Pine, Matvina, Triumph, Western Queen, $2 per 100. Hovey, Wilson's Albany, Burr's Pine, Crimson Cone, Hudson, Early Scarlet, Genesee, Iowa, M'Avoy's Superior and No. 1, Monumental, Orange Prolific, River Hudson, Scarlet Cone, Walker, Longworth's Prolific, all $1 per 100, $1 to $5 per 1,000. Jenny Lind, Hooker, May Queen, Peabody, Primate, Scarlet Melting, Alpine Red and White, $1 50 per 100. Diadem, Glen Albin, Le Baron, Imperial Crimson, Scarlet Prolific, Supreme, Triumphant Scarlet, and Wyoming, $1 per 100. Packet well and receipt forwarded, with Descriptive Catalogue of 149 varieties, with culture. 500 1t

CLINTON LIBERAL INSTITUTE.—This Institution, situated in the beautiful and healthy village of Clinton, Oneida County, commences its Fall Term on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th, and continues fourteen weeks—its Winter Term January 4th, and continues thirteen weeks—its Spring and Summer Term April 19th, and continues thirteen weeks. There are two Departments—Male and Female—in separate and commodious buildings. Professor N. White, A. M., is Principal of the Male, and Miss H. M. Parmenter is Principal of the Female Department. An excellent corps of experienced Teachers has been secured; and the Institution is designed to embrace the entire course of the most thorough Academic Education, Classical, Mathematical and Scientific. The government of the School, in both departments, though firm, will be strictly paternal, and the respective Principals and Stewards of the two departments will endeavor to make each a healthy, comfortable, safe and happy *Home*.
The expenses, including Board, Lodging, Room-rent, Washing, Fuel, Lights, and Tuition in the common branches, will be only from $45 to $50 per term.
For further particulars, see Circulars, or inquire of the Principals in Clinton.
August 1, 1859. 500-1t

COST OF CUTTING DRAINS REDUCED TO LESS THAN ONE-HALF
DRAINING AND SUBSOIL PLOW.
This Plow which we were the first to manufacture and introduce in Cayuga Co., has been thoroughly tested for two years, and has proved, and is pronounced by all who have given it a fair trial, to be the most valuable invention of the age connected with draining.
It is made of possible better than ever, and where there are no Agents, Farmers will do well to send to the manufactory early for a Circular. We also make large iron screws from 3 inches diameter and 4 feet long, to 6 inches diameter and 8 feet long, at reasonable prices. Address
500 3t W. O. HICKOK, Eagle Works, Harrisburgh, Pa.

PUBLIC SALE OF DEVON CATTLE AND SOUTH-DOWN SHEEP.
On WEDNESDAY, 7th September next, at 10 o'clock A.M., at my Farm on Grand Island, near Buffalo, I will sell my entire herd of thorough-bred Devon Cattle, consisting of upwards of 30 Cows, Heifers, Bulls, and Bull and Heifer Calves.
I will also sell at the same time 100 thorough-bred South-Down Ewes and Rams. Also, 100 or more choice grade Breeding Ewes of Cotswold and South-Down crosses—the best class of Mutton Sheep. Also, half a dozen superior young white Breeding Sows.
The sale will be positive, and without reserve, if there are purchasers to buy the Stock, as I am going out of stock breeding altogether.
Terms:—On sums over $50, and up to $100, six months; and on sums over $100, a year's credit will be given, on approved notes, with interest; or a liberal discount will be made for cash.
The Stock will be delivered to the purchasers at either of the Railroad Stations in Buffalo, Black Rock, or Tonawanda, or at the Steamboats in Buffalo, if required.
Catalogues of the Stock will be sent by mail to those wanting them.
A Steam Ferry Boat will cross the river every hour between Lower Black Rock and the Farm on the day of sale. The Stock can be seen at any time previous by calling at my residence. LEWIS F. ALLEN.
Black Rock, N. Y., August 1, 1859. 500-5t

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.
BURNETT'S COCOAINE.
BURNETT'S COCOAINE.
A compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, &c., for dressing the Hair. For efficacy and agreeableness, it is without an equal.
It prevents the Hair from falling off.
It promotes its healthy and vigorous growth.
It is not greasy or sticky.
It leaves no disagreeable odor.
It softens the hair when hard and dry.
It soothes the irritated scalp skin.
It affords the richest lustre.
It remains longest in effect.
It costs fifty cents for a half pint bottle
BURNETT'S COCOAINE.
BURNETT'S COCOAINE.
BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

TESTIMONIAL.
Boston, July 19, 1857.
Messrs. J. Burnett & Co.—I cannot refuse to state the salutary effect in my own aggravated case, of your excellent Hair Oil—(Cocoaine.)
For many months my hair had been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed, so that I could not touch it without pain. This irritated condition I attributed to the use of various advertised hair washes, which I have since been told contain camphene spirit.
By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared—the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair. I trust that others, similarly afflicted, will be induced to try the same remedy.
Yours, very truly,
SUSAN R. POPE.
BURNETT'S COCOAINE.
BURNETT'S COCOAINE.
BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

A single application renders the hair, (no matter how stiff and dry,) soft and glossy for several days. It is conceded by all who have used it, to be *the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the World.*
Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston.
For sale by dealers generally, at 50 cents a bottle. 500-26

BLACK HAWK HORSE "LIVE YANKEE" will make the season of 1859 at the Stable of MEIGS BAILEY, 2½ miles north of West Henrietta, Monroe Co., N. Y., where he may be found at all times. For terms, see Posters. SMITH & SPAULDING, Proprietors.
M. Bailey, Groom. 495-tf

A VALUABLE BOOK FOR INVALIDS Sent by mail, and not to be paid for until received, read, and approved of. If not approved, no charge.
Dr. Samuel S. Fitch's "Six Lectures" on the Causes, Prevention, and Cure of Diseases of the Lungs, Throat, Heart, Stomach, Bowels, Liver, Kidneys, Skin, etc., Female Complaints, and Chronic diseases generally; on the Laws of Life, and the true method of curing these diseases, and preserving life and health to old age. A volume of 375 pages, with 25 illustrations, bound. We will forward a copy of it, post-paid, to any address that may be sent us, and the price, 50 cents, may be remitted (in stamps or otherwise) after the book is received and approved of. If remitted in advance, the price is 40 cents. Apply, giving Post-Office, County, and State, to S. S. FITCH & CO.,
493-13t 714 Broadway, New York.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell 4 new inventions. Agents have made over $25,000 on one,—better than all other similar agencies. Send four stamps and get 80 pages particulars, gratis.
491-10t EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

THE BEST GRAIN DRILL IN AMERICA!
Is Manufactured by the Subscribers at Macedon, N. Y.
It is so arranged as to Sow or Plant, with equal facility, all kinds of Seed, from the smallest Grass Seed to Corn or Beans, either Broadcast, in Hills or in Drills. Also, every description of Concentrated Manures,—as Guano, Lime, Ashes, Gypsum, Poudrette, Bone Dust, &c.
Cuts and descriptions were given in a late number of the Rural New-Yorker.
Price of 7 Tube Drill, $70
" " 9 Tube Drill, 80
" " Guano Attachment, 25
" " Grass Seeder, 10
delivered on board boat or cars.
For further information, Circulars, &c., address I. W. Briggs, Agent, at Macedon Centre, N. Y., or the Proprietors, Macedon, N. Y. BICKFORD & HUFFMAN.

HOMES FOR ALL!
FOR SALE.
At $1,25 per Acre, desirable FARMING LANDS in Western Virginia, Eastern Kentucky, and Middle Tennessee. Also, Valuable Lands in Sullivan and Elk Counties, Pennsylvania.
Apply to the American Emigrant Aid and Homestead Company, No. 146 Broadway, New York. 490tf

GREAT CURIOSITY.
We have one of the greatest curiosities and most valuable inventions in the known world, for which we want agents everywhere. Full particulars sent FREE.
498 8eow. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

EDWARDS' SHINGLE MACHINE
the
CHEAPEST, SIMPLEST AND BEST
In use, and the only one cutting a perfect Shingle with rapidity.
With a Single Horse Power, will Cut 8,000 Shingles per Hour, and can be Propelled by Hand to Cut 2,000 per Hour. For Circulars, apply to
493eow6t E. EDWARDS, Chittenango, or J. W. PORTER, Syracuse.

U. S. TENT AND FLAG MANUFACTORY, Rochester, N. Y.
TENTS AND FLAGS to Rent, suitable for Agricultural Fairs, Military Encampments, Conferences, Camp Meetings, &c. &c.
Having the entire stock of Tents formerly owned by E. G. Williams, with several new ones in addition, I am prepared to fill all orders the public may feel pleased to honor me with. Tents and Flags of every description made to order.
Address JAMES FIELD,
499 Box 701, Rochester, N. Y.

PORTABLE STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS
MANUFACTURED BY
A. N. WOOD & CO., Eaton, N. Y.,
Of all sizes and of the most approved designs, and made of the best materials and in perfect workmanship.
Orders for Steam Engines will be filled on short notice. Any persons interested or wishing Steam Power by inclosing a P. O. stamp to our address, will be furnished with a Circular. 488-13t

STONE YARDS—FOR 1859.—RATHBUN & WHITMORE have always on hand a good supply of Lockport and Medina Stone, Cap Sills, Platforms, Steps, Posts, Well and Cistern Covers, Curbing, Paving, and Building Stone, Flagging—all sizes. Fire-proof Vaults, &c. They will *contract* for Street Improvements, generally, at home or *abroad*, and fill all orders on short notice, addressed to Thomas Rathbun, Buffalo, Wm. W. Whitmore, Lockport, or to the subscriber, Pittsburgh St. Bridge, Rochester.
484we Wm. CARSON, Agent.

MANNY'S COMBINED
REAPER AND MOWER,
WITH WOOD'S IMPROVEMENT,
For the Harvest of 1859.
The subscriber begs to inform the public that he continues to manufacture this popular machine, and pledges himself to produce an implement that will fully sustain its former reputation, as the best combined machine yet introduced, and inferior to none, either as a Reaper or Mower.
It has had a steady and increasing popularity from the first, achieving a complete success in the first important trial at Geneva in 1852. It carried off the highest honors at the great National Field Trial at Syracuse in 1857; and amidst all the competition and trials of 1858, came out with more and better established points of excellence than ever before.
The general principles peculiar to this machine, and upon which it is constructed, have proved so successful that there has been no attempt to change them.
The main effort during the last year has been to improve its mechanical construction, to make it stronger and more durable, and sustain its reputation as the leading and most acceptable machine to the largest class of farmers in the country.
Warranted capable of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass or grain per day, in a workmanlike manner.
Price of Machine as heretofore, varies according to width of cut, and its adaptation in size and strength to different sections of the country, from $125 to $150, delivered here on the cars. WALTER A. WOOD,
Manufacturer and Proprietor, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.
BENNETT GRAY, Brockport,
WM. HENRY HARMON, Scottsville,
483-tf Agents for Monroe County, N. Y.

WOOD'S MOWER.—
Patented February 22d, 1859.
During the six years I have been engaged in the manufacture of the Manny Combined Reaper and Mower, I have given much thought and attention to the construction of what I foresaw would be a great want of the Farmers—a lighter and cheaper machine expressly for mowing, than had yet been made.
And now, after the most thorough and repeated experiments and tests in every variety of field, and in all kinds and in every condition of grass, I am prepared, with entire confidence, to offer to the farmers and dealers of the United States, the great *desideratum* in this department of Agricultural labor-saving machines—a Mower, superior in its capacity for good work to any hitherto introduced, of easy draft, light, cheap, and durable.
This machine I now offer as my latest invention, to meet a special want of farmers, and to place within the reach of all, a Mower that for practical working, cheapness and simplicity, will be without a rival.
I build Two-Horse and One-Horse Mowers. The Two-Horse Mower weighs 925 lbs., and cuts a swath four feet wide (or more if specially ordered.) The One-Horse Mower weighs 30 lbs. less, (895 lbs.) and cuts a swath three and a half feet wide.
For a more full description of the Mower, reference is made to my Pamphlets, which will be furnished on application.—With each machine will be furnished two extra guards, two extra sections, one wrench and oil can.
Warranted capable of cutting ten acres of grass per day in a workmanlike manner.
Price of Two-Horse Mower, $90
" One-Horse Mower, 70
Delivered here on the cars.
I continue as heretofore, and with greater success than at any previous time, the manufacture and sale of "Manny's Patent Combined Reaper and Mower with Wood's Improvement." WALTER A. WOOD,
Manufacturer and Proprietor, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.
PEASE & EGGLESTON, 84 State St., Albany, Agents for Albany County and vicinity.
BENNETT GRAY, Brockport,
WM. HENRY HARMON, Scottsville,
483-tf Agents for Monroe County, N. Y.

FAIRPORT CHEMICAL WORKS.
D. B. DeLAND,
Acknowledging the favor and patronage which have been bestowed upon him by the Trade and others, since the commencement of his enterprise, respectfully informs his patrons and the public generally, that with greatly increased facilities he continues to manufacture a superior article of
SALERATUS, PURE CREAM TARTAR, BI CARBONATE OF SODA, SAL SODA, &c.
The above articles will be sold in all varieties of packages, at as low prices as they are afforded by any other manufacturer, and in every case warranted pure and of superior quality. Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled.
☞ Consumers of Saleratus, Cream Tartar, and Bi Carbonate of Soda should be careful to purchase that having the name of D. B. DeLand on the wrapper, as they will thus obtain a pure article.
Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y. 482wotf

BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO'S NEW SCALE PIANO FORTES!
Perfect in Musical Qualities and Mechanism, and having our new Patent Improvements, the Ins

THERE'S WORK ENOUGH TO DO.

The blackbird early leaves its rest
To meet the smiling morn,
And gather fragments for its nest
From upland, wood, and lawn.
The busy bee that wings its way
'Mid scenes of varied hue,
And every flower would seem to say—
"There's work enough to do."

The cowslip and the spreading vine,
The daisy in the grass,
The snowdrop and the eglantine,
Preach sermons as we pass.
The ant, within its cavern deep,
Would bid us labor too;
And writes upon his tiny heap—
"There's work enough to do."

The planets, at their Maker's will,
Move onward in their cars,
Nor nature's wheel is never still—
Progressive as the stars!
The leaves that flutter in the air
And Summer's breezes woo,
One solemn truth to man declare—
"There's work enough to do."

Who, then, can sleep, when all around
Is active, fresh, and free?
Shall man—creation's lord—be found
Less busy than the bee?
Our courts and alleys are the field,
If men would search them through,
That best the sweets of labor yield,
And "work enough to do."

To have a heart for those who weep,
The sottish drunkard win;
To rescue all the children, deep
In ignorance and sin;
To help the poor, the hungry feed,
To give him coat and shoe;
To see that all can write and read—
Is "work enough to do."

The time is short—the world is wide,
And much has to be done;
The wondrous earth, and all its pride,
Will vanish with the sun.
The moments fly on lightning's wings,
And life's uncertain, too;
We've none to waste on foolish things—
"There's work enough to do."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by D. D. T. MOORE, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Northern District of the State of New York.

ROSAMOND;
OR,
THE YOUTHFUL ERROR.
A TALE OF RIVERSIDE.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

[Continued from page 252, last number.]

Chapter X.—The Story.

"My home," began Miss PORTER, "is, as you know, in Florida. I am an only child, as were both my parents, so that I have now living no nearer relative than a great uncle, a superannuated clergyman, who superintends my affairs, and who in case I die before he does, which is very probable, will be heir to my possessions.

"It is now nearly ten years since my father started for Europe, and I went to an adjoining State to visit a widow lady, whom I had met in New Orleans the winter previous. It is not necessary that I should use real names, consequently I will call her Mrs. LE VERT. She was spending the summer on her plantation, at what she called her country seat. It was a large, old-fashioned, wooden building, many miles from any neighbors, and here she lived alone—for her only son, a lad twelve years of age, was at some northern school. At first I was very lonely, for the secluded life we led at Holly Grove was hardly in accordance with the taste of a young girl. Still I did not mind it as much as some, for I cared but little for gentlemen's society, and had frequently declared that I should never marry.

"Towards the last of July, Mrs. LE VERT's brother came to visit her. He was a handsome, boyish-looking youth, six months older than myself,—just out of college,—full of life and very fond of pretty girls, particularly if they chanced to be *wealthy*."

"That's a little like BEN," said ROSAMOND, and Miss PORTER continued.

"From the first, Mrs. LE VERT seemed determined to make a match between us, for her brother was poor, and she fancied it would be a fine idea to have the PORTER estate come into the DUNLAP family. So she threw us constantly together,—talked of me to him and of him to me, until I really began to believe I liked him. He, on the contrary, cared for nothing but my money. Still he deemed it advisable to assume a *show of affection*, and one night talked to me of love quite eloquently. I had been to a dinner party that day and worn all my diamonds. He had never seen them before, and they must have inflamed his avarice, for I afterwards heard him tell his sister that he never should have proposed if I had not looked so beautifully that night, '*I was irresistible in my diamonds*,' he said."

Miss PORTER paused a moment to witness the effect of her last words, but ROSAMOND was looking over her shoulder at a *wrinkle* she had just discovered in the waist, and did not heed them. Still she was listening, and she said, "Yes,—go on. You were looking beautifully that night. Did you consent to marry him?"

"Unhappily, I did," returned Miss PORTER, "for I had made myself believe that I loved him. I wished that he was older, to be sure, but he said we would wait until he was of age. This plan, however, did not suit his ambitious sister. She knew I intended asking my father's approval, and from what she had heard of him she feared he would never consent to my marrying a poor student, and she urged an immediate union. But I persisted in writing to my father, who answered immediately, forbidding me to think of young DUNLAP,—ordering me to go immediately home, and saying he always intended me for JOHN CASTLEWELL, a neighbor of ours,—a multionaire,—a *booby*,—a *fool*,—whom I hated as I did poison.

"Not long after the receipt of this letter I was surprised by the sudden appearance of Uncle BERTRAM, who had come at my father's request to take me home. This roused me at once. My father was a tyrant, I said, and I would let him know I could do as I pleased. In my excitement, I fancied I could not exist a moment without RICHARD DUNLAP, while he declared that life would be a blank for him if passed away from me. At this opportune moment Mrs. LE VERT suggested that we be married immediately,—that very night. Uncle BERTRAM fortunately was a clergyman, and could officiate as well as any other. In justice to RICHARD I will say that he hesitated longer than I did,—but he was persuaded at last, as was Uncle BERTRAM, and with no other witness than Mrs. LE VERT and a white woman who lived with her as half waiting-maid and half companion, we were married."

ROSAMOND was interested now, and forgetting to remove her dress, she threw a crimson shawl around her shoulders, and sitting down upon the bed, exclaimed "Married! You married! Why, then, are you called PORTER?"

"Listen and you shall know," returned the lady, a dark look settling down upon her face.

"Scarcely was the ceremony over, when I began to regret it,—not because I disliked RICHARD, but because I dreaded my father's displeasure, for he had a most savage, revengeful temper, and his daughter possesses the same." This was bitterly spoken, and she continued. "Hardly an hour after we were married, a negro brought a letter to RICHARD from an eccentric old man for whom he had been named. In it the old man said he had made his namesake his heir, provided he did not marry until he was *twenty-five*.

"'I know just how *frillickin'* you are,' he wrote, 'and I know, too, how unsuitable and unhappy most early marriages are,—so my boy, if you want Sunnyside, wait till you are twenty-five before you take an extra rib. I hate to be bothered with letters, and if you don't answer this, I shall conclude that you accept my terms.'

"Mrs. LE VERT at once suggested that, as the old gentleman had already had two fits of apoplexy, and would undoubtedly soon have the third, our marriage should for a time be kept a secret."

"But he didn't consent," cried ROSAMOND.

"Yes, he did," answered Miss PORTER, "and though I, too, said it would be best, I began to distrust him from that moment,—to think that he preferred money to myself. Uncle BERTRAM promised secrecy and went back alone, and then commenced a life of wretchedness, which makes me shudder even to recall it. With the exception of my own servant, who dared not tell if I bade her be silent, the blacks knew nothing of our marriage, and though we lived together as man and wife, so skillfully did Mrs. LE VERT and ESTHER, her white domestic, manage the matter, that for a time our secret was safely kept. A few of the negroes discovered it ere I left; but as they always lived in that out-of-the-way place, it never followed me, and to this day no human being in Florida, save Uncle BERTRAM, knows of the marriage.

"I am very impulsive, and the excitement being over, my affection began to cool. RICHARD could have kept it alive had he tried, but he did not. On the contrary he was much alone, and when with me was always tormenting me with conscientious scruples about deceiving 'the old man.'"

"Oh, I like him for that," cried ROSAMOND, "I like him for that. Why didn't you let him tell?"

"Because," returned Miss PORTER, "I had fears that father would disinherit *me*, and if RICHARD lost Sunnyside, we should be poor indeed."

A shadow passed over ROSAMOND's face, and she said involuntarily, "I could be happy with Mr. BROWNING if we *were* poor."

MARIE started and answered quickly, "What has *Mr. Browning* to do with my story?"

"Nothing, nothing," returned ROSAMOND, "only I was thinking that if you loved RICHARD as well as I do Mr. BROWNING, you would not have cared for money."

"But I didn't," returned MARIE. "I was mistaken. 'Twas a mere childish fancy. I never loved him. *I hate him now*."

She spoke vehemently, and when ROSAMOND said mournfully, "Hate your husband!" she replied, "Yes, more than *hate*, or I had never come to tell you this; but listen,—from indifference we came to coldness,—from coldness to recrimination,—from that to harsh words,—from harsh words to quarrels—and from quarrels to *blows!*"

She uttered the last word slowly, while ROSAMOND exclaimed, "Not *blows*, Miss PORTER! No man would strike a woman. *I* almost hate him, now."

The proud lip curled scornfully,—a gleam of satisfaction shot from the keen black eyes, and MARIE went on. "He would say,—nay does say *I* was the most to blame,—that I aggravated him beyond human endurance,—but he provoked me to it. Think of his *swearing* at me, ROSAMOND,—calling me a *she-devil* and all that. Think, too, of his telling me to my face that he was *driven* into the marriage wholly by his sister,—that he regretted it more than I, and to crown all, think of his *boxing my ears!*—he, a poor, insignificant Northern *puppy*, boxing *me*—a PORTER, and a Southern heiress!"

She was terribly excited, and ROSAMOND, gazing at her face, distorted with malignant passion, began to fancy that the greater wrong might perhaps have lain with her.

After a moment's pause, MARIE began again. "When we had been three months man and wife, he wrote to the old man, confessing his marriage, and saying sundry things not wholly complimentary to his bride; but I intercepted it, read it, tore it up, and taunted him with it. I believe I called him a *low-lived Yankee*, or something like that, and then it was he struck me. The blow sunk deep into my soul. It was an insult, an unpardonable insult, and could not be forgiven. My Southern blood was all on fire, and had I been a man, he should have paid for that blow. I feel it yet; the smart has never for a moment left me, but burns upon my face just as hatred for him burns upon my heart!"

"Oh, Miss PORTER," cried ROSAMOND, as the former ground her teeth together, "don't look so terribly. You frighten me. He struck you, but he asked your pardon, sure?"

"Yes, he pretended to, but I spit at him and bade him leave me forever. His sister tried to interfere, but she made the matter worse, and as my father was on the eve of embarking for America, I determined to go home, and when he came, tell him the whole and ask him to seek satisfaction from one who had *dared* to strike his daughter. RICHARD made a show of trying to keep me,—said we had better live together, and all that, while his sister called us two silly children who needed whipping. But I did not heed it I went home to Uncle BERTRAM and waited for my father, who never came. He died upon the sea, and I was heir of all his vast possessions. Then RICHARD made overtures for reconciliation, but I spurned them all. You've heard of *woman-haters*, ROSAMOND—I am a *man-hater*. I loathe the whole sex, Uncle BERTRAM excepted. My marriage was of course a secret in Florida. My servant, who knew of it, died soon after my father, and as Uncle BERTRAM kept his own counsel, more than one sought my hand, but I turned my back upon them all.

"Four or five years ago he wrote me a letter. He was then master of Sunnyside, for the old man left it to him after all. He was lonely there, he said, and he asked a reconciliation. Had he never struck me, I might have gone, for his letter was kindly enough, but the blow was a barrier between us, so I refused to listen, and exulted over the thought of his living there alone all his days with the *secret* on his mind.

"The sweetest morsel of all in the cup of revenge was, however, for a time withheld, but it came at last, ROSAMOND. It came at last. He loved a beautiful young girl, and loved her all the more that he could not marry her."

She drew nearer to ROSAMOND, who, though still unsuspecting, trembled from head to foot with an undefinable emotion of coming evil.

"I saw her, ROSAMOND; saw this young girl with his name upon her lips when waking,—saw her, too, with his name upon her lips when sleeping, and all this while she did not dream that *I*, the so-called MARIE PORTER, was *his wife*, the barrier which kept him from saying the words her little heart longed so to hear."

There were livid spots on ROSAMOND's neck,—livid spots upon her face, and still she did not move from her seat, though her clammy hand clutched nervously her bridal dress. A *horrid* suspicion had flashed upon her, but with a mighty effort she threw it off as injustice to Mr. BROWNING, and mentally crying, "It cannot be," she faintly whispered, "Go on."

"The summer I met her," said Miss PORTER, "I was at Cartersville, a little out-of-the-way place on a lake—"

"You're telling me true?" interrupted ROSAMOND, joy thrilling in her tones.

"Yes, true," returned Miss PORTER.

"Then bless you,—bless you for those last words," rejoined ROSAMOND, burying her face in her companion's lap. "A terrible fear for a moment came over me that it might be *I*. But it isn't. It isn't. *I* met you at the Springs. Oh, if it had been me, I should most surely die."

"But *she* did not,—the young girl," resumed Miss PORTER. "She had a brave, strong heart, and she bore up wondrously. She felt that he had cruelly deceived her, and that helped her to bear the blow. Besides, she was glad she knew of it in time, for had he married her she would not have been his wife, you know."

ROSAMOND shuddered and replied, "I know, but my heart would have broken all the same. It aches so now for her. But go on, how did she find it out. Who *could* have strength to tell her?"

There was a pause, and each could hear the beating of the other's heart. The November wind had risen within the last half hour, and now howled dismally past the window, seeming to ROSAMOND like the wail that young girl must have uttered when she first learned how her trust had been betrayed. *The clock struck four!* ROSAMOND counted each stroke, and thought, "One hour more and *he* will be here." MARIE counted each stroke, and thought, "One hour more, and I must be gone."

"ROSAMOND," she began again, "what I now have to confess is an act of which I have repented bitterly, and never more than since I sat within this room. But it was not premeditated, and believe me, ROSAMOND, it was not done for any malice I bore to that young girl, for I pitied her so much,—oh, so much," and her hand wandered caressingly over the bright hair lying on her lap.

"We went out one afternoon,—two ladies, a gentleman and myself,—in a small sail-boat upon the lake. *I* planned the excursion and thought I should enjoy it, but we had not been out long when my old affection of the heart began to trouble me. I grew faint, and begged of them to put me on the land. They complied with my request, and set me down upon a point higher up than that from which we had embarked, and near to a dilapidated cabin where lived a weird old hag, who earned a scanty livelihood by fortune-telling. I told her I was sick, and sat down by her door where I could watch the movements of the party. Suddenly a terrific thunder-storm arose, the wind blew a hurricane, and though the boat rode the billows bravely for a time, it capsized at length, and its precious freight disappeared beneath the foaming waves. For a moment horror chilled my blood;—then, swift as the lightning which leaped from the cloud overhanging the graves of my late companions, a maddening thought flashed upon my mind."

"But the girl—hasten to that part," said ROSAMOND, lifting up her head, while Miss PORTER went back to her chair.

"I shall come to her soon enough," returned Miss PORTER, continuing her story. "No living being, save the old woman at my side, knew of my escape, and I could bribe her easily. Fortunately I carried the most of my money about my person, and I said to her, 'There are reasons why, for a time at least, I wish to be considered dead. Here are twenty dollars now, and the same shall be paid you every month that you are silent. No human creature must know that I am living.' I saw by the kindling of her eye at sight of the gold that I was safe, and when the night shadows were falling I stole from her cabin, and taking a circuitous route to avoid observation, I reached the railway station in time for the evening train.

"Three days later in a distant city I read of the sad catastrophe—read that all had been found but one, a Miss PORTER, from Florida, and as I read I thought '*he* will see that, too.' He did see it. Before going to Carterville I sent to Sunnyside a girl who was under peculiar obligations to me, and one whom I could trust. She secured the place. She was employed at last about the person of that young girl, *who had lived at Sunnyside since she was a child, a friendless orphan*."

There was a quick, gasping moan as if the soul were parting from the body, and ROSAMOND fell upon her face, which the pillows concealed from view, while Miss PORTER hurriedly proceeded.

"There is but little more to tell. I wrote to the girl who took her own letters from the office. I told her all, and from her heard that the bridal day was fixed. The obstacle was removed—not *insanity*, but a *living wife*. Need I say more?"

She paused, but from the bed where the crushed, motionless figure lay, there came no sound, and she said again, "Speak, ROSAMOND. Curse me, if you will, for saving you from an unlawful marriage."

Still there was no sound, save the low sighing of the wind, which seemed to have taken a fresh note of sadness as if bewailing the unutterable desolation of the young girl, who lay so still and lifeless that MARIE PORTER's heart quickened with fear, and drawing near she touched the little hand resting on the pillow. It was cold—rigid—as was also the face which she turned to the light.

"*It is death!*" she cried, and a wild shriek rang through the house, bringing at once the servants, headed by Mrs. PETERS.

"*What is it?*" cried the latter, as she saw the helpless figure and beautiful upturned face.

"*It's death, madam,—death*, and it's coming on me, too," answered Miss PORTER, clasping her hands over her heart, which throbbed as it never had done before, and which at last prostrated her upon the lounge.

But no one heeded her, save the girl MARIA. The rest gave their attention to ROSAMOND, who lay so long in the death-like stupor that others than Miss PORTER believed her dead.

The clock struck five! and echoing from the Granby hills the engine-whistle came. Then a slight tremor ran through her frame, and Mrs. PETERS whispered joyfully, "There's life—there's hope."

Along the highway the returning traveler came with rapid tread, but 'neath the sycamore no ROSAMOND was waiting.

"She is hiding from me," he said, but his search for her was vain, and he rapidly hastened on.

All about the house was still. There was no ROSAMOND waiting in the door—nor in the hall—nor in the parlor—nor on the stairs,—but from her chamber came the buzz of voices, and he entered unannounced, recoiling backward when he saw the face upon the pillow and knew that it was ROSAMOND's. Every particle of color had left it; there were dark circles beneath the eyes, and a look about the mouth as if the concentrated agony of years had fallen suddenly upon her.

"What is it?" he asked, and at the sound of his voice, the brown eyes he had been wont to call so beautiful unclosed, but their sunny brightness was all gone, and he shuddered at their dim, meaningless expression.

She seemed to know him, and stretching her arms towards him as a child does towards it mother when danger threatens, she laid her head upon his bosom with a piteous wail the only really audible sound she had yet uttered.

"ROSAMOND, darling—what has come upon you?" he said, "and why are you in your bridal dress?"

At that word she started, and moving away from him, moaned sadly, "It was cruel—oh, so cruel to deceive me, when I loved and trusted him so much."

"Won't somebody tell me what this means?" he demanded, and Mrs. PETERS replied, "We do not know. There's been a strange woman here, and she was with ROSAMOND when it happened."

"Woman? What woman? And where is she now?" he asked, and Mrs. PETERS replied, "She was faint—dying, she said, and MARIA took her into another chamber."

Mechanically he started for that chamber—hearing nothing—seeing nothing—thinking nothing for the nameless terror which had fallen upon him. He did not suspect the real truth. He merely had a vague presentiment that some one who knew nothing of the drowning had come there to save his ROSAMOND from what they supposed to be an unlawful marriage, and when at last he stood face to face with his LIVING WIFE, when he knew the grave had given up its dead, he dropped to the floor as drops the giant oak when felled by the lightning's power!

MARIE PORTER, even had she been cruelly wronged, was avenged—fully, amply avenged, and covering her face with her hands, she moaned, "I have killed them both, and there's nothing left for me now but to die!" [Concluded next week.]

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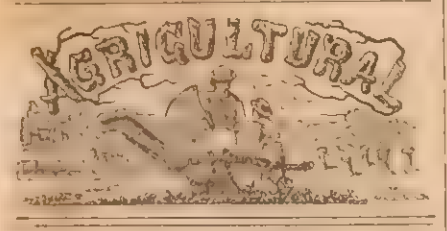

THE SEASON AND CROPS.

For several weeks the weather has been warm, with frequent, often heavy showers. Wheat, rye and barley has been harvested in good condition, for although the rains have been so frequent we have had enough of fair sunshine to enable the farmer to secure these crops without injury.—Bright sunshine and clouds and rains have followed each other in quick succession—the day which commenced clear, with a prospect of a "dry spell," would meet with a change before noon, and the rain descend with the greatest impetuosity, causing the farmer to conclude that all work for the day was over—but in an hour all would be bright, the moisture soon evaporated by the sun and wind, and work be resumed with increased energy. We hear of no complaints of injury—no one even whispers of grown wheat.

OATS, we perceive, are rapidly ripening, and the crop will be at least fair, while many fields that we have noticed in our travels will give more than an ordinary yield. The BEAN is becoming a favorite crop in many sections, and it is not uncommon to see fields of ten or even twenty acres. When ripened early, so as to be secured before the fall rains, they are quite profitable, but they are easily injured, and few lots entirely escape that are harvested during a wet time in the fall. Most farmers we find have suffered in this respect. As we have been personally applied to for information, we will give a few facts. It is necessary to have the crop secured before there is danger of frost, and if the beans are fully formed it is sometimes wise to house them without waiting for further ripening. When the season, however, is favorable, they should be allowed to remain until the latest pods are turned to a yellow color. Then pull them up, lay in small heaps to dry, and thresh as soon as dry enough. This is all well, and can be done very easily if the weather is warm and dry. If, however, cold rains should be the order of the day, the harvesting will be much more difficult. The practice of some is to collect them in stacks around stakes, with the roots in the centre. Here, if sufficiently ripened, and the weather is not too wet, they will cure without a great loss; but in very unfavorable seasons, we have seen them damaged materially, especially if the stacks are made large, or are allowed to rest on the soil.—Place a few inches of straw on the ground to make the stack upon, and make it largest at the top.—This sheds the water and facilitates the drying. After the rain has ceased, in some cases it will be advisable to re-stack them, for the same reason that the farmer often finds it to his advantage to fork over and re-stack his hay, but this would not be frequently necessary. Those who have plenty of barn room often carry them directly from the field to the barn, where they occupy every available space for drying, and in a short time become sufficiently dry for threshing. If any of our readers know of a better method of curing, they could not do better than communicate the fact through the RURAL, as this is where many fail, and almost all suffer more or less.

CORN, in most places, is looking tolerably well, some fields exceedingly fine, though we do not anticipate more than an average crop. Much of that late planted is quite short, though pretty stout, of fine color, with a good show of ears.

POTATOES never looked better. Some have expressed fears that the wet weather will induce rot, but of this we observe not the slightest sign. The tops never looked more healthy and vigorous, and we confidently anticipate an abundant crop of healthy tubers. Two, or even three weeks of dry weather would not result in injury. What would be the result of continued rains, of course we cannot say, but we see no cause for mournful forebodings. Thus far, all is well.

Everything but the grass crop has given, or promises to give, an abundant harvest. On this point great caution will be necessary, or many of our farmers will find themselves unprepared for the coming winter. To purchase hay at present prices, or at the prices which will be likely to rule the coming winter, will be an unprofitable operation. The profits of a good wheat or oat crop may be rapidly dispersed in the purchase of feed for cattle. Care in housing straw, stalks, and all coarse fodder is now more than ever necessary, and we notice many vacant spots on almost every farm where, even at this late day, we would put in a little turnip seed. If the weather should continue moist a fine crop may be secured, that will be a great help to the cattle and the farmer's pocket in the winter.

WHEAT GROWING.—THE OTHER SIDE.

EDS. RURAL:—The opinion is getting to be very general among farmers that they can grow wheat again as well as ever. The assertion of a worthy farmer, a few days ago, that "we can raise wheat as well now as we could twenty years ago—that we might as well raise wheat as rye—and that there was no good reason why we could not raise wheat," is becoming the general opinion of a large proportion of the farmers of this section. Last year what little wheat there was sown in this vicinity did very well. This induced farmers to sow more last fall, which has made a heavy growth, and where not injured by the June frost is well filled; and now, wheat having escaped the midge two seasons, farmers think the insects have left, and that we have nothing more to fear from their ravages.

But let us see if there is no other reason for this exemption from the midge. Has the season nothing to do with it? It may be remembered that for several years we had very late, backward springs—that wheat was very late, not being ready to harvest until nearly or quite the first of August—and that in every one of these late seasons the midge has been very destructive—while the last and present seasons have been much earlier, so that wheat has been harvested some two or three weeks earlier than it had for several years before. Now, in my opinion, this explains the reason of the midge not troubling the wheat last and this year.

It is some fifteen years since I moved from the eastern part of the State into this county. The midge had been very destructive for some years before I left, so that I had some opportunity to see how they worked. On coming to this section I found the wheat crop several weeks earlier than it usually was at the east, so that I believed that the midge would never be very troublesome in Western New York, for that reason—although I could not altogether divest my mind of the fear that the same weather and season that was necessary to bring forward and perfect the wheat crop, might bring out the midge in season to destroy it. As time wore on and the midge began to appear in this section, I found that reasons were not wanting for both opinions. The midge first made its appearance here in a few late heads, near the fences, but increased in numbers and destructiveness year after year, until nearly all the wheat sown was destroyed, not even excepting the Mediterranean. At the same time the seasons were gradually growing later and later, until about the time the midge was the worst their backwardness was the subject of general comment by all classes. Then also I noticed that as the insects increased in numbers they made their appearance earlier in the season each year, until only by sowing early varieties and having forward seasons, can we reasonably expect to escape their ravages.

Another thing I have noticed is, that the midge, in common with other insect depredators, is not as troublesome some years as others. For instance, in some sections in the eastern part of the State, where they have prevailed more or less for the last twenty-five years, there have been periods of two or three years when the midge has done little or no damage. Then farmers would take courage, thinking they had left the country entirely, and sow large fields of wheat only to see them completely destroyed, there being in many instances not grain enough left to pay for harvesting.—Now, Messrs. Editors, I think there is reason to fear that sooner or later this will be the case here—that farmers, thinking they are not going to be troubled any more with this pest, will sow wheat as largely as ever, only sooner or later to meet with heavy losses and bitter disappointments.

Orleans Co., N. Y., July, 1859. F.

REMARKS.—Having discussed the proposition whether wheat can again be successfully grown in this and other midge-infested sections, and perhaps leaned to the bright, hopeful side, we are glad to receive and publish arguments from practical and experienced cultivators who take a different view of the subject. As no picture is perfect without both light and shade, so few questions can be properly understood unless both sides are presented—and a full discussion, pro and con, is the best way to arrive at just and truthful conclusions. Our correspondent, F., takes the dark side of the question, and his reasons and conclusions are worthy of consideration. Caution is the parent of safety, and it is well to look at this matter in all its bearings, and not venture too much upon an uncertainty. In common with many of the most observing farmers of this region we are of the opinion that wheat culture can be safely resumed in this State, yet would not advise farmers to "sow wheat as largely as ever," but rather to exercise caution in returning to the former great staple. As we said two weeks ago—after expressing the opinion that wheat could still be successfully and profitably cultivated in this section—"we do not wish to excite hopes which may not be realized, and would not advise those who have changed from wheat growing to other branches of husbandry *in which they are now succeeding*, to return *at once or fully* to the former staple. The soil of a large portion of this State is eminently adapted to the production of wheat, and in some sections—if the enemies of the crop can be evaded—it will probably long prove the most remunerative crop that can be grown. Hence, we believe it advisable for those *who own good wheat soil*, and are not *profitably engaged in other branches*, to try wheat culture again—*returning to it gradually and on a small scale*, until satisfied as to the *safety* and *profit* of a full resumption." It must be remembered, that in order to succeed in wheat culture—against both the midge and late, unfavorable springs—the soil should be rich, warm and well cultivated, and the seed of early varieties and sown early.

SEEDING TO GRASS.

H. J. B., of Hector, N. Y., says,—"I feel pretty well used up in the grass seed line." He is evidently losing confidence. May I be permitted to say to him that I have confidence, although I feel a reluctance in presenting my mode, for it will be odd and unusual, and likely to receive more sneers and kicks than coppers. I have been a cultivator for eleven years, on a moderate scale—a novice in the beginning. The first two years I sowed Timothy in March, or first of April, on winter wheat. It proved pretty much a failure, and since then I have sowed no Timothy seed in the spring. About that time I got an idea from an agricultural work, of brining clover seed; I tried it, and for five years past have sowed no clover or Timothy seed without brining it. My mode of preparing it is, to spread my seed on a smooth floor three or four inches thick, sprinkle on strong brine of common salt, and with a common shovel work it over, add brine and work it till all is saturated; spread it to three or four inches depth, leave it for six or twelve hours, or any such time, then add a little more brine; then on a bushel of seed would mix from 12 quarts to ¼ bushel of plaster, putting on the plaster with a seive, a few quarts at a time, and shovel each parcel till the seed does not adhere in lumps. You then have nearly twice the bulk and about double the weight of your dry seed. All the time lost in preparing is doubly gained in sowing. I sow it in the same manner that I do wheat, except in the width of cast; I go three times where I would twice with wheat, and sow it as evenly as wheat can be sown.

In no instance do I sow over four quarts of timothy or clover to the acre. I would sow clover on winter grain about the middle of April; with spring barley, after put in and harrowed, and before the roller; with oats not at all. Oat stubble may be seeded successfully with Timothy, if sown the last of August or first of Sept., immediately after a rain, and harrowed. If too dry to sow early, wait and sow about the 20th of November; it will not then vegetate till spring. The freezings and thawings and washings will get it into the ground about right, and it will come out right and grow safely in the spring, and you will have a fair crop of grass to mow the first season, though two or three weeks later than usual. The next year, if your ground is right, your grass will be tall, if you have not put on the ground that 8 or 12 quarts of seed to the acre. Sowing Timothy seed about the last of September or first of October is unsafe; it will vegetate, but its growth will be too small for a hard winter's freezing and thawing. J. H.

Henrietta, N. Y., July, 1859.

HOUSE BUILDING.—No. V.

THE durability of the side walls of a building always depends, to a certain extent, upon the protection they receive from the projection of the roof; and to support such projection is the chief practical office of the cornice, which is otherwise merely decorative. Each of the several kinds of wood cornices known by the names of bracket, modillion, box, drapery or verge-board, has its own way of performing this practical duty. Unquestionably, the most bold and ornamental is the bracket, which is simply, in principle, a brace from the side of the building to the outer end of the rafter, or a triangular piece of plank fastened to the side of the building, and which sustains the rest of the cornice.

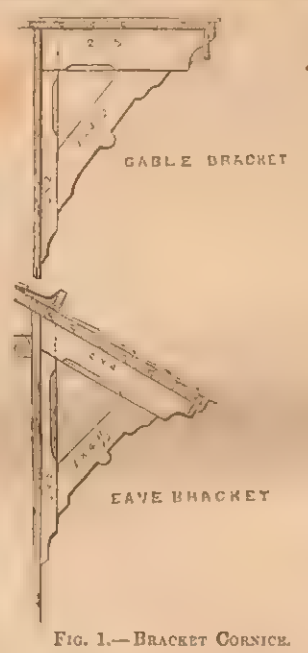

FIG. 1.—BRACKET CORNICE.

Fig. I illustrates one of the first kind, which answers a very good purpose for small buildings where the projection is from one and a half to two feet. Such brackets may be made at the rate of from fifteen to twenty per day by a good mechanic, and used to a good advantage in renewing cornices on old buildings. One and one-fourth inch flooring laid on top of the brackets upside down, serves the double purpose of roof boards and soffit or plancher.

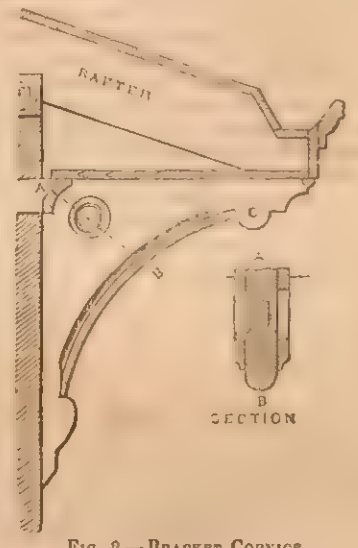

FIG. 2.—BRACKET CORNICE.

Fig. II shows one of the second kind, which is better adapted to cornices of a greater projection, as it gives support to the entire soffit. The upper corner is pierced and the lower side cut away to make it light, yet not weak, and the curve, which should not exceed one-fourth of a circle, (or half a gothic arch,) appears very graceful, particularly when seen from a distance. The lower member or foot should terminate against the building, and not finish with a "quirk," sled-runner fashion, as if it was designed to slide down the side of the building. A portion of the upper part of the brackets should run into the building and fasten to the studs, or bond timber, and the rest of the cornice be built upon them, instead of being suspended dangling from the soffit. It seems that that style of bracket which not only *looks* as if it supported the projection, but really does so, and gracefully, and which is susceptible of any degree of ornamentation, must be the type of the best bracket that can ever be invented; and if so what can the conglomeration of curves, O. G.'s and fillets, hollows, rounds and beads, loaded down with drops, balls and pendants, devised by American architects and Yankee "inventive genius," and pinned up under their cornices with *acorn stems*, be but absurdities, giving substantial (or *unsubstantial*, rather,) evidence that this principle is seldom understood, and still more seldom allowed to govern?

The modillion, which is another style of visible cornice support, is, or seems to be, timbers projecting through or from the wall. They are the best when made of solid timber, laid into the wall or fastened to the studding, the first few inches left full size, and the outer end tapered in some ornamental shape, as shown in Fig. III.

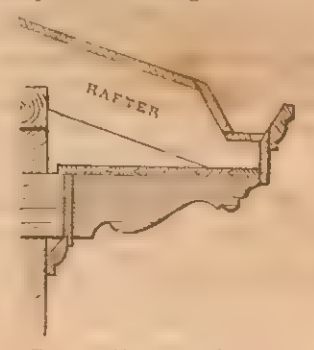

FIG. 3.—MODILLION CORNICE.

The box cornice, which is simply the covering up of a skeleton work with thin boards, in imitation of some Grecian or other model, is not as good as the others, as it does not admit of a projection sufficient to protect *itself* from a driving storm, to say nothing of the side walls of the building.

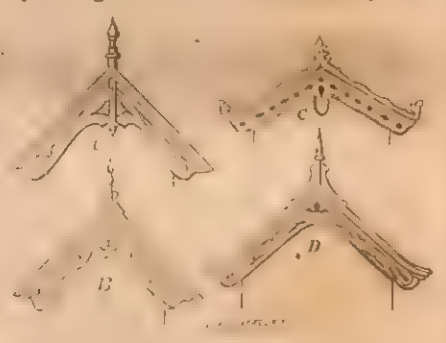

FIG. 4.—VERGE-BOARDS.

The verge-board, or drapery, is a device for strengthening the gable cornice, and when used on small gables, or dormer windows, is very appropriate and can be made quite ornamental at a small expense. Fig. IV illustrates different patterns,—those at C. D. where the eaves are curved. This can be cheaply done where a cornice similar to the one shown in Fig. I is used—the upper part of the bracket being cut to the proper curve. It is hardly possible to make a good looking cornice without a facia and crown moulding. For the latter a simple quarter-round cove, or O. G., with fillets above and below is better than a compound moulding, as something that is bold and shows itself plainly is better than a combination of intricate work, too small to be seen without the aid of ladder or spy-glass.

Eave-gutters may be made in the roof over the plate, in the cornice, or hung up under the ends of the shingles. The first is the best and cheapest; the second looks the best, and the last is worst of all, being unsightly and troublesome.

Valleys can be made tight and durable by using separate sheets of roofing tin bent into the angle and laid one above the other with a lap of about two inches,—commence at the bottom and nail the two upper corners only. Shingle down on this from each way, leaving a space of three or four inches, which, if kept well painted, will last as long as the rest of the roof. J. H. H.

Pompey, Onondaga Co., N. Y., 1859.

"ABOUT HORSES."

MESSRS. EDS.:—On perusing the RURAL of July 23d, my attention was arrested by the article "*About Horses*," and it was read with much pleasure. Not that I fully endorse the writer's views or the editor's comments, but from the fact that the article in question indicates that some stock growers in this vicinity are waking up to a subject of great importance to agriculturists generally in Western New York—a subject justly entitled to a space in the columns of all agricultural journals. And I beg leave to offer for discussion the following proposition, viz:—What kind of Stallion, crossed with the mares of Western New York will produce the fastest trotters, best roadsters, most stylish and valuable carriage horses, and most useful stage, cart and farm horses. I have meditated much on this subject, and it occurs to me that the mares of this country are comprised of such a variety of breeds, style and other qualities, that there is a kind of stallion from which may be produced all of the different kinds of horses enumerated in the above question. There is no question of greater importance to Western New York—none so little understood and appreciated, and none on

which there is such a diversity of opinion, and on which community are so liable to err and be misled—as what kind of stallion is the best to breed the mares in this vicinity to. And this subject can be introduced and properly discussed, and a proper criterion established, in no better way, than through the pages of the RURAL and other agricultural journals.

I am not an owner or breeder of horses at present, hence have no axe to grind, and am not induced by partiality or favoritism in making these suggestions; but for twenty-five years I have paid much attention to breeding, raising, breaking, training and marketing horses, and am pretty well posted on the horses of this country and their uses generally—and I hope to see this subject discussed on its merits fairly and impartially. I am confident that the question as here presented will be more beneficial than whether it is more profitable to breed large horses than small ones, as intimated in the remarks of yourself and your correspondent. It would doubtless be bad policy to run entirely into either or both extremes; and I would suggest that very large horses, for heavy draye and very heavy work, can best be obtained by crossing with full blood English Draft or Clydesdale Stallions, and as but few of this class of horses are required for the work and markets of this country, they would be an exception to the subject submitted for discussion—because this class of large horses, and fast trotters suitable for the road, and the small, light horse or pony, cannot all be successfully produced from the same stock. Small horses are increasing, as your correspondent remarks, and a portion of the mares of that class will doubtless be kept for breeding. From these the demand for small horses will be fully supplied without breeding from small stallions of any class or breed.

And now, what kind of stallion shall all the mares that are now bred from, and such mares as will probably be bred from in this vicinity for the next ten or fifteen years, be bred to to produce the classes of horses mentioned in my question? This article is much longer than I intended, but I hope you will not be prevented from publishing it on that account. RURAL READER.

Monroe County, N. Y., 1859.

TABLE-LANDS OF EAST TENNESSEE:

LOCATION, SOIL, CLIMATE, FERTILITY, FARMING, &C.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Will a farmer's letter from the Table-Lands of the Cumberland Mountains be acceptable to your readers? I have seen your excellent paper through the kindness of a friend, and as I, together with my son, his family and others, removed here from Long Island in February last, only, I retain my attachment to the Empire State.

These Table-Lands are approached from the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad and the Tennessee River, by the daily stage from Loudon, and you reach the Table, on the eastern brow or declivity, in a distance of nineteen miles from the river,—finding a wide-spread, undulating surface, (with never-failing streams of pure water,) carpeted with a nutritious grass, upon which stock will feed and fatten without grain or shelter throughout the entire year. I have never found in the United States, a place so well adapted to stock-raising as this range. The timber is of moderate size—though larger in other counties than in this (Cumberland)—and at convenient distances apart. Cumberland is a new county, and this town (Crossville) is the county seat. You will find Crossville on old maps, in the north part of Bledsoe county.

The settler, soon after arriving, will purchase and mark his stock, and turn it out on the range, and prepare his land for grain by girdling the trees, or deadening them, as it is called. One man will deaden from one to three acres in a day. In November the grass is burned, and one horse, with a simple plow, breaks up the ground, and a good crop of corn is raised the next year. After that any kind of grain may be raised, with all kinds of vegetables. The soil is usually a brown loam, with some sand and clay intermixed, for twelve miles around us, where there is no limestone foundation; but upon the limestone formation the soil has a reddish color. These table lands are, in general, productive, and when manured, yield bountifully. I have no doubt that we shall be able to raise 100 bushels of corn to the acre, with proper attention. I never had such a fine vegetable garden in old Massachusetts, where I manured my farms liberally, as I have here without manure. These lands are yet but sparsely inhabited, as they were considered too remote from the seaboard markets till the railroads were completed in various directions.

Most of the old settlers or "natives" here would not be considered good farmers in your State. The truth is, they have been able to live with so little work, that they have not acquired the habits of industry and economy requisite to a northern farmer. They are not slow to improve, however, and are ready to adopt our improvements and modes of husbandry as soon as introduced, and to give up their mistaken notions upon evidence of better. I have one fact from good authority. An Ohio farmer moved here a few years ago, and rented a farm for a short term, with a view of purchasing, after testing the qualities of the soil. He commenced plowing a field deep with his mould-board plow. The owner remonstrated, stating that his field would be ruined by turning the top under, and ordered him to desist. The Buckeye replied that he wished to pursue his own course, and as heretofore the surface only had been cultivated, he wished to reach that which had been undisturbed—and he persevered. The owner brought a suit for damages, and, strange to say, he recovered a verdict for damages, before the Justices. The case was appealed, but before the trial came on in the higher court, the wheat was harvested and weighed 67 lbs. to the bushel! This evidence was so satisfactory that the suit was withdrawn, and the lessee closed the contract and purchased the farm. Another neighbor pursued the same course of deep plowing, and his wheat weighed 69 lbs. to the bushel. I have placed specimens of this wheat in the office of the Homestead Company, No. 146 Broadway, New York, and specimens of the different kinds of grass which I found this year spontaneously growing in the fields around me.

This Table has an elevation of about 2,000 feet above tide-water, is above the region of agues and bilious disorders, and unsurpassed in point of health by any other section. The air is pure and invigorating. The thermometer was at 87° the hottest day that we have had this season. A neighbor, who has kept the daily record for the last twelve years, had never seen it above 85° before. The winters are mild—from the middle of December to the middle of February—and I am told that I may possibly collect ice from two to three inches thick, for my ice-house, by preparing an artificial pond, which water shall be kept still. Much has been said in some of the papers about this land in other parts of the State, which, if applied to these Table-Lands, would be derogatory to their character. What I have herein said, is not to apply to any other place.

We want mechanics of all kinds, and farmers, to come on and settle with us. By industry and economy they may be confident of success. Lands are now to be bought from $1,25 to $10 per acre, according to location, almost every acre of which may be tilled. Of grapes, fruits, etc., I may write another time, if acceptable. WILLARD DAY.

Crossville, Cumberland Co., Tenn., July 20, 1859.

LEACHED ASHES FOR WALKS.

EXPERIENCE is said to be the best teacher, and so it is. From careful experiments with different materials for walks, I am prepared to say that *leached ashes* are superior to all substances used for that purpose, unless it be flagging stone; and to them the purchase and cost of construction are formidable objections. Then, to fit them to a serpentine or winding walk, which is the only proper form for lawns and pleasure grounds, is a difficult and expensive task, besides they are too heavy and clumsy in appearance. Plank are alike objectionable. Brick cannot be recommended. Gravel or sand will not *pack*, and is, therefore, good for nothing. Ashes pack the best of all substances suitable for walks of which I have any knowledge; and often in a few weeks' use, if the weather is *rainy*, become nearly as hard as adamant. It does not wash like gravel, but retains its place and shape with remarkable tenacity. For carriage roads or drive ways it has no equal.

My mode of construction is this:—I first sink the walk some ten or twelve inches below the surface and fill with ashes, treading it firm with the feet. I raise it slightly in the centre, which gives the walk a convex form, and enables it to shed off the water falling upon it. I then, if my ashes were sufficiently damp to pack well, give it a coating of clean sand, such as is used for house plaster, from one-fourth to one-half an inch in depth, and call it finished.

The following are some of the advantages that pertain to this kind of walk. 1st, No thistles or weeds can grow in it. 2d, It is easily and cheaply made. 3d, It is cool and grateful to the feet in a feverish day. 4th, It is very durable, being (if convex) nearly impervious to water and never heaves with frost.

It is now three years since I made my drive way and walks, after the above plan; hence, I speak confidently, and can recommend to others the course I have adopted. I have to add that no sand or foreign substance should be mixed with the ashes, as it would seriously injure their packing qualities. S. B. ROCKWELL.

"Spring Side," Middlebury, Vt., 1859.

MISTRUST OF PROVIDENCE.

COL. MOORE:—It is somewhat singular that farmers, who rely upon the firmest and most stable means of subsistence, should be the most distrustful. The untimely June frost which visited us, made more long faces among farmers than any other class of people. It is a fact that many exhibit the spirit of CAIN, the first farmer of whom we have any knowledge. Through his jealousy and mistrust of Providence, he afflicted EVE, by causing the death of her beloved ABEL. What is the use of putting on such a solemn visage on account of the crops or the weather? Shall we make mouths at the Almighty, or call to account the great Jehovah? Are we not exalted above all men, in being honored by a partnership with the Most High? The Great God of Nature is the silent, though active partner, of every farmer who tills a rod of earth. He furnishes the capital, and we do the labor. He sends the sunshine and shower. He is, after all we may do by the aid of science and machinery, the Great Prime Mover in all the operations of Agriculture. He sent the frost for the best of reasons. He gave us a little too warm a May, and as a consequence, to balance it, we have had a little too cold a June. Is not this right? Does not this square the matter? With a hot May, June and July in conjunction, or succession, with no modification, where would have been your grain or grass? What man or beast could endure it, either?

Our philosophy is that we must have so much heat and so much cold throughout the year—that the whole is nicely calculated and meted out as it seemeth good in the sight of Him from whom proceedeth every good and perfect gift. If corn and other things have been checked, it was only that they might put more rapidly forward at the end of the course. We have only been rounding the dangerous curve of Spring, to pass more rapidly forward upon the level of a beautiful and glorious Summer. No one need regret that he has his money invested in land, when he thinks of the failures incident to mercantile life, or remembers the yawning gulf where the Central America went down. We have the promise of seed-time and harvest. One we have had eminently propitious, and we shall have the other in proportion, as sure as results follow causes, or as day succeeds night. Nature is yet to display her mightiest powers, and in due time we shall reap if we faint not. H. K. F.

Cambridge Valley, N. Y., 1859.

TO CURE DISTEMPER IN HORSES.—Give one dessert spoonful of powdered gum myrrh once a day for a week, in bran or meal, and you will have a sure cure.—M. K., *Willow Copse, O.*, 1859.

CLEANSING WOOL FOR HOME USE.

EDS. RURAL:—A "Michigan Subscriber" wishes to be informed concerning the manner of "cleansing wool for home use." I will give him *our way*, and *can* say that, in the article of *cleansed wool* and *fine rools*, we yield the palm to none. But for the means employed. Take the fleeces, one at a time, unroll, and carefully remove all large, loose dirt; make a suds (not too strong, however, as such would have a tendency to make the wool harsh,) of soft soap and rain water, *hot* as convenient for the hands. Fill a tub half full, or more, then put in the *wool, press and squeeze*, being careful to tangle as little as possible. Repeat the process through a second suds, and do not rinse nor wring, but squeeze out as before, and spread on boards a little inclined, so that the water can pass off rapidly. When dry employ as many girls as convenient to "pick" it—for as much depends on the proper picking of wool as cleansing—in order to insure nice, white rools, and also to prevent the "carder from grumbling." All foreign substances must be removed. This being done, if the carder performs his part as well, and the spinning and weaving *are equal*, you will have cloth good enough, I came near saying, *for our President*; but as it might, after all, be too *home-made* for his Majesty, I will take that back, and simply say, *good enough* for a *"poor Michigander,"* at least.

We Western New-Yorkers long since abandoned cloth-making, *our* ladies being decidedly *too delicate* for such laborious employment. Some few still adhere to the custom of spinning "stocking yarn," and if the "old fashioned way" of making fullcloth was still practiced, we should see fewer farmers going about in tattered garments, for this "cotton wool stuff" will not stand the wear and tear of every day life.—A. M. BISHOP, *Pavilion, N. Y.*, 1859.

FRIEND MOORE:—I have perused your columns ever since the RURAL was published with a good deal of thought, and must say the NEW-YORKER is a welcome guest. It appears that "A Subscriber" in Wheatland, Hillsdale Co., Mich., wants to know how to cleanse wool. *I wish there were more seeking the same information.* Here is the recipe:—Two pails of rain water; one of urine; one pint of salt—heat all to scalding heat. Put in the wool, stir with a stick and let it remain for about thirty minutes. Take it out with a stick and lay on a board to drain. Have the board so arranged on the side of the tub or kettle that the liquor will run back in the same. After the first kettle full is taken out add more water, urine, and salt, to keep up the strength of the liquor, and proceed as before. The longer the liquor is used the better.—Soft soap, or lye from ashes, will answer in the place of urine, or may be used with them. The liquor must be strong enough to dissolve the gum or oil on the wool, so as to rinse off clean. It is of no benefit to pick it. Being engaged in the business for a term of years, I know how the operator is censured.—ASA FOOT, JR., *Sherburne, Chenango Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

FAILURE OF HAY IN NORTHERN OHIO.

IT is a singular circumstance to me, that the failure of the hay crop in this section of the country appears to be from the change of grasses. Our timothy meadows have not failed so much from being short and stunted, as from thinning out. As you walk the road many meadows appear to have a good growth, and so they have of scattering spears; but on a nearer approach, and looking from the top of the fence, you discover an unusual quantity of white clover. The whole country, meadows, pastures and door yards, appears to have nearly double the usual quantity of white clover. We look to the RURAL to learn the extent of this usurpation of the place of the timothy by the white clover, as also the why and wherefore.

I think P., in the RURAL of the 23d, could not have been aware of our facility for wine-making in the West, or he would not have put off his congratulations to the time of raising pie plant, currants and grapes. Any Western or Eastern city can turn out more wine, and at lower rates, than could be manufactured from currants and grapes, if they were not only grown but gathered and in the manufacturers' vats. The wine bibbers of this day have not the discriminating taste of the ancestors of Sancho Panza. M. A.

Toledo, Ohio, July, 1859.

ARE PEACH LEAVES POISONOUS?

MESSRS. EDS:—Is it generally understood by farmers that peach leaves will kill cattle? Some two weeks since I threw two peach trees that had been broken down by the wind, into a small pasture lot where I had two calves. Both eat of the leaves, but one I noticed partook much more freely than the other. The third day after the peach trees were thrown into the lot the calf that I noticed eating of the leaves most freely showed signs of sickness, want of appetite, dullness of the eyes, &c. The man who had the care of them said it had not eaten well for two or three days, (since eating the peach leaves.) I caught it and administered a piece of salt pork. The next morning it was entirely helpless, unable to rise or stand after assisted up, but for two days longer it retained the power of holding up its head and drinking, afterwards it lost this power and was fed by a bottle. It remained in this state for four days and died.—Occasionally it would eject from its nose a green fluid, resembling the juice of peach leaves. On opening it after death, the leaves of the *manifold* were found coated with a downy substance resembling that on the under side of the peach leaf. I present these statements to you, to give my own experience, and also to elicit facts that may be in the possession of your readers.

Gates, Monroe Co., N. Y., 1859. WM. R. BOOTH.

CHEESE-MAKING.—Can some RURAL correspondent tell us how to make cheese successfully from a few cows say from two to four? So far as I can judge, not one woman in twenty in this town knows how to make a cheese of any kind. We shall be greatly obliged for the process in full through the columns of the RURAL.—H. B., *Roanoke, Huntington Co., Ind.*, 1859.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Training Oxen.

AT a recent meeting of the Concord (Mass.) Farmers' Club, CHARLES A. HUBBARD read an Essay upon Working Oxen, from which the following extract, giving his mode of "Training," is taken:

A word on training oxen. I have found that by far the best time to train steers is when they are calves, say the first winter. Oxen that are trained when quite young, are much more pliable and obedient, and this adds much to their value. Steers that run until they are three or four years old, are dangerous animals to encounter. They are always running away with the cart or sled whenever there is a chance for them, and often serious injury is the result. I would not recommend working steers hard, while young, as it prevents their growth; there is a difference between working them and merely training them. I have observed that very little attention is paid by our farmers to train their steers to back, but as they become able to draw a considerable load forward, they are often unmercifully beaten on the head and face, because they will not back a cart or sled with as large a load as they can draw forward, forgetting that much pains has been taken to teach them to draw forward, but none to teach them to push backward. To remedy the occasion of this thumping, as soon as I have taught my steers to be handy, as it is called, and to draw forward, I place them on a cart where the land is a little descending; in this situation they will soon learn to back it. Then I place them on level land, and exercise them there. Then I teach them to back a cart up land that is a little rising, the cart having no load in, as yet. When I have taught them to stand up to the tongue as they ought, and back an empty cart, I next either put a small load in the cart, or take them to where the land rises faster, which answers the same purpose; thus in a few days they can be taught to back well, to know how to do it, and by a little use afterwards, they will never forget. This may appear of little consequence to some, but when it is remembered how frequently we want to back a load, when we are at work with our cattle, and how convenient it is to have our cattle back well, why should we not teach them for the time when we want them thus to lay out their strength? Besides, it often saves blows and vexations, which is considerable when one is in a hurry. I never consider a pair of oxen well broke until they will back with ease any reasonable load, and I would give a very considerable sum more for a yoke of oxen thus tutored than for a yoke not thus trained.

Facts about Cattle.

THE following items are from a recent issue of the New York *Tribune:*

It is a fact that all domestic animals can be improved in size and value. One hundred and fifty years ago, the average weight of cattle at the Smithfield market was not over 370 pounds, and that of sheep 28 pounds. Now the average weight of the former is over 800 pounds, and of the latter 80 pounds.

The average weight of cattle, properly termed beeves, in the New York market, is about 700 lbs., and sheep 50 lbs.

The average live weight of the heaviest drove of beeves, 109 in number, ever brought to this market, was 2,067 pounds, weighed from dry feeding in Illinois, last spring.

The mode of selling cattle in New York is at so much per pound for the estimated weight of meat contained in the four quarters. The estimation is made upon the live weight of cattle as follows:

A drover in buying a lot of grass-fed, common stock in Illinois, should never calculate to get an estimate of over one-half here of the live weight there. That is, if the drove average 12 cwt., they will make 6 cwt. of meat each.

Medium beeves may be estimated at 54 or 55 lbs. per cwt. Good beeves at 56 or 57 lbs. Extra good, large and very fat, from 57 to 62 lbs. per cwt.

In the Boston market, the weight is generally estimated upon "five quarters," that is, the product estimated upon an average, 64 lbs. per cwt.

In New York, not one bullock in ten thousand goes upon the scales to determine his price to the butcher.

White Specks in Butter.

IN the issue of the *New England Farmer* for July 16th, "An Old Farmer" replies to an article on this subject, as follows:—"I never manufactured or sold churns, but have used them more than forty years; I have had white specks in my butter but it was not caused by uneven churning, or by scraping down the cream while churning. The cream should be put down as soon as it thickens, and before the buttermilk appears, or you lose the cream, but it will not cause white specks in the butter; dried cream is the cause of white specks. It is dried in summer by a current of air blowing across the pans. Since I altered my milk-room, and put on a blind to prevent the wind from blowing directly across the pans, I have got rid of the dried cream. If your cream is dried, you can soak it in the cream-pot and prevent the specks in the butter; it should be soaked twenty-four hours before churning, and stirred well, and if thick, some milk added to soak it; but if you churn it as soon as skimmed, in any churn, you will have white specks in the butter."

Another writer upon the same subject, remarks: "The white specks in butter are caused by getting milk in with the cream when skimming, which is suffered to lie still until it becomes hard like cheese; to prevent this, stir the cream thoroughly after skimming it off the milk; this will generally prevent there being specks in the butter. If the cream is strained after skimming it off, there will never be specks. If my theory be correct, it will be seen that the idea of cream making stripes or specks in butter is incorrect. Good butter-makers rarely have stripes or specks in their butter; if they do, they attribute the cause to the neglect of duty in not taking proper care of the cream, and properly working the butter."

NEST EGGS FOR 1860.—Lay up the old eggs that do not hatch, on the plate or beam of some outbuilding in a cool, dry place until next spring, when they will become dryed up, no danger of bursting, and you will have the real hen's egg for a nest egg.—C. O. BRUNDIGE, *South Sodus, N. Y.*

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE WEATHER of the past two weeks has generally proved favorable for the growing crops, though there has been a superabundance of rain. The frequent and heavy rains have delayed the closing of harvest labors somewhat, yet we hear of little damage from this cause. Spring crops are progressing finely. Potatoes in this region promise a remarkable yield, and more are planted than ever before. With a favorable fall the prospect is that Indian corn will prove a good crop—though that planted on green sward is late for the season.

SOULES' WHEAT.—Several farmers in this vicinity have just harvested very fine crops of white wheat. Mr. E. S. HAYWARD, of Brighton, has shown us an excellent sample of Soules' wheat, from a field which produced over 30 bushels to the acre. JAS. SHERRY, Esq., of Irondequoit, had a field of nearly twenty acres of Soules'—grown on the bank of Lake Ontario—which entirely escaped the midge, and bid fair when we saw it (just before harvest,) to yield from 25 to 30 bushels to the acre. In one case where a farmer sowed two acres of Soules' quite late, and merely to get a crop of straw, the yield is the best he has had for many years—nearly 40 bushels to the acre. This is encouraging, yet we would not advise the sowing of Soules' wheat this fall, as a general rule—doubling its safety, except on the best soil, and with a favorable season.

YIELD OF WHEAT—*Disappointment.*—A correspondent of the Rochester Union says that the farmers of Lima, Livingston county, were sure, before harvest, of from 20 to 30 bushels of Wheat per acre. But when they came to thresh the wheat, to their surprise they found a yield of 30 to 40 bushels per acre! *Per contra*, we observe statements from papers published in Virginia, Tennessee, and other sections of the South and Southwest averring that, on threshing, the yield of wheat is in many instances only one-fourth to one-half what was anticipated! Taking the country through, we think the latter and real kind of disappointment is far more general than the agreeable one experienced by our Livingston Co. farmers. It is now said that, notwithstanding the assertions of the commercial papers to the contrary, the wheat crop of Illinois and the Northwest is below an average.

WINTER BARLEY.—We have received several heads of very superior winter barley grown by Mr. SANFORD A. SMITH, of Wheatland—as sample of a field of sixteen acres. It is four-rowed, large, and very prolific, Mr S. having found as many as 93 kernels in a single head.

—Speaking of winter barley, we may add that the crop is becoming a favorite with many farmers in this region. The yield is generally good this season, and many rank the crop among the most reliable and profitable produced in localities favorable to its growth. An excellent farmer, and President of an Ag. Society, recently informed us that he could depend upon from 40 to 50 bushels per acre, which he considered better than 25 to 30 bushels of wheat, to say nothing of the risk of the latter in districts where the midge prevails. On the contrary, a shrewd farmer at our elbow, (an ex-president of an Ag. Society, and a Major also,) thinks barley is more tender than wheat, and requires as rich soil and equally good culture—though undoubtedly midge proof. In his opinion, also, barley does not rank among the Christian grains! Who shall decide when officials disagree!

CHANGES AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.—The *American Farmers' Magazine* (formerly *Plough, Loom and Anvil*, established by JOHN S. SKINNER, and published for some years past by Prof. J. A. NASH, of New York,) has been discontinued for want of support. The editor states that his loss has not been less than $5,000, and that the Magazine "dies of a collapse in the money drawer." While we regret this result of Prof. N.'s efforts, it is not surprising—experience and observation having convinced us that rural monthlies cannot be properly sustained without great exertion and expense in localities where Agricultural weeklies are published.

The South Countryman, an able agricultural monthly, edited by Rev. C. W. HOWARD, has been merged in *The Southern Cultivator*, Augusta, Ga., both editors uniting their efforts "to produce a Southern Agricultural Monthly of unrivalled interest and value." Success to the union!—for united (married) they stand, whereas, if divided, at least one would fall.

REAL ESTATE ADVANCING.—The prospect of again growing wheat successfully in Western New York is already affecting the price of farming lands. As an instance, we learn that the property known as the "Babbage Farm," consisting of two hundred acres, in Stafford, Genesee county, was sold a few days since at $100 per acre—the purchaser being Hon. TEACY PARDEE, a shrewd business man, who would not be likely to invest without a good prospect of "realizing" in the shape of profit. We trust the long-expected "good time coming" for our farming interests is at last arriving.

PREMIUM OF $100 FOR BEST TEN ACRES OF WHEAT!—In order to encourage the production of Wheat, and obtain for dissemination reliable information as to the most successful modes of culture in sections where the midge prevails—as in Western and Central New York—we hereby offer a Premium of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the Best Ten Acres of Winter Wheat (quantity and quality considered) grown in this State during the ensuing year, on one contiguous piece of land, being a part of the farm owned and cultivated by the competitor. A sample of the grain, and statement of mode of cultivation, &c., (similar to that required by the N. Y. State Agricultural Society on Farm Crops,) must be furnished to D. D. T MOORE, Rochester, on or before the 1st day of October, 1860, by whom, in conjunction with Gen. RAWSON HARMON of Monroe Co., Hon. T. C. PETERS of Genesee, JOHN JOHNSTON, Esq., of Seneca, and Hon. GEORGE GEDDES of Onondaga, (or other competent and disinterested persons,) the premium will be awarded.—[For particulars as to conditions, statement required, etc., see RURAL of July 23d.]

J. J. THOMAS' FARM.—A very erroneous statement having lately appeared in the RURAL NEW-YORKER in relation to the farm now occupied by our fellow citizen, J. J. THOMAS, with a view to detract from his reputation as a successful cultivator as well as writer, we hereby certify that the statement alluded to is entirely false, and that his residence is one of the most beautiful in this part of the country, and his farm a very neat and productive one in a high state of cultivation; and that during the short time he has occupied it, it has undergone great improvements, among which are some miles of tile draining.

H. H. FARLEY.
EDWARD KLEINHANS.
LABAN HOSKINS
WM. H. CHASE.

UNION SPRINGS, August 5, 1859.

Remarks.—In *cheerfully* giving place to the above, we beg to distinctly inform its authors that their emphatic assertion that the extract relative to J. J. THOMAS' farm was published "with a view to detract from his reputation as a successful cultivator as well a writer," is not only "very erroneous," but "entirely false." On the contrary, it was copied and commented upon by our Horticultural editor (who is a personal friend of Mr. THOMAS,) with the kindest intentions—for the purpose of *leading* a paragraph which was going the rounds of the press, rather than of injuring our esteemed friend.

HORTICULTURAL

HORTICULTURAL VISITS.

In no way can knowledge be better gained than by visiting the gardens of good cultivators at this season of the year. On this subject we give a valuable article from a lady correspondent in another column. Those who intend to visit Rochester to look at our fine gardens and superb nurseries should do so during August, or the early part of September. Persons of horticultural taste, or in pursuit of knowledge on this subject, would be well repaid for a visit, even should they have to travel a thousand miles for its accomplishment. The present is comparatively a season of leisure, and our nurserymen will be happy to wait upon visitors, show them their grounds, and trees, and plants, and give all needed information, but the latter part of September they will be preparing for fall business, and will not have a moment to devote to friends who may call. Many go away disappointed because they make their visits at unseasonable times. And this is done through a mistaken idea that if trees are needed for the orchard, or plants for the garden, personal attendance is necessary at the time of taking up; while the fact is, this is the very worst time that could be chosen for making a selection of trees. Visit the nurseries now, examine the trees, and fruits, and flowers, ask all the questions you think necessary, obtain catalogues, make out your orders with care, leave them with the nurserymen with which you propose to deal, and, our word for it, you will be much better served — obtain better trees and more suitable varieties — than though you had given the matter your personal attention during the hurry of fall business.

The Summer Pears are now ripening, and perhaps you will be invited to test their quality. The *Beurre Giffard* is in its prime, and the *Osband's Summer* will be in eating in a few days. The *Rostiezer* and the *Tyson* will be right for tasting by about the first of September, which will be as soon as some of our friends will be able to make us a visit. Then you can see acres of dwarf pear trees, and hundreds of different varieties, loaded down with fruit, from the little *Seckel* to the monstrous *Cuttillac*. Here you can examine their habits, see the way in which they are cultivated, pruned and trained, and give a very good guess as to your ability to grow pears and the prospects as to profit.

The Dwarf Apple Trees deservedly attract a good deal of attention. About as large as a good lilac bush, and bearing from a peck to one or more bushels of apples, they are curious, beautiful and valuable.

Those who have been discouraged about growing Plums, and have considered the curculio invincible, will be very much encouraged by observing every tree, and scores of varieties, that they never before heard of, bearing enormous crops of the most luscious fruit, and ripening in succession from the first of August until the last of summer.

The Small Fruits are gone, with the exception of the Blackberries, and these are now gradually ripening, giving a good picking every day. We believe everybody in this section is better pleased with the *New Rochelle* than ever before. It is giving an excellent crop.

In the Floral Department, some fine roses may yet be seen, and the later and more beautiful varieties of the Phlox family may soon be seen in all their glory. This is a class of flowers deserving far more attention than they receive from amateurs. They are hardy, herbaceous plants, need no protection, and by a proper selection of varieties will give blooms from May to October. The later sorts, however, are the finest.

It is curious sometimes to observe how people open their eyes with astonishment when they see for the first time a good collection of *Hollyhocks*.— The nurseries have very fine varieties in flower, well worth looking at. The late flowering Herbaceous Plants, such as the *Antirrhinum Delphinum*, &c., and the Bedding Plants, such as *Verbenas* and *Petunias*, never were to be seen to better advantage. The Dahlias show a few flowers, and will improve every day until frost.

Filling up every spare corner are the Annuals, bright as the brightest — the *Ten Week Stock*, the *Balsam*, the *Phlox Drummondii*, the *Aster* and a score of others which we will not name. In conclusion we say, visit our gardens and nurseries, all good gardens in your neighborhood, make notes of what you see desirable, resolve to have a good garden next season, and take the necessary means to carry out your resolution.

MY GARDEN.

Messrs. Editors.—I am delighted with my first summer's experience in gardening. Of course, I did not expect to do much the first year, for I could not grow strawberries or raspberries, or many of the nice things that I have provided for next year. But, in the vegetable line I have beaten many that have had far more experience. This is the first year that I have had possession of my garden, which was one that had been neglected, and the soil had become so poor that the former owner told me last year he did not even get his seed back, and discouraged me from making any outlay. It contained a few large apple trees in pretty fair condition, mostly early sorts, and one *Baldwin* tree, and some grape vines, the lot being half an acre. In it were many old, half-dead peach trees. The ground had been plowed for several years, and was in a rough, uneven state. The first thing I did was to get all the ashes I could and scatter over the surface—only about a couple of loads. Then I purchased twelve loads of stable manure, costing, delivered, eight dollars. I then had all the useless trees taken up, spread the manure over the surface, and had the whole garden spaded up, which cost me about nine dollars more.

Now, for the result. I sowed *Early Kent, Prince Albert, Tall Sugar*, and two or three other sorts of peas, and some lettuce, first. The lettuce did well, and furnished all we needed for my family, which is large, and the peas came on in succession from the middle of June and continued for about a month to furnish a mess nearly every day. On the Fourth of July I commenced digging *Early June* potatoes, then followed *Mountain Junes* and *Buckeyes*. I have probably dug about a bushel a week ever since, and shall have enough early sorts to last me until about the first of October, and then I shall probable have thirty bushels of *Mexicans, Peach Blows* and *Mercers*, for winter use. I had forgotten radishes The first sowing did not amount to much, being hard and hot, but I sowed another lot about the middle of June, and in a few weeks they were very fine. Summer squashes I have in abundance, and also *Early Bassino, Long Blood*, and *White Sugar Beets*, as well as that excellent little summer carrot, *Early Short Horn*. *Tomatoes* are beginning to ripen, and I have picked a dozen or so, and shall soon have abundance. I have the *Vegetable Egg*, almost as large as my head, but hardly know what to do with them, but shall try by-and-by. *Sweet Corn* I think might be picked now, but I prefer to wait a week, and as I have four patches, planted at different times, I think I shall have corn until frost, and this is a great luxury.

Cucumbers have not done very well. The soil was pretty hard for them, and the weather cold and changeable the early part of the season; and water and muskmelons are about in the same condition. Another season I would have small glass frames made some two feet in diameter, and keep the plants in these until they became large and the weather warm. This, I have no doubt, would give good melons early.

I had forgotten *Beans*, of which I have had abundance, and in a week or so can commence on *Limas*, and the *Celery* is almost fit to earth up. Now, I have attended to this myself, nights and mornings, with the exception of a little help from two small boys, and a man hired three days, and I can say that a vegetable garden affords not only great pleasure, but if *well attended*, great profit.

My *Early Harvest Apples* have been exceeding fine, the *Baldwin* tree is loaded, and after a good deal of pruning and labor I think the vines will reward me with a bushel or two of ripe Isabellas.

A Very Young Gardener.

VISIT YOUR NEIGHBORS' GARDENS.

In Spring, in Summer, and in Autumn, visit your neighbors' gardens. In Spring, see how they prepare their ground for different crops; what kinds of seeds they plant; what precautions they use against destructive worms and insects; what new varieties of fruit trees, vines, bushes, &c., they are planting, and what situations they choose for them, whether moist or dry, shaded or sunny; mark the comparative hardiness of previously planted trees, vines and shrubs, as indicated by the way they have borne the preceding winter, taking into account differences of exposure; and look about for anything new, curious, or interesting, in the way of flowering plants, shrubs, &c.

In Summer, observe your neighbors' modes of cultivation; take notice of any peculiarities in their treatment of particular vegetables, fruits, and flowers, and compare their methods and the results obtained with your own efforts and success. Don't imagine that there is nothing worth looking at, except in grand, imposing establishments; you may often see a finer patch of potatoes, cabbages, or onions, in the humble, unpretending garden of your nearest Irish neighbor, and gain from the proprietor more useful hints concerning their cultivation, than would be afforded by a visit to the most complete garden collection within your reach. Small cultivators, or persons who raise but few kinds of vegetables, are quite apt to produce them in greater perfection than more extensive or ambitious cultivators.

Go to your neighbors' gardens in Autumn to witness the quality and abundance of their later fruits and vegetables, their pears, grapes, turnips, potatoes, winter squashes, &c., &c., not forgetting to take a look at their late-blooming flowers. Ask the owner's leave to take seeds of desirable varieties that you do not possess, and which they have to spare, giving them, in return, rare seeds from your own garden. It is better for you, better for you both, than to run the risk of being imposed upon by the trash sent out by ignorant or unprincipled seedsmen. Be sure to learn your neighbors' methods of putting up their winter fruit, and remember to make inquiries in late winter or early spring as to the keeping qualities of different kinds.

Give special heed to all accounts of adverse experience in cultivation. It may save you time, trouble, and disappointment in future. Enthusiastic amateurs, coming into possession of new varieties of plants which they are anxious to increase, are very likely to commit mistakes, a history of which will be useful to their neighbors. As an example, a garden in this neighborhood contains a few bushes of the Lawton or New Rochelle blackberry, planted a year ago last spring. In the fond hope (as the novelists say,) that the plants might be propagated by layering, the zealous owner, last fall, bent down several canes, and covered a portion of each with earth, leaving two or three inches at the end exposed. In February, the buried part of the canes was separated from the other, as was supposed proper. It was curious, in Spring, to see the fruit buds on the end of the layers swell into blossom, and then the whole, flower and stalk, gradually dry up and die. As the great June frost destroyed most of the fruit that set on the bushes, the owner gained his experience at a small cost of berries.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1859. A.

Ontario Grape.—Last week we had an opportunity to taste the *Ontario Grape*—only a single berry or so—grown in the house of Bissell & Salter. In appearance and flavor it was very much like the *Isabella*. This we cannot consider a test of its quality or merits in any respect. The present Autumn we hope to test many of the new grapes.

BEURRE GIFFARD PEAR.

Among the new pears recommended for *general cultivation* at the last meeting of the *American Pomological Society*, was the *Beurre Giffard*, a good engraving of which we now give our readers. This pear differs very materially in size, and somewhat in form, and on the quince root we have seen specimens much larger than that shown in the engraving, which is about medium, or perhaps a little below medium size.

The *Beurre Giffard* is now ripe (Aug. 9th) and we have never before tasted more delicious specimens, nor have we seen a more abundant crop. This variety must now rank as one of our best summer pears. It has fully indicated the wisdom of the American Pomological Society in recommending it for general cultivation, as the reports we receive from widely distant localities, are all very favorable. It is a French variety, and was first fruited in this country about 1850.

The tree is a moderate grower, and therefore planters must not feel disappointed that it does not keep pace with the *Vicar of Winkfield, Duchesse d'Angouleme* and other strong growers. It is distinct in wood and foliage, the young shoots being long and slender, the bark reddish, the leaves small, with very long, slender leaf-stalk. It succeeds well, both on pear and quince stocks.

Fruit medium size, occasionally large, acute-pyriform. Stalk, usually about an inch long, sometimes one and a half inches, pretty stout, and inserted without any depression, except in rare cases. Calyx—closed, segments long and stiff, in a narrow basin. Skin—greenish yellow in the shade, sprinkled with carmine dots; sunny side red, varying from light to dark, and mottled with dark spots and stripes. Flesh—white, tender and juicy, with a sprightly, vinous flavor, and somewhat of a spicy perfume. It is greatly improved, as all summer pears are, by being gathered before ripe.

TIME OF SETTING STRAWBERRY PLANTS.

Friend Moore:—We are frequently asked "When is the best time to set Strawberry plants?" It is policy for vendors of plants to recommend Spring planting—as good, strong plants at *this* time, if left in their place, will make from three to a dozen in the remaining part of the season that will do well for spring planting—but all the good plants that get well-rooted in this month (August,) will bear a fine crop of berries next summer, whereas the same plants, if set next spring, will not give one-twentieth the quantity of fruit they would, if set in July or August. I am speaking particularly of the Wilson Seedling. With these I have had a little experience and would recommend to plant in this month, if you want to realize on your investment by next summer.

My plants of this variety that were set between rows of corn, in July and August of last summer, gave a beautiful crop of large and delicious berries in June of this year. Some single plants having over 150 berries. The plants which were set in the spring of 1858 did not average more than three or four to a plant, and inferior at that. Thus my experience prompts me to advise all who want to gain time, to plant now if they can, in preference to planting next spring; though it is quite as well to plant in spring if you are not ready this summer. I. W. Briggs.

Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y., August, 1859.

The Tomato as Food.—Dr. Bennett, a professor of some celebrity, considers the tomato an invaluable article of diet, and ascribes to it very important medical properties:—"1st, That the tomato is one of the most powerful aperients of the liver and other organs; where calomel is indicated, it is probably one of the most effective and the least harmful remedial agents known to the profession. 2d, That a chemical extract will be obtained from it that will supersede the use of calomel in the cure of disease. 3d, That he has successfully treated diarrhea with this article alone. 4th, That when used as an article of diet it is almost sovereign for dyspepsia and indigestion. 5th, That it should be constantly used for daily food—either cooked, raw, or in the form of catsup, it is the most healthy article now in use."

Hardy Shrubs in Wisconsin.—Seeing notices of hardy shrubs, &c., I will state my experience with one or more. The *Forsythia Viridissima* I have had three years. It grows fast in the summer, but every winter the blossom buds are killed; and last winter a good share of the bush was killed.—*Spirea*, "*Prunifolia*" and "*Opolosca*" do well. *Dielytra* killed. *Quince bushes* all winter killed. Crop of strawberries and raspberries very light. Blackberry crop will be very small compared with last year.—A. H. Raymond, *Oshkosh, Wis., July*, 1859

"First Premium" Pickled Peaches.—To four pounds of fruit add one pound of sugar; equal parts of good cider vinegar and water, sufficient to cover the fruit. Wipe the peaches, insert a clove in each, and put them in a jar with a few blades of mace. Boil the sugar, water and vinegar together; pour over the peaches while hot, and let them stand two days, closely covered. Repeat the process of heating two or three times. If the fruit is not sufficiently cooked, put it in the kettle the last time of heating, when sufficiently soft, skim out, boil the liquor until there is just sufficient to cover the peaches. When cold, put in jars, and they will keep in any place. This specimen has stood in a warm upper room two years.—Mrs. Rice, *Henrietta, N. Y.*, 1859.

Remarks.—The foregoing recipe was furnished one of the "Tasting Committee" of the Monroe County Agricultural Society, in accordance with the rules and regulations in such case made and provided, and handed, with several similar matters, to the Rural for publication some time since. As the names of other parties contributing specimens of their skill in the culinary department at the Annual Fair, are not attached to the various recipes in our possession, we have withheld them, in the hope that we might be enabled to render equal and exact justice to all interested. The peaches were declared "very fine," and, as the title indicates, were awarded the First Premium.—Eds.

Raspberry, Strawberry, Currant, or Orange Effervescing Draughts.—Take one quart of the juice of either of the above fruits; filter it, and boil it into a syrup with one pound of powdered loaf sugar. To this add one ounce and a half of tartaric acid. When cold put it into a bottle and keep it well corked. When required for use, fill a half pint tumbler three parts full of water, and add two tablespoonfuls of the syrup. Then stir in briskly a small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and a very delicious drink will be formed. The color may be improved by adding a very small portion of cochineal to the syrup at the time of boiling.—*Scientific American.*

Neuralgia.—This painful malady baffles the doctors. A member of the family of the editor of the Detroit Advertiser, impatient and despairing, recently tried a novel remedy; and found immediate relief from a poultice of bruised horse-radish. The remedy is simple. It can do no harm to try it.

Fried Cucumbers.—Take large cucumbers, (just before they begin to turn yellow;) pare and slit lengthwise; place them in clear water and boil till tender; take them out, dip in a thick batter, and fry in butter till brown. Serve hot, and you will have a dish equal to oysters.—M. K., *Willow Copse, O.*, 1859.

If your flat-irons are rough rub them well with fine salt, and it will make them smooth.

Horticultural Advertisements.

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES, PLANTS, &c.

A. FROST & CO., Proprietors of the Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y., publish the following Catalogues to represent their stock, which occupies Three Hundred acres.

All parties who may desire to purchase Fruit, Ornamental Trees, or Plants, will consult their interest by examining the following Catalogues, which are furnished on application. Prompt attention is given all communications.

No. 1. Descriptive Catalogue of Fruits.
No. 2. Descriptive Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, &c.
No. 3. Descriptive Catalogue of Dahlias, Verbenas, Green-house Plants, &c.
No. 4. Wholesale Catalogue or Trade List.
No. 5. Descriptive Catalogue of Flowering Bulbs. 500-7t

FOREIGN GRAPES FOR VINERIES.

ELLWANGER & BARRY

Have now ready for sending out a fine stock of Grapes for Vineries—strong, healthy vines in pots—raised from eyes. They mainly consist of the leading kinds, but include a moderate supply of the most celebrated new varieties, such as

Muscat Hamburg,
Stockwood Golden Hamburg,
Lady Downs,
Canadian Chief,
Muscat H. Laurent,
Muscat Ottonel, &c., &c.

Plants carefully packed and forwarded at any moment.

For full and detailed information respecting the stock, prices, terms, &c., we refer to the following catalogues, which will be sent gratis, prepaid, to all who inclose one stamp for each:

No. 1. Descriptive Catalogue of Fruits.
No. 2.—Descriptive Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, &c., &c.
No. 3.—Descriptive Catalogue of Dahlias, Green-house and Bedding Plants, &c.
No. 4.—Wholesale Catalogue for Nurserymen, Dealers, and others who purchase in large quantities.

ELLWANGER & BARRY,
501 Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

CHOICE STRAWBERRY PLANTS.

A splendid collection of Strawberry Plants, embracing over 500 of the finest varieties in cultivation, including many of recent introduction.

The following will be supplied at the annexed prices, and packed so that they will reach distant destinations in perfect safety

Boston Pine, Burr's New Pine, Black Prince, Climax, Crimson Cone, Cushing, Genesee, Hovey's Seedling, Large Early Scarlet, Longworth Prolific, McAvoy's Superior, Scott's Seedling, Triomphe de Gand, 50 cts. per 100, $1.

Hooker's Seedling, Jenny Lind, Triomphe de Gand, Trollope's Victoria, Wilson's Seedling, per 100, $2., per 1,000, $15.

New and Scarce sorts—British Queen, Duc de Brabant, Filbasket, Honneur de Belgique, La Reine, Peabody, Prince of Wales, Wellington, per dozen, 50 cents, per 100, $3.

Separate Catalogues of Fruits, of Ornamental Trees, Plants, &c., of Green-house Plants, &c., of bulbous Flower Roots, and list containing prices of the above in quantities, sent on application.

A. FROST & CO.,
501-2t Proprietors of the Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

NEW HARDY GRAPES.

In addition to a very large stock of the old popular varieties, such as Isabella, Catawba, Clinton, &c., we have a moderate supply of the following. The plants are all strong and well rooted. Prices will be furnished on application:

Concord,	Garrigues,
Diana,	Manhattan,
Delaware,	Massachusetts White,
Rebecca,	Franklin,
Hartford Prolific,	Elsinburg,
Northern Muscadine,	North America,
Montelth,	Ossaidy,
Camby's August (supposed same as York Madeira and Hyde's Eliza,)	Lincoln,
	Wright's Isabella,
	Union Village,
Anna,	Mammoth Catawba,
Clara,	Hensel's Early,
Emily,	Perkins,
Isabe,	Wilson,
Brinckle,	Black German, or Marion
To Kalon,	Port of Ohio.
Venango (or Miner's Seedl'g)	

Many of these we have not yet fruited, and therefore can say nothing of their quality.

For full and detailed information respecting the stock, prices, terms, &c., we refer to the following catalogues, which will be sent gratis, pre-paid, to all who inclose one stamp for each:

No. 1.—Descriptive Catalogue of Fruits.
No. 2.—Descriptive Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, &c., &c.
No. 3.—Descriptive Catalogue of Dahlias, Green-house and Bedding Plants, &c.
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ELLWANGER & BARRY,
501 Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES

FOR THE AUTUMN OF 1859.

ELLWANGER & BARRY have the pleasure of announcing, as usual, an immense stock of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs and Plants for the ensuing Fall trade, and solicit early orders. In every department the stock is of the finest description, vigorous, healthy and beautiful. The utmost pains have been taken by the proprietors personally, and their assistants, to insure accuracy, and to this point, and the general excellence of the stock, E. & B. solicit especial attention. Prices moderate and terms liberal, as will be seen by reference to the Priced Catalogues named below. Parties interested are invited to examine the stock in the grounds, and consult the Priced Catalogues before purchasing elsewhere.

The fruit Department embraces Standard Fruit Trees for Orchards, embracing all the most esteemed and valuable sorts for different parts of the country.

Dwarf Trees, for Gardens—all the best varieties adapted to garden culture in this form.

Grapes, hardy varieties, including all the new ones worthy of cultivation. (See Special Advertisement.)

Grapes, Foreign, for vineries, including the Muscat, Hamburg, Stockwood Golden Hamburg, Lady Downs and other new celebrated sorts.

Strawberries—all the American and Foreign varieties of proved excellence in this country.

Blackberries—Dorchester and New Rochelle or Lawton; of the latter, a great stock of strong plants.

Gooseberries—the best English sorts, and a great stock of the American Seedling, that bears wonderful crops and is exempt from mildew.

Currants—White Grape, (the largest and best white Currant,) Cherry, Victoria, &c., &c.

English Filberts and Spanish Chestnuts.

Figs—several finest sorts.

Rhubarb—Linnæus, Giant Victoria, and several new and fine English sorts.

Fruit Trees for Orchard Houses.

Dwarf Maiden Trees, of Apple, Pear, Plum, Cherry, Apricot, &c., of the finest sorts for pot culture or orchard houses. Suitable selections made by E. & B., if desired.

ORNAMENTAL DEPARTMENT.

The stock in this department is the largest and best we have ever before offered, and embraces everything desirable, new and old, among

Deciduous Ornamental Trees, *Weeping Trees, Evergreen Trees, Flowering Shrubs, Climbing Shrubs, Roses, Pæonies, Dahlias, Phloxes*, and all the most Ornamental Border Plants.

Bulbous Roots, including Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus, Crocus, Lilies, Gladiolus, &c., &c.

Stocks for Nurserymen.

Pear Seedlings, our own growth, 1 and 2 years.
Mazzard Cherry, 1 year.
Manalks do., 1 and 2 years.
Quince Stocks, 1 year from cuttings.

For full and detailed information respecting the stock, prices, terms, &c., we refer to the following catalogues, which will be sent gratis, pre paid, to all who inclose one stamp for each:

No. 1.—Descriptive Catalogue of Fruits.
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ELLWANGER & BARRY,
501 Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

GRAPE VINES.—For sale, at the Schuyler County Central Nurseries, Watkins, N. Y., 150 000 Isabella Grape Vines, 20,000 Catawba do.; 5,000 Clinton do.
July 29, 1859. [560-6t] M. D. FREER & CO.

WILSON'S AND PEABODY'S SEEDLINGS!

To all of whom it may concern and especially the members of the Rural Empire Club.—I will deliver at your Post Office, or nearest Express Office, Free of Charge, and warrant their safe arrival in a sound and healthy condition, plants of the above fruit, at the following very low rates.—12 plants for 50 cents; 40 do. for $1; 100 do. for $2; 500 do. for $7; 1,000 do. for $13; 2,000 do. for $20—with full printed instructions for planting, &c. Address

I. W. BRIGGS, Macedon Centre, N. Y.
50-3t N. B.—Notes of any specie-paying Bank, received at par.

WILSON'S ALBANY SEEDLING!

BEST AND MOST PROLIFIC STRAWBERRY!

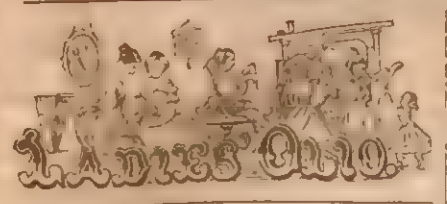
YIELD'S OVER 200 BUSHELS PER ACRE!

This unrivalled Berry has this year, on my grounds exceeded all previous ones, in size, quality and productiveness. Numberless specimens, from 4 to 4½ inches in circumference, some still larger. Having marketed the earliest and best of this fruit—and for nearly five weeks—I can supply selected, strong, new plants warranted true of the very best quality. Packed and delivered in Albany, 40 for 1,000; $6 for 500; $1,50 for 100; $1 for 50. Descriptive circulars sent to applicants inclosing stamp.

☞ No Traveling Agent Employed.

497-4t WM. RICHARDSON, Riverview, Albany, N. Y.

Moore's Rural New-Yorker has been our favorite for six or seven years, and we would not do without it for *three times* its cost. It is decidedly the *best* family paper published in the Union.—*Advertiser, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa*



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE CHILD-ANGEL.

BY IDA FAIRFIELD.

Six times had the pale moon waxed and waned,
Serene on her Heavenly way,
And the earth had soared half round the sun,
While the angel dwelt in clay.

A beautiful spirit, pure and bright,
Enshrined in a beautiful form,
With dark eyes gleaming like stars of night,
And soft lips, rosy and warm,

Had nestled close on a Mother's breast,
Veiling his wings of light,
In the rounded grace of his waxen arms,
And shoulders of matchless white.

Had smiled in love at the fond caress,
Gladdening his parent's hearts,
And filling his home with that holy joy,
Which innocence ever imparts.

Had daily and hourly in beauty grown,
Linking all hearts to his own,
With a love, immortal, as spirits are,
Who dwell by Jehovah's throne.

But the time of his sojourn quickly fled,
With the set of the April sun
The mandate came, "Return unto Me,
Thy mission on earth is done."

And death was sent to open the door—
The darksome door of the grave—
Through which the angel-child returned
To Heaven, and to Him who gave.

Through the valley lone, and the shadow dark,
His path he in triumph trod,
For he bore the hearts he had won on earth
Safe up to the throne of God.

Independence, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE MORNING AND EVENING HOURS.

One was wafted on the wings of the night, radiant with beauty, her brilliant plumage spangled with glistening dew-drops! Slowly—majestically—she seated herself upon her emerald throne, and the gentle breezes, as they danced playfully by, touched her robe and its silken folds floated lightly in the air. Above her arched an azure canopy, adorned with light, airy clouds, penciled with gorgeous hues and lined with silver. Pure-robed flowers greeted her and scattered drops of perfume along her pathway. Then from the east the sun appeared, casting a bright halo of light over the earth and bathing it in a sea of gold. Then the children of earth arose from their night couches and hailed the new hour; the husbandman went forth to his labors in the field, and the merchant to his counting-room. The weary child of poverty awoke from brightest dreams of wealth and sighed, for Fancy had conducted him through the flowery vales and by the rippling streams of Dream Land, and there had he found all his fondest hopes realized, his brightest visions fulfilled; but the morning hour with her dewy fingers oped his weary eyes and led him out from the fairy domains into this world of reality. Wearily he engages in the labors of the day, cheered by no ministering angel save the voice of Hope, which points upward—onward! Toil on tired wanderer! Soon will thy weary pilgrimage cease, and thou wilt be called to thy home above the sky! There sorrow shall not chase the sunlight from thy heart, but white-robed angels shall welcome thee home to Heaven.

The rosy hour has flown through the pearly gates of Paradise, her pinions laden with many an unkind act, wrong deed and unappreciated blessing. But she became weary of her burden ere she reached the throne of God and sank to rest 'neath the Ocean of the Past. Yet, ere her form was covered by the dark waters, the recording angel caught the sins which she bore and laid them in all their guilt before God, then traced them in the book of Remembrance and blotted the soiled page with a tear. Never more may we behold the beauties of that morning hour, for she has passed from earth away. Did she not carry with her the wrong acts and thoughts of *our* hearts? And does not each morning hour ascend Heaven-ward laden with the burden of our sins?

Another came, and brought with it sweet rest for the tired wanderer. It banished care from his brow and sorrow from his heart; and, as he thought of the little cottage amongst the trees, it gave new strength to his fainting soul and cheered his heart. Gloriously sang the bright stars together and the sunset clouds lay piled against the western sky in beautiful confusion, ever changeful, their light ever growing dim, and dimmer. Fit emblem of life with its ever varying clouds, now bright and beautiful, now dark and lowering, then fading away and to be seen no more forever. In this dusky evening hour did the lonely one bow her head in prayer to the God of Isreal, and implore His divine aid to guide her—the light of His love to radiate her heart. When the hour passed away, it bore to Heaven the pleading of the worn wanderer and placed it laden with Faith at the Savior's feet, and he sent an angel of mercy down to our earth and poured a healing balm into her wounded spirit, and she knew that God had listened to the voice of her petition.

A dying one greeted the evening hour and as the pale rays of the moon rested upon her wan features, a smile played about her fever-tinted lips and she uttered the words "going home!" A fit time, art thou, gentle twilight hour, in which for a white-robed angel to take its flight to Heaven.

The gay and joyous school-girl feels her heart grow sadder at this hour, and in her soul the purest and holiest feelings gather home. Remembrance gilds the past, and all the bright scenes of "long ago" are before her. The birds have warbled their good-night songs, and in the broad-spreading branches of the forest trees have gone to rest. No thought of wrong enters the heart, naught save the affections which twine about it and blossom there. Many a joy, many a sorrow, did the gentle hour bring to the children of earth, then departed to dwell forever among the ruins of the past. Thus the sisters journey on—one fresh and glittering with dew-gems—the beauty of the other only enhanced by a soft, hazy, veil thrown about her. One awakes from slumber the sons of earth, the other enfolds them in her gentle embrace, and leads them "through the green meadows and beside the still fountains," of Dream Land. They are two angels of mercy sent to speak "peace" to the weary ones of earth and lift their hearts from its toils and sorrows to Him who is ever ready to listen to their petitions. Morning, and evening! Heaven-sent messengers, to bear our orisons up to the throne of God!

Thus the sisters journey onward,
With the earth they'll pass away,
One doth ope the gates of morning,
And the other, shuts the day!

Brighton, N. Y., 1859. Minnie Louise.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PUBLIC WOMEN.

How *can* a lady who is striving in any measure after perfection of character, voluntarily make herself the "observed of all observers," to a crowd of curious gazers, who stare at her with unflinching curiosity, scrutinizing her person from head to foot, and criticising her every feature, every expression, every gesture, word and act?—Not merely the actors and speakers, but the singers and popular readers of the present day are, to me, I must confess, objects of disagreeable contemplation, lauded and patronized, *as they are*, by respectable people. I cannot help regarding them—where I know *nothing* of them except their profession—with a sentiment very nearly allied to that which rises spontaneously in the mind when we look on one who has gone astray from the path of virtue. They certainly *have* departed from that sphere wherein they were intended to serve God, and bless mankind.

Is there a pure-hearted, pure-minded person,—one whose natural instincts are allowed to speak with their own voice,—that will gainsay this?—Does not all natural sense of propriety, all refinement of taste, revolt from the sight, from even the idea, of a woman thus signalizing herself? Can we avoid looking upon such a character as one who has overstepped the boundary of true womanhood? And could we choose such companionship with any expectation that it would aid *us* to rise in the scale of moral excellence? If the tendency, then, is not upward, must it not necessarily be downward? Is there one, in all the crowd, in whose presence such a woman stands, that will not feel, instinctively, that she occupies a lower level in his, or her estimation, than if she had been found engaged in those duties, which, by general consent, belong more appropriately to her own sex? Can she long retain in such a situation that modesty and purity of character which is woman's crowning charm? If these things are so, then let all who have any influence, (and who has none?) discountenance this evil to the utmost extent of their power. M. H. H.

Connecticut, July, 1859.

AMUSEMENT AS A PART OF EDUCATION.

That which is recreation and diversion to the man is nothing else than an accumulation of fatigue for a child. In order to aid his physical formation, greater reliance should be placed upon amusements of his own choice than upon exercises, motions, and even plays, prescribed to him after a preconcerted plan. At an early age, one duty cannot afford relaxation after another duty. On the contrary, when an amusement is imposed upon a child, it becomes a new fatigue for him. Recreation and play are, no doubt, most necessary for him, but only on condition that they must be of his own accord, free from that contention of mind which is caused by doing a thing by compulsion, or for the sake of obedience. Amusement without perfect freedom of choice, is void of pleasure, and it is not only pleasure which gives the charm to amusement, but which by a natural reaction of the moral and physical elements, renders it salutary. Have we not seen, thousands of times, how warmly children contend among themselves in their plays? "I won't play any more," says the one who thinks himself aggrieved. He thinks that he has a right to say so. The same child would never think of saying, "I won't study any more." Compel him to play at "hide and seek," and at the end of a quarter of an hour he is tired of it; but had he chosen this play, he would not be tired of it at the end of four hours.

Parents who pretend to make the physical alternate continually with the moral and intellectual education, by arranging, after their own idea, the exercises of the one and of the other, and who, holding the child by the hand, compel him to go round a prescribed circle, condemn him also to slavery as tedious as it is useless. Let us always remember, that in order to obtain a good physical education, amusements and plays are of the greatest importance; and secondly, that these cannot be of any profit, but on two conditions, the one being as essential as the other, viz., pure air and perfect freedom.

Happiness of Children.—Children may teach us one blessed, one enviable art—the art of being easily happy. Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances which compensates for many external disadvantages, and it is only by injudicious management that it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's; free from artificial wants, unsatiated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasure; he can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle. I love to hear the boisterous joy of a troop of ragged urchins, whose cheap playthings are nothing more than mud, snow, sticks, or oyster-shells; or to watch the quiet enjoyment of a half-clothed, half-washed fellow of four or five years old, who sits, with a large, rusty knife, and a lump of bread and bacon, at his father's door, and might move the envy of an alderman.—*Sam Slick.*

SATURDAY EVENING AT TWILIGHT.

Beside my window now the light is fading,
And one by one the shadows slowly come;
And still amid the dimness and the shading,
Are busy footsteps, hasting to their home;
Beneath each cottage roof doth welcome wait,
And tender forms are leaning on the gate.

The week is ended, and though men are weary,
Yet there is gladness 'mid the lines of care;
While tuneful voices of the happy-hearted
Mingle their soft notes with the hymning air!
How blessed will be the meeting of each circle,
Once more united for their evening prayer.

In this dim light the heart is turned to praising,
And fitted for the coming morning chime;
While all the anthems sweet which nature raises,
Waken to mem'ries of some olden time;
Waken to voices of the old time calling—
Calling the long departed to another clime.

I know not why this darkness round me staying,
Should bring back loved ones that have pass'd away;
Or why these tears adown my cheeks are straying,
Or wakens in my heart this mournful lay;
My dead for years have pressed an earthy pillow,
Yet oft they come to soothe my fevered way.

Oh! in such hours as these the fetters sever
That bind us to the clay, so full of rust;
And we, thus launched upon life's crystal river,
Wash from our lips and lives the wayside dust;
Ere long from out this dimness we'll be gathered
Unto the hearth-stone where is all our trust.

The shadows by my window now are deepened,
And wander in my room with noiseless tread;
And darkness, like a veil, is wrapped around me—
I feel its hand upon my aching head;
So calm and still, I'll kneel unto my praying,
While bending o'er me are the quiet dead.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BEAUTY AND UTILITY.

However philosophers may attempt to account for it—however they may theorize and speculate about the matter—the fact still remains that every one is pleased with whatever is beautiful. The child, as soon as he can exercise the sense of vision, reaches out toward the red taper. As he grows older, he is pleased with images however rudely carved or colored. Every bird that sings above his head fills him with ecstacy, and he involuntarily stretches up eager to grasp it.

Since we find this to be the case with the savage as well as the civilized man, it becomes us to inquire what was the design of the Author of Nature in bestowing upon us this characteristic quality; and it will require but a few moments serious thought to convince us that it was given for some great and good purpose. The world is full of beauty, and could man but keep free from the gross things of the earth, which now so occupy his time and attention, and have his mind and vision clear to observe the glorious objects that lie stretched at his feet—which hang above his head—which float in the air and surround him on every side—he would never ask what object was to be accomplished by this delicate organization of the human soul.

There is, perhaps, scarcely any other study that tends more to elevate, refine and purify the mind, than a study of the things that Nature has so profusely thrown in our way. And no danger need be apprehended from a too careful scrutiny of their peculiar properties and distinguishing characteristics; for new beauties will continually burst upon the view and surprise us at every step.

Yet many people seem to have so lost all relish for these things, in which they once took the greatest delight—to have become so materialized as no longer to find any pleasure in them. Some even appear to think it a wicked waste of time to cultivate flowers, and adorn their premises with shrubs and trees, or to show any taste in the construction of their houses and in the arrangement of their gardens and fields. They have risen above such things—have become men and put away childish matters; never seeming to think that, perhaps, these were the very things designed to help make them such children as are of the Kingdom of Heaven. Who can look up into the blue sky in the still hours of night, and contemplate the steady, ceaseless and unwearied march of the sublime host spread out to his view, without feeling a desire to rise above and be free from the petty strifes and conflicts with selfishness to which he is liable every hour? Or who can behold a flower, growing far away in the wilderness, or on the desert, without feeling his heart lifted with thankfulness to Him who has everywhere put something to please and cheer us, and teach a lesson of meekness and trust? But it may be said that Beauty and Utility cannot well subsist together—are almost antagonistic. The falsity of this opinion may be easily tested. Did any one ever imagine that the sky displayed the starry firmament any less beautifully because it is blue, rather than black?—or that the grasses and grains of the fields, and the clothing of the trees, accomplish any less useful ends because they remain for a long time a green, rather than of some less pleasant color?

And, in regard to the works of art, who will say that a house, built with neatness and taste, is any less comfortable and convenient than one constructed in utter disregard of all rule? The fact is, a building, or its furniture, or any other work of art, not only gives more pleasure to every one who beholds it, when made with due regard to proportion in all its parts, but also is far less liable to be carelessly injured, and when accidentally damaged, is much more likely to be repaired and saved from further harm than one that has no symmetry or beauty to be marred. We place rude, unpainted seats and benches in our district school-houses, with the expectation that they will be whittled and soon spoiled, and we are not disappointed. Now, if we should provide neat and tasteful furniture for the school room, not only would the different articles be agreeable objects of sight to all the inmates, but would also be much less injured, while, at the same time, many would be saved from forming the bad habit—of which now almost every boy is guilty—that of defacing and mutilating almost everything that knife and pencil can affect.

And then what attractions has a home where everything is arranged to please and to improve! How many youth might be prevented from taking their first steps toward ruin in the street-school, and other places of resort for evening amusement, were their houses made as inviting as a little expenditure of time and money would make them! And what a refuge from the cares and perplexities of daily life is such a place! Come, look in with us upon a happy family group of the olden time, gathered about the large fire place to pass the long winter's evening. Here is one little company sewing and knitting, another shelling corn, while one, chosen for the purpose, is reading for the benefit of all. Now and then, as the reading proceeds and the narrative opens up scenes of thrilling interest, see the work drop from the hands of this one and that one; and again, as they look into the glowing coals, what wonderful thoughts arise! What strange and almost bewildering visions appear before the excited imagination!

But the cheerful and healthful fire-place is almost wholly banished in our Northern States, even from the houses of our farmers. Yet there are many advantages offered us which our forefathers could not afford to enjoy. Works of Art and Nature, both ornamental and useful, appropriate for the interior of the house and for the premises, are now brought within the reach of the great mass of our people.

You may easily adorn your walls with maps, and diagrams, and portraits—portraits of the great and good, the story of whose deeds and noble examples, after being once recounted, shall be repeated every time these silent preachers come in view. And trees, tall and straight, may be set out, the sight of which shall teach the rising generations to be upright—to stretch forth their hands with unwearied importunity toward heaven, whence cometh all blessing, and to be deeply rooted and grounded in that which is right, and true, and good. And flowers may be cultivated, the free and constant yielding of whose fragrance shall teach them what silent, yet speaking power there is in disinterested actions, and how beautiful and useful is a life of good deeds, which must ascend as a sweet smelling savor before the throne of God.

Thus may be left a homestead to which your descendents will ever revert with delight, as the spot of all the earth most dear—that about which cluster the most holy recollections.

Oberlin, Ohio, 1859. H. P. S.

HOME.

Home: it is a little word; it has its own interests, its own laws, its own difficulties and sorrows, its own blessings and joys. It is the sanctuary of the heart, where the affections are cherished in the tenderest relations, where heart is joined to heart, and love triumphs over all selfish calculations. It is the training school of the tender plants, which in after years are to yield flowers and fruits to parental care. It is the fountain whence come the streams which beautify and enliven social life.

If any man should have a home, it is the man of business. He is the true working-man of the community. The mechanic has his fixed hours, and when these have run their course, he may, ere the day closes, dismiss all anxiety as his labors ends, and seek the home circle. Comparatively little has been the tax on his mind, and not much more on his physical system, as he learns to take all easy. But the man of business is under a constant pressure. His is not a ten-hour system, with an interval of rest; but he is driven onward and onward early and late, without the calculation of hours. He must be employed. In the earnestness of competition—in the complexity of modern modes of business—in the fluctuations which frequently occur—in the solicitous dependence on the fidelity and integrity of others—he has no leisure moments during the day. With a mind incessantly under exciting engagements, and a body without its appropriate nutriment, he may well pant for home, and hail the moment when he may escape from his toils to seek its quiet, and its affection and confidence.—*Isaac Ferris.*

AUTHORSHIP.

The chief difficulty with an author is to get him to begin. He will think about it, talk about it, smoke over it, sleep over it, read on it. But he usually dislikes to commit himself on paper. Once let him get his pen at work, and if only the title is written, it will, in a great measure, work itself free and clear. With some men, to write the first sentence is half the battle, especially if before this be done, a sharp outline, a well defined plan, the simpler the better, lie clearly in the mind. This ought always to be the case. Be it a book, an article for a review, a poem, or a sermon, let these preliminaries be all clearly settled, and the introductory sentence once written, and with nine men out of ten, all the rest will follow and flow softly and evenly as a river. Indeed, most persons will write far better the more rapidly they compose, if they have a clear plan in their minds. To write thus with the blood boiling, then lay aside the manuscript and correct it six weeks afterwards, with a cool and dispassionate judgment, will generally produce the best things a man can write on any subject.

Washington on Vices and Amusements.—"Let vice and immortality of every kind be discouraged as much as possible in your brigade; and as a chaplain is allowed to each regiment, see that the men regularly attend divine worship. Gaming of every kind is expressly forbid, as the production of evil, and the cause of many gallant and brave officers' ruin. Games of exercise and for amusements may not only be permitted, but encouraged."

Men may give good advice, but they cannot give the sense to profit by it.

"WHOM, NOT HAVING SEEN, WE LOVE."

It is easy to love when eye meets eye,
And the glance reveals the heart,
When the flush on the cheek can the soul bespeak,
And the lips in gladness part;
There's a thrilling of bliss in the loving kiss,
And a spell in a kindly tone,
And the spirit hath chains of tenderness
To fetter and bind its own.

But a holier spell and a deeper joy
From a purer fountain flow,
When the soul sends higher its incense fire,
And rests no more below;
When the heart goes up to the gate of heaven,
And bows before the throne,
And striking its harp for sins forgiven,
Calls the Savior all its own.

Though we gaze not now on the lovely brow
That felt for us the thorn;
Though afar from home we pilgrims roam,
And our feet with toil are worn;
Though we never have pressed that pierced hand,
It is stretched our lives above;
And we own His care, in grateful prayer,
"Whom, not having seen, we love.

We have felt him near, for many a year,
When at eve we bent the knee
That mercy breath, that glorious faith,
Dear Savior, came from thee.
When we stood beside the dying bed,
And watched the loved one go,
In the darkening hour, we felt His power,
And it hushed the waves of woe.

And still, as we climb the hills of time,
And the lamp of earth grows dim,
We are hastening on from faith to sight,
We are pressing near to him;
And away from idols of earthly mould,
Enraptured we gaze above,
And long to be where his arms enfold,
"Whom, not having seen we love."

DEVOTION.

If we know that an individual holds communion with God, that fact tends to give us confidence in him. Something within us tells us that the praying person is one who will not injure us, and one whom we can safely trust. It was upon this principle that an infidel who was traveling, and who was overtaken by night-fall in a lonely and dangerous place, confessed that he was relieved of his fears of being assassinated, when the owner of the cabin where he had taken shelter led the family in prayer before retiring to rest. The infidel slept soundly after such a manifestation of Christianity. A cabin roofed and walled by prayer could not be an unsafe place, he thought. We have authority for another pleasing incident, illustrating the same point. In exercising hospitality to a clergyman who arrived at a dwelling late in the evening, the heads of the house surrendered to him their own chamber. Their little daughter, three years of age, was asleep in the crib, and they concluded not to disturb her. Quite early in the morning she awoke, and looking toward the bed usually occupied by her parents, saw a stranger there. At first she was startled, and covered her head with the counterpane. Soon, however, she peeped out and said, "Man, do you pray to God?" "Yes," was the answer, "I love God, and pray to him every day." This satisfied the little inquirer; she smiled, turned over, and dropped asleep.

THE FULLNESS OF CHRIST.

The happiness we derive from creatures is like a beggar's garment—it is made up of pieces and patches, and is worth very little after all. But the blessedness we derive from the Saviour is single and complete. In him all fullness dwells. He is coeval with every period. He is answerable to every condition. He is a physician to heal, a counsellor to plead, a king to govern, a friend to sympathize, a father to provide. He is a foundation to sustain, a root to enliven, a fountain to refresh. He is the shadow from the heat, the bread of life, the morning star, the sun of righteousness; *all, and in all.* No creature can be a substitute for Him, but He can supply the place of every creature. He is all my salvation, and all my desire; my hope, my life, my glory, and joy.

Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth, but Thou art the strength of my heart and my portion forever. I cannot be exposed, I cannot be friendless, I cannot be poor, I cannot be fearful, I cannot be sorrowful, with Thee.

Worth of Christianity.—We live in the midst of blessings till we are utterly insensible of their greatness, and the source whence they flow. We speak of our civilization, our arts, our freedom, our law, and forget how large a share is due to Christianity. Blot Christianity out of the pages of man's history, and what would his laws have been? What is civilization? Christianity is mixed up with our very being and our daily life; there is no familiar object around us which does not wear a different aspect because the light of Christian love is on it—not a law which does not owe its greatness to Christianity—not a custom which cannot be traced in all its holy, healthful parts to the Gospel.—*Sir Allen Park.*

The Bible the Key to the Heart.—If I had a lock of very complicated construction, and there was only one key that would unlock it, I should feel very sure that key was made by one who understood the construction of that lock. So when I find that, notwithstanding all the windings and mysteries of iniquity in the human heart, the Bible, and the Bible only, is adapted to it throughout, and is able to penetrate its most secret recesses, I am constrained to believe that the Bible was made by Him who "alone knoweth the hearts of the children of men."—*Webster.*

The Reviewer.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA. A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Vol. VI. Gough—Education. [pp. 772.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE Sixth Volume of this great National Work has been issued in a style equal to either of its predecessors, in all respects, and is on sale by subscription agents throughout the country.

In noticing one of the early volumes of this Cyclopædia we remarked that the publishers had undertaken "a gigantic enterprise—one which, if as successful as it thus far promises to be, will furnish a long-sought desideratum, and establish for its originators an honorable, wide and lasting reputation." Herculean as was the task, however, the editors and publishers have acquitted themselves most nobly in producing and presenting the first six volumes, and each successive issue of the work increases our admiration of the enterprise and manner in which it is being conducted toward completion. The present volume treats upon many highly interesting and important subjects, and the list of contributors comprises quite an array of names distinguished for talent and scholarship. One of the best features of the work is that it contains biographies of eminent men, both living and deceased, and in the volume before us this feature is prominent. Among the most noteworthy articles are those on Credit Mobilier, Cuba, Dam, Damascus Blades, Dance of Death, Denmark, Dartmouth College, Deaf and Dumb, Dentistry, Dictionary, Distillery, Diving Bell, Divorce, Dwarf, Echo, Eclipse, Ecuador, Edinburgh Review, Education, &c., &c. We again commend the Cyclopædia to all who desire the most valuable work issued from the American Press for many years. Sold in Rochester by D. M. DEWEY, Subscription Agent.

ELEMENTARY GRAMMAR, ETYMOLOGY AND SYNTAX Abridged from the Octavo Edition of the "English Language in its Elements and Forms." Designed for General Use in Common Schools. By WM. C. FOWLER, late Professor of Rhetoric in Amherst College. [16mo. pp. 224.] New York: Harper & Bros.

THE large work, of which this is an abridgement, designed for Common Schools, had a very favorable reputation, and the abridgement has the chief characteristics of the former. To those who adopt the general views of English Grammar, of which "Brown's Grammar" is both substance and model, this School Grammar will be acceptable. Some particulars may give it higher value to some teachers, as the "Ancient or *Strong* Conjugation," and the "Modern or *Weak* Conjugation." There is no Subjunctive Potential Mode, as "*if I might study* algebra, I should know." Prof. FOWLER has given up the old and absurd spelling (mood) for Mode, which last alone has meaning or propriety. The teacher will find also what all know but the grammars, that *you* is singular as well as plural; that when he says to JOHN, for his fine recitation, "You have done well," he speaks genuine English; and that the subjunctive, "if you are and if he is," is true English form of speech, as well as "if he loves." But, when the teacher reads on page 75, "of the modern verb 'to love,'" and asks how *love* is modern, and *sing* is ancient, the answer is not in the book. The lovers of the "good old ways" of English Grammar will approve and may well use this work. Rochester—DEWEY.

COUNTRY LIFE: A Handbook of Agriculture, Horticulture and Landscape Gardening. By R. MORRIS COPELAND. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.

THIS is a beautifully printed and finely illustrated book of over 800 pages. It is, unquestionably, got up with a good deal of labor, but an author who undertakes to teach Agriculture, Horticulture and Landscape Gardening in one work, we think attempts too much. He must depend upon standard authorities for his facts, and becomes a compiler—the merit of the work being shown in the care and judgment with which selections are made. A cursory examination of the volume leads us to think the author has performed his work exceedingly well, and we notice many valuable things that have not before come under our observation. It gives a mass of valuable information in a very convenient form, and we commend it to those of our readers whose libraries are not furnished with standard works on the subjects treated of in its pages. For sale by the booksellers generally.

M. T. CICERONIS DE OFFICIIS. Libri Tres. With Marginal Analysis and English Commentary. Edited for the Syndics of the University Press by the Rev. HUBERT ASHTON HOLDEN, M. A., Vice-Principal of Cheltenham College, &c. First American Edition, corrected and enlarged. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D. Professor of Greek in Columbia College. [pp. 315.] New York: Harper & Bros.

THIS is the famous work of CICERO on Moral Philosophy or Duty, issued from the University Press in England, as edited by a distinguished English Scholar and Vice-President of Cheltenham College. The object was to give to the student the most correct copy of the original, with a running Commentary in English. Rev. Dr. ANTHON, so widely known by his learned notes and commentaries on several of the Latin Classics, has given us the First American Edition of the above named work, enriched by his own corrections, additions and emendations. The difficulties in the original are chiefly removed, at least in this, as it has been well called *variorum Edition*. Rochester—DEWEY.

FANKWEI; or, The San Jacinto in the Seas of India, China and Japan. By WILLIAM MAXWELL WOOD, M. D., U. S. N. [pp. 515.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

ALTHOUGH we are but midway between "Title Page and Finis" in our perusal of this very interesting book, we cannot refrain from calling the attention of that class of readers who delight in Travels, Descriptions of the World Abroad, etc., to this last production of Dr. WOOD. Those who have followed him in his "Wandering Sketches in South America and Polynesia,"—have watched him as he applied "A Shoulder to the Wheel of Progress,"—will not need our commendation of his writings—terse, vigorous and graphic as they always are. The typography is in the usual good style of the firm announced as publishers. For sale by DEWEY.

SHAKERS. Compendium of the Origin, History, Principles, Rules and Regulations, Government, and Doctrines of the United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing. With Biographies of Ann Lee, William Lee, Jas. Whittaker, J. Hacknell, J. Meacham, and Lucy Wright. By F. W. EVANS. [pp. 189.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

WE are indebted to friend D. C. BRAINARD, of the Society of Shakers, New Lebanon, N. Y., for a copy of this work. It is, as its title implies, a Compendium of Shakerism, comprising, in a condensed form, much information respecting that remarkable sect, and such as has heretofore been spread through five or six volumes. The volume will prove interesting and valuable to all who desire information concerning the Shakers, their history, doctrines, &c.

THE MAGAZINES for August have been received and are usually interesting and attractive. The *Atlantic*, *Harper's Monthly*, *The Knickerbocker*, and *Godey's Lady's Book* are especially rich and readable this month, while others are well sustained. Most of the magazines commenced new volumes with July, and generally under very favorable auspices.

Books Received.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. A private Journal. Prepared from Authentic Domestic Records. Together with Reminiscences of Washington and Lafayette. Edited by SIDNEY BARCLAY. [16mo. pp 231.] New York: Rudd & Carleton. Rochester—D. M. DEWEY.

THE LIFE OF GEN. GARIBALDI. Written by himself. With Sketches of his Companions in Arms. Translated by his Friend and Adviser, THEODORE DWIGHT, author of "A Tour in Italy in 1821," "The Roman Republic in 1849," etc. Embellished with a fine Engraved Portrait on Steel. [16mo—pp. 320.] New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr. Rochester E. DARROW & BROTHER.

THE ROMAN QUESTION. By E. ABOUT. Translated from the French by H. C COAPE. [16mo.—pp. 219.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—ADAMS & DABNEY.

THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN. Memoirs, Letters, and Journals of HARRIET MARIA JAKES, wife of the late Rev. MARK R. JAKES. Compiled and Edited by Mrs. H. A. GILBERT. [pp. 314.] New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Rochester—ADAMS & DABNEY.

THE BIBLE IN THE LEVANT; or the Life and Letters of the Rev. C N. RICHTER, Agent of the American Bible Society in the Levant. By SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME. [pp. 336.] Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Rochester—DEWEY.

THE EXPLOITS AND TRIUMPHS, IN EUROPE, OF PAUL MORPHY, the Chess Champion; including an Historical Account of Clubs, Biographical Sketches of Famous Players, and various Information and Anecdote relating to the Noble Game of Chess. By Paul Morphy's Late Secretary. [16mo—pp 203.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—DEWEY.

THE TIN TRUMPET; or, Heads and Tails for the Wise and Waggish. A New American Edition, with Alterations and Additions. [pp 262.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—DEWEY.

ELLEN MORDAUNT; or, The Fruits of True Religion. [pp. 302.] Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union. Rochester—ADAMS & DABNEY.

LIZZIE CLAIRE; or The Last Penny. (A small Juvenile, published and sold as above.)

POEMS. By ANNE WHITNEY. [pp. 161.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—ADAMS & DABNEY.

Spice from New Books.

Washington.

IN the year of our Lord 1790, I stood upon the door-step of the counting-house, of which I was then but the youngest clerk, when the companion beside me hurriedly said, "There he comes!—There comes Washington!" I looked up Pearl street, and saw approaching, with stately tread and open brow, the Father of my country. His hat was off, for the day was sultry, and he was accompanied by Colonel Page and James Madison. Never have I forgotten, nor shall I to my dying day forget, the serene, the benign, the godlike expression of the countenance of that man of men. His lofty mien and commanding figure, set off to advantage by an elegant dress, consisting of a blue coat, buff small-clothes, silver knee and shoe buckles and white vest; his powdered locks, and powerful, vigorous look, (for he was then in the prime and strength of his manhood,) have never faded from my mind during the many years which, with all their chances and changes, have rolled between.—*Personal Recollections of the American Revolution.*

La Fayette's Visit.

THE most delightful recollections of my earliest childhood are those of the visit of General De La Fayette to America. The splendid pageant of his entrance into this city is indelibly imprinted on my memory; as is also the being held on men's shoulders in the Park, after viewing, in all its pompous length, the procession, to behold the benevolent and beaming countenance of one whom I had been taught to revere. Afterwards, too, the honor that I felt in being taken by the hand by this great and brave man, my heart beating proudly the while beneath the ribbon badge which I wore, stamped with his features, and with the words, "*Welcome to the Nation's Guest.*" Oh, happy day for me! thrice happy and glorious to him!—*Ib.*

The Old House.

THERE was one article in the house which had belonged to the Washington family, and only one. It was an old mirror. It fitted over the mantelpiece underneath the wainscotting, and was never removed. Well do I remember, when a mere child, being told this by an old servant, and how I gazed upon it with veneration, because it had often reflected the face and form of the beloved Washington. It was held as a relic of him. Many a weary night when I have lain sleepless on my bed, the wind whistling mournfully without, a lonely feeling would creep over me as I looked upon the wainscotted walls of The Great Room, the old blue tiles of the large fire-place, and the deep embrasured windows, and felt the stillness so profound within that I could almost hear the beating of my own heart. Then the terrors of a fearful imagination would be exorcised, as the words of my mother seemed to whisper me again: "When vain fears disturb thee, remember the good man who once lay where thou liest, and be thankful.—The dark vision will be dispelled."—*Ib.*

Loneliness of Great Cities.

THE vaster the crowd the more solitary the individual, the more lonely the heart. "No one," says a recent writer, "is known in London; it is the realm of the incognito, and the anonymous. It is not a place, but a region, or a State. There is no such thing as local opinion in the metropolis;—mutual personal knowledge there is none; neighborhood, good repute, bad fame, there is none. No house knows the next door. How is a man to show what he is, when he is but a grain of sand out of a mass, without relations to others, without a place, without history, without distinctiveness? Crowds pour along the streets; and although each has his own character written on high, they are one and all the same to men below."

This is true, though of course in a less degree, with every great city, especially to the young and unfriended stranger. All at once he passes from the midst of a friendly neighborhood—where everyone knows another, where the eye of every one is on his brother, and where the slightest incident of weal or wo affecting any of its members, is the theme of interested converse around each cottage hearth—to almost an absolute solitude. In fact, in those vast wildernesses of streets, and lanes, and noisome courts and alleys, of which the lower parts of our great cities consist, while the worst vices of social life are generated to the utmost, society, in the true sense of the word, can scarcely be said to exist. There are few or no ties of mutual knowledge, common interest and friendly neighborhood, such as bind the inhabitants of a country-side or of a small town together, and which make a parish not a district merely, but a living, organized society.—*North British Review.*

SCENES IN AND AROUND JERUSALEM.

THE VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT.

How any sane man can doubt Bible history, while there exists such abundant and enduring evidence of its truth, we cannot comprehend—while Jerusalem, with its magnificent temple and massive walls lies in ruins—while the Jordan still rolls its floods to mingle with the dark waters of the Dead Sea, and the Lake of Galilee mirrors on its transparent surface sky and cloud, as it did when the Redeemer fed the famishing thousands upon its shores and walked upon its bosom—while Bethany, and Nazareth, and Olivet, and Calvary, still proclaim the death and triumph of Israel's GOD.

The *Valley of Jehoshaphat*, called in the Bible and Josephus, the *Valley of Kedron*, commences on the north-west of Jerusalem in two gentle depressions and, encompassing the city on the north and east, terminates in another similar valley on the south and west. It is now called the Valley of Jehosaphat by Jews, Christians and Mohammedans. In this valley is the Fountain of *En-rogel*, and its present appearance is shown in the engraving, which was sketched on the spot by Mrs. SARAH BARCLAY JOHNSON, and published in her work, "*The Hadji in Syria.*"

The earliest mention of En-rogel occurs in the book of Joshua, where it is twice mentioned (xv. 7, and xviii. 16) as a landmark of division between Judah and Benjamin. In the Septuagint it is called *fountain* in each of these places, as it is also by Josephus; and in 2 Sam. xvii. 17, where it is next mentioned as the lurking-place of Zadoc and Abiathar, until they could receive tidings of the state of matters in Jerusalem, in order to bear them to David while fleeing from Absalom. The next and only other mention of En-rogel is in connection with the rebellion of King David's other rebel son. For it was doubtless just here, upon some one or other of the large rocks still remaining between the Mount of Offence and Hill of Evil Council, that the evil-counseled "Adonijah slew sheep and oxen and fat cattle, by the stone of Zeheleth, which is by En-rogel," and called his accomplices to eat. But alas! when the state of matters in the city became known, "all the guests of Adonijah were afraid, and made an end of eating, and rose up and went every man his own way; and Adonijah feared because of Solomon, and arose and went and caught hold of—the horns of the altar—instead of the sceptre!"

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THE year 1759 belongs to a most important era in the world's history. Great events were then transpiring,—events which have changed the destiny of nations and of races,—but the importance of which was, of course, far less understood then than now. As there may be a natural and laudable curiosity to know what our great-grandfathers and our great-great-grandfathers were doing and talking about one hundred years ago, I purpose presenting a slight sketch of the most important events of the year 1759, reviewing, also, enough of the history of preceding years, to render the narrative intelligible.

Then, as now, war was raging fiercely in Europe. The perfidy of one bold, bad man, FREDERICK of Prussia,—sometimes called FREDERICK the Great,—had drawn upon him the vengeance of the neighboring nations. The occasion was this. Prussia had some ancient pretensions to the Austrian province of Silesia, and the accession of the young and apparently helpless MARIA THERESA to the Austrian throne, in 1740, seemed to FREDERICK to present a good opportunity to assert those pretensions and take possession of the coveted territory. It is true, that by a treaty known as the "Pragmatic Sanction," Prussia had united with the other great powers in guaranteeing the integrity of the Austrian Empire, and at the accession of the young Queen, FREDERICK had been foremost in his professions of friendship. But in spite of the plainest rules of common honesty, and the obligations of recent treaties, FREDERICK sent an army into Silesia, and formally annexed it to his dominions. Immediately France and Bavaria, whom shame had hitherto restrained, incited by this successful villainy, hastened to join in dismembering the Empire, and to share in the spoils. But it was not the purpose of FREDERICK to allow others to obtain part or parcel in the dismemberment of Austria, and after a fierce conflict the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle was concluded in 1748, Prussia retaining Silesia, and France and Bavaria gaining nothing.

But the peace was only a hollow truce. The Empress Queen of Austria could not thus easily forget the great wrong which she had suffered. Eight long years she spent in preparations for a coming struggle with the spoilers of her throne. Eight years she spent in organizing a combination of States, such as never before or since has united in attacking a State so comparatively small as Prussia. At length, in 1756, when all preparations were made, FREDERICK found himself at war not only with Austria, but with France, Russia, Saxony and Sweden. It seemed that Prussia could not stand against such a combination for a single campaign. A population of less than five million was attacked by nations numbering over one hundred million. Such was the beginning of the long and bloody "Seven Years War"—memorable alike in Europe, in India, and the memory of which is still perpetuated in our own country by many a tale of French and Indian atrocities along our then Western Frontier.

It is not our purpose to trace the history of all the brilliant achievements of FREDERICK in that contest, in which he maintained, with some reverses, his position, and by his ability and vigor proved himself the greatest military chieftain of the age. The war was raging most fiercely just about an hundred years from the summer of 1859.

For three years had the military genius of FREDERICK sustained him against the powerful combination. Soon the combination began to break—first Russia withdrew from the contest, then France, and Austria was left to maintain the conflict alone. Though stronger and wealthier than Prussia, she could scarcely hope to conquer, and at last, in 1763, peace was again declared—FREDERICK still retaining Silesia, which not all his enemies combined could wrest from him.

In the meantime, France and England had been at war, not only in Europe but wherever the spirit of mercantile enterprise or territorial aggrandizement brought them together. The middle of the Eighteenth Century found them striving for India, and for the supremacy of the North American Continent. The vast Empire which the genius of DUPLEIX had founded, and almost consolidated in India for France, was quickly overthrown by the military genius of CLIVE, then a young man in the service of the East India Company, and before the year 1759 England had driven the French from India, though she had yet scarcely laid the foundation of her present East Indian Empire.

In America the French had been for many years building a long string of military posts, from Quebec to New Orleans, in order to prevent the progress of English power west of the Alleganies, and with the Indians were harrassing our western frontier and menacing the very existence of the infant Colonies of England in the New World. In 1755 Gen. BRADDOCK was sent out to repulse the French, and if possible, to destroy their chain of forts. In the contest which followed, GEORGE WASHINGTON, a young Virginia Colonel, first began to distinguish himself as the military leader of the American people. It was not, however, till 1759, that the pretensions of the French to the Canadas were destroyed, in the decisive capture of Quebec by WOLFE, and English supremacy in America was established, though still leaving to France the vast and indefinite territory of Louisiana.

During the few years preceding 1759, and while most of these events were taking place, WILLIAM PITT was at the summit of power in England, and these brilliant victories of English arms in the East and in the West, had made him almost the idol of the English people. But these victories had laid the foundation of the vast national debt, which, comparatively small then, was yet hard to be borne. A few more years, and an absurd attempt to tax the American Colonies, as the easiest way to dispose of this indebtedness, resulted in stripping England of the most valuable empire which she had founded.

How strange are the events of history! Who would have surmised that the brilliant successes of English arms about the middle of the Eighteenth Century, were, in a few years, to result in her own humiliation, not only by engendering an oppression which should drive the Colonies to Revolution, but still more, in the "Seven Years War," which, by uniting the Colonies and developing their strength and military powers, could alone render such revolution possible or effective.

Henrietta, N. Y., July, 1859. W. J. F.

MUSIC.—There is something very wonderful in music. Words are wonderful enough; but music is even more wonderful. It speaks not to our thoughts as words do—it speaks straight to our hearts and spirits, to the very core and root of our souls. Music soothes us, stirs us up; it puts noble feelings into us; it melts us to tears, we know not how; it is a language by itself, just as perfect in its way as speech, as words; just as divine, just as blessed.—*Kingsley's Sermons.*

THERE is this difference between happiness and wisdom; he that thinks himself the happiest man really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.

YOUNG RURALIST.

"A FEW WORDS ABOUT DOGS."

MESSRS. EDS.:—Noticing in the YOUNG RURALISTS' department in a late issue of your valuable paper, a rather destroying article on dogs, I deem it my privilege to claim a corner in the RURAL, through which I may exercise my feeble influence in averting an entire annihilation of the canine race. W. H. H. P. seems to cherish a mortal antipathy against the whole race of dogs, and assuming the spirit of a dog-exterminator of 1857, declares himself ready to enter upon a campaign of universal extermination. Now, I have sound reasons for cherishing very different regards for the canine race, and while willing to admit that there are *some* really worse than worthless, I cannot divine the propriety of condemning the *whole* family as a public nuisance. Because "*Old Fratchit*" will toss up her head and kick the milk-maid over every time she approaches her for the purpose of milking, may not the maid with equal propriety shower about "*Old Brockle*" epithets of resentment, who always adjusts herself in a proper position and patiently waits the process?

The dog is certainly a noble animal, and well adapted to the services of man, and particularly the farmer. The services which he can render him are many, and amply repay the expense of keeping him. He may be taught to act the part of "*Cow-boy*" with much more faithfulness than most of such human officials. And the office he fills during the night, in many cases, renders him decidedly valuable. The owner under whose supervision the dog is reared, is responsible for that dog's demeanor, as any dog may be taught to know what is right for him, and what is not—to a sufficient degree, at least, to render him harmless, and at the same time useful. Those "*yelping curs*," which assail my friend at every house, in "duplicates," have evidently been *spoiled in bringing up*, and therefore do not think it wrong to publicly attack their *common enemy*, and vindicate their glorious rights of speech, as become American citizens. Or there may be some peculiarity about him, that excites their special animosity. He should consider these things before he makes any *rash* move, and if he finds then he has cause to "gird on the armor," and "wage a war of extermination," let me entreat him to spare those venerable specimens, who have been the pride of the household, and the cherished and confiding playmates of the merry little ones. W. C. M.

Podunk, Genoa, N. Y., July 15, 1859.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION.

EDS. RURAL:—Having seen a letter from a YOUNG RURALIST requesting some one familiar with debating societies, to send a few questions which would promote discussions, I send the following, upon the most of which I have heard good debates:

Resolved, That the Indian is more worthy our commiseration than the negro.

Resolved, That fictitious works are dangerous to the morals of the young.

Resolved, That the accession of Territory to the United States is desirable.

Resolved, That foreigners should be deprived of the right of suffrage.

Resolved, That American literature at the present day is more beneficial than English literature.

Resolved, That farming is the most ennobling of all occupations.

Resolved, That poverty is better than riches.

Resolved, That our army and navy should be increased.

Resolved, That the annexation of Cuba to the United States is desirable.

Resolved, That small farms are more profitable than large ones.

Resolved, That the United States is destined to have a downfall.

Resolved, That the raising of stock is more profitable than that of grain.

Resolved, That the female mind is as capacious as that of the other sex.

Elkhorn, Wis., July, 1859. A. J. WHEELER.

PRESERVATION OF BIRDS.

EDS. RURAL:—I see attention called to the preservation of birds, in a late number of the RURAL. Notwithstanding the fact that many boys and men do kill birds, my attention has been called to the fact that cats are at this season of the year very destructive to the young birds. One cat kills regularly from one to five each day. Whole nests are suddenly depopulated just as the young are about to fly; and since, in my opinion, cats are, at best, a nuisance, let every one that is guilty of this crime be killed.

Robins have been very troublesome this year. I infer from this fact, the late frosts destroyed many insects upon which they lived. My plan to drive them from ripening fruit, is to place the image of a man in the midst, and once or twice a day to fire several charges from a pistol near it. This scares them away and has proved effectual.

West Bloomfield, N. Y. MARK D. WILLSON.

A PARAGRAPH FOR BOYS.—It is one of the besetting sins of the young men in this extravagant age, to endeavor to get rid of work by seeking for easy and lazy employment, and the consequence is, that many of them turn out worthless vagabonds. Boys, avoid this whirlpool as you would a plague spot; banish from you the dangerous desire to live without work. Labor is honorable, dignified; it is the parent of health, wealth and happiness; look upon it as an invaluable blessing, and never as a burden or curse. Shun idleness and sloth; pursue some honest calling, and be not ashamed to be useful.

MAKE good use of time, if thou lovest eternity; yesterday cannot be recalled—to-morrow cannot be secured—to-day only is thine, which, if once lost, is lost forever.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Important to Farmers and Dairymen—Phillips, Sampson & Company.
To House-keepers—Something New—B. T. Babbitt.
Stallion Philip Allen—Ashley & Brother.
Use Ithaca Fertilizer—Thompson & Martin.
Phipps Union Female Seminary—M. L. Achillies.
Grape Vines—J. Wilkins Cooper.
White Guinea Fowls—John P. Osgoodby.
$60 Agents Wanted—M. M. Southern.
Middlebury Academy—M. Weed.
New Horticultural Advertisements on page 263.
Fruit and Ornamental Trees for the Autumn of 1859—Ellwanger & Barry.
New Hardy Grapes—Ellwanger & Barry.
Choice Strawberry Plants—A. Frost & Co.
Foreign Grapes and Vineries—Ellwanger & Barry.
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, &c.—A. Frost & Co.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 13, 1859.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:

One copy, 1 year,	82	One copy 6 mo's,	$1 00
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Thirty-Two copies,	40	Thirty-Two do	20 00

And an Extra Copy, free, to every person remitting for a club of six or more copies; and Two free copies for every club of Thirty or over. As a new Half Volume commenced July 2d, Now is the Time to form Clubs for either Six Months or a Year. All persons who form new clubs to commence with July, or introduce the RURAL in localities where it is not now taken, will be liberally remunerated for their time and attention.

☞ Back numbers from April or January can still be furnished, if desired. We will send Specimen Numbers, Show Bills, &c., to all applicants, and to the addresses of as many non-subscribers as may be forwarded.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

The Indian Bureau has been officially informed that the Indians of New Mexico show strong indications of hostility. One of the U. S. Deputy Surveyors had been forced to abandon his survey by a band of Apaches. The Opata Indians were committing great ravages in Northern Sonora—shooting men and ravishing women. The troops seem to be afraid to attack them. An American citizen belonging in Arizona, is in jail in Magdelena for no offence, and fears are entertained that he would be murdered. It is utterly impossible for an American to travel now in Sonora without being massacred and robbed of everything. It is the intention of the government to establish posts on the frontier of the Apache country.

The *States* mentions the reception of important private dispatches from Northern Mexico, stating that it is expected within the next ninety days 3,000 American troops will be organized on the Rio Grande, properly armed and equipped, for the purpose of marching on the city of Mexico, and exterminating the whole Miramon faction.

The President called a meeting of the Cabinet on the 3d inst., to consider the dispatches from Minister McLane, in relation to the Treaty with the Constitutional Government of Mexico. It is reliably ascertained that several months ago the Miramon government invited France and England to assume the protectorate of Mexico, but they have given no response to the proposition.

The receipts into the Treasury for the quarter ending with June, exclusive of the trust funds, were $23,126,452, including $14,281,000 from customs, $442,376, for public lands, $800,200 from Treasury notes issued under the act of Congress of 1857. The expenditures during the same period were $26,212,000 including $10,006,000 in payment of Treasury notes, and $1,584,000 interest on public debt including Treasury notes.

Much speculation is indulged as to the action of our government on Mr. McLane's recent dispatches, but as these have been kept perfectly secret, nothing is known outside of the Administration, except the fact that instructions are on the way to our Minister by a special messenger. By advices just received here, it appears that Juarez declines signing a treaty without the approval of the Mexican Congress, and one cannot be called until the Liberals obtain possession of the city of Mexico.—This, however, is not the only difficulty. A conspiracy was discovered in the Capital on the 11th ult., a plan of which was to assassinate the Governor, and take possession of the Government.

The construction of the Washington National Monument, after a suspension of several years, is about to be resumed. Systems to raise funds for the prosecution of the work have been put in operation, and it is proposed to request the Post Masters throughout the country to give aid to the enterprise by placing boxes within their respective offices for the reception of contributions, and forwarding the returns to Washington. A few cents a month from the 30,000 post-offices, would suffice in a few years to raise the shaft to its intended height.

Personal and Political.

Hon. Richard Rush, died in Philadelphia, last week, aged 79. He was the son of the celebrated Benj. Rush, who was a member of the Continental Congress, and who signed the Declaration of Independence. He was Minister to England under President Monroe; Secretary of the Treasury under President Adams; Special Agent to England under President Jackson; and Minister to France under President Polk.

The telegraph announced the death of the Hon. Horace Mann, on the afternoon of the 2d inst., at Yellow Springs, Ohio, his recent residence, and the scene of his latest labors. Mr. Mann was born at Franklin, Massachusetts, in 1796. He graduated at Brown University in 1819, and studied law at Litchfield, Connecticut. He entered upon the practice of his profession at Dedham, and while there was elected to the State Legislature. He removed to Boston in 1836, where he was elected to the State Senate, chosen President of the Massachusetts Board of Education, and was then elected a Member of Congress, serving from 1849 to 1853. Education, however, was the special object which enlisted all his sympathies and powers. At the close of his Congressional term, he engaged in the establishment of Antioch College, at Yellow Springs. He became its President and also President of the Northwestern Christian University at Indianapolis, and the close of his life was fittingly spent in labors calculated to stimulate educational progress and Christian knowledge.

Hon. John Gayle, Judge of the United States District Court for Alabama, died on the 21st ult. The deceased was twice Governor of Alabama, and represented the Mobile district one term in the Congress of the United States. He was appointed in 1849, by President Taylor, Judge of the United States District Court for the District of Alabama, which position he continued to occupy up to the time of his death.

The Republican Convention at Leavenworth, Kansas, on the 3d inst., nominated Marcus J. Parrott for delegate to Congress.

A dispatch from Louisville, says "the Congressmen elected are as follows:—First District, Burnett, dem.; 2d district, Peyton, dem.; 3d district, Bristow, opp.; 4th district, Anderson, opp.; 5th district, Brown, dem; 6th district, Gerrard, dem; 7th district, Mallory, opp.; 8th district, Simms, dem., probably; 9th district, Moore, dem., probably; 10th district, Stevens, dem. The returns received thus far indicate the election of Magoffin, dem., for Governor, and that the State Legislature, on joint ballot, will have a small democratic majority."

Later.—The returns indicate the election of Moore to Congress, in the 9th district, and Adams in the 6th district. Both are opposition candidates. The vote is close and doubtful.

Alabama has elected an entire Democratic delegation to Congress, as follows:—1st district, Jas. A. Stallworth; 2d, Jas. L. Pugh; 3d, David Clopton; 4th, Sydenham Moore; 5th, Geo. S. Houston; 6th, W. R. W. Cobb; 7th, J. L. M. Curry. Pugh and Clopton are new members. All the others were members of the last Congress. A. B. Moore, dem., is re-elected Governor by a large majority.

In Tennessee, Harris, dem, is elected Governor by about 6,000. The opposition have elected Congressmen in the 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 8th districts, and probably the 1st, and the democratic candidates are chosen in the 6th, 7th and 10th. The 9th district is still doubtful. The Legislature is democratic.

News Paragraphs.

In New York there has been formed a Young Men's Early Rising Association, all the members of which are pledged to be up at a certain hour.—It originated with about half a dozen men, who, having kept up this habit for some years, were surprised at its beneficial effects, and at the success in life of their associates.

Trimble county, Ky, it is supposed, furnishes more blackberries than any place of its size in the world. The picking and forwarding to the Cincinnati market has been reduced to a system, and it is found that the receipts of a season, which lasts about six weeks, are not less than $25,000. Pickers average from $1,20 to $2,50 per day.

The eye of Napoleon III. is sharp, and it ranges over the wide world. A splendid spanking pair of night-black horses, lately owned by Mr. Sanderson, of Somerville, N. J., have just been sold to his Imperial Highness for $4,000, and left for the royal stables last week. For the last ten years these steeds have taken all the prizes for carriage horses in the State.

The Detroit Free Press says every one agrees upon two facts relative to the wool crop of Michigan this year, that it is larger and better than it has ever been before.

A steam Japanese junk had arrived at Macao, in China, the machinery of which had been bought of the Americans and mounted in a Japanese port. The chief engineer was an American. A young prince was on board, who intends to follow the sea. Cholera had been raging frightfully in the northern part of Japan.

There has been a marriage in India, at which America assisted. We copy it briefly from a Calcutta paper:—"May 16th, at Kuppurthala, by the Rev. J. S. Woodside, A. M., of the American Mission, His Highness the Rajah Randhir Singh Allowalia, to the eldest daughter of the late Robert Hodges, Esq., of Kuppurthala."

The St. Paul Pioneer says that upwards of two hundred carts arrived in a month in that city from the Selkirk settlement in British North America, and that the amount of trade which the St. Paul merchants will realize therefrom, will not be far from $200,000.

Mr. Bigelow writes from Paris to the Evening Post, that it is now quite probable that a day will soon be fixed for Louis Napoleon's coronation, the Pope coming to Paris to officiate.

The Springfield Republican contains an amusing account of Mr. Mason's Court Introductions at Paris. It is said that on one occasion last Spring, thirty of our countrymen were paraded in at once. Arrayed in Court dresses, they stood like servants in livery, in semi-circle; the Emperor enters the reception chamber; Mr. Mason bows, flourishes his hand, and says, "My countrymen, your Majesty;" all bow; Emperor nods and turns to some one else; countrymen exeunt!

Mrs. Margaret Fuller, mother of the celebrated and lamented Margaret Fuller Ossoli, died in Wayland, Mass., Sunday week, aged 70. She was a woman of rare virtues.

The Patent Office having obtained seeds of the cork tree from Europe, sent several packages last year to California, which possesses a climate similar to France and Spain, where it flourishes. These seeds were planted at Sonora, and about 87 per cent. of them have come up, and give promise of becoming stately trees.

Providing for a Rainy Day.—The New Orleans Picayune states, on the authority of Mexican correspondents, that the secret of Miramon's singular procedure in the matter of the late conducts, was that he had in it himself the handsome sum of $300,000, which he was sending abroad for investment. He feared, that if the conducts should pass through Vera Cruz, and this fact by any accident become known, that the money would be seized and confiscated.

Fearful Railroad Accident.—On the evening of the 2d inst., the trestle bridge of the Northern Railroad, one mile south of Schaghticoke, Rensselaer Co., N. Y., fell under the pressure of a passenger train, carrying with it, into the water below, the tender, baggage and two passenger cars. The tender sank first, the baggage car followed, the first passenger car pitched downward and into the baggage car, and the second passenger car ran half its length underneath the first passenger car—the latter half remaining on the bank unbroken. The baggage car was broken into fragments, and three of the four persons in it killed. There were forty passengers in the first passenger car, four of whom were killed, and all but one or two more or less injured. The car was broken to fragments. There were but eight persons in the second passenger car, most of whom were injured, but none killed. The Albany Coroner's jury, have rendered a verdict that the bridge was rotten and unsafe, and known to be so; and that the Superintendent and Directors should be held responsible.

End of the Pawnee War.—The St. Joseph (Mo.) Journal states that the Pawnee war, which broke out about two or three weeks ago, and threatened to give a good deal of trouble, has been ended.—The militia, under Gov. Black, of Nebraska, went in pursuit of the savages to chastise them for their depredations on the Western settlements. The Indians, about 1,000 strong, were overtaken at Shell Creek, Nebraska. The whites did not number, all told, more than 350. These were commanded by Gov. Black in person, assisted by Major West, United States Marshal, and Lieut. Robinson, with about twenty or thirty regulars of Fort Kearney; the remainder were all volunteers. The Americans had one mounted cannon, and, on overtaking the Indians, three charges were made before the savages surrendered. A number of the Indians were killed and wounded. None of the Americans were killed, and but few slightly wounded. On the third charge, the Indians ran up a flag of truce and immediately surrendered, grounded arms, and gave up all their stock, provisions, ammunition, &c.

Operations of the United States Mint.—The go'd coinage of the United States mint in Philadelphia for the month of July, was $117,788, being in double eagles, half eagles and dollars. The silver coinage was $43,000, being in dollars and quarter dollars. Of cents $30,000 were coined. The whole number of pieces coined was 3,101,262, of the aggregate value of $190,788. The gold deposits of the month were $152,920, of which $117,527.50 were from California, and $41,692 50 were from other sources. The silver deposits were $59,770 Total deposits for the month, $218,990.

Probable Destruction of St. Anthony Falls—The Minneapolis Journal says that during the recent flood, at least one hundred feet of the rock has given way. The reaction of the current is rapidly wasting the bed of sand, and the result is manifested by the frequent falls of large masses of the overhanging stratum of rock. As it entirely disappears some twelve hundred feet above the present crest of the fall, we can readily conceive of the entire extinction of the magnificent fall. One hundred and fifty feet has fallen within the limit of a single week.

Vaccination of Cattle.—The Medical Times says that in Holland there are assurance offices for cattle's lives. One company has all its assured cattle vaccinated, as a preservation against contagious pneumonia. Another company inoculates only when the disease has invaded the animals' stals. The third company does not vaccinate at all. It has been calculated that the first company has lost 6 per cent. of cattle; the second 11 per cent.; and the third 40 per cent.

Sheep Dull, Decidedly.—The New York Evening Post, of the 3d inst., says:—Eighteen thousand sheep, an unprecedented number, have been received here this week. The extreme drouth has parched the grass and induced their owners to send them to market. The lambs are, many of them, not in good condition, and sell at a dollar a head. The market is so dull that many drovers have taken their sheep to Long Island, distributing them among the farmers.

State Convention of Sabbath School Teachers.—The Sabbath School Teachers of this State, and all others friendly to the cause, are invited to convene in Oswego, on the 30th of August. Each Evangelical Sabbath School is requested to send from two to five delegates to the Convention.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The steamship *Nova Scotia* arrived at Quebec on the 8th inst., and we gather the following details of intelligence:

Great Britain.—Sir De Lacy Evans moved a resolution, that in view of the relations between the great military powers from the continent, a commission be appointed to inquire into the national defences of England, and report what improvements may be made therein. Sidney Herbert said the government would consent to the substance of the resolution, but not to the motion alone. The government were about to appoint a commission, the names of which would be a guarantee for the earnestness of its endeavors to place the great arsenals of the country in a state to resist all attack. It would be too extensive an inquiry for a commission to consider what course was necessary for the defence of the country. They would only inquire what permanent fortifications were requisite for the defence of the dockyards and arsenals. Sir De Lacy Evans' resolution was negatived.

France.—It was vaguely rumored in Paris on the 25th that Napoleon would visit London.

The *Daily News* believes that although the scheme of an Italian confederation may not have been formally struck off the programme, it is not now insisted on by its author, and that little more will be heard of it.

It is said that the Emperor will make his public entree into Paris on Sunday, August 14th, at the head of part of the army of Italy. The troops will halt on the following day for the usual fete Napoleon. After the 17th, the Emperor proceeds with the Empress to the Pyrenees.

It was reported that 200,000 men are to be discharged from the army on renewable furlough, the advantage being that the Government would have them still on hand, while their cost can be diverted to other purposes.

Accounts from the wine regions are unfavorable. The grapes had been injured by the excessive heat, and prices tend upward.

The *Moniteur*, the government organ, says that Denmark has ceded the Island of St. Thomas to the United States.

Rome.—Great numbers of addresses were being signed in the Romagno against the return of the clerical government, and in favor of union with Sardinia. The country had resolved upon keeping up public order, and of repulsing every attack by the Swiss troops in the service of the Pope; also that regular voting should take place in expressing the wishes of the country.

Letters from Rome assert that the principles of an Italian Confederation had been accepted by the Pope. A majority of the Cardinals in conference, voted in favor of the Pope accepting the Presidency.

Sardinia.—The *Le Norde* says:—One of the first acts of the new Ministry will be to put an end to the present Dictatorship, to convoke the Chambers, and present an Electoral bill applicable to Lombardy. A dissolution will afterwards take place. In order to effect in the new Chambers the complete fusion of Piedmont and Lombardy, the King will preside, and the Parliament will sit alternate years at Turin and Milan.

Turin journals say that the Sardinian army, reinforced by recruitments in Lombardy, is to be raised to 100,000 men.

Italy.—In regard to Garibaldi's position, it is said that he was on the 15th summoned to Brescia by Gen. Della Marmora, with whom he had a long and confidential interview; that he had a force of 12,000 men, which continued to increase; and that he expressed confidence in the King of Sardinia not forsaking his national cause.

A letter from Milan says that Garibaldi was contemplating a move from the Alps to the Appenines—from Northern to Central Italy; then there will be a gathering of about 50,000 volunteers in the Romagna, and Garibaldi's corps joined to that of Mezzocapo will form an army capable of securing the independence of Central Italy, at least against any Roman or Neapolitan force.

Clippings from Foreign Journals.

The foreign journals, received by the Europa, contain numerous paragraphs about the extreme heat in Europe of the half of the last month. July 6th was reported to be the hottest day ever known in the south of France, the thermometer having attained the extraordinary height of 118 degrees of Fahrenheit's scale.

A correspondent of the London Times, writing from Milan, says that when the news of the peace came he saw a young French officer at the Cafe dell' Europa draw his sword after reading the bulletin and break it against the marble table at which he sat. He heard others, who related the insulting words with which they had been assailed by the populace, sympathising with the feeling which had dictated those words, and only pleading their innocence of the transactions of their sovereign. The revulsion was so sudden and blasting to the Italians that in one day five persons were carried to the mad house, raving maniacs.

The running of steam engines on common roads, though new in this country, has been tested in England. There is an engine running daily from Manchester to a colliery, eight miles distant. The road is undulating, and has several sharp curves, yet the engine draws five four-wheeled wagons, containing thirty tuns weight.

Lombardy, which has just been ceded to Piedmont, has a superficies of 8,538 square miles, and a population of 2,800,000 souls. Lombardy has hitherto been divided administratively into nine provinces or delegations, viz., Milan, Pavia, Lodi-Crema, Cremona, Como, Mantua, Sondrio, Breschia, and Bergamo. The fortified towns of Mantua and Peschiera, form part of the province of Mantua. The fortress of Pezzighettone is comprised in the province of Cremona. After the annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont, this kingdom, the island of Sardinia included, will contain a superficies of 37,040 square miles, with a population of 7,800,000 As regards territorial extent, it will occupy a tenth rank in Europe, and will come immediately after the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and stand before Portugal and Bavaria. With respect to population, Sardinia will stand in the ninth rank, on a level with Naples, and will be above Sweden and Norway, Belgium and Bavaria. The following table will complete the comparison, as regards Italy:

	Area—sq. Miles.	Population.
New Kingdom	37,040	7,800 000
Venetia	9,525	2 250 000
Papal States	17,218	2,900,000
Tuscany	8,741	1,750 000
Parma	2,168	500 000
Modena	2,090	410 000
Two Sicilies	42,000	8,400,000

The London *Times* says:—"The Great Eastern has been getting on wonderfully during the last few weeks. The three iron masts rise 122 feet above the upper deck, and have a diameter of three feet and six inches for a height of 70 feet, when they decrease gradually to two feet six inches at the cap. The three wooden masts, which are also in their places, are not built masts, but are single "sticks." The fore and mizzen masts are 140 feet in height, and they are 44 inches in diameter at the deck; the jigger-mast is 122 feet in height, and of the same diameter. The trees which formed these masts were New Zealand pines.

The editor of the London *Critic* expresses his belief that "if the Americans can gain anything by attacking Great Britain, they will throw chivalry and brotherhood to the dogs, and chase the almighty dollar through wars and rumors of wars."

In 1820 there were only twenty-six volumes of novels on the shelves of the British Museum, but there are now about 7,400, and all these have been written since "Waverly" was begun.

Sir Isaac Lyon Goldsmith, Bart., who recently died in London, has left personal property in England exceeding $10,000,000, and real estate of a like amount. The will is most voluminous, and has no less than 42 codicils, most of them in the Baron's own hand-writing. The probate stamp duty payable thereon is $75,000.

The News Condenser.

— More camels are coming to Texas.

— Street railroads are talked of for Cleveland.

— Napoleon carried a small printing office with his camp.

— Sun strokes have been numerous and fatal in Cincinnati.

— Since 1701 Austria has lost and regained Lombardy thirteen times!

— In Austria a man who cannot write his name may not get married.

— The peach crop in some counties in New Jersey will be very large.

— The number of visitors in Saratoga was never greater than at present.

— The Creek and Cherokee Indians are in a state of open hostility to each other.

— The whole number of deaths in New York city during the past week was 614.

— The corner stone of Forefathers' Monument was laid at Plymouth last Monday.

— In Ireland but one person has as large an income as a quarter of a million dollars.

— A telegraph line is to be constructed from St. Joseph to Leavenworth, Kansas.

— Free concerts are to be given during the present season, in the N. Y. Central Park.

— A Texas correspondent asserts that State is the best wheat growing State in the Union.

— Forty-six persons in England have a yearly income of two millions and a quarter each.

— The number of children attending the schools of Milwaukee the past year was 7,299.

— Fears are expressed of a famine in Mormondom. The wheat crop is said to be a failure.

— Gen. Tom Toumb has returned from England, settled down for life, and wants to marry.

— Kossuth's fluency in Italian is as much admired in Genoa as his English was in America.

— Hay is worth from $16 to $18 per ton in Buffalo, where several hundred tons are wanted.

— The "milk sickness" is prevailing to an extraordinary extent in a portion of Marion Co., O.

— Kit Carson, the great trapper and woodsman, is en route from Taos, New Mexico, hitherward.

— The pay of an Illinois member of the Legislature is only $1 a day. In Connecticut it is $1 50.

— Napoleon's plan for revolutionizing Hungary and Transylvania was disapproved of by Russia.

— It is said a revival of a very gracious and interesting character has commenced in Jerusalem.

— Some New York physicians say that sweet cream is better than cod liver oil for consumptive patients.

— Demetrios Bozzaris, a son of the celebrated Marco Bozzaris, has been appointed Greek Minister of War.

— They have had frost in Paw Paw, Mich., twice in the month of July—on the 4th and about two weeks ago.

— Thus far, this year, 56,729 emigrants have arrived at the port of New York, against 44,584 to same date last year.

— It is said that the first free school in the United States was established in Newark, N. J., prior to the year 1800.

— The construction of the Washington National monument, after a suspension of several years, is about to be resumed.

— The Mayor of Montreal states that the debt of that city exceeds £300,000, and there is this year a deficiency of £37,000.

— The New York police have been warned that they must, hereafter, pay their debts, under a penalty of discharge.

— The Boston Courier backs out of its statement that Professor Felton, of Cambridge, had become a spiritualist.

— Before the peace, every shop-window in Piedmont had Napoleon's portrait. Two days afterwards, not one was to be seen!

— Ice an inch thick formed on the top of Mt. Washington on Tuesday night week. It did not thaw in the least on Tuesday.

— The family of Rufus Choate have undertaken to collate his literary works, and to issue them in connection with a biography.

— Gen. Taylor's "a little more grape, Capt. Bragg," is reported to be the Democratic candidate for a local office at Lafourche, La.

— The canal tolls of this State up to August 1st, amount to $656,331 against $915,130 last year being a falling off of $228,799.

— During the July term of the Superior Court in Hartford, Conn., 11 couples were divorced. Another warning to bachelors.

— Abraham Nelson, of Weare, N. H., has on hand 15,000 pounds of wool, for which he has refused 50 cents a pound for the whole lot.

— A daily union prayer-meeting is held in the Baptist Church in Monrovia, Africa. The attendance is respectable, says the Star of Liberia.

— A French cook has stated that there are precisely 191 different kinds of wine which a gentleman may put upon his table without a blush.

— At Halifax, a few days since, a shark thirteen feet long was entangled in a net and killed with scythes. Its liver filled two puncheons.

— Herbert, the California Congressman who murdered a waiter at Washington, has recently been driven out of Hermasillo, Mexico, by a mob.

— Kossuth proceeded, with all speed, to Italy on the announcement of peace! He did not feel safe under the wing of one of Austria's allies.

— Eleven propositions for street railway routes, from distinct companies, were opened to the city council of Cincinnati on Wednesday week.

— The President of the Erie Railroad, Mr. Moran, has heretofore been allowed a salary of $25,000 per year. It has just been cut down.

— Private letters from Italy say that both Kossuth and Klapka have been detained at Turin under strict surveillance of the French police.

— Private letters from Turkey state that Bulgarian women have been carried off by the Turks, and that the Bulgarian families are in consternation.

— The 200th anniversary of the establishment of the Hopkins Grammar School at New Haven, is to be celebrated during commencement week in 1860.

— Reports from 11 counties in Ohio show that 7,054 sheep were killed, and 7,860 wounded by dogs during the year 1858, the aggregate loss being $25,842.

— Ten thousand revolving rifles are manufacturing at Col. Colt's armory, in Conn., for the British government. These are sufficient to arm six regiments.

— A "Children's Home" has been opened in New Orleans, under Episcopal auspices. In Richmond $12,000 has been raised for an asylum for orphan boys.

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From the Pacific Side.

By the arrival of the overland mail, at St. Louis on the 7th inst., we are in possession of the following items of intelligence.

Reports from Carson Valley indicate the election of Maj. Dodge as the next delegate to Congress.

The loss by the fire at Weaverville on the 5th of July, was estimated at upwards of $100,000.

A fire at Crescent City, Cal., on the 9th, caused a loss of $30,000.

New gold and silver mines had been discovered in the Washo Valley, which promise to pay well.

Great excitement existed in Nevada and El Dorado counties, in consequence of the discovery of new and extensive gold diggings on Walker's River, east of the Sierra Nevadas.

There had been three arrivals from Victoria within a week, bringing upwards of $130,000 in gold and 500 passengers. The latest dates are to the 12th. Fraser river had fallen sufficiently to permit the resumption of mining on the bars. The Victoria Gazette says the yield of the mines within a year has been $3,000,000.

An arrival from Oregon, on the morning of the departure of the mail, brought advices indicating the election of Logan, Republican, to Congress, by 20 to 30 majority.

Salt Lake advices are to the 13th ult. A man named Brewer had been arrested at Camp Floyd for having in his possession $80,000 in counterfeit Government checks on the Sub-Treasury at St. Louis, most of which were ready for issue, excepting the signature. Col. Crossman, an engraver, had also been arrested in Salt Lake City, in whose shop were found all the instruments and materials used in preparing the checks, together with large bundles of unfilled checks.

The Indians were committing depredations in Humboldt county, and the Mormons were implicated.

Advices from Fort Smith, Texas, state that the Creek and Cherokee Indians are at open hostilities, in consequence of several murders committed by the former tribe. Four hundred Creeks were armed, and awaiting the movement of the Cherokees.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Aug. 8, 1859.

FLOUR—The changes are still ringing *down* in the rates of Flour—50 cents ₩ barrel, on all grades, being the reduction of the week.

GRAIN—Wheat is nominal in price, and produce buyers are purchasing only what can be converted into flour immediately and as quickly turned into cash. Corn is falling off, as also are Oats. Rye and barley are without market.

WOOL—The "Peace," so it is said, has put 3@5 cents ₩ pound on wool, and the range is 35@45 cents ₩ pound, with considerable business transactions.

HAY is as last quoted, although some very prime brings as high as $18 ₩ ton. Our quoted figures present the average.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		Eggs, dozen	12½c
Flour, winter wheat	$6.00@6.50	Honey, box	15@15c
Flour, spring do	$5.75@6.00	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat, ₩ cwt	$2.00	**FRUITS AND ROOTS**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1.25@1.35	Apples, bushel	35@37½c
Best white Can'a	$1.25@1.30	Apples, dried	10@11c
Corn	50@55c	Peaches, dried, ₩ lb	08c
Rye, 60 lbs ₩ bu	00@00c	Cherries, dried ₩ lb	00c
Oats, by weight	32@33c	Potatoes, new	75c
Barley	00@00c	**HIDES AND SKINS**	
Buckwheat	50@00c	Slaughter	6½@7c
Beans	75@85c	Calf	11@11c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	25@38
Pork, mess	$17.00@18.50	Lamb pelts	25@50c
Pork, clear	$20.00@20.00	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	$7.00@7.50	Clover, bush	$3.50@4.00
Beef, ₩ cwt	$5.00@6.00	Timothy	1.50@2.00
Spring lambs, each	$1.50@1.75	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton, carcass	5@6c	Wood, hard	$4.00@4.50
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3.00@3.50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$6.25@6.50
Chickens	7@8c	Coal, Scranton	$4.25@4.50
Turkeys	10@11c	Coal, Pittston	$4.25@4.50
Geese	8@9½c	Coal, Shamokin	$4.25@4.50
Ducks, ₩ pair	00@00c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1.12
Butter, roll	12@14c	Hay, ton	$10.00@16.00
Butter, firkin	12@13c	Wood, ₩ cord	$3.00
Cheese	9@11c	Whitefish, bbl	$5.00@5.50
Lard, tried	11@12c	Codfish, ₩ quintal	$1.75@2.00
Tallow	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$4.00@4.50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, August 8.—FLOUR—Market heavy and 10@20 cents lower. Sales at $4.50@4.75 for superfine S ate; $4.80@5.10 for extra State; $4.60@4.75 for super Western; $4.75@5.25 for common to good extra do; $4.85@5.00 for old; $5.10@5.20 for fresh ground Ohio brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing dull. Canadian quiet.

GRAIN—Wheat steady and 2@3c ₩ bushel lower. Sales at 1 50 for new white Kentucky, 1.20@1.30 for new red Southern, 1.30@1.35 for do white, and Chicago spring on t. Rye dull at 75@76c, barley quiet. Corn better; sales at 74@78c for old mixed western; 75@79c for new do; 78@80c for round yellow; 77c unsound white Southern. Oats dull at 33@36c for State; 37@41c for Western and Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Pork is lower. Sales at $14.25@14.50 for mess; $12.12 for thin do, $13.75 for prime do, $10.25 for sour. Lard quiet, sales at 10¼c. Butter firm at 13@16c for Ohio; 17@20c for State. Cheese dull at 6@8c.

BUFFALO, Aug. 8.—FLOUR—Market quiet and unchanged. Sales at $2,60@3.50 for sour, $4.75@5.00 for spring State, $5.00@5.25 for good to choice extra Michigan, Indiana and Ohio; $5.75@6.25 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat quiet. Sales white Ohio at 135c; Chicago spring at 1 dull at 1 10c. Corn better at the close, sales No 1 Illinois at 70c. Oats are quiet. Barley dull. Rye steady with fair inquiry. Sales Western at 80c.

TORONTO, Aug. 6.—FLOUR—There has yet been no movement in the flour market, which remains very dull, while, it is said, a slight improvement in prices within a day or two, although no sales have been reported. Nominal quotations are now pam d at $5 to $5.25 for superfine, $5.50 for fancy, and $ 5 .25 for extra. The best flour by retail in bags is sold at $6 to $6 40. Common and spring wheat flour has been bought at $4.50 to $5.

GRAIN—Receipts have been in exceedingly small quantities and purchased at from 5s 6d to 4s 9d, for common and medium, and 4s 9d to 5s for the very best samples of fall wheat. No new wheat has yet been offered on the market, although one or two car loads were received yesterday, for which $1.05 (5s 3d) per bushel had been offered. Five shillings ₩ bushel will probably be the opening price for new wheat. Spring wheat has not been offered at all, and we are still without a quotation. The spring wheat crop in our neighborhood will not be as good as the fall crop, but the yield will still be larger. Oats have been scarce, and are now worth from 2s 7d to 2s 8d, wholesale, and 2s 9d, retail. Only a few loads of peas have been offered, bringing freely 4s ₩ bushel. One load of rye has been bought, and that at 3s ₩ bushel. Barley is unquotable, there being no sales during the week.

HAY is in moderate supply with a light demand. Prices are steady at $12 to $12 per ton. Straw $9 to $12.—*Globe.*

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Aug. 3.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ₩ cwt., $10.00@10.50; ordinary do, $9.00@9.50; common do, $8.50@9.00; inferior do, $7.00@8.00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50.00@60.00; ordinary do, $40@50; common do, $30.00@40.00; inferior do, $20.00@28.00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₩ lb., 6@6½c, ordinary do, 6@6½c, common do, 6@6c, inferior do, 5@5c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ₩ head, $5.00@6.00; ordinary do, $4.00@4.75; common do, $3.50@4.00; inferior do, $2.00@3.00.

SWINE—First quality, 6¾@6¾c; other qualities, 6@6¾c.

ALBANY, Aug. 8.—BEEVES—Another overstocked and very dull market—some of the drovers say it is the "meanest market they ever attended in Albany." There is certainly no improvement over last week; on the contrary, there are indications that the reverse is the case. There are at least 400 head more here, and it is only for the very best that the prices of last week can be obtained.

The market is dull and drooping at the following rates:

	This week.	Last week.
Superior	5 @5¾c	5¼@6¼
First quality	4¾@4¾c	4¼@5
Second quality	3¾@4 c	3¾@4¼
Third quality	3 @3¾c	3¼@3¾
Inferior	2½@3 c	2¾@3

SHEEP AND LAMBS—There is a great falling off in the receipts as compared with last week, still there is enough to supply the demand, and we fail to notice any improvement in prices.

HOGS—There is more inquiry for hogs: sales 170 head at 6c ₩ lb.—average 168 lbs.; 80 at 6¾c—average 275; 30 at 6¾c average 230 lbs.

MILCH COWS—Range from $35 to $60.—*Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, Aug 3.—At market 1,413 cattle, about 1,000 beeves, and 413 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows, and one two and three years old.

PRICES—Market beef—Extra, $7,50@7.75; first quality, $6,25@6,50; second do, $5,75@6,00; third do, $4,75@5,00; ordinary do, $3,75.

WORKING OXEN—$75@110 ₩ pair.

COWS AND CALVES—$24, 37, 48@60.

STORES—Yearlings, $4.00@11 00; two years old, $16.00@20.00, three years old $24.00@34.00.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—5300 at market. Prices—in lots, $1,00, 1,75@2,00 Extra, $2,25@3.00.

HIDES—7¼@8c ₩ lb. Pelts, 50@62c each.

CALF SKINS—12@13c ₩ lb. Tallow, 7@7½c ₩ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$4.00@5.00.

BRIGHTON, Aug. 4.—At market, 1200 beeves, 200 stores, 4,000 sheep and lambs, and 300 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Extra, $8.00@00.00; first quality, $7,75@00.00, second quality, $7.00; third quality, $5,50@0,00.

WORKING OXEN—$100@150.

MILCH COWS—$11@12; common, $12@19.

VEAL CALVES—$4.00, 6.00@7,00.

STORES—Yearlings, $9@16; two years old, $20@22; three years old, $25@27.

HIDES—7¼@8c ₩ lb. Calf skins, 12@13c ₩ lb.

TALLOW—sales at 7@7½c ₩ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,50@1,75; extra, $2,00@3.00.

PELTS—50@62c each.

SWINE—Spring pigs, 6½c; fat hogs, 6¾c.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 3.—The supply of Beef Cattle this week has been greater than for any week during several months past, though a large number offered were sold as stock cattle. At the two yards 1,900 head were exposed for sale, consequently prices declined nearly 1c in the lot. Good and prime cattle sold at from $8 50, 9,50 and $10,50 per 100 lbs., though only a few brought the latter price. Inferior cattle sold at from $3.50, 4 00@5,00. The principal number of cattle sold was from Ohio, Virginia and counties in this State.

SHEEP—The market was well supplied, the offering amounting to over 6,000 head. The market was brisk, and sales were made from 7@5½c ₩ lb. net, according to quality and condition.

HOGS—The supply of hogs was much better than the previous week, the supply having amounted to 1,750 head. The market closed dull at prices ranging from $8,50@8,75 to $9 ₩ 100 lbs.

COWS—There was only a small supply of this kind of stock, offerings amounting to but 150 head, all of which were sold at from $15@30 for dry cows and $25@50 for common to prime milch cows.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, Aug. 4.—There is no important change noticeable in this branch of trade. The most general feature of the market is that of quietude, and the stock of domestic fleece is slowly on the increase, though the receipts are by no means liberal thus far this season. It is anticipated that on the restoration of peace in Europe, an impetus will be given to manufacturing, and with an easier money market in England and throughout the continent, that prices will improve somewhat, but the result of the colonial wool sales, which were to commence in London on the 25th ult., will test the accuracy of this assertion; meanwhile, stocks here are held with greater confidence. Texas wool, however, has come forward freely, but being in better condition than usual, it is firmly held. California is also in fair supply, and is becoming in general favor—prices, therefore, rule firmly. The clip, on the whole, has been a good one, and is generally in fine condition. Foreign is in good supply, but the demand continues very limited, yet there is no disposition to press sales unless at full prices, as the imports are light, and likely to continue so for some time to come. The stock in the hands of manufacturers is becoming greatly reduced, and before the close of the month a better inquiry is confidently looked for. The sales embrace 140,000 lbs. native fleece at 37½@40c for common and one quarter blood, 42@50 cents for half and three quarter do, 53@55c for full blood, and 58@59c for extra and choice "sorts." Some superior "sorts" are on the market at 70c; 40 bales fair California sold at 24c, 66 do fine do at 32@32c, 30,000 lbs Canadian at 36@39c, 50 bales Cape at 33c, 100 do Peruvian, 40 do Smyrna, and 60 do Mestizo on private terms. Pulled is in light stock, and with a fair demand, prices are maintained with increased firmness. Sales of 45,000 lbs. at 38@50c as to quality. By auction, 43 bales unwashed Morocco (African) damaged sold at 12c, and 20 do unwashed Buenos Ayres do at 6½c, cash.

Am. Saxony fleece, ₩ lb	56@60
Am. full blood Merino	53@55
Am. ¾ and ¼ blood Merino	46@49
Am. native and ½ blood Merino	40@44
Extra, pulled	45@50
Superfine, pulled	37@42
No 1, pulled	30@33
California, fine, unwashed	25@32
California, common do	10@13
Peruvian, washed	20@30
Valparaiso unwashed	11@13
S. Am common, washed	10@14
S. Am Entre Rios, washed	16@18
S. American unwashed	8@13
S. Am Cordova, washed	20@22
East India, washed	20@24
African, unwashed	9@15
African, washed	18@28
Smyrna, unwashed	14@18
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

Tribune.

BOSTON, Aug. 4.—There has been a more active demand for fleece and pulled wool than for some previous weeks, and there is a very firm tone to prices. The sales have been about 350,000 lbs. fleece and pulled, at 40@55c for the fleece, and 30@35c for the pulled. The transactions in foreign comprise 600 bales Mediterranean and South American at various prices, as to quality.

Saxony and Merino, fine	55@60	Western mixed	33@38
Full blood	52@54	Smyrna, washed	17@20
Half and ¾ blood	46@49	Do unwashed	9@16
Common do	40@42	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	48@54	Cape	24@30
Do superfine	40@50	Crimea	9@17
Do No 1	33@42	Buenos Ayres	9@15
Do No 2		Peruvian, washed	25@32

CLEVELAND, Aug. 4.—Sales on the street, from wagons, for a good fair article, will average 40c ₩ lb. One lot of 000 lbs. sold at the above price. The receipts are fair, and business by no means dull. The following quotations were furnished by one of the principal operators. Native and common, ₩ lb. 30 cent quarter blood, Leices half blood, 36@38, three quarter blood, 40@42; full blood, 44@48; fancy clip, 50@55.—*Plain Dealer.*

CHICAGO, Aug. 4.—Prices are very firm, and have slightly advanced during the week. The following are the rates to day:

FLEECE—Common native, 31@33c; quarter blood, 33@34c; half blood, 35@40c; three quarter blood, 40@42c; full blood, 44@45c; full blood Saxony, 46@48.

PULLED—No. 1, 30@35; superfine, 30@35; extra, 35@40; double extra, 40@42.—*Democrat.*

TORONTO, Aug. 8.—Wool is not in large supply. Prices are steady at 1s 4d to 1s 4½d ₩ lb. Sheep skins 1s to 1s 3d each.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, and leaded—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, IN ADVANCE.—☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

MIDDLEBURY ACADEMY.—Its next year will commence on MONDAY, AUGUST 22d.
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300 AGENTS WANTED, TO ENGAGE IN AN honorable business, which pays from $5 to $8 per day. For particulars, address M. M. SANBORN,
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IN ANSWER TO THE INQUIRIES ABOUT THE White Guinea Fowls, I can supply a few with pairs this Fall. Price $4.00 per pair. JOHN H. OSGOOBY.
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The next School Year of this Institution, commences on the first Thursday of September next. For Terms, see Catalogue at this Office, or apply to
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THOMPSON & MARTIN.
Rochester, N. Y., August, 1859. 501-4t

GAME FOWLS! GAME FOWLS!!
OF THE BEST AND PUREST STRAINS, SUCH AS

Clipons,	Baltimore Top Knots,	Tartars,
Derbys,	Prince Charles,	Ruffles,
Seltons,	Mexican or strychnine,	Sergeants,
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And a number of excellent Crosses. All fowls warranted *pure game.* Also Cooper's Work on Game Fowls sent to any address for $1. For particulars, address
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B. T. BABBITT'S
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68 AND 70
Is manufactured from common salt, and is prepared entirely different from other Saleratus. All the deleterious matter extracted in such a manner as to produce Bread, Biscuit, and all kinds of Cake, without containing a particle of Saleratus when the Bread or Cake is baked; thereby producing wholesome results. Every particle of Saleratus is turned to gas, and passes through the Bread or Biscuit while Baking; consequently nothing remains but common Salt, Water and Flour. You will readily perceive by the taste of this Saleratus that it is entirely different from other Saleratus.
It is packed in one pound papers, each wrapper branded, "B. T. Babbitt's Best Medicinal Saleratus;" also, picture, twisted loaf of bread, with a glass of effervescing water on the top. When you purchase one paper you should preserve the wrapper, and be particular to get the next exactly like the first—brand as above.
Full directions for making Bread with this Saleratus and Sour Milk or Cream Tartar, will accompany each package; also, directions for making all kinds of Pastry; also, for making Soda Water and Seidlitz Powders.
MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP,
WITH
B. T. Babbitt's Pure Concentrated Potash.
Warranted double the strength of ordinary Potash. Put up in cans—1 lb., 2 lbs., 3 lbs., 6 lbs. and 12 lbs.—with full directions for making Hard and Soft Soap. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.
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501

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MILCH COWS AND DAIRY FARMING,
The Best Book Extant on the Subject,
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FULLY AND BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED WITH
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The chapter on the Diseases of Dairy Stock, mostly prepared by Dr. C. M. WOOD and Dr. J. H. DADD, is worth many times the cost of the Book.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

MILCH COWS AND DAIRY FARMING,—Charles L. Flint, of Boston, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, is the author of a new work upon a subject never before fully treated in this country, which, if we mistake not, will prove the most valuable book for universal use among farmers that has ever been published in this country. There is scarcely anything worth knowing, about how to select a cow, how to treat her, and how to make butter and cheese, that cannot be found in this work, which contains numerous illustrations, besides its fine language, carefully written from all the best authorities, and much personal observation. It is a work that was much needed, and one that in recommending we shall do good to the farming interest. It is published on good paper, clear type, with many well-cut wood engravings, and contains over 400 pages, and, we suppose, will sell for $1,25.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

This work is marked by the clearness and perspicuity which have characterized Mr. Flint's previous productions. It contains an account of the most enlightened practice in this country; the details of the dairy husbandry of Holland, and the most recent and productive modes of management in English dairy farming, embracing a large amount of practical and scientific information not hitherto presented to the American public in an available form.—*Salem Gas.*

We recommend the work to every one who keeps a cow, or intends to do so.—*Ohio Farmer.*

We recommend it as a matter of economy, because, if studied, it cannot fail to impart facts of more value to most dairy-men and dairy-women than several times its cost.—*New England Farmer.*

It should be in the hands of every owner of a cow.—*Vermont Stock Journal.*

It can but rank as a standard American Dairy Book,—the best, we have no hesitation in saying, yet issued upon the subject.—*Country Gentleman.*

The more we examine the book the better we like it. To say that it is superior to any work hitherto published on that subject, is not enough; it is a better book of its kind than we had hoped to have an opportunity of welcoming to the shelves of our agricultural library.—*Wisconsin Farmer.*

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Agents wanted in every county in the United States, to dispose of this new and instructive work, which is in universal demand, and which needs only to be seen and examined to be appreciated by that numerous and intelligent class for whom it was especially designed.

IN PRESS,
And will be Published September 1st, 1859,
A new and enlarged edition, uniform with the above, of another valuable Agricultural Work, by the same author, to be issued in the same elegant style, entitled a
PRACTICAL TREATISE
On Grasses and Forage Plants,
Comprising their Natural History, comparative Nutritive Value, Methods of Cultivation, Cutting and Curing, and the Management of Grass Lands. Fully and beautifully Illustrated.
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FALL SEASON.—THE TROTTING STALLION PHILIP ALLEN,
SON OF
BLACK HAWK AND BULRUSH MORGAN MARE,
Philip Allen will make a fall season, standing at the stable of the subscriber at Elmwood Farm, Nunda, commencing on the 15th of August, and ending on the 15th of October.
PEDIGREE OF PHILIP ALLEN.—Philip Allen was sired by Old Black Hawk, owned by David Hill, of Bridport, Vt., and from Lady Morgan, owned by Hiram Peck, of West Cornwall, Vt. Black Hawk by Sherman, and from an English thorough bred Mare, a very fine animal, black and a fast trotter. Sherman by Justin Morgan, the original Morgan Horse.
DAM.—Lady Morgan by Bulrush, and from a thorough bred Mare, sired by son of old American Eclipse. Bulrush by the original Justin Morgan.
The services of Philip Allen are offered at $30 to insure a foal; insurance due May 1st, 1860. And by the season at $15; to be paid on or before the 1st of January, 1860.
LYMAN WOOLCOTT, Agent, ASHLEY & BROTHER.
Nunda, August 1, 1859. 501-1t

TEACHER.—A Young Man who has had experience as a Civil Engineer and Surveyor, and also as a Teacher, wishes to engage as Teacher of Mathematics and the Natural Sciences or French in some respectable Institution.
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It is made if possible better than ever, and where there are no Agents, farmers will do well to send to the manufactory early for a circular. We also make large iron press screw from 3 inches diameter and 4 feet long, to 6 inches diameter and 5 feet long, at reasonable prices. Address
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On WEDNESDAY, 7th September next, at 10 o'clock A. M., at my Farm on Grand Island, near Buffalo, I will sell my entire herd of thorough-bred Devon Cattle, consisting of upwards of 30 Cows, Heifers, Bulls, and Bull and Heifer Calves.
I will also sell at the same time 100 thorough-bred South-Down Ewes and Rams. Also, 100 or more choice grade Breeding Ewes, of Cotswold and South-Down crosses—the best class of Mutton Sheep. Also, half a dozen superior young white Breeding Sows.
The sale will be positive, and without reserve, if there are purchasers to buy the Stock, as I am going out of stock breeding altogether.
Terms:—On sums over $50, and up to $100, six months; and on sums over $100, a year's credit will be given, on approved notes, with interest; or a liberal discount will be made for cash.
The Stock will be delivered to the purchasers at either of the Railroad Stations in Buffalo, Black Rock, or Tonawanda, or at the Steamboats in Buffalo, if required.
Catalogues of the Stock will be sent by mail to those wanting them.
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YOUR NAME IN GILT LETTERS (Adhesive.) Size 1 inch, ONE CENT each; 2 inches, TWO CENTS, 3 inches, THREE CENTS, &c., with red stamp to pay return postage. GRAND CHANCE FOR AGENTS!—12 Alphabets, one inch, for $1; two inch, 8 for $1; three inch, 5 for $1—assorted colors. Address [499-3t] GEO. K. SNOW, Boston, Mass.

WIND MILLS, FOR VARIOUS PURPOSES, continue to be manufactured by the Subscriber, at a cost of $75 and upwards (to $5,000.) He has just made a Mill for JOHN R. MURRAY, Esq., of Mt. Morris, N. Y.—for raising water and other purposes—which gives entire satisfaction. Orders will receive prompt and personal attention. Address THOS. C. VICE, Rochester, N. Y. 499-4t

HOMES FOR ALL.—Several families will start from New York for the table lands of TENNESSEE the first week of August. We intend to fit out companies of persons seeking new homes in VIRGINIA about the 1st of September. We therefore desire those who wish to unite, to furnish us with particulars of their wants, means and preferences, that the best possible provision may be made for them.
The rapid advance of the price of Land settled under the auspices of CONCERTED EMIGRATION is the grand, distinctive feature of our enterprise. We have the pleasure of assuring our friends of the success of those who have already gone on, and of the prosperity and perfect health which has attended them.
Please address FRANCIS W. TAPPAN, President, or JOHN C. UNDERWOOD, General Agent American Emigrant Aid and Homestead Company, No. 146 Broadway, New York. 499-5t

KENTUCKY SEED WHEATS.
MAY WHEAT,
HILL WHEAT,
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WHITE KENTUCKY WHEAT.
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"Hill Wheat" resembles the May in color and qualities—*heads* bearded, *kernel* nearly as long as Mediterranean, and plump.
"Mediterranean and White" are too well known to require description, but from several experiments we are well convinced the use of Kentucky or Tennessee seed will hasten the crop several days. COBB & CO.,
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For sale at $50 per ton of 2,000 lbs., and liberal discount will be made by the cargo.
Circulars, with directions for use, may be had on application at our office. FOSTER & STEPHENSON,
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THE BEST GRAIN DRILL IN AMERICA!
Is Manufactured by the Subscribers at Macedon, N. Y.
It is so arranged as to Sow or Plant, with equal facility, all kinds of Seed, from the smallest Grass Seed to Corn or Beans, either Broadcast, in Hills or in Drills. Also, every description of Concentrated Manures,—as Guano, Lime, Ashes, Gypsum, Poudrette, Bone Dust, &c.
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Price of 7 Tube Drill	$70
" " 9 Tube Drill	80
" " Guano Attachment	25
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For further information, Circulars, &c., address I. W. BRIGGS, Agent, at Macedon Centre, N. Y., or the Proprietors, LICKFORD & HUFFMAN.
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ASTOR HOUSE, Broadway, New York.—All the Milk used here comes from a Farm carried on for the express and sole purpose of furnishing Milk, Vegetables, Poultry, Eggs and Pork to this House. The Cows feed in Winter on the best of Hay and Meal, and in Summer on rich Pastures and Meal only. [440] C. A. STETSON.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.
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A compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, &c., for dressing the Hair. For ef

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE NOON OF NIGHT.

BY CHARLES R. FAULKNER.

THE iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
[SHAKSPEARE.

'Tis midnight, that silent, solemn, magic hour,
Which, like the light and darkness, spans sublime
The past and present in its mighty power,
And links each day onto the chain of time.

It is the time when seconds balance ages;
For, at this parting hour of earthly night,
The clock of Nature, true, in silence gauges
The centuries by time's diurnal flight.

It is the time when Nature's most at rest,
And wearied man is wrapped in sweet repose;
While half the world is deep in darkness dress'd,
And all around a fearful myst'ry grows.

It is the time when subtle, "slow Disease"
Doth often make a sudden change, 'tis said;
And Nature's shifts the patient's pangs appease,
Or Death again augments the countless dead.

It is the time oft valued by the sage
Intent the mines of Knowledge to explore;
To gain the mysteries of her fruitful page,
And to the world reveal the treasured lore.

It is the time the poet's fitful Muse
On wings of thought through realms of Fancy soars;
Sings the wild strain that Genius doth diffuse,
As she that vast, unbounded sphere explores.

It is the time when, in the calm, clear night,
The waning moon more mildly sheds her rays;
Throws her pale beams of sad'ning, silvery light
O'er the dim scene that lures the lonely gaze.

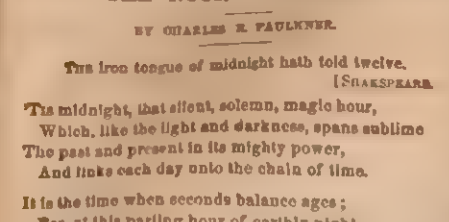
It is the time that, in its fullest bloom,
The gay Cereus smiles serenely fair;
Lives its short life in night's inspiring gloom,
And dies ere Sol pours forth his morning glare.

It is the time when Conscience racks the breast
Of him who execrates the Power Divine—
Whose soul exults in Sin, yet fain would rest,
Like those who worship at the sacred shrine.

It is the time Religion's soothing voice,
In low, sweet tones, insures the righteous soul;
Inspires the Christian spirit to rejoice,
And, all-resigned, await life's coming goal.

Thus Midnight's hour begins and ends the day,
And to the lock of Time doth prove the key—
The bulwark of a transient, temporal stay
That mortals make from their Eternity.

Rochester, N. Y., 1859.



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ROSAMOND;
OR,
THE YOUTHFUL ERROR.
A TALE OF RIVERSIDE.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

[Concluded from page 260, last number.]

Chapter XI.—The End.

OVER the horrid awakening which came to the wretched man, we need not linger; neither is it necessary to dwell upon the first few days of mystery and dread, when death seemed brooding over Riverside, and rumor was busy with surmises and suspicions concerning the stranger, and the relation, if any, which she bore to ROSAMOND LEYTON. We will rather hasten on to the morning when to Mr. BROWNING the joyful tidings came that ROSAMOND was better—so much better, indeed, that he could see and talk with her if he chose.

Only once since the fearful night when he found her moaning in her bridal dress, had he stood by her bedside—for, though he longed to be there, he could not endure to see her turn away from him, whispering as she did so, "It was cruel,—oh, so cruel to deceive me so." Neither had he been near MARIE PORTER, consequently he knew nothing of the means by which she had imposed upon him the story of her death. But ROSAMOND knew,—ROSAMOND could tell him, and from no other lips would he hear it. So, when he learned that she was better, he asked to see her alone, and Mrs. PETERS, to whom he had necessarily confided the story of his marriage, carried his message to ROSAMOND.

For a moment ROSAMOND did not seem to hear, but when the message was repeated the great tears forced themselves from beneath her long eyelashes, and rolling down her cheeks, dropped upon the pillow.

"He might have spared me this," she said, "but if it is his wish, I can see him."

With a mighty effort she stilled the violent throbbings of her heart, forced an unnatural calm upon her face and whispered,—"Let him come now; I am ready."

He was standing without the door, so near that he heard the words, and in a moment he was at her side. Falling upon his knees before her, he clasped her hands in his, imploring her forgiveness for the great wrong he had done her, in not telling her the truth at first. "But I am innocent of the last," he said; "believe me, ROSAMOND, I thought her dead, or I had never asked you to be my wife. I know not how she deceived me so terribly, but you know, and I have sought this interview to hear the story from your own lips. Will you tell it to me, darling—Miss LEYTON, I mean," he added hastily, as he saw a shadow of pain flit over her face.

"I will if I can," she faintly answered, and summoning all her strength, she repeated to him what Miss PORTER had told her, except, indeed, the parts with which she knew he was familiar

"The plot was worthy of her who planned it," he said bitterly; then, as ROSAMOND made no reply, he continued,—"she told you, I suppose, of our married life, and painted me the blackest villain that ever trod the earth. This may in part be true, but, ROSAMOND, though I may never know the bliss of calling you my wife, I cannot be thus degraded in your sight and offer no apology. I was a boy—a self-willed, high-tempered boy, nineteen years of age, and she aggravated me beyond all human endurance, seeking ways and means by which she could provoke me. I loved her at first,—nay, do not turn away incredulously. Heaven is my witness that I loved her, or thought I did, but 'twas a boyish love, and not such as I feel for you."

"You *swore* at her," said ROSAMOND, unable to reconcile love with an oath.

"Once,—only once," he replied. "I blush to own it, for it was *not* a manly act."

"You *struck* her," and for the first time since he had been in that room, the brown eyes rested full upon his face.

"Yes, ROSAMOND," he answered; "I own that, too, but she goaded me to madness, and even raised her voice against my sainted mother, who had borne so dastardly a son as *I*!"

"And Riverside?" said ROSAMOND. "Did your uncle die deceived?"

"Never—never," Mr. BROWNING exclaimed, starting to his feet. "I told the whole truth, or I would not have lived here a day. ROSAMOND, I have greatly sinned, but *she* has not been blameless. She insulted me in every possible way, even to giving *you* her *wedding ring*, and then, lest I should not see it, wrote me 'to look upon your finger.' No wonder you thought me mad!"

"Her *wedding ring!* Could she do that?" said ROSAMOND.

"Yes, her wedding ring. It first belonged to SUSAN, who gave it to me for the occasion, and two weeks after I had it marked with MARIE'S name and the date of our marriage. It is broken now, and I would to Heaven I could thus easily break the tie which binds me to *her*, and keeps me from *you!* Oh, ROSAMOND, ROSAMOND, must it be?—Must I live my life without you, when I need you so much,—when my heart longs so to claim you for its own?"

He covered his face with his hands, and ROSAMOND could see the tears dropping slowly through his fingers. Terribly was he expiating the sin of his boyhood, and what wonder is it, if, in his agony, he cried,—"My punishment is greater than I can bear."

ROSAMOND alone was calm. She seemed to have wept her tears away, and the blow which had fallen so crushingly upon her, had benumbed her heart, so that she now did not feel as acutely as the weeping man before her. Very soothingly she spoke to him, but she offered no word of cheer,—no hope that all would yet be well. "They would bear it with brave hearts," she said, "and he must be reconciled to his wife."

"Never—never," he exclaimed. "The same roof cannot shelter us both, and if she chooses to stay when she is better, she is welcome to Riverside—but I cannot share it with her."

Neither said to the other, "It may be she will die," for such a thought had never intruded itself upon their minds, and yet MARIE PORTER'S life was numbered now by days. The heart disease from which she had long been suffering, was greatly aggravated by the strong nervous excitement thro' which she had recently been passing. Stimulants of a most powerful kind had created a kind of artificial strength which had enabled her to come to Riverside, but this was fast subsiding, and when she bent over the motionless form of ROSAMOND and feared that she was dead, she felt indeed that death would ere long claim her as his own. The sight of her husband, too, had well nigh been more than she could bear. For nearly nine long years she had not looked upon his face, but she remembered it well—a handsome, boyish face. His hair she remembered, too—his soft, dark, wavy hair, through which her fingers had sometimes strayed in the far back days at Holly Wood, before she was his bride. He would not be greatly changed, she thought, and when on that fatal night she heard his coming footsteps, she pictured him in her mind much as he was that winter day, when standing in his sister's door he bade her a long good-bye.—Nearer and nearer he had come—faster and louder had beaten her heart, while a cold, faint sickness crept over her.

"Open the window—I cannot breathe," she gasped, but ere her request was obeyed, RALPH BROWNING had fainted on the threshold, and she had asked that she might die.

She had seen him only for an instant, but that sufficed to tell her he was changed from the dark-haired, handsome boy, into the gray-haired, suffering man. His eyes had met her's, but the fierce hatred she expected was not there, and the look of utter, hopeless despair which she saw in its place, touched her as reproach and resentment could not have done.

"Oh, I hope I shall die," she said, as she hid her face in the pillow. "I hope I shall die."

This wish she uttered every hour, and when at last the physician said to her,—"Madam, you *will* die," she answered, "It is well!"

She did not ask for Mr. BROWNING, for she knew he would not come, but she inquired anxiously each day for ROSAMOND, and when at last she heard they were together, she laid her hand upon her heart, and watching its rise and fall, smiled to think how fast her life was going out.

"Listen, MARIA," she said, "Listen to what they say, and hear if they talk of me."

Noiselessly MARIA glided to the door of ROSAMOND'S chamber—stood there for a moment and then as noiselessly came back repeating to her mistress the substance of what she had heard, together with sundry little embellishments of her own.

"He will give you Riverside and go away himself," she said, and Miss PORTER quickly rejoined, "Go where? Go with whom?"

"With Miss LEYTON of course," returned MARIA. "He said he would not live without her."

"The wretch!" ejaculated the angry woman, all her softer emotions giving way to this fancied insult. "He might at least wait now until I'm dead. I'll go to him myself, and see if in my presence he dare talk thus to her."

She was greatly excited, and spite of the painful throbbings of her heart and the dizzy sensation she felt stealing over her, she stepped upon the floor, and hurriedly crossed the room. The effort was too much for her feeble strength, and she sank fainting upon a chair. The girl MARIA had seen her faint before, but never before had she seen so fearful a look upon her face, and she ran in terror to Mr. BROWNING, beseeching him to come "for her mistress was dying sure, and would trouble nobody much more."

For a moment he hesitated, but when ROSAMOND said "Go," he went. Taking the fainting woman in his arms he laid her upon the bed as gently, though not as tenderly, as he would have lain his ROSAMOND there.

"Call Mrs. PETERS," he said, and when that matron came, he bade her give to the invalid every possible care.

Slowly Miss PORTER came back to life, but it was only to faint again, and with each fainting fit it became more and more apparent that life was ebbing fast. They did not say to ROSAMOND that she would die, but they told it to Mr. BROWNING, who heard as one who hears not. Every other sensation seemed to have given place to a feeling of horror, and when at the close of the second day word came to him that she *was dying*, and had asked to see him, he arose mechanically and walked to her sick room as calmly as he had visited it the previous night, when he knew she was asleep. One glance, however, at her white face and wild bright eyes roused him to the reality, and bending over her pillow, he forced himself to take her hand in his, saying kindly, "MARIE, do you know me?"

"Know you?" Yes," she answered. "You are my husband—my husband." She lingered upon that name as if its sound recalled to life some olden feeling—some memory of Holly Wood, where they first had met.

"MARIE, you are dying," he continued. "Shall we part in anger, or in peace?"

"In peace, if you will," she answered. "I have had my revenge—but it is *not* sweet as some say it is. I would rather, RALPH, that I had never known you, for then I should not have been the wicked wretch I am."

Mr. BROWNING did not reply to this, and for a few moments there was silence, during which she seemed to sleep. Rousing up ere long, she gasped for breath, and grasping nervously her husband's hand, she whispered, "I am going now—there's no *sham* this time;—five minutes more and you are free to marry ROSAMOND. Be kind to her, RALPH. Deal with her not as you dealt with me, and—and—come closer to me, RALPH. Let me whisper this last so no one can hear."

He bent him down to listen, and summoning all her strength, she said, not in a whisper, but in tones which echoed through the silent room, "NEVER,—NEVER,—NEVER BOX ROSAMOND'S EARS!!"

* * * * * * * * * *

Rapidly the story circulated that the strange woman who lay dead at Riverside had been RALPH BROWNING'S wife, and hundreds flocked to the funeral, hoping to gain a view of the deceased. But in this they were disappointed, for there was nothing visible, save the handsome coffin, on whose silver plate was inscribed the word "MARIE."

Some said that "BROWNING" might have been added to the name, and while others marvelled that the husband wore no badge of mourning, a few said wisely that the *mourning* was visible in other than the usual signs—in the hair gray before its time, and in the deep-cut lines which a *living* sorrow alone had made. And so, amid surmises of the past and fore-tellings of the future, the ill-fated MARIE was laid in the Village vault, until word could be received from her old uncle, who might wish to have her rest among the balmy groves and fragrant flowers of her beautiful Florida home.

And now our story winds to its close. RALPH BROWNING was free indeed, but death had been at Riverside, and the shadow it had left must disappear ere he took to himself a second bride. ROSAMOND, too, must recover from the blow which had fallen so crushingly on her—must learn to confide again in the man she loved—to think of the great wrong he had done her as the result of an early, boyish error, which he regretted even more bitterly than herself.

And so the warm spring rains had fallen and the April blossoms were bursting from the dark, moist earth ere the wedding morning came. At the bridal there was no satin dress—no orange wreath—no flowing veil—but there was perfect love shining in the beautiful brown eyes of the girlish bride, while the fine face of the bridegroom wore a look of perfect happiness, as if the dreary past were all forgotten, and the world was bright and new. Europe was still their destination, and among those who accompanied them to New York, going with them even to the vessel's deck, none bade them a more affectionate adieu than Mrs. VAN VECHTEN herself. She had spent a part of the winter at Riverside, and had learned to appreciate the gentle girl who, she knew, was to be her brother's wife.

BEN, too, was of the party, though whether he were pleased or not at having ROSAMOND for his *aunt* was a difficult matter to decide. He had listened in amazement to the story of his uncle's first marriage, wondering how it could have been kept from him, and remembering several little incidents the meaning of which he now understood. He had given up the Crimean war as well as the dancing girl, and now he had given up ROSAMOND, too, but he bore it quite heroically, saying to himself as he stood upon the shore watching the vessel which took her away, "One thing is certain—It's a mighty mean wind which blows nobody any good, and if I've lost ROSAMOND, I've learned a heap of lessons from Uncle RALPH'S experience. One is, not to marry till I'm old enough to know whether I like her or not. Another is, not to keep my marriage a secret for the sake of a little money; and another, which I consider the most important of all, is 'NEVER, ON ANY OCCASION OR PROVOCATION, TO BOX MY WIFE'S EARS!!"

Brockport, N. Y., 1859.

A THOUSAND acts of thought and deed, shape the features and expression of the soul—habits of love, and purity, and truth—habits of falsehood, malice and uncleanness—silently mould and fashion it, till at length it wears the likeness of God, or the image and superscription of Evil.

SALMAGUNDI.

MISFORTUNES are like thunder and stormy clouds—in the distance they appear black, but when over our heads they are scarcely gray. As bad dreams denote an agreeable future, so will it be with the often painful dream of life when it is past. All our strong feelings, like ghosts, have their influence for a certain period only; and if a man were to say to himself this passion, this pain, this rapture, is sure after three days to lose its effect on the mind, then would he always be more composed and quiet.

AN inquiry in a country paper, for a rhyme for the word "month," brought out in reply the following old epigram:

"You can't," says Tom to lisping Bill,
"Find any rhyme for 'month.'"
"A great mistake," was Bill's reply,
"I'll find a rhyme at *onth*."

INTERCOURSE with persons of decided virtue and excellence is of great importance to the formation of a good character. The force of example is powerful; we are creatures of imitation, and by a necessary influence, our habits and tempers are very much formed on the model of those with whom we familiarly associate.

A BAKER once advertised:—"That as all men *need* bread, he wishes the public to know that he *kneads* it. He is desirous of feeding all who are hungry, and hopes his *good works* may be in the *mouth* of every one. He is well disposed towards all men, and the *best bred* people among us will find him, he hopes, one of the *best bread* men in the city."

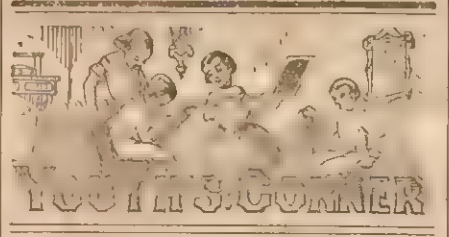
"GO-AHEAD," says the Alta-Californian, is of American origin, and is little used by the British, who usually say "all right" in cases where Americans would say "go-ahead." It has been said that the two phrases describe most forcibly and truly (their brevity considered,) the general spirit of the two nations respectively.

NEVER be influenced by external appearances in forming your judgment of a person's worth. This is an important rule, for many a noble spirit is covered by habiliments of poverty, while not unfrequently a showy exterior conceals a villain of the basest kind.

"Now do take this medicine, wife, and I'll be hanged if it doesn't cure you." "Oh, I will take it, then, by all means, for it is sure to do good one way or the other."

SIDNEY SMITH says the Anglo-Saxon race was made for two purposes—to manufacture calico and steal land.

"THEY pass best over the world," said Queen Elizabeth, "who trip over it quickly; for it is but a bog—if we stop we sink.



For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 28 letters.
My 1, 23, 8, 5, 10, 18 was the daughter of Cadmus and Hermione, and mother of Bacchus.
My 2, 18, 12, 6, 2 was the name of a mountain at the entrance of the Mediterranean Sea.
My 3, 2, 9, 6, 3, 4, 1 was a Roman proper name.
My 4, 6, 7, 1, 17, 5, 22 was a distinguished king of Ithaca.
My 5, 6, 11, 4, 1, 8, 22 was a town of Attica, sacred to Ceres.
My 6, 5, 3, 2, 9, 4, 22 was the name of a lake in Gaul.
My 7, 2, 13, 8, 4, 22 was the name of an illustrious Roman family.
My 8, 13, 5, 14, 4, 1 was the name of a river in Spain.
My 9, 2, 13, 8, 1 was a tyrant of Lacedæmon.
My 10, 3, 13, 12, 2 was a kingdom of Africa.
My 11, 9, 9, 2 was a town in Sicily.
My 12, 2, 8 is the name of a bulbous root.
My 13, 11, 6, 4, 1 was the founder of the Babylonish empire.
My 14, 20, 8, 4, 6, 4, 22 was the first king of Rome.
My 15, 9, 9, 8, 4, 22 was an ancient Roman poet.
My 16, 4, 13, 20, 15, 2 was a large island in the Ægean Sea.
My 17, 5, 8, 8, 21, 2, 8, 8, 22 was a warlike queen of Assyria and the wife of Ninus.
My 18, 4, 8, 5, 9, 11, 17 was a general in Alexander's army.
My 19, 2, 14, 8, 4, 1 was a distinguished Roman general.
My 20, 14, 13, 11, 6, 4, 1 was a mountain of Thrace.
My 21, 20, 19, 18 is a city on the Tiber.
My 23, 16, 9, 2 was a town of Picenum.
My 23, 6, 13, 5 is the name of a river.
My whole is the name of a distinguished electrician.

Bennett's Corners, N. Y., 1859. H. N. ARCHER.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

THERE is a piece of land in the form of an equilateral triangle, the corners of which are inaccessible; the shortest distance from a point within to each of the sides is respectively 40, 80, and 120 rods. It is required from these data to find its area

Earlville, N. Y., 1859. JOHN N. BENTON.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of four syllables.
My first is composed of many people, and also means the female sex.
My second is a pronoun, and signifies us.
My third is a preposition.
My fourth is a pronoun.
Place these syllables as they should be and they are the name of a mountain in North America.

~~Centre Hill, 1859.~~ MOLLIE FLAGG.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 499.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Extravagance and Improvidence end at the prison door.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Nathaniel Bowditch.

Answer to Charade:—Jonah's Gourd.

Advertisements.

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HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES,
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HOMŒOPATHIC REMEDIES,
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HAVE THESE ADVANTAGES.

THEY ARE HARMLESS! No injury can arise from their use.

THEY ARE SIMPLE! You always know what to take, and how to take it.

THEY ARE CONVENIENT! You can always give the medicated proper Sugar Pill at a moment's notice without hesitation or delay.

THEY ARE EFFICIENT! Thousands are using them in curing disease, with the most astonishing success.

LIST OF SPECIFIC REMEDIES.

No. 1. FEVER PILLS—For Fever, Congestion and Inflammation of all kinds.

No. 2. WORM PILLS—For Worm-Fever, Worm-Colic, and Wetting the Bed.

No. 3. BABY'S PILLS—For Colic, Crying, Teething and Wakefulness, and Nervousness of Adults.

No. 4. DIARRHŒA PILLS—For Diarrhœa, Cholera-Infantum and Summer Complaint.

No. 5. DYSENTERY PILLS—For Colic, Griping, Dysentery, or Bloody Flux.

No. 6. CHOLERA PILLS—For Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Vomiting.

No. 7. COUGH PILLS—For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Influenza and Sore Throat.

No. 8. TOOTH-ACHE PILLS—For Tooth-ache, Face-ache and Neuralgia.

No. 9. HEAD-ACHE PILLS—For Head-ache, Vertigo, Heat and Fullness of the Head.

No. 10. DYSPEPSIA PILLS—For Weak and Deranged Stomachs, Constipation and Liver.

No. 11. FOR FEMALE IRREGULARITIES—Scanty Painful or Suppressed Periods.

No. 12. FEMALE PILLS—For Leucorrhœa, Profuse Menses and Bearing Down.

No. 13. CROUP PILLS—For Croup, Hoarse Cough, Bad Breathing.

No. 14. SALT RHEUM PILLS—For Erysipelas, Eruptions, Pimples on the Face.

No. 15. RHEUMATIC PILLS—For Pain, Lameness or Soreness in the Chest, Back, Loins or Limbs.

A.—For Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, old mismanaged Agues.

P.—For Piles, Blind or Bleeding, Internal or External.

C.—For Sore, Weak or Inflamed Eyes and Eyelids; Failing, Weak or Blurred Sight.

C.—For Catarrh, of long standing or recent, either with obstruction or profuse discharge.

W. C.—For Whooping-Cough, abating its violence and shortening its course.

In all ACUTE DISEASES, such as Fevers, Inflammations, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Croup, Rheumatism, and such eruptive diseases as Scarlet Fever, Measles and Erysipelas—the advantage of giving the proper remedies promptly is obvious, and in all such cases the specifics act like a charm. The entire disease is often arrested at once, and in all cases the violence of the attack is moderated, the disease shortened and rendered less dangerous. Even should a physician afterwards have to be called, he will take the case at decided advantage from the previous treatment.

COUGHS and COLDS, which are of such frequent occurrence, and which so often lay the foundation of diseased lungs, bronchitis and consumption, may all be at once cured by the Fever and Cough Pills.

In all CHRONIC DISEASES, such as Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Piles, Female Debility and Irregularities, old Headache, Sore or Weak eyes, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, and other old eruptions, the case has specifics, whose proper application will afford a cure in almost every instance. Often the cure of a single chronic difficulty, such as Dyspepsia, Piles, or Catarrh, Headache, or Female Weakness, has more than paid for the case ten times over.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.—A gentleman, well known in this City, in at our office, remarked; "Your COUGH PILLS have been of great value at our house this Winter.—In every instance when one of the family has taken a cold, three or four doses of the COUGH and FEVER PILLS, given in alternation, have entirely cured the case in a day or two. The case has already paid for itself several times over."

COUGHS AND COLDS.—A gentleman, a public lecturer, took a severe cold the latter part of last month, while travelling and lecturing in northern Pennsylvania, though addressing public audiences every evening, yet in two days, by the aid of the Specific he was entirely recovered, and enabled to pursue his avocation without inconvenience. No public speaker should be without them.

BAD COLD.—A married lady of forty had taken a violent cold, which settled on her lungs, causing severe cough, pain in the side and considerable fever and hoarseness. Such colds were usually very lasting and troublesome, but by taking the SPECIFIC COUGH PILLS four times per day, in three days she was entirely well.

CHRONIC CATARRH.—A clergyman in a neighboring village had suffered for many years from an obstinate Catarrh, which had resisted all attempts for a cure. The obstruction and discharge from the nose was constant, destroying both taste and smell; and at times even interfering, from the change of voice, with his public ministrations. Almost in despair he commenced the use of our Catarrh Specific, and after the use of only a few pills—one every night—found himself improved; and ere he had used an entire box, could consider himself entirely well.

DYSPEPSIA OR WEAK STOMACH, CASE 1.—A young man of 19 had Dyspepsia for two years, attended with a severe pain in the pit of the stomach, coming on during eating or as soon as food reached the stomach, and continuing through the period of digestion. The pain was severe and aching, sometimes extending to the shoulders; less if he eat very digestible food, and proportionably more violent as his food was less carefully selected. It was also worse during warm weather. The bowels were very costive—stools hard and dry. Allopathic medicines only made him worse, and the prescriptions of a very regular Homœpath failed to help him. He commenced taking the DYSPEPSIA PILLS, one pill three times per day, with prompt relief. In little more than a week this pain of two years' standing had disappeared, and in a month more his bowels had become perfectly regular and he was entirely well.

2. A young lady of 26 had been troubled with indigestion for several months, so as to render great care necessary in the selection of her food. After eating, the stomach became acid, food rising in her mouth with water, and unpleasant, heavy load-like sensation in her stomach, continuing some hours, frequently headache, bowels constipated, and a depressed mental condition. She commenced taking the DYSPEPSIA PILLS, one morning and night, and in less than a week almost every symptom of her disease had vanished, and she felt like a new being.

PRICES.

Full set, 20 large vials in Morocco Case and Book	$5 00
Full set, 20 large vials in Plain Case and Book	4 00
Case of 15 numbered boxes and Book	3 00
Case of any 6 numbered boxes and Book	1 00
Single numbered boxes, with directions	25
Single lettered boxes, with directions	50
Large plantation or physician's case, 1 and 2 oz. vials	10 00

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Look over the list; make up a case of what kind you choose, and enclose the amount in a current note or stamps by mail to our address, at No. 562 Broadway, New York, and the medicines will be duly returned by mail or express, free of charge.

No family should be without these invaluable curatives.—They are the only remedies perfectly adapted for domestic and private use. With them the parent is armed and prepared against the first approach of disease, and can meet it at the threshold and keep it at bay. A trifle of medicine rightly directed in the first hours of disease, perfectly cures that which by delay can only be relieved by long and tedious hours of suffering, if at all. With these at hand, you are not obliged to await the coming of that distant as well as expensive luxury, a doctor; nor to be drugged, or poisoned, or else blistered, or bled, but may yourself administer the simple specific, and restore the ruddy current of life again to health and joy. There cannot only no injury arise in any case from their use but [illegible] upon the constitution, beyond all question is the most beneficial.

AGENTS WANTED.

We desire an active efficient agent, for the sale of our remedies, in every town or community in the United States.

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VOL. X. NO. 34.] ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1859. [WHOLE NO. 502.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

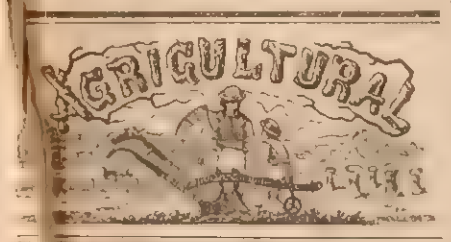
CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates.—It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.



RURAL LETTERS FROM EUROPE.—3.

BY SANFORD HOWARD.

Yorkshire; Its Breeds of Horses, Cattle and Sheep—Soil, Crops, &c.,—Bad Farming, poor Implements, and worse Vehicles—Short-horns and Irish Cattle in the Valley of the Tees—Professional Breeders—Kirkleavington, (residence of the late Thomas Bates,) and its Short-horns—Mr. Booth's Herd of Short-horns; Its History and Superiority—Improvement of the Breed, &c

THIRSK, YORKSHIRE, July 23, 1859.

THIS part of England is famous for horses—of coaching and hunting breeds, with a sprinkling of racers—Short-horn cattle and Leicester sheep. The land is generally good, and the crops often heavy, though the cultivation is not always of the best kind. I lately spent a day in riding through the country along the river Tees, in York and Durham—that stream forming the boundary between the two counties—and was quite surprised to find in that district, so celebrated for the fertility of its soil, the poorest farming I have seen in Britain. The soil is mostly very strong, inclining to clay; good for grass, but in many cases not sufficiently drained; wheat and other grain crops often light, the hedges neglected and covering two or three times as much ground as is necessary, and in many cases an appearance of slovenliness which would be considered disgraceful, even in America, where we are accustomed to find excuses for slip-shod farming. The implements are old-fashioned and rude—such as one would suppose had gone wholly out of use, from the numbers of improved kinds seen at the Agricultural Shows, or on the farms in some other parts of the Kingdom. The farm wagons are clumsily made, much in the style of the old Dutch wagons of the Mohawk Valley—the bodies only about wide enough for a hog-trough, and oak timber enough in one to go far towards building a ship-of-war. These are used for carrying manure, and for general farm purposes. What a contrast to the vehicles used on the farms of Scotland and some other parts of England!

The Valley of the Tees, it will be remembered, became celebrated at an early day for Short-horn cattle, then called the Teeswater breed. Subsequently, the stock having been adopted and improved by several noted breeders in Durham, it took the name of Durham Short-horn, and latterly, as the improved variety has become more widely disseminated, it is more properly designated the Improved Short-horn, or simply as the Short-horn breed. Yet, notwithstanding this territory appears to have been the original *habitat* of the English Short-horns, the breed has by no means exclusive possession here at the present day. I have been surprised at the number of Irish beasts in the pastures, and on mentioning this to my traveling companion, who is a native of the county, and familiar with every part, he assured me that more Irish cattle were grazed here than of the native breed. The Irish are a sort of Long-horn, in many instances crossed with the Short-horn.—From the number of cows of this kind that are seen, I infer that they are fine milkers. The common Short-horns are large, rather coarse animals, and though resembling the improved variety in color, have nothing in general to recommend them in style or quality. Some of them undoubtedly give, with abundant feeding, large quantities of rather thin milk. The improved kind is less numerous than would be supposed from the length of time it has been known here, and is mostly in the hands of men called professional breeders. There have been many of these in this neighborhood within the last fifty years.

The late THOMAS BATES, whose name was so well known in America, resided at Kirkleavington, near Yarm. I was there a few days ago, and viewed with no little interest the locality so famous for the *Dukes* and *Duchesses* which the late proprietor regarded as the only true aristocracy of Short-horns. But the glory of Kirkleavington has departed. Mr. BATES, after a long career, has been gathered to his fathers; his relatives, who resided on his estate, have removed to distant places, and the rich pastures formerly grazed by the gay-colored and *titled* Short-horn, are occupied by stock of no pretensions. I am informed that very few animals descended entirely from Mr. BATES' herd are now to be found in this section, or even in England—the reputation which they had acquired abroad being so much greater than that conceded to them at home that they have been permitted to leave the country. This will be partly understood in America, when it is remembered that not many years have elapsed since the public were told that there was only one herd (Mr. BATES') in England that could improve American stock—a statement promulgated with a pertinacity which has illustrated the adage, that "a lie well stuck to, is as good as the truth."

Yesterday I had the pleasure of a visit to Warlaby, the residence of RICHARD BOOTH, Esq., the far-famed breeder of Short-horn cattle. I saw specimens of his herd at the Show of the Royal Agricultural Society at Chester, and of the Yorkshire Society at Northallerton, last year, and of the former Society at Warwick, this year. In examining these, I was struck with the superior excellence of some points over any other Short-horns I had ever seen. The principal of these points are the fineness of the shoulder-joint, the shape and fine match of the shoulder-blade to the chine, and the fullness of the first ribs—in a word, the perfection of what in sheep is called the *fore flank*. As a breed, the Short-horn is prone to be defective at these points; their shoulders are apt to be protuberant, large and upright, with hollow crops and flat fore-ribs, giving coarse meat, much offal, and a narrow chest. The exception in the case of Mr. BOOTH'S cattle is very striking, several of them being as perfect in the points alluded to as the best Herefords or Devons. He has attained this extraordinary perfection without the sacrifice of any point; on the contrary, he has secured other rare properties—as great circumference of rib, breadth of back, general evenness of carcass, thickness and quality of flesh—which, with the points before spoken of, render his animals decidedly more perfect than any others of the breed that I have ever seen. Many of them have immense size, but with all the firmness of bone and symmetry of proportion that the most fastidious critic could desire. As an example of this, I might refer to the cow Nectarine-blossom, which took the first prize in her class at the Show of the R. A. S. last year. She is five years old, and has had three calves—the first a splendid white bull, now three years old, and this season in Mr. BOOTH'S herd.

As an instance of the uniformity of Mr. BOOTH'S stock, or of the certainty with which the desired model is produced, I may mention that the model prize-takers, Queen Mab, Queen-of-the-May, and Queen-of-the-Isles, with a prize bull whose name I do not remember, were all the produce of one cow, in regular succession. Queen-of-the-May is one of the cows which so much attracted my attention last year, and Queen-of-the-Isles is the heifer which last year, as a yearling, swept all before her at Chester and Northallerton, being universally commented on as a prodigy, and which, though she has come up with all the improvement which a year could be expected to give, was passed over at Warwick, the other day, without even so much as a commendation! She is the most extraordinary animal, for symmetry and weight combined, that I ever saw of her age, and upon what ground she was put out at Warwick, is more than any one can understand. I have seen outrageous decisions in America, but none that were worse than this. It excites much comment here, but will not injure Mr. BOOTH in the end.—Mr. BOOTH seldom sells cattle, but lets his bulls by the year. He has now upwards of twenty stationed in different parts of the Kingdom, none of which are let for less than a hundred guineas a year, and the larger number of them at two hundred guineas. The income from all his bulls is from £3,000 to £4,000 ($15,000 to $20,000) a year. One of his most noted bulls, Hopewell, ten or twelve years old, is now at home, after seven years' absence in Ireland, at an annual rent of two hundred guineas.

Mr. BOOTH derived his stock from his father, who for several years used some of the best bulls of CHARLES and ROBERT COLLING. Mr. B. has himself a distinct recollection of many of these—as Comet, Albion, Ben, Pilot, Twin-brother-to-Ben, &c. He has portraits (oil paintings, colored engravings, pencil sketches, &c.,) of some of the most celebrated animals of forty or fifty years since. They were evidently fine, though not equal in some of the points to which I have alluded, to the best of Mr. BOOTH'S herd. Indeed, to have effected the improvement in the fore-quarter, must have required much skill and a great length of time. Mr. BOOTH thinks the best short-horns of the present day are superior to those of fifty years since in quality of flesh. The breed had a tendency (as it generally has now,) to make fat and lean separately, the former sometimes overlying the latter in a mass. This defect has been considerably corrected in the best modern animals, which have not only greater thickness of meat, but a finer grain, and better mixture of fat and lean.—There is still plenty of room for improvement in these respects with *most* breeders, and it would be well if they would follow the proper examples which have been set before them.

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

Now that some of our principal crops are gathered, and the husbandmen are agreeably disappointed at the fairness of the quality and abundance of the yield,—and those still growing give promise of a return seldom equaled,—now that the midge has ceased its ravages, the potato rot is feared no more, the voice of the grumblers is hushed, and all hearts are made glad at the prospect of peace and plenty, it is well that we remind our readers of a promise made four thousand years ago,—a promise that has never failed,—that "while the earth remaineth seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

The farmer has cause to rejoice in this glorious promise that he should never lack an opportunity to labor, and that the reward of his labor should never fail. No such encouraging promise is on record for any other class in community. The merchant depends for success upon his foresight, care and diligence. Yet reverses, sore and ruinous, often overtake him, which the wisest cannot foresee, nor the most diligent avert. His ships are lost—debtors fail—goods depreciate on his hands—speculations in which he hoped to reap a golden harvest prove his ruin. Not more than one in ten, it is said, even of those of fair ability, and who exercise ordinary good judgment, succeed in commercial life. Failure is no evidence of want of ability, for success is the reward of only the few, and many who are successful for a score of years, find themselves unexpectedly financially *ruined*—a calamity crushing in its effects, filling the soul with bitterness and despair, driving the unfortunate one from his house, and home, deserted by the friends of his prosperity, and forgotten by those on whose gratitude he has especial claims. The earnings of a long life on which he had trusted for his declining years are swept ruthlessly away, and happy is he if he escapes dark suspicions and cruel whisperings of dishonesty, and still happier if, in the wreck of worldly hopes, he maintains an approving conscience.

The farmer, under fair auspices, if he exercises ordinary care and possesses common ability, cannot fail. Such a result would be evidence of *fault*, and not *misfortune*. The cause would be as apparent to the observer as the noonday sun, and lower such a man in the esteem of all sensible men; and sometimes makes him the butt of ridicule, the standing joke for the whole neighborhood. The farmer, it is true, meets with losses—the wheat midge or rust injures the wheat, the rot destroys his potatoes; some seasons are very dry, and others are excessively wet, and crops suffer—but these losses are only partial, and confined generally to one crop. The loss is one of anticipated profit and not of money expended—for under the most unfavorable circumstances, enough is usually raised to pay for the outlay of money and labor. Then the causes that affect his crops injures those of his neighbors also, and generally extend over a large district of country, and the natural consequence is an increase in price, which helps make up for the diminution in quantity. The loss may be inconvenient; indeed, it may be exceedingly annoying. It may prevent the prosecution of some cherished plan for underdraining—cause a delay of a year or two in building a new house, or a larger barn—prevent the adding of "house to house and land to land"—deprive the family of some desired luxuries; but it brings no crushing calamity that destroys hope, darkens a whole life, and causes the man, in his despair, like Jon, to curse the day on which he was born.

The farmer may well congratulate himself not only on the honor and the comfort, but the *safety* of his position. He lives in fear of no sudden reverses that shall drive his household gods from their home, and make them dependent upon the sympathies of a selfish world. He may believe, but he will never realize the truth of the lines,

"The friends that in our sunshine live,
When summer's gone and flown,
And those that have but tears to give,
May weep those tears alone."

Let him treasure up the useful lesson, so often taught, that "all is not gold that glitters," learn to be content with his lot, for though his gains are not rapid, they are generally sure, and though he meets with losses they are neither great nor embarrassing; and above all, let us daily thank the Giver of all Good for the glorious promise that seed-time and harvest shall not fail.

THINGS TO BE AVOIDED.

IN all the varied vocations to which the human family devote both mental and physical resources, there are recognized governing principles, which, when brought fully to bear, work out, for each and the aggregate, that problem known as *success*. The violation of these rules as unalterably produces disaster—as certainly writes *failure* and *ruin* against the transgressor of immutable law. The young man just trimming the sails of his own bark upon "life's troubled waters," as, chart in hand, he endeavors to escape the hidden dangers that surround, presents a picture unsurpassed in the elements of moral sublimity and grandeur. Watchful of the causes producing misfortune, he aims at their avoidance, and, conscious of the integrity of his purpose, his "Labor of Life" marks a performance which will render the world and mankind better. The principles we have mentioned exercise the same influence upon the calling of the farmer—their adoption is sure of the same benefits, and their rejection as imperative in its penalties—as in any occupation of the race. The Rural Press is the chart of the Agriculturist, and, though its imperfections are many and apparent, it carries a warning voice, pointing out the rocks where hopes and aspirations have met shipwreck. This is our purpose at the present, and if the range is of necessity circumscribed, it may suggest thought which, carried out in the minds of those tilling the soil, will be productive of good works.

A quaint writer recently remarked that "the prevailing disease among American farmers was *a desire to sell out*." The forest bows beneath the sturdy strokes of the pioneer—the "log cabin" is erected, and the smoke curling heaven-ward gives signs of progress—for long years the struggle with privation is bravely contested—improvement is indelibly fixed upon the broad fields—peace and plenty at last sits at the farmer's board, and we are almost led to exclaim,

"If there be an Elysium on earth it is this,"

when the *home* is too often exchanged for the *dollar*, and life is begun anew. This is, too frequently, the true view of American farm life—this is what renders our systems of culture so vague and uncertain. Contrast with the following item which we clip from the "Foreign Extracts" in a July issue of the RURAL:—"Among the obituary notices in the Leeds *Intelligencer*, is the following. 'On the 20th inst., aged 45, Mr. PETER MATTERSON, of Low Dunford, near Boroughbridge. He and his ancestry have been the owners and occupiers of the farm on which he died more than eight hundred years. The farm was not entailed, and the owner has always been a MATTERSON without adoption.'" Who will estimate the effects of such fixity of habitation and purpose upon the welfare of any people? The well known tenacity of "JOHNNY BULL" is thus indoctrinated, and under such teachings it is no marvel that England's morning reveille sounds round the world,—no wonder that the products of her soil should be the admiration of wide-wake, progressive agriculturists.

Another defect in our system of tillage, and the one which exerts the most deleterious influence upon American farm literature, is our proneness to *jump at conclusions*. From the very condition of the case, all the knowledge obtainable must come slowly—Nature gives but a single lesson in a year, and in the advancement made there can be no mushroom growth. Not a single reason exists why our chosen calling should not possess as stable and truthful a written history as any other science,—why all the fallacies with which it is now cumbered should not give place to facts, if those who compose the rank and file of the great producing army do but will that such change shall be effected. Each individual should have a portion in this occupation, throwing in his ray of intelligence, the aggregation of which shall cast light upon the dark places in our pilgrimage. Let us have the results of well-conducted experiments—not alone those terminating in pleasant and profitable returns, but those, also, which yielded neither gratification nor pecuniary reward. Thus, only, can we avoid the difficulties which environ us, and walk abroad in a path everywhere marked with the manifestations of prosperity.

HICKOK'S KEYSTONE CIDER MILL.

THOUGH cider is far less popular, as a beverage, than it was "long time ago"—or even in the days of our youth, which was not so *very* long ago—it is still manufactured to a considerable extent, and ranks among the useful products and necessities of the country. *Many* like it sweet, (with or without a straw,) while some prefer it in the 1840 style—rather "hard" or sour—and not a few people now traveling the down hill of life, retain their early habits by partaking of cider as a common beverage. It is also useful for so many other purposes—cooking, vinegar, etc.,—that it will not be likely to go entirely out of fashion or use so long as attainable. The science of making, preserving and using cider, is but imperfectly understood by the great mass of even those who use and consume it—but we do not now propose to discuss these points, as it is too early in the season.

Our present purpose is merely to call the attention of RURAL readers to an improved machine or mill for making cider—the one above represented, known as "Hickok's Patent Portable Keystone Cider and Wine Mill," and which we are assured possesses merits and advantages proportioned to its elongated name. This mill is quite complete and perfect, occupies but little space, and is so light as to render it very portable. It has been improved the present year in several respects, so that the patentee is confident "there is no mill in market that will grind so fast or with so little power, nor is there any one that is made in a better or more perfect manner." It is worked by horse, steam or hand-power, and when the apples are ground, a boy of fourteen years can easily press the pomace. The machine, when properly worked, is capable of making from 6 to 12 barrels of cider a day, with ease. One great advantage of this mill is, that a few gallons of cider may be made at any time, for immediate use—or from one gallon to several barrels. It can also be used for pressing currants, cherries, berries, cheese, butter, lard and tallow. We therefore regard Hickok's Mill as a useful and convenient "institution."

A PEEP INTO MODERN PHILOSOPHY.—No. II.

THE Astronomers said, Give us matter, and a little motion, and we will construct a Universe.—Modern Philosophers say, Give us Soil, Guano, or some "special fertilizer," and we will change the whole code of laws of the vegetable kingdom.—While Astronomers were playing with the question, Nature gave the ball a toss and bestowed the first impulse, and all the harmony of centrifugal and centrepital forces have grown out of it. The ball once in motion, there is no end to the consequences. This aboriginal push generated motion and electricity, and converted Nature into one vast pramis, not to be realized or unfolded by the hand of reality. Great causes are never tried on their own merits,—but reduced to suitable size to be measured by the operator's mind, and the contest is always hottest on minor points. Nature never commits the enactment or execution of vegetable or mineral laws to human conception or human comprehension. When the philosophers told the tiller of the soil how many bushels of wheat he could raise on an acre, by analyzing his soil, some unastonished wag refused to play the game, and blabbed the secret, and the whole thing fell back into Nature's arms.

This paltry game of exaggeration has been played for ages. Nature always furnishes an excess of material to every person, to force him on in the right, direction and if he fail to make wheat straw out of "flint sand," he will go the game over again with a new whirl for years to come. Still, the philosophers are "in loco"—they have only fired over. We must aim above the mark to hit it. It is not enough that the heart should beat just hard enough to thaw the blood to the ends of the fingers and toes—there must be an excess of force, an exaggeration of impulse, or it would never return. Quite anala-

gous to these deceits in physical science are the results that grow out of it. The farmer sends to New York or Boston for "special fertilizers" that furnish to his nasal organs the same ammoniacal emanations that he meets at every visit to the village or city. The blood and bones from the slaughtering-houses, the night soil from the vaults of privies, compounded with meadow muck by the chemical hand of science, are sent him for the *paltry sum of* 2½ cents per pound, while cords of the same materials in his own district are going to waste. "The stench of the city is the harvest of the country." From J. J. MAPES' success in pear culture he has been led to believe that he "can make a manure that will produce either fruit or wood." Quite novel and plausible, but further on he has told the secret. "When I plant out my trees I *head them in severely.*" Our over-anxiety to get beautiful trees leads us to grow wood at a loss of fruit. When fruit trees stop growing, they "bear abundantly." Some varieties *begin* to bear before maturity. All the blood and bones of New York, with all the guano of Peru, cannot make a *vigorous* grower and *abundant* bearer of a premature scion and sickly stock. The normal laws of the vegetable kingdom are irrepealable—unalterable. By these laws one variety is an abundant bearer, another a shy bearer.

Chemically speaking, silica is an acid, and will unite with large doses of the two alkalies, potash and soda, and will form a soluble silicate of those bases. This explanation reveals the secret why the alkalies in wood ashes are so valuable on sandy soils. So says Dr. LEE. He now came in to ask the question, is this "soluble silicate" formed from flint sand by decomposition, in connection with two powerful alkalies, the *vegetable* silicate found in wheat and other straw at maturity, which enables it to hold up the full head of grain under the weight of atmospheric pressure? or is the flinty solution which gives strength to the straw, *purely vegetable*, and transformed from the volatile and liquid elements poured into the plant, by capillery attraction and atmospheric pressure, by crystallization? Crude minerals, drawn into growing plants are just as poisonous to the vital fluids, or sap, as mercury is to the human system. Potash and phosphorus, are the surest elements that enter into these fluids, and when purely refined by the laws governing these elements, are sure to produce the best results in both cases The carpenter upon the frame, well understands a want of this fluid upon the brain when his head begins to "swim." The drooping plant betrays the same deficiency. The fact is well established, that you shall place a growing plant in a pot or box filled with sand and mould, and when the plant has obtained the weight of several pounds, remove it, and the pot or box will weigh the same as at first. The "great secret" why wood ashes are so valuable upon sandy soils, lies in its *own native* power, and not in its power to *reduce* minerals to vegetable fluids.

Clay, sand, vegetable mould, wood ashes and animal manures are the "five great powers" of the vegetable kidgdom. All these elements are at the farmer's door, and he who looks to the city and drug store for fertilizers to restore his exhausted fields to a state of fertility, is doomed to disappointment. In those five elements the farmer has potash, lime, soda, phosphorus, sulphur, chlorine and iron—all the leading minerals found in matured plants. No men are more deeply interested in a knowledge of the laws of geology, chemistry, of vegetable and animal physiology, than the tiller of the soil. His book is the book of nature—GOD its author. The great problem to be solved by him is, the best method of making the elements at his command into beef, pork, fruit, butter, wool and other necessaries of life. All hail to the man who tills the soil.

L. L. PIERCE.

East Jaffrey, Cheshire Co., N. H., 1859.

CLEANSING WOOL.—FOOT AIL IN SHEEP.

EDS. RURAL:—In your paper of July 30th, a subscriber from Michigan wishes to know how to cleanse wool. As my wife has been cleaning a little for her own use, I send you her method. The wool should be first assorted, the best or cleanest first, and put in a tub or barrel loose, not packed. Take 1 pail of chamber lye to 3 pails of rain-water and pour on, boiling hot, enough to cover the wool. Let it soak some time; squeeze it and let it drain out of the water. Rinse it two or three times through soft water, hot as the hands can bear.—The wool should be squeezed out in large handfuls, (not washed,) which will save labor in picking it for the mill. The first water will do to heat up for the poor wool.

While my hand is in I send you a recipe for Foot Ail in Sheep, which I have obtained from a farmer who has over 300 sheep, and says that two applications will cure the worst cases. The recipe ought to be in print, therefore I promised him to send it to your paper for publication:

Verdigris, ground, 4 ounces; tar, 2 oz.; spirits turpentine, 2 oz.; lard, 1 pound. Warm and mix. Scrape the affected part between the toe with a knife clean (no matter if it does bleed;) pare the end of the toes a very little, and scrape it out clean, or all the black in it, and put on the salve with a little puddle. The fever in the foot will cause the salve to spread between the toes. M.

Penn Yan, N. Y., 1859.

PLOWING.—A SCOTCH MODE.

EDS. RURAL:—Sir, I find the boys are quite ardent in the cause of improving their hands in *plowing*, and I am pleased with the idea. Now, without finding fault with any one, (as I know the the old proverb, "every man likes to wear his belt his ain gate,") I will tell you my practice, for the last fifty years, *here*, and on the "banks of the Tweed."

If the field is fallow, to rig up, I get three or four polls 7 feet long, with iron points, and mark them at 6½ feet, as I wish to make the rig 13 feet wide, (that being the standard width for a rig on clay soil.) Beyond that, you will *flank* your *rig*. I then take a square and lay it down at the corner of the field, to mark the direction of the polls. I do the same at the other corner, and then measure off my rig with my polls to a *dead straight*.

In plowing I use rope lines, single to each horse, and fix to the handle of plow with an *eye* in the rope. I take short lines, say five feet long, for use between the horses, and fix them to the buckle of the back-band, so that I can make the horses go wide apart, or not, that I can see the polls, and if one of the horses should be a little hasty, I can easily bring him to. I then lay the first furrow very shallow, and come down in the *same furrow*, laying it open. In this way the field will be *straight*, and one *rig* not *one inch* wider than *another*. Six times about will finish the *rig*. The *first* time about I lay very *light*. The next two times very deep, then a little shallower until I meet in the furrow. This will make a round *rig*. With lea land, I do the same, laying the furrows at an angle of forty-five degrees, so that the seed can send down their roots to the whole depth of the furrow.

I never drew a furrow in my life that I was pleased with, but I have a *pretty gruff guess* how it should be done. So saith one of your *Scotch* patrons, formerly from the *banks of the Tweed*.

DAVID HILL.

Gouverneur, St. Law. Co., N. Y., August, 1859.

WORN OUT LANDS OF VIRGINIA.—INQUIRY.

EDS. RURAL:—Agricultural papers are the reliable mediums through which the farmer gains valuable information. I desire information in regard to the worn out lands in Virginia, and know of no better way to obtain it than by making inquiries and soliciting answers from your able and posted correspondents. I have read some articles in the RURAL, written by men who have settled on these lands; they are not satisfactory, and I wish more light. I am interested, because I contemplate going there the coming fall with the view to purchase some of said land, provided the inducement is good; and I am not alone interested, as several families in this vicinity are anxious to go. Would it be advisable to go there with a small capital only? Are these cheap lands overgrown with weeds or grass, or are they barren? And can they be "brought to" by raising clover to enrich them? If not—that is, if clover will not grow on them in their present poor state—how can they be enriched? Will it not cost too much to purchase manure, &c.? In which counties are these lands principally located? And what are the facilities for markets, schools, &c.? Is the *white* laborer disrespected there, or are there in some localities societies of northern men who work as they did at the north, and acknowledge the dignity of labor? Answers to these questions, and others pertaining to them, such as climate, &c., will be gladly received, either through the columns of your paper or by letter.

HARMAN LINDSAY.

Newfane, Niagara Co., N. Y., 1859.

A LITTLE MORE ABOUT CURING HAY.

MY friend WINEGAR says the true way to make hay is, when the sun shines. That is something new under the sun at any rate. He has owned horses twenty years, and has never had one get the heaves. I have owned horses nearly fifty years, and think he will admit that I have owned twenty if not thirty horses to his one. I have no recollection of ever having but two get the heaves; one I *know* to have been caused by bad usage, the other I *think* by the same cause. I would almost concur with friend WINEGAR as to curing clover hay in the sun and rain enough so that it would not mow-burn; it would not then give a horse the heaves, for I think it would then often be in a condition that a horse would hardly eat enough to keep him alive, let alone giving him the heaves. I do not believe in curing clover hay all together in the swath, nor in the cock. Let it lie in the swath a sufficient length of time to be tolerably well cured, but not so that the leaves drop off, then rake and cock it up; it will not heat to injure it at all; but let it stand until it gets in a sweat, then if you can get a favorable, sunshiny day to draw it in, I will warrant it not to mow-burn, and you to have as good hay as the man that leaves his grass on the swath to be burnt up by the sun and drenched with the rain.

A. B.

Spring Port, N. Y., Aug., 1859.

Inquiries and Answers.

CISTERN FOR LIQUID MANURE.—I should like to learn from you, or some of your correspondents, the proper way to build an efficient and durable cistern in a barn-yard for holding liquid manure? I want its capacity equal to three or four hundred barrels.—J. W. CHADBOOK, *Pavilion, N. Y.*, 1859.

CATTLE WITH THE HEAVES.—Are horned cattle subject to the heaves? I have an ox which, to all appearances, is affected with that disease. If any of your numerous correspondents know of a remedy, I shall be greatly obliged by having it given in the RURAL.—A SUBSCRIBER, *Meadville, Pa.*, 1859.

THE disease of your animal is doubtless a bronchial affection, attended perhaps with more or less inflammation of the lungs.

BLOODY MURRAIN.—About 6 months ago I addressed you requesting some information about Bloody Murrain—its cause, and a cure for the same. As, perhaps, you may not have received my communication, I will thank you to make some observations upon it. A large number die from this cause in this neighborhood every year, but a very few recovering when once attacked.—AGRICOLA, *Lambton, C. W.*, 1859.

IN the RURAL of December 4th, 1858, the query of "Agricola" received *special attention* to the extent of *two columns*. We have mailed said copy to your address. HIRAM H. ALLEN, Kent Co., Mich., gives the following prescription for *Dry Murrain*:—"On the first discovery of it give from 1 to 2 lbs. of salts, according to the age and size of the creature, say an ox, 2 lbs. I never knew it to fail. I am not a cattle doctor, but a farmer, and have kept considerable stock, and merely give my experience and observation."

WHERE TO PURCHASE MULES.—As I am a reader of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, I noticed the inquiry for mules at reasonable rates. I have not seen an answer, therefore I take it upon myself to give such information as I can. The coal regions are now over-stocked with mules and they can be bought cheap at Scranton, Carbondale, or Montrose.—There are several pairs in this place for sale.—W. T., *Harford, Penn.*, 1859.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Signs of a Good Ox.

IN the RURAL of the 13th inst., we gave an extract from an "Essay upon Working Oxen," read before the Concord (Mass.,) Farmers' Club, by CHARLES A. HUBBARD, the subject of *Training* being then presented. We again dip into the good things contained in his remarks, as follows:—"Tall oxen are four years old, they are usually called steers, afterwards oxen. The signs of a good ox for work, according to my experience and observation, are these: long head, broad and level between the eyes, and the eye full, keen and pleasant. Such marks indicate ability to receive instructions, and a willingness to obey. An ox with large horns near the head, is apt to be lazy, and he will not endure heat well; forward legs straight, toes straight forward, hoofs broad, not peaked, and the distance short between the ankle and the knee; these properties enable an ox to travel on a pavement or hard roads. If the ox toes out, the strain comes on the inside claw, and when traveling on hard ground, he will be lame at the joint between the hoofs and the hair; when the toes turn out, the knees bend in, and an ox with crooked knees is apt to become lame by holding heavy loads down hill; full breast, straight on the back, round ribs, projecting out as wide as the hip bones; these are signs of strength and a good constitution. The best colors are brown, dark red and brindle. When the ox has completed his eighth or ninth year he should be fattened."

Certain Cure for Botts in Horses.

"LIVERY KEEPER" writes thus to the *Kentucky Farmer*:—When you find your horse complaining, and looking around at his side, and lies down pretty often, and is not swollen, you may very readily come to the conclusion that he has the botts. Lose no time in giving him a quart of sweet milk and molasses, and just as soon as you let his head down, after he swallows the drench, slap him several times on the side of which he complains most, with a paddle about two feet long, six inches wide and one inch thick, striking him pretty hard; this process jars the botts loose from him, and they take hold of, and feed on the milk and molasses. In ten or fifteen minutes after striking him with the paddle, give him a quart or half gallon drench of strong sage tea; this accomplishes the object by killing the botts, and the horse is relieved.

Rolling Corn Ground.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Prairie (Ill.) Farmer* writes:—Last spring for the first time we used the roller, and as little as we know of its utility we would as soon dispense with the harrow as with the roller. To say nothing of rolling wheat or oats, it will amply pay to buy or make one on purpose to roll corn ground. One would hardly believe it made such a difference in the land till they saw it. Whether it makes any difference in the growth of the corn or not I cannot say. But this I know, once rolling puts the land in better order than several times harrowing, for it crushes all the large lumps, so that when you come to mark, plow and hoe, the ground is level, and there are no lumps in the way.

Time of Harvesting Wheat.

AN Illinois correspondent of the *American Agriculturist*, incited by a statement of the advantages of early cutting, tried the experiment on a field of 50 acres last season. The bulk of the crop first cut, weighed 62½ lbs. to the measured bushel. The part of the field left until fully ripe before cutting, gave wheat weighing but 58 lbs. per bushel—making a difference of nearly one hundred bushels on the whole field in favor of early cutting—from ten to fourteen days before full maturity.

THE GREAT WOOL FAIR AND SALE.—The Wool Growers' Convention—or, rather, the Wool Fair and Sale—held at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 4th inst, proved very successful. The display of Wool was large and superior, while the sales (amounting to some 500,000 lbs.) were decidedly encouraging to producers. There were plenty of purchasers and the competition was brisk. Good full blood Merino fleeces sold at 45 to 50½ cts. Many fancy clips brought 60 cents, while some of the finest premium samples sold as high as 72 and 73 cents. This indicates confidence in the future of the wool trade, and an advance of prices—especially as most of the purchasers are said to be manufacturers and their agents, instead of speculators, and men who ought to be well advised as to the quantity and quality of the clip, and to possess intelligent convictions as to its prospective value.

—At the close of the exhibition and sale, an "Ohio Wool Growers' Association" was formed, and the following officers elected:—*President*—WM. BONAR, Knox County. *Secretary*—G. N. Abbey. *Treasurer*—Harvey Baldwin, Summit. *Executive Committee*—Thos. Brown, Cleveland; H. C. Burt, Cleveland; Peter A. Morse, Akron.

OSWEGO CO. AG. SOCIETY.—*Officers, Fair, &c.*—Officers for 1859:—*President*—ORRIN R. EARL, of Sandy Creek. *Vice-Pres't*—T. H. AUSTIN, New Haven. *Sec'y*—ANDREW JOHNSON, Mexico. *Treas.*—L. H. CONKLIN, Mexico. *Directors*—Elias Thomas, Volney; Welton Marks, Sandy Creek; Harvey Palmer, Parish; Solomon Mathews, Mexico; John W. Lyon, Constantia; C. D. Snell, Mexico. The fourth Annual Fair (under the new organization) is to be held on the Society's Grounds in the Village of Mexico, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 13th, 14th and 15th of September. The Annual Address will be delivered by D. D. T. MOORE, Esq., Editor of the RURAL NEW-YORKER.—C.

NEW VARIETIES OF WHEAT.—We are in receipt of several inquiries relative to the new varieties of wheat (or at least new horeabouts) tried in Western New York the past season, and again request those who have experimented to report the result through the RURAL—stating the time of sowing and harvesting, quality, yield, etc. Most of the inquirers wish information concerning the Dayton, May, &c., but we are not prepared to make any material additions to what we have already published. Considerable wheat will be sown in this region the ensuing fall, principally, we think, of the Mediterranean and Soules' varieties.

HON. JOHN A. DIX is to deliver the Address at the next New York State Fair, and Gov. BANKS, of Mass., at the Mich. State Fair.

MR. E. MARKS, of Camillus, has recently sold his fine young Short-horn bull "Felix" to TIMOTHY BREWSTER, Esq., of Adams, Jefferson county, N. Y.

NATIONAL, STATE AND LOCAL FAIRS, 1859.

BELOW we give a revised list of the Agricultural Fairs for 1859, including, in addition to the State Fairs, an enumeration of the principal County and other Fairs so far as ascertained—making altogether the most complete list yet published:

STATE FAIRS.

U. S. Ag. Society, Chicago	Sept. 12.
American Institute, New York	Sept. 21-Oct. 28.
National Horse Exhibition, Kalamazoo, Mich	Oct. 11-14.
New York, Albany	Oct. 4- 7.
Wisconsin, Milwaukee	Sept. 26-30.
Pennsylvania, Pottsville	Sept. 27-30.
New Hampshire, Dover	Oct. 5- 7.
Alabama, Montgomery	Nov. 15-18.
Massachusetts, Boston	
Rhode Island, Providence	
Nebraska, Nebraska City	Sept. 21-23.
Connecticut, New Haven	Oct. 11-14.
Maryland, Frederick City	Oct. 25-28.
Tennessee, Nashville	Oct. 10-15.
Georgia, Atlanta	Oct. 24-28.
Illinois, Freeport	Sept. 5- 7.
Indiana, New Albany	Sept. 26-29.
Iowa, Oscaloosa	Sept. 29.
Kentucky, Lexington	Sept. 13-16.
Maine, Augusta	Sept. 20-23.
New Jersey, Elizabeth	Sept. 13-16.
South Carolina, Columbia	Nov. 8-11.
Ohio, Zanesville	Sept. 20-23.
Vermont, Burlington	Sept. 13-16.
California, Sacramento	Sept. 27, Oct. 6.
Michigan, Detroit	Oct 4- 9.
Missouri, St. Louis	Sept. 25
Canada West, Kingston	Sept. 27-30.
Canada East	

COUNTY FAIRS.—MAINE.

Androscroggin, ——	Oct. — —.
Franklin, Farmington,	Oct. 5-7.
Kennebec, Readfield,	Oct. 11-13.
Lincoln, Union,	Oct. 18-20.
North Franklin, Strong	Sept. 28-29.
North Penobscot, Lincoln	Oct. 5, 6.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Essex, Danvers	Sept. 28, 29.
Middlesex, Concord	Sept. 28.
Middlesex, S., Farmingham	Sept. 20, 21.
Middlesex, N., Lowell	Sept. 21
Worcester, Worcester	Sept. 28, 29.
Worcester, W., Barre	Sept. 27.
Worcester, N., Fitchburg	Sept. 29, 30.
Worcester, S., Sturbridge	Sept. 28.
Hampshire, Franklin, &c., Northampton	Sept. 28, 29.
Hampshire, Amherst	Oct. 13, 14.
Hampden, Springfield	Sept. 21, 22.
Hampden, E., Palmer	Oct. 4, 5.
Franklin, Greenfield	Sept. 27, 23.
Berkshire, Pittsfield	Oct. 5- 7
Housatonic, Great Barrington	Sept. 28, 29.
Norfolk, Dedham	Sept. 27, 28.
Bristol, Taunton	Sept. 14, 15.
Plymouth, Bridgewater	Oct. 5, 6.
Barnstable, Barnstable	Oct. 5, 6.
Nantucket, Nantucket	Oct. 12, 13.
Martha's Vineyard, West Tisbury	Oct. 11, 12.

CONNECTICUT.

Fairfield, Norwalk	Sept. 27-30.
Middlesex, Middletown	Oct. 5- 7.
Windham, Brooklyn	Sept. 21, 22.
Hartford, Hartford	Sept. 27-30.

NEW YORK.

Cayuga, Auburn	Sept. 14-16.
Chenango, Norwich	Sept. 21, 22.
Delaware, Bloomville,	Sept. 14-15.
Erie, Buffalo	Sept. 27-29.
Essex, Elizabethtown	Sept. 22 23.
Genesee, Batavia	Sept. 14, 15.
Greene, Cairo	Sept. 28-29.
Jefferson, Watertown	Sept. 21-22.
Lewis, Lowville	Sept. 21, 22.
Livingston, Geneseo	Sept. 20-22.
Monroe, Rochester	Sept. 28-30.
Oneida, Rome	Sept. 27-29.
Ontario, Canandaigua	Sept. 28-30.
Onondaga, Syracuse	Sept. 20-22.
Orange, Goshen	Sept. 21, 22.
Orleans, Albion	Sept 20-22.
Otsego, Cooperstown	Sept. 28, 29.
Oswego, Mexico,	Sept. 13-15.
Putnam, Carmel,	Sept. 27-29.
Queens, Hempstead	Sept. 15.
Rensselaer, Lansingburgh,	Sept. 13-16.
Saratoga, ——,	Sept. 6- 8.
Schuyler, Watkins,	Sept. 14-16.
Seneca, Waterloo,	Oct. 12-14.
Steuben, Bath	Sept. 2—30.
St. Lawrence, Canton	Sept. 28-30.
Tompkins, Ithaca	Sept. 21-23.
Washington, Fort Ann	Sept. 7, 8.
Westchester, North Salem,	Sept. 20-22.
Wyoming, Warsaw,	Sept. 27-28.
Yates, ——	Oct. 12-13.

NEW YORK UNION TOWN SOCIETIES.

Brookfield, Brookfield,	Sept. 28-29.
Byron and Bergen, Byron	Sept. 22, 23.
Canaseraga, Dansville,	Sept. 28-30.
Coventry, Coventry,	Sept. 27-28.
Dryden, Dryden,	Sept. 28, 29.
Galen, Clyde,	Sept. 15.
Harpersville, Harpersville	Sept. 20, 21.
Hartland, Hartland Corners	Sept. 23 24.
Lebanon, Smith's Valley	Sept. 16, 17.
Oxford, Oxford	Sept. 29, 30.
Palmyra, Palmyra,	Oct. 11-13.
Sandy Creek, Washingtonville	Sept. 8, 9.
Smithville, Smithville	Sept. 14, 15.
Smyrna, Smyrna	Sept. 13, 14.
Susquehanna Valley, Unadilla	Sept. 21, 22.
Tonawanda Valley, Attica	Sept. 21, 23.
Union, Medina	Sept. 14-16.
Union Trumansburg	Sept. 28-30.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Chester, West Chester	Sept. 23, 24.
Crawford, Conneautville	Oct 5- 7.
Monongahela, Monongahela City	Oct. 6- 7
Venango, Franklin	
Union, Lewisburg	Oct. 6- 8.
Mercer, Mercer	Sept. 14, 15.
Erie, Erie	Sept. 21, 22.
Berks, Reading	Sept. 21-23.

OHIO.

Guernsey, Cambridge	Sept. 15, 16.
Lucas, Toledo	Sept. 27-29.
Ottawa, Ottawa	Sept. 28-30.
Fayette, Washington	Sept. 7- 8.
Pickaway, Circleville	Sept. 7- 9.
Ashtabula, Jefferson	Sept. 13-15.
Geauga, Burton	Sept. 13-15.
Brown, Georgetown	Sept. 6- 9.
Jefferson, Steubenville	Sept. 14-16.
Erie, Huron	Sept. 14-16.
Marion, Marion	Sept. 14-16.
Madison, London	Sept. 14-16.
Portage, Ravenna	Sept. 19-21.
Brown, (Ind.) Ripley	Sept. 20-23.
Clermont, Bautain	Sept. 14-16.
Delaware, Delaware	Sept. 11-13.
Lake, Painesville	Sept 21 23.
Preble, Eaton	Sept. 22-23.
Lorain, Elyria	Sept. 27-29.
Belmont, St. Clairsville	Sept. 27-29.
Medina, Medina	Sept. 27 29.
Greene, Xenia	Sept. 27 29.
Champaign, Urbana	Sept. 27 30.
Adams, West Union	Sept. 27-30.
Tuscarawas, Canal Dover	Sept. 28-30.
Geauga, (Free) Claridon	Sept. 28-30.
Columbiana, New Lisbon	Sept. 28-30.
Highland, Hillsboro	Sept. 28-30.
Seneca, Tiffin	Sept. 28-30.
Fulton, Ottokee	Sept. 28-30.
Defiance, Defiance	Sept. 28-30.
Union, Marysville	Sept. 28-30.
Putnam, Ottawa	Sept 29 30.
Butler, Hamilton	Oct. 4- 7.
Trumbull, Warren	Oct. 12-14.
Coshocton, Coshocton	Oct. 12-14.
Ashland, Ashland	Oct. 12-14.
Hancock, Findlay	Oct. 3- 5.
Logan, Bellefontaine	Oct. 3- 6.
Sandusky, Fremont	Oct. 5- 7.
Mahoning, Canfield	Oct. 4- 5.
Darke, Greenville,	Oct. 4- 6.
Cuyahoga, Cleveland	Oct. 4- 6.
Clark, Springfield	Oct. 4- 6.
Licking, Newark	Oct. 5- 6.
Noble, Sarahsville	Oct. 5- 6.
Stark, Canton	Oct. 5- 7.
Morrow, Mt. Gilead	Oct. 5- 7.
Harrison, Cadiz	Oct. 5- 7.
Wyandot, Upper Sandusky	Oct. 5- 7.
Wayne, Wooster	Oct. 5- 7.
Monroe, Woodsfield	Oct. 5- 7.
Montgomery, Dayton	Oct. 5- 8.
Summit, Akron	Oct. 12-14.
Morgan, McConnellsville	Oct. 12-14.
Crawford, Bucyrus	Oct. 12-14.
Hardin, Kenton	Oct. 12-14.
Carroll, Carrollton	Oct. 25-27.

MICHIGAN.

Lenawee, Adrian	Oct. 5, 9.
Lenawee Northern, Tecumseh	Sept 21, 22.
Oakland, Pontiac	Oct. 12, 13.
St. Joseph, Centreville	Sept 28 30.
Genesee, Flint	Sept 28, 29.
Allegan, Allegan	Sept 28, 29.
Hillsdale, Hillsdale	Sept 28, 29.
Calhoun, Marshall	Oct. 12 13.
Lapeer, Lapeer	Sept 29 Oct. 1.
Ionia, Ionia	Oct 18 20.
Van Buren, Paw Paw	Sept 29 30.
Macomb, Utica	Sept 29 Oct. 1.
Berrien, Niles,	Oct 10-12.
Jackson, Jackson,	Sept. 27 29.
Kent, Grand Rapids,	Sept 27 30.
Sanilac, Lexington,	Sept 28-30.
Washtenaw, Wayne Union, Ypsilanti	Sept. 27 28.
Shiawassee, Corunna	Sept 28-30.
Eaton, Charlotte	Sept 29 30.
Ingham, Mason	Sept 26 28.
Washtenaw, Ann Arbor	Oct 6 7.

INDIANA.

Clay, Center Point,	Oct. 11 13.
Fulton, Rochester,	Sept. 28-30.
Owen, Spencer,	Oct 14-15.
Fayette, Connersville	Sept. 14-16.
Clark, Charlestown	Sept. 6 9.
Laporte, Laporte	Sept 21 23.
Congressional Dist., Union, Kendallville	Oct 4 9.
Warren, Williamsport	Oct. 5- 7.
Marion, Indianapolis	Sept. 28 30.
Sullivan, Carlisle	Sept. 19 24.
Huntington, Huntington	Sept. 14-16.
Parke and Vermillion, Montezuma	Sept. 13-16.
Putnam, Parke and Montgomery, Russe ville	Aug. 30-Sept. 2.
Boone, Lebanon	Oct 13-15.
Whitley, Columbia City	Oct. 14, 15.
Washington, Salem	Sept. 13 16.
Marshall, Plymouth	Oct. 12-14.
Hamilton, Noblesville	
Putnam, Greencastle	Sept. 5- 9.
Dearborn	Sept. 20 23.
Henry, Newcastle	Sept. 14-16.
Wabash, Wabash	Oct. 5- 7.
Hendricks, Danville	Sept. 13 15.
Wells, Bluffton	Oct. 4, 5.
Rush, Rushville	Sept. 13-16.
Shelby, Shelbyville	Sept. 7-10.
Rush, Henry and Hancock, Knightstown	Sept. 6- 9.
Decatur, Greensburgh	Sept. 13-15.
Spencer, Rockport	Sept. 20-22.
Pulaski, Winimac	Oct. 25, 26.
Posey, New Harmony	Oct. 25-27.
Johnson, Franklin	Sept. 21-24.
DeKalb, Auburn	Oct. 17-19.
Lawrence, Bedford	Sept. 5- 8.
Miami, Peru	Oct. 5- 7.
Hancock, Greenfield	Sept. 21-23
Warrick, Boonville	Oct. 4- 8.
Morgan	Oct. 5- 8.

ILLINOIS.

Bureau, Princeton,	Oct. 4.
Champaigne, West Urbana	Oct. 4- 7.
Kankakee, Solida Creek Grove	Oct. 5- 7.
St. Clair, Belleville	Sept. 14-16.
Rock Island, Rock Island	Sept. 21-23.
Livingston, Pontiac	Sept. 27-28.
Adams, Quincy	Oct. 12-14.
Brown, Mt. Sterling	Oct. 12 14.
Carroll, Mt. Carroll	Sept. 21-23.
Cass, Virginia	Aug 30-Sept. 1.
Coles, Charleston	Sept. 14-17.
Grundy, Morris	Sept. 1- 8.
Hancock, Carthage	Sept. 26-30.
Henry Cambridge	Sept. 14-16.
Knox	Oct. 4- 7.
Lake, Libertyville	Sept. 27, 28.
Lee, Amboy	Oct. 4- 7.
Logan	Oct. 4 7.
Mattoon Union Fair, Mattoon	Sept. 21 23.
Macon, Decatur	Sept 20 23.
Madison Edwardsville	Sept. 20 23.
McLean, Bloomington	Sept. 28 30.
Ogle ——	Oct. 4- 6.
Sangamon, Springfield	Oct. 4- 7.
Scott, Winchester	Oct 5- 7
Schuyler, Rushville	Sept. 28 30.
Shelby, Shelbyville	Oct. 11-14.
Tazewell, Tremont	Sept 28, 29
Van Buren, Paw Paw	Sept. 29, 30.
Vermillion, Catlin	Sept 20 23
Warren	Sept. 21 23.
Whiteside, Morrison	Sept. 28-30.

WISCONSIN.

Grant, Lancaster	Sept. 13-15.
Green, Monroe	Sept. 22-24.
Iowa, Dodgeville	Sept. 6, 7.
Kenosha	Sept. 23, 24.
Pierce, Prescott	Sept. 14, 15.
Richland, Richland Centre	Sept. 21, 22.
Webster, Fort Dodge	Sept. 14, 15.
Columbia, Portage City	Sept. 20, 21.
Sheboygan, Sheboygan Falls	Sept. 14, 15.
Waukesha, Waukesha	Sept. 14-16.
Dodge, Juneau	Sept. 14-16.
St. Croix, Hudson	Sept. 20, 21.
Waupaca, Waupaca	Sept. 20, 21.
Dane, Madison	Sept. 20-22.
Rock, Janesville	Sept. 20-22.
Walworth, Elkhorn	Sept. 21-23.
Jefferson, Lake Mills	Sept. 21, 22.
Winnebago, Oshkosh	Sept. 22, 23.
Manitowoc, Manitowoc	Oct. 3, 4
Waushara, Wautoma	Oct. 12, 13.

IOWA.

Webster, Fort Dodge	Sept. 14, 15.
Mahaska, Oskaloosa	Sept. 14-16.
Polk, Desmoines	Sept. 16-18.
Morgan, Jacksonville	Sept 20 23.
Hardin, Eldora	Sept 21, 22.
Tama, Toledo	Sept. 21, 22.
Floyd, St. Charles City	Oct. 5, 6.
Appanoose, Centreville	Oct. 6, 7.
Cerro Gordo, Mason City	Oct. 10, 11.
Lucas, Charlton	Oct. 12, 13.
Hamilton, Webster City	Oct 19 20.
Shelby, Shelbyville	Oct 27, 28.
Warren, Indianola	Oct 6, 7.
Boone, Boonesboro	Sept. 24, 25.
Bremer, Waverly	Sept. 28, 29.
Cedar, M. V. Butler's	Oct. 6, 7.
Delaware, Delhi	Oct. 4, 5.
Humboldt, Dakota City	Oct. 4, 5.
Iowa, Marengo	Oct. 5, 7.
Marshall, Albion	Oct. 6, 7.
Poweshiek, Montezuma	Sept. 22, 23.
Butler, Clarksville	Sept. 28, 29.

KENTUCKY.

Bourbon, Paris	Sept 6- 9.
Harrison, Cynthiana	Sept 20 23.
Mercer, Salvisa	Sept 27 30.
Mason, Germantown	Sept 27-30.
Union, Eminence	Sept. 20-23.
Bracker, Germantown	Sept 27 30.
Warren, Bowling Green	Oct. 4- 7.
Springfield, Springfield	Oct. 11 14.
Southwestern, Louisville	Sept. 20-24.
Central Ky., Danville	Sept 6- 9.
Crab Orchard, Crab Orchard	Aug 20 23.
Madison, Richmond	Aug 16 19.
Clarke, Winchester	Aug. 30-Sept. 2.
North Kentucky, Maysville	Sept 18-19.
South Kentucky, Glasgow	Sept 27-30.
Kenton Florence	Sept. 27-Oct. 1.
Madison, Richmond	Aug. 16-19.
Nelson, Bardstown	Sept 12-17.
Logan, Russelville	Oct. 11-14.

TENNESSEE.

Maury, Columbia	Sept. 19-24.
Middle Division, Shelbyville,	Sept. 26-Oct. 1.
Shelby, Memphis,	Sept. 11-15.
Smith, Rome,	Sept. 28-Oct. 1.
Sumner, Gallatin,	Sept. 26-Oct. 1.
Williamson, Franklin,	Oct. 4-7.
Western Division, Jackson,	Oct. 18-22.
Fayette, Somerville	Oct. 4- 8.
Warren, McMinnville	Oct. 19-21.
Carroll, Huntingdon	Oct. 27-29.
Weakly, Dresden	Oct 27-29.
Obion, Troy	Oct. 11-14.
Henry, Paris	Oct. 12-14.
Wilson, Lebanon	Oct. 5- 8.
Dyer, Dyersburg	Oct. 26-29.

MISSOURI.

Saline, Miami	Sept. 20-23.
Charlton, Keytesville,	Oct. 3-6.
Clay, ——,	Oct. — —.
Clinton, ——	Sept. 12-16.
Jackson, ——,	Sept 27 —.
Lewis, Newark,	Sept 18-17.
North-West Dist., St. Joseph,	Sept 20 —.
Platte, ——,	Sept. 27-30.
Central Ag Fair, Booneville	Oct. 3- 8.
Montreau, Tipton	Oct. 10-13.
Pike, Bowling Green	Sept 26-28.
Lawrence, ——	Oct. 4 7.
Green, Springfield	Oct. 11 14.
Boone, Columbia	Sept 27-30.
Randolph, Huntsville	Aug 31-Sept 3.
Clinton, Plattsburg	Sept 14 16.
Howard, Fayette	Sept. 15 16.
Gasconade, Hermann	Sept 21, 22.

A PLEASURE TRIP.

For a few days past the Horticultural Editor has been ruralizing among the hills and valleys, brooks and lakes of Cayuga and Tompkins counties. And he has enjoyed himself immensely, and seen as many wonderful and beautiful things as though he had traveled through Italy, Wales, or Scotland, or any other favorite resort of the tourist—at least he is perfectly content, and returns to his duties with a feeling of thankfulness that God has given us such a goodly heritage.

There may be Lakes more beautiful than Cayuga, but we have never seen them, and as we sailed over its transparent surface, enraptured by the beauty of its fertile banks, dotted with cottages and farm houses, with occasionally a "clump" of the old woods remaining, giving the scene the appearance of a magnificent park, we thought that neither nature or art could add another grace.

Then, as we climbed the fertile hills of Trumansburgh and Enfield, it rejoiced our heart to see the promise of goodly crops, the orchards laden with fruit. Beautiful specimens of dwarf pears are to be found in almost every village garden; but our friends must learn to keep the grass away from their trees, or they will not make a good growth. A little circle a foot in diameter around a pear tree, is of no use. Cut away the turf for a large space, give plenty of manure, and all will be well.

On our return we took a look at the villages on the eastern side of the Lake. *Aurora* is a beautiful place, with scores of pleasant residences, surrounded with well-kept lawns, and ornamented with graceful trees and flowering shrubs. At *Union Springs* we spent a few hours very agreeably with our horticultural friend, JOHN J. THOMAS, and although we did not find the army of weeds that so troubled the correspondent of a Yates County paper, we saw very much to interest us. Mr. T. has been only two years on his present farm, and in that time has built a new and tasteful house, removed old barns and fences and made new, laid down over three miles of drain tile, made a lawn, gravel and flag walks, planted trees, started a nursery, and made many other improvements, taking a large amount of time and money, the benefit of which will be seen in a few years. The place is new and incomplete, and to a casual observer it would contrast unfavorably with those older and more finished. Those acquainted with horticultural labor and its results, can see the work of a master hand, and with a little more time and labor, and that finish which time alone can give, friend THOMAS will have a very delightful home.

In all our travels we saw nothing more beautiful than a natural garden of the *Hibiscus*, a mile or two north of Union Springs, on the shore of the lake. Several acres were covered with this beautiful and showy flower.

DOWNING'S EVER-BEARING MULBERRY.

For some time past we have designed to call the attention of our readers to what we consider a very valuable fruit, *Downing's Mulberry*, and have only been waiting for an opportunity to taste it. With the *English Black Mulberry* we are well acquainted, having eaten of its fruit from our earliest recollection. *Downing's Ever-bearing* we saw last season in the grounds of Dr. GRANT, of Iona, but too late for the fruit. It is a beautiful tree, with its broad, bright foliage, and its growth is almost marvellous. If we recollect aright, we measured branches of one year's growth over fifteen feet in length. It makes a truly ornamental tree, and we see no objection to giving it even a conspicuous place on the lawn.

The following note from JOSEPH FROST, Esq., of the well known nursery firm of A. FROST & Co., has directed our attention to the matter at this time. Mr. F., it will be seen, has tasted of the fruit, and states that it is "*good and delicious.*" Mr. GLENN, of the firm of H. E. HOOKER & Co., has also tasted the fruit and also expresses a very favorable opinion of its merits.

EDS. RURAL:—During a recent visit at Dr. GRANT'S, at Iona, near Peekskill, N. Y., I had the pleasure of eating of Downing's Ever-bearing Mulberry. I knew what many had said of it, yet was quite unprepared, from our familiarity with other mulberries grown here, to find the fruit so good and delicious. The tree from which the fruit was gathered is unavoidably grown under very unfavorable influences, as it grows almost entirely in the shade of two other valuable trees which detracts much from the size and somewhat from the quality of the fruit. The fruit was about an inch long and nearly half an inch in diameter, purplish black, with a most agreeable sub-acid flavor.

At the time I was there (20th of July,) the tree had been bearing a couple of weeks, and from the size of the fruit in its different stages of growth, with much ripe fruit ready for picking, it would probably continue to fruit for five or six weeks longer.

Plants, of one year old from the graft, are liable to be killed back the first winter, but afterwards they seem to be very hardy. It is my opinion that as soon as the merits of this new Mulberry are known, it will become universally popular.—J. FROST.

Not long since, a gentleman who has eaten of it freely for a couple of years, informed us that he considered it equal to the raspberry. This being the case, the value of a tree that will give several bushels of such fruit, ripening in succession for five or six weeks cannot be questioned. It is an acquisition to our catalogue of small fruits that our people will not be slow to appreciate.

CHARLES DOWNING gives the following intercating account of the habits of the tree, quality of fruit, &c.

"The mulberry which is called, but not very felicitously, 'Ever-bearing,' has a fruiting season of about ten weeks, beginning to ripen its fruit just as the Strawberry season is drawing to a close, and by its excellence seems fitly to follow that universally esteemed fruit. It had but just been thoroughly proved as the time arrived for carrying out my plan of discontinuing the growth and propagation of trees for commercial purposes, to enable me in other ways more completely to devote the remainder of my life to the advancement of Pomology undistracted by the interests and cares of business. Therefore I propagated only a few, which I presented to some of my friends, a part of whom did not appear to think a *mulberry* could be of any value, and never gave them any attention, but by all who cared for them, I have had the pleasure of seeing them prized and fully appreciated. I also tried to prevail upon a neighbor to undertake its propagation for general dissemination, being well assured he would be doing the country a great favor. It was soon after undertaken by my friend, Dr. C. W. GRANT, whose efforts, in consequence of its peculiarities, were at first unsuccessful, but I am now happy at knowing that he has a small stock of very fine trees.

Of its excellent flavor and productiveness, I need not speak—its character, so far should at least be now well established. As a tree for the lawn, I think it deserves attention for its great beauty of foliage and habit, and also for its hardiness and unequaled rapidity of growth under generous treatment. When grown in a border deep, rich, and broad, and not interfered with by other trees, its leaves, which are borne in profusion, acquire a very large size, and in an incredibly short time it becomes a large tree, with a deep, cool, and impenetrable shade. For the first three years no grass-roots should be suffered to abstract nourishment from its roots. Afterwards, grass closely shaven may be suffered to grow around and beneath, on which the fruit may be suffered to fall. Every morning it may be gathered from the tree by picking, to which it then adheres with considerable tenacity. At midday a pretty severe jar will dislodge the fruit, but if left till towards evening, it begins to fall off itself, to make way for the next day's fruitage. That gathered in the morning has a large share of sub-acid briskness, and may be kept for several days. As the day advances, the fruit becomes softer, but it never loses its full, rich, vinous, aromatic flavor, and always leaves the mouth cool and healthy. I think it a fruit which every one will enjoy."

Mr. BERCKMANS, the well known Belgian Pomologist thus wrote of it in the summer of 1858:

"This truly most distinguished fruit, so different from the other American mulberries, by its rich and sub-acid taste, was obtained from the seed of the Multicaulis by our worthy and distinguished Pomologist, CHAS. DOWNING, some twelve years ago, in his experimental grounds near Newburgh. The tree is very vigorous, hardy and productive. Its foliage is large and fine, making it altogether an ornamental as well as useful tree. It comes into bearing the third or fourth year, and the fruit increases in size as the tree attains a more mature condition. The fruit ripens in succession from before the first of July to the beginning of September, producing a never-failing crop of the most luscious fruit, highly valued by *all* who have had an opportunity to taste it, and making a fine dessert, and a most delicious pie or pudding fruit. From over one inch to one inch and a half in length, about half an inch in diameter, and larger under good, rich cultivation. Color purplish-black with small fine grains, and is almost entirely without seeds, and of a delightful, rich, sub-acid taste."

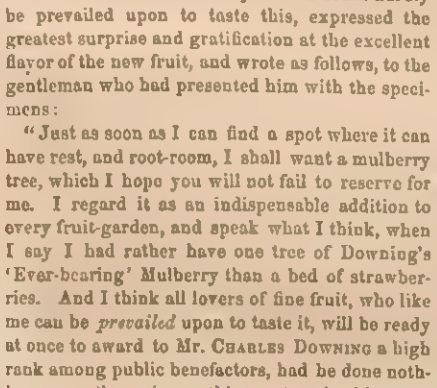
Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER who had such a dislike to the common mulberry that he could hardly be prevailed upon to taste this, expressed the greatest surprise and gratification at the excellent flavor of the new fruit, and wrote as follows, to the gentleman who had presented him with the specimens:

"Just as soon as I can find a spot where it can have rest, and root-room, I shall want a mulberry tree, which I hope you will not fail to reserve for me. I regard it as an indispensable addition to every fruit-garden, and speak what I think, when I say I had rather have one tree of Downing's 'Ever-bearing' Mulberry than a bed of strawberries. And I think all lovers of fine fruit, who like me can be *prevailed* upon to taste it, will be ready at once to award to Mr. CHARLES DOWNING a high rank among public benefactors, had he done nothing more than give us this most estimable of all small fruits, which the tree furnishes abundantly, for more than two months of the season, when such are most conducive to health and enjoyment.

"If any word of mine spoken through you or otherwise will tend to induce amateurs and others who are enriching their gardens and grounds with choice fruits, to become possessed of this new kind, that word shall be most heartily spoken, for I regard it as a *very great acquisition.*"

WIRE PEGS FOR POT PLANTS.

FINDING I needed something to keep the branches of my Chrysanthemums down, I referred to your number of last year, and found there the representation of a wooden peg invented by Mr. Broome. As, however, I have not much time to devote to the sawing and cutting of wood, I bethought myself of something more easily attainable, and I think at the same time more serviceable. It is as follows—I procured a small quantity of copper



wire, and cutting this up into pieces about six inches in length, the end is readily bent with the fingers into the shape of the peg just adverted to as made by Mr. Broome. But a difficulty arose. My branches were overhanging the pots they were in, consequently pegging them down to the pots was of very little use. I therefore found that the copper was much more preferable to the wood, as it enabled me to twist it any way I please; thus I had the means at my command of stretching my shoots some distance over the sides of the pots. The above is a sketch of its appliances in the form I have it now in use. These slips are capable of being bent to any shape, whereas the wooden ones could with great inconvenience only be used for pot plants. Another advantage gained is, that for the price of 2d. I procured sufficient wire to make 40, and the time (an object with me) occupied in making them was only 20 minutes. It is, therefore, I think, an improvement on the wooden peg; should, however, a doubt arise that the wire would slip from the mould, this may be remedied by pressing the surface with the finger where the wire enters, thus giving a compact body to resist any attempt at rising. But before concluding I must add a word of caution to amateurs like myself, namely, that should the branch intended to be bent down be too strong and too full grown, it will be found necessary to have a crutch or prop (similar in shape only to those used by laundresses in supporting their clothes-lines) formed out of a piece of wood, or the joints at A A in the wood cut may snap and produce disappointment. A piece of bast tied round the branch bent and again to the parent stem will answer the same purpose as a crutch. Any information as to recent improvements that may have been made will be considered a boon. The Tulip, the Dahlia, and several other plants have long been favorites with the public, and as the Chrysanthemum now seems rising in estimation all that can be gleaned from experience in regard to the management of that plant will be highly acceptable.—G. AUCUTT, *in Gard. Chron.*

THE NEW GRAPES.

A CORRESPONDENT and nurseryman of Pennsylvania writes us as follows:—"I have felt in duty bound to take a position on the grape question which I feared would offend some enthusiasts, but am happy to see by a former number of the RURAL that your views are like mine, and of course, I think correct. It was a great satisfaction to find that I was backed by so good authority. As to enthusiasm, I have no stones to throw at others, for I suppose I have spent as much for new grapes, and have, perhaps, nearly as many, as any other person; but I have always felt a disposition to put my foot on all humbugs, while, at the same time, I have patronized humbugs in every form and on every occasion for twelve years, always being among the first to be caught. I do not, however, look upon the present grape mania as a humbug, for I truly believe it will be the cause of great and good results. Yet, in imprudent or dishonest hands, the cause may receive a check, and great injury, before the good is fully gained.

Well may a person feel timid when entering on a subject which has so absorbed the attention of the great mass of pomologists and fruit-growers, as to result in an almost perfect mania, under whose influence each one seems to run as though the fever was destined to consume him, and firmly convinced that the sooner he is consumed, the less he will suffer. This may all be true, in a pecuniary point of view, with those who are propagating for sale,—but whose feelings will be most comfortable, when the fever has subsided, can better be told then, than imagined now; as we all seem to be alike laboring under the popular hallucination. We are collecting from all quarters, new, and *said to be*, superior sorts. Some may be so, and no doubt the result will lead to a great deal of good, both individually and nationally, by producing more abundance of the wholesome fruit of the vine, which, to some extent, may do away with some of the poisonous drugs commonly termed beverages.

But in our wild enthusiasm, let us not run our race too hurriedly, too inconsiderately, but fear lest we finish our course ere the best results are achieved; causing a re-action, and turning the mass against the cause *from the dissemination of inferior varieties to such an extent as to destroy all the good done by sending out the few real valuable varieties*, ere it has resulted in the amount of good it is destined to accomplish, if guided cautiously. Viewing the case in this light, I would not excite the feelings by glowing descriptions; for the public prints abound in this too plentifully. Many of the varieties have never yet been fairly tested out of their native locality, while others have been so hurried on by *hot-bed* culture—*to supply demand*—as to require years to do even them or their cultivators justice."

CHECKING GROWTH OF TREES.—Will you, or some of your numerous correspondents, inform me how to prevent Pear trees from making too large a growth of new wood? I have cut the wood back, but it seems to do no good. Some of my trees have made from three to five feet of new wood after being cut back, the present season. I have been advised to cut back my trees this month, but I am fearful that the new wood will be so tender that it will become winter-killed. I should like any information you can impart to us new beginners in fruit growing through the columns of the RURAL.—H. B., *Irondequoit, Monroe Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

WE like to have young pear trees make a fine growth of wood. The first object to be gained is a good, substantial, well-formed, healthy tree, and not fruit. We know of no evil likely to result from a "large growth of new wood," as described by our correspondent, and would take no means to check it until the tree got to be quite large. A few small crops of fruit will not repay the damage done to a young tree by rashly checking its naturally vigorous growth. When the tree, however, becomes older, and seems disposed to run too much to wood, pruning the latter part of July will check it, and generally cause the formation of fruit buds. All that is necessary is to pinch off the tops of the most vigorous branches. New and tender shoots may be in some cases forced out when the autumn is warm and growing, but no injury would result should these be winter-killed, as they would be mostly removed in spring pruning. Root-pruning is the best way to check the growth of a tree. Dig around it and cut off with a sharp spade a portion of the roots. To accomplish much in this way with large trees, it is necessary to dig a trench around them.

MEDAL TO MR. FORTUNE.—The Paris Society d'Acclimation has awarded to Mr. Fortune one of their first class medals, in consideration of his having introduced to England so many useful and beautiful plants.

LAWTON BLACKBERRY CROP, &c.

EDS. RURAL:—Having noticed a new feature (to me at least,) in the growing of the Lawton or New Rochelle Blackberry, I write this to try and ascertain if it is a common occurrence. After the first crop of fruit was set on my bushes and nearly ripe, they all budded and blossomed the second time, so that I had ripe fruit and blossoms in profusion at the same time. As I have never seen anything of the kind noticed before, I conclude that it is peculiar to the West, and perhaps to my garden alone. The "Lawton" thrives well here, and is destined to become a popular fruit in Western Iowa and Nebraska. Our hard winters generally kill the ends of the twigs and late growth, but not enough to injure the plants in the least. I have grown some very fine fruit this season, some of the berries measuring 2½ inches in circumference. Should they prove a perpetual they will be all the more valuable.

As a general thing, crops of all kinds are good with us. Spring wheat is light straw, but well filled. Oats are a very fair crop. Corn bids to be very heavy, although owing to bad seed and bad weather and re-planting, a portion of it is late—but if frost holds off as late as usual it will all mature. Early potatoes will be poor, owing to the dry weather a few weeks past, but the late rains will make the late crop good. Grass is not quite as heavy as usual on account of the dry weather.

Crescent City, Ia., July, 1859. H. A. TERRY.

GERANIUMS STRUCK FROM ROOTS.

THE accompanying is a specimen of propagating this class of plants by roots. I don't know if it is generally known. I find it very useful. Roots cut

into short pieces at any time of the year grow just covered with earth. If put in in the autumn they will push in the spring; any time during summer they are up in a few weeks.—W. W., *in Gardener's Chronicle.*

BUDDING VINES.

HAVING lately seen several articles in your columns relative to the propagation of the vine, and conclusions drawn that the time will arrive when "grafted plants will be more common," I am induced to lay before your readers a system I have adopted, and which I have not seen alluded to in any treatise on the vine; nor in conversation with most experienced grape growers have I found they have practised it. It is certainly far preferable to grafting, as a season for fruiting is gained, and a more perfect union effected—I allude to budding in the months of July and August. On August 9th, 1858, I received from a nurseryman a small one guinea plant of the Black Muscat vinery, a plant of the Golden Hamburgh and one of the Bowood Muscat, I was desirous that the Black Muscat Hamburgh should be next to them, that I may fairly test the relative merits of these three fine grapes; but as there was a Black Hamburgh of two years planting next to the Golden Hamburgh, I did not like removing it to plant the Black Muscat Hamburgh, but resolved on trying the effect of budding the Black Muscat Hamburgh on the stock of the Black Hamburgh. On the 10th of August I inserted three buds, and at the time of winter pruning cut the Black Hamburgh down to the top bud inserted. Each bud has broken quite as strong as a natural eye, and on each shoot there were three as strong and fine bunches of grapes as could be desired. Since then the fruit from the leader has been removed, and also two bunches from each side shoot, leaving one to each bearer. This operation has been performed in a young vinery, where there are about forty vines, and the bunches on the shoots of the inserted buds are just beginning to color. I shall, therefore, fruit this season, side by side, from established plants in the border, the Black Muscat Hamburgh, the Golden Hamburgh, and the Bowood Muscat. From what information I have been able to collect, I believe this to be an advance in the propagation of the vine not before practised. If it has been, I should from any of your numerous readers like to know, and if not, it gives me gratification to lay before the grape-growing world the result of my experience.—JAMES ALDRICH, *in London Gardeners' Chronicle.*

IRVING PARK.—A novel and very admirable idea is in process of being carried out at Tarrytown, on the Hudson. About one hundred acres of ground, adjoining Sleepy Hollow—made memorable by Irving's pen—have been converted into a park, which, when finished, will contain carriage drives of several miles in extent, neatly kept walks for promenaders, and spacious lawns and sloping terraces where children can play and gambol. Within this park are villa sites, from one or two, to six or eight acres in extent, which are for sale; and each purchaser will not only possess a charming homestead, but, also, be guaranteed all the privileges of the park, which ground will be for the use and benefit, and under the control of the owners of the sites.—*Horticulturist.*

ALL ABOUT BEANS.

BEAN SOUP.—Boil the beans for soup in the usual way, but only in water, seasoned with salt and pepper to taste, and herbs if you like. When ready to take up, cut a couple of large slices of light, stale bread into pieces half an inch square; add a lump of good sweet butter, size of a hen's egg, (or more, if you have much soup,) and fry it on the stove or roast it in the oven. When brown and crisp, put it in the soup tureen, pour the bean soup over it and serve.

MINNESOTA BEAN FRITTERS.—Soak a pint of beans, and then boil in water. Salt it to taste.—When the skins commence to loosen, place a covered steamer close over the pot of beans, and in a few moments take it off briskly, and as quickly skim off the skins which have risen on the surface. Replace the steamer, and repeat the same until you have as much of the skins as you can skim, then let the beans boil to a mash. Take off; let them cool to blood heat, then add sufficient yeast to rise it, and stir in flour with a spoon until you can get in no more. Be sure to have sufficient salt. Let it rise, and when very light (not sour,) drop the mixture by spoonfuls into hot lard—as much or as little fat as you please. Serve up hot.

Beans may be prepared more delicately for these fritters by soaking bean meal in water over night, then either baking in the oven with plenty of water for four hours, or boiling in a pudding bag for 5 to 6 hours. Or, allow it to get perfectly cold, and cut in slices, and fry like cold mush.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Oak Hills, Minnesota, July, 1859.

CAKES, CRACKERS, &c.

MESSRS. EDS.:—In the RURAL of June 18th is an inquiry for a good recipe for making Crackers—I send one, together with others that I think are good:

CRACKERS.—Ten ounces of butter to 5 pounds of flour wet with water. Mix *very* hard—pound half an hour.

PLAIN CAKE.—Two eggs; ½ cup cream; 1 of sugar; 1 of flour; 1 teaspoonful of saleratus; 1 tablespoonful of rose water.

HARD GINGERBREAD.—Three cups of sugar; 1½ of butter; 1 of sweet milk; 1 egg; 1 teaspoon ginger; 2 of saleratus. Mix hard, roll out thin, cut in cakes, and bake quick.

COOKIES.—Two cups of sugar; 1 of butter; 2 eggs; ½ cup sour milk; 1 teaspoon soda.

GINGER SNAPS.—One cup molasses; 1 of sugar; ½ cup warm water; 1 cup butter; 1 teaspoon soda, dissolved in the water; 2 tablespoonfuls of ginger, and a little salt.

INQUIRY.—Will some of the lady readers inform me through the columns of the RURAL how to cook Lima Beans. LINA.

Nunda, N. Y., 1859.

KEEPING CIDER FRESH AND SWEET.—How can cider be kept fresh and sweet? I wish to have a barrel or two for fall and winter use. Can some of your correspondents furnish a recipe that will prove certain in keeping the cider good? Is boiling cider down a good plan? Does such boiled-down cider, when you add water to it, make as pleasant a beverage as the unboiled?—E. H., *Cincinnati, Ohio*, 1859.

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—In the RURAL a short time since, I saw an inquiry for a recipe for the relief of rheumatism, and I will send mine, which is called No. 1. Half pint brandy; 1 oz. of bear's oil; 1 oz. origanum oil; ½ oz. of cayenne pepper. Mix, and bathe the part affected.—L. T. D., *Ashland, Dodge Co., Minn.*, 1859.

CHEAP VINEGAR.—Take one quart ripe red currants, crush, mix with one quart soft water, one cup sugar or molasses. Put all in a stone jar, stir well, cover well with a thin cloth, place it in the sun, shake occasionally, and in one week you will have excellent vinegar. Try it.—A RURALIST, *Ontario, N. Y.*, 1859.

A GOOD, HEALTHY DESSERT PUDDING.—The following recipe is given us by ISAAC COLVIN, of Henietta, who has found the article very palatable and healthy:—Take equal parts of Indian meal and rye flour, and make same as hasty pudding. Eat with either milk or molasses, according to taste.

BUTTER CRACKERS—*Correction.*—In the recipe, sent you for "Butter Crackers" an error occurs in print. It should be a cup of *sweet* instead of *sour cream.* This would make a material difference in the quality of the crackers.—N. C. M., "*Home Vale*," *N. Y.*, 1859.

JUMBLES.—From my mother's manuscript Cook Book, commenced prior to her marriage in 1792.—Three pounds of flour; two do. of sugar; one do. of butter; six eggs, and some caraway seed.

A HOT SHOVEL held over varnished furniture will take out white spots, it is said.

A BIT of glue dissolved in skim-milk and water will restore old crape.

RIBBONS of any kind should be washed in cold soap suds, and not rinsed.

IF you are buying a carpet for durability, choose small figures.

A BIT of soap rubbed on the hinges of doors will prevent their creaking.

SCOTCH SNUFF put on the holes where crickets come out will destroy them.

WOOD ASHES and common salt wet with water, will stop the cracks of a stove, and prevent the smoke from escaping.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TO MY MOTHER.

My mother! at thy holy name
What thronging memories come—
Once more I'm sitting by thy side
Within my much-loved home.

Again thine eyes, so full of pure
And deep affection, on me shine;
Which, with their gentle light, so oft
Have calmed this passionate heart of mine.

I see thy *smile*, so calm and sweet,
Which oft my *giddy mirth* reproved—
Thy kiss upon my brow I feel
That tells how dearly I am loved.

I see—I feel—and yet I dream,
For I, alas! am far from thee,
And those bright hours, that real seem,
Memory alone recalls to me.

Mina, N. Y., 1859. LUTA.

DEATH OF A CHILD.

"Your little lamb is sheltered
Within a pasture fair;
No scorching heat of summer,
No blighting frost is there—
Can you not trust your darling
To the kind Shepherd's care?"

The little voice was silent,
The footsteps, light and small,
Stole softly o'er the carpet;
And vainly on the wall
The mother strained her eyes to see
The tiny shadow fall.

At morn, when household faces
Came gently to the door,
They found the tender mother
Clay-cold upon the floor.
On earth another coffin;
In heaven one angel more!

[*Harper's Magazine.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

Plain Talks to American Women.--No. 17.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

DISTRICT SCHOOLS.—We have given some hints to aid mothers who may think best that the primary education of their children be conducted under their own eye; but there will be many whose circumstances will not permit this, and others who may not think it a matter of sufficient importance to cause them to change the course they have already adopted, of relying principally upon the Common School and its influences, for their mental culture. To such, then, is this article particularly addressed.

It may not have occurred to all of you, that the *mothers* who patronize a District School can have any material influence in determining its character. Their voices are not heard at the school-meeting; they are not chosen members of the school-board—how, then, can they greatly promote its interests—how can they effect any needed change?

They may, if necessary, call a school-meeting of their own, and decide what kind of a school it ought to be, and that it *must* be sustained. They may pass resolutions relative to the character and qualifications needed by the teacher who is to be intrusted with the education of their children, the arrangements necessary for the comfort of the pupils, and their advancement in knowledge—in short, they may resolve what shall be the standard at which their school shall aim, and set themselves vigorously at work to bring about its attainment. The report of their meeting being presented at the regular annual school-meeting of the fathers and brothers, would be likely to influence *their* action in a great degree. If the mothers had decided that no person but one of high qualifications should be intrusted with a responsibility so great as the instruction of their children, the school-board would hardly dare employ an inefficient teacher, lest the school should be "*non est.*" The voters of the district would be ashamed to refuse to vote a tax for the repairs of the house, or the apparatus which the mothers had unanimously resolved necessary for the comfort and progress of the school.

But not alone by the influence they might exert upon the minds of those thus having the interests of the school particularly in charge, can the mothers advance those interests. They should establish "a regular system of school visitation," some one or more of their number being present, at least weekly, to see what is being done, call the attention of the teacher to any errors observed in his management or system of instruction, and give encouragement to both teacher and scholars. Understanding this plan of the mothers, how careful would the teacher be in adopting the best methods of teaching of which he could avail himself; and he who might be so favored as to be approved by them, would feel that he had a right arm of strength upon which to rely, and would gird himself daily for his toil with courage as to the result. And the children, knowing that the eyes of their parents were continually marking their progress, would be much more ambitious to excel, than where no parental approbation was sought or expected.

"But," says one, perhaps, "we mothers have not time to attend to these things."

What, not even time to see that your Common Schools are what they should be? Your cares may have excused you from adopting an extended system of home education, but they certainly should not excuse you from the responsibility of taking *some* interest in your children's intellectual welfare.

Still further, we would call the attention of those mothers who patronize the Common Schools, to the making of the "school-house" a pleasant place of resort for the little ones—to an appreciation of the subject of "the beautiful and tasteful in education." We can do no better than to quote a few paragraphs from Mrs. SIGOURNEY on this subject:

"Why should not the interior of our school-houses aim at somewhat of the taste and elegance of the parlor? Might not the vase of flowers enrich the table, the walls display not only well-executed maps, but historical pictures or engravings of the moralist, sage, orator, or Father of his Country! It is alleged that the expenses thus incurred would be thrown away, and the beautiful objects defaced. This is not a necessary result.

"I have been informed by teachers who had made the greatest advances towards appropriate and elegant accommodations for their pupils, that it was not so. They said it was easier to enforce habits of neatness and order among objects whose taste and value made them worthy of care, than amid the parsimony of apparatus, whose pitiful meanness operates as a temptation to waste and destroy.

"Let the communities now so anxious to raise the standard of Education, venture the experiment of a more liberal adornment of their dwellings. Let them put more faith in that respect for the beautiful which really exists in the young heart, and requires only to be called forth and nurtured to become an ally of virtue and a handmaid to religion. Knowledge has a more imposing effect on the young mind when it stands like the Apostle at the gate of the Temple. Memory looks back to it more joyously from the distant or desolated tracks of life, for the bright scenery of its early path.

"I hope the time is coming when every isolated village school-house shall be an Attic temple, on whose exterior the occupant may study the principles of symmetry and grace. Why need the structures where the young are initiated into those virtues which make life beautiful, be divorced from taste and comfort? Do any reply that the perception of the beautiful is but a luxurious sensation, and may be dispensed with in systems of education which this age of *utility* establishes? Is not the culture the more demanded to throw a healthful leaven into the mass of society, and to serve as some counterpoise for that love of accumulation which pervades every rank, and spreads, even in consecrated places, the tables of the money changers.

"In ancient times the appreciation of whatever was beautiful in the frame of Nature was accounted salutary by sages and philosophers. GALEN says, 'He who has two loaves of bread, let him sell one and buy flowers, for bread is food for the body, but flowers are food for the soul.' If the 'perception of the beautiful' may be made conducive to present and future happiness, if it have a tendency to refine and sublimate the character, ought it not to receive culture throughout the whole process of education? It takes root, most naturally and deeply, in the simple and loving heart; and is, therefore, peculiarly fitted to the early years of life, when, to borrow the words of a German writer, 'every sweet sound takes a sweet odor by the hand, and walks in through the open door of the child's heart.'"

Now may not the united efforts of the mothers accomplish very much in each district, in this direction? Could they not cause young trees, and shrubbery, and flowers to be transplanted to the environs of the school edifice? If there is no fence to protect them, can they not contrive some way to secure one? Can they not add very much to the attractiveness of the interior, by placing upon the floor a plain rag-carpet, the workmanship of their own hands? Can they not, with very little trouble, curtain the windows, and place a spread upon the table? If all would share in the work, with how little actual outlay of money might the school-room be made a delightful place, a place where the children would love to congregate, and whose influence would shed a refinement over their characters, which the bare, broken walls, cob-webbed windows, and unclean floors could never exert—a place where the mothers would find it pleasant to spend an occasional afternoon in listening to the recitations of their children, observing their deportment, and assisting in their studies.

Mothers, "rouse to" this "work of high and holy love!" It is worthy your attention. What subject, external to her own salvation, can be of greater moment to the mother than the proper unfolding and development of her children's natures? How *can* she regard as of permanent importance those trifles which so frequently engage her attention? Does she not feel that her offspring are the inestimable gift of GOD—unpolished gems, which she may trample in the dust, or whose brilliancy she may so develop, and, by the assistance of the Giver, improve, that they shall be worthy a place in the diadem of the Savior, there to "shine as stars forever and ever." Let her realize that she must, at a future day, render account for the manner in which she has discharged her duty to those committed to her trust, and

"Not deem it woman's part to waste
Life in inglorious sloth, to sport awhile
Amid the flowers, or on the summer wave,
Then fleet like the Ephemeron away,
Building no temple in her children's hearts,
Save to the vanity and pride of life,"

but "work while the day lasts," that a noble edifice may arise there which shall be forever golden with the glory streaming from the Throne of GOD.

A SWEET VOICE.—A sweet voice is indispensable to a woman; I do not think I can describe it. It is not inconsistent with great vivacity, but is often the gift of the gentle and unobstrusive. Loudness or rapidity is incompatible with it. It is low, but not guttural—deliberate, but not slow. Every syllable is distinctly heard, but they follow each other like drops from a fountain. It is like the cooing of a dove, not shrill, nor even clear, but uttered with that subdued and touching readiness which every voice assumes in moments of deep feeling or tenderness. It is a glorious gift in woman—I should be won by it more than by beauty—more even than by talent, were it possible to separate them. But I never heard a deep, sweet voice from a weak woman. It is the organ of strong feelings and of thoughts which have lain in the bosom till their sacredness almost hushes.—*Willis.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SUMMER'S DEPARTURE.

'Twas the last day of summer—as lovely and bright
As the glories that shine on a mid-summer night—
E'en Nature seemed smiling in beauty serene
As she gave the farewell to her favorite queen—
The zephyrs were playing o'er meadow and hill,
And echoes were list'ning in hollows so still,
While PHŒBUS above, in her radiant sheen,
A halo of glory threw over the scene.

In the freedom of youth, and with spirits as gay
As the songs of the birds that we met on our way,
We clambered the hill-side and traversed the glen,
Where oft we have wandered again and again,
To list the low voice of the murmuring rill
That in spring-time, when swollen, once turned the old mill;
Now with moss overgrown, so silent and cold,
What tales of the past might its record unfold!

And then in the forest we saw at their play,
The shadows that flitted through aisles dim and gray,
Where fairies might linger in rural delight,
And hie to their acorn-cups quickly at night.
The grass made a carpet rich and soft to our feet,
And many a mossy trunk offered a seat,
While the hemlock and chestnut, with oak intertwined,
Formed a couch where a king might in pomp have reclined.

Yet onward we wandered in dreamy delay,
Now weaving wild flowers in a brilliant boquet,
Now twining a wreath, like the sages of yore,
For the brows of their heroes when battle was o'er.
Up the hills, down the vales, with a joy that e'en now
Brings a light to the eye and a smile to the brow,
We wended our way till the broad azure blue
Of Ontario's wave spread full on our view.

But night was approaching, and far in the west,
The day-god was sinking in splendor to rest;
While o'er the calm waters a broad belt of gold,
A pathway to Paradise seemed to unfold;
So, gath'ring our treasures we hied to our home,
Unfettered in dreams on that pathway to roam.

Oh, ye who in cities are toiling away,
Where brick walls and black smoke quench the light of the day,
Would ye quaff the rich goblet of beauty and health,
Which not honors can purchase, nor glittering wealth?
Go traverse the forest, the meadow and field,
And feel the glad impulse which nature doth yield;
Go bask in the sunshine—go muse on the strand—
And be grateful to GOD for the works of his hand.

Somerset, N. Y., 1859. W. C. W.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HOW TO MEET LIFE.

If we would meet life with a truly philosophic spirit, we must cultivate a calm indifference to the numerous and varied ills and vexations to which humanity is subject. A few years, at most, number the term of our pilgrimage, and shorter and shorter seem the years, as we hasten on our way. Brief, indeed, are the hours of youth, and hope, and pleasure, and we all learn the sad lesson as time advances, that change, decay and death are written on all things. Each one of us, as compared with the great mass of human beings, is of no more importance than a grain of sand on the sea shore, or a blade of grass in the fields, and comparatively few immortal names will be recorded for the remembrance or veneration of coming millions.

Our dearest friends sink into the grave by our side, and we wake to find our fondest hopes and anticipations wrecked, or vanished. The friendship, the love we clung to and trusted, turns to coldness or dislike—the change may be in ourselves, and we know it not. Why do we, miserable creatures of a day, spend a moment in repining for fancied advantages of name, or station? To seek all the good we can is our duty, and to acquire all the capacity and fitness for life in our power. But to sigh for what is beyond our reach, to covet beauty, or praise, or fame, or wealth—and carry a morose and lowering brow, how will it lessen our trials, or open the way to brighter days? Which of us is satisfied with our condition as it is? And which of us has not to bear burdens laid upon us thro' the ignorance or thoughtlessness of others? Verily, we may not choose a sunny, flowery path, nor even can we find unalloyed peace and happiness in our present undeveloped, inharmonious life. Then let us take life as it comes. If storms and difficulties beset our way, endeavor to preserve a serene temper. If joys and blessings come unexpectedly, receive them with a thankful heart.

Sometimes a wise course will avert the cloud that threatened. Let us seek wisdom, so that whether our way be prosperous or adverse, we may walk calmly, unmoved by envy or detraction.—Whatever may be the future in the world hereafter we know not—we are taught to hope it is not a repetition of the errors, the blindness, the perversity which poisons what might, and should be, a beautiful, happy, and desirable existence. Let us believe we shall yet see clearly and live rightly.

QUERCHY.

VIOLENCE AND TRUTH.—It is a strange and tedious war, when violence attempts to vanquish truth. All the efforts of violence cannot weaken truth, and only serve to give it fresh vigor. All the rights of truth cannot arrest violence, and only serve to exasperate it. When force meets force, the weaker must succumb to the stronger; when argument is opposed to argument, the solid and convincing triumph over the empty and false; but violence and verity can make no impress on each other. Let none suppose, however, that the two are therefore equal to each other, for there is this vast difference between them, that violence has a certain course to run, limited by the appointment of heaven, which overrules its effects to the glory of the truth which it assails; whereas verity endures forever, and triumphs over its enemies, being eternal and almighty as God himself.—*Pascal.*

REVILING may be less common and less polite, but it is not more wicked than flattery.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SOLITUDE.

Eulogies, sonnets, and invocations have erst proclaimed the beauties, benefits, and delights of solitude. It comes to us a delightful rest—a breathing pause in the steep and rugged ascent—a moment's calm in life's seething vortex. For this we appreciate and seek it. Yet we look with suspicion and something of awe on him who, disgusted at life's revelations, loathing the world spurns it from him a paltry bubble, and in

"Dear Solitude, the soul's best friend,"

waits the sealing of the book. The gloomy recluse who turns his back upon society, and from the dark fastnesses of his solitude hurls bitter taunts and stinging rebukes at the errors and failings of his fellows, is, to us, a repulsive vampire, fattening on the wrongs and evils of his brethren, from whom no good can emanate. All the shining virtues, sweet peace and calm contentment, ascribed to solitude have not there their origin or abode. Too sure has ready evidence established solitude the birth-place of mischief. Evil thoughts are born in secret, wicked plans devised, and deadly results follow. Devils hold secret orgies. Wrong and error, dark purpose and deadly deeds, have their origin, education and maturity in silence and secret. Alone with his evil thoughts and dark fancies, the assassin arranges his vile plans, and under night's fitting darkness and secrecy, fulfills his terrible purpose. The crafty wolf and stealthy anaconda spring from hidden solitudes upon the innocent, unsuspecting victim, and these may find their counterpart in human society.

It is well for man at times to isolate himself from his surroundings, and hold severe communion with himself,—ask himself how far the pages of experience are perused to his profit and advancement. How much of good is learned—how much of charity and kindness has he passed on the other side,—and if he discover a mission appointed him, there, undisturbed, digest his plans for its noble fulfillment. There, too, may we seek the source—search out the cause of the wide extension of error, crime, and sufferiug, whose lengthening shadows are veiling our country in shame and gloom, and rouse our ability to alleviate or remove. Long continued solitude makes one morose, fretful, jealous—anything but a pleasant companion to mingle again in society. Unused to respecting others rights, and forgetful of that mutual dependence co-existent with society, the recluse occupies an unhappy position.

To such results solitude can present no legal claims, and certainly is not, therefore, deserving sounding pean, or pompous eulogy.

BEN BURDOCK.

WHINING.

There is a class of persons in this world, by no means small, whose prominent peculiarity is whining. They whine because they are poor, or if rich, because they have no health to enjoy their riches; they whine because it is too shiny; they whine because it is too rainy; they whine because they have "no luck" and others' prosperity exceeds theirs; they whine because some friends have died and they are still living; they whine because they have aches and pains, and have aches and pains because they whine, and they whine no one can tell why. Now, I would like to say a word to these whining persons.

First, Stop whining. It is of no use—this everlasting complaining, fretting, scolding, fault-finding and whining. Why, you are the most deluded set of creatures that ever lived. Did you not know that it is a well-settled principle of physiology and common sense, that these habits are more exhaustive of nervous vitality than almost any other violation of physiological law? And do you not know that life is pretty much as you take it and make it? You can make it bright, sunshiny, or you can make it dark, shadowy. This life is meant only to be disciplinary—to fit us for a higher and purer state of being. Then stop whining and fretting, and "go on your way rejoicing."

Second, Sing the song of life cheerily. Hark! Do you hear yonder bird singing joyously its merry carola, as it hops from bough to bough in its native forest-home? Imitate it! Take up your song of life, using it joyously and bravely. Sing on, though you feel it not. You are a miserable, nervous dyspeptic, in wrong relations to yourself and all God's universe, and that's all that ails you. Then stop short, take up the song of life, and leave off forever that whine of death.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth up the bones." Live simply, cheerfully and trustingly; and, by-and-by, your troubles "will take to themselves wings and fly away." You will gradually grow more and more into harmony with the natural order of things, and the bright light of heaven will shine pleasantly down into your souls and baptize them into new life.—*Life Illustrated.*

PAST TROUBLES.—Don't harp on past troubles. When we see a pale, nervous woman, in the midst of her friends, preferring to entertain them with a list of the racking pains she has suffered, to a saunter in God's free air and sunshine, we cannot wonder that the rose returns not to her blanched cheek. Why is it to some these memories are very meat and drink? They consume them—the bitter agony is acted over and over again, the tear thrice shed, the place cherished where such a dreadful thing occurred—the scar fondly petted that tells of the almost fatal knife. They gasp over, and yet cling to them.

GOODNESS.—The goodness of people around us is not all a mask. There is a great deal that is as the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal; but, God be thanked, there is a great deal that is true, sweet music with the rest of it. I believe, in fact, that those men who seem to us the worst, seem worse than they really are. I believe that the man who has stood before his fellow-men as the worst man, is conceived by them to be worse than he really is. I believe there is some vein of light in the darkest heart, some extenuating incidents in the basest life.—*E. H. Chapin.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Thy will be done! Oh, what a state
Of meek submission that implies!
That, disappointed, still can wait
In patience for the promised prize.

Thy will be done! Yes, GOD's own will,
Without a thought of ours that err,
And which, tho' often crossed, can still
Give up at once and not demur.

Thy will be done! and only this,
Whatever else is left undone;
And let obedience and bliss
Through all our lives and natures run.

Thy will be done! and can we say
This sweet acknowledgment of trust
In that sincere and humble way
That every true believer must?

Victor, N. Y., 1859. K.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OUR GARDEN.

We have each of us got one, reader,—*a garden of the heart.* Many are the flowers, but I fear there are more weeds. Sometimes chilling winds sweep through it—blighting all the blossoms.—The leaves become faded and crisp, emitting no fragrance. This oftenest happens in mature life, when

"Ambition's wild, aspiring dream is o'er."

I gaze upon the little prattler by my side with sad forebodings of *what may be.* Her rosy face looks up very confidingly from its sunny frame of curls, and while I press a kiss upon the little mouth, a prayer goes up from my soul that "MINNIE'S garden may ever be bright with the flowers of affection, and the little 'Hope-bird' ever sing as gaily upon the green sprays of Trust." Trust!

"A volume in a word,
An ocean in a tear."

It is a cool fountain upon the dusty highway of Life, and its rainbow foam reflects the light which streams through the windows of the Future.—There are many smooth paths winding through "our gardens," and Joy loves to dance therein to the music of Hope and Love; but this happy visitor often flees from the presence of a pale, sad-eyed stranger, whose veil of sorrow is woven with tears. We cannot welcome her *cordially*, even if her first words are, "Your light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

No! The eye of faith is dim—our spirit's bell is tolling the knell of cherished hopes, and we listen to it instead. Anticipation has folded her wings and now dark despair broods o'er us. We forget that

"Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."

There are no more singing birds fluttering through "our garden"—silent and desolate, it only echoes that slow, dismal, tolling—tolling. The flowers are almost crushed by the blinding "tear-rain;" but when the storm has passed we can see the blessed baptismal, in the freshness and purity of each blossom.

Oh, Earth's sorrowing ones, who are walking with torn and bleeding feet over a thorny pathway, "look 'out for the light.'" "Night brings out stars as Sorrows show us Truths." Each bears a new blessing in her hand for some poor mortal! We should take comfort from this, knowing that our turn will come sooner or later, never forgetting that "our gifts" are sometimes in disguise.

A. P. D.

Marshall, Mich., 1857.

ANTICIPATING EVILS.

Enjoy the present, whatsoever it may be, and be not solicitous for the future; for if you take your foot from the present standing, and thrust it forward towards to-morrow's events, you are in a restless condition. It is like refusing to quench your present thirst by fearing you shall want drink the next day. If it be well to-day, it is madness to make the present miserable by fearing it may be ill to-morrow—when you are full of to-day's dinner, to fear that you shall want the next day's supper; for it may be you shall not, and then to what purpose was this day's affliction?—But if to-morrow you shall want, your sorrow will come time enough, though you do not hasten it; let your trouble tarry till its day comes. But if it chance to be ill to-day, do not increase it by the cares of to-morrow. Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God send them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day is only ours—we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to the morrow. He, therefore, is wise that enjoys as much as is possible; and if only that day's trouble leans upon him, it is singular and finite. "Sufficient to the day (said Christ) is the evil thereof;" sufficient, but not intolerable. But if we look abroad, and bring into one day's thoughts the evil of many, certain and uncertain, what will be and what will never be, our load will be as intolerable as it is unreasonable.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

PEACE.—Peace is better than joy. *Joy* is an unpasy guest, and always on tiptoe to depart. It tires and wears us out, and yet keeps us ever fearing that the next moment it will be gone. Peace is not so—it comes more quietly, it stays more contentedly, and it never exhausts our strength, nor gives us one anxious thought. Therefore let us pray for peace. *It is the gift of God*—promised to all His children; and if we have it in our hearts we shall not pine for joy, though its bright wings never touch us while we tarry in the world.

HOW TO DIRECT YOUR LETTERS.—When you send your letters [so he calls our prayers,] be sure and direct them to the care of the Redeemer, and then they'll never miscarry.—*Mathew Henry.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MANAGEMENT OF SCHOOLS.

It would seem that enough had been said and written upon the subject of Common School Education to now let the matter remain in silence, but when we consider that the little children composing our schools, are soon to enter the great field of action, as the thinkers and workers upon whom will rest the destiny of our country, we think that too much cannot be spoken to arouse teachers and patrons to a sense of their duty.

The child's mind is a canvas upon which the principles and character of those with whom he has daily intercourse soon becomes impressed. A word may change his whole after life—may awaken the energy and the power to rank first among the honored of our land, to achieve works of true greatness, or may crush that spirit, and the child become the "vilest of the vile," an inhabitant of a prison cell. Yet how many parents there are who never enter the school-room to look after the interests of their children? The lowest applicant is usually employed, without any regard to reputation as a teacher, and the work is begun and ended without further notice.

"Haven't time to attend to such matters," says one—"business will not admit," remarks another. Certainly you "haven't time," yet of what enlargements will not your "business" admit, and all receive due attention. Perhaps you never thought how a few hours spent in the school-room now and then, would encourage pupils and interest teachers in their work. The same round of duties, day after day, becomes irksome—the child longs for some change, and the thought that some one is interested in their welfare, and desires to see them progressing, will give to each a new relish for study and a new determination to improve.

Some say "our school is small, hardly worth *teaching*, much more *visiting*." If you possessed an acre of ground, would you neglect to cultivate because you hadn't fifty, or bestow your whole care upon it in order that the harvest might be more abundant? In either case the idea of neglect suggests itself to our minds as a very erroneous one. If the few are not educated, how are the mass to become so? That little company may contain another Washington, a Newton, or a Franklin—let him be educated judiciously, then, and receive his place in society. At a time when an education is within the reach of every one, let every possible exertion be made to enhance the cause. Let teachers visit the parents and talk with them about the matter. If they neglect to send their children regularly, tell them the evils resulting from such a practice, and get them interested—if too poor to afford to buy a book, buy one yourself—the expense would be but a trifle, and the consciousness of having performed a kind action would more than furnish a recompense.—Since immortality is the birth-right of every human being, let no one be left in ignorance of those divine truths which refine the nature, and prepare the soul for that "glorious hereafter," promised us as a reward for well doing.

Emily Ellis.

New Lebanon, Col. Co., N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

QUALIFICATIONS OF THE TEACHER.

It is with a great degree of pleasure that I read the articles appearing in the Rural, (by the way, your paper is a regular and very welcome visitor at many a happy home in this section of the country,) under the caption "Educational." I am much interested with other portions, and having taken some pains to extend its circulation, I am glad to hear it spoken of, as I often do, as the paper that does more for the Farmer than any other. But particularly am I interested with your suggestions to teachers, from which alone I have gained more than enough to pay for my year's subscription.

The education of the young has of late occupied the minds of the people more than in former days. Many improvements have been made in the system of Common School teaching, and many advantages are now enjoyed of which we knew nothing a few years since. But although much has been done, much remains to be accomplished. Many of our people have a great deal yet to learn, both with regard to choosing teachers, and treating them properly after they are employed. Or, if these lessons are already learned, they need to be bro't into practical use.

In this age of dollars and cents, when gold and silver gain respect and influence for a man who deserves neither, and when bank notes are a passport to office, many seem to lose sight of the proper qualications for a teacher, and, too often, of two applicants for a school, the one who obtains employment gets it, not because he is the better qualified of the two, but because he will teach for a few dollars less than any one else. I hope that the time will soon come when the truth will be learned —*cheap teachers are poor bargains* at least, in the majority of instances. True, there are cases where very competent teachers can afford to labor for a low salary; but what we would urge, is, this should not be the reason why they are employed. From experience and observation I am speaking, and would notice further, that I have known teachers destitute of right moral principles—to say nothing more—gain employment where those of good moral character were refused. This is not as it should be. Parents do not rightly estimate the amount of influence that a teacher is calculated to exert. The teacher's example will either be useful or injurious to the pupils through life. Impressions made upon the youthful mind, can never be erased. The teacher may, by exerting a proper influence, produce impressions which the minister of the Gospel may vainly strive for years to produce. How necessary, then, that none be employed to instruct the youth, but those who will labor earnestly to inculcate right moral principles.

London, C. W., 1859. P. R. Day.

PHIPPS UNION FEMALE SEMINARY, ALBION, N. Y.

One of the prominent and most pleasing characteristics of Western and Central New York consists in its finely located and well sustained Academies and Seminaries—almost every town of note having at least one institution of merit and reputation. The edifices occupied by these institutions are mostly substantial and beautiful structures, and many of them admirable in location and surroundings. This is particularly true of several heretofore presented in the Rural—such as the Elmira Female College, Auburn Theological Seminary, Brockport Collegiate Institute, Tracy Female Institute, and others. And we take pleasure in giving a view, and brief notice of another excellent institution—that of Phipps Union Female Seminary, above represented.

This Seminary has long ranked among the first of its class in this section of the Union, having been incorporated by the Regents of the University of New York in 1840. The last Annual Catalogue (for the year ending June 23d, 1859,) shows that the institution is well patronized and in a very prosperous condition. The annual Examination of pupils (June 21st, 22d and 23d,) is said to have been highly creditable. We make the following extract from the Report of the Examining Committee:

"Seldom, if ever, has there been witnessed more perfect order, and clearer evidence of thorough scholarship, than were exhibited during this examination. While *all* evinced good training and commendable proficiency in their respective departments, it is but just to mention some classes that excelled. The large class in Cornell's High School Geography, showed a thoroughness and practical readiness highly pleasing to all. The examination of the classes in Botany, Wayland's Moral Science, Butler's Analogy, Kames' Elements of Criticism, and the class in Algebra and Trigonometry, would have done credit to similar classes in any of our best Colleges. The young ladies not only answered promptly, but explained many of the leading and most difficult parts of these sciences in the most lucid and satisfactory manner. They gave clear evidence of diligent application, and that thoroughness which can only be acquired by persevering effort, and faithful, earnest, and laborious teaching. Another excellence manifest at this examination, of which the Committee would speak particularly, was the care given to teaching penmanship and composition. More neat, or improved writing-books, it has never been our privilege to examine. The Graduating Class deported themselves most becomingly. Their compositions were of a higher order of sentiment—*well written* and *well read*; worthy of the highest commendation."

STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATIONS.

The New York State Teachers' Association held its Fourteenth Annual Session at Poughkeepsie, on the 2d, 3d, and 4th inst. The following persons were chosen officers for the ensuing year:

President—James N. McElligott, LL. D., New York. *Vice-Presidents*—Jas. Johonnot, Syracuse; W. N. Read, Newburg; Asa Baker, Johnstown; Edwin A. Charlton, Lockport. *Recording Secretaries*—James Atwater, Lockport; G. N. Harris, Syracuse. *Treasurer*—Wm. H. Hughes, Albany.

Board of Editors for the New York Teacher.—J. W. Bulkley, Brooklyn; E. A. Sheldon, Oswego; A. Z. Barrows, Buffalo; W. W. Raymond, Skaneateles; D. H. Crittenden, New York; Emily A. Rice, Schenectady; Helen M. Philleo, Boonville; E. W. Keyes, Albany; A. B. Wiggin, Owego; Edward Webster, Rochester; J. W. Barker, Niagara Falls.

The Association resolved to hold its next Annual Meeting at Syracuse, July 31st, 1860.

The Wisconsin Association held its Sixth Annual Session, at Madison, last week. There were some three hundred teachers present. The session was continued four days, and the exercises were highly interesting. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

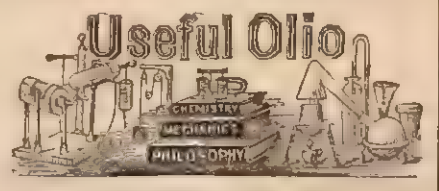
President—J. B. Pradt, of Sheboygan. *Vice-Presidents*—M. P. Kinney, Racine; George Gale, Trempeleau; J. J. McIntyre, Berlin. *Secretary*—James H. Magoffin, Waukesha. *Treasurer*—E. S. Green, of La Crosse. *Councillors*—A. J. Craig, Palmyra; J. L. Pickard, Platteville; E. C. Johnson, Fond du Lac; E. P. Larkin, Milwaukee; T. J. Connaughty, Kenosha.

The next session of the Association will be held at Milwaukee, in July, 1860.

Keys in Mathematics.—The attention of teachers and parents should be called to the use of "Keys" by pupils in Arithmetic and Algebra, in some of our schools. The title page says they are designed for the teachers only; but the booksellers in some towns inform us that the demand for them nearly equals the sale of the corresponding text-books. Whatever may be said of the convenience or necessities of teachers, there can be no defense of their use by pupils. They prevent thoroughness and self-reliance, defeat the primary purpose of education, and directly foster indolence, superficiality, and conceit. The pupil who has simply copied a solution, comes to the recitation with the complacent assumption that he understands the problem, when it can be truly comprehended only by being worked out. "We get along so fast with them" is the poor plea which seems to satisfy those who do not consider that mental discipline is gained more effectually by doing a few things well, than by any such accelerated efforts to go over a wide field. A child is the creature of habit, and if dependence upon such aids be permitted, the habit will soon be fixed, and relf-reliance be sacrificed. —*Massachusetts Teacher.*

Greatness.—A great, a good, and a right mind is a kind of divinity lodged in flesh, and may be the blessing of a slave as well as a prince; it came from heaven, and to heaven it must return; and it is a kind of heavenly felicity, which a pure and virtuous mind enjoys in some degree, even upon earth.—*Seneca.*

Design of Education.—The real design of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that time will ameliorate, not destroy; occupations that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible.—*Sidney Smith.*



MAKING A NEEDLE.

I wonder if any little girl, who may read this, ever thought how many people are all the time at work in making the things which she every day uses. What can be more common, and, you may think, more simple than a needle? Yet, if you do not know it, I can tell you that it takes a great many persons to make a needle, and a great deal of time, too.

Let us take a peep into the needle manufactory. In going over the premises, we must pass hither and thither, and walk into the next street and back again, and take a drive to a mill, in order to see the whole process. We find one chamber of the shop is hung around with coils of bright wire of all thicknesses, from the stout kinds used for codfish hooks, to that of the finest cambric needles. In a room below, bits of wire, the length of two needles, are cut by a vast pair of shears fixed in the wall. A bundle has been cut off; the bits need straightening, for they just came off from the coils.

The bundle is thrown into a red-hot furnace, and then taken out and rolled backward and forward on a table till the wires are straight. This process is called "rubbing straight." We now see a mill for grinding needles. We go down into the basement and find a needle pointer seated on his bench. He takes up two dozen or so of the wires and rolls them between his thumb and fingers with their ends on the grindstone, first one end and then the other. We have now the wires straight, and pointed at both ends. Next is a machine which flattens and gutters the heads of ten thousand needles an hour. Observe the little gutters at the head of your needle. Next comes the punching of the eye, and the boy who does it punches eight thousand an hour, and he does it so fast your eyes can hardly keep pace with him.—The splitting follows, which is running a fine wire through a dozen, perhaps, of these twin needles.

A woman, with a little anvil before her, files between the heads, and separates them. They are now complete needles, but rough and rusty, and, what is worse, they easily bend. A poor needle, you will say. But the hardening comes next. They are heated in a furnace, and when red-hot are thrown into a pan of cold water. Next they must be tempered, and this is done by rolling them backward and forward on a hot metallic plate. The polishing still remains to be done.—On a very coarse cloth needles are spread to the number of forty or fifty thousand. Emery dust is strewed over them, oil is sprinkled, and soft soap is dashed in spoonfuls over the cloth; the cloth is then rolled up with several others of the same kind, thrown into a wash-pot, to roll to and fro for twelve hours or more. They come out dirty enough, but after a rinsing in clean hot water, and a tossing in sawdust, they look as bright as can be, and are ready to be sorted and put up for sale. But the sorting and doing up in papers, you can imagine, is quite a work by itself.

"There are some members of a community," said the sagacious and witty Thomas Bradbury, "that are like a crumb in the throat; if they go the right way they afford but little nourishment, but if they go the wrong way, they give a great deal of trouble."

ABOUT INSECTS.

Insects are largely endowed with the faculty of sight; for their eyes, though unable to turn, are infinitely multiplied, and compensate by quantity for their want of motion. To give an idea of the numbers some orders possess, I may mention that to one species of butterfly, by no means among the largest, is allotted nearly 35,000 eyes. These are distributed over every part of the body, and thus, whatever may be the position of the animal, no danger can approach unperceived, as a sentinel keeps watch in every quarter.

The passions of love and fear, and sometimes higher emotions, are exhibited very signally in some orders of insects, and are even expressed in sounds, which, while not without significance to the human ear, are doubtless full of meaning to themselves. The fact may be demonstrated by giving chase to a common blue-bottle, which will immediately raise its note in a surprising manner, the tone being one of unmistakable alarm. In tropical countries I have noticed the same peculiarity, with but little variation, in mosquitoes; and the adroitness with which these little janissaries avoid capture indicates an organization still more subtle.

Few are unacquainted with the alertness or ferocity of spiders, exhibited so constantly within the sphere of familiar observation. Let a fly be thrown on a spider's web and a strange spectacle will follow. The terror and despair of the fly at the first approach of his inexorable enemy, his energetic efforts to escape from the tyrant's clutches, and his last touching death-struggle, with the exultation, rage and malignant cruelty of the spider, are a vivid mimicry of the mightier paroxysms of man, which few will be able to contemplate with apathy indifference.

I need not dwell here on the affection of insects for their progeny, as that is a passion which, by the wise providence of the Almighty, prevails, with few differences of degree, throughout the whole range of nature. But it would be an omission not to say that they experience more than usual difficulty in providing for the necessities and requirements of their young, yet pursue this object, under every disadvantage, with unwearying forecast, tenderness and perseverance.—*Fullom.*

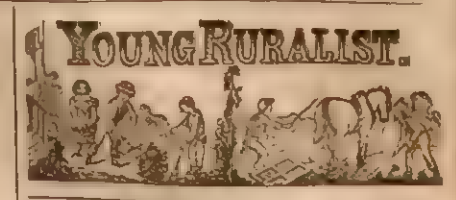
THE RELIGIONS OF CHINA.

The national religions of China are three, namely, the system of Confucius, that of Taou, and that of Buddha. Besides these, there are about a million of Christians and quite a number of Mahomedans. The religion of Confucius addresses itself to the moral nature. The idea of virtue and vice is inculcated, and the duty of compliance with the precepts of law. But it ignores, or but faintly recognizes the higer sanctions of rewards and punishments in a future life.

Taouism is materialistic. Its ideas of the soul are physical and chemical. It regards the stars as divine, and it defies hermits and physicians, magicians and alchemists.

Buddhism differs from both. It is commonly said to be a form of materialism, and yet it is eminently subtle, metaphysical and imaginative. It denies the existence of matter, repudiates the evidence of the senses, and renders its homage and worship only to abstract ideas of fictitious impersonations.

These religions are so many attempts to meet the wants of the human mind, and they supplement each other, so that one does not absolutely supersede the others. The very fact that this variety of faith can be professed and tolerated by the Chinese people, in this characteristic quietness and forbearance, is an indication of a tolerant and religious disposition of mind.



HIGH NOTIONS, AGAIN.

Eds. Rural:—I have read with much pleasure and interest, the "Young Ruralist" column, and think it is an essential part of your most excellent paper, which we hail with much pleasure *every* week. Now, my name is not very often seen in public print, but I have made bold this time for the following reasons.

In the Rural of June 4th, I saw an article written by "Chips," headed "High Notions," which suited my fancy exactly. I felt that I could indorse every word of it. Judge of my surprise then, on opening the Rural of July 30th, to find an article over the signature of "W. S." of Niagara Co., wholly setting aside, or taking back said article, and asserting that "he was evidently laboring under intense excitement" when he wrote it, calling it "an 'old fogy' influence" which he was trying to spread, &c. Now, if it will not arouse any one's *dander* to hear one's chosen occupation,—one so pleasant and delightful, too,—so greatly depreciated as "W. S." would have it, then we do not know what would.

Where do you find the most true enjoyment—true happiness? Is it with those who follow a Commercial life? Is it with those who follow the Plow, and obey that mandate, "earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow." Do you see any real happiness depicted on the countenance of those pale-faced, young men, that are seen behind the counter of every city store? On the contrary, you hear them complain of sickness in some of its forms. Poor fellows! We pity them from the bottom of our hearts. Evidently W. S. did not read "C. P. O.'s" article in the Rural of July 2d, or perhaps he is disposed to try the new "drive-wheel" again. We would tell "W. S." it will not go. It is not made of the right material. It has been tried enough to satisfy candid and thoughtful persons. The "drive wheel" of Honest Society, must be made of Agricultural pursuits. We would not be understood to say that every body must be Farmers. No! no! that would never do. It has often been truthfully said that "one trade is dependent on another." It takes all of them to make up a world—one could not do without the other, but if the "drive wheel" keeps constantly diminishing, and the other parts increasing, then the motion stops. We are for every person making a free choice of occupation, as well as "W. S.," but let all occupations be held up in the same light—then we can see to make a choice. Our "drive wheel" has been weakened and constantly diminished by so doing, and what has been the result? Alas! the answer is known too well. But of late, we are happy to assert, much has been done to replace the old "drive wheel," so that things may go on with their wonted regularity; and it is being replaced. A few more revolutions and the old "drive wheel" will be in full operation again.

There are some disagreeables appertaining to farming as well as to anything else, but we think they are fewer. Go upon a well-regulated farm with all the improvements of the day, in tools and other appurtenances, and there are few unpleasant features. Farming has been let run to too low a figure; but, for a few years back, through the instrumentality of first-rate agricultural papers, together with the *go-aheadativeness* of the people, it has been revived, and is still reviving. Farming is a very pleasant, healthful, and useful occupation, and it can be made more so, and will be. The time is speedily coming when the farmer will hold his proper place in community. A great many of our most influential men are directing their attention to farming.

Frank D.

Akron, Erie Co., N. Y., 1859.

THE DOGS.

Messrs. Eds.:—I wish to say a word for my friends, the Dogs, in answer to Mr. Pearson, in the Rural of July 16th. I cannot see the noble creature so cruelly maligned and not speak a word in his defence. Instead of waging an indiscriminate war of extermination against him, let us educate him. No animal, except man, has faculties so susceptible of cultivation; and in the place of useless untrained curs which make night hideous, we shall have faithful and valuable servants. I extract a few items from an able article on dogs, in the last New American Cyclopedia, as comprising what I wish to say much better than I could say it:

"It would be useless here to introduce anecdotes proving the sagacity, faithfulness, affection, gratitude, courage, velocity and other useful qualities of the dog; these have been known from remote antiquity and are recognized in the earliest systems of Pagan theology and astronomy.

"In France and several other countries, especially Holland, dogs are frequently employed as draught animals, and in Kamstchatka and Greenland, almost exclusively for the same purpose.—From the above remarks it must be evident that the dogs are the most complete and useful conquest ever made by man; all their faculties have been rendered subservient to him, for his pleasure and profit, for his safety against his own kind and other animals."

What a crowd of anecdotes, illustrative of the sagacity and courage of the canine species, does the name of *St. Bernard* suggest! His noble deeds of rescuing snow-bewildered travelers in the Alps should atone for all defects in the manners of his humbler brethren. In conclusion, I would advise Mr. Pearson to read the article from which I quote, and then buy himself the best-looking puppy he can find in St. Lawrence county.

X.

Cazenovia, N. Y., August, 1859.

Genuine Goodness is no stagnant pool, but flowing and melodious like a mountain stream. Even innocence is sometimes insipid, but virtue, which is innocence, is tried and tempered like steel in the fire of experience—virtue, which is purity of heart, made positive and put in action, commands the love and reverence of the world.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 20, 1859.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:

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And an Extra Copy, free, to every person remitting for a club of six or more copies; and Two free copies for every club of Thirty or over. As a new Half Volume commenced July 2d, Now is the Time to form Clubs for either Six Months or a Year. All persons who form new clubs to commence with July, or introduce the Rural in localities where it is not now taken, will be liberally remunerated for their time and attention.

☞ Back numbers from April or January can still be furnished, if desired. We will send Specimen Numbers, Show Bills, &c., to all applicants, and to the addresses of as many non-subscribers as may be forwarded.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

The Interior Department has received dispatches from the Commissioner of the U. S. Texas Boundary Survey. The trip was made up the Pecos river until Captain Witples' trail was struck. Much had been added materially to the geographical knowledge of a region heretofore little known.

The Chevalier Massone, Charge d'Affaires of his Sicilian Majesty, has presented his credentials in that character to the Secretary of State, and M. Edward Blondell delivered his credentials to the President on the 10th inst., and was received as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of his Majesty the King of the Belgian Government.

It is ascertained from an authentic source that on the 17th of June, the U. S. Deputy Marshal of Northern Florida, informed the government of the prevalence of reports that a vessel was expected on the coast of Florida from the coast of Africa, with a cargo of slaves, and made some suggestions as to the best mode of intercepting and arresting them, the Marshal himself being absent in another part of the State. The Secretary of the Interior on the reception of this communication immediately telegraphed to the Deputy Marshal, informing him that a revenue cutter had been ordered from Charleston to cruise along the coast of Florida under his directions. The Deputy accordingly went on board the cutter on the 30th of June, and reached New Smyrna Inlet on the 3d of July. Two weeks thereafter he wrote he had boarded various schooners to which suspicion had attached, and made careful inquiries for many miles along the coast, but there was no information to verify the reports of the landing of Africans. It further appears that Marshal Blackman himself was far behind the times, as he did not inform the Interior Department of these rumors until his Deputy had investigated their truth with the above mentioned result.

The National Teachers' Association in session at Washington, elected J. W. Bulkley, of Brooklyn, N. Y., President for the ensuing year, and decided to publish a monthly periodical in the furtherance of the cause of education. In the afternoon the delegates had a pleasant time in visiting President Buchanan.

Personal and Political.

The officers of the American Scientific Association for the ensuing year, are—President, Isaac Lee, of Philadelphia; Vice-President, B. A. Gould, Jr., of Cambridge; Secretary, Joseph Leconte, of Columbia, S. C.; Treasurer, A. L. Elwyn, of Philadelphia.

The New York Democratic State Committee met at Albany on the 4th instant, and unanimously adopted a resolution requesting the Democrats of each Assembly District to appoint one delegate from each district to a State Convention, to be held at Syracuse on the 14th of September next, for the nomination of State officers and the choice of delegates to the Charleston Convention, or to determine the manner in which, and the time when, said delegates to the Charleston Convention shall be chosen.

A private dispatch from Houston, Texas, via. New Orleans the 8th, says that Gen. Houston is certainly elected Governor.

Andrew Moore, (Dem.,) is re-elected Governor of Alabama by 15,000 to 20,000 majority. Stallworth's (Dem.) majority for Congress in the Mobile District is over 8,000. Clopton's, in the Montgomery District, is 214. In the other five Congressional Districts there seems to have been no serious opposition to the Democratic candidates.

Thirty counties in Tennessee have been heard from—more than half the State vote. Netherland, Opposition for Governor, gains 1,600, indicating a Democratic majority of about 8,000. Opposition elect their Congressmen in the 8th and 9th districts. The State Senate is one certain, and probably three Democratic majority. The House is three and probably five Democratic majority.

The American State Council of New York meets at Geneva on Wednesday, the 24th of August.

The New York Republican State Convention to nominate State officers, meets at Syracuse on Wednesday, the 7th day of September.

At the late election in St. Louis, the vote taken upon the question whether the liquor selling establishments should be closed or not upon the Sabbath, resulted as follows:—For closing, 7,413. Against closing, 5,292. Majority for closing, 2,121. This is a most emphatic vote, and indicates, more significantly than any vote recently taken, the general estimation in which the Sabbath is held by men of all creeds and of all nationalities.

The late Temperance Convention at Saratoga, closed its session on Wednesday, 10th inst. The delegates in attendance were numerous, and the meeting was more enthusiastic than any similar one for several years.

Several resolutions were discussed and adopted, the most important of which were those embracing the programme of future action, under the head of

WORK TO BE DONE.

Whereas, In the opinion of this Society, the great object contemplated by the Temperance Reform can never be fully realized till the traffic in the drunkard's drink is prohibited by legislative enactment, and the organic law of the State so amended as to make that prohibition stable and efficient; therefore,

Resolved, That the great work to which the energies of the friends of Temperance in this State should now be directed, is the creation of such a public moral sentiment throughout its length and breadth, as shall secure those important objects; that as means to their accomplishment, the pulpit, the press, the temperance lecturer, and petitions to the law-making power should be employed to the greatest extent possible, and with no abatement of interest till the work is completed.

Resolved, That we memorialize the Legislature to enact a Prohibitory law, and to place such a law as far as possible above the capricious action of our courts.

Resolved, That we will use our best endeavors in primary meetings, and at the ballot boxes, to secure the election of friends of prohibition for office.

Resolved, That we earnestly recommend the formation of a Temperance Society, in connection with every Sabbath School; the object of which shall be the ingathering, not only of all youth, but also of all the adults, in the community where the Society shall be established.

Resolved, That we recommend to every Temperance Society the holding of stated meetings, at which a temperance sermon or address shall be delivered, and the temperance pledge invariably circulated.

A California letter states that all the recently pending differences between Col. Fremont and other owners in his Mariposa estate have been amicably adjusted. All suits growing out of them have been withdrawn, and the Colonel is about to erect new additional quartz mills upon the river. Col. Fremont's family and household are encamped upon the top of Mount Bullion, 2,000 feet above Bear Valley, and about 4,500 feet above tide-water, where the air is comfortable in the hottest season.

News Paragraphs.

The British government pays to the various steamship lines which ply between England and the United States and Canada, an aggregate bounty of $1,600,000, in the shape of mail contracts. This seems to be the only way in which steamship navigation can be maintained.

The new cent is not a legal tender for any specified amount. Neither was the copper cent of former years a legal tender for any sum. They are "lawful coins," but they are not expressly made a legal tender in payment of debts. The Constitution of the United States prohibits the States from making "anything but gold and silver a legal tender in payment of debts."

It is calculated that upwards of $800,000 worth of cotton has been lost by fires at sea within the past year, mostly occasioned by the use of oil in the cotton presses at New Orleans or on shipboard.

The first American woman who ever went ashore in Japan, was Mrs. Bailey, wife of Capt. Bailey, of Philadelphia, master of the ship Mary Ellis. She was surrounded and followed by a large crowd of Japanese, but all their movements were perfectly respectful.

The grass has become so dry in some portions of Indiana, that it catches fire from the sparks of the locomotives. On the Terre Haute road they have cut ditches near the track to check the flames, and prevent their consuming the ties of the road. At several places on the Bellefontaine road, the trains have been forced to stop and extinguish the fires.

Accounts from Mogadore, Africa, state that the inhabitants had risen in rebellion against the constituted authorities, and established a Republic.—Mogadore is a fortified city and principal seaport of the Empire of Morocco, on the Atlantic. The population is estimated at seventeen thousand, including four thousand Jews.

A newspaper is about to be established in New York by the "Spanish American Printing Company," entitled *El Noticioso de Nueva York*. It is "dedicated to the defence of the interests of the Spanish-American Republics, and in which they should find at the same time a sympathetic exponent and advocate of their opinions."

A hackman of Chicago, sent to the penitentiary recently for five years, has just been informed that he is heir to $30,000, left him by a brother who died in California.

A lot of land in St. Louis, nineteen feet front by seventy feet in depth, was recently sold for $33,000, which is said to be the highest price ever paid for land in that city.

The Corn Exchange of Boston have appointed a Committee to prepare a scale of grades, and devise a more uniform and reliable inspection of flour.

The Philadelphia North American publishes several conclusive testimonials as to the superiority, both in point of durability and cheapness, of rails made of Pennsylvania iron, over the imported British iron.

The English naval estimates for the current year amounted to more than sixty millions of dollars, £12,682,055,) and very nearly equal the sum total of the expenses of the American government for the year 1856-7.

Raymond, of the N. Y. Times, writing to his paper from Italy, since the declaration of peace in that country, attributes the successive defeats of the Austrian army to the incompetency and vacillating presumption of the Austrian Emperor.

Telegraphic Blunder.—Justice to a well known and esteemed army officer requires the republication, in a corrected form, of the following dispatch:

"St. Louis, Aug. 7, 1859.

"Salt Lake advices are to the 13th ult. A man named Brower had been arrested at Camp Floyd for having in his possession $80,000 in counterfeit Government checks on the Sub-Treasury at St. Louis, most of which were ready for issue, excepting the signature of Col. Crossman, which is necessary to such documents. The engraver had also been arrested in Salt Lake City, and in his shop were found all the implements and materials used in preparing the checks, together with large bundles of unfinished checks."

The omission of points in the dispatch caused the statement in our paper that Col. Crossman was the engraver of the fraudulent checks, whereas he is one of the most efficient disbursement officers in the service of the Government.

Statistics of Mormon Population.—The *Valley Tan* contains the following statistics of Mormon population:—The population of Mormons in the United States and British Dominions in 1855 was not less than 66,700, of which 38,000 were residents in Utah, 5,000 in New York State, 4,000 in California, 5,000 in Nova Scotia and the Canadas, and 9,000 in South America. In Europe there were 36,000, of which 32,000 were in Great Britain and Ireland, 5,000 in Scandinavia, 2,000 in Germany, Switzerland and France, and in the rest of Europe 1,000; in Australia and Polyneaia 2,400; in Africa 100; and on travel, 2,800.

To these, if we add the different branches, including Strangeites, Rigdonites and Whiteites, the whole sect was not less than 126,000. In 1856 there appears to have been a decrease in the population of Utah—the number being only 34,022, of which 9,000 were children, about 11,000 women, and 11,000 men capable of bearing arms. There are 2,388 men with eight or more wives; of these, 18 have more than nineteen wives; 730 men with five wives; 1,100 with four wives, and 2,400 with more than one wife. Recapitulation—4,617 men, with about 16,500 wives.

From California.—The North Star arrived at New York on the 11th inst., with California dates of the 20th ult., and Aspinwall, August 3d. Nothing important from California.

The excitement on the Isthmus about the Indian mounds is dying out.

The English steamer Parametta was still lying on the reef near St. Thomas. All her cargo had been thrown overboard, and divers were at work blowing up the coral rock on which she was lying.

Advices had been received of the revolutionary movements at Carthagena, of July 23d, when the Liberal party pronounced against the authorities and appointed ex-Governor Juan Jose Victor provisional ruler.

California markets dull, with little prospect of immediate improvement.

From Santa Fe.—The Santa Fe mail with dates of the 25th inst., arrived at Independence 13th ult. Another treaty had been concluded with the Navajoes. Large numbers of Indians had been seen on the plains but they were all friendly. The troops at Pawnee Fork were all well. The mail party met a company of U. S. troops en route to New Mexico.

"Nothing to Wear."—In our money column, remarks a recent issue of the New York *Express*, will be found a statement of the business we have been doing at this port in foreign dry goods for the current month. The totals, compared with the previous two seasons, stand thus:—1857, $66,716,283; 1858, $30,169,358; 1859, $71,782,985. These figures show how soon Flory Mc Flimsey has forgotten all about the panic her extravagances helped so much to bring on two years ago, and how ready she is with her silks, satins and velvets, to "go it blind," and to "go it with a rush" again. Seventy-one millions worth of dry goods in seven months! "Nothing to Wear," indeed!

A Missionary Class.—The late graduating class from Andover Theological Seminary numbered thirty-four; of these, eleven have offered themselves to the Missionary Board, and before the close of the year all expect to be in foreign fields of labor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The arrivals during the week have been more than ordinarily numerous, and the news received is of considerable importance. We condense as follows:

Great Britain.—The English Ministry announced that they would not accept an invitation to send a Plenipotentiary to a European Congress until the result of the Zurich Conference is known.

Lords John Russell and Palmerston had made important speeches in Parliament on European affairs. They admitted that England had acted as the medium for conveying terms to France and Austria, but said that in doing so she did not indorse them. The subject of the national defences had also been debated, and the speeches on the government side exhibited an intention to vigorously prosecute the work.

The London Herald has the following:—We have reason to believe that Mr. Dallas has recently placed in the hands of Lord John Russell, a dispatch from Washington, in which it is stated that the U. S. Government has resolved to abandon privateering, and thus to accept the declaration respecting this portion of Maritime law, agreed upon in the Congress at Paris, in 1856.

The London Post says that Garibaldi has sent a circular to all the free States of Italy, in which he declares his army to be ready at any moment to continue the Italian war of independence.

The London Times of the 25th says that four notices are offered in the House of Commons on subjects connected with the naval and military defences of the British Empire.

The same journal gives the preliminaries of the peace of Villafranca as follows:—The two sovereigns will favor the creation of an Italian Confederation, that Confederation shall be under the honorary presidency of the Holy Father. The Emperor of Austria cedes to the Emperor of France his rights in Lombardy, excepting the fortresses of Mantua and Peschiera, which rights the Emperor of France will hand over to the King of Sardinia. Venetia forms a part of the Italian confederation, but remains under the crown of Austria. The Dukes of Tuscany and Modena are to return under the condition of granting a general amnesty. Both Emperors will ask the Pope to introduce indispensable reforms. A full and complete amnesty is to be granted to all the people.

France.—The Minister of War has addressed an order to all Colonels of regiments to send home all soldiers whose absence had been recalled, and likewise all those who are entitled by their services to leave of absence for six months, so that they may be at the disposal of the farmers who may require them for getting in the harvest. The accounts from the agricultural districts are not unfavorable. The harvest, altogether, will exceed that of a good ordinary year, and there will be an overplus for exportation.

The Emperor Napoleon had decided that the French army and navy should be restored to a peace footing with the least possible delay. He was generally regarded as sincere, and his intentions were considered pacific.

The Zurich Conference has not yet been held.

The Morning Post says that according to reports in Paris, Count de Persigney has deferred for a day or two his return to London from Florence, on his mission from the French government.

The Invalide Russe says the Cabinets of Paris and Vienna may make whatever treaties they please, but in fixing the lot of Italy they are bound to ask the concurrence of the rest of Europe.

The French army of observation on the Rhine had been disbanded.

The Norde denies that any French troops are to occupy the Duchies. Those who are at Rome will remain for the present where they are. No where else will there be any intervention in Italy.

Austria.—The correspondent of the Independence Belge thus remarks of the project of reform entertained by the Emperor of Austria:—All provincial councils of the Emperor are to be convoked simultaneously, in order to answer a series of questions on the amelioration which they may think necessary to the internal government of the States, especially in the provincial organization. The councils will have complete liberty in their deliberations, and may make known openly and sincerely to the Emperor the wants and wishes of the population. Important financial and military reforms are likewise projected.

The Austrian war department has directed that the first army shall be maintained for the present on a war footing. Its effective strength is estimated at nearly 200,000 men. The other corps are on the march to their former cantonments in Galicia and Hungary.

Italy.—The official Piedmontese Gazette publishes a circular of the Minister of the Interior to the Governors and Intendants Generals, which says the change of Cabinet does not produce any serious variation in the character of the policy of Sardinia. The new ministry will continue to favor as largely as possible, the development of the great principles which are the basis of public right. The Minister goes on to ask for support in the tranquilization of discouraged minds, in strengthening the belief in the rights to liberty, and in preparing the annexed Provinces for liberal institutions. The circular concludes by promising reform in the extension of commercial and provincial liberty.

Preparations were being made at Milan for a grand illumination, to take place on the arrival of the King of Sardinia, who was expected in a few days to visit the new Lombardy capital.

Chevalier Farini, Governor of Modena, has by order of the King of Sardinia, withdrawn from Sardinia authority, and published a proclamation, in which it remits the government to the municipal members.

The populace assembled in crowds and proclaimed the authorities municipal by acclamation the dictators of the country.

The Dictator of Modena has convoked the popular assemblies. All persons competent to read and write, and whose age is not less than 21 years, will be entitled to vote. Perfect order prevails.

Piedmont.—Garibaldi has issued the following order, dated Levere, July 29:

"Howsoever political affairs may go in the present circumstances, it is the duty of the Italians not only not to lay down their arms and manifest discouragement, but to swell the ranks and show to Europe, that, guided by the heroic Victor Emanuel, they are ready again to confront the vicissitudes of war, in whatever form they may present themselves."

Papal States.—The Times correspondent from Rome says that there is a great dissatisfaction felt here, and I have no hesitation in saying that the French soldiers alone keep down a general outbreak. The Jesuits have been driven out of Faenza, Forli and Ferrara—in the last city only one hour was given them to leave, and in the other two twenty-four hours.

The Bologna Gazette published a declaration to the effect that the Province of Romagna had shaken off the Papal yoke, never to retain it again, and that it is their wish to be annexed to Sardinia.

Commercial — *Breadstuffs.* — Liverpool breadstuff market was dull. Wheat and flour had undergone no change since Wednesday. European corn was offered at a slight reduction. In the Liverpool provision market, prices had a general downward tendency.

Clippings from Foreign Journals,

Count Cavour is to have a medal subscription, got up by the National Guard of Turin, because he would not subscribe to the villainous treaty of Villafranca.

The Financial Reformer states that the present British Parliament is composed of 225 representatives of the aristocratic interest, 208 representatives of the military and naval interests, 119 representatives of the legal interest, 27 representatives of the money interest, 60 representatives of the mercantile and manufacturing interests, and 48 representatives of miscellaneous interests.

The Paris correspondent of the Manchester Guardian tells the following anecdote:—"When, after the peace, M. de Cavour found himself for the first time face to face with the Emperor and King, he found it impossible to remain within the bounds of etiquette, and his indignation burst violently forth; so violently that at length Louis Napoleon, under control as he is, lost temper in turn, and threatened! The word 'arrest' escaped his lips; at which the betrayed Piedmontese minister turned round, saying, 'Arrest me! Try it! But you would not dare; for then you would have no choice left you but to go back to France through the Tyrol!'"

Zurich, where the Europen Conference is to be held, is a Swiss town, about the size of Poughkeepsie. It is the capital of the Swiss Canton of the same name, a sturdy little Republic, of a quarter of a million of people, who talk German and belong to the Protestant Church. It is near the northern frontier of Switzerland, and is easily accessible by Railroad, both from France and Austria. Near Zurich, just sixty years ago this month, (August 26, 1799,) the French defeated the Austrians and Russians in a pitched battle. It is questionable whether the latter will now achieve as much by diplomacy, as the former did then in the field.

The News Condenser.

— Great Britain is putting the Island of Jamaica in a state of defence.

— The mining news of California is good, and the grain harvest abundant.

— Two hundred French policemen were at the Turin reception of the Emperor.

— A farmer of Maryland has been very successful in threshing wheat by steam.

— The cost of the Earl of Elgin's special mission to China amounted to £11,500.

— The subscribers to the Austrian loan have been released from their obligations.

— There had been 230 deaths from yellow fever, at Reynosa, Mexico, at last accounts.

— The war of races in Yucatan in reported to have ceased, and final peace is restored.

— The most important towns of the Roman States have sent deputations to Garibaldi.

— A conspiracy has been discoverd in the city of Mexico to place Marqueza in power.

— They are putting the lower provinces of British America in a good state of defence.

— California has exported $28,685,552 in gold during the first six months of the present year.

— The hay crop in the State of Maine the present year is estimated at ten million dollars.

— Five men were killed last week on the South Carolina railroad by the explosion of a locomotive.

— During the past fortnight 26 cases of suicide have been reported in various parts of the country.

— The Pacific Railroad is now finished to Syracuse, 108 miles from St. Louis, and 90 from Kansas City.

— The fortifications of Dover, England, are about to be enlarged at an estimated expense of £150,000.

— It is said there are two thousand husbands and wives in Indiana and Illinois applying for divorces.

— Gold is a legal tender to any amount; silver to the amount of five dollars. Copper is not a legal tender.

— Gold diggings have been discovered in Williamsville, Ct., and sluices are now being put in operation.

— During the week ending July 24, 15 deaths were reported in the city of Memphis, Tenn., from sun-stroke.

— A cat thrown out of a car window at Fonda, N. Y., astonished her mistress by running thirty miles home again.

— Baron Hess has been made Field Marshal, and will command the largest force any Austrian general ever did.

— Four of the gang who planned the burning of Oshkosh, Wis., are arrested. One confesses to several murders.

— The first public hydrant in Philadelphia was erected Saturday week, under a recent ordinance of the Councils

— The Papal Government is attempting to explain away the massacre at Perugia, making it out a very mild affair.

— Two convicts attempting to escape from the Ohio State Prison were terribly mutilated recently. One will not recover.

— The Tehuantepec Company have sent to our Minister at Vera Cruz to protect them against governmental oppressions.

— The Chinese have a temple in San Francisco which cost $20,000, and have imported an idol from China at a cost of 30,000.

— Mrs. Brackman, of Huntington, who recently gave birth to four children, has now given birth to three more—all doing well.

— Two hundred thousand cords of wood, piled alongside the Little Miami (Ohio) Railroad, was destroyed by fire a few days since.

— Two trains arrived at Kansas City, last week, from New Mexico, one of them bringing 89,000 and the other 59,000 pounds of wool.

— A hail-storm in Conway, Mass., on the 29th ult., caused several fields of tobacco to be made into *fine cut* too early to be profitable.

— The Sea Island cotton crop of Texas will be two or three times as large as that of last year. The crop now promises remarkably well.

— The Iowa State reporter estimates the population of Iowa at not less than 600,000, and thinks the next census will show one million.

— Six hundred Africans have been landed near Tampa, Fla., says the U. S. Marshal, Blackburn. The vessel was immediately burnt.

— A tin mine has been discovered near Los Angeles, Cal., the ore of which has been assayed and found to contain 32 per cent. of metal.

— The Provincial Councils of the Austrian Empire are soon to meet to advise with the Emperor upon the amelioration of their condition.

— There is a Burmese native at the Madison University to be educated. He came over with Rev. Thomas Allen, a Missionary in Burmah.

— It is said that the late Horace Mann suggested Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, as his successor in the Presidency of Antioch College, Ohio.

— John N. Pattison, a young man whose parents reside in Niagara Co., is making considerable sensation in Berlin, Prussia, as a musician.

— Fruit dealers of Boston are being prosecuted for selling berries by wine instead of dry measure; the penalty is a fine not exceeding $10.

— Mr. Wm. Wooster, of Columbia, Me., killed a bear in a logging road, on the 6th inst. A bullet between the eyes fixed the flint of his bearship.

— The Hon. Jefferson Davis is lying very ill at Clifton, a point on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. His condition is said to be dangerous.

— The Great Eastern will be ready for sea in four weeks. When completed her cost will be about four and three-quarters million dollars.

— The yellow fever has been declared epidemic at Tampico, and generally along the coast of Mexico. Much alarm exists in consequence.

— A Baptist Church in Indianapolis is about to extend a call to the Rev. Anthony Burns, the hero of the celebrated fugitive slave case in Boston.

— The contract for the building of the Museum of comparative zoology at Cambridge has been made for $41,800, and the work is commenced.

— Mr. Wise made an ascension at St. Louis on the 6th inst., intending to come East, but he only made 80 miles, being beaten down by the rain.

— Com. Stewart has just entered on his 82 year. He was in the navy 62 years ago, and is almost as old as an officer as the navy to which he belongs.

— The last week in June and the first three weeks of July were very warm in France. The thermometer in Paris was over 90 for 12 days in succession.

— A visitor to St. Petersburg was gratified to see one sign in the English language. It was as follows:—"Saloon for schaving, Cut, and frizing the Haire."

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Knitting Work—Brown, Taggard & Chase.
The Progresive Arithmetics—D. W. Fish, Agent.
Olcott's Sorgho and Imphee—A. O. Moore.
Sombrero Guano—Wood & Grant, Wm. A. Martin & Co
Elastic and Combination Stitch Sewing Machine—H. Ballou Carter & Co.
True Delaware Grape Vines—Geo. W. Campbell.
Ontario Female Seminary—B. Richards.
Native Grapes—A. W. Potter & Co.
Dayton Wheat for Seed—Lewis Braden.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Thirty Dollars Per Month—S. F. French & Co.

Special Notices.

THIRTY DOLLARS PER MONTH.—Wanted, good Book Canvassers at $30 per month, and expenses paid. Address S. F. FRENCH & CO., 121 Nassau street, New York. 502-4t

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Aug. 15, 1859.

FLOUR—Best grades show a decline equal to 50 cents ₩ barrel during the week. In inferior, prices are sustained.

GRAIN—Genesee sells at a range of from $1,00 to $1,35—the latter for very choice samples. Mediterranean we notice is quite freely in market at about $1,06 ₩ bushel. Canadian we leave unaltered—there is none in market. No change to note in other varieties of grain.

WOOL—We do not alter our quotations for wool, although the market is very firm this A. M., and a little better price might be obtained.

HAY is selling at $10,00@$16,00, with an upward tendency.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		EGGS, dozen	10c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6 00	Honey, box	15@15c
Flour, spring do.	$4,50@5,00	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buck wheat, ₩ cwt.	$0,00	FRUITS AND ROOTS	
Wheat, Genesee	$1 0 @1,35	Apples, bushel	25@37½c
Best white Can'a	$1,35@1,35	Apples, dried	$0,00
Corn	45@50c	Peaches, dried, ₩ lb	00c
Rye ₩ 56 lbs ₩ bu	00@00c	Cherries, dried, ₩ lb	00c
Oats, by weight	32 @35c	Potatoes, new	62½c
Barley	00@00c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	50@50	Slaughter	6@6c
Beans	75@85c	Calf	10@11c
MEATS		Sheep pelts	35@38
Pork, mess	$17 00@18,50	Lamb pelts	25@50c
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$7 00@7,50	Clover, bush	$3,50@4,00
Beef, ₩ cwt	$5 00@6 00	Timothy	1,50@2,00
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1 75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	5@5c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3 50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$5 75@6,00
Chickens	7@8c	Coal, Scranton	$4 25@4,50
Turkeys	10@11c	Coal, Pittston	$4 25@4,50
Geese	38@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ₩ pair	00@00c	Coal, Char	10@12 c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,12
Butter, roll	13@14c	Hay, ton	$10,00@16,00
Butter, firkin	12@13 c	Wool, ₩ lb	50@51c
Cheese	8@10c	White fish, bbl	$0 00@0 00
Lard, tried	11@13c	Codfish, ₩ quintal	$4 75@5,00
Tallow	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$5,00@5,50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Aug. 15.—FLOUR—Market very heavy and 5@10c lower. Sales at $4,00@4,25 for superfine State; $4,30@4,40 for extra State, $4,00@4,25 for super Western; $4,30@4,65 for common to good extra do; $4,55@4,70 for old; $4,80@5,00 for fresh ground shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing heavy and dull.

GRAIN—Wheat dull and 1@2c ₩ bushel lower. Sales at 115,000 bu for new white Kentucky, 125@140c for red and white Southern. Rye dull at 75c. Barley dull. Corn active and 1@2c better. Sales at 76c for old mixed Western from store, 72@73c for new do, 58c for round yellow. Oats are dull at 1@2c for State, 36@40c for Western and Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Pork dull and lower. Sales at $13,00@14,00 for mess, $12,88@13,00 for thin do; $9,75@9,87 for prime. Lard steady, sales at 10½c for No. 1 to prime Western. Butter steady at 12@18c for Oslo; 16@20c for State. Cheese steady at 8@9c.

BUFFALO, Aug. 15.—FLOUR—In fair demand and market easier. Sales at $3,75@4,00 for State; $4,75@5,00 for extra Michigan, Ohio and Indiana, and $0,85@5,50 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat dull, heavy and lower. Sales at 104c for red, 1 6c for white. Corn is firmer. Sales at 68c for No. 1 Illinois, 65c for No. 2 do. Other grains quiet.

OSWEGO, Aug. 15.—FLOUR—In moderate demand. Sales at $4,40 from Milwaukee club wheat; $5,00 from red winter; $5,50 for white do.

GRAIN—Of all kinds quiet.

ALBANY, Aug. 15.—FLOUR—Very dull and prices tend downward.

GRAIN—Little doing in wheat. Sales Mediterranean at 110c. Sales small lots Western mixed corn at 76c and round yellow at 76c. Oats—Sales Canada at 40c, weight.

TORONTO, Aug. 13.—FLOUR—The flour market is emphatically flat. There is no disposition at all to purchase, and, probably in view of slightly better rates, there is not much pressing up in the market. No sales have transpired and it is impossible to come at accurate quotations. We have no doubt however, that flour could be bought at $5 for superfine, $5,10 for fancy and $5,25 to $5,50 for extra. Retail rates for good flour range from $5,75 to $6 ₩ barrel.

GRAIN—Wheat is freely commanded 5s to 5s 3d, $1 to $1,05 ₩ bushel, while extra samples have occasionally brought more. Oats 1s 10½d, but only in one or two instances, re ail for 2s, nearly. Corn nominal, which bids fair to be sufficiently low to keep the market stiff. Inferior and shipping wheat has quite a demand over land, 90c ₩ bushel. Rye—New crop has been bought at a small quantities at 5s ₩ bushel. Barley—Only one or two lots have been offered. It is of very good quality, and we think the crop will be an average one. The opening price ranged from 2s 3d to 2s 6d ₩ bushel.—*Globe.*

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ₩ cwt., $9,75@10,25; ordinary do, $8,50@9,50; common do, $7,50@8,25; inferior do, $6,00@7,00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $60,00@60,00; ordinary do, $40@50; common do, $30,00@40,00; inferior do, $22,00@25,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₩ lb., 5@5½c; ordinary do, 5@5½c; common do, 4@5c; inferior do, 3@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ₩ head, $5,00@6,00; ordinary do, $4,00@4,75; common do, $3,50@4,00; inferior do, $3,00@3,50.

SWINE—First quality, 5½@6c; other qualities, 5½@5½c.

ALBANY, Aug 15.—CATTLE—The receipts are very heavy. The Arrivals is 3[illegible] and this is swelled by the actual show in the yards to 4[illegible]. None were held over. Average quality about the same as last week, and average weight a little better perhaps. There is little change in prices.

There is a fair business doing at the following quotations

	This week.	Last week.
Superior	5 @5½c	5 @5½
First quality	4 @4½c	4½@4¾
Second quality	3½@4c	3½@4
Third quality	3 @3½c	3 @3½
Inferior	2½@3c	2½@3

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Dull, with no improvement in prices. Sales 2,0[illegible] head at 4½@5c, the latter for very choice. Hogs—Low and in light request. Sales 193 head at 5½@5½c.

MILCH COWS—Range from $30 to $40.—*Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, Aug. 10.—At market 955 cattle, about 800 beeves, and 155 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows, and one two and three years old.

PRICES—Market beef—Extra, $7,00@7,50; first quality, $6,25@6,50, second do, $5,75@6,00; third do, $4,75@5,00; ordinary do, $3,50.

WORKING OXEN—$75, 110@175 ₩ pair.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 37, 45@53.

STORES—Yearlings, $[illegible]@11,00; two years old, $16,00@17,00, three years old, $23,00@24,00.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—3070 at market. Prices—in lots, $1,00@1,50. Extra and Selections, $2,50@3,00.

HIDES—7¼@8c ₩ lb. Pelts, 50@62c each.

CALF SKINS—12@13c ₩ lb. Tallow, 7@7½c ₩ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$4,00@5,00.

BRIGHTON, Aug. 11.—At market, 1200 beeves, 175 stores, 2,000 sheep and lambs, and 500 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Extra, $8,50@00,00; first quality, $8,00@00,00, second quality, $7,00; third quality, $5,50@0,00.

WORKING OXEN—$100@120.

MILCH COWS—$45@47; common, $18@19.

VEAL CALVES—$4,00, 5,00@7,00.

STORES—Yearlings, $9@11; two years old, $16@24; three years old, $23@34.

HIDES—7¼@8c ₩ lb. Calf skins, 12@13c ₩ lb.

TALLOW—Sales at 7@7½c ₩ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,50@1,75; extra, $2,50@3,00.

PELTS—50@$1,75c each.

SWINE—Spring pigs, 7¼c; retail, 8½c.

The Wool Markets.

WOOL GROWERS' FAIR AT CLEVELAND.—The Fair of the Wool Growers, held at Cleveland last week, has the reputation of being one of the greatest exhibitions of the kind ever held in the West, and calculated to be of immense importance to the sheep-raising interests. The number of lots on exhibition was about 140, and the number of pounds 660,000. Ohio, of course, stood first in rank, exhibiting 15,079 fleeces, the remainder being as follows:—Kentucky, 300; Michigan, 660; Indiana, 860; New York, 675; Pennsylvania, 350; Iowa, 430; Illinois, 600; Missouri, 465. Besides these, there were shipments from other States, including Arkansas, which did not arrive in season for the Fair.

The wool was sold in lots to manufacturers, the range being from 37 cents, for unwashed, to 63 cents for fancy clip. One lot of 250 pounds Lamb's fleece, from Premium Sheep, brought 70 cents ₩ pound.

NEW YORK, Aug 11.—The inquiry for most descriptions is limited, but prices generally are firmly maintained, particularly for native fleece and pulled wools. Of the former, sales of 125,000 lbs have been made at 34@44c for common to quarter and half blood; 47@50c for half to three quarter; 53@55c for full blood, and 58@62½c for fancy clips; and of the latter sales of 50,000 lbs. have been made at 30@50c for No. 1 city and extra country Saxony. Sales of 35 000 lbs. made at 29@37c for fair; 16c for medium low, and 10@12½c for inferior; also, 200 bales of Texas at full prices. Foreign is in good supply, and holders generally are firm in their views respecting prices. Sales of 40 bales Cape at 40c; 100 do washed, and 100 do unwashed Smyrna on terms we did not learn. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece, ₩ lb	56@60
Am. full blood Merino	53@55
Am ¾ and ½ blood Merino	46@49
Am native and ¼ blood Merino	40@44
Extra, pulled	45@50
Superfine, pulled	37@42
No 1, pulled	30@33
California, fine, unwashed	25@32
California, common do	10@13
Peruvian, washed	26@30
Valparaiso unwashed	11@12
E. Ind. common, washed	10@13
S. Am. Entre Rios, washed	15@18
S. American, unwashed	8@13
S Am. Cordova, washed	20@22
East India, washed	20@22
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	14@18
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

Tribune.

BOSTON, Aug. 11.—Prices of fleece and pulled wool have been very firm during the week. The receipts of domestic continue large, but mostly on manufacturers' account. The sales of the week have been 100,000 lbs. at 40@55c for fleece, and 30@50c for pulled, as to quality. A lot of 250,000 lbs. Cape sold on private terms; 80 bales Mediterranean and South American, and 106,000 lbs. African, Chilian and other kinds at various prices, as to quality.

Sax. and Mer., fine	55@60	Western mixed	33@38
Full blood	52@54	Smyrna, washed	17@30
Half and ¼ blood	43@49	Do unwashed	9½@14
Common	40@43	Syrian	11@23
Pulled, extra	48@54	Cape	34@40
Do. superfine	40@50	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	32@42	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2		Peruvian, washed	25@32

CHICAGO, Aug. 11.—The market is firm, and there is a good competition for good lots. The following are the rates

FLEECE—Common native, 31@33c; quarter blood, 33@34c; half blood, 38@40½c; three quarter blood, 40@42c; full blood, 42@45c; full blood Saxony, 44@46.

PULLED—No. 1, 20@25; superfine, 30@35; extra, 35@40; double extra, 40@42.—*Democrat.*

TORONTO, Aug. 13.—Wool is not in large supply. Prices are steady at 1s 8d to 1s 4½d ₩ lb. Sheep skins 1s to 1s 3d each. Beef hides $6,50 ₩ 100 lbs. Calf skins 6d ₩ lb.

Deaths.

IN Middleville, Herkimer Co., N. Y., Aug. 3d, Mr. EDMUND STEVENS, aged eighty three years.

IN this city, on the 11th inst., HELLEN MARIA, infant daughter of NORMAN S. BARNES, M. D., aged 10 weeks.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising.—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, and headed—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, IN ADVANCE.—☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

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NATIVE GRAPES.—Concord, Elsinburgh, Swatara and Early Northern Muscadine, at 50 cts. each—all cultivated in pots—and 96 other varieties, cheap for cash. A. W. POTTER & CO. Grape Lawn Nurseries, Knowlesville, Orleans Co., N. Y.

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Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

IN THE WOODS.

For many a month the walls of home
Have wearily closed us in—
We have watched the skies grow bright above
And the fields are robed in green.
We have dreamed of quiet, dim old woods
Where the sunshine only falls
Tempered and mild, like the holy light
In the old cathedral walls.

Waking at morn to the daily round
Of toiling and ceaseless care,
Like birds of the forest with fettered wings
Long for Freedom's air,
We have burst the bonds of our prison cage,
And with joyous and springing feet,
We trace the paths where the wild flowers bloom
And the dancing streamlets meet.

Beauty and freshness, life and light,
Are crowding the forest maze,
And we drink the full cup from Nature's hand
With hearts that are full of praise;
Resting on couches of emerald green,
While carpets for kingly feet
Stretch far away through the shadowy aisles
Where the woven branches meet.

Berries red as the baby's lips,
Violets blue as her eye,
Blossoms pure as her snowy brow
In a wreath above it lie.
One small hand filled with the waxen buds
Half buried in verdure lies,
While the drooping lashes gently close
O'er the light of her sunny eyes.

The shadows creep from the western hills,
And we know that the night has come,
But we linger still in the winding path
That leads to our quiet home.
If we sleep, we shall dream of fairy-land—
If we wake, our thoughts will be sweet—
Dreaming or waking, love and peace
In our hearts are sure to meet.

Michigan, 1859. J. A. S.

A CONFESSION;

OR,

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF MARRIED LIFE.

My friend H— married in early life. The lady that he chose was a beautiful but weak-minded girl. H— was a whole-souled, pleasure-loving youth, the life of every circle that he favored with his company.

The club of which he was a member acknowledged that he was the wittiest and handsomest man among them; but, as I have already said, H— married early; and now let me add only three months had elapsed when we observed a marked change in our favorite.

His bright smile was changed for a serious and often sad expression; he came to the club-rooms less frequently than had been his wont, and while there he read his paper and smoked, seldom joining in any conversation.

He had been in the habit of taking out but one cigar during the evening, and that was sometimes thrown away half-consumed. Now he seemed to smoke, as some persons drink, "to drive away dull care." When the door opened he started, and held the cigar half-hidden by his paper, as if afraid of being caught in some forbidden enjoyment.

After I had observed my friend, evening after evening, and felt convinced that some secret sorrow was destroying his peace, I one night left the room with him, offering to walk home by his side. He drew my arm within his own, and gave my hand a friendly pressure; as he turned his face toward the gas light, I saw that a tear stood in his eye. I said, "H—, you are in trouble—can I relieve you? Do you need pecuniary aid? If so, let me have the pleasure of bestowing it. You have a young wife, and your expenses must necessarily have increased—perhaps more than you anticipated; and young lawyers sometimes have to wait long for their fees. If you would like to borrow money, say so; I have more than enough for an old bachelor."

"Old bachelor! Would that I were——" Here he paused, and turning to me added, "B—, reveal not what I have just uttered. You have always been like a brother to me, and you shall know the cause of my distress; I am sure you will never make an improper use of what I tell you."

After assuring him that he might safely confide in me—that I would never divulge his secret until I had received his permission—I listened to the following recital.

"I married too hastily; Clara's beauty dazzled me, and I saw not her defects; the poor girl declares she loves me, but preferable would be her hatred. I cannot leave her presence without being obliged on my return to account for every moment of my absence. Any spot is better than my home, yet I cannot seek peace elsewhere without a certainty that I must pay a severe penalty. My wife forbids me to smoke in her presence, therefore I must go abroad to enjoy what I cannot discontinue at once. Indeed the desire for such an indulgence increases with my efforts to leave it off."

Suddenly starting, my friend exclaimed,—"There she is now, with her head out of the window this cold night, though I have besought her not to expose her health in this way; but such is her revenge for my going abroad. Can you wonder that I am changed! I would rather die than live thus."

Ere I had spoken many words of consolation we were at my friend's door. I was pressing H—'s hand when the door opened, and a delicate but beautiful lady held a light, which showed too plainly the frown which disfigured her fair face.

"Well, sir, home at last?" and the door closed ere my friend had finished saying "good night."

I was enraged, and declared any man was a fool to submit to such treatment. I resolved that I would marry in less than a month, to show H— and other unfortunates that a woman can be governed.

I lay awake that night thinking over all my lady friends, and considering which should be my victim. Some were too silly, others too plain-looking; but I remembered that one was beautiful, intelligent, and so high-spirited that to subdue her would be a grand achievement.

I had wealth, position, and (excuse my vanity,) not a bad person. The fair one in question I had always admired, and she had invariably received me well. Indeed, I had been assured by an acquaintance with Miss C—that I was a favorite with her. But as I had resolved to lead a single life, I had never entertained any serious intentions towards the one I now determined to marry, if she would accept me. I decided to put on the chains of matrimony to prove that they could not always enslave.

In three weeks from that night I had caught my bird. We were to be united toward the close of the coming week, in accordance with my wishes, that we might spend the holidays with my parents in Virginia.

On our return we took possession of our newly furnished mansion. We gave a large party, or rather it was my party that I might invite all my bachelor friends as well as some poor unhappy married ones.

I was astonished when my bride agreed to all my arrangements, though she knew as well as I did they were peculiar.

I could not offend her by any of my propositions; she gave no unasked advice—merely assented to all I said.

"Oh, a new broom sweeps clean," thought I. "She will show out when no longer a bride; I know she is proud and spirited enough."

The evening passed delightfully, and I confess I was skeptical as to my ability to disturb my wife's peace of mind.

The guests retired after paying many compliments on my choice of a wife, and we were alone. As soon as I could interupt Mary's gay and charming conversation, I said:

"My dear, what did you think of my having the wine and smoking arrangement for the gentlemen?"

"Oh, it was a capital idea, my husband. It must have pleased your bachelor friends to see that you could not forget their comfort, although no longer one of them. I must note it down that it may never be forgotten when we give entertainments; married people are too indifferent about the comforts of poor old bachelors."

I was again disappointed; but I determined not to retire until I called forth one frown or pouting look.

My wife had been sitting with one arm around me; I gently drew myself from her embrace, (I could not do it rudely,) and took a cigar from my case. I knew that before our engagement she disliked the habit of smoking.

I calmly seated myself upon a lounge and puffed away.

"Did you observe Mrs. M—'s brooch?" inquired my wife, coming toward me, seating herself by my side.

"No," I replied, and smoked away vigorously. Mary continued to chat gaily, but suddenly turned pale, and dropped her head upon my shoulder. She had fainted. I rang for a servant, opened the window, and applied restoratives. We bore her to her sleeping room, and she soon revived.

I asked, "What made you ill? Was it the cigar? Why did you not speak when you first felt its effects?" and I felt myself blush with shame as I hurriedly asked the questions.

"I wished to accustom myself to your smoking," answered my wife; for I cannot bear to drive you from my presence every time you wish to enjoy a cigar."

"Angel!" I exclaimed, "I shall never smoke again!"

"Oh, my husband," said she, "make no rash promise; the habit is not easily overcome, and I do not ask you to discontinue it; now that I know I cannot bear it, I can retire to the library when you wish to smoke."

She has never been obliged to leave me thus; I have never smoked since, and would not be hired to take another cigar in my mouth.

A night or two after the above occurrence I was sitting by my wife, who was amusing me by recounting, in the events of the day which had just passed, some incidents relative to her housekeeping, &c. I was charmed by her affection and *naivette*, and would gladly have remained by her side. But she was to be subdued in all respects, and in one she had not been tried. Since our marriage I had not visited the club-rooms. I looked at my watch and carelessly remarked, "I shall go to the club, Mary; if you grow sleepy, do not wait for me, I have a key."

A shade of sadness flitted across her beautiful face, but it was succeeded by one of her sweetest smiles. Springing from my side, she ran to the hall, brought out my overcoat, shoes, etc., placed them before the fire, and said:

"Do not forget to warm them before you leave the club, my husband, and walk fast that you may not get cold; indeed, I have another reason for wishing you to hasten home; it will be a lonely evening without you; but you have deprived yourself of better society so long that I can bear to spend an evening in anticipation, instead of in the enjoyment of your company."

I hesitated—almost decided not to go; but it would not do to yield. I went, and was almost as dull as H., who was also there. He observed my manner, and whispered, "In trouble already?"

"Yes," I answered, "and I shall be in trouble until I acknowledge myself conquered. I married to enjoy the pleasure of 'taming a shrew,' but I find myself wedded to an angel. I must confess my mistake, and make myself worthy the wife that God has given me. Some other bachelor must woo a woman to show that a female can be ruled. I am vanquished, and gladly do I yield to such a victor."

Poor H. sighed, rose, and walked the floor for some minutes; then approaching me he said:—"Why this difference? Your wife is beautiful and graceful—so is mine. Your wife says she loves you—so does mine. Yours—"

"Hold," interrupted I. "Your wife *says* she loves you—mine *proves* it by consulting my happiness. You warned me against my wife's pride and spirit; I grant she possesses a large quantity of both, and what would a woman be without these traits? Mary has excellent *sense* and *tact*.—These teach her how to control those characteristics which might make us both unhappy. Yes, H., any man that has brains at all must not choose a beautiful wife without intellect; rather let him wed one with a plain face, a warm heart, and good sense."

I shook hands with poor H., and pitied him sincerely, then crossed the hall to the room where were assembled many members of the club. I made a farewell address, in which I advised them to follow my example, and shook hands with them all. Some bantered me, but the greater number said their acquaintance with my wife had half induced them to look around for an opportunity to do as I had done; and they all promised to accept my wife's invitation to come freely to our home whenever they felt like having quiet domestic enjoyment.

I hastened home, entered the dining-room, where I saw the gas burning; my slippers were warming before the fire, near which was drawn a great arm-chair; on the table were a cup and saucer, besides other arrangements for a comfortable supper.

I rang the bell, and the waiter appeared. I asked who had placed my slippers there. He smiled and said, "I saw mistress put them there, sir."

As it was not a late hour, I was surprised that my wife was not waiting, although I requested her to retire, if sleepy.

I asked, "Has Mrs. B. retired?" The servant replied, "No, sir, she is in the kitchen, teaching Nancy and Ellen to read."

I told the waiter not to disturb his mistress, but to wait in the buttery until I called him.

I then stole quietly down to the kitchen, and peeped through the glass over the door. The large pine table contained books, slates, etc. There sat my wife between two black females, one was reading to her and the eyes of the other were gazing on the face of her mistress as if she considered her a being from a better world.

I returned to the dining-room, rang the bell, and when the waiter re-appeared I bade him inform his mistress that I had arrived. I fear some long word was left half pronounced, for in less than two minutes she was in my arms.

"O, how good of you to return so early!" cried she; "but why did you? Was it not pleasant with your club?"

"No, my wife," I replied, "I shall go to it no more. It answered very well when I had no house of my own; but now I have a dear, sensible, loving wife, who is more attractive than all the clubs in Christendom."

Mary blushed at the compliment, and burying her face in my bosom to hide the tears that would come in spite of the smile, said, "May I ever deserve such praise and love from you, my husband; when you left me this evening, I sat one moment on the lounge and shed tears because I felt so lonely; then I thought this will not do; Charles must sometimes leave me; I will improve usefully every hour of his absence. So after preparing for your return I went to the kitchen to instruct our women."

My wife insisted upon my going to the club once a week, lest my bachelor friends become jealous of her, but they have witnessed so much of our happiness that I think the club room will not much longer be the resort of any but miserable rejected bachelors and unhappy husbands.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 2, 3, 5, 11 is a female name.
My 1, 11, 5 is convenient for housekeepers
My 9, 10, 8 is a weapon of defence.
My 6, 8, 9 is what miners do.
My 9, 4, 6 school-boys often fear.
My 4, 8, 6 is acceptable in time of need.
My 5, 7, 9 is often seen on the road.
My 9, 8, 5 is an intemperate drink.
My 9, 2, 8, 3 is what all desire.
My whole is a town in the State of New York.

Ballston, N. Y., 1859. M. L. STOWELL.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

Canandaigua

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RIDDLE.

My first's a biped, wild and tame,
And masculine in gender;
My second also is the same,
And good to eat when tender;
My whole is a narcotic plant,
Found written, in the plural,
Six times in Scripture. Will you grant
To name me in the RURAL?

Sterling, N. Y., 1859. W. H. W.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

A gentleman has a garden containing one acre of land, the width of which is ⅗ of the length. What will be the circumference of a circle which will exactly circumscribe it? MARTIN BRAINERD.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 500.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Be good and kind to others at all times.

Answer to Chemical Enigma:—Oxygen is alike the destroyer and constructor of our system.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:

1	1	1	1
3	3	3	3
5	10	5	25
10	25	50	50
19	39	59	79

THE GREAT TERRA-CULTURAL

In the RURAL of March 19th last, we tendered our compliments to the eminent "Professor" of Terra-Culture in the following manner, to wit:

"TERRA-CULTURE"—*Its "Professor" Still Rampant!*—There's little use of killing some humbugs, for, after being effectually buried in one locality, they will "turn up" and flourish and fleece community a thousand miles distant. The RURAL and other Ag. Journals years ago exposed the fallacious theory of "*Prof.*" *Comstock*—the man who has been waiting so long for an ungrateful Republic to give him a million of dollars or less to disclose the mysteries of terra-culture—yet there are places in this "widely extended country" where he "still lives," temporarily, and depletes the purses of the lovers of the marvelous. His "last appearance" was in the "Old Dominion," as we infer from a slip cut from a local paper and kindly sent us by a friend at Fairfax C. H., Va. In this slip the "Prof." is severe on the "learned Agricultural Editors of the North"—as indeed he well may be, for they have pretty effectually spiked his swindling swivel wherever their journals circulate. The RURAL had the misfortune to open the warfare on terra-culture, and hence its irate "Professor" is particularly "down" on "Mr. MOORE." He can't forget that the whole "secret" and wonderful "mystery" was first given in the RURAL—nor that "Mr. MOORE" fearlessly exposed his subsequent forgery and falsehoods. But if he lied then, he now proves himself the father of liars, for the statements made relative to us, in the slip aforesaid, are utterly false and ridiculous. For instance, in reply to the charge that he forged our signature and placed it at the head of a list of sixty editors endorsing his theory, he says that "MOORE'S agent signed MOORE'S name," etc. Now, this is sheer "gammon"—for neither MOORE, nor any agent of his, *ever signed anything endorsing terra-culture.* And the assertion that MOORE "offered him $50 to write an article on the practice of terra-culture for his paper" is equally false and absurd, for we never offered him a penny, or even suggested the thing. On the contrary, we *refused to publish* what he desired on the subject, *though he offered us the gold for such service!* Thus, instead of our offering *him*, the offer was *from him*—which, according to our notion, is a "white horse of another color." But we forgive the hallucinated "Professor;" and not only that, we purpose to "return good for evil" by giving his portrait in the RURAL in a week or two—a double view, as seen by himself and also by the public. As to his theory, that is proved to be an egregious "sell," yet we may perhaps, in connection with the portrait, again "disclose the disclosures" for the benefit of our Virginia and other distant readers.

—In proof of the truth of our remark in the first sentence of the above notice, we learn that the "Prof." has left Va., and "turned up" elsewhere. A friend at Monongahela City, Pa., send us the *Republican* of that place containing an article, the material and sanguinary portion of which we quote—as follows:

"We concur with the signers of the accompanying Conventional Report on Terra-Culture. We will also add, for the cause of truth and justice, that the course for years pursued by MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER in slandering Terra-Culture is libellous in the extreme; and in our opinion its publishers should be required to pay the severest penalty of the law. The RURAL seems to be a circular for the nurserymen of Rochester, N. Y. We believe no man of truth would ever use such villanous language to describe any person as D. D. T. MOORE uses under the head of Terra-Culture. But for said RURAL NEW-YORKER, *and some kindred prints*, many of us would now have enjoyed the benefits of COMSTOCK'S SYSTEM OF TERRA-CULTURE for several years. We regret that said papers were ever seen or heard tell of by us."

This precious document is signed by seven wise (or *otherwise*) men and one captain. But the richest part of the story remains to be "disclosed"—proving that the valiant army of eight really knew nothing of the RURAL or its contents, except what they had "heard tell of"—for our correspondent writes:—"The signers to the article on Terra-Culture I am acquainted with, and *none of them have ever been subscribers to the* even RURAL, and few of them have ever read a column in it! Should you deem it worthy a reply, send me a few extra copies," &c.

Our friend is entitled to thanks for his attention, but really we do not think it a paying investment to devote either time or space in replying to the weak *advertisements* of such a veritable charlatan as is the self-dubbed "Professor"—for the article alluded to, though signed by others, was undoubtedly *written*, and its publication *paid for*, by Comstock himself. But be that as it may, we have too much self-respect to reply seriously to such nonsense from a man whose assertions and pretensions have so often been refuted and exposed. And though we don't think such a person as the "Prof." could be easily slandered or libeled, we confess that our language may have appeared undignified; let the reader remember, however, that "evil associations corrupt good manners"—and that it is hardly possible to descend to the level of such charlatanism without suffering in fact or style from the seeming contact! As to visiting us with the "severest penalties of the law," that *is* execrating—emanating as it does from one who has suffered from those penalties! But we admire the reticent elegance of the Professor's backers, who "regret that said papers were ever seen or *heard tell of* by us." What bliss there is in ignorance! We presume the mystic seven and their captain will continue to enjoy the great benefits of *ignorance and Terra-Culture*—as, from their (or the Professor's) *regretful* specimen of wisdom, it isn't likely they will soon commit the folly of acquiring any useful knowledge, either from the RURAL or other papers they have "seen or heard tell of." Had they "read the papers"—and especially this and other Ag. Journals—they would have *discovered* that the Terra-Culture theory of the "great discoverer" had long since been exposed, exploded and "played out" in this and other enlightened (excuse us, Pennsylvanians and Virginians,) sections of the Union, and that too after having been thoroughly examined and tested by some of the most scientific, practical and honorable men in this and other States. They would also have learned that said theory was pronounced *no new discovery* by the N. Y. State Ag. Society, as long ago as 1851—an able Committee, (consisting of J. B. NOTT, A. J. DOWNING, Judge VAN BERGEN, L. F. ALLEN and E. P. PRENTICE,) reporting that "After a conference "with Mr. Comstock the Committee came to the *unanimous opinion that* NO NEW DISCOVERY *has been "made by Mr. Comstock*, nor was his practice different from that of experienced nurserymen heretofore, "and which may be found discussed in books," &c.

—To sustain this demolishing report an abundance of the most reliable testimony might be adduced,—but of what avail would it be in heading the fraudulent and swindling deception, so long as gaping fools in various localities ever stand ready to swallow any marvellous bait, regardless of the hook intended to bleed and blister credulous innocents?

Advertisements.

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"May Wheat" is probably the earliest known in Kentucky, ripe as 1st to 10th of June, has succeeded perfectly in this State the present season, *heads* smooth, *kernel* short, plump, heavy, and bright amber color, and composes one half the stock from which is manufactured the justly celebrated St. Louis Double Extra.

"Hill Wheat" resembles the May in color and qualities—*heads* bearded, *kernel* nearly as long as Mediterranean, and plump.

"Mediterranean and White" are too well known to require description, but from several experiments we are well convinced the use of Kentucky or Tennessee seed will hasten the crop several days.

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484wo WM. CARSON, Agent.

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WITH WOOD'S IMPROVEMENT,
For the Harvest of 1859.

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It has had a steady and increasing popularity from the first, achieving a complete success in the first important trial at Geneva in 1852. It carried off the highest honors at the great National Field Trial at Syracuse in 1857, and amidst all the competition and trials of 1858, came out with more and better established points of excellence than ever before.

The general principles peculiar to this machine, and upon which it is constructed, have proved so successful that there has been no attempt to change them.

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Warranted capable of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass or grain per day, in a workmanlike manner.

Price of Machine as heretofore, varies according to width of cut, and its adaptation in size and strength to different sections of the country, from $125 to $150, delivered here on the cars. WALTER A. WOOD,
Manufacturer and Proprietor, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

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WM. HENRY HARMON, Scottsville,
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Patented February 22d, 1859.

During the six years I have been engaged in the manufacture of the Manny Combined Reaper and Mower, I have given much thought and attention to the construction of what I foresaw would be a great want of the Farmers—a lighter and cheaper machine expressly for mowing, than had yet been made.

And now, after the most thorough and repeated experiments and tests in every variety of field, and in all kinds and in every condition of grass, I am prepared, with entire confidence, to offer to the farmers and dealers of the United States, the great *desideratum* in this department of Agricultural labor-saving machines—a Mower, superior in its capacity for good work to any hitherto introduced, of easy draft, light, cheap, and durable.

This machine I now offer as my latest invention, to meet a special want of farmers, and to place within the reach of all, a Mower that for practical working, cheapness and simplicity, will be without a rival.

I build Two-Horse and One-Horse Mowers. The Two-Horse Mower weighs 425 lbs., and cuts a swath four feet wide (or more if specially ordered.) The One-Horse Mower weighs 80 lbs. less, (995 lbs.,) and cuts a swath three and a half feet wide.

For a more full description of the Mower, reference is made to my Pamphlets, which will be furnished on application.—With each machine will be furnished two extra guards, two extra sections, one wrench and oil can.

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Price of Two-Horse Mower.....$80
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RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates.—It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

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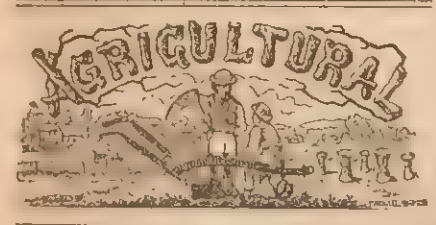


SMALL EXPERIMENTS.

THE reports of small agricultural experiments have of late been subject to ridicule, and while good was no doubt intended, and the effect may be to cause more care in the details and nicer calculations as to the results, we fear the evil has been greater than the good, in causing many to withhold valuable facts from the press. A farmer grows the Chinese Sugar Cane on a few rods of ground, and makes a little syrup by the aid of the kitchen stove; another devotes a small patch to carrots, or ruta bagas, or corn fodder, gives especial attention to the culture, and raises an extraordinary crop. From this he calculates the cost of cultivating an acre, the product, and the profit of the operation. This is not, of course, quite as satisfactory as though the experiment was made on a larger scale, but if made with strict honesty, and with care, we know not why it may not tell a true tale. If the extent and condition of the soil, the manure, time employed in culture, &c., is stated, and the crop carefully measured, we know not why this may not prove a valuable experiment. If 150 bushels of carrots are raised on one-eighth of an acre, at a cost of six cents a bushel, we know not why 1,200 bushels could not be grown on an acre, by the same treatment, at the same cost, or a trifle less. We see no propriety in casting ridicule upon such experiments as being "*fancy.*"

A farmer not long since exhibited to us a fine field of corn which he was growing for fodder. Last year he had made the experiment on a small scale, and raised so large a crop that he was now mainly depending upon it for winter fodder. Another had grown at the rate of 1,600 bushels of carrots to the acre, but both had neglected to state the facts, lest they might be subject to censure or ridicule for giving the results of "*pocket-handkerchief*" experiments.

In this country we must have the results of small experiments or none—for we have no experimental farm, nor have we, as in Europe, men of leisure and means which they are willing to devote to the development of great agricultural truths. Few farmers are able or willing to make experiments, the failure of which would involve pecuniary loss. Experiments, even when successful, are not usually profitable to those who make them.

We know of experiments with different varieties of guano, the present year, made with so much care, that whatever may be the result, the crop will not pay for the time and money expended in the trial. The same is true of other experiments, of which we hope to give a good account at the close of the present season.

In the experiments made and reported, there has been, no doubt, too much haste, and too little care—too much jumping at conclusions,—but an experiment, even though not reliable in all respects, is better than nothing, as it excites interest, makes the question one of thought and discussion among practical men; and finally those who believe as well as those who doubt, are led to make the trial, to prove or disprove the theory or the facts, and thus knowledge is increased. While admitting this, however, we urge upon all the necessity of exactness in operations designed to teach facts, for upon its exactness more than upon its extent the value of an experiment depends. The truth, and the whole truth should be given, then may we learn useful and important lessons.

THE FARMERS' COPARTNERSHIPS.

THE day must come when the farmers of America shall see and appreciate, more fully than now, how Nature and Nature's God have honored their occupation above all other human industries—honored it with living and glorious copartnerships, full of great harmonies and beauty; copartnerships with the morning stars, which sang together in the first golden twilight of creation—with great and everlasting vitalities which permeate the deepest depths of space—with the sun and moon, and planets, and the "sweet influences of the Pleiades"—with the grand forces which turn the wheels of celestial systems innumerable, around the red and fiery waves of central suns, whose huge disks, in the distance, look like specks of light to the eye; copartnerships with heaven's soft and silent dews, which distil their silver moisture upon leaf and blade—with rain, frost and snow—with winds of every breath, from the gentlest summer zephyr to the hurricane which shakes the primeval forest with its tempest arms—with all the grand machinery which moves the planets, shapes their orbits, and regulates their motions—with all the sublime economies of the seasons—with the mighty ocean, pulsating with the life which throbbed up its million river-veins when yet "the earth was without form and void."

These are some of the farmer's copartnerships. These are some of the agencies which Providence has ordained to co-work with him, by day and night, in spring, summer, autumn and winter. If but the dial plate of time could be removed, so that the farmer could see all the internal machinery and gearing of these agencies, their co-working would fill him with wonder—with an elevating sentiment of the dignity which the Creator has put upon his occupation. His social position among the entities of terrestial and celestial industry, is higher than the arrogant pretensions of a Chinese Emperor.—In his industrial relationships, he is more than "brother to the moon." That cold and subordinate luminary is but a sattelite to the earth, which was made for man to own, till and beautify. The farmer is no sattelite, nor parasite, nor subject. His toil honors the earth, and it honors him with a proud reward. The drops that fall upon its face from his moistened brow, are put by Nature and Providence upon the same footing with the dews which fall down out of the evening sky. They are raised to the peerage of celestial influences in the culture of the ground for man and beast. The plowing, sowing and reaping, each and every process of manual and mental labor which he gives to that culture, takes equal rank with sublimest agencies in Nature's realm—equal rank with the sun's grand mission of light and heat, in so far as seeding and reaping are concerned. His labor is not an incidental auxiliary to the result—not a co-operation with Nature and her forces which hastened or increased the harvest. It acts in the process and issue as the first vital necessity—as a primary power among the dynamics of the material universe.

What fellowships!—what copartnerships! You bronzed-faced men at the plow, think of it. You red-browed wielder of the scythe and sickle, think of it, and let the thought make you look as erect at the blue heavens above as any man who ever raised his eyes to their serene and lofty depths. That great and glorious sun was not made for its own independent and isolated glory. It was not made for itself—not to light and warm its own inhabitants, minded or mindless—for none of either species can live upon its burning rotundity. It was made for this earth, and bodies like it. And the earth and its sister planets were made for men and beings like men. That sun has its work. As the centre of that great sisterhood, it produces and graduates all those revolutions which give us the seasons, day and night, seed-time and harvest. Grand and mighty movements are they. What is the slow motion of the farmer's plowshare in comparison! In *comparison*, very weak and small, indeed; but in *copartnership*, noble and glorious.—That is the way to put it, neighbor BROADHAND—in *copartnership*. GOD and Nature thus enjoined them in the morning of Creation; and what are thus joined, let not man put asunder. The revolution of the plowshare around the orbit of the farmer's field, turning slowly its foot-wide furrows, ranks full and even, in effect, in necessity, in dignity, with the revolution of the earth, in any way that it rolls or moves. Her wheels, great and small, might roll on forever; the sun might do its best, and the moon, and the seasons in their turn; the softest rains might alternate with summer sunbeams; the richest dews might fall, and the best south breezes blow, but without the intelligent, hopeful, heaven-honored copartnership of the farmer's toil, they would never turn out a sheaf of wheat or handful of corn for human sustenance.

Neighbor, of the bronzed brow and broad hand, think of this copartnership when you guide the plow, and wield the sickle or the flail—or while directing the action of the improved implements and machines which have nearly rendered the sickle and the flail classical emblems. Think of it often, for the thought will help you when the heat or the burden of the day is hardest to bear.

EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE.

DAIRY EXPERIENCE—*Quantity of Milk.*—In the last received issue of the London *Gardeners' Chronicle*, R. MC ADAM, of Staffordshire, relates his experience as a dairyman. We extract from his article as follows:

"The quantity of milk yielded by a dairy of cows depends altogether on their feeding, as nothing is more common than farmers overstocking their pastures in summer, and keeping more stock in winter than they have sufficient feeding for. My experience leads me to believe that it is profitable to allow cows as much pasture as they can eat in summer, and as many roots in winter as will maintain them in good condition; the quantity requisite to do so depends on whether their pastures have been eaten bare during summer, and what description of fodder is allowed them. When the foggage is good in winter, 60 pounds of turnips daily will keep cows in good condition, but when the foggage is bare it will require 84 pounds per day; this is assuming wheat straw as the fodder—where hay is given, less will suffice. My position being a dairyman, who rents cows by the year from a farmer, with a certain stipulated quantity of feeding for each cow, I will not speak of what might be made by extraordinary feeding, but will only note what is my own routine, and state the results. In the dairy of 100 cows rented by me, in winter we give each cow 42 lbs. of turnips at 5 o'clock in the morning, commence to milk at six; as soon as that is concluded, fodder with straw, then cleanse out the cowhouses, and currycomb all the cows, fodder again between 10 and 11, and at 12 turn them out to drink, put another feed of 42 lbs. of turnips in their troughs, and allow them to return to the house as soon as they desire; fodder again with straw as soon as they have their feed of turnips consumed, cleanse out the cowhouse again, and after milking again at six o'clock, the last fodder is given between seven and eight o'clock. The litter is carefully shaken up on their beds every time they get fodder. As the cows approach calving, a little bean meal in a mash of steamed or boiled turnips, mixed with chaff or chopped straw, is given daily to each cow, and by the time the cow is a week calved, she gets half of her allowance of turnips boiled or steamed, and mixed with chaff, or chopped, and three and a half pounds of finely ground bean meal in each mash (given her twice every day.) After having tried various methods and different sorts of grain, as oats, wheat, barley, Indian corn, oilcake, rape, &c., I decidedly prefer bean meal, both for quantity and quality of milk and butter. These two mashes are given at about blood heat, being well mixed and saturated with water. A stock of cows calved by April 1st, and receiving this feeding—assuming that all the herd have come to their proper time of calving—will average about 11 imperial quarts each daily, or 28 pounds per cow. I mention the weight as being the most certain way of being accurate with new milk, and in speaking of the quantities of butter or cheese produced by a stated quantity of milk, it requires to be understood that milk from newly calved cows does not yield so much butter or cheese as milk from cows approaching their time of going dry (in proportion to the weight of milk.) Thus from a stock of cows all calved by May 1st, 260 lbs. of milk will give 22 lbs. of cheese ready for the market in the month of June, while the same quantity of milk from the same cow in October will produce 28 lbs. ready for the market, and increase in the yield of cheese from the quantity of milk until the cow goes dry. The monthly yield of milk in my dairy stands thus:

April	30 days'	yield,	28 lbs.	of milk	daily, 840 lbs.
May	31	"	30	"	" 930 "
June	30	"	33	"	" 990 "
July	31	"	26	"	" 806 "
August	31	"	23	"	" 662 "
September	30	"	18	"	" 540 "
October	31	"	14	"	" 434 "
November	30	"	10	"	" 300 "
December	31	"	4	"	" 124 "
Milk					5,646 "

which, allowing 10 lbs. of milk on an average to yield 1 lb. of cheese, will leave as the year's produce of each cow 564 lbs. of cheese. This has been yielded by a dairy of 100 cows on an average, and and I have been credibly informed by a farmer in the high districts of New Cummock, Ayrshire, that he has made more off each cow; but his stock was extra good, also his pasture and feeding."

Manufacture of Cheese.—The method of cheese-making pursued by Mr. MC ADAM is known as the "Dunlop," and the manner of operation is thus described:—"The previous night's and morning's milk are put together after milking in the morning, raising the temperature to from 70° to 80°, using sweet steep, (rennet) and no more of it than will coagulate the milk in an hour, breaking the curds thoroughly at first, and after the whey is run off keeping up the temperature of the dairy, so as not to suffer the curd to cool rapidly, lifting the curds out of the tub and putting them into a cloth in a dresser and continuing to cut or break them up frequently, increasing the weight on them until they are very firm—six or eight breakings or cuttings will suffice generally. Then mill the curd and salt them, and put it into the cheese press; having changed it in half an hour, repeat that at five and nine o'clock, again next morning at five and ten, and the cheese will be entirely dry and pressed by one o'clock next day. Thus a cheese only remains 24 hours under the press, and if properly attended to the cheese will be easily pressed and of excellent quality. The principal feature of difference in the manner of making 'Cheddar' cheese, is the raising of the temperature by heated whey—first, after the curd is broken, to 30° of heat, and afterwards when the curd has stood an hour, when it is raised up to 100°. This I consider the most rational way of getting up the temperature to free the curd entirely from whey, as it does it most effectually when properly performed."

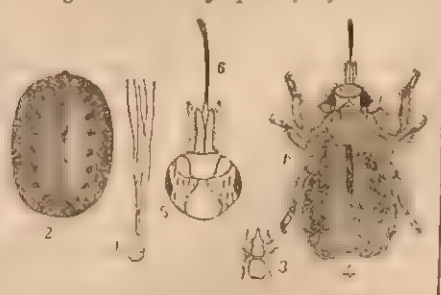
COAL ASHES AS A MANURE FOR GRASS LANDS.—Among American experimentalists coal ashes have met with little favor in the various tests that have been made, more, we think, from the fact that they have been *thought* valueless, than from any proofs furnished by a well-digested application. Occasionally, writers upon agricultural matters furnish the press with statements exhibiting their efficacy, but the mass either pass them by with silence, or scout at the idea of their possessing any nutriment calculated to aid in the growth of vegetation. It is stated in *Faulkner's Farmers' Manual*, an English publication on manures, that coal ashes contain sulphate of lime, with some potash and soda, all of which are known, when separately applied, to produce a good effect on clover crops, and to constitute an important part of the food of all grasses.

We give the following experiment by an English farmer, because thousands of tuns of these ashes may be obtained in our cities, and if they are valuable it should be generally known. At all events, we need whatever light is obtainable upon the subject of fertilizers:

The ground selected contained three perches of clover; the first had no manure, and produced thirty-eight pounds when cut in full head; the second, where four quarts of sifted coal ashes, which had not been exposed to the weather, were applied, the produce was fifty pounds; on the third perch, one quart of plaster was sown, and the crop weighed fifty-four pounds.

SHEEP TICKS.

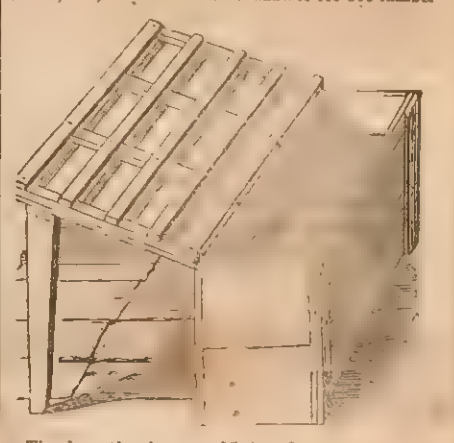
SHEEP TICKS are much more numerous, and more annoying, than many suppose. Men of experience, with large flocks, generally know and apply the necessary remedies, but there are hundreds of farmers, whose time and attention are principally directed to grain growing, &c., and who keep but a few sheep, whose flocks are sorely troubled by this parasite, and they never discover the cause of the evil. This, which we have good reason to know, was brought particularly to our notice in a recent sojourn among the farmers, and induces us to lay a few facts before our readers. The accompanying engraving of the insect in its different stages is from the *Cyclopedia of Agriculture.*



The *Sheep Tick* or *Louse*, lives amongst the wool and is exceedingly annoying to lambs. Their oval, shining bodies like the pips of small apples, and similar in color, may be found attached by the pointed end to the wool, (see engraving fig. 1; fig. 2, the same magnified.) These are not the eggs, but the pupæ, which are laid by the female, and are at first soft and white. From these issue the ticks, (fig. 3; fig. 4, the same magnified;) which are horny, bristly, and dull ochre; the head is orbicular, with two dark eyes, (fig. 5,) and a rostrum, in front, enclosing three fine curved tubes, (fig. 6,) for piercing the skin and sucking the blood. The body is large, leathery, purse-shaped and whitish when alive, and notched at the apex. The six legs are stout, very bristly, and the feet are furnished with strong, double claws.

The popular English remedies are—a wash of arsenic, soft soap and potash; decoction of tobacco; train oil with spirits of turpentine; and mercurial ointment.

RANDALL gives the following details of the best method of applying tobacco water:—"Ticks, when very numerous, greatly annoy and enfeeble sheep in the winter, and should be kept entirely out of the flock. After shearing, the heat and cold, the rubbing and biting of the sheep soon drive off the tick, and it takes refuge in the long wool of the lamb. Wait a fortnight after shearing, to allow all to make this transfer of residence. Then boil refuse tobacco leaves until the decoction is strong enough to kill ticks beyond a peradventure. This may be readily tested by experiment. Five or six pounds of cheap plug tobacco, or an equivalent in stems, &c., may be made to answer for 100 lambs.



The decoction is poured into a deep, narrow box, kept for this purpose, and which has an inclined shelf one side, covered with a wooden grate, as shown in the cut. One man holds the lamb by the hind legs, another clasps the fore-legs in one hand, and shuts the other about the nostrils to prevent the liquid entering them, and then the lamb is entirely immersed. It is immediately lifted out, laid on one side on the grate, and the water squeezed out of its wool. It is then turned over and squeezed on the other side. The grate conducts the fluid back into the box. If the lambs are regularly dipped every year, ticks will never trouble a flock."

WHEAT CULTURE.—TIME OF SOWING.

EDS. RURAL:—As the season for wheat sowing is rapidly approaching, it may not be inopportune to call for an expression in reference to the best time for accomplishing this work. Farmers differ in their practice in this respect, as in others. How can we arrive at correct conclusions here, unless we compare the results of our experience?

My own thoughts have been more particularly directed to the subject, for the past few days, in consequence of noticing earnest recommendations on the part of advisers to "sow early," in the hope of being able thus to measurably avoid the ravages of the midge. The propriety of this advice I am led to doubt. What shall we understand by *early sowing?* Perhaps we shall not agree on this point, and so shed ink in vain. The advice to "sow early" is quite general in its terms, and admits of a number of precise dates. The swift man, who has been in the habit of scattering his grain the last of August, will conclude that he must sow as soon as the middle of that month; while the slow man, who has heretofore congratulated himself on seeing his wheat committed to the soil about the middle of October, will conclude that he must put on a little more steam and sow the first of October. This will be the practical effect of the injunction to sow early, left in general terms.

Personally, I have been in the habit of considering the last days of August or first of September, as early seeding-time; the middle of September as the medium time; and the last days of September or first of October as late seeding time. Now, is this the view of those who recommend early sowing? If so, let us reason together. Suppose we sow a piece of ground the first day of September, and another piece of the same ground the twentieth of September. Will there be twenty days difference in the time of ripening? Will there be one-fifth of that time? I doubt if there will be one-tenth, or two days difference in the time of ripening in ordinary seasons. I say I *doubt* it, simply because I do not wish to speak dogmatically, having never brought the test of direct experiment. I judge from such facts as these: An individual in my immediate vicinity sowed a piece of sand and gravel soil (a quick-soil) the last week in last August; I sowed a piece of heavy soil between the 15th and 20th of September. My wheat ripened, for aught I could see, as soon as his. I commenced cutting a day or two soonest. I have

noticed other similar cases. Now, do we really get a materially earlier ripening of the crop by early sowing? This question I would like to see discussed.

Wheat raising, to a majority of cultivators, is a precarious business. Understand, I do not say this is necessarily so. There are Scyllas and Carybdis. In steering clear of one we are liable to swamp on the other. If we sow early we risk the liability of an attack of the "fly"—an enemy to be dreaded as much as the midge, judging from their operations in this locality. If we sow early we are liable to get too large a growth in the fall, rendering the crop more easily affected by the contingencies of winter—smothering, winter-killing, heaving, etc., —contingencies which may never arise in some localities, or when ground is properly prepared by draining, etc. But we are considering the ordinary processes of cultivation.

I know two wealthy farmers, owning adjoining farms, who summer-fallowed each a field—adjoining fields—and sowed to wheat. One sowed the last week in August, and reaped a miserable crop. The other, though fully ready, waited until the 15th of September. The last reaped an excellent crop. An energetic farmer, near me, sowed a piece of ground from which he should have taken 25 bushels per acre, the last of August or first of September last. He has just threshed his crop, and obtained ten bushels per acre. He ascribes his loss to early sowing. These, it will be said, are isolated cases. I could name many more.—Still they do not make a case. They simply make an indication. But as far as my experience and observation have gone, early sowing is rather hazardous, and that the best time, taking one season with another, and considering all the exigencies of the crop, will be found from the 15th to the 20th of September. Farmers, what say you?

Corunna, Shiawasee Co., Mich. G. M. Reynolds.

TIME OF SOWING WINTER WHEAT.

Mr. Moore:—You wished to know why I was opposed to early sowing of wheat, and I shall endeavor to make you understand. When I sow early, on rich land, and we have a growing Autumn, I have often found the main stalk and many of the strongest shoots had formed the first or upper joint and an embryo ear formed also; and when we have a very hard winter (say the thermometer sometimes from 12 to 20° below zero,) those embryo ears get killed or frost-bitten so that the stalk grows up small, like Timothy, only getting about two feet in height and not producing an ear or head of any kind, not *even chess*. I think my farm, having a southern and western exposure, is more liable to have the snow blown off, hence more liable to be damaged in that way than land otherwise exposed. I have talked with wheat growers who have raised more wheat than ever I did, who never heard or thought of such a thing as the ear being formed and above ground in the fall, and would, I suppose, have thought it incredible had I not taken them to the field and dissected a plant and shown the ear in embryo, which is sometimes not larger than the point of the finest needle and sometimes as long as the finest needle. With a bright sun and good young eyes, or old eyes with the best kind of spectacles, one can see it is the ear, and see marks where the grain is to be formed, and with a microscope it can be seen very distinctly. May not this be the cause of those black heads in wheat without either chaff or grain?—Other years we have a great many ears with half an inch or more on the top having no grain. May not this be produced in the same way? When I sow about the 20th of September I never have those black ears without chaff or grain. I have seen none of those in the Mediterranean wheat, but I never raised much of it nor never gave it the attention I have the White wheat. It is somewhat singular that in swales, or low black soils, where wheat grows much largest in the fall, these embryo ears are not so plenty (if at all) as on upland that is made rich by manure.

This I think will be something new to farmers, and no doubt will be criticised, but let them examine carefully for themselves. It is rather a nice operation to dissect the stalk, it requiring care not to break off the little ear. I would give my mode of dissection if I thought I could make myself fully understood. Dissecting one will show how wonderfully Nature has protected the ear in an embryo state. The joint will be difficult to find to those who never dissected one, but in pulling down the *outer* coating they will generally break off at the joint, and good eyes will then detect it.

John Johnston.

Near Geneva, N. Y., 20th August, 1859.

BEES.—REPLY TO MR. BRAIL.

The "last snow," I hardly think, had anything to do with the loss of his three swarms. It is quite common for some few stocks to lose their queens in the course of the winter, (about three per cent,) and such are quite sure to desert the first warm days in spring, and join some other.—Probably Mr. B. did not notice this at the time, and only found it out a few days afterward.

His not having swarms up to June 18th is nothing remarkable. During the time that I have kept bees, I have waited several times till July before getting a swarm, and many more times till after the 20th of June. In a few seasons I have had swarms in May, sometimes as early as the middle. The earliest seasons are not always the best in the production of honey.

For making wax, he says:—"We generally place the comb in a coffee sack, put in a large kettle, and sink it by putting on weights, the wax rising on the top; but it is always of a very dark color, and not fit for market." This is just the process that I would recommend for getting out small quantities, only I would put the weights inside with the combs; it will allow the contents to be stirred about, and hasten the process. I cannot account for the dark color unless it should be in the sack, or bad condition of the combs—mouldy or otherwise. The interstices of a coffee sack may be too large for the purpose—letting through filth—but I hardly think that could affect the color M. Quimby.

St. Johnsville, N. Y., 1859.

ABOUT WINTERING STOCK.—CUT FEED.

Experience and observation unfold to view things of opposite natures. And in many cases this is wise and just. We learn wisdom from the foolishness of others. We prize virtue, when witnessing manifestations of vice. It may be thought that this is not necessary: that goodness and depravity—wisdom and foolishness, need not always exist in a state of co-partnership, from necessity. But this is a Theological question, which at present I do not mean to discuss. It is true wisdom that profits by the follies of others, and which, by making a right use of just means, creates a good instead of perpetuating an evil.

The above sage and exceedingly philosophical remarks, owe their existence to a few reflections concerning the shortness (in this vicinity,) of the grass crop, and the difficulty which some farmers will experience in wintering their cattle. Some of them increased their stock last spring by raising and buying, and now find themselves with more than they can keep—as, with many, only half the usual crop of hay was secured. Barley straw has been emphatically short, and what the oat crop will be in this respect, cannot be stated, exactly.—Wheat has done very well, generally speaking, with regard to straw. In thinking the matter over I have arrived at the conclusion that there is not any very *great* cause of alarm, providing the right thing is done in the right way. And here let me say that I am not giving your readers the benefit of a new discovery, but only urging upon their attention an old and valued one, that has been tried in the balances and found to be all it was represented. This right thing is, a practice of cutting hay and straw in fine portions, and mixing therewith sufficient quantities of meal to insure its consumption. Observation has led me to feel a conviction of the practicability, economy and wisdom of such a practice. It should be adopted into the details of Agricultural Economy, and every farmer should realize the necessity of cutting his hay, as well as cutting his grass.

In speaking to some farmers concerning this subject, I have been met by the same antiquated ejaculation which has sought to kill so many valuable improvements—"It won't Pay." O! how this exclamation, like the embodied ghost of old fogyism, throws its chilling, death-like influence around the form of investigation, and prevents the introduction of tried benefits. I had an opportunity last winter of witnessing the operations of a wont-payite, and I am confident that in feeding forty head of cattle by the old process of scattering hay here and there over his barn-yard and around his fields, enough of it was wasted or remained un-eaten, to have kept three cows in good condition. Now what is wanted is, an improvement in the construction of barns, so that all cattle can be fed from troughs—fed with cut feed.—If this is not convenient, sheds can be erected to answer the purpose, and then we want cutting machinery driven by horse power, so that we can cut up a whole crop of hay and straw, and have it ready for use when wanted. Would not this be more cheap and economical than any other way? Then with a large mixing box, (where necessary,) and such grain as we feed, ground and carefully mixed with our cut hay or straw, shall we not be enabled to feed more cattle with less food than by the ordinary wasteful methods, and still keep them better? I know not whether such machines as I have spoken of, have been invented. Neither do I know whether this plan has not been suggested or carried into execution. If it has, I make no doubt that it pays. If it has not, I find no greater proportion of doubt while asserting that it *will* pay.

If the old practices are followed throughout this winter, many poor cattle will come out in the spring looking as if they had been starved through it. Friends, cut your fodder. We have not got, among us, the machines spoken of, but you can all obtain small machines that will answer. Cut up everything that you feed, grind your corn, cob and all, and sprinkle enough on your cut fodder to make it agreeably eatable; and unless I am mistaken you will find that you can winter your cattle at much less cost, without buying hay at $18 or $20 a ton in the spring, without selling your stock at low figures during this fall, and without "stinting and pinching," two cows on the scanty supply of one. It will cost you something to fit up for this method, but make a calculation about it, and "get into it" someway or other. Try it, if only for one season. Agitate the subject concerning those machines, find out what they will cost, and get up a mutual combination society to build one. Let us hear something concerning this matter, from those more able to give information than one who is at present but an amateur farmer.

Ogden, Monroe Co., N. Y., 1859. W. E. S.

A RURAL LETTER ON VARIOUS TOPICS.

Friend Rural:—Last night, spurred up by strong indications of rain at no very *distant time*, we succeeded in clearing the barley field, drew in what oats were fit to bind, and cleared up things generally for a wetting-up time. And to-day we are taking it in a sweet, gentle, delightful rain. (The same adjectives are equally applicable to the rest we are enjoying after a protracted season of hard "field work.") How refreshing, after such very hot and sultry days as we have had the past week, to have a half or whole day's gentle rain, copiously watering the parched earth, starting the feed in dry pastures, and re-animating the face of Nature generally. How much *more* pleasant and refreshing it seems, however, when we have no grain to be injured, or hay to be bleached—when everything is properly housed and sheltered.

Rural letters, I suppose, should treat of rural affairs; well, then, here goes for the crops in "Old Allegany." Grass is light, and will probably be not more than half a crop in bulk, and that half of an inferior quality; but *this* is much better than in the dairy section west of us, where, I am told, hundreds of acres will not pay the trouble of cutting, and as a consequence cows are offered and are selling *very cheap*—I am credibly informed from eight to fifteen dollars per head. Indeed, were it not for machine mowing, acres after acres would go uncut, the small products of which are now safely secured and sheltered.

Spring wheat generally looks well; straw bright, heads large and well filled—a good crop. But very little attempt was made to raise winter wheat. I know of but one field, and most of that was killed by the June frost. Some fields of winter rye were sown, but met with the same fate. Barley and oats are fair average crops—oats were quite extensively sown. Potatoes never looked better; despite the frost, which "laid them low," they are very thrifty, and will probably, if the blight does not appear, (it has not yet,) be a good crop.

The corn prospect looks rather dubious. Nothing short of an *extraordinary* fall will insure *anything of a crop*, and even then not an average one by *far*. Many pieces were plowed up and sowed with buckwheat, which looks very well as a general thing; now and then a piece, however, nearly destroyed by grasshoppers. If the fall is favorable, a good crop may be expected. Lovers of buckwheat "slap-jacks" and maple molasses may safely calculate upon feasting, to their heart's, or rather stomach's content, upon their favorite diet.

Speaking of grasshoppers—Oh, what *hosts, myriads, legions* there are of them! Why, Xerxes' army was nothing compared to them; and they are so *perfectly lawless* and *ill-mannered* —stepping or *hopping* right in before the cattle, appropriating the feed to the preservation of their unwelcome existences, and depriving stock of the means of subsistence. Carrots, corn, clover, and even *May-weeds and tansy* are levied upon to satisfy the cravings of their voracious appetites. We are in hopes that lice, cholera, plague, or epidemic of some kind will attack them, and *thin* their ranks, if not completely destroy them.

Is there no way of killing off woodchucks short of hunting and shooting, or trapping them? Can not a way of poisoning them be devised that will accomplish the object? It seems to me there might. Will some one answer? They are a great annoyance to us who live on the river bottom.

Will winter barley, after heading out and being killed by the frost, then heading out again and harvested, be good for seed? Will it be *as* good as of the first heading? We have a piece which was so killed, about a quarter of which again headed out and matured; heads rather short, but very tolerably plump. Some Rural correspondent tells of sowing spring barley in the fall; I would like to hear more upon that subject. J. S. M.

Fillmore, N. Y., Aug. 11, 1859.

SEEDING TO GRASS.

Eds. Rural:—Your correspondent of July 9th wanted light on the subject of seeding to grass. Now I will tell him how we do here in old Dutchess. In the first place we plow the ground good, and spread over it fine rotted barnyard manure. Then harrow the earth till it becomes well pulverized. The seed is then sown, using 10 to 12 quarts to the acre. We then take a light roller and pass over the surface. The proper time for sowing is from the middle of August to the middle of September. If you wish a crop of grass, sow no grain. I think that if H. J. B. follows these directions he will have good luck, unless his ground is very poor, cold and wet, in which case it will require draining.—G. H. B., *Dutchess Co., N. Y., Aug.* 1859.

Eds. Rural:—A word more by way of amendment, to H. J. B., on preparing grass seed. On Friday last, in preparing seed to sow on stubble, I met with a difficulty which I had not encountered before. The air was hot and humid, and the brined seed was not inclined to dry, even when the plaster was added; the salt and paster both, as I suppose, inclined to attract moisture under the then state of the atmosphere; (had it been my first attempt, I think I should have given it up, and called it a bad job.) All my former preparations have been made in cool weather, and mostly in a stove room. Again, under a humid atmosphere, I would use less brine.—J. H., *Henrietta, N. Y., Aug.* 15.

THE GREAT WOOL FAIR.—A SUGGESTION.

Eds. Rural:—Noticing the recent great sale of wool at enormous prices, at the Wool Growers' Convention, at Cleveland, Ohio, the question in my mind is, Where was all that enormous quantity of wool grown? And why should not Western New York have a place for deposit—a Wool Growers' Convention, and a time appointed for a public sale, where farmers can deposit their wool and attend the sale, if they choose?—where manufacturers can attend personally if they choose, and see for themselves what they purchase, instead of employing local or itinerant agents, who may take advantage of some farmers who don't take the papers, and fleece them if they can—and the wool has sometimes to pass through several hands before it reaches the manufacturer—all of whom must make a profit, and thus the wool grower is fleeced, if not the manufacturer.

Among the seventeen gentlemen who made large purchases at the above sale, there seems to have been but one agent—a Mr. Hutchinson. It is presumed the other purchasers from Boston, Rhode Island, Pittsfield, Pittsburg, &c., were owners or manufacturers. I hope some able pen will do this subject justice. S. Pierson.

Le Roy, N. Y., Aug., 1859.

Gapes in Chickens.—Dough, raised with milk rising, is a sure and safe remedy for gapes in chickens, fed while fermenting, but while still sweet. I learned the cure in this wise. We had some choice China chickens which contracted the disease, and tried every remedy that came to our knowledge, but all to no purpose. In petting them I let my bread run over, and when they could not eat any thing else, I gave them what had fallen, and found they were almost immediately relieved. I have since set milk emptyings and carried out a panful of fermented dough to my chickens, when twenty or thirty had the gapes, and not one that eat of it but was cured. When I season their food with salt, as for cooking, they never have the gapes. I write from an experience of six or eight years, in answer to C. Bulkley's inquiry in the Rural.—H. Gavit, *Greenfield, Erie Co., Pa.*, 1859.

Let the farmer's motto be, good farms, good stock, good seed, and good cultivation.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

The Wheat Midge in Canada.

Mr. John Wade, an experienced farmer who resides near Port Hope, C. W., writes to the Toronto *Globe* (under date of Aug. 4th) as follows:—"I wish to avail myself of a small space in your widely circulated paper, to say a few words about the wheat midge (*Cecidomyia Tritica.*) Prof. Hind, in his prize essay, did me the honor to notice a communication I addressed to the *Canadian Agriculturist* in September, 1856. Quoting a passage from that letter with regard to the wheat midge, I stated at that time 'that the Fife wheat is now as good after being sown seven years as it was at first, without the least sign or vestige of failure, in any shape except from Weevil: and to know that you can be sure of a crop of wheat sown as late as the 10th of June, and to fill and ripen without a speck of rust, and yield 20 to 30 bushels an acre, is scarcely a consideration.'

"What I stated in 1856 with a considerable degree of confidence, has been, I rejoice to say, fully borne out by three years more experience.—And what I would like to bring before the public at this time is a theory I entertained seven years ago, and which in my mind is fully established—that the ravages of the midge are confined to about 10 days; and that Fall wheat which has shot before the 25th of June, has for all this time comparatively escaped; while both Fall and Spring wheat shooting between the 25th of June and the 7th of July, has been more or less injured; and then the Spring wheat coming in after that time has escaped the midge.

"I will now give you the result of my observations for the present season, in this vicinity. The midge was first perceived on the wing on the 27th June, and in that shape till the 7th of July. All wheat in head before the 27th of June, was not much injured; while all which shot between the 27th of June and the 7th of July, has much of the maggot in it. A neighbor has a field of Club wheat sown in the second week of April, clear of insect; while another piece of land sown with Fife at the same time is full of it. This is accounted for by the Club being ten days earlier in maturing. I have visited several fields in this neighborhood within the last two or three days. One field sown on the 3d of May, will be damaged nearly 25 per cent.; another sown on the 8th, will suffer about 20 per cent.; and all I have yet seen which was sown after the 12th, is clear altogether. I send you these few particulars, with the hope that it will draw the farmers to make closer observations, as to time and the habits of those enemies of our crops, than they are generally in the habit of doing; having myself more faith in evading the mischief than curing it, by trying to destroy the insects themselves."

Saving Clover Seed.

A Tennessee Farmer, writing to the *Southern Homestead* in relation to the saving of clover seed, says:—"I can assure you that the difficulties of saving clover seed are principally imaginary; the process is simple and easy. After the clover field has been cut or grazed let the second crop come on. When about two-thirds of the heads have turned brown, cut with a cradle or reaping machine, raised well up, turning the grass into double swaths to cure. When cured, rake up in the morning, while the dew is on, into convenient parcels for loading with a pitchfork, and as soon as all the danger for heating is obviated, get under shelter, either in the barn or protect it in the field.

"Be careful not to put it away while any moisture remains on the plants; and on the other hand, don't handle it rudely when very dry, when you don't want the seed to fall, for in that condition the heads shatter very easily. Having sheltered it, you may wait, if you choose, till winter affords leisure for threshing out. Sow in the chaff, as it is more certain than the cleaned seed. A bushel in the chaff will abundantly seed an acre. I may say more of sowing, however, at a more seasonable date.

"The second crop produces more seed than the first, and hence the economy of first cutting or grazing the field; though from that cut for hay, I have often saved enough seed for my own use. It is believed that more seed may be saved by cutting when about two-thirds of the heads have turned brown than at any other period, because, if cut sooner, too many seeds are unripe, and if later, too many shatter out of the heads in cutting and handling. By pursuing this course every farmer may easily save his own seed."

Hints on Poor Farming.

A week or two ago we gave the "Creed" of the Progressive Farmer, and to-day present its opposite, which we find on a voyage among the newspapers:

1st. Invest all your capital in land and run in debt for more.

2d. Hire money to stock your farm.

3d. Have no faith in your business, and be always ready to sell out.

4th. Buy mean cows, spavined horses, poor oxen, and cheap tools.

5th. Feed bog hay and mouldy corn stover exclusively, in order to keep your stock tame. Fiery cattle are terribly hard on old, rickety wagons and plows.

6th. Use the oil of hickory freely whenever your oxen need strength. It is cheaper than hay or meal, keeps the hair lively, and pounds out all the grubs.

7th. Select such calves for stock as the butcher shuns; beauties of runts, thin in the hams, and pot-bellied, but be sure and keep their blood thin with scanty herbage. Animals are safest to breed from that haven't strength to herd.

8th. Be cautious in the manufacture of manures. It makes the fields look black and mournful about planting time, besides it is a great deal of work to haul it.

9th. Never waste time in setting out fruit and shade trees. Fruit and leaves rotting around a place make it unhealthy.

The road to poor farming, though largely traveled, is not well understood, and these landmarks are thrown up for the common benefit.

Agricultural Miscellany.

The Dayton Wheat.—Though this variety of wheat has been grown by quite a number of farmers in this and Genesee counties the past year, not one, so far as we are aware, has reported the result for publication! From this we infer that the parties interested are either disappointed in the result, or are opposed to imparting information for the benefit of their fellow cultivators. We had hoped to give, ere seeding time, some definite reports from reliable sources, as to yield, quality, &c., but have thus far received nothing definite on these points.

—After the above paragraph was in type (and while closing this paper for the press) we received a note from Elisha Harmon, Esq., of Wheatland, relative to his crop of Dayton wheat—and also a letter addressed to him by an experienced miller of that town, Mr. Hiram Smith. We quote Mr. Harmon's note, as follows:—"I am now threshing my Dayton wheat. After making a reasonable deduction for the damage done by frost, (which in the judgment of those who helped harvest it was from one-fourth to one-third,) I now think that I shall get from twenty-five to thirty bushels per acre—while my neighbors' fields adjoining mine, that were good summer fallows, of other kinds of wheat, will not turn over fifteen, and very few crops in this town will average more than that—some fields less than ten. I think, all things being equal, that it will yield from five to ten bushels more than any other variety, and of a much better quality than any of the early kinds that have been introduced here lately. The extreme warm weather, and frequent showers during our harvest, somewhat injured the color."——In his letter to Mr. Harmon, Mr. Smith says:—"I am much pleased with the sample of Dayton wheat which I received from you. I noticed it when passing your fields, just before harvest—that it was earlier than any other variety. I am satisfied that the quality is much better than any of the early varieties that have been grown here. I think that it is quite as white as the Soules was when first raised here. If I am not very much mistaken it will make double extra Genesee Flour, and if so it will be a valuable kind of wheat, both for farmers and millers, and I hope to see it very generally cultivated in Western New York."

American Institute Fair.—The 31st Annual Fair of the American Institute will be held in the Palace Garden, New York, commencing on the 21st of Sept. and closing on the 28th of October, 1859. Goods will be received from the 15th to the 20th of September; and exhibitors will be allowed five days, after the 1st of November, to remove their articles from the premises. The Managers announce that the articles will be arranged with promptness—that great efforts will be made to secure competent and disinterested Judges to examine and report upon every article offered for competition—and that Premiums of Gold, Silver and Bronze Medals, Silver Cups, Books and Diplomas, will be awarded to Exhibitors of articles decided to be worthy of the same. For particular information relative to the Fair, address Wm. B. Leonard, New York.

The State Fair.—The Albany *Journal* says the work on the State Fair Grounds is progressing rapidly, and that the exhibition buildings are already far advanced. Application having been made by parties for the erection of buildings on the Show Grounds, at their own expense, the committee on the arrangement of the grounds have been directed to assign places for such buildings—to be erected upon such plan as shall be approved of by them. The Railroads and Steamboats will, as usual, carry free all articles designed for exhibition at the Fair. The Executive Committee are of opinion, from what they already know, that the approaching Fair will be one of the very best the Society has ever held. The New England States, because of the facilities for reaching the locality, will be largely represented.

Ag'l Fair of the American Institute.—The Board of Agriculture of the American Institute announce a a Grand Show of Horses, Neat Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, Ag. Implements, &c., together with a great Exhibition by the New York Horticultural Society, to be held at Hamilton Park, in New York City, on the 21st, 22d and 23d days of September proximo. A liberal list of premiums has been issued, and such arrangements made as will be likely to insure a large and successful Exhibition. Large discretionary premiums are offered for Steam Plows and other Steam Farm Machinery. The location is said to be the best for the purpose in the city, and the union with the Horticultural Society will be likely to attract thousands of visitors who would not attend either show, if held separately.

A Steam Cultivator has recently been constructed at the "Island Works" of Silsby, Myndersе & Co., Seneca Falls, N. Y., for Mr. Field of St. Louis. The machine has already been tried to some extent, satisfactorily to the inventor and practical men who have witnessed its operation. It is designed to perform the work of plowing, harrowing and sowing (by the drilling process,) all at one operation. The machine is of ponderous size, mounted on three wheels, and propelled by Holly's Rotary Engine. After a public trial—to take place near Seneca Falls, in a few days, (and which we shall probably witness and notice,)—the Cultivator is to be taken to Illinois, where it will compete for the great premium offered for the best steam plow exhibited at the Illinois State Fair.

The Early Ripe Wheat.—A farmer in Pickaway county, Ohio, has been growing specimens of the "Early Ripe" wheat, and sent samples to the Ohio *Cultivator*, containing 116 grains in each head. In his remarks the editor alludes to this and other varieties as follows:—"The wheat called Early Ripe is the kind also known as Whig, Dayton, &c., but the real name, we think, is bald Mediterranean. The Early Ripe has but three kernels in a side course, while this has five. The yellow and red chaff samples are both of the same species, only one is a lighter colored, from the effects of cultivation. It is the tendency of all red wheats to become whiter by cultivation."

Number of Seeds in a Bushel.—A Scotch paper gives the following table, said to be based upon actual trials, of the number of various kinds of seeds in a bushel. It also adds the weight, by which we can judge how the the bushel measures compare with ours:

	No. of seeds per lb.	No. of lbs. per bush.
Wheat	10,500	58 to 64
Barley	15,400	48 to 56
Oats	20,000	38 to 42
Rye	23,000	56 to 60
Canary Grass	54 000	....
Buckwheat	25,000	48 to 50
Turnip (Rencle's Swede)	155,000	50 to 56
Turnip (Cornish Holdfast)	229,000	50 to 56
Turnip (Orange Jelley)	233,000	50 to 56
Cabbage (Scotch Drumhead)	123,000	50
Cabbage (Drumhead Savoy)	117,000	50 to 56
Clover (Red)	249,600	60
Clover (White)	686,400	50 to 56
Rye Grass (Perennial)	314,000	20 to 28
Rye Grass (Italian)	272,000	18 to 18
Sweet Vernal Grass	923,200	8

In seeding to wheat—whatever the variety used or time of sowing—remember that good, well-prepared soil, and clean seed are important essentials.

HORTICULTURAL.

GENESEE VALLEY HORT. SOCIETY.

The August meeting of the Genesee Valley Horticultural Society was held in Rochester on Friday, the 19th inst. The show of fruits and flowers was the best made this season, with the exception of the June exhibition. The next show will be made September 23d, and this will be no doubt the best of the season. In the fruit department was shown fine summer pears, and apples, plums and blackberries. The *Red Astrachan* took the prize offered for the best dish of early apples. The prizes were mostly taken by amateurs, B. Manvel having the prize on apples, Daniel Marsh for the best dish of plums, (*Prince's Imperial Gage,*) James Buchan for the best pears, C. W. Seelye for the best New Rochelle Blackberries. Messrs. Bissell & Salter also received a prize for Blackberries of almost equal merit, and Lyman Cook for a quart of native blackberries cultivated in his garden and exceedingly fine. Messrs. Bissell & Salter exhibited a bunch of early grapes, nearly ripe—a very early native variety grown in this vicinity, and which we have noticed for several years ripe about the first of September.

The *Floral Department* was rich in boquets, floral ornaments and flowers. Messrs. A. Frost & Co. made the best and largest show, and good exhibitions were made by C. J. Ryan & Co., and C. W. Seelye.

The *Vegetable Department* was not as well represented as it should be. P. Tiernan exhibited splendid tomatoes, and took the premium; Geo. Cooper carried off the prizes for vegetable eggs and sweet corn. E. S. Hayward exhibited about a peck of tomatoes, mostly ripe, growing on a single stem. We counted over thirty, and then gave up. W. T. Kennedy presented six white *Pine Apple Squashes*, very fine. James Vick exhibited a very early seedling potato, which the Committee, having tested it by cooking, declared to be equal in quality to the *Carter*, *Mexican*, or *Mercer*.

BLACKBERRIES AND CABBAGE.

Eds. Rural:—I have in cultivation a few of the native *Black Raspberry* bushes, which yield a good return, and the *Yellow Antwerp*, which is doing well; but the *Fastolff* and *Franconia*, although they increase and spread rapidly, only give now and then a straggling, worthless berry. Why is it? I shall set more of the *Native Black* next spring, after Mr. Doolittle's plan. By the way, Mr. Editor, I think those who do not take the Rural are losing money every year. That single article giving Mr. Doolittle's system of cultivating the native raspberry, is worth more to me than the price of the Rural for one year. But, I have just returned from the woods with a pail of blackberries, and while there, on this hot, sultry August day, sweating and scrambling through the brush and brambles, which are not slow in leaving "tokens of remembrance," the thought occurred to me, whether it would not *pay* better to raise my own blackberries.

And now I wish to inquire through the Rural if the native blackberry will succeed, and pay for cultivation on our Michigan oak-openings where the soil is a sandy loam? Has any one had experience? If so, please give us the *modus operandi* of setting, and the after-culture.

You say, Mr. Editor, that the "Old Gardener" is a great talker when he gets started. Why then can't we have more of his garrulity in the Rural? I, for one, would like a chapter from his valuable experience every week. And now, to set him a going, I would inquire what I shall do to diminish the number of heads on my Cabbage? There are more than the stalks can well support. They are in the shape of *lice*, and are something new to me, having never seen any on the cabbage before. My cabbage, within a few days, have begun to *rot* considerable. We are having a drouth, and I don't know whether to lay the rotting to the dry weather, or the lice, or something else. When calves get lousy it is attributed to want of care, food, &c.—Now I don't think my cabbages can complain on that score, for they had the best of nursery care, and before turning them out into the wide world, the ground was well prepared. Holes were dug, and a *big* shovelful of compost, consisting of hog-pen and hen-house manure, ashes, pulverized coal, &c., thrown into each. The dirt was then thrown in, thoroughly incorporated with the manure, and raked off smoothly, leaving the hills slightly elevated. The culture, since setting, has consisted—not in contending with *weeds*, for under my mode of treatment not a weed has dared to invade the ground—but in continued stirring, pulverizing and loosening the soil to the depth of six or eight inches. And now, Mr. "Gardener," under the premises, what is your verdict? *guilty* or *not guilty*.

Young Gardener.

Prospect Lake, Mich., Aug., 1859.

Remarks by "Old Gardener."—There is no question, but as a general rule, blackberries can be grown much cheaper than they can be gathered from the hedges and neglected fields, and of a much better quality, but then "going-a-blackberrying" is a good deal like "going-a-fishing." It is a luxury, indulged in for the fun of the thing, and not for the profit. How many ride five or ten miles, perhaps hire a carriage for the purpose, then pay for a boat, burn their faces, spoil their clothes, and spend a day's time, and get a string a fish that no one would be fool enough to pay twenty-five cents for. So with blackberrying—in a few places they are plenty and good, but as a general thing the fruit will not pay for the damage done the clothes; but innocent pleasures, that keep the heart young, and drive from it the corroding cares of life, are cheap at almost any price.

Now, Blackberries—our common blackberries from the hedges—may be so improved by cultivation as to grow to double the common size, and of the most delicious flavor, very far superior in this respect to the *New Rochelle*. At the last meeting of the *Genesee Valley Horticultural Society*, a quart of common, but cultivated blackberries was shown by a gentleman, and the *Committee on Fruit* was so well pleased with them that they awarded him a special premium—and it was well deserved.—They were about half the size of the New Rochelle exhibited at the same time, but vastly superior in flavor.

A sandy loam soil is the very best for the blackberry, and it should be rich to produce fine fruit. The after culture is much the same as for the raspberry. Keep the ground mellow and the weeds killed, and fasten the bearing canes to stakes, or what would be better a light wire trellis, made by fastening wire to posts well driven into the ground. There is a great difference in our native blackberries, and it would be a good plan to mark the plants needed, when in fruit, so as to be sure you get the best sorts.

Cabbage has two sets of enemies, very numerous and very troublesome—the little fly or flea that attacks them when they are quite small and the louse. The former may be driven off by the persevering use of ashes, and soot, but I like charcoal dust better than either. Perseverance, however, is needed with either, or it will do no good. The louse described above, like most of its kind, whether upon animal or vegetable, generally attacks the feeble, the stunted, the declining—on the same rule I suppose that men when they see their fellows in trouble—going down hill,—are very fond of giving them a kick to help them along in their journey. But sometimes when stunted and sickly plants cannot be found they attack the healthy. There is only one kind or so of insects or animals on this earth nasty enough to stand tobacco well. Starting with this fact, my first remedy with all new insects is a dose of strong tobacco water. If they stand that, I think they are pretty hard cases. A few doses made from strong plug tobacco which can be bought at any country store, will relieve your cabbage of the louse.

The rotting I *think* is caused by over-growth—too rich feeding. A good many years ago I would have used some other word for *think*, but I have learned how easy it is to be mistaken, and how mysterious are many of the operations of nature. There is a cause for everything, but sometimes it seems past finding out. Sometimes too much manure will canker the stalk and cause it to rot.—Sometimes it will cause the head to burst—the outside leaves appearing to grow too slow for those forming at the center of the head—bursting of the head is the consequence, and the sap vessels being ruptured, rot soon follows.

DOUBLE WHITE PETUNIA.

All our readers are acquainted with that common and truly useful bedding plant, the Petunia. Though very showy, of every shade from dark-red and purple, and constant, free bloomers, making the garden look gay and bright from the first of June until cut down by the frosts of of Autumn, no double flower was produced until a few years ago. The French first raised a double white, which they named *Imperialis*, which is shown in the engraving, and since that an Englishman by the aid of this variety with some of the best dark single sorts, has succeeded in obtaining a number of very fine double flowers, of all colors, from white to crimson.

The beauty and value of the Petunia, however, is not in the beauty of the single flower; to be appreciated it must be seen in masses, with abundance of flowers and a fine arrangement of colors. To-day there is nothing more beautiful on the lawn than a fine bed of Petunias.

Inquiries and Answers.

Dwarf and Standard Cherries.—Can you, or some of your numerous readers, tell me which are the best to plant, standard or dwarf cherry trees on a first-rate clay loam, with lime-stone rock three or four feet under it? Also, how high do dwarfs grow?—O. L. J., *Waynesville, Warren Co., Ohio*, 1859.

If you desire to obtain a good many varieties in a small garden, then plant the dwarfs, though the free-growing sorts make quite a large tree, even when dwarfed. We have them growing here from twelve to eighteen feet in height, after being eight years planted. For ordinary purposes, where land is abundant, the standards are better.

Dwarf Trees—Age of Bearing.—Permit me to inquire through the columns of the Rural at what age dwarf apple and pear trees commence bearing?—H. Adamson, *Mechanicsburg, Ind.*, 1859.

We have seen them bear at two and three years in the nursery rows. Then they will very often bear the first year they are set out, and continue to bear every year. The fact is, dwarf trees generally bear too early and too much, so as to use up the strength of the tree, and allow of but little growth of wood. It is often necessary to remove the fruit to save the trees from bearing themselves to death.

Male and Female Pumpkins.—I have just been told that pumpkins, squashes, and melons are of both sexs. It is said that if we would raise pumpkins, we must plant seeds taken from the female pumpkin, which may be known by the eye or calyx of the female pumpkin, being large, that of the male being quite small. I have often noticed that only a part of the vines bear fruit; but have always supposed that the barren vines produced only male blossoms. Is it true that it makes any difference which pumpkins we save seeds from? If so, it is quite important that "pumpkin growers" should know it.—H. G. S., *Marengo, Ill.*, 1859.

There is nothing in this idea of male and female pumpkins or squashes.

Depth of Planting Dwarf Pears.—In setting some Dwarf Pear trees last spring, I set the graft about four, perhaps five, inches under ground. I did it because I had read that, in setting the pear on quince stock, the quince should be set entirely under ground. Since I set them I have read in your paper and other papers that trees should not be set deeper than they stood in the nursery. Mine have made a good growth this summer. Now, would you take those trees up and re-set, or let them stand as they are?—A Subscriber, *Suffield, Conn.*, 1859.

There is, it is said, exceptions to all rules, and the planting of dwarf pears is an exception to the general and safe rule to plant trees only as deep as they grew in the nursery. It is better entirely to cover the quince wood, and no evil will result, even should it be necessary to plant quite deep to accomplish this, for roots will soon be formed near the surface.

Pears on Apple Stocks, &c.—I want to know if pears will grow to be of much profit when grafted into small apple trees under ground? If any person has experience upon this point, we should feel thankful for a word of advice. My idea is to plant a small pear orchard, and as we have no pear scions, I think apple will answer. As the apple is more hardy than the pear, and will grow upon most every kind of soil, I thought probably it would be an advantage to the pear to graft it upon the apple. Is there any person residing in the Wabash Valley, in the Middle or Western portion of this State, who has tried to grow an orchard of pear trees? If there is, I should like to hear of the result. There are so many sudden changes of weather here I am not certain pear culture can be made profitable. Trees are killed and injured by the winter. If the Rural can recommend some hardy sort of fruit trees that will not winter-kill, I will give them a trial, and thank the friends of the Rural for advice.—J. M. R., *Portland, Ind.*, 1859.

Pears will not succeed on the apple. We hope those who have had experience with the pear in Indiana, will favor our correspondent the benefit of their information here. The following are among the most valuable varieties:—Flemish Beauty, Buffum, Columbia, Winter Nelis, Forelle, Fulton, Lawrence, Summer, Oswego Beurre, Onondaga, and Genesee, and Forelle.

A New Enemy to Vines calls them "winter Hubbard Squash (40 hills) *every color's Story.*" with a white grub, very similar in which grub, but larger. They entes be beautiful, but the ound, below the first leaves or nored look is denied ork very much like the peach ease and strengthen the always indicated by a warty ghts of homo. e vine at the base, and their nd on the vine; also the wi erves, "The eyes of ott work is finished. Half of t us. If all but myself wo ved from the ground, th neither fine houses nor land extracted the grub, t a vine. This is the o circumstances suit his tem at present to us. If the excellent who can suit his similarly afflicted, and umstances. glad to hear from t F., 1859. ses of the mind as with those

Our *Hubbards* are half dead before we understand, but not one in ten and half cured when we do.

EXPERIENCE WITH A YOUNG ORCHARD.

Messrs. Editors:—Ten years ago I set out a young apple orchard, of several varieties, for the purpose of obtaining choice fruit for family use, and would like to know at what age certain kinds will bear. The *Gravenstein* is more than seven inches in diameter, with a fine oval top, and has never yet produced one blossom. How long should it cumber the ground before the axe should be laid at the root, laying it low, even with the ground? The *Autumn* and *Summer Strawberry* proved to be utterly worthless, and those I have grafted to better sorts. The *Yellow Bellflower* did not produce one fair specimen in a dozen, and they also have been grafted. *Ribston Pippin* proves to be water-cored, consequently is of small value. *Peck's Pleasant* is a fine looking apple, but its keeping qualities are bad, becoming mealy, and quite tasteless. The soil is a sandy and gravelly loam combined, and I should like to know what the experience of others have been with the kinds named, upon a similar soil.

The *Morris White* peach has borne but one season in ten, and were very indifferent peaches, although one of the trees stands in the yard where the hogs have run most of the time. I think I shall cut these trees down, together with a few other sorts that have not borne at all.

A. G. Percey.

Remarks.—Our correspondent, we regret, did not give his place of residence, and we have retained his communication some time in hopes to hear further. Here the *Gravenstein* bears early, and we think our correspondent's trees must be in a rich soil and making a vigorous growth of wood. The *Yellow Bellflower* is not grown extensively here, but its reputation is good, and there is a great demand for trees at our nurseries. We have seen it in great perfection in the Philadelphia market. *Ribston Pippin* is the favorite English apple; not so good here as some of our fine sorts, but much esteemed in parts of Canada and Maine. *Peck's Pleasant* is a fine apple, and we have heard nothing against its keeping qualities. We believe there are two kinds of peaches cultivated as the *Morris White*—one very fine, the other inferior.

Herbaceous Peonies, &c.—(*J. W., Holley, N. Y.*)—Peonies may be transplanted either in the spring or fall, though we prefer autumn planting for all herbaceous plants. On your clay, underlaid with lime-rock, dwarf pears would do well, plums excellent, and so would the small fruits.

The grape crop around Cincinnati is said to be the largest ever grown there, and is estimated as worth one million dollars.

CAKES, SYRUPS, JAM, &c.

Crisp Ginger Cake.—Three lbs. of flour; 1 of sugar; 1 of butter; 3 tablespoonfuls of ginger—and wet it with molasses. Roll it thin.

Ginger-bread Nuts.—One and one-half lb. of flour; ¾lbs of sugar; ¾lbs of butter; some cloves and cinnamon pounded fine; 1 oz. of ginger—mix well together, then make it in a stiff dough with molasses, roll thin and cut in small cakes.

Ginger Cup Cake.—Three cups of flour; 1 of sugar; 1 of molasses; 1 of butter; a tablespoon of ginger; 1 teaspoon of saleratus; 3 eggs. Bake in pans.

Golden Cake.—One-half lb. flour; half lb. of butter; the yolks of 7 eggs; the yellow and juice of 1 lemon; 1 teaspoon of cream tartar; half teaspoon of soda.

Blackberry Syrup.—Two quarts of juice; 1 tablespoon of loaf sugar; half oz. of nutmeg; half oz. of cinnamon; one-fourth oz. of cloves; one-fourth oz. of allspice. Boil a short time, and when cool add 1 pint of brandy.

Cure-all Salve.—Six cents worth of Burgundy pitch; 6 cents worth of laudanum; 6 cents worth gum camphor; 2 cents worth of wax. A piece of rosin as large as a turkey's egg. Put the Burgundy pitch, rosin and beeswax into a new earthen mug, melt over a slow fire; when nearly cool put in the camphor and laudanum, and stir it until it is cold.

Elderberry Jam for Colds.—One quart of elderberries; 1 lb. of loaf sugar; 1 teacup of water—let them boil slowly for an hour. If preferred without seeds, strain the berries after boiling a few minutes before the sugar is added. This is useful and agreeable for colds. Take it through the day or at night when the cough is troublesome. It is said also to purify the blood, and is taken to prevent erysipelas.

Unknown.

Salem Co., N. J., Aug., 1859.

Making Hard Soap.—Some, here away, make a pleasant hard soap to use, and a superior one, by this recipe:—6 lbs. of soda; 3 lbs. of stone lime,—put in a boiler with 4 pails of soft water, and simmer slow 2 or 3 hours, not boil, or it will not settle well. Skim off the clear liquid, add 1 more pail of water, 6 lbs. of grease, 1 teacup of salt, and boil until it becomes soap, then pour it out to cool—after which cut it up.—A Subscriber, *Gloucester Co., N. J., Aug.*, 1859.

How to Knit "Railroad" Stockings.—Set up the required number of stitches in the usual way—knit two finger lengths for a woman (one and a half for a child,) without seam or narrowing—then drop every other stitch and finish off the *toe* in the usual manner. Let the dropped stitches run down to within an inch or two of the top—fasten with a needle and thread and your stocking is done. They fit nicely to the foot and are *just the thing* for a hot day. Will some one tell me how to make Cream Pies?—C. P. M., *Medina, N. Y.*, 1859.

Advertisements.

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We would respectfully announce that we have become the Publishers of that Valuable and Beautiful Work,

MILCH COWS AND DAIRY FARMING,

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This work is marked by the clearness and perspicuity which have characterized Mr. Flint's previous productions. It contains an account of the most enlightened practice in this country; the details of the dairy husbandry of Holland, and the most recent and productive modes of management in English dairy farming, embracing a large amount of practical and scientific information not hitherto presented to the American public in an available form.—*Salem Gaz.*

We recommend the work to every one who keeps a cow, or intends to do so.—*Ohio Farmer.*

We recommend it as a matter of economy, because, if studied, it cannot fail to impart facts of more value to most dairy-men and dairy-women than several times its cost.—*New England Farmer.*

It should be in the hands of every owner of a cow.—*Vermont Stock Journal.*

It can but rank as a standard American Dairy Book,—the best, we have no hesitation in saying, yet issued upon the subject.—*Country Gentleman.*

The more we examine the book the better we like it. To say that it is superior to any work hitherto published on that subject, is not enough; it is a better book of its kind than we had hoped to have an opportunity of welcoming to the shelves of our agricultural library.—*Wisconsin Farmer.*

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Black Rock, N. Y., August 1, 1859. 500-5t

HOMES FOR ALL.—Several families will start from New York for the table lands of Tennessee the first week of August. We intend to fit out companies of persons seeking new homes in Virginia about the 1st of September. We therefore desire those who wish to unite, to furnish us with particulars of their wants, means and preferences, that the best possible provision may be made for them.

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Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WHAT'S THE USE OF FRETTING.

BY M. M. GARDNER.

Why will our poets sigh and moan
O'er withered hopes and flowers,
When fresh joys spring again as soon
As sunshine after showers.

Our dullest hours, if rightly spent,
Will quickly pass away,
And pleasant smiles from those we love
Will cheer the darkest day

'Tis all in vain to mourn and weep
O'er milk that has been spilled,
And just as vain to idly wait
To have the pail refilled.

I never drop my buttered toast
Upon the sanded floor,
And if I *did* I'd *leave* it there,
And calmly butter more.

Nor do I find this world so cold,
Or friends so hard to win,
And where we have so much to love,
To grumble is a sin.

Northville, Mich., 1859.

"BETTER TRUST ALL."

BY FRANCES ANN BUTLER.

Better trust all, and be deceived,
And weep that trust, and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart, that if believed
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

Oh, in this mocking world, too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth!
Better be cheated to the last
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BE TRUTHFUL WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

It was a cold morning some years ago, when I donned my cloak and muff and went down Broadway a shopping. That splendid thoroughfare of New York was crowded, as usual. Merchants were hurrying to their stores, clerks to their counters, and lawyers and brokers to their offices; while ever and anon the young wife would trip past, leaning lovingly on her husband's arm, as she enjoyed the cold, bracing air and morning walk—not at the end of it to take her place as head clerk in his establishment, the way the Parisian lady does, but to be transferred to an omnibus, in which she may return home at leisure. Some few, like myself, were out purchasing goods, and what with them and the *hooped* models by the doors (for only the models then wore hoops,) I had full opportunity for viewing the new fashions and the latest whims of the late obscure Mademoiselle de Montijo, now bride of Napoleon and Empress over thirty millions of people. Eugenie cloaks, Eugenie plaids, Eugenie headdresses, etc., filled the windows till I was tired of seeing the name, and by way of relief, tried to turn Lavater, and read the disposition of this or that person who passed me by and whose countenance my eye singled out as a peculiar one.

Again, I thought of a new plan, and that was the sort of dress they wore, the color they chose, and their mode of arranging it. Some wore bright, gay colors, others almost Quaker-like in their plainness; and it amused me to see one wear her victorine in such a manner as to display her rich gold breastpin, another keep one hand outside her muff to show her taper fingers and new kids, and a third wear her velvet mantilla folded back, so that her watch and chain might see the light. I would have liked to walk all day and read in the living book thus opened before me, had I not arrived at Stuart's, and as my country friend requested I should there purchase the trimmings for her dress, I hastened to fulfill her injunction. The clerk who waited on me was also in attendance on a lady who appeared to be selecting some embroideries, and whose little girl, soon after my entrance, accosted her with, "Mama, can't I have the money now to buy my doll? You said last week when Emily Ross got hers that I might have one when we went shopping Monday." "But I've got to spend all my money to-day, Carrie," returned the lady.

My attention was now fairly attracted, and I scanned as closely as politeness would permit, the finely dressed woman before me. In figure she was a tall, stately person, rather a brunette in complexion, but with dark, flashing eyes, such, *en passant*, as only brunettes can boast off. She had, too, that easy, graceful manner which is hard to attain save in good society. Her dress was a purple French cashmere, and her bonnet was on her head, not her neck, as the fashion now is; it was a white, uncut velvet, with crimson roses and strings, and adorned outside with white marabout feathers as light and airy as the tiny snow flakes then settling on the window sills. A rich brochè shawl enveloped her splendid figure, and no wonder that I almost envied her whom I rightly considered as one of the bon ton. "You said four dollars was the price of this handkerchief; it is the pattern I want, but you ask too much," she said, addressing the clerk. "No, madam, it is very low indeed; the material, you perceive, is linen cambric, and it is French needlework." "I suppose I can tell what it is by looking," she replied a little haughtily, apparently nettled that the clerk should suppose her ignorant of either the material or work. "Mama, let me have the three shillings now, won't you? I can buy it while you"—"Carrie, hold your tongue," and she gave the child a look, which, if it didn't annihilate her, it almost did me, or at least sent the blood tingling through my cheeks and finger ends, though whether in sympathy for the child or shame for the mother I couldn't tell. But, seemingly taken aback that she had shown so much temper, she drew out her portmonnaie, and with the utmost suavity desired the clerk to put up the kerchief, handing him a five dollar bill, but protesting that he charged her at least a dollar too much. "You'll be pleased in the wear of the article, madam," he said, as he stepped to the cashier's box. His back had scarcely been turned when the lady (?) stooping down, said in a low, spiteful voice, "Now, miss, you shan't have the doll at all, for the way you've teased me about it this morning."

Poor Carrie; she absolutely wilted with mental suffering and disappointment. I tried to telegraph her a look of sympathy, for I knew the young heart had sore trials, but just then the clerk returned with the change, and the lady, bidding him a courteous good-morning, tripped gracefully down the long aisle of the store, followed by the sad little Carrie, who was either too sad or too much afraid to indulge in that safety-valve of childhood, tears. "Thank God my mother never told me a lie," my heart echoed as she was lost in the distance. Poor child!—better were you the daughter of the humblest seamstress in this great city, were truth and kindliness her motto, and were the flowers of feeling springing up in your young heart only watered by the dew of affection, that they might in after years yield sweet perfume.

Fair Haven, Carroll Co., Ill. M. J. Stephenson.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WHY AMERICAN WOMEN ARE DELICATE.

Comparisons are frequently made between the pale, delicate American women, and the plump, rosy-cheeked English, attributing the latter to their out-of-door exercise, and our fragility to confinement to household labors—which may be true, but let us look at the facts a little.

The English ladies, who have been so much admired for their freshness and bloom, have leisure to spend in the open air all the time they choose—to walk or ride. They have their housekeepers, their nurses, their servants, their carriages, &c. While, on the other hand, the English peasantry live in such small houses, and on such plain fare, and in an unfashionable, unostentatious manner, that they also spend much time in the fields and garden. But in this country, how different are all our social arrangements! We have no titles, no hereditary property, and no class of people kept down, for the benefit of the nobility. Every man may rise to wealth and distinction who has the industry and ambition, and as there is no lack of these, what a scrambling and haste to get rich! Riches bring cares, and nearly all of the farmers and their wives do a great share of their own work, with the help of one or two servants, perhaps, who are considered a part of their family. And there is scarcely an American woman in a thousand, who can get a moment's time to spend out of doors. The farmer worth twenty or thirty thousand, has no idea of keeping a carriage or riding or walking out with his family, or of stopping a moment to enjoy life in any manner. With him, it is plow and sow, and reap and mow; and with his wife, her children, her breakfast, dinner and supper, her wardrobe, her company, and general supervision from garret to cellar. No wonder she never gets time to breathe the fresh air, and the bloom is departed from her thin face and form.

The great scarcity of permanent or competent girls to assist us, is becoming the worst and most formidable evil American women have to contend with. It is a fact, that we must hire such raw, ignorant help, as are worse than none, or do without. Scarcely any farmer's wife, who cannot accomplish the whole of her housework within her own family, can say she has in her kitchen a competent, trusty girl or woman. Such help as she is obliged to accept is only an addition to her cares. And thus, many a woman who is able to pay for good help, and be glad to do it, is compelled to attend constantly to her household, and be thankful to have a chance to sit down long enough to eat, and for the night, when she can rest.

"We speak that we know, and testify that we *have* seen." Our husbands need not compare us to the fair, robust, English women, while their pride, and ambition, and haste to be rich, makes them forget that flesh and blood can, and will, and *does* wear out, and that speedily, under our present social arrangements. A Farmer's Wife.

CAN A MOTHER FORGET?

Can a mother forget? Not a morning, noon or night, but she looks into the corner of the kitchen in which you read Robinson Crusoe, and thinks of you as yet a boy. Mothers rarely become conscious that their children have grown out of their childhood. They think of them, advise them, write to them, as if not fully fourteen years of age. They cannot forget the child. Three times a day she thinks who are absent from the table, and hopes the next year, at the furthest, she may have "just her own family there;" and if you are there, look out for the fat lamb or a fried chicken, and the coffee which none but everybody's own mother can make. Did Hannah forget Samuel? A short sentence, full of household history, and running over with genuine mother-love is tellingly beautiful. "Moreover, his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him from year to year, when she came up with her husband to the yearly sacrifice."

A mother mourning at the first-born's grave, closing the dying eye of child after child, plays a grief whose sacredness is sublime. bitterer, heavier than the death stroke is the peration of a son who rushes over a crushed into vices which he would hide even fr abandoned and vile.

Napoleon once asked a lady what France for the education of her youth; and the profound reply was, "Mothers!"

A mother once asked a clergyman w should begin the education of her child. told him was then four years old. "" the reply, "you have lost three From the first smile that gleams cheek, your opportunity begins."

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

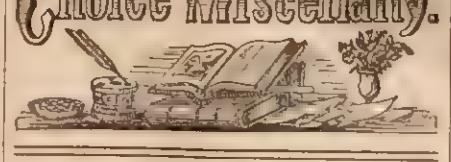
THE HOUR OF TWILIGHT.

Dearly I love, at that beautiful hour
Chaining the heart with its mystical pow'r,
Daylight departing—retiring to rest,
Gently enfolded in arms of the West;
Lingering long in her parting embrace,
Kissing the shadows that each other chase,
When the mild Eve in her beautiful rest
Whispers of peace till she maketh us blest,
Dearly I love in sweet visions to roam,
Spirit o'en scorning its tenanted home,
Breaking the fetters that bind it to earth,
Soaring away to the place of its birth.

Surely the soul had its birth-place above,
There 'mid the regions of beauteous Love,
Fain through the empire of thought as we roam,
Then does sweet Memory silently come,
Bearing us blessings on wings of the past,
O'er us a mantle of glory to cast.

Twilight, thou heaven-sent messenger here,
Bearer of freedom from harrowing care,
Leaving the gates far behind thee ajar,
Whence cometh streamings of peace from afar;
Op'ning the windows that we may look in
To the blest mansions where dwelleth no sin;
Taking us near to the portals of bliss—
Angel of love, from that bright world to this,
Thou art a type of the twilight of life,
Aye, in the hope of that happiness rife,
Merging in dawn of reality's day,
Usher to scenes in that holy array.

Piffard, N. Y., 1859. Jane E. H.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

It may seem a broad assumption, and be condemned as an exaggerated expression, yet we are constrained to believe that if the practice which seems so completely and fanatically to influence multitudes of mankind to meddle, to pry into and acquaint themselves with other people's business—to comment and judge with freedom and harshness upon their manners and actions when profoundly ignorant of the motive or cause, and report and discuss all their impudent assurance has discovered, no matter at what sacrifice of justice or truth, or how much to the detraction or injury of the person under espionage, were completely wiped out from practice, two-thirds of the sin, the disturbance and malice current in human society would be utterly expunged. Were all the idle regiment now engaged in completing Satan's mischief, to seek some useful employment, and make over them a motto and rule of action, obeying strictly its sentiment and teaching, would they not toil to much greater profit and pleasure, than to labor where the "wages is death," and a most happy reformation result? It is almost a universal fact, that each community or neighborhood, however small or retired, numbers among its members a class who find no employment other than attending to the concerns of others, too many of whom profess belief and obedience to the precepts and teachings of that neglected Book whose moral code and elevating and ennobling sentiments have never yet been equalled here, utterly ignoring and forgetting its commands and exhortations.

"A little fire kindleth a great matter." So, even one of these Paul Pry's in a community, whose tongue and limbs are never weary in reporting, commenting, and spreading all that his prying curiosity has learned, will stir up strife in brotherhoods, sunder friendships, and destroy the peace of families, and harmony of neighborhoods. And how little peace and quiet, or time to work with their own hands, can one have who is constantly occupied in meddling and studying into the affairs of others? No action or business, however private or personal, is sufficiently sacred or respected, to prevent their Argus eyes from discovering, or their unwearied tongues from publishing in detail, and criticising and remarking freely, as the mood may find them.

How much of the unhappiness and evils in society may be traced to such a source—innocence blighted, character defamed, friendship made a mockery, and life a burden, by these vampires in human society. There can be no advantage or improvement derived from such a class. "They have taught their tongues to speak lies, and weary themselves to commit iniquity." Their friendship is the charm of the basilisk—their company the shade of the Upas.

—"like a moral pestilence,
Before his breath, the healthy shoots and blooms
Of social joy and happiness decay."

Rich and full [illegible] promises to the attentive and industrious, a [illegible] hand of the diligent shall bear rule"—[illegible] purse bearer shall be cut off, and to the [illegible] when [illegible]d, Pat shall come as an armed man, and o[illegible] have [illegible]. I ho[illegible] in harvest he shall have nothin[illegible] will give Y., Aug.,

Bar[illegible] knowledge.

[illegible]N'S SONG.

[illegible] hardy sor[illegible] Chickens.

[illegible]bin, Dix, [illegible]e sure and [illegible]he Rev. Henry Ward
[illegible]ce, Osband fed while [illegible]y to him that the *Birds*
[illegible] Storens' G[illegible] learned the c[illegible]ve him and his family
[illegible] voice China chick[illegible]arious means of driv-
[illegible] and tried every [illegible]exceedingly to shoot
[illegible]dge, but all to n[illegible]their songs, as every
[illegible] I let my bread run[illegible]r. Beecher replies
[illegible] not eat any thing else[illegible]very beautiful and
[illegible] and found they wei[illegible]of the birds. The
[illegible]ved. I have since se[illegible]cularly, found fault
[illegible] tried out a panful of fe[illegible]*Wax Wing*, known
[illegible] sickens, when twenty or[illegible]r Bird, Bohemian
[illegible]d not one that eat of it b[illegible]eecher says if any
[illegible]eason their food with sal[illegible] plunderer, for he
[illegible]never have the gapes. I wr[illegible]ssage through the
[illegible] of six or eight years, in an[illegible] our cherries, but
[illegible] inquiry in the Rural.—H.[illegible]an at him lest be
[illegible] Co., Pa., 1859.[illegible]*bins*. He admires
[illegible]following eloquent

Let the farmer's motto [illegible]uch trouble to re-
stock, good seed, and good

write what we have said of the song-sparrow, we would say that the robin is our sweetest summer singer. This universal favorite has a variety of songs. All are sweet, but one rises far above all the rest. At evening, the sun gone down, the cows returned from pasture, the landscape radiant with its salient points, but growing dim and solemn underneath, then, as you sit musing in your door, you shall hear from a tree on the lawn, a little distant, a continuous calling song, full of sweet importunity mingled with sadness. It is the call for its absent mate. Sometimes it rolls and gurgles for but a moment, when a shadow flits through the air, and a sudden flash of leaves, the song stops, two birds glide out upon the sky, and fly to their home. But at other times the bird's grief is your gain. No coming mate shortens his song. Some remorseless boy has brought him down, to sing, and build, and brood no more; some cat, or hawk, or gazing snake has dined upon the fair thing. And so, though the twilight falls, and the evening grows darker, the song calls on, pausing only to change the manner, throwing in here and there coaxing notes and staccato exclamations of impatience, but going back soon to the gushing, pining, yearning home-call. Take all my strawberries if you want them, oh singer! Come to-morrow for my cherries! You pay me in one single song for all that you can eat in a summer! and leave me still in your debt; for there is no such thing as *paying* for that which touches your heart, raises your imagination, wings your fancy, and carries you up, by inspired thoughts, above the level of selfish life. The heart only can pay the heart for good service! As to cherries, I'll take my chance when my betters are served. Eat what you wish, sweet sir, and if there are any left, I will think them all the sweeter as a part of your banquet.

A CANNON BALL IN THE HAT.

An anonymous writer, generally supposed to be the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, after describing how, when a boy, he stole a cannon ball from the Navy Yard at Charleston, Mass., and with much trepidation and more headache, carried it away in that universal pocket of youth, winds up with the following reflections, which though philosophically trite, are conveyed with much force and freshness:

When I reached home, I had nothing to do with my shot. I did not dare to show it in the house, nor tell where I got it, and after one or two solitary rolls, I gave it away on the same day to a Prince streeter.

But, after all, that six-pounder rolled a good deal of sense into my skull. I think it was the last thing I ever stole, (excepting a little matter of heart now and then,) and it gave me a notion of the folly of coveting more than you can enjoy, which has made my whole life happier. It was rather a severe mode of catechising, but ethics rubbed in with a six pound shot are better than none at all.

But I see men doing the same thing—going into underground and dirty vaults and gathering wealth, which will, when got, roll round their heads like a ball, and not be a whit softer because it is gold instead of iron, though there is not a man in Wall street who will believe that. I have seen a man put himself to every humiliation to win a proud woman who has been born above him, and when he got her, he walked all the rest of his life with a cannon ball in his hat. I have seen young men enrich themselves by pleasure in the same wise way, sparing no pains, scrupling at no sacrifice of principle, for the sake at least of carrying a burden which no man can bear.

All the world are busy in striving for things that give little pleasure and bring much care; and I am accustomed in my walks among men, noticing their ways and their folly, to think, there is a man stealing a cannon ball; or there's a man with a ball on his head—I know it by the way he walks. The money which a clerk purloins for his pocket, at last gets into his hat like a cannon ball. Pride, bad temper, selfishness, evil passions, will roll a man as if he had a ball on his head! And ten thousand men in New York will die this year, and as each one falls, his hat will come off, and out will roll an iron ball, which for years he has worn out his strength in carrying.

Happiness in Childhood.—It is wonderful how near happiness used to be. It lay about, like the sunshine, within arm's length of everybody. It used to grow in the field; we have found it there, but not lately. Sometimes five speckled eggs in a grassy nest constituted it; sometimes four beautiful ones in the lilacs. It used to swim in the brooks, and turn up its silvery and mottled sides, like a polished little sabre, sprinkled with the color of fame, which is generally understood to be crimson. We have found it many a time beside a mossy stone, when it looked very much like a first flower; we have seen it come down in the shower, and heard it descend in the rain. What a world of it used to be crowded into a Saturday afternoon! An old newspaper, with cedar ribs, a tail like three bashaws, and a penny's worth of twine, have constituted many a time—that is, many an *old* time—the entire stock in trade of one perfectly happy.

Truth Better than Cant.—Teach a child there is harm in everything, however innocent; and as soon as it discovers the cheat, it won't see sin in anything. That's the reason deacons' sons seldom turn out well, and preachers' daughters are married through a window. Innocence is the sweetest thing in the world, and there is more of it than folks generally imagine. If you want some to transplant, don't seek it in inclosures of cant, for it has only counterfeit ones; but go to the garden of truth and of sense. Coerced innocence is like an imprisoned lark; open the door, and it is off forever. The bird that roams the sky and the grove unrestrained, knows how to dodge the hawk and protect itself; but the caged one, the moment it leaves its bars and bolts behind, is pounced upon by the fowler or the vulture.—*Sam Slick.*

There is always some measure of evil in the end which a man is endeavoring to attain when he is willing to avail himself of disorderly means in order to arrive at it.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE TIMELY LESSON.

I love to sit by my window and look out upon the rich and varied landscape, which spreads away to the "blue distance." The silver pathway of a river winds along below the road, and its cool feet walk through a little valley, partly framed in with distant hills. Broad meadow-land, interlaced with neat fences, stretch to the South, until they are met by a green-robed army of sentinels—the first trees of a forest, whose crown is cut very clearly against the sky. One afternoon I sought my favorite retreat with a sad heart. A restless spirit had taken possession of me. Life seemed vague, and my path so hidden that I groped blindly in the dark, and the fair September landscape, with the golden sky bending over it were both wrapped in a pall.

A hundred voices shouted through the dim galleries of my soul, "Wake up!—what dost thou here!—seek another abiding-place, where your sphere of labor will be more extended." I listened to these demons of Discontent with increasing impatience of controlling circumstances, and my eager vision strove to catch a glimpse of the "time coming" when I fancied that a broader field of action would spread out before me. Then all the bright promises from anticipation's silver lips would flow in upon me like a river of light, while my feet walked through thornless paths. An impatient, bitter cry, burst from my lips—"*I cannot wait!*" and leaning my head upon the window-sill, convulsive sobs shook my frame. But suddenly a sound of sweet, low music arose to my ear; I listened, and it seemed as if fingers were wandering in an uncertain way over the keys of my instrument down in the parlor. I started to my feet exclaiming, "Who can that be!"

The strange, sad music still continued, and I hastily flew down stairs through the hall. The door was open, and looking in I beheld the bowed figure of an old man sitting at my instrument. One hand was resting upon his staff, while the other was busied in drawing forth those magical sounds. His snowy hair was long and fell over his shoulders like a cloud. I immediately recognized him to be a blind man of my acquaintance from the neighboring village of C——, and I suddenly recalled his last words to me the preceding day—"If my son rides out to his farm to-morrow, I will call to hear you play, Miss Mary." He was passionately fond of music, and I always delighted to gratify him, whenever an opportunity offered. "Ah, Mr. Graves, you have fulfilled your promise." I laid my hand upon his arm, and said this before he was aware of my presence. "Oh, yes, Miss Mary—your mother showed me in here, and I thought I would amuse myself until you came in." He rose, and resigned his seat to me, notwithstanding my entreaties for him to continue his performance. "No, I never have learned how to play, but I will sing you a song by-and-by," was his promise, and I chose a wild, sad piece which suited my feelings. He listened intently, and when I had ceased, his first words surprised me.

"Your spirit is troubled to-day, Miss Mary—perhaps I can say a few words, which may soothe and strengthen you—for I have passed through many trials. Life is a great blessing! we ought to accept this gift, with humble gratitude, and not let the days go by, 'like shadows o'er the heart.' Providence sometimes places us in situations where our path is hidden, and we look in vain for a waymark. This is a trial of our faith. I am blind, and dependent upon the charities of others, but God knows that every day carries my thanks to the Throne of Grace, that I am still spared to labor in His vineyard—for I have been taught that a 'patient enduring to the end' is my mission on earth. It is harder labor than you may imagine—still through grace I am enabled to wear a cheerful countenance, knowing that its *influence* is working for Christ. My son gives me a home, but his children are not taught to respect me, and my presence is a burden to them; sometimes their unfeeling remarks make me almost weary of life, but Christ's words recur to my mind, 'Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing,' and they comfort me. Helpless old age is not reverenced as it used to be."

The blind man wiped a tear from his eye, but the wrinkled face soon resumed its usual calm, unruffled expression. "I will sing for you now, Miss Mary." His voice was quite clear and steady for one of his years, and I listened with delight to the quaint old song. The chorus of each verse was,

"I am happy and contented
Wherever I may be."

As the closing strain died away, a rough voice said, "Well, father, are you ready to go?" and looking up I beheld the old's man's son standing in the door. My visitor departed, but his voice rang in my ears; and now, when I am tempted to repine, that placid face rises before me, with the snowy hair falling around it, and the words "*a patient enduring to the end*," sounds a "Peace, be still," o'er the troubled waters of my soul.

Michigan, Aug., 1859. A. P. D.

Jesus.—The name of Jesus is not only *light*, but also food; it is likewise oil, without which all the food of the soul is dry; it is salt, unseasoned by which, whatever is presented to us *is insipid*; it is honey in the mouth, melody in the ear, joy in the heart, medicine to the soul; and there are no charms in any discourse in which his name is not heard.—*Pearls of Thought.*

The Religion of the Heart.—A holy calling never saved any man without a holy heart; if our tongues only be sanctified, our whole man must be condemned.—*Flavel*

Real difficulties are the best cure of imaginary ones, because God helps us in the real ones, and makes us ashamed of the others.

The Reviewer.

THE PROGRESSIVE PRIMARY ARITHMETIC, for Primary Classes in Public and Private Schools. By HORATIO N. ROBINSON, A. M., author of a full course of Mathematics. [pp. 80.] New York: Ivison & Phinney.

THE PROGRESSIVE INTELLECTUAL ARITHMETIC; on the Inductive Plan. Being a Sequel to the Progressive Primary Arithmetic, containing many Original Forms of Analysis applicable to a great variety of Practical Questions, and designed for the more Advanced Classes in Common Schools and Academies. [pp. 176. Same author and publishers as above.]

THE PROGRESSIVE PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC.—Containing the Theory of Numbers, in connection with concise Analytic and Synthetic Methods of Solution, and designed as a complete Text-Book on this Science, for Common Schools and Academies. [pp. 336. Same author and publishers as above.]

Under the general title of "Robinson's Mathematical Series," Messrs. IVISON & PHINNEY are publishing what they claim to be "the most complete, practical and scientific series of Mathematical Text-books for Common Schools, Academies and Colleges, ever issued." The series will embrace fourteen distinct volumes, the first three of which (named above,) we have received from Mr. D. W. FISH, of this city, the General Agent for introduction. The volumes before us are very handsomely executed, while the style and arrangement of the contents, and the matter itself, will bear critical inspection. We are inclined to believe that this excellent series by Dr. ROBINSON (aided by Mr. FISH, a teacher of much experience,) will prove the most useful and popular of its class yet published in this country. The conceded ability of the author, and his long experience as a practical mathematician and teacher, are guarantees that the series will be completed with fidelity to the public, and in such manner as to augment his already wide reputation. We cordially commend these works to the attention of teachers, trustees and parents. For sale in Rochester by ADAMS & DARNEY.

MILCH COWS AND DAIRY FARMING; Comprising the Breeds, Breeding, and Management, in Health and Disease, of Dairy and other Stock; the Selection of Milch Cows, with a full Explanation of Guenon's method; the Culture of Forage Plants, and the Production of Milk, Butter and Cheese, embodying the most recent Improvements, and adapted to Farming in the United States and British Provinces. With a Treatise upon the Dairy Husbandry of Holland; to which is added Horsfall's System of Dairy Management. By CHARLES L. FLINT, Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture; author of "A Treatise on Grasses and Forage Plants," etc. Liberally illustrated. [12mo.—pp. 416.] Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

This valuable work—altogether the best and most complete of its class extant in this country—has passed into the hands of the enterprising publishers named, by whom a new edition has just been issued. The important subjects enumerated in the title are severally discussed with ability, and in such style as to interest and instruct those desiring practical and reliable information thereupon. Those who wish light upon any branch of the general subject of Milch Cows and Dairy Farming, will be very likely to find it in this work, while to every one engaged in the dairy business it will prove invaluable, if not indispensable. As it is by far the best American Dairy Book published, it must speedily become the standard authority on that subject, and we not only cordially commend it to the farming community, but especially to the thousands of our readers who are either engaged in or turning their attention to Dairy Husbandry.

KNITTING-WORK: A Web of many Textures, wrought by RUTH PARTINGTON, (S. P. SHILLABER.) [12mo.—pp. 408.] Boston: Brown, Taggard & Chase.

In this volume Dame PARTINGTON has fully maintained her reputation as a pleasing humorist and instructive moralist—for, ludicrous as are many of her sayings, the sentiments expressed are generally imbued with kindness and humanity, and a refreshing sprinkling of wit and wisdom. Combining the sage "deflections" of the dame, the funny doings of the mischief-loving but good-hearted IKE, the profundity of Dr. SPOONER, the jolly conceits of Old ROGER, and the sober sentimentalities of WIDESWATH—with admirable illustrations by HOPPIN—the book will amuse and entertain many who ordinarily ignore merely humorous works. Interspersed with the sayings of Mrs. P. are many fine sketches and brief poems, both humorous and sentimental, written in Mr. SHILLABER's pleasant style, and worthy of being presented, as they are, in a beautiful volume. "Knitting-Work" is truly a "web of many textures," well and skillfully wrought, and will please many classes of readers. Sold by DARROW & BRO.

THE LIFE OF GEN. GARIBALDI. Written by himself. With Sketches of his Companions in Arms. Translated by his Friend and Admirer, THEODORE DWIGHT, author of "A Tour in Italy in 1821," "The Roman Republic in 1849," etc. Embellished with a fine Engraved Portrait on Steel. [16mo.—pp. 320.] New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr.

The publication of the autobiography of GARIBALDI is timely, for many are inquiring about the hero of Italy—the most popular and esteemed man who participated in the recent struggle for Italian independence. The translator is said to have a competent knowledge of the Italian language, to be well versed in the Italian question, and familiar with the leaders in the revolution of 1848. The work before us is certainly one of great interest, and should be perused by all who wish to understand Italy, and be reliably informed as to the life of its patriot chief. Rochester—E. DARROW & BRO.

THE ROMAN QUESTION. By E. ABOUT. Translated from the French by H. C. COAPE. [16mo.—pp. 219.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is a "slashing" work—replete with facts, wit and satire. The author is evidently not only a genius, but fully informed in regard to the question discussed; indeed he studied it thoroughly in the Papal States, and therefore speaks or writes advisedly, as well as severely, in exposing the corruptions of the Government of Rome. Treating an important question in an able and effective manner—and at a time when the attention of the civilized world is directed to Italy—this work cannot fail of exerting a wide influence. Rochester—ADAMS & DARNEY.

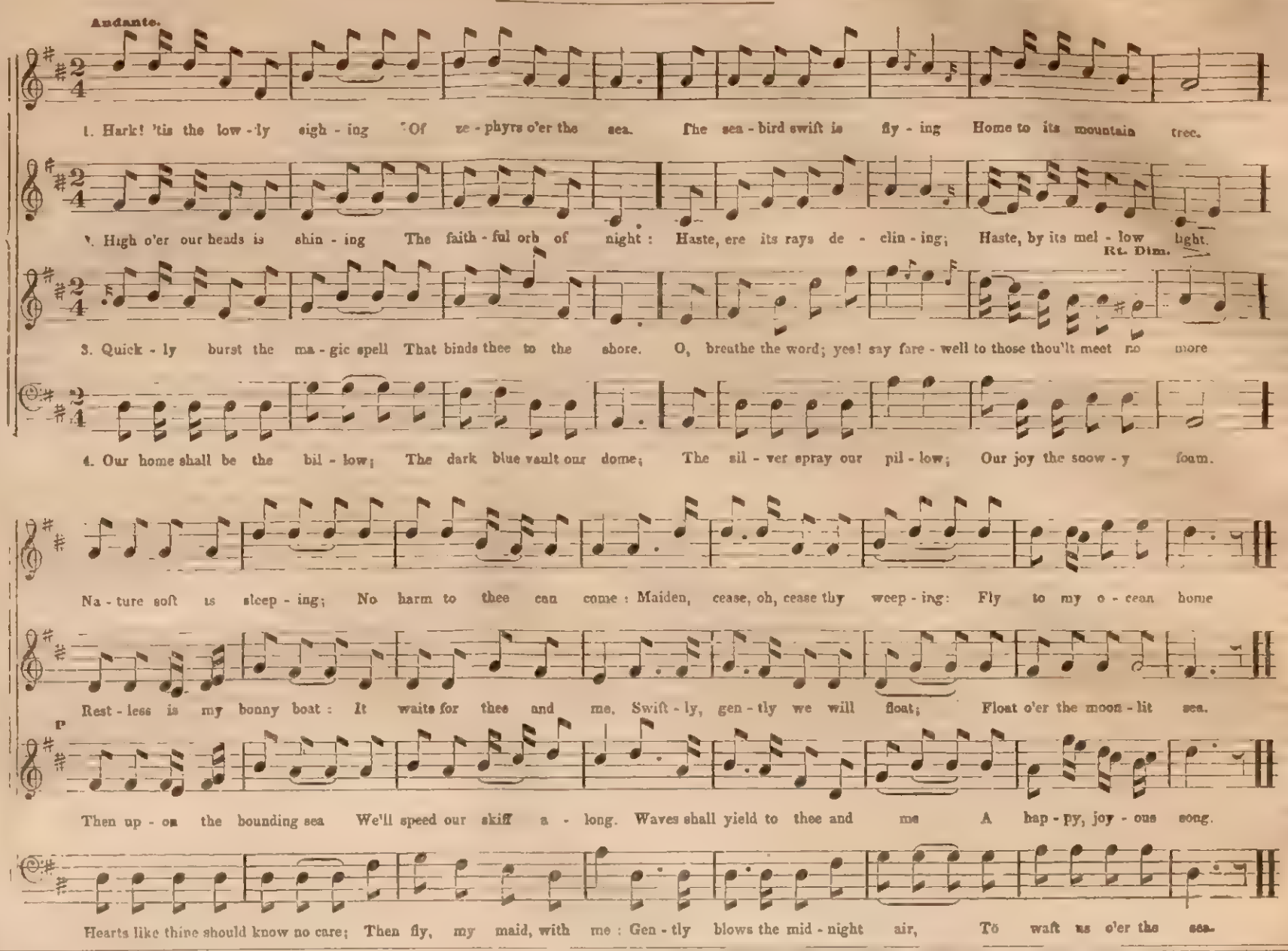
PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. A Private Journal. Prepared from Authentic Domestic Records. Together with Reminiscences of Washington and Lafayette. Edited by SIDNEY BARCLAY. [16mo.—pp. 251.] New York: Rudd & Carleton—1859.

This is a very interesting volume, comprising graphic and no doubt truthful pictures of what occurred on the Eastern end of Long Island during the Revolutionary war. It is the more interesting and impressive from the fact that its statements are given in the form of a diary, "written by a mover among, and an eye-witness of, the scenes described." The volume is in unique and beautiful style. Rochester—D. M. DEWEY.

THEODORE PARKER'S EXPERIENCE AS A MINISTER.—With some Account of his Early Life, and Education for the Ministry; contained in a Letter from him to the Members of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society of Boston. [pp. 182.] Boston: Rufus Leighton, Jr.

MR. PARKER is considered one of the most remarkable divines of the present day, from the fact that he entertains and boldly proclaims peculiar views in regard to theology and cognate subjects. The work before us will prove of interest to those who wish to know more of the man and the religious and moral sentiments he expresses.

HARK! 'TIS THE LOWLY SIGHING.



Spice from New Books.

Young Men in Different Countries.

EDMUND ABOUT, in his book, "*The Roman Question*," makes the following comparison of young men of twenty-five in different countries. After describing the education of young Roman nobles, he says:

One fine day they attain their twenty-fifth year. At this age an American has already tried his hand at a dozen trades, made four fortunes, and at least one bankruptcy, has gone through a couple of campaigns, had a lawsuit, established a new religious sect, killed half-a-dozen men with his revolver, freed a negress, and conquered an island. An Englishman has passed through some remarkble examinations, been attached to an embassy, founded a factory, comforted a Catholic, gone round the world, and read the complete works of Walter Scott. A Frenchman has rhymed a tragedy, written for two nowspapers, been wounded in three duels, twice attempted suicide, vexed fourteen husbands, and changed his politics nineteen times. A German has slashed fifteen of his dearest friends, swallowed sixty hogsheads of beer and the Philosophy of Hegel, sung eleven thousand couplets, compromised a tavern waiting maid, smoked a million pipes, and been mixed up with, at least, two revolutions. The Roman prince has done nothing, seen nothing, learnt nothing, loved nothing and suffered nothing. His parents or guardians open a cloister gate, take out a young girl as inexperienced as himself, and the pair of innocents are bidden to kneel before a priest, who gives them permission to become parents of another generation of innocents like themselves.

Watering Places.

"ARE you going to any watering place this summer?" asked a young friend of Mrs. PARTINGTON, on one of the rainy days the present week. She had just put up the window to keep out the damp and disagreeable air, and pulled her handkerchief up over her shoulder to keep off the chill. "Watering places," said she, with a tap on her box, at the same time looking at IKE, who was engaged in making a kite out of the last Puritan Recorder, that the dame had laid by for her Sunday reading; "watering places I don't think much of, now-a-days. There ain't no need of 'em since the lucky-motives have run off the stages; but once, as the old pumps stood by the wayside, under the ambiguous trees, with a hollow log for the cattle to drink out of, it seemed like a horse in a desert, as some of 'em used to say." "My dear madam," said her young friend, "I mean the fashionable watering places where people go to spend the summer." "O," she replied, "that's it, is it? Well, we needn't go away from home to find a watering place to-day; and them that do, depend upon it," and here she laid her mouth close to his ear, and spoke in a whisper—"they go for something else besides the water." She gave him a queer look as she said this, and pointed significantly to the little buffet in the corner, where an old-fashioned cut-glass decanter stood, surrounded by half a dozen little glasses, as if they were young decanters just hatched out; but what she meant we dare not attempt to explain. IKE just then finished his kite by burning the holes for the belly band with the small point of Mrs. PARTINGTON's scissors, that had been heated red hot for the purpose.—*Knitting Work, by Mrs. Partington.*

The Transfiguration of Memory.

As there was an hour when the fishermen of Gallilee saw their Master transfigured, His raiment white and glistening, and His face like the light, so are there hours when our whole mortal life stands forth in celestial radiance. From our daily lot falls off every weed of care; from our heart-friends, every speck and stain of earthly infirmity. Our horizon widens, and blue, and amethyst, and gold touch every object. Absent friends, and friends gone on the last journey, stand once more together, bright with an immortal glow, and like the disciples who saw the Master floating in the clouds above them, we say, "Lord, it is good to be here!" How fair the wife, the husband, the absent mother, the gray-haired father, the manly son, the bright-eyed daughter! Seen in the actual present, all have some fault, some flaw; but absent, we see them in their permanent and better selves. Of our distant home, we remember not a dark day, not one servile care, nothing but the echo of its holy hymns, and the radiance of its bright days—of our father, not one hasty word, but only the fullness of his manly vigor and noble tenderness—of our mother, nothing of mortal weakness, but a glorified form of love—of our brother, not one teasing provoking word of brotherly freedom, but the proud beauty of his noblest hours—of our sister, of our child, only what is fairest and sweetest.—*The Minister's Wooing, by* HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Autumn Night.

I STOOD by the window, looking at the moon rising behind the forest—the ravaged forest that lifted its torn trunks, bereft of their summer offspring, mutely and pitifully to heaven. The moon dungeoned by clouds, but gleamed through open bars, and its vast red disk seemed to set all the forest ablaze. In the morning there was a wind, and I walked forth, ushered by troops of leaves, that rushed before me and danced in my path as if I were a monarch; some came clamoring, jostling, and eager behind me, like a swarm of hungry place-seekers. But at night the wind was hushed, and upon the meadows, the garden walks, the roads, the dead leaves lay ghostly still. There was a hush everywhere. The moon came motely up, the trees silently darkened themselves against its light, the shadows crept like ghosts, the roads lay white as grave stones. So melancholy and deathlike was the scene, that I dropped the curtain, and stepping stealthily back to my chair, wheeled it before the fire, slumberously droning in the full-mouthed grate.—"*A Bachelor's Story*," *by* OLIVER BUNCE.

Chimneys.

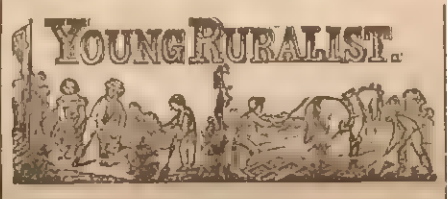
I LOVE my hearth, and the fancies that come to life within its genial circle; so do I love the green sweetness of summer. But this I claim:—the great invention of man is the chimney. When that was conceived, civilization became complete; humanity was blessed; the barbaric and nomadic fled before it; peace and good will curled up in every wreath of smoke that issued from its mouth. Our chimneys open up to heaven, and through them ascend burnt incense to all the amenities of life.—An old quaint writer calls them "windpipes of hospitality."—"*A Bachelor's Story.*"

WE cannot all of us be beautiful, but the pleasantness of a good humored look is denied to none. We can all of us increase and strengthen the family affections and delights of home.

DR. FRANKLIN observes, "The eyes of others are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind I should want neither fine houses nor fine furniture.

HE is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

IT is with the diseases of the mind as with those of the body; we are half dead before we understand our disorder, and half cured when we do.



POISON IVY.

SOME time since a correspondent inquired in this department for a cure for the effects of *Poison Ivy*. To this inquiry we have received many responses. NATHAN HARDING, of Lakeville, N. Y., says:—"To prevent the poison, rub the part that it is presumed will be affected, with wild or Great Celendine, thoroughly; or in winter, with a strong solution of the herb. To cure when poisoned, use a poultice of pulverized blows of hollyhock and Indian meal. Change every fifteen or twenty minutes."

A. WILSON, of Marcellus, N. Y., says:—"The poison from ivy may be cured by *salt* and *strong vinegar*. I have been poisoned twice heretofore, and cured it by three applications as above."

C. S. E., of Camillus, N. Y., gives the following remedy:—"Take a muskrat's tail (if dried the better;) cut in pieces half an inch long, crosswise; put this into one pint of sweet milk; simmer over a slow fire three-quarters of an hour; cool, and wash the part affected. After six hours, warm with warm water and apply again. Take a little pennyroyal or peppermint tea, to protect the stomach, as it may make you feel a little qualmish."

D. L. K., of Oaks Corners, N. Y., says he knows from experience that the following is a sure cure: "Take the juice of *Lobelia*, or Indian tobacco, and apply it to the part affected, by rubbing it on freely. It can be found in almost any field in the summer."

R. C. P., of Canandaigua, N. Y., gives the following facts in regard to a severe case of poisoning and its cure:

EDS. RURAL:—Your correspondent's inquiry for a cure for poison from ivy, is answered by the following facts:—About the year 1835, my father wishing to use an ointment for sore eyes made from bittersweet, inquired of parties who were supposed to know, where it could be found, and was shown a vine, which from ignorance was supposed to be the article required. They are both vines, though not much more similarity exists between them than between the wood and grape vine. The root was chosen from which to make the ointment, and as it was dug, my father chewed large quantities of it, swallowing the juice. The same day the ointment was made, and forthwith applied to the eyes freely. The result showed that he was fearfully poisoned, and from an early experience he was fully aware that it was from ivy. The slightest contact with it had always produced more or less irritation and symptoms of poison. Now irritation and inflammation was very great and general. The face was swollen so much that an intimate acquaintance would not have known it. The eyes were nearly or quite closed, and large masses of flesh hung down below the chin from either cheek. The sufferer was confined to the bed, and the worst results anticipated. An old recipe book was consulted, after several medical gentlemen had looked very wise and shaken their heads. Wild turnip, or Indian turnip, was pronounced a remedy by the book, and as it was much esteemed and used for its cooling, refrigerating qualities, it was decided to try it, and it alone. It was grated and taken as a powder, consuming in this way all the dry ones that could be obtained, while green ones were procured and steeped for a wash, bathing particularly the face; but as every part was inflamed, the application was more or less general. In this way the inflammation was abated, and full recovery instituted in a week or ten days. Hourly washes and repeated doses of a teaspoonful, proved very cooling and grateful, and were kept up until the recovery was certain. Your correspondent could hardly imagine a worse case, and yet the cure was prompt and complete.

FLOWERING SHRUBS FOR MISSOURI.—Excuse me, dear RURAL, for my presumption in making a few inquiries through your valuable paper. I see in your RURAL a short piece on gardening, but given more particularly to flowers. I should like to know more about the nature of some of them, whether they will do to stand in the garden all winter, whether it is the best to put them out in the fall or spring, and where they can be had, and what is the price of the following varieties?—*Thorns*, the Double Red and Double White, the *Horse Chestnut*, the Double White, the *Rose-colored Wigelia*, and the *Calycanthus*, and much oblige one of your many readers. As we live in the north-east corner of Missouri, I suppose it would be difficult to get those flowers here without injuring them, but I am a great lover of flowers, and having never seen any of those varieties, I am willing to risk something to procure them.—M. M. L., *Lewis Co., Missouri, July*, 1859.

REMARKS.—All the varieties mentioned by our correspondent are perfectly hardy. The *Thorns* are small trees, the *Double White Horse Chestnut* is of the same size and habit as the common Horse Chestnut. The *Calycanthus* and *Wigelia* are small shrubs. They can be obtained at almost any nursery where a good variety of ornamental trees and shrubs are kept, and may be planted either in the autumn or spring. If you have to order them from a distance it would be best to do so in the fall. As agents of eastern nurseries are now pretty generally traveling over the western country, perhaps you can order them of one of these. They may be sent a long distance safely if properly packed. The Thorns and shrubs will cost about fifty cents each, and the Horse Chestnuts one dollar.

THE SIMPLEST SECRET.—Twenty clerks in a store. Twenty "hands" in a printing office. Twenty apprentices in a ship-yard. Twenty men about a village. All want to get on in the world, and are expected to do so. *One* of the clerks will rise to be partner, and make a fortune. *One* of the compositors will own a newspaper, and become an influential and prosperous citizen. *One* of the apprentices will become a master builder. *One* of the young villagers will get a handsome farm, and live like a patriarch. But which is destined to be the lucky individual? Lucky? There is no luck about it. The thing is almost as certain as the rule of three. The young fellow who will distance his competitor, is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly and purely, who never gets into debt, who gains friends by deserving them, and puts his money into the Savings Bank. There are some ways to fortune that *look* shorter than this old dusty highway. But the staunch men who achieve something really worth having,—good fortune, good name, and a serene old age,—all go this road.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

A GOOD man, who has seen much of the world, and is not tired of it, says:—"The grand essentials to happiness in this life are, something to do, something to love, and something to hope for."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 27, 1859.

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☞ Back numbers from April or January can still be furnished, if desired. We will send Specimen Numbers, Show Bills, &c., to all applicants, and to the addresses of as many non-subscribers as may be forwarded.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

The statement of the London *Herald*, that the United States Government has officially notified that of Her Majesty that the United States have resolved to abandon privateering as a provision of the maratime law, agreed upon at the Congress of Paris in 1856, is entirely without foundation. The administration strictly insists on its retention.

The Baden Government has recently made some declarations regarding the Expatriation question. It is declared that the Government of Baden does not require American naturalized citizens, who have been subjects in Baden, to perform duty in case they return, even if they have emigrated without consent—that is, if they return merely for a visit. It is presumed that the Expatriation controversy here, and the last letter of Gen. Cass, has had a wholesome influence abroad.

About five hundred illegal squatters are on the lands belonging to the Kaw Indians in Kansas.—The subject of preventing intrusions of this character, which extensively prevails, occupies the attention of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who contemplates the initiation of such means as will, at least, lessen, if not altogether remove these abuses, so dangerous to peaceful relations with the Indians, and from which the United States are bound to protect them under existing treaties.

The Washington *States* anticipates the resignation of Gov. Floyd, on account of continued ill health. It designates as his successor Hon. Chas. [illegible]lkner, who for a long time occupied the chair of the War Committee of the House.

Mr. Whitebread, who was banished from Mexico, where he had resided for many years, will now return to England in the behalf of British bondholders, and will exert himself to satisfy their claims. The church property being the basis of the transaction by which it is thought some millions of dollars will be realized for the benefit of the government, it is not thought that Serdo will make any pecuniary engagements in New York, but that he will merely take preliminary steps to that end, to be submitted to his government for consideration. His contemplated visit to President Buchanan and Secretary Cass, with a view to have a full and free talk on Mexican affairs, will doubtless have the effect to facilitate the negotiations of a treaty satisfactory to both countries.

Personal and Political.

Bishop Davis, of South Carolina, has become almost totally blind. His general health is, however, good, and his vigorous mental faculties unimpaired.

Politicians are promised a lively time in Kansas this fall. They have three regular campaigns in view: 1.—That on the Constitution on the first Tuesday in October. 2—The Territorial election in November for Delegate and members of the Territorial Legislature and County Officers. 3—If the Constitution is adopted, there is a provision by law for a State election in December. At this time a full set of State officers and Legislators are to be chosen.

An election has been held for delegate to Congress in the embryo Territory of Nevada, which resulted in the choice of a Mr. Hodge, by a vote, so far as heard from, of 253 to 103 for Judge Crane.

In the 4th Congressional district of Kentucky there is a tie vote between Jas. S. Christian, democrat, and Wm. C. Anderson, opposition. The Revised Statutes of the State provide as follows for the settlement of the votes:

If two or more persons shall be found to have received the highest and an equal number of votes for the same office, so that the election cannot be determined among candidates by a plurality of votes, it shall be determined by lot, in such manner as the board may direct, and in the presence of not less than thirty-three persons.

The Board referred to consists of the Governor, Attorney General and Secretary of State, and in the absence of either, the law provides that the Auditor or any two of them shall be a board for examining the returns.

The Times has letters from Oregon to the 14th, which state that complete returns of the recent election indicate the defeat of Logan, the Republican candidate for Congress, and the election of Stout, Democrat, by a small majority.

The Kansas Territorial Convention met on the 15th inst., at Topeka, and nominated S. W. Johnson, as delegate to Congress.

At the recent election in Oregon for Member of Congress, County Commissioners, Judges, Assessors, and Justices of the Peace, Members of the Legislature were not elected — the Senate, elected last year, holding for four years, and the Assembly for two years. At a legislative caucus held a few days before the recent adjournment, it was found impossible for the Democracy to agree upon a candidate to fill the United States Senatorial vacancy, and no choice was made.

A correspondent of the National Intelligencer recommends that a National Convention of the Whigs of the United States be held on the 4th of July next, at Richmond, Baltimore, or Philadelphia, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the office of President and Vice-President of the United States, or, if separate nominations be deemed inexpedient, for the purpose of selecting among the candidates already in the field such as be most eligible to a majority of the Whig party.

By later accounts from Salt Lake City we learn that the Mormons have nominated, for delegate to Congress, Captain Hooper, formerly Secretary of Utah, to succeed Dr. Bernhisel.

News Paragraphs.

By the report of the Chamber of Commerce, it appears that there is 252,000,000 pounds of brown sugar used in the refineries of New York city every year, producing on an average, 97,000 tuns of refined sugar. Verily, the sweet tooth of the country is an enormous one.

The assessors in Ohio, under an act of the Legislature, have endeavored to ascertain the total number of sheep killed and injured by dogs during the year 1858. The returns from only a few counties have been published, but these disclose a fearful amount of slaughter. In eleven counties 7,054 were killed, and 9,860 wounded, the aggregate loss being $25,000.

The St. Louis (Mo.) Gazette of the 9th instant, speaks of the arrival of a number of Mormons from Salt Lake in that city, who "report that four or five thousand recusant Saints will make their exodus from the Valley this summer.

Capt. Pope, the engineer officer having charge of the Artesian Well expedition to the waterless plains of the West, has returned to St. Louis. It is said that Capt. Pope's experiments prove successful, and that he succeeded in obtaining water by boring to a depth of one thousand four hundred feet—the water, when found, rising to within fifteen feet of the surface. He thinks it practicable to supply the desert locations he has visited with water enough to sustain all the travel that may pass them.

The steamer Spread Eagle has returned from the longest voyage on record, to St. Joseph, Mo. She went 850 miles above the mouth of the Yellow Stone, on the Missouri, which is 550 miles further than any steamboat had ever gone before, and 2,500 above St. Joseph. The trip occupied over two months, and is, on account of its great length, one of the most remarkable voyages in the annals of river navigation.

The *Overland Friend* of China, in an article referring to the great rebellion in China, remarks that there was no very clear evidence that it would succeed, or no great certainty that the government would be able to subdue it. A letter from one of the provinces in partial possession of the rebels, states that the insurgents were publishing the Bible or certain parts of it, demolishing idols or certain Budhistic images, opening schools, &c.

Within five years, in Indiana, there have been erected twenty-seven hundred school houses, at an expense of eleven hundred thousand dollars. In the last year six hundred and fifty school houses were built at a cost of three hundred thousand dollars. This sum is obtained by a special school tax that was paid by the people with general cheerfulness.

Russian Demand for American Books.—The New York *Evening Post* observes that few people have any idea of the extent to which some of the book publishers in New York are interested in the Russia trade. Last week one publishing firm filled an order for three hundred dozen American works, chiefly of American authors, with a few reprints, for St. Petersburg. These American books go to stock a circulating library in the Russian Capital.

The escape of the prisoners from the California State Prison is explained. The rascals were set to work originally to build their own cells. Taking a practical view of the subject, they varied slightly the plans of the architect, and laid the stones with reference to the easiest manner of breaking out; and for the greater convenience, they buried in the mortar, drills, bars, chisels, and other tools.

The *Mining Gazette*, published at Houghton, Portage Lake, Michigan, states that a new mineral has been discovered in that locality by Dr. F. A. Genth, of Philadelphia. He has christened it the "Whitneyite." It is an arsenuret, containing about twelve per cent. of arsenic.

State Debt of Pennsylvania.—The Philadelphia *Inquirer* says the Treasurer of the Commonwealth advertises for a quarter of a million of dollars worth of Pennsylvania fives. The diminution of the State debt progresses quietly and steadily at the rate of about $1,000,000 per annum. The interest is paid regularly, without borrowing, or the slightest financial difficulty.

Terrible Gale.—Advices of the 2d inst. from Picton (N. S.,) received at Boston on the 10th inst., state that that region had been visited by a severe gale, doing much damage, and occasioning a fearful loss of life. On the south side of Prince Edward Island, especially, the wrecks of vessels had been numerous, and the loss of life amounted to fifty.

Is Napoleon's Star on the Wane?—Many men now in Europe are of opinion that Louis Napoleon has reached the zenith of his good luck, and that his fall will be as rapid as his rise. Such a suggestion was made soon after the news of the peace treaty was received. Napoleon does not appear to have any very warm friends among the rulers of Europe. Even Russia, usually spoken of as his close ally, has, according to late advices, assured Prussia of her friendly disposition in any future European political complications.

Arrival of the Overland Mail.—The Overland California mail of the 25th ult. arrived at St. Louis on the 16th inst. The papers furnish a few additional items of news. A fire had occurred at Grizzly Flats, which destroyed three buildings. Loss not stated. The political excitement in the State was increasing, and the quarrel between Senators Broderick and Gwin had reached personalities of the grossest character. Advices from the Sandwich Islands state that the new ten per cent. tariff was not to be enforced until September, 1860.

Discovery of an Island.—The New Bedford *Mercury* learns by a private letter that Captain R. D. Eldridge, of the bark Amazon, of Fairhaven, has discovered an island in the Pacific Ocean, several hundred miles from any land laid down on the charts. Captain Eldridge says of the island: "It is in latitude 0 45 N., and longitude 176 35 W.; very low and dangerous, and is, I expect, the last resting place of the crew of some of the ships which have missed in years gone by. I ran along the lee side within a pistol shot of the beach, but it was too rough to land; and after convincing myself that there was no living person upon the island, squared away again. On the highest part of the island is a house apparently built from pieces of a wreck, with a flagstaff at one end, from which still dangled the halyard block. Near the house were several little hummucks, each with a tall upright stone upon it, evidently the graves of the poor fellows who had escaped from the wreck of their vessel, and died on this dreary spot, where perhaps they had spent months vainly looking for a passing sail to relieve them from their weary prison."

From Porto Cabello.—The bark Dellett has arrived at Philadelphia with Porto Cabello dates of the 1st inst. Gen. Falcon, at the head of 500 revolutionists, had landed a few miles below Porto Cabello, and being joined by Gen. Guevara, was preparing to attack the city. He had prepared a plan to enter the city, but it had been foiled by the arrest of his accomplice in the city. Falcon was enabled to make the landing he had, through the complicity of some of the government officials.—None of the Government vessels interfered until the landing was effected. Porto Cabello was defended by 200 government troops and 6 pieces of artillery.

Destructive Conflagration at Oswego.—The Ontario Grain Elevator, owned by Frederick F. Cunnington, was burned on the morning of the 17th, with the exception of the engine building.—The warehouse contained about 150,000 bushels of Chicago spring wheat and corn. Loss estimated at $150,000. Insured mostly in New York Companies. A Canadian schooner, lying at the warehouse, was badly burned.

FOREIGN NEWS.

We gather the following intelligence from the files of European journals received during the week:

Great Britain.—The English Parliament passed all estimates. It was expected to adjourn on the 13th.

Volunteers for the 30,000 naval reserve will enter for five years, and will be to the navy what the militia is to the army.

The steamship Great Eastern will be delivered by her contractors, completed, on the 18th of August.

The strike among the builders at London was more serious. It was expected that 40,000 would be unemployed the day the steamer sailed.

On the 8th the affairs of Italy were debated in both houses of Parliament. In the House of Lords the Marquis of Normandy inquired if there was any objection to produce the papers relative to the project of peace, transmitted to Austria before the treaty of Villafranca. He denounced the conduct of the government as one-sided, and as evincing no desire to maintain neutrality. Lord Woodhouse, in reply, reiterated the statement that England sent terms of peace to Austria at the request of France, but without giving any advice or expressing an opinion on the subject. He said it would be most inconvenient to produce the documents in the present state of negotiations.

In the House of Commons, Lord Elcho moved an address to the Queen, declaring that it would be inconsistent with the honor and dignity of England, after having preserved a strict neutrality, to take part in any conference settling the details of the peace, the preliminaries of which having already been arranged between the Emperors of France and Austria. He praised the neutral course of the late Governor, and censured the anti-Austrian feeling evinced by the present Cabinet. Mr. Gladstone said that Lord Elcho's motion was not relevant to the present position of affairs. The government had no intention of taking part in settling the details of the peace on the basis of the Villafranca treaty. The belligerents themselves would settle those details, and what would remain to be settled would be the great question of European policy, in which he thought England should play her traditional part. He defended the government, and called for a decisive vote against the resolution. Lord John Russell again proclaimed that the government had not the slightest intention to go into a European Congress to settle the details of the peace of Villafranca. Nobody ever invited them to do so. He admitted that there were difficulties in the way of the government entering in the Congress, and matters were in that state that no determination had been come to. He appealed to the House to leave the question in the hands of the Ministers, who would decide when the whole facts of the case were before them.

France.—A telegram from Paris says, all vessels at different ports are being disarmed, and those in Rhodes have been ordered back into port. Disarmament has also commenced at Toulon, and orders given to disband all sailors having served five years.

The one hundred and fifty millions unexpended of the late loan is to be devoted to internal improvements.

The Zurich Conference met on the 8th, according to the announcement. The Conference was fully constituted as follows:

Austria—Count Collerodo and Baron Merfenberg.

France—Baron Bourgueney and Marquis Bourneville.

Sardinia—Chevalier Desambors and Chevalier Jococan.

The government of Zurich had welcomed the Embassadors, and were to give them a public dinner on the 11th. The first formal sitting of the Congress took place on the 8th, at which the Sardinian representatives assisted. The second sitting was on the 9th, but nothing transpired as to the proceedings.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says the Sardinian Minister of Foreign Affairs had declared to Count Russell, the French Commissioner, that Sardinia could not accede to the terms of France so far as to make efforts to have the Grand Dukes recalled, and that it would be preposterous to expect Piedmont to do so, contrary to the wishes and interest of Italy.

The Paris *Constitutionel* has an article from the pen of M. Capagnac, entitled "Ingratitude of Italy," in which the Italians are reminded of the immense obstacles which beset the Emperor at the very beginning of the war, but which were faced and surmounted by his single will, and he reminds Italy of these obstacles. The article concludes with the following menace:—Italy must know that if the powerful hand which is extended for a moment over her is withdrawn, neither the fine speeches of the English Parliament nor the sterile sympathies of the Liberal party in Europe would hinder Austria from dominating again in Italy, and this time from Turin to Messina.

Austria.—The *Times'* Vienna correspondent says the Prussian note of the 23d of August will probably put an end to the discussion between Austria and Prussia, as it is clearly proved that the Emperor Napoleon made a statement at Villafranca which was not perfectly correct. The *Journal of St. Petersburgh* also declares itself in power to state "that not only were no bases for mediation agreed to, but not even discussed."—The writer adds that having had the experience that he was deceived at Villafranca, the Emperor, Francis Joseph, may probably come to the conclusion that it will be better in the future to leave diplomatic matters to his Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Italy.—It is again stated that Piedmont formally declines entering the Italian confederacy, if Austria forms a part of it.

It was reported that an attempt was made to poison Garibaldi.

India.—The Calcutta mails of July 5th had been telegraphed. The European troops were accepting their discharge in large numbers. The mutineers at Berhampore had returned to duty, except 40, who will be court-martialed.

Commercial—*Breadstuffs.*—Richardson, Spence & Co. quote breadstuffs very dull. Flour 10@12d. Wheat very dull and quotations barely maintained. Western red 7s6d@9s; white 9s@9s6d. A small parcel of new Southern white brought 11s@11s6d. Corn dull; mixed and yellow 5s6d@6s; white 7s@7s3d. Pork dull. Lard dull.

Clippings from Foreign Journals.

The obstinate courage of the Austrians was so conspicuous at one point of the battle of Solferino, in returning again and again to dispute an important point, that the French actually *cheered them.*

A Paris correspondent says of Napoleon, that he is by race an Italian, by birth a Dutchman, by school education a German, by military education a Swiss, by political studies an Englishman, and by his crown he is a Frenchman.

The Coburgs and the Lutchenbergs are the luckiest families in Europe. Poor and numerous, they have within a few years given kings, and consorts, and empresses to England, Portugal, Belgium, Sweden, Brazil, and married into the Imperial House of Russia.

Victor Emanuel seems to have gained as much popularity by not participating in the peace of Villafranca as Napoleon lost by adopting it. All Northern Italy is eager to attach itself to him. Lombardy has accepted him as sovereign. Tuscany has voted in favor of annexation to his realm. Parma and Placenza have sworn allegiance to him as King. Modena has proposed to submit to him as Dictator. Bologna has petitioned him to assume the control of the affairs of the Romagna; and even Elba has sent an address praying that the island may become part of the Sardinian Kingdom.

Among the dispossessed crowned heads who solicit reinstatement at the hands of foreign Powers, a new claimant has started his grievances in the person of Gustavus Vasa, now in Vienna, who, on the death of King Oscar, (Bernadotte,) claims to ascend the Swedish throne of his ancestors. He has notified his claim to the Courts of Berlin, Petersburg, London, and Copenhagen. From the King of Denmark he is not likely to obtain recognition, inasmuch as the last news from Stockholm states the sudden arrival of his Danish Majesty on board his yacht Falk, on a visit to the new sovereign, Charles XV.

It is announced that steps are in progress for the organization of a land company in London with a capital of $500,000, to be devoted to the purchase and settlement of lands in Illinois. The Prairie Land and Emigration Company state that a conditional purchase has been made of 250,000 acres of prairie land from the Illinois Central Railroad Company; that when the sale is completed the company will not be in any way connected with the Illinois Central Railroad or its affairs, but will hold the land by a direct tenure in freehold.

A secret manifesto, announcing the only solution to the intricate question which has been raised by the war, is said to have been distributed throughout Lombardy. This solution purports to be the election of Garibaldi as dictator, which would immediately rally the whole of Italy beneath the banner of the only chief accepted by all Italians—the only one whose disinterested patriotism has inspired confidence in all parties. Garibaldi has had no voice in the affair, which has been got up by some of the members of the ex-Municipality of Milan, who, alarmed at the revolutionary turn which affairs are taking in that city, seek to arrive at the solving of the problem at once, by accepting all its consequences without disguise, and thus avoiding the bloodshed and opposition which must arise from the false position in which all parties at present stand.

The 15th inst. was the fete day of the Emperor Napoleon, and he was to make his entrance into Paris at the head of his troops. All the regiments that took part with him in the campaign were represented in the display, which was doubtless one of the most magnificent in the annals of military triumphs. A banquet for 75,000 persons in the park at St. Cloud is a part of the programme.

The News Condenser.

— The King of Siam has named a son George Washington.

— Italy is about as large in territory as three such States as Ohio.

— The N. Y. and Erie Railroad has gone into the hands of the receiver.

— The accounts from the sugar and cotton region in Louisiana are favorable.

— There is a firm doing business in St. Louis under the name of "Livepoor & Dierich."

— A ship load of N. Y. adventurers are going to dig gold in the grave-yards of Chitique.

— A Boston firm announces the first direct importation of goods from Japan at that port.

— A slight frost made its appearance in the Northern and Western parts of Michigan, July 27.

— Mt. Vesuvius is still blazing away. Resina and Portici are now thought to be in danger.

— The N. Y. City authorities have determined there shall not be a pig left on Manhattan Island.

— Twenty-eight thousand dollars in premiums are to be awarded at the next State Fair at St. Louis.

— A letter from Gen. Walker announces that he will head another company for Niagara Sept. 15th.

— The Michigan State Prison for the last six months has earned $1,725; $25 more than its expenses.

— It is stated that plumbago, in inexhaustible quantities, has been found about Puzzle mountain, Mo.

— The Buenos Ayres Government have resolved not to molest neutral vessels or goods during the war.

— There are 211,538 free-masons in the United States, and the income of the lodges amounts to $1,450,000.

— Fredonia, N. Y., it is stated by the Gas-Light Journal, is supplied by natural gas which issues from a rock.

— Corn, says the Greenebury (La.) Imperial, sufficiently ripe to grind, was gathered on the 8th of July!

— M. DeLave, the rival of Blondin, succeeded in crossing the Genesee in this city, on a rope, Tuesday week.

— Leavenworth city, Kansas, gives its credit for $100,000 to aid the construction of a railroad to Fort Riley.

— In Detroit, paupers who keep dogs get no aid from the poor-fund. They are expected to keep themselves. Right.

— There were exported from Virginia between October 1st, 1858 and July 1st, 1859, 2,401,719 bushels of oysters.

— The Faculty of Yale College have decided to build a gymnasium for the use of the students, at a cost of $10,000.

— A boy died last week in Plympton, Mass., in consequence of the bite of a mud turtle with which he was playing.

— President Nott, of Union College, is reported as having submitted his resignation to the Board of Trustees.

— The Cincinnati Gazette learns from the wine-growers of Ohio that the grape crop is exceedingly promising.

— A horse mackerel, weighing 614 pounds, was caught in the harbor at Marblehead, Mass., on Wednesday week

— It is rumored that the Rothschild brothers are about to retiring to private life with their literal "world of wealth."

— Florida papers state that the crops of corn and cotton in most portions of that State promise an abundant yield.

— It is currently reported that an American cannot travel in Sonora without being massacred, or robbed of everything.

— There was $3,704,996 worth of copper taken out of the Cliff mine in Lake Superior from its opening in 1846 to 1859.

— The cholera is raging terribly in Japan. It is said that it has carried off several hundred thousand souls in Jeddo alone.

— Two brook trout have been caught in the Androscoggin river in Maine, one weighing ten and the other eight pounds.

— In Ohio, Missouri, North Carolina, Texas, &c., &c., where the grape is most cultivated, the yield promises to be abundant.

— The N. Y. City Inspector cautions the people of that city about buying pork, because so many hogs are dying with the cholera.

— The ship Ocean, Capt. Gifford, arrived at New Bedford last week with 1,900 barrels of sperm oil after 34 months absence.

— Rev. Wm. H. Channing, of Liverpool, Eng., has accepted the call of the Thirteenth Congregational Church in Boston.

— There are 310 churches in Philadelphia free from taxation, the property of which is assessed at nearly four million dollars.

— The State of Missouri is 318 miles long from east to west, and 276 broad from north to south. It contains 67,380 square miles.

— The number of applications for patents during the present year is about 3,990—within 1,500 of the number of those of 1859.

— The Papal government has allowed Mr. Edward N. Perkins, of Boston, $3,400 damages for the robbery of his party at Perugia.

— The Milwaukee News says there is a convention of bankers in that city, to consider the subject of establishing a Clearing House.

— At the Queen's ball in London, recently, the Duchess of Richmond carried $150,000 on her head in the shape of a diamond tiara.

— A convention of 166 delegates has assembled at Denver City to take steps to form Pike's Peak district into "Jefferson Territory."

— The Grand Trunk railway of Canada is discarding all wooden bridges, and substituting iron once of the most endurable character.

— Prof. Agassiz is expected to attend the next meeting of the British Association. The meeting will be held at Aberdeen, in September.

— The Emperor of Austria has commenced trying some of his Generals by Court Martial. Gen. Urban has been dismissed from service.

— It is announced that Charles Dickens intends to visit this country, and read here publicly during the winter, as he has done in England.

— The New Orleans papers are congratulating the city upon the fact that not a single case of yellow fever has occurred this season in that place.

— The clock at Westminster, England, has cost the nation $110,000. Punch says it a strong exemplification of the homely truth, "Time is Money."

— The taxes laid by the British Government this year amount to $145,000,000. Interest on the National Debt $140,000,000; army and navy $180,000,000.

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A Windsor County Farm—Henry Dearborn.
Strawberry Plants for Sale—J. S. Haskins.

THIRTY DOLLARS PER MONTH.—Wanted, good Book Canvassers at $30 per month, and expenses paid. Address S. F. FRENCH & CO., 502-4t 121 Nassau street, New York.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Aug. 22, 1859.

FLOUR is without change, either in price or amount of transactions.

GRAIN—Wheat is beginning to come into market in sufficient quantities to fix rates. The range is from $1,20 to $1,25 for both Genesee and Canadian. Inferior grades of corn are falling off somewhat—prime holds to former rates. No other change in this department.

BEEF is still dull, with a considerable decline in inferior grades. "Tip top" only is sought after at full rates.

WOOL.—We noted the firmness in wool last week, and now chronicle an advance equal to 3 cents ₩ pound for choice samples.

FRUITS AND ROOTS—Apples are quite plenty in market, and a considerable falling off is noted. Potatoes are very plenty and of superior quality—they now sell at 38@50 cents ₩ bushel.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		EGGS, dozen	10c
Flour, wint wheat, $5,50@6,00		Honey, box	16@15c
Flour, spring do $4,50@5,00		Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat, ₩ cwt $0,00		FRUITS AND ROOTS	
Wheat, Genesee $1,25@1,25		Apples, bushel	25@50c
Best white Can'a $1,20@1,25		Apples, dried	$0,00
Corn	53@55c	Peaches, dried, ₩ lb	00c
Rye, 60 lbs. ₩ bu	00@00c	Cherries, dried, ₩ lb	00c
Oats, by weight	32@50	Potatoes, new	38@50c
Barley	00@00c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	50@60	Slaughter	6@6c
Beans	00@00c	Calf	10@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	25c
Pork, mess	$17,00@18,50	Lamb pelts	25@30c
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$7,00@7,50	Clover, bush	$3,50@4,00
Beef, ₩ cwt	$4,50@6,00	Timothy	1,50@2,00
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	5@5c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	7@8c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	10@11c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	38@40c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ₩ pair	00@00c	Coal, Char	10@13c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,12
Butter, roll	14c	Hay, ton	$10,00@16,00
Butter, firkin	12@12½c	Wool, ₩ lb	35@42c
Cheese	8@10c	Whitefish, bbl	$0,00@0,50
Lard, tried	11@12c	Codfish, ₩ quintal	$4,75@5,00
Tallow	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$5,00@5,50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Aug. 22.—FLOUR—Market firmer and 10c ₩ bbl better. Sales at $4,20@4,50 for superfine State; $4,50@4,75 for extra State; $4,25@4,50 for super Western; $4,65@5,00 for common to good extra do; $4,90@5,10 for old; $5,15@5,30 for fair to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio. Canadian quiet; sales at $4,50@4,75 for extras.

GRAIN—Wheat market 1c@2c better. Sales unsound Chicago spring at 70c; new white Ohio at 140c; new white Kentucky, 145@150c; old do, 135; new red Southern 134@136c; new white Southern 140c; old and new red Milwaukee club on p.t. Rye firmer. Sales new at 80c. Barley quiet. Corn scarce and 2@4c ₩ bushel better, sales at 58@59c for old mixed Western from store; 62c for new do, 65c for southern and round yellow. Oats firmer at 39@40c for old State; 40@42c for new do, 37@41c for Western and Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Pork firmer but less active. Sales at $14 37@14,50 for mess; $13,12@13,25 for thin do; $10,12@10,25 for prime. Lard quiet; sales at 10@11c. Butter firm at 13@17c for Ohio; 18@21c for State. Cheese firm at 8½@9½c.

BUFFALO, Aug. 23.—FLOUR—Moderately active, firm, and market unchanged.

GRAIN—Wheat firm. Sales at 75c for red Illinois winter; 79c for old Milwaukee club; prime red Michigan at 114c. Corn—holders have closed, asking an advance of 1c. Sales before New York report of No. 1 Illinois at 68c.

ALBANY, Aug. 22.—FLOUR AND MEAL—The market opened steady with a fair local demand, particularly for fresh ground. We notice a sale of sour at $3,95. Corn meal is quiet at $3,65@3,69.

GRAIN—Wheat firmer, with a limited supply and a fair milling demand. Sales red winter State at $1,11, which is full 5c advance. In other grains nothing transpired. Corn is scarce and wanted, and oats are held at an advance of 2@3c ₩ bushel.

SEED—The supply is very light, and holders are asking a considerable advance.—*Journal.*

TORONTO, Aug. 20.—FLOUR—The market is extremely dull. Holders evince no disposition to come into market, probably in view of higher rates, and buyers there are none. In the absence of any sales of moment, it is impossible to give reliable quotations. Good flour might, we believe, be purchased at $5 ₩ barrel for superfine, $5,25 for fancy, and $5,60 to $6 for extra. It is retailed at $5,75 to $6 ₩ barrel.

GRAIN—A good deal of caution continues to be exercised by buyers, in view of the recent disastrous fluctuations in this market. The wheat now brought forward is of a much better quality and in a better condition than that heretofore offering in market. About 7,0 bushels changed hands yesterday at 85c to 86d ($1 to $1,10)—the outside figures being paid more freely yesterday. Spring wheat has not as yet been offered. It would probably command about 85c bushel. No corn has been bought at 38 ₩ bushel. Barley will, it is believed, be offered in much larger supply this year than last, the high prices of last year having induced farmers to sow largely. A few loads of excellent quality changed hands yesterday at 55 to 58 ₩ bushel. Oats were yesterday selling as low as 25 ₩ bushel in lots of 100 bushels, a large arrival of old oats from Milwaukee having depressed the market.—*Globe.*

OSWEGO, Aug. 22.—FLOUR—In moderate demand for the home, interior and Canadian trade. Sales at $4,50 from new spring wheat; $5,00 from red winter; $5,00 from white winter.

GRAIN—Wheat firm; choice grades held generally above the views of buyers. Sales new Chicago spring No. 1, to arrive, on p. t. Corn in good demand and market unchanged. Sales Illinois at 70c.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Aug. 17.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ₩ cwt., $0,75@10,25; ordinary do, $8,50@9,50; common do, $7,50@8,25; inferior do, $6,00@7,00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@60,00; ordinary do, $40@50; common do, $30,00@40,00; inferior do, $20,00@25,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₩ lb., 6@6½c; ordinary do, 5@5½c; common do, 4@5c; inferior do, 3@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ₩ head, $5,00@6,00; ordinary do, $4,00@4,75; common do, $3,50@4,00; inferior do, $2,00@3,00.

SWINE—First quality, 5½@6c; other qualities, 5½@5½c.

ALBANY, Aug. 22.—CATTLE—The receipts have fallen off nearly 1,000 head from the previous weeks, say since July 11th, and the quality of the present offerings being of the inferior or "scallawag" order, prices have not advanced. Of the 2500 head in market this week, not one third can be classed as good beeves. Many of them cannot be classed as good stores.

We quote prices this week the same as last, the market closing firm

Superior	5 @5¼
First quality	4 @4½
Second quality	3½@3¾
Third quality	3 @3½
Inferior quality	2½@3

SHEEP AND LAMBS—The receipts are heavy and sales dull. Prices, if any change, a shade lower.

HOGS—The receipts are light and the market inactive, all the animals are from this State. About 200 dairy hogs, averaging from 238 to 241 lbs, were sold on Saturday at 5½c ₩ lb., live weight, and one lot of suilers at 6c. They would not bring those prices here to-day. There is one lot still on the market, which could have been sold yesterday at 6¾c, to-day I do not cannot get an offer for them.

MILCH COWS. Very few on the market, and those of ordinary quality, no extra ones offering. Sales at $35,00@35.

CAMBRIDGE, Aug. 17.—At market 1935 cattle, about 1200 beeves, and 735 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market beef—Extra, $7,25@7,75; first quality, $6,25@6,50; second do, $5,75@6,00; third do, $4,50@5,00; ordinary do, $4,3½.

WORKING OXEN—$80, 100@140 ₩ pair.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 37, 40@60.

STORES—Yearlings, $11,00@12,01, two years old, $17,00@21,00, three years old $28,00@32,00.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—5000 at market. Prices—In lots, $1,00@1,50. Extra and Selections, $2,00@2,50@3,00.

HIDES—7½@7¾c ₩ lb. Pelts, 50@62c each.

CALF SKINS—12@13c ₩ lb. Tallow, 7@7½c ₩ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$2 50@7,00.

BRIGHTON, Aug. 18.—At market, 1600 beeves, 400 stores, 5,000 sheep and lambs, and 1,000 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Extra, $8,00@0,00; first quality, $7,75@00,00, second quality, $6,75; third quality, $5,00@0,00.

WORKING OXEN—$100@140.

MILCH COWS—$40@45; common, $18@19.

VEAL CALVES—$2,75 @3,00@4,00.

STORES—Yearlings, $9@12; two years old, $17@24; three years old, $28@32.

HIDES—7¼@7¾c ₩ lb. Calf skins, 13@13c ₩ lb.

TALLOW—Sales at 7½@7½c ₩ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,00@1,50; extra, $2,50@3,00.

PELTS—56@62c each.

SWINE—Spring pigs, 6¾c; retail, 6@8c; stores, wholesale, 6¼c; fat hogs, 6¾c.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 17.—The supply of beef cattle this week was very good, amounting to 1,750 head at the two Drove Yards. The quality of cattle was much better than for several weeks previous, as most of those offered were from Pennsylvania. The market was rather dull, and prices had a downward tendency. Sales were made at from $7¼ to $8¾, $9 and $10 ₩ 100 lbs., only prime cattle realizing the last named figure.

SHEEP—This market continues to be well supplied, the offerings amounting to over 8000. Sales were brisk at prices ranging from 7½ to 8¾ cents ₩ lb., net.

COWS—There is but little demand for this kind of stock, the sales only amounting to 125 head, at prices ranging from $20 to $50 for inferior and prime.

TORONTO, Aug. 20.—Beef is plentiful, and first-class cattle are not worth more than $4,50 to $4,75 ₩ 100 lbs. Inferior cattle are unsalable, and business generally continues dull. Sheep are plentiful at $2,50 to $3,50 each. Lambs are worth 5s 3d to 5s 9d each. Calves are held at $3 to $4 each, with a very limited demand.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—The market for mostly all kinds of wool is very quiet, owing, in part, to the firmness of holders, consequently the sales have been confined to small lots at full previous prices. The majority of the trade now begin to realise that they pursued a wrong course in rushing into the interior at the commencement of the shearing season, and purchasing liberally at the extreme rates current, but the manufacturers assert they have been driven to this expedient by the action of dealers in years gone by, in charging too exorbitant rates. Very many of them, consequently, bought a six months' supply, and some having reduced their production, owing to large importations of goods from abroad, and a declining market for manufactured goods, in consequence, are offering a portion of their purchases in anticipation of buying on more accommodating terms later in the season. But still greater stringency manifests itself in the money market. Men of means will not part with their wool at any essential concession from current prices. Meanwhile the producers are well supplied and will not come into market as early as anticipated, preferring to work up their stock and save-tain more particularly the prospects of the fall trade; that those are encouraging is by no means conceded—hence, the disposition to be *cautious* in the purchase of the raw material in the absence of any desire to speculate. The transactions include 70,000 lbs. native fleeces at 34@35c for common to full blood; 40,000 lbs. pulled at from 30@50c, as to quality; 25 bales Donskoi at 18½c; 75 do Mediterranean, and 100 do Mestizo on private terms. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece, ₩ lb	56@60
Am. full blood Merino	53@55
Am. ¾ and ½ blood Merino	46@49
Am native and ¼ blood Merino	40@44
Extra pulled	45@50
Superfine, pulled	37@43
No. 1, pulled	30@33
California, fine, unwashed	25@32
California, common do	10@13
Peruvian, washed	20@30
Valparaiso unwashed	11@12
S. Am. common, washed	10@13
S. Am Entre Rios, washed	15@18
S. American, unwashed	8@13
S. Am. Cordova, washed	20@23
East India, washed	20@23
African, unwashed	9@13
African, washed	15@23
Smyrna, unwashed	14@18
Smyrna, washed	22@24
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

Tribune.

CHICAGO, Aug. 18.—The market is quiet. Sales to day of half blood fall 12½c, seven eighths blood at 45c, mixed at 40c. The following are the closing prices:

FLEECE—Common native, 31@31c, quarter blood, 33@34c; half blood, 34@40c, three quarter blood, 40@42c, full blood, 43@45½c full blood Saxony, 44@46.

PULLED No 1, 20@25; superfine, 30@35, extra, 35@40; double extra, 40@42.—*Democrat.*

Marriages.

IN Mt. Morris, on the evening of the 17th inst., by the Rev. Dr. L. PARSONS, GARRETT C. TALLMAN and EVA D. WEEKS, eldest daughter of WALTER C. WEEKS, Esq.

Deaths.

IN this city, on Sunday morning, the 21st inst., of consumption, WALTER M. TOMPKINS, aged 33 years.

AT Erie, Pennsylvania, August 5th, 1859, THOMAS MOORHEAD, aged 56 years.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising—Twenty-Five Cents a line, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 37½ cts. per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, leaded—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, IN ADVANCE. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

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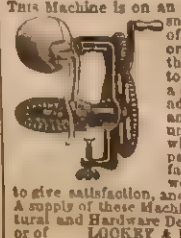

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THE OLD FARM HOUSE.

In a little grove of shade trees
Stands a farm house, brown and old,
With a wreath of vines around it,
Gemmed with flowers of red and gold.
By the path which makes a circle
Of white sand around the lawn,
Grow sweet timothy and clover,
Rosy as a June day dawn.

Round its doors pale morning-glories,
Jump-up-Johnnies, dahlias, pinks,
Cluster o'er crawl beauties,
Married by a thousand links;
Links of love, the work of nature's
Mystery of handicraft,
Links of purity, through which fairy
Argosies of perfume waft.

And the gate that swings before it,
And the fence as white as snow,
Stand in variegated cushions,
Which the sun fire sets aglow,
Crowning them with many colors—
Yellow, purple, green, and blue—
As if rainbows there had fallen,
Melted into sweet dew.

On its roof the greenest mosses
Catch the shadows from the trees;
On its sides red honey-suckles
Make their curtains to the breeze;
And the ever nervous willows,
Standing near the garden's bound,
Throw a web of shade fantastic
On the clover mantled ground.

O'er the well and arch of grape vines,
Formed with heaven directed care,
Chains the shadows to the water,
Making cool the summer air;
And a tiny church, its steeple
Piercing through a bower of leaves,
Is a sure and sacred refuge
Where the wren her carol weaves.

All around is purest beauty,
Crowned with favor from above,
On which angels, from that Aidenn,
Shower admiring smiles of love.
Many years have gathered round it,
Summer's rain and winter's snow,
But it stands as firm and perfect
As it stood in "long ago."

[N. Y. Sunday Times.

Story Teller

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

IN THE COUNTRY.

BY WINNIE WILLIAM.

Chapter I.—A Domestic Discussion.

"The moving accident is not my trade;
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts;
'Tis my my delight, alone in summer shade,
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts."

[*Scene*—Breakfast-room. Family assembled around the table which does not groan *under* its load of eatables as much as his master groans *over* it. Said family, rejoicing in the name of JELIFF, consists of six members, viz.:—JOHN JELIFF—head of family; JANE (myself) wife of head; and JESSY, JIMMY, JACK, and JOSEY, respective children of JOHN and JANE JELIFF.]

"More milk, JANE." Mr. JELIFF passes his coffee-cup. "Nothing but slops, wife—city milk is a humbug."

"What makes you buy slops, pa? I wouldn't if I were you," spoke up JACK, pertly.

"Poor, child, you don't know what milk is," said his father in a compassionate tone, "you never lived in the country. Why, children, I was born and brought up on a farm, and I know what living is. JACK, aren't you ashamed of yourself—reaching after the biggest slice? JOSEY, JOSEY! JANE, can't you tend to that child? Gracious! how those children act! So much for city bringing up!"

JESSY looked up in amazement from the novel lying by her plate, while the boys regarded their father with mouth wide open. During all the fifteen years I had been the wife of JOHN JELIFF, I had never heard him speak so crossly before. He looked pale and thin, too, I hadn't noticed it till then

"Are you sick, JOHN?" I asked.

"Yes—I'm sick of living here," he said, pushing his plate from him. "Since we were married, JANE, I haven't spent but a month in the country. Every summer is passed either in the noisy, stifling city—or a crowded, fashionable watering-place, and I'm sick of it! No wonder the children are so unhealthy. JANE, do you remember that month in the country? I can almost see the blue sky and green grass again."

"Oh, yes, I remember it perfectly well I answered. "I can almost see the frogs, lizards, caterpillars, grasshoppers, and snakes again It was charming!"

Mr. JELIFF looked vexed, and said, "Nonsense, JANE, you know you enjoyed yourself grandly."

"Of course, JOHN, grandly! Wading through long, wet grass; chased by cows and turkey-gobblers; kept awake nights by frog-concerts; and burned and tanned by the sun until I resembled a half Indian. Yes, on the whole, I enjoyed myself grandly"

Mr. JELIFF played with his knife and fork a moment, while a smile played over his features.

"Well, wife, since you enjoyed it so much, suppose we spend a few weeks this summer—*in the country!*"

"It was my turn to look vexed and say "Nonsense!" So I did

"Nonsense, JOHN, you know I almost promised Mrs FITZ JAMES to make one of her party at Newport this season. In the country a great deal, I guess!"

"In the country—*exactly*, my dear I am bent upon going In fact, I have engaged rooms in the coolest old farm house that ever the sun shone upon. What do you say to that, good wife?"

I couldn't say at all, for a minute—then.

"Why, JOHN, you must be crazy It's what will Mrs. FITZ JAMES say?"

"Mrs. FITZ JAMES! who cares what she says?" retored my independent spouse. "She may go to —— grass! that's where *we* are going. So pack up your duds. JESSY, darling, ay aside your novel, you shall study the Book of Nature. And, boys, you shall play tag, go hunting, fishing; go barefoot, live in clover; feast yourselves upon bread and milk, fresh butter, fresh eggs, breathe pure air. Ah! what glorious times we will have in the country!

"I have been there and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below!"

A bright, genial look overspread Mr. JELIFF's face. He pushed back his chair, rose from the table, kissed me good-bye, and was out of the house ere I recovered from my amazement. Never was a wife taken so completely aback. Had I not, only the day before, said boastfully to my aristocratic friend, "Of course, Mrs. FITZ JAMES, I shall be one of your party as usual. Mr JELIFF never opposes any of my plans. He would accompany me to Flanders, if I but said the word!" And I remembered that Mrs. FITZ JAMES replied with one of her gracious smiles, "Indeed, my dear! what a happy wife you must be. When we were first married, Mr. FITZ JAMES tried to exercise what he called a 'husband's rightful authority;' but—but, my dear, there is a great deal in *a wife's skillful management*. As you say, Mr. FITZ JAMES would follow me to Flanders, if I but said the word!"

And I remembered that I then contrasted Mr. FITZ JAMES' meek and hen-pecked appearance with JOHN'S manly look of self-reliance, and inwardly thanked my stars that if JOHN *should* accompany me to Flanders, it would not be *through fear*.

Still, I never felt more certain of anything than of spending the season at Newport. Had I not made all my calculations, and had JOHN ever opposed my wishes? No wonder, then, I was completely astonished when he so cooly defeated my plans without even consulting me. It was too much for my wifely patience to endure, and then—O, crowning thought of all! *what would* Mrs. FITZ JAMES *say?*"

"In the country?" "In the country!" roared three lusty voices. Then followed a series of shouts and yells that more nearly resembled an Indian pow-wow than anything else imaginable. Amidst all the noise were distinguishable the words—"hunting"—"fishing"—"bare-foot"—"hurrah for the country!".

Then JACK began in quite a frantic manner to lay about him with an imaginary rake among imaginary swaths of hay; managing, in the course of his performance, to overturn JOSEY, who fell against the table leg, thereby upsetting the contents of the tea-tray into my lap. This effectually aroused me. I sprang from my seat, and, as any mother would have done under like circumstances, threatened JIMMY with a whipping, boxed JACK's ears; vigorously shook poor, fallen JOSEY, and scolded JESSY for permitting such a noise. I then retired to my room to have a good cry, and arrange a programme for future performances. "Some natural tears I shed," then dried my eyes and began to think. Now, I knew that if JOHN had really engaged rooms for us in some country place, go we must. Then Mrs. FITZ JAMES' words come back to my mind with singular power:—"A wife's skillful management is a great deal!"

Perhaps I could manage JOHN! delightful thought! A vision of Newport and all its pleasures came up before my mental vision. But then, may be JOHN *wouldn't be managed*. "'Ay, there's the rub,'" I cried. "If it's 'to be' in the country, I'll just let JOHN know that, although I bend to his will, I'll not conform to his tastes. He may romp and play with the children until JESSY looks like a dairymaid and the boys resemble young savages, but I won't join in any of their rustics!" With similar amiable resolutions, I whiled away the forenoon until it was dinner-time. Then, dressed with care, I waited for JOHN's footsteps, and met him with a smile on my lips, mentally conning over the words—"A wife's skillful management," etc.

Mr. JELIFF looks very good natured indeed throughout dinner, and I say to myself, wait, JANE, until he has satisfied the demands of his appetite, and then——. And then, sure enough, when dessert is placed upon the table, I open my mouth with,

"What a funny notion you took into your head this morning, JOHN. I presume you are rid of it by this time, but it rendered the children quite frantic for a while. I really had to banish them in order to maintain quiet. How the little dears will enjoy themselves at Newport this summer! The bathing will do them *so much good!* (Here I observed Mr. JELIFF slightly elevate his eye-brows. A bad sign.) By-the-by, dear, don't forget to leave me some money this noon. I have some purchases to make."

"Was it a good idea, JANE?" Mr. J. inquired

"Oh, it did well enough," I answered, indifferently.

"Well, then, we will put it into execution," he rejoined. "Next Monday we will start—for the country! What was that you said about Newport, dear? I hardly think the children will realize much benefit from the bathing this season." And laying a roll of bills by my plate, Mr. JELIFF took himself out of the house. I was very much provoked, but as I did not believe in quarreling and scolding, I determined to put on the best face possible until we were safely arrived "in the country"—*and then—*

So I quietly made my preparations—receiving in the meanwhile a call from Mrs, FITZ JAMES.

"In the country, my dear Mrs. JELIFF! Is that in Flanders?" Ah, such a sarcastic voice. I don't remember what I said, I only know that I blushed and fidgetted very uneasily in my chair, and wished *her* some where else. Then she rolled away in her carriage with an air of lofty disdain—and I went to my room and had a good cry!

"Is it in the country ye are going ma'am?" asked Biddy, "the place where the serpints is!—Saint PATRICK have mercy on us!" And BIDDY flew around the house all day as if half a dozen snakes were at her heels.

Monday came, and at the appointed time we are all safely stowed away in the cars—children, carpet-bags, band boxes and all. A whistle and a snort, and we are off—swiftly whirling away from the noise, and dust, and cares of the great city.

Purer comes the air through the open windows, now and then glimpses of green, little white houses half hid among the trees, dark groves and sparkling little streams. Broader and broader grow the fields, fresher still comes the air; a perfume of clover and sweet-smelling flowers—and we are in the country!

Chapter II.

"Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom.
For sportive youth to stray in,
For manhood to enjoy his strength,
And age to wear away in."

In the country! A roomy, old fash oned farmhouse, with its garden gay with flowers; its fields of waving grain and orchards of fruit-laden trees—this was our home for the summer. We were led into the airy sitting-room by our cheerful, smiling hostess, Aunt POLLY, (I never knew her other name, I hardly think she had any,) and tea was soon served us. I will mention here that Mr. JELIFF *appeared* to enjoy the milk, butter, etc.—I really think he *did*, if one might judge from the quantity he stored away.

"Isn't this a fine place?" querried Mr. J. of me after supper. I replied, "John, you know what I think of the country. Enjoy it if you can, but don't entertain me with any of the rhapsodies, my dear." So JOHN smoked his cigar in silence out upon the piazza that evening, while the boys scampered about like young colts, and JESSY introduced herself to the flowers.

How the children *did* eat that first week. No sleep for their eyes nor slumber for their eyelids after daybreak. Then a tramp of two or three miles before breakfast, to which they returned with appetites that did Aunt POLLY's heart good—did damage to her store of eatables, and completely shocked me. Then they arranged their plans for the day—Mr. JELIFF as much of a child as any of them.

Oh, such huntings for berries and wild flowers—such wadings through brooks—such fishings with pins—such climbings of trees—such comings home with torn clothes, pants rolled up above the knees; and little legs so streaked with mud that it would be difficult to distinguish their original color. Mr. JELIFF was contented; the boys supremely happy, and JESSY—well, she astonished me more than all. Her languishing air and studied walk had disappeared. From morning until evening she was out of doors; playing with her brothers—feeding the hens and chickens—learning to milk—gardening, or strolling in the woods. Hitherto I had prided myself upon her lady-like ways, but one morning looking out of my window, I actually beheld her climbing the barn-yard fence. She caught my look of surprise and said apologetically—"It's the quickest way, mamma, besides we are in the country!"

How did I enjoy myself? Well, for three days I persisted in keeping within doors, notwithstanding the entreaties of husband and children that I would join them in their *sports* I must confess, that at times the temptation was great, but my pride stood in the way. The fourth day, having read every book in the house, I stole out into the garden and busied myself with the flowers. JOHN noticed me and said, smilingly, "You are improving, wife," but I pretended not to hear him. "Put on your bonnet and take a walk," he said, but I declined, and they went without me. So the week passed on, and Sunday came—oh, so calm, so holy, so glorious with sunshine and welcomed in by birdsongs. Soon after day light, little feet carefully tripped down the stairs, and out into the garden; but no noise, no disturbance. And I lay and listened, wondering how one week in the country could have changed the children so. Sunday in the city was their noisiest day.

"You will come with us to church, JANE?" said Mr. JELIFF, and I could not say no; so that bright morning we all started for the country church.—Oh, how still and peaceful—how beautiful in repose seemed this lower world, as we wound our way through green lanes, hearing naught but the twittering of the songsters, the distant lowing of the cattle, and the chimes of the country bells. There was something in all this that moved me strangely, and I turned to my companions. The boys, hand in hand, were walking quietly along—there was a suspicious moisture in JOHN's eyes, and JESSY was softly murmuring to herself,

"Dear is the hallowed morn to me
When village bells awake the day,
And by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away."

We soon reached the church—a simple, unpretending edifice, in the midst of trees and flowers and graves—and the sexton seated us in a large, square pew in the middle isle. Through an open side door we had glimpse of green and blue, the skimmer of silvery water and the golden glory of the sunlight. In doors—the simple, earnest words of the preacher, the hearty responses and united praises of the congregation. I shall never forget That singing—the roof of the old church fairly jarred with

"Be Thou, O God, exalted high"

and I felt—oh, so humbled.

When we were out JOHN turned to me and said, "JANE, I feel just as I used to when a boy, saying my 'Now I lay me' at my mother's knee, with her soft hand upon my head, I fancied I could see the angels then. Here, in God's blessed sunshine I see them now,' and he reverently bared his head. We walked home in silence, but I kept *thinking*.

That evening, while the little ones were sleeping—in the moon lit parlor, with my hand in JOHN's, and JESSY's dear arms around my neck—I surrendered my pride—I acknowledged the country! And I never regretted it.—Never—not even when my aristocratic neighbor placed her delicate sons—her Newport plants—beside my three sun-burned, robust *country* boys, and her slender, pale young daughter, beside my plump, rosy cheeked JESSY. Neither would any mother regret it should she send her little ones out into the "green pastures"—out into the healthy, innocent enjoyments of a happy country life. I have given up trying to "manage" JOHN—I think it is a foolish practice, and one that is productive of much unhappiness. I have only to say that Mrs. FITZ JAMES still spends her summers at Newport, and we—my pen loves to write it—*In the Country*.

Wit and Humor.

A RICH BILL OF FARE. The following is the bill of fare at the Surf House, Fire Island, which a cotemporary suggests, reminds one of Doesticks' famous beer programme:

"Our food consists of fish and clams, oysters, lobsters, fish chowder, clam chowder, oysters fried, roasted, boiled, and stewed, and raw, roasted clams, stewed clams, fish and clams, fish and oysters, oysters and fish, fish and clams, and clams and fish, oysters and clams, clams and oysters and fish; lobsters and clams, and clams and lobsters; oysters and lobsters, and lobsters and oysters; lobsters and fish, and fish and lobsters, and FISH."

PRINTERS' ERRORS are sometimes laughable. A young clergyman printed a sermon, the subject of which was the necessity for moderate and rational relaxation, in which occurred the passage, "Men should work and play too." The simple want of a stroke ruined it, and the religious world was scandalized by reading, "Men should work and play loo!"

"PAPA," said a little boy to his parent one day, "are not sailors very small men?" "No, my dear," answered the father; "pray, what leads you to suppose that they are so very small?" "Because," replied the young idea, smartly, "I read the other day of a sailor going to sleep in his watch."

A BUTCHER presented a bill for the tenth time to a rich skinflint. "It strikes me," said the latter, "that this is a pretty round bill." "Yes," replied the butcher, "I've sent it round often enough to make it appear so; and I have called now to get it squared."

A DANDY, who wore a great profusion of diamond rings, was one day flourishing his fingers before Robert Brough, the dramatist, with the idea of impressing him. "I say," said Brough, "I'd rather have your hands than your head. I know which could be turned to the best account."

CANDID.—A fashionable visitor thus addressed a little girl:—"How do you do, my little dear?" "Very well, I thank you," she replied. The visitor then added, "Now, my dear, you must ask how I do." The child honestly replied, "I don't want to know!"

"I AM rejoiced, my dear wife, to see you in such good health," said Sparks to his wife. "Health?" was the quick retort; "why, I have had the plague ever since I was married."

"WHAT a bad light these candles give," said Tom to his wife. "Yes, they have just come in," was her reply; to which he rejoined, "Just come in—I should think they had just *gone out*."

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 48 letters.

My 26, 6, 11, 23, 48, 17 is a county in Pennsylvania.

My 30, 31, 27, 34, 48 was a Vice-President of the United States.

My 1, 29, 40, 20, 45, 37, 4 was a great American painter.

My 16, 7, 9, 31, 18, 4, 5, 25 is "wisdom applied to practice."

My 51, 1, 8, 22, 24, 39, 22, 40 was a Chief Justice of the United States.

My 28, 1, 29, 27, 4, 31, 48 was a famous astronomer.

My 34, 1, 4, 12, 14, 32, 9, 20 was a celebrated Latin poet.

My 5, 21, 27, 24, 37, 21, 19 is an animal of Switzerland.

My 44, 46, 5, 24, 48 was a President of Hayti.

My 13, 12, 31, 31, 40, 47 was a celebrated financier.

My 16, 35, 39, 45, 13, 44 is the surname of an ex-Governor of Pennsylvania.

My 37, 28, 42, 30, 2 is a town in New York.

My 11, 24, 1, 14, 18, 20 was a distinguished Milesian astronomer.

My 45, 24, 33, 42, 47, 45 is the chief seat of the religion of Buddha.

My 5, 35, 39, 36, 41, 4, 12, 33, 34 was a city of Italy which was taken by Cæsar shortly after he passed the Rubicon.

My 31, 1, 31, 10, 3, 15, 8 was a celebrated navigator.

My 24, 33, 23, 14 was a celebrated American naval officer.

My whole is a familiar quotation.

Mt. Vernon, Mich., 1859. J. MILTON JOHNSTON.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

B AND C purchased 1,200 acres of land at $1 per acre, each paying $600. Sometime after, C, on viewing it, offers to take a certain square piece at $175 per acre to the amount of his advance, to which B consents. How many acres will each have, what is the length of each side of C's lot, and what does B's part cost him per acre? J. J. W.

Harmony, Chaut. Co., N. Y., 1859.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

POETICAL PROBLEM.

If twenty sheep eat seven tons
And a half a ton of hay,
Ten lambs consume one-seventh as much.
And twenty pounds *each day*;
How much will ninety sheep and lambs
Eat in a winter's time,
If half the lambs exceed the sheep
By twenty-four less nine?

Kalamo, Mich., 1859. TEMPLAR.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RIDDLE.

My first is a king for resplendency noted,
While my second to that which he rules;
My whole to my first long ago was devoted,
But is now desecrated by fools.

Sterling, Jo. Co., 1859. W. H. W.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 501.

Answer to Historical Enigma:—Samuel Finley Breese Morse.

Answer to Geometrical Problem—207 84-100 acres.

Answer to Enigma.—Fair-we-at-her.

Advertisements.

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MAY WHEAT.
HILL WHEAT.
MEDITERRANEAN WHEAT.
WHITE KENTUCKY WHEAT.

We are storing some of our [illegible] and general varieties of the above [illegible] by Mississippi and Louisiana [illegible] Wheat, which we prefer [illegible] to that the seeds [illegible] to the eastern states [illegible]

"May Wheat" [illegible] known in Kentucky, [illegible] to [illegible] Under the [illegible] plump, heavy and [illegible] half the stock from which [illegible] braked St. Louis Produce [illegible]

"Hill Wheat" [illegible] Mediterranean [illegible] Acres headed, [illegible] and plump.

"Mediterranean Wheat" [illegible] quire description, but from several [illegible] convinced the use of Kentucky or [illegible] hasten the crop several days.

COHN & CO.,
Produce Com. Merchants,
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BRING DOWN THAT STREAM OF PURE Water to the house. Farm and lot fields. Use the Water Pipe made by I. S. Harris & Co., [illegible] the oldest and best known in the world. Made of Pure [illegible] and properly laid will bear any required pressure and be [illegible] indestructible. Address I. S. HORTON & CO.,
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STONE YARDS—FOR 1859.—RATHBUN & WHITMORE have always on hand a good supply of Lockport and Medina Stone, Caps, Sills, Platforms, Steps, Posts, Well and Cistern Covers, Curb or Paving and Building Stone, Flagging, all sizes, Fire Proof Vaults, &c. They will contract for Street Improvements, generally at home or abroad, and fill all orders on short notice, addressed to THOMAS RATHBUN, Buffalo, Wm WHITMORE, Lockport, or to the subscriber, Pittsford St. Bridge, Rochester.
454we WM. CARSON, Agent.

MANNY'S COMBINED
REAPER AND MOWER,
WITH WOOD'S IMPROVEMENT.
For the Harvest of 1859.

The subscriber begs to inform the public that he continues to manufacture this popular machine and [illegible] himself to produce an implement that will fully sustain its former reputation as the best combined machine yet introduced, and far [illegible] to none, either as a Reaper or Mower.

It has had a steadily and increasing popularity from the first, achieving a complete success in the first important trial at Geneva in 1852. It received [illegible] of the highest honors at the great National Field Trial at Syracuse in 1855, and amidst all the competition and trials of 1858, came out with more and better established points of excellence than ever before.

The general principles peculiar to this machine, and upon which it is constructed, have proved so successful that there has been no attempt to change them.

The main effort during the last year has been to improve its mechanical construction, to make it stronger and more durable, and sustain its reputation as the leading and most acceptable machine to the largest class of farmers in the country.

Warranted capable of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass or grain per day, in a workmanlike manner.

Price of Machine as per [illegible] according to width of cut, and the adaptation [illegible] and sizes to different sections of the country, from $130 to $150, delivered here on the cars. WALTER A. WOOD,
Manufacturer and Proprietor, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

BENNETT GRAY, Brockport,
WM. HENRY HARMON, Scottsville,
462-tf Agents for Monroe County, N. Y.

WOOD'S MOWER.—
Patented February 23d, 1859.

During the six years I have been engaged in the manufacture of the Manny Combined Reaper and Mower, I have given much thought and attention to the construction of what I foresaw would be a great want of the Farmers—a lighter and cheaper machine expressly for mowing, than had yet been made.

And now, after the most thorough and repeated experiments and tests in every variety of field and in all kinds and in every condition of grass, I am prepared, with entire confidence, to offer to the farmers and dealers of the United States, the great *desideratum* in this department of Agricultural labor saving machines—a Mower, superior in its capacity for good work to any hitherto introduced, of easy draft, light, cheap, and durable.

This machine I now offer as my latest invention, to meet a special want of farmers, and to place within the reach of all, a Mower that for practical working, cheapness and simplicity, will be without a rival.

I build Two Horse and One Horse Mowers. The Two-Horse Mower [illegible] and is [illegible] (or nearly [illegible] understood). The [illegible] and cuts [illegible] wide, (six feet), and cuts [illegible] feet wide.

For a more full description [illegible] reference is made to my Pamphlets, which will be [illegible] on application. With each machine will be [illegible] two extra sections, one [illegible] and one cam.

Warranted capable of cutting ten acres of grass per day in a workmanlike manner.

Price of Two Horse Mower . $90
One Horse Mower . 70

Delivered here on the cars.

I am [illegible] as heretofore, and with greater success than at any previous time, the manufacture and sale of "Manny's Patent Combined Reaper and Mower with Wood's Improvement." WALTER A. WOOD,
Manufacturer and Proprietor, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

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462-tf Agents for Monroe County, N. Y.

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D. B. DeLAND,

Acknowledging the favor and patronage which have been bestowed upon him by the Trade and others, since the commencement of his enterprise, respectfully informs all patrons and the public generally, that with greatly increased facilities he continues to manufacture in a superior article of

SALERATUS, PURE CREAM TARTAR, BI CARBONATE OF SODA, SAL SODA, &c.

The above articles will be sold in all varieties of packages, as as low prices as they are afforded by any other manufacturer, and in every case warranted pure and of superior quality. Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled.

☞ Consumers of Saleratus, Cream Tartar, and Bi Carbonate of Soda should be careful to purchase that having the name of D. B. DeLAND on the wrapper, as they will thus obtain a pure article.

Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y. 439wtf

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Illustrated Price Lists and Circulars furnished on application. Please call and examine them at our

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469 and 470 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.
439wtf BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO

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THE LARGEST CIRCULATED

Agricultural, Literary and Family Weekly,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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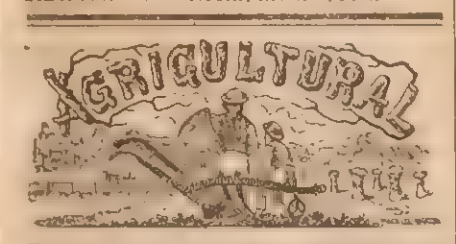


HARVESTING CORN, &c.

CORN, BEANS and POTATOES are the principal crops that now remain to be harvested. A few weeks since we gave the best methods of harvesting beans, so far as we have learned it from observation and experience, for we have spoiled a great many by bad weather and bad management at harvest. As this is a matter of a good deal of importance, now that this crop is being pretty largely cultivated, and is not very well understood, we ask any of our readers who may have been successful, or who may know of a better plan than that recommended, to give us the benefit of their experience.

The large potato growers we know are looking anxiously for a machine that will dig potatoes by horse power, but though we have seen several, and have endeavored to use some of them, we know of none that we can now recommend for this purpose. We saw half-a-dozen, perhaps, at the last State Fair, but of the working of most of them we have seen nothing, nor have we received any favorable reports. Digging forty or fifty acres of potatoes with the hoe, fork, or potato-hook, is a slow, tedious, and expensive operation, and there is a great necessity for a cheaper and more speedy way. Improvements have been made on some of the patent "*potato diggers*," during the past season, and they will be exhibited, no doubt, in large numbers at our State Fair at Albany, and at other Fairs. Committees, before awarding a premium to any, we hope will demand a trial in the field, the same as with reapers and mowers.

In this climate, and in fact in all the Northern States, the whole of a fair season is required to ripen corn, and it is often injured by the late frosts of Spring and the early frosts of Autumn. The ripening of corn may be hastened by cutting off the tops above the ears, but we have no doubt this earlier ripening is obtained at the expense of the crop. Many of the leaves that prepare the crude sap that passes up the stalk for making corn, are above the ears, and the removal of any large portion of these before the ears are perfectly formed, deprives them of their nourishment and detracts from their value. Sometimes, however, where corn is late and frost almost certain before ripening, it may be good economy. Removing the tassel only might hasten ripening a little, without any injury.

When the season will permit, there is no better way for the grain than allowing the corn to grow unmolested until fully ripe. The stalks by this method are of less value than if cut earlier at the root and placed in stooks, but no doubt more is gained in grain than is lost in value of stalks. As a general rule, however, we think the best way is to cut the corn at the surface of the ground when the grain has become glazed, or hard upon the outside, and put it immediately into stooks, where the grain will ripen off well and the stalks will cure finely. By this plan the grain is in a great measure protected from early frosts, and it no doubt appropriates to its use a portion of the sap already in the plant, and some even contend that the plant absorbs nutriment from the atmosphere to aid in the perfection of the grain.

The time of cutting corn is a matter of great importance. If cut too early shrinkage is the consequence, and it loses weight and nutrition, and if allowed to remain in the ground until after frost, unless fully ripe, the sap becomes vitiated, and great loss of both grain and stalks is the effect. It is better to cut too early than to run too great a risk; and where appearances indicate severe weather, harvesting should commence. We allude to this subject only to give a few practical hints, and our correspondents can write on no more useful subjects at this time than the best means of securing the crops that remain to be harvested.

YOU'RE GOING, OF COURSE.

"GOING WHERE?" Why, to the Fair. September is with us once again, and the season of Agricultural Exhibitions has fully set in. Years ago we asked *if you were ready*—if the stock was in condition to be looked at and admired—if you were not possessed of the best samples of grain and roots in the country, and intended to take "First Premiums" for the same—if the "better-half" had not completed such specimens of her handiwork as would make the hungry crowd look with longing eyes, and such "comfortables" as would compel bachelordom to envy your happy possession, and drive them to—matrimony. But the day for such a query is over; you acknowledge the utility of these annual gatherings, and *we* take it for granted that you will be there—the *boys* expect it, and you're going, of course.

"What's the use? I've been there time and again, and all is hurly-burly. I could never get any good, and don't believe I ever benefited any one by my presence," remarks my left-hand neighbor. Then you are the very individual that *needs to go once more*, and when you do, just alter *your* usual mode of procedure on such occasions. We write it *your mode*, for if your statement be not at variance with fact, the evil lies at your own door. If there is one place more than another at which the farmer may drink from the fount of agricultural knowledge, and one period possessing superior advantages, that place is at your County Fair, and that time during any of these Farmers' Holidays. It is the duty of the farmer to create a desire for investing his Home Exhibition with those features that will aid in the promotion of its interests, and will redound to the welfare of the section which claims him as a resident, and he cannot perform this duty acceptably as long as he deprives the Society of the influence exerted by his presence.

In addition to being there himself, the family have "rights" which should be recognized. The household need relaxation from every-day cares, and such opportunity for recreation as the occasion affords. If the "*head*" never received any valuable information, who can say but the perceptive organs of the wife are better developed, and that her bump of acquisitiveness will appropriate an idea worth many dollars to the domestic circle in coming time. A nice roll of butter, a loaf of excellent bread, or any of the *et ceteras* so dexterously produced by female fingers, are wonderfully promotive of a *healthy* ambition, and your wife and daughters will soon be rivaling those who bore away the prize.

Having made a special plea for the "last best gift," we can't pass over the *boys*. That would never answer, as we have a good deal of youthful blood in our veins, though some ill disposed persons contend that the indications of age are plainly observable. No, *we* will not forget those who are to be the farmers of the future, and if the *father* overlooks their title to recognition on these particular occasions, we hold ourselves in readiness to get up a revolution. What has your son to bring forward as the result of his toil and care? Has he had a spot of ground on which to expend his energies in the development of any product? Did you give him a colt or a yoke of steers to train and "*educate for good?*" If there is something on the farm known as "*his*," then we say 'tis well; but if not, you are behind the times, and the sooner you get *steam up and propel*, the better. Where boys are thus led to take an interest in things around them, we seldom, *very* seldom, hear of their forsaking the "homestead" and seeking a livelihood amid the artificialities of city life. Boys that are rightly *used*, will, nine times out of ten, stick to the farm; it is those who are *abused* that leave the spot which to them was a home only in name. The agriculturist whose lads perform any of the labors of the farm, and who does not give to them something as a return therefor, something to call forth energies that would otherwise remain latent—bands that unite the young heart to the interests of the hearthstone—commits not only a grievous error but wrongs his children.

As the propriety and utility of attending our Agricultural Exhibitions have been admitted, a few words relative to a course of action upon the grounds may prove practical, at least to that class who "have never been benefited." With the majority of our shows, it is utterly futile to attempt obtaining a view of all there is to be seen. He who makes this experiment, sees nothing, hears nothing, and knows nothing, compared with what he might see, hear, and learn, if he devoted the greater portion of his time to some specialty. Passing through the varied departments with a rush, the glance can be but superficial, and the information acquired imperfect. Before setting out, just look over the farm and find out in what particular branch a change for the better is most needed. If defects are most apparent among the stock, scrutinize very closely the animals upon exhibition, and find out all that is possible in regard to blood, rearing and keeping; if in grain, look well at the samples offered in competition and ascertain varieties, modes of culture, yield, period of ripening, hardiness, enemies, etc. Thus passing away the time, and interchanging experiences frankly and fully, a thousand-fold of good may be acquired, and the County Fairs will attain the position they ought to occupy, becoming avenues of intelligence for those whose interests they were intended to protect and advance.

ICE-HOUSES.

IN previous years we have given directions for building ICE-HOUSES and keeping ice, but there is still a great demand for information on the subject from the thousands who have become readers of the RURAL within the past year or two. We are therefore constrained to give full information on this subject, and in doing so we shall give some things that have heretofore appeared in our columns.

It would be useless at this time to talk of ice as a luxury, for of late years it has become almost a necessity. One pound of good hard butter is worth more, when placed on the table, than two pounds of warm, oily stuff, such as those have to content themselves with who cannot procure ice. Then there is nothing more refreshing of a warm day than a glass of ice water. It also enables us to preserve meats, &c., from becoming injured in the warmest weather, giving us in the ice-house the temperature of the frozen regions, while without we are enduring an almost tropical heat. This catching and imprisoning Jack Frost, and compelling him to do us good service in hot weather, is a grand idea. If left in freedom he would leave us at the time his services were needed, and the only time when his company is particularly agreeable. To answer some inquiries as to the surest and cheapest method of keeping him with us all the summer, is our present object. Those who live in cities or large villages can generally procure ice from the dealers who save it in large quantities, in supply every day sufficient for family use, at from $3 to $10 the season, according to the quantity used. This is of course the cheapest way of obtaining ice, but farmers are compelled to save their own or do without it. As a store-room for meat and other perishable provisions, the ice-house is of great value to the farmer.

Building a house for preserving ice is a very simple work, and yet there are a few important facts that all should learn before commencing, or their labor may be in vain. We shall endeavor briefly and plainly to point out the most important of these. DAMP and HEAT are the two great agents of thawing, and the first endeavor must be to counteract these by every means in our power. For the first, ventilation is necessary, and for the latter, the most non-conducting material available must be used for the house. The old plan of building ice-houses under ground was bad, as it was almost impossible to secure good drainage and sufficient ventilation to arrest the dampness which is sure to exist in all underground rooms or houses. Then the ground is too good a conductor of heat, and communicates its heat very readily to other bodies, much more so than even the air.

The BEST PLACE for an ice-house is above ground, on a gravelly subsoil, where good, natural drainage can be had, so that the water that forms as the ice melts will pass off freely. The best material is wood, though brick is good enough where it can be obtained more readily than wood. The walls should be made double, by boarding both on the outside and inside of the frame timbers. The space between the inside and outside boards should be filled with some non-conducting material. Charcoal dust is an excellent non-conductor; dry tan-bark, or sawdust, will do very well, and if neither of these can be procured, straw will answer a very good purpose. Where the natural drainage is not first-rate, drains must be dug and filled up with stones. If left open the cold air will pass through them very freely, and its place be supplied by warm air from above. Ice keeps best in large masses, and for several reasons. In a large body there is much less surface exposed in proportion to the whole. Melting

ICE-HOUSE—ELEVATION

ice absorbs and renders latent a large amount of heat, so that the thawing of a part helps preserve that which remains. Those who have built ice-houses that failed to furnish a supply all the summer, will find that by simply enlarging the house say one-third, the additional quantity of ice will be preserved, unless there is some radical defect in its construction, of which they can judge on reading the principles we have presented. A house twelve feet each way on the ground, and eight or ten feet high, is large enough for any family, and even for two or three families, and yet it is as small as we would recommend any one to build, as the cost and trouble is but little more than for a house just large enough, and the supply is certain.

Where the drainage is good a board floor is not necessary, and we think they are not used in any of our large ice-houses, though in most cases it would be best to lay down a loose floor a few inches from the surface of the ground. If a quantity of brush was first laid down and covered with straw, and the floor put over this, it would make the work complete. If a board floor is not used, there should be at least a foot or eighteen inches of straw, but a few inches on the boards will be sufficient. The ice made in the early part of the winter, and that which has been subjected to no change from freezing to thawing, is the best. It should be sawed out in square cakes as uniform in size and thickness as possible. All snow, and ice formed from half-melted snow, should be rejected, as it will not keep. After one layer is put down, the crevices should be filled with pounded ice, and this should be continued until the house is filled, when the whole will freeze into a solid mass. A few inches of straw should be placed between the walls of the house and the ice, and this should be done while the house is being filled. Then cover the whole with a foot or so of straw, and the work is done. An opening must be made in the roof for ventilation.

For the sake of convenience, the ice-house should be near the dwelling, and where desirable it may be made quite ornamental at a very little expense. In this connection we give a plan of a very pretty house built by LEWIS F. ALLEN, of Buffalo. The posts of this house, it will be seen by the plan, are on the outside. This makes a very strong building. When the boards are nailed outside of the posts, they sometimes burst off, particularly when filled with any fine material, like charcoal or tan-bark. The following is Mr. A.'s description of the manner of building his house:

"Mark out your ground the size you require for the house; then, commencing at the one corner, dig, opposite each other, a double set of holes, one foot deep, and two and a half feet apart, on each side of the intended building, say three feet equidistant, so that when the posts stand up they will present a double set, one and a half feet apart.—Then set in your posts, which should be of oak, chestnut, or some lasting wood, and pack the earth firmly around them. If the posts are sawed, they may be 4 by 6 inches in size, set edgeways towards each other. If not sawed, they may be round sticks cut from the woods, or split from the body of a tree, quartered—but sizable, so as to appear decent—and the insides facing each other as they stand up, lined to a surface to receive the planking. Of course, when the posts are set in the ground, they are to show a square form, or skeleton of what the building is to be when completed. When this is done, square off the top of each post to a level, all around; then frame, or spike on to each line of posts a plate, say six inches wide, and stay the two plates together strongly, so as to form a double frame. Now plank, or board up closely, the *inside* of each line of posts, that the space between them shall be a fair surface. Cut out, or leave out a space for a door in the centre of the side where you want it, two and a half or three feet wide, and six and a half feet high, and board up the inner partition sides of this opening, so as to form a door-casing on each side, that the space between the two lines of posts may be a continuous box all around. Then fill up this space between the posts with moist tan-bark, or saw-dust, well packed from the ground up to the plates; and the body of the house is inclosed, sun-proof, and air-proof, to guard the ice.

Now lay down, inside the building, some sticks—not much matter what, so that they be level—and on them lay loose planks or boards, for a floor. Cover this floor with a coating of straw, a foot thick, and it is ready to receive the ice.

For the roof, take common 3 by 4 joists, as rafters; or in place of them, poles from the woods, long enough, in a pitch of 35° from a horizontal line, to carry the roof at least four feet over the outsides of the plates, and secure the rafters well, by pins or spikes, to them. Then board over and shingle it, leaving a small aperture at the top, through which run a small pipe, say eight inches in diameter—a stove crock will do—for a ventilator. Then set in four posts, say two feet high—as in the design—throw a little four-sided, pointed cap on to the top of these posts, and the roof is done. If you want to ornament the under side of the roof, in a rude way—and we would advise it—take some pieces of 3 by 4 scantling, such as were used for the roof, if the posts are sawed stuff—if not, rough limbs of trees from the woods, to match the rough posts of the same kind, and fasten them to the posts and the under side of the roof, by way of brackets, as in the design."

VERY CHEAP ICE-HOUSE.—A subscriber of Rockford, Illinois, sends us the following plan for a cheap Ice-House:—"For the benefit of those who wish to enjoy a little cool luxury during long, hot summer days, I send you the plan of a cheap Ice-House in which I kept ice from February to October, using from it every day after warm weather commenced. Nailed up a pen, 10 by 12 feet, four feet on the ends, seven feet on the sides, leaving the gable ends open—the ground descended about one foot in twelve—filled in saw-dust about six or eight inches deep—sawed the ice as square as possible with a cross-cut saw, and packed it in, leaving a space of a foot on the sides all around. Pounded the cracks between the ice full of fine ice; filled the space around with saw-dust, stamping it down so as to make it close as possible; then covered the whole 12 or 15 inches deep with saw-dust and put on the roof. After warm weather commenced I generally went over it once a week to see if there was any melting; if there was I pounded the place full of saw-dust. This house will hold from 2½ to 3½ cords. If it is allowed to freeze solid, more will be wasted than used. I have tried that plan, but if left as it is packed you can roll out a block and saw off with a hand-saw as much as is wished."

A friend in Seneca Falls writes—"We have kept ice for two seasons past in our wagon-house, taking up the floor in one corner and making what you might call a large bin, about nine feet square, extending from the ground up to near the chamber floor, but not quite, leaving room for a free circulation of air above the covering of the ice and the floor overhead.

There was slope enough to the bottom for thorough druinage, which is an important matter, in my opinion, as well as the open space above. We placed in the bottom about a foot thick of saw-dust and turner's shavings, then some loose boards for

the ice to rest upon, and piled it up in the centre, leaving a space all around of fifteen or sixteen inches between the ice and sides of the tun, until we had cut two horse loads in, when we filled in the sides with saw dust and shavings from the planing mill, tramped it down solid, covered the ice well on top with same material, and had nothing more to do with it until we wanted to get it for use, which was a very easy matter, having of course left a door or opening from the wagon-house into the ice room."

MEDITERRANEAN WHEAT.

Ed. Rural.—As it is generally believed that wheat can again be sown with a prospect of success at least some varieties—in localities where heretofore, for quite a number of years, it has been destroyed or greatly injured by the wheat midge, and as an unusual quantity of land for the times will be sown to wheat this season, it is important that we sow a kind or variety that is the least liable to be injured by the midge—for the reason that it may so happen that by another season the midge will not be counted "among the missing."

In the Rural, I think in 1851, in an Editorial article relative to the appearance and best course to pursue with a view to evade the wheat midge, farmers were advised to sow the Mediterranean or some early variety. But as the Mediterranean could not be called white wheat, and as the heads were "thinly set," and as it was mostly sown after spring crops the same season, and on land unfavorable to the growth of wheat, it generally made a poor appearance, both in the field and in the granary, and of course farmers were not anxious to adopt it for cultivation. However, as it is found to be so early as not to be materially injured by the midge, and the success attending its better cultivation for the last few years, which has resulted in the production of forty bushels to the acre, sufficient to satisfy a *very* ambitious wheat grower, would seem to suggest the propriety of waiting a little longer before sowing the Soules', or any other late or untried variety on a "large scale." It is believed to be the best policy to "let well enough alone," and do as David Crockett said, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." Moreover, Mediterranean wheat is said to be hardy, and improving in many respects by cultivation in this climate. The head of this variety, which is thinly set, is observed to be long in proportion.

Two years ago one of my neighbors sowed early on *wheat land*, (well prepared by plowing four times and manuring,) seed of the Soules' variety, which made a good growth, but the midge shared so largely that he *gathered* only about as much as he sowed. Another farmer in this town, who raises several hundred bushels of wheat annually, has not grown less than 25 bushels of Mediterranean to the acre in many years. For the last two years we have grown about the same amount of to the acre of Mediterranean as of other varieties in former times. J. J.

East Shelby, Orleans Co., N. Y., August 18, 1859.

TENNESSEE MAY WHEAT.

Eds. Rural.—I notice your call for further reports of the success of the early varieties of wheat. I delayed mine, waiting to thresh, and now find a yield of 25 bushels per acre, which, considering that it was sowed after corn, (23d Sept.,) without manure, I regard as a satisfactory yield.

The proper name for it (sample inclosed) is *Tennessee May Wheat*. I have compared samples with John Johnston, of Seneca, near Geneva, who calls his Missouri wheat. He says they are identical. The berry is small, color amber, or between red and white, straw stiff and short. This variety will bear to be sown upon stronger land than the Mediterranean. When sown, the 25th of September, it was ready to cut 8th July. It seems inclined to head out very early, (some of mine was in full head on the 10th of May,) which I think will be its principal advantage over the Mediterranean in escaping the midge. I suppose that there is not a question about its flouring qualities, as it is well understood that the fancy brands of early Southern flour are made from wheat of this variety. I do not think it will be likely to yield quite as heavy as the Mediterranean, or other coarse kinds, but should it prove earlier upon further trial, will be valuable, as the midge, even this season, were very abundant in all late spots in fields of the different kinds of wheat grown about here, but came too late to do much damage. James White.

Palmyra, N. Y., Aug. 23, 1859.

THE DAYTON WHEAT.

Mr. Moore:—I saw in the last Rural an inquiry concerning the new varieties of wheat. I can only state to you what little experience I have had for the last two seasons in growing the Dayton. I obtained it in Ohio, and sowed it the last days of September; the result was, it was fit to harvest as early as the Mediterranean. The last season I sowed the 1st and 2d days of September—I harvested July 14th. The yield the present season has been good—from 30 to 47 bushels per acre. While the Mediterranean was all down, the Dayton stood up and was nice harvesting, that I think is one very important item for every farmer, and another is it belongs to the white variety of wheat. Mine has been grown on land previously planted to corn, then barley, then wheat, and rather light land at that, with but little manure, and the yield this year is 30 bushels to the acre for 13 acres.

Jerusalem, Seneca Co., N. Y., 1859. L. Braden.

"WHAT KILLED THE BEES?"

Messrs. Editors:—In the Rural of June 11th, R. S., of Waverly, Pa., gives his experience in bee keeping, says—"For years I had forty five swarms of bees and in two winters they all died leaving plenty of honey. They did not freeze, nor did the mice kill them. Can you or any of your readers tell the cause?"

I would say that, although there are various causes why swarms of bees die in winter, while plenty of honey remains in the hive, and although his bees did not freeze, it is more than possible that cold was the cause of their dying, though indirectly, and that they died of starvation in the midst of plenty. A verdict of serious and mysterious import, I confess. One of the two winters in which R. S. lost his bees, was that long to be remembered winter of 1842-3, at least it was such to many apiarians, which, for its long continued intense cold, proved the most disastrous to this class of animals since 1816. The season of 1842, however, was unfavorable from a different cause. I will here give my views of the cause of many swarms of bees dying in winter, nearly in the words that I gave them in answer to a similar inquiry in the *N. E. Farmer*, a number of years ago.

Evidence that cold is the cause of swarms of bees dying in winter while plenty of honey remains in the hive, and where there is no other apparent cause, is found in the fact that it is more frequently the case that small swarms (those of few in number) die in winter, than large swarms, the consequence of there not being sufficient animal heat produced in the hive to keep out the frost, or the honey sufficiently warm. And as the animal heat produced, (sometimes called the breath of bees,) ascends to the top of the hive, making that part of the hive warmest, the bees also ascend or cluster close in the upper portion of the brood comb and among the comb (capped or otherwise) directly above the main cluster, but after they have eaten all the honey in that part of the hive which they occupy, they make a move for more; and by the latter part of winter they must pass or move to outer portions of the comb. But if the weather continues cold, and as the honey which remains is more distant from the bees, the comb is found so cold that it cannot be uncapped by them, and so covered with frost that a portion of the bees run about the hive as though to find some new way to get at the honey, when they become chilled, and fall to the bottom of the hive, where a greater degree of cold prevents their making another move except a few, being attracted by the light at the door, make their way out and fall into the snow; and thus they daily decrease in number, until they become so much reduced that the remaining few are found chilled or frozen in the cells. I have noticed that where bees die in this predicament, the cells in a portion of the comb, instead of being uncapped, are cut through at the sides, as a last resort, this I have noticed is the case with young swarms only, as in such hives the comb is thinnest and softest. But bees seldom live when brought to this great strait. To prevent them from dying from this cause, is (of course) to protect them better from cold. Bees sometimes die from this cause during the first few weeks of freezing weather, if they are very few in number and much exposed to cold. J. J.

Orleans Co., N. Y., 1859.

MORE ABOUT DOGS.

Some sensible man in the Buckeye State, avows his purpose to carry dogs into politics. He says the question with farmers is, "Sheep or Dogs—it can't be both," and declares his determination to support no man for the Legislature who is not sound on dogs. And why not make it a test question elsewhere? Many a farmer is deterred from keeping sheep at all; and many who do keep them, spend wakeful hours because of the multitude of sneaking, thieving curs that roam at large in quest of the needful food which their doggish owners fail to provide for them. If there is a *meaner* man in the community than the actual thief, it is he who sleeps complacently while his dog is unkennelled, and liable to sally forth, scatter terror and death among his neighbor's flocks, and rob them of what is justly theirs. The *man* will not insult you with a plea of innocence and pretended regret, but says to himself "catch me if you can," but the creature who suffers his dog to steal for him, "is sorry, but don't believe after all that it was *his* dog, that particular hound having always borne an unquestionable character." There is scarcely a dog in the country, however odorous in scent, lank in form, or surly, or stealthy in visage, that is not a pink of innocence in the estimation of the owner; and it is these *guileless* whelps that are annually slaughtering two-hundred thousand sheep in the single State mentioned, and perhaps in the same ratio throughout all that portion of the land which is devoted to sheep husbandry!

What is to be done? It is by no means certain that our political parties can be induced to make the question a "plank." They are too busy with "Squatter Sovereignty," each watching to see which side the other will occupy on the "great question," in order to take the opposite position, and thus get up an issue whereby to bring about that periodical "crisis," in the din and dust of which "the dear people" shall decide which particular set of "patriots" shall have a year's lease of "spoils!" But we *can* act *individually*. We can refuse to vote for any candidate who, however "sound on the goose," is not equally sound on dogs. And we can exercise the freeman's right to petition "the Hon. the Legislature of the State" to enact.

1st. That any man, finding a dog prowling at large on his premises without an owner, may shoot or otherwise kill it, if he can while it is on his premises. And, secondly, to make it the duty of the Assessors of each town, under pains and penalties, to tax each man, five dollars per annum who keeps or harbors, or who can be proved to have kept or harbored a dog, any time during the year last past, and for each additional dog, whelp, puppy or poodle, twice that sum. W. W.

Pranscorgh, N. Y. 1859.

[illegible] Rural:—Your paper being a kind of reliable medium for information in matters of interest in particular and especially pertaining to farmers, I wish to inquire as to the [illegible] of clearing a piece of land of [illegible] which is now covered with [illegible] say about three acres each. I have seen several [illegible] in your paper in regard to [illegible] but would like more [illegible] Any information [illegible] and kindness will be thankfully received. Such is what I am in favor of. I hope this may appear in your next paper as I have some [illegible] to put down soon.—A Subscriber. Wayne Co., N. Y. 1859.

TRAINING OXEN.

In the Rural of August 13th, I noticed a piece under the head of "Training Oxen," extracted from an essay read by Chas. A. Hubbard, before the Farmer's Club of Concord, Mass., that seemed to convey the idea of training oxen under the old system, which I think can be bettered. The majority of farmers do not know how to break steers correctly; therefore I will suggest a few things that will be very useful if rightly performed.

It is the custom with many farmers to yoke up their steers before a hand is fed, with a rope around their horns, and if they cannot hold them, to jump on the sled and let them run. This is not right, by so doing they form a habit of running away and it takes a long time to break them of it. My way is to take a yoke of steers of any age, and put them on a barn floor, or, in case this is not handy, to build a small yard with a very high fence, so that they cannot look or get out. Let this be the first thing done with the steers, then, with a very good whip, begin to tap the nigh steer gently on the right ear—this will make him walk close to you,—and then serve the other in the same manner. By this time they will be subdued enough to put on the yoke very carefully, which should take at least half an hour. Be sure to learn them not to fear the noise of the rings. After they are yoked and gently patted—thus assuring them that you are not going to hurt them—begin to drive them yoked as you would separately, and in a short time they will start and stop at the word. After they thoroughly learn this, then learn them to back.—Be sure to yoke and unyoke until they will do it with ease, after that you will have no trouble about yoking them. After training them about two days in the barn, take them into an open field, and commence drawing small loads, gradually increasing them. After the third day, rightly managed, you can drive your steers with ease. The reason for putting them in a barn, instead of breaking them out of doors, is that, they can not get out, and at once yield and are under your control.

By strictly following these instructions I think any farmer can break a yoke of steers, and have them ready for very light work in three days.—From the beginning, be sure to speak, and treat them mildly, as this is a great part in breaking steers well. Be very careful also not to excite them. One that commences to pound and to scream cannot break steers well, and ought not to try it. J. D. D.

Port Byron, N. Y., 1859.

POTATOES MIXING IN THE HILL.

Messrs. Eds:—I have read with much interest the discussion in your paper relative to the question of the *Mixing Potatoes in the Hill*. I see you take very decided ground against the idea, and pronounce the thing impossible. Without questioning the correctness of your conclusions, I will, with your permission, relate a fact which has recently come under my own observation, while digging potatoes from a field in which two varieties are grown side by side, to wit,—*Pink Eyes*, and a variety known here by the name of *Dad's Best Sort*. Permit me here to digress a moment to explain a little in relation to this last named variety. Tradition says it was first produced by a respectable pioneer of this section, by the name of Cooley, and that the name, *Dad's Best Sort*, was given to it by his sons. It is here thought to be a very excellent variety, and is extensively cultivated. It produces well, is hardy in its nature, and not liable to be affected by the rot. Its shape is round and of a reddish color, the eyes are moderately few and but little indented. As to the truth of its origin I do not vouch. It may be a well known variety and extensively cultivated, but I have not seen it elsewhere. But to my story. I dug from the last row of this kind adjoining the *Pink Eyes* a potato distinctly and plainly marked, as follows:—The eyes were the color of the *Pink Eyes*, with a distinct and well defined circle around each of the eyes, of about a quarter of an inch in diameter, of the exact color of the Pink Eye potato. The rest of the potato resembled in shape and color the other variety. I thought the circumstance so curious that I carefully preserved the potato, and have now two very thrifty hills growing from this potato. M. L. B.

Wiscoy, Allegany Co., N. Y., Aug., 1859.

Inquiries and Answers.

To Destroy Milk-Weed.—I wish to be informed, through your truly agricultural paper, how Milk-Weed can be killed. I have plowed, hoed and mowed them—still, they increase.—O. S. C., *South Barre, Orl. Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

Best Wheat for Sandy Soils.—I wish to know what kind of wheat is best adapted to poor sandy soils? Can clover seed be sown in the fall and dragged in with the wheat? I think it would do well if it can, and would like the experience of some of the Rural's correspondents.—A Subscriber, *Wheatland, Hillsdale Co., Mich.*, 1859.

Raising Calves.—In not trespassing too much on your valuable space, I would feel obliged by a plan or two for raising good calves otherwise than on milk alone—wishing to make the milk of a few go as far as may as can be well done—for steers, having plenty of good, rich feed to put them on when weaned.—Agricola, *Hamilton, C. W.*, 1859.

Thick vs. Thin Seeding.—I would like to have, through the Rural, the opinion of some of your numerous subscribers as to which [illegible] of wheat is the best. I have sown from one to two bushels to the acre, on about the same kind of land, and could see but very little [illegible] when it was harvested. Farmers from the East generally say that we do not sow seed enough in Michigan—they say not to sow less than two bushels to the acre. As seed is cheap at hand I would like to hear the experience of [illegible] knows.—A Young Farmer. [illegible] Co., Mich., 1859.

Farm Tax [illegible] Rural:—We [illegible] our correspondents, please inform me through the Rural if there is any property [illegible] on horses which will have a [illegible] from [illegible] N. Y. 1859.

M. De Serre, the famous French horticulturist, writing to the [illegible] says that a handful of the leaves of the walnut tree [illegible] and other insects and [illegible] will be found a complete protection against the sting of insects.

THE RAREY SYSTEM OF HORSE TAMING.

The following notice of Prof. Rarey's recent lecture on Horse Taming is from the *Union and Advertiser* daily journal of this city.

The free lecture on Rarey's celebrated system of Horse Taming, given at Corinthian Hall last evening, was attended by a very respectable audience, in both numbers and character. Among the many admirers of the horse present, we noticed gentlemen of most of the learned professions, several city officers, and many of our most enterprising business men. A stranger first introduced Prof. W. H. Rarey, (senior brother of the celebrated John S. Rarey, now in Europe,) who, after making a few remarks, stated that as his daily labors in teaching and speaking were arduous, he begged to introduce his associate, Dr. Seaton, of Kentucky, who would first address the audience on the system they proposed to discuss.

In taking the floor, Dr. Seaton, after introducing the general subject, proceeded to speak of the difference between instinct and intelligence, claiming for the horse the possession of mind—an "organ of mind" far above instinct. After speaking of the brain of man, the Doctor assumed that the horse possessed like mental powers. He stated that the organ of mind, or brain, was located in the same place in the horse as in man, though inferior in amount, and not so fully developed or cultivated. Infinitely above those of man were the senses of the horse—such as smelling, hearing, &c. In proceeding to claim that the Rarey system was a science, the Doctor alluded to the great discovery of Harvey, (circulation of the blood,) and how its author was at first derided—intimating that Rarey's system had at first met a like reception. The speaker related the career of J. S. Rarey in Europe, frankly avowing that he went there to *make money* and promulgate his science *pro bono publico*. He spoke of the taming of the celebrated wild horse Cruiser, and also of Rarey's success in Paris—subduing Napoleon's balky and ugly coach horses, and the horse "Stafford," which had been condemned to be killed for his viciousness. A gentleman in the audience here asked the Doctor if "Cruiser" had not killed a man since he was tamed—saying he had read so in a newspaper. The Doctor vehemently denied this, saying that the man was only bit in the shoulder, and that the newspapers lied. After this the Doctor devoted considerable time to pitching into editors, and declaring the Rarey system, or science, as he dubbed it, was not a humbug, though he frequently quoted or referred to the press as his authority for statements. We concluded the *animus* of his remarks derogatory to newspapers arose from the fact that some journals have pronounced his system a humbug, while others have given it publicity, by describing and illustrating the secret!

Prof. Rarey then made some remarks of an interesting character—speaking of the manner in which horses were abused by many owners and pretended tamers and horse-breakers, and alluded particularly to his own mode and its superiority over all other systems. At the conclusion of his remarks he announced when and where lessons in his system would be given, and that the price was $10 per family or firm—also adding that he would then answer any questions that might be asked by gentlemen in the audience.

Upon this invitation, Mr. Moore, editor of the *Rural New-Yorker*, propounded the following queries—1st, Can the Rarey system or science be imparted to any man of ordinary intelligence—whether as great as a minister or small as an editor, (classes to which the Dr. had especially referred in his remarks,)—in such manner that the pupil can teach it to others? 2d, Whether the system could not be taught through the foolishness of printing in books, pamphlets, and even newspapers, by descriptions and illustrations? To the first of these questions Prof. R. gave an affirmative answer, but to the second he thought otherwise—had never *seen* the system taught by one who only learned it by reading, and would not admit that it could thus be thoroughly imparted.

These questions and replies attracted considerable attention, and Mr. Moore was loudly called upon to take the stand, and indeed lifted upon the platform. Premising his further remarks by stating that he did not consider the system itself a humbug—that he had never so characterised it, either in speech or print—and that his only object now was to elicit and impart information which would benefit the public, Mr. M. expressed the confident belief that the Rarey system could be and had been imparted in print, by using suitable illustrations. He believed he could produce men whose only knowledge of the system was acquired by reading, who could practice and teach the system understandingly—that if this could not be done, the "science," as it was called, must indeed be not only mysterious, but also somewhat supernatural, as a gentleman in the audience had remarked. The speaker surmised that the reason Dr. Seaton didn't admire newspapers, was owing to the fact that they had "stolen his thunder," by publishing the secret of the system!

In reply, Dr. S. affirmed that he did not believe the system could be learned from print so that one could understand and teach it thoroughly—that, like the science of chemistry, it must be taught by demonstration—that much that was given in the Tribune, particularly, as Rarey's secret was not correct, nor a part of the system—yet *admitted that he had not read* the disclosures of the Tribune and other papers on the subject! He disclaimed any unkind feelings towards editors, as had been inferred from his previous remarks, spoke of the power of the press, &c., to which Mr. M. [illegible] responded that [illegible] not [illegible] the Doctor [illegible] in a Freeman's [illegible] Mr. M. remarked [illegible] a knowledge of the system [illegible] looks and [illegible] could probably be learned [illegible] and would [illegible] by attending Prof. Rarey's [illegible] and would [illegible] street, and [illegible] which [illegible] to [illegible] a knowledge of it [illegible]

H. A. B. [illegible] writes to the [illegible] "I [illegible] great [illegible] to [illegible] to be [illegible] to [illegible] years since, and 'the meanest grass of all that grows.'"

Agricultural Miscellany.

The Agricultural Fairs—State, County and Local—are now in order, as the most of them will be held the present month. Of the former, the Illinois State Fair is the first which occurs—taking place at Freeport, next week—and, judging from the character of the people, the spirit aroused, and the arrangements announced, it will prove a very creditable and successful exhibition. The National Show of the U. S. Ag. Society is to be held at Chicago the week following—Sept. 12—16—and will undoubtedly be largely attended. The arrangements for the Show and the accommodation of exhibitors and visitors are very liberal, including, as a friend writes us, "extensive grounds, reached for half a dime from the heart of the city, and conveyance for 100,000 people—a thousand stalls and pens—six first class show buildings. Railroads from the Seaboard to West of the Mississippi carrying at half fare, and most of them articles *free* for exhibition, &c. The spirit of competition, or rivalry between the State and National Societies, will, we think, prove mutually beneficial, and we shall be mistaken if both fairs do not result satisfactorily—ranking among the best and most largely attended of the season.

Patent Office Report for 1858.—We are indebted to Acting Commissioner Shugert for a copy of the volume of this Report on Agriculture. It embraces 552 pages, printed upon paper of various qualities and shades of color—the usual style of documents emanating from the same source, for the publication of which Government pays far more than the actual cost of issuing in a creditable manner. The volume comprises a number of interesting papers, though much that it contains is of little or no practical value to agriculturists. The portion entitled Statistics includes *seventeen hundred and ten* distinct Interrogatories, which, it is remarked, "have been prepared with great care, and approved by the late Advisory Board of Agriculture of the Patent Office." Following these voluminous questions—which have been asked far easier than they will be answered—we have interesting statistics relative to the organization, progress and benefits of various State, County and other Agricultural Societies throughout the country. Also articles on Animals, Improvement of Land, Forage and other crops, Grape and Wine Culture, Fruit Culture, and 120 pages devoted to "Meteorology in its Connection with Agriculture."

The Steam Plow—*Illinois State Fair.*—A Chicago friend writes us in this wise—"The Steam Plow has arrived, and the inventor with it—Mr. J. W. Fawkes. The machine appears to be an improvement over the one Mr. Fawkes exhibited here last season. It is also much more powerful, though but little larger. We are expecting much from this machine, and hope to have some competition for it. It leaves to-day for Freeport, where it will be exhibited at the Illinois State Fair, (Sept. 5th to 7th)—from thence probably to make the trials for the Central Railroad prize of $1,500. Let all who desire to see this new invention be at Freeport and witness its operation, as it may be the only opportunity this fall. The arrangements for the State Fair are in a forward condition, and everything promises an excellent exhibition. The so-called National Show will probably detract some, but the people will go to the State Fair at Freeport, where they should, to support our own institution. We are suffering considerable in Northern Illinois from drouth."

Large Yield of Wheat—*A Good Farm.*—In a recent letter John Johnston, Esq., of Seneca, writes us as follows.—"Our wheat crop in Seneca is a great one—not large in acres, but a large quantity per acre—I think equal to any one that has been raised here in 33 years. My own Soules' wheat has given 41 bushels and over to the acre, and the threshers say that twenty acres of red wheat will give as much, and I now believe them, as I could not believe the Soules' would go over 35 bushels until I saw it all weighed. I have sold 206 acres of my farm, and from that same land I will have 2,000 bushels of wheat, from 700 to 800 bushels of barley, 100 tons of hay, about 8 acres of corn, and 15 acres of pasture. It also contains 18 acres of summer fallow and 20 acres of wood lot, besides roads and fences. Verily, it is a great crop for the last one." Yes, a great crop and valuable farm—attributable, however, we think, to the superior cultivation and management of the practical, progressive and experienced occupant.

Rarey's System of Horse Taming.—Prof. W. H. Rarey, who claims to be the originator of the Rarey System of Horse Taming, recently visited Rochester, delivered a free lecture, and subsequently gave lessons in the art before a class of pupils. We elsewhere quote a notice of his lecture and some discussion thereat. His lessons were quite satisfactory, according to the testimony of those present, (we were only able to attend one,) indicating the correctness and value of his system. In saying thus much, however, we do not admit the necessity of attending Mr. R.'s lessons, and witnessing his demonstrative performances, in order to acquire a knowledge of the art. No doubt that is the quickest and easiest method of obtaining a thorough knowledge of the system, yet we believe it can be readily learned from printed descriptions and illustrations so as to be fully comprehended and successfully practiced by men of intelligence, judgment and firmness.

Potato Digger Wanted.—A Steuben Co. correspondent asks—"Can you inform me where I can obtain a good potato digger, the price, and if there is an agent in Rochester?" Several potato diggers have been patented within a year or two, but we are unable to say exactly where a good one can be obtained, or [illegible] the price. Such a machine would no doubt sell well here, as the potato crop of this region is much larger than ever before, and cultivators are inquiring for the right kind of machinery for digging. Inventors and manufacturers who can supply the demand, ought to have gumption enough to let the fact be known.

A Bag-Fastener has been patented by Wm. P. Mason, of Wis., of which the N. Y. Tribune says.—"After examining the invention carefully, we have come to the conclusion that the Patent Bag Fastener is a very useful article. It is about the size of an old fash'ioned cent, made of metal, with a leather strap attached. The fastener is permanently fastened to the bag and closed by gathering up the end of the bag and winding the string around it, then passing the end of it through a small hole in the fastener.

[illegible] Fair.—[illegible] the publication of our list [illegible] we learn that the Cattaraugus [illegible] Sept. 20—at Ellicott, Wednesday [illegible] Cattaraugus, at [illegible] at Little Valley, Sept. 27—29; Cayuga county, at [illegible], Sept. [illegible] Yates, at Penn Yan, Oct. 12, [illegible] Sept. [illegible] Livingston, at [illegible] Oct. 4—7; Steuben, at [illegible] Oct. 4—7; Tioga, at [illegible] Oct. 4—7; Tompkins, at [illegible] Oct. 4—7; Town Fair, [illegible] Sept. [illegible] Herkimer, at [illegible] Oct. 4—7; Jefferson, at [illegible] Oct. 4—7; Lewis, at [illegible] Oct. 4—7; Madison, at [illegible] Oct. 4—7; Oneida, at [illegible] Oct. 4—7; Onondaga, at [illegible] Oct. 4—7; Oswego, at [illegible] Oct. 4—7; Otsego, at [illegible] Oct. 4—7; Rensselaer, at [illegible] Oct. 4—7; Saratoga, at [illegible] Oct. 4—7; Schoharie, at [illegible] Oct. 4—7; Schuyler, at [illegible] Oct. 4—7; Seneca, at [illegible] Oct. 4—7; Tioga, at [illegible] Oct. 4—7; Tompkins, at [illegible] Oct. 4—7; Ulster, at [illegible] Oct. 4—7; Warren, at [illegible] Oct. 4—7; Washington, at [illegible] Oct. 4—7; Wayne, at [illegible] Oct. 4—7; Westchester, at [illegible] Oct. 4—7; Yates, at [illegible] Oct. 4—7.

The Weather [illegible] Chief [illegible] the season, [illegible] part,—with the exception of a few days [illegible] the early part of this month [illegible] growing [illegible] promising week. The [illegible]

ABOMINABLE DIRECTIONS TO ORCHARDISTS.

The above is the heading of an article in a recent number of the *Massachusetts Ploughman*, criticising directions which we gave in answer to a correspondent, who asked for the best known remedy for destroying the *Apple Bark Louse*.—"We copy the whole that our readers may see what value there is in many of the" criticisms given in the agricultural press.

"On looking into the *Rural New-Yorker*, we see directions given for killing the *Apple Bark Louse*. We copy the whole that our readers may see what value there is in many of the directions given to the cultivators of the soil.

'THE APPLE BARK LOUSE.—From several friends, mostly at the West, we have received pieces of apple bark completely covered with the *Apple Bark Louse*, with inquiries for a remedy. The scales are relics of the bodies of female insects, covering and protecting their eggs. The eggs are so minute that these small scales sometimes cover more than a hundred. The time of hatching is from the middle of May until the first of June. We will give two of the best remedies known. 1st. Prune early in the spring. Mix tar and linseed oil together, and apply warm with a paint brush to every limb. This, when dry, cracks and peels off, bringing away the scales and the eggs with it. Trees thus treated will show the benefit received by a vigorous growth. 2d. Boil leaf tobacco in a strong lye until it is reduced to an impalpable pulp; mix this with soft soap (which has been made cold, and not the jelly-like boiled soap,) to make the mass about the consistency of thin paint. Prune the trees and apply this preparation with a brush, to every limb and twig. This will take time, but the remedy is effectual. A gentleman in the Western part of this State wrote us last season that he had entirely rid his orchard of this pest, by simply throwing unleached ashes over the branches and trunk when wet. Care must be used that the ashes do not touch the leaves. The best time for this operation would be early in the spring, before the buds push.'

Tar and linseed oil are to be mixed together and applied warm to the limbs to kill lice!

Tar and oil! Of all the washes that we have ever heard of for trees, this is the grossest. Trees have been killed outright by a wash of greasy matter. Some years ago a man in Maine took a fancy to wash his trees with *fish oil*, and he killed them all in a short time.

Tar is well known in New England to be so injurious that those who apply it to head the canker-worm take care to coat the tree with canvass before the tar is put on.

Another remedy is, *tobacco and strong lye!* But why have any tobacco in the lye? Tobacco poisons the lye and makes it less efficacious than without it. Tobacco is a poisonous herb and should never be named to make up a mixture of items as it seems to be here. Lye alone may be made so strong as to be injurious to young trees. Why then put in it a poisonous quid? Is this to dilute or weaken the lye? But lye may be made weak as one pleases without poisoning it.

More absurd advice than this we do not often see from those who profess to teach farmers.

But we obtain a little relief in the third prescription, which was the relation of a gentleman in the western part of New York. Unleached ashes scattered on the limbs of a tree, troubled with lice, killed them. Well, what was this, more or less than a simple application of lye? The tree must be wet when the dry ashes are thrown on. Ashes made wet, produce lye. And this wash answered without oil, tar, or tobacco. Is not this in substance what we advocate?

Lye alone will kill lice and all other vermin on trees. It may be made strong or weak to suit the taste of the one who uses it. We find that lye just strong enough to make soap will not injure the youngest tree. Lye is the article without mixture to kill vermin."

We think the writer of the above has had little experience with the *Apple Bark Louse*, or he would not talk so flippantly of killing it with weak lye, or lye of any strength. The Louse is not a live kicking insect, easily affected or destroyed, but a hard horny scale, firmly glued to the tree, covering and protecting from injury from a dozen to over a hundred eggs, and these eggs it is the object of the cultivator to destroy. We have known trees washed with lye a dozen times without any effect, and the case which we gave was the only one we ever heard of where sprinkling dry ashes proved of any avail. Such remedies are only effectual when applied to the young and newly hatched lice, about which, as yet, we know but little.

The remarks against using tobacco because it is a "*poisonous herb*" is childish, and to call the directions given "*abominable*" on this account is worse than foolish. To destroy the green fly on our plants we have to fill houses with the poisonous fumes of tobacco, and to kill the red spider with the still more poisonous fumes of sulphur.—It is "*abominable*," perhaps to cut off a man's leg or arm, or to feed him with calomel, and strychnine and a score of other poisonous things in both the vegetable and mineral world, but this, it is generally conceded, is sometimes necessary.

Thousands of trees, indeed whole orchards have been destroyed at the West by this insect, and all the remedies, such as weak lye, recommended by the *Ploughman*, as well as soapsuds, tobacco-water, &c., have been tried in vain. Those who have no experience with this insect—those who have not learned how hard it is to rid an orchard when once infested—may recommend them, and talk very wise, but we have seen trees to which these remedies had been applied a score of times, so thickly covered with the scales that it was almost impossible to find a space where a pin's head could be placed without touching them.

Dr. FITCH, the entomologist, has given some attention to this insect, and closes his paper on the subject, with the following paragraph, giving the experience of Western men, and what he saw of the effects of their practice:

"A. G. HANFORD gives a very favorable account of the effects of tar and linseed oil, heat together and applied warm with a paint brush thoroughly, before the buds begin to expand in the spring.—This, when dry, cracks and peels off, bringing off the dead scales with it. Trees which were thus treated grew from two to two and a half feet last summer, which had advanced only a few inches in previous years. The remedy to which Esq. KIMBALL, of Kenosha, resorts, is probably one of the most efficacious, and as convenient as any; he boils leaf tobacco in strong lye till it is reduced to an impalpable pulp, which it will be in a short time, and mixes with it soft soap, (which has been made cold; not the jelly-like boiled soap,) to make the mass about the consistence of thin paint, the object being to obtain a preparation that will not be entirely washed from the tree by the first rains which occur, as lye, tobacco water, and most other washes are sure to be. The fibres of the tobacco, diffused through this preparation, cause a portion of its strength to remain wherever it is applied, longer than any application which is wholly soluble in rain water can do. He first trims the trees well, so that every twig can be reached with the paint brush, and applies this preparation before the buds have much swelled in the spring. Two men, strictly charged to take their time, and be sure that they painted the whole of the bark to the end of every twig, were occupied a fortnight last spring in going over his hundred and fifty young trees. When I saw his trees, the latter part of September, this composition was still plainly to be seen upon the rough bark of their trunks and upon the under side of their limbs, resembling a whitish mouldiness of the bark. The trees had grown very thriftily, and yielded well, whilst only a single scale could here and there be found upon the twigs of the present year's growth, all the other parts being entirely free from them. Altho' trees perishing with lice were standing in the adjacent yards and gardens, it seemed these insects preferred starvation at home rather than being poisoned by invading these trees, hence it appears that one thorough application of this preparation is sufficient to destroy all the insects upon the trees, and to protect them from invasion from neighboring trees for a period of two years; for free as the trees were from these insects in September, there can be no call for a renewal of this composition upon them the coming spring."

We would not recommend the use of any composition, under ordinary circumstances that would form a coating on the bark and stop the pores, but desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and when a tree is literally covered with scales of the Bark Louse firmly glued to its surface, the composition recommended we are satisfied will do no injury, and the evidence is clear that it does good, removing the evil which causes the tree to languish and die, and inducing a new, vigorous and healthy growth.

BEST PLUMS FOR LONG ISLAND.

EDS. RURAL:—I deem it of great importance to communicate through you to the public a list of such varieties of plum trees, grown on this Island, as are here free from the depredations, unless in some solitary instance of that pernicious insect which makes its attack on the branches by perforating and stinging the wood, thus poisoning the sap, and producing as a result the excrescences which are so numerous on the Late Purple Damson and on some other varieties:

Bleecker's Gage,	Imperial Violet,
Blue Imperatrice,	Italian Damask,
Brevoort's Purple,	Italian Prune,
Bradshaw,	Jefferson,
Cherry or Myrobalan Red,	Magnum Bonum White,
" " Yellow,	" " Yellow,
Chickasaw Early Red,	Nectarine,
" Late Red,	Orange,
" (Yellow,	Orange Egg,
Coe's Golden Drop,	Peach,
Coe's Late Red,	Prince's Yellow Gage,
Duane's Purple,	Prunus Americana, all varieties,
Elfrey,	
English Yellow Gage,	Prunus Maritima,
Hurling's Superb,	Prunus Publescens,
Imperial Gage,	Tomlinson's Charlotte,
Imperial Ottoman,	Washington.

The following varieties are the least affected by attacks of the Curculio on the fruit, yet they frequently suffer partial loss:

Guthrie's Apricot,	Imperial Gage,
Italian Prune,	Small Drap d'or.

Flushing, Long Island, 1859. WM. R. PRINCE.

PACKING FRUITS.—A correspondent of the English *Cottage Gardener*, who says he has had twenty year's experience in the packing of various fruits, sent to distances varying from fifty to five hundred miles, describes the course pursued by him, as the best with which he is acquainted. It is thus:—A box is chosen, in size according to the quantity to be sent. A layer of bran is put on the bottom; then each bunch of grapes is held by the hand over a sheet of soft paper; the four corners of the paper are brought up to the stalk and nicely secured, then laid on its side in the box, and so on until the first layer is finished. Then fill the whole over with bran, and give the box a gentle shake occasionally. Begin the second layer as the first, and so on until the box is completed. Thus, he remarks, with neat hands, the bloom is preserved, and the fruit may be sent to any distance with safety, provided as much care be used in taking them out of the box, as in packing and unpacking there is very great liability to injury. Sixty to eighty bunches of grapes and fifty to sixty dozen of peaches or apricots are invariably, in his practice, packed in a box.

CRYSTALLIZING GRASSES.—Will you please inform the inquirer through the columns of the RURAL of the best process of crystallizing grasses?—M. M. H.

DISSOLVE eighteen ounces of alum in a quart of soft water, (observing this proportion for a greater or less quantity,) boiling it over a slow fire in a close tin vessel, stirring it occasionally with a stick until it is dissolved. When it is nearly cold suspend the subject to be crystallized by a thread from a small stick laid horizontally across the aperture of a deep glass or earthern jar, into which the solution must be poured. The articles should remain in the solution twenty-four hours, and then be taken out and suspended in the shade to dry. If the subjects to be crystallized are put into the solution when it is quite cold, the crystals are apt to be formed large, and the warmer the solution the smaller will be the crystals. Its strength may be tested by putting a drop on a blade of grass, and observing it crystallize as it cools. Almost any flower or vegetable substance may be operated upon. Fancy baskets may be made in this way, by first making a wire frame of any desired shape, twisting woolen yarn around the wires, and immersing it as directed for grasses.

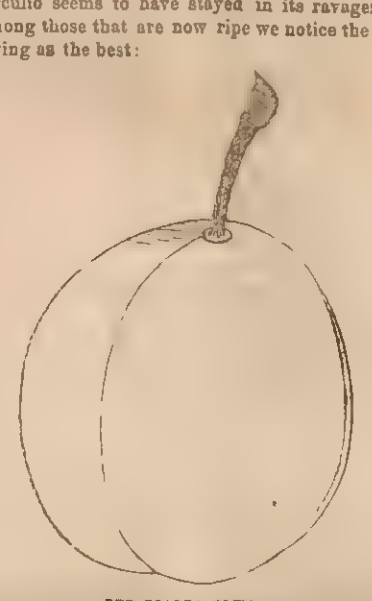
EARLY BLACK GRAPE.—We had the pleasure of receiving on the 27th ult., from Mr. L. B. KING of this city, some bunches of a small grape, fully ripe. The berries are round, the skin thick, color black with a bluish bloom. The bunches vary, some being loose and some very compact. It is somewhat foxy in flavor, but very early and productive.

FLOWERS AND FRUITS IN SEASON.

A few weeks since we urged our friends to visit all good gardens in their vicinity for the purpose of gaining information, and invited all who could make it convenient to pay Rochester a visit, to look at our large and neatly kept nurseries, and our fine specimen trees, laden with fruit. We then stated that early in September was as late as any should make this visit, as after that time our nurserymen will be so busy with their fall work as to be able to give visitors but little time and attention. The work of taking up and shipping trees is confined to a few months in the fall and spring, and during these months the labor is very severe, taxing both body and mind to the utmost.

In our rambles to-day (August 29th,) we have taken notes of a few things worthy of remembrance. The BEDDING PLANTS, such as *Petunias*, *Verbenas*, &c., are now in perfection, covering the beds, and making them one blaze of brilliant colors. The *Annuals*, and many of them are truly fine, could never be seen to better advantage.—The *Peony Asters* are superb. We never saw better. One new variety with a white center, and the outer row of petals, dark purple, is beautiful and unique. The *Japan Lilies* are in flower, and we think all who see them will order a few of the bulbs of this, the finest of all hardy lilies, for fall planting. The *Gladiolus*, too, occupies a very prominent position among the finest of the fall flowers. The *Dahlias* are beginning to flower, and we observed some fine specimens, but in a week or so they will be better.

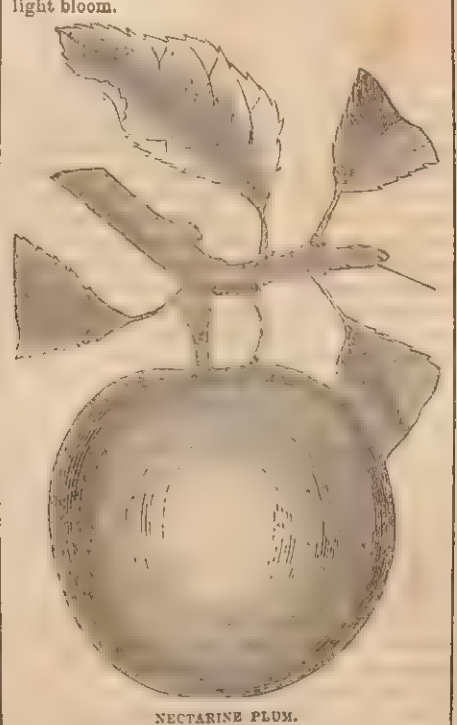
THE FRUIT, is abundant and unusually fine. For many years past we have not had as good a crop of *Plums*. Every tree, almost, is loaded, and many neglected ones we notice bearing a fine crop. The curculio seems to have stayed in its ravages.—Among those that are now ripe we notice the following as the best:



RED DIAPER PLUM.

Diapree Rouge, or *Red Diaper*, a large and handsome reddish purple plum, which we consider first rate in all respects. Tree grows rather slow, branches smooth. The size and form of the fruit is shown in the engraving. Skin of a reddish-purple, with a few golden specks, and a light blue bloom easily rubbed off. Stalk three-fourths of an inch long, slender, hairy, slightly inserted. Flesh pale-green, juicy, very melting, rich, and delicious; separating from the stone, which is quite small.

Nelson's Victory is a beautiful, rich, juicy plum, of medium size. Skin yellowish russett, with a light bloom.



NECTARINE PLUM.

Nectarine is a fine, showy fruit and of fair quality. Some would call it first rate. Our engraving shows the form and size. Skin purple, with a blue bloom. Flesh, greenish yellow, tinged with red, with a rich, lively flavor. A first rate bearer.

Goliath, larger than the preceding, which it resembles, but distinguished from it by its gray, downy shoots. It is also a few days later in ripening.

OF PEARS we notice quite a number ripe, but of these we will defer remarks until next week, when we will give drawings and descriptions of a few of the best sorts ripe.

JUDGING OF GRAPES BY THE LEAVES.—I wish to inquire whether there is a marked and plain distinction in the form of the leaf of the different varieties of grapes? Can the different varieties be told by the leaf? BISSELL & SALTER, of your city, have given some drawings of leaves in their last catalogue. But they are not distinct. If there is a clear difference in the leaves of the different varieties, can you not give us some illustrations and drawings in your paper? The subject of *grapes* has become one of great interest generally, especially among those who read agricultural papers, and the inexperienced are liable to deception and imposition.—O. THURSTON, *Athens, Pa.*, 1859.

THERE is a difference in the leaves apparent to the practiced eye, quite marked in some varieties, but much less so in others. We could give no drawings that would assist our correspondent in distinguishing varieties by the leaf—nothing but close observation and experience will do this. The color and veining of the leaf is as marked as the form, which could not be shown without colored drawings.

STRAWBERRY CULTURE.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I see by a letter in the RURAL of Aug. 13th, by I. W. BRIGGS, that he recommends that Strawberry plants should be set in August, if the grower expects to get any berries from them the following season. I am a Strawberry grower myself, and that for market, and my experience is a little different from his. I will give you the result of my planting. Many persons would infer by reading his letter that Strawberry plants should not be set later than August, and if that is his meaning I think his letter will do more harm than good. I plant from one-half to one acre every fall, and intend to set from the 10th to the 20th of September, so as to get the benefit of the equinoctial rain, and likewise have the benefit of obtaining strong rooted plants from this year's runners, (old plants being of no value,) which commence to grow immediately, and I have invariably had them bear the next season, even to the number of from 50 to 100 berries, and those of the largest size, measuring from two to four inches in circumference, and those of the *Wilson's Albany Seedling*. The last season being very dry here, I was not able to grow my plants of sufficient size to set until the 10th day of October, and of 9,000 set at that time I did not lose 50 out of the whole, and they all bore as many berries the next season, according to the number of roots, as my plants did that were a year older, and berries of a larger size. LEE WELLS.

Cedar Lawn, near Chittenango, N. Y., 1859.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The season of the Strawberry is past, and as it is the proper time to set out new beds, I thought that some whose experience and observations would show and indicate the successful manner in its cultivation, should communicate to the world through your valuable paper the means and the results of such practical experience. And as an inducement to hear from others, and an earnest desire to add my mite for the good of all, I will relate my own.

Two years ago this month (August,) I had a bed in my garden, principally clay soil, spaded and pulverized two and a half feet deep, and intermixed with some six two-horse loads of stable manure and three like loads of loam sand, making a bed of fifteen feet by twenty-six feet, at an expense of about ten dollars for labor and materials. In this bed I planted Strawberries, the same month, in rows sixteen inches apart, the Scarlet Pine, Hooker, Hovey, Black Prince and others intermixed, cultivated them well last year, allowing them to run together but not too thick, upon the principle that shade was essential to the growth and perfection of the fruit.

On the fifth of June last I commenced picking Strawberries, and continued doing so daily until July tenth, and with the exception of a few at the first and last of the season, and what the birds took daily, I kept an accurate account by measurement of the amount each day gathered during the time above mentioned. On the eleventh day of July I found the amount gathered from the bed to be two bushels and a half. Others who have kept a like record may have done better, and that fact, and the causes, given to the public, would contribute to benefit mankind. S. N. HOLMES.

Syracuse, August, 1859.

PLANTING LOCUST SEED, &c.—I have a prairie farm, and being destitute of shade, have decided to plant locust and other trees upon it. Will you, in your valuable paper, inform me *how* and *when* Black Locust should be planted, and whether adapted to the prairie or not? Also, when and how to plant Horse Chestnuts? Also, is it advisable to sever the tips and shoots of winter squash, that the fruit may reap the benefit after having set?—W. W., *St. Paul, Minn.*, 1859.

LOCUST SEEDS may be sown either in the autumn or spring. Before sowing they require soaking to soften the horny covering, without which few will germinate. Pour over them water a little below the boiling point, and allow this to stand for twenty-four hours; then sow in drills, the seeds an inch or two apart each way. Cover about half an inch deep. After one season's growth, the young trees may be placed in nursery rows, or be planted where they are to remain. They will grow well on the prairies. Horse Chestnut seed should be planted in the fall, or kept in earth during the winter. The Horse Chestnut, we have been informed, does not succeed on the prairie. All the specimens we saw on our last trip around Chicago seemed sickly. Stopping the ends of the squash and melon vines after sufficient have "set" hastens the ripening and improves the size.

MISTAKES IN GARDENING.—In so far as instruction is concerned, I esteem my mistakes to be more valuable than my successful efforts. They excite to attention and investigation with great emphasis. One mistake, which I record once for all, as it will probable occur every year, has been the attempting of more than I could do *well*. The ardor of spring, in spite of experience, lays out a larger garden than can be well tended all summer.

In selecting the *largest* Lima beans for seed, I obtained most luxurious vines, but fewer pods. If the seasons were longer, these vines would be ultimately most profitable; but their vigor gives a growth too rampant for our latitude. If planted for a screen, however, the rankest growers are the best.

Of three successive plantings of corn, for table use, the first was the best, then the second, and the third very poor. I hoed and thinned the first planting myself, and thoroughly; the second, I left to a Dutchman, directing him how to do it; the third, I left to him without directions.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

GARDENERS' SOCIETY.—The practical gardeners of this city are about taking measures for the establishment of a Society, with a library, reading-room, and other means of improvement. A meeting will be held next week, for the purpose of effecting an organization. Perhaps there is no city in the Union where there are so many men employed in the cultivation of fruits and flowers as in this, and we are glad to see this movement. They have our very best wishes for their success. The meeting for organizing will be held at the Court House on Thursday evening, Sept. 6th.

GREEN CORN FOR WINTER, PICKLES, &c.

EDS. RURAL:—Your lady readers will find the following recipes good. Please try them:

GREEN CORN FOR WINTER USE.—Take the ears of corn, remove the husk, all but the last one; get a tight cask, put in a layer of corn and a layer of salt, another of corn, and another of salt, and so on until the cask is full; pour in a little cold water, and cover tight. When you wish to cook it, take it out of the brine, remove the husk, cut it off from the cob, and soak till fresh. This is better than drying, and not as much trouble. Green corn will not keep in glass jars or tin cans. This is our experience; perhaps some one has been more successful.

ROAST BEEF PIE.—Cut the cold roast beef left from a previous meal into thin slices; lay some of the slices into a deep dish which you have lined on the sides with a good puff paste; sprinkle over this layer a little pepper and salt, put in a few slices of tomatoes; another layer of beef, another of seasoning, until the dish is filled; cover the whole with paste, and bake half an hour.

CITRON PICKLES.—Take the rind of ripe citron, pare it and cut into slices; take half a pound of sugar to one of fruit and boil it till soft; add cinnamon and cloves to taste; put in one pint of vinegar to six pounds of fruit. Scald the whole together.

GREEN APPLE PIE—IMITATION.—One and one-half cups bread rubbed fine; 3 cups of warm water; 2 cups of sugar; 1½ cups of vinegar; 1 tablespoonful of butter,—spice to your taste.

WASHINGTON CAKE.—One pound of sugar; ¾ths of a pound of butter; 4 eggs; 1½ pound of flour; 1 teacup of milk or cream; 1 teaspoonful soda; 1 pound of raisins.

CLAY CAKE.—One pound of flour; 1 pound of sugar; ½ pound of butter; 1 pint of sour cream; 6 eggs; 1 teaspoonful of soda; the rind and juice of one lemon.

SODA CRACKERS.—One pint water; ½ pint butter; 1 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons cream tartar,—bake in a hot oven.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One cup of molasses; 1 cup of sugar; 1 cup of butter: 3 eggs; 4 cups of flour; 1 cup of buttermilk; 1 spoonful of ginger; 1 teaspoonful of soda. M. P.

Indiana, Aug., 1859.

ECONOMICAL RECIPES.

THINKING pies indispensable at any time of the year I concluded to send some recipes for every-day use, as many of those in the RURAL, though good, might be too expensive for some.

As the *pumpkin pie* is the cheapest of all pies, and the season for them approaching, I give a mode of making an excellent pie of grated raw pumpkin, for a change, as it does not taste like a stewed pie, which all know how to make. About a teacupful of grated pumpkin; 1 pint of good milk; 1 egg; a little salt; 2 large spoons sugar; cinnamon, spice or nutmeg. Line the tin and bake until done. The remainder of the pumpkin can be cleaned out and kept in a cool pantry for several days, and new pies baked each day if you wish, with a little trouble.

All who have pumpkins in the fall ought to dry some for the next summer's use, and the best method I know of is to stew pumpkin down very dry, then spread it on plates or tins, if not old and rusty, to dry. It can be dried in an oven, or in the sun—just which is most convenient. While drying, cut it as you would a pie and turn it daily until dried enough. It should be spread about an inch thick, and when dried, tied up in a clean bag and hung up so that moth or miller cannot get in to injure it. When wanted, soak over night in warm milk and sift.

A cheap pie can be made of *rice*. Every one ought to keep rice on hand all the time, as it is a cheap and healthful food. One cupful, when boiled in water with a teaspoonful of salt until tender, will make 3 cups of rice; this, with sufficient milk, a teacup of sugar, 2 eggs, and a little seasoning, will make 3 pies in large tins, which are good enough for those who have a good appetite.

A cheap way to make *apple pies*, where there are no apples or pie-plant, (which all should raise who have a few feet of land.) For a common pie, take half a teaspoonful of tartaric acid and dissolve it in 2 cups warm water, crumb up 1 cupful of light bread and soak in the water, half cup of sugar, a little salt; season as you like, and bake with two crusts. If you wish a better pie, put in twice as much sugar and acid and a little butter. Tartaric acid is not expensive, and is very handy to keep in the house. It makes a good and cooling drink in summer. Sweeten a pitcher of water, put a few drops of extract or essence of lemon, then add acid until it is agreeable. A FARMER'S WIFE.

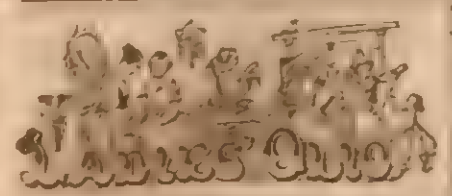
Ionia, Mich., Aug., 1859.

TO DESTROY COCKROACHES.—The following is said to be effectual:—These vermin are easily destroyed, simply by cutting up green cucumbers by night, and placing them about where roaches commit depredations. What is cut from the cucumbers in preparing them for the table answers the purpose well, and three applications will destroy all the roaches in the house. Remove the peelings in the morning, and renew them at night.

PINE-APPLE CHEESE.—Will some of the RURAL friends give us directions for making Pine-Apple Cheese? We have heard it spoken highly of, but have never seen any.—MRS. G. R. CRANDALL, *East Pierpont, N. Y.*, 1859.

COUNT your clothes-pins, knives and forks, towels, handkerchiefs, &c., at least once a week.

WASH your tea-trays with cold suds, polish with a little flour, and rub dry with a cloth.



Written for Moore's Rural New Yorker.

THE GATHERINGS.

The family group is gathered,
And all are happy now,
Love's sunshine lends a golden ray
To deck each youthful brow;
'Tis an unbroken household band,
And, as they gather there,
Life seemeth very joyous,
Each earth-pain very fair

The father's glance is brighter,
The mother's smile more sweet
As they listen to the music
Of the tread of busy feet—
To the merry gushing laughter,
To the pleasant words of cheer,
To the glad songs sweetly flowing
From the lips they hold most dear.

Again the group is gathered,
But now an empty space
Proclaims the eldest of our band
Comes not to fill her place—
Where the morning light first breaketh
In the grave-yard on the hill—
Where the setting sun last shineth,
She is lying cold and still.

There, where merry tones were ringing,
Now a mournful wail is heard,
For a deep, a sudden sorrow
Every loving heart hath stirred,
Bitter, bitter tears are falling
Yet they know, with harp in hand
Robed with light and crowned with glory,
She is with the angel band

From each heart there goeth upward
To "Our Father's" Throne this prayer—
When our day of life is ended
May we join our lost one there!
May we gain a happy entrance
To that glorious land of light,
Dwell within the "Golden City,"
Where there never cometh night!

E. M. S.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OUR AMUSEMENTS.

On no one subject, perhaps, is there a greater diversity of opinion, than in regard to what pleasures may or may not be innocently indulged in. Some, even thoughtful persons, take the broad ground that nothing can be morally wrong that is not positively condemned in holy writ; while others, with what seems to themselves a better show of reason, contend that it is a sinful waste of time to do anything that does not serve some purpose of practical utility, and that nearly every species of recreation has a tendency to weaken and dissipate the mind,—to create a distaste for the practical business of life,—and is, consequently, demoralizing and evil in its effects. With this view, many of the most conscientious persons in community consider it a duty to repress, as far as possible, everything like gaiety, or a taste for the fashionable amusements of the day, in those who come within the circle of their influence. Are they wholly right—or are they partly wrong?—Has not "He who doeth all things well" given us the love of pleasure for a wise and benevolent purpose, and is it not more in accordance with the dictates of reason to endeavor to direct the propensity in proper channels, than to seek to eradicate what is inherent in our natures? We all have physical as well as moral and intellectual natures, and who that has ever watched the gambols of the lower animals—from the noble horse bounding over the fields in a wild ecstacy of enjoyment, to the tiniest insect that sports in the sun on a summer day—can doubt that sportiveness is an element that enters largely into almost every form of animated life?

And who that has seen the man of business, allowing himself to be wholly engrossed by the cares and duties of life, and counting every moment lost that is given to recreation, as he grows every day more moody, irritable and ungenial; or the care-worn wife and mother of the family, devoting every energy and employing every moment of her time in ministering to the wants of her household, who hardly ever ventures from beneath the shadow of her own roof lest she neglect some domestic duty—to whom the Sabbath is scarcely a day of rest—and marks how every year finds her more heavy-hearted, morbid and melancholy than the last, can doubt that amusement is a necessity of our nature? Or, if he do, let him beguile the sordid worldling from his all-engrossing business, or entice the worn matron from her heart-wearying cares, to engage in some healthful and harmless recreation, where, for a brief period, the burden of life can be laid aside, and its wearing duties forgotten. Let him note how the contracted brow grows smooth, the dull eye lights up with animation, and the discontented, peevish and unsocial man or woman grows cheerful, genial and companionable, and instead of being unhappy and a source of discomfort to those around them, prove not only that they are capable of enjoying life but also of contributing happiness to others. Then, let him question, if he can, that the love of pleasure is implanted in the human heart for a wise and benevolent purpose, and that its mission is to enliven and beautify life, and not to enervate and debase humanity.

But, perhaps, some one asks—what would you do, make life a play day and substitute pleasure for duty? Give our youth license to revel in dissipation, and pass the most valuable portion of their lives in the club house, the billiard saloon and the ball room? Far from it. On the contrary I would permit them to enjoy whatever of innocent and healthful recreation is to be found without exposing them to tainted atmospheres, and by providing them with harmless pleasures in the domestic and social circle, refrain from driving them to places of resort where they will be subjected to demoralizing influences, in quest of the recreation that is a necessity of their nature.

Were children permitted to learn and practice dancing as unrestrainedly as singing—allowed to dance as they would play at ball, or skipping the rope, during recess at school—to dance at home by their own quiet fireside or those of their friends—to dance on the velvet green beneath the azure canopy of Heaven, as is practiced among the peasantry of Europe—to dance, in short, anywhere and everywhere, such an amusement might with propriety be indulged in. Few, I think, of our well-trained youth would care to mope, and flirt, and play the fop or coquette in a hot, crowded ball-room, where virtue and vice, purity and depravity, refinement and vulgarity, meet and mingle. And what is true of dancing is equally so of a score of other amusements alike innocent in themselves, but at present surrounded with a host of unhealthy associations. Our earth has not yet reached its prime, and it may be long before we can expect to see a perfect world, but before that good time arrives those who would reform the usages of society and mend the morals of communities, will have found that one of the most means of accomplishing so desirable an efficient end, is the providing of proper amusement for the young.

Elizabeth Bouton.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MY BELIEF.

Oh! if woman's beauty, power, and witchery, were oftener exerted for a high and holy purpose, how many who now bend a careless knee at her shrine, would hush the light laugh, the irreverent jest, and almost feel as she passed as though an angel's wing had rustled by.—*Fanny Fern.*

That misty images, that vague fancies, and the gaudy trappings of pleasure, should blind the eye of common sense, or that which is noble and worthy of attainment, is a fact which would appear too absurd for belief, did not daily experience afford unimpeachable evidence of its reality. And woman, from her peculiar constitution of mind, being gifted with a more vivid imagination and less of that untiring energy which characterizes man, is consequently more prone to indulge in those day-dreams and visions of *future* happiness which steal away from *real* life all its beauties and pleasures, though leaving the unfortunate, deluded one to all the distress of present toil and trouble. Away; then, with these hours of revery—arouse yourselves to the duties and requirements of to-day, recollecting that

"That life is long which answers life's *great end.*"

Excite those God given faculties to action, and become an humble but devoted worshiper at the shrine of Truth, who, though she is ever unpropitious to the thoughtless and foolish, yet will always twine the brows of those who earnestly seek her, with crowns whose brightness never fades and whose lustre never dims. A soul which only goes out to pure and elevated thought—a soul strung in unchanging unison to that which is high and holy, and finds within no chord to vibrate in harmony with that which is base and groveling—will ever remain a "thing of beauty and a joy forever;" and though the world, with all its evanescent joys and pleasures, may pass away, yet it will stand like a column, erect amid ruins—an edifice unshaken and undefaced, amid the surrounding overthrow of palaces and temples—appearing like the magnetic rod, around which the lightnings of Heaven may play but cannot harm; and the lamp of its glory, like the pharos of the world, shall ever burn immortal and undimmed!

Winchester, Tenn., 1859. W. E. W.

WILL THERE BE FLOWERS IN HEAVEN?

Brightly the sun of a clear, cold December day shed its slant rays through the half closed blinds of a sickroom, glowing upon the rosy curtains, and playing in fantastic shapes upon the carpet, but brought no gladness to the sorrowing hearts of the mourners there. A mother sat with bowed head and breaking heart by the bedside of her darling first-born son; and that dark-eyed little girl moved slowly about the room, gazing thoughtfully for a while into the bright fire, then kissing the pale cheek of her brother, and wondering "how long he would sleep." For hours he had lain with closed eyes and white lips, and a breath so short and low that it scarcely stirred the white cover. The fever had left him, but nature was exhausted, and they told us that our Charlie must certainly die.

Sunlight faded, and in the gray twilight we sat watching the little one passing so gently from our circle. At last the eyes slowly opened, and a soft voice spoke the sweet words:

"Mother, how long till summer time?"

"Six months, my darling."

"Then your Charlie will not see the flowers again. Don't cry, mamma, I must go pretty soon, but I wish I could see the flowers once more. Will there be any in heaven? Kiss me, mamma.—Cousin Ann, good night; sweet sleep"——and Charlie was with the angels.

We then crossed his white hands over his still heart, and smoothed back his golden curls from his temples, and there laid our faded lily upon the stainless snow. Our boy was too frail and fair for earth, and God has taken him to a holier clime.

Yes, there are flowers in heaven, sweet child; such flowers as thou. Their petals cannot bear our wintry winds, so angels gather them, and they go to bloom in fadeless beauty in the garden of our Father in heaven.—*Selected.*

Politeness. In politeness as in many other things connected with the formation of character, people in general begin outside, when they should begin inside. Instead of beginning with the heart, and trusting that to form the manners, they begin with the manners, and trust the heart to chance influences. The *Golden Rule* contains the very life and soul of politeness. Children may be taught to make a graceful courtesy, or a gentlemanly bow, but unless they have likewise been taught to abhor what is selfish and always prefer another's comfort and pleasure to their own, their politeness will be entirely artificial, and used only when it is their interest to use it. On the other hand, a truly benevolent, kind hearted person, will always be distinguished for what is called native politeness, though entirely ignorant of the conventional forms of society.

Written for Moore's Rural New Yorker.

WAR AND FROST.

Far beyond Atlantic's waters,
Sounds were heard of earthly strife;
And the ocean's eastern breezes
Were with tales of carnage rife,—
All the blood of mighty Europe
Leaped to join the warlike fray;
Crowned [illegible]
Marking kingdoms for their prey.

From Sardinia's vales of beauty
Rose a wail and plaintive moan,
And the gloom of suffering Hungary
Echoed all its mournful tone;
While o'er Europe's vast dominions
Rang a shriek of wild despair,
[illegible]
And the lonely widow's prayer,

As it floated o'er the waters,
To our beauteous land of light;
Hill and valley caught the story,
Sending it to mountain height.
Still we thought not of their suffering,
Of their thousand hopes laid low;
But the demon god of Mammon
Drowned the wail of foreign woe.

As I passed from eastern borders
To the wide and beauteous West,
Oft I heard our noble freemen
Call our land supremely blest;
For, said they, "our fields, wide spreading,
Promise give of plenteous store;
And this bloody war will bring us
Golden gains from Europe's shore."

He who from his lofty dwelling
Reads the silent thoughts of man,
Who through every secret channel
Doth the inmost purpose scan,
Saw, that o'er our fallen natures
Pity held no sweet control,
But the lust of mere tarnished
Tho bright image of the soul.

Of our harvest fields we boasted
In a sordid, heartless tone,
Never thanking the Great Giver,
Counting treasures all our own.
Then He sent a chill at midnight,
O'er our fields of waving grain,
And the Frost King's icy arrows
Fell alike on hill and plain.

Drooped the flower buds in their beauty,
Darkened all our fairy bower;
Turned our hopes of gain to sadness,
In the dark and silent hours.
Then remembered we the lesson,
Man may sow the golden grain,
One may plant—another water—
God alone can count the gain.

He who holds the fate of nations,
Pities *all* his children here;
Bows to soothe and Europe's anguish,
Bids us lend a listening ear.
Let us heed the silent warning,
Ere our land is scourged again,
Know we this, the God of Heaven
Ruleth o'er the homes of men.

Eden Prairie, June, 1859. A. A. R.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE EVILS OF WAR.

There are few subjects in regard to which the imagination is more apt to lead the reason astray than that of the lawfulness of war. Poets and orators have often thrown such a charm around the hero, as to greatly obscure the real deformity of his character, and to cause those who listened to them to forget that he is, at best, only a mighty murderer. But if we will regard the voice of reason, she will teach us to look upon war as a curse. The origin ascribed to war, by the Scriptures, is not very flattering to the military chieftan, for we we learn it was man's failure to exercise a proper government over his lusts. (See James 4: 1-2.) And is not this correct? Has there ever been a war that was not caused by pride, avarice, or an undue love of power? Teach all men to bring their passions under the control of reason, and every army in the world will soon be disbanded. Rob war of the false honor that the populace are accustomed to bestow upon the victorious chieftan, and the number of heroes would rapidly decrease.

If war is evil in its origin, it is not less so in its effects upon the morals of those who engage in it. It is not to be supposed that military men are naturally worse than the rest of the human family, but if we find them distinguished for their vices, must we not conclude that there is something in the profession, itself, that vitiates the mind? And have not nine out of ten of the heroes, of both ancient and modern times, been distinguished for their corruptions? Alexander died from the effects of a debauch, and Blucher was seldom sober. England boasts of Nelson, but his connexion with Lady Hamilton is a sufficient blot upon his reputation. While the countrymen of Wellington are loud in their plaudits, they cannot conceal the fact that selfishness was one of the most strongly marked traits of his character. A recent writer has spent much time in endeavors to prove that Napoleon the First was possessed of almost every virtue that ever fell to the lot of any man, but most persons are still inclined to consider him anything but a paragon of uprightness.

If such be the character of the leaders, are the common soldiers purer than their commanders?—Commanders often put forth direct efforts to morally enervate those that serve under them, lest their virtues should render them less efficient in carrying out the designs of their masters. And are not their efforts generally crowned with fearful success? A camp is generally the school for every vice. Who would think of sending a youth into the army, to learn honesty and sobriety? But how much wretchedness does war bring upon the victims of the hero's ambition. He is the greatest hero who does the most harm. His march is over the ruins of monuments created by genius, and he writes his name amid the ashes of burning cities. Desolation follows in his train, and nations groan beneath the miseries that he has brought upon them. Thousands of widows and orphans bewail the death of husbands and fathers who have been sacrificed at the shrine of his love of power or greed of gain. How often has the battle-field been the death bed of civil and religious freedom? And what becomes of the millions, who pass from the field of carnage into eternity? Is there not a thick gloom that gathers around the exit of the soldier from this world? Can the soul pass directly from the strife of the mortal conflict to those bowers of bliss where love binds all hearts in sweet communion? Who is accountable for all these evils? The hero is not alone criminal. Is not the man of genius who throws a charm around the battle-field, and sings the praises of the hero, fearfully guilty? Is he not doing much to perpetuate the evils of war by begetting a love for military glory in the minds of his fellow-creatures? Are those the real friends of their race who advocate war in the halls of legislation? But, reader, you have a duty to perform in this matter. Are you exerting all your influence to hasten that happy time, when "the nations shall learn war no more?

Butler, Wis., 1859. S. L. Leonard.

THE HISTORY OF LIFE.

How truly does the journey of a single day, its changes and its hours, exhibit the history of human life! We rise up in the glorious freshness of a spring morning. The dews of night, those sweet tears of nature, are hanging from each bough in the refreshing morning. Our hearts are beating with hope, our frames are buoyant with health.—We see no cloud, we fear no storm, and with our chosen and beloved companions clustering around us, we commence our journey. Step by step, the scene becomes more lovely; hour by hour, our hopes become brighter. A few of our companions have dropped away, but in the multitude remaining, and the beauty of the scenery, their loss is unfelt. Suddenly we have entered upon a new country. The dews of the morning are exhaled by the fervor of the noon-day sun; the friends that started with us are disappearing. Some remain, but their looks are cold and estranged; others have laid down to rest, but new faces are smiling upon us; and new hopes are beckoning us on.—Ambition and fame are before us, but youth and affection are behind us. The scene is more glorious and brilliant, but the beauty and freshness of the morning have faded, and forever.

Onward and onward we go; the horizon of happiness and fame recedes as we advance to it, the shadows begin to lengthen, and the chilly airs of evening are usurping the noon day. Still we press onward; the goal is not yet won, the haven not yet reached. The orb of hope that had cheered us on, is sinking in the west; our limbs begin to grow faint, our hearts to grow sad; we turn our gaze upon the scenes that we have passed, but the shadows of the twilight have interposed their veil between us; we look around for the old and familiar faces, the companions of our travel, but we gaze in vain to find them; we have outstripped them all in the race after pleasure, and the phantom has fled; and caught, in a land of strangers, in a sterile and inhospitable country, the night-time overtakes us; the dark and terrible night-time of death; and weary and heavy laden, we lie down to rest in the bed of the grave! Happy, thrice happy, is he who has laid up treasures for himself, for the distant and unknown to-morrow.—*Knickerbocker.*

PARENTAL SYMPATHY.

Parents express too little sympathy for their children—the effect of this is lamentable.

"How your children love you! I would give the world to have my children so devoted to me!" said a mother to one who did not regard the time given to her children as so much capital wasted. Parents err fatally when they grudge the time necessary for their children's amusement and instruction; for no investment brings so sure and so rich returns.

The child's love is holy; and if the parent does not fix that love on himself, he deserves to lose it, and in after life, to bewail his poverty of heart. The child's heart is full of love; and it must gush out toward somebody or something. If the parent is worthy of it, and possesses it, he is blest; and the child is safe. When the child loves worthy persons, and receives their sympathy, he is less liable to be influenced by the undeserving; for in his soul are models of excellence, with which he compares others.

Any parent can descend from his chilling dignity and freely answer the child's questions, talking familiarly and tenderly with him; and when the little one wishes help, the parent should come out of his abstraction and cheerfully help him. Then his mind will return to his speculations elastic, and it will act with force. All parents can find a few minutes occasionally during the day, to read little stories to children, and to illustrate the respective tendencies of good and bad feelings. They can talk to them about flowers, birds, trees, about angels, and about God. They can show interest in their sports, determining the character of them. What is a surer way than this of binding the child to the heart of the parent? When you have made a friend of a child, you may congratulate yourself you have a friend for life.—*Life Illustrated.*

How many thousand stitches are there in a garment! Yet when you look at it, you don't see one—all you see is the garment; but every one of them was necessary. So events are but separate stitches in the great garment which God is making; and, though now all that we see is the events as they transpire, yet when it is done we shall not observe the stitches, though they were all necessary.—*Beecher.*

How easily one can tell whether a man is glad from within; or whether it is only the play of the sunbeams that chanced to fall upon him. Happiness is not the work of a chisel and mallet; not mortised into the soul—it is "put out" like the arms of a tree, whose green unraveled sleeve flutters with the life it shares.—*Taylor.*

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

Nothing but leaves; the Spirit grieves
Over a wasted life;
Sin committed while conscience slept,
Promises made but never kept,
Hatred, battle and strife;
Nothing but leaves!

Nothing but leaves; no gathered sheaves
Of life's fair, ripened grain;
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds;
We sow our seeds—lo! tares and weeds;
We reap with toil and pain
Nothing but leaves.

Nothing but leaves; memory weaves
No veil to screen the past;
As we trace our weary way,
Counting each lost and mis-spent day,
We find sadly at last,
Nothing but leaves.

And shall we meet the Master so,
Bearing our withered leaves?
The Savior looks for perfect fruit—
We stand before Him humble, mute;
Waiting the word he breathes—
Nothing but leaves.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

"Old Things are Passed Away."—To the truly renewed soul, this is most emphatically true. The old rebellious heart, the home of conflicting passions,—the abode of envy, strife and hatred has become mellowed and refined, by grace Divine, and "rendered a fit temple for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit." Earth's transitory pleasures, once so fascinating, sink now into insignificance, eclipsed by the glorious effulgence of the Sun of Righteousness, and the renewed soul becomes all enraptured by the transcendent beauty there is in Christ. The Cross is all his theme. He inhales a new atmosphere,—earth, air and water teem with beauties all unseen before. The commandments of God, once so grievous to be borne, are now observed with cheerful obedience. "His yoke is easy, and his burden is light." His chastisements, so afflicting to the natural heart, are now welcomed as strokes of love from His Fatherly hand. The subdued heart cries out, "Thy will be done," "kisses the rod," joyfully exclaiming, "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth:" yet "Though He slay me, I will trust in Him."

"All Things are Become New."—His former pursuits and treasures, Oh! how valueless do they now appear. He sees now that he was formed for a nobler purpose than to "labor for the meat which perisheth." He feels that "he is not his own,—that he is bought with a price," and at every turn of life his earnest inquiry is, "Lord what wilt Thou have me to do?" The great aim is to glorify God, in body and spirit. The precious hours of the Sabbath, once so irksome, are now welcomed with delight, and enjoyed as a slight prelude of that eternal Sabbath, the inheritance of the faithful.

In nothing is the great change more marked than in the choice of society and friends. The gay, thoughtless beings, who thronged with him the "broad, frequented way," who bowed with him at Pleasure's shrine, and quaffed with him from her poisoned chalice, have ceased to charm with their allurements. The humblest child of God now has the preference. How lovely now appears one who perfectly reflects the Divine image. Though divested of all that might gain the favor, the admiration of a sin-blinded world, he is greeted as an heir of the same inheritance, and pulse beats to pulse as they mutually recognize in each other the image of their crucified Redeemer.

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

More valued is one such friend than all the flattered, glittering multitude that throng the halls of Fashion. But he possesses a dearer Friend,—one whom he is wont to meet and hold converse with. When buffeted by the world; when forsaken by friends; when afflicted, and tempest tossed, there is One upon whose sympathising breast he may ever pillow his weary head; One whose ears are ever open to hear, and who is ever ready to soothe all his griefs—even the precious Savior—the bleeding Lamb of Calvary. Let lowering clouds gather,—let surging tempests beat against his bark,—let the dark pall of disappointment fall in sombre drapery over all his earthly hopes,—let disease and pain rack his clay tenement,—let foes malign and friends forsake, if he but feels the enkindlings of a Savior's love in his soul, exuberant joy may beam from his sorrow-dimmed eye, and exultant songs resound above the raging tempest, for "*If* Christ is for him, who can be against him."

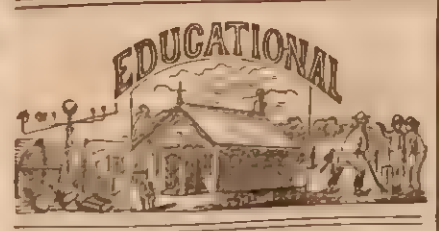
To the *true* child of God, "old things are passed away; *all* things are become new." Yet it is a fact undeniable, that multitudes who have "named the name of Christ," dispute this in practice, if not in theory. Very many there are who would willingly possess religion enough to take them within the Pearly Gates,—would wish the Savior to make their bed

"Soft as downy pillows are,"—

would take His hand to sustain them through Jordan's chilling waves, His presence to illumine the Dark Valley, and His welcome to a seat at the right hand of God. Yet the world must furnish their enjoyment—their society—their employment. "They see no beauty in Christ that they should desire Him" only to save them from eternal punishment. And his children have no attraction for them unless tinseled with the dross of earth.—They follow the same pursuits, evince the same spirit, and are the slaves of the same passions as those without the pale of the church. A stranger would be able to recognize the heir of eternal glory with difficulty amid the trappings of earth.

The question is one of individual interest to every eternity-bound soul.—Have "old things passed away; have all things become new?"

Cleveland, N. Y., 1859. Gertrude Grey



TEACHERS' ASSOCIATIONS.—ANNUAL MEETINGS.

The Annual Meeting of the National Teachers' Association was held at Washington during the second week of August. The Association was welcomed to that city by the Mayor, who gave a history of the free school system at Washington. A committee was appointed to confer with the Secretary of the Interior, to ascertain what additional statistics on the subject of education, may be obtained when taking the census.

The various addresses were delivered, as announced, after which officers were chosen for the ensuing year, as follows:

President—J. W. Bulkley, of Brooklyn, N. Y. *Vice-Presidents*—T. W. Valentine, N. Y.; D. B Hagar, Mass.; Wm. Roberts, Penn.; T. C. Taylor, Del.; Ethridge Smith, Conn.; Daniel Read, Wis.; Isaac Stone, Ill.; A. K. Rikoff, Ohio; C S. Pennell, Missouri; J. N. McJilton, Md.; Sylvester Scott, Va.; C. C. Nesterode, Iowa. *Secretary*—Z. Richards, District of Columbia. *Treasurer*—O. C. Wight, District of Columbia. *Counsellors*—James Cruikshanks, N. Y.; J. W. Allen, Conn.; H. C. Hickok, Penn.; Wm. McCathran, D. C.; John G. Elliott, N. C.; S. J. C. Sweezy, Ala.; Wm E. Theldon, Mass.; Daniel Reed, Wis; J. D Yeates, Md.; F. M Edward, Va.; D. McNiel Turner, Fla.; A. Drury, Ky.; Wm. B. Stark, Mo.; Asahel Elmer, Ill.; L. C. Draper, Wis.; B. W. Smith, Ind.; R. McMillan, Ohio.

The *Wisconsin Journal of Education*, in commenting upon the recent gathering of teachers at Madison, remarks as follows:—"It was pleasant and profitable, was largely attended by teachers, school officers, and friends of education, and we believe will be productive of much good in uniting together the various parts of our educational system, in giving point and efficiency to the efforts hereafter to be made in the direction of progress and reform, and in establishing and promulgating correct views of the teacher's profession, proper estimates of the nature of his work, and an acquaintance with the best means to be employed in its successful prosecution.

The weather was all that could be desired, the citizens of Madison extended a generous welcome to the members of the Association, and the exercises were generally very interesting and profitable. The inauguration of Chancellor Barnard was a special feature of the occasion, and was witnessed by an audience which filled the City Hall to its utmost capacity. Dr. Barnard's inaugural address was characteristic of the man, giving in earnest, eloquent language, broad and comprehensive views of education and educational systems, pervaded all through by strong common sense, and a practical adaptation of general views to the particular circumstances surrounding the field in which he expects to work.

The address, on behalf of the University, by Carl Schurtz, Esq., was worthy of the reputation this gentleman has acquired as a profound thinker and finished scholar, and that of J. T. Clark, Esq., on behalf of the Normal Regents, was well written, in good taste, and appropriate to the occasion.

The address before the literary societies by Rev Dr. Smith, of Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, the subject of which was "Decision of Character," secured the unqualified approbation of all who heard it, as a powerful and scholarly production, worthy of the reputation of the speaker, and abounding in valuable thought. The week will be remembered by many a teacher as an epoch in his or her educational life, and the knowledge gained and acquaintances made will exert a happy influence, inducing more rapid growth, a broader development, and an increase of zeal in the good work."

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TEACHING THE A B C'S.

Not long since I observed in the Educational Department the account of a very learned and talented gentleman teaching the usually uninteresting and much dreaded A B C's to a large class, by drawing upon the blackboard a representation of some familiar object, printing its name and telling the letters of which it is composed. A district-school teacher with from thirty to fifty scholars,—nearly all having different books,—would scarcely find time to draw horses, dogs, fishes, etc.,—neither are there many who could surpass the idea of them already stamped upon the child's mind, if time would allow. I have tried a similar, and, I think, a more simple way. At the commencement of my spring term, I had a class of ten small children, mostly those who had never learned a single letter. I tested several ways to gain their attention, but while I was teaching one, the others would look around or play with each other, and then, before I could get back to this one again, he would forget what it was. At length, when almost discouraged, I hit upon this plan:—I arranged them in front of the blackboard, and asked how many of them had a cat at home. They all raised their hands (my usual affirmation.) I then asked what colors they were, what they were good for, etc.—each answering accordingly. After talking a few moments about them, perhaps telling a short, amusing anecdote, I told them I would print *cat* upon the blackboard, and wanted them to look and see which could learn it first. Now they were all animation, their before expressionless eyes glistened with pleasure, and every nerve seemed stretched to its utmost—each tried to vie with the other in being the first to see it.

After they were able to tell the word upon seeing it in any book, I told them it was composed of letters, and they must learn those too. I next asked them what a cat would do if it saw a mouse? Some answered it would catch it; others, it would run after it. I then printed *run*, and in the same manner they soon mastered that, together with *the* and *can*. They had then learned and could put together the sentence, "The cat can run." I next bestowed a little praise, (which is far better than the "beechen rule,") dividing a little fruit among them, saying I would do the same the next time they read as well. As they went quietly to their seats, prouder people lived not, for they had not only taken one step towards conquering the world of letters, but had also gained the approval of their teacher. I afterwards proceeded in the same manner, and in a few days they could read in the Readers, thus avoiding a summer's drill in the A B C's and abs, which to them contained as little sense as does the Japanese language to us.

Sodus, Wayne Co., N. Y., 1859. S. R.

THE DUTY OF OWNING BOOKS.

We form judgements of men from little things about their house, of which the owner, perhaps, never thinks. In earlier years, when traveling in the West, where taverns were either scarce, or, in some places, unknown, and every settler's house was a house of "Entertainment," it was a matter of some importance and some experience to select wisely were you would put up. And we always look for flowers. If there were no trees for shade, no patch of flowers in the yard, we were suspicious of the place. But, no matter how rude the cabin, or rough the surroundings, if we saw that the window held a little trough for flowers, and that some vines twined about strings let down from the eaves, we were confident that there was some taste and carefulness in the log cabin. In a new country, where people have to tug for a living, no one will take the trouble to rear flowers, unless the love of them is pretty strong—and this taste blossoming out of plain and uncultivated people is, itself, like a clump of bare-bells growing out of the seams of a rock. We were seldom misled. A patch of flowers came to signify kind people, clean beds, and good bread.

But, other signs are more significant in other states of society. Flowers about a rich man's house may signify only that he has a good gardener, or that he has refined neighbors, and does what he sees them do.

But men are not accustomed to buy books unless they want them. If, on visiting the dwelling of a man of slender means I find the reason why he has cheap carpets, and very plain furniture, to be that he may purchase books, he rises at once in my esteem. Books are not made for furniture, but there is nothing else that so beautifully furnishes a house. The plainest row of books that cloth or paper ever covered is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately-carved etagere or side-board.

Give me a house furnished with books rather than furniture! Both if you can, but books at any rate! To spend several days in a friend's house, and hunger for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets, and sitting upon luxurious chairs, and sleeping upon down, is as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind.

Is it not pitiable to see a man growing rich, and beginning to augment the comforts of home, and lavishing money on ostentatious upholstery, upon the table, upon everything but what the soul needs?

We know of many and many a rich man's house where it would not be safe to ask for the commonest English classics. A few garish annuals on the table, a few pictorial monstrosities, together with the stock of religious books of his "persuasion," and that is all! No range of poets, no essayists, no selection of historians, no travels or biographies—no select fictions or curious legendary lore: but then, the walls have paper on which cost three dollars a roll, and the floors have carpets that cost four dollars a yard! Books are the windows thro' which the soul looks out. A house without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them. It is a wrong to his family. He cheats them!—Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading, and grows upon it—and the love of knowledge, in a young mind, is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passions and vices.

Let us pity those poor rich men who live barrenly in great bookless houses! Let us congratulate the poor that, in our day, books are so cheap that a man may every year add a hundred volumes to his library for the price of what his tobacco and his beer would cost him. Among the earliest ambitions to be excited in clerks, workmen, journeymen, and, indeed, among all that are struggling up in life from nothing to something, is that of owning, and constantly adding to, a library of good books. A little library growing larger every year is an honorable part of a young man's history. It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessaries of life.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Education in Ireland.—The 24th Report of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland shows that at the end of 1857 there were 5,337 schools in operation, an average daily attendance of 268,187 children, the average number in the rolls being 514,445. There were thirteen district model schools and 106 national agricultural schools. The total receipts of the commissioners amounted to £302,224 and their expenditure to £269,425.

American Books.—Mr. Hilliard, in a letter from Liverpool to the Boston Courier, states that in the examination of traveler's luggage by the officers of customs, American reprints of English books are absolutely excluded; they are taken away and destroyed. Thackeray was in this way deprived of his copies of the Appleton's reprints of his own works.

Discipline not one faculty exclusively, for thou hast many. If thou canst not use the optic glass in the dark, take the ear trumpet—by day reverse them.—*Jean Paul.*

Education makes more difference between man and man, than nature has made between man and brute.—*John Adams.*

A man passes for a sage, if he seeks for wisdom; if he thinks he has found it, he is a fool.

HORACE MANN, LL. D.

In the issue of the Rural for August 18th, we made brief mention of the decease of the Hon. Horace Mann, at the same time furnishing our readers with such an epitome of his life and labors as space would permit. It was our intention to again recur to the subject in detail, and we now gladly avail ourselves of the present opportunity to present (in connection with a life-like portrait,) a biographical sketch of one who has probably done more for the educational interests of our country than any individual now upon the stage of active life.

Horace Mann was born in the town of Franklin, Mass., May 4th, 1796. His father, Thomas Mann, who was a farmer, died when the subject of our remarks had attained his thirteenth year, leaving his family little beside the example of an upright life. The educational advantages of the children were very limited. In commenting upon this point, the editor of *Life Illustrated* remarks:—"They were taught in the district common school; and it was the misfortune of the family that it belonged to the smallest district, had the poorest school-house, and employed the cheapest teachers in a town which was itself both small and poor. When the obscure boy of this obscure school afterwards became Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, it is well known with what earnestness he used to dwell upon the importance of school-house architecture, and with what graphic touches of description he would paint the houses which had never been *painted* in fact. Doubtless, many of his pictures were drawn, not from fancy, but from memory."

The early life of Mr. Mann was spent in an obscure country town, where opportunities for the acquirement of knowledge were exceedingly meagre. While thus employed an itinerant schoolmaster came into his neighborhood and opened a school. The specialty of the instructor was Grammar—English, Greek and Latin. Here Mr. Mann first saw a Latin Grammar. Having obtained a reluctant consent from his guardian to prepare for College, with six months schooling he learned his Grammar, and entered the Sophomore class of Brown University in September, 1816. This hurried preparation left him with many deficiencies, and extra study was the only means by which he could successfully cope with his fellow-students. Self imposed labor gained the victory, but at what fearful cost! Youthful ambition heeded not the claims of Nature, and, like thousands of others in the land, he left his *Alma Mater* physically wrecked. When his class graduated, in 1819, the place of honor in the Commencement Exercises was awarded to him, with the undivided approval of both faculty and classmates.

At the close of Commencement he entered the office of Hon. J. J. Fiske, of Wrentham, as a law student. Only a few months was he thus engaged, however, as he was invited back to College, and became a tutor in Latin and Greek. In 1821 this post was resigned, and he entered the law school at Litchfield, Conn., and was admitted to the bar in 1823. Space will not permit a review of his legal labors; suffice it to say, his powers as an advocate were acknowledged to be of the highest order, and the success with which he met (gaining at least fourth-fifths of all contested cases,) brought business to him in a copious stream. In 1830 Mr. M. married Miss Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Messer, for many years President of Brown University. In 1832 he was called to mourn the death of this lady, and in 1843 he was married to Miss Peabody, in whom he found not only a most affectionate and worthy companion, but an earnest assistant and sympathizer in all his educational labors.

The political career of Mr. Mann began in 1827, when he was elected a Representative to the Legislature of Massachusetts. In 1833 he removed to Boston, and at the first election after becoming a resident of that city, he was chosen to the State Senate. By re-elections he was continued in the Senate for four years. In 1836 that body elected him its President; and again, in 1837, in which year he retired to enter upon a new and more congenial sphere of labor, and in June, 1837, accepted the office of Secretary of the Board of Education. Immediately on accepting the office he withdrew from all other professional and business engagements whatever, that no vocation but the new one might burden his hands or obtrude upon his contemplations. He resolved to be seen and known only as an Educationist.

In 1843, under the auspices of the Board of Education, (but at his own private expense,) Mr. Mann visited Europe, to examine the schools, and to obtain any such information as could be made available at home. It is impossible for us to detail his labors while acting as Secretary of the Educational Board. He wrote twelve long Annual Reports, of one of which—the tenth—the *Edinburgh Review* says, "This volume is indeed a noble monument of a civilized people; and if America were sunk beneath the waves, would remain the fairest picture on record of an Ideal Commonwealth."

On the 23d of February, 1848, Mr. John Quincy Adams, who was a Representative from the Congressional District in which Mr. Mann resided, died in the United States House of Representatives, which for almost twenty years had been the theatre of his labors. A successor was to be chosen and the task devolved upon Mr. Mann. On the 30th of June he entered Congress, and in the ensuing November he was re-elected by an overwhelming majority, receiving eleven thousand out of about thirteen thousand votes, and was re-elected again in 1850, against two opposing candidates.

In September, 1852, Mr. Mann was chosen President of Antioch College, at Yellow Springs, Ohio. He was also President of the Northwestern Christian University of Indianapolis. Thus employed he received the final summons—and a well-spent life was fittingly closed in labors calculated to stimulate Educational Progress and Christian Knowledge.

ICEBERGS.—DANGERS OF THE SEA.

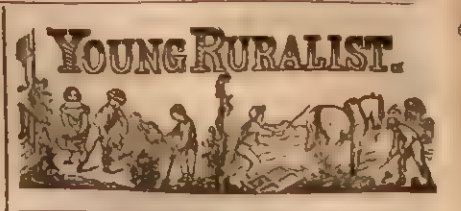
A gentleman who was a passenger in the July trip of the Persia, writing to a friend in Mobile, gives a vivid description of the dangers of Atlantic navigation. His letter is dated "Mid-Ocean, July 4th," and he remarks:

"Then came fog, fog, for three days and nights, until one thousand miles were passed, Cape Race and New Foundland Banks. Here the air began to be very cold, requiring thick winter clothing, indicating that we were approaching the region of icebergs. Sure enough, on the afternoon of the 9th, while we were at dinner, the cry of 'icebergs' was heard through the cabin, (a convenient excuse for many to leave the table, as it was a little rough; this cry was well understood afterwards, when it became necessary for any one to leave before meals were over, and often accompanied with considerable amusement;) but to the icebergs. We rushed on deck, and there, far, far away over the sea, was a dim mass of white substance, which we could not distinguish from land, then another came, very large and grand, about ten miles distant—a great mountain of ice like a huge, bold promontory, jutting out into the wild waste of waters, while the waves dashed in foam and spray upon its cold and barren sides.

"Then the sunlight flashed over glassy heights with a dazzling brilliancy, reflecting all the colors of the rainbow from peak to peak, until the mass passed into a shadow, and then appeared like a great mountain of snow, of the purest whiteness untouched by that which defiles and darkens.—One, we passed within half a mile, and could with great distinctness see its huge sides, cut into ridges and gullies by the streams that were trickling down to the ocean; on the summit there seemed the form of a house, indeed there was anything there that the imagination could picture out of such fantastic shapes and strange appearances. The cold gushes of wind that swept the ice fields came over our vessel like a wintry blast, producing the intensest cold. They say sailors can tell when they approach icebergs, even in the darkest night, by the change in the temperature of the atmosphere; in their own language, they 'can smell them.'"

How a Rain Cloud Forms.—Prof. Wise, describing his last balloon voyage, says:—We plainly saw that the southeast wind below, which drove us to the northwest at starting, had now supplied the atmosphere with moisture enough to make a growing rain cloud. Slowly, but interestingly, the vapor assumed a milky hue. Presently it assumed the appearance of a vascular cloud; then it spread out and bulged down in the middle, and soon it had the appearance of a great udder, with the water oozing through it, but more copiously at and around its protuberant centre. It was an interesting phenomenon, and it seemed as though nature was unbosoming her mammal to give the earth some sustenance. I have noticed these udders and water spouts before.

It is less pain to learn in youth than to be ignorant in old age.



THE "CHILDREN'S MINISTER."

L. B. Towsley, for more than a score of years has labored in Western New York for the good of the children and the Sunday Schools, as Agent of the American Sunday School Union, during which time he has endeared himself to the hearts of thousands of little ones, and earned the title of the "*Children's Minister*," though only a lay preacher. In removing an old barn about a year since, he was struck by a falling timber, and so injured in the spine as to be helpless, and his life was a for a long time despaired of. He still lives, but is unable to perform labor of any kind. The children, to show their gratitude to one who loved them so much, and had served them so long, and to alleviate his great affliction as much as possible, raised in the various schools over one thousand dollars, which they presented to Mr. Towsley. In stating this fact, it seems, by the following note from an associate of Mr. T., that by some freak of the figures, which are said usually to tell the truth, the sum was made altogether too large:

Eds. Rural:—In your paper of the 18th of June, appears the following:—"L. B. Towsley, the Children's Minister, has received, since the injury which disabled him, the sum of $13,197, *contributions from various* Sunday Schools." While our Brother Towsley feels deeply grateful for the numerous and substantial tokens of interest and sympathy received from the children in every part of the State, where he has so long and efficiently prosecuted the work of the "*Children's Minister*," and will ever be ready, so far as *figures* can do it, to acknowledge to the full extent these favors, he may well be pardoned for being unwilling to have a statement so wide of the mark as the above, go uncorrected.

The facts in this case are, as I recently learned from Bro. Towsley, that the "contributions of the various Sunday Schools" above alluded to, at this time (August 3d) amount to *thirteen hundred and eleven dollars*, ($1,311,) instead of thirteen *thousand*. By giving publicity to this statement, you will greatly oblige all concerned.

P. G. Cook, Missionary of the Am. S. S. Union.
Buffalo, N. Y., August 4, 1859.

A LITTLE SYMPATHY FOR DOGS.

Friend Moore:—There have been two or three articles written and published in the Rural, in favor of the total destruction of dogs. I differ from the writer, for this reason, if no other, God made all things and pronounced them good. Now I think we poor weak mortals ought to stop and think whether we have any right to wish the total destruction of anything, much less for the reasons that friend P. gives. They kill sheep and do other mischief. Take that as the true principle to judge from, and what would become of even the human family? Don't they steal and kill sheep, besides being the cause of a great many other serious evils? "They bow-wow-wow, and disturb us nights and bark at us when we travel." I have traveled lately, some two or three hundred miles by my own conveyance and I have no recollection of a single dog coming out to bark at me. Perhaps they did, but I seldom if ever notice them, and if I did I should say that nine times out of ten their masters where more to blame than they. I have no doubt that there are a great many so nervous that if they could, they would pull a chimney down to kill a *cricket*, so their noise would not keep them awake. It is better to let ninety and nine guilty go unpunished, than to punish one just person, and why not carry a little of that principle to dogs, and punish the guilty even with death, but to couple the innocent with the guilty, it would lack the true principles of humanity and justice.

Friend P. thinks occasionally there is a dog that is of some benefit to his master. I think so, and I will name two or three circumstances known to me. I have frequently heard my father and mother speak of a dog they had when they first commenced keeping house. My father's business called him away from home a great deal, and to stay all night, and that dog was never known to be off the door step at night, when he was gone. I have heard my father say that he has been twenty miles from home and that dog was with him when the sun was not more than half an hour high, and that same night by the time it was fairly dark he would be home on the door steps. My mother always thought he saved her life and all the property they were worth in the world, for it was then in the house in money. In the dead of night she was awakened up by the dog, who seemed to be in a fight with something; she got up and looked out of the window, and there saw two men trying to beat the dog away from the door. She encouraged the dog and they left. I have had dogs that would drive pigs or anything out of mischief, and watch to keep them out, and not a word said. I had a neighbor that had a dog, that if he left or lost any thing that he could carry, would send him after it, and he would bring it to him. A short time ago I staid all night at a gentleman's house and in the morning when they went out to milk, knowing he was celebrated for keeping good stock, I walked out to the yard with him. After we got there I discovered a dog walking about among the cattle, but nothing unusual until an old sow ran up to a calf there was in the yard as if to bite him or drive him away. She had not more than got to where the calf was before the dog was there and started her out of the yard in a hurry. The gentleman said he did not allow any thing to fight on the farm, and the dog knew it, and helped him keep order.

A. E.

Springport, August, 1859.

Perfect Happiness.—It is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Geneva Nursery—W. T. & E. Smith.
Great Sale of Real Estate—F. N. Albright, A. T. Wetherwax, Executors.
Trees—Trees—Trees—T. C. Maxwell & Bro.
Strawberry plants—Ellwanger & Barry.
Fruit Trees & Vines—Moore & Howard.
Implements, Seeds, &c., Rochester—R. L. Howard.
New Nursery, Rochester—Jarvis & Dunbar.
Rochester Female Academy—Prof. Newton.
Rochester Female Academy—L. A. Ward, President.
Genesee Wesleyan Seminary—C. A. Hurlbut.
A Valuable Farm for Sale—William Garbutt.
The Logan Grape—C. P. Bissel & Sister.
The Water-Cure Journal—Fowler & Wells.
Health, Happiness and Long Life—Fowler & Wells.
The Water-Cure Journal and Herald of Health—Fowler & Wells.
Not a Humbug—M. B. Allen & Co.
For Twenty five Cents—Fowler & Wells.
No Drugs—No Poison—Fowler & Wells.
200 Agents Wanted—M. M. Smallwood.
Physiology and the Laws of Life—Fowler & Wells.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 3, 1859.

Our Advertising Department is somewhat extended, as usual at this season, the favors of advertisers exceeding the space ordinarily devoted to their announcements. We trust, however, that readers will find the department of interest and value—a seasonable directory relative to Nursery Stock, Implements, Seeds, Schools, and various other essentials. Attention is directed to all the advertisements, and especially to the timely announcements of Nurserymen and Principals of first class Schools and Seminaries, in this and late numbers of the Rural.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

The Administration has assurance from the Government of Costa Rica of its preparation to appoint, in conjunction with the United States, a Commission to settle all claims of our citizens against that Republic. It is promised this Commissioner will be appointed shortly after the arrival of Minister Dimitry at San Jose.

The State Department has been officially advised that an order has been received at the Custom House, authorizing the reduction of the government export duty to five per cent. in favor of the exporter.

The Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* states that immediately on the accession of Lord Russell to office as Foreign Minister in England, he addressed to this government a dispatch earnestly remonstrating against the re-opening of the Slave trade, and against the lukewarmness of Mr. Buchanan's Administration in that respect.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Mr. Greenwood, has received a dispatch, announcing the arrival at Leavenworth of the children spared at the Mountain Meadow massacre. They will at once be taken to Cowallon, Arkansas, near the point from which the expedition to which they were attached set out, and there restored to their friends.

A private dispatch from Carlislie, Md., announces the death of Hon. John A. Davis, of that State, formerly speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives.

Prof. Dimitry, Minister to Central America, will leave about the first of September with his family for Costa Rica.

Lt. Ives, the Architect and Engineer in charge of the Washington Monument, has made an official report to the Society, in which he says that when raised to the height of 600 feet the entire weight of the shaft and foundation will be 70,000 tons.—The weight of the structure in its present condition is 40,000 tuns. He has been unable to detect appearances of settling, or indications of insecurity. By scientific calculation, he has arrived at the conclusion that the weight alone of the Monument at its full height, will offer a resistance nearly eight times greater than the overturning effort of the heaviest tempest, to which it would probably ever be exposed.

Personal and Political.

Advices from the Sandwich Islands state that Judge Pratt, of Michigan, U. S. Consul at Honolulu, has been for some time past seriously ill with the asthma.

The American State Convention of Maryland have nominated Wm. H. Pulmell for Comptroller.

There will be a double delegation from Illinois, in the Charleston Convention.

A State Convention of colored men meets in Troy on Tuesday, the 13th of September next, for a session of two days or more, and the Suffrage question is to be discussed. A large attendance is expected.

Returns from the greater portion of Alabama indicate that Gov. Moore's majority will considerably exceed 20,000.

The Minnesota Democratic State Convention was held on the 14th ult., and the following ticket nominated:—*Governor*—George L. Becker, *Lieut. Governor*—Sylvanus B. Lowery, *Secretary of State*—Francis Baasen, *Attorney General*—John B. Brisbin, *State Treasurer*—Samuel B. Abbe.

The Democratic State Convention of Wisconsin, on the 25th ult., nominated H. C. Hobart for Governor, and A. S. Palmer for Lieutenant Governor. It is doubted whether the delegates to the Charleston Convention will be elected by the present Convention, which is decidedly Anti-Lecompton.

The Democratic Convention of New Jersey assembled at Trenton on the 25th ult., and it was the largest and most stormy ever held. There were over 2,000 delegates present. On the 6th ballot Gen. E. R. V. Wright, of Hudson, was nominated for Governor. The next highest competitor was Charles Skelcton, of Mercer.

We have received, says the Louisville *Courier*, officially and otherwise, the vote of 104 counties in the State, which sum up as follows for Governor and Lieutenant Governor. The vote of McLean county is included only in part, as it is the new county, several precincts of which were counted with Muhlenberg and Daviess:—For Beriah Magoffin, for Governor, 77,364; for Joshu F. Bell, for Governor, 68,739—majority for Magoffin, 8,625. For Linn Boyd, for Lieut. Governor, 76,366; for Alf. Allen, for Lieut. Governor, 64,843—majority for Boyd, 11,523. This is the largest vote, by several thousand, ever cast in the State, amounting in the aggregate to 146,103.

The Convention at Pike's Peak formed a Constitution in two days. It is to be forwarded to the President and Congress, with a request for admission to the Union as the State of Jefferson. This is pretty rapid business. If States can be manufactured so rapidly, we need not resort to fillibusterism or bribes to increase the number of stars on our flag.

The American Council of New York met at Geneva on the 23d ult., and after considerable discussion it was resolved, that the President and Secretary of this State Council be authorized and directed to call a State Nominating Convention at Utica, on Wednesday, the 21st day of September next. The officers for the ensuing year are as follows:—*President*—G. A. Scroggs, Erie; *Vice-President*—Amos H. Prescott, Herkimer; *Secretary*—James N. Husted, Westchester.

Conflagrations and Casualties.

A fire broke out in New Bedford, about noon on the 25th ult., in North Water street, which destroyed about 25 dwellings, and was finally arrested on Key and North st., by blowing up several buildings with gunpowder. The buildings destroyed include Hallian & Sons' machine shop and planing mill; Rider & Smith's soap yard; Durstrual's turning mill; N. H. Ayre's ship chandlery; Edward M. Robinson's oil yard, in which 3,000 barrels of oil were destroyed, besides some lots of oil belonging to W. G. E. Pope, B. B. Howland and David B. Camp. Several dwelling houses, carpenter shops and groceries were included in the conflagration. A large number of bomb lances on the premises of Wilcox & Hathway, caused loud explosions, as also did the bursting of the oil casks. The ship John Edwards, lying at Wilcox & Richmond's wharf, was burned to the water's edge. Several persons were injured, but none fatally. The total loss is variously estimated at from $200,000 to $300,000, on which the insurance is small.

A special dispatch to the Democrat says that thirteen buildings were burnt at Cairo, Ill., on the 24th ult. Loss $10,000.

John Bousfield's pail factory was burnt on the 24th, in Cleveland, Ohio. Insured $8,000.

We learn from the Yates County Chronicle of the 25th, that a very destructive fire occurred at Havana, Schuyler county, the evening previous, commencing about 11 o'clock. A large portion of the business part of the town is destroyed, sixteen places of business being consumed. The entire damage is estimated at $50,000, with only an insurance of about $15,000. The Chronicle does not give a list of the sufferers, but states that the office of the Havana Journal was entirely destroyed, without a farthing of insurance. The Montour House was slightly, and the Observatory Buildings badly damaged.

News Paragraphs.

The mammoth steamship Great Eastern is advertised to leave England for Portland early in September. This vessel registers more tuns than Noah's Ark, as estimated by Sir Isaac Newton and Bishop Watkins, viz.:—23,092 tuns! It is also longer and deeper, but not so broad as the "Ark." The comparions is as follows:

	Noah's Ark according to Sir I. Newton.	Noah's Ark according to Bish. Watkins.	Great Eastern.
Length between perpendiculars	515.62	547	680
Breadth	85.94	91.16	83
Depth	51.56	54 70	58
Keel, or length for tunnage	464.09	492.31	630.08
Tunnage according to old law	18,282	21,762	23,092

Sunday week the Mayor of St. Louis enforced the recently-adopted ordinance for preventing liquor selling on the Sabbath day. The good effect of the Mayor's action is shown in the fact that up to 8 P. M. on Sunday, not a single arrest for drunkenness had been made.

There will be no provincial Agricultural Exhibition in Lower Canada; but the Horticultural Society are making active preparations to supply this deficiency.

A cable about 3,000 feet long, was laid on Monday week across the Mississippi at St. Louis, composed of four strands of the Atlantic Cable. Three tuns of No. 6 wire were used on the outside of the main wires, which adds greatly to its strength, and allows the strain to come upon the outside wires instead of the cable. This is the main crossing of the Mississippi by the above line.

Thirty portable steam saw mills are about to be shipped to Louisiana from the Novelty Works, New York. They are designed for the sugar planters' use in procuring fuel for boiling the cane. Placed in a forest, they cut the trees down and saw them into four feet lengths, effecting with the labor of two men, what has up to this time been the work of twenty.

They have been having a great flood on Long Island. On Saturday, the 13 thult., they had a tremendous storm of rain, accompanied by incessant thunder. At Mattituck the rain fell to the depth of twenty inches, according to a correspondent, who writes that he could go in a boat over two-thirds of his farm, which is situated on high land. At Wading river the new bridge was swept away, and the mill dam broken, and the made ground about the pond flooded and borne off to the Sound. The roads were terribly cut up; turnpikes, a dozen years old, were plowed away by the extemporized rivers, and the lawns covered with sand. It is thirty-three years since any such flood last visited the Island.

Death of a Well-Known Publisher.—Moses D. Phillips, of the firm of Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, died at his residence in Brookline, on Saturday week, aged 46. He commenced business in Worcester, but went to Boston in 1844, and, by his energy and remarkable business tact, soon acquired a leading place among the publishers of the country. The "Atlantic Monthly" was among his last successful enterprises.

An iron spire is about to be erected on a church in Pittsburgh. This will be the first construction of the kind in the United States, and it is fitting that it should be put up in the "Iron City." This church (St. Philomena's, Catholic) has now a brick tower one hundred feet high, which is to be carried up sixty-five feet higher, and upon it will be erected a beautiful cast iron spire, eighty-five feet high, exclusive of the cross that will crown the apex. The style is to be the perforated Gothic of the middle ages. It will cost about $10,000.—There are now, it is stated, but two church spires in the world that are made of iron, viz: at Vienna and Frankfort-on-the-Main.

The Madison (N. Y.) Observer says that some of the early rising citizens of that town saw traces of frost upon the ground last Friday morning, and adds:—"If this is so, it is safe to predict that 1859 will be noted for a frost occurring every month in the year."

John Ross, who has recently been re-elected Principal Chief of the Cherokee Indians, has held that position for 31 consecutive years. He was elected under the first Constitution of the Nation in 1828, and has been re-elected every four years since, almost without opposition. He is an educated man, of mixed Indian and Caucasian blood, somewhat more than 60 years of age, has the sense to write short messages to the Council, and enjoys unbounded popularity among the civilized red skins.

The receipts of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions for July were $60,018 82. This is the largest sum received during any one month since the Board was organized. The receipts for the months of June and July amounted to about $100,000. Of the amount received for July, Massachusetts gave more than one-third. The total receipts for the year ending July 31st, including donations and legacies, amounted to $326,000. Of this sum Massachusetts gave $120,000.

Stories of discoveries of remarkably rich silver mines, by a party of Americans, come to us from Arizona. It is said they have found the long lost celebrated Vega mine, whose richness was renowned even upon the mining records of old Spain. It was worked by the early Jesuit explorers, who, when compelled to leave by the Apaches, destroyed their works, and blocked up the mouth of the main shaft.

No More Free Colored Persons at New Orleans.—An announcement is made at New Orleans that from the 1st inst., all free persons of color residing in that city must be immediately lodged in jail, and there remain until the departure of the boat or vessel in which they came.

Postage Stamps.—It is said that the issue of postage stamps by government anticipates the amount required by the public for immediate use, to the amount of not less than $1,000,000. So government has constantly at a million of dollars of promises to pay, on which it gains the same permanent advantage as that accruing to a Bank of issue from its circulating notes.

First Quaker Meeting in California.—On First-day morning, July 31st, says the San Francisco *National*, the room of the Board of Supervisors, in the City Hall, was entirely filled by those who desired to be present on the occasion of the first meeting of the "Society of Friends" in this State. Robert Lindsay and wife, who recently arrived in the country, are accredited ministers from the London Yearly Meeting. Their presence in California is welcomed by many who were members, or had been accustomed to attend meetings of the Society of Friends in their former homes. Robert Lindsay delivered a sermon of an hour's duration, marked by a simple eloquence, fervor, and grace, which charmed every hearer. His wife followed in a very brief and beautiful discourse. The whole assemblage evinced deep interest and close attention.

Excitement in Maine—The Maine Law Enforced.—An extraordinary scene was witnessed at Portland, Me., on the 17th ult., that of the police entering the premises of a citizen, and breaking open his private iron safe on suspicion that it contained liquors. The building where this occurred was the Exchange Coffee House, the proprietor, Jesse Annis. The City Marshal, notwithstanding Mr. A. protested against this violent intrusion upon his premises, after considerable hard labor, forced open the safe, found nine bottles of liquor, and bore them off in triumph to the police office.

Later From California.—The steamer Moses Taylor arrived at New York on the 27th ult., from Aspinwall the 18th, with California mails of the 5th, 500 passengers, and upwards of $2,156,000 in treasure. Among the passengers are Capt. Long, Commander of the Pacific Squadron, and Lieut. Winslow, together with ten officers and commander of the sloop-of-war Decatur. The Moses Taylor reports the U. S. ships Merrimac, Vandalia and Warren at Panama, and Roanoke, Sabine and Preble at Aspinwall. The most prominent points of California news have been anticipated. Affairs on the Isthmus quiet. The gold excitement at Chinqui continued.

From Kansas.—The Express arrived at Leavenworth on the 23d ult., with Denver dates to the 15th, six passengers, and 16,000 in gold dust. A portion of the recently framed Constitution had been published. No allusion is made to the Slavery question in the bill of rights. The right of suffrage is restricted to the whites. The local papers are silent with respect to the provisions of the Constitution. The richest gold discoveries have been made since the last arrival, between Cape Lapondre and the Cheene Pass, although the opening of new leads was of daily occurrence. A great rush had been made by the miners toward the Cheene Pass, where it was reported that $100 to $1,000 a day was being made by a single hand. The emigration continued light but steady. Business at Denver city was brisk, and merchandize and provisions were selling cheap. The Omaha *Republican* says that Charles Leslie, of Marion county, Pa., arrived there on the 14th with 1,038 ounces of gold dust, from Clear Creek. Leslie professed to have discovered the richest diggings yet found, and returns to the States for the purpose of procuring quartz mills to work them.

FOREIGN NEWS.

We gather the following details of transactions from the files furnished by the various arrivals during the week. The latest dates are by the *Washington*, of the 19th ult., which arrived off Cape Race on the 25th:

Great Britain.—The sailing of the steamer Great Eastern from Liverpool to Portland, which was originally fixed for the first of September, has been postponed till the 15th of the same month, owing to an unavoidable delay in getting ready for sea.

A Russian loan of twelve millions sterling, and an Indian loan of five millions had been introduced in the London market.

Parliament was prorogued on the 13th.

The Daily News says that the strike among the men belonging to the Building Association was likely to last long.

The Paris correspondent of the Daily News learns from a good source that the Emperor intends to publish a political amnesty on the 15th. It is reported that it will include Gen. Changarnier, Col. Charray, Louis Blanc, and even Ledru Rollin.

France.—All the troops that are to return to France from Italy had arrived.

The *Constitutionel*, in an article on the French army, conveys a threat considered to mean England. The writer says that when once there shall have been completed the service of the maritime transports which will permit the sudden and unexpected throwing of a corps d'armee on the enemy's shore, the enemies of France or those who were jealous of her, will think twice before provoking her.

It was reported that the Austrian Ambassador to France would refuse to attend the Paris fetes if the colors taken from the enemy were allowed to be carried in the procession.

The Bank of France had gained 67,500,000 francs during the month of July. The 3 per cents. on the Paris Bourse had declined to 69f.

There was a vague rumor that Prince Napoleon was to be made Sovereign of Tuscany.

Telegraphic advices from Paris state that the Zurich Conference is in daily session, but as yet but little progress in the questions has been made.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany has arrived in Paris, and met with a very friendly reception from the Emperor.

It is stated in Paris that all the warnings hitherto given to the French newspapers by the government, are to be considered hereafter as nullities.

Austria.—It was reported by way of Vienna, that the Red Republicans had proclaimed in Parma, that the Piedmontese were driven out—that the friends of order were everywhere taking to flight.

A threatening collision had taken place between some Austrian and Prussian soldiers at Frankfort.

Prussia.—The King of Prussia was not expected to live.

Spain.—Spain had resolved to increase her fortifications in Cuba.

Clippings from Foreign Journals.

Three fatal cases of cholera have been reported at Dundee, Scotland.

Ali Khan, embassador from Persia to Paris and London, has arrived in Paris with 25 young men, who have come to France to be educated.

The widow of Gen. Espinasse has requested the Second Regiment of Zouaves to accept her son as child of the Regiment.

An East Indian Pagan Prince, immensely rich, has conquered the prejudices of an English lady, Miss Hodge, and celebrated the union of the colonial and home governments by one of their own—the first of the kind that ever took place.

The *Journal Des Debats* gives particulars of the killed and wounded in the late Italian War, making a total of 24,350 killed and wounded Allies, to 38,650 Austrians.

The exports of silver from France continue on a scale which bids fair soon to drain the country of that metal. During the first six months of the present year the quantity which has left France has been 288,858,880 kilos, against 114,493,160 imported, or more than double the exhaustive process.

A few years ago the Duke of Tuscany imprisoned the Madiai for circulating a few copies of the Word of God. To-day the Duke is a fugitive from his kingdom, and the Madiai are busily engaged in circulating the Scriptures, the Provisional Government of Tuscany having proclaimed freedom of conscience and full religious liberty.

The Pope has condemned to death seven of the inhabitants of the town of Perugia, for participation in the disorders which took place in that city on the 14th of June. The accused, however, have been judged by default, and it is most unlikely they will be found when wanting.

On the "Victor Emmanuel" Railroad there was a very bad accident near the station of Turin. Two trains, going at full speed, ran against each other. One of them had a Sardinian battery on board, and the other a corps of French infantry; 15 soldiers were killed and 60 wounded. Poor fellows, to meet such a fate, just after they had got safely out of a bloody war!

The system of insurance against Railway accidents is now brought to such complete perfection in England, that at almost any station there are agents empowered to issue the requisite policies—which are simply tickets. Two or three pence additional, paid on purchasing a ticket, secures the repayment of any loss or damage to person or property during the trip.

The Liverpool *Times*, in commenting upon the American naturalization question, says:—"It is a remarkable fact that there is no great Power in the world with so small an army and navy as the United States, and yet which makes itself more feared and respected."

The Dirty Mouth of the Mississippi Cleaned.—Craig & Tighley, the contractors for cleaning out the mouth of the Mississippi river, publish a statement in the Cincinnati papers exonerating their sureties, and stating that the work was formally accepted by the government, and the money paid.

The News Condenser.

— It is reported that the Emperor of China is dead.

— The yellow fever at Havana has become epidemic.

— New wheat is selling in Muscatine, Iowa, at sixty cents per bushel.

— Bloody battles are reported between the Sioux and Arrakee Indians.

— There is a child in St. Louis, two years old, that weighs 145 pounds.

— The number of visitors in Saratoga was never greater than at present.

— Pears are a drug in California, so are blackberries—three lbs. for 50 cents.

— A State Military Convention is to be held in Iowa on the 6th inst., at Muscatine.

— Baltimore enjoys the notoriety of having the worst rowdies of any city in the Union.

— A movement is on foot in Chicago for a Reform School for girls. A noble project.

— The taxable property of Georgia is said to have increased $50,000,000 the past year.

— The venerable widow of ex-President Harrison is very ill at her residence in North Bend.

— It is said a revival of a very gracious and interesting character has commenced in Jerusalem.

— It is calculated that the books in the Library of the British museum occupy 12 miles of shelf.

— The Vigilance Committee of Napoleon, Ark., are violently expelling all gamblers from the town.

— The excitement at the Isthmus in relation to the golden images in the Indian mounds is dying out.

— A bear attacked Cyrii Randall, his keeper, in Providence, R. I., recently, and nearly tore his leg off.

— Twelve hundred passengers sailed for foreign ports by the steamers leaving New York on Saturday week.

— A little boy at Lexington Ky., running with a knife open, stumbled and fell, the blade piercing his heart.

— The blackberry crop of Indiana is estimated to have yielded nearly a half a million of dollars this season.

— A Homœpathic Medical College is to be established at St. Louis. It will be open on the first day of October.

— Since the first of June, in Boston, no less than fifteen hundred and twenty-eight dogs have been slaughtered.

— Jose Joaquin Fernandez, aged 99 years, and for 80 years a citizen of New Orleans, died in that city on the 8th ult.

— The Cincinnati, Dayton, Toledo, and Detroit Railroad was opened, on Thursday last, between Cincinnati and Toledo.

— An old advertisement, of 1568, reads:—"Wanted—A stout, active man, who fears God, and can carry 200 pounds."

— Twenty-seven thousand bags of coffee, lately imported from the West Indies, are lying in the warehouse of Baltimore.

— The Artesian Well of Columbus, O., has reached a depth of 2,056 feet, the auger going down at the rate of four feet a day.

— More than 5,000,000 feet of lumber and 49,000,000 shingles were received at West Troy by canal during the past week.

— The Gonzalez Inquirer says that 250,000 sheep have been brought into Texas, from Mexico, since the 1st of January.

— Over fifteen million baskets of strawberries are estimated to have been brought to New York during the recent season.

— Chief Justice Taney, of the United States Supreme Court, is eighty-two years old. Some of the other Judges are over seventy.

— Extensive fires are raging in the woods west of Rome, N. Y. Between Rome and Verona, the fire is becoming alarming.

— The list of lands in Erie Co., N. Y., to be sold for non-payment of taxes, fills nearly 12 columns of the Courier, in small type.

— The American built frigate General Admiral excited particular attention at a grand naval review held at Cronstadt on the 25th of July.

— A French cook has stated that there are precisely 131 different kinds of wine which a gentleman may put upon his table without a blush.

— Some eighty Europeans have been massacred by the natives on the Island of Borneo. Among them were five German missionaries.

— London is about to spend $20,000,000 on draining her streets, on keeping filth from flowing into the Thames and on saving it for agriculture.

— Letters received at Portland give full assurance that the mammoth steamship may be expected to arrive at that port the present month.

— Metallic window blinds are coming into use in New York. The frame is made of malleable iron, and the slats of corrugated sheet iron.

— Mmlle. the Baroness de Pierres, *dame d'honeur* of the Empress of the French, is a daughter of Herman Thorne, just deceased in New York.

— Two bars of gold, weighing 1,200 pennyweights, are the product of the labor of fourteen hands, seven weeks in a mine in Lincoln Co., Ga.

— The Providence Journal says there are "a great many lovely women at Newport." Very likely. But there are a great many more at home.

— Four men went out sharking from Kenyon's Stone Bridge House, R. I., last week, and in a few hours caught 32 sharks, from 4 to 8 feet long.

— Vigilance Committees have been formed in several parishes of Louisiana, but the Governor has issued a proclamation ordering them to disband.

— The Jackson gold snuff-box was presented by proxy to Gen. Burnett, at Nashville, on the 18th ult., Gen. Pillow representing Gen. Burnett.

— The papers suggest that hereafter duels be done away with, and that quarrelers be invited to walk across Blondin's rope instead of standing fire.

— Zinc is found in immense quantities in Southern Wisconsin and Northern Illinois, and shops have been erected at La Salle, Ill., for smelting the ore.

— Alabama papers are exultant over the success of the copper miners in the Northern part of that State. Very rich veins have been found in Coosa Co.

— A spring has recently been discovered at Little Falls, N. Y., the water of which contains all the characteristics of the White Sulphur Springs in Virginia.

— Thirty-six bank note plates and $13,000 in counterfeit bills were found recently in the house of two men, Potter and Clark, who were arrested in New York.

— The frigate Chesapeake, captured by the Shannon in 1812, has been enlarged and converted into a propeller, and is now the British flag ship in the China seas.

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Address S. F. FRENCH & CO.,
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Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Aug. 29, 1859.

FLOUR—No alteration in choice brands from Winter Wheat, but that made from Spring varieties shows a decline equal to 25@50 cents for the week.

GRAIN—Wheat is getting more plenty in market, and we note a decline of 5 cents ₩ bushel in rates. Corn has put on 5@7 cents, and is wanted at 70c. Rye is just appearing on sale, and brings 1 cent ₩ pound. Oats are a little better in price, and sought for at 25@36.

MEATS—The decline continues in this department. Beef is worth $4,00@5,00 ₩ cwt.; Pork $5,50@7,00.

SEEDS—Clover is up to $5,00@5,50, and Timothy readily brings $2,50@2,75. Very choice samples of the latter may sell at $3,00 ₩ bushel.

WOOL AND PELTS—Wool is fair and wanted at our quotations. Sheep and Lamb Pelts, it will be observed, are going up in rates, and are readily disposed of at prices equal to our quotations.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		EGGS, dozen	10c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,00	Honey, box	13@15c
Flour, spring do.	$4,25@4,50	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat, ₩ cwt.	$0,00	FRUITS AND ROOTS	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,15@1,20	Apples, bushel	25@50c
Best white Can'a	$1,15@1,20	Apples, dried	$0,00
Corn	70@70c	Peaches, dried, ₩ lb.	00c
Rye, 60 lbs. ₩ bu.	80@00c	Cherries, dried, ₩ lb.	00c
Oats, by weight	35@ 0c	Potatoes, new	38@50c
Barley	00@00c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	50@ 0	Slaughter	6@6c
Beans	00@00c	Calf	10@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	25@60
Pork, mess	$17 00@18,50	Lamb pelts	38@62½c
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$6 50@7,00	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,50
Beef, ₩ cwt.	$4,00@5 50	Timothy	2,50@2,75
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	6@6c	Wood, hard	$4 00@4,50
Ham, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	7@8c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	10@11c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	38@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ₩ pair	00@00c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,12
Butter, roll	14c	Hay, tun	$10,00@16,00
Butter, firkin	12@12½c	Wool, ₩ lb.	35@48c
Cheese	8@10c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Lard, tried	11@11c	Codfish, ₩ quintal	$4,75@5,00
Tallow	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Aug. 29.—FLOUR—Market heavy and 10c ₩ bbl lower. Sales at $4,90@4,95 for superfine State, $4,80@4,85 for extra State, $4,95@4,60 for super Western, $4,70@5,75 for common to good extra do, $5,00@5,30 for old; $5,40@5,60 for fresh ground shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing dull. Canadian dull, sales at $4,60@5,25.

GRAIN—Wheat market 1@2c lower. Sales at 1,00@1,05c for white Michigan, 1,00@1,03c for new white Kentucky, 1,00@1,02c for new red Southern, 1,13@1,15c for new white Southern, 1,20c for amber Tennessee. Rye firmer. Sales at 80c for old and new. Corn heavy. Sales at 77c for old mixed Western, 58@59c for new do, 62c for western yellow. Oats quiet at 38 42c for State, 40 42c for Western and Canada.

PROVISIONS—Pork market firmer for mess, but dull and unchanged for prime. Sales at $14,50@15,25 for mess, $12,00 for clear, $10,25 for prime. Lard market quiet, sales at 10@10½c. Butter firm at 15@17c for Ohio, 19@21c for State. Cheese firm at 8@9½c.

ALBANY, Aug. 29.—FLOUR—Quiet and unchanged.

GRAIN—Wheat in light supply. Sales white Canada at 1,38c; red State at 1,16c; red Michigan at 1,20c. More Corn in market. Sales at 80c. Oats—sales State at 40c, weight.

BUFFALO, Aug. 29.—FLOUR—Opened a shade firmer, but closed dull and heavy at Saturday's quotations. Sales at $4,12½ for spring Iowa, $4,87½ for new spring Illinois, $4,75 for choice extra spring Wisconsin, $4,75@4,87½ for extra Michigan and Indiana, $5,00@5,50 for extra Ohio and Ohio Canada.

GRAIN—Wheat dull. Sales choice red Ohio at 1,05c; white Michigan at 1,08c; white Canada at same. Corn drooping, sales No. 1 Illinois at 67c. Other grains quiet.

OSWEGO, Aug. 29.—FLOUR—Market for flour steady.

GRAIN—Wheat dull and lower. Sales white Canada at 1,19c and old white Michigan at 1,05c. Corn unchanged. Sales Illinois at 70c.

CHICAGO, Aug. 29.—FLOUR—Steady.

GRAIN—Wheat dull. Sales of spring at 75c. Corn dull at 60@60c. Oats buoyant.

TORONTO, Aug. 27.—FLOUR—The flour market is still very dull but there is only a moderate supply. It is too early in the season for the shipping business, and consequently but very few sales are reported. Sales, 200 bbls. extra, $4,25; family, $4,50; fancy, $4,75.

GRAIN—During the past week the receipts of Winter Wheat have averaged 1,000 bushels ₩ day, of a sample generally very good but a good deal badly dry, and unfit for shipping. Yesterday especially there was a poor show, only two or three good loads were offered at the Corn Exchange, plenty of good wheat offering, and there is no doubt of the general excellence of the crops. The prices paid have been 5s 6d to 5s 7d for inferior and medium samples; 5s to 5s 3d for fair to good dry, and 5s 4d to 5s 6d for fine and prime. One or two loads as high as 5s 8d were paid, but the highest current figure has been 5s 6d, which during the past few days has been pretty freely paid for a good sample. The market closes buoyantly, and prices are firm. One or two loads only of new Spring Wheat have been offered, bringing from 4s 6d to 4s 8d ₩ bushel, the latter for a very prime sample. Barley is in better demand with rather better prices, say from 3s to 3s 1½d for the best qualities. Rye comes in very slowly and is hardly quotable. The last sales were at 3s ₩ bushel, which may be regarded as the nominal rate. Oats—New oats are beginning to come in. The yield of this year's crop is very large, and prices will probably rule low. Sales have been made freely during the week at 2s ₩ bushel, and even lower rates have been accepted. Peas are in fair demand, with very light receipts. For a good sample 3s 6d@3s 9d will be paid.

HAY does not come in freely, and prices have had an upward movement. For timothy as high as 82 50 has been realized, while $1,50 has been the frequent price.—*Globe.*

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—The current prices for the week as all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ₩ cwt., $10,50@11,00; ordinary do, $9,00@10,25; common do, $8,00@9,00; inferior do, $7,00@8,00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@60,00; ordinary do, $45@50; common do, $30,00@40,00; inferior do, $20,00@25,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₩ lb., 5@5½c; ordinary do, 5@5½c; common do, 4@5c; inferior do, 3@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ₩ head, $5,50@6,00; ordinary do, $4,50@5,00; common do, $3,50@4,00; inferior do, $2,00@3,00.

SWINE—First quality, 5¼@5½c; other qualities, 5¼@5¾c.

BRIGHTON, Aug. 25.—At market, 1400 beeves, 600 stores, 5,000 sheep and lambs, and 600 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Extra, $0,00@0,00; first quality, $7,50@8,00; second quality, $6,75; third quality, $5,00@0,00.

WORKING OXEN—$000@000.

MILCH COWS—$39@41; common, $18@19.

VEAL CALVES—$3,00, 4,00@6,00.

STORES—Yearlings, $9@12; two years old, $17@24; three years old, $28@33.

HIDES—7¼@7¾c ₩ lb. Calf skins, 12@13c ₩ lb.

TALLOW—Sales at 7¼@8c ₩ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,00@1,75; extra, $2,50@3,50.

PELTS—62@75c each.

SWINE—Spring pigs, 6c; retail, 6½@8c; stores, wholesale, 5¼c; fat hogs, 6c.

ALBANY, Aug. 29.—CATTLE—The supply is greater than last week, and the market opens under more favorable auspices for sellers. The usual number of Eastern buyers are here, and they will take in that direction 800 head or more. Beef is about the same in price as on last market day, but there are droves here of better quality than then, and for this description ¼c ₩ lb. over highest quotations of last week has been obtained. At each of the yards there are a few droves of very nice beeves, approaching closely to the premium grade, for which 5¾c ₩ lb. is asked and has been secured in some instances. For the medium and lower grades the demand is fair at last week's rates.

We do not change our quotations, except on extra, which we raise because of the improvement in quality on that grade offering, as compared with last week:

	This week.	Last week.
Superior	5¼@5¾c	5¼@5¾
First quality	4¾@4¾c	4¾@4¾
Second quality	3¾@3¾c	3¾@3¾
Third quality	3 @3¼c	3 @3¼
Inferior	2¾@2¾c	2¾@2¾

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Supply fair, demand ordinary, but no improvement in prices. Some sellers think the market is considerably worse than last week.

HOGS—Market almost bare, and we have but one sale to report—a small lot weighing 260 lbs., at 5¾c.

MILCH COWS—In fair request, and a number of ordinary quality have changed hands at $37@35—the calves of some of which are valued at $7.—*Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, Aug. 24.—At market 1859 cattle, about 900 beeves, and 959 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market beef—Extra, $7,25@7,75; first quality, $6,25@6,75; second do, $5,75@6,00; third do, $4,50@5,00; ordinary do, $3,25.

WORKING OXEN—$80, 100@175 ₩ pair.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 35, 40@67.

STORES—Yearlings, $9,00@12,00; two years old, $17,00@26,00; three years old, $23,00@34,00.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—5900 at market. Prices—in lots, $1,50@1,75. Extra, $2,50@3,12.

HIDES—7¼@7½c ₩ lb. Pelts, 62@75c each.

CALF SKINS—12@13c ₩ lb. Tallow, 7½@8c ₩ lb.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—The inquiry for native fleece has slightly improved, but the market is by no means active, owing, in part, to the extreme prices asked in town and country. The receipts of fine domestic thus far this season are rather light, but the stock of inferior has been augmented considerably the present week by the arrival of 1,000 bales of California, averaging 200 lbs. to the bale. In addition to this, there are known to be 1,600 bales on the way. Part of the above is now being sorted and is going into store. The quality generally is good, the greater portion being in good condition, and good to fine is firmly held at 27@32c. Foreign is in good supply, but the inquiry for the moment is limited, but there is no disposition to press sales, unless at full prices, till the manufacturers exhaust their present supply, when holders anticipate a good demand in view of the high currency for native fleeces. The transactions include 150,000 lbs. domestic, at 42@55c for half to blood Saxony, including 50,000 lbs. delaine at 45@50c, and 10,000 do do at 48½c; beside which 35,000 lbs. pulled sold at 30@50c for No. 1 city and extra country, and 150 bales washed Donskoi and 90 do African, on terms we could not ascertain. We quote;

Am. Saxony fleece, ₩ lb	56@60
Am. full blood Merino	53@55
Am. ¾ and ⅞ blood Merino	46@48
Am. native and ¼ blood Merino	40@44
Extra, pulled	45@50
Superfine, pulled	37@43
No 1, pulled	30@33
California, fine, unwashed	25@32
California, common do	10@13
Peruvian, washed	28@30
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@13
S. Am. common, washed	10@13
S. Am. Entre Rios, washed	15@18
S. American, unwashed	8@13
S. Am. Cordova, washed	30@32
East India, washed	30@32
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	18@28
Smyrna, unwashed	14@18
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

Tribune.

ALBANY, Aug. 25.—The market is quiet and holders appear not desirous of realizing. We note sales of 4,000 lbs. medium fleece at 43, and 14,900 lbs. pulled lambs' in two lots on p. t.—*Journal.*

BOSTON, Aug 25.—There has been a good demand for fleece and pulled, and the sales of the week have been upwards of 175,000 lbs. at full prices, ranging from 40@55c for fleece, as to quality. The transactions in foreign comprise 760 bales Cape, and 200 bales Mediterranean and South American, at full prices.

Sax. and Mer., fine	55@60	Western mixed	33@38
Full blood	52@54	Smyrna, washed	17@30
Half and ¾ blood	43@48	Do unwashed	9½@19
Common	40@43	Syrian	11@23
Pulled, extra	46@54	Cape	24@26
Do. superfine	40@50	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	32@42	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2		Peruvian, washed	25@32

Marriages.

AT Brighton, on the 24th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Mr. WICKS, Mr. JOHN OHISHOLM SMYLES, of De Witt, Iowa, and Miss EMMA L., daughter of H. H. HOLTON, Esq.

Deaths.

AT Rochester, N. Y., on Monday, Aug. 22d, of dysentery, Mrs. MARY LANGLOSS, widow of the late ELIJAH LANGLOSS, aged 43 years.

AT St. Paul, Minn., on the morning of the 12th of August, GEORGIE, only child of HENRY E. and SOPHIA A. BOSTWICK, aged one year and five months.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising—Twenty-Five Cents a line, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 37½ cts. per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, ended—FIFTY CENTS a Line, each insertion, IN ADVANCE. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

300 AGENTS WANTED, TO ENGAGE IN AN honorable business, which pays from $3 to $5 per day. For particulars, address M. M. SANBORN, Brasher Falls, N. Y.

PHYSIOLOGY AND THE LAWS OF LIFE, given in THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL and HERALD OF HEALTH. Sent 4 months, *on trial*, for 25 cents. 504-2t

NOT A HUMBUG.—Wanted, one or more Young Men in each State to travel, to whom will be paid $30 to $75 per month, and expenses. For particulars, address with stamp, M. D. ALLEN & CO., Plaistow, N. H. 504-13t

THE LOGAN GRAPE.—The earliest purple black, hardy Grape with which we are acquainted. Its fruit was sent to us this year earlier than any other grape known out of doors. Berry oval; bunch compact.

One Illustrated Land Descriptive Catalogue of over 70 sorts of Grapes, sent to applicants who enclose a stamp.
501 c C. P. BISSELL & SALTER, Rochester, N. Y.

A VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE, SITUATED in the Town of Sheldon, Wyoming Co., N. Y., 13 miles south of Attica, containing 145 acres of productive land for grass or spring grain, well adapted for a large Dairy, or Stock Farm—with commodious Buildings and choice Fruit. For terms, apply to E. P. BECK on the premises, or to the subscriber, near Scottsville, Monroe County.
504-3t WILLIAM GARBUTT.

GAINESVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.—The reputation of this Institution has become so generally known, that the Proprietors deem it unnecessary longer to particularize in regard to its advantages for the education of Young Ladies.

The Fall Term will commence on THURSDAY, Sept. 8th. For Catalogues, apply to O. A. ELDRIDGE.
Gainesville, Aug. 22, 1859. 501-2t

NEW GROCERY ESTABLISHMENT,
No. 20 Front Street, Rochester, N. Y.

JARVIS & DUNBAR have opened a Grocery Store where can be had a choice lot of Groceries—Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Molasses, Spices, Raisins, Prunes, Zante Currants, Nuts, Cigars, Tobacco, &c. 504-13t

☞ The highest market price paid for Butter, Eggs, &c.

ROCHESTER BOYS' TRAINING SCHOOL.—The Fall Term will commence on THURSDAY, Sept 1. By the liberal patronage of the past year, Professor NICHOLS is encouraged to continue his labors in the intellectual and moral training of Boys. Constant attention will be given to the formation of a good character, and to thorough instruction in the elements of a sound, practical education.

Classes will also be formed in the higher English and College preparatory studies.

The number is restricted, and only a few vacancies remain to be filled.

School rooms are in Bicknell's Block, corner of Spring street and Plymouth Avenue.

CARD.

We, the undersigned, patrons of the Boys' Training School, would take this opportunity to express our entire satisfaction with the able, pleasant and faithful manner in which, for the year past, Prof. NICHOLS has conducted the education of our children and wards.

Rochester, July 17th, 1859.

J. H. M'Elvaine, E. A. Hopkins,
M. M. Mathews, S. D. Waldridge,
S. D. Porter, John T. Fox,
Thomas Kempshall, Louis Chapin,
O. Hastings, H. S. Fairchild,
John Williams, E. Peshine Smith,
O. M. Benedict, E. T. Huntington,
N. G. Hawley, [504-2t] C. J. Hayden.

ROCHESTER FEMALE ACADEMY.—The Fall Term of this flourishing Institution will commence on THURSDAY, 1st September next.

The Trustees, with renewed pleasure and increased confidence, would commend it to the public, as having achieved during the past year, a good work, the need of which was deeply felt by parents and guardians. The accomplished lady Principal has more than fulfilled the high expectations which were formed of her, in the thoroughness of class instructions, in the remarkable stores of knowledge with which she illustrates her subjects, in her quiet and lady-like manners, in her gentleness and patience in admonition and discipline, and all together in the faithfulness and success with which she has conducted the education of the young ladies of her charge.

The Principals of the Academy will be assisted by teachers of the highest reputation in their several departments, viz.:—Miss Marion McGregor, in Music; Miss Parsons and Miss Kedder, in English studies; Miss Murdock, in Drawing; Mrs. Canfield, in Painting; and Profs. Surbridge and Brachett, in Modern Languages.

Rochester, N. Y., August 12, 1859.

L. A. WARD, President.
ISAAC HILLS,
THOMAS KEMPSHALL,
FREEMAN CLARKE,
H. S. ALLIS.

THOS. C. MONTGOMERY, Secretary. 504-2t

THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL AND HERALD OF HEALTH.—FOUR COPIES will be sent to subscribers 4 months for $1, commencing with the September number. Send orders to FOWLER & WELLS,
504-2t 308 Broadway, New York.

SANFORD'S FEED MILL.—This remarkable Mill has been improved in size, capacity and strength, and fully tested as to its working power, so that I can safely recommend it to the public. It will grind from five to eight bushels of corn per hour, and many other kinds of grain much faster. Many improvements have been made to it, and I am now prepared to fill orders for the largest size.

All the objections to the common cast-iron rotary mills are obviated by this Mill. Only about two horse-power, with 200 revolutions per minute, is required.

Price of largest size, now ready, with cast-iron frame, $40. Smaller sizes will soon be ready, and prices will vary, according to size, from $20,00 to $40,00.

R. L. HOWARD, Manufacturer,
504-4t Buffalo, N. Y.

FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.—THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL will be sent to subscribers 4 months for 25 cents, or 4 copies for $1. Address
504-2t FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

JOHNSTON'S BEAN HARVESTER.—A man with a horse can harvest from 6 to 8 acres of Beans, with this Harvester, in a day. The roots are generally cut off about one inch below the surface, and are left in the ground. The bushes are usually left standing, in the most perfect condition for curing and for gathering and pitching into the wagon. It is *the* Bean Harvester against the world, and what farmers have long wanted.

Only a limited number will be made for this year. Forward your orders immediately.

Every Harvester warranted. Price, $15,00.

R. L. HOWARD, Only Manufacturer,
504-4t Buffalo, N. Y.

STRAWBERRY SEEDS.—The Subscriber offers for sale, put up in packages containing more than 15,000 seeds from a lot collected this present season from a new plantation of four acres, in consequence of the fruit becoming soft, gritty and unsaleable, on account of the eight days spell of rainy weather at the time of ripening. It is mainly from the following choice varieties: *Hovey, Longworth, McAvoy, Boston Pine, Wilson, Scott, Jenny, Early Scarlet and Walker's Seedling.*

To the amateur, or any one wishing to see developed the new and improved varieties that may be produced from a package of this seed, the opportunity is now presented. To any one located in the new or unsettled parts of the country, this is the most convenient and economical way of procuring Strawberry Plants.

PRICE, $1,00 PER PAPER. A liberal discount made to the trade. Address ELIZUR E. CLARKE,
New Haven, Conn.

Inclosing $1,00, and a package of seed will be sent by return of mail, postage paid, to any part of the country, as directed. Full directions to plant and cultivate, accompany each paper. 504-3t

NO DRUGS—NO POISON!—THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL and HERALD OF HEALTH, will be sent, *on trial*, four months for 25 cents. Address
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TREES! TREES! TREES!!!
FOR THE AUTUMN OF 1859.

THE SUBSCRIBERS invite the attention of NURSERYMEN, DEALERS and PLANTERS, to their large and fine Stock of

APPLE TREES—Standard and Dwarf—one to four years old; strong and well-grown.

PEAR TREES—Dwarf, 80,000 2 and 3 years—fine, strong and healthy trees, and of sorts most approved on the quince.

PEAR TREES—Standard; a large and fine assortment of the most desirable kinds.

CHERRY TREES—Standard and Dwarf—one, two and three years, in large supply and beautiful trees, and of the best sorts.

PEACH TREES—One year, Plum 2 years; Orange, Quince, &c.

CURRANTS—Red Dutch, White Dutch, Cherry, Victoria, &c.

GOOSEBERRIES—American Seedling and the best English sorts.

RASPBERRIES—The leading sorts in large quantities.

BLACKBERRIES—Lawton largely—Dorchester and Newman's Thornless.

RHUBARB—Downing's Colossal, Cahoon's Mammoth, and a large supply of Myatt's Linnæus.

GRAPE VINES—With the best facilities *for* and the best care *in* propagating, we are enabled to offer *Delaware, Diana, Rebecca, Concord, Hartford Prolific*, and many other new and old sorts, with the best foreign varieties for growing under glass. Strong plants by the dozen, or hundred, or larger quantities.

EVERGREENS—Norway Spruce, Balsam Fir, Scotch, Norway and White Pines, Red Cedar, Am. Arbor Vitæ, &c.

DECIDUOUS TREES AND SHRUBS—Horse Chestnut, Mt. Ash, Am. Linden, Maples, Am. Chestnut, Am. and European Ash, Judas Tree, Laburnum, Snow Ball, Purple Fringe, Althea, &c.

ROSES—Climbing and Hybrid Perpetuals—a fine assortment of strong plants.

HEDGE PLANTS—Am. Arbor Vitæ, Red Cedar Privet, Osage Orange, &c.

STOCKS FOR NURSERYMEN—A fine supply of Angers Quince, Pear, Plum, Cherry, (Mazzard and Mahaleb,) one year old, and Apple Stocks 2 years old.

T. C. MAXWELL & BRO.
Geneva, Ontario Co., N. Y., Sept. 1, 1859. 504-5t

GREAT SALE OF REAL ESTATE, WITH VALUABLE BUILDINGS,
At Olcott, Niagara Co., Oct. 18th, 1859.

THE Executors of the Estate of JACOB ALBRIGHT, (deceased,) will sell at Public Auction, on the day above named, the following property, to wit:

1st. The Brick Hotel known as the Grove House, with all the buildings connected therewith, and about one acre of land. The buildings are large, nearly new, and cost some five or six thousand dollars.

2d. The STEAM SAW-MILL, nearly new, built by the deceased at a cost of four or five thousand dollars, and furnished with power sufficient for sawing, and other machinery, with land sufficient for the purposes of the mill.

3d. Ninety-six acres of land with valuable timber, lying about one mile west of Olcott, known as the Hopkins Creek Farm.

4th. Seventy-five acres of timbered land, lying about four miles southwest of Olcott. This is a valuable wood lot, and will be sold all together or in parcels, as we and purchasers may agree.

5th. Two valuable village lots in West Olcott, in the centre of the village, opposite Messrs. Outwater's store. Also, several choice lots in East Olcott.

The property above enumerated must be sold, and other valuable property will probably be offered. The village of Olcott is located at the mouth of the Eighteen-Mile Creek, on the shore of Lake Ontario; and for beauty of scenery, fertility of soil, salubrity of climate, good roads, water, fruit, freedom from frosts, drouth, or flood, the country around it cannot be excelled by anything in the State. All persons desiring to purchase will come and see, as this will be a rare chance for a bargain. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M.

TERMS OF SALE.—All sums under $1,000, one quarter down, and balance in three equal annual instalments, with interest; all sums over $1,000, one quarter down, and the balance in five equal annual instalments, with interest. Good bankable paper, due in three or four months, will be taken in lieu of cash, if desired.

Any information pertaining to the above can be had by addressing F. N. ALBRIGHT, at Yates, Orleans Co., or A. T. WETHERWAX, at Olcott.

F. N. ALBRIGHT, } Executors.
504-3teow A. T. WETHERWAX, }

HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND LONG LIFE.—THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL and HERALD OF HEALTH will be sent to subscribers four months, commencing with the September number—now ready—for 25 cents. Address FOWLER & WELLS,
504-2t No. 308 Broadway, New York.

GRAPE VINES.—For sale, at the Schuyler County Central Nurseries, Watkins, N. Y., 150,000 Isabella Grape Vines, 30,000 Catawba do.; 5,000 Clinton do.
July 29, 1859. [500-6t] M. D. FREER & CO.

GENEVA NURSERY.
FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES.

THE PROPRIETORS of this old established Nursery have the pleasure of announcing, as usual, a very large stock of well grown Trees and Plants, raised on a gravelly loam of upland, which is a reason for their Trees doing so finely and giving satisfaction to their numerous customers. It has been the aim of the Proprietors to cultivate largely those varieties which have been fully tested and worthy of general cultivation. All orders sent to them, will be packed with damp moss around the roots, in matted bales or boxes, in the best manner.

APPLES—Standard—Grafted on Seedling Stocks, 5 to 7 feet.
APPLE—Dwarf—Budded on Doucain Apple, 2½ to 3 feet.
PEARS—Standard—Budded on Seedling Stocks, 4 to 6 feet.
Do., Dwarf—Budded on French Quince; 3 to 5 feet.
PEACH TREES—Branched low, fine plants, budded, 3 to 5 feet.
CHERRY—Standard—Budded on Mazzard Stocks, 5 to 7 feet.
Do., Dwarf—Budded on Mahaleb Stock, 3 to 5 feet.
GRAPE VINES—Of Diana, Delaware, Concord, Hartford Prolific, Rebecca, and the leading sorts.
BLACKBERRIES—New Rochelle or Lawton.
RASPBERRIES—A general assortment, including Doolittle's American Black.
GOOSEBERRIES—Best English sorts, including Houghton's Seedling, a variety that never mildews—an enormous bearer.
CURRANTS—Of the leading sorts.
RHUBARB—Linnæus, Giant, Victoria, Prince Albert.

STRAWBERRY PLANTS.

WILSON'S ALBANY, TRIOMPHE DE GAND, TROLLOPE'S VICTORIA, HOOKER, SCOTT'S SEEDLING, LONGWORTH'S PROLIFIC, $1,50 per 100; $3,00 per 1,000.

Old Sorts of well-tested varieties, $1,00 per 100; $6 per 1,000. Good time to plant is 1st to 15th of September.

ORNAMENTAL.

DECIDUOUS—Horse Chestnut, Mountain Ash, Catalpa, Silver Maple, Althea, Snowball, Spirea, Weeping Trees, &c.
EVERGREEN TREES—Balsam, Fir, Norway Spruce, Scotch Pine, Arbor Vitæ, &c., &c.
ROSES—A very large stock of the finest varieties Hybrid Perpetual, Bourbon, Tea, Moss, Climbing.
BULBOUS ROOTS—Of Tulips, Hyacinths, Crocus, Lilies, Gladiolus, for planting in September.
HARDY BORDER PLANTS—Of Dielytra Spectabilis, Phloxes, Carnations, Picotees, Spireas, Chrysanthemums.
GREEN HOUSE PLANTS—A choice collection.
Catalogues sent on application by inclosing stamp.

W. T. & E. SMITH,
504-1t Geneva Nursery, Geneva, N. Y.

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES
FOR THE AUTUMN OF 1859.

ELLWANGER & BARRY have the pleasure of announcing, as usual, an immense stock of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs and Plants for the ensuing Fall trade, and solicit early orders. In every department the stock is of the finest description, vigorous, healthy and beautiful. The utmost pains have been taken by the proprietors personally, and their assistants, to insure accuracy, and to this point, and the general excellence of the stock, E. & B. solicit especial attention. Prices moderate and terms liberal, as will be seen by reference to the Priced Catalogues named below. Parties interested are invited to examine the stock in the grounds, and consult the Priced Catalogues before purchasing elsewhere.

The Fruit Department embraces Standard Fruit Trees for Orchards, embracing all the most esteemed and valuable sorts for different parts of the country.

DWARF TREES, for Gardens—all the best varieties adapted to garden culture in this form.

GRAPES, hardy varieties, including all the new ones worthy of cultivation. (See Special Advertisement.)

GRAPES, Foreign, for vineries, including the Muscat, Hambro', Stockwood Golden Hamburg, Lady Downs and other new celebrated sorts.

STRAWBERRIES—All the American and Foreign varieties of proved excellence in this country.

BLACKBERRIES—Dorchester and New Rochelle or Lawton; of the latter, a great stock of strong plants.

GOOSEBERRIES—the best English sorts, and a great stock of the American Seedling, that bears wonderful crops and is exempt from mildew.

CURRANTS—White Grape, (the largest and best white Currant,) Cherry, Victoria, &c., &c.

ENGLISH FILBERTS and SPANISH CHESTNUTS.

FIGS—several finest sorts.

RHUBARB—Linnæus, Giant Victoria, and several new and fine English sorts.

Fruit Trees for Orchard Houses.

DWARF MAIDEN TREES, of Apple, Pear, Plum, Cherry, Apricot, &c., of the finest sorts for pot culture or orchard houses. Suitable selections made by E. & B., if desired.

ORNAMENTAL DEPARTMENT.

The stock in this department is the largest and best we have ever before offered, and embraces everything desirable, new and old, among

DECIDUOUS ORNAMENTAL TREES, *Weeping Trees, Evergreen Trees, Flowering Shrubs, Climbing Shrubs, Roses, Pæonies, Dahlias, Phloxes*, and all the most Ornamental Border Plants.

BULBOUS ROOTS, including Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus, Crocus, Lilies, Gladiolus, &c., &c.

Stocks for Nurserymen.

PEAR SEEDLINGS, our own growth, 1 and 2 years.
MAZZARD CHERRY, 1 year.
MAHALEB do, 1 and 2 years.
QUINCE STOCKS, 1 year from cuttings.

For full and detailed information respecting the stock, prices, terms, &c., we refer to the following catalogues, which will be sent gratis, pre-paid, to all who inclose one stamp for each:

No. 1.—Descriptive Catalogue of Fruits.
No. 2.—Descriptive Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, &c., &c.
No. 3.—Descriptive Catalogue of Dahlias, Green-house and Bedding Plants, &c.
No. 4.—Wholesale Catalogue for Nurserymen, Dealers, and others who purchase in large quantities.

ELLWANGER & BARRY,
501 Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

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Albion, N. Y., Aug. 8, 1859. 501-tf

FOREIGN GRAPES FOR VIN

LABOR.

Toil swings the axe, the forests bow,
The seeds break out in radiant bloom;
Rich harvests smile behind the plow,
And cities cluster round the loom;
Where tottering domes and tapering spires
Adorn the vales and crown the hill,
Stout labor lights its beacon fires,
And plumes with smoke the forge and mill.

The monarch oak, the woodland's pride,
Whose trunk is seamed with lightning scars,
Toil launches on the restless tide,
And there unrolls the flag of stars;
The engine with its lungs of flame,
And ribs of brass and joints of steel,
From labor's plastic fingers came,
With sobbing valve and whirling wheel.

'Tis Labor works the magic press,
And turns the crank in hives of toil,
And beckons angels down to bless
Industrious hands on sea and soil.
Here sunbrowned Toil with shining spade,
Links lake to lake with silver ties,
Strung thick with palaces of trade,
And temples towering to the skies.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DELICATE HANDS.

Chapter I.—The Accomplished Lady.

It was "house-cleaning day" at Mr. Leon's—a busy day for young and old. Up stairs and down, from garret to cellar, from kitchen to parlor, mops, brooms and suds were in successful operation; while Mrs. Leon and Nora, armed with brooms and dusters, were battling the "enemy to all cleanliness" with an energy which would have done credit to the army of Alexander. Windows were washed, floors were scrubbed, ceilings cleaned, and still busily they worked, from early dawn until the sun was low in the western sky; when Mrs. Leon suggested that they would pause in their house-cleaning duties for that day, and make ready the tea-table before Mr. Leon should arrive. Busy then was the ever active Nora, and her fingers flew more nimbly than ever, as from pantry to kitchen and kitchen to cellar, she plied her task, while the graceful motions of her beautiful form would have been a study to a sculptor. No wonder Mr. Leon was proud of his daughter, and wondered if the land could produce another like his "bonny, black-eyed Nora."

Tea was ready and waiting, when a light tap was heard at the door, and Miss Clara Melville entered, and seating herself with an air of *non chalance* upon the sofa, exclaimed:

"Oh, dear! Mrs. Leon, I am tired to death!"

"Tired to death? not quite, I hope; you must have been very hard at work to-day?" responded Mrs. Leon.

"Work? no, indeed, *not I!*" replied Miss Clara, with a haughty curl of her lip. "I hope you don't think that I, the daughter of Col. Melville, would kill myself over house-work."

"What has made you so tired then? I'm sure I don't see how you occupy your time these long days."

"Oh! I do a great deal, I practice, and embroider, and go calling,—and—and practice—and—and,—Oh! I can't tell all, and have a great deal of time besides when I don't know what to do with myself," she added with a languid sigh.

"You'd know very soon if you were my daughter," responded Mrs. Leon. She was an open-hearted woman, and never spared her own opinions, generally expressing her thoughts in full, let it cost what it might. (A contrast to those whose words are "smoother than butter to a person's face," who in his absence will not hesitate to discourse largely on his failings.) Clara arose and walked to the opposite side of the room, to examine the pictures hanging on the wall.

"What beautiful drawings!" she exclaimed.—"Nora, where did you get them?"

"I drew them," Nora quietly replied.

"You! when did you get time to do all this? I commenced learning to draw a great while ago, but got sick of it—I can't endure anything confining."

"Do you want to know how I did it?" asked Nora. "I have a certain time set apart every day for work, a part of the day for sewing, and a part for drawing; and by doing a little every day, I find I can accomplish a great deal. It is a great deal easier to work by rule and system—to have a time for everything and do everything in its time."

"Oh! mercy!" ejaculated Miss Clara. "I would sooner be shut up in prison, than be chained down to such a prosy life. Why, as it is, I have the blues half the time. I'm sure I should think you would—don't you, Nora?"

"Why, no, I don't know as I do," replied Nora, as if an entirely new idea had struck her mind.

"No, indeed!" interrupted Mrs. Leon. "Nora is as merry-hearted as a bird, and sings like a lark from morning till night. There's no use in any one being sad in this beautiful world, and there's no medicine to cure 'the blues' like having something to do. Suppose you try house-work awhile, Miss Clara—be an apprentice to our Nora."

"Oh! mercy! I should die in a week, besides mama says I am too delicate to work."

"Well, toughen yourself then. Try it, and you'll find in a fortnight that you are as rosy and healthy as our Nora."

"O, Mrs. Leon! what would be the use to me?—you know I'll never be obliged to put it into practice."

"Miss Clara, you don't know," slowly replied Mrs Leon; "you think that because your father is rich, and you can have servants to wait on you now, it will always be so, but you don't know.—Besides, every woman, rich or poor, should understand well the affairs of her household."

Miss Clara laughed languidly. "At any rate it isn't much to learn. There's no science nor art in house-keeping; ridiculous any one should think so! Now, music is a science which it takes a lifetime to learn, so with mathematics, and so with painting, (I hate 'em all,) but house-work, humph! its no science, that's nothing to learn."

Just then the door opened, when the portly Mr. Leon entered, and seated himself with a smile at his well-furnished table.

"Well done!" he exclaimed when all were seated, "is there another girl of eighteen in the country that can make such biscuits as my black-eyed Nora? I'll venture to say you can't, Miss Clara?"

She blushed slightly, and remarked,—"Mama says my hands are too delicate."

"I think," replied Mr. Leon, "that a slight application of dish-water would be good for them."

"Now, Mr. Leon!" exclaimed Clara, "if that had been said by any one but you I should take it as an open insult."

"But seeing its only I, you don't care, of course," laughed Mr. Leon. "Ah! Miss Clara, you'll find out sometime that nothing will sour your husband's disposition like sour bread."

"You forget, Mr. Leon, that my husband is among 'the things to be,' and, besides, I don't expect to be troubled with any such appendage."

"I don't think there's any danger, unless you learn to make good biscuits,—eh, Miss Clara? By the way, young Clement Ambrose has arrived in town, just graduated from college, you know. Rumor says that he has come after a wife, and I'll venture to say you girls will all be setting your caps for him. At any rate," he continued, with a sly wink at Clara, "I shall recommend to him my black-eyed Nora as a young lady of high accomplishments, one that can make good biscuits, eh, Mrs. Leon?"

"Well, father," responded Nora, "I suppose Clara will be recommended to him as a young lady of fine education, for we all know how well she plays."

"Aye, aye, I'll tax the young collegiate's brains for an oration on the uses of young ladies' fingers—whether they were *manufactured* to thump piano keys, or guide the broom handle."

"Oh! he'll say the piano, of course," rejoined Mrs. Leon, "young gentlemen are all for fashion now-a-days."

"It's my opinion," remarked Mr. Leon, "that young gentlemen of this age are not in that point so very far behind the young gentlemen of my day—ahem! Even sensible young men found their plans a little on policy."

Chapter II.—The Party.

The brilliant halls were lighted in the spacious mansion of Col. Melville, and merry voices were gaily ringing there, for a pleasant company were gathered for an evening social, all gay with youthful life and animation. Among the group we easily recognize our friends Clara and Nora. It were difficult to tell which of the two was the belle on this occasion. Both were beautiful, but the former, with pale, white face and dreamy blue eyes, speeding gaily through the apartments or seating herself by the piano, her jeweled fingers passing lightly over the notes, and her voice uniting with the strains, fascinated many; the other, the picture of health, the jetty curls encircling her finely moulded shoulders, seemed more modest and dignified, yet, though she spoke but seldom, wit sparkled in her dark eye and played on her finely-cut lips, and her words were heart-cheering and gladdening to all. There, too, among the rest, was Clement Ambrose, dignified, yet graceful and courteous, his fine features beaming with intelligence and true nobility.

But the evening passed away, and while the summer days were passing, Mr. Ambrose found himself ever a welcome visitor among old acquaintances in the village—ever gladly greeted by young and old, rich and poor. Bright eyes twinkled before him everywhere—pretty faces were scattered over the scenes of his vision—and, not the least, white fingers played before his eye—but being a sensible young man, he was not to be won by appearances. If at first the charming and gay Clara Melville, while she lightly touched her piano with delicate fingers, or laughed in the glee of her youthful fancy, had filled his eye, the scene vanished like a dream before the modest and true-hearted Nora. The one would bring him jewels and gold, the other a wealth untold of the jewels of mind—the one would afford him a few hours' gay recreation, the other might (?) gladden his lifetime with ever-increasing joy. When, with light step, the gentle Nora accomplished so many a task, gliding with graceful motion from one object to another, mingling with her duties the songs of her sweet voice, which gushed forth like the melodious music of her heart, it was not long before he knew what hands would best adorn his parlor,—what hands would most neatly arrange his kitchen,—what delicate fingers would best smooth his life's pathway—and ere long "our Nora" was the bride of Clement Ambrose.

Chapter III.—The Mansion and the Cottage.

Years bring changes, and fifteen years from the date of our first sketch found Nora Ambrose the mistress of a fine mansion,—a country seat of one of our flourishing Western cities. Mr. Ambrose had risen in his profession, and aided by the frugality and industry of his Nora, had gradually increased in wealth, till he ranked as one of the first citizens of the West, and was elected to the State Senate. Time had not dimmed the light in Nora's eye; still buoyant and happy-hearted, she was the joy of his hearthstone.

Changes had also come over our friend Clara. Early in life she had married a young lawyer of considerable wealth, but unaccustomed to economize, and a stranger to labor and management, it was not many years before their property was wasted, and they were obliged to exchange their spacious residence for a little cottage in the same city where dwelt Senator Ambrose, though each family was unconscious of the presence of the other. Even here Mr. Willard and Clara might have dwelt in comparative ease and happiness, had the latter learned in early life those habits of contentment and industry so essential to a good home, but poor Mr. Willard being obliged to work against wind and tide, and having no cheering voice at home to encourage and strengthen him, his courage gradually failed, his resources were one by one cut off, until poverty almost stared them in the face. Clara was at last obliged to dismiss her only remaining servant, and as a necessary resort, turn her own delicate hands to the labors of the kitchen.

Let us take a peep at Clara's house. Breakfast is just over, consisting of burnt beefsteak and scorched coffee, Mr. Willard, with a heavy heart, has returned to his day's labors, while Clara, with a heart no lighter, proceeds to the domestic duties. Everything goes wrong all through the day—nothing is done as it should be—dust is on the floor, cobwebs on the ceiling, the stove is unblacked, and the room is in dire confusion. She burns her fingers in attempting to cook,—she can't find her spices nor her cook book, because she never had a place for them, and, finally, when Mr. Willard comes home at noon, dinner is not ready. When at last the table is set, the meat is raw and the gravy burnt, both void of salt, and, to "*cap the climax*," she has forgotten the saleratus, and her biscuits are sour! Poor Mrs. Willard! Her husband returned to his duties with a disposition not very much sweetened by his dinner. It is Saturday afternoon, and the week's ironing is yet untouched. But it must be done, and there is no alternative. Misfortunes attend her here as elsewhere,—the flat-irons will stick to the starch; wet the cloth and wax the iron as she will, still it's a "no-go," and she gives up at last in despair. Just then she hears the sound of music in the distance; she listens, and the soft melody of "Sweet Home" is borne upon the air, accompanied by sweet strains of a piano. It proceeds from the lofty mansion of Senator Ambrose; she knows it not, but still there is something in the sweet tones of that voice which forcibly remind her of other days. "I wonder who lives there," she exclaimed. "Some rich old fogy of a lady, I suppose, that doesn't have to mope over this despised drudgery as I do." She leaned her head on her hands and wept. The music ceased, but long she sat there musing of the past, and coming at last to the conclusion that, after all, housework is something of an art. Presently a ring was heard at the bell, and Mrs. Ambrose was announced. The two gazed into each other's eyes, and though time had marked the brows of both, they recognized in each the friend of former years, and united in cordial embrace.

"I did not expect to find you here, Clara!"

"And still more surprised am I to see your face once more, Nora Ambrose!"

"But none the less are we rejoiced at this unexpected meeting; and how do you prosper, friend Clara? How do you relish household duties?"

Clara Willard looked down; she could not think what to answer; she was chagrined and confused, but at last replied that she was now without help, left alone with her cares, and, to tell the truth, was quite a novice in the business.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Ambrose; "but it isn't much to learn—there's no science nor art in house-keeping."

This was too much for Clara. It carried her mind back to the sunny days when at Mrs. Leon's table she had first carelessly made the same remark; and she burst into tears.

"Do forgive me, Clara," said her friend, "if I have wounded your feelings. Indeed, I remembered that it was your former opinion, and was not aware that you had changed it of late."

"Nora Ambrose," spoke Mrs. Willard at last, "will you forgive me for these careless words, spoken so many years ago? Alas! how often since then have I learned by sad experience what your mother told me that day, and which I heeded not then. I was too proud then to work, too proud then to acknowledge you my superior in anything, too proud to own that this embraced any art or required any skill. Now, as your good mother predicted, I am obliged to work, and find myself ignorant and awkward in what I should know. I confess it all, and I have one great favor to ask,—if you will regard it from one so poor and humble as I,—and that is, that you will instruct me now in what you learned so well in youth."

"Clara," replied Mrs. Ambrose, "most willingly and gladly will I assist you in all that lies in my power, if you will accept of me as a teacher. And now let us cheer up and be warmer friends than ever in youth. First, let us proceed to the kitchen, and there commence in earnest what we are among the first true duties of woman, be she exalted or lowly, rich or poor.

* * * * * * * *

One year has passed since then, and through her own perseverance, and the patience of her teacher, Clara Willard has become a thrifty and successful housekeeper. She has learned now what nothing but bitter experience could teach her, that delicate fingers are not made only to flourish bobbin and sweep piano keys, and that the true accomplishments of woman consist not alone in embroidery and fancy branches, but in filling nobly that station in life in which it has pleased God to place her. She has learned at last, that even delicate hands can work—if they will.

Nunda, N. Y., 1859. ***

No man can be a medium for sending forth a healthful and regenerating influence into the public mind, except so far as he lives in peace and quietness with his own family, and those friends who are immediately about him. Nor can any one be really at peace with his intimate friends and associates, except so far as peace and quietness dwell in his own breast; and these heavenly qualities can be implanted there in no other way than by cultivating the habit of shunning, as sins against God, every evil and disorderly affection, thought or action.

Holmes beautifully indicates the difference between morning and night, when he says:—"Our old mother Nature has pleasant and cheery tones enough for us when she comes to us in her dress of blue and gold over the eastern hill-tops; but when she follows us up stairs to our bed in her suit of black velvet and diamonds, every creak of her sandals and every whisper of her lips is full of mystery and fear."

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 41 letters.
My 1, 17, 6, 2 was the daughter of Saturn.
My 3, 4, 9, 16, 20, 5, 31, 4 was the daughter of Mars and Venus.
My 5, 31, 18, 17, 11 was a king of Megaris and the father of Scylla.
My 7, 4, 21, 24, 31, 18 was a son of Aquila.
My 9, 17, 36, 31, 4 was the goddess of infants.
My 11, 4, 14, 17, 9, 6 was the father of Jupiter.
My 13, 24, 21, 17, 11 was the goddess of health.
My 15, 14, 23, 18 was a son of Neptune.
My 17, 9, 4, 6, 31, 24 was the goddess who presided over Astronomy.
My 21, 4, 30, 20, 25, 24 was the mother of Apollo.
My 23, 9, 4, 7, 7, 8, 17, 18 was the name of an illustrious Roman family.
My 25, 31, 18, 17, 11 was transformed into a marine eagle.
My 27, 34, 40, 10, 12, 23 was a giant who was slain by Hercules.
My 27, 20, 40, 26, 31, 24, 18, was a celebrated sophist and orator.
My 29, 24, 23, 30, 4, 21, 17, 18 was a son of Jupiter.
My 31, 18, 33, 11 was a celebrated Egyptian goddess.
My 33, 4, 5, 14, 8, 34 was the beautiful 19, 31, 22, 34 of Iphis.
My 35, 4, 7, 7, 8, 17, 18 was the god of wine.
My 37, 40, 31, 14, 8, 33, 39 was queen of the 39, 36, 23, 38, 15, 25, 18.
My 41, 9, 4, 32, 31, 39 was one of the nine muses.

My whole is the name of a celebrated music composer, who was born at Salzburgh on the 25th of January, 1756. He was the son of a book vender of Austburg, who having much musical talent, went to Salzburgh to pursue his studies. H. N. Archer.

Bennett's Corner's, N. Y., 1859.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ENIGMA.

AAAAAIIIGNNPPETZ

No name of nation or of place
I by these letters mean;
But if you do them rightly trace,
And put each letter in its place,
A word will then be seen.

To show you where these letters dwell,
Read your bible, for it will tell;
And when you've searched the scriptures round,
It only once can there be found.

Rose, Wayne Co., N. Y., 1859. F.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A person wishes to purchase one hundred dollars worth of sheep, pigs and ducks; he gives ten dollars each for sheep, three dollars each for pigs, and one half a dollar each for ducks. How many of each sort does he purchase? G. B. & J. L. Jonsson.

Palermo, Oswego Co., N. Y., 1859.

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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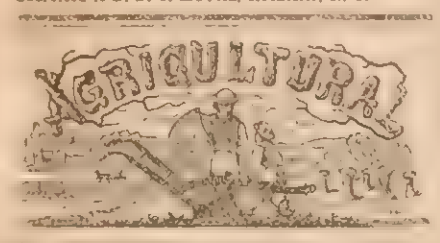


RURAL LETTERS FROM EUROPE.—4.

BY SANFORD HOWARD.

Yorkshire: Purchase of a Cleveland-bay horse—Show of the Highland and Agricultural Society, at Edinburgh—The polled Angus, Aberdeenshire and Galloway Cattle—Measurement of Prize Animals—The Show of Short-horns, Ayrshires and West Highlands—Sheep Exhibited; the Cheviots described, and compared with the Black-faced and Leicester breeds—Implement Department; American Reaping and Mowing Machines—Edinburgh and its Attractions—Visit to Ireland.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 19, 1859.

I THINK my last letter to the RURAL NEW-YORKER was written in Yorkshire. My chief business there was to obtain a Cleveland-bay (entire) horse, and after a long search, I succeeded in finding a very superior one, which I have shipped to Dr. JOHN R. WOODS, of Joy Depot, Albemarle county, Va. If he reaches his destination in safety, I think he will prove a decided acquisition to that section, especially for the purpose of breeding large coach horses, which will be also calculated to do much farm work.

I attended the Show of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, held at Edinburgh from the 1st to the 5th inst. It was the first exhibition of this "ancient and honorable" association I have ever attended, and, as I expected to be, I was much gratified. There were some things here of which I had not previously a sufficiently clear idea. Such, particularly, were the polled Angus and Aberdeenshire cattle, and the Cheviot sheep, of both which there was a large display.

The cattle alluded to comprised a class by themselves—their congeners the Galloways, forming another class. They are larger than the Galloways, but not as compact, and especially not as round in the first ribs. They are also thinner in the hide and lighter in the coat—traits which indicate that they are not as well adapted to exposure and hard fare. Their quality of flesh, though generally good, appeared not equal to that of the Galloways. The first and second prize bulls in the Angus and Aberdeenshire *aged* class, each three years and six months old, girthed, respectively, 8 feet and 8 feet 2 inches. The first prize bull in the aged class of Galloways, four years and four months old, girthed 7 feet 9 inches; and the first prize bull in the next class, two years and four months old, girthed 7 feet 2 inches. As I took these measurements myself, I know them to be correct. The *weights* of none of these animals were given, but they were certainly heavy in proportion to their girth.

There was a pretty large show of Short-horns, but less good ones in proportion to the number than at Warwick. There were some that would stand well in the breed anywhere, but as a class they were decidedly inferior in symmetry and quality to the polled cattle. The leading prize-taker was Mr. DOUGLAS, of Athelstaneford, who, however he may have failed of obtaining justice at Warwick and Dundalk, (Ireland,) I think obtained it in most cases here, though he got no more than the scale of merit actually indicated.

The Ayrshires made nothing like the display they did at Glasgow (of which Show I have given you an account,) owing chiefly to the remoteness of the locality from their main breeding-ground. People who have not seen this fine dairy breed on its own territory, would have been likely to form a very inferior idea of it from the specimens shown at Edinburgh, although several of the prize animals were of superior character.

The West Highland breed comprised upwards of sixty head, and many of the cows and heifers were of almost unexceptionable shape and quality, though I was somewhat disappointed at not finding more good bulls in the class—there being none equal to some which I mentioned as being at the Glasgow Show. I will just say, in passing, that while walking, some weeks since, through the old Cadzow Park, the property of the Duke of Hamilton, I saw a West Highland bull and two heifers which the Duke was about to send as a present to the Emperor of the French. They were fine—one of the heifers almost perfect. But I have spoken so fully of the characteristics of this breed in a previous letter, that there is no necessity of further remarks in regard to it here.

Great numbers of sheep were exhibited, comprising specimens of the two Scottish, and the leading English breeds. The Cheviots were the only class that I was particularly desirous of examining. I had previously seen the breed in considerable numbers, in various localities, but never so large a collection at a show. They are a long-bodied race, and in comparison with the Black-faced breed, the old name by which the former were called—"the Long Sheep"—was not inappropriate. They are inclined to be loose about the shoulders and hollow at the chine. But it is evident that an attempt has been made to correct this defect, and the perfection of some of the sheep shown here, proved that the attempt has been to some extent successful. The superior quality of the wool of the Cheviots, considering that they belong to a mountainous district, is quite remarkable. It is of medium length, and as fine or finer than that of the Leicester, and of nearly uniform quality over the whole carcass. They are *very* white in their faces and legs, generally without horns, though some of the rams have little knobs an inch long, which might, perhaps, be cultivated into horns. I mention these two last points, because some people in America have thought they had Cheviot sheep, though their faces were speckled, and their horns of considerable length.

The meat of the Cheviots is not so good as that of the Black-faced breeds—so at least I am told by several butchers to whom I have spoken on the subject, and they say, also, that the cross of the Cheviot and Black-faced does make as good meat as the cross of the Leicester and Black-faced. Still the Cheviots are a hardy (though less hardy than the Black-faced) and valuable breed. They are kept chiefly on the hills from which they take their name, and along the lower parts of the South Highlands.

I did not make a critical examination of the implement department, but I neither saw nor heard of any special novelty in it, although it was a large and fine display. The reaping and mowing machines, as usual, attracted much attention, and several of the popular American machines were exhibited. I have had no opportunity to attend a set trial of these machines this season. So far as I can judge from what I have seen and heard, MCCORMICK'S Reaping Machine, with the apron and screws added by BURGESS & KEY, is best adapted to heavy grain, especially when it does not stand upright. MANNY'S Machine with WOOD'S Improvement, maintains a good position as a *combined* machine, and has given good satisfaction in most cases as a mower. The particular causes of its failure at Warwick, I have not learned. The ALLEN machine which took the first prize as a mower there, is said to have had an important improvement added to it since it came into the hands of BURGESS & KEY, by whom it was exhibited.

I might write of many things which have interested me, in the neighborhood of Edinburgh—the beauty of its location, and the surrounding scenery—the quaint style of the "old town," with its narrow streets, "closes," "wynds," and houses of ten stories in height—the neat style of the "new town," its broad streets lined with buildings of tasteful architecture, and the general aristocratic appearance of the place and its inhabitants—the numerous monuments to the great men who have aided to render the city worthy the undisputed appellation of "Modern Athens"—the beautiful public Garden which occupies what was once a gulf of the sea, and separates the city into the two main divisions before alluded to—the former Parliament-House of Scotland—the ancient Castle where the regalia of the Kingdom is still kept and shown to the people, and where the unfortunate MARY gave birth to that Prince on whose brow was first placed the royal diadem of both Scotland and England—the old palace of Holyrood, with its numerous relics of the former rulers of the Kingdom, particularly those relating to the beauteous Queen whose fate is still mourned by many a maiden—the ruins of the once magnificent Abbey of Holyrood, with its monuments to the mighty dead of olden time—the splendid institutions of modern times devoted to the teaching of science in all its branches, or the still more splendid ones founded by liberal philanthropists for the benefit of the poor;—all these I have visited, and might speak of at length, but it would hardly be appropriate to the original design of these letters, and they must be passed by.

From Edinburgh I passed via Stirling over the classic land and water of the Trosachs and Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond to Glasgow and Greenock, thence to Belfast, (Ireland,) thence to Dublin, and thence to Killarney, the neighborhood of which is so noted for its mountains, lakes, and *Kerry Cattle*. I purchased some of the latter, of which as well of other matters relating to the Emerald Isle, I may give some account in a future letter.

KOHL-RABI AS FEED FOR STOCK.

IT is well known that our climate is not as favorable as that of England for the cultivation of the turnip—our hot, dry weather often making it a partial failure. It has often occurred to us that in the *Kohl-rabi* we have a plant that is peculiarly suited to our climate, and that may prove as valuable to the farmers and stock growers of this country as the turnip is to those of England. Even in England it is somewhat taking the place of the turnip for heavy lands, and is found to succeed much better in dry summers. MORTON says, "Kohl-rabi is the bulb for dry summers—heat and drouth are congenial to it, and the plant grows, prospers, and yields an enormous crop under circumstances wherein white turnips and Swedes could barely exist. It is extraordinary that so few farmers avail themselves of a plant that in the driest seasons, if properly treated, will rarely fail to bring the largest return of sound and excellent food. During the parching summer of 1847 the plants grew on, and retained the highest verdure. Sheep were found to thrive particularly well upon the plant in the succeeding winter; and we know that ever since that year beasts have been fattened upon the bulbs. The horse-hoes must be put in requisition several times, so as to keep the spaces clean and open, till the expansion of the leaves renders their operation impossible. Labor and pains, directed by a vigilant eye, are indispensable; but, where these conditions are strictly observed, the weight and quality of the bulbs are astonishing. Perhaps it would not be too much to estimate the average of the former at eight pounds per root; and, certainly, the weight of some has, in many cases, amounted to from fourteen to sixteen pounds. As to disease, who ever saw mildew upon Kohl-rabi?"

STEPHENS says, in the *Book of the Farm*:—"The Kohl-rabi is an excellent food for cows and horses, and, when boiled with grain for their use, will afford them true nourishment. The leaves may be also used, having entirely the character of a true cabbage; but they should be removed with a sparing hand, else the enlargement of the bulb will be prevented. The advantages which it is said to possess over Swedish turnips, by those who have cultivated it in England and Ireland, are these:—Cattle, and especially horses, are fonder of it; the leaves are better food; it bears transplanting better than any other root; insects do not injure it; drouth does not prevent its growth; it stores quite as well, or better; it stands the winter better; and it affords food later in the season, even in June."

Few, we think, will read these statements without feeling that this plant is peculiarly adapted to this country, where our hot summers make our turnip crop uncertain, and where cheap food for stock is so much needed. Of the amount or weight of bulbs that can be produced on an acre, we cannot state, but it must be enormous, as we lately saw a crop that exceeded anything in the way of a crop of bulbs that we ever beheld. They were as thick upon the ground as they could well stand, many standing out of the ground from eight to twelve inches, and one specimen measured over eighteen inches in circumference. The fact is we never saw a failure with this crop, under any reasonable treatment. Then it will bear transplanting better than anything of the kind we know of. Seed may be sown early, in a bed as for cabbage, and the plants grown in this until about six inches in height, and then transplanted like cabbage.

NIVEN'S POTATO DIGGER.

ABOVE we give a representation of a Potato Digger, recently patented by Mr. ROBERT NIVEN, of Gates, near this city, and which has been tried to the general satisfaction of the inventor and others who have witnessed its operation. The inventor furnishes the following brief description of the machine, its capacity and operation:

"This machine is light, portable, economical in cost, yet very strong and durable—making it reliable and valuable. With one man and a team from five to eight acres of potatoes can easily be dug in a day. The operation of the machine is very simple. The team is driven so that the row is between the truck wheels, when the plow passes under the hills, and the endless screen receives the dirt and potatoes—the dirt dropping through the screen, while the potatoes are carried to the rear of the machine and left upon the ground. The screen, composed of iron bars, is very effectual in separating the dirt from the potatoes while passing from front to rear. By means of a lever, the operator can easily raise the working apparatus (plow and screen) from the ground and throw it out of gear whenever desired. It can be guaged so as to go any desired depth."

Any further information relative to this Digger may be obtained by addressing the patentee and manufacturer, ROBERT NIVEN, Rochester, N. Y. We shall endeavor to witness a trial of the machine soon, and report the result for the information of RURAL readers.

THE WORN OUT LANDS OF VIRGINIA.

ADVICE about Purchasing Virginia Lands—Where Northern People are Located—The "Worn out Lands;" how they are Reclaimed, and what they Produce—Occupations of Northerners in Va.,—Markets and Marketing—Schools—Labor honorable; example of the Quakers—Climate, Timber, Water Power, &c.

EDS. RURAL:—In a recent number of your paper I noticed some inquiries in regard to the "worn out lands of Virginia," and as I formerly resided in the "Old Dominion" over four years, and had some practical experience in reclaiming those lands, I am willing to contribute my small stock of information if it will prove of any value to persons disposed to locate there.

The first question asked is, "Would it be advisable to go there with small capital only?" Most of the Northern men who have settled there were men of small means, and their success has been in proportion to their sagacity and well directed efforts. A great mistake with many of them was in investing all their capital in *land*, and not reserving sufficient means for making *improvements*, and hence they could made no progress. No man should expend more than half his capital in those "worn out lands;" he should reserve the balance for improvements, and then, if his money and labor are well directed, his chance for success is good.

I think there are more Northern people in Fairfax than in any other county in the State, and perhaps in all others together; in fact, I believe a majority of the inhabitants of that county are from the Northern States. There are a few in the adjacent counties of Prince William and Loudoun. I am acquainted with some who have been in Fairfax over fifteen years, and are doing remarkably well.

The next inquiry is, "Are these cheap lands overgrown with weeds, or grass, or are they barren? And can they be 'brought to' by raising clover to enrich them?" In the first place, these lands were mostly owned by Lord FAIRFAX, and rented to settlers who raised tobacco, corn, oats, &c., following the exhausting system until they became barren and were "turned out." On some land thus treated there is now a growth of pines thirty feet in height, and frequently the corn and tobacco rows can be distinctly traced. Other lands that have been more recently "turned out," have a growth of tall coarse grass, called "brown sedge," and much of the land is almost entirely naked, and where it is uneven is badly washed and gullied. Some of these lands can be reclaimed with clover and plaster, but at the commencement the best way is to purchase some good fertilizers, and with them you can at once raise good crops on the poorest lands. For a crop of wheat use 200 lbs. best Peruvian Guano per acre, mixed with a half bushel of plaster sown broadcast and plowed in, which will cost about five dollars per acre. Then, if you wish to seed your land to grass and have a good crop, sow broadcast about five dollars worth of bone dust per acre and harrow it in; sow timothy seed in the fall and clover in the spring, and if the season is favorable you may expect a good crop of wheat and grass, and my word for it that field will not soon forget its treatment. I have seen fair crops raised without any manure on some of the lands, and on others with less than half the quantity named; but the treatment I have recommended above is for the poorest land, though it will not injure the best. There is a great variety of soils, from light and sandy to the heaviest clay, and they vary in color, being white, black, red, gray, &c. Some of the best crops of corn and grass that I ever saw were on the "bottom lands" that had been cropped continually for fifty years.

The Northern people there are engaged in various occupations. Some are gardening and raising fruit for Washington, Georgetown and Alexandria markets, with good success. Others have purchased timber lands, and are clearing and selling wood at remunerative prices in the above named cities. A few are engaged in the nursery business, which is said to pay well. Some are clearing the "old field pines," and converting them into charcoal, which sells readily in those markets. Others still are keeping cows and selling milk to advantage. Good butter can be sold at Washington by contract for twenty-five cents per pound during the whole year, (if carried regularly to market,) and by keeping cows and feeding them the produce of the farm, the land is constantly improving. By sowing corn a good supply of feed through the summer can be kept up, and turnips, carrots, beets, ruta bagas, &c., grow remarkably well on land that is well manured. A few hogs can always be kept to advantage on a dairy farm, to consume the refuse milk and buttermilk, and they will aid materially in enriching the soil. Poultry always brings a good price in Washington market. Sheep husbandry can be carried on profitably, the only impediment being the dogs, but they are rather decreasing. Those living within a few miles of market, and in fact farmers in most parts of the country, take their produce to market with their own conveyances. There is one railroad in operation, and two others in course of construction, diverging from Alexandria in various directions, and when these are completed the facilities for marketing must be good.

There are some first class Seminaries in Virginia, particularly in Alexandria, but Common Schools have been much neglected. The law of the State furnishes means to defray the expense of tuition of indigent children, if they will avail themselves of the benefit of it, yet but little attention is paid to the subject, except in neighborhoods settled by Northern people, where there are some good schools.

The time *has been* when those who labored were considered as belonging to the second class, but a different feeling now prevails. An honest, in-

destrious man is as much respected there as here, (so far as I have been able to discern.) Labor is not confined to the Northern people exclusively; there are many Virginians who "put their hand to the plow," and think it no disgrace. There has been a settlement of the "Friends" or "Quakers" in Loudoun county for over half a century, (originally from Pennsylvania,) who have always employed free labor and labored themselves, and their general intelligence, good schools, highly cultivated farms, valuable buildings, fine stock, &c., afford a strong argument in favor of the "dignity of labor." Their example has had an influence on those around them, and although they are nearly forty miles from Washington, their farms sell from $50 to $70 per acre. No person need have any fears of being disrespected on account of labor in Northern or Western Virginia.

As to the climate, away from large or sluggish streams it is emphatically healthy; but near such streams, ague and fevers prevail in the latter part of summer and in autumn. The weather is not subject to such extreme changes as in more northern latitudes. Spring opens at least a month earlier than in Western New York, and winter commences a month later. The winters are frequently so open that farmers do much of their plowing for spring crops. The summers are a little more subject to drouth than in New York. Fruit culture has not received the attention that its importance demands, but the people are awakening to the subject, and many fine orchards have already been planted. Apples, pears, peaches, cherries, quinces, grapes, &c., succeed well.

There is considerable of the original growth of timber yet standing, and the land after being cleared is productive. Wood and timber is in demand, and new facilities are opening for conveyance to market.

There is a vast amount of water power in Virginia that is not applied to any purpose. At the "Great Falls" of the Potomac, about ten miles above Georgetown, is power enough (if applied to manufacturing purposes,) to employ hundreds of people, yet only sufficient is used to carry one sawmill. It is beginning to attract the attention of Northern capitalists, however, and will no doubt ere long, be converted to some useful purpose.

To persons contemplating locating in Virginia I would say, go and see the country; mingle with Northern people who have settled there; go thro' Fairfax, Loudoun, and if you want to see a very fine country, go through Clark and Frederic counties, where land is worth as much per acre as in Western New York. But remember and not buy too much "worn out land" because it is cheap. I will cheerfully answer any further inquiries if addressed to me at West Brighton, Monroe county, New York. THOMAS HAZARD.

[Advertisement.] From the New England Farmer.

BEE HIVES.

I have put off re-writing the article on bee-hives that I mailed to your address some months since, hoping that it might turn up. Not seeing it in the *Farmer*, I suppose the little money enclosed for the advertisement tempted some thief among the mails, who took the money and destroyed the article. The article referred to, was in reply to "Norfolk," on a charge of inconsistency, wherein he accuses me of "Preaching what I do not practice. That my instructions are not for myself," &c. This, as far as myself is concerned, amounts to but little, but perhaps some readers of the *Farmer* might wish to know as well as "Norfolk," what right I have to recommend one hive, and afterwards use another. I intend to make a full confession, and if it does not fully exculpate me from blame, it may somewhat modify their feelings. I would say first, that I cannot be charged with altering some simple thing about a bee-hive, then obtaining a patent, and charging all a few dollars, who can be persuaded to use it. All that the bee needs in a state of nature, is a cavity suitable for rearing her broods, and depositing her stores for winter. All that man requires in addition, is an apartment that can be removed with surplus stores. A single box in the plainest form was used for twenty-five years, and nothing found to surpass it in convenience, safety, economy or profit. Believing it the *best* for the apiarian of any class, I recommended no other in the work alluded to by "Norfolk." And now for the sake of being consistent, must I adhere to this throughout, and deny myself the advantages that may arise from the minds of others? I think I would rather risk his charge of inconsistency. "The best way is as good as any," and the moment that a man settles down into the belief that he has arrived at the summit of improvement, there is no further advancement for him. There is a vast difference in the ability to discriminate between what *is* an improvement, and what is *said* to be.

The Rev. L. L. Langstroth presented me with the movable frame, or movable comb-hive; I saw at once, that I could, if I chose, still use the simple box with the addition of the frames, and I could take out and return to the hive all the combs without injury to a single bee. I transferred bees and combs into some of these in the spring of '56. In '57 and '58, I introduced new swarms in a large number, and have found the following advantages.

Most apiarists know that their stocks are quite liable in some seasons to overswarm, and have witnessed with regret, swarms too small to be worth anything alone, continue to issue till the parent stock was reduced too much, to contend successfully with the worms. And as a consequence, both old and new colonies would be lost. With the help of the frames, such ruinous operations can be prevented. A few days after the first, and just before the second swarm, the comb can be examined, and all the queen-cells removed but one. When the queen that matures, it finds no opposition on [illegible] and soon becomes the mother in the old stock. I will presume that the natural history relative to this point is understood. This operation cannot be performed with a hive, in which the combs are fast

Artificial swarms are [illegible] very little trouble, as follows. When [illegible] bees are most in the [illegible] of the day, take off the frame [illegible] them over carefully for the queen is found, when the frame containing her is put in an empty hive, setting that on the old stand; and putting the old stock in a new place. Enough bees will return to the old queen to make the swarm. If done at the proper season, enough brood will be in the combs, together with those just matured, to keep the old stock sufficiently strong. If no queen-cells about finished are present in the stock, it is nearly always practical to procure one from some other, with a queen nearly mature, to introduce, and thereby gain several days in breeding.

If, from any cause, a stock or swarm is weak, but otherwise healthy, it may be assisted by some strong colony, merely by taking a comb or two filled with brood, and giving it to the weak one. In a few days, the maturing brood will add materially to its strength. In the same way, their winter stores may be equalized in the fall; some stocks will have too much, and others too little. The changing of a few combs will make all right and benefit all.

Nature had to provide drones for isolated colonies, and when we bring together a large number, this instinct for rearing drones is retained, and each produces its number; when in reality there is no necessity in an apiary of fifty or a hundred stocks for any more drones than two or three colonies might produce. So many drones cannot be reared without much labor of the working bees, and cannot be supported afterwards without a great consumption of honey. Several patents have been granted, the chief merit of which is a trap to catch and destroy them. But with the movable combs, we can take the matter into our own hands, and say in the spring whether we will have thirty, three hundred, or three thousand, reared in any stock. It is done by removing the drone comb, or any part of it, and substituting worker combs instead. Without these cells the bees cannot rear drones if they would. It is now pretty well demonstrated, that the eggs of a healthy queen are all alike, and the sex of the future bee depends on the cell in which it is deposited. If every drone we have reared was a worker, it would not only support itself, but would be likely to add to the common stores. The advantages would be, in having just enough.

The size of the hive can be graduated to suit the wants of any colony. If there are too many combs to be properly protected from the moth, a part may be taken away, and returned as needed.

The loss of queens in most apiaries is a serious damage. Except within the first few days after its occurrence, there is no further means of ascertaining this fact, short of several weeks; by which time it is often too late to save the stock. But with the frames it can be ascertained at any time; and after the young queen commences her maternal duties, only a minute or two is required to examine the brood combs; any cells containing eggs or brood indicate her presence. If she is lost, another can be provided in time to save the stock.

These are some, but not all the advantages that I have found in the movable combs. Suppose that I had recommended this movable comb hive immediately on being satisfied that I could make it profitable; and then, as with many other beautiful theories, failed in practice. I should have been worse off, than to be accused of "preaching what I did not practice." Prudence should prevent any one from recommending an improvement based on theory alone. "Consistency" dictates a different course. I have now used these frames three summers, and know from experience what I say respecting them. Having found them beneficial for myself, I think they might be so to others, and consider it a duty to give the public *all* the knowledge I possess in bee-culture. I have, therefore, added an appendix to my treatise, giving directions for making and using these frames, an advertisement of which is enclosed.

"Norfolk" calls the "movable comb hive, unwieldly." I have seen some that I think are so But I apprehend this to be a matter of taste; as I make the hive, there will be no complaint in this respect. The principal of the movable combs is the point that I consider constitutes the advantage.

In the controversy about the triangular guide, I have but little interest, further than I should be pleased to have all admit that it was public property. Whoever succeeds in establishing a claim, should give us something a little more reliable—something that would give us straight combs with certainty; because now a colony will occasionally make their combs crooked, and are of no value as moveable combs, on that account.

I have given what to me are valuable points in the movable comb hive, and the reasons why they are so. Now will "Norfolk," "Clark," or any one give us through the *Farmer* as minute an account of the "Union hive"—in what consists its superiority? It will hardly be satisfactory to say it is better, without pointing out what particular makes it so. I am willing to adopt anything that is shown superior to what I already possess. My likes and dislikes are governed by what appears the utility of the thing.

In criticisms on this subject, it is best to avoid personalities. I shall consider I am not called upon to answer anything of the kind.

St. Johnsville, N. Y. M[illegible]

A GOOD FEED CUTTER.

Ed. Rural:—W. E. S., of Ogden, N. Y., after advising farmers to cut their feed, says he don't know as they have the machines among them For two winters I have used one of D. C. Cuming's patent, for which I paid $30. It runs by hand or horse power, and I consider it almost a perfect machine. I have cut two winters by hand for about thirty head of cattle and horses, and feed in mangers. It has four knives, and cuts about three-eighths of an inch in length. For hay I take out two of the knives, which makes it about seven-eighths of an inch in length; this I think is short enough for hay, while the machine runs a good deal easier. For corn stalks I use all four of the knives, as stalks must be cut short to make it pay. My stock eat them readily, without anything on them—all up clean on full feed. I consider it a saving of at least 100 per cent. to [illegible] in the feed; then the manure is worth [illegible] what it would be if the stalks were fed without cutting. —Charles Treadwell, *Ann Arbor, Mich.*

MAKING CHEESE FROM A SMALL DAIRY.

Ed. Rural:—I think good cheese may be made from a small quantity of milk, in the same way we make our large dairies. Three requisites are necessary in the manufacture of a mild, rich, sound and even dairy of cheese, viz:—Cleanliness, Carefulness, and Common Sense or Judgment. The milk should be strained at night in a tub or vat in as cool a place as convenient, in order to keep sweet. In the morning the cream must be taken off, and if desirable to add to the cheese, must be put into warm milk, and then strained in with the night's milk. The milk, when prepared for the rennet, should be about 75 to 78 degrees Fah. The rennet should be in quantity and strength to bring the curd sufficiently to commence the cutting or breaking up process in from 30 minutes to an hour. After setting, the milk should be covered, unless the temperature of the room is about the same; otherwise the curd will not come even, i. e., the top will be milky and whey white.

To expedite operations a cutter made of knives, wire, or tin, is used to break up the curd, but it can be done as well with the hands, by carefully pressing the curd through the fingers with the thumb. It should be broken up fine, and not suffered to settle together hard again until put into the press. We have less trouble with a soft curd, and with careful handling make a better and larger cheese than when it is heavy and hard. Whey may be taken off for scalding, which should be heated without scorching, and poured back gradually till the temperature is brought up to about 100 degrees, or until the *curd squeaks a little in biting.* Half an hour will suffice to draw off the whey. Cool and salt the curd, adding a tea cup of salt to 15 pounds, or more or less to suit the taste. When the curd is suffered to become hard, at any time from the first breaking up till put into the press, on breaking again the whey will be white, and a lighter and poorer cheese will be the result.

The cheese should be put in the hoop in a clean cloth, and the weight put on gradually for an hour, when it should be turned, and again at night, when more weight should be added. Some press 24 and some 48 hours. Cheese should be cured in a dry place, but not too cool. The process of making occupies from three to four and a half hours.

Care is necessary in the curing and preparation of rennet. We let the calf suck in the morning and kill it about 3 or 4 o'clock, emptying the rennet of what may be in it, and salting them together in a jar. Ten days before using, we put four or five in two gallons of tepid water, salt enough to keep sweet. We then pour off the liquid, which is ready for use, soaking the rennet again. Half a pint of liquid thus prepared will bring, or change to curd, from 40 to 60 gallons of milk.

Mr. Moore, this is a queer way to write in answer an inquiry from Indiana. If you get better directions, and don't use this, it will be well, and I shall not feel injured. We love your paper; it is sound, reliable, useful and welcome

Madison, N. Y., Aug., '59. Sam'l. G. Cleveland.

AN IMPROVED HORSE-SHOE.

Eds. Rural:—I notice a correspondent wishes to know the cause of so much lameness in horses My experience has convinced me that it is in a great measure owing to the prevailing mode of shoeing, which has a decided tendency to contract the heels, and the little care taken by the owners in not having the shoes removed sufficiently often to have the natural accumulation of the hoof and sole pared away. Another great fault in the smith is cutting away the frog, which should never be cut. I am much pleased to see introduced in Albion, "Henderson's Improved Shoe," (which is well calculated to prevent the contraction of the hoof,) of which the following is a description:—The shoe is so formed upon the foot side as to correspond with the natural form of the foot, with a level, flat surface on the outer portion of the shoe supporting the wall as far back as the quarters, continuing the level across to the inner part near the heel of the shoe, the outer part being sloped off, outward, downward and backward to conform with the inward and forward inclination of the quarters and heels of the hoof above, by which the corresponding angles form a square bearing for the support of the quarters under the weight of the horse, which will prevent the contraction of the heels and all the evils attendant thereon. Should this shoe be brought into common use the lameness of the forward limbs now so general would shortly disappear to a very great extent, if not entirely.

Albion, N. Y., Aug., 1859. H. L. Achilles.

WILL IT PAY?

The above is a very common question,—a very proper one, too,—as every one admits. We purpose to notice some things that "*won't pay.*"

It won't pay to "make haste to be rich" at the expense of health, happiness and intellect. The man that starves his mind because he is too stingy to purchase books, will find out by-and-by that it *won't pay.* The man who denies himself of the luxury of good family papers, because, as he says, he is too poor to afford them, will find he is pursuing the wrong course—it *won't pay.* The man who works like a slave from morn till night, year in and year out, makes his children do the same, and never takes any recreation, must find to his sorrow, sooner or later, that it *did not pay.* The man who cheats his neighbor to increase his own store, and oppresses the fatherless and widow, will find that it *didn't pay.*

The man who cultivates the soil with the same implements his father used forty years ago, will find it *won't pay.* It won't pay to plant crops on "hard-pan," or *whortleberry knobs,* without manuring the ground well, which is scarcely ever done. It won't pay to invest money in "western lands," to the neglect of the home happiness and comforts of your family. It won't pay to scowl at your children till they get tired of home and insensible to all the finer feelings of the heart.

Trusting that these few thoughts may be of benefit to some, I leave this inexhaustible subject, hoping that my readers may be prosperous and happy, and never do anything that *won't pay.*

Western Pennsylvania, 7th mo., 1859. E. E.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

How to Use Lime.

In an article upon this topic, the *Working Farmer* remarks:—Lime as a food for plants, is required in very small quantities, and for the purpose should be applied in very minute doses, and frequently. Shell lime is better than stone lime *when wanted for manure.* When required not to feed plants, but to decompose other materials in the soil, such as inert organic matter, then larger doses may be given, and it should never be mixed with any manure of a nitrogenous kind—such as night-soil, phosphates, guano, or barn yard manure. Lime may be mixed with salt in the manner we have so often recommended, or with sour muck, or any other organic matter not readily decomposable. Never apply lime to the soil, within a day or two of the time when manure has been applied. When barn-yard manures have been deeply buried in the soil, a light top-dressing of lime may be used after plowing. This will gradually sink, and when it meets with and assists in decomposing the manure, the gases in rising, will be absorbed by the incumbent soil.

Unruly Animals.

S. W. Case, of Delaware Co., Ohio, writes thus to the *Ohio Farmer*:—I *will* tell you how I avoid having unruly animals. I believe that as a general rule our domestic animals are never unruly, except as they are taught by their owners, or those having the charge of them. Some persons, when removing stock from one field to another, will let down a few of the top bars; or if they don't happen to have bars or a gate just where they wish to turn through, they will throw off a few of the top rails, and force the animals to jump the balance; and after thus driving the stock over, they will put up a part of the bars or rails thus thrown down, leaving the fence lower in that place than any other, as a temptation to the stock to jump back at the place where they have been learned to go over. Now, sir, my practice is the reverse of all this; if I wish to turn hogs, sheep or calves through a common rail fence, I make what is termed a slip-gap, letting down just enough of the bottom rails to let the animals pass, *thus teaching them to go under, rather than over a fence;* and in letting large cattle through bars, I prefer to have a bar at the top, letting them pass under; and if it rubs their backs a little, all the better. But there is another fault, too common with some farmers. If fences are poor, in consequence of a scarcity of material, they should be the more carefully watched; if a rail gets thrown off, put it on immediately; if weeds, grass or anything else grows near the fence, on the opposite side from where your stock run, tempting them to reach over, and by this means push the fence down, remove the difficulty immediately out of the way. I am well satisfied that with proper care there is no necessity of having unruly stock, even with poor fences. Give them plenty of food and water; keep them comfortable, and they will not be unruly, unless you teach them. I have raised several bulls within the last few years, some five or six of which I have sold; none of them have, to my knowledge, ever jumped a fence. One of them, now four years old last spring, is owned by a man whose fences are very poor; and altho' a bull owned by a near neighbor of his, two years younger, is in the habit of jumping any fence that comes in his way, in the neighborhood—even in or out of the field where this bull was at the time—he still maintains his orderly character.

Corn and Corn Fodder.

A correspondent of the *New England Farmer* thus answers an article on "Corn and Corn Stalks," which appeared in the previous issue of the same Journal, in which the writer favored topping corn, both on account of the grain and the fodder, and also the labor of harvesting. He says:

I have tested the matter to my entire satisfaction by cutting up at the roots and shocking a part of my corn each year for several years past. When severe frost is apprehended, the "new way" may be advisable, but in all other cases I much prefer that my corn should ripen the "natural way."

I place a high estimate upon the value of corn fodder for stock, and much has been said and written upon the best mode of curing it. The way which I prefer and practice is this:—When the tassel has become dry and the kernel well glazed, I cut off the stalk above the ear, laying the stalks of two hills together. When wilted I bind and pike them in the field, letting them remain, if the weather be favorable, ten or twelve days, then cart to the barn, hanging them on poles or setting up under the roof. I find that my cattle eat them better if cured in this way, than if hung up in the barn as soon as bound, or if dried wholly in the field. As I husk my corn mostly evenings, I begin so early in the season that the husks and butts would mould too much, if I did not mix with them a quantity of straw or poor hay. I also salt them freely.

My cattle being judges, the fodder is better cured in this way than when all is cut up together and exposed to the weather the usual time allowed in such cases. Perhaps it is because they have failed to "*get the hang of it,*" which I am sometimes told is the reason why I think the labor greater to harvest corn which is shocked, than that which is topped.

While I agree with your correspondent in so many things, I must dissent from his opinion that it is better to feed out all the corn stover in early winter, to the exclusion of other fodder. Fed out *exclusively* it is too laxative, and nothing but the husks will be eaten; but a *few fodderings* a week, from November to April, will tend to keep the bowels of the cattle in a loose and healthy condition, especially if you have much straw or poor hay to feed out. A few corn butts, through the winter and spring, occasionally, will be chewed with a relish. From my own experience I am led to believe that the well secured fodder from 150 to 200 bushels of corn, fed out judiciously, to a stock of 25 head, is nearly as valuable as an equal weight of medium quality hay.

Why Sows Destroy their Young.—A writer in the *Homestead* gives an article on this subject, in which he argues very conclusively that "costiveness and its accompanying evils are the main causes of sows destroying their young."

Agricultural Miscellany.

The Weather has been unusually cool for the season, since our last. This region has thus far escaped frost, however, though winter clothing and fuel have been in demand. We hear of light frosts in New England. The corn crop is well advanced, and we shall "make a crop," sound and beautiful, unless a blighting frost occurs within two weeks.

Transactions for 1858. We are indebted to Col. Harris for a copy of the "Transactions of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, with an abstract of the Proceedings of the County Agricultural Societies, for 1858." It is a handsomely executed volume of 800 pages, edited and arranged in a manner most creditable to the Secretary. Its contents, which appear to be of special interest and value, will be noticed in future.

Wheat Sowing.—Considerable wheat has been sown in this section during the past ten days. A much larger breadth of land is being devoted to wheat culture in Western and Central New York, than has been thus occupied for many years. We trust cultivators will not be disappointed in the result.

Preparing and Sowing Grass Seed—*Correction.*—J. H., of Henrietta, writes:—"I did not preserve a copy of my statement, in Rural of Aug. 27th, on preparing grass seed; but if I am not mistaken I used the term *cooler* where you have it printed *cool.* A temperature from 75 to 90 degrees I call hot; following that a temperature from 65 to 75, I would denominate cooler, but not *cool.* The last of Aug. or first of Sept. is the true time for sowing timothy seed, all other things being right, and the temperature generally about as last named above—cooler, not decidedly *hot.*"

The Wheat Crop—*Yield East and West.*—We have heretofore spoken of the large yield of wheat in this State, and stated that, on harvesting, the crop proved much lighter at the West and South than had been anticipated. Recent letters, and statements in our exchanges, show that the yield has proved unusually large in New York and Canada West, while the result is the reverse in the West. The N. Y. Tribune of the 5th, after quoting letters relative to the yield in different localities, says:—"Everywhere at the East the yield of wheat appears, from all the accounts that come to us, entirely satisfactory, while every account from the West agrees in the statement that, although the straw is heavy, the yield of grain is unusually light." As we intimated in a late Rural, the yield of the wheat crop of the country will prove far below the estimates which have been made by commercial papers and operators in breadstuffs.

Flour from Dayton Wheat.—We are indebted to Mr. L. Braden, of Junius, for a sample of flour made from Dayton wheat. It is a good article, and makes bread which compares well with that made from the ordinary brands of Genesee Flour.

Johnston's Bean Harvester.—A correspondent writes us that he is glad to see Mr. Howard, of Buffalo, advertises this, for he is satisfied, after using one last year, that every farmer who gives it a trial, "will never consent to pull beans by hand again—for it is the meanest business ever done on a farm." He says the machine cuts off the stalk near the surface of the ground, or a little below it, and runs under the pods, so as not to shell them—that he harvested eight acres in one day, last year, which he call a great day's work—that in looking at the field after the machine passed through, you could hardly suppose a bean stalk had been cut, as they mostly stood up where cut—that the vines cured rapidly, so that all were in nice order in a couple of days to go along with a wagon and fork them into it without any gathering. He adds:—"I write you to let farmers know that this is a machine every bean-grower wants. With it the raising of beans is made easy, and a remunerating crop." And we thus condense and give the testimony of H. E. P., of Shelby, for the benefit of those of our readers interested.

Broom Corn.—An Illinois paper makes the following *sweeping* statement, averring that whoever "owns the corn" can drive poverty from his threshold with a broomstick:—"There is a field of broom corn this season in the vicinity of Rockford, Ill., of nearly 800 acres. The seed was planted by machinery, the corn being drilled in rows, two feet nine inches apart. The whole crop is contracted at $85 per ton. The crop this year will amount to $20,000."

Two Oswego Co. Fairs.—We learn from the Syracuse Journal that, in addition to the Fair to be held at Mexico, Sept. 13–15, (as already stated in the Rural,) another Oswego Co. Fair is announced—to take place at Fulton, Sept. 13–16. Each organization claims to be *the* County Ag. Society, we believe—though we know little of the merits of the case, and should not consider it our duty to express an opinion in favor of either, even if fully advised. We sincerely trust that both Fairs will prove valuable auxiliaries in promoting the cause of Rural Improvement. We hope to have the pleasure of spending a day at each, not doubting but the spirit of emulation aroused by the rivalry of the two associations will render both exhibitions highly creditable.

Fair at Fulton—Officers of the Society, &c.—Since the above was written we are in receipt of the Fulton *Patriot & Gazette* containing list of Officers, Premiums, &c., of the Society which holds its Fair at that place, (called Oswego Falls in the announcement,) Sept. 13–16. The principal officers are: *President*—Joel Tuttle, Oswego City. *Vice Pres'ts*—J. W Pratt, Fulton; Orson Titus, Hannibal. *Rec. Sec'y*—John U. Smith, Oswego Falls. *Cor. Sec'y*—B. K. Sanford, Fulton. *Treasurer*—Samuel G. Merriam, New Haven. *Executive Committee* John Reaves, Granby; C. E. Case, M. S Kimball, Fulton. *Finance Committee*—John E. Dutton, A. G. Fish, Elliot Harroun, Fulton. The towns of Lysander, (Onondaga Co.,) and Ira and Sterling, (Cayuga Co.,) are admitted to all the privileges of the Society. The premiums offered are liberal and include the various branches of Agriculture, Horticulture, Mechanical and Domestic Manufactures, &c. On the 16th, there is to be a Regatta, trial of Fire-Engines, exhibition of Horses, and other attractions.

Fairs next Week.—In addition to the Oswego Fairs already noticed, New York County Fairs are to be held next week in Cayuga, Chautauque, Delaware, Genesee, Queens, Rensselaer and Schuyler. Union and Town Fairs as follows—Adams, Galen, Lebanon, Medina, Smithville and Smyrna. The Kentucky, New Jersey and Vermont State Fairs are to be held next week; also the National Fair at Chicago.

The Livonia Town Fair is to be held Oct. 6th. Sylvester Francis is President of the Society; Norton Gibbs, Vice-Pres't; A. Sill, Secretary; and G. F. Pratt, Treasurer.

Bee-Hives for South America.—We learn that Mr. E. W. Phelps, of Elizabeth, N. J., is filling an order for 1,000 of his Combination Bee-Hives to be sent to South America, and that 500 have already been shipped

Good Fruit.—Mr. N. N. Terry, of Meadon, has favored us with specimens of a rich and fine-flavored apple which he calls the "Loomis Sweetwater," and a bountiful supply of the Golden Sweet. A fine *Treat.*

HORTICULTURAL.

FRENCH METHOD OF PRUNING THE PEACH.

Now that the culture of the Peach in Orchard Houses and other glass structures is attracting a good deal of attention in this country, the following explanation of the new French method of pruning and training the Peach, which we take from the *London Gardener's Chronicle*, will be interesting to many of our readers:

Within the last three years the French have invented a method of treating the Peach Tree wholly at variance with all previous contrivances. It originated with a grower at Chartres, and has been partly explained, but scarcely in his usual able manner, by M Dubreuil, the great authority among our Gallic friends in all matters relating to pruning and training fruit trees. I have taught, says this gentleman, the old mode of training for sixteen years, and if I now abandon it, it is because the new way is better; and if a better still should be invented I should as readily abandon this. In an article in the *Revue Horticole* will be found a discussion of the advantages and disadvantages of this method by M. Dubreuil, of which and the wood cuts accompanying it, we have availed ourselves with the assistance of Mr Thompson, in order to make out exactly in what the method consists.

In order to explain the system to which we refer, it is necessary to observe, in the first place, that the peach tree bears its fruit on the preceding summer's shoots; these, when growing vigorously, usually throw out *laterals*, which are also termed *summer laterals*, because they are produced from recently formed buds on the young summer's shoots, and not from buds that have existed during winter. Sometimes, according to the state of the tree, no such laterals are produced unless the growing shoot is stopped or shortened; this induces several of the eyes left to burst into shoots instead of remaining in the bud state till the following spring. These are termed by the French *bourgeons anticipes*, to distinguish them from the regular shoots, that is, those which spring from buds pruned in the preceding summer, and which do not push till the following spring.

According to the new system, it appears that of the shoots which push from mature buds those situated on the front and sides of the branches only are retained; those behind are disbudded as

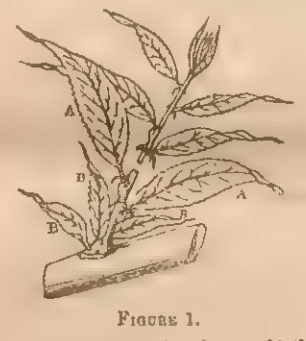


Figure 1.

soon as they are 2¾ inches long. At the same time the others are pinched so as to preserve only the two lowest well-developed leaves, as at A, A, Fig. 1. The weak leaves, B, B, B, are not taken into account. This pinching has the effect of causing the young buds situated in the axils of the two leaves to burst into shoots, A, A, Fig. 2, and

Figure 2.

when these shoots are two inches long they also are cut off above the first leaf from their origin-

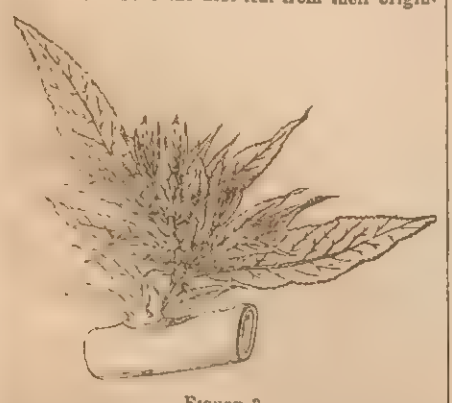


Figure 3.

The secondary laterals which push from the first ones are likewise pinched to one leaf from their bases, as at A A, Fig. 3. Those shoots which push afresh from vigorous parts are entirely removed.

Fig. 4.

These operations cause the production of buds which at the winter pruning have the appearance represented by Fig. 4; they are then cut at A A, A A, so as to leave only the flower buds nearest the base.

When numerous laterals push, on the leading shoots, C, Fig. 5, those situated behind are entirely removed. The others ought to be pinched as soon as the second pair of leaves have the buds in their axils sufficiently advanced. If the operation is deferred too long, the shoot lengthens and a spur is produced, which at the winter pruning is like that represented by Fig. 6. If the operation is performed too early,

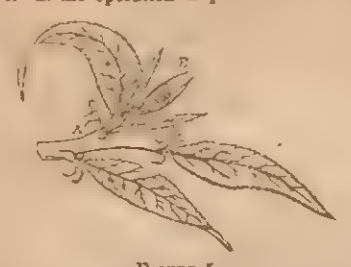


Figure 5.

before the buds have commenced to form, the shoot withers as in Fig. 7.

Figure 6.

But when the pinching is performed at the proper time the shoot ceases to lengthen, and the lower pair of leaves remain near the base. At the winter pruning the shoots have the appearance represented by Fig. 8.

It sometimes happens that, in spite of pinching, the laterals continue to lengthen. In this case a cut is made with the point of the knife on one side of the base, at A, Fig. 9, about half an inch in length. This cut stops the growth, and a few days after the lateral is pinched, and the eyes are formed in the axils of the two lower leaves, as at B.

All the laterals having been pinched for the first time, on several of them one or two generations of young shoots will be produced. These are pinched above the leaf nearest to their base, as already explained, and this operation will give rise to shoots as represented in Figs. 8 and 10. At the winter pruning they are cut as at B, Fig 8.

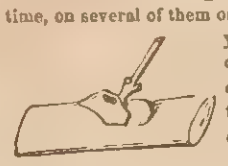


Fig. 7.

Sometimes the spur resulting from these repeated pinchings becomes entirely composed of blossom buds, as represented by Fig. 10. If left they so completely weaken the spur that it is apt to die. To prevent this, all the flower buds are cut off, and an incision made at A, Fig. 11.

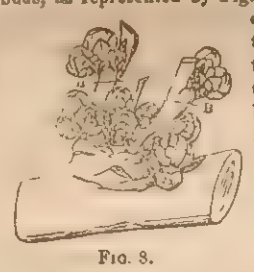


Fig. 8.

Finally, close pinching is not practised during the first year after the tree is planted. Such appears to be the plan now advocated by M. Dubreuil under the name of *pincement court*, which we prefer to call spur pruning. That the method has been unsuccessful in

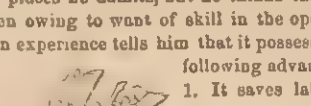


Figure 9.

several places he admits, but he thinks that this has been owing to want of skill in the operator His own experience tells him that it possesses the following advantages. 1. It saves labor by getting rid of the necessity of summer and winter nailing. 2. It saves half the cost of trellis work, — (the French train their peach trees to wooden or wire trellis.) 3. Winter and summer pruning becomes much more simple and more readily understood by gardeners. 4. The fruit spurs projecting from the front of the old wood protect it with their leaves from the scorching action of the sun. 5. The fruit spurs being very short the old wood that bears them may be twice as thick, and consequently a wall will carry twice as much fruit.

Fig. 10.

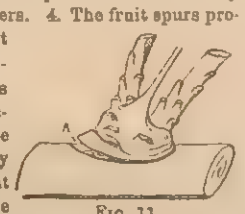


Fig. 11.

Nor does it appear to M. Dubreuil that the plan of spur-pruning is affected by climate; for he has practised it successfully in extremely different parts of France. We must, however, express a doubt whether an equally satisfactory result would attend it in our damp insular climate. That is, however, a point to be determined by actual experiment, and in no other manner.

Large Crop of Raspberries.—I wish to make a statement, and you may publish it in the Rural if you think it worthy of any consideration. I picked from a small patch of ground in my garden, 35 by 40 feet, 3 bushels, 3 pecks and 1 pint of the Red Antwerp Raspberry.—D. Marsh, *Le Roy, N. Y.*, 1859.

Grape Crop of Ohio.—The Cincinnati papers say the grape crop in the vicinity of that city is better this year than at any previous season since 1853.

A FINE AUTUMN APPLE.

Eds. Rural:—I send you to-day, by express, a small box of apples, of a variety known here as the Scott Apple, so called from a gentleman of that name, a former resident of this town, who is said to have brought the scions from the Eastern part of this State, or from the Eastern States. From the description I think it may be the Drap d'or, or Early Summer Pippin of Downing. I see that neither Thomas nor Barry describe it. I am at loss to know why it has not been brought into notice before this. It is cultivated to some extent in this town, and the universal opinion of those who have tasted it, is that it is every way superior to any other summer, or early autumn apple, in cultivation here.

It begins to ripen about the same time as the Yellow Harvest—will answer to cook full as early—and ripens in succession until about the 1st of October. The tree is a vigorous grower and bears abundantly every year. I think you could not do your readers a greater favor than to notice it in the columns of the Rural.

Alabama, N. Y., 1859. R. B. Warren.

Remarks.—With the above we received a box of apples of medium size and of much the appearance of the Fall Pippin. Fortunately at the time Chas. Downing and other eminent Pomologists were paying our city a visit, and we had the pleasure of presenting this apple to their notice. At first some were disposed to think it the Fall Pippin, but Mr. Downing, from the first, decidedly dissented—as he did also to the supposition of Mr. Warren, that it was the Early Summer Pippin. All agreed that it is a *first-rate* apple, almost, if not quite, as good as Fall Pippin; and its productiveness will give it a decided advantage over that old and favorite sort. Will Mr. Warren send a few ripe specimens and scions by express to Mr. Downing, at Newburgh?

Rochester Gardens.—Among the fine gardens around Rochester which we have visited the past week, we must notice as worthy of particular commendation that of Selah Mathews, Esq., the President of the Genesee Horticultural Society. This is a complete establishment, with Conservatory, Grape House, Lawn, Pear Orchard, &c. James Buchan, Esq., has several acres, thickly planted with fruit trees, and all cared for in the very best manner. Here may be seen some of the most beautiful standard apple trees which it has ever been our pleasure to look upon, the limbs bending to the ground with their weight of fruit, and entirely concealing the trunk. Standard and dwarf pear trees, also, in health and vigor, and in the greatest variety—all well laden with ripening specimens. Go and see this fine fruit garden, and you will be very politely received, and carry away at least a great amount of useful information. A. Morse, Esq, on North street, has about an acre, principally in fruit trees, and some exceeding fine specimen trees, that are beautiful to look upon. Nothing gives intelligent cultivators more pleasure than to have their grounds visited by persons of like taste, with whom they can converse in regard to their favorite trees, plants and flowers, and nothing tends more to improve taste and increase knowledge.

Fruit Business of Rochester.—Although we are deprived of our usual crop of peaches for shipping this season, we notice that the fruit dealers are doing quite a large business in purchasing other fruits for the Eastern and other markets. Hundreds of barrels of fall apples, such as Twenty Ounce Pippins, are shipped in very large quantities. Our plum crop is exceedingly abundant, and during the past two weeks not less than two hundred bushels per day have been shipped from this place for various points eastward and in Canada. There are several parties in town purchasing for the Montreal market, and others are buying to send East. One gentleman has shipped to New York this season over *three hundred barrels* of various kinds of plums, and is still buying. The prices paid at present for large plums vary from $1 00 to $1 25 per bushel. For Green Gages, which are now out of season, from four to five shillings per bushel was paid for large quantities.

Distinguished Horticultural Visitors.—During the past week we have been favored with a call from several distinguished horticulturists, some of whom came a long distance to look at the fruits and trees so finely grown and in such abundance by the leading nurserymen and amateurs of Rochester. Among those that we had the pleasure of taking by the hand was Charles Downing, of Newburgh, whom all Pomologists delight to honor; John J. Thomas, William Reid, of Elizabethtown, New Jersey; Prof. Kirtland, of Cleveland, Ohio, who has given us so many new and fine cherries; and Thomas W. Field, author of "*Field's Pear Culture.*"

Another New Grape.—Warren Pierpont, of West Bloomfield, presented us several bunches of a small native grape, which he has fruited for four years. Mr. P. says, "it is very hardy, more so than the Isabella. Fruit ripens about the 25th of August; hangs on the vines well, and is quite prolific." Its earliness, in our opinion, is its only merit. We would rather wait longer for a better grape. It is named *Pierpont's Rareripe.*

"Fruits in their Season."—Our markets are now presenting a very *tasteful* aspect. The fruits of the season are coming in, in most gratifying abundance. Particularly is this the case with peaches, plums and pears, all of which are much better in appearance and flavor than has been the case for several years past, and we therefore hope that the fears which were entertained in various quarters that Western New York was in a state of degeneration as a fruit-growing region, may be practically dissipated.—*Buffalo Com. Adv.*

Fruit Growers' Meeting.—The September Meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York will be held at the Court House in Rochester, commencing on Thursday, September 22d, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

Inquiries and Answers.

"Rot" in Grapes.—Inclosed I send you a specimen of grapes affected with some kind of blight. Can you, or any of your correspondents, inform me through the Rural what it is and what is the remedy? The first appearance of this is a small, black spot upon the berries when they are about the size of peas, which spreads and in many instances kills the berry. About one-third of our crop this season will be destroyed by it. The skin only is affected by it, unless it reaches the stem, when the berry dies.—J. N. Russell, *Niles, Mich.*

The disease that injures your grapes is the "rot." It is very bad here this season, particularly so with Catawbas—the Isabella is not so much affected, and only, we believe, in damp, unsuitable situations. Vines growing in a deep, dry, mellow soil are much less affected than those grown in a moist, underdrained situation. Still, the fruit is sometimes affected under all circumstances, and we know but little of the cause or the cure.

Pine Apple Squashes.—Will you, or some of your numerous contributors or readers, please inform me through your excellent paper, whether Pine Apple Squashes are fit for the table? If so, at what time and how used?—A Subscriber, *Hebron, O.*, 1859.

Pine Apple Squashes are fit to eat as soon as they get to be of the size of a large apple. They may be eaten all through the season, and improve in quality as they get larger. This is our first year's experience with it, and we cannot say how it answers in the fall or winter. They are thought by some to be superior in flavor to the best of the old summer squashes.

Strawberry and Other Plants by Mail.—I see some persons are advertising to send strawberry plants by mail. Will they carry safe in this way, so as to be of any use when received?—T. B, *Davenport, Iowa.*

If properly packed we know not why a few plants may not be sent safely by mail. Our rulers would consult the interests of Horticulture and of the Department too, by allowing seeds, scions and plants to be carried through the mail at a low rate, and Horticultural and Agricultural Societies should petition Congress for a law of this kind. Any persons who have received plants by mail will please state their condition. A letter now before us says:—"I have received strawberry plants by mail, and they were so securely packed that although some few days on the way, I found them moist and fresh, and don't see anything now to prevent their doing well. I consider the experiment successful, at least in this case, and don't see why, if properly packed, it may not be in every instance."

The Genesee Valley Horticultural Society gives its *Annual Autumnal Exhibition* at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, on the 23d inst.

PRESERVING GREEN CORN.

Messrs. Eds.:—Seeing an inquiry in your excellent Rural for keeping green corn, I send you my plan.

Take any quantity of Sweet Corn when good for boiling, leave on the inside husk to tie two or four together, then pack them close in a large boiler, and when you have enough cover with cold salt and water. Let them boil 10 or 15 minutes; have a clothes line in the yard, take them out and throw them over the line, let them be in sun and wind till the cob is quite dry, then tear off the husk, put them in a bag and keep in a dry place. In winter take as many cobs as you need to cook, put them in a pail of warm water and soak, then boil as green corn. I have had good corn on the table all winter preserved in this way.

Green Beans I gather when good for boiling, put them in crocks, pour boiling salt and water over; when cold cover with a cloth, and put in a cold place. When wanted, soak to freshness, and boil.—A. H.

Take the corn as soon as it is large enough to use; (sweet corn is the best,) cook it in the same manner as for table use, then with a sharp knife *cut* off the outside of the kernels, scraping off the rest. Spread a white cloth upon a table, or, what better, tack it to two of your quilt frames, and stretch it in the sunshine; spread your corn upon it, stirring it occasionally through the day; it will adhere slightly to the cloth at first, when you can loosen it with a knife; two sunshiny days will be sufficient to thoroughly dry it, you can then store it away for future use without any fear of its "working."

Another way, which my mother says she has seen practised with success in Illinois, is, not to cook the corn at first, but cut and scrape it off as above, and then place it in a shallow dish over the fire, stirring it constantly to prevent burning until the moisture is well evaporated, and then spread in the sun,—one day is sufficient to dry it when prepared in this manner. When wanted for use, take a sufficient quantity, cover well with cold water, set it where it will keep moderately warm, until soaked soft, then season *well* with butter, salt and pepper if you like; add milk enough to cover well the whole, and a cup of sweet cream if you can afford it; boil *gently* fifteen minutes, and you will have a delicious dish. Don't wait until your corn gets *hard* before you begin to dry it—but commence as soon as it is fit to eat; the younger it is the sweeter it will be.—*.

Cream Pie.—Line a *deep*, square tin with a rich crust, spread a thin layer of raisins, stoned and chopped, over the bottom, and add the following ingredients, thoroughly beaten:—1 coffee cup of sugar; 2 of thick, sweet cream; the yolks of 3 eggs; 1 teaspoon of lemon extract, and a little salt. Bake very slowly for three-quarters of an hour, and eat when *perfectly cold*. Should any partaker be dissatisfied, address—Dame W., *Victor, N. Y.*, 1859.

Horticultural Advertisements.

15,000 Isabella and 5,000 Clinton Grape Vines for Sale.—I will sell these Vines this Fall cheaper than they can be bought elsewhere in Western New York. The Clinton Grape is the Wine Grape of America. Those who contemplate going into the wine business had better call and try my Clinton Grape Wine. E. Ferguson, No. 13 Frank street, Rochester, N. Y. 505-3t

The Allen Raspberry.

The best *hardy* Raspberry in Cultivation—of large size, high flavor, and very productive.

"The Allen Raspberry is one of which a great deal may be expected, as exhibited with us, for its large size, bright red color, firmness for carriage, uniformity of yielding, and complete *hardiness*."—E. J. Hooper, Sec. Cincinnati Horticultural Society, in August Horticulturist.

The "Allen" took the first prize in a large competition of Raspberries at the Cincinnati Show in June last.

Geo. Seymour & Co., of Norwich, Conn., extensive berry growers after trying fifty sorts for market, say, "we find a thousand plants more of the Allen than of all good sorts combined. The Allen is the best raspberry we have seen or cultivated."

Wm. Parry, of Cinnaminson, N. J., near Philadelphia, ditto, subscribes similarly to Messrs. Seymour & Co.

"Our agent, one of the oldest fruit dealers in Washington Market, New York, informs us that no better raspberry comes into market than the 'Allen.'"—H. & J. Carpenter, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Price, 61 per dozen; $5 per 100; $40 per 1,000 plants, well packed, and sent per express, or other conveyance as directed, after 1st October. Orders with money inclosed will be promptly answered. Lewis F. Allen.

Black Rock, N. Y., Sept. 1, 1859. 505-1t

Iona Island Vines.

A New Edition of Descriptive Catalogue will be ready by the 15th, which will be sent to applicants sending a three cent stamp. It contains additional information relative to Planting, Training, and the management of Vines, with a full and accurate description of all the valuable varieties with which I am acquainted that are now in market.

My facilities for propagating (including nearly an acre of glass) are extensive, and in consequence my plants generally, and especially the Delaware Vines, are this season of much better quality than I have before been able to offer.

Of Large Dioica Vines my stock is limited, but of surpassing excellence. Of Alba the stock is also small, but plants of best quality; chiefly LARGE LAYERS ready for bearing.

For Prices and full Particulars, see Catalogue.

Of Delaware Vines, besides very large Layers, I have a good stock of exceedingly vigorous plants grown in the open air for such as may prefer them. Of these the wood and roots are very strong, and will be *thoroughly ripened early in the season.*

I would recommend the Herbemont as a most delicious Grape, and a great acquisition to all gardens having a sheltered exposure not more than one degree north of latitude of New York. A small stock of very large layers ready for bearing, new for the first time offered.

Concord—a small stock of remarkably large layers for immediate bearing, as well as small vines. A good stock and very large plants of Rebecca, Canby's August, which is synonymous with Cape, Alexander York Madeira, Hyde's Edina, Schuylkill Muscadet, Baldwin's Early, etc., a few layers, of the following in very limited supply:

Allen's Hybrid, (a white grape equal to Chasselas,) Logan, Taylor's Bullit, (synonymous with Wyman, etc.,) Cassidy, Louisa, Eisenburg, Clara, Rasbe, Lenoir, D. Village, Early Hudson, Garrigues, Hartford Prolific, Emily.

Foreign Vines, a good stock—plants vigorous.

Downing's Everbearing Mulberry; a small stock of superior plants, 1 and 2 years old.

Newman's Thornless Blackberry, (best garden variety,) a few hundreds.

Wholesale Catalogue ready. O. W. GRANT,

505 3t Iona Island, near Peekskill, Westchester Co., N.Y.

A. Fahnestock & Sons

offer great inducements at the

Toledo Nurseries.

Nurserymen and others wishing to purchase small stock for the West and South, would do well to call and examine the following desirable articles, offered at the lowest rates:

100,000 Apple Trees, 5 to 7 feet, very fine.

200,000 Apple Trees, 3 to 4 feet, very fine, $50 per 1,000; by quantity, $15 per 1,000.

300,000 Apple Trees, 1 year from graft, $25 per 1,000, by quantity, $20 per 1,000.

500,000 Apple Trees, grafted this coming winter and sent out in the spring, at $6 per 1,000; when 20,000 are taken, at $5 per 1,000.

30,000 Standard Pears, 1 year old, very strong, from bud, $20 per 100, $180 per 1,000.

25,000 Dwarf Pears, 1 year old, very strong, from bud, $12 per 100; $100 per 1,000.

10,000 Dwarf Pears, 2 years from bud, $23 per 100; $200 per 1,000.

2,000 Standard Plums, on plum stocks, 1 year, $20 per 100; $180 per 1,000.

15,000 Cherries, Standard, 5 to 7 feet, very fine, $15 per 100; $120 per 1,000.

15,000 Cherries, Standard, 1 year old, very fine, $12 per 100; $90 per 1,000.

15,000 Houghton Gooseberries, from cuttings, very strong, $2 per 1,000.

40,000 Currants, (in 12 varieties,) very low; Red and White Dutch $40 per 1,000.

15,000 Lawton Blackberries, $8 per 100; $60 per 1,000.

10,000 Linnæus and Victoria Rhubarb, $10 per 100; $80 per 1,000.

20,000 Angers Quince Stocks, $15 per 1,000.

30,000 Isabella, Catawba and Clinton Grape Vines, 1 year, $30 per 1,000.

15,000 Isabella, Catawba and Clinton Grape Vines, 2 years, $50 per 1,000.

20,000 Maneth Rose Stocks, $2,25 per 100; $20 per 1,000.

50,000 Norway Spruce, 1 foot, $50 per 1,000.

20,000 Norway Spruce, 18 inches, $40 per 1,000.

10,000 Hybrid China Roses, best sorts, strong, $12 per 100.

1,000 Herbaceous Peonies, assorted, $15 per 100.

1,000 Silver Vaples, $15 per 100.

500 Yucca, or Adam's Needle, $15 per 100.

With a large lot of Raspberries, Peaches, Apricots and Nectarines. Also, Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Evergreens and plants in quantities. Diana, Concord, Rebecca and Delaware Grape Vines at the lowest price.

Our New Descriptive Fruit and Ornamental Catalogues, as well as our Wholesale Price List, is now out of press, and will be forwarded to order on receipt of a postage stamp for each. All communications promptly responded to, and orders solicited at as early a day as possible.

A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS.

Toledo, Ohio, Sept. 5, 1859. 505-6teow

Strawberry Seeds.—The Subscriber offers for sale, put up in packages containing more than 15,000 seeds from a lot collected this present season from a new plantation of four acres, in consequence of the fruit becoming soft, gritty and unsaleable, on account of the eight days spell of rainy weather at the time of ripening. It is mainly from the following choice varieties: *Hovey, Longworth, McAvoy, Boston Pine, Wilson, Scott, Jenny, Early Scarlet and Walker's Seedling.*

To the amateur, or any one wishing to see developed the new and improved varieties that may be produced from a package of this seed, the opportunity is now presented. To any one located in the new or unsettled parts of the country, this is the most convenient and economical way of procuring Strawberry Plants.

Price, $1,00 per Paper. A liberal discount made to the trade. Address ELIZUR E. CLARKE, New Haven, Conn., inclosing $1,00, and a package of seed will be sent by return of mail, postage paid, to any part of the country, as directed.

Full directions to plant and cultivate, accompany each paper. 504-3t

Trees! Trees! Trees!!!

FOR THE AUTUMN OF 1859.

The Subscribers invite the attention of Nurserymen, Dealers and Planters, to their large and fine Stock of

Apple Trees—Standard and Dwarf—one to four years old: strong and well-grown.

Pear Trees—Dwarf, $1,000 2 and 3 years—fine, strong and healthy trees and of sorts most approved on the quince.

Pear Trees—Standard; a large and fine assortment of the most desirable kinds.

Cherry Trees—Standard and Dwarf—one, two and three years, in large supply and beautiful trees, and of the best sorts.

Peach Trees—One year; Plum 2 years. Orange, Quince, &c.

Ornaments—Red Dutch, White Dutch, Cherry, Victoria, &c.

Gooseberries—American seedling and the best English sorts.

Raspberries—The leading sorts in large quantities.

Blackberries—Lawton largely—Dorchester and Newman's Thornless.

Rhubarb—Downing's Colossal, Cahoon's Mammoth, and a large stock of Myatt's Linnæus.

Grape Vines—With the best facilities *for* and the best care in propagating, we are enabled to offer *Delaware, Diana, Rebecca, Concord, Hartford Prolific* and many other new and old sorts, with the best foreign varieties for growing under glass. Strong plants by the dozen, or hundred or larger quantities.

Evergreens—Norway Spruce, Balsam Fir, Scotch, Norway and White Pines, Red Cedar, Am. Arbor Vitæ, &c.

Deciduous Trees and Shrubs—Horse Chestnut, Mt. Ash, Am. Linden, Maples, Am. Chestnut, Am. and European Ash, Judas Tree, Laburnum, Snow Ball, Purple Fringe, Althea, &c.

Roses—Climbing and Hybrid Perpetuals—a fine assortment of strong plants.

Hedge Plants—Am. Arbor Vitæ, Red Cedar, Privet, Osage Orange, &c.

Stocks for Nurserymen—A fine supply of Angers Quince, Pear, Plum, Cherry, (Mazzard and Mahaleb,) one year old, and Apple Stocks 2 years old.

T. C. MAXWELL & BRO.

Geneva, Ontario Co., N. Y., Sept. 1, 1859. 504-5t

Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Plants, &c.

A. FROST & CO., Proprietors of the Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y., publish the following Catalogues to represent their stock, which occupies Three Hundred Acres.

All parties who may desire to purchase Fruit, Ornamental Trees, or Plants, will consult their interest by examining the following Catalogues, which are furnished on application.

Prompt attention is given all communications.

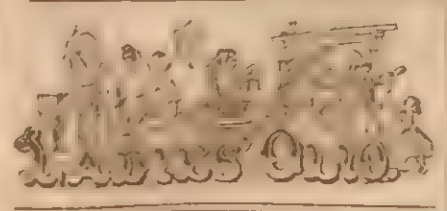
No. 1. Descriptive Catalogue of Fruits.

No. 2. Descriptive Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, &c.

No. 3. Descriptive Catalogue of Dahlias, Verbenas, Greenhouse Plants, &c.

No. 4. Wholesale Catalogue or Trade List.

No. 5. Descriptive Catalogue of Flowering Bulbs. 501-7t



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

"There's beauty all around our path,
But sorrow, too, is there."

Watch the bright sunbeams as they play
O'er hill and vale on a summer's day,
Gaze at them now as they calmly rest
Like waves of gold on the streamlet's breast.
Look yet again, for the glory has fled,
The waters are sleeping all rayless and dead,
A sable-hued pall is o'er mountain and vale,
The leaflets are resting now breathless and pale,
The birds and the blossoms are trembling with fear,
For the sunbeams have fled and the shadows are here.

List to the soft and murmuring breeze
As it moves at twilight amid the trees,
Bringing sweet voices of loved ones at rest,
On its perfumed wings from the land of the blest.
Why changes it now to a low, sad moan
Like the voice of death in the forest lone?
The wind-god is rushing o'er mountain and dale,
And the waving boughs echo the heart-piercing wail.
Gone, gone is the voice from the loved and the dead,
The harp strings are broken—the music has fled.

Gather the rose from its mossy stem
With dew-drops bright for a diadem,
Has fancy o'er breathed of a thing more fair
In sea or in sky, in earth or in air?
Why cast it away thus to wither alone?
Why turn in such haste from that leaf-mantled throne?
Learn now that the beauty which most does adorn
Conceals 'neath its fairness a heart-piercing thorn,
And thus it is over with life's sweetest flowers,
The perfume soon dies, but the smart is long ours.

Fold to your bosoms the gifts of your God,
The loving and loved ones that light your abode,
List to the voices that steal o'er your breast
Like breathings of bliss from the haven of rest.
Now loosen your claspings and let them depart,
The hand of the Death-King is cold on the heart.
Rest their cold forms 'neath the dark cypress shade,
Then gaze on the spot where your treasures are laid,
Turn to the world with a grief-mocking tone,
The heart-bonds are riven and you are alone.

Go to those graves at the coming of night,
Go when the world is receding from sight,
Weep o'er each lonely and desolate mound,
Weep where your heart lies beneath the cold ground.
'Tis sorrow all now, but sweet beauty will come,
And make of that lone spot a bright spirit home,
Those yellow earthed mounds will be covered with bloom,
And the trailing grass creep o'er each tear-watered tomb.
The wild birds will warble thy spirit to cheer,
Pale sorrow will vanish, God's angel be near.

O, shall we take good at the hands of our God,
And murmur when darkness o'ershadows the road?
There's beauty around us to bless and to cheer,
Though sorrow oft comes with its darkness and fear.
Our God is our *Father*, in Him is our trust—
What though our bright hopes should be laid in the dust,
His love is around us to guard and to guide,
With Him for our keeper, what harm can betide?
And, though sorrow a shade o'er our pathway may fling,
Sweet beauty around it still fondly will cling.

Michigan, 1859. J. A. S.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

"O, AUNT POLLY, I'm so glad you have come! I was just going over to Mrs. BROWN'S to borrow a needle, but now you can lend me one of yours."

"No, FANNY, I haven't my needle book; I have only brought my knitting to sit with you awhile. But how happens it you are out of needles, FANNY?"

"O, the same old story, Aunt. FRANCES, that little witch, has carried them off, and lost them, I suppose. I never did see such troublesome children as mine are! I declare, I can hardly keep a thing in my house. You can't imagine what a sight of trouble I have with them. Yesterday, when EDWARD got hurt, and was faint, I ran for the camphor, and don't you think, they had filled it with water, and I had to go to Mrs. BROWN for some; and they fill my vinegar cruises with water, and I can't begin to tell you all the pranks they are at. Do tell me, Aunt, now you have raised a large family, how *did* you live?"

"Well, FANNY, I will tell you. I have, as you say, raised a large family, and am getting old, and shall use the privilege of age to talk plainly to you."

"Wait a moment Aunt, while I get my scissors. O dear, what *has* become of them? Here, JAMES, you mischief, where are Ma's scissors?"

"Why Ma, FRANCES had them down to the barn."

"Of all the world! Go call her, JAMES."

"She aint there now, Ma—she's gone way off."

"Well, here, my son, you run over to Mrs. BROWN, and ask her to please lend Ma her scissors a moment."

"O, Ma, I don't want to. She said she would'nt lend them to you again."

"Well, go along with you, to your play. Did you ever, Aunt! Would'nt lend them to me again! I declare!"

"FANNY, has Mrs. BROWN any children?"

"Dear, yes—half a dozen."

"Does she ever send here to borrow needles, scissors, &c.?"

"No, never, and for a very good reason; she has a great abundance of everything, and Mr. BROWN is able to keep her well supplied."

"How did they get their means, FANNY? Was Mr. BROWN any better off than your husband, when they started for themselves?"

"No, indeed; but somehow or other they have always had good luck, while it really seems we never do."

"Well, FANNY, it is all plain enough. You will always have bad luck, and will never have any means, or independence, unless you alter your way *very much*. Why is Mrs. BROWN under obligations to furnish you with things to do with, and what would become of the world if all women were like you?"

"But, Aunt, Mrs. BROWN'S children are not a bit like mine."

"No, and for the simple reason their mother is not a bit like you. It is not your children who are at fault, but you are a careless, heedless woman, and mother. How do your children know what is best for them to have or to do? They are placed in your care, and under your guidance, and should be taught to submit to your sense of right or wrong, if you have any. You turn them off to seek amusement, and scarcely know where they are, or whether they have food or clothes. You leave everything where they can get it, and allow them to destoy it, and exclaim, "Why, FRANCES, why, JAMES, how astonished I am!" &c, and that is the end of it. FANNY, there is no need of such mischievous children. It is because they are ungoverned, untaught, untrained. It is the natural consequence of your own undisciplined mind, and habits of disorder, and the heedless example you set before them every day. Take the admonition of an old woman, and reform yourself and children." And Aunt folded her knitting, and left FANNY to chew the bitter cut of mortified pride and vanity, May she profit thereby. QUEECHY.

Written for Moore's Rural New Yorker.

IN MEMORIAM.

It was the even-tide of Saturday. The mellow light of an August sunset had slowly climbed the eastern hills, and left the frowning forests it for a time enlivened with its smiles in deeper gloom. *All* Nature was not hushed, for the calls of a lonely robin, pining for its mate, issued from amid the sighing branches of the old elm, and crickets in the long grass chirped a requiem o'er the expiring season. Yes, summer was dying, and with it much that was bright, beautiful and good. Hope-flowers that bloomed in the summer of the heart, were withering 'neath the blast of the soul's approaching Autumn,—loves that for a long time had cheered our pathway, were with it finding their grave,—and the fading leaves upon earth's bosom covered the forms of many we had loved, and were soon to nestle above one who had been so long and kindly spared, that we forgot she was Heaven's and not ours.

"Are they come?" The mild eyes that had ever beamed with looks of kindly love were turned towards the open door with one last, eager glance, as though her soul went out to meet absent ones; and as she quaffed the bitter cup of "hope deferred," they were gently closed, like a flower that sleeps at even. Loving, faithful hearts were near, weeping that one so good must die, and as they leaned to catch the last sweet whispered words, "peace, peace,"—her spirit passed o'er the dark stream to a home of eternal peace beyond.

'Twas Sabbath eve. O'er the little village, nestled amid the green hills which she was wont to call "home," the solemn stillness of that holy hour prevailed. The sweet tones of Sabbath evening bells rang on the clear night air, calling the quiet villagers to the house of prayer, when 'twas whispered "*she* is dead," and with pallid lips and hearts that wept, the worshipers deserted the Sanctuary and repaired to her cottage home.—There were the mourners that leaned o'er the narrow coffin for a last look at the sleeping "Mother in Israel." Their grief was great, but how doubly painful to bear, for not having been permitted to close those loving eyes in their dreamless sleep. But a short time previous she had left them in apparent health, and far from home,—not amid strangers, however, for none could meet her without loving, but denied the nearer and more devoted ones, who love only as life-long companions can love,—with the harvest of life past and its summer ended, like a "shock of corn fully ripe," she was gathered home. Weeping mourner, weep no longer! Though sorrow encloses the portals of the tomb, beyond, all is light, and from the tenor of her peaceful life, as well as the impenetrable future, comes the sweet, though warning voice, "Be ye also faithful." S.

Shusan, N. Y., August, 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CONSTANCY OF WOMAN.

It is pleasing to contemplate female excellence. The heart of man warms with emotion as he hears of the noble deeds of woman—as he views her quiet goodness—as he marks her conjugal devotion, her fidelity, her firmness of principle, the thousand little tendernesses clinging around her heart animating her to please by all the winning graces and attractions that can fix affection; nor relaxing after marriage in the cultivation of those powers which first commanded admiration, because he has secured her victory. He loves and admires her when thus true to the amiable impulses of her nature. But if captivating in the freshness and poetry of her early feelings, when the fragrance of her own spirit falls on everything like dew, how much higher does she erect herself in his esteem when the hour of trial comes—when adversity overtakes those she loves—and the appeal to her sympathies is the strongest that can be made, because it comes through the channel of her affections? See what a power of endurance she exhibits—what fortitude, what energy. Qualities which, amid the sunshine of prosperity, lay latent and unperceived for want of occasion to call them forth, now appear to view with the hope-reviving influences which we may suppose a near and friendly beacon would have upon the sinking heart of the shipwrecked mariner. Difficulties which crush the spirit of man, and subdue his strength to the weakness of a child, are met by her with a courage that seems to increase proportionally to its demand. With a self-sustaining energy she counteracts the impression of grief in her own heart, and, roused by her love and constancy, she turns to her partner, now dearer than ever from the touch of misfortune, to console, to invigorate, to assist—shedding a benign influence upon his existence—causing him to feel, amid all his misery, that happiness still remains for him while blessed with the affection of such a friend and ministrant. Labor, however rude, cannot degrade him while he is encouraged by the esteem of a heart so noble and so true. J. E. S.

Coomer, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE MOON.

"Yon Moon that lights my native isle,
Shines on my distant friends the while."

How delightful to gaze in the stillness of night
On the Moon when she's shedding her tremulous light,
Or to wander alone by the pure, limpid stream,
And behold there reflected her silvery beam,
While around me so calmly the soft zephyrs play,
And the landscape is more lovely by night than by day;
But more pleasing the thought while her pale face I view,
That some far-distant friend is beholding it too,
And, though mountains and billows asunder divide,
I imagine my friend to be close at my side;
In the reverie lost, I continue to gaze
Till a cloud intervenes and o'ershadows her rays.

Volney, N. Y., 1859. I R B

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BIRDS'-NESTS.

They whose perceptions of the poetical in the still life of a winter landscape have never led them to observe how much more interesting and attractive an object is a brown, leafless tree, with one or more birds'-nests resting on or hanging from its branches, than another destitute of such ornament, must have overlooked or underlooked a very charming feature of winter scenery. The wealth of bird architecture that only winter discloses to view, as if in compensation for the temporary absence of the foliage that makes the distinguishing glory of trees in summer, constitutes, to an eye appreciative of the lesser, more delicate traits of natural scenery, an important element of the beauty for which we are indebted to the season of frost and snow. Especially as a source of quiet, refined enjoyment, in a pleasant winter ride over a road lined with orchards, fruit gardens, and frequent forest trees, the birds'-nests scattered, generally with sparing hand, among the branches, are of infinite worth; and a habit of looking for them, observing their peculiarities of form and position, the ease and security with which they rest in the chosen places, and speculating on, if unable to decide, to what species of the feathered tribe the different patterns and sizes of nests belong, is well worth cultivating for the constant pleasure and amusement it affords the traveler.

Many pleasant fancies arise in one's mind at sight of those pretty summer-houses of the birds; it is so easy to imagine that the trees, whose arms they grace, put them on for the sake of decoration, as men and women wear gold and precious stones—their very rarity favors the idea—and when we see a tree adorned with an unusual richness and profusion of those jewels, what more natural than to set down that one as king, queen, or other personage of royal rank? Or, the location of a nest may furnish an index to the character of the proprietor and late occupant. If placed among the topmost branches of a lofty tree, high above the homes of other birds, the builder was a bold, ambitious spirit; if remote from the habitations of its kind, it was the abode of a grand, solitary nature, careless of the small chatter of social life; if in near neighborhood with the dwellings of other birds, one can fancy the pretty, gossiping visits the tiny matrons paid each other, to talk of their house-keeping cares and their little ones; and if one of these cunning little architects has hid its house in the bush close under the window, or in the vine that runs over the doorway, or in some other secluded nook of man's habitation, we imagine it chose that spot for the opportunity it gave of observing the ways of human, domestic life; and we trust that if the wee mansion was discovered before it was abandoned by its owner, the tenant's curiosity was not punished nor its shy confidence abused. But there is no need of calling in the aid of imagination to invest these beautiful structures with poetic interest. Fiction cannot heighten our admiration of such masterpieces of skill and ingenuity, nor can it add anything to the romance of the actual lives of the artizans that constructed them. Coming among us in early spring, with voices full of the sunshine of Southern skies, out of the commonest materials they fabricate nests which are marvels of grace, elegance and economy, serving at once for dwelling-house and cradle; and when summer is over they take their departure so quietly that we do not notice their absence till, some day, when perhaps their boat-like bodies have skimmed through thousands of miles of the great upper sea, we suddenly find ourselves wondering that we had not missed them before.

Specimens of all the attainable varieties of birds'-nests would form a most curious and interesting collection. Even children manifest more wonder and admiration on being shown one of these beautiful pieces of workmanship, than at sight of the prettiest shell, notwithstanding shells have the high advantages of color and polish. Perhaps the nest engages our deeper attention as the habitation of a creature which owes its home to its own consummate skill and untiring industry, while the formation, and in great part the economical uses of the shell, are mysteries to us; or perhaps a considerable share of our interest in the miniature house in the air is due to our acquaintance with the accomplished builder, and to the nearer relationship its circumstances of living and its glorious gift of song seem to establish between itself and man. Yet, much as we admire the exquisite art displayed by birds in the construction of their nests, we greatly undervalue the worth of these nests in the ornamentation of our dwellings. Nearly every house in city or country boasts its little cabinet of shells, rare stones, or other curiosities; but how seldom a bird's-nest! Sailors, bound on distant voyages, are commissioned by their friends with innumerable little errands relating to the procurement of curious trifles in foreign lands; but how rarely do they bring home the wonderful creations of the strange birds that live in the countries they visit. Our northern birds, though building nests of every gradation of size, from the comparatively rude structures of the Hawk and Crow down to the Humming Bird's mite of a house, do not present the remarkable varieties of style that we find, especially in tropical countries, where birds are compelled to use every artifice to deceive their rapacious enemies. What a treasure, in any house, would be a well-preserved specimen of the Tailor Bird's craft—or the bottle-shaped nest of the Titmouse—or the long, purse-like contrivance of the Loxia Bengalensis—or a cluster of the edible nests of commerce; or scores of others that we know only by drawings, or by verbal description. A collection of such curiosities would be a valuable possession indeed, whether to the resident of town or country; and doubtless a few nests of our common birds would be as great a wonder in many a city home as the rarest foreign specimens would in our own houses. There is, of course, no inducement for us ruralists to despoil our trees and shrubs of these jewels for the sake of having them in our houses, because they show to far better advantage where the birds placed them; and by merely looking from the window we can see nests of Robins, several varieties of Brown Birds, the little Yellow Bird's nest that we contributed candle wick for, and which, when finished, was as white outside as a snowball, (we mean to furnish colored materials next summer,) the hollow branch of a tree that the Blue Bird inhabited, and the deep, swinging, pouch-like nest of the Oriole. But if we lived in the city, and were privileged to spend the hot months of the year in the green country, we should certainly carry back, as a memorial of our summer visit, at least one bird's-nest, with the bough the bird fastened it to; and we doubt not it would tell as sweetly and as faithfully of its native home as the shell sings of the sea.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1859. A.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHANGE.

Change, constant and universal, is a law of nature and of our very being. Change and exchange but fill up the measure of our existence. The seasons change; the times and the men change. The mind changes—our likes and dislikes change. Our years change, and the events that mark them change—at times so forcibly, so mighty in their effects upon ourselves. Sudden changes are noted in man as well as the atmosphere. Ever fluctuating—ever unsatisfied—like a troubled ocean the mass of mankind are in constant commotion.—There is an ever-restless longing for something yet in the shadowy future, intangible, indefinite, and dim to our own imagination. A wish, an if, a hope operates strongly on our action, and contributes much to the purpose of our conduct. We cannot know the future, and how far the principles and sentiments of to-day shall be changed or sacrificed to meet and conflict not with those of to-morrow, must remain with its coming. This is equally true in the revolution' of years. Though he who comes after us may con strange and contradictory pages in the history of our lives, those that follow him may read equally forcible contrasts and inconsistencies in the records of his existence, while some of our more palpable errors are avoided. Might changes to weakness, power to dependence, fame, honor and position, to obscurity and oblivion. Respect, confidence and frankness, change to disgust, suspicion, caution and deception. Competence and wealth change to poverty and want. Our days change to nights—our life to death. From joyous childhood to weary, weak old age. Our life is a series of changes. Change is written in imperishable characters across the horizon of our life; inscribed on all sublunary things unmistakable, unavoidable. Let us strive, oh, earnestly, that of ourselves they be not recorded changes for the worse. BEN BURDOCK.

Barry, N. Y., 1859

Love of Country.—There is a love of country which comes uncalled for, one knows not how. It comes in with the very air, the eye, the ear; the instincts, the first taste of mother's milk, the first beatings of the heart. The faces of brothers and sisters, and the loved father and mother,—the laugh of playmates, the old willow tree, and well, and school-house, the bees at work in the spring, the note of the robin at evening, the lullaby, the cows coming home, the singing-book, the catechism, the visits of neighbors, the general training,—all things which make childhood happy, begin; and then the age of the passions and the age of the reason draw on, and love and the sense of home and security of property under law, comes to life;—and as the story goes round, and as the book or the newspaper relates the less favored lots of other lands, and the public and the private sense of a man is forming and formed, there is a type of patriotism already. Thus they had imbibed it who stood that charge at Concord, and they who threw up the hasty and imperfect redoubt on Bunker Hill by night, set on it the blood-red provincial flag, and passed so calmly with Prescott and Putnam and Warren through the experience of the first fire.—*Rufus Choate.*

Humanity.—The inclination to goodness is imprinted deeply in the nature of man; insomuch that if it issue not towards men, it will take unto other living creatures; as it is seen in the Turks a cruel people, who nevertheless are kind to beasts, and give alms to dogs and birds—insomuch, as Busbequius reporteth, a Christian boy in Constantinople had like to have been stoned for gagging, in waggishness, a long-billed fowl.—*Lord Bacon.*

Reading.—Says the Rev. Henry Giles—"To go through books is not to read them. Men may masticate thousands of volumes, but not convert them into nourishment; after devouring hecatombs of folios, they may have minds as lanky as before; or if, with acquisite memory, their mind increases in bulk, the bulk is that of obesity and not of muscle."

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LOVE.

Love had its emanation from Heaven's holy hand,
A royal flower transplanted into this barren land,
Its odor sweet, diffusing o'er all the sinful earth,
It must be born of Heaven, that plant of countless worth.

It bloometh in the cradle—young innocence so mild,
Can love its gentle mother—sweet, tiny, little child;
Its fairy blossoms twining around the maiden's heart,
It sheddeth there a beauty no other can impart.

It thrives in sterner manhood—a glory all its own
It throweth o'er his pathway,—but not for him alone,
'Tis with the aged pilgrim to guide his soul above
To realms of endless glory—the home of beauteous Love.

It flow'reth in perfection there, in its native soil
Sin cannot mar its beauty, transgression never spoil,
By JESUS' hand 'tis water'd, and bloometh ever there,
Its petals never drooping, eternity to share.

Piffard, N. Y., 1859. JANE E. H.

DIVINE ENTHUSIASM.

There are many ministers, good, conscientious, faithful, and who do a certain amount of good in keeping up the forms of religion in their vicinity, who yet very seldom make any very deep and definite mark on any soul. There are conversions, and sometimes even revivals, under their ministry, but they seem to come more from the native yearning and upbearing of souls feeling after God, than from any impulse given by them. The most that can be said of them is, that they do not hinder, and often have skill to guide these aspirations Godward. Many a poor weaver or tinker, in the days of the Wesleys, made a more definite mark on mankind, and rolled up a more evident wave of feeling than they.

Now, we say, if this divine enthusiasm wrought so with uneducated men—if it made the common plowshare and scythe-blade in their unskilled hands a mighty weapon—what would it do, might it gain equal power in the breast of skilled and cultured ones—if it guided the use of polished spears and well-tempered swords?

Now, we do not disparage in the least the drill and culture of theological seminaries—the mental vigor produced by that kind of athletic training which is given in theological dialects. So much the more as a man can make of himself physically, mentally or morally, so much the more has he to give to Christ; but when all is done, of what use is it if he lacks inspiration? An altar candle may be made of the purest wax, in the straightest mould, with the most orthodox wick, and put into the golden candlestick with every appropriate ceremony, but, after all, what is the use if it never *burns*? A penny tallow-candle, that gives light and heat, is then better.—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

Trust in God.—Let us treasure up our experiences of God's faithful and tender care during the whole course of our lives, that they may come in aid to our faith and hope in the last great conflict; let us carefully consider the examples of others, whose happy death we witness, or of which we read, or hear, to allay our fears, and encourage our hearts; let us prepare daily for this important season by faith and repentance, and a conscientious attention to the duties of our stations; and let us watch and pray against anxious and distressing fears. The Lord will provide for our passage over this Jordan when the time comes; yea, He will come and meet us, and by His animating presence invigorate our faith and hope, till we join the innumerable multitude that in the Canaan above are singing the praises of their great Deliverer, who hath both redeemed them from far worse than Egyptian bondage, and brought them safe to the promised land through His precious blood, and by His all-conquering arm.—*Scott.*

The Divine Mercy.—However old, plain, desolate, humble, afflicted we may be, so long as our hearts preserve the feeblest spark of life, they preserve also, shivering near that pale ember, a starved, ghostly longing for appreciation and affection. To this attenuated spectre, perhaps, a crumb is not thrown once a year; but when ahungered and athirst to famine—when all humanity has forgotten the dying tenant of a decaying house—Divine mercy remembers the mourner, and a shower of manna falls for lips that earthly nutriment is to pass no more. Biblical promises, heard first in health, but then unheeded, come whispering to the couch of sickness; it is felt that a pitying God watches what all mankind have forsaken; the tender compassion of Jesus is recalled and relied on; the fading eye, gazing beyond time, sees a home, a friend, a refuge in eternity.—*Charlotte Bronte.*

Sound Advice.—Dr. Emmon's Advice to Young Preachers was not to preach over thirty minutes, saying,—"There are no conversions after the first half hour." Wesley held the same opinion, and said, in one of his letters,—"If any, then, of the preachers exceed their time (about one hour in the whole service,) I hope you will always put them in mind what is the Methodist rule. People imagine the longer the sermon is the more good it will do. This a grand mistake."

"All Your Need."—Why was the "Bread of Life" hungry, but that He might feed the hungry with the bread of life? Why was "Rest" itself weary, but to give the weary rest? Why was the "Prince of Peace" in trouble, but that the troubled might have peace? None but the Image of God could restore us to God's image. None but the Prince of Peace could bring the God of peace and the peace of God to poor sinners.—*Old Author.*

If the arrow of prayer is to enter heaven, we must draw it from a soul full bent.

The Reviewer.

AN AMERICAN DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE: Containing the whole Vocabulary of the First Edition in two volumes Quarto; the entire Correction and Improvements of the Second Edition in two volumes Royal Octavo: To which is prefixed an Introductory Dissertation on the Origin, History, and Connection of the Languages of Western Asia and Europe, with an Explanation of the Principles on which Languages are Formed. By NOAH WEBSTER, LL. D. Revised and Enlarged by CHAUNCEY A. GOODRICH, Professor in Yale College. With Pronouncing Vocabularies of Scripture, Classical, and Geographical Names. To which are now added Pictorial Illustrations, Table of Synonyms, Peculiar Use of Words and Terms in the Bible, Appendix of New Words, Pronouncing Table of Names of Distinguished Persons, Abbreviations, Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish Phrases, etc. [In one volume, Crown Quarto. pp. 1,760.] Springfield, Mass.: Geo. and Charles Merriam.

WEBSTER'S Unabridged has for years been *the* Dictionary of America—the standard and by far the most popular work on lexicology ever published in this country. But that has been eclipsed by a great improvement and achievement—the publication of this pictorial, illustrated, unabridged edition. Valuable as was the former edition, the present surpasses it in many essentials, and particularly in being enriched and adorned with fifteen hundred cuts illustrative of important subjects. In the language of a contemporary, "the idea is a novel as well as a good one, and we predict for the great Pictorial a popularity equal to that which the Unabridged has already attained on both sides of the Atlantic, and wherever the English language is made the medium of thought. It is of no use for the opponents of WEBSTER'S orthography and orthoepy to decry this work. *It is a fixed fact, a living entity, and will maintain its place as the most complete and accurate Dictionary of the language extant.* It is now the recognized standard, constantly cited and relied on in our courts of justice, in our legislative bodies, and in public discussions, as entirely conclusive. * * * The present edition is a splendid specimen of art, typographical and otherwise, and fairly entitles the Messrs. MERRIAM to a first class premium as book-publishers. The table of synonyms, which is included in this new and pictorial edition, is a most valuable and interesting feature. Taken as a whole, the publishers of WEBSTER'S Unabridged Pictorial have good reason to be proud of their achievement, and the country ought to thank them for it by patronizing them liberally." For sale in Rochester by E. DARROW & BRO., and STEELE, AVERY & Co.

ROMAN ORTHOEPY:—A Plea for the Restoration of the True System of Latin Pronunciation. By JOHN F. RICHARDSON, Professor of the Latin Language and Literature in the University of Rochester. [16mo. pp. 114.] New York: Sheldon & Co.

THE above is the title of a very logically written work, designed to exhibit the absurdities and incongruities of various modern methods of Latin pronunciation, and to furnish plain, practical rules and guides for restoring the Orthoepy of the Language to its pristine purity. The Latin having become extinct as a living language, except so far as it mingles with, and makes up a part of, all the modern Languages of Western and Southern Europe, the original pronunciation has been lost sight of, and each nation in teaching it follows the peculiarities of its own vernacular; hence has arisen a multiplicity of pronunciations, differing from each other and from the original as widely as the tongues of Babel differed from the language of our first parents. National vanity goes a great way in producing national absurdities. Thus, every nation with any claim to scientific knowledge maintains that Sol stables his horses directly under their National Capital; and hence the Principal Meridian is in England made to pass in the immediate vicinity of London; in France, through Paris; and in the United States, through Washington—each believing that he illuminates other nations simply from the superfluity of his rays, but that he would not reign his steeds out of their accustomed track (which he keeps for the benefit of that particular meridian,) to save all the rest of the world from Cimmerian darkness. This pertinacity in clinging to national singularities is perhaps nowhere more disastrous than in the pronunciation of the dead languages in England and America, for none differs so widely from the original, and it is high time that some uniform method of Latin Orthoepy should be adopted, not only for ourselves, (for we have at least two distinct methods,) but for the civilized world. What better method can be agreed upon than the original when it was spoken as a living language? The rules for pronunciation in Prof. RICHARDSON'S work are plain and explicit, easily understood, and practically applied, and the book should find its way into the hands of every American teacher and scholar. Rochester—ADAMS & DARNEY.

FARM DRAINAGE. The Principles, Processes, and Effects of Draining Land with Stones, Wood, Plows, and Open Ditches, and Especially with Tiles; including Tables of Rain-Fall, Evaporation, Filtration, Excavation, Capacity of Pipes; Cost and Number to the Acre, of Tiles, &c., &c., and more than 100 Illustrations. By HENRY F. FRENCH. [12mo.—pp. 384.] New York: A. O. Moore & Co.

As its comprehensive title indicates this work discusses the whole subject of Farm Drainage. The author is evidently a close observer, has had some experience, and thoroughly acquainted himself, by reading, observation and experiment, with the various principles and processes upon which he treats. To the thousands who are looking for information on Drainage—who wish not only to understand its scientific principles, but the *modus operandi* and expense—this treatise will prove invaluable; for, in addition to showing what lands require drainage, and the why and wherefore, it gives plain, practical and easily comprehended directions for executing the work in the best manner. We regard this work as a most valuable contribution to the Agricultural Literature of America, and cordially commend it to the large number of our readers interested in the important subject it elucidates. Rochester—E. DARROW & BRO.

Books Received.

ITALY AND THE WAR OF 1859. With Biographical Notices of Sovereigns, Statesmen, and Military Commanders; Description and Statistics of the Country; Causes of the War, &c. By JULIE DE MARGUERITTES, author of "The Ins and Outs of Paris," "The Match Girl," "Parisian Pickings," etc. With an Introduction by Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE. With Map and Portraits. [16mo.—pp. 392.] Philadelphia: G. G. Evans.

SANDERS' ANALYSIS OF ENGLISH WORDS,—Designed for the Higher Classes in Schools and Academies. By CHAS. W. SANDERS, A. M., author of "A Series of School Readers," "Speller, Definer, and Analysis," "Elocutionary Chart." [16mo.—pp. 240.] New York: Ivison & Phinney. Rochester—ADAMS & DARNEY.

TEN YEARS OF PREACHER-LIFE: Chapters from an Autobiography. By WM. HENRY MILBURN, author of "The Rifle, Axe, and Saddle-Bags." [16mo.—pp. 363.] New York: Derby & Jackson. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

A COMMENTARY, Explanatory, Doctrinal and Practical, on the Epistle to the Ephesians. By R. E. PATTISON, D. D., late President of the Waterville College. [16mo.—pp. 244.] Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Rochester—ADAMS & DARNEY.

FROM DAWN TO DAYLIGHT; or, The Simple Story of a Work-ing Home. By a Minister's Wife. [16mo—pp. 332.] New York: Derby & Jackson. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

SYMBOLS OF THE CAPITAL; or, Civilization in New York. By A. D. MAYO. [16mo.—368.] New York: Thatcher & Hutchinson. Rochester—D. M. DEWEY.

PLATANTHERA CILIARIS—YELLOW FRINGED ORCHIS.

1. A Spike of Flowers. 2. The Lower Leaf and Roots, or Tubers. 3. A Flower, with its Spur, Wings, and Ciliated Lips, Capsule and Bract. 4 is the Pod. 5 is the Singular Snake-Headed Pod of the *P. Bractea*.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ABOUT BOTANY.

BY J. STAUFFER.

THERE are but few persons who do not admire flowers, yet it is equally true that but few have the patience to undergo the seeming drudgery to study the science of Botany. This arises from a common objection urged against the hard names employed to designate the various plants, or their several parts, and deters most persons (otherwise curious to know,) from a patient investigation of the subject, on its very threshold.

Hard and arbitrary as the names may seem, even to an ordinary good scholar, they are, nevertheless, usually significant to him who is master of the Greek and Latin languages, as the peculiar idea which the plant suggests is clothed in words compounded from those languages. The excuse for which is, that thus a universal nomenclature is obtained, alike available to every classical scholar, be he German, French, or English, &c., thereby obviating the necessity of learning the name for objects in other localities or countries, so perplexing to the naturalist.

This would be well were it actually carried out in every instance. We have apes, however, too prone to coin names at random, having neither "rhyme nor reason" to support them, and those again who, for a compliment, will call a plant *kostelets kya* after some obscure Bohemian botanist, which hard name is applied to a genus of the Mallow family, differing but little from the Hibiscus, (we have the *K. virginica.*) The Schwalbea, Castilleia, &c., &c., are of this class. There is room for improvement, and Dr. LINDLY, in his late English work, as also Dr. GRAY, in our country, have made innovations by Anglicizing most of the terms used, and now say the "Pink Family" in place of "caryophyllaceæ," and the like, which sounds more in accordance with the general taste of readers.

Apart from all this, be the objections what they may, vegetation has an individuality like every other branch of science, and its various species must be brought into generic relation; those again into groups and divisions, which constitutes the classical arrangement, and must needs be first understood to some degree, so that a starting point for examining a plant is had. This requires some study, or examination at least; and the natural system is now becoming more popular than the artificial of LINNÆUS, which had its day, and may still be used as a secondary method.

Permit me, kind reader, to speak of the pleasure the pursuit yields when we once have commenced to make a collection of pressed and dried specimens, each successive acquisition stimulates the desire for more extended research, and with what joy we cull new and rare specimens to be added thereto. With one of Dr. A. GRAY'S *Manuals of Botany*, we can name all the plants that may be found north of Virginia. Then to walk forth into Nature's sequestered haunts, and cull the silent emblems of her sweetest smiles, perchance

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half-hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky."

Then to examine it closely and see which of the eighteen native species named it is, and thus with the various flowers that line our path as we stroll onward to the deep and silent solitude of the valley, where

"Man nor brute,
Nor dint of hoof,
Nor print of foot,
Lays in the wild, luxuriant soil."

Perhaps the Hermit Thrush, in his solitude, is startled at your presence—all is still—scarce an insect chirps. But what of solitude, when every step brings some new wonder into view. Here, indeed, do the *Orchids* luxuriate; on every side are seen the *Peyonias, Cypripediums, Platantheras*, and *Orchids*. Such a locality, it was my good fortune to fall upon in the Northern section of Lancaster, my native county, in the early part of August, 1850. Then and there did I first meet with the splendid "*False Orchis*," bearing the hard name of *Platanthera Ciliaris*, of which see engraving.

Oh, what a glorious sight!—here, hid away from the noise and bustle of the jostling world, they stand erect amid the grass and underbrush—bright as jewels set in emerald. It is well worth the toil to be thus rewarded with one of those wondrous displays of Nature's handiwork. The densely flowered spikes, of a bright golden yellow, on their stems from one and a half to two feet high, clothed in oblong leaves of a brilliant green color; and, as we examine them more closely, the fancy needs no stretch to conceive the flowers to be a flock of miniature birds of Paradise, perched around a common centre, exquisitely wrought out of burnished gold. The only void I felt on that occasion was that I had no one with me to share the pleasures of this enchanting scene. I could have shouted like ARCHIMEDES, *Eureka!* only that the word were tame in its abused application, and silent admiration more in keeping.

This is a native plant, truly well worthy a place among the rarest exotics, both for its profusion of showy flowers and their peculiar structure. There are sixteen species, all of them more or less showy like the large and small purple fringed Orchis, &c., but this is decidedly the handsomest species. To conclude, though I am not one of those

"Wild enthusiasts that cannot rest
Till half mankind are alike possess'd,"

I would, nevertheless, strongly urge the study of this science on our young men and women as both profitable and rational, and one that will yield its full reward, notwithstanding some may say, with an eye only to "*dollars and cents*," that the pursuit "*don't pay.*" Mrs. HALE, in one of her poems, says truly:

"There's not a plant that springeth
But bears some good to earth;
There's not a life but bringeth
Its store of harmless mirth;
The dusty, wayside clover
Has honey in its cells,—
The wild bee humming over,
Her tale of pleasure tells;
The osiers o'er the fountain
Keep cool the water's breast—
And on the roughest mountain
The softest moss is pressed.
Thus holy nature teaches
The worth of blessings small,
That love pervades, and reaches,
And forms the bliss of all."

Lancaster, Pa., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE FROZEN WELL AT BRANDON, VT.

BY PROF. DEWEY.

CONCERNING this phenomenon there has been much doubt, which is now wholly dissipated by the excellent paper of Rev. Dr. HITCHCOCK, read at the late meeting of the Scientific Association, and by other documents.

Brandon is a village at the west base of the Green Mountains of Vt., on Otter Creek, some miles south of Middlebury College. The well is not a year old, as it was dug in November, 1858. Its location is on the eastern slope of a hill of moderate elevation, and half a mile west of the center of the village. The well is three feet in diameter, and about thirty-four feet deep, and has at its bottom more than two feet of water. The hill is composed of gravel, coarse and fine, which slopes with the surface of the hill. When the digging reached to about fifteen feet through the gravel, or about nineteen feet from the surface, a frozen mass was struck, consisting of gravel and ice, the ice being in greater or less masses, according to the cavities; and this was continued about fifteen feet more, when water was reached and the bottom of the well filled as above by the flowing of the water from different directions. The water of the well is next below this frozen and icy stratum, and near thirty inches deep.

As might be expected in these circumstances, the well was very often frozen over in the winter and spring, and even in May and June ice, some inches thick, covered the stones of the sides for several feet above the surface of the water. This is not prevented even by the partial covering over of the well. The water in the well, even in summer, is not one degree of Far. above the freezing point, while the ice on the wall, or side, is below the freezing point. The air near the water was 8½°, while the atmosphere at the mouth of the well was fifty degrees. Such are the facts of the Frozen Well.

On various sides of this well, and at no great distance, are springs and wells. The former are fed by surface water, for the temperature is nearly that of the air; and the latter do not reach the frozen stratum, if indeed it is under them. Probably the ice-bound layer of gravel is of quite limited extent. It is necessary that the fact should be ascertained by digging or boring, so that the actual conditions of the ice-bed may be more fully known.

The cause is not yet fully ascertained. Dr. HITCHCOCK supposes it may be owing to *modified drift*, frozen and then buried under drift and connected with very poor conductors of heat; or, that the air of winter permeates the bed of gravel by some fortunate opening into the earth, by which the congelation takes place. As the subject has attracted so much attention, other discoveries, it is hoped, will lead to some satisfactory and adequate solution.

The chief object is to give your readers the interesting facts, derived from different sources which place them beyond all doubt. O. D.

Rochester, N. Y., August, 1859.

WHERE IS THE "FAR WEST?"

IN a recent issue of the RURAL we made brief mention of the trip lately performed by the steamer *Spread Eagle*, which is considered the most remarkable voyage in the annals of river navigation. The Kansas City *Journal* gives the following additional particulars:

The steamer Spread Eagle, Captain Chouteau, returned on Saturday from the most remarkable voyage ever performed in river navigation, having, when reaching St. Louis, performed on one trip over six thousand miles. She was 850 miles above the mouth of the Yellow Stone, or 2,500 miles above Kansas City. To realize the country which she skirted, it will be necessary to compare. From Cairo to Pittsburg, the Ohio is 1,000 miles—from New Orleans to Pittsburg, the river navigation is 2,200 miles. On the Ohio are the States of Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Virginia and Pennsylvania, and below to New Orleans are Missouri, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi and Louisiana. On the Ohio are the towns of Cairo, Paducah, Smithland, Shawneetown, Mt. Vernon, Henderson, Evansville, Louisville, New Albany, Madison, Cincinnati, Maysville, Portsmouth, Pomeroy, Parkersburg, Marietta, Wheeling, Steubenville and Pittsburg—none less than 5,000 inhabitants, and more than half having from 10,000 to 250,000 each. Below this line of river to New Orleans, we find Memphis, Napoleon, Natchez, Vicksburg and New Orleans.

What an array of wealth, population and commerce does the list produce, yet they embrace a country of only two-thirds of the extent of that traversed by the Spread Eagle on her present trip. And on all the line of navigation, as great as that between New York and Liverpool, there is not a rapid fretting of the current of the Missouri, or a fall to stop the even strokes of the steam engine.

This is a most remarkable fact, unparalleled in the world, belonging to no continent save our own, and no river save the Missouri. The Empire of the West was born with the steamboat, and what twenty-five years has made on the Ohio and Mississippi, less than half will do for the Missouri. We have an empire beyond us, and while the citizen of the East points to Kansas City as the "Far West," we can direct his attention to the flight of the Spread Eagle *two thousand five hundred miles west of us*, on the great river of the continent, and yet she has not seen that mythical land—the West.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 25 letters.
My 10, 9, 4, 18 is to choose by suffrage.
My 22, 11, 19, 6, 25 is a term used to indicate the middle.
My 24, 17, 1, 20, 7, 25 is to undergo a variation.
My 5, 20, 23, 4, 5, 8, 8 is placed at the beginning.
My 2, 14, 13, 17, 11 is a hole in the ground for hiding and preserving provisions in the West.
My 16, 1, 15, 18, 6, 8, 15, 23, 21, 20 is a connection of links.
My 12, 21, 8, 19, 15, 23, 2, 11 is the point where the sun ceases to recede from the equator.

Dundee, N. Y. 1859. G. A. B.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 14 letters.
My 3, 6, 12, 13, 14, 4 is a city in Italy.
My 4, 14, 8, 14, 1, 6 is a county in New York.
My 9, 13, 13, 9, 8, 2, 9, 4 is one of the United States.
My 6, 4, 9, 6 is one of the grand divisions of the earth.
My 1, 6, 8, 5, 2, 10 is a large city in China.
My 6, 9, 7, 6, 12, 11, 13, 9, 4 is a city in Maryland.
My 6, 13, 12, 4 is a range of mountains in Europe.
My 4, 14, 9, 7, 14 is a river in France.
My 1, 6, 4, 12, 9, 6, 8 is a sea in Europe.
My 7, 9, 13, 14 is a river in Egypt.
My 4, 8, 6, 5, 14, 8 is an island belonging to New York.
My whole was once the capital of the Roman Empire.

West Dresden, N. Y., 1859. ALICE N. DOX.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A MORTGAGE of $1,000 is to be repaid by 5 equal annual installments, with interest at 6 per cent. yearly, on the amount remaining unpaid. What should be given for the mortgage by a person who wishes to make 10 per cent. per annum on his money?

Sherburne, N. Y., 1859. JOHN N. B[illegible].

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

A PERSON bought a horse for a certain sum of money; the sum he paid, less 60, is equal to 32 divided by the square root of the sum he paid for the horse. How much did his pony cost him?

Palermo, Osw. Co., N. Y. O. B. & J. L. JOHNSON.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 503.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—An incorruptible press is the palladium of our liberties.
Answer to Poetical Problem:—21 tuns 6 cwt.
Answer to Riddle:—Sun-day.

YOUNG RURALIST.

"NEVER PUT OFF TILL TO-MORROW."

BY GEORGE W. BROTHERS.

Now is the time to be busy—
Now is the season for toil—
Work while 'tis Spring, and the Autumn
Will bring you the fruits of the soil.
There's no time for work like the present,
Let idlers not lead you astray—
For "never put off till to-morrow
The thing you can do to-day."

Be up with the dawn of the morning,
In time to your labor repair,
And, though you do ever so little,
Be sure that you do it with care.
And should the world tell you to linger
And join for a moment in play,
Mind, "never put of till to-morrow
The thing you can do to day."

So, youth is the time for progressing
In wisdom's delightful road,
That age, at the end of the journey,
May find a repose with God.
Then remember while youth is in splendor,
(Not when you are old and gray,)
To "never put off till to-morrow
The good you can do to-day."

Simcoe, C. W., 1859.

THE RISING GENERATION.

WE may call this the age of intellect, the era of colleges and schools. Poets are plenty as blackberries, and professors as the leaves of the trees. Men use their brains more than they do their hands. The genius of the age is bringing a dearth in the land. But hunger is a great enemy to genius; it cools the ardor of youth, and the evil is working out its own remedy. Men when thus brought to the starving point, are taught that they must not only labor with their head, but with their hands. Already there is mutiny in the camp.—The necessaries of life are so dear, that the people groan and sigh for the "flesh pots again." We must have cultivated minds and cultivated fields, but one must not be had at the expense of the other.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,
All play and no work makes him a mere toy."

This is just as true now as it was in the days of the unknown bard who penned these lines. Now the true position is at the mean between these two extremes. Labor and study should go on together. That they can go on together, we have abundant evidence in the lives of N. P. BANKS, and ELIHU BURRITT, and other eminent men. Necessity is the main spring of labor, and a great promoter of virtue. She is the mother of our most useful working men. It must have been the design of our Creator, that man should earn his bread.

The Cretans were in ancient times the most expert slingers in the world. Their mothers used to place their bread upon a high tree, and no boy could have his meal till he had brought it down with his sling. Something similar should be done for the benefit of the rising generation. Every boy and girl should be early taught that they have duties to perform. When they have arrived at the age of fourteen years, they should be a help to their parents, and cease to be a burden. They should be encouraged in every possible way to be busy, studious and useful. They should not be *bubbed* and *eased*, but treated as men and women. The girls should obtain a practical knowledge of every household duty. They might be encouraged to rise early and do an ironing or get a meal, with neatness and dispatch, by the present of a book or side-saddle. They should also have a plot of ground, with time and opportunity for cultivating flowers. To make the boys trusty and faithful, charge them with business. Let them buy and sell, pay a note, cast interest, &c. Suppose they make mistakes; if you deal with honest men, (and you need not deal with any other,) the mistakes could be rectified. No class of men have such a choice of men with whom to trade, as the farmer. He deals with a very few men, and those few may be the best. All that is wanting is a little care at the outset. He can thus with a proper discretion, steer clear of disputes, and the mazes of the law.

To encourage boys to work, say *come* boys—not *go* boys. Come boys should be the farmer's watchword. Working parents generally have industrious children. The boys should have a piece of land to do with as they please. The great aim of parents should be to teach their children to do for themselves. This is at least half of the great battle of life. There are thousands who are faithful to others, but cannot do anything for themselves, because they never learned to do it. Like unfledged birds, they need be under wing. What is working the mischief with our young men is, that the old folks hold the staff of authority too long. They keep their sons in the background, and as a consequence they get into nomadic habits, or if at home remain complete underlings, without spirit or ambition. If, then, the fathers who are farmers wish us, their sons, to be spirited and ambitious, let them turn over their business to us, in part. Allow us to drive occasionally to the store, the mill and to meeting. Nothing has a tendency to please young men, or make them more virtuous than to be *trusted* by their parents. If then, you have sons industrious, virtuous and ambitious, charge them *early* with business, for by this means you put binders upon them, that will hold them to good habits as they pass up and down the hills of this life. H. K. F.

Cambridge Valley, N. Y., 1859.

NO TIME.—We complain that we have "no time." An Indian Chief of the Six Nations once said a wiser thing than any philosopher. A white man remarked in his hearing that he had not time enough. "Well," replied Red Jacket, gruffly, "I suppose you have *all there is!*" He is the wisest man who can crowd the most good actions into "now."—*Emerson.*

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Carpenting Geographies—Liberty Hall.
[illegible]
160,000 Acres Railroad Lands for Sale—Josiah Hunt, Conyngham—M. M. Osborn.
For Horticultural Advertisements, see page 295.
Toledo Nurseries—A. Fahnestock & Sons.
[illegible]
The Allen Raspberry—Lewis P. Allen.
15,000 Grape Vines For Sale—E. Ferguson.
[illegible]
Webster's Unabridged Dictionary—Pictorial Edition—G. & C. Merriam.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 10, 1859.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

The Treasury Department is now preparing some interesting statistical tables relative to the trade between France and the United States, and exhibiting, by comparison, the amount of duties paid by each on the imported products of the other. These tables, it is understood, are designed to facilitate the negotiation of a treaty between the two countries, by which our commercial interests will be extended.

The State Department has been officially informed of the ratification by the Government of Nicaragua, of the treaty between the two Governments. The obnoxious claims objected to by this Government had been previously expunged.

The Government has been advised by General Harney of his proceedings in taking possession of the Island of San Juan, and the steamer to-morrow will convey a reply. From what has here transpired, it is reasonable to infer that the position of the Administration admits of no compromise, it being fully satisfied that the island belongs to the United States.

The Secretary of the Interior has informed certain memorialists in St. Louis, who ask that the public lands of Kansas and Nebraska be withheld from private entry at the close of the public sale, that the President is of the opinion that the law invests him with no power to grant such request.

The State Department has been informed by Mr. Wright, Minister to Berlin, that it is not true, as reported by many American newspapers, that there are several American citizens in the Prussian army. He knows of none.

A letter from Vera Cruz states that Minister Ottoway has been ordered by the British Government to avail himself of the leave of absence previously granted, and surrender the charge of the Legation to Mr. Matthews, Secretary of the Legation. Ably written circulars have been addressed by Ocampo to the Governors of the several States of Mexico, impressing upon them the necessity of enforcing the recent reformatory decrees of the Constitutional Government.

Nothing concerning the late Convention between Guatamala and Great Britain, the former ceding a large extent of territory to the latter, has reached this Government in an official form, but it is known that the Administration is not an indifferent observer of events in that quarter.

The Secretary of the Navy has issued the following general order, viz.:—"No order will be given to medical officers of the navy to render professional aid to any person who is not attached to the naval service on board a ship of war. The department will confide in their humanity to respond to any appeal for their assistance whenever the requisite aid cannot be obtained elsewhere. An exception may be made in favor of vessels in distress, when, if necessary to secure the requisite medical aid, the authority of the commander may be interposed."

Personal and Political.

Maj. John Biddle, who was identified with the early history of Michigan, having been a delegate in Congress, and a member of the Convention which formed the first Constitution, a candidate for Governor, &c., died at the Virginia Springs, a few days since. He was the last of six brothers, one of whom was the famous Nicholas Biddle, President of the United States Bank.

The National American State Committee of Massachusetts, have determined to issue a call for a State Convention, to assemble in Boston early in October, for nominating a Governor and other State officers. They will have no coalition with any other party.

The Wisconsin Republican State Convention, on the 30th ult., nominated Alexander W. Randall, the present incumbent, for Governor. The vote was, Randall 118, Schurtz 40, scattering 20.

A dispatch from Washington says Senator Douglas has been invited by the Democratic State Committee of Ohio, to address the people of that State, and that he has accepted.

The American Convention of New Jersey, on the 1st inst., nominated Hon. Peter J. Clark, of Hunterdon, for Governor.

The first of a series of State Conventions, designed to arouse the people of this State to the importance of protecting the interests of the canals by legislation, as against the unequal competition of the Railroad lines, was held in this city on the 1st. The attendance of delegates from abroad was quite respectable,—many of the leading canal men in the State being present and taking an active part in the deliberations and proceedings of the Convention. The Convention was organized by the appointment of the following gentlemen to office:

President—D. R. Barton, Monroe. Vice-Presidents—G. R. Babcock, Erie; H. J. Sickles, Orleans; G. D. Lamont, Niagara; Thos. Parsons, Alfred Ely, Monroe; L. B. Crocker, Oswego; Jas. J. Glass, Onondaga; A. R. Culver, Oneida; H. O'Reilly, J. Myers, New York. Secretaries—A. M. Clapp, Erie; R. D. Jones, Monroe; H. Allen, New York. A Committee on address and resolutions was appointed as follows:—Ansel Bascom of Seneca; S. B. Hunt of Erie; T. T. Flagler of Niagara; W. F. Holmes of Monroe; L. B. Crocker of Oswego; R. C. Palmer of Oneida; H. O'Reilly of New York; T. Kempshall of Monroe.

The following resolutions were presented and adopted:

1 *Resolved*, That this Convention re-affirms and endorses the self evident resolutions adopted by the Canal Convention, held at Syracuse on the 28th and 29th days of December, 1858.

2 *Resolved*, That the systematic depreciation of the value of the Canals; the embarrassments thrown in the way of their practical operation; and the recent public expression of a foregone purpose to that end; render it evident that a scheme is already matured to take them out of the field of competition, by transferring them to the control of a corporate monopoly, before which the interests of the people will be defenceless.

3 *Resolved*, That in view of the efforts thus making to deprive the people of a property to itself imperial, and the incidental benefits of which far exceed in value any revenue which it may afford to the State, the Canal question becomes the paramount issue in the State election to be held in November next, over-riding all obligations of party, and demanding from the friends of the public works a careful scrutiny of the antecedents and relations of candidates for office.

4 *Resolved*, That, to the end of united action on the part of the friends of the Canals may be secured, we recommend the appointment of a State Central Committee of Ten, to be appointed by the Chair, with power to call a State Convention.

5 *Resolved*, That it is recommended that organizations be formed in the various Senatorial and Assembly Districts for the purpose of insuring the election of such candidates as may be most favorable to the objects of this convention.

6 *Resolved*, That the State Central Committee be instructed, at an early day, to give notice for a State Convention in each judicial district of the State, one of which shall be held at Utica on the 28th of September next, and recommend from its commencement, to explain and advocate the measures of this convention; and that said Committee appoint a Committee of Finance.

The Chair appointed the following gentlemen as a State Executive Committee:—*Erie*—Carlos Cobb, Geo. R. Babcock. *Monroe*—H. L. Fish, Thomas Parsons. *Onondaga*—A. H Hovey, I. J. Hughes. *Seneca*—Ansel Bascom. *Oswego*—L. B. Crocker. *Oneida*—A. E. Culver. *New York*—Henry O'Rielly.

Weather of the Last Half of August.

We have been favored with another half month of delightful weather—showers enough—dewy mornings—fair days of sunshine—bright starlight nights, and one of them gorgeous with Northern Lights of all colors and forms for many hours—and no very uncomfortably hot mid-days. Indeed, the weather has been rather cool for the season. The average heat was 65°, being 2.7° below the mean for 22 years, but a degree above that for last year. As the average of the first half was above the mean, the average of the month was 68.6°, or 1.5°, above that for 22 years, and almost the same as for August, 1858, but warmer than that of August, 1857.

Vegetation has advanced with good promise for the fall crops, and many fields of Indian corn will give the average yield. Some, however, in this and adjoining counties give not so much promise. Apples, and pears, and plums abound, and are fine; the blackberries have not yet expelled the whortleberries from market; tomatoes were early, and have been very plenty till the last three days, in which they have matured too slowly to supply the demand, and of course called louder for more of the ready; all the products of the farm and dairy abound, and butter—were it not for the city of New York and the railroads—would be cheap enough; wheat still holds on its long face, which attracts many admirers, and some not so buoyant, with delight. On the whole, the banner of plenty is raised high, and the cornu-copia has a full horn.

The Aurora Borealis shone out brilliantly about nine o'clock in the evening of the 28th, and was magnificent on the morning of the 29th from two to three. The display was equal over a great part of our country, to the richest exhibitions of the kind a few years ago. These Auroras have been few and feeble since 1850, and their return has been anxiously looked for. The cause of them is not yet ascertained. Many yet maintain their electrical character, and this hypothesis is held to be supported by the effect on the telegraphic wires the other night. The flashing, too, of light over the canopy from east to west, or from north-east to south-west, has no parallel but that of lightning. The late Prof. Olmsted held that electricity had no agency as the cause, but that a nebulous body between the earth and sun, in certain situations, sent forth its illuminations into our atmosphere, and thus amused and delighted our vision. Others have held to reflection of the sun's rays from Arctic icebergs or fields of ice, or from the crystals of ice high up in the atmosphere. All these seem to be annihilated by their inadequacy to account for that splendid aurora seen the other night, and often in former displays, overhead or within a little south of the Zenith, toward which all the radiations of light shoot up from the horizon. Even a nebulous body seems to fail of producing the wondrous effect. The only analogy is, that of the ring of Saturn, and how such a ring should present light under such an aspect, no one has conceived. The electrical influence on the magnet and on the telegraph wires, as well as other phenomena, seem to demand the operation of that wonderful power, electricity.

With all the bounties of the season, and all the wonders of the heavens, the Father of mercies has continued to the people the great blessing of health. To the Great Benefactor let gratitude ascend.

Rochester, Sept. 1, 1859. O. D.

News Paragraphs.

The *Oneida Sentinel* says that Mr. Sanford Adams, of Rome, has a fig tree in his garden, which has upon it about one hundred figs. Some of them are ripe, and have quite a luscious taste.

"Albion," one of the finest stallions in the world, the property of Col. George Elliott, near Gallatin, Tenn., died on the 18th ult., only a few days after his owner had refused eight thousand dollars for him. He was twenty-two years old.

The editor of the Fredericksburg (Va.,) *News*, who is summering at the White Sulphur Springs, writes of a colored man whom he has found there, who is an Ex-Judge of the Supreme Court of Liberia. At present he is superintendent of the bath-house. He was born free, had $1,600, and concluded to go to Liberia; went, and was appointed Judge by President Roberts. He remained, however, only six months.

The Treasurer of the New York State Colonization Society acknowledges the receipt of twenty-five thousand dollars, a donation from a friend, towards a College endowment in Africa.

The Cleveland *Herald* says it learns from a source in which the utmost confidence can be placed, that the Welland Canal is to be enlarged at an early day. Matters have gone so far with the Canadian authorities that this work may be set down as a fixed fact.

The big tunnel on the Covington and Ohio Railroad, in Greenbriar county, Va., is 4,700 feet long, and 700 feet below the surface of the earth. It is 300 feet longer than the Blue Ridge tunnel. The width is 27 feet, to accommodate a double track, and the height is 23 feet.

The amount of land sold at the recent Government sales in Kansas is said to have been astonishingly small, compared with former years; while the subsequent location of land warrants was very limited.

The Nebraska land sales, recently in progress at Nebraska City, were a failure. Not more than 2,000 of the 300,000 acres offered were taken. The pre emptionists—the actual settlers—have no money, and there is danger that they may lose their homesteads. Lands offered and not sold at these sales, may be located with land warrants, holders of which are on hand in great numbers.

Better Late than not at All.—A base, constructed of granite, to support the slab in memory of Benjamin Franklin and his wife, was on Friday week placed in the position assigned to it in Philadelphia. It rests upon a plain foundation of stone, and in dimensions is six feet ten inches long, four feet ten inches wide, and three feet deep. The new lettering, chiseled in the solid stone, comprises the simple inscription:—"Benjamin and Deborah Franklin, 1790."

Great discoveries of copper ore have been made in Newfoundland. The mines contain large quantities of sulphur and also rich veins of silver. The supply of copper is said to vie with that of the best mines in England.

The St. Louis Republican remarks that the amount of Pike's Peak gold thus far brought into that city is trifling,—some three or four thousand dollars. Including that reported as in private hands, the aggregate does not exceed $10,000 or $15,000.

Crime in New York.—The quarterly report of the Metropolitan Police Department, shows the whole force to be 1,435 men. The whole number of arrests during the quarter was 19,202, of which 2,614 were for offences against property, and 16,598 for offences against persons or the public peace. Of the arrests, 14,019 were for offences generally traceable, directly or indirectly, to the use of spirituous liquors.

Letters received in Boston from commercial houses at Nagasaki, Japan, to June 5th, make no mention of any disturbance or trouble with American shipping and the Japanese authorities, as recently represented. On the contrary, everything was going on harmoniously.

The great western plains are literally covered with Buffalo. The number each year seems to increase rather than diminish. They go in immense droves, and at times seem to cast a dark shadow over the valley.

A letter from Nagasaki, Japan, says:—"The new Emperor becomes every day more and more liberal to the Europeans, and the mandarians of the provinces, instead of subjecting them, as heretofore, to all sorts of ill-treatment, display great regard for them."

New Oregon Boundary Question.—The boundary, after leaving the parallel of 49, was to follow the main channel from the Gulf of Georgia to the Pacific, but it so happens that through the Archipelago de Haro there are two main channels, with several islands of important military value between. Gen. Harney, in command of the Oregon department of the army, has taken possession of these islands, contrary to the British construction of the treaty. The dispute will have to be settled by diplomacy.

American Railroad Iron.—The assertion that the American railroad iron is cheaper than that of England, in consequence of its superior durability, has often been made, but there have been doubts on the subject in some minds, the majority of men thinking that low-priced articles are necessarily cheaper than those of a higher original cost. A proof has recently been afforded of the truth of the declaration with respect to the railroad iron of Pennsylvania, by an experiment that has been made on the Central Railroad of Georgia. In 1856 the track was supplied with iron, one side being furnished with American and the other with English rails. After an experience of two years, the report of the General Superintendent decides in favor of American iron.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Great Britain.—Lord John Russell said in the House of Commons, prior to the delivery of the Queen's special report, that Mr. Bruce had been sent to Pekin with a view to the ratification of the treaty with China, and that it was the intention of the government to require the Chinamen to fully carry out the conditions of the treaty.

Lord Palmerston, in reply to a question, said it was the express desire of the government to encourage the formation of artillery corps.

The nomination of Chas. Lennox Wyke as Envoy Extraordinary to Central America, and rumored cession of territory in Honduras to Great Britain, had given rise to the impression that the English government was seeking to strengthen its possessions in that quarter.

The steamship Great Eastern was to leave the Thames on the 2d of September for Portland, in Dorsetshire, and thence proceed on her trial trip, and return in season to take her departure from Holyhead for America on the 15th, as already announced.

France.—The triumphal entry into France of the army of Italy took place on the 14th inst., and passed off with great eclat. The streets were decorated and crowded to excess, and the illuminations in the evening were on a grand scale—the soldiers bearing standards taken from the enemy received ovations. The Emperor, it is said, was coldly received in the Democratic quarters. On Sunday evening the grand banquet was given by the Emperor to the principal chiefs of the army. At the close of the banquet he made a speech, and distributed medals to all who were engaged in the Italian campaign. On the day of the fete he pardoned upwards of 1,100 persons sentenced to prison for various crimes.

It was rumored at Paris that Marshals Canrobert and Neil had fought a duel, and that the latter was killed.

From Paris, we are told that the general amnesty recently announced by the Emperor, although it had created much surprise, nevertheless gave great satisfaction to all classes. Louis Blanc, however, flatly refuses to place himself again under French jurisdiction. In addition to the civil pardons, numerous military sentences had also been commuted.

It is officially announced that the Empress Eugene is again *enciente*.

The Zurich Peace Conference was doing nothing apparently.

Austria.—The ministerial crisis is not yet over. It was reported that the new constitution would be characterized by the principle of decentralization, by the re establishment of the representing provinces by the prerogatives given to the aristocracy, and lastly by a strict Catholic spirit.

The Austrian Plenipotentiary of the Peace Conference had announced at the recent Zurich banquet, that he had strong faith in the final success of the Conference.

Italy.—Advices from Italy state that the National Assembly of Tuscany, had formally declared that the dynasty of Hapsburgh-Lorraine, could not be recalled.

The National Assembly of Modena are also taking strong grounds in behalf of National liberty. Chevalier Farini had quitted Modena for Parma, to assume the dictatorship offered him. The municipality had issued a proclamation expressing unanimous desire for this, and the population evinced great enthusiasm. The government had purchased 4,000 rifles, and invited the disbanded corps of riflemen of the Alps to enter service under Parma.

It was reported from Vienna that the Emperor was getting impatient at the delay in the restoration of the Grand Duchy. Also that an Austrian corps d'armee was to be concentrated near Rovigo, on the road to Legatione and Modena.

India.—Calcutta advices to July 16, by the overland mail, have been received in London. They contain the announcement that the King of Oude, who was seized during the Indian war, and been detained in captivity ever since, has been finally released by the Indian government. Increased duties on stamps had been proposed in the Calcutta Council. Five thousand of the local European troops in India had accepted of the discharge offered them by the government.

Commercial.—*Breadstuffs*—Richardson, Spence & Co. report flour tending downwards and prices nominal. American 10s8d@12s. Wheat declined 2d. Western red 7s6d@9s, do. White 9s4d. Corn firm. Holders were asking an advance of 6d per qr. Mixed and yellow 5s6d@5s9d. White 7s@7s6d. *Provisions*.—Pork heavy. Lard quiet, but steady.

Clippings from Foreign Journals.

The London Medical Times announces the appearance of the Asiatic cholera, by its usual route, from Hamburg. Two cases had proved fatal, both being importations on the Hamburg steamers. In the latter place, during the week ending July 31st, there were 424 cases, of which 332 proved fatal. The proportion of deaths is very large, being four fifths of the whole number attacked.

The habitual confiscation of English papers sent to Paris has induced the correspondent of a London print to inquire into the fate of the purloined journals, and it appears, as the result, that the quantity seized amounts to several tons annually, the seized papers being sold for two pence per pound for waste paper after the lapse of a few months. This fact arouses the ire of Briton.

The eccentric Englishman, who joined Garibaldi's corps from pure love of shooting at such high game as the Austrians, always took out his memorandum book and made a note on't, every time he brought down one of the enemy. The result of his season of shooting counted up *twenty-five* head certainly, and *ten* more under the head of "uncertain." Among others, Garibaldi had two Frenchmen, members of the Paris Jockey Club; five Americans, a few Germans, and one Chinaman.

Among the recent money-grants voted to the British Government by the House of Commons, is the sum of $50,000 for alterations in the copper coinage of England. It is intended, as we have done in this country, to reduce the size of the inferior coin, and to change the metal—only, instead of *nickel*, (which was first issued here in '57,) the material will be *bronze*. This metal has already been tried in Canada and Nova Scotia, and the new issue in England will resemble the small coinage adopted in these colonies.

Prussia is to send some vessels from her Liliputian Navy to Japan, as she seeks intercourse with that country. She'd better be quick about it, or there may be no Prussia left for them to find on their return, if the Kaiser and the Emperor should unite to spoil it.

It is officially reported to the Emperor of the French, that chloroform was used in 30,000 surgical operations in the Crimea by skilled assistant surgeons without a single death; a similar success has followed its administration at Solferino and Magenta; but in English hospitals there have been about 100 deaths in one-third of the number of operations in the Crimea. The London deaths from chloroform begin to be so common that Coroner's Inquests are rarely called for. Everything depends on the mode of administration.

It is becoming pretty evident that one part of the Villafranca programme cannot be carried out without much difficulty. The people of Tuscany, Parma and Modena will not submit to the return of their Austrian Grand Dukes and Duchesses. They will resist it by peaceable means, and if need be, by forcible means. Their protest is not noisy, but it is firm and decided. Under these circumstances, Louis Napoleon says he will not help these sovereigns regain their thrones. If Austria undertakes their restoration, single-handed, there will be more war in Italy.

The News Condenser.

— Snow was plainly seen from Portland on Mt. Washington, 6th ult.

— Great Britain is putting the island of Jamaica in a state of defence.

— Some of the banks of the interior of Illinois are refusing to pay specie.

— In Dover, N. H., there annually made by 18 firms 900 000 pairs of shoes.

— The rate of taxation in New York this fall will be about $17 per $1,000.

— The Jews in America number 250,000 who still adhere to the faith Abraham.

— The venerable Daniel Dana, D. D., died at Newburyport, Mass., Aug. 26, aged 83.

— Mr. Alfred Tennyson contemplates a tour in the United States the coming autumn.

— Hon. Robert Dale Owen arrived home on the 20th ult. after an absence of six years.

— The Anti-Renters of Albany and Rensellaer counties are still bent on making trouble.

— In Bombay, India, the deaths by cholera in June last amounted to 300 or 400 per week.

— Passengers are to be brought over by the Great Eastern at rates ranging from £18 to £25.

— At some points in New England, the brilliant Aurora of Sunday night was followed by a frost.

— There are only 18 Revolutionary pensioners in Massachusetts. Their ages vary from 94 to 100.

— At the State Fair of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society there is to be "a steam fire engine tournament."

— The crops in Nova Scotia are pronounced by the Halifax papers to be superior. No reports of the potato rot.

— Extensive preparations are being made by pork-packers at Chicago for the approaching season's operations.

— Advices from the South show that the growing cotton crop will probably reach the quantity of four million bales.

— The New Orleans Picayune learns that the widow of General Quitman died on the evening of the 22d of August.

— The Fifth Avenue Hotel, just opened in New York, cost $1,150,000. The furniture, carpets and the painting $350,000.

— There are 81 lawyers, 36 doctors, 15 clergymen, and 20 land agents in Leavenworth, Kansas—besides 60 "saloons."

— Astronomers have given the rate of solar light one hundred and ninety-two thousand five hundred miles in a second.

— The eyes of needles are punctured by a machine, which, superintended by one boy, can punch twenty thousand a day.

— There were 1,088 boxes of cheese, weighing 67,585 pounds, received at the freight depot at Little Falls, N. Y., Monday week.

— The public debt of the Canadian Government since the Union of the two provinces, has risen from $6,000,000 to $60,000 000.

— Ballston Journals advocate the levying of a tax of $2 000 upon the town, to be expended in searching for new mineral springs.

—The St. Augustine (Fla.) Examiner asserts positively that cargoes of African negroes are constantly landed in the United States.

— The New Bedford Standard says there is a man in that city who is the smallest of eleven children, and yet weighs 212 pounds.

— The Central Railroad of Texas is completed to the 75th mile. Ten miles more are expected to be completed early next spring.

— In and about New York, 300 churches are closed, owing to the absence of their Pastors, who are taking an airing in the country.

— The sugar crop in Louisiana looks exceedingly well; in Texas, the sugar and cotton go on very finely, and a large crop is anticipated.

— The Prince of Wales, accompanied by his tutor and a Court Physician, is expected to reach Quebec by the next Canada steamer.

— A Niagara correspondent of the New York Times insists that Blondon is a myth, and that he never crossed the Niagara on a rope, &c.

— The St. Joseph (Mo.) West of the 22d ult., says that peaches and pears "taste rather *silvery*" in that market at six dollars per bushel.

— A Cincinnati man brags about the Ohio river as "the Rhine of the New World." A matter-of-fact man replies—"Yes, the pork Rhine."

— New York city is about nine miles long and not more than a mile wide. Present population not far from 809,000, including suburbs.

— There are 14 revolutionary soldiers now living in Massachusetts whose united ages amount to *thirteen hundred and forty-nine years*.

— Horace Greeley says that no Mormon can be convicted by a Mormon jury for any crime that he may commit in behalf of the church.

— The people of Bath, Me., are building a schoolhouse that will cost $14,000, and be one of the finest structures of the kind in the State.

— About as many are returning from Pike's Peak as are going on, and every few miles along the great North Platte route you meet small trains.

— In one hour and five minutes, 1,600 hogsheads of tobacco were sold in New York on Monday—aggregating the enormous sum of $400,000.

— The Washington monument contribution box put up in the New York Post-Office yields only about half a dollar a day, which is decidedly slow.

— Greenwood Cemetery, N. Y., was founded in June, 1840, and from that month up to the 23d ult., 63,040 bodies took up their residence in the silent city.

— The Boston Locomotive Works are reported to have failed for $600,000. Taking pay for work in worthless railroad bonds has caused the smash.

— The young son of Mr. Eben Knowlton, of Rockport, Mass., who contracted the glanders while playing around a horse stall, died on Saturday week.

— Dr. Hays, one of the companions of Dr. Kane, will organize shortly another Arctic expedition, under the auspices of the American Scientific Association.

— The way in which Napoleon III disarms is to withdraw old cannon from his ships and fortifications, and have rifled ones to replace them at a minute's notice.

— The Prussians are adding rapidly to their stock of rifled cannon, now the *ultima ratio regnum*. They have a number on hand, and mean to have many more.

— There is a field of broom corn in the vicinity of Rockford, Ill., of 900 acres. The seed was planted by machinery, the corn drilled in rows 2 feet 9 inches apart.

— Simrock, the celebrated Professor of the University of Bonn, is confined in a lunatic asylum. The recent excitement in Germany destroyed the balance of his mind.

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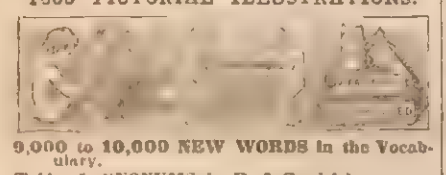

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Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Sept. 6, 1859.

FLOUR—It would almost seem as though the decline in the rates of flour would never cease, for week after week we are obliged to note a reduction. The falling off during the week past is equal to 25@50 cents on best grades. Inferior is as last quoted.

GRAIN—Wheat drooping and considerable on the market. From Canada it is beginning to come in pretty freely; the receipts of the week are about 15,000 bushels. Rates $1,15@1,16 for choice Genesee and Canadian. Corn maintains its recent prices. Oats are down 3@4 cents ₩ bushel. Rye at 60 cents. The market for Barley opens at 50 cents—maltsters are not hardly ready to purchase, and there is little demand in the city.

POULTRY—We observe poultry making quite a show in market. Chickens and Turkeys are worth 9@10 cents ₩ pound.

WOOL AND SHEEP SKINS—Wool is firm at quoted rates, but without change. Sheep and Lamb Pelts are advancing—for the former 50@75 cents is paid—for the latter 3s@75 cents.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	10c
Flour, wht. wheat	$4,75@5,75	Honey, box	15@15c
Flour, spring do	$4,25@4,50	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buck wheat, ₩ cwt	$0,00	**FRUITS AND ROOTS**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,15@1,18	Apples, bushel	25@37½c
Best white Can'a	$1,15@1,18	Apples, dried	$0,00
Corn	70@70c	Peaches, dried, ₩ lb	00c
Rye, 60 lbs, ₩ bu	00@60c	Cherries, dried, ₩ lb	00c
Oats, by weight	31@33c	Potatoes, new	38@50c
Barley	00@00c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	50@00	Slaughter	6@6c
Beans	00@1 00c	Calf	10@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50@75
Pork, mess	$17 00@18,50	Lamb pelts	50@75c
Pork, clear	$ 00@ 00	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	$ 00@ 00	Clover, fresh	$5,00@5,50
Beef, ₩ cwt	$ 00@ 00	Timothy	2,50@2,75
Spring lambs, each	$ 00@ 00	**STRAWS.**	
Mutton, carcass	5@6c	Wheat, long	$4 00@4,50
Hams, smoked	10c	Wheat, cut	$ 00@ 00
Shoulders	7c	Coal, Lehigh	$ 00@ 00
Chickens	6@7c	Coal, Scranton	$ 00@ 4,50
Turkeys	9@10c	Coal, Pittston	$ 00@ 4,50
Geese	7@8c	Coal, Shamokin	$ 00@ 4,50
Ducks ₩ pair	00@12c	Corn Cobs	10@12c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$ 12
Butter, roll	14c	Hay, ton	$10,00@16,00
Butter, firkin	12@13c	Wool, ₩ lb	Comg 45c
Cheese	8@9c	Washed, do	$ 00@ 00
Lard, tried	12c	Coarse, washed	$ 00@ 00
Tallow	10@10½c	Teasel, bbl	$4 00@5,50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Sept 5.—FLOUR—Market heavy and 5@10c lower for all grades except State, which are firmer. Sales of 9,000 bbls at the superfine State $4,10@4,20 for fall, and $4,75 @5 for new extra do. $4 85@5 for superfine West'n, $4 70@4 90 for common to good extra do, $4 75@5 for old and $4 85@5 for fresh ground shipping brands of extra round hoop Ohio, closing dull. Canadian dull at 0 @5,50 for extra.

GRAIN—Wheat market dull and heavy and 2c lower; sales at 110,000 bu for new white Kentucky, 1 for new common red Ohio, for new white Southern 12c for new red do, for Chicago spring, for new white Western, for new red do, for old Ohio, for choice do, for old State, for new do, 67 @68 Western and 72@73 for Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Pork market irregular—mess firm, while prime easier. Sales at $14 87½@15 for new, $15 00 for uninspected do, $15 for cash, for old mess, and $16 50@17 for prime including 1,000 bbls cargo at $15 50 cash. Lard heavy—sales at 10½@11c for No 1 to prime Western. Butter firm at 15@18c for Ohio, 18@21c for State. Cheese firm at 7@10c.

ALBANY, Sept. 5.—FLOUR—Unchanged, but less active.

GRAIN—Wheat in fair demand for good qualities for milling, supply light. Sales white Michigan at 138c; new white Ohio at 117c, red State at 104@109c, latter delivered. Corn in fair demand with better supply; sales mostly at 79c for Western mixed afloat. Oats 36@38c.

BUFFALO, Sept. 5.—FLOUR—Steady. Sales at $4 50@4,62½ for extra Michigan, Indiana and Ohio, $4,40@4,25 for double ext as. Upper lake neglected.

GRAIN—New spring wheat steady, white and red winter closed 2@3c lower. Sales new Chicago spring afloat at 81c; red Ohio at 96c, red Michigan at 96½c, white Ohio at 107c, white Indiana at 108c. No sales of corn. Oats steady, sales Chicago at 31c. Barley and rye quiet.

CHICAGO, Sept. 5.—FLOUR—Market steady.

GRAIN—Wheat inactive; spring ½c lower. Corn dull. Oats firm.

OSWEGO, Sept. 5.—FLOUR—Market for flour dull. Sales small.

GRAIN—Wheat quiet, no sales. Corn scarce and held above the views of buyers.

TORONTO, Sept. 3.—Flour is very dull, with no signs of movement in the market. There is no demand from abroad, and no disposition whatever to speculate. There are some rumored sales of extra at $5 ₩ barrel, which is about the figure it may be quoted at, although it is not pronable that any amount could be sold at this rate. Superfine nominal at $4,— and fancy at $— ₩ barrel. By retail, fancy flour is worth $4,75@5 ₩ barrel in bags.

GRAIN—The wheat market at the date of our last review was a good deal excited by an unusually active competition, under which prices have taken an important upward movement, closing buoyantly at 5s 9d to 6s ₩ bushel. Since then the movement has been gradually downward, and prices are now nearly as low as they were prior to the excitement which caused the advance. The ruling rates yesterday for farmers' loads on the market were 4s 9d to 5s for inferior and medium lots; 5s 3d to 5s 6d for good prime merchantable wheat. The deliveries have averaged from 1,500 to 2,000 bushels ₩ day during the week, and the sample on the whole has considerably improved. The average price yesterday on the market was about 5s 4d ₩ bushel. Spring Wheat has only been offered in small quantities, and has brought freely 4s 8d ₩ bushel. The crop this year is relatively superior to the winter wheat, and the yield is large. Barley has been in good demand throughout the week, with deliveries of about 2,500 bushels. As high as 3s 4d ₩ bushel has been paid, but yesterday not more than 3s to 3s 2d could be realized. Rye comes in very slowly, and we have no sales to report. Quotations nominal, at 3s ₩ bushel. Oats have been brought in more freely, and prices are settling; some sales have taken place recently at is 10½d ₩ bushel, and even a slightly lower rate has been accepted for lots of 100 bushels.—*Globe.*

BREADSTUFFS AND PROVISIONS.—Upon the application of the Chamber of Commerce, the Secretary of the Treasury has furnished an exhibit of the aggregate value of breadstuffs exported to foreign countries from the United States, for each year, 1824 to 1858; also the export value of provisions for the same period.

This exhibit is published in full in the Report of the Chamber of Commerce for the past year. We extract the statement for the past seventeen years only, (out of thirty one,) commencing with the year 1842. The importance of breadstuffs in our export trade to Europe, &c, is thus fully shown as well as the part which salted provisions occupy in our foreign export. The shipment of breadstuffs in 1856–'57, exceeded that of the famous famine year, 1847, while that of provisions was larger in 1855–6 than at any previous or subsequent period. If we could rely upon such an export (74 to 77 millions annually) for the future, it would give a great stimulus to production in our country:

Year.	Export value of Breadstuffs.	Export value of Provisions.	Aggregate Bread & Prov.
1842	$9,878,176	$7,041,700	$16 902,876
1843	5,241 700	6,501,523	11 264 122
1844	8 831,086	9 038,739	17,929 135
1845	7,449 820	9,287,301	16,714,121
1846	16,016,107	11,078,714	27,701,121
1847	46,252 437	18,439,484	64,701 121
1848	14 [illegible] 603	14 [illegible] 149	27,472,751
1849	22 [illegible] 788	15,259 724	38,176,507
1850	15 [illegible] 699	12 981,864	26,051,373
1851	11,776,236	7,393,415	21,948,651
1852	18,200,601	8,107,294	25,857,027
1853	21 [illegible] 873	11,109,444	32,985 323
1854	45 [illegible] 107	12,558,216	65,941,323
1855	21 [illegible] 854	17,337,491	38,895,318
1856	56 619 946	20,567,315	77,187,301
1857	65 [illegible] 812	10 [illegible] 020	24,667,852
1858	32 [illegible] 406	17 [illegible] 705	50,082,205

N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ₩ cwt., $10,50@11,00; ordinary do, $9,50@10,25; common do, $8 00@9,00; inferior do, $6 00@7 50

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55,00@65,00; ordinary do $40@50; common do, $30,00@40,00; inferior do, $20,00 @30,00

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₩ lb., 6@6½c; ordinary do, 6@5½c; common do, 4@5c; inferior do, 3@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ₩ head, $5,50@6,50; ordinary do, $4,25@5,25, common do, $3 00@4,00; inferior do, $2,00@3,00.

SWINE—First quality, 5@6¼c; other qualities, 5¼@6c.

ALBANY, Sept. 5.—CATTLE—The market opens with a pretty brisk demand, predicated on the better prospects that marked last week's trade in New York, and also on the belief entertained by many that the supply is some 200 head short, as compared with the receipts at this point seven days ago. They are in error, however. There is at least the usual number of buyers here from the East and New York. The New Yorkers have taken about 350 head, and will buy if any more to-day. It is thought that about as many will go East as went in that direction last week—say 1,100 head—leaving 1,300 or 1,400 to go to New York in first hands. We quote the market brisk at the following rates, remarking, however, that we are not aware of any sales at our outside figure for "extra," although there are some beeves on the market that will not be parted with for less:

	This week.	Last week
Extra	6 @5¾c	6¼@5¾
First quality	5½@5¾c	5¾@5¾
Second quality	5¼@5¾c	5¼@5¾
Third quality	5 @5¼c	5 @5¼
Inferior	4¼@5 c	4¼@4¾

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Receipts comparatively heavy, but thus far the sales have been limited. Prices about the same as last week.

HOGS—There is but little stock to operate on. We notice some inquiry, but buyers do not feel prepared to purchase to any considerable extent thus early at the ruling rates. About 100 head changed hands at 5¼@5¾ ₩ D., the latter for a lot of 41 head, weighing 225 lbs.

MILCH COWS—Sales at from $28 to 437.—*Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, Aug. 30.—At market 1512 cattle, about 900 beeves, and 612 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market beef—Extra, $7,25@7,75; first quality, $6,25@6,50; second do, $5,75@6,00; third do, $4,50@5,00; ordinary do, $3,25.

WORKING OXEN—$75, 90@180 ₩ pair.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 37, 40@60.

STORES—Yearlings, $4,00@11,00; two years old, $16,00@ 25,00; three years old, $22,00@34,00.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—4910 at market. Prices—in lots, $1,00, 1,50@1,75. Extra, $2,50@3,12.

HIDES—7@7½c ₩ lb. Pelts, 56@67c each.

CALF SKINS—12@13c ₩ lb. Tallow, 7@7½c ₩ lb.

BRIGHTON, Sept. 1.—At market, 1508 beeves, 600 stores, 4,000 sheep and lambs, and 150 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Extra, $8 25@00,00; first quality, $7,75@ 00,00; second quality, $6,50; third quality, $5,25@0,00.

WORKING OXEN—$100@160.

MILCH COWS—$40@45; common, $12@19.

VEAL CALVES—$3,00@4,00@6,00.

STORES—Yearlings, $9@11; two years old, $10@22; three years old, $20@43.

HIDES—7@7½c ₩ lb. Calf skins, 12@13c ₩ lb.

TALLOW—5@6c ₩ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,00@1,75; extra, $2,50@3,50.

PELTS—50@67c each.

SWINE—Spring pigs, wholesale, 4c¾@5¾; retail, 7¼@8c; fat hogs, 6c.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—There is a moderate business doing in domestic qualities, at full prices, but the general demand is not so good as last week, owing probably, in part, to the less favorable advices from Europe. A London Circular of Mr. Geo. B. Windeler, dated Aug. 16, remarks:—"There have been but slight fluctuations this month in the public sales of fine wools now progressing; inferior flocks have hardly attracted so much competition lately as during the opening week; altogether, quotations have been rather in favor of buyers. Including to day's catalogue, 62,917 bales have been sold, comprised of 18,674 bales Port Philip, 18,975 do Sydney, 5,153 do Adelaide, 6,113 do New Zealand, 238 do German, 166 do Buenos Ayres, 9,338 do Cape, and 488 do sundries. The sales fixed for the 26th inst and 2d prox. having been withdrawn, this series will terminate on the last day of this month. Toward the next series in October about 14,000 bales have arrived to this date. In the market for domestic wools there appears to be, likewise, a momentary depression; prices are quoted with ¼d ₩ lb. reduction, as compared with the close of last month. A public sale is announced to take place at Rotterdam on the 15th prox., comprised of 1,050 bales Sydney, 100 Cape, 350 do Buenos Ayres, and 150 do Odessa scoured; also, in antwerp a public sale of Buenos Ayres wool is anticipated early in September." The stock of California is augmenting, but the receipts of other descriptions are moderate, and there is no disposition to press sales unless at full former rates; sales of 125,000 lbs domestic fleece at 31@55c for common to full blood, chiefly at 45@50c for de laine and clothing quality, and some choice lots for domestic purposes at 57½@63½c; also 350 bales medium to fine California at 18@30c, as to quality, and 150 ballots Peruvian at 26c, 6 mos. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece, ₩ lb	58@60
Am. full blood Merino	53@55
Am. ¾ and ¼ blood Merino	46@49
Am. native and ½ blood Merino	40@44
Extra pulled	45@50
Superfine, pulled	37@42
No 1, pulled	30@33
California, fine, unwashed	25@32
California, common do	10@13
Peruvian, washed	26@40
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@12
S Am common washed	10@13
S Am Entre Rios, washed	15@18
S Am common unwashed	8@11
S Am Cordova, washed	20@22
East India, washed	21@23
Africa, unwashed	9@11
African, washed	14@28
Smyrna, unwashed	11@18
Smyrna, washed	22@32
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

Tribune.

BOSTON, Sept. 2.—Fleece and pulled wool have been in very good demand, and the sales of the week comprise 1,000,000 lbs, at full prices. In foreign there has been considerable doing, the sales comprising 1,600 bales Cape, mostly at 21c, 6 mos, to go out the market; and 140 bales Mediterranean and South American at full prices, as to quality

Saxony fine	55@63	Western mixed	53@58
Full blood	50@54	Smyrna washed	17@20
Half and ¾ blood	46@49	Do unwashed	9@14
Common	40@43	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	45@50	Cape	20@30
Do superfine	40@50	Crimea	14@17
Do No 1	30@42	Buenos Ayres	24@32
Do No 2	00@30	Peruvian, washed	35@42

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 2.—Receipts by wagons are of a medium quality and usually sold at 28@30c. Some fancy lots can up as high as 30@35c.—*Plaindealer.*

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising—Twenty-Five Cents a line, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 37½ cts. per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, headed—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, IN ADVANCE. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

☞ All transient advertisements must be accompanied with the cash, or a responsible reference, to secure insertion. Those who send us advertisements to be published at prices they specify, are respectfully advised that we are not in a position to allow any one to dictate terms—especially when the demand upon our columns, at published rates, exceeds the space appropriated for Advertising.

CONJURING!—The whole Art of Conjuring made easy, with full directions for performing 150 Wonderful Feats of Home Parts, Sleight-of-Hand, Ventriloquism and Legerdemain. Profusely Illustrated. Price 15 cents. Sent post paid by mail. Address M. M SANBORN, 505-2t Bradner Falls, N. Y.

600,000 ACRES OF HANNIBAL AND ST. JOSEPH RAILROAD LANDS, For Sale on Long Credit and at Low Rates of Interest.

These Lands, granted by Congress to aid in constructing the Road lie, to a great extent, within Six Miles and all within Fifteen Miles of the Road, which is now completed through a country unsurpassed in the salubrity of its Climate and fertility of its Soil. Its latitude adapts it to a greater variety of products than land either north or south of it, rendering the profits of farming more certain and steady than in any other district of our country.

Its position is such as to command at Low Rates of Freight both Northern and Southern Markets.

To the Farmer desiring to better his condition, to parties wishing to invest money in the West, or any in search of a prosperous Home, these Lands are commended

For full particulars apply to JOSIAH HUNT, Land Commissioner Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, 505-13t Hannibal, Mo.

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Mercantile College

BASSETT BROTHERS, PROPRIETORS.

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Syracuse, N. Y. 505-2t

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Cornell's First Steps in Geography. Intended to precede Cornell's Geographical Series, and to introduce the little pupil pleasantly and profitably to the rudiments of Geography. One beautiful volume, child's quarto, with numerous maps and illustrations, 72 pages. Price 25 cents.

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II. Intermediate Geography. Large 4to. Revised Edition, with new and additional Maps and numerous Illustrations. Price, 67 cents.

Grammar-School Geography. Large 4to, with numerous Maps and Illustrations. 144 pp. It includes Physical and Descriptive Geography. Price, 90 cts.

III. High-School Geography and Atlas. Geography, Large 12mo, 405 pp. Richly Illustrated. It includes Descriptive, Physical, and Mathematical Geography. Price, 75 cents. Atlas, very large 4to. Containing a complete set of Maps for study; also, a set of Reference Maps for family use. Price, $1.

The FIRST STEPS, PRIMARY, and GRAMMAR SCHOOL GEOGRAPHIES are so arranged as to make a complete series for the country school.

No other series of school books ever published in this country, has received such universal and unqualified commendation and approval as has been awarded to the Cornell series by the press, teachers and educators throughout the country. We will not attempt a description of the Series here, but will send a Catalogue containing full description, gratis, to any one desiring it.

A copy of either part of the Series, for examination, will be sent by mail post-paid, to any teacher or school officer remitting one half its price, to the Publishers, D. APPLETON & CO., 346 and 348 Broadway, New York, or to their General Agent, LIBERTY HALL, 505 1t Rochester, N. Y.

300 AGENTS WANTED, TO ENGAGE IN AN honorable business, which pays from $4 to $5 per day. For particulars, address M. M SANBORN, Brasher Falls, N. Y.

PHYSIOLOGY AND THE LAWS OF LIFE, given in THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL and HERALD OF HEALTH. Sent 4 months, *on trial*, for 25 cents. 501 2t

NOT A HUMBUG.—Wanted, one or more Young Men in each State to travel, to whom will be paid $20 to $75 per month, and expenses. For particulars, address with stamp, M. B. ALLEN & CO., Plaistow, N. H. 501-13t

THE LOGAN GRAPE.—The earliest ripening, black, hardy Grape with which we are acquainted. Its fruit was sent to us this year earlier than any other grape grown out of doors. Berry oval, bunch compact.

Our Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue of over 70 sorts of Grapes sent to applicants who inclose a stamp.

501-c C. P. BISSELL & SALTER, Rochester, N. Y.

GAINESVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.—The reputation of this Institution has become so generally known, that the Proprietors deem it unnecessary longer to particularize in regard to its advantages for the education of Young Ladies.

The Fall Term will commence on THURSDAY, Sept. 8th. For Catalogues, apply to C. A. ELDRIDGE. Gainesville, Aug. 22, 1859. 501-2t

NEW GROCERY ESTABLISHMENT,

No. 20 Front Street, Rochester, N. Y.

JARVIS & DUNBAR have opened a Grocery Store where can be had a choice lot of Groceries—Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Molasses, Spices, Raisins, Prunes, Zante Currants, Nutmegs, Indigo, Tobacco, Cigars, &c. [504-13t

☞ The highest market price paid for Butter, Eggs, &c.

SANFORD'S FEED MILL.—This remarkable Mill has been improved in size, capacity and strength, and fully tested as to its working power, so that I can safely recommend it to the public. It will grind from five to eight bushels of corn per hour, and many other kinds of grain much faster. Many improvements have been made to it, and I am now prepared to fill orders for the largest size

All the objections to the common cast-iron rotary mills are obviated by this Mill. Only about two horse-power, with 200 revolutions per minute, is required.

Price of largest size, now ready, with cast-iron frame, $40, Smaller sizes will soon be ready, and prices will vary, according to size, from $20 00 to $40 00.

R. L. HOWARD, Manufacturer, 501-4t Buffalo, N. Y.

ROCHESTER BOYS' TRAINING SCHOOL.—The Fall Term will commence on THURSDAY, Sept. 1. By the liberal patronage of the past year, Professor NICHOLS is encouraged to continue his labors in the intellectual and moral training of Boys. Constant attention will be given to the formation of a good character and to thorough instruction in the elements of a sound, practical education.

Classes will also be formed in the higher English and College preparatory studies.

The number is restricted, and only a few vacancies remain to be filled.

School rooms are in Bickner's Block, corner of Spring street and Plymouth Avenue.

CARD.

We, the undersigned, patrons of the Boys' Training School, would take this opportunity to express our entire satisfaction with the able, pleasant and faithful manner in which, for the year past, Prof. NICHOLS has conducted the education of our children and wards.

Rochester, July 17th, 1859.

J. H. McIlvaine,	E. A. Hopkins,
M. M Mathews,	S. D. Waldridge,
S. D. Porter,	John T. Fox,
Thomas Kempshall,	Louis Chapin,
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TRUE DELAWARE GRAPE VINES, PROPAGated from the original stock: price $2 to $3. Also, Logan, Rebecca, Diana, Concord, Hartford Prolific, and other new varieties, $1 to $2—all strong and well rooted, ready for delivery in the Fall.

August, 1859 [503-13t] GEO. W. CAMPBELL, Delaware, Ohio.

GRAPE VINES.—For sale, at the Schuyler County Central Nurseries, Watkins, N. Y., 150 000 Isabella Grape Vines, 20,000 Catawba do; 5,000 Clinton do, July 29, 1859. [500-6t] M. D. FREER & CO.

A VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE, SITUATED in the town of Sheldon, Wyoming Co., N. Y., 12 miles south of Attica, containing 145 acres of productive soil, for grass or spring grain—well adapted for a large Dairy or Stock Farm—with commodious Buildings and choice Fruit. For terms, apply to E P Buck on the premises, or to the subscriber, near Scottsville, Monroe County.

504 2t WILLIAM GARBUTT.

ROCHESTER FEMALE ACADEMY.—The Fall Term of this flourishing Institution will commence on THURSDAY, 1st September next.

The Trustees, with renewed pleasure and increased confidence, would commend it to the public, as having achieved during the past year, a good work, the need of which was deeply felt by parents and guardians. The accomplished lady Principal has more than fulfilled the high expectations which were formed of her. In the thoroughness of class instructions in the remarkable stores of knowledge with which she illustrates her subjects, in her quiet and lady-like manners, in her gentleness and patience in admonition and discipline, and all together in the faithfulness and success with which she has conducted the education of the young ladies of her charge.

The Principals of the Academy will be assisted by teachers of the highest reputation in their several departments, viz.:—Miss Marion McGregor, in Music. Miss Parsons and Miss Redder in English studies: Miss Murdock, in Drawing; Mrs Canfield, in Painting; and Prof. Surbridge and Brachett, in Modern Languages.

Rochester, N. Y. A[illegible]

I. A. WARD, President.
ISAAC HILLS,
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THOS. C. MONTGOMERY, Secretary. 501 2t

THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL AND HERALD OF HEALTH.—FOUR COPIES will be sent to subscribers 4 months for $1, commencing with the September number. Send orders to FOWLER & WELLS, 504 2t 308 Broadway, New York.

PATENT TURN-TABLE APPLE PARER.

THIS MACHINE is on an entirely new principle. It has no snapping or reverse motion; is made of iron and not liable to get out of order; is so simple in construction, that children with sufficient strength to place an apple on the fork and turn a crank, can operate it as readily as adults. It will pare apples of any size and shape, working perfectly over uneven surfaces and doing the work with great rapidity. Its success the past two years has established the fact that it is the best Parer in the world. Every Machine is warranted to give satisfaction, and will be sold at reasonable prices. A supply of these Machines can be obtained of the Agricultural and Hardware Dealers in most of the principal cities, or of LOCKEY & HOWLAND, Leominster, Mass., 503-4t Proprietors and Manufacturers.

JOHNSTON'S BEAN HARVESTER.—A man with a horse can harvest from 6 to 8 acres of Beans, with this Harvester, in a day. The roots are generally cut off about one inch below the surface, and are left in the ground. The bushes are usually left standing, in the most perfect condition for curing and for gathering and pitching into the wagon. It is *the* Bean Harvester against the world, and what farmers have long wanted.

Only a limited number will be made for this year. Forward your orders immediately.

Every Harvester warranted. Price, $15,00.

R. L. HOWARD, Only Manufacturer, 504-4t Buffalo, N. Y.

NO DRUGS—NO POISON!—THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL and HERALD OF HEALTH, will be sent, *on trial*, four months for 25 cents. Address 504-2t FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

SOMBRERO GUANO—80 PER CENT. BONE PHOSPHATE OF LIME.

Try 5 Bags this Fall, on an acre of your poorest land, on Winter Wheat. Send or write for a circular and certificate from those who have used it. Sold at $30 per ton, 2,000 lbs; 11 Bags per ton.

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PHIPPS UNION FEMALE SEMINARY, Albion, Orleans Co., N. Y.

The next School Year of this Institution, commences on the first Thursday of September next. For Terms, see Catalogue at this Office, or apply to H. L. ACHILLES, Proprietor. Albion, N. Y., Aug. 8, 1859. 501-tf

GAME FOWLS! GAME FOWLS!! OF THE BEST AND PUREST STRAINS, SUCH AS

Clippers,	Baltimore Top Knots,	Tartars,
Derbys,	Prince Charles,	Rattlers,
Sextons,	Mexican or Strychnine,	Sergeants,
Stanleys,	Counterfeits,	Irish,

And a number of excellent Crosses. All fowls warranted *pure of mite*. Also Cooper's Work on Game Fowls sent to any address for $1. For particulars, address 501 13t J. WILKINS COOPER, Media, Delaware Co., Pa.

HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND LONG LIFE.—THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL and HERALD OF HEALTH will be sent to subscribers four months, commencing with the September number—now ready—for 25 cents. Address FOWLER & WELLS, 504-2t No. 308 Broadway, New York.

KENTUCKY SEED WHEATS.

MAY WHEAT,
BILL WHEAT,
MEDITERRANEAN WHEAT,
WHITE KENTUCKY WHEAT.

We are storing some of our receipts of earliest ripened and purest samples of the above varieties of Wheat, grown in Kentucky and Tennessee, for the use of farmers as Seed Wheat, which we propose to sell at prices merely sufficient to pay the extra expenses incurred by so doing, in addition to the current value of these wheats for milling purposes. "May Wheat" is probably the earliest known in Kentucky, opens 1st to 10th of June, has succeeded perfectly in this State the present season, *heads* smooth, *kernel* short, plump, heavy, and bright amber color, and composes one half the stock from which is manufactured the justly celebrated St. Louis Double Extras.

"Bill Wheat" resembles the May in color and qualities—*heads* bearded, *kernel* nearly as long as Mediterranean, and plump.

"Mediterranean and White" are too well known to require description, but from several experiments we are well convinced the use of Kentucky or Tennessee seed will hasten the crop several days. COBB & CO.,

Produce Com. Merchants, 499 7t Nos. 20 and 21 Central Wharf, Buffalo, N. Y.

A VALUABLE BOOK FOR INVALIDS. Sent by mail, and not to be paid for until received, read, and approved of. If not approved, no charge.

Dr. SAMUEL S. FITCH'S "Six Lectures" on the Causes, Prevention, and Cure of Diseases of the Lungs, Throat, Heart, Stomach, Bowels, Liver, Kidneys, Skin, etc., Female Complaints, and Chronic diseases generally; on the Laws of Life, and the true method of curing these diseases, and preserving life and health to old age. A volume of 375 pages, with 25 illustrations, bound. We will forward a copy of it, post-paid, to any address that may be sent us, and the price, 50 cents, may be remitted (in stamps or otherwise) after the book is received and approved of. If remitted in advance, the price is 40 cents. Apply, giving Post-Office, County, and State, to S. S. FITCH & CO., 493-13t 714 Broadway, New York.

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BRING DOWN THAT STREAM OF PURE Water to the house, barn and dry fields. Use the Water Pipe made by I. S. HORNER & CO., the cheapest and best known in the world. Made of Pine timber, and if properly laid will bear any required pressure and be nearly or quite indestructible. Address I. S. HORNER & CO., 492 44 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

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FOR SALE,

At $1,25 per Acre, desirable FARMING LANDS in Western Virginia, Eastern Kentucky, and Middle Tennessee. Also, Valuable Lands in Sullivan and Elk Counties, Pennsylvania.

Apply to the AMERICAN EMIGRANT AID AND HOMESTEAD COMPANY, No. 146 Broadway, New York. 499tf

FAIRPORT CHEMICAL WORKS.

D. B. DeLAND,

Acknowledging the favor and patronage which have been bestowed upon him by the Trade and others, since the commencement of his enterprise, respectfully informs his patrons and the public generally, that with greatly increased facilities he continues to manufacture a superior article of

SALERATUS, PURE CREAM TARTAR, BI CARBONATE OF SODA, SAL SODA, &c.

The above articles will be sold in all varieties of packages, at as low prices as they are afforded by any other manufacturer, and in every case warranted pure and of superior quality. Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled.

☞ Consumers of Saleratus, Cream Tartar, and Bi-Carbonate of Soda should be careful to purchase that having the name of D. B. DELAND on the wrapper, as they will thus obtain a pure article.

Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y. 499wetf

STONE YARDS—FOR 1859.—RATHBUN & WHITMORE have always on hand a good supply of Lockport and Medina Stone, Cape Sills, Platforms, Steps, Posts, Well and Cistern Covers, Curbing, Paving, and Guiding Stone, Flagging—all sizes. Fire-proof Vaults, &c. They will *contract* for Street Improvements, generally, at home or *abroad*, and fill all orders on short notice, addressed to THOMAS RATHBUN, Buffalo, Wm. W. WHITMORE, Lockport, or to the subscriber, Pittsburgh St. Bridge, Rochester. WM. CARSON, Agent. 484wo

LIME.—Page

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DAY-DREAMS OF HOME.

Dearest husband, raise the curtain,
Let the dying sunshine in,
For a glorious spell is on me,
And I seem at home again.
Again I see the tall Fir trees
That stand before our door,
And the sunlight shining through them,
Falls upon our cottage floor.

But I pass beneath their shadows,
Onward to the house I go—
Past the snow-drops and the roses—
Past the place where myrtles grow;
Once I tended them and loved them—
And I love the myrtle now—
For I often used to bind it
Round my sister's baby-brow.

Hark! is that the childish laughter
Falling on my list'ning ear?
Flowers, ye have no claim upon me
When my loved ones are so near.
Now I enter; O, ye dear ones,
I am with you all once more!—
Father, put your arms about me,
Let me kiss you o'er and o'er.

Mother, brother, I am with you—
Here is *little* brother, too,
Where is Lulu? Little darling,
Sister has a kiss for you.
(Mother, see her holding kitty
In her arms for me to kiss,)
Oh! it almost pays for parting
Now to feel a joy like this.

But, alas! the gathering darkness
Brings me to myself once more;
All are gone—the vision vanished;
It was bright—but it is o'er.

Ashtabula, O., 1859. CARLIE MAYNE.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE INSPIRATION OF NECESSITY.

BY LYDIA A. TOMPKINS.

Chapter I.

"And so you're come at last. Some people have a talent at staying away when they're wanted," said my peevish and bed-ridden husband as I entered hurriedly from my long walk to town.

"Did you bring the wine and medicine, or am I to be put off again?"

"Never fear that," I hastily replied, "money is too scarce, and fretting too expensive, for you to be forgotten, or neglected." Turning away with shame and vexation that I had been betrayed, by weariness and momentary irritation, into an unkind reply, I quickly prepared the medicine and brought the wine, saying cheerfully,

"And so you needed me in my absence. I was obliged to wait an hour to see Mr. Jones before I could get the money."

"O, money, money!—Fire and torture! Am I forever to be haunted with the gaunt spectre of famine? O, Jane, what has become of our charmed life! How can we learn to endure patiently such an accumulation of evils!"

"O, we can suffer long and be kind to each other, and the world will not forget to be kind to us. Contentment is our philosophy, and our only chance of happiness. Let us grasp it as it flies."

Our story was only the common one of early marriages and American fortunes. Born and bred in affluence, sailing upon the top-most wave of society in our native city, and accustomed to believe ourselves belonging to an order of beings far above those who were without our immediate sphere, it is no marvel that we never had even a distant conception of life as it is, until alone, helpless, and friendless, we were shipwrecked upon the sea of life. My eye is dim and my brain reels as I glance backward upon that one week of crowding thoughts and thrilling events. I cannot even yet think calmly of the beautiful home which was once mine, with all its wealth of air, sunlight and flowers. I left it for my husband's elegant town-residence, and believed myself about to realize the rapture of novelists and poets, with which I was thoroughly familiar in theory. Two years of my married life had been passed in a whirl of gayety, when suddenly, with the stealthiness of a serpent and the fierceness of a lion, the dire calamity came.

I was wearily leaning back in my carriage, at three o'clock in the morning, on my return from a brilliant party, when suddenly the startling cry of fire and the wild glare of its light, as it simultaneously burst from a long range of front windows, shocked me from my stupor, paralyzed with terror as I found myself gazing at my own home thus deluged in flame. I rushed from the carriage frantically ejaculating, "my husband," and madly dashing within the crackling door-way, was, in an instant, caught, and wrapped in a thick carpet, but not before the fluttering lace of my party array had reached the flame, which wreathed its coiling embrace about my neck and arms. Stifled and senseless, I was borne to a friend's house, awaking to hear the agonized groans of my husband as he was undergoing the horrifying process of an amputation of one of his limbs. In consequence of a slight indisposition he had not accompanied me to the party, and under the influence of an opiate, had retired, leaving the gas in full blaze and giving no orders to the servant, except to await my return. She was soon comfortably sleeping upon the sofa, oblivious to the sound and breath of fire, which originated in the vicinity of the kitchen, how or where, it was impossible to ascertain. The whole inner work was a burning mass,—a raging flame, before the marble front was reached, or the fire to be discovered from without. The watch gave the alarm and but a few moments had elapsed ere the aristocratic neighborhood was one indescribable scene of confusion. Three servant girls appeared at the attic window with frantic cries for help, and the noble firemen, heeding neither danger nor suffering, planted their ladders and bore them safely to the ground. All this had occurred ere my arrival, and but a moment after I was taken from the burning door, my husband appeared, wrapped in the burning clothes of his bed and through some inadvertant step, fell in the flaming door-way. Before he could be lifted from his dangerous position, the walls above had fallen, fatally crushing and mangling one limb and frightfully mutilating the other. The horrified spectators spared no effort to release him and save a life which he, so often afterwards, wished had been then ended. Rendered torpid by the smoke, he only awoke at the touch of fire, and springing from the bed with little consciousness of what he was doing, rushed with a blanket about him down the burning stair-way to the front entrance. His whole body was burned,—even his hair nearly gone, and the agony of life was, for long weeks, far worse than death. His escape seemed almost miraculous, and now, a year from that eventful night, he was so weak that he could scarcely move, and so sore and sensitive that but a touch of cold gave him intense pain, while a flush of hot air renewed the tortures of that fearful night. The lightest breath of smoke was suffocation, and the sight of fire, thrilling agony. Pitiable as was his condition, calamitous enough for human endurance it would seem,—yet his cup was not full.

Ten days after the destruction of our mansion, Mr. Gliddon, President of Monteith Bank, in which our funds were mostly invested, called upon me with the astounding intelligence that he should be obliged to suspend payment; and that, in consequence of other failures, which were daily multiplying, the whole capital was exhausted and my husband's drafts could no longer be honored. I demanded immediate investigation, and employed the most skillful attorneys to examine papers, but all agreed in taking from us every dollar and, as usual, deploring the unfortunate necessity. A month before, my father had been ruined in the general crash which has so leveled society, and in the sudden desperation of his tireless energy and unconquerable pride had hurried to the West with the wreck of his fortune, and purchased a farm of new land, which his unwearied spirit hoped to redeem from utter worthlessness.

Hard words had passed between my husband and father, and he left us in anger. I could not appeal to him and now, in my utter helplessness, I felt most unwillingly crippled and inert, even almost insane. I appealed to my numerous friends, (as I believed them,) and they, although deeply grieved, could see no possible chance for recovering any portion of our possessions, or any cheering prospect for the future. One after another of them failing to recognize me as I passed down Broadway, opened a new vista to my tear-dimmed eyes and sickened my soul with despair. Now that the truth was fully evident, I turned to my stricken husband, and, in the silence of that long night of watching, while hanging upon his incoherent words, took a stern resolve, and in the strength and heroism of youth, and the reviving of early faith, determined to do battle bravely for myself and the helpless one beside me; and kneeling by his couch in a chance moment of his sleep, I felt that my vow was registered in heaven.

One might almost hope for affliction, were it only to feel, for one moment, the God-given power to struggle with difficulties, and see clearly, by the light of faith, through the darkness of midnight gloom. I had an attached servant, who would not leave me when told of our misfortunes, and thro' her good offices I obtained part of a suburban cottage, occupied by her aunt. With the jewels and diamonds adorning my party-costume, I resolved to commence the world anew, and as soon as life would not be periled thereby, we quietly removed to our humble quarters. I forbear to look back upon the scene when I was obliged to darkly hint our circumstances and suggest a change of residence. Alone and desolate, save the absorbed nature of the care thus cast upon me, yet I turned not back upon the past, feeling happier and more satisfied, notwithstanding my unceasing anxiety than at any other period of my life. Language is as powerless to utter the wearying torture of a useless life, as to portray the satisfaction of an active one, spent in the unfaltering discharge of pressing *present* duties. Heeding no bodily weariness as I felt my better nature expand, bewailing no misfortune, I experienced the welcome throes of this unlooked-for soul-birth. The marvelous power within, supplied at our need, availed me now; and I, the crawling earth-worm, scarcely awaited the chrysalis ere I could flutter my wings and fly wherever Our Father should bid.

Chapter II.

"Mrs. Rariton, shall I make you out a receipt for this month's rent," said the gruff agent, one morning, putting his head unceremoniously within the door.

"If you please," said I, advancing with the money in my hand—a hand that shook just a little as it parted with its last penny. But I consoled myself with the fact that I had a piece of sewing nearly finished, and that Mr. Rariton was ignorant of the state of our exchequer, supposing that the income of the little remnant of our fortune was sufficient to support us, which idea I had not attempted to dissipate, however unorthodox such truthfulness may be considered. Our little all was now gone. I had endeavored to eke it out as long as possible by trying to sew, that being the first resort for a woman in need, and finding my health sinking in the attempt, I grew positively frightened at the suffering and privation which stared us in the face. I walked to town that evening, and presenting my work, was told that it was not sufficiently good to command the usual price, and that they would pay me when I had finished another garment, if the work was satisfactory. With a heavy heart and tottering frame, I turned to find my way home, and absorbed in my sorrows, did not observe a stranger intently gazing and then following as I left the store; but after walking some distance became conscious of a footfall behind me, even out upon the obscure street through which I was hastening. Visions of garroting, murder and abuse loomed up as I sped on, the measured footstep continually gaining upon me. I had an alley to pass through, and just as I turned to enter, was grasped by the shoulder and suddenly turned face to face with my dread pursuer.

"Are you Mrs. Rariton?" he almost shrieked.

Trembling with fright, I gave a faint affirmation, when he said fiercely, and with an oath,

"Ah, you are poor, are you? And that puppy husband,—he'll find out what it is to grind and dig. Poor!" screeched the maniac, "ha! ha! We all find out what's good for us before we die. Do you know me, woman; who am I?"

"I do not know you. Let me go," replied I, with sudden courage, looking him commandingly in the eye. With the imbecile leer of insanity, he visibly flinched and dropped my arm, only to seize it again when I turned my eye from him. His wild shout as he caught me again, brought a policeman, and I was relieved.

Redoubling my speed, I arrived safely at home, falling within the doorway in a fainting fit, from which I did not recover in an hour, and which threw our patient sufferer into a new paroxysm of intense pain.

"Dear, where is the cordial, or the wine?" he asked, as he recovered. O, grief untold—there was none.

"Never mind—I suppose you forgot it, to-day," was the apologetic remark as he noted my distressed silence. O, the agony of poverty, when it denies what have become necessaries of life to the beloved sick and suffering.

My head laid achingly and wearily upon its pillow that night, and even faith seemed lost and stifled. With the morning came new hopes, and my sewing progressed with new vigor. Mr. Rariton had grown gradually weaker and less earthly,—worn to a shadow,—yet the glowing and peaceful light beaming from his spiritualized face gave him the look and manner of one about to be released from the fetters of clay which had so long bound him. His thoughts were more of heaven than earth, and, clothed in the sublime language of Scripture, they came as a voice from the spirit-land, breathing words of wisdom and prophetic inspiration. I felt a solemn resignation and almost joy pervade my soul, as I sat beside him with my sewing, and all through the summer day drank hope and comfort from his inspired lips. After lying a long time silent, he said,

"There is no possibility of my recovery, Jane, and if I have one murmuring word against Providence, it is that I must leave you without even the poor consolation of knowing that you are temporally beyond the reach of want. I have an atonement to make to your father for the harsh words spoken at our last interview. How it goads me to see you thus unceasingly toiling! It is a sad heritage that has fallen to you, my dear,—toil and poverty,—but God will reward such patience and labor."

How like balm came the words of praise from lips so loved. I scarcely heeded the new rebuff which awaited me at night,—the refusal to furnish any more work on account of the stains upon this last piece. Dear reader, they were tears of joy at my husband's sympathizing words. I still felt the genial elevation and peaceful trust caught from his heaven-solaced spirit, and unaccustomed to calculate consequences, did not heed this new difficulty. The haggard face and gleaming eyes of the wild maniac who had followed me, glared through a shop window, and I should have been again persecuted by his presence, except for the protection of a police-officer. I only felt secure when I had arrived at home in the presence of my helpless husband, whom God would save from all harm,—his weakness being certain safety. Such a composed and settled frame of mind was imbibed from his holy serenity, that I slept peacefully, with only hope between myself and absolute want.

The next morning found me seeking employment in the large sewing establishments of the city, all of whom preferred to employ those who could come to their rooms and sew—one recommended me to such and such numbers, where they gave out work, and all these had as many seamstresses as they wished. One dismissed me with the remark, "You have too much of a fine lady air about you, to do your work right"—another said, "Go to some family"—another, who knew me, and pitying my distressed look at his refusal, said kindly, "Why not try embroidery—we will pay you well;" and handing me several bands, mentioned the price, which was so meagre for the labor that I found my spirits ebbing low, and my heart very sore.

Let those who scoff at discouragement and mock at the calamities which so often beset the struggling child of adversity, leave for one day their comfortable homes, and, clad in the garb of labor, go forth into the broad streets, the byways and lanes, sueing for employment. "Ah," says one, "this happy land of free institutions leaves none to want who are willing to work." Try it, ye croakers,—forget your pompous prosperity, and limit yourself by that surrounding of circumstances which must envelop every person. Try it just after a panic,—take the position allotted me,—my husband ill, whom I could not leave,—myself unused to labor,—fresh from the lap of luxury,—hurled from the tide-wave into an inextricable whirlpool of difficulties,—how slight the chance for a successful issue of the struggle with staring want,—weakness unutterable the foe to be overcome. Not one lesson of my whole life had been given with a view to independent effort, and how could I survive. I might teach music, painting, or a school, perhaps; but my sick charge could not be left. I had no capital to purchase a piano or painting materials, and thus pursue these avocations at home,—my path was narrow, yet not straight, although faith whispered that it would ultimately reach Heaven.

I turned slowly homeward, having exhausted every resource for employment, as I believed, and with a sort of numbness in my limbs, I paused before the pictured-lined window of an extensive bookstore, more through weariness than from any interest in the life-pencilings there traced. Looking mutely and passively at the miniature representations in still steel, of the great artists and grand masters, I wondered, in my heart, if any evil of their lives had gnawed into their souls as poverty was now griping mine. I turned sadly and slowly away, meeting the wistful, gladdened eyes of—a friend. My God, had I a friend? How my heart leaped,—how the fountains enclosed and the summer dews cooled the fever-heat of my throbbing pulses,—a friend, true and tried, tender and faithful. My teacher, my governess, whom I had not seen for a long, long time, smiled in my face with unaffected joy. I had lost sight of her for many years, she having married and removed to the West, was now *en route* for Washington, whither her husband went as a National Representative. Times were changed with us, but true hearts do not forget, and her pure nature poured the healing oil into mine with no unsparing hand. She became to me in that half-hour a beacon-light,—a guiding star,—a rock of refuge and a haven of safety. Thank God for those dear human friends which He is sure to send in our direst need! [Concluded next week.]

Advertisements.

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We recommend the work to every one who keeps a cow, or intends to do so.—*Ohio Farmer.*

We recommend it as a matter of economy, because, if studied, it cannot fail to impart facts of more value to most dairy-men and dairy-women than several times its cost.—*New England Farmer.*

It should be in the hands of every owner of a cow.—*Vermont Stock Journal.*

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FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.—A gentleman, well known in this City, in at our office, remarked: "Your COUGH PILLS have been of great value at our house this Winter.—In every instance when one of the family has taken a cold, three or four doses of the COUGH and FEVER PILLS, given in alternation, have entirely cured the case in a day or two. The case has already paid for itself several times over."

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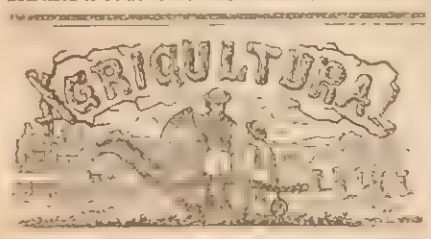


SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS.

The farmer's year is fast drawing to its close. The labors of Spring and Summer have been concluded, and with these beautiful September days we are getting in readiness to write "finis" to the duties of an extremely active season. Many things, however, remain to be accomplished ere we can say the harvest is ended, and to some of these it is our present purpose to call attention.

Prominent among the tasks soon to be taken in hand by the agriculturist, is the securing of the various root crops. A potato digger—one that will work, and work well—is sadly needed, but we believe the demand will soon be supplied by NIVEN, or some other inventor, so that the old-fashioned modes of digging may be dispensed with. The great object in getting the potatoes ready for the cellar, or pitting, is to have them perfectly dry before storing. We have noticed that some place them in heaps in the field, and throw the tops over "to protect from the rays of the sun," and we have almost invariably (when the rot was at all prevalent,) noted these individuals were among the first to complain. Moisture is the invariable accompaniment of decay. Another rule which should be generally observed, is to gather them without bruise or fracture, and care in loading and unloading ought to be exercised. In harvesting *carrots*, the readiest mode is to run the plow deeply at the side of the drills, when they may be easily removed by the hand. When stored, and it is desired to retain all their freshness, this can be done by surrounding each root with earth. *Parsnips* may be removed very late in the fall. A cool place must be had in which to put them, and with this root covering with earth is a necessity, as heat and air very soon cause shrinkage and softening, materially affecting their value either for the table or stock. When not wanted for use they might remain in the ground until spring, at which period they are particularly rich and juicy. *Turnips* soon become pithy and comparatively worthless where the atmosphere is dry, warm, and the circulation impeded, and this condition of affairs should be avoided. Many stock growers pit turnips extensively, and we republish the mode of one whose success has been very satisfactory:

"A dry part of the field is selected, the ground excavated to the depth of about six inches, three feet wide, and as long as may be needed. In this the turnips are placed, as high as the width of the narrow trench will admit, the pile being two feet in the middle. Over the mass a good layer of corn-stalks or straw is placed, when the earth is carefully and compactly heaped up to a sharp pitch, and well beaten with the flat of the spade. At the distance of every fifteen or twenty feet, a vent hole is left, the size of a common stove pipe, in which a roll of straw is firmly twisted. This has the effect of exhausting the pit of the heated, impure atmosphere by which it naturally becomes filled, producing decomposition. By this simple, easy mode of pitting, English turnips have been preserved throughout the winter in good condition."

Pitting potatoes we are averse to, especially in our northern climate, and believe there are satisfactory reasons for not adopting such practice. First, it is almost impossible to obtain the freedom from moisture necessary to the safe-keeping of the crop. Second, the period of marketing, and when the demand is at its height is, as a general thing, during the winter, and the inclement weather is such that the opening of the pit for their removal is attended with much hazard. To the in-door keeping a *good cellar* is essential, and, as we have frequently remarked, this portion of a farm building, when properly constructed, will be found to return a large per centage for the investment. Good, substantial stone walls is the first requisite, and the *mortar used ought to be of the best quality*. The walls never should be less than two feet above the surface—three were better—and windows inserted at such points as are best calculated to furnish light and complete ventilation. The thickness of the wall will be governed, in a degree, by the size of the dwelling to be erected upon it, but fifteen inches is as little as our severe frosts will admit. Drainage is another important item in the construction of a cellar. If the soil is a compact one, and possessed of a tendency to hold water—strike a stone drain from the lowest corner of it—using small, or flat stones, well set in cement for its base. Again, it should be rat proof—and if the proper means are used—for instance, permitting the bottom course of stone in the foundation to project six or eight inches it will be well protected from the outside. Finally, a large, roomy external entrance should be made to it, and a strong pair of steps leading therein.

The Corn Crop seems to be a little behind the times, in this section at least, and the cold weather we are now experiencing does not mature it as rapidly as could be desired. Still, fair days may yet shine upon us in abundance, and if thus blessed, the present month will furnish excellent opportunity for gathering such as is intended for seed. When the earliest ears are glazed, let each cultivator stroll through the field and make choice from such stalks as exhibit unmistakable signs of health and vigor. If any should be in readiness, braid the ears carefully and hang them up in a dry, warm and airy place. If not convenient to gather now, a few light, pointed sticks might be carried upon the arm, and when any deemed worthy are observed, place the stick in the hill that it may be noted hereafter. The finest, longest, fullest ears are what you want—reject all that are not thus.

Pigs destined to occupy pork-barrels the coming winter ought to be penned shortly, and the fattening process commenced by *pushing* a little on feed. Use such material as is at hand, the long-keeping of which may result in deterioration or loss. The pig is omniverous—will eat anything and everything that is edible. The prime object is to feed regularly—don't starve to-day and fill to repletion to-morrow. Corn, peas, beans, carrots, parsnips, cabbage, &c, will all come in good play, and be found to essentially aid and assist in carrying out the specified plans of the owner. If you have any number of swine a steaming apparatus will be found both convenient and economical. It prepares the food to be more readily acted upon by the digestive organs, and whatever will tend to this object, diminishes the necessity of an expenditure of vital force to its accomplishment, and of necessity enables the animal to thrive more rapidly upon a certain quantity.

AG. FAIRS—IMPORTANCE AND PROFIT.

In our issue of the 20th ult., we gave a list of State, County and other Fairs, and the time and place of holding them, to the number of over 350. These were all that we could obtain precise information in regard to, but there are, of course, many others that have not come under our notice. These annual gatherings of the farmers are becoming important, on account of their great and increasing number and the vast amount of time and means employed. They have become a great power in the land for good or evil; and it is of the utmost importance that they should be so conducted as to yield a harvest of good fruit. Let us make a brief calculation upon the list as published. These fairs we will suppose to occupy two days each, and to be visited by 4,000 persons each day, which we think a low estimate. This will add up 1,400,000 days, or nearly 40,000 years, or a year each for 40,000 men. Supposing each visitor to spend 50 cents for admission fees and other expenses we have a cost of $700,000. This is in addition to the time and money given gratuitously by officers and committees. For this large outlay of time and means we have a right to expect great results. An institution which enlists such a vast multitude of the practical working men of the country in its support cannot be considered unimportant, or unworthy the attention of the press having the interests of this class especially in its keeping.

Without saying what the Farmer's Fairs should be, we will merely remark that they should not be permitted to become mere *shows*, or prominently partake of the character of the museum, the circus, the caravan or the horse-race. If this is done the time and money which we have shown is expended in maintaining them will be worse than wasted, for though it may by some be claimed that these shows are innocent in themselves, the evils always incident to large gatherings of people will more than counterbalance any good likely to result. Our object, however, at this time is not to advise in regard to the management of Fairs, but to give a few hints as to the most profitable way to examine these shows, for as much depends upon those who visit, as upon those who get up and manage these exhibitions. Many go away from the finest exhibition dissatisfied, having spent a day, seen a great deal, and learned but little. The knowledge of this fact makes them unhappy, and very many, on returning home, are ready to vote all fairs a humbug—an unprofitable outlay of time and money. We would like to show the way in which every tolerably good exhibition may be viewed with profit, but have only space to briefly allude to one or two points.

Those who attend one of our State, or even a large County Fair, and spend five or six hours upon the grounds, or even twice this time, in looking over the whole exhibition, will go away with a confused jumble of men and women, cattle and flowers, sheep and pigs and pumpkins daguerreotyped upon the mind, without one new or valuable idea that will be of service in practice.—Almost every farmer has some subject in which he is more particularly interested, and this he should make a special study, whether it is stock, grain, potatoes or roots, thoroughly examining everything of the kind exhibited, asking questions of exhibitors, and taking all necessary pains to gather information. Every one before going to the fair should determine to make a specialty of some department, and give it his almost entire time and thought. By doing so he will gain much knowledge, that will be of value to himself and to those to whom it may be imparted.

The first thing that demands our attention is the HORSES. Too much attention perhaps has been given to speed, of late, and too little to strength and endurance, qualities that make the horse valuable for the farmer. Our improved and improving system of agriculture—deep plowing, subsoiling, &c.,—calls for heavier horses than were needed when farmers, as in olden time, only turned over the virgin soil a few inches in depth. Farmers who look for fine farm horses should remember this fact. Still, if farmers can breed horses that will sell for high prices on account of their speed, we know not why this may not be done.

To examine the CATTLE, the various breeds and the different animals in each, *and* to judge of their comparative merits, and their adaptation to different purposes and circumstances, and to do this thoroughly and profitably requires all the time of the show. Here you will find the owners, ready to answer a host of questions as to feeding, milking, fattening, &c., and here too, better than by reading a library of books, you can learn the good and bad points of animals, no mean acquisition to the farmer.

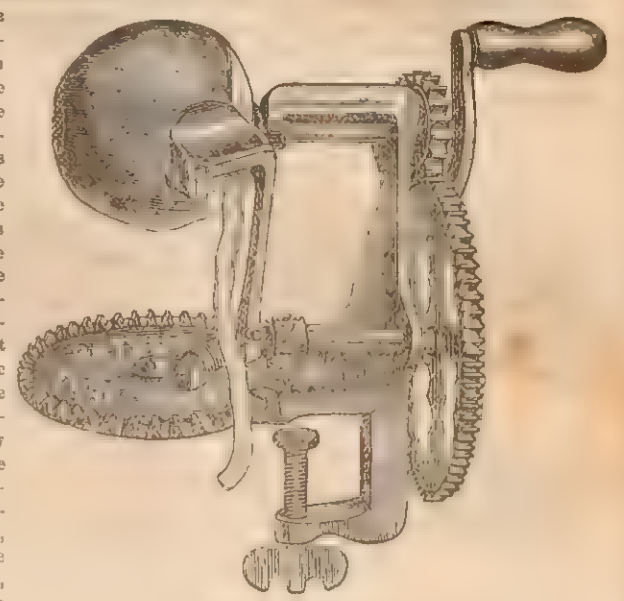
The *Implements* are a curious and profitable study, and from their careful examination may be learned not only how to lessen labor by the use of labor-saving implements, but much knowledge of mechanical principles, very useful to their management.

We might continue these remarks, but we have said enough to give our ideas of the best way to look at an exhibition, when the object sought is to gain knowledge, and not to pass an idle hour, or day in useless sight-seeing.

EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE.

EXTIRPATING THISTLES FROM GRASS LANDS.—A correspondent of the London *Field*, in commenting upon this class of pests, remarks that there have appeared few things more extraordinary in the history of farming knowledge than the perverse tenacity with which prejudice has so long preferred the scythe to the roller in keeping down thistles. In the North Riding of Yorkshire, as far back as forty years ago, the roller was an improved instrument for destroying thistles in pasture grounds; and most effective was it found to be, the bruise and crush of the top of the plant extending its mortification to the root. No doubt the scythe makes a clean sweep; so does a surgeon when he cuts a leg off; but let a crushed leg remain attached to the body, and the undertaker will assuredly have employment.

STEAM PLOWS IN ENGLAND.—At the meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society in Warwick, England, July 12th, a prominent feature of the exhibition was the collection of steam plows and steam cultivators. Sixteen steam plows were entered for competition, and ten steam cultivators, the last named being intended for cutting and thoroughly pulverizing the soil to the depth of six to nine inches along a track four and a half to five or six feet wide. The Manchester *Guardian* says that "the most peculiar and novel implement exhibited under this head is ROMAINE'S Patent Steam Rotary Cultivator, which professes to perform perfect spade husbandry, digging six acres a day at nine shillings ($2,16) per acre. The machine is very cumbersome and unwieldy, weighing ten tuns, but it does not require any assistance from horses, as it is self-propelling."



TURN-TABLE APPLE PARER.

THE "TURN-TABLE APPLE PARER" is one of the best machines for the purpose of its invention with which we are acquainted. It is a genuine Yankee invention, was patented some two years ago, and has since been introduced to some extent in New England. We have had one of these machines only two weeks, yet has become an indispensable article in the "kitchen cabinet,"—being considered the best of several apple parers yet tried in that department. In the language of a contemporary, "it is simple in construction, is made entirely of iron, and can be readily attached to the side of a table or shelf. It is small and compact withal, and may be put into a box 4½ by 6 by 8 inches, without taking it apart. The most important thing, however, is, that it works well. We have tried it on gnarly apples, and found the flexible or movable knife to adapt itself admirably to the irregularities of the fruit. This knife cuts upward instead of downward or horizontally. Simply turning the crank revolves the apple on the fork, and carries the knife round the fruit, against which it is kept pressed by a spring. A cam under the turn-table, throws the knife lever outward as soon as it has completed the paring; it then goes round, and back to the starting point, ready for another apple. By continuing to turn the crank, the apple will be sliced into thin parings, if desired, for drying or cooking. The implements are not expensive, as they are wholesaled so they can be retailed at $1 each with a fair profit."

BEST AND CHEAPEST METHOD OF MANURING A FARM.—The *Mark Lane Express* contains an article upon this subject by Mr. MECHI, from which we extract the following:—"I am often amused at the various unfounded charges laid at my door, seeing that they originate in the brain of erroneous conviction and unfounded belief. I should think that your correspondent, 'Kent,' had convinced himself by his own experiment that making meat is the cheapest way of obtaining manure, but as he still seems doubtful, I would recommend him to read Mr. LAWES' paper on the subject, in the Royal Agricultural Society's Journal, which ought to convince him, scientifically. A farmer will seldom fail to have an abundant crop of corn on one-half of his farm, if he makes, as I do, ten score of meat per acre on every acre of his farm. The laborer makes thirty-two score per acre. How that meat is to be made is dependent on circumstances. Nothing pays me better than giving sheep one pound of rapecake per day; as they get fat, they will eat nearly one and a half pounds per day. Rapecake costs £6 per tun; as manure it is worth £3 3s. per tun, and we believe that seven pounds of rapecake will make one pound of mutton. Fattening hogs entails a loss of about ten per cent. as an average, but still it is much cheaper than guano; fifty-six lbs. of barley-meal is generally sufficient to produce eight pounds of pork. Fattening bullocks, on the principle laid down by Mr. HORSFALL, is also a cheap way of obtaining manure. When you have made your manure, take care not to waste an ounce of it. This has been my custom for the last fifteen years, and as a consequence my farm teems with fertility. The slops and excreta from the house should all go on the farm. Guano pays very well on a distant field, or when you are too busy to cart manure; it is also a good addition to the farm manure for a greedy root crop. Nine-tenths of the land in this kingdom is neither well manured nor sufficiently cultivated. If I know how many score pounds of meat a farmer produces per acre, I can generally make a shrewd guess at what his crops are.

"P. S.—A laborer generally fats one pig, using about four sacks of barley meal, and adding about six score to the weight of his pig. This, on his garden of one-eighth of an acre, would be 48 score per acre on the consumption of 15 to 16 quarters of barley per acre."

TURKEY BREEDING.—Several inquiries upon the subject of raising turkeys, and the responses thereto, have appeared in the RURAL recently, but the following, credited to an American writer in one of the English journals, contains some valuable suggestions. The author remarks:

"Every turkey breeder is not aware of it, but it is a fact, that of either sex, one old turkey is worth two yearlings for rearing young ones. A turkey does not arrive at its full growth and maturity till the next fall after two years old, and of consequence, to its full strength and vigor for breeding in the best possible manner. The continual repetition of keeping young gobblers and pullets for breeding, as some people do, reduces the size of their young until they arrive at scarcely half the weight they should do. Besides this, the young of these immature birds are exceedingly tender, and much more difficult to raise than those of old birds. We have tried this thing thoroughly, and are convinced of the difference. Were we choose our birds for the best breeding, both cocks and hens should not be less than three years old, and then the cock should be from a different stock from the hens. We think turkeys bear breeding from close affinities less successfully than any other fowl—at least we have found it so—and we would never breed a cock to hens which were closely related, if it could be helped.

Another thing, we prefer to let every hen sit upon her own eggs, and with the first laying of the season. She hatches them better than a barn-door hen, and is the most natural and satisfactory mother. We have most repeatedly set the first laying of eggs under the common hen, and turned the turkey out for a second clutch of eggs, on which she sat herself. But these second chickens are apt to be weaker than the first, and so late as not to obtain a fair growth before cold weather sets in—in fact, not worth half price. The turkey is a 'natural' bird in all its habits, domesticated from a wild state, and yet retaining the constitutional propensities of its original race; therefore the young should be reared in their proper season, when the varieties of food they are partial to are the most abundant. Every young turkey should be out of the shell by the middle of June, at the latest, which gives them full time to get up to good size by 'Thanksgiving,' and fat and juicy by Christmas."

DRIVING OXEN WITHOUT LINES.

"Give a Yankee an ox, with a whip or a goad:
Let a Dutchman have horses when hauling a load.
Give Dutchmen and Irishmen lines to pull;
Give a Yankee a whip to drive ox or bull."—EDWARDS.

OXEN were always calculated to be driven without bridles or lines. But horses, not so much so. Oxen chew the cud; and bits in their mouths would be a great hindrance to them in ruminating. Horses do not chew the cud, and therefore, because they usually possess more spirit, and agility, and impetuosity in their movements, "*we put bits in their mouths that they may obey us.*" (James, 3:3.) It would be a very difficult task to learn a span of fiery, spirited colts to obey the motion of a whip; but a yoke of steers, however wild and skittish, can be learned, in a very short time, to render most complete obedience to the driver, if he understands how to use his whip with skill and propriety. Perhaps there is not another domestic animal that can be driven with so much ease and precesion, without lines, as an ox.

I have observed that there has been very much written, in years past, on the subject of breaking steers, and driving them; but I have always

noticed that what I consider a very important consideration in driving steers and oxen, has been left out, either because the writers did not understand the business of driving oxen without lines, or they took it for granted that everybody knows how to drive oxen with nothing but a whip. I have no hesitation in saying, that there is not one man in ninety-nine, who knows how to take a whip and drive a yoke of oxen correctly, even when the oxen are well trained.

In driving oxen with a whip—without lines—the driver needs, in the first place, *a whip* that is a proper thing to drive oxen with. A man cannot expect to drive a yoke of oxen well with a cudgel, nor hand-spike, nor pitchfork, nor with a hoop-pole, as many use for such a purpose; nor does he want a little switch, or lash whip, not more than a yard in length. But, he wants a real Yankee's ox whip. The stalk should not be less than seven or eight feet in length, small, light, and elastic, with a small light lash tied on the end, about two feet long. It should be long enough so that the driver can sit behind his team in the wagon, and reach the heads of his oxen with the lash. Such a whip is not designed to flagellate oxen with, but to drive them, by its light touches and skillful motions.

Now, then, a teamster needs to understand *how* to make a motion with his whip, *when* to make a certain motion, *when* to touch the off ox, before or behind, and *when* to touch the near ox, before or behind, or in any other place, in order to make an ox move in a given direction. Every motion of the whip of a good teamster will be just as intelligible to well trained oxen, as plain, intelligible language is to us; and it is as easy to drive a yoke of oxen by the simple motions and light touches of the whip, without uttering a word, and drive them correctly too, as it is to tell how it should be done. Every motion with the whip of a skillful driver means something; and if the driver makes all his motions correctly, steers and oxen will readily understand and promptly obey them. But, when a driver makes a motion with his whip, and the oxen obey it, and in obeying it, they move directly the reverse of what *he* desired, and they then receive an unmerciful lashing for it—which is a most common occurrence—how can it be expected that a well trained yoke of oxen will be any more obedient than Balaam's stupid ass. (1st Kings, 22:27.) There are certain motions and touches of the whip which well trained oxen understand, as meaning, *whoa*, to stop; *gee*, to turn to the right; *haw*, or *hoi*, to turn to the left; *come along*, or *go along*, to proceed forward; and back, *to step backwards*. A good teamster will never use but one of these phrases at once. But, it is no uncommon thing to hear ox-teamsters, now-a-days, halloo at their team, "*whoa-back-gee-go-along*," or "*whoa-back-hoi-come-here-to-me*"—while the lash is applied at random, wherever they can best hit the oxen. When you want an ox to stop, speak out a good round *whoa;* with the long, open sound of O. Not *whoo*, nor *whew*, nor *hoo*, nor *how*. Never let the word *whoa* be used in connection with *gee* or *haw*, for it confuses oxen and one might as well speak to them in an unknown tongue. What kind of a movement would a yoke of oxen make, if they should obey, promptly, the command to, "*whoa-back-haw-come-here-go-along*," or "*whoa-back-gee-go-along?*" Yet such commands are very common, with many of the ox-teamsters of the present day, which accounts very conclusively for the unaccountable stupidity of working oxen in so many instances. Let the ox-teamster "keep his tongue, with all diligence," and when he desires his oxen to move in a given direction, give them the corresponding word, and motion, or touch of the whip, and they will very soon obey, as promptly as horses that are guided with lines.

When driving a yoke of oxen straight forward, let the driver stand by the side of the near ox, say three or four feet from him, with his whip erect, so that both the oxen can see. Now, as the word *come along* is given, in a plain, open sound, just touch them both with the lash, on their rumps. Touch the slowest ox first. Now, keep the whip erect, as a soldier carries his musket when marching. When the word *whoa* is announced, let the driver stop short and speak distinctly, *whoa*. If he is not able to bring out this Yankeeism, in a round, full tone, let him speak the letter O, with an open, round sound—not drawl it out, nor snap it off, like the yelp of a wolf—and at the same time raise his whip and let the lash fall on the forehead of the ox that is least inclined to stop. It may be necessary, in some instances, to give an ox a blow with the lash, so that it will smart a little; but it is much the best to try a light touch with the lash first. Never keep the whip swinging over the oxen, and around their heads, when they are moving forward. In driving oxen that are very spirited, when they are going straight forward, and are inclined to go too rapidly, the driver should stand about even with the yoke and put his whip forward of the heads, touch them lightly, and try to check their rapid pace with light blows. If they become too impetuous, give them the word *whoa*, and stop, and then start onward again for a short distance. But spare all the hard blows with the lash until there seems to be no efficacy in gentle touches with it. Never keep up an incessant *whoa, whoa, whoa*, in order to make any team walk more steadily, and with less rapidity.

When it is desired to have oxen *gee around*, let the lash drop on the buttock of the near ox, immediately after the word is given to gee around, and let the driver step forward, near the head of the near ox, and make a motion to the off ox to back. If the off ox is not inclined to *gee*, touch him with the whip, on the *left* shoulder. If the off ox dashes ahead too much, touch him lightly on the head, and touch up the near ox, behind, with the lash. *To haw them around*, let the driver step back opposite the tails of the oxen, and give them one word, *haw around*, and at the same time touch the near ox with the lash on the forehead, and the off ox on his rump. If the near ox does not haw as much as he ought to by touching on the head, give him a blow with the lash over the shoulders, so that the lash will strike on the right shoulder. As soon as oxen have become accustomed to the words of command, and touches of the whip, they will obey very promptly, with only the motion of the whip, without touching them. Oxen will notice the motions of a whip and the motions and words of the driver; and if they are always made intelligibly and understandingly, oxen will very soon learn to step to the mark with all desirable promptness. A swing of the whip from near the rumps towards the heads of oxen, when the driver is standing by the side of the near ox, they will very quickly learn means to go forward. But if the driver drops back, as they are going forward, and swings his whip over the oxen in a diagonal direction, from over the rump of the off ox, towards the head of the near ox, well trained oxen will immediately *haw*, if not a word is uttered to them.

When a driver walks or rides behind his oxen, a swing of the whip, over the oxen, from right to left, or a touch on the forehead, or right shoulder of the near ox, and a touch with the lash on the buttock of the off ox, will always make them haw; while a touch on the forehead and left shoulder of the off ox, and a touch at the same time on the buttock of the near ox, will make them *gee*. But the words of command should always precede the motions and touches of the whip. It is very seldom necessary to strike good oxen a smart blow with a whip; and raw hands should always be very careful how they touch their oxen, and above all, how they strike them. It is always attended with no good consequences to whip any oxen, unless we know they are in the fault, and know how to obey better; and when oxen are very spirited they will always obey infinitely better with a gentle touch of the lash, and a good round word of command, than with all the whipping and yelling that a boisterous teamster is able to bring out on the occasion. Whipping obedience into spirited oxen, is not unlike old aunt CHLOE'S whipping her refractory boys: "while she whipped out one devil, she whipped seven more in." Let young ox teamsters always be taught to spare the whip, and to give the words of command correctly, and the proper touches with the whip.

As intimately connected with this subject, I may be allowed to pen an egotistical anecdote—which I trust you will pardon—showing how often good oxen are most shamefully abused, when the driver is ten fold more stupid than the beasts he is endeavoring to drive.

When at one of my neighbors, who had a good yoke of oxen, PAT was trying to drive the oxen before the wagon to hitch them to it. He brought them up to the tongue of the wagon, with their heads to the side of it, and with a cudgel gave the off ox a crack on the head, and bid him "*step over the tongue.*" Of course the ox backed up and went in an opposite direction. All his efforts failed to get them before the wagon; and PAT, like an infuriated fellow, was making the most desperate efforts to "clave them to the skull," threatening to wreak the most direful vengeance on their "contrary nacks," when I said to him, "PAT, let me assist you a little." Said I, "PAT, go get the ox whip." "Indade, sir, and Mr. B. will allow no man to be after whipping his oxen." "Get me the whip," said I; "I'll teach them a lesson, (but I meant him,) so that they will trouble you again like this. PAT, these oxen are Yankees." "Indade they are, and the ugliest kind, sure." Taking the whip in hand, said I, "Now, PAT, I want you to observe just *how many times* I strike that contrary ox, *how hard* I strike him, and *where* I strike him." "They'll surely run away," said PAT. "Now, PAT, I will give these oxen three words of command, and they will step exactly to the spot where you want them, and stop." With an understanding swing of the whip and the command, *come along*, they walked lively up to the tongue of the wagon; and, as the off ox put his forward feet over the tongue, I halted, short, and elevated the whip, and bid them *whoa*, when that contrary ox placed his hind feet over the tongue, and stopped, exactly in the desired spot. "And you are not the man that can do that again," said PAT. At the word come along, Buck, and the swing of the whip, they stepped forward, and hawed around, and at the word *whoa*, stopped as before, within two inches of their first tracks. After showing him how to swing his whip, and where to stand when driving, PAT could drive his oxen over the tongue, and to any other place, without any difficulty. S. EDWARDS TODD.

Lake Ridge, Tompkins Co., N. Y., 1859.

SORGHUM.—WHERE IS IT?

EDS. RURAL:—Any circumstance that makes a deep impression on the mind is apt to be recalled to the memory on each anniversary of its occurrence; and this is the reason doubtless that, as the season wanes and frosty nights approach, I experience a rising emotion of interest in regard to Sorghum! And this is intensified by a little fact in domestic life. You know the "better half" of our households are willing enough to prepare delicacies and dainties for their "liege lords," but they are not willing, and can not be driven to do so, without a preliminary supply of the needful requisites wherewith to work. Hence, they are everlastingly calling for this, that, or the other thing, among which sugar is prominent. To my question to-day, "how much?" the reply was, "O, no special quantity—any amount less than a tun will come in play!" Considering that the family is of but ordinary size, this reply fairly made me stare, and brought up in touching and affectionate remembrance my old-time and well-beloved Sorghum friends, whose self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of Cheap Sugar, in the face of sneers by the garrulous, and the jeers of old fogyism, is greatly to their praise.

How is the Sorghum? but more particularly, *where* is it this current year? The public prints have had much to say all along during the summer of the growing and garnered crops. Wheat and corn, grass and rye, potatoes and fruit, have been closely watched, and the prospect reported at each stage of development, but "nary a word" have we had of Sorghum. What does it mean? Is it studied despite? or are the cultivators thereof planning "startling announcements" when the crop shall be gathered, and the "mills" have done their work? I profess not to know. We can hope for the best, but be prepared for the worst. I am in the dark—as one born blind. I see none, hear of none, nor smell, nor taste, nor feel any. But "altitude" is against us,—this is a region of frosts, say they. And were not some other sections "frosty" the fourth of June last? Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

But let us possess our souls in patience. We shall see. The Sorghum defenders of former years are committed on the subject, and will, of course, report. We want the facts of Sorghum culture in 1859. We do. They must not say that the season has been unpropitious, for it was in the face of the known character of the climate on the 42–45 parallel that they declared it was no humbug, but would become a general and standard crop. Messrs. S. W——, DOOLITTLE, &c., &c., stand up to the rack! Don't dodge. Give us the facts.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., Sept., 1859. W. B. P.

GREAT DAYS' WORKS.

THE men who at fifty or sixty years of age boast of the half-dozen extraordinary days works of their youth and early manhood, can seldom be counted among those whose life-long labors have been of great effect in subduing the earth or converting its products to the use of man. In a multitude of instances, those who treasure up and recount the occasional great industrial achievements of their earlier days, are persons of naturally indolent dispositions, whose ambition, having been roused by rivalry in the field or shop, they put forth their utmost strength on brief occasions, and, content with having outworked their competitors for a day or half-day, and proved how much they were able to do if they only chose to make the necessary exertion, relapsed into their usual forced, reluctant habits of work. Others of really ambitious nature, in the playful zeal to try their strength, or in the anxiety to accomplish the greatest possible amount of work in a short time, under some particular circumstances of weather or other urgency, fearfully overtasked themselves—such imprudence often doing more to break down the physical constitution than years of ordinary labor would have done.

There is, thus, commonly nothing gained but much lost by the great days' works, on the credit of which the lazy excuse their idleness, and the industrious account for their inability to do full work in the prime of life. In whatever business one is engaged, he will generally accomplish more in the long run by doing regularly a fixed, moderate amount of labor each day, than by performing an extraordinary day's work occasionally, and admitting that as an excuse for slackness at times when he feels disinclined to work. One easily overestimates the gains he makes by unusual effort, as well as undervalues what he loses by indulgence in sloth. Idleness eats up the gains of past industry very fast; before we are aware of it rest has consumed the savings of extra toil.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1859. A.

STACKING AND CURING BEANS.

MR. MOORE:—I noticed in a late RURAL a request for information about putting up beans to cure. The following plan has been practiced in this section for several years, and I have never known beans when so put up to injure, even in the wettest seasons.

Cut good stiff poles, about eight feet long, so as to have one or more limbs 2½ feet from the lower end. Cut the limbs off to six inches—in lieu of the limbs 1½ inch pins might be used—these will keep the beans off the ground. Set the poles firmly in the earth and they are ready for use. Place a handful of beans across the snag, and one across that on each side of the pole; wind the tops around so that they will not fall apart and build right up with the tops out, and so that the stack shall not be over 2½ feet through. At the top of the stack the roots should be turned up and tied to the pole, to hold them in place and turn off the the rain, or a little straw can be used for a covering. If well put up after this plan the rain will never soak into them, while the air can circulate under and through the stack. One set of poles, if housed when not in use, will last a great many years.—S. T. K., *Great Valley, N. Y.*, 1859.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Imperfect Vision in Horses.

A WRITER in the London (Eng.,) *Review* gives the following mode of detecting imperfect vision or blindness in horses:—"The novice in horse-flesh may have good grounds for suspicion as to the existence of imperfect vision or blindness, when the horse moves his ears in a constant and rapid motion, directing them in quick succession to every quarter from whence the least sound proceeds. His action is lofty and faltering, and he lifts up his feet and replaces them on the ground as if stepping over some obstacle, when there is actually nothing to impede his free progression. But, notwithstanding that these symptoms would be sufficient to create suspicion, there are other causes (besides imperfect vision) by which the same, or similar symptoms, would appear in horses. For instance, if a horse with the most perfect pair of eyes were led from a dark stable into the blazing sunshine, the sudden contraction of the pupil of his eye would render it impossible, for a few moments, for him to see but very indistinctly; hence would arise the same symptoms of uncertainty in his movements, until the pupil becomes steady after the sudden contraction. The dilation and contraction of the pupil of the horse's eye furnishes the principal means of ascertaining whether the blindness exists in one eye or both, as this pupil varies in size, according to the degree of light which is brought to bear upon it. In a dark stable, the pupil is expanded, so that a greater portion of light falls upon the cornea; but if the horse is led to the door of the stable, the pupil will contract, so as to exclude more light than could be endured; and if suddenly exposed to the sun, the aperture will be all but closed; therefore, the novice should carefully notice these variations in the pupil, whether they contract or expand equally by the increase and decrease of the light—which he may readily perceive by advancing the horse's head to the open door or window of the stable, and backing him again into the darkness, until he is satisfied as to the perfection or imperfection of the horse's vision. But if the horse should be examined in the open air, the novice should first notice whether both pupils are of exactly of the same size. After this, he should carefully place his hand, so as not to alarm the horse, over each eye, to shade off the light, and hold it there for a short time, noticing the extent to which the pupil dilates, then pass his hand over the other eye, and ascertain whether it also dilates to the same extent; and if he should still be uncertain, let him place both hands in the positions of shades over both the eyes of the horse, and he will at once perceive (if his own vision be good) whether they are perfect; and if not, which of the two are imperfect."

Diseases Among Cattle.

UPON the practice of boring the horns, cutting off the tails, and similar remedies for diseased animals, Dr. G. H. DADD, veterinary surgeon, Boston, Mass., thus writes to the *Valley Farmer:*

I wonder that intelligent men, Christians, and men who have been for many years the owners of high-priced and rare specimens of what we are pleased to term the *inferior* orders of creation, should so far disregard the feelings and claims which the latter have on them, as to permit the barbarities of by-gone days to be enacted over again, for no earthly use than to harass and torment a sick, and perhaps dying animal. For every intelligent man must be aware that cattle are as susceptible to pain as ourselves, and that the introduction of a *spike gimlet*, at the base of the horn, *low down*, must put the animal to an immense amount of torment; for, in the region indicated, the parts are highly organized and very sensitive. It gives me pleasure to find that you have a heart to feel for these much abused specimens of creative power, and also that you have manliness to denounce the practice of cruelty to animals, although it attempts to shield itself under the garb of science; but you and your readers may rest assured that all *educated* veterinary surgeons consider the practice of boring cow's horns and cutting of their tails, both cruel and unnecessary. Some of your readers may ask, How are we, who have not studied into the matter, to know that such operations are *cruel* and *unnecessary?* I answer, appeal to your own intelligence; would you suffer an ignorant pretender or a neighbor, having no more experence in the treatment of disease than yourselves, to send a *gimlet* into the frontal sinuses of your sick friend, wife, or child, for no other reason than that the region of the same was hot and feverish? Where is the man who would stand by and witness such an outrageous procedure? Some persons may contend that animals recover after such operations have been performed. Granted, but that is no proof of the efficacy of the same; the recuperative powers of the system are often strong enough to bear the animal safely through the disease and the wretched treatment.

Small Pens for Fattening Swine.

THAT exercise conduces very little toward taking on flesh, while quiet assists materially in hastening the operation of fattening, is well known, and should ever be taken into account by those who would fit any animal for slaughtering. The following, from the *American Agriculturist*, is worthy the attention of farmers:

"From observation extending over a dozen years or more, made in villages and the rural districts, we have noticed that the fattest and best pork is made in the former, where one or two pigs is usually kept in a small pen. The villager has a small room, and crowds his pig into narrow quarters for the whole year. It is fed on slops for eight months, and for the last four is crammed with scalded Indian meal. He gets pork of decidedly better quality than he can purchase, and gets it cheaper. The whole energy of the animal is forced by his training into the production of flesh and fat.

The pigs of the farmer, on the other hand, run in a pasture or on the common, for six or eight months, and are shut up a dozen or more in a large pen to fatten, because he has plenty of room. The energy of the animal has gone very much to the development of snout and feet, and the propensity to run and to root is not circumscribed very much in his roomy pen. By Christmas he is not more than two-thirds fattened, and he has consumed quite as much as the village pig, which is ready for the knife. We have two yearling pigs, good for four hundred and fifty pounds of pork by Christmas, that have never been out of a pen, eight feet by twelve, since they were eight weeks old. Small pens kept dry, and regular feeding is the secret of their thrift."

Winter Fallows.

"JONATHAN," in the *American Agriculturist*, gives his opinion of fallows in general thus:—Summer fallows have pretty well gone out of fashion, as they deserved to; for the fields when left unsown, "to rest," as people used to say, seemed to delight to grow weeds, just for recreation, and then it took a long time before they could be brought to mind their business, and bear the old crops again. But I believe in *Winter Fallows*. When I want a good, clean, and heavy piece of corn, I begin the Fall before, and turn the sod under, early enough to let the scattering grass and weeds get a start, to be mostly killed out by the cold in Winter. Jack Frost is a capital hand, too, to kill grubs and worms, and he leaves very few if they are turned up where he can have a good chance at them. If the ground be left in ridges, just as it was plowed, the freezing and thawing will pulverize it, and in the Spring it will be light work to run the plow and harrow through again. The sod will also be so well subdued that the after work of hoeing will be very different from fighting grass all Summer, as I've often had to do in a wet season, where a heavy sod had been turned under in the Spring. I would spread manure on in the Spring before plowing, and then plow light, leaving the sod below undisturbed for the corn roots to work in when they get down there.

VALUE OF CORN FODDER.—According to the experiments made by the Massachusetts State Farm School, corn-stalks are worth one-quarter as much as the best hay, and fully equal to wild or marsh hay in value.

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE WEATHER of last week was generally favorable for growing crops, and the holding of Agricultural Fairs. No frost has yet occurred in this State, though we have accounts of its recent visitations in the West and Canada. The Toronto (C. W.) *Globe*, after speaking of the frosts in June and July, says—"And now, in the latter end of August and earlier days of September, we have had a succession of severe frosts, which have proved very destructive." It adds that the buckwheat is almost all gone; corn has fared better, but potato vines are withered to the ground, though it is hoped the tubers are safe.

FIELDS' STEAM CULTIVATOR AND PLOW.—In the RURAL of the 27th ult. we briefly stated that a Steam Cultivator had recently been constructed at the extensive "Island Works" of SILENT, MYNDERSE & Co., Seneca Falls, N. Y.,—that it had been tested to some extent, and that a public trial was to take place in a few days, which we should probably witness and notice. Since then the machine has had several trials, and been improved in some respects. On Friday last we had the pleasure of attending a public exhibition of the machine near Waterloo, and can now speak more definitely of its appearance, construction and operation.

The machine is of ponderous size, weighs about six tuns, and is propelled by a Rotary Engine of ten horse power, only half of which power, it is estimated, is expended upon the cultivating apparatus. There are two driving wheels, each eight feet in diameter and one foot wide, and a double guide wheel four feet in diameter. The inventor claims that it can perform the work of spading or plowing, according to the nature of the soil or wants of the owner. Spade culture, however, is its chief feature. There are six spades, which turn up the soil nine feet wide to any depth required from six to fifteen inches. Each spade is about four and a half feet long, and operated by a circular crank motion. The crank pin is attached to the upper end of the spade handle, which, in connection with a guide arm or lever, fastened to the spade handle by a knuckle joint about two-thirds the distance from the top, gives the spade its up and down, forward and backward motions—in its operation casting the earth in an upward and backward direction about three feet high and four feet to the rear, and pulverizing every portion of the soil over which it passes. To the machine may be attached a revolving harrow and the ordinary seed drill, thus enabling the operator to complete the whole labor of spading or plowing, harrowing and drilling at one operation, and (as is claimed) at the rate of one and a quarter to two and a half acres per hour, according to the nature of the soil and depth of cultivation. It is also provided with driving gear for the purpose of propelling a reaper and mower, or stationary machinery for threshing, grinding, sawing, pumping, &c., and is said to be particularly adapted to hemp-breaking. Thus much of its appearance, construction and claimed capacity. As to its operation we can only say it worked well on light, sandy stubble ground. It also operated well on plowed ground, and that which had been spaded. The forward stroke of the spades was about 8 inches, and the depth from 10 to 12 inches. The soil was very light, and not a fair test, perhaps, of the power of the machine,—but we were assured it had worked well in heavy clay, though the forward stroke of the spades should only be 4 to 5 inches in order to pulverize clay properly. We infer that it would not operate satisfactorily on stony soil, or at least where the obstructions are larger than cobble stones.

—This machine is still in its chrysalis stage, yet we regard it as the germ of a valuable improvement. The inventor, Mr. GEO. B. FIELD, of St. Louis, Mo., is evidently a man of genius and enterprise, and will be likely to perfect his ideas and render the machine successful. It is not designed for breaking up, but for all after culture, and Mr. F. claims that his spading process will prove far easier and cheaper than any other. Time will determine,—but whatever the result, we are more confident than ever before of the early success of Steam Culture in America.

EGYPTIAN MILLET.—A Massachusetts farmer—Mr. OLIVER WILLIAMS, of Sunderland—informs us that he has tried Egyptian Millet for soiling, two or three years, and finds it superior to any other plant for that purpose. The product is about double that of Indian corn, and is eaten with avidity by cattle, horses and other stock. It will grow from eight to ten feet high during the season, but should be cut, if used for soiling, when from two and a half to three feet—thus producing two or three cuttings or crops in the course of the summer. Mr. W.'s only difficulty, thus far, has been to obtain good seed, as his has not ripened. He is anxious to procure seed of the *genuine* article—much that is called the Egyptian millet being spurious. If as valuable as he represents, we think this plant worthy of special attention, and shall be glad to aid in its dissemination.

DEATH OF AN AGRICULTURAL EDITOR.—The death of JAMES PEDDER, senior editor of the Boston *Cultivator*, is announced. He died at his residence in Roxbury, on the 27th ult., in the 84th year of his age. Mr. P. was born at Newport, Isle of Wight, and, after filling prominent stations in his native land, came to this country in 1832, since which period his life has mostly been devoted to the promotion of Rural Improvement. We believe he was editor of the *Farmers' Cabinet*, published some twenty years ago at Philadelphia, though connected with the Boston *Cultivator* for the past sixteen years. Mr. PEDDER was known as a ready and earnest writer, and a kind and genial man in all the relations of life.

THE ILLINOIS STATE FAIR—held at Freeport last week—opened well, as we learn from a correspondent, promising a successful result,—but his final report has not yet come to hand. From other sources, however, we learn that the exhibition was large and creditable in most departments. FAWKES' Steam Plow, and another Steam machine for plowing and other purposes, were operated and attracted great attention. The receipts on the opening day were only $900; the next, $2,400; and the third $4,500.

AG. FAIRS NEXT WEEK.—The Ohio and Maine State Fairs occur next week—Sept. 20-23—the former at Sandusky and the latter at Augusta. The American Institute Fair, N. Y. City, is also held next week. New York County Fairs as follows:—Chenango, Cortland, Essex, Jefferson, Lewis, Livingston, Onondaga, Orange, Orleans, Tompkins, Wayne and Westchester. Town Fairs—Byron and Bergen, Hartland, Harpersville, Susquehanna Valley and Tonawanda Valley.

THE UNION FAIR to be held at Trumansburgh, Tompkins Co., N. Y., Sept. 28th, 29th and 30th, comprises the towns of Ulysses, Hector and Covert. Officers of the Society: *President*—Hon. TRUMAN BOARDMAN. *Vice Pres'ts*—Warren Halsey, Nestor Woodworth, and Isaac Banker. *Treasurer*—F. S. Dumont. *Secretary*—L. H. Owen. *Directors*—James M. Mattison, J. W Rappleye, and Abram V. McKeel.

THANKS to the officers of various State, County and Local Societies for cordial invitations and complimentary tickets to attend their Annual Fairs. Regret that our engagements preclude acceptance in most cases.

HORTICULTURAL

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETIES AND EXHIBITIONS.

Almost every prominent paper we open gives us an account of a successful Horticultural Exhibition, or the formation of a Horticultural Society. Never before, since the offending father of all was driven from the first and best of gardens, has so large a per centage of the people been interested in the culture of fruits and flowers. In the papers now before us, we have notices of the following meetings:

The Kentucky Horticultural Society held its *Eighth Annual Exhibition* on the first two days of September, at Louisville. The *Courier* says—"We have attended larger horticultural exhibitions than this; some larger have taken place in our own city; but a better show of apples and pears we have rarely witnessed at this season of the year—considered more with reference to quality than quantity—and we doubt if as splendid an array of peaches and grapes, with the same qualification, has at any time been spread upon tables in the Ohio valley. Flowering plants, cut flowers, and floral designs were numerous in the exhibition, and many of them of great beauty."

For the purpose of showing the varieties of fruits that succeed best in that section of country we give the varieties to which the premiums were awarded.

Peaches.—*Best 12 varieties.*—Lawrence Young, premium—consisted of Grand Admirable, Yellow Grand Admirable, Robinson Crusoe, Tippecanoe, Stump the World, Crawford's Late, Leopold, Pavie Pomponne, Lemon Cling, Red-cheek Malacatoon, Red Pine Apple, and Columbia.

H. S. Duncan took the premium on the best plate of *White Fleshed Clings* with the Grand Admirable. Lawrence Young on the best plate of *Yellow Fleshed Clings* with the Leopold. H. S. Duncan on the best plate of *White Fleshed Freestones*, with the Red-cheek Malacatoon. H. S Duncan on the best plate of *Yellow Fleshed Freestones*, with the Columbia.

Pears.—*Best 12 varieties*—Mr. Young took the premium with the Bartlett, Flemish Beauty, Seckel, Buffum, Louise Bonne de Jersey, White Doyenne, Easter Beurre, Lawrence, Columbia, Glout Morceau, Vicar of Winkfield, and Beurre d'Aremberg.

Hobbs, Walker & Co, took the premium on the *best six varieties*, with the Seckel, Bartlett, Belle Lucrative, Duchesse d'Angouleme, Swan's Orange, and Glout Morceau.

Mr. Young took the premium for the *best plate* of pears with the Bartlett.

The Buffalo Horticultural Society held an exhibition on the 6th inst. The *Courier* of that city says—"The display of grapes, pears and apples was extensive, and finer specimens were never shown. The grapes grown by Gaius B. Rich, and Hon E. G. Spaulding attracted the lion's share of attention. Mr. Spaulding exhibited six bunches of Syrian grapes which weighed two pounds each, and their flavor was proportioned to their weight. The Black Hamburghs shown by Mr. Rich were remarkably perfect specimens of this luxurious fruit." The list of exhibitors is large, and among them we notice many names well known to the Horticultural world. Buffalo should have a flourishing society.

Pennsylvania Horticultural Society.—The last meeting of this Society was a delightful affair, and was considered one of the most interesting meetings ever held. The fruit tables, especially, literally groaned under the weight of the contributions, and attested, by the crowd they attracted around them, the great point of interest they possessed. The hot-house Grapes from numerous contributors, were particularly well grown, though there were but few kinds not often seen on the Society's tables. The *Feges Tomato*, now becoming generally known for its superior excellence, was freely brought out. So says the *Gardener's Monthly*.

Hartford Horticultural Society.—The *Homestead* gives very interesting reports of the exhibition of this Society.

Waukegan Horticultural Society.—The Waukegan *Gazette*, (Illinois,) gives a flattering account of an exhibition recently made by this Society, and closes with the following remarks:—"The exhibition did great credit to Waukegan and the good taste of those of her citizens who contributed to this, the first of her Horticultural Exhibitions since 1853. Such demonstrations as these, where our people meet together in a friendly way to exhibit to one another the result of their labors and experiments in this beautiful art of Horticulture, are just what has given to Waukegan the enviable name she enjoys of being ahead of all others in the West, in point of good taste in the laying out and keeping up such beautiful gardens and cultivating such choice collections of flowers and fruits."

The Massachusetts and Cincinnati Horticultural Societies, we should judge from the reports, were never more successful than the present season. Almost every paper from California, gives us accounts of large Horticultural exhibitions, and the formation of Societies, in such numbers that we sometimes think it will not be long before such an association will exist in every county and in every city.

Frankfort Workingmen's Horticultural Society.—The *Gardener's Monthly* contains an account of a Society with the above name, at Frankfort, Pa. In August this Society held an *Onion Exhibition*, and awarded premiums for *White Silver Skinned*, *Yellow Strasburgh*, and for *Seedlings*. In November the Association will make an exhibition of *Celery*. This is somewhat of the European plan, and we are glad to see it inaugurated in this county. We will be happy to record the formation of many similar Societies.

Chicago Gardener's Society, composed of practical gardeners, we judge from the published proceedings, to be in a flourishing condition. They have just resolved to make an exhibition at the National Fair, held at Chicago, on the 12th inst.

Rochester Gardener's Association.—An Association similar to that of Chicago, has just been organized in this city, with every prospect of success. A reading-room, library, &c., is to be established.

Fruit Grower's Society of Western New York.—The September meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, will be held at the Court House, in Rochester, commencing on Thursday, September 22d, at 11 o'clock, A. M. Several very interesting topics for discussion have been selected by the Committee on Subjects, among which are the following:

Does summer pruning of the Grape Vine hasten the maturity or improve the quality of the fruit?

What varieties of Pears have proved productive and of good quality in all parts of Western New York?

Should Pears that sometimes crack be rejected from the list recommended for general cultivation?

What are the best manures for the Apple, Pear and other Fruits?

The question will also come up of making a list of fruits for general cultivation in Western New York, with a list of sorts promising well and of those unworthy of cultivation.

Other questions will be introduced relative to the profits of the culture of certain fruits here, &c.

Which fruits are best adapted to our soil, climate, &c.

As to the profit of extensive cultivation of the Grape here, and the probable nett profit per acre, &c.

As to the pruning of the Apple, the Pear, the Grape, &c.

Genesee Valley Horticultural Society.—The Annual Autumn Show of the Genesee Valley Horticultural Society will be held at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, on the 22d and 23d inst. This will be, no doubt, the largest and finest exhibition of the season.

The Kingston Horticultural Society, (Canada West,) gives an exhibition at Kingston, on the 28th, 29th and 30th of September.

STRAWBERRIES.

The great point in all culture is *economy and its results*, and the true test of the Strawberry is farm culture, with or without cutting off the runners. The following varieties I consider the best for field culture where the plants are allowed to *cover the entire ground*, without further labor, thus saving extra expense, and producing much larger crops as the whole of the ground is occupied. All are pistillates.

Scarlet Magnate, the heaviest of all strawberries.

Diadem, splendid scarlet, producing double the crop of *Wilson's Albany*. Mr. Martemus Bergen, of New Jersey, stated that he did not deem it possible for so great a crop of fruit to grow on a given space of ground as he saw growing of this kind.

Eclypse, early, bright scarlet, on upright stalks, clean and beautiful.

Minerva, very estimable in quality, produces more than twice *Wilson's Albany*.

Imperial Scarlet, large, bright scarlet, fine for market, upright stalks.

Perfumed Pine, seedling of *Burr's Pine*, obtuse cone, very large, bright scarlet, sweet, juicy, high flavor, plant vigorous, very productive, combines more valuable qualities than any other.

Hovey, qualities well known.

Malvina, same qualities as *Hovey*, but more productive, brighter color, better flavor and one week earlier.

Globose Scarlet, large, rounded, very productive.

Florence, very large, conical, splendid scarlet, fine flavor, vigorous, very productive, valuable.

Prince's Globose, a late variety, very large, scarlet, moderate flavor, very productive and vigorous, ripens twelve days after the general crop, and therefore valuable as a late market fruit.

The following are the six best staminate varieties for field culture, *in stools with the runners cut off*, thus, however, entailing additional expense, besides leaving much of the ground unoccupied:

Scarlet Prize, very large, fine flavor, bright scarlet, productive.

Wilson's Albany, qualities well known.

Sirius, monstrous size, light orange scarlet, splendid.

Barry's Extra, fine flavor, light scarlet.

Primate, each flower produces a fruit, bright crimson, moderate flavor, showy for market.

Montrose, very large, productive, admirable.

Varieties preferable for *families*, being of *finest flavor*:—Le Baron, Ladies' Pine, McAvoy's Superior, Sirius, Longworth's Prolific, Ward's Favorite, Globose Swainstone, Fragrant Scarlet, Hooker, Imperial Crimson, Minerva, Perfumed Pine, Scarlet Prize. W. R. Prince.

Flushing, N. Y., Sept, 1859.

Strawberry Plants by Mail.—T. B., of Davenport, Iowa, inquires in the Rural of the 10th inst., if strawberry plants can be sent by mail. I would inform him and others, that they can with perfect safety. I received a package about a week since from I. W. Briggs, of Macedon Centre, which to all appearance were as fresh as though they had just been taken from the ground, and from present appearances I shall not lose a plant.

I like your suggestion as to petitioning Congress for a reduction of postage on plants, cuttings, &c., so that it will at least be as low as on books and papers. It is now equal to letter postage, and amounting on 40 plants to 36 cents. Who will set the ball in motion?—W. Hayden, Jr., *Port Byron, N. Y., Sept.*, 1859.

Lice on Honeysuckle.—My mother wishes me to inquire if you can inform her through the Rural of a preventive or cure for lice on a fragrant Honeysuckle?—I. K., *Leoni, Mich.*

Smoke the plant with tobacco, or wash it with tobacco water. Strong soap-suds will kill insects, if applied at various times.

DOWNING'S EVER-BEARING MULBERRY.

A few weeks since we gave a description of *Downing's Ever-Bearing Mulberry*, and since that a lady who has cultivated this fruit for several years, kindly favored us with the following interesting communication, and also with a colored drawing, from which we make the above engraving. To the same source we are also indebted for a basket of fruit, in all stages of growth. The specimens we received were not quite as large as those represented in the engraving, but we are assured they attain this size with good culture.

Eds. Rural:—In the days of Solomon, as there was nothing new under the sun, his people had doubtless the full enjoyment of delicious *mulberries*, but a new adaptation of it to the circumstances of our climate was needed before we could receive the blessing. This took place in the hands of our mutual friend and benefactor Charles Downing, some fourteen years since, and although known to but few, we are certainly in possession of a most delicious fruit under that name. To those who have tasted the insipid white varieties, or the wild dark one of our woods, which is but little better, I shall seem to state an "incredibility" when I describe *Downing's Everbearing Mulberry*, which is perhaps unnecessary, after what you have said, but with your permission I will add my testimony.

I have never before known a fruit that gave such universal delight, suiting all palates, and equally excellent with cream and sugar for the table, or freshly gathered from the tree to eat from the hand. In that state they are suggestive of a well ripened *Hooker* or *Burr's New Pine Strawberry*. In puddings they are very good, in pies unsurpassable. The abundant juice that flows from them has the flavor of rich Bordeaux wine to which a little sugar has been added. Put up in preserving cans with half their weight of sugar, they may be kept any length of time, to be used for cooking or as preserves for the table, having a vinous flavor, or slight grape-like aroma.

The tree is of so rapid growth that one of three years, is not only an object of picturesque beauty quite distinguished, but affords a deep, cool shade, larger than would be furnished by a thrifty Linden or Maple of twice the age, having a head of fourteen or sixteen feet in diameter.

We have them growing in deep, rich sandy soil, and that probably is best suited to them, but they will thrive in any deep rich soil. Our neighbors have them in heavy or clayey soil doing equally well. Their hardiness after the first season is equal, apparently, to that of the Sugar Maple, or any of our forest trees.

It gives fruit very early, which improves in quality and size as the tree advances in age, and never fails of yielding a profuse crop for more than two months of the season when such fruit is most wanted. In bearing time the tree is covered with berries in all stages of progressive ripening. The color changes from a pale green, with a slight blush of pink, to all the varying shades of carmine, until when completely ripe it hangs a rich cluster of dark purple fruit. These different hues, contrasted with the bright green of its exceedingly large leaves, make it an object of striking beauty for lawn or garden. Iswellen.

On the Hudson, Sept., 1859.

A FINE EARLY APPLE.

Eds. Rural:—Inclosed you will find a specimen of fruit known here as the *Hornet Apple*. Ten years ago I received some scions of this excellent variety, from a gentleman in Crawford Co., Pa., who positively asserts that it was there raised from seed, and that the tree was never changed by grafting or budding. None of the late authors describe it in their works. With the scions received I grafted two bearing trees, they bore the second year and have borne regularly ever since, large crops of the finest fruit. I also sold many trees to persons, with whom it has fruited and who *all* pronounce it the finest early variety yet known. The fruit is large and perfectly free from insects; mostly of an oblong form, though sometimes oblate. In perfection the middle of August. This year a little later than usual. The tree grows very slender, straggling and pendant. Had I thought of it sooner I might have given you a fairer and larger sample, but as they are about done, these are the best I could select, of sufficient hardness to send at present. John Smith.

Mt. Lebanon, Alleghany Co., Pa., 1859.

Remarks.—The specimens accompanying the above were very fine, and of excellent quality. We judge it to be the *Hawley*; at least it very much resembles this variety, in appearance and quality.

Downing's Mulberry—Alice Maude Strawberry.—1. Seeing the statements in Rural about *Downing's Ever Bearing Mulberry*, and considering them reliable, I wish to learn where and of whom the trees can be obtained, and the price of the same. 2. I would like to know something of the history, origin, hardiness and productiveness of the *Alice Maude Strawberry*. I saw the fruit for the first time in Buffalo this season, where they readily sold for $8 per bushel, while other standard sorts barely commanded half of that price. Answers to the above questions, by yourself or some of your numerous readers, will be thankfully received by a number of your rural subscribers.—Stephen Landon, *Brown Cottage, Eden, Erie Co., N. Y.*

Downing's Mulberry has been most extensively cultivated by Dr. C. W. Grant, of Iona, near Peekskill, N. Y., but perhaps can be obtained of most of our principal nurserymen. Price from $1,50 to $3 each, according to size. The *Alice Maude* is a handsome English strawberry. It is not very high flavored, and has not been considered very productive, though around Washington and at some other places it is quite popular. We would much prefer the *Triomphe de Gand*, another European sort, as we believe it will prove a much more popular and profitable market fruit.

Large French Prunes.—Mr. Hainla of this city, presented us with some *French Prunes*, as large as Egg Plums. He has a large crop on his trees, which are healthy and vigorous. We don't know why the growing and drying of prunes could not be made an important business in this country.

PRICES OF FRUIT IN NEW YORK.

Now that so many of our fruit growers are selling their fruit for the New York market, it is important that they should know the current prices in that city. We shall therefore give the market prices occasionally, and notice all the important changes.

Apples.—Golden Sweet, from $2 to $2,25 per barrel; common fruit, $1,50 to $2,00; Twenty Ounce, $3 to $3,50; Fall Pippin, $2,75 to $3,00.

Pears.—Bartletts, choice, $12 to $14 per barrel; Bartletts, common, $5 to $7; Common Cooking, $2,50 to $3; Seckel, $8 to $10.

Plums.—Green Gage and Egg, $4,50 to $5 per bushel; Damson, $4 to $5; Common Blue, $2,50 to $3.

Peaches.—Choice Jersey and Delaware, $2,50 to $3 per basket; fair quality, $1,50 to $2.

Grapes.—Catawba, from Cincinnati and Washington, from 8 to 15 cents per pound, according to quality.

Keeping Grapes.—I have admired the spirit of liberality manifested by the Editor of the Rural in giving heed and reply to the numerous questions propounded, but have hoped the tax on his patience may benefit all around, as it makes the paper serviceable to all branches of a family.

1. I would be glad to have more definite instruction as to putting up Grapes for winter. Where is the most most suitable place to keep them? I have been so unsuccessful, have thought I would not try again, but find others do keep them.

2. Is the Hubbard Squash used for boiling in summer, or is it only a winter variety?

3. Is the *To Kalon* grape as good or nearly so, and desirable as the Diana?—A Subscriber, *Gloucester, N. J.*, 1859.

1. Grapes for keeping should be selected carefully, taking only good bunches, and removing all bruised or unsound berries. Place them in a box, a layer composed of two or three thicknesses of paper, or cotton between each layer of bunches. Put the boxes in a cool room where it will not freeze, though a slight frost will not injure them. This is the way we keep them.

2. The *Hubbard Squash* is a winter variety, and the very best.

3. The *To Kalon* is a good grape, not quite as sweet and rich as *Diana*, and ripening about the same time as the *Isabella*, perhaps a few days earlier. The fruit resembles the *Catawba* in form of berries and bunch, but is a little darker in color, though not much darker than we have seen the *Catawba* at Cincinnati.

The Wine Crop.—Mr. R. Buchanan, of Cincinnati, in a letter to the St. Louis Horticultural Society, says the vintage of 1859, near Cincinnati, will be the largest since 1853. The average yield will be about 400 gallons to the acre, although some vineyards will produce 600 to 800 gallons to the acre. Within twenty miles around Cincinnati it is estimated the crop will amount to 800,000 gallons; so that the wine crop of Ohio the present year may be safely estimated at over $1,000,000 in value.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY

TOMATO PIES, GRAPE PRESERVES, &c.

Green Tomato Pie.—Slice full grown, green tomatoes very thin; line a baking tin with thinly rolled pie paste and put in the tomatoes nearly an inch deep; sprinkle over them a teacup of sugar, a tablespoonful of cinnamon, one of flour and a little water; cover with the paste and bake well. Half a pound of lard and a teaspoon of salt worked into a pound of flour with water enough to bind it together, makes a nice crust for any pie.

Ripe Tomato Pie.—Pour boiling water over ripe tomatoes, then peel and slice them thin; line a deep pie dish with paste, fill it with the sliced tomatoes, slice a large lemon into it, add a large cup of sugar, cover with the paste and bake three-quarters of an hour.

Cream Pie.—Beat four eggs light and stir them into a quart of scalding cream; add half a teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of lemon extract, and two tablespoons of white sugar. Line plates with pie crust, rolled thin, and set them in a quick oven ten minutes, then nearly fill them with the cream and bake half an hour.

Grape Preserves.—Pick ripe grapes from the stems and squeeze the pulp from the skins; take a pound of sugar and a cup of water for each pound of grapes, and when boiling hot skim it and put in the inside of the grapes, after having bruised them a little to get out the juice. Let it boil up once or twice, then strain all through a coarse cloth to remove the seeds; put in the skins and return it to the fire and they will fill up in a few minutes. Boil them until the syrup is thick and rich, then put them in jars and keep them in a cool closet.

Pickled Peaches.—Take ripe (not soft) peaches and pare them, or, if preferred, leave the skins on and remove the down with a brush. Make a gallon of good vinegar hot, and add to it five or six pounds of brown sugar, and cloves and cinnamon to taste. Put in the peaches and cook gently ten minutes; take them out one at a time with a spoon; put them in a jar and pour the vinegar over them while hot. When cold cover them close and keep in a cool place. Jennie.

Livonia, N. Y., Sept., 1859.

TO KEEP CIDER SWEET.—TOMATO FIGS.

Dear Rural:—In answer to an inquiry for a recipe to keep cider sweet, I send the subjoined, also one for Tomato Figs, and one for Pie Crust:

To Keep Cider Sweet.—To 40 gallons new cider, add one quart hard wood ashes; 2 oz. isinglass; 4 oz. alum. Leave the bung out ten days, then rack off and bung up tight.

Tomato Figs.—Take smooth tomatoes, and to eight pounds allow three pounds of sugar. When skinned, put them with the sugar, and boil them until they are thoroughly penetrated by it. Take them out, press them flat, and dry on dishes in the sun. Sprinkle them occasionally with a little sugar. When dry pack them in boxes, sprinkle each layer with sugar. Boil down the remaining syrup for future use, or use it for preserving tomatoes.

Good Pie Crust.—To all lovers of pie, who wish to avoid as much as possible both lard-shortened and saleratus-sweetened articles, I would recommend the use of rich, sweet cream, with or without a little salt, as an article of shortening. This is a mode quite original, but good, however, (I think,) as you will not have "soggy" crust at the bottom. Try it. M. L. Clark.

Fulton, N. Y., 1859.

WASHING RECIPE—FRIED CAKES, &c.

Being a subscriber to your paper, and having a few excellent recipes, I cheerfully send them for the good of the public.

Washing Recipe.—One-fourth pound of borax; 1 lb. saltpetre; 1 gallon rain water—pulverize the borax and dissolve it in warm water—use eight tablespoonfuls of the liquid to 1 quart soft soap—make a suds of the soap—soak your clothes an hour or two (or over night.) The soils will come out easily—make a suds of the same and scald for an hour, not boil. Suds and rinse, as is usual.

Recipe for Cookies.—One cup of butter; 2 of sugar; 4 eggs. Season to your taste.

Fried Cakes.—One cup of cream; 1 do. sugar; 3 eggs; a little soda; fry in hot lard.

Another Mode.—Two cups buttermilk; 2 do. sugar; 1 of water; 4 eggs; a little soda; fry in hot lard.

Crullers.—One spoonful of butter; 1 of sugar; 1 egg—roll thin, and fry in hot lard.

GOOSEBERRY JELLY, PEARL STARCH.

Messrs. Eds.:—Noticing an inquiry in the Rural, how to make Gooseberry Jelly, (and also Starch, and as yet, not seeing any answer,) I send mine, which is nice:

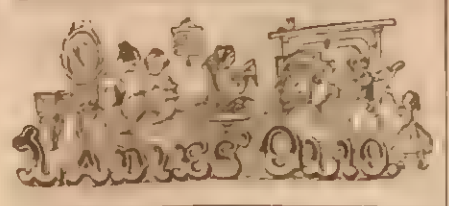
Gooseberry Jelly.—To 1 pint of juice add 1 pound of sugar; boil 15 minutes, and set in the sun several days. The fruit should be green. Put them in a tin pail, place in a kettle of cold water, cover closely and boil until cooked. Strain as for jelly.

Take "*Pearl Starch*," dissolve in a little cold water, and then pour on boiling water enough to make it thick. A little salt and mutton tallow, or spermaceti, makes a nice polish.

Will some of the readers of the Rural please inform me how to preserve "Stowell's Evergreen" Corn for winter use?—F., *Grand Rapids, Mich., Aug.*, 1859.

Remarks.—F. will observe that the information desired is furnished in our last and previous issue.

Always mend clothes before washing.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE MOTHERLESS.

I saw a child of infant years,
Bowed low with sorrow and with care,
While from her eyes the bitter tears
Were flowing slowly in despair.

It was a tiny little form
That, sorrowing, bent her weary head,
And while the tears were flowing warm,
She murmured "my mamma is dead—

"They laid her in the cold damp ground
When winter winds were blowing chill,
And there, though summer smiles around,
And all is fair—she sleepeth still."

She called, but yet no answer came,—
She wept, but oh! no sweet caress,—
No gentle hand will press again,
For she, alas! is motherless.

But now she's sleeping; o'er that brow
So young, so fair, so innocent,
A holy calm is resting now,
With childish trust and beauty blent.

The lips are parted—soft and low,
A gentle sigh came to my ear;
And then a smile, whose radiant glow
Told angel visitants were near.

And as I saw the suff'rer there,
By sleep calmed to forgetfulness,
My heart arose to God in prayer,
That he would shield the motherless.

That while upon life's troubled tide,
The sorrowing one must lonely stand,
Her barque might safely onward glide,
Guided by His unerring hand.

South Danby, N. Y., 1859. MARY A. B.

Written for Moore's Rural New Yorker.

"I'VE A KISS FOR THEE, MOTHER."

ONCE again hath the SAVIOR sent His Reaper-Angel to our earth-home and bade it take from us a loved heart-jewel. We had treasured it well—had hidden it within the warm folds of our love, and had made for our gem a priceless setting—had encircled it with the purest pearls of our affection, until we had forgotten that Death loves but to aim its shaft at "a shining mark!"—had forgotten that our Father hath said, "Little children, keep your hearts from idols"—and, almost unconsciously, we had placed an earthly shrine within our heart-temple, and we loved to worship there. But the angel whom we *love not*, wrapped his sable plumes about him, and like a darksome shadow, rested beside our door,—watching, waiting!

Morning dawned, and forth came the glad sunshine from its amber-hued couch, to smile upon the beautiful earth! It kissed the dewy tear from the pure flower, glanced through the palace halls of wealth, played awhile beside the humble cottage door, and then entered our darksome home. But it could not chase the shadows from our hearts, and the sunlight seemed a mockery, as we shut it out from our dwelling and it fled away!

Our darling was sleeping! The long lashes lay motionless on the pale cheek, and the silken hair—a mother's pride—was pushed away from a forehead whereon Death had set his seal. 'Twas like the marble, save that it seemed *colder* when we pressed our lips thereon.

Slowly the hazel eyes were opened, and the white lips parted as if to speak; the hands were raised, and while affection lent a love-light to the dim eyes, the lips whispered, "I've a kiss for thee, mother!—I've a kiss for thee, mother!" Then, with the warmth of that kiss still clinging to the marble lips, and the love-lit words still lingering there, he left the house, *O! so desolate!*

We mourn that the shadow has fallen so heavily upon our hearts, but we know that in Heaven there is no darkness, no sorrow, and the death-angel is but GOD's messenger, sent to bear us safely over the dark waters and through the shadowy vale, and we know that our loved one, our *only* treasure, is an angel now, and upon his pure brow he wears a bright-gemmed coronet. He has gone to meet his angel-sister, and together they walk the golden streets of the "new Jerusalem," singing praises the while to the "Good Shepherd." Fit worshipers at GOD's throne—a band of pure-robed children! In Heaven we hope to meet him, never more to part—aye, never more!

Then fold the hands gently
O'er the still breast;
Wake not his slumbers,
Our boy is at rest.

Not in the grave-yard—
Not in the grave—
In the arms of our SAVIOR
Our darling we've laid.

There in that blest Haven,
From suffering free,
Fond mother, thy loved one
Is waiting for thee!

And when thou shalt join him,
May his greeting be,
"I've a kiss for thee, mother,
A fond kiss for thee!"

Brighton, N. Y., 1859. NETTIE NETTLE.

CO-OPERATION OF THE WIFE.—No man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labors with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm, fly over lands, sail upon seas, meet difficulty and encounter danger, if he knows that he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home! Solitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life; and he is but half provided for his voyage, who finds not an associate for his happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress, no sympathizing partner is prepared.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SPEAK GENTLY TO THE ERRING.

"SPEAK gently to the erring,
Ye know not all the power;
With which the dark temptation came
In some unguarded hour."

FOR some wise purpose GOD has hidden from us the power of discerning the entire effects of kindly spoken words. In our intercourse with our fellow mortals we see some more liable to err than others. Some appear never to do a wrong act, so far as we are capable of judging. They have been taught from their infancy, perhaps, that it is wrong to wound a fellow-creature's feelings, by thoughts, acts, words or looks, and the principles that are so thoroughly impressed upon their minds in childhood follow them through after life, and prove a safe-guard to shield them from meriting the censure of a cold unfeeling world. Then, again, there are those who have to struggle through this life, all alone as it were, unaided by kind words or approving smiles, if, perchance, they perform an act worthy of either. They know not the power of a mother's love and example—there is no guardian voice whispering words of peace, comfort or approbation, giving "precept upon precept and line upon line." Nay! they receive nothing but harshness, stern and angry looks. Let us follow those lonely ones to the place where they hold communion with their own thoughts—witness the tears that are shed, hear the sighs that come from a wounded heart—a heart that longs for sympathy and kindness. Do not our hearts yearn towards them with sympathetic feelings? But are we not actuated by the impulse of the moment?—are our kindly feelings founded upon a principle that is fixed in the heart? Let each one answer the question, remembering that kind words oftentimes turn away wrath, and speak gently to the erring.

Edwardsburgh, Mich., 1859. D. S.

LEGISLATION IN THE NURSERY.

SEE the young mother in the nursery, with an unfolding human character committed to her charge—see her profoundly ignorant of the phenomena with which she has to deal, undertaking to do that which can be done but imperfectly, even with the aid of the profoundest knowledge. She knows nothing about the nature of the emotions, their order of evolution, their functions, or where use ends and abuse begins. She is under the impression that some of the feelings are wholly bad, which is not true of any one of them; and that others are good, however far they may be carried, which is also not true of any one of them. And then, ignorant as she is of that with which she has to deal, she is equally ignorant of the effects that will be produced on it by this or that treatment. What can be more inevitable than the disastrous results we see hourly arising. Lacking knowledge of mental phenomena, with their causes and consequences, her interference is frequently more mischievous than absolute passivity would have been. This and that kind of action, which are quite normal and beneficial, she perpetually thwarts; and so diminishes the child's happiness and profit, injures its temper and her own, and produces estrangement.

Deeds which she thinks it desirable to encourage, she gets performed by threats and bribes, or by exciting a desire for applause, considering little what the inward motives may be, so long as the outward conduct conforms, and thus cultivating hypocrisy, and fear, and selfishness, in place of good feeling. While insisting on truthfulness, she constantly sets an example of untruth, by threatening penalties which she does not inflict. While inculcating self-control, she hourly visits on her little ones angry scoldings for acts that do not call for them. She has not the remotest idea that in the nursery, as in the world, that alone is truly salutary discipline which visits on all conduct, good or bad, the natural consequences—the consequences, pleasurable or painful, which in the nature of things such conduct tends to bring. Being thus without theoretic guidance, and quite incapable of guiding herself by tracing the mental processes going on in her children, her rule is impulsive, inconsistent, mischievous often in the highest degree; and would indeed be generally ruinous, were it not that the overwhelming tendency of the growing mind to assume the monotype of the race, usually subordinates all minor influences.—*Westminster Review.*

CHILDREN'S FOOD.

To this fact the attention of parents and guardians should seriously be given, that by it they may learn to avoid the petty tyranny and folly of insisting on children eating food for which they manifest repugnance. It is too common to treat the child's repugnance as mere caprice, to condemn it as "stuff and nonsense" when he refuses to eat fat, or eggs, or certain vegetables and "wholesome" puddings. Now, even a caprice in such matters should not be altogether slighted, especially when it takes the form of refusal, because this caprice is probably nothing less than the expression of a particular and temporary state of his organism, which we should do wrong to disregard. And whenever a refusal is constant, it indicates a positive unfitness in the food.

Only gross ignorance of physiology—an ignorance unhappily too widely spread—can argue that because a certain article is wholesome to many, it must necessarily be wholesome to all. Each individual organism is specifically different from every other. However much it may resemble others, it necessarily in some points differs from them; and the amount of these differences is often considerable. If the same wave of air striking upon the tympanum of two different men will produce sounds to the one which to the other are inappreciable—if the same wave of light will affect the vision of one man as that of red color, while to the vision of another it is no color at all—how unreasonable it is to expect that the same substance will bear precisely the same relation to the alimentary canal of one man as to that of another.—*Buckland.*

WE run the risk of experiencing the greatest disgust if we observe too closely how government, justice, and cookery are managed.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WAITING FOR DEATH.

"I AM waiting now to die: for Death seems very pleasant to me."

HAVE you ever stood and listened
By the window late and long,
Till the midnight gloom grew deeper,
And your fears grew with it strong?
Have you listened for the footsteps
Of the one whose voice alone
Could drive away the shadows
That around your heart had grown?

Have you ever watched and waited
While the mournful night-winds grieved,
A thousand times believing,
And a thousand times deceived,
As your anxious, eager glances,
Peering through the darkness drear,
Beheld amid the phantoms
The beloved presence near—

Yet as often—bitter lesson—
Learning that your hopes were vain,
Till your spirit, crushed and wearied,
Would not let you look again?
Have you ever like this listened—
Watched and waited, late and long,
Till the midnight shades grew deeper
And your fears grew with them strong?

Lo! thus my soul is waiting,
In the dim and shadowy vale,
For the footsteps, long expected,
Of the Angel grim and pale;
The Angel feared and dreaded,
Most of all GOD's watchful ones;
Most unloved and most neglected
By earth's shrinking, guilty sons;

But who, though cursed and hated,
To his mission ever true,
Over both the young and aged
Sprinkles the Lethean dew,
Till the mother mourns her baby
In the wakeless slumber hush'd,
And the children kiss the forehead
Late with the life blood flushed.

This Angel to others so fearful,
With the shadow upon his brow—
Is to me an angel of glory,
And I'm waiting for him now;
Waiting, to hail his coming—
Listening, with lips apart,
One hand reached forth to greet him,
And one hand upon my heart,—

Striving to still its beatings—
Striving to grow more calm—
For I know he will bring with his coming
To my wounded spirit balm.
So I earnestly watch and listen
For the tread of his phantom band,
Reaching to gain through the darkness
The clasp of his shadowy hand.

To the music of earthly voices
My spirit is deaf and dumb;
I hearken to hear him only,
Will he never, never come?
Come to my soul o'erwearied—
Worn by this restless breath;
For to me an Angel of glory
Is the pale brow'd Angel, DEATH.

Hastings, N. Y., 1859. ESBELIA.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LAZINESS.

WHEN we view the many improvements of the age, and the hurry and bustle which is everywhere seen, we call ourselves an industrious people. And so we are taken as a whole; yet, when we look about us thoughtfully, who can fail to see that no one evil is gaining ground faster than laziness,—nothing more nor less than *Laziness*, homely as the name may sound. Look into our country neighborhoods, villages, and cities.—Everybody is trying to get a living without labor. See the peddlers traveling around carrying packs heavy as themselves—not feeble and delicate, persons unable to work, but stout, healthy men, with no other disease than Laziness. See the genteel loafers in every village lounging in their chairs, pitching quoits, or strutting about in all the pride of conscious idleness, with no pennies in their pockets or brains in their heads. Notice the numbers of healthy young men in our cities, standing behind the counter all day long, dressed in the height of fashion, and displaying to the greatest advantage their white and ornamented fingers. Talk not to me of its being tiresome business—I wish it were a hundred times more so. "Snuff up your nose," if you will, at the honest, sunbrowned farmer—if it were not for him, ye silly sons of Laziness! you would be poorer than you are. I have due respect for the *learned professions*, but I contend that, for several years past, this has been the great vortex for lazy people to slip into. If every other avenue leading to ease is closed, persons can slip into this and be saved. It is a fact, you can scarce find an educated man in these days, but he is too lazy to take care of himself. He can eat, sleep and smoke—yes, even walk with the aid of a cane—but he cannot work,—no, not he.

But this lazy principle is not confined to men alone, far from it. It has become a settled fact with our ladies to which there are few exceptions. When a man marries he is obliged to marry a BRIDGET *also*, to take care of his wife. She, the delicate one, can not endure the least fatigue—she cannot be burdened with a single care.—Money makes but little difference,—the poorest lady in the land, does she not marry to be supported? Talk about the delicate women of this age. What makes them delicate? nothing but the idea that has taken root among us, that labor is not genteel,—they will not work, how can they be strong? If every woman in the land was obliged to work as hard as our mothers and grandmothers did, there would be fewer diseases and deaths than now. More die from Laziness than hard labor. I know there are men and women all over the country who labor hard, but how few of their children lift a finger in useful occupations—the boys must have a fast horse and prepare for College—the girls must dance, play the piano, and simper in the parlor to entertain a brainless exquisite, and finally must marry an establishment and live without work. If that is not the programme for the rising generation, in a few words, tell me what is. Laziness is becoming a fixed principle, and if there is no stop put to it in some form or other, woe must betide the generations yet to come. AMELIA.

Cayuga, N. Y., 1859.

RESPONSIBILITY OF PARENTS.

"TIME was, when settling on thy leaf, a fly
Could shake thee to the root; and time has been
When *tempests* could not."

IF to pilot a ship across the ocean be a work of great responsibility, requiring prudence and judgment, as well as knowlege and experience, much more is it such a work to guide an immortal spirit through the tumultuous sea of youthful passion and childish impetuosity, and to secure for it a safe passage through the dangers and perils of manhood and old age. A ship on the ocean may founder and go to the bottom, and no one, perhaps, suffer a single pain, or breathe a single sigh; but an immortal soul, wrecked upon the shores of time, may spend an eternity in sighs and groans, but they cannot undo the past, or rectify a single mistake.

What the pilot is to the ship, the parent is to the child. The one conducts the frail bark far out to sea, beyond the reach of special dangers, and then surrenders his charge into other hands. The other guides a deathless spirit through the perils and quicksands of childhood and youth, and then leaves it to the mercy of a treacherous world, to drift upon the tide of circumstances, or to follow the bent of its inclinations, given to it by parental training and discipline. Though the parent cannot insure a successful issue, yet he is in a great degree responsible for the future career and the fate of his child; for it is expressly commanded, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it." If, then, the words of the wise man are true, and if the children do depart from the way they should go; or, rather, are never taught to walk in it, and go down to destruction and to eternal death, whose fault is it, if it is not the parent's?

Parents cannot be too deeply impressed with the weight of responsibility which presses upon them, or of the importance of the early religious training of the immortal spirit entrusted to their care. Next to their own salvation, there is no subject of so great importance, or that should command so much of their attention, their time, and their labor, as the spiritual and intellectual education of their children. It is their duty to train them up for heaven—to fit them for usefulness in this world, and for the enjoyment of the rest and felicity of the redeemed. This obligation is laid upon them; and it is in their power, in a measure, so to do, else the injunction of the apostle had never been given them to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Yet how many there are in every community, children even of professing Christians, who, through the negligence of their parents, or the force of their evil example, or the want of timely or judicious instruction, have grown up in ignorance; to become vicious, profligate, and wicked men; a cause of grief to their parents, and a source of moral contagion to the wide circle of acquaintance in which they move. Many parents there are who see these evils, and charge them to their proper source, who at the same time are little conscious that the course which they are pursuing with their own children is tending to the same results—to profligacy and ruin.—*Advocate and Guardian.*

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.—Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, says:—The English language seems destined to gather to itself all the scattered readers. Slowly it is whispering its way into the heart of mankind—and is acknowledged to be the best adapted to the universal reader. In Lord Bacon's time he deemed the Latin language the safest to entrust his immortality in. "I do conceive," he said, "that the Latin volumes, being the universal language, may last as long as books last." Milton, more modest, "content," (to use his own expression with regard to Britain and his native tongue,) "with these Islands as my world," set his great works in the English. He did not care "to be once named abroad," though he deemed that he might have attained to that. "Paradise Lost" was written in English, and where is it not read in English, and where is *it* not "named abroad?" English readers have been sown like seed in

Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms;

the English language has been planted on all shores—and everywhere, like a native flower of thought, it grows. And everywhere are its readers.

A MAN's force in the world, other things being equal, is just in the ratio of the force and strength of his heart. A full-hearted man is always a powerful man; if he be erroneous, then he is powerful for error; if the thing is in his heart, he is sure to make it notorious, even though it may be a downright falsehood. Let a man be ever so ignorant, still if his heart be full of love to the cause, he becomes a powerful man for that object, because he has heart-power, heart-force. A man may be deficient in many of the advantages of education, in many of those niceties which are so much looked upon in society; but once give him a strong heart that beats hard, and there is no mistake about his power. Let him have a heart that is right full up to the brim with an object, and that man will do the thing, or else he will die gloriously defeated, and will glory in his defeat. Heart is power.—*Spurgeon.*

THE sorrows, calamities and disappointment, that a man suffers outwardly, have a most intimate, although secret, connection with hidden evils, until these are removed, it is in vain to hope that the outward life can be orderly, pleasant, and happy.

SHALL I BE CROWNED?

IF I, "along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
Shall keep the noiseless tenor of my way;"
If I shall shun the scenes of earthly strife,
And only live to meditate and pray:
Or if contented with an humble lot,
I shun the busy city's tempting round,
And seek seclusion in a cave or grot,
Shall I be crowned?

If I shall be content to carve a selfish way
To golden gates, and hope at last to stand
In the full brilliance of eternal day,
Not having lent a brother once a helping hand,
Not having dried a tear, or caused a smile
On the wan faces which on earth abound,
Nor felt for any sin the siren's luring wile,
Shall I be crowned?

Not so: I must of strife and labor bear an honest part:
'Tis not by cowards that the laurel's won;
The while I keep a pure and spotless heart,
'Tis sin and not temptation I must shun:
I must, while here, maintain the faithful fight—
In the front rank of GOD's array be found:
Live in the world a champion of the right,
And then be crowned!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

THIS is an every-day phrase, but its signification is varied and often very expressive. Frequently it sounds reproachful,—there are periods in our past lives when we have formed grand projects to accomplished much good in the world, and make ourselves noble and great, but it was only an impulse; *time* has hurried us past the golden days of youth, and as we enter upon the duties of mature life, we pause a moment to review the scenes left behind. We remember those youthful plans, and the opportunities for their accomplishment now lost. How many sad hearts we might have cheered,—how much of sorrow we might have escaped,—how much more *noble* we might have been. These words are like sharp arrows driven into our souls, as we reflect upon unimproved opportunities, lost pleasures, long cherished hopes now crushed. Daily, as we peruse our life-book, as we turn over leaf after leaf, we read upon almost every page—"*It might have been.*"

An old man sat and pondered. His locks were white with age, and his countenance showed that he had been a man of crime and sorrow. His features indicated deep, earnest thought. Now and then you might discover a smile as though a ray of light had penetrated his dark soul—he was thinking of long ago, when, in his boyish dreams, he had resolved to be great and good. And why should he not? His prospects were as fair as those of others; he fancied that his intellect, naturally so brilliant, had been cultivated; that his heart had been made alive to all that was pure; that he honored GOD as his Creator,—his fellow-man as himself, and in return was honored. Then, again, you might have seen that cold, sad look, as if the darkness within was still more profound,—in the light of fancied prosperity he had seen more distinctly the great moral and intellectual wreck. His misery was tenfold greater, and he only sighed, "It might have been."

Sometimes these words are expressive of heart-felt gratitude. We consider what our condition would have been, had not our kind Father in Heaven led us so gently, and watched us so carefully. Many times our feet had well nigh slipped, and almost inevitable destruction was hidden from our eyes by a veil of error; *we* might have been like the hundreds of fallen ones about us, destitute of every generous impulse. The fountains of purity might have been forever sealed,—despair might have been thrown like a thick mantle about us. We shrink back, almost overwhelmed, and exclaim, "It might have been." Every-day as the expression rises to our lips, if it expresses aught of discontent, check it, for, though our past lives may have been clouded, yet

"When life's journey is ended, its sands run at last,
We'll find more of sunshine than shadows we've past."

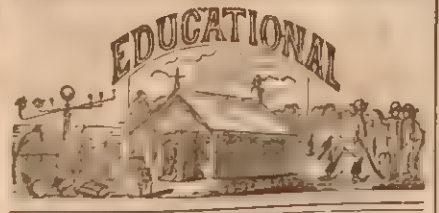
But if it is the out-gushing of a grateful heart, give it utterance, that, by a backward glance at the evil that might have been, the sunshine of our future may not be darkened. M. M. M.

Lima, N. Y., 1859.

FOLLY OF PRIDE.—Take some quiet, sober moment of life, and add together the two ideas of pride and man; behold him, creature of a span, stalking through infinite space in all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on a speck of the universe, every wind of heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of death; his soul floats from his body like melody from the string; day and night, as dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens, through a labyrinth of worlds, and all the creations of God are flaming above and beneath. Is this a creature to make for himself a crown of glory, to deny his own flesh, to mock at his fellow, sprung from the dust, to which both will soon return? Does the proud man not err? Does he not suffer? Does he not die? When he reasons, is he never stopped by difficulties? When he acts, is he never tempted by pleasure? When he lives, is he free from pain? When he dies, can he escape the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error and imperfection.—*Sydney Smith.*

COMPANION SINS.—When one sin is admitted, it is generally found that it hath a companion waiting at the door; and the former will work hard to gain admission for the latter.

THE OCEAN.—How little of the sea can a child carry in his hand! As little do I take away of *my* great sea—the love of Christ.



TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION—ANNUAL MEETINGS.

The State Teachers' Association of Michigan, now one of the recognized educational institutions of the Peninsular State, held its annual meeting at Pontiac. Addresses were delivered by Prof. H. S. Frieze, Rev. Dr. E. O. Haven, of Boston, and by the retiring President of the Association, Prof. A. Winchell. The addresses were eminently practical. According to the *Michigan Argus*, the attendance upon the Association was fair, but not as large as it should have been. There is power in these meetings, and the teacher who will not make some little sacrifice to attend them, either does not properly appreciate their benefit or his position. During the session, papers were read upon various topics connected with teaching, by Messrs. Richards, of the Albion Female College; Fisk, of the Agricultural College; and Briggs, of the Ann Arbor Union School, which severally elicited considerable discussion.

The *Journal of Education* was continued in its present able hands until the close of the year, when its future will be provided for by the Executive Board.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President—E. J. Boyd. Vice Presidents—1st District, A. L. Watkins; 2nd, G. W. Perry; 3d, D. H. Davis; 4th, E. L. Ripley; 5th, E. Olney; 6th, Rev. D. J. Poor; 7th, Rev. B. M. Fay; 8th, E. Danforth; 9th, H. Bross; 10th, A. L. Bingham; Lake Superior, O. E. Fuller. Rec. Secretary—Frank Peavey. Cor. Secretary—D. Putnam. Treasurer—D. B. Briggs.—Executive Board—Hon. J. M. Gregory, Prof. L. R. Fisk.

The State Association of Pennsylvania convened at West Chester, Chester County, on the 2d ult., and continued in session three days.

The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:

President—C. R. Coburn, of Bradford. Vice Presidents—J. E. Weaver, J. L. Richardson, of Luzerne; Jonathan Gauss, of Chester; David Dennison, of Allegany. Secretaries—Wm. Sterling, of Philadelphia, and S. D. Ingraham, of Harrisburg. Treasurer—A Rowe, of Lancaster. Cor. Secretary—Wm. H. Johnston, of Bucks. Executive Committee—Messrs. Allen, Sherman, Thompson, Wickersham and Lawrence.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A WORD TO TEACHERS.

What do you teach? This is a question upon which teachers should think and ponder—a question that should not be treated with ridicule and contempt, or passed lightly over. It is a question that should engross attention; one upon which you should bring your minds to bear, and see if you are training the young minds entrusted to your care in such manner that, with a clear conscience, you can stand up and say,—I have done my duty—I have done the best that I could—I have sought to train them up in the way of truth and morality, and the fear of God. There are many who call themselves teachers—instructors of the young mind—that cannot, I very much fear, say this; that, if called upon to-day to give an account of the time they have spent, would be "weighed in the balance and found wanting."

All teachers impart knowledge for money. This is well, certainly every teacher should expect and receive a reasonable compensation for his services, but there are those who make this the great and only object of teaching. Take the young man, for instance, who has been through the Arithmetic, looked inside of a Grammar, and, in a word, has merely skimmed over the surface of common English. He thinks if he can engage a District School for a winter's term, it will pay pretty well. And then it is something to have the name of being a school-teacher. Ah, how it will lift some empty-brained fools above the "common herd" to teach a school. Observe some of the young ladies—(I fear I should offend some verdant Miss if I did not call her so,)—just obtaining a smattering of common English, and preparing to *teach* school. It would not look well to stay at home and help mother—her hands are too fine for such drudgery—she engages a school, and is metamorphosed into a school teacher. Dressed to "kill," she parades into the school-room. It is a matter of little moment whether the lessons are learned or not, if the time passes by all is well. A dull, hum-drum affair is the instruction of the young—anything to kill time is the object sought. This is not the case in all instances, but I fear it is in far too many.

Teachers, did you ever realize what a responsibility is resting upon you—did you ever consider that you are framing the minds and making the morals of a future generation. Perhaps you have under your charge one whose logic and eloquence shall yet entrance and hold thousands in its mystic sway. Some one, doubtless, is now instructing the future ruler of our nation. And who can take upon themselves the duties of the situation and pass it lightly over, as they contemplate and feel how susceptible are the minds of the young, and how lasting are early impressions? We all know that the minds of the young learn evil very quickly. One act, one word of the teacher, may entail upon the child a life of misery and woe. He sees the teacher do thus and so, and he thinks, why may not I do the same. He observes the teacher commit moral and physical wrongs—he does the same. You may say one error cannot effect much harm, but remember, drops make the ocean—little sins make the hardened and confirmed sinner. Next to the mother the teacher has the strongest influence on the child. Then should you not keep watch over your actions—lead the young by the hand of love. And if you feel weary, or if your patience is tried almost as much as it will bear, give not way to the feelings, but ever keep a sense of right before your eyes. Press on through the difficulties that surround you, and remember,

"A pebble in the streamlet scant,
Has turned the course of many a river;
A dew drop on the tiny plant,
Has warped the giant oak forever."

Cadiz, Catt. Co., N. Y., 1859. L. H.

RIGHT KIND OF TEACHERS.

Hiram Orcutt, Principal of the Ladies' Seminary at North Granville, in a little work entitled "Gleanings from School Life Experience," thus speaks in relation to teachers:

"A blight upon the trusting mind of youth."

"We need the noblest order of minds for this work. We need persons of ripe, extensive, thorough scholarship, persons of refined, elegant tastes, and high and commanding intellects; but they must be individuals of perfected power, who can communicate *themselves*, as well as their learning—individuals of profound impulses and burning sympathies, who have souls to move the world.—There is an acknowledged want of this kind of personal power in many of our teachers. They may exhibit no prominent defects, either in character or attainments; may, indeed, be living editions of text-books, capable of patient elaborations and learned comments on the subjects before them, but they are destitute of all vital, transmissive, inspiring influence; no virtue goes out of them as they mingle with their scholars; they never stir the deep fountains of their souls, nor waken in their bosoms those lofty sentiments that incite to greater efforts and nobler deeds. The teacher who cannot rouse his pupils to think and act for themselves, who is satisfied to drag the almost lifeless body of an uninterested class through formal recitations, does not deserve the name he bears. No matter how great his abilities, or how extensive his learning, his main work is undone. The high office of the teacher reaches far beyond the mere formalities of the school-room. Where acquisition ends, the highest education begins; hence, the paramount aim of the teacher should be to cultivate the faculties and cherish the spirit of a nobler life. If he possesses such a power, an unconscious tuition will be felt upon all around him; his spirit will have all the glow that imagination kindles, and will be filled with impulses more stirring than chivalry ever excited. Such a spirit will consecrate him to his work, and bear him through his labors as a glorious pastime."

COMMON SCHOOL STUDIES.

One of the most prevailing vices of the present system of education, is the disposition to attach undue importance to collegiate, and undue indifference to common school studies. Without thinking that collegiate education, if not built upon thorough common school training, is mere gilding on mud; people are eager to see their children flaunting their Latin attainments or their mathematical astonishments, as if these were the end of all instruction, instead of being only one process, and by no means the most important, in training the mind for life labors. The encouragement of this feeling we cannot think either a healthy indication, or a possible benefit, and we therefore regard with some mistrust the great and growing disproportion between seminaries and common schools. Not that there are likely to be too many seminaries, but that there are too few common schools. We must have good nurseries if we are to have fruitful orchards, and we shall be apt to find the best education in those States that give the best care to common schools. They are like the pennies of Franklin's proverb, take care of them and the seminaries will take care of themselves. We need collegiate education, far more of it than we are likely to get soon, but we need much more the thorough, systematic, conscientious training of common schools. When our colleges turn out graduates every year who can't spell, who blunder in grammar, who can't solve a single arithmetical problem, though they may construe Longinus correctly, and demonstrate the binomial theorem easily, it is time that a little more attention was given to common schools.—*Indiana Journal.*

NECESSITY OF HOME INSTRUCTION.

It is the nature of a child to imitate what is around it. The influence of example is as certain as the action of the air upon the body. Influences educate the child long before it is large enough to be sent from home to school. It is in the unwritten, unspoken teachings of home in our tenderest years that our destiny has its beginnings. Every word, tone, look, frown, smile and tear, witnessed in childhood, performs its part in training the infant for eternity. Instruction should begin early, but let it be oral, and consist chiefly of a few moral precepts, Bible stories, and chaste fables. A great error in our times is the pressing of the infantile mind, cramming the memory with what the child does not understand, and at the same time, so compressing and cramping it as to prevent the proper physical development, and impair the reasoning faculties.

Another of the alarming evils in our day is the circulation of demoralizing publications. Earnest warning entreaties on this subject have often fallen from the pulpits. But the warning cannot be too often repeated. The influence of immoral prints and books is calculated more than anything else to corrupt the morals, and enfeeble the intellects of the juvenile portion of our country. To circulate such publications is a serious offence against God and man; and yet I fear greatly it is a growing evil; nor do I see any corrective so available, so potential and so practical, as family government and instruction. Let the home be for amusement, pleasure, knowledge and religion, as attractive as possible.—*Dr. Scott.*

The American Institute of Instruction held its Thirtieth Annual Meeting in New Bedford, Mass., on the 23d, 24th and 25th days of August. More than one thousand teachers were in attendance, and the deepest interest was manifested.

GROUP IN THE BAZAARS.

SHOPPING AT JERUSALEM.

BY MRS. SARAH BARCLAY JOHNSON.

The bazaars of no Oriental city are comparable to those of Damascus, a city which is so beautiful in every respect, that Mohammed dared not look upon it, fearing that he should find so entrancing an earthly paradise as entirely to rob him of any desire to reach that of the skies. But Damascus is not Jerusalem, and as everybody likes to know how one goes shopping in Jerusalem, I shall not withhold a description of its bazaars because of their small share of attractiveness. True, the idea of shopping in Jerusalem is not a very poetical one, and some, I dare say, suppose it is an unpracticed art in this city of hallowed associations. But not so think the residents, who, notwithstanding the indifference of the shops, find an occasional visit to them quite an indispensable requisite to their comfort. My first expedition of this kind, apart from the novelty, afforded me but little satisfaction. Being uninitiated, I gladly accepted the offer of several of my Turkish friends to accompany me, who called quite early in the morning, that we might devote several hours to this all-absorbing feminine occupation, and the remainder of the day to a bath. Many quiet streets were threaded before joining the busy crowd which thronged the bazaars.

Jerusalem being a spot of so much attraction to every nation under heaven, we here see every variety of costume, making the bazaars a continual carnival. One moment you are greeted with a garb betokening the highest civilization, and the next, with the coarse camel's hair garment of a Bedouin from the burning sands of the desert. At one step you meet the black silk wrappings of the Egyptian women, and the next, the ghostly white robes of her Syrian sister. But nothing can compare, in richness and beauty, with the flowing robes and full white turban of her lord and master. The wayfaring man wears a girdle which is so arranged that one end answers the purpose of a bag, in which he carries his money, valuables, and other small articles; and in his bosom may be found his balances, which every Oriental carries at all times, with which the coin is weighed and by which its value is determined—and if accompanied by his wife and children, you will be reminded of the words of Isaiah:—"They shall bring their sons in their arms, and their daughters shall be carried on their shoulders." The woman occasionally carries her child on her shoulders, with a water-skin on her back.

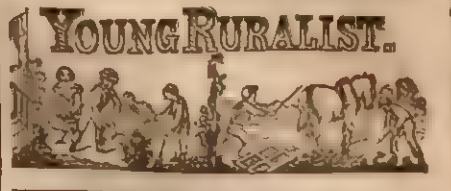
Along the dark and narrow alleys rather than streets we groped our way, now retreating within a door at the approach of the towering camel, and now hastily stepping out of the way of a string of donkeys trudging along under a load of brush of gigantic dimensions. This is intended for fuel, and reminds one of the expression used by our Savior:—"The grass which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven," a passage which greatly perplexes those living in a country whose widespread forests afford abundance of material for fuel. But in the Holy Land, which is so scantily supplied with trees, the passage is perfectly applicable, for in the absence of wood, necessity compels the people to burn brush, roots, dried grasses, and weeds of all kinds, so plentifully growing in the fields; and immense donkey-loads are daily brought to the city for this purpose. Thorns also, which grow in great profusion, are used as fuel, and explain the figures used in Ecclesiastes:—"As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of a fool;" and in Isaiah, "As thorns cut up they shall be burned in the fire."

There is a ditch in the centre of most of the streets, but there are no sidewalks and no pavements, for the unevenly laid stones do not deserve the name; nor are there any lamp-posts. At night you see here and there the dim flickering of a little earthen lamp of olive oil beside a reclining figure of a man, who lies sleeping upon a raised platform in front of his bazaar; and this is the only light one enjoys in a nocturnal walk through the city. Hence the necessity of carrying our own lamp—a necessity which is still further enforced by the regulation inflicting fine and imprisonment upon all who are caught in the street without a light after an early hour. The streets are lined with bare stone walls of prison-like houses, broken by a very few, and very small, latticed windows, and covered usually with arches, or pieces of matting, stretched from house to house—the walls generally ruined, and the matting always tattered. Thus, Jerusalem wears an air of gloom and misery, and its inhabitants move about in keeping with the wretchedness of the streets and houses. It is impossible to discern a glad face among them, and the camels carefully plant their feet, noiselessly pursuing their way as if untuitively afraid of breaking the silent gloom. Suddenly, however, we enter a street where the people move more briskly—the camels are hurried along by loud threats from their drivers, and the shopmen still more loudly proclaim the merits of their wares. Country women are seated on the sides of the streets with baskets of fruits and vegetables. The shops of the dry goods venders are nothing more than rows of small platforms, four or five feet square, with shelves arranged around them on which the goods are placed. The purchaser stands in the street, while the merchant indolently reclines on a rug spread over the platform. With utter indifference he lays aside his narghileh, and at first seems very careless whether we buy or not; but presently launches into great volubility on the excellence of his fabrics. Oriental bazaars have not the least pretensions to taste, but often make a great display of richly embroidered goods. A white handkerchief is unfolded, which, although embroidered in gold, is of the coarsest cotton, and tears in the opening. Speaking of taste, reminds me that, among other purchases of one of my companions, was a spool of white cotton, with which she intended making up her robe of black silk!

Huge piles of slippers are tumbled from the shelves—some of the plain yellow morocco, without ornament, and others with embroidery and rosettes of pearls inclosing colored stones—embroidered jackets of purple—cotton velvet worked with tinsel and bright silks, or gold and silk braid—caps of scarlet cloth with high raised gold work, and tassels half a yard in length—striped silk sashes from Damascus—napkins perfumed with otto of rose, and embroidered in the corners—ready made trowsers, and red fez caps without seam. Calicoes are not only rare, but almost worthless, and their prices nearly as high as those of silks. Further on is a fancy shop, with sparkling cut glass narghilehs, and little coffee-cup stands of richly-embossed silver—Mohammed's prohibition of silver to the contrary notwithstanding. For these they charge a hundred piastres, or five dollars. Other trinkets of harem use are here displayed, and next is the drug bazaar, where all kinds of spices, drugs and perfumes, are sold. Otto of roses, as well as rose water, made from the roses of Wady el Werd (valley of roses,) can be bought at a marvelously low price. Further on, the respectable Armenian is seen manufacturing small trinkets and trifles with his scanty supply of instruments, and those of the rudest manufacture. With them, however, he forms a ring, or sets an amulet, with wonderful skill. Interspersed among these are shops where bushels of beads are displayed, made of camel's bone, amber, sandal, and olive wood; then there are amulets, blood stones from India, and trinkets in pearl, made, by the Bethlehemites, in imitation of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and a long catalogue of saints which are in great requisition among the devout pilgrims. Here and there a man may be seen standing by a small earthen furnace of embers, across which he throws wires strung with small pieces of mutton—a very popular dish. The bazaar is densely crowded with shrouded women and pilgrims from all parts of the world, and the air resounds with the screams of the camel and donkey drivers. Rooh, dabrac, woojac, they cry—"stand aside, your back, your face," which, united to the babel of languages, and the fierce gesticulation, characteristic of Orientals, presents a scene of noise and confusion completely bewildering. Add to this the braying of donkeys, the growling of camels, the clattering of horses' hoofs on the uneven stones, one's care to avoid, at every step, the accumulated heaps of filth and debris, and the hot rays of the sun piercing through the ragged matting overhead, and the reader may be content with the picture without wishing to participate in the reality.—*Hadji in Syria.*

Turkish Grave-yards.—The Turkish tombstone, if it mark the grave of a man, is surmounted by a turban, and the diversity of forms shows the different generations that have passed away.—These round-headed, turbaned stones have very much the appearance of dwarfish imps, and one almost expects a pair of goggle-eyes to be peering from beneath the well-executed folds of white or gray stone. Those erected for women are decorated with wreaths or bunches of flowers. Both kinds have inscriptions, and are often colored and highly gilded. Sometimes they are of a bright azure blue, richly decorated with gilt, and extremely beautiful.

An indiscreet person is like an unsealed letter, which everybody can peruse.



OUR INFLUENCE.

Every person, however humble his station in life, is destined to exert an influence, either for good or for evil, upon all who have intercourse with him. Even though he may not be aware of it, much good or much evil may be constantly flowing from our influence, which may not only last while we live, but continue through each succeeding year, to the end of time. Truly has it been said that "none stand alone." No person can say that he has no influence upon any other person,—that he is independent of his fellow-men, and that they are independent of him. Especially are the effects of good and bad influence apparent upon children. How many men there are, who, in moments of anger, and some from force of habit, and many merely for the pleasure of the thing, will often, in presence of their own and neighbors' children, make use of profane and vulgar language. If they were aware of the bad influence their words and actions may have on those who hear them throughout all the succeeding years of their life,—if they were aware of the awful responsibility resting on themselves,—if they were aware of half the evil they may be unconsciously doing, surely they would be more careful of their words and conduct.

How many parents there are who will sometimes tell falsehoods in presence of the young, without seeming to think that children, encouraged by their example, will often be tempted to do the same. There are many children who seem to think that their parents can do nothing wrong, and if they use vulgar and profane language, and tell falsehoods sometimes, they will think it to be no sin for them to do the same. When we think how much easier it is to learn lessons of evil than those of virtue, and how long the remembrance of a kind or unkind word or action remains, causing us to love or dislike the giver, then how important it seems that we should be very, *very* careful how we act in presence of others. It would be blessed to think that good effects are constantly flowing from our influence; that we are constantly exerting our influence for good; but it would be terrible to think that our influence is only for evil,—that by the means of our bad influence others are led to sin. This, indeed, would be a terrible thought. Then how very important it is that we should so live that our influence may do much good, and no evil; that we may appear as a ray of sunshine, imparting warmth and sunshine to all we meet. These remarks are particularly applicable to the youth who are just commencing active life. If we can do this we shall not live in vain, and none shall say that through our influence they have been induced to enter the downward road to misery, but many shall rejoice that our influence upon them has been a blessing.

Pittsfield, N. Y., 1859. W. H. H. Pearson.

BLOWING.

Many persons are addicted to what is very significantly termed "blowing." This senseless practice arises from a belief which is quite generally entertained by young men, too generally by older ones, that talking can liberalize meagerness of speech and facilitate the operations of the mind. The supposition is that talk begets talk; well, we grant it, but talk is *nothing*, and *nothing may beget nothing forever.* The fallacy of this practice lies in regarding language as a primary faculty of the mind, whereas it is secondary.

Language is the vehicle of ideas—the channel through which *thought* is transmitted. It originates with thought—is its servant. As the thunder's peal is simply an announcement of the lightning's flash, so the sound of words is properly the echo of sense.

Unless words are allied to ideas they become mere talk, and talking is no more the ally of thinking than the shadow of a man is the man himself. Therefore, if we would speak fluently and forcibly, we must think fluently and forcibly. The deficiency in expression experienced by some is to be attributed, primarily, not to incapacity in the command of language, but to want of ideas. If you would do away with speechlessness, dissipate thoughtlessness. *Think*, for thinking is the very life of the soul.

Nothing but lack of judgment will permit a man to speak except as he is prompted by forces from within. No advice is more mistaken or unsophistical than that which is frequently given to young men to speak, accompanied by the assurance that, if not interested to do so, it will benefit them to blow. If a man has anything to say he will not be troubled for words. *Ideas are self-clothed,*—they never come into the world naked. Yet the art of silence is mastered by few. There are many, too many, who have the presumption to bore humanity with frivolous prating. It is far wiser to counsel a man to think than to speak—for then he will speak uninvited, with an unction which ideas always inspire, and with a power which is ever engendered by thought, profound, original thought.

Blowing never issues from the lips of

Rochester, N. Y., Aug., 1859. A Thinker.

Omniscience of God.—Nothing exists, moves or dies within the boundless universe unknown to God. Not a leaf of the forest expands from the bud, or trembles in the breeze; not a spire of grass springs up from the earth; not a flower puts forth its beautiful head that embalms the summer breeze with its fragrance; not a bird that cheers us with its musical notes as it happily flits from tree to tree, or chirps and flutters for fear or anxiety, unperceived by Him. There is not a human being, high or low, rich or poor, public or private, but that God knows of his existence and his circumstances.

Man can not do a deed, or even think a thought, in the most secluded part of the universe—whether it be good or evil, virtuous or vicious, but it is known by an Omniscient God.

He knows even our *inmost* thoughts. How ought we, then, not only to avoid evil acts, but have our minds freed from the stain of sin.—A. C. P., *Smithville, N. Y.*, 1859.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 17, 1859.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

Mr. McLane, Minister to Mexico, arrived at Washington on the 11th inst, having left Vera Cruz on the 1st. Our Government had previously granted him two months' leave of absence. Reliable accounts just received, mention that Senor Fuente, who held the Cabinet office under President Comonfort's administration, has just been appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs, the duties of which were heretofore discharged by Senor Ocampo, who remains in charge of the Home Department under the Constitutional Government. All our Consuls, with the exception of Mr. Black, of the city of Mexico, are everywhere officially recognized. The most friendly feelings are expressed by the Liberalists for the United States, from which they expect assistance against the re actionists. The Americans in Mexico, however, utter their surprise that so much indifference is manifested in this country towards the Liberal party, who continue to be enthusiastically animated by the hope of success, the immediate want of money alone crippling their energy. Notwithstanding this, troops continue to be revised for operations against the city of Mexico. Mr. McLane has returned without a treaty, but the matters at interest between the two countries are such as to leave no doubt of an early accommodation. If Senor Lerdo had been in Vera Cruz it is probable, according to the accounts from that city, that a convention or treaty would have been concluded.

The N. Y. *Tribune's* Washington correspondent states that the points of controversy between our Government and Great Britain, so far as General Harney's course in Oregon is concerned, are these: The island of San Juan has been occupied as a sort of common ground by Americans and a party of the Hudson Bay Company, which Company has now no legal existence. Some differences have arisen between these parties. Gen. Harney, at the request of the Americans, interposed with a small party of troops to decide a matter which properly pertains to the jurisdiction of the British and American Commissioners now on the ground, who are charged with the duty of running the boundary line. It is not apprehended that hostilities will grow out of the affair.

Gen. Harney has acquainted Lieut. Gen. Scott with all the circumstances attending his occupation of the island of San Juan. It appears that he had not been previously specifically instructed to take possession, but sent troops thither to protect the 25 or 30 Americans residing there who had been included in the taxation limits by the authorities of Washington Territory. Our Boundary Commissioner, Campbell, has no doubt about the island belonging to the United States, but the British Commissioner made issue, and hence the protest of Gov. Douglas. This subject excites much interest in official and diplomatic circles.

Some time ago Captain Stone made a full statement to our Government of the circumstances attending the expulsion of himself and other Americans from Sonora. This act of Gov. Peschiera being clearly a violation of the provisions of our treaty with Mexico, proper measures have been taken for the protection of United States citizens in that quarter, and instructions are now on their way for that purpose.

Personal and Political.

Ex-Gov. Wallace, one of the oldest residents of Indianapolis, and late Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, died of apoplexy on the 4th inst.

The New York Republican State Convention met at Syracuse on the 7th inst. A committee on organization was appointed, a report submitted by them was adopted, and the following permanent officers chosen:—*President*—William A. Wheeler, Franklin. *Vice-Presidents*—1st District, Augustus F. Dow, James Davis; 2d, Lucien Birdseye, J. G. Wilkin; 3d, Peter Crespell, Jr., A. B. Olin; 4th, Peter Keese, A. Backus; 5th, Joseph Fayle, F. E. Spinner; 6th, J. B. Williams, R. Franchot; 7th, John Wiley, E. M. Parsons; 8th, H. S. Comstock, Milton Smith. *Secretaries*—1st Dis., J. H. White, Wm. Orton; 2d, Luther Caldwell, Park Godwin; 3d, J. S. Anable, W. J. Humphrey; 4th, W. Lansing, T. V. Russell; 5th, John Wilkinson, John Cantwell; 6th, G. J. J. Barber, Lauren Fowler; 7th, G. C. Buell, E. G. Lapham; 8th, S. Pettibone, A. N. Cole.

The following nominations were made by the Convention:—*Judge of Court of Appeals*—Henry E. Davies, of New York. *Secretary of State*—Elias W. Leavenworth, of Onondaga county. *Comptroller*—Robert Denniston, Orange county. *Attorney General*—Charles G. Myers, St. Lawrence county. *State Engineer*—Orville W. Story, Allegany county. *Treasurer*—Philip Dorsheimer, of Erie county. *Canal Commissioner*—Ogden N. Chapin, Albany county. *State Prison Inspector*—David P. Forrest, Schenectady county. *Clerk of Court of Appeals*—Chas. Hughes, Washington Co.

The following were reported as members of the Republican State Central Committee for the ensuing year:—1st Dis., James Kelly, Benj. F. Maniere, James W. Nye. 2d, Rollin Sanford, F. W. Lord, E. M. Madden. 3d, John L. Schoolcraft, Chas. L. Beale, Charles R. Richards. 4th, Edward Dodd, Wm. A. Dart, Thomas R Horton. 5th, John Wilkinson, Henry Fitzhugh, S D Hungerford. 6th, Wm. Smith, G. J. J. Barber, H. C. Goodwin. 7th, S. G. Cuyler, R. Van Valkenburgh, H. S. Wells. 8th, E. G. Spaulding, E. R. Reynolds, W. Bristol.

The annual election of State officers in Vermont took place on the 6th inst. Holland Hall, the present Governor, was voted for by the Republicans and Opposition, and John G. Saxe was the Democratic nominee. There was no unusual interest manifested, and the returns indicate the re-election of the Republican State ticket, by about the same majority as last year; also, a small Republican gain to the Legislature over last year. The vote for Governor in 71 towns stands for Hall, 12,814; for Saxe, 5,123. The same towns last year gave Hall 11,105, and Keys 5,163. Hall gains, therefore, over last year's vote in these towns 1,049. Returns from 165 towns gives the Republicans 144 and the Democrats 17. In four districts there is no choice.

The Opposition and American Conventions of New Jersey met at Trenton on the 7th inst. Chas. S. Olden was nominated by the Opposition on the third ballot for Governor, receiving 379 votes out of 579 cast. A Committee of Conference was then sent to the American Convention, with the request that they adopt Mr. Olden as their candidate. The ballot was taken, and Mr. Olden nominated by 93 to 63.

The Rev. James Roneyn, pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church in New Brunswick, N. J., died at his residence in that city on the morning of the 7th inst.

The Democratic Convention of St. Mary's Co., Md., held on the 27th ult., adopted a resolution that no nomination be made by the party in that County for the approaching fall elections, but that "the aspirants for all the offices, be allowed to present themselves individually for the suffrages of the people, and that each and every citizen be recommended to cast his vote in obedience to his own views and sentiments, without the trammel and diction of unnecessary and arbitrary Conventions."

A Law and Order Meeting called by 200 merchants, mechanics, business and professional men of Baltimore, assembled in Monument Square on the 8th inst., to deliberate on and devise the means of rescuing the city from its present condition, and restoring the supremacy of law and order. The vast Square was densely crowded, and all of the avenues leading thereto were thronged with masses of orderly, respectable and influential citizens. The meeting organized, on motion of Chas. D. Hinks, by calling to the Chair William H. Woodworth, of the well known firm of Woodworth & Co. A preamble and resolutions were read, setting forth in clear and emphatic language their social and political evils, condemning Club rule, and proposing effective measures to ensure a fair expression of the sentiments of the public at the ensuing election, by protecting the purity of the ballot box, and placing in nomination capable and fearless men, in opposition to the nominees of the political Clubs. The resolutions provide for a Committee to call on the Mayor and demand the appointment of reliable men as Judges at the next election, and the appointment of a special police for to attend the polls, keep them clear, and emphatically disavow party fear; and empower a special committee to nominate, irrespective of party, the most respectable men for the officers shortly to be elected. The papers state that law and order has been fully vindicated, and the most determined opposition to rowdies and lawlessness been established, which already has overawed the majority of the disturbers of the public peace.

The people of Nebraska are ambitious to take rank as a State. The Democratic Territorial Convention passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That by virtue of the provisions of the Treaty of 1803, for the purchase of Louisiana, and by the provisions of the Federal Constitution, the "inhabitants" of this Territory have the right to demand admission into the Union, as of right, and we are in favor of such admission, as a Sovereign State, with such boundaries as the people may prescribe, as "soon as possible," and we believe that that time has now arrived.

News Paragraphs.

Sixty-two iron furnaces in the neighborhood of Portsmouth, Ohio, and in Kentucky, turn out a yearly aggregate of pig iron estimated at 155,000 tuns, valued at $4,650,000. The number of hands employed at these furnaces is stated at 6,200, receiving the total sum per month of $155,000. The iron trade is quite a feature in the Sciota Valley and its neighborhood.

During the display of the Aurora, on Thursday night week, in Boston, the telegraph wires were worked for about two hours without the usual batteries, the messages being transmitted with the Auroral current. The effect of the Aurora is to neutralize and augment the usual batteries alternately, making the current at times too strong for the magnets. This is the first instance on record of more than a word or two having been transmitted with the Auroral current.

Georgia is probably the lightest taxed State in the Union. Its State tax is only two-thirds of a mill on the dollar. A man owning $10,000 of property pays only $6,62 taxes. Georgia is one of the most flourishing States, also, rapidly rising in manufactures as well as in agriculture.

The Island of Bermuda is fast becoming a vast market garden for the city of New York. The export of potatoes for the last season to that city shows an increase of nine thousand bushels. The exportation of onions has reached over eight hundred thousand pounds, while that of tomatoes amounted to four thousand five hundred and ninety-two boxes. More than sixty vessels were engaged in carrying the above mentioned produce.

The tide water receipts for the season up to September 1st, show a decrease in wheat and flour equal to 1,727,380 barrels of flour. Owing to the increase in other articles the receipts of tolls do not show a corresponding falling off. The deficiency from last year is less than $300,000, with a large fall business to come, to offset against a very light after-harvest traffic last year. The canal revenues for the season will equal, and perhaps exceed those of 1858.

The "season" at Saratoga is over. Fashion and folly has mainly left the Springs. According to the Saratogian the leading hotel registers foot up 23,064 visitors in a period of seventy-three days from June 20th, the commencement of the season. This is 25 per cent. increase on last year, and very much the largest of any former season. The aggregate of the season, including the number which stopped at boarding and private houses, is 32,000.

Mexican News.—The dates from Vera Cruz are to the 25th inst. Mr. McLane returned to Vera Cruz on the 22d ult., and presented Mr. Buchanan's ultimatum to Juarez, demanding the immediate ratification of the treaty. There is nothing important from the Capital. General Degollado had ordered the troops at Tampico and its immediate neighborhood, to march to San Louis Potosi, which is to be the general rendezvous of the Liberals. He intends attacking the Capital in October. All the Pacific coast was in the peaceable possession of the Liberals. General Vidori was organizing his forces at Nuevallon to march against the Indians and Americans.

Salt Inspection.—The Syracuse Journal says the quantity of salt inspected on the Onondaga Salt Springs Reservation, for the four weeks ending August 27th, 1859, was as follows:—At Syracuse District No. 1, 212,178 bush.; Salina District No. 2, 462,813; Liverpool District No. 3, 67,263; Geddes District No. 4, 175,484. Total, 917,484. The whole amount of salt inspected on the Onondaga Salt Springs Reservation, from January 1st, 1859, to August 27th, is 3,507,371 bushels. The whole amount inspected during the same time in 1858, was 3,698,995 bushels. Decrease, 191,624 bushels.

Northern Farmers Emigrating to Virginia.—A large body of land—82,000 acres—lying in the counties of Highland, Randolph and Pendleton, Va., has been sold for $60,000, or 80 cents per acre, to a Northern Emigation Company, whose design is to settle upon it.

From Buenos Ayres.—Advices from Buenos Ayres of the 10th of July, state that active hostilities had commenced between that State and the Argentine Confederation. Two Buenos Ayrean war vessels had been fired on off Rosario, and an Argentine war schooner had been captured on the other side. The American steamer Ascension, with Mr. Zancy, our Minister, on board, had also been fired on from Rosario, having been mistaken for a Buenos Ayrean vessel. Satisfactory explanations, however, followed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Great Britain.—There is no news of political importance. Queen Victoria was about to pay her annual visit to Scotland.

The Board of Trade returns for July, show an increase of exports £291,000 for the month, and £9,816,000 for the last seven months, over the same period of last year.

The potato blight is said to be committing considerable ravages in some parts of Ireland.

At a meeting of the Great Ship Company the Directors were authorized to issue the remaining capital, £30,000, so as to dispatch the Great Eastern on her voyage free of debt. It was also determined not to insure the vessel at present, leaving the proprietors to insure their respective risks if they thought best. Mr. Lever had renewed his offer to charter the ship for her first voyage, on still more liberal terms. The offer is stated, but it is presumed was not entertained.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company recently deputised Mr. F. C. West, an Engineer of considerable experience in testing and experimenting on telegraph cables, to proceed to Valentia and examine the present state of the Atlantic Cable, and his report is published in the English papers. After detailing the scientific result of his experiments, he concludes as follows:—"I am of the opinion that a serious fault exists about 263 statute miles from Valentia, measured along the cable, and that the cable between that spot and this shore is comparatively perfect. The trouble is, from here we cannot now decide whether the cable is mechanically severed; and all attempts to detect the reception of the most intense currents from the opposite shore, have since proved fruitless, still, from various circumstances attendant on the decline of the insulation, there is every reason to believe that the continuity both of the cable and conductor is perfect. Whether any other faults exist beyond the one alluded to, it is impossible to ascertain by tests from Valentia. The fact that signals received from Valentia, were always better than those received from New Foundland, proves undoubtedly that the worst insulation has always been near Valentia. Therefore it seems probable that if the fault that exists on this coast, which very likely forms the principal cause of leakage, would be removed, the insulation would be so far improved as to render the cable again available for signalling, provided the fault which is said by those who have tested from New Foundland to exist near Trinity Bay, was removed."

France.—A Berne telegram of the 24th says that according to intelligence from Zurich, the French and Austrian Plenipotentiaries had regulated a settlement of the affairs of Lombardy with the consent of the Sardinian Plenipotentiary, and that the arrangement is expected to be confirmed by the different sovereigns. The affairs of the Duchy are to be treated of directly between the Courts of Paris and Vienna. The French and Sardinian representatives were in consultation on the 24th. The impression prevailed that the Conference would be successfully concluded early in September. Austria is said to have modified her instructions with her Representatives. There were constant arrivals at and departures of Couriers from Zurich.

The rumor of a duel between Gens. Canrobert and Neil, which prevailed when the Africa sailed, proved unfounded.

The Paris *Moniteur* contains the following:—"The Emperor having ordered that the army be placed from a war to a peace footing, the Minister of War has given orders that from September 20,000 men should return to their homes, whose terms of service expire in 1859. Moreover, furloughs of three months will be allowed to those who are in that class of exceptional cases provided for by the statute of 1832.

In several of the wine growing districts the yield will be below the average, while in other parts there is great abundance.

Austria.—Letters from Vienna had expressed the apprehension that the difficulties of the Italian question will not be settled at Zurich, and give as report, the furloughs granted the Austrian soldiers returning from Italy had been suspended, and that seven out of twelve of the Austrian corps de armie are to be placed on a war footing.

The Augsburgh *Gazette* says that the Austrian Military Schools are to be completely re-organized on the model of those in France.

Prussia.—The Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* says that owing to the complication of the affairs of Italy, the Prussian government is favorable to a European Congress, and the acknowledgement that France and Austria are the arbitrators of Europe, if mighty questions are allowed to be decided by the Zurich Conference.

No immediate change was expected in the health of the King.

A Prussian journal says Lord John Russell had addressed a dispatch to the British Minister at Berlin, expressing a wish for compact accord between the two Cabinets on all present questions of European politics. The same paper says that the understanding between Prussia and England is still more intimate.

Italy.—The object of the defensive league by the provisional governments of Tuscany and Bologna, and the Dictatorship of Modena, is stated to be to prevent the restoration of the fallen government, in maintaining internal order, and to lay down the basis of an assimilation in their institutions.

The King of Sardinia, in returning thanks for a medal presented to him by a private society, says: That his efforts were always concentrated for the great national cause, that he lived for it and was ready to die for it. That although difficulties and misfortunes might arise, they would certainly be surmounted, that in view of the wisdom and good order now displayed in the Duchies of Romana, it was impossible to go further, as he might have wished. He pledged his best efforts for the welfare of Italy.

The mission of Prince Poniatowski to Italy had attracted attention. It was supposed that Napoleon had sent him to carry on the intrigue set on foot by L. Reisset.

The London *Times* strongly urges the Tuscans to be prepared to constrain aggressions, even if they have to fight, and points to Garibaldi as a noble champion for them of the Washington school.

The Council of Ministers at Turin, at which the King of Sardinia presided, had decided that before accepting, even provisionally, the provinces which desire to be annexed to Piedmont, it was proper to consult the Allied Powers, particlarly France.

A number of distinguished veterans had been sent as Representatives to the European Powers. It is said they had issued a long address, in which they say the conduct of Austria has not changed since the peace.

India.—Bombay dates of July 21st, reached England. Estimates of the number of European troops who intend to avail themselves of permission to retire, reached from eight to ten thousand. There was a rumor that Sikh cavalry were following in the wake of Europeans and growing disaffected, but it is not corroborated.

Calcutta dates of the 16th, and Hong Kong of the 5th, were telegraphed to Trieste. A strong force was stationed on the frontier of Oude to prevent, if possible, the inroad of rebels into that country.

Commercial—*Breadstuffs*.—Very dull. Richardson, Spence & Co. state that the weather had been stormy and unfavorable for the crops, but the harvest was almost over. Flour very dull and easier, but quotations unchanged. American 10@12s. Wheat very dull. Red 6s6d@9s; white 9@9s6d. Corn steady.—Mixed and yellow 5s6d@5s9d; white 7@7s6d. *Provisions* declining. Pork heavy and nominal. Lard quiet but steady.

Clippings from Foreign Journals.

The British army at present consists of 246,412 men, of whom 119,551 are stationed abroad. This includes the whole available force, militia, volunteers, rifle corps, enrolled pensioners, &c.

The annual report of the registration of births, deaths and marriages in England, has just been printed. The births for the past year have been in excess by 243,256; and the deaths also exceed those of previous years by upwards of 20,000.

The North China *Herald* notices the marriage of a couple of Chinese Christians, by the Rev. K. C. Wong, a Chinese minister, as the first instance in which all the parties concerned were at once Chinese, Christian and Protestant. The bride was entirely hidden under the red robes, crown-shaped head-dress, and the red crape veil of the *Ming* Dynasty. There was music and a profusion of garlands and flowers.

Victor Hugo has published the following, dated Guernsey, Hauteville House, Aug. 18, 1859:—"No one will expect that, so far as I am personally concerned, I should give a moment's attention to the thing called an amnesty. While the state of France remains what it is, my duty will be to protest it absolutely, inflexibly, eternally. Faithful to the engagement I have made with my conscience, I shall share to the last the exile of liberty. When liberty returns, I will return."

Victor Hugo.

Great Collection of Geological Wonders.—Many of our readers will remember reading in the Rural, during the past two years, extracts of several letters written by our townsman, Mr. Henry A. Ward, while on a Geological Tour in the Old World. The fruits of this excursion are abundant and wonderful, and have been exhibited for some days past in the large Hall over the Rochester Savings Bank. The museum of wonders—for such it really is—comprises a great amount and variety of minerals, fossils, specimens of mummies, and other curiosities, collected chiefly in Europe and Africa during the past few years. The variety of rock formations of the old continent are an unusual treat to Geologists,—and we observed that our venerable friend, Prof. Dewey, while describing them to visitors a few days ago, seemed to have renewed his youthful vigor and enthusiasm. The fossils from the Paris Basin, under and about that great city, are in the finest preservation and of the highest beauty,—not to be found to the same extent and variety in any other collection in this country. The large collection, numbering thousands of specimens, is not only wonderful, but most honorable to the perseverance, indomitable energy and scientific knowledge of the possessor. A volume would not suffice to describe the collection; it must be seen to be appreciated.

The News Condenser.

— The U. S. Navy at present has 69 vessels and 8,490 seamen.

— In opium eating, the United States is now said to beat China.

— The Presidency of Hayti is to be changed to a Dictatorship.

— Baron E. Rothschild, from Germany, is at present in New York.

— There are thirteen thousand uniformed volunteers in Pennsylvania.

— A man recently died in a Philadelphia prison from the effects of cold.

— The cranberry crop is said to be an almost total failure in Minnesota.

— The great Blue Lick Springs of Kentucky have been sold for $16,000.

— There are 7,850 paupers in the different almshouses of New York city.

— California is the scene of as hot a political fight as ever was known in America.

— Several newspapers are advocating the English custom of advertising births.

— Wm. C. Conant proposes to issue a penny religious daily in the city of New York.

— It is estimated that the tobacco crop of Connecticut this year will be worth $1,000,000.

— First Assistant Engineer Roberts has resigned his position in the United States Navy.

— Kansas, with her present boundaries, will make a State more than twice as large as Ohio.

— Half a million pounds of cheese were shipped from New York to Great Britain last week.

— Two specimens of the Texas horned frog have been received at the Smithsonian Institute.

— Mention is made of much injury to the potato crop in some parts of Connecticut by the rot.

— The export of gold from this country, over imports, within ten years, has been $305,000,000.

— Kinkel's Herman, a German weekly paper issued by him in London, has been prohibited in Austria.

— The number of arrivals at the Saratoga hotels this season has been 23,000, or 4,000 more than last year.

— The women of Boston have contributed $9,600 to Prof. Agassiz's "Museum of Comparative Zoology."

— They have the "stump-tail milk" mania in Cincinnati. The Mayor is engaged in an investigation.

— During the last three months 4,747 children have died in New York—an average of over fifty per day!

— About 1,200 cords of wood were consumed on the Lockport branch of the Central Road, on the 6th inst.

— There is talk of erecting an equestrian statue to the memory of Gen. Jackson, in Western Tennessee.

— There are 6,000 dentists now practicing in the U. S. They cause an awful sight of aching during a year.

— Mlle. Rosa Bonheur has undertaken the pictorial illustration of a work on the "Agriculture of France."

— There are *twenty thousand* country houses in England, each larger than the President's house at Washington.

— The Illinois farmers are complaining that the wheat crop does not average as much per acre as was expected.

— An expense of sixty millions of dollars is to be incurred in fitting the English Navy for more efficient service.

— Within the limits of New York and Kings counties there are 402 churches, seating comfortably 335,000 persons.

— Thirty Mormons, male and female, arrived at New York on the 3d inst., from Liverpool, on board the ship Atlantic.

— A vessel drawing nearly eight feet water has passed through the improved channel between Quebec and Montreal.

— For the first time since the peace of Villafranca not a single English newspaper was seized in Paris on the 30th ult.

— Rev. A. Blackburn, eight years editor of the Presbyterian Witness, published at Knoxville, Tenn, died on the 23d ult.

— There are only two white women in the valley of Walker's River, California, and there are about 150 white miners.

— It is reported that Ruskin has written a series of lectures with the intention of delivering them in the United States.

— A. T. Stewart, of New York, proposes to give a million towards founding an Asylum for Widows and Indigent Women.

— The project of effecting a junction between the Caspian Sea and the Sea of Azoff is now the subject of much conversation.

— Charles H. Mann, Secretary of the Territory of Washington, died at Olympia on the 2d of July, in the 29th year of his age.

— A company of Zouaves has been formed in New Orleans, their commander having served in one of the corps in the Crimea.

— An Arkansas paper says that many of the girls in that State grow six feet high. They must be uncommonly well cultivated.

— The N. Y. Times numbers fifty-three actual suicides within the last six weeks, with twenty more unsuccessful attempts.

— The French Government have determined to include in the accomplishments of the army a knowledge of the art of swimming.

— Messrs. Hoe & Co., of New York, have recently manufactured and shipped a six-cylinder press for the Sydney Herald, Australia.

— The Baltimore Patriot says that the property of the late George Brown, who died in that city last week, is estimated at $4,000,000.

— It is reported that Stevenson, the celebrated English engineer, received $225,000 for the plan of the Victoria Bridge at Montreal.

— It is said that Mr. Dickens is *not* coming to America. He cannot afford to leave England and "All the Year Round" for any price.

— The frost of Monday night week was quite severe in some places around Concord, N. H.,—sufficiently so to kill corn, potatoes and squash vines.

— The Sixty-ninth regiment of New York are going to present a horse and trappings to Gen. Niel, of the French army, he being of Irish descent.

— During a religious procession in Ajaccio, Corsica, the dresses of eleven young ladies took fire from the candles. One of them died from her burns.

— A message was sent by telegraph, on Wednesday, from an Albany office to Kansas City, and an answer received within the short space of six hours!

— The Supreme Court of N. Y. has decided that a divorce obtained in Indiana, when the party goes to procure said divorce, and then returns to N. Y., is void.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Profitable Employment—Duane Rullson.
Ladies' Hoop Skirts—D. B. Duffield & Co.
Clark's School Visitor—Alex. Clark.
Seeds Free—Plants Cheap—H. H. Doolittle.
$1,000 a Year—J. W. Bradley.
Grape Vines—John B. Sardy.
Liebig's New Work—John Wiley.
Grape Vines in Bearing—Wm. Webster.
Carpentry Made Easy—J. Challen & Son.
Water Pipe—I. S. Hobbie & Co.
Fruit of the Delaware Grape—C. P. Bissell & Salter.
Ten Farms For Sale—Chas. Sutton.

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Special Notices.

FARMERS, don't fail to try at least a sack of Guano and a due amount of Gypsum (Plaster) on your fall sown wheat. It is highly recommended in the *New England Farmer* and *Massachusetts Agricultural Journal*.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Sept. 13, 1859.

FLOUR is at a stand-still just at present. Buyers are not over anxious, and holders seem to be in something of a quandary, hardly knowing whether to hold on to the stock in hand or sell. There is, consequently, little activity in the market.

GRAIN—Wheat is little better for choice, the advance being equal to 2 cents on the bushel. About 10,000 bushels Canadian have been sold during the week. Oats have taken a greater range, and for prime a little better price is obtainable. There is no barley offering in market, yet a price, 50@60 cents ₱ bushel, has been established.

HAY is moving upward—$10@17 are the figures just at present, though $17.50 is occasionally given.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.	
Flour, wint wheat	$4 75@5,75
Flour, spring do	$4 25@4 50
Flour, buckwheat, ₱ cwt	$3,00
Wheat, to prime	$1,15@1 18
Best white Can'a	$1,18@1 18
Corn	70@70c
Rye	80@80c
Oats, by weight	40@ 40
Barley	55@60
Buckwheat	00@00
Beans	00@00c
MEATS.	
Pork, mess	$17 00@18,00
Pork, clear	$20 00@20 00
Pork, cwt	$6,50@7,00
Beef, ₱ cwt	$4,00@5,00
Spring lambs, ₱ each	$1,50@1 75
Mutton, carcass	4@5c
Hams, smoked	10@11c
Shoulders	8@8c
Chickens	9@10c
Turkeys	8@10c
Geese	5@6@6c
Ducks, ₱ pair	00@00c
DAIRY, &c.	
Butter, roll	14@
Butter, firkin	12@12 c
Cheese	8@10c
Lard, tried	12@12c
Tallow	10@10@3
FEED, dozen	10c
Honey, box	15@15c
Candles, box	12@12c
FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Apples, bushel	25@37 c
Apples, dried	00@00
Peaches, dried, ₱ lb	00c
Cherries, dried, ₱ lb	00c
Potatoes, new	31@37c
HIDES AND SKINS.	
Slaughter	6@6c
Calf	10@10c
Sheep pelts	50@75
Lamb pelts	38@75c
SEEDS.	
Clover, bush	$5,00@5,50
Timothy	2,50@2,75
SUNDRIES.	
Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Coal, Lehigh	$7,50@8,00
Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4 50
Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4 50
Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Coal, Char	10@12 c
Salt, bbl	$1,12
Hay, ton	$10,00@14,00
Wool	00@00c
Whitefish, bbl	$6,00@6 50
Codfish, ₱ quintal	$4 75@5,00
Trout, bbl	$3,00@3,50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Sept. 13.—FLOUR—Market heavy and lower for choice, but firm and buoyant for common. Sales at $4,20@4,50 for superfine State; $4,70@5,00 for extra do; $4,20@4,60 for superfine Western, $4,70@5,00 for common to good extra do, $5,00@5,75 for do, $5,20@5,50 for fresh ground shipping brands of extra round hoop Ohio, closing heavy for common but ready for choice. Canadian is nominal at $4,60@5,00 for extra.

GRAIN—Wheat market steady and unchanged. Sales at 118c for new red Delaware; 72c for old unsound Chicago spring; 120c for fair new red Southern. Rye heavy at 70c. Barley continues dull. Corn is rapidly declining. Sales of unsound mixed Western at 62c; 63c for sound mixed Western; 64c for yellow do; 65c for Jersey do. Oats are quiet and lower. Sales of Canada at 37c; 38c for new do; 39c for old do; 40c for Western and State. Peas—Prices nominal. Beans—Sales of Canada at $1,12 for common; $1,37@1,40 for fair to prime; $1,50@1,62 for choice; and $1,75@1,87 for extra. Lard firm; sales at 10½@11c for No. 1 city to prime Western. Butter is steady at 12@13c for Ohio; 16@21c for State. Cheese firm at 7@9c.

TORONTO, Sept. 10.—GRAIN—Notwithstanding an active demand for wheat throughout the week, the presence of a full number of buyers, the price has declined from 2d to 3d ₱ bushel. The downward movement has not been more than a cent each day, the market giving way very gradually, but still steadily. The purchases have been mainly made on milling orders from New England. The receipts have hardly averaged 1,200 bushels ₱ day, generally of a very good sample, and in much better condition than heretofore. Yesterday the market was more than usually depressed at rates varying from 5s 10d to 5s 2d ₱ bush. Inferior stuff can only was it disposed of at that for a very fine sample. For inferior and ordinary samples 4s 6d to 5s is paid. The market closed steady at these rates. We have only had a few loads of spring Wheat on the market during the week which have, however, moved off freely at 5s 2d@5s 3d. Good Barley has been in very active request with prime rates for sights. The purchases are for Albany and New York. The prices paid during the past few days have been 3s 3d to 3s 3½d ₱ bushel, the latter pretty freely. Oats have come in more freely, but principally by cars. Sales of lots of 1,000 bushels and over have been made at 1s 8d and even at lower rates. The rail rate to the Lake side is 1s 6d. Peas are in fair request with, however, small receipts. For good descriptions 2s 3d to 2s 4d is the ruling price freely paid. The crop this year is said to be one of the largest and best ever produced. Should the yield be anywhere near that of former years, this grain will be the most profitable crop of the year.—*Globe.*

BUFFALO, Sept. 12.—FLOUR—Market opened firm but closed a shade easier; upper lake scarce, in which nothing of moment is doing. Dealers and Millers are asking $4,75@5,00 for rock to choice extra Canada, $4,75@4,87½ for good to choice extra Michigan, Indiana and Ohio; $5@5,37½c for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat firm. Sales new No. 1 Chicago spring at 87½c; good Milwaukee club at 88c; extra do at 95c; white Canada at 113½c. Corn quiet. Oats steady, with sales Illinois at 32c.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Sept. 7.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, prime, $10,50@11,00; ordinary do, $9,50@10,25; common do, $8,00@8,00. Inferior do, $6,00@7,50.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55,00@65,00; ordinary do $40@50; common do, $30,00@40,00; inferior do, $20,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₱ lb., 6@6½c; ordinary do, 5@5½c; common do, 4@5c; inferior do, 3@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ₱ head, $5,50@6,50; ordinary do, $4,25@5,25; common do, $3,00@4,00; inferior do, $2,00@3,00.

SWINE—First quality, 6@6½c; other qualities, 5½@6c.

ALBANY, Sept. 12.—CATTLE—Another overstocked market and holders are considerably discouraged. For the past two weeks the market has been comparatively good, and the demand even now continues fair, but buyers did not anticipate that the receipts would be so heavy. Friday afternoon and Saturday several New York buyers entered the yards and took several small droves, thus starting an early, and, as they supposed, a profitable trade to them; but the trains Sunday morning brought in something like 1500 head, over 800 of which are from State, and this unexpected supply has knocked down prices on the middling and inferior grades 25@50c ₱ 100 lbs., live weight.

The quality on the market to-day is fully up to the average. There are many light droves offering, but among these we noticed considerable prime beef, and in some of the yards there are droves of really superior stock—equal to any that has been here for several weeks.

We quote as follows, remarking that there is one drove of superior Kentuckys, weighing perhaps 1,500 lbs. live weight, for which a trifle over 5½c ₱ lb. has been offered and refused:

	This week.	Last week.
Extra	5 @5½c	5 @5½
First quality	4½@4¾c	4 @4¼
Second quality	3½@4¼c	3½@4
Third quality	2¾@3 c	3 @3¼
Inferior	2½@2¾c	2½@3

SHEEP.—It will be noticed that the receipts are heavy—too heavy, as compared with the demand, although the inquiry has been fair, considering the season. No less than 1800 head came in yesterday. Sales 1600, at an average of $3 ₱ head.

HOGS—In fair request at 5½@6c.

MILCH COWS—Sales at from $25 to $35.—*Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 7.—At market 1514 cattle, about 1000 beeves, and 514 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market beef—Extra, $7,25@7,75; first quality, $6,25@6,50; second do, $5,50@6,00; third do, $4,50@5,00; ordinary do, $3,00.

WORKING OXEN—$70, 90@150 ₱ pair.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 35, 48@67.

STORES—Yearlings, $9,00@11,00; two years old, $16,00@24,00; three years old, $23@33.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—6775 at market. Prices—In lots, $1,00, 1,50@1,62. Extra, $2, 2,50@3.

HIDES—7@7½c ₱ lb. Pelts, 50@67c each.

CALF SKINS—12@13c ₱ lb. Tallow, 7@7½c ₱ lb.

BRIGHTON, Sept. 8.—At market, 1700 beeves, 600 stores, 5,000 sheep and lambs, and 800 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Extra, $8,25@00,00; first quality, $8,00@00,00, second quality, $6,50@7,00; third quality, $5,50@6,00.

WORKING OXEN—$100@165

MILCH COWS—$41@44; common, $18@19.

VEAL CALVES—$4,00@4,00.

STORES—Yearlings, $9@11; two years old, $16@24; three years old, $26@33

HIDES—7@7½c ₱ lb. Calf skins, 12@13c ₱ lb.

TALLOW—Sales at 7@7½c ₱ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,00@1,50; extra, $2,00@3,50.

PELTS—50@60c each.

SWINE—Spring pigs, wholesale, 5¾@6c; retail, 6¼@7½c; fat hogs, 6c.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—Domestic fleece has been in improved request at steady rates; sales of 175 000 lbs. ¼ to full blood Merino and Saxony at 38@55c, and 57½@62½c for selected, beside which 150 000 lbs. medium low to fine California sold at 15@32c, as to quality, and 70 000 lbs. pulled at 32@48c for No. 1 city and extra country. Foreign is in good supply, particularly carpet descriptions, which are still rather slow of sale, but clothing descriptions have been more active; the transactions include 450 ballots Peruvian at 26c; 70 do do at 28c; 50 do do unwashed, 150 bales washed Cordova, 180 do Mediterranean, and 200 do Buenos Ayres, on terms we could not learn. The sale of 1,200 bales Cape in Boston, referred to a week or two since, we learn was made at 30c, but were inclined to think the goods were bought on manufacturers' account at this price. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece, ₱ lb	50@60
Am. full blood Merino	50@55
Am. ½ and ¾ blood Merino	46@48
Am. native and ¼ blood Merino	40@44
Extra pulled	45@50
Superfine, pulled	37@43
No. 1, pulled	30@33
California, fine, unwashed	25@33
California, common do	18@22
Peruvian, washed	28@30
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@13
S. Am. common, washed	18@18
S. Am. Entre Rios, washed	15@18
S. American, unwashed	8@ 8
S. Am. Cordova, washed	20@23
East India, washed	20@23
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	18@20
Smyrna, unwashed	14@ 15
Smyrna, washed	22@ 25
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

Tribune

BOSTON, Sept. 8.—The market is quite firm for domestic wool, and the demand steady at full prices. The transactions comprise 130,000 lbs fleece and pulled, at prices ranging from 40@55c for common to good fleeces. The sales of foreign wool comprise 350 ballots Peruvian and 50 bales South American and Mediterranean at full prices.

Sax and Mer., fine	55@60	Western mixed	33@38
Full blood	52@54	Smyrna, washed	17@20
Half and ¼ blood	48@49	Do. unwashed	9@ 12
Common	40@42	Syrian	11@21
Pulled, extra	50@54	Cape	24@ 30
Do superfine	49@50	Canada	16@17
Do No 1	37@41	Buenos Ayres	40@45
Do No 3	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@32

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 7.—Sales on the street from wagons are made at 30@40c ₱ lb., principally at the latter figure. Large dealers are paying for the different grades the following quotations:—Native and common, 30@33; quarter blood, 35@36; half blood, 36@38, three quarter blood, 40@42; full blood, 44@48; fancy clip, 50@56.

Marriages.

At Newport, Ky., August 31st, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. Mr. DELVILLE, WM. O. STANDISH, recently of Holley, N. Y., and SARAH A. HOLT, of Newport, Ky.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising—Twenty-Five Cents a line, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 37½ cts. per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, leaded—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, IN ADVANCE.

☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

☞ All transient advertisements must be accompanied with the cash, or a responsible reference, to secure insertion. Those who send us advertisements to be published at prices they specify, are respectfully advised that we are not in a position to allow any one to dictate terms—especially when the demand upon our columns, at published rates, exceeds the space appropriated for Advertising.

FOR SALE, TEN FARMS IN FAIRFAX CO., VA. 15 miles from Washington City D. C., containing from 80 to 160 acres. Prices, $40 to $45 per acre. Healthy, well watered and adapted to the growth of grain, grass, fruits, vegetables &c. In the midst of a northern settlement, and a better market than New York City. For particulars address CHARLES SUTTON,
506-steow Fairfax Court House, Va.

FRUIT OF THE DELAWARE GRAPE.—For 15 cents we will mail, post-paid, a few Berries of this fine Grape; fully ripe 8th September. The 15 cents will be returned to those who buy a vine.
Also, Hartford Prolific, Early Northern Muscadine, &c.
Send a stamp for our Illustrated and Descriptive Grape Catalogue. C. P. BISSELL & SALTER,
506-1t Rochester, N. Y.

WATER PIPE.
THE CHEAPEST & MOST DURABLE IN USE.
We have been unable during the past three months to supply the demand for this Pipe, but have recently made arrangements for the manufacture on a more extended scale, and hope hereafter to be able to fill all orders promptly.
This Pipe is made of Pine Timber, in sections eight feet long. It is easily laid down, not liable to get out of order, and if properly laid, is the most durable of any kind of Pipe in use.
We can produce any amount of evidence of its durability, capacity, strength and superiority over any other.
The price of the size commonly used for farm purposes, is 4 cents per foot at the Factory.
Our Manufactories are at Tonawanda, Erie Co., but orders should be directed to us at 44 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.
506 I. S. HOBBIE & CO.

EVERY FARMER SHOULD POSSESS "CARPENTRY MADE EASY." It teaches a new system of Framing Farm Houses, Dams, Bridges, &c., in plain language, so that any Farmer can be his own Carpenter. Price, $3. A sample copy will be sent post paid for $2.
506-1t J. CHALLEN & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

GRAPE VINES, IN BEARING.
FOR SALE, a fine stock of extra sized Isabella Grape Vines, which have been grown expressly for immediate Fruiting. These Vines are 4 years old, have been three times transplanted in the Nursery, are guaranteed to bear removal without material injury, and will produce a good crop of fruit the coming season. This is an opportunity for obtaining superior vines, for immediate fruiting, that is seldom met with.
Price, single plants, harvest size.....$1 each, or $9 per doz.
" " second " .....75c " $6 "
Also, the following new varieties:—Delaware and Logan, $3 each; Diana, Concord, Rebecca, Te Kalon, Hartford Prolific, Union Village, $1 each.
All cash orders by mail will be promptly attended to, and plants securely packed and forwarded. by
506 WM. WEBSTER, Rochester, N. Y.

LIEBIG'S NEW & MOST VALUABLE WORK.
JOHN WILEY,
No. 56 Walker street, New York, publishes this day,
LETTERS ON MODERN AGRICULTURE. By Baron Von Liebig. Edited by John Blyth, M. D., Professor of Chemistry, Queen's College. 1 vol. 12mo., 75 cts.
"This is the most remarkable production of its distinguished author, who here enunciates his matured views on Agricultural science with the same wonderful resources of logic and expression that characterize all his writings.—*Country Gentleman.*
J. W. also publishes
LIEBIG'S AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY. 1 vol. 12 mo., $1.
LIEBIG'S PRINCIPLES OF AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY. 1 vol. 12 mo., 50 cts. [506
LIEBIG'S ANIMAL CHEMISTRY. 1 vol. 12 mo., 50c.

GUANO.—We would call the attention of Guano Dealers, Planters and Farmers to the article which we have on hand and for sale at THIRTY PER CENT. LESS THAN PERUVIAN GUANO, and which we claim to be superior to any Guano or fertilizer ever imported or manufactured in this country. This Guano is imported by WM. H. WEBB, of New York, from Jarvis & Bakers' Island, in the "South Pacific Ocean," and is sold genuine and pure as imported. It has been satisfactorily tested by many of our prominent Farmers, and analyzed by the most eminent and popular Agricultural Chemists and found to contain (as will be seen by our circulars) a large per centage of *Bone Phosphate of Lime and Phosphoric Acid*, and other animal organic matter, yielding ammonia sufficient to produce immediate abundant crops, besides substantially enriching the soil. It can be freely used without danger of burning the seed or plant by coming in contact with it, as is the case with some other fertilizers; retaining a great degree of moisture, it causes the plant to grow in a healthy condition, and as experience has proved, *free of insects.* For orders in any quantity, (which will be promptly attended to,) or pamphlets containing full particulars of analyses and tests of farmers, apply to JOHN B. SARDY, Agent,
506-13t No. 58 South st., corner of Wall st., N. Y.

$1,000 A YEAR!
AGENTS are now making this amount in selling our Publications. Our list includes the most popular and saleable Books published. Of our edition of
"DR. LIVINGSTONE'S
TRAVELS IN AFRICA,"
OVER 50,000 COPIES
Have been sold! We have just published several New Works, which are having a very large sale. Agents wishing to canvass, will find it to their advantage to send for our Catalogue and terms. Catalogues sent free. Address
J. W. BRADLEY, Publisher,
48 North Fourth St., Philadelphia.
N. B.—Single copies of Dr. LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS IN AFRICA, sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price, $1,25. 506-2t

SEEDS FREE—PLANTS CHEAP.
I AGAIN offer plants of my
AMERICAN BLACK RASPBERRY,
to the improvement of which I devote my time, at the following rates:

25, and less than 100	4 cents per plant.
100 " " 500	3 " "
500 and over	2½ " "

These will be selected roots from the best stock. Plants equally well rooted, but from older stock, at one-half the above rates. Printed directions for cultivation will be sent on receipt of cash order.
GENUINE CHERRY CURRANT PLANTS,
one year old, will be put up *only with* Raspberry plants, at 25 cents per plant. Other Raspberries, Currants and Gooseberries at common Nursery prices.
BLACKBERRY Plants of the large, long, wild, high-bush variety, as described in the RURAL of June 25th, furnished at 25 cents per dozen, or $1,50 per 100.
The New Rochelle or Lawton, 10 cents each, or $6 per 100.
GRAPES—Isabella, 1 year old roots (strong,) at 10 cents each, $6 per 100. Delaware and Logan, 1 year old, $3 each. Diana, Hartford Prolific, Northern Muscadine, Concord and Rebecca, $1 each. Single plants only put up with orders for other things. No order received for less than $1, and all orders must be accompanied with the cash. Orders for $10 worth and over, for the Spring, secured by remitting 10 per cent.
SEEDS FREE.—In filling any orders for Raspberry plants, I will put up (free) 10 Potatoes of any of these fine varieties:—Early Vermont, (very early,) Early York, Long Pinkeye, Prince Albert, Jersey Peach Blow; or, 1 paper extra nice table Beet seed and 1 paper extra early Dan O'Rourke Pea; or, 1 paper Sweet Potato, Winter Squash, and 1 paper Champion of England Pea.
Give the name of Express or Freight Office, distinct from Post Office, and address H. H. DOOLITTLE,
506-1t Oaks Corners, Ontario Co., N. Y.

HO! FOR THE SCHOOLS!
To the Children of the North, the South, the East and the West.
CLARK'S SCHOOL VISITOR,
Volume IV.
The October number of this popular DAY SCHOOL PAPER will be the commencement of the Fourth Volume. The Visitor is a quarto monthly paper, containing, in pleasing variety, Useful Stories, Readings, Dialogues, Poetry, Sketches of Travel, Music, (in round and seven-shaped notes,) Songs, Enigmas, Puzzles, Educational News, and Fine Engravings. During the past year it has been our pleasure to publish some of the most popular pieces of music, as the eagerness with which they have been sought gives us evidence.
List of Songs, with Music, published in Volume III.: "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower;" "The Angels Told Me So;" "Kind Words Can Never Die," "Little Children, O, I Love Them," "Darling Nellie Gray;" "Listen to the Mocking Bird," "I Set My Heart Upon a Flower;" "Take Me Home to Die;" "Wide Awake, Boys;" "Just Twenty Years Ago," or "My School-boy Days," &c.
Next year we shall do more than ever for our young friends. The Visitor has a beautifully engraved heading, and is printed in the best style.
Winter Schools and Long Evenings are at Hand,
GET IT FOR A SCHOOL READER.
GET IT FOR A HOME COMPANION.
Premiums are given for Clubs, Compositions, Map Drawing and Letter-Writing.
TERMS.—Fifty Cents a year; Twelve Copies, only Three Dollars.
The Practical Teachers the Visitor is furnished at Club rates.
Send for specimen. Address ALEX. CLARK,
506&509 Editor and Publisher, Pittsburgh, Pa.

LADIES! LADIES!! LADIES!!!
Hoop Skirts! Hoop Skirts!! Hoop Skirts!!!
GIFTS! GIFTS!! GIFTS!!!
We would respectfully invite the attention of the Ladies to our IMPROVED EUREKA SKELETON AND WOVEN SKIRTS which are universally admitted to be unsurpassed in durability lightness and elegance. They are, without question, fast superseding all others. These Skirts are now for sale with Hoops of the best quality of WATCH SPRING STEEL, which fact enables us to warrant the flexibility of the Spring with use to sustain the shape of the Skirt as near as any ordinary usage.
WE PROPOSE SELLING THESE SKIRTS AT THE REGULAR RETAIL PRICE, AND GIVE A GIFT WITH EACH SKIRT AT THE TIME OF SALE, WORTH FROM Fifty Cents to $100—consisting in part of Ladies' Gold and Silver Watches, Gold Sets & Chains, Silk Dress Patterns, Sewing Machines, Work Boxes, Silver pattern Tea and Table Spoons, Silver plated Butter Knives and Salt Cellars, Gilt Mantel Time-pieces and Bronze Clocks. Elegant sets of Jewelry for Ladies, including Breast Pins and Ear Drops to match—Sets of Cameo, Mosaic, Lava, Coral and Garnet Breast Pins and Drops. Plain and Engraved Bracelets, Gold Lockets of all sizes, Gold Pencils and Pens, Ladies' fine Crape Shawls, Lace and Swiss Collars, Ladies Breast Pins, Ear Rings, Finger Rings, Sleeve Buttons, &c., with a large variety of articles varying from 50 cents to $25.
The following is a partial list of our SKIRTS, which are offered at regular retail prices:

Skirt with 30 Hoops and Bustle		$5 00
" " 22 " "		4 50
" " 16 " "		3 00
" " 13 " "		2 50
" " 11 " "		2 25
" " 24 Hoops, Plain		3 50
" " 18 " "		2 75
" " 13 " "		2 00
" " 11 " "		1 75
" " 8 " "		1 50

If any Skirt we sell does not give entire satisfaction in every respect it can be returned and the money will be refunded. A full Catalogue of our Skirts and Inducements to Agents, &c., will be sent on application to
D. B. DUFFIELD & CO.,
Wagner's Building, 33 South Third Street,
506-3teow Philadelphia, Pa.

PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT:
AN IMPORTANT WORK FOR AGENTS.
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THE LIFE, SPEECHES AND MEMORIALS
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DANIEL WEBSTER,
CONTAINING HIS MOST CELEBRATED ORATIONS,
A Selection from the Eulogies delivered on the occasion of his Death, and his Life and Times.
BY SAMUEL M. SMUCKER, LL. D.
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Sample copies sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of subscription price
Circular, giving contents of the work and Catalogue of my Publications, will be sent free upon application. Address
DUANE RULISON, Publisher,
506-13t 33 South Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

15000 ISABELLA AND 5,000 CLINTON GRAPE VINES FOR SALE.—I will sell these Vines this Fall cheaper than they can be bought elsewhere in Western New York. The Clinton Grape is THE WINE GRAPE OF AMERICA. Those who contemplate going into the wine business had better call and try my Clinton Grape Wine. E. FERGUSON, No. 19 Frana street,
505-3t Rochester, N. Y.

THE ALLEN RASPBERRY.
THE best *hardy* Raspberry in Cultivation—of large size, high flavor, and very productive.
The Allen Raspberry is one of which a great deal may be expected, as exhibited with us, for its large size, bright red color, firmness for carriage, uniformity of yielding, and complete *hardiness*."—E. J. Hooper, Sec. Cincinnati Horticultural Society, in August Horticulturist
The "Allen" took the first price in a large competition of Raspberries at the Cincinnati Show in June last.
Geo Seymour & Co., of Norwalk, Conn., extensive berry growers, after trying fifty plants in bearing, ordered a thousand plants more of me, remarking that "for all good qualities combined, the 'Allen' is the best raspberry we have seen or cultivated."
Wm. Parry, of Cinnaminson, N. J., near Philadelphia, ditto, substantially to Messrs. Seymour & Co.
"Our agent, one of the oldest fruit dealers in Washington Market, New York, informs us that no better raspberry comes into market than the 'Allen.'"—H. & J. Carpenter, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Price, $1 per dozen; $5 per 100; $40 per 1,000 plants, well packed, and sent per express, or other conveyance, as directed, after 1st October. Orders with money inclosed will be promptly answered. LEWIS F. ALLEN.
Black Rock, N. Y., Sept. 1, 1859. 505-1t

IONA ISLAND VINES.
A NEW Edition of Descriptive Catalogue will be ready by the 15th, which will be sent to applicants sending a three cent stamp. It contains additional information relative to Planting, Training, and the management of Vines, with a full and accurate description of all the valuable varieties with which I am acquainted that are now in market.
My facilities for propagating (including nearly an acre of glass) are extensive, and in consequence my plants generally, and especially the Delaware Vines, are this season of much better quality than I have before been able to offer.
Of Large Diana Vines my stock is limited, but of surpassing excellence. Of Anna, the stock is also small, but plants of best quality; chiefly LARGE LAYERS ready for bearing.
For Prices and full Particulars, see Catalogue.
Of Delaware Vines, besides very large Layers, I have a good stock of exceedingly vigorous plants grown in the open air, for such as may prefer them. Of these the wood and roots are very strong, and will be *thoroughly ripened early in the season.*
I would recommend the Herbemont as a most delicious Grape, and a great acquisition to all gardens having a sheltered exposure not more than one degree north of latitude of New York. A small stock of very large layers ready for bearing, now for the first time offered.
Concord—a small stock of remarkably large layers for immediate bearing, as well as small vines. A good stock and very large plants of Rebecca. Canby's August, which is synonymous with Cape, Alexander York Madeira, Hyde's Eliza, Schuylkill Muscadel, Baldwin's Early, etc., a few layers. Of the following a very limited supply:
Allen's Hybrid, (a white grape equal to Chasselas,) Logan, Te Kalon (synonymous with Wyman, etc.,) Cassidy, Louisa, Elsinburg, Clara, Raabe, Lenoir, U. Village, Early Hudson, Garrigue's, Hartford Prolific, Emily.
Foreign Vines, a good stock—plants vigorous.
Downing's Everbearing Mulberry; a small stock of superior plants, 1 and 2 years old.
Newman's Thornless Blackberry, (best garden variety,) a few hundreds.
Wholesale Catalogue ready. C. W. GRANT,
505-3t IONA ISLAND, near Peekskill, Westchester Co., N. Y.

THE LOGAN GRAPE.—The earliest ripening, black, hardy Grape with which we are acquainted. Its fruit was sent to us this year earlier than any other grape grown [illegible]
Our Descriptive and Descriptive Catalogue of over 70 sorts of Grapes, sent to applicants who inclose a stamp.
504-6 C. P. BISSELL & SALTER, Rochester, N. Y.

NEW GROCERY ESTABLISHMENT,
No. 20 Front Street, Rochester, N. Y.
JARVIS & DUNBAR have opened a Grocery Store where can be had a choice lot of Groceries—Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Molasses, Spices, Raisins, Prunes, Zante Currants, Nutmegs, Indigo, Tobacco, Cigars, &c. [504-13t
☞ The highest market price paid for Butter, Eggs, &c.

A VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE, SITUATED in the Town of Sheldon, Wyoming Co., N. Y., 13 miles south of Attica, containing 246 acres of productive soil, for grass or spring grain—well adapted for a large Dairy, or Stock Farm—with commodious Buildings and choice Fruit. For terms, apply to E. P. BECK on the premises, or to the subscriber, near Scottsville, Monroe County.
504-3t WILLIAM GARBUTT.

STRAWBERRY SEEDS.—The Subscriber offers for sale, put up in packages containing more than 15,000 seeds from a lot collected this present season from a new plantation of four acres, in consequence of the fruit becoming soft, gritty and unsaleable, on account of the eight days spell of rainy weather at the time of ripening. It is mainly from the following choice varieties: *Hovey, Longworth, McAvoy, Boston Pine, Wilson, Scott, Jenny, Early Scarlet and Walker's Seedling.*
To the amateur, or any one wishing to see developed the new and improved varieties that may be produced from a package of this seed, the opportunity is now presented. To any one located in the new or unsettled parts of the country, this is the most convenient and economical way of procuring Strawberry Plants.
PRICE, $1,00 PER PAPER. A liberal discount made to the trade. Address ELIZUR E. CLARKE,
New Haven, Conn.,
Inclosing $1,00, and a package of seed will be sent by return of mail, postage paid, to any part of the country, as directed.
Full directions to plant and cultivate, accompany each paper. 504-3t

TREES! TREES! TREES!!!
FOR THE AUTUMN OF 1859.
THE SUBSCRIBERS invite the attention of NURSERYMEN, DEALERS and PLANTERS, to their large and fine Stock of
APPLE TREES—Standard and Dwarf—one to four years old; strong and well-grown.
PEAR TREES—Dwarf, 80,000 2 and 3 years—fine, strong and healthy trees, and of sorts most approved on the quince.
PEAR TREES—Standard; a large and fine assortment of the most desirable kinds.
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GRAPE VINES—With the best facilities for and the best care in propagating, we are enabled to offer *Delaware, Diana, Rebecca, Concord, Hartford Prolific*, and many other new and old sorts, with the best foreign varieties for growing under glass. Strong plants by the dozen, or hundred, or larger quantities.
EVERGREENS—Norway Spruce, Balsam Fir, Scotch, Norway and White Pines, Red Cedar, Am. Arbor Vitæ, &c.
DECIDUOUS TREES AND SHRUBS—Horse Chestnut, Mt. Ash, Am. Linden, Maples, Am. Chestnut, Am. and European Ash, Judas Tree, Laburnum, Snow Ball, Purple Fringe, Althea, &c.
ROS

THE HEROES OF INDUSTRY.

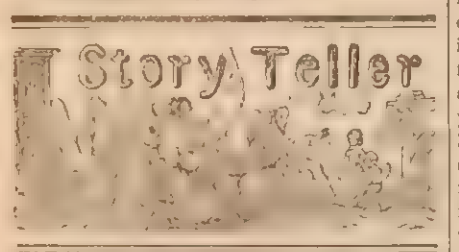
Let others write of those who fought,
On many a bloody field—
Of those, whose daring deeds were wrought
With sword, and spear, and shield;
But I will write of heroes bold,
The bravest of the brave,
Who fought for neither fame nor gold—
Who fill an unmarked grave!

Heroes who conquered many a field
Of hard and sterile soil—
Who made the sturdy forest yield
To unremitting toil;
Heroes who did not idly stand,
But dealt such fearful blows
That acres, broad, of worthless land
Now blossom like the rose.

The heroes of the plow and loom,
The anvil and the forge;
The delvers down amid the gloom
Of yonder rocky gorge.
Heroes who built you lofty tower,
And forged its heavy bell,
Which faithfully proclaims the hour,
And marks its flight so well.

Heroes who brought from every clime
Rich argosies of wealth;
Heroes of thoughts and deeds sublime,
Who spurned what came by stealth;
Who won a guerdon fair and bright,
And left no bloody stain—
No hearth profaned—no deadly blight—
Upon God's wide domain.

These world-wide common workers crave
No laurel wreath of fame—
No monument above their grave,
They toiled but for A NAME,
Among the lowly ones who plod
Their weary way along,
With faith and confidence that God
Correcteth every wrong.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE INSPIRATION OF NECESSITY.

BY LYDIA A. TOMPKINS.

Chapter III.

[Concluded from page 300, last No.]

I had unreservedly told this friend my condition, and besought her guidance and advice, which she as unreservedly granted, and gave something of the history of her struggles before I had ever seen her. I knew her to be an occasional contributor to some of the popular journals, but was not aware that she received anything therefor. I had known of her correcting proof, and she now proposed to introduce me to her old employer, and secure me constant business. I acceded, and had the happiness of returning home with the proof-sheets of a little book designed for children. Under her guidance I soon understood the process of correction, and was positively delighted when I received the pittance which I had earned, and another meagre, little book for further labor. Patiently I delved in my new occupation, and was startled one day by my husband's deliberate remark,

"Jane, why not write a book of your own to correct? I remember some sweet bits of poetry which I chanced to see upon sundry fly-leaves and odd bits of paper, in our palmier days, and those gems in the shape of letters which you sent me before marriage, unmistakably attest genius."

"Do you really think that I could write a book, my dear?" said I, in utter astonishment, and with a sudden sense of dawning power, of which I had scarcely a conception.

"Certainly; there is a fountain of beautiful imaginings and a fund of strong thoughts and elevated purposes that our adversity has developed in you, which none of your friends could have even suspected. I always thought that you were exceedingly brilliant, but I have found a new gem, polished by stormy waves and purified by beating tempests."

"What a bewildering thought! I have never written a word for the Press, although I had careful training in composition, and was said to excel. It was always a delight to write, but only my partial friends could have perceived in me the germs of genius. It is mere folly to dream of such an impossibility. Your judgment is not clear in reference to me."

"Suppose you try your hand. If you must work, I can only ask congenial occupation for you. I can see now that labor has a dignity and a use, and that you are happier to be employed. It is only God's benignant power that keeps me from raving madness here in my helpless inaction, yet I could not wish again for the enervating life, recklessly indulged for so long a time."

I grew absent and careless over my proof-reading that day, and with as little success, tried embroidery. The new possible life rose before me, clad in the vesture of dreams and dim with the halo of luminous and ever-varying clouds. My thoughts inadvertently turned upon my street experiences, and obeying the impulse of those vivid memories, I took paper and pencil to make, under that head, my first essay at writing. I endured with the humiliation and anguish which, from the first, had entered my soul, relieved by occasional glimpses of that humanity which I had found among hard-faced landlords and insolent clerks. I did not forget my days of fashion and opulence, and in the variety of changes which I had seen was enabled to complete quite a series for a daily paper, their local value consisting in faithful transcripts of different [illegible] of the city. I had not the courage to present my papers at any Publishing Office, but sent them through the Mail, not even soliciting remuneration. Weeks passed and I had ceased expecting to see my articles in print, when by the merest chance I heard them referred to in one of the Bowery shops, thus,

"These 'Street Experiences' must be written by a woman, I guess," said one lounger to another.

"Doubtless," was the reply; "wonder who could'nt write such stuff. I have seen as much a thousand times."

"O, these editors fill up with anything. Just as if any of us cared to *read* what we have all *seen* so many times. I never read anything but the murders, riots, and such disturbances as happen down there by the Mission House. Ha! ha!"

I colored and trembled so visibly to hear myself thus indirectly discussed, and the shop-keeper looked so suspiciously at me when he handed the change that I feared he would call me back and reject the garment which I had just pawned for a pittance to procure some little luxuries to which the dear invalid had always been accustomed. I went home chagrined, yet encouraged, and diligently strove to frame a few more paragraphs. The moments sped rapidly in my labor, which elated rather than wearied. I was astonished that I could write at all when so oppressed by care and worn by fatigue, but utter failure in one direction, and pressing want in another, stimulated me to the most unnatural effort. Snatching every possible moment for the burning thoughts which came apace, now that they had found a vent, I still devoted the greater portion of my time to other employments, living the while in that beautiful creation of visions, thus suddenly enveloping me and seeming to be the great desideratum for which I had always longed. I could look back through all my life to days of restlessness and indefinite grasping for something yet unattained, marveling that the breath, the touch, which now roused me had not then opened a new life. What an untold delight to retire within the sacred temple of the heart, and holding silent communion with the invisible fountains of thought and hope, revel in novel combinations, grotesque fancies, and new developments. How strong the heart may grow in silent thought, lately so frail in execution, and feeble in purpose! How the spirit-harps quiver and tremble at the lightest random touch, and, perchance, yield to the mute inner ear soothing harmonies and thrilling melodies. How I glowed and reveled in the seraphic fire which consumed me no words could paint, and the faint glimmerings of the light within, which I strove to render to the world, gave but partial glimpses of the ideal gossamer forms of the possible and fabulous beauty with which imagination streamed. I knew that I was not writing practically or forcibly, perhaps, but with the flush of faith and hope, I heeded nothing until my visions were rudely disturbed one evening, as I returned my last proof, by the information that there would be nothing more for me in several weeks. My blank look of pain and disappointment seemed to strike the worthy clerk, who said that "he thought such a story as I might write would sell well." I only shook my head deprecatingly, and turned from the office to meet the manic spectre, who hissed into my ear,

"So you're starving are you? Just right,—starve—who cares."

He did not venture to follow—but no words can portray the terror which ever brooded over me as I cautiously found my way about the city, where necessity compelled me to go. This maniac was thought to be a stranger, and if insane, perfectly harmless and docile toward every one except myself. "Ha! ha! starving are you?" How wildly rung the words, and how chillingly true I felt them! "Starving!" Who knows to what unfathomed depths of misery they may sometime fall, or how much of danger and contumely they will brave for mere bread—gross, bodily sustenance? O, for a crumb, or a crust to relieve this fearful gnawing! Give it or I die,—who will not cling to life, even he, who, but a day since, would have been willing to fling it away in shuddering disgust.

A week of many misgivings passed, and I made slow progress with my embroidery. I tried to cultivate expedition, but that which has been learned as recreation, or as a mere accomplishment, will not soon be brought under the unceasing tramp of stolid-faced utility. I wearied myself unspeakably, and injured my eyes by long sitting at the close work, which had now become unmitigated torture. Impervious though the future, heaven lies beyond the cloud. I did not realize this when my money was gone, the last hoarded bit laid before my failing husband and myself ready to faint with the utter exhaustion of fatigue and hunger. Yes, reader, absolute, pinching hunger. A strange apathy was stealing upon me as I mechanically completed the arrangements for the night and retired to my pallet, feeling the same stupor which had, of late, been creeping over the dear invalid, bound to me by so many ties of joy and pain. He seemed uncomfortable when roused, yet fully retained his faculties, and I had allowed myself to hope that he was recuperating by so much seeming rest and would finally arouse and go forth into the world again. But this had lasted too long and I had new cause of alarm. How could I meet his increasing wants or bear to gaze upon any added suffering? What possible resource had I to meet any new calamity? Bread and embroidery!—Starvation and finery! Ah, if those who purchase the frail material caught therewith but a tithe of the suffering with which it is often wrought, how madly would they fling it away! How long had I fainted in the handiwork of human misery, in days that were past! God forgive us for not knowing whereby we live! I did not sleep that night—a strange shuddering torpor held me motionless and silent, from which I was roused in the morning by a rap at the door, to which I tardily replied, and was met by the cheery remark,

"Well, now, I thought you would never come. Mother sent me with a fish and a few little fixin's for Mr. Ramrox. She thought that they might be new to him."

I thanked her with a full heart and blessed God for the kind neighbor who had so often shared my vigils, and taken my place when I was necessarily absent, and now had saved me from positive want. New hope dawned and upon the inspiration of a slight breakfast, I sat down to write a series of paragraphs. The afternoon found me again in the city and walking with unwonted desperation into an editor's sanctum, asking base coin for my baser productions, and, stranger still, the censor offered me a dollar an article. I returned home laden with the staff of life and weeping tears of rapturous joy, more than ever convinced that happiness is but by contrast.

Chapter IV.

"Well, Jane, you more than meet my hopes. What strides we can take when impelled by the driving tempest! God has brought about all this to call you forth," said my friend, Mrs. Laurens, now returned from Washington, six months from the time that I met her upon the sidewalk.

"It was you that suggested it and trained me for it, when I was rioting in wealth, and, thereby, I am now kept from beggary. How emphatically true that no knowledge can come amiss! How sure are we to find just the position for which we have been educated, whether the school may have been the drawing-room, the seminary, or the kitchen! My probation has been sore and weary, but I am now above want."

"What an independent and joyous existence might be yours could Mr. Ramton continue to share it."

"I have no joy in any success except as it procures comforts for him. He seems feebler to-day; he has not spoken for more than a moment at a time in a week. He is speaking now,—

"My dear, will you raise the pillows," said he, taking my hand tenderly, and stroking my hair as he continued,—"You are on the high road to fame and fortune, Jane; and I am about, alone, to seek the dark shadows of the valley of Death,—my only grief being to leave you. Don't weep, I have but a few moments to speak, I have held high and holy communion with saints above, while lying here,—there is nothing earthly to keep me from the bliss of abiding near a pardoning Savior. O, the glory of my inner sight, even now,"—and he sank, overcome by the rapture of emotion. Toward evening he roused again and in the same impressive manner left messages for some of his former friends, importing that "death had lost its sting and life its charms, now that God had saved him though as by fire."

The abrupt and noisy entrance of a frightened and spectral-looking man, whom I immediately recognized as my street persecutor, broke upon the solemnity of the scene. A fierce execration burst from his lips, as he threw upon the floor a roll of papers, shrieking—

"Take your gold, it burns in my hand,—to be sure you don't know me with my gray hair and blood-shot eyes,—I give you curses with your gold, such as it has heaped upon me. I could not live in Paris for its never-ending gnawing into my very existence, and I left my family to make restitution to you, and now arrest me if you dare. I am Edward Gliddon, mad, crazy and demon-like,"—and with these words he seemed for the first time to catch a glimpse of the pallid, ghost-like form outstretched upon the bed. He trembled, faltered, and then frantically wept, while I assured him that no arrest should be made, and begged him to be quiet and consider that he was periling a life that hung by a thread.

But ah, it was too late,—a peaceful calm had settled upon those noble features and God had taken the long-tried sufferer to the mansion of rest.

O, the mystery, darkness and sublimity of death! How appalled we stand in its ghastly presence, and when the cold finger touches us by grasping our dearest friends, how utterly torn and lacerated is the panting heart within! I had known grief, trouble and disappointment, but never such desolateness as then. I have but vague memories even now, of the dread reality of shroud, coffin and tomb, as for days thereafter I raved in the delirium of fever, recovering to find myself tenderly cared for by the one true friend God had given me—Mrs. Laurens. My life looked very dark and I had no further panting necessity for labor, and although I made some little attempts at writing, they proved exceedingly indifferent. My inspiration was necessity, dire and ominous; as it may, perchance, be again when the over-wrought system shall recuperate and the calmness of pleasant surroundings and happy prospects shall resume its gentle sway. My old habits of ease and luxury came again unawares, and I can now almost look upon my toilsome days of labor as a vigorous dream or an incomplete fable. It was an episode that I would gladly have made enduring, and of whose reality I have yet some glowing dreams.

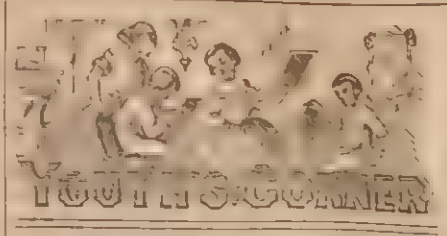
ANAGRAMS.

The Montreal Transcript publishes a collection of these literary curiosities, gathered by Mr. J. Douglas Borthwick, which is very curious. We borrow some portions of it, omitting those that have long been familiar. Our youthful readers will find amusement in writing out these anagrams and cutting the letters apart. Then by transposing them the sentence with each will be formed.

Able was I ere I saw Elba—(same backwards.) Arthur Wellesly—Truly he'll see war. Breakfast—Fat Bakers. Catalogues—Got as a clue.—Charades—Hard case. Charles James Stewart—Claims Arthur's seat. Christianity—In its charity. Dissemination—I send into Siam. Democratical—Comical trade. Embargo—O grab me! Encyclopedia—A nice cold pie. Festival—Evil feast. Gallantries—All great sins. Lawyers—Sly ware. Miniature—True I am in. Misanthrope—Spare him not. Monarch—March on.—Old England—Golden Land. Parishioners—I hire parsons. Patience—A nice pet. Pedagogues—See pug dog. Penitentiary—Nay I repent it. Presbyterian—Best in prayer. Revolution—To love ruin. Sub-treasurer—A sure burster. Solemnity—Yes Milton. Wealth—The law. Victoria Regina in Old England—I reign a victor in a golden land.

Envy, like a cold poison, benumbs and stupefies; and thus, as if conscious of its own impotence, it folds its arms in despair, and sits cursing in a corner. When it conquers it is commonly in the dark; by treachery and undermining, by calumny and detraction. Envy is no less foolish than detestable; it is a vice which they say keeps no holiday, but is always in the wheel, and working upon its own disquiet.—*Jeremy Collier.*

Few men are driven to desperation without having had themselves a hand in the driving.



For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO "FORLORN HOPE."

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 1, 17, 10, 3, 14 was an ancient high priest.
My 2, 27, 6, 25, 7, 18 was a poet.
My 8, 13, 29, 15, 16 is necessary to a profitable cultivation of the soil.
My 11, 2, 20, 27, 22, 21 is a person who decides all disputes.
My 12, 17, 2, 23, 16 was a firm friend of Pythias.
My 23, 27, 10, 24 was considered by the ancients as one of the four elements.
My 25, 1, 4, 2, 11, 30 carried sixteen letters into Greece.
My 30, 6, 29, 3, 22, 17 is the Spanish for Madam.
My 9, 27, 14 is a most useful article.
My 19, 7, 29 is a Spanish title of nobility.

Now Mr. Hope, though well advised
That counsel free is oft despised,
We just suggest, you'll not do better
Than to address Miss F. a letter.
For by my whole you plainly see
She's what you wish a wife to be.

Fairfax C. H., Va., 1859.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 19, 22, 13, 15, 8 is a river in Minnesota.
My 12, 17, 3, 5, 18 is a county Georgia.
My 12, 8, 12, 8, 20 is a town in Prussia.
My 6, 2, 3, 19, 20, 11, 14, 1 is a town in New York.
My 3, 5, 1 is a cape on the coast of Massachusetts.
My 3, 16, 5, 4, 2, 14 is a river in New York.
My 1, 21, 10, 2, 14 is a town in France.
My 7, 5, 2, 9, 8 is a county in Iowa.
My 16, 21, 7, 7, 20, 8 is a river in England.
My 8, 5, 2, 19 is a county in Illinois.
My 5, 11, 3, 8 is a cape on the coast of New Foundland.

My whole is the name of a man who was known to be a great philosopher and statesman.

Near Hecktown, Pa., 1859. Geo. A. Rohn.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

POETICAL PROBLEM.

Boys and girls, how is this?

Two neighbors meeting on the strand,
Each took the other by the hand,
And after telling all that could be told,
One to the other said, "Your age? If not too bold."
"O, yes," the man replied, "that you shall know,
But you must find it out, for I must go.
If to my age you add eleven,
One-half, one-third, and three times seven,
Five score, less two, the sum will be.
What is my age? Pray tell to me.
Good-bye, my friend, when next we meet
My age to me you will repeat."

Columbus, Wis., 1859. Drawde.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

A man purchased a tract of land, in the form of an equilateral triangle, which contained as many acres as there were rails in the fence by which it was enclosed. The rails were 10 feet long, laid on a slant of 6 feet, and there was a waste of one foot on each rail by lapping—the fence was 7 rails high. He paid as many cents, plus one, as there were miles from one angle to the opposite side. How many acres did the tract contain, and what did it cost per acre?

Knowlesville, N. Y., 1859. M. W. Jones.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 504.

Answer to Mythological Enigma:—Johann Chrysostomus Wolfgang Gottlieb Mozart.

Answer to Enigma:—Zaphnathpaaneah.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—Five sheep, one pig and ninety-four ducks.

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Its position is such as to command at Low Rates of Freight both Northern and Southern Markets.

To the Farmer desiring to better his condition, to parties wishing to invest money in the West, or any in search of a prosperous Home, these Lands are commended.

For full particulars apply to JOSIAH HUNT,
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SANFORD'S FEED MILL. This remarkable Mill [illegible] simplicity and strength, and [illegible] recommend it to the public. It will grind from [illegible] bushels of corn per hour, and many other kinds of grain in proportion. Many improvements have been made to it, and it now [illegible] fill orders for the largest size.

Address the inventors, [illegible] common cast-iron rotary mills [illegible] Only about two horse-power, with 300 revolutions per minute, is required.

Price of largest size, now ready, with cast-iron frame, $40. Smaller sizes will soon be ready, and prices will vary, according to size, from $20.00 to $40.00.

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MANNY'S COMBINED REAPER AND MOWER,
WITH WOOD'S IMPROVEMENT,
For the Harvest of 1859.

The subscriber begs to inform the public that he continues to manufacture this popular machine, and pledges himself to produce an implement that will fully sustain its former reputation, as the best combined machine yet introduced, and inferior to none, either as a Reaper or Mower.

It has had a steady and increasing popularity from the first, achieving a complete success in the first important trial at Geneva in 1852. It carried off the highest honors at the great National Field Trial at Syracuse in 1857; and amidst all the competition and trials of 1858, came out with more and better established points of excellence than ever before.

The general principles peculiar to this machine, and upon which it is constructed, have proved so successful that there has been no attempt to change them.

The main effort during the last year has been to improve its mechanical construction, to make it stronger and more durable, and sustain its reputation as the leading and most acceptable machine to the largest class of farmers in the country.

Warranted capable of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass or grain per day, in a workmanlike manner.

Price of Machine as heretofore, varies according to width of cut, and its adaptation in size and strength to different sections of the country, from $125 to $150, delivered here on the cars. WALTER A. WOOD,
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BENNETT GRAY, Brockport,
WM. HENRY HARMON, Scottsville,
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Patented February 22d, 1859.

During the six years I have been engaged in the manufacture of the Manny Combined Reaper and Mower, I have given much thought and attention to the construction of what I foresaw would be a great want of the Farmers—a lighter and cheaper machine expressly for mowing, than had yet been made.

And now, after the most thorough and repeated experiments and trials in every variety of [illegible] and in all kinds and in every condition of grass [illegible] will confidence, to offer to the farmers and dealers of the United States, the great desideratum [illegible] Mower and Reaper [illegible] Agricultural implement having a Mower and Reaper [illegible] simple, efficient [illegible] work to any hitherto introduced, of easy draft, [illegible] cheap, and durable.

This machine [illegible] self-raking invention, to meet a special want [illegible] a Mower that for practical working, cheapness and simplicity, will be without a rival.

I build Two-Horse and One-Horse Mowers. The Two-Horse Mower weighs 425 lbs., and cuts a swath four feet wide (or more if specially ordered.) The One Horse Mower weighs 30 lbs. less, (395 lbs.) and cuts a swath three and a half feet wide.

For a more full description of the Mower, reference is made to my Pamphlets, which will be furnished on application.—With each machine will be furnished two extra guards, two extra sections, one wrench and oil can.

Warranted capable of cutting ten acres of grass per day in a workmanlike manner.

Price of Two-Horse Mower [illegible]
" One-Horse Mower [illegible]

Delivered here on the cars.

I [illegible] the best [illegible], and with greater [illegible] than any previous date. The [illegible] Manny's Improved Patent Combined Reaper and Mower will [illegible] improvement." WALTER A. WOOD,
Manufacturer and Proprietor, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

PEASE & EGGLESTON, 54 State St., Albany, Agents for Albany County and vicinity.

BENNETT GRAY, Brockport,
WM. HENRY HARMON, Scottsville,
483-tf Agents for Monroe County, N. Y.

STONE YARDS—FOR 1859.—RATHBUN & WHITMORE have always on hand a good supply of Lockport and Medina Stone [illegible] Flagging Stone, Posts, Well [illegible] for Sale, Delivered [illegible] for Stone, Lime and [illegible] generally, at home and abroad, and fill all orders [illegible] notice, addressed to THOMAS RATHBUN, Buffalo, WM. W. WHITMORE, Lockport, or to the subscriber, Flatbush St. Bridge, Rochester. WM. CARSON, Agent.
484wo

LIME.—Page's Perpetual Kiln, Patented July, '57. Superior to any in use for Wood or Coal. 2½ cords of wood, or 1½ tons of coal to 100 bbls.—coal not mixed with wood, or 1½ tons of coal to 100 bbls. Address C. D. PAGE, Rochester, N. Y.

ASTOR HOUSE, Broadway, New York.—All the Milk used here comes from a Farm carried on for the express and sole purpose of furnishing Milk, Vegetables, Poultry, Eggs and Pork to this House. The Cows feed in Winter on the best of Hay and Meal, and in Summer on rich Pastures and Meal only. (440) G. A. STETSON.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

VOL. X. NO. 39.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1859. {WHOLE NO. 507.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:

Two Dollars a Year—$1 for six months. To Clubs and Agents as follows:—Three Copies one year, for $5; Six, and one free to club agent, for $10; Ten, and one free, for $15; Sixteen, and one free, for $22; Twenty, and one free, for $26; Thirty-two, and two free, for $40, (or Thirty for $37.50,) and any greater number at same rate—only $1.25 per copy—with an extra copy for every Ten Subscribers over Thirty. Club papers sent to different Post-offices, if desired. As we pre-pay American postage on papers sent to the British Provinces, our Canadian agents and friends must add 12½ cents per copy to the club rates of the RURAL.—The lowest price of copies sent to Europe, &c., is only $2.50—including postage.

☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

The Siphon.

HAVING been a subscriber to your valuable paper, and never asked any questions, I beg leave now to ask a few. Will a siphon work on the following conditions:—Suppose a cistern eight feet deep, with a pipe from its bottom to within a foot of the surface, of sufficient depth to be safe from frost, and carried a distance of eighty feet, in a descent to an outlet six or eight inches lower than the bottom of the cistern, will it work well? Can it be gauged at its outlet to run a large or small stream, at pleasure? Will it be likely to freeze? What kind and size of pipe will be most suitable for watering twelve or fifteen head of cattle?—J. P. MUIR, *Grimsby, C. W.*, 1859.

THE *Siphon* would work under the circumstances described. Make the long arm as long as possible. The only difficulty with the siphon is that water contains air, and where the pipe is small and long, and the current through it slow, air is apt to collect at the highest part of the pipe and stop the force of water. We would not use pipe with less than one inch bore, and then reduce the orifice at the end where it discharges, leaving it only as large as required for the wants of the cattle. Reducing the pipe at this point causes a steady flow of water. Running water will resist a good degree of frost, but in extreme weather it would freeze, no doubt, unless well protected.

Bones for Manure.

CAN you, or some of the RURAL correspondents, inform farmers who have no convenience for grinding old bones, how they can render them an available manure by using sulphuric or some other acid?—E. W. B., *Borodino, N. Y.*, 1859.

IT is difficult to make bones available as manure without being pulverized, for sulphuric acid will not act effectually on the bones unless they are first reduced to almost a powder. Bones can be easily reduced to this state by burning, but by this process their value is lessened, for nearly one-third of the bone is composed of gelatine or glue, which decays quickly in the soil, forming ammonia.—Before many years we shall doubtless have machinery for grinding bones in most towns, and then farmers will begin to learn the value of bones as manure. Perhaps the best way at present is to burn the bones and convert the ashes into superphosphate of lime, by placing 100 pounds in a hogshead, then adding 53½ gallons of water and mixing well, and then 88 pounds of sulphuric acid. Stir quickly with a stick, so as to thoroughly mix, and it will froth and foam, and soon become too thick too move. After a few days it will become dry enough to handle. Bones soften by being boiled in lye, and boiling in water makes them soft while hot, and brittle when cold, when they may be broken up with a heavy sledge hammer, and used in small pieces. It should be remembered that the finer the bone is broken the more rapid the decay, and the more immediate the effect.

Thatching.

WILL you, or some of your many correspondents, please give through your columns a minute description or directions of the mode of thatching stacks of hay and grain, out-buildings, &c., and oblige—A RURAL READER, *Crawford Co., Pa.*, 1859.

SOME of our friends will please give us their experience in thatching. The following is the method recommended by a Western correspondent of the *Gardener's Monthly* for thatching out-buildings:—"I have used rye-straw and also what we call here 'slough grass.' This latter material is very abundant in low prairie lands, and forms a cheap, substantial and durable roof for out-buildings, and as timber is scarce, is found to be quite an 'item' in economy.

In thatching, I nail or spike slats or laths to the rafters about one foot apart, allowing the thatch to be about three feet long from the band, more or less, according to the length of the straw. I then prepare the thatch by binding the thatching material (the band near the butt) rather loosely in bundles about six inches in diameter, and then dividing it in the middle with the hands, twisting the band, bringing one half clear over, (see figs.

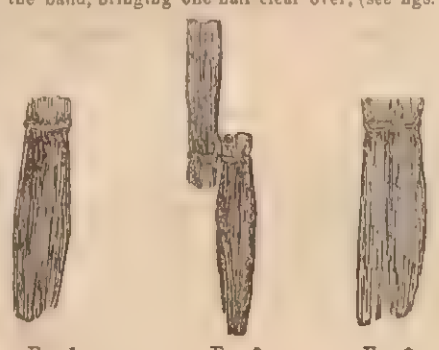


FIG. 1. FIG. 2. FIG. 3.

1, 2, 3,) so as to form two bundles bound together with one band. This plan binds the thatch so tightly, that there is no danger of its drawing out, and also makes it of a flat shape, so as to *lay* better. In putting it on, lay the thatch on the lath, butt end up, so that the band comes just above the lath or slat, and taking enough straw on one side, say the left, for a convenient band, twist it, bring it down under and around the lath, and then over the thatch, drawing it tight, and adding from the right side another portion of straw, twisting as before, to make a continuous band; bring it under the lath and over the thatch, as before, and still adding from each side a portion of the bundle, (see fig. 4,) and thus continue until the course is ended. There fasten the band as in binding grain.

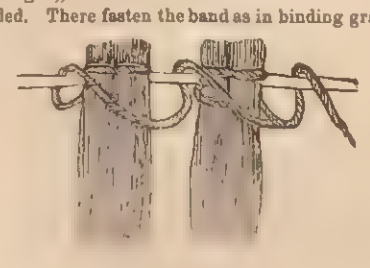


FIGURE 4.

The first course turn *butt downwards*, to make the eave. For the ridge,—having a lath spiked on top,—separate the thatch in the middle, and stride it across, and with a continuous band bind it fast, taking care to keep it compact as you proceed. Finish by raking well and cutting off the ends at the eave."

FORAGE AND FERTILIZING PLANTS.

PERHAPS we could not do our readers a better service at this time than to call their attention to a few forage plants not generally cultivated in this country, but which are found valuable in other parts of the world, and are at least worthy of a trial here. That the man is a great benefactor, who can make two blades of grass grow where before only one was produced, is become an axiom. To accomplish the same result by the introduction or dissemination of a new plant, is, of course, equally beneficial.

LUCERNE—*Medicago Sativa.*

LUCERNE has been grown to some extent in this country, though not extensively, and cultivators differ much in opinion in regard to its value, probably from difference of treatment, soil, &c. ALLEN says "it is one of the most productive plants for forage ever cultivated," and we know some who would fully endorse this opinion, but it requires a rich soil, a dry subsoil, and careful cultivation. It is a perennial plant, and may be cut several times during the season, and is, therefore, very valuable for green fodder, and cases are reported in this country where it has produced over six tuns of dry feed. FLINT says there are fields near Boston, in which it is now growing with great luxuriance, and giving good crops, the seed of which was sown in 1824. From the same author we quote the following paragraphs:

It does not endure a climate as severe as red clover, requiring greater heat and sunlight; but in a latitude equally suited to both plants it would be somewhat difficult to say which should have the preference. In some respects it is decidedly superior, as in being perennial, and consequently remaining long in the soil. Lucerne sends down its tap roots in mellow soils, to enormous depths, having been found in sandy soils thirteen feet in length. The leaflets are in threes, obovate, oblong, toothed, the flowers pale blue, violet, or purple, the fruit in downy pods, having two or three twirls.

The cultivation of lucerne is somewhat more difficult than that of clover for the first year, requiring a soil thoroughly mellowed and prepared by clean and careful tillage; and the want of proper attention to this point has led to partial failures in the attempts to raise it in this country. It suffers and languishes in compact clay soils, and does not flourish in light soils lying over an impermeable subsoil, which prevents the water from running off. It will never succeed well on thin soils. But in a permeable subsoil, consisting of loam, or sand or gravel, its roots can penetrate to great depths, and being nearly destitute of lateral shoots, provided with numerous fibrous rootlets, or radical off-shoots, imbibe their moisture and nutriment in layers of soil far below the average of other plants. In this respect it differs materially from clover. For lucerne, a suitable subsoil is of the utmost consequence. For the short lived red clover, a suitable surface soil is more important; a want of care and deep tillage, especially a neglect to break through and loosen up the hard-pan wherever it exists, will inevitably lead to failure with lucerne. But when the soil is suitable, it will produce good and very profitable crops for from five to ten or twelve years, and, of course, it does not belong in the system of short rotations.

But notwithstanding the large quantity of succulent forage it produces, its effect is to ameliorate and improve the soil rather than to exhaust it. This apparent anomaly is explained by the fact that all leguminous, broad leaved plants derive a large proportion of their nutritive materials from the atmosphere, and that a vast quantity of roots are left to decay in the soil when it is at last broken up, varying, of course, with the length of time the plant continues in the soil, while the luxuriant foliage serves to shade the soil and thus to increase its fertility. Much of this rich foliage is scattered and left to decay, as is the case with all similar plants at the time of harvesting, and the growth of the aftermath is also usually very considerable. The fact that it actually increases the fertility of the soil for other plants, has often been proved and may be regarded as fully established. A soil which would bear only a medium crop of wheat at first, produced a greatly increased quantity after being laid down to lucerne a few years till its roots had enriched the soil.

Lucerne is cultivated in Chili and grows wild in the utmost luxuriance in the pampas of Buenos Ayres, where it is called Alfalfa, which is simply the common lucerne, slightly modified by climate, and may be regarded as a variety.

The seed of lucerne, when fresh and good, is yellow, glossy and heavy. If the seeds are white, it is an indication that they are not ripe. If they are brown, we may infer that they have been subjected to too strong a heat to separate them from their husks. In either of these cases, it is not safe to purchase or to rely upon them. The same may be said of clover, and it is desirable to try them by a simple method which will be indicated hereafter in speaking of the selection of seed. As the seeds of lucerne are somewhat larger than clover seed and the plant tillers less, it is necessary to sow a larger quantity per acre. It may be sown in the spring along with grain crops, as clover often is, and not a very large crop should be expected the first year.

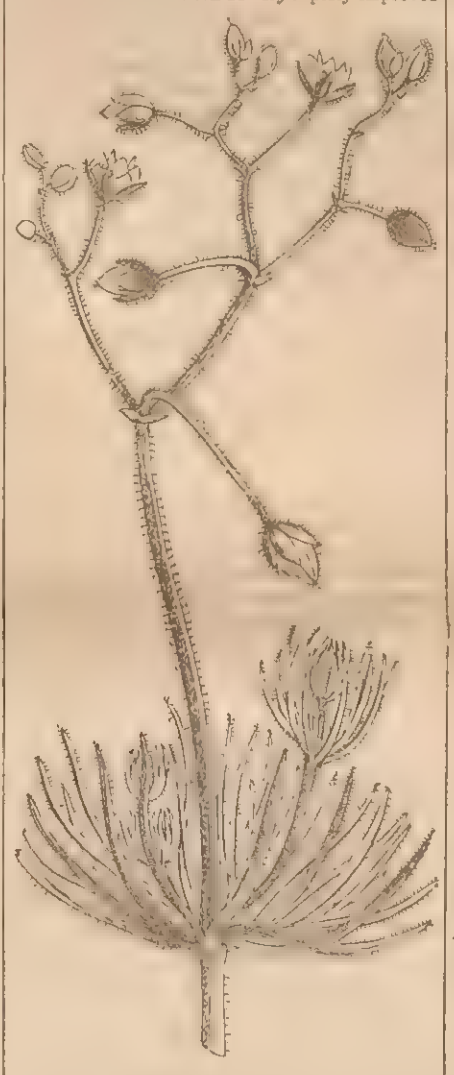
When properly managed, the number of cattle which can be kept in good condition on an acre of lucerne, during the whole season, exceeds belief. It is no sooner mown than it pushes out fresh shoots; and wonderful as the growth of clover sometimes is, in a field that has been lately mown, that of lucerne is far more rapid. Lucerne will last for many years, shooting its roots—tough and fibrous almost as those of liquorice—downwards for nourishment, till they are altogether out of the reach of drouth. In the dryest and most sultry weather, when every blade of grass droops for want of moisture, lucerne holds up its stem, fresh and green, as in the genial spring.

I am convinced, also, that the failures of attempts to cultivate lucerne with us may be ascribed, in nearly every instance, to an improper selection of soils, and am inclined to think that a more accurate knowledge of the plant and a more careful observation of its habits of growth would lead to its more general adoption as an economical forage plant.

I have procured fine specimens of lucerne in various parts of this State, where it is very successfully cultivated, but on too limited a scale to determine its comparative value as a farm crop.

SPURRY—*Spergula Arvensis.*

SPURRY is an annual plant, and its character is so well shown in the engraving that it will need no description. This plant is somewhat grown in France, but more so in Russia, where it is extensively grown for green fodder and hay. Its principal use in England is in enriching soils too poor to produce clover. There are no soils so poor as not to grow spurry well, and as it is ready to turn under in eight weeks, or for pasture in six weeks, the most barren soils can be very rapidly improved



SPURRY IN FLOWER.

by its use. VAN VOORT says, "it is better than red or white clover, the cows give more and better milk when fed on it, and it improves the land in an extraordinary degree. If the land is to lie several years in pasture, white clover should be sown with it. When sown in the middle of April it is ripe for pasture by the end of May. If eaten off in June the land is turned flat and another crop is sown which affords fine pasture in August and September. This operation is equivalent to a dressing of ten loads of manure per acre. The blessing of Spurry, *the* clover of sandy lands, is incredible when rightly employed. By alternating these crops with rye, it will reclaim the worst lands, and yield nearly the same benefits if pastured off by cattle, while it adds materially to the advantages of other manures applied at the same time." When we have seen clover fields, half bare, particularly on the more sandy knolls, because the clover would not "*catch*" on account of the poverty of the soil, we have often wished that Spurry might be tried as a fertilizer. For the worn-out lands of the South, we think it would be valuable.

WHITE LUPINE.

THE WHITE LUPINE is not grown in this country as a field crop, that we are aware of, but like the *Spurry*, we think it might be introduced to advantage. It is much grown in the South of Europe, on fallows, to be plowed in when in flower and green. It derives its name from *lupus*, a wolf, in allusion to its *voracious* qualities; that is to say, it exhausts land rapidly of its alkaline constituents. This very circumstance, however, renders it peculiarly useful for the agricultural purpose to which it is applied. Its long tap-roots strike deep into the ground, take up whatever they find there, and hence, when the plant is restored to the ground, the alkaline matters absorbed are left near the surface, instead of being buried where shallow rooting crops cannot find them. It, moreover, produces a very considerable quantity of mere vegetable matter, the decay of which adds to the fertility of the soil. The bitter seeds are of little value. Near Paris this crop is not sown earlier than the middle of April; it is, in fact, incapable of bearing frost; the periods of sowing must therefore be necessarily regulated by the climate of the country. According to M. VILMORIN, the green manure yielded by the plant is excellent. The seeds, soaked in water, form a good cattle food; and the young plant is readily eaten by sheep. One of the chief advantages of its cultivation consists in its thriving upon very bad land, such as sandy gravels, and thin clays, upon which it produces a very profitable effect.

"WHAT KILLS THE BEES?"

BY PROF. KIRTLAND.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—This question is an important one to the practical apiarian. During the winter season he is liable to heavy losses through the operation of several causes. The answer furnished by J. J., in the RURAL of the 2d inst., is satisfactory, so far as it goes, but as he has substituted an effect for the cause, he leaves unexplained the remote, or antecedent cause.

What insidiously reduces the numbers of a rich and previously numerous colony of bees and brings them, at the approach of winter, into a condition in which they will perish from cold and starvation, in the manner explained in the communication of J. J.? In some instances this may be effected by the loss of a queen. Late and small swarms are liable to die of starvation, and the impression of cold, but they are not surrounded with an abundance of stores as was the case with the stocks of R. S., of Wesleyaville.

During the early days of bee-culture in Ohio, before the intrusion of the moth, a German remarked to me, that in autumn he killed, not only his weak and superannuated colonies, but likewise all those which abounded with an excess of honey. Surprised at the latter clause of his assertion, I inquired as to his motive for thus doing. He replied that, "Fat sheep and fat bee colonies of autumn are certain to die before spring." Experience and observation have convinced me of the truth of his assertion, but the rationale of it, was, for a long time, not as clear, till it was subsequently explained by Mr. R. C. OTIS of Wisconsin. To many it may still seem a paradox, after his explanation is given, yet, there is no doubt of its correctness.

Many a colony of bees perishes from an excess of prosperity. This insect is one of the most avaricious of animated beings, and never fails to improve an occasion to collect the largest quantity of honey possible. During seasons peculiarly favorable, its avidity to accumulate prompts it to fill every cell of the combs with honey and bee-bread, and under such circumstances it frequently occupies all of the workers' cells, and leaves none for breeding purposes. Of course, few eggs are laid by the queen, and the necessary recruits of young brood are not produced to supply the rapid diminution of that variety, which takes place at the close of the season. The approach of winter finds the colony reduced in numbers, exhausted in strength, and in a condition to perish in the manner explained by J. J.

Your readers will no doubt request the suggestion of a remedy to counteract, in its approach, such an unfavorable result. Permit me to anticipate their request, and point out the only available method of saving such degenerating colonies.—In the first place, to insure complete success in managing bees, it becomes necessary to employ some plan of a hive which will give entire command over its internal structure and its contents, and bring them under the inspection of the eye, and within reach of our fingers. Any hive which affords these facilities is well advanced towards perfection in its model. All others, which lack in these particulars, should be rejected as incomplete, however favorable they may appear, in other points of view. LANGSTROTH'S I prefer to all others. Having our bees thus arranged we are able at any time to ascertain their exact condition. The attentive apiarian will ever keep himself apprized of it. If, during the period of honey gathering, he finds the cells too much infringed upon by deposition of honey, he should at once transfer two or more of the cards of comb thus filled, into the upper story of the hive—an act which, of course, requires those cards to be movable, and that he should have perfect control over the bee-hives and comb. The places thus vacated must be supplied with empty frames, in which the tenants of the hive will at once commence building new comb, some portions of which the queen will occupy with her eggs. But so great will be the avidity of the workers for accumulating stores, that they will sometimes destroy those eggs and persist in filling their places with honey, in the newly formed combs.

This avaricious tendency may be entirely corrected by commencing early in the spring and taking away all supplies of surplus honey, and supplying boxes or frames in the upper story for receiving the surplus which shall be collected during the progress of the season. This course will leave the combs in the lower story vacant for the

use of the queen, and the process of depositing stores in the upper story will afford occupation to the busy workers.

Early in October every card should be examined, and if the bees have not already constructed a passway through its center, for winter use, one should be formed by the aid of a small but long-bladed knife. J. P. K.

Cleveland, Ohio, 1859.

SUBSOIL AND DRAINING PLOW.—INQUIRY.

Most Excellent Rural:—Some of your readers wish still more information upon the above instrument. The Plow advertised in Vol. X, No. 32, and noticed favorably in the same Rural, proposes great advantage to the buyer. Do you think it *the* best thing of *the kind* for a farmer to buy, as it regards easiness of draft, strength of form, and reasonableness of price?

Until we have got ahead somewhat in the use, and means of *indispensable* improvements, all *complicated* and *high cost* machines must be left with the makers, or remain beyond the reasonable demands of small farmers. I must so believe from what observation I can make among such farmers, and from my current experience in business, as well as from my experience in the practical wants of farming and the variety of ways outlays are here needed. Our first improvements must be done with respect to the greatest profit for the least outlay.

And as to subsoiling, and draining, we know, by the condition of our land, and the uncertain growth of some crops, directly affected by surface water and drouth, that this business must be done or *no* profit be realized. Then, the profits must be so slow with that work performed with the mechanical aids necessary, as to leave such venturesome farmer burdened with privation and pecuniary harrassment. Will the makers of the labor-saving tools and machines look to this a little more?—not strive to supply simply what we shall like to try, and may be pleased to want, but what will best perform profitable labor for a price that can be spared for that particular branch of work?

But more directly of the Plow. Besides, giving your opinion of the best, or the certain practical utility and economy of it, I desire to know if such plow may with any advantage have a hole drilled in the rear and bottom part to receive a coupling hook that shall attach a pear-shaped ball to draw in the ground and leave a channel for little water-courses? Can we so subsoil and profitably drain *any* of our land, and for what uses would a plow so prepared be of value? And if of value, how large a ball and to what extent would that probably increase the draft? W. D. B.

Oswego Co., N. Y., 1859.

Remarks.—Instead of answering the above, we should prefer to publish a reply from the pen of John Johnston, Esq., or some other person who is practically familiar with every branch of the subject. The inquiries are important, and as correct answers to them would benefit many readers, we trust Mr. J., and others competent from experience, will respond.

MOWING AND MOWING MACHINES.

Messrs. Eds.:—With your permission I will give Rural readers a sketch of my experience in mowing. Last year, not feeling able to buy a machine, and my neighbor, who owns an old fashioned "Ketchum," offering me the use of his, on condition that I would mow his grass, I availed myself of the opportunity, and mounted the machine as a "raw hand." The grass was heavy, the "dead furrows" very deep, and the meadows had not been properly prepared, by having all the small stones removed and the large ones marked by setting a tall stake by them as signals, so I found a great hindrance in consequence of the breaking of "sections" and "guards." And in crossing the furrows, the "finger-bar" would drop in suddenly, with a jar, and in rising out the knives or "sections" would suffer from cutting the soil or gravel. I procured three plates of an old buggy spring about 18 inches long, and laying them upon each other in the usual way, had them bolted upon the "finger-bar" near the other end, so as to have them drag behind, forming a kind of shoe for the bar to run on. This was a decided improvement, far better than a wheel or roller, as the trembling motion caused by a roller is utterly avoided, and the bar shoots across the furrow avoiding all injury to the knives, by cutting the ground on the opposite side, while the whole expense does not exceed 75 cents. Nevertheless, the old machine would sometimes *clog*, and I heard so much about improvements, and better machines, &c., &c., that I got rather "sick of the old thing," and hoped I could get a better one by another season. "Times," however, getting "no better pretty fast," I had to take the old machine again.

A few weeks since I spent several days in my native town of Niagara, and there attended a kind of "social" mowing match. One of my old acquaintances had been trying to find out the *best* machine, in contemplation of buying one. The "agents" finding out the state of his mind came around "quite thick," and arguments ran high, the result of which was the said match. Three different machines were on the ground, and party spirit was up. I was much amused, and reminded of times gone by, (the time just before Major Jack Downing flourished,) and if the time has arrived when swords are wrought into pruning hooks, surely "Hurrah for Jackson" is altered into "Hoora for the *Ketchum*," &c., &c., and I have no objection to the change.

I am satisfied that decided improvements have been made on all the machines within the last two years, and it is very difficult to decide which is the *best*, especially when we listen to interested agents; yet I have seen none but would be improved by this simple little sliding shoe; and one thing now is certain, that my old machine is decidedly better than I thought it was, for I mounted the seat and cut between four and five acres on a very rough field, and got through at 11 o'clock A. M., and that without sharpening the knives during the operation. But the secret was, I had, early in the spring, cleared the meadows of all obstructions that could be removed, and had marked such as would be hid in the grass, and could not be remembered; and in mowing two or three days this year, I have not broke a single section or guard, while last year I broke several every day on the same fields. For success, very much depends upon the preparation of the ground, and very, *very* much depends upon *getting used to the machine*, and knowing how too keep it in order. Many a first-rate machine is abandoned on account of a want of skill in using it. T. Witmer.

Williamsville, N. Y., 1859.

ABOUT WINTERING STOCK.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—As much is being said about the scarcity of fodder, I wish to give the public, through your paper, a sure way to "help it hold out." It has been my experience that stock kept warm and dry, will thrive with one-fourth less feed than when exposed to "the fury of a winter's storm." Now, brother farmers, if you are short for fodder, instead of buying hay at exorbitant prices, to be fed out of doors and perhaps trampled in the mud, just expend a trifling sum for lumber, and batten up all the crevices about your stables, and make some good mangers, and underpin your barn—making it, as the sailors say, "all taut,"—then keep your cattle in there most of the time while the snow is on the ground. Having done this, go and expend two, three, or five dollars more for blankets for your horses, and employ an idle hour in fastening on suitable straps and buckles to keep them on, and you are rigged to brave a hard winter with thirty tons of hay, where before you needed forty. But, to make the thing sure, I will add that you'd better get you a good feed cutter, (if you have none,) and use it as much as you can. Don't say you can't afford it, or that it "won't pay." Take my assertions, and figure up and see if it won't pay. And I dare say I can find thousands within the circulation of the Rural, who will endorse my experience. But, knowing that I am not advancing any new doctrine, I will not occupy any more room in your valuable paper. G. N. L.

Vernon, Oneida Co., N. Y.

Remarks.—The above advice is orthodox and timely. We have rarely published more good sense in so little compass. Those interested would do well to heed the suggestions.

GRAIN GROWING IN MINNESOTA.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Noticing in the Rural the remarks in regard to the grain growing qualities of other States, I thought that it would be no more than justice to our young State to briefly notice her capacity in that respect.

The crops in Minnesota this season are the best I ever saw. Wheat, rye and oats, were well headed and just as thick as they could stand.—Have seen some pieces very badly lodged by their own weight. Wheat rusted a very little in some localities. The farmers are well satisfied with the abundant harvest they have reaped this season. They are busily engaged threshing now, and a finer berry I never saw; it is plump and white; and yields well.

Our corn was bitten by the frost last week, so that corn on low, wet grounds, that were planted late last spring, is very badly injured. I should judge that there is twice the number of acres under cultivation this year that there was last year. And, having a better yield this year than last, if grain should bring a fair price this fall, we shall come out all right. We are rather poor, financially, but taking into consideration our soil and climate we are rich. Taking everything into the account I think this State will rank with the first class of grain growing States. L. M.

St. Anthony, Minn., Sept. 12, 1859.

Cabbage with Corn.—Mr. Brooks, of Princeton, Mass., at one of the Legislative Agricultural Meetings in Boston, alluded to the practice of planting cabbage among Indian corn. He knew an instance where cabbage was planted in alternate rows with corn, and the cabbage sold for $150 per acre.

Inquiries and Answers.

Cement Water Pipe.—*Inquiry.*—My neighbor, Mr. Parks, appreciating the value of a constant and convenient supply of water for farm purposes, has conveyed a spring by means of wooden pipe, which answers his purpose well, but he is desirous of information concerning cement pipe. Will some one tell him how to make it, and also advice as to its comparative merits?

—Since writing the above I have talked with some gentlemen in Cold Creek, Alleg. Co., (not in the stream, exactly,) who have constructed some half a mile of this pipe. They used one bushel water lime to three of sand, put their mortar into a trough some four feet long, three inches deep, three inches wide at the top and two at the bottom, made of half inch boards. This being filled with mortar was turned into a ditch some two feet or more in depth; then a round rod was pressed into the mortar an inch or so in size; with trowels the mortar was neatly closed over the rod; a little dirt was then put on to the mortar, and after waiting a few moments the rod was drawn out, and the same thing repeated till all the pipe was laid. They suspect some defect in their method, for when they let on the water two or three weeks after, the pipe gave way in several places, the cement not being sufficiently hard. Should the dirt be put on to the mortar immediately, or should it harden first? Is there danger of the pipes cracking from the unequal pressure of the dirt, especially in passing from soft ground to hard? How deep should cement and other pipe be laid in the ground, &c., &c.? —H. T. B., *Pearl Creek, Wyoming Co., N. Y.*

To Make a Lime-Kiln.—Will some of the numerous and intelligent readers of the Rural give us the best plan for building a lime-kiln for burning from three to five hundred bushels of lime at a burning? We have plenty of wood and the best of stone, but don't know how to put them together.—Uriah H. Anderson, *Williamson Co., Texas*, 1859.

Rye.—*Inquiry.*—A friend of mine has heard that you may sow rye in fall, and may feed it during the following summer, and the year after harvest a good crop—if you can get it. Can you get it, is the question? What are the advantages and disadvantages of sowing rye for feed?—H. T. B.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Pigs more Profitable than Hogs.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* makes the statement that it is more profitable to fatten pigs than hogs, and presents the following facts and figures to prove the verity of his assertions:

Having tried an experiment with both kinds the past season, I am disposed to give you the result, hoping that others may try a like experiment—upon a more even scale as to the season of the year—and report through your paper. In this way farmers may, through the medium of an agricultural paper, increase their annual income more than ten times the cost of such a paper.

In September, 1857, I bought two pigs at $3 each, and kept them until December 14th, 1858, which was the time they were butchered. They had been fed about 60 bushels of shelled corn—about one-half of it ground and scalded, the other half of it having previously been fed in the ear. The feed, other than corn, is in both experiments offset against the manure made by them. They weighed respectively, when butchered, 332 and 344 pounds. On the 26th of August, 1858, I bought two pigs, bred by the same sow, and at the same price. They were fed mostly upon sweet apples, with a few raw potatoes and a few nubbins of corn, until December 15th. I then commenced feeding them upon corn boiled until soft, and fed cold. This kind of feed was continued about two weeks, when it was changed to scalded meal, which feed was continued until February 8th, when they were butchered. Their respective weights were 237 and 244 pounds. They had been fed about 25 bushels of shelled corn, in forms as above described. The old hogs were about seventeen months, and the pigs three days less than seven months old when killed. Valuing the corn at 80 cents a bushel, and the pork at eight cents a pound, the account stands as follows:—Old hogs, Dr. $52, Cr. $54,08; pigs, Dr. $24, Cr. $38,64.—It will be seen that the pigs yield a profit of $14,64, while that of the old hogs is only $2,08, to say nothing of the extra time and trouble in taking care of the old ones.

Balky Horse—Balky Master.

The following exemplification of the effects of good or ill-treatment on animals we extract from the *American Stock Journal:* a farmer of irascible temper, &c.

A farmer of irascible temper came into possession of a very fine animal, of most docile disposition. When the farmer purchased him he was highly pleased with his bargain. For some weeks the animal worked admirably; but as the owner became accustomed to the brute, his irritable temper would display itself, and occasionally in his anger he would punish him severely for the most trifling fault. In a few months the animal became irritable and balky, at times quite unruly. The farmer, who could not see how much injury he was doing himself, continued his brutality. The result was as might be expected—a really valuable brute was spoiled. He became nervous and dangerous. The farmer was in despair, and would have been glad could he have found a purchaser for him at a third or fourth of what he gave for him. A neighbor of the farmer who saw how he had maltreated the beast, offered to accept him at the owner's terms, which were not hard. Now, mark the end. The new proprietor was a man of kind but firm disposition. He at once commenced treating the animal as if he could be reached by reason. The horse, experiencing a difference between his present and former treament soon recovered his temper. He ceased to fear and tremble at every one who approached him, and in less time than it took to spoil him, he was brought back to his original docile disposition. His former owner learned for the first time that more labor can be gotten out of any animal by kindness than by brutality. But whether it mended his irritable disposition or not, we are unable to say.

Soiling Cattle.

At a recent meeting of the "Harvest Club," at Springfield, Mass., this subject was presented for discussion. From the report of the Springfield *Republican*, we extract the following:—*Soiling*, or the summer feeding of cattle, was discussed. It was believed to be the most economical way, on costly level lands, to feed cattle with green food through the summer in stalls. In this way they can be fed more regularly, the manure is collected and saved, and they will give more milk, except for about two weeks after the twentieth of May when feed is freshest. A cow can be kept on an acre of rich ground an entire year by this process. If this practice were generally adopted, it would save much division fencing. Corn, clover, barley, millet and rye are the principal changes of food. Fall rye is the earliest greens procurable for this purpose. Barley stands frost better than some of the others. Millet and corn are better if wilted before feeding. Two cows have been kept well in this way, on one and a half rods of clover a day. Corn will not produce as much milk as clover, but it will be richer. Pasturing is, of course, the most natural way, and on this account soiling, except to a limited extent, is not recommended for young stock. Lands worth only $10 per acre had better be pastured.

Heating New Milk.—The *Dairyman's Record* gives the opinion that the heating of new milk to near the boiling point, just after it is drawn from the cow, is preferable to allowing it to stand for a time before heating, and thinks both butter and cheese are improved in flavor by so doing, "because the animal odors which are objectionable would be expelled;" and goes on to say that "tasteless and leathery" cheese is caused by manufacturing under too high a temperature rather than from high heating *before* manufacturing.

Dogs and Bell Sheep.—An Indiana sheep farmer says, that a number of sheep wearing bells in any flock, will keep away dogs—he would allow ten bell sheep to every hundred, or hundred and fifty. When sheep are alarmed, they run together in a compact body, in which act all the bells are rung at once, which frightens the dog, or makes him think some one is on his track—so he leaves without taking mutton.

Agricultural Miscellany.

Weather, Crops, &c.—The weather of last week was quite unfavorable for corn and other crops—one or two days being decidedly Boreas and Equinoctialish. A frost occurred on Wednesday night, though the clouds and winds prevented serious results. Corn, buckwheat, &c., were somewhat affected, but we hear of no material damage. On Tuesday and Wednesday the weather was quite unfavorable for Ag. Fairs, and diminished the interest and attendance in some localities. The present week opens very favorably—with a bright sunshine, and much warmer temperature. This will help corn, and, if it continues through the week, prove most beneficial to the many Societies which hold their Annual Exhibitions the present week.

Fairs next Week.—State Fairs are to be held the ensuing week (Sept. 26—30,) as follows:—Indiana, at New Albany; Pennsylvania, at Powelton; Wisconsin, at Milwaukee; Georgia, at Atlanta; and Canada West, at Kingston. N. Y. County Fairs—Cattaraugus, Erie, Greene, Madison, Monroe, Oneida, Ontario, Otsego, Putnam, Steuben, St. Lawrence, and Wyoming. New York Union and Town Fairs—Brookfield, Canaseraga, Coventry, Dryden, Fredonia, Oxford, and Trumansburg. For particulars as to days and places, see former numbers of the Rural.

The Brockport Union Fair is to be held Oct. 11, 12, and that of Hemlock Lake, on the 13th and 14th.—Lenox, at Oneida, Sept. 30, Oct. 1.

The National Fair.—The exhibition of the U. S. Ag. Society, held at Chicago last week, is universally pronounced a great success in all departments. Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, of Boston, for many years President of the organization, and who was present at the show on the 15th, informed us on his return that the exhibition was altogether the best, as well as the most successful and profitable, ever held under the auspices of the Society. In the Stock Department, particularly, the display was large and superior. The weather was fine on the opening days (Monday and Tuesday) and the entries numbered some 3,000, including 1,500 Agricultural and Mechanical Implements. President Tilghman formally opened the Fair on Tuesday, in an appropriate address, and speeches were made by Senators Crittenden and Douglas. The number of visitors on the 15th was estimated at 50,000—on the 16th, 35,000, up to which time the receipts were about $30,000. The entire receipts would probably reach $40,000. The exhibition of the Steam Plows of Fawkes, of Pa., and Waters, of Detroit, attracted great attention—while a trot over the Garden City Course between Flora Temple and Princess was hardly less popular. Judging from all accounts we conclude the Fair has proved all that could be expected by the officers and friends of the U. S. Society—the show, attendance and receipts being extraordinary.

—The Chicago *Journal*, received since the above was written, says of the Fair:—"It is an entire success in both quality and extent, as well as pecuniarily to the Society. All the departments of the Fair are full—some of them overflowing. In the Live Stock department, we find great variety, and some of the noblest animals we have ever laid eyes on. It has never been equaled. In the departments of Mechanics, Agricultural Implements and Machinery, there is an almost endless variety of wonders, master-pieces and ingenious contrivances for labor-saving and labor-facilitating. In the Fine Arts Hall, there is much to admire; any number of excellent photographs, and not a few other specimens of artistic handiwork, skill and taste. And the Floral Hall is like a grotto in the midst of Paradise—a brilliant gem, set in all the colors of the rainbow. Viewed from any stand-point, regarded in any light, this Seventh Fair of the National Agricultural Society far surpasses any of its former exhibitions, and is ahead of any general Agricultural and Mechanical Show that has ever been held in this country. It is a noble triumph—an honor to the Society, a credit to the exhibitors, and a glory to the nation. We rejoice to see so many people present from abroad to witness this grand display. Almost every State in the Union is represented among the visitors, and the attendance from the Western States especially is numerous."

The Vermont State Fair, at Burlington last week, attracted a large gathering. A telegram dated the 14th, says:—"The show of horses, cattle and sheep is good. The mechanical and floral display is not large. A splendid exhibition of Howe's Scales attracts great attention." Gov. Banks, of Massachusetts, delivered an address on Thursday, and the Fair closed on Friday.

The Illinois State Fair was a success, as we stated last week,—but so many matters are pressing upon our pages that we must omit reports received concerning this and other exhibitions. It is said the $3,000 prize for steam plowing was not awarded, on account of the condition of the ground at the time Fawkes made his trial before the Executive Committee. The trial is adjourned until Fawkes returns from the American Institute Fair, New York, where he exhibits this week.

Schuyler County Fair.—A friend writes us that the Fair of the Schuyler Co. Ag. Society—held at Watkins, last week—was decidedly successful. He says, substantially, that Schuyler Co. was formed in 1854, and the Society organized the same year. The first Fair was held in 1855, since which there has annually been an increase in interest, attendance and receipts. Being a small county, with no large villages or manufacturing establishments, of course its Fairs could not be expected to compare with those of other counties, in some respects, yet the show of implements and manufactures, grains, vegetables, &c., would do credit to any county, while the display in the Fruit and Floral line was peculiarly attractive. In this department, aside from a fine variety of other flowers and fruits, Mr. Geo. Tuem presented 45 varieties of dahlias and 28 of roses. The show of Stallions and fine wooled Sheep was worthy of praise. Of the former there was a better display than ever before in the county, and it is doubted whether a superior exhibition of Stallions will be made at any Co. Fair in the State. In fine wooled sheep our shows have always been particularly attractive, and there was the usual display of as good as the State can produce. The specimens were from the flocks of R. & G. Burritt, Noble Cleveland, John Woodward, J. H. German, Luther Cleveland, Wm. Ayers, and Wm. Sprowls. Our county is behind neighboring ones in the possession of good cattle, and the show of Short-horns was not as good as last year. Of Oxen there was a greater show, however, while Swine and Poultry were represented to a limited extent. The Address, by Rev. T. K. Beecher, of Elmira, was a regular Beecher effort, and well received.

The Chautauque County Fair, held at Jamestown last week, is reported to have been fully equal, if not superior, to either of its predecessors. A friend who was present says the Fair was largely attended, and that the exhibition was most creditable in all departments—while the show of Stock was superb. A Union Agricultural and Mechanical Fair is to be held at Fredonia next week, and a Town Fair at Clymer the week following, (Oct. 5, 6.)

The "Union Fair," held at Medina last week, was a complete success. The Medina *Tribune* says:—"The attendance was very large, and the display of Stock, Agricultural Implements, useful inventions, vegetables, specimens of art, &c., &c., exceeded any other exhibition of the kind ever witnessed in this section of the State. The gathering of people was very large—by far the largest ever witnessed in the county of Orleans." The total receipts were $1,300.

Oswego Co.—Its Agricultural Fairs, &c.

Last week we had the pleasure of spending several days in Oswego County, and of attending the Fairs of its rival County Ag. Societies—at Mexico and Fulton. The excursion afforded us an opportunity of traversing a considerable portion of the county, and of revisiting a section with which we were somewhat familiar thirty years ago. Many of the towns had greatly improved, agriculturally and otherwise, since our last visit,—better roads, fences, buildings, etc., appearing on all sides, while the farms indicated marked progress in culture and husbandry. This remark is especially applicable to most of the towns we were enabled to observe particularly—viz., Granby, Hannibal, Mexico, New Haven and Volney—and we were glad to learn that other portions of the county were in the track whereon glides the car of Improvement.

The Fair at Mexico—held Sept. 13-15—was largely attended considering the unfavorable weather, while the exhibition was creditable. We were present only one day (the 14th,) yet saw abundant evidence of the existence of a laudable spirit of enterprise and improvement among agriculturists and community generally. The Society's Fair Grounds are finely located, comprise fourteen acres, and embrace a good exhibition building and business office. The land and improvements cost some $3,500. The Fair was quite successful. We were assured that the attendance was never larger, that the receipts exceeded those of last year, while the exhibition was better in some respects. The show of Stock was very good, and included a dozen fine Short-horns, owned by Mr. Marks, of Sandy Creek. A string of 15 yoke of working oxen, from the town of New Haven, deservedly attracted much attention. A. W. Seymour, Esq., of the same town, exhibited the best trained yoke of oxen we ever saw—their performances, unyoked, eliciting universal admiration. The principal exhibition building—combining Floral and Domestic Halls—was most beautifully decorated with evergreens, &c., the finest arrangement we ever saw at a County Fair. The ladies of course decorated the Hall, and also made an excellent display of Domestic Manufactures and fine handiwork, &c. The display of Fruits, Flowers, &c., though not large, was creditable. Among the contributions, Mr. G. H. Stone, of Scriba, exhibited 36 varieties of apples and 26 of pears—mostly fine, well grown specimens. We were unable to examine the various departments of the exhibition particularly, and of course can only speak of it in general terms. But, creditable as was the show, we were more pleased with the People in attendance—and the simple fact that thousands were present during such unfavorable weather (the high winds and chill atmosphere rendering the day the most unpropitious of the season,) gave assurance that they were imbued with the proper spirit to advance Rural Improvement. We never so deeply regretted the lack of powerful voice and lungs as on rising to address, under unfavorable circumstances, the large and fine audience by whom we were surrounded. But of this it does not become us to speak. During our brief sojourn in Mexico we saw much that was gratifying, and many persons whose personal acquaintance we were glad to make. Mr. President Earll, Treasurer Conklin, and other officers and many citizens whom we had the pleasure of taking by the hand, appeared to be men of the right make and metal for the cause and the occasion. Mexico is a fine, pleasantly located village of some 1,500 inhabitants—has a beautiful and successful Academy, many fine residences, and must be a pleasant place to reside.

The Fair at Fulton (or Oswego Falls,)—Sept. 13-16, four days—was a decided success in most respects. The day we attended (the 15th) the number present was estimated at from ten to twelve thousand, the weather being very favorable for both exhibitors and visitors. On entering the fine grounds (containing about 15 acres, and situated on the shore of a beautiful lake,) we were surprised at the extent and variety of the exhibition, and the large number in attendance,—and soon learned that the surrounding country was not only well represented, but that hundreds had arrived by railroad from the cities of Syracuse and Oswego. The Stock had been removed from the grounds, but the departments of the exhibition which we witnessed were much better than we had anticipated. Our attention was first attracted to a good display of Ag. Implements and Machinery—including D. C. Cumiko's Power Hay and Corn Stalk Cutter in operation. It is an excellent machine (as recently noticed by a Rural correspondent,) and we were glad to learn was being somewhat extensively manufactured by J. E. Dutton & Co., of Fulton. The display in the large tent devoted to Fruits and Flowers, Domestic and Fancy Articles, Fine Arts, &c, was exceedingly creditable in quantity, quality and variety, and worthy the attention and commendation it received. In fruits, flowers and floral ornaments, needle and fancy work, and specimens of the fine arts, the exhibition was very attractive, including many things worthy of special notice. Among the novelties we examined a Portable Mercurial Barometer, of Timby's patent, which we think will prove a long-sought desideratum for agricultural purposes, and of which we may have more to say in future. Also, a floral ornament, consisting of a case of flowers, moss, &c., perfectly dry and so preserved as to retain their original colors. The process is said to have been discovered by Mr. Martin Osborne, of Fulton, and is certainly very ingenious and apparently successful. A superior specimen of Penmanship (including a fac-simile of a bank note, portraits, &c.,) was exhibited by S. M. Bassett, of the Syracuse Com. College; we never saw its equal. The show of Dairy Products, Vegetables, Grain, &c., (in another spacious tent,) was quite large and excellent—better than we have seen at many County Fairs in the most favored localities. We observed a superior sample of Tea Wheat, from a crop grown by Mr. Strahahan, of Granby, which produced 31½ bushels per acre. Several persons present considered the Tea the best variety of spring wheat, especially for light soils. Much attention is given to wheat culture in Oswego Co., of late, the yield proving very good,—mostly spring varieties. There were many things, in both tents, worthy of notice, but we cannot even enumerate them. The displays elsewhere—including a Regatta on the lake, and a trial of Fire Engines on its shore—were interesting and attractive. But here, as at the Mexico Fair, the People themselves were the best part of the exhibition—and we don't say this because they listened attentively and approvingly to a long address, and appreciated it above its merits, but because we admired their spirit, cordiality and appearance. We were most happy to meet and take by the hand scores of thinking, enterprising and progressive Men—including a number of the friends of our boyhood—and shall long remember the occasion and reunion with pleasure. To the officers of the Society—and especially to Mr. Secretary Sanford, editor of the *Patriot & Gazette*—we are indebted for more than ordinary courtesies during our brief stay in Fulton and Oswego Falls, (places divided only, let us here explain, by the Oswego River.) Of Fulton, its appearance, business, &c., we purpose to speak hereafter; and also of other towns visited.

—In conclusion, we may remark that our visit to Oswego and its prominent Fairs impressed us most favorably,—and that, from the spirit of emulation and enterprise manifested, we are not sure but the people can creditably and permanently sustain two County Ag'l Societies; on that point, however, we may hereafter take the liberty of offering one or two suggestions.

HORTICULTURAL

FRUITS FOR NAMES.

PEARS.—The pears sent us by S. SHERMAN, of Medina, N. Y., were small specimens of *Stevens' Genesee*. By NEGLEY & Co., Pittsburgh, *Buffum*.

APPLES.—From JOSEPH MACOMBER, Macedon, N. Y. No. 1, not cultivated here, and not worthy of cultivation, while we have so many good sorts ripening at the same time. No. 2, name not known; a poor apple. No. 3, *Early Strawberry*. No. 4, *Mosher Sweeting*, a very fair apple, but early sweet apples are not as valuable as those that will keep well through the winter for baking, when other fruit is scarce. No. 5, *Primate*, and is, as our correspondent suggests, the same as sent us by Mr. WARREN, as we have since ascertained.

From D. B. WAITE, of Springwater, N. Y., six varieties of apples. No. 1, *Hawley*. No. 2, a variety grown in a few orchards here, and called *Cranberry Pippin*. No. 3, a sweet apple, overripe and dry; name, if it has any, unknown. No. 4, a poor apple; name unknown. No. 5, *Twenty Ounce*. No. 6, natural fruit.

From JAMES CLARK, Greece, N. Y., fine specimens of the *Hawley*.

A NEW HEDGE PLANT.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Although I have not before taken the privilege of addressing you on things that partake of public utility, I will now make a statement, *with a request*. I have in my possession some *seeds*, which I consider *very valuable*—they were presented me by a Mr. GEORGE SCARBOROUGH, a gentleman and traveler. He put these seeds into my hands last June, in the city of Owensboro, Kentucky. This gentleman, whose travels were extended over Syria, Egypt, Palestine and Arabia Petræ, found this seed growing on a hedge on the mountains of Syria, near Zebedany, Syria. I will give you his own words concerning it:

"SYRIAN HEDGE.—The seeds of this hedge, or thorn-bush, were collected by me on the 23d of April, 1858, near Zebedany, Syria, about half way between Damascus and Baalbeck, or Heliopolis, at an altitude of 4,000 feet above the sea level,—lat. 33½° N., lon. 36° E. from Greenwich. It seemed a *hardy shrub*, and I should think would be found admirably good in the Northern States for a hedge. At the time I collected the seed, the snows were lying upon the mountains on both sides of the valley, in which also the shrub was growing, and yet, though so early in the season, in that Alpine region, the new leaves were pretty well grown. The last year's seed were still lingering upon the spray amid the new foliage. I should think it preferable to the Osage Orange, inasmuch as it requires less labor with the shears or pruning instruments,—it grows much thicker, and makes a *sure defence* against smaller animals, the thorns or spines, are *sharp*, short and strong."

As I think a great deal of this present from the land of the Ancients, I would like to know the best way of propagating it from the seed. The seeds are inclosed in a soft, pithy substance, looking like and about the size of vest buttons covered with *brown cloth* or muslin. These little buttons when open, contain from three to five seeds, which have about the appearance and density of Locust seeds. Mr. SCARBOROUGH had but a very few of the seeds, and was very anxious I should give them a fair chance, and if successful, they may prove to be the best hedge plant for the North that has ever yet been tried. W. H. WHITE.

Dubuque, Iowa, Sept., 1859.

REMARKS.—We would plant a few of these seeds in a nicely prepared bed this fall, and keep the balance until spring, when they would doubtless germinate better for being soaked in warm water. Pour on them water a little hotter than the hand can bear, and then let them soak for twenty-four hours. Plant in a mellow soil. Those planted this fall would not require soaking, the frosts of winter would probably produce the same effect, and in the spring they would be ready to germinate. You might give a few seed to some nurseryman who has a propagating house. By taking this course, if there is any vitality in the seeds you would be certain to obtain plants.

CULTURE OF STRAWBERRIES.

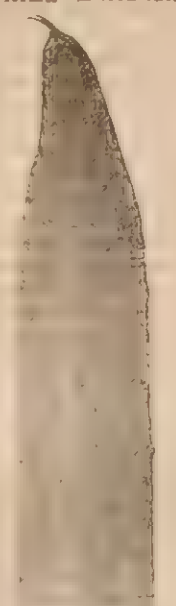
MESSRS. EDS.:—Not wishing to occupy too much space in your paper, to the exclusion of more valuable matter, I send you this communication with some reluctance, but I would like to give to my brother strawberry growers a little of my experience, which has been of considerable advantage to me the present season, in extending the time of ripening, for *two weeks*.

In preparing my plantation in the fall of 1857, I was under the necessity of trusting the work of hauling and spreading the manure to boys, consequently it was very unevenly done. Some places receiving an abundance, more than I should have dared to put on even for a crop of corn, and from that down to none at all. Not having sufficient to cover the piece and being out of health, I was obliged to plant it as it was, expecting where the manure was applied the most liberal, to have nothing but a mass of vines; but mark the result. The present season when the fruit began to mature, that part of the plat where there was no manure commenced ripening first, and I commenced picking from this bed the same day I did of the Early Scarlets from the other beds. The bed I am describing was planted with Willson's Albany Seedling, and I have found no other strawberry that would bear high manuring but that. Just in proportion as the manure was spread so they ripened through the season, and that portion of the piece where the most manure was applied was the last; but instead of a magnificent crop of vines I had a splendid crop of berries, and that of the largest size, which extended the time of picking to two weeks beyond the ordinary time; and, in fact, my man was selling strawberries, Red and White Antwerps, and black raspberries at the same time. As it is the season of setting strawberries, I would say to growers there is little danger of manuring too high for the *Wilson*, while other varieties, in my experience, will hardly bear it.

Cedar Lawn, N. Y., 1859. LEB WELLS.

THE CUCUMBER.

WE have often wondered why the people have been so long content with the poor, little miserable cucumbers, which are grown almost universally in this country, so far as we have seen. The seed dealers label their paper bags "*Long Green*" and "*Early Frame*," but the fruit produced from each will be of all sizes and forms. A look into the London markets, or even the markets of any provincial town in England would astonish our gardeners and amateurs, for there they would see the cucumbers ranging from one to two feet in length, and from three to four inches in diameter, while for tenderness, crispness and flavor they are far superior to anything we grow. Our climate, we are satisfied, is far more favorable to the growth and perfection of the cucumber than that of England, and yet while that country is every year growing improved varieties of this vegetable, we are satisfied with the same poor mongrel sorts that were grown thirty years ago. Indeed, there seems a great prejudice against a change, and many are disposed to consider all large kinds worthless. Some few years since we happened to be on a *Vegetable Committee* at a Horticultural Society's Exhibition, and was rejoiced to see one lot of good cucumbers, grown from imported seed; but what was our surprise to find the majority of the committee determined to award the first premium to the old sort, declaring this large over-grown things to be worthless, a kind of a *gourd*. We prevailed upon them to waive their decision until we had time to prepare a plate of each fit for eating, but in such a way that they could not tell which was the "*gourd*," when we presented the matter to their good taste. All agreed that the large one was far superior to the others in all qualities of a good cucumber. Mr. CHARLTON, gardener to JOSEPH HALL, of this city, has presented us this season with several specimens of *Lord Kenyon's Favorite*, a popular English variety, with the communication which will be found below. Of one of the specimens we give an engraving. It is two feet in length, and three inches in diameter, and is in all respects a beautiful specimen.



Lord Kenyon's Favorite.

EDITORS RURAL:—I have sent you a variety of cucumbers grown by me this season in the open air, the kind being *Lord Kenyon's Favorite*. It is a specimen of the White Spine variety, and a better kind for the table, I believe does not exist. Cucumbers, like every other plant, will grow in any soil, though not with same degree of vigor, provided they be supplied with a sufficiency of heat, light, water, and air.

It is often a matter of surprise to me, to see how readily the inhabitants of this and other cities will buy the poor kinds of cucumbers that are exposed for sale. Now, I will assure your readers that if they procured seed of this variety, and that having once tasted it, they will never be induced to purchase the hard, seedy, flavorless kind with which they are at present content, and which is only fit for pickles, and for that purpose should never be allowed to grow longer than from two three inches in length.

The seed of this specimen was sown early in June, and it has proved as productive as the most common kinds, besides being the best forcer that I know of. The criterion of a good cucumber is its being covered with a fine bloom, as in the plum, &c., and still retaining the flower on the end of the fruit. Seeds of this variety can be procured of any of the large seedsmen around Boston or Philadelphia. JOHN CHARLTON.

Rochester, Sept., 1859.

CULTIVATION OF THE BLACKBERRY.

IN the RURAL of August 27th, OLD GARDENER, in answer to YOUNG GARDENER'S queries on this subject, says:—"There is a great difference in our native blackberries, and it would be a good plan to mark the plants needed, WHEN IN FRUIT, so as to be sure you get the best sorts." Now, when a blackberry cane has *fruited* it dies, leaving a dead stump on a two-year-old root which may *possibly* send up a new shoot next spring and sometimes may have sent up an off-shoot from near its base, during the season of its fruiting. But this process is a fruitful cause of failure. Most such plants will die, and what live are unhealthy in their growth.

But take the young canes that have been thrown up from the new formed roots of the bearing canes, by cutting a circle, spade deep, and ten or twelve inches from the plant, so as to cut off both ends of the lateral root, and you will have a plant that will live and produce its like. But in order to be sure you have the right kind (for the bad grow intermingled oftentimes with the good,) see article in the RURAL of June 25th, 1858.

Take up the plants late in the fall, i. e., after a heavy frost has stopped the circulation of sap or early in the spring, and have patience one, two, and three years, for the roots to become firmly established before you can expect much good fruit.

While referring to the article on blackberries, in RURAL of 25th, permit me to say that another year's observation has decided me to attempt the cultivation of No. 1, there described. Its brierless form and *exceeding richness*, would make it a truly valuable garden fruit, if it would bear cultivation, and especially if it would increase its fruitfulness, of which I have hope. The plants are quite rare—I ounce found a plat far away from any other briers, in the "Oak Openings" of Calhoun Co., Michigan. Two years ago I found a small plat loaded with the best of berries in the middle of the great Sodus blackberry plains. All the rest that I know of are scattered a few in a place along some fences. I would be willing to send a few of the plants to those who were anxious to try them, but the first mail would overwhelm me with applications. Let any one in seeking these plants discriminate carefully, between these and those described as *false*, and in the mean time I will see if a can find a larger supply; and if so, will let the public know through the advertising columns of the RURAL. H. H. DOOLITTLE.

Oaks Corners, N. Y., 1859.

DWARF PEARS.

EDS. RURAL:—During the late controversy in the columns of the RURAL on the culture of the Dwarf Pear, being a novice in the business, I chose to look on silently rather than take part in the discussion, and try to profit by the experience of others. The conflict being over, the smoke having cleared away, and all being now quiet, I propose to give my little experience in the business and its results. I purchased the farm on which I now reside, in 1853. There were on the place three dwarf pear trees—one *Seckel*, one *Beurre Diel*. The name of the other is unknown to me, but it is a great bearer, fruit of medium or small size, of a pale green color, turning slightly yellow, when ripe, late in autumn. I see no description in *Thomas' Fruit Culturist* corresponding with it.

My soil is a gravelly loam, deep and warm; have applied refuse lime with barn-yard manure freely about the roots. The trees have been very productive, and had the fruit been marketed at ruling prices by the barrel, would have paid annually the interest of $20 or $25 per tree. In the spring of 1858, I purchased of Mr. T. G. YEOMANS twenty-five beautiful trees, and set them. All lived and did remarkably well the first year. Last spring two (*Bartletts*,) separated from the stock; one of the same variety is somewhat affected by the blight, and the remainder are all right. Several of them are bearing finely this season, *Bartletts* taking the lead. I am so well satisfied with the result, that I am preparing ground for the addition of some twenty or thirty to my stock next spring. There is a curiosity connected with one tree worthy of note; it blossomed and set for fruit at the usual time, and has nine pears, (*Bartletts*,) of large size. Some six weeks later it blossomed again, and has now growing nine pears, 2d crop, about the size of a butternut. They are now thrifty, but will doubtless fail to mature before autumn frosts. If you or any of your numerous readers have witnessed anything of the kind I should like to hear from them. J. W. COLLINS.

Sodus, N. Y., Sept., 1859.

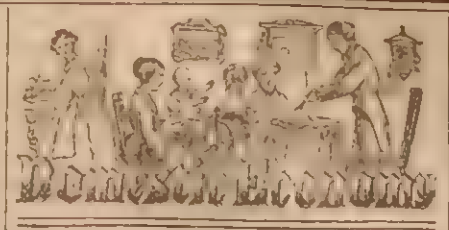
TRANSPLANTING LARGE TREES.

A PARIS correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* gives the subjoined account of a mode of transplanting large trees now in use there:

"Large trees are daily seen riding through the Champs Elysees, which are to take the place of old and decayed ones. It is a strange sight to see a tree fifty or sixty feet high, with a trunk two feet (!) in diameter, in full foliage, moving up through the Boulevards on wheels. I have been astonished at the size of some of those trees that I have seen riding by me, and my curiosity led me about a mile outside of the city to see the progress of taking them out of the ground, which is as follows:—A circle is cut round the tree about three feet from the trunk and at the depth of about five, through roots and earth. The earth which adheres to the roots is covered and bound with brush and ropes, to keep all together, then large chains are passed under the whole, and the ends brought up above the surface of the ground. It now being ready to be removed, two heavy, strong planks are laid down outside of the hole to receive the wheels of the wagon, which is made of solid iron, and a skeleton body of only two heavy side pieces, which connect the fore and aft wheels; the front wheels have an axletree passing from one side to the other, while the rear wheels are hung like those upon many railroad cars, having one open space, and strengthened by a heavy cross-piece of iron, which can be removed at pleasure. Over each wheel is a windlass to hoist by crank. Now, being ready to take up the tree, the heavy cross-piece behind is removed, and the vehicle is backed upon the planks, and the trunk of the tree now stands up through the middle of the skeleton body; the end of the chains are made fast to the windlasses, and eight strong men, two at each crank, wind up the chain and swing the tree, roots and earth, to the wagon, put in the cross-piece behind, attach from four to six horses, and drive off. The tree is lowered into the earth in the same manner that it is taken."

PRESERVING CELERY.—I have a couple of fine trenches of celery, and should like to learn, either from yourself or some of your numerous contributors, the best mode of preserving it for winter and spring use.—J. C. WILSON, *Edmons, Sept.*, 1859.

WE have always had the best success by the following method:—Set the plants erect on the cellar bottom, if of earth, or if of any other material lay down a little earth, on which spread the roots. Then cover the stalks a little higher than covered in the trench with well dried sand. This will keep it well and thoroughly bleach it. If celery is left exposed to the air it withers; if covered with earth it rots. It should be kept in a cool cellar. CAULIFLOWER that have not formed heads, if put in the cellar with earth around the roots, will head during the winter.



KEEPING CIDER SWEET.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Noticing in a late RURAL an inquiry for a method of keeping cider sweet, I give you the following for the benefit of E. H., Cincinnati, O. Take a barrel that will not leak in the sides, with bottom in an top out, bore enough holes in the bottom that there will be no trouble in the escapement of the cider. Now take a doubled piece of flannel and lay on the bottom neatly, that no sand can run through. Place a layer of sand thereon, to about the depth of six inches, then pulverize charcoal and make a very thin layer, then another layer of sand of same depth, again another layer of charcoal, the last, a heavier layer of sand. This barrel, with sand and charcoal, is to sit over a tub which the cider can run in. The process of cleansing now commences. Draw from your cider barrel and pour on the sand, &c., taking care not to stir up the sand much, rack the whole through, putting the rectified into another sweet barrel, in which, afterwards, put in a pint of mustard seed and your cider is fit for *any* company. To much charcoal is a damage as it colors it.—R. P. H., *Springfield, Erie Co., Pa.*, 1859.

CREAM PIES, &c.—I saw in a late RURAL an inquiry as to how "Cream Pies" are made,—I send my recipe which I think good. One pint of thin cream; ½ cup of sugar; 1 egg; a little nutmeg and allspice; a *pinch* of salt—make a good rich crust. You must only eat a small piece for it is very rich.

RAILROAD STOCKINGS—*A Better Way.*—Set up the stitches two-thirds less than the usual way—knit three finger's lengths without seam or narrowing, then drop every third stitch and finish off the toe in the usual manner—let the dropped stitches run entirely down to the toe; and the stocking is finished. I think the ladies will like this way better—please try it—MOLLIE, *Rome, N. Y.*, 1859.

LEMON PIE.—Grate the rind and squeeze the juice of two large lemons; 3 cups of sugar; 4 eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately; 4 tablespoonfuls of flour; 2 teacups of water—add the whites of the eggs the last thing. Bake without an upper crust.—ALLIE, *Jefferson Co., N. Y.*

DROP CAKES.—Take one pint of buttermilk; 3 eggs; 1 teacup sugar; lard the size of an egg; 1 spoonful of ginger; a teaspoon saleratus, and flour enough to form a stiff batter. Bake by dropping in boiling lard.—AMANDA MORECRAFT, *Defiance, O.*

PRESERVING CRAB-APPLES.—I wish to learn, through the columns of the RURAL, the best method of preserving CRAB-APPLES,—will some of your readers inform me, and oblige—SOPHIA, *East Clarendon, Vt.*, 1859.

TOMATO WINE.—Can any of the RURAL readers give a recipe for making a Tomato Wine that will not have the tomato twang to excess.—P. H., *Springfield, Pa.*, 1859.

INQUIRIES.—Will some of your readers please tell us how to prepare straw for coloring, and how to color it drab? Also to color cotton nankeen.—J. J., *West Pike, N. Y.*, 1859.

Horticultural Advertisements.

COLORED PLATES OF FRUITS, FLOWERS AND SHRUBBERY.—We are producing a superior article for Nurserymen and Amateurs. Send $1 for four as specimens, and a Catalogue with full particulars to F. DARROW & BRO., Booksellers and Agricultural Book Publishers, Rochester, N. Y. 507-1t

FOR SALE!—Two hundred thousand French Quince Stocks, at the following LOW PRICES

1st size, very fine, per thousand		$10 00
" " "	for ten	80 00
2d " "	per	6 00
" " "	for ten	50 00

Address G. W. EASTMAN,
Rochester, N. Y., Sept., 1859. 507-1t

STRAWBERRY SEED FOR SALE.—We have a few packages of STRAWBERRY SEED, each package containing more than 1,000 seeds from HOVEY'S SEEDLING, WILSON'S ALBANY, MCAVOY, DAILY, SCARLET and other leading sorts, which we have taken to dispose of for a worthy gardener. This is an excellent opportunity for the amateur who wishes to try his hand at raising new varieties of Strawberries. Price $1 per package. Address "RURAL" office.

BLOOMINGTON NURSERY, ILL.—80 ACRES. A General Assortment of Fruit and Ornamentals. APPLE GRAFTS, fine, 1 to 3 ft., $25; 6 to 7 feet, $35 per 1,000. Per 100 GOOSEBERRY, Houghton, 64. RASPBERRY, Orange, 67. STRAWBERRY, Wilson's Albany, $1.50. TULIPS, of 20 fine named sorts, single and double, 64. LINNEUS RHUBARB, large roots, $10. APPLE STOCKS, grafting size, 10,000 $30, &c. Terms, cash. New Bulbs and Wholesale Catalogues out. 507-3t F. K. PHOENIX.

RAVENSWOOD FRUIT GARDEN AND NURSERY.

H. C. FREEMAN, (late Freeman & Kendall,) offers to the Trade and others, at wholesale and retail, a large and well-grown stock of the following desirable plants, viz.:

BRINCKLE'S ORANGE RASPBERRY.
MYATT'S LINNÆUS RHUBARB.
NEW ROCHELLE OR LAWTON BLACKBERRY.
DELAWARE AND REBECCA GRAPE VINES—1 and 2 years old.
CHERRY CURRANTS.
Also, DWARF PEAR TREES—of the best selected varieties; very fine 2 years old Trees.
Also, NEWMAN'S THORNLESS BLACKBERRY, BLACK NAPLES CURRANTS, &c., &c. Address H. C FREEMAN,
507-4t Care ANDREW BRIDGEMAN, 608 Broadway, N. Y.

HIGHLAND NURSERIES,
COWLES & WARREN, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

For Hardy, Well-Matured Growth of Stock, these Nurseries are unsurpassed.

We raise large quantities of Isabella and Catawba Grape Vines; Red and White Dutch, and Black Naples Currants; Standard Cherry, very fine; Dwarf Pears, 3 best sorts; also New Rochelle Blackberries, Rhubarb, Strawberries, Roses, Snow Ball Trees, Mountain Ash and Silver Maple, large, which we now offer for sale

AT THE VERY LOWEST PRICES.

Also, a large and well assorted stock of Apple, Standard Pear, Plum, Peach, Quince, new varieties of Grapes, Currants, Gooseberries, Raspberries, Horse Chestnut, Evergreens, Osage Orange, Purple Fringe, Spirea, and other Ornamental Trees and Shrubbery and Bulbous Roots. Catalogues Free. 507-1t

BULBOUS FLOWER ROOTS.

We have now on hand a large stock of the finest Dutch Bulbous Flower Roots, which we offer to Dealers and Planters on the most reasonable terms. October is the month for planting in the open ground, and for potting, to bloom in winter.

HYACINTHS—Double and Single
TULIPS—Of all classes and colors.
CROCUS—White, Blue, Yellow, Striped, &c.
NARCISSUS—Many varieties.
CROWN IMPERIALS—Many varieties.
Superb Japan Lilies, and all the other more common ones, Iris, &c., &c.

Large or small orders promptly filled, and packed in the best manner.

We solicit early orders, that they may be disposed of before we commence Packing Trees.

Priced Catalogues furnished gratis.
507-1t ELLWANGER & BARRY.

ANDRE LEROY'S NURSERIES, AT ANGERS, FRANCE.

The Proprietor of these Nurseries, the most extensive in the world, has the honor to inform his numerous friends and the public, that his Catalogue of *Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, Seedlings, Fruit Stocks*, &c., for the present season, is now ready and at their disposal.

Apply as heretofore, to P. A. BRUGUIERE,
507-1amlt 51 Cedar street, New York.

NEW NATIVE GRAPES.

We offer for sale very superior well-rooted Vines of the following New Hardy Native Grapes:

Diana,	Anna,	Graham,
Clara,	Charleston,	Ramsdell,
Delaware,	Brinckle,	Mass. White,
Concord,	Rebecca,	Early York,
Louisa,	To Kalon,	Blood's Black,
Perkins,	Cassady,	Early N. Muscadine
Hartford Prolific,	Raabe,	Arkansas,
Garrigues,	Elsinburg,	Early Hudson,
Mary Ann,	Naumkeg,	Blood's White,
Empire,	St. Catharine,	Am. Hamburg,
Diana Seedling,	Albino,	Marion Port,
Wellington,	Swazars,	Rhattiff,
Keller,	Emily,	Tryon,
Minor's Seedling,	Pemell,	Canby's August.

Also, a number of other varieties of Native, and a good selection of Foreign Grapes

BLACKBERRIES—New Rochelle or Lawton, very strong plants, with all the roots.

Our Descriptive Catalogue, containing much useful information respecting the New Grapes, many of which have fruited in our grounds, will be sent free to all applicants.

HOAG & CRAINE,
507-1t Woodlawn Nurseries, Lockport, N. Y.

O. B. MAXWELL & CO., Desire to call the attention of Nurserymen, Dealers and Planters to their present stock of Fruit Trees, Seedlings and Stocks, that for health, thrift and beauty, is not excelled in the State, and consists principally of

APPLE TREES—Standard, 1 to 4 years, very thrifty and stocky.
PEAR TREES—Standard and Dwarf, 2 years, very fine.
CHERRY TREES—Standard, 1 and 2 years, very uniform, thrifty and handsome, and largely of Dukes and Morellos.
CHERRY TREES—Early Richmond, 1 year, by the 100 or 1,000.
PLUM TREES—1 and 2 years, that are quite as thrifty and handsome as the Cherry, very stocky and finely rooted.
PEACH TREES—1 year.
GOOSEBERRIES—Mostly Houghton's Seedling, 1 and 2 years.
RASPBERRIES—Leading sorts, and largely of Brinckle's Orange.
ROSES—Climbing and Hybrid Perpetuals, strong plants.

STOCKS AND SEEDLINGS FOR NURSERYMEN.

PEAR SEEDLINGS—A large quantity, unusually strong and healthy.
PLUM SEEDLINGS—From the Large Blue or Horse Plum, very strong.
CHERRY SEEDLINGS—Mahaleb and Mazzard No. 1.
APPLE SEEDLINGS—2 years, a very large quantity.
QUINCE STOCKS—Angers, strong and well rooted.
QUINCE SEEDLINGS—Orange, 1 year, and various other articles of Nursery Stock. O. B. MAXWELL & CO.,
507-1t Dansville, Livingston Co., N. Y.

15,000 ISABELLA AND 5,000 CLINTON GRAPE VINES FOR SALE.—I will sell these Vines this Fall cheaper than they can be bought elsewhere in Western New York. The Clinton Grape is THE WINE GRAPE OF AMERICA. Those who contemplate going into the wine business had better call and try my Clinton Grape Wine. E. FERGUSON, No. 12 Frana street,
505-3t Rochester, N. Y.

THE ALLEN RASPBERRY.

THE best *hardy* Raspberry in Cultivation—of large size, high flavor, and very productive.

"The Allen Raspberry is one of which a great deal may be expected, as exhibited with us, for its large size, bright red color, firmness for carriage, uniformity of yielding, and complete *hardiness*."—E. J. Hooper, Sec. Cincinnati Horticultural Society, in August Horticulturist.

The "Allen" took the first prize in a large competition of Raspberries at the Cincinnati Show in June last.

Geo Seymour & Co., of Norwalk, Conn., extensive berry growers, after trying fifty plants in bearing, ordered a thousand plants more of me, remarking that "for all good qualities combined, the 'Allen' is the best raspberry we have seen or cultivated."

Wm. Parry, of Cinnaminson, N. J., near Philadelphia, ditto, substantially to Messrs. Seymour & Co.

"Our agent, one of the oldest fruit dealers in Washington Market, New York, informs us that no better raspberry comes into market than the 'Allen.'"—H. & J. Carpenter, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Price, $1 per dozen; $5 per 100; $40 per 1,000 plants, well packed, and sent per express, or other conveyance, as directed, after 1st October. Orders with money inclosed will be promptly answered. LEWIS F. ALLEN.
Black Rock, N. Y., Sept. 1, 1859. 505 1ot

IONA ISLAND VINES.

A NEW Edition of Descriptive Catalogue will be ready by the 15th, which will be sent to applicants sending a three cent stamp. It contains additional information relative to Planting, Training, and the management of Vines, with a full and accurate description of all the valuable varieties with which I am acquainted that are now in market.

My facilities for propagating (including nearly an acre of glass) are extensive, and in consequence my plants generally, and especially the Delaware Vines, are this season of much better quality than I have before been able to offer.

Of Large Diana Vines my stock is limited, but of surpassing excellence. Of Anna, the stock is also small, but plants of best quality; chiefly LARGE LAYERS ready for bearing.

For Prices and full Particulars, see Catalogue.

Of Delaware Vines, besides very large Layers, I have a good stock of exceedingly vigorous plants grown in the open air, for such as may prefer them. Of these the wood and roots are very strong, and will be *thoroughly ripened early in the season.*

I would recommend the Herbemont as a most delicious Grape, and a great acquisition to all gardens having a sheltered exposure not more than one degree north of latitude of New York. A small stock of very large layers ready for bearing, now for the first time offered.

Concord—a small stock of remarkably large layers for immediate bearing, as well as small vines. A good stock and very large plants of Rebecca. Canby's August, which is synonymous with Cape, Alexander, York Madeira, Hyde's Eliza, Schuylkill Muscadel, Bullion's Early, etc., a few layers. Of the following a very limited supply:

Allen's Hybrid, (a white grape equal to Chasselas,) Logan, To Kalon (synonymous with Wyman, etc.,) Cassidy, Louisa, Elsinburg, Clara, Raabe, Lenoir, U. Village, Early Hudson, Garrigue's, Hartford Prolific, Emily.

Foreign Vines, a good stock—plants vigorous.

Downing's Everbearing Mulberry; a small stock of superior plants, 1 and 2 years old.

Newman's Thornless Blackberry, (best garden variety,) a few hundreds.

Wholesale Catalogue ready. C. W. GRANT,
505-3t IONA ISLAND, near Peekskill, Westchester Co., N. Y.

THE LOGAN GRAPE.—The earliest ripening, black, hardy Grape with which we are acquainted. Its fruit was sent to us this year earlier than any other grape grown out of doors. Berry oval, bunch compact.

Our Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue of over 70 sorts of Grapes, sent to applicants who inclose a stamp.

504-6 C. P. BISSELL & SALTER, Rochester, N. Y.

TREES! TREES! TREES!!!

FOR THE AUTUMN OF 1859.

THE SUBSCRIBERS invite the attention of NURSERYMEN, DEALERS and PLANTERS, to their large and fine Stock of

APPLE TREES—Standard and Dwarf—one to four years old; strong and well grown.
PEAR TREES—Dwarf, 1,000 2 and 3 years, fine, strong and healthy trees and of sorts most approved on the quince.
PEAR TREES—Standard, a large and fine assortment of the most desirable kinds.
CHERRY TREES—Standard and Dwarf—one, two and three years, in large supply and beautiful trees, and of the best sorts.
PEACH TREES—One year; Plum, 2 years; Orange, Quince, &c.
CURRANTS—Red Dutch, White Dutch, Cherry, Victoria, &c.
GOOSEBERRIES—American Seedling and the best English sorts.
RASPBERRIES—The leading sorts in large quantities.
BLACKBERRIES—Lawton largely—Dorchester and Newman's Thornless.
RHUBARB—Downing's Colossal, Cahoon's Mammoth, and a large supply of Myatt's Linnæus.
GRAPE VINES—With the best facilities for and the best care in propagating, we are enabled to offer *Delaware, Diana, Rebecca, Concord, Hartford Prolific*, and many other new and old sorts, with the best foreign varieties for growing under glass. Strong plants by the dozen, or hundred or more quantities
EVERGREENS—Norway Spruce, Balsam Fir, Scotch, Norway and White Pines, Red Cedar, Am. Arbor Vitæ, &c
DECIDUOUS TREES AND SHRUBS—Horse Chestnut, Mt. Ash, Am. Linden, Maples, Am. Chestnut, Am. and European Ash, Judas Tree, Laburnum, Snow Ball, Purple Fringe, Althea, &c.
ROSES—Climbing and Hybrid Perpetuals—a fine assortment of strong plants.
HEDGE PLANTS—Am. Arbor Vitæ, Red Cedar Privet, Osage Orange, &c.
STOCKS FOR NURSERYMEN—A fine supply of Angers Quince, Pear, Plum, Cherry, (Mazzard and Mahaleb,) one year old, and Apple Stocks 2 years old.

T. C. MAXWELL & BRO.
Geneva, Ontario Co., N. Y., Sept. 1, 1859. 504-5t

TRUE DELAWARE GRAPE VINES, PROPAGATED from the original stock price $2 to $3. Also, Logan, Rebecca, Diana, Concord, Hartford Prolific, and other new varieties, $1 to $2—all strong and well rooted, ready for delivery in the Fall. GEO. W. CAMPBELL,
August, 1859. [504-13t] Delaware, Ohio.

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES, PLANTS, &c.

A. FROST & CO., Proprietors of the Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y., publish the following Catalogues to represent their stock, which occupies Three Hundred Acres.

All parties who may desire to purchase Fruit, Ornamental Trees, or Plants, will consult their interest by examining the following Catalogues, which are furnished on application. Prompt attention is given all communications.

No. 1. Descriptive Catalogue of Fruits.
No. 2. Descriptive Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, &c.
No. 3. Descriptive Catalogue of Dahlias, Verbenas, Greenhouse Plants, &c.
No. 4. Wholesale Catalogue or Trade List.
No. 5. Descriptive Catalogue of Flowering Bulbs. 501-7t

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A HEART-GLIMPSE, WHICH MAY GOD PITY.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

Over desert wilds she strayed,
And the sand beneath was hot.
There was neither dewy shade,
Pleasant glen nor kindly grot.

Ah! so wearily she went,
Burdened with her youth's lone years;
Strength and will alike were spent—
All but hope was quenched in tears.

Lo! at length a garden fair
Lay inviting by her side,
Pleasant fruits were smiling there
By cool rivers deep and wide.

Presently a face looked out,—
'Twas a pleasant, puzzling face,
But she had no heart to doubt
For the beauty of the place.

Sick and weary of the sand
Where her toiling feet had been,
Pleading, stretched she out her hand,
And the Unknown led her in.

By the fountain's smiling side,
By the fruit trees, green and tall,
To the rivers cool and wide—
Led her there, and that was all.

Famished, parched the streams she eyed,
And the fruit that hung so high;
All her longing spirit cried,
"Feed me, feed me, or I die!"

"At the fountain let me quaff—
See! its precious wave how clear!"
Heard she then a taunting laugh—
Saw she then a mocking sneer.

Sneers upon that puzzling face
Filled her soul with fear and doubt,
From the pleasant, blooming place,
Then the Unknown led her out.

'Twas but one more drop of woe,
Strength and will had gone before;
Now, as she through wilds doth go,
Hope walks with her nevermore.

Black Rock, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A LIFE SKETCH.

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," and gently closing the book of eternal truth the stricken, tearful mourner, clasping her hands in prayer, peacefully murmured "Father, Thy will be done." Angel wings fanned softly that pale, care-worn brow. Joyfully they attuned their golden harps to sweeter praises, as they noted the peaceful calm which, like a sunbeam of light, flitted across her sorrowing heart, as she trustingly stayed her hopes upon the blest promises of her Heavenly Father. One by one, the silken ties which joined her heart to earth had been ruthlessly rent asunder, until now she was left to tread life's thorny pathway alone. Despair had spread her black wing over her once fond hopes until, with an aching, almost hopeless heart, she turned to the immutable promises of her neglected God. It was there she found balm for her sorrowing heart, and for a brief season earth and its gloom were forgotten in the contemplation of the wondrous beauties of that glorious home along whose golden shores the Angel of Death never wanders,—where clouds never dim the azure skies,—but the light of an eternal sun ever reigns.

But, sitting in the gray twilight hour, her thoughts wander from the future, to the dead past. Bright dreams of long vanished years rush o'er her soul with mighty power, and as Memory unlocks her gilded casket, and, true to her trust, brings to her mind the treasures of "long gone years," reminiscences of happy youth come up before her laden with far-off sweetness, when life, was filled with sunshine, and earth seemed a blooming Eden. And as her thoughts wander back through the long vista, she beholds the cherished friends of her youth who surrounded her in her vine-wreathed home where, joyous as a forest-bird, she gaily carolled her childish songs untroubled by care.

Alas! how great the change of a few short years. Fond parents, whose loving hearts would gladly have shielded her from sorrow, have now finished the journey of life, and have gone to that promised land of rest where evermore the majestic anthem, "Worthy the Lamb," rolls on, in which their voices unceasingly join. A fond sister, and brother too, once gladdened that happy home, but where now are they? One, in the youth and beauty of early womanhood, ere yet the roses paled upon her cheek, closed her eyes in dreamless sleep, and the willow which has long wept above her grave still sings her requiem. The other, wearying of the home of his childhood, and longing for more exciting pleasures, long years ago bid adieu to its scenes, and crossing the billowy deep, roamed in foreign lands; and for weary months and years the restless, ever trackless ocean has borne upon its bosom no tidings of his existence to his watching sister. Weary of waiting, imagination has pictured for him a grave amid the coral forests of ocean's fathomless depths, or beneath the green grass of a stranger land. Thus, one by one, had the friends of her girlhood departed, until he alone was left, who at the hymenial alter had breathed vows of constancy and protection until "Death them should part." Unbroken for awhile were these premises, but the tempter, wine, won the fond husband from the peaceful home to dark haunts—the gateway of eternal ruin. Many a lonely, weary hour, did she, the neglected wife, watch for the coming footsteps of the degraded inebriate, until, amid the darkness of one never-to-be-forgotten midnight hour, stranger hands bore him to his home a loathsome corpse. Alone, and unprepared, he had met the fearful summons of death. His brain crazed with the demon, Alcohol, he had gone to meet his God. Ah, with what unutterable anguish did she bend over the form of him who, in the nobility of manhood, won her heart's fondest affections but to blight her life with misery. Loaded with grief, and without a hope in the promises of her Heavenly Father, despair, with a crushing weight, seemed to rest upon her broken spirit, until with only a mother's love she roused herself to live for her child. Around him did the golden chain of her affection entwine until he seemed a part of her very life. And not until the waxen lids were closed in death, and the willow wept "o'er his little green grave," did she realize that she had made for herself an idol of clay,—that her God in loving kindness had broken the last tie that bound her heart to earth, had transplanted the bud of youthful promise to a purer clime; where, amid elysian bowers, his tiny feet might walk the flowery paths of Paradise, and his loving spirit nestle upon a loving Savior's bosom.

Thus, while the curtains of night have been wrapping earth in shadows, her soul has been wandering back over the dead years of the past, reading upon their truthful scroll the remembrance of life's blasted hopes, and bitter lessons. Yet she rejoices that by the cup of sorrow quaffed to its dregs, she has been taught to look from perishable joys to Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, to such as trust in Him.—Though for her earth has lost its brightest pleasures, yet, with the eye of faith, she has learned to look up to that home above, where "the weary find rest,"—where the burning tears which have burst from the deepest fountains of grief may yet sparkle as gems of rejoicing in the crown of those who, in patient endurance, bear meekly the burdens of life, trusting in His unerring wisdom, "who doeth all things well." Marion.

Wilson, N. Y., Sept., 1859.

THE LIGHT OF A CHEERFUL FACE.

There is no greater every-day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man among men, is like sunshine to the day, or gentle, renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor. As well might fog, and cloud, and vapor, hope to cling to the sun-illumined landscape, as the blues and moroseness to combat jovial speech and exhilerating laughter. Be cheerful always. There is no path easier traveled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner in presence of a determined cheerfulness. It may at times seem difficult for the happiest tempered to keep the countenance of peace and content; but the difficulty will vanish when we truly consider that sullen gloom and passionate despair do nothing but multiply thorns and thicken sorrows. Ill comes to us as providentially as good—and is as good, if we rightly apply its lessons; why not, then, cheerfully accept the ill, and thus blunt its apparent sting? Cheerfulness ought to be the fruit of philosophy and of Christianity. What is gained by peevishness and fretfulness—by perverse sadness and sullenness? If we are ill, let us be cheered by the trust that we shall soon be in health; if misfortune befall us, let us be cheered by hopeful visions of better fortune; if death robs us of the dear ones, let us be cheered by the thought that they are only gone before, to the blissful bowers where we shall all meet, to part no more forever. Cultivate cheerfulness, if only for personal profit. You will do and bear every duty and burden better by being cheerful. It will be your consoler in solitude, your passport and commendation in society. You will be more sought after, more trusted and esteemed for your steady cheerfulness. The bad, the vicious, may be boisterously gay and vulgarly humorous, but seldom or never truly cheerful. Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy mind and a pure, good heart.—*Selected.*

WHAT'S IN A KISS.

"Mother, mother, kiss," pleaded a little cherub boy, with blue eyes, anxiously searching his mother's unusually serious face, as she tenderly laid him upon his soft, warm bed, and lovingly folded the snowy drapery about him. "*Do* kiss me, mother!" and the rosy lips began to tremble, the tear drops to gather in the pleading, upturned eyes, and the little bosom heaved with struggling emotion. "My little son has been naughty to-day," replies the mother, sadly. "How can I kiss those lips that have spoken such angry words?" Too much, too much! Dutiful mother, repent! The little heart is swelling, breaking with grief; tumultuous sobs break from its agitated bosom; the snow white pillow is drenched with penitent tears, and the little dimpled hand is extended so imploringly. Relent! 'Tis enough! Once more the little head is pillowed upon the maternal bosom—once more the little cherub form is pressed to that mother's aching heart, and the good-night kiss of forgiveness is given two-fold tenderer. A few moments, and the sobbings cease, the golden head drops, the weary eyelids close, and the little erring one is laid back upon his couch, penitent and humbled by one kiss from mama. What's in a kiss—a simple kiss? Much—very much. More potent than the sceptre. Who has not felt its magic influence? 'Tis the lover's tender pledge of undying constancy; 'tis a bond of friendship and fidelity, and not only is it dear to the youthful and ardent, but also to old age—to the withered heart and blossomless cheek.

My Mother.—It is truly said—the first being that rushes to the recollection of a man in his heart's difficulty, is his mother. She clings to his memory and affection in the midst of all his forgetfulness and hardihood induced by a roving life. The last message he leaves is for her, his last whisper breathes her name. The mother as she instills the lesson of piety and filial obligation into the heart of her infant son, should always feel that her labor is not in vain. She may drop into the grave, but she has left behind her influences that will work for her. The bow is broken, but the arrow is sped, and it will perform its office.

THE SONG OF THE BROOK.

From the spring beneath the beech tree,
Where the bubbling waters rise;
There began my wayward wanderings,
'Neath the blue of summer skies.

Like a thread of liquid crystal,
By some fairy fingers spun—
Lengthening out my tiny current,
Day and night I tireless run.

Through the meadow, where the daisies
Fleck the emerald turf with snow,
With the sunshine on my bosom,
Singing merrily I go.

Through the wood, with troops of shadows
Dancing to the restless leaves;
Where the wild vines o'er me streaming
Many a quaint, weird chaplet weaves.

And the sun, like golden rain drops,
Filters through the oaken screen,
Where the moss beds and the lichens
Edge my path with tufts of green!

Down the rocky hillside sliding
In and out, from stair to stair,
Till, midway the rocks o'er sweeping,
One swift plunge, the last I dare.

Then, from out the white foam stealing,
Past the mill I make my way,
Where the ponderous wheel hangs dripping,
Green with moss for many a day;

Underneath the little foot-bridge
Where the sunburnt children fish,
With their bare feet dangling downward
For my cooling lips to kiss.

Hiding in the rocky shadows,
Shining by the dusty way;
Murmuring by the lowly cottage,
Whispering 'neath the turrets gray,

Chiming this refrain forever,
As I tinkling ripple on;
'Tis the heart we bear within us
Maketh life a sign or song.

[*Home Journal.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

REMEMBRANCE.

When we reflect how many millions have died and been forgotten—how many even of the later dead seem to have but an occasional place in the thoughts of those by whom they had most reason to expect to be remembered—how, after a few days of mourning for the departed, the happy recover their cheerfulness and the busy resume their industry, and, so far as may be judged by outward signs, life goes on with the survivors much as before—we are apt, thinking only of external evidences of change, to limit the effect on families and communities of a withdrawal of one of their number from the scenes of this life, to a more or less poignant and lasting grief for their loss. But it is impossible for a great sorrow, such as the removal of a near relative or friend, to fall upon even the gay and thoughtless, without conferring certain spiritual benefits — without destroying some illusions, and perhaps in some sort compensating the sufferer for what he has lost by leading him to place additional value on what remains. True, when deprived of a portion of our earthly treasure, we are apt, for a time, to underrate what is left, and just so it is in regard to our family relationships. The removal of one member makes us feel that the world is empty, and that there is nothing left worth living for; and, somehow, this feeling stands so justified to our minds, that we are distressed, and even experience a sense of guilt when we first become conscious that we are beginning to be again attracted by what formerly interested us. But when the great shock is over, and Death has fairly shown us how little claim we really have to what we call our own—for not until we experience a separation of this kind do we realize the possibility of its occurrence—when agonizing grief has subsided into a tender and regretful remembrance, when the sense of impoverishment at the thought of a loss of earthly companionship has given place to a feeling of increased interest in the society above, then the oftener our thoughts go down into the graves of buried kindred, the more deeply do we feel the insecurity of our hold on the living, and, in anticipation of the time when they too may be gone from our midst, they stand to us in the relation of "blessings that brighten as they take their flight."

The workings of Time are so gradual that its effects generally fall on us unheeded, unless some ruder, sharper stroke than usual makes a gap that succeeding years may, indeed, overrun with a high growth of leaves and branches, but cannot fill up nor conceal. Such a shock does our tree of life sustain, when one accustomed to lend it friendly shelter and support is suddenly uptorn by its side, and suffering stamps all the painful details of separation on our minds with a distinctness that years cannot diminish. An event of joy is lived through and forgotten; or, if remembered, it presents itself as a single complete fact; an experience of sorrow, if it ever leaves us, continually comes back with all the dread circumstances attending its occurrence. If that sorrow has been caused by the sickness and death of friends, we live over, again and again, in memory, our first uneasiness at the altered looks of the invalids—our growing consciousness of their danger, which we contemplated in silence, not having the heart to speak of it—the trying alternations of hope and fear—their own and our final conviction of their approaching end—parting words—mutual promises of remembrance—the last breath when life went out, and the hope and heart of the watcher died with it—the dreary details of preparation for consigning the remains to their last resting place, and the almost insupportable duty of laying away the body to mingle with the dust. Afterward, when the violence of grief has abated and the work of remembrance begins, shrinking from many words concerning the departed, even to those whose sorrow for them is equal to ours, it is in thought only that we recall with pleasure the thousand traits of look, manner and conversation of them when living, and dwell, with mournful interest, on the incidents of their death. And though we do not think of them as lying in the grave-yard, deep in the earth, yet, feeling that there is something there very precious to us, affection and duty prompt us to pay one outward tribute of respect to the memory of the lost by sometimes visiting the spot where the remains are buried.

But we need not go to their graves to be nearer our dead. It is vain to think of bringing back the presence of the departed more vividly there than in the places where we have been accustomed to see them, and where we miss them most.—Probably few of us have any distinct recollection of seeing our deceased friends in the neighborhood of their graves half a dozen times in our lives, and then on occasions of too much sadness to admit of their coming prominently before us when the scene presents itself to our minds. So, when we visit the spot where the dust of our dead reposes, thinking to more successfully invoke their presence there than elsewhere, though we feel that beneath the stones bearing their names lies something very sacred, yet nothing about us naturally calls up memories of the quiet sleepers. It requires an effort to associate their personalities with surrounding objects. But at home everything suggests thoughts of them—the door-stone that has echoed their footsteps, and the threshold they have crossed hundreds of times; the earth they have walked on, the sky they have looked up to, the air they have breathed, and the sunshine that has warmed them—all seem tinged with their presence. The sights and sounds of Nature that meet our senses hint to us that they approach the dwelling-places of the dead with an air of softness and refinement they never show to the living. To our imagination, the birds sing over their graves with a sweeter, tenderer note, the stars look down with a serener light, the rain descends with gentler force, and the snow falls with unaccustomed stillness. And nowhere is the faith that we shall see the dead again so strong as in the home where they have lived, and where they have faded from our sight. Musing on their occupation in the upper world, we seem to see them with the countenances they wore in health, greeting old and new friends, shaking hands and smiling as they used to so cordially, and the pleasant fancy strikes us that they will come back by-and-by and tell us where they have been, what seen and heard in their journeyings in the lovely lands beyond the sky. Nowhere, not at their graves, can we think so often, so naturally, so familiarly, so hopefully, of the dead as at home. A.

South Livonia N. Y., 1859.

PATIENT WORKERS.

Who does the most good? This question is not easily answered. Such men as Luther, and Wesley, and Edwards, and Wilberforce, and Howard, are prominent among the great workers in the world. But who knows that they really excelled thousands of others whose names have never been mentioned in history? They were made prominent by the circumstances around them; and perhaps their success depended more upon the agency of unknown persons, than upon their own power. Very likely their position depended more upon others than upon the success of their own efforts. It is not always the man who applies the torch to the loaded cannon, who deserves the honor of the execution which it does. Hosts of workers must have toiled long, hard, skillfully and successfully before him, or his torch, and flash, and the smoke, and the noise would have amounted to nothing. To him who stands out the most prominently, who stirs up the greatest excitement, and makes the most noise, the least credit is often due for the result attained.

If we look at the surface of things men would seem to be pitched into life, as vast heaps of wood, coming down by mighty rivers, are brought together in rafts, pitched and tossed every whither,—no harmony, no apparent relation among them. Everything in life seems to be jumbled together, if we look at the fitness of things. Men of fine and tender feelings are placed in circumstances where there is nothing to satisfy their wants; men of aptitude for learning and thought are compelled to remain in ignorance; men of feeble minds are called to stations where strong wills are needed, and strong men are placed where their strength is of no avail. In the midst of all these difficulties and discordances, what a fierce and fiery time men would have of it, if it was necessary that they should worry over disagreeable duties; if there were no way of their avoiding to fret and fume over every ledge of difficulty which lay across their life.—*Beecher.*

Rev. Sidney Smith on Enjoyment.—Mankind are always happier for having been happy—so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it. A childhood passed with a due mixture of rational indulgence, under fond and wise parents, diffuses over the whole of life a feeling of calm pleasure, and in extreme old age is the very last remembrance which time can erase from the mind of man. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having once made an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure; which contributes to render old men so inattentive to the scenes before them, and carries them back to a world that is past and to scenes never to be renewed again.

A beautiful thought is suggested in the Koran: "Angels, in the grave will not question thee as to the amount of wealth thou has left behind thee, but what good deeds thou hast done while in the world, to entitle thee to a seat among the blest."

The policy that can strike only while the iron is hot, will be overcome by the perseverance that can make the iron hot by striking.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MINE.

BY STEPHEN FORBES.

Of all the words whose thrilling sound
Strike through the spirit's depth profound,
With echoes far and fine,
What carries more of heavenly bliss—
What more of deadly sin than this—
This one word—*Mine!*

Through vaulted gloom are feebly shed
Dim lantern rays, upon a head
Where woe and sin combine,
No light his *mental* dark may cheer—
The miser counts his gold in fear,
And murmurs "*Mine!*"

Dives before his palace stands,
And gazeth forth on fertile lands,
With trees, and corn, and kine,
And o'er his shaven face the while
Creepeth a cold and selfish smile
As Pride says "*Mine.*"

Dark Lucifer, with flaming hate,
Ascends, still glorying in his fate,
Some mountain's rocky spine,
Views the sad tale of crime and woe,
Sees blood and tears forever flow,
And thinks—"'Tis *Mine.*"

Not so, for God, whose equal light,
Through golden day and silver night,
On all the world doth shine,
Says lovingly, and wears the look,
Whence sun and stars their radiance took,
All these are "*Mine.*"

"Mine!" 'Tis the golden key of Love!
The heart's barred doors before it move,
And need no other sign,
The lover clasps his plighted bride,
With this one link of Faith and Pride,
"Thou wilt be *Mine!*"

O, Heavenly Rest! I yearn and pray
To see the morning of that day—
That dawn of light Divine—
When Faith shall fade in glad surprise
And Peace upon my heart shall rise,
Forever *Mine!*

O, loving Christ! O, Father of All!
O, Holy Spirit Mystical,
Jehovah, One and Trine!
I walk in strength and hope below,
For even here I gladly know
That Thou art *Mine!*

Utica, N. Y., 1859.

THE WORDS WE SPEAK.

Our words are imperishable. Like winged messengers, they go forth, but never to be recalled—never to die. They have a mighty power for good or evil through all time; and before the great white throne they will be swift witnesses for or against us.

The words we speak have a mighty power; and there are words angels might covet to utter. There are words of comfort to the afflicted. There are sad hearts that need comfort everywhere, and there are words of blame and cold indifference, or feigned sympathy, that fall like lead upon the stricken spirit; and there are blessed heart-words of cheer, which bear up the soul and enable it to look out from the dark night of its troubles, and discern the silver lining of the gloomy cloud.

There are words of counsel to the young, to the tempted, the erring. Speak them earnestly, affectionately, and though the waves of circumstance may soon waft them away from your observation, yet such is God's husbandry, that if uttered in faith and with prayer, He will take care that on an earthly or heavenly shore the reaper shall rejoice that he was a sower.

There are kind words; how little they cost, how priceless they are! Harsh words beget harshness; and fretful words, like a certain little insect, sting us into a feverish impatience. But who can resist the charm of kind, loving words? The heart expands beneath them as to the sunshine, and they make us happier and better.

Then there are cheerful words, and why should we dole them out with such miserly care? They ought to form the atmosphere of our homes, and to be habitual in all our social intercourse. We have so many weaknesses, so many crosses, so much that is down-hill in life, that the habit of thinking and speaking cheerfully is invaluable.

But there are other words against which we should pray, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips." There are words of falsehood and deceit. They lurk in our expressions of civility, our professions of friendship, our transactions of business. How early do children, even, begin to weave a web of deceit, and how carefully should those who train them watch against this sin, and, by example and precept, teach them always and everywhere to speak the truth.

There are slanderous words—how mischievous they are! There are the words of the tale-bearers, that breed suspicions and jealousies in neighborhoods, and between families. There are envious words and flattering words, and faltering words, which are no better. Then there is the long list of idle words, or by-words, as they are called.

But there is another class of words to which we would gladly refer—they are the words of eternal life. Cornelius sent for Peter that he might speak words to him. What blessed words those were! Will they not be remembered with joy by both speaker and hearer throughout all eternity? As we pass along through the world, God will often let us speak a word for *Him*; and if we seek His aid, He will make it a word of power and comfort, a word in season, to him that is weary.

"Speak gently; 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell." [*Bullard.*

There is many a man whose tongue might govern multitudes, if he could only govern his tongue.

The Reviewer.

The French Revolution of 1789, as viewed in the Light of Republican Institutions. By John S. C. Abbott. With One Hundred Engravings. [8vo. pp. 439.] New York: Harper & Bros.

This is a beautiful book, elegantly and profusely illustrated. As the title shows, it gives the history of the French Revolution, which commenced 1789, until the establishment of the consulate under Napoleon, in 1799. The history of no nation, for the same length of time, is more fearfully interesting and instructive than that of the French, during what has been fitly denominated "*the reign of terror*," for it is a history of horror, causing the blood almost to chill in the veins at its simple recital. The nation publicly declared there was no God—that *Reason* was the French Deity—and it seems as if the Almighty, to punish them for their folly and impious presumption, left them to themselves to try their boasted reason; and like demons they thirsted for each other's blood, until the soil of France was soaked with human gore—until a million of men and twenty thousand women, and more than that number of prattling children, had fallen victims to the blind fury of the French people and their blood-thirsty leaders. Virtue, honor, intelligence, innocence, and childhood, afforded no protection—in fact, the highest honor, and the greatest virtues were considered crimes worthy of death. The guillotine became a plaything—the beheading of men a pastime, and of beautiful women and innocent children, a glorious fete, calling forth the air-rending shouts of the multitude. The author and the artist have portrayed these scenes in a truthful manner, though the former is disposed to apologize for these atrocities, on account of the oppression which the people endured previous to the revolution. He quotes many things said by French authors in palliation, who, of course, are anxious to save their country as much as possible from this disgrace. But the understanding of the reader will admit of no apology for such human butchery. Even Robespierre, the most cruel of all the Jacobin leaders, who ruthlessly murdered his nearest friends, it is attempted to whitewash into a pretty decent kind of a man, though of a very mysterious and inexplicable disposition. We would settle that matter by writing him down a fiend. There is a good deal of special pleading in behalf the revolutionists. Sold in Rochester by D. M. Dewey.

Tent and Harem: Notes of an Oriental Trip. By Caroline Paine. [12mo. pp. 300.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The reader of the volume bearing the above title, if desirous of accompanying the author, must go back to 1850 and make one of the company on board the American steam frigate Mississippi as that noble vessel enters Constantinople, the harbor of the Bosphorus. Here a few weeks are well spent in visiting the various objects of interest in the city and its environs, observing the habits and customs of the people, and then once more upon the waters for Alexandria, passage being secured in an Austrian steamer. At this latter port, preliminaries are arranged for the voyage up the Nile—pretty villas and gardens, charming groves of date, palm, and other trees, soon give place to sterile deserts—stretching as far as the eye can reach—and the peaks of the Pyramids. By-and-by boat-life is exchanged for the dwelling-place of the Arab, and all objects made notable in either sacred or profane history receive due attention. The extent of the trip is indicated by the appellation of the book, and if the reader takes views from the same stand-point as the author, the parties cannot fail being mutually agreeable. Rochester—Adams & Dadney.

From Dawn to Daylight; or, The Simple Story of a Western Home. By a Minister's Wife. [16mo—pp. 339.] New York: Derby & Jackson.

"To shorten some of the lonely hours of a tedious convalescence, and to gratify and amuse my children," remarks the writer, "I prepared this sketch of the life of a dear friend." A clergyman's wife chanced to peruse the manuscript, and felt that, if published, it might lead laymen to perceive how easily, by kindness, considerateness and prompt payment, they could strengthen their Pastor's hands, or, on the contrary, paralyze all his efforts and energy, by negligence, thoughtlessness and selfishness, hence, it was given to the press. The narrative, we are informed, is literally true, the only resort to fiction being in giving that which a people *should do*, instead of what they *did or did not do*. If the laity can thoughtfully peruse this volume, and still remain lax in the specialties to which it is devoted, we have striking modern examples of the folly of "casting pearls before swine." Rochester—Steele, Avery & Co.

Italy and the War of 1859. With Biographical Notices of Sovereigns, Statesmen, and Military Commanders; Description and Statistics of the Country; Causes of the War, &c. By Julie De Marguerittes, author of "The Ins and Outs of Paris," "The Match Girl," "Parisian Pickings," etc. With an Introduction by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie. With Map and Portraits. [16mo.—pp. 392.] Philadelphia: G. G. Evans.

An interesting work, written by a lady acquainted with the scenes which she describes and many of the actors in those scenes. Most of the facts in regard to the war have been given in the papers, but here they are furnished in a form for preservation, and in their proper connection, so that the causes and effects of the different movements are readily understood. The author's description of Italy and its political divisions—the power, territory and importance of each, is particularly interesting. For sale by the publishers.

Books Received.

The Anatomy and Physiology of the Horse: With Anatomical and Questional Illustrations. Containing, Also, A Series of Examinations on Equine Anatomy and Physiology, with Instructions in Reference to Dissection, and the Mode of Making Anatomical Preparations. To which is added Glossary of Veterinary Technicalities, Toxicological Chart, and Dictionary of Veterinary Science. By George H Dadd, M D, V S, author of "The Modern Horse Doctor," "Cattle Doctor," etc, etc. New York: A. O. Moore & Co. Rochester—Darrow & Bro.

A Natural Philosophy: Embracing the Most Recent Discoveries in the Various Branches of Physics, and Exhibiting the Application of Scientific Principles in Every-Day Life. Adapted to Use with or without Apparatus, and accompanied with Full Descriptions of Experiments, Practical Exercises, and Numerous Illustrations. By G Quackenbos, A M Principal of the "Collegiate School," N. Y.; Author of "First Lessons in Composition, etc., etc. [16mo.—pp. 450.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—Liberty Hall, General Agent.

Life of Col. David Crockett, Written by Himself,—Comprising his Early Life, Hunting Adventures, Services under Gen. Jackson in the Creek War, Electioneering Speeches, Career in Congress, Triumphal Tour in the Northern States, and Services in the Texan War. To which is added an Account of Col. Crockett's glorious death, at the Alamo, while fighting in defence of Texan Independence. By the Editor. [16mo.—pp. 405.] Philadelphia: G. G. Evans.

Lectures for the People. By the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool. First Series,—with a Biographical Introduction by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie. [16mo—pp 414.] Philadelphia: G. G. Evans.

Kind Words for Children, to Guide them in the Path of Peace. By Rev. Harvey Newcomb, author of "How to be a Man," "How to be a Lady," "The Harvest and the Reapers," etc. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Rochester—Adams & Dadney.

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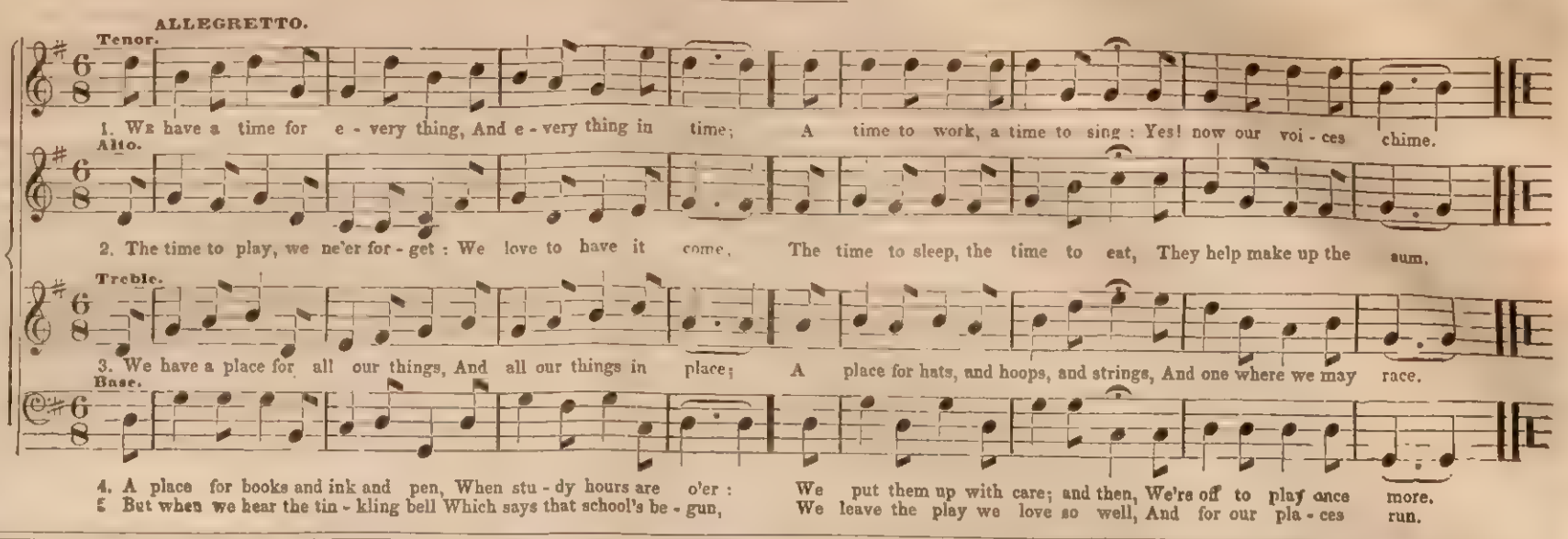


Spice from New Books.

A Slight Misconception.

"There's where the boys fit for College," said the Professor to Mrs. Partington, pointing to the High-School House. "Did they?" said the old lady, with animation; "and, if they fit for College before they went there, didn't they fight afterwards?" "Yes," said he, smiling, and favoring the conceit; "yes, but the fight was with the head, and not with the hands." "Butted, did they?" said the old lady, persistently. "I mean," continued he, "that they wrestled with their studies, and went out of College to be our ministers and doctors." "Ah!" said she, "I never knew that people had to rastle to be ministers and doctors before." They moved on, Mrs. Partington pondering the new idea, and Ike and Lion striving for the possession of the old lady's umbrella.—"*Knitting Work*," *by* Ruth Partington.

Congressional Candidates.

Candidates for Congress,—self-trumpeters. In addressing the electors it is amusing to observe how invariably, and how very impartially, each candidate, when describing the sort of representative whom the worthy and enlightened constituents ought to choose, *draws a portrait of himself*, blazoning the little nothings that he had achieved, and, sometimes, like the Pharisee, introducing a fling at his opponent by thanking heaven that he is not like yonder Publican. For the benefit of such portrait painters, I will record an apposite anecdote of Mirabeau, premising that his face was deeply indented with the small-pox. Anxious to be put in nomination for the National Assembly, he made a long speech to the voters, minutely pointing out the precise requisites that a proper and efficient member ought to possess, and, of course, drawing as accurate a likeness as possible of himself. He was answered by Talleyrand, who contented himself with the following short speech: "It appears to me, gentlemen, that M. de Mirabeau has omitted to state the most important of all the legislative qualifications, and I will supply his deficiency by impressing upon your attention, that a perfectly unobjectionable member of the Assembly ought, above all things, to be very much marked with the small-pox." Talleyrand got the laugh, which in France always carried the election.—"*The Tin Trumpet*," *by* Paul Chatfield, M. D.

Adversity a Blessing.

Adversity is very often a blessing in disguise, which by detaching us from earth and drawing us towards heaven, gives us, in the assurance of lasting joys, an abundant recompense for the loss of transient ones. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." Many a man in losing his fortune has found himself, and been ruined into salvation; for though God demands the whole heart, which we could not give him when we shared it with the world, he will never reject the broken one, which we offer him in our hour of sadness and reverse. Misfortunes are moral bitters, which frequently restore the healthy tone of the mind, after it has been cloyed and sickened by the sweets of prosperity. The spoilt children of the world, like their juvenile namesakes, are generally a source of unhappiness to others, without being happy in themselves.—*Ibid.*

Education in China.

The boys commence their studies at six or seven years of age. In China there is no royal road to learning, but every boy, whatever his rank, takes the same class-book and submits to the same training. The school room is a low shed, or a back room in some temple, or some attic in some shop where each boy is supplied with a table and a stool, and the teacher has a more elevated seat and a larger table. In the corner of the room is a tablet or picture of Confucius, before which each pupil prostrates himself on entering the room, and then makes his obeisance to his teacher. He then brings his book to the teacher, who repeats over a sentence or more to the pupil, and he goes to his place repeating the same at the top of his voice till he can repeat it from memory, when he returns to his teacher, and laying his book on the teacher's table, turns his back upon both book and teacher and repeats his lesson. This is called backing his lesson. In this way he goes through the volume till he can back the whole book; then another, then another, till he can back a list of the classics. The boys in the school, to the number of ten to twenty, each go through the same process, coming up in turn to back their lesson, and he that has a defective recitation receives a blow on the head from the master's ferule of bamboo, and returns to his seat to perfect his lesson. The school teachers are usually unsuccessful candidates for preferment and office, who, not having habits for business or a disposition to labor, turn pedagogues. They receive from each of the pupils a given sum proportioned to the means of the parents, and varying from three to ten or twelve dollars a year from each pupil, and perhaps in addition an occasional gift of fruits or food.

The schools are opened at early dawn, and the boys study till nine or ten o'clock, when they go to breakfast, and after an hour or so return and study till four or five o'clock in the afternoon, and then retire for the day. In winter they sometimes have a lesson in the evening.

The first book is called the Trimetrical Classic, which all Chinese boys begin with, and which some of their commentators have called a passport into the regions of classical and historical literature. We should as soon think of putting a copy of Young's Night Thoughts into the hands of a beginner with the expectation of seeing him master it. These young Celestials are not expected, however, to understand what they read, but simply to memorise, and occasionally write out some more simple character, and perhaps after two or three years' reading and memorising, they begin to study the sentiments of the author. The sons of tradesmen and mechanics seldom study long enough to master the classics, but gain a smattering of books, and learn to read and write the language sufficient to keep accounts, and gain a little knowledge of mathematics, when their education is ended. Such boys, and they constitute no small portion of school boys in China, as they grow up, retain the sound of many characters, but are unable to explain the meaning of a page in any common book. Three or four years of schooling forms the sum of their education, and that is insufficient to give any one a practical knowledge of their written language.—"*The China Mission*," *by* William Dean, D. D.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

"The buildings cover about three acres of ground. Many of its rooms are copied from the classic models of Greece and Rome. The employees number about one thousand. Several of the officers reside in the bank. The notes redeemed each day are checked, canceled and put away in boxes. After keeping them ten years they are burned. The accumulations of the last ten years, now in the vaults of the bank, amount to three thousand millions of pounds; and yet any one of these notes can be referred to in a minute, and the history of its issue and its return given. The bank does all its own printing, and several presses are kept busy. Everything is done by machinery—the note is not touched by the pen before it goes out. I held in my hand, yesterday, one note for a million of sovereigns!

In the bullion-room ingots of gold were piled up like cords of wood, and silver bars in vast mountains. The machines for detecting light coin, and for cutting them, are exceedingly curious and yet simple. Every banker's deposit is weighed, and all the light pieces cut nearly in two and returned next day. The system of the bank is as perfect and exact as clock-work. And yet in spite of all precaution, some small forgery is almost daily detected. But since the great forgery committed by Axtell, for £360,000, the bank has not lost any very heavy sums; although in 1822 capital punishment for the crime was abolished, when the 'old fogies' predicted that everybody 'hard up' would turn forger.

In the specie department of the bank there are bags and boxes of sovereigns and half-sovereigns enough to make a miser mad; there are mountains of mint drops, for which millions are sighing, and lying, and perpetrating all conceivable crimes! I was asked to lift a big bag of sovereigns, and for once, I must confess, I felt a sovereign disgust for money."—*Col. Fuller.*

OUR COUNTRY—NOW AND THEN.

Eighty-three years ago, when the fifty-two signers of the Declaration of Independence, "appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of their intentions," declared "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States," but few of the most sanguine of that day dreamed of the extent and greatness which their country would attain in the comparatively brief space of three-fourths of a century. *Then* there were thirteen sparsely populated colonies; *now* we have thirty-three powerful States, and several large Territories on the threshold of membership. The following statistics, showing the means and degrees by which the great Empire of the West has been reared, will be read with thrilling interest by every American citizen:

Under General Washington's administration the following new States were admitted:—Vermont, in 1791; Kentucky, in 1792; Tennessee, in 1796.

Under Thomas Jefferson's administration, the following new State and Territory were added to the Union:—Ohio, in 1802; Louisiana, purchased in 1804. Each contained space enough for fifteen States. This purchase gave to the United States the entire control of the Mississippi, the south of which had hitherto been in the hands of a foreign power. Territorial governments were organized in Mississippi, Indiana and Louisiana.

Under James Madison's administration, the following addition was made to the confederacy:—Indiana, in 1816.

During the Presidency of James Monroe, the following new States were admitted into the Union: Mississippi, in 1817; Illinois, in 1819; Missouri, in 1820; Maine, in 1820; Florida, purchased in 1821.

Under the Presidency of General Andrew Jackson, the following States were admitted:—Michigan, in 1836; Arkansas, in 1838.

During the Presidency of James K. Polk, the following new States were admitted:—Texas, in 1845; Iowa, in 1845; Florida, 1845; Wisconsin, in 1845; California was bought; New Mexico and Utah bought.

Under the administration of Taylor and Fillmore, the following State was admitted:—California, in 1850. The following Territories were organized:—New Mexico, Utah, and Washington.

Under Gen. Pierce's administration the following Territories were organized:—Nebraska and Kansas; Arizona purchased.

Under James Buchanan's administration, the following States were admitted:—Minnesota, in 1858; Oregon, in 1859.—*Scientific American.*

Sagacity of a Horse.—A very curious, though not uncommon, instance of sagacity in that animal, came under observation lately, in the crowded neighborhood of Long Lane, Bermondsey. The London Review says:—"A cart horse in harness, whilst its by no means careful keeper was solacing himself in a low public house, started off at a pretty brisk trot down the lane. Happening to come to a group of children, one of whom, a baby not more than three years old, stumbled and fell, the animal deliberately stopped, placed the child out of the way with his teeth, and continued his course as if nothing had occurred. But his philanthropic propensities did not stop here—for, meeting with a similar group, he repeated the action, after which, as if fearful of committing some mischief, he quietly suffered himself to be caught and led back."

To Correspondents.—In answer to inquiries on the subject we would state that all Enigmas, Problems, &c., should be accompanied by the real names of the authors and correct solutions in order to receive attention—that we charge *just nothing* for publication of any correct and proper contributions, but reject all matters of an advertising, or personally glorifying tendency. "A word to the wise," &c.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 16, 8, 13, 4, 9, 16 was king of Spain.
My 21, 14, 5, 21, 14 is a vegetable.
My 14, 2, 15, 8, 23, 9, 14, 15, 6, 8, 18 is a bird.
My 10, 8, 12, 21, 18 is a lady's name.
My 20, 8, 6, 13, 17 is a very useful article of furniture.
My 16, 8, 2, 8, 21 is a man's name.
My 11, 5, 22, 18 is a boy's plaything.
My 8, 21, 17, 19, 18 is a domestic quadruped.
My 19, 29, 13, 16, 9, 21 was a celebrated Roman general.
My 7, 21, 19, 10, 21, 1 is one of the most celebrated cities in Europe.
My whole was a distinguished historian.

Watertown, N. Y., 1859. Mary E. Blount.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.

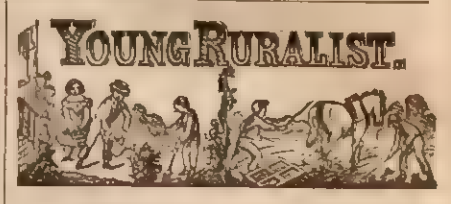
A lady had a circular dripper which would hold a certain number of cakes, each 3 55-100 inches in diameter, very nearly. How many cakes would it hold? What was the diameter of her dripper? What fraction of the dripper was unoccupied by the cakes?

Granger, Alleg. Co., N. Y., 1859. C. L. Cudebec.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 505.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—A cat in gloves catches no mice.
Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Constantinople.
Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—$923 95-100.
Answer to Algebraical Problem:—$64.



"I CAN'T DO IT."

Yes you can. *Try,—try hard, try often*, and you will accomplish it. Yield to every discouraging circumstance and you will do nothing noble or great. *Try*, and you will do wonders. You will be astonished at yourself, and your advancement in whatever you undertake. "*I can't*" has ruined many a man; has been the tomb of bright expectations and ardent hopes. Let "*I will try*" be your motto in whatever you undertake, and if you press onward steadily, you will accomplish your object, and come off victorious.

St. Jerome, C. W., Aug., 1859. Robert Shaw.

AUTUMN.

The rosy hours of Summer are past, the clouds look heavy, the rain begins to fall. Solemnly the rough and uneven wind passes through the boughs that overhang the old cottage, with its mournful sound. It brings back to recollection the absence of loved friends that we have greeted under the same roof, especially those loved ones that are sleeping beneath the faded flowers and the withered grass of Summer. They are gone like the Summer, never to return.

Experience prompts us to begin to provide for winter, which seems impatient of delay. The winter is a blessing—a time for the improvement of our minds—a time when we should view the past year's labors, that we may know how to improve the next. In the hurrying time of Autumn just begun, let us pause and say farewell to the past beautiful Summer.

Allensville, Ind., 1859. S. H. C.

A SKETCH.

In a beautiful vale was a girl so fair that the lilies blooming there could not compare with her in beauty—her song so sweet that even angels bring their harps and bend to listen to her music; and her heart was tender as her song. One day as she strayed amidst the beauty of her loved vale, there came to her an angel of pale countenance and stern look, and said to her, "Maiden, leave thy fair home; come to the valley of Death; thither go I." And she followed him, weeping.

The valley was cold, and dark, and drear—no flower bloomed in beauty there—all were pale, faded ones. And the beautiful maiden wept. The pale angel pitied her, for she wept. So, he drew before her eyes a silver band, and she did not see the mist nor the darkness. Still she did weep—for she was *blind*. The angel pitied her, and he drew his icy fingers over her heart-strings, binding them fast; *so* fast that she could not feel sorrow.

Then she lay so *still*—so pale—the angel pitied her, for she was dead,—and he knocked upon a gate, high and broad, and of pure pearl. Responsive to the angel's call it opened wide. Then spake he to the fair maid, "Maiden awake; lo! here's thy home; a *Temple* more beautiful than Thessaly's fair vale. The maiden awoke, caught up the song that angel's sing, passed through the gate of pearl, and ever more in a land of glorious beauty blessed the angel *Death*. Bessie Day.

Hillsdale, Mich., Aug., 1859.

Night has its song. Have you ever stood by the sea at night, and heard the pebbles sing and the waves chant God's glories? Or have you ever risen from your couch and thrown up the window of your chamber and listened? Listened to what? Silence, save now and then a murmuring sound, which seems sweet music then. Have you not fancied that you heard the harp of God playing in heaven? Did you not conceive that yon stars, that those eyes of God looking down on you, were also mouths of song; that every star was singing of its Almighty Maker, as it shone, and his lawful, well-deserved praise which are loud to the heart, though they be silent to the ear.

Power of Integrity.—Reproaches have no power to afflict the man of unblemished integrity, or the abandoned profligate. It is the middle compound character which is alone miserable; the man who without firmness enough to avoid a dishonorable action, has feeling enough to be ashamed of it.—*Selected.*

Laziness begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains.

Two Maxims for Youth.—Do everything in its proper time. Keep everything in its place.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 24, 1859.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

It is said the failure of the treaty between Mexico and the United States was owing to the respective differences relative to the clause for the protection of the right of way proposed to be given to this Government—the latter claiming to be the best judge when such protection should be undertaken by itself, and the Juarez Government holding the right that it should be exercised only in the event of Mexico being incompetent, and after application for that purpose.

Further reliable advices from Vera Cruz, dated August 31st, state that the Constitutional Government had paid the full amount of the French claim out of the customs, being one of fourteen hundred thousand dollars. This money came into the hands of N. Gabriel, the French Minister, who had failed to distribute it in the manner provided in the Constitution. There was reason to believe in official quarters that he intended to invest it in a private enterprise with Miramon. Much indignation continues to be expressed against him by the French residents.

The State Department has received information from our Minister at Berlin that Christian Earnest, an American and naturalized citizen, who had been compelled by force to enter the Moravian army, had, upon the remonstrance of the United States government, been discharged from service.

However much our Government may be impressed with the truth that the island of San Juan belongs to us, there appears to be no doubt but that the Government of Great Britain and the United States will instruct their agents to act with the utmost circumspection, in view of a satisfactory adjustment of the existing differences. It will be recollected that Secretary Marcy, four years ago, said that the title ought to have been settled before. Either party should exclude the other by force, or by the exercise of complete and extensive sovereign rights within the disputed points. This was the substance of his letter to Mr. Crampton, at that time representing Her Majesty's Government, and to which much importance is now attached. From all that can be ascertained in well informed circles, it is reasonable to infer that no serious difficulties are likely to result between the two countries. If any danger at all is apprehended, it is consequence of the well known intrepid character of Gen. Harney. Col. Hawkins, of the British army, on the 13th inst., brought dispatches concerning the dispute, to the British legation, and then left for New York to take passage for England, with dispatches from Gov. Douglass to Her Majesty's Government on the same subject.

Gen. Scott left Washington on the 16th for New York, and will sail on the 20th for the Pacific. The present delicate and complicated state of affairs at San Juan, growing out of Gen. Harney's movements, require great care and caution on the part of our Government to prevent a collision. The Cabinet, in conference with Gen. Scott in regard to the matter, suggested the propriety of sending some one there who was less impetuous and more prudent than Gen. Harney. Gen. Scott at once informed the President that he would go, and that as soon as his instructions were prepared he would be ready to start.

Personal and Political.

The Democracy of New York met in Convention at Syracuse on the 14th inst., for the purpose of putting in nomination a ticket to be supported at the coming election. The attendance was exceedingly large, and the proceedings anything but harmonious. After considerable discussion, and something that very much resembled a general old fashioned row, the following ticket was nominated by one section of the party:

For Secretary of State—David R. F. Jones, of Queens. *For Comptroller*—Sanford E. Church, of Orleans. *For Attorney General*—Lyman Tremain, of Albany. *For State Engineer and Surveyor*—V. R. Richmond, of Wayne. *For State Treasurer*—Isaac V. Vanderpoel, of Erie. *For Canal Commissioner*—W. I. Skinner, of Herkimer. *For State Prison Inspector*—Noble S. Elderkin, of St. Lawrence. *For Judge of Court of Appeals*—Alexander S. Johnson, of Albany. *For Clerk of Court of Appeals*—John L. Lewis, Jr., of Yates.

The ticket belonging to the other section was similar, except for Clerk of Court of Appeals, for which position Edward Timpson, of New York city, was chosen. Mr. T. resigned, and the ticket was finally adopted as above.

The following State Committee was appointed:—1st District, W. D. Kennedy, New York; Peter B. Sweeney, New York; 2d, Aaron Ward, Westchester; James Craig, Kings; 3d, Peter Cagger, Albany; F. C. Laflin, Ulster; 4th, R. H. Cushney, Montgomery; R. G. Stone, Clinton; 5th, J. Stryker, Oneida; W. Johnson, Oswego; 6th, H. Hubbard, Chenango; H. A. Beebe, Tioga; 7th, L. A. Ward, Steuben; E. P. Ross, Cayuga; 8th, Dean Richmond, Genesee; A. P. Laning, Erie.

The death of the Hon. T. L. Harris, of Illinois, left a vacancy in the next Congress. Gov. Bissell has issued a proclamation for a special election, to be held on the 8th of November.

The Hunterdon *Republican*, published at Flemington, the residence of Col. Clark, the "straight American" nominee for Governor of New Jersey, says Col. Clark received the official announcement at Camden, for the first time, on Friday last, and that on the same day he addressed a letter to the Chairman of the Committe appointed to inform him of his nomination, declining to be a candidate of that faction.

The Democrats of Massachusetts held a State Convention at Worcester on the 15th inst. The State ticket nominated is as follows:—*Governor*—Benjamin F. Butler, of Lowell. *Lieut. Governor*—S. C. Bemis, of Springfield. *Secretary of State*—Samuel W. Bowen, of Adams. *Treasurer*—Geo. Demarest. *Auditor*—James E. Easterbrook, of Worcester. *Attorney General*—D. H. Mason, of Dedham. The Convention was quite harmonious.

The annual election for Governor and members of the State Legislature of Maine, took place on the 12th inst. Lot M. Morrill, the present Governor, was the Republican candidate, and Mannasah H. Smith the Democratic nominee. The returns indicate the re-election of Governor Morrill, and an increased Republican supremacy in the State over last year.

The Republicans of Wisconsin have put in nomination the following ticket:—*Governor*—A. W. Randall, of Waukesha. *Lieut. Governor*—B. G. Noble, of Walworth. *Secretary of State*—L. P. Harvey, of Rock. *Treasurer*—S. D. Hastings, of Trempelseau. *Attorney General*—James H. Howe, of Brown. *Bank Comptroller*—G. Van Steenwyk, of Columbia. *State Prison Commissioner*—Hans Heg, of Racine. *Superintendent of Public Instruction*—G. S. Pickard, of Grant.

News Paragraphs.

Liberia dates to July 12th have been received. The President, embarking on the new war vessel, Quail, had gone to visit some of the more distant settlements. Forty-two emigrants, of the McDonough household, had arrived from New Orleans. Public and business affairs were advancing favorably.

In the Theological Seminary connected with the Illinois State Universety, are fourteen Scandinavian young men, preparing for the Lutheran ministry, viz.:—One Dane, five Swedes, and eight Norwegians. They are under the charge of Pastor Ebsjorn, Professor of Theology and Scandinavian languages and literature.

At Old Point Comfort, a party of United States soldiers are trying to wear out a gun weighing 15,000 pounds. It is loaded with 10 pounds of powder, and carries a ball weighing 128 pounds. It has already been fired more than a thousand times. Near it are two guns which were fired 2,500 times at Pittsburg. The object of the firing is to test the durability of the iron, and the gun will be discharged until it becomes useless.

Wm. Owney, of Southampton county, Va., died a few days since, aged one hundred years and five months. He was engaged in the battle of Brandywine, and also at Petersburg, Va., when Arnold paid that town a visit. The old soldier had never taken medicine in his life, and in his last illness positively refused to have it administered.

During the present season, six steamers have been totally lost on the Missouri river; the Monongahela, W. C. Sombart, Sallie West, Kate Howard, Morning Star, and D. S. Carter. Some of these boats were nearly new; and the loss aggregates over two hundred thousand dollars.

At Sidney Davis' clothing establishment in Bangor, a spring gun is set at night for the benefit of burglars, but on Wednesday morning a careless clerk forgot the concealed weapon and received a charge of shot in one of his legs.

The telegraph is now so extensively used for correspondence that the revenue of the post-office department is a million dollars less annually than it would otherwise be.

The fight with the Mohave Indians by Major Armistead was a rather serious affair. The Indians came running up, yelling and whooping, and charged fearlessly, the bravest of them coming up to within ten or fifteen yards of the muzzles of the rifles; these, however, paid dearly for their temerity, the steady and well-directed fire of the men held them in check, when, after thirty minutes hard fighting, Major A. ordered the company to charge them, which was done. The Indians broke in every direction, perfectly discomfited; not a yell or sound of any kind was to be heard from them after this; the victory was complete. It is supposed that some fifty or sixty Indians were killed. Of the Major's force three men were slightly wounded.

The Milwaukee Sentinel gives the names of 101 newspapers, English and German, published in Wisconsin, and adds:—The aggregate weekly issues of these papers is over 80,000, and we are assured that the three or nearly four million copies that form the grand total every year are printed on materials made in the State, four-fifths of all the paper being manufactured in Wisconsin.

On Friday week the Brooklyn post-office was entered and nearly five hundred letters were opened, and about $3,000 purloined, as was ascertained from the rifled envelopes strewed upon the floor. More may have taken, but only that amount had been ascertained. No clue has yet been discovered to the robbers.

It may be a curious fact for some of our readers to know that the regular weekly consumption of flour in this city is fifty thousand barrels, or a little over seven thousand barrels per day. So says the N. Y. Sun.

A Washington dispatch contains a rumor that the recent Costa Rican Revolution was in a great measure the work of the British Minister, Sir Wm. Gore Ouseley, who had failed to gain President Mora's assent to a treaty proposed to him.

In an article upon diamonds, in Harper's Magazine, it is stated that the best quality of silex, which enters into the composition of the admirable imitations of diamonds made in Paris, is found in Rhode Island, and is exported to France for that purpose.

A mammoth balloon is being made in New York by a Mr. Lowe. He is going to try to cross the Atlantic, and expects to reach London in forty-eight hours.

Telegraph to California and Utah.—Arrangements are in progress for the extension of a line of telegraph from St. Louis to Fort Smith, 500 miles on the overland route to California, and also from St. Louis to Atchison and Utah. This will give us California news three or four days earlier than now, and news of events in Utah and Kansas the same day they occur.

Japanese Matters.—We have news dated on the 5th of June from Japan. The Emperor had ordered that the cities of Jeddo, Nagasaki, Simoda and Hakodadi should be united by telegraph, and a line was being built from Jeddo too his summer residence. All the vessels of the Imperial fleet were be to turned into steam propellers, and one of them, the Niphon, had already left on a voyage of discovery manned by a native crew, and native engineers. An American having discovered a copper mine, was permitted to work it on promise to divide the proceeds with the government.

Sewing Machines.—Although this useful invention has been widely advertised and talked about, few people realize into what general use they have come. Here and in England it is computed that no less than 200 different patents have been granted, and that 1,500 or 1,600 are sold weekly, at prices ranging from $5 to $500, and that the whole number in use is near 150,000.

Frost and Snow in Northern New York.—The frost of the 14th inst., did its work thoroughly in Chateaugay and vicinity. Potatoes and all other vines were cut to the ground. The degree of cold was so great as to form a hard crust on the ground. There were snow and hail storms.

Irish Remittances Home.—It is authoritatively stated that the amount of money remitted home by Irishmen, residents in America, the last year, for the purpose of assisting their friends to immigrate, was $2,360,000. The ten preceding years the amount remitted was $48,680,000.

Indian Massacre.—The Utah papers furnish an account of another massacre of a party of emigrants by Indians. The affair happened July 24th on Raft river, Oregon, where the emigrants were attacked by Shoshones and his men, and one woman of the emigrants killed and seven wounded, (some not expected to live.) The Indians then robbed the wagons of $1,700 in money, and drove off a large quantity of their stock. The attacking Indians were the same party who were recently severely chastised by troops under Lieut. Gray.

Fulton's Voyage.—The Albany *Journal* says:—"The Dean of Ripon, in England, has very recently died. By his decease, the Hon. John Q. Wilson, of this city, becomes the last survivor of the party of cabin passengers who accompanied Robert Fulton in his first steamboat journey from New York to Albany. The Dean was afterwards remembered in this country, the degree of Doctor of Laws having been conferred on him by Columbia College, on motion of Bishop Wainwright. When the Persia had its trial trip, this gentleman was one of the specially invited guests, as having been associated with the earliest successful steam voyage. Between the equipment of the North River and that of the Great Eastern, is a development of an invention which, not often in the world's history, it is given to one life to witness."

Sharp Practice upon Females.—One of the most successful and meanest efforts at rascality that was ever heard of was brought to light on the 7th inst. in New York. From the revelations it appears that a sharper, named Williams, in Philadelphia, advertised for a number of young ladies to go South to fill situations as teachers of music. Fifteen young women were accepted by the advertiser. They were to have remunerative employment in the families of wealthy Southern planters, and in every respect their future prospects were of the most flattering description. It was simply stipulated by the advertiser that the ladies should defray in part their expenses to their respective destinations. On arriving in New York, *en route* for the South, the sharper took charge of the baggage of the ladies, collected from them about one hundred and fifty dollars for their fare in the steamship, and while they were waiting patiently at the hotel for him to conduct them on board, he decamped with his plunder. His race was a short one, however, being overhauled at Washington, and he is now safely lodged in jail in New York city. It is to be hoped that he will meet just punishment,—a few years in the State Institution at Auburn is what he richly merits.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Great Britain.—The report was in circulation at Gibraltar on the 27th of August, that the Emperor of Morocco was dead, and that a serious affray had taken place on the Island of Ceuta, between the Spaniards and Moors. Troops were called out. Seven thousand Moors had collected, and at last accounts these parties were in a fight on the 26th, and several were killed on both sides.

The English mail steamer Indus was fired on twice from the Spanish fort at Tarifa, on the 27th of August, while her ensign was flying. At the second fire a large round shot fell within 50 yards of the steamer.

It is suggested in the London papers that the firing on the steamer Indus, from Tarifa, was for the purpose of learning the state of affairs at Ceuta.

France.—The Paris telegram of Friday, says the French Government has instructed Turkey that France would support the Suez Canal project.

A letter from Paris says the Queen of Spain had sent to the various Courts of Europe a protest against the eviction of her cousin from Parma.

Cols. Charras and Barber refused the Emperor's amnesty—the former in a furious invective against Napoleon.

The Newfoundland mail at Paris brought the announcemement of a full triumph of the French Admiralty over the English, in the question concerning the fisheries.

A Paris letter says there is no doubt that the Zurich Conference will disagree about many points touching the peace of Villa Franca, and the opinion is growing stronger every day that a Congress may be held.

At a meeting of the Zurich Plenipotentiaries on the 1st of September, the regulation of the Lombardian frontiers and separation of the civil and ecclesiastical jurisdiction was discussed.

It was reported at Paris on Thursday that Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador, was about to leave on a visit to Vienna.

Uneasiness was felt in Paris on account of the Zurich Conferences, and rentes declined.

Austria.—Advices from Vienna state that Austria had decided to discount that portion of the Austrian debt which is to be apportioned to Lombardy, and also sell the public domains.

Italy.—Advices from Italy state that the people are becoming impatient at the inactivity of the Zurich Conference, and the various contradictory reports, touching their doings, also state that Piedmont demands from Austria the cession of Mantua and Peschiera.

The first National Assembly of the Romagna was opened at Bologna, Sept. 1st, by the Governor General, who, in a speech, congratulated the people on the alacrity with which they had hastened to the electoral districts to record their votes. He had, he said, provided for the defense of the country against aggressions from all sides, by forming a league with the neighboring States.

A letter from Bologna states that at the popular elections the priests deposited their votes as freely as the citizens, and the result was an immense majority in favor of the liberal party, which goes against the establishment, on any conditions, of the temporal power of the Pope. The aristocracy was at the head of the movement.

The finances of Romagna were in excellent condition, and there was no doubt that the new government would be able to go on without a loan.

Since the overthrow of the temporal power of the Pope, the banditti and the smugglers, who had infested the Romagna, had entirely disappeared.

Russia.—Advices from Russia state that the expedition into Daghestan had been completely successful. A company had been formed in St. Petersburgh for the construction of the Commercial Fort there on a large scale. The government had ordered three *corps de armie*, under Prince Gortschakoff, to be placed on a peace footing.

Spain.—Accounts from Madrid state that Spain had withdrawn her Consul from Tangier, and decided to demand satisfaction at Morocco for outrages at Ceuta. Orders had been given for the formation of an expeditionary corps of 10,000 men.

Later advices from Madrid state that Gen. Pitt will command the expedition fitting out against the Moors.

A cyclone passed over Calcutta on the 25th of July, and 40 vessels, including two steamers, were lost in the river Hoogly. Immense damage was done on shore, and many lives were lost. No particulars.

Clippings from Foreign Journals.

Four crosses of the Legion of Honor were bestowed by Louis Napoleon on the Paris Press on the occasion of the grand fete. The Emperor's well known antipathy to newspapers precludes the idea that the French press has been "crossed in love."

The coal consumed in Manchester, England, and its environs, for motive steam power, is 30,000 tuns per day, and is equal in power to 1,200,000 horses. The trans-Atlantic steamers consume 700,000 tuns per year, and in the manufacture of gas 10,000,000 tuns per year. It is estimated that England alone could furnish coal enough for the consumption of the whole of Europe for 4,000 years.

The latest English Court gossip is that the Duke of Rutland has offered marriage to Princess Mary, sister of the Duke of Cambridge, who had accepted him; but that the head of the family, viz.: the Queen, forbids the match. Both parties arrived at "years of discretion," years ago, but Princesses, less fortunate than dairymaids, cannot marry the man of their choice. It is stated to be the settled policy of the Crown to have no marriages in the Royal Family except with other Royal Families.

Leigh Hunt, the veteran essayist and poet, is dead, at the age of 75. He was the intimate personal friend of Lamb, Coleridge, Hazlett, Shelley, Keats and Wordsworth. He was for many years editor of the London Examiner, and its liberal tone drew on him the persecution of the Government. The two Hunts were prosecuted and sentenced to pay a fine of £500, which the costs of the defence made a sum of £2,000, and to be imprisoned two years in Horsemonger Jail. After his connection with the Examiner was broken off, he engaged in numerous literary enterprises, and wrote books, more or less of which are to be found in every library. He was a genial and discriminating critic, and one of the most chatty and agreeable of English essayists. In 1847, Queen Victoria, perhaps as an atonement for the persecutions he had endured from her uncle, granted him a pension of £200 per annum.

When railways were in their infancy in England it was supposed that they would injure the estates through which or near which they ran, and the English Cabinet Minister, Mr. Labouchere's father, received the compensation of $150,000 for an imaginary detriment of this sort. After his death, his son, finding that there was no injury to the estate from the vicinity of the railway, but to the contrary, refunded the $150,000.

The London *Advertiser* gives the following curious news in its Paris correspondence:—Engineers have been sent to Cologne to survey the whole line of posts, thence to Calais, that they may fix on a spot for the formation of a seaport sufficiently spacious to contain a fleet of fifty transports, and the Minister of Marine had notified his subalterne that fifty transports, each capable of containing 2,000 men, must be ready and waiting on the coast opposite Dover, by the commencement of the ensuing year. The writer says that this statement reposes on excellent authority, and that full confidence of its authenticity has been telegraphed to the English Government. He throws out the conjecture that the French altercations with Belgium will supply a pretext for a rupture with England. This story was regarded as a ridiculous "canard."

Obituary.—We regret to announce the death of Mr. Reuben B. Warren, of Alabama, Genesee Co., known to many of our readers as an enthusiastic amateur Horticulturist, and an ardent friend and promoter of Rural Improvement. Mr. W. died on Saturday last, after a brief illness, at the age of 38 years. He was highly esteemed, and will be sincerely lamented.

—The telegraph announces that C. H. Witmer, Esq., one of the most respectable and wealthy citizens of Suspension Bridge, was drowned there on Saturday last. Mr. W. was a most earnest and influential friend of the Rural and its objects, and an estimable citizen. He was between fifty and sixty years of age.

The News Condenser.

— Horse railroads are about to be introduced into Milwaukee.

— A pair twins were born in the cars, near Boston, one day last week.

— Three smart shocks of earthquake occured at Fayal on the 25th of May.

— At the last accounts Greeley was on a visit to Col. Fremont, in California.

— A Siberian lynx was lately captured on Mount Hayes, New Hampshire.

— Personal.—Jack Frost is now making a tour into the lowlands of New England.

— The swallows disappeared from the vicinity of Boston this year on the 5th inst.

— The U. S. Treasury is rapidly recovering from the effects of the late financial crisis.

— Lamartine has had a house granted to himself and family for life by the city of Paris.

— Gen. Scott has been called to Washington for consultation upon the San Juan affair.

— Rarey, the horse-tamer, has got the London cavalry under his charge at a good price.

— Prof. Agassiz is on his way having embarked at Liverpool on the 10th inst., for Boston.

— Bears are becoming common among the mountains of Western Pennsylvania and Virginia.

— Paulsen is about visiting New York to challenge Paul Morphy to a match game of chess.

— The upper Mississippi and Minnesota are so low that all the large boats have been withdrawn.

— The recent fire at Halifax is said to have destroyed property to the amount of one million dollars.

— The fortifications of Dover, England, are about to be enlarged at an estimated expense of £150,000.

— Water froze at Palmer (Mass.) on Sunday night of last week to the thickness of an eighth of an inch.

— The area of China proper is nearly two million square miles—about one-half as much as all Europe.

— The issuing of passports to foreign countries has fallen off nearly one-half from the rate of last spring.

— A monument, or some other tribute of remembrance, is proposed for Horace Mann. He deserves it.

— A New York correspondent says that ten millions of hooped skirts are manufactured in that city per year.

— The returns from the late election show that Texas contains a voting population of above seventy thousand.

— The Monroe (Wis.) State Rights acknowledges the receipt of three ripe figs grown by Mrs. Phelps, of that place.

— Incendiaries are still at work in Lexington, Ky. Last week a church and stable was fired by the miscreants.

— The harvest in Spain was not so abundant as anticipated, but sufficient for the consumption of the country.

— As much as five hundred barrels of oil have been scooped up from the water since the recent fire at New Bedford.

— Hon. J. Harvey, a member of Congress during Gen. Jackson's administration, died in New Hampshire on the 23d ult.

— The remains of a fossil elephant have been found in a marl pit on the farm of Hon. Rollin Gleason, of Richmond, Vt.

— Lead is being shipped from Kansas City to St. Louis in considerable quantities. It is hauled over one hundred miles.

— A calf, weighing five hundred pounds, fourteen weeks old, was sold at the Washington Drove Yards, N. Y., for $37 50.

— It is stated that a fund of 20,000 has already been invested in Massachusetts for the benefit of the children of Horace Mann.

— The Portland people are making great preparation to receive the Great Eastern, putting their hotels in order, &c., &c.

— There are 1,400 buildings of various kinds now in process of erection in Memphis, Tenn., at an estimated cost of $3,000,000.

— Letters from Zante (Ionian Islands) of 16th August, 1859, state that the currant crop this year is in a very prosperous condition.

— The first Arab newspaper ever published in the Turkish Empire and out of Constantinople has been commenced at Beyrout.

— Robert Murray, found guilty of an attempt to marry his niece, in Trinity Co., Cal., has been sent to the State Prison for one year.

— During the last four weeks, two thousand six hundred and fourteen people have gone from New York to their final resting place.

— The novel occurrence of a thunder storm in Washington Territory is recorded by the Olympia Democrat. It occurred on the 27th ult.

— A severe shock of an earthquake was felt at Ironton, Mo., and in its vicinity, Saturday week, which lasted about thirty seconds.

— The Boston Transcript learns from private letters that Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning is lying seriously ill at her home near Florence.

— An exchange says Congress represents *some* of the wisdom and *all* of the folly of the nation—it might have added, a good deal of the *rascality*.

— A small boat, containing ten persons, was upset off St. Johns, Saturday week, and four women, one man, and three boys were drowned.

— Gen. Jackson's old horse is dead at last, at the age of 41 years. For several years he has been unable to masticate and was fed with bran, &c.

— Upwards of two hundred thousand cases of sickness are annually treated, gratuitously, at the different dispensaries established in New York.

— The First Congregational Church, East Hampton, dismissed its pastor three years ago and is still vacant, after having tried more than 70 ministers.

— The editor of the N. O. Bulletin acknowledges the receipt of pumpkin raised in Texas which weighed 160 pounds and measured 7 feet in circumference.

— Scarlet fever has prevailed extensively at Louisville, Ky., this year. A large number of children have also died in Cincinnati from the same disease.

— Horses in South America, says a gentleman who accompanied the Paraguay expedition, are so abundant as to be slaughtered for their hides and tallow.

— The Indian Bureau remitted to Oregon, by the steamer on Monday week, $111,000 for the Indian expenses in that State during the present fiscal year.

— The Portage (O.) Sentinel reports the death of a lad in that town from the effects of the dangerous practice of walking on his hands, standing on his head, &c.

— The Africans sent out by our Government are all doing well. Not a death has occurred. They are chiefly at Monrovia, or on farms on the St. Paul's river.

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Hamilton Female Seminary—Misses A. A. Fields and M. A. Hastings, Principals.

Grent Curiosity—Shaw & Clark.

Morton Academy—J. D. Steele.

Large Turkeys—John R. Page.

Turn Table Apple Parers—McKindley & Phelps.

Metallic Barometers—Victor Beaumont

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Ravenswood Fruit Garden—H. O. Freeman.

Andre Leroy's Nurseries—F. A. Bruguiere.

[illegible] Nurseries—P. K. Plumb.

Strawberry Seed For Sale.

French Quince Stocks For Sale—G. W. Eastman.

Colored Fruit Plates, &c.—R. Darrow & Brother.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The Independent—Joseph H. Richards.

Special Notices.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE INDEPENDENT.
NEW YORK, Sept 12, 1859.

IN compliance with the wishes of numerous friends and subscribers, we are happy to announce that we shall commence, in our next issue, and shall continue weekly, the publication of a series of

SERMONS BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

These will consist chiefly of those which are delivered on Sunday mornings. They will appear exclusively in THE INDEPENDENT, and be the only reports given to the Press, which receive revision by the author's own hand.

TERMS—Only $2 a year by mail; delivered to subscribers in New York and Brooklyn, $2 50; single copies, six cents.

Address JOSEPH H. RICHARDS, Publisher,
No. 5 Beekman st, New York.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS AGENTS.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Sept 20, 1859.

IN FLOUR and Wheat there is nothing doing of importance and we do not note any change in rates. Corn is 3 cents better than last week. Oats are drooping, the decline being equal to 2 cents ₱ bushel.

MEATS—The tone of the market this morning is very easy, and a falling off in Beef and Mutton, fully 50 cents ₱ cwt, is observable.

WOOL is without change in rates. The transactions of the week have been heavy, but for the bulk of these the terms are private. One of our Water street houses sold to a Massachusetts Manufacturing Company, 200,000 lbs. of New York State fleece wool, and to a firm in Boston 40,000 lbs. of pulled wool. The aggregate of these two sales we hear is nearly $125,000. Sheep pelts are advancing—50@83 cents being the average; occasionally $1,00 is obtained.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		FEED, dozen	100110
Flour winter wheat	$6 75@8,75	Honey, box	15@15c
Flour spring do	$4,25@4,50	Candles, tax	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat, cwt	$0,00	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,16@1,18	Apples, bushel	25@37½c
Best white Canada	$1,15@1,18	Apples, dried	$0,00
Corn	70c	Peaches, dried, ₱ lb	00c
Rye	00@00	Cherries, dried, ₱ lb	00c
Oats by weight	32@33c	Potatoes, new	31@37c
Barley	55@60c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	00@00	Slaughter	6@6c
Beans	00@00	Calf	10@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	80@1 00
Pork, mess	$17,00@18,50	Lamb pelts	25@75c
Pork, clear	$0,00@0,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$0,00@0,00	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,50
Beef, cwt	$0,00@0,00	Timothy	$2,00@2,25
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@2,75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	5@6c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$0,00@0,00
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	6@7c	Coal, Scranton	$4,00@4,50
Turkeys	8@9c	Coal, Pittston	$4,00@4,50
Geese	6@7c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ₱ pair	00@00	Coal, Char	10@12c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,13
Butter, roll	14@15c	Hay, ton	$10,00@17,00
Butter, firkin	12@13c	Wool, ₱ lb	45c
Cheese	8@10c	Wheat, ₱ bbl	$0,00@4,50
Lard, tried	12@12c	Codfish, ₱ quintal	$4,00@4,50
Tallow	10@10c	Trout, bbl	$0,00@0,00

Produce and Provision Markets.

BUFFALO Sept 19—FLOUR—In fair demand and steady. Sales at $6,75 for fine, $4,25 for small lots State from new Chicago spring wheat, $4,50 for do from mixed spring and winter, $4,[illegible] for fair to good extra spring Indiana and Illinois, $[illegible] for extra Canada, $[illegible] for double extra do, $4,50@4,75 for extra Michigan, Indiana and Ohio, and $[illegible] for double extras.

GRAIN—Red and white winter in moderate request for immediate use, and market unsettled. New spring scarce and nominal. Sales red Ohio at $[illegible], and white Michigan at $1,[illegible]. Corn scarce and 2 cents better. Sales No 1 Illinois in Lake at 72c. Oats steady. Barley—Prime Canada in demand at [illegible]. Rye in fair request with sales State, to be delivered next week at 75c, and on the spot at same. Peas—Sales 60 bbls heavy mess pork in lots, mostly at $15,[illegible].

NEW YORK, Sept. 19.—FLOUR—Market heavy and 5@10c lower. Sales at $5,00@5,40 for super state; $[illegible] for extra do; $[illegible] for superfine Western; $[illegible] for common to good extra do; $[illegible] for round hoop Ohio—closing heavy. Canadian nominal at $[illegible] for extra.

GRAIN—Wheat more active but at a decline of 1@2c ₱ bu. Sales at [illegible]c for new white Michigan; [illegible]c for do Kentucky, [illegible]c for do Canada, [illegible]c for do Iowa, [illegible]c for red Iowa, 98c for No 2 Chicago spring; [illegible] for red Indiana, [illegible] for red State. Rye quiet at 85c. Barley easy and firm. Corn scarce and 1@2c better. Sales at [illegible] for mixed Western; 85c for Jersey. Oats steady at 37@38c for old State; 40@41c for new do; 35@36c for Western. [illegible] for Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Pork quiet but firm. Sales at $15,25@15,37 for mess, $14,00 for clear mess, $[illegible] for prime. Lard quiet. Sales at [illegible]c for No 1 Ohio, [illegible]c for No 2 do, [illegible] for kettle rendered, and 12[illegible]c for Ohio, 17@18c for State. Cheese firm at 9@[illegible]c.

TORONTO, Sept. 17.—FLOUR—The market remains stiff, with light sales and small offerings. We quote superfine at $4,25 to $4,30; fancy, $4,40 to $4,50; extra, $4,50 to $4,75; double extra, $4,87½ to $5.

GRAIN—The wheat market continues to be well sustained at the advance of Monday, and 5s 3d to 5s 4d was paid freely for good merchantable wheat, while 5s 6d was realized in a number of instances for very prime lots. For common and medium samples, 4s 10d to 5s 1d was paid. There was an active competition between all the buyers, and the market closed more than usually buoyant. Spring wheat is principally offered, and is in good demand at 4s 4d to 4s 6d ₱ bushel. Choice early Barleys are worth 3s 6d ₱ bushel; ordinary 3s to 3s 3d. Oats are very freely offered at much lower rates, small parcels being sold as low as [illegible]d. Any quantity would hardly command over 1s 1d ₱ bushel. Rye scarce and in good request at 2s 3d to 2s 4d ₱ bushel. Peas are scarce, and are wanted at 2s 9d to 2s 10½d ₱ bushel.—*Globe.*

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Sept. 14.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ₱ cwt., $0,00@10,00; ordinary do, $8,00@8,75; common do, $7,50@8,00; inferior do, $6,00@7,00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55,00@65,00; ordinary do, $40@50; common do, $30,00@40,00; inferior do, $20,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₱ lb., 6@6½c; ordinary do, 5@5½c; common do, 4@5c; inferior do, 3@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ₱ head, $5,50@6,50; ordinary do, $4,25@5,25; common do, $3,00@4,00; inferior do, $2,00@3,00.

SWINE—First quality, 6@6½c; other qualities, 5½@6c.

ALBANY, Sept. 19.—CATTLE—Receipts heavy, prices lower, and market flat. Last week the trade was brisk, but an unusually large supply was on the New York market Tuesday and Wednesday—nearly 6,000 head—and prices went down 1@1½c ₱ lb. A similar state of things existed at the Brighton market, where the unprecedented number of 4,000 head were on sale. Numbers are held over at both places, and the indications are that the supply going forward to New York the present week will exceed the demand. These circumstances combine to discourage traders and our market is unusually dull. The decline is full ½c ₱ lb. live weight, on the high and medium grades.

We quote as follows, remarking that there are one or two small droves on the market that may bring 5½c.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra	4¼@5 c	5 @5½
First quality	4 @4¼c	4¾@4¾
Second quality	3 @3¾c	3¾@4¼
Third quality	2½@2¾c	2¾@3
Inferior	2 @2½c	2½@2¾

SHEEP—In fair supply and prices have changed but little. The butchers having commenced slaughtering for the season, there is an improved demand, which, but for the unusually large receipts, would run up prices considerably above our quotations. Sales 2,000 head at from $2,25 to $3 ₱ head.

HOGS—Receipts increasing, but we are unable to say there is any improvement in the demand. One lot of 40 corn fed, averaging 210 lbs., brought 5¾c, and several lots lighter sold within the range of 5@5¼c.

MILCH COWS—Sales at from $35 to $58.—*Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 14.—At market 2620 cattle, about 1500 beeves, and 1120 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market beef—Extra, $7,00@7,50; first quality, $6,00@6,25; second do, $5,25@6,00; third do, $4,25@5,00; ordinary do, $3,00.

WORKING OXEN—$70, 80@150 ₱ pair.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 37, 44@56.

STORES—Yearlings, $4,00@11,00; two years old, $16,00@20,00; three years old, $20,00@25,00.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—3176 at market. Prices—In lots, $1,00, 1,25@1,50. Extra, $2, 2,25@2,50

HIDES—7@7½c ₱ lb. Pelts, 62@75c each.

CALF SKINS—12@13c ₱ lb. Tallow, 7@7½c ₱ lb.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 14.—The supply of beef cattle this week was much larger than at any period this year, the offerings having amounted to about 2,800 head; many of these, however, were rather poor, and scarcely fit for butchering. The demand was not very brisk, and prices declined a shade, a number of prime cattle having been sold as low as 9¼c ₱ 100 lbs. The sales made generally were from $7 to $8, $8,50 and $9 ₱ 100 lbs.

SHEEP—This market was also largely supplied, no less than 7,000 head having been offered. The market was dull, and they sold slowly at from 7 to 8c ₱ lb.

HOGS—The offerings of Hogs amounted to about 3,600 head, all of which were sold at from $7 to $8 and $8,50 ₱ 100 lbs., net.

COWS—Only 100 head of cows were sold, at from $35 to $50 for prime milch cows, and from $18 to $30 for ordinary and second rate.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—The market has been more active, particularly for medium quality, and prices have slightly improved; sales of 150 000 lbs native fleece at 38@39c; 200 bales of Buenos Ayres pulled at 24@25c; 50 do Texas at 16@22½c; 40 do Canada pulled at 24@25c; 150 bales Morocco at 18@20c; 40 do Cordova at 21@22½c. Odd lots Mestiza at 21@36c; 58 do Donskoi at 18@21c, 6 mos., 50 do washed Smyrna, 50 do Mestiko, and 70 do Donskoi, on private terms, understood to be at full prices.

ALBANY, Sept. 15.—Sales within a few days of 14,000 lbs. fleeces on p. t.; 4,000 lbs. pulled lambs' at 42c, and 2,500 do common fleeces at 37½c.

BOSTON, Sept. 15.—The demand for fleece and pulled wool has been good, and prices are firm and tending upward. The sales have been 200,000 lbs. at 40@55c for fleece, and holders now ask higher prices. In foreign the transactions comprise 250 bales Mediterranean, Cape and South American, at various prices, as to quality.

Sax and Mer., fine	56@60	Western mixed	38@38
Full blood	52@54	Smyrna, washed	17@30
Half and ¾ blood	43@49	Do unwashed	9½@19
Common	40@43	Syrian	11@23
Pulled, extra	46@54	Cape	24@29
Do. superfine	40@50	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	33@43	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2	0@00	Peruvian, washed	25@33

Deaths.

AT his residence, Alabama Centre, N. Y., Sept. 17th, 1859, after a brief illness of the dysentery, REUBEN D. WARREN, aged 28 years.

AT the residence of her brother in Dansville, N. Y., Sept. 8th, of consumption, MARGARET P. STRICKLAND, late of this city, aged 27 years.

Patient in the suffering incident to a protracted illness, she died as she had lived, with the "full assurance" of a blissful immortality. W.

Advertisements.

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JOHN J. JARVIS.

The Copartnership heretofore existing between John J. Jarvis and Hobart P. Duncan, is this day dissolved by mutual consent.
Rochester, Sept. 13, 1859. 507-1t

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PIANOFORTE MANUFACTORY & WAREROOMS,
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H. WORCESTER offers for sale a large assortment of choice
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By H. N. Robinson, LL. D.
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This Pipe is made of Pine Timber, in sections eight feet long. It is easily laid down, not liable to get out of order, and if properly laid, is the most durable of any kind of Pipe in use.
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GRIEF.

THERE'S good in tears, or they had not been sent
By Him who is all good! It is not wise
To keep our sorrows in our hearts up-pent,
When we can give them freedom from our eyes.

The storm-cloud only darkens our fair earth,
Until it falleth down in gentle rain;
And then what wondrous beauties have their birth;
So, when the heart is overcharged with pain,

We see a shadow upon every good;
But let our heavy sorrows have their way,
And as they well into a tearful flood,
What comfort may not come? Ah, who can say?

Grief hath a mission holier than joy—
It moves the selfish, and it warms the cold;
A common sorrow will e'en pain destroy,
And change the king and beggar to one mold.

Our griefs should make us gentler to our kind,
And as we comfort need more comfort pay;
So using sorrow, we our tears shall find
Have washed some grossness of our souls away.

THE TWO HOMES.

TWO MEN on their way home met at a street-crossing, and they walked on together. They were neighbors and friends.

"This has been a very hard day," said Mr. Freeman, in a gloomy voice. And as they walked homeward they discouraged each other, and made darker the clouds that obscured their whole horizon.

"Good evening," was at last said hurriedly, and the two men passed into their homes.

Mr. Walcott entered the room where his wife and children were gathered, and without speaking to any one, seated himself in a chair, and leaning his head back, closed his eyes. His countenance wore a sad, weary, exhausted look. He had been seated thus for only a few minutes, when his wife said, in a fearful voice:

"More trouble again."

"What is the matter now?" asked Mr. Walcott, almost starting.

"John has been sent home from school."

"What?" Mr. Walcott partly rose from his chair.

"He has been suspended for bad conduct."

"Oh, dear?" groaned Mr. Walcott, "where is he?"

"Up in his room; I sent him there as soon as he came home. You'll have to do something with him. He'll be ruined if he goes on in this way. I'm out of all heart with him."

Mr. Walcott, excited as much by the manner in which his wife conveyed the unpleasant information as by the information itself, started up, under the blind impulse of the moment, and going to the room where John had been sent on coming home from school, punished the boy severely, and this without listening to the explanations which the poor child tried to make him hear.

"Father," said the boy, with forced calmness, after the cruel stripes had ceased, "I wasn't to blame, and if you will go with me to the teacher, I can prove myself innocent."

Mr. Walcott had never known his son to tell an untruth, and the words fell with a rebuke upon his heart.

"Very well, we will see about that," he answered, with forced sternness, and leaving the room he went down stairs, feeling much more uncomfortable than when he went up. Again he seated himself in his large chair, and again leaned back his weary head and closed his heavy eyelids. Sadder was his face than before. As he sat thus, his eldest daughter, in her sixteenth year, came and stood by him. She held a paper in her hand.

"Father," he opened his eyes, "here's my quarter's bill. Can't I have the money to take to school with me in the morning?"

"I am afraid not," answered Mr. Walcott, half in despair.

"Nearly all the girls will bring in their money to-morrow, and it mertifies me to be behind the others." The daughter spoke fretfully. Mr. Walcott waved her aside with his hand, and she went off muttering and pouting.

"It is mortifying," said Mrs. Walcott, a little sharply; "and I don't wonder that Helen feels annoyed about it. The bill has to be paid, and I don't see why it may not be done as well first as last."

To this Mr. Walcott made no answer. The words but added another pressure to the heavy burden under which he was already staggering. After a silence of some moments, Mrs. Walcott said:

"The coals are all gone."

"Impossible!" Mr. Walcott raised his head and looked incredulous. "I laid in sixteen tuns."

"I cant help it, if there were sixty tuns instead of sixteen—they are all gone. The girls had hard work to-day to scrape up enough to keep the fire in."

"There's been a shameful waste somewhere," said Mr. Walcott, with strong emphasis, starting up and moving about the room with a very disturbed manner.

"So you always say, when anything runs out," answered Mrs. Walcott, rather tartly. "The barrel of flour is gone also; but I suppose you have done your part with the rest in using it up."

Mr. Walcott returned to his chair, and again seating himself, leaned back his head and closed his eyes as at first. How sad, and weary, and hopeless he felt! The burdens of the day had seemed almost too heavy for him; but he had borne up bravely. To gather strength for a renewed struggle with adverse circumstances, he had come home. Alas! that the process of exhaustion should still go on—that where only strength could be looked for on earth, no strength was given.

When the tea bell was rung, Mr. Walcott made no movement to obey the summons.

"Come to supper," said his wife, coldly.

But he did not stir.

"Are you not coming to supper?" she called to him as she was leaving the room.

"I don't wish for anything this evening. My head aches very much," he answered.

"In the dumps again," muttered Mrs. Walcott to herself. "It's as much as one's life is worth to ask for money, or to say anything is wanted." And she kept on her way to the dining-room. When she returned her husband was still sitting where she had left him.

"Shall I bring you a cup of tea?" she asked.

"No, I don't wish for anything."

"What's the matter, Mr. Walcott? What do you look so troubled about, as if you hadn't a friend in the world? What have I done to you?"

There was no answer, for there was not a shade of real sympathy in the voice that made the queries, but rather of querulous dissatisfaction. A few moments Mrs. Walcott stood behind her husband, but as he did not seem inclined to answer questions, she turned away from him, and resumed the employment which had been interrupted by the ringing of the tea bell.

The whole evening passed without the occurrence of a single incident that gave a healthful pulsation to the sick heart of Mr. Walcott. No thoughtful kindness was manifested by any member of the family; but on the contrary, a narrow regard for self, and a looking to him only that he might supply the means of self-gratification.

No wonder, from the pressure which was on him, that Mr. Walcott felt utterly discouraged. He retired early, and sought to find that relief from mental disquietude in sleep which he had vainly hoped for in the bosom of his family. But the whole night passed in broken slumber and disturbing dreams. From the cheerless morning meal, at which he was reminded of the quarter's bill that must be paid, of the coals and flour that were out, and of the necessity of supplying Mrs. Walcott's empty purse, he went forth to meet the difficulties of another day, faint at heart, almost hopeless of success. A confident spirit, sustained by home affections, would have carried him through; but unsupported as he was, the burden was too heavy for him, and he sank under it. The day that opened so unpropitiously closed upon him a ruined man!

Let us look in for a few moments upon Mr. Freeman, the friend and neighbor of Mr. Walcott. He, also, had come home weary, dispirited, and almost sick. The trials of the day had been unusually severe, and when he looked anxiously forward to scan the future, not even a gleam of light was seen along the black horizon.

As he stepped across the threshold of his dwelling, a pang shot through his heart, for the thought came—"How slight the present hold upon all these comforts." Not for himself, but for his wife and children was the pain.

"Father's come!" cried a glad little voice on the stairs the moment his footfall sounded in the passage, then quick, pattering feet were heard—and then a tiny form was springing into his arms. Before reaching the sitting-room above, Alice, the eldest daughter, was by his side, her arm drawn fondly within his, and her loving eyes lifted to his face.

"Are you not late, dear?" It was the gentle voice of Mrs. Freeman.

Mr. Freeman could not trust himself to answer. He was too deeply troubled in spirit to assume at the moment a cheerful tone, and he had no wish to sadden the hearts that loved him by letting the depression from which he was suffering become too clearly apparent. But the eyes of Mrs. Freeman saw quickly below the surface.

"Are you not well, Robert?" she inquired, tenderly, as she drew his large arm-chair toward the centre of the room.

"A little headache," he answered, with a slight evasion.

Scarcely was Mr. Freeman seated ere a pair of hands was busy with each foot, removing gaiter and shoes, and supplying their place with a soft slipper. There was not one in the household who did not feel happier for his return, nor one who did not seek to render him some kind office.

It was impossible, under such a burst of heart-sunshine, for the spirit of Mr. Freeman long to remain shrouded. Almost imperceptibly to himself gloomy thoughts gave place to more cheerful ones, and by the time tea was ready, he had half forgotten the fears which had so haunted him through the day.

But they could not be held back altogether, and their existence was marked during the evening by an unusual silence and abstraction of mind. This was observed by Mrs. Freeman, who, more than half suspecting the cause, kept back from her husband the knowledge of certain matters about which she had intended to speak to him, for she feared they would add to his mental disquietude. During the evening she gleaned from something he said the real cause of his changed aspect. At once her thoughts commenced running in a new channel. By a few leading remarks she drew her husband into conversation on the subject of home expenses and the propriety of restriction in various points. Many things were mutually pronounced superfluous and easily to be dispensed with, and before sleep fell soothingly on the heavy eyelids of Mr. Freeman that night, an entire change in their style of living had been determined upon—a change that would reduce their expenses at least one-half.

"I see a light ahead," were the hopeful words of Mr. Freeman as he resigned himself to slumber.

With renewed strength of mind and body, and a confident spirit, he went forth the next day—a day that he had looked forward to with fear and trembling. And it was only through this renewed strength and confident spirit that he was able to overcome the difficulties that loomed up, mountain high, before him. Weak despondency would have ruined all. Home had proved his tower of strength—his walled city. Strengthened for the conflict, he had gone forth again into the world and conquered in the struggle.

"I see light ahead," gave place to "The morning breaketh."—*Orange Blossoms.*

THE TRUE LADY.

WE have noticed that some young ladies are never found engaged in domestic labor. Call at their homes at any time of day, and you do not find them performing housework. They are frequently found embroidering, making a lace collar, practicing on the piano, or *doing nothing.* We infer that they seldom or never attend to domestic labors, or else that they suddenly quit the kitchen when the door-bell rings, lest they should be caught with a broom or rolling-pin in their hands. It is well-known that many young ladies detain visitors a half-hour in the parlor, before they emerge from their chambers, arrayed like Paris dolls. No person out of the families ever saw them in a kitchen-garb. The principal reason is, they think it is not lady-like. Says Mr. Arthur:

A friend of ours, remarkable for his strong good sense, married a very accomplished and fashionable young lady, attracted more by her beauty and accomplishments than by anything else. In this, it must be owned that his strong good sense did not seem very apparent. His wife, however, proved to be a very excellent companion, and was deeply attached to him, though she still loved company, and spent more time abroad than he exactly approved. But, as his income was good, and his house furnished with a good supply of domestics, he was not aware of any abridgment of comfort on this account, and he therefore made no objection to it.

One day, some few months after his marriage, our friend, on coming home to dinner, saw no appearance of his usual meal, but found his wife in great trouble instead.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Nancy went off at ten o'clock this morning," replied the wife, "and the chamber-maid knows no more about cooking a dinner than the man in the moon."

"Couldn't she have done it under your direction?" inquired the husband, very coolly.

"Under *my* direction! Goodness! I should like to see a dinner cooked under my direction!"

"Why so?" asked the husband. "You certainly do not mean that you cannot cook a dinner."

"I certainly do, then," replied his wife. "How should I know anything about cooking?"

The husband was silent, but his look of astonishment perplexed and worried his wife.

"You look very much surprised," she said, after a moment or two had elapsed.

"And so I am," he answered, "as much surprised as I should be at finding the captain of one of my ships unacquainted with navigation. Don't know how to cook, and the mistress of a family!—Jane, if there is a cooking-school anywhere in the city, go to it, and complete your education; for it is deficient in a very important particular."

We need not speak of the result, except to say that it was good. But we ask the reader, if this young wife was more of a lady for not knowing how to cook a dinner? Would it not have been far more commendable in her to have been able to cook at such a time of necessity? If it is a woman's mission to be mistress of the family, then it is her business to know how to wash, and cook, and sew. Is a captain qualified to guide a ship, if he is ignorant of navigation? Is a man prepared to manage a large mercantile establishment, if he has not learned the merchant's business? Would a college faculty welcome a man to the professorship of Greek, who had never studied it? Then, what shall we say of a female who occupies the place of mistress of the family, without knowing how the work thereof should be done? We say it is a dishonor to her. She is less a lady for this inexcusable ignorance.

Madame Roland could prepare her husband's meals with her own hands, and at night delight the most literary company of France by her brilliant powers. Mrs. Washington, the mother of the General, always attended to her domestic affairs, even in the presence of the most distinguished guests. Lafayette paid her a visit before his departure for Europe, in the fall of 1778. He was conducted to her mansion by one of her grandsons. "There, sir, is my grandmother," said he, as they approached the house. Lafayette looked up, and saw her at work in the garden, "clad in domestic-made clothes, and her gray head covered with a plain straw hat, the mother of his hero." She gave Lafayette a cordial welcome, observing:—"Ah, Marquis! you see an old woman—but, come, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling, without the parade of changing my dress." Mrs. Martha Washington, the wife of the General, was no less distinguished for her management of household affairs. She was "a good seamstress, a good cook, and a good mother." She understood every department of domestic labor, and was ever ready to do what circumstances required. Mrs. Troupe, the accomplished wife of a captain of the British navy, once visited her, and she gave the following account of Mrs. Washington's appearance:

"Well, I will honestly tell you I never was so ashamed in all my life. You see Madame ——, and Madame ——, and myself, thought we would visit Lady Washington; and as she was said to be so grand a lady, we thought we must put on our best bibs and bands. So we dressed ourselves in our most elegant ruffles and silks, and were introduced to her ladyship. And, don't you think, we found her *knitting, and with a check apron on!*—She received us very graciously and easily, but after the compliments were over, she resumed her knitting. There we were, without a stitch of work, and sitting in state; but General Washington's lady with her own hands was knitting stockings for own husband." Noble example for a woman of high position to set! In such circumstances her check apron was more ornamental than the "ruffles" and "silks" of her fair visitors, and her knitting-needles more becoming decorations than a profusion of jewelry.

No girl can become a true lady without knowledge of household duties. Whatever may be her literary proficiency, and her social qualities, without the ability to do house-work, if necessity demand, her education is defective. A young girl was presented to James I., as a prodigy in literary attainments. The person who introduced her, boasted that she understood the ancient languages. "I can assure your Majesty," said he, "that she can both speak and write Latin, Greek and Hebrew." "These are rare attainments for a damsel," said James; "but *can she spin?*" She might be familiar with the lore of ages, but without a knowledge of household duties, she lacked an important acquisition. So we ask of the richly attired and accomplished young woman, who can read French, thumb the piano, and move bewitchingly in fashionable company, *can she do house-work?* If she cannot, she is not a model lady.

"There's a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest;
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet."

[*The True Woman.*

Advertisements.

600,000 ACRES OF HANNIBAL AND ST. JOSEPH RAILROAD LANDS. For Sale on Long Credit and at Low Rates of Interest.

These Lands granted by Congress to aid in constructing the Road, lie, to a great extent, within Six Miles and all within Fifteen Miles of the Road, which is now completed through a country unsurpassed in the salubrity of its Climate and fertility of its Soil. Its latitude adapts it to a greater variety of products than land either north or south of it, rendering the profits of farming more certain and steady than in any other district of our country.

Its position is such as to command at Low Rates of Freight both Northern and Southern Markets.

To the Farmer desiring to better his condition, to parties wishing to invest money in the West, or any in search of a prosperous Home, these Lands are commended.

For full particulars apply to JOSIAH HUNT,
Land Commissioner Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad,
505-13t Hannibal, Mo.

NOT A HUMBUG.—Wanted, one or more Young Men in each State to travel, to whom will be paid $30 to $75 per month, and expenses. For particulars, address with stamp, M. B. ALLEN & CO., Plainfield, N. H. 504-13t

SANFORD'S FEED MILL.—This remarkable Mill has been improved in size, capacity and strength, and fully tested as to its working power, so that I can safely recommend it to the public. It will grind from five to eight bushels of corn per hour, and many other kinds of grain much faster. Many improvements have been made to it, and I am now prepared to fill orders for the largest size.

All the objections to the common cast-iron rotary mills are obviated by this Mill. Only about two horse-power, with 200 revolutions per minute, is required.

Price of largest size, now ready, with cast-iron frame, $40. Smaller sizes will soon be ready, and prices will vary, according to size, from $20.00 to $40.00.

R. L. HOWARD, Manufacturer,
504-4t Buffalo, N. Y.

A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS
OFFER GREAT INDUCEMENTS AT THE
TOLEDO NURSERIES.

NURSERYMEN and others wishing to purchase small stock for the West and South, would do well to call and examine the following desirable articles, offered at the lowest rates:

100,000 Apple Trees, 5 to 7 feet, very fine.
200,000 Apple Trees, 3 to 4 feet, very fine, $50 per 1,000; by quantity, $45 per 1,000.
300,000 Apple Trees, 1 year from graft, $25 per 1,000; by quantity, $20 per 1,000.
500,000 Apple Trees, grafted this coming winter and sent out in the spring, at $6 per 1,000; when 20,000 are taken, at $5 per 1,000.
30,000 Standard Pears, 1 year old, very strong, from bud, $20 per 100, $180 per 1,000.
25,000 Dwarf Pears, 1 year old, very strong, from bud, $12 per 100; $100 per 1,000.
10,000 Dwarf Pears, 2 years from bud, $23 per 100; $200 per 1,000.
2,000 Standard Plums, on plum stocks, 1 year, $20 per 100; $180 per 1,000.
15,000 Cherries, Standard, 5 to 7 feet, very fine, $15 per 100; $120 per 1,000.
15,000 Cherries, Standard, 1 year old, very fine, $12 per 100; $90 per 1,000.
15,000 Houghton Gooseberries, from cuttings, very strong, $25 per 1,000.
40,000 Currants, (in 12 varieties,) very low; Red and White Dutch, $40 per 1,000.
15,000 Lawton Blackberries, $8 per 100; $60 per 1,000.
10,000 Linnæus and Victoria Rhubarb, $10 per 100; $80 per 1,000.
20,000 Angers Quince Stocks, $15 per 1,000.
80,000 Isabella, Catawba and Clinton Grape Vines, 1 year; $30 per 1,000.
15,000 Isabella, Catawba and Clinton Grape Vines, 2 years, $50 per 1,000.
20,000 Manetti Rose Stocks, $2.25 per 100; $20 per 1,000.
50,000 Norway Spruce, 1 foot, $50 per 1,000.
20,000 Norway Spruce, 18 inches, $80 per 1,000.
10,000 Hybrid China Roses, best sorts, strong, $12 per 100.
1,000 Herbaceous Pœnies, assorted, $15 per 100.
1,000 Silver Duplex, $15 per 100.
500 Tucca, or Adam's Needle, $15 per 100.

With a large lot of Raspberries, Peaches, Apricots and Nectarines. Also, Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Evergreens and plants, in quantities. Diana, Concord, Rebecca and Delaware Grape Vines, at the lowest price.

Our New Descriptive Fruit and Ornamental Catalogues, as well as our Wholesale Price List, is now out of press, and will be forwarded to order on receipt of a postage stamp for each. All communications promptly responded to, and orders solicited at as early a day as possible.

A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS.
Toledo, Ohio, Sept. 5, 1859. 505-5teow

GUANO!—The superiority of Phosphatic over Ammoniacal Fertilizers, in restoring fertility to worn-out lands, is now well understood. The subscribers call the attention of Farmers to the SWAN ISLAND GUANO, which for richness in PHOSPHATES and ORGANIC matter, and its SOLUBILITY, is UNSURPASSED.

For sale at $30 per ton of 2,000 lbs., and liberal discount will be made by the cargo.

Circulars, with directions for use, may be had on application at our office. FOSTER & STEPHENSON,
65 Beaver Street, New York.
494-13teow Agents for The Atlantic and Pacific Guano Co.

MANNY'S COMBINED REAPER AND MOWER,
WITH WOOD'S IMPROVEMENT,
For the Harvest of 1859.

The subscriber begs to inform the public that he continues to manufacture this popular machine, and pledges himself to produce an implement that will fully sustain its former reputation, as the best combined machine yet introduced, and inferior to none, either as a Reaper or Mower.

It has had a steady and increasing popularity from the first, achieving a complete success in the first important trial at Geneva in 1858. It carried off the highest honors at the great National Field Trial at Syracuse in 1857, and amidst all the competition and trials of 1858, came out with more and better established points of excellence than ever before.

The general principles peculiar to this machine, and upon which it is constructed, have proved so successful that there has been no attempt to change them.

The main effort during the last year has been to improve its mechanical construction, to make it stronger and more durable, and sustain its reputation as the leading and most acceptable machine to the largest class of farmers in the country.

Warranted capable of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass or grain per day, in a workmanlike manner.

Price of Machine as heretofore, varies according to width of cut, and its adaptation in size and strength to different sections of the country, from $125 to $150, delivered here on the cars. WALTER A. WOOD,
Manufacturer and Proprietor, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

BENNETT GRAY, Brockport,
WM. HENRY HARMON, Scottsville,
483-tf. Agents for Monroe County, N. Y.

WOOD'S MOWER.—
Patented February 22d, 1859.

During the six years I have been engaged in the manufacture of the Manny Combined Reaper and Mower, I have given much thought and attention to the construction of what I foresaw would be a great want of the Farmers—a lighter and cheaper machine expressly for mowing, than had yet been made.

And now, after the most thorough and repeated experiments and tests in every variety of field, and in all kinds and in every condition of grass, I am prepared, with entire confidence, to offer to the farmers and dealers of the United States, the great *desideratum* in this department of Agricultural labor-saving machines—a Mower, superior in its capacity for good work to any hitherto introduced, of easy draft, light, cheap, and durable.

This machine I now offer as my latest invention, to meet a special want of farmers, and to place within the reach of all, a Mower that for practical working, cheapness and simplicity, will be without a rival.

I build Two-Horse and One-Horse Mowers. The Two-Horse Mower weighs 425 lbs., and cuts a swath four feet wide (or more if specially ordered.) The One-Horse Mower weighs 30 lbs. less, (395 lbs.,) and cuts a swath three and a half feet wide.

For a more full description of the Mower, reference is made to my Pamphlets, which will be furnished on application.—With each machine will be furnished two extra guards, two extra sections, one wrench and oil can.

Warranted capable of cutting ten acres of grass per day in a workmanlike manner.

Price of Two-Horse Mower.....$80
" One-Horse Mower..... 70

Delivered here on the cars.

I continue as heretofore, and with greater success than at any previous time, the manufacture and sale of "Manny's Patent Combined Reaper and Mower with Wood's Improvement." WALTER A. WOOD.
Manufacturer and Proprietor, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.
PEASE & EGGLESTON, 54 State St., Albany, Agents for Albany County and vicinity.
BENNETT GRAY, Brockport,
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HAVE THESE ADVANTAGES.

THEY ARE HARMLESS! No injury can arise from their use.

THEY ARE SIMPLE! You always know what to take, and how to take it.

THEY ARE CONVENIENT! You can always give the medicated proper Sugar Pill at a moment's notice without hesitation or delay.

THEY ARE EFFICIENT! Thousands are using them in curing disease, with the most astonishing success.

LIST OF SPECIFIC REMEDIES.

No. 1. FEVER PILLS—For Fever, Congestion and Inflammation of all kinds.

No. 2. WORM PILLS—For Worm-Fever, Worm-Colic, and Wetting the Bed.

No. 3. BABY'S PILLS—For Colic, Crying, Teething and Wakefulness, and Nervousness of Adults.

No. 4. DIARRHŒA PILLS—For Diarrhœa, Cholera-Infantum and Summer Complaint.

No. 5. DYSENTERY PILLS—For Colic, Griping, Dysentery, or Bloody Flux.

No. 6. CHOLERA PILLS—For Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Vomiting.

No. 7. COUGH PILLS—For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Influenza and Sore Throat.

No. 8. TOOTH-ACHE PILLS—For Tooth-ache, Face-ache and Neuralgia.

No. 9 HEAD-ACHE PILLS—For Head-ache, Vertigo, Heat and Fullness of the Head.

No. 10. DYSPEPSIA PILLS—For Weak and Deranged Stomachs, Constipation and Liver.

No. 11. FOR FEMALE IRREGULARITIES—Scanty Painful or Suppressed Periods.

No. 12. FEMALE PILLS—For Leucorrhœa, Profuse Menses and Bearing Down.

No. 13. CROUP PILLS—For Croup, Hoarse Cough, Bad Breathing.

No. 14. SALT RHEUM PILLS—For Erysipelas, Eruptions, Pimples on the Face.

No. 15. RHEUMATIC PILLS—For Pain, Lameness or Soreness in the Chest, Back, Loins or Limbs.

A.—For Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, old mismanaged Agues.

P.—For Piles, Blind or Bleeding, Internal or External.

O.—For Sore, Weak or Inflamed Eyes and Eyelids; Failing, Weak or Blurred Sight.

C.—For Catarrh, of long standing or recent, either with obstruction or profuse discharge.

W. C.—For Whooping-Cough, abating its violence and shortening its course.

In all ACUTE DISEASES, such as Fevers, Inflammations, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Croup, Rheumatism, and such eruptive diseases as Scarlet Fever, Measles and Erysipelas—the advantage of giving the proper remedies promptly is obvious, and in all such cases the specifics act like a charm. The entire disease is often arrested at once, and in all cases the violence of the attack is moderated, the disease shortened and rendered less dangerous. Even should a physician afterwards have to be called, he will take the case at decided advantage from the previous treatment.

COUGHS and COLDS, which are of such frequent occurrence, and which so often lay the foundation of diseased lungs, bronchitis and consumption, may all be at once cured by the Fever and Cough Pills.

In all CHRONIC DISEASES, such as DYSPEPSIA, Weak Stomach, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Piles, Female Debility and Irregularities, old Headache, Sore or Weak eyes, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, and other old eruptions, the case has specifics, whose proper application will afford a cure in almost every instance. Often the cure of a single chronic difficulty, such as Dyspepsia, Piles, or Catarrh, Headache, or Female Weakness, has more than paid for the case ten times over.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.—A gentleman, well known in this City, in at our office, remarked: "Your COUGH PILLS have been of great value at our house this Winter,—In every instance when one of the family has taken a cold, three or four doses of the COUGH and FEVER PILLS, given in alternation, have entirely cured the case in a day or two. The case has already paid for itself several times over."

COUGHS AND COLDS.—A gentleman, a public lecturer, took a severe cold the latter part of last month, while traveling and lecturing in northern Pennsylvania, though addressing public audiences every evening, yet in two days, by the aid of the Specific he was entirely recovered, and enabled to pursue his avocation without inconvenience. No public speaker should be without them.

BAD COLD.—A married lady of forty had taken a violent cold, which settled on her lungs, causing severe cough, pain in the side and considerable fever and hoarseness. Such colds were usually very lasting and troublesome, but by taking the SPECIFIC COUGH PILLS four times per day, in three days she was entirely well.

CHRONIC CATARRH.—A clergyman in a neighboring village had suffered for many years from an obstinate Catarrh, which had resisted all attempts for a cure. The obstruction and discharge from the nose was constant, destroying both taste and smell; and at times even interfering, from the change of voice, with his public ministrations. Almost in despair he commenced the use of our Catarrh Specific, and after the use of only a few pills—one every night—found himself improved; and ere he had used an entire box, could consider himself entirely well.

DYSPEPSIA OR WEAK STOMACH, CASE I.—A young man of 19 had Dyspepsia for two years, attended with a severe pain in the pit of the stomach, coming on during eating or as soon as food reached the stomach, and continuing through the period of digestion. The pain was severe and aching, sometimes extending to the shoulders, less if he eat very digestable food, and proportionably more violent as his food was less carefully selected. It was also worse during warm weather. The bowels were very costive—stools hard and dry. Allopathic medicines only made him worse, and the prescriptions of a very regular Homœopath failed to help him. He commenced taking the DYSPEPSIA PILLS, one pill three times per day, with prompt relief. In little more than a week the pain of two years standing had disappeared, and in a month more his bowels had become perfectly regular and he was entirely well.

2. A young lady of 26 had been troubled with indigestion for several months, so as to render great care necessary in the selection of her food. After eating, the stomach became acid, food rising in her mouth with water, and unpleasant, heavy load-like sensation in her stomach, continuing some hours, frequently headache, bowels constipated, and a depressed mental condition. She commenced taking the DYSPEPSIA PILLS, one morning and night, and in less than a week almost every symptom of her disease had vanished, and she felt like a new being.

PRICES.

Full set, 20 large vials in Morocco Case and Book	$5.00
Full set, 20 large vials in Plain Case and Book	4 00
Case of 15 numbered boxes and Book	2 00
Case of any 8 numbered boxes and Book	1.00
Single numbered boxes, with directions	25
Single lettered boxes, with directions	50
Large plantation or physician's case, 1 and two ounce vials	15.00

OUR REMEDIES BY MAIL.

Look over the list; make up a case of what kind you choose, and enclose the amount in a current note or stamps by mail to our address, at No. 562 Broadway, New York, and the medicines will be duly returned by mail or express, free of charge.

No family should be without these invaluable curatives.—They are the only remedies perfectly adapted for domestic and private use. With them the parent is armed and prepared against the first approach of disease, and can meet it at the threshold and keep it at bay. A trifle of medicine rightly directed in the first hours of disease, perfectly cures that which by delay can only be relieved by long and tedious hours of suffering, if at all. With these at hand, you are not obliged to await the coming of that distant as well as expensive luxury, a doctor; nor to be drugged, or poisoned, or bled, but may yourself administer the simple specific, and restore the ruddy current of life again to health and joy. There cannot only no injury arise in any case from their use, but the general influence upon the constitution, beyond all question is most beneficial.

AGENTS WANTED.

We desire an active efficient agent, for the sale of our remedies, in every town or community in the United States.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

VOL. X. NO. 40.] ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1859. [WHOLE NO. 508.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates.—It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page

OUR GRASS LANDS.

THE fact that the grass crop of the country is a failure, comparatively speaking, calls upon the thinking agriculturist for a solution of the causes which have led to so deplorable an issue, and, if the fault may in any degree be justly attributed to the growers, to point out such defects and their remedy. The responses to inquiries, made previous to the time of mowing, as to the prospects of the hay crop, were, almost invariably, "Old meadows will not pay for cutting—new will furnish a medium yield." That atmospherical influences seriously affected the growth and development of the grasses during the past season there can be no doubt—but why this difference between meadows laid down to the crop years ago and those more recently seeded. A lack of vitality is plainly perceptible—is this the result of age, or the inevitable consequence of the violation of natural law by the possessors of the soil.

Grass forms the staple crop of the country—neither cotton nor wheat can successfully claim supremacy in competition with it. While first in position and pecuniary worth, it demands less care than any other, and, we very much fear, obtains only a tithe of what it actually needs. Year after year the land is denuded of its vernal drapery with scarcely an atom of return in the form of an equivalent Ton after ton of hay is taken from the soil, and if any fertilizing material is furnished it, it too often comes in paltry pinches. We have frequently heard individuals, after submitting to the manipulations of some dexterous tonsorial professor, remark that "the shave just received was fully a week under the skin," and the mowing performed upon seven-eighths of the land in grass, partakes altogether too much of this characteristic. Nor does the evil stop here.—Thanks to some genial shower, and the tenacity with which the grass clings to life, new spears shoot up, when the cattle are "turned in," and the "fall feed" is secured, too frequently at the expense of future crops. This has been the usual course, and there is less room to hope for the entire abandonment of so exhausting a process the present fall than for many years past. A scarcity in the mow appeals with an urgency that is almost resistless when there is a chance for a day's fodder in meadow or pasture, and all those who seek immediate results will speedily acknowledge its potency.

The remedy for the evils we have glanced at thus briefly is very apparent. As this crop is our mainstay its needs should meet a more generous recognition, and instead of annually depleting the soil, the great object should be to keep up the average of fertility. Nor can we begin to award our lands what is justly due them too early. With a large number the spring time of the year may be considered a more "convenient" and appropriate season—but we think that a top-dressing of plaster, ashes, bone-dust—anything that can be readily appropriated to the wants of the plant, would prove a profitable investment, if applied just now.

The various styles of management adopted by those whose efforts are crowned with success are always worthy of careful examination, and to the thoughtful investigator yield a rich reward for the labor expended. Recognizing the verity of this statement, we present the modes of operation pursued by various individuals in keeping up the condition of pasture and meadow land, and the results thereof.

In the Transactions of the N. Y. State Ag. Society for 1856, Mr. WALRATH, to whom was awarded a farm premium, states that he uses a composition of six bushels of bone ashes, one bushel of plaster, one of slaked lime, one-fourth bushel salt, a small quantity of sulphur, pounded bones, &c., as a top-dressing for general purposes. The cost is about twenty cents per bushel, and is used at the rate of two or three bushels to the acre on grain and meadows. Upon one field, about an acre in extent, under cultivation for ten years, this combination was used without other manure, and the result was a constantly increasing product. The best crop was wheat—yield, thirty bushels to the acre. It was then seeded with clover and timothy, and the season previous to the date of the Report, (1855,) it produced two crops of hay; the first of two tuns, the second of one. The average of yield of Mr. W.'s mowing lands is about two and one-half tuns per acre.

R. J. SWAN, of Rose Hill, Seneca Co., to whom was awarded the first premium of the Society in 1857, annually mows about sixty-five acres of grass, and makes an average of two and one-half tuns of hay per acre. Sows twelve pounds of clover seed upon each acre of wheat, in latter March or early April, six quarts of timothy being applied in Autumn soon after wheat sowing.—Uses plaster as a top-dressing for grass lands—sown broad cast with a machine—advantages of so doing are uniformly great and decided, for if any part of the field is neglected, the error is manifest to the eye by the inferiority of the neglected spot.

GRASSHOPPERS.—A NEW BEAUTY IN PIGS!

HITHERTO even the most elaborate essays on farm stock (see the N. Y. *Tribune*,) have scarcely noticed *Grasshoppers* at all. Why is this? They make up in *numbers* what they lack in *size*, and in *diligence* what they want in *dignity*. My neighbor, who thinks his black cow is worth more than any "Duchess" of the royal line, would see at once that, being "*natives*," they could not expect to be noticed except incidentally or accidentally—but I am bound to count them in. A thousand times more numerous than all our horses, cattle, sheep, pigs and poultry put together, and *sometimes costing more to keep them!* They have been slighted, decidedly. Who is acquainted with them? Will some naturalist please treat them *scientifically?*—Meantime, I propose to treat them *practically*.

First, then, they eat up a tun of grass to the acre; they stripped the beans in my corn as bare as bean poles; they have appropriated a wide border in the oat field; they have taken the foliage from young fruit trees; in short, they have stuck their noses into about everything. Perhaps they are accusing *me* for what *I* have taken; but then I planted the beans and hoed them. I'll back out of that argument, for I recollect that those who do the most work have the least rights here. Waving all ethical and legal questions—they have got my fodder, how shall I get them?

Fowls, whose acknowledged duty is to lay, hatch, and be killed, have been put after them from time immemorial, and it has been observed by discreet housewives, that the more grasshoppers the more eggs, and the more growth. What we have got from the grasshoppers, except through biddy's agency, is mere nothing. While we devise other ways of making them available, we may make improvements on this. They do not in the main (it may be through defects of early education,) deem it a duty to come into the hen-yard or the adjacent ground to be eaten; should we not train the hens and turkeys to a wider range of travel? Walk through the meadows and pastures distant from the buildings at the height of the grasshopper season, and a cloud of these winged depredators is before you continually—a hundred greedy hens, each with a dependent family, would do large execution here!

Old folks are apt to complain of a sad want of discipline "now-a-days," having "Young America" mainly in their eyes; *discipline* in its vast bearings and extent is for the future. Our domestic animals should be trained to go where, and do what, we bid them. Fowls should be sent to pasture and brought back like our cows; then the grasshoppers in our back fields will be gathered in. Pigs, too, may help us in turning grasshoppers to account. A woman Out West writes to her friends in Allegany county, that she is fattening seventeen hogs on grasshoppers, and they are doing well. The hogs were shut up, as I was informed,—how she got the grasshoppers to them, the world at large ought to know!

Going very early into the fields, I was not more surprised than delighted at finding my own pigs there before me, picking up the grasshoppers, which were stiffened with the cold, and eating them with manifest relish. "*A new beauty in pigs,*" I exclaimed—"What admirable sagacity in choosing the right time for your business, and how expert in finding the object of your search." I felt to forgive their forwardness in opening the gate and going into our garden to appropriate the food which was intended for other members of the family. From this let it be inferred that our pigs, as far as possible, should have access at the proper season to those fields where grasshoppers are thickest.

Must this "Nineteenth Century" stop here?—beyond what pigs and poultry can do, can nothing be done? "The spirit of the age" breaks out in spots, viz:—in Wyoming county, where the grasshoppers are caught in large sheets of cotton cloth or other nets, are immersed in hot water and then, being dead, are dried and kept for future use. What returns on the outlay I have not heard. Indeed the market value of grasshoppers remains to be established. The *Herald* has a daily agony or exultation over the falling or the rising fortunes of spelter or spermaceti, but it is *nowhere* in the grasshopper market.

I have squeezed a large grasshopper in my fingers (a rough and summary analysis,) to judge of his substance and consistency, and I have guessed he was about equal, in nutritive value, to a kernel of corn—but I did not calculate how many to the acre. One thing is certain, some land has produced more value in grasshoppers than anything else. I reccollet to have heard that a calculating Yankee (men are sometimes *too* sharp,) conceived the idea of driving the devastating hordes of grasshoppers out of his own lots into those of his neighbors. He got rid of his grasshoppers, but was sued in the courts of law and paid heavy damages and costs! Perhaps we might profit by his experience in *driving*—always being careful which way we drive!

Take a lot of noisy, hair-brained, rollicking fellows, *who aint fit to drive anything else*—put one at each end of a long rope, and supply the company with bushes, tin-pans and long poles, and my word for it, the grasshoppers will *retreat before them!* (not because these fellows have any *real courage*, but the grasshoppers would be deceived by their violent pretences,) and so suffer themselves to be driven into some *tight place* where they might be made available as herein before set forth. If NAPOLEON, and the Empress with her hoops, would go out and catch a few, it might be made a *fashionable* pastime, and so we could get something out of the unproductive classes. By another year let us be prepared for decisive action.—H. T. B.

HOUSE BUILDING.—NO. VI.

PROBABLY no single feature about country buildings conveys the idea so readily whether they are houses or barns as the presence or absence of chimneys. There is no place where the outlay of a little money will make as great a difference in the thing itself, or in the general appearance of the building, as on the chimney top, yet there is no other one thing about country houses that receives so little attention. Perhaps this article may induce those farmers who read it, and are now engaged in building what they desire to be good houses, to allow the mason an extra half day or day to finish off the chimneys in a more tasty style, if possible, than the smoke spouts protruding from nine-tenths of the farm houses in the country.

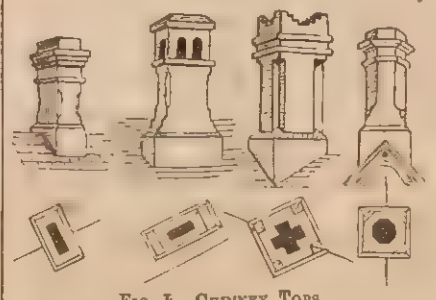


FIG. I.—CHIMNEY TOPS.

Fig. I illustrates four different patterns, and the variety would be endless, were the masons only determined and their employers willing that every new top should be from a new model. The principles to be observed are simple. The size and proportion depends upon the number and situation of the flues. The main characteristics of the building should be embodied in the chimney top, and there should be a base and cornice to the one as well as to the other. To plaster the inside adds one half to the durability. When a building is in the Italian style, and the roof a square or hip roof, it seems almost impossible to make them look well without some kind of finish at the top. A simple way is to flat off the top, and make a deck about one-third the size of the building, and surround it with a ballustrade, as at Fig. II. Another way is to put up an observatory, and when the building is of considerable magnitude, and the view is increased by the extra elevation, it is, perhaps, as good a way as any, if you are not so unfortunate as to make it appear (like many we have seen,) as if it had been *slid up* out of the building. This may be avoided by using heavy brackets at the corners, extending down to the roof, as shown at B, Fig. II.

FIG. II.—BALLUSTRADE, OBSERVATORY AND VENTILATING CAPS.

Undoubtedly a great majority of those who are building houses have become convinced by what they have read within the last few years, that *to provide a dwelling with thorough ventilating arrangements, is in every sense of the word worth while*, yet it is quite doubtful whether more than one in every ten will expend the first farthing toward insuring a good supply of that cheapest of all things, pure air. At *C* and *D*, Fig. II, I have shown two different forms of Ventilating Caps—the latter would also make a suitable bell turret for a farm house. I fear it is too generally supposed that to erect such a cap is all that is necessary to secure a proper ventilation, but such is not the case. It depends entirely upon the holes and flues, about which I will give my theory hereafter.

FIG. III.—VERANDAH AND PORCH, SKETCHES.

At Fig. III are shown some specimens of verandah and porch work, which will be found much cheaper, quite as useful, and nearly as pretty, if not as grand, as a great portico with large columns, pediment, and a half-moon window blind in the gable, painted green.

At A is a new style of verandah, the posts and frieze being simply plank, with the edges cut into the proper form, and the corners champered. At B is shown a similar post with braces added.—Such work is easily got up—it harmonizes well with natural embellishments, such as vines and roses, about which horticulturists and landscape gardeners talk so much, and is much more durable than skeleton work of inch boards. At C is shown an elevation of a porch, designed to have a seat on each side, lattice work above, and temporary shutters and door for winter. The posts need not be over six inches square, champered at the corners. At D is a plan for projecting gable, supported by brackets, suitable for outside doors or French windows; and at E another, still cheaper, yet better than nothing. J. E. S.

Pompey, Onondaga Co., N. Y., 1859.

EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE.

PLOWING VS. SPADING.—In his recent "Letters on Modern Agriculture," Baron VON LIEBIG thus remarks upon the peculiarities of these two processes of preparing the soil:

The common plow breaks and turns up the soil without mixing it; it only displaces, to a certain extent, the spots on which plants are already grown. *But the spade breaks, turns, and mixes it thoroughly.*

As the smallest portions of food cannot of themselves leave the spot in which they are held firmly fixed by the soil, we can understand what immense influence must be exerted on its fertility by its careful mechanical division and thorough intermixture. This is the greatest of all the difficulties which the agriculturist has to overcome.

If a field is to produce a crop, corresponding to the full amount of food present in it, the first and most important condition for its accomplishment is, that its physical state be such as to permit even the finest rootlets to reach the spots where the food is to be found. The extension of the roots in every direction must not be obstructed by the cohesion of the soil. Plants with thin delicate roots cannot grow on a tenacious heavy soil, even with abundance of mineral food. These facts explain in a very simple manner one of the many favorable effects of green manures on such soils, and enable us to understand the reasons of the preference given in many cases, by agriculturists, to fresh, over rotten, farm-yard manure. The mechanical condition of the ground is, in fact, remarkably altered by the plowing in of plants and their remains. A tenacious soil loses thereby its cohesion; it becomes brittle, and more readily pulverized than by the most careful plowing; and in a sandy soil a certain coherence is introduced among its shifting particles. Each stem of the green manure plants plowed in, opens up by its decay a road by which the delicate rootlets of the wheat plant ramify in all directions to seek their food. With the exception of their combustible elements, the ground receives from the green manure plants nothing which it did not previously contain; and these, of themselves, would have no effect on the increase of the crop, without the presence in the soil of the necessary mineral food.

"ENGLAND A THIRD LARGER."—Under this caption, the London *Morning Chronicle* indulges in a strain of pleasantry, the perusal of which will give us all a hint worthy of reflection. The early maturity of stock is the subject treated, and the *Chronicle* remarks:

One of the most noticeable features in these annual cattle shows is the increasing juvenility of the animals exhibited. Early maturity is rightly considered among the most valuable qualities of every food-producing beast. As increasing the total supply of provisions for the national commissariat, rapid growth and speedy fitness for the market are qualities which every breeder of stock should cultivate in his oxen and sheep, as diligently as the market gardeners compete for precedence with their peas and strawberries. Space and time, as philosophers tell us, are often convertible terms. The man who can ripen two crops or fatten two animals in the same period formerly required for one, has accomplished, practically, the same result, and earned the proverbial blessing bestowed upon him who "has made two blades of grass grow where only one grew before." In this respect wonders have been already accomplished, and every year, if we may judge from the prize specimens, the animals which supply our tables with their *pieces de resistance* are younger and younger. What would the farmers of the last century have said if they were shown enormous sirloins only twenty-two months old, or expansive "saddles," whose defunct proprietors uttered their first bleat last spring twelve months? Still greater precocity is exhibited among the highly edible, if not very poetical, tribe of pigs. At Birmingham, there were on view several groups of "fast" young porkers, who have actually completed their education, and fulfilled all the duties for which they were called into existence, within a period of eight or nine months. Barely three-quarters of a year old, they have completed their career, and will bequeath a rich estate of bacon to their residuary legatees. Since our island area is limited, we must contrive to effect the same increase of production by economizing time which the dwellers in vast continents obtain by extending the breadth of cultivation. The discovery that a well-ordered rotation of crops could save the necessity of leaving fields in fallow every third year, practically added thirty per cent. to the wheat-bearing lands throughout the country. The early maturity now attained in "stock" is equivalent to a similar extension in the pastures. The modern improvements in agriculture have made England a good third larger, so far as regards its food-producing capabilities.

MANNER OF MILKING.—From an article on the "Dairy" in the *Irish Farmers' Gazette*, we make the following extract:—The manner of milking exerts a more powerful and lasting influence on the productiveness of the cow than most farmers are aware of. That a slow and careless milker soon dries up the best of cows, every practical farmer and dairyman knows. The first requisite of a good milker is, of course, the *utter cleanliness*. Without this the milk is unendurable. The udder should, therefore, be carefully cleaned before the milking commences. The milker may begin gradually and gently, but should steadily increase the rapidity of the operation till the udder is emptied,

using a pail sufficiently large to hold all, without the necessity of changing. Cows are very sensitive, and the pail cannot be changed nor can the milker stop or rise during the process of milking without leading the cow more or less to withhold her milk. The utmost care should be taken to strip to the last drop, and to do it rapidly, and not in a slow and negligent manner, which is sure to have its effect on the yield of the cow. If any milk is left it is re-absorbed into the system, or else becomes caked, and diminishes the tendency to secrete a full quantity afterwards. If gentle and mild treatment is observed and persevered in, the operation of milking appears to be one of pleasure to the animal, as it undoubtedly is, but if an opposite course is pursued—if, at every restless movement, caused, perhaps, by pressing a sore teat, the animal is harshly spoken to—she will be likely to learn to kick as a habit, and it will be difficult to overcome it afterwards. To induce quiet and readiness to give down the milk freely, it is better that the cows should be fed at milking-time with cut food, or roots, placed within their easy reach. The same person should milk the same cow regularly, and not change from one to another, unless there are special reasons for it.

To Prevent Cats Killing Chickens, &c.—In the new London paper *Once a Week*, Miss Harriet Martineau, is publishing a very interesting series of sketches, entitled, "Our Farm of Two Acres," in one of which sketches she gives the following as a sure preventive against the killing of chickens or birds by the cats:—When a cat is seen to catch a chicken, tie it around her neck, and make her wear it two or three days. Fasten it securely, for she will make incredible efforts to get rid of it.—Be firm for that time, and the cat is cured—she will never again desire to touch a bird. This is what we do with our own cats, and what we recommend to our neighbors; and when they try the experiment, they and their pets are secure from reproach and danger henceforth. Wild, homeless, hungry, ragged, savage cats, are more difficult to catch; but they are outlaws, and may be shot with the certainty that all the neighbors will be thankful.

HUNGARIAN GRASS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Some weeks since I read a short article in your journal from the pen of my friend, the Hon. A. B. Dickinson, on the subject of Hungarian grass. He is a man to whom I am indebted for many valuable hints on agriculture, and I have ever considered him a strong practical man on such subjects. I confess I was somewhat surprised at his views, as they were so contrary to my little experience and observation. I would like to know how he comes to the conclusion that it is nothing but the old-fashioned millet, and that it is no better than barnyard grass for stock. I aver, without the fear of contradiction from any practical cultivator of the two kinds, that it has no more similarity than has barley and spring wheat, and that you can no more amalgamate the two kinds by sowing the mixed seed of them together in the same field than you can of other grain; nor is the kernel of the two kinds any more similar in appearance than that of barley and spring wheat.

As to barnyard grass I yield to him the palm, having had no experience in the use of it as food for stock. My ambition as a farmer has always been to wage a war of extermination against its growth. Its good qualities for stock I will not therefore speak of, but I may perhaps venture a reason why I prefer the Hungarian grass as a crop to the barnyard variety.

Early in the season of 1858, having seen favorable notice of it in several journals, I ordered a bushel of the seed from a seed store in New York, and paid the bumbug price of $5 per bushel of 50 lbs., (reminding one of the days of China tree corn and Rohan potatoes.) The grass seed I divided with my neighbors, retaining only six quarts for myself, which I sowed on one side of my barley field, it being on wheat stubble ground, and no manure. I cut from two-thirds of an acre over two tuns and put it into my barn and fed my lambs (some eighty in number) a foddering of it every noon. At first they did not seem to relish it, but within a week they ate it with avidity, always picking for the heads first. I also fed other stock with it with the same success. My lambs improved apparently as well as they would had I given them the same quantity of oats in the sheaf.

Last spring I sowed on oat stubble ground with a slight dressing of manure, one acre and two-thirds. It came up nicely before the disastrous frost and by that was entirely killed. I re-sowed and harrowed in the second time, which has produced me over six tuns, that is housed in good order, for which I would not take less than $12 per tun, while I will sell good hay for ten.

I have said I had no experience in barnyard grass as food for stock but some in its destruction. One fact must be obvious of the superiority of the Hungarian to the barnyard as feed. The head of the Hungarian is very tenacious in holding on to its seed, not shelling in the process of cutting and securing. It is very hard to thresh, the most so of any grain I have ever attempted to thresh, thus bringing with it to the feed rack all that it has produced, while the barnyard variety cannot be cut and cured without the loss, almost entirely, of its seed, thereby greatly reducing its value as food. Again, the superiority of the Hungarian over its competitor, is the fact that you are in no danger of its becoming a noxious weed to curse your grounds and damage your future crops—no more so than oats or wheat. To raise it you must sow it every season as it will not lie in the ground over winter and propagate the next season, but leaves the ground clean for a future crop. I have recently seen an article in the New York *Observer* from a western writer, saying that it foundered horses and stiffened the limbs of horned cattle. Such cases I presume are isolated, and in my own mind is no more argument against it than against oats or corn, which will do the same thing if overfed to stock for a long time. I would not advise the entire feeding of sheep or other stock on it no more than I would of oats or other grain in the sheaf, but feed it as you do other grain in the straw and you will have like beneficial results.

I am not very enthusiastic about Hungarian grass as a crop, and do not advise its culture to the exclusion of others, (barnyard excepted,) but I would place it with other crops for food for stock. For a small farmer, who has but little meadow land to spare, an acre or two will prove of great value; and to large farmers I would say, try it for yourselves. A neighbor of mine has sowed some ten acres on muck bottom land, and is now harvesting the crop, which is a large one, a part of it being estimated by some farmers as high as five to seven tuns to the acre. I think it over-estimated.

You will pardon the length of this article as it is the first I have ever offered to the public on Agriculture, and feel desirous that Hungarian grass should not be smothered in its infancy in this country before its merits are fully tested.

Yours truly, Jas. H. Hotchkin.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., 1859.

HEN STATISTICS.—PROFITABLE POULTRY.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—A relative of mine has six hens and a rooster of the breed known as Black Polands. They were hatched June 1st, 1858, and commenced laying the 25th day of December following. Up to the first day of September inst., there had been layed seventy-six dozen eggs, worth, at a moderate estimate, ten dollars. The whole amount of feed purchased for them during the same time was four bushels of oats and one of corn, at an expense of three dollars. Besides this they have had crumbs and other refuse from the table of a small family. Most of the time they have been confined to a small yard and barn.

It will be seen that these hens have averaged an egg each every forty hours since they first commenced laying, and that the nett income from these equals the legal interest on one hundred dollars. Of course the hens have not been permitted to lose any time raising chickens, a pleasure which they are more willing to forego than any other breed I know of. The laying season is nearly over, but my friend expects to realize eighty dozen from them before the year comes round. She says she gave the hens a stint on the start to lay sixty dozen, but they accomplished that so easily she increased it to eighty. They are in a fair way to accomplish all that is required of them.

If any of the readers of the Rural can beat the foregoing *hen statistics*, let them send on their facts and figures. C. C. B.

Syracuse, N. Y., Sept., 1859.

PLOWING.—MY MODE.

Messrs. Eds.:—As I believe in progress and improvement as well as the rest of the boys, and having read the late numbers of the Rural with much pleasure and benefit, I would beg permission to offer a few suggestions about plowing. There are a great many ways of plowing, as there are for doing almost all agricultural work, but in my opinion there is only one right way, howsoever little it is followed. You see a great many large farms, and to judge how all the work is done on them, you need look no farther than the plowing. Here is a man plowing in a field of forty acres, we will say. Now, the mechanic and artizan both have rules in performing their business, but this man has no rule; he starts from one side at no particular place, for the other side, and by dint of many crooked strides and a much crookeder furrow he arrives at the opposite side, without trespassing, it may be, on his neighbor's land. But I will give my way and have done.

Pace off an equal distance at both ends—say ten paces, for the first land, so that it will not be too wide for back-furrowing. Set a stake at the opposite end, and another about six rods from it. Make a mark with the foot at the place you start from; before starting tie a loop in each line, so that they shall be tight. Take hold of the plow handles, and do not look back. A. Walker.

Milton, Rock Co., Wis., 1859.

WINTER FALLOWING—INQUIRY.

Messrs. Eds:—I saw in the Rural of Sept. 17th an article on winter fallows, and as I am young in scientific farming, and decidedly opposed to doing a thing half way, I thought I would consult you and your many correspondents in regard to it. I have an orchard just in its prime, that has been rather badly dealt with. The soil has been badly run, and one day a man got in with an axe and made sad havoc among the trees. Two years ago it was sowed to clover and timothy, and has given good crops. The soil is loam with a mixture of gravel. Now, will winter fallowing work on this for corn? My plan would be to plow about the middle of October, and leave in furrows until spring; then, as soon as the ground would work in the spring, go and harrow and plow just before planting; giving it a dressing of barn yard manure to be plowed under, and then, after it is plowed, give it a dressing of swamp muck, or deposit from water, mixed with lime, to be harrowed in. I wish to know if the sod will rot so that the grass will not be troublesome in the corn, and if lime and muck will work well together, and how much unslaked lime is best to be applied per acre on land that is not used to such treatment, and if there is any manure within reach of ordinary farmers that would be better.

Yates Co., 1859. Young Farmer.

SORGHUM "STILL LIVES."

In the Rural of Sept. 17th, is an article upon "Sorghum—where is it?" The writer thinks he has got Sorghum and Sorghum men in a tight place. He says—"How is Sorghum?" but more particularly," where is it the current year?"

To these questions I can say that Sorghum is growing, that I have some over ten feet high, and if W. B. P. will wait till November next, for a small consideration I will send him a barrel of Sorghum Syrup, grown in 1859, on the 42-45 parallel. Then he can taste, see, smell, and handle, and believe that it is no humbug, and that it will be a standard crop as long as corn is.

Let anti-sorghum men who are short for sweetening, send on their orders for syrup. That will be facts, and Sorghum men won't dodge.

Skaneateles, N. Y., Sept., 1859. W. E. Clark.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Breaking Colts.

A writer in the *Country Gentleman* says:—"As some of your subscribers are troubled with their horses hugging the reins, I will give you my method of breaking colts. First, I put on a high part mouth bit,—(bridle with no blind;) put on the harness one hour in the forenoon, and one in the afternoon, with breechen straps hanging about the legs—cruppet-pad six inches round. Do this for one week, tying him on both sides of the stall, reined moderately. Then change the bit to a chain-bit, placing him between the poles of a double-wagon, between two steady farm horses, and have him so regulated by the reins that he can neither pull too much nor fall back—the old horses having control over him by the breechen and reins. Keep him in daily, till he learns all that is necessary when he is spoken to, seldom driving off of a walk. Never hitch a young horse to a harrow, plow, or cultivator, till he is thoroughly at command in the wagon—which will take often six months. Drive with blinds if the colt is timid or lazy.

If disposed to kick in handling, tie up his head as high as possible alongside of the barn, and then give him a white birch bush till he can be handled quietly. One good dressing will do the business. Bitting a colt as some do, and allowing him to walk about the yard, I have found to spoil him. Standing quietly afterwards, when my colts are broken they need no hitching, however wild when taken in hand, but are trusty in all respects. Never give a colt in the hands of a brute of a man to break, if you ever expect him to be docile, for like gets like—a mulish man turns out a mulish horse.

If you wish a serviceable horse, four years is as young as he should be deemed a horse; he can be well broken before that by my method, with little hindrance about a farm, and is worth three horses that are put to draft at two past.

P. S.—You will perceive the pad of the crupper being made large, not only breaks the colt of that hugging practice in putting on the crupper, but he carries a better tail, and has never the power to hug the reins, and if disposed to bolt, a few rods with the reins with a chain-bit, will quiet him for that. Never check a young horse too much when walking in harness, for it is apt to spoil his reach and give him a hitching gait."

Coal Ashes as a Fertilizer.

We have noticed several communications and editorial discussions in that valuable Agricultural paper, the *New England Farmer*, remarks the editor of the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*, upon the properties of coal ashes as a fertilizer. To solve the question affirmatively would be of great importance to farmers and gardeners, especially those living in the vicinity of cities and towns where coal is used for fuel. Without any pretensions to a practical knowledge of the subject, we are tempted to give our experience in a small way. Upon a half acre of land, partly in grass and partly cultivated, we have tried the experiment as follows, with great success:

In November we cleared out of the cellar ashes made the previous season from seven tuns of anthracite coal, mixed with the ashes of one-half cord yellow pine wood used in kindling; to this was added equal parts of horse manure and loam, well mixed together. A part of this was used at the time upon a piece of grass ground more than twenty years in the sward, put on about two inches thick as a top-dressing, which has this year produced two crops of fine grass, in place of white weed and other nuisances, and the ground has shown no signs of being affected by the dry weather. The balance lay in a heap till spring, and was used on the cultivated ground, both for spreading and in the hill.

Results.—While in former years the early potatoes planted from the same kind of seed have invariably rotted before the time for digging, this year there has been the most productive crop of the largest and best quality. The sweet corn averages nine feet in the stalk, the leaves of a clear green, and the ears perfectly filled, and so with all the other vegetables in the garden. We believe coal ashes have been rejected without a fair test. The great hue and cry made about their destructiveness to the trees on our Common, instead of leading to careful investigation, resulted in a summary condemnation. The same result might have followed, if lime, plaster, or even wood ashes had been used, as the coal ashes were,—to the depth of two feet or more, unmixed with loam or sand. We hope the experiment will be fairly tested, as everything which helps build up the farmer's manure heap is beneficial not only to him, but to those who depend on him for their vegetables.

Use of a Check Rein.

The *N. E. Farmer* makes some excellent suggestions upon this subject:—"Any person whose attention has been called to the subject, and who still persists in the use of a tight check rein, ought to have his head placed in a similar position to that which he has cruelly subjected the horse. If I were the Grand Sultan, every man who torments his horse with a check rein, should hold his arm at right angles with his body for an hour at a time, once in twenty-four hours, as long as he continued the use of the check rein The practice of drawing in the heads of team horses, by means of this pernicious strap, is especially cruel. The horse, in endeavoring to expend his strength, needs the free and natural use of his head and neck. The cramping position now enforced, is alike severe and injurious to horses, and in business, and should be eased off till nature is at free play."

New Agricultural Journals.—We are in receipt of *The Farmer and Gardener*, a neat appearing monthly just commenced at Philadelphia, Pa., by A. M. Spangler, at one dollar a year. It has the look of success, but so many agricultural journals have been started, temporarily flourished and died in Phila., that this must be regarded as an experiment. We have also received the first number of *The Western Farmer's Magazine*, an octavo monthly of 32 pages, published by Birdsall Bros., Chicago, Ill., at $1. While we wish success to all meritorious enterprises, we hardly think such a monthly as the *Magazine* can succeed, or is required, while so good a weekly as the *Prairie Farmer* is in the field.

Agricultural Miscellany.

The Weather proved most unpropitious for the Fairs held last week. A heavy rain storm prevailed on Tuesday, Wednesday and part of Thursday over a large area of this State, so that the County and Town Fairs were seriously damaged. In several instances the exhibitions were continued through Friday, thus securing one *fair* day. The present week opens warm and sunshiny—with a promise of fine weather for the shows and farm operations.

P. S.—Tuesday.—Another rain storm has set in, and we fear the week will be unfavorable for Fairs, &c.

N. Y. State Agricultural College.—We learn that at a meeting of the Trustees of this Institution, held at Ovid on the 22d ult., Maj M. E. Patrick was unanimously elected President of the College, and signified to the Board his acceptance of the appointment. This is a most important and progressive step—one which cannot prove otherwise than highly gratifying to the friends of the College and all acquainted with the appointee, who is, in many respects, eminently qualified to discharge the duties of the responsible position. A graduate of West Point, and for many years in the Army, Maj. Patrick has the reputation of being an excellent and thorough disciplinarian and executive manager—essential requisites for the head of such an institution. Moreover, he is a practical man, having retired from the service many years ago, and devoted himself to the practice and science of Agriculture. Under his supervision we may confidently hope that the Agricultural College will soon regain the reputation lost by the appointment and administration of his predecessor, and prove more than an experiment. Considering the appointment eminently fit and proper,—calculated to inspire confidence and give the institution a prestige of success,—we congratulate the Board, and friends of Agricultural Education, upon the election and acceptance now announced.

— We are informed that the College building is progressing to completion—will be under roof in two or three weeks—and preparations for finishing the inside are already progressing.

The Rural Festivals—Fairs—of the present Autumn are attracting unusual attention in all parts of the country. From the great National Show at Chicago to the humblest Town Fairs, the exhibitions thus far held seem to have been largely attended and richly enjoyed by contributors and visitors. Our exchanges from nearly all parts of the Union contain gratifying reports of these exhibitions, which are annually augmenting in numbers, usefulness, and popularity as occasions of festivity or "harvest home" celebrations.

— We have often urged the importance of Ag'l Fairs as affording recreation and needed holidays to the great producing class of the country, aside from their usefulness in promoting improvement and the pecuniary interests of individuals and community. On this point the *New England Farmer* of last week well says:—"The agricultural exhibitions which are now being held come very opportunely to relieve the tedium of the long interval between Independence and Thanksgiving Days, which, with Fast day, constitute almost the sole relaxation allowed to themselves by the inhabitants of New England. The pursuit of the 'almighty dollar,' which is often held up as a reproach against the Americans as a people, allows of no recreation to the overtasked powers of mind and body. Too little relaxation from labor, and too close confinement to the counting-room or work-bench, we believe, are productive of more physical evil than any other cause. We do not mean to advocate idleness nor extravagance, but we think that we have too few holidays for our real welfare. We are, therefore, a zealous advocate of the farmers' festivals, aside from their value from an agricultural point of view, as they afford us the desired opportunity of refreshing our wearied bodies, and enjoying a rational and profitable enjoyment."

Boughton Wheat.—We have received a very fine sample of this wheat, grown by Mr. Wm. R. Dubyee, of Nunda, Livingston Co., N. Y. One bushel was sown about the 25th Sept.,—winter-killed a good deal, and the yellow birds destroyed at least one-third of the crop. It produced fourteen bushels by measurement, and weighed 65 lbs. per bushel. Mr. D. has sown the fourteen bushels, and hopes to have a fine crop next season.

— Speaking of Boughton Wheat, Mr. John Holmes, of Burnt Hills, Saratoga Co., writes us that he last year obtained a bushel from Baltimore, and sowed it about Sept. 1st, on oat stubble, plowed once and without any manure. Balance of field sowed at same time with Mediterranean. Nearly the whole field wintered well. From the bushel of Boughton he obtained sixteen bushels of wheat weighing 64½ lbs. to the bushel. It was harvested ten days earlier than the Mediterranean. Mr. H. says he is so well pleased with the result that he shall sow (or has sown) his entire crop of Boughton this fall. He hopes to hear from all who have tried new varieties of wheat the past year.

Transactions of a Farmers' Club.—We are indebted to the Publisher, D. Aten, of Little Falls, for a well printed octavo volume of 257 pages, entitled "Essays and Discussions on Agriculture, before the Farmers' Club of Little Falls. Edited by the Secretary of the Club. Published by Resolution of the Association." The work is mainly comprised of Essays and Remarks read and delivered by members of the Club, and which evince much intelligent investigation and successful practical experience. It is certainly highly creditable to all concerned. The simple fact that such a volume of Transactions is issued by the modest *Farmers' Club* of a quiet town in Mohawk Valley, is one of the best "signs of the times" we have noted for months, and most encouraging evidence that the cause of Rural Progress and Improvement is quietly but surely advancing. Success to all Farmers' Clubs!

Victory Town Fair.—We learn from Mr. D. L. Halsey, Secretary, that the Victory (Cayuga Co.) Fair, Sept. 22d, was one of the most pleasant ever held by the Society. The show of Stock, of all kinds, was full and fine. The exhibition of Fruit was not beaten in the county, and there was a decorative display of flowers and fancy articles. Of Vegetables the show was the finest ever seen at town or county fair. An excellent address was delivered by Dr. S. H. Plumb, followed by some sound, practical remarks from H. S. Harris, Esq., on Drainage,—who also, on behalf a Viewing Committee, reported a general and encouraging improvement through the Town under the influence of the Society, and specially noticed two instances of successful swamp drainage—one of 8 and the other of 11 acres.

Curing Corn Fodder.—In a recent letter Mr. Nelson Payne, of Auburn, says:—"I have formerly bound my corn and lost much of it. Last year I tried an experiment in curing corn sown for fodder. It may be cut with the mower or with the scythe; when wilted put it into cocks (using forks) until cured. When mowing away for winter use it is a good plan to put alternately a layer of corn and dry straw."

Ag. Fairs next Week.—State Fairs are to be held Oct. 4-7, as follows—New York, at Albany; Michigan, at Detroit; New Hampshire, at Dover. New York Union and Town Fairs—Clymer, Oct. 5, 6; Livonia, 6th; Hammond, Oct. 6, 7; Pavilion and Covington, 8th.

New York State Fair—Programme.—The 19th Annual Fair of the N. Y. State Ag. Society is to be held at Albany next week. The Show Grounds are on the Albany and Troy McAdam road, about one mile *from* the city limits, where the Business Office will be open for entries, sale of tickets, &c., on Monday. We annex the Programme of the Fair:

Tuesday, Oct 4.—Arrangements for exhibition completed and visitors admitted. Judges are desired to report themselves at the Business Office.

Wednesday, Oct 5.—Judges will be called at 9 o'clock—receive their books of entries and commence their examinations. Exhibition of Cattle, Horses, Sheep, Swine and Poultry; Implements and Machinery in operation; Trial of horses in the rings prepared for the purpose. Cattle will be examined in the rings prepared for them, and prizes affixed by the Judges before the cattle leave the rings.

Thursday, Oct 6.—Exhibitions continued; Plowing and Spading Machines; Floral, Mechanical, Domestic and Dairy Halls; Paintings, Engravings, &c., open for examination.

Friday, Oct 7.—Prize Animals will be publicly exhibited under the direction of Maj Patrick, General Superintendent. At 1 o'clock the Address by Hon. John A. Dix. At the close of the Address the Premiums will be announced, and paid by the Treasurer at the Business Office on the Grounds.

The Executive Committee will meet every evening at the State Agricultural Rooms. Public Meetings will be held every evening at the Lecture Room of the Society, in the State Agricultural Building, corner of State and Lodge streets. Maj Patrick, General Superintendent, will have charge of the arrangements for carrying out the Fair in all the departments. The President will have his Office upon the Fair Grounds, where every attention will be given to the guests and visitors who may be present.

The Onondaga Co. Fair—at Syracuse, Sept. 20-29—was rendered meagre by the almost continuous rain during the first two days. We visited the Fair Grounds on the 21st, but the exhibition of Stock, Implements, &c., was slim indeed. Among the few implements, Sherwood's Binder was the most noteworthy. It is said to be practical and perfect by those who have used it—doing the work of five men; it costs some $80, and is readily attached to a reaper. A new wire-tooth horse-rake—on wheels, with seat for driver—was shown by J. Grennell, Jr., of Fayetteville, and had the appearance of being a good thing. A self-regulating windmill, operating a pump, worked admirably and attracted much attention. It was invented and manufactured by quite a young man—E. W. Mills, of Amber—and can be furnished at a cost of $35. Indoors we found a fair display of Fruits, Vegetables, Dairy Products and Domestic Manufactures. Among the fruits, C. Pope, of Syracuse, exhibited 16 varieties of Grapes grown under glass—a very fine and creditable display. We met some progressive farmers and horticulturists—Hon. Geo. Geddes, S. N. Holmes, Esq., and several officers and members of the Society—but the attendance of exhibitors and visitors was very limited. Indeed, bad as was the weather, the show and attendance were not what we anticipated in good old Onondaga, and we fear some cause other than the temporary storm—perhaps the *reign* of General Apathy—must be assigned for the apparent lack of interest manifested.

Cortland County Fair.—It was our good fortune to pass two days at and in the vicinity of this Fair, held on the grounds of the Society, between Homer and Cortland, last week. The weather being unpropitious during the three days selected for the exhibition, it was continued through Friday. On visiting the Fair Grounds—Thursday morning—we were agreeably surprised to find quite a fine exhibition in most departments, and a large attendance, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather. The fine grounds contain 18 acres, and are pleasantly situated, being nearly equidistant from the villages already named. The finely-decorated Floral Hall comprised a creditable exhibition of Fruits, Flowers, and Vegetables, with some good samples of Grain; also, a fine display of Domestic and Fancy Manufactures, and several pencil drawings, oil paintings, etc. We can hardly do more than speak of this and other departments of the Fair in general terms; and though we observed many things worthy of commendation, can only note a few. Mr. William M. Elston, of Scott, exhibited 33 varieties of apples (from over fifty cultivated) and 10 of pears. Messrs. J. M. Schermerhorn and J. & P. Barber, of Homer, made a good display of grapes grown under glass—including some of the finest clusters we ever saw. In the floral department, Mr. Paris Barber, of Homer, (a gentleman of fine taste in that line) was a prominent contributor. Of Tools, Implements and Machinery there was quite a large and excellent display—much better than we expected to see, even in fair weather. Messrs. S. D. Freer of Cortland, and J. W. & A. Stone of Homer, were the most prominent exhibitors, each making a very creditable show, including leading articles of the best manufacture. Emery's Horse Power, Thresher, &c., was shown by E. W. Cady of Dryden, and a new Cheese Vat by D. W. Maples of Homer. There was a large display of Stoves, Tin-ware, &c.,—principally by Geo. Murray of Homer, and S. D. Freer of Cortland—and an excellent show of Harnesses, &c., by Chas. H. Wheadon of Homer. Most of the Live Stock had been removed from the grounds. We however saw eleven full blood Devons and six grades, exhibited by Mr. John Corp, of Freetown—a very fine herd, including several superior animals, such as bull "Jupiter," and cows "Fanny," "Nancy Dawson," and "Leonora." J. Henry Corp (a lad of 15,) had an admirably trained yoke of three year old steers, (grade Devons.) Mr. Lyman Murdock, of Venice, Cayuga Co., exhibited a yoke of fat cattle—grade Short-horns—which were *extra*; taken all in all the finest pair of fat cattle we have seen. They are six years *old*, said to actually weigh 6,400 lbs., and to have gained 2,700 lbs. in 27 months. They were sired by the Short-horn bull "Genesee," from the herd of J. S. Wadsworth, of Livingston Co. An exhibition of Deers, owned by Col. Crocker, of Binghampton, attracted much attention—and the deer chase, on the grounds, was an exciting affair. But we cannot particularize further. Considering the unpropitious weather the Fair was remarkably successful, in both display and attendance, evincing the right spirit and action on the part of the people of the county. Both Thursday and Friday the grounds were thronged with persons of the right class—intelligent, enterprising and progressive producers—and we were glad to make the personal acquaintance of many whom we had only known previously on paper. And we may add that the attention and reception given by a large audience to the address of a junior in years and experience, (and delivered under unfavorable circumstances,) was both complimentary and gratifying.

—We would fain add some "sight notes" relative to the pleasant villages of Homer and Cortland and the beautiful valley in which they are situated, but time and space forbid details. A drive through the villages, and a portion of the surrounding valley, in company with Mr. Paris Barber—a zealous and influential promoter of Rural Improvement—impressed us most favorably. The villages, with their fine academies, churches and residences, are both beautiful, while the adjacent country presented a charming appearance. The combined valley and hill farms of Messrs. Barber, Hobart, Hitchcock, Hawley, Hubbard, Merrill, Goodell, Bullard, Chamberlain, Randall, and others in the vicinity of the two villages, possess beauties and advantages rarely found in so small a compass. But we *must* close this hastily penned and imperfect notice.

FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

Fall Meeting.—Morning Session.

The Annual Autumn Meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York was held in Rochester, on Thursday, the 22d ult. The President, BENJ. HODGE, took the chair at 11 o'clock, and at that time there was a large attendance of members from abroad, which was largely increased during the afternoon. Many members brought with them specimens of fruit, and the show of grapes was exceedingly fine.

After the reading of the proceedings of the last meeting, the Committee on Subjects for discussion presented their report, which was accepted and the subjects were discussed in the order presented.

SUMMER PRUNING OF THE GRAPE.

Does Summer pruning of the Grape hasten the maturity and improve the quality of the fruit, and add to its size.?

H. E. HOOKER said all experienced grape growers knew that the grape must be summer pruned, or it will become a thicket of leaves and branches, impenetrable to the sun. He did not think, however, that severe summer pruning hastened, but rather retarded early ripening. Vines that extend their branches into trees generally ripen specimens in this situation earlier than on the trellis. The object of summer pruning is to improve the size and quality of the fruit.

BENJ. FISH supposed the object of summer pruning was to throw the sap into the fruit, which otherwise would be used in the extension of the vine, and in this way the fruit was not only enlarged, but came to maturity earlier. That was his experience.

W. P. TOWNSEND, of Lockport, thought there was no difference of opinion in regard to the necessity of summer pruning. The only question was as to the extent to which it should be carried. His own impression was that we should heed a little the teachings of nature in this respect, and it is known that the sap tends to the extremities. There may be so great a development of top as to retard the ripening, but on the other hand he was satisfied too severe pruning also retards the maturity of the fruit. His neighbor, Mr. PAINE, had concluded to let his vines make their natural growth, as he thought he had lost several crops by following the usual method of shortening the main branches and side shoots.

W. B. SMITH, of Syracuse, would in part agree with Mr. TOWNSEND, but we must start right—following a somewhat natural course from the commencement. If the vine is planted in common soil, without manure, and it is allowed to take its course, only having trees or something to which the tendrils can attach themselves, and keep the branches extended, we shall get a crop of fair grapes, though not large. But when we plant a vine in a rich, highly manured soil, and attempt to confine it to a trellis of ordinary dimensions, summer as well as winter pruning is necessary, or the whole becomes a swamp of foliage and branches, when the fruit will never ripen. The only question is, at what time is it best to prune, and to what extent.

Dr. BRISTOL, of Dansville, said it was difficult to give specific rules and say how much to prune, but his experience was, that as a general thing it was safe to remove one-half the fruit and one-half the wood and foliage, and the half that is left will give more weight of grapes than though the whole was allowed to remain. Dr. UNDERHILL, of Croton Point, pruned on this system.

Mr. HERENDEEN, of Macedon, said that if pruning was carried to such an excess as to affect the health of the vine, it would of course injure the fruit. We must, in our pruning have regard to the health of the vine. It was generally believed that the sap must be elaborated by the leaves before it is in a condition to be used by the fruit. The removal of too many leaves would of course be injurious to both vine and fruit.

Dr. BRISTOL said if too much wood was allowed to remain the sap would be exhausted by its natural increase. Ringing showed the advantage of giving the fruit a full flow of sap.

Mr. MOODY, of Lockport, said, with proper pruning, the buds may be fully developed, so as to secure a crop of grapes every year, and yet not forced to break in the autumn prematurely.

Mr. RINGUEBURG, of Lockport, practiced the *spur* system of pruning somewhat, and had very good success with the renewal system. Sixty-seven vines, three years old, (Isabellas) averaged 16 lbs. of fine grapes each. From one cane five feet long cut 35 pounds of fruit.

S. H. AINSWORTH had experimented a good deal with grapes—pruned them and left them unpruned, and had in his own mind established these facts. Let the vine take a natural course and it will bear very well for a few years. A neighbor and experienced grape grower, Mr. WILCOX, had a very large vine, which had been allowed to grow naturally, although it was spread out so as not to be over crowded. It is now so large that it does not make as much new wood as a young vine would. It bears a good many grapes—the quality is not good, and they do not ripen as early by ten days as on those vines that receive a good summer pruning. Had 39 vines growing, all treated alike, except three, which are not pruned. These three made a heavy mass on the trellis, four feet thick at the top. Did not get three pounds of grapes from these three vines, they were poor, mildewed and worthless. The other thirty-six produced a bountiful crop—last season at the rate of 16,220 pounds to the acre—some of the bunches as solid and compact as *Miller's Burgundy*.

Mr. B. SMITH, of Syracuse, inquired if the canes on the pruned vines ripened as well as on the unpruned, so as to endure the winter.

Mr. AINSWORTH replied that the canes were larger and better ripened than on the unpruned vines. Knew of one old vine in his neighborhood that had grown at random for many years and produced no ripe fruit, when it was taken down and pruned by Mr. WILCOX, since which time it had borne magnificent fruit. Some of the bunches were shown him and he dared not call them Isabella at first, without knowing where they were grown, for they were as large as Black Hamburgs.

One gentleman stated that the Hon. Mr. POTTLES, of Naples, always took his vines from the trellis in the fall and covered them with about two inches of earth, and the result was that they started earlier and ripened earlier than vines that were left uncovered.

The discussion of this question was continued at some length, but nothing of special importance was elicited.

Afternoon Session.

VARIETIES OF GRAPES FOR GENERAL CULTURE.

Can any other variety of Grape beside Isabella be recommended for general cultivation in Western New York?

Mr. HOAG would recommend the *Hartford Prolific Grape*. Had cultivated it for four years and found it four weeks earlier than the *Isabella*, growing by its side, while it is more productive and about equal in quality. It is good eating by the first September. Cultivated in the open ground, trained to stakes, it always ripens. We hear of a great many ripe *Isabellas*, but always find upon examination that they are in some peculiarly favorable situation, by the side of a house, &c. In ordinary places Isabella is not fully ripe one year in ten. *Hartford Prolific* is said to drop badly, but if exposed to the sun it is less liable to drop. Mr. H. would add the *Delaware*, which with him was ripe the 10th of September, and a better grape than any other. Had fruited the *Concord* for two years. It is a very fine grape, although not quite equal in quality to Hartford Prolific. Ripens ten days or two weeks before the Isabella. The *Diana*, although not fully ripe until after the Concord, ripens a few berries very early and they are fine flavored, sweet and delicious. The *Perkins* is fully three weeks earlier than the Isabella, is probably a seedling of the Catawba, with same flavor. Rebecca is said to be a feeble grower, but had not proved so with Mr. H.

P. BARRY—This is a subject of importance and one wherein caution and experience too are necessary. Very few cultivators in Western New York can speak from experience as to the qualities of these sorts for general, extensive, and profitable culture. Gentlemen must try them thoroughly, in the vineyard, as well as in the garden, and then we shall know if they prove really hardy and productive, and if they ripen early. Out of the whole number of what may be called new grapes, I have not sufficiently tested any variety except the *Diana*. The Diana, I believe, is a grape possessing all the qualities which are required for a profitable and popular grape. When ripe it is of most delicious quality—so that one cannot be wrong in recommending it. Our *Delawares* are not ripe.—Gentlemen import them from Southern Ohio for exhibition. I have seen Delawares in other gardens, in the city, not ripe. Still, the Delaware is a delicious little grape, and a very important acquisition. *Rebecca* I don't think will ever be profitable, because the vine suffers in the summer from the sun. It shows all the delicacy and tenderness of a foreign grape. By the side of the Delaware, on the same trellis, the Rebecca shows tenderness, while the Delaware is perfectly hardy. *Concord* I think is going to be a valuable grape, although of nothing like so fine a quality as some think. A few days earliness just saves it from being discarded. *Hartford Prolific* is entirely destitute of acidity at any stage of its ripening, and that is one of its defects. When Hartford Prolific and Isabella are equally ripe one is sour and the other sweet. And here Mr. B. drew a distinction between sourness and acidity, showing that an acid grape should not be therefore condemned. The Hartford Prolific drops from the bunch, which is a serious defect for market purposes. *Northern Muscadine* is a little earlier and drops worse. On the whole, until we had larger experience, Mr. B. would only recommend one sort for general culture, and that was the Diana. But every gentleman's garden should have the Delaware.

Mr. HOOKER thought we had some grapes which were worthy of general and extensive cultivation, but with our present experience it was probably not best to make out a list. With our present experience, as to the Delaware, there is no doubt but we shall find it a desirable grape, it is so hardy and so productive. On his own premises the Delaware is fully ripe upon an open trellis. Where the *Isabella* is unripe and unfit to eat, the Delaware is good. Certainly I should say it is a fortnight or three weeks earlier than the Isabella. The *Hartford Prolific* is the earliest grape that I have ripened, and for my own use is a very good grape. The *Concord* follows shortly after the Hartford Prolific, and though I cannot praise it very highly, still it ripens two weeks or more earlier than the Isabella. The *Rebecca* I have no confidence in whatever, its leaves burn so much in summer.—The *Diana* is a grape which I esteem very highly; a good deal better every year I know it. The fruit is very rich and delicious and the vine is a great bearer.

Mr. C. L. HOAG remarked that *Delaware* ripened with him about the 10th of September. In Lockport they were esteemed far superior to the *Diana*, in every respect except size. One two-year-old vine produced one hundred clusters of grapes.

Mr. E. MOODY, of Lockport, thought the *Delaware* worthy of cultivation by all the gentlemen here, but Delaware is not nearly as large as the *Diana*. The Diana is a very strong grower, also. Delaware is very valuable for garden purposes.—Liked the Delaware grape, but, until we know it better, no farmer should set out an acre of it.—Diana is equally as hardy as the *Isabella*, and a greater bearer. The wood is shorter jointed, and consequently there are more buds to fertilize.—Another advantage, it ripens earlier, and ten days before it is ripe it is as good as the ripest Isabella. The Diana will hang upon the vines to the very end of the longest season without dropping.

B. HODGE, Esq., thought this a most important inquiry. With him three-fourths of the season, and more, the Isabella does not ripen. It is poor, insipid, in fact worthless. There is consequently a sort of grape mania for some better grape.—Hundreds and hundreds of seedlings are and will be brought forward which must prove to be worthless; and our society must be very careful in pronouncing upon any sort of grape. The public mind is sensitive to know if we yet have any good variety; any sort equal to the Isabella, and ripe earlier, and if we have got such a grape or can get one, it will be a great gain. People call the Isabella ripe as soon as it begins to turn a little brownish; but the Isabella when fully ripe is a dead black, as black as any *Concord* grape upon the tables to-day.

P. BARRY, Esq., had neglected to mention that old and deservedly favorite grape the Clinton—The gentleman is now in the room who introduced it to public notice and named it. Although a small grape it has one distinguishing excellence, it never drops, whilst it ripens early. Bunches were ripe two weeks ago. The fruit can be kept until New Years day, and at that time be in good condition. Long keeping seems to work a change in the fruit and take away its acidity, so that it becomes a delicious little grape. Another thing it is most easily propagated, and will run and bear everywhere whether pruned or not. If we of Western New York ever turn our attention to wine making, the Clinton will be the grape we shall use for the purpose.

ALVAH COVEY had kept the Clinton grape into February, and it seemed to be a characteristic of of the variety that the longer we kept them the sweeter they were.

Mr. HOAG here remarked that the Diana was a most excellent keeper and did not drop from the bunches.

S. H. AINSWORTH spoke of his friend Dr. MINER, who in the eastern part of Monroe County, had raised fruit from *Diana* vines for five years. The *Diana* was a most excellent grape, ripening earlier than the Isabella, and the Doctor liked it so well that he extended his vineyard to 500 vines.—Cultivated in the same manner, and trained upon the same trellis with the Isabella, the vines bore as much weight of fruit as the Isabella, and far better in quality, while in time of ripening it was earlier. On the same premises where he had never got a ripe Isabella, the Diana had ripened and ripened fully every year for five years, and "in quality far superior." Had raised the *Clinton* more years than the *Diana*, and until after frost comes its acidity makes it worthless, as a table grape, by the side of the Diana.

The Society then by a unanimous vote recommended the *Diana* grape for general cultivation in Western New York.

BEST PEARS FOR WESTERN NEW YORK.

What varieties of Pears have proved productive and of good quality throughout Western New York, in all localities?

Vice-President WM. BROWN SMITH, of Onondaga Co., was called to the chair.

B. HODGE, Esq., spoke of the *Bartlett*, as coming early into bearing, whether on pear or quince, and possessing most of the good qualities that a good pear should have. The *Flemish Beauty* wants picking early, and should not be allowed to ripen on the tree, but, let it be picked early and it is very delicious. In Buffalo, *Steven's Genesee* was liked very much, and it is very successful. As to the *Seckel*, no one could say too much in its praise.

W. P. TOWNSEND said Louise Bonne de Jersey grown as a dwarf, exceeds any variety in productiveness that he had ever cultivated. *Duchesse d' Angouleme* is also exceedingly fruitful, but neither of these varieties succeeds as well upon the pear stock as on the quince. The only fault with the *Vicar of Winkfield* is that it bears too abundant, and we must thin the fruit *a little*. Among the newer pears, thought the *Howell* promised to be one of the most valuable fruits. The fruit averages the size of *Beurre Diel*, is of a bright color, of fine appearance and of first rate excellence.—*Tyson* where known, is a universal favorite, an abundant bearer either as a standard or dwarf. Mr. T. didn't know but that if he were compelled to select one variety from all the others, he would select the *Brandywine*. It ripens about the same time as the Bartlett. The tree as a dwarf, is inclined to grow too luxuriantly, and requires severe pruning. As to the *Belle Lucrative*, any body that has ever eaten them need not have a word said about the quality. The great fault in cultivators of the pear is that they neglect to pick their fruit soon enough, and in ripening the texture becomes woody and fibrous instead of juicy and rich.

E. W. HERENDEEN—With me the *Washington* pear exceeds all others. Fruit of the highest flavor, and every year a full crop.

S. H. AINSWORTH—Would add to what friend TOWNSEND has said about the *Tyson*, that the fruit is very fine and that the tree bears a full crop. With proper trimming as a standard it bears young, while as quince it always bears young and well. *Bartlett*—fruit is fine, succeeds well and bears young. *Flemish Beauty*—Concur with Mr. T. that it should be picked early, for if it has a fault it is to rot at the core and drop. The tree is a beautiful tree and makes a rapid growth *Belle Lucrative* is very fine and sweet. *Seckel* had succeeded in Ontario County to his knowledge well. John Dixon of Canandaigua brought the first tree to that section, and it has always borne each year. Don't think there is any tree that will excel the *Seckel* as to the quantity of fruit unless perhaps the Bartlett, and the fruit sells at $16 per barrel. The *Virgalieu* in Canandaigua and Wyoming Valley grows and ripens without cracking. There are two or three trees fifty years of age in Wyoming, the fruit of which often sells for more than $20 per barrel, and the trees bear very full. *Louise Bonne de Jersey* had done well with him. Had a tree now twelve years old with a barrel of fruit upon it. Of this variety the fruit is at least one-third larger upon dwarfs than on standards.

P. BARRY said this preference among pears is a very difficult question to decide. The three principal requisites was that the trees should be hardy and productive, and the quality of the fruit good. *Duchesse de Angoulems*, although not as good on standards as on dwarfs, at first, continues to improve on the pear stock, as the tree grows older, for twenty or thirty years. The *Virgalieu* Mr. B. would not leave out of the list. Whenever the fruit is good it brings a high price, and is very popular. *Beurre Giffard* is good, but must be gathered early. *Rostiezer* grows and ripens everywhere, and does not crack. *Tyson* is an excellent pear and a superb tree, worth growing for its beauty alone, if it never bore any fruit. *Flemish Beauty* is one of the No. 1 varieties. *Beurre d' Anjou* will keep a month longer than Virgalieu, and is a capital fruit, *Sheldon* is one of the finest of all pears, and although it will not grow on quince, it makes a most superb growth on pear For winter pears would recommend *Lawrence* and *Winter Nelis*. In answer to questions Mr. B. said he would not recommend *Vicar of Winkfield* for general cultivation. People would not prune the tree, or keep the fruit properly. Would recommend the *Easter Beurre* for gentlemen who cultivate well. It is a tree that needs care and then it is one of the finest winter pears, in fact, the best.

BEST MANURE FOR TREES, &C.

What are the best Manures for the Apple, Pear and other fruits, and what are the best means to renovate old apple orchards?

W. P. TOWNSEND remembered how the old orchard got all mossy, and his father set him to scrape the bark of the trees. After working a while he got sick of it, and told his father if he would let him take the team and draw some manure into the old orchard he could scrape the trees without injuring the bark. He drew in upon those premises an average of half a load to each tree; next year the bark began to peel, and of course to bring with it the moss, and they increased in vigor That summer turned the hogs in upon the orchard, and they pretty thoroughly rooted it all over Even to the tops of the trees the old bark has started, and the body had all the thrifty and vigorous look of young trees. The fruit that used to be half or three-fourths wormy is now fair, smooth and free from vermin. By invigorating the trees he destroyed the insects that had destroyed the fruit. Common barnyard manure was best for trees Had tried it for pear trees also. It should be applied in the fall and then you get the benefit in the next two years' crop. Apply 25 loads to the acre every year in the fall.

Mr. LANGWORTHY thought that in heavy clay grounds muck would be useful to lighten it up.

BLACK RASPBERRY—CULTURE AND VALUE.

The Black Cap Raspberry—what is its value as a market berry, and the best modes of its cultivation?

H. E. HOOKER—This Society has heard, at a former meeting, a very elaborate report by Mr H. N DOOLITTLE about the cultivation of the *Improved Black Cap*, and needs not that I should add to it. I am persuaded, from my own experience in cultivation, that it is destined to be a very popular and a very useful fruit; there is scarcely any one of the small fruits which is so valuable, and the improved sort is larger and more productive than the wild one, and is eminently desirable; very good for table use, and for all cooking purposes, for jellies, tarts, pies, for drying—in sort, for all the numerous purposes for which a housekeeper buys berries, this is unequaled. More of them could be sold in the market than could be sold of strawberries. It is a very handsome dish, no hulls to be picked out, no dirt to be washed off, and they have thus far brought a higher price than strawberries. Mr. H. considered it eminently profitable and worthy the attention of all fruit growers. Should be planted in rows six or eight feet apart, (eight feet apart is best,) and the bushes three feet apart in the rows. First year do all the cultivation with a horse cultivator. The following spring tie the plants to a trellis or to a stake. The canes of the second year make a growth of five or six or seven feet high, sometimes even eight or nine feet, but they ought in that case to be headed off at six feet high. To support these, form a wire trellis about four feet high.

BENJ FISH thought there was no necessity of the trellis spoken of by Mr. HOOKER. Grow good strong canes, and in the spring these should be cut back to a point where they are stiff and will bear the weight of the fruit without support.

B. HODGE had some experience in the cultivation of the Black Cap Raspberry and was satisfied that it is one of the best of the small fruits The danger in cultivation was in their liability to get the plants too thick. Thought with Mr. HOOKER that rows eight feet apart and plants three feet apart in the row was best. Would caution cultivators against a certain portion of the plants which are barren. These can be very easily distinguished by an eye well versed in the matter, and they must be rooted out. After the fruit has been gathered in the autumn the old cane should be cut out and it then gives a chance for the new plants to come up from the crown of the old. Agreed with Mr. HOOKER that the trellis was the best plan for cultivating them. There seems to be a sad want of attention to this plant. The Chicago market has been supplied from Cincinnati and Kentucky, and we had even brought them to Buffalo from Cincinnati at $4.00 per bushel. In my estimation it is a very desirable fruit indeed, and immediately follows the strawberry.

Col. E. C. FROST had cultivated the *Yellow Cap Raspberry* for the last ten years, and thinks that it grows stronger and is really more productive than the *Black Cap*, and that the fruit is better flavored.

BLACKBERRIES—VALUE AND CULTURE.

The New Rochelle and other blackberries—what are their value, and the best methods of pruning?

Mr. BARRY, being called upon, said the Blackberry was easy of culture, productive, and needs a good soil to produce fine fruit, the richer the better. The *New Rochelle* were good when fully ripe, but preferred the Dorchester for quality, though it was less productive.

S. H AINSWORTH said Mr. MINER, of Honeoye Falls, had grown a seedling trailing Blackberry from seed, which was large, productive and of excellent quality. In fact, he had two seedlings of about equal quality, and of the same character, one about ten days earlier than the other. Had been acquainted with this fruit for three years.—It is like our wild trailing blackberries, but a vast improvement, and much sweeter than either New Rochelle or Dorchester. Perhaps it was not quite as productive as the former. Berries three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and an inch and a quarter, or more, in length. One of the varieties was apt to form a few imperfect berries, and this was the only drawback.

Mr. MINER, being present, was called upon for facts in regard to his seedling blackberries. He said the flavor was excellent, better than New Rochelle or Dorchester. Thought quite as productive as the former. Had two sorts which he considered good, one ten days earlier; the early variety always had perfect berries; on the late sort a few berries would not be perfect. Had raised thousands of seedling blackberries, from the Michigan running Blackberry, but obtained only these two that he considered worthy of cultivation.—Planted three feet apart one way and eight the other. Had them in cultivation six years. Will produce at the rate of fifty bushels to the acre.—They make a large growth, some running twenty feet, and always ten or twelve. Cut them back to about six feet and wind to stakes and fasten. The fruit in this way is on the outside, where it can be easily picked. The new wood is allowed to trail on the ground. Propagated from the tips of the branches, the same as the Black Raspberry. Never knew an inch of the wood to be killed by the winter.

CURRANTS—BEST VARIETIES AND CULTURE.

What are the best methods of cultivation, and which are the best varieties of the currant for cultivation?

Mr. BARRY's opinion being asked in regard to Currants, said he had nothing to offer particularly new or instructive. The Currant needed plenty of manure and shortening one-third, or thereabouts, of the bearing branches. The *White Grape* and *Victoria* he considered the best currants. The *Versaillaise* is said to be as large as *Cherry*, and of better quality. The *Cherry* is large, quite acid, but is not a shy bearer, as it has been called sometimes, if properly treated.

H. E. HOOKER thought for market purposes the Cherry was the best currant; its fine size and appearance make it sell well. It is the most popular variety with the growers around New York.

Mr. AINSWORTH found the *Cherry* Currant very productive, far superior in this respect to *White Grape* or *Victoria*. It also hangs on the bushes a long time after ripening.

The best Black Currant for cultivation was inquired for, when Mr. BARRY said there was little difference between the *Black English* and *Black Naples*, and Mr. HOOKER thought the *Black Naples* the most productive.

At about 10 o'clock, P. M., after voting that the Annual Meeting should be held in Rochester, the Society adjourned. Next week we will notice the fruits on exhibition.

PRESERVING FLOWERS.—Is there any method of preserving flowers, after cutting them, by waxing the stems, or otherwise, so that they will last during the winter, or longer, retaining color, &c., &c.,—take, for instance, the Asters? Can they be preserved? Please answer through next RURAL.—A. E. T. *Tonawanda, Erie Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

WE know of no way of preserving Asters or similar flowers. Waxing the stems does no good. The Amaranths, Ammobium, and other everlasting flowers, are the things for winter boquets.

CATERPILLARS IN WINTER.

MESSRS. EDS.:—During the latter part of the month of January last, while moving hay, (Clover and Timothy,) from a stack, and which had been cut and cured the previous summer from the grounds of a young bearing orchard, the entire bottom of the stack, which rested upon loose boards thrown upon the ground, and consisted of a stratum of about two feet in thickness from the ground was found to be literally alive with *Caterpillars*. They were not the product of an accidental nest or two, but as numerously interspersed through the compact mass as the clover and grass-heads themselves. In size, about an inch long and apparently having been hatched and at work a considerable length of time, and most of them being enveloped, or partially so; in their web fastened to the spears of hay and resembling in appearance, myraids of spiders nests. The blades of clover and grass were eaten to shreds, even where seemingly most solid and compact, and their excrement was so plentiful as to resemble, when sifted upon the snow, quantities of coarse gunpowder.

I should account for the phenomena of their singular position, by the eggs having been deposited on the standing grass by insects from the trees, though great care has always been exercised to prevent their getting even a foothold in said orchard, and for their premature hatching, by heat and moisture (proceeding from a layering of damp spoiled hay thrown down for a bottom to the stack,) extending upward through the mass above, about as far as the insects were found, as is evident from its partial discoloration and somewhat musty condition. Whether or not their operations were for the most part carried out before the commencement of winter, which was hardly of sufficient severity to interfere with their operations in so snug a habitation, I am unable to determine, most of them having the appearance of being in a rather quiescent state, but not all. Some were encased in web, others at liberty and full of life and activity. To all appearance, they had, at least, been put to but little inconvenience by coming into existence under circumstances so unpropitious and unlike their natural habits and requirements, of air, sunshine and locomotion.

Syracuse, N. Y., 1859. A. L. PRATT.

APPLES.—Everywhere a failure. The apple disease is as fatal and wide spread as the potato disease in its fullest vigor. Everywhere trees are dying—the leaves turn yellow, the twigs dry up, the fruit drops off, or, if it hangs on till mature it is gnarly and only half size, very often wormy Fine apples, of full size, smooth skins, and good flavor, are the exception, not the rule, in all the region that sends fruit to this city.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

REMARKS.—This will sound very strange to many of our readers in this section of Western New York, where apples were never more abundant, and never more free from blight and insects of every kind. Apples, however, are almost or an entire failure in many parts of the country, and those who have a good crop of fall and winter fruit will be able to sell them at a good price. *Fall Pippins, Twenty Ounce, &c*, are now bought here by dealers at $1,50 per barrel, which is quite to low. Apples that will keep should not be sold at this price. The story that "*everywhere trees are dying—the leaves turn yellow, the twigs dry up,*" *&c.*, sounds a good deal like romance—we don't believe it.

COLORING RECIPES—KEEPING TOMATOES.

EDS. RURAL:—Being much pleased in reading the many recipes in your valuable paper, I will contribute my mite, as I think that I have a cheaper, easier, and more permanent recipe for dying Orange than the one that you published. I would be pleased to have some one give me through the RURAL, a recipe in full for dying a bright, permanent red on cotton, as rag carpets are all the fashion these hard times.

TO COLOR ORANGE.—Take one ounce of annatto, and two ounces of copperas. Put them both into weak lye. When they are dissolved, put in about two pounds of cotton cloth, and let it stand in an iron kettle on the stove, where it will be hot, a day or two.

TO COLOR BLUE ON COTTON.—One ounce of extract of logwood; 1 oz. of verdigris; ½ oz. of alum to 3 lbs. of yarn—boil all an hour and a half, then boil all same length of time in strong soap suds.

A GOOD WAY TO KEEP RIPE TOMATOES.—Pick ripe tomatoes and put them in a barrel in a cold cellar or ice-house, then cover them with water, putting a teacupful of good salt to a pailful of water. Put a board and weight over them to keep them under. Serve them as fresh from the vine. Should they be too salt to suit your taste, soak them in cold water several days, after pricking them with a fork.—R. A. B.

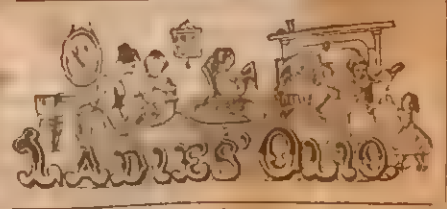
APPLE CUSTARD, CAKES, &c.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Having read and tried some of the excellent recipes that have been published in the RURAL, I thought I might send a few that are good.

SUGAR CAKES.—One and one-half cups sugar; 1 egg; ¼ cup butter; ¼ cup sweet milk; 2 teaspoons cream tartar; 1 do. soda, and flour enough to roll thin—bake on tins.

APPLE CUSTARD.—Pare and quarter a quart basin full of sour apples, stew and mash fine, then add one teacup coffee sugar; the whites of 6 eggs, beaten to a stiff froth; flavor to the taste; beat all together and serve with sweetened cream.

Will some RURAL reader please send a recipe for keeping hams and shoulders after they are smoked, and oblige—C. I. S., *Mill Creek, Erie Co., Pa.*



LITTLE ROSE.

Sun comes with fairy footsteps—
  Softly their echoes fall;
And her shadow plays like a summer shade
  Across the garden wall;
The golden light is dancing bright,
  'Mid the mazes of her hair,
And her fair young locks are waving free
  To the wooing of the air.

Like a sportful fawn she boundeth
  So gleefully along;
As a wild, young bird she caroleth
  The burden of a song;
The summer flowers are clustering thick
  Around her dancing feet,
And on her cheek the summer breeze
  Is breathing soft and sweet.

The very sunbeam seems to linger
  Above that holy head,
And the wild-flowers, at her coming,
  Their richest fragrance shed.
And oh, how lovely, light and fragrance
  Mingle in the life within!
Oh! how fondly do they nestle
  Round the soul that knows no sin.

She comes, the spirit of childhood—
  A thing of mortal birth;
Yet bearing still the breath of heaven
  To redeem her from the earth;
She comes in bright-robed innocence,
  Unsoiled by blot or blight,
And passeth by our wayward path,
  A gleam of angel light.

Oh! blessed things are children!
  The gifts of heavenly love—
They stand betwixt our world-hearts,
  And better things above;
They link us with the spirit-world
  By purity and truth,
And keep our hearts still fresh and young
  With the presence of their youth.

[Blackwood's Magazine.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALLIE DAYTON.

Mrs. Dayton detested children, so she said,—so, too, said her actions, and every little one in the neighborhood wondered if *she* was ever a child, and, if so, they wondered if she used to hate herself as bad as she now did them! Mrs. Dayton boasted that she never had her nicest plums and peaches stolen by the little urchins as they came from school—no, not she—and as to the children—why, they had not the least doubt but that she would "cut their ears off," if they dared to come near the house, for she had told them that she would, and they believed her fully capable of performing the act. Mrs. Dayton said it was owing to her "good government" that they did not trouble her as they did the other neighbors—well, perhaps it was!

Mr. Dayton was a mild, peaceable sort of a man, who believed in Woman's Rights because he was *afraid* to believe any other way, and always allowed his wife to do just as she chose to, because, forsooth, it so happened that he couldn't help himself. Poor Mr. Dayton! Many a night did he go to his dreary home tired and weary, and found there no balm for his troubled heart, and naught to give his spirit cheer, and instead of a kind welcome from his wife, he was greeted with harsh words and useless complaints. Poor man!

Two years passed away, and now the cottage walls resounded with the merry voice of childhood. Every one wondered at the oddity of Dame Nature in fashioning such a dainty little figure as Allie Dayton, and then setting her down in the little red cottage of the shoemaker. True, it was strange, but how wise, for she came like an angel messenger into that home, wiping out all the evil there.

She was indeed as beautiful a flower as ever bloomed this side of Paradise, with flaxen curls, deep blue eyes, a forehead as fair as the pure lilies that blossomed beside the cottage door. Her lips were cherry-red, and cheeks rich with the hue of the rose. Her spirit was like the snow-flake, chaste and pure—and thus she played in that old cottage, softening the harsh nature of Dame Dayton, and shedding abroad the light in the dark places of her father's heart. More beautiful she grew, and yet more beautiful, and the village people opened wide their eyes in amazement to think that this could be the child of Mrs. Dayton, and many shook their heads gravely as they pointed to the blue veins in the clear forehead, and whispered of a "mound in the graveyard!"

She grew to be an idol in that cottage, worshiped even above Him who made her and placed her there. Often when her mother's face was pale and distorted with passion, little Allie, the household angel, would climb upon her lap, and with her little soft hand would smooth the wrinkled forehead, and say,—"God will be angry with mama," though where she learned that holy name I know not, unless 'twas from the lips of her father. 'Twas wonderful what a change came over that household when Allie entered it. It softened the mother's nature, and made her ashamed of her harshness—made her more womanly and gentle, and made her love her husband more. And the *father*—O! the sunshine soon chased the shadows from his heart, and he loved his home more and more after baby Allie came to cheer it.

Thus the days and months passed on, and the cottage was re-built, and flowers were planted before the door, and neat green blinds adorned the windows; the curtains were looped back with blue ribbons, and a bright, new carpet covered the parlor floor, and in fact you would hardly say it was the "Dayton Cottage," for the old folks said "we must make Allie's home pleasant." Gentle Allie. They saw not the shadow that was even then trailing along the landscape—knew not of the angel that was even then watching and waiting beside the cottage door! One bright morning Allie's voice was not heard in the house, save as it moaned painfully, and the patter of tiny feet was missed on the stairs. Allie was ill, and ere the noon-day shadows rested on the door-sill, the angel had borne her to Heaven—had snatched the pure flower from that cottage home, and left the hearth desolate. O! there were sad hearts that wept above her tiny form, and as they turned away from that little mound in the churchyard, the father and mother almost longed to rest there too. 'Twas sad to watch their grief and suffering when they laid her away in the ground, and when they had reached their desolate home the humbled wife said, as she smoothed the grey locks of her husband, "she was only lent us for a little while, to purify our hearts and make us better, and now let us be happy in each other, for, though we may not forget our Allie, we may live to meet her in Heaven!"

Years have passed. The cottage still stands, but the inmates are not the same that they were years ago. Allie's father and mother rest side by side in the churchyard—they have gone to meet their child in the Garden of God.

Brighton, N. Y., 1859. Nettie Nettle.

THE RIGHT TRAINING OF WOMEN.

The *Church of England Review* has an article on Female Education, from which we take the following:

Much remains to be done in winnowing out of peoples' mind ridiculous ideas of a certain purely fastidious style of living, without which it is impossible to keep house. There are plenty of young men who have yet to unlearn the foppery of expenses disproportioned to their means, and the sordidness of luxuries which feed not self-respect, but gluttony and pride. The possibility must be secured to daughters and young sisters growing up to be rational, appreciative companions; girls who, if they ever marry, will choose and value their husband for what he is, and be interested in his calling and his opportunities for observation; women who will estimate the grave and sweet realities of wife and motherhood beyond any accident of precedence or superfluity. By dismissing false and foolish notions of respectability, by refusing the cheap fascinations of a paltry education of display, by discountenancing restraints misdirected or too rigorous, by cultivating an intelligent and unassuming mode of intercourse, by a careful foresight in assisting young people to prepare themselves for the exertion and cost of one day being the centre of a peaceful, hospitable home; in these and other ways much may be done to remove obstructions to that gradual acquaintance, and that unaffected respect and attachment which lead on to happy marriage.

In the meantime it may be well to think, with not only the sympathy, but the veneration they deserve, of among those who will never marry; to assist in multiplying the too few occupations suitable to women, or open to them; above all, not to preach by implication or otherwise, that a woman's life need ever be dwarfed to a negation, consumed miserably away by causes absolutely out of her control. There are women strong enough to keep their womanly dignity and sweetness, and to organize around them the moral elements, at all events, of an independent existence. They whose steps are feeble need the more to be helped, rather than hindered in the struggle with their fainter and more yielding self. If they fail here, is it all certain that in wedded life their lot would have been auspicious? Alas! how many a faltering will has been bent and "given" beneath sanguine, unfulfilled resolutions, to reclaim and humanize the husband, who has pulled the wife down to his mean wretched level. Marriage is not lottery; but it is mere willful blindness to forget that in all its higher aspects, it may be wofully inverted or appallingly debased. Not all the grand provisions of tender ties and gracious instincts which surround one of the greatest of Divine ordinances, will make people pure or happy who insist on being peevish or frivolous, or worldly, sensual and devilish.

Wedded life is a great and holy mystery, and a source of power for good, often far beyond estimation; but unless there be at least one soul filled with unselfish love, and strong in an unflagging faith, the formal union of two persons is no guarantee whatever for a will ennobled, or affections enlarged and cleansed. And the faith which so works by love can make a sunshine in a shady place, without an infant's or a husband's eye to look into. The harmonies of a developed and transfigured womanhood, have been set many a time to other music than that of wedding bells. She who is enthroned never, under any roof, in a mother's holy sovereignty, may earn the right in many a house of compelling every soul to love her. She will create or find an atmosphere in which to keep, unwithered, and it full pulsation, "the heart out of which are the issues of life." Her hands will redeem the time, and her brain not be idle. Living singly, yet not solitary, when she dies it will not be till, "smote" by many a touch of gratitude and cheerful, reverential sympathy, "the cord of self has, trembling, passed in music out of sight."

WOMEN AND PICTURES.

If, indeed, women were mere outside form and face only, and if *mind* made up no part of her composition, it would follow that a ball-room was quite as appropriate a place for choosing a wife as an exhibition-room for choosing a picture. But, inasmuch as women are not mere portraits, their value not being determinable by a glance of the eye, it follows that a different mode of appreciating their value, and a different place for viewing them, antecedent to their being individually selected, is desirable. The two cases differ also in this, that if a man select a picture for himself from among all its exhibited competitors, and bring it his own house, the picture being passive, he is able to *fix* it there; while the wife, picked up at a public place and accustomed to incessant display, will not, it is probable, when brought home, stick so quietly to the spot where he fixes her, but will escape to the exhibition-room again, and continue to be displayed at every subsequent exhibition, just as if she were not become private property, and had never been definitely disposed of.—*Hannah More.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A WINTER THOUGHT.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

Evening fell cloudy and drear,
  And the wild November wind
Howled deep in the forest near
  Like some fierce demon confined.

And silently through the night,
  On the hills and vales below,
Drifted, serenely and white,
  The fair and beautiful snow.

It seemed the bridal of Autumn,
  And Winter, the bride-groom hale,
Over the trembling maiden,
  Threw softly the wedding veil.

Or, rather, to me it seemed,
  As earth lay shrinking and bare,
Robbed of her vesture of leaves,
  And pierced by the sharpened air;

That, even as Charity
  Covereth the sins of all,
Some pitying angel stooped
  And let his pure mantle fall.

Dedham, Mass., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HOPE AMID DECAY.

To say that decay is engraven on all below, is to repeat a truth which is indelibly written on the tablet of every heart. From the cradle to the grave, the experience of man has been regret and disappointment. Too soon the smiling infant weeps o'er its broken toys,—the youth is called to mourn for friends stricken from his side are the departed hopes of his childhood's days are buried from his memory. The noble breast of manhood heaves with deeper sighs, for that period, also,—is the victim of sure decay, and old age bows in sorrow, when the summer of his life past, and his harvest is not gathered in. It is truly wise

> To seize the moments as they fly,—
> Bright gems, which careless men pass lightly by.

Ere care has lured the feet of childhood from their sunny track, or vice led captive the pure heart of youth, decay has marked them for his own. He scruples not to pluck the bride from the altar, or the miser from his gold, while the crown of glory that the conqueror wears, or a hoary wreath from the brow of age, rest alike upon his laureled head. The drooping lily and the towering oak bend beneath its fitful blasts, and the works of man crumble to the dust. Gentle spring greets us in her emerald mantle, and summer follows in her train. Gladness fills the earth, and beauty crowns the pinnacle of Nature; but alas!—mourning and sighing are heard in the valleys, and wailing on the hill-tops. Sad Autumn is the messenger of woe:

> "Lady Summer fair and cold,
> Pale and dead is lying."

Withered flowers and falling leaves follow her to the grave; and the snows of Winter cover her resting place.

Decay is stamped on every page of history, and oblivion marks the records of antiquity. Where is Rome,—proud Rome, whose queenly form rose majestically above the nations of the earth?—Where is Sparta, with her wise law-givers and her noble sons? Athens, the loved home of philosophy and art—her ancient glory has departed, and wisdom has found an asylum in other lands.

It is night, and the calm, beautiful stars come out one by one, until myriads of shining orbs gem the vaulted arch of heaven. We behold, and are filled with admiration, with wonder and with awe. As we turn from the saddening details of this earth-life of a day, to the contemplation of these stupendous monuments of nature, what wonder, that to us, *imperishable* beauty veils the skies, where Divinity has left His impress on every twinkling star. Like sinless angels clothed in garments of unsullied purity they ministered to our fettered spirits until an undefinable longing to be freed from the prison house of clay, to soar through the regions of space, till arrived at the "shores of heaven" we should cross

> "Creation's last boundary stone,"

and be ushered into the presence of Deity, to behold the consummation of Infinity, to fathom the mysteries of Eternity. To appearance, they change not as they move on in their allotted course, age after age, but we have every reason to believe, that there, also, Decay is busy at his work of desolation.

But have we yet marked the boundaries of his wide domain? To the great and glorious mind is reserved the end and consummation of decay. Here, the aspirations of this universal tyrant must cease. There is nothing greater but Deity Himself. Since the fall of man, the history of mind has been a struggle, successful or unsuccessful, against the tendency of this part, immortal though ever dying, to degenerate in purity and fitness to be called the likeness of its Maker. Here, Decay, alone, has his perfect work. In the material world, it is but a change, for annihilation is the only weapon which the conqueror cannot yield.

Hope pervades all nature. Winter, white and barren, gives place to the vigor and freshness of vernal bloom. The lovely hues of Summer are matured in the fruitful Autumn and repose again until the resurrection morning of the year, when, at the voice of the angel zephyr, and the touch of the faithful sunbeam, they shall spring again into new-robed life, sublime in its simplicity and almost holy in its purity.

The spheres shall be destroyed and the elements dissolved, but there shall be "a new heavens and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness." The lost soul is the only work which the finger of God shall not re-touch with more than its created glory. The mind, in pursuing the path of progress marked out by its architect, rises in towering magnificence above every monument of Nature. "The righteous hath hope in his death."—In the vision of Mirza, what was the passing of the broken archway, and the inevitable descent into the dark waters below, when the mist was lifted, and his eyes beheld the beautiful islands on the bosom of yonder ocean. So, what is death, when afterward is the more enduring life, the grand, the mighty, the inconceivable greatness of the soul to be revealed? Untrammeled with the littleness, the darkness, the obscurity of matter, spirit communes with spirit, and takes its flight, for the never-to-be-reached infinitude of Divine wisdom. Surely, we have reason to hope amid decay.

> "Of the night comes starry splendor;
> Of sorrow, faith is born:
> And on the steps of midnight
> Treads close, the rosy morn."

Pittard, N. Y., 1859. Jane E. H.

THE ART OF NOT HEARING.

The art of not hearing should be taught in every well-regulated family. It is full as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much money and time are expended. There are so many things which it is painful to hear—many which we ought not to hear, very many which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty, detract from contentment and happiness; that every one should be educated to take in or shut out sounds, according to their pleasure.

If a man falls into a violent passion, and calls me all manner of names, the first word shuts my ears, and I hear no more. If, in my quiet voyage of life, I find myself caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, I shut my ears, as a sailor would furl his sails, and making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to inflame my feelings, I consider what mischief these fiery sparks may do in the magazine below, where my temper is kept, and instantly shut the door.

Does a gadding, mischief-making fellow begin to inform me what people are saying about me, down drops the portcullis of my ear, and he cannot get in any further. Does the collector of a neighborhood's scandal ask my ear as a warehouse, it instinctively shuts up. Some people seem anxious to hear everything that will vex and annoy them. If it is hinted that any one has spoken evil of them, they set about searching the matter, and finding out. If all the petty things said of one by heedless or ill-natured idlers were to be brought home to him, he would become a mere walking pincushion, stuck full of sharp remarks. I should as soon think of thanking a man for emptying upon my bed a bushel of nettles, or setting loose a swarm of ants in my chamber, or raising a pungent dust in my house generally, as for bringing in upon me all the tattle of careless or spiteful people. If you would be happy, when among good men, open your ears; when among bad, shut them. And as the throat has a muscular arrangement by which it takes care of the air passages of its own accord, so the ears should be trained to an automatic dullness of hearing! It is not worth while to hear what your servants say when they are angry; what your children say after they have slammed the door; what your neighbors say about your children; what your rivals say about your business, your dress, or your affairs.

The art of *not hearing*, though untaught in the schools, is by no means unknown, or unpracticed in society. I have noticed that a well-bred woman never hears an impertinent or a vulgar remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults, from much blame, from not a little apparent connivance in dishonorable conversation.—*Selected.*

CHARACTER AND REPUTATION.

I will draw a distinction between character and reputation, which are not synonymous. A man's character is the reality of himself; his reputation, the opinion others have formed about him; character resides in him, reputation in other people; that is the substance, this is the shadow; they are sometimes greater or less. If a man be able to achieve things beyond his time, his reputation will be different from his character. He who seeks reputation must not be beyond the times he lives in. It is important to men beginning life to know which they want—character or reputation. To build a character is a work of time; as ships are built on one element and used in another, so character is formed in youth and home for after life. Reputation is easily got; it is generally charlatanism, taking many forms—as that of the patriot, a tribe numerous as mosquitoes, who like them, lean and hungry, suck all the blood they can, but make none—who live on suction. In a man, as in a ship, the material must exist originally; a man naturally mean may be improved, but never will be a noble man. Reputation may be made for a man; character must be made by him, with labor and time, and it cannot be taken away. The antagonism between the two is not so great as the disproportion. Thus, a man, if wise, will be content to be considered wiser; he is like a shadow three times in size; like a bank that issues three paper dollars for every one in specie they have; if worth a quarter he likes to be called worth half a million, until the assessor brings him to his senses. He will disclaim "popularity," but claim the same thing under the name of "influence;" but it is what God made a man and he makes of himself which determines his influence; the weights never ask a favor of the scales; a thousand pounds will weigh down five hundred by their natural force. So he speaks of "prudence." Prudence is coincident with rectitude, and there have been men against the grain of life all their days, who yet were most prudent men. He substitutes love of approbation for love of truth. Thousands lose their characters to save their reputation.—*Selected.*

Each day brings its own duties, and carries them along with it; and they are as waves broken on the shore, many like them coming after, but none ever the same.—*Fruits of Leisure.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HUNGERING STILL.

Source of all comfort here below,
  My heart goes out still after thee—
Hungering, thirsting, I would know
  Thy righteous will concerning me.

I would be Thine, asleep, awake,
  And not repine whate'er Thy will;
But meek, submissive, learn to take
  The cup, and drink, and bless Thee still.

And as my one desire is this,
  O, Lord, reveal that will entire,
And fill the heart that longs for bliss
  With rapture as it rises higher.

Wilson, N. Y., 1859. K.

THE TWO IDEAS.

The two ideas, reduced to their simplest forms, may be expressed in a word—*Self-love of Christian love.* We take all the forms in which men love the world, with the objects which they pursue, and the motives which animate them, and they are all resolved into one idea—that of self. Power, learning, fame, wealth and influence—in the palace, and in the hamlet—in halls of legislation, or in the humblest walks of life, in a kaleidoscopic change, and a constant transmigration of circumstances, are only manifestations of the selfish principle, when not accompanied by a spiritual life. This self-love is the most insidious and deluisve of all the evil tendencies of the corrupt moral nature, and is the last and hardest to be removed. It lies deep in the human heart, with its roots so closely entwined with every fibre, that it requires nothing less than the miraculous work of a spiritual new birth to eradicate it. What is true of the individual is true of the world. The great carnal principle of selfishness, and the attachments of the earthly and material, must all be broken up before the world can be regenerated.

On the other hand, the Christian's great purpose is to live out of and beyond himself. He becomes elevated by the very nature of his new impulse; and he moves on a higher plane in the duties of his daily life.

So will it be when the world shall be brought to the point where it will undergo the moral transformation which is to come. The work will not be accomplished by a transition like that of darkness into the daylight and the noontide. Sunbeams do not tear up the giant oaks of a hundred years, nor melt down pyramids, nor dissipate the debris of a mighty flood. The old institutions of despotism, hoary with age, and moss-covered by time, will not be removed by songs or smiles. The grasp of power, so firmly held by men, will not be relaxed by fancies or by rainbows. The mercenary pursuits of men who know no motive but self-aggrandizement, will not be relinquished without a struggle. Kingcraft, priestcraft, and moneycraft, of whatever name and degree, will resist the forces which are now working to remove them; and the world will become the battle field for the contest between the spirit of selfishness and the spirit of Christ. Men may pray, "Thy Kingdom come!" But we sometimes think that were that kingdom to come, in answer to our prayers, we should not be prepared to receive it, because of the violence with which it would uproot selfish and material interests.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Dark Hours.—There are dark hours that mark the history of the brightest years. For not a whole month in many of the millions of the past, perhaps, has the sun shone brilliantly all the time. There have been cold and stormy days every year. And yet the mist and shadows of the darkest hour disappeared and fled heedlessly. The most cruel ice fetters have been broken and dissolved, and the most furious storm loses its power to harm. And what a parable is this in human life—of our inside world, where the heart works at its shadowing of the dark hour, and many a cold blast chills the heart to its core. But what matters it? Man is born a hero, and it is only in the darkness and storms that heroism gains its greatest and its best development, and the storm bears it on more rapidly to its destiny. Despair not, then. Neither give up; while one good power is yours, use it.—Disappointment will not be realized. Mortifying failure may attend this effort and that one—but only be honest and struggle on, and it will work well.

Sound Doctrine and Good Counsel.—A theological critic says:—"Religion is not the straight-jacket system of the Pharisee, nor the semi-sensualism of the Liberalist, but denying ourselves of all ungodliness and worldly lusts, and living righteously, soberly and godly," "rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation"—the sweetest and most precious enjoyments of all religion being the results of tribulation, and the fruits of self denial.

Learn in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside but inside. A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness; no riches and no circumstances alone can ever do it. Alexander conquered all the world, and then, far from being happy, wept because there were no more worlds to conquer.

The Sabbath is like unto the great oasis, the little grassy meadow in the wilderness, where, after the week day's journey, the pilgrim halts for refreshment and repose; where he rests beneath the shade of the lofty palm-tree, and dips his vessel in the waters of the calm, clear stream, and recovers his strength to go forth again upon his pilgrimage in the desert, with renewed vigor and cheerfulness.

The Holy City.—If we saw our Father's house and that great and fair city, the New Jerusalem, which is up above sun and moon, we would cry to be over the water, and to be carried in Christ's arms out of this borrowed prison.—*Rutherford.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PERSEVERANCE.

Nothing valuable is to be gained without labor and patience, and a few faint efforts after intellectual culture, never rendered him who put them forth either learned or great. There have been but few who did not, in childhood or youth, possess ardent aspirations for learning, and picture to themselves the great things that they were to accomplish in after-life. But how few carry out their plans. The failure is often owing to the want of perseverance. They become discouraged at the difficulties that they have to contend with, and give up the task they have undertaken. There are difficulties in the way of the accomplishment of any noble object, and the greatest natural endowments do not free the possessor from the necessity of persevering toil if he would become truly learned. There are those who profess to make men learned, (at least in some branches of literature,) in an easier method than any with which our fathers were acquainted; but it may be doubted whether any person has ever yet found his way into the temple of knowledge by walking in the path which those individuals have marked out. He must have a wonderful intellect who can acquire a knowledge of Spanish or German in twelve lessons; and yet certain professors would be happy to inculcate such ideas with the masses. If we would lay up a store of valuable knowledge, we must devote much time to its acquisition.

How much encouragement there is for persevering effort. Perseverance has enabled others to surmount great obstacles. Sir Isaac Newton, in childhood, was thought uncommonly dull, and he ascribed the greatness of his attainments and discoveries in after-life, more to his perseverance than to the natural superiority of his mind. Dr. Adam Clarke's childhood was very far from being characterized by any remarkable display of aptness at gaining knowledge; yet his perseverance placed him among the most learned men of his age. Who has not heard of Demosthenes being hissed from the stage when he first attempted to address the people. Three times was it repeated before they would listen to him, yet his perseverance rendered him the greatest orator that Greece ever produced. It was not until after long years of training, that Cicero won classic fame. Even those who are the favorites of the masses, have often been indebted, in no small degree, to this peculiarity of character for the position they occupy. Goldsmith had his "Traveler" on hand for nine years, and his "Deserted Village" six or seven years. Moore often labored upon a song for two or three weeks before he deemed it finished.

Reader, the Hill of Science is before you. There you gather the richest fruits, if you will only toil up the rugged steeps on which they grow; but it is vain for you to dream of plucking them, without persevering labor. You will never gain the fruits by wishing them within your grasp. You must clamber up if you would get them, and the reward is worth the labor. When you have once gained the victory, you will be fitted to be more useful than you could otherwise be, and the possession of knowledge will open to you sources of happiness that are unknown to uncultivated minds.

Oak Creek, Wis., 1859. S. L. Leonard.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SELF-EDUCATION.

Education may be called a knowledge of facts, be they mental, physical or spiritual, which have been collected, one time or another, in different ways, for the supposed benefit of the person or persons acquiring the same. Mind is the fundamental principle upon which all this superstructure of knowledge is to be based, and that it is dependent upon *self* to what extent these facts are to be accumulated and received, we will briefly endeavor to show.

Let us first consider mind itself, which works by reception, retention and reflection. Under the last, (reflection,) we will include instinct and intuitive perception. Not that instinct is reason, but it partakes of so much of it that it is difficult, if not impossible, to draw the true line of distinction unless it is to be admitted that beasts, birds and insects, along with man, are imbued with at least the elements of reason. And intuitive perception is, in reality, a higher method of reasoning than the common one—or by a combination of *principles* instead of *ideas*—Webster's opinion to the contrary, notwithstanding.

In the reception of knowledge the mind opens, as it were, to take inwardly what has been grasped by perception, outwardly. Memory *retains* this knowledge, and then comes reflection, a bending back of the mind abstractedly, or, through comparison, upon itself, or facts within and *known*, for the production of other facts or knowledge which yet remains *unknown*.

But viewing these ideas in any way, or in whatever manner one may choose, and applying them, or any part of them, to man,—even to beasts birds, insects, individually or collectively—they are governed more or less by *will*, and are sometimes strenuously and powerfully influenced by it; and are inherent in the individual be it who or what it may. Knowledge can not be crowded upon the mind until permission of the will has been secured, and as soon as that has been done there is no coercion about it, for the mind then receives the knowledge independently of its own accord. The will may lie quiet and dormant, or it may be forcibly exerted; may be careless and indifferent, or on the alert and engaged in immediate action; may be irresolute and fickle, or determined and steady; and it is still part and parcel of the individual, and door-keeper of knowledge and education.

Knowledge may by gathered by actual observation, or by reading and adopting the opinions and ideas of others. It may be found in doors, or out-doors; in private, or public; at home, or abroad; in the common school, in the college, or in the great school of life's experience—the world at large—and it is immaterial whether by one or more, any or all, of these ways, means and influences combined, it is, in fact, still dependent upon *self*. And for these reasons, and these alone, it seems we may rest assured that, in the abstract, *all* education is no more and no less than *self-education*.

S. L. W.

SCHOOL-ROOM ETIQUETTE.

Manners re-act upon the mind that produces them, just as they themselves are re-acted upon by the dress in which they appear. It used to be a saying among the old-school gentlemen and ladies that a courtly bow could not be made without a handsome stocking and slipper. Then there is a connection more sacred still between the manners and affections. They act magically upon the springs of feelings. They teach us love and hate, indifference and zeal. They are the ever-present sculpture-gallery. The spinal cord is a telegraphic wire of a hundred ends. But whoever imagines legitimate manners can be taken up and laid aside, put on and off, for the moment, has missed their deepest law. Doubtless there are artificial manners, but only in artificial persons. A French dancing-master, a Monsieur Turveydrop, can manufacture a deportment for you, and you can wear it, but not till your mind has condescended to the Turveydrop level, and then the deportment only faithfully illustrates the character again.

A noble and attractive every-day bearing comes of goodness, of sincerity, of refinement, and these are bred in years, not moments. The principle that rules your life is the true posture-master. Sir Philip Sidney was the pattern to all England of a perfect gentleman, but then he was the hero that, on the field of Zutphen, pushed away the cup of cold water from his own fevered and parched lips, and held it out to the dying soldier at his side. If lofty sentiments habitually make their home in the heart, they will beget, not perhaps, a factitious and finical drawing-room etiquette, but the breeding of a genuine and more royal gentility, to which no simple, no *young* heart will refuse its homage. Children are not educated till they catch the charm that makes a gentleman or lady. A coarse and slovenly teacher, a vulgar and boorish presence, munching apples or chestnuts at a recitation like a squirrel, pocketing his hands like a mummy, projecting his heels nearer the firmament than his skull, like a circus clown, and dispensing American saliva like a member of Congress, inflicts a wrong upon the school-room, for which no scientific attainments are an offset. An educator that despises the resources hid in his personal carriage, deserves, on the principles of Swedenborg's retribution, *similia similibus* to be passed through a pandemonium of Congressional bullying.—*Rev. F. T. Huntington.*

THE TEACHING OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

If the term education may be understood in so large a sense as to include all that belongs to the improvement of the mind, either by the acquisition of the knowledge of others or by increase of it through his own exertions, we learn by these results what is the kind of education science offers to man. It teaches us to be *neglectful* of nothing; not to despise the small beginnings, for they precede of necessity all great things in the knowledge of science, either pure or applied. It teaches a continual comparison of the *small and great*, and that under differences almost approaching the infinite—for the small as often contains the great in principle as the great does the small; and thus the mind becomes comprehensive. It teaches to deduce principles carefully, to hold them firmly, or to suspend the judgment—to discover and obey *law*, and by it to be bold in applying to the greatest what we know of the smallest. It teaches us first by tutors and books to learn that which is already known to others, and then by the light and methods which belong to science, to learn for ourselves and for others—so making a fruitful return to man in the future for that which we have obtained from the men of the past. Bacon, in his instruction, tells us that the scientific student ought not to be as the ant who gathers merely, nor as the spider who spins from her own bowels, but rather as the bee who both gathers and produces.—*Prof. Faraday.*

I was Once Young.—It is an excellent thing for all who are engaged in giving instruction to young people, frequently to call to mind what they were themselves when young. This practice is one which is most likely to impart patience and forbearance, and to correct unreasonable expectations. At one period of my life, when instructing two or three young people to write, I found them, as I thought, unusually stupid. I happened about this time to look over the contents of an old copy-book, written by me when I was a boy. The thick up-strokes, the crooked down-strokes, the awkward jointing of letters, and the blots in the book, made me completely ashamed of myself, and I could at the moment have hurled the book into the fire. The worse, however, I thought of myself, the better I thought of my backward scholars. I was cured of my unreasonable expectations, and became in future doubly patient and forbearing. In teaching youth, remember that you once were young, and in reproving their youthful errors, endeavor to call to mind your own.—*Selected.*

Influence.—It is not position that gives influence, it is character. What men are, determines their power over others, not where they are: themselves, not the places they stand in. When Diogenes had been captured by pirates, and was about to be sold as a slave in Crete, he pointed to a Corinthian, very carefully dressed, saying, "Sell me to that man, he wants a master." His wish was granted him; and the event demonstrated his sagacity. Character overcame position: that man bought a master in buying Diogenes!

MEXICO ACADEMY,—MEXICO, N. Y.

During a recent excursion in Oswego county, we sojourned a day in the pleasant village of Mexico, and visited the Academy represented above. We believe this institution is the oldest of its class in that section of the State, having been organized in 1820 and incorporated in 1826. The building is commodious and beautifully situated. The Academy has five Professors and about one hundred and fifty pupils. Many of the best students are pursuing a thorough classical course, preparatory to entering College. We are assured that especial attention is given those preparing to teach, and that the Academy annually sends out from sixty to eighty Common School teachers. The Principal informs us that there is not a groggery or saloon in the village, and that none are allowed, so that students are removed from the temptations and associations of large towns, while they have superior educational advantages at a comparatively small expense. The Academy Reading Room is well furnished with periodicals—there are two flourishing Literary Societies, and a large Reading Association connected with the institution. The Academy Building is a fine brick edifice, of recent construction, ninety-six feet long, fifty feet wide, and three stories high. Prof. J. D. Steele, a competent and enthusiastic instructor, is Principal of the Institution.

ANECDOTES OF WILD GEESE.—NO. III.

Last season among my wild geese was a small, deformed-looking bird, that seemed an outcast, as none would mate with her, and standing awkwardly upon one foot she kept aloof from the flock, displeasing me so much that I seriously thought of killing her; but "handsome is as handsome does," and so in her case, as you will perceive before I get through. I had but one pair of tame geese, and during the season the goose laid a large number of eggs, only sitting upon the last nine. As fast as she had laid a sufficient number, I took them away and set them under hens, and out of the whole number I was fortunate enough to get about forty goslings.

The first hen came off, and in her rambles about the fields she was constantly attended by the deformed wild goose before mentioned. They seemed to agree very well, and vied with each other in showing their pupils attention. I watched with much curiosity this strange alliance, and could not account for the attachment, until one fine morning, wandering near the pond, the wild goose with but little persuasion induced the little ones to follow her into the water, to the consternation of the old hen, who, like fussy people we often meet with, bustled and flew about, clucking and cackling, entreating and enticing, in the most flattering language; then, forgetting herself, coming out in fierce old granny's tones, threatening to demolish them if they did not obey her on the instant—but all to no purpose. The little ones were as comfortable on the water as a duck's foot in the mud, and to add to her heart-rending agony, the goose, ahead of the little troopers bowing and smirking, led off for a remote part of the pond to get rid, now that her object was accomplished, of her very disagreeable non-aquatic neighbor; nor for a week did I see her back on that side of the pond. The poor old hen looked mournful enough for a few days, and then went to laying again. As fast as the other hens came off, the wild goose would make her appearance with her adopted children, and with her own, assisted by their influence, but a short time would intervene before she would entice the goslings away from the hens and introduce them to their proper element, no more to return to the guardianship of Madam Hen.

Finally, when the old goose came off, very proud of her offspring, and in her maternal pride flying at every dog and stranger that made their appearance, she was doomed to be constantly haunted by the presence of the wild one, who would not be driven away. Resistance, in the way of fighting, and angry looks, did not seem to intimidate her, who only tried the harder to steal away her children; and when the tame goose, finding they were disposed to abandon her bed and board, she like a true martyr, concluded to make the best of a bad matter, and accompanied them.

All summer long this regiment, headed by the wild one, with the old tame one bringing up the rear, could be seen upon my pond, adding to its beauty and greatly to my happiness. Very seldom in the daytime would they leave the water, while the night was spent feeding upon barley sprouts, and as it neared maturity, the heads. Not once did they make their appearance in my door-yard, and finding they were doing well, I gave up feeding them. In the fall I had a better flock of geese than ever before. In previous years I had fed my goslings twice a day, and but for the *ugly-looking wild goose*, they would have eat up half as many dollars as there was heads.

One of the Rural's occasional contributors related an anecdote sometime since, which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Gazette*, with which I will conclude this article.

"The Loves of Geese.—Though Rome was saved by the cackling of geese, their reputation has never been enviable, for to style a man a goose implies a very low estimation of his abilities. But geese have many redeeming features, and our friend Dr. Wight, of Dedham, who is a goose fancier, tells a thousand singular instances of their habits. He has one noble old gander, who has refused even the leap-year advances of the most beautiful goosey on the pond, and has maintained celibacy (on account of the bad example of his owner, we presume) through many years. The doctor owned a pair which for several years renewed their pledges of mutual faithfulness, and seemed to exhibit a constancy most remarkable, giving promise of at least a silver wedding of fidelity. A friend sent to the doctor two beautiful females of the same species, which he placed on the pond; and when mating time approached, the old gander, won by the beauty of young Miss Goose, deserted his old companion, and paid his devoirs at the new comer's shrine. The deserted one refused all food, and her kind owner carried her to the house, where by petting she regained her appetite. After some days, thinking that her heart was healed, he carried her to the pond. When within sight of the water the false one with his new bride came sailing by, when the *divorced* glanced at him, gave one quiver, and died in her owner's arms!

E. W. K.

Dedham, Mass., 1859.

Remarks.—In a previous number our correspondent made the following inquiry:—"Let me ask if you, or any readers of the Rural, have ever seen or heard of a *white* wild goose? Two of my friends that have been in California insist upon it that they have seen with wild geese, *white* ones, and more than that, have killed them. I cannot understand how this can be, and think they must have been mistaken."

To this we have received the following reply from an old resident of Oregon and California:

Friend Moore:—Please say to E. W. K. that *white wild geese* are very plenty in portions of Oregon and California. In the Rogue River Valley of Oregon, I have seen thousands of white wild geese. I can produce testimony of hundreds, if wished for.—*Dartford, July*, 1859.

From a gentleman in Saline county, Missouri, we have also received the following information:—"There are two kinds of wild geese in this county, a large kind and a small one, we call *Brant's*, some of which are perfectly white, except the three first feathers in the wing, which are black. I have a friend who has a half dozen which he has had for several years. Some they crippled and the others they have raised from them. They are not very numerous, but are occasionally seen with the dark ones."

THE BEDOUINS.

It is a curious fact, observes the London Quarterly, that while the Christian Missionary has made his way to every part of the globe, and has taught with more or less success, he has never succeeded in mixing with the Bedouins. They wander over a region which, from physical causes, can be inhabited by none others but men following their mode of life. From earliest times every effort has been made to reduce them to subjection, and to render their haunts by human skill fitted to receive a settled population. Canals and water courses were carried as far as human ingenuity could devise, and where water could reach, there the land was conquered. But there remained beyond a large region which the Bedouin could call his own. There he is to be found still, as we see him represented on the walls of Assyrian palaces, riding his swift dromedary; we read him in sacred history, suddenly appearing as a robber in the midst of the quiet cultivation of the soil, and as suddenly returning unharmed before their well trained legions during the height of their power; he remains to this hour unchanged in his manners, his language, his arms, and his dress. It is this unchangeableness which renders a Bedouin so interesting a study. He is the only link between the earliest ages of mankind and the present time—like a single, strange animal, connecting the actual world with some geological period.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

[This following is the conclusion of an article for the Rural from the pen of our correspondent, S. B. R.—Ed. Rural.]

* * * What though it be true that labor is a necessity—what though it be conceded that labor is a motive power, impelling the drive wheels of life and existence—what though we be told that labor most oft appears in tattered garb, besoiled with dust and browned by winds and sun—what though she be gloveless and arrayed in ten-penny stripe, and bearing all over her person the indices of sturdy toil, is there not attached to industrial pursuits,—to agricultural and mechanical skill and labor,—a *dignity* that most forcibly commands our respect and challenges our approval? Where is the coxcomb, so lost to consistency—where the aristocratic dunce, so bereft of common sense,—as to wish to tear from labor that crown of dignity which is hers by eternal birthright? Labor degrading! Let burning shame mantle the cheek of him who sacrilegiously utters so base a scandal.

The civilizing influences of well-directed labor are immensely great. Labor is the recognizance of that beautiful law of reciprocity which obliges all to return an equivalent for their living, in the world's great exchange. The law of labor is absolute, and extends to all classes. The affluent must labor with the hand of charity to raise the fallen and mitigate the sorrows of the poor; and the poor, who are subservient to material circumstances, must and will, by the stimulus of necessity, put forth efforts for self-preservation. *All* are held to the law of productive or beneficent effort, however varied the springs of action in the different classes. None are independent of the other. As Tennyson has sweetly sung:

"All are needed by each one,
Nothing is good and fair alone."

Without labor there can be no true development. No matter if the necessities of our being impel to it. They are the dynamic forces that move the sinewy arms to all manly enterprise, all great achievements. I repeat, the great law of labor has its spring in necessity,—a wondrous and beautiful necessity, which fires up the mightiest impulses,—which unfolds the best faculties of our natures,—which arouses and dignifies the whole man, and clothes him with a power that moves the world.

The universe can present no finer instance of God-like dignity, than an intelligent being, laboriously tasking his great powers in the production of food for the race, or subjugating the material forces of nature, and laying them under contribution to the behests of humanity; one on whose forehead the beaded sweat glistens more gloriously than a coronet of royalty; one out of whose toil spring all the marshaled utilities of commerce, wealth, civilization, and the attendant retinue of art, the triumphal car of invention, and the pageantry of science—a grand procession of peace, power and plenty, transforming the arid earth to a fruitful Eden. Steadily and surely, as the seasons go and come, as the clouds pour down their watery treasures, and as the earth revolves, sweeping annually around its great centre, Labor is sowing the seed, garnering the sheaves, founding cities, establishing marts of trade, whitening all the seas with commerce, and from age to age, unrolling a gorgeous panorama of achievements and victories.

S. B. R.

"Spring Side," Middlebury, Vt., 1859.

Trimming Fruit Trees, &c.—We are very fond of reading your paper, and find much pleasure in its perusal. I want to ask some questions. When is the best time to trim fruit trees, apple trees in particular? Is it beneficial to trim cherry trees? I want to know if anything will cure heaves in horses? I have tried a recipe that came in the Rural, but found no benefit.—A. G., *Penn Yan, Sept.*, 1859.

Remarks.—Trim apple trees late in the winter, say March, but don't trim for the fun of the thing, or because you happen to have a sharp saw and knife, or a little leisure time. Trim for the benefit of the tree, and have the object you aim at well settled in your mind. Cherry trees seldom need pruning, or are benefited by it. The heaves may be helped by judicious feeding, and some medicines produce temporary relief, but the heaves in horses, like the asthma in man, is difficult to cure—perhaps impossible.

DESPISING RIDICULE.

I know of no principle which is of more importance to fix in the mind of young people, than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachments of ridicule. Give up to the world, and to the ridicule with which the world enforces its dominion, every trifling question of manner and appearance; it is to toss courage and firmness to the winds, to combat upon such subjects as these. But learn from the earliest days to insure your principles against the perils of ridicule; you can no more exercise your reason if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life if you are in the constant dread of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to take a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear; do it, not for insolence, but seriously and grandly, as the man who wore the soul of his own bosom, and did not wait until it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Let men call you mean if you know you are just; hypocritical, if you are honestly religious; pusillanimous, if you feel you are firm; resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect; no aftertime can tear you from those feelings which every man carries with him who has made a noble and successful exertion in a virtuous cause.—*Sidney Smith.*

TO RURAL AGENTS, SUBSCRIBERS, &c.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER *enters upon a New Quarter this week, and we embrace the occasion to notify its Agents, Subscribers and other friends that single and club subscriptions—either for a year, or three months, on trial—are now in order and respectfully solicited. To those who know and appreciate the paper, we need only say that the quarter upon which we now enter, and the ensuing volume, will be worthy the enviable reputation the* RURAL *has attained—and all others are invited to give it a careful examination. It has thousands of ardent and influential friends, each of whom will, we trust, make some effort (during the ensuing few weeks and months,) to augment its circulation and usefulness in their respective localities,—and Now is the Best Time to Commence the Canvass. As liberal Premiums and Gratuities will be given for Clubs, &c., as last year. See Prospectus on next page.*

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
EXCELSIOR
NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 1, 1859.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

THE Navy Department, on the 24th ult., ordered a telegraphic dispatch in confirmation of the establishment of the total loss of the steamer Fulton, and has ordered a Court Martial to inquire into the facts attending the disaster.

The Washington *Times'* correspondent says:—"I ascertain it to be a fact that the British government has ordered a distinguished military commander to San Juan Island, with instructions similar to those furnished Gen. Scott by our government. Both officers go out to preserve peace; and as their reputations are made, they can afford to prevent a collision.

Secretary Floyd has improved in health since his sojourn at Old Point Comfort.

Gen. Jessup, Ordinance Master and General of the U. S. Army, is lying very ill in New York.

It is rumored that Major Cross has been acquitted by the Court Martial, but as the papers of the case have been transmitted to Secretary Floyd for consideration, the rumor is a mere surmise.

Baron Stoekel, the Russian Minister, now absent in New York, has lately had a diplomatic set-to with Secretary Cass, relative to the traders in Russian America, and their objectionable monopolies.

Mr. McLane anticipates leaving for Vera Cruz on the 22d of October, unless negotiations shall be transferred to Washington, as urged by Senors Mata Ledro and President Juarez.

Perry McD. Collins, Esq., Consular Agent at Amoor River, Asiatic Russia, has arrived in Washington, and expects to return in the course of a few days thither, by the way of St. Petersburg. It appears from his statement that American Commerce at the Amoor river is steadily increasing, several ships having sailed from the United States this year to participate in its rich trade. Mr. C. gives a brilliant account of the growing trade of this newly developed region. The Amoor is the Mississippi of Northern Asia, being navigable for 2,500 miles. The climate is like that of Northwestern Canada. The Russian Government is making every effort to increase the wealth and importance of that portion of its Empire.

General Lamar, Ex-Minister to Costa Rica, Nicaragua, and who has been on business here ever since his return from Central America, left Washington on the 20th ult., for his home in Texas.

An increase in our naval force in the Pacific is contemplated, in consequence of the San Juan Island dispute.

Notwithstanding the failure of Congress to make an appropriation for the Post Office Department, the latter has so far been enabled to transact its business without serious difficulty. However, the balance due to the contractors up to July 1st, after deducting their usual collections from the Post Office, and after that time the entire amount of their pay must be suspended until Congress shall provide the necessary relief, so as to entitle them to pay until the 1st of October, and by the terms of their contract sixty days more must expire before their accounts can be finally settled, which will postpone the day of payment till December 1st, within less than a week from the regular meeting of Congress. According to contracts, payments are due in November for the quarter ending on the 30th September, and in February for the quarter ending 21st December.

Personal and Political.

THE Opposition in Louisiana have nominated Thomas J. Wells, of Rapides, as their candidate for Governor.

NAT. B. BAKER, the last Democratic Governor of New Hampshire, is a candidate for the Legislature in Iowa, where he lives as a quiet farmer.

THE Secretary of the American State Council, and some twenty other members of the late American Convention, in a card over their own signatures, repudiate the doings of that body, and announce their determination to act for "the true interests of the country" in the future.

WM. H. HOOPER, the new delegate to Congress from Utah, was formerly a merchant in Galena, Ill. He is a native of Maryland, went to Galena in 1834, but was unsuccessful in business, and for some years ran a steamboat on the Upper Mississippi and the Missouri. Eight or ten years since he joined the Mormons, and has been latterly a leading man among the Saints in Utah. In politics he has always been a Democrat.

THE Massachusetts Republicans held their State Convention last week. Gov. Banks was re-nominated by acclamation. Elphalet Trask was re-nominated for Lieut. Governor. Oliver Warren, for Secretary of State; Moses Tenney, for Treasurer; H Phillips as Attorney General, and Charles White as Auditor, were all re-nominated. The Convention was large, harmonious and enthusiastic.

THE returns of the Maine election from three hundred and twenty-four towns foot up as follows: Morrill, Republican, 45,930; Smith, Democrat, 35,815. Morrill's majority, 10,115. Morrill's majority in these towns last year was 8,006—the vote standing for Smith, 42,637; for Morrill, 50,643. The decrease upon the vote of last year, thus far is, Smith, 6,822; Morrill, 4,712. The remaining towns will throw from 16,000 to 18,000 votes.

THERE was held in Syracuse on Wednesday week, a State Temperance Convention, at which a nomination for State officers was made, as follows: For Secretary of State—Geo. W. Clark, of Monroe; for Comptroller—S. W Brewster, of Oswego; for Canal Commissioner—M. W. Skiff, of Allegany; for State Engineer and Surveyor—S. A. Beers, of Kings; for Treasurer—L. J. Ormsbee, of Onondaga; for State Prison Inspector—R. I. Ketchum, of Broome; for Judge of the Court of Appeals—W. Goodell, of New York; for Clerk of the Court of Appeals—G. W. Brockett, of Oswego.

THE American Convention assembled at Utica on the 20th ult. A nominating committee was appointed by the Chairman, Mr. Brooks, of New York, and the following ticket reported:—Secretary of State—David R. Floyd Jones, Democrat; Comptroller—Robt. Denniston, Republican; Treasurer—Phillip Dorsheimer, Rep.; Attorney General—Chas. J. Myers, Rep; State Engineer—Van R. Richmond, Dem.; Canal Commissioner—W. J Skinner, Dem.; State Prison Inspector—N. S. Elderkin, Dem.; Judge of Court of Appeals—Henry E. Davies, Rep.; Clerk of Court of Appeals—Chas. Hughes, Rep. After considerable skirmishing the ticket was endorsed.

News Paragraphs.

THE Toronto Leader says "that a century of British dominion has done next to nothing towards the absorption of the French Canadians. Though Lower Canada swarms with colleges, there is not one in which the English language is made part of the course. It is absolutely and universally ignored."

THE Savannah Republican says, our oldest inhabitants tell us that most all the fruits of the tropics were had here at one time. Orange trees were grown here in their greatest perfection, though now the frosts seldom allow a tree to attain its natural growth, and a ripe orange is rarely obtained in the open air. These facts show the great changes that our climate has undergone in the short space of a life-time or less.

THE Anti-Sabbatarians held their first formal public meeting at the Volks Garden, in the Bowery, New York, on Tuesday evening week. The New York Times says it was largely attended, mainly by Germans. An elaborate series of resolutions were submitted and adopted, and many speeches were made, the burden of which was an emphatic condemnation of all efforts to enforce the Sunday laws.

THE law prohibiting Chinamen from emigrating to California has been pronounced unconstitutional, and their number, now 60,000, is rapidly increasing.

A MAN succeeded last week in walking across the bottom of the Schuylkill river at Philadelphia. With a perfect rig of submarine armor he went down below the water, and in about twenty-five minutes made the crossing. His progress through the water was indicated by a slight bubbling and rippling as he passed along.

THE people of Canada are endeavoring to raise the funds for the erection of a Crystal Palace at Hamilton, and with every prospect of success. The building is to be erected under the auspices of a joint-stock company, and to be called the "Ontario Palace of Industry."

THE Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the British army, has set sail for Vancouver's Island, to look into the boundary difficulties there. Gen. Scott has started for the same destination for a like purpose. The two old soldiers will doubtless have a pleasant time together.

IN the middle of the road between Niagara and Queenstown there stands an old oak tree, which possesses considerable historical interest from a tradition connected with it. It is, that in one of his pedestrian excursions to the Falls, the "Bard of Erin" sat down under its wide-spreading branches, and composed the "Wood-pecker Tapping." It goes by the name of "Tom Moore's Oak." It is gradually yielding to the destroyer of all things, has lost all appearance of vitality, and is fast becoming a bare, verdureless ruin.

THE plain old mansion at Baton Rouge, La., long the residence of Gen. Taylor, was recently torn down. It was an old house. When the Fort of Baton Rouge was taken by the Spaniards under Don Benardo de Galvez, in 1779, it was the residence of Col. Dixon, the English commander.

THE Brooklyn Park Commissioners are considering a project for combining several pieces of ground on the Heights into one large Park of 1,200 acres,—which is larger than the Great Central Park of New York.

MR. ALONZO HITCHCOCK, of Chicago, claims to have been the inventor of the Armstrong gun, for producing which an Englishman was honored with the title of nobility.

IRON freight cars are coming into use on the Ohio Railroad. Four or five have been constructed, and are found to answer well. The entire car weighs only 11,500 pounds, while an ordinary wooden baggage car weighs from 14,500 to 16,500 pounds.

AMONG the premium stock exhibited at the Chicago Fair, were three babies born at a birth—two boys and a girl—children of Joseph and Teresa Ondastroke. A silver spoon was presented to each, and quite a large collection taken up and paid to the parents.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A LARGE number of steamers from European ports have arrived during the week, and the news received, a condensation of which we present below, will be found of considerable importance:

GREAT BRITAIN.—The great event of the day had been the departure of the Great Eastern steamship for sea.

The Nova Scotian brought out news that the vessel had proceeded down the Thames as far as Purfleet on the 7th, and anchored there for the tide of the following morning. Her departure, accompanied by four powerful tugs, two at the bow and two at the stern, gave rise to a scene of the greatest enthusiasm on the Thames, which was continued from all the prominent points. Capt. Harrison and the mates, experienced Thames pilots, directed the motions. Mr. Scott Russell was on the bridge directing the action of the engines, both of which, screw and paddle, were under steam. Capt. Comstock, of the Collins steamer Baltic, stood aft to transmit directions to the men at the wheel, the new steering apparatus not being completely fitted. The very first turn in the river demonstrated that the ship was as completely under command as a river steamer, and the only difficulty to contend with was the sharp curves in the stream. She steers as easily as a wager boat. Her engines were found capable of starting her or arresting her motion, literally almost by a single motion of the hand.

On the 8th the Great Eastern got up steam and weighed anchor, and at 8 40 A. M., started from Purfleet for the Nore. As on the preceding day, she was accompanied by tugs, and the enthusiasm along the river, particularly at Gravesend, was very great. On arriving at Chapman's, the tugs were cast off and the great vessel was left to herself. Increased speed was then got on her, simply to give her good steerage way and move her engines readily, but with no view to try her power. In ten minutes, however, says the correspondent of the Times, she set at rest all doubts as to her being the fastest vessel beyond comparison in the world, employing less than two-thirds of her power in her worst trim, being six inches down by the head and too high out of the water to permit her paddles or screw blades to work perfectly, and with a very strong tide against her, she ran a distance of fifteen statute miles in fifty-four minutes. The engines worked with astonishing ease, and there was scarcely a vibration perceptible. Before anchoring, the vessel was put about and went completely round in less than three-quarters of a mile.

On the afternoon of the 9th, when the Great Eastern was off Hastings, a feed pipe casing, in the forward funnel, exploded with terrific force, blowing the funnel into the air and tearing to pieces the grand saloon and lower deck cabins, and otherwise damaging the internal fittings to the amount of £5,000. Three firemen were found in the rubbish in a dying state, and soon expired, and eight others were injured, two of whom subsequently died. The guests had just quitted the grand saloon, where they had been dining. The explosion was of terrific force, yet the Great Eastern not only resisted it, her frames sustaining no injury whatever, but it made so little difference in her movement that her engines were not stopped until she reached Portland. [It may be proper to state, (some misunderstanding having occurred, from a confusion of names,) that the Portland now enjoying a visit from the Leviathan, is in the county of Dorset, England.] The Coroner's Inquest had commenced, and the evidence showed, first, that the supply of the boilers through the water-jacket was stopped because of a failure in the auxiliary pumping power, and secondly, a tap in a standpipe, which acts as a safety-valve, had been turned, apparently intentionally, so that the pipe was useless prior to the accident. The performance of the vessel was satisfactory, and she was almost without motion, while large vessels in her vicinity were pitching and tossing in a stormy sea.

The London Post has an editorial on the report that Gen. Harney had taken possession of the Island of San Juan or Belibue, in Puget's Sound. It considers it possible that another boundary dispute may arise, and says that the occupation of an island which is still *sub judice*, is the exercise of a power to which the British Government cannot tamely submit, and hopes that no concessions will be made which are inconsistent with the dignity of the country or the security of the gold regions.

A new reform movement, under the auspices of Mr. Cobden and others, had been started.

Some of the master builders in London had yielded to the men.

FRANCE.—A Paris letter in the *Independence Belge*, says that the Emperor made peace merely for the purpose of putting down the naval supremacy of England, and unless she submits quietly to have her naval estimates fixed by France, there must be war. The *Belge* asserts that France is making vigorous naval preparations for the coast defenses.

Relaxation of the press system was said to be under the serious consideration of the French Government.

Attempts, it is said, were being made to arrange an interview between the Emperor Napoleon and the King of Belgium. Prince Napoleon had gone to Switzerland, and it was supposed his journey had reference to the intended interview between the Emperors.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times, writing on the 31st, of the Zurich Conference, adds nothing except that they are every hour expecting to come to an abrupt close without any result worth talking about. The Duchies are, of course, a great difficulty, and there appears to be no possibility of any agreement. The Emperors have agreed as to the proposition that relates to the technical meeting of the three Dukes, but divide as to the means of setting about it. Austria would not object to force. France desires to employ moral suasion, which does not appear to have made much progress, while Piedmont is still ready to accept the annexation spontaneously offered. Now the case is this—if Piedmont arise, will Austria recognize the war? If Austria recognizes the war, will France once more fly to the relief of an old ally?

The latest intelligence is to the effect that the King of Belgium had gone to see Napoleon at Biarritz it was supposed in reference to the difficulties between France and Austria.

The Governments of France and England, it is said, have agreed that a European Congress on Italian affairs is necessary.

The members of the Zurich Conference continued to have occasional interviews, although a formal suspension of the Conference has occurred.

The English Government has presented a note, drawn up in a friendly style, requesting explanations as to the subject of the concentration of troops at Algesiras, in the immediate vicinity of Gibraltar.

ITALY.—The National Assembly of Parma unanimously voted the exclusion of the Bourbons and the annexation of Parma to Sardinia.

It is said that Victor Emanuel was discharging his army, but the men are supplied with passports into Tuscany and Modena, where they will swell the army of Central Italy.

The vote in Parma on annexation to Piedmont, resulted in its favor—63,000 to 500.

The conclusion was general on the Continent that the answer of Victor Emanuel to the Tuscan deputation, in regard to annexation to Piedmont, was preconcerted with Napoleon. The council of the different districts had officially proclaimed to the people of Turin, that the Tuscan deputies had presented a deed of annexation to the Sardinian Government.

Victor Emanuel received the Tuscan delegation on the 3d. To their address he thanked them for their expressed wish for annexation, but said its accomplishment could not take place by negotiation, and hoped Europe would not refuse to practice towards Tuscany that mark of redressing grievances which it has under less favorable circumstances practiced towards Greece, Belgium and the Danubian Principalities.

The National Assembly of Bologna, on the 7th, adopted a resolution declaring that the people of Bologna desire annexation to the Constitutional Kingdom of Sardinia, under the sceptre of Victor Emanuel. Bologna was illuminated in honor of the event.

The Tuscan Government had issued a decree enacting that the arms of the late Grand Ducal family shall be obliterated from the government stamp, and that the latter shall remain blank until further orders.

The correspondent of the Times says, the latest accounts received from Paris were far from favorable. The advance of the Pontifical troops into the legation was believed to be immediate. If they were successful, the entry of the Duke of Modena into his State at the head of his army, was considered probable. But if the Papal advance is repulsed, a rising in Naples would most likely follow.

A Milan letter expresses an apprehension that bad blood was thrown up between the French army of occupation and the Italians.

The return of the French Ambassador to Rome is accompanied by a rumor that the Emperor demands of his Holiness the establishment of the legitimate legations of a Viceroy, who should govern in the name of the Holy See.

CHINA.—Highly important news had been received. Admiral Hope arrived off the Peiho river the 17th of June, and found that the fortifications had been rebuilt, but no guns or men were visible. The entrance into the river was barred by booms and stakes. The Plenipotentiaries joined the squadron on the 20th, and no notice was being taken of their arrival. An attempt was made on the 25th to force a passage, when, on a sudden, batteries, supported by a mongrel force, of apparently 20,000 men, were unmasked and opened a destructive fire. After a severe action the squadron was obliged to withdraw with the loss of the gun-boats Cormorant, Lee and Plover, and 464 killed and wounded. The French had 14 killed and 10 wounded out of 60. The Plenipotentiaries had returned to Shanghai.

A further telegram mentions that seven officers were killed and seventeen wounded—Admiral Hope being among the latter. Other telegrams confirm these particulars, and one, via. Trieste, adds the following:—It is stated that the American Ambassador has been admitted to Pekin. The hope of the treaty being carried out, is given up, and a fresh war is considered imminent.

Clippings from Foreign Journals.

IN the Middlesex sessions, England, a gentleman sued a lady because, in a tussle with her to get a kiss, she bit his nose off. The court ruled that a man had no right to run any such risk with his nasal organ, unless he was willing to stand what damages might come from such a trial of strength.

THE contemplated decimal system of England is to remain in abeyance for the present, but a new coinage is to be issued. The metal to be employed is to be a bronze, consisting of ninety-five parts of copper, four parts of tin, and one part of zinc; and the weight of the new coin will hardly exceed one-third that of the old. Upon re-coining one-fourth of the copper now in circulation, a profit of $94,000 will be realized.

THE Paris correspondent of the London *Times* writes that Prince Napoleon is reported to be more than discontented with the turn of matters in Italy; he proposes to leave Paris for some remote part of France, to lay aside even his armorial bearings, to quit the busy scenes of politics and pleasure, and lead the life of a hermit. Such, at all events, are the *on dits* of the Palais Royal.

THE British Parliament is no place for a poor man. At the last election Dr. Mitchell was returned to the Commons from a place in Cornwall; he was charged with bribery, but although he declared himself wholly innocent, he relinquished his seat because he was too poor to defend it. The cost of defending before a Committee, would have been not less than a thousand pounds, and might have been five thousand.

THERE are in Egypt three hundred miles of railroad. When the running of the trains was commenced, mummies were used for fuel, and are said to make a very hot fire. The supply is almost inexhaustible, and they are used by the cord. What a destiny. Think of devoting one's existence to providing fuel for a locomotive.

The News Condenser.

— The Indians are getting troublesome in Kansas.

— Professor Agassiz and wife arrived in the Arabia.

— The present population of the city of Milwaukee is 51,499.

— A Registry Law takes effect in Michigan this fall, for the first time.

— Elk in great numbers now frequent the vicinity of Sioux City, Iowa.

— The French army left in Italy amounts to 43,000 men, with 95 guns.

— John C. Fremont is taking $5,000 a week out of his mines at Mariposa.

— Some of the banks of the interior of Illinois are refusing to pay specie.

— The Isle of Man has been connected with England by a submarine telegraph.

— The corn on the lowlands in Iowa has been severely injured by the frost.

— In Dover, N. H., there are annually made by 12 firms, 900,000 pairs of shoes.

— Mr. Greeley is expected home by the Overland Mail Route within a few days.

— The Emperor Napoleon, at last accounts, was still in retirement in the Pyrenees.

— The venerable Daniel Dana, D. D., died at Newburyport, Mass., Aug. 20, aged 88.

— Miss Lydia Barnard of New Hamshire was 102 years old on Tuesday of last week.

— The coal miners in Pennsylvania, to the number of three thousand, are on a strike.

— Commodore Stewart resumed command at the Philadelphia Navy Yard last week.

— Passengers are to be brought over by the Great Eastern at rates ranging from £18 to £25.

— The first general Editorial Convention held in Illinois convened at Freeport on the 9th inst.

— Mention is made of much injury to the potatoe crop in some parts of Connecticut by the rot.

— New Orleans papers say that the sugar crop will fall off from from 50,000 to 75,000 hogsheads.

— The frost on the mountains in Western Hampden, Mass., on Thursday morning was very severe.

— The mountain summits in the vicinity of Pike's Peak were white with snow on the 15th of July.

— The new Freshman Class at Yale will be the largest ever admitted. It contains 170 members.

— The black tongue is committing dreadful ravages among the cattle in the neighborhood of Belleville, Ind.

— On the 4th inst., the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions will meet in Philadelphia.

— Quebec is again the Capital of Canada. All the Departments of Government have now been removed there.

— Prof. Owen has accepted the office of State Geologist of Indiana, and will commence work on the 1st of October.

— A national horse fair is announced to be held in Boston, beginning on Tuesday, Oct. 4th, to continue two weeks.

—The City of Washington, which sailed for Liverpool on Saturday week, took out two recent purchases of Mr. Ten Broeck.

— The sheep killed and injured by dogs in Ohio during the last year, according to the late census, are valued at $145,000.

— For accommodating the Empress of Russia and her suite in his hotel, for one night only, a landlord in Basle charged $3,400.

— On the tax list of Providence, R. I., Alex. Duncan heads the list. His taxable property is $2,091,700, and his tax $19,741.

— The Kansas corn crop is so good that the article is worth only 15 cts. a bushel at Leavenworth. The wheat crop is excellent.

— The Webster Statue, in front of the State House at Boston, was inaugurated with appropriate ceremonies on Saturday week.

— During General Scott's absence, General Wool, as senior officer, will be acting Commander-in-Chief in the Atlantic States.

— The proprietors of the Great Eastern realized over $20,000 from admission fees during the time the ship was open to visitors.

— The earnings of the inmates of the Auburn State Prison, for the month of August, exceeded the expenses of the institution $959.

— Mrs. Wm. P. Dana, of Perry, Me., has preserved and put up during the past season fifty-seven hundred pounds of strawberries.

— The oldest person in Chesiea, Mass., says the Telegraph of that city, is a Mrs. Callahan, an Irish woman, whose age is 104 years.

— The new freshmen class of Amherst College numbers 67. The sophomore class has received several additions and numbers 70.

— An address to the free negroes of the United States inviting them to settle in the island, has been issued by the Haytien Government.

— In the town of Canfield, Mahoning county, O., two extensive coal-oil factories are now in operation, and three more are being built.

— A correspondent of the New York Tribune states that a subterranean fountain of rock oil has been discovered at Sisterville, Pa.

— Mrs. Seymour, wife of the late Henry Seymour, and mother of ex-Governor Seymour, died at her residence in Utica, Friday week.

— During July, the coinage at the San Francisco mint consisted of $1,640,000 in double eagles, $30,000 in eagles, and $30,000 in half eagles.

— The Montreal Gazette says about thirty or forty marriages have been concluded at St. Catherines, between white women and colored men.

— A most valuable discovery of diamonds has recently been made at the foot of the Ural Mountains, Russia. One specimen brought the owner £60,000.

— In an old book of records of the town of Norwich, Conn., a fine of twenty shillings is recorded as imposed upon Benedict Arnold, for getting drunk.

— Ten Broeck writes from England to a friend in Memphis that his winnings in England this year topped $440,000! to gain which, he risked but $30,000.

— The first white male child of the Pike's Peak region was born on the 5th inst. The event made quite a sensation in Denver City and the adjacent country.

— The new suspension bridge now in the course of erection over the Ohio at Wheeling, will have a span of over 1,000 feet. The cost of the structure is $37,000.

— San Francisco has lost its jail and $100,000 paid therefor, because the deed of the land on which the building stood was not properly signed and recorded.

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Information Wanted—Wm M. Childister.
Franklin Grape Vines—O. T. Hobbs.
Cherry Trees—Wm. Fitton.

Fall and Winter Campaign—1859-60.

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Address **D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.**

*** Newspapers giving the above brief Prospectus, and directing attention to the same, will receive the 11th volume, of the RURAL (and also the last half of 10th volume, if desired,) without sending to us in exchange.

ARRIVAL OF THE OVERLAND MAIL.—The Overland Mail reached Jefferson City on the 20th ult. Business at San Francisco showed more activity, but the demand was mainly of a speculative character, and principally in candles and provisions.

A report from Oregon states that Capt. Wallen's command, consisting of 140 men of the 4th infantry, had been massacred by the Snake Indians, at Warm's Springs, east of the Cascade Mountains. The report was credited at Fort Dalles.

Dates from San Juan Island are to the 20th ult. Affairs there were unchanged. The American troops were still in possession of the island, and their number had been increased to 400 men.

FROM MEXICO—SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.—Monterey advices state that Gen. Senera was there conferring with Vidaurri. Diese, with 750 men and four guns, holds Guanajuatee, and had banished several liberals. Miramon was arming 4,-300 men for Northern Mexico. Late advices from Marshal, Texas, state that President Faulkes, of the Southern Pacific Railroad, had made a final settlement with a new company, and the creditors had obtained full possession of the Road, and that work was recommenced immediately.

E. ROGERS, of North Adams, Mass., has a shoe that was worn eighty-five years ago by a woman at her wedding at Northampton, the heel is made of wood, three inches high, running to a triangular point, one-half inch broad, and tipped with leather.

From the Pacific Side.

THE steamship *Habana*, of the Tehuantepec line, arrived at New Orleans on the 21st ult. Honolulu dates are to July 30th. The American bark Lancaster, of Philadelphia, en route from San Francisco to Australia, valued at $32,000, foundered off Loki, July 10th. No lives were lost. The vessel and cargo are a total loss, but fully insured.

The news from San Juan is very conflicting. Victoria papers say that five companies of infantry, four of artillery, and a battery of eight thirty-two-pounders, of the U S steamer Massachusetts, were at the island. The House of Assembly on the 12th, adopted an Address to Governor Douglas, urgently requesting him to enforce upon the English government the necessity of demanding of the government of the United States an immediate withdrawal of its troops, but strenuously, and at all risks, to maintain the rights to the island, and also to all the other islands in the same Archipelago, now clandestinely and dishonestly invaded. A motion was also adopted, urging Gov. Douglas to form volunteer military companies. Another statement is to the effect that five thousand American troops were on the island. Erections had been thrown up, and the harbor of Victoria was commanded by the field pieces. The island was in a complete state of defense. Gen. Harney says he will call for volunteers from the territory, if he is attacked. Gen. Harney had written a letter to Gov. Douglas, to the effect that he had occupied he island to protect the Americans from insults of British authorities of Vancouver's Island and the Hudson Bay Co. officers.

The British Admiral refuses to obey the orders of Gov. Douglas to bring on a collision, and also refuses to bring the North Pacific fleet near the island. He says he will wait for orders from the home government, and disclaims all hostile intentions. The American and British officers were on friendly terms.

FROM DENVER CITY.—The Denver City Express of the 16th reached Leavenworth, bringing $32,000 in gold dust, the largest amount yet received in a single shipment. Returns from eleven mining districts give a majority of 1,600 against a State Constitution. A vigilance committee had been organized in consequence of the depredations upon property by thieves.

LARGE IMMIGRATION EXPECTED.—The Liverpool *Times* says it has the best authority for stating that the prospects of emigration to the United States are "most promising, and that an active movement for some months is anticipated. The latest emigration statistics show that while there is a falling off in the Irish emigration, the number of English and Scotch emigrants is largely increased."

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Sept. 27, 1859.

FLOUR—A temporary lull in trade and no change in prices.

GRAIN—Almost all kinds of grain are moving upward in rates. Wheat is fully 2 cents better than last week—Corn 2 @5 cents and Oats 1 cent. By reference to our New York city and Albany reports it will be seen that Rye and Barley are in demand at the East, and the prices there obtainable are very much greater than in this vicinity. These are the only grains which have not advanced in our market, distillers and brewers either holding aloof altogether, or purchasing at the figures we give. They will not pay any higher than we have indicated, at present; what will be their course hereafter, time will show. This is their purchasing season, and the idea prevalent with those in the market seems to be a declining rather than an advancing tendency.

Other changes are slight and will be observed by reference to quotations.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		EGGS, dozen	11@12c
Flour, wint. wheat,	$4,75@5,75	Honey, box	15@16c
Flour, spring do.	$4,25@4,50	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat, ₱ cwt.	$0,00	FRUITS AND ROOTS	
Wheat, Genesee	$1.15@1,20	Apples, bushel	25@37½c
Best white Can'a	$1.15@1,21	Apples, dried	$0,00
Corn	75@78c	Peaches, dried, ₱ lb	10c
Rye, 56 lbs. ₱ bu	80@80c	Cherries, dried, ₱ lb	00c
Oats, by weight	32@33c	Potatoes, new	31@37c
Barley	5 0@0c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	00@00	Slaughter	6@6c
Beans	62½@75c	Calf	10@11c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50@75
Pork, mess	$17,00@18,50	Lamb pelts	38@75c
Pork, clear	$20,00@21,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$0 00@7,00	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,50
Beef, ₱ cwt	$4,00@5 00	Timothy	2,50@2,75
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	4 @6c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	8@9c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	9@10c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	38@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ₱ pair	00@00c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,12
Butter, roll	15@16c	Hay, tun	$10,00@18,00
Butter, firkin	12@13½c	Wool, ₱ lb	35@40c
Cheese	8@10c	Whitefish, bbl	$9.00@9,50
Lard, tried	12@13c	Codfish, ₱ quintal	$4,50@4,60
Tallow	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$5,00@5,50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—FLOUR—Market 5c better, with a brisk demand for the eastern and local trade. Sales at $4,40@4,50 for super State; $4,50@4.75 for extra do.; $4,40@4,60 for super Western; $4,60@4,65 for common to good extra do.; $5.15@5,30 for inferior to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing buoyant. Canadian firmer; sales at $5,35@5,00 for extras.

GRAIN—Wheat is less active—holders are asking an advance of 1c, while buyers refuse to pay any. Sales at 138@140c for white Kentucky; 95c for Milwaukee club; 126c for red Iowa; 135@130c for white Western; 130c for red Kentucky; 122c for fair white Canadian. Rye firmer, with sales at 81@83c. Barley scarce and firm; sales old State at 60c; prime new is held at 90@91. Corn opened buoyant and closed dull; mixed Western is held at 93½@94c, with sales at 93@93½c. Oats firmer at 40@43c for State; 39@43c for Western, and 41@43c for Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Pork unchanged. Sales at $15,90@16,00 for mess; $14,75 for thin do; $10,50@10,75 for prime. Lard steady, sales at 10¾@11¾c for No. 1 city to prime Western. Butter steady at 12@17c for Ohio; 16@21c for State. Cheese firm at 9@9½c.

ALBANY, Sept. 26.—FLOUR AND MEAL—The demand for Flour is fair and there is a good business doing. Holders are very firm for the better grades, and the reported failing off in the anticipated amount in the gathered crop in the Western States has tended to strengthen the market for other descriptions. Corn Meal is firm and saleable at $1,75 @1,87½ ₱ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—There is a good milling demand for Wheat and the market is firm, with sales Mediterranean at $1 10, part Mediterranean and Genesee at $1 10 for the former and $1,14 for the latter, white Canadian at $1,20, and Michigan, in bbls, at $1,35. Corn firm and in active request, with sales mixed State at 89c and Western mixed at 90c. Rye quiet. Barley firm and in fair request, with sales Toronto at 86½c, deliverable this week. Oats are in fair request and the market rules full 1c better. Sales old State at 40c, measure; for new 43@44 is asked, weight.

FEED—A steady market with a moderate demand and a fair supply. Sales in car lots at 83c for 1lbs, and 95c for 2lbs.—*Journal.*

BUFFALO, Sept. 26.—FLOUR—Demand fair but not active and market unchanged. Sales at $4,00 for fine Indiana; $4,25 for State from Chicago spring wheat; $4,50 for country brands Wisconsin; $4,50@4,87½ for extra Canada; $4,62½ @4,87½ for extra Michigan, Indiana and Ohio, and $5@5,25 for double extras.

WHEAT—Chicago spring firm with a good inquiry. Milwaukee club steady and in fair demand. Red and white winter unsettled. Sales No 2 Chicago spring at 95c. Racine do at 85c. Milwaukee club at 97½c. do at 98c white Canada at 98c. Choice white Ohio at $1,14, and No 1 Chicago spring on private terms. Corn scarce and firm. No sales. Other grains quiet and nominal.

PROVISIONS—Steady. Sales 50 bbls heavy mess pork in lots at $15,50

TORONTO, Sept. 24.—Flour has remained steady, with light offerings. The demand from Montreal continues active, at good rates, and prices here are firm at $4, 40 to $4,40 for No 1 superfine, $4,50 to $4,60 for fancy, and $4,75 to $5 for extra.

GRAIN—We again have to notice another important movement in prices of wheat but in an opposite direction to that of last week. On Thursday the market showed signs of closing way and closed unsettled, with a slight decline. Every day since then has witnessed a similar tendency and prices are now fully 15 cents lower than they were at the date of our last. The rates current yesterday in the market were 83c to 91 ₱ bushel for the best samples—the even dollar being the highest figure, which however, was paid pretty freely for the best lots. For common and medium samples 80c to 90c were the rates paid and for inferior 80c. The average price of the days deliveries from farmers was not over 86c, the lowest average this season. The price of wheat on the cars has ruled generally two and three cents lower than the price paid to farmers. Yesterday, the average for car loads on the track was 93c ₱ bushel, at which several sales were reported. Dullness was the feature of the day's market, enhanced by the disagreeable weather. Spring Wheat offers very sparingly, and the market is hardly tested. It is nominally quoted at 80c to 82c ₱ bushel. Barley has been very freely off red, and the receipts of the week are larger than ever before, footing up to 8000 bushels. The prices paid have been satisfactory and are very firm at 56c to 58c ₱ bushel. Rye is wanted by distillers, who will pay 60c ₱ bushel, freely for good samples. Oats have not been so plentiful, and prices have been a good deal regulated by each day's supply. Yesterday the prices ran at 30c to 32c ₱ bushel, but this rate is not to be depended on. Peas still offer sparingly, and remain in good demand, at 55c to 57½c ₱ bushel.

HAY AND STRAW—Hay has not been freely offered, and prices are well sustained. The best Timothy has brought $20 to $23 ₱ ton of 2,000 lbs.; common, $16 to $19. Straw is very scarce at $9 to $11 ₱ ton.—*Globe.*

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ₱ cwt., $9,00@10,00; ordinary do, $8,00@8,75; common do, $7.00@8.00; inferior do, $5,50@6,50.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55,00@65,00; ordinary do, $40@50; common do, $30,00@40,00; inferior do, $20,00 @30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₱ lb., 5@6¼c; ordinary do, 6@5½c, common do, 4@5c inferior do, 3@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ₱ head, $5,50@6,50; ordinary do, $4,25@5,25; common do, $3,00@4,00; inferior do, $2,00@3,00.

SWINE—First quality, 6¼@6¾c; other qualities, 6½@6¾c.

ALBANY, Sept. 26.—CATTLE—Prices are no better than last week. The best, and there are some very good, can be bought for about 5c ₱ lb. The following are the quotations:

	This week.	Last week.
Extra	4¼@5¼c	4¼@5
First quality	4 @4¼c	4 @4¼
Second quality	3 @3¾c	3 @3¾
Third quality	2¼@3¼c	2¼@3¼
Inferior	2 @2¾c	2 @2¼

The following is our comparative statement of receipts over the Central Railroad.

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle	2686	2784	2453
Sheep and Lambs	4582	4494	4872
Hogs	1853	1388	2650

—*Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 21.—At market 2113 cattle, about 1100 beeves, and 1013 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market beef—Extra, $7,00@7,75; first quality, $6,00@6,25; second do, $5.25@6.00; third do, $4,25@5,00; ordinary do, $3,00.

WORKING OXEN—$70, 90, 110@175 ₱ pair.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 35, 40@60.

STORES—Yearlings, $9,00@12,00; two years old, $16,00@ 20,00, three years old, $20,00@25,00.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—7037 at market. Prices—in lots, $1,00, 1,25@1,50. Extra, $2, 2,25@2,75

HIDES—7¼@8c ₱ lb. Pelts, 62@75c each.

CALF SKINS—12@13c ₱ lb. Tallow, 7@7¼c ₱ lb.

TORONTO, Sept. 23.—Beef is in good supply at $5 for the best, and $3,75 to $4 for second class animals. Sheep $3,50 to $4,50. Lambs $1 75 to $2. Calves $5 to $7 each. Fresh pork $6 to $6,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

WOOL 27 to 28c. Sheep skins from butchers 80c; from pedlars, 40c to 45c each. Beef hides $6 ₱ 100 lbs.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, Sept 22.—There has been some activity in the wool market during the past week, and prices continue firm but at the close the demand was less animated. A large lot of superior California wool has claimed the attention of brokers and manufacturers, and considerable sales have been effected at an advance in prices. Manufacturers who have tested these wools find them desirable, as the shrinkage is less than in most other kinds of unwashed wools, and they are therefore rapidly coming into good repute. We understand that much attention has during the last season, been directed to the improvement of the breed of sheep, by the importation of one bucks from Australia, and we shall not be surprised if, before many years, this staple should form one of its most important exports. Indeed judging from the lot above alluded to, amounting to half a million pounds, it has already become so. We would suggest to intelligent agriculturists, and others interested in the permanent prosperity of this young and thriving State, that they can in no better way promote the same than by the encouragement of sheep husbandry.

The demand during the past fortnight, as we anticipated in August, has been very good, both here and in the interior, on Eastern account, and prices of many descriptions have advanced 2½c ₱ lb. The inquiry has been principally for the medium grades, the better qualities are sparingly dealt in here, owing to the small stock offering and the extreme prices prevalent. We understand that the stock of fine descriptions in Philadelphia is also unusually light for the season. The sales include 150,000 lbs. State and Western fleece at 37½@62½c for common to choice hand washed Saxony; 150 000 lbs. California inferior fair to fine quality, at 14½@35c, 65,000 lbs. pulled at 32@50c, as to quality; 5,000 lbs Canada mixed at 32@34c (sorted Canada is held at 37@38c;) 5,000 lbs. unwashed Smyrna at 17c; 10,000 lbs unwashed Cordova at 18@20c, 6 mos; 100 bales Mestizo, 70 do Smyrna, 40 do Buenos Ayres, and 50 do Cordova on private terms, supposed at full prices.—*Tribune.*

BOSTON, Sept. 22.—There is a good demand for fleece and pulled wool, and the stock of both is quite small for the season. The sales of the week have been 200,000 lbs. at 40@ 58c ₱ lb. for fleece. The transactions in foreign wool comprise 600 bales. Smyrna, South American, Cape and other kinds on private terms, but at full prices.

Saxon and Merino, fine	55@60	Western mixed	38@45
Full blood	52@55	Smyrna, washed	17@20
Half and ¾ blood	44@50	Do unwashed	9@10
Common	40@42	Syrian	11@25
Pulled, extra	40@55	Cape	24@30
Do superfine	40@50	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	38@43	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@32

Marriages.

IN Buffalo, on the 21st inst., by the Rev Dr. HOSMER, Mr. T. B. WRIGHT and Miss AMANDA M. SEYMOUR, all of the above place.

In Auburn, Sept. 1st, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. A. M. HOPPER, Mr ROBERT T. PAYNE, of the firm of PAYNE & ALLEN, and Miss ALBERTINE E., daughter of the Hon. DAVID P. GREENOUGH, all of the city of Auburn.

Deaths.

DEPARTED this life, February 8th, 1859, in hope of immortality and eternal life, Mrs. JULIETT, wife of Mr. G. T. CASWELL, of Plainfield, Ill., (formerly Miss JULIETT BANLOW, of Brockport, N. Y.,) aged 35 years.

AT Rochester, Sept. 20th, of dysentery, CHARLES MARTIN, son of M. B. and O. SIMMONS, aged 1 year, 9 months and 17 days.

Sweet babe, thy tiny harp was scarcely strung
Ere tuned to higher notes in Heaven.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising—Twenty-Five Cents a line, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 37½ cts. per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, leaded—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, IN ADVANCE.

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100 000 Apple Stocks, 2 yr $5, and 1 yr $3 per 1000.
200,000 Apple Root Grafts in spring, $50 for 10,000.
30,000 Cherry Stocks, $1 per 1000.
10,000 New Rochelle or Lawton Blackberries, $40 to $60 per 1000.
20,000 Isabella, Catawba and Clinton Grape Vines, $60 to $80.
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LARGE TURKEYS.—I shall have for sale after Nov. 1st a fine lot of YOUNG TURKEYS,—old stock weighs—Hens 14 lbs. to 22 lbs. One Tom at 9 mos., 25 lbs. Another, aged, 23 lbs. Price $10 to $15 per pair.
Also SPECKLED DORKINGS, dark and light colored, $5 per trio. Also, an extra lot of CAYUGA BLACK DUCKS, $5 per pair.
Sennett, N. Y. [507-4t] JOHN R. PAGE.

TURN-TABLE APPLE-PARERS,
AT THE
OLD STAND OF D. R. BARTON.
No. 3 Buffalo Street.
507 2t McKINDLEY & PHELPS.

FOR SALE!—Two hundred thousand French Quince Stocks, at the following LOW PRICES:
1st size, very fine, per thousand.....$10 00
" " " for ten " 80 00
2d " " per " 6 00
" " " for ten " 50 00
Address G. W. EASTMAN.
Rochester, N. Y., Sept., 1859. 507-3t

STRAWBERRY SEED FOR SALE.—We have a few packages of STRAWBERRY SEED, each package containing more than 15,000 seeds from HOVEY'S SEEDLING, WILSON'S ALBANY, MCAVOY, EARLY SCARLET, and other leading sorts, which we have taken to dispose of for a worthy gardener. This is an excellent opportunity for the amateur who wishes to try his hand at raising new varieties of Strawberries. Price $1 per package. Address "RURAL" office.

NEW GROCERY ESTABLISHMENT,
No. 20 Front Street, Rochester, N. Y.
JOHN J. JARVIS has opened a Grocery Store, where can be had a choice lot of Groceries—Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Molasses, Spices, Raisins, Prunes, Zante Currants, Nutmegs, Indigo, Tobacco, Cigars, &c.
JOHN J. JARVIS.
Rochester, Sept. 13, 1859. 507-3t

BLOOMINGTON NURSERY, ILL.—80 ACRES. A General Assortment of Fruit and Ornamentals. APPLE GRAFTS, fine, 1 to 3 ft., $25; 5 to 7 feet, $95 per 1,000. Per 100 GOOSEBERRY, Houghton, $4. RASPBERRY, Orange, $7. STRAWBERRY, Wilson's Albany, $1,50. TULIPS, of 20 fine named sorts, single and double, $4. LINNEUS RHUBARB, large roots, $10. APPLE STOCKS, grafting size, 10,000 $30, &c. Terms, cash. New Bulbs and Wholesale Catalogues out.
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HAMILTON FEMALE SEMINARY.
Miss A. A. FIELDS,
Miss M. A. HASTINGS, } Principals.
The Fall Term of this Institution will commence on WEDNESDAY, September 20th, 1859.
Expenses for Board, including Furnished Rooms, Washing, Fuel and Lights, with Tuition in regular course of study, $174 per year.
For Circulars or admission apply to the Principals, Hamilton, Madison Co., N. Y., Sept. 7th, 1859. 507-3t

RAVENSWOOD FRUIT GARDEN AND NURSERY.
H. C. FREEMAN, (late Freeman & Kendall,) offers to the Trade and others, at wholesale and retail, a large and well-grown stock of the following desirable plants, viz.:
BRINCKLE'S ORANGE RASPBERRY.
MYATT'S LINNÆUS RHUBARB.
NEW ROCHELLE OR LAWTON BLACKBERRY.
DELAWARE AND REBECCA GRAPE VINES—1 and 2 years old.
CHERRY CURRANTS.
Also, DWARF PEAR TREES—of the best selected varieties; very fine 2 years old Trees.
Also, NEWMAN'S THORNLESS BLACKBERRY, BLACK NAPLES CURRANTS, &c., &c. Address H. C FREEMAN,
507-4t Care ANDREW BRIDGEMAN, 808 Broadway, N. Y.

O. B. MAXWELL & CO.,
Desire to call the attention of Nurserymen, Dealers and Planters to their present stock of Fruit Trees, Seedlings and Stocks, that for health, thrift and beauty, is not excelled in the State, and consists principally of
APPLE TREES—Standard, 1 to 4 years, very thrifty and stocky.
PEAR TREES—Standard and Dwarf, 2 years, very fine.
CHERRY TREES—Standard, 1 and 2 years, very uniform, thrifty and handsome, and largely of Dukes and Morellos.
CHERRY TREES—Early Richmond, 1 year, by the 100 or 1,000.
PLUM TREES—1 and 2 years, that are quite as thrifty and handsome as the Cherry, very stocky and finely rooted.
PEACH TREES—1 year.
GOOSEBERRIES—Mostly Houghton's Seedling, 1 and 2 years.
RASPBERRIES—Leading sorts, and largely of Brinckle's Orange.
ROSES—Climbing and Hybrid Perpetuals, strong plants.
STOCKS AND SEEDLINGS FOR NURSERYMEN
PEAR SEEDLINGS—A large quantity, unusually strong and healthy.
PLUM SEEDLINGS—From the Large Blue or Horse Plum, very strong.
CHERRY SEEDLINGS—Mahaleb and Mazzard No. 1.
APPLE SEEDLINGS—2 years, a very large quantity.
QUINCE STOCKS—Angers, STRONG and well rooted.
QUINCE SEEDLINGS—Orange, 1 year, and various other articles of Nursery Stock. O. B. MAXWELL & CO.,
507-4t Dansville, Livingston Co., N. Y.

GUANO.—We would call the attention of Guano Dealers, Planters and Farmers to the article which we have on hand and for sale at THIRTY PER CENT. LESS THAN PERUVIAN GUANO, and which we claim to be superior to any Guano or fertiliser ever imported or manufactured in this country. This Guano is imported by WM. H. WEBB, of New York, from Jarvis & Bakers' Island, in the "South Pacific Ocean," and is sold genuine and pure as imported. It has been satisfactorily tested by many of our prominent Farmers, and analyzed by the most eminent and popular Agricultural Chemists and found to contain (as will be seen by our circulars) a large per centage of *Bone Phosphate of Lime and Phosphoric Acid*, and other animal organic matter, yielding ammonia sufficient to produce immediate abundant crops, besides substantially enriching the soil. It can be freely used without danger of burning the seed or plant by coming in contact with it, as is the case with some other fertilizers, retaining a great degree of moisture it causes the plant to grow in a healthy condition, and as experience has proved, *free of insects.* For orders in any quantity, (which will be promptly attended to,) or pamphlets containing full particulars of analyses and tests of farmers, apply to JOHN B. SARDY, Agent,
508-13t No. 58 South st., corner of Wall st., N. Y.

TREES! TREES! TREES!!!
FOR THE AUTUMN OF 1859.
THE SUBSCRIBERS invite the attention of NURSERYMEN, DEALERS and PLANTERS to their large and fine Stock of
APPLE TREES—Standard and Dwarf—one to four years old; strong and well-grown.
PEAR TREES—Dwarf, 80,000 2 and 3 years—fine, strong and healthy trees, and of sorts most approved on the quince.
PEAR TREES—Standard, a large and fine assortment of the most desirable kinds.
CHERRY TREES—Standard and Dwarf—one, two and three years, in large supply and beautiful trees, and of the best sorts.
PEACH TREES—One year, Plum, 2 years; Orange, Quince, &c.
CURRANTS—Red Dutch, White Dutch, Cherry, Victoria, &c.
GOOSEBERRIES—American Seedling and the best English sorts.
RASPBERRIES—The leading sorts in large quantities.
BLACKBERRIES—Lawton largely—Dorchester and Newman's Thornless.
RHUBARB—Downing's Colossal, Cahoon's Mammoth, and a large supply of Myatt's Linnæus.
GRAPE VINES—With the best facilities for and the best care in propagating, we are enabled to offer *Delaware, Diana, Rebecca, Concord, Hartford Prolific*, and many other new and old sorts, with the best foreign varieties for growing under glass. Strong plants by the dozen, or hundred, or larger quantities.
EVERGREENS—Norway Spruce, Balsam Fir, Scotch, Norway and White Pines, Red Cedar, Am. Arbor Vitæ, &c.
DECIDUOUS TREES AND SHRUBS—Horse Chestnut, Mt. Ash, Am. Linden, Maples, Am Chestnut, Am. and European Ash, Judas Tree, Laburnum, Snow Ball, Purple Fringe, Althea, &c.
ROSES—Climbing and Hybrid Perpetuals—a fine assortment of strong plants.
HEDGE PLANTS—Am. Arbor Vitæ, Red Cedar Privet, Osage Orange, &c.
STOCKS FOR NURSERYMEN—A fine supply of Angers Quince, Pear, Plum, Cherry, (Mazzard and Mahaleb,) one year old, and Apple Stocks 2 years old.
T. C. MAXWELL & BRO.
Geneva, Ontario Co., N. Y., Sept. 1, 1859. 504-6t

THE LOGAN GRAPE.—The earliest ripening, black, hardy Grape with which we are acquainted. Its fruit was sent to us this year earlier than any other grape grown out of doors. Berry oval, bunch compact.

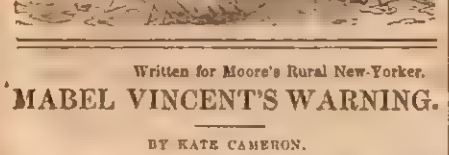
MOONLIGHT PICTURES.

O, MOONLIGHT, making pictures bright
Upon my parlor wall—
Thou bringest to me a childish voice,
A gentle, timid call
Of one who, with her little face
Pressed 'gainst the window-pane,
Would call throughout the twilight-time,
"O, moonlight, come again
And make bright pictures on my wall!"
And when the drooping trees
Were parted by the moaning winds
That came up from the seas,
And quivering bars of silver light
Were moving o'er the wall—
The shadows of the boughs without,
And e'en the blossoms fall—
She'd try to grasp those shining rays,
And, in that soft, bright light,
She looks as now—unseen she walks
With angels robed in white.

I almost see her upturned face,
Her large and wondering eyes,
A watching now the fleecy clouds
Go sailing up the skies.
I almost hear those childish words—
They soothe my hearts deep pain—
As clouds go drifting o'er the moon,
"O, pictures, come again!

O, whispering winds and sobbing seas,
I listen—now she's dead;
Her little voice filled all my heart,
I heard not what ye said.
O, moonbeams, rest upon the grave
Where my blue-eyed baby sleeps;
But come not to the dreary walls
Wherein a mother weeps.

[*Home Journal.*



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MABEL VINCENT'S WARNING.

BY KATE CAMERON.

"THERE! HARRY, that is what I call a model husband," said the young and beautiful Mrs. VINCENT, looking through the half drawn Venetian blinds of their pretty cottage parlors, at a stately mansion across the way, the owners of which were just seating themselves in their elegant carriage for their evening drive.

"There's Mr. LAWRENCE, who thinks all the world of his wife, I'm sure he does, for there's no end to the splendid silks he buys her; and then, whenever she chooses, she can have him to wait on her to rides, or to parties, or the opera, and *you* never go anywhere with *me!*"

"And does my little wife think I love her less because I cannot, like that millionaire over the way, devote myself exclusively to her service?"

HARRY spoke kindly, and threw his arm carelessly about his wife.

At any other time, MABEL would have answered him with a kiss, and dropped the subject at once, but now the spirit of discontent was aroused, and she replied, pettishly, "No doubt you do love me HARRY,—but one likes some proofs of affection occasionally."

"And am I not working for you all the while, darling?" was the response; "but," he added, a little sternly, "you shall have *proofs*—you shall have substantial proofs."

And before Mrs. VINCENT could speak, her husband had gone back to the store,—gone without the "Good-night kiss," never before omitted since he brought his bride to their humble but tasteful home—gone, with a weight upon his buoyant spirits, and a heavy feeling in his heart to which he was all unused.

And MABEL? At first she strove to justify herself for her cruel words. "At any rate I only spoke the truth. HARRY never does go anywhere with me, he is always delving in that old store; and only to-night when I asked him for that blue silk, he told me he couldn't afford it. I used to think merchant's wives could always have their choice out of their husband's stock of goods, but here, I've only had a two shilling gingham, and a four shilling berege this Summer, while Mrs. LAWRENCE has had at least a dozen beautiful and expensive dresses. Oh, dear! it is too bad!" and MABEL VINCENT leaned her head upon her hand and wept.

From this painful reverie she was aroused by a ring at the door, it was JOHN, her husband's clerk, who brought a package from the store for Mrs. VINCENT. It contained the coveted blue silk, with the rich trimmings she had so earnestly desired. Surprised and delighted, MABEL carefully examined the costly fabric, now throwing it over a chair, and walking away the better to mark its effect—then standing before the mirror, she held the folds around her form, and smiled to see how very becoming it would be to her clear complexion and golden hair.

She had not finished admiring it, when her husband entered and she ran to him eagerly, and would have expressed her gratitude by a loving embrace, had he not repulsed her with the cold words, "I presume you would prefer more substantial proofs of my love than silly kisses, which mean but little, in future you shall be gratified."

And from that hour there was a perceptible change in the lives of HARRY and MABEL. Scarce a day passed that some costly gift was not added to the toilette and ward-robe of Mrs. VINCENT—jewels, such as she had sighed to possess, glittered upon her fingers—rich silks were bought and made [illegible] worn, without affording her the pleasure [illegible] used to feel in her simple muslins and ginghams.

Ere long they left their little cottage, embowered in flowers and trees, for a stylish mansion "up town,"—they gave dinner parties, and soirees—they even owned a carriage, and dashed proudly by their old neighbors, the LAWRENCES.

But was MABEL happy? Did the longed for wealth and its numerous appliances yield her true happiness? Ah, no! she wearied, even to satiety, of the heartless show and ceremony by which she was surrounded—she pined for the quiet comfort which had been hers in their cottage home, for *then* HARRY was all devotion to her; *now* he never spent an hour of pleasant converse with her—he had no time for that—he was "a man of the world," she a "fashionable lady"—he no longer called her "MABEL," or "Darling," it was "Mrs. VINCENT," for she was the same cold and haughty person to him, that she was to the world, and if she *smiled*, 'twas as she did all other things, a studied effort. There were no more ringing laughs heard, telling of a light and joyous heart. All was cold and glittering, as an iceberg in the sunshine.

Meanwhile, there was some speculation among the inhabitants of the goodly city, where dwelt our friends, as to the sudden change in the life of the VINCENTS. Some shook their heads wisely and declared it boded no good; they used to think HARRY VINCENT a prudent business man, and one well-to-do in the world, but he was getting to be a sad spend thrift, and could not long maintain such an extravagant style. Others hinted plainly about his ill-gotten gains, and neglected business; until at last, the dreadful conviction was forced upon MABEL'S mind, that her husband, whom she had believed to be the very soul of honor, had sunk to the level of a common gambler! Nor was the kindred vice of intemperance long in making of him another victim. Night after night would he enter his dwelling, with blood-shot eye, and flushed countenance, telling too plainly of the midnight revel. And poor MABEL would weep bitterly over the ruin of his noble manhood. Expostulation and entreaty were alike in vain. Her own hand had given the first impulse, and now she had no power to stay the course of events which were fast hurrying to destruction all that had been dearest to her.

But the crisis came. Debts of honor, which he had not the means to cancel, accumulated on Mr. VINCENT'S hands. Night after night, day after day, he played and lost; the fates seemed against him. At length, driven to desperation, by the taunts of his successful opponent, to whom he was indebted for many thousands, he plunged the assassins knife into his heart, as they were both leaving the saloon where VINCENT had staked and lost his all.

Rushing through the deserted streets with the frenzy of a madman, HARRY VINCENT entered his house, and hurrying to his wife's dressing-room, where she was laying aside the costly raiment she had just worn at a fashionable levee, he rudely seized her arm, and drawing the blood-stained dagger from his vest, he exclaimed vehemently, "Here, MABEL VINCENT, is the proof of my love for you! You asked for proofs, and I have given them. I have perjured my very soul for you. Step by step, have I gone down—down—from the respectable and honorable position I once enjoyed; I have become a gambler,—a drunkard,—and," he added in a low, hissing voice, "*a murderer!* MABEL, the officers of justice will soon track my footsteps; they will arrest me, and I shall offer no resistance. I will pay the penalty of my crime with the life which is a burden to me, and when all is over,—when your husband has suffered an ignominious death,—then, MABEL VINCENT, do not say I never gave you any proofs of my love! At your hands will GOD require my soul, for you have been my destroyer!"

With a loud cry, MABEL sunk fainting at his feet,—and just at that moment she heard a cheerful voice exclaiming, "What! darling, have you been asleep? I didn't think 'twas so late;" and MABEL opened her eyes to gaze upon the frank and beaming countenance of her husband, and to realize with a grateful heart that she had been *dreaming!* They were still the humble, but happy and honorable inmates of the cottage; the princely mansion, and all its gilded misery, had faded into the shadowy tissues of a vision. She looked in vain for the blue silk, which had been the token of the first downward step, and with tears of mingled penitence and thanksgiving, she bounded to her husband's side, and throwing her arms around his neck, exclaimed, "Oh! HARRY, forgive me; I have been so miserable since you went away, and I spoke so unkindly to you,—can you forget it all, and love your wayward MABEL still?"

HARRY sealed the ready pardon with a fond kiss, then added in a serious tone—"Yes, MABEL, I do forgive you, though it grieved me to hear you complain to-night, and to know that all my labor for our mutual happiness and prosperity failed to satisfy you of my affection. But I see how it is—you did not really mean what you said; 'twas but a passing whim, not the sober conviction of my true-hearted wife. We will still be happy in our little home, and bye-and-bye you shall have all you wish."

"I have it now," was MABEL'S earnest response. "Your love, dear HARRY, is worth more than gold and gems to me. I would not give it in exchange for the wealth of the wide world."

Thus vanished the clouds which had threatened to obscure the peaceful sky of their married life, and again the sunshine of Love and Confidence illumined their hearts, while the rainbow of Faith and Hope spanned their pathway.

Not very long afterwards, Mr. VINCENT, having completed a profitable business transaction, told his wife that now he thought he could afford *that blue silk* she had so much desired.

"No, HARRY, not for the world," she answered, with an involuntary shudder. "I could never bear to wear *that* dress!"

"Very well, I'll not compel you to, my dear," was the rejoinder; "but I thought you wished it above all things."

"Oh, so I did, *once*, but I was shown the folly of my vanity and ambition; and now I do not wish to dress above my station, or lavish your hard earned dollars upon a fashionable wardrobe."

HARRY'S eyes thanked his thoughtful wife, though he said not a word, and as she had never related her dream to him, he was somewhat at a loss how to account for the sudden change in her tastes and feelings. Very gratifying it was to him, however, and the consciousness that his efforts were appreciated by her he best loved, nerved him to fresh exertion. Success attended his career, and the gliding years found him rapidly advancing in the esteem of the wise and good, as well as rising in the scale of worldly prosperity. His gentle wife was to him, meanwhile, a blessing and an aid. Her love and her sympathy were never withheld, and after they had, in reality, exchanged the home of their early married life, for one more befitting their social rank, and were surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth could procure, MABEL VINCENT still retained the child-like simplicity and earnest truthfulness that had first won the love of her kind and noble husband.

Rochester, N. Y., 1859.

SINFUL HOUSEKEEPING.

It was a busy day with me. How many such did every week bring with it! Morning "chores" in abundance—little lunch baskets to prepare for school—little faces and hands to wash—refractory books, missing buttons, knotted strings, all to be arranged at the moment. Fretful baby to quiet and amuse—an early dinner to get—table provision to be made for company, upon the shortest notice—house to be set in order to receive them—and, worse than all, as a sharp goad in the side, under all this burden, lay that easily-besetting but carefully-concealed sin, the determination that everything should be done with just so much nicety and exactness as I deemed essential to "good housekeeping."

Surely never before was baby half so irritable as this day!—never half so unwilling to sit upon the carpet and please himself. I had some misgivings as I remembered the difficulty with which he had cut the former teeth, and the possibility of a return of the convulsions; yet how many items, in the order and arrangement of my house, must I neglect, if I gave my time to him? And the rest of the children, too—it seemed as if they would never get off to school. Books mislaid—slate lost—and excuse wanted for a deficient composition! I thought Job certainly had never tried a mother's perplexities, when he won the palm for patience. Yet, secretly, conscience was worrying me sorest of all—for if I would but omit the polishing of certain articles of table use, upon which I was bent, I knew I might soon find little Emma's book, and as for Charlie's slate, I remembered that some little school-mates were amusing themselves with it the day before, seated in the wood-shed, where no doubt it was left. But I was too much provoked by the successive vexations to be willing to redeem his carelessness so easily.

As the children left the house, Emma's sobs had not ceased. Anna was cross at the long delay. But Charlie turned his large, loving eyes upon his mother's vexed and care-worn countenance, and murmured such a cautious, sad "good-by, ma," that the words fairly stung me. An angel's reproof lay all over that fair young face, with its earnest gaze! With nervous haste, I buried myself in domestic concerns.

At last, although fatigued, heated and restless in spirit, all was completed. Each room had received the last touch; every desired arrangement had been brought about—even baby had dropped in a quiet sleep. Before the arrival of my guests, and for a short interval, I was conscious of one of those pauses in which the soul is ready to speak. Just then, walking slowly across the room to replace a broom, which had been in use, I observed a shred of string lying upon the carpet. Surprised that even this small remnant of untidiness should be left, where I thought all had been in complete order, I paused, and set about removing the intruder. I swept—but it remained. Stooping down to pick it up with my fingers, I found it—a sunbeam!—a tiny, sweet beam had stolen between the darkened blinds and actually nestled in the carpet, when bustle and hurry, and annoyances had banished every vestige of sunshine from the heart. A light from that peaceful sunbeam shone into my deepest soul, as if it were a lightning's flash that had poured in upon me.

In my ignorant nicety, I had been trying to sweep away a sunbeam from the carpet! Oh, how many bright beams had I, on that very day, swept and washed and cleaned out of my house! The faces of my little children peered up from the ray on the floor, and—how they did plead to a mother's heart. The soothing, forbearing tone with which my husband had met the fretful complaints of the morning—this, too, spoke out from the little sunbeam. I quivered under the sound of it. No angry reproofs could have pierced my heart with half so many sorrows! As all my folly and ingratitude stood unmasked before me, my anguish was inexpressible. Sinking into a chair, I buried my face in my hands, and while the scalding tears flowed, such prayers went up from my aching heart as, I trust, have never been forgotten or lost.

How trifling—how unimportant, now appeared the vain emulation which so constantly spurred me to anxious labors. Every household article might shine by the toils of neatness, but how was my soul, day by day, darkening with impatience, complaints and unthankfulness. How small a matter in the sight of God, and now in my own sight, was the envied reputation of a housekeeper in comparison with that gentle patience, that loving sympathy and aid, which my children required and deserved at my hands. I longed for their return from school, that I might begin to retrieve my injustice to them. Peace, sweet peace, how had I shut it out from my heart—shut it from my family—ah! how busy had I been sweeping it all away!

I love the remembrance of that gentle monitor, the sweet little sunbeam! I date a renewed existence from the day it strayed so unbidden into my parlor. I trust I have learned to devote my energies to a life that is satisfied and eternal, rather than aim to deserve ever so well the meed of human applause for its own sake. I now question the virtue of that degree of household order, neatness, or taste, which has become so absorbing as to render the little kindnesses and charities of our home life interruptions of our main plan, which has usurped the chief place in our estimate of domestic duties—or which, if our actions are to judge us, would seem to constitute the most necessary item of our personal happiness and comfort.—*Advocate and Guardian.*

FOLKS must put up wi' their own kin as they do wi' their own noses—it's their own flesh and blood.

Wit and Humor.

MISPRINTS will present themselves in other columns than those of newspapers. The author of a temperance novel who wrote, "drunkenness is folly," was horror-struck to read, "drunkenness is jolly."

A LADY said to her husband, in Jerrold's presence, "My dear, you certainly want some new trousers." "No, I think not," answered the affectionate husband—"Well," Jerrold interposed, "I think the lady who wears them ought to know."

"BOY!" called out Brown, to the waiter at Sam's. "Don't call me boy, sir; I'm no boy, sir," said the latter. "Then do as you'd be done by," put in Brown; "and don't call this mutton *lamb* any more!"

"WIFE," said a man, looking for a boot-jack, "I have places where I keep my things, and you ought to know it." "Yes," said she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours—but I

"I AM certain, wife, that I am right and that you are wrong; I'll bet my ears on it." "Indeed, husband, you shouldn't carry betting to *extreme lengths!*"

"THE LAW," said Judge Ashurst in a charge, "is open to all men, to the poor as well as the rich." "And so is the London Tavern," added Horne Tooke, who was present.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 22 letters.
My 21, 20, 4, 8, 21 is a boy's name.
My 1, 2, 20, 4, 19 is a petty rascal.
My 13, 8, 9, 22 is to be sapient.
My 7, 5, 16 is an adverb.
My 18, 8, 21, 5, 18, 20, 8, 10, 12, 6 is an officer who watches the landing of goods at the custom house.
My 15, 8, 16, 5 is to swell.
My 8, 17 is a preposition.
My 10, 14, 18 is to draw by a rope.
My 11, 22, 2 is a domestic fowl.
My 11, 14, 18 is an adverb.
My 13, 20, 6 is the act of opposition.
My 19, 8, 1, 12 is a garden tool.
My whole is a proverb. J. H. H.
Hopewell, N. Y., 1859.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.

THE boundaries of a certain rectangular farm, containing 168 acres, having been completely effaced, the owner requested a Surveyor to determine anew the magnitude and position of the bounding lines. Finding four trees, A, B, C, D, remaining, which were known to stand one on each side of the farm, he measured the distances A B, B C, C D, D A, A C, and found them to be 160, 120, 157 58, 40, and 171.02 rods respectively. Can the boundaries be determined from these data without the aid of a compass? What are the dimensions of the farm? A. B. EVANS.

Madison University, N. Y., 1859.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.—Of course your readers are acquainted with the game of "squaring," a given word, which has of late been current in society. You will perhaps put upon record the "squaring of the circle," which I send you. It is as follows:

CIRCLE
ICARUS
RAREST
CREATE
LUSTRE
ESTEEM

The condition of this squaring is that every line, horizontal and vertical, shall be a known word. I may remark that the reason why the circle is especially difficult to square in this way is, that in it three consonants come together—R C L; and these, of course, in making the other words, must be followed by a vowel or a liquid.—*Selected.*

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 506

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—A model of prudence and perfection.

Answer to Poetical Enigma:—86 years.

Answer to Algebraic Problem:—907377 596 plus acres at $1,00 per acre.

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GREAT SALE OF REAL ESTATE,
WITH VALUABLE BUILDINGS,
At Olcott, Niagara Co., Oct. 18th, 1859.

THE Executors of the Estate of JACOB ALBRIGHT, (deceased) will sell at Public Auction, on the day above named the following property, to wit

1st. The Brick Hotel known as the Gross House, with all the buildings connected therewith and about one acre of land. The buildings are large, nearly new, and cost some five or six thousand dollars.

2d. The STEAM SAW MILL, nearly new, built by the deceased at a cost of four or five thousand dollars, and furnished with power sufficient for sawing and other machinery, with land sufficient for the purposes of the mill.

3d. Ninety six acres of land with valuable timber, lying about one mile west of Olcott, known as the Hopkins Creek Farm.

4th. Seventy-five acres of timbered land, lying about four miles southwest of Olcott. This is a valuable wood lot, and will be sold all together or in parcels, as we and purchasers may agree.

5th. Two valuable village lots in West Olcott, in the centre of the village, opposite Messrs. Outwater's store. Also, several choice lots in East Olcott.

The property above enumerated must be sold, and other valuable property will probably be offered. The village of Olcott is located at the mouth of the Eighteen-Mile Creek, on the shore of Lake Ontario; and for beauty of scenery, fertility of soil, salubrity of climate, good roads, water, fruit, freedom from frosts, drouth, or flood, the country around it cannot be excelled by anything in the State. All persons desiring to purchase will come and see, as this will be a rare chance for a bargain. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M.

TERMS OF SALE.—All sums under $1,000, one quarter down, and balance in three equal annual instalments, with interest; all sums over $1,000, one quarter down, and the balance in five equal annual instalments, with interest. Good bankable paper, due in three or four months, will be taken in lieu of cash, if desired.

Any information pertaining to the above can be had by address ing F. N. ALBRIGHT, at Yates, Orleans Co., or A. T. WETHERWAX, at Olcott.

F. N. ALBRIGHT,
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To the Children of the North, the South, the East and the West.
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The October number of this popular DAY-SCHOOL PAPER will be the commencement of the Fourth Volume. The Visitor is a quarto monthly paper, containing, in pleasing variety, Useful Stories, Readings, Dialogues, Poetry, Sketches of Travel, Music, (in round and seven-shaped notes,) Songs, Enigmas, Puzzles, Educational News, and Fine Engravings. During the past year it has been our pleasure to publish some of the most popular pieces of music, as the eagerness with which they have been sought gives us evidence.

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REAPER AND MOWER,
WITH WOOD'S IMPROVEMENT,
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It has had a steady and increasing popularity from the first, achieving a complete success in the first important trial at Geneva in 1852. It carried off the highest honors at the great National Field Trial at Syracuse in 1857; and amidst all the competition and trials of 1858, came out with more and better established points of excellence than ever before.

The general principles peculiar to this machine, and upon which it is constructed, have proved so successful that there has been no attempt to change them.

The main effort during the last year has been to improve its mechanical construction, to make it stronger and more durable, and sustain its reputation as the leading and most acceptable machine to the largest class of farmers in the country.

Warranted capable of cutting from 10 to 15 acres of grass or grain per day, in a workmanlike manner.

Price of Machine as heretofore, varies according to width of cut, and its adaptation in size and strength to different sections of the country, from $125 to $150, delivered here on the cars. WALTER A. WOOD,
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Patented February 22d, 1859.

During the six years I have been engaged in the manufacture of the Manny Combined Reaper and Mower, I have given much thought and attention to the construction of what I foresaw would be a great want of the Farmers—a lighter and cheaper machine expressly for mowing, than had yet been made.

And now, after the most thorough and repeated experiments and tests in every variety of field, and in all kinds and in every condition of grass, I am prepared, with entire confidence, to offer to the farmers and dealers of the United States, the great *desideratum* in this department of Agricultural labor-saving machines—a Mower, superior in its capacity for good work to any hitherto introduced, of easy draft, light, cheap, and durable.

This machine I now offer as my latest invention, to meet a special want of farmers, and to place within the reach of all, a Mower that for practical working, cheapness and simplicity, will be without a rival.

I build Two-Horse and One-Horse Mowers. The Two-Horse Mower weighs 425 lbs., and cuts a swath four feet wide (or more if specially ordered.) The One-Horse Mower weighs 80 lbs. less, (395 lbs.,) and cuts a swath three and a half feet wide.

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VOL. X. NO. 41.] ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1859. [WHOLE NO. 509.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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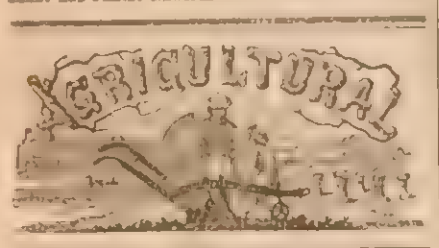


JOTTINGS FOR THE SEASON.

WHEN the labors appropriate to the present month are concluded, it may be said that the active portion of the farmer's year has passed away, and he can now enjoy a brief period of leisure. There is to be no "folding of hands," certainly; but, the hurry and bustle incident to all the months between seed-time and harvest will give place to comparative ease and quiet. These latter conditions of both mind and body, however, will very much depend upon the proper accomplishment of the tasks yet on hand, and though we may not add anything to the general stock of knowledge by our present writing, we purpose giving a few hints, just jogging the mentalities of our readers to the merits and necessity of completeness. The sluggard, and he who procrastinates, will be caught, not only napping, but badly frost-bitten, should the former indulge "in a little more sleep," and the latter put off for a "more convenient season" the duties of to-day. "*Now* is the constant syllable ticking upon the clock of Time," we are told, and he who marks these conditions, and fulfills the requirements of the moment, will always be found among the *Men* of the age.

The *Corn Crop*, judging from the quotations now obtainable, and the recent advance taken in rates, is to be one of our *paying* institutions, for several months, at least. The early part of the year was very unfavorable,—in fact, during the entire summer we have had but little "old-fashioned corn weather,"—and the development of the crop has been a succession of difficulties. Probabilities seem to favor the idea that considerable quantities will not be well matured, and the aggregate value considerably diminished thereby. Every advantage which can be taken, ought to be seized with promptitude by the cultivator, so that not only himself but the country at large may be benefited. "Topping" and "cutting up," are the two recognized modes of securing, and the favorites of each have pressed their claims upon the public ear through the columns of the RURAL in days past. The main arguments for the former course were, that it cures the better portion of the stalk before it is injured by frost—allows free access of sun and air to the crop, thus hastening its ripening—and requires less labor. Our fodder is very short, however, and if there were no other reason for adopting the practice of "cutting up," this, under the circumstances, would be deemed sufficient by a goodly number of cultivators.—When corn is fairly glazed it is fit to cut up at the root, and this mode will materially assist in keeping up the condition of fodder-rack and cattle. If not hurried by fear of frost, we should allow corn to stand until the husks begin to loosen, to facilitate their removal in securing the crops.—After cutting and binding, the best method is to place in stooks of from six to ten bundles. It can stand in this condition for a considerable period without injury. After husking place the bundles in larger stooks until the corn is entirely beyond the reach of damage. On a dry day draw and stack near the barn-yard, in small stacks—of not more than two loads each—and it is well to place a pole in the centre of each stack, with two others leaning against it, so as to furnish an air passage, should there be any tendency to heating. Stalks had better remain well stooked in the field, until wanted for feeding out, than to be stored in large stacks or close mows, where they are certain to suffer from heating or mould, or both combined. It is useless to urge upon farmers the importance of care in securing corn-fodder—if self-preservation will not compel the grower to give all the required preparation, we are not aware of any "higher law" that will furnish essential aid in enforcing the claims of those interested.

The *potatoes* are to be dug and housed the present month. After all the care and labor devoted to this crop during the months of development, it is to be hoped that in the last duties connected therewith, a laxity of watchfulness will not be permitted to creep in. If the "rot" does not make its appearance, and opportunity is offered for gathering under favorable circumstances, all things over which the farmer has control should be properly prepared. Every opening likely to admit frost must be closed. JACK is well known to be a "great insinuator," and if the most minute avenue is left unguarded, the cellar will soon give ample proof of his visits.

Year after year the caution against standing water upon the wheat fields is issued by the Agricultural Press. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" but we earnestly desire to see the day when the thousands of miles of tile and other drains will render unnecessary any such word of counsel, in our own State, at least. A special attention to this matter will pay large dividends, and winter-killed wheat would become almost a myth if draining received a tithe of what the system merits.

Amid all the calls that are made upon your time and exertions, don't let us hear any emanating from the domicil of the porkers. There is neither music nor poetry in such sounds, and, viewed in a more practical light, very little profit. Quiet is an essential to fatness, and who ever noted a single instance of passivity in a half-starved specimen of the genus under consideration? We have heard and read of "educated hogs"—and we have seen a few—but not one was so thoroughly imbued with a disciplinary spirit as to resist the clamorings of an empty stomach.

When all the peculiar demands of the season are attended to and completed,—when the "painted month," is numbered with the past,—when the "bright colors in which everything green loves to die," have disappeared,—when a new year is hidden along the boughs, and another summer is nestled amid the falling leaves and faded flowers, what a glorious field of observation is opened to the gaze of the ardent cultivator. Wait not for the "days of great things,"—the least of Nature's children are deserving notice from the most towering intellect, and worthy the intensest study. 'Tis the "vaulting ambition that o'er leaps itself," and he who waits for brilliant opportunities is the drone in the great hive of humanity. The following, which we extract from the London *Gardener's Chronicle*, is to the point:—"Mr. NOCKOLDS, at the late meeting of the Farmers' Club, said that the power of observing and recording facts and phenomena was a most valuable portion of a farmer's education. He remembered that when he quitted school, and was placed to learn his business, his master would, as opportunities occurred, point out particular trees, explain their distinctive characteristics, the purposes to which the timber might be applied, and make other observations, relative to familiar objects, which he could not fail to treasure up in his mind; and he believed that he had acquired more information by these practical means than he could have done by any amount of mere theoretical teaching. He had two sisters, who exerted a sort of double Queen Victoria power over him. They were very clever, and were well versed in chronology, from the days of Adam down to the present time. In short, they knew everything. On one occasion, the conversation happening to turn upon Henry the Eighth's wives, he had forgotten what was their number, and could only recollect that he was brute enough to cut off the heads of one or two of them. 'Don't you know how many wives he had?' was the question. 'No, I don't,' he replied, 'but do you see that little bird?' 'Yes.' 'Do you know what it is?' The young ladies confessed they did not. 'That,' he rejoined, in triumph, 'that is a hen chaffinch; and, I think, my dears, you had better make the acquaintance of the common things by which you are surrounded, than trouble yourselves about Henry the Eighth and his wives.'"

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

MESSRS. EDS.:—In a late RURAL you quote from a prominent veterinary surgeon, among other things, that "all cutting of their tails" is "cruel and unnecessary" in the case of horned cattle. If this is so the conceived opinions of very many farmers need to be reconsidered and revised. My practice uniformly is to start the blood from the tip of the tails of all my cattle every spring, and oftener during the summer with such as show rough hair, or other evidences of a want of thrift. This is done by a square dock, or by slitting, when otherwise the brush of the tail will be too much reduced. Ordinarily, it is probably best to perform the operation early in the day, when the animal is in cool blood, and in seasons of the year when flies are not over-abundant. The *cruelty* of the thing is too trifling to mention. Still, if no good follows the practice, it were better to omit it. But upon this point, something more will be needed to satisfy my mind than the dogmatic declaration of any one writer, however distinguished. I have always *supposed* that it was a preventive of horn-ail; and as a remedy for the disease when it was already seated, it has seemed evident and marked. But according to Dr. DADD, it was all an illusion!

I have seen cattle in neighbors' fields with a hard, round roll or twist of hair in the centre of the brush,—their tails having never been cut,—and have ached to apply the knife, so sure was I that it would afford to the system a needed relief, and give to the outer coat of the animals a gloss that it probably lacked. I once purchased a pair of oxen in the month of August.—At the first glance, I saw that they were not thriving very well, though they were in good pasture. The eye was a little heavy, and the hair was rough and dull, and lacked that gloss and appearance of life which it ought to have. I saw, or *thought* I did, the difficulty; and as soon as the cattle were delivered, the knife was used without stint, and the cattle turned out. A few hours after, word came that one of them was "bleeding to death," whereat the writer was not particularly alarmed. It proved to be the one that most needed the operation, and there were evidences that a good deal of blood had spilled. Nothing, however, was done to stop the flow. In a few days there was a second shedding of coat, the eye brightened, they grew and thrived exceedingly, and in a few weeks the lively, well-laid hair fairly glistened, and there was, and continued to be, all the evidences of perfect, vigorous, abounding health. Nothing else was done for them, no other sufficient cause could be assigned for the change, and it will need more than the *dictum* of the learned veterinarian to satisfy me that the cutting was not called for and advantageous. And this case, in its results, accords with my almost uniform experience. W. B. P.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., 1859.

CORN SYRUP.

EDS. RURAL:—The agricultural publications of 1858 were sweet and welcome visitors, containing a much larger proportion of saccharine substance than is ordinarily afforded in tea and coffee. The syrup-loving boys and girls flattered themselves there would be no more famine in the bread and *molasses* department; and the good *dames* of the north were jubilant with gratulations, expecting to see no more wry faces in response to the sweet hint that so often accompanies the morning cup of coffee, "*My dear, we are nearly out of sugar.*" Sorghum was the hobby, and its riders promised us an abundant supply through this novel agency.

But, alas! in 1859 we have to take our papers without sweetening. Still they relish very well, being full of the "*staff of life*," with which we are so amply supplied the present season. But the boys want a little molasses with the bread, and the good wife scrapes the sugar-bowl, hoping to give a hint without a word, and avoid having the cream curdle in the coffee beneath the vinegar scowl of the embarrassed husband. Under this pressure of the times W. B. P. asks, "*Sorghum, where is it?*"

I do not propose to answer this inquiry, as I am not one of the persons to whom it is addressed. I can only say of my Sorghum, it has gone to the worms, the frost, and the drouth.

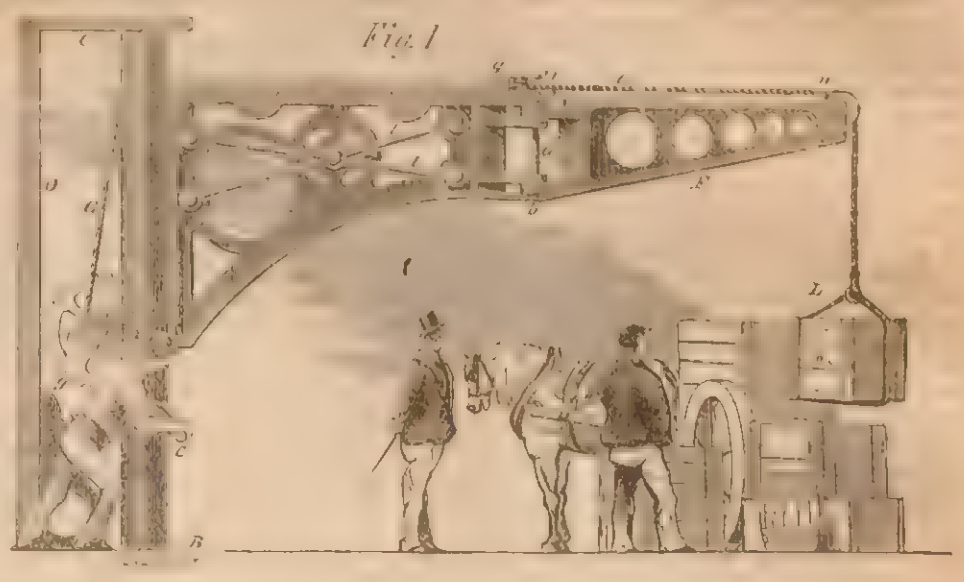
This failure revived in my mind the memory of the "Corn Molasses" excitement of 1843, which constituted the sweetning of all the country papers of that year, and then took its leave, without imparting an item of its deliciousness to the buckwheat cakes. Hence, in the absence of Sorghum, I determined to test the value of corn as a substitute. I give your readers the result of my experiments, which have been much more satisfactory than I had anticipated.

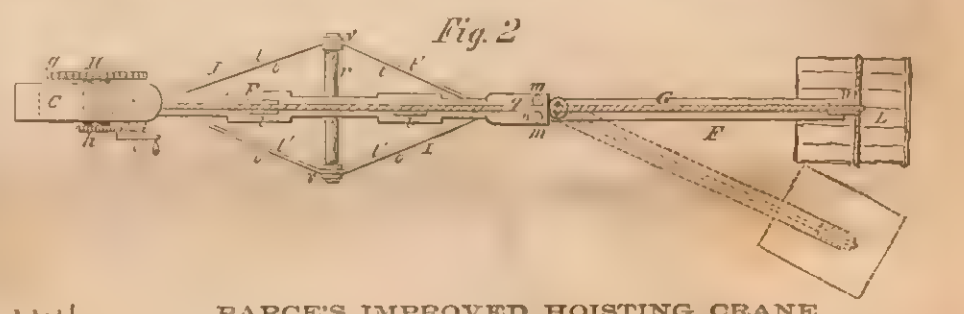
My corn is about three-fourths the usual growth, having been much retarded by drouth. When my first experiment was made, one-half of the corn was ripe enough for the crib. I then obtained, of syrup, in the proportion of eighteen gallons per acre, and of corn eighty bushels of ears, including the soft or unripe portion. The leaves, husks and tops were carefully saved for fodder. I continued my experiments weekly, and found, as I supposed I should, the saccharine substance in the corn-stalk continually decreased as the corn ripened. My last experiment was made after the corn was fully ripe, and the yield of syrup was in the proportion of eight gallons per acre. The mode of cleansing, evaporation, &c., was the same as that of the Sorghum, and those who have eaten of the corn syrup pronounce it superior to the former. The balance of my corn is now cut and in the stook, and upon this I shall experiment still further, in order to learn how long it may stand in this situation without spoiling it for syrup. The yield will, of course, be less than before. To grow corn exclusively for sugar, the sets should be removed when they appear. But it is a question whether it will not pay better to connect the grain and syrup product together.

These experiments prove that every rural district can supply itself with sugar from the corn-stalk, which is next to worthless for fodder, and is usually trodden under foot. The expense of converting it into syrup is but a trifle more than that of fitting it for feed, by cutting, &c. True, the yield per acre is not large, but sure.

The Editor of the RURAL, three or four years since, recommended his readers, in substance, "never to employ others to do that which could as well be done by their own hands." To many this suggestion has been worth, annually, three times the cost of that excellent paper. Would not the adoption of the motto of some of our worthy fathers be equally happy in its effect, viz: "Never import or buy that which can as well be produced or manufactured at home." Let us test Sorghum and corn, side by side, for a series of years,—develop the merits of each, and manufacture our own sugar, from one, the other, or both.

Menesha, Wis., 1859. O. P. C.





PARCE'S IMPROVED HOISTING CRANE.

THE above engraving represents an improved Hoisting Crane recently patented by Mr. J. B. PARCE, of this county. Messrs. D. B. DELAND & Co., proprietors of the Fairport Chemical Works, have one of these cranes in use in their extensive establishment; it operates on any place inside of a circle of forty feet in diameter, by which two men can raise or lower and place in any position required any weight not exceeding 4,000 lbs., and by the addition of another man or two, (or with steam power,) five tuns can be handled in like manner. It will pass a post or any obstruction within ten feet of the centre, and can be thrust through a doorway or window for the purpose of loading or unloading freight from a cart, &c. The gentlemen above alluded to assure us that it can perform more labor than eight men by any other means known to them; and they consider it invaluable for iron foundries, ship yards, docks, marble works, stone quarries, railroad freight houses, etc.

The Crane is thus noticed by the *Scientific American*:—"The device for bracing the arm against the twist, or torsion strain, will attract the attention of such of our readers as take an interest in mechanical contrivances. To the post, A, which turns on pivots, the main arm, E, is firmly fastened. By means of a hinged joint, the outer arm, F, is connected with the main arm, E; the pin of this hinge is oval in form, and is firmly fastened into the main arm, E, so that it cannot turn, with its largest axis perpendicular to the line of the arm. The jointed arm, F, turns about this pin; the holes in F, through which the pin passes, being round, and fitting the pin loosely. The object of this arrangement is to hold the end of the arm, F, up horizontally when it is turned at right angles to the main arm, E. The rope, G, passes between friction rollers, *m*, the axles of which are vertical."

The specifications describe the bracing device as follows:—"The main arm, E, is strengthened by means of double diagonal braces, I, which are united by a stay, *r*, which passes freely through an aperture, S, in the arm, E, without touching any part of the same, and the several arms, *t* and *t'*, are attached to the arm by means of bolts or rivets, *u u' u''* and *u'''*, as clearly represented in Fig. 1; and all the arms, *t t'*, are secured in the centre to the stay, *r*, by means of nuts, *v*, as represented in Fig. 2."

* * "If the weight be brought into a position, as represented in dotted lines in Fig. 2, the strain exerted by the same on the main arm, E, has a tendency to twist the outer end of the same, so as to turn the bolt, *u'*, out (Fig. 1,) and the bolt, *u*, in; but any strain which has a tendency to twist the outer end of the main arm, E, in this direction is brought to bear on the bolts *u'''* and *u''*, by means of the arms, *t* and *t'*, of the brace, I; and, as the stay, *r*, passes freely through the aperture, S, in the main arm, E, any little motion in the braces, *t* and *t'*, has no effect on the central part of the arm." The object of this bracing is to allow the arm to be swung with less power than would be required if it was allowed to twist; and "that the strain exerted by the weight on the arm may be brought to bear on that part of the same where it joins the post." If the bent arm twists with a heavy weight at the end, in swinging the arm out straight, we are obliged to raise the weight, with a useless expenditure of power.

Messrs. DELAND & PARCE, of Fairport, N. Y., are the proprietors of this apparently very valuable patent, and will cheerfully respond to any inquiries in relation thereto.

WHEAT OR WINTER BARLEY—WHICH?

EDS. RURAL:—On this question you gave, a few weeks since, the *diverse* opinions of two Presidents of Agricultural Societies, and without presuming to "decide when high officials disagree," permit me to suggest that perhaps *both* were right (a conclusion certainly most satisfactory to lovers of official dignity). Winter barley proves with us a very tender plant, extremely liable to winter-kill—much more so than wheat. *But when once thro'*

the winter it is midge proof, and yields most bountifully, often, on good land, from forty to fifty bushels per acre. On good, dry land, such as will produce twenty-five bushels of wheat per acre, you may expect forty or fifty of winter barley, while on land which will produce fifteen or twenty bushels of wheat, you need expect only eight or twelve of barley. Early sowing is also essential to enable the barley to get good root before winter, and so too is thorough drainage, as if there is the least excess of moisture the plant will surely "heave," yet on dry land no crop pays better. I think winter barley is merely spring barley, acclimated to endure our winters, as after mild winters wheat on spring barley stubble will contain heads of barley scattered through the sheaves. On extremely good soil spring barley would answer to sow in the fall, though I think winter barley would be rather more hardy. Probably winter barley will become more and more hardy with repeated sowings—the farther it is removed from the spring sorts.

In regard to the *morality* of the crop, about which doubts are intimated, I am not aware that winter barley contains any more wickedness, pound for pound, than the spring sorts, besides being, on our best land, much more productive, and bringing five to ten cents more per bushel.

Henrietta, N. Y., 1859. W. J. F.

ON BREEDING HORSES IN WESTERN N. Y.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—An esteemed correspondent and a regular subscriber deeply interested in the above subject, has kindly handed me his file of your talented and highly pleasing paper, and drawn my attention to an article in your impression of July 23d, wherein Mr. Parsons, anxious to improve the breed of horses in Onondaga Co., recommends larger and heavier horses to be used, whilst in your editorial remarks in the same number, you remind the writer that small horses notwithstanding bring high prices and are much in demand. And your correspondent, in the impression of August 13th, under the signature of "Rural Reader," on the same subject, and apparently anxious for further information, asks: "What kind of stallions crossed with the mares of Western N. Y., will produce the fastest trotters, best roadsters, most stylish and valuable carriage horses, and most useful stage, cart, and farm horses?"

Difficult as this question may be to solve, involving as it does in its sweeping grasp, the *whole* of the mares at present existing in Western New York, large, small, and medium sized, and notwithstanding all the varied opinions on the subject, I will obey the call of your correspondent, and try to assist you in solving this knotty but most interesting question.

Mr. P. recommends large horses, weighing 1,600 lbs., while you remind us that small horses are valuable; you are both apparently right, but as a general rule you are both wrong. Mr. P.'s large horse would produce too many leggy 17 banders, neither useful nor ornamental, and your small horse indiscriminately used would fill the country with weeds. I may say with your correspondent, "I have no axe to grind." Both these horses would no doubt produce some good ones, but they would produce far too many bad, and leave you with a very poor stock from which to breed in future.

I understand the object to be attained by your correspondent's remark, it is this—What kind of horse would you recommend us to use to *all* our mares—great, small, and medium size, bad, good, and indifferent—in order to produce the greatest amount of valuable, useful horses, for all purposes, saddle, harness, and draught, with the least loss by wasters, (that is, overgrown useless animals, and undersized weeds, equally worthless,) leaving us at the same time with a goodly quantity of mares not deteriorated, from which we can continue our breeding operations with success?

In order that I may be properly understood by your large circle of readers, to whom I am a stranger, and may use terms (although correct) not in common use by them, permit me to explain that, by a Draught horse I mean a pure bred Clydesdale, a Suffolk, or a Northumbrain; they are all of them good. By Harness, I mean a pure Cleveland bay carriage horse; and for Saddle a thorough-bred, and I do not mean in this paper to speak of any other. Let me here state, however, for reasons hereafter to be named, that on no account whatever would I *use a stud horse of a mixed breed, even if he was the fastest trotter in creation.* The horse for your purpose must be pure, although neither he, or his blood, ever trotted fast in their lives.—Imported Messenger, Trustee, Bashaw, &c., &c., were not trotters, but they produced the best of trotters, and so shall the horse I recommend if he can be obtained and have a fair trial. I speak from years of practical experience, spent in producing horses that could walk, trot, and gallop, as long and as fast as any horses in this fast country.

We must infer that a large proportion of your mares are not pure; hence the necessity of the above observation, that on the male side I insist upon purity, so that you can fall back and replace it, and follow it up for any period, even to all time. Where the mares are pure, the result will speak for itself; but where the mixture of breeds exist on the male side, no calculation can be made—the produce may perchance be right, or it may take after some great, gt. gt. grand, no knowing how far back. Therefore, to begin we must have one side pure blood, either saddle, harness, or draught; the mares we presume are not *all* so, and therefore to obtain, or attempt to obtain, the object asked by our friend (Rural Reader) we must have purity on one side, and the male is preferable.

In order to show the necessity of pure blood in the sire, and not only pure blood but perfection in shape, I will use the authority of an esteemed friend and able writer, Reginald Orton, M. D., on the Physiology of Breeding. The learned doctor observes: "There is no uncertainty in nature's operations, the male *always* confers the external structure of the offspring, while the female gives the internal." In other words, we reasonably calculate and expect that the offspring will bear the external conformation and locomotive powers of the sire, and the internal, (i. e.,) vital organs or constitution of the dam. Now, if this observation is true it will materially assist us in our object; if it is not, we will of course let it slide. By way of illustration, however, with your permission we will bring before your readers a few Physiological facts bearing upon this important subject, to enable them to judge of the necessity for using pure blood and superior form, such as I have strenuously recommended above, in the horse to be used for Western N. Y., and from which so much is expected.

In the first example a mare put to an ass will produce a mule, with its head, ears, tail, mane, legs and feet of the sire, or Jack, with the body and constitution of the dam or mare: and *vice versa*, put a pony to an ass, and the offspring will be a binny, with all the externals of the pony and the body and constitution of the ass. The former, sired by the Jack, will bray; and the latter, sired by the pony, will neigh. Mr. Thomas, of Haverford West, in writing on this subject, says—"In using a long eared boar and a short eared sow (two purely distinct breeds) the progeny will have the long ears of the sire, or boar, improved by the fattening qualities of the sow, and the produce from a short eared boar and a long eared sow, will shorten the ears and body of their produce, with a corresponding loss of adaptation to fatten."

The cross with a pure draught horse, and a saddle or blood mare, will produce a fine, strong horse with the form of the sire, and the game of the mare, *but at an awful sacrifice of pace and lasting qualities.* The blood horse upon the draught mare is a decided improvement; it is, in fact, implanting blood upon strength; the form and locomotive powers are improved, at an apparent loss of size and strength, but this is not so much in reality as it is in idea, the bones of the blood horse being more dense, and stronger for their size than draught, and the muscles and tendons are also stronger in the same proportion. Experiments similarly conducted with sheep prove the same result. For instance, the Leicester ram with a Chevoit ewe will produce more size, and a squarer form, with longer wool—while the Cheviot ram with the Leicester ewe, will deteriorate the Liecester, and only slightly improve the Cheviot, proving indisputably that blood and form must be used on the male side, to guide us to a successful result.

This law is not confined to animals alone; nature dictates the same principles, and obeys the same law as rigidly in the feathered tribes. Mr. Garnett, of Clithero', bred from a Muscovy drake and a common duck, the produce having the large form and wild habits of the male, with improved flesh of the common duck, while those hybrids produced from the common drake and Muscovy duck made little or no alteration in their form.

There is another rule in the Physiology of breeding, so very remarkable, and at the same time so well authenticated, that it cannot fail to prove interesting. The female system imbibes other influences (than those already named) from the male, which modify the future progeny of other males; in almost all kinds of animals the effect has been noted, and I now select a few which most suit our purpose for illustration. Mr. McGillavoray observes that, "in several foals in the Royal stud at Hampton Court, by Acteon, there were unequivocal marks of the horse Colonel, to whom the dams of these foals had been put and bred from the previous season. Again, a colt belonging to the Earl of Sheffield, by Laurel, so resembled the horse Camel that it was not only thought, but boldly asserted at Newmarket that he must have been sired by Camel. It was ascertained, however, that the only relation the colt bore to Camel, was, that his dam had been to Camel the year before." "Prof. Low affords us another instance, after remarking that there is sometimes a difficulty in getting thorough-bred mares to breed to blood, and in order to induce them, a courser horse is used.—The Professor adds, the effect never fails to be seen in the progeny, the courser characters of the first male reappearing, however highly bred the subsequent stallion may be."

Haller and Becker both say that when a mare has had a mule to an ass, and then a foal to a horse, the foal exhibits traces of the ass, a statement also confirmed by Prof. Low. Many reasons are assigned for this phenomenon, but, to enter into them, and explain how they come to pass, would lead my already too long paper beyond the limits of your columns. We will therefore try to solve Rural Reader's question, viz: what horse, under all the circumstances will answer his question, as given in the beginning of this article?

Now, Sir, if these gentlemen are correct in their Physiological remarks, as to the male conferring the external form and locomotive powers to the offspring, and the female the constitution in the first instance, and in the second that the male also has the power of influencing the female in respect to her subsequent progeny begotten by another horse,—I say if they are correct (and until we can prove they are not so,) we cannot be wrong in choosing the male with the greatest possible care, both as to blood and shape.

All well made horses from a good, sound stock, with proper treatment will have their natural paces in perfection, (the walk, trot, and gallop,) in which they will go as fast as any reasonable man wishes; and they (I mean any of them,) can readily be taught to go faster, and do a mile in fewer seconds than is absolutely necessary for any useful purpose; and will also easily learn any ugly, awkward style, fast or slow, the owner chooses, and it may be called trotting—"a rose by any other name would smell as sweet"—but to accomplish these things well (as a general rule) both blood and shape are necessary. There are plenty of horses, *with very fine names*, that go fast, but they have neither a natural pace or an elegant style; they are fit for a butcher's cart, and their intense value in the eye of a judge is—*nil.*

Our object is to produce *valuable, stylish, fast,* and *useful* horses from *all* your mares, and the draught horse will not do this. "We cannot make a silk purse from a sow's ear"—from draught we cannot produce a saddle horse nor a first class for harness; elasticity of limb, speed and elegance, would be sacrificed on the shrine of size and strength. With a short-legged Cleveland carriage horse you will come much nearer perfection; you will keep up your size and strength with more speed and elegance, and leave you with the best blood mares in the world for trotting, or any other purpose but racing; from this stock you never can compete with thorough blood.

To fill all the requirements of Rural Reader, I fear there is only one horse, but there is one horse, and from him you can (according to the quality of the mare you use) produce every kind of horse enumerated in your correspondent's sweeping question. This horse I would have thorough-bred, so that from him you can produce racers, trotters, saddle, harness, draught, and horses for every intermediate purpose; but to do this it is necessary that he should be chosen with judgment—and that is not, can he do 2.30?—but it is, can he walk well, and sound, trot in due form, and gallop correctly? His limbs must be as strong as a wagon horse, short, flat, and free, not tied in anywhere; his feet good and sound, small head, wide nostrils, and sloping shoulders; his neck long, but not too long, nor his crest too high, (I don't like your peacock horses, they are only for show, they are flat catchers—more for ornament than use.) I would have his body thick, muscular and strong, and his back short, his blood as pure as flowed in the veins of Eclipse, his height under 16 hands, his color a bright blood bay, with jet black legs, and not only without a blemish, but if possible without a fault.

I do not wish to be invidious, or speak ill of any particular horse; neither do I wish to praise another beyond his true merit. I cannot, however, resist remarking that I yesterday saw in a public exhibition a horse 25 years old, with all, or nearly all, the qualities I have enumerated, and upon inquiry I found that it was the celebrated race horse *Mango*, imported to this country from England, and now the property of Messrs. Bathgate, of Westchester, Co., N. Y. This horse won the St. Leger at Doncaster in 1847; his raising qualities and performances are of first class order, and if he was 5 years old, instead of 25, I would say of all the horses I have seen in this country he is the nearest the animal I have described, and the most likely to answer all the requirements of our friend Rural Reader.

The only excuse I can make for the length I have unfortunately run this article is the interest I feel in the subject, a desire to be useful to your readers in particular, a benefit to the human family in general, and also to give you, Sir, an opportunity of becoming acquainted with

Yours, most respectfully,

September 24, 1859. Old Wimp.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Bones and Wheat.

According to Sir Robert Kane, the distinguished chemist, says the *Scientific American*, one pound of bones contains the phosphoric acid of twenty-eight pounds of wheat. A crop of wheat of forty bushels per acre, and sixty pounds per bushel, weighs 2,400 pounds, and this requires about eighty-six pounds of bones to supply it with that essential material. The usual supply of bone dust (three to four cwt, per acre,) supply each of the crops for four years with a sufficiciency of phosphoric acid, which is given out as the bones decompose. It may, therefore, be conceived what would be the effect of a double dressing of bones, renewed each year from time to time, by adding doses, all giving out the phosphoric acid by the slow process of decomposition.

Manuring Winter Wheat.

Prof. Campbell says:—"Some farmers put off the application of their stable and yard manure to wheat until winter or spring. When this is done, they are usually but poorly compensated for their labor. Winter wheat has two periods of growth; the first in autumn, and the second during the following spring or summer. The vigor of the crop in its second period, generally depends very much upon the healthful development of those parts of the roots which are natural to the first or autumn period. If, then, manure is incorporated with the soil at the time of sowing, the impulse given to the wheat plants in autumn is almost certain to continue until the crop is matured—unless some *physical* cause comes in to prevent, such as drouth or the depredation of insects. But when manure is spread upon fall wheat in winter or spring, it comes too late. The basis of a good crop is not there. As well might you expect to make a great ox from a stinted calf, as to make a good crop in such a case as this."

Keeping Sweet Potatoes.

A writer in the Oskaloosa *Herald* gives his method of preserving the sweet potato through the winter. His way is as follows:—"I use dry sand to put them up in—it don't matter how the sand is dried, in a kiln, in a log heap, or in the sun, so it is dry, that is all that is required. I prefer drying in a log heap, as it costs at least four times less, and is just as good. And a family that has a little room with a stove in it, may keep a box or two of eight or ten bushels, without much inconvenience. The boxes must be raised six or eight inches from the floor, and they must not be nearer than four inches to the wall. Fill the box with potatoes, and then put in sand, cover the potatoes with sand. There is a good deal said about kiln-dried sand, but is all fudge. I have also known them kept well in buckwheat chaff. In order to keep potatoes with success, there must be a thermometer kept in the room. The mercury must not sink below 40°; if it does, the potatoes will chill and rot; it also must not rise above 60°, or they will grow. I have never lost any of my potatoes only by letting the room get too cold. A thermometer only costs a dollar, and every man ought to have one."

"Artesian Wells a Curse."

So says the *California Farmer*, and without agreeing with the opinion, we give an extract from its article on the subject:

"We have made critical examination of the result of this flooding the land, this profuse irrigation, and not a solitary instance have we found where we do not see a blight in some degree, and it is rapidly increasing. We venture the assertion that within two years many fine and flourishing garden spots will have become so diseased as to literally die out. The system, as now practised, is contrary to all principles of science, and we hope most earnestly that the cultivators of that great valley will communicate freely and fully with us upon this subject, giving us all important facts relating to artesian wells and their influence. We know this fact. The fruit raised by the irrigation system is neither so high colored or so rich and juicy; and the trees that produce the fruit look succulent in their branches; they did not ripen their wood well, and thus become subject to be destroyed by cold and frost. Trees and plants raised under this system, make long, naked 'tap roots,' and consequently bear fruit upon the extremities of the limbs.

"We ask cultivators to examine our statements, and they will find them so. We do not believe there is a gardener, nurseryman or orchardist that will not soon deplore the error he has committed in thus being led into this unnatural system. God said 'fountains shall spring up in the desert,' across which in his own time he will 'make a highway for our God,' and then across the desert will ere long be found for the coming thousands to our land, the artesian well, and there they will be a 'blessing for man and beast;' and here, too, they would be a blessing, were it not for man's avarice. Artesian wells, if here and there only, would be well enough; but the system of irrigation should only be in accordance with nature's plans; the earth must not be deluged; gentle showering over the foliage at the evening hour to cleanse and refresh, is always good, and that is about all that is needed. But there is a great evil that will soon be felt at Santa Clara; in fact is now felt. The earth is parched up, and bitter and grievous complaints come from all quarters, for it is found that the evil is increasing. And yet, 'men have eyes, but they see not.' All the surface water of the entire county is drawn off by means of artesian wells; drawn down to their channels, and then sent up again in one stream instead of ten thousand through all the pores of the surface earth, and then carried off into the bay."

Agricultural Miscellany.

The State Fair, at Albany this week, will probably prove one of the best ever held by the Society. The weather promises to be fine, and the Albany papers say everything is ready on the Fair Grounds—that nearly a thousand entries were made last week; the buildings are all fitted up; many of the heavy articles have arrived, (including horses and cattle in droves;) the moving power for the machinery is being arranged, and every one to whom official duties have been assigned are at their posts. We hope the Fair will excel those held in this city—the most successful ever made by the Society—and if so, Rochester and Western New York will "try again" the first opportunity.

Ag. Fairs next Week.—The only Northern State Fair to be held the coming week is that of Connecticut—at New Haven, Oct. 11–14. Though proverbially the "land of steady habits," Conn. is becoming progressive, agriculturally, and will make a creditable demonstration of the skill and industry of her producers. The Tennessee State Fair takes place at Nashville, Oct. 10–15. The only County Fairs in this State, so far as we learn, are—Seneca, at Waterloo, Oct. 12–14, and Yates, Penn Yan, Oct. 12, 13. New York Union Fairs—Brockport Union, at Brockport, and Palmyra Union, at Palmyra, Oct. 11, 12—both spirited Societies, which always have good exhibitions and are largely attended. Fairs are to be held at Hemlock Lake, Oct. 13, 14, and at Wyoming the 14th, which will, we believe, close the exhibitions in this State for 1859.

Corn, &c., Damaged by Frost.—The frost which occurred the middle of last month proved far more injurious in some portions of this State than was reported at the time. Judging from what we saw and heard in this vicinity, we supposed and stated that the damage was not material,—but subsequent observation in, and reports from, many counties east of this, and through Central New York, convince us that much damage was caused, especially to corn and buckwheat. Very little corn had been cut up at the time of the frost, and perhaps not over half the crop was glazed or out of danger; hence, there must be much soft corn, while the stalks are badly injured for fodder. We fear there will not be half an average crop of sound corn in many counties. Buckwheat is also badly injured in some localities.

Oporto Grape Wine.—We are indebted to Mr. A. Deveraux, of Clyde, N. Y., for a sample of wine made from the Oporto grape. Mr. D. sent us a sample last winter, which we noticed favorably,—asking information relative to the culture of the grape, &c. In giving his reply, our associate of the Horticultural department made some remarks relative to wine from Oporto grape, pronouncing it altogether too sweet, &c. It is proper to state here—and the correction ought to have been made earlier—that the remarks were intended to apply to a sample of wine sent us from Seneca county, (and said to be made from the Oporto grape,) and *not* to that received from Mr. D. Our associate got things a little mixed, though usually accurate, and hence this voluntary amende.

To Keep Cider Sweet.—In answer to an inquiry, "How to keep Cider fresh and sweet," in a late Rural, Mr. N. Payne, of Auburn, says:—"I will give you a simple process, which has proved satisfactory to me. Take Cider, pure and sweet from the press. Boil it sufficiently to clarify as you would *syrup* to make maple sugar, with eggs or milk. *Skim thoroughly*; when cold put it into sweet casks; bung tight. After a few months tap and you will find it 'fresh and sweet.' If you wish some of it for festive occasions, fill some bottles when you rack off—put one raisin or dried grape in each—tie the corks, and lay the bottles on their sides in the cellar until wanted."

The Old "Spirit of the Times."—In response to a request, it is but just to state that our long-time exchange, the "Old" *Spirit of the Times*, is in no wise involved in the controversy recently brought before the public through "*Porter's Spirit*" and "*Wilkes' Spirit of the Times*"—a mistake not altogether unavoidable, the names of the papers mentioned being nearly the same. We are assured that "The 'Old' Spirit," as it is familiarly termed by its friends and subscribers, still flourishes as the leading journal of the Turf and the Field, and that its subscription list was never larger than at present, or its conductors more prosperous.

Train Horses to Walk.—We have heretofore spoken of fast walking as more desirable in horses for general utility on the farm than fast trotting, and suggested that Agricultural Societies offer premiums accordingly. An exchange truthfully remarks that "a plow-horse should, above all things, be a good walker. The walking gait is not cultivated enough in training horses. Only consider what a team that could walk four miles an hour, for ten hours per day, could do towards hurrying through spring or fall work."

Recent Agricultural Exhibitions

The Pa. State Fair—near Philadelphia, last week, on the same grounds where the U. S. Fair was held a few years ago—was a decided success. According to the reports which have reached us the entries were numerous, and the exhibition fine, with a large attendance. The most prominent and attractive feature of the Fair was a trial of steam and hand fire engines—not very agricultural—some forty fire companies (including sixteen owning steam engines,) entering the arena of competition. The weather was propitious during the week. The premiums amounted to $3,000.

The Great St. Louis Fair.—The Fair of the St. Louis Agricultural and Mechanical Society, held last week, proved a splendid affair, though the weather was unfavorable a portion of the time. The display of Stock—especially of improved Horses and Cattle—was large and superior, and the prizes are said to have been fairly distributed among the various States represented. Among the $1,000 premiums (of which several were offered,) we observe that one was awarded to Chas. B. Mack, of Lockport, N. Y., for the best draught stallion—showing that Western New York was ahead in at least one class. In consequence of the inclemency of the weather on Thursday and Friday the progress of the Fair was greatly retarded, and the awarding of the sweepstakes prizes postponed until this week.

The Indiana State Fair—at New Albany, Sept. 28–29—is reported to have been an improvement upon its predecessors, in many respects, and especially in grounds and arrangements. The Indiana Farmer says:—"The exhibition grounds are the most extensive and best arranged we have ever seen anywhere. The plat embraces some seventy-two acres, and is the property of the Floyd County Agricultural Association, which embraces in its territorial jurisdiction several of the adjoining counties. The grounds and the improvements on them cost about $20,000. Of this amount the State Board has contributed $3,000, and the remainder has been made up by the Association owning the property and by individual stock subscription."

Monroe County Fair.—Our County Fair, last week, was worthy of the Society and locality. The exhibition was large and excellent in most departments—the display of Fruit, especially, being the largest and best we ever saw at a County Show. The weather was most favorable on the principal days—Thursday and Friday—and the attendance large, with corresponding receipts (some, $2,000.) The Indian Ball play, on Thursday, attracted an immense audience—the novelty proving more magnetic, apparently, than the very creditable exhibition of Stock, Implements, Fruit, Domestic Manufactures, &c. The address by Hon. J. O. Putnam, of Buffalo, was appropriate, instructive and eloquent—delivered in the best style, and well received by a large and appreciative audience. We presume the list of premium awards, etc., will be given in our local county papers.

Erie Co. Fair.—We learn that this Fair, last week, was the most successful ever held by the Society. The attendance was large, the exhibition fine, and the receipts greatly exceeded those of the previous year. The Buffalo Republic specially commends the display of implements, carriages, etc., made by Chas. Rogers, of Lancaster, and a new straw, stalk and root cutter manufactured by J. M. Claghorn, of North Evans. It adds that the annual address, delivered by Hon. A. B. Dickinson, was decidedly agricultural, and both interesting and instructive to the many practical farmers of the audience.

The Wyoming Co. Fair—at Warsaw, last week—is said to have been very satisfactory. The address was delivered by Horace Greeley to a large concourse of people. In proposing a vote of thanks, our friend Maj. H. T. Brooks gave the orator proper credit for punctuality in meeting his engagement—remarking that Mr. G. had left New York almost immediately after his arrival from California, without even kissing his wife, a duty which he hoped would be performed the first convenient opportunity! The Major's joke is better than the philosopher's example as a husband.

The Orleans Co. Fair—at Albion last week, (adjourned from previous week on account of bad weather)—was unusually successful. The exhibition of stock, particularly, is said to have been the best ever made in the county. The attendance was large, and the receipts sufficient to pay all expenses,—although the Fair was held only one day, in consequence of the fatal bridge accident at the rope-walking in the village, a performance, we are glad to say, having no connection whatever with the Fair.

The Canada West Provincial Fair—at Kingston, last week—is reported, by telegraph, to have been largely successful, in both show and attendance. We have no particulars.

Wheat Crop After Frost.—Dr. C. Miller, of this city, presented us with a handful of wheat as cut, and also a sample threshed and cleaned, that was grown in a field that had been considered entirely destroyed by the hard frost of the 5th of June last. It is from the farm of John Bleim, of Gates, near this city. Mr. B. had five acres of winter wheat so injured by the frost on the 5th of June, that on the 10th he commenced cutting it and curing for fodder. After cutting one acre the press of work prevented any further progress until the 20th, when the other four acres were treated in the same way. The wheat on the first acre cut sent up new leaves, formed heads, and was harvested on the 10th of August, just two months after the first mowing, and yielded 10 bushels of wheat, a specimen of which we now have before us. The four acres cut on the 20th yielded nothing. This fact it would be well to remember, should we be again visited with a late spring frost.

Winter Barley.—In the Branch Co. (Mich.) Republican, Mr. Jas. Chisbee, a prominent farmer, states that Winter barley has been grown in that vicinity for the last three years, and done well in every instance where it had a chance—the general yield being from 20 to 24 bushels per acre. Mr. C. further says:—"Judging from what we have seen of the grain, it is capable of yielding 80 bushels per acre. During the past season it has been raised by the side of spring barley and has produced four bushels to one of the spring variety. Mr. Amos Culver, of this place (Quincy,) has raised during the past season 60 bushels per acre on oat stubble once plowed, or 180 bushels on three acres, and on land that has been cropped for eight years in succession. We think it has decided advantages over spring barley, viz.:—1st. It may be sown after farmers get through with their hurry in sowing winter wheat. 2d. It may be harvested before wheat is ripe. 3d. It has no black, or false heads. 4th. It yields two to one, at least. 5th. The insect will not hurt it in the fall, and it is so early that the weevil will not hurt it. We are in hopes this barley will prove a substitute for the wheat crop, if we should be obliged to give up the cultivation of that grain in consequence of the insects and weevil, which at present threaten its destruction in Michigan. This variety of barley should be sown sometime between the 15th of September and the 1st of November, requiring about two bushels of seed per acre. It will ripen ten days earlier than wheat, and leaves the ground in good condition for that grain."

HORTICULTURAL.

FRUIT RECEIVED.

We are indebted to numerous friends for very fine collections of choice fruit, received within the two past weeks. To GEORGE BECK, of Charlotte in this county, for the largest specimens of the Clinton that we ever saw. Mr. B. says:—"I wish you would compare these with an engraving you gave in the RURAL in 1857, and see whether you do not think that engraving far below these specimens; and if so, please select the best bunch, if you know of none better, and give us a fair illustration. I think we should at least do justice to our *old varieties*, when there is so much boasting over everything that is new in the form of a grape. From what I have seen lately of the Clinton grape, among different cultivators, I am led to suppose that I am far in advance of most of them in cultivating this grape, for which reason I present you with these." The engraving we gave is a fair specimen of the Clinton as commonly grown; the berries and bunches of Mr. B.'s are twice the size of the plate.

To CHARLES DOWNING, Esq., of Newburgh, for a dozen bunches of the Delaware grapes, of good size and excellent quality. Mr. D says:—"Those I send are about the average size—the largest I have reserved for the N. Y. Horticultural Society. There has been no extra cultivation with the vine, not even trenched, but spaded 15 or 16 inches deep, and made about as rich as you would a bed for beets. Fruit is very scarce here, and I have nothing else worth sending."

To JOHN BOONKING, of Dundas, C. W., for one variety of apples and one of pears. The apples were the Black Detroit, sometimes called Black Canada. The pears were too far gone to judge of name or quality.

To Dr. C. W. GRANT, for the finest lot of Delaware grapes that we have ever seen—the bunches and berries were very large for this variety.

To Mr. BROCKSBANK, of Hudson, N. Y., for superb Rebecca grapes. The Rebecca is the highest flavored of all our new grapes, even excelling the Delaware, which is next in quality. The leaves, however, and particularly the lower ones, become injured by the sun, most cultivators think, drop off, or remain half dead, thus retarding the growth of the vine. While, therefore, we would not recommend the planting of this variety largely, we do recommend all amateurs to get a good vine, and to plant it in some sheltered locality, as on the east or south side of a building. On a building belonging to Messrs. ELLWANGER & BARRY, a few days since, we saw a vine sheltered in this way that has made a fine growth the present season, several canes being twelve or fourteen feet long, and the vine in apparent good health. Next season, we doubt not, it will give a good crop. It seems to us the injury to the leaf is caused by cold winds.

To WM. TOMPKINS, of Germantown, N. Y., for Concord, Diana, Brinckle, Isabella and Catawba grapes,—all fine and well ripened. Of the Brinckle we speak elsewhere. Mr. T. says:—"The Catawba is the only variety that has been injured by the *rot*. In 1854 I introduced dwarf pears in this place; sold some and planted some myself, which have done first rate, many of them having made a good growth and produced a heavy crop of pears at the same time. I have trees of the Louise Bonne de Jersey that have made five feet of wood the present season. Duchesse d' Angouleme, Buffum, Vicar of Winkfield and Brandywine do equally well. My soil is a strong loam, well drained, and well adapted to the Quince."

To JOHN G. WILLIAMS, for apples, called the Baird Apple around Deerfield and other places in Massachusetts, which proved to be the Rambo.

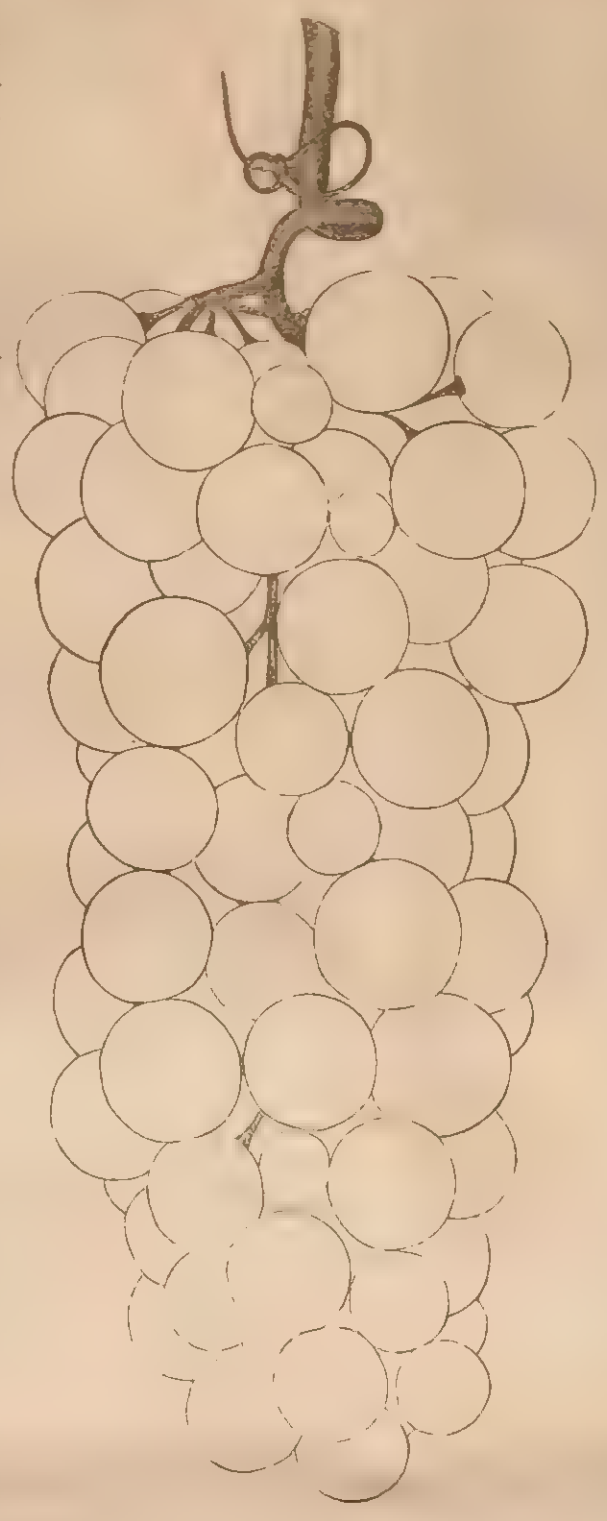
To D. DOWD, of North Huron, N. Y., for a box of large, highly colored apples, which on opening the box, we supposed to be Twenty Ounce, but which Mr. D. says is "believed to be a seedling which originated with me. The samples sent are average size, picked from a single bough, without moving from my position. The tree is a free grower, large and spreading; bears regularly every year, and has been in bearing over twenty years. The fruit is much admired in this neighborhood, and for some few years past scions have been eagerly sought for. The quality of the fruit you will be able to test from the specimens sent. One valuable peculiarity of this variety is that they are in use for culinary purposes about the 20th of August, and continue to ripen and fall off until sometime in October, thus supplying a *family with the best* kind of an apple more than two months. I have had much larger apples than these sent—some fifteen inches in circumference, but these being of the ordinary size, will furnish a correct idea of the average size. Sliced, they will cook soft in four minutes."

PINE-APPLE SQUASH.—I want to tender my grateful acknowledgments to the man who answered the inquiry about the *Pine-Apple Squash*. I am well acquainted with the article, and *the* person who named it, brought it into notice and distributed the seed—have tested it thoroughly for summer and winter, and ventured to label them "Equally good for Summer or Winter." The matured specimens will keep in a good, dry cellar all winter, and will be found an excellent substitute for sweet potatoes. By cutting the squash in sections longitudinally, as marked out by Dame Nature, and a very little trimming of the sharp corners, you may practice a little deception upon your guests, entirely harmless as far as regards their palates and stomachs; and for *pumpkin pies* no squash can excel it.

What we call a perfect specimen, is pine-apple shaped, skin very smooth, and a beautiful cream color. Some, however, are more like a stick of stove wood in shape, but in matter and substance the same. I. W. BRIGGS.

Macedon, N. Y., Sept., 1859.

THE BRINCKLE GRAPE.



We present our readers with a drawing of the *Brinckle Grape*, taken from a bunch sent us by WM. THOMPSON, of Germantown, Columbia Co., N. Y. The *Brinckle* was grown from seed obtained from Germany, by Mr. RAABE, of Philadelphia, and its character shows its foreign origin. The bunch is long, berries set quite thick, are thin skinned, with little or no pulp, and of fine quality. After taking the drawing we placed the bunch on exhibition at the meeting of the Fruit Growers of Western New York, intending, with the Fruit Committee of that Society, to test its quality, but before either had an opportunity to examine it, all was gone but the stem and label. Mr. THOMPSON says:

"As I never have seen a drawing of the *Brinckle* grape in your paper, or elsewhere, permit me to suggest that you will much oolige the writer and fruit growers generally, by inserting it in the RURAL. The specimen that I send is the first that my vine has borne; the fruit will, no doubt, improve in size and flavor when it becomes older. The vine is a good strong grower, and holds its ample foliage till quite late in the fall, and the fruit commences to color about the 14th of August. I do not send this by way of an advertisement, as I have no vines for sale—my only object being to call the attention of the public to this fine variety, which I think has been too much neglected. We have had no frost to injure the grape here up to this date, (Sept. 20th.) I have a good crop of grapes in my vineyard this season, and they are nearly ripe enough to send to market."

We saw this grape only once before, and we know of no one who has had experience with it so as to express a well-founded opinion as to its adaptation to our climate. In 1856 and in 1858, it was brought before the American Pomological Society, and no one could give much information in regard to it. Dr. BRINCKLE stated that it did not suffer in the least from the winters in Philadelphia. The vine, Mr. THOMPSON says, makes a strong growth, and holds its foliage well, and does not mildew, but many of the foreign varieties will give one or two fair crops in the open air.

FINE MUSKMELONS.—EXCHANGE OF SEEDS.

ALLOW me to make a suggestion that may be of great value to some of your subscribers. All are anxious to procure choice seeds, and many would be glad to exchange them for others. Cannot some plan be devised which will facilitate such a movement. By way of beginning, I have raised this year some very delicious melons, (new varieties,) from seed sent me by JOHN SILL, Esq., of Albany, and have saved seed from all the perfect ones, which I will send to any subscriber who will send me his address—enough to enable him to enjoy them also. My mode of planting is to dig the ground first and, after raking, dig holes four feet apart, fill with fresh horse dung, cover with earth, and plant the seeds. This makes a hot-bed under each plant, which grows rapidly, and soon draws nourishment from the manure. My melons ripen early, bear abundantly, and pay well for the trouble. One of the sorts is nearly white outside, and rich green inside, which I call the *John Sill Melon*. Another is dark green skin and bright orange flesh. Both are super-excellent.

Mortonville, Orange Co., N. Y. W. A. WOODWARD.

MONROE COUNTY FAIR—*Horticultural Department.*—Never have we seen so fine a show of fruit and vegetables at any County Fair, as was exhibited at the Monroe County Fair, held last week.—Over one thousand plates of apples and pears were on the tables, besides about one hundred of grapes and quinces. The fruit was fair, without a speck, large and fine every way, and we never beheld a finer exhibition, particularly of apples. Fruit-growing is fast becoming a leading business with the farmers in this part of Western New York.—Thousands of barrels of apples are every day leaving this city for the Eastern market; and several thousand barrels of pears have already been shipped, while our market is fully supplied with the choicest varieties. The exhibition of flowers was good. Messrs. ELLWANGER & BARRY and A. FROST & Co., made the best displays, though several amateurs made very creditable exhibitions.

CHEAP POSTAGE FOR HORTICULTURISTS AND AGRICULTURISTS.—I am very glad to see the subject of cheap postage commented upon in THE PAPER so extensively circulated among that class of our citizens who are most interested in this proposed reform. I am informed by a correspondent in Canada that they have what is called the "*Parcel Post*," by which a parcel under four pounds' weight is carried to any part of the Provinces for 25 cents. If this is so, we are a little behind the age of improvements in that direction. It is a subject you are aware, which I have frequently alluded to. I trust the press, and particularly the *Agricultural Press*, will keep it before the people until our rulers shall be forced to see the great advantages both to Agriculture and the Post-office revenue, likely to accrue therefrom. I. W. BRIGGS.

Macedon, N. Y., 1859.

DISEASED PEAR TREES.

EDS. RURAL:—In your issue of August 25th, I observed an article from the pen of GEO. C. BECHER, of Livonia, in which the writer says that "by the merest accident he discovered a certain remedy for that mysterious disease which so afflicted and destroyed many hundreds of pear trees belonging to certain members of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York," and which disease was somewhat discussed at our last meeting. Whilst I am happy to learn, that our discussion has called to this important subject the attention of gentlemen of high intelligence, and close observation, yet I fear that this proposed panacea, viz., the removal of the outer bark, and the application of soft soap, to the body and limbs of the tree, will result in but little practical utility. The disease to which we alluded in our discussion, morbid specimens of which were exhibited at the meeting, does not primarily affect the body or limbs of the pear tree. The malady is confined to that portion of the tree which is beneath the ground, rarely ascending much above the surface. Its approach is without premonition. The spongioles, radical fibers, rootlets, and indeed all the roots both great and small, together with the base or lower portion of the body of the tree, apparently suffer simultaneously. Before the first note of alarm is sounded, before the first symptom of disease appears, the fatal work is accomplished, the roots have become gangrenous and decomposition has already ensued. How could Mr. BECHER discover "by the merest accident, that soft soap would resuscitate or restore to vitality and life," that which is dead and rotten?

This disease, which I shall nominate gangrene, makes its first appearance in the spring of the year. It manifests itself by the tree neglecting to unfold its leaves, or blossoms. The buds swell, the bark looks green and healthy, but the foliage does not develop; all the vital functions of the tree now cease. On examination, the bark near the surface of the ground, or beneath it, may be found to assume a brown or black hue. On cutting into it, it will be found that both the bark and wood beneath, have become gangrenous, and is in a state of decomposition. Notwithstanding this entire death of all the roots, the tree, both bark and wood, above the gangrene, may remain green several weeks, or even months. But, during the latter part of the ensuing summer, the body and branches of the tree wither and die. And this is a death from which there is no awakening.—There is no second sprouting, or again putting forth of buds or branches, for all the roots first die and consequently all vital communication with the soil in which they grew now ceases.

What is the proximate cause of this malady?—What the remote cause? and what are the most appropriate and efficient remedies? These are pertinent and important questions. Their correct solution alone can suggest the most suitable remedies. That it is not caused by excessive moisture or humidity of the soil, as some have alleged, is proven, first, by the fact that the disease is by no means confined to such soil, but may be found very prevalent on the dryest lands in our country.—Second, trees suddenly perish by it, which have made several years of consecutive luxuriant growth, thus establishing the fact of the suitability of the soil. Third, the disease is invariably first observed in the month of April. That it is not from insectile cause, as Mr. BECHER alleges, is proven, first, by the fact that the evil is accomplished in the winter or spring, before the buds unfold; and, in our frigid climate, I think insects are rarely mischievous in orchards during the cold and wintry months of the year. Second, we have made many microscopic observations without being able to discover an insect in the diseased part, or to detect its work. There exists a strong analogy between the vital functions of the animal and vegetable creation. Both have respiratory, circulatory, and nutrient organs, the interruption or disturbance of which will produce disease or death in either the animal or vegetable. The roots of a tree may be likened unto the stomach of an animal. Both elaborate food for their respective corporations, without which in any individual case death inevitably ensues,—soft soap will scarcely save them. There are limits of temperature beyond which neither the animal nor vegetable will survive. Sudden transitions of temperature affect both, more destructively than a gradual change from one extreme to another. Intense transitions of temperature from high to low, when applied to certain parts of animals will produce chilblains, mortification or death. When the roots of young pear trees are thus exposed like results may follow; gangrene and death of the roots may ensue. Clean culture will promote the growth, but it will increase the danger from gangrene. The bursting of the sap vessels by the freezing and consequent leakage of the juices of the tree from above, accounts for the long-continued moisture of the parts thus affected after death. The body and limbs of the pear tree being less sensitive than the *roots* to sudden changes of temperature, are consequently the last part of the tree to suffer from chilblains, or gangrene, dependent upon such transitions of temperature. The phenomenon exhibited of the roots being all dead and in a state of decomposition, and yet the body and limbs remaining green for months thereafter, may be accounted for by the fact that the former dies from sudden and violent disruption and obliteration of its vascularity, whilst the latter dies by the slow process of inanition or starvation.

With these views of the cause and nature of this disease, the indications are prophylactic, rather than curative, and readily suggest themselves, viz.: protect the roots by good fertilizing non-conductors of heat, such as leaves from the forest, covered slightly with dirt, rotten wood, saw-dust, chip dirt, sods, turf, grass, or weeds, tan bark, &c. It may also be well to protect the body of the tree from the ground a little way up, by draping it in a skirt of cotton cloth as described in your visit to the orchard of Messrs. STARK & MATTISON. Straw properly bound on, however, might be substituted for the cloth, at less expense; and moreover, our trees done up in straw, would scarcely be obnoxious to the charge of wearing petticoats, or caricaturing the crinoline. HENRY SPENCE.

Starkey, N. Y., 1859.

WEDDING CAKE, QUEEN'S CAKE, &c.

EDS. RURAL:—I send you a few recipes which are at your disposal:

A CHOICE WEDDING CAKE.—One pound of flour; 1 lb. of sugar; 1 lb. of butter; 12 eggs; 2 lbs. of raisins; 2 lbs. currants; 1 lb. citron; lemon, nutmeg and mace to your taste. Beat all very light. Flour the fruit and stir in last, and if necessary add more flour. Have one large pan, or two small ones, well buttered, and put in a layer of cake, and then one of citron sliced thin, and so on until full; put in a well-heated oven, and bake steady for four or five hours, according to thickness. Let it cool gradually in the oven.

QUEEN'S CAKE.—One lb. flour; 1 lb. sugar; ¾ths lb. butter; 5 eggs; 1 gill of cream; mace and nutmeg. Bake in small tins, with or without currants or raisins. Ice them, and flavor the icing with lemon or rose.

WHITE CUP CAKE.—Take 4 cups of flour; 2 of white sugar; 1 of butter; 1 of sour cream or rich milk; nutmeg, cinnamon and lemon, with 5 well beaten eggs; and, lastly, 1 small teaspoonful of saleratus. Bake in cups or tins, in a moderate oven, twenty minutes.

TO TAKE OUT FRUIT SPOTS.—Wet the stain without dipping, and hold the part over a lighted common brimstone match at a proper distance. The sulphurous gas soon causes the spots to disappear. T. D.

Akron, N. Y., 1859.

TO RESTORE LUSTRE TO SILK.—One that is and has been a reader of the RURAL for years, would ask for a little information through its columns.—Being caught out in a heavy rain shower, I got a nice black silk dress very wet, and by riding several miles whilst in this condition it got badly soiled. In no way could I get out the wrinkles, but by dampening, &c., ironing with a cloth over the silk, which seemed to take off the lustre and make it look old. If I can be informed by any one of the numerous readers of the NEW-YORKER, how to restore it to its original lustre, I shall be very thankful.—MOLLY, *Arcadia, N. Y.*, 1859.

BOILED-CIDER PIE.—One cup boiled cider; one cup flour; two cups water; two cups molasses; mix thoroughly and bake with two crusts. The above quantity will be sufficient for several pies. MARY E. BLOUNT, *Watertown, N. Y.*, 1859.

BEER FROM MALT.—Will some of your many readers tell me, through the RURAL, how to make strong beer from malt? We have tried all summer, but cannot keep it but a few days when well bottled.—W. D. R., *Lewis Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

Horticultural Advertisements.

PEACH TREES OF SUPERIOR QUALITY, Allen's Hardy Raspberry, and other Fruit Trees and Plants in large quantities. Catalogues gratis.
509-3t WILLIAM PARRY, Cinnaminson, N. J.

GRAPE VINES.—All the best Native Vines at low prices. One good plant each of the Anna, Delaware, Diana, Concord, Hartford Prolific, Louisa and Rebecca, for $1. Send for Circular. D. S. HEFFRON,
October, 1859. [509-1t] Utica, N. Y.

THOMAS ROBERTSON, NURSERYMAN AND FLORIST, 24th and Chats streets, Philadelphia, offers for sale a very superior lot of Rhubarb Roots the best variety in cultivation, at the reduced price of $50 per 1,000, or $6 per 100.
Sangster's Prince of Wales, Linnæus,
Magnum Bonum, Prince Albert.

GRAPE VINES FOR SALE.
Concord, Childs' Superb, Diana, Hartford Prolific, Black July, Miller's Burgandy, Violet Chasselas, Northern Muscadine, at 50 cents each, or $5.00 per dozen. Delawares, $2.00 each.
Warranted genuine.
509-4t R. B. SHAW,
Trenton Falls, Oneida Co., N. Y.

HIGHLAND NURSERIES,
NEWBURGH, N. Y.
The undersigned most respectfully inform their friends, and the public in general, that their stock of TREES, PLANTS &c., which they offer for sale this fall, is unusually fine, and comprises everything to be obtained in the trade, both in the Fruit and Ornamental Departments.
They particularly call attention to their stock of large ORNAMENTAL TREES AND EVERGREENS, for Parks, Lawns and Street Planting, of extra size, for immediate effect, which embraces all the best kinds of Deciduous and Evergreen Trees. A very large stock of HEDGE PLANTS, such as Osage Orange, Buckthorn, Arbor Vitæ, &c., of extra size and quality.
All orders by mail or otherwise promptly attended to, and forwarded as directed, packed in the best manner.
509-4teow A. SAUL & CO.

CHERRY TREES.—3,000 nice Cherry Trees, 2 years old from bud, for sale *cheap*. Inquire of
508-3t WM. PITTON, Geneva, Ont. Co., N. Y.

S. T. KELSEY & CO.,
GREAT VALLEY, N. Y.,
offer for the Fall and Spring trade a large stock of American Arbor Vitæ, 6 to 12 inches, at $15 per 1,000. Balsam Fir, 4 to 12 inches, $18; Norway Spruce, 3 to 6 inches $15—6 to 12 inches, $30; Red Cedar; American, Scotch and White Pines; European Mountain Ash; European and American Larch; Sugar, Scarlet, and Silver Maple Seedlings. Basket Willow Cuttings; Houghton and Cluster Gooseberry; Apple Stocks, &c.—all good plants—at the lowest cash rates. No charge for packing or delivery at the depot. See our Wholesale Catalogue. 508 2t

FOR SALE!—Two hundred thousand French Quince Stocks, at the following LOW PRICES
1st size, very fine, per thousand $10 00
" " " for ten " 80 00
2d " " per " 6 00
" " " for ten " 50 00
Address G. W. EASTMAN.
Rochester, N. Y., Sept., 1859 507-3t

STRAWBERRY SEED FOR SALE.—We have a few packages of STRAWBERRY SEED, each package containing more than 15,000 seeds from HOVEY'S SEEDLING, WILSON'S ALBANY, MCAVOY, EARLY SCARLET, and other leading sorts, which we have taken to dispose of for a worthy gardener. This is an excellent opportunity for the amateur who wishes to try his hand at raising new varieties of Strawberries. Price $1 per package. Address "RURAL" office.

BLOOMINGTON NURSERY, ILL.—80 ACRES.
A General Assortment of Fruit and Ornamentals. APPLE GRAFTS, fine, 1 to 3 ft., $25; 5 to 7 feet, $35 per 1,000. Per 100 GOOSEBERRY, Houghton, $4. RASPBERRY, Orange, $7. STRAWBERRY, Wilson's Albany, $1,50. TULIPS, of 20 fine named sorts, single and double, $4. Linnæus RHUBARB, large roots, $10. APPLE STOCKS, grafting size, 10,000 $30, &c. Terms, cash. New Bulbs and Wholesale Catalogues out.
507-3t F. K. PHŒNIX.

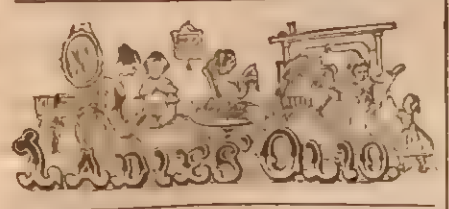
RAVENSWOOD FRUIT GARDEN AND NURSERY.
H. C. FREEMAN, (late Freeman & Kendall,) offers to the Trade and others, at wholesale and retail, a large and well-grown stock of the following desirable plants, viz.:
BRINCKLE'S ORANGE RASPBERRY.
MYATT'S LINNÆUS RHUBARB.
NEW ROCHELLE OR LAWTON BLACKBERRY.
DELAWARE AND REBECCA GRAPE VINES—1 and 2 years old.
CHERRY CURRANTS.
Also, DWARF PEAR TREES—of the best selected varieties; very fine 2 years old Trees.
Also, NEWMAN'S THORNLESS BLACKBERRY, BLACK NAPLES CURRANTS, &c., &c. Address H. C. FREEMAN,
507-4t Care ANDREW BRIDGEMAN, 803 Broadway, N. Y.

O. B. MAXWELL & CO.,
O. Desire to call the attention of Nurserymen, Dealers and Planters to their present stock of Fruit Trees, Seedlings and Stocks, that for health, thrift and beauty, is not excelled in the State, and consists principally of
APPLE TREES—Standard, 1 to 4 years, very thrifty and stocky.
PEAR TREES—Standard and Dwarf, 2 years, very fine.
CHERRY TREES—Standard, 1 and 2 years, very uniform, thrifty and handsome, and largely of Dukes and Morellos.
CHERRY TREES—Early Richmond, 1 year, by the 100 or 1,000.
PLUM TREES—1 and 2 years, that are quite as thrifty and handsome as the Cherry, very stocky and finely rooted.
PEACH TREES—1 year
GOOSEBERRIES—Mostly Houghton's Seedling, 1 and 2 years.
RASPBERRIES—Leading sorts, and largely of Brinckle's Orange.
ROSES—Climbing and Hybrid Perpetuals, strong plants.
STOCKS AND SEEDLINGS FOR NURSERYMEN
PEAR SEEDLINGS—A large quantity, unusually strong and healthy.
PLUM SEEDLINGS—From the Large Blue or Horse Plum, very strong.
CHERRY SEEDLINGS—Mahaleb and Mazzard No. 1.
APPLE SEEDLINGS—2 years old, very fine quality.
QUINCE STOCKS—Angers, strong and well rooted.
QUINCE SEEDLINGS—Orange, 1 year, and various other articles of Nursery Stock. O. B. MAXWELL & CO.,
507-4t Dansville, Livingston Co., N. Y.

A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS
OFFER GREAT INDUCEMENTS AT THE
TOLEDO NURSERIES.
NURSERYMEN and others wishing to purchase small stock for the West and South, would do well to call and examine the following desirable articles, offered at the lowest rates:
100,000 Apple Trees, 5 to 7 feet, very fine.
200,000 Apple Trees, 3 to 4 feet, very fine, $50 per 1,000; by quantity, $45 per 1,000.
300,000 Apple Trees, 1 year from graft, $25 per 1,000, by quantity, $20 per 1,000.
500,000 Apple Trees, grafted this coming winter and sent out in the spring, at $6 per 1,000; when 20,000 are taken, at $5 per 1,000.
30,000 Standard Pears, 1 year old, very strong, from bud, $90 per 100, $180 per 1,000.
25,000 Dwarf Pears, 1 year old, very strong, from bud, $12 per 100; $100 per 1,000.
10,000 Dwarf Pears, 2 years from bud, $25 per 100; $200 per 1,000.
2,000 Standard Plums, on plum stocks, 1 year, $20 per 100; $150 per 1,000.
15,000 Cherries, Standard, 5 to 7 feet, very fine, $15 per 100; $120 per 1,000.
15,000 Cherries, Standard, 1 year old, very fine, $12 per 100; $90 per 1,000.
15,000 Houghton Gooseberries, from cuttings, very strong, $25 per 1,000.
40,000 Currants, (in 12 varieties,) very low; Red and White Dutch, $40 per 1,000.
15,000 Lawton Blackberries, $4 per 100; $60 per 1,000.
10,000 Linnæus and Victoria Rhubarb, $10 per 100; $80 per 1,000.
20,000 Angers Quince Stocks, $15 per 1,000.
30,000 Isabella, Catawba and Clinton Grape Vines, 1 year, $30 per 1,000.
15,000 Isabella, Catawba and Clinton Grape Vines, 2 years, $50 per 1,000.
20,000 Manetti Rose Stocks, $2.25 per 100; $20 per 1,000.
50,000 Norway Spruce, 1 foot, $60 per 1,000.
20,000 Norway Spruce, 18 inches, $20 per 1,000.
10,000 Hybrid China Roses, best sorts, strong, $12 per 100.
1,000 Herbaceous Pæonies, assorted, $16 per 100.
1,000 Silver Maple, $10 per 100
500 Tree of Adam's Needle, $15 per 100
With a large lot of Raspberries, Peaches, Apricots and Nectarines. Also, Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Evergreens and Plants in quantities. Diana, Concord, Rebecca and Delaware Grape Vines, at the lowest prices.
Our New Descriptive Fruit and Ornamental Catalogues, as well as our Wholesale Price List, is now out of press, and will be forwarded to order on receipt of a postage stamp for each. All communications promptly responded to, and orders solicited at as early a day as possible.
A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS.
Toledo, Ohio, Sept. 5, 1859. 505-6teow

THE LOGAN GRAPE.—The earliest ripening black, hardy grape with which we are acquainted. The fruit was sent to us this year ripe on the 1st of August, a week or more before the Isabella, Catawba, Diana, Concord, Rebecca, Delaware, and all other grapes grown out of doors. Berry oval, bunch [illegible] size of over 70 sorts. Our Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue of over 70 sorts of Grapes, sent to applicants who inclose a stamp.
504-c C. P. BISSELL & SALTER, Rochester, N. Y.

TRUE DELAWARE GRAPE VINES, PROPAGATED from the original stock, price $2 to $3. Also, Logan, Rebecca, Diana, Concord, Hartford Prolific, and other new varieties, $1 to $2—all strong and well rooted, ready for delivery in the Fall. GEO. W. CAMPBELL,
August, 1859. [503-13t] Delaware, Ohio.



For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MARY.

Like a veil athwart the Future,
Rise the shadows of the Past;
And I forward look too meet thee
Even as I saw thee last.

Saw thee, young, and fair, and holy,
With that look upon thy brow,
Ever saying, "I'm of Heaven,
Though I linger with thee now;"—

Ever saying to my spirit,
What of all things most I feared,—
That the chords, so interwoven,
Of my heart to thine endeared,

Twining were, not round an earth-plant
With their pure and perfect bands,
But that with each thought I gave thee,
Grew my fate in Angel hands.

Now I know 'twas not a fancy—
Now I know 'twas truth revealed,
That should whisper comfort to me,
When in death those lips were sealed.

And though all the world around me
Gloomier seems since thou wert gone,
Yet, my soul, through all the darkness,
Wait I for the coming morn.

All the olden time uprises—
But it moves me not to grief,—
Nearer still I come towards thee—
Where, but there, have I relief?

Thou art wishing for my presence—
Firmer draw the golden bands;
O, how blest! that I confided
All my fate to Angel hands.

Like a veil athwart the Future,
Rise the shadows of the Past;
Hail, thou vision, crowned with glory!
Thou art mine, I thine, at last.

Mexico, N. Y., 1859. ROSELIA.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MY MOTHER.

What pleasing yet hallowed associations cluster around the name of Mother! What long pent-up fountains burst forth as memory takes us by the hand and leads us far back through the mazy labyrinths of the Past, when blessed with the love, guidance and admonitions of that pure spirit whom Heaven destined us to call Mother. A mother's love,—how pure, how devoted. The sunshine of prosperity and the dark storms of adversity, alike fail to quench the flame which MONTGOMERY has most beautifully described.

A Mother's Love! how sweet the name!
What is a Mother's Love?
The noblest, purest, tenderest flame
That kindles from above,
Within a heart of earthly mould,
As much of heaven as heart can hold,
Nor through eternity grows cold;
This is a Mother's Love.

Kind reader, has thou been bereft of such a treasure? Hast thou been called to take the last lingering look upon her who was dearest to thee of earth, and whose latest breath, perchance, was spent in prayer for her child? As her cold and lifeless remains were consigned to the "narrow house," to be forever hid from thy longing gaze, did not the consciousness that thou wert indeed motherless well nigh o'erwhelm thee? (No mother,—what a thought.) If so, well know'st thou how to sympathise with a kindred spirit.—Well might angels with unruffled pinions hover round a heart thus rudely shattered.

Methinks, while gazing upward to Heaven's blue vault, that were the starry veil thrown aside, I should see the same familiar face, (save it were illuminated by the glory which proceedeth from the Throne,) while the eye, beaming with its wonted love and tenderness, seemed silently to speak of that heaven which is now *her* home; and that if faithful in striving to escape the pollutions of earth, I too might share in the glories revealed in His kingdom, and enjoy her society without interruption through the vast cycles of Eternity.

Some have said that Time will lessen the affection for departed friends—that it will almost or *wholly* efface their remembrance from the heart. Such experience has ever been a stranger to us, and we trust the sacred precincts of our hearts may never witness an intrusion of that nature. Though many years have passed into oblivion's dewy vale since a sainted mother and other "loved ones" were with us in the flesh, yet how distinctly do we remember each look—each tone. 'Tis all in vivid array before the mind's eye, and we almost fancy that we again feel the soft clasp of the hand and the good-night kiss as in the days of "long ago." We wake from the dream only to find it an illusion, yet we are consoled by the recollection that these heart-gems are sacredly treasured in Memory's casket. Do we not feel their loss as keenly now as then? Ah, yes! Though we have appeared to the world, while mingling in its society, to have forgotten the past and its mournful associations, yet had they been gifted with the powers of divination, they would have seen it was "but a name,"—that mirth would gratefully have given place to tears. They saw not the sorrow lurking within the secret borders of the soul. We have sadly proved the impossibility of contact with the world repairing the breach which the icy fingers of Death, playing among the heart-strings of those we loved, have caused, and as years are added unto us, more sensible are we of the irreparable loss which we sustained. There is indeed

"No union here of hearts
That hath not here an end."

Our friends, where are they? They are not with us now. No, they have safely passed over the River. But we would not murmur; our Father thought it best. He saw that buds so delicately formed if left to the cold, blighting influences of earth, would wither and die, so he kindly transplanted them to a better clime, and they now bloom in angelic loveliness and beauty.

Le Roy, N. Y., 1859. FRANKIE.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A CONTENTED MIND.

"Such hard times, JOHN, how on earth do you manage to get along with your large family?"

"I doesn't manage at all, ma'am. I just leaves that to *Him*, and does the best I can."

Wonder what Mr. B. would say to that? Mr. B. does not believe in trusting *his* affairs to Providence—thinks he can manage them better himself. Don't meet with many such men now-a-days, I suppose?

"Do you have steady employment, John?"

JOHN looked so indignant for a moment, that, had I been a Romanist, I should have devoutly "crossed" myself.

"Is it I, ma'am? Bless your soul! and isn't this seven weeks I am after going on without any stroke of work!"

"Very bad, indeed. How do you find enough to fill those six little mouths?"

They weren't such *very* little mouths either.

"Oh, we gets along some way or another, ma'am. When we has anything to eat, we eats it; when we don't, we goes without. Sorra a bit have I put into my mouth this day."

Mr. B. "fares sumptuously every day;" to be sure he asks a blessing upon his food before eating it—because it's the fashion—but he growls between every mouthful. Grumbling is very bad for digestion, Mr. B —if you don't believe it, ask some M. D. The meal concluded, Mr. B. "returns thanks" —because it is the fashion, also—but he does it in a manner that says very plainly, "Thank you for nothing! Didn't I get all this myself?"

"I am afraid you will all starve to death yet JOHN."

Very consoling, wasn't it?

"No fear of it, ma'am. Doesn't the Big Book say a 'continted mind is a continual feast?' No fear of us starving as long as *that's* true."

There was such a look of content in his poverty, and of faith in the "Big Book" upon JOHN'S homely face, (it seemed beautiful then,) that I involuntarily thought of ELIJAH'S being fed by ravens, and wondered if JOHN'S bodily wants were not supplied in some such way. At any rate, I felt sure that GOD'S angels visited that poor hovel, and I tell you truly, I had sooner be JOHN—with his poverty, six children, and "a' that"—together with his contented mind—than Mr. B. with his millions, his little, dried-up soul, and his cold, hard heart. JOHN is the richer of the two.

Rochester, N. Y., 1859. WINNIE WILLIAN.

THE TYRANNY OF FEMALE "HELP."

"We are a conquered people," said Washington Irving, in reference to our slavery to domestics; and bitter groans from the vanquished reach our ears continually. A writer in the Perth Amboy Journal recommends that lady housekeepers make a strike; or, if that cannot be done, (as it certainly cannot,) that the young ladies of a family be less dependent upon servant labor. "I believe physical labor," says the writer, "to be as necessary to the development of human intellect as stirring and cultivating the soil is to perfect the plant." In Germany, where, certainly, intellect and literary acquirements are pre-eminent, the ladies, even among the noble, spend the early part of each day in their kitchens, which are fitted up with the most scrupulous order and elegance, so that they can allow a friend to see them so occupied. In France, every lady understands the mysteries of the *cuisine*, and with a small furnace filled with charcoal, a frying-pan, and a skillet, will perform miracles of cooking.

In England, the servants are kept for years; a good servant considers her interest identified with that of the family with whom she resides, and seldom changes; this promotes an attachment between them, which is frequently preserved for generations, and the families of the same domestics will, for successive generations, live with the same families.

How is it with the United States? The young ladies are most generally brought up with no culture. Their habits are indolent, as regards bodily exertion, and they think making any exertion degrading. This being the case, they are thrown completely in the power of a class who are at once promoted to the office of regulators and arbiters at home.—*Selected.*

LADIES' SHOES.—The old fashion for decorating ladies' slippers either by needlework, by figured patterns on leather, or other material, or by the insertion of colored silk or satin, may be materially improved upon by a method which permits of the pieces of colored satin to be changed as often as the wearer desires, without in any way injuring the slipper. A little pocket may be made in the upper part of the slipper, under the perforations of the pattern, into which place the piece of colored satin is to be worn. When the wearer wishes to change the color, nothing is easier than to withdraw one piece and insert another. Tasteful bows and ribbons with buckles may be also attached to the shoes by a simple contrivance, and as easily removed. The novelty is a London one, and has for its name the "Chameleon shoe."

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—B. F. Taylor, of the Chicago Journal, paints the following beautiful picture of the homes of the immortal which lie "over the river:"—"There is a dignity about that going away alone, we call dying, wrapping the mantle of immortality about us; that putting aside with a pale hand the azure curtains that are drawn about this cradle of a world; that venturing away from home for the first times in our lives, for *we* are not dead—there is nothing dead to speak of—and seeing foreign countries not laid down on any map we know about. There must be lovely lands somewhere starward, for none ever return that go thither, and we very much doubt if any would if they could."

GRIEFS are like the beings that endure them—the little ones the most clamorous and noisy; those of older growth and greater magnitude, are generally tranquil—sometimes silent. Our minds are like ill-hung vehicles; when they have little to carry they raise a prodigious clatter; when heavily ladened they neither creak nor rumble.

STRIVE WAIT AND PRAY.

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

STRIVE: yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure,
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

WAIT: yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not,
Is winning her silent flight.

PRAY: though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears.
An answer, not that you long for,
But Diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

A COUNTRY COTTAGE.

The stream ripples bright by my cottage;
The sunshine is bright on the stream;
And the wee, pebbly stones, in the sunshine,
Like diamonds, sparkle and gleam.
There are hazel trees kissing the water,
And plumes of the fair meadow sweet;
And down by the hazel sits Jeanie,
And dabbles her little white feet.

The robin peeps in at my door-way;
The linnet looks down from the tree;
And here, pillowed up in his cradle,
Wee Sandy sits smiling at me.
My milk-pail stands bright in the corner,
My tins are all bright on the shelf;
And the white supper-cloth on the table,
Is clean, *for I washed it myself.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

The art of maintaining natural and easy conversation, demands a celerity of thought not required in any other attempt to communicate ideas. The conversationalist must be able to turn his mind quickly in any direction, in order to adapt his remarks to the varying topics of the moment. The writer and orator are independent in the choice and management of their respective themes. They can deliberate, and they can follow out any line of thought which they may see fit to pursue. But the conversationalist can foresee nothing. He can not *infer*, even for a moment, the course of the conversation, for the subject is at the control of another mind jointly with his own, and the association of ideas differs so widely, that the same remark will often awaken very diverse trains of tho't in different minds. Every turn in the talk is, therefore, a leap in the dark, and it is the part of the skillful colloquist always to strike on his feet, ready for another spring.

It is true, conversation thus maintained must be a mere mass of almost unconnected ideas, presenting little of the cohesion and logical order of thought which we expect in the elaborately prepared essay or oration. It is true, also, that these ideas, though often brilliant and showy, will not be of the most profound or philosophic character, for long and studied premeditation is wholly at war with the very nature of conversation, which consists rather in saying what we are *thinking* than what we are *remembering*. Nor is this so much to be regretted. What is lost in profundity is more than regained in increased vivacity and interest. There is a freshness about the new ideas, just warm from the teeming brain, (sometimes almost letting us *see* the workings of the mind,) which gives a charm to natural conversation that far surpasses even the most profound remarks, elaborately prepared beforehand in the study, and coldly *recited* in the chit-chat of our every-day talk. It is the immediate contact of mind with mind, eliciting the bright sparkles of fancy, and the brilliant wit, (which seems to belong rather to the *company* than to any particular individual,) that gives to conversation its peculiar charm; and nothing is more at war with this than the long, premeditated speeches with which some persons are ever interlarding their conversation. And what is worse, such persons have, almost always, some particular hobby, which they are ever thrusting before you, in season and out of season, (most generally the latter.) We can well afford to dispense with such dull, formal wisdom in familiar conversation.—When we want instruction or profound philosophy, we can go to the library or the lecture-room; but deliver us from the man who "talks like a book" or *from* a book—and from the man who delivers an elaborate lecture every time he gets a chance, to an audience of *one!* Conversation is, in fact, and *ought* to be, rather a *social* than an intellectual exercise, and even when it develops and presents new ideas, it is not the proper healthful *food* of the mind, but, rather, the dessert of the intellectual feast.

It may be said that by allowing these premeditated speeches in conversation, it would gain as much in weight and solidity of instruction, as it would lose in sprightliness. Aye! it would gain just as your sparkling wines would gain by being dosed with Muscovada sugar. They would be sweeter, thicker, stronger and heavier, but the bright sparkle in the cup would be gone forever.

The other extreme,—unfortunately so common in conversation,—of directing it almost wholly to the trivial and unimportant, is an equal misapprehension of its true nature. Conversation should never consist wholly, or even chiefly, of chit-chat, and what is known as "small talk." For while it can not develop the profoundest truths, or grapple with the deepest philosophy, there is no one subject, however mighty, which it cannot lightly *skim* over, culling the lightest and most easily perceived truths, as a healthful stimulus and recreation for the mind. W. J. FOWLER.

Henrietta, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MUSIC OF YESTERDAY.

"The chord, the harp's full chord, is hushed,
The voice hath died away,
Whence music, like sweet waters, gushed
But yesterday."

It was swept by skillful fingers and gave forth some of earth's sweetest sounds,—now rising in wild grandeur and sublimity, now falling in low, soft cadences,—as though some stray zephyr had gently breathed over its musical surface, and, enchanted at the melody its footsteps called forth, still lingered at the play; or, as if telling earth's children some sweet, bewildering dream of the far-off land and its spirit inhabitants, who, clothed in pure white, sang continually the praises of their Golden City.

"Dark, evil wings took flight before the strain,
And showers of holy quiet, with its fall
Sank on the soul."

To-day, I list if, perchance, I may catch some low whisper, some faint breath; but alas! those chords are broken, mute, speechless. Aye! thou art the Music of Yesterday—thou art buried in the past.

Yesterday the *spirit's* harp may have caught some song of gladness, the chords of memory may have been swept by some joy, and at the touch flowed on free, free as air, but buoyed up higher and still higher, found no rest, no foundation for their gladsome harmonies, and sank sadly, wearily, heavily to earth. Ah! it is a sight which might e'en make the dwellers of yon Golden City weep—if for them to weep were possible—to see the chords of the spirit's harp severed, broken, forever hushed.

Oh! Music of Yesterday, bright, joyous and glad were the songs, the melodies thou didst weave for us; naught but happiness swept our spirit-strings; and when eager hands, prompted by eager hearts, were waiting, watching, ready to grasp thee, thou didst fade away into mist. The strings of our spirit's harp were loosed, yea, snapped, and buried was all our joy in the Music of Yesterday. No, not all our joy, for in the Paradise above golden harps are swept, whose chords vibrate and re-vibrate as the ceaseless ages of eternity roll onward. ADDIE E. WALKER.

Hillsdale, Michigan, 1859.

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

From a recent educational lecture by Hon. GEO. B. EMERSON, we make the following extracts:

Teachers are too much limited in their thoughts to dry and abstract subjects. They need to spend more time in the study of Nature,-examining the causes that give strength and vigor to the oak, as well as vigor and spirit to man. Too little is done to make men more manly; and teachers, especially, are in danger of losing their manliness, for want of exercise in the open air. Many examples can be referred to of the training of the ancients in manly exercise.

The forest and gardens are the schools where the first lessons in beauty are to be learned; they may be given in the school room, or the parlor, or by the way. Each mass of trees has its own elements of beauty, as distinct in its character as that of different individuals. Color, form and motion conspire to add beauty to the forests, as all these in infinite variety are combined, as trees are grouped in larger or smaller numbers. Some would have us study the elements of beauty in paintings. But why not study the originals?

Doubtless the human form and "human face divine" are more beautiful, and of a higher order of beauty than anything to be seen in the forest or the landscape. Childhood, in everything that belongs to it—how beautiful in its perfect trust, its guileless simplicity, its gentleness, its hopefulness, its quickness to enjoy the external about it in all the shapes and forms of life!

The time has come when instruction should be given to children to prepare them for the work they are going to engage in the world, in a knowledge of those principles of science upon which the arts of farming, gardening and managing trees depend. The better educated teachers should make a beginning and set the example. Nothing so fully combines all the advantages of the exercise which teachers need in the open air, as the study of some branch of botany. In concluding, the lecturer urged upon teachers the motives they have to form the higher spiritual natures of children. They should see that there is nothing in their own character which they would not willingly have reproduced in its flower and in its fruit.

THE GREAT MYSTERY.

The following beautiful passage is taken from Timothy Titcomb's "*Preachings upon Popular Proverbs*," which the Springfield Republican is now giving to the world:

"The body is to die; so much is certain. What lies beyond? No one who passes the charmed boundary comes to tell. The imagination visits the realm of shadows—sent out from some window of the soul over life's restless waters—but wings its way wearily back with no olive leaf in its beak as a token of emerging life beyond the closely bending horizon. The great sun comes and goes in heaven, yet breathes no secret of the etherial wilderness. The crescent moon cleaves her nightly passage across the upper deep, but tosses overboard no message and displays no signals. The sentinel stars challenge each other as they walk their nightly rounds, but we catch no syllable of their countersign which gives passage to the heavenly camp. Shut in! Shut in! Between this and the other life there is a great gulf fixed, across which neither eye nor foot can travel. The gentle friend whose eyes we closed in their last sleep long years ago, died with rapture in her wonder-stricken eyes, a smile of ineffable joy upon her lips, and hands folded over a triumphant heart; but her lips were past speech, and intimated nothing of the vision that enthralled her."

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A HYMN FOR FAITH.

Why is my heart at times disturbed
With doubtings as to what is best,
When there are promises enough
To set my troubled soul at rest.

And is it right to doubt so much,
And longer be so ill at ease,
When I might, rather, feel secure
With such assurances as these.

Dear LORD! in whom I put my trust,
Increase the faith I have in Thee;
And if it is Thy will, avert
The dangers I cannot foresee.

Wilson, N. Y., 1859. K.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GREAT MULTITUDES FOLLOWED HIM.

And *why* did the multitude thus follow JESUS? Why did the expectant throng crowd the quiet shores of Galilee, the streets of Jerusalem, and even the "desert places?" There was ONE among them whose words fell with weight upon their hearts. With sweetness, yet dignity, He spake words they could not forget. They turned away from the jeerings and mockings of the Pharisees to hear the words of truth from Him who spake as never man spake. We are told in the Bible account that they were "gathered together an innumerable multitude of people, insomuch that they trode one upon another." What compassion must have moved the heart of the SAVIOR when His eye rested on the weary, eager throng. Soonest did his eye seek out the suffering ones, the downcast and sorrowful, the maimed, halt and blind. He knew just what words to speak, whether to rebuke or encourage; for He knew their inmost thoughts. He marked the desponding and care-worn, and forgot not to say "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

How wearied must JESUS have been with his toils. For three years He traveled and taught in the cities and villages of Galilee, Samaria and Judea, and yet "had not where to lay His head." Doubtless He might have rested, if He would, in the abodes of elegance and ease, but He chose to mingle with the lowly and the humble. He mingled freely with them, and gently did He bear with their ignorance and rudeness. Should not this be a lesson to His followers? Are we justified in seeking exclusively the society of the refined and agreeable? Or, if we allow ourselves to come in contact with the lowly, shall we deem it a condescension, or count our sacrifices great in so doing? Whatever we are, however refined or accomplished, or whatever advancement we may have made in the way of life, we are infinitely behind the SAVIOR. Yet He laid aside His glory that we might not perish. He was set at naught by the world. Set at naught! Who realizes what this is? It is to be "passed by" by the rich and great, to meet the mocking glance, to hear the contemptuous remark of the "rulers." All this JESUS endured that he might save the world. O, that such love might ever awaken an undying interest in our hearts. But we hear so often the Story of the Cross, and our hearts are rendered so hard by the claims of self, it has little effect upon us. When we do realize something of what JESUS endured from men, and for men, we hardly think it a wonder that the Disciples once asked Him if they should command fire from heaven to destroy His enemies. It is well to give heed to the meek reply CHRIST made, when such feelings arise,—"Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of." M. O.

Butler, Milwaukee Co., Wis., 1859

CONFESSIONS OF INFIDELITY.

"I seem," says Hume, "affrighted and confounded with the solitude in which I am placed by my philosophy. When I look abroad, on every side I see dispute, contradiction, distraction.—When I turn my eye inward, I find nothing but doubt and ignorance. Where am I? or what am I? To what condition shall I return? I am confounded with questions. I begin to fancy myself in a most deplorable condition, environed with darkness on every side." Voltaire says: "The world abounds with wonders, and also with victims. In man is more wretchedness than in all other animals put together." How did he judge of it? By his own heart. He adds: "Man loves life, yet he knows he must die; spends his existence in diffusing the miseries he has suffered—cutting the throats of his fellow-creatures for pay—cheating and being cheated. The bulk of mankind," he continues, "are nothing more than a crowd of wretches, equally criminal, equally unfortunate. I wish I had never been born." Hear what St. Paul says: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me at that day."—*Lutheran Observer.*

VALUE OF THE SCRIPTURES.—As the beauty of the world is set off by a graceful variety, so is it in the Scriptures. There are sublime truths that the most aspiring reason of man cannot overtop; and there are more plain and easy truths, on which the weakest capacity may converse with delight and satisfaction. No man is offended with his garden for having a shady thicket in it; no more should we be offended with the word of God, that among so many fair and open walks we here and there meet with a thicket that the eye of human reason cannot look through.—*Bishop Hopkins.*

THE ball in the emblem says, "The harder you beat me down, the higher I shall bound toward heaven;" so afflictions do but elevate and raise a saint's affections to heaven and heavenly things.

Spice from New Books.

Nature's Own Eye Water.

When I began the study of medicine, my eyes were so exceedingly weak, and had been for about ten years, or indeed always after the attack of measles, that I was in the habit of shading them, much of the time, with green or blue glasses. My friends, many of them, strongly objected to any attempt to pursue the study of medicine on this very account. And the attempt was, I confess, rather hazardous. What seemed most discouraging in the premises, was the consideration that I had gone, to no manner of purpose, the whole round of eye waters, elixir vitriol, itself, not excepted. Was there room, then, for a single gleam of hope? Yet I was resolutely, perhaps obstinately, determined on making an effort. I could but fail.

Soon after I made a beginning, the thought struck me, "Why not make the experiment of frequently bathing the eyes in cold water?" At that moment they were hot and somewhat painful; and suiting the action to the thought, I held my face for some seconds in very cold water. The sensation was indescribably agreeable; and I believe that for once in my life, at the least, I felt a degree of gratitude to God, my Creator, for cold water. The practice was closely and habitually followed. Whenever my eyes became hot and painful, I put my face for a short time in water, even if it were *twenty* times a day. The more I bathed them, the greater the pleasure, nor was it many days before they were evidently less inflamed and less troublesome. Why, then, should I not persevere?

I carried the practice somewhat further still. I found from experiment, that I could open my eyes in the water. At first, it is true, the operation was a little painful, and I raised, slightly, its temperature. Gradually, however, I became so much accustomed to it that the sensation was not only less painful, but even somewhat agreeable. In a few weeks I could bear to open my eyes in the water, and keep them open as long as I was able to hold my breath, even at a very low temperature. Perseverance in this practice not only enabled me to proceed with my studies, contrary to the expectation of my friends, and in spite, too, of my own apprehensions, but gave me in addition the unspeakable pleasure of finding my eyes gaining every year in point of strength, as well as clearness of sight. My glasses were laid aside, and I have never used any for that specific purpose since that time. Of course I do not mean by this to say that my eyes remain as convex as they were at twenty five or thirty years of age, for that would not be true. They have most certainly flattened a little since I came to be fifty years of age, for I am compelled to wear glasses when I would read or write. I mean, simply, that they have never suffered any more from inflammation or debility, since I formed the habit of bathing them, even up to the present hour.

The more I observe on this subject, the more I am persuaded, apart from my own experience, that pure water, at the lowest temperature which can be used without giving pain, is the best known eye medicine in the world, not merely for one, two, or ten in a hundred persons, but for all. I recommend it, therefore, at every opportunity, not only to my patients but to others. It may doubtless be abused, like every other good gift; but in wise and careful hands it will often accomplish almost everything but downright miracles. We may begin with water a little tepid, and lower the temperature as gradually as we please, till we come to use it ice cold.—"*Forty Years in the Wilderness of Pills and Powders*," by Dr. William A. Alcott.

Chinese Customs.

The Chinese parents select the wives for their sons, and decide whom their daughters shall marry. Their badge of mourning is white, and their funeral cards are written with blue ink. They mourn for the dead by proxy, and select a burying-place for the departed by the aid of one who makes that his profession.

We read horizontally; they, perpendicularly. We read from left to right; they, from right to left. We uncover the head as a mark of respect; they put on their caps. We black-ball our boots; they white-wash theirs. We compress the waist; they, the feet. We give the place of honor on the right; they, on the left. We speak of northwest; they, of west-north. We say the needle of the compass points north; they, to the south. We shake the hand of a friend in salutation; they shake their own. We locate the understanding in the brain; they, in the belly. Our officials designate their office or rank by a star on the breast or epaulets on their shoulders; they, by a button on the apex of their caps. We page our books at the top; they, on the margin. We print on both sides of the leaf; they, upon one. We place our footnotes at the bottom; they, at the top of the page. We mark the title of a book on the back of the binding; they, on the margin of the leaf. In our libraries, we set our volumes up; they lay theirs down. We keep our wives in the parlor; they keep theirs in the kitchen. We put our daughters to school; they put theirs to service. We propel our canal boats by horses and steam; they pull theirs by men. We take our produce to market by railroad; they take theirs on men's shoulders. We saw lumber and grind flour by steam and water-power; they do it by human muscle. We turn a thousand spindles and fly a hundred shuttles without a single hand to propel; they employ a hand for each. We print by a power-press and metal type; they, on wooden blocks with a hand-brush. We are a beardless republic; they, a hoary-headed empire. We worship God; they offer incense to the devil. We hope for heaven; they are without happiness.—"*The China Mission*," by William Dean, D. D.

Beau.

Beau is a word of a somewhat various signification, according to the state of society in which it is used. Among rustic country people, it is a general term to denote a lover, or spark, or one who is attentive to a particular lady, or to the ladies generally. In the more fashionable circles of city life, it is used to denote a medley character made up of about equal parts of the coxcomb, the fop, and the gallant. He is always either a woman's fool, or the successful cause of her ruin.—Either she will use him for her convenience, or as a sort of upper servant, or he will succeed in his base designs upon her virtue. His profession is that of a love-maker, and he has one kind of speech, one set of verses, and one string of professions, which he rehearses to every woman he meets. He studies the weak point of a woman's character, which he generally finds to be that of vanity, and therefore he directs all his skill and power thro' that channel. Not often is he a man of brains enough to do more than this. With a woman of good sense he is harmless; but with the giddy, vain, and unintellectual portion of the sex, he is a most dangerous character. The experienced and adroit beau generally is conservative, if not professedly religious in his opinions—that is, when his intended victim happens to be of a religious family.—"*Dictionary of Love.*"

Belle.

A belle is a beautiful and gay lady. A woman who is considered the handsomest and most accomplished lady of her town, is called the *belle* of that place. And this is a distinction which her natural and acquired charms may obtain for her, without any assumption whatever on her part.—But when it is said of a woman that she is a *great belle*, we understand that she strives for the distinction herself, and that her life is devoted mainly to the frivolities of fashion and flirting. This is a most despicable character for a woman, and corresponds to the word *beau* in the other gender.—She seeks for opportunities to make conquests of the hearts of men, and is never happy except when she sees that her charms are being appreciated and admired. Such a woman is either petted, or despised, or laughed at by all men, except the *beau*, who is her natural brother.—*Ibid.*

Books Received.

Cornell's First Steps in Geography
Cornell's Primary Geography.
Cornell's Intermediate Geography.
Cornell's Grammar School Geography.

The above series are by S. S. Cornell, Corresponding Member of the American Geographical and Statistical Society. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—Liberty Hall.

Chambers' Encyclopedia. A Dictionary of Useful Knowledge for the People. On the basis of the Latest Edition of the German Conversations Lexicon. Illustrated by Wood Engravings and Maps—To be completed in Eighty Parts. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—Adams & Dabney.

Illustrated School History of the United States And the adjacent parts of America, from the Earliest Discoveries to the Present Time: Embracing a Full Account of the Aborigines; Biographical Notices of Distinguished Men; Numerous Maps, Plans of Battle-Fields and Pictorial Illustrations; and other features calculated to give our youth Correct Ideas of their Country's Past and Present, and a Taste for General Historical Reading By By G. P. Quackenbos, A. M., Author of Advanced Course of Composition and Rhetoric," etc., etc. [16 mo.—pp 460] New York: D. Appleton Co. Rochester—Liberty Hall.

Emma Alston; or, The New Life. [pp. 195.] Published by the American Sunday-School Union, Phila., and sold in Rochester by Adams & Dabney.

The Barclays: or, Trying to Serve Two Masters. [Published and sold as above.]

Little Charley's Puzzle. [Same publishers, &c.]

Evelyn Grey; Or, Flowers Thrive in Sunshine. Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union. [pp. 336] Rochester—Adams & Dabney.

The Land of Mystery; Or, Scenes and Incidents in Central Africa. [pp. 196] Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union. Rochester—Adams & Dabney.

The Tortoise and the Robin Redbreast—(A small Juvenile work, published and sold as above.

VISIT TO THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

BY MRS. SARAH DARCLAY JOHNSON.

I was as much surprised as delighted one day on receiving a polite invitation, from some of my Turkish friends, to assume their disguising mantle, and accompany them to the Mosque of Omar. I could hardly believe it possible that I was about to enjoy the privilege of walking on the hallowed ground of the Temple enclosure, of standing beneath its mournful cypresses, and setting foot on the site of the Holy of Holies itself; nor did I succeed in convincing myself that I was not dreaming, until fully equipped in their curious and most unmanageable costume. The transformation was complete. Ten minutes before, in my simple American dress, and now rigged out so perfectly a la Turk, that my own mother would not have recognized me! My friends were greatly amused and delighted. The slippers gave me the most trouble; and I was heartily laughed at whenever I attempted to walk. The peculiar shuffling gait of Oriental women must be learned, as an additional safeguard against detection; and great was the mirth I excited at every attempt to hobble across the room, which the enormous size of the slippers made it almost impossible to do. How should I get along in the street? was a query that gave rise to many fears and misgivings. The slippers I feared would certainly drop off, and the veil I felt sure would smother me; for, besides being very thick, it was closely wrapped round my face.

My costume consisted of full silk trousers, a trailing robe whose ends were securely tucked within my girdle, an embroidered vest, large yellow morocco boots, and over them slippers of the same material, turned up at the toes like a skate. A red fez cap was placed on my head, and around it a gauze turban edged with a fringe work of balls of gold. Over my whole person a white sheet was thrown, which required quite as much attention as the slippers; and although every precaution was taken, and innumerable pins brought into requisition for its security, it was not until I had gone through a severe process of drilling that I learnt rightly to manage my ghostly outer garb. My veil, though thick, was fortunately of such a texture that I could dimly see those around me, though my own features could not be distinguished. Next, I was warned that a word would betray me, and therefore I must preserve perfect silence, leaving the talking to them. To give the greater force to this injunction, they placed their forefingers on their mouths, and remained mute for some moments themselves, thus impressing it by example as well as precept.

On descending the steps, new difficulties awaited me in the way of keeping on my slippers, which increased the merriment of my companions tenfold, affording proof that these poor creatures do know how to laugh—a fact hard to be credited when we think of their lifetime of slavish imprisonment! At a short distance there was a group of Effendis, and as I passed them I had many misgivings about my unwieldly wrappings; but a close observance of the directions I received before sallying forth, enabled me to retain them, and the lordly Turk was for once outwitted by the despised "Infidel!" My prospects were brightening, and I felt encouraged. At the gate we encountered the jetty Nubians who guard the Harem, and I shuddered as I glanced at their fierce countenances and terror-inspiring clubs. But I congratulated myself that they, too, were quite unconscious of the concealment of an "infidel dog" beneath the folds of one of those white sheets, else I had met with perhaps worse treatment than that awarded the English doctor a short time before. On venturing barely within the precincts of the enclosure, to visit a patient who occupied a house near one of the gates, he was knocked down from his horse by a score of these ferocious fellows, dreadfully beaten, and for a length of time was confined to his room from the wounds inflicted by their nail-pierced clubs—indeed it was nearly the occasion of his death.

Having passed them I breathed freely—that is, so much as my provoking veil would allow me—and was again complacently congratulating myself, when my inward boastings were suddenly put to flight, by the consciousness that I had lost a slipper; and, in stooping to replace it, my veil dropped, disclosing my face to several acquaintances standing just in front of us! They would no doubt have recognized me, had they not immediately turned their backs—a custom always observed by the men on meeting females, for fear of committing the grievous sin of seeing a woman's face. The non-observance of this act is thought exceedingly rude; and, fortunately for me, it was on this occasion strictly adhered to.

Ascending a wide flight of stone steps, we passed an elegant Saracenic portal, and gained the marble-paved platform from the centre of which rises the towering Mosque of Omar. The sun was shining brightly on the variously colored porcelain with which it is covered in intricate patterns, and reflected all around the rainbow hues of the fifty-six windows with which it is pierced; and the cypress trees waved gracefully over the pretty little praying-places scattered here and there on the green grass. Indeed it seemed to me fairy land, and I was reminded at every step of the marvellous stories of the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." The dome of the Mosque is said to be the most symmetrical in the world, and the whole is thought to be unsurpassed in grace and beauty.

The platform being considered very holy, we doffed our slippers and gave them in charge to an attendant slave; a very ancient practice, for we learn from the Old Testament that the Jewish priests always removed their shoes on entering the Temple, and never officiated except in their bare feet; and this practice was, on one occasion, a direct command from Jehovah; for we are told that Moses was divinely warned to put off his shoes on the miraculous appearance of the burning bush. Such is the importance still attached to this custom by eastern nations, that they are struck with holy horror and greatly incensed when the unscrupulous traveler attempts to pollute their churches and mosques with shod feet; and on entering places like this esteemed especially holy, a compliance with the rule is absolutely required. At this moment, hearing footsteps of persons behind us, we turned in another direction to avoid them, and strolled leisurely to the Mosque of Aksa, passing an exquisite pulpit and fountain of variegated marble. By the pulpit is an elaborate urn, and overhanging it a cluster of cypress, olive and acacia trees, forming a most enchanting little spot. I lingered here, intent on gathering flowers as mementoes of the place, until warned by a sudden jerk at my sheet, of the approach of a Derwish.

In El-Aksa, seeing no one near, I ventured to raise my veil, in order to enjoy the luxury of fresh air; but it was no sooner raised than pulled down again by my companion, accompanied by the same significant pressure of her forefinger on her lips. On looking up to discover the cause of so unwelcome an intrusion upon the comfort of my respiratory organs, whom should I see but the same old Derwish, bearing an antique-shaped jug and bunch of keys, indicative of his office, as keeper of the holy places. This curious building is hardly describable. The exterior presents very much the appearance of a barn, with a dome at one end, and a row of pillars and arches at the other; while the interior is a jumbled composition of arabesque and gilding, windows of stained glass and wicker-work, and semicircular arches. At the upper end is an elaborately carved bronze pulpit, and portions of the floor are tesselated in mosaic.

I noticed that the worshiping-place of the men was covered with carpeting, while that of the women was spread with tattered matting! On leaving El-Aksa, we directed our steps to "Sedna Esa," the reputed cradle of our Savior, but it was unfortunately closed. Such a number of women were around the Golden Gate during the whole time we were in the enclosure, that we did not dare to approach it, which I very much regretted. But a spot of still deeper interest was yet to be visited—the world-renowned Mosque of Omar; and we now directed our steps to one of its four entrances—an ornamental portal, its roof supported with slender Corinthian pillars. A "dim religious light" pervaded the building, and such a deep gloom the lofty dome, that it was scarcely possible to distinguish its rich gilding and arabesque. Just enough light penetrated the windows to produce an indescribably soft, and at the same time grand, effect.

It being an unusual thing for females (who in Mohammedan estimation, are no better than brutes,) to pollute with their presence so holy a place, we were closely questioned by the keeper, who luxuriated in a lazy attitude on the floor. The reply he received seemed perfectly to satisfy him, though unknown to me, being uttered in too low a tone to reach any but his own ear. He supplied us with a few tapers, and we descended by a flight of stone steps into the Cave of the Sakhrah, which it is supposed occupies the site of the Holy of Holies. Half way down the stairs is a colossal tongue, sculptured in alto relievo on the rock, which the "Faithful" devoutly kiss; and in the floor of the cave is a marble slab, which, on being struck, yields a hollow sound, indicative of a large void below. The traditions connected with these and other relics, such as the print of the Prophet's foot, I need not repeat, so very puerile are they. Over the Sakhrah hangs a time-worn red and green satin canopy, the gift of the Sultan.

It was not deemed safe to linger here more than a quarter of an hour, as the mosque was rapidly filling with the devout and faithful; yet it was with no little regret that I allowed myself so short a time on the hallowed ground, which I felt sure was once covered by the glorious Temple. Impressed with this belief, I imagined that every precious stone, imbedded within these walls, might once have composed part of the sacred structure.

Near the doorway through which we made our exit is a beautiful lilliputian building—a miniature of the mosque—marking the spot said to have been occupied by Solomon, when overseeing the erection of the Temple. Frolicking upon its marble floor were scores of laughing children. Scattered around are many light and fantastic temples, but none so beautiful as that appropriated by these children as their playhouse. What a contrast between this fairy scene and the dark, filthy archways through which we now groped our way on returning home!

On reaching my own door, what was my surprise on being saluted and welcomed in Arabic—so completely metamorphosed was I by my Turkish dress! I was greatly amused, and determined to enjoy the joke, and retain my incognito as long as possible. Accordingly, I remained perfectly silent, and kept every feature in strict abeyance. Coffee was handed, which I sipped with gravity quite as apropos as the Oriental posture I had taken on the divan; and in this position I sat many minutes before I was recognized by the occupants of my own home, whose astonishment was very great on hearing the English language from such an unexpected source!—*Hadji in Syria.*

SCENES IN AND ABOUT JERUSALEM.

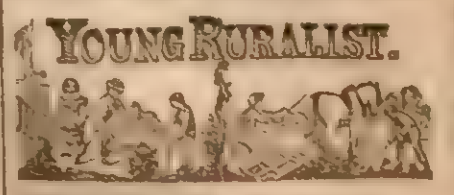
VIEW OF HAREM ES SHERIF FROM CHURCH OF ST. ANNE.—MOSK OF OMAR.

BROADCLOTH AN ENEMY TO HEALTH.

Prof. Hamilton, in an address on hygiene to the graduates of the Buffalo Medical College, denounces broadcloth as an enemy to exercise, and therefore to health. He says:

"American gentlemen have adopted as a national custom, broadcloth—a thin, tight-fitting black suit of broadcloth. To foreigners we seem always to be in mourning—we travel in black, we write in black, and we work in black. The priest, the lawyer, the literary man, the doctor, the mechanic, chooses always the same unvarying monotonous black broadcloth; a style and material which never ought to have been adopted out of the drawing-room or the pulpit; because it is at the North no suitable protection against the cold, nor is it indeed any more suitable at the South. It is too thin to be warm in the winter and too black to be cool in the summer; but especially do we object to it because the wearer is always soiling it by exposure. Young gentlemen will not play ball, or pitch quoits, or wrestle and tumble, or any other similar thing, lest their broadcloth should be offended. They will not go out into the storm because the broadcloth will lose its lustre if rain falls upon it; they will not run, because they have not confidence in the strength of the broadcloth; they dare not mount a horse, or leap a fence, because broadcloth as everybody knows, is so faithless. So those young men, those old men, merchants, mechanics, and all, learn to walk, talk and think soberly and carefully; they seldom venture even to laugh to the full extent of their sides."

YOUNG RURALIST.



KEEPING FOWLS IN KANSAS.

Messrs. Editors:—I noticed an extract from your columns in reference to the best mode of treating hens in winter, to ensure plenty of eggs, and will state my experience in that matter for the consideration of your numerous and intelligent readers, and especially the young, who always love to take care of chickens, and generally show no dislike to eggs, if you deem it of sufficient interest to award it a place in your columns. I need go no further back than the time I arrived in Kansas, in the fall of 1857, and I need not give my observations of a very large number of hens. Soon after I settled here, I found this market would not supply us constantly with eggs; besides, they ranged from 50 to 60 cents per dozen. I therefore called upon a friend who had about two dozen hens, but got no eggs, and purchased two of the lot, telling him at the time that I would have eggs in three weeks; but he was certain I would not, as it was then cold weather, in December. I took them home, (they were common hens,) and gave them a roost in the cow-stable, which was warm, and began feeding them fresh meat, both beef and pork. At first they ran away from the meat, seeming to be utter strangers to that kind of feed, but after two or three days they eat it freely. In just two weeks from the day I bought them, one began to lay, and the other laid the next day, and both from that time on till spring laid about every day, without any intermission. We kept count of the number each one laid, until they over-run one hundred each.

In the spring I purchased a rooster, and in June both hens came off with chickens, out of which we saved one dozen pullets. In the fall the old hens were caught by something, leaving us only pullets. By the time they were nearly grown I commenced feeding them fresh meat, as often as three times a week, cut up small enough for them to swallow. When they were about six months old they commenced laying. I got the first egg on New Years Day, and from that time on, we not only had plenty for ourselves, but now and then spared to a friend a few when none could be had in market. Most of them laid every day throughout the coldest weather, after they commenced. Some say I have a better kind of hens than others; but for the benefit of these, let me add, that I kept watch of the hens from which I took the two above described, and I found my friend got no eggs all winter, and yet his were kept in a warm place in his woodshed, and fed in the same manner that mine were, *except the meat.* I informed him that I fed mine fresh meat, which was the cause of their laying, but he was so skeptical, and it looked so foolish, he would not try it, and had no eggs. I feed my hens *all they will eat* of corn. In the winter I make a hot mush of corn meal, and give them that while it is warm. In Ohio, where I could get it, I fed wheat, which had a good effect. Of course they need lime, water, a good range in summer, and a warm place in winter.

I take great pleasure in feeding my chickens, which are great pets with me, and I also take great pleasure in eating *fresh eggs*, which cannot be had in this market many times during the year at even a half a dollar a dozen. So I take the independent course of supplying myself until our new country market shall be better stocked.

It was my intention when I commenced this to give you a brief statement of the fruit prospects in this region, but I find I must reserve that for a future time. I will add, however, that the soil and climate here are magnificent for fruit, but it is sadly neglected, as speculation usurps the talents of a large majority of the settlers in a new country. There have been some large shipments into this territory during the spring, some of which have come from the Rochester nurseries. But we are very destitute, even in the Wyandott Purchase, when we consider this was settled sixteen years ago by the Wyandotts, many of whom are white, educated men, and cultivate the soil. At this point a nursery would soon be very profitable, as this is the natural point for the settlers south of the Kansas river to come to the Missouri river with produce. Another advantage would be in the shelter derived from the forest trees, which would protect the fruit trees from the prairie winters. This forest extends west ten miles and south eight miles, and north up the banks of the Missouri river.

Wyandott, K. T., 1859. Daniel B. Hadley.

"INALIENABLE RIGHTS."

A wag has made the following summary of what he calls the "Inalienable rights of Americans," and which are not enumerated in the Declaration of Independence:

To know any trade or business without apprenticeship or experience.

To marry without regard to fortune, state of health, position, or opinion of parents or friends.

To have wife and children dependent on contingencies of business, and in case of sudden death, to leave them wholly unprovided for.

To put off upon hireling strangers the literary, moral and religious education of children.

To teach children no good trade, hoping they will have, when grown up, wit enough to live on the industry of other people.

To enjoy the general sympathy, when made bankrupt by reckless speculations.

To cheat the Government if possible.

To hold office without being competent to discharge its duties.

To build houses with nine and six inch walls, and go to the funerals of tenants, firemen and others killed by their fall, weeping over the mysterious dispensation of Providence.

To build up cities and towns without parks, public squares, broad streets or ventilated blocks, and call pestilence a visitation of God.

TO RURAL AGENTS, SUBSCRIBERS, &c.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER *enters upon a New Quarter this week, and we embrace the occasion to notify its Agents, Subscribers and other friends that single and club subscriptions—either for a year, or three months, on trial—are now in order and respectfully solicited. To those who know and appreciate the paper, we need only say that the quarter upon which we now enter, and the ensuing volume, will be worthy the enviable reputation the* RURAL *has attained—and all others are invited to give it a careful examination. It has thousands of ardent and influential friends, each of whom will, we trust, make some effort (during the ensuing few weeks and months,) to augment its circulation and usefulness in their respective localities,—and* NOW *is the Best Time to Commence the Canvass. As liberal Premiums and Gratuities will be given for Clubs, &c., as last year.* *Oct.* 1, 1859.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 8, 1859.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

THE dispatches received by the Government narrate with minuteness the recent events in China. Flag officer Tatnall says that the British officer in charge of the gun boats, having visited him, said nothing about aid, but his silent appeal was powerful indeed, during the few moments he was on board the Powhattan. He looked anxiously at his Admiral and his boats. After he left, continues Capt. Tatnall, I held a conversation with our Commissioner, Mr. Ward, and he agreed with me perfectly, that under the circumstances of our position with the English, and the aid the Admiral had tendered me the day before, I could do no less than tow the boats to his relief. I made the offer, which was thankfully received and promptly accepted. Capt. T. towed the boats through the British line to within a short distance of the Admiral, whose flag was flying, when, casting off, he returned to the rear of the line, and anchored for the night. He took up this position as it might enable him to visit the wounded, and should any boat be sunk, to rescue the crew, in other words, to afford all the aid consistent with the neutrality. Having been informed by a British officer that the Admiral was dangerously wounded, Capt. T. went in a barge to visit him. When within a few feet of the Cormorant, a round shot struck the coxswain, Mr. Hart, of Brooklyn, and slightly wounded flag Lieut. Trenchard. They reached the Cormorant before the boat entirely sunk. Capt. T. says the Chinese Commissioners had previously notified Mr. Ward of their agreements, and requested him to accompany the British and French Ministers to the Peiho. President Buchanan entirely approves of the action of the Commodore in rendering the assistance he did to the British Admiral.

Colonel Rankin, Register of the Land Office in Olympia, Washington Territory, has arrived from the Island of San Juan. He reports that if the intentions of Gov. Douglas had been carried out, there would have been a collision between the British and American forces, as the Satellite and Plumber had been ordered by him to fire; but Admiral Bayne opportunely arrived and superceded him in the command of the English ships-of-war, five in number.

The original misunderstanding was with the Hudson Bay Co., the interests of which were represented by Douglas. The Island of San Juan had been in the occupancy of the Americans for at least eighteen months. Nobody seems to question their rights, and it has been for a long period considered and treated as belonging to Washington Territory. It was not until Gen. Harney applied to and was informed by Boundary Commissioner Campbell, that our title to the Island was clear and certain, that he dispatched troops thither at the earnest request of the residents who claimed protection from British aggression, and especially from the predatory insurrections of the Northern Indians, who had even taken and held possession of a light house for three days, and against whom private expeditions had repeatedly been sent to chastise them. Col. Rankin says the people of Washington and the Pacific States are unanimous for our retention of the Island, and such is their enthusiasm, that if the United States troops should be directed to vacate, private parties in formidable numbers would immediately occupy that important position, and not surrender it without a severe struggle

Arizonian dates of the 15th are received. The presentation of the articles purchased for the Pimos and Maricota Indians, under the act of Congress of February last, was made by Lieut. Mowry on the 10th inst. Between 4,000 and 5,000 Indians were present. About 2,000 farming implements and several thousand pounds of barley and other grains for seed, axes, &c., besides several thousand yards of cloths, calicoes, shirts, tobacco, and bread, were distributed.

The reason of this large distribution was explained in a speech by Lieut. Mowry, and in reply the Chiefs expressed great satisfaction of the kindness of their Great Father, the President, and promised to continue in the good conduct which had brought them so great a reward.

They cultivate this year 15,000 acres, and have supplied the Overland Mail Company with large quantities of grain. It is reported that next year their crops will be largely increased, through the facilities given them by the Government.

PERSONAL.—At the recent Commencement of the Vermont University, the degree of D. D. was conferred upon Rev. S S. CUTTING, Professor of Belle Lettres, &c., in the University of Rochester—an honor worthily bestowed.

ISAAC BUTTS, Esq., the able and popular editor of the Rochester Union and Advertiser, who has, with his family, spent several months in Europe, returned in the Persia, and was warmly greeted by many friends on his arrival in this city. Messrs. S. HAMILTON, of this city, and L. H. TUCKER, of Albany, also returned in the Persia.

RODNEY L. ADAMS, Esq., formerly of the Wayne Co. Republican, succeeds ANSON G. CHESTER as editor of the Syracuse Journal. Mr. A. is a talented writer and otherwise qualified for the position assumed. We are glad to observe, by the way, that the Journal has recently been enlarged and greatly improved in appearance.

News Paragraphs.

THE Kankakee (Ill.) Gazette says that on Friday week, a freight car on the Illinois Central railroad took fire about eight miles north of that city, and came in all ablaze. It was taken to the water tank, and subjected to a bath, which soon extinguished the flames. A considerable portion of the car was burned through, and a portion of the freight consumed. The car contained two kegs of gunpowder marked "codfish." The box containing the kegs was charred through, and on being taken out fell to pieces.

A LITTLE tool has been invented for threading a needle. It is made with two blades, which holds the needle with its eye opposite a little funnel-shaped opening, into which it is perfectly easy for a person of weak sight to pass the thread, and the thread inevitably passes through the eye.

CAPT. SIMPSON, of the Topographical Engineers, has discovered a route between Carson Valley and the valley of Great Salt Lake shorter than the route which he had been sent out to explore. The route is quite straight, and is equally good, if not a superior road, in almost every respect, to both the immigration line and the old line just explored by himself. The facts of the Surveying Expedition have been reported to Gen. Johnson, and it is probable that hereafter the bulk of the travel between California and Salt Lake will go by the last discovered route.

AN engineer was walking on the levee at St. Louis one day last week, when a nimble thief snatched his watch, and ran off at a speed that bid fair to defy pursuit. It so happened, however, that the party robbed had with him a large Newfoundland dog, and instead of running himself, he spoke a few words to his four-footed companion. Off started the noble animal, and before the thief had gone many blocks he was dragged to the earth and secured by his singular captor. The fellow tho't fit to submit to the warrant displayed—two full rows of formidable teeth—and made no resistance to the majesty of the law.

THE total number of houses in Boston in 1728 was about 3,000, of which 1,000 were of brick and the rest of wood, and the population, after a settlement of nearly a hundred years, amounted to only 12,000. Now the number of buildings is probably upwards of 16,000, while the population is in the neighborhood of 175,000.

THE Dayton (Ohio) Empire says that Mr. H. H. Worman, of that city, on Thursday week, received a letter from his father, who resides in Damme, Germany, and who has reached the great age of *one hundred and fourteen years.* The centenarian writes a neat, legible, steady hand, and is able to wait upon himself and perform light labor.

ELISHA SCOFIELD, a Revolutionary soldier, died in Jefferson Co., N. Y., a few days since, aged 95 years. He was a native of Bedford, Westchester county, where he resided until 1781, and for the five previous years was amid many of the most exciting scenes of the Revolution.

OWING to the difficulty and expense of transporting English Troops, it is supposed that the British Government will employ its Sepoys and other East India soldiers in the contemplated attack on China. If so, the war between two half-civilized races will be marked by scenes of peculiar barbarity.

ASSAYS at the Philadelphia Mint show the real value of the Pike's Peak dust to be only $15,80 per ounce. Holders of the article have been confident that it was worth $17 or $18 per ounce.

THE property upon which is the Natural Bridge of Virginia, has recently changed hands for the sum of $12,000. Next to the Falls of Niagara, it is the greatest natural curiosity in the United States.

As was the case with our Mexican war, the late war in Italy has demonstrated the uselessness of all extra display in army uniform, and a commission is now sitting in Paris which has for its object the alteration of the present uniform of the French army, with a view to making it as simple and durable as practicable.

SUNDAY morning week, the first Baptist Church of Chicago, was in debt $14,000. In *forty-five minutes* after the fact was stated, the congregation wiped out $12,500, and were prepared to cancel the remaining $1,500; but the pastor begged them not to do so, as several friends were unavoidably absent who would not be pleased if nothing was left for them to do!

A COIN was deposited in the corner stone of a church at Jackson, Mich., last week, that had been taken from the corner stone of a temple in Rome, built during the reign of the First Cæsar.

THE corn crop in Illinois is greatly injured by the frost north of the Illinois river, there being hardly a corn field north of Lasalle which is not wholly or to a great extent ruined. In Minnesota no damage as yet has been done, and it is hoped the crops there may escape.

BY an arrival from Port-au-Prince, we have advices from Hayti to the 5th inst. The daughter of President GEFFRARD was killed by a gun-shot while occupying her father's chair, on the evening of the 3d inst. The shot was fired from the gardens adjacent to the palace. Great excitement existed in consequence of the act. Business at Port-au-Prince was dull.

THE amount of iron thus far used on the dome at the new Capitol at Washington, is 2,500,000 pounds; to complete the first section will require 500,000 pounds additional, making a total of 3,000,000 pounds. The total weight of iron for the whole dome will be about 15,000,000 pounds. This great weight will only be about fifty pounds to the square inch, in the thickness of the walls.

THE MISSING ÆRONAUTS SAFE.—On the 22d ult., Messrs. LA MOUNTAIN and JOHN A. HADDOCK—the latter gentleman being editor of the *Reformer*—made a balloon ascension at Watertown, Jefferson county, and were not heard from until the 3d inst., when the following dispatch, dated Ottawa, C. W., was received:

"Lost all. Landed 300 miles north of Watertown, in the Canada wilderness. We were four days without food. We were brought out by Indian guides in canoes, &c. Please inform my wife. (Signed) JOHN LA MOUNTAIN."

The intense alarm consequent upon their long-continued absence, has given place to feelings of thankfulness for their safety.

FRIGHTFUL CALAMITY.—The canal bridge at Albion, Orleans Co., N. Y., broke down on the afternoon of the 28th ult. A large crowd had gathered upon the structure to witness a rope-walking feat, when it gave way and precipitated the mass into the water. Fifteen persons were killed, and a large number more or less injured. The following is a list of the dead:—Adelbert Wilcox, West Kendall; Mr. Stillson, South Barre; Jane L. Avery, Lydia or Sophia Harris, Thomas Cady, Albion; Sarah Thomas, Augusta Martin, Mr. Henry, Ransom Murdock, Carlton; Mrs. Ann Viele, Barre; One man, middle aged, name unknown; Thomas Handy, Yates; Sophia Pratt, Toledo, O.; Perry Cole, Benton Corners; Mr. Cornell, South Barre.

PHYSICAL PHENOMENA.—The foreign papers state that the aurora borealis which was seen at Paris and in England on the 28th ult., was also visible in other parts of Europe, and especially at Rome—a curious circumstance, from its being so far south. We have also mention of spots on the sun being observed from various points; and a writer on meteorology in the London Times says that "the connection between solar spots, magnetism and aurora appears clearly established."—With regard to disturbances beneath the earth's surface, we find that the earthquake of Norcia occurred on the 22d. A strange occurrence is also notified from Belluno, at the foot of the Venetian Alps. In the district of Agordo, a volcanic eruption has broken out, and been in full operation since the 20th August.

EXPORTATION OF FLOUR.—A statement has been going the rounds, taken from the New York *Journal of Commerce*, that a lot of 500 barrels of flour, to be sent to Liverpool, was the first shipment of breadstuffs from New York for many weeks. This is a gross error. The Custom House returns for the week ending the 15th of September, 1859, report 2,847 barrels cleared from New York to Liverpool. For the week ending the 8th of September, 1,823 barrels flour were shipped from New York to Liverpool, 501 barrels to London, and 3,201 barrels to Glasgow. For the week ending September 1st, 1,750 barrels were shipped to Glasgow, and 1,975 barrels to London. For the week ending August 25th, 950 barrels were sent to Liverpool. For the week ending August 4th, 2,066 barrels were exported to Liverpool.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—It is officially announced that the Great Eastern from Portsmouth, for Weymouth, Oct. 8th, will finally sail from Holyhead for Portland, Me., on the 20th of October. During this delay of three weeks, Mr. Scott Russell contracts to repair the damage occasioned by the explosion. This contract does not include any repairs which the boiler may be found to require, and although they apparently sustained no damage, it is said to have shown that the internal stays of the boiler most directly experienced the force of the shock, and had either been displaced or greatly weakened, so that the boiler cannot be safely used in its present situation.

The Daily News states that the Government has decided on dispatching several additional steam frigates and corvettes, together with a sufficient number of sailing frigates, to augment the squadron in China. It is also expected that a force of one thousand additional marines will be dispatched to China.

Isambard K. Brunel, designer of the Great Eastern, had died of paralysis.

The Manchester Guardian and London Post both speak severely of General Harney's conduct at San Juan Island, and threaten terrible things, unless the Government of the United States disavows his action.

The British Government has contracted for the laying of a submarine telegraph cable from Falmouth to Gibralter.

It is stated in London that France had returned an evasive reply to a question from England, touching the concentration of troops in the neighborhood of Gibralter.

The Governments of France and England were to take immediate measures for inflicting chastisement on the Chinese for the treacherous outrage at Peiho.

FRANCE.—There was no improvement in French commercial affairs.

The crops had fallen off greatly from last year's figures.

After several days suspension the Zurich Conference had resumed its sitting.

The French laws in relation to the press are not to be modified.

The Times' Paris correspondent says it was stated that twelve thousand French troops had been ordered to be held in readiness to depart for China. General Wimpfen was talked of for the command.

The Moniteur publishes an address to the Emperor, signed by about ten thousand Bergamasks. The address expresses a hope that the conditions of peace which His Majesty is about to dictate will be calculated to alleviate the sufferings which appear to threaten the future of Venetia. The address is violent respecting the return of the Archdukes.

ITALY.—The latest news from Italy leaves little doubt of the determination of the Italians to rely on themselves. Garibaldi was preparing for a general concentration of troops on any given point.

Gen. Fanti, Commander-in-Chief of the troops of the Italian League, had fixed his head-quarters at Bologna. The soldiers disbanded by Victor Emanuel were flocking around him.

The King of Sardinia had received the deputations of the National Assemblies of Parma and Modena in regard to annexation. The King expressed acquiescence in their views, and promised to support them before the great powers. He also expressed the hope that Europe, having recognized the right of other nations to form constitutions, will not deny it to Italy.

AUSTRIA.—Austria was to increase her military force in Italy, and it was ascertained that France has still nearly 100,000 men there.

CHINA.—The China mail had reached London bringing full details of the conflict near Pekin. The Times prints a full list of the killed and wounded. The proportion of officers among them is very large. Rear Admiral Hope was wounded very severely.

Mercantile letters from China generally concur in the view that the revival of hostilities would not cause any material interruption to trade. The natives at Shanghai were much annoyed at what had taken place, and consequently no ill-feeling was anticipated there, but still it was believed that England would have to send out very large naval and military forces, and perhaps blockade these points in order to bring the Emperor to submission.

COMMERCIAL—*Breadstuffs*—The Liverpool market had an advancing tendency. Richardson, Spence & Co. report flour firm, at full previous rates. Wheat firm and 1@2d higher since Tuesday. Corn firm and advanced 6d per quarter. *Provisions.*—Market steady. Pork firm. Lard dull at 56.

Clippings from Foreign Journals.

A HAMBURG paper contains a notice of the arrival there of two Yankee craft, "all the way from the interior of North America and direct from Milwaukee, in Wisconsin, on the Michigan sea. She is loaded," says the paper, "with Canadian timber, and the most noticeable thing about her is her masts, each made of one stick, and having each one large sail, unlike our vessels, entirely without yards. She requires only half the number of men to work her that our vessels of the same size require.

GENERAL SATTLER, Intendant of the Russian Army in the Crimea, has just published an account of the provisioning of the army during the war. It appears from this that at its commencement Russia had in the field 250,000 men and 100,000 horses, and that the number of troops for whom the Intendance had to furnish provisions in 1855, was 845,000 men, with 187,360 horses; and in 1856, 796,973 men with 183,570 horses. The duty was performed under very great difficulties, the price of cattle and all provender and necessaries having increased five-fold and even ten-fold, particularly from the middle of 1855 until January, 1856.

IT is calculated that the working cost of the Great Eastern, while under steam, will be £800 per diem. Assuming that she runs to Portland in seven days, the cost will, therefore, be £5,600; the miscellaneous charges, £6,000. The Cunard steamers are asserted to cost £1 per mile, and the Great Eastern will average £2 per mile. The Great Eastern will not be liable to dock dues or pilotage at either Holyhead or Portland. Had she started from Liverpool the dock dues would have been about £1,500.

MR. BRUNEL, the celebrated engineer who conceived the idea of constructing the steamship Great Eastern, has suddenly died, just as he had been apprised of the success of the great ship. He was prostrated by a fatal stroke of paralysis.

THE *Presse d'Orient* announces that Mehemet Ali Pacha, the last son of Mehemet Ali, of Egypt, who has arrived at Constantinople from Marseilles, after having visited the principal cities of Europe, proposes to open his saloons to European society, which is considered a remarkable innovation on the part of a high Ottoman functionary.

IN one of his hustings speeches, Mr. Bright, M. P., spoke of Louis Napoleon as "a crowned criminal." An English paper advises the Emperor to sue him for libel.

THE Submarine Telegraph Company, of London, now possess ten conducting wires between England and France, besides six stretching to Belgium, and five to different parts of the north of Europe. It is also proposed to lay a cable between the Channel Islands and the French coast. The cables belonging to this Company have been lately examined and found to be in excellent order, notwithstanding they have been laid for seven or eight years.

THE present English system of franking, in use since January 10th, 1840, provides that each public department shall absolutely pay the postage upon every letter and document it sends out. Even the Queen's privilege of franking was, by her own consent, abolished in 1840, but her own letters, when sent through the post-office, pass free by virtue of bearing the Queen's head stamps.

PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.—English papers record a case of horrible cruelty, where a soldier of the British army was flogged for desertion. The record is revolting in the extreme. "Davis, a young recruit, protested his innocence of the crime of desertion, bellowed and screamed for mercy, and supplicated Col. Talbott and the medical officers, and others who were present, to have compassion on him or he should die. His back was covered with large, red, inflated boils, which bled profusely at every stroke, and reddened the ground under his feet, upon which the cat was ordered to be withheld for a few moments, when, finding that his punishment was not at an end, he gave vent to exclamations for mercy, and partly succeeded in delivering himself by force from the straps which bound him to the halyards. The punishment was again ordered to be continued, when at every succeeding stroke his cries and exclamations were most lamentable, insomuch that the officers and men swooned away at the sickening spectacle, and had to be carried into the open air."

The News Condenser.

— Kossuth and his family are at Thunin, in Switzerland.

— Ottawa, Ill., was visited on Wednesday by a snow storm.

— The total receipts at the National Fair in Chicago were $33,000.

— City railroads were inaugurated in Cincinnati on Wednesday week.

— In Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, hay is selling at $18 to $19 per ton.

— It is stated that Spain intends to extend a more liberal form of government to Cuba.

— The Irish Protestant delegation preached to crowded houses in New York on Sunday.

— It is said that our government has made a peremptory demand on Chili for redress.

— In sinking a coal shaft near Centralia, Ill., recently, a vein of strong salt water was struck.

— Madame Jumel, the widow of Aaron Burr, is now at Saratoga Springs. She is 80 years old.

— There are now going up in the city of Brooklyn nearly 900 buildings of various descriptions.

— More than five inches of rain fell at Bloomfield, Pa., during a recent storm of two days duration.

— Freeman Rawdon, of the well-known engraving firm of Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Edson, died on the 22d ult.

— The blackberry crop of Indiana is estimated to have yielded nearly one-half a million of dollars this season.

— Mr. Alfred Tennyson, England's Poet Laureate, contemplates a tour to the United States the coming season.

— The plate of the first engraving of the Declaration of Independence has recently been discovered and restored.

— The Gonzalez Inquirer says that 250 000 sheep have been brought into Texas, from Mexico, since the first of January.

— The St. Paul Times says the crops of every sort in Minnesota this year are extraordinary in quantity and sound in quality.

— Our naval force in the Pacific consists of 8 vessels of war, of 11,823 tunnage, carrying 150 guns, and a force of 2,350 men.

— A citizen of one of the pleasant towns in Middlesex Co., Mass., bequeathed the sum of $500 to the *silent poor* of the village.

— The St. Paul Pioneer says that more buildings are in progress in that city than in any city on the river North of St. Louis.

— Several hundred thousand Chinese tea plants are in vigorous growth at the forcing houses of the Patent Office in Washington.

— A New York paper gives the names of 15 large vessels, beginning with the Great Eastern, whose united length is one mile.

— It was a negro soldier who, at Bunker Hill, shot the man who gave the first order against us in the war which that year began.

— A woman in Bangor has an infant nine weeks old that weighs two pounds and a half. The child weighed just one pound at birth.

— A "gobbler" in Massachusetts has developed maternal instincts so far as to set upon and hatch a brood of young turkeys.

— The Waterville (N. Y.) Times reports that during the last week about 60,000 pounds of new hops have changed hands at 10@11c.

— A tremendously large bed of oysters, said to be three or four miles square, was discovered a few days since off Huntington, L. I.

— David Melville, of Newport, R. I., was the first person to use gas in this country. He lighted his house and factory with it in 1812.

— The case of jewelry exhibited at the recent Chicago Fair, was found on removal to have been robbed of $3,000 worth of diamonds.

— Charles Spencer, of Canastota, has in process of construction two powerful microscopes for Prof. Agassiz, costing about $1,000 apiece.

— Mr. P. T. Barnum has dammed a creek in East Bridgeport, Conn., and formed a lake 40 acres in area, for which the citizens praise him.

— Metallic window blinds are coming into use in New York. The frame is made of malleable iron, and the slats of corrugated sheet iron.

— We have seen it stated that the aggregate of cold is greater the present year than during any one for 70 years past, except that of 1845.

— Robert Wickliffe, the recently deceased millionaire of Kentucky, commenced life as a laborer at 50 cents a day, and never was ashamed of it.

— Mr. Andrew Porter, of South Danvers, Mass., has a squash in his garden which girts six feet seven inches, being as much as a good sized ox.

— A lady in Middletown, Conn., has recovered $35 and costs from a chap who dressed himself up as a ghost and nearly frightened her to death.

— Mr. Champlain, of Yates Co., is "cultivating" a pair of buffalo calves which he recently brought with him Kansas. They are doing finely.

— At Port Huron, Mich., there recently arrived a quantity of dry goods, by direct shipment from England and Scotland, brought over in 24 days.

— The sum paid for gas in England is estimated at $25,000,000 per year, yet but very few private houses burn it. The people are afraid of it.

— A fearful tornado swept over a portion of Sumpter district, S. C., on the 16th ult., laying waste several plantations and doing great damage.

— The Buffalo Republic predicts the speedy construction of a Lake Erie steamboat larger than the Great Eastern, to make thirty miles an hour!

— Vigilance Committees have been formed in several parishes of Louisiana, but the Governor has issued a proclamation ordering them to disband.

— A circus in Chicago was recently sold by the sheriff. The tent was bought by the Young Men's Christian Association, who will fit it for religious services.

— Sparrows have been sent from England to Australia in the hope that they will increase sufficiently to keep down the worms that annoy the farmers.

— A man named Hicock gave an exhibition of walking on the water at Toronto, C. W., Saturday week. He walked two or three hundred rods with success.

— The treasury receipts of Cuba for the first half of the present year were upwards of ten millions of dollars, an increase of half a million over last year.

— A statement was made at a Convention of the Congregational churches of New Hampshire that not one pastor in the whole connection used tobacco.

— Steam navigation has been commenced on the Tigris by an English company. They have a new steamer, and carry a large number of passengers.

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Special Notices.

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OUR STANDING ARMY.—The Secretary of War has, in accordance with law, made an abstract of the returns of the Militia of the several States. The aggregates are as follows:

Maine	78,362	Louisiana	23,752
New Hampshire	35,884	Mississippi	5,[illegible]
Vermont	23,855	Tennessee	71,[illegible]
Massachusetts	158,849	Kentucky	8[illegible]
Rhode Island	17,015	Ohio	176,[illegible]
Connecticut	91,430	Michigan	[illegible]
New York	[illegible]	Indiana	[illegible]
New Jersey	[illegible]	Illinois	2[illegible]
Pennsylvania	1[illegible]	Wisconsin	51,921
Delaware	2[illegible]	Iowa	
Maryland	1[illegible]	Missouri	118,013
Virginia	150,000	Arkansas	35,054
North Carolina	72,148	Texas	19,766
South Carolina	[illegible]	California	307,[illegible]
Georgia	85,699	Minnesota	9,003
Florida	13,123	Utah Territory	2,921
Alabama	76,662	District of Columbia	5,201

These figures show a total of 6,762,726, of which about 2,700,000 are infantry, 20,000 cavalry, 12,000 artillery, and 34,000 riflemen.

GOLD AND SILVER.—It is now ten years since the discovery of gold in California, and eight years since the gold mines of Australia were first developed. Since those periods the amount of gold produced by both countries may be estimated at over 858,000,000 of dollars, viz:

Year.	California.	Australia.	Total.
1[illegible]	$4[illegible]		$[illegible]
1[illegible]	$8[illegible]		[illegible]
1[illegible]	$[illegible]		[illegible]
1[illegible]	$[illegible]		[illegible]
1[illegible]	$[illegible]	[illegible]	125,544,000
1[illegible]	$[illegible]	$[illegible]	111,033,000
1[illegible]	$[illegible]	$[illegible]	98,828,000
1[illegible]	$[illegible]	$[illegible]	107,967,000
1[illegible]	$[illegible]	$[illegible]	[illegible]
1[illegible]	$[illegible]	$[illegible]	[illegible]
1858	$[illegible]	$[illegible]	107,246,000
Total	$448,000,000	$410,922,000	$858,922,000

BOOK-MAKING IN CANADA.—The number of books copyrighted in Canada from 1841 to [illegible] amounted to 165, being on an average *nine* works or publications a year. Two copyrighted in 1841; eighteen in 1858.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Oct. 4, 1859.

In Flour and Wheat the market is without change in rates. The receipts of Canadian wheat were pretty large during the week—about 40,000 bushels—and it would seem that there are likely to increase. Oats have gone up 2@3 cents ₱ bushel. Barley has taken a start of 10 cents ₱ bushel. There is none offered in market, however, and some of the brewers, who are in want, might pay 75 for a tip-top article. Considerable quantities are in movement for Albany and New York, the prices now quoted at these places being so much higher as to make shipment profitable. We are inclined to think that only "early birds will catch the worm," —as was the case last year,—for when once in market in any amount, speculators have a remarkable faculty of brinning about "declines" for special occasions.

DAIRY.—In this department we note an advance in the price of butter—very little is offering and the demand is [illegible]

WOOL AND PELTS—Wool is 3 cents ₱ pound better than last week. Sheep pelts 12½ cents advance taken.

HAY is still on the rise, $19,00 ₱ ton being obtained very readily at yesterday's sales. There was not a single load to market at 10 o'clock this morning.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	11@12c
Flour, winter wheat	$4.75@5.75	Honey, box	15@[illegible]c
Flour, spring do	$4.[illegible]@4.50	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat, ₱ cwt	$[illegible]	**FRUITS AND ROOTS**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1.15@1.20	Apples, bushel	25@37½c
Red white Canada	$1.[illegible]	Apples, dried	$[illegible]
Corn	[illegible]	Peaches, dried, ₱ lb	[illegible]
Rye, ₱ 56 lbs	[illegible]	Cherries, dried, ₱ lb	[illegible]
Oats, by weight	[illegible]	Potatoes, new	2[illegible]5c
Barley	[illegible]	**HIDES AND SKINS**	
Buckwheat	[illegible]	Slaughter	[illegible]6c
Beans	62½@75c	Calf	[illegible]
MEATS		Sheep pelts	50@[illegible]
Pork, mess	$[illegible]@18,50	Lamb pelts	37½@75c
Pork, clear	$[illegible]	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	$[illegible]	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,50
Beef, by cwt	$4,[illegible]@5,00	Timothy	2,50@2,75
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton, carcass	[illegible]	Wood, hard	$[illegible]@4,50
Hams, smoked	[illegible]	Wood, soft	$[illegible]
Shoulders	[illegible]	Coal, Lehigh	$[illegible]
Chickens	[illegible]	Coal, Scranton	$[illegible]
Turkeys	[illegible]	Coal, Pittston	$[illegible]
Geese	[illegible]	Coal, Shamokin	$[illegible]
Ducks, ₱ pair	[illegible]	Coal, Char	[illegible]
DAIRY, &c		Salt, bbl	$[illegible]
Butter, roll	[illegible]	Hay, ton	$[illegible]
Butter, firkin	[illegible]	Wool, ₱ lb	[illegible]
Cheese	[illegible]	White fish, bbl	[illegible]
Lard, tried	[illegible]	Codfish, ₱ quintal	$[illegible]
Tallow	[illegible]	Trout, bbl	$[illegible]

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—FLOUR—Opened with a slight advance and closed heavy. Sales at $[illegible] for superfine State, $[illegible] for extra do, $[illegible] for superfine Western, $[illegible] for common to good extra do, $[illegible] for inferior to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio, including dull. Oat meal dull, sales at $[illegible] for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat dull, and heavy for spring and steady for other kinds. Sales at 123@130 for white Western, 118c for red State, 118c for amber Michigan; 142½@143c for white Kentucky. Rye quiet at 81@82c. Barley quiet at 85@90c. Corn scarce and better, sales at 59c for mixed Western; 94@95c for yellow Southern and Jersey. Oats dull at 41@42c for State, Western and Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Pork market heavy and lower. Sales at $15,62½@15 75 for mess; $13 50 for prime do; $17,50 for clear, and $[illegible]50 for prime. Lard firm: sales at 10¾@11½c. In Butter a fair business is doing at 13@16c for Ohio; 17@21c for State. Cheese in fair request at 6¾@9½c for common to prime.

TORONTO, Oct. 1.—FLOUR—The flour market remains steady, with an upward tendency. Holders are firm in view of recent improvements in other markets. Quotations are: Superfine, $4,35 to $4,45; fancy, $4,60 to $4,70; extra, $4,75 to $5 ₱ barrel

OATMEAL—In fair supply, at $[illegible] ₱ barrel. Pot barley sells at the same rate.

GRAIN—About 7,000 bushels of fall wheat found their way to market yesterday, and the whole was eagerly purchased at prices ranging from 98c to $1,10 for good samples. One superior lot commanded as high as $1,12, but this was an exceptional case. No sales were made under 98c, and what was sold at this figure was of an inferior character. The ruling rates for Spring Wheat were 80@90c, of which about 500 bushels were offered, besides what was conveyed to the city by railway. The demand was good, and the whole moved off freely. Barley was again in good supply, upwards of 8,000 bushels having been brought in by farmers. The buyers notwithstanding were keen in their competition, and no difficulty was experienced in disposing of all on the market. The lowest price paid was 65c, and from this prices ranged to 72c, at which figure several sales were effected. An increased demand and higher prices were noticeable in peas; the supply was tolerably fair, about 1,000 bushels being offered. The lots quickly changed hands at 68c for fair samples, and 64½c for best quality. The average price paid was 66c. Oats remain scarce and in active demand at 36c. One lot yesterday was purchased at this [illegible] readily resold at an advance of 2c ₱ bushel. Two loads only of rye entered the market yesterday, and these were quickly purchased at 50c. The demand for this grain is very good.—*Globe*.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Sept. 28.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ₱ cwt., $[illegible]@[illegible]; ordinary to [illegible]; common do, $6 00@7,00; inferior do, $5,00@6,00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $55,00@65,00; ordinary do, $40@50; common do, $30,00@40,00; inferior do, $20,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₱ lb., 6@6½c; ordinary do, 5@5½c; common do, 4@5c; inferior do, 3@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ₱ head, $5,50@6,50; ordinary do, $4,25@5,25; common do, $3,00@4,00; inferior do, $2,00@3,00.

SWINE—First quality, 6@6½c; other qualities, 5½@6c.

ALBANY, Oct. 3.—CATTLE—Another discouraging market for sellers. It was thought that the bottom was reached last week, but whoever has d their speculations on this basis, find themselves disappointed to-day. Few who bought here last week for the New York and Eastern markets, come out "whole"—some lost $3 ₱ head, and not a few $7 to $10.

We reduce our quotations to the general tone of the market, remarking that there are one or two "extra" droves that may command 5c ₱ lb.:

	This week.	Last week.
Extra	4¾@[illegible]	4¾@5¼
First quality	3½@[illegible]	4 @4½
Second quality	3 @3½	3 @3½
Third quality	2½@2¾	2½@3
Inferior	[illegible]	2 @2½

SHEEP—Average quality and demand is fair and demand comparatively brisk. Over 4,000 sold.

HOGS—Little change to note. Prices about the same as last week.—*Argus*.

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 28.—At market 1720 cattle, about 1000 beeves, and 720 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market [illegible] extra, $7,00@7,75; first quality, $[illegible]; second do, $6,25@6,00; third do, $4,25@5,00; inferior do, $[illegible].

WORKING OXEN—[illegible] pair.

COWS AND CALVES—$40 @60.

STORES—Yearlings, $[illegible]; two years old, $17,00@21,00; three years old $20,00@25,00.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—3235 at market. Prices—in lots, $1,00, 1,50 @1,75. Extra, $2 25, 2,50@3

HIDES—7@7½c ₱ lb. Pelts, 50@80c each.

CALF SKINS—12@13c ₱ lb. Tallow, 7@7½c ₱ lb.

TORONTO, Oct. 1.—The first class beef is pretty firm, at $[illegible] for [illegible] and rather inferior at $[illegible] ₱ 100 lbs. Working oxen are [illegible] and [illegible] to 80c each. Beef hides $[illegible] ₱ 100 lbs. Calf skins 10c ₱ lb.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, Sept. 28.—There continues a good demand for the [illegible] grades of [illegible], and prices are somewhat [illegible] ₱ lb higher. Dealers have been buying largely [illegible] and manufacturers have also been liberal in their [illegible], so that the stock on the seaboard is [illegible] for the season. We quote [illegible] at the opening of the week [illegible] 42@43c, and fine qualities so on in proportion. Sales of 178,000 lbs. State and Western fleece, at 40@45c for common to ¼ blood to choice selected Saxony and 300,000 lbs Cal[illegible] foreign [illegible] and in good request, sales of [illegible] at [illegible] as to quality. Foreign has been [illegible] with increased firmness, [illegible] supporting the success of the large [illegible] Colonial Woods. [illegible] of 300 bales Mestiza [illegible] and Smyrna on terms not disclosed. We append a report of the London sales from the Circular of Messrs. Hunter & Metcalfe:

The third or principal series of public sales of Colonial wool commenced on 2 ult. [illegible] Total bales offered 89,[illegible] [illegible] the attendance of buyers [illegible] and steadiness [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

LABOR.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

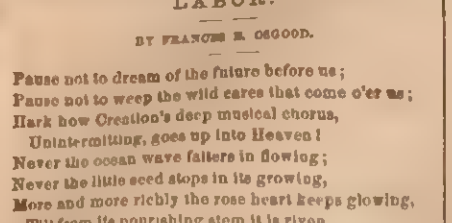
Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark how Creation's deep musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven!
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing,
More and more richly the rose heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship?" the robin is singing;
"Labor is worship?" the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing,
Speaks to thy soul from Nature's great heart;
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod comes the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower;
Only man, in the plain, ever shrinks from his part.

Labor is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;
Indolence ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future heightens!
Play the sweet keys, would'st thou keep them in tune.

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us;
Rest from the world-syrens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied, 'neath woe's weeping willow;
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Droop not though shame, sin and anguish are round thee;
Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;
Look on yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod.
Work for some good—be it ever so slowly,
Cherish some flower—be it ever so lowly,
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE ORPHAN GOVERNESS.

BY ANNA BURR.

Chapter I.

"Well, Myra, your new Governess will arrive this afternoon."

"Oh, mama, I didn't know that you had procured one yet. Who is she?" and the young girl drew nearer the fashionably attired lady.

"Her name is Grace Niles. I received a letter from your aunt Mary last week, and she wrote to ascertain if I desired a teacher for you and Charlie. It appears that this young lady has applied to her for a situation. Your aunt recommends her as a superior person. They were formerly acquainted, when Miss Niles moved in fashionable circles. I wrote back immediately to know when I might expect her, for the proposition pleased me. Here is the reply," continued Mrs. Atherton, folding the epistle in her hand, "and I find that your Governess will arrive in the stage this afternoon."

"Well, I hope that I shall like her," and Myra Atherton sighed, while a pensive sadness stole over her thin, pale features. She was a fair, fragile girl of fourteen summers, and there were indications of ill-health about her, for the slight figure was not very straight, and her head drooped forward wearily. There was an expression of anxiety on the mother's countenance as she said,—"What makes you look so sad? Are you quite well to-day?"

"My head aches some, but perhaps it will feel better when Miss Niles comes. May we have tea in the summer-house this afternoon?—it is so cool and pleasant out there, and Charlie wants us to see his little ship launched."

"Oh, yes, dear, if you wish it."

The lady pushed back the golden curls from her daughter's brow, and if a correct physiognomist had studied Mrs. Atherton's countenance then, he would have said that she was an indulgent mother, not very strong-minded, but like the generality of women who are bred in the hot-house style of fashionable life, with no correct views of the solemn responsibilities of a wife and mother, but possessing a kind heart, and what she deemed a tender solicitude for the best interests of her children. Charlie, her youngest pet, was a bold, impulsive boy of twelve years, who was generally accustomed to have his own wishes consulted upon every occasion; but he was very generous-hearted notwithstanding, and loved his sister with an almost idolatrous affection. This devotion had resulted from education, for Myra was a frail child, and he was taught to respect her sensitive nature, and never trouble her with rudeness. The influences which had nurtured her growth, had always been such as to develop selfishness; but the years of her life rolled on, and discovered new beauties of character, which even her worldly mother regarded with surprise. Mrs. Atherton was a rich woman, and when her deceased husband left her large possessions, the widow was not quite inconsolable, for she still had the appliances of wealth, and access to the *elite* of society. She usually spent her summers at Willow-dell, her country resort, which was situated in a romantic portion of Connecticut, about thirty miles from New York.

The promise of having supper served in the arbor seemed to animate Myra, and thanking her mother, she left the room saying—"I'll go to find Charlie, for he must be ready to welcome our Governess."

"Yes, I wanted you to tell him first, for he may rebel, and perhaps you can influence him. He is such a spirited boy." There was a mother's pride in her tone. Myra soon found her brother, upon the bank of a little pond below the garden, where he was busily engaged with his boat.

"When will you be ready to launch, Charlie?" said a soft voice, while a hand was laid upon his bowed shoulders.

"You here?" he exclaimed, turning up his handsome, boyish face. "Oh, before a great while! This plaguey mast won't stand up straight all I can do."

"Don't say plaguey—it isn't a pretty word;" for Myra possessed a natural refinement, both in manner and language.

"I am so vexed with this thing, sister!"—Charlie's face seemed quite flushed with exertion, for it was a warm day in the latter part of June. Stately elm trees lined the banks, and cast their shadows nearly across the pond, but a dry, withering breeze occasionally lifted the leaves with its hot fingers, and crept through the short grass, leaving no trace of coolness in its track.

"Let me help you, brother! I can hold that up while you are fixing it," and Myra knelt down upon the mossy turf by his side.

"Well, I guess you may. There, hold it so." Charlie proceeded to fasten the mast without further difficulty.

"What have you named your ship?"

"The Pirate King of the Seas."

"Oh, Charlie, don't call it a pirate ship."

"Yes I shall, and I wish that you would make a flag and put the name on it."

"How can I?"

"Oh, sew the letters on somehow—I won't launch to-day, for I must have the flag first."

"Then some one else will be here to see your boat launched."

"Who?" and the boy looked up.

"Our new Governess. Mama says that she is coming to-day."

Charlie jumped up, and threw down his knife with a low whistle of surprise.

"I wonder if mama thinks that I'll be ruled over by a prim weazen-faced Governess? I won't, anyhow, that's a fact!" and Charlie's tone was very decided, while he placed his hands in his pockets, and drew up his frame proudly.

"Don't say so, brother. I am sure that she is not prim, nor weazen-faced, either, for aunt Mary writes that she is a superior person."

"Well, I don't care a fig if she is. I hate superior folks."

"Will you treat her politely, brother?" Myra pressed her little thin hand to her brow, for a sudden spasm of pain contracted it.

"Does your head ache?" Charlie was by her side in a moment.

"Some; but will you promise?" The pleading voice and pale face touched the right chord, and the warm-hearted boy conquered his obstancy with a strong effort.

"Y-e-s, I will try to for your sake—but I won't promise not to tip over my inkstand, at least once a day."

"We are going to have tea in the arbor, and I shall gather a boquet to present to Miss Niles."

"Well, I'll give her one of these great double-breasted sunflowers, as our gardener calls them," and Charlie laughed mischievously, while he returned to his work. There was a wearied, pained expression upon Myra's pale face, and when her brother observed it, his conscience smote him again.

"I'm going to shut my mouth now, so the ugly things won't come out any more; it does seem as if I am full of them sometimes."

"I knew that you did not mean it Charlie," and Myra went languidly up the path to the house. A delightful garden framed it in on this side, and the choice collection of roses were in full bloom.

Mrs. Atherton met her daughter upon the piazza. "Your Governess has just arrived. I have sent her up to her room, for she looks fatigued. She is quite pretty, and very lady-like, too."

"Who are you talking about?" inquired Charlie, coming through the shrubbery, fanning himself with his hat, for his broad, fair brow, around which the dark hair clustered in curly rings, was moist with perspiration.

"Miss Niles has come," quickly replied Myra.

"Oh, you have been upon the grass with those white linen pants,—do go and change them, you careless boy," exclaimed Mrs. Atherton.

"Oh, pshaw! who cares for a Governess," and these words floated up through the open window of Grace Niles' room. She heard them distinctly, and a shadow swept over her countenance. The weary look grew heavier, and, somehow, you wo'd have thought that it was a heart-weariness. She appeared to be scarcely twenty years of age, but there was a patient, resigned expression about her mouth, which indicated that her soul had felt the withering blasts of sorrow, and battled with stern necessity. Grace Niles was an orphan. Three years before she is introduced to the reader her father became a bankrupt, and survived his losses but a few months, for despondency seized his mind, and a rapid decline of health brought him to a premature grave. Grace was the only child of her widowed mother, but the sudden descent from wealth to poverty did not incapacitate her for duty; traits of character were developed which no other discipline could have discovered, and Grace supported her parent, whose health was feeble, by her own untiring efforts. Mrs. Niles was now dead, and as the superior education of Grace qualified her for teaching, she conquered the dread of seeking the unenviable situation of a Governess, and applied to her former friend, Mrs. Raymond. The sadness which had shrouded her eyes in misty gloom throughout the day now descended, and wrapped a pall about her heart, and as the voices came floating to her from the piazza, she burst into tears and wept for some time uncontrollably. But at length the bowed figure raised from its kneeling position by the carved oaken bedstead, and the weary voice said—"This will never do, Grace Niles. You must rest. God will give you strength," and she pushed back the silken hangings.

An hour later, Mrs. Atherton rapped softly at the door, but received no reply. "I will go in, perhaps she is asleep," thought the lady, and she did find Grace resting sweetly. There were traces of tears upon her cheeks, but a settled peace, which none but Jesus can give, was apparent in her countenance. "Poor thing! she feels bad to come among strangers! I will let her rest—we can wait tea awhile." These words were prompted by Mrs. Atherton's kind heart, and she softly withdrew from the room. Another half hour glided by, and this time, Myra rapped at Miss Niles' door.

"Mama sent me to see if you were awake. My name is Myra," and there was a modest blush upon the young girl's face as she extended her hand to Grace, whose eyes filled with glad tears, for she was not anticipating such a welcome from either of her pupils. Myra was naturally very sympathetic, and when she saw the mourning garments, a sudden impulse caused her to throw her arms around the stranger's neck and exclaim—"I know that I shall love you!"

"I hope so darling," said Grace, tenderly kissing her, and as they went down to the parlor together, she thought "Oh, I cannot help being happy with such a lovely scholar, and how thankful I ought to feel that God has raised me up a friend so soon."

They sat down to supper in the arbor, and Grace enjoyed the meal exceedingly, for Mrs. Atherton was in her usual chatty mood. She had a lively social temperament, and was still in the prime of life, with a fresh countenance, and a habitually good-natured expression. She also possessed an easy flow of language, which rendered her an agreeable conversationalist, and when animated, her racy style was peculiarly charming. The delicious strawberries, which were served with fresh cream from the dairy, was also a rare treat to the city girl, who had not breathed country air in a long time, or enjoyed any of its luxuries. A variable crimson came and went upon her cheeks, and Charlie's heart was won while he peeped slyly over his bowl of milk. His welcome had not been very cordial, but still polite, for he had promised Myra this, and Charlie always remembered his promises. When their meal was concluded, Mrs. Atherton left the new Governess to get acquainted with her pupils, while she went to ride. Grace had a peculiar faculty of winning the confidence of the young, and her pleasant, cheerful ways, soon drew Charlie from his restraint. He was naturally very strong in his likes and dislikes, and possessed an unusual penetration for one of his years.—Myra seemed satisfied to sit by and listen to their conversation, so Grace thought it best to improve this opportunity in observing the peculiarities of the wayward boy. When the mother returned she found the trio upon the piazza, engaged in a familiar chat. The twilight shadows were creeping up the lawn, and myriads of insects were humming in the air.

"Come in, Miss Niles, and play for the children, we are very fond of music," and Miss Atherton opened the piano. Grace had a sweet voice, with not very powerful compass, but well suited for instrumental accompaniment, and Charlie turned the music while she sang several old songs. It was a long time since she had touched a piano, but she was thoroughly versed in the principles of music, and her natural love for it soon recalled much which a discontinuance of practice had nearly erased from her mind. Mrs. A. was well pleased with her performance, and after the children were gone she remarked—"Now, Miss Niles, I feel perfect confidence in your judgment, and I shall therefore let you pursue your own course with the children. Myra is a weakly child, and cannot bear much, but I want to have her become accomplished in music, and her other studies must be superintended with care. Our family physician advises considerable exercise in the open air, and you can take her to walk or ride very often, for I shall leave her almost wholly to your charge." And the mother did, for she soon discovered that Grace was worthy of her confidence.

The month of July came, and one day Mrs. Atherton received a letter from a city friend, containing a pressing invitation for her to join a party, which were just ready to start for Nahant. The temptation was irresistible, and knowing that Myra could not leave her studies, she resolved to have both of the children remain at home with Grace, whom she began to esteem very highly. Her arrangements were soon made, and Charlie and Myra saw their mother depart without regret, for they were warmly attached to their faithful governess. Perhaps, if Mrs. Atherton had not been so much engaged with the gay company which thronged her elegant mansion, she might have noticed the gradual decline of Myra's health. Grace had spoken to her about it, but she replied, carelessly, "She has always been so from infancy; you must not let her study too hard;" so Grace said no more, but she watched the gentle girl with increasing anxiety, for sometimes there was a hectic spot upon her cheek, and she breathed quick and hard. One day, about a week after Mrs. Atherton's departure, the young governess said to her charge, "You are not well to-day, my dear."

"I am tired, that is all."

"But you look sick. I'm afraid that you are growing weaker."

"I think not;" but Myra leaned heavily upon the arm of Grace.

"We will sit down here, if you are tired," drawing her into the arbor.

"What a beautiful world this is! I wonder if it isn't a reflection of Heaven."

Myra had a dreamy way sometimes, and Grace always encouraged her to talk, for there was a peculiar beauty in her language.

"Since you have told me about the city of the Great King, and marked those places in my Bible, I do not care to read anything else."

"I am very glad that you like it so well, darling, for it is the best book in the world."

"My father used to love it, and I almost always found him reading in it while he was sick; mama never liked it as well—she thinks it is dull and prosy—I heard her tell a lady so one day. But I never read anything half so beautiful, and I am glad you have come to live here, so I can hear you talk about it. O, I used to wish that some one would." Myra paused, and seemed lost in thought, but suddenly arousing—"I wish that Charlie loved his Bible more, and I think that he does since you have read and prayed with us, for I have found it in his hands several times; but he would always throw it down, as if he was ashamed, when I came near—he is such a queer boy!" At this moment, the subject of her remarks appeared at the end of the walk, accompanied by a gentleman, a stranger to Grace, and Myra gazed at him intently while he approached. Charlie seemed full of ecstasy, and soon called out, "Oh, sister! don't you know cousin Herbert?"

"I thought that it was you," and a joyous light beamed from her eyes, as she sprang to the neck of the young man, who clasped her to his heart.

"My dear little Myra! How you have grown!" Then he held her from him a moment. "You are looking very thin—are you well?"

"Oh, yes! but this is my governess—Miss Niles, cousin Herbert Leslie."

Grace arose, and bowing, excused herself, for she know that the children would like to be alone with their visitor. "And this is the cousin whom I have heard so much about. He has returned quite unexpectedly," she thought, while gliding swiftly up the piazza steps. [To be continued.]

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 54 letters.
My 25, 12, 32, 45, 36, 8 was a celebrated Roman philosopher.
My 5, 18, 36, 17, 19, 9, 26 was an eminent Latin historian.
My 4, 44, 32, 36, 24, 14, 33 was a renowned General in the American Revolution.
My 3, 31, 26, 36, 41, 9, 33 was a celebrated Roman actor.
My 3, 32, 7, 30, 24, 36, 16 is an ancient city.
My 36, 20, 31, 52, 15, 49 was the most renowned of modern orators.
My 29, 15, 2, 1, 13, 8, 54 was a celebrated naval hero in the war of 1812.
My 43, 53, 21, 32, 36, 41, 28, 14, 51, 11, 35, 26 was a signer of the Declaration of Independence.
My 37, 24, 33, 27 was a gallant officer in the French and Indian wars.
My 28, 14, 9, 22, 31 was a fabled god of the Ancients.
My 33, 21, 6, 18, 39, 11 is a celebrated city in Russia.
My 23, 53, 10, 42, 2, 30, 24, 40, 47 was a General in the American Revolution.
My 6, 39, 8, 41, 31, 47 was a mathematician of celebrity.
My 8, 17, 35, 48, 2, 4, 44, 51, 9 was a celebrated French Statesman.
My 43, 33, 34, 9, 32, 54 was a contributor to an American Monthly.
My 3, 9, 46, 50 was a signer of the Declaration of Independence.
My 32, 28, 1, 35, 4, 14, 41, 46 is a modern author of celebrity.

The actual possession of my whole few ever realize.
Genoa, N. Y., 1859. A. O. P.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1, 15, 7, 22, 9, 12, 5 is that of which the ladies are most fond.
My 18, 8, 2, 3, 13, 4 is a verb.
My 21, 12, 15, 17 is the name of a reptile.
My 19, 20, 6, 14 is an adjective.
My 10, 11, 15, 16 is used by most carpenters.
My whole are three virtues we should all possess.
☞ Answer in two weeks. W. A. Gally.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.

If two bodies start together from the extremity of the diameter of a circle, the one moving along the tangent at the rate of 10 feet per second, and the other in the circumference, with a variable velocity so as to be always in the straight line joining the first body with the centre of the circle, what is its velocity when passing the forty-fifth degree from the starting point—the diameter of the circle being 50 feet?
Bennetsburg, N. Y., 1859. H. D. Donnelly.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

My first is applied to a girl,
When she has entered her teens;
My second is feared by children small,
And yet has always been;
My third is part of a word,
Often a prefix to link;
My fourth we are none of us fond, I ween,
My whole is a lady!—Think!
Sempronius, N. Y., 1859. Nellie.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 507.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—William Hickling Prescott.

Answer to Problem:—Three Cakes. Diameter of Dipper, 14 27-100 inches, plus. Fraction unoccupied, 86-100 plus.

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RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.—TIMELY HINTS.

The season of almost unceasing physical toil on the part of soil culturists is again drawing to a close, and that of recreation and mental improvement rapidly approaching. The long evenings and leisure of Winter are coming on apace—and for nearly six months the great mass of American Ruralists will have a comparative vacation from the arduous labors of their occupation. As we have, at appropriate periods, offered suggestions relative to the labors of seeding, cultivating and harvesting soil crops, we may now be permitted to present a few thoughts touching the mental improvement of those who have become physically strong by the manly and noble exercise required to secure success in the culture and management of Garden, Orchard and Field. "Improve the Soil and the Mind" is a wise maxim, and one worthy of far more consideration and action than it receives from the upper (or, rather, *lower,*) ten hundred thousand of American Agriculturists. In regard to mental improvement, as in other matters, it may truly be said, and sung, of them that

"They *know* the right, and they *approve* it too,
Condemn the wrong, and still the wrong pursue."

The Rural Population of this country has more leisure than any other laboring class—especially during the (in the North) long season of Nature's hibernation—and its members ought to possess as much intelligence and mental cultivation as those of other occupations. Indeed, our idea of a true farmer—the farmer for the present age—is that he should be as truly a member of the "learned professions" as any lawyer, physician or divine; and the time is not distant when the intelligent cultivator of the soil will be entitled to such rank and dignity. Ere that time, however, the farmer's son must have and embrace the opportunity to study his profession and the Natural Sciences in the Common School, the Academy and the Agricultural College. Meantime, let us suggest what may be accomplished by Ruralists distant from, or in conjunction with, these institutions of learning—what may be done during the coming season of comparative leisure.

In the first place, the farmer, and every member of his family who has arrived at proper age, should devote more time than is now given to reading, study and thought upon useful subjects—moral, practical and scientific—subjects a knowledge of which enables the possessor to think, labor and act aright. We hold that the farmer should be a reading, thinking, educated man, and thoroughly informed, not only in regard to his own occupation, but as to what is transpiring throughout the world. And all this he can be by devoting a little time to reading and study. Every farmer should possess books and journals devoted to Agriculture and kindred subjects, and read, study and criticise them with earnestness. As winter approaches the wise farmer will annually make additions of such books and periodicals as are best calculated to correctly advise and instruct himself and the various members of his family, and see that the investment is properly appreciated, so that it will ere long return good dividends. And he will be as careful to provide proper mental food for his wife, sons and daughters, as for himself—thus manifesting wisdom of head, kindness of heart, and the foresight of a true educator. His centre table and library shelves will be covered with books and journals which discuss practical, scientific, historical, moral and timely topics—while those of a light, superficial or trashy character are either entirely ignored or extremely rare. Regarding the principles, training and mental discipline and improvement of his children of paramount importance—of greater consequence than the amount of money or number of acres they may possess on arriving at majority, or inherit at the time of his decease—he adopts such *home measures* that both the heads and hearts of his sons and daughters may be properly directed and educated. Is not his example suggestive to thousands of parents who read the Rural New-Yorker, and worthy of emulation at the present season?

But, aside from the sources of individual and family improvement *at home*, there are other important means which can and should be rendered available in augmenting the knowledge and mental culture of the farmer. In many sections of Rural America—and especially in thickly populated districts—we are rejoiced to know that *Farmers' Clubs*, and similar associations designed for the mutual instruction of their members and "to improve the soil and the mind" (more properly the mind *and* the soil,) are in successful operation. These are proving of great benefit to members and community—becoming popular, and annually increasing in numbers and usefulness. Every town or neighborhood embracing a dozen farmers may and ought to have some such organization, holding frequent meetings,—especially during winter, for lectures, discussions, the reading of essays, etc.,—say weekly or fortnightly. This would not only enable young men, and even the middle aged, to require much valuable information, but prove an excellent school to train members in speaking, composition, &c.,—matters sadly neglected by the great mass of our population. For example, the writing of an essay on any specified subject—practical, scientific or historical—necessarily involves thought and investigation, so that the essayist not only acquires valuable information but also disciplines his mind in properly imparting it to others. The discussions would prove of decided benefit to participants, the practice of speaking enabling them to acquire confidence and fluency in expressing their views publicly. Why is it that each one of a company of six to twenty or more farmers, when *seated*, can talk readily and sensibly on any subject with which they are familiar—yet, when organized in a meeting, and it becomes necessary to rise and address the chairman or president, not one of them can speak calmly or to the point on the same subject? The reason is too obvious to be stated—the habit of talking informally, and the lack of practice in speaking otherwise, being the correct solution.

—There are other matters connected with this subject worthy of notice, but we have suggested enough, it is hoped, to induce thought and action in the right direction.

RINGBONE, CAUSES, TREATMENT, &c.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I own what would be a very valuable young horse, but for a ringbone between the hoof and lower joint. Can you, or some of your numerous correspondents, find an *effectual remedy?* For such I would be willing to make handsome compensation.—S. H. Kebnele, *Cornwall, Vt.*

Some very strange ideas are entertained concerning the nature of ringbone, and when we give utterance to our own convictions, by stating that a clearly established case is *incurable*, we are aware that such expression is in contact with the opinions held by very many sound, practical, thinking men. Past volumes of the Rural have contained scores of "cures," so-called, and though we may appear to join issue with those who have furnished these recipes, we are in readiness to receive more light upon the subject, and shall be happy to chronicle experiences, no matter how widely they diverge from our own views. This is the true mode to elicit such information as will prove of value not only to horsemen but to the entire community.

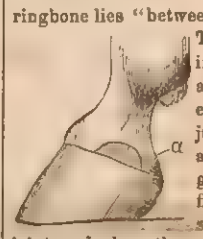
Ringbone is a bony tumor—*exostosis*—its situation is on or in the vicinity of the pastern bones, and the end is generally anchylosis of the pastern joint. To a proper consideration of this disease a knowledge of the construction of the pasterns is essential, and we give an illustration from "*Youatt on the Horse.*"

The *upper pastern* receives the lower pulley-like head of the shank bone, and forms a hinge-joint admitting only of bending and extension, but not of side motion; it likewise forms a joint with the sesamoid-bones. Its lower head has two rounded protuberances, which are received into corresponding depressions in the lower pasterns. On either side, above the pastern-joint, are roughened projections for the attachment of very strong ligaments, both in capsular ligaments, and many cross ligaments, which render the joints between the two pasterns sufficiently secure.

[*A.* The sesamoid bone. *B.* Upper pastern. *C.* Lower pastern. *D.* Navicular bone. *E.* Coffin bone.]

The *lower pastern* is a short and thick bone, with its larger head downward. Its upper head has two depressions to receive the protuberances on the lower head of the upper bone, bearing some resemblance to a pulley, but not so decidedly as the lower head of the shank-bone. Its lower head resembles that of the other pastern, and has also two prominences, somewhat resembling a pulley, by which it forms a joint with the coffin-bone, and a depression in front, corresponding with a projection in the coffin-bone. There are also two slight depressions behind, receiving eminences of the navicular bone.

In the case mentioned by our correspondent, the ringbone lies "between the hoof and lower joint."



The bony deposit, we should infer, is on the lower pastern, and is recognized by a slight enlargement, or bony tumor just above the coronet. The annexed illustration, (see *a*) gives the appearance when first distinguishable upon the side of the pastern, above the joint, and where there is a prominence of bone.

The causes, according to the best writers, are three, "hereditary, structural, and incidental."—This is the view held by that oft-quoted writer upon the horse—Percivall—and it is sustained by the observations of practical veterinarians. Sollysell remarks:—"Ringbone is sometimes hereditary; though it is usually occasioned by a strain taken in curvetting, bounding turns, violent galloping or racing." The latter author ascribes the "*exciting* causes" to any acts or efforts of speed or strength productive of concussion to the pastern bones. He also thinks that blows may produce it, although "the bones of the pasterns are unlikely parts to be struck."

There are *two modes* of treatment, and, as we give both, our readers are left to make their own choice. Dr. Dadd,—one of our most skillful veterinarians, and in whom we have much faith,—states that the old method of treating exostosis by fire and blister is fast giving way to a more rational procedure. It has been discovered that there is not, really, any cure for this malady; if we can relieve the horse from lameness, that is all that can be expected. We treat the disease, when first discovered, just as we would a recent splent or spavin, by cooling, evaporating lotions, cold water bandages, &c.; rest, too, so much disregarded by physicians, is of some importance." In chronic cases Dr. D. applies acetate of cantharides daily, until the parts appear hot and tender, then substitutes cold water bandages, repeating the process if necessary.

Mr. Spooner, one of the most distinguished of England's veterinary practitioners, says "the best treatment for ringbones of either kind is, after the inflammation has been in a great measure removed by cooling applications, to fire the part, or otherwise, well rub in the iodide of mercury ointment, washing off the effects on the following day, and thus repeating it again and again. We have by such means succeeded in removing the lameness, diminishing the enlargement, and restoring the animal, in many instances, to a state of usefulness."

EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE.

Winter Barley for Feeding Sheep.—A correspondent of the London *Agricultural Gazette*, writes to that journal:—"Last spring a farmer in Hants fed his sheep on this dry plant, after it was in ear; his flock have not recovered from the effects of it yet. In August it first scoured them, and he has lost some 23 ewes and several lambs; they dwindle away, and the shepherd says when they die, they have not a drop of blood in their veins."

Pasturage in a Prolific Season.—A writer in the *Mark Lane Express*, in an article on this subject, speaks of the difficulties of "too much grass," and suggests a variety of courses to puraue with it. "It is always desirable," he says, "to have plenty; but profusion is certainly an evil in grazing. The stock leave the coarser herbage for the finer spots; consequently these get overeaten and bare; the coarser grows still coarser, and in the end becomes nearly worthless." One course would be to shut up a part for mowing, which would be the same in result, but less risk and expense than turning in more stock. Or the rough spots of grass might be mown for hay, or mown in small quantities daily, and left to dry on the field, to be eaten at pleasure by the stock. Another suggestion is to let a portion stand for winter and early spring pasturage. The grazing will possess considerable value as an auxiliary supply to root-fed cattle and sheep.

Flowering of Potatoes.—Dr. Manby, an eminent English agriculturist, and the author of a prize essay on the cultivation of early potatoes, says in that essay, which has recently been published, that "a flower to an early potato is considered a sign of deterioration, the first symptom of *growing out*, it being contended that all the strength of the plant should be thrown into perfecting the tuber, and not into the opposite extreme." He would therefore eradicate them as soon as they appear, and save seed from plants which have shown no indication of flowering. Experiments have shown that potato plants beginning to show a tendency to flower, perfect their tubers less early and perfectly than before that tendency was developed.

In-and-In Breeding.—About ten years ago the Londonderry *Standard* published a series of letters upon "The Form of the Horse," written by James C. L. Carson, M. D., and the substance of these have now made their appearance in book form. The English press is giving some extracts to their readers, and are thus enabled to obtain the following passage upon in-and-in breeding:—"There is not the slightest foundation for the strong prejudice which exists in the public mind against in-and-in breeding. Many of the best horses, as well as the best short-horned cattle, we have ever had, were very much and closely in-bred. To a certain extent this was unavoidable, when the studs and herds were first formed; but it makes little difference whether it was the result of necessity, or of choice. It has fully established the immense advantage of breeding in-and-in, when the stock is of the right sort; indeed, I can see no other possible way of retaining the perfections of any particular strain than that of returning frequently to the same blood. We must be careful, however, to observe that the individuals we select to breed from are as near perfection as possible, both in themselves and their ancestors. We will thus secure the transmission of their good qualities. On the other hand, if there is any special defect, it will be sure to pass down, when it is thrown in-and-in, and will hardly ever be got rid of. I think it is owing, in a great measure, to want of attention to this rule, that there is so much prejudice against close breeding. It will succeed only when the good qualities bear an immense preponderance over the bad ones.

Experienced breeders very properly place great reliance on blood. In short, this just amounts to the fact, that good and bad qualities are all hereditary. Like begets like. No person ever saw a Clydesdale foal got by a blood-horse out of a blood mare, or a short-horned calf by a long-horned bull

WEST HIGHLAND FAT OX.

In perusing "*Rural Letters from Europe*," by Sanford Howard, Esq., recently published in the New Yorker, our readers have doubtless noticed the frequent mention made of West Highland Cattle. This breed has its admirers, and we give, in connection with a brief description of its habits and peculiarities, the above illustration of an ox in condition for the butcher.

The West Highland Cattle are a primitive breed, and are principally found in a range of islands (the Hebrides,) skirting the Western coast of Scotland from the promontory of Cantire to the Northern extremity of the country. From the earliest accounts we have of Scotch cattle, this breed has remained unchanged, or improved only by selection. This group of islands extends nearly two hundred miles from North to South, and while the striking features of the Highland cattle are evident in all, there is considerable difference in size, earliness of maturity, and consequent value, the change being readily traced to the effects of climate and superior pasturage. Those upon the island of Islay, the most Southern of the group, are awarded the palm in the specialties mentioned.—The increase of size, however, is not considered an advantage in the Northern islands, or even on the mainland, as it is gained by a loss of hardihood, rendering them unable to withstand the inclemency of the weather, or to subsist upon the scanty forage that the Highlands supply. "Breeders are so much aware of this," remarks Youatt, "that they endeavor to preserve the purity and value of their stock, by selecting, not from the districts where the size has increased, but, by almost general consent, from the Isle of Skye, where the cattle are small, but are suited to the soil and to the climate; and can be most easily and securely raised at the least expense; and, when removed to better provender, will thrive with a rapidity almost incredible."

After viewing them at the Glasgow Cattle Show, Mr. Howard writes:—"They are very handsome in form, occupy the bleakest districts, and thousands of them are reared without shelter and with no other food, except a little milk from their dams in early childhood, than what they grub from the rugged pastures. Nature has given them a coat of hair which protects their bodies against the winter's storm. Some of them at this show had a considerable portion of their last year's hair, three or four inches long, hanging in patches on them. They are bred almost exclusively for beef, but some of the Highland cows present by no means a mean appearance for dairy purposes, and their milk is of the richest kind and affords butter of the best quality."

The Highland bull should be black, or pale red, the head small, the ears thin, the muzzle fine, and rather turned up. He should be broad in the face, the eyes prominent, and the countenance calm and placid. The horns should taper finely to a point; and, neither drooping too much, nor rising too high, should be of a waxy color, and widely set on at the root. The neck should be fine, particularly where it joins the head, and rising with a gentle curve from the shoulder. The breast wide, and projecting well before the legs. The shoulders broad at the top, and the chine so full as to leave but little hollow behind them. The girth behind the shoulder deep; the back straight, wide, and flat; the ribs broad, the space between them and the hips small; the belly not sinking low in the middle; yet, on the whole, not forming a round and barrel-like carcass. The thigh tapering to the hock-joint; the tail set on a level with the back. The legs short and straight. The whole carcass covered with a thick, long coat of hair, and plenty of hair also about the face and horns, and that hair not curly.

The value of the West Highland cattle consists in their being hardy, and easily fed; in that they will live, and sometimes thrive, on the coarsest pastures; that they will frequently gain from a fourth to a third of their original weight in six months' good feeding; that the proportion of offal is not greater than in the most improved larger breeds; that they will lay their flesh and fat equably on the best parts; and that, when fat, the beef is close and fine in the grain, highly flavored, and so well mixed or marbled, that it commands a superior price in every market. Mr. Howard thinks the breed adapted to some portions of our country.

out of a long-horned cow. Such a thing is never expected. If, then, these general characteristics are invariably transmitted, have we not some reason at least to conclude, that all things are hereditary. In fact, that the offspring will inherit, either in whole or in part, the most trifling peculiarities of their ancestors, sometimes taking more after the one parent, and sometimes more after the other, or being a mixture of both, as the case may be.—Whatever the peculiarities are—whether soundness, disease, form, temper, softness, strength, durability, speed, wind, or any other thing—they pass down from generation to generation. We should, by all means, keep to the good blood; but, at the same time, we must be careful to select the best specimens of that blood, if we wish to attain to high success."

THE NEW YORK STATE FAIR,

HELD AT ALBANY, OCT. 4—7.

The New York State Agricultural Society has long been the leading institution of its class in Rural America, but never so fully demonstrated its superiority, or achieved such marked success, as during the holding and in the results of its Nineteenth Annual Exhibition. After a combined display, attendance and receipts unequaled by any other State Association, "Excelsior" may well be adopted as the motto of the Society—and surely every native *Rural* New-Yorker, wherever located, (whether still in the "Empire," the resident of a sister Commonwealth, distant Territory, or sojourning in foreign lands,) will rejoice in this triumph, and justly feel greater pride in New York on account of the achievements of her most prominent institution for the promotion of the Rural and other Producing Interests of the Country. But, rather than glorify the State, Society and People, by the use of strong adjectives, we prefer to state such facts as will speak abundantly in their behalf, and sustain the enviable reputation hitherto acquired.

As already intimated, the State Fair was a remarkable success, in all respects—in the extent, and quality of the exhibition, the number in attendance, and amount of receipts. Much of this is attributable to the very fine weather of the week, an item of the first importance, and in which the Society were never more favored than this year. The general arrangements for the Show were also very complete, and had evidently been made known to those most interested. These things, however, important as they are, would never have produced so fine an exhibition and large attendance, had not the Society been in good repute and the Ruralists of the State imbued with the true spirit of emulation and improvement. With such a rare combination as fair weather, fine arrangements, good reputation of the Society, and the right feeling among a progressive people, the exhibition could not be otherwise than creditable and successful,—and we are not, therefore, surprised that, taken all in all, the New York State Fair for 1859 excelled its predecessors.—For the manner in which the arrangements were made and carried out, and the successful result, much credit is due to Col. B. P. Johnson, the long-experienced and capable Secretary, and the unequaled General Superintendent, Maj. M. P. Patrick,—for these gentlemen and their assistants were really the most active, working and efficient men of the Fair, whatever the positions or assumptions of the numerous honorables and amateur farmers present. The Judges and Exhibitors also aided largely in perfecting and properly carrying out the arrangements. Among these were many of the most enterprising and influential Farmers, Horticulturists, Mechanics and Manufacturers of the State—nearly every section being represented by model men, and presenting superior animals and articles as well. Indeed, at this Fair,—great as it was in the essential and creditable elements of the skill, industry, and ingenuity of our people—like most others we have attended, the representatives of the people were, to us, most interesting, and we are half inclined to give the names and characteristics (mental and physical,) of scores of men whom we met, rather than speak of the products of their skill and industry. But *that* is not our province, and we proceed to other delineations.

The Exhibition was large and of good quality in most departments. In connection with assistants we took very full notes of the display in various departments, but are unable to give more than a synopsis of the memoranda in our possession. [We also have notes of the evening discussions, which will be given hereafter.] The entries were far greater than last year, aggregating 3,555, and being classified as follows:

Cattle	562
Horses	507
Sheep, Swine and Poultry	604
Plowing Implements and Machinery	500
Grain, Vegetables, Dairy, Sugar and Honey	360
Domestic Manufactures	361
Miscellaneous Department	604
Flowers, Plants, Designs and Fruits	244
Special Committee	10

The show of Improved Stock was very large, each class being represented by superior animals. In *quality* we think the display in the various classes of Cattle, Horses, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, &c., by far the best we ever saw. Referring to our notes we will make brief mention of the main features, commencing with

THE CATTLE.

Short-horns.—This popular breed made an admirable display—the show being large and fine. Excellent animals were shown from the herds of Samuel Thorne and Wm. Kelly of Dutchess, Wood and Eastman, and J. F. Converse of Jefferson, Hurst, Slingerland & Bullock of Albany, J. R. Page and Henry Fellows of Cayuga, A. B. Conger of Rockland, Lewis G. Morris and S. Leland of Westchester, J. W. Chaddock of Genesee, J. H. Tucker of Erie, J. B. Garrett of Onondaga, D. T. Vail of Rensselaer, J. Snell of Canada West, A. H. Beach of Conn., and several others—including many animals worthy of special notice, (such as Mr. Thorne's bull "Grand Turk," Hurst & Co.'s "Neptune," J. R. Page's "Hiawatha," &c.) W. R. Duncan of Kentucky, exhibited some twenty animals—mostly beautiful roans, but not equal in form and size to the representatives of several New York herds, and inferior to what Kentucky should send to an *Empire* State Show. Mr. Thorne made a grand show of imported and home bred animals.

Devons.—The show in this class was unusually large and creditable, evincing that the beautiful, uniform Devons are increasing in favor. The principal exhibitors were Messrs. Wainwright of Dutchess, E. G. Faile of Westchester, E. Ottley of Ontario, Truman Baker of Madison, Geo. Vail and P. S. Forbes of Rensselaer, O. Howland of Cayuga, A. B. Conger of Rockland, Webb & Rogers and E. G. Cook of Jefferson, J. Hilton of Albany, J. Freemyer of Schoharie. The display was superb, of course, as several of the best herds in the State were represented.

Ayrshires.—A much better show than usual, in both numbers and quality. The herds of Messrs. S. D. Hungerford and Brodie & Converse of Jefferson, Sam'l Curtis, H. D. Hawkins and E. P. Prentice of Albany, John C. Hitchcock of Dutchess, Jas. Thompson of Saratoga, and perhaps others, were represented. The Ayrshires are attracting attention as dairy stock.

Herefords.—E. Corning, Jr., of Albany, made a fine display—exhibiting 18 animals. Fine animals were also shown by A. Bowen of Orleans, M. C. Remington of Cayuga, Geo. Clark of Otsego, and Eli P. Gardner of Schoharie.

Alderneys.—This breed was represented by animals from the herds of Wm. S. Johnson of Dutchess, Jno. T. Norton of Conn., A. B. Conger of Rockland, and Chas. A. Burt.

Grade Cattle and *Working Oxen* were not wanting, and the show was creditable in both numbers and quality. The much-abused and neglected "natives" evinced that their owners were *not* know nothings in breeding and care, whatever their political proclivities. Good animals were shown by Mather & Moore, W. H. Slingerland, A. Fitch, C. E. Pease, G. W. Harcourt, and J. H Booth of Albany County; J. H. Converse and Wood & Eastman of Jefferson, H. & F. Bowen and Coon & Tompkins of Orleans, E. Ottley of Ontario, Henry Cook of Dutchess, Luther Comstock of Oneida, Peter Slocum of Wyoming, and others.

Fat Cattle.—We think the show of Fat Cattle the best we have seen at any State Fair—not of *monsters*, but of animals that will make "beef as is beef." Of stall fed, Thos. Doty and G. H. & A. D. Gazley of Dutchess, Thos. Kimber of Onondaga, and E. Sheldon of Cayuga, presented extra fine animals. Among the grass fed, the two pair of Short-horn three year old steers exhibited by Craig and James (sons of J. S.) Wadsworth of Livingston, were decidedly extra—worthy the Genesee Valley. George H. Charles of Albany, and C. J. Willis and W. R. Duncan of Ky., also showed fine fat animals.

HORSES.

The display of Horses was so large and elegant that we were unable to observe closely half of even the animals most noted for blood, beauty and endurance, and hence shall not attempt (this week, at least,) to particularize. The show was by far the largest in numbers and best in quality we ever witnessed, including many superior animals from Western and Central New York. The exhibitions in the ring attracted great attention—the display of style and speed being the "cynosure of all eyes" that could obtain a sight. All present who had a streak of horse-admiration in their composition—i. e., almost everybody—appeared delighted, from Gov. Morgan (who, by-the-way, purchased two or three fine horses from this county,) and Gen. Wool down to the smallest and humblest judges of the "noblest of all animals."

SHEEP.

Of Sheep there was a good show, though the Coarse and Middle Wool or Mutton Breeds were most numerously represented. Fine *Leicesters, Cotswolds, &c.*, were shown by Robt. Brodie, Wood & Eastman and Robt. Hungerford of Jefferson, Jurian Winne and P. Van Wie of Albany, John McDonald of Herkimer, G. H. & A. D. Gazley and V. H. Hallock of Dutchess, H. Bowen, Jr., of Orleans, G. C. Hitchcock of Conn., J. Bettridge of Monroe, O. Howland of Cayuga, R. Gipson of Oneida, Nelson Gower and Thos. Kimber of Onondaga, D. D. Campbell of Schenectady, and others.

Of *South-Downs* there was a good show—principally by Sam'l Thorne of Dutchess, C. Parsons of Monroe, (20 head,) A. B. Conger of Rockland, E. Corning, Jr., and J. H. Booth of Albany, J. C. Taylor of New Jersey, O. Howland of Cayuga, and E. G. Cook of Jefferson. *Shropshire Downs* by J. Lorillard of Westchester, and J. C. Taylor.

The display of Fine Wools was not large. Good *Spanish Merinoes* were shown by Jesse Hinds of Vermont, Geo. Brown of Ontario, J. Stickney of Steuben, N. M. Dart of Delaware, E. G. Cook of Jefferson, and J. M. Percy, Potter Baker, W. P. Brown and W. H. Armstrong of Rensselaer.—*Silesians* of extra quality—imported and home bred—were exhibited by Wm. Chamberlain of Dutchess; same breed by Geo. Brown of Ontario. Mr. Chamberlain also had some French and Silesian. *Saxons* were shown by Geo. Dakin of Dutchess, C. W. Hull of Columbia, and T. V. Maxson.

SWINE.

The show of Swine was not large, but comprised some fine and weighty specimens of the genus Sus, with few or none of the long-nosed, wind-splitting and thistle-digging varieties. Fine animals of the Essex breed were shown by Messrs. Thorne, Conger, E. Griffin and A. M. Underhill—of Suffolks by Conger, E. G. Cook, E. Corning, Jr., and J. H. Booth—and of Yorkshires, Berkshires, &c., by S. D. Hungerford, Wm. Richardson, and others.

POULTRY.

Although the "*chicken fever*" has subsided, and all are ready to laugh at the foolish things said and done during that epidemic, yet the Poultry exhibition continues to be quite an important part of our State Show, and always commands crowded houses. The first thing that attracted our attention on entering this department was the fine exhibition made by J. H. Clapham and E. A. Wendell, of Albany, of all names and colors. The *Black Spanish* seems to be gaining in favor, and every year we notice an increased number on exhibition. They are a beautiful and valuable bird, though apt to suffer in our cold winters; but for this we would prefer them over all others. *Game Fowls*, too, are increasing, but we hope this is no evidence that the American people are beginning to tolerate the cruel sport of cock-fighting. *Bremen, African*, and other Geese were shown in excellent condition; but really the most beautiful thing we saw in the poultry line was a cage of Black Cayuga Ducks, shown by John R. Page, of Sennet, Cayuga county. Perhaps they pleased us the more because we had never before seen them—or, only a very young pair, some years since. The *Turkeys* were well represented, as were also the *Rabbits* and *Fancy Pigeons*.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

It would require more space than we can afford to this department, even to give a list of articles on exhibition. Never have we seen so large a display at a State, or even National Fair. The Horse Powers and Threshing Machines were the most prominent, and seemed to attract general attention. Westinghouse, Emery, Pease, Wheeler and others exhibited their respective machines in operation. Three *Potato Diggers* were in competition for the premiums, and the first was awarded to one from New Jersey; the machine of Mr. Niven, which was figured and described in the Rural a few weeks since, received the second premium. These run a point or plate of iron under the hill, and the soil and potatoes are carried up an "apron" made of iron rods, on the endless chain principle, the soil falling through and the potatoes passing to the back of the machine where they are deposited on the ground. We do not know that the Committee saw these machines in operation, and if not, their award is of little consequence. A *Steam Engine* designed to propel a steam plow, traveled about the grounds and subsequently attempted to plow, but did not succeed to the satisfaction of the spectators. A novel implement which attracted attention, was a roller made of cast iron wheels, about an inch broad, and set on a rod about two inches apart, but each one acting independently of the other. Two others thus constructed were attached by means of an iron hinged reach, like "bob sleighs." This machine is designed for breaking clods and dragging, or rather rolling in grass, wheat and other seeds, and is said to be quite effective. Reapers, mowers, plows, harrows, cultivators, drills, &c., were shown by the acre, but our limited space will not allow us to particularize. We may notice many of the novelties and improvements in future numbers.

DAIRY HALL.

The show of Dairy Products was much better than that made at Syracuse last season, when we counted only eight or nine specimens of butter and a dozen or so of cheese. At Albany we counted over fifty-fine large cheeses, and about forty specimens of butter, and the quality of many of the samples was excellent. Still, the exhibition of dairy products was not creditable to the great State of New York, nor did it do justice to our dairy interests. A gentleman from New Brunswick remarked to us that, judging from the exhibition, he thought dairying must be unprofitable in this State. Most of the cheeses shown were from Jefferson, Lewis and Herkimer, though there were a few from Oneida, Onondaga and other counties.

GRAIN AND SEEDS.

There was quite a respectable exhibition of Wheat, Rye, Barley, Oats, Flax Seed, Timothy Seed, Corn, &c. The White Winter Wheat of E. S. Hayward, of this city, was a very fine sample, and reminded us of the palmy days of Genesee wheat. The Red Winter wheat of O. Howland of Cayuga, was another excellent sample, and there were others almost as good.

DOMESTIC AND MANUFACTURERS' HALLS.

The Domestic Hall was a very attractive feature of the Fair, and was constantly thronged with visitors, being a favorite resort of the ladies. Had time permitted us to take notes of the embroidery, the crochet work, the quilts, the stockings, the hoods, scarfs, shawls, and a thousand other things which we saw and admired, the crowd would have prevented, as we were compelled to occupy a very small space and to move on with the mass.

In the building devoted to Manufactures there was a fine display of carriages, sleighs, and other work creditable to the Albany manufacturers; but the display was not large, as many articles of manufacture, such as leather, pianos, clothing, India rubber goods, &c., were exhibited in Domestic Hall and in another building, and the most tasteful one on the grounds—indeed the only one making any pretensions to architectural style. This was erected by the

ALBANY MECHANICS' INSTITUTE,

an Association recently organized, which will in future make its own annual exhibitions. This building contained several steam engines in operation, furnishing power where it was needed, for the performance of various mechanical operations. Here the printers were at work at the press, the lithographer "striking off" views of the fair ground, cooking and parlor stoves of various styles were in full blast, a telegraph office established, and sending friendly messages from the visitors to anxious friends at home in all parts of the country, and a hundred other mechanical operations performed, which we have not space even to mention.

THE ADDRESS

was delivered about noon on Friday, the last day of the Fair, by Hon. John A. Dix. The day was unpleasant, the wind blowing strong and cold, which made speaking difficult, and listening very unpleasant. The number of hearers was, therefore, less than usual. After the address the Secretary announced the Premiums, and the General Superintendent declared the Fair at an end.

—A report of the Horticultural Department of the Fair is given on next page—by reference to which it will be observed that our associate was not favorably impressed with *all* the arrangements. The receipts of the Fair were some $18,000; we will give the figures next week. Our report is made from notes taken before the premiums were awarded, and, finding it difficult to obtain post-office addresses of exhibitors, we have only attempted to give the counties in which they reside. The Premium Awards will probably comprise full particulars in this respect.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

To Remove Films.

A correspondent of the *Southern Homestead* writes:—"Having seen a number of remedies for taking film from horse's or cattle's eyes, I'll give the method that I have practiced for years without failing in a single instance. Take a piece of fresh butter the size of a common walnut, and put it in the opposite ear—that is, if left eye, put in right ear. If the butter is hard, hold the ear with your hand for a short time, until it melts and runs into their head; in most cases one application is all that is necessary. If you have not got the butter, hog's lard will answer."

Fall Plowing.

In an article on this subject, by the editor of the *Country Gentleman*, we find the following hints upon the manner of performing the work:—1. Do it thoroughly and in a workman-like manner. 2. If the soil is at all liable to standing water in winter, it should be plowed in narrow lands, and the water-furrows carefully cleared and free outlets provided, so that all surface moisture may at once drain away. Unless this is attended to, it is of little use to plow low lands in the fall. If covered with water until spring, the frost has no mellowing effect, and very little decomposition takes place—the soil is only hardened by its exposure. 3. In fall plowing, the furrows should be deep and narrow, so as to expose as much surface as possible to the action of the frost, and it matters little how rough the work may be, provided the whole surface be inverted by the plow.

Leaves as a Manure.

The following, which we clip from the *Working Farmer*, is not only timely, but well worth examination and trial:—In many parts of our country wood, lands have deposits of leaves, until the amount contained on the surface is entirely greater than is required for any benefit they can furnish to the growing forests. In such cases the leaves may be removed to the manure shed with great profit; having parted before their fall, or soon after, with all their aqueous portion they become a progressed representative of large amounts of inorganic matter, and when properly composted and decayed, form a manure of great value. Woods-earth, to be found in many localities in large deposits, is very valuable as manure, but first requiring treatment with the lime and salt mixture, we have often described, to neutralize tannic acid and to disintegrate the fibre so as to render the manure fine for distribution. We have often seen woods-earth of three times the value per cord of the best barn-yard manure. Dried leaves may be used as an absorbent for urine in stables in the place of straw, and they may be gathered up through the woods. The best way of collecting leaves, particularly where the ground is not level, is to brush them down hill with a birch broom; as soon as the windrow is formed, the pushing or rolling over of this windrow will cause it to pick up all the leaves in its wake, and at the foot of the hill it may be loaded into carts. In the making of hot-bed earth, and borders for grape vines, etc., gardeners prize wood-earth very highly. Black mould from the woods is extremely rich in all the inorganic materials; all of which are ready for re-assimilation in plants.

The Use of Quails.

Wm. Norton, an intelligent, observing farmer boy, who makes his home in the Southern part of Illinois, has recently been studying the habits of the quail, or, incorrectly, "partridge," and gives the following testimony which will interest agricultural readers:

He observed a small flock commencing at one side of the field, taking about five rows, following them regularly through the field, scratching and picking about every hill till they came to the other side of the field, then taking another five rows on their return, and thus continuing till he thought they were certainly pulling up the corn. He shot one, and then proceeded to examine the corn ground. On all the ground that they had been over he found but one stalk of corn disturbed; that was scratched nearly out of the ground, but the kernel was still attached to the stalk. In the crop of the quail he found one cut-worm, twenty-one striped vine bugs, over one hundred chintz bugs that still retained their individuality, a mass apparently consisting of hundreds of chintz bugs, but not one kernel of corn. The quails have been decreasing in number in that vicinity for about five years past, and the chintz bug increasing. It is believed that these facts stand in the relation of cause and effect to each other.

In connection with the above we give the following extract from the New York Tribune:—"One of the prettiest of our American birds is the quail, and although not very musical, its notes are clear, thrilling, and pleasant. With anything like decent treatment, quails become semi-domesticated, though never entirely so, and add not only in beauty, but in real value to the farm; for they are not grain eaters, but immense insect destroyers; and a farmer should no more permit a quail to be destroyed about his premises than he should his domestic poultry—in fact, not as much, for it may be necessary to kill off the surplus, to eat or sell, to save the expense of winter feeding. But that is not the case with quails; and even should they increase to such extent as to require a little grain to sustain them through the deep snows, they will pay back all the cost of keeping in the spring. A flock of quails in your garden or vine-patch would be the most effectual remedy for striped bugs that could be applied, and then, the remedy costs nothing."

How to Hunt the Woodchucks.—Perhaps some of the boys will thank Mr. Geo. Slade, of Mendon, for this novel and said to be successful mode of heading woodchucks:—"Take a turtle about the size of your hand; bore a hole in the edge of his shell and tie a string in the same. Then put on his back, near his tail, a small amount of sulphur with a little turpentine; ignite the same, and head the animal down the hole. Impelled by the excitement in his rear, he diligently seeks the bottom. The woodchuck, terrified by the smell of the sulphur and the flaming appearance of his visitor, evacuates the premises, and is met at the hole by the club of the hunter. The turtle is then pulled out for another hunt. It is said the experiment never fails."

Agricultural Miscellany.

Hammond Fair—*Jefferson and St. Lawrence.*—On our return from the State Fair we left the Central road at Rome, and passed through portions of Jefferson and St. Lawrence counties—Adams, Watertown, Antwerp, Rossie, &c.,—to fulfill an engagement to speak at a local Fair near Chippewa Bay, in Hammond. The Fair was held on the 6th and 7th, but (arriving late the second day,) we saw little of the exhibition, which was largely attended, several towns being represented. We were glad to make the personal acquaintance of such men as David Moss, Esq., President of the Society, Col. Lamphier, Messrs. Allen, Wilson, Forrester, Gordon, and many other officers and members who appeared to be of the right stamp to forward Rural Improvement. Hammond proved a far more fertile and beautiful town than we anticipated—especially after passing the rough granite ledges of Rossie—being finely situated on the St. Lawrence river. It has a strong, fertile soil—mostly clay loam—evidently cultivated by intelligent, industrious and thrifty farmers. We have rarely seen better farm buildings, fences, etc., or more indications of good culture and profitable husbandry, even in the most favored localities, than in Hammond and some parts of Rossie. Rough and forbidding as much of the latter town appears, it contains many farmers who have become wealthy among rocks that would frighten a farmer of Monroe county. Dairying is the main branch here, the rough lands, unfit for the plow, affording rich pasturage. In Hammond the cereals are grown advantageously—spring wheat quite extensively—but we saw little fruit. These towns were originally settled and are mainly occupied by intelligent and thriving Scotch farmers, who have become independent by their industry, economy and good management. In passing through several towns of Jefferson and St. Lawrence we saw many fine herds of cattle, principally dairy stock, and found a richer country than we had expected. We were pleased with both people and country, and regret that lack of space precludes proper mention of many things observed. Watertown is a beautiful, busy, thriving village—almost a city—with many fine public edifices and business blocks. The Watertown & Rome Railroad—extending from the Central at Rome to Cape Vincent, and ably superintended by Carlos Dutton, Esq.,—is largely benefiting the people and country of Northern New York.

Skaneateles Farmers' Club Fair.—The Secretary, W. M Beauchamp, Esq., gives us a very interesting account of the Fair of the Skaneateles Farmers' Club—one of the most spirited and progressive associations in the Union—which was held the 28th ult. Mr. B. says no better evidence need be given that Free Fairs are an improvement on the common plan than was witnessed that day. The morning dawned cheerless after a streaming night of rain, and many thought it best to postpone; but about 10 A. M. the people and articles began to pour in, and for three hours the clerks were kept busy, more than 600 entries being made in that time. Among the working oxen, there appeared 18 yoke to one wagon, tastefully got up, being finely decorated with farm produce, implements, etc. The show of cattle and horses was fine; also of sheep (35 pens,) swine and poultry—while the entries of grain, farm implements, vegetables, fruit, dairy, domestic manufactures, etc., were large and the exhibition creditable. It is estimated that 7,000 persons were present. J. V. H. Clark, Esq., of Manlius, gave a practical and forcible address on the Duties of Agriculturists.

—Well done, Skaneateles Farmers' Club! Your example in this and other matters is worthy of emulation and imitation in a thousand localities within the circle of our parish of readers, and we'll keep talking about the benefits of Farmers' Clubs every opportunity.

Sherburne Fair—*Progress of Improvement Illustrated.*—Chenango county people get up good Fairs. At the recent Fair in Sherburne there was a procession illustrating the progress of Improvement, in which appeared pioneers with their axes; an emigrant car drawn by oxen and filled with children as careless in their mirth as if they were not supposed to be making their way among the bears and wolves and other appendages of frontier life; old and improved plows, harrows, &c.; dairy animals; an old lady, seated in crouching attitude, and steadily plying the dasher of an old-fashioned churn, was followed by a dog-power churn in operation, in the wake of which came other dairy tools and a manufactory of cheese boxes; a butcher industriously cutting up juicy steaks; masons with hammer and trowel; carpenters at their benches, and a car with eight or ten sash and blind makers at work; blacksmiths blowing and striking, and shoeing horses; painters, moulders, printers, tanners, shoemakers, tailors, harness-makers, wagon-makers, tinners; potters mixing their clay and moulding vessels for use and ornaments; milliners, cabinet and chair-makers, seamstresses, hatters, silversmiths, dentists, and the Sherburne and Smyrna fire companies.

Men Who are Men.—A Chicago paper says:—"In one of the carriages at the opening of the National Fair, were four members of the U. S. Ag. Society, who have never used alcoholic liquors or tobacco; three of them have never known sickness in any manner, and one only once being slightly so. Two of them are over seventy years of age, and two over fifty. Three of them are at present Vice-Presidents of the United States Agricultural Society, and one a member of the Executive Committee. The names of these distinguished gentlemen, who are an example to the rising generation, and who should take knowledge of them, are Vice-Presidents J. Brooks, of Massachusetts, John Jones, of Delaware, and F. G. Cary, of Ohio; the member of the Executive Committee is J. W. Ware, of Virginia."

Comparative Value of Hay and Other Fodder.—The following table gives the comparative value of different kinds of food for farm stock, made from what are said to have been carefully conducted English experiments:

130 lb of hay are equal to	
275 lb green Indian Corn stalks,	46 lb wheat,
442 lb rye straw,	59 lb oats,
164 lb oat straw,	45 lb peas or beans,
158 lb pea straw,	64 lb buck wheat,
201 lb raw potatoes,	57 lb Indian corn,
175 lb boiled potatoes,	68 lb acorns,
389 lb mangold wurtzel,	105 lb wheat bran,
644 lb turnips,	109 lb rye bran,
54 lb rye,	107 lb wheat, pea and oat chaff.
170 lb rye and barley chaff.	

According to the above, wheat is worth but little more than twice as much per pound as hay, and Indian corn not half as much; and oats are worth more than corn. We are confident that this will not hold good in this country.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Weighty Two-Year-Old.—Mr. O. Williams, of Sunderland, Mass., says he last spring sold a two year old Durham bull for butchering, the live weight of which was over 2,000 pounds.

Deferred.—The extended report of the State Fair, given elsewhere, compels us to defer several articles intended for this number of the Rural.

HORTICULTURAL

THE NEW YORK STATE FAIR.

HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

The New York State Agricultural Society, as most of our readers know, held its Annual Fair at Albany, on the 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th inst. The weather was all that could be desired, and the grounds were visited by immense numbers of people, yielding a large revenue to the Society, and we hope a corresponding amount of pleasure and profit to the people. A pretty full report of the other departments will be given in other pages of this paper, and we purpose here only to give some notes of the *Fruits*, *Flowers* and *Vegetables*.

FLORAL HALL—ARRANGEMENT AND MANAGEMENT.

The arrangement of Floral Hall, in which was shown the *Fruits* and *Flowers*, was the most *inconvenient* and *ill-adapted* to the purpose that we have ever seen. In the centre of the building a platform or staging was erected with four ranges of shelves on all sides, the first about the height and width of the ordinary table, the next a foot or so higher, and so on, as shown in the little drawing which we have made from recollection, and which we presume is not correct in its proportions. The dots represent a railing, about three feet from the lower shelf, to keep the crowd from disarranging or handling the fruit.

Section of Floral Hall at Albany.

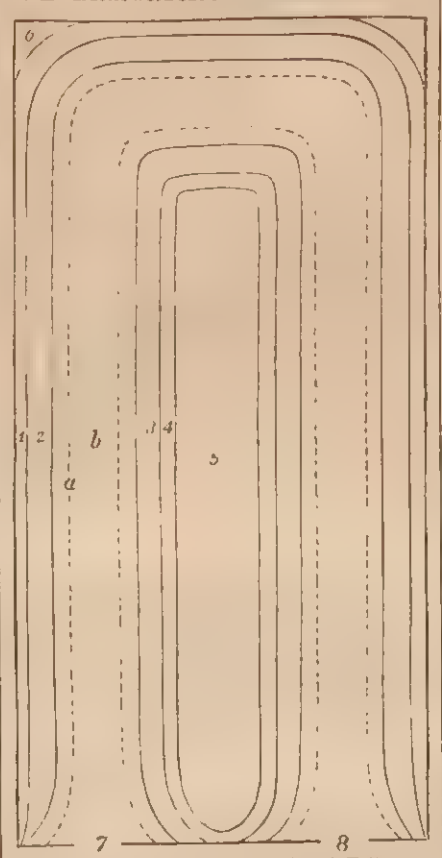
By this arrangement a pretty good view is had by the people of the lower shelves, but of those above they can see nothing but a mass of fruit—not a label can be read, or one variety distinguished from another. Indeed, on the upper shelves, twelve or fifteen feet distant, it is difficult with the light afforded, to tell apples from pears, and the Committee have to climb around among the fruit, to the great danger of the plates and their own necks. This has been the system adopted for several years past, and if the object of the Superintendent is to give all possible annoyance to the Committees, and to prevent the people from gaining any knowlege of the fruits exhibited, he certainly deserves great credit for his ingenuity—for a nice adaptation of means to ends. The only thing that rendered this plan of exhibition bearable was the fact that exhibitors generally stood within the railing, and were quite accommodating in giving information—ever ready to climb the shelves and hand plates of the different varieties that spectators might wish to examine. But, at the late show, the Superintendent excluded exhibitors from the space within the railing, so that there was no one of whom an inquiry could be made. We saw one gentleman from Erie county with a paper in his hand containing a list of pears which he had been recommended to plant, and he came to the State Fair almost for the sole purpose of examining the fruit of these varieties, but the tables were in charge of a few policemen, and he could not obtain a particle of information, and no one could tell him whether the fruit was on exhibition or not. Two other gentlemen of Herkimer were anxious to see certain varieties of apples, and applied to us to assist them, but we could render them no aid. The people present being thus effectually debarred from gaining information, there was only one chance left, and that was through the reporters for the press, who were anxious to take notes, to spread before the readers of their journals. This, however, was prevented, by the Superintendent, who excluded them from within the railing, the only place where they could obtain the desired information. Twice we were requested to leave, and our notes are consequently very meagre. The State Society should appoint a new Superintendent or learn the old one that the object of the exhibition is to afford the people the best possible facilities for gaining knowledge.

BETTER PLAN FOR A FLORAL HALL.

While we are on this subject we will give a very simple and convenient plan for the arrangement of a Floral Hall, for the exhibition of *Fruits*, *Flowers*, and *Pot Plants*.

Section of Floral Hall, as Proposed.

Figures 1 and 2 may consist of either one table wide enough for four plates, or two tables or shelves, figure 1 being raised some six inches above figure 2, and wide enough for two or three plates; figure 2 made for three or four plates. The lower shelf in the centre oval, (figure 3,) is designed for cut flowers. Shelf 4, raised six to eight inches above 3, is for boquets and small pot plants. Shelf 5, raised a foot or more above 4, is designed for large and fine specimens of pot plants, the largest in the centre, giving the crowning grace to the whole. Figure 6, floral ornaments, or large pot plants. Figure 7, entrance door, figure 8, door for egress. *a*, dotted lines, the railing to keep spectators from crowding near the fruit, handling and disarranging it. In the space inside of this railing the exhibitors should stand, ready to answer all inquiries and hand the specimens to such visitors as may wish to examine them critically. If the railing is made of rustic work, poles and branches from the woods, instead of boards and scantling, the effect will be much better. The general effect of many a good horticultural show is destroyed by rough carpenter work. Rustic work should be substituted as much



Ground Plan of Proposed Floral Hall.

as possible. *b*, passage way, and as the people enter through one door and pass out at the other, crowding and confusion are in a great measure prevented. The passage way, shown in the plan, is only six feet between the railing. In most cases this would be too narrow.

This plan, with such variations as circumstances may render necessary, will be found a very convenient arrangement, in which every article requiring close examination will lie quite convenient for the purpose.

FRUIT.

The exhibition of fruit was large, and the specimens exceedingly perfect. Most of the apples and pears were from the Western part of the State. Ellwanger & Barry, as usual, took the first premium for the largest and best collection of pears and apples, and Smith & Hanchett, of Syracuse, the second premium on both. These collections were very fine. L. Menand, of Watervliet, showed some good pears, as did also W. Ferris, of Throg's Neck, and J. M. Mattison, of Jacksonville. John W. Bailey, of Plattsburg, E. S. Hayward, of this city, S. Burtis, of Oaks Corners, P. S. Forbes, of Bath, and others, made excellent exhibitions of apples.

There was a good show of both foreign and native grapes. David McLeod, of Albany, exhibited most superb foreign varieties, and J. G. White, of Albany, A. B. Mock, of Westford, and M. Howard Merritt, of Hart's Village, well grown and well ripened specimens of native grapes, mostly Isabella and Catawba. Seldom have we seen such magnificent Isabellas, as were here exhibited, and one plate, by Mr. Merritt, we think we never saw equaled. They were almost as large as the Black Hamburghs on exhibibition.

FLOWERS.

The show of flowers was not large, there being but two or three collections of Dahlias, the best being shown by John Wilson, of Albany, and Smith & Hanchett, of Syracuse. Smith & Hanchett and L. Menand, made a fair show of roses. There were a few *Phlozes*, but nothing worthy of especial notice. *Verbenas*, few and fair. *Asters*, numerous and poor. Mrs. Van Namee, and Mrs. Newcomb, of Pittstown, made their regular annual show of flowers, and took about all the premiums offered in the amateurs' list. For years,—almost as long as we can remember,—these ladies have made a good exhibition of flowers, and pocketed the premiums, almost without competition. We should hardly realize we had been to a State Fair did we not meet their smiling faces; but we wish other ladies would enter this list, and not allow them to carry off the premiums quite so easy.

VEGETABLES.

The show of vegetables was large. Plenty of the coarse Mexican pumpkin were exhibited, and attracted attention from their large size, as they always do. A few *Hubbards* were on the tables, but most of them showing signs of mixture. In a few years, unless we are more careful, scarcely a pure squash of this fine variety will be found. Chauncey E. Goodrich, whose large collection of seedling potatoes, has for many years formed the principal attraction of *Vegetable Hall*, was not present, (being, as he wrote, detained by sickness,) but Judge Creever exhibited 21 varietes of Mr. G.'s later seedlings. The *Prince Alberts* were in abundance, and very large, many specimens being from ten to twelve inches in length. No *Flukes* were shown; *Mexicans* were in two collections, and fine, but the *Peach Blows* were the favorite sort, and altogether the most abundant. The first premium was given to this variety, and the second to the *Black Diamond*, a seedling by Mr. Goodrich. A poor, worthless sort, was labeled *Early June*, the same as is generally sold here under that name, but is not to be compared to the *true* Early June.

Onions were plenty and fine; the *Cabbage* was large, and some *Savoy* excellent, but most of the common sorts showed mixture. No one should show what claims to be a green cabbage all streaked with purple, or blushing with red, at its doubtful origin.

Farm Root Crops were scarce. A few good *Bota Bagas* were shown by A. V. Thornton, of Watervleit, and large *White Turnips* by A. M. Underhill. We also noticed half a dozen *Mangolds*, but a two-bushel basket would have held all the roots. A good exhibition of roots we seldom see at any of the Fairs in the States, but we have never visited a Canada Fair where we did not see a large and fine display. Our farmers have a good deal to learn in root culture from their Canadian neighbors.

FRUIT RECEIVED.

We are again indebted to various friends for collections of fruit, for examination, names &c.

—To E. Thayer, of Watkins, Schuyler County, in this State, for a small box of White Grapes.—Mr. T. says they were "from a seedling of my cultivation,' planted four years ago this fall, and which produced some forty clusters last season, but owing to the excessive cold last winter, the vine produced but a very few scattering grapes this summer. Those I send you are the two best bunches, and are one-third of all that the vine produced this season. There was no full developed clusters, as was the case last year. From the fact of their being an entire new variety, as tho't by many in this place, the name of *Thayer's Martha* was given them. Now I wish you, as far as the specimen sent will permit, to say from their color, transparency, size, (though they fall short in that,) shape, and particularly the *flavor*, what, or by what name they may be called if not a new variety; and give your opinions through the Rural, or otherwise, whether they are entitled to the name given them or not. The grapes are ripe and fit for eating about the 12th of Sept., or before. Clusters regular, and a trifle smaller than the Isabella, but like them in size and shape, and a little irregularity in some clusters. I think at a more mature age of the vine it would produce about the same clusters in shape, size, &c., as the Isabella. The vine is very thrifty and hardy, and foliage thick."

The clusters of grapes received are very small, the berries about the size and shape of small Isabellas, green, tinged with amber. They plainly show their native origin. The quality is good. We should judge this to be a very promising variety, but another season will afford a better opportunity for a more satisfactory opinion.

—To S. Boughton, Pittsford, N. Y., for well ripened *Catawba* Grapes, and a black, seedling grape of large size, but too strongly *native* in its character to become popular.

To D. Ball, of Perry Center, N. Y., for apples, under the name of *St. Lawrence County*, which proved to be the *Alexander*.

—To A. S. Clackner, of Pittsford, for beautiful specimens of the *Pomegranate Melon*.

—To H. C. Heath, gardener to L. A. Ward, for fine specimens of the *Mammoth Tomato*.

PRICES OF FRUIT IN NEW YORK CITY.

The Day Book gives the following report of the Fruit Market:

Apples.—Receipts per steamboats are now very light, and prices have again advanced. Shippers have commenced forwarding by the canal, and some boat loads have already arrived, but prices continue firm. We quote:

Western Apples, mixed lots, per bbl	$1 38a2 00
Common Apples	1 00a1 25
Orange Pippins	1 50a2 00
Red Streaks	1 25a1 50
Twenty oz. Pippins	2 00a2 25
Fall Pippins	1 75a2 00
Detroit Reds	2 00a2 50

Pears—Are becoming scarce, and we advance our quotations. We have several consignments in to-day, for which we hope to render a good account. Virgalieus ripen up very badly this year, becoming spotted and mildewed, so that dealers are afraid to buy them until they are fully ripened. A few Bartlett's have come in from Maine, sold at $25a$30 per bbl. Seckels are mostly poor, and sell at irregular prices. We quote:

Seckels, good,	$10 00a15 00
Virgalieus, perfect	10 00a15 00
Napoleons	10 00a15 00
Louise Bonne de Jersey	10 00a15 00
Duchess d'Angouleme, per bbl	10 00a20 00

Quinces—Have made their appearance, and a few have been sold at $1a2 per hundred, according to size and quality, and at $3a4 per bbl.

Grapes—We quote:—Catawba, 11a15 cents per lb.; Isabella, choice, 10a12c. per lb.; do. common, 6a8c.

TO SAVE TREES FROM MICE.

Messrs. Eds:—As we often hear complaints about the depredations of mice upon fruit trees, and the enquiry how to prevent their depredations, I thought I would give my remedy, to wit: Some six years since, about the first month, when the snow was some twelve to eighteen inches deep, I found the mice had commenced gnawing several young trees in my orchard, and on one side of my small nursery, along side of the fence; some fifty rows 1½ rods from the fence, were more than half destroyed. What to do I did not know, but finally concluded to try ashes—by so doing save them. I took dry ashes and strewed around those trees in the orchard, and along on the nursery trees on top of the snow, and not a mark of a mouse track did I see after. I have used ashes about my trees ever since, by applying them about the roots and bodies of my trees, from January to April, and have not had one tree injured since. I consider this a perfect preventitive, and at the same time a great benefit to the tree.

E. Salisbury.

Triomphe de Gand and Alice Maude Strawberries.—Can you, through the Rural, inform *me* and many other readers, whether the strawberries *Triomphe de Gand* and the *Alice Maude* are one and the same thing, or are they different? The *Alice Maude* is cultivated here by a few to a limited extent, and is well spoken of by those who have tried them. I very much liked your description of the *Triomphe de Gand* and thought of sending for a few vines. Last week I was told I was already in possession of the same; that it was the same as *Alice Maude*.—J. E. Irish, *White's Corners, Erie Co., N. Y.*

They are not the same, and quite distinct, but both European sorts. The *Triomphe de Gand* is the most promising and popular of any foreign variety, and we have confidence that it will be profitable, both for the amateur and market grower.

THE HORTICULTURIST—PEAR QUESTION.

THE EDITOR AMONG THE DWARF PEARS.

Our readers will remember the recent controversy in our columns, as well as in other Journals, on the possibility of raising pears with profit.—The Editor of the *Horticulturist* took rather decided ground against dwarf pears; but we have no doubt became satisfied at last that a little more information on the subject would be a decided advantage. So, a few weeks since he visited Rochester, and sent to his Journal the following letter.—This, we suppose, is only the first step in the right direction. We might make several corrections, but prefer to give the main part of the article just as we find it.

Rochester, New York.

Dear Horticulturist:—The lovers of your pages during the years that are past and gone, may not object to reading a few hasty lines from this, your old residence, and now most certainly containing some of the best examples of horticultural progress. Consider me then shaking off the dust of Broadway on Board the New World, that Great Eastern of the rivers, and dining next day in Albany, knocked about first on one side and then on the other elbow by ladies waiting on table in extra large crinolines; evidences that women are *asserting* their rights in these progressive quarters.—Thence follow to the garden nurseries of the wealthy city of Rochester, and into the grounds of Ellwanger & Barry, the latter the able conductor of your historical pages for so considerable a portion of your lengthened history.

A fanciful writer says: "Of some plants the seeds, so far as we can perceive, are living animalcules, with *voluntary* motion, till they pitch their tent upon a spot that they think will suit them; they then germinate, and change from animals to algæ." Now surely the pear seeds would seem to have voluntary motion, and to have pitched upon Rochester for their home, but for the fact that apples and plums have done the same; and to suppose that all the fruits could have *assembled themselves*, is going a little too far. We must believe, therefore, when we see acres of trees, nearly *all loaded* with fruit, that there has been some human ingenuity invoked to call them together. Such is the case; superior culture in a suitable soil and a proper climate has arrayed the trees in a garb such as I never saw before. The pears assume here to my vision the same unaccountable increase of health, beauty, size, and productiveness, with fruit so large as not to be recognized or called by name, as surprised Mr. Barry at the exhibition at Burlington, Iowa, when he fairly admitted even he was at fault. Now in Rochester, the Duchess and the Bartlett assume an aspect and a color—I may as well call it *the pear bloom*, which is to me from a little farther south,—the greatest of surprises; and this bloom, or a similar tinge, pervades other fruits. The grape and the green gage plum have it in a very marked manner. Then the sizes and the health! Why, no orange-tree in the tropics is more beautiful than the loaded pear-trees of Ellwanger & Barry, and others of Rochester.—A soil of the quality that the pear would select for itself, and a climate to suit it also, have made the product all that has been said of it. And yet, without the greatest attention in other orchards of the same vicinity, while the few pears that adorn the trees are larger than further south, there is also evidence that the utmost culture is required. The accounts we have had are realized in several, but not in all cases; the mode of treatment is precisely what has been often promulgated. To insure success there is no other crop, not even a spear of grass allowed to grow in the vicinity of either pear or plum-tree. Aeration of the root, mulching with stable manure in the fall, good trimming, and fine fruit is the result.

The plums are a perfect sight; the curculio is shaken off into sheets regularly every morning by a person appointed for the purpose; it requires but little time to do this, and the result is magnificent. The Green Gage, Pond's Seedling, Bowman's Magnum Bonum, Peter's Yellow Gage, Damascus Red, and the Prain plums, here hanging like ropes of onions, are examples of what care and attention will do.

Of the pear, the largest number budded is the Bartlett. The best bearers, where all seemed to be loaded, were probably the Duchess D'Angouleme, Bartlett, Flemish Beauty, Vicar, Beurre Clairgeau, and Hardy, Belle Lucrative and Virgalieu; and we noted as very fine, Beurre de Waterloo, Goubalt, Calabasse monstreuse, Cramoisie, in beauty number one, though in quality second; Pratt, Livingston, Virgalieu, the Downing, named by Leroy; Wharton, new; Buffam, St. Ghislin, Conseilier Ramwez, very large; Beurre Nantais, Baron de Mello, Beurre Superfin, very good; Tyson, Beurre D'Amaulis, large and good; Sheldon; and the Church, known and esteemed for twenty years as one of the best.

The apples here are quite as successful as the pears; the trees are breaking down with the weight, and the dwarfs are especially beautiful.—We noted as standards, Early Joe, Strawberry, and Jersey Sweeting, as highly ornamental; as fruitful, the Keswick Codling, Mother, Broadwell, Red Astrachan, Baldwin, Gravenstein, Genesee Chief, Rousselet de Stuttgard, and Reine de Reinette.—The dwarf apple-trees were also borne down with fruit, and of extreme beauty, the best for ornamental purposes being, perhaps, the Doucain, but all were handsome and nearly all fruitful.

Grapes, Pears and Quinces.—As you seem willing to be troubled, I would like to ask a few questions, too. 1st. I have two or three hundred grape cuttings bedded which I wish to transplant next spring—will it be best to cut them back, and let them remain where they are, or take them up and heel them in? 2d. I want to set them on the east side of a north and south fence, where the snow drifts considerably in winter—will the drifts injure them, and should they be taken down from the trellis or left up? 3d. I have a few quinces budded for dwarfs very close to the ground—ought the earth to be hoed up to them so as to partially or wholly cover them? Or would tan-bark, sawdust, or something else, be better if they need any protection? 4th. The apple described by Mr. Warren, of Alabama, is, I should think, much like, if not the same as, the Clum Apple, or Clum Pippin, raised in the adjoining town of Shelby. The original tree—a seedling, as near as I can find out—stands on a farm formerly owned by a Mr. Clum, now by Jno. Eckerson. The apple is fit for cooking the middle of August, ripe last of September, or first of October, will keep with good common care till February. Tree very thrifty and an excellent bearer. I will try and send a few specimens by the bearer of this so that the quality of the apple you can judge for yourself?—A. S. Bacon, *Ridgeway, N. Y.*, 1859.

1st. Nothing would be gained by taking up the vines and heeling them in. 2d. Many cultivators think it is good economy to lay all grape vines down in the winter, simply covering them with a little earth. The vines start more vigorously, and no evil can result from a hard winter. Drifts of snow would not injure the vines, but be a sufficient protection if constantly covered, but we often have very severe weather without much snow. 3d. It is better to cover the quince stock with earth, if possible. 4th. This is the same apple we think, although we did not have an opportunity to examine the specimens sent us, for we placed them on exhibition at the Fruit Grower's Meeting, and they disappeared before even the Fruit Committee saw them.

Pears on Mountain Ash, &c.—I want to know through the Rural whether Pears will do well grafted on the Mountain Ash? How should they be grafted, in the root or body of the tree? Also, will they do well set on a dry side hill which faces to the south? Will it pay to raise Cherries for a market crop?—J. D., *Scio, N. Y.*, 1859.

Several varieties of pears will succeed on the Mountain Ash, and this stock is said to be well adapted to light, sandy soils. Our nurserymen have only just learned what varieties will succeed on the quince, and we cannot say what varieties will grow best on Mountain Ash. Work on the stock as near the roots as convenient. Cherries may be grown with profit near cities that afford a good market.

COOKING MEAT, PIE-PLANT PIE, &c.

Eds. Rural:—I am glad to see that some of the female contributors to the Domestic Corner of your excellent paper think there is something to be learned in regard to the cooking of meats, as well as making cake. It is a fact that a large majority of our housekeepers are sadly deficient in this branch of the culinary department; but in this day, when so much information can be obtained through the press, we cannot have much excuse for not knowing the best method of cooking a beefsteak or a sheep's head and pluck for our husband's dinner—when he is kind enough to provide us with the material. In a late number I noticed a recipe for cooking beefsteak, which would have been very good *had the salt been left out while cooking*, for it injures it materially to salt while broiling or frying. A very little may be sprinkled over it when taken from the fire, or a piece of butter will often season it enough for most people.

A word in regard to pie-plant pie. In preparing the stalks, I do not think it economy, or even necessary, to peel the skin off, for I think no person can tell the difference, when cooked, between that which has been peeled and that which has not. After it is cut in small pieces, it can easily be washed to remove the dust, and then, with plenty of sugar and good crust, makes a nice pie.

And now, permit me to endorse the sentiments a late correspondent utters about the canine race. The women are the greatest sufferers from these mischievous brutes, for where one saves them a step in driving a chicken from the door, they have to take ten to see that their pantries or cellar doors are shut against their noses. I have no dislike for a nice dog, but for my life I cannot see the benefit of keeping one, unless it be to keep up the price of mutton, or rob the chickens and pigs of what justly belongs to them.

North Shenango, Penn., 1859. M. A. Kingsley.

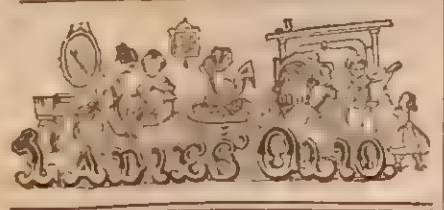
Inquiries, Plain Cookies.—Having seen in a late number of the Rural New-Yorker, some recipes for *dyeing*, I would like to learn through its columns, how to color woollen goods drab, or stone color, that *will not fade*. Also, whether any of your readers can give directions for preparing *citron* to use in cake and pies; and whether our *common citron melon* is suitable for that purpose.

I send a recipe for Plain Cookies, which is very good, thinking some of your housekeeping readers might like to try it. Four eggs; 2 cups sugar; ½ cup of butter; 1 teaspoonful of saleratus in milk enough to dissolve it; just enough flour to roll out thin. Flavor with nutmeg or caraway seed.—A Reader, *Auburn, N. Y.*, 1859.

Information Wanted.—As some of the Rural-ists may be M. Ds., or *just about as good*, can any one give a remedy for weak eyes?—also, to remove a film from the eye! What is the best hair invigorator or restorative, or what will keep the hair from falling off? What is the best kind of varnish to use on oil paintings, and how should it be put on to preserve the picture from cracking? As good artists are hard to be found in the country, we poor "farmers' girls" have to get some knowledge the best way we can, or be satisfied with half-way affairs. We find by experience, that much of the boarding-school wisdom is all a "sham," even in the boasted "ornamental department."—G., *Prattsburgh, N. Y.*, 1859.

Tomato Wine.—As an answer to an inquiry in the Rural New-Yorker for making *Tomato Wine*, I send the following recipe, which I have always found good. To one quart of juice add 3 quarts of water, and 3 pounds of sugar, (not brown,) let it ferment four days then bung up, and let stand two weeks before using. Make from green tomatoes.—Mary F. W. P., *West Chester, Pa.*, 1859.

Sal-soda will bleach very white—one spoonful is enough fof a kettle of clothes.



THE DEAR LITTLE GIRL IS DEAD.

A little song is still!
A little warble that one summer made
So sweet a melody in our garden bowers
It brightened all the blooming of the flowers.
Alas, the garden bowers are clothed in shade,
The little song is still.

Two little feet have fled!
Two little, busy feet are heard no more
To fall as lightly as the summer rain
Upon the grass plot—no'er to come again,
And trip in joy across our cottage floor.
The little feet have fled.

Look upward in the night!
When you are bowed with grief and wild alarm,
See from the shining window of your star,
To beckon you to her bright home afar,
Your loved one reaches forth her beaming arms.
Look upward in the night!

Hearken when all is still!
Can you not hear the song an angel sings?
"Of such heaven's kingdom is," your God has said.
Pale mourners, from the dust lift up your heads,
And hear the music borne on zephyr's wings,—
Hearken when all is still!

Henceforth let murmurs cease!
"Suffer the little children," said the Lord,
"To come to me, of such heaven's kingdom is,"
Let sorrow cease, let faith take hold on this,
His promise—for eternal is His word.
Henceforth let murmurs cease!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A CHAT WITH YOUNG HOUSE-KEEPERS.

I am not going to come at my object through any circumlocution of preface or introduction, but stepping, in imagination, (a swifter way than by steam,) into the sitting-rooms or kitchens of you Lucys, and Jennies, and Annes, who have of late taken upon yourselves the vows of "love, honor and obedience," I settle myself,—as though I were an aunt that you had known all your lives,—for a comfortable and cosy chat.

I am neither a prying "old maid," nor a meddling matron, however,—*that* I must give you to understand at once, or lose entirely the hearing sense of my auditors,—for the days of my youth lie not so far in the past that I have forgotten how peculiar and incurable is the spite which beginners in the art of "managing" have against these neighborhood nuisances. I know nothing of city ways or life, so I speak only to you who are *ruralists*,—who, having taken upon yourselves new responsibilities, are earnest to do for the best, and make the most of your *beginning*.

First of all,—attacking the enemy at the most formidable point,—please don't say to yourselves "I guess I know enough to *keep house* without going to other folks for assistance." Perhaps you do,—it may be that you have grown up under the eye of a mother whom you were willing to learn of,—yet, again, it may *not* be, and perhaps something of the experience of one who has kept "eyes and ears open" as to the ways of doing, and the ways of leaving undone, may be of benefit in either case. I take it for granted that you have carried into your new sphere something of the romance of girlhood, for only the *real* cares, perplexities and sorrows of life can entirely uproot this, and I trust that they have not yet fallen to your portion. But with the romance of your new situation, with its happiness and bright fancies, have you room in your hearts also for thoughts of the duties it imposes; for reflections that should you take the wrong path at the beginning, a few years will bring you into a maze of perplexities and pains where you hoped to find your Eden,—a maze from which you will find that only the clue of *Love* can lead you, and that only through stern endeavor?

You must think of this, not only after but *before* you are bound by ties that nothing but death can sever, for it is no light thing to take into your keeping the happiness and well-being of a heart—perhaps the destiny of a soul.

You must have *ambition*,—not the article that bears the name, when it should be labeled *avarice*,—but ambition to do right, to be useful, to do all that woman can do for the happiness of others,—to be a thorough, practical keeper of the house which is your *home*.

You must have *pride*,—not the pride that carries a high head in contrast with modesty, but pride in doing *well* whatever you find to do,—pride that will not let others do for you what you can and *ought* to do yourself.

You must have *calculation*,—not the counting of dollars and cents *alone*, though this is necessary knowledge; but a quick and true perception of the best *uses* of the one, five, or ten talents which you hold, and a head clear enough to adapt your needs to your means.

You must have *order*. If the "bump" is not on your cranium, perhaps you may think that you are not accountable for leaving your bread-loaf in one pan, the slices cut from it in another, and both a temptation to flies,—for hanging or dropping your dish-cloth where half an hour of hunting will not find it, or for having half your chairs in the middle of the room, the table at right-angles with the wall in one corner, and the curtains with one end of the roll nearly at the top, and the other at the bottom of your window, but ——if you want to be a good house-keeper and have a happy home, my advice is that you *raise* such bump by bringing your head in contact with the next hard substance that you meet; for, though I pretend to no knowledge of Phrenology, I have an idea that *fretting* lies next to order, and when the latter is not fully developed, the former has rather *too much* development,—running into the vacant ground adjoining.

You must have *patience*. It is one of the "Divine attributes" in any situation, but as a wife and a house-keeper, you must have it, or there will be loose ends in your household, temper-flashes between its inmates, and discord generally.

"You must have"—I might go on saying to the last lines of a quire of paper, but I have not time to think of all your needs for you. If you have the will to be as nearly perfect in your sphere of life as you may be, you will not fail to think for yourselves, and that is all I am writing for,—to set you thinking. Yet I may enlarge a little on what I have said.

There are few among young house-keepers who have not the first requisite,—ambition,—yet there are *many* who have not the right kind. It is not *how much* you can do alone, but how much you can *do well*. I don't like to see young people lazily moderate in motion, but to my mind there is such a thing as "going on the jump" too much. It is destructive to shoe-leather at the least, and in the end you seldom accomplish more; for it is an old, a tried, and a proved saying, that "haste makes waste." Guard against a habit of saying, in reference to your work, or habits of doing it, "it would have been better, but I couldn't *spent time*." Time is used to the very best advantage in doing work thoroughly and well.

As to calculation, you all ought to know what it means, for *economy* can't live without it. There are a thousand little ways in which you can plan for convenience and comfort as well as saving, if you try. To prove it, never consign an article to the garret, or food to the pig-trough, until you have thought *in vain* of a way to make it useful.

But you must think for yourselves, I say again. The secret of all success lies in this, yet how few think it applicable or necessary in *just keeping house!* Try it,—sit down to the task; for it will be one if you are not used to it, and if you do not find it the best oil ever applied to domestic machinery, you may doubt the word of

Oak Grove Farm, N. Y., 1859. Aunt Mary.

THE LITTLE HAND.

The little hand! bless it, how confidingly it is placed with our own. It trusts in its helplessness and weakness for guidance. Every nerve rests tranquilly, as its tiny fingers are encircled by a firm and loving grasp. Watch the footsteps of the little one as he ranges the lawn, and with his little hand he gathers the purple violets, and with childish glee he strews them around. His dark eyes look up roguishly as he runs laughingly on saying, "Catch me if you can."

How lovingly the little hand entwines its tiny fingers among your curls, or clasping them at your knee, lisps out an infant's prayer that speaks peace to the troubled heart as if an angel's voice had whispered it from heaven. Beautiful childhood! would it could be always shielded from harshness, from corroding care, and corrupt influence. Look at little hands stretched out for help from a harsh father, or an intemperate mother. There are five little ones, the eldest not more than seven, with large dark eyes and curling hair. She stands in front of a band of little ones, singing and keeping time with her little hands, for there are none to molest or make her afraid. She has been taken away from the dark fate that awaited her childhood's home, and the beautiful boy that she points out as her brother, that unnatural mother had placed a rope around his neck to strangle him, but was discovered and arrested in her dark design, in time to save his life. There he is, not four years old, with a doll in hand, and he looks up, his face radiant with smiles, as he replies to our simple question of "are you fond of dolls?" He has large dark eyes, and a noble head; we could predict a splendid career for him in the future, if rightly guided.

Little hands are all around us, seeking for guidance, relying upon the protecting influence of those older than themselves. Would that we kept ourselves pure, so that we could perform our duty faithfully and well. That nature must be hardened indeed that can see a tear drop fall from the eyes of childhood, or the little hand stretched out in vain.

Who cannot recall to mind little hands they have caressed and tenderly cared for, that have now passed on to the spirit land? Our darlings were laid to rest in their narrow house, their little hands filled with white rose buds, the last of summer's offering. Though now all unseen to our mortal gaze, their angel hands are still invisible ministers of love, drawing us to them in their beautiful home. Cherish, then, the little hand, and guard and guide it while you may, for it is an angel in your household. You know not how soon their wings will unfold and soar upward and onward into the world of love and light, leaving you in your anguish to mourn and lament over their brief stay. Blessed memories of the little hands that have clung to you in their simple, child-like faith and trust. Oh! may those memories never be laden with harshness or unkindness, "for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."—*Mothers' Mag.*

Friendship.—We know that earthly affection is deepened and intensified by increased familiarity with its object. The friendship of yesterday is not the sacred, hallowed thing, which years of growing intercourse have matured. If we may with reverence apply this test to the highest type of holy affection, (that love which dwelt in the bosom of the Father from all eternity towards his Son,) what must have been that interchange of love which the measureless lapse of eternity had fostered—a love, moreover, not fitful, transient, vacillating, subject to altered tones and estranged looks—but pure, constant, untainted, without one shadow of turning! And yet, listen to the words of Jesus, "*As* the Father hath loved *me, so* have I loved *you!*" It would have been infinitely more than we had reason to expect, if He had said, "As my Father hath loved Angels, so have I loved you." But the love borne to no finite being is an appropriate symbol.

Time wears slippers of list, and his tread is noiseless. The days come softly dawning, one after another; they creep in at the windows; their fresh morning air is grateful to the lips that part for it; their music is sweet to the ears that listen to it; until, before we know it, a whole life of days has possession of the citadel, and time has taken us for its own.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GIVING.

In o'er thy sunny pathway
A shadow dark is thrown;
Or in a heart of purity
Some evil seeds are sown—
Know, then, the voice of duty
By thee has oft been spurned,
Or, from the poor, the lowly,
Thy footsteps have been turned.

Kind words thou hast not given—
The mourner's heart to cheer;
Or from the sufferers eyelids deigned
To wipe away a tear;
No voice amid earth's weary ones
Doth rise, thy name to bless;
No wonder earth seems dark and lone,
Or life a wilderness.

O, wouldst thou find some gentle balm
To sooth these shadowy hours,
Go forth amid the lowliest ones
And scatter joyous flowers;
Give gentle words—give freely
From thy heart's secret store—
Nor think the blessing lavished
Will come to thee no more;

For, oh! if on the waters
Thy bread is freely cast,
Ne'er deem it lost, for plenteously
It will return at last;
If fortune's smile thy path illumes,
And life seems glad and free,
Give freely, oh, give thankfully,
As God hath given thee.

South Danby, N. Y., 1859. Mary A. B.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A MAGAZINE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

Looking over a collection of old volumes, the other day, I found a magazine printed in London, in 1777,—a volume which, I doubt not, my great-grand-mother read, many long years ago, with as great pleasure as in these modern days her unworthy descendants peruse the pages of the *Atlantic*, or columns of the weekly newspaper. Each No. contains about fifty pages of reading matter, and romance, fashions, family government, medicine, philosophy, French tales, poetry and music, afford a *sufficient* if not a *select* quantity of reading material. The volume is embellished by a variety of wonderful copper-plate engravings. The first of these represents a lady of rank seated before her mirror, while her maid, who stands behind her, is performing the difficult task of hair-dressing.—A large number of hair pins, with ornamental heads, form a sort of crown in connection with a large puff above her brow. Her robe is trimmed with an immense quantity of ruffles and flounces, which would make one groan, even to think of making. Her father, her lover, and a page, are all present, watching, with evident interest, the structure which is being reared. The page plays the guitar, the lover assists the maid by passing the hair pins, and the father, seated near, with his hand raised and a smile of pleased surprise on his countenance, admires her beauty.

In another No. is a charming representation of a lady's head-dress, "*A la Zodiaque.*" Near each ear are five curls of various dimensions, the remainder of the hair being combed over an immense cushion at the back of the head. This cushion is several times larger than the head, and in the form of a hemisphere. Around this is a band upon which the signs of the Zodiac are embroidered in gold and silver, jewels representing stars ornament its extensive surface, and over the left ear is a half moon. Do we wonder that a century ago hair-dressing was considered one of the fine arts!

Lysidas and Elfrida illustrate a pastoral tale. Sheep and cows, the most distant of which, in violation of all perspective, are as large as those nearer the foreground, walk with great complacency down perpendicular hills, and unexpectedly find themselves in very small valleys and behind very singular trees. Four pages of "poetical essays" are inserted in each No., in most of which some rustic swain, bewailing his lot, threatens to retire from public life and take up his abode in some lonely cave.

In the "Foreign News" the speedy surrender of the rebel army is prophesied, and the victories of the English troops and the humanity of General Howe, spoken of in the highest terms of praise.—The most amusing thing, however, is an account of "the trial of Mr. Horne for a libel." The first charge is that an advertisement has been inserted in the *Public Advertiser*, "purporting to be an account of the Constitutional Society having met on the 7th of June, and agreed that the sum of £100 should be raised, to be applied to the relief of the widows, orphans, and aged parents of our *beloved* American fellow subjects, who, *faithful* to the character of Englishmen, perferring death to slavery, were for *that reason only* inhumanly *murdered* by the *King's troops* near Lexington, or Concord." This was signed by John Horne, and for this offense, after a long, and what now seems a very amusing trial, he was sentenced to pay a fine of £200, to be imprisoned twelve months, and at the expiration of that time to give security for his good behavior for three years.

A magazine of the last century! There flits before my mental vision scenes of those good old English days—lords and ladies, and more common folk clad in garments to the fashion of which the nineteenth century is a stranger—groups of eager listeners gathered around the "keeping-room" fire to hear news of the war—fathers with listening ears, and mothers with anxious countenances—the one eager to hear of a son's bravery—the other anxious lest the news should be of defeat and death. And then there rises a far off view of a distant land—a land thought by many a sturdy Englishman to be fit only for the dwelling place of Indians and wild beasts—a country beyond the boundaries of civilization, present or prospective. But now,—who need comment on the changes which eighty years hath wrought?

Mrs. J. W. Willard.

Zumbrota, Minn., 1859.

PROSE POETRY.

The poet-editor of the Chicago *Journal*, B. F. Taylor, Esq., gives the following beautiful description of the Northern Lights, that were so brilliantly displayed recently:

The Northern Lights.—If we could always get *change* for that noble word-coin, "Aurora," and think of *aurea hora*—the golden hour—we should like "Aurora Borealis" better;—the northern golden hour, the northern morning. And a golden hour it was on Sunday evening last, when thousands of eyes brightened in the colored lights that shone through God's painted window in the north. Its only parallel within our remembrance was eight years ago, when we penned a little description that is as fanciful as was the display. How it seemed to us was wrapped up in a rhyme for convenient transportation; and here is the whole of it.

To claim the Arctic came the Sun
With banners bright of burning zone,
Unfurl'd, they streamed from airy spars,
And froze beneath the light of stars.

But the prose part of the description capered after this wise: Last night, the moon, in a new coat of silver, rode high in the west, while in the north and north-east, pure, pearly white, overlaid the blue—then deepened to an orange—then turned to a crimson; until it looked like a pillar of fire in the wilderness, or a daguerreotype of sunset.—Anon it changed; the crimson was pink; the blue, a blush; and the pearl a delicate green.

What they were doing up aloft, is more than we know. Whether rehearsing sunset or sunrise; shifting scenes for the never to-be-performed drama of "To-morrow;" or spreading out rainbows on the upper decks to dry, is a mystery.

Now and then, white, silvery looking spars were lifted from the northern horizon, and converged in the zenith; and it occurred to us, that, may be, they were repairing this great blue tent we live under, and that we saw the blue spars and the red linings of the curtains that were thrown up, to keep them out of the way of the aerial craftsmen. And then again, as it crimsoned, and pearled, and clouded so exquisitely, we fancied it might be Heaven's grand pattern for sea shells to tint by, discovered at last.

And once more, such a beam, nay, *cloud* of red light, streamed out into the night, and over the stars, that we would be sure it must come from Heaven's painted window, and that somebody—perhaps somebody that we once knew and loved—was passing to and fro, giving us, without the walls, a glimpse or two of the glory within. And who knew that it might not be the evening of some forgotten and long past yesterday, thus "revisiting the glimpses of the moon,"—one that you and we loved, and have sighed for, more than we could care to tell, and would give a dozen to-morrows to see again.

As we looked, it changed, and the heaven, from far below the "dipper" to the zenith, was a *flutter*. Through the silver lace-work shone the stars, and the blue and the galaxy itself. What *could* it be, but the dim scarfs of the loved and lost, thus waved in token of remembrance to the earth beneath? And why not? How beautiful and how calm lay that earth beneath the great Argus sky! The eyes of hundreds were turned towards heaven, that, during the broad and glaring days forget there is a heaven, and a treasure in it. They remembered it then, and remembered it in turn.—Ah! if our fancies were only half true! But while we gazed and mused, the vision vanished; the window was curtained, the rehearsal over, the sea shells taught their lesson, the tent "as good as new," the last scene shifted, and the old yesterday faded out.

BEWARE OF PARTING.

Bulwer, the master novelist, writes a reflection which will appeal to the sensibilities of every man and woman:

"There is one warning lesson in life which few of us have not received, and no book that I can call to memory has noted down with an adequate explanation. It is this, 'Beware of parting!' The true sadness is not in the pain of the parting, it is in the When and How you are to meet again with the face about to vanish from your view! From the passionate farewell to the woman who has your heart in her keeping, to the cordial good-by exchanged with pleasant companions at a watering-place, a country-house, or the close of a festive day's blithe, or a careless excursion—a cord, stronger or weaker, is snapped asunder in every parting, and Time's busy fingers are not practiced in re-splicing broken ties. Meet again you may; will it be again in the same way? With the same sympathies? With the same sentiments? Will the souls, hurrying on in divers paths, unite once more, as if the interval had been a dream? Rarely, rarely! Have you not, after even a year, even a month's absence, returned to the same place, found the same groups re-assembled, and yet sighed to yourself, 'But where is the charm that once breathed from the spot, and once smiled from the faces?' A poet said, 'Eternity itself cannot restore the loss struck from the minute.' Are you happy in the spot in which you tarry with the persons whose voices are now melodious to your ear? Beware of parting! or, if part you must, say not in insolent defiance to Time and Destiny—'What matters! we shall soon meet again.' Alas, and alas! when we think of the lips which murmured—'Soon meet again,' and remember how in heart, soul, and thought, we stood forever divided the one from the other, when once more, face to face, we each only exclaimed, 'Met again!'"

One contented with what he has done in this world, stands but a very small chance of becoming famous for all he may do hereafter. He has laid down, and the grass will soon be growing over him.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES."

BY ELLEN C. LAKE.

"The groves were God's first temples. Ah, why should we, in the world's riper years, neglect God's ancient sanctuaries?"

No sound of solemn organ-tones
Breaks through the quiet air,
No chiming of cathedral bells
The winds of summer bear;
No gorgeous arches echo back
The hymning of our praise,
No marble pillars make the strength
Of temples here upraised.

Only the whispers of the wind
Under the maple bough,
Blent with the joy-hymns of the birds
In the rippling music's flow;
Only the clear and holy calm,
The silent air of rest,
Wake to a life both true and warm,
The faith within our breasts.

Of old the prophets stood and spake
Where'er the spirit bade—
We of these years go up to pray
Only in churchly shade.
But struck apart from other souls
By wounds of pain or sin,
The changeless temple of our God
Calls us to enter in.

Under their arches, broad and deep,
One Eye alone can see,
One Priest doth shrive and comfort us
Whate'er our pain may be;
For all the mysteries of the creed
Are compassed by a word,
The Love that ransomed us, for love
All prayers of earth hath heard

Charlotte Centre, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

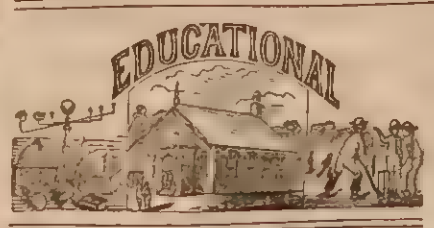
"Know Thyself" is one of the most comprehensive precepts in the whole moral system. It was considered of such vast importance by the ancients that it constituted one of the three precepts consecrated in golden letters at the temple of Delphos, and was supposed to have been given originally by Apollo himself. As that idolatrous, superstitious people conjectured that this sublime precept originated with their God, and was transmitted to them from heaven, should not we in this enlightened age, ferret out its origin, and strive to comprehend and appreciate its value? What they conjectured we are sure of. This oracle is uttered and unfolded to us in many ways in the revelation of God's word. One great design of the scriptures is to teach man to know himself,—to know his fallen and depraved condition by nature, and his inclination to remove still further from the standard of virtue.

Self-knowledge is commendable, because it is the root of all wholesome information. Man should know what he *is*, that he may know what he *is to be*, and have some faint idea of what he *can be*. It teaches man his mental capacities, his deficiencies, his most prominent traits of character, and his besetting sins. It points out too fully developed passions, which need subduing, and it brings to light those weak points which need guarding and fortifying. It is the keystone in the fabric which man is rearing for himself. It is the trusty pilot who can guide with unerring hand our barque across the troubled sea of life; and steer our course from those siren isles which so often wreck the thoughtless voyager. This knowledge is preferable because it is attainable by all persons. To become versed in it does not require that depth of thought and force of penetration which is demanded by the sciences; those of common capacity can call home their rambling thoughts, turn them in upon themselves, and watch the motions and intents of the heart. To do this effectually, we have got to raise that veil which the deceit of the heart has thrown around us, and discharge the fawning sycophant and delusive flatterer who has so long stood sentinel at the door, forbidding the admittance of ambassadors of truth and inspection. When this is done, we can then probe the heart in all its labyrinths and reveal the dormant germ and hidden sin. We shall then have access to the fountain head, where we can search out the bane which has alloyed its source, and poisoned the whole stream. We shall find the bitter waters of self-seeking, sweeter than the waters of the Ganges to its Hindoo worshipers. Though the master-mind of the royal sage, feast on the mysteries of wisdom, yet shall ignorance of self bow down the spirit of a Solomon to idols. J. S.

Prospect Hill, N. Y., 1859.

Don't take your Bible and say, "I don't want to read it, but I suppose I must," nor your hymn book, and say, "I don't want to sing, but I guess I had better;"—don't say, "I don't want to pray, but I will, and keep praying till I do feel like it." I am in the habit of likening the Savior in my thoughts to some great and noble friend—don't you suppose, if you went to the door of such a friend and said to him, "I did not want to see you a bit to-day, but I was afraid you would feel hurt if I did not come, and would treat me accordingly," that he would say, "If you don't want to see me, I am sure I don't want to see you;" and do you suppose that God is less delicate in friendship than an earthly friend?—*Beecher.*

God's Bounty.—The flowers do not implore the sun to meet them. He looks down with genial warmth, and draws them forth from the dark ground to rejoice in his light. And why should we implore God to grant us the spiritual mercies we desire, as if He were cold and unwilling, when over us He hangs, like the sun over the earth, rich in all bounty, and longing to bestow it?



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE ART OF TEACHING.

Much has been said and written upon this subject, yet how few of our educators seem to understand anything of the real and proper method of imparting instruction. Generally speaking, some youth, just emancipated from the confinement of the district school, where he has, perhaps, "*been through the Arithmetic*," and obtained a slight smattering of English Grammar, Geography, &c., *imagines* himself fully prepared to teach "young ideas how to shoot," and thus equipped he starts forth in quest of employment. This obtained, he commences the usual routine of hearing recitations, solving problems, and the thousand-and-one duties which present themselves with each revolving day. The children measure his capability to teach by the readiness with which he answers their arithmetical puzzles,—and the parents judge of his proficiency and success by the rapid strides with which their offspring march through their text books,—the number of times they have been through their readers,—and the favorable account the children bring home of their wonderful proficiency in their various branches of study.

Here, it appears to me, is one cause of the many imperfect teachers. The standard by which the public judge is an improper one. Rapidity is taken for thoroughness; a knowledge of words instead of a knowledge of things; and until this standard is changed—until the public mind becomes aware of the fact that no one is properly educated in any branch of science, until he is thoroughly acquainted with the principles upon which that science is founded, the crop of poor instructors will be large. For instance, in studying Arithmetic, it is better to go through *once*, with a thorough analysis of its principles and rules,—even if only a few examples under each head are solved—than a score of times, in the semi-mechanical method which is so much in vogue at the present day. Yet this change must be made by the teacher himself. He must labor to impress the truth of these facts upon the minds of his pupils, and through them to reach and influence the minds of the parents. Could this be done thoroughly and systematically, a vast improvement would be made in our educational system, and a step of great importance taken toward the acme of literary excellence.

This subject, when viewed in its proper light, goes far toward showing the vast responsibility which rests upon the school-teacher. Upon him not only rests the duty of instructing the young, but of diverting the public mind from its false position and pointing it to that which is true,—tearing off the veil which ignorance and prejudice has placed upon their eyes, and holding truth up to their view in all its fair proportions. And as he comes in contact with error in its thousand forms, and prejudices and biases as peculiar and various as the individuals who possess them, he must be a man of great originality and invention,—one whose head is well stored with useful knowledge, whose reading has been varied and extensive, and whose eye is ever open to the true interests of society, both old and young. This is a subject worthy of the deep and earnest attention of every one interested in our National and individual prosperity, and one which presents itself not only to the teacher but to every one in any way connected with our Educational System.

Harlem, Del. Co., O., 1859. L. Durling.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PHYSIOLOGY IN SCHOOLS.

How greatly this important branch is neglected in our common schools. Even teachers themselves are ignorant of this study. I think the assertion can be sustained, that one-half of the District School Teachers of this State do not understand Physiology. They do not know the number of bones in the human system, nor the number of pulsations of the heart, unless they have learned by observation.

Now, it is my belief that every teacher should be able to pass an examination in Physiology, as much as Grammar. Although it is not taught by means of text books, it can be taken up as a lecture during the time of general exercise. This is accomplished very easily in the country where you have everything at hand. You can easily procure the different parts of an animal, and dissect and explain the functions of different parts in a plain and convincing manner. You cannot imagine what an interest this will create, and the anxiety with which the scholars will await the return of the general exercise, for they know something good is coming.

It will not only excite the children, but it will put some new ideas in the heads of the parents, giving them a good impression of the teacher. When we see the benefit that is derived from a few minutes' labor, and observe how much difference such lectures have caused, then will we witness and feel the teacher's true reward. Fellow Teachers, try this, and if my views are right, you will succeed. E. L. H.

Prospect, Oneida Co., N. Y., 1859.

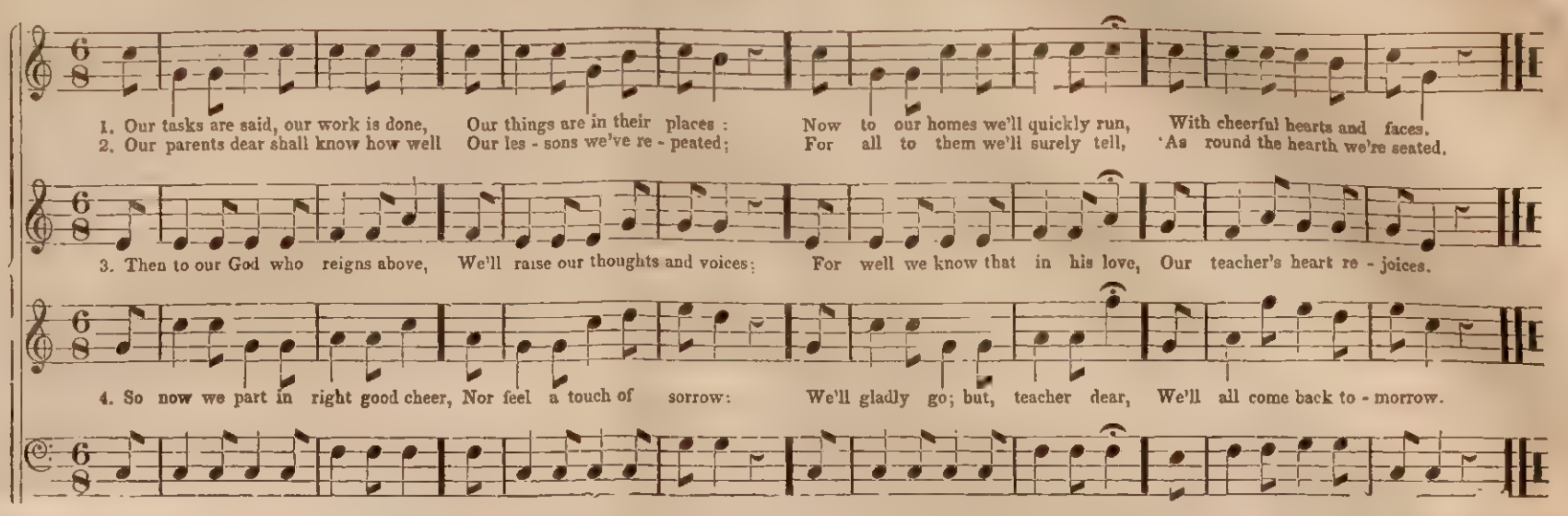
VERY YOUNG CHILDREN AT SCHOOL.

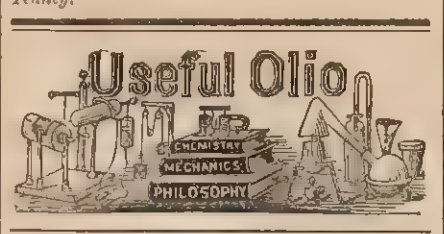
The statistics show that a large number of children are sent to school at too early an age. We sometimes hear parents object to the rule adopted by Committees, excluding all under four, and, in some towns, five years of age. It is a question whether the limit should not be higher than lower. In some cases it is frankly acknowledged that "they are sent to school to get them out of the way," and, as this educational fever is intermittent and hebdomadal, uniformly most prevalent on Mondays, the motive may be no better where there is less frankness in its avowal. The confinement of children at so early an age must be prejudicial to the proper development of their physical powers. Action is as necessary to the health of a little child, as the atmosphere is to life. To keep a child still and unoccupied, is doing violence to its physical nature. In its very sports and plays, a child may be learning what are, for its age, the most important and practical lessons.

It is true, a precocious development may be secured, by a premature stimulus of the mind, carried on in advance, and to the neglect of physical and moral training. Dr. Johnson's suggestive question, "What becomes of all the clever children?" fitly indicates the value of such precocity. A few years ago, infant schools suddenly became very numerous, and little lispers astonished wondering spectators by their ready answers, from "Infant Philosophy," "Physiology made easy," etc. Some thought a new era in education was about to dawn upon the world, and predicted that those precocious prattlers were the harbingers of "the good time coming." Time, however, has not verified their predictions. But the eager attempts still made in certain directions, to convert our schools into nurseries, show that some vestiges of this exploded theory still remain. The number of children under five, attending Public Schools in Massachusetts, the last year, was 12,870. It is gratifying to observe that there was a decrease for the year of 1,238.—*Massachusetts Teacher.*

School Libraries.—The benefits of a well-selected school library in every school-room in the State surpass computation. The good books in them would be useful for reference not only during the sessions of school, but would keep many from idleness and vice, from sorrow and despair, when no other but these silent and impressive monitors and teachers were present. They would admonish and teach our youth and bless our homes the whole year. They would banish from among us the hurtful literature so cheaply and abundantly furnished, with tempting pictures, at every corner. If our youth are taught to read they will read something. If parents do not see that reading, in cheap form, is thrown in their way, bad men will. These good books would form a correct taste for reading, which could not afterwards well be perverted, leading to habits of inquiry which must result in better citizenship, wealth and a happier state of society. The quickening, conservative and elevating influence of such a library in every town can require no argument.—*Hon. Jonathan Tenney.*

THE CLOSE OF SCHOOL.





Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WEYER'S CAVE.—No. I.

This celebrated Cave is situated in the Valley of Virginia, seventeen miles north of Staunton, and near the western base of the Blue Ridge. It was discovered in the year 1804, by Bernard Weyer, a fox-hunter, who, while searching for a lost trap, thus stumbled upon immortality.

The entire length of the Cave, in a direct line, is about sixteen hundred feet, but this distance is nearly doubled by the numerous branchings and windings of its passages. In height it varies from four to ninety feet. The floor is dry and hard, but the walls are constantly wet with the lime-water which trickles from above. These drippings in time form the beautiful incrustations and strangely life-like statues which people almost every room of this subterranean palace.

At the time of its discovery the entrance was so small as to make the Cave somewhat difficult of access, but the present owner has removed the rocks by blasting, so that a man may enter standing nearly erect. Passing for some distance through a narrow and irregular passage, the ceiling suddenly lifts, the walls expand, and the "Guard Room" is before us. Around the walls are ranged rows of pale images, resembling, by the dim light of the candles, groups of statuary, and appropriately called the "Guards." In the center of the arched roof is an opening bordered with brilliant stalactites, which reveals to us a lofty dome, surrounded with columns and hung with gorgeous drapery.

From this room a passage sixty feet in length, and terminating with a descent of thirteen feet, brings us into "Solomon's Temple." Here we find an elevated seat, glittering with snowy stalactites and hung with elaborately wrought drapery, which is called the "Throne." In a corner of the same room a beautiful stalactite depends from the roof, exactly resembling a chandelier, while just behind and beneath it the formations resemble a pulpit and desks. Strangely out of keeping with the rest of the room is a mass of rock called "Niagara Falls." So perfect is the resemblance to a cataract that we can almost fancy a time when some magic wand touched the plunging waters and foaming spray and changed them into stone. Just above the cataract a stalagmite, somewhat similar in form to a man in the act of leaping, is called "Sam Patch."

Next in order in the guide-book, though not in order as we visited the rooms, is the "Shell Room." This, formerly called the "Radish Room," is remarkable for the beautiful formations which adorn its roof. Thousands of small stalactites, various in color and form, depend from the ceiling, and as the guide lifted his light among them, the pendant crystals, with drops of lime-water sparkling among them, assumed a brilliancy which recalled to the mind the wonders of Aladin's palace.

Passing through the "Porter's Lodge," a long, narrow room of no special attraction, we enter the "Pantheon," and leaving the direct route, gain access to the "Lawyer's Office," a room fitted up with strange imitations of boxes, benches, rolls of parchment and other legal paraphernalia. In the floor is a reservoir of delicious water, cool, and clear as crystal, from which visitors are accustomed to refresh themselves. Still keeping out of the main way we visit "Weyer's Hall," where a couple of stone figures are pointed out, which the imagination, with considerable effort, transforms into the fortunate hunter and his dog. The third and most interesting of these side rooms is called the "Armory." It contains many magnificent stalactites, numbers of which bear a strange resemblance to the various implements of war. One of these, the "Shield of Ajax," is surrounded with armorial accompaniments, and in a hall dedicated to Mars, seems well placed and appropriately named. Bertha Mortimer.

A LIST OF WONDERS.

Among the thousands of marvelous inventions which American genius has produced within the last few years, are the following, compiled from the Patent Office Report:

The report explains the principles of the celebrated Hobbs Lock. Its "unpickability" depends upon a secondary or false set of tumblers, which touches the real ones. Moreover, the lock is powder-proof, and may be loaded through the key hole and fired off till the burglar is tired of his fruitless work, or fears that the explosions will bring to view his experiments more witnesses than he desires.

A harpoon is described which makes the whale kill himself. The more he pulls the line, the deeper goes the harpoon.

An ice-making machine has been patented, which is worked by a steam engine. In an experimental trial, it froze several bottles of sherry and produced blocks of ice the size of a cubic foot, when the thermometer was up to eighty degrees. It is calculated that for every tun of coal put into the furnace, it will make a tun of ice.

From Dr. Dale's examiner's report, we gather some idea of the value of patents. A man who had made a slight improvement in straw-cutters, took a model of his machine through the Western States, and after a tour of eight months, returned with forty thousand dollars. Another man had a machine to thresh and clean grain, which in fifteen months, he sold for sixty thousand dollars. These are ordinary cases—while such inventions as the telegraph, the planing machine and India rubber patents, are worth millions each.

Examiner Lane's report describes new electrical inventions. Among these is an electrical whaling apparatus by which the whale is literally "shocked to death." Another is an electro-magnetic alarm, which rings bells and displays signals in case of fire and burglars. Another is an electric clock, which wakes you up, tells you what time it is, and lights a lamp for you at any hour you please.

There is a "sound gatherer," a sort of huge ear-trumpet, to be placed in front of a locomotive, bringing to the engineer's ears all the noise ahead, perfectly distinct, notwithstanding the noise of the train.

There is an invention that picks up pins from a confused heap, turns them around with their heads up, and then sticks them in papers in regular rows.

Another goes through the whole process of cigar making, taking in leaves and turning out finished cigars.

One machine cuts cheese; another one scours the knives and forks; and another rocks the cradle; and seven or eight take in washing and ironing.

There is a parlor chair patented that cannot be tipped back on two legs—and a railway chair that can be tipped back in any position without any legs at all.

Another patent is for a machine that counts passengers in an omnibus and takes their fare. When a very fat gentleman gets in, it counts two and charges double.

There are a variety of guns patented that load themselves; a fishing line that adjusts its own bait, and a rat trap which throws away the rat, and then baits itself, and stands in the corner for another.

There is a machine, also, by which a man prints instead of writes his thoughts. It is played like a piano forte. And speaking of pianos, it is estimated that nine thousand are made every year in the United States, giving constant employment to one thousand nine hundred persons, and costing over two millions of dollars.

ARTESIAN WELLS.

The Columbus (Ohio) Gazette gives the following account of the boring of an artesian well in the State Capital grounds of that city:

At the depth of 123 feet below the surface, the auger first struck a hard limestone rock, and at 149 feet limestone water appeared; at 180 feet, sulphur; and at 675 feet salt water veins were struck. At 684 feet slate or shale rock was reached, thro' which the auger penetrated to the depth of 1,974 feet. At the depth of 1,445 feet, iron tubing was inserted for 225 feet in length, which prevents the brittle, soft, shelly rock from filling up the cavity.

On Monday morning last, the borings indicated the presence of sand rock, giving the most flattering prospects of a near approach to water. On Wednesday last the auger reached a depth of 1,990 feet, sinking from four to five feet every twenty-four hours. The workmen are more encouraged at this time than they have ever been heretofore, and we shall not be at all surprised to hear of the entire success of the experiment.

The strata perforated by the auger may be set down as follows:—Loam, sand and gravel, 125 feet; and sand rocks 14 feet. The bore of the well to the depth of 1,700 feet is 4½ inches in diameter; below that 3½ inches. The cost of the work thus far is about $9,000.

There is an Artesian well at Louisville, Ky., of three inch bore, and 2,086 feet deep. The water rises by its own pressure, when confined in tubes, 170 feet above the surface, and it is said discharges 260 gallons per minute. The St. Louis Artesian well at Belcher's sugar refinery, is 2,199 feet deep, and the water rises 75 feet above the surface of the ground. Some of the salt wells near the Ohio, Muskingum and Hocking rivers, are from 1,500 to 2,000 feet deep.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—ACROSTICAL.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 1, 5, 3, 7, 14, 7, 9, 10, 8, 5 is a county in Virginia.
My 2, 10, 9, 9 is a county in Kentucky.
My 3, 8, 2, 10, 7 is a county in Michigan.
My 4, 8, 7, 9, 18, 6, 2, 10, 7 is a county in Kentucky.
My 5, 14, 13, 18 is a county in Georgia.
My 6, 13, 4, 8, 15, 10 is a county in Texas.
My 7, 14, 1, 5 is a county in North Carolina.
My 8, 2, 5, 3, 7, 15 is a county in Ohio.
My 9, 14, 9, 3 is a county in Georgia.
My 10, 15, 8, 12, 6 is a county in Missouri.
My 11, 4, 15, 10, 7 is a county in Georgia.
My 12, 6, 7, 3, 1, 6, 3 is a county in Michigan.
My 13, 10, 12, 3, 7 is a county in Illinois.
My 14, 11, 12, 11, 15, 2, 6 is a county in Virginia.
My 15, 2, 6, 4, 5, 3, 7, 15, 10, 7 is a county in Illinois.
My whole is a distinguished Statesman.
Iosco, Michigan, 1859. A. O. Haven.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

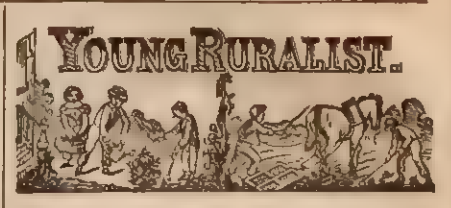
A farmer has four flocks of sheep. In the second are four more than nine times the square root of one-fourth the number in the first. The third contains double the number in the first and second, and the fourth ten more than one-eighth the number in the third. The whole number in the four flocks is 848; how many are there in each flock? A. O. P.

Genoa, N. Y., 1859.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 508.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Knavery is the worst trade.

Answer to Problem:—They can. Length 160, and width 160 rods.



THE ODORS WE ENJOY.—CAMPHOR.

That solid, concrete substance called Camphor, is known to all Young Ruralists, for we doubt if there is any one thing more generally found in the houses throughout the country, not even excepting our National Narcotic—tobacco. Some one has said, "concerning the simplest and most familiar objects men are too apt to be the least informed," and as this may be the case with Camphor, we take an illustration of its source, together with a description of varieties and mode of manufacture, from Johnston's *Chemistry of Common Life*, hoping our young readers will be gratified therewith. Scale, one inch to twenty feet. Scale for flower and leaf, one inch to four inches.

Camphor tree and leaf.

"There are several known varieties of camphor. The two most familiar in commerce, are the camphor of Japan, called also Dutch camphor, because it is usually brought to Europe by the Dutch, and the China or Formosa camphor. Every part of the camphor tree (*Laurus camphora*) is impregnated with the perfume. It is extracted by chopping the branches and boiling them in water; the camphor rises to the surface, and becomes solid, when the water is afterwards allowed to cool.

The odor of the camphors is powerful, very characteristic, and to many persons very agreeable. It is used for scenting soaps, tooth-powders, and numerous other preparations for the toilet.

What is called Borneo camphor is obtained from a different tree (*Dryobalanops*), but by the action of nitric acid is converted into common camphor. An artificial camphor also is prepared from oil of turpentine; but it does not possess the composition or fragrance of the laurel camphor, and cannot be used as a substitute for it."

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.

This is an agreeable world, after all. If we would only bring ourselves to look at the subjects that surround us in their true light, we should see beauty where we behold deformity, and look and listen to harmony where we heard nothing but discord. To be sure, there is a great deal of vexation and anxiety to meet—we cannot sail on a summer sea forever, yet, if we preserve a calm eye and a steady hand, we can so trim our sails and manage our helm, as to avoid the quicksands and weather storms that threaten shipwreck. We are members of one great family; we are traveling the same road and shall arrive at the same goal. We breath the same air, are subject to the same duty, and shall lie down upon the bosom of our common mother. It is unbecoming, then, that brother should hate brother; it is not proper that friend should deceive friend; it is not right that neighbor should deceive neighbor.

We pity that man who can harbor enmity against his fellows; he loses half the enjoyment of life; he embitters his own existence. Let us tear from your eyes the colored medium that invests with the green hue of jealousy and suspicion; turn a deaf ear to scandal; breathe a spirit of charity from your hearts; let the rich gushings of human kindness swell up as a fountain, so that "the golden age" will become no fiction, and the islands of the blessed bloom in more than Hyperian beauty.

There are many who say more than the truth on some occasions, and balance the account with their consciences by saying less than the truth on others.

TO RURAL AGENTS, SUBSCRIBERS, &c.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER *enters upon a New Quarter this week, and we embrace the occasion to notify its Agents, Subscribers and other friends that single and club subscriptions—either for a year, or three months, on trial—are now in order and respectfully solicited. To those who know and appreciate the paper, we need only say that the quarter upon which we now enter, and the ensuing volume, will be worthy the enviable reputation the* RURAL *has attained—and all others are invited to give it a careful examination. It has thousands of ardent and influential friends, each of whom will, we trust, make some effort (during the ensuing few weeks and months,) to augment its circulation and usefulness in their respective localities,—and* Now *is the Best Time to Commence the Canvass. As liberal Premiums and Gratuities will be given for Clubs, &c., as last year.* Oct. 1, 1859.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1859.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

WHILE it is authentically stated that Minister Ward did set out for Pekin, there is now, after having exchanged ratifications, no official advices received at the State Department. It may be mentioned that Captain Tatnall, in a letter dated July, says that the invitation of the Governor of the Province to Mr. Ward designated the 8th of that month for a conference with him.

But little official information has been received in official quarters, relative to the fillibuster movements. As to the reported departure of a party of fillibusters, the only authentic account in the possession of the Government, is, that they left in a tug boat about 10 miles below New Orleans, but which could not convey them to the place of their destination. They doubtless expected to be taken on board a larger and more suitable steamer. In the meantime, the federal officers were, according to their instructions, to use every legitimate means to intercept the fillibusters.

Lord Lyons, the British Plenipotentiary, has had a protracted interview with Secretary Cass in regard to the departure of the Nicaraguan Expedition. He announced it as the determination of his Government to protect Nicaragua by force against invasion. This course is recognized by the Government of the United States, and therefore a telegraphic dispatch was at once sent to the commander of the British squadron, directing him to land such a force as may be required for the expulsion of the fillibusters, should they succeed in effecting a landing.

T. B. Beaumont, formerly of Jamaica Plains, N. Y., now a resident of Hong Kong, China, in a letter dated July 23d, says, a rumor here, probably a Chinese story, is, that the Emperor has sent a communication to the Governor of Shanghai, saying that the firing from the forts of the Peiho river upon the British and French Ambassy, was not by his orders, but by those of Mandarins, whose heads he has ordered to be struck off for the act. It is expected that the American Minister, Mr. Ward, has proceeded to Pekin.

Perilous Æronautic Voyage.

IN the last issue of the RURAL NEW-YORKER we made brief mention of the balloon ascension of Messrs. LA MOUNTAIN and JOHN A. HADDOCK, at Watertown, Jeff. Co.; the fact that they were *nine days absent* without a word as to their whereabouts, and the receipt of a telegraphic dispatch stating they had "landed 300 miles north of Watertown in the Canada wilderness." Since that date Mr. HADDOCK has returned to the editorial chair and furnishes his readers with a graphic account of the trip. We make extracts as follows:

Every arrangement had been made for a successful inflation, and at 27 minutes before 6 P. M., the glad words "all aboard" were heard from Mr. La Mountain, and myself and that distinguished æronaut stepped into the car. Many were the friendly hands we shook—many a fervent "God bless you," and "happy voyage," were uttered and many handkerchiefs waved their mute adieu.

As we rose into the light fleecy clouds, they looked, between us and the earth, like patches of snow we see lying upon the landscape in Springtime; but when we rose a little higher the clouds completely shut out the earth, and the cold white masses below us had precisely the same look that a mountainous snow-covered country does, as you look down upon it from a higher mountain. In six minutes we were far above all the clouds, and the sun and we were face to face. In eight minutes after leaving the earth, the thermometer showed a fall of 24 degrees. It stood at 84 when we left. The balloon rotated a good deal, showing that she was ascending with great rapidity. At 5.48 the the thermometer stood at 42, and falling very fast. At 5.50 we were at least two miles high—thermometer 34. At 5.52 we put on our gloves and shawls—thermometer 32. The wet sand bags now became stiff with cold—they were frozen. Ascending very rapidly. At 5.54 thermometer 28, and falling. Here we caught our last sight of the earth by daylight. At 6 o'clock we thought we were descending a little, and Mr. La Mountain directed me to throw out about 20 pounds of ballast. This shot us up again—thermometer 26, and falling very slowly. At 6 05 thermometer 22—my feet were very cold. At 6.10 thermometer 18. We drifted along until the sun left us, and in a short time thereafter the balloon began to descend. At 6.30 thermometer 22—rising. Threw over about 15 pounds of ballast. We must have been, before we began to descend from this height, 3½ miles high. At 6 32 thermometer 28—rising. We were now about stationary, and thought we were sailing north of east. We could, we thought, distinguish water below us, but unable to recognize it. At 6.38 we threw over a bag of sand—making 80 lbs. of ballast discharged—leaving about 120 lbs. on hand. We distinctly heard a dog bark. Thermometer 28—rising rapidly. At 6.45 thermometer 33. At 6.50 it was dark, and I could make no more memoranda. I put up my note book, pencil and watch, and settled down into the basket, as much at home as though at my post in the *Reformer* office. From this point until the next morning I can only give my experiences from memory.

We heard, soon after dark, a locomotive whistle, and occasionally could hear wagons rumbling along the ground or over a bridge, while the dogs kept up an almost ceaseless serenade. We sailed along, contented and chatty, until about half past seven, when we distinctly saw lights and heard the roaring of a mighty waterfall. We descended into a valley near a very high mountain, but as the place appeared rather forbidding, we concluded to go up again. Over with 30 lbs. of ballast, and skyward we sailed. In about 20 minutes we again descended, but this time no friendly light or "deep mouthed watch dog's heavy bay" greeted us. We were over a dense wilderness, and settled down over a small lake. We had our life preservers ready for use, but got up again by throwing over all our ballast except about 18 pounds. Mr. LaM. now said it was folly and madness to stay up any longer, that we were over a great wilderness, and the sooner we descended the better. We concluded to settle down by the side of a tree, tie up, and wait until morning. In a moment we were near the earth, and as we fell I grasped the extreme top of a high spruce, which stopped our descent, and we were soon fastened to it by the large drag rope. The touch of that spruce sent a thrill of discomfort to my heart, for I knew that its kind did not grow in any well settled, nor any warm country.

Mr. LaMountain said, after he looked around, and made as much of an examination of the scenery as we could do for the darkness and rain, (for it had rained the past hour) that the "Atlantic was played out—we were far into the woods, and if we got out alive we ought to be thankful." We rolled ourselves up in our blankets, and patiently waited until morning. The rain dripped down upon us in rivulets from the great balloon, and it was not long before we were wet as men could be. After a night passed in great discomfort we were glad to see the first faint rays of daylight. Cold, wet and rainy, the morning broke, the typical precurser, we were to learn, of many other mornings to be spent in those uninhabited wilds. The rain did not cease, and we concluded to throw over all we had in the balloon except a coat apiece, the life preservers, the anchor and compass.

The Atlantic, relieved of her wet load, rose majestically with us, and we were able to behold the country below. It was an unbroken wilderness of lakes and spruce—and we felt, then, that we had gone too far, through a miscalculation of the velocity of the balloon. As the current was driving us still to the north, we dare not stay up, as we were drifting further and still further to that "frozen tide" from which we knew there could be no escape. Mr. La Mountain seized the valve-cord and discharged gas, and we descended in safety by the side of a tall spruce. We made the Atlantic fast by her anchor, and for a moment talked over what we should do. We had not a mouthful to eat. No protection at night from the damp ground, were distant we knew not how far from any habitation, were hungry to start with, no earthly hope of raising a fire, and no distinct idea as to where we were. We concluded to trust to the compass, and took a course which would bring us out of any wilderness we might be in.—We settled in our own minds that we were either in John Brown's tract or in the great Canada wilderness—to the south, we thought, of the Ottawa, and knew that a course south by east would take us out, if we had strength enough to travel the distance.

To the south-east, then, we started. After traveling about a mile and a half we came to the bank of a small creek, flowing down from the westward. At this point we were agreeably surprised to find that some human being had been there before us—for we found several small trees cut down, the coals from an old fire, and a half barrel which had contained pork. I eagerly examined the stamp. It read,

"Mess Pork,
P. M.
Montreal."

This settled the question that we were in Canada—for I very well knew that no Montreal inspection of pork ever found its way into the interior of New York State. We traveled all day Friday up the unknown creek—crossing it about noon on a floating log—and striking on its southern bank, a "blazed" track, which led us up to a deserted timber road, lying on the opposite side from a large lumbering shanty.

For four days our adventurers were rafting down rivers or journeying across the country, with nothing to eat but a frog apiece and four fresh water clams. While poling the raft they had constructed upon one of the lakes, seemingly so numerous in that vicinity, they heard the report of a gun, quickly followed by a second report. Mr. Haddock remarks:—"No sound was ever so sweet to me as that. We halloed as loud as we could a good many times, but could get no response. We kept our poles going, and had gone about half a mile when I called La Mountain's attention to what I thought was a smoke curling up among the trees on the side of the hill. My own eyesight had begun to fail me to an extent that I could not depend upon it when a long, steady gaze was necessary. He said it was smoke, and that he thought just below it, on the bank, was a bark canoe. In a few moments the blue smoke rolled gently yet unmistakably above the tree tops, and we felt that WE WERE SAVED."

Paddling the raft to shore, Mr. H. hurried up the bank, and came upon the shanties of a lumbering station. "I halloed"—he writes—"a noise was heard inside, and a noble looking Indian came to the door. '*Vous parley Francais?*' was my eager inquiry, as I grasped his outstretched hand. 'Yes, sir—and English, too.' He drew me into the cabin, and there was the head of the party, a noble-hearted Scotchman named Angus Cameron. I immediately told my story—that we came in with a balloon, were lost, and had been four days without food—asking where we were. Imagine my surprise when he said we were *one hundred and fifty miles due north of Ottawa*—in the dense, uninhabited forest, whose only limit was the Arctic circle. I dispatched the young Indian for La Mountain, who came in after a moment, the absolute picture of wretchedness. All that the cabin contained was freely tendered us, *and we began to eat.* Language is inadequate to express our sensations while doing so. The clouds had all lifted from our sombre future, and the silver lining shone all the brighter for the deep darkness through which we had just passed."

Personal and Political.

A DISPATCH, dated Augusta, Ga., Oct. 6, says:—Jones, Democrat, is elected to Congress in the 8th district, by a majority ranging from 250 to 350. In the 7th district, Hill, opposition, is elected by 250 majority. Gov. Brown's majority is fully 15,000. The Democrats are successful in all but the third and seventh Congressional Districts.

THE returns of the Mississippi election show Democratic gains.

IT is a remarkable fact that the Alabama Legislature is unanimously Democratic.

LIEUT. MOWRY'S election as Delegate from Arizona was unanimous; out of 3,000, it is not known that even one was against him.

OFFICIAL returns of the Maine election are received from all but a few small towns, and the result is as follows:—Republican, 56,848; Democrat, 44,348. Republican majority, so far, 12,000. *Senate.*—Republicans, 30; Democrat, 1. *Representatives.*—Republicans, 119; Democrats, 32.

THE citizens of Ohio, at the next election, vote upon an amendment of the Constitution, establishing annual instead of biennial sessions of the Legislature.

MAJOR DAVID B. GREER, an early pioneer in Arkansas, and Secretary of State for 19 years, died on the 29th ult., aged 57.

THE Governor of Florida has issued a proclamation, directing the Judges of Probate in the counties to take a vote on the question whether West Florida shall or shall not be annexed to Alabama.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The American occupation of the island of San Juan attracts considerable attention in the journals. The Times editorially states the facts of the case and says, fortunately the affair is in good hands, and we trust there can be no reason to doubt that the governments of the two countries will proceed to a decision in a spirit of moderation and equity. The article concludes as follows:—"It is not a question of convenience, but of justice. The decision should depend on the interpreted terms of the treaty, and it was evidently not doubted by either government, a short time ago, that this interpretation could be discovered. If, however, it should prove that the existing convention cannot be so applied as to satisfy the contracting parties, there can surely be no reason why two States, which have now adjusted their respective limits across an entire continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, should not complete the work in the narrow waters of Vancouver's Island.—Americans may assure themselves that in such negotiations they will meet with no conditions but those of fairness and amity on the part of this country. It would be hard, indeed, if children of the same stock, who can feel the sympathies of blood and lineage as they were felt and expressed in the waters of Peiho, should find much difficulty in adjusting a petty boundary question on the coast of the Pacific."

The London Post also again refers to the subject, and says if the importance of San Juan is to be considered, there can be no doubt that its possession by England is absolutely necessary to the security of British Columbia. It thinks the government at Washington can have nothing to gain by the adoption of the violent and unjustifiable proceedings of Harney.

The screw steamer Fox, Capt. McClintock, sent by Lady Franklin to the Arctic regions in search of the traces of Sir John Franklin's expedition, has returned to England, having been completely successful. At Point William, on the north-west coast of King William's Island, a record was found dated April 25th, 1848, signed by Capt. Crozier and Fitzjames. The record says the Erebus and Terror were abandoned three days previously in the ice five leagues to the N. W., and that the survivors, in all amounting to 105, were proceeding to Great Fish river. Sir John Franklin had died June 11th, 1847, and the total deaths to date, had been nine officers and fifteen men. Many deeply interesting relics of the Expedition were found on the western shore of King William's Island, and others were obtained from the Esquimaux, who stated that after their abandonment, one ship was crushed in the ice and sunk, and the other forced on shore, where she remained. Mr. Fox was unable to penetrate beyond Bellot straits, and wintered in Brentford Bay. Minute and interesting details of the expedition are published. Several skeletons of Franklin's men, large quantities of clothing, &c., and a duplicate record, up to the abandonment of the ships, were discovered.

The crew of the Great Eastern had been arrested and tried at Weymouth, for mutinous conduct, in refusing to wash the decks when ordered. The two ringleaders were sentenced for three months imprisonment respectively, at hard labor, and the remainder for a fortnight. The evidence showed that the ship's crew were far from complete. The English journals strongly denounce the incomplete and hurried manner in which the ship was sent to sea. A vague rumor has been current that her first voyage will be postponed until November.—This, however, is authoritatively contradicted, and she is still advertised to leave Holyhead for Portland, on the 20th of October.

The London Morning Herald gives prominence to the following paragraph:—We have reason to believe that a definite treaty of peace will soon be concluded at Zurich. It will, however, have the signature of only two powers—France and Austria. The preliminaries of Villa Franca will be strictly maintained as to the relations of Austria and Sardinia. A Berne telegram says a courier from Vienna had reached Zurich with instructions to draw up a treaty of peace, and documents for the cession of Lombardy and Sardinia. No allusion is made to the Duchies. It is hoped that a treaty will be signed in a few days.

At the Agricultural show at Lewes, a steam chaff cutter exploded, killing six persons.

Upwards of a thousand marines, strong detachments of the rifle light infantry regiments, &c., were to leave England for China, by the overland route. The first of the squadron, in service against China, had already sailed. The government intends to dispatch fifty gun boats, sloops, frigates and other vessels. An order for 2,000,000 catridges, packed in 200 boxes, had been executed at Woolwich, in one day, including the stowing on shipboard. These go to China, overland, and a second order to a much greater extent was progressing for the sea voyage.

FRANCE.—The Times Paris correspondent says the report of the day was, that the question of the Duchies had been arranged, and that Tuscany is to be reigned over by the King of the Belgium's second son, and Parma and Modena by Maximilian. Another report says the Count de Flanders is to have the three Italian Duchies and the Arch Duke Maximilian, Venetia, with separate constitutions. These reports must be taken for what they are worth.

Another Paris rumor was to the effect that there was to be no Chinese expedition at the head of the Peiho. The Mandarin has proffered an atonement, coupled with the promises of all the satisfaction required, and that the Ambassadors will be received at Pekin.

The Paris correspondent of the London Herald, regards the scheme for placing a Belgian Prince on the throne as a ridiculous canard.

The Times Paris correspondent again draws attention to the great activity in the French dock yards, and states that he has been assured that there are now building, or under orders to be built, twenty ships of the line—ten of the very largest size, but all strictly fighting ships, steel-plated and, provided with iron peaks or prows.

Numerous exiles had arrived at Marseilles.

The Paris correspondent of the London Spectator, who has, on several occasions, communicated early and authentic news, asserts that Napoleon accepts the plan of the King of Belgium, which is to give the fortress of Peschiera and Mantua, and the States of Parma and Modena to Sardinia, to reinstate the house of Loraine in Tuscany, and restore the legations to the Pope. After the introduction of a variety of reforms, Venetia is to have governmental instructions and an army of its own, under the Arch Duke Ferdinand Maximilan, with the title of the Grand Duke of Venitia. This stimulation has the concurrence of Austria. A Congress is to be held at Brussels. It will be presided over by the King. This letter is dated on the evening of the 27th. The Paris Patrie has an article, which partially confirms the above statement.

According to the last accounts from Paris, the treaty between France and Cochin China, was expected to be signed on the first of August.

The Paris correspondent of the Times says that Cherbourg is about to be armed completely on a war footing, and that rifle cannons are being provided for all its batteries.

ITALY.—The Sardinian Government has addressed a circular to the Great Powers denying the reported secession of Savoy to France, and declaring such rumors entirely void of foundation. The Sardinian Government is also said to have protested to the Great Powers against the secret aid afforded by Austria in recruiting soldiers for the Pope. Evidence is being published to prove that Parma, under the government of the Duchies, did not maintain a neutral attitude during the late war.

The Pope remained in a very alarming state, and Cardinal Antonetti had declared him unfit to take part in public affairs.

SWITZERLAND.—The Lausanne Gazette says that the minister of the United States, Mr. Fay, has presented a memorial to the federal council, praying it to intervene with the cantons, which have persevered in their laws, restrictions or intolerant measures against the United States, in order to maintain a modification of the same.

TURKEY.—Amicable relations were established between Turkey and Persia.

Matters in Candia were assuming a serious aspect, and numerous troops had been sent there.

CIRCASSIA.—Schlamyl was betrayed and delivered a prisoner to the Russians for a bribe of 6,000,000 rubles. The Circassians continue to war against Russia.

COMMERCIAL.—*Breadstuffs.*—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co. report decline in breadstuffs. Flour dull and quotations maintained with difficulty; new American 25@27s per bbl.; wheat was also dull, and had declined 1d@2d per cental; western red 7s4d@9s; western white 9s@9s4d. Corn dull and declined 6d per quarter; mixed 5s8d@6s1d; yellow 5s; white 7s@7s6d. Messrs. Bigland, Aitnya & Co. quote a decline in corn of 6d@1s per quarter. *Provisions.*—Messrs. B., A. & Co., James McHenry & Co., and others quote beef steady, with more activity for the India. Sales at £5@£6. Pork quiet and quotations nominal. Bacon dull and holders pressing their stock of old on the market. The official report shows a decrease of 147,000 pigs. Lard steady at 56s for good refined. Tallow advanced 6d. Butchers quoted at 57s.

THE SAN JUAN BOUNDARY.—The *National Intelligencer*, which always speaks upon such topics with caution and accurate information, says, in reference to the boundary dispute:—"Although we do not, in general, like to see our military commanders on distant frontier posts assuming, without very urgent considerations, responsibilities which may jeopard the peace of the country, yet, unless all the maps we have had access to are grossly inaccurate, it would appear to us highly probable that the Island of San Juan, in the Strait of Haro, properly falls within the American boundary, and that Gen. Harney could not, consistently with strict duty, permit it to be taken undisputed possession of by the British troops or agents."

The News Condenser.

— Lake Superior iron ore is finding a market in Wisconsin.

— Spain is agitating the question of taking Gibraltar from England.

— There are 200,000,000 feet of lumber manufactured in Bangor, Me., yearly.

— Kossuth has returned to London. He had a halt of a few days in Paris.

— The bears are committing depredations in nearly every part of Wisconsin.

— The gas works at Galveston, Texas, were put in full operation last month.

— Piatt Co., Ill., has 32,000 acres in corn, estimated to yield 50 bushels per acre.

— The Cleveland Medical Gazette has an account of a tumor weighing 129 pounds.

— Mr. Gregory, of the diggings at Pike's Peak, has returned to Georgia with $25,000.

— A new volcano has sprung up in Oregon. Mount Hood is in a state of active eruption.

— The loss of the Austrians in the Italian war was, altogether, 1,134 officers and 47,500 file.

— The fever is slowly increasing at Houston and Galveston, where more deaths are reported.

— A new saline deposit has been discovered at Central City, Marion Co., Southern Illinois.

— There are at present in the world about one hundred and twenty-one thousand Mormons.

— Andreas Pitzy, one of the "Old Guard" of the Napoleon, died on Sunday last in Brooklyn.

— The Queen of Boni, of the South Pacific, has left her twelve husbands and taken a new one.

— There has been a tremendous gale on Lake Michigan, causing an unprecedented rise of water.

— It is stated that the Circassian Chief Schamyl has been taken prisoner and sent to St. Petersburg.

— In the Cincinnati jail there are now fourteen prisoners charged with murder in the first degree.

— Fifty horses were burned with a stable at Mud Springs, El Dorado county, California, August 23.

— The Boston Transcript says the swallows have gone South, and that they all left on the same day.

— The people of Turin are going to express their gratitude to Napoleon by erecting a monument in Paris.

— Some burglars in Albany have been living in a temporarily vacated house in the densest part of the city.

— The people of Paris have recently presented to the Empress Eugenia two vases of gold, weighing 180 ounces.

— The cholera has carrried off one thousand six hundred persons in Hamburg this summer—nine hundred in July.

— The total value of American vessels and cargoes lost at sea during the month of September, is about $950,000.

— The French Academy's prize for poetry has been awarded this year to Mlle. Ernestine Drouet, a schoolteacher.

— Samuel Pike, of Brattleboro, Vt., gathered last week a second crop of strawberries grown in his garden this year.

— A good telegraph operator, working ten hours per day, brings a receipt of about $75 to the treasury of the company.

— "What's in a name?" One of the candidates for county offices in La Salle Co., Ill., is Walt, and another Wattmore.

— The Governor-General of Canada has appointed Thursday, Nov. 3, as a day of general holiday and thanksgiving.

— The champion oarsmen of St. Johns, N. B., are about to go to England to meet the great oarsmen of the mother country.

— The papers of the entire West—as far as the Mississippi—are rejoicing over the recent rains. They were greatly needed.

— The New Bedford Standard reports a pumpkin vine in that city which is three hundred feet long, and bore 115 pumpkins.

— The Austin (Texas) State Gazette says that $16,000 have been lost lately in the mails between Galveston and New Orleans.

— It is said that Capt. Comstock, formerly of the steamer Baltic, is to bring the Great Eastern from Portland to New York.

— A horned owl, supposed to be about one hundred years old, has just died at Arundale Castle, the seat of the Duke of Norfolk.

— Photographing on porcelain, it is stated, has been successfully accomplished in New York, regardless of irregularities of surface.

— Chicago is cursed with obscene handbills to such an extent that an abatement of the nuisance is urged in some of the papers.

— The first Arab newspaper ever published in the Turkish Empire, and out of Constantinople, has been commenced at Beyrout.

— The equinoctial storm at the South was unusually severe. Great damage is reported all along the coast from Virginia southward.

— There are now in Germany, Denmark and Switzerland, 63 Baptist churches and 7,120 members; 25 years ago there were only 7.

— A miner on Lake Superior was blown 60 feet by the premature explosion of a blast he was preparing. He was torn into fragments.

— "One-legged Jim," a renowned Sioux warrior, died recently at Redwood, Minn. He became a temperance man some years ago.

— The quantity of coal gas annually used in Philadelphia is estimated at 6,000,000 cubic feet, for which the public pay $13,500,000 per annum.

— The clergy of Springfield, Ohio, have united in publishing a remonstrance against the holding of lotteries at church and charitable fairs.

— A large number of Pike's Peak miners are leaving the mountains for the valley, in consequence of the prevalence of rain and snow storms.

— The Missionary Herald for October says the French emigrant traffic on the African coast still continues, and its baneful influences are sensibly felt.

— Garibaldi has issued a proclamation threatening to shoot any of his men who venture to profess themselves Mazzinians, Republicans, or even Garibaldists.

— Rarey, the horse-tamer, has a rival in a young lady of Westchester Co., who has recently been exercising her powers on vicious horses with great success.

— The N. Y. Post says that if General Tom Thumb finds a fitting wife, the public will enjoy the pomological exhibition of a new variety of "Dwarf Pair."

— The Toronto Leader says photogaph ten dollar bills on the Gore Bank are in circulation. They can be distinguished from the genuine by their purple tinge.

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Ontario Grape Vines—A. W. Potter & Co.
Illinois Farms—John W. Hedenberg.
Grapes by Mail—C. P. Bissell & Salter.
Wood Sawing Machines—Henry C. Lake.
5,000 Agents Wanted—Ephraim Brown.
Peach Trees—R. Sanford
300 Agents Wanted—M. M. Sanborn.

News Paragraphs.

On board one of the English gun-boats, in the late attempt of the British to go to Pekin in their own way, a single shot took a leg from each of six men who were standing in a line.

In Chester Co., Penn., an old cent has been exhumed. On one side it bears the inscription, "*Nova Constellatio.*" In the centre is the "eye," and around the thirteen stars. On the other side are the words "*Libertas—Justitia*—1783." In the centre, "U. S." surrounded by a wreath.

The Springfield (O.) Republican has a poor opinion of tobacco raising. It says:—"If there is any dirtier work than raising tobacco, except chewing it, we should like to know it. A gum issues from green tobacco that covers everything that it comes in contact with. We met recently a troop of men fresh from the tobacco field, that, in any other portion of the world than this, would pass for Hottentots. They looked as if they always burrowed in the ground, and in hands and face, as well as dress, were the color of woodchucks."

Respecting the island of San Juan or Bellevue, which is now in dispute between the United States and Great Britain, Col. Lee of the Topographical Engineers, made a thorough exploration in the Straits of Haro, and reports that the island is worthless to either government for any purpose whatever. Col. Rankin's report is to the same effect. According to the observations of Col. Lee, San Juan is destitute of wood and water, and entirely unproductive. The value of its harbor is also said to have been much exaggerated.

From an official report, it appears that since 1847 the introduction of Asiatics to meet the wants of Cuban labor cover 42,501 subjects—there having perished in the transit 7,622, or 15 per cent. of those taken on board.

The Toronto Globe of Monday, says:—"Merchants and others should, at the present time, make a close examination of the one dollar bills on the Niagara District and Commercial Banks, Canada, as counterfeits on them are afloat. A large number of them were put into circulation on Saturday evening. They are well executed, and have a very close resemblance to the genuine bills."

Vermont refuses to allow a traveling circus to desecrate her territory. As the State is not very wide, the showmen, however, manage to accommodate her sight-seeing population by exhibiting up and down her eastern and western boundaries.

Ma. Leslie, the enterprising young man who swindled a platoon of girls by hiring them as teachers and leaving them suddenly in New York, at the same time attempting to steal their baggage, was sentenced in Philadelphia, on the 20th, to three years hard labor in the Penitentiary.

The Grand Jury of Chittenden county, Vt., has indicted the Managers of the State Agricultural Society, for giving premiums on horse trotting. The Burlington Times says, "human virtue" can go no further than this. The Pharisee of the Scriptures can "come down!" If the Chittenden County Grand Jury is a "blessing," it is emphatically a "blessing in disguise," this time.

An American "Great Eastern."—The sailing of the Great Eastern revives reminiscences of an American ship very nearly her size. She was launched about thirty years ago on the St. Lawrence, and was called the "Baron of Renfrew." She was 600 feet long, and was composed of long logs of timber clamped together in the roughest manner. She crossed the Atlantic safely, and immediately on her arrival in England was broken up and sold. She was, in fact, an ingenious expedient to get rid of the timber duty, which was then excessive, and was a sort of magnified and finished ocean raft. The Government would not allow the experiment to be repeated, holding it to be a violation of the revenue laws.—*Alb. Jour.*

American Colors.—The Kennebec (Me.) *Journal* says that a few years since the wife of the American Minister to England, received from a friend in New England, a box of autumnal leaves, selected for their beauty and variety of tints. The lady wore them as ornaments, and they attracted much attention, and were greatly admired by the English people. Since then these leaves have been in demand there, and every autumn packages are sent over in steamers, and flash their beauty in high circles in London.

From Venezuela.—We have later news from Venezuela. The French Charge d'Affairs had been sent out of the country on ten days' notice. His opposition to the existing government and participation in the bloody revolution are the causes alleged for driving him away. Gen. Rubin, with the government forces, had taken the town of Margueretta, but the rebel chief, Gen. Aquada, escaped to Barcelona. He had been retaken, and the government forces were everywhere victorious. The revolutionists, or rather the robbers, had committed the most outrageous excesses, murdering and plundering to a fearful extent. From present accounts, however, their triumph is at an end.

Arrival of the Overland Mail.—The overland mail has reached Jefferson City with San Francisco dates of the 12th instant. Sufficient returns had been received to ensure the election of the entire Democratic ticket. All the candidates for Supreme Judges and State Printer, and the two Lecompton candidates for members of Congress, were also elected. There was also a very large Lecompton majority in both branches of the Legislature. The people's reform ticket in San Francisco was elected by a majority of from one to three thousand.

Business at San Francisco continued dull, with a slight country demand. Quotations were nominally unchanged, but for the goods sold buyers obtained better terms.

The silver mines of Arizona were doing well, although the people there were much annoyed by the depredations of the Apache Indians. Capt. Smith, Supt. of the 3d Division of the Overland Mail line arrived from El Paso, having in charge 200 lbs. of silver bullion assigned to the Philadelphia Mint. There was upwards of a ton of silver bullion at El Paso awaiting shipment to the States.

A private letter from Arizona, dated Sept. 17th, says the Apaches are getting bolder, and we have almost the usual number of murders and fights.—The vote at the recent election for delegates to Congress exceeds 2,000. Only about one-sixth participated in the New Mexican election.

Production of Gold in California.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer says the quartz-crushing machines now in California cost upwards of $3,300,000, and makes the following statements as to the present rate of gold production in that State:—The richest quartz vein in the State is that of Allison's Ranch, which is believed here to be the richest gold mine in the world. The first sixty-three tuns of quartz from this vein produced $22,000. The vein or *lode*, called lead by the miners, was opened in October, 1856. The yield during the ensuing two years was estimated at about $1,500,000. Eight thousand tuns of rock have been crushed, which has yielded $200 per tun. Street & Soulsby's claim, in Toulumne county, is supposed to contain gold rock worth $4,000,000. Colonel Fremont's Mariposa Rancho mines are yielding him, it is estimated, $5,000 per week. The authorities, adopted by the Register, state the production to have been very uniform since 1854, at about $70,000,000 per annum, and from various facts brought to my knowledge, I believe the estimate to be nearly correct. The total yield of the California mines from the discovery up to December, 1858, is stated to have been $580,623,297.

Agriculturists, try Guano and Plaster on your fall sown crops. Bone Phosphate of Lime and Phosphoric Acid and Ammonia is what you want to quicken your fall wheat, and give it strength of root, putting it beyond the power of insects to injure. Guano will do this, with the advantage of a splendid crop without weeds. 509-2t

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, Rochester, Oct. 11, 1859.

Flour and Wheat are without change. Corn has advanced 2@5 cents during the week, and is firm at 80 cents ₩ bushel. Oats are quoted at 36@37½ cents per bushel, and are wanted. Barley is as last quoted in this market. The Eastern market is as we predicted a week since. The receipts having been satisfactory, speculators have concluded to drop, and prices are no better in New York than here.

Meats are without change in rates, but we notice farmers in the market as the cold weather approaches. Several hundred sheep, and a very fair lot of beef were on sale Saturday last. The sheep were readily disposed of at 4½c ₩ lb for fore, and 5 cents for hind quarters, although a prime article was hardly to be found.

Dairy.—"What has become of all the butter?" is the inquiry now-a-days. Very scarce is it, and the market is steadily moving upward.

Hay.—We have to put another dollar to the rates of hay—$10,00@$20,00 is the range, tip-top is readily sold at the latter figure.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

Flour and Grain.		Eggs, dozen	13c
Flour, wint. wheat	$4,75@5,75	Honey, box	15@15c
Flour, spring do.	$4,25@4,50	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$ cwt. $0,00	**Fruits and Roots**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,15@1,20	Apples, bushel	25@37½c
Best white Can'a	$1,15@1,21	Apples, dried	$0,00
Corn	50@60c	Peaches, dried, ₩ lb	00c
Rye, 60 lbs ₩ bu	65@66c	Cherries, dried, ₩ lb	0@c
Oats, by weight	35@ 7 0	Potatoes, new	31@37c
Barley	70@80c	**Hides and Skins.**	
Buckwheat	00@00c	Slaughter	06@6c
Beans	62½@75c	Calf	10@10c
Meats.		Sheep pelts	50@ 0,00
Pork, mess	$17,00@18,50	Lamb pelts	37½@50
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	**Seeds.**	
Pork, cwt	$0,00@0,00	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,50
Beef, ₩ cwt	$4,00@5,00	Timothy	2,50@2,75
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75	**Sundries.**	
Mutton, carcass	4@5c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$ 00@ 0,00
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	7@8c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	9@10c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	6@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ₩ pair	00@00c	Coal, Char	10@12c
Dairy, &c		Salt, bbl	$1,13
Butter, roll	17@18c	Hay, ton	$10,00@20,00
Butter, firkin	16c	Wool, ₩ lb	@c
Cheese	9@10c	White fish, bbl	$4,00@4,50
Lard, tried	12@13c	Codfish, ₩ quintal	$4 50@5,25
Tallow	10½@10 4c	Trout, bbl	$5,00@5,50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Oct 10.—Flour—Market moderately active and a shade better. Sales at $[illegible] for superfine State, $4 70@4,80 for common to good extra do, $4,70@4,85 for extra do, $4,70@5,00 for common to good extra do, 5,40@5,55 for inferior to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing dull. Canada flour firmer, sales at $5,50@6,25 for common to choice extra.

Grain—Wheat firm and better, sales at 105c for No 1 Milwaukee club, 123 @125c for white Canada, 115 for do Kentucky, 120c for red Southern. Rye is scarce and better, sales at 85@86c. Barley dull and 1 cent, sales at 75@77c Corn better, sales at 65c for mixed western and yellow Southern. Oats firmer, 42@43c for State and 43@44c for Western and Canadian.

Provisions—Pork market unchanged. Sales at $15,56@15 62 for mess; $10,62@75 for prime. Lard lower; sales 350 bbls at 11@11¾. Butter steady at 13½@16c for Ohio; and 17@21c for State. Cheese steady at 5½@9½c for common to prime.

OSWEGO, Oct. 10.—Flour—Steady at previous rates; sales small.

Grain—Wheat wanted, but the supply of upper lake is very light and held above the views of buyers; no sales.—Corn better; sales Illinois at 59c. Barley in moderate demand; sales, including Canada, at 71½c afloat. Rye firm; sales Canada, at 75c. Oats scarce and no sales.

BUFFALO, Oct. 10.—Flour—Market firm, particularly for the better grades, which are rather scarce. Quotations, however, are unchanged.

Wheat—Market for Milwaukee club and No 2 spring is better, and in good demand with more firmness on the part of holders towards the close. Sales No. 2 Chicago spring, in three lots, at 87c; Milwaukee club at 82@83½c—the greater portion at the former figure; white Indiana at $1 16, prime do at $1,18. Corn—Market is better and in good demand. Sales Toledo at 86c, do at 87c, and No. 1 Illinois at 87½c—Oats—Advanced and in good request. Sales Canadian at 37@37½c—the greater portion at the latter figure, and prime Illinois at 38c. Other grains quiet and no sales.—*Commercial.*

TORONTO, Oct. 8.—Flour—The flour market continues very firm. The receipts for the week are light, and offerings are still limited. The millers in our vicinity are in active operation, and a good fall business is anticipated. The demand for all kinds is active, the better qualities for shipment. The present quotations at this point are—Superfine, $4,35 to $4,40; Fancy, $4,60 to $4 70. Extra, $4 80 to $5.—Double Extra, $5,25. No 2 Superfine is in demand at $3,80 to $4,10 ₩ barrel.

Grain—Throughout the week there has been a buoyant wheat market, and rates have remained steady for a longer period than any time before this season. There has been a good deal of competition between buyers, and much anxiety manifested to secure the best loads. Up to Tuesday, $1,10 to $1,13 was paid for extra lots, but yesterday nothing over $1,10 was realized, the range of prime being from that to $1,07; for ordinary and good $1,04 to $1,05, for common $1 ₩ bushel. Spring wheat begins to be more freely offered, and the receipts of yesterday were not less than 1,000 bushels. A very prime sample brings 90c, but the ordinary range is from 85c to 88c ₩ bushel. There continues to be unusually large receipts of Barley, averaging between five to seven thousand bushels per day. Until a year comparatively little attention has been given to this grain in this locality, and the large amount already bought, with still larger receipts promised, is an important indication that our farmers have determined to devote their attention less exclusively to wheat crops, and depend more on the cultivation of the lighter grains. The large supplies are beginning to have an effect and rates are now steady at 56c to 67 ₩ bushel. Rye comes forward very slowly and found ready sale at 60c ₩ bushel. Oats—we continue to have very light receipts, notwithstanding that the crop is an unusually large one. The movement is so general in wheat and barley that oats are for the present neglected. It cannot be long until we shall have largely increased receipts, under which prices must drop. Present prices are firm at 30c to 32c ₩ bushel. Peas—the above remark is applicable to Peas of which the supply is yet limited, although it is known the yield was seldom as large. Rates yesterday were rather lower under increased supplies, ranging from 50c to 55c ₩ bushel.—*Globe.*

Tide-water Receipts of Produce.—The receipts at tide-water of flour, wheat, corn and barley, for the 4th week of September, in 1858 and 1859, have been as follows:

	Flour, bbls.	Wheat, bu.	Corn, bu.	Barley, bu.
1858	70,700	261,400	480,900	91,000
1859	28,700	243,900	172,500	34,000
Decrease	42,000	18,400	309,400	57,000

The aggregate quantity of the same articles left at tide-water from the commencement of navigation to the 30th of September, inclusive, during the years 1858 and 1859, is as follows:

	Flour, bbls.	Wheat, bu.	Corn, bu.	Barley, bu
1858	1,249,100	6,006,600	4,621,600	573,800
1859	272,200	1,447,100	2,271,900	245,600
Decrease	976,900	4,558,900	2,250,000	328,200

By reducing the wheat to flour, the quantity of the latter left at tide-water this year, compared with the corresponding period of last year, shows a falling off of 1,888,650 barrels of flour.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

Beef Cattle—First quality, ₩ cwt, $5,50@10,00; ordinary do, $8,50@9 00; common do, $7 00@8.00; inferior do. $6,00@7,00.

Cows and Calves—First quality, $50,00@65,00; ordinary do, $40@50; common do, $30,00@40,00; inferior do, $20,00@30,00.

Veal Calves—First quality, ₩ lb., 5@7c, ordinary do, 5@5½c; common do, 4@5c; inferior do, 3@4c.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime quality, ₩ head, $5,50@6,50, ordinary do, $4,50@5,00; common do. $3,50@4.00; inferior do, $2,00@3,00.

Swine—First quality, 6@6½c; other qualities, 5½@5½c.

ALBANY, Oct. 10.—Cattle—The market is slightly in favor of the drover this week, as compared with last. The demand is more brisk, and prices are ½c ₩ lb better on all grades. This is owing to the improved feeling that marked the trade in New York last Tuesday and Wednesday, and also to the fact there is a million off in the supply—some 330 head. The average quality of the stock offering is fair, and the best meet with ready sales.

We advance our quotations ½c ₩ lb on all grades:

	This week.	Last week
Extra	4½@5c	4½@5c
First quality	4 @4¼	3¾@4¼
Second quality	3½@3¾	3 @3½
Third quality	2½@3	2¼@2½
Inferior	2½@2¾	2 @2½

About 1000 head have changed hands up to the present time.—*Atlas & Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 5.—At market 2066 cattle, about 900 beeves, and 1166 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows, and one, two and three years old.

Prices—Market beef—Extra, $7,25@7,50; first quality, $6,50@7,00; second do, $6,00@6,00; third do, $4,50@6,00; ordinary do, $3,00.

Working Oxen—$95, 100@175 ₩ pair.

Cows and Calves—$25, 40, 50@62.

Stores—Yearlings, $ 00@ 0,00; two years old, $17 00@21,00; three years old, $ 00@ 0,00.

Sheep and Lambs—In lots at market. Prices—$1, 1,00@1,25@1,75. Extra, $2 00@2,50.

Hides—7c ₩ lb. Pelts, 75c@$1 each.

Calf Skins—12@13c ₩ lb. Tallow, 7@7½c ₩ lb.—*Globe.*

TORONTO, Oct. 8.—Beef—The market has seldom been more liberally supplied with beeves, in which a large and important business is being done. Purchases are constantly being made for the New York and Boston markets, and the trade is a growing one, to which the attention of farmers should be more generally directed. Present prices for first class cattle are $4 to $4,50 ₩ 100 lb; for second class $3,50@ 4.

Sheep—Are in moderate supply, and are in limited demand at $3 to $4 each. Lambs $1,75 to $2,25; and Calves plentiful at $4 to $6 each.

Pork—Light hogs are offered sparingly, and bought at $5 to $6 ₩ 100 lbs. There is little or no cured meat offering—Bacon is quoted at $8 to $9 ₩ 100 lbs. Hams not smoked 10c, smoked 11c to 12c ₩ lb.

Sheepskins 50c each from butchers, and 60c from pedlars. Beef hides $6 ₩ 100 lbs. Calf skins 10c ₩ lb.—*Globe.*

The Wool Markets.

BOSTON, Oct. 6.—The demand for domestic wool is good, but the extreme prices asked has a tendency to check operations. The sales of the week have been 1,000 lbs. fleece and pulled, at full previous prices. In foreign, sales of 100 bales Mestizo on private terms. All kinds of foreign wool are held firm, particularly fine grades.

Saxony and Mer., fine	65@60	Western mixed	38@42
Full blood	52@55	Smyrna, washed	17@30
Half and ¼ blood	48@50	Do. unwashed	9½@19
Common	30@42	Syrian	11@33
Pulled, extra	48@57	Cape	24@60
Do. superfine	42@50	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	32@42	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@33

NEW YORK, Oct. 6.—There continues a good demand, both for native fleece and pulled wools; and with a reduced stock, particularly of the latter, prices in town and country are maintained with increased firmness. California is sought after, but the stock has become reduced, and prices are firmer; sales of 150,000 lbs State and Western fleeces, at 40@60c for ¼ to full blood, and 61c for fancy lots; 100,000 lbs. California at 10@35c for low common to fine, and 60,000 lbs. pulled at 32@32c. The stock on the seaboard now is unusually light for the season, and very little is coming forward from the interior or Western States. It is sought after in the interior by dealers at very full rates, as it is now understood that the clip in all the old States is a short one, and higher prices are anticipated by the general trade. The clip in California and Texas, however, is much larger. But is not sufficient to meet the wants of the trade; the high blood quality of the former now compares favorably with that of our own State. Foreign is held with much firmness; sales of 300 bales Donskoi at 20@32½c, 4 mos; 160 do washed Peruvian and Mestizo, 65 do Cordova, and 200 do common South American on private terms.—*Tribune.*

Fate of Sir John Franklin.—It is seldom that the public ear is electrified with news more unexpected than that contained in our "Foreign Department," and which will be found under the appropriate head. The fate of Sir John Franklin is at last ascertained. He died in June, 1847—more than 12 years since. The bold navigator, long before the search for him commenced in earnest, had gone to his rest, and it is a melancholy satisfaction—even after so many years have elapsed—to learn how and where his days were ended.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising—Twenty-Five Cents a line, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 37½ cts. per line of space. Special Notices—following reading matter, headed—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, in advance.

☞ The circulation of the Rural New-Yorker far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

☞ All transient advertisements must be accompanied with the cash, or a responsible reference, to secure insertion. Those who send us advertisements to be published at prices they specify, are respectfully advised that we are not in a position to allow any one to dictate terms—especially when the demand upon our columns, at published rates, exceeds the space appropriated for Advertising.

300 AGENTS WANTED, TO ENGAGE IN A new, lucrative and honorable business. For particulars address M. M. SANBORN, Brasher Falls, N. Y. 510-3t

PEACH TREES—10,000, one year from the bud, large and fine, and of the best varieties. Boxed and shipped for $ per hundred. R. SANFORD.
Marion, Wayne Co. N. Y. 510-2t

5000 AGENTS WANTED.—To sell 4 new inventions. Agents have made over $35 000 on one—better than all other similar agencies. Send four stamps and get 80 pages particulars, gratis.
510-13t EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

WOOD SAWING MACHINES, FOR CUTTING Stove and Railroad Wood, Shave and Shingle Bolts from the Log: strong, durable and portable. Warranted to cut two cords of blocks per hour; weigh 900 lbs.; cost, all complete, $60 00. Delivered on the Cars or Boats at Dunkirk. Send for a Circular to
HENRY C. LAKE, Manufacturer,
510-1t Charlotte Centre, Chautauque Co., N. Y.

GRAPES BY MAIL.—Sample Grapes sent post-paid to those who inclose 15 cents in stamps. The 15 cents returned to those who buy vines.
Logan ripens early in August; King 20th of August; Delaware last of August; Diana, To Kalon, &c., &c.
Our Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue of 73 sorts Hardy Native Vines, sent to applicants inclosing a stamp to
C. P. BISSELL & SALTER, Nurserymen,
510-2t Rochester, N. Y.

ILLINOIS FARMS!!—Three thousand acres of superior prairie land seven hundred under cultivation, and so located as to make fifteen to twenty small farms. Two railroads are within five miles of the tract, and the distance from Chicago is eighty five miles. Bargains are offered to parties wanting farms in the West for their own occupancy. For particulars address JOHN W. HEDENBERG.
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ONTARIO GRAPE VINES—THE LARGEST AND BEST Native Grape in America. Bunches and Berries enormously large. Good size plants, $5,00. For 25 cents we will mail, post-paid, a few berries of this splendid grape. Ripe 15th September. The 25 cents returned to those who buy a vine. Priced list of 150 varieties sent free to all applicants. Stamps not refused.
Address A. W. POTTER & Co.,
Grapelawn Nurseries, Knowlesville, Orleans Co., N. Y.

"SHAWMUT MILLS" ROCHESTER—We continue to do CUSTOM GRINDING at the lowest rates, and having improved the machinery of our mill for that purpose, we pledge ourselves to give full satisfaction to all customers.
We have for sale at all times, wholesale and retail, the best and most reliable brands of Flour. Also, Corn Meal, Rye Flour Mill Feed and Screenings at the lowest prices, and we solicit the attention of the farming community.
510-13t JAS. M. WHITNEY & Co.
Brown's Race, Rochester, Sept. 25, 1859

HARDY FRUIT TREES.

50 000 Stand, and Dwf. Pear, 2 yrs, very fine trees:
10,000 Stand. Cherry, 3 yr, extra fine, $10 per 100;
10,000 New Rochelle Blackberries, $10 to $30 per 1000;
20 000 Isabella, Catawba and Clinton grapes, $30 to $50;
200 000 Apple Root Grafts, to order in spring, 10,000 for $50;
300,000 stocks, Apple, 1 yr $3, 2 yr $4, extra $5, Cherries $4 to $5, Quince, $10, Pear, $8 to $12.
Also Apple Trees, Plum, Peach, Quince, Currants, Raspberries, Strawberries, Mountain Ash, Horse Chestnut. All for sale very cheap at wholesale, by
COWLES & WARREN,
510-1t Highland Nurseries, Syracuse, N. Y.

AUCTION OF CATTLE, HORSES AND SHEEP On Wednesday, 25th October, at the residence of the Subscriber—Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M.
60 Head of Cattle—Durham and high grade Durham. Among them the thorough bred imported bull *Courper*, six years old; several young bulls and bull calves,—steers,—cows,—heifers and calves.
16 Horses—Among them, valuable blooded breeding mares of Florizel stock, in foal by Philip Allen. Work horses and colts.
3000 Sheep and Lambs—Fine and coarse wool.
TERMS—Sums under $20, cash; over $20 and under $50, six months; over $50 and under $100, nine months; over $100, twelve months. Approved endorsed notes for all sums not paid in cash. CHARLES H. CARROLL,
510-2t Groveland, Liv. Co., N. Y., Oct. 10, 1859

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RAILWAY ENGINEER. By SAMUEL SMILES. Second American, from the fourth London edition. 1 volume, 16 mo., price $1,00.

"Ticknor & Fields have done a good work for the young men of the country in preparing a dollar edition of the "Life of George Stephenson, Railway Engineer." The biography of this self made man is one of the most remarkable in the world. There can hardly be found in the range of English literature, the record of a life which, from so humble a beginning, rose through such terrible obstacles to such stupendous results. * * * * In such biographies as these, there is an abundant inspiration—an inspiration really more valuable than the important statistics which they contain, and we hope every young man will buy and read the one under notice. A dollar sent to the publishers will secure it.—*Springfield Republican.*

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"Few romances possess so strong an interest as this life, so brave, so simple, so strenuous in its faith. It is conceived in a spirit worthy of its subject, the true history of a working man, written with a fullness of style and a clearness of knowledge, which render it invaluable to all working men."—*London Literary Gazette.*

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"Thus we cannot fail to be both popular and useful; the great lesson which it will inculcate among young men, will be that which Stephenson himself used to inculcate, whenever in later life he addressed a mechanics' institution, or a public meeting for educational purposes—the power of perseverance."—*Westminster Review.*

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☞ On receipt of One Dollar the Publishers will send a copy of this book, free of postage, to any address in the United States. TICKNOR & FIELDS,
Oct. 8. Publishers, Boston

PEACH TREES OF SUPERIOR QUALITY, Allen's Hardy Raspberry, and other Fruit Trees and Plants in large quantities. Catalogues gratis.
509-2t WILLIAM PARRY, Cinnaminson N. J

STRAWBERRY SEED FOR SALE. We have [illegible] from Hovey's Seedling, Wilson's Albany, McAvoy, Early Scarlet, and other leading sorts, which we have taken to dispose of for a worthy garden, which we have taken to dispose of for a worthy gardener. This is an excellent opportunity for the amateur who wishes to try his hand at raising new varieties of Strawberries. Price $1 per package. Address "Rural" office.

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in Ability, Enterprise and Circulation! It not only treats ably and fully upon Agriculture, Horticulture, Rural Architecture, &c., but has many other distinct and carefully conducted Departments—under such headings as Domestic Economy, Educational, The Traveler, Ladies' Portfolio, Choice Miscellany, Sabbath Musings, Useful Olio, (Scientific, &c.,) The Story Teller, Young Ruralist, Youth's Corner, &c.; with a complete Summary of News, Market Reports, &c., &c.

The present (10th) volume is pronounced, by its Patrons and the Press, the most perfect model of a Rural and Family Journal ever published, and we invite a comparison with any others extant.

THE ELEVENTH VOLUME, FOR 1860,

Will fully equal the present in all respects—in Quality of Matter, Paper, Printing, Illustrations, &c., &c. As the long evenings and leisure of Winter are coming on apace, all friends of the Rural and its objects are invited to subscribe and form Clubs for the leading advocate and promoter of Real "Progress and Improvement"—a Journal which ever ignores trash and humbug, and faithfully seeks to advance the *Best Interests* of Individuals, Families, Communities and the Country.

Style, Terms, &c.—The Rural is published Weekly, each number comprising Eight Double Quarto Pages (forty columns)—printed and illustrated in superior style—with Title Page, Index, &c., at close of volume. Only $2 a year—$1 for six months—with great reduction and liberal inducements to clubs and agents. Local Club-Agents wanted in every section where the Rural is not circulated.

☞ Specimens, Show Bills, &c., sent free to all applicants. We shall be glad to furnish "the documents" to any and all persons desirous of examining or circulating the "*Excelsior*" *Rural and Family Weekly of America.*

Address D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

, Newspapers giving the above brief Prospectus, and directing attention to the same, will receive the 11th volume, of the Rural (and also the last half of 10th volume, if desired,) without sending to us in exchange.

CHERRY TREES,—3,000 nice Cherry Trees, 2 years old from bud, for sale *cheap*. Inquire of
509-3t WM. PITTON, Geneva, Ont. Co., N. Y.

RAVENSWOOD FRUIT GARDEN AND NURSERY.

H. C. FREEMAN, (late Freeman & Kendall,) offers to the Trade and others, at wholesale and retail, a large and well-grown stock of the following desirable plants, viz.:
Brinckle's Orange Raspberry.
Hyatt's Linnæus Rhubarb.
New Rochelle or Lawton Blackberry.
Delaware and Rebecca Grape Vines—1 and 2 years old.
Cherry Currants.
Also, Dwarf Pear Trees—of the best selected varieties; very fine 2 years old Trees.
Also, Newman's Thornless Blackberry, Black Naples Currants, &c., &c. Address H. C. FREEMAN,
507-4t Care Andrew Bridgman, 808 Broadway, N. Y.

O. B. MAXWELL & CO.,

Desire to call the attention of Nurserymen, Dealers and Planters to their present stock of Fruit Trees, Seedlings and Stocks, that for health, thrift and beauty, is not excelled in the State, and consists principally of
Apple Trees—Standard, 1 to 4 years, very thrifty and stocky.
Pear Trees—Standard and Dwarf, 2 years, very fine.
Cherry Trees—Standard, 1 and 2 years, very uniform, thrifty and handsome, and largely of Dukes and Morellos.
Cherry Trees—Early Richmond, 1 year, by the 100 or 1,000.
Plum Trees—1 and 2 years, that are quite as thrifty and handsome as the Cherry, very stocky and finely rooted.
Peach Trees—1 year.
Gooseberries—Mostly Houghton's Seedling, 1 and 2 years.
Raspberries—Leading sorts, and largely of Brinckle's Orange.
Roses—Climbing and Hybrid Perpetuals, strong plants.

STOCKS AND SEEDLINGS FOR NURSERYMEN

Pear Seedlings—A large quantity, unusually strong and healthy.
Plum Seedlings—From the Large Blue or Horse Plum, very strong.
Cherry Seedlings—Mahaleb and Mazzard No. 1.
Apple Seedlings—2 years, a very large quantity.
Quince Stocks—Angers, strong and well rooted.
Quince Seedlings—Orange, 1 year, and various other articles of Nursery Stock. O. B. MAXWELL & CO.,
507-4t Dansville, Livingston Co., N. Y.

FOR SALE, TEN FARMS IN FAIRFAX CO., Va., 15 to 18 miles from Washington City, D. C., containing from 80 to 600 acres. Prices, $15 to $35 per acre.—Healthily located and adapted to the growth of grain, grass fruits, vegetables, &c. In the midst of a northern settlement, and a better market than New York City. For particulars, address CHARLES SUITON,

AGRICULTURAL HYMN.

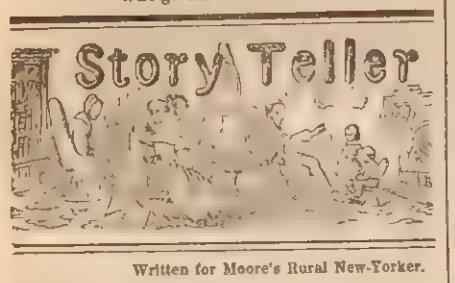
BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT, D. D.

To God, the gracious Giver
Of sunshine, dew and rain,
Of hillside, vale and river,
And broad and fertile plain,—
Who giveth to our mountains
The glory of their trees,
And poureth out the fountains
That fill our inland seas,—

Who wrappeth Winter's bosom
In His soft, woolly snows,
And openeth every blossom
That Spring around us throws,—
To HIM, our tribute bringing,
Of thankful hearts, we come,
With joy and gladness singing
Our hymn of "Harvest Home."

Shall we, Thy sons and daughters,
Withhold our grateful lays,
While all Thy winds and waters
Are vocal in Thy praise?
No! while all earth rejoices
In Thy paternal care,
Will we lift up our voices,
O, God, in praise and prayer.

God, who our patient labor
With plenty crown'st thus,
Help us our suffering neighbor
To bless as Thou dost us;
And while Thy gifts we gather
From field and fold and stall,
To serve the good All-Father
Who giveth all to all.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE ORPHAN GOVERNESS.

BY ANNA BURR.

[Continued from page 333, last number.]

Chapter II.

"WHEN did you reach New York?" inquired MYRA, after they were seated.

"The steamer from Liverpool arrived three days since, and I came up here quite as soon as Aunt MARY would let me, for I wanted to see you and CHARLIE—she said that your mother had gone. That Miss NILES is a very queenly-looking lady—I have heard something of her history."

"Oh, she is a lovely person! I never was so happy in my life before as I have been since she came here."

The gentleman smiled at MYRA's earnestness. "I would go through fire and water for her sake," said CHARLIE looking up from the kite he was fixing.

"Ah, I see that she has two pretty good friends; but when do you expect aunt home?"

"Sometime in August. I hope that you will not go back to the city immediately because mama is absent. I want you to stay very much."

"Well, I'll visit here a few days, MYRA—we must have some nice rides together before I leave."

"Oh, yes, cousin," exclaimed CHARLIE, animatedly, "and I want you to hunt and fish with me, too."

"I'm just in the mood for ruralizing, CHARLIE. A year's travel through foreign cities, and wandering among ancient ruins, has well nigh jaded me with sight-seeing, and I will throw off my fatigue in this charming retreat," and HERBERT LESLIE did enter into the enjoyment of country life with a youthful zest. He had known MYRA and her brother from their infancy, and there had always been a strong attachment between the cousins. A large fortune was left at his disposal, when he had attained his majority, two years after his father's decease. But the early education of pious parents had shielded him from the evils which are the attendants of wealth. His time was mostly occupied with benevolent schemes and projects, or in overseeing his immense landed estates, until, at the earnest request of Mrs. LESLIE, he left his business, and traveled with her in Europe for the benefit of his health. There was a manly independence and freedom from social distinctions in HERBERT's very air, which indicated the true gentleman, and GRACE felt, instinctively, that he would scorn to do a mean act. As they were necessarily thrown much together, she had an opportunity to observe him closely in his intercourse with the children. She soon experienced no restraint in his presence, for his respectful deference was peculiarly agreeable to one who had formerly moved in refined and elegant circles.

MYRA continued to grow thinner and paler every day. She had a slight hacking cough, and HERBERT began to watch her anxiously. GRACE was walking alone in the garden one day, and she was somewhat surprised at his sudden appearance in the path before her, for she had left him in the library with MYRA.

"Miss NILES, may I talk with you awhile?" GRACE signified her assent, and followed him to the arbor with undefinable sensations, for his manner was strange.

"I am beginning to feel troubled about MYRA—she has grown worse since I arrived—don't you think so?"

"Yes, sir, and I have written to Mrs. ATHERTON about it to-day."

"Thank you, I am greatly relieved—I was going to request this of you. MYRA is a lovely girl. I shall prolong my visit for her sake. It seems hard that she must leave the world while yet so young," and HERBERT sighed.

"Please do not speak of it—I cannot bear it yet. She is the dearest friend that I have on earth."

"Forgive me if I have pained you, Miss NILES"—for GRACE's voice had sunk into a whisper, and she burst into tears. A sudden impulse prompted him to say "I will be your friend, if you consider me worthy of the honor." She raised her head, and a look of warm gratitude shone from the soft, hazel eyes.

"Thank you, Mr. LESLIE, but our paths in life diverge widely."

"Modest worth is elevated above these distinctions. Permit me"—and he respectfully lifted her hand to his lips. "This seals the compact; and now please remember that while I live you have 'a friend.'" His tone was earnest, and hearing it, GRACE knew that he meant what he said. After a time she talked more calmly of MYRA, and somehow their conversation widened and deepened upon subjects which discovered a strange congeniality of sentiment. GRACE forgot that she was a governess, and ere she was aware of it, HERBERT drew her into talking of herself. The sorrowful story of her life was related in her own touchingly, eloquent manner—telling it more with her changeful face and soft eyes, which grew dark with intensity, or sent forth sudden gleams, just as a streamlet will glide deep and still through forests, and then burst out into the sunshine upon the plain before it wends its way back again. When they returned to the house, GRACE went up to her room, while HERBERT joined his cousin in the library. New thoughts were surging through the orphan's mind, and she could see a hand writing beautiful, glowing words upon the walls of her heart. The language was strange, but still her soul interpreted the words, although they were seen through a misty veil—just as we sometimes behold a transparent cloud wrapping its pearly folds over the glorious, rising sun, not concealing it, but softening its dazzling brilliancy. She sat down to write, and she held the pen in her hand a long time before it was dipped in the gilt inkstand which CHARLIE had given her. I will take an extract from her letter which may interest the reader. It was addressed to an aunt who resided in Central New York.

"I was sorry to hear of your anxiety upon my account; please do not feel troubled about me, for I am very happy here. Your kind invitation for me to come and share your home was warmly appreciated; but I know of your limited income, and duly urged me to seek a situation. Mrs. ATHERTON is very kind, and I am devotedly attached to her children. She entertains a great deal of fashionable society, (for there are many country-seats of the wealthy in this vicinity,) but I see little of it, for MYRA's delicate, nervous organization cannot bear much excitement. The world never seemed half as beautiful. There is a wondrous depth and expansion of blue sky out here in the country, and I have such delightful rambles in the deep woods. O, how I love them! and MYRA does, too. She is a dear girl. We are more like companions than teacher and pupil, for she is very mature for one of her years, and our souls often hold sweet communion together. A cousin of hers is visiting here now. I like him very much. There is a graceful ease and social polish in his manners, and at times a strange depth in his dark eyes, when he becomes interested upon some favorite theme."

When HERBERT entered the library he found MYRA reclining upon the sofa, with a book in her hand. He came up behind her very softly, and she did not see him until he spoke—"What are you reading, little cousin?"

"My Bible," and MYRA's eyes looked uncommonly large and brilliant when they turned upon the young man. She would have said more, but her cough prevented. A pang shot through his heart, and dropping by the sofa he drew her head to his shoulder.

"Do you cough much now?"

"No, only mornings." The two cousins made a beautiful picture.

MYRA's curls swept HERBERT's cheek, and a sadness stole over his face as he bent his handsome head over her. The setting sun shone in at the large bay-window upon them, and trailed rosy bars of light across the dark wainscoting of the lofty room; for Mrs. ATHERTON's house was built in the style of old English manors. This library was adorned with the portraits of the family, in heavy gilt frames, and there were several rare painting, of Italian scenery. There was also an elegantly carved mahogany bookcase, and the costly bindings of several hundred volumes shone through the glass doors.

"I have been reading this," and MYRA's soft voice took up the sweet words of CHRIST—"'Let not your heart be troubled—ye believe in GOD, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you—and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you to myself, that where I am there ye may be also.' I do want to go," and there was the old dreamy look in MYRA's eyes. "Don't you think that angels hover around us sometimes, cousin HERBERT?"

"Yes, darling, the pure and good often feel their influence; but why do you ask?"

"Oh, it seems as if papa is near me sometimes."

"I presume that he does watch over you, MYRA," and he pressed a kiss upon her fair brow.

"Do you think so? It makes me very happy to believe that." A sudden animation lit up the pale face.

"Always believe it then, for nothing can harm us that brings holy and good thoughts to our minds."

The cousins had many such conversations together during HERBERT's visit, but sometimes MYRA would talk of her governess, and then her listener appeared much interested. He never seemed weary of hearing her praises from the artless lips. One day it happened that GRACE and HERBERT were left alone in the library. He took down a volume of SCOTT's poems from the bookcase, and read several passages from "The Lady of the Lake." His clear intonations, accompanied by occasional suggestions and explanations of his own, made the time pass very agreeably to his attentive listener. At length he closed the book, saying—"How do you like this poem, Miss NILES?"

"Oh, very much—it carries me into a sort of dream world, where all is strangely beautiful—at least some parts of it affect me thus."

They talked a long time, and when HERBERT said, with one of his rare smiles, "Our tastes are similar—we shall be very good friends," GRACE could not help marking the earnestness which made his eyes grow dark.

A letter from Mrs. LESLIE suddenly summoned her son to New York, and he departed, leaving MYRA sad, but somewhat comforted by his last words—"I will come back when aunt returns, and then, perhaps, you will be able to enjoy some pleasure excursions." GRACE felt a strange heaviness when he bade her "good-bye," saying, "I trust that we part friends."

"Yes," and there was an ingenuous blush upon her cheeks. But now the welcome guest had left Willow Dell, and CHARLIE wandered through the house whistling to himself, as if endeavoring to overcome the sense of loneliness which pressed heavily upon his heart, too. Two days after HERBERT's departure, a carriage laden with trunks drove leisurely up the avenue, and CHARLIE came running in, exclaiming, "Mama has come, and there is a lady with her."

Chapter III.

Mrs. ATHERTON had not received the letter from GRACE, but she felt wearied, and concluded to return before the expected time. The young lady who accompanied her she introduced as "Miss GERTRUDE BELMONT," a rich Southern heiress, and the daughter of an old friend. She was a very handsome, stylish-looking girl, and wore the air of one who was accustomed to admiration, and idolized it with all the intensity of her nature. Mrs. ATHERTON had met her at Nahant, and persuaded her to spend a few weeks at Willow Dell, upon her homeward route to Virginia. Miss BELMONT's education had been such as to nourish selfishness and pride. She possessed a disposition so artful and designing, accompanied with fascinating manners, beauty, and wit, that crowds of admirers attended her triumphal appearance in society. She had become a confirmed coquette, and now it was necessary for her happiness to have at least twenty flirtations during a season. Mrs. ATHERTON was delighted upon hearing of HERBERT's return, and before she retired that night she wrote a letter:

"MY DEAR NEPHEW:—I want to lecture you soundly for going off before I had returned. You must come back immediately, and your mother and Aunt RAYMOND must accompany you. A Miss BELMONT is here from the South, and you can 'play the agreeable' to her, for she must not die of *ennui*; and now, I think of it, bring CARRIE and her affianced, Mr. SANDFORD."

So ran a part of this epistle.

The next day GRACE sought Mrs. ATHERTON, and informed her of MYRA's symptoms.

"Well, I don't think that we need be alarmed about her yet," was the thoughtless mother's reply. "Her health always begins to fail this time of the year. Dr. THORNTON knows how to strengthen her up—he must call to see her to-day. I have just sent for HERBERT to come out to Willow Dell, with some city relations, for you know I must entertain our visitor agreeably—so I shall leave MYRA in your charge. But there are some presents in my trunk." The lady soon produced an elegant dress-pattern. "This black silk is for you, and JANE must make it up this week. Your kind attention to my children is appreciated." GRACE's eyes filled with grateful tears, and she warmly expressed her thanks. "You are perfectly welcome to it; and here are some jet bracelets to match." Mrs. ATHERTON could not have chosen more appropriate gifts, for GRACE's wardrobe was not very extensive, although her exquisite taste had made it appear more ample than it really was.

Dr. THORNTON came that afternoon, and his countenance was very serious. GRACE watched him closely, and her heart sank within her. The mother seemed alarmed, too, and anxiously awaited the result; but she took comfort from the assurance that MYRA was in no immediate danger. Return mail brought nothing from New York, but the following day the sudden advent of Mrs. ATHERTON's city friends, threw her into a state of pleasurable excitement. HERBERT immediately sought his cousin MYRA, and her joyous face told more than her words how happy she was to meet him again. GRACE seemed pleased, too, and an hour soon passed very swiftly over the trio. Then, there came a rap at the door, and Mrs. ATHERTON entered, followed by the ladies. There was her sister, Mrs. RAYMOND, with her daughter CARRIE, and HERBERT's mother. GRACE perceived at once that the latter was different from either of her sisters, for she was a dignified woman, without coldness or hauteur, and her manners were distinguished by that repose which characterizes a true lady. She had a very peaceful, sunny countenance, and looking at her for the first time, our heroine felt that she was all that HERBERT's mother should be. Mrs. RAYMOND was a gay, social lady, much like MYRA's mother, and CARRIE was what education had made her—a butterfly of fashion, lovely in person, and naturally of an amiable disposition; but she was a petted, spoiled girl, and dress, gay society, and worldly pleasure was her constant delight. GRACE thought that she saw a deep under-current of lively sensibilities and affectionate impulses beneath the frothy surface of her character, for she embraced MYRA very warmly, and then turned away her head to hide the tears which sprang to her eyes upon beholding her cousin's evident decline.

"I'm not going to let you remain here any longer," said Mrs. ATHERTON, peremptorily, when they had chatted awhile with the invalid. "Miss BELMONT and Mr. SANDFORD are alone in the parlor, and we must join them. Do you feel able to go down this afternoon, my daughter?"

"Oh yes, mama," and HERBERT offered his arm.

"We will fix a nice seat for you," said he. "Come, Miss NILES, you are going, too?"

"Certainly, GRACE," said Mrs. ATHERTON, nodding pleasantly,—and so she went.

When MYRA was comfortably seated in a large, easy chair, HERBERT's aunt drew him across the room, to be introduced to Miss BELMONT, for he had not seen her yet. The gentleman was accustomed to meeting with beautiful women, therefore he betrayed no peculiar signs of admiration when presented to GERTRUDE. Perhaps this was what piqued her vanity, for she certainly exerted herself to please this fastidious young man that afternoon. She was brilliant in conversation, and her sparkling wit shone to the best advantage, and effectually engrossed HERBERT's attention for some time; but she noticed that his eyes occasionally wandered to where GRACE sat with her charge. Mr. SANDFORD was having a game of backgammon with his betrothed, and at length a burst of musical laughter from CARRIE proclaimed her victory. The gentleman put on a very sober face, and called out, "Miss BELMONT, will you please extricate me from my embarrassing position? Here this little lady has actually won the game from me three times in succession."

"I infer that you wish me to take her place, and let you win now," said GERTRUDE, smiling.

"That is precisely what I desire," he replied with comic gravity, for HARRY SANDFORD was fond of a joke, and his playful jests made him a great favorite with the ladies. His manners were also very pleasing, and this, joined with an income of six thousand a year, made him quite a "lion" in the fashionable circles.

"Do come, Miss BELMONT, for he is in a very precarious situation," and CARRIE sprang up from her chair. So HERBERT crossed the room with GERTRUDE, who accepted the challenge; and the two cousins watched the game with some interest, but then HERBERT left them to join MYRA. After tea, music was proposed, and as GRACE was requested to play, she sat down to the piano, and HERBERT turned the leaves while she sang a few songs. But she excused herself as soon as politeness would allow, for MYRA looked weary, and they left the room together.

"Miss NILES is very attentive to her charge," remarked the soft voice of Mrs. LESLIE, when the door had closed behind them.

"Oh, yes! I feel under lasting obligations to sister MARY, for sending me such a prize," was the mother's complacent reply. "She seems very well bred, too, and there is a graceful ease in her manners, which is truly charming."

"She came of an old family, and was not bred for a teacher," Mrs. RAYMOND remarked.

HERBERT felt gratified to hear his mother's meed of praise, and GERTRUDE saw it with a pang of jealousy.

"They all seem to be captivated by this upstart governess, and construe her impudence into good breeding," she thought, and again the heiress employed all her fascinations to win HERBERT's attention, for a little rivalry was a sufficient incentive to the artful coquette at any time. Before sunset that evening the gentleman went to see MYRA.

"How is our invalid now?" he inquired as CHARLIE opened the door.

"Oh, I am resting; come in, cousin!" said a faint voice from the sofa. HERBERT obeyed, and GRACE arose from the low stool where she had been sitting. They stood together near MYRA's head, while CHARLIE leaned upon the other end of the sofa. A new idea seemed to flash through the boy's mind, for he suddenly clapped his hands, exclaiming, "Oh, sister! don't HERBERT and GRACE (she had long before this requested the children to drop her formal appellation) look near enough alike to be brother and sister?"

"I have thought so a great many times," was the artless reply.

GRACE turned away her head quickly, but not before the gentleman had caught a glimpse of the sudden light breaking through the rosy glow upon her face. A deep conviction of what prompted it settled in his heart, and there was a new tenderness in his tones when he bade her good night, which made her strangely happy. The interest which her acquaintance had inspired, during his two weeks' visit at Willow Dell, had been deepening ever since, and now, when he thought over her superior qualities of mind and heart, HERBERT knew that he had found his "soul's elect." But he resolved not to make this known to her at present, until he had derived more evidence of a reciprocal attachment.

There is an old saying that "Delay is dangerous;" and how many times has this proved true in our own lives! A strange fatality often causes procrastinations, which may appear very trifling, but are so connected and interwoven in the chain of circumstances, that time has proved them important links, and set them up as shining waymarks upon life's road.

One morning, while Mrs. ATHERTON's guests were lingering around the breakfast-table, engaged in pleasant desultory chat, she remarked, "Gentlemen, I know that the young ladies would enjoy a horseback ride this fine morning. That thunder shower last night has laid the dust, and the air is very fresh."

"I am always a willing cavalier," said Mr. SANDFORD, jumping up and bowing very gallantly to the ladies.

"So am I," added HERBERT, with less alacrity.

"Oh, I'm so glad! Now you can use that beautiful riding-suit which I saw in your room, Miss BELMONT; but what shall I do, aunt?" and CARRIE drew down her face, as if in a dilemma.

"Never fear! I can provide you with one. Now remember, girls, I shall have the horses around in a half hour, so you must be ready," for they were leaving the room together. GERTRUDE was not displeased with having an opportunity for displaying her elegant figure upon horseback, and she heard the arrangement with inward delight. She did make a splendid appearance, GRACE thought, for she watched the riding-party as they went down the avenue, until GERTRUDE's waving plumes were no longer visible. MYRA was leaning upon the arm of her governess, and she said, "That Southern lady is very beautiful, but I never could love her."

"Why, darling?"

"Oh, she has such a scornful expression about her lips sometimes, and then her eyes have a strange glitter, too."

GRACE had marked it. There had been a reserve between the two ever since their first introduction, for Miss BELMONT was naturally overbearing, and since HERBERT's arrival, her restraint toward GRACE almost approached to rudeness, at times.

[Concluded next week.]

SLEEP.—The keenest pang of remorse, as painted by the great poet, is that it "murders sleep;" and the choicest boon that man receives from his Maker is described in that pregnant line so beautifully paraphrased by England's noblest female poet—"He giveth his beloved sleep."

TRUE beauty is but virtue made visible in outward grace. Beauty and vice are disjointed by nature herself.

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Rochester, Sept. 13, 1859. 501-13t

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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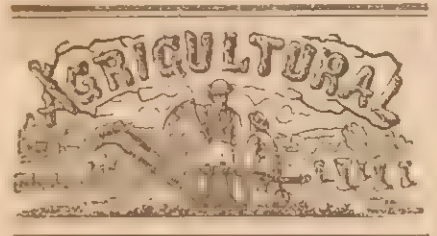


NEW YORK STATE FAIR.

EVENING DISCUSSIONS.

A VERY creditable desire was shown by the farmers in attendance at the State Fair to improve every moment; and notwithstanding all were weary with the labors of the day, the evening discussions were well attended. The large and beautiful Lecture Room of the State Agricultural Society, was literally crowded until nearly ten o'clock each evening. We did not reach Albany in time for the discussion of Tuesday, but took full notes of what was said on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. We have only room for our report of the meeting held on Wednesday evening, and in the next number will give that for Thursday, and perhaps a few suggestions as to the best way to render Agricultural Discussions interesting and profitable.

AT the suggestion of Hon. T. C. PETERS, of Darien, Col. ZADOCK PRATT was called to the Chair. Mr. PETERS announced the subject proposed for discussion as *Manures, and the Best Modes of Applying them*, and remarked that this was a very important question, for many farmers had learned that they could not grow crops without manures, and others were fast learning this important lesson, whereupon,

WM. PLUMB, of Onondaga, spoke of his system. He used from 20 to 25 loads to the acre. Apply it generally in the spring, and plow under as soon as practicable. Takes long, dripping manure from the barn-yard, spreads it on the land, plows under, and plants corn—next year barley, and next wheat. Then lays down to clover. The President inquired if Mr. P. could live by such a system if he employed a man to do the work. To which he replied that he commenced with nothing, had paid for his farm, and had a little money left to expend in attending the State Fair.

Mr. WINEGAR, of Cayuga, thought manure should be plowed under, as a general rule, but had found a top dressing excellent for wheat.

Mr. MOSELY, of Onondaga, had learned much about manures and their management from JOHN JOHNSTON, of Geneva, and had, in the main, adopted his mode. Stabled his stock, and made the most of the manure. Drew it to the fields in the winter directly from the stable, and threw it on the snow. In this way did not have to draw as much water as though it had lain soaking until spring—drawing does not cut up the land, and the work is done at a leisure time. As soon as the ground was ready, plow it in lightly. In this way he had subdued heavy clay knolls, and made them as mellow as an ash heap.

Mr. PETERS said he differed with some gentlemen in regard to the application of manure. He would not plow in manure deep. Bury it ten inches or so and the roots of plants would have difficulty in finding it. The second time of plowing he would plow deep, so as to sandwich the manure between the two plowings. Nature applied her manure on the surface, and she had made a wise provision for an annual manuring. His experience was that manure placed on or near the surface, produced the most satisfactory results.

LEWIS F. ALLEN, of Black Rock, said any general rule for the application of manure will prove a fallacy. One system will not do for all soils. Clay soil retains manure as it does water, and it remains dormant unless it can come near the surface. His farm was mostly in grass, and he applied manure in September and October, on the surface. Its effect on the growing grass can be seen for half a mile. If manure is applied in the spring it is lifted up by the growing grass, clogs the machine, and its full benefit is not gained until the following year. A good way of manuring is to put sheep on the grass in the fall, and allow them to eat down to the roots. Had one meadow, giving fine crops, that had never been plowed since the creation, and of course it had received no other than surface manuring.

Mr. LYONS, of Lewis county, had cultivated what was called a hungry or leachy soil. Plowed manure in just as it came from the barn, and deep. That which did not decompose the first year was not lost, it was available after the next plowing. He did not believe in the leaching of manures. Manure water poured on a barrel of sand would leach through pure water. He did not, either, believe in late fall pasturing, as recommended by Mr. ALLEN.

Mr. WINEGAR, in reply to the remarks of Mr. PETERS, that nature had placed manure on the surface, said that nature did no plowing. The greatest difficulty with him was to get the manure under. Had no fears of getting it too deep.

A. GOLDSMITH, of Orange county, said inorganic manures may be spread on the surface without loss, in fact they would be likely to gain ammonia from the atmosphere.

Mr. COLLINS, of Lewis county, had a piece of land which had been in grass over fifty years. It now produced over three tons to the acre. Of course it was never manured, except on the surface. The effect of surface manuring on this grass could be seen for five years.

Mr. MARKS, of Onondaga, was first taught that manure should be plowed in, but often saw no good effects from the manure he used. Now he composted in the yard, and drew to the fields in September or October, and applied on the surface. Some years ago he had resolved never to plow under manure again, but last spring deviated from this purpose, and well plowed under twenty cords per acre, and planted corn; the crop is not much better than where no manure was used. He would never bury manure again, as he invariably got the best results from surface manuring.

Mr. SYLVESTER, of Lyons, always plowed under manure. Was so particular to have it covered, that if he drew manure to his fields in the winter, he covered the piles with swamp muck. Obtained a field that was so poor it did not produce six bushels of corn to the acre the year before—manured it heavy with stable manure, plowed it under deep, and the first year got eighty bushels shelled corn to the acre. The soil is a clay loam, north of the village of Lyons.

Mr. GEDDES, of Onondaga, said such experiments as that stated by Mr. SYLVESTER were apt to lead to error. It was complicated. Mr. S. had plowed deep, broken up the subsoil, which perhaps had not been done before, and this, in addition to the manure, gave a good crop. He was indebted to Mr. MARKS, of his county, who taught him by example to put manure on the surface, but JOHN JOHNSTON was the first man who had the boldness to recommend such a course in print. The object to be sought in manuring is to make the grass grow; this fills the earth with roots, which rot and greatly enrich the soil. Mr. G. found manure to pay better upon grass and wheat than upon any other crops. Apply manure upon wheat as a top dressing, in the fall or early in the winter, and it will remain green as a meadow through the winter; even upon knolls where the snow was blown off. Had called the attention of Mr. PETERS to this, and he expressed fears that it would not stand through, but his fears were groundless. In answer to the inquiry, whether drilling had not been the cause of the thrift of his wheat, Mr. G. said that all his wheat was drilled, and only a part top-dressed, and this part showed the vigor thro' winter, of which he spoke. Mr. G. inquired of farmers present, whether they had ever derived any benefit from the use of plaster before the clover came up. He wished them to give a little attention to this subject, as his experience was that plaster required the leaf to operate upon.

Mr. CHESTER, of Ulster, had found manure applied in all ways beneficial—the question, and a very important one, which was the best way to apply it. Mr. C. generally plowed six or seven inches deep, and then harrowed. Farm, a sandy loam; brought manure from the city. Always used composted manure; had tried coarse manure and found it far less profitable than that which was composted. A little compost in the hill would produce better results than a large dressing plowed or dragged in. Last year plowed in manure, and did not receive five per cent. of the benefit he would, had it been used in the hill. Never let land lie in grass for a series of years—could not be satisfied with a small crop—broke it up, manured, and made it produce abundantly.

L. F. ALLEN said grazing land in Kentucky that was never plowed, was worth from $100 to $170 per acre, and would keep a bullock to the acre. The cattle was fed upon it, and that was all the manure the land got. From these lands came the fine Kentucky cattle to the New York market. Some time since Mr. A. spent a day at Mr. PATTERSON'S farm in Maryland. When he came in possession of it, it was poor, worn out land, not worth $5 an acre. Mr. P. bought lime-stone land, made lime, and scattered it over his poor soil, until it looked as though it had been visited by a snow storm. No manure was applied but lime and plaster, and now this land produced 2½ tons of hay to the acre

A. L. FISH of Herkimer, owned a farm 800 feet above the Mohawk, on the south side. When he came in possession of it, it was very poor—could not make grass grow. The hard problem with him was, how to commence to improve. He plowed, planted to corn, and manured in the hill with artificial manure. Fed the corn and stalks to cows, carefully saved all the manure, and drew it out in the winter. Manure should be thoroughly mixed with the soil. Manure itself will not grow plants, nor will poor soil, but when both are well mixed together, healthy plants and a good crop may be expected. He plowed deep and then sowed clover, which succeeded, and the difficulty was then overcome. Now the product of his farm was four times what it was twenty years ago. Then twenty-five head of cattle was all the farm would support; now he kept sixty, and all done with manure produced upon the farm, with the exception of a little guano, at first, to get a start.

Mr. BARTLETT of Dutchess, made a good deal of manure by stabling his cattle. Would recommend to farmers a course which he had pursued with advantage. Wherever he noticed a poor knoll, or a poor spot anywhere on his farm, as shown by the crop, he put stakes to mark it, and at the proper time applied manure liberally to these places, just as he would notice and nurse a weak lamb in the flock.

A. GOLDSMITH of Orange, said all farmers know that land *can* be kept in grass a long time, but the great majority, he thought, considered it a very unprofitable practice. Gentlemen said that after top dressing from year to year, fine grass was produced. Then he advised that it be plowed under, so as to enrich the soil. Was astonished to hear any one say that manure could be applied to wheat and grass more profitably than to any other crops. Corn would grow in a manure heap, and no crop was more benefited by manuring.

JAMES WILLIS of Queens, said his method of manuring corn was to draw out the manure in the fall and plow it under in the spring.

SOLON ROBINSON wished those present who were giving advice, to remember that the most difficult thing was to commence improving poor land. After a good commencement, progress was easy enough. He had some very poor land; couldn't afford to buy guano, or other manures, to enrich it; had no stock, and what could he do?

Mr. FISH recommended the planting of corn, and the use of ashes and nightsoil in the hill.

ZADOCK PRATT said in the Catskills they placed the tanbark, and the fallen leaves from the woods, in the barnyard. This soon made manure, and was placed upon corn land. This was the way the farmers of Catskill commenced to enrich their land.

Mr. PETERS thought he might aid Mr. ROBINSON in his effort to make the "desert blossom as the rose," by giving a brief statement of a case of improvement in Genesee county. There was a streak of poor land lying south of his residence, so very poor that it would not grow grass. A number of years since a German bought three acres of this land. He sunk an old barrel, and into it was emptied all the slops from the house. When it became *strong* it was placed over a small piece of land, and the barrel was refilled. In this way about a quarter of an acre was enriched and planted with cabbage plants, and these, as they grew, were refreshed and fed by the contents of the barrel. The result was a very great crop of cabbage. These were fed to a cow, all the stock the owner kept, and the manure applied to the soil. The next year more than half an acre was enriched. That three acre farm had grown into fifty acres as good land as there was in Genesee county.

A. B. CONGER, President of the State Agricultural Society, said he regretted that the discussion had not been a little more philosophical. There was some good in all that had been said, but there were principles well settled in agricultural philosophy which might account for the different experiences of the speakers. It had been settled in England that nitrogenous manures were the best for grasses, and phosphatic manures for leguminous plants. Fermenting manures had been talked about. Fermentation was the process of decomposition; it was another word for dissipation. Unless something is done to arrest it, it would destroy the manure. On the best mode of applying, there was but one rule. The manure was for the benefit of the roots, and should be placed where it can be within their reach. Mr. C. said his object in rising was not to talk himself, but to introduce a farmer from Massachusetts, the Hon. JOSIAH QUINCY, Jr., who had had great success in soiling, and could impart valuable information on that subject.

Mr. QUINCY said he would make but a simple statement of his practice. Owned a farm that twenty years ago produced only twenty tons of hay; now it gave him every year three hundred. This improvement was effected by the introduction of the English system of *soiling*. The saving of fencing by this system would be immense. On one hundred acres he had not an interior fence. Farmers do not appreciate the value of cow manure. Most of his information was derived from Mr. DANA, a chemist, and author of the *Muck Manual*. He was chemist to the manufacturers of Lowell, and cow manure was the only thing known that would *set colors*, until Mr. DANA, by studying the composition of cow manure, discovered the principle in the manure so necessary to the manufacturers, and taught them how it could be obtained in a better and cheaper way. A cow will produce about 3¼ cords of solid manure in a year, and the liquid manure is equal to about 3 cords of the solid. If dry muck was used in the stables, this quantity would be increased threefold, making it about 20 cords a year to each cow. Such manure, within five or eight miles of Boston, was worth from $5 to $8 per cord. From these figures, he had come to the conclusion that the manure of a cow was as valuable as her milk; but, for fear he was over-estimating its value, he submitted the question to Mr. DANA, who had given perhaps more time and study to this subject than any other man, and Mr. D. pronounced his estimate correct. On this authority, therefore, he would state that the manure of a cow was as valuable as her milk. The farmers of this country have not yet learned how much can be done on a little land. The laws of France divide the farms among the children, and it is estimated that there are in that country 250,000 farms less than five acres each. The farmers of this country should divide their farms with their sons, instead of sending them West, and grow a large amount of produce on a small breadth of land, and great good would result to both old and young.

CURING, SMOKING AND KEEPING HAMS.

A MOST VALUABLE AND SEASONABLE ARTICLE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Having seen in your paper of Oct. 1st, an article by C. I. S., Mill Creek, Erie Co., Pa., requesting some one to send a recipe to keep hams and shoulders after they are smoked, permit me to give you my experience for the benefit of C. I. S., and your readers in general.

Formerly I tried keeping hams and shoulders in salt, and also in grain, but they would dissolve the salt or mould in the grain. I then tried keeping them in pounded charcoal with no better effect. I next tried dry ashes, but unless the hams were very dry when put up they would taste of the ashes. I then tried sewing them up in coarse cloth and white washing them several times over, as I had seen them in that condition in market; but they did not keep well—would either mould or the lime would crack and the flies get in.

For a number of years I have adopted a new method and never failed to keep them sweet and free from mould or flies. I prepare a sack for each ham. A yard square of good sheeting is sufficient for a good sized ham. After the hams are smoked, and before any flies have infected them, I put them up, one in a sack. I take sweet hay and cut it (in a cutting-box) about one inch long, and fill in the sack and around the ham, so that the ham cannot touch the bag. Tie a cord around the open end and hang them up in the smoke-house or some cool, dry place, and they can be kept any length of time; the bag and hay will keep away the flies and allow the moisture to escape so they will not mould.

Hams should always be well cured before they are smoked. I have seen several good recipes in the RURAL, for curing hams. The following is my method, and I have often been asked how I could keep them through the summer and have them of so fine a flavor:

RECIPE FOR CURING HAMS.—To one gallon of water take one and a half pounds of good salt, one half pound of sugar, and half an ounce saltpetre—to be increased in this ratio to any quantity required to cover the hams. As soon as your pork is cold cut out the hams and pack them closely in your cask. Sprinkle each layer lightly with fine salt—put on a weight and pour on the brine immediately, and before the juice of the ham has escaped. It will require from four to six weeks for the salt to strike through, according to the size of the hams. It will be necessary perhaps to add a little salt on top of the hams; sometimes, if they are very large, they absorb so much of the salt as to leave the brine so weak it may sour. It would be well to take them up after they have been in a week or two, and examine them, and if necessary add a little more salt. Great care should be taken not to salt too much, as by doing so you lose the flavor of the ham, and but just enough should be used to keep them. As the ham absorbs the salt from the brine it should be fed by adding a little salt on the top and the hams should be well struck through. When the hams are large I take out the flat bone and cut off the round socket bone with a chisel, leaving always the large bone. With care I never have failed to keep hams sweet.

HOW TO MAKE A SMOKE-HOUSE.—Having given you my method for Curing and Keeping Hams, let me add my plan for a Smoke-House. No farmer should be without a good smoke-house, and such a one as will be fire-proof and tolerably secure from thieves. Fifty hams can be smoked at one time in a smoke-house 7 by 8 feet square. Mine is 6 by 7, and is large enough for most farmers. I first dug all the ground out below where the frost would reach, and filled it up to the surface with small stones. On this I laid my brick floor, in lime mortar. The walls are brick, eight inches thick and seven feet high, with a door on one side two feet wide. The door should be made of wood and lined with sheet iron. For the top I put on joice 2 by 4, set up edgewise and 8½ inches from center to center, covered with brick, and put on a heavy coat of mortar. I built a small chimney on the top in the center, arching it over and covering it with a shingle roof in the usual way. An arch should be built on the outside, with a small iron door to shut it up, similar to a stove door, with a hole from the arch through the wall of the smoke-house and an iron grate over it. This arch is much more convenient and better to put the fire in than to build a fire inside the smoke-house, and the chimney causes a draft through into the smoke-house. Good corn cobs or hickory wood are the best materials to make a smoke for hams. The cost of such a smoke-house as I have described is about $20. ALBX. BROOKS.

Factoryville, Tioga Co., N. Y., Oct., 1859.

ABOUT WATER PIPE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In your issue of July 17th, 1858, I saw a communication from H. J. F., of Palmyra, N. Y., describing a water pipe he had made, said pipe being constructed of cement and drain tile, which I concluded was *the* pipe. I had over sixty rods of wooden pipe—laid down in the summer of 1854,—which failed the past summer, and being, part of the way, from three to six feet deep in a coarse gravel, and also very difficult to find the leak, I concluded to put down a cement pipe that would not rot in five years. I used two inch drain tile; the mortar was composed of one bushel of lime to three of clean sand. I took two boards, about three feet long and four inches wide, nailed a piece across one end, leaving the sides four inches apart. For the other end I took a piece of stake iron, bent it to a half circle, and screwed it fast on the outside, near the end, making it of the same width, or a trifle wider. I then put my box in the ditch, plastered the bottom about a half inch deep with mortar, laid my tile as near the centre as possible, filled in the sides and over top, and then drew the box along, again going through the process, fitting the tile as closely together as possible. It hardened nicely, and being badly off for water I was induced to let the water in about three weeks from the time it was finished. The pipe not being dry enough, the water sweats through in some places, and there were some small holes where the cement was not closed together. The latter I could easily stop with tallow, and then give them a coat of plaster. Were I to do the same job again, I would make my box four and a half, or five inches wide, and let it stand five or six weeks before letting in the water.

In answer to the inquiry of H. T. B.,—"Should the dirt be put on to the mortar immediately, or should it harden first?"—I would say, on part of mine I covered it lightly immediately, part I left until the water was let in, and part, which was on low ground, was covered with water in less than six hours after it was laid, but I could see no difference. The one appeared to harden as fast as the others. To his second inquiry, I would say, if the bottom of your ditch is soft, remove all the soft muck and fill in with earth that is better, or lay a plank under your pipe. As to the depth of laying cement pipe, it should be so deep that the frost will not heave it up in places to crack it. I

would make another suggestion,—where you are obliged to rise and fall with a pipe, it should be done systematically, that air may not be confined at the high points without a chance to escape. My pipe has between five and six feet of pressure. I have now a beautiful stream of pure water,—no taste of decaying wood, but as sweet and cool at the discharge as at the spring. S. C. P.

Erie, Pa., Oct., 1859.

GRASS LAND ON LONG ISLAND.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I have read your article on "Grass Lands," in the last number of the Rural, and am glad to see the manner in which you set forth the importance of the grass crop, as the "staple crop of the country"—a crop of the greatest value and importance, and one that probably receives as little or less attention than any other production of the earth. I simply propose to state a fact as to the grass-producing quality or power of Long Island "barren land," so called.

There is a field of about two acres near this place, North Islip, by the side of the Long Island Railroad, that was cleared up a few years ago out of the "*barrens and bushes*," and laid down to grass—clear timothy. The land received a dressing of about fifty bushels of leached ashes per acre, with very little if any other fertilizer. I am unable to learn anything more than this concerning the clearing and laying down of this lot, as the man who cleared it is not here now; but the present owner and occupant, who has been in possession of it for the past three years, makes this statement, adding that the lot has been mowed for five years in succession, and has produced about two and a half tuns of the finest and best quality of hay per acre, at the first mowing each year, having been sometimes mowed twice a year, besides being pastured every year, or fall, until winter. I do not mention this as a practice to be imitated, but to show the grass-producing quality of the land; for, during the five years past, it has not had a particle of any kind of manure or fertilizer applied to it in any way or form, except the droppings of the stock whilst on it for pasture in the fall. The yield of this piece of land has been at least two and a half tuns per acre, for five years, besides the pasture.

North Islip, L. I., Oct. 5, 1859. Agricola.

DISEASE OF CATTLE.—INQUIRY.

Eds Rural New-Yorker:—The stock of cattle, consisting of nine head, principally cows, belonging to Mr. Benj. Kenaga, my neighbor, has been entirely swept off by a strange, and to us unknown disease, during the last six months. A statement of the facts and description of the disease is given, in the hope that some of your numerous correspondents may know something about the disease, and perhaps its remedy, and will render a public favor by giving their experience in the matter. Mr. K. describes the symptoms as follows:

First—Profuse watering from the eyes for one to two days. *Second*—Discharge of whitish matter from the eyes for one to two days. *Third*—Chills, with excessive shivering or trembling. *Fourth*—High fever until the animal dies, the matter running profusely from the nose. On dissection the matter is found in great quantity in the throat; and the gall is found to be enlarged to two or three times the natural size. No case of similar sickness has occurred in this neighborhood, although thickly settled. Any information on this subject, given through your paper, will be appreciated by numerous friends of the Rural in this vicinity.

Williamsville, N. Y., 1859. T. Wither.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Save the Straw.

Reports from many sections speak of an unusually light hay crop. In some counties in the western part of New York, and north-eastern Ohio, farmers are disposing of their stock at reduced prices. An intelligent friend just returned from a visit to that neighborhood, expresses the opinion that there is not enough hay there to winter half the stock. Fortunately there has been grown this year an unusually large breadth of grain, and straw and stalks will be plenty. If these are properly secured, and fed out judiciously, they will do much to make up for the scarcity of hay. Straw alone, merely piled up in the yard without protection from the weather, and left for the cattle to run too at pleasure, will not keep them in good condition. If it be housed or properly stacked, and fed cut, mixed with a little addition of roots, bran, shorts, or oil cake, it will be eaten readily, and stock will thrive upon it. The experience of all who have used a straw-cutter, proves that it is a great economizer of food, and that the labor required to cut straw, stalks, and even hay, is amply repaid by the saving effected, and the greatest value given to the feed. By cutting and steaming, the very coarsest parts of stalks may be prepared for mixture with ground stuff, and become palatable, nutritious food. Let those who think of selling their cattle at a sacrifice, first see that all resources of this kind are counted upon; they may find the present necessity a real benefit in teaching them how to winter stock cheaply and well, almost without the use of hay. So says the *American Agriculturist*.

The Value of Different Manures.

The lesson inculcated by the following paragraph, from the pen of Hon. F. Holbrook, in the *N. E. Farmer*, is one of great value to the thinking farmer. It gives confirmation to the remark of Mr. Coke, late Earl of Leicester:—"That the value of the farm-yard manure is in proportion to what it is made of. *If* cattle eat straw alone, the dung is straw alone; the cattle are straw, the farm is straw, and the farmer is straw—they are all straw together."

"Not long ago I had four cows come up to the stable in the fall, which I thought might yield a good supply of milk through the winter, if well fed. I also had four other animals, cows and heifers, which were not expected to give much milk till the following grass season. The first four were tied in the stable side by side, and received each, in addition to hay and stalks, four quarts of small potatoes each morning, and two quarts of corn and oatmeal each evening, through the winter. As was expected, they gave a good mess of milk, and came out well in the spring. The manure of these four cows was thrown out a stable window, under the cattle shed, by itself. The other four animals were tied in the same stable, next to the first four, and received only hay and corn fodder. Their manure was thrown out by itself, at the next stable window, and under the same shed, so that the two heaps lay side by side. The heap made by the four cows that were daily messed with potatoes and meal, kept hot and smoking all winter, and was wholly free from frost. The heap made by the other animals that had only hay and stalks, showed no signs of fermentation, and was somewhat frozen. Observing this difference from time to time, curiosity prompted me in the spring to apply these two heaps of manure separately, but in equal quantities, side by side, on a piece of corn ground. The superiority of the corn crop where the manure from the messed cattle was applied, over that where the other heap was spread, was quite apparent and striking; and called my attention more particularly than it was ever before directed, to the importance of feeding out or best our richest products, if we would have the best kind of manure for our lands, and large crops from them."

A Wool Train.

The last received issue of the Kansas City *Journal of Commerce* remarks:—Yesterday morning we were standing on the steps of the Union Hotel, when the wool train of twenty wagons belonging to C. G. Parker, entered the city. There were several guests of the hotel from New York and other eastern cities, watching it as it passed. This was a feature—a spectacle of western country commerce entirely new to them, and naturally elicited many inquiries of a business character, all of which we believe were satisfactorily answered. The train yesterday of Mr. Parker brought in 27,500 pounds of wool, belonging to John Dold & Bro., of Las Vegas, consigned to W. A. Chick & Co., of this city, and by them to be forwarded to Glasgow & Bro., of St. Louis. These wagons were thirty-one days from Las Vegas.

Another.—A Mexican train of twenty wagons, belonging to Mr. John J. Carr, came in yesterday morning, bringing 39,000 pounds of wool; 2,900 mountain goat skins and seven bales of buffalo robes. The wagons were exactly forty days coming in. There were three hundred and twenty-nine head of cattle belonging to the train.

Agricultural Miscellany.

Palmyra Union Ag. Society.—The Annual Fair of this Society—held Oct. 11, 12—resulted most auspiciously. The weather was fine, the attendance large, and the exhibition considered better than either of its predecessors—a rare combination of good fortune, calculated to produce unusual success, and prove satisfactory to members and community. We were present on the 12th, and (after making considerable noise in endeavoring to discharge the duty assigned us,) had an opportunity of viewing the grounds and portions of the exhibition. We had heard of the fine grounds of the Society, and the progressive spirit of officers and members, but were most agreeably surprised. The Fair Grounds are beautifully situated and well arranged—the best, we think, considering expense and age, of any we have visited. Indeed, so well were we pleased with the arrangement that we have concluded to give, soon, a plan and description of the grounds and improvements. Of the various departments of the exhibition we can only speak in general terms. The show of Cattle was good—better than usual (we were assured) in both numbers and quality. Short-horns were shown by J. C. and L. Hathaway, and T. U. Bradbury, of Farmington, G. D. and A. J. Downing of Palmyra, Elijah Yeomans of Walworth, and perhaps others. There were also many fine grades and natives on exhibition. The display of Horses was also good, including fine animals in each class. The show of Sheep was very creditable, especially of fine wools. Mr. Elijah Ennis, of Palmyra, made a fine show of Spanish Merinos (nearly 40 head;)—also J. C. Pettit of Palmyra, S. M. Burbank of Marion, Nahum Warner of Macedon, and others whose names we did not ascertain. Leicesters and South Downs were shown by Wm. Chapman of Palmyra, and S. S. Lawrence of Manchester. Among the Implements, &c., of which there was quite a display, several railroad horse powers and threshers were exhibited in operation. Bickford & Huffman, of Macedon, showed a model Grain Drill, worthy the commendation we have heretofore given their machines. Alanson Sherman of Palmyra made a fine show of carriages, &c., and A. S. Cray of the same place some excellent samples of draining tile. The large exhibition building comprised Fruits, Vegetables, Fancy and Domestic Manufactures, &c., in abundance, and of such quality as to attract great attention. The arrangement of the whole exhibition indoors was excellent, and each department would bear close examination. The fruit was very fine, especially apples and grapes, and we regret that we could not ascertain names of exhibitors. The display of Vegetables was also highly creditable. Among them we found a collection of rarities or wonders contributed by I. W. Briggs of Macedon—including the largest and finest head of Paris Cauliflower we ever saw. Mr. B. also had fine specimens of the Honolulu, Pine-Apple and Snow-ball Squashes—the Mammoth Citron and Apple-Pie Melon—and last but not least (in the eyes of the curious) a hill of the celebrated *Dioscorea Batatis*. A good display of Stoves, &c., was made by Bowman & Walker and L. M. Chase of Palmyra—and of Cabinet Ware by H. D. Jenner. The Ladies did their part in decorating the hall with many superior specimens of handiwork, both ornamental and useful. The President of the Society, Luther Sanford, Esq., of Palmyra, contributed to various departments of the exhibition, as also did the Messrs. Rogers, J. Nottingham and J. G. Townsend of the same place, Samuel Dunfee and Jas White of Macedon, and many others. In fact, the Fair was every way worthy the reputation of the Society and its members, and we congratulate all concerned upon its marked success. We are indebted to the officers of the Society for courtesies, and especially to Carlton B. Rogers, Esq., whose hospitality we enjoyed. Palmyra has long been known to us as a beautiful village, but we were not before aware that it contained such a model residence as that of our temporary host—a home and surroundings which prove Mr. R. to be a man of taste and progress in practice as well as precept. A grapery which he has recently constructed is worthy of particular notice—but we must close for want of space.

Agricultural Exhibitions have been held during the past two months, in the United States and Canada West, to the number of nearly or quite five hundred. While the number of Shows is much greater than ever before, the quality and attendance have excelled former demonstrations. Rural America is progressing.

The Receipts at N. Y. State Fair, (Albany,) for entries, admissions, etc., amounted to $16,183,45 - some $3,000 greater than at any previous exhibition of the Society. We have not the figures at hand, but think the receipts at the Fair held in this city, in 1851, were far larger in proportion to price of single admission, (which was then 12½ cts., half the present rate,) and hence that the *attendance* was greater. In 1851, also, a member's ticket admitted a whole family through the Fair—whereas *now* it only entitles the holder to four single admission tickets.

The Michigan State Fair—at Detroit, Oct. 4, 7—was remarkably successful in most respects, indicating augmented zeal and commendable progress on the part of the Agriculturists, Horticulturists and Artisans of the Peninsular State. We shall endeavor to give some detailsin our next.

Michigan State Ag. Society.—*Officers*—At the recent Annual Meeting of the Mich. State Ag. Society, the following officers were elected, with great unanimity, for the ensuing year:—*President*—H. G. Wells, of Kalamazoo. *Secretary*—B. F. Johnstone, of Detroit. *Treasurer*—Benj. Follett, of Ypsilanti. *Executive Committee*—E. N. Wilcox, of Wayne county; J. B. Crippen, of Branch; Horace Welch, of Washtenaw; E. N. Thompson, of Genessee; Fred. Fowler, of Hillsdale; Geo. B. Johnson, of Kent; Jas. G. Birney, of Bay; and Chas. Dickey, of Calhoun.

The Connecticut State Fair—at New Haven, last week—is reported to have been the greatest and most successful of all the State Fairs ever held in said Commonwealth. The weather was delightful throughout, the attendance unusually large, and the aggregate receipts exceeded $10,000. Good for Connecticut!

Canada West Ag. Society.—After an animated contest between the friends of London and Hamilton, the Provincial Agricultural Society of Canada West, which met at Kingston recently, selected Hamilton as the place for holding the Annual Exhibition or Fair of the Province in 1860. The President of the Association for the ensuing year is John Wade, of Cobourg Hugh C. Barwick, of Woodstock, was elected First Vice-President, and F. W. Stone, of Guelph, Second Vice-President.

The Brockport Union Fair—Oct. 11th and 12th—resulted very satisfactorily. The Republic states that there were about 800 entries, including 186 of horses, 61 cattle, 60 sheep, 57 fruit, 99 vegetables, 38 implements. The exhibition was large and fine, and the attendance on the second day estimated at 15,000. The receipts were nearly $1,000. Altogether the Fair was very successful, and the result both gratifying and profitable, as "it is believed the income from all sources will nearly or quite place the Society out of debt." We regret that an engagement elsewhere precluded us from attending and taking notes of the exhibition.

The Union Fair—at Trumansburg, Sept. 29, 30 and Oct. 1—is said to have been a great affair. The editor of the Ithaca *Democrat*, who was present "in the expectation of seeing nothing more than a one-horse country town arrangement," says he was never more agreeably surprised—indeed "astonished at the completeness of the arrangements, the large and elegant display, and the manifest enthusiasm of all concerned." The grounds of the Society, the large and commodious hall, and other improvements, are also commended. "In fact," adds the Democrat, "the arrangements are perfect in all respects, and reflect credit on those engaged in getting up the exhibition." The display of fruit was very fine, surpassing any other our contemporary had seen in the State.

A Large Yield of Potatoes is thus mentioned in a letter just received from D. B. Waite, of Springwater, N. Y.:—"To-day I have dug the product of one potato (which I brought from Minnesota, last fall, in my pocket) After washing the tubers carefully they weighed *one hundred and three pounds*, and measured nearly two and a half bushels. The heaviest tuber weighed 3 lbs. 18 oz, and the four heaviest ones 13 lbs. 7 oz. The soil was rather cold clay and not manured. Hoed twice and both times when the vines were wet, which some potato-raisers condemn. When you hear of a larger yield, let us know it."

Sale of Improved Stock.—The attention of breeders and others is directed to the advertisement of Judge Carroll, announcing that his blood cattle, horses and sheep will be sold at auction on the 26th inst. In noticing the sale the Livingston Republican says:—"The Judge has for many years been one of the most active of our citizens in the improvement of stock. Many years ago he introduced a breed of horses that have no superiors for the road or farm. When our farmers began a progressive movement for a better quality of Cattle, the Judge, by his purse and personal influence, entered heartily into the movement, and as a result, noted as our county has become for fine cattle, there are no herds superior to the Judge's. At the late County Fair, he was awarded the first premium for the best show of cattle owned by one person. And it is this class of stock he proposes to offer at auction Farmers or others who desire full blood animals should by all means attend this sale, as it is seldom that so fine a lot is offered."

Is Land Impoverished by Wood Cropping?—In a private letter one of our Long Island subscribers makes some suggestive remarks on a subject little understood. He says:—"There is, to my mind, a very interesting question connected with the forest productions of Island lands, or the portions of the Island now uncultivated. It is this:—What effect does the repeated cuttings, burning and removing of all the woody product, for a long series of years, or a long period of time, have upon the land?—say for a period of 150 or 200 years. Several years ago, I suggested this to, or before, the Farmers' Club of the American Institute, but there never was much said on it; no one seemed to know much about it, or really to comprehend it. I submitted it chiefly to call out information on the subject. Most of those who said anything about it seemed to think land could not be injured or impoverished by growing wood on it, but I believe it can be, and by taking off at stated intervals, or periods, all the woody product, leaving nothing on the land to decay. Why will land not become exhausted by producing a succession of crops of wood as well as by crops of corn and wheat—only continue the process long enough? I contend that land, or a section of country, can be greatly impoverished, or rendered barren, by depriving it of its woody product, continually carrying off all that grows on it for a series of years."

Chicago Spring Wheat is said to be constantly improving in quality, either from better varieties being planted, or more pains taken in growing and preparing it for market. The proportion of Spring and Winter wheat has very largely increased, and it is expected that the difference in price between the two sorts this year will be less than ever before.

PREMIUMS AWARDED AT THE NEW YORK STATE FAIR.

Held at Albany, October, 1859.

CATTLE

Short-Horns—*Bulls*—Three years and over—John R Page, Bennett, "Hiawatha," $15 and silver medal to breeder; 2d, Wood & Eastman, Woodville, 10; 3d, Simeon Leland, New Rochelle, 5. Two years—A J Bloor, Southdown, 20; 2d, A M Underhill, Clinton Corners, 10; 3d, W M Gallers, Normanskill, 5. One year—Samuel Pearse, Throndale, Dutchess Co., 20; Duke, "15; 2d same, "5d Duke," 10; 3d, Wm Lape, Crescent, Lape's Hero, "5. Bull calf—John B Garrett, Selma, "Piper," 5, 2d, D Freeman Vail, Troy, Texas and 3 3d, Wm H. Slingerland, Discretionary.

Imported Bulls—Three years and over—Samuel Thorne, "Grand Duke, $25

Discretionary—Hurst, Slingerland and Bullock, "Neptune," Diploma.

Cows—Three years and over—S Thorne, "Miss Gwynne," $25, and silver medal to breeder 2d, same, 15; 3d, W H Slingerland, "Minnie, 5 Heifer—Two years—S Thorne, "Favorite" 20; 2d, same, "Gertrude," 10; 3d, Wm Kelly, Rhinebeck, "Myrtle," 5. One year—S Thorne, "Lady of Oxford, 15; 2d, same, "Princess of Oxford," 10; 3d, Wm Kelly, "Miss Wiley, 8th," 5 Heifer calf—Hurst, Slingerland and Bullock, Albany, "Florence," 5.

Imported Cows—Three years and over—S Thorne, "Lallah Rookh," $25, Commendatory notice of the herd of Col L G Morris.

Devons—*Bulls* Three years—J Freemyer, Fulton $25 and silver medal to breeder. Three years and over 2d, E Ottley, Phelps, 15; 3d, J A Carey, Upton "Orphan Boy," 5 Two years—E G Faile, West Farms "Baron," 20; 2d, C S Wainwright, Rhinebeck, "Sagamore," 10; 3d, Wood & Rogers, Watertown, "Neptune," 5. One year—E G Faile, "Casuga," 15, Joseph Hilton, New Scotland, "Empire," 10 3d, O Howland, Auburn, "Rover," 5 Bull calf—C S Wainwright, "Sachem," 5; 2d, E G Faile, "Powhattan," Trans and 3.

Discretionary—J Freemyer, Fulton, his Bull, dropped March 10, 1859, Texas.

Imported Bulls—Three years—C S Wainwright, $25.

Cows—Three years and over—C S Wainwright, "Helena 7th," $25 and silver medal to breeder; 2d, T Baker, Earlville, "Jenny Lind," 15; 3d, C S Wainwright, "Helena 3d," 5 Heifer Two years old—J Hilton, "Belle," 20; 2d, E O Faile, "Eleanor," 10, 3d, E Ottley, "Matchless," 5. One year old—E G Faile, "Queen Ann," 15; 2d, C S Wainwright, "Helena 12th," 10; 3d, same, "Helena 11th," 5. Heifer calf—Same, "Helena 15th," 5; 2d, J Hilton, "Grace," trans and 3.

Imported Cows—Three years and over—C S Wainwright, "Kate Kearney," $25.

Herefords—*Bulls* Three years and over—Eli P Gardner, Schoharie, (if he furnishes pedigree as required) $25; 2d, Ambrose Bowen Medina, Cayuga Chief," 15 Two years—M O Remington, Sennett, "Conservation," 20 2d, Ambrose Bowen, "Don Juan," 10 One year—E Corning, Jr, Albany, "Washington," 15 Bull calf—George Clark, E Springfield, 5; 2d, M O Remington, "Superior" trans and 3. Cow—Three years and over—A Bowen, "Young Matchless" 25, 2d, same 15, 3d, M Remington, "Venus," 5 Heifer—Two years—F Corning, Jr, "Flora 2d," 20; 2d, A Bowen, "Myrtle," 10; 3d E Corning, Jr, "Cora 2d," 5. One year—Same, "Grace 3d," 15, 2d, same, "Cora 4th," 10; 3d, M O Remington, "Stella," 5 Heifer calf—George Clark, "Snow Bank," 5; 2d, same, "Geranium," trans and 3.

Imported—Cow—Three years and over—E Corning, Jr, "Cora 2d," $25. Heifer—Two years—Same, 20.

Ayrshires—*Bulls*—Three years and over—E P Prentice, "Dundee 7th," $25, and silver medal to breeder. Two years—John C Hitchcock, Poughkeepsie, "Duke of Ayrshire," 20, 2d, Samuel Curtis, Flat Brook, 10; 3d, S D Hungerford, Adams, "Robert Bruce," 5. One year—Same, "Highland Lad," 15; 2d H D Hawkins, Albany, 10, 3d, S D Hungerford, "Tiger," 5. Bull calf—Jas Thompson, Ballston Spa, "Country Gentleman," 5; 2d, same, trans and 3. Cow—Three years and over—Brodie & Converse, Rural Hill, "Peach Blow," $5, and silver medal to breeder. 2d, S D Hungerford, "Little Dale," 15, 3d, James Thompson, "Fancy," 5. Heifer—Two years old—Brodie & Converse, "Flora Temple," 20 One year old—S D Hungerford, "L Dale 2d," 15. Heifer calf—Geo W Harcourt, Albany, 5; 2d, S D Hungerford, "Princess," trans and 3.

Imported—Cow—Three years and over—S D Hungerford, "Challenge," $25; Same, cow "Bessie," discretionary; A B Converse, two beautiful heifers, discretionary.

Alderneys or Jerseys—*Bulls*—Three years and over—M E Viele, "Jersey," $25 and silver medal to breeder. Two years—H S Johnson, Poughkeepsie 20. Bull calf—M E Viele, "J T Norton," 5. Heifer—One year—Same, "Violet," 15. Imported cow—Three years and over—Same, "Maria," 25.

Grade Cattle—*Cows*—Three years and over—Mather & Moore, Albany $25, 2d, W H Slingerland, Normanskill, 15; 3d, James F Converse, Woodville, 5. Heifer—Two years—Henry Cooke, Rhinebeck, 20; 2d, H & P Bowen, Coon & Tompkins, Medina, 10; 3d, Chas E Pease, Albany, 5. One year—B Griffin, Clinton Corners, 15; 2d, Wood & Eastman, Woodville, 10. Heifer calf—Same, 5; 2d, L Woodward, Saratoga, trans and 3. Milch cow—W H Slingerland, 20.

Working Oxen—Over Five Years—Yoke, T Baker, Earlville, $20; 2d, Joseph Hilton, 15; 3d, W H Slingerland, 5. Four Years—Single yoke, E O Phelps, 15; 2d, A Fitch, New Scotland, 10; 3d, L Comstock, Kirkland, 4.

Steers—Three Years—Single yoke, E Ottley, $10; 2d, H & P Bowen, Coon & Tompkins, 5; 3d, Isaac Miller, Valley Falls, trans and 3. Two boys under 16, for training yoke of Steers best, Willis A Wilsne, Schodack, all med. Two Years—Single yoke, Wood & Eastman, 8. One year—Single do, same, 6; 2d, P S Forbes, Bath, Rens co, 5; 3d, Wood & Eastman, trans and 3.

Fat Cattle—*Stall Fed*—Ox—Four years and under five—T Doty, Clinton Corners, $12. Cow—Four years and over—E Sheldon, Bennett, 10. Heifer—Three years—G H & A D Gazley, Pleasant Plains, 8.

Note.—Thomas Kimber, of Syracuse, exhibited two oxen, aged respectively 5 and 6 years, excluded by the Society's rules from competition, on account of age. The committee recommend some suitable token of appreciation of their merits.

Messrs G H & A D Gazley exhibited one yoke of fine oxen, excluded for same reasons above stated, and the committee make the same recommendation.

Fed on Hay and Grain—Cow—Four years and upwards—G H Charles, Albany, $10. Steer—Three years—J Wadsworth, Jr, Geneseo, 8; 2d, G Wadsworth, do, 3.

Ponfish Cattle—Short-horn bull—Two years and over—J Snell, Canada West, dip and $5 Cow—Same, 15. Ayrshire Bull—Two years and over—H D Burgett, West Stockbridge, Mass, 15. Working Oxen, pair out of State, W R Duncan, Ky, 15; 2d, S Blackman, Vt, 10. Fat Ox—J Van Alstyne, Ghent, 10. Fat Steer—W R Duncan, 10. Fat cow or heifer—C F Wills, Ky. 10.

HORSES

For All Work—*Stallions*—Four years and over—Geo W Adams, Whitehall, $25; 2d, J Vandenburgh, Rhinebeck, 15; 3d, Thomas North, Middlefield, 5; 4th, P W Delts, Schoharie, Young't

Mares—Brood Mare (with foal at her foot)—Four years and over—Ira Blakeman, Greenbush, $25; 2d, B B Kirkland, do, 15; 3d, M J Blessing, Albany, 5; 4th, Chas A Mott, Lansingburg, Young't.

Horses of the Morgan or Black Hawk Breed—*Stallions*—Four years and over—Grove Bradley, Meridian, $25, 2d, A W Swift, New York, 15; 3d, Martin Dean, Claverack, 5 Brood Mare—Four years and upwards—R W Macy, Chatham Four Corners, 25.

Draught—*Stallions*—Four years and over—D Case, Lockport, "Young Norman," $25; 2d, James Boyle, Albany, 15; 3d, C Scoble, Springport, "Young Sampson," 5; 4th, S A Rogers, Jordan, Young't. Pair of matched draught or farm horses—J P Wisner, Lyons, 15; 2d, Jurian Winne, Albany, 10; 3d, C Slingerland, N Scotland, (dis.) Young't.

Thorough bred—*Stallions*—Four years and over—J S Schermerhorn, Schenectady, "Peer," $25. Brood mare, (with foal at her foot)—Four years and over—P S Bogardus, Bath, Rensselaer co, "Madonna," 25 Stallion—Three years old—Alexander Botsford, Morristown, "Comet," 20 Three years old Stallion—H B Alley, New Rochelle, 20; 2d, L Bagley, Clinton, Dutchess co, Pa, 5; 3d, Caleb Tompkins, Mount Pleasant, 3 3d J V Storm, Dadd Mare—J Simpson, Warwick, 20 Stallion—Two years—H Ainsworth, Philadelphia, Pa, 20 F H Bissell, Chatham Four Corners, 10, 3d, Chas Bingham, West Troy, Dadd Mare—F G Vandenburgh, Troy, 15; 2d, Jas G Mott, Lansingburgh 10 3d, A A Dunlap, West Troy, Dadd, Stallions—One year—Peter Van Wie, Bethlehem, 10; 2d, F M Lawrence, Flushing, 5, 3d, Alex Balbgate, Morrisania, Dadd. Mare—Joseph Dibble, Bath, Rens co, 10, 2, J O Mott 5, 3d, M J Blessing, Albany, Dadd

Matched Horses—Sixteen hands and over—D T Walbridge, Rochester, $15; 2d, J L Treat, Auburn, 10.

For Road or Carriage—Pair matched horses, 14 to 16 hands, E Milbanks, Bethlehem, $15, 2d, L Rosekrans, Clifton Park, 10.

Geldings—E Milbanks, $10; 2d, H Beals, "Cassius M Clay, Jr," 8. Three years—L Rosekrans, 8. Mare—Three years—Seneca Dennis, Schaghticoke, 6.

Single Mares—Four years—J R Hemingway, Canaan, $10; 2d, L G Buck Fort Edward, 8.

Single Trotters—Charles Robinson, Dutchess co., $10; 2d, R G Clark, Argyle, 8. Trained colt—White Hawley, (discretionary,) 5.

From Other States and Canada—*Blood Stallion*—Three years and over—T G Ayering Passaic, N J. "Gov Wright," $15. Brood mare—H L Shields, Bennington, Vt, 15. Stallion, horse for all work—Three years and over—P M Gillespie, N J, "Arabian Marmaduke," 15. Brood mare, do—T J Wallace, Providence, R I, 15. Three years and over—A Jeffrey, Canada West, 15. Matched horses not under 15 hands high—T J Ayering, 15. Single mare, horse or gelding in harness—C S Haines, New Jersey, 10.

Discretionary—H L Shields, Bennington, Vt, (all work,) brood mare, dip.

Jacks and Mules—Jack—Chamberlain & Whitlesey, Aurelius, $20, Jennet—W J Wheeler, Watervliet, 20. Pair mules—A Strain, Albany, 15.

SHEEP.

Fat Sheep—*Long Wooled*—Two years and over—G H & A D Gazley, $5; 2d Robert Bradle, Smithville, 3; 3d, Jurian Winne, Albany, Morrell's Shep. Under two years—Jurian Winne Bethlehem, 5; 2d, E Ottley, 3; 3d, same, Morrell's Shep. Middle Wooled—Two years and over—R C Derrick, Center Brunswick, 5; 2d same, 3. Under two years—O Howland, Auburn, 5; 2d same, 3. Cross breed Two years and over—H Bowen, Jr, 5; 2d, same 3; 3d, J P Converse, Woodville, Merino Sheep Under two years—H Bowen, Jr, 5; 2d, R C Derrick, 3

Note.—The committee recommended to the favorable consideration of the Executive Committee, two lots of sheep in the above class entered after the committee had commenced their duties, one lot belonging to E Ottley, Phelps Ontario co, the other to John McDonald, Warren Westmoreland co. They would have received premiums, if entered in time.

Long Wooled Bucks Two years and over—John Bettridge, Risa, $10; 2d, G H & A D Gazley, 5; 3d, J McDonald, 3. Under two years—Jurian Winne, Albany, 5; 2d, G H & A D Gazley, 3; 3d, James Bettridge, 2. Pen Five Ewes—Two years and over—V H Hallock, Dover Plains, 10; 2d, G H & A D Gazley, 5; 3d, John McDonald, 3. Under two years—G H & A D Gazley, 10; 2d, John McDonald, 5; 3d, Ely Wood & Eastman, 3 Pen 3 Buck Lambs—G H & A D Gazley, 5; 2d, J McDonald, Morrell's Shep. Pen 3 Ewe Lambs—G H & A D Gazley, 5; 2d, same, Morrell's Shep.

Special—E Ottley, Phelps, special premium, equal to 1st premium, $10, his ewes having been overlooked by the committee.

Middle Wooled—South Downs—*Bucks*, Two years and over—Saml Thorne, $10, Under 2 years—Same, 10; 2d, Same, 5; 3d, Same, 3. Pen 5 ewes, 2d best—Two years and over—S Cowing, Jr, 8; 2d John H Booth, Bethlehem, 5. Pen three buck lambs, 2d best—E G Cook, Hillsburgh, Morrell's Shep. Pen three ewe lambs—John H Booth, 5.

Saxon Merino Downs—*Rams*, Two years and over—Jacob Lorillard, New York, $10; 2d, C Parsons, Elba, 5 Pen five ewes—Two years and over—J Lorillard, 10; 2d, C Parsons, 8. One year old, 2d best, same, 8 Pen three ewe lambs, 2d best, Same, Morrell's Shep. Pen three ewe lambs, 2d do. Same, Morrell's Shep.

Merinos—*Bucks*—Two years and over J Stickney, $10; 2d, Potter Baker, 8; 3d, W H Armstrong, 5 Under two years J Stickney, 10; 2d, Potter Baker, 8; 3d John M Perry, 5 Pen five ewes—Two years and over—Geo Brown, 10; 2d, N P Brown, 8; 3d, J Stickney, 5 Under two years—Potter Baker, 10; 2d Geo Brown, 8; 3d, John M Perry, 5. Pen three buck lambs—J Stickney, 5; 2d, Geo Brown, Morrell's Shep Pen three ewe lambs, same, 5. 2d W M Holmes, Morrell's Shep Samples of wool not less than five fleeces, Geo Brown, silvered

Silesian Merinos—*Bucks*—Two years and over—Wm Chamberlain, Red Hook, $10; 2d, same, 8; 3d, C W Hull, New Lebanon, 5. Under 2 years—W Chamberlain, 10; 2d, G Brown, 8; 3d, Wm Chamberlain, 5. Pen five ewes—Under two years—W Chamberlain, 10. Two years and over—Same, 10; 2d, G Brown, 8; 3d, W Chamberlain, 5. Pen three buck lambs—Same, 5. Pen three ewe lambs, same, 5.

French Merinos—Discretionary to O. Howland, Auburn, $5.

Saxons—*Bucks*—Two years and over—T V Maxon Adams, $10; 2d, George Dakin, North East, 8; 3d, C W Hull, New Lebanon, 5. Under two years—Same, 10; 2d, T V Maxon, Adams, 8; 3d, G Dakin, 5 Pen five ewes Two years and over—C W Hull, 10; 2d, G Dakin 8, 3d, C W Hull, 5. Under two years—Same, 10; 2d, G Dakin, 8 3d, C W Hull, 5 Pen three buck lambs—G Dakin, 5. Pen three ewe lambs Same, 5 2d, same, Morrell's Shep.

Cross Breed of Fine Wool—Saxons and Merinos—*Bucks*—Two years and over—E G Cook, Hillsburgh, 10 2d, D W Curtis, Canaan, 8, 4d, O Howland, Auburn, 5 Under two years—O Howland, Auburn, 10 Pen five ewes—Two years and over—W Chamberlain, 10, 2d, D W Curtis, Canaan 8 3d, O Howland, Auburn, 5 Under two years—E G Cook, 10. Pen three buck lambs—Geo Brown, 5, 2, W Chamberlain, Morrell's Shep Pen three ewe lambs W M Holmes, Greenwich, 5, 2d, C W Hull, New Lebanon, Morrell's Shep. Samples of wool, not less than five fleeces, Wm M Holmes, Greenwich, skirted.

Cross Breed, or Coarse or Middle Wool—*Bucks*—Two years and over John McDonald, Warren, $ 2d do, Zerah Rider, Colla, 8; 3d, Samuel A Curtis, Canaan, 5 Under two years—H Bowen, Jr Medina 10, 2d, R Brodie, 8. Pen five ewes—Two years and over—H Bowen, Jr, 10 2d John McDonald, 8; 3d Zerah Rider, Colla, 5 Under two years—H Bowen Jr, 10, 2d, J McDonald, 8; 3d S A Curtis, 5 Pen three buck lambs—A Bateman, Belleville 5 2d H Brodie, Morrell's Shep Pen three ewe lambs John McDonald, 5, 2d, H Bowen, Jr, Morrell's Shep. Best Shepherd's Dog, J Lorillard, N Y, 5.

From Out the State—*Long Wooled*—Buck, John Snell, Edmonton, C W 10 Pen 5 ewes—S O Hitchcock, Ashgrove, near Preston, Conn, 10 Middle Wooled—Buck, J C Taylor, Holmdel, N J, 10. Merinoes—Buck, Jesse Hines, Brandon, Vt, 10.

SWINE.

Large Breed—*Boars*—Two years and over—E. Walt, Walden, $10; 2d, S. D. Hungerford, Adams, 5 One year old—E Griffin, Clinton Corners, 10; 2d, Wm. Richardson, Albany, 5. 6 months and over—Clark & Gillett, Smithville, 8. *Breeding Sows*—Two years and over—S. D. Hungerford, 10; 2d, Wm. Richardson, 5. One year old—A M. Underhill, Clinton Corners, 10. *Pigs*—Under 10 months, best 5—Jas. F. Converse, Woodville, 8; 2d, Converse & Brodie, Woodville, 4.

Small Breed.—*Boars*—Two years and over—A. M. Underhill, $10. One year old—J. H. Booth, Bethlehem, 10; 2d, Jas. L. Mitchell, Albany, 5. 6 months and over—Samuel Thorne, Thorndale, 8. 2d, Wood & Eastman, Woodville, 4. *Breeding Sows*—Two years and over—E. Corning, Jr, Albany, 10; 2d, Jas. L. Mitchell, 5. One year old—J. Rapp, Jr., Albany, 10. 6 months and over—Wood & Eastman, 8; 2d, Samuel Thorne, 4.

BUTTER.

Best lot (quality as well as quantity considered) made from 5 cows in dairies entered for, each of the Butter to be exhibited, June or July—Wm. Bellows, Salem, $25; 2d D T Weed, Newburgh 15 Best 25 lbs of butter made in June George Webb, Watertown, 15; 2d, Ames Goodling, Le Ray 10 N S Coe, West Lansing, 5; 4th, Ira Brown, Rutland, Trans Best 50 lbs made at any time, two Weeks, $15; 2d, N S Coe, Rensselaerville, 10; 3d, D T Weed, 5, 4th, N S Coe, trans

Girls under 21 years of age.—Best lot of butter, not less than 10 lbs. made at any time, Lydia S Gurney, Harpersfield, silver cup; 2d, Norman Gowdy, Lowville, pair butter knives; 3d, Miss E Bannister, Phelps, set tea spoons; 4th, Mary E French, Richfield Springs, small silver medal

Discretionary—W H Clum, Claverack, jar of butter under 5 lbs, special premium of $5.

CHEESE.

One year old and over—100 lbs C Eames, Rutland, $20, 2d, A L Fish, Herkimer Co, 15; 3d, C W Eels, Westchester Land, 10. Less than one year—Norman Gowdy, 2d, Enos Peck, Fabius, 15, 3d, Samuel Mills, Lowville 10, 4th A B Mack, Westport, 5, 5th, Reuben Fawcett Fort Plain trans.

SUGAR AND HONEY

Sugar.—Best 25 lbs. maple sugar, Wm A White, New Road, $5; 2d, W B Van Etten, New-Scotland, 3. Best sample maple syrup, 1 gal., W A White, 3; 2d, W B Van Etten, 2.

Honey.—Best 20 lbs honey, H W Bulkley, Ballston, $7; 2d, B J Van Hoesen, Castleton, 3; 3d, M Quiuby, St. Johnsville, trans. Best bee hive, R O Otis, Kenosha, Wis., dip; 2d, Hays & Mitchell, Albany, dip.

FARM IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINERY.

Farm Implements—Best wagon horse power for farm, L J Lloyd, Albany $5; best carriage harness, same, 5; best single harness, same,

HORTICULTURAL

MARKET PRICES OF FRUITS.

It is an encouraging sign of the times that people are beginning earnestly to inquire the best way to dispose of their fruit—it shows progress—success in fruit culture. As the best way of answering the many inquiries on this subject, we give the market prices in New York city, and at other places. One thing our fruit growers have to learn, and that is to send only the best specimens to a distant market, and to take especial pains to pack them, so that they will reach their destination in good condition. Fine fruit, well packed, always sells at a high price in the eastern markets, while inferior samples in bad condition, are often a drug, scarcely paying for transportation. It costs no more to send a barrel of apples to New York that will bring $3, than one that sells with difficulty at half that price. While attending the last State Fair at Albany, two gentlemen living on the Hudson, inquired if we could send them a supply of winter apples. This we thought strange, as they lived less than a hundred miles from the city.—They informed us, however, that it was difficult to obtain sound fruit in New York. The packers in this city buy the fruit by the wagon load. It is then thrown into barrels, headed up and shipped. No care is exercised, and no judgment in selecting out the bruised specimens.

Prices of Fruit in New York City.—The following report of the New York market, from the Tribune, is valuable, as showing not only the present prices of fruit, but the dependence of that city upon Western New York and the Western States for a supply of fruit. The suspension of receipts by the Erie Canal, even for a few days, causes a scarcity, and the reporters are compelled to say "the market is quite bare of good apples:"

Apples.—The extensive break in the canal above Schenectady cuts off the receipts via that route, and the market is, to-day, quite bare of good apples. It is said that a week to ten days must elapse before boats can pass the break, and in the meantime apples must be comparatively scarce and high, offering good inducements for prompt shipments of choice fruit by the most expeditious routes. Should the weather be unseasonably warm, much of the fruit now delayed would reach market in poor order. In any event the present scarcity must be followed by a temporary glut, and corresponding low prices. Quotations are now difficult to make, the transactions of the day not being sufficient to establish any market rate; but we name the following figures:

Western, mixed lots	$2 00@2 50
Common, ₩ bbl	1 00@1 25
Red Streaks	1 50@1 75
Twenty ounce Pippins	2 25@2 50
Wine Pippins	2 00@2 50
Detroit Reds	2 00@2 50

Pears.—We quote:

Seckels, good, ₩ bbl	$15 00@20 00
Virgalieus, perfect	12 00@20 00
Napoleons	10 00@15 00
Louise Bonne de Jersey, ₩ bbl	10 00@15 00
Duchess de Angouleme	10 00@20 00

Quinces are very scarce and wanted. Apple Quinces, ₩ bbl., $3@$5; Pear Quinces, ₩ bbl., $2@$3.

Grapes—Catawba 12@15c. ₩ lb.; Isabella, choice, 10@14c.; do common, 6@8c.

Dried Apples—Southern new, 6@6½c.; Southern old, 5@5½c.; State old, 6½@7c; State new, 7@7½c.

Dried Peaches—New Southern, best from Georgia, 11@12c ₩ lb.; do. common, 7@9c.; best Virginia, 13@15c. ₩ lb.

Dried Blackberries—Southern, 8@8½c. ₩ lb.
Dried Cherries, pitted, ₩ lb. 21@22c.
Dried Plums ₩ lb. 18@20c.

Vegetables and their Prices in Sacramento.—A. G. Wheeler, Esq., of Sacramento, California, sends us the following statement, showing the order and date of arrival of the Spring, Summer and Winter Vegetables at that market. Also, the price when first taken to market, and subsequent ruling rates of each:

SPRING AND SUMMER VEGETABLES.

Spinach, in March, 12 to 6 cents per pound.
Asparagus, about April 1st, $1 per bunch to 75 cents per dozen.
Rhubarb, about April 15th, 50 to 6 cents per pound.
New Potatoes, about April 15th, 25 to 7@8 cents per pound.
Green Peas, about May 1st, 75 to 5 cents per pound.
Artichokes, about May 1st, $1 50 to 75 cents per dozen.
Spring Onions, about May 15th, 12 to 6 cents per pound.
Green Beans, about May 20th, 75 to 5 cents per pound.
Cucumbers, from open beds, about June 1st, $3 to 25 cents per dozen.
English Beans, about May 31st, small demand.
Tomatoes, about June 5th, 75 to 6 cents per pound.
Okra, about June 5th, $1 50 to 8 cents per pound.
Green Corn, about June 5th, $1 to 25 cents per dozen.
Lima Beans, about June 15th, 12 cents per pound.
Summer Squashes, July, 25 to 3@4 cents per pound.
Egg Plant, July, 50 to 6 cents per pound.
Muskmelons, about July 1st, $1 to 12 cents each.
Watermelons, about July 1st, $1 to 12 cents each.

SUMMER AND WINTER VEGETABLES.

Cauliflower, $1 50 per dozen.
Celery, $1 50 per dozen.
Cucumbers, in hot-beds, $3 per dozen.
Green Peas, (until January,) 12 cents per pound.
Beets, Carrots, Lettuce, Parsnips, Radishes, Salsify, Turnips, each 37½ to 50 cents per dozen bunches.

WINTER VEGETABLES.

Cabbages, in sacks, 1½@2½ cents per pound.
Onions, in sacks, 10@12 cents per pound.
Potatoes, in sacks, 3@4 cents per pound.
Sweet Potatoes, in sacks, 3 cents per pound.
Beets, Carrots, Parsnips and Turnips, in sacks, 1½@2 cents per pound.
Cauliflower, in bunches, $1 50 per dozen.
Celery, in bunches, $1 50 per dozen.
Cucumbers, $3 per dozen.
Green Peas, 75 to 12 cents per pound.
Lettuce, in bunches, 37 to 50 cents per dozen.
Radishes, in bunches, 37 to 50 cents der dozen.

The last number of the California Farmer gives the market report of San Francisco for September 1st, and we copy enough to show the prices of the principal fruits in that city:

Apples and Pears from 12 to 25 cents per pound.
Bartlett Pears 25 cents per pound.
Lawton Blackberries 50 cents per pound.
Crab Apples 25 cents per pound.
Green Apples, for cooking, 12½ cents per pound.
Peaches 12½ to 25 cents per pound.
Plums 31 cents per pound.
Watermelons, each, 12 to 25 cents.
Grapes, white, 50 cents per pound.
Hamburgh Grapes $1 per pound.
California Grapes 25 cents per pound.

In Boston apples range from $1 50 to $2 50 per barrel. The Toronto Globe says "the supply of apples continues large, but consists purely of importations from lake ports. Prices range from $1 75 to $2 25 per barrel."

Prices of Fruit in Covent Garden Market, London.—As prices of fruit, not less than of other goods, convey a pretty accurate idea of the abundance or scarcity of the supply, we have prepared the following tabular statement, by which the prices obtained in Covent Garden market, in the first week in August, this season, may be compared with those of the same week in the years indicated, beginning with 1841:

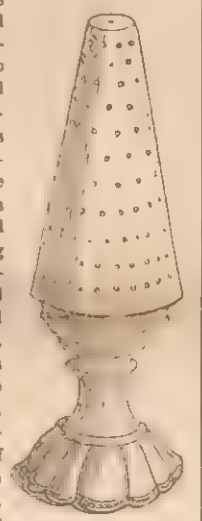
	1841.	1845.	1850.	1855.	1859
Apples ₩ doz....	8s 0d.	2s 0d.	2s 0d.	8s 0d.	8s 0d
Half sieve,.....	6 0	7 0	4 0	5 0	5 0
Pears ₩ doz	4 0	6 0	3 0	4 0	6 0
Half sieve	6 0	10 0	8 0	7 0	12 0
Plums ₩ punnet	3 0	3 6	2 0	1 6	2 6
Half sieve	5 0	5 0	4 0	3 6	3 0
Cherries ₩ lb	4 0	5 0	3 0	2 0	4 0
Bk Currants ₩ sieve	6 0	7 0	6 0	6 0	7 0
Red	5 0	5 0	5 0	5 0	6 0
White	4 0	5 0	5 0	5 0	6 0
Gooseberries ₩ do	5 0	5 0	3 0	4 0	5 0
Raspberries ₩ lb	0 4	0 6	0 4	0 3	0 9
Apricots ₩ doz ..	3 0	2 0	2 6	3 0	4 0

We may add that an ordinary sieve contains about five pecks, and a currant sieve two and a half pecks. A punnet is a round, flat basket that holds from twelve to eighteen good sized plums.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

From the above it will be seen that almost all fruits sell higher now than they did eighteen years ago. But we do not suppose any one will be foolish enough to argue from this, that fruit culture in England is a failure—or that the soil or climate of England is such as to render fruit culture unprofitable. This was the argument used by the enemies of dwarf pears—because pears were as dear as when the dwarf pear excitement commenced, therefore dwarf pear culture was a failure.

BOQUET STANDS.

Some of our readers, no doubt, have experienced a good deal of difficulty in arranging boquets to suit their taste. Even professional gardeners, many of them, make sad work in arranging flowers. Our attention has recently been called to an ingenious invention by Daniel Stead, of Huddersfield, England, called "*Stead's Pyramidal Boquet Stand.* "It consists of a pyramidal cylinder of metal, pierced with holes at uniform distances, and within it is another cylinder, fitting so as *nearly to touch* the outer one, and with just enough space between to receive the stalks of the flowers which are inserted in the holes. At the top of the outer cylinder is a tubular orifice, stopped with a small tube reaching to the bottom of the cylinder. The small tube is lifted out, and a little water poured into the central bore or tube, and then the small tube is again inserted, and a little water poured into that also. The flowers are then inserted according to the fancy of the decorator, and as each flower has but an inch stem, they sit close to the outer cylinder, touching the inner one, and by the process of capillary attraction, get from it just enough moisture, without being actually wet, as serves to sustain their freshness of color and odor for a considerable length of time. With the addition of a glass shade over it, the lower edge of which is immersed in water, most flowers will keep near a month. Nothing can be more simple in use, though so thoroughly philosophical in construction, as this Boquet Stand."



Another, and more simple contrivance for the purpose, is described by a correspondent of the *London Cottage Gardener.* "I went to a China store and selected about six or eight China or Liverpool-ware cups, of such size as would just fit into or nest in each other,—commencing at the largest sized coffee-cup, or small bowl, and ending with the smallest of a child's tea set. I then placed under the bottom of each of them a circular piece of wood (such as come with ribbons, but anything else will answer the purpose,) to separate the cups, so as to leave a space for putting the flowers into.

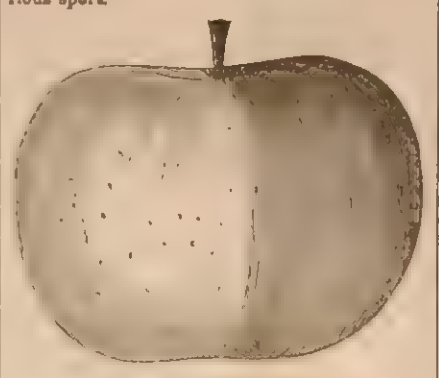
It is not necessary that the cups should be one uniform shape, as none but the lowest cup will be seen when the flowers are arranged in it. The lower cup should be mounted on the wooden base, with a circular rim around the upper edge of it to hold the cup firmly; or it may be placed inside of an ornamental vase."

DETORTICATION OF TREES.

Allow me to call attention to the following:—"The system of stripping the bark off the trunks of trees for the purpose of destroying the insects which infest them, has now been generally applied to a large number in the Champs Elysees and elsewhere in Paris, and has led to the discovery of a curious fact, recently communicated to the Imperial Horticultural Society by M. Robert. It appears that trees may be deprived of the whole of their bark not only without experiencing any injury, but even with considerable advantage, the operation tending to increase their power of vegetation. Elms, for example, which before the operation did not increase more than one or two millimetres in diameter each year, have been found to increase four or five when stripped of their bark. Trees having a very thin bark, such as the birch and others, need not be stripped to obtain a similar result; it is sufficient for the purpose to make longitudinal incisions in the bark by means of a kind of three-bladed scarificator. It is now intended to subject all the young elms in a languishing state to this treatment throughout Paris, it having answered perfectly with those planted on fortifications. In a commercial point of view, the discovery is of some importance." The above, if correct, promises most valuable results.—*Cor. of Gardeners' Chronicle.*

FRUITS RECEIVED.

We are indebted to J. H. Stanley, of Le Roy, for a singular apple—one half a fine russet, with a reddish cheek, and the other half green. The line of demarkation is as plain as it could be painted, dividing the apple in two equal halves, and running through the centre of the calyx and the stem. We give a drawing showing this curious sport.



Mr. S. sent with the apple the following note:

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I send you an apple, raised by my brother, which is a curiosity. The tree which bore it bears all green sweet apples like the green half of the one I send you. About forty or fifty feet from it stands a tree which bears an apple like the Russet half, and the only tree in the orchard which bears that kind of apple. The one bearing the green apple had about six bushels on it; this year all green but this one. The Russet tree had none on, though it probably blossomed. When the apple was first picked the division was plainly marked through the centre of the stem. If you consider it worthy of notice, please give us your views as to how the amalgamation was brought about, &c.—J. H. Stanley, *Le Roy, N. Y.*

—To Joseph Macomber, Macedon, N. Y., for specimens of a green, sweet apple, much like R. I. Greening in appearance, and larger and more conical than Green Sweeting. It appears like a long keeper, and in all respects we should judge it to be a valuable sweet apple. It was brought originally by Mr. M. from Vermont.

—To Ellwanger & Barry for a large basket of magnificent pears which we are examining and tasting daily, as they mature, with great satisfaction.

—To E. W. Sylvester, of Lyons, for specimens of a small seedling apple, known as the *Sylvester*—small, round; calyx closed, in a shallow, wrinkled basin; stalk very short and slender, inserted in a deep, narrow cavity; skin smooth, yellowish cream color, sometimes with a beautiful blush on the sunny side; flesh white, tender, very juicy, with a pleasant flavor. Mr. S. says "the tree is a good bearer, the apples always fair, and full of vinous juice. Season, October and November."

NEW SUBSTITUTE FOR GRASS LAWNS.

Spergula Pilifera.—To Mr. Mongredien belongs the merit of having first pointed out that Spergula Pilifera was capable of forming an excellent substitute for grass in the formation of lawns. A piece of ground planted here four years ago with this pretty little moss-like Alpine, is now, and has been for these three years past, closely covered with a carpet of the richest green—soft and elastic to the tread, and forming a turf equal to that of the finest grass, for which, at first sight, it might easily be mistaken. Over grass, it however possesses many advantages; in the first place it requires no mowing, and it is reported to withstand the effects of long-continued drouth better than any grass, remaining comparatively green when the latter has been burnt up. Another point in its favor is its evenness of surface, provided the ground laid down with it has been made so in the first instance—a matter of great importance—for as the plant itself never grows more than a quarter or half of an inch in height, any inequalities or other defects of formation are ever afterwards perceptible. After planting, the only care that it requires is sweeping and rolling. If left undisturbed it would be one mass of white flowers in July, but as most people prefer a lawn perfectly green to one covered with blossoms, the latter should be removed by frequent sweepings with a fine besom. A birch broom is too rough for it. In forming a lawn with this plant, Mr. Mongredien's gardener, Mr. Summers, recommends the seeds, which are very small, to be sown behind a north wall, and when up to be transplanted where required, placing the plants regularly over the surface, at say six inches apart. On strong clay it sometimes assumes a yellow hue, but this has been found to be easily converted into a beautiful green by watering with weak liquid manure. Unforeseen disadvantages may yet arise, however, in connection with the employment of this as a lawn plant; but at present, judging from the little experiment that has been made with it, it certainly promises to answer perfectly, and in an economical point of view, seeing that mowing may be dispensed with, it cannot fail to be highly appreciated. A trial of it on a more extensive scale is now being carried out, the result of which we hope to be enabled to report hereafter.—*Gardeners' Chron.*

GRAPE CULTURE ABOUT SYRACUSE.

This subject having become of such general interest, it may not be amiss to give a few leading facts necessary to be known and heeded in order to give permanent success to Grape Cultivation. The soil, climate, and proper treatment of the vine, summer and winter, must combine to reward the careful and diligent with an abundance of grapes in full maturity. First, make the selection of the vines with regard to their being hardy and productive; have the soil mellow, rich and deep, with plenty of sun and circulation of air, with underdrainage, *ordinarily*, at least three feet deep. Sprinkle sulphur on the leaves once or twice in the summer, if they are inclined to mildew; take out the suckers and weak sprouts, so as not to have too much vine for the room. Take the cheap insurance of laying down the vines, (after they are trimmed about the 1st of December,) on the ground, and covering them slightly with earth or other substances. Give them soap suds and other fertilizers during the growing season, mixed with common sense, and no good reason can be shown why each American sovereign's table should not be daily graced with this prince of luxuries during the winter. Acting upon the valuable suggestions recently made in the Rural New-Yorker, to visit our neighbors' gardens, I will refer to the to the practical experience of some of our neighbors and citizens I have observed during a few spare hours snatched from my profession.

Recently, in a call on my venerable friend Hon. B. Davis Noxon, he called my attention to his grapes, recently gathered, and the perfect bunches nicely laid down for the winter, in boxes three or four layers deep, with cotton between. Also, to the fact that upon a frame made over a flat roof some two feet above it, he run a portion of an Isabella vine, and upon a space of some eight feet square had gathered a bushel of most elegant grapes. They were the best he raised, as to ripeness and perfection.

I next called upon Mr. Allen Corey, of this city, whose vines are of seven years setting, mostly Isabella, the rows running north and south, eight feet apart. The soil is a sandy loam, with a gravelly subsoil, and his Isabella grapes, in size, excel any I have ever seen. He informed me his crop last year from half an acre was 8,300 pounds of grapes. He also called my attention to a seedling grape just in bearing, raised by him, a hybrid between a Connecticut grape and the Catawba. It was two weeks or more earlier than the Isabella. The grape certainly tasted well, is somewhat higher colored than the Catawba, and may prove a valuable acquisition.

My next visit was on Mr. George Raynor, of this city, whose soil is of a gravelly loam, and the quantity and quality of his grapes were indices of happiness and rational enjoyment. His Concords and Dianas were especially fine.

Syracuse, N. Y., 1859. S. N. Holmes.

THE NEW GRAPES.

J. J. Thomas, editor of the *Country Gentleman*, makes the following notes on some of the new grapes, received by the editor, from Samuel Miller, of Pennsylvania. Some of these we were anxious to see this year, but have not succeeded in doing so.

Union Village.—Bunch 5 inches long, not shouldered, berries large, seven-eighths of an inch in diameter — dark-brownish-black — much resembling the Isabella in flavor, hardly so good perhaps — nearly round. We should like to know the exact period of ripening.

Mary Ann.—Bunch small, berries half an inch in diameter, black,— probably very early; flavor good, equal to Isabella, sweet, perceptibly foxy, but not disagreeable. S. Miller says, "hardy and immensely productive."

Cassady—Bunch of medium size, 4 or 5 inches long, slightly shouldered, moderately compact; berries half an inch to five-eighs in diameter, light green, sometimes a faint shade of salmon; sweet, scarcely foxy, with much pulp, rather deficient in flavor. Downing says "very good," and S. Miller, "sweet as honey, with a peculiar and delightful aroma." Tastes differ, and we cannot place it so high in the scale of excellence.

Lenoir.—Bunch scarcely shouldered, 4 inches long, rather compact; berries rather small, or three eights to one-half an inch in diameter, with a rather brisk and quite high flavor—"good" or "very good."

Franklin.—A small, broad, shouldered bunch, compact and even—berries half an inch or more in diameter, round, black, apparently thoroughly ripened, and hence an early sort. Quality "good," perhaps "very good." There is a perceptibly brisk flavor, a very slight shade of the acerb quality of the frost grape.

Mr. Downing states in the *Horticulturist*, the results of his experience and observation with the new grapes, as follows:

Rebecca.—Any one who tastes it will be unwilling to do without it. Mildews a little, but not more than the Isabella. Requires but time to rank as the "American Chasselas."

York Madeira.—Hardy, productive. "Pretty good." A few days earlier than Isabella.

Hyde's Eliza, Canby's August and *Baldwin's Early.*—All probably same as York Madeira.

Delaware.—Longest tested. Not a delicate grower, as some represent. Fruit sugary, aromatic, refreshing. Never cloys, and is of the highest quality.

Diana.—One of the most vigorous growers. Begins to color, and is very good to eat almost as early as the Delaware, but does not hasten to maturity as that kind does.

Herbemont.—Needs protection in winter, and will not ripen its fruit north of New York, as a rule. It gives abundant crops of delicious, spicy fruit, the berries of which are bags of wine.

Anna.—First fruited while A. J. Downing was living. Flavor reminds one of the Muscat of Alexandria. It grows much like the Catawba, and seems to resist mildew better than any except Delaware. Berries large, much like Catawba, peculiarly dotted and covered with bloom. Color greenish white, sometimes light amber. Less acid than the Catawba. Ripens as early as the Isabella.

PEAR BLIGHT.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Either through a failure on my part in making myself understood in my communication published in your issue of August 25th, or through some misunderstanding of said communication on the part of Mr. Spence, (see his article in the Rural of Oct. 8th,) we (Mr. Spence and myself,) failed to understand each other.

It appears that the disease alluded to by Mr. Spence, affects nothing but the roots, while the bark blight to which I referred in my article is confined to the body and base of the lower limbs, or, I should say to the larger limbs.

Will Mr. Spence, and other gentlemen of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, give us, poor benighted outsiders, a little "more light" on the subject? G. C. Brecher.

Livonia, N. Y., Oct., 1859.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY

GOOD, WHOLESOME BREAD—POTATO YEAST.

Take two teasaucerfuls *good* flour; scald the flour so that when it is thoroughly scalded it will be about the consistency of mush; beat well; when cool enough, add two-thirds teacup fresh yeast. When *very light*, knead with a little warm water,—it is much better to use part milk,—knead just flour enough to have it smooth, without sticking to the board, then make in loaves. When again light, bake in a good oven. The foregoing will make two loaves which should be baked in two quart pans. Let it rise very light before placing in the oven, or until it begins to crack on top. Bake half to three-fourths of an hour, keeping good watch that it does not scorch or brown, and you will have bread that your worser half will declare is the very best he ever eat. If not, we shall put him down as hard to please.

Potato Yeast.—As I have never yet noticed in the Rural New Yorker a recipe for the kind of yeast that we use, I forthwith send it. Boil three good-sized potatoes; pare and mash very fine. While the potatoes are boiling, take a single handful of hops, tie them in a muslin bag, and place them in an earthen bowl that you can set over the teakettle. Pour about a quart of boiling water on them, let them stand from three to five minutes, or until the potatoes are done and mashed, add to the mashed potatoes one teasaucerful flour; two tablespoons sugar; one-fourth tea-poon salt; one teaspoon ginger—scald the whole with the hop water; mix well, and when cool enough, add two-thirds teacup brewer's yeast. Set in a warm place until very light. This yeast, if kept in a cool place, but where it will not freeze, will be good for several weeks during the winter.

Chautauque Co., N. Y., 1859. Nettie.

HOW TO PUT UP HAMS AND LARD.

Messrs. Editors:—Noticing an inquiry in the Rural "how to put up hams," I send you a recipe that I will warrant to keep them any reasonable length of time, perfectly sweet—as follows:

When the hams are sufficiently dried (say two and half months after killing,) wrap them well in newspapers—(the Rural would give them a splendid flavor, as it contains so many nice things, though I would prefer to keep my *old* ones to read again; but a truce to the digression,)—and pack them in good, strong ashes. You can keep them sweet and nice as long as you please.

While I am in the way of it, I will send you a recipe for making lard "*as white as snow.*" Now, don't be incredulous, but *try*, and then you will know 'tis so! Take about the proportion of one gallon *lye* and two tablespoonfuls of soda to thirty gallons water, and boil the fat in it the usual way, and my word for it, your lard will rival snow.

Fostersville, Tenn., 1859. M. F. W.

COLORING RECIPE—CREAM PIE.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In reply to an inquiry in a late issue I send the following:—

To Color Straw Lead, or Mouse Color.—Take beech-bark chips, cover with water and set over the fire until you think the strength is out, then strain the dye, place it over the fire again, adding a little copperas, (not too much, or it will make it too near a black.) The dye must be very strong of the beech-bark. Clean your straw with soap and water and a brush, then put it into the dye, stir and turn over often (to prevent spotting,) airing it occasionally until dark enough. Rinse in clear water. When dry it may need brushing. I have always colored in brass, but something else may be as good.

Cream Pies.—Lady readers of the Rural, please try my way. Into one pint of cream stir 1 tablespoon of flour, nearly a half cup sugar, a little salt, and season with nutmeg or extract of lemon.—Make a good crust and your *pie* will be good.

Henderson, N. Y., 1859. Mrs. M. E. Rice.

Starching Fine Shirts.—Noticing an inquiry in the Rural New-Yorker for a good recipe for starching fine shirts, collars, &c., I send you one which I have never seen published. One ounce spermaceti and one ounce white wax—melt into a thin cake on a plate. A piece size of a quarter dollar, added to a quart of prepared starch, gives a beautiful lustre to the clothes, and prevents the iron sticking.—Vivia, *Levant, N. Y.*, 1859.

Soda Crackers.—One and one-half cups of milk; 1 teaspoonful soda; 2 teaspoonfuls cream tartar; a piece of butter as large as a hens' egg; a little salt—put the soda in the milk, the cream tartar with the flour, mix hard, roll thin, and bake in a quick oven.—Nellie Sterling, *Kalamazoo, Mich.*

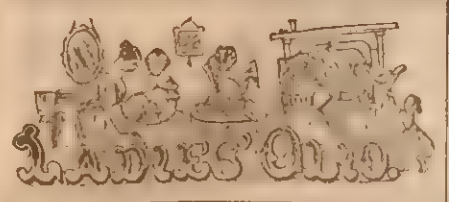
Elderberry Wine.—Will some of the Rural readers please inform me how to make elderberry wine? I have eighteen gallons of the juice. Will it pay to manufacture?—D. N. Gardiner, *Dundee, Yates Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

Buttermilk Cake.—One teacup buttermilk; 1 tablespoon butter; 1 teaspoon soda; 1 teaspoon salt; 1 teacup dried currants; 1 teaspoon cream tartar; 3 cups flour. Bake slowly one hour.—Libbie, *Oakland, N. Y.*

Coloring Kid Gloves.—Will some of the Rural's numerous correspondents please to inform me how to color white kid gloves a light green or blue?—Sally, *Sidehill*, 1859.

Charlotte Russe.—Will some of your readers inform us through the Rural New-Yorker how to make Charlotte Russe, and oblige—Augusta, *Knowlesville, N. Y.*, 1859.

Examine your pickles, sweetmeats, and everything put away.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WATCHING.

BY KATE CAMERON.

I am watching by my window,
But, ah, 'tis all in vain—
The loved ones and the loving
They never come again.
They left us when the blossoms
Made bright the summer day,
The flowers will return in spring,
But they—ah, never, they!

I am watching by my window,
And musing on the Past,
The sunny visions of my heart
Too fair, too frail to last.
A thousand dreamy fancies
Woven in idle hours;
Ah, ne'er will bloom such flowers again
In Fancy's faded bowers.

I am watching by my window,
The busy, bustling street,
The ever changing faces,
The tread of passing feet;
And one thought comes to cheer me
That God is over *all*,
He knoweth every heart-pang,
He sees each tear-drop fall.

In love He watches o'er us,
Nor will it be in vain,
For He will bear us safe at last
Over Life's troubled main,
And in those blessed mansions
Upon the Spirit-Shore,
Earth's faded flowers again will bloom
To change and die no more!

Rochester, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MOONLIGHT.

An enlightened mind can regard only with wonder and contempt, mingled with the most heart-felt pity, the poor, deluded heathen, who bows with reverence, and, perchance, with a yielding up of life, before an image his own hands have fashioned. But I confess to a feeling of admiration for the untutored enthusiast who gives vent to his inherent religious zeal by a sincere worship of the moon; and, without doubt, I should follow his not altogether inglorious example, had I never been taught of Him who made both "the heavens and the earth."

In childhood I possessed a love of moonlight that became the subject of many a pleasant jest by merry companions, who delighted to remind me of the *man* said to hold undisputed possession of that enchanted realm, and to gaze forever down upon the bustling, transient mortals who inhabit this mundane sphere. Although I entirely ignore the story of the poor unfortunate recluse, yet my passionate love of moonlight has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, until it has become a part of my very being. Even now, as I sit at my open window and write, the pale moonbeams are illuminating every object around, and shining full upon my face, and I am strangely, calmly happy—as I always am under their silent, soothing influence. At times, when some great sorrow has fallen with crushing power upon the heart, and the darkness of despair enveloped the soul with a midnight gloom—at such times, I have gone forth and stood alone under the broad canopy of heaven, and the moon, looking so pityingly down, would charm away the spirit-pain, and the old light-heartedness returning, it seemed I could almost defy the world to render me again unhappy. "Sickly sentimentalism!" I hear from some plain matter-of-fact reader. Well, perhaps it is, yet I always feel that my moral nature is refined and purified by such a communion with Nature and with Nature's God.

An incident intimately connected with this subject is engraven with a pen of iron upon the most sacred tablet of memory, and time can never efface the record there. One bright morning in the early Autumn time, when the shadow of a recent affliction had darkened our household, there came to us a little dark-eyed, brown-haired fairy, like a ray of sunshine dispelling every cloud, and creating by her presence an atmosphere of joy and love. She was the child of a sainted sister, and we loved her, first, for her mother's sake, and afterward, for her own sweet self. She seemed a little miniature embodiment of all that was pure and beautiful, and to me she became dearer than all the world beside. Through house and garden, in kitchen and parlor, were heard the musical tones of her voice, and strangers who came to the house murmured blessings upon the fair child, and parted with regret from one who seemed formed only for love. But our darling was too pure for earth, and Heaven had need of her. While sitting on a low stool at my feet, and singing, in her peculiarly sweet and varied tones,

"I want to be an angel,"

she complained of sudden faintness, and as she became rapidly worse, we sent for the family physician. The child was a particular favorite of the good old doctor, and though he told us there was hope, yet I could gather little encouragement from his words when I noticed his agitated voice and manner, which he vainly attempted to control. But why linger over a scene more painful than words can describe. Three days of intense anxiety for us, and of the most excruciating pain for the little sufferer, and then our idolized LILY *was* "an angel." We gazed for the last time on that loved countenance, beautiful even in death, with a smile still hovering about the rigid lips, and then they buried her forever from our sight.

During all that long, melancholy day, dark clouds had obscured the brightness of a summer sky, and though the evening brought no change, yet I could not resist the strong impulse that prompted me to visit our darling's new-made grave. Reaching the place alone, I threw myself beside the little mound. A long time I lay thus, shedding no tears, uttering no sound, and in the deep despair of my heart I thought that Heaven was cruel thus to afflict one who had done naught to deserve this overwhelming sorrow. With these unreconciled, sinful thoughts still in mind, I chanced to cast mine eyes toward the now cloudless heavens, and the unrivaled beauty and sublimity of the scene which met my upward gaze, caused an instant revulsion of feeling. The moon was shining clear and full upon the still, quiet earth, and to my excited imagination seemed like a reproving angel, with a serene, sorrowful countenance, chiding mine unbelief, and at the same time whispering of heaven, where was our lost darling, singing the praise of Him whose goodness I had so wickedly doubted. Tears of repentance were soon flowing fast upon the fresh-lain sod, and with a choking voice, but a peaceful, resigned heart, I murmured, "Not my will, O LORD, but thine, be done." FRANCES.

Cherry Grove, N. Y., 1859.

A WORD TO FRETFUL WIVES.

THERE you are, with your mouth puckered up again! What's the matter! Are your friends all dead? No,—well, have you lost every cent you ever owned? No,—are your children sick? Is your husband cross? have you got the toothache, or heartache? Neither of these, and still as cross as a young bear! We wonder how your family can endure your presence. Those young hearts, whose sun you ought to be—how you chill them with your frowns and pettishness! No wonder they long to get out of the house. And now you have struck your little child because "he would not stop teasing." Friend, that blow fell on his soul, and left an indelible scar there. He will feel it long after he has forgotten it. Many years from now, when your head is laid low in the grave, that blow, given without cause,—impatiently, angrily, will do its work.

Why can't you be good-natured? Were you never so? Memory points to the days of your girlhood—seldom the lines of anger disfigured your brow then. And the man who won your love thought what a happy home she will make for me! How sweet it will be to sit down by her side after the cares of the day are over! How beautiful to read for her pleasure—to be repaid by smiles and kisses. And the home was ready, and the bride established—but she proved unworthy of the trust reposed in her. Instead of meeting care with a hearty laugh, and "get behind me Satan," you worried and fretted, and began to tell every little trouble to your husband. It was not womanly; it betrayed a weakness of both head and mind! Imperceptibly its influence crept into his spirit, chilling it with a worse chill than that of death, till it made a shroud of iron for the disappointed heart, and the charm of love and family and home was gone.

"*Was once!*"—how often these words drop from your lips. "I was handsome once—I was this, that, the other once"—and why not now? You yourself have willed your own destiny—you have chosen the scold's office; you must receive the scold's deserts. A little philosophy, a few words breathed to heaven for patience—a new, resolute hope for to-morrow if to-day be stormy—a little self-denial in telling petty crosses—a great deal less selfishness—a desire to make home a sanctuary for yourself and little ones as well as your husband—and to-day you would have been happier, handsomer and more beloved.

Fretting sister in light affliction, let us ask a few plain questions. Does a spirit of fault-finding lighten your cares? If your bread is burned to a cinder, does it bring you a good, light, sweet loaf, to sit down and worry about it? If the baby is cross, does it make him smile like an angel to shake him almost out of existence? If it rains on washing day, will your anathemas hurry out the sun until he stops right over your clothes line? But if your quick hands should turn to the flour barrel to mold another loaf—if you soothe the weeping babe with sweet words of a mother's pitying love; if you devote your washing day to some appropriate work, how smoothly care will iron down his features, and become your humble slave, instead of the tyrannical master he would be.

It is not too late yet. Surprise your husband with a smile,—it will be worth a dollar to see his glance of astonishment; hold the salted water of thoughtfulness in your mouth, that you may say nothing unpleasant, and the angel that has been lying prostrate in his heart with folded wings will begin to flutter, and lift itself heavenward and look out of his eyes with the love of the olden time, and your home will yet be the paradise you once coveted.

TRIBUTE TO WOMAN.—The celebrated traveler, Ledyard, paid the following handsome tribute to the female sex:—"I have observed," he says, "that women in all countries are civil, obliging, tender and humane. I never addressed myself to them in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barrens of inhospitable Denmark; through honest Sweden and frozen Lapland; rude and churlish Finland; unprincipled Russia; and the widely-spread regions of the wandering Tartar; if hungry, dry, wet, cold or sick, the women have ever been friendly, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, (so worthy the appellation of benevolence,) these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I was dry I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish.

FRESH AIR.—Give your children plenty of fresh air. Let them snuff it until it sends the rosy current of life dancing joyfully to their temples. Air is so cheap, and so good, and so necessary withal, that every child should have free access to it. Horace Mann beautifully says:—"To put children on a short allowance of fresh air, is as foolish as it would have been for NOAH, during the deluge, to have put his family on a short allowance of water. Since GOD has poured out an atmosphere of fifty miles deep, it is enough to make a miser weep to see our children stinted in breath."

"PICTURES OF MEMORY."

"Of all the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall,"
That one of the old home parlor
I love the best of all.

Not for the dark old wainscot
Where the ancient portraits hung;
Not for the low, deep windows
Where the dark green ivy clung,

Not for the high carved arches,
The mantle-piece beside—
Not for the huge old chimney,
Not for the hearth-stone wide,

Not for the tall, old-fashioned vases,
Nor the lounge where I used to rest;
Nor the old arm chair nor sofas—
It seemeth to me the best.

But I once had an aged mother,
With eyes that were blue and mild;
And in this old home parlor
She, dying, blest her child;

Her silvery hair, like a halo,
Upon her forehead lay,
Betokening the white spring blossoms
Of an eternal day.

Gently her pale hands folded
As a glory lit her face—
I knew she was gently sinking
In the angel's soft embrace,

And when the arrows of sunset
Fell on the curtain's crimson fold,
She passed in her saint-like beauty
Through the gates of pearl and gold.

Therefore, "of all the pictures
That hang on memory's wall,"
The one of the old home parlor
I love the best of all.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANTICIPATION—RETROSPECTION.

THE materialist and the unimaginative are always praising the beauties and blessings of the present and the real, and cannot perceive the pleasures that others claim for dreaming upon the past, or hoping for the future. They dwell on the bountifulness of the harvest, the kindness of friends, and the joys of their every-day life. But do we not find more real pleasure, and more true, unalloyed happiness in the vagaries of imagination,—in the ideal past which memory brings, or in the unexplored future which hope fills with all that will be bright? Amid the hard struggles of life do we find any scenes like those when we, happy children, without care or trouble, sported around the haunt sacred to us as the home of father and mother? Who has not turned from the brightest present and the joys it gives, when the heart seems warm with sunlight, to some by-gone hour when he was far happier than now? It is so with us all.

Ask the youth "in life's green spring," whose smile is like a ray of light, so much of joy it gives "My brightest days are in the future, its strifes I long to join, to taste the supreme joy of wealth, and fame, and thick clustering honors. What are the joys of boyhood to them?" Ask the maiden. She tells of a happy home, of a loving heart, and the society of her friends; or, perhaps, she hopes for pomp, for the homage of the noble and the gifted, who should be happy in her smile; or she dreams of Oriental splendor and luxurious ease. The praise and respect she receives she cares not for, as they are but shadows of what her fancy has painted. Ask the bridegroom, whose last wish is gratified in the possession of the long sought prize. He, too, turns to the ideal, and fancy paints a beautiful home, shaded by trees of his own planting, where he shall see her smile for him alone. The gratification of one hope sends him again on the chase, and wealth, which shall be all for her; honors, that shall crown her head as well as his own; fame, whose trumpet shall proclaim her name and his alike—all these come thronging in prompting to new effort. And when years have passed, and memory reverts to this time, he will sigh that we can only enjoy the present as the glass through which we see joys and pleasures magnified, far in the future—summits still unattained and victories still unwon.

Ask the man of honors—the man who has gained the object of his ambition, and on whose brow the laurel wreath sits with the grace of worthiness. He speaks not of all this, but he may point to some little brown house, some favorite old haunt, some *mother*, whose fingers were twining in his hair, whose ready heart conceived, and ready hand bestowed blessings innumerable on him, her idol. He has seen life in all its phases—from the poor school-boy to the man of wealth, of honor, and of fame—and he knows that all is false that glitters so brightly. He remembers as the only true friendship the *sunny-eyed* mate of his boyish sports—the only happiness is narrowed down to the hours of his childhood, and the only true love in the holy affection of a mother.

But time passes, and we find that all is not as we hoped. He still looks forward to the comforts of old age—thinks of the arm-chair by the fireside; the happy smiles of those to whom he will be a father; the welcome paper which is to be the link binding him to the external world; when, with his toil completed, he feels that he can surrender the cares to those who have so long looked to him for guidance. *Hope* gives the joy that thus far has eluded his grasp. *Memory* turns his eyes to the past, and his greatest pleasure is in reverting to many a happy hour—many a good deed.

Geneva, N. Y., 1859. SOLON.

WE should be very careful that, in our anxiety to get the outward part of an action performed to our mind, we do not destroy that germ of spontaneousness which could alone give any significance to the action.—*Fruits of Leisure.*

THE VALUE OF EMPLOYMENT.

BODY and soul, made for perpetual activity, must work, and work together, in order to be in good condition. Of all engines, the human body is the most amazing. From the days of Socrates, as reported by Xenophon, philosophy has been studying the mechanics, the chemistry, the vital forces, the adaptations, the final causes of this structure, so fearfully, so wonderfully made.—There is no step forward to new principles in physics, in optics, in the growth of structures, which does not find itself anticipated by some marvellous realization of its idea in the human body. Considered as a working engine, there is none which works so cheaply, with so little waste, and so long, or which contains such provisions for its own repair.

How every survey of the skillful mechanism shows that it was made to move. Its central, propelling engine never stops, except in cases which cause instant dread of death. Heart, lungs, and brain, play on through all the thousand nights of sleep. An instinct of nature prompts the young to be in almost perpetual motion. Absolute rest there is none. And if from necessity or choice, any approach to immobility becomes the habitude of body, as is the case in some sluggish and morbid natures, the result is lethargy and endless disturbances of the vital functions. This frame was made for labor.

Equally true is this of the yet more subtle, because spiritual part. The soul is essentially active. Of a mind that does not think, no man can frame a notion. The human mind is made to be active. It is inquiring, and athirst for knowledge. Its active powers irresistably seek for some object on which to exert themselves. Healthful, moderate repose, chiefly by change of employment, is good; but entire, continual, unbroken quiesence, is misery.

Never was there a more dire mistake than that of men who abandon the honest and useful business of life, under the pretext of rest. Unless they have singular resources, in science, literature, or philanthropy, they sink into hebetude, weary of the everlasting holiday, let their hearts corrode with sullen thoughts, and sometimes fall a prey to evil habits of premature dotage. Philosophy, no less than religion, enjoins—unless where invincible necessity from infirmity or age clearly speak another language—that we should live working, and die in the harness.

Hence the value of a trade or calling, and of working at it. I believe it lengthens life. I believe it staves off tribes of maladies and conceits. I am sure it promotes that spring and elation of soul, without which life is a long disease. If you would find the most wretched man or woman in your neighborhood, look for the one that has nothing to do. Unless allowed to prescribe employment, even the best physician cannot cure the valetudinary complainer. For after all has been said, employment begets cheerfulness; and a "merry heart doeth good like a medicine."—*Rev. J. W. Alexander.*

GOLDEN AUTUMN.

OCTOBER is with us, introducing the nut-brown maid Autumn, who comes to garner in the fruits of her departed sister, Summer. Pomona lays her tempting offerings at her feet, and Ceres, rejoicing in abundance, fills her lap with cereals. Gently does she smooth the couch of declining Nature, preparing her, by gentle changes, for the rude hand of Winter. Mildly she tempers the northern blasts; coquetting with gentle zephyrs; at times relapsing into the refulgence of Summer, anon chilling, with an icy breath, a foretaste of her relentless successor. The forest, which she finds verdant and beautiful, she leaves bare and desolate; but see the bright green change into hues radiant and diversified; one by one its leaves wither and fall, and its feathered inhabitants forsake it for more favored climes. We cannot but think there is beauty in the decay. So Autumn leads us with a soothing hand from the gorgeous realms of Summer to the ice bound regions of stern Winter, preparing us step by step, beguiling us on our way with sweet offerings and pleasing reminiscences, storing our granaries, and inuring us to the cold embrace of the coming season. Though she found us surrounded with beauty and splendor, and leaves us bleak and drear, yet was her reign so benign, her touch so soothing and gentle, and so tenderly did she accomplish the sad change, that we bid her adieu with sadness, as sighing through the forest her last echoes die away.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

LOOK on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine, and not the cloud, that makes a flower. There is always that before or around us which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them. Perhaps it is as well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never get skill, where there was nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can, without and within him; and, above all, he should look on the bright side of things. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will turn, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run, the great balance rights itself. What is ill becomes well—what is wrong, right. Men are not made to hang down either heads or lips, and those who do, only show that they are departing from the paths of true common sense and right. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than a whole hemisphere of clouds and gloom. Therefore, we repeat, look on the bright side of things. Cultivate what is warm and genial—not the cold and repulsive, the dark and morose.—*Selected.*

THERE is nothing like a fixed steady aim, with an honorable purpose. It dignifies your nature and insures your success.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THOUGH MOURNING, I REJOICE.

I have still the golden sunlight,
Flooding hill and mossy dale;
I have still the witching starlight,
I have still the moonlight pale.

I have music still to cheer me,—
Voice of singing bird and bee;
Voice of laughing wind and water;
Voice of mountain echo free.

I have gentle, human voices,
Breathing words of pleasant cheer;
Breathing words that soothe in sadness—
Breathing words of import dear.

I have many left to love me;
I have many left to love,
Though the ones I loved most dearly
Now are loving—loved above.

I have still the love of Heaven,
Lingering in my bleeding heart;
Oh, no *earthly* source of pleasure
Peace like this can e'er impart.

Oh, my FATHER—GOD—I thank Thee,
Though of joys I am bereft—
I will praise Thee—I will love Thee
For the blessings Thou hast *left*.

Hillsdale, Mich., 1859. BESSIE DAY.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SELF-DENIAL REQUISITE TO BENEVOLENCE.

CAN benevolense exist without self-denial? If not, what do we know of benevolence? How many of us practice it? Of what do we deny ourselves to benefit others? If a case of suffering or want presents itself, and we can, without foregoing any comfort or luxury, render assistance, we will do so; but who of us has sufficient moral courage to appear in unfashionable attire, or wear our last year's garment another season, for the sake of helping forward the cause of benevolence? If retrenchment in our wardrobe, in order to benefit a suffering fellow creature, becomes a necessity, who of us is sufficient for the emergency?

The Spirit of CHRIST is one of self-denial. *For us* He laid aside His glory, assumed our suffering humanity, and died the ignominious death of the cross. We put on the livery of His disciples, and call ourselves by His name—we ask Him to make us *like Him*, and go forth to the world and act as if we dreaded its frown, more than that of our SAVIOUR. Where the world forbids us to tread, we dare not venture—its commands we hasten to obey—in the race after fashion we benumb our sensibilities and stifle our convictions of right, until to *do as others do*, becomes our standard and aim. Alas! that to do as others do, we should dishonor the Holy name by which we are called, and open afresh a SAVIOUR'S bleeding wounds!

It is a fearful consideration that the sum annually expended by the daughters of Zion upon needless ornaments, is three times as great as the entire amount received by all the benevolent societies of the day. There are many who excuse themselves entirely from giving anything for purposes of benevolence, yet whose dress and living are of the most approved style. Surely we may not with impunity indulge this needless expenditure, and shut our hearts to the claims of Christian charity. The requirements of GOD change not to suit the degeneracy of a luke-warm Christianity, nor will it avail us in a dying hour, or at the judgment day, that it was to do as did others that we attired ourselves in gorgeous apparel and fared sumptuously every day, while the cause of CHRIST languished for want of aid.

O! how long must fashion rule us with iron sway, and we be content to kneel at her shrine? How long must the spirit of pride and selfishness, which this love of display engenders, be indulged? It is surely time for the church to consider her position, and ask herself whether it is one GOD can approve. While we go up to His sanctuary so attired that only those who can emulate our style dare enter there, do we not virtually deprive the poor of the means of grace, and will not GOD hold us accountable therefor? If we do not deny ourselves for CHRIST and His cause—if we do not seek to conform ourselves to His requirements, preferring His approbation to that of the world,—what reason have we to hope He will own us as His, in the great day of His final appearing.

Sherburne, N. Y., 1859. LINA LEE.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.—I have lived to see that this world is full of perturbations; and I have long been preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the awful hour of making up my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near. And though I have, by his grace, loved him in my youth, and feared him in my age, and labored to have a conscience void of offence towards all men; yet, if thou, Lord, should'st be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, how shall I avoid it? Where I have failed, Lord, show mercy to me; for I plead not my righteousness; but the forgiveness of unrighteousness, through His merits who died to purchase pardon for penitent sinners. And since I owe Thee a death, Lord, let it not be terrible, and then choose Thy own time; I submit to it. Let not mine, O Lord, but Thy will be done.—*Richard Hooker.*

PRAYER.—Prayer draws all the Christian graces into its focus. It draws Charity with her lovely train, Repentance with her holy sorrows, Faith with her elevated eyes, Hope with her grasped anchor, Beneficence with her open hands, Zeal looking far and wide to bless, and Humility looking at home.—*Hannah More.*

DIVINE THREATENINGS.—What are the threatenings of the law, but the warnings of divine love?—They are a fence thrown round the pit of perdition to prevent rash men from running into ruin.

CHART OF TEMPERATURE AND CLIMATE.

THE CLIMATE forms one of the most interesting subjects belonging to Physical Geography,—a study, by the way, which has been almost totally neglected in our common schools. This term, as generally understood, denotes the temperature of the air in the various portions of the globe; but taken in its more general sense, it signifies all atmospheric states and conditions which directly affect animal or vegetable life. In connection with the Chart of Temperature and Climate, given above, we condense from the "*Outlines of Physical Geography*" the following list of causes for these variations, the full comprehension of which will prove of great utility to the reader:

Climate is determined by a variety of causes, the chief of which are:—1. The latitude of a country; that is, its geographical position with reference to the equator. 2. Elevation of the land above the sea-level. 3. The proximity to, or remoteness of a country from, the sea. 4. The slope of a country, or the aspect it presents to the sun's course. 5. The position and direction of mountain chains. 6. The nature of the soil. 7. The degree of cultivation and improvement at which the country has arrived. 8. The prevalent winds. 9. The annual rain that falls in a country.

The latitude of a country, and the consequent direction in which the solar rays fall upon its surface, are the principal causes of the temperature to which it is subject. At the equator, and within the tropics, the greatest heat is experienced, because the sun is always vertical to some place within those limits, and the solar action is more intense in proportion as the rays are perpendicular to the earth. As we recede from the equator, they fall more obliquely; and because fewer of them are spread over a larger space, they are less powerful, and consequently less influential in promoting temperature. It has been calculated that, out of 10,000 rays falling upon the earth's atmosphere, 8,123 arrive at a given point if they come perpendicularly; 7,024, if the angle of direction is 50°; 2,821, if it is 7°; and only 5, if the direction is horizontal.

The temperature of countries is largely affected by the extent of *their elevation above the level of the sea*. As we ascend in the atmosphere the cold increases,—an effect due to the rarefaction of the air, and to the circumstance of being farther from the heat reflected from the surface of the earth. We may travel several hundred miles from the equator towards the poles, along the level surface of the earth, before we become sensible of a diminished temperature; but the moment we begin to increase our elevation, a rapid change of temperature is experienced, until we arrive at a point where constant frost prevails.

The ratio of the diminution of temperature usually given, is 1° for 300 feet of height; 2° for 595 feet; 3° for 872 feet; 4° for 1,124 feet; 5° for 1,347 feet; and 6° for 1,539 feet. In the temperate zone generally, if one site is a thousand yards higher than another adjoining, it will have a climate 12° colder; and the higher the latitude the lower the snow line becomes, till it meets the surface of the earth in the frigid zone.

The nearness to, or remoteness of a country from, the sea, is an important element in determining its climate. The ocean preserves a much more uniform temperature than the land, far lower than its extreme of heat, and higher than its extreme cold. The winds that sweep over it have this character to some extent impressed upon them, and communicate it to the countries over which they range. Hence islands and maritime districts have milder climates than inland regions under the same parallel of latitude,—the currents from the ocean tempering their summer heat, and moderating their winter cold.

The slope of a country, or the aspect it presents to the sun's course, has an important influence on its climate. The angle at which the sun's rays strike the ground, and consequently the power of those rays in heating it, varies with the exposure of the soil relatively to that luminary. The irregular surface of the earth,—sunk into deep valleys in some parts, and raised into table-lands and mountains in others, with slopes at all possible angles with the general level,—presents every variety, so far as the greater or less obliquity of the sun's rays is concerned.

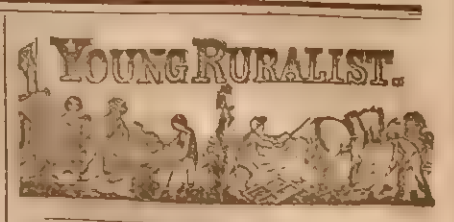
The position and direction of mountain chains.—Mountains affect climate in more ways than one. They condense the vapors of the atmosphere, and thus give rise to those violent rains which are so often experienced in the neighborhood of lofty ranges. At Bergen, in Norway, there falls annually 88½ inches of water, which is more than at any other city in Europe; this is because the clouds from the Atlantic are driven forward by the southwest winds into the fiords, where they are arrested by the mountains, and accumulated, and the water (as it were) mechanically squeezed out of them. Mountains also afford shelter from the winds, while the absence of them often exposes regions to the chilling blasts of the north or the burning winds of the south.

Another cause which affects climate is *the nature of the soil*. One soil acquires heat, keeps its acquired heat much longer, or radiates it more readily than another. All the varieties of soil,—light and open, vegetable molds, gravelly and rocky tracts, stiff, wet clays, and sandy plains,—have, it can not be questioned, their different powers of radiation and absorption; and whether a district be clay or sand, bare or covered with vegetation, for a like cause, greatly affects its temperature. The differences of surface so observable in various kinds of foliage,—their darker or lighter colors, their more or less glossy leaves,—are all circumstances which affect the radiation of their heat with an infinite variation.

The degree of cultivation and improvement at which a country has arrived.—The clearing of forests, the draining of swamps and marshes, the cultivation of the soil, etc., are among the operations of man by which the climate of a country is greatly modified and improved. The clearing of a country from trees has the effect of raising the mean annual temperature, but at the same time greater extremes of heat and cold are introduced. Open grounds are always frozen deeper than woodlands, but the latter retain the snow and ice of winter much later in the spring than the former.

The prevalent winds of a country constitute another cause which affects its climate. In the United States the winds from the north are usually noted for their coolness, a property they derive in the frozen regions of Hudson and Baffin Bays, while those from the south, coming from the Gulf of Mexico, impart a mildness throughout the whole country. The comparatively mild climate of the British Isles is owing to the prevalence of westerly winds, which are warmed by sweeping over the region of the Gulf Stream. In Venezuela, the temperature, which is from 87° to 90° in March, rises to 104° or 105,° whenever the wind blows from the parched surface of the Llanos or great plains.

The annual quantity of rain that falls in a country considerably affects its climate by imparting a greater or less degree of humidity or dampness to the atmosphere. In general, more rain falls in islands and on sea-coasts than in inland districts, among mountains than in level regions, and within the tropics than in the other zones; the great heat which prevails in the equatorial regions causes the amount of evaporation to be much greater than in higher latitudes, and hence the atmosphere becomes loaded with a greater quantity of moisture.



CITY LIFE vs. COUNTRY LIFE.

MR. EDITOR:—I have long desired to contribute m }mite towards sustaining the Young Ruralist co}umn of your valuable paper. I have been a resident of your city most of my life, until within two or three years past. In fact, I was born and reared in the city. Two years ago I exchanged the noise and bustle of your busy streets for the stillness and healthfulness of the country, and by this time perhaps I am able by experience to speak rightly in regard to the desirableness of life in the Rural districts over that of a life in the town.—True, you have advantages and privileges which we are in a great measure deprived of. Your school, church, and social privileges are greater. Your opportunities for knowing the current news of the day in regard to events which are taking place in the political, moral, and social worlds, are somewhat more extensive. But, on the other hand, you are not permitted to breathe the pure, health-giving atmosphere by which we are so bountifully surrounded. You cannot rise in the morning and cast your eyes upon green fields, waving grain, and a glorious sun-rise. You cannot view the glorious works of Nature, and look through them up to Nature's God, so freely and cheerfully as we can who are constantly surrounded by them. And the labors of a Farmer are so varied, pleasant, and health and strength imparting. With these considerations alone in view, life in the country is, in my estimation, by far the most desirable. I have tried both, and this is the conclusion I have arrived at.

I have chosen for life the Farmer's vocation, and I love my calling more and more every day; and am I to be the only one of the young men of your city who shall leave off looking to mercantile and professional pursuits for a livelihood, and instead, to become tillers of the soil? How strange it is, since mercantile pursuits are so precarious, and the professions are so crammed full, that young men will still continue to squeeze themselves into the same ranks, when there is hardly room for another one. How few succeed in acquiring wealth in mercantile pursuits. How few lawyers and doctors rise to eminence in their professions, and even get a good living. The Science of Agriculture (for indeed it is a science, in the most enlarged sense of the word,) offers health, wealth, and happiness to its votaries.

To all who stand at the desk or behind the counter, suffering with headache and dyspepsia, let me say, leave the shop or the office and start for the country; apprentice yourself to some good farmer, learn your business thoroughly and practically, and then start on your own hook. This is the course I have taken, and I do not regret it. I am healthier and happier for the change. Instead of suffering with the horrors of dyspepsia, and looking on the dark side of life continually, I can now enjoy life and health, and feel, talk, and act in a more pleasant and cheerful manner than I once did. J.

Livonia, N. Y., Sept. 20, 1859.

QUESTIONS FOR DEBATE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As there was some inquiry a few weeks ago in the RURAL for questions to be debated in Lyceums, and having a little time this rainy day, I thought I would send some to you, to be inserted in your paper for the benefit of the young:

Resolved, That NOAH WEBSTER was a greater benefactor to his country than DANIEL WEBSTER.

Which exerts the greatest influence, oral or written communications?

Ought foreigners to hold civil offices in the United States?

Does the hope of reward stimulate to greater exertion than the fear of punishment?

Are professional men more beneficial than mechanical?

Is man governed more by reason than habit?

Would it be a good policy for the United States to annex to themselves the Sandwich Islands?

Is it for the interest of the young men of New England to settle in the Western States?

Does pride exert more influence upon mankind than religion?

Is it right to require a man to be able to read before allowing him to vote?

Adams, N. Y., 1859. L. E. FISH.

FOLLOW THE RIGHT.—No matter who you are, what your lot, or where you live, you cannot afford to do that which is wrong. The only way to obtain happiness and pleasure for yourself is to do the right thing. You may not always hit the mark, but you should nevertheless always aim for it, and with every trial your skill increases. Whether you are to be praised or blamed for it by others; whether it will seemingly make you richer or poorer, or whether no other person than yourself knows of your action, still, always and in all cases, do the right thing. Your first lessons in this rule will sometimes seem hard ones, but they will grow easier and easier, till, finally, doing the right thing will become a habit, and to do wrong will seem an impossibility.

THE DANGERS OF INDOLENCE.—Indolence is one of the vices from which those whom it once infects are seldom reformed. Every other species of luxury operates upon some appetite that is quickly satiated, and requires some concurrence of art or accident which every place will not supply; but the desire of ease acts equally at all hours, and the longer it is indulged is the more increased. To do nothing is in every man's power; we can never want an opportunity of omitting duties. The lapse of indolence is soft and imperceptible, because it is only a mere cession of activity; but the return to diligence is difficult, because it implies a change from rest to emotion, from privation to reality.

The Reviewer.

THE WHEAT PLANT: Its Origin, Culture, Growth, Development, Composition, Varieties, Diseases, etc., etc. Together with a few Remarks on Indian Corn, its Culture, etc. By JOHN H. KLIPPART, Corresponding Secretary of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture; Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, &c., &c. With One Hundred Illustrations. [12mo.—pp. 736.] Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, Keys & Co. 1860. Rochester—E. DARROW & BRO.

Such is the title of a handsome volume which has been awaiting examination and notice for some weeks—during the season of Agricultural Fairs. And, though we have been unable to bestow upon it that attention and critical perusal its importance demands, we are constrained, from a somewhat cursory examination, to commend it to the notice of all interested in wheat growing. It is apparently the most complete work on the subject extant, containing a vast amount of information not obtainable in any other work. The following extract from the author's Preface comprises his reasons for, and objects in, preparing the work:

"Several years ago I became aware of the fact that wheat—the staple crop of Ohio—was annually diminishing in its yield per acre; that in less than fifty years the average product was reduced from thirty to less than fifteen bushels per acre. I also learned that, in Great Britain, the yield had increased from sixteen bushels to thirty-six per acre during the same period. A knowledge of these facts induced me to investigate the subject of wheat culture, as well as the collateral subjects, in order to ascertain the cause of the decrease on the one hand, and the increase on the other, as well as to learn what remedy, if any, might readily be applied to restore our soils to their former productiveness. The result of this investigation is embodied in the present volume. I am not aware that any apology is necessary for introducing this volume, imperfect as it necessarily is, to the agricultural public. To me it has been a matter of surprise that no American has produced a treatise on the wheat plant; and more than all that even professional agricultural writers have been content to leave the 'scattered fragments of thought' on so important a topic as the physiology, culture, varieties, diseases, etc., of the wheat plant dispersed through a multitude of journals or serial publications. That portion of the present volume published in the Ohio Agricultural Report for 1857, caused the entire edition of 20,000 copies to be absorbed in less than sixty days from the date of publication. The urgent solicitation of personal friends, in the correctness of whose judgment I have the utmost confidence, again indicated to me a want, which I had previously seriously felt, of a work which should embrace all that is known relative to the wheat plant. Such a work I have endeavored to produce; and this work is now presented to the public with the assurance that there is no other work in the English language so complete on all subjects relating to this indispensable cereal."

—E. DARROW & BRO, of this city, are the sole agents for the work in Monroe county.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA: A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Vol. VII. Edward—Fueros. [Royal octavo—[pp. 736.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—E. R. HALL, No. 5 Athenæum Building.

THE seventh volume of this great American work has been issued, and equals its predecessors in both contents and appearance. A memorandum from the publishers mentions the authorship of some of the principal articles, as follows:—Edwards, (Jonathan) by George Bancroft—the paper read by him before the New York Historical Society; Egypt, by Robert Carter; Electricity, Engraving, Fire Engine, Fossil Foot-Prints, by J. T. Hodge; Elephant, Entomology and Ethnology, by Dr. Kneeland; Queen Elizabeth, History of England, Prince Eugene, by C. C. Hazewell; Episcopal Church, by Rev. Dr. Wilson; Epizoa, Entozoa, Epiphyllis, by Dr White; Europe, by Mr. Raster; Alexander Everett, Edward Everett, by G. S Hilliard; Euripedes, by Prof. C. C. Felton; France, by P. Arpin. Among the biographies of living men are those of Rev. Dr. Ellis, R. W. Emerson, G. B. Emerson, Hon. Thomas Ewing, Rev. Dr. Fuber, T. S. Fay, Prof. C. C. Felton, W. P. Fessenden, Rev. Dr. Finney, Henry S. Foote, Peter Force, Rev. Dr. Frothingham, Richard Frothingham, Jr. Most of the law articles in this volume are contributed by Professor Theophilus Parsons, of Harvard University.

The Cyplopædia may be obtained of E. R. HALL, No. 5 Athenæum Building, who is Subscription Agent for Rochester and vicinity.

A BACHELOR'S STORY. By OLIVER BUNCE. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

THE Bachelor's Story is somewhat of the style of the Reveries of a Bachelor, by IK. MARVEL, which created so much enthusiasm a few years since. Though not quite its equal, the "Story" contains many thought-gems, some of which have found their way into our "Spice-Column." For sale by DEWEY.

ONE HUNDRED SONGS OF IRELAND: Music and Words. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

IN this little work we have a strange compound of the grave and gay, the sentimental and the ridiculous. The kindly feelings so characteristic of Erin's children gem the lines of many of these melodies, while others are brimming with the wit and humor of the jolly, rollicking Irishman. For sale by W. S. MACKIE.

Books Received.

ADVANCED COURSE OF COMPOSITION AND RHETORIC: A Series of Practical Lessons on the Origin, History and Peculiarities of the English Language, Punctuation, Taste, the Pleasures of the Imagination, Figures, Style and its Essential Properties, Criticism, and the various Departments of Prose and Poetical Composition; Illustrated with Copious Exercises, Adapted to Self-Instruction, and the Use of Schools and Colleges. By G. P. QUACKENBOS, A. M., Associate Principal of "The Collegiate School," New York; author of "First Lessons in Composition," etc. [16mo.—pp. 451] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—ADAMS & DARNEY.

FORTY YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS OF PILLS AND POWDERS; or, The Cogitations and Confessions of an Aged Physician. [12mo.—pp. 384] Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. Rochester—E. DARROW & BROTHER.

FIRST LESSONS IN COMPOSITION—In which the Principles of the Art are Developed in Connection with the Principles of Grammar: Embracing full Directions on the Subject of Punctuation—with Copious Exercises. G. P. QUACKENBOS, A. M., Rector of the Henry-Street Grammar School, New York. [Ninety-eighth thousand. 16mo.—pp. 182] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—ADAMS & DARNEY.

BORDER WAR:—A Tale of Disunion. By J. B. JONES, author of "Wild Western Scenes" [16mo.—pp 502] New York: Rudd & Carleton. Rochester—DEWEY.

MEMOIRS OF ROBERT HOUDIN, Ambassador, Author and Conjuror. Written by Himself. Edited by Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE. [16mo.—pp. 445] Philadelphia: G. G. Evans. [From the Publisher.]

INDUSTRY AND GENIUS.—There are many teachers who profess to show the nearest way to excellence, and many expedients have been invented by which the oil of study might be saved. But let no man be seduced to idleness by specious promises. Excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of labor. It argues, indeed, no small strength of mind to persevere in habits of industry without the pleasure of perceiving those advances which, like the hands of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation. There is one precept, however, in which I shall only be opposed by the vain, the ignorant and the idle. I am not afraid that I shall repeat it too often. You must have no dependence on your own genius. If you have great talents, industry must improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is to be obtained without it.—*Selected.*

EVIL men speak what they wish rather than what they know.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 38 letters.

My 24, 6, 4, 11, 19, 23, 30 is an aerial monster.

My 18, 12, 8, 27 are as sweet *sometimes* as my 35, 16, 20, 25, 31

My 1, 3, 23, 13, 33, 36, 17 I am very fond of.

My 28, 26 is found in our house

My 2, 15, 27, 29, 11, 9 is my mother's name.

My 5, 14, 7 is the plural of 5, 9, 34.

My 17, 6, 5, 29, 32, 26 is my father's name.

My 37, 22, 21, 9 is a mount.

My 10, 6, 30, 34, 38 is a girl's name.

This Enigma is respectfully dedicated to 9, 5, 18, 33—35, 29, 16, 22, 33, by his affectionate sister, 5, 12, 3, 26, 16, 14—10, 4, 9, 35, 35.

My whole is a saying and the name of a poet,

Grove Hill, N. Y., 1859. MOLLIE FLAGG.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RIDDLE.

My face is smooth and wondrous bright,
Which mostly I keep out of sight
Within my house; how that is made
Shall with much brevity be said.
Composed of timber and of skin,
Covered with blankets warm, within,
Here I lie snug, unless in anger
I look out sharp, suspecting danger;
For I'm a blade of mighty wrath,
Whene'er provoked I sally forth;
Yet quarrels I frequently decide,
But ne'er am known to change my side,
Though e'er so much the parties vary,
In all disputes my point I carry.
Thousands by me are daily fed,—
As many laid among the dead.
I travel into foreign parts,
But not in coach conveyed, nor carts.
Ladies, for you I often war,
Then, in return, my name declare.

Attica, Ohio, 1859. E. B. TANNER.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 509.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Friendship, love and truth.

Answer to Problem:—Five feet per second.

Answer to Charade:—Miss Night-en-gale.

TO RURAL AGENTS, SUBSCRIBERS, &c.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER *enters upon a New Quarter this week, and we embrace the occasion to notify its Agents, Subscribers and other friends that single and club subscriptions—either for a year, or three months, on trial—are now in order and respectfully solicited. To those who know and appreciate the paper, we need only say that the quarter upon which we now enter, and the ensuing volume, will be worthy the enviable reputation the* RURAL *has attained—and all others are invited to give it a careful examination. It has thousands of ardent and influential friends, each of whom will, we trust, make some effort (during the ensuing few weeks and months,) to augment its circulation and usefulness in their respective localities,—and* NOW *is the Best Time to Commence the Canvass. As liberal Premiums and Gratuities will be given for Clubs, &c., as last year.* Oct. 1, 1859.

TERMS, IN ADVANCE:

FOR ONE YEAR.		FOR SIX MONTHS.	
One copy, 1 year	$2	One copy, 6 mo's.	$1 00
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Thirty-Two copies	40	Thirty-Two do	20 00

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 22, 1859.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

THE N. Y. *Herald's* Washington correspondent says it is understood that Lord Lyons has received a peremptory and important dispatch from his government, demanding explanations from our government touching the course of Gen. Harney in the San Juan affair, to which Mr. Cass is now preparing a reply, which will vindicate fully our rights. A communication has also been received from the British government, through Lord Lyons, requesting that their acknowledgements may be conveyed to our Minister to China, and also to Commodore Tatnall, for his friendly conduct in the affair on the Peiho.

The N. Y. *Times* has advices from Washington stating that Mr. McLane is about to resume his official post near the Mexican government.

Information has been received here that as soon as Col. Sumner heard of the attack on the Santa Fe mail with fatal results, he dispatched a company of dragoons to Pawnee Fork to punish the offending Indians. Hopes are entertained that this prompt action on the part of Col. S., will result in the capture of the murderers, and the rescue of the passengers by the overland mail. It will probably be found necessary to station troops at Pawnee Fork, to escort the mail through to Cold Springs, and thus obviate the recurrence of such outrages.

The Government is satisfied that the yacht Wanderer is the only vessel that has landed Africans on our coast, but with a view to prevent any further violation of the law, the most stringent efforts have been, and will continue to be made to intercept any such cargoes destined for the United States.

A private letter from London says that our Minister, Mr. Dallas, is exerting himself to procure the recognition of the Mexican Liberal government by England, while other prominent gentlemen are similarly engaged.

The Consul General of the United States in Canada, writes to the State Department that gigantic efforts are on foot to divert from American into Canadian channels the products of the North Western States that seek an outlet to the ocean.

Insurrection at the South.

DURING a goodly portion of yesterday (Monday) the telegraph was conveying dispatches calculated to cause intense excitement throughout the country. The first of these ran as follows:

"BALTIMORE, Oct. 17.—A dispatch just received here from Fredericksburg, dated this morning, states that an insurrection had broken out at Harper's Ferry, where an armed band of abolitionists have full possession of the government arsenal. The Express train going east was twice fired into, and one of the railroad hands and a negro killed while they were endeavoring to get the train through the town. The insurrectionists stopped and arrested two men who had come to town with a load of wheat, and seizing their wagon loaded it with rifles and sent them into Maryland. The insurrectionists number about 250 whites, and are aided by a gang of negroes. At last accounts fighting was going on.

The above is given just as it was received here. It seems very improbable, and should be received with great caution until confirmed by further advices."

The third dispatch, which was received at Baltimore at one o'clock P. M., stated that "it is apprehended that the affair at Harper's Ferry is more serious than even citizens here are willing to believe. The wires from the Ferry are cut, and consequently we have no intelligence beyond Monocacy station. The Southern train which was due here at an early hour this morning, has not yet arrived. It is rumored there is a stampede of negroes from this State."

The President, at 2 P. M., ordered the U. S. Marines stationed at Washington, and three companies of artillery at Old Point, Va., to repair immediately to the scene of disturbance, and the Governor of Virginia has also ordered out several of the independent military companies. At 10 P. M, we received the following:

"MONOCACY BRIDGE, Oct. 17.—The train arrived here at 9 o'clock. Luther Simpson, baggage-master of the mail train, gives the following particulars:

I walked up the bridge; was stopped, but afterwards permitted to go up and see the captain of the insurrectionists. I was taken to the armory, and saw the captain, whose name is Bill Smith. I was kept prisoner more than an hour, and saw from five to six hundred negroes, all having arms. There were two or three hundred white men with them. All the houses were closed. I went into a tavern close by Mr. Chamber's; thirty of the inhabitants were collected there with arms; they said most of the inhabitants had left, but they declined, preferring to protect themselves. It was reported that five persons had been shot.

Mr. Simpson was escorted back over the bridge by six negroes. The train with the Fredericksburg military, is at Point Rock. A train with the Directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad on board, is on the other side of Harper's Ferry. It was believed that the insurrectionists would leave as soon as it became dark. Orders have been received here that the train shall stop at Sandy Hook until Colonel Lee, who is following in a special train, arrives. There are any amount of rumors, but nothing certain."

Personal and Political.

COL. PHILIP HICKEY died in East Baton Rouge, La., on the 1st inst., at the age of eighty-two. He was, some time before his decease, the only citizen in Louisiana who was born within the present limits of the State, a subject of Great Britain, and who had lived under the Governments of the three Great Powers, of Great Britain, Spain, and the United States, without any change of his civil status, his residence, or the exercise of his own will.

THE venerable Rev. Samuel Willard, D. D., of Deerfield, Mass., died in that town on the 7th inst., in the eighty-third year of his age. For half a century he has been a most acceptable preacher and beloved pastor, receiving the respect of men of all creeds, and exerting great influence in the region where he has labored. For about forty years the deceased has been blind. He graduated at Harvard College in 1803, and was the class mate of the famous Dr. Payson, the late Dr. Asa Eaton, and others widely known.

THE American State Committee of Massachusetts have voted that it is inexpedient to call a State Convention to nominate candidates for State officers.

THE two branches of the Vermont Legislature convened on the 13th inst. Lieut. Gov. Martin called the Senate to order, when the oaths were administered. Rev. William H. Lord was elected Chaplain. The House organized by electing Mr. Edmonds, of Burlington, as Speaker—ballot standing as follows:—Edmonds, Rep., 179; D. Dunn, of Bernard, Dem., 40; scattering, 18. Charles Cummings, of Brattleboro, was elected Clerk.

A LEAVENWORTH dispatch to the St. Louis *Republican* says that the Topeka Convention on the 12th nominated a full ticket, headed by C. Robinson for Governor, and J. F. Root for Lieut. Governor. M. F. Conway was nominated for Congress. The Convention was harmonious. The election for State officers will take place in December.

THE New Hampshire Democratic State Convention was held at Concord on the 11th inst., and was quite fully attended. The ballot for candidate for Governor resulted as follows:—Asa P. Cate, of Northfield, 122; J. S. Cheney, of Manchester, 99; scattering, 4. Cate's nomination was made unanimous. The Convention did not act upon the question of delegates to the Charleston Convention.

WE are without anything very definite as to the result of the recent elections; still, from such figures as are attainable, it seems to be apparent that nearly all have resulted in favor of the Republicans. We give such information as has been received.

MINNESOTA.—A dispatch to Chicago, on the 14th inst., gives the following Republican gains:—Ramsey County, 500; Hennepin Co., 500; Dacota Co., 400; Rice Co., 170; Washington Co., 100; Anoka Co., 100; Cower Co., 100. The Republicans are known to have gained two Representatives in Ramsey Co., one Senator and one Representative in Anoka, and probably five Representatives in Dacota. The Democrats gain four in Winona. There is but little doubt of the election of the Republican Congressmen, Governor, and State ticket, and a Republican majority in both branches of the Legislature.

OHIO.—The Republican majority on the State ticket will be 17,000. To the Senate, 25 Republicans and 10 Democrats are elected, and to the House 64 Republicans and 20 Democrats.

IOWA.—There being but four telegraph offices in the State of Iowa, some days must elapse before the result of the election there can be definitely ascertained. The vote received thus far is about the same as in 1857, when Low, Rep., was elected by 2,000 majority.

GEORGIA.—Brown's majority for Governor of Georgia is about 20,000.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The "Peoples' Party" journals figure up a majority of about 20,000 on the State ticket. The Assembly is strongly Opposition—nearly the same as last year, when it stood 63 to 37. The Senate (last year Democratic,) is also nearly two-thirds Opposition. The Lecomptonites have carried *one* of the eleven Senators chosen this year—Crawford over Irwin, in the Perry and Juniata District.

News Paragraphs.

SUP'T BEALE writes from Fort Tejon, California, of the great advantage of camels in the public service of the West. He tested the comparative value of mules and camels as pack animals, and the experiment proved beyond all question the great superiority of the camel, both as regards rate of speed and amount of burden. He finds no difficulty in rearing camels.

DR. JEWETT has left the Boston Traveler an ounce or two of fine starch, extracted from only eight horse-chestnuts, picked up in the street.—The experiment shows this nut to be so abundant in starch it may readily be turned to valuable account.

THE temperature of the frozen well at Brandon, a few days since, 40 feet below the surface, was 34 degrees, while in the open air it was 68. From observations made in that vicinity it is shown that a stratum of underground frost exists there, extending over a large area.

NEARLY $2 500,000 in gold and silver was received at New York from California and Central America, on the 13th inst, the largest amount of treasure that ever arrived at the port in one day.

A SAN FRANCISCO writer, of late date, says the following are about the rates of wages now paid in California:—Carpenters from $4 to $7 per day; brick layers and masons, from $4 to $6; blacksmiths, wheelwrights, machinists, painters, tinsmiths, from $3 to $4,50; common laborers, $3; farm hands, from $30 to $40 per month, and found; cooks from $30 to $60.

IT is said that Queen Victoria's second daughter—now the first on the marriage roll—has expressed a wish to resign her "royal dowry" in order to become a professed Catholic. The Court papers insinuate that this is a step to court the young King of Portugal, who lately lost his wife. When Don Pedro was in England, a few years ago, the Princess Alice was "smitten," but religion was in the way, and there the affair dropped.

AMONG the many reforms contemplated by the Emperor of Austria, is one which will place all forms of religious worship upon an equally free basis, removing all the restrictions placed upon Protestants and Protestantism. The number of Protestants in Austria is estimated at about three millions—two millions two hundred thousand of whom are in Hungary, or about one-fourth of the people of the Kingdom. This is a much larger number than is generally supposed to be there, and the reform will be hailed with delight by them.

THE last statement made by the Commissioners of Emigration shows that there has been a decrease of 1,870 in the number of persons arriving at the port of New York, compared with the same period last year.

RECENT advices from Genoa, state that while the United States frigate Wabash was lying at the port a large fire occurred in the city, when her commander, desiring to assist in subduing it, dispatched to the aid of the city a portion of her officers and crew with the fire engines of that ship.—Shortly after the occurrence a letter was received by the commandant of the Wabash from the Vice-President of the Royal Chamber of Commerce, attesting their gratitude, as well as of all Genoa, for the important services rendered.

THE Pacific wagon road has been finished. During the Summer some 1,500 wagons, 12,000 head of cattle and about 4,000 persons have passed over it. Grass, wood and water are found abundantly along the entire route. It commences at the South Pass, leaving the Sage Plains to the Southwest, and, going directly through the Wasatch Mountains by way of Thompson's Pass, crosses the head waters of Bear and Great Snake Rivers.

A TRAVELER stopping at one of the hotels in Minnesota, recently, saw the phrase "Fried Water Chickens" on the dinner bill of fare. Desiring to know what this meant, he sent for a dish of *water chickens*. They came, and sure enough looked very much like the smallest and whitest of fried spring chickens. He tried them—found them excellent—recommended them to the rest of his party, ladies and all. All who tried them liked them wonderfully; and so, nearly all of them became *frog-eaters*, almost without knowing it.

ROCHESTER UNIVERSITY AND THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—We see it stated, says the *Democrat*, that sixteen new students have been admitted to the Theological Seminary in this city, the present term, and about fifty-five to the University—forty of them forming the Freshman Class. This, we believe, is the largest number ever admitted to the University at the opening of the Academical year.

KING WILLIAM'S ISLAND.—The Albany Journal says:—King William's Island, the spot where the remains of the Franklin Arctic Expedition were found, is one of the southern-most islands of the Arctic Ocean. It is but a little north of the upper shores of Hudson's Bay; is twelve degrees of latitude further south than the spot where Dr. Kane wintered safely, and three hundred miles further south than are the Danish Settlements in Greenland. It has long been known and visited. Because it was so near by, and so far south, the Expeditions have never dreamed of looking there before, but have prosecuted their search in the icy regions further north.

THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.—The great problem of the source of the Nile, which has occupied the attention of the world during so many ages, may now be considered as definitely solved. Capt. Speke, who has just returned to England from an extended tour in Central Africa, in company with Capt. Burton, discovered a lake, called by the natives Nyanza, but by the Arabs Ukerewe, which appears to be the great reservoir of the Nile. It extends from 2° 30 south to 3° north latitude, lying across the equator in east longitude 33°. Its waters are the drainage of numerous hills which surround it on almost every side. The new lake washes out the Mountains of the Moon as at present existing in our atlases. An expedition has been formed in Bombay for the purpose of continuing and completing the discoveries of Captains Burton and Speke. Mr. J. Kenelly, Secretary to the Bombay Geographical Society, and Dr. Sylvester are at the head of it. They are to set out in November, and will attempt a thorough exploration of the great lake region, which is now known to contain the source of the Nile.

OPERATIONS OF THE U. S. MINT.—The gold coinage of the United States Mint in Philadelphia for the month of August was $95,151,50, in double eagles, eagles and quarter eagles. The silver coinage was $64,497.15, being in quarter dollars and dimes. Of cents $25,000 were coined. The whole number of pieces coined was 2,738,542, of the aggregate value of $174,638 20. The total gold deposite of the month were $111,650, of which $66,566.81 were from California, and $45,083.19 were from other sources. The silver deposited was $64,000. Total deposits for the month $179,-900.

A RIGHTEOUS JUDGMENT.—In the injunction case of the Halifax Telegraph Company, the European news monopolists, against the American Telegraph Company, praying in substance that the latter may be compelled to forward to the speculators the European news in advance of the report to the Associated Press, the Judge refused to grant the injunction.

Important from Texas.

ADVICES from Brownsville, Texas, are received, stating that that place was attacked on the 28th ult., by a band of Guerillas, who killed five citizens, broke open the jail and freed all the prisoners. The most intense excitement prevailed, and the Mexicans had sent aid from Matamoras. The Guerillas were headed by Castina, who shot the Sheriff of Brownsville last July, while he was attempting to arrest him.

A party of outlaws, one hundred strong, rode through the city on horseback, and posted sentinels, when Gen. Cavarejel and others from Matamoras arrived, and persuaded five to leave. Fort Brown was garrisoned with Mexican troops from Matamoras, and the citizens had formed a patrol to keep a watch on the outlaws, who were encamped near the city 200 strong. The Mexican General visited their camp, and obtained a promise from them that they would not molest the city any more. The citizens, however, expect still another attack, as the outlaws stated that they had more on their list to kill. An express had been sent to San Antonio for troops.

The Brownsville *Flag*, in an extra, thanks the military and civil authorities of Matamoras for their aid, and blames the Government for leaving them defenceless. The Sheriff with a posse came down to Point Isabel with the Arizonia's mails. The cause of the difficulty is said to be a desire on the part of Castina for revenge for injuries which he alleges he has received. The citizens of Brownsville had mostly fled to Matamoras, having no faith in the promises of the outlaws, that they would molest them no more.

Advices from San Antonio state that Gen. Twiggs has responded to the call for aid from Brownsville, that he has not men enough at his disposal to drive the Indians from the frontier, and can therefore do nothing. The ranches on the Texas side of the Rio Grande, have been abandoned on account of the Indian depredations. The citizens of San Antonio were raising two companies of rangers, and other places were raising volunteers on account of General Twiggs' inability to protect the country.

From the Pacific Side.

THE steamship North Star, from Aspinwall on the 4th inst., arrived at New York on the 12th inst., bringing 700 passengers, $600,000 in specie, and California dates to the 20th ult.

The duel between Senator Broderick and Chief Justice Terry, took place near San Francisco on the morning of the 13th. Broderick fell at the first fire, having been pierced through the lungs. He lingered until half past 9 o'clock on the morning of the 16th, when he died. Some of the San Francisco papers evince a disposition to make it appear that Broderick was the victim of a conspiracy. Broderick's pistol went off before it was in line with his antagonist. Terry's shot took effect two inches from the right nipple, carry away part of the breast bone. Mr. Broderick suffered intense agony from the time he was shot until he died.—Judge Terry had been arrested. The public were much incensed at the killing of Broderick. His funeral was the most imposing ever witnessed in San Francisco.

Victoria dates are to the 7th ult. The *Colonist* says that the United States troops on San Juan Island were throwing up a fortification on the summit of a hill below the Hudson Bay Company's station.

The Portland, Oregon, papers of the 10th, publish a reply by Gen. Harney to Gov. Douglas' letter of August 30th, in which he accepts Douglas' explanation as an apology for his past conduct, but evidently reposes no faith in the Governor's professions, and declines to withdraw his troops from San Juan until the pleasure of President Buchanan is known on the subject.

There was but little business doing in the San Francisco market, but prices were sensibly weaker.

FROM SANTA FE.—The Santa Fe mail of the 15th ult., reached Independence on the 10th inst.—Messrs. Otero, Porter and Cranshaw arrived, and confirm the attack on the mail party. The Indians took all the mules, provisions and clothing, but did not molest the mail, which was taken forward by the next out-going party. The incoming party found the dead bodies of four men, supposed to have been Pikes' Peakers. Two subsequent attacks on the outward-bound mail caused the detention of the incoming party, owing to the train behind them having been apprised of the difficulties ahead by a Mexican. The combined strength of two trains probably prevented another attack. A company of cavalry had been ordered to march immediately to Fort Riley, to chastise the Indians.

FROM MEXICO.—A conspiracy on the part of the leading officers in Miramon's army, with the object to overthrow Miramon and recognize the Liberals, was divulged on the 21st ult., and the execution of the officers would take place on the 25th. The other conspirators, not in the army, would not, it was supposed, be punished at Vera Cruz. Active preparations were making to seize upon Jalapa, Cordova and the Capital. Corbas' division was entirely routed on the 28th by the Liberals of Oatfaca. Large numbers of persons were taken, but were pardoned. The Church party had taken Moreno and others, and they had been shot. Mr. Connor, Consul at Mazatlan, has secured concessions of great advantage to our commerce on the western coast.

WHAT THE WAR COST.—The two months campaign in Italy can scarcely be said to have been a cheap amusement for any of the parties concerned. The Allgemeine Zeitung figures up the cost to the immediate parties to the war, and also to the neutral Powers who were required to make preparations for contingencies, in the following table:

Austria, about	£20,000,000
France	20,000,000
Piedmont	4,000,000
Other Italian States	800,000
Russia	1,000,000
England	880 000
Germany	5,320,000
Total	£52,000,000

This makes the snug little aggregate of $260,-000,000—or nearly one-third of the whole national debt of England.

The News Condenser.

— Austria is making great concessions to the Protestants.

— The receipts of the St. Louis Fair amounted to $50,000.

— Potatoes are selling for 15 cents a bushel at Hastings, Minnesota.

— Hoops and widely extended skirts are going out of fashion in Paris.

— The Chinese navy consists of two vessels mounting in all ten guns.

— The American Board of Foreign Missions is in session in Philadelphia.

— It is thought that the value of the wine trade in Ohio this year will be over 1,000,000.

— On Friday last the large quantity of 143,000 bushels of wheat was shipped from Chicago.

— In 51 counties of Indiana, according to the assessor's returns, there are 1,245,990 hogs.

— In the city of Chicago there are over 1,500 saloons, of which 690 are regularly licensed.

— The yellow fever has appeared in New Orleans, much to the alarm of Northern visitors.

— Senator Sumner is still bathing at Frascati, near Havre, and is daily expected in Paris.

— Gov. Morgan, of New York, has fixed on Thursday, November 24th, as Thanksgiving Day.

— In Paris, it is computed that each inhabitant consumes 216 bottles of wine during the year.

— With four weights, viz: 1lb., 3lb., 9lb., and 27lb., any number of pounds, from 1 to 40, may be weighed.

— The name of the Chinaman who was in command of the victorious armies on the Peiho, is Hang—General Hang.

— The Spaniards are going to send 12,000 men against the Moors, and the troops are to be "thrown into transports."

— The annual value of the brandy produced in France is about $12,000,000, at an average cost of 48 cents per gallon.

— The Bishop of London has closed the Puseyite Church, where the congregation have recently been so riotous.

— The city of Detroit is about to erect a new City Hall, at a cost of $250,000, and workhouse at a cost of $50,000.

— The wine crop of France this year will be a good one, probably exceeding the annual average of 800,-000,000.

— The black tongue is committing dreadful ravages among the cattle in the neighborhood of Belleville, Indiana.

— The Northern Albany Railroad has just been sold at auction. Stockholders and bondholders lose over $3,000,000.

— Mr. George Gregory, of Janesville, Wis., has put down 144,000 eggs in a pickle composed of salt, lime and water.

— The products of the various manufacturing departments of Cincinnati for the present year are valued at $112,254 000.

— The Post-Master General is making some arrangements for the more effective return of dead letters to their writers.

— They have a giant in Ohio, who, though only 17 years old, weighs 397 pounds, and is seven and one-third feet high.

— Patrick Riordan, a respected and eminent citizen of New Orleans, died in that city recently, at the advanced age of 103.

— A fire engine, made in London in 1689, was, only two years ago, still in working order, in the village of Bethlehem, Penn.

— Wise, the æronaut, says that in 234 balloon ascensions, he has only met with two accidents, and two losses of his balloon.

— The Cleveland Herald has introduced a new feature in its matrimonial notices. It gives the names of bridemaids and bride-men.

— The Kansas corn crop is so good that the article is worth only 15 cents a bushel at Leavenworth. The wheat crop is excellent.

— Recent accounts from Roman Catholic authorities state that three hundred priests are at work in China, propagating their faith.

— The N. Y. Board of Education have made out their estimates for 1860 at one million three hundred and fourteen thousand dollars.

— A large body of land, 82,000 acres, lying in the counties of Highland, Randolph and Pendleton, Va., has been sold for $60,000.

— A good step has been taken towards erecting a monument to Kane, one of the noblest of the noble army of martyrs to science.

— Six hundred and fifty-seven mules were sold at public sale in Paris, Kentucky, on Monday week for the aggregate of $63,495 20.

— Parke Godwin has in press the first volume of a History of France, which will be a valuable contribution to American literature.

— Daniel Stafford stole a yoke of oxen at Detroit, and in 14 hours was arrested, convicted and on his way to State Prison for five years.

— The Cooperstown papers say that the supply of hops will not be large enough to supply the current brewing demand for the year.

— The Cherokee Indians are getting civilized. They have a debt—small, to be sure—but so large that they cannot pay the interest of it.

— Autographs of John Milton and his wife were lately bought by a Philadelphian in England for two hundred and fifteen dollars.

— A statistical publication just issued, states that the cost of keeping up permanent armies on the continent amounts to 80 millions sterling.

— "Grace Greenwood" is in the list of lecturers before the Albany Young Men's Association. Her subject is "the heroic in common life."

— The Eastern country has had a large supply of rain. At Mauch Chunk, Pa., the water was running last week three feet deep through the streets.

— In California the Chinamen test brandy by applying to it a lighted match, and if it does not yield a blue flame, they pronounce it "no good."

— Prof. Agassiz has opened his class at Cambridge, with between 60 and 90 pupils. Among the number are ladies from ten different States.

— The Great Eastern is earning $3,000 per day at her dock in England, this being the amount of admittance fees. She had better stay there awhile.

— Arizona is beginning to yield her silver liberally, and but for the Apaches she would do better still. We fear they will have to be—"civilized."

— A genuine "wooden nutmeg" was one of the features of the Hartford county fair last week. It is said to have deceived even Connecticut folks.

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Sanborn's Easy Feed Cutter—D. R. Barton and McKindley & Phelps.
Apple Trees for Sale Cheap—Carlton H. Rogers.
A Splendid Opportunity—Sanderson & Bro.
To Wholesale Nurserymen—Reagles & Co.
Agents Wanted—S. M. Myrick & Co.
A Teacher of Penmanship Wanted—H. H.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says that the task of the Plenipotentiaries has been diminished by dispatches from Vienna, and that it is believed the Conferences will be terminated in a few days, unless some fresh instructions should be received. The amended programme is stated to be as follows:—A definitive treaty of peace will be signed by the three powers, when another treaty will be drawn up by which Austria will cede Lombardy to France, who will make it over to Sardinia. The most difficult point in the double transfer is the debt, and on this head it is believed Austria will moderate her demands. Documents will be brought up respecting the Italian Confederation, the restoration of the Dukes and other questions, but they can only be signed by the Austrian and French Plenipotentiaries, as Sardinia utterly rejects the restoration of the Dukes, and will not agree to a conference under present circumstances. Spain is requested to be represented, should a Congress take place. The gossips of Paris and Brussels state that Prince Albert will represent England; the Arch-Duke Maximilian, Austria, at the prospective Congress at Brussels.

The repairs on the Great Eastern were going on actively at Portland, but it was considered doubtful whether the ship could be got ready for sea during the month of October. The fittings and all connected with her sea-going equipments had been placed entirely in the hands of the marine department of the Board of Trade; and this, it was supposed, would increase the expected delay. It was thought probable that in a few days the ship would proceed to Southampton for convenience of receiving materials from London and for the gratification of excursionists, who continued to visit her by thousands.

The telegraph cable between Malta and Sicily had been successfully laid. Business had commenced upon it.

Col Hawkins, Chief Commissioner of the Oregon Boundary Survey, arrived in London, in the capacity of Special Envoy from Gov. Douglas, in consequence of the occupation of San Juan island by United States troops. Col. H. transacted his business at the foreign office, specially, after his arrival

The China mail, with dates from Hong Kong to the 10th of August, had reached London.

Nothing of any moment had occurred since the affair at the mouth of the Peiho. Two gun boats and a steamer remained in the Gulf of Pechey, the rest of the defeated squadron being at anchor off the entrance of Singapore river. Some of the Hong Kong newspapers state that Mr. Ward, the American Plenipotentiary was still on board his ship, and was likely to obtain the ratification of his treaty, as the English Minister. Another journal speaks of the probability of his having gone on to Pekin, and a Russian dispatch, published at St. Hotcranig, says he had arrived in Pekin and was kept in confinement.

The Hong Kong correspondent of the London *Times*, says that the trouble with the British had not produced any change in their relations with the Chinese. It was reported that some of the wounded are in the hands of the Chinese and are well treated. The state of Admiral Hope's health was serious.

There had been a serious emeute at Shanghai, in which several foreigners had been killed, and others wounded. Among the latter was Mr. Interpreter Fay, who was in a precarious state. The riot is said to have arisen from the kidnapping of Coolies for a French vessel, but the master of the vessel asserts that the Chinese on board attempted to rob him, and he was compelled to fire upon them in self-defence. The French minister ordered the Coolie ship into port for a straight investigation of the case.

FRANCE.—It is announced that the French force for China will consist of 5,000 troops of the line, 15,000 marines, six large transports, six sailing frigates, six first class and six second class gunboats.

Another authority says that the expedition will number from 10,000 to 12,000 men.

French commercial affairs show no improvement. Wheat had advanced both in Paris and the Provincial market. Flour was also dearer.

The *Moniteur* says some journals have stated that the solution of the affairs of Italy would be impeded by the desire of the Emperor of the French to form a kingdom of Italy for a Prince of his house. These rumors do not need refutation to deprive them of all value. It suffices, without speaking of the engagements entered into at Villa Franca, to bring to recollection the acts and words of Emperor Napoleon before and since that epoch.

It is announced that several regiments of the *corps de armie*, under command of Marshal Castelline, in the Lyons district, had received orders to hold themselves ready to march. Letters from the Provinces, in France, confirm the reports of grand armaments in the various ports. The Government had purchased land at a high price on the coast for the purpose of erecting fortifications. At Bologna a floating battery is to be constructed without sails, navigated by steam, and armed with rifle guns.

The Paris *Patrie* publishes the following in regard to the movements of Mr. Ward, the American Minister:—The latest news from Shanghai establishes beyond a doubt the arrival of Mr. Ward, the American Envoy, at Pekin. This diplomat ascended the Kitiechon Yunho, one of the branches of the Peiho, accompanied by all the members of his legation. Arriving at Ning Ho Fou, the American corvette, which should have brought Mr. Ward, was retained in port. The members of the legation, under the guidance of a Mandarin, were placed in a huge box, about five metres long by three broad, which was closed everywhere but above, so as to prevent those in it from seeing the country. This box or traveling chamber, provided with all things necessary to the comfort of the travelers, was placed on a raft and taken first up the river and then up the Imperial Canal as far as the gate of the Capital. Here it was placed on a large truck, drawn by oxen, and in this way the Minister of the United States and suite entered the town of Pekin. They were perfectly well treated by the Chinese, but were not allowed to see anything. The truck was drawn into the court-yard of a large house, which was to be the residence of the American Envoy, but from which they were not allowed to go out. At the last dates they were awaiting their interview with the Emperor. They had not been allowed to have any communication with the outer world, but were permitted to send a dispatch to Mr. Fish, the American Consul at Shanghai, informing him of their safety. After the interview, the American Minister was to be re-conducted to the frontier in the same manner in which he came.

ITALY.—The *Times* Paris correspondent says the latest and most accredited report respecting Italy is, that the Grand Duke of Tuscany will regain his throne, not by forcible means, but by an appeal to universal suffrage, accompanied by the grant of a constitution, and by a general amnesty; that the Duchess of Parma will have Modena, and that Parma will remain annexed to Piedmont.

The warmest and most sanguine partisans have now given up hopes of being emancipated from Papal rule.

The *Herald's* Paris correspondent says that the Duke of Modena is at the head of 10,000 troops, backed by 5,000 more under the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Calbernatten has collected some 10,000 men, of whom about one-third are Croats, and the remainder Swiss, and he has gone to Vienna, it is said, to organize a plan of attack against Fantis' army of Central Italy, now concentrating round Rimini, whilst the Arch-Dukes would operate from the north. Piedmont is also eagerly preparing for the affray.

INDIA.—The Calcutta mail of August 22d, had reached England, but the news generally was anticipated. The disarming of Oude had been completed. It was stated that no official requisition for troops for China had been made by Mr. Bruce, but in anticipation that he would take this course. The Indian Government warned two regiments to hold themselves in readiness.

AUSTRALIA.—Telegraphic advices, in anticipation of the arrival of the Australian mail, state that the screw steamer Admilla was totally lost on the 6th of August, near Northumberland. Eighty-seven lives were lost; only twenty-five of the whole number on board were saved. There was a great outcry against the Ministers for not sending relief to the Admilla. No details are received.

The Tasmania sub-marine telegraph cable had been successfully laid.

The shipments of gold from Melbourne since the July mail and up to Aug. 19th, amount to £750,000. The yield of gold was very satisfactory.

Advices from the Cape of Good Hope are to Aug. 21. Satisfactory accounts had been received from the Livingston expedition.

The ship Shakespeare, bound for the West Indies, with Coolies, was burned at sea July 1st. The captain and crew, 64 in number, were rescued, but all the Coolies, 350, perished.

JAPAN.—In Japan, affairs have assumed a very unsatisfatory position. On the 11th of July the British treaty was duly ratified. Then the Japanese Government attempted to confine foreigners to a small island about ten miles from Yeddo.

They further sought to establish a new coin as the only one to be used in commercial dealings with foreigners, although according to the terms of the treaty foreign coins were to be received at their intrinsic value. The present arrangement of the Japanese produced a depression of 66 per cent. The British Consul General had signed a protest, and estopped trade for the present.

COMMERCIAL — *Breadstuffs.* — Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co report decline in breadstuffs. Flour dull and quotations maintained with difficulty; new American 1s@2½d per bbl.; wheat was also dull, and had declined 1d@2d per cental; western red 7s4d@8s; western white 8s@9s3d. Corn dull and declined 6d per quarter; mixed 5s8d@6s1d; yellow 6s; white 7s@7s6d. Messrs. Bigland, Aitnya & Co. quote a decline in corn of 6d@1s per quarter. *Provisions.*—Beef in fair demand.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Oct. 18, 1859.

FLOUR—No change in prices. Buckwheat is being offered in market, $2 ₱ cwt, being the rates.

GRAIN—Wheat as last quoted. Buckwheat is worth 50 cents ₱ bushel, Corn still going up—85@85 cents is readily obtained. Rye has got into the ascending scale, and we put on 5@10 cents ₱ bushel. Barley is at last week's figures, though rather dull.

DAIRY—We make no change in the price of butter, although to-day a tip-top article would bring 19 cents. Eggs are up 3 cents ₱ dozen.

SHEEP PELTS are going up in price—choice are worth $1,12.

HAY—While the very best is without material alteration, poorer grades are advancing. Common is worth $15, and occasional loads of prime bring $21 ₱ ton.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	16c
Flour, wint. wheat	$4,75@5,75	Honey, box	15@17c
Flour, spring do	$4,25@4,50	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat, ₱ cwt	$2,00	FRUITS AND ROOTS	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,15@1,20	Apples, bushel	25@37½c
Best white Can'a	$1,15@1,20	Apples, dried	$0 00
Corn	85@85c	Peaches, dried, ₱ lb	0@0c
Rye, 60 lbs ₱ bu	65@70c	Cherries, dried, ₱ lb	0@0c
Oats, by weight	37@38c	Potatoes	31@37c
Barley	60@70c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	50c	Slaughter	6@6c
Beans	62½@75c	Calf	10@0c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50@$1 12
Pork, mess	$17,00@18,50	Lamb pelts	25@75c
Pork, clear	$20,00@21,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$0 50@7,00	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,50
Beef, ₱ cwt	$4,00@5,00	Timothy	$2,50@2,75
Spring lamb, each	$1,50@1,75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	4@5c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$0 00@0,00
Chickens	8@9c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	0@10c	Coal, Pittston	$4,@4,50
Geese	38@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ₱ pair	00@00c	Coal, Char	10@12c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,12
Butter, roll	17@18c	Hay, ton	$15,00@20,00
Butter, firkin	16c	Wool, ₱ lb	57@58c
Cheese	8@10c	White fish, bbl	$0,00@0,00
Lard, tried	12½@13c	Codfish, ₱ quintal	$4,00@4,25
Tallow	10½@10½c	Trout, bbl	$3,00@3,50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—FLOUR—Opened buoyant but closed rather heavy Sales at $4,60@4,85 for super State; $4,80@4,90 for extra do; $4,65@4,75 for super Western, $4,85@5,25 for common to good extra do; $5 35@5,40 for inferior to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—market closing dull Canada unchanged; sales at $5,50@5,25 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat dull and rather heavy. Sales at 140c for very choice white western; 129@127c for amber do. Rye firmer sales at 90c. Barley lower and more active; sales at 76@80c, the latter for choice Canada East. Corn dull; sales at 100c for yellow, 98½c for round yellow, 92½c for Jersey do; mixed western firmly held at 91 Oats are dull at 44@45c for State, Western and Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Pork market firmer. Sales at $15 25@15 37 for mess; $14,75 for prime; $15 37 for uninspected mess, including one thousand bbls sellers' option to Nov. 10th at $15. Lard in fair request and firm; sales at 11@11¾c. Butter steady at 11¾@13c for Ohio, 15@20c for State. Cheese steady at 6¾@10¾c for common to prime.

ALBANY, Oct. 17.—FLOUR—Very quiet and unchanged.

GRAIN—Wheat is in good supply and offered freely, but market not active. Sales at 106c for Canada club, 130c for white Michigan. Oats in fair request; sales at 41@41½c for Canada East on the spot, 43c to arrive. Corn sells in small parcels at 81@1,02. Barley offering freely; buyers offer 80; sales at 89c for Canada East, 78c for Lockport, and some Canada East on p. t.

TORONTO, Oct 15.—FLOUR—The movement in flour does not keep with that of wheat on the contrary, the high price paid for wheat precludes the idea of millers manufacturing with profit. The offerings are therefore small, and the transactions are limited. Quotations are steady at $5,10 to $5,25 for double extra; $4,80 to $5 for extra; $4,70 to $4,80 for fancy; $4 35 to $4 40 for No. 1 superfine; $3,90 to $4 for No 2 superfine. Oatmeal is in fair supply at $4,50 to $4,75 ₱ barrel

GRAIN—The wheat market has now for three weeks ruled very steady, with a very gradual improvement in prices. During the past week there has been little or no fluctuation, except towards an advance, at which the market continues animated and firm. The rates during the past few days, especially on Tuesday and Wednesday, were for good and prime shipping fall wheat, $1.10 to $1.15 ₱ bushel; for extra prime and "gilt-edged" samples, $1,16 to $1.18, with one or two loads at $1 20. For inferior and common, $1 to $1 06. On Tuesday the receipts were larger than on any previous day this season, the deliveries amounting to about 11,000 bushels, the average price of which was about $1 08. Wednesday the receipts were about 9,000 bushels, and the average price $1,11 ₱ bushel. The demand for Spring Wheat has slackened, and prices are not so high. 90 cents being the outside figure, with 92 cents occasionally paid for an extra lot. Spring wheat on the cars 91c to 95c. The decline in prices has checked the supply of barley, and the market has been a dull one during the week. The receipts are, all together, 1,000 bushels ₱ day, which were sold at 56 to 65c ₱ bushel. Rye continues scarce and in steady demand at 60c ₱ bushel. Peas are more freely offered, and prices have settled to 50c ₱ bushel, at which rate the market is heavy. Oats have been very sparingly offered, and prices have been regulated by each day's supply. Yesterday sales were made at 30 to 32c ₱ bushel. As high as 35c has been realized during the week. Prices are unsettled.—*Globe.*

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ₱ cwt., $0,50@10,00; ordinary do. 8,50@9,00; common do, $7,00@8,00, inferior do, $6,00@7,00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@65,00; ordinary do, $40 00@50,00; common do, $30,00@40,00; inferior do, $20 00@30,00

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₱ lb., 6@7c; ordinary do, 5@5½c; common do, 4@5c; inferior do, 3@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ₱ head, $5,50@6,50; ordinary do, $4,50@5,00; common do, $3,50@4,00; inferior, $2,00@3,00.

SWINE—First quality, 6@6¼c; other qualities, 5¾@5¾c.

ALBANY, Oct. 17.—Market for cattle more active than for several weeks, although the receipts are heavy. The Eastern men found a pretty good market at Brighton last week, the demand being active, and are buying rather liberally in anticipation of a continuance of the active trade they then met with On the contrary, the New Yorkers found an over supply in the city last week, and realizing very little if any profit in their speculations are not disposed now to venture too deep. The indications are that over one thousand head will be taken for the East, and with the stores and the number retailed here, there will scarcely be more than eighteen hundred to go to New York.

We advance our quotations on toe better grades, remarking that the ruling prices are but little if any better than last week, but the improvement in quality of the same classes of cattle commands higher rates, and we quote accordingly:

	This week	Last week
Extra	4½@5¾c	4@5
First quality	4@4½c	4 @4½c
Second quality	3½@4	3½@3¾
Third quality	2½@3	2¾ @3
Inferior	2½@2¾	2½@3¼

About twelve hundred head have changed hands up to the present time. *Atlas and Argus.*

BRIGHTON, Oct. 13.—At market 1300 beeves, 1000 stores, 7000 sheep and lambs, 70 swine.

PRICES—Market beef—Extra, $8,25; first quality, $8,00; second, $7,50, third, $5,50@6.

WORKING OXEN—$100, $130@165,

MILCH COWS—$12@44, common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—$3, $4@6.

YEARLINGS—$8@11; two years old, $17@21; three years old, $20@25

HIDES 5½@6½c ₱ lb. CALF SKINS 10@12c.

TALLOW 7@7½c

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,25@1 75; extra, $2@3, PELTS, 62@$1.

SWINE—Fat hogs, 6½c Pigs, 5½c. Retail, 6@7

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 12.—At market 1981 cattle, about 900 beeves, and 1081 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows and calves, yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market beef—Extra, $7,50@7,75; first quality $6,75@7,25; second quality, $6,00; third quality, $4,50; ordinary, $3,00.

STORES—Working oxen, $75 $100@150; cows and calves, $25, $40, $50@65; yearlings, $9@11; two years old, $17@21; three years old, $20@25

SHEEP AND LAMBS—7355 at market. Prices, in lots, $1,00, $1 25@1,75 each. Extra and selections, $2 00, $2,50@3,00.

HIDES—6@6¼c ₱ lb. TALLOW—7@7½c ₱ lb.

PELTS—62@81 each. CALF SKINS—10@12c ₱ lb.

TORONTO Oct. 15—BEEF—The cattle market continues to be well supplied, and purchases are still being made for the American market. Prices for first class range from $4 50 to $5 ₱ 100 lbs., and $3,75 to $4,25 for common. Sheep $3 to $4 each. Lambs $1,75 to $2,25 each. Calves $1 to $6 each. Pork—Fresh pork is commencing to come in, and light hogs find fair sale for immediate consumption at $5,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

Wool steady at 24 to 27c ₱ lb, with light supplies. Sheep skins, fresh slaughtered, 3 on each. Best hides, $5 ₱ 100 lbs. Calf skins, 10c ₱ lb.—*Globe*

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—The market has been less active during the week, owing to the reduced stock and the exalted pretensions of holders, who now ask as high as 75c for strictly coolee hand-washed Saxony fleeces, from Washington county Pennsylvania. We hope, however, that our interior friends will not run up the price of their wool because we quote such an extreme price for a small desirable parcel. There is very little of this class of wool in the country, and this is well, for no large parcels could be placed at any such a price. We hope, therefore, that everybody will not ask this rate for wools not worth over 55c, as many did last year when we quoted a sale of wool at 80c, which was fit to lay on the looms, and cheaper at that than full blood off the sheep's back at 60c. We are led to these remarks lest our interior friends should misunderstand us, as we have reason to believe they do, when we happen to quote a sale of wool at an exorbitant price. The market for wool is now fully high enough at 46@48c for common quarter to full-blood Merino and Saxony; small sales of fine sorts are often made at 62½@65c and upward, but those are fancy lots for fancy purposes, and it hardly serves any good purpose to the farming interest to have such sales quoted. We want the farmers to realize full prices for their wool, but by all means when it commands 40 to 60c not to wait to sell out till it goes to 70 or 80c, for such prices would induce a larger growth very soon, and the effect would crush manufacture the succeeding year, and then they would be unable to pay more than 30 or 40c, and as a consequence many farmers would hesitate about growing wool in this latitude at these figures.

The stock of fleece wool now available in this market does not exceed 700,000 lbs, and that in Philadelphia and other adjacent cities, we have reason to believe, is fully, if not as small, while the receipts immediate and in prospect from the interior are and will likely prove very light, as dealers and producers have already purchased liberally in the country. The cause of the light supply, then, all will, no doubt, see this admit, is a short clip, not in length, but in bulk. The crop in all the old States is a quarter short of a full average, and, though that of California and Texas is much larger, it is only like a *goutee, dans le basquet*; sales of 125,000 lbs. common to extra Merino and Saxony at 40@65c., including 50,000 lbs. mixed Western New York half to three quarter blood at 52½c.; also, 75,000 lbs California at 15@37½c. for common mixed to fine; extra fine sorted California is now held at 42½c.; some small parcels of low Canada mixed have been sold at 25c, and extra fine at 39c.; a full price Old pulled is now in meager supply and but little if any lamb's have been received as yet; prices are, therefore, very firm; sales of 30,000lbs at 32@32c, as to quality. Foreign is in limited request; the stock of fine descriptions is light, and prices are very firm, but there is a glut on the low and medium qualities on sale; the transactions include 100 bales of Donskoi at 18½@19c.; 60 do. Rio Grande at 18@19c., and a small lot of extra fine sorted Mestiza, from second hands, at 40c., 6 mos.; also, sales 90 bales Cordova, and 150 do. washed African on private terms.—*Tribune.*

ALBANY, Oct. 13.—The demand for wool has been quite active throughout the week, and the market firm, with an upward tendency. The sales sum up 82,000 lbs, including 10,000 lbs. coarse fleece, at 36c, 23,000 lbs. common do at 37½c, 15,000 do on p. t., 20,000 lbs. fine do at 42½, 8,000 lbs. super pulled at 43, and 7,000 lbs extra do at 47. The stock here is quite light, and at the close the greater part of it was under negotiation.—*Journal.*

BOSTON, Oct. 13.—Fleece and pulled wool are very firm, with sales the past week of 100,000 lbs. The transactions in foreign comprise 700@800 bales Mediterranean and South American at various prices, as to quality.

Saxon & Merino, fine	55@60	Western mixed	38@45
Full blood	52@55	SUPER'S WASHED	17@
Half and ¾ blood	47@51	Do unwashed	17@19
Common	40@42	Syrian	11@12½
Pulled, extra	48@	Cape	20@21
Do superfine	42@45	Crimea	0@17
Do No. 1	40@42	Buenos Ayres	40@45
Do. No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@32

Marriages.

IN Elbridge, Oct 6, by Rev. R. DUNNING, Mr WARREN S. BROWN, of Jordan, and Miss PHEBE P. HUNT, of the former place.

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Terms of Advertising—Twenty-Five Cents a line, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 37½ cts. per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, leaded—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion. IN ADVANCE.

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☞ All transient advertisements must be accompanied with the cash, or a responsible reference, to secure insertion. Those who send us advertisements to be published at prices they specify, are respectfully advised that we are not in a position to allow any one to dictate terms—especially when the demand upon our columns, at published rates, exceeds the space appropriated for Advertising.

A TEACHER OF PENMANSHIP WANTED.—Address, with particulars, H. H, Paris Hill, Oneida co.

READER, if you want employment that will pay, take an Agency. Address with stamp, for particulars, 511-4t S. M. MYRICK & CO, Lynn, Mass.

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A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY is now offered to Agents to make from $15 to $100 per month. An Agent wanted in every county throughout the Union, by which the above and more can be realized. For particulars, which are free, address with stamp for return postage. SANDERSON & BRO., 511-1t Newark, Wayne county, N. Y.

APPLE TREES FOR SALE CHEAP.—The Subscriber has on his Farm near Fairport, Monroe county, some 30 000 Apple Trees, comprising all the popular varieties. These trees are four years old, straight, thrifty, with fine fibrous roots, and in excellent condition for removal.

As the land is wanted for cultivation, the Trees will be sold in *quantities*, delivered upon the premises, at very low prices.

For particulars, inquire of Dr M STRONG, Rochester, or address my Agent, CHARLES D. JOHNSON, Palmyra, N. Y. October 19, 1859 (511-2t) CARLTON H. ROGERS.

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Its advantages are as follows:
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2. It will cut any length you require.
3. It is cheap and durable.
4. It is warranted to do more work, with less power, than any machine in use

Manufactured and sold by D. R. BARTON and McKINDLEY & PHELPS, 511-6t No. 3 Buffalo street, Rochester, N. Y.

WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN. 83341 is the drawing number of the Patron's Ticket for the first series of 100,000 gross $1,000 will be paid to the holder of that ticket on presentation at the office of the Company 58 Cedar street, New York

The Second Series is now being issued The Pens are now all EXTRA FINE POINTS, and more perfectly made in every respect than ever before, and are put up in new and expensive boxes.

A sample Pen sent on receipt of two 3 cent P. O. stamps. Address W. M. PEN CO., 511-tf Box 3,125 P. O., New York.

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LOGAN ripens early in August; KING 20th of August; DELAWARE last of August; DIANA, TO KALON, &c., &c.

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"SHAWMUT MILLS" ROCHESTER—We continue to do CUSTOM GRINDING at the lowest rates, and having improved the machinery of our mill for that purpose, we pledge ourselves to give full satisfaction to all customers.

We have for sale at all times, wholesale and retail, the best and most reliable brands of Flour. Also, Corn Meal, Rye Flour Mill Feed and Screenings at the lowest prices, and we solicit the attention of the farming community. 510-13t J. & M. WHITNEY & Co. Brown's Race, Rochester, Sept. 25, 1859

AUCTION OF CATTLE, HORSES AND SHEEP On Wednesday, 26th October, at the residence of the Subscriber—Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M.

60 Head of Cattle—Durham and high grade Durham. Among them the thorough bred imported bull *Usurper*, six years old; several young bulls and bull calves,—steers,—cows,—heifers and calves.

16 Horses—Among them valuable blooded breeding mares of Florizel stock, in foal by Philip Allen. Work horses and colts.

300 Sheep and Lambs—Fine and coarse wool.

TERMS—Sums under $20, cash; over $20 and under $50, six months over $50 and under $100, nine months; over $100 twelve months. Approved endorsed notes for all sums not paid in cash. CHARLES H. CARROLL, 510-2t Groveland, Liv. Co., N. Y., Oct. 10, 1859.

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AGENTS WANTED!—POPE GREGORY'S CROSS AND WEATHER MIRROR! A very valuable Curiosity. Consulted every day by every body. Send stamp for particulars, which are free. 509-tf G. C. CLARK, Drawer 213, Rochester, N. Y.

MEXICO ACADEMY, MEXICO, OSWEGO Co., N. Y.—The Winter Term of this long-established Institution opens December 6th. Its thoroughness and popularity continue undiminished. For particulars address 507-tf J. D. STEELE, A. B., Principal.

STRAWBERRY SEED FOR SALE.—We have a few packages of STRAWBERRY SEED, each package containing more than 15,000 seed from HOVEY'S SEEDLING, WILSON'S ALBANY, MCAVOY, EARLY SCARLET, and other leading sorts, which we have taken to dispose of for a worthy gardener. This is an excellent opportunity for the amateur who wishes to try his hand at raising new varieties of Strawberries. Price $1 per package. Address "RURAL" office.

WATER PIPE.
THE CHEAPEST & MOST DURABLE IN USE.

We have been unable during the past three months to supply the demand for this Pipe, but have recently made arrangements for the manufacture on a more extended scale, and hope hereafter to be able to fill all orders promptly.

This Pipe is made of Pine Timber, in sections eight feet long. It is easily laid down, not liable to get out of order, and if properly laid, is the most durable of any kind of Pipe in use.

We can produce any amount of evidence of its durability, capacity, strength and superiority over any other.

The price of the size commonly used for farm purposes, is 4 cents per foot at the Factory.

Our Manufactory is at Tonawanda, Erie Co., but orders should be directed to us at 44 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y. 506 I. S. HOBBIE & CO.

Fall and Winter Campaign—1859-60.

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THE ELEVENTH VOLUME, FOR 1860,

Will FULLY EQUAL the present in all respects—in Quality of Matter, Paper, Printing, Illustrations, &c., &c. As the long evenings and leisure of Winter are coming on apace, all friends of the RURAL and its objects are invited to subscribe and form Clubs for the leading advocate and promoter of Real "Progress and Improvement"—a Journal which ever ignores trash and humbug, and faithfully seeks to advance the *Best Interests* of Individuals, Families, Communities and the Country.

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600,000 ACRES OF HANNIBAL AND ST. JOSEPH RAILROAD LANDS, For Sale on Long Credit and at Low Rates of Interest.

These Lands, granted by Congress to aid in constructing the Road, lie, to a great extent, within Six Miles and all within Fifteen Miles of the Road, which is now completed through a country unsurpassed in the salubrity of its Climate and fertility of its Soil. Its latitude adapts it to a greater variety of products than land either north or south of it, rendering the profits of farming more certain and steady than in any other district of our country.

Its position is such as to command at Low Rates of Freight both Northern and Southern Markets.

To the Farmer desiring to better his condition, to parties wishing to invest money in the West, or any in search of a prosperous Home, these Lands are commended

For full particulars apply to JOSIAH HUNT, Land Commissioner Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, 505-13t Hannibal, Mo.

NEW GROCERY ESTABLISHMENT, No. 20 Front Street, Rochester, N. Y.

JOHN J. JARVIS has opened a Grocery Store, where can be had a choice lot of Groceries—Teas, Coffees, Sugars, Molasses, Spices, Raisins, Prunes, Zante Currants, Nutmegs, Indigo, Tobacco, Cigars, &c. JOHN J. JARVIS. Rochester, Sept. 13, 1859. 504-13t

GUANO.—We would call the attention of Guano Dealers, Planters and Far

AUTUMN.

Now doth the hurrying sun,
Tardier to rise, and earlier to be rest,
More gorgeous gild with gleaming gold, the west—
Whene'er his race is run.

The many colored leaves
Are sweeping o'er the heath with ominous sound,
While swallows' empty and deserted nests are found
Beneath the eaves.

The frequent blast
Groans o'er the land, and moans in lashing seas,
Bends the dead limbs, and leaves the rifled trees
Skeletons of the past.

The winds that moan,
The leaves that wither, and the limbs that fall,
The flight of birds, but dying years recall
With many a groan.

These, life doth typify;
Misfortune is the blast, and treasured joys the leaves,
And friends, the birds that fly the wintry eaves
When comes adversity.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE ORPHAN GOVERNESS.

BY ANNA BURR.

[Concluded from page 340, last number.]

Time passed swiftly away at Willow-dell, in the enjoyment of the picnics and drives which Mrs. Atherton knew how to make pleasant. She always managed it that Herbert should be Gertrude's attendant, for it evidently gratified the girl, and Herbert could not refuse. Two weeks passed in this way, and he had not found time to be alone with Grace and his cousin but a few minutes of each day. The latter was growing better, Dr. Thornton said, and Mrs. Atherton now threw off all anxiety; but Grace remained faithful to her charge, and mingled only occasionally with the guests, for Myra could not bear any excitement. Mrs. Leslie often came and sat with them several hours, and the interest which induced her to seek the acquaintance of Grace, deepened into a growing friendship. Gertrude Belmont did not succeed very well in making her conquest, and she saw that Herbert's attentions were often forced. He was absent from the parlor one day, and his aunt came in, saying, "Herbert gone again? He thinks that he must see Myra once a day, and I presume that we should find him with her, if a search were instituted. How he does love that child!"

These words sank like ice into Gertrude's heart, for she readily divined that another attraction existed. The proud girl really felt an interest in Herbert Leslie which no other gentlemen had ever inspired in her breast, and she paced the room that night with a half-formed design floating through her brain, which she resolved should accomplish her purpose. A settled determination was at length apparent upon her agitated countenance. Yes, Gertrude had resolved "to stain her soul with a *lie*." A few days after this, the young people were walking, and Herbert with Gertrude, as usual, for Mr. Sandford was very devoted to his betrothed, and they had lingered a short distance behind. "Mr. Leslie, don't you think that every heart cherishes some secret sorrow?" inquired the soft, insinuating voice.

"Perhaps so; but why do you ask?"

"O, I was thinking of Miss Niles."

"Were you?" and Gertrude felt another pang of jealousy, when she observed his sudden start. But she was always calm and self-possessed, as her voice betrayed nothing unusual when she said, "Yes, I could not help remarking to Mrs. Atherton one day, that Grace looked as if a secret grief was preying upon her mind, and then she told me that this young lady had been engaged more than two years; the gentleman is in very limited circumstances, and is trying to push his own way through college, for he intends to be a minister; but he has many discouragements, and probably a long time will elapse before they can be united."

Herbert listened to this recital with intense interest, and when it was finished, there was a settled paleness in his face which almost startled the narrator. For a moment she repented of her words. The remainder of their walk was an almost silent one, for the guilty girl tried to be gay at first, but failed in interesting Herbert, who was striving to hush the troubled waters of his soul, and Gertrude returned to the house with that restless, dissatisfied feeling which invariably attends a wicked act. Herbert's love for Grace was now very apparent to himself, and he saw how barren his life would be without her. Many times her words in the arbor, when they were talking of Myra, recurred to him:—"She is the dearest friend that I have on earth." He could not reconcile them with what he had just heard, but the source of this information was too reliable for contradiction. He did not remain with Grace and his cousin as long as usual that day, and the former could not interpret the meaning of his changed demeanor toward her. He was still kind, but there seemed to be a restraint, and once she thought that he looked at her almost reproachfully. The anxiety which she manifested upon Myra's account, he now ascribed to her own secret sorrow, and this misunderstanding conspired to widen their separation.

Another week passed, and Gertrude began to have some hope, for she had a woman's intuition, and observed his inclinations and consulted his tastes with consummate skill. Herbert began to regard her as an innocent, artless girl, but still only one image was framed in his heart. An extract from Grace's journal will acquaint the reader with some occurrences which would not be noted otherwise:

"September 15th.

"'The banquet of the year has come,' and the skies are beginning to wear the golden hue which Autumn always brings. I feel languid and spiritless most of the time. Mr. Leslie noticed it the other day, and I was silly enough to let the tears come in my eyes when he said, 'You are looking pale, Miss Niles; you ought to ride or walk more.' Myra often urges it, but I have no desire to go, since she has become unable to enjoy it with me,' was my reply; but it was a comfort to know that he thought of me sometimes. He is with Miss Belmont a great deal now, and I heard Carrie telling Mr. Sandford that probably they would be engaged. What a wild girl I have been, to think that he cherished anything more than friendship for me, a poor governess! But his manner toward me has certainly undergone a change, and I can see that he avoids my society. Well, I must go back to stern realities again, and when Myra dies another home must be sought. I can think of my darling's daily decline with more composure now,—she is so peaceful, and has such a fervent trust in her Savior. Her spirit has been 'pluming its flight' for a long time, and I cannot pray that she may linger in this chrysalis state of existence.

"Charlie has been talking about his sister to-day, and I tried very gently to warn him of his approaching trial. He has grown softened and refined of late. 'O, I wish that Myra was able to go down to the pond this afternoon; it is so still and quiet there, and you know it was always her favorite resort. Do you think that she is growing better?' He asked this question very earnestly, while he leaned over my chair. 'No, Charlie, I must tell you truthfully; she coughs a great deal nights, and this leaves her much exhausted, so we bring her meals up to her now. My dear boy, it would be very hard for you to spare your sister.' He took this more calmly than I had anticipated, but his lip trembled, and large tears dropped upon my work when he said, 'I think of it almost all of the time, and Myra gives me much good advice when we are alone. Oh, I never shall forget it!' Heavy sobs shook the boy's frame, and I drew him close to me. We mingled our tears together, but after awhile he looked up, saying, 'Grace, why don't mama think more about Myra's illness?' 'She is much engaged with her company, and there is no present danger. They will leave Willow-dell before long, and then she will have time to prepare her mind for sorrow.' 'I wish that they would go away, especially that Miss Belmont, for Herbert cannot think of anybody else while she is here.' 'You shouldn't speak so, Charlie. Perhaps she will be your cousin, some day.' 'Well, I'll never claim her as such,' replied the obstinate boy.

"He left the room, and returned with Herbert in half an hour. He gave me one of his rare, almost tender smiles, saying, 'Charlie has gained Aunt Atherton's consent to have Myra taken down to the elm grove, in the sedan, and I have come to obtain yours.' 'You have it, cheerfully, sir.' The invalid seemed quite animated with the proposition, and Herbert carried her down very tenderly to the sedan chair. The company all went, and I had an opportunity of seeing Miss Belmont and Mr. Leslie together. They are a noble couple, and if she is the gentleman's choice, I pray that they may be happily united."

Mrs. A. soon after this gave a splendid party, and invited all her fashionable acquaintances for twenty miles around. Myra had urged it, for her mother expressed a wish to make such an entertainment before her guests departed. Gertrude never appeared so beautiful to Herbert as she did that night, and in after years he looked back upon that time with clear recollections, for a few remarks which she made when they were standing by the centre-table, looking over some engravings, caused the young man to view her in a new light. It was during the early part of the evening, and Gertrude had just entered the room with that graceful, gliding movement so peculiarly adapted to her style of beauty. She was quite tall, and her raven hair was arranged in heavy braids, interwoven with pearls. The face usually wore a bright, sparkling expression when animated, but the mouth was the most characteristic feature of all, for her lips were delicately cut, slight, and "changeable as an aspen." A listener to her conversation could almost guess the words which they shaped before her clear voice uttered them. She wore a rich purple moire-antique dress, which suited her queenly style and dazzling complexion.

"Those engravings and sketches that you wished to see, have arrived, Miss Belmont,—I sent to New York for them yesterday," said Herbert, and the lady felt an inward exultation when she met his glance of admiration.

"Indeed! Thank you, Mr. Leslie, for regarding my wishes,—but I am impatient to see them," and Herbert led her to the table.

"Are not some of these your own productions?" Gertrude asked.

"Yes, a very few—I never professed to be much of an artist. Here is a sketch which I took from Italian scenery."

"How beautiful! I have always longed to travel there."

"Perhaps you would not experience so much pleasure as you anticipate. Its skies bend over wrecks of former greatness; squalid poverty meets you at every step, and the deadly blight of ignorance and religious superstition seems to spread over the whole land."

"O, if a pure Christianity could be once firmly rooted, the desert places would soon blossom with roses," said Gertrude, with seeming earnestness, for she knew that this was her auditor's favorite theme. Their conversation widened and deepened, and Herbert could not help remarking the sincerity and beauty of her sentiments.

Mrs. Atherton would make Grace come down and mingle with the guests, but Herbert was near her only once during the evening, and then he was suddenly drawn away by Carrie, who declared that Miss Belmont and he must make up the set, for they wanted to dance. Her cousin persisted in denying that he ever indulged in this amusement, but Carrie led him off to find Gertrude.

"My obstinate cousin is bent upon having me dance with you, Miss Belmont, but I cannot convince her that I never indulge in the amusement."

"Well, Miss Carrie, you have brought him to the wrong one, for I never dance, either." Gertrude thought that it would be policy to say this, and it was, for he thus derived increased admiration for her character.

* * * * * * * * *

Mrs. Raymond and her daughter, with Mr. Sandford, returned to the city the next day after the party, but the remainder of Mrs. Atherton's guests still lingered. One morning Gertrude said, "Mr. Leslie, I have received a letter which summons me home immediately, and I must start to-morrow," and she thought that there was some disappointment in his tone, when he replied,—"Indeed, so soon?" Then there fell a silence between them. Gertrude had grown to love Herbert with all the intensity of her nature, and he saw it in her eyes when she said, dreamily,—"I have been *very* happy here."

The sad, sweet face of Grace Niles arose before him, but he banished it and thought—"she loves another! Would it be wrong to make this beautiful girl happy?" Herbert did not pause to consider, but all the generous warmth of his nature, spoke in the words—"Would you be any happier as my bride, Gertrude?" The fountain of joy in her breast dashed its crimson spray to her cheeks, and she placed her hand in his.

Chapter V.

"And so it is all settled," said the lively Mrs. Atherton to her sister that afternoon. The only child of my old friend, Adeline Camp, will soon become *my* neice, and *your* daughter. Herbert is going to accompany her to New York to-morrow, I suppose, but when will they be married?"

"About Christmas, he says," replied Mrs. Leslie, and her voice had a sad tone.

"One would think that you are not pleased with your son's choice. Do you not think that he has secured a prize?"

"Certainly. But you never can know, until you experience them, the feelings of a mother when her only son takes a bride to his heart and home. I know that Herbert will ever love and respect me, but when a man is married, his wife always takes the most sacred place in his affections. I am not jealous of his regard, but we have lived for each other a long time," and Mrs. Leslie's voice trembled.

"Well, I shall not have this trial for sometime yet; but it makes me sad to think that Charlie must go away next winter. An uncle of his who resides in New Jersey, has sent to have him come and attend his school, for he has the superintendance of a large Seminary for boys."

Before Herbert left he summoned all his resolution to meet Grace, for the young man had experienced undefinable sensations since his engagement. She was suffering from a severe attack of nervous head-ache, so he found her in an easy chair, propped up with pillows.

"You confine yourself too closely, Miss Niles. I am afraid that your health will be seriously injured"—he took her hand with a brother's kindness.

"Oh, no,—I shall be better soon," and while Herbert looked down upon the pale face, he longed to draw her to his heart saying, "Rest here always, my beloved," but then he thought "She loves another, and this anxiety of mind is wearing away her health. Ah, my beautiful Gertrude! I will be your faithful husband, but I never can say to you—'we were born for each other.'"

Grace looked up, and as the old tender gaze met her eyes she quickly averted them.

"My presence is painful to her,—perhaps she reads my heart,"—and bidding her a hasty adieu he left the room.

Myra and her cousin had a long quiet interview, which he seemed to enjoy intensely. Only once she reverted to Grace. "You will always be her friend, won't you?"

"Yes, I will care for her as I would for an own sister," he replied, solemnly, and hearing this Myra was satisfied.

Herbert accompanied his betrothed to New York, and there ascertained that business matters required his immediate presence in Philadelphia, so he continued on with her to that city. Two days after his departure from Willow-dell, Myra seemed to fail very rapidly, and Mrs. Atherton was thrown into a state of alarm, bordering upon despair, for there was now a reaction from the gayety of the past six or eight weeks, and her eyes were opened to the true state of her daughter.

Mrs. Leslie's calm self-possession was now summoned to soothe the mother's agony of mind. Dr. Thornton called in the morning, and Grace noticed that he looked very grave when he departed. He came again in the afternoon, but Myra had revived a little. Charlie and his Governess were alone with her towards night, and the dying girl held a hand of each. There was a beauty not of earth in her countenance, and her pale, emaciated features were lit up with a holy smile—"I am going down to the 'Dark Valley' very soon, but I can see the rushing waters of the River of Life beyond, and angels are beckoning me home. You must all follow me,

"Where streams of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns."

Tears flowed in quiet from the mourner's eyes, for it would have broken the peacefulness of that dying hour to have indulged in wild paroxysms of grief.

"Gracie, won't you get the scissors and cut off a curl for cousin Herbert?—I never shall see him again while I am alive—tell him to meet me in Heaven." Her request was obeyed and the precious memento placed in a drawer. No tears dimmed Myra's eyes, and when Mrs Atherton and her sister entered the room, their unusual brightness, startled the mother.

"Do you feel worse my dear?"

"Oh, no, mama! I want to talk with you.—Will you promise to come where I shall be with papa?"

"Yes—yes—my angel child!" and the agonized mother wrapped her arms around her daughter, while the first earnest prayer went up from her pale lips. It brought a new peace to her soul, and the mourning group were weeping silently, when Myra's spirit passed from earth. Mrs. Leslie saw her eyes close, and a new pallor spread over her face. She bent over the form of clay and listened, but "the silver chord was loosed, the golden bowl broken." "She is dead!" and afterwards Grace had a dreamy recollection of hearing these words, but then a strange darkness came over her, and Charlie caught her as she fell insensible to the floor.

Mrs. Leslie immediately wrote to her son of his cousin's death, but the letter was delayed, and he did not get to Willow-dell until a week after the funeral. Grace had been in a low, nervous state ever since her pupil's death, for the long anxiety, and constant watching over the invalid, had affected her health. Her mind was also very much depressed, for she felt that now the wide world was before her, in which she must seek another home. Mrs. Atherton, had not mentioned anything about leaving to her, but Grace knew that her services were no longer required. An indescribable sense of desolation filled her heart, and she could only say "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my help."

Charlie's grief at his sister's loss was really touching to behold. He spent most of his time with Grace, or by Myra's grave, for she was buried in the shade of a large weeping-willow below the garden. Herbert found him there when he arrived, and they sat down, and wept together.

"Oh, cousin Herbert, I cannot bear to think of going away next winter—mother says that I must go to New Jersey."

"Where is Grace going?" and the young man eagerly listened to the reply.

"O, I don't know! You know that she had been very ill didn't you?"

"No!"

"The night that Myra died, Grace fainted and was confined to her bed several days. Dr. Thornton says that it was caused by over-exertion, and anxiety. Since sister has died she often says—'I have no one left to love me but you, Charlie,'—and I shall as long as I live."

The boy spoke very earnestly. Herbert arose and walked slowly towards the house, with a new purpose in his mind. "I promised Myra to be a brother to Grace; mother and aunt may think me very absurd, but I will tell them my plan." He sought them without delay—"Aunt Atherton, when will Grace Niles leave here?"

"She *never* shall! I want her as a friend and companion." The lady's eyes filled with tears for she was a changed woman since her daughter's death, and Grace was very dear to her.

"But you wish to see her happy, and if I should aid this gentleman to whom she is engaged, would you think it absurd?" Herbert's face glowed with his generous purpose, but his aunt seemed astonished at his words.

"To what gentleman do you refer?"

"Surely you ought to know," and he rapidly recounted Gertrude's story.

"It is false! I never told her that"—and the two ladies exchanged horrified glances.

"May God forgive her, then! But it is not too late to make reparation for this foul wrong. Can I see Grace?" There was a new light on Herbert's pale face.

"Yes, she is in her room," and Mrs. Atherton guessed the truth. "Sister he never loved Gertrude as he does Grace Niles, and she knew it."

The young man heard these words as he left the room. When he met Grace, she saw that there was a strange agitation in his manner, but she ascribed it to Myra's death, and they talked of her for sometime. At length she presented the curl, with his cousin's message. Still, he lingered, and Grace thought—"perhaps he wishes me to congratulate him upon his betrothal." With a strong effort, she casually mentioned Miss Belmont's name.

"Please do not speak of her," and he waved his hand peremptorily, while an expression of loathing crossed his face. "She has wronged you deeply, and I have come to make it known." He then related the story, and the long course of deception in her conduct, which was now plainly manifest. Grace heard it all, and her head was bowed in mute astonishment and horror. A tender voice said,—"She knew that I loved you, and now I tell you what should have been told before!"

An hour later Herbert led Grace Niles to his mother, "She has promised to be mine—will you receive her as a daughter?" and Mrs. Leslie pressed the weeping girl to her heart.

The next day Herbert placed a sheet of paper in the hands of his betrothed, saying "read it, dearest." There were only a few words:

"Miss Belmont:—Your perfidy is discovered, and may God forgive you as I do. H. Leslie."

"Is it enough?"

"Yes," and Grace wrote in her journal that day—"'Night brings out stars as sorrows show us Truths.' The light has broken through the clouds, and it has come to me bearing Hope and Joy upon its flame-tipped pinions.

'God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell,
He bides them deep,'

Like the coral beneath ocean waves, but Time reveals all His Providences, and now I bless God that this has happened, for it is a new page from the human heart. I have learned how weak our natures are, but I pray to be delivered from the commission of a sin like Gertrude Belmont's. It seems like a dream that I am to be Herbert's bride so soon. Mrs. Atherton wants to make the wedding, and when I shall be *his* wife, we are to take a trip to Saratoga and Niagara. We shall not be gone long, though, for this beautiful October weather will soon pass, and Herbert must return to New York, where business-matters require his presence."

LOVING AND FORGIVING.

Man has an unfortunate readiness, in the evil hour after receiving an affront, to draw together all the moon-spots on the other person into an outline of shadow, and a night-piece, and to transform a single deed into a whole life; and this only in order that he may thoroughly relish the pleasure of being angry. In love, he has fortunately the opposite faculty of crowding together all the light parts and rays of its object into one focus, by means of the burning glass of imagination, and letting its sun burn without its spots; but he too generally does this only when the beloved, and often censured being is beyond the skies. In order, however, that we should do this sooner and oftener, we ought to act like Winckleman, but only in another way. As he, namely, set aside a particular half-hour of each day for the purpose of beholding and meditating on his too happy existence in Rome, so we ought daily or weekly to dedicate and sanctify a solitary hour for the purpose of summing up the virtues of our families, our wives, our children, and our friends—and viewing them in this beautiful, crowded assemblage of their good qualities. And, indeed, we should do so for this reason, that we may not forgive and love too late, when the beloved beings are already departed hence, and are beyond our reach.—*Richter.*

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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AGRICULTURE

NEW YORK STATE FAIR.

NOTHING connected with the Annual Fairs of this State, and we presume the same is true of other States, is more interesting and profitable, or better enjoyed by the farmers in attendance, than the evening discussions. At these, after the labors of the day, judges and superintendents, exhibitors and spectators, meet to compare views and relate experiences bearing on the subjects presented to the consideration of the meetings. A few years since, a score or so of persons was all that could be induced to attend these discussions, generally held in the parlors of some hotel; now a large hall will scarcely accommodate those who are anxious to be present. In this respect there is a gratifying improvement. We notice, also, an improvement in another respect, but not as rapid and thorough as we could desire. Those who talk in these meetings are not always those who possess the most information, but those who feel confident that they can express their ideas in a proper and pleasing way. Many a man, with important facts in his possession which would perhaps overturn some false but plausible theory, or account for contradictory statements which seem strange and irreconcilable, hides his light under a bushel, and deprives thousands of the benefit of his knowledge, because he lacks, or imagines he lacks, the ability to tell what he knows. The discussions are, therefore, confined to few—left too much with the *talkers*, and not sufficiently participated in by the *thinkers* and *workers*. The plain, stubborn facts are what should be brought out on these occasions; and those that have such a faculty for talking that they can make "the wrong appear the better reason," should not be permitted to take the lead in these farmers' meetings. We know of but one effectual remedy for this, and that is for the farmers to organize clubs in every town, for discussions during the winter. Here, among their friends and neighbors no embarrassment would be felt, but all would freely express their views as calmly as though sitting by their own firesides. A little practice of this kind would be of great benefit; and those who persevere in this course, will find that in a little while they will have no difficulty in telling what they know, even before thousands.

These remarks are not designed to reflect on any of the speakers at the meetings reported; but we noticed a backwardness on the part of farmers, which should be corrected. Many a man turned to his neighbor during these discussions, and whispered in his ear truths either confirmatory or contradictory of what was said. These facts, thus kept secret, would have been spread before the meeting, but for the evil which we are attempting to correct.

DISCUSSION.—LAST EVENING.

THE discussion on Thursday evening was fully as interesting as that of the preceding, and every seat in the Society's large Lecture Hall was occupied. At the suggestion of Hon. T. C. PETERS, Dr. CRISPELL, of Ulster county, was called to the chair. The discussion on *Manures, and the Best Modes of Applying Them*, was resumed, though *Soiling*, as on the previous evening, occupied a large share of attention.

Mr. LEELAND, of Saratoga, wished, as much had been said about spreading manure, and its evaporation, to know the experience of farmers in spreading manure in the winter, when the evaporating season is over. Mr. L. thought in the falling weather in the fall, winter and spring the manure gained more from the atmosphere than it lost. There was a great difference in soils, which must be taken into consideration in applying manures. Where Mr. L. lived plaster did no good.

Judge BLODGETT, of Lewis, thought the most important question in the treatment of land had been overlooked,—that was its *preparation* for manure and for a crop. It should be well broken up, made deep and friable, and then the full benefit of any manure applied was received. The Judge found it difficult to reinstate a good pasture after the land had been disturbed and robbed of its virgin fertility. Avoided disturbing pasture as much as possible, but when it became necessary, did the work thorough—underdrained, cultivated and enriched the soil, and in this way a good pasture was again secured. His treatment of meadows was different—plowed deep, and incorporated the manure with the soil, as far down as pulverized. Sowed but little grass seed, for if the soil was natural to grass, it would soon become as thick as necessary or profitable. After a meadow was started right—with a rich, well-prepared soil—top dressing might answer, but top-dressing would not be of much benefit to a poor, badly-prepared meadow. Manure is of much more benefit on good land than poor. Manure that, when applied to a meadow giving *two* tons of hay to the acre, would increase it to *three* tons would hardly be perceived if put on a meadow giving one ton or less to the acre.

L. F. ALLEN said that in England land had remained in pasture ever since the conquest. In Massachusetts land had lain in pasture for more than 150 years. The *Southern Tier* is the finest dairy region in this State, and there pastures are never disturbed, but remain with their cradle knolls, and any man would be thought a fool who disturbed them. On the surface there is a thin coating of decayed leaves, and buds, and branches, just right for the roots of the grass, but turn this under, and the soil that comes in contact with the roots is uncongenial.

At this stage of the meeting Mr. PETERS introduced Hon. JOSIAH QUINCY, Jr., of Massachusetts of whom many present wished more particular information in regard to his system of soiling, of which he gave some account at the last meeting.

Mr. QUINCY said that had he known what would have befallen him, he hardly thought he would have ventured into the room last evening. For, he had stated about ten o'clock last night that the manure of a cow was worth as much as her milk, and gave his reasons for thinking so, the figures on which the estimate was founded, and the endorsement of the celebrated chemist, DANA. That morning, about 10 o'clock, on taking up a New York paper, he was surprised to read a paragraph saying "Mr. QUINCY stated at the meeting of farmers last evening, that cow manure was as valuable as milk." This, without any explanation, he feared his friends at home would take as pretty good evidence that he needed looking after. Mr Q. said he would endeavor to answer the questions that had been asked him, and would give all other information in his power.

What is the Best Material for Soiling? Grass, oats, corn and barley were all used. Began with grass, and continued its use until about the 1st of July. About the 5th of April sowed oats, four bushels to the acre, and made another the 20th of April, and another the 1st of May. The oats furnished food during the months of July and August. After the first of May planted Southern corn in drills, and again the 1st and 20th of June. This supplied food after the oats were gone, during the months of September and October. Next sowed barley, making several sowings about ten days apart, until the 1st of August, and that gave plenty of food until time to dig the roots, when the tops were fed. English writers thought that seven cows could be kept by the soiling system for one by the old plan. With Mr. Q an acre would keep three or four cows, the difference depending upon the manuring. It is almost impossible for us to realize the value ascribed to manures in England. Mr. MECHI, at *Tipton*, used all his manures in a liquid state, forced through iron pipes by an engine. The crops produced by this system seemed incredibly large. At the *Willow Bank Dairy*, manure is applied liquid by carts and casks. The crop is cut green for soiling, and then the land is deluged with manure water. The result is four or five crops in a season, seeming almost fabulous in amount. The farmer must rely on home-made manures, and the making manure must be a main feature in all good farming. Our artificial manures were greatly adulterated. Farmers thought that *milk* was the only article that could not be adulterated. Muck was of great value in saving manure and in increasing the manure heap. By composting with muck the amount may be trebled. Mr. Q. read a letter from Dr. DANA, endorsing the statement he had made the previous evening, that the manure of a cow was worth as much as her milk. In his own stables made a trench 4 inches deep and 18 wide, water-tight, at the back of the stables, and over the barn cellar. Filled these trenches with muck, to save the liquid manure. In England similar trenches were sometimes filled with water. Into these all the manure was swept, when it was allowed to run into a reservoir, and the trenches were again filled.

In answer to a question in regard to the health of his stock, Mr. Q said he had not had a sick animal in a long time. They appeared quite comfortable. Let them out in a yard for an hour or so, morning and afternoon, but they generally appeared glad to return to their quarters. The cow don't need much exercise. In the pasture, when feed is plenty, they eat what they need, and then lie down carefully and comfortably and chew the cud. Just in the best season pasturing may be as well, and perhaps give a little more milk, but this only lasts for a few days—just in the flush of grass. Mr. Q. was much in favor of soiling—liked it; made it easy to keep a large amount of stock on a small farm—thus increasing the fertility of the land and the numbers of farms and farmers. The farmers were the conservative element in this country. When we read of the *Dead Rabbits* in New York and the riots in Baltimore, we were apt to have some misgivings as to the stability of our institutions, forgetting this conservative element. The ocean is of the same temperature at all seasons, and modifies that of continents. So the farmers, with the love of home and country—virtuous and patriotic principles—strongly implanted in their breasts, will modify these destructive elements, and preserve all that is right and true in our institutions. He once asked the elder ADAMS when he first became convinced that the Colonies would sever their connection with the mother country—if it was at the first outbreak at Lexington, or Boston—and he replied that he first became convinced of this fact when he taught school at Worcester and learned the sentiments of the farmers. In answer to further inquiry, Mr. Q. said, in a well-arranged stable it was very little trouble to take care of stock in this manner.

BARTHOLOMEW GEDNEY, of Westchester, drew out manure in the spring, with all the juices; then plowed under, for corn. Saves all the liquid manure from the cows. It runs into a cistern prepared for the purpose, and is pumped up with a chain pump. The result was entirely satisfactory.

Mr. STEWART, of Erie, had practiced *soiling* for three years. One acre with this system is equal to four tilled in the old way. The extra manure pays for all extra labor, and the saving in fences is no small item. Adopting this system would double any man's farm. *Steaming food* he had also found of great advantage. Straw, cut, steamed, and mixed with a little meal, he found better than the best Timothy hay. One man can take care of more than fifty cows; had kept that number, and it did not occupy all a man's time. Considered that steaming and soiling was worth more to him this year than $500. Raised a good many carrots, and fed these until about the 20th May, or until clover was ready to cut. Fed with this until corn was large enough to cut. Corn comes the nearest to fresh grass in the manufacture of butter. In winter fed roots largely, with about three bushels of cut and steamed straw to a cow, and a pint of meal to each bushel of straw. The roots were steamed with the straw.

GEORGE CLARK, of Otsego, was willing to learn, but wished to learn from those who knew more than himself of farming, and not from those who live in cities and ride out in their carriages two or three times a week to see what PATRICK is doing, and to furnish the money for him to work with. Was opposed to this high farming; it would grow so large crops, and make produce so plenty, as to bring down prices and ruin farmers. In fact, should all go into this system, there wouldn't be mouths enough in the world to consume the produce. Some years ago, growing hops was very profitable in Otsego county. Rather small crops were raised, which sold at a high price, and those engaged in the business made money. But others went into raising hops, exercised a good deal of skill at the business, grew large crops, and for the last seven years hops have been a drug, and all have lost money. So it would be with grain, cheese, butter, &c., if we all go in for raising large crops. It is better to keep on in the old way, only improving gradually as fast as there was a demand for more produce. This speech caused a good deal of merriment.

Mr. DARLING, of Cincinnati, wished to endorse what had been said about steaming food for stock. He found it of great advantage, particularly to corn stocks, which cattle would eat up clean when cut, steamed, and mixed with meal.

Mr. GARNEY of Westchester thought one acre of corn used in soiling worth as much as ten acres of good rowan pasture.

GEO. GEDDES of Onondaga County, asked no man to adopt his mode. Don't attach so much importance to manure as the farmers of the vicinity of the Hudson River. Yet followed a system that increased the productiveness of the soil, and that was the true rule upon which all farmers should act.

Mr. GOLDSMITH of Dutchess County said that it was the practice of many farmers to sow corn to feed when pastures grow short, which practice they found profitable, and so they did to feed meal largely.

Mr. CURTIS of Tompkins wanted to know if farmers could afford to haul manure half a mile, when they can buy clover seed at $5 a bushel, and plaster for 10 or 12 cents a bushel. Clover seed was the cheapest manure that he could use.

Mr. DAY of Genesee County was in favor of manuring with clover, when he can make it grow, but finds great difficulty in getting the seed to germinate, and then he is obliged to haul manure, no matter how far, because if he neglects to manure his land he gets no profitable returns.

At 9 o'clock a motion was made to adjourn, but was voted down, with a strong manifestation to hold on and gather all the information possible.

SOLON ROBINSON, being called for, said that he had no desire to occupy the time. He wanted practical farmers not to be afraid to speak, and he urged all present who felt the importance of these Farmers'-Club meetings to organize them in their own neighborhoods, and try to learn facts from each other's experience, and above all to try to learn what are facts.

Mr. GEDDES said, that although he did not think the mass of farmers of this State were prepared to adopt the system of soiling recommended by the Hon. JOSIAH QUINCY, Jr., yet he moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Q for his interesting and valuable remarks. The vote was unanimously passed.

Several other persons spoke, and at 10 o'clock the meeting adjourned, every one apparently fully pleased; and thus ended the discussions.

EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE.

ERGOT.—At certain periods the columns of the Agricultural Press of our country teem with articles concerning this fungus, and its baneful effects upon stock. It would almost seem,—if we may judge from the tenor of these various communications,—that farmers generally do not readily recognize the appearance of this parasite in their grain or grass, and that the result of its use is first apparent upon the animals to which it has been given in their fodder. The stock-producing interest of the country has grown to such magnitude, and the welfare of both breeder and consumer has become so intimately connected, that any information calculated to promote the health and vigor of our domestic animals possesses an almost universal value. This being the case, our readers will cheerfully acknowledge the propriety of making the following extract from the London *Agricultural Gazette*:

"The existence of ergot on many varieties of grass, has been proved beyond all doubt, and in like manner we have strong evidence of its influence upon breeding cattle. Two conditions appear necessary for its production: first, the formation of the seed; and secondly, that peculiar condition of climate which predisposes the seed to favor the development of the ergot. An examination of the seed stems of our meadows will generally give evidence of this disease, but it is only when it is abundant that its influence is so manifest. Unfortunately much of the grass land in the moist climate of the West is too frequently the cause of trouble and loss by causing the abortion of the cows fed thereon. The disease is seldom found upon grass land which has been mown in the same season, and even when it is found its appearance is so casual as to be of little importance. The land which has been grazed during the summer is that upon which the ergotized grass is found to exist most abundantly, because the stock having avoided the seed stems, these have been enabled to fulfill their special functions and produce seed which has subsequently become diseased. It is clear that if prevention is the object to be aimed at, this will be best attained by keeping breeding stock from land thus bearing a diseased produce. This may be accomplished on the majority of farms by removing the breeding cows and heifers from their summer pasturage, say in July, and keeping them afterwards upon land which had been mown that season. The removal of the stock should not be delayed until any case of abortion has positively occurred, because having once commenced it rapidly spreads through any herd, and often in opposition to every care. As soon as there is seed formed upon the seed stems of the grass, the prudent breeder may take notice of danger, and his wisest policy will undoubtedly be to put his cows and heifers upon the after grass. There are very many districts where the climate, from being dry, does not render this precaution necessary, but at the same time there are numerous tracts of land where the moisture of the climate acts upon the grass seeds, and favors the growth of ergotised grass, and such land is noted for the difficulty experienced in keeping the stock in proper breeding order. The age of the fœtus appears to be a matter of small importance, for it varies from two months upwards at the time when the abortion takes place. Some stock are much more sensitive to its influence than others, and this is doubtless dependent upon their health and vigor; and thus stock which are well bred, *i. e.*, nearly related, are more liable to injury in this way than those which are inferior in this respect: for although by judicious breeding we improve the general character of an animal, yet at the same time this altered character is generally accompanied by diminished vigor.

JUNE GRASS AFFECTED WITH ERGOT.

"This explains how the best bred cows and heifers will often throw their calves, whilst some common stock about which the breeder is indifferent, will frequently escape, although their treatment and food may be similar, and each may have partaken of this ergotised grass. Knowing as we do the action of this diseased form of grass seed, it becomes highly important that we should avoid a cause so prolific of trouble and loss to many of our best breeders. The preventive treatment is simple and readily available, and we trust that attention having been drawn to this very much overlooked cause of abortion, it may help our readers to avoid a recurrence of the losses and disappointments which we regret to know have been so frequent."

In connection with the foregoing we give an illustration of the appearance of June grass when this poison is prevalent. Our engraving represents a head of the *Poa pratensis*, natural size, infected with ergot: 1, spikelets in the natural condition; 2, 2, 2, 2, ergotised spikelets. Thus it is seen that the ergotised grains protrude beyond the chaff, or glumes; 3 is the ergot magnified, surrounded with the glumes at the base, which are also partially covered with a white, fibrous, cotton-like substance, doubtless fungoid, that does not appear at the base of a healthy seed; 4, the ergot detached from the glumes; 5, glume, with the cottony substance attached.

SHEEP BREEDING IN GREAT BRITAIN.—At the recent sale of Mr. HARDING'S South-Downs, Mr. YEATMAN gave the following facts and figures relative to the breeding of sheep in the United Kingdom, and their influence upon the manufacturing and pecuniary interests of the country:—"There are few persons, perhaps, aware of the circumstance that this is a branch, looking at it relatively, looking at it positively, which is of immense importance. Permit me to state, upon the authority of one of the most able writers we have met with in this country, Mr. Macqueen, that there are not less than 48,000,000 head of sheep in the United Kingdom. Just fancy the importance in a national point of view of carrying to the highest possible point of perfection the improvement of these 48,000,000 of sheep, yielding 246,700,000 lbs. of wool. And remember again, gentlemen, for it appears almost incredible, that the capital invested in this stock amounts to £66,578,335, according to Mr. Macqueen. Permit me also to state that the value of the wool grown in this country, leaving out fractions, is not less than £14,000,000 per annum. Permit me further to state that the importation of foreign wool does not amount to more than £4,000,000. So that out of the £18,000,000 sterling worth of wool used by this country, which employs no less than 1,250,000 manufacturers and operatives, the large propor-

tion of £14,000,000 worth is provided by our agriculturists, thus affording means for the employment of labor, the investment of capital, and the increase of the wealth of this country. Allow me to say that we are deeply indebted to the sheep breeders of England, and to them is due every honor for thus adding to the common wealth of the United Kingdom. Well then, gentlemen, you have in that class such names as the Duke of Richmond, Mr. Jonas Webb, Mr. Rigden, our excellent friend Mr. Harding, and our honorable friend on my left, who has lately come with all his honors blushing about him,—Mr. Wood. When, again, I look at the Vice President, whose shelf is not wide enough for the number of cups he has won, I ask permission, honestly and conscientiously, to say that I do believe such men are not merely entitled to the passing thanks of the present moment—they are not merely entitled to those honors that old Dorset can offer, but I do believe they ought to be considered as benefactors to their country."

"IT IS THE GOOD CROP THAT PAYS."

The above remark, once overheard from a practical farmer, may sound like a bald truism to some, but it contains, on the contrary, a great and important truth, often denied even in theory, and still more generally ignored in practice. The idea is this:—The increased expense necessary to insure a good crop, is always, when judiciously applied, *more* than repaid by the increased value of the crop and land. For instance, in a crop of corn, the increased cost in time and money necessary to produce one hundred bushels per acre, instead of fifty, bears small proportion to the increased value of the crop, besides the impossibility of leaving the ground in as good condition after the poor crop as after the good one. The interest upon the value of the land—plowing, planting, &c.,—are all the same, or nearly the same, upon the acre yielding fifty bushels as upon the one yielding one hundred, and these are the always heavy items in the expense. A good coating of manure (which, however, benefits the land more than the first crop,) and a little extra attention during the summer, constitute the principal extra expense, with the exception of increased harvesting, at which, however, no farmer would grumble. And yet nothing is more common than to hear farmers saying they cannot afford to make some needed improvement because they cannot spare the money, even when they admit it will repay twenty to thirty per cent. interest on investment. (That is a kind of logic you never heard from any but farmers. Any other class of men would *hire* money to invest at such profit.) Even in regard to draining—the greatest bugbear of all, because most expensive of farm improvements—nothing is more certain than if farmers cannot afford to drain, they certainly cannot afford to farm at all. On two-thirds of our land underdrains will pay fifty per cent. on cost, and often with a wheat crop nearly or quite paying for their construction in one year. Besides, they are a *permanent* investment, and after paying for their cost, as they will in a year or two, all increased gains from their construction are clear profit.

It may well be doubted, whether, with the high price of lands in Western New York, farming is a paying business—the interest alone of the value of a farm of one hundred acres, worth sixty-five dollars per acre, being nearly five hundred dollars, besides the cost of working farm, stock, tools, &c. But if farming can be made profitable, it must be *thorough* farming. Every acre must be kept in good condition, for the interest on the land is accumulating as fast under poor management as under good. And this will cost far less than is generally supposed. There are thousands of farms worth now from five to eight thousand dollars, where the expenditure of five hundred or a thousand dollars in draining and manuring would double the value of produce to be sold from the farm, and without causing any extra expense in production after the first outlay. Thus, the farmer would get the same interest from five or ten hundred dollars invested in improvements that he gets from five to eight thousand invested in land. If he cannot make money with the improvements, he certainly cannot without them.

Henrietta, N. Y., 1859. W. J. FOWLER.

THE QUEEN BEE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—To solve the reason why eggs laid by the same queen should produce, respectively, queens, workers and drones, has been one of the greatest puzzles to bee-keepers. The theory of DZIERZON is, that to produce drones, coition of the queen with the male is unnecessary, while the semen of the drone is essential to the development of the more highly organized workers and queens, and Prof. LIEBOLD has shown that this peculiarity is common with various kinds of insects. Dr. DUNBAFF, of Germany, artificially impregnated some drone eggs, causing them to produce workers, thus showing that the semen of the drone will bear exposure to the open air without destroying its vitality. In a letter received from Mr. QUINBY, (who has the largest apiary in the United States,) I find that he has succeeded in producing a queen in a colony that had none, before drones made their appearance, by giving them eggs, or young larvæ. This shows that if impregnation is necessary, it must have been done by the workers, from semen deposited by the drones in the summer or fall before. And it is probably a wise provision of Providence that the drones should deposit their semen in cells before they are destroyed, in order to raise young queens before drones make their appearance in the spring, in case of any accident to the old one.

This deposit of semen, near, or with the bread, or pollen, has induced observers to suppose that queen bees were produced by being fed a peculiar kind of food, called royal jelly, which is as absurd as that a highly cultivated piece of ground would produce a crop without any seed. Almost all modern writers are now agreed that the ovlaries of the queen are filled with eggs that will produce drones only, but that impregnation is essential to the production of workers. My own opinion is that a still further impregnation of the egg, after it is laid, is necessary to produce a queen. This is certainly as rational as the authenticated fact that a drone egg, by impregnation, will produce a worker. The bees have certainly power, from their brood comb, to produce workers, drones, or queens, as may be necessary to the existence of the swarm, and I see no other way in which they can make such changes, and regulate the character of the new colony, except by artificially impregnating the eggs with the semen of the drone. To suppose that they can effect these great changes in any other way, is to impeach the wisdom of Him who reserved in the Ark all the various kinds of animals and insects, and His veracity in declaring that such should produce after its kind. E.

Henrietta, N. Y., 1859.

EXPERIENCE IN HEDGE GROWING.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Should the following be worthy an insertion in your paper, please publish it for the benefit of those whom it may concern. A mite of practical knowledge, though often dearly bought, is of more worth than a volume of theorizing. In the absence or scarcity of cedar in this country for farms and suburban fencing, resort has been had to various expedients to supply the deficiency. Patent metallic and movable board fences have been presented, both of which are either too expensive or flimsy to warrant general introduction. The Hedge, too, has had its advocates. Who, that is a lover of Nature, and has seen a full-grown hedge, properly trimmed, has not admired it, especially when occupying a position contiguous to one's house.

Though owning a cedar lot, I was induced, six years ago last spring, to have an Osage Orange Hedge, set about my yard and fruit garden, (sixty rods in all.) Directions as to cultivation and trimming were fully followed. The hedge grew luxuriantly, and gave promise of an early and well matured fence, sending forth shoots of four feet growth in one season, as the soil in which they were set was a warm, gravelly loam, but each succeeding spring exhibited naught of my hopeful hedge but a mass of lifeless twigs, to within one foot of the ground. My only hope was in acclimation, but the last spring found my hedge in a more hopeless condition than any preceding one. So that I am fully prepared to say that the cultivation of the Osage Orange in this latitude, as a hedge, is a hoax. Still desiring an ornamental hedge fence, will you, or some of your correspondents that have been successful in the cultivation of the English Hawthorn, give their experience with that plant, the time and method of setting, and after cultivation? Should it be set in single or alternate rows? WM. B. RICE.

Elbridge, N. Y., 1859.

ABOUT BOUGHTON WHEAT.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In your paper of Oct. 10th, I noticed an article in reference to Boughton wheat—you having received a sample from Mr. WM. R. DURYEE, of Nunda, Livingston Co., and stating that his weighed 65 lbs. per bushel. Also a communication from Mr. JOHN HOLMES, of Burnt Hills, Saratoga Co., giving his experience with Boughton's wheat, and stating that his weighed 64½ lbs. per bushel. Now, Mr. Editor, I will give you my experience with the same kind of wheat. I obtained one bushel from Baltimore, and had it sown the 7th of September. It got a very fine growth before the inclement weather set in, and was not injured in the least by the frosts of winter, but the frost of June 5th injured it very much, as it was just in the milk. I obtained only eleven bushels and three pecks. After reading the articles alluded to, I thought I would weigh some of mine, as I had some left, and it weighed 66 lbs. per bushel. I think, Mr. Editor, that the little town of Gates can send friendly greetings to her sister towns, and challenge them to produce heavier wheat. It is not quite as white as the Soule's, but ripens much earlier—I had mine cut the 6th of July. It is far *superior*, in my judgment, to the Dayton wheat,—and would not be surprised if it should become the favorite wheat of Western New York. H. WRAY.

Gates, Monroe Co., N. Y., Oct., 1859.

SENECA COUNTY FAIR.

Our three days' Fair closed last week. Some $1,500 was taken at the gates, including the amount received for show privileges, terraced seats, &c.—Had it not rained all the morning of the last day, when the trotting was to come off, the receipts would have been larger.

The show of Equines, Bovines, Sheep, Pigs, and Poultry, was creditable to this very fertile and all arable little county; and Floral Hall, if not in full bloom, contained, nevertheless, a goodly show of substantial vegetable productions, as well as those of the dairy, workshop, &c.,—not forgetting the fine paintings, pictures, embroidery, &c, and the merry toned melodeon, a pretty specimen of which was constantly under the fair fingers of some one of the bewitching rural fair ones, doing execution that constantly encircled her with an admiring host—including, of course, more than one admiring, if not mystified swain? But that which interested me most, as it gave an earnest of our country's astounding progress in mechanical industry, was the show of improved Mowers, Reapers, Straw Cutters, and other farm implements; and the large and varied handicraft contributions of newly-invented domestic articles, powerful and unique forcing pumps, &c., &c., fresh from the workshops of that growing little Birmingham of our county, Seneca Falls? There was also on exhibition, and in successful operation, our townsman, A. LATOURETTE'S improved tile machine. It moulded and turned out from two to seven, fourteen inch tile, according to size, at each revolution

One great inducement for a general turn out to the Fair, was the generous privilege granted by JOSEPH WRIGHT, the proprietor of the grounds, to every farmer and family to drive in and over the whole twenty acres. It was sad to see how soon the fine clover sward was cut up by wheels and hoofs into an unctuous semi-vegetable compound!

The Plowing Match, on the second day, with three plows, came off on a stoneless meadow of clay loam. The work was beautifully done, and the best execution was with the plow of NEWCOMB & RICHARDSON, Iron Founders here; yet strange to say, except the judges, there was but one farmer present to see the work done! It would seem of late that farmers go to an Agricultural Fair to enjoy, rather than to learn. When they drop the plow handles at home, they go to the Fair to forget the plow, and to patronize the race shows exhibited—to see the trotting, and the æsthetics generally—while those who have animals or other products on show, are stimulated by premiums hoped for, and if disappointed, they enjoy the privilege of censuring the poor judges. "Thank God," said one of the premiumless, "they are no judges." S. W.

Waterloo, N. Y., Oct. 18, 1859.

FARMERS' CLUB FAIR AT LITTLE FALLS.

The Farmers' Club at Little Falls, Herkimer Co., held a Fair on the 11th and 12th of October. Although this Club is of but two or three years standing, the exhibition redounds to the praise of directly concerned. There was an excellent display of Vegetables, not inferior to those in many of our best County Fairs. The exhibition of Fruit was fine. Many superior specimens of apples loaded the shelves, and pears and grapes of several varieties made the show of fruit magnificent. The needle work, fancy articles, &c., (very many of them beautiful in design and exquisite in completion,) could not easily be excelled. The show of stock was not large, but met the expectations of the Club. Of farming and mechanical implements there was an ample display; and, to digress, while looking at the mowers and reapers, my mind reverted to the time when the sickle laid low the waving grain, the heavy stroke of the flail threshed, and the plodding team drew it to the distant market. How did folks live without reapers, threshers and locomotives—or, to express it concisely, without machinery.

During the forenoon of the last day of the Fair, a poem, witty and logical, was read by Mr. BUNGAY, of the Central Independent, and in the afternoon an address by Judge GRAVES, of Herkimer.

The Fair was doubtless a success, and may the like happy results ever crown Farmers' Clubs,—for they, like the capillaries of the circulatory organs of the human system, carry the life blood of agricultural enterprise to the heart, and where the arteries, the larger organs do not permeate. The State and County Societies do not form that microscopic net-work essential to the proper nutriment of the whole agricultural system. There must a more complete circulation commence where those arteries terminate, to effectually nourish every tissue of the body, and Farmers' Clubs are the capillaries that perform that function—that secrete and convert the nutrient materials of the husbandman's enterprise into "bone and muscle,"—thus making the system of Agriculture athletic and imposing. E. U.

St. Johnsville, N. Y., 1859.

CRAWFORD COUNTY (Pa.) FAIR.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Allow one of your constant readers a short space to speak of the County Fair held at Conesutville, Pa., on the 5th, 6th and 7th of October. The June frost was particularly damaging in this section of country, and the idea pretty generally prevailed that Agricultural Exhibitions would prove slim affairs this fall. Indeed, out of a dozen such in the adjacent country, held in the month of September, several proved entire failures, and not one came up to their usual standard, either in variety, quality or quantity of articles exhibited, or number of people in attendance. But the Crawford County Fair was a decided success; indeed it was the *best* exhibition of the kind ever held in Western Pennsylvania, or Northern Ohio. There were 1,500 entries for premiums, and some 500 for exhibition. Over 1,000 head of cattle and horses were on the ground, comprising as full, and as good grades of stock as is frequently witnessed at State Fairs. Every department was full, including the best lot of Grain and Vegetables I ever witnessed.

The farmers and citizens of Crawford county have long been celebrated for their energy and thrift, but this last demonstration has added more than all others to their deserved fame, and if we mistake not, will prove of lasting benefit. From five to seven thousand persons were in attendance each day, and I learn the Society will have quite a fund on hand after paying off debts, premiums and expenses. The secret of our success is liberal, just and equitable regulations, promptness in carrying them out; officers who know their duty, and are vigilant and active, backed by a noble and progressive community. If you or your readers wish to see a model Fair, come to Crawford county next year. We can convince you there is a Yankee spirit at work, even in the sober land of PENN. S.

Conesutville, Pa., 1859.

SORGHUM AND OTHER MATTERS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As the molasses subject is again being discussed to some extent, I will give you, and your readers, an idea of what we are doing in Central Iowa, in the manufacturing of molasses. A great many who tried it in 1858, became disgusted, and did not plant any cane in 1859, but, notwithstanding, the army of experimenters is greatly increased, and it is now apparent to all that with a fair season here, Central Iowa will produce more than sufficient for home consumption. I have the best yield of any in my neighborhood—about 85 gallons of good thick molasses to one-half acre. The use of mill and evaporating cost me about 10 gallons. We have all been greatly encouraged in the cultivation and manufacture of the sorghum. The greatest difficulty is in the seed, it being easily mixed, and some have lost the whole crop. I had a few seed of the *Imphes*, or African Sugar Cane, and altho' late planted, and not fully matured yet, I got a greater yield from it than the Sorghum, and the molasses is far superior, with the same mode of manufacture.

I am greatly pleased with the Japan Apple-pie Melons (as a substitute for green apples,)—they grow to great size in our prairie soil, some as heavy as 53 pounds, have been grown here this season. The Hubbard Squash, so highly spoken of East has maintained its reputation as "A" No. 1, Squash. SAM'L M. DYER.

East Desmoins, Iowa, 1859.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Milk vs. Beef.

The following article, which we clip from the *Maine Farmer*, contains a great deal of "food for reflection." We hope that the class of our readers specially interested in the subject discussed, will give it proper consideration, and furnish their own opinions and experiences for publication:—"It was allowed, we believe, by all who visited the State Show and Fair last week, that there were never brought together in Maine a better collection of cattle. They were, taken as a whole, large and in good order. This is all very well. The progress made by our farmers in breeding stately oxen and heavy beef is commendable. But there was another thing observable, and that was the comparatively small number of milch cows entered, and the still smaller number of real good milkers presented for examination. This should not be. There can be no denial of the fact, that in the desire and in the efforts of raising cattle superior for work and beef, the farmers of Maine are going astern in rearing superior animals for the pail. Our dairy stock is not being improved. The question very naturally occurs, Why is this? The earlier Durhams introduced into Maine were good milkers—they are not so now. The earlier Devons were good milkers—they are not so now. What is the reason? There are undoubtedly two good reasons for this. The first is, the selection of animals that have a more natural tendency to fatten than give large quantities of milk, to breed from. The second is, the mode of rearing the young, or feeding, is such as to stimulate the fat gathering or adipose vessels of the system, instead of the milk gathering or lactiferous vessels.

We may be wrong in our theory in this last assertion, but we will endeavor to give our reasons for it as plainly as we can. There is in the human system, and indeed in all the mammalia or milk giving animals, two sets of vessels. The office of one set is to secrete and gather fat. The office of the other is to secrete and gather milk. Now the action of each of these organs is entirely and essentially opposite to the other. They may act together in a moderate degree—thus, an animal, a cow for instance, may be moderately fat and at the same time give a moderate quantity of milk, but if you push the action of one set of vessels to the extreme, you diminish proportionally the action of the other. You cannot get your cow extremely fat, and at the same time have her a great milker. On the other hand, you cannot have a great milker and at the same time have her excessively fat. Hundreds of examples may be cited where great milkers, when made excessively fat, have been ruined as milkers. The famous Oakes cow is a case in point. After becoming celebrated as a dairy cow, she passed into new hands, where she was fed liberally with meal. She became fat, and was nothing extra after that for the dairy.

Our farmers are now wide awake for large, fat animals. It seems as if they had imbibed the belief, that to grow and accumulate a great pile of coarse beef in one hide is the 'chief end of man.' This was manifested by the array of large, stately calves at the show. How these calves were brought up to the point of fat and stature was also abundantly evident. Scarcely one of them came upon the ground without having a *wet nurse* by its side, in the form of a meek old cow—not its mother, but some one that would give a good supply of milk to the young giant, at the expense of her own thrifty appearance.

Now, according to our theory, these calves can never become good milking stock. Why? Because from their very birth the fat gathering or adipose organs have been set into active operation, at the expense of the milk or lactiferous system, and they will always keep the ascendency. But, say you, how can we stimulate the milk-gathering organs of a calf? We answer, by not overtaxing the fat-gathering organs. The leaner or poorer you can keep a calf, and at the same time keep it in a thrifty, growing state, the better milker will it become. Understand us fairly in this position. We do not contend that poor keeping of calves will inevitably make great milkers of them, but it will have a tendency to make *better* milkers than if kept excessively fat. For instance: you may take two heifer calves—twins, if you please—put one of them into liberal feed, and keep it fat all the time until it is mature. Put the other into moderate feed, where it shall grow moderately well until mature, but not fat, and this last will make a much better milker than the first. We could cite innumerable instances to prove this. We could tell some experiments of our own in proof of this. The complaint that the Durhams and the Devons have lost their former good milking properties, arises from the over-feeding of their progeny. Select from each breed those that have good milking points, and breed them on the moderate pressure principle, and you will again get good milkers from them."

A PROFITABLE FLOCK OF SHEEP.—Mr. Thomas J. Marvel, of Dover, Md., furnishes *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times* a statement of his gains from a small flock of sheep, the last spring and autumn. In the spring his flock consisted of 22 ewes and 2 weathers. The increase was 24 lambs, 8 of which he sold for $37 60, and 7 for $20. He has left 8 lambs, for which he has been offered $45, and one buck lamb, for which he has been offered $5. He also sold from the same flock $36 worth of wool, making altogether $148 60. Who can beat it?

FATTENING SWINE—A NEW IDEA.—A lot of 1,500 hogs arrived at Urbana, Ill., last week, by railroad, all the way from Pennsylvania, for the purpose of being fattened. They were let out to the farmers of the vicinity for $3 per hundred, and are to be taken back fattened at the same rate. We hear that other lots are on the way. Seventeen car loads were put off at Dudley, and let out to the farmers in the same manner.

CHANGING SEED.—A writer in the *New England Farmer* says the yield of his potato crop is increased from fifty to one hundred per cent. by procuring seed potatoes which on an entirely different soil, fifteen or twenty miles apart. And this plan of changing seed is a good one, and should be remembered by all practical cultivators.

Agricultural Miscellany.

EXPLANATORY.—Absence from home much of the time for several weeks—attending Agricultural Fairs, &c.,—and recent dangerous illness in family, have precluded the Editor of the RURAL from devoting time to many matters requiring his personal attention. This explanation is due those who have addressed us on various subjects, and were entitled to replies or other attentions which we could not bestow. And as it will save all parties time and trouble of correspondence, we may be excused for saying, in this connection, that we cannot consistently make any engagements to lecture before Farmers' Clubs or other associations until after the first of January ensuing.

—For reasons above stated we have been unable to prepare Show-Bill Prospectuses, &c., for the Eleventh Volume of the RURAL, and hence cannot comply with the requests daily received from agents and other friends for such documents. As soon as issued, however, bills, &c., will be mailed to all agents and other applicants disposed to lend influence in extending our circulation—and it will afford friends of the RURAL pleasure to learn that we never received so many applications, or such encouraging letters (at the same season of the year,) as during the past month.

AGRICULTURAL INSTRUCTION AT YALE COLLEGE.—At a discussion on *The Dissemination of Agricultural Knowledge*, (during the Conn. State Fair,) Prof. PORTER described a plan of popular Agricultural Instruction which it is proposed to adopt at Yale College the ensuing winter. Some twenty men, noted far and near for their success in various departments of field, garden and orchard culture, and stock raising, have consented to lecture on subjects with which they are familiar. It is therefore proposed to have a course of instruction to occupy about one month—during which lectures will be given (three or four in a day) upon the most important practical subjects connected with general farming and fruit culture. At the close of each lecture, some time will be spent in answering inquiries, &c. In the evenings it is intended to hold meetings for free discussion—farmers' club meetings—to be participated in by all attending the course as lecturers or hearers, an important and indispensable part of the plan. The course is to comprise from 80 to 100 lectures, which will be fully illustrated by models, diagrams, &c., Among the lecturers named are P. BARRY, Esq., of this city, on General Propagation and Pruning of Fruit Trees, and Dr. C. W. GRANT, of Iona Islands, on Grapes—both admirable selections, as no more competent gentlemen, for the specialties named, can be found in the Union. The lecturers on other subjects are also well qualified—such as Hon. M. P. WILDER on Pears, Judge FRENCH on Drainage, etc., etc.

—We highly approve of this plan, and trust it will be brought to a successful issue. It will do much toward properly deciding the "irrepressible conflict" between Knowledge and Ignorance among American Agriculturists and Horticulturists.

HOSPITALITY AT SOUTHERN FAIRS.—Here is an item proving that they have abundant *fare* at southern fairs, and that Kentucky hospitality is fully equal to that credited to "Old Virginia" and the Southern States generally. A gentleman attending the Agricultural Fair of Mason and Bracken counties, Ky., says, in his description of the scene about "feed time," that "each family brings enough 'grub' to feed a company of half-famished soldiers, and the heads of families lie in ambush around the Secretary's office and the judges' stand, for unsuspecting strangers, in order that they may 'take them in.'" He was compelled to accept or decline some sixty invitations to dine, and pleasantly refers to the groups of from five to fifteen spread about over the grass, disposing of roast pig, chicken and the usual *et ceteras* of a good feed, *sans ceremonie*, but with an excellent appetite, heightened by the spirit of genuine social hospitality.

AGRICULTURE IN TUSCANY.—A correspondent of the Newark Advertiser gives this account of the slow-coach, non-progressive mode of securing the harvest in Central Italy:—"To-day—in this nineteenth century—one sees here sunbaked women and girls, cutting, or hacking rather, the grain, with ill-shaped, twelve inch sickles, and beating it out, sheaf by sheaf, on a stone, with the hand, aided only by a rough stick. Threshing instruments are almost unknown in Tuscany; and then what a winnowing, without machines, follows the reaping. It is done in this wise:—The grain heaped upon the ground in one place, is thrown by shovelfuls through the air to another place, the wind being winnower, and supposed to blow away the chaff as it passes. One watches this behind-the-times operation with his teeth on edge with the sense of gritty bread, and the prospect of eating his 'peck of dirt' in Italy before him."

SHELTER *vs.* EXPOSURE OF STOCK.—As cold weather approaches, we again enjoin upon farmers the economy of providing good shelter for domestic animals. Warmth—protection from chill blasts and storms—will pay largely in saving feed, and the judicious farmer will see that his cattle, sheep, etc., are well sheltered, especially in a season of scarcity of fodder. It has been proved by experiment, in England, that sheltered sheep eat one-third less of linseed cake and two pounds less of turnips per day, and yet the increase of those sheltered as compared with those that were not, yet consumed more food, was as 56 is to 36.

SELF-WEIGHING BEE-HIVES.—The Tribune says:—"Here is a chance for Yankee ingenuity. It is to make a weighing balance upon a cheap plan, so that every bee-keeper can afford to attach one to each hive, upon which it hangs suspended, to indicate each day the weight of the swarm and its stores. Such a thing will prove highly satisfactory, and should at once be invented."

THE ANGORA GOAT.—The Angora Goat is being extensively acclimated in France. The fleece sells at from $2 to $2 50, and the wool, or rather hair, makes excellent velvet. A few of these beautiful animals were imported into South Carolina in 1849. They have increased to upward of 50 of the pure breeds, besides many more half breeds.

ORLEANS COUNTY AG. SOCIETY.—At the Annual Meeting of this Society, held at Albion on the 18th inst., the following board of officers was elected for the ensuing year:—*President*—DAVID N. HATCH of Murray. *Vice-Pres't*—A. STEWART, Albion. *Secretary*—A. E. PATTERSON, Albion. *Treasurer*—JOHN H. WHITE, Albion.

A FAR NORTH AG. SOCIETY.—Some gentlemen have organized in Douglas Co., Wis., the "Lake Superior Agricultural Society," and have awarded a dollar a pound for the best, and fifty cents a pound for the second best butter made in the county, and $10 for the best barrel of flour from wheat grown there.

FEEDING SHEEP *vs.* BEEVES.—MECHI, who is a highly enlightened and practical English agriculturist, says he is convinced that beef must sell at 20 per cent. higher than mutton to make them pay alike. He also remarks that he agrees with a friend of his who says that he who keeps many bullocks will never make a will.

AUTUMN WORK IN THE GARDEN.

MAKING WALKS—PROTECTION FOR CLIMBING ROSES—FALL TREATMENT OF RHUBARB AND ASPARAGUS—LIST OF GOOD AND HARDY CHERRIES.

I have some few questions about Autumn work in the Garden to ask, and I trust you will take the trouble to answer them, as I presume some of them, if answered through the Rural, would also meet the desires of others.

First.—How to make Gravel Walks so that grass and weeds will not grow through them; in fact, what is the best way to make them?

Second.—The best way to *Protect Climbing Roses during the Winter.* I have some very fine ones, and they have been killed down bad the last two Winters. They have made a fine growth of some fifteen feet, or a little over, this season, and I very much dislike to have them injured this winter by the cold, as they are as fine specimens as one often sees.

Third.—The best course to pursue with Rhubarb—cover it with manure in the fall or in the spring? And, what is the best course to pursue to get the *best* and *earliest* growth?

Fourth.—I would make the same inquiries in regard to Asparagus that I have in regard to Rhubarb.

Fifth.—Will you give me a list of some good reliable Cherries, fine quality; trees hardy, and bark not liable to gum and crack?

If you will please answer the above very soon you will greatly oblige L. A. Griswold.

Vernon, N. Y., 1859.

Making Walks.—Mark out the walk precisely as you wish it to be when done, being careful to get the direction you wish, nice, easy curves, if it is not a straight walk, and the width, from one end to the other the same. This is best done by small stakes put pretty close together, and these can be changed until you are satisfied that it is in all respects as you desire. Now remove the earth from the walk to the depth of one foot, leaving the edges smooth and straight. Fill this walk or ditch, as it now appears, with rough stones, gathered from the farm, or old bricks, or any similar material, putting the largest at the bottom until within about four inches of the surface. Then level off with smaller stones, and finish off with about three inches of gravel, making it a little rounding. The stones in the bottom act as a drain, and if an outlet is provided at the lowest point of the road, all the better. No grass can take root and grow through such a mass of material, and the two great points are therefore secured—a *clean* and a *dry* walk. A little earth will wash from the sides upon the gravel, and here a little grass will start occasionally, but this can be kept down without much trouble. A heavy dressing of salt once or twice a year will be effectual, or the hoe may be used when necessary.—A little fresh gravel should be added occasionally, as the walk should be well-filled at first, and kept full.

Protection for Climbing Roses.—A very little protection only is necessary for Climbing Roses, and this may be provided in several ways. Where the situation is such as to make it convenient they may be taken down and covered with earth or straw, or they may be covered with straw on the pillar or trellis. The prettiest winter covering for all shrubs or vines is one of evergreen branches—such as the Arbor Vitæ—when it can be obtained.

Fall Treatment of Rhubarb and Asparagus.—Give Rhubarb a very heavy coating of manure in the autumn. In the spring fork this in lightening up the earth around the roots. Cut away the old stalks of Asparagus the latter part of October or November, and cover the bed with three inches of manure. In the spring fork this in very carefully, so as not to wound the crowns of the plants.

List of Good and Hardy Cherries.—We dislike very much to make out a small list of fruits—for there are so many good kinds, each having some desirable quality that makes it valuable,—as we are compelled to discard many favorites. The *Duke* and *Morello* cherries are the hardiest class, and should be planted in localities where the *Hearts* and *Bigarreaus* are found too tender, and gum and crack, as we suppose they do somewhat in Vernon, by the remarks of our correspondent. Of this class we would name as the best, *Belle de Choisy, May Duke, Reine Hortense, Carnation, Belle Magnifique* and *Early Richmond.*

A few remarks further in regard too Autumn work, now that our attention is called to the subject, will not, we think, be out of place or unprofitable. All rough garden work, such as making walks, grading, trenching, &c., should be done in the Autumn, if possible. Our springs are short, unpleasant and uncertain, and much work that remains undone until spring, remains also in the same condition during the summer. Those who planted *Lettuce* or *Spinach* in September for early spring use, should now give it a little protection. Beds of Crocuses, Hyacinths, and other bulbs, should have a coating of manure or leaves thrown over them. All plants that are not completely hardy and that need protection, should be covered. This may be done in many ways, old boxes or barrels with holes bored through their tops are good for shrubs, roses and the like, and straw, mats, and evergreen boughs are all useful. Every hour spent in protecting Strawberry, Raspberry and many other plants and vines, even our hardy grape vines, is time well expended, as the next fruiting season will most abundantly prove.

Many tolerable gardeners seem to think it no disgrace to have their gardens look slovenly all the winter, but there is no necessity, and indeed no excuse for this. All the weeds should be cut down in the fall, and decayed leaves and litter of every description should be removed from the garden and placed upon the manure heap. Stakes used for supporting plants, bean poles, &c., should be gathered up and stored away until again needed.

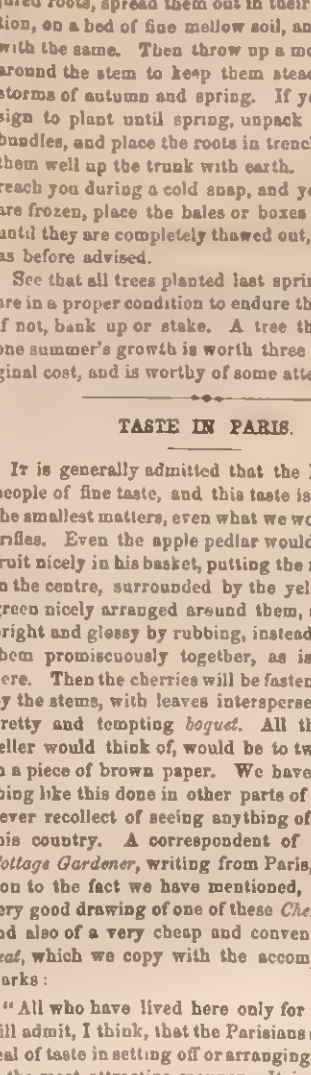
Hundreds, and we have no doubt thousands of our readers are spending money this fall for fruit trees, and whether this money is a profitable investment or a total loss depends very much upon the manner in which the trees are treated. Have the ground well prepared, enriched, deeply cultivated and drained. Then plant carefully, remembering that there is a vast difference between setting a post and setting a tree. Remove all injured roots, spread them out in their natural position, on a bed of fine mellow soil, and cover them with the same. Then throw up a mound of earth around the stem to keep them steady during the storms of autumn and spring. If you do not design to plant until spring, unpack the boxes or bundles, and place the roots in trenches, covering them well up the trunk with earth. If your trees reach you during a cold snap, and you think they are frozen, place the bales or boxes in the cellar until they are completely thawed out, then heel in, as before advised.

See that all trees planted last spring, or before, are in a proper condition to endure the winter, and if not, bank up or stake. A tree that has made one summer's growth is worth three times its original cost, and is worthy of some attention.

TASTE IN PARIS.

It is generally admitted that the French are a people of fine taste, and this taste is carried into the smallest matters, even what we would consider trifles. Even the apple pedlar would arrange his fruit nicely in his basket, putting the red, perhaps, in the centre, surrounded by the yellow, and the green nicely arranged around them, and all made bright and glossy by rubbing, instead of tumbling them promiscuously together, as is the custom here. Then the cherries will be fastened to a stick by the stems, with leaves interspersed, making a pretty and tempting *boquet.* All the American seller would think of, would be to twist them up in a piece of brown paper. We have seen something like this done in other parts of Europe, but never recollect of seeing anything of the kind in this country. A correspondent of the *London Cottage Gardener*, writing from Paris, calls attention to the fact we have mentioned, and gives a very good drawing of one of these *Cherry Boquets,* and also of a very cheap and convenient *Garden Seat,* which we copy with the accompanying remarks:

"All who have lived here only for a few days, will admit, I think, that the Parisians show a good deal of taste in setting off or arranging their goods in the most attractive manner. It is common to have large plants at each side of the shop door, and numerous flowers in the window. Even the meat in the butcher's shop may frequently be seen studded with flowers, and the intervening spaces filled with tall Rose trees, Hollyhocks, Fuchsias, and other sorts.



CHERRY BOQUET.

"The very firewood in the wood-yards is generally piled up so that the facade may represent a number of ornamental figures; and I have often seen melons and vines, covered with fruit, growing along the sides. The poorest vendors in the street have usually some notions of ornament; if it is only a few Cherries that are sold for a sou, they are always displayed in the form of a small boquet, worked up with the leaves of Lily of the Valley, one or two Pansies being stuck in at the top. Two or three leaves are left open at the summit, but all the others down the sides have their points tied in.

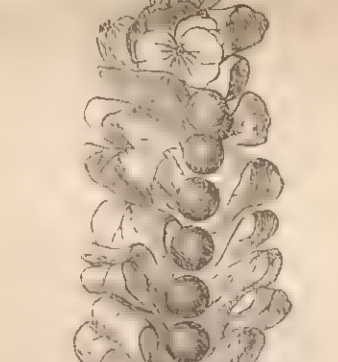


FIG. 2.—GARDEN SEAT.

"When I was in the country some short time ago, I noticed a very simple form of garden seat, of which the enclosed sketch will give a better idea than the longest description (fig. 2). It is made of common pine boards, and may be put together with great facility and little expense."

Toronto Fruit Market.—Green fruit continues to be freely offered, the bulk of the supply coming from the other side of the lake. For the best varieties of apples $2 to $2,25 per bbl. is got, and for common $1,50 to $2. Pears are in small supply, at $5 per bbl. and $2 per bushel. Quinces scarce, at the same rate. Grapes 7c. to 10c. per pound.—*Toronto Globe.*

SWEET POTATOES.

The Soil should be mellow and rich,—a sandy loam is the best. This, however, is not essential.

Sprouting the Seed.—This must be done in a hot bed which should be prepared from the first to the 20th of April. The potatoes should not be put in for about a week after the bed is prepared.

Preparing the Ground.—About the first of May the ground for the crop should be prepared; plowed and harrowed till it is completely pulverized. Then plow it up in ridges by throwing 3 or 4 furrows together with a team and plow, after which go over it with a hoe and smooth it off ready for the plants which may be set in as soon as all danger of frost is over. Set after a rain, or if put in when the ground is dry, the plants should be watered.

Cultivation.—Keep the ground free from weeds and grass, &c. Some recommend pulling the vines loose from the soil, as they spread over it and strike root. As to the utility of this I cannot say, but *think* it *would pay.*

Harvesting.—The crop should be gathered before the vines are killed by frost, if not, the tubers will be injured and will not keep so long. Should the vines be frozen before digging, go over the lot with a sharp hoe and cut off the vine close to the tubers, as soon as possible after the frost. This saves them the worst effects of the freeze.

Saving Seed.—The only good way I have ever found is to select the nicest of the small tubers, place them in a box that will hold half a bushel, with fine soil, in which they grow. Nail down the lid, taking care to leave small cracks for ventilation, but not so large as to admit mice. Then place them in a cool bank which is dry, and sufficiently far from the entrance to secure an even temperature. Then, if your potatoes are not disturbed by mice, or other causes, you may be sure of finding them safe and sound in the spring, ready to sprout for another crop. Enoch Engle.

Industry, Beaver Co., Pa., 1859.

RENOVATING OLD ORCHARDS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—The failure of apple orchards is a subject of very general remark. In this vicinity it is caused by insects, and the lack of proper nourishment in the soil, which has become exhausted. The fall is the best time to apply manure to renovate old trees. If the orchard is covered with turf, tear it up to the depth of three or four inches, by running a plow very shallow, or with a harrow or cultivator. The roots must not be injured. Now, how shall the manure be applied? I have seen several orchards where the manure was piled about the trunk of the tree, to the depth of a foot or more, extending but three or four feet each way from it. Is this right? The roots of a tree will always extend as far as the top, and therefore fill a circle with roots twice the diameter of it. Sometimes they will extend much further. The extremities of the roots supply the nourishment to the tree. Consequently the manure should be scattered evenly over this circle. In orchards where the trees stand thirty or forty feet apart, the whole ground should be covered.

Trees seem to do well when the ground is rooted by hogs. It is doubtless poor economy to work them, but if they are allowed to root, they destroy a great number of worms. In the spring of the year put straw, or very coarse manure, in small piles upon the ground, of a sufficient thickness to shade the ground, and keep it moist. The worms will collect under this. The hogs will soon learn to root over these piles, mixing them with the soil, forming an excellent manure and mulch, and destroying the worms which may have collected under them. Mark D. Willson.

West Bloomfield, N. Y., 1859.

STRAWBERRIES.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Although the season of strawberries has passed, we still retain the charms of that first and finest of fruits. We must not now forget them until another bearing season's return, for they must have annual attention to produce annual crops.

As horticulturists differ so widely as to the best varieties, and the best mode of cultivation, I propose publishing my experience. Have always had what we believe is the *Hautbois*—found in all our gardens—and during many years we cared for them without the return of a single berry, while some of our neighbors had fine returns. We finally discovered staminate plants among beds of successful amateurs, got some ourselves, while they were in bloom, and contiguous berries developed that season. During this time we had *Hovey's Seedling,* with a staminate variety growing near—only separated by an alley—but the *Hautbois* had never been impregnated by these, showing that different varieties may not mix readily—that certain hermaphrodite kinds may not impregnate certain pistillate kinds. These two are all the kinds we had until last summer, when the bearing commenced of over twenty kinds "of all the newest and best varieties," received from C. W. Seelye, Rochester Central Nurseries, who previously advertised in the Rural. Our *Hovey's Seedling* appears to be the most trifling of berries, being scarcely as large as the *Early Scarlet,* more sour, (so sour that nobody likes them,) and far inferior in bearing. We certainly never had any much over half an inch in diameter. We got them from a nursery in this county some years ago, when it was called *the* berry. Have we the right *Hovey's Seedling,* or not?

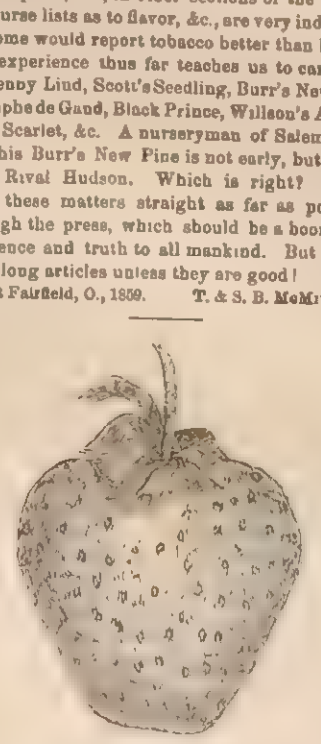
Another interrogation as to *Hooker's Seedling,* received from Rochester. They are *pistillate,* and in every respect resemble *Schnenke's Pistillate* and *McAvoy's Red*—good bearers, but very sour and tender, blunt, and of color, form, and habits of our *Hovey's Seedling,* but larger. Is there a mistake in *Hooker's,* or not? We call them comparatively poor for marketing or amateur purposes.

Experience teaches that the advice of Geo. W. Dean is wisdom:—"Find what is best for your soil and climate, then plant them exclusively." Our soil we call upland, sandy clay—so clayey as to need frequent stirring to keep mellow and moist; will produce fair crops. Our idea of cultivation now is to plant in rows six or eight feet apart, with other truck between, the first year. Keep free from weeds, and the next spring fill these rows with good sets, and trim down and thin the older rows from six to twelve inches wide, and a few inches apart. After bearing, destroy these old rows, these to be reset by vigorous plants the next spring from the new rows, which may then be called old; and after bearing destroy as before. It seems necessary that plants should be kept vigorous and free from weeds.

Our *earliest* are, in order—Burr's New Pine, Jenny Lind, Monroe Scarlet, Large Early Scarlet, Genesee, Ohio Mammoth, &c. *Best producers*—Wilson's Albany, Jenny Lind, L. E. Scarlet, Monroe Scarlet, Hooker's Seedling, Triomphe de Gande. *Flavor*—Scott's Seedling, Black Prince, Walker's Seedling, Ingram's Prince of Wales, Burr's New Pine, &c.

We made out a list of the comparative merits on nine qualifications of over twenty varieties, which we would be glad to present to your readers, as it differs materially from Horticultural Societies' Reports, &c., in other sections of the Union. Of course lists as to flavor, &c., are very indefinite, for some would report tobacco better than honey! Our experience thus far teaches us to care most for Jenny Lind, Scott's Seedling, Burr's New Pine, Tromphe de Gand, Black Prince, Willson's Albany, L. E. Scarlet, &c. A nurseryman of Salem Ohio, says his Burr's New Pine is not early, but ripens with Rival Hudson. Which is right? Let us keep these matters straight as far as possible, through the press, which should be a boon of intelligence and truth to all mankind. But we despise long articles unless they are good!

East Fairfield, O., 1859. T. & S. B. McMillan.



HOOKER STRAWBERRY.

Remarks.—The *Hooker* is a large berry, nearly as large as Hovey's Seedling; the engraving shows a medium sized specimen. Color, very dark, shining red. Form, rather long, conical, sometimes flattened in large specimens, very rich and high flavored. The plant is a vigorous grower, hardy, and an abundant bearer. The flowers are perfect. That is its character here.

NUMBER OF PLANTS TO AN ACRE.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Will you be kind enough to give your readers a table showing the number of plants contained on an acre at one foot apart, and so on up to fifty feet? Such a table would be a great convenience, save a good deal of figuring, and some mistakes and false calculations. Young Gardener.

The following table will be found correct and useful, and should be saved for reference:

DIS. APART.	NO. PLANTS	DIS. APART.	NO. PLANTS
1 by 1	43,560	7 by 7	885
1½ " 1½	19,360	8 " 8	680
2 " 1	21,780	9 " 9	537
2 " 2	10,890	10 " 10	435
2½ " 2½	6,969	11 " 11	360
3 " 1	14,520	12 " 12	302
3 " 2	7,260	13 " 13	257
3 " 3	4,840	14 " 14	222
3½ " 3½	3,535	15 " 15	193
4 " 1	10,890	16 " 16	170
4 " 2	5,445	17 " 17	150
4 " 3	3,630	18 " 18	134
4 " 4	2,722	19 " 19	120
4½ " 4½	2,151	20 " 20	108
5 " 1	8,712	24 " 24	75
5 " 2	4,356	25 " 25	69
5 " 3	2,904	27 " 27	59
5 " 4	2,178	30 " 30	48
5 " 5	1,742	40 " 40	27
5½ " 5½	1,417	50 " 50	17
6 " 6	1,210	60 " 60	12
6½ " 6½	1,051	66 " 66	10

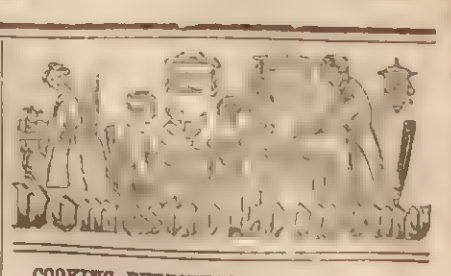
PEAR TREE BLIGHT.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—A correspondent, I observe, is troubled with the bark blight of the Pear tree. My pear trees being likewise diseased, my remedy as practiced has been to underdrain the land, make the soil lighter and more porous about the roots, scrape off the black bark to that which is alive, and wash the body repeatedly during the summer with caustic soda wash or strong soap suds, although caustic soda wash is the best. In so doing I have had marked success in promoting the health and vigor of the tree, and in the perfection and quality of its fruit.—S. N. Holmes, *Syracuse, N. Y., Oct.,* 1859.

Remarks.—About a year ago, while at Syracuse attending the State Fair, we visited Mr. H.'s garden, and must confess that we never saw anything before that looked so much like curing the pear blight without amputation. From many of the trees the dead bark had been removed, and a new and healthy bark had almost entirely covered the wounds.

Raising Squashes.—In a recent number of the Rural a contributor speaks of the grubs and bugs that infest his vines, and inquires for a remedy. Having been encroached upon in the same way, among other remedies I sprinkled the vines a number of times during the summer with whale oil soap suds, with decided effect, and I think if I had done so a few more times, I would have got rid of the pests altogether. My neighbor, last spring, who sells fresh fish in his market, had a few his customers did not call for in season, and getting stale, he put one or two under each hill of his squashes, some four or five inches deep, and now has just gathered a splendid crop of squashes. No bug or grub has presumed to touch his vines the past season.—S. N. Holmes, *Syracuse, N. Y.*

Take precautions to secure your trees from mice. An hour's labor may save many years of regret.



COOKING BEEFSTEAK, CIDER PIE, &c.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I noticed in your valuable paper a recipe for frying beefsteak which, although very good, can, I think, be somewhat bettered. My method is this:—Take a good, tender steak, place it in a frying pan, add a teacup of sweet milk and set it over a slow fire, boil until the milk is boiled away, then add a piece of butter and fry until done. Meat done in this way is no only very tender, but very sweet and juicy. Try

Cider Pie.—As the season for cider is at hand I will send you a recipe for cider pie, which we think is excellent:—One egg; 2 tablespoonfuls of flour; 2 cups of boiled cider; 1 cup sugar—line a deep dish with rich pie-paste, beat the egg and flour together, then add the cider and sugar, stir well and pour into the paste. Bake until done, and you cannot fail to pronounce it extra.

Nottingham Pudding.—Take small-sized, tart apples, pare them and remove the cores with the point of a penknife, without breaking the apples, cover the bottom of a pudding dish with them, setting them on the end so that they may be filled with batter, then make a batter with six eggs, well beaten, as much sweet cream or milk as you have eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, and flour enough to make as thick as sponge cake. Cover the apples with this, then put another layer of apples and more batter, continuing to do so until your dish is filled, then bake until the apples are done which you can ascertain by trying with a fork.—Serve with any sauce you like. This pudding is also good steamed. Lizzie.

Niles, Mich., 1859.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, &c.

Sponge Cake.—Three eggs; 3 tablespoons melted butter; 1 cup of white sugar; 1 of flour; 1 teaspoon of cream tartar; 1 of soda.

Buttermilk Pudding.—One quart of good buttermilk; 2 teaspoons of saleratus; 1 cup of molasses; 1 teaspoon of cinnamon; ½ teaspoon of ginger; same of salt; thicken with meal to suit yourself; 1 egg; scald the buttermilk.

Minute Pudding.—One quart of sweet milk; 3 eggs. Beat the flour and eggs together, and stir it all in your milk till thick enough for pudding. Serve with sugar and cream. This equals the best corn starch pudding.

To Restore Stained Linen.—Rub the stain, on each side, with wet brown soap; mix some starch to a thick paste with cold water, and spread it over the soaped places; then expose the linen to the air. If the stain does not disappear in three days, rub off the mixture, and repeat the process with fresh soap and starch. Then dry it, wet it with cold water, and wash.

Remedy for a Bee Sting.—As quick as possible slice an onion, and pound it till you start the juice, then bind it on. Farmer's Daughter.

Egg Pudding.—I send you a recipe, which you may use if you please—perhaps some of the young housekeepers who take your paper may like it. To one quart sweet milk add six eggs, well beaten, together with seven tablespoons of flour, and one teaspoon of salt. Bring the milk to a boil; add three spoonfuls (table) of cold sweet milk to the flour and eggs; then stir all slowly into the boiling milk, and (stirring all the time) let it boil one minute; then pour into a wet dish or mould. When cold, serve with rich, sweetened cream. The dish being wet will enable it to be turned out nicely moulded into whatever shape you please.—M. K. T.

Loaf Cake.—Six lbs. of flour; 4 of sugar; 3 of butter; 6 eggs; 6 nutmegs; 1½ lbs. raisins; 1 cup of good yeast.

Cream Cake.—Two cups of cream; 2 of sugar; 4 of flour; 3 eggs; 1 teaspoon of saleratus, nutmeg or lemon.

Cookies.—Three cups of sugar; 1 of butter; 1 of cream; 3 eggs; 1 teaspoon saleratus; nutmeg.

Cup Cake.—One cup of butter; 2 of sugar; 3 of flour; 4 eggs.—Mrs. E. Paine, *Orwell, Ohio.*

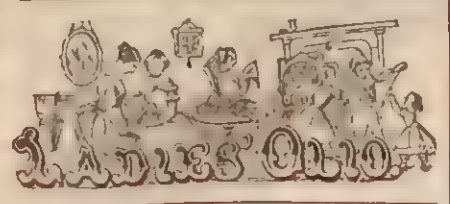
A Remedy for Chilblains.—I noticed an inquiry in the Rural, from F. L., of Springport, Mich., for the cure of chilblains. I have tried lard skin, and found it very beneficial. I have been badly afflicted with them, and have tried several remedies, all of which proved worthless until I tested the above, and, to my great relief, it proved effectual. I sewed them on the inside of my stockings, so as to cover the affected part, and, as long as I wore them was not much troubled.—Susie, *Tunbridge, Vt.,* 1859.

Vinegar Pie.—Take 1 large-sized cup of sugar; 1 do. of vinegar; a heaping tablespoonful of flour; a little lemon peel. This makes a good pie.

Boiled Cider Pie.—Will some reader of the Rural please inform me how to make Boiled Cider Pie; also how to color soiled white kid gloves, and oblige—Marian, *McGrayville, N. Y.*

Citron for Cake and Pies.—As an answer to an inquiry on this subject, I send the following recipe:—Take the outside or solid part of common melons, and boil in water until tender; then preserve in sugar as for citron sauce; dry on plates, and pack in glass jars. The syrup can be used for mince pies.

Indian Bread.—I send you a good recipe for Indian Bread—hope all your readers will try it: Two cups sweet milk; 1 of sour cream, or buttermilk; 2 eggs; 2 cups corn meal; 1 of flour; 1 teaspoon saleratus; 1 tablespoon sugar; a little salt. Bake one hour.—M., *La Grange, N. Y.,* 1859.



UNDER THE VIOLETS.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Her hands are cold; her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light;—
Fold the white vestures, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,
To plead for tears with alien eyes;
A slender cross of wood alone;
Shall say that here a maiden lies
In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb
Shall wheel their circling shadows round
To make the scorching sunlight dim
That drinks the greenness from the ground,
And drop their dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
And through their leaves the robins call,
And ripening in the autumn sun,
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel-voice of spring,
That trills beneath the April sky,
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When, turning round their dial track,
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,
Her little mourners, clad in black,
The crickets, sliding through the grass,
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies—
So may the soul that warmed it rise!

If any, born of kindlier blood,
Should ask, What maiden lies below?
Say only this: A tender bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow.

[*Atlantic Monthly.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SOCIAL DEMON.

The white head-stones of yonder quiet graveyard mark the silent resting-place of many whom we knew and loved in life, and the snow wreath lies lightly above the tiny form of childhood, the prouder, stronger, beauty of riper years, and the locks grown white with fullness of days ere the icy hand of death led them to the gate through whose portals none ever return. We stand beside the coffin and the open grave, and lift not hand nor voice in opposition, because we know that One mightier than we has appointed to all "once to die." But a darker doom than this palsies the limbs, and dims the eye of strong and vigorous youth. The mother, sister, wife, who watches tearfully the death seal as it gathers on the brow of the beloved, crushes within the depths of her own aching heart the fearful thought that one day she may stand beside the death-bed of that dear one, almost with a feeling of relief. She can then thank God that He has removed from her path the blight that made her once fair cheek grow pale, her voice low and sad, and the laugh that rang so merrily in other days, a stranger to her lips and her heart forever.

The Social Demon,—can you not read its name, its terrible history, in the sparkling cup that the careless, unthinking youth raises to his lips? Often-times the glittering poison is unpleasant, is even nauseating to the taste, but boon-companions drain the glass, and he may merely taste it. Beside, (I know you will not confess it openly young man, yet you are aware that it is none the less true,) there are few, very few, who are not sadly lacking in moral courage. They would not hesitate to avenge an insult, no matter how great the opposition,—they would not shrink from any act that requires merely animal courage,—but when this dashing friend, this pleasant companion, offers the brightly-tinted goblet, how can they refuse. They dare not stand up like men and say to the tempter as their Master said to the Evil Spirit, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

"He'll never be a drunkard—he, so strong in the pride of his young manhood become the wretched, brutalized apology for the name of man." Take care, faces as fair and forms as active as yours have lain upon a drunkard's death-bed,—gone down to a drunkard's grave. You have not passed so blindly through the world that you have seen no instance of this,—they are on every side, and what surety have you, that such may not be your fate? "Oh, I don't drink enough to hurt me." You see not its effects now, but you surely will. That poor, helpless being, was once only a moderate drinker,—doubtless he has often made the same plea. Do you think he drinks enough to hurt him now? Go to his wretched home and ask that pale, care-worn woman, if in that bloated face there remains one trace of the manly beauty which won her maiden heart, and made her thrice blessed in the husband of her youth. Ask that little child,—old far beyond her years, in looks and acts,—why she shrinks with fear and trembling as her listening ear catches the echo of the unsteady footsteps If she can, for her tears, she may tell you, perhaps, of a father's love cast upon the fearful shrine of intemperance, and of a father's curse,—the only inheritance of a drunkard's child. Yet that man's youth promised as fair as yours, but the Social Demon wound its loathsome clasp around him, and as well might you turn the river from its source as attempt to stay, at this late hour, his head-long race to destruction.

We are all aware how strong any habit may become by indulgence, and how few inducements there are for the moderate drinker to refrain from his cups,—save those which his own heart and reason dictate,—and how many to continue on in evil. Saloons of the worst description, although often most attractive, open their demon arms at every step, and many wait to entice the unwary into the path which once trodden is seldom deserted.

Custom and society sanction this wholesale murder of body and soul, but the persons who wink at trifling excesses, and smile sweetly upon moderate votaries of the intoxicating cup, will be the first to desert its victim when he allows the demon to gain the ascendancy, and the wisely judging world pronounces the, at one time, much courted companion, that degraded thing—a drunkard. Like him of old these summer friends pass by on the othe rside, and bestow their approbation upon the individual who, regardless of everything but gain, "maketh his neighbor drunken," enriching himself with the "dirty shillings," taken in exchange for that which draws down upon his fellow the anger of Him who has said, "no drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven."

Attica, N. Y., 1859. CLARA.

WHY DON'T LADIES LEARN TO COOK?

On all sides we hear complaints of the difficulty of finding, and of retaining when found, a cook who can roast a leg of mutton, and make batter-pudding or pea-soup. In point of fact, we have heard of ladies who have it in serious contemplation to dispense with servants altogether, as the least troublesome alternative. Without wishing matters carried quite so far, we are convinced that many of our fair friends would lose nothing, either in point of respectability or happiness, while they could add at least one-third to the effective incomes of their husbands, if they were to spend a little more time in their kitchens, superintending the preparation of the family dinner, instead of contenting themselves with ordering it—if, indeed, they condescend to do even that. Some forty years back, ladies were driven to shoemaking as a fashionable way of killing time. Why not try a little cooking? Thanks to the modern stoves, with their nicely-arranged skillets and stew-pans, which science and mechanical skill have substituted for the blazing kitchen hearth of other days, young ladies of the nineteenth century, just passing its prime, may cook without soiling their fingers, or injuring their complexions. Were it not so, we would not recommend them to cook. We would rather live on bread and cheese all the days of our lives.

It will be said, perhaps, that our notions with regard to female education and employment, are too antiquated; that in these matters, as in everything else, a new era has dawned, and the solid course of instruction now given in colleges for ladies will be triumphantly appealed to. Ladies, however, who possess these solid acquirements—who, like Lady Jane Grey, prefer Plato to a pic-nic—will be least likely to neglect the economy of the kitchen. They will thoroughly understand the dignity of employment, and call to mind all the poetry of cooking. To say nothing of the dinner which Milton describes Eve as preparing, when "on hospitable thought intent," there are the Homeric banquets at which kings literally "killed their own meat," and at which queens and princesses turned the spit for the roasting, or drew the water and chopped the wood for the boiling. Cooking is classical, and no lady will disdain to take part in it who has read of these feasts in the original Greek. Let it be observed that it is the middle and working classes on whom we wish to urge the importance of the study. A gentleman's daughter can afford to be so ignorant of common things as not to be able to recognize chickens in a poultry yard, because they do not run about with a liver under one wing and a gizzard under the other, though our modern poultry shows, it must be confessed, will tend much to dissipate this error. A knowledge, however, of the art of cooking is of more importance to the wives of the laboring population than to those of the middle classes, because it is the art, when properly cultivated, of making a little go a great way.—*Godey's Lady Book.*

Reflections on Marriage.—The leading features in the character of a good woman are mildness, complaisance and equanimity of character. The man, if he be a provident husband, is immersed in a thousand cares. His mind is agitated, his memory loaded and his body fatigued. He retires from the battle of the world, chagrined perhaps by disappointment, angry at insolent and perfidious people, and terrified lest his unavoidable connections with such people should make him appear perfidious himself. Is this the time for the wife of his bosom, his dearest and most intimate friend, to add to his vexations, to increase the fever of an overburdened mind, by a contentious tongue or discontented brow? Business, in the most prosperous state, is full of anxiety and turmoil. Oh! how dear to the memory of man is the wife who clothes her face in smiles, who uses gentle expressions, and who makes her lap soft to receive and hush his cares to rest. There is not in nature so fascinating an object as a faithful, tender and affectionate wife.

Is he Rich?—Many a heart is broken, many a life is rendered miserable, by the terrible infatuation which parents often evince in choosing a life companion for their daughters. How is it possible for happiness to result from the union of two principles as diametrically opposed to each other as is virtue to vice? And yet, how often is wealth considered a better recommendation to a young man than virtue! How often is the first question which is asked respecting a suitor of a daughter. "Is he rich?" Is he rich? Yes, he abounds in wealth! but does that afford any evidence that he will make a good husband? Is he rich? Yes, he has thousands floating on every ocean; but do not riches some sometimes take to themselves wings and fly away? and will you consent that your daughter shall marry a man who has nothing to recommend him but his wealth?—Ah? beware—the gilded bate sometimes covers the barbed hook. Ask not if he has wealth, but if he has honor.

Kind words are the brightest flowers of earth's existence; they make a paradise of the humblest home the world can show.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

NATURE'S PICTURE-GALLERY.

BY AMY SUMMERS.

Who reared this hall—the paintings dyed?
What purpose did the pencil move?
Our Father, human minds to guide
Unto the infinite Source of love.
More splendid 'tis than eastern dome,
Which, brilliant, dazzles those who gaze;
Or morque, whose counterfeits mimic real loom
Till drowned in floods of pearly haze.
The ceiling silver-sprinkled blue,
Arched perfectly by skill Divine,
With walls of varied emerald hue,
And carpets wrought in rose and vine.
At morn, Sol bathes it in his light,
And warms it with his genial ray—
A thousand golden lamps at night
Hang from the vaulted canopy.
Listen! for music's varied chime
Comes floating 'long the temple aisles,
Now in a thunder-tone sublime—
Now sweet and pure as angel smiles.

I love to tread this grand old hall,
Hallowed by steps of ages past,
Study the pictures on its wall—
Pictures by Master Artist cast—
Of forests which have braved the storms
Of centuries, still tow'ring high,
E'en to the moss and flow'ret germs,
Which, child-like, on Earth's bosom lie.
There, through the leaflets, shimmers white,
Silv'ry water decked with curls
Of foam which glimmer in the light
Like royal Cleopatra's pearls.
Fishes are gamb'ling in the wave,
Care-free they skim the surface o'er,
Then, diving 'neath, their jewels lave,
Naught sighing for the verdant shore.
See yonder cliff, whose craggy sides,
Strewn thick with sombre, jutting rocks,
Hang dizzily o'er caverns wide,
Where mystic nymph her treasure locks.
Songsters with plumes of rarest dye,
In rural fanes are gathered now,
Pouring their bird-notes to the sky,
As if the grateful heart to bow.
There in the back-ground waving fair
Are fields with treasure richly laden;
Here prairie-billows dance in air,
While flowers gay its bosom ride.

The Artist guards His pictures well;
Time's dusty fingers touch them not—
Ages roll on, and still they tell,
"The Artist never hath forgot."
A lesson beautiful they teach—
If He forsake His pictures never,
His infinite care will surely reach
Those for whose sake He paints them ever.

Rochester, Mich, 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TRUE HONOR.

The desire for honor is natural to man, and whether that desire shall be a blessing or a curse, depends upon our views in regard to what constitutes true honor. Ambition is a vice or a virtue, according to its object. Many expect to derive honor faom military achievements. They are willing to fill earth with the lamentations of widows and orphans, if they may but fill the mouths of their fellow-mortals with their praise. And they often gain their object. A large portion of the labor of the historian is expended in recording the deeds of heroes. But do they gain true honor? Can the fame that results from the overthrow of empires and the blasting of the happiness of thousands, be sought after by a noble mind?—As the world progresses in virtue, the hero will receive less and less praise, until there will come a time when he will cease to be worshiped by the populace. Robbed of the false glare that is now thrown around him, by poets and historians, he shall become the object of the world's detestation. Reader, do you desire such a fame—a fame that is only significant of ignorance and disgrace?

But does not literary fame bring true honor with it? Surely the son of genius cannot be destitute of an enviable reputation. The possessor of a superior intellect, when his mental powers are properly employed, is an honor to his country. The genius of Pascal reflects more true credit upon France than all the victories of Napoleon. Newton has spread more glory upon England than all the heroes to whom she ever gave birth. Perhaps Dante's immortal poem has done more to perpetuate the fame of Florence than all the wealth that once made her the mart of trade and commerce; and Bryant's poetry may be read in a hundred climes, when the names of Cerero Gordo and Monterey shall have faded from the memories of men. All honor to the virtuous man of genius. He is one of the noblest gifts that heaven ever bestows upon our race.

But genius used to pervert mankind, confers nothing but infamy upon him who is cursed with it; and many of earths' intellectual giants have gained for themselves only an immortality of shame. Who, that has not devested himself of every noble emotion, can look with any other feeling than that of disgust upon the man of talent perverting his powers of mind to the service of the evil one? Who ever felt any *real esteem* for Byron? Thousands have read and praised his works, because in them they find apologies for their vices; but at the same time they could not help despising the poet in their hearts. Had Voltaire's talents been used aright, they might have made him the favorite of the virtuous and the intelligent, but their pervertion robbed him of the esteem of all whose praise was worth gaining. Mere genius cannot, then, confer true honor upon its possessor.

True honor belongs only to the good man. All men admire virtue and respect him who exhibits it in his life. The philanthropist and the patriot, may not be the favorites of their own age. They may even arouse the anger of their contemporaries by their opposition to the desires of the populace, and their denunciations of vice. Still, in their hours of sober thought, the most vicious cannot but respect them—while time shall wipe from their characters every stain that envy or malice has attempted to fix upon them. Man's highest honor, however, is derived from the favor of heaven, and this belongs to every good man. It confers upon all who seek it a nobler heritage than thrones and coronets ever gave to their possessors. S. L. Leonard.

Butler, Wis., 1859.

POWER OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

There is another important power that the instructor should call to his aid, and that is the power of the beautiful. A more important element in the formation of character than this the teacher has not within his command, for all that is *truly* beautiful is truly good, and upon it rests the basis of all character worth possessing. The whole human species acknowledge its power in some form. From the monarch on his throne to the wild Indian of the forest, its power is felt and sought after; but what a poor idea do they conceive of it, and how sadly and sometimes how miserably do they attempt to express it. With the lowest of the human species this power ceases. The brute knows nothing of the forms of beauty or of ornament. The glorious trees that spread their floral crowns above his head attract no admiration. The silken-petaled flowers beneath his feet are less to him than the ugly *weed* from which he wins a savory morsel.

And so with the lower orders of human life. The minds that are most allied to the brute have little or no love of the truly beautiful; and wherever we cultivate this love, we cultivate the higher nature of man. For beauty, symmetry, harmony, are only forms of that perfect unison and completeness which is the great aim of the Creator; and an appreciation of the beautiful is in some degree necessary to a full comprehension of the charm of virtue, or the power of truth. That outer garden of earthly beauty with which God has surrounded us, is but the symbol of that inner garden of the heart which he has commanded us to cultivate to its fullest perfection for ourselves, and to teach its culture to those who are placed under our charge. We all know the ennobling effects of this love of the beautiful, and the love of virtue and the love of God that is called out by it; and to some extent we are adding this power to the means used for the culture of the young. There is nothing that so shows the gleaming love of the great All-Father as the wondrous beauty with which the earth is spread. Without this bond, what are we? What is the bond that binds us to virtue and truth? Let us cultivate it then, not only by surrounding our school room yards and walls by beautiful objects, but by teaching the mind as well as the eye to look into and appreciate them. When the mind of the student is weary with his efforts at some dry study—some science into whose dark chambers he sees but dimly—call him aside with you to listen to the flowers while they whisper of that love and harmony that formed all nature, and underlies all science, and he will turn back refreshed and strengthened, feeling that even the iron gate through which he must enter is carved and hewn into forms of beauty. Not only moral but mental strength has been imparted to him, and he is better able to battle with difficulties in his way up the hill of science, for the time spent in the more lovely and delightful walks of nature.

"For sure of all that in this mortal frame,
Contained is, naught more divine doth seem,
Or that resembleth more the immortal flame
Of heavenly light than beauty's glorious beam."

The student who finds no echo in his heart for the beautiful is a student to be feared. If that principle cannot be awakened into activity, what else may be taught him will but add tenfold power to the discordant elements within him.—*Pres. Arey.*

WHERE THE STRENGTH LIES?

Where is the strength and safety of a people? Is it in their multitude? Look at Europe, and behold the million the sport of the few—look at the nations and races, trampled by a tithe of their numbers in the dust—look at the myriad slaves whom a thousand tyrants and taskmen scourge in the fields, and camps and dungeons. The strength of a people is not alone in multitudes. Is it in the power of revolutions and massacres, or in the bayonets they can fling to the gleam of the sun? Did bayonets save Rome—did they save Poland, and Hungary, and France, and Germany to the people? The strength and safety of a people lie in *their knowledge of their rights, and their union in defense of them.* Ignorant and disunited, the greater the danger of a people. They fall upon and destroy themselves. In their hands bayonets become suicidal. Give a people a true knowledge of themselves, and no power can oppose them. Liberty comes with intelligence, and the unarmed, intelligent million are stronger than ignorant, armed millions. The strength of the American people lies least in the number of their cannon and most in their school-houses, newspapers and books.—These are indestructible weapons, to which age adds knowledge and might;—and armed with these, we are safer and stronger than soils bristling with murderous steel. Armed with these, millions lean together, and strike mightily, but bloodlessly as one man, through the ballot-box:

——"a weapon surer yet,
And mightier than the bayonet;
A weapon that comes down as still,
As snow-flakes fall upon the sod,
And executes a freeman's will,
As lightnings do the will of God!"

Deeds.—Deeds are greater than words. Deeds have such a life, mute, but undeniable, and grow as living trees and fruit trees do; they people the vacuity of time, and make it green and worthy. Why should the oak prove logically that it ought to grow and will grow? Plant it, try it; what gifts of diligent, judicious assimilation and secretion it has of progress and resistance, of force to grow, will then declare themselves.—*Carlyle.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SWEET HOURS.

BY LIBBY NEAL.

To me those are the sweetest hours
I ever knew,
When wand'ring through the enchanted bowers
Of friendship true,
When, 'mid a group of chosen ones,
I plainly spoke
My honest thoughts, in kindly tones,
Without a cloak—
When they, with frankness, in return,
Their feelings told—
O, those are hours I would not spurn
For stores of gold!
How kindred spirits sweetly blend
In harmony,
When they, around the fireside, spend,
In unity,
The happy wintry evening—when
The blast without
Is chilling, piercing—then, O, then,
Must vanish doubt—
Or when, in some secluded nook,
We there would read—
Would turn the leaves of Mem'ry's book,
And o'er them brood—
Would note with care each time-worn page
That bears the name
Of friends who are treading life's rough stage,
(Perchance, to fame;)
Or when we ramble by the side
Of those we love,
To gather flowers that, nestling, hide
'Neath leaves above.
O, where can *sweeter* joys be found
Than these bespeak?
Though earth with *these* and *more* abound,
Still are they weak
Compared to those which Heaven bestows
On faithful ones
Who seeks to rise, wherever glows
Sunlight from the throne.
Ah, yes! those hours are happier yet
Than Earth employs,
When 'neath the sacred desk we sit
'Mid Heavenly joys,
And dream of sacred hours of bliss
And purity,
In a fair world remote from this—
In yon bright sky.
And blessed, too, those hours of prayer
When communion sweet
We have, and every burden bear
To th' mercy seat.
When to our Maker's patient ear
Our woes we tell,
Assured that *He* alone can hear,
And that *He* only will.

Northville, Mich., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

"The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God."—Psalms 14: 1.

This sentence seems to be applicable to many of the present age. It can be applied quite appropriately to that class of persons who endeavor, by unceasing effort and the use of dishonorable means, to accumulate wealth. They make it their great object to become rich in earthly possessions, forgetting that time will soon cut them off, and they must leave all behind. They have said in their hearts, "There is no God,"—no one to reward the good, or punish the wicked.

How terrible must be the feelings of the Atheist on the bed of death. He cannot look forward with the fond hope of beholding Jesus and dwelling forever in his presence,—all is darkness to him. He struggles with death, and passes away without hope and without Christ.

All nature declares the existence of God. The whole universe bears the stamp of a First Cause, infinitely wise and powerful. Every plant, and every atom on the face of the globe, bears witness of a Deity. We cannot look upon even a spider's web, or the ant's granaries, without acknowledging that there is a higher being than a creature, who has implanted this genius in them. When we look upon a garment, we know there has been a weaver; when we see houses and ships, we understand there has been a carpenter and an architect; when we look upon the solar system, we know there *is* a God. We might as well doubt that there is a sun, when we witness its dazzling rays, as to doubt there is a God when we see his mighty works.

The existence of a God has been acknowledged by all nations, and in all ages. However barbarous or profligate they have been, they have confessed a Higher and more Infinite Being than man. It is folly for any to shut their eyes and stop their ears, and attribute those things to chance which nothing but a Being infinitely wise and powerful could effect.

The last moments of the dying Christian furnish another and a powerful argument. His death is like the morning star which goeth not down in the darkness, but melts away in celestial brightness. He leaves this world with the solemn assurance that he will go to a better, where he will be at the right hand of Jesus, singing His praise forever.

Guilford, Medina Co., O., 1859. J. A. Clark.

Want of Sympathy.—The immense defect the want of sympathy is, may be strikingly seen in the failure of the many attempts that have been made in all ages to construct the Christian character, omitting sympathy. It has produced numbers of people, walking up and down one narrow plank of self-restraint, pondering over their own merits and demerits, keeping out, not the world exactly, but their fellow creatures from their hearts, and caring only to drive their neighbors before them, on this plank of theirs, or to push them headlong. Thus with many virtues, and much hard work, at the formation of character, we have had splendid bigots or censorious small people.—*Friends in Council.*

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S FATE ASCERTAINED.

RETURN OF LADY FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.

For more than two hundred years the attention of the principal nations of Europe has been directed to the Arctic regions. Of this cold clime, locked in everlasting ice, little was known, and that little so strange, so romantic, as to excite a strong desire for further knowledge. Expeditions of hardy and courageous adventurers, aided and encouraged by Governments, Geographical and other Associations, have from time to time been sent on perilous voyages of discovery to these inhospitable seas and shores. The earliest attempts to navigate the Arctic seas were induced by the hope of finding a north-west passage to the East Indies, a problem that for a long time engaged the attention of the commercial world, but as the hope of any practical advantage in this direction decreased, the love of science—the desire to add to the sum of human knowledge—was found quite sufficient to induce men of science and courage to peril their lives in this hazardous work. The extension of trade in oils and furs, the principal products of the polar regions, however, was one of the objects sought and gained by these expeditions. Of late years our own countrymen have taken an active share in these perilous adventures, impelled partly by love of excitement, partly from hope of profit in the whale and seal fisheries.

Among the noted adventurers in these regions may be mentioned the names of PHIPPS, DESHNEW, BEHRING, BILLINGS, VANCOUVER, FORBISHER, BAFFIN, BARROW, PARRY, ROSS AND FRANKLIN. FRANKLIN sailed from England on the 20th of May, 1845, with 138 men and two ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*. The expedition was not expected home, nor were tidings expected from it, until the close of the year 1847, but when that time arrived without bringing any intelligence, the public became alarmed for its safety. Since that time, the expeditions to the Arctic have been undertaken with higher and holier motives,—the desire to rescue, if possible, these noble men from their icy prison house. In 1848 three expeditions were sent by the British Government in search of FRANKLIN; in 1850 three more were sent out by the Government, beside two by Lady FRANKLIN, two by public subscription, and one by HENRY GRINNELL of New York. FRANKLIN'S first winter quarters were found, but nothing more. In 1852 Sir EDWARD BELCHER sailed from England, in search of him, with five vessels, and Commander DAYLEFIELD with a screw steamer. In 1853 Dr. KANE went out as commander of the second Grinnell Expedition; Lady FRANKLIN sent a steamer and sailing vessel; Dr. RAE started for a second exploration of Boothia, and two vessels were sent in aid of Sir EDWARD BELCHER. In 1854 Dr. RAE heard from Esquimaux a story of forty white men sledging toward the south, near King William's Land, in the spring of 1850, and later, of thirty white corpses and some graves on the continent, and five corpses, considerably eaten, on an island a few miles to the north-west of the mouth of Back's River. Dr. RAE found telescopes, guns, and watches among the natives. Mr. ANDERSON visited the island in 1855, and found many articles, but no bodies. He was unable to reach the principal scene of disaster. The fate of Sir JOHN remained a mystery until the discovery of M'CLINTOCK, of which we give a full account, with a portrait of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, and a view of *Winter Quarters in the Arctic Region.*

The London *Times*, from which we copy, Capt. M'CLINTOCK'S Report, says—"The FOX screw discovery vessel, Capt. M'CLINTOCK, R. N., which had been sent to the Arctic Regions, at the expense of Lady FRANKLIN, to discover traces of the missing expedition, arrived off the Isle of Wight on Wednesday, Sept. 21. On landing, Capt. M'CLINTOCK at once came on by train for London, bringing with him two cases containing relics of the long-missing expedition of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN. The following are copies of original papers left by Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, and found by Capt. M'CLINTOCK on *Prince of Wales Island:*

—— of May, 1847.

Her Majesty's ships Erebus and Terror wintered in the ice in lat. 70 deg. 5 min., lon. 98 deg. 23 min. W.

Having wintered in 1846-7 at Beechey Island, in lat 74 deg. 43 minutes 28 sec. N., 91 deg. 39 min. 15 sec. W., after ascending Wellington Channel to lat. 77 deg., and returning by the west side of Cornwallis Island.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.
All well. Commanding Expedition.

Whoever finds this paper is requested to forward it to the Secretary of the Admiralty, London, with a note of the time and place at which it was found, or, if more convenient, to deliver it for that purpose to the British Consul at the nearest port.

The same in French.
The same in Spanish.
The same in Dutch.
The same in Danish.
The same in German.

Left the ships Monday the 25th of May, 1847, the party consisting of two officers and six men.

G. M. GORE, Lieutenant.
CHAS. F. DES VŒUX, Mate.

The words "Wintered in 1846–47 at Beechey Island," should be "in 1845-46," as in 1846–47 they were beset in the ice, and the ships abandoned in April, 1848. The same mistake occurs in both papers.

Admiralty, Sept. 22.

We give in full the report of Capt. M'CLINTOCK, after the first winter, in which nothing of general interest occurred.

CAPTAIN M'CLINTOCK'S REPORT TO THE ADMIRALTY.

The Fox effected her escape out of the main pack in Davis' Straits, in lat. 63½ deg. N., on 25th April, 1858, after a winter's ice drift of 1,194 geographical miles. The small settlement of Holsteinborg was reached on the 28th, and such very scanty supplies obtained as the place afforded.

On May 8th our voyage was recommenced; Godhaven and Uppernavik visited, Melville Bay entered early in June, and crossed to Cape York by the 26th. Here some natives were communicated with. They immediately recognized Mr. Peterson, our interpreter, formerly known to them in the Grinnell expedition, under Dr. Kane. In reply to our inquiries for the Esquimaux dog driver "Hans," left behind from the Advance in 1858, they told us that he was residing at Whale Sound. Had he been there I would most gladly have embarked him, as his longing to return to South Greenland continues unabated.

On the 12th July communicated with the Cape Warrender natives, near Cape Horsburgh, they had not seen any ships since the visit of the Phœnix in 1854, nor have any wrecks ever drifted upon their shores.

It was not until 27th July that we reached Pond's Inlet owing to a most unusual prevalence of ice in the northern portion of Baffin's Bay, and which rendered our progress since leaving Holsteinborg one of increasing struggle. Without steam power we could have done nothing. Here only one old woman and a boy were found, but they served to pilot us up the inlet for 25 miles, when we arrived at their village. For about a week we were in constant and most interesting communication with these friendly people.—Briefly, the information obtained from them was, that nothing whatever respecting the Franklin expedition had come to their knowledge, nor had any wrecks within the last 20 or 30 years reached their shores.

The remains of three wrecked ships are known to them; two of these appear to have been the whalers Dexterity and Aurora, wrecked in August, 1821, seventy or eighty miles southward of Pond's Inlet. The third vessel, now almost buried in the sand, lies a few miles east of Cape Hay. This people communicate overland every winter with the tribes at Iglook. They all knew of Parry's ships having wintered there in 1822-3, and had heard of late years of Dr. Rae's visit to Repulse Bay, describing his boats as similar to our whaleboat, and his party as living in tents, within snow-houses, smoking pipes, shooting reindeer, &c. None died. They remained there only one winter.

No rumor of the lost expedition has reached them. Within Pond's Inlet the natives told us the ice decays away every year, but so long as any remains whales abound. Several large whales were seen by us, and we found among the natives a considerable quantity of whalebone and many norwhals' horns, which they were anxious to barter for knives, files, saws, rifles, and wool; they drew us some rude charts of the inlet, showing that it expands into an extensive channel looking westward into Prince Regent's Inlet.

We could not but regret that none of our own whaling friends—from whom we had recently received so much kindness—were here to profit by so favorable an oppportunity. Leaving Pond's Inlet on the 6th August, we reached Beechey Island on the 11th, and landed a handsome marble tablet, sent on board for this purpose by Lady Franklin, bearing an appropriate inscription to the memory of our lost countrymen in the Erebus and Terror.

The provisions and stores seemed in perfect order, but a small boat was much damaged from having been turned over and rolled along the beach by a storm. The roof of the house received some necessary repairs. Having embarked some coal and stores we stood in need of, and touched at Cape Hotham on the 16th, we sailed down Peel Strait for 25 miles on the 17th, but finding the remainder of this channel covered by unbroken ice, I determined to make for Bellot Strait on the 19th of August, examined into supplies remaining at Port Leopold, and left there a whale-boat, which we brought away from Cape Hotham for the purpose, so as to aid us in our retreat should we be obliged eventually to abandon the Fox. The steam launch had been forced higher up on the beach, and somewhat damaged by the ice. Prince Regent's Inlet was unusually free from ice; but very little was seen during our run to Brentford Bay, which we reached on the 20th of August.—Bellot Strait, which communicates with the western sea, averages one mile in width by 17 or 18 miles in length. At this time it was filled with drift ice, but as the season advanced became perfectly clear; its shores are in many places faced with lofty granite cliffs, and some of the adjacent hills rise to 1,600 feet; the tides are very strong, running six or seven knots at the springs. On the 6th of September we passed Bellot Strait without obstruction, and secured the ship to fixed ice across its western outlet. From here, until the 27th, when I deemed it necessary to retreat into winter quarters, we constantly watched the movements of the ice in the western sea or channel. In mid-channel it was broken up and drifting about; gradually the proportion of water increased, until at length the ice which intervened was reduced to three or four miles in width. But this was firmly held fast by numerous islets, and withstood the violence of the Autumn gales. It was tantalizing beyond description thus to watch from day to day the free water which we could not reach, and which washed the rocky shore a few miles to the southward of us.

During the Autumn attempts were made to carry out depots of provisions towards the magnetic pole; but these almost entirely failed, owing to the disruption of the ice to the southward.—Lieutenant Hobson returned with his sledge parties in November, after much suffering from severe weather, and imminent peril on one occasion, when the ice upon which they were encamped became detached from the shore, and drifted off to the leeward with them.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

Our wintering position was at the east entrance to Bellot Strait, in a snug harbor, which I have named Port Kennedy, after my predecessor in these waters, the commander of one of Lady Franklin's former searching expeditions. Although vegetation was tolerably abundant, and our two Esquimaux hunters, Mr. Peterson, and several sportsmen, constantly on the alert, yet the resources of the country during eleven months and a half only yielded us eight reindeer, two bears, eighteen seals, and a few water fowl and ptarmigan.

The winter was unusually cold and stormy.—Arrangements were completed during the winter for carrying out our intended plan of search; I felt it to be my duty personally to visit Marshal Island, and in so doing proposed to complete the circuit of King William Island.

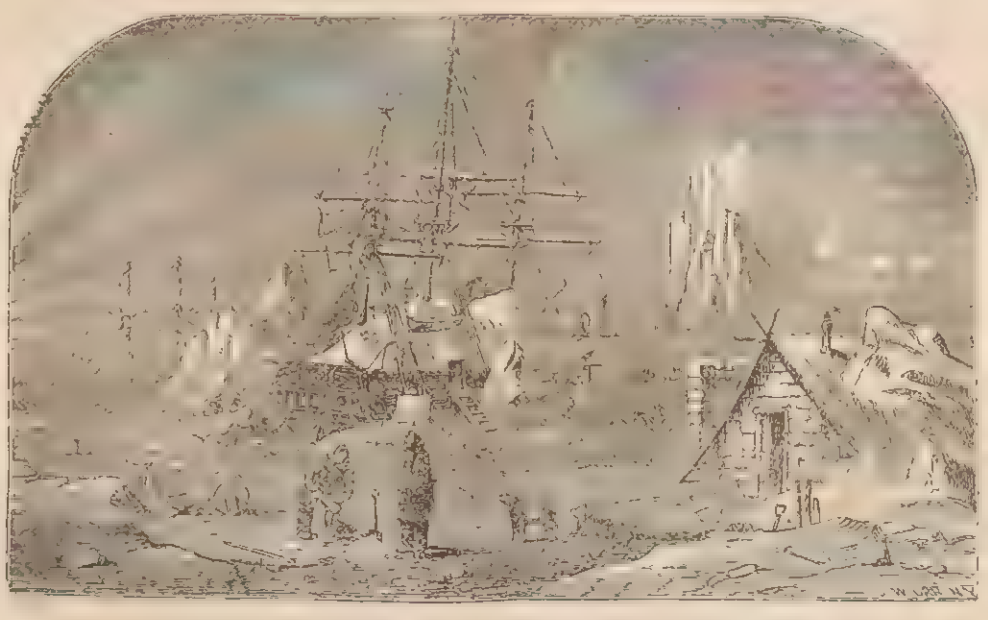
To Lieut. Hobson I allotted the search of the western shore of Boothia to the magnetic pole, and from Gateshead Island westward to Wyniatt's furthest. Capt. Allen Young, our sailing master, was to trace the shore of Prince of Wales Land, from Browne's furthest; and also to examine the coast from Bellot Strait northward, to Sir James Rae's furthest.

Early Spring journeys were commenced on the 17th of February, 1859, by Capt. Young and myself, Capt. Young carrying his depot across to Prince of Wales Land, while I went southward, toward the magnetic pole, in the hope of communicating with the Esquimaux, and obtaining such information as might lead us at once to the object of our search.

I was accompanied by Mr. Peterson, our interpreter, and Alexander Thompson, quartermaster. We had with us two sledges drawn by dogs. On Feb. 28, when near Cape Victoria, we had the good vortune to meet a small party of natives, and were subsequently visited by about forty-five individuals.

For four days we remained in communication with them, obtaining many relics, and the information that several years ago a ship was crushed by the ice off the north shore, off King William Island, but that all her people landed safely, and went away to the Great Fish River, where they died. This tribe was well supplied with wood, obtained, they said, from a boat left by the white men on the Great River.

We reached our vessel after 25 days' absence, in good health, but somewhat reduced by sharp marching and the unusually severe weather to which we had been exposed. For several days after starting the mercury continued frozen.



WINTER QUARTERS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

On the 2d of April our long projected Spring journeys were commenced; Lieut. Hobson accompanied me as far as Cape Victoria; each of us had a sledge drawn by four men, and an auxiliary sledge drawn by six dogs. This was all the force we could muster.

Before separating we saw two Esquimaux families living out upon the ice in snow huts, from them we learned that a second ship had been seen off King William Island, and that she drifted ashore in the fall of the same year. From this ship they had obtained a vast deal of wood and iron.

I now gave Lieut. Hobson directions to search for the wreck, and follow up any traces he might find upon King William Island.

Accompanied by my own party and Mr. Peterson, I marched along the east shore of King William Island, occasionally passing deserted snow huts, but without meeting natives till the 8th of May, when off Cape Norton we arrived at a snow village containing about 30 inhabitants.—They gathered about us without the slightest appearance of fear or shyness, although none had ever seen living white people before. They were most willing to communicate all their knowledge, and barter all their goods, but would have stolen everything had they not been closely watched. Many more relics of our countrymen were obtained—we could not carry away all we might have purchased. They pointed to the inlet we had crossed the day before, and told us that one day's march up it, and from thence four days overland, brought them to the wreck.

None of these people had been there since 1857-8, at which time they said but little remained, their countrymen having carried away almost everything.

Most of our information was received from an intelligent old woman. She said it was in the fall of the year that the ship was forced ashore.—Many of the white men dropped by the way, as they went toward the Great River; but this was only known to them in the winter following, when their bodies were discovered. They all assured us that we would find natives upon the south shore, at the Great River, and some few at the wreck; but unfortunately this was not the case. Only one family was met with off Point Booth, and none at Montreal Island, or any place subsequently visited.

Point Ogle, Montreal Island, and Barrow Island, were searched without finding anything except a few scraps of copper and iron in an Esquimaux hiding-place.

Recrossing the Strait to King William Island, we continued the examination of its southern shore without success until the 24th of May, when, about ten miles eastward of Cape Herschel, a bleached skeleton was found, around which lay fragments of European clothing. Upon carefully removing the snow a small pocket-book was found containing a few letters; these, although much decayed, may yet be deciphered. Judging from the remains of his dress this unfortunate young man was a steward or officer's servant, and his position exactly verified the Esquimaux's assertion that they dropped as they walked along.

On reaching Cape Herschel next day, we examined Simpson's Cairn, or rather what remains of it, which is only four feet high, and the central stones have been removed, as if by men seeking something within it. My impression at the time, and which I still retain, is that records were deposited there by the retreating crews, and subsequently removed by the natives.

After parting from me at Cape Victoria on the 28th of April, Lieut. Hobson made for Cape Felix; at a short distance westward of it, he found a very large cairn, and close to it three small tents, with blankets, old clothes, and other relics of a shooting or a magnetic station; but although the cairn was dug under, and a trench dug all around it at a distance of ten feet, no record was discovered.—A piece of blank paper folded up as was found in the cairn, and two broken bottles, which may perhaps have contained records, lay beside it, among some stones which had fallen from off the top.—The most interesting of the articles discovered here, including a boat's ensign, were brought away by Mr. Hobson. About two miles further to the south-west, a small cairn was found, but neither records nor relics obtained. About three miles north of Point Victory, a second small cairn was examined, but only a broken pick-ax and empty canister found.

On 6th May, Lieut. Hobson pitched his tent beside a large cairn upon Point Victory. Lying among some loose stones which had fallen from the top of this cairn was found a small tin case, containing a record, the substance of which is briefly as follows:—This cairn was built by the Franklin Expedition upon the assumed site of James Ross' pillar, which had not been found. The Erebus and Terror spent their first winter at Beechy Island, after having ascended Wellington Channel to lat. 7° N., and returned by the west side of Cornwallis Island. On the 12th September, 1846, they were beset in lat. 70° 05' N., and long 98° 23' W.

Sir J. Franklin died on the 11th of June, 1847. On the 22d of April, 1848, the ships were abandoned five leagues to the N. N. W. of Point Victory, and the survivors 105 in number, landed here under the command of Capt. Crozier. This paper was dated 25th of April, 1848, and upon the following day they intended to start for the Great Fish River. The total loss by deaths in the expedition up to this date was nine officers and fifteen men. A vast quantity of clothing and stores of all sorts lay strewed about, as if here every article was thrown away which could possibly be dispensed with; pick-axes, shovels, boats, cooking utensils, iron-work, rope, blocks, canvas, a dip circle, a sextant engraved "Fredric Hornby, R. N.," a small medicine chest, oars, &c.

A few miles southward, across Back Bay a second record was found, having been deposited by Lieut. Gore and M. des Vœux, in May, 1847.—It afforded no additional information.

Lieut. Hobson continued his search until within a few days' march of Cape Herschel, without finding any trace of the wreck or of natives. He left full information of his important discoveries for me; therefore, when returning northward by the west shore of King William Island, I had the advantage of knowing what had already been found.

Soon after leaving Cape Herschel, the traces of natives became less numerous and less recent, and after rounding the west point of the island they ceased altogether. The shore is extremely low, and almost utterly destitute of vegetation. Numerous banks of shingle and low islets lie off it, and beyond these Victoria Strait is covered with heavy and impenetrable packed ice.

When in lat. 69° 09' N., and long. 99° 27' W., we came to a larger boat, discovered by Lieut. Hobson a few days previously, as his notice informed me. It appears that this boat had been intended for the ascent of the Fish River, but was abandoned apparently upon a return journey to the ships, the sledge upon which she was mounted being pointed in that direction. She measured 28 feet in length, by 7½ feet wide, was most carefully fitted, and made as light as possible, but the sledge was of solid oak, and almost as heavy as the boat.

A large quantity of clothing was found within her, also two human skeletons. One of these lay in the after part of the boat, under a pile of clothing; the other, which was much more disturbed, probably by animals, was found in the bow. Five pocket-watches, a quantity of silver spoons and forks, and a few religious books, were also found, but no journals, pocket-books, or even names upon any articles of clothing. Two double-barreled guns stood upright against the boat's side, precisely as they had been placed eleven years before. One barrel in each was loaded and cocked; there was ammunition in abundance, also 30 or 40 lbs. of chocolate, some tea, and tobacco. Fuel was not wanting; a drift-tree lay within 100 yards of the boat.

Many very interesting relics were brought away by Lieut. Hobson, and some few by myself. On the 5th of June I reached Point Victory, without having found anything further. The clothing, &c., was again examined for documents, note-books, &c., without success; a record placed in the cairn, and another buried ten feet north of it.

Nothing worthy of remark occurred on my return journey to the ship, which we reached on the 19th of June, five days after Lieut. Hobson.

The shore of King William Island, between its north and west extremes, Capes Felix and Crozier, has not been visited by Esquimaux since the abandonment of the Erebus and Terror, as the cairns and articles lying strewed about, which are in their eyes of priceless value, remain untouched.

If the wreck still remains visible, it is probable she lies upon some of the off-lying islets to the southward between Capes Crozier and Herschel.

On the 28th of June, Capt. Young and his party returned, having completed their portion of the search, by which the insularity of Prince of Wales Land was determined, and the coast-line intervening between the extreme points reached by Lieuts. Osborne and Browne discovered; also, between Bellot Strait and Sir James Ross' furtherest in 1849, at Four River Bay.

Fearing that his provisions might not last out the requisite period, Capt. Young sent back four of his men, and for forty days journeyed on thro fogs and gales with but one man and the dogs, building a snow hut each night; but few men could stand so long a continuance of labor and privation, and its effect upon Capt. Young was painfully evident.

Lieutenant Hobson was unable to stand without assistance upon his return on board; he was not in good health when he commenced his long journey, and the sudden severe exposure brought on a severe attack of scurvey; yet he also most ably completed his work; and such facts will more clearly evince the unflinching spirit with which the object of our voyage has been pursued in these detached duties than any praise of mine.

We were now, at length, all on board again. As there were some slight cases of scurvy, all our treasured resources of Burton ale, lemon juice, and fresh animal food were put into requisition, so that in a comparatively short time all were restored to sound health.

During our sojourn in Port Kennedy we were twice called upon to follow a shipmate to the grave. Mr. Geo. Brands, engineer, died of apoplexy, on the 6th of November, 1858; he had been out deer-shooting for several hours that day, and appeared in excellent health. On the 14th of June, 1859, Thomas Blackwell, ship's steward, died of scurvy; this man had served in two of the former searching expeditions. The summer proved a warm one; we were able to start upon our homeward voyage on the 9th of August, and although the loss of the engine driver in 1857, and of the engineer in 1858, left us with only two stokers, yet with their assistance I was able to control the engines and steam the ship up to Fury Point. For six days we lay there closely beset, when a change of wind removing the ice, our voyage was continued almost without further interruption, to God-heaven, in Disco, where we arrived on the 27th of August, and were received with great kindness by Mr. Olick, Inspector of North Greenland, and the local authorities, who obligingly supplied our few wants. The two Esquimaux dog drivers were now discharged, and on the 1st of September we sailed for England.

From all that can be gleaned from the record paper, and the evidence afforded by the boat, and various articles of clothing and equipment discovered, it appears that the abandonment of the Erebus and Terror had been deliberately arranged, and every effort exerted during the third winter to render the traveling equipments complete.

It is much to be apprehended that disease had greatly reduced the strength of all on board—far more, perhaps, than they themselves were aware of.

The distance by sledge route from the position of the ships when abandoned to the boat, is sixty-five geographical miles; and from the ships to Montreal Island, 220 miles. The most perfect order seems to have existed throughout.

F. L. M'CLINTOCK, Captain, R. N.
Commanding the Final Searching Expedition.
Yacht Fox, R. Y. S., off the Isle of Wight, Sept. 21, '59.

TO RURAL AGENTS, SUBSCRIBERS, &c.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER *enters upon a New Quarter this week, and we embrace the occasion to notify its Agents, Subscribers and other friends that single and club subscriptions—either for a year, or three months, on trial—are now in order and respectfully solicited. To those who know and appreciate the paper, we need only say that the quarter upon which we now enter, and the ensuing volume, will be worthy the enviable reputation the* RURAL *has attained—and all others are invited to give it a careful examination. It has thousands of ardent and influential friends, each of whom will, we trust, make some effort (during the ensuing few weeks and months,) to augment its circulation and usefulness in their respective localities,—and* NOW *is the Best Time to Commence the Canvass. As liberal Premiums and Gratuities will be given for Clubs, &c., as last year.* *Oct.* 1, 1859.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 29, 1859.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

THE correspondent of the N. Y. *Times* writes that Secretary Cass has received a letter from the Mexican Consul at Brownsville, stating that the men engaged in the recent outrages in that place are all American citizens—no Mexicans by birth. They reside in Texas, and only four of them passed over into Mexico. The Consul visited their Chief in person, and induced the party to disperse.

Latest accounts from Texas say Gen. Twiggs had ordered two companies of Infantry to Brownsville, and a body of Cavalry were scouting through that region.

The Government has not yet been officially advised that Minister Ward has reached Pekin, but information received in diplomatic quarters leaves no doubt of the fact. It is confidently expected that the ratification treaty will reach here before the meeting of Congress.

The names of various gentlemen have been named in connection with the mission to France, but no action has been taken, and it is doubtful whether it has yet been even considered by the President.

Mr. Irving, Secretary of the British Legation, is among the recent arrivals.

The President has commenced the preparation of his annual message.

District Attorney Ould and Col. Lee have returned from Harper's Ferry. The former has had a conference with the President, and the latter an interview with the Secretary of War. U. S. Marshal Johnson, of Ohio, now here, says one of the parties engaged with Brown was prominent in the Oberlin rescue.

Parties have been arrested at Washington for uttering counterfeit gold dollars and halves, remarkably well executed, but lighter than the genuine. It is supposed that several thousand dollars worth have been thrown into circulation. They were brought from Pennsylvania.

Receipts of the Treasury for the week ending Monday, were $1,021,000. Amount subject to draft, $4,677,000—an increase over previous week of $108,000.

The Harper's Ferry Insurrection.

IN the last issue of the RURAL we gave such particulars of this insurrection as had then been received, (leaving the insurgents in possession of the National Armory there situated,) and we now furnish our readers with all important details down to the defeat of the rioters and the suppression of the movement.

On the morning of the 18th Colonel Shute approached with a flag of truce, and demanded a surrender. After expostulating for some time the rioters refused, and the storming of the Armory was determined upon. The first attack was made by a detachment of the Charleston Guard, which crossed the Potomac river above Harper's Ferry, and reaching the building where the insurgents were posted, by the canal, on the Maryland side. Smart firing occurred, and the rioters were driven from the building. One man was killed. A man went out and tried to escape by swimming the river. A dozen shots were fired after him—his face blown off, and the body taken possession of. His coat skirts were cut off, and in the pockets were found a captain's commission to Capt. E. H. Leeman, from the "Provisional Government." The commission was dated Oct. 15th, 1859, signed by A. W. Brown, Commander-in-Chief of the army of the Provisional Government of the United States. A party of five of the insurgents, armed with minnie rifles, and posted in the rifle armory, were next expelled by the Charleston Guards. They all ran for the river, and one who was unable to swim was drowned. The other four swam out to the rocks in the middle of the Shenandoah, and fired upon the citizens and troops on both banks. This drew on them the muskets of between 200 and 300 men, and not less than four hundred shots were fired at them from Harper's Ferry, about 200 yards distant. One was finally shot dead; the second, a negro, attempted to jump over the dam, but fell short, and was not seen afterwards; the third was badly wounded, and the remaining ones taken unharmed. The white insurgent, wounded and captured, died in a few moments after.

For nearly one hour a running and random firing was kept up by the troops against the rioters. Several were shot down, and many managed to limp away wounded. During the firing the women and children ran shrieking in every direction, but when they learned the soldiers were their protectors, they took courage and did good service in the way of preparing refreshments and attending to the wounded.

In the meantime the Marines had advanced to the charge, and endeavored to break the door down with sledge hammers, but it resisted all their efforts. A large ladder was then used as a battering-ram, and the door gave way. The rioters fired briskly, and shot three Marines; the Marines firing in turn through the partly broken door. The Marines then forced their way through the breach, and in a few minutes all resistance was at an end. The following list comprises those killed and wounded among the insurgents, with their proper titles under the "Provisional Government":—Capt. Oliver Brown, dead; Capt. Watson Brown, dead; Capt. Aaron C. Stevens, of Conn., wounded badly,—he has three balls in him,—cannot possibly recover; Lieut. Coppie, of Conn., unhurt; Lieut. Albert Hasclett, of Pa., dead; Lieut. Leeman, of Maine, dead; Capt. John E. Cook, of Conn., escaped.

Privates—Stewart Taylor, of Canada, dead; C. P. Bidd, of Maine, dead; Wm. Thompson, of New York, dead; Adolph Thompson, of New York, dead; John Kage, of Ohio, dead; Jeremiah Anderson, of Ind., dead; three whites previously sent off, making seventeen whites. Negroes—Dangerfield, lately of Ohio, raised in Virginia, dead; Emperor, of N. Y., raised in South Carolina, not wounded but a prisoner—the latter was elected a member of the "Provisional Government" some time since; Lewis Leary, of Ohio, raised in Virginia, dead; Copeland, of Ohio, raised in Virginia, wounded, prisoner at Charleston. Gen. Brown has nine wounds, but none fatal.

The Gen. Brown above referred to is now a prisoner, and in conversation with various individuals, states that he is old Ossawatamie Brown, whose feats in Kansas have had such wide notoriety; that his whole object was to free the slaves, and justifies his action.

The first active movement in the insurrection was made at about half-past 10 o'clock on Sunday night. William Williamson, the watchman at Harper's Ferry bridge, whilst walking across toward the Maryland side, was seized by a number of men, who said he was their prisoner and must come with them. He recognized Brown and Cook among the men, and knowing them, treated the matter as a joke, but enforcing silence they conducted him to the Armory, which he found already in their possession. He was detained till after daylight, and then discharged.

The watchman who was to relieve Williamson at midnight, found the bridge lights all out. Supposing it an attempt at robbery, he broke away, and his pursuers tumbling over him he escaped. The next appearance of the insurrectionists was at the house of Col. Lewis Washington, a large farmer and a slave owner, living about four miles from the Ferry. A party headed by Cook proceeded there and rousing Col. Washington told him he was their prisoner. They also seized all the slaves near the house, took a carriage, a horse, and a large wagon with two horses.

Gen. Brown has made a full statement, in which he says he rented a farm from Dr. Kennedy six months since and the rent is paid till next March. He never had over twenty-two men at the farm at one time that belonged to the organization, but he expected reinforcements from Maryland, Kentucky, North and South Carolina and Canada. He had arms sufficient for 1,500 men. He had 200 revolvers, 200 Sharp's rifles, and 1,000 pistols. He left them at the farm; he had abundance of powder and other ammunition; he brought all the arms from time to time from Connecticut and other eastern points to Chambersburgh, Pa. They were directed to J. Smith & Sons, Kennedy Farm, his assumed name; they were packed in double boxes so as to deceive the parties who handled them to the farm; he says he made one mistake, in either not detaining the train on Sunday night, or permitting it to go along unmolested. This mistake, he seemed to infer, exposed his doings too soon, and prevented his reinforcements from coming.

A detachment of marines and some volunteers made a visit to Brown's house. They found a large quantity of blankets, boots, shoes, clothes, tents, and fifteen hundred pikes with large blades affixed. They also discovered a carpet bag containing documents throwing much light on the affair, printed constitutions and by-laws of an organization, showing or indicating ramifications in various States of the Union. Also letters from various individuals at the North—one from Fred. Douglas containing $10 from a lady for the cause. Also a letter from Gerrit Smith about money matters, and a check or draft by him for $100, endorsed by the Cashier of a New York Bank.

The Independent Grays, of Baltimore, found two wagon loads of arms at Brown's house. The arms consisted of boxes filled with Sharp's rifles, pistols, &c., all bearing the stamp of the Massachusetts Manufacturing Company, Chicopee, Mass. There were also found a quantity of United States' ammunition, a large number of spears, sharp iron bowie knives fixed upon poles, a terrible looking weapon, intended for the use of the negroes, with spades, pick-axes, shovels, and everything else that might be needed—thus proving that the expedition was well provided for, that a large party of men was expected to be armed, and that abundant means had been provided to pay all expenses.

Personal and Political.

THE Rev. John Angell James died in Birmingham, England, on the 1st inst., in his 75th year.—He was well known as a philanthropist and a religious writer, his "Anxious Inquirer" having been, says the Birmingham Journal, more extensively read than any other work, except the Bible and "The Pilgrim's Progress."

THE people of Canada have purchased William Lyon Mackenzie a fine Homestead in Toronto.—This substantial compliment has been richly earned by an earnest (though sometimes mistaken) zeal for the people, during the past 36 years.

ALBERT GALLATIN, grandson of the former Vice President, died 18th September, in the 85th year of his age, at Geneva, Switzerland, having sailed from Philadelphia on the 20th of June last, for the benefit of his health. Pure, high minded and honorable, he was widely esteemed, and was likewise distinguished in his profession for sound judgment and accuracy of legal investigation. He died in the birth-place of his grandfather, who was a Swiss.

A LETTER from Paris dated Oct. 6th, says that Senator Seward would leave England in two or three days for home.

IT now appears that Dr. Willing has been elected Delegate to Congress from Jefferson Territory, instead of Mr. Williams, as announced.

INTELLIGENCE has reached Leavenworth, Kansas, direct from Nebraska City, that Daily, Republican, is elected Delegate to Congress by a majority of 48 over Eastabrook, Democrat.

TWENTY-FIVE counties in Minnesota give 2,716 Republican majority. The seven to hear from gave a Republican majority in 1857. The St. Paul *Times* of the 15th, says the Republican majority in the State Senate is 7, and in the House 14.

THE House of Bishops has refused to restore Bishop Onderdonk conditionally or otherwise.

HON. ROBT. P. DUNLAP, Ex-Governor of Maine, Past Grand High Chief of the Royal Arch Masons for the United States, died on the evening of the 20th inst., at his residence in Brunswick.

IOWA ELECTION.—As far as heard from, the Republican majority is 2,066. The Senate (counting 14 Senators holding over, half of whom are Republicans and half Democrats,) stand thus far 25 Republicans to 14 Democrats. The House stands 45 Republicans and 24 Democrats, with 11 districts yet to hear from. The entire number of Senators elected is 43, and Representatives 86.

News Paragraphs.

A CITIZEN of Brooklyn bought an old clock at auction a few days ago for ten dollars. On taking it home he discovered that a looking glass which was in the back of the clock was cracked. He took it out with the intention of having a new one put in, when to his astonishment he discovered notes of the Bank of England behind it amounting to about $3,000.

THE servant girls in New York city have struck for higher wages—they want $10 a month. The Journal of Commerce says it is in consequence of assessments for the new Fourth Avenue Cathedral.

A COMPANY of Americans have launched a steamer on the Amoor River, on the southern portion of Siberia, and expect to make a profitable commercial enterprise out of it. The Russian officials show the greatest favor to them.

A MOVEMENT has been started in New York, among the Hebrews, for the formation of a Board of Representatives of the Jews in the United States. The plan proposes the formation of a Consistory of Delegates from each congregation in the United States. This body, like the British Board of Representatives, will look to and forward Jewish interests.

THE volcano at Maui, Sandwich Islands, was not so active at last accounts. The lava stream has cooled, so that horses cross without difficulty. A long point has been formed, running out into the sea at Kiholo, with a depth of water at the outer edge of sixty-three fathoms, and the liquid rock is still dropping out seaward.

Mr. LA MOUNTAIN's balloon, the Atlantic, which was abandoned by him in the Canada woods, has been secured and returned to Watertown, somewhat torn, but serviceable.

A COMPARATIVE statement of the wheat inspections in the State of Virginia, during the past quarter, ending Sept. 30, and same period of three preceeding years, shows that the crop of 1859 is the largest ever grown in the State.

AN exchange paper says:—"The best safety-valve to a boiler is a sober engineer. Congress may legislate till doomsday, but as long as the officers carry too much steam, the boats will follow their example."

THE Russian government has just commenced a railroad to connect Kiev to Odessa. It will take fifteen years to build it, and will involve more difficulties and a heavier outlay than would a road from St. Louis to San Francisco.

A COUPLE of woman, quarreling for place and power in the fancy needle-work department of the Canada Provincial Fair at Kingston, last week, came near breaking up the show—the husband of one of them removing his articles from exhibition, thus taking away the most of that department.

IN a case at Worcester, the Supreme Court of Massachusetts have decided that where confidential communication between client and counsel is overheard by a third person, such person may testify thereto. Communications to counsel are only so far privileged that the counsel cannot be permitted to testify to them.

THE people of the Southern counties of California have given a large majority in favor of separation from the rest of the State, and of the erection of themselves into a new Territory to be called Colorado.

SOME one insinuates that in America it takes three to make a pair—he, she, and a hired girl.—Had Adam been a modern, there would have been a hired girl in Paradise to look after little Abel and "raise Cain."

A FEARFUL malady has broken out among the Omaha Indians in Nebraska, and fifty of them have died. The Indians think it is the effect of eating the meat of the buffalo affected with bloody murrain. The Indians had thrown away all the meat of the one thousand buffaloes which they had put up for winter use, and were preparing for another buffalo hunt.

TWENTY YEARS ago the number of colored men in Canada West was 3,400; now there are more than 40,000. In four months after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, 10,000 poured into the country.

WESTWARD EMIGRATION.—According to advices received in St. Louis, 3,449 emigrant wagons have passed over the Western plains this season, for California and Salt Lake City—eight-ninths of them were going to California. Loose cattle estimated at from 120,000 to 140,000; sheep, 6,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Great Eastern quitted Portland at a quarter before 4 P. M., on the 8th, and anchored in Holyhead a quarter before 4 P. M. on the 10th, having accomplished the voyage round under favorable circumstances. The distance run during 48 hours is said to be something over 550 miles. The average rate of speed for the whole trip is stated to be a little over 13 knots, though during the greater part of the time the engine did not go at more than half that speed. The greatest speed attained was over 14½ knots, or nearly 17 miles per hour. This was accomplished without any special exertions on the part of the engines, but a considerable quantity of canvass was spread. The weather during the trip was squally, and at times heavy ground swells were experienced, causing, according to some authorities, a good deal of pitching and rolling on the part of the vessel, while others say that the motion, if at all, was most slight.

It was reported that the Great Eastern would remain at Holyhead 10 or 12 days, and then proceed to Southampton to have her boilers thoroughly repaired, in accordance to the requirements of the Board of Trade. The correspondent of the London *Times*, on board the steamship, writing before the run to Holyhead, says it is more than probable that the ship will not leave England during the winter, and that Southampton will probably be her winter quarters.

The London *Times*, in another editorial on the San Juan difficulties, reiterates the denunciation of Gen. Harney's course.

Rumors were current of considerable differences, and even a split in the English Cabinet, on the Chinese question.

Great hope had been raised that the builders' strike in London was about to be terminated, but on the day preceding the steamer's departure these hopes were dispelled, the pending negotiations having terminated in an unsatisfactory manner.

The official correspondence between the British Government and its officials in China, relating to the measures taken for the ratification of the treaty at Pekin, is published. The Hon. Col Bruce, British Ambassador, states positively that if Admiral Hope had expressed any doubts as to the result of attempting to force the passage of the Peiho, they would not have been shared by the squadron, and if it be decided that the means at command were insufficient to justify so bold a line of policy, Col. Bruce accepts the responsibility of Admiral Hope's act. Bruce, in one of his letters, shows the position occupied by Mr. Ward, the American Minister, and expresses the opinion that the Chinese will not make difficulty about exchange and ratifications with him, as the conditions under which the American Minister is alone entitled to visit Pekin, contain nothing offensive to Chinese pride. Col. Bruce expresses much gratification at the friendly feeling and assistance experienced from Mr. Ward and flag-officer Tatnall, and concludes as follows:—Mr. Ward's position is one of considerable difficulty, nor do I see, after our unsuccessful attempt at Peiho, that any course was open save the one which he has adopted. He has acted cordially and frankly in the spirit of his deliberations at Hong Kong, and it is a matter of satisfaction to me that his concert in previous proceedings is a strong argument in favor of the conduct pursued by Mr. Debourbolon and myself.

FRANCE.—Nothing further has been received regarding the proceedings at Zurich, beyond the general assertion that progress continued to be made toward the signing of the peace treaty.

The Paris *Constitutionnel*, containing an article by its chief editor, says that the preliminaries at Villa Franca had rescued Italy from every foreign intervention, no matter under what name or form, wherever it might come. France confines herself to giving Italians proper advice. If followed by them, that advice would have insured the prosperity of Central Italy; but having in vain offered advice, she cannot go so far as to dictate orders to Italy.

The prorogation of the Conference is anticipated. Difficulties still remain unadjusted, and it was doubtful when the treaty would be signed. The Plenipotentiaries of all the three Powers held conferences on the 19th inst., and couriers were afterwards dispatched to Vienna and Turin.

The *Times'* Paris correspondent says that the delay is attributed to Austria; that the Vienna Cabinet was doing all that it could to win over the Emperor to its views, while at the same time it was reported to be preparing a collision against him in Germany.

The Emperor and Empress had quitted Biarritz and arrived at Bordeaux on the 10th. Their reception was enthusiastic. On the 11th inst., the Emperor received the authorities of Bordeaux.

The Cardinal Arch Bishops addressed a speech to the Emperor, who read a reply to it. Both speech and reply produced the most favorable impression. The Emperor said that the Government, which was the means of restoring the Holy Father to the Throne, would only give utterence to such respectful counsels as were directed by sincere devotion to the interests of His Holiness, could but be alarmed about the day, which is not far distant, when Rome will be evacuated by the French troops. It is necessary, instead of appealing to the ardent passions of the people, to search with calmness for the truth, and pray to Providence to enlighten the people as well as their sovereigns, under a wish for the fulfilment of their rights, and that they may well understand their duties. All the Bishops have received orders from Rome to preach the restoration of Italian duties.

A Paris journal says that Napoleon is becoming disgusted with the procrastination of Austria, and for the moment French policy inclines to more intimate understanding with England.

COMMERCIAL—*Breadstuffs.*—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co. report decline in breadstuffs. Flour dull and quotations maintained with difficulty; new American 18@26s per bbl.; wheat was also dull, and had declined 1d@2d per cental; western red 7s4d@9s; western white 8s@9s3d. Corn dull and declined 6d per quarter; mixed 5s8d@6s1d; yellow 6s; white 7s@7s6d. Messrs. Bigland, Aitkya & Co. quote a decline in corn of 6d@1s per quarter. *Provisions.*—Beef in fair demand. Pork dull. Small sales of American at 50s. Lard quiet but steady. Tallow unchanged. Sugar steady. Coffee quiet. In the London market wheat was firm, and a partial advance of 1s per quarter had been obtained.

The News Condenser.

— In Paris, child stealing has become quite fashionable.

— Sixty Pitt river Indians have been killed by a party of whites.

— There are seven revolutionary soldiers still living in Maine.

— There are now going up in the city of Brooklyn nearly 900 buildings.

— The yellow fever is very fatal at Houston, Texas, ten deaths occurring per day.

— It is stated that Senator Broderick is the first U. S. Senator that has fallen in a duel.

— One thousand dollars have been raised in New York to aid the London strikers.

— A decree has been published abolishing slavery from the Island of Java from Oct. 1.

— It is said that our government has made a peremptory demand on Chili for redress.

— Mention is made of much injury to the potato crop in some parts of Connecticut by the rot.

— Twenty-five gambling houses are in one little circuit of the business portion of Chicago.

— Kossuth has returned to London to resume his melancholy watch over European affairs.

— The Schooner Geo. D. Douseman, of Cleveland, O., was at Constantinople on the 20th of Sept.

— Severe shocks of an earthquake were felt at Baton Rouge and Bayou Sara, La., on the 29th ult.

— Elder Knapp, the famous Baptist revivalist, has been engaged to spend the winter in Boston.

— There are now ten ferries between New York and Brooklyn, and they are crowded in the day time.

— Information has been received of the death of Geo. R. West, Consul at Bay Islands, New Zealand.

— President Juarez, of Mexico, has ordered the erection of a statue in honor of Alexander Von Humboldt.

— D. G. Brown contemplates an early resignation as Chief of the Agricultural Branch of the Patent Office.

— The Provincetown Banner says the catch of codfish has not been large, but on the whole a fair average.

— Lady Franklin has spent all her fortune in Arctic researches. She is in the south of France in ill health.

— Col. Sol. Meredith, of Wayne county, Indiana, carried off $700 worth of premiums at the Indiana State Fair.

— The colored people of Canada have been holding a meeting to consider the expediency of seeking a new home.

— The letters I. O. S. M. (Independent Order Sons of Malta,) have been interpreted to mean, "I Owe Some Money."

— After 11,000 observations, M. Charles Defour has made the discovery that white stars twinkle more than red ones.

— Three bears were killed the other day in Cambria, Co., Pa., by a farmer. They had come right up to his front door.

— Judge Terry has been placed under $10,000 bonds to appear for trial on the charge of killing Senator Broderick.

— A snow storm of fifteen minutes duration prevailed at Florida, Mass., on Wednesday, and nearly whitened the ground.

— A number of interesting drawings and manuscripts by Michael Angelo have just been discovered at Florence.

— Gen. Twiggs has gone to the Rio Grande to drive off the Red Skins who threaten to ravage the settlements on its border.

— The railroad bridge across the Ohio river at Marietta has been completed and opened for travel. It is 558 feet long.

— There is some talk of connecting Charlestown and Roxbury to Boston. This would give Boston a population of 230,000.

— Our naval force in the Pacific consists of 8 vessels of war, of 11,828 tunnage, carrying 150 guns, and a force of 2,350 men.

— The merchants and business men of California design to erect a monument to the memory of the late Senator Broderick.

— The Tuscan Government has, by a decree of the 15th of Sept., raised Maj. General Garibaldi to the rank of Lieut. General.

— S. E. Cohen, the compiler and Gen. Superintendent of Cohen's Philadelphia Directory, puts the population of that city at 680,000.

— The amount of tar, pitch and turpentine, shipped to England from North Carolina during the year 1858, is valued at $2,176,870.

— The overland immigration to California this season has, according to the latest accounts from Salt Lake, reached ten thousand.

— The Waterville (N. Y.) Times reports that during the last week about 60,000 pounds of new hops have changed hands at 10@11c.

— The Mercantile Library Association of San Francisco paid Bayard Taylor $5,000 for a series of lectures, and cleared $1,500 profits.

— A smart earthquake shock was felt at San Francisco on the morning of the 25th September. It was strong enough to cause some alarm.

— We have seen it stated that the aggregate of cold is greater the present year than during any one for 70 years past, except that of 1845.

— During August, 39,886 ounces of gold were deposited in the San Francisco mint; 86,920 ounces of silver were purchased; $962,000 coined.

— John Wise writes that out of 113 balloon ascents in which he reached an altitude of three miles, the balloon sailed to the east 112 times.

— In Cincinnati, on Monday, two youths were united in marriage, and both are waiting transportation to the State Penitentiary, each for one year.

— Barrow, the Chinese traveler, computes that there is more material in the great wall of China than in all the houses of England and Scotland.

— The report that Schamyl was betrayed into the hands of the Russians is now denied. He was captured in a regular fight, the *Russians* say.

— The Quaker City for Havana broke her machinery when off Hatteras, and nearly all her passengers have arrived by a sailing vessel at Norfolk.

— The Louisiana Sugar Planter says the yield of sugar this season will be less than that of last year by over one hundred thousand hogsheads.

— A fire in the town of Monte Christo, Cal., destroyed $92,000 worth of property. By another at Diamond Springs $40,000 worth were consumed.

— Pike's Peak gold is making its appearance quite freely in Chicago. Several thousand dollars were sold to gold dealers there on Wednesday week.

— The Utah mail brings intelligence of the trial and sentence to two years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary of McKenzie, the forger of Government checks.

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Fruit Trees for Sale—Anson Braman.
Bloomington Nursery, Ill.—P. K. Phœnix.
James Pyle's Dietetic Saleratus
Plum Trees for Sale—H. O. Bingham.
Six More Agents Wanted—H. N. Lockwood.
Something New—Sanderson & Bro.
Apple Seed for Sale—J. A. Root.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Wild Turkeys Wanted—Sanford Howard.

WILD TURKEYS.

WANTED—a pair of Turkeys, entirely of the Wild Blood, but well domesticated. Persons having them will please communicate with SANFORD HOWARD, 48 Commercial street, Boston, stating age, weight and price.
October, 20, 1859. 512-2t

POWDER MILLS BLOWN UP—SEVEN PERSONS KILLED.—At about 11 o'clock on the morning of the 22d inst., four of the powder mills in Washington, Del., exploded with a terrific crash. Seven persons and one horse were killed.

AN ERIE CANAL PROPELLER ON A LONG TRIP UP IN WISCONSIN.—The little propeller *L. L. Britton*, of Albany, we hear of up in Wisconsin. She passed up the Lower Fox River last week to Fond du Lac, for a cargo of wheat, as an experimental trip. The *Britton* is one of the Erie canal steam propellers, of about 200 tuns burden, and if the experiment should prove successful it will establish a new era in the freighting business between Lake Winnebago and the Atlantic.

THE OUTRAGES AT BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS.—Advices from Brownsville to the 10th inst., have been received. There had been no further outrages. The citizens had formed themselves into four battalions, which perform, alternately, guard duty during the night. Advices from Monterey of the 8th ult., state that Durango, in the province of the same, had been taken and sacked by a band of robbers numbering about two hundred. Troops afterwards came to the relief of the town and dispersed the robbers, killing many of them.

DEATH OF THE AMERICAN MINISTER TO FRANCE.—The last steamer announces the death of Hon. John Y. Mason, of Va., the American Minister to France. Mr. M. has occupied a conspicuous place in the political and diplomatic history of the country. He had many good points of character; and although by no means among the most gifted of our Statesmen, he commanded the respect of several of the Democratic Administrations, and maintained an unsullied reputation among the diplomats of Europe.

FROM BUENOS AYRES.—Advices from Buenos Ayres of the 26th of August, are unimportant. The previous report of the appearance of the Argentine Squadron off Buenos Ayres and the exchange of shot, is confirmed. A Montevideo letter states that a forgery of 60,000,000 bonos had been discovered, and the forger arrested. He proved to be the captain of a Spanish vessel plying between that port and Rio. The discovery served to unsettle business affairs, and create a great run on the banking houses of Senor Macra. Mr. Henderson, British Charge to Paraguay, had demanded his passports in consequence of Carostad affairs not having been satisfactorily settled.

SUNDAY CARRIAGE DRIVING FORBIDDEN.—Mayor Weaver, of Pittsburg, Penn., has made a final decision in the carriage case which has attracted so much attention at Pittsburg. Some back drivers took pay from invalids riding on a Sunday, and were prosecuted therefor, under the act of 1794, expressly forbidding all worldly employment on that day under penalty of a stated fine.—The Mayor considered the act clear and unambiguous in its terms, forbidding *all* worldly employment, and accordingly gave decision against the defendants. A fine of $25 was imposed upon each driver, and judgment was entered accordingly.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Oct. 25, 1859.

FLOUR—Under the influence of advices from the various grain ports at the East and West, an advance equal to 25 cents ₱ barrel upon all grades has been taken, and the market is firm at the figures quoted below.

GRAIN—Wheat has gone up 5 cents ₱ bushel, and considerable is doing in Western and Canada. Corn is still moving upward, and is wanted. Barley remains at last quotations, although considerable activity is noticed in transactions.

BUTTER is exceedingly scarce, and we put up rates 1@1c ₱ pound. Prime sells readily at 20 cen's.

HAY—Very little is now sold for less than $18 ₱ ton, and occasional loads of extra bring $21.

The other changes are of little importance, and may be noticed by reference to the following table of quotations:

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen.....	16c
Flour, wht. wheat	$5 50@6,00	Honey box	13@15c
Flour spr'ng	$4 75@5 75	Candles ₱ box	12@13c
Flour buckwheat, ₱ cwt	$3.00	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,20@1,35	Apples, bushel	25c@ [illegible]
Best white Can a	$1,20@1 25	Apples, dried	[illegible]
Corn	86@90c	Peaches, dried, ₱ lb	[illegible]
Rye, 56 lbs. ₱ bu	65@70c	Cherries, dried, ₱ lb	[illegible]
Oats, by weight	37@39c	Potatoes	31@37c
Barley	65@70c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	50@50	Slaughter	6@6c
Beans	$2 40@2 50	Calf	10@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$1,25
Pork, mess	$17 00@18 50	Lamb pelts	50@75c
Pork, clear	$20 00@21 00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$6 [illegible]	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,50
Beef, ₱ cwt	$4 [illegible]	Timothy	$2,50@2,75
Spring lambs, each	$1 75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	[illegible]	Wood, hard	$4 00@4 50
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3 00@3 50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$5 [illegible]
Chickens	8@9c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	9@10c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	8@11c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ₱ pair	100@90c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,12
Butter, roll	19@20c	Hay, ton	$16,00@20 00
Butter, firkin	18c	Wool, ₱ lb	[illegible]
Cheese	8@10c	White fish, bbl	$4 [illegible]
Lard, tried	12@13c	Codfish, ₱ quintal	$4,00@4,25
Tallow	10½@10¾c	Trout, bbl	$5,00@5,50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.—FLOUR—Market excited and 10@20c better, but closed heavy and drooping. Sales at $4,90@5 for superfine, $5 10@5 20 for extra Ohio, $5,25 for superfine Western, $5 15@5,20 for common to good extra do; $5,65@5 75 for inferior to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing dull and tendency downward. Canadian a shade better; sales at $5,50@6,40 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat 2@4c better, but the demand is chiefly speculative, and the market closed heavy. Sales at 135@138c for white Canadian; 112@115c for common to choice Milwaukee club; 150c for do Kentucky. Rye lower, sales at 86½c. Barley more active and firmer, sales Canada East at 86c. Corn steady; sales at 104¼@105c for Jersey and Northern yellow; 10c for Western mixed. Oats better at 43@46c for State, and 44@46c for Western and Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Pork market firmer. Sales at $15,25@15,30 for mess; $10,93 for prime; $15,50@15,62 for uninspected mess. Lard is dull and lower; sales 200 bbls at 10¾@11¾c. Butter steady at 11@18c for Ohio; 15@20c for State. Cheese steady at 6½@10¾c for common to prime.

BUFFALO, Oct. 21.—FLOUR—Demand good and 5@10c better. Sales at $3,80@4 for fine; $4,75 for extra Wisconsin; $4,90@5,10 for extra Michigan, Indiana and Ohio; $5,25@5,75 for double extras.

WHEAT—Market advanced 1@2c during the day for upper lake spring, but closed dull and drooping. Sales No. 1 Chicago spring at $1; No. 1 Milwaukee club at $1; Canada club at 98c@$1,03; Racine club to arrive at $1; amber Ohio at $1,11@1,20; white Canada at $1,25; white Kentucky at $1,35. Corn firm; sales Toledo at 90c. Other grains quiet.

ALBANY, Oct. 24.—FLOUR—Advanced 15 cents.

GRAIN—Wheat in light inquiry. Sales choice white Michigan at $1,36@1,42c; Milwaukee club at $1,03@1,10c; Canada club at $1,01. Barley in good demand and holders firm; receipts moderate; sales Lockport at 78c. Rates coudty at 80c; handsome two-rowed, for pearling, at 80c; Canada East, part to arrive, at 80c. Sales Oats at 43¼@44c, weight.

OSWEGO, Oct. 24.—FLOUR—Firm but unchanged.

WHEAT—Opened firm and closed 2@3c better. Sales Chicago spring No. 2 at $1,03@1,05c, Milwaukee club at 105c. Corn quiet, owing to absence of supplies. Barley and Rye quiet. Oats are in light supply and somewhat dull; sales Canada at 42c, to arrive.

CHICAGO, Oct. 24.—FLOUR—Market buoyant and 10c higher.

GRAIN—Market active and advanced 5c; sales spring at 80@84c from store; No. 2 do at 90c on board. Corn firm and 3@4c higher; sales at 78@80c. Oats 1c higher.

TORONTO, Oct. 22.—FLOUR—The continued firmness of the wheat market, and the high prices paid by exporters, with the want of a proportionate improvement in flour, has checked the manufacture of the article, and the receipts, both present and prospective, are small. The small offerings, the apparent indisposition to operate, and above all the advance in freights, have had a depressing tendency on the market, and instead of prices sympathizing with wheat they have taken an opposite movement, and, if anything are lower than at the date of our last. The following are the generally received quotations:—Double extra, $5 12½@5,25; extra, $4 87½@5,00; fancy, $4,60@4,65; superfine No. 1, $4,3 @4,37½; superfine, No. 2, $4,10@4,15; oatmeal $4,50.

GRAIN—The demand for the higher grades of Fall Wheat continues quiet, at rates slightly lower than last week, but with a very firm and buoyant market. In consequence of the wet weather during the past few days the deliveries have been limited and the transactions for the week have been lighter than was anticipated, yet, notwithstanding this drawback there has been a fair amount of business done, and it shows the anxiety of farmers to realize the present rates, that they come in so freely through the bad roads and wet weather. The demand for selected white wheat is much more active than for other qualities and appears to think that "gilt edged" lots are cheaper at $1 18 to $1 20 than are ordinary and even fair samples at $1,08 to $1 12. Clean wheat is also sought for and those farmers who pay the most attention to the preparation of their grain for market, find this give it an extra cleaning, profit the most. For fine and extra prime samples, $1,15 to $1,18 was realized freely, and in one or two instances $1,20 ₱ bushel. For fair and good shipping samples $1 11 to $1,12, was freely paid, for common, ordinary and medium $1 to $1 10 was paid. The improved demand for Spring Wheat especially for the better grades has continued, although the prices are somewhat lower than in the early part of the week. Some superb samples of "Golden Drop" are now and again offered, and realize even now $1 ₱ bushel, but 90 to 97c are the current outside rates. Ordinary and good samples, 83 to 89c are paid for farmers' loads. On the cars sales have been made at 81 to 86c ₱ bushel. It would seem by the small receipts of Barley, that the bulk of the crop in this vicinity and indeed all over the country is be ng got out, and it is not a grazing matter of surprise that the crop, which was always been an old should have yielded so largely. Not less than two hundred thousand bushels have been exported from this point. The receipts during the week have rarely averaged over seven thousand bushels a day, notwithstanding an advance in the rates which remain firm at 85 to 70c ₱ bushel. Rye continues to be offered very sparingly, and is in steady demand for distill ng purposes at 60c ₱ bushel. Oats are also slowly brought out notwithstanding an immense crop in the country, but with, the remains in abeyance until the wheat is disposed of. It is also thought that, in view of the light crop of hay, farmers have the idea that prices must be higher, and are therefore not willing to accept current rates. Whatever may be the cause, the scarcity continues, and we quote them at 45 to 50c ₱ bushel. The demand for barley keeps active, with better supplies. Good qualities bring from 54 to 57c, and ordinary 50 to 53c ₱ bushel.—*Globe.*

The Cattle Markets.

ALBANY, Oct. 21.—CATTLE—The receipts are again large—much larger than buyers anticipated on Saturday. The total by railroad last week was 3179, and 236 over the turnpike—in all, 3415. This week the total by railroad is 3519, and 124 over the turnpike—3643 in all. The New Yorkers, in view of the comparatively favorable results of their speculations last week, entered the market early and with considerable spirit, taking four or five hundred head, most of which has been shipped through by them, in expectation that they will meet with ready sales there to-day. They are however, disappointed in the receipts here, and as train after train, loaded with cattle, came in yesterday, they showed more caution—buying sparingly and only on their own terms. The Eastern men will probably take a thousand head, mostly of the better qualities. The average quality of the receipts is fully up to last week.

We have no alterations to make in our quotations for the better grades. We may remark, however, that although opening brisk at these figures, the demand is now somewhat languid, in view of the large receipts.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra	4½c@5¼	4¾@5¼c
First quality	4 @4¼	4 @4¼
Second quality	3 @4	3 @4
Third quality	2 @3	2 @3
Inferior	2¼@2¾	2¼@2¾

About twelve hundred head have changed hands.

SHEEP—The trade is not so active, owing to the heavy receipts last week, which tended to lower prices materially. The receipts for the past six days are, however, about one-half less. Of the drovers sold 3675 head at $11,08@,37—an average of $3,18 ₱ head; 200 at $3,00 ₱ head; 215 at $3,37 ₱ head; 200 at $3,15 ₱ head.

HOGS—In good demand, and the seven hundred arrived at West A bany have changed hands at 5 to 5c ₱ lb. Included in the sales were 101 at 5c—average 200 lbs.; 200 at $5@5 ₱ 100 lbs—average 176 lbs.—*Atlas and Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 19.—At market 2541 cattle, about 1200 beeves, and 1341 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows and calves, yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market beef—Extra, $7,50@7,75; first quality, $6,75@7 00; second quality, $6,00; third quality, $4,50; ordinary, $3,00.

STORES—Working oxen, $90, $100@130; cows and calves, $25, $30, $40@60; yearlings, $9@11; two years old, $16@30; three years old, $11@34.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—7000 at market. Prices, in lots, $1,00, $1,25@1,50 each. Extra and selections, $2 @2,50@3.

HIDES—6@6¾c ₱ lb. TALLOW—7@7¼c ₱ lb.

PELTS—75@$1 each. CALF SKINS—10@12c ₱ lb.

BRIGHTON, Oct. 20.—At market 1900 beeves, 1100 stores 7000 sheep and lambs, 1100 swine.

PRICES—Market beef—Extra, $8,00; first quality, $7,75; second, $6 50; third $1 75@5.

WORKING OXEN—$100@160.

MILCH COWS—$14@46, common, $19@30.

VEAL CALVES—$3, $4@5.

YEARLINGS—$9@11; two years old, $16@20; three years old, $21@31.

HIDES—6@6¼c ₱ lb. CALF SKINS—12c.

TALLOW—7@7¼c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1@1,50, extra, $3@3. PELTS, 75@$1.

SWINE—Fat hogs, 6¾c. Pigs, 5½c. Retail, 6@7.

TORONTO, Oct. 21.—Beef in good request for shipment, and for local consumption but prices continue low. For the best cattle $4,50 to $5 ₱ 100 lbs. is paid, and for second rate $3,75 to $4,25.

SHEEP—$4 to $6 each. Lambs $1,75 to $2,25, and calves $4 to $7.

WOOL—2c to 23c ₱ lb. Sheep skins from butchers, fresh slaughtered, 90c; from peddlers, 60c. Beef hides lower, the price for this month being $5,50 ₱ 100 lbs. Calf skins 10c ₱ lb.

The Wool Markets.

ALBANY, Oct. 20.—In the early part of the week a sale of seventy five thousand lbs. medium fleece was made, since which the high pretensions of holders and the advanced prices asked has restricted business. Several lots are under negotiation, and at slight concessions large sales could be effected.—*Journal.*

NEW YORK, Oct. 20.—The demand is quite moderate both for native fleece and pulled wools; owing to the meagre supply offering, and the extreme prices now asked, holders have advanced their ideas again 2c ₱ lb. on the current rates of last week, which tends to limit transactions materially, and buyers are therefore canvassing the interior and Western States for supplies, sales of eighty thousand lbs. State and Western fleeces at 40@42c for common quarter to full blood Merino and Saxony, the latter rate for selected parcels, thirty five thousand lbs. Cull fleece at 38@39c, 6 mos, for common mixed to fine, twenty thousand lbs common Canadian at 22@24c, cash, and forty five thousand lbs pulled at 37@38c, as to quality. Foreign is in better request, and prices favor the seller, sales of one hundred and fifty bales Donskoi at 34½@36c; two hundred and fifty bales Mestizo at 29@30c, two hundred do Cape at 32c, one hundred and fifty do good to fine quality do at 38@41c, six months; three hundred bales Mexican, two hundred do Buenos Ayres, seventy do Persian, and fifty do Cordova, on private terms.—*Tribune.*

BOSTON, Oct. 20.—The market is quite firm for fleece and pulled wool, and prices are fully sustained. The demand, however, is moderate, the sales of the week comprising ten thousand lbs. The transactions in foreign have been three hundred bales South American, Mediterranean and East Ind a, at various prices, as to quality.

Saxon & Merino, fine	58@70	Western mixed	38@45
Full blood	50@57	smyrna, washed	17@30
Half and ¾ blood	44@57	Do. unwashed	9½@19
Common	40@43	Buenos	11@23
Pulle I, extra	48@57	Chile	24@30
Do. superfine	42@50	Cr mea	9@17
Do. No. 1	34@45	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2	30@00	Peruvian, washed	25@32

Marriages.

On the 18th inst., by Rev. J. WOODRUFF, of Cohocton, Steuben Co., Mr. ANDREW JACKSON BROWN, of Dansville, Livingston Co., and Miss FRANK SHEPARD, of Avon.

Deaths.

At the residence of her brother, in Dansville, N. Y., Oct. 18, of consumption, ROSE ANN STRICKLAND, late of this city, aged 29 years. Like her sister, who died only five weeks before, at the same place, and of the same disease, she fell asleep in Jesus, witnessing in her death, as in her life, to the power of the Gospel of CHRIST.—W.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising—Twenty-Five Cents a line, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 37½ cts. per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, headed "Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion. IN ADVANCE.

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50 BUSHELS PRIME APPLE SEED, FOR sale in lots to suit purchasers. J. A. ROOT, 514-2t Skaneateles, N. Y.

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PLUM TREES—2½ to 4 feet high, budded on Wild Plum, at $12,50 per 100. 1,000 Dwarf Apple, very cheap. And a general assortment for retail. 513 H. C. BINGHAM & CO., Brantford, C. W.

SIX MORE AGENTS wanted to go South, to sell Colton's Atlases on commission. Apply *immediately* to the undersigned, at Victor, Cayuga county, N. Y. 51-4t H. N. LOCKWOOD, General Agent.

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100,000 FRUIT TREES FOR SALE.—10,000 Standard and Dwarf Pears, 1 and 2 yrs. 10,000 Tompkins Co. King Apple trees, 3 years, $12 per 100. 10,000 Cherry trees, extra fine, 2 years, $10 per 100. 10,000 Peach Trees, 1 and 2 years, $8 per 100. 20,000 Apple Trees, leading varieties, $10 per 100. 15,000 Isabella, Catawba and Oliston Grapes, $6 to $12 per 100. 10,000 Cherry Seedlings $5 per 1,000. Also, Plum trees, Quinces, Currants, Raspberries, Strawberries, Gooseberries, and various other articles of Nursery Stock, all for sale very cheap by ANSON BRAMAN. 512 1t West Hill Nurseries, Ithaca, N. Y.

AGRICULTURAL PUBLISHING HOUSE.—Having purchased the entire stock and business of A. O. MOORE & CO., AGRICULTURAL PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS, (formerly C. M. SAXTON & Co.,) and united the same to our business as heretofore conducted, we now offer to the public the most extensive assortment of works on AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, RURAL ART, and DOMESTIC ECONOMY, that can be found in the world.

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Having disposed of my interest in the Agricultural Book Business to Messrs C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co., (my friend, Mr. C. M. Saxton, having been formerly my partner,) I can cordially commend my successors to the Agricultural public, with the assurance that the cause for which Mr. Saxton and myself have for years conjointly and separately labored, will not suffer by this transfer. A. O. MOORE. New York, Oct. 20, 1859. 512-1t

ROCHESTER PREMIUM CUTTING BOX.—We take pleasure in calling the attention of dealers, and all who sell or use CUTTING-BOXES, to our improved ROCHESTER FEED CUTTER, a machine combining *Strength, Simplicity and Utility* in so great a degree that it must commend itself to every man at first sight. It does its work with the GREATEST EASE AND RAPIDITY, cutting CORN STALKS, either wet or dry, with EQUAL EASE as HAY or STRAW. There is no chance for clogging; it is self-feeding, cutting from five-eighths to one inch in length.

An extensive dealer in Agricultural Implements says of our Feed Cutter:—"We consider it the MOST PERFECT CUTTER MADE, and offer them to our friends with the FULLEST CONFIDENCE."

Our Cutting Box is all that is claimed for it—has always taken the FIRST PREMIUM at State and County Fairs—and deservedly stands at the head of all Feed Cutters.

Its simplicity, durability, capacity for cutting any kind of fodder equally well, its one knife, all conform it as the most reliable Cutting Box in use. As such we offer them to our customers, convinced that they will prove the leading Feed Cutter.

No. 1, Improved, Single Knife, 7 inch Throat..... $12
" 2, " " 9 " " 15
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We are the patentees and exclusive owners of the right of this Cutting Box for the United States.

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As the land is wanted for cultivation, the Trees will be sold in *quantities*, delivered upon the premises, at very low prices.

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The Second Series is now being issued. The Pens are now all EXTRA-FINE POINTS, and more perfectly made in every respect than ever before, and are put up in new and expensive boxes.

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This Pipe is made of Pine Timber, in sections eight feet long. It is easily laid down, not liable to get out of order, and if properly laid, is the most durable of any kind of Pipe in use.

We can produce any amount of evidence of its durability, capacity, strength and superiority over any other.

The price of the size commonly used for farm purposes, is 4 cents per foot at the Factory.

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Fall and Winter Campaign—1859-60.

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The present (10th) volume is pronounced, by its Patrons and the Press, the most perfect model of a RURAL AND FAMILY JOURNAL ever published, and we invite a comparison with any others extant.

THE EL

THE APPLES OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

A GLORIOUS song on a glorious theme. Let us no longer slander the Golden Pippin and Bell-flower as apples of discord, but hereafter look on them as forerunners of peace, as the "Early Harvest" of good things.

The apples of New England!
How hang their loaded boughs,
Over the gray stone fences,
In reach of the dappled cows;
Oh! every red-cheeked Baldwin
Hath a merry song to sing
Of some old moss roofed cottage,
Where the farmer is a king.

Yes, king of his bursting acres,
Whose grain takes a thousand hues
In the wonder-tinting sunshine;
Yes, king in his cobbled shoes;
King of the sturdy plowshare;
King of the sickle keen;
King over God's full meadows,
Budding in white and green.

The Russets of New England!
What ruddy fires they see,
Where the crack of the veiny walnut
And the crack in the pine agree;
Where the herds hang high in the chimney,
And the cat purrs on the hearth,
And the frolicking boys guess riddles,
With many a shout of mirth.

And they bear the fearful stories
That trouble the children's sleep,
Of ghosts seen in the valleys,
And spectres in the deep;
And they burst their sides with laughing,
And fling their rich wines round,
Or dance to a spanning piping,
As the corn pops white at a bound.

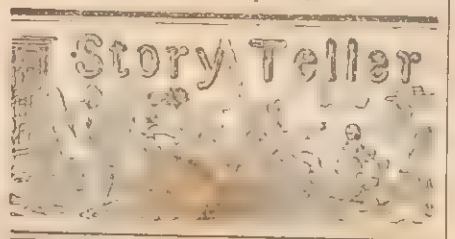
Oh! the Sweetings of New England!
Of the old Rhode Island stock—
Brought from the English gardens
To grace the land of rock;
As fair as Britain's daughters,
As hardy as her men;
But fairer lads and lasses
Have plucked her fruit since then.

Oh! the Permain of New England!
With its blended milk and rose,
There's a smell of Albion's orchards
Wherever the good tree grows;
A stout old pilgrim brought it,
And to cradle its seed he broke
The sacred soil of Hartford,
By the roots of the Charter Oak.

Oh! the Pippins of New England!
What lovers' smiles they see,
When their yellow coats in letters
Tell tales at the apple-bee:
What rosy cheeks at the quiltings,
What kissing in busting time!
That soon lead off to the parson,
Or end in a wedding chime.

Oh! the apples of New England!
They are famous in every land;
And they sleep in the silver baskets,
Or blush in a jewelled hand;
They swell in delicious dreaming
On a beautiful crimson lip,
And taste of the sacred blisses
No lover has dared to sip.

They go to the southern islands,
They go to the western wild,
And they tell of their glorious birth-place
To every frolicking child;
Of the home where men are noble,
And the women as good as fair—
Oh! the apples of New England,
They are welcome everywhere!



ANYTHING HERE FOR D. B.?

BY LEINAD.

Tom and I had just come up from breakfast. It had been a sorry one, and we were discontented and vexed. Threats of removal had been made for months; but the horrors of moving, even to two comparatively unencumbered bachelors, had prevented the accomplishment. We were in the Irishman's first floor of a boarding-house, where all the miseries, and none of the "comforts of a home," had been borne by us for months.

"Dudley"—I looked up from my paper—"Dudley, we *must* move; I can't, I shan't endure it any longer. This elevation in lodgings don't tend to a corresponding elevation of spirits. This plain fare may be healthful, but it's decidedly uncomfortable. This vile coffee might have been a fair infliction on Job, but, in my present condition, I don't feel called upon to endure such fare. So, 'as' thou lovest me, Dud,' look up different quarters, and I will as ever be your obedient chum."

I replied nothing, but turned over to the "Board and Rooms" column of the Herald. I found nothing that would do.

"Well, Tom, I will put an advertisement in the paper, and await the result. How the 'elegant brown stone fronts, in genteel locations, references exchanged, dinner at six o'clock,' etc., will flow in upon us."

The morning thereafter you might have read the following advertisement:

"Two young gentlemen wish two rooms on the second or third floor, in a house situated between Fourteenth and Twenty third streets, and Sixth Avenue and Broadway. Address, stating terms, D. B, Union Square Post-Office."

A day or two after I went into Godfrey's, and asked the boy behind the Post-Office railing,—"Anything here for D. B.?"

"A few," was the response; and he showed me a pile consisting of some thirty or forty letters, each bearing the superscription "D. B." It was a pretty sight, that two score of letters. Here a neat white envelope, with the letters as delicately traced as if by the pen of a fairy; there a business hand, with great masculine chirography; but these epistles were all on the most material of subjects, and I did not stop for sentiment. The boy was paid his demanded charge; his quizzical, inquisitive, impudent face left unnoticed, while I sat down to read these answers to our inquiries.

As near as I can now remember—all this happened some four years ago—the first one I opened ran thus:

"My Dear Miss—(Miss! some mistake here)—Your inquiry in yesterday's Herald (oh! I see, a mere slip of the pen—Miss for Messrs.)—was seen, and awakened in my heart (visions of —— dollars a week in advance, fire and lights extra,) sensations such as it had not known for years. I have long sought for one, (there are two of us, won't do I'm afraid,) to take the vacant room (sentimental boarding-house proprietor this) in my soul."—(Soul! what does this mean? We don't want a room in his soul. Is the fellow daft? Its addressed to D. B." Says, "Your advertisement in the Herald of yesterday." What can it mean?)

Just at this moment light began to come in upon my darkened and confused mind. I asked the boy for a yesterday's Herald, and there I found, under the head matrimonial, the following advertisement:

"A young lady of good family in this city, with ample fortune, tired of the insincerities of fashionable society, desires to cultivate the acquaintance of a young man of like social position, with a view to matrimony. Please address, D. B., Union Square Post Office."

The puzzle was over. There were two D. B.'s in the world, and I had some letters belonging to the other; moreover I had been reading them—reading a lady's private correspondence I sat and thought awhile. The indelicacy of the advertisement either tells of woeful ignorance, or the prank of some one of the fun-loving school-girls of New-York; so no great harm will be done to the feelings of the writer. I can only open them all, and hand back to the boy those for the other D. B.

It was time to explain to him, however—for the young official stood gazing at me, as I sat with the first opened letter in my hand, and with all the others untouched beside me. I told it all to him, what I proposed doing; he assented, astonished that such a coincidence should have happened, even in that place of queer doings, Union Square Post-Office. I turned to my correspondence again; the next was as it should be, a business offer of rooms; the next a matrimonial one. I had got about to the tenth of these alternate layers of matrimony and boarding-houses, when a lady entered the store. I have reason to remember her, and I think I can describe her appearance even at this time. She was of medium height, and this means five feet two inches in woman, with brown hair, worn, as a handsome one of the sex will always wear it, behind the ears; a hazel eye, cheeks just tinged with rosy coloring, pouty, yet inviting lips; and her hand was ungloved, showing not the exquisite taper so much admired in ideal, yet seldom seen, but a charming chubbiness. Her foot (this I have learned since) was a pretty one, and expressed as much by its tapping as the flashing of many a beauty's eyes. She wore—here I must stop; I cannot recollect that. She was dressed with taste; whether her bonnet was straw or silk, her dress green or gray, I can't say. Imagine what would be becoming such a one as I have described, and you have what she wore, provided you are a lady reader.

It was a sort of a mischievous glance that she threw at me, as she passed me perched on the high counter stool, with the pile of letters at my side; but she stopped not, and walking up to the pigeon-hole where letters are delivered, she asked the very same question I had asked ten minutes before—"Anything here for D. B.?" The boy pushed his head from the *sanctum*, and turned two imploring, puzzled, quizzical eyes on me. The lady turned also—I looked in vain for relief, and for two instants—they seemed moments then—three puzzled faces were gazing together.

"Miss," I began, and I went through with an explanation, how I was "D. B.;" that I had opened some letters, and now advised the opening of the remainder, tendered an apology, etc., etc.,—in fact, stumbled through the best sort of an explanation my confused intellect would allow.

I should like to see again the expression I saw in that face, as the color came and went; then abode there until the whole countenance was suffused with blushes; and then the tears came, and the little foot patted hurriedly.

I was prepared for embarrassments, for blushes, but for tears—no, not for them; and I stood still like a convicted school-boy. She remained standing, also; a queer picture was it, this side-view in the great panorama of New York life. At last I offered the letters.

"I don't wish them, sir. I was but joking—how foolish!" and she turned from the store.

She went across the Park, up Broadway, then into one of the twenty streets. I know, because I was near her—yes, walking by her side; and when we stopped at No. —, Daisy Bartlett and Dudley Barnwell were conversing easily and freely.

"It had been a joke, and she had not expected such a *finale*. She did not want a husband obtained in this way. "She thought," with a sly smile, "she *might* get one in a more womanly manner. If I could get a mutual acquaintance to introduce me, she would be glad to know me; but she was not romantic enough to consider the coincidence of the two 'D. B.'s' a sufficient claim to an acquaintance." So we talked, or she did, and I congratulated myself on obtaining evidence of her impression that I was a gentleman; for, if not, why should she advance apologies for conduct of hers?

I left her at the door. I went home; I told Tom, and he sat back in his luxurious old rocking-chair and laughed.

"Well, will you find the mutual acquaintance? and will you cultivate the acquaintance of Miss D. B.? and will you—oh! it is rich," and he relieved himself by more ha, ha's! "Fine eyes; yes, I see, only a joke—not foolishly romantic—must have a knowledge of your antecedents—your family—before she will receive you as an acquaintance. Yes, I see; but don't she know that you *will* find the mutual acquaintance. Let me be seer and prophet for a time." Tom stood up and gazed at vacancy in the orthodox, oracle style. "I see in the dim future a castle—an airy one; yet not all in the clouds, but resting on the more tangible foundation of *terra firma;* in that castle sits a man and woman—husband and wife; material furniture is there, and lo! my increasing vision sees on a wall, in a room, in that aforesaid structure, a gilded frame, which encircles two advertisements—the one asks for a room, the other for a husband; the faces of the pair seem to say that the advertisements have been answered—that Daisy Bartlett has a husband, and Dudley Barnwell a room—room in Daisy's heart. What say you old fellow?"

Reader, if you will come up town, and see me—us, I mean—I will tell you how true a prophet Tom was; tell you that I asked some if there was "Anything there for D. B.?" and how she answered.—*Home Journal.*

MARRIAGE—WOMAN'S MISSION.

READER, marriage is not the end of life; it is but the beginning of a new course of duties; but I cannot now follow Beulah. Henceforth, her history is bound up with another's. To save her husband from his unbelief, is the labor of her future life. She had learned to suffer, and to bear patiently; and though her path looks sunny and her heart throbs with happy hopes, this one shadow lurks over her home, and dims her joys. Weeks and months glided swiftly on. Dr. Hartwell's face lost its stern rigidity, and his smile became constantly genial. His wife was his idol; day by day, his love for her seemed more completely to revolutionize his nature. His cynicism melted insensibly away; his lips forgot their iron compression; now and then his long-forgotten laugh rang through the house. Beulah was conscious of the power she wielded, and trembled lest she failed to employ it properly. One Sabbath afternoon she sat in her room, with her cheek on her hand, absorbed in earnest thought. Her little Bible lay on her lap, and she was pondering the text she had heard that morning. Charon came and nestled his huge head against her. Presently she heard the quick tramp of hoops and whir of wheels; and soon after her husband entered and sat down beside her.

"What are you thinking of?" said he, passing his hand over her head carelessly.

"Thinking of my life—of the bygone years of struggle."

"They are past, and can trouble you no more. 'Let the dead bury its dead!'"

"No, my past can never die. I ponder it often; it does me good; strengthens me by keeping me humble. I was just thinking of the dreary, desolate days and nights I passed, searching for a true philosophy, and going further astray with every effort. I was so proud of my intellect; put so much faith in my own powers: it was no wonder I was so benighted."

"Where is your old worship of genius?" asked her husband, watching her curiously.

"I have not lost it all. I hope I never shall. Human genius has accomplished a vast deal for man's temporal existence. The physical sciences have been wheeled forward in the march of mind, and man's earthly path gemmed with all that a merely sensual nature could desire. But looking aside from these channels, what has it effected for philosophy, that great burden which constantly recalls the fabled labors of Sisyphus and the Danaides? Since the rising of Bethlehem's star, in the cloudy sky of polytheism, what has human genius discovered of God, eternity, destiny? Metaphysicians build gorgeous cloud palaces, but the soul cannot dwell in their cold, misty atmosphere. Antiquarians wrangle and write; Egypt's mouldering monuments are raked from their desert graves and made the theme of scientific debate; but has all this learned disputation contributed one iota to clear the thorny way to strict morality? Put the Bible out of sight, and how much will human intellect discover concerning our origin—our ultimate destiny? In the morning of time, sages handled these vital questions, and died, not one step nearer the truth than when they began. Now, our philosophers struggle, earnestly and honestly, to make plain the same inscrutable mysteries. Yes, blot out the records of Moses, and we would grope in starless night; for notwithstanding the many priceless blessings it has discovered for man, the torch of science will never pierce and illumine the recesses over which Almighty God has hung his veil. Here we see, indeed, as "through a glass, darkly." Yet I believe the day is already dawning when scientific data will not only cease to be antagonistic to scriptural accounts, but will deepen the impress of Divinity on the pages of holy writ;—when the torch shall be taken out of the hands of the infidel, and set to burn in the temple of the living God; when Science and Religion shall link hands

I revere the lonely thinkers to whom the world is indebted for its great inventions. I honor the tireless laborers who toil in laboratories; who sweep midnight skies in search of new worlds; who upheave primeval rocks, hunting for footsteps of Deity; and I believe that every scientific fact will ultimately prove but another lamp, planted along the path which leads to a knowledge of Jehovah! Ah! it is indeed peculiarly the duty of christians 'to watch, with reverence and joy, the unveiling of the august brow of Nature, by the hand of Science; and to be ready to call mankind to a worship ever new!' Human thought subserves many useful, nay, noble ends; the Creator gave it, as a powerful instrument, to improve man's temporal condition; but oh, sir, I speak of what I know when I say, alas for the soul who forsakes the divine ark, and embarks on the gilded toys of man's invention, hoping to breast the billows of life, and be anchored safely in the harbor of eternal rest! The heathens, 'having no law, are a law unto themselves;' but for such as deliberately reject the given light, only bitter darkness remains. I know it; for I, too, once groped, wailing for help."

"Your religion is full of mystery," said her husband, gravely.

"Yes, of divine mystery. Truly, 'a God comprehended is no God at all!' Christianity is clear, as to rules of life and duty. There is no mystery left about the directions to man; yet there is a divine mystery infolding it, which tells of its divine origin, and promises a fuller revelation when man is fitted to receive it. If it were not so we would call it man's invention. You turn from Revelation, because it contains some things you cannot comprehend; yet you plunge into a deeper, darker mystery, when you embrace the theory of an eternal, self-existing universe, having no intelligent creator, yet constantly creating intelligent beings. Sir, can you understand how matter creates mind?"

She laid her Bible on his knee, her folded hands rested upon it, and her gray eyes, clear and earnest, looked up reverently into her husband's noble face. His soft hand wandered over her head, and he seemed pondering her words.

May God aid the wife in her holy work of love.—*Beulah.*

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 4 letters.
My 1, 2, 4 is a falsehood.
My 1, 4, 3, 2 is a man's name.
My 3, 2, 4 is to attempt to equal.
My 4, 3, 4 is a woman's name.
My 1, 4, 4 is the side opposite to the wind.
My 4, 4, 1 is a kind of fish.
My 4, 1, 1 is a measure of length.
My 4, 3, 2, 1 is wicked.
My 3, 4, 2, 1 is worn by women.
My 3, 2, 1, 4 is worthless.
My 1, 4, 3, 4, 1 is even.
My 1, 4, 3, 4, 4 is a bank of earth.
My whole is an intransitive verb, signifying to exist.
Hillsboro, Ill., 1859. M. V. Z.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—ACROSTICAL.

I AM composed of 20 letters.
My 1, 14, 8, 7, 19 is a county in Missouri.
My 2, 14, 6 is a bay in Newfoundland.
My 3, 5, 15, 6 is a city in Pennsylvania.
My 4, 6, 3, 7, 12, 6 is a river in Kentucky.
My 5, 10, 20, 20 is a county in Ohio.
My 6, 8, 20 is a river in Germany.
My 7, 5, 15, 3 is a county in New York.
My 8, 15, 13, 2 is a river in Scotland.
My 9, 10, 18, 20, 7 is a river in Maine.
My 10, 2, 15, 18 is one of the United States.
My 11, 12, 15, 18, 16 is a county in Arkansas.
My 12, 6, 11, 20, 3 is a river in North Carolina.
My 13, 7, 16, 20, 14, 20 is a river in Louisiana.
My 14, 9, 15, 13, 7 is a county in Mississippi.
My 15, 18, 16, 15, 14 is a county in Michigan.
My 16, 14, 5, 6, 8, 1, 14 is a river in Turkey.
My 17, 18, 20, 13, 10, 12 is a city in Massachusetts.
My 18, 2, 15, 16 is a city in Ohio.
My 19, 11, 11, 14 is a river in California.
My 20, 11, 9, 12, 7, 5 is a county in Tennessee.
My whole took quite a prominent part in the American Revolution.
Cadiz, Catt. Co., N. Y., 1859. HENRI.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

POETICAL ENIGMA

In searching the records of antique lore,
My birth you will find was with Adam and Eve—
I stimulate man to grasp more and more,
I have always wronged him, and I always deceive.

Very cunning and shrewd my actions oft are,
To delude and to cheat I am always alert,
I instigate crimes in man, and debar
From justice and right—his mind I pervert.

The wrongs and the sufferings man doth endure,
Most of their origin may be traced unto me;
I govern the nations—I lead them to war—
Tyranny and slavery would cease but for me.

Though a vassal has man ever been unto me,
Goaded with cares, oft wearied with time,
Might his servitude cease and thus become free,
Would he cease to obey those mandates of mine.

How happy and useful his days might remain,
While in his probation on earth here below,
Were he to refuse me a place in his brain,
No longer would trouble his mind undergo.

Elba, Genesee Co., N. Y. NATHAN SHOTWELL.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

SUPPOSING a pole, 82 feet high, to stand on a horizontal plane, at what height must it be cut off that the top of it may fall on a point 40 feet from the bottom, and the end where it was cut off rest on the upright part?
Hartford, Wis., 1859. E. W. D.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 501.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Stephen A. Douglas.

Answer to Algebraical Problem:—The first flock contains 64, second 40, third 208, and fourth 36.

A CHILD AT PLAY.—It is always a most curious spectacle to watch a child alone at play, and see it contriving pleasure and mimic business for itself. It is marvelous what imagination does for this little poet, who works, not with words, but creates strange visions for itself out of sticks, and stones, and straws. Dive, if you can, into the urchin's mind, and follow to its source that exclamation of joy and surprise which a mere nothing has called forth! It is a most curious spectacle. But when, at the same time, we call to mind that we ourselves have been just such another charming simpleton, there arises before us one of the most fascinating of day-dreams which the grown-up man can indulge in. It is veritably a fairy land we are peeping into.—*Thorndale.*

IT is necessary to allow the night to pass over the injuries of the day.

Wit and Humor.

PROFESSIONAL "JOKERS."

Clerical.

A RENOWNED clergyman of New York lately preached rather a long sermon from the text—"Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." After the congregation had listened about an hour, some began to get weary and went out; others soon followed, greatly to the annoyance of the minister. Another person started, whereupon the person stopped in his sermon, and said:—"That's right, gentlemen; as fast as you are weighed, pass out!" He continued his sermon at length, but no one disturbed him after that.

A CLERGYMAN from a town near Providence, R. I., and one of his elderly parishioners, were walking home from church one icy day last winter, when the old gentleman slipped and fell flat on his back. The minister looked at him a moment, and being assured he was not much hurt, said to him, "Friend, sinners stand on slippery places." The old gentleman looked up, as if to assure himself of the fact, and said, "I see they do, *but I can't.*"

Medical.

DOCTOR BOLUS, who was very angry when any joke was passed on his profession, once said:—"I defy any person whom I ever attended, to accuse me of ignorance or neglect." "That you may do safely, doctor," replied a wag, "dead men tell no tales."

"DOCTOR," said a gentleman to a physician, "my daughter had a fit this morning, and continued for half an hour without knowledge."—"Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that, many people continue so all their lives!"

PHYSICIANS in India raise blisters with red-hot iron, and dress them with cayenne pepper. If such treatment does not make people "smart," we don't know anything that would.

THE venerable lady of a celebrated physician, one day casting her eye out of the window, observed her husband in the funeral procession of one of his patients, at which she exclaimed:—"I do wish my husband would keep away from such processions; it appears too much like a tailor carrying home his work."

MOTHER.—"Here, Tommy, is some nice castor oil, with orange in it." Doctor.—"Now remember, don't give it all to Tommy; leave some for me." Tommy—(who has been there)—"Doctor's a nice man, ma; give it all to the Doctor."

Legal.

A MAN who had brutally assaulted his wife was brought before Justice Kavanaugh, of New York, lately, and had a good deal to say about "getting justice." "Justice," replied Kavanaugh, "you can't get it here. This court has no power to hang you."

WHEN the celebrated Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, was "stating law" to a jury in court, Lord Mansfield interrupted him by saying,—"If that be law, I'll go home and burn my books." "My lord," replied Dunning, "you had better go home and read them."

A TRAVELER writes—"We started from a little town in the vicinity of Holstein. I would not undertake to spell or pronounce the name; but if you will take Tzchucken and Kioneje'd, and mix them up with Ompompanoosbe, Scotch snuff, and Passamaquoddy, and pronounce the whole backwards with a sneeze, you will get within about six miles of it."

"JOHN, did Mrs. Green get the medicine I ordered?"

"I guess so," replied John, "for I saw crape on the door the next morning."

"WHY are you always looking into the glass, madam?" "Sir, the glasses I look into help me to improve my appearance; those you look into degrade yours?"

A DANDY'S occupation is to show his clothes; and, if they could but walk themselves, they would save him the labor, and do his work as well as himself.

THE young ladies' best friend—their looking-glass, because it always gives them "aids to *reflection.*"

HE whose soul does not sing, need not try to sing with his throat.

WHY does a sailor know there is a man in the moon? Because he has been to sea.

THE FOUR P'S.—Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Penury.

WHAT would Neptune exclaim if the sea were taken from him?—I have not *a notion.*

IF a man marry a shrew, are we to suppose he is shrewd?

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THE LARGEST CIRCULATED
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IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
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CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates.—It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

FALL HARVEST—CORN, POTATOES, &c.

FARMERS are now improving every moment to close up their summer's work. For the past few weeks we have had unpleasant weather for gathering in the crops, and corn-huskers and potato-diggers have suffered from cold fingers. Frosty nights and cold, windy days—cold rains, with an occasional flurry of snow, have rendered out-door work slow and unpleasant. The weather is now (Oct. 27th) clear and cold, with a sharp frost nights, which will injure potatoes that lie exposed, or near the surface.

The CORN CROP in Western New York is not a medium one, and there is much more soft corn than usual. The frost the latter part of September cut the corn in some localities, and since that time we have had but little favorable weather, with occasional frosts, and late corn has not ripened. Much of the corn was so injured by the frost of the 4th of June as to make it late, and a good deal had to be re-planted. From that time to the 15th of June, and later, many were engaged in re-planting, and a favorable fall was most anxiously desired by corn-growers. In this they were not gratified. A letter before us from Ontario county, in this State, says:—"September frosts have destroyed one-half of our corn crop, or at least, diminished its value to that amount." The Connecticut, and most of the Eastern papers, say corn is much injured by frost in that section. Almost all of our Western exchanges give very favorable reports of the corn crop in the West.

POTATOES never yielded better in this section. From almost all sections of the country, however, we hear complaints of rot. When at the State Fair we were informed by growers from Long Island and New Jersey, that a great portion of the crop was diseased, and that the Peach Blow suffered more than any other variety. We were prepared to hear that this new and favorite sort was predisposed to disease, for the seed that we obtained from the East last spring was affected, and nearly one-third rotted before we got ready to plant, and a good many of the sets rotted in the ground. JOHN JOHNSTON, of Seneca Co., writes to the *Country Gentleman*:—"I am sorry to say our potatoes are all going with the rot, and a better crop and better quality we have not had in many years. When in Canada lately I found they were also commencing to rot." Here, the potatoes grown on heavy land are very badly rotting, while on light land, as a general thing, they are sound. We have grown more than thirty varieties this season, and the *Peach Blows* dug late on heavy land were diseased. The *Mexicans* on the dryest soil was half rotten, all others sound. The yield in all Western New York, so far as we can learn, is very great. JOSEPH RANDOLPH, of Penfield, in this county, informs us that he grew 2,200 bushels of salable potatoes on eleven acres, as measured by the buyers for the New York market. The *Buckeyes* yielded the best, giving 280 bushels to the acre; *Peach Blows* and *Flukes* alike, 250 bushels; and *Dykemans*, 200 bushels. These four sorts were the most productive. Our experience has convinced us that the *David' Seedling*, a Massachusetts potato, of which we shall say more, is the most productive good potato grown. In hills, three feet apart each way, it produced 316 bushels to the acre; in rows two feet apart, and the sets one foot apart in the rows, 344 bushels, while the *Prince Alberts*, with the same treatment, (in hills) produced 257 bushels, and the *Peach Blows* 241 bushels. W. D. PURDY of Chili, in this county, presented us with fine specimens of *Prince Alberts*, and a statement that he had grown 300 bushels on a fraction less than an acre.

The *Root Crops* were never better, seldom so fine, so far as we have seen or heard, and never, perhaps, were they more needed to make up for a deficient hay crop.

BUTTER AND CHEESE.

ALTHOUGH we are occasionally permitted to chronicle certain wondrous lacteal qualities exhibited by isolated representatives of the "milky herd," there would seem, judging from present prices and demand, to be a general falling off in the dairy product of this State. Individuals who can afford to butter only *one side* of their bread, are anxiously inquiring as to the probable cost of such an operation during the winter now before them, and after careful investigation of the facts obtainable, are ready to shrink back appalled; while those who are indifferent as to the footing up of the bills, but would gratify the palate with that which is redolent of clover blossoms, are just now *enjoying* an equally bleak prospect. Amid the denizens of this city, at least, the important inquiry now is—"What has become of the butter?"

This query is fraught with interest to producer as well as consumer. The agriculturist has a special investment in stock for dairy purposes, and he ought to be aware whether it is likely to yield a profitable per centage, or become a drawback upon the returns of labor expended in other departments of farm economy. He should know whether this portion of his business is furnishing its *pro rata* towards the liquidation of the demands upon his purse, and if found wanting, ways and means must be devised to restore it to a paying standard.

A month or two since we published an extract from the N. Y. *Tribune*, showing the increase in the average weight of cattle offered for sale to the butchers, and the figures then presented proved that a gain of about 300 pounds per head had been attained in a comparatively brief period of time. In furnishing *beef* to the mass of consumers, the farming community,—by the exercise of judgment, and care in the selection of animals from which to breed,—have accomplished an object the pecuniary value of which cannot be over-estimated. The success which has thus far attended the efforts of those who sought to improve the meat-producing qualities of such animals as are "good for food," is the result of close scrutiny and comparison, and by the employment of the same agencies the Dairyman can solve the question which, as we have before intimated, is agitating the public mind.

Referring to the market reports in the latter part of October for the past ten years, as they stand published in the RURAL, we note quite an increase in the prices of dairy products, and if the annual return, per cow, now equals that of 1850, we must conclude that this branch of farming pays well. Let us examine the figures:

	Cheese.	Butter.
October, 1850,	4½@5½	12½@14
" 1851,	5½@6	12½@13
" 1852,	5 @7	15 @19
" 1853,	8 @9	16 @17
" 1854,	5 @10	18½@20
" 1855,	8 @9	18 @19
" 1856,	8 @9	20 @21
" 1857,	7 @8	17 @18
" 1858,	7 @8	17 @18
" 1859,	8 @10	20 @21

During the period selected, (October,) for the first five years of the decade presented, the average price of cheese was about six and one-half cents per pound, and of butter fifteen and one-half cents; for the closing five it advances to nearly eight and one-half cents for the former product, and nineteen and one-fifth cents for the latter,—an addition of more than twenty-five per cent. to the one, and but a fraction less than a like amount to the cost of the other of the articles under consideration. And the end is not yet. During all these years, (with, probably, the single exception of 1856,) every family which so desired could lay in a crock of butter for the winter's supply, but this privilege was denied the great majority the present season. The country within twenty or thirty miles of Rochester, has usually furnished sufficient for local consumption, but now our dealers are compelled to widely extend the area of search for a good, sweet article, and, too often, they find themselves "in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties." Western Pennsylvania and Northern Ohio furnish a goodly proportion of the "supplies" in this particular line, and we are strongly inclined to the belief that we are more indebted to the skill of Buckeye milkmaids for our delicious "Hamburg" cheese, than to those who would fain have the credit of its production.

It is useless to ask—"Can these things be?" Twenty-eight to thirty cents a pound for butter, and fifteen cents for good cheese—we doubt not the retail rates will fully reach these figures the coming winter—are facts, plain, palpable, not admitting even the shadow of a doubt in the mind of the purchaser. Why is it thus? We have thrown these thoughts together for the purpose of calling the attention of producers to the subject, and we leave the matter in their hands, hoping to hear their solutions of the query—"*What has become of the butter?*"

HOW FARMERS TIME IT.

EVERY farmer should be governed by a regular system for using the hours throughout the day, so as to calculate with some degree of certainty on the daily routine of the labors of the farm. Show me a man who is not governed by a strict system, I care not what business he is engaged in, and I will show you a man who is always getting into difficulty, and who is troubled with a vast amount of what he terms "bad luck." Now, to remedy this, let me place before your notice a method for dividing the time, which, I think, if adopted by all our farmers, would be greatly conducive to their prosperity.

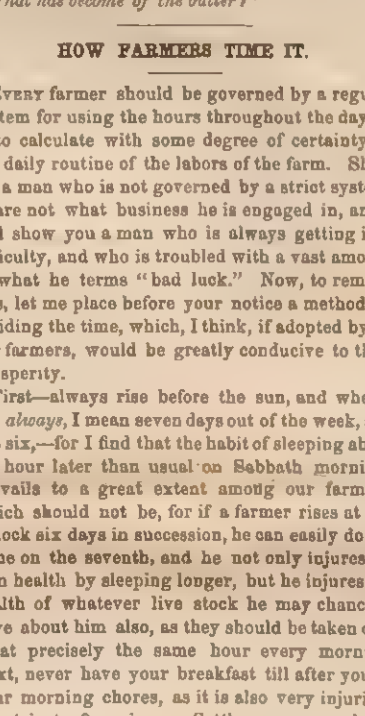
First—always rise before the sun, and when I say *always*, I mean seven days out of the week, and not six,—for I find that the habit of sleeping about an hour later than usual on Sabbath mornings prevails to a great extent among our farmers, which should not be, for if a farmer rises at five o'clock six days in succession, he can easily do the same on the seventh, and he not only injures his own health by sleeping longer, but he injures the health of whatever live stock he may chance to have about him also, as they should be taken care of at precisely the same hour every morning. Next, never have your breakfast till after you do your morning chores, as it is also very injurious to eat just after rising. Settle upon some hour, say about seven, and then regularly, as the hands of the clock point to the hour, take your place at the table. Observe the same regularity with your other meals, day after day, through the whole year, and we think we can safely assert that you will perform as much labor, and as advantageously, as though you had eaten your dinner some times at twelve and sometimes at two o'clock, your supper some times at five and some times at eight o'clock,—and we are sure that you will be troubled less with dyspepsia, nightmare, and all the other "petty evils that flesh is (*not*) heir to," but brings on by its own follies and vices.

Prospect, N. Y., 1859. GEO. H. WORDEN.

FAIR GROUNDS AND EXHIBITION HALL

OF THE PALMYRA UNION AG. SOCIETY.

WITHIN the past five years decided changes have been made in the organization and management of Agricultural Societies, and great improvements instituted in the preparation of grounds and buildings for their exhibitions. In this State, a great impetus was given to associations designed



GROUND PLAN OF EXHIBITION BUILDING.

A. Centre of Hall.
B. Rear Piazza, 60x10, with balcony above.
C. Front Piazza, 28x10, with balcony above.
D. D. Stairs to gallery.
E. Business Office, and Com. Room, 16x16.
F. Ladies' Room.

The posts surrounding *A.* support the gallery, which extends around the hall, and is 16 feet wide.

There are three large doors at each end of hall.

EXHIBITION BUILDING,—ELEVATION.

to advance Rural Improvement, by the passage (in April, 1855,) of an Act to facilitate the forming of Agricultural and Horticultural Societies—the law authorizing County and Town Societies, organized according to its provisions, to hold real estate and personal property to such an extent that they could own suitable fair grounds, buildings, etc. The act had no sooner taken effect than many of the old Societies were re-organized—electing boards of officers according to its provisions, and proceeding to render its advantages available. Many new Societies were also formed under the law, and commenced operations under favorable auspices. Most of these associations, both old and new, have secured (or are about to do so,) permanent Fair Grounds, with requisite improvements. In Western and Central New York almost every County Ag. Society has adopted the plan of permanent location, having purchased or rented grounds adapted to holding exhibitions, and many Town and Union Associations have adopted the same course. We might specify some twenty Societies, each of which has fine grounds, with proper conveniences—such as offices, exhibition buildings, &c.,—creditable to the taste, enterprise and liberality of the people of their respective localities; but our present object is to give a brief description of what one of them has accomplished in this respect, in the belief that it will prove suggestive and beneficial to associations which have not yet secured desirable improvements.

The Fair Grounds of the Union Agricultural Society at Palmyra, (Wayne County, N. Y.,) are among the best we have ever seen—most creditable to all who participated in their arrangement and completion, and a good model for similar associations. So thinking, we present the accompanying diagram of the grounds, and plan of the main exhibition building,—with such references as will convey a a clear idea of their arrangement, capacity and convenience.

The Grounds of the Society are situated on Jackson Avenue, within the limits of the village of Palmyra, and comprise about nineteen acres—the whole being enclosed by a substantial board fence, eight feet high. The main entrance is four rods in width, bordered with shade trees, and otherwise adorned. The arrangements for entrance of pedestrians and carriages (with ticket office convenient to both,) and also for exit, are admirable. The separate entrance for stock, machinery, etc., is very convenient,—while the abundant "water privileges" (two wells and a living stream,) should not be overlooked among the items of comfort and convenience for man and beast.

The principal exhibition building—Floral Hall—is 96 feet long, 60 feet wide, and two stories high, with a spacious gallery extending around the whole interior. It is finished throughout in a substantial manner, at a cost of over $3,000, and is to be lighted with gas. The building has a fine, commanding appearance, (as shown in our engraving). For beauty of location, convenience of arrangement, and adaptation to the purposes for which it is intended, it is probably at least equal, if not superior, to any structure of the kind which we have examined in the State—the Ampitheatre of the Ontario County Agricultural Society (heretofore illustrated and described in the RURAL,) alone exceling it in cost, extent and convenience; but that is not an exhibition building of the style and class we are describing. From the elevated balconies at each end, a fine view can be had of the village and surrounding country—a panorama which would delight the poet, painter and lover of natural scenery *improved* by art and industry. [We believe the building was designed by CARLTON H. ROGERS, Esq.]

The arrangement and conveniences of the Grounds are so well shown in our diagram, and its references, that any detailed description is unnecessary. Could the reader have viewed the grounds (and their varied contents or covering,) during the recent Fair of the Society, as we did, he would have concurred with us in pronouncing all most complete and commendable. Be that as it may, however, we regard the subject of our notice worthy of this illustrative description, and trust its presentation will awaken a spirit of emulation in such matters among the numerous Societies within the somewhat wide range of the RURAL'S circulation.

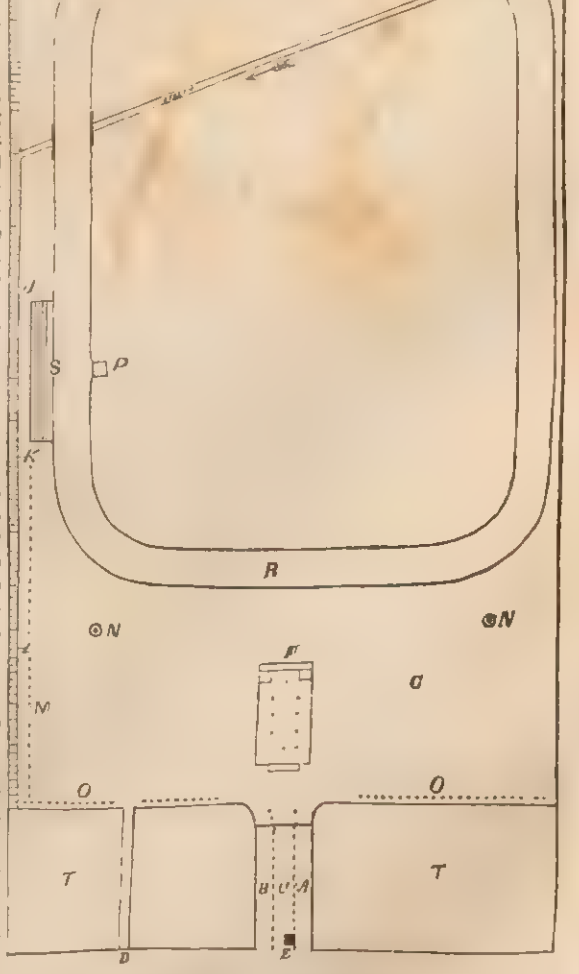


DIAGRAM OF FAIR GROUNDS.

A. Entrance for carriages.
B. Exit way for carriages.
C. Way for persons on foot.
D. Entrance for Stock.
E. Ticket Office.
F. Floral Hall, (60x96.)
G. Ground for Farm Implements, &c.
H. Stalls for Horses.
I. Stalls for Cattle.
K. Pens for Sheep and Swine.
L. Stalls for Cattle.
M. Posts for hitching fat cattle.
N. N. Wells.
O. Posts for hitching Teams.
P. Judges' Stand.
R. Track for horses, (half mile long—40 feet wide.
S. Seats, (150 feet long.)
T. T. Village lots.
Two parallel lines, stream, bridged over at track.

WINTERING STOCK.—SHEEP.

Mr. Moore:—Some time ago I received your letter saying you had mislaid my article on wintering stock, and requesting another. I can say little on the subject but what I have often written, yet as many farmers are so very remiss in wintering their cattle and sheep, it would be well if the Agricultural papers would remind them of their duty every Autumn, until there would be *few* farmers in the country but would keep their stock improving in winter as well as in summer; and well I know that either sheep or cattle turned to pasture when nothing but skin and bone, make but very little improvement in the pasturing season, and often go into another winter in worse condition than they ought to be at the time they were turned to pasture at the middle of May. I think a farmer would be *equally* excusable, who, after raising a crop of grain, should wilfully waste one-half of it, as waste the flesh off his sheep and cattle for five or six months every year. I traveled through some of the western counties of this State lately, and saw many miserably poor ewes and lambs, which must be very well cared for the coming winter, else they will be food for worthless dogs long before spring—and I know that keeping sheep in that way never can pay, no matter how little the food costs. If every farmer would feed each of his sheep one bushel of corn, or 60 lbs. of oats, buckwheat or barley, (whichever he found cheapest,) during winter, with good straw, even, for fodder, they would pay him better for the grain, by far, than if he were to carry it to market and sell it for cash. But if he would feed each sheep 90 lbs. of corn, or other grain, they would still pay him better for the grain—they would yield him double the wool to what they did when he fed no grain—they would raise him double the number and much better lambs. Try it, farmers. I have practiced this for over thirty years, and think I cannot be mistaken. You no doubt will hear farmers say, "I fed grain to my ewes one year, but I will never do so again; they lost their wool, the lambs came before their time, and I lost nearly all of them." Now, let me tell you the reason of those men's bad luck. They did not *begin* feeding the grain until their sheep were in *poverty*, and the feed was too strong for them; hence it created fever, and bad luck attended them. But you that will take my advice, begin to feed grain whenever your pasture *fails in fall*, so as to keep up the condition of the sheep, and if you keep the dogs from them, and give them reasonable shelter, I will warrant no bad luck in loosing wool, or premature lambs, will befall them. There is no animal that will pay better for good feeding than sheep, and none, as a general thing, is worse fed; if they only got half the care that is bestowed on the filthy swine, they would pay much better.

When I tell farmers that they ought to keep their sheep much better, they shake their heads and say, "It may pay you to feed grain and linseed cake to sheep, but it would not pay us." Far be it from me to advise farmers to run any great risk in feeding a large quantity of grain to their sheep until they have the best of proof (experience) that it will pay them, and that double what they could get for the grain in cash; but I do wish I could persuade every farmer in the country to feed a few sheep in the way I mention, and I feel sure all who thus practice would feed their whole flocks so the next year. No farmer ought to keep a flock of Merino sheep without shearing at least five lbs. of clean wool per head. If they shear less he ought either to reduce his flock, or feed better, or both, until he gets up to that amount of wool or over; and with such feeding as I advocate, Merino wethers at three years old can be made to average (in the fall) from 120 to 130 lbs., live weight. As they are now kept it is only a picked flock that will average 90 lbs. But you must breed those that are to weigh from 120 to 130 lbs., *and that from well-fed ewes*, and not expect to take little, stunted yearlings or two year olds, and think to make them weigh the higher weights.

Again, if a lot of Merino wethers averaging 88 or 90 lbs., live weight, in the fall, is worth three cents per lb., a lot weighing 120 lbs. average is better worth four cents, and those averaging 130 lbs. four and a quarter cents—for the reason that the offal of the 90 lb. sheep is only a trifle less than the one weighing 120 lbs. The fact is, there is a profit every way in high feeding. It is just like high manuring, and the higher you feed the higher you manure, the manure being so much richer.

I had intended to have said something on feeding Cattle, but I have said so much for the poor Sheep I must stop. Perhaps I have said more than will be read by many. Yours, truly,

Near Geneva, N. Y., 1859. John Johnston.

Remarks.—We hope Mr. J. will give us an article on wintering cattle, for we are confident what he may have to say on the subject will be read with interest and profit. A man of his observation, years, experience, and (we cannot refrain from adding) merited reputation, ought not to be afraid of writing too much. An allusion, in a recent address, to his example and success in underdraining and other matters, was received in such manner as to assure us that Mr. Johnston's practical teachings were of the right stamp to forward farm improvement and enrichment.

How to Kill Woodchucks.—"J. S. M." of Fillmore, N. Y., wishes to know "if there is no way of killing woodchucks short of hunting and shooting or trapping them?" To which I reply, there is. Take a sweet apple, quarter it, make an incision in each quarter, into which insert a small quantity of strychnine, or a larger quantity of arsenic; put a piece or two into each hole. In a short time the apple will be gone, and the woodchuck a "*goner*."—J. S. Tibbets, *Nankin, Mich.*

A Good Cow.—Mr. Martin Tymerson, of East Bloomfield, Ont. Co., states that he has a cow (three-fourths Durham,) from which his wife made and sold, last summer, from the 2d day of May to the 2d day of August, one hundred and one pounds (101 lbs.,) of nice, rich butter, besides what was required for the use of the family, consisting of three grown persons. During the first twenty days of June, she gave 58 lbs. of milk each day—26 lbs. in the morning, and 32 lbs. at night.

LESSONS OF THE SEASON.

Readers of the Rural:—As again "we stand among the fallen leaves," and look over our fields, most of them already stripped of their productions, it seems hardly possible that any intelligent cultivator of the soil should fail to call to mind many observations which he has made during the passing season, of failures or success, and their probable causes, both in his own operations and those of his neighbors,—observations which may hereafter be of great practical importance to himself and others. There is no person that thinks who does not make such observations. And yet, through failure to record them in his journal, or in the public prints, they are unknown by others, and many of them soon forgotten by himself. In many things we perhaps do not trust our memories enough,—in others, and especially such matters as have been referred to, we trust them too much. We need something in black and white, which shall be a reminder of them when the season returns for using them.

In many parts of our country, the past season has been remarkable for frosts and other calamities to the farmer. The place where the writer resides was not only visited, on the 4th and 10th of June, by the severest frosts perhaps ever known here so late in the season, but was clean swept on the 24th of June by a devastating hail, which hardly left a green thing. Early peas, in some of our gardens, were ready for picking, and other vegetables proportionately advanced. On the morning of the 25th our gardens and plowed fields were as clean almost as if just harrowed. In these circumstances the question "What shall we plant?" was an important one. "What *can* we plant so late and get any return?" Some replied after the frosts, "You need not plant anything; the corn will come again, and so will the potatoes." Others said, "It is too late for corn; put in buckwheat, and by-and-by, turnips and corn for fodder." After the hail they said, "There isn't time for anything but turnips." Rather poor prospect, was it not, for comfortable living for the following nine months or more?

To these remarks I wish to subjoin a few facts which have come under my own observation during the past season, in hope that they may prove of service to some who may read them.

1. Corn, where it was frozen below the ground, did *not* "come again" so as to be worth the culture. Though every hill started again, and looked green for a few days, much of it died; some of it put out small, poor ears, close to the ground; and a very little of it yielded good corn.

2. Potatoes, many of them, did come again, and gave a fair crop. In some cases, however, they were frozen so severely as to make them worthless.

3. King Philip corn, planted from the 12th to the 20th of June, and a few rows in garden soil as late as the 27th and 28th of June, ripened.

4. Potatoes planted several days after the frosts, ripened perfectly, and gave a good crop. Others, planted the 29th of June, though still green in the tops when the frost came in October, gave the largest crop of large potatoes that I have ever raised on an equal area of ground.

5. I have never had better peas than from those which I planted the 26th of June, and though they came at a time of year when green peas are ordinarily only remembered as luxuries long ago past, they were declared by all who partook of them to be in good time, and a note was made to plant some peas late hereafter, frost or no frost. Beans planted the 27th and 28th of June, ripened a considerable part of the crop. Limas were not replanted.

6. Melons, squashes, &c., did not pay. Tomatoes, likewise, except those which have been for some time past under frames, with glazed covering, and additional protection when there is danger of frost. These are still affording fine ripened fruit.

7. Sweet potatoes, planted out late, gave no return. Those which "came again" after frosts and hail were little worth.

8. Turnips are fine, and having been sown in more places than usual, are more abundant. The old rule, "The 25th of July, wet or dry," will not answer well one year with another, as to time. So far as my observation goes, it is too late, except upon very quick soils, or in very favorable seasons, or with some of the quicker growing varieties.

9. Our meadows, which were greatly injured by the frosts, and wholly cut up by the hail, have many of them yielded something worth cutting in September and October.

To conclude, I wish to place on record for those who shall look over the back numbers and volumes of the Rural in time to come for something to encourage them, when disasters to their crops in the early part of the season occur, that that kind Providence which "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" has crowned our efforts to make up as far as possible for our losses by frost and hail, with, I believe, even unhoped-for success,—thus kindly urging us to trust ourselves confidently to His keeping who careth for us, though the peach tree should not blossom, neither should there be fruit in the vines, though the fruit of the orchard should fail, and even the fields yield no meat. H.

BREEDING HORSES FOR ALL-WORK.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—As I am a great admirer of fine stock of all kinds, I take pleasure in reading all that appears in the Rural on the subject; but am forced, from experience and observation, to differ with some of your correspondents. I contend that "like begets like," and that it is impossible to change the laws of nature. I therefore contend that no horse is suitable to be bred to all kinds of mares, so as to produce fine animals from all. And I furthermore contend that no stallion can produce animals suitable for all kinds of work. If thorough-bred stallions will do so, why was it not done in the blue grass country of Kentucky?

Some twenty odd years ago, everybody bred to thorough-bred stallions; the consequence was that the horses became too small for everything but the saddle. Then they resorted to the other extreme, and imported a number of draft stallions. It is true they increased the *size* of their horses, and produced many fine animals, and at the same time many worthless weeds. He who breeds a small mare to a thorough-bred stallion, expecting to get large draft animals,—or a mare possessing no fine gait, expecting to get a good saddle animal or a fast trotter, will assuredly be disappointed. I acknowledge that we cannot produce stylish, fast horses from draft stallions, nor can you do it with a thorough-bred horse from common mares. I have seen it tried too often; four-fifths of the time the experiment failed. I have handled more thorough-bred stallions than any other one kind, and have been forced to believe that they are not the horse to breed all kind of mares. I would much prefer a Cleveland Bay or a large Morgan to breed to promiscuously. I have neither, so I am disinterested, as I have no such stock. I have been convinced from observation that they are the best animals that have ever been brought out West, for all purposes. If the mares are under size, I would prefer breeding to a Cleveland Bay stallion; but if my mares were of good size, I would prefer a fine sized Morgan to all others. Their colts have fine size, and a great deal more style, and move better than all other horses I have ever seen. These thorough-bred men contend that "like begets like," and, in the same breath, that a horse that does not trot, (if he does, it is done very poorly,) and who cannot pace a lick, and who is a small-boned, light-bodied animal, will produce animals that will excel in trotting, pacing, and fine size. Then I contend they must get it from their dams. "That there is no uncertainty in nature's operations, the male confers the external structure of the offspring,"—all of which I believe. Then, where are the offspring to look for those traits that the sire does not possess? It is true that there are freaks of nature—that the produce differs from sire and dam, but it is very seldom. So I contend that we should first determine what we desire to raise, and breed with an eye to that point. Perfection in no particular point is gained in one cross, but it takes years to excel or produce perfection in stock. Too many expect the sire to do everything—that all they have to do is to breed to a fine animal,—and that they will get a splendid animal out of a scrub. Such persons are doomed to disappointment, I care not to what they breed. To produce fine stock, you must breed to fine animals and keep at it, at the same time taking good care of the produce. G. M. B.

Saline Co., Mo., October, 1859.

THE SORGHUM IN KANSAS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—A correspondent wishes to know concerning the Sorghum, and I can say, for this vicinity, we are making a good thing of it. Six mills are in operation within two miles of me, and molasses that has given good satisfaction has been made, and we think that but a small amount of molasses need be brought from the South for this vicinity in future. It is an easy crop to raise here. As this morning was our first show of frost it has had full time to mature.—Should I be able, I will send you figures of the amount made here this fall.

We have raised some wheat, but the same complaint is prevalent here as elsewhere. The yield is light, and we have yet to import both wheat and apples. We have an abundance of corn and potatoes—both sweet and common varieties—and we hope soon to raise all that our climate will allow.—Jas. Williams, *Osawatomie, Kansas, Oct.*, 1859.

MANURES—SAFE RULES.

Are there not a few rules in regard to manures which it is safe to rely upon as unalterable? 1st. All fine or well decomposed fertilizers should be applied at or near the surface. 2d. All coarse, in contra-distinction, should be buried beneath the surface at a slight depth.

All manures are better for having been housed, unless we except the very coarse, where moisture may be needed to aid decomposition. For quick growing crops, like corn or tobacco, the fertilizing matter should (if of proper fineness,) be placed near the plant or in the hill.—W. J. Petter, *Lakeville, Conn.*, 1859.

Raising Turkeys.—In a June number of the New-Yorker I made a few inquiries about raising turkeys, which were very promptly answered. I cannot explain my success better than by saying that I have raised more turkeys from a litter of ten, this fall, than from seventy young turkeys last spring. Shortly after the advice given in the Rural, I had a litter of ten hatched, which I fed bread and milk, water, and occasionally a little lobbered milk, for about four weeks, according to the instructions, and have raised all except three which were caught by the hawks. After this when I wish advice, I know where to get it. *Take* the Rural all.—Subscriber, *Cayuga, N. Y.*, 1859.

Good Butter in Winter.—Mrs. H. wishes to send you the following method for making butter in *winter, yellow*, and *containing as pleasant flavor* as in May or June. Grate carrots, (the deepest orange color,) sift through a seive, mix in a little milk, (water will answer,) and put into the cream when you commence churning. You will be surprised at the great difference it makes with the butter. Scores of her neighbors have tendered her their sincere thanks for the information.—C. A. H., *Chicago, Ill.*, 1859.

Seed Corn.—Wm. S. Morgan, of Warren Co., writes to the *Prairie Farmer* that seed from the butt end of an ear of corn will ripen its product all at the same time, and some three weeks earlier than seed from the little end of the same ear. He recommends farmers always to break their seed corn ears in two in the middle, and use the butt ends only for seed.

Oswego Co. Ag. Society.—At a recent meeting of the Oswego County Ag. Society (the one which held its last Fair at Fulton,) it was resolved to hold the next Fair at Oswego. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—*President*—Joel Tuthill, Oswego. *Vice-Presidents*—Orson Titus, Hannibal; David Nichols, New Haven. *Rec. Secretary*—John U. Smith, Oswego Falls. *Cor. Secretary*—Dudley Farling, Oswego. *Treasurer*—S. G. Merriam, New Haven. *Executive Committee*—Thos. Askew, Scriba; John Reeves, Granby; D. C. Buell, Oswego.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Feeding off Pasture Lands.

It is certainly advantageous to pastures, says Thaer, to remove the cattle from them often, in order that the grass may have time to recover itself. For this reason, on the best conducted farms, the pasture land is divided into separate parts.—The animals which require the most succulent and nourishing food are first turned to each separate division, and as they are removed, the other kinds which need a smaller quantity of untriment, are fed there. By this means the whole of the grass is eaten, those kinds to which the cattle are least partial with the rest. The herbage is then left to recover itself for a sufficient time, and afterward the first herd is again allowed to feed upon it.

In commenting upon the foregoing, the editor of the *New England Farmer* says:—"This system possesses decided advantages over the practice of suffering the cattle to wander over the whole extent of pasture ground. If the space is large a great deal of herbage is spoiled or destroyed by the trampling of the cattle; the pasturage is never uniformly eaten off, but some portions are left to grow until it becomes dry and hard. The luxuriant but distasteful herbage is constantly increasing, and in time crowds out the finer kinds, already lessened by being cropped so closely and continually. Another advantage is, the stock are more quiet, and consequently feed better, and keep in better health. The succession of the various kinds of stock must be regulated by the circumstances of the owner. Thaer says that in spring the best pasturage is often given to ewes, because it is needed to increase their supply of milk, and give them strength to nurse their lambs with sheep in spring, if not allowed too long, has a tendency to thicken the growth of grass. But they cannot be followed by cattle immediately, with advantage; at least three weeks should intervene, to allow the smell of their dung to dissipate, and the grass to get a fresh start."

Night Soil—Its Value.

In a recent issue of the *Planter's Banner* the editor remarks:—"The best of all manures is the one which in our country is the most universally wasted. In Belgium, where agriculture is carried to great productiveness, they 'order things differently.' There, the estimate is, by nice calculation, that it is worth $10 for every individual, man, woman and child. We traverse sea and land, send to Africa and South America to bring elements of fertility which at home we throw away on every farm in the country. What an immense amount is wasted in our cities. It must be the most valuable, containing the elements of all kinds of food consumed by man, and in returning these to the soil, we return the identical constituents which former crops and animals have taken from the land. Night soil contains the phosphate of lime, which is indispensable to the growth of animal's bones and to the nutriment of all plants, and which is not supplied from the atmosphere like carbonic acid and ammonia. All fluid and solid excretions should be preserved by mixing with burnt clay, saw-dust, ashes, peat or wood charcoal, muck, etc. We have a great deal to learn, and, alas, much more to practice that we have learned."

Horses and Colts.

A correspondent of the *Maine Farmer*, says he has a five year old horse and a two year old colt, and wishes advice in regard to their keep and feed. The editor makes the following suggestions in reply:—"A warm stable that can be easily ventilated; good water easily come at; good, sweet hay in sufficient quantity; a feed of oats or corn and cob meal once per day. These are the requisites of good keeping for horses or colts. Some think that colts that do no work need no provender, but a moderate allowance daily, will 'pay,' as the Yankees say. In regard to cutting feed, if your hay is clean and sweet, with no mixture of coarse grasses, &c., it will be as well to let the horse do his own cutting. If you have rough fodder, or your hay is coarse, with a mixture of *all sorts*, it will pay to cut it and mix it with your meal and a little water in a mash tub."

Saving Clover Seed.

A Canada West farmer writes to the *Toronto Globe*, that many agriculturists are deterred from saving clover seed for their own use, from the great trouble and expense of hulling and cleaning it. But in his section it is a common practice to sow the seed and chaff together, which is done by making a large, deep box of boards, on the top of an ordinary wagon box. The chaff is then shovelled in and hauled out to the field, and scattered over the surface from the wagon, as evenly as possible, with a straw or dung fork, just thick enough to give the ground a dark appearance. It is then harrowed in with a light harrow.

Training Steers.

At the Maine State Fair, a boy fifteen years of age, from the town of Woodstock, had a pair of three year old steers which obeyed him as an obedient boy will his parents. By a motion of his hand they would go forward, halt, and return, go to the right or left, kneel down, and perform other things much to the surprise of some older farmers who are in the habit of putting the brad through the hide. At the New York State Fair, there was a perfect Rarey of an ox tamer, who practices breaking steers for farmers, who never treats them inhumanly, but he soon has them under perfect control, and as bidable as well-trained children. So says the New York *Tribune*.

Management of Milk.—The *Homestead* says:—"The milk-room and dairy management have something to do with the production of butter, and thinks an improved style of milk-room would be quite as likely to increase the yield of butter as an improved breed of cows. There is much truth in this; though there is no reason why we should not have improved breeds of cattle as well as improved dairy-houses and more skillful management. In fact, they often go together."

One-horse Mowing Machines.—In reply to an inquiry in the Boston Cultivator, a correspondent at North Andover, Mass., recommends Ketchum's one-horse mowing machine, which he says he has used with advantage this year.

Agricultural Miscellany.

Failed, and Closed.—"If you have learn to shod," &c. That long-time odious sub-institution known as the "Agricultural Department of the Patent Office"—so beautifully engineered of late years by D. J. Browne, and formerly by Dr. Daniel Lee, et. al.—has gone into liquidation, the Commissioner of Patents having closed the concern, and declined to ask Congress for further appropriations. According to rumor there is a $100,000 defalcation in this branch of public *service* (?)—but the facts are not yet *patent* to the people. The "Advisory Board" should be convened and consulted—though we are credibly informed that its members considered the "branch" a humbug, and reported accordingly, which report was suppressed, perhaps to make room for plagiarized matters in the annual volume!

—Now that this Patent-Office-cellar nuisance, which has been scattering foul seeds and—"Reports" for years, is abated, it may be well for *those interested* in the progress and prosperity of the leading interest of Rural America to agitate the propriety of establishing a distinct Bureau or Department of Agriculture.

The Agricultural Book Publishers.—It will be seen by reference to an announcement in this paper, that C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co., of New York, have purchased the establishment of A. O. Moore & Co., by which they unite the stock, copy-rights, &c., of the latter firm, to their already extensive business. It will be remembered that Mr. Saxton was the projector and for many years the conductor of the first Agricultural Book Publishing House in this country, and that he disposed of the business to Mr. Moore. Since then Mr. C. has become publisher of the *Horticulturist*, as well as of many standard and miscellaneous works—and hence the purchase of the old establishment, as now announced, with his known enterprise and long experience, will give the new firm a commanding position and peculiar facilities for transacting an extensive, increasing and important branch of the publishing business. The new firm will merit, and we doubt not achieve, abundant success.

The Oregon Farmer—*Progress*.—The last number of this journal comes to us in quarto form, (about the size of the Rural,) and changed from a monthly to a semi-monthly. This indicates prosperity and the right kind of progress. We trust it will celebrate its next anniversary by changing to a weekly—for every progressive farmer, wherever located, needs a weekly journal which shall advise him in regard to matters connected with his occupation, the markets, etc., as much as the city business man requires a daily. The Farmer is well conducted and handsomely printed.

Wilson Town Fair.—We learn that the recent Fair of the Wilson (Niagara Co.) Town Ag. Society—the first held since its organization—was quite successful. In some respects the exhibition is said to have excelled that of the County Society. Wilson sustains a Farmers' Club, and of course its members would not allow an exhibition to prove a failure. "*Now* is the time to organize" *Farmers' Clubs*—a matter in which men of all political parties can and should cordially unite.

Transactions of State Ag. Society.—A Subscriber, Kalamazoo, Mich., asks—"Can you inform me where or to whom I should apply to obtain a copy of the Transactions of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, and the price? Please answer through the Rural." [Apply to the Secretary, Col. B. P. Johnson, Albany, N. Y. We think the price is $1.]

"Rural" Letters from the People are quite numerous and encouraging of late. We quote from two or three of the most seasonable—simply remarking that we will cheerfully furnish duplicates to any of our friends who wear out or lose numbers of the Rural while exhibiting them as specimens on Election or any other day:

Election Day is a good time to ask your friends and fellow townsmen to take the Rural, as many of our friends can attest. Reader, please take a copy with you, and, after discharging your duty toward "saving the nation," politically, work a little for a paper which seeks to promote the best interests of the people and the country. Mr. A. N. Hayden, of Cattaraugus Co., proposes to do this, for he says:—"I would like to have you send me a show bill and a number of the Rural if you can spare it as soon as possible, as I intend to get up a club, and I think Election day will be a favorable time to make some exertion. If you will send in time I should like it. I reside in a town where but few of your papers are taken, but think some more may be induced to subscribe by a little effort on the part of its friends; I therefore will see what I can do."

Mr. A. J. Rumsey, of Genesee Co.,—a young man attending school—also proposes to do a good work on Election day, and we trust many of our young friends will emulate his example. He writes:—"As the tenth volume of the Rural is drawing to a close, I begin to look forward with pleasing anticipations to the next, and I really hope that its subscription list may far exceed the present. I hope to send you a goodly number of subscribers this fall and next winter; at any rate I intend to do the best I can. If you please I would like a show bill—before Election day if convenient, as I think that day a favorable one to get subscribers. If possible I hope to be of enough service to you this ensuing campaign to deserve a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, a book I have long wished to own."

—That's right!—for a Dictionary will be a good investment. And, by way of encouragement to our young friend, and all other Young Men and Maidens of like disposition, we will here make a *special offer* to all Young Ruralists—viz., To every minor who remits payment, according to our terms, for Forty Subscribers to the Rural New-Yorker previous to Christmas Day (Dec. 25th, 1859,) and competes for no other premium or gratuity, we will give a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary—the new and splendid Pictorial Edition. "*Boys, Do You Hear That?*"

The Rural is highly esteemed in Canada West, and gaining in popularity. A Member of Parliament wrote us a note not long since that it was worthy of general circulation throughout the Province, especially as Canada had no such journal. And a letter just received from a gentleman in Brant county (who sent us sixty subscribers to present volume) says:—"From present appearances the Rural's circulation will be greatly increased the ensuing year. Several who have never taken it have already bespoken it, to commence with the new year; and several who felt too poor last year, acknowledge it very poor economy to do without it, and will join the club for 1860. You may be sure I shall do my best to secure a large club."

A Township Ag. Society in Clayton Co., Iowa, sends us (per Norman Hamilton, Secretary,) payment for thirty-two copies of the Rural, which it has awarded as premiums. A good beginning for an Iowa Township Society. By the way, the Society is entitled to a bound volume of the Rural, or (if preferred) $2 in Ag. Books, post-paid. Which shall we furnish?

HORTICULTURAL.

"A PALACE OF FLOWERS."

All of our readers, and particularly those among them who love flowers, have noticed in our columns the advertisements of B. K. Bliss, the Flower-seedman of Springfield, Massachusetts. To many we have sent his seeds, while others, no doubt, have received them directly from Mr. Bliss, and all, so far as we have learned, have had reason to rejoice when the plants grew and bloomed so beautifully, that they had dealt with one who knew what constituted a good flower, and that he was not one of those who "know the right, and still the wrong pursue." We have planted a good many of Mr. Bliss' seeds, and in almost every case we can say we were satisfied with the result—which is no mean praise. Our show of *Asters* this fall was superb—the *Truffaunts, Boquets, Ranunculus-Flowered*, &c, were splendid, and were awarded the Premium at our County Exhibition. Mr. B., we see by the Springfield papers, has been compelled by his increasing business to change his store for a larger, and in doing so has erected one which the Springfield *Republican* declares to be the most elegant of the many beautiful stores in Springfield:—"The room is sixty-five feet deep by thirty wide, the front-half paved with marble. The counters, frame work and all, from the plate to the floor, are of beautifully polished marble. Too much praise cannot be given to the taste that has ornamented so highly, without the introduction of a single feature that is tricky or tawdry. The element of fitness is apparent everywhere, and that of beauty is made to be its natural outgrowth and expression. The fresco painting, exquisitely done, unites harmoniously in the general effect."

We rejoice at the prosperity of our Nurserymen and Florists—at the success of all who are laboring to make the world better, and happier, and more beautiful. The New York *Tribune* calls the store of Mr. Bliss a "*Palace of Flowers*," and makes the following remarks:—"We have in this city some specimens to show how palaces can be built of pills; or how a Fifth Avenue mansion may be made to resemble a bottle of sarsaparilla, being built of the profits of that delectable compound; and we have some knowledge of a tall building in Chestnut street, Philadelphia, built of a panacea of the ills that human flesh is heir to here on earth. But it is only in Springfield, Mass, that a palace of flowers is to be found. 'May his shadow never grow less;' and may the cultivation of flowers so increase that a thousand other propagators may be able to live in flower palaces."

Inquiries and Answers.

Hybridizing the Grape.—Now that there is so much interest felt in producing new grapes, will you please give us a little instruction about Hybridizing—how is it done?—N., *Ontario Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

In response to the above, we think we could not do better than to give a brief chapter from *Allen on the Grape*:—"The Isabella, and generally the kinds that withstand our climate in Massachusetts, blossom fourteen days earlier than the Chasselas, or Early Black July. The Muscat of Alexandria is a few days later still in flowering. To remedy this difficulty, and to obtain the different kinds in flower at the same time, resort must be had to retarding the former by some process of shading, or of promoting the flowering of the European sorts by protecting them with glass, or some other covering, or the farina may be saved in a tin box, or glass bottle, from the grapery, until the vines are in bloom. I have an Isabella in the grapery, growing principally for the purpose of impregnation, and I may, one of these days, produce something new from it. This difference of the flowering calls in question the accounts of seedlings having been the result of a natural cross between our native sorts and foreign ones; under usual circumstances, it could not have taken place.

Seeds matured by the most healthy and vigorous plants are presumed to be best for planting, to obtain new kinds. The applying the pollen, or farina, of one variety, to the pistil, or stigma, of another, is the surer method of proceeding to obtain new sorts in the shortest time, and this is called hybridizing.

To do this properly, the bunch to be acted on should be thinned of three-quarters of the buds; the lower part should be cut away entirely, (immediately before inflorescence;) the strongest buds always to be left.

Observe them closely, and, as soon as the flowers open, with sharp scissors clip the *anthers*, being careful not to injure the pistil; with a soft brush, apply the pollen from the kind to be used in impregnation, or, the whole bunch which is to furnish the pollen may be cut from the vine, and gently rubbed or applied to the bunch, by frequently striking them together on every side. This should be repeated several days, until it is evident the fruit is all impregnated; a fresh bunch, with pollen in a suitable condition, must be had at each operation. The pollen must be dry, and in a falling condition, to be fit for the purpose. If your vines are so situated that a branch to be acted upon can be brought into contact with the branch of another kind, and the bunches interlaced, this will be a good method of proceeding,—cutting away the male part of the blossom from the kind that is to ripen the seed for the new kinds.

The right hand figure is a magnified representation of the bud of the grape; the middle one is the blossom. The change from the bud to the blossom is usually rapid, and takes place about 30 to 40 days after the shoot appears in the spring which bears the fruit. This bud, which forms the blossom, consists of a covering, or cap, and the embryo berry with five anthers, which, when the time for inflorescence has come, is raised, or lifted, by the anthers, and the wind blows this cap free.

The third is the blossom, or embryo grape, with the anthers clipped and deprived of their farina; on the top of the embryo is the pistil; upon this is to be placed the farina, or pollen, of the male plant; when this is done, impregnation takes place, and the embryo rapidly swells off. If the operation has not been effectual, the berry will remain as it is. When the grape has attained one-third or one-half of its size, it remains stationary two or three weeks, and, at this time, it is perfecting the seed. When this is done, the fruit begins growing again; thus it appears the seed will vegetate, even if the fruit does not ripen sufficiently to be eatable.

To obtain hardy grapes, in new varieties, I should recommend the Catawba, or the Isabella, to be impregnated with the Frontignan, the Black July, the Golden Chasselas, the Pitmaston White Cluster, the Black Hamburgh, and Esperione; a hybrid from any of these would probably be a grape ripening in less time than the first two.

Spergula for Lawns.—I notice in a late Rural New-Yorker an article recommending the use of Spergula Pilifera as a substitute for grass in yards or lawns. I have a small yard, 50 by 60 feet, in which I would try the experiment if I can get the seeds or plants without too much expense. It is a sandy soil just filled in. Will you please inform me by return mail, (if you can do so without much inconvenience,) where the seed can be obtained, and at what price, and about how much should I need?—D. C. McG., *McGrawville, Cortland Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

The article we gave was from an English journal, and contained an account of the first attempt to use this plant as a substitute for grass, which seemed very successful. The late English Horticultural journals contain advertisements of plants at from one to four shillings per dozen, according to size. We have not seen plants or seeds advertised in this country.

Planting Grape Seed—Cucumber Seed.—I am very desirous of some instruction with regard to the proper time and mode of planting grape seed. Should it remain in the ground during the winter, or be dried and put aside until spring? Any information either from yourself, or through the Rural, will greatly oblige one who has a fancy for trying to raise seedings. Also, can you give me the name and address of any persons or houses from which I can get the seed of Lord Kenyon's Favorite Cucumber?—E. N. P., *Waterloo, N. Y*

Grape seed may be planted as soon as the fruit is matured, or they may be kept in a box of sand until spring. Plant in a good, warm, mellow soil. The cucumber seed will be found advertised in this number of the Rural, by the gentleman from whom we obtained the specimen from which our drawing was made. Its genuineness can, therefore, be relied upon.

Kohl-Rabi Seeds.—Will you, or some of your readers, please inform me where I can obtain some seed of the Kohl-Rabi, mentioned in the Rural of Sept. 10? I think those who have it for sale will find it to their interest to advertise the same through the columns of your widely circulating paper.—E. R. C., *Clinton, Conn., Oct.*, 1859.

Kohl-Rabi Seed can now be obtained of any of the leading seedsmen who advertise in the Rural—Thorburn & Co., of New York, B. K. Bliss, of Springfield, Mass., &c.

ITEMS FROM THE FRENCH JOURNALS.

A Dielytra spectabilis with white flowers has been obtained by M. Rolland, a gardener at Meaux.

It has been found that *Grapes sulphured* in very hot weather and very hot places, become burnt as it were by the sulphur, but that this never happened elsewhere or at other times.

M. Payen proposes to drive off *caterpillars* and grubs attacking fruit by means of a week preparation of oil dashed upon the trees. He mixes a few scruples of whale oil in a quart of water, adding some drops of ammonia; the mixture is beaten up into an emulsion, which is thrown upon the trees by a garden engine.

A. M. Galpin, a gardener at Nantes, used *collodion* to cover the wounds in fruits that have been bitten or wounded by insects or otherwise, and that are beginning to spread in a state of decay. For this purpose he scrapes away carefully with a silver knife all the injured part, and then gently paints the place with collodion applied with a camel's hair pencil. He assures us that the decay of injured fruit is thus effectually arrested.

An amateur wishing to destroy the *transparency* of the glass roof of his greenhouse, hit upon the following plan:—He melted a tallow candle over a gentle fire, poured the liquid grease into a pot, and let it stand till it became unctuous—neither too soft nor too hard. On a warm day, when the condensation on the glass was all dried up, he smeared the glass in the *inside* with the grease, applied by a cotton dabber. He rubbed and daubed the glass until he brought the grease to a uniform surface. After which he gently passed the same dabber of cotton linen over the glass perpendicularly, which gave the glass the appearance of being finely furrowed. The roof thus prepared so completely prevented the direct rays of the sun from passing that nothing in the inside could be seen from the outside, although when in the light was clear and bright without the least glare. We are assured that this is an effectual prevention of all burning or scorching which so much disfigures plants kept under glass in summer.

Beautiful a tree as is the hardy *Sophora japonica*, it is little cultivated either in this country or elsewhere; and yet it does well in all sorts of soils except those which are cold, heavy and undrained. It appears that its buds have great importance in dyeing. The Chinese use them for a pure yellow, or with the addition of indigo for one of their greens. The yellow is particularly valuable for dark orange yellow. The flowers may be used in the same way, and indeed are richer in coloring matter; but the tint they give is browner than that of the buds. What is very remarkable is, that neither the bark, nor the wood, and scarcely the leaves, are capable of yielding this dye.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

The Chrysanthemum is a beautiful autumnal flower, easily cultivated, and thrives in any fair soil. In warm seasons it flowers out of doors in October and November, in sheltered situations in the garden, but our falls are so uncertain, or rather so certain to be cold and frosty, that the Chrysanthemum cannot be relied on in this latitude as a garden flower. In the parlor, however, it is a perfect gem. Before hard frost, the plants should be taken from the garden and placed in pots, which can be done safely even after the buds are formed. Then placed in the parlor or sitting-room or conservatory, they furnish most charming flowers until after Christmas. Most of our readers, no doubt, are acquainted with the old Indian Chrysanthemum, which formed a large plant, with semi-double flowers, a class by no means to be despised or neglected, but in 1847 Mr. Fortune sent from China a new race of Chrysanthemums, called the Chinese or Pompone, and sometimes the Button or Daisy Chrysanthemum. They are of a dwarf and bushy habit, small foliage and daisy-like flowers, small and very double like a Ranunculus, and are produced in profusion. Since their introduction they have been multiplied and improved by florists from seed, and every season adds to the number of choice sorts.

Flower of the Chrysanthemum, Perfection.

The flower shown in our engraving is the *Perfection*, a purplish lilac, of a regular and beautiful form, and blooms in large clusters. One of the best of this color.

Cuttings are generally made in March or April, and they root in a sandy soil, in pots, if kept at a temperature of 60 or 70°, in about two weeks. They may be turned out in the garden in May, in a dry, rich soil. Here a little attention in cultivation and pinching to make the plants grow bushy, is all the care they will need until the latter part of October, when they should be taken up, potted and carried to the house for flowering. A better way is to place the plants in large pots in May, and sink these pots in the border, when they can be removed to the house for flowering without trouble. The roots may also be divided in the spring and planted out, which will save the troubl of starting new plants, but young ones flower best.

Those who live near nurseries can obtain fine plants ready to flower, at the green-house very cheap, and we know nothing better for early winter flowers than the Chrysanthemum.

THE FLORAL HALL AT STATE FAIR.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In the last number I see you object to the arrangements of the fruit and flower building, and *very justly*, too. You might have complained of the limited space, for there was not room enough, bad as it was, to show all that was sent to the fair. Some articles were unpacked, although they arrived in season. There was not room enough for the professional fruit grower, to say nothing of the amateurs, who, by the way, were poorly represented. Your proposed ground plan is very good, only give length enough,—better have empty shelves than have the things crowded. The Fair was too late for a good show of flowers. There should be some stated time selected for the State Fair,—neither too late or too early,—say the 3d week in September, and the County Fairs could then set their time so as not to come at the same time in the locality where the State Fair is held.

This reminds me that I have heard the propriety of permanently locating the State Fair again spoken of. This putting up sham buildings for one exhibition and tearing them down, is rather poor business, but it should not be located at any *one* place, not less than *three* places, nor for more than *ten* years. Albany, Rochester and Elmira, or some other place in the *Southern Tier* of counties, to be held in succession. By that arrangement a better show could be made, as there would be a strife between the localities which would have the best fair. They could then afford a shingled roof to protect fancy articles from the rain, and a few glass windows in case the wind blows so as to make it necessary to board up the sides.

A few words as to what constitutes an *amateur florist*. You mention the names of Mrs. Van Namee and Mrs. Newcomb, of Pittstown, as amateur florists. They enter their articles as such, and as such get the premiums, but if the line was drawn between the professional and amateur florist as it is between the fruit growers, they would be found on the *wrong side*. They are both concerned in the sale of seeds and plants of all kinds in the spring of the year, and have been for some time, as any one can satisfy themselves that wishes to, by calling at the store of W. E. Hagan, Tenth Street, Troy, and at the Agricultural House of Henry Warren, River Street. As an amateur, I object to this, as it gives them a pocket full of cash, that costs them nothing but the trouble of preparation, (as there is always a surplus of plants every spring,) with which they can buy everything that comes into the market. For this reason I have kept aloof from the flowers at the State Fair. I hope to see some additional rules, if what we have already are not sufficient to keep people in their proper places. I have no objection to any one's turning nurseryman, but let them compete among their own class. A Lady Amateur.

Saratoga Co., N. Y., Oct., 1859.

FLOWER SEEDS.

The past season has been rather a discouraging one to cultivators of flowers. The cold, dry state of the ground during the month of May was very unfavorable to the germination of seeds, and the great June frost cut down many plants that had managed to get a start, thus putting them back, so that early Autumn frosts came soon enough to destroy tender annuals, such as Balsams, French and German Asters, &c., before they were out of flower, and too soon to allow many hardier varieties to ripen their seeds. On light, warm soil, and with a good exposure and extra care, most kinds of flowers may have come forward rapidly enough to mature a tolerable crop of seeds, but in ordinary situations, and with common cultivation, it will require close picking to find enough for next year's sowing. There will therefore, doubtless, be opportunity for benevolent persons to give away there entire surplus of these fancy wares, and it is to be hoped that such as are favored with an abundant supply of them will take pains to lay in a good stock for distribution among their less fortunate neighbors. A most delicate and acceptable service might, with little trouble, be rendered to those who would engage in the cultivation of flowers if they possessed or could easily obtain necessary seeds, by gathering, putting up in packages, and labeling such varieties as one has to spare, for presentation to neighbors and friends. Such gifts always have a peculiar appropriateness and value; and in bestowing them, the donor may properly make a distinction according to the floral circumstances of the receivers, since one does as great a favor by offering the commonest kinds to those who are wholly destitute of flowers, as in giving newer and rarer varieties to such as already have a collection of the ordinary sorts.

Lest, in the pleasant excitement of preparation for next spring's gardening, all adverse experience in flower-culture should be forgotten, and, for lack of warning, beginners repeat the mistakes common to the class, let me here caution those intending to lay out their first flower bed next year against sowing seeds of high and of low-growing plants in mixed rows; especially in rows running east and west. The objections to such an arrangement are obvious on slight reflection. Tall, branching plants growing among low ones shade the latter too much, preventing them attaining their perfection of bloom and hindering the ripening of the seed. The mischief might be somewhat less in the case of rows running north and south; still, it would not allow low flowers to show to the best advantage, and is by no means a tasteful arrangement. A happier plan would be to place the highest-growing plants along the border furthest from the walk; or, if the beds be surrounded by walks, let the plants having the tallest flower-stalk stand in the middle, and graduate down to the borders. Or, if such an arrangement demands too much time and study, it will do very well to place the high and the low flowers in separate groups. To facilitate the labor of cultivators in this respect, papers containing flower seeds should always bear a statement of the height to which they grow.

The sowing of seeds seem such a simple operation that the directions of professional florists in relation to that, as well as the treatment of the plants, are quite apt to be neglected by amateurs, often to their own serious loss. As a case in point, Mr. Bliss, seedsman and florist of Springfield, recommends that asters should stand ten inches apart each way, and the plants be tied to neat stakes. Now, this space, though probably limited enough for Massachusetts, seemed to me too liberal an allowance for Western New York soil; accordingly, I thinned out my plants to five or six inches, but relying on them to support themselves as they do when standing thickly together in rows, I neglected to fasten them to stakes as directed. The consequence was that owing their high growth and top-heaviness they were easily beaten down by the wind and rain, and many of them uprooted before they had fairly attained full bloom. A little care in the way of providing them suitable support would have enabled me to enjoy them much longer than I did, and perhaps gather seed for further use.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1859. A.

Fruit in the New York Market.—*Apples.*—The receipt of the large amount of apples recently detained by the canal break, has not depressed the market as was expected. They have been readily closed out on arrival without any material reduction in price, although many of them have been damaged by the delay, and proved poor bargains to the purchasers. The cool weather has favored this result. Good to extra Winter fruit is sold readily on arrival at $2 a 2 25, and $2 50 has, in some instances, been reached, but the market is not quite so firm to-day. The apple crop of the country is mainly confined to the northern half of Western New York, to the northern portions of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and the southern portion of Michigan. The yield in these sections is large, and the quality good; but we hear that the fruit, including the Winter varieties, in the Western States, does not keep well; and, if it did, the fruit producing sections seem altogether too limited for an abundant supply, and low prices. Hence we think a still further improvement in Winter fruit may ere long be expected. We hear that a large amount of apples in Western New York were frozen badly on the trees, on the night of the 20th inst. We quote:

Western, mixed lots	$2 00@2 50
Common, ₹ bbl.	1 00@1 25
Red Streaks	1 50@1 75
Twenty oz Pippins	2 25@2 50
Fall Pippins	2 00@2 50
Greenings and Spitzenburghs	2 00@2 50

Quinces are very scarce indeed, and much wanted. Apple Quinces, ₹ bbl., $5@$8; Pear Quinces, ₹ bbl., $3@$5.

Grapes.—Catawba 12@15c. ₹ lb.; Isabella, choice, 10@14c.; do. common 6@8c.

Dried Apples.—Southern new, 6@6½c.; State new, 7@7½c.

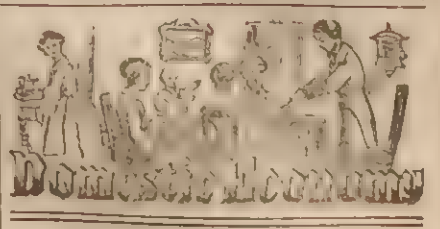
Dried Peaches.—New Southern, best from Georgia, 11 [illegible] ₹ lb.; do. common 7@9c.; best Virginia, 12@13c. ₹ lb.

Dried Blackberries.—Southern, 3@5½c. ₹ lb.

Dried Cherries, pitted, ₹ lb. 21@22c.

Dried Plums ₹ lb. 18@20c.

Dried Raspberries.—23@24c.—*Tribune, Oct.* 29.



OUR SOCIETY "OUT WEST."

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I am a reader of your excellent paper, which is very interesting to us who live Out West, perhaps more particularly so because we used to live in the good old State of New York. It may be that some of your many eastern readers feel a little interested in western life—many have friends living in the "Great West," and some may anticipate moving in this direction. For such I will write a little about social life in this part of our beautiful and fertile State.

Times are hard, in a financial way, and the people do not feel able to spend much for luxuries, consequently they cannot give entertainment to large parties,—in a *fashionable* way, or such as are expected in the East, where money is more plenty. But we have social gatherings that are pleasant and proper under present circumstances, although some *fashionable* people might think differently,—and we are quite willing they should, as long as their opinion does not cause any interference with our social arrangements. A few of our leaders in society get together and agree to meet at a friend's house on a certain evening, (after ascertaining that they will be welcome,) and then word is sent around (not invitations,) to all the neighbors informing them of the time agreed upon, so that all who feel disposed may meet with the company. All who attend these parties take some provision from home for the table, pic-nic fashion, so that we get a great variety of good and nice things to eat in abundance, and have baskets full left. The lady of the house where they meet usually furnishes butter, tea, coffee, sugar and cream. Those who do not believe we have good suppers and a delightful social time, may "come and see."

We have some comfortable, good-sized dwelling houses on this lovely prairie, at which we have our social gatherings. The number at each party varies from forty to seventy-five, according to circumstances, weather, &c. We also have a pleasant Sewing Society here—usually meeting once in two weeks. The inhabitants of this vicinity are nearly all people who came from the Eastern States within a few past years, and are intelligent and industrious. We have a comfortable Church with a good bell, &c;—preaching part of the time, but no permanent minister. Last winter, the first time in a number of years, we were without regular preaching. Prayer meetings are held every Wednesday evening at private houses. The choir meet for rehearsal Saturday evenings, and there is a good Singing School a little out of our neighborhood, at Sand Spring, which we attend occasionally. From these facts you may know that we still keep moving, though "hard times" may be on every tongue. A—a.

Bowen's Prairie, Iowa, 1859.

PRESERVING CRAB APPLES, CAKES, &c.

Eds. New-Yorker:—Noticing in a late Rural an inquiry for the mode of preserving Crab Apples, I thought that I would answer it by telling how my mother preserves them, and also add my mite to the column of Domestic Economy.

To Preserve Crab Apples.—To 1 lb. of Crab Apples, take 1 lb. sugar; put the sugar in a kettle with just enough water to keep it from burning; let it boil up, then skim and put in the apples.—Let them cook until you can run a straw through them, then skim out and boil the juice down to a jelly, then pour over the apples.

Rich Cookies.—Rub together, till white, 1 teacup butter; 2 teacups sugar; beat 2 eggs and stir in the butter and sugar with a little flour; grate in a nutmeg; dissolve 1 teaspoon soda in 1 teacup sweet milk, or water, and strain it on the cake, then add flour till stiff enough to roll easily.

Sponge Cake.—Three eggs; 1 cup sugar; ⅓ cup sweet milk; 1 teaspoon soda; 1 do. cream tartar; 2 cups flour.

Ginger Cookies.—Two cups molasses; 1 cup boiling water; 1 do. sugar; 1 butter; 1 tablespoon ginger; 1 do. saleratus.

Ginger Cake.—Two eggs; 1 cup butter; 1 do. buttermilk; 2 do. molasses; 4 do. flour; 1 tablespoon ginger—a little salt. Mary.

Erie Co., N. Y., 1859.

CHARLOTTE DE RUSSE, CAKES, &c.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In compliance with a request in a late number of your paper, I inclose the following recipe for "Charlotte De Russe."—Also for Bakers' Ginger Cakes, and Old Maids' Cake.

Charlotte De Russe.—Take 6 eggs to a pint of milk; sugar to sweeten it; strain into it an ounce of dissolved isinglass; when baked let it cool.—Make a whip and mix with the custard,—cool it in forms. Lay in the bottom of the dish thin slices of sponge cake, alternately with jelly around the dish.

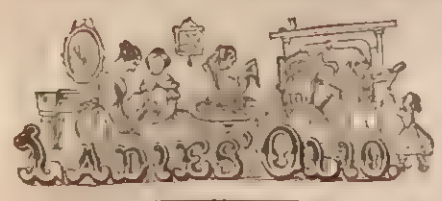
Bakers' Ginger Cakes.—One pint molasses; ½ lb. butter; 2 eggs; 2 tablespoonfuls ginger; 1½ tablespoonfuls saleratus; 1 teacup buttermilk; flour to stiffen. Roll thin and cut in small cakes.

Old Maids' Cake.—One and a half pints buttermilk; 2 teaspoonfuls saleratus; 4 large spoonfuls molasses; a little salt; 2½ teacups each of flour and meal. Bake three quarters of an hour.

These recipes I call very good. Mrs. H.

Bath, N. Y., 1859.

Nice Custard.—Take the whites of eight eggs, beat them to a froth, add one pint and a half of new milk; three tablespoons of white sugar; nutmeg to taste; bake slow and not brown; make a frosting of one egg and one spoonful of sugar, and when the custard is done put on frosting and set in the oven three minutes.—F. M. L., *Westfield, N. Y.*, 1859.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A WOMAN'S PRAYER.

BY CARLIE MAYNE.

The chariot wheels of the day-god were broken,
And he has fallen into a sea of clouds that bathed
His dying head with glory. Night had come
To weep her dewy tears o'er his departure, and the moon
Shed holy radiance on the earth, impartial as the light
Of God's eternal love. The stars, those gems that grace
Th' Almighty's crown, glistened like dewdrops
In the morning sun. The air was fragrant
With the breath of flowers. O'er all the universe
A stillness reigned, as though each living thing
Was awed to silence by earth's loveliness.

But hush!
Upon the evening air a sound arises, musical
As harps of gold by angel fingers played.
It is the voice of prayer.

"Great God of all the universe above
And God of all below; Father of love;
Thou who from everlasting art
And ever shall be; O, draw near to-night
And hear my prayer, and guide my voice aright,
And bless my waiting heart.

"Yet, O, dear Father, unto Thee I come
To ask not blessings for myself alone;
Only that I may henceforth be
More Christ-like—but for *him* I pray
The husband of my love, who roams to-day
In distant land afar from me.

"Oh! bless him, Lord, and may he ever be
A meek and humble follower of Thee;
And grant him heavenly light
To guide him on his way, that he may not
Sin 'gainst Thy holy law in word or thought,—
Oh, guide his steps aright.

"Grant him increase of faith, that he may look above
This world of sorrow to a heaven of love,
Where sit in glory bright
The cherubim and angels round Thy Throne,
And sing the glories of their heavenly home
In never ending light.

"And grant him meekness, joy, and hope, and peace,
And may his love to Thee ever increase,
And grow each day more pure,
More fervent, and upon his living soul,
In characters of light, Thy name enroll,
Lest sin his steps allure.

"Teach him submission to Thy holy will,
That midst afflictions he may love Thee still,
And praise Thy holy name.
Oh, let Thine angels watch o'er him from heaven;
And, O, I pray that unto them be given
A charge concerning him."

She ceased!
So near the angel came that caught the prayer,
She felt his breath upon her upturned brow.
He bore it up to Him, th' Unchanging One,
Who, on earth, said, "Ask and ye shall receive."

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MEMENTOES OF THE PAST.

The memory of the olden time. O! how it comes rushing over my heart to-day, as I sit alone in the place hallowed by so many youthful associations, more lovely and holy than it is often the lot of man or woman but once to experience. Yes, once in the life of all there is a time of vernal bloom, when fragrant flowers spring up around our path, and Hope whispers that they are ever-living—when the mind, exulting in its glorious freedom, soars to reach at once the heights which maturity alone can scale—when the earth seems a paradise, unsullied by the feet of Sin, and Fancy paints her most gorgeous landscapes, luxuriant with golden fruit, to be ours with the simple grasp. This is the time of youth. Slowly, but surely, the realities of life creep over our path, at first dimly and in misty obscurity, like the subdued sunshine of the early summer; dreamy hours of life's rising sun, when the mind strives to read the foreshadowing of its sober destiny, the fulfillment of which forms a leaf in the biography of mankind, written in living characters of imperishable beauty.

That glorious youth is the time of which I write, when we were a band of merry boys and girls. The school-house was not an old, or a red one, but new and white. We had no brook to cross, but there was one down the great hill, and a beautiful place it was in the warm, bright summer. We reveled amid the trees and rejoiced by the dancing brook till our cup of happiness was full—yet mine was not so full that after years did not drink it all. The other girls had their boyish lovers and I had mine, for now I remember a fancy wedding by an old gray stone on the mossy hillside. There, where the blue sky bent tenderly above us, and the swaying trees nodded assent to the mimic ceremony, Rufus Allen called me his little wife. We all thought it very nice—and so it was. I wondered if I ever should be really married, but I have ceased wondering now, since my maiden love has been turned to its fountain, and the reservoir at last removed. It was not Rufus Allen that I loved so much. His was not the ardent and impulsive nature which my earnest spirit sought. It was a mercenary disposition, and young as he was (only thirteen,) his conversation was of sheep and cattle, dollars and cents, and of his future farm in Ohio. Surely, he was as good a specimen of a rustic farmer's son as ever entered into the conceptions of a city belle. He waited on me to and from the little singing-school where we sang Ortonville, Lanesboro, Dundee, Marlow, and a score of other tunes—dear to our fathers and mothers, for the teacher was an old-fashioned man.

This school-boy preference was not destined to last, and now California is his fortune's home, or his silent grave. His sordid soul may feast on glittering baubles, all his own, and his untimely grave may be made in Pluto's secret caves,

Yet life with love were sweeter far,
Though poverty his lot;
And Death has less of victory
Within the native cot.

As blooming maidenhood gradually advanced, a dark-haired youth, whom I will call Edmund, suddenly discovered that he loved me, and behind the master's back, perfect as Edmund was, a frank declaration of his attachment came across the aisle, which only received a non-acceptance and promise of remembrance. But when he declaimed that evening, I as suddenly discovered that he was noble, intellectual and good, and one in all respects fit to be the recipient of my affections, which had never before flowed so pure and tender, constant and exalted, as in this, my first love.

As the years passed swiftly and happily away, I knew naught of disappointment. But while Edmund was at a neighboring academy, a change came. Through the secret agency of a malicious person, a misunderstanding arose. I censured him, and he me, until the last farewell was said, and each returned to take up the burden of life again. Often since has he sought to renew the old love, but I, proud and unyielding, repelled each advancement until now, alas! my blooming sister will, ere long, be folded to that heart, which should have been the high prerogative of mine. All too late, Truth unveiled her mysteries. Now I, the taught, am myself the teacher, and as these familiar walls echo to the sound of merry voices, it seems but the dirge of childhood's departed joys, or the requiem of departed friends who are now scattered far and wide, from the shores of the mild Pacific to Atlantic's troubled waters. Although but five years have passed since then, it seems that the sorrows of a longer life, and the experience of maturer years than mine, have been crowded into the short space which has sufficed to work so many changes. Yet I can take up the duties of life with a firmer hand, and bear its disappointments with a more chastened spirit than would have been possible had I been the happy recipient of consummated hopes. May I be thankful that the admonition has come thus early. "The glory of man passeth away."

Prospect Cottage, N. Y., 1859. Ida.

COMFORT vs. SHOW.

Fashionable society contrives very ingeniously to destroy the happiness of its votaries. It makes them live for others, not for themselves, and yet bestows none of those substantial joys which follow self-denial. The *New York Times* says:

"Call in at any brown stone front above Bleeker, at any time, except on the occasion of a great 'spread,' and it has the air of a very nice old maid in morning-gown and curl papers—a cross between iron precision and painful desolation. Everything exists in a state of bagginess. The sofa is a mute, inglorious corpse in a dimity winding-sheet. The chairs are put away in aprons and pantalettes. The chandelier wraps its night-gown around it. The shutters are closed to keep from fading the carpets, and only here and there, through the cracks, a little bit of scared light peeps in and looks around, in a tremulous and sickly way. Everything smells of brown Holland, and everything looks as if it considered you fearfully impertinent for daring to come and disturb its elegant uselessness and brown linen repose. It is very much like going into a family vault after an epidemic, and having a lively time with a party of corpses in fresh grave-clothes. In fact, you feel decidedly like asking the mistress of the house why she doesn't complete the picture by putting up the clothes-lines in the parlors, and hanging up the week's wash.

"Soberly, this show-shop arrangement, which makes home a nuisance, and drives father and son out of doors for that comfort which their own house is far too fine to afford them, is a growing nuisance, and lies at the bottom of half the social evils. When a man comes home after the fatigues of business, he doesn't want a show-wife nor a show-shop house. He doesn't want an invisible palace; but a visible home. He wants something made to wear and use, and allowed to be used after its kind. He wants chairs that he can lean back in; and carpets made to be walked on; and a house alive all over; and a wife and children whose daily thought is how it can all be made happiest, cheeriest, most thoroughly comfortable for him."

COLOR AND DRESS.

You ought never to buy an article because you can afford it. The question is, whether it is suitable to your position, habits and the rest of your wardrobe. There are certain clothes that require a carriage to be worn in, and are unfit for walking in the streets. Above all, do not buy wearing apparel because it is miscalled cheap. There is no such thing; cheap clothes are dear to wear. The article is unsalable because it is either ugly, vulgar, or entirely out of date. One reason why you see colors ill-arranged is, that the different articles are purchased each for its own imagined virtues, and without any thought of what it is to be worn with. Women, while shopping, buy what pleases the eye on the counter, forgetting what they have got at home. That parasol is pretty, but it will kill by its color one dress in the buyer's wardrobe, and be unsuitable for all others. An enormous sum of money is spent yearly upon women's dress; yet how seldom a dress is so arranged as to give the beholder any pleasure! To be magnificently dressed certainly costs money; but to be dressed with taste is not expensive. It requires good sense, knowledge, refinement. We have seen foolish gowns, arrogant gowns. Women are too often tempted to imitate the dress of each other, without considering "the difference of climate and complexion." The colors which go best together are green with violet; gold color with dark crimson or lilac; pale blue with scarlet; pink with black or white, and gray with scarlet or pink. A cold color generally requires a warm tint to give life to it. Gray and pale blue, for instance, do not combine well, both being cold colors.—*Dicken's "All the Year Round."*

It requires not time nor proof to make virtuous hearts coalesce; there is a language without sounds, a recognition, independent of visual organs, which acknowledges the kindred of congenial souls almost in the moment they meet. "The virtuous mind knoweth its brother in the dark."—*Jane Porter.*

THE AMERICAN AUTUMN.

BY FANNY KEMBLE.

Thou comest not in sober guise,
In mellow cloak of russet clad—
Thine are no melancholy skies,
Nor hueless flowers, pale and sad;
But, like an emperor, triumphing,
With gorgeous robes of Tyrian dyes,
Full flush of fragrant blossoming,
And glowing purple canopies.
How call ye this the season's fall,
That seems the pageant of the year?
Richer and brighter far than all
The pomp that spring and summer wear,
Red falls the western light of day
On rock, and stream, and winding shore;
Soft woody banks and granite gray
With amber clouds are curtained o'er;
The wide, clear waters sleeping lie
Beneath the evening's wing of gold,
And on their glassy breast the sky
And banks their mingled hues unfold.
Far in the tangled woods the ground
Is strewn with fallen leaves, that lie
Like crimson carpets all around
Beneath a crimson canopy.
The sloping sun, with arrows bright,
Pierces the forest's waving maze;
The universe seems wrapt in light,
A floating robe of rosy haze.
Oh, Autumn! thou art here a king—
And round thy throne the smiling hours
A thousand fragrant tributes bring
Of golden fruits and blushing flowers.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"THE DAY OF DEATH IS DARK."

Is it a dark day for the warrior when he rests from the battle he has won, when the laurels are on his brow?—dark for the tempest-tossed mariner who has gained the post he had despaired to enter? Is it a dark day for the cherub child who, in a moment's warning, is snatched away from this cold clime to one where flowers forever bloom, and skies are forever blue; and can it be a dark day for the Christian, who has come up through great tribulation, when he shall receive the plaudit "Well done good and faithful servant!"

This life is but a probation, the first stage of an endless existence,—why should we fear to enter the second? All the knowledge we acquire here we can carry with us,—this is the only imperishable wealth we can accumulate in this world,—this is pure gold which pays better for the search than all the mines of California. But, *here*, how slowly we gather knowledge,—what hard work we have to comprehend the geography of this little planet,—*there* we shall stride rapidly on in our celestial education. That bright comet which we saw careering in its orbit through the heavens yesternight, will no longer be a source of mystery and wonder to us, for, if Astronomy is true,—and who doubts it?—thousands, it may be hundreds of thousands of these splendid bodies are coursing their joyous journey through infinite space, and in our second stage of existence, we may be able to comprehend their structure, to examine them for ourselves, and, as Dr. Dick, observes "go from star to star to view the handiwork of God." Here we cannot imagine how beings, at all constituted as we are, can live on the interior planets, Mercury, for instance,—where the mean temperature must be hot as boiling water,—or, in the other extreme, how life can be sustained in Neptune, the exterior or outermost planet in our system, where water can exist but as a solid, and to the inhabitants of which our sun must have dwindled down to the size of a star. Hundreds of such mysteries puzzle and bewilder the student in Astronomy, for, alas! *here* we see "through a glass darkly," but in the *bright day* ahead we shall "see face to face."

The great telescope, Mr. Craig's, has revealed thousands of stars so distant that a ray of light from them takes sixty thousand years to reach our earth—or, in other words, the light by which we would see them to-night left those stars sixty thousand years ago. As Mr. Craig remarks, "the very stars themselves may have been extinguished in space, and still appear to us to shine on from the light transmitted to us in past ages, on the same theory that we do not see the stars in the place they really occupy; or the sun in the place it was eight minutes before we looked at it, as it takes time for light to travel; though it does move with the rapidity of twelve millions of miles every minute." There are, too, according to Mr. Craig's supposition, suns and systems stretching away and away beyond those revealed to our gaze, and which, to even his powerful telescope, appeared a dim light, but which he supposes will yet be defined and resolved into separate stars or suns as the before mentioned have been.

We will now close this too lengthy paper in the words of a rare lover of and writer on astronomy: "When we cast a rude glance upon the evening sky, we behold a few whitish spaces, which may appear as no more than an accidental tinge across the firmament, but which are, in reality, composed of millions of splendid suns, where not a single orb can be seen by the naked eye. The distance, the number, and the magnitude of these brilliant globes overpower the imagination; the grandeur and magnificence connected with such august objects are utterly overwhelming. We cannot comprehend the extent of the solar system, or even the dimensions of the sun; but what is one sun or one system, in the presence of twenty millions of suns, perhaps far exceeding ours in magnitude and splendor, and forty times that number of mighty globes that revolve around them? What is the number of the inhabitants of earth to the countless myriads that populate this universe of solar systems! Language is inadequate to express the emotions of the mind when we reflect upon such a stupendous scene; but it is sufficient to call into lively exercise all the feelings of reverence and devotion, and to compel us to bow in humility and adoration before Him

'Whose nod is Nature's birth,
And Nature's shield the shadow of his hand;'

whose words spake into existence this vast aggregation of suns and worlds, and whose kingdom ruleth over all." M. I. Stephenson.

Fair Haven, Carroll Co., Ill., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

The philosopher, whatever position he may occupy, or whatever may be his surroundings, whether a palace or a cottage, is an instructor of his fellow-men. He deals in principles, and is clear-sighted enough to discover them in facts and circumstances a common observer would think trifling. He is a searcher after truth, both in the things of nature and in the actions of men. If any assertion or opinion can be proved false, he rejects it, though it may have received the homage of men for centuries. If he can demonstrate a truth, he embraces it though all the world oppose. He is an earnest thinker. Though in society he may appear the most absent and unobservant of all men, yet his keen eye and quick ear, are ever furnishing food for his busy brain to work upon. From his point of observation, he watches the mass of humanity surging around him. He observes, but slightly shares in their ambitions. He is more a teacher than an actor. He seeks quietude more than the busy scenes of strife, and in his calm retreat, does the thinking for that portion of humanity which never stops to think for itself.—Does he read a book, it is to him rich in suggestion, and often does he pause in its perusal to follow some train of thought it awakens. Pleasure is not the object of his search, but truth. Does he come in contact with anything unaccountable or new, he rests not till reason and investigation have done all they can to cast light upon it. He loves truth more than notoriety, and the successful solution of a problem in nature or science gives him more pleasure than all the garlands of fame. M. O.

Butler, Wis, 1859.

THE POET'S SLEEP.

That sensitive organization which causes vivid impressions, that fertility of the mind that makes it, as Herbert says, a kingdom, accounts for the peculiar enjoyment of sleep by the poets, both as a vital fact and a subject of contemplation. Its luxury has never been more attractively set forth than by Tennyson in his "Palace of Sleep," and "Sleeping Beauty;" and one of the bitterest touches in the "Locksley Hall" is the "drunken sleep" of the unloved bridegroom; Shelley celebrates its "mighty calmness;" and Wilson's Ode to a Sleeping Child is full of pathos; Keats enfolds it in a classic voluptuousness. How exquisite is the description of Madeline asleep:

"Bliss fully havened both from joy and pain;
Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again."

Notwithstanding the eloquent beauty and the profound truth of such apostrophes, perhaps the indirect and casual references of the bards to sleep, more nearly hint its benign economy and its latent significance. Thus criticism has recognized a peculiar aptness in the phrase of Shakspere—"how sleeps the moonlight on this bank;" so to the point of Collin's description of Fear is that on the "ridgy steep" of "some loose overhanging rock, he throws himself to sleep." Leigh Hunt utters a natural exclamation in his vigil by a sick child—"sleep breathes at last from out thee." Talfourd well attributes an invigorating rest to the "selectest fountains of repose;" and Coleridge has a fine expression in the Ancient Mariner:

"O, Sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given—
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven
That *slid* into my soul;"

while Mrs. Browning describes the aspect of death as "long disquiet merged in rest."

An infinite variety of epithets might be gleaned from Shakspeare to the same effect, as when he calls sleep a "golden dew," and compares patience to the "midnight sleep." But it is in its relation to the passions that he has treated of this mystery of our being as only the Poet of Nature can. How memorably the wakefulness of Remorse is unfolded in Macbeth!—of Jealousy in Othello, whom "not poppy nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, can medicine to that sweet sleep he knew but yesterday,"—of haunted and cruel ambition in the dream of Richard, and of fantasy in Mercutio's description of Queen Mab; how chastely beautiful the sleep of Imogen, how innocent that of the infants in the Tower! How Duncan's venerable sleep unnerved his murderer's hand! How profoundly Hamlet muses of its relation to immortality—"to sleep—perchance to dream!"—and how natural, in the midst of the supernatural, the Ghost's allusion to his custom in life "of an afternoon" to sleep. Cleopatra's wonderous fascination is indicated memorably in death:

"She looks like sleep
As she would snare another Antony
In her strong toil of grace!"

And what a comprehensive epitaph is this—"after life's fitful fever he sleeps well?" or where shall we find in the same space a better picture or philosophy of the whole subject than in King Henry's familiar soliloquy?—*H. T. Tuckerman.*

Conversation.—Conversation may be too timid and respectful to be either pleasant or profitable. It is the collision of the flint and steel that brings the fire out. Southey says, finely and truly:

"There is a pleasure in frank dialogue,
When mind meets mind in free and full debate;
Men may live years and never know the strength
That is in others or within themselves."

Either there is dignity in intellectual rank, or there is not; if there is, no other rank is needed; if there is not, no other rank can give it; for dignity is not an accident, but a quality.—*G. H. Lewes.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE RECORDING SPIRIT.

The sun has through his full course rushed,
The western clouds have faintly blushed,
And once again earth's din is hushed,—
The spirit of another day
Has penned its record, and away
Has fled on the last glimmering ray.

He watched thee as each moment passed,
The first, the second, and the last
That sped with thee along so fast;
He saw thy gay hours and thy sad;
He marked thy good deeds and thy bad,
And every thought which thou hast had
Of evil, or of right, is known
To that swift spirit who has flown
From earth to yon Eternal Throne.
The record which he bore away,
With others, too, in strong array,
Will meet thee on a coming day.

Not only all the sleeping dead,
But e'en the hairs which crown thy head
Have numbered been by Him who's fled;
Nor has thy bosom heaved a sigh,
Nor gushed a teardrop from thine eye,
Whose record does not stand on high.

The pages of that book unfold
Many a bloody crime untold,
Whose only cause was madd'ning gold.
And many a proof that earnest prayer
Can shield thee from temptation's snare,
In glowing type, is written there.

And hast thou friends in heaven? If so,
Didst ever think how oft they go
And read that book thy deeds to know?
Ah, weep they not, if tears there be
In a spirit's eye from sin set free,
Such black and fearful lines to see?

There hastes a day when thou shalt look
Upon the pages of that book,
And read the doom thyself hast took.
Oh, write it, then, with greatest care,
And place no damning sentence there,
But mingle every line with prayer.

Disco, Mich., 1859. A. J. C.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SABBATH.

"When the heavens and the earth were finished and all the host of them, God rested on the seventh day, wherefore God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it." Well did the morning stars sing together, and all the sons of God shout for joy, as looking through the vista of coming years, they saw all the blessings which would accrue to man from this institution,—indicative of the Eternal Sabbath above.

The Sabbath is always and everywhere beautiful! As the dawning light throws open its sacred portals, what a throng of hallowed memories rush into every willing heart, and brood with a dove-like peace over the slumbering world. We instinctively allow our memories to float backward and gaze at its onward march through the track of time, like a guiding pillar of fire or a refreshing pillar of cloud, interweaving with all its light new beams of discovery and promise, until now it stands forth more beautiful than when its rays were reflected from the tiny dew-drops, or imbibed by the flowers of Eden,—more awful than when it was proclaimed by the thunder-toned trumpet of Sinai. It stretches up its hand to heaven, and plucking beauties which "bloom eternal" upon the green banks of the "River of Life," it strews them at the feet of every humble worshiper.

A Sabbath in a crowded city is beautiful, but to my mind a Sabbath in the solemn stillness of the country is far more *sublime*. All nature both animate and inanimate, seems to know and welcome its coming. Every sound which breaks upon the ear seems mellowed into notes of exquisite sweetness,—the rivulet glides with a gentler murmur—the birds send forth their sweetest strains,—the spirit of beauty takes possession of the hours and leads them on from the time the sun rises above his eastern hills, until he hides his brightness behind the pleasant glories of the western sky.—And when the Sabbath-bell sends forth its pealing notes, chiming in sweet concord with the beauties of nature, methinks earth can present no lovelier scene.

The only discordant notes which are heard are from man, for whom the Sabbath was created.—He will not allow all this glory to have its designed effect upon him, but would *willingly* raise his tiny hand to pluck from God's Holy Day its robe of hallowed rest, and mar the perfect picture. Sad indeed must be the state of those who will shut their hearts against all the sweet, wooing influences, which would fill them with love and praise to God, and willfully trample, not only upon God's command, but upon their own most blessed privilege. Man may say, I will use the Sabbath for my own pleasure,—I will not interfere with others,—but this cannot be. We are all so placed by Divine Providence that each has an influence,—from the highest to the lowest, all are so joined in a social compact that no one can fall without drawing down others.

The steps which lead to the desecration of the Sabbath are easy and regular, and may tempt you to follow them, but shun them as you would a *deadly viper*, for if you begin with no Sabbath, you will end with no God. M. I. G.

Newark, N. Y., 1859.

Only Believe.—Jesus himself had no higher remedy for sin, for sorrow, and for suffering, than these two words convey. At the utmost extremity of his own distress, and of his disciples' wretchedness, he could only say, "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." "Believe, only believe."

Beautiful was the reply of a venerable man to the question, whether he was still in the land of the living: "No, but I am almost there."

Spice from New Books.

How we Abuse our Stomachs.

No other civilized people, probably, are accustomed to abuse their stomachs so badly as we Americans of the United States. Our food is often badly chosen, still more frequently spoiled in cooking, and always eaten in utter disregard of dietetic rules. We eat far too much flesh-meat, (and especially pork, in its most objectionable form,) and too little bread, vegetables and fruits. Our hot, soda-raised biscuits, hot griddle-cakes, saturated with butter, and the hot, black, intolerable coffee, which form the staples of our breakfast, are, in the way in which they are taken, among the most deleterious articles ever put upon a table. Pies are another American abomination, and have no small share of our ill-health to answer for. The mince-pie, as it is generally made, is the abomination of abominations. Some describe it as "very white and indigestible at top, very moist and indigestible at the bottom, and untold horrors in the middle." Even our bread is unwholesome. It is made of the finest of fine flour, and fermented till its natural sweetness and a large portion of its nutritive elements are destroyed, or raised with those poisonous chemicals, soda and cream of tartar. In either case, it is unfit to be eaten. The rich cakes which our good housekeepers deem so indispensable, are still worse, and so on. Now, add to our badly chosen dishes and our objectionable crockery, the rapid eating and imperfect mastication, and the continually interrupted digestion which our intense and feverish life necessitates, and we have a complication of abuses, which would, one must believe, have long since utterly destroyed the vital stamina of any people not originally endowed with marvelous physical powers.—JACQUES' *"Hints towards Physical Perfection."*

What can be done with Paper.

A WRITER in *Blackwood's Magazine* says it is wonderful to see the thousand useful, as well as ornamental purposes, to which paper is applicable in the hands of the Japanese. He states that he saw it made into materials so closely resembling Russian and Morocco leather and pig skin, that it was very difficult to detect the difference. With the aid of lacker varnish and skillful painting, paper made excellent trunks, tobacco bags, cigar cases, saddles, telescope cases, the frames of microscopes; and he even saw and used excellent water-proof coats, made of simple paper, which did keep out the rain, and were as supple as the best Mackintosh. The Japanese use neither silk nor cotton handkerchiefs, towels nor dusters; paper in their hands serves as an excellent substitute.—It is soft, thin, tough, of a pale yellowish color, very plentiful and very cheap. The inner walls of many Japanese apartments are formed of paper, being nothing more than painted screens; their windows are covered with a fine translucent description of the same material; it enters largely into the manufacture of nearly everything in a Japanese household; and he saw what seemed to be balls of twine, but which were nothing but long shreds of tough paper rolled up. If a shop-keeper had a parcel to tie, he would take a strip of paper, roll it quickly between his hands, and use it for the purpose; and it was quite as strong as the ordinary string at home. In short, without paper, all Japan would come to a dead lock; and, indeed, lest by the arbitrary exercise of his authority, a tyrannical husband should stop his wife's paper, the sage Japanese mothers-in-law invariably stipulate that the bride is to have allowed to her a certain quantity.

Chinese Characteristics.

IN illness, and that dreadful wrench of soul and body we call death, the Chinese character shows itself. The pig-tailed men believe that the pain of illness is the result of the attempts the soul makes to leave the body. They believe that tricks, treats, prayers, may sometimes compel the errant soul to return to its frail prison. They first try kind words, run after it, entreat it to come back, and describe what they must suffer if it will not hear reason. They urge and flatter it; they weep, they cry, "Come back, come back—what have we done to you? What motive can you have for going away?—come back, we implore you!" If the soul still struggles outward, tired of its bondage, the Chinese mourner gets bullying, lets off fireworks, shouts, pushes to force back the soul. The men run about, crying they are on the track. They carry lanterns, if it is at night, to light the soul back again. When fairly dead—and most quiet people die at once to get rid of all this noise and torment—they say the person has "saluted the age," has "thanked the world," every one belonging to the deceased at once puts on white caps, girdles and shoes. The body is covered with quicklime, and kept sometimes till the anniversary of the death. The day of the funeral is like an Irish wake. Every one smokes, drinks tea, gossips, laughs, till the time comes to gather round the coffin; then they shed tears, groan, sob, and address the dead in passionate and pathetic monologues. Every Chinese can weep and laugh at will, like an actor.—*The Kingdom of Flowers.*

Origin of the term "Old Dominion."

FEW things are so well calculated to awaken in the mind of the proud Virginian, when wandering in foreign lands, touching reminiscences of home and kindred, as the simple mention of the "Old Dominion." And yet there are comparatively few who are aware of the origin of the term which has so generally been applied to Virginia. It originated thus:—During the Protectorate of Cromwell, the colony of Virginia refused to acknowledge his authority, and declared itself independent. Shortly after, when Cromwell threatened to send a fleet and army to reduce Virginia to subjection, the alarmed Virginians sent a messenger to Charles II., who was then an exile in Flanders, inviting him to return in the ship with the messenger, and be king of Virginia. Charles accepted the invitation, and was on the eve of embarkation, when he was called to the throne of England. As soon as he was fairly seated on his throne, in gratitude for the loyalty of Virginia, he caused her coat of arms to be quartered with those of England, Ireland and Scotland, as an independent member of the empire, a distinct portion of the "Old Dominion." Hence arose the origin of the term. Copper coins of Virginia were issued even as late as the reign of George III., which bore one side the coat of arms of England, Ireland, Scotland and Virginia. —*Notes and Queries.*

Books Received.

HISTORICAL VINDICATIONS: A Discourse on the Province and Uses of Baptist History, delivered before the Backus Historical Society, at Newton, Mass., June 23, 1857. Repeated before the American Baptist Historical Society, at New York, May 14, 1859. With Appendixes, containing Historical Notes and Confessions of Faith. By SEWALL S. CUTTING, Professor of Rhetoric and History in the University of Rochester. [12mo. pp. 224.] Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Rochester—ADAMS & DARNEY.

THE RIGHT WORD IN THE RIGHT PLACE: A New Pocket Dictionary and Reference Book; Embracing Extensive Collections of Synonyms, Technical Terms, Abbreviations, and Foreign Phrases: Chapters on Writing for the Press, Punctuation, and Proof-Reading; and other Interesting and Valuable Information. By the author of "How to Write," "How to Talk," etc. [16mo. pp 214.] New York: Fowler & Wells. From the Publishers.

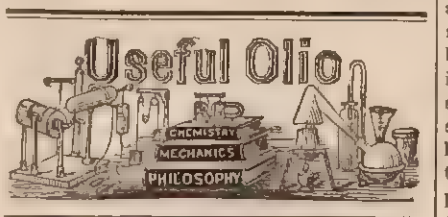
SERMONS, Preached and Revised by the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON. [12mo. pp. 460.] Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

LIFE OF JULIUS CÆSAR. By HENRY G. LIDDELL, D. D. Dean of Christ Church, Oxford. [16mo. pp. 247.] Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

LIFE OF THOMAS A'BECKET. By HENRY HART MILMAN, D. D., Dean of St. Paul's. [16mo. pp. 246.] Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

LIFE OF HANNIBAL. By THOMAS ARNOLD, D. D. [16mo. pp. 320.] Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

LIFE OF VITTORIA COLONNA. By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE. [16mo. pp. 247.] Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WEYER'S CAVE.—No. II.

RETURNING to the main passage we enter the "Twin Room." Here our attention is directed to a couple of statues, from the similarity of which the apartment derives its name. A part of this chamber is called the "Baluster Room," from the ridges in the walls, formed by rows of stalactites resembling, in size and form, rows of balusters.—In this room is a deep hollow, dark and bottomless, (so you are told,) which bears the significant title of the "Devil's Bake-Oven!"

The "Tapestry Room" is, perhaps equal, in the beauty and magnificence of its adornings, to any part of the cave. Here the walls are ornamented with clusters of pillars and masses of drapery, falling in fluted folds and broad wavy sheets.—These stone curtains are translucent, and on being struck emit musical sounds. Some of them are bordered with minute and elegant designs wrought out on the rocky fabric, through the darkness and silence of ages. Nature has been lavish of her workmanship, and in that portion of the room known as the "Cathedral," she has erected a circular throne "like the ancient stone chair in which the Kings of Scotland were crowned," and overhung it with the most elegant drapery conceivable. Lofty aisles, ornamented with pillars, reach to the groined ceiling, and pendent crystals glitter in the torch-light like stars in the vault of night. Still farther on, an enormous sheet of spar hanging from the roof in heavy folds, has received the name of the "Drum." On being struck with the hand it gives out a sound as deep and mellow as the finest toned base drum.

We have now reached the largest division of the cave—the "Ball Room." It is a hundred feet in length by forty in breadth, and has a floor of hard, smooth earth, which renders it a convenient place for dancing. An annual illumination of the principal rooms was formerly the custom and at such times the hours were whiled away by the votaries of Terpsichore in this subterranean chamber, as gayly and as thoughtlessly as if no Hand Divine had left its tracery on each wall of living rock.

"Santag's Hill" is a gradual ascent, named in honor of a French traveler, who unfortunately lost his light and his way near this spot. Luckily the guide was sufficiently well acquainted with the intricacies of the cave, to follow the main path, and thus to restore the benighted traveler to the light of day. From this hill, a narrow passage, called the "Devil's Race-Path," leads us to a room bearing the still more suggestive name of the "Devil's Dungeon." Before reaching the room, however, we exchange the perils of the "Race-Path" for a flight of natural steps, whose steep and narrow grade made the passage quite difficult. It is called "Jacob's Ladder," and certainly the "angels" that ascend and descend it from time to time, perform no easy task. Here are also "Jacob's Tea-Table" and "Jacob's Ice-House."—Were there any more stalagmites in the room, we should undoubtedly be favored with representations of various other utensils in the domestic establishment of the patriarch.

The "Senate Chamber" is named from the circumstance of its having a gallery of stone projecting from one of the side walls and extending half way across the apartment. This gallery is sometimes called the "Natural Bridge." Beyond is "Congress Hall." A similar gallery in this room is called the "Lobby." A sloping projection from the side wall is named, from its fancied resemblance to the promontory of the same name on the Hudson, "Anthony's Nose." A side path leads to the "Spar Room," from which visitors are permitted to gather specimens.

BERTHA MORTIMER.

Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y., 1859.

NATURE has strange ways of doing the most beautiful things. Out of the cozy earth, the mud and rain of early spring, come the most delicate flowers, their white leaves borne out of the dirt, as unsoiled and pure as if they had bloomed in the garden of Paradise.

PRAISE is not pleasing to the mind of men, yet it is the original motive of almost all our actions.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CLOUDS.

Dost thou know the balancing of the clouds, the wondrous works of Him which is perfect in knowledge? —BIBLE.

CLOUDS reveal the wisdom of the hand that formed them, and are a connecting link between the far, strange depths of ether, and our less spiritual world. They catch the evasive rays of light from the setting sun, and hold them up to our view in beautiful succession. Clouds hold the treasures of snow and rain, and moderate the burning heat of summer, and the fierce cold of winter. They unite the useful and the beautiful, the terrible and the playful. The clouds of April are fleecy and graceful; incense that the fitful princess offers to her patron Spring. November clouds are grim and stern, like warriors looking from their battlements. Clouds are changeful and fanciful, assuming all sorts of shape and delighting in all sorts of motions. Now they are curved in comely shape, now jagged and rough. Now they roll softly to and fro upon the waves of air, and now they chase each other through the sky like the fierce wild steeds on an Arabian desert.

If you think the clouds are not capable of awakening strong emotions, watch the rising of a storm, as they gather themselves together in close array. "Like a flock of mighty birds," they cover the heavens, while the air trembles with the beating of their wings. Lightning flashes, and thunder rolls like heavy artillery along their line. The broad battle-plain of heaven is filling up, and the eclipsing shadow falls upon the earth. But see! In another quarter of the sky there is another storm rising, and the two approach each other, leaving but a narrow belt of blue, which is fast decreasing. What if they should rush together, and pour a dreadful deluge upon us. Amidst this din and strife a sweetly solemn voice speaks to our trembling hearts, "Dos't thou know the *balancing* of the clouds, the wondrous works of Him which is perfect in knowledge? Who can number the clouds in wisdom, or who can *stay* the battles of heaven?" And you answer in reverence, "GOD." Harmlessly they pass, the storm ceases, and the smiling earth also answers, GOD.

To us, clouds are uncertain things, at the mercy of every wind; but to Him who rules the universe they have their appointed course to run.—They are messengers of mercy to men, and sometimes, too, of wrath. He who is taught in the school of the Christian can rejoice in truth that they are under the control of a wise and loving Father. M. O.

Butler, Milwaukee Co., Wis., 1859.

STOVES AND FURNACES.

WITHIN a few years the air-tight stove has been substituted for the iron dogs, and for the first time since men began to live in houses we have no "fire-places." The shrine of the Lares has been removed, and our houses have been literally pillaged—robbed of the domestic hearth, towards which so many associations have been poured, and which, in all ages, have been regarded as the symbol of home with its social comforts.

Not content with this, these enemies to our race have still more lately taken away the stoves, which, destitute of the essence, still occupied the places, and served to remind us at least of the ancient fire-places; and instead they have built for us iron furnaces—*Ætnas*—under ground, so that now what of the oxygen we are not able to consume and convert into carbonic acid, is vitiated by impure gas escaping from its hidden chambers, by invisible particles of coal dust, and by other impurities which clog up the air-cells, and close the avenues of life, or stick along the parched fauces as if reluctant to convey their poison to the lungs.

Stoves have no doubt abridged the sum of human life, but by these subterranean iron furnaces we are cut short in the middle. It is an error to suppose that hot-air furnaces can ever be so constructed or managed, at least in private houses, as not in any degree to prove detrimental to health. We wish we could persuade ourselves that this is not so, for it is certainly very agreeable, in a climate like ours, to enjoy throughout all the rooms and passages of the house warm and uniform temperature; but it is just this even warmth which is one of the sources of mischief. The inmates are so little accustomed to the cold within doors, and become so morbidly sensitive, that they shudder at the idea of going out, and if they ever do venture into the air, the frost enters into their open pores, and they hasten back to their shelter, chilled, exhausted and discouraged. They are no better able to endure the storms of winter than a plant reared in a hot-house. It was the venerable Bede, I think, who said:—"When men lived in houses of willow, they were of oak, but when they lived in houses of oak they were of willow."

QUEER TRADES.

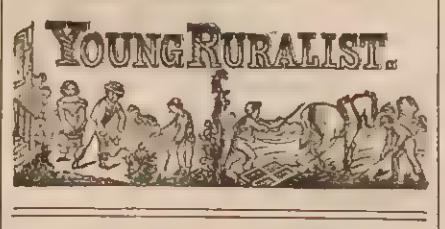
MANY years ago, when rice was dear in Eastern China, efforts were made to bring it from Luzon, where it was abundant. At Manilla there was, however, passed a singular law, to the effect that no vessel for China should be allowed to load with rice unless it brought to Manilla a certain number of cages full of the little "butcher birds" well known to ornithologists. The reason for this most eccentric regulation simply was that the rice in Luzon suffered much from locusts and these locusts were destroyed in great numbers by the butcher birds.

A somewhat similar business is carried on between England and New Zealand. This latter country at particular seasons, is invaded by armies of caterpillars, which clear off the grain crops as completely as if mowed down by the scythe. With the view of counteracting this plague, a novel importation has been made. It is thus noticed by the Southern Cross. "Mr. Brodie has shipped 300 sparrows on board the Swordfish, carefully selected from the best hedge-rows in England. The food alone, he informs us, put on board for them, cost £18. This sparrow question has been a long-standing joke in Buckland, but the necessity to farmers to keep down the grubs is admitted on all sides. There is no security in New Zealand against the invasion of myriads of caterpillars, which devastate the crops."

The most singular of such traffics is the toad trade. On some of the market gardens near London, as many as five crops are raised in one year, the principle object being, however, to raise the finest possible specimens for high prices. Under such a system of culture, slugs and other insects are very formidable foes, and to destroy them, toads have been found so useful as to be purchased at high prices. As much as a dollar and a half a dozen is given for full grown lively toads, which are generally imported from France, where they have also been in use for a long time in an insectivorous way. Who can say but that Shakspeare, who knew everything, guessed everything, and foresaw everything, thought of this latent value when he said that the toad, though

"ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*



EXERCISE AND AMUSEMENT.

BOTH exercise and amusement are necessary to the young. The youth in our cities and villages need exercise to develop the muscle, to build up strong, well-developed, healthy bodies, able to endure the battle of life. The youth of the country, as a general thing, perhaps, have exercise enough, but yet many of the muscles of the body lie dormant, suffering and languishing, weak from want of proper exercise. To prove this, let any of the farmers' boys engage in a different employment, be it work or play, that calls into action a different set of muscles from what they usually employ, such as rowing or playing ball, and they will experience a soreness that will plainly tell how ill these muscles were prepared for the work they were called upon to perform. It may be asked, Cannot all this be accomplished by a change of work? Not exactly, for the mind needs relaxation, and the spirit needs enlivening, which can best be accomplished by any innocent, manly sport. We all know what the old proverb declares to be the effect of "all work and no play." Nothing like lively, cheerful conversation at table, helps digestion. This, it is the opinion of the best physicians, is better than all the medicine in the world for dyspeptics.

In this country too little attention is given to building up a healthy body,—with one class it is all study, and with another all work. In England, among all classes, this is better understood, and the children even of the nobility, boys and girls alike, are encouraged to take regular and systematic exercise. In reading the life of the Rev. ROBERT NEWTON, a celebrated English minister, we were struck with a remark which he once made, that he had preached on an average six times a week for forty years, had traveled by stage and horse-back thousands of miles every year, had traveled about half the nights in all these forty years, and yet could not say that he had ever been *tired*, or ever incapable, from physical causes, of performing his duties well. How many American ministers could perform a quarter of this labor without complaining of being over-worked. The great evil of the country is, that we neglect the body until we are reminded of our folly by pains and penalties which make life a burden. This being our feelings, we were much pleased to see the young men engage so earnestly in the game of *Base-ball*, which bids fair to become a national game, and if kept free from evils which often become connected with athletic sports, such as betting and drinking, and late suppers, we are satisfied that good will result from them.

THE GAME OF CRICKET.

The favorite English game of ball is *Cricket*, in which old and young, rich and poor, delight. Some cricket clubs have been formed in this country, and on their invitation eleven of the best players in England visited us, and played five match games with twenty-two of the best players in this country and Canada—at Montreal, New York, Philadelphia, Hamilton and Rochester. The game closed here on Tuesday of this week, and we thought a description thereof might be interesting to our young friends. The engraving shows a player at the bat, just ready to receive the ball from the bowler. Three stumps are inserted in the ground, about three inches apart, connected together at the top by two pieces of wood called bails, which lie loosely on the top, ready to fall from the least touch of the ball.

BATSMAN IN POSITION TO RECEIVE THE BALL.

At the distance of twenty-two yards, three other stumps are similarly placed, and in front of the stumps, or wickets, as they are termed—a line, distant four feet from the wicket, is drawn, marking the boundry of the bataman's ground, outside of which he is liable at all times to be put out. The object of the bowler is to knock down the stumps or hit the bails off with the ball—the aim of the batsman being to prevent him, and at the same time to hit the ball a sufficient distance to admit of his running from wicket to wicket before the stumps are knocked down with the ball. For every such run he scores one. Twenty-two players are engaged in a regular contest—eleven on a side. Eleven go into the field, taking various positions—such as those of bowlers, of which there are two—wicket-keeper, long stop, point, slips, cover-point, mid-wicket, off and on—that is, to the right or left of the batsman who first receives the ball—long-leg, short-leg, &c.; these positions being chiefly those in the field where the ball is most frequently hit by the batsman.

Behind the stumps the wicket-keeper stands, his duty being to stop the balls when they pass the batsman. Behind him again is the long-stop, who stops all balls that pass the wicket-keeper. The great activity and nerve requisite in the onerous duty of wicket-keeper, renders it one that few are found to fill, even creditably, much less with marked ability. When a run is obtained without the ball being hit it is termed a bye, and when touching the person of the batsman, a leg bye—byes being generally obtained from balls that pass the long-stop. The ball must be bowled, not thrown or jerked, and the batsman is put out when the ball passes his bat and knocks the wicket down, or when he hits the ball in the air and it is caught before touching the ground, or if the bails are knocked off while he is out of his ground.

According as agreed upon, the game is either four over or eight over, which means that when four or eight balls are bowled from *one* end—the game-keeper calls "Over!"—the players reverse their positions, and another bowler plays his ball from the opposite wicket.

All balls bowled outside of the parallel lines shown in the engraving, and over three feet from the wicket, on either side, being considered out of the reach of the batsman, are called *wides*, and each wide counts one in favor of the club having their innings.

If a batter has his leg before his wicket when the ball is played, he is ruled out by the umpire. The single straight line in the engraving; indeed, the figure shows the proper place and position for the feet.

An innings consists in all the players on one side either being caught or run out.

When the batter strikes the ball he runs from wicket to wicket; the other party in at the same time does likewise. As many runs as are made by the batter are added on his score.

The ball must weigh not less than five ounces and a half, nor more than five ounces and three-quarters.

The bat must not exceed four and a quarter inches in the widest part; it must not be more than thirty inches in length.

The stumps, or wickets, must be three in number, twenty-seven inches out of the ground.

A DIARY FOR YOUNG RURALISTS.

EDS. NEW-YORKER:—I have been a constant admirer of the RURAL, and have written some articles which were duly published. Below I send you a form of Diary Book for the use of all Young Ruralists, as well as old:

1859. October.

Day week.	Day month.
Monday	3—Husking corn.
Tuesday	4—Husking corn in the forenoon—rain in the afternoon.
Wednesday	5—Husking corn one-half day—went to mill.
Thursday	6—Finished husking corn.
Friday	7—Digging potatoes—finished the same.
Saturday	8—Plowing. Fair weather.

You might use, in connection with the above, a Weather Book. I commenced keeping a book, similar to the above, while quite a lad, and am still continuing with it. It is much better than to trust to memory alone. Note down in your book at evening what has been your occupation during the day, and, take my word for it, after three or four years, money could not buy the book. Its worth is not estimated in dollars and cents. You cannot tell its true value. It will be a source of pleasure to you in old age to peruse its pages, and see the vast amount of labor those calloused hands have wrought. It will be a pattern for your children to imitate when you are gone. Besides, it may be of service to you in court, if any trouble should occur, as you could refer to its pages any moment. OSCAR BERRY.

Fon du Lac, Wis., 1859.

KOHL-RABI.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I wish to make a few inquiries, and, if I may be permitted, through the RURAL. 1st. Where can I obtain some seed of that species of turnip called the Kohl-Rabi, mentioned in a late number of your paper? Also, *is* this vegetable ever used for the table? 2d. Being ignorant of the names of any seedsmen around Boston or Philadelphia, I wish to be informed on that point, as I wish to get some seed of Lord Kenyon's Favorite Cucumber. 3d. Which is the right season for planting grape seeds to insure their growth, and at what depth should they be planted? 4th. Will the Diana thrive as well in Central as in Western New York? A YOUNG SUBSCRIBER.

Canastota, N. Y., 1859.

1st. Kohl-Rabi seed can be purchased of almost all our leading seed-dealers—HOVEY & Co., of Boston; B. K. BLISS, of Springfield, Mass.; THORBURN & Co., of New York, &c. Prepared for the table like the turnip, the Kohl-Rabi is very similar in all respects. 2d. Answered above. 3d. Grape seed may be planted as soon as obtained from the fruit. Cover with three-fourths of an inch of earth. 4th. The Diana Grape will succeed, we have no doubt, in Central New York. In fact, there are not many localities in this State, where corn crops are planted, where this grape could not ripen well.

OPPOSITES.—The most dangerous vermin are too often to be found under the fairest and sweetest flowers, and the fairest glove is often drawn upon the foulest hand, and the richest robes are often put upon the most diseased bodies; so are the fairest and sweetest names upon the greatest and most horrible vices and errors that are in the world. O, that we had not so many sad proofs of this among us!

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dutch Bulbous Roots—B. K. Bliss.
Universal Knowledge Box—Fitch & Fitzgerald.
Parlor Theatricals—Fitch & Fitzgerald.
Notice to Teachers—D. W. Fish.
Lord Kenyon's Favorite Cucumber—John Charlton.
Premium Black Ink—J. W. Burton.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Thorough Bred Stock for Sale—H. & M. C. Mordoff.
Direct Communication with New York—I. G. Stone.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 5, 1859.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER FOR 1860.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

THE ELEVENTH VOLUME of the RURAL NEW-YORKER will commence January, 1860, in a New Dress and with other improvements—as we have resolved to celebrate its Tenth Birth-day in a manner worthy of its age, success and reputation. As stated in the accompanying Prospectus, the new volume will FULLY EQUAL (if not far excel) the present in all important essentials. To its thousands—aye, tens of thousands—of ardent friends all over the land, we offer no special or detailed pledges to insure their continued confidence and support. They *know* the RURAL, and that its Conductor has ever fulfilled his assurances and obligations to community, regardless of pecuniary and personal sacrifices—and can judge of the future from past knowledge and experience. That its *friends* will continue to lend it their *individual* support we are confident;—would that we were as certain of their introducing the RURAL to the *notice and support of others*, thereby augmenting its usefulness. We hope many will make some effort in that direction during the ensuing few weeks—*and Now is the Best Time to Begin.*

The great success which the RURAL has attained, is justly attributable to the efforts of its earnest, working, influential Agent-Friends—those who have manifested their appreciation of it as a progressive, high-toned, reliable, instructive and entertaining RURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER, by increasing and extending its circulation in their respective localities. This we gratefully appreciate and acknowledge. And we frankly ask all who have so generously aided in placing the RURAL in its present eminent and useful position, to second our efforts and those of new friends in fully maintaining its standing and increasing its influence for good throughout the country. Will not some kind friend of the paper and its objects—YOU, Reader,—see that the people of every town where a copy is taken have an opportunity to subscribe? We are satisfied its subscription list may be doubled or quadrupled in hundreds of towns, if the people are only asked to take the RURAL—for all who have ever read it, *know* it is a good, safe and reliable paper for every progressive class, and especially for the Rural Population. The most important requisite is to secure for the paper a representative in every locality where it has no active agent,—some one who will see that its claims and merits are properly presented to individuals, families and community. And if you, Reader, (instead of waiting for some one else to begin) will think and act in its behalf, or enlist the right person in the good work, the object will be attained and the interest of all parties promoted.

—For reduced Club Terms, Special Notices, &c., see first column of next page.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

THE last mail from England brought advices to the Government, from distinguished sources, respecting the present unsettled condition of affairs in Europe, by which it appears none can see how the difficulty attendant on the Italian question can be settled, or what will be the result of the Zurich Conference. It is evident that the various sovereigns are all armed, being apprehensive of a general war. England, it is said, has no power to depend on excepting Germany, and being favorable to the reform movement in Italy, she knows not how to act between the two, as she is fearful of losing the friendship of the one in the advocacy of the other. Russia, who, since the Crimea war, has had no more continental alliances, awaits events before coming to a decision as to what part she will take, and with the view of acting intelligently, the Emperor has ordered his ministers from the principal courts to join him at Warsaw, in order to give him ample information on the state of the respective courts to which they are diplomatically assigned. For prudential reasons, more than the usual caution seems to be observable in official quarters, in concealing from the public the present condition of the San Juan Island question, and hence the contradictory statements prevalent concerning it.

Intelligent gentlemen who have just arrived in Washington from the Pacific coast, say that the people there will be surprised at the visit of Lieut. Gen. Scott to San Juan, as only in the Atlantic States has that island been magnified to the importance of a continent, while it belongs to the United States, and will be retained. They add that it is really not worth quarreling about, and that its value has been surprisingly over-estimated.

The Herald's Washington correspondent says that a treaty has been signed between Spain and the Miramon Government of Mexico, upon the following basis:

1st. Acknowledgement of all existing treaties between that Government and Spain, and perhaps of all conventions.

2d. All crimes committed at Cuernaren and at other places, to be punished.

3d. Pecuniary indemnification for damages and losses suffered by public and private interests on account of said crisis, and in consequence of Mexico having failed to fulfill the conditions of former conventions, with regard to Mexican and Spanish subjects. Finally, the arbitration of either the Emperor of the French or the Queen of England in any differences arising between the negotiations in the question of indemnification and pecuniary arrangements. The importance may be seen in the fact that while this apparently provides for the settlement of difficulties which have for years existed between Mexico and Spain, and on account of which Spain had assumed a warlike attitude towards Mexico, it is a hostile proceeding against the government of Juarez. It is said the Liberal party of Mexico will rejoice at this prospect of a war with Spain, as it will enable them through outside assistance to conquer Spain.

The Treasury receipts for the week ending Monday, were nearly $106,000; drafts paid, $1,213,000; drafts issued, $1,275,000. The amount subject to draft is $4,509,000, being a reduction from the amount on hand the preceding week of $169,000.

Personal and Political.

HON. WM. JARVIS, of Vermont, who was a noted politician of by-gone times, and was appointed Charge d'Affairs to Portugal by President Jefferson, died last week at the age of 90 years, on the farm where he has lately lived in retirement.

ROBERT STEPHENSON, the celebrated English Engineer, whose death is announced, was born in 1803. He first gained distinction by winning a prize for "constructing the best locomotive," in 1828, being then proprietor of a steam engine factory at Newcastle. He supervised the construction of the London and Birmingham Railway and others then in progress, and was afterwards called abroad by the Kings of Belgium and Norway, to advise in regard to railroads in their dominions. The achievements which gave him his highest reputation, however, were the Tubular Bridges over the Menai Straits and the Conway, unparalleled works in art. He has been in Parliament, and was politically a Conservative and Protectionist.

THE Republicans of Kentucky will meet in Convention on Wednesday, Nov. 16th, at Newport, to organize the party in the State; to form a Presidential Electoral ticket; appoint two Senatorial delegates for the State at large, and transact such other business as may come before the Convention.

ALL persons concede the election of Roger A. Pryor, of the Fourth Congressional District, Va., by a majority of from 1,200 to 1,500.

THE official returns of the late election in Pennsylvania have been published from every county in the State except Venango, which has not yet been received. Without Venango the vote stands as follows:—For Auditor General—Thos. E. Cochran, Opposition, 179,813; Richardson L. Wright, Democrat, 162,707—majority for Cochran, 17,106. For Surveyor General—Wm. H. Keim, Opposition, 180,270; John Rowe, Democrat, 162,216—majority for Keim, 18,014. The returns from Venango will add a trifle to these majorities. The total vote of the State will be about 23,000 less than it was in 1858, and about 115,000 less than it was in the Presidential election of 1856.

IN the details concerning the Insurrection at Harper's Ferry, as heretofore published, the Hon. Joshua R. Giddings seemed to be more or less intimately connected with the movement. Mr. G., at a meeting in Philadelphia the other day, denied all knowledge of the affair.

COOK, another of the Harper's Ferry fillibusters, was arrested at Montello, fourteen miles from Chambersburg, Pa., on the 26th ult. His printed commission, signed by Brown, was found upon his person. He was fully armed, and made a desperate resistance. He was almost starved, and came from the mountains into the settlement to obtain provisions. Gov. Wise made requisition, and Gov. Packard surrendered him to the Virginia authorities. He arrived in Charleston on the 28th.

THE Kansas Democrats held their State Convention at Lawrence on the 27th ult., and nominated Samuel Medary for Governor; John A. Holdeman for Congress, and Judge Williams, present Surrogate Judge, for Chief Justice.

Sinking of the Steamer New World.

AT 7 o'clock on the evening of the 26th ult., a terrific accident happened to the steamer New World, while on her way from New York to Albany. She was opposite Tubby Hook, about twelve miles from New York, when the engineer was startled by the ringing of the alarm bell. He was in the fire-room at the time, and instantly springing toward the machinery, saw that it was out of order, and, stopping the engines, gave orders to the firemen to put out the fires, but before this could be done, the walking-beam broke, and in its course took the piston rod along with it. These carried the rest of the machinery with them, which fell, breaking through the bottom of the steamer with a heavy crash, and leaving a large hole through which the water rushed with dreadful force. In a few moments it was ascertained that she was sinking rapidly, and the excitement became intense. Three hundred passengers were on board, and inevitable death appeared to be staring them in the face, as no vessels were near. The night was pitch dark, and the snow fell thick and fast. The pilot had turned her bow towards the west shore, with the intention of running her aground, but she only went a short distance, as her machinery being broken, the propelling power soon ceased.

About fifteen minutes after the accident occurred, the shouts of the passengers on the hurricane deck, had attracted the attention of the crew of the sloop Jack Downing, Captain Erastus W. Crane, bound for Albany, from Elizabethtown, with a cargo of coal. By the exertions of the Captain and the crew, she neared the sinking steamer, and ropes were thrown from the vessel. With her heavy load of coal the little sloop could not, with safety, take but one-quarter of the passengers; and the ropes were cast off. At this moment—the steamer, sinking lower and lower—the steamers Ohio and Mercury came alongside and carried off the rest of the passengers. It is thought that all were saved—if not those who perished were the victims of uncontrollable fear.

The New York papers say it is estimated that at least $20,000 worth of freight has been destroyed, and the damage to the boat cannot fall short of $75,000. The saloons are ruined, furniture destroyed, and the machinery rendered completely useless. Add to this the cost of raising the wreck, and the total loss of property will amount to little less than $125,000, upon which there is but a partial insurance. The frame which supported the walking beam was quite rotten, and the only wonder is that the accident did not occur long ago. The break occurred about five feet from the top, and the force with which the heavy mass was thrown forward snapped large iron rods as though they were pipe stems.

News Paragraphs.

THE arms recently furnished to a colored volunteer company of the city of Philadelphia, have been taken away by the Adjutant-General, in consequence of the Harper's Ferry affair.

THE Washington Constitution contains a list of one hundred and seven post offices in the Southern and Western States and Territories which were discontinued by the Postmaster General during the week ending Oct. 8.

IN Jolly Fraction, Monroe County, Ohio, only one vote was cast for Senator, Representative and Member of Board of Equalization. To poll that vote the employment of six persons were necessary, viz: two clerks, three judges, and a messenger to bring the returns to the clerk's office. The cost to the county cannot be much less than fifteen dollars for that single vote.

THE largest bar of gold ever brought to this country was received on Monday week by the American Exchange Bank, of New York, from California, by the steamship Star of the West. It weighed 2,227 ounces, and worth $41,226. It has been sold to shipment for England.

THE amount of salt manufactured at Syracuse, New York, is seven millions of bushels yearly. The annual revenue to the manufacturers is three millions of dollars, and the income to the State seventy thousand dollars, as a tax of one cent per bushel is charged by the State on all salt manufactured. The whole amount of salt manufactured in the United States is sixteen millions of bushels yearly.

MIDDLE names were almost unknown one hundred years ago. In an old Boston paper of Oct. 1759, the Transcript says out of 68 names of persons in the paper, not one has a middle name.

THE annual income of the Marquis of Westminister, who owns about one-half of the "West-end" of London, besides vast landed estates in the Provinces, is £800,000, or $3,500,000 in our money. The late Dwaikanauth Tagore, of Calcutta, died of a broken heart some twelve years ago, because in the commercial panic of 1847 his fortune had dwindled down to *only* ten millions of dollars. With us, when a man is supposed to be worth $100,000 he immediately obtains the title of Millionaire.

PAPER money was first made by Massachusetts in 1690; by Connecticut, in 1709; Pennsylvania, 1723; Maryland, 1740; Rhode Island, 1744,—and in 1759 almost every province issued paper currency. It was first issued by Congress in 1775.

A BILL is under consideration in the Legislature of Tenessee, providing that all free persons of color over eighteen and under fifty years of age, shall either leave the State or go into slavery.

THE St. Louis Democrat says that on Wednesday last, 25,000 pounds of New Mexican wool arrived at St. Joseph from Leavenworth city, for shipment to the East by the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad. The consignees at St. Joseph are looking for the arrival of 150,000 pounds more in a few days.

OF the three thousand voters of Washington Territory, two thousand are desirous of entering the matrimonial state, but there are no marriageable girls there. The Puget's Sound Herald plaintively calls for New England damsels to satisfy the demand for "a good article."

AN Illinois court has recognized the legal character of the Jewish Sabbath, which begins at three o'clock P. M., on Friday, and lasts for twenty-four hours. How many Sabbaths have we?

GOV. WELLER, of California, has just transmitted $1,000 to the Washington National Monument Society, being the amount the State, through its Legislature, has resolved to contribute annually until the monument is finished.

A FIRM in Portsmouth, Va., has received a consignment of two tierces of sugar and two tierces of molasses from Liberia. The consignment was from Chas. Cooper, a colored man who left that city in 1856, and was the product of his farm.

THERE are within the limits of the city of Selma, Ala., fourteen artesian wells, which have an average depth of about four hundred feet, several of them throwing water to the extent of 600 gallons per minute.

TRIAL OF "OSSAWOTAMIE" BROWN.—Prosecution and defence in this trial closed their labors, as far as the introduction of evidence is concerned, on Saturday evening, 29th ult., and were to sum up to-day,—Monday. Messrs. Green and Botts, counsel for Brown, threw up the case, because of the defendant's declaration of a lack of confidence in them. Hoyt of Boston, Magruder and Chilton, of Washington, had it in charge at last accounts, and Judge Tilden of Ohio, was expected to assist. We learn by telegraph that Cook has been all day busily writing, and is understood to be preparing a full confession, by the advice of Gov. Willard, in hope of obtaining a pardon.

ARRIVAL OF THE OVERLAND MAIL.—The Overland Express from Denver City, the 20th, with $6,000 in dust, arrived at St. Louis on the 27th ult. The election of Dr. Williams as Delegate to Congress, is confirmed. An election for or against a provisional government was to come off on the 24th. Mining operations were drawing to a close for the season.

FEMALE SHARP-SHOOTING.—At Hartford, Ct., on Friday, Mr. Robert Chadwick, having just finished a contract for one million cartridges, gave an entertainment to his employees at the Sharp's Rifle Factory, one feature of which was a target shoot by thirty young ladies, who handled the Sharp's rifles with a skill that would have been creditable to the other sex.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The London *Times* says that the terms of the Zurich treaty are almost identical with those of the Villa Franca arrangement.

The London *Post* says the preliminary negotiations for Congress are only going on, it being much easier to plan a Congress than to complete the necessary preliminaries. England is pledged to enter no Congress until the independence and free action of Italy are previously understood to be guaranteed.

The *Post* had a dispatch from Paris, on the 19th ult., stating that three distinct instruments will be signed at Zurich. The treaty between France and Sardinia will be signed in a day or two. The tripartite treaty will be signed subsequently.

The *Post* further says, that assuming its information being correct, the further proposals concerning the questions left open, which it is intended to submit to the approval of the Congress, are of such a nature that the diplomatists at Zurich have only heaped up materials for fresh difficulties. England can and will take no part in any Congress of which the first principle be not the recognition of the right of the Romagnese and Tuscans, no less than the Modenese and Parmesan States, to self-government. The first cannon shot fired to force on the people of Romagna, Modena and Tuscany, any other rules than the Italian Prince, in whom they so fondly put their trust, will be the signal of a conflict as deadly as the one just brought to a close.

FRANCE.—A treaty of peace was signed between France and Austria on the 17th ult.

The rumor that France demands 300,000,000 of francs as a war indemnity from Piedmont is pronounced false. She claims only a reimbursement of the 60,000,000 francs advanced to that government in arms and provisions.

It was reported that the Arch-Bishop of Bordeaux will visit Rome to press on the Pope the necessity for a reform in the government of the States of the Church.

It was asserted that France will not recall her troops from Rome until the form of government there renders their presence no longer necessary.

Deputations from Parma and Tuscany had had a satisfactory interview with Napoleon.

Several fruitless attempts had been made to revolutionize Venetia and Southern Tyrol.

It was asserted that the Pope, in concert with Napoleon, is about addressing a manifesto to the States of the Church.

Reports were current of approaching changes in the French Ministry.

The *Moniteur* explains that the French fleet will be sent to Morocco on account of the attitude assumed by England towards Spain—the English fleet, probably being intended to counter-balance its operations.

The Paris *Patrie* contradicts the statement that the Sultan had ordered the suspension of the works on the Suez canal, but it nevertheless asserts that the works had been entirely discontinued.

ITALY.—The news from Italy is interesting, and indicates approaching trouble. The banking house of Noseda & Borweer, at Milan, had subscribed 100,000 francs towards the Garibaldi fund for purchasing muskets. It is stated that the whole Neapolitan frontier was lined with troops, and the Montressini fortified with cannon.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany had written to his partisans to abstain from every attempt in favor of his dynasty.

The idea of occupying Parma with Sardinian troops had been abandoned.

Great activity was apparent in the arsenals of Naples. The army was also being placed on a war footing.

A dispatch from Florence states that the exequater of the American Consul at Leghorn had been withdrawn on account of his having engaged in political intrigues. An explanatory dispatch has been sent to President Buchanan by the Florentine Cabinet.

The official Piedmontese Gazette states that on a representation made by Sardinia, Austria had suspended the works at Bocco de Orfo, and had notified her that the mines were blown up by mistake, expressing at the same time regret at the occurrence.

The Sardinian Government was considering the expediency of fortifying Brescia, Lonata and Cremona.

The report that Naples had promised military assistance to Rome is discredited, as the King of Naples fears the invasion of his own territory.

A Revolutionary Committee at Ferrara was giving the Austrians great annoyance. It was formed for the purpose of assisting the Venetians to join the National Army.

The Neapolitan *corps de armie* on the frontiers was continually increasing, and will amount to 30,000 men.

CHINA.—The *Times'* correspondent regards the reception of Mr. Ward as a most politic stroke of the Pekin Cabinet, but it does not at all remove the treachery to the British Ministry.

The *Friend of China* says, that as the American treaty gives the United States liberty to tender their good offers in any difficulty with the Western Powers, Mr. Ward will soon have an opportunity of testing the virtue of this clause.

INDIA.—Late news had been received from India by the Red Sea Telegraph.

Central India was still unsettled. The frontier districts of Nepaul were occupied by Nana and his followers. The Maghers were still in insurrection, and a force was to be sent against them. The authorities at Pekin are represented as ready to receive the British Minister on friendly terms; meanwhile the India Government had been applied to for 15,000 troops for China, and two regiments were under orders to depart.

COMMERCIAL—*Breadstuffs.*—Breadstuffs depressed, the improvement noted at beginning of the week being all lost. Flour 22s6d@27s; Red Wheat 9s5d@9s6d; Wheat do. 9s9d@11s Yellow Corn 6s@6s4d; White do. 6s8d@7s8d. *Provisions.*—Very little doing in beef. Sales of pork at 50s. Lard quiet.

IT appears, from a report just published, that during 1858 the railroads of Great Britain transported 140,000,000 persons, of these only twenty-six were killed—*one in five millions.*

The News Condenser.

— Money is worth in San Francisco from 24 to 30 per cent.

— Bishop Kemper, of the Episcopal Church resigned.

— The population of Mobile is set down at thirty-two thousand.

— Amicable relations are established between Turkey and Persia.

— Mills' Statue of Washington was cast last week at Washington city.

— In the wine districts of France, each person drinks 730 bottles in the year.

— The emancipation of the peasants of Russia has been adjourned for one year.

— A fire at Louisville, Ky., Saturday week, destroyed property to the value of $105,000.

— A well-preserved colossal bronze bust of Cicero has been discovered near Pompeii.

— Advices from Houston and Galveston to the 18th ult., state that the fever is unabated.

— Advices from Northern Mexico indicate the thorough disorganization of the Liberal forces.

— Troops have been sent to Brownsville, Texas, to protect our citizens from the Mexican banditti.

— Sardinian Journals speak of an insurrectionary movement having shown itself lately at Palermo.

— The ranches on the Texas side of the Rio Grande have been abandoned on account of Indian depredations.

— General Scott left Acapulco on the 9th ult, and must be at the seat of the San Juan difficulties by this time.

— The loss to English spinners by the "sanding" of American cotton is computed at £1,500,000 sterling yearly.

— Colonel Hebron, of Vicksburg, Miss., has 10,000 pear trees, from which he realized over $30,000 last season.

— P. T. Barnum is doing the people of East Bridgeport a great service in planting shade trees on their streets

— Senator Douglas has recently had born unto him an heir of his fame and estates, who will be known as "Ellen."

— Deaths from eating toadstools are recorded in various quarters. Mushroom seekers should take warning.

— The earnings of the Auburn State Prison for the nine last months exceed the ordinary expenditures $9,193 90.

— Thomas Francis Meagher has gone to Costa Rica as bearer of dispatches to the United States Minister at that point.

— Cast-iron axle boxes have been lined with glass and in a few instances the wearing condition proved satisfactory.

— Port-au-Prince advices to Oct. 1st represent the city to be in a state of siege; the excitement was abating, however.

— The dome of the court house in St. Louis, which cost $30 000, has been condemned as insecure and perilous to life.

— A consignment of 10,000 cigars for Louis Napoleon has arrived at Norfolk, Va., en route for France. They cost $300 per M.

— At the opening of the Court of Common Pleas in Cleveland, last week, there were 55 applicants on the docket for divorce.

— All the women of the villages on the Gulf of Mexico are in the habit of swimming. The young ladies are all diving belles.

— Some of the members of Rev. Dr. Chapin's church, in New York, have presented him with a $24,000 house, on Thirty-Fifth street.

— M. Victor Meunier, a well known scientific writer, informs the world that the next deluge will not take place for 6,800 years.

— The natives of the Sandwich Islands, like the Indians of this country, appear to fade away upon the approach of foreigners.

— Letters from Naples say the King had offered to lend troops to the Pope, in consequence of the withdrawal of the French.

— The San Francisco Times of the 10th ult. says three distinct shocks of earthquake were felt at Mariposa on Monday night previous.

— The amphitheater at the Fair Grounds near Independence, Ky., was destroyed by fire on Sunday week. Loss $5,000; no insurance.

— Intelligence has been received at Boston of the death of Mrs. Marsh, one of the Missionaries of the American Board at Mosul.

— Shipments of wheat from Milwaukee last week were 500 000 bushels—five times as much as during corresponding week last year.

— Gen. Garibaldi has issued a Proclamation summoning the Italians of the Legations to arms, and a collision is shortly expected.

— Recently Mr. Treshaw, late Rabbi of the Jewish synagogue in Quebec, was, with his whole family, baptized in the Methodist church.

— J. C. Gangooly, the converted Brahmin, is writing a book to correct the erroneous ideas of Americans with regard to the Hindoo religion.

— A New York paper says that "Rev. Wm. H. Milburn, the blind preacher, lectured last evening upon 'What he saw in England.'"

— A *Revue Spirite*, containing reports of table-turning, spirit-rapping and other like manifestations, has been recently started in Paris.

— The Utica Herald says "marriages have become epidemic among us. Bachelors and maids will soon be as scarce as summer flowers."

— Hotel life is to be eschewed by many of the members of Congress, who will take houses and reside with their families in Washington.

— The receipts of gold dust at Leavenworth and vicinity during the last fortnight, amount to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

— The papers of Prussia complain that great numbers of young men leave that country clandestinely for the U. S. to avoid military service.

— A frightful explosion took place at Birmingham, Eng., Sept. 25, in a percussion cap manufactory. Eighteen killed and as many wounded.

— The monument of Henry Clay, in Lexington, Ky., is nearly completed. It is said to be one of the handsomest works of art in the country.

— Gold has been found in some of the cobble-stones brought from the mining district east of Sacramento to pave the streets of San Francisco.

— The British aristocracy, says a London paper, like our modern ships, is not built of British oak only, but of timber from all parts of the world.

— Mr. Fawks, the inventor of the steam plow, has has received an order from a gentleman in Scotland, to manufacture and ship a plow to that country.

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October, 20, 1859. 512-9t

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Nov. 1, 1859.

FLOUR—Another advance is noted in Flour, equal to 25 cents ₩ barrel upon all grades.

GRAIN—Wheat feels the influence of the market, and the start taken is in proportion to that on Flour—5 cents ₩ bushel. Corn and Rye are as last quoted. Oats declining a little. Barley we do not offer, though we hear of a sale of six thousand bushels, very choice, yesterday, at 2 cents below our maximum figures—68 cents. Buckwheat has established a range, and is not so firm as last week.

MEATS AND POULTRY—The only change is in Mutton, which is lower. A large number of sheep are being slaughtered and put on the market, causing a decline.

FRUITS AND ROOTS—Apples (green) are coming up a little. Apples (dried) are on sale—rates $1 ₩ bushel. Cherries—16@18 cents ₩ pound for choice. Potatoes range 31@50—the latter figures for Mexicans.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		Eggs, dozen	18c
Flour, wht. wheat	$5.25@6.25	Honey, box	15@15c
Flour, spring do.	$4.75@5.75	Candles, box	12½@13c
Flour, buckwheat, ₩ cwt.	$2.00	**FRUITS AND ROOTS**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1.20@1.30	Apples, bushel	25@50c
Best white Can a.	$1.20@1.30	Apples, dried	$1.00
Corn	55@56c.	Peaches, dried, ₩ lb	10c
Rye, 56 lbs. ₩ bu	65@70c	Cherries, dried, ₩ lb	14@18c
Oats, by weight	30@33	Potatoes	31@50c
Barley	60@70	**HIDES AND SKINS**	
Buckwheat	40@50	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	62½@75c	Calf	10@10c
MEATS		Sheep pelts	50c@$1.25
Pork, mess	$17.00@18.50	Lamb pelts	50c@$1.00
Pork, clear	$20.00@21.00	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	$5.50@7.00	Clover, bush	$5,00@5.50
Beef, ₩ cwt	$1.00@5.00	Timothy	$2,50@2.75
Spring lambs, each	$1.50@1.75	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton, carcass	3@5c	Wood, hard	$4.00@4.50
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3.00@3.50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$5.75@6.00
Chickens	8@9c	Coal Scranton	$4.25@4.50
Turkeys	9@10c	Coal, Pittston	$4.25@4.50
Geese	8@11c	Coal, Shamokin	$4.25@4.50
Ducks, ₩ pair	00@00c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1.12
Butter, roll	19@21c	Hay, tun	$15,00@20.00
Butter, firkin	18c	Wool, ₩ lb	37@50c
Cheese	8@10c	Whitefish, bbl	$4.00@4.50
Lard, tried	12@12c	Codfish, ₩ quintal	$4.00@4.25
Tallow	10½@10½c	Trout, bbl	$8.00@8.50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Oct. 31—FLOUR—Market for flour without special change. Sales at $1,75@4.80 for super State; $4.85@4.95 for extra do; $4,75@4,90 for super Western; $5@5.30 for common to good extra do; $5,40@5.50 for inferior to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing dull and tendency downward. Canadian unchanged; sales at $5.35@6.30 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat market dull. Shippers will not buy and speculators operate with caution. Sales at $1,11 for Milwaukee and Canada club; $1.45@1.50 for white Michigan; $1.50 for do Kentucky. Rye firm; sales at 85½c. Barley unchanged; sales Canada East at 79@81c. Corn less buoyant at the close; sales at 93c@$1 02 for all kinds—latter an outside price. Oats dull at 44@45c for State, Western and Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Pork heavy and lower. Sales at $15,12@15,18 for mess; $10,62 for prime. Lard dull and heavy; sales at 10¾@10¾. Butter in fair demand at 11½@18c for Ohio; 15@21c for State. Cheese steady at 8@10½c for common to prime.

BUFFALO, Oct 31.—FLOUR—With a moderate demand, the market is steady. Sales at $4.75 for State from spring wheat; $4,75@5 for spring extra Illinois and Wisconsin; $5,25@5,40 for extra Ohio and Indiana, and $5,60@6 for fair to choice double extras. Canadian quiet and steady at $5,10@5,25 for extras, and $5,50@5,75 for double extras.

WHEAT—Dull and drooping. Buyers in some cases are offering 95c for small lots No. 2 spring for immediate use. No 1 do held at 96@97c in quantities. Sales No. 1 Milwaukee club at 9?c, and do in three lots at 98c. Corn in fair demand and market steady sales Toledo afloat at 59c. Oats continue nominal at 33@?3c. Barley—with a fair demand the market is firm, sales Canada afloat at 72c. Rye quiet and nominal. Other articles unchanged.

ALBANY, Oct. 31.—FLOUR AND MEAL—The market opened firm for flour, at the closing prices of Saturday, and, during the morning, the demand has been active, and the transactions to a fair extent. Corn meal is steady, and in request at $2?@2 12 ₩ cwt.

GRAIN—There is less activity in wheat, the milling demand having somewhat subsided. Sales white Canadian at $1 37, and Mi tigan at $1,48. Corn firm; sales round yellow at 61. Barley—buyers are holding off—sales small parcels at 73c for mixed State, 79c for winter, 78 for ordinary State, 82c for prime four-rowed do, 83c for Canada East and Lake Shore, and 86c for Canada West. Rye lower; sales Canal at 83c. Oats—State and Canada East at 43c.

FEED—Sales 8 tons 18 lbs. feed at 90c, and 60 tons 37 lbs. at $1,07½.—*Journal.*

OSWEGO, Oct. 31.—FLOUR—Unchanged, with a moderate home and loterior demand. Sales at $4,75 for spring State; $5,37½ for extra Canada; $5 50 for choice do.

GRAIN—Wheat in good demand, but firmness of holders restricts transactions. Sales white Canada at $1,25; choice club do at $1,05. Corn scarce and quiet. Barley in good demand; sales Canada at 78@80c. Oats are firm and Rye quiet; sales Peas at 68c.

TORONTO, Oct. 28.—FLOUR—The transactions in flour during the week have been limited by the small amount offering. The demand is good, mainly for the consumption in manufacturing districts of the New England States, in which direction the principal shipments of higher grades have been made this season. The lower grades have been in good request for Montreal and points east of that city. Prices, in consequence of the improvement in New York, and the enhanced value of wheat, have taken an upward movement, and are from five to ten cents better than on this day week. They may be stated as follows:—Double extra, $5,50@6; extra, $5,25@5,50; fancy, $4,90@5; superfine, No. 1, $4,65@4,70; superfine, No. 2, $4@4,10; oatmeal, $4,50@4,75; cornmeal, $4. The retail price of the best family flour here is $5,50, and common $5 ₩ barrel.

GRAIN—For Fall Wheat the past week has been one of the most active we have ever remembered in the wheat trade. The market has been pretty freely supplied with about seven thousand bushels ₩ day, of a sample quite equal to the average. The number of buyers has been large, and the competition for almost all grades has been very active. Prices have steadily advanced throughout the week, until they now reach a higher mark than it was thought they ever would touch—a price at which there can be no possibility of dissatisfaction on the part of the farmers. From $1 20 to $1,25 was freely paid, and $1,28 to $1,30 and $1,33 now and again realized; common $1,12 to $1,18. Spring wheat has been in very active request, with rates advancing quite in proportion to fall wheat. For very choice "golden drop," $1,05 to $1 08 has been paid to farmers, and for ordinary to good 95c to $1,03 is the current rates. For car loads, 93c to $1,02 ₩ bushel has been realized, according to sample. Barley is in better demand, at rates somewhat better than last week, the best samples now bringing 70 to 73c ₩ bushel, and ordinary 68 to 69c. Oats still offer very sparingly, and prices have taken a further advance, and are steady at 37 to 38c ₩ bushel, with some holders asking 40c. Peas are in fair request, with only limited deliveries. There must be a great surplus in the country, or else farmers are feeding an unusual amount of pork. Present prices range from 50 to 55c ₩ bushel, and for very fine lots 58c.—*Globe.*

EXPORTS OF BREADSTUFFS FROM THE UNITED STATES.—The following, from the New York Shipping List, shows the export of breadstuffs from the United States to Great Britain and Ireland, since 1st September, 1859

	Flour, bbls.	Meal, bus.	Wheat, bus.	Corn bus
New York....Oct. 25..	25,629	.	31,733	..
New Orleans. " 15..	.....	....	....	....
Philadelphia. " 22..	1,428	...	2,900	....
Baltimore.... " 22	....	....	....	....
Boston " 23	731	..	..	..
Other Ports " 21	....	....	....	..
Total, 1859	27,788	....	37,633	....
" 1858	53,147	...	280,946	237,794
Increase	.....	..	.....	....
Decrease	25,409	..	232,563	237,794
Total, 1857	131 738	....	1 309,207	396,054
" 1856	107,941	156	2,692,190	1,294,671

TO THE CONTINENT.

	Flour bbls.	Wheat. bus.	Corn. bus.	Rye bus
New York....Oct. 25..	1,631	....	....	..
Other Ports	761	....	....	..
Total, 1859	2,392	....	....	....
" 1858	18,984	44 171	5,758	....
" 1857	50,197	88,667	....	....
" 1856	59,409	729 877	59,198	77,504

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ₩ cwt., $9,50@10,00; ordinary do, $8,50@9,25; common do, $7,00@8,00; inferior do, $5,50@6,50.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@65,00; ordinary do, $40 00@50,00, common do, $30,00@40,00, inferior do, $20 00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₩ lb., 6@7c; ordinary do, 5@5½c common do, 4@5c; inferior do, 3@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ₩ head, $5,50@6,50, ordinary do, $4,50@5,00, common do, $3,50@4,00, inferior, $2,00@3,00.

SWINE—First quality, 6@6¼c; other qualities, 5¾@5¾c.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 26.—At market 2353 cattle, about 900 beeves, and 1353 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows and calves, yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market beef—Extra, $7,50@7,75; first quality, $7,00@7 00; second quality, $5,75; third quality, $4,25; ordinary, $3,00.

STORES—Working oxen, $90, $150@000; cows and calves, $23, $37, $43@63; yearlings, $9@11; two years old, $16@19; three years old, $22@34.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—5310 at market. Prices, in lots, $1,00, $1 75@2 00, $3, Extra and selections, $3 @2,50@3.

HIDES—6@7c ₩ lb. TALLOW—5@5½c ₩ lb.

PELTS—75@81 each. CALF SKINS—10@12c ₩ lb.

ALBANY, Oct. 31.—CATTLE—The market is decidedly dull. The usual number of buyers are on hand, but although holders readily concede ¼c ₩ lb., live weight, off last week's prices, few are tempted to any considerable amount. The receipts are again large, and everything indicates that the New York market will be overstocked on Wednesday. Eastern buyers are taking some of the best droves but they are more than usually cautious, and it is doubtful whether more than nine hundred will take that direction.

We reduce our quotations ¼c ₩ lb. The sales made so far fully justify this, and in fact in order to realise these, some holders must make still heavier concessions:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5¼c@5¾	
Extra	4¾c@5	4¾@5¼
First quality	4 c@4¼	4¼@4¾
Second quality	3¼c@3¾	3¾@4
Third quality	2¾c@3¾	3¼@3
Inferior	2 c@	3 @3¼

SHEEP—The receipts are large and demand good. Sales four thousand five hundred head at $2,50@4—outside for very prime.—*Atlas and Argus.*

BRIGHTON, Oct. 27.—At market 1800 beeves, 1300 stores 5000 sheep and lambs, 500 swine.

PRICES—Market beef—Extra, $3,00; first quality, $7,75; second, $6,75, third, $4 75@5,50.

WORKING OXEN—$130@160.

MILCH COWS—$31@50; common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—$3, $4@5.

YEARLINGS—$9@11; two years old, $16@19; three years old, $?@?.

HIDES—6@?c ₩ lb. CALF SKINS—10@12c.

TALLOW—5@5½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1@1.62; extra, $2@3. PELTS, 75@$1.

SWINE—Fat hogs, 60c. Pigs, 4¾@5½c. Retail, 5¾@6½.

TORONTO, Oct. 28.—BEEF—Cattle are plentiful, and purchases continue to be made for States' markets. The best cattle bring $4,25 to $4,75, and second rate $3,75 to $4 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep $4 to $5 each. Lambs $1,75 to $2,25. Calves $4 to $8 each.

PORK—The supply of pork is yet small, but it is a general impression that a large amount of business will be done in it this year at this point. There will probably be a good demand, and present prices are sufficiently tempting. Good hogs are worth $5,37½ to $5,75 ₩ 100 lbs, and medium $5 to $5 25. In cured meats there is nothing doing.

WOOL—Dull, and but little doing at 28c ₩ lb. Sheep skins from butchers, 90c; from peddlers, 55 to 70c each. Calf skins, 10c ₩ lb. Beef hides, $6 per cwt.—*Globe.*

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—The demand is fair for domestic fleece and pulled, and prices are maintained with increased firmness, which tends to restrict transactions. Sales of one hundred and thirty thousand lbs. native fleeces in lots, at 40@45c for common to extra selected Saxony; one hundred thousand lbs. California at 15@40c for common mixed to fine selected; fifty thousand lbs. pulled at 32@58c, as to quality. Foreign is in moderate demand at full former rates; sales of three hundred bales Mexican at 13½@14c. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece, ₩ lb	56@60
Am. full blood Merino	53@55
Am. ¾ and ⅝ blood Merino	46@49
Am. native and ¼ blood Merino	40@44
Extra, pulled	45@50
Superfine, pulled	37@42
No. 1, pulled	30@34
California, fine, unwashed	24@33
California, common do	10@13
Peruvian, washed	26@30
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@13
S. Am. common, washed	10@13
S. Am. Entre Rios, washed	15@18
S. American, unwashed	8@13
S Am. Cordova, washed	20@22
East India, washed	20@22
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	14@18
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

Tribune.

BOSTON, Oct. 27.—The market is quite steady for domestic wool, but the sales of the week have been moderate, comprising one hundred thousand lbs. fleece and pulled, at prices indicating no change. The demand for foreign has been quite active, the sales comprising two thousand bales South American, Cape, Chinese and Mediterranean, and two hundred ballots Peruvian, at various prices, as to quality.

Saxon & Merino, fine	58@60	Western mixed	38@45
Full blood	51@57	Smyrna, washed	17@19
Half and ¾ blood	44@57	Do. unwashed	9@19
Common	40@43	Syrian	10@23
Pulled, extra	49@57	Cape	24@30
Do. superfine	42@50	Crimea	00@17
Do. No. 1	34@45	Buenos Ayres	00@45
Do. No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@33

CHICAGO, Oct. 27.—The following are the quotations, which are almost entirely nominal, as but very few sales are made:

FLEECE—Common native, 30@32c—quarter blood, 30@32c—half blood, 35@37c; three quarter blood, 38@48c; full blood, 40@45c.

PULLED—No. 1, 20@25; superfine, 30@35; extra, 35@40; double extra, 40@43.—*Democrat.*

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3 JONQUILS.
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The undersigned most respectfully inform their friends, and the public in general, that their stock of TREES, PLANTS, &c., which they offer for sale this fall, is unusually fine, and comprises everything to be obtained in the trade, both in the Fruit and Ornamental Departments.
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500,000 Apple Trees, grafted this coming winter and sent out in the spring, at $6 per 1,000; when 20,000 are taken, at $5 per 1,000.
30,000 Standard Pears, 1 year old, very strong, from bud, $20 per 100, $180 per 1,000.
25,000 Dwarf Pears, 1 year old,

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TO FORGET—TO REMEMBER.

BY I. M. DENDER.

To forget that we've lived,
To forget that we've loved,
That our hearts have been grieved,
Our sorrows been moved;
That falsity reigns
Like a king on the earth,
That troubles and pains
Are the offspring of birth;
That hearts are untruthful,
That passions are wild,
That lessons are useful,
But when reconciled
To time, joy and sense,
And present delight,
The heart driving hence
The question of right—
That honor lies covered
By clouds of deceit,
Where sun-rays are smothered,
Though never so fleet—
That justice is coward,
Its voice ever still,
Its action untoward
At policy's will,—
That truth crawls on earth,
Like a vile, hated thing,
Well known for its worth,
Well feared for its sting!
To forget that each light
Bears a dark spot within,
And that each falling night
Is a seal to our sin,
Were a joy in the heart
Drawn from gladness' deep well,
That would bid care depart,
And happiness dwell;
But yet if with dross
We lose bright flakes of snow,
Our gain is all loss,
To forget is but woe.

To remember the good
That drops in our way,
The blessings that flowed
Wherever we stray,
The sunlight whose kiss
Fills our weak, trembling frame,
With an ecstatic bliss,
With a pure holy flame,—
The soft, dreamy night,
With the stars and the moon
That shed down their light
Like a gentle perfume;
The earth and the sky,
And the forest and grove,
That draw the heart nigh
To the Great Heart of Love—
And the friends that throng near,
Sweet time to employ,
In sharing each tear
In doubling each joy;
And the broad, arching pile
When lit up by the sun,
So like to the smile
Of the Infinite One;
Oh, to realize the joy
We've had from our birth,
And how slight the alloy
Of nature and earth!
How fair every flower,
How green every sod,
How sweet every hour,
How blessed by our GOD!

Watertown, N. Y., 1869.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HOWARD STREET.

BY NETTIE.

THE long walk down town from Madison street, where Mrs. JEFFERSON lived, could be very much shortened by passing through a dirty alley, designated "Howard Street." Mrs. JEFFERSON seldom availed herself of the advantage this "across way" offered; but one day, being in great haste, she said to herself, "I think I will venture to go through that filthy lane."

Accordingly she drew down her face to its greatest possible length, and with a frown on her brow, set her pretty gaitered foot on the dirty walk. Passing along, bewailing the necessity which subjected her to the annoyance of such miserable spectacles and offensive odors, she approached a group of boys amusing themselves with pop-guns. Half a dozen voices shouted "Pop goes the weasel!" and the potato from the guns of the accurate marksmen came in contact with Mrs. JEFFERSON'S nose. Darker grew the frown on her brow, and darker still as she received unmistakable evidences that the next aim was taken at her back. An expression of disgust mingled with Mrs. JEFFERSON'S frown as she discovered a dirty little child smiling at her through a cobweb-curtained window. The baby's sister saw the look on her face, and treated her to a splash from a mud-puddle by the door.

"You nasty thing!" said Mrs. J., but she was answered by another splash, and hurried on.

Some boys were making miniature locomotives of mud on the walk. They did not observe the lady's approach until her fretful voice inquired,

"Can I pass?"

"Yes! jest as quick as we get this injine done," said one.

"Let her go by, BILL;" only don't tip the cars over with your hoops," said another. The boys considered this a very witty remark, and they sent forth long and boisterous shouts, which were anything but musical.

Howard street was full of dirty, ragged, saucy children, and it needed only a passing glance to see that they lived in places too filthy to be honored with the name of home. Mrs. JEFFERSON was glad enough when she reached the broad, decent thoroughfare; she tried to put on a cheerful, pleasant face; but she could not help seeing the mud-splashes on her dress,—she feared the potato from the pop-guns had left its mark on her face, and her pretty gaiter boots had not been at all improved by contact with the dirt. The faces of "those horrid children" seemed to haunt her, too.

She went home by the "furthest way round," resolved, whatever her haste might be, never again to try to save time by passing through Howard street. Just behind her tripped along her little neighbor, Mrs. BALDWIN.

"Rather uninviting," she said to herself, as her happy face looked down the dingy alley," "but I'll try and see how many smiles I can get from the dirty little folks."

With a grateful feeling in her heart that GOD had drawn her lines for her in pleasant places, she reached the pop-gun marksmen, who had just taken such successful aim at Mrs. JEFFERSON. "Now for my smiles," thought Mrs. BALDWIN, and she greeted the boys with such a frank and genial look that she won pleasant answering smiles from all of them but one. He was so busy getting his pop-gun into shooting order, that he did not see her face until the other boys exclaimed,

"Hold on! TOM! Don't shoot that lady."

TOM looked up with an expression which said, "I will if I have a mind to," but the lady gave him such a merry smile, that he drew back a little, and Mrs. BALDWIN heard him say,

"Well, I'd rather *not* shoot *her*, I reckon!"

The dirty baby was still peeping through the cobwebs. He caught a glimpse of the sunshiny face, and instantly commenced such a crowing and capering that the lady had to stop and look at him, and said, aloud,

"What a dear baby you are." Baby's sister saw the admiring look and heard the praise bestowed, and she hurried to the door, broom in hand, not this time to improvise a shower from the mud-puddle, but she said,

"The walk is so dirty for your nice dress I want to brush it off for you."

The little engine-makers were engrossed with their mud toys, and hesitated about leaving their play long enough to let the lady pass, but she said, pleasantly,

"These are very nice locomotives, boys; I'll try and not come in collision with them."

The boys made way for her right quickly, and from the lips of more than one of them, came a "Beg pardon, madam."

Every little child was ready to give back smile for smile, and it was with a face perfectly radiant with happiness that she greeted her friends as she passed down Main street. Mrs. BALDWIN told her husband all about her walk and her adventure, and he, (silly fellow,) kissed her and said, "Bless your dear heart, wife! You are a perfect little sunbeam. Who, besides you, could find anything but wretchedness in Howard street?"

Mrs. JEFFERSON thought she would never go near the dirty alley again, but on talking with some of the ladies of a benevolent association about the degradation of its inhabitants, she consented, after considerable urging, to go as a missionary to the "poor miserable creatures." She supplied herself with a bundle of tracts, and taking care to wear clothing which would suffer least injury from dirt, she sallied forth on her mission.

"Dear! dear! me!" she said, as she entered a wretched domicil,—"I should think you would infect the whole city with fevers and cholera! Don't you know it is shamefully wicked for you to be so dirty? Are you a friend of the Savior?" she added, in a solemn tone.

"I don't want to be, if you are," was the reply.

"Here are some tracts I would like to have you read, if you can."

The woman snatched the tracts from her hand, tore them in pieces, and threw them into her visitor's face.

Shaking the dust from her feet, Mrs. JEFFERSON passed from one dwelling to another, making similar remarks, and meeting with a similar reception.

"Here comes that cross woman who looked so ugly at baby," said baby's sister and champion, and she slammed the door in Mrs. JEFFERSON'S face.

"I should think you *would* be *sick*, and I should think your husband *would* drink," said Mrs. J. to a pale, feeble-looking woman. "I am not surprised at it, at all. You oughtn't to live in this miserable way." She did her duty distributing her tracts, but she had the satisfaction of seeing the most of them follow her into the street, and the rest were consigned to the flames.

"Those creatures are hopelessly depraved," said Mrs. JEFFERSON. "There's no use in trying to do anything for Howard street."

Mrs. BALDWIN could not help feeling an interest in the children who responded so readily to her kind looks, and so, without telling even Mr. BALDWIN what she proposed to do, she set out to make some calls among them. She thought she would call first where the baby lived, for she felt quite sure of a kind reception there. 'Twas a right joyful welcome they gave her, for baby's sister exclaimed, "O! here is the pleasant lady who stopped to look at PATSEY the other day! Oh! she's coming right in here!"

"It's too dirty a place for the like of ye," said PATSEY'S mother.

"Never mind," said our sunshiny Mrs. BALDWIN, "I felt like dropping in, and thought I would take the liberty."

"Bless ye for it! but I am ashamed to have a rale lady see my house. Things didn't use to go so wid me! No, indade!" and the poor woman poured her life's history into the stranger's ear.

Tears filled the listener's loving eyes, and she replied,—"I think I can understand your feelings, my good woman. A poor, weary body must require rest after she has been out over a wash-tub all the day—but this smart little girl who swept the walk so nicely for me the other day, could make a capital housekeeper, I am sure. Won't you try it, my little girl? Won't you find a place for everything, and scrub everything up clean, and keep the house nice and tidy? Try! so when I call again I can say, 'How nice you look here?' Wash your dear little baby-brother's face, and brush his hair and have his clothing clean, and I shall love to tend and kiss him, for he is a beautiful baby, I think."

Mrs. BALDWIN called upon every family in Howard street that afternoon. None treated her rudely, and many opened their hearts to her as the baby's mother had done. They promised to follow the kind advice she offered, while her tears fell with theirs, and the kind look and encouraging words left sunbeams in the cheerless homes after she had gone.

In two or three weeks Mrs. BALDWIN called again. Baby's sister bounded to meet her, exclaiming with delight, "The sweet lady has come at last! she's come at last!"

The "sweet lady" could hardly believe it was the same place where she called before. The cobwebs had been brushed down. The old broom, instead of doing service in the mud-puddle, had swept and scrubbed the floor. Everything was in order. A few weeds and common flowers formed a boquet for the table, and the crowing, capering baby was perfectly bewitching in his wholesome cleanliness.

"Well done! my brave little girl! I hope you will keep on."

"Keep on? Indade, and I will keep on, ma'am! Father says he wont stay away nights as long as everything is so nice and pleasant here—and mother says she can rest a great deal better when she comes home, and her face looks so happy, too! O! aint it nice to be clean?"

Some had failed to carry out their plans of reform, but others had succeeded and testified to the delights of a neat, orderly home. The indolent and discouraged housekeepers were roused by the good example of their neighbors, and one by one they followed suit until at length the little leaven had leavened the whole lump.

After two or three such friendly visits, Mrs. BALDWIN took some tracts with her. They were not only kindly received, but different families met together to hear them read,—not so much for the good they might get as for the kind lady's sake. The tracts produced good effects, however, and from time to time there were added to the various city churches from the inhabitants of Howard street, of such as shall be saved. * * *

It was two years ago that Mrs. B. made her first call in the dirty alley, and now the walk which shortened the way down town is lined with neat cottages, with flowers in the yards and vines curtaining the windows,—the homes of sober, contented, working men and women. Mrs. JEFFERSON wonders, with many others, what can have wrought such happy changes. Mrs. BALDWIN has never blazoned her successful work abroad, but she thanks GOD that HE made her the humble instrument of beginning the good work in Howard street.

SALMAGUNDI.

To love, is everything; love is God.—*Leon Gozlan.*

OUR powers owe much of their energy to our hopes.—*Johnson.*

SLIGHT small injuries and they will become none.—*Fuller.*

LOVE is precisely to the moral nature what the sun is to the earth.—*Balzac.*

IT is strange how soon, when a great man dies, his place is filled.—*Longfellow.*

LIFE is a sleep, love is a dream; and you have lived, if you have loved.—*Alfred de Musset.*

HE that calls a man ungrateful sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of.—*Swift.*

PLEASURE and pain spring not so much from the nature of things as from our manner of considering them.—*Bovee.*

"A MAN is, in general, better pleased," says Dr. Johnson, "when he has a good dinner upon the table, than when his wife talks Greek."

A MAN feels relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace.

PLACE an inferior character in contact with the finest circumstances, and from wanting affinities with them, he will still remain, from no fault of his own, insensible to their attractions.

IN literature and in love, we generally begin in bad taste. By experience and observation, we become sensible to the charms of the simple and unaffected, both in belles and *belles lettres.*

TRUE love is a natural sacrament; and if ever a young man thanks God for having saved what is noble and manly in his soul, it is when he thinks of offering it to the woman he loves.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

TITUS VESPASIAN never dismissed any petitioner with a tear in his eye, or with a heavy heart; and shall we think that the God of compassions will always dismiss the petitioners of heaven with tears in their eyes? Surely no.

EVERYBODY sits in judgment on a dirty sin; but clean it, dress it, and polish it, and there are ten thousand people who think it not so sinful after all. It is ragged iniquity that is sinful; burnished iniquity is not so wicked as men think.—*H. W. Beecher.*

TEACH your child as lovingly to accept different forms of religion among men as their different languages, wherein there is still but one human mind expressed. Every genius has most power in his own tongue, and every heart in its own religion.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

MEN who concentrate themselves all upon one point may be sharp, acute, pungent—they may have spear-like force of character, but they are never broad and round, never of full-proportioned manhood; which can only be obtained by the carrying forward of the whole of a man in an even-breasted march.

A WOMAN must be very insensible who is not moved to come upon a higher plane of being herself, by seeing how undoubtingly she is insphered in the heart of a good and noble man. A good man's faith in you, fair lady, if you ever have it, will make you better and nobler, even before you know it.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

FOR once that secrecy is formally imposed upon you, it is implied a hundred times by the concurrent circumstances. All that your friend says to you, as to his friend, is entrusted to you only. Much of what man tells you in the hour of affliction, in sudden anger, or in any outpouring of his heart, should be sacred. In his craving for sympathy, he has spoken to you as to his own soul.—*Fruits of Leisure.*

LOVE—ITS PURITY AND POWER.

How bright and beautiful is love in its hour of purity and innocence—how mysteriously does it etherialize every feeling and concentrate every wild and bewildered impulse of the heart. Love, holy and mysterious love—it is the garland spring of life—the dream of the heart—the poetry of nature. Its song is heard in the rude hut of the poor as well as the gorgeous palace of the rich—its flames embellish the solitude of the forest, and the thronged haunts of busy life, and its light imparts a brilliancy to every heart, no matter what may be its condition.

Love—pure, holy and devoted love—can never change. Friends may forsake us—the riches of this world may soar away, but the heart that loves will cling closer as louder roars the storm, and amid the wreck of the tempest it will serve as a "beacon" to light us on to hope and happiness.

Love is the mystic and unseen spell that soothes the wild and rugged tendencies of human nature—that lingers about the sanctity of the fireside and unites in closer union the affections of society, and the soul that loves truly will love forever. Not like the waves of the ocean, nor traced in sand, is the image impressed upon a loving heart. No, no—but it will burn on, undefaced its lustre amid the quick rush of winds, and the warring of the tempest cloud—and when our fate seems dark and dreary, then will love seek shelter in her own hallowed temple; and offer up as a sacrifice her vows and her affections.

ABOUT LIFE.—If it is well for a man to live at all, he should endeavor to avoid all those influences which detract from the beauty and harmony of human existence. In other words, he should "make the most of life," and not allow himself to be distracted, annoyed, or confounded by anything. He should fully possess himself, being at peace with his own soul, and having a great good will for all mankind. Life, then, will have a beautiful significance to him; its current will be deep and flow gently on,—in all the beauties of the world reflected.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 30 letters.
My 1, 4, 23, 5, 8 is a county in Kentucky.
My 2, 26, 10, 14, 20, 9 is a river in Texas.
My 3, 4, 28, 23, 30 is a county in Illinois.
My 4, 7, 27 is a river in Russia.
My 5, 10, 16, 1 is one of the United States.
My 6, 21, 8, 13, 2 is a city in Italy.
My 7, 17, 14, 19 is a lake in Scotland.
My 8, 25, 9, 19 is a county in Indiana.
My 9, 14, 20, 6, 18 is a county in Iowa.
My 10, 4, 15, 30 is a river in Prussia.
My 11, 8, 23, 2, 14, 29 is one of the most powerful States of Europe.
My 12, 24, 17, 27, 16 is a river in Georgia.
My 13, 20, 2, 5, 1 is a county in Michigan.
My 14, 23, 27, 6, 10, 2 is a city in China.
My 15, 8, 13, 29 is a city in Pennsylvania.
My 16, 20, 24, 12 is a river in Wisconsin.
My 17, 18, 23, 9 14, 23 is a lake in Minnesota.
My 18, 15, 24, 11, 1, 13, 8 is a county in Georgia.
My 19, 10, 26, 9, 6, 20, 27 is a city in Texas.
My 20, 19, 17, 25 is a river that empties into the Mississippi.
My 21, 6, 5, 14, 1 is a city in New York.
My 22, 23, 26, 27, 18, 10, 2 is a river in Massachusetts.
My 23, 27, 9, 20, 27 is a county in North Carolina.
My 24, 20, 17, 30, 15 is a river in France.
My 25, 8, 1, 27, 28, 3 is a county in N. Y.
My 26, 2, 5, 7, 27 is a county in Louisiana.
My 27, 18, 14, 20, 24, 24, 29, 18 is a lake in Utah.
My 28, 8, 15, 3, 2 is a river in Kentucky.
My 29, 27, 9 is a river in Austria.
My 30, 19, 15, 6, 22 is a lake in California.
My whole is a rarity.

Cadiz, Catt. Co., N. Y., 1859. HENRI.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 22 letters.
My 1, 2, 3 is an eatable.
My 4, 6, 15 is the end.
My 7, 6, 8, 10 is a situation.
My 9, 20, 15 is a joint.
My 11, 12, 14 is a wager.
My 16, 5, 10 is a kind of grain.
My 18, 6, 13 denotes on this side.
My 19, 12, 17 is a beverage.
My 20, 21, 22 is seen in winter.
My whole is a true saying.

Hillsboro, Ill., 1859. M. V. Z.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

A criminal having escaped from prison, traveled some hours before his escape was known. As soon as his escape was discovered, the police started in pursuit of him; and, after travelling 32 miles, met an expressman going one mile an hour slower than themselves, who met the criminal 12 miles back. The police pursued 24 miles further, and met a stage going one mile faster than themselves, which met the criminal 10 miles back. They continued their pursuit, and captured the criminal just 12 hours and 24 minutes after meeting the stage. Now, taking it for granted that neither the criminal nor the police altered their speed from their starting till the capture took place, how many miles had the criminal traveled when his escape was discovered; at what rate per hour did he travel, and what was the hourly speed of the police?

Franklin, Venango Co., Penn., 1859. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 511.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Full many a flower is born to blush unseen.—Grey.

Answer to Riddle:—Sword.

Wit and Humor.

SATISFACTORY—OR OUGHT TO BE.

IT appears that in a certain town in Wisconsin, a proposition was made to invite Brown, of the Wisconsin Chief, to deliver a temperance address. Some objections were made, three of which we subjoin, with the editor's plea of guilty to them all:

"*Brown is mercenary—will not go to talk temperance without pay.*"

Guilty! We have a large sum invested in gratuitous reform labor, and now retire on the income. Our bank account of "good wishes and votes of thanks" show several millions in our favor, and we are above the necessity of lecturing and footing our own bills. We are now speculating—putting potatoes in the ground and enjoying the increase.

"*He is rich, and lives in a palace at the Oaks.*"

All truth. We are one of the nabobs. Like the fellow who would have four chip-mucks when he killed the one he was after, and three more, so we shall have some land when we get it. Our palace is principally pine, 22x28, one story, and most sumptuously furnished. It is neither plastered, papered or painted inside—such furnishing is too plebian. We use stove-pipe for chimney, and our parlor for hall, reception-room, dining-room, kitchen, library, sanctum, wash-room, place to spank the children, etc., etc. Our Brussels ingrain is made of old coat-skirts, shirt-tails, dilapidated pants, and other things too numerous to mention. Our furniture is common cherry, and our chairs are bottomed with cat-tail flags. Our spoons are mostly pewter—silver being rather common. Our chattels personal run up to the handsome figure of several millions.

One wife, value not to be computed.	
Three young 'uns, ditto.	
Three pigs	$2 75
Twelve hens, and more hatching (not paid or price known.)	
One cat and four kittens	5 00
Two cows, and a calf in prospect	50 00
Two jack knives	2 50
One-quarter acre strawberries	5,000 00

The above, with little matters, divers and sundry, give figures with spasms when the total is enumerated. We dare not go into details for fear of robbery. If Bro. —— expects a man of such means to go and talk temperance, he will be disappointed. We are growing more and more mercenary every day. We shall add three more pigs to our sty, and push the setting hens to their utmost. And if our farrow cow should add another calf to our horned stock, we shall be above lecturing entirely.

"*He struts about the farm and plays the lord in broadcloth.*"

A fact. Our home rig was once broadcloth, though badly ventilated now. Rents range from the knee upwards. Our hat is straw, and now in its fourth summer's wear. Our shoes and kids came with us into the world. And when we walk among the Lawtons, Catawissas, Houghton's Seedlings, the spacious strawberry patches, and look upon two apples and a half a dozen pears, one quart of currants at least, several gooseberries and as many raspberries, we do feel like a lord, and above the benevolent business of lecturing and paying our own expenses for a vote of thanks.

A TENDER REPROOF.—A little boy had one day done wrong, and was sent, after maternal correction, to ask in secret the forgiveness of his Heavenly Father. His offence had been passion. Anxious to hear what he would say, his mother followed to the door of his room. In lisping accents she heard him ask to be made better, never to be angry again, and then, with childlike simplicity, he added, "*Lord, make ma's temper better, too.*"

SCOTTISH KINGS.—An Irish clergyman having gone to visit the portraits of the Scottish kings in Holyrood House, observed one of the monarchs of a very youthful appearance, while his son was depicted with a long beard, and wore the traits of extreme old age. "Sancta Maria!" exclaimed the good Hibernian, "is it possible that this gentleman was an old man when his father was born?"

POSTINGS.—Of an unpopular painter it was said his only good traits were his *por-traits.*

An omnibus horse has about an equal experience of wheel and woe.

Can a Miss be said to play the piano in a *masterly* manner?

If General Tom Thumb finds a fitting wife, the public will enjoy the pomological exhibition of a new variety of "Dwarf Pair."—*New York Evening Post.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
THE LARGEST CIRCULATED
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IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY D. D. T. MOORE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

Potatoes—Names and Varieties.

I would like a little information respecting Potatoes. I raised about eighteen acres of that crop a year ago, and nearly that amount for a few years previous, but am still ignorant of that variety known and designated in New York market as White Mercer. Will you, or some one, answer the following:—1st. Are the White Mercers of New York city and our White Meshanock the same; or are the White Mercer and our Mexican the same potato; or are the Mexican and the Lady Finger the same? Our White Meshanock here is an early potato for common field culture, the same as Mexican; the tops nearly resemble them, a trifle more bushy, darker colored, and yield a little better, sometimes. It has the red or colored streak inside. Aside from that the potato is of white meat, and mealy, flashy and palatable. When boiled the common way it is clouded inside, instead of pure white. Our Blue Meshanock is blue all over—color inside the same as White Meshanock, only more dark; grow larger and later when they have a chance to, and being a late potato are good in the spring. The Black Meshanock has the same color inside, but nearly a jet black outside; as to being mealy and early, it is partly between the "White" and the "Blue." I would like a description of the White Mercer; also of the White Meshanock, (and a correct mode of spelling it;) also a description of the Blue Meshanock, and also of the Mexican, and you will greatly oblige an old patron and earnest seeker after truth.—K., *County Line P. O., Niag. Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

We never feel more embarrassed than when called upon to describe and name varieties of potatoes. There is scarcely one but has half a dozen different names, and the same name is applied to different sorts in different localities. Every one, almost, seems to think he is authorized to give a new name to a potato already cultivated and named, or to give the name of an old sort to a new one. This makes great confusion. The Mercer, or Nishenock, or Meshanock, if we understand its history, was grown from seed nearly fifty years ago, in Mercer county, Pennsylvania, on Big Nishenock Creek, by John Gilkey, who called it the Nishenock Royal Potato. From this place it was carried to the neighborhood of Philadelphia, where it was grown extensively, and called the Mercer, because originating in Mercer county. From Philadelphia they were sent over the country under this name; while those sent out from Mercer county, where they originated, continued to be called Nishenocks, for a while, but became corrupted into Neshanocks and Meshanocks, while some persons started them with new names, as Chenango, Boone Potato, &c. Seedlings have been raised from the old Mercer, like the parent in most respects, but darker, and these have been called Blue Mercers, Purple Mercers, &c., and the true Mercers have been called by some, particularly by buyers, the White Mercer, to distinguish them from these darker sorts. They have of late become so mixed, that it is hardly possible to obtain or even to distinguish the original sort. They are lighter colored than all others, having less of the purple color. This, however, cannot be regarded as a true test, for they grow darker when grown for a series of years on heavy land, and continue to bleach out until nearly white on light land.

About ten years since a gentleman of this county raised a potato, from seed, resembling the Mercer in appearance, but entirely white, which he named the White Mercer. It produced well, was fine to look at, not dry enough for a good table potato, and grew vigorously until frost. Indeed, no one has been able to tell how long it would grow, if it could be accommodated with a season suited to its wants. On account of these bad traits it was discarded by the producer, but having fallen into the hands of potato growers in this section, after a few years it made its appearance in our markets in abundance, and enjoyed a very brief popularity. One season, and only one, it was eagerly sought by buyers for shipment to New York. When in that city, in the spring of 1857, we found some dealers with this sort, which they were selling under its true name, while others were selling the original Mercer as the White Mercer, to distinguish them from the Purple or Blue Mercer. In the market reports now, however, the Mercer, Meshanock, or White Mercer, are the same.

The Mexican is a much better potato than the White Mercer, as will be perceived by our description. It is rather small, smooth, white, long, small, slender tops, and is unsurpassed by any sort for baking, but yields rather poorly, and is very liable to rot. The Ladies' Finger is entirely different; more slender, and deeper eyes.

Corn Stook Jack.

I wish to inquire through the Rural if any one of your readers has ever used a Corn Stook Jack, such as is imperfectly described in the *Country Gentleman*? If they have, will they be good enough to forward a plain description of it for the Rural? It is described as a stake set in the ground, with holes bored through itfor diagonal arms, against which the corn is leaned. How is the stake got out of the ground when the stook is bound snugly around it?—Inquirer.

Perhaps some of our readers can give the description desired, but we think there is no better corn horse than the one we figured and described two years since. It has been used by hundreds, and is declared by many to save one-third the time annually employed in cutting up and stooking corn. In its construction is used a pole of about 12 feet in length, being 4 inches in diameter at the large end, in which is placed two legs, wide enough apart at the bottom to be admitted between the rows of corn, and in length according to the height of the corn, say three or four feet, while the other end rests on the ground. About three feet back of the legs is a 1½ inch hole, through which is placed a rod four or five feet long, that is easily admitted and removed, and is horizontal when the horse is standing, as shown in the engraving:

The horse is placed in the centre of the number of rows desired to be cut, the corn is placed in the four corners around the rod, the shock is then tied, the horizontal rod removed, and the horse drawn ahead. The rod is then replaced, when it is ready for forming another shock.

Preparing Tobacco for Market.

I wish to inquire the manner of curing and preparing tobacco for market. If some one of the readers of the Rural will give me the above information, I shall be much obliged.—Wm. O. S., *Sheridan, N. Y.*

On this subject perhaps some of our Southern readers, or those of experience in the north, where tobacco is extensively grown, will give better directions than we are able to do. Having, however, investigated the subject somewhat, and observed the practice of the largest growers here, we give the result of our observations. Curing tobacco requires great care. As soon as gathered it must be hung on poles in a tobacco house or shed, the butts being fastened to the poles and the points hanging downwards. The plants are fastened to the poles with twine, about six inches apart, and the poles about one foot apart. It will be necessary to have a circulation of air through the building, but when the wind is high, unless the building is closed, the leaves will be injured. As soon as sufficiently cured, it must be taken down and the leaves stripped from the stalks. It will generally be in this state about the first of December. If, on a dry day, the leaf stalk will break from near the butt, it is sufficiently cured to take down and strip. The tobacco grower, while stripping, assorts into different grades, the largest, soundest and best colored leaves being put in the first class, and the narrow, torn and light colored leaves make the second class. Some growers make three grades. There is a good deal of difference in the value, the price ranging from five to twelve cents a pound. After the leaves are assorted, they are made into "hands," by taking a large handful, with the butts even, and binding a leaf around, so as to hold them together. These "hands" are then packed away in a stack, with the butts and the points of the leaves overlapping each other, and in this way the leaves will be kept soft and pliable, and the butts be more thoroughly cured. Tobacco should not be handled when it is dry and harsh, and all handling is better done on a damp day.

The last and most important operation is *sweating*. This operation is thus performed: Boxes are made about two feet four inches by three feet six inches. Into these boxes the "hands" of tobacco are placed, lengthwise of the box, the butts at the end. In this way the box is filled. A heavy "follower" of two-inch plank just made to fit the inside of the box is then pressed upon it with a lever or screw. The top or "follower" is then removed, and more tobacco put in and pressed, and so on until the case is full of pressed tobacco, and these cases will generally contain from three to four hundred pounds. After the box is full the "follower" is removed, and the cover nailed on, and the cases packed away in a dry, close building, where they must remain during the next summer, until fall, when the tobacco is fit for market.—When packed for sweating, the tobacco should be soft and pliable without being wet or sticky. Any that appears too damp may be packed at the top or sides of the box, or dried.

Feeding Bees.

I wish to inquire through your valuable paper the best method of feeding and preserving a feeble swarm of bees through the winter.—A Subscriber, *Saybrook, Ash. Co., Ohio*, 1859.

The better way is to unite two feeble swarms, for it is difficult to winter very weak colonies, even when sufficient food is supplied. They consume proportionally much more food than strong swarms, and then often perish before spring, from their inability to maintain sufficient heat, on account of the smallness of their numbers. Feeding is somewhat difficult in the common hive. Langstroth says "impoverished stocks, if in common hives, may be fed by inverting the hives and pouring a teacupful of honey among the combs in which the bees are clustered. This does no harm, and they will lick each other clean, with as much satisfaction as a little child sucks its fingers while feasting upon sugar candy." The operation may be repeated at intervals, as fast as the bees store it away. With hives that have surplus honey boxes, feeding is easy, as a feeder can be made in the form of one of these boxes, and put in its place. On one side of it an apartment should be divided off for holding the honey. Short, clean straw may be placed upon the honey, upon which the bees can stand, and will sink as the honey is consumed. Some apiarians recommend sugar candy (rock candy) for feeding bees, which they will readily consume if placed within their reach. Sirup made from sugar is also good, so is West India honey, to which a little water should be added, then boiled and skimmed. A feeble colony should be exposed to changes of temperature as little as possible; therefore place the hive in a dry cellar, or some sheltered place.

CATTLE—CHARACTERISTIC OF BREEDS.

We have presented Rural readers with portraitures of representative animals from the Alderney, Ayrshire and West Highland Breeds of Cattle, and now give the form and features of one of that class known as the Holderness—which, according to Youatt, almost exclusively occupy the London dairies. The old Yorkshire cow was a great favorite in the London market, as regards milking qualities,—but when she began to fall off at the pail, she was sold as quickly as possible. It required a long period to get much flesh upon her, and when the expense of getting her in condition was calculated, it was always found cheaper to dispose of her for what she would bring, and the price seldom exceeded twenty-five dollars. Although yielding more milk, for the food consumed, than any other breed, the deficiency in the fattening properties was a serious drawback upon their value, and the more intelligent of the breeders set about seeking out a remedy. Cautiously adopting the principle of selection—by finding a Short-horn bull whose progeny were generally milkers, and crossing some of the Yorkshires with him—they produced a breed possessing much of the grazing properties of the sire, and retaining, almost undiminished, the excellencies of the dam for the pail. The two qualities of fattening and milking were united perfectly; *not at the same time*, but succeeding each other at the periods when it suits the convenience of the dairyman. Now-a-days, instead of being anxious to sell out the very instant the lacteal flow diminishes, the dairyman, as soon as they become dry, puts them upon their feed, and they fatten almost as rapidly as the best of the high-bred Short-horns.

A HOLDERNESS COW.

In his "*Treatise upon Cattle*," Youatt furnishes a full description of the essential points in a cow that is good for the pail as long as wanted, and then may be quickly and cheaply brought into marketable condition, and we are not aware of any matter that will "*pay better*" for publishing, or more fully reward the American breeder for study. Hence we give it, as follows:—"She should have a long and rather small head; a large-headed cow will seldom fatten or yield much milk. The eye should be bright, yet peculiarly placid and quiet in expression; the chops thin, and the horns small. The neck should not be so thin as common opinion has given to the milch cow. It may be thin towards the head; but it must soon begin to thicken, and especially when it approaches the shoulder. The dewlap should be small; the breast, if not so wide as in some that have an unusual disposition to fatten, yet very far from being narrow, and it should project before the legs; the chine, to a certain degree fleshy, and even inclining to fullness; the girth behind the shoulder should be deeper than it is usually found in the Short-horn; the ribs should spread out wide, so as to give as round a form as possible to the carcass, and each should project further than the preceding one to the very loins, giving—if after all the milch cow must be a little wider below than above,—as much breadth as can possibly be afforded to the more valuable parts. She should be well formed across the hips and on the rump, and with greater length there than the milker generally possesses, or if a little too short, not heavy. If she stands a little long on the legs, it must not be too long. The thighs somewhat thin, with a slight tendency to crookedness in the hock, or being sickle-hammed behind: the tail thick at the upper part, but tapering below; and she should have a mellow hide, and little coarse hair. Common opinion has given to her large milk-veins; and although the milk-vein has nothing to do with the udder, but conveys the blood from the fore part of the chest and sides to the inguinal vein, yet a large milk-vein certainly indicates a strongly developed vascular system—one favorable to secretion generally, and to that of the milk among the rest.

The last essential in a milch cow is the udder, rather large in proportion to the size of the animal, but not too large. It must be sufficiently capacious to contain the proper quantity of milk, but not too bulky, lest it should thicken and become loaded with fat. The skin of the udder should be thin, and free from lumps in every part of it. The teats should be of moderate size; at equal distances from the end, where they should run to a kind of point. When they are too large near the udder, they permit the milk to flow down too freely from the bag, and lodge in them; and when they are too broad at the extremity, the orifice is often so large that the cow cannot retain her milk after the bag begins to be full and heavy. The udder should be of nearly equal size before and behind, or, if there by any difference, it should be broader and fuller before than behind."

The English *Encyclopædia*, in speaking of the Holderness stock, says:—"They are large, fine-boned, possess great aptitude to fatten; their beef is fine; they have both size, strength and speed for labor, and their shoulders are well posited for the draught. Being beautifully variegated in color, marbled, spotted, speckled, red and white, they make excellent 'park stock;' and in one, perhaps the most important respect, *great milking*, they stand unrivaled; the cows giving from 24 to 36 quarts of rich milk per day."

In a trial upon the farm of the Earl of Chesterfield, of seven cows, consisting of three celebrated varieties, with crosses upon them, the Holderness cow giving 29 quarts of milk, produced 38½ ounces of butter per day, being 6 ounces more than was produced by any other breed.

HOW TO GET THROUGH THE WINTER.

I have observed when people wished to be particularly impressive they commenced, "There is a tide in the affairs of men." I beg leave very respectfully to suggest this same idea as a fit introduction to a diatribe on fodder.

"Fodder is scarce in Western New York," is an axiom which nobody, since the 4th of June last, has any particular doubts about;—in ordinary discourse it is assumed (not as a "glittering generality" but) as a pregnant *self-evident truth*. That it is *all for the best*, men of my theology would feel bound to assume, so far as it originated in causes above human control;—uninterrupted plenty and prosperity beget indolence and waste. Heaven could not hold blessings enough to satisfy a people exempt from all reverses.

If "the calamity," so called, above referred to, shall teach us *how to make the most of everything*, it will be worth more than a year of plenty!

The other day I called upon a friend to whom I had previously sold a load of rye straw, and observed that his horse was luxuriating in a bed of that material. There it lay, unpicked over by horse or cow, mixed with chaff and heads, perhaps not too well threshed, to be sent smoking to the dung heap the following morning. Then and there I entered my emphatic protest! The next day another friend applied for "three loads of buckwheat straw for bedding." I scowled at him worse than common, and demanded if he did not know that buckwheat straw was good to eat. He apologized as any scamp ought to, and promised to go to the woods some dry day and rake up leaves and deposit them in the barn or under a shed, and use them for his winter bedding.

I forget whether it was my excellent friend "P.," or some one else, who seemed to forget that cattle (at least some cattle) have teeth, for he recommended that *all* fodder should be cut before it was fed. Nature's own provisions deserve considerable respect. I think health and economy admit of feeding both hay and straw just as they grew; the process of chewing excites the glands, and is every way normal and healthy. I propose to feed hay and straw in capacious box mangers, kept clear of refuse material, and the fodder so low down that the animal can't root it out. Whatever is not eaten, if not musty or worthless, may be cut fine, wet, and sprinkled with meal, so that every particle of hay and straw shall be consumed—not one pound for bedding, not one ounce for waste! I do not undervalue bedding; every animal should have a warm, soft material to rest and sleep upon.

The more comfortable an animal is, the more quiescent, and the less food is required to support the system; but the leaves of our forests, the coarse grass and flags of our marshes, and the rakings of our yards, should amply supply this great necessity.

Whoever does not provide a *warm* place for his stock *this* winter, is incorrigibly perverse. No "tide in his affairs" can lead him "to fortune," or to any good thing. Whoever does not provide good *feeding places*, or through inattention is wasteful of fodder, hardens his heart under the most signal reproofs and warnings, and will not profit either by prosperity or adversity—both useful in their way.

Our *fall frosts* have done damage to our corn

fodder and corn scarcely less serious than the damage to corn and grass in June; there is, therefore, nothing left to us but economy the most rigid and calculation the most exact. We have no margin—no room for waste. Nothing short of the whole will suffice. Until lately I have been inclined to think we should have ample stores of cheap grain to fall back upon; but the frosts that whitened our corn fodder, rendering it almost worthless in many cases, found corn in a very immature state, and left it so. Frosts, the drouth, the grasshoppers, &c., have seriously impaired the grain crops in various parts of the Union. If we could believe our commercial press, there hasn't been a grain crop within the last fifty years which did not "vastly exceed all previous ones." "My bred'ren," said the negro preacher, "blessed be dem what don't 'spect nothin', for they aint agoin' to be disappointed." Some, I fear, will be disappointed—they expect too much.

The remedy for short fodder generally resorted to in these parts, is to sell off the stock. Do this by all means, and *now*, if you can't winter them, and do it well; but it is a serious alternative—you sell cheap to buy dear—you cripple yourselves for the coming summer to get along for the present. Those numerous droves of twelve dollar cows that, like some other public-spirited citizens are traveling the road "towards Auburn," will be missed from the dairies of Western New York; those calves, yearlings, and two year olds, that are sent prematurely adrift like a poor, poverty-stricken child seeking a home, will leave the herbage uncropped in many a fertile vale and many a green hill-side. The scarcity of stock the coming season, if it shall lead to additional *plowing* and *cropping*, will be seriously felt for long years to come.

Winter all the stock you can, by every profitable and available means, but do not trust to any "good time coming" in which to buy cheap hay or cheap grain. A hard winter is among the contingencies that *may* happen, and any calculation about wintering stock had better be made in view of *present* prices, taking good care to *make the supply sure without delay*.

Unfortunately, some potatoes have been frozen in the hill, and some apples in the orchard, to say nothing of "some pumpkins." These will be fed promptly to the stock to avoid further loss. Every cabbage leaf, turnip, beet and kohl rabi top will be carefully picked up, kept clean and fed by those who wish to make the most of everything. Cows can be kept in milk by such means, and other stock put in good condition for winter. Keep an even hand in feeding, especially roots, apples, &c.; a large mess to-day, and none to-morrow, may be little better than none at all.

My friends, the millers, will endorse the sentiment that grain should be *ground* before feeding it, and I am clearly of opinion that coarse grain should be used on such hay and straw as would not be eaten up clean without being sprinkled with meal. In some cases it will do to boil grain for hogs, horses, &c., and save grinding.

Mr. LYMAN BRAINARD, a well known farmer of Wyoming Co., says that the loss on our grass crop is the most serious loss that we have been subjected to in many years, and that corn fodder has depreciated one-half in consequence of frost; so we are on "*short commons*," and no mistake.

I may remark that some discreet persons think that animals can be "wintered in the pork and beef barrels" cheaper than in any other way—a little grain fed to steers and heifers may make them passable beef, and so of other cattle. I will only add that care and economy is a *duty* binding on those who have plenty, as much as upon those who are short.—H. T. B.

"SORGHUM, WHERE IS IT?"

DEAR RURAL:—Some of your correspondents, I observe, have some doubts about the success of the Sorghum. They should come to Iowa just now, and they would speedily have those doubts dispelled. I am quite well satisfied, from my own observation, that the new Sugar Cane is destined to be an institution in the North-West. Our farmers here in Henry county have very generally planted some,—say from a half an acre to four or six acres,—and are now busily engaged in making sirup. Sugar Mills,—wood and iron,—have been erected in every neighborhood of three or four farms, and are succeeding beyond expectation in making a very fair article of sirup, taking into account the imperfect machinery and want of experience. I consider the experiment of Sorghum here abundantly satisfactory—and so it is with all our people, so far as I have heard any expression of opinion. You can set Iowa down as one of the sugar-growing States of the Union. There will be thousands of gallons of sirup made in this county this fall, and next year the quantity will be multiplied many times. It is selling here at about forty cents per gallon, and is considered a valuable crop at half that price.

The size and height of the canes here would evidently astonish your correspondent, who notices having seen, as a thing extraordinary, a cane *ten* feet high. I saw one a few days ago which measured seventeen feet, and have heard of some still taller. I know I have seen acres growing which would average fourteen or fifteen feet high. With all our imperfection of machinery and inexperience, two hundred gallons per acre is considered, by actual experiment, but a moderate yield.

Last night we had our first frost, which, in consequence of the dryness of our atmosphere at this time, did but little injury to the cane, or any other crops not yet fully ripened, of which there are but few. The Corn having very generally matured, is, in this part of Iowa, a most bountiful crop. A neighbor told me yesterday that he this year cultivated eighty acres of corn, which would average sixty bushels to the acre, and his, I know, is not, by any means, an isolated case. W. BIRD.

Mt. Pleasant, Henry Co., Iowa, Oct. 6, 1859.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Being not only a subscriber to your paper, but a reader, I noticed in No. 38, present volume, the inquiry, by "W. B. P.," "Sorghum—where is it?" If this cannot be answered by your *York State Men*, I, a former resident of Old Monroe, and a farmer then and now, but recently metamorphosed into a regular "Hawk-eye," and a resident of Eddyville, Iowa—although a little south of W. B. P's latitude—can answer it. If Sorghum cannot be found in New York, I imagine it has all emigrated to the rich soil and congenial climate of Iowa. To-day I had business which called me in the country, and within a distance of ten miles I saw sixteen mills, all grinding or crushing the veritable Sorghum, for which W. B. P. inquires. I am positive, for I not only smelled, felt and tasted, but I brought home a gallon, which I find to be superior to the best New Orleans sirup, and costing only fifty cents a gallon here, at retail. One man told me he made thirty gallons from a quarter of an acre. So much for so much.

Corn, the *staple commodity* here, is being harvested, and will be a large crop, except some late fields that the frost has injured. G. W.

Eddyville, Iowa, Oct. 20, 1859.

"WHAT KILLED THE BEES?"

MESSRS. EDS.:—The above question was asked by a reader of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and it has been answered by at least two of the savans among the Bee-keepers. As a humble reader of your paper, and one that has had some experience in bee-keeping, I would also give my opinion, although at this late date.

From my experience and observation I consider the sole cause to be an accumulation of frost from the breath, or warmth, of the bees during long-continued cold weather; and, to make the result more effectual or destructive to the bees, sudden changes in the weather, first, causing the frost to melt and wet comb and bees, and then cold, so that the bees become chilled and consequently die, soon becoming a putrid mass, sending forth a very disagreeable stench, and if, as may be sometimes the case, but a part of the swarm is thus deprived of life, the effluvia from the dead will destroy the balance. I might be more particular in describing the cause, but consider that enough has been said on that point, and will now proceed to give a remedy, whereby the evil effects may be entirely done away with; or, rather, may say that bees may be wintered safely and free from the above baneful influences. And here, let me say, I have no ax to grind, and no particular kind of hive to recommend, whereby myself or others are to reap a reward.

It is a law of nature that heat rises, and as there is both breath and heat within a hive containing bees, it will be collected in the upper part of the hive and almost a solid mass of ice will be the result in long-continued cold weather. Now, this may be entirely obviated by having suitable vent at the top of the hive for said vapor to pass off.—In order to fully illustrate my idea, I will give the dimensions of the hives that I have used for the last two years, without losing a single swarm when there was honey enough to feed them through the winter, and a sufficient quantity of bees to keep up animal heat. The interior of the hive is, from front to back, eleven inches; from side to side sixteen inches; and thirteen inches high. Entrance at the bottom, by cutting from the longest side deep enough to admit the bees to enter for some eight inches. The top of the hive has two square holes, each three inches, over which is put two caps, of such size as may be desired, which, when filled, are removed and their places supplied with others. Their being empty during winter gives ample vent for all the vapor that is so destructive in forming frost. I do not contend for a hive of just this shape, yet I consider a tall hive objectionable, on the ground that bees usually collect near the bottom, and vapor arising from them would become frost if it had to travel far before it had a chance to escape. Again, bees are less liable to fill caps with honey when put upon a tall hive—at least, such has been my experience.

I consider it of importance, in two particulars, to have the passages from the main hive to the caps near the front of the hive. First, it is more convenient for the bees as they enter the hive to pass up; and, secondly, it will more readily let the vapor escape, being directly over the mass of the bees. I have, like the reader, who asked the question at the head of this article, lost many swarms from the cause above stated in past years, without knowing how to avoid it, but by accident was led to, as I verily believe, a sure remedy.—On examination I found that hives with an opening at the top, by boards warping, &c., would winter when tight hives would die by their sides. I would recommend to those that keep bees to give their hives ample vent at the top, covering the aperture in some manner to keep out the rain and snow, yet leaving a free circulation of air.

North Plains, Mich., 1859. HIRAM BROWN.

WINTERING BEES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—There is a great diversity of opinions here and in Europe as to the best method of wintering bees. While some advocate upward ventilation, others oppose it.—Again some are for a special deposit, while others are for leaving them in the open air without protection. After trying many experiments I concluded to return to nature's instinctive law, which governs the bees for preparing for winter. They have been known to flourish so far north that mercury would congeal, in the coldest days in winter in hollow trees with suitable thickness. They located themselves above the place of entrance, leaving a hollow place for the vapor to pass upwards, leaving them warm and dry, without upward ventilation. These are Nature's Hives, which are warm and free from dampness in winter, with ample room for brood comb and for storing their surplus honey. *I* am opposed to upward ventilation in the open air. Instinct teaches the bees to make their hives and boxes tight with bee glue, to prevent the escape of their natural warmth. To winter bees you must give them that assistance which their nature requires, which in winter is warmth and dryness. I think the following plan to be the best that has come to my knowledge for wintering in the open air.

By the first of November, if not before, place the empty surplus honey boxes over colonies, in hives that have a chamber, so that the hole in the hive and box will meet. If the hives have no holes through the top, bore two or more inch holes through the top so that they will come near the sides of the hive. Make a box one inch smaller each way than the hive, and seven inches deep. Make the boxes tight by stopping up all cracks and corners, with melted wax—made by taking three parts of rosin, one of bees-wax, and a half pound of tallow, and place the boxes on the top of the hive, so that vapor arising from the bees may pass off freely into them. If no holes are made for winter passage, make one or two over the summer passage, by boring two ⅝ inch holes, one inch from the bottom, fitting the hive close to the bottom board. Take long straw and place it upright and close to the bottom board, and make a thatch at least four inches thick, and bind tight with large wool twine. Bond the straw over the top of the hive or box, and make it secure with twine. Cut the straw from the winter passage so that the bees can have free egress and ingress.—Place the bees where they will be protected from the east and west winds, and facing the south-east; and let the thatching remain until the apple trees blossom. Clean out all filth early in the Spring that has accumulated during winter on the bottom-board. If feeding becomes necessary in the Spring, loosen the straw from the top so as to get at the boxes, and give the bees the neccessary food. Then tie as before. If you have a healthy stock in the fall, if well cared for in keeping them warm and dry in the open air, you will have one in the Spring that will be able to defend themselves against the bee miller, and give large percentage of profit to the owner. LANGSTROTH'S hive is admirably well calculated in the form of the chamber to carry off the surplus vapor in the winter. I consider that a hive made with two thicknesses of inch boards, with enough vacancy between them, is the best that has come to my knowledge. Hives that are covered with straw are not affected by the sun in winter or spring, at which time bees often fly out and are lost in the snow.

Henrietta, N. Y., 1859. E. KIRBY.

RURAL NOTES FROM MISSOURI.

CORN, FROST, FRUIT, NEXT WHEAT CROP, ETC.

DEAR RURAL:—If you find my correspondence worth printing, it will not derive its value from any particular uniformity of style or subject. The prominent feature of your paper is, I know, agricultural; but you find room, I see, for a deal of literary and miscellaneous matter besides. Liking the plan, I shall conform to it, and give you an assortment, from which yourself and readers may select as each may find agreeable. Corn, frost, tobacco, apples, and next year's wheat, shall be texts whereon to base these present remarks.

Missouri will probably have more corn this year than ever before, and at least as much pork. Indications of frost in early October gave rise to some uneasiness, for fear some of the late corn, (which was a large share of this year's crop,) should be injured. Fortunately it escaped, and more than one new crib will be needed ere spring. By the way, I wish you would talk to your Southern and Western subscribers about the way they *waste* corn in making pork. Most of them do, and all of them *might*, save a little old corn, with which to begin feeding in September, or even in August, instead of putting it off till October. I did not intend to say in the preceding sentence that most of them *begin feeding* in August or September with old corn, but that most of them save a little old corn with which they *might* feed them. Its advantages would be manifold. First—a porker weighing 300 pounds, not only brings more money, but more in proportion, than one of 200 or less. Packers will give from one-fourth to half a cent per pound more for the large than for the small hogs. Second—the same amount of corn will make from 20 to 30 per cent. more pork, fed in warm weather than it will in cold. Those who have tried the experiment will bear me out in saying, a bushel of old corn fed in August or early in September, is worth a bushel and a peck of the same corn in colder weather, and perhaps worth two bushels of new corn, fed in the latter part of November or December. At least 25 per cent. more of food is required to maintain the animal heat in cold weather, and that must be supplied before any increase of flesh can be generated. Third—a hog with plenty of fat under his hide, feels the cold weather less when it comes, and will continue to gain flesh and weight on an allowance that would little more than keep a poor or average stock hog in growing order. These conclusions are based both on experience and Physiology, and the scientific truths of Physiology govern the growth of hogs as well as *other folks!* But, bless my soul! I have wandered all the way from corn and frost to Physiology!

The tobacco is a good crop—is gathered, and generally cured or curing. Apples have yielded fairly, at least in this part of the State, and are bringing the snug little price of $3 per barrel for good winter varieties. Iowa and Minnesota furnish the demand. The people up there have been too busy speculating in "promising city locations" to plant apple trees, and now the times are too tight to buy the trees. That same state of things has kept farm improvements back far too much all over the West; but men have learned a lesson that will last them—*at least till times get better*. People are finding out that the old fogy farmers, who kept out of debt and speculation, and put the cash they got for crops into improvements on their land, instead of buying more, stood the crisis unhurt, while the operators in "town plots" and swamp lands, have been on the list of "lame ducks" ever since. The West will never be independent of fluctuations till more of her young men take to raising corn, mules and molasses, leaving speculators and speculations to themselves. "In all labor there is profit," said SOLOMON, and "for all manner of produce there is a cash market," says GUNNYBAGS.

Next year's wheat promises well now. More has been sown this fall than for four years past, and with a good winter, we can bread the world from next July till Christmas, any how. Winter killing is the great source of uncertainty in wheat raising here,—more owing to broad-cast sowing than any other human cause. Those who drill their wheat lose least of all from climate, those who plow it in are the next most successful; and those who harrow it unluckiest of all. Drill seeding might be altogether practiced on prairie land, and it is most needed there. It would not surprise me if drilling and plowing became the universal modes in a few years, as the farmers are fast learning their superiority for such a climate as this, where we have some very cold weather in the winter, with very little snow, and none that remains on the ground for any length of time. More, perhaps, again. ALLEGANY WILL.

Lewis Co., Mo., Nov., 1859.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Points of Cows.

A. L. FISH, a well-known dairyman of Herkimer Co., N. Y., gives in the Little Falls *Record*, some good remarks on the points of cows. He very properly considers strength of constitution and capacity to eat what is offered her at all seasons of the year, as of the first importance. He rightly observes, also, that the indications of such a constitution are a thick, mellow skin, with soft hair, a bright, full eye, broad loin and hips, deep body, and straight back. "Cheese dairymen [and city milkmen] usually select cows that yield the largest amount of milk, because they depend more upon the quantity of cheese than its quality, and milk is known to make a good yield of cheese that would make but little butter, and poor at that.—But I am not in favor of the rule of selecting cows that yield the most milk per day or season, in arriving at a proper standard of excellence for the best. * * * The quality of milk a cow will give, is indicated by hair and skin, and a yellow color of the skin inside of the ears and other parts not thickly covered with hair. I have never known a cow, with soft, fur-like hair and mellow skin, appearing yellow and gummy at the roots of the hair when parted with the hands, that was not a good butter cow, and when fattened, would mix tallow well with flesh. Having been accustomed to fatten my cows that failed for dairy purposes, by age or otherwise, for many years, and being on the lookout for causes of known results, I have observed that those known to give good milk, made most thrift in tallow when fed to fatten.—Hence, the conclusion, that cows that handle well in what the butchers call tallow joints, may be judged to give rich milk, the quantity to be judged by a plainly marked design of nature in her physical structure. Instead of heavy head, horns, neck, and shoulders, and comparatively light hind quarters, which is characteristic of the opposite sex, she should show an opposite design, by a feminine countenance, light head, neck, and shoulders, widening backward from her chest to the loin and hind-quarters, where the most strength is required."

Care of Horses.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Michigan Farmer*, writing upon this subject, says:—"I have been laboring and studying for very many years to promote the usefulness of the horse in agriculture, by an improvement in the harness, and now I discover that there should also be an improvement in the training and treatment of the horse in order to be successful.

First, I think it a wrong idea to fat up colts for premiums, as many are in the habit of doing.—It spoils them for life. To make good, durable horses a blanket ought never to be put on them till they begin to work. Give them a yard by themselves with a good shed and plenty to eat and drink, at their liberty. Halter break them when one year old. Have a strong halter to tie them with, for if they break it once, they will try harder next time, and will never forget it. Use the whip sparingly. Give them light loads to begin with, if you do not want balky horses. Heavy loading, and drawing too far up hill before stopping, has made many a balky horse, and the whip will not cure them. A better way is to confine the horse to the spot where he balks and keep him there till he is pretty well starved; I think this will help him."

Pasture Lands.

OF all the land composing a farm, says the *Maine Farmer*, the pasture needs manure the most, for it is from that the stock must draw their principal support. If dry and sandy, spread on muck and leached ashes, and old, half rotten straw, late in the fall. The snow will prevent its evaporating, and the winter rains will wash it into the earth.—Carry out all the manure that has been made during the summer and fall, and spread it so that it will become incorporated with the surface earth during the winter. Apply bone dust, and all other substances that can form bone earth. If the pastures have been exhausted by wool-growing, renovate with plaster, thus restoring the sulphur which had been drawn from the earth; for in every one hundred pounds of wool there are five pound of sulphur. But on no account allow it to be said that any part of your farm is "an old and worn-out pasture." That is equivalent to acknowledging that you are a lazy, shiftless fellow, incapable of appreciating the blessings of heaven—and dishonest in refusing to pay the rent required by God for the use of His land.

A Quick Cure for Founder.

A WRITER in the *Cotton Planter and Soil*, gives the following recipe for the cure of founder in the horse:—"Clean out the frog of the foot; let it be well cleansed by scraping off the dirt. Raise the foot so as to be level—pour spirits of turpentine, a sufficient quantity, so as not to run over the hoof; then set the turpentine on fire, and let it be entirely consumed. If the above does not cure a foundered horse, as soon as the operation is over, then your readers may doubt all further recipes from—VERITAS."

Black Tongue.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Southern Cultivator* gives the following remedy for the black tongue:—"Have a swab of soft cloth made and attached to a handle two feet long; dip this in spirits of turpentine, and wipe out the mouth of the animal so affected two or three times, if necessary, and they will be over it in a few days. This I know to be a fact, for I tried it on my cattle last year, and did not lose one, when others had been trying salt, copperas, and other things recommended, and lost a great many."

Agricultural Miscellany.

DEATH OF DAVID THOMAS.—It becomes our painful duty to announce that another ardent and justly-distinguished friend and promoter of Rural Improvement has closed his earthly labors. DAVID THOMAS departed this life at his residence in Union Springs, Cayuga Co., N. Y., 11th mo., 5th, "full of years and of honors." In announcing his decease the Auburn Advertiser remarks:—"A long life, devoted to scientific pursuits and to all the high and Christian obligations of society, is closed, leaving a memory that his friends will most gratefully cherish. His unpretending and moral character has, to some extent, for many years, isolated him from active and busy pursuits. A sound judgment and eminent attainments as a Civil Engineer, early attracted the attention of De Witt Clinton, when the great work of the Erie Canal was undertaken, and from whom he received, unsolicited, an appointment as Chief Engineer. The Western Division of the Erie and the Cayuga and Seneca Canals, were constructed under his supervision. When these works were completed, he was regarded as one of the ablest of the great men who had devoted their energies to the accomplishment of so great an enterprise. Subsequent to that period, he devoted himself to Agricultural and Scientific studies and pursuits, and to him the farmers and fruit growers of the United States are largely indebted for his numerous and instructive writings. His eminence as a writer on Pomology, as a Botanist, and his varied acquirements, received the attention of numerous cultivated minds in Europe, and he was complimented by being made an honorary member of many of their literary societies."

GOUVERNEUR TOWN FAIR.—The Gouverneur (St. Lawrence Co.) Town Ag Society, organized the present year, held a very successful Fair a few weeks since. The entries numbered 449, and the receipts were $500. This is a noble beginning. We learn the Sandy Creek (Oswego Co.) Town Fair was also highly creditable to all interested, the exhibition being unusually large and fine, and the receipts over $500. So far as ascertained the Town and Union Fairs in all parts of the State have this year proved remarkably successful,—and we *know* that those it has been our good fortune to attend have excelled many County Fairs of former years. We hope Town Societies and Farmers' Clubs will largely increase in numbers during the ensuing year, throughout the whole country. Every such society or club, (or both combined,) properly conducted, must prove beneficial to members and community, and need not detract from the interest or success of county associations.

FARMERS' CLUBS AND TOWN AG'L SOCIETIES.—As the season for organizing, and holding the annual meetings, of these associations is at hand, we have a request to prefer. We wish to know, and advise our readers, of the progress and success of all societies designed to enhance the interests of Ruralists—whether State, County, Town or District—and therefore desire reports containing such facts as exhibit their condition and influence. Officers of societies in operation will specially oblige us by furnishing synopsis of the year's results, with lists of officers, etc. We are also desirous of receiving the initial proceedings of new clubs and societies as fast as organized. If those of our readers particularly interested will bear this request in mind, and act in accordance therewith, we shall be enabled to impart much interesting and timely information.

HAMILTON CO. AG. SOCIETY.—A large and enthusiastic meeting of delegates from various parts of Hamilton county, recently assembled at Lake Pleasant, and formed an Agricultural Society, electing the following officers: *President*—Hon. RICHARD PECK of Wells. *Vice-Presidents*—Havilla Winchell, Morehouse; Edward Anable, Hope. *Secretary*—Jos. W. Fish, Lake Pleasant. *Treasurer*—Isaac Morrison, Wells; and an Executive Committee of two from each town in the county.

HON. WILLIAM JARVIS, distinguished as a sheep-raiser and wool-grower, died at Weathersfield, Vt., 21st Oct., of paralysis, aged 59. Mr. J. was formerly American Consul at Cadiz, and acquired a large fortune by importing the celebrated Merino sheep into this country. He was a native of Boston, but had long resided in Weathersfield, where he owned a large and superior farm, and greatly benefited that section of country by the introduction of new modes of agriculture and more valuable breeds of stock.

CORN-HUSKING.—Our friend E. N. THOMAS, Esq., of Rose, N. Y., writes:—"The corn-huskers have commenced operations, and various amounts have been husked. The best day's work done that has been reported is by JAMES BARNS. In nine hours he husked out of the stock 58½ bushels, and bound up the stalks. This was done on the 1st inst. Others have husked about 40 bushels. The corn is not so good this year, and makes a great difference in the husking.

IS IT LIFE-LIKE!—A New York city paper (which claims to *illustrate life* truthfully and of course consistently) not long since ignored tobacco culture, and allowed a correspondent to "pitch into" the RURAL NEW-YORKER for answering an honest inquiry on the subject, but now illustrates, describes and commends a new cigar-making machine! We note the fact, suppressing comments.

A MINE OF EMERY.—The Prairie Farmer notices the discovery of a mine of emery, of the best quality, near Belvidere, Illinois. Couldn't our contemporary find an *Emery* mine of extra quality, nearer home—even in the P. F. establishment? The witness is not obliged to answer, if he shall thereby criminate himself!

A TIMELY SUGGESTION.—By giving the matter proper and *timely* attention, clubs of twenty to fifty subscribers for the next volume of the *Rural* may be formed in hundreds of localities. It is only necessary for the real friends of the cause to *act in season*—now, before the country is flooded with the long-bow bills and Munchausenish canvassers of trashy papers. Present subscribers will not need coaxing to renew, while many others, in every place where the RURAL is known, will no doubt accept the first invitation to subscribe.

Mr. G. W. LANCASTER, of Luzerne Co., Pa., writes:—"I feel some pleasure in contemplating the fact that I have increased the circulation of your much valued paper in this locality. My object in writing this note is to get specimen copies for distribution. If consistent please send me one dozen of last week's number, or such as may be convenient, and I will put them into hands that will read them and be apt to subscribe *now*, or the first of January next. Out of some twenty subscribers that I obtained last spring, there will not one fall off; they are all well suited. I am anxious to secure the bound volumes for the three years last past, or up to the time my subscription commenced. Will you please say to me how many subscribers I must send you to secure the aforesaid, that is, if such a thing can be done? I think with a little trouble I could get a club of fifty." [The price of the three volumes, bound, is $9, but we will furnish them to any person procuring seventy-five subscribers. We have only a few copies of the vols. for 1856 and '57.]

HORTICULTURAL.

TRANSPLANTING LARGE TREES.

Planters in this country are beginning to realize the advantage of applying moisture to the trunks and limbs of newly transplanted trees. Formerly it was thought that deluging the roots with moisture was all that could be done to save a tree suffering and dying from injuries received in removal. Then, through the teachings of practical horticulturists by example, and through Horticultural and Agricultural Journals, the importance of close pruning, to prevent too great a drain upon the mutilated roots, began to be admitted, and generally to be practiced by those who made any pretense to good cultivation. But, in case of large trees, or those that had been badly taken up, or had suffered from bad packing, or delay in transportation, it was found that the moisture would pass off through the pores of the bark, which would shrivel, and the tree languish and die, in spite of pruning and the water applied to the roots. Then it was found that trees all shriveled up, apparently dead, were resuscitated by being buried in the earth for a few days, the bark gradually absorbing moisture, swelling, and becoming apparently healthy, and in good condition for planting. This led to the sprinkling of the trunk and branches, instead of giving all the water to the roots, and finally, to what is better, the covering of the trunks of choice trees with damp moss, or some other material that will retain the moisture. This we recommend to every one who transplants a large tree which he is particularly anxious to save.

In this country we do very little at planting large trees, the expense being too great; yet, as we have traveled through the country, and observed the magnificent specimens of native trees, growing in the fields and in the scattering woods, we have thought that the time was not far distant when men would be tempted to transfer a few of these specimens of the grand and the beautiful to their own grounds. In Europe the transplanting of nearly full grown trees is no strange work. Some time since we noticed that large trees were transplanted to the Boulevards in Paris. A correspondent of the *London Cottage Gardener* thus describes the effects of the past warm summer, and the means taken to preserve the trees from death.

"The hot weather which has lasted so long this year has been very injurious to the newly-formed gardens, and in particular to the large trees that were planted on the Boulevards in the winter. It has been necessary to place screens, or blinds of stout bunting, on the south side of all the large Coniferæ in the Champs Elysees, and keep them well syringed and watered night and morning. But, tho' they have been treated with the greatest care, it is probable that some of them will have to be removed.

The greater number of the large trees have been treated somewhat differently, owing, of course, to their great size. Their trunks have been thickly covered with moss up to their lower branches; the moss is enveloped with strong bunting tied all round, and surmounted with a sort of funnel in zinc, so as to lead the rain down into the moss, and preserve as much humidity as possible to the trunks when there is no rain. The branches are freely watered in the morning by means of a hose attached to the nearest water-pipe; and in Paris there are water-pipes in almost every street at convenient distances. These pipes are opened every morning, and fresh water continues to run in the gutters for two or three hours, carrying off all nauseous matter to the main sewers.

The engraving is a sketch showing the trunk of a large tree enveloped in moss and bunting, and a funnel at the top. Several of the large Chestnuts planted round the Bourse in the spring of last year, have suffered severely; and though every care has been taken to keep them well watered, it seems scarcely possible for some of them to recover."

Onondaga, or Swan's Orange Pear.—I am surprised to see that there has been a proposition made to throw out the *Swan's Orange Pear*, as unworthy of cultivation. Accompanying this I send you specimens of ours. The tree is a vigorous grower, and a free bearer, and we think them a very superior pear for their season. The only fault we find with them is their size; they grow so large that the fall winds blow them off before they are ripe, and we lose a great many of them in that way.—Mrs. A. E. Parker, *Pleasant Farm, Plymouth, Mich.*, 1859.

With the above we received a box of the finest pears of this variety we have ever seen or tasted. They were large, fair, juicy, sweet and fine-flavored. This variety is rather variable, but grows to perfection with our correspondent.

A company has recently been formed in Mobile, Ala., for the purpose of fostering the culture of the grape. During the few months of their existence as a company, they have purchased eighty acres of land, twenty of which have been planted with the Catawba grape. The vines are growing in a most flourishing manner.

Inquiries and Answers.

European Nurseries.—I wish to obtain a list of the European Nurseries—some of the best to do business with. Please publish the names of a few of the best.—J. W. D., *Bedford, Cuyahoga Co., O.*, 1859.

Below we give a list of the leading nurserymen in England, and also on the Continent. For these we are indebted to the *Annual Register of Rural Affairs:*

ENGLAND.

J. Backhouse & Son, York—extensive—largest and best nursery in that city.

G. Baker, Wlodiesham, near Bagshot, Surrey—American plants a specialty.

Chandler & Sons, Wandsworth Road, Surrey—extensive ranges of glass—collection of camellias unsurpassed in England.

J. & J. Cranstone, King's Acre, Herefordshire—extensive roses.

G. Cunningham & Son, Liverpool—a large general nursery.

J. Cuthill, Camberwell, Surrey—small fruits and superior vegetables, &c.

F. & J. Dickson & Sons, Manchester—forest trees, evergreens, &c

Fisher, Holmes & Co., Sheffield and Handsworth, Yorkshire.

Garraway, Myers & Co., Bristol—a celebrated and extensive establishment, in the green-house and out-door departments.

R. Glendinning, Turnham Green, near London—rare green-house plants.

J. Griffin, Bath—the largest nursery near this city.

H. Groom, Clapham Rise, Surrey—bulbs.

J. A. Henderson & Co., Edgware Road, Middlesex—new and rare plants—a neat and extensive establishment.

E. G. Henderson, St. John's Wood, Middlesex—new plants, doing a large *wholesale* business.

W. Holland, Brompton, Middlesex—extensive in fruit trees.

G. Jackman, Woking, Surrey—American plants, &c.

Jackson & Son, Kingston, Surrey—green-house plants, &c.

H. Lane & Son, Great Berkhamstead, Herts.—extensive in roses

J. & C. Lee, Hammersmith, near London—an old and celebrated plant nursery of great extent and richness.

H. Low & Co., Clapton, Middlesex—very extensive in glass and green-house plants.

Lucombe, Pince & Co., Exeter, Devon—a large general nursery.

Osborn & Sons, Fulham, Middlesex—rare and fine trees, &c.

A. Paul & Son, Cheshunt, Herts.—famed for its roses, hollyhocks, conifers, &c.

T. Rivers, Sawbridgeworth, Herts.—70 acres—the most extensive cultivator of fruit trees in England—a vast collection of roses, &c.

Robinson & Son, Tooting, Surrey—vast ranges of glass, with orchids, heaths, &c., in great perfection.

J. Salter, Hammersmith, Middlesex—florist.

W. Skirving, Liverpool—a great nursery, with vast collections of evergreens.

G. Standish, Bagshot, Surrey—celebrated for rhododendrons, &c.

C. Turner, Slough, Bucks—a general establishment, and the most extensive in England in florist collections, as dahlias, hollyhocks, pansies, carnations, tulips, &c.

J. Veitch & Son, Exeter, Devon; J. Veitch, Jr., Chelsea, Middlesex, the greatest collections of new and rare plants in Europe.

J. Waterer, Bagshot, Surrey—American plants and a general nursery.

Waterer & Godfrey, Knaphill, Woking, Surrey—general and extensive—peat plants a specialty.

FRANCE, BELGIUM, HOLLAND, ETC.

Andre Le Roy, Angers, France—a general and very extensive nursery.

D. Dauvesse, Orleans, France—a general nursery.

Jamin & Durand, Paris—fruit.

E. Verdier & Son, Paris—roses, peonies, &c.

Thibout & Keteler, Paris—plants.

H. Van Houtte, Ghent, Belgium—plants.

Ad. Papeleu, Wetteren, Belgium—hardy trees.

A. Verschaffelt, Ghent, Belgium—plants.

J. De Jonghe, Brussels, Belgium—fruit trees.

J. Linden, Brussels, Belgium—rare plants, a great collection.

A. Micliez, Lille—new sorts of chrysanthemums and other flowers from seeds.

Ernst & Von Spreckelsen, (successors to J. Booth & Co.,) Hamburg, Germany.

Krelage & Son, Harlaem, Holland—bulbs.

De Lange & Sons, " " "

F. Van Velson, Jr., " " "

E. C. Van Eden & Co., " " "

A STRING OF QUESTIONS.

1st. Is the Egg Plant a native of this country? Can it be cooked in any other manner than fried in batter? Is it considered a healthy food?

2d. If peach buds inserted this fall should fail to grow, or be winter-killed, can the stocks be whip-grafted the coming spring?

3d. What is the size of an ordinary Hubbard Squash when grown? When are they ripe? How cooked, &c.?

4th. Have you ever seen or tried the Mexican Cucumber (gourd?) Is it good for anything?

5th. What is the best method of keeping sweet potatoes over winter?

6th. I occasionally hear something about "cold frames," and keeping certain plants over winter, in order to have them early in the spring; how is a cold frame made, and what plants can be kept over?

Answers to the above questions by the editor, or some of his numerous correspondents, will greatly oblige

Wanda, Ill., 1859. A Subscriber.

1. The Egg-Plant is a native of Africa. It may be fried in batter, butter, or with a beef-steak. Never heard those who like it complain of its unhealthiness, but those who dislike it think it is hardly fit for pigs to eat.

2. Grafting the peach is seldom successful, and don't pay.

3d. The Hubbard Squash grows from five or six to twelve or fifteen pounds in weight. They should be gathered before frost, or they will not keep. They may be boiled, but are best baked in the shell, first cutting them into quarters or halves and taking out the inside.

4. Don't know anything of the Mexican *Cucumber*, which it seems, by the inquiry, is a gourd. It is a shame to call any *gourd a cucumber*. It makes confusion, and people learn to call every large cucumber a *gourd*.

5. A correspondent a few weeks since stated that the best way to preserve sweet potatoes was to place rather small tubers in a box, mixed with a little earth, nail up the box, leaving openings for a little ventilation, then bury the box in a dry bank, out of the reach of frost, and where the temperature would be cool and uniform.

6. A *cold frame* is simply a hot-bed frame, or a frame similar to it, in which is placed plants not quite hardy, plants of Lettuce, or Cabbage, for early spring planting, &c. It is covered with glass or boards, and on these is placed mats, or leaves, or straw, to keep off the extreme frost. In fine weather these must be removed, and air given. The cold frame is generally used in the spring for forwarding annual flowers, and other plants for transplanting to the open ground. What is called a *pit* by gardeners, is sometimes named a cold frame by amateurs. This is a pit dug in the ground, the top being covered with a frame and glass, with some material for protection from frost in severe weather. The pit, if well prepared, will not freeze, and Verbenas, Geraniums, and many tender plants may be kept in it during the winter. The *pit* should receive a good airing every thawing day.

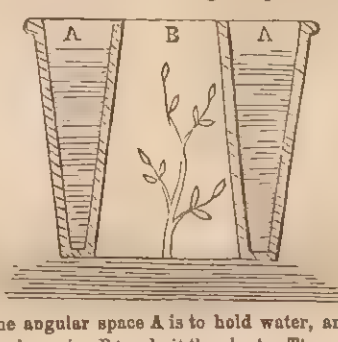
Apples for Names.—I have taken the liberty to send you five specimens of fruit, and should like to have you name them, and give the names to the public in your paper.—L. J. *Ontario, N. Y.*, 1859.

The numbers were not securely attached to the apples, and some of them became detached before we gave the fruit an examination; in replacing them we may have made some changes. No. 1. The largest red apple, looking somewhat like the Baldwin, a coarse fall apple of not much value. Name not known. No. 2. The largest yellow, is the Fall Jenneting. No. 3. A small yellow apple, coarse and poor; probably natural fruit. No. 4. The smallest red, Winesap. No. 5. A fine specimen of the Spitzenburg.

Limber Twig.—A friend at the West sent us a conical red apple, over-ripe, which was supposed to be the Limber Twig. The *Twig* is a winter fruit and a good keeper. It has, also, less red, the skin being a greenish yellow, shaded and striped with crimson, and sprinkled with light dots.

NEW PLANT PROTECTOR.

C. G. Page, of Washington, D. C., furnishes the *Gardener's Monthly* with a drawing and description of a *Plant Protector* which he has invented, and which he states is of great value, as the most tender and the most difficult plants to manage may be transplanted with success, even in dry weather, by the aid of this protector. It consists of a double earthenware pot, open in the centre, and clearly shown in the figure annexed, by a vertical middle section through the pot.



The angular space A is to hold water, and the central opening B to admit the plant. The gradual percolation of water through the porous earthenware moistens the earth about the plant, and the evaporation from the surface of the pot, keeps the air cool and moist, especially within the space B, while the pot is generally a sufficient shade from the sun. Mr. P., we believe, has secured a patent on his invention.

HEDGE GROWING.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Seeing an article in your paper of the 29th of October, headed "*Experience in Hedge Growing*," that was somewhat novel, I thought I would reply in like manner. The writer, like too many others, has been misled by the accounts concocted in the South, and with only the slight alteration of the name of the person selling and his residence, as though the plant had been thoroughly tried here. In this way too many were duped by the agents selling plants. I can sympathize with Mr. Rice, as I have often done with many that have been duped. It is truly disheartening to nurture 60 rods of hedge for six years, and then have to grub it up—particularly mortifying is it when in neighboring towns hedges from the so-called "*English Hawthorn*" have been planted, and in four years formed such a barrier that few would be hardy enough to force a passage through. As Mr. Rice is so near a resident, if he will call on me I will give all the information he may wish, and I think I am *capable*, having some experience, and by close observation of half a century of the habits of the plant.

To satisfy those who may be less privileged, by distance, than Mr. Rice, and who may wish to know somewhat of the *White Hawthorn*, I will state I have a great variety of hedge plants, but can recommend none as well as I can the *Thorn*. It is perfectly hardy, of beautiful appearance, bears trimming well, retains its foliage late in the season, often into December. When untrimmed it blossoms finely, and the fruit is very ornamental, and this year is highly valued. I had on a bush that had berries this season seeds worth $12 as they are selling here. That your readers may judge of the call for this unpuffed plant, I will merely state that my son has 30 bushels of seed for sowing, and others are nearly as well supplied. Does this look like a lack of character as to its utility for the uses it is intended? The cause of the change of sentiment in regard to this plant is the difference in management. Few, very few, foreigners know how to manage or even plant a Hawthorn hedge. I have employed a large number, but never met with more than two that gave satisfactory proof that they knew anything about it.

Mr. Rice's inquiry as to whether a single or double row was best—I have often given my opinion on this question, and for the benefit of all can do so again. To plant in two rows, you cannot have the rows nearer than ten inches apart, some say twelve is better. Well, the plants cannot be nearer together in a row than six or eight inches, so they will stand thus * * * * *; now in a single row the plants would be as close as four inches, thus * * * *. The two rows, you will see, give a free, unobstructed passage diagonally.—Then the space between the rows makes a beautiful rendezvous for the poultry, hogs, &c.,—what a delightful and agreeable job to collect eggs from such a place daily, perhaps oftener, and Biddy is fully as likely to select such a place to deposit her eggs as any where. Now, the plants four inches apart in the first place, form a sort of palisade, that with proper management would obstruct most poultry in a short time; besides, where two rows are so near, the middle gets hollow, as the plant will bear no overshadowing—it is a great lover of freedom, and the difference in a constantly trimmed hedge, and one only occasionally, is truly astonishing. W. M. Beauchamp.

Skaneateles, N. Y., 1859.

THE NEW GRAPES.

Some time since we were informed by letter from Samuel Miller, of Calmdale, Pa., that he had shipped a box of grapes to Bissell & Salter, which he wished us to examine, and would have sent us a box but for sickness in his family. We are not slow in availing ourselves of every opportunity to see a new fruit or flower, and we embraced this with pleasure. Among the collection was seven seedlings, raised by Edw. S. Rogers, of Salem, Mass., numbered, but not named. Some of them were too far gone to taste, and most of them too much so to form a very confident opinion of their quality. This, however, it is never safe to do from tasting two or three berries. Our notes made at the time, are as follows, and we give them only for what they are worth:

No. 1—much larger than Catawba, same color, thick, pulpy, sweet and good flavored. No. 4—black; berries as large as Black Hamburgh, thick skin, tough pulp, sweet, and a little musky. No. 5—about as large as Isabella, color of To Kalon; too far gone. No. 15—round berry, large, color of Catawba, musky, about like Northern Muscadine. No. 19—berry as large as Black Hamburgh, black, tough pulp, sweet, and of good flavor. No. 30—larger than Catawba, oval, amber color, tender pulp, and good flavor. No. 34—very large berry, round, tough pulp, skin thick, very sour.

In addition to these, there were more than a dozen other varieties, and among them Union Village, Cassady, Kingsessing, Perkins, &c., the latter of which was much inferior to what we supposed it to be from the descriptions given of it in various quarters. The next season will be an important one, for many of the new grapes will then be in fruiting, and we shall be able to judge of their merits.

Death of Thomas Nuttall.—This eminent botanist died in September last, at his residence near Liverpool, England, at the age (we believe) of 73. Mr. Nuttall rendered great service to American botany; being most eminently an enthusiast of the science. He came to this country the year Michaux left it, and, traversing Upper California and Oregon, completed the great work on trees of the former laborers, Michaux, father and son, and his additions are now embodied in the same set of five volumes. Mr. Nuttal was originally a printer; during his residence among us he lived in a most economical manner from necessity. A relative bequeathed him a good place and garden in England on condition that he should reside upon it six months of each year. Here he employed himself in botanical pursuits, principally in hybridizing the Himalayan Rhododendrons, and to his zeal the great dealers were much indebted. In his tastes Mr. Nuttall was simple and inexpensive; he has left a name which will last as long as flowers are loved.—*Horticulturist.*

Persimmons.—One of the first of my Virginian experiences was with the new sensation of eating a persimmon. By its frequent mention in negro songs, this fruit has become classic, and I was as interested in tasting it as the traveler in Italy with his first pluck at a ripe fig. It resembles a small apple, as seen hanging upon the leafless twig, though the tree grows taller and with more spready branches than an apple tree. There were plenty of them in the fields as we drove past the corn plantations in the open country, and our friend, the conductor, kindly jumped over the rail fence and brought me a handful. What this fruit can especially be intended for by Nature I am a little embarrassed to understand,—possibly to close the gate after enough has entered,—for, of all the contractile agents, this seems to me the most pucker-y and unrealizing. The mouth and lips are drawn so obstinately together by eating a persimmon, that it would be difficult to follow it, even with "a drink."—*N. P. Willis.*

Massachusetts Horticultural Society.—At the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, held Oct. 1st, the following officers were elected:

President—Joseph Breck.

Vice-Presidents—E. S. Rand, Eben. Wight, J. F. C. Hyde, W. C. Strong.

Treasurer—William R. Austin.

Cor. Secretary—Eben. Wight.

Rec. Secretary—F. Lyman Winship.

Professor of Botany and Vegetable Physiology—Prof. Asa Gray.

Prof. of Zoology—J. W. P. Jenks.

Prof. of Horticultural Chemistry—E. N. Hosford.

Death of Professor Henfrey.—We regret also to record the death of Professor Henfrey, a Fellow of the Royal and Linnæan Societies, Professor of Botany in King's College, etc. He died on the 7th of September. Prof. Henfrey has long been known as an excellent histologist and sound vegetable physiologist.

Death of David Thomas.—The venerable David Thomas, father of John J. Thomas, so long and so well known to the Horticulturists of this and other lands, died at his residence in Union Springs, on the 5th of the present month. A notice of his decease, and a brief tribute to his memory will be found in another column.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

HOW TO MAKE BEER FROM MALT.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—W. D. R., of Lewis Co., N. Y., asks some of your readers to tell him how to make beer from malt. I would say, at the start, to make good Malt Beer is no Small Beer affair; and I am afraid I shall make my article too long in attempting the task of describing the process. In making malt beer it will be found a very different process to that of making the different kinds of small beer usually made throughout the country. I presume Mr. R. wishes to make beer for family use only, and I think that a good keeping article cannot well be got up in summer. I will give my practice in the premises, and would recommend Mr. R., or any one else, to brew spring and fall,—about the last of October and about the first of March.

My utensils consist of a mash tub and a fermenting tub, each large enough to hold all I want to brew, and two kettles,—one kettle is sufficient if you have it large, as the kettle should hold considerably more than you wish to make. The kettles ought to be set in a furnace. A hole should be bored about one, or one and one-half inches above the bottom of the tub, a plug inserted, and a bunch of hay, well tied around, placed against the hole on the inside of the tub,—the hay answers as a strainer for the malt. Put the boiling water into the tub, reducing the temperature to 180 degrees, then pour in the malt, stirring it so as to get it thoroughly wet; cover with something to keep in the steam; let the water remain on the malt about three hours, and then draw off, having a second boiling of water ready to put on the malt. The second water should go on boiling hot, and should remain on about same length of time. Put the first water drawn from the malt into your kettle, and to every bushel of malt used put about three-fourths of a pound of good hops, boiling them together two hours; strain the hops from the beer; set it to cool; put the same hops to the second water, boiling same as before, straining hops out through a wire seive, or anything that will remove them. The first and second boiling may be put together, or kept apart, at your pleasure. As soon as your beer has cooled down to 65 or 70 degrees, put in about one pint of good yeast, from a brewery, to every 40 gallons. Mix it well with a bucketful of the beer, and then put it in your tub, stirring it well together. It will work some 48 hours. The yeast may be skimmed off after it has come freely to the top—twenty to twenty-five hours after it has been set to work,—and may be skimmed off every five or six hours after till it ceases fermenting, which you may know by the yeast beginning to settle down. It should now be skimmed and put into your barrels, the bungs being left out to allow the working process to be finished, which may last as long as it did in the tubs. The barrels should be filled up with beer every few hours, to allow the yeast to work out at the bung hole. When it ceases to work it should be bunged up tight, and may be tapped for use any time.

Here I would remark, that there is no fixed quantity of hops to be used to the bushel; after you have made once you may use more or less to suit your taste. I make about eight gallons of beer to the bushel of malt; but you will find that, with what the malt will absorb, and the boiling will reduce, you will have to put on from 14 to 16 gallons of water to make the eight gallons of beer. The malt must be ground for brewing. Quarter-barrels are the best for putting beer in for family use, as in that case you do not have a large quantity on tap at one time. It will be obvious to any one, that if you have a large barrel tapped, drawing out only a little every day,—as will be the case with a private family,—it will inevitably get flat before it is used up. I have a good, dry cellar, and have no trouble keeping my beer good to the very last of every keg, and very seldom bottle any; but if your cellar is not a very good one, you may bottle the last part of your barrel with good effect. The cellar should be kept as near the same temperature, winter and summer, as possible; by shutting out the cold in winter and the hot air in summer, as changes from hot to cold are injurious. I could have said a good deal more on the subject, but I am afraid I have already made my article too long. W. W.

Springfield, Ill., Oct., 1859.

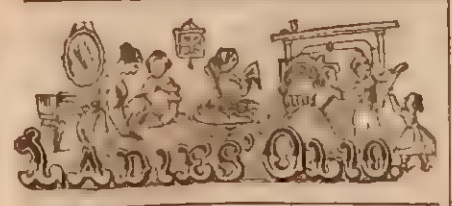
Wilmington Cakes.—One cup of butter; 1 do. cream; 5 eggs; 3 cups sugar; 4 do. flour; 1 teaspoon cream tartar; 1 do. saleratus,—almonds may be added.

1, 2, 3, 4 Cake.—One cup of butter; 2 of sugar; 3 of flour; 4 eggs.

Hot Tea-Cake.—Three pints of flour; 1 pint of milk; ½ lb. butter; 2 teaspoons of soda and 3 of cream tartar—the cream tartar to be mixed through the flour, and the soda to be dissolved in the milk.—Economy, *Salem Co., N. J.*, 1859.

Treatment of Diarrhœa.—Eat nothing but common rice parched like coffee, and then boiled, and taken with a little salt and butter. Drink little or no liquid of any kind. Bits of ice may be eaten and swallowed at will. Every step in diarrhœa, every spoonful of liquid, only aggravates the disease. If locomotion is compulsory, the misfortune of the necessity may be lessened by having a stout piece of woolen flannel bound tightly around the abdomen, so as to be doubled in front, and kept well in its place. In the practice of many years, we have never failed to notice a gratifying result to follow these observances.—*Dr. W. W. Hall.*

Cocoa-Nut Cakes.—To two grated nuts, an equal weight of white powered sugar; the whites of three eggs, well beaten. Make them the size of a half dollar—bake on buttered tins.—Mrs. E. J. W., *East Elba, Genesee Co., N. Y.*, 1859.



FOR THE MOTHER'S SAKE.

[A YOUNG MAN, who had left his home in Maine, ruddy and vigorous, was seized with the yellow fever in New Orleans; and, though nursed with devoted care by friendly strangers, he died. When the coffin was being closed, "*Stop*," said an aged woman who was present; "*let me kiss him for his mother!*"]

"LET me kiss him for his mother!
Ere ye lay him with the dead
Far away from home, another
Sure may kiss him in her stead.
How that mother's lips would kiss him
Till her heart should nearly break!
How in days to come she'll miss him!
Let me kiss him for her sake.

"Let me kiss him for his mother!
Let me kiss the wandering boy;
It may be there is no other
Left behind to give her joy.
When the news of woe, the morrow,
Burns her bosom like a coal,
She may feel this kiss of sorrow
Fall as balm upon her soul.

"Let me kiss him for his mother!
Heroes, ye, who by his side,
Waited on him as a brother
Till the Northern stranger died,—
Heeding not the foul infection,
Breathing in the fever-breath,—
Let me, of my own election,
Give the mother's kiss in death.

"Let me kiss him for his mother!
Loving thought and loving deed!
Seek, nor fear, nor sigh to smother,
Gentle matrons, while ye read.
Thank the God who made you human,
Gave ye pitying tears to shed;
Honor ye the Christian woman
Bending o'er another's dead."

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE TWO NESTS.

ROBBY ROVER rushed into his mother's presence one afternoon, his bright eyes sparkling with delight, and shouted,—as only little boys can,—"Look here, mother, see what I've found; a bird's nest,—a real, *live* bird's nest!" (ROBBY had found *discarded* nests before, in the currant bushes, so he called this a *live* one, in contradistinction to them.)

"Well, mercy on me, child, you need not scream loud enough to make one deaf about it; and see there," she continued, in a tone of vexation, "you have tracked clear across the floor with your dirty, wet feet. You just be off with yourself, and see that you don't break those nasty eggs on your clothes; if you do, you will be sorry for it."

ROBBY, somewhat abashed by this "sally," retreated out doors with his prize, which he carefully placed in an old box his father had given him to keep his playthings in. There was a curious medley of things in it—balls, tops, marbles, sticks, twine, a button "buzz," and countless other things very precious to the eyes of little boys. But ROBBY thought, (and rightly, too,) that there was nothing there so beautiful as that little, round nest, with those four pale blue eggs in it, so he viewed it o'er and o'er, with a confused notion in his head that little boys should never "holler;" never have wet feet, and never soil their clothes with broken birds' eggs, but without one thought of the cruel wrong he had thoughtlessly done in taking that pretty nest from the bush where the cunning architects had with such delicate skill woven it. Ah! who can tell what far-extending waves of desolation may circle from that one childish act of wrong, which that mother, "careful in many things," has suffered to pass unrebuked.

Turn we now to another home. Across that floor there were marks of little feet leading to an outer door, where stood a little "barefoot boy, with cheek of tan," holding a nest in his hand—his rosy face all aglow with excitement. "See here, ma," he cried, "what I found in the hazel bushes; one, two, three little birdies."

The mother turned with a smile at the call of her darling, but the moment she saw what he held, her countenance fell. "Why, WILLIE, how could you take that away from the old birds; how sad they will feel when they come home by-and-by, and find their nest and little birdies all gone."

"It was so pretty," said the child in a subdued voice, "but I am sorry I took it if it was naughty."

"It was very wrong, although perhaps you did not think how sad the old birds would feel. See," she continued, "there is the mother bird now; she has missed her darlings, and how distressed she is."

WILLIE'S little lips quivered, and the tears sprang to his eyes, and handing the nest to his mother, he cried, "Put it back, ma. I don't want it any more."

"Can you show me where you found it?"

"Yes, I know the very bush."

"Then come, and we will try and restore it." Taking the nest in one hand, and her little one's chubby fingers in the other, she walked slowly away, talking in a low, sweet tone to him, striving to plant the priceless germ of kindness to all—and especially to all weak and unprotected things—in his little heart; and the nest was soon resting in the same bush whence those eager little fingers had torn it.

The lesson that noble mother thus instilled was never forgotten. The terror of the bereaved robin, the gentle reproof from his mother's lips, and the triumphant song which the parent bird poured forth that evening, as he found his treasures all restored, combined to make an unfading impression on his tender mind. Impulses were checked thus early, which might otherwise have led to much evil in after years; and kindly feelings were aroused and stimulated which have never ceased to grow and strengthen in his heart, and which to-day form the crowning grace of his noble, manly character.

One whose name is a household word, has thus truthfully and beautifully written in regard to the training of the "man child:—"To-day he is at your feet; to-day you can make him laugh; you can make him cry; you can persuade, coax, and turn him at your pleasure; you can make his eyes fill and his bosom swell, with recitals of good and noble deeds; in short, you can mould him if you will take the *trouble*. But look ahead some years, when that little voice shall ring in deep bass tones, when that small form shall have a man's weight and tramp; when a rough beard shall cover that little round chin, and the willful strength of manhood fill out that little form. *Then* you would give worlds for the key to his heart, but if you lose it now he is little, you may search for it carefully some day, with tears, and never find it." MAUD MULLER.

Henrietta, N. Y., 1859.

CHILDRENS' JOYS AND SORROWS.

I CAN endure a melancholy man, but not a melancholy child; the former, in whatever slough he may sink, can raise his eyes either to the kingdom of reason or of hope; but the little child is entirely absorbed and weighed down by one black poison-drop of the present. Think of a child led to the scaffold; think of Cupid in a Dutch coffin; or watch a butterfly, after its four wings have been torn off, creeping like a worm, and you will feel what I mean. But wherefore? The first has been already given; the child, like the beast, only knows purest, though shortest sorrow; one which has no past and no future; one such as the sick man receives from without,—the dreamer from himself into his asthenic brain; finally, one with the consciousness not of guilt, but of innocence.

Certainly, all the sorrows of children are but shortest nights, as their joys are but hottest days; and, indeed, both so much so, that in the latter, often clouded and starless time of life, the matured man only longingly remembers his old childhood's pleasures, while he seems altogether to have forgotten his childhood's grief. This weak remembrance is strangely contrasted with the opposing one in dreams and fevers, in this respect, that in the two last it is always the cruel sorrows of childhood—and the fever, its distorting glass—both draw forth from dark corners the fears of defenceless childhood, which press and cut with iron fangs into the prostrate soul. The fair scenes of dreams mostly play on an after stage, whereas the frightful ones choose for theirs the cradle and the nursery. Moreover, in fever, the ice-hands of the fear of ghosts, the striking one of the teachers and parents, and every claw with which fate has pressed the young heart, stretch themselves out to catch the wandering man.

Parents, consider then, that every childhood's Rupert—the name given in Germany to the fictitious being employed to frighten children into obedience—even though it has lain chained for years, yet breaks loose and gains mastery over the man so soon as it finds him on a sick-bed. The first fright is more dangerous the sooner it happens; as the man grows older, he is less and less easily frightened; the little cradle or bed-canopy of the child is more easily quite darkened than the starry heaven of the man.

HOUSEHOLD CARES.

MRS. KIRKLAND has very truly said that woman is never really and healthily happy, without household cares. But to perform housework is too frequently considered degrading. Even where the mother, in obedience to the traditions of her youth, condescends to labor occasionally, the daughters are frequently brought up in perfect idleness, taking no bodily exercise, except that of walking in fine weather, or riding in cushioned carriages, or dancing at a party. Those, in short, who can afford servants, cannot demean themselves, as they think, by domestic labors. The result is, too frequently, that ladies of this class lose what little health they started in life with, becoming feeble in just about the proportion as they become fashionable. In the neglect of household cares, American ladies stand alone. A German lady, no matter how elevated her rank, never forgets that domestic labors conduce to health of body and mind alike. An English lady, whatever may be her position in society, does not neglect the affairs of her household, and, even though she has a housekeeper, devotes a portion of time to this, her true and happiest sphere. A contrary course to this results in a lassitude of mind often as fatal to health as the neglect of bodily exercise. The wife who leaves her household cares to her domestics, generally pays the penalty which has been affixed to idleness since the foundation of the world, and either wilts away from sheer ennui, or is driven into all sorts of fashionable follies to find employment for her mind. If household cares were more generally attended to by ladies of the family, there would be comparatively little backbiting, gossiping, enviousness, and other kindred sins; and women in good society would be much happier, and much more truly loveable.—*Springfield Republican.*

GOOD NATURE.—Good nature is a gem which shines brightly wherever it is found. It cheers the darkness of misfortune, and warms the heart that is callous and cold. In social life who has not seen and felt its influences? Don't let little matters ruffle you. Nobody gains anything by being cross and crabbed. If a friend has injured you—if the world goes hard—if you want employment, and can't get your honest dues—or fire has consumed, or water swallowed up the fruits of many years hard toil—or your faults are magnified, or enemies have traduced, or friends deceived, never mind; don't get mad with anybody; don't abuse the world or any creature; keep good natured, and our word for it, all will come right. Soft south winds and the gentle sun are not more effectual in clothing the earth with verdure and sweet flowers of spring, than is good nature in adorning the heart of men and women with blossoms of kindness, happiness and affection—those flowers the fragrance of which ascend to heaven.

ONLY he who has nothing to hope from a woman is truly sincere in her praise.—*Catalini.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE AUTUMN TIME.

BY ANNIE AYR.

ANOTHER Autumn Time
Is creeping slowly on. The mellow haze
That, like a halo, crowns the far, blue hills;
The lights and shadows that alternate flit
Along the plain,—like fitful passions
Of the human heart,—the gorgeousness
Of nature's livery, borrowing the hues
Of sunset and of gold, wherewith to deck
Her funeral robes—like added bloom
Upon consumption's cheek—all Nature's
Brilliant page speaks but of fleeting bloom
And slow decay.

It seemeth but as yesterday
Since Lady Elm, whose tasseled branches
Sweep my window sill, was radiant
With the glory of her vernal pride;
And yet, e'en now, as the light zephyr stirs
Her leaves, one and another flutter
And are gone—like summer friends.

I love the Autumn Time.
There is a calm, sweet stillness on the air
That falleth like a balm upon my spirit,
Soothing to peace the wild delirium
Of life's fevered dream. And when
The gorgeous eventide has come, painting the west
In the inimitable dyes of Heaven;
Outrivaling far the painter's
Daintiest fancy,—and I sit me down
And gaze until the burning gates
Of sunset seem ajar, and I can see
The fluttering pinions of the white-robed ones
Waiting to guide us from a world
Of fleeting beauty, to a clime
Of never-failing bloom.

Oh, happy those to whom
No Autumn of the Heart shall come. Who ne'er
Shall see the green leaves of their hope, and joy,
And earthly trust—aye, and the tender buds
Of fondest love, that joyously put forth
In youth's sweet spring, droop, and decay,
And wither from our sight, while we,
In deepest agony, besought the Giver
Of all Good but for one bud, one blossom
Of our love to cheer life's rugged steeps,
But sought in vain! We saw them fade and fall
At last, unmindful of our bitter tears.
Oh, this is agony. And yet our Father
Doeth all things well. Failing to win us
To his arms by gentle words of love,
And loving kindnesses, strewn thick along
Our wayward path, He sends the blight upon
Our fairest blossoms; then we, peradventure,
Seeing the emptiness of all our earthly joys,
The frailty of those hopes where we had placed
Our fondest trust, may turn unto those joys
That have no end—unto that hope that, like
An anchor to the soul, reaches to that
Within the vale,—and from the idols
Our love has set up, unto that love
Which is unchanged, unchangeable,
Which lends a willing ear unto
Our weary-laden hearts, and so shall give us rest.

When the last bloom
Of our life shall fade, and we shall put
Our robes immortal on, O, we shall see
The withered blossoms of our earthly love
Blooming afresh beneath the shadow
Of the Tree of Life, whose leaves are for the healing
Of the nations. Where no blighting storms shall mar
Their verdure, and no Autumn Time e'er bring
The sere and yellow leaf. Transplanted
To that genial clime—close by the still waters
Of life's pure river,—with the fadeless bloom
Of an eternal spring, shall they
Be crowned forever.

Syracuse, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

ALL objects, natural, spiritual, or divine, possess beauty, either in themselves, or in their effects on the mind of man, when rightly received and considered. Happy is the individual whose mind is so constructed he can discern beauty in all that GOD hath created—who can discover beneath a plain or homely exterior, the *inner* beauties of the mind and heart—whose soul is keenly alive to all the pleasing associations by which he may be surrounded,—and can see through the misty veil of doubt and disappointment, *gleamings* of brightness and loveliness.

We may see beauty in every blade of grass we tread beneath our feet—in every flower that blooms and fills the air with fragrance—in the dewy wings of the butterfly that flutters and rejoices in the summer sunlight—in the gay-plumaged warblers of the grove, and in their merry songs. We may love to listen to the sound of the summer rain, as it patters on the *old home roof*—to the gentle whisperings of the summer breeze—and to the quiet murmurings of the little brook, flowing on to meet the mighty river. Even these are pleasing sights and sounds to one who loves to "commune with Nature, and listen to her gentle teachings." Who could gaze in aught save "awe-struck wonder" and admiration, upon the awful majesty of Niagara's cataract whose waters rush on, amid the roar and thunder of their fall, with irresistible force, bearing all that come within their power to swift and sure destruction. *Beauty, how terrible, how sublime!* There is beauty on the broad, expanded bosom of the deep blue sea, and far down, among the myriads that inhabit the secret recesses of ocean's depths, where human eye hath never seen, nor human ear ever heard, even there does the beautiful abide. There is beauty, Oh, how fearful, in the lightning's vivid flash—in the thunder's awful roar, in the storm, and the whirlwind; for GOD is there in majesty and might. O, the calm beauty of the "bow of promise," when it arches the sky at even—of the clouds—of the pale orb of night—of the twinkling stars that "sang together for joy." And thou, O, Sun—great dispenser of light and heat—thou too, art beautiful,—too *dazzlingly* beautiful, for mortal vision. How much of beauty in his light, and in his shadows deep. To the lover of nature all these things are a source of admiration and happiness, for they reflect back upon the soul the image of the first Great Author. GOD is seen in all His works.

There is beauty in the trusting confidence of the bride, standing beside the manly form of him to whose keeping she is about to confide her happiness—her destiny—her all. There is beauty——less of earth than heaven,—in the innocent countenance of the prattling babe, and as it sleeps, angels whisper in its willing ear. Perhaps already, the Death Angel has lain his icy finger on the "polished brow," and taken the "rose-tint from cheek and lip;" but *still* there beams a *holy beauty*, which Death cannot destroy. There is beauty in the heart-trusting grief of the bereaved and weeping mother bending over the pale, cold form of her loved one, and imprinting the last fond kiss on its pure white brow; for with the eye of Faith she sees her babe among the angel band—she saw it pass softly over the "cold stream," and encircled in the loving arms of Him who said "suffer little children to come unto me."

Who can gaze, without seeing beauty one might well regard with envy, upon the white-haired man of three-score years and ten, whose calm, tranquil face, and beaming eye, betokens a well-spend life, and a looking forward to the realization of a glorious hope of blissful immortality beyond the grave, when the Heavenly Messenger shall whisper the joyful words:—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant, come up higher."

There is a beauty, which all may see, stamped in letters of living light, on the undying page of the Book of Life. What loveliness is in its requirements, its promises, and its rewards.—There is beauty, how sublimely holy, in the undying love which characterized Him, who, when nailed to the shameful cross, cried, in pleading tones, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do." Such is beauty *all divine*. Sin, which mars all earthly grace here, had lost its power. All other beauty fades and perishes with time, but the loveliness of the soul, the divine and immortal part of our natures, fades not, nor dies not, but lives on through the endless ages of eternity. May we all attain the comeliness which will grant us a passport to the *Land of the Beautiful* which lies beyond this vale of tears; where naught can enter to mar its perfection—where all is love, peace, joy and happiness forever.

"There is a glorious land on high,
Far above the starry sky;
All things there are fair and bright,
Land of Beauty—Land of Light."

Pavilion, N. Y., 1859. A. M. BISHOP.

MIDDLE LIFE.

IT is perhaps not without some shade of sadness that one comes to rank himself in middle life. Slowly it dawns upon him, reluctantly he admits it. It is no sense of growing old that teaches him, no flagging of the powers of the spirits, not even the taunt of that opprobrious epithet now-a-days flippantly flung at middle life—for the "*fogy*" is not the old, but the middle-aged man; but one finds that, with the fuller flesh, and firmer muscle, and stronger tread, and truer poise of his faculties,—while yet his sympathies are all young and fresh, while yet he waits to follow where the older and wiser lead,—the world waits and looks to him,—pushes him forward where he hesitates, until he discovers, that no longer looked upon as young, he must take his place in the toiling and exposed van, and hew the way in which other steps shall tread.

The character of middle life is the character of the man. It is that by which he is known, that by which he makes his mark, that by which he does his good or evil; it is the character he carries with him into age, and into the dread presence of his Maker. Middle life makes for us what God himself could not give. The bright visions of youth are past. Sorrows, disappointments, griefs, have overtaken us, and we are made to see how solemn and how real a thing it is to live; how vain, and weak, and ignorant is the unsupported soul of man. Amid trials and toils, the attendant witnesses of a Father's discipline and oversight, amid defeats which each day testify to our insufficient principle, our advancing years lead us. Shall all this pass us as the breeze passes the wheatfield, leaving it standing and smiling as before? Shall we not have gained some steadiness, some stateliness of character, some other reverence than ourselves, some other dependence? Shall the old frivolity still cleave in us—the garb of childhood on the frame of man—the old love and pursuit of pleasure—the old, often vanquished, self-confidence? Shall we be growing into years with all the frippery of childhood lingering about our hearts, our manners, our hopes, our attainments? Not so, middle life is for better things; for the casting off of the childish and unworthy, for the putting on of the whole man—even of the man after Christ. Saddest of all sad sights is it to see the probation of a human soul wearing towards its noon, while no deepening tinge to character proclaims the ripening within, while all things say how closely and wilfully it clings to its grosser delights. Old age is not of necessity beautiful. All do not know the secret of the art of growing old gracefully. It is an art which middle life works at and perfects. The secret lies back there. Serene and waiting, and beloved age is the result of honorable and virtuous middle life; and age, querulous, exacting, burdensome to itself and others, is the product of selfish, frivolous middle life.—*Selected.*

ENDURE HARDSHIP.—As the gladiator trained the body, so must we train the mind to self-sacrifice, "to endure all things," to meet and overcome difficulty and danger. We must take the rough and thorny roads, as well as the smooth and pleasant; and a portion at least of our daily duty must be hard and disagreeable; for the mind cannot be kept strong and healthy in perpetual sunshine only, and the most dangerous of all states is that of constantly recurring pleasure, ease, and prosperity. Most persons will find difficulties and hardships enough without seeking them; let them not repine, but take them as a part of that educational discipline necessary to fit the mind to arrive at its highest good.—*Selected.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MY HOME.

Not here, where angry billows roll
In ceaseless tumult o'er the soul,
Crushing each warm desire;
Not here my home of bliss shall be,
But to that far eternity
My highest hopes aspire.

Not here, where all is lone and drear,
Where every smile but masks a tear,
That fain would flow;
Where every joy that glads the heart
Must e'en of sorrow bear a part,
And one more pang bestow;

But there, where flowers are blooming ever,
Far, far beyond the flowing river,
My happy home shall be;
There angel forms my joys shall share,
And their glad music fill the air
With ceaseless melody.

Then cease thy murm'rings, thou fond heart,
Bear well and nobly now thy part,
Nor heave one bitter sigh;
Each rolling wave of this bleak sphere,
But bears thee nearer—still more near—
Thy home on high.

South Danby, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FORGIVENESS OF SIN THROUGH CHRIST.

IN this idea of the Divine forgiveness of sin, we have the sublimest exhibition of GOD's tender love and compassion to man. Our ideas of law in the abstract are not of the remission of punishment, but rather an impartial rendering unto every man what is his due, whether it be good, or whether it be evil. And when we reflect that this justice is so far tempered by mercy, that the guilt of the sins of the whole world has been expiated by the sacrifice of JESUS CHRIST, and we are restored to the favor and loving kindness of an offended GOD, through his intercession and righteousness, we are lost in wonder and admiration, that GOD should be thus mindful of us, worms of the dust as we are, and less than the least of all His mercies—that He should provide so broad and ample a plan of salvation that none—no, not one—need finally be lost. The mercies of our GOD ought truly to be melting mercies, in that He has manifested so great a compassion, and forbearance, and long-suffering unto us. E.

Wilson, N. Y., 1859.

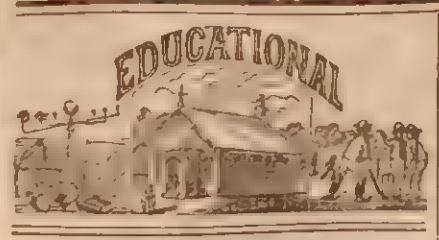
CHRISTIAN ENTHUSIASM.

ENTHUSIASM takes fire, and zeal stretches every nerve, at each thrilling mention of that central figure—the Cross; or those dear scenes, so vivid to the sense—Calvary and the Garden. It was never the utterance of smooth abstraction that wrought with drastic energy on the dead in trespasses and sins; brought three thousand converts into the Church by a single sermon at Pentecost; fascinated the young Florentine artists, and drew them away from their models and galleries to catch the pictures that were unrolled in the sentences of Savanarola, the author of the *Triumphus Crucis;* moved back an audience of French noblesse in a perceptible bodily recoil from the Cathedral altar, when the fingers of MASSILON's imagination opened the covers of the blazing pit; cast down thousands of sturdy English yeomanry upon their knees to pray, when WESLEY ordered the visible array of heaven and earth into the service of his oratory; bore the gracious blessing of BUNYAN's enchanting dream on its world-wide errand of holy delight—a charming evangel; made the stout-hearted New England Puritans, at Northampton, clutch the railings of their pews, when EDWARDS told them of the "due time," as if their feet were that instant veritably sliding; and extorted from a brave but sensual soldier the confession, that he would rather storm the Bridge of Lodi than hear a chapter of the Epistles to the Corinthians.—*Rev. S. D. Huntington.*

THEY SHALL OBTAIN MERCY.—If you find a man disposed to complain of the coldness of the world, be sure you will find that he has never brought any thing into the world to warm it, but is a personal lump of ice set in the midst of it. If you find a man who complains that the world is all base and hollow, tap him, and he will probably sound base and hollow. And so, in the other way, a kind man will probably find kindness everywhere about him. The merciful man, as a general thing, will obtain mercy. He who has always had a kind excuse for others, who has looked at the brightest side of the case; he who has rendered his pardon and his help whenever he could, who has never brought his fellow-man into any strait by reason of not helping him, will find that the mercy which he has bestowed flows back upon him in a full and spontaneous spring. He will make a merciful world by the mercy he himself shows.

READING THE BIBLE.—I don't suppose a man would sin unpardonably if he did not read the Bible any for a whole day. I don't believe GOD sits watching every man, and saying "There! he has not read the Bible for twenty-four hours! Put that down against him!" And we ought not to read the Bible for fear of any such accounting.—We carry in the Bible GOD's sweetest messages of cheer to us. If there is anything noble and delicate and tender anywhere, it is found in the Bible. And ought we so to defile such messages as these by a perfunctory reading of them? We should carry them as we carry letters from our dearest friends, and read them whenever the mood calls us to do so; read them again and again, and if we found that we had forgot a sentence or a word, go back and read it over again, and so get them by heart.—*Beecher.*

GENUINE religion is matter of feeling, rather than matter of opinion.—*Bovee.*



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DIFFIDENCE OF OUR ABILITIES.

By endeavoring to display our abilities, we discover a spirit of self-love, which is the ruling passion of man. From it spring emulation, envy, deceit, and, in fact, nearly all the evil propensities of our nature; wherefore one of the two great commandments, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." While we consider self-love as the main-spring of action, we must regard emulation as the *immediate* cause of a want of diffidence. Not this principle under the control of virtue, inciting to vigorous exertion, but merely the exercise of that baser desire to excel in the opinion of others—the desire to promote self above those around us. Since self-love is attended with so much that is debasing to the mind, surely it is wisdom not to discover its presence in the heart.

Again, if we often make a voluntary exhibition of our abilities, they will soon be undervalued. Even the greatest blessings, when constantly enjoyed without the effort of obtaining them, cease to be prized, from their very commonness. So, if we distribute largely of the fruit of our genius or talent, men soon regard such gifts as rightfully theirs, and not theirs by solicitation. Thus our abilities cease to be of use to us, as far as we employ them for the benefit of others. Diffidence of ability must even impart grace and dignity to the character, demanding the esteem and regard of the observer. He who refrains from attracting attention by displaying his abilities, is not influenced by mean or subordinate motives. Let him who would be respected, oblige others to make his acquaintance to judge of his merits. Let the soul be indeed a mine of wealth, urging the explorer on to discover richer and richer treasures.

Piffard, N. Y., 1859. JANE E H.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE GOOD NEWSPAPER A TEACHER.

The newspaper is the great teacher of our day, furnishing no small fund of information to those to be denominated self-made men in after years. Thousands of our little, obscure boys, in the school-room, the street, and domestic circle, are storing away a great variety of facts and events of vast importance, which will aid them in reaching an eminence of distinction when they shall launch on the stage of public life. These faithful chroniclers are conveying to them intelligence which the accumulated volumes of years cannot furnish. They are stimulating a taste for reading, where a whole library of books would pass unnoticed and unknown. They are creating a thirst for knowledge and wisdom, while the armies of vice, idleness and corruption would be multiplied without them, and our mighty armor of safety destroyed.

Once let this grand source of occupation, physical and mental, be suspended, a multitude of unemployed would run riot in the streets,—the haunts of crime would occupy the place of industry and morality, and discord become the order of the day. Thankful should we be that this powerful bulwark of safety, this potent instrument of good, the newspaper, is adapted alike to the means of the rich and the poor. No man, woman, or child in the land need do without it. Nay, none can *afford* to lose its advantages. It is the only equalizer of society. It aims to defend the laborer, point out his rights, and the honest road to renown. It is his friend, and warns him against a multitude of imposters striving to profit by his ignorance and credulity. It shows the wealthy the superiority of mind over money, and urges the importance of intellectual endowments, and the folly of costly household ornaments. To the statesman and sage it is a companion and co-worker, communicating much that was previously unknown, and making much with which we are already acquainted practical. The newspaper controlls, in no small degree, the sentiments of a people, and should be a welcome visitor in every true American home.

McDonough, Del. Co., N. Y., 1859. D. D. H.

HOW SHALL I BEGIN?

This is always an important question with those about to commence their first term of school. They have engaged the school, and received their certificate of qualification. The next labor is that of beginning. They know not how they shall enter the school, what shall be said to the scholars, and how the school shall be organized. Allow us to make a few suggestions.

1. The teacher should be self-possessed. This will ensure freedom on the part of the scholar as well as teacher. If the latter is confused, the work of organization must be retarded, and often may be unfavorably completed. Pupils will give information of their standing with indistinctness, and be wrongly classified. Ease will tend to a more thorough organization—to a full knowledge of the wants of each pupil.

2. The *speech* need not be long, yet something should be said. It is always expected, and always proper. It tends to the result of which we have already spoken. Assure the members of the school that you have engaged to act as their instructor with a strong desire to be of good service to them in the prosecution of their various studies—that you will exert every energy of mind and body for their good, be ever ready to assist, where assistance can be safely given, and that diligence, obedience and care must mark their course.

A few words of cheer should first greet the learner. Don't be afraid of a smile as you first address your scholars. If ever, make yourself and your pupils happy the very first half day. We have known teachers to boast that they had not smiled in their school during the entire term. Away with such an unnatural mode of governing a school. Does not the little child need a smile? Yes, as much it needs the air and light of heaven.

3. It is very important that the school be well organized, and at an early day. This will be effected by learning as far as possible the advancement which has been made by each, their previous studies and classification. The scholars may be requested, for the first day of the term, to take a place in the same classes as during the last session of the school. This will enable the new teacher to witness the proficiency which each has already attained, and will also suggest the changes which may be demanded. The first day will require the exercise of good judgment and nice discrimination.

In government, some would say, begin as you mean to govern the entire term. This may be well, with its qualifications. We would not, by any means, have the teacher allow a disregard of all proper order the first day, nor would we have him make a special effort to impress his pupils with an unmistakable assurance of *awful* sternness. Such is not the right way. The teacher should enter upon his duties with a cheerful countenance, and with such discreetness and caution that the scholars may be possessed with the idea of kindness and efficiency. The commencement should be made with the earnest effort to obtain the love and esteem of the learner, and then any change in arrangement or mode of government which the interests of the school shall require may be accomplished.—*Maine Teacher.*

The Reviewer.

Historical Vindications: A Discourse on the Province and Uses of Baptist History, delivered before the Backus Historical Society, at Newton, Mass., June 23, 1857. Repeated before the American Baptist Historical Society, at New York, May 14, 1859. With appendixes, containing Historical Notes and Confessions of Faith. By Sewall S. Cutting, Professor of Rhetoric and History in the University of Rochester. [12mo. pp. 224.] Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

Like every thing attempted by its accomplished author, the contents of this volume are admirable. In fact, statement and detail, the truths of Baptist History are amply vindicated, the Discourse and its Appendixes comprising a most valuable contribution to the religious literature of the country. In noticing the work a Boston contemporary truthfully remarks that "the very prominent part the Baptists have had in the religious and political history of the modern world, renders every work that throws light upon and illustrates their career worthy of the attention of all seekers after truth. Such a work is Prof. Cutting's *Historical Vindications*, which must win the esteem of all readers, so well has it been executed. Originally prepared for delivery at the Anniversary of the Newton Theological Institution, and subsequently repeated before learned and pious societies, it was proper that it should be placed before the world at large for general perusal. It will find many readers outside of the numerous and enlightened denomination for whom it was particularly prepared, as it contains much that belongs to the common history of mankind. The author has proved himself to be liberal, learned and able, and will have the respect and confidence of all intelligent inquirers." For sale by Adams & Danney.

New Elementary Algebra: Containing the Rudiments of the Science. For Schools and Academies. By H. N. Robinson, LL. D., author of a Full Course of Mathematics. [12mo.—pp. 312] New York: Ivison & Phinney.

An experienced teacher, who knows whereof he affirms from careful examination, assures us that this work is worthy the special attention of every member of his profession. It is a simple, clear and practical treatise. The Introductory Chapter is especially adapted to lead the pupil, by easy and progressive steps, from the study of Arithmetic to the study of Mental and Written Algebra. The style and arrangement of the work are superior, while its examples are numerous and practical. The subjects of Fractions, Progressions and the Roots are admirably discussed. The *New* demonstration of the Binomial Theorem cannot fail to be admired. We cordially commend the work to all practical teachers, in the confident belief that it is just such a text-book as will be approved and used by those who give it an examination. Books furnished for examination or introduction on application to the Agent, D. W. Fish, Rochester N. Y.

Sermons, Preached and Revised by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. [12mo. pp. 450.] Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

The announcement of another volume of select discourses by Mr. Spurgeon will attract attention,—particularly when it is known (as stated in the publisher's notice) that the sermons are given "precisely as they came from the hand of the author himself, with the revisions marked by his own pen, and without a passage or a word being omitted or added." Of the discourses we need only remark that they are characterized by the same glowing fervor, earnestness of feeling and vigorous style of those formerly published, and which have rendered their author, while comparatively young, the most popular pulpit orator living. For sale by Steele, Avery & Co.

The Atlantic Monthly.—The November number of this admirable magazine bears the imprint of the new proprietors, Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, one of the most reputable and extensive publishing firms in the country. The friends of the Atlantic will rejoice that their favorite has passed into capable hands. We quote the announcement of the new publishers:

"In assuming the control of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields would say to its readers, that the Magazine will be conducted upon the same general plan as heretofore. It will be their aim, that, under its new management, the Magazine shall not fall short of its present high standard of excellence; and they would bespeak a continuance of the liberal patronage which has hitherto been accorded to it, and which is the best proof of the public appreciation of its merits."

—The November issue fully sustains the "high standard of excellence" hitherto attained. [We will furnish both the *Atlantic* and the Rural for $4, as heretofore.

Books Received.

Gold Foil.—Hammered from Popular Proverbs. By Timothy Titcomb, author of "Letters to the Young." [16mo.—pp. 358.] New York: Charles Scribner. Rochester—Steele, Avery & Co.

A Good Fight, and other Tales. By Chas. Reade, author of "Love me Little, Love me Long," "Peg Woffington," "Christie Johnstone," &c. With Illustrations. [12mo.—pp. 341.] New York: Harper & Bros.

Edith, the Backwoods' Girl. By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill, author of "Queer Bonnets," "I'll be a Lady," etc. [16mo.—pp. 345.] New York: Chas. Scribner.

We are also in receipt of the November Magazines—*Harper's Monthly, The Knickerbocker, Godey's Lady's Book, Blackwood's, All the Year Round*, &c.—several of which are worthy of extended notice.

A NEW PIANO.

A NEW COTTAGE AND SCHOOL PIANO FORTE.

That long-sought desideratum, a good and cheap Piano-Forte, has at last been furnished by the manufacturers of the instrument represented in the accompanying illustration. Unless we greatly mistake the wants and disposition (in expending money for musical instruments) of a large class of people, the New School and Cottage Piano recently announced by Messrs. Boardman, Gray & Co., will soon become popular, as it places piano music within the means of many who have hitherto been debarred from its enjoyment. We copy what the *Musical World* and *Godey's Lady's Book*—both good authorities on matters pertaining to music and musical instruments—say relative to the New Piano-Forte, as follows:

This is certainly an age of progress, and in no one thing has there been more progressive *improvement* than in the manufacture of the piano-forte. So many articles have been written descriptive of this instrument, since its introduction into musical circles, that it is hardly necessary here, to repeat these descriptions. Suffice it to say, that from its origin to the present time constant changes have been made in its construction, and a vast amount of time and money have been expended in the various experiments which mechanical ingenuity has suggested, so that we now have the piano-forte as nearly perfect as it is possible to make it, so far as quality and volume of tone are concerned. There undoubtedly will be, as there have been, various alterations in the method of construction, but these alterations are not always found to be improvements.

We have been particularly struck with this progressive idea of manufacturing, in examining a piano for schools and seminaries, made by Boardman, Gray & Co., of Albany, at the extremely low price of one hundred and twenty-five dollars, coupled with another of similar style for cottages and small apartments, for one hundred and fifty dollars. These instruments are exceedingly attractive in appearance, of excellent quality in tone, and no doubt equal in thoroughness of construction to the higher priced pianos of these manufacturers, who are so widely known as first-class makers. We see no reason why the School and Cottage Pianos should not become universally popular, especially in the primary departments of education, where the price has prevented the purchase of a more costly instrument, and in private families where they can be made to subserve all musical purposes in the nursery and smaller rooms, into which the Grand or Square Grand cannot be introduced for want of space. The following article from *Godey's Lady's Book*, we copy for the benefit of our readers who may need a more minute description:

"In our May number we mentioned that Messrs. Boardman, Gray & Co., of Albany, New York, were about making a piano at a low price, especially adapted to the wants of schools, &c. Now it gives us much pleasure to announce that they have the article fully perfected, and it proves all they promised as a musical instrument, and at the price also, 'at less than half the amount usually paid,' &c.

"The piano is of six octaves, being the upper six octaves of an A scale seven octave, and therefore any music can be performed on it that can be on a seven octave, except the lower bass notes, which are not strictly essential. Combining their improved new scales, they obtain all the musical capacity necessary and great power in a small space, the piano being only five and a half feet long, and two and a half feet wide. The cases are finished with all large round corners, back and front the same; have their new and latest great improvement, the insulated iron rim and frame cast in one piece, forming the upper part of the case, making them very durable, as well as ornamental; and they will remain in tune and order for a great length of time, fully equal to their large and elegant instruments, which are renowned for this important principle, thus combining all the improvements in pianos, and simplifying them. They are enabled to offer these instruments, finished in handsome cases for school purposes, securely boxed for transportation, at one hundred and twenty-five dollars. They make the same musical instrument, finished in rosewood cases, highly polished, suitable for the cottage, small parlor or sitting-room, forming an elegant piece of furniture, at one hundred and fifty dollars. These pianos are all the makers represent them, and are fully warranted so to prove and to give satisfaction; and their names as makers are sufficient that they will fulfill all promises. They will furnish circulars, giving full descriptions and particulars of these as well as their large pianos, on application.

"Messrs. Boardman, Gray & Co. have thus met one of the greatest wants of the age, and should have the especial thanks, countenance and support of all who love music, and believe in its influence and refining power, especially with the young. In furnishing Seminaries, Schools, &c., with pianos that are really good and durable, at less than half the usual price paid, it gives them the power to extend the study of music to a larger number and at less rates; and then more of our children can afford to study music, when they can obtain good and elegant pianos at comparatively so small an outlay. In our cities there are hundreds of families who want a piano that will take but little room, and yet have the musical requisites, for the sitting-room or nursery, for their children to practice on, instead of their being confined to the piano in the parlor, &c.; and then, again, there are tens of thousands of families throughout our country, in moderate circumstances, who do not feel able to make an outlay of $300 or $400, that can now, for $150, have all the advantages of a superior piano-forte to enliven their homes, and elevate and refine the character and minds of their children. Such is the enterprise of these eminent piano-forte manufacturers, always looking to the wants of the people, and always furnishing an article fully to be depended on; so we advise all who want good piano-fortes to send on their orders to them in Albany, New York."

INSECTS AS SEEN IN THE MICROSCOPE.

The wings of insects are very interesting objects, both to look at unassisted, and with the microscope. The wings of the house-fly are found to be covered with minute, stiff, short hairs; the black net-work of lines that we see in them are elastic horny tubes, over which the membrane is stretched like the silk of an umbrella over its ribs. Bees have a very curious mode of strengthening their flight, in the shape of hooks and corresponding doublings on the edges of their wings, so that when they are flying these are kept expanded by even extra aids to the elastic ribs and tightened membrane. Who would have thought of a bee hooking and eyeing himself out in that manner? All sorts of theories have held ground, successively, respecting the feet of flies. First, they were suckers, and they walked by means of exhaustion and atmospheric pressure; then they were grappling irons, and they hooked themselves to microscopic inequalities by means of invisible hooks; then they were glue-pots and exuded a natural gum, which gummed the insect at every step; now we believe they are assumed to be all three; claws, or spines, to hook; pads, or cushions, to preserve them from abrasion—these pads were the original suckers; hairlets as sucking disk that exude a certain moisture—all these hypotheses are found to be true, as always happens in cases when truth unrolls itself in sections.

The scales on the wings of insects are a world in themselves. The little bristle tail which leaves a thick dust on your finger, though touched never so lightly, leaves in that dust a mass of metallic scales of all shapes. Oval, heart-shaped, round, elliptic, long and narrow, shovel-shaped, they lie under the microscope like a collection of fairy toys, all made out of gems. The sugar-louse has oval or shovel-shaped scales, set on to a stalk and arranged like a fan; the five-plume moth of the summer meadows has them willow-leaved in shape, sometimes singly pointed, but generally notched with two, three, or four notches; the six spot burnet-moth has them lustrous but opaque; the blue butterfly, shaped like a battledore; the buff-tipped moth has large scales like a fan; the magnificent Emperor has them triangular; while some have them fringed, some pear-shaped, and others corrugated, but all over-lapping each other, or tiled. The diamond beetle is the most splendid fellow of the lot. He has a row of precious stones in his flat transparent scales that irradiate the whole field with their gleaming glory. Those precious stones are set on to broad bands of black velvet, velvet and jewels alternating in stripes in the most regal and enchanting manner. Few objects are so beautiful as the scales of the diamond beetle, with their royal richness and burning glory.

AUTOGRAPHS OF MILTON AND HIS WIFE.

At the great sale in London, a few months ago, the autographs of Milton and his wife were sold to Messrs. Pennington, of Philadelphia, for a fellow townsman of theirs, who has one of the best collections in this country. The sum paid was £215. The first runs as follows:

April 26, 1669.

Rec'd then of Samuel Simmons five pounds being the second five pounds to be paid mentioned in the Covenant. I say rec'd by me. *John Milton.*
Witness Edmond dipton.

"Paradise Lost," published in 1667, was sold by Milton to Simmons, a bookseller, for five pounds, with a premise of five pounds more ($25) when 1,300 copies should have been sold of each edition of 1,300 copies respectively. Milton died in November, 1674, and his widow, who long survived him, gave a receipt for eight pounds more, dated December 21, 1680, which was one of the two documents purchased for Philadelphia, which is a receipt in full, as follows:

"*I do hereby acknowledge to have received of Samuel Symonds Cittisen and Staconer of London the sum of Eight pounds which is in full payment for all my right, title or interest, which I have, or ever had in the coppy of a Poem entitled Paradise Lost, in twelve Bookes in 8vo. By John Milton, Gent: my late husband. Witness my hand this 21st day of December* 1680. *Elisabeth Milton.*

Witness
William Yapp.
Ann Yapp.

Borax Soap.—Those who have tried it, highly recommend the plan of adding borax to hard soap for washing clothes, as it aids in extracting dirt, and so saves labor. Take about half or three-quarters of an ounce of borax and one quart of water to each pound of soap. First dissolve the borax, then add the soap, cut in thin slices, and keep the mixture hot until the soap is dissolved, which may take two or three hours. The mixture is not to be heated up to the boiling point, and it will sometimes answer to set it upon a hot stove at night, and let it remain till morning. When it is cool, it will be a homogeneous mass, which is to be used as you would soft soap upon dirty linen, and that should always be applied the evening before washing, soaking the articles in cold water until ready for the washing machine.—*Selected.*

The Young Ruralist.

HURRAH FOR THE CITY.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I see you give young folks interested in agriculture a column in your sheet, and some of them have got the language to give flight to their thoughts, and that is just what I am lacking. I sometimes wonder if the youth's father's don't write those nice paragraphs for them. But let me inform you of my circumstances. I am a young man, 17 years of age, and am so situated that I can act entirely as I choose. I had the good luck to be born poor as a church mouse, and like all other poor people, have to work late and early for a mere existence. Now I don't like this way of living, and getting nothing ahead but my growth, and how am I to remedy it? Now I will tell you what I am bound to do, and that pretty quick. I am determined to turn my back to waving fields of grain, and go to the city to seek my fortune. Certainly I can get my existence there just as well as if they had apple borers, Hessian flies, potato rot, &c., &c.

Reader, what kind of a fist do you suppose I would make in a counting-room? Would it not be delightful to count that pile of money? to add that column of figures, and scratch away at the books?—Or, would you advise me to stay in the country and work all my life, and, in about two years more I would know nothing but work? You can puff all you please about a boy that works hard all day getting time to study. I have tried the experiment, and when night comes all I want to see is a bed. Besides, it is injurious to the eyes to study nights. But enough of this. "Hurrah for St. Louis," and a thousand a year in a counting-room. Methinks I hear some old farmer say, "better work on a farm for one hundred and forty."

Dorsey, Ill., 1859. Young America.

That is all very nice—a thousand dollars a year in a counting-room. But, how many young men are walking about the streets of St. Louis, Chicago, and other great cities of our Union, with melancholy faces and despairing hearts, almost begging for situations, at salaries that will barely keep them from starvation. Thousand dollar salaries are scarce, and such situations don't go begging, nor are they kept open, waiting for country boys. We would just like to place one of these seekers after employment in the cities—with the last dollar changed, the last week's board unpaid and a terrible forboding of a dun, which takes away the appetite, and makes existence a misery—by the side of the afflicted, grumbling country boy, and present them to a jury of twelve intelligent men to decide which was the happiest mode of life. One look at their faces would suffice to decide the question, unless, indeed, "*Young America*" has spoiled his by whining and grumbling. As a general rule, a youth that does not study *any* when engaged in farming, would not be likely to study *much* under any circumstances. Those *weak eyes* of "*Young America*" would be sorely tried before he had been in a counting-room six months, that is, if he was good for anything, so as to be trusted at posting books, writing letters, &c. A counting-room is a sorry place for a boy who is afraid of his eyes. There is not much fun either, in counting other people's money; it is a great deal better to count a little of our own.

Our advice would be, if you cannot be content on a farm, learn a trade. You can get employment at many trades and have your evenings for study. You can then learn book-keeping, and get a great amount of useful information, that, with good principles, will make you a respectable and valuable man by the time you are twenty-one years of age. And with a good trade, if you are master of it, you are certain of an independent and respectable living. A young man who at twenty-one has a good constitution, a good trade, a fair share of valuable information, and good morals, although not a dollar in his pocket, is a credit to himself and his friends, and in a fair way for usefulness and honor.

BOYS, HELP YOUR MOTHER.

"It looks bad to see three or four large, robust boys sitting around the kitchen stove toasting their shins, cracking nuts and eating apples, while their mother, a slender, feeble woman, lugs in wood from the shed, wets her feet going thro' the snow for water, and stands in the damp, chilly cellar cutting the meat for breakfast." It isn't right, boys, and when you get to be men, and your imagination wanders back to the old homestead, that pale face and fragile form, long since mouldering in the grave, will haunt your memory, and cause bitter regrets at your careless neglect. You will think of her, as day after day she moved about in the well remembered rooms, uncomplainingly performing all the harassing toil of the household, sacrificing herself, and wearing out her life for *you*. Think of it, and think how much you can do to lighten her burdens.

A mother's work is never finished. It is one unceasing, monotonous, ever recurring round of toil. Her duties begin first in the morning, and she must perform the last stroke at night, and as she lays her head upon the pillow, it is with the thought that the same tread-mill of labor is to be begun at dawn. The calls upon "Mother" are endless,—here a coat to mend, a book to cover, a stocking to darn. Tommy has cut his finger, and "Mother" must bind it up with a rag. Father has got a cold, and none but *her* can make the hoarhound tea. After all have retired at night, *she* carefully goes about to see that the fires are all safe—to lock the smoke-house door—shut up the old cat and kittens, and see that the "hired-girl" has the potatoes washed, the buckwheat batter prepared, and the coffee ground for an early breakfast.

Boys, think of these things, and keep the wood boxes well filled, and don't let your mother pull that heavy well-sweep. Knock the mud and snow off from your boots when you go into the house,—don't leave your cap, and comforter, and books lying around promiscuously; and, instead of stopping to play on your way from school, hurry home and do that heavy churning. Do all this, and much more, cheerfully, and it will make home sweeter, and gladden the household circle with many sunny spots. Anad.

Belmont, Ala., 1859.

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$1000 to $1500 Per Year—E. G. Storke.
Thorough bred Stock for Sale—H. & M. C. Mordoff.
Home Insurance Company—J. Dorr.
50 Bushels Prime Apple Seed—J. A. Root.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 12, 1859.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

The special correspondent of the N. Y. *Times* says that Mr. McLane, on the 8d inst., left Washington en route for Mexico. His instructions are very full, including the subject of transit protection, and looking to the possibility of a general reciprocity treaty with regard to American protection of the transit. He is instructed to insist on that, but to limit the operation of the treaty to some definite period.

At the last session of the Senate a resolution was passed, requesting the President to cause the heads of the Departments to submit estimates for the expenses of the Government for the next Congress, exclusive of the public debt and interest thereon, provided the same can be done without injury to the public service. Estimates are in course of preparation and in accordance with the spirit of the resolutions, and with a view to strict economy, but it is not at all probable that the expenditures will be restricted to such a narrow limit.

Reliable advices state that the government of Nicaragua has every disposition to make with us a satisfactory transit arrangement, and that the only obstacle to this is the Belly contract, which, however, has already failed in some particulars.

The dispatches from Consul Black to the State Department show that Ormond Chase was most atrociously murdered in Mexico, by officers belonging to the Church party. All that was in the President's power to do, will be or has been done in view of that crime. If more than this is necessary to protect the lives and property of American citizens in that country, Congress must provide further means. There is no doubt that the President will prominently present this subject in his annual message. The friends of the Constitutional Government think it is highly essential that Senor Ledas should immediately return to Vera Cruz, in order to exert his influence towards the consummation of the pending treaty.

Official information from Mexico to the 2d ult., says that the Juarez government is waiting for the return of Minister McLane, to renew treaty negotiations. As this gentleman commenced them at Vera Cruz, it was considered that it would be disrespectful for him to transfer the proceedings to Washington.

The Treasury receipts for the past week are $1,809,000. Drafts paid amounted to $1,072,000. Amount subject to draft, $4,865,000. On hand last week $358,000.

Personal and Political.

Hon. James C. Jones, of Tennessee, is dead. He has long been prominent in politics, was Governor of that State, and for the last six years represented it in the United States Senate.

It is said that Ex-President Martin Van Buren is engaged on an important and elaborate work, which shall embrace a political history of the country down to the close of his administration. It is to be hoped that the Ex-President will be spared to complete his undertaking, begun in the evening of life, and amid the retirement which is so favorable to its accomplishment.

At Easton, Pa., on Monday week, the Right Rev. Andrew Benade, the oldest Bishop of the Moravian church in America, and nearly 90 years of age, died. He was much respected for his intelligence and good qualities.

The Legislature of Georgia met on the 2d inst. Legrand Gerry was chosen President of the Senate, and Isaiah Irving Speaker of the House. The message was sent in; it is quite lengthy, and confined to State affairs.

A dispatch to the Philadelphia *Express* says that the Pennsylvania Opposition State Committee have agreed to call a State Convention to elect delegates to a National Opposition Convention of the whole Union.

A special dispatch to the St. Louis *Republican* gives the official vote at the recent election in Kansas as follows:—For the Constitution, 10,419; against the Constitution, 5,530. For the Homestead Law, 8,758; against it, 4,772.

The returns of the recent election in Maryland are very meagre, and seem to favor the Democracy. In Baltimore dreadful scenes were to be witnessed at the polls, firearms were freely used, and quite a number were killed. In a majority of the wards the rioters took possession of everything, carrying all matters to suit themselves. The following members of Congress are elected:—Harris, Davis Webster, Americans; Stewart, Kunkel, Hughes, Democrats. The State Legislature stands as follows:—House—25 Americans, 49 Democrats.—Senate—8 Americans, 13 Democrats. One district to hear from.

News Paragraphs.

The death of Frederick F. Smith, Esq., "the first white male child" born in Erie county, Ohio, is announced as having taken place at Sandusky, a few days since, at the age of fifty years.

A State Convention of sportsmen will be held in the village of Geneva, this State, on Tuesday, the 15th inst., for the purpose of discussing and devising means for united action throughout the State for a revision of the present inefficient game and fish laws.

Over 300 men are now employed in getting out timber in the Virginia mountains near Rowlesburg, on the Cheat river, which is to be used for gun-carriages by the British Government. The contractor has orders which it will take two years to fill. The Cheat river oak is said to be the best yet imported into England.

The fourth span of the Mississippi bridge at Clinton, Iowa, was finished on Saturday week. This completes the entire work between Little Rock Island and Willow Island. The masonry is nearly done—the sixth and last pier being far advanced towards completion.

An American traveler in Europe, in describing the German railways, says that "smoking is all but universal in railway carriages. In some of them, in fact, I have seen this queerly illustrated by a small compartment of the car devoted to those who did not like tobacco smoke—quite the reverse of our system of smoking cars."

A discovery of great importance has just been made by the State Geologist in Texas. It is no less than the discovery of vast bodies of iron ore, as well as tertiary coal or lignite, beds of limestone, pipe-clay, fire-rock and hydraulic limestone, in the region of country immediately south of Harrison county.

In 1858 more than one million two hundred thousand barrels of flour were received in Boston, or about four thousand barrels each business day. The year ending September 1, 1859, the receipts were 1,077,720 barrels. From Boston this article is distributed all over the Eastern New England States and British Provinces. Western Massachusetts, a portion of Maine, and the large seaports of Massachusetts, import their own flour to a considerable extent.

The 1st of October, 1859, occupies an important place in the meteorological history of San Francisco; its night was the first sultry one known to the oldest inhabitant. Never before had a night passed without blankets being necessary for a comfortable sleep.

While repairing the break in the Croton water pipes in New York, it was discovered that the pipes, all the way from Croton lake to the city, have been a swimming pond for the fish. Numbers of white and yellow bass were found, and as fast as found were roasted by the laborers at the great resin fires kept up during Friday night, and eaten with avidity. One of the fish thus caught was nine inches in length.

A Swarm of Bees let Loose in a Depot.—A few days ago a man from Illinois passed through Cleveland, on the railroad, with one hundred and ten cases of bees, on the way to California. While the boxes were being conveyed from the Toledo to the C. and T. train, one of them fell off the truck and burst open, and in an instant the air was filled with the buzzing insects. The depot being crowded with passengers, quite a commotion was excited by the pointed attentions of the bees.

Change of Fashion.—We take the following notice from the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette of Aug. 9th, 1837:—"Matthias, the Prophet," visited the Northern parts of this county last week, and on Friday, preached in Manchester, Va. He was decently clad, but from the fact of wearing his beard, both on his chin and upper lip, he presented a most singular and uncouth appearance.

From Santa Fe.—The Westport correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, says that four Santa Fe mails are now due at Independence, and that serious apprehensions are felt for the safety of both out-going and in-coming parties. The same correspondent also states, on the authority of the mail carrier between Council Grove and Fort Riley, that nineteen returning Pike's Peak emigrants, have been murdered by the Indians on the plains since the killing of the Chief of the Kaws, at the former place about two months ago.

Business Prospects in the West.—The Cincinnati Gazette says:—The demand for money continues active, but chiefly from the country, which is a favorable sign, indicating that business in produce throughout the interior has become very active, and that country collections will consequently very soon improve. Throughout Illinois and Indiana, the desire to sell corn at 20 cents to 25 cents per bushel, is general and strong, and at Lafayette, Indiana, Monday, we understand, the supply of corn brought in by wagons, exceeded anything before known, and the price declined five cents per bushel. This abundant supply of corn will lead to an abundant supply of pork and beef, and will place the West in a position to liquidate its indebtedness, which cannot be large, and put financial matters in an easy position within sixty days. We say the indebtedness of the West is not large, which will be apparent when it is considered that ever since 1857, business men have been engaged collecting up old accounts, and contracting their business, rather than extending it, so that no undue expansion can exist in th Western States just now; and consequently, no collapse need be feared. This, to our mind, is the common sense view, and in fact the true nature of the case, and it will take but comparatively little to place business matters in a most comfortable position, and the business community in very easy circumstances.

Naturalized Chinaman.—One of the immigrants from the Celestial Empire, has become a full fledged American citizen. He declared his intentions in 1853, and having now perfected his papers, stands on his reserved rights, which white men in California respect without contest.

The Cranberry Crop.—The Barnstable (Mass.) Patriot, says:—The cranberry crop has not been overabundant this year, but there has been a middling yield, and the berries have ripened finely. The higher lands and richer soil seem to have produced best. The amount gathered in this town is not far from a thousand bushels, and they will sell for about $4 a bushel. In Brewster, Albert P. Clark raised 265 barrels, sold at $13 12½ per barrel—amounting to $3,478; Mrs. Lurana Winslow, 214 barrels, on three acres; Nathan Winslow, 53, on one acre; and many others have from 15 to 20 barrels. Our readers can judge for themselves of the great profit growing out of the culture of the cranberry in Barnstable county.

Brown Convicted.—The leader of the Harper's Ferry insurrectionists has been convicted, and sentenced to be hung on Friday, the 2d day of December next. Green, the negro, was convicted of inciting negroes to insurrection and murder in the first degree. The charge of treason was abandoned in his case, he not being a citizen.

A Good Dentist.—The root of an aching or diseased tooth may not be the root of all evil, but it is the cause of abundant pain and tribulation.—Sufferers from aching, diseased or lost instruments of mastication, are confidently referred to the card of Dr. E. F. Wilson, a practical and scientific Dentist of rare success, who performs operations which are often painful and annoying, in a satisfactory manner, giving little pain or trouble to the recipients of his delicate manipulations. Mr. W. is a true progressive, taking the lead in adopting new inventions and real improvements in the dental art. We know whereof we affirm, and therefore take pleasure in saying thus much without the knowledge or solicitation of the party commended.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Great Britain.—The London *Times*, in speaking of Commodore Tatnall's dispatch, relative to the operations at the mouth of the Peiho, editorially eulogizes it, and says if any defence were needed for the acts of the British Minister and Admiral in those distant regions, it would be found in the dispatch which it has had the pleasure of printing.

The departure of the Great Eastern for America had been postponed *sine die*, and would probably not take place this year.

The strike of the London builders continued, and there were indications that it was beginning to tell seriously against the men who refused to resume work. The dividend was diminishing, and a resolution was adopted to appeal to the public for support. Recent returns show excessive mortality among the wives and families of the operatives in the building trade, and there was fear that scores of innocent persons and young children were perishing from sheer want.

The weather in England had been unusually severe for the season. Heavy frosts prevailed, and a considerable quantity of snow had fallen.

Parliament is further prorogued to Dec. 10th.

The policy of England, in taking a part in the Congress, is being canvassed by the press, and generally the arguments are against it. The London *Times* and *Herald* are both averse to England joining any European Congress on Italian affairs. The London *Post*, Lord Palmerston's organ, asserts that it were an idle trifling with the influence of England and the hopes of Italy, to expect any English statesmen, at all worthy of the name, would hazard his own reputation and the national honor entrusted to his care, by entering a Congress, of which the basis may be an execution of the Zurich treaty. The journal, in another editorial, regards the Italian complications as very serious, and the position of Napoleon as extremely embarrassing. He has undertaken the special protection of the Papal Government, and also of Italian liberty—an opposition warfare. It is almost certain that the Romagna will be attacked by the Papal troops. It is also certain that at the first menace of armed intervention in the Duchies, the troops of Garibaldi will sweep before them every vestige of Papal rule. Under these circumstances the intervention of Austria will be anticipated. What part France will then play, and what extension will the Roman question then assume? The *Post* concludes by saying that English statesmen will make efforts to avert the dangers which threaten Europe.

The *Chronicle* says that Messrs. Beardmore & Robinson, electricians, visited Valentia this week, and set on foot a series of experiments on the Atlantic cable. Encouragement as to the success of the undertaking, both as regards the resuscitation of the old and the laying of the new was in the ascendant. These gentlemen found room in the state of the cable to disseminate new courage among its friends.

France.—A Zurich telegram of the 18th, says the principal points of the treaty of peace between France and Austria, signed by the Plenipotentiaries and ratified by the two Governments, are as follows:—Austria gives up Lombardy, except Mantua and Peschiera, and as far as the frontier line fixed by a special commission to France, who transfers it to Piedmont. Pensions acquired in Lombardy are to be paid by the new Government. Piedmont is to pay Austria 40,000,000 florins, and be responsible for three fifths of the debt of Monte Lombard—Venetia making a debt in all transferred to Sardinia, 250,000,000f. The two Powers will unite their efforts in order that reform in the administration should be carried out by the Pope. The return of the Dukes of Tuscany, Modena and Parma, are expressly reserved to the two Emperors, who will assist with all their power in a formation of a Confederation of all the States of Italy and Venetia, under Austrian rule. Ratifications were to be exchanged at Zurich within fifteen days.

The projected Chinese expedition had been discussed in the Council of Ministers. It was proposed to dispatch 15,000 men, but nothing definite was arrived at. The troops would not leave before the end of the year.

Accounts from Cochin China say that the French forces were so worn out by fatigue and disease, that they were preparing to abandon Touraine, and return to China. The only point which the Admiral will not abandon is Segon, where extensive fortifications had been raised, and a strong garrison will be left.

Italy.—Marshal Vailliant is reported to have written to Napoleon, suggesting the occupation of the Duchies by French troops, to prevent civil war from breaking out.

The Neapolitan army, the Roman portion, was increasing. It was rumored that troops had landed at Ancona.

Considerable excitement prevailed in Piedmont on the condition of the Zurich treaty.

The King of Sardinia, on receiving a deputation from the municipality of Genoa, reiterated his intention to defend the cause of Italian independence to the utmost of his power. He expressed the hope that the wishes of Italy would be granted.

The Common Council of Milan had voted 100,000f. toward Garibald's subscription for the purchase of muskets.

It is expected that the effective strength of the new Sardinian army will be 100,000, exclusive of the rifle corps and military marine. In addition there will be throughout the kingdom, about 600,000 National Guards.

Commercial—*Breadstuffs*—Breadstuffs depressed, the improvement noted at beginning of the week being all lost. Flour 22s6d@27s; Red Wheat 9s5d@9s6d; Wheat do. 9s9d@11s. Yellow Corn 6s@6s4d; White do. 6s3d@7s8d. *Provisions*.—Very little doing in beef. Sales of pork steady. Lard steady—54@60s. Bacon dull. Tallow unchanged.

Clippings from Foreign Journals.

The oldest pensioner at the Chelsea Hospital, England, is in his 105th year. Excepting that he is unable to feed himself, his powers and faculties are remarkable; his sight, hearing, memory, etc., are good, and he is able to walk without the aid of a stick.

The Rajah of Coorz, who has lived in Oriental magnificence, near London, of late years, is dead. He leaves a daughter to inherit his millions, who has been the object of the especial care of her Majesty, and been educated and brought up with English ideas, and in the Protestant faith.

Schamyl, who, at the head of his Caucasian mountaineers, has so long baffled and annoyed the Russians, is a prisoner for life. He was presented to the Emperor last month, and has been assigned by him a residence and an income in an inland town, where he will enjoy every liberty except that of leaving the place.

In a speech delivered at Aberdeen, Scotland, a few days since, Lord John Russell entered at large upon sundry political questions. In speaking of Italy he took occasion to declare that England would never, under his auspices, enter into the contest if the rights of the people of Italy to govern themselves, without the interference of foreign coercion, were recognized. At the same time he declared his firm belief that neither Austria nor France would use any compulsion with the people of Central Italy.

The London *Times* says that agents of the French, Austrian and Sardinian governments have been soliciting tenders from the leading English iron founders for a very large number of rifled cannon. The Paris correspondent of the London *Herald* says nothing is heard on every side but preparations for war. Not a single man in the French army has yet been sent home on renewable furlough, and only those entitled to discharge in December next have obtained it. Not a single ship has been dismantled, and active measures of defence are progressing at the ports. The correspondent gives a similar picture of operations in Austria and Sardinia.

A paper read before the British Scientific Association on "Underground Temperature," stated that, with the thermometer sunk to the depth of three feet, the greatest cold was experienced in February, while at six feet deep the greatest cold was in March; at twenty feet deep the greatest cold was in April, and at twenty-four feet deep the greatest cold was in July.

Lord Brougham, though eighty-one years of age, has just undergone an amount of work in a single week which would have severely taxed the energies of a man in middle life. His address at the meeting of the Social Science Association on the 11th ult., was a marvel of length and ability; on the night of the 12th he took part in the anniversary proceedings of the Bradford Mechanics' Institute; on the 13th he paid Sheffield a visit, and delivered speeches marked by his wonted fire and vigor; and the same night he was one of the speakers at a working-men's meeting at Bradford.

The News Condenser.

— Filibuster Walker is living in obscurity in New Orleans.

— The Walker Filibusters have been acquitted in New Orleans.

— The United States forces at San Juan Island number about 500 men.

— An eel three feet and six inches long was found in a hydrant in Boston last week.

— The International and Colonial Banks of Canada suspended payment last week.

— Garibaldi has issued an address to his troops warning them that a battle is at hand.

— At the last State Fair of California, a cabbage was exhibited that weighed 58 pounds.

— Salt springs have been discovered in the coal fields of Southern Illinois, in Marion Co.

— Secretary Floyd, it is said, will succeed Hon. J. Y. Mason, (deceased) as Minister to France.

— The *coon crop* in the Ohio and Scioto bottoms, says the Portsmouth Tribune, is very heavy.

— Ossawatamie Brown was a soldier in the war of 1812, and fought at the battle of Plattsburgh.

— A well preserved colossal bronze bust of Cicero has been recently discovered near Pompeii.

— In Hamburg, out of 2 848 cases of cholera this summer, 1,193 have died and 1,149 have recovered.

— Wild ducks abound in the Susquehanna now, and the sportsmen bag large numbers of them daily.

— All the prisoners in the La Crosse, Minn., jail, including a German murderer, recently escaped.

— Providence, R. I., contains 52,000 inhabitants, of whom 32,000 are Americans and 20,000 foreigners.

— They charged one dollar for an admission ticket to a single lecture by Bayard Taylor in San Francisco.

— Hon. Francis P. Blair, of Missouri, a few days since emancipated four slaves in the St. Louis court.

— Some of the Chicago merchants are agitating the establishment of a clearing house for grain in that city.

— There is as much difference between a statesman and a politician as there is between a pillar and a post.

— At Lavacca, Texas, it is stated that a line of packets will shortly commence running from that port to Hamburg.

— The Tennessee Legislature has before it a proposition to expel all free negroes from the State after January 1st, 1862.

— There was a general white frost in South Carolina on the 22d ult., and in the middle and upper country there was ice.

— It is estimated that two-thirds of the population of the United States have at least two initial letters to their names.

— Frost and ice were noticed near New Orleans on Sunday week, and also in various parts of Mississippi and Alabama.

— The Free Masons of San Francisco have purchased a lot of land for $92,000, and will erect a building worth $100,000 on it.

— There are five starch manufactories in Stowe, Vt., each of which uses from 17,000 to 20,000 bushels of potatoes a year.

— A company of Zouaves has been formed in New Orleans, their commander having served in one of the corps in the Crimea.

— The N. Y. Times numbers fifty-three actual suicides within the last six weeks, with twenty more unsuccessful attempts.

— Agents from Tuscany are understood to have been in London and Paris trying to raise one or two millions, but without success.

— The French *Courier de Etats Unis* states that the original of the Pilgrims' Progress has been discovered in England.

— The Ex-Royal Family of France—the Duke and Duchess D'Aumale, the Count de Paris and the Prince de Conde, are in Ireland.

— Rev. J. W. Grier, the oldest Chaplain in the Navy, has resigned. He is from Pennsylvania, and entered the service 85 years ago.

— The Museum of the late Hugh Miller has been purchased by the city of Edinburgh for the sum of one thousand pounds sterling.

— Horace Vernet, the famous French painter, is engaged upon a large historical painting of Napoleon surrounded by his Marshals.

— A farmer in Dearborn Co., Ind., produced proof that ten acres of his corn averaged one hundred and seventy-five bushels per acre.

— In England no less than 80,000 tuns of iron are required every year for the necessary repairs of the tracks on the different roads.

— A deaf and dumb man in Connecticut, who married a deaf and dumb woman, have had five children, all of whom hear and speak.

— The manufacturing of salt from the brine of the springs discovered at Grand Rapids, Mich., has commenced. It is of good quality.

— Two "cattle drovers" were arrested in Columbus, O., Monday week. They had 51 head, all of which they had stolen at different points.

— It is expected that, by the middle of January, telegraphic communication will have been established between London and Calcutta.

— A steamboat to run upon the ice between Poughkeepsie and Albany during the winter, is among the novelties talked of in New York.

— The Georgia State Railroad has paid into the State Treasury, for the year ending September, the sum of $402,000 over and above expenses.

— Omnibuses, the first in Syria, have been run at Beyrout. Crowds of natives stood gazing at them for hours with wonder and admiration.

— The taxes in Austria which were imposed last May, and which were to continue only during the war, are to be prolonged to November, 1860.

— Arkansas contains 325,385 inhabitants; of these 60,385 are slaves. The increase of taxable property for the last six years has been 133 per cent.

— The Sci. American states that there are in the city of N. Y. about 200,000 smokers, each using two cigars daily, making 400,000 cigars every day.

— A rich vein of gas has been discovered at Mansfield, O. Soon after being opened it caught fire, and has been burning brilliantly ever since.

— The Michigan Normal School at Ypsilanti, with two libraries, furniture and laboratory, were burned Saturday week. Loss $25,000, insured $10,000.

— Andrew Jackson commenced life as a school master in South Carolina. With the money gained by that employment, he began the study of the law.

— In Philadelphia, according to the directory, there are 595 Smiths, 419 Browns, 336 Johnsons, 304 Joneses, 269 Williamsons, 225 Wilsons, and 178 Davises.

— It is a proverb in Jeff. Co., N. Y., that snow always falls at Sackett's Harbor 19th Oct., and an old gentleman wins money annually on a bet to that effect.

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PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ THE RURAL SHOW-BILL FOR 1860—pronounced a fine specimen of the Typographic Art—is now being printed and will soon be sent (post-paid) to all our agents. We shall be glad to send copies of the bill, specimens, etc., to all persons disposed to aid in circulating the RURAL, for which kind service liberal inducements are offered.

☞ VOLUNTARY AGENTS FOR THE RURAL.—Any and every Subscriber, Post-Master or reader is requested to act as voluntary agent for the RURAL, by forming clubs or otherwise. *Now is the time* for its friends to manifest their interest in the paper and the cause it advocates, either by obtaining new subscribers, or inducing others to act in its behalf. If any lose or wear out numbers in *showing the paper*,—that's the best way to get subscribers,—we will duplicate them in order to make their files complete for binding.

☞ THE BEST WAY to obtain subscribers for the RURAL is to SHOW A NUMBER. With a paper to exhibit, almost any person can get from five to thirty subscribers among his neighbors and townsmen. Please try it, and "report progress." If you do not get as large a club as you wish, join with some other person, or add your club to that of the P. M. or other nearest agent. By so doing you will confer a benefit upon all interested.

☞ SPECIMENS FREE.—We always take pleasure in sending specimens free of charge. Reader, if you have any friends, near or distant, that you think would subscribe for the RURAL, or act as agents, please give us their addresses and we will send them specimens, &c. No matter how many names—"the more the merrier."

☞ ANY person who remits pay for a club of 5, 10 or 15 at the specified rates for such club, and adds a sufficient number within one month thereafter, can avail himself of the advantage of the price of large club, and retain the amount overpaid.

☞ DRAFTS AT OUR RISK.—We lose little money by mail, but prefer Drafts on New York (less exchange,) payable to our order, and which may be sent at our risk if carefully mailed to D. D. T. MOORE Rochester, N. Y.

☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and each who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

TRADE AND COMMERCE OF CINCINNATI.—The products of the various manufacturing departments of Cincinnati are valued for the present year at $112,254,060. In the boot and shoe trade there are 24 wholesale and 307 retail houses. The book publishing trade is valued at $2,600,000. In the clothing trade there are 66 houses in the wholesale business, and the value of the clothing manufactured is estimated at $15,000,000. In the dry goods business, there are 44 wholesale and 194 retail houses. The value of the furniture manufactured is set down at $5,587,000. The value of the exports last year was $91,906,506. The tonnage of barges running between Cincinnati and other ports is 10,459; of steamers 62,768.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Nov. 8, 1859.

We are enjoying superb weather to-day—just that quality necessary for driving trade or political affairs, and in this latter vocation most of the voting population of the Empire State are actively engaged. The only "speculations" indulged in this A. M., are as to the prospects of the different parties, and their candidates, and, as a consequence, there is exceeding dullness observable "on change."

FLOUR is without alteration in rates.

GRAIN—The range in wheat has been considerably circumscribed during the week, poorer qualities advancing a little. Corn and Rye as last quoted. Oats declining slightly; Barley is also in the fall ng scale.

BUTTER has fallen off slightly, the reduction being equal to 1@2 cents ₱ pound on both roll and firkin.

DRIED FRUIT—Apples are advancing, having put on a shilling ₱ bushel during the week. Peaches are in market at 18 cents ₱ pound. Cherries 16@18 cents ₱ pound.

POTATOES have fallen off 12½ cents on choice varieties.

The rates for Hay remain as usual, but there is not so much firmness as has been observable for some weeks past.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.	
Flour, wht. wheat	$5,25@6,95
Flour, spring do	$4,75@4 75
Flour, buckwheat, ₱ cwt.	$2.00
Wheat, Genesee	$1,25@1,30
Best white Can'a	$1,25@1 30
Corn	[illegible]
Rye [illegible] bush	[illegible]
Oats, by weight	[illegible]
Barley	[illegible]
Buckwheat	[illegible]
Beans	[illegible]
MEATS.	
Pork, mess	$17 00@18 50
Pork, clear	$20 00@22 00
Pork, cwt	[illegible]
Beef, by cwt	[illegible]
Spring lambs, each	[illegible]
Mutton, carcass	[illegible]
Hams, smoked	[illegible]
Shoulders	[illegible]
Chickens	[illegible]
Turkeys	[illegible]
Geese	[illegible]
Ducks, ₱ pair	[illegible]
DAIRY, &C.	
Butter, roll	[illegible]
Butter, firkin	[illegible]
Cheese	[illegible]
Lard, tried	[illegible]
Tallow	[illegible]
Eggs, dozen	16c
Honey, box	[illegible]
Candles, box	[illegible]
FRUITS AND ROOTS	
Apples, bushel	[illegible]
Apples, dried	[illegible]
Peaches, dried, ₱ lb	[illegible]
Cherries, dried, ₱ lb	[illegible]
Potatoes	[illegible]
HIDES AND SKINS.	
Slaughter	[illegible]
Calf	[illegible]
Sheep pelts	[illegible]
Lamb pelts	[illegible]
SEEDS.	
Clover, bush	$5,00@5,50
Timothy	$1,50@2,75
SUNDRIES	
Wood, hard	$4 00@4 50
Wood, soft	[illegible]
Coal, Lehigh	[illegible]
Coal, Scranton	[illegible]
Coal, Pittston	[illegible]
Coal, Shamokin	[illegible]
Coal, Char.	[illegible]
Salt, bbl	$1 12
Hay, ton	[illegible]
Wool, ₱ lb	[illegible]
Wh'fish, bbl	[illegible]
Codfish ₱ quintal	[illegible]
Trout, bbl	[illegible]

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK Nov 7.—FLOUR. The flour market is without striking change. Sales at $4 70@4 80 for super State; $4,85@5,05 for extra do; $4 90@4 95 for super Western; $5 00@5 10 for common to good extra do; $5 45@5,80 for lofer to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing steady. Canal no quotable change, sales at $5,30@5,80 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat opened dull and closed with fair speculative demand, shippers are not in market. Sales at $1 10 for choice Chicago spring, $1,12@1,14 for Milwaukee club, $1 13@1 14 for Canada club; $1,32@1 35 for white Canadian; $1,40@1 45 for white Michigan, Indiana and Ohio. Rye heavy and lower, sales at 85@85c. Barley plenty and dull; sales at 70c for common State. Corn drooping; sales at 99@99c for yellow Jersey and Southern; mixed western is nominal at 97@98c. Oats steady at 41@45½c for State, Western and Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Pork market heavy and lower. Sales at $15,12½@15,20 for mess; $16,50 for prime. Lard unchanged; sales at 10¾@11¾c. Butter less active at 12@18c for Ohio; 15@18c for State. Cheese steady at 8@11c for common to prime.

BUFFALO, Nov 7.—FLOUR—Steady, moderate demand. Sales at $4@4,50 for fine; $4 for extra Wisconsin; $4,25 for extra Iowa, $4@4,40 for extra Michigan, Indiana and Ohio; $4,50@4,75 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat in moderate demand and market steady. Sales No 1 Chicago spring at 96@97c; Milwaukee club at 96c; Racine club at 97c. Corn quiet and no sales. Oats steady; sales at 36@37c. Other grains quiet.

OSWEGO Nov. 7.—FLOUR—Unchanged.

GRAIN—Wheat dull and heavy—no sales. Barley dull; sales wcstern at 65c. Peas in demand, sales Canadian on p. t. Other grains quiet.

CHICAGO, Nov 7.—FLOUR—Active and advanced 5@10c. Wheat lower; sales spring at 86c from store; 85c on board. Corn active and holders pressing the market. Oats dull.

ALBANY, Nov. 7.—FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for flour opened languid, and throughout the morning only a matter to one or two was done at the closing prices of Saturday. Corn meal is quiet.

GRAIN—For wheat the demand is limited, and the market rules in favor of the buyer with a good supply offering. Sales white Canadian at 91,90. Corn lower and quiet; sales round yellow at 9?c. Rye quiet. Barley dull, heavy and lower, with a good supply offering. Sales Canada East on p. t. do do West on p. t. do two rowed at 72c, four-rowed State at 81c, and two-rowed do at 76c. Oats in fair request at previous prices. Sales State at 42½c, and Canada East at 44@45c.

SEED—The market is quiet with a good supply offering.

TORONTO, Nov. 5.—FLOUR—The demand for flour at this point has not been very active, but still quite sufficiently so to take up most of the offerings, which have been small. Prices continue to rule steady, at somewhat higher rates than last week. The following are the current quotations:—Double extra, $5 61½@5,75; extra, $5 25@5,50, fancy, $4,80@5,00; superfine No. 1, $4,50@4,70; do No. 2, $4,25@4 2.

GRAIN—We have had another heavy week's business in fall wheat, not only at this point, but all points east and west. The purchases over the western portions of the Province have been large, and certainly not less than ₱ 700,000 has been put into circulation for wheat since this day week. The rates current for fall wheat here during the week up to Tuesday ruled very steadily at average prices of from $1,17 to $1 20 ₱ bushel, and a range from $1 15 to $1 ₱ for prime shipping wheat. On Tuesday the market was considerably easier, although still buoyant, and $1,13 to $1 21 was the range for shipping samples, the average price of the day not being over $1 16 ₱ bushel. For prime late $1 18 to $1 20 was paid pretty freely, for ordinary and good late $1 12 to $1,17, and for inferior and common $1,05 to $1,10 ₱ bushel. The receipts of the week have been, perhaps, the largest we have had this year, not less than 50,000 bushels having changed hands. Yesterday the market was firmer, and $1,15 to $1,21 was paid quite freely for a few sample. In tone, the feeling was animated, and the average price for the day's deliveries, which amounted to about 7,000 bushels, was not less than $1,18 ₱ bushel. There has been a steady demand for spring wheat throughout the week, the deliveries of which have been larger, and the samples generally of a fine description. The price paid during the week has been in the vicinity of $1 ₱ bushel, with an occasional purchase at $1 03 and $1,05. Since Tuesday the price has given way, and 95 to 97c for common, and $1 for prime, are the current rates. For car loads 95 to 98c has been realized. The market for barley has been active, at better rates. The receipts have been small, not averaging over 500 bushels ₱ day. Prices have had an upward tendency, and on Tuesday 70 to 76c was paid quite frequently for good lots. The bulk of the crop is out at this point, but receipts at western points continue fair. Oats continue to offer very sparingly, much to the surprise and disappointment of consumers. Every day lessens the probability of a continuance of high rates as the season passes; and the present prices deter consumers from buying, and when the crop, which is widely doubt a very large one, begins to move, low rates must go down. During the past few days 37½ to 40c ₱ bushel has been freely paid. Peas have been brought in to a moderate extent, yet the receipts are small in comparison to the known extent of the crop. Rates continue to rule steady at 60@ 65c, and for an extra sample 67c ₱ bushel.—*Globe.*

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Nov 2.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ₱ cwt., $9,00@10,00; ordinary do, $8,00@8,75; common do, $6,00@7,00; inferior do, $4,50@5,50.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@65,00, ordinary do, $40 00@50,00, common do, $30,00@40,00; inferior do, $20 00@30,00

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₱ lb., 6@6½c; ordinary do, 5@5½c; common do, 4@5c; inferior do, 3½@4c

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ₱ head, $5,00@6,00; ordinary do, $4,00@5,00; common do, $3,00@4,00; inferior, $2,00@3,00.

SWINE—First quality, 6@6¼c; other qualities, 5¼@5¾c.

ALBANY, Nov. 7.—CATTLE—Market dull. With a falling off of receipts, holders are disposed to advance prices, while buyers decline to meet them. It is probable that holders will remain firm, and there will be considerable briskness at the close. We advance our quotations some what on all grades.

	This week.	Last week.
Premium		5¼@5¾
Extra	4½c@5¼	4¾@5
First quality	4¼c@4½	4 @4¼
Second quality	3¾c@4	3½@3¾
Third quality	3¼c@3	2¾@3¼
Inferior	2¼c@	2 @

SHEEP AND LAMBS—The supply continues liberal—too much so for the interest of drovers—and the market is decidedly in favor of buyers. Prices range from $2,50 to $4 ₱ head.—*Atlas and Argus.*

BRIGHTON, Nov 3.—At market 1825 beeves, 1100 stores, 6000 sheep and lambs, 1745 swine.

PRICES—Market beef—Extra, $8 00@8,50; first quality, $7,25@7,75; second, $6,75@7,00, third, $5,25@6,50.

WORKING OXEN—$70@157.

MILCH COWS—$42@50, common, $32@27.

VEAL CALVES—$4, $4@5.

YEARLINGS—$3@12; two years old, $16@20; three years old $ @24

HIDES 5½@6¼c ₱ lb. CALF SKINS—12c ₱ lb.

TALLOW—7@7 4c ₱ lb PELTS—75@$1.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1 50@1,92 extra, $3@3,50.

SWINE—Fat hogs, 6@6¼c. Pigs, 5¾c. Retail, 6@7.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 2.—At market 2243 cattle, about 1000 beeves, and 1243 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows, yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market beef—Extra, $7,50@7,75; first quality, $6,75@7,00; second quality, $5,75; third quality, $4,25; ordinary, $3,00.

STORES—Working oxen, $90, $115@150; cows and calves, $33, $30, $45@65; yearlings, $9@11; two years old, $16@19; three years old, $ @24

SHEEP AND LAMBS—800 at market. Prices, in lots, $1,00, $1,25@1,50 each. Extra, $2 $2,25@2,75.

HIDES—@7c ₱ lb TALLOW—7@7¼c ₱ lb.

PELTS—87@$1 each. CALF SKINS—10@12c ₱ lb.

TORONTO, Nov. 5.—BEEF—There continues to be a fair supply of cattle, the better qualities of which are purchased for the New York and Albany markets at $1,50 ₱ 100 lbs. Canada, for the past few weeks, has contributed more cattle to the New York market than Illinois, and we are rejoiced to hear from many quarters of a determination to do more in this individual and generally profitable line of business.

SHEEP plentiful, at $3 50 to $4. Lambs, $1,75 to $2,50. Calves are scarce, at $6 to $8 each.—*Globe.*

The Pork and Beef Markets.

THE Cincinnati *Gazette* says that the attendance on 'Change begins to afford evidence of the near approach of the pork season. Among the visitors just now, are many faces that are rarely seen on that floor, except between November and February. There were hog drovers and hog runners, feeders from the interior and operators from the seaboard with here and there a dealer from the opposite side of the water. The latter tell us, as usual, that there will be no market in Great Britain for products that will justify over $4 for hogs, but their words fall upon the ears of traders as a mere idle tale. Nobody expects hogs to sell at $4—while packers generally would be willing to go through the season, at an average of $5. They are only afraid that the price will rule higher, in which event, the prevailing impression is, but little will be accomplished toward regaining the losses of the year. At present, hogs for delivery within the current month, are not obtainable below $5,75.

THE feeling among hog buyers and packers is very much depressed, says the Chicago *Democrat* of the 3d inst., and prices will without doubt rule lower for some days to come. Not more than $4,50@3,75 was offered yesterday.

THE Toronto *Globe* says:—Pork is commencing to come in freely, and finds a ready demand at from $5,25 to $5 75 ₱ 100 lbs, the general rate being $5,50. The demand is yet confined to the local and immediate consumption, but arrangements are being made for an extensive winter business in pork. In cured meats there is nothing doing.

BEEF PACKING AT CHICAGO.—We are just in the middle of the beef-packing season, remarks the *Press and Tribune* of the 1st inst., and up to to-night there have been packed 45,504 head. In the fall of 1857 and the spring of 1858 together, 34,675 head. The following table shows the annual packing since 1851:

	Head		Head
1851	21 [illegible]	1855	28,072
1852	24 [illegible]	1856	1[illegible]
1853	35 [illegible]	1857-8	51 [illegible]
1854	21,[illegible]	1858	45,504

It is impossible at present to estimate the number yet to be packed this season, but if we are to judge from the number of cattle coming forward, the fall's packing will not fall far short of last year's. Some of the principal packing houses, however, state that they are nearly closed for the season.

The Wool Markets.

BOSTON, Nov. 3.—The demand for fleece and pulled wool has been moderate, and the market continues steady and firm. The sales of the week have been 125,000 lbs. For foreign there continues to be considerable inquiry, and the sales comprise 2000 lots Peruvian, and 700 bales Cape, Mediterranean, South American and East Indian, at full previous prices.

Saxon & Merino, fine	58@70	Western mixed	38@45
Full blood	51@57	Smyrna, washed	17@30
Half and ¼ blood	41@57	Do unwashed	9½@19
Common	40@42	Syrian	11@23
Pulled, extra	48@57	Cape	24@30
Do. superfine	42@50	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	34@45	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do No 2	[illegible]	Peruvian, washed	25@32

CHICAGO Nov. 3.—The following are the quotations, which are almost entirely nominal, as but very few sales are made:

FLEECE—Common native, 30@34c; quarter blood, 33@35; half blood, 35@37c; three quarter blood, 37@38c; full blood, 40@45c.

PULLED—No. 1, 20@25; superfine, 30@35; extra, 35@40; double extra, 40@42. *Democrat.*

Marriages.

IN East Rush, October 24th, 1859, by the Rev. JOHN PARKER, THEODORE D. GREEN and ELIZA F. HARRIS, all of East Rush.

IN Onondaga Valley, at the residence of the bride's father, on Wednesday, Oct. 26, by Rev. Mr. DAVIS, Mr. THOMAS CUSHING and Miss MAY L. PRATT.

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THE TRIBUNE now more than eighteen years old, and having over Two Hundred Thousand subscribers, or constant purchasers, diffused through every State and Territory of our Union—will continue in essence what it has been—the earnest champion of Liberty, Progress, and of whatever will conduce to our national growth in Virtue, Industry, Knowledge, and Prosperity. It will continue to urge the emancipation not only of the Black laborer from Land Monopoly, Intemperance, Ignorance, and that dependence on remote markets which paralyzes exertion by denying to Toil any adequate and morally certain reward; believing that the chief evil of our time is the inordinate multiplication and disproportion of Non Producers, it will continue to war against whatever tends to degrade Manual Labor or deprive it of its just and full recompense. It will undeviatingly commend the policy of winning hither from Europe the Useful Arts and, wherever they may be needed, the Artisans as well, for whose products our country is now running recklessly into debt, while our laborers roam in fruitless quest of employment, leaving their children in want of bread though the farmer is too often compelled to sell his crops at most inadequate prices. In short, while battling against Folly, Extravagance and every other manifestation of that evil spirit which seeks through the annihilation of other countries that overwhelmment which is to be truly attained only through the due development and cultivation of our internal resources, it will urgently advocate a more effectively discriminating Tariff, the Freedom of the Public Lands, the construction of a Railroad from the navigable waters of the Mississippi to those of the Pacific, and every other measure which seems to us calculated to enhance the dignity or the true recompense of Labor and promote the well-being of Mankind.

The "irrepressible conflict" between Darkness and Light, Inertia and Progress, Slavery and Freedom, moves steadily onward. Isolated acts of folly and madness may for the moment give a seeming advantage to Wrong; but God still reigns, and the Ages are true to Humanity and Right. The year 1860 must witness a memorable conflict between these irreconcilable antagonists. The question—"Shall Human Slavery be further strengthened and diffused by the power and under the flag of the Federal Union?" is now to receive a momentous if not conclusive answer. "Land for the Landless, versus Negroes for the Negroless" is the battle-cry of the embodied Millions who, having just swept Pennsylvania, Ohio and the North-West, appear in the new Congress backed by nearly every Free State, to demand a recognition of every man's right to cultivate and improve a modicum of the earth's surface wherever he has not been anticipated by the State's accession to another. Free Homes, and the consecration of the virgin soil of the Territories to Free Labor—two requirements, but one policy—must largely absorb the attention of Congress through the ensuing session, as of the People in the succeeding Presidential canvass; and, whatever the immediate issue, we cannot doubt that the ultimate verdict will be in accord at once with the dictates of impartial Philanthropy and the inalienable Rights of Man.

Having made arrangements for fuller and more graphic reports of the debates of Congress, and of whatever else transpires at the Federal Metropolis shall seem worthy of public regard, and having extended both our Foreign and Domestic Correspondence and strengthened our Editorial staff we believe THE TRIBUNE may safely challenge a comparison with any rival, whether as an exponent of principles or as a reliable mirror of the passing world. We purpose not to be surpassed nor anticipated in the collection or presentation of intelligence, though we reserve that reputation for enterprise which is acquired by bribing messengers and clerks in public offices to connive at the premature publication of treaties or other official documents. We prize accuracy of statement quite as highly as promptitude, but endeavor not to sacrifice the latter while securing the former. Essentially, THE TRIBUNE will be what it has been, while we shall constantly study to improve its every feature, and "make each day a critic on the last." The general verdict of the Press and the Public has affirmed the success of our past labors, and those of the future shall be characterized by equal earnestness and assiduity. We ask those who believe the general influence of our journal to be salutary to aid us in extending that influence through an increase of our subscriptions.

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is printed on a large imperial sheet, and published every morning and evening (Sundays excepted.) It contains Editorials on the topics of the times, employing a large corps of the best newspaper writers of the day; Domestic and Foreign Correspondence; Proceedings of Congress; Reports of Lectures; City News; Cattle, Horse and Produce Markets; Reviews of Books; Literary Intelligence; Papers on Mechanics and the Arts, &c., &c. We strive to make THE TRIBUNE a *newspaper* to meet the wants of the public—its Telegraphic news alone costing over $15,000 per annum.

TERMS

THE DAILY TRIBUNE is mailed to subscribers at $5 per annum, in advance; $3 for six months.

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is published every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, and contains all the Editorials of the Daily, with the Cattle, Horse and General Markets, reliably reported expressly for THE TRIBUNE; Foreign and Domestic Correspondence; and during the sessions of Congress it contains a summary of Congressional doings, with the more important speeches. We shall, as heretofore, make THE SEMI WEEKLY TRIBUNE a Literary, as well as a political newspaper, and we are determined that it shall remain in the front rank of family papers.

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Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BE BRAVE OF HEART.

BY HERRON BELL.

Be brave of heart, ye men of toil,
Bear up 'neath Labor's load awhile,
And sow, and reap, and turn the soil,
And make the fertile prairies smile.
The barren waste that's now o'ercreptd
With thorny shrubs and jointed canes
With golden grain will wave instead,
And Plenty bloom where Want now reigns.

Be brave of heart! let anvils ring,
And forges breathe their fire and smoke,
Sweat at thy task and proudly swing
The hammer with a steady stroke;
Mould out the steel in graceful shares,
And forge the iron with jest and song—
What though thy life is filled with cares,
Thy heart is brave, thy hands are strong.

Be brave of heart! with wood and stone
Rear temples to the clouded sky,
Make rivers toil and engines groan,
While wheels revolve and shuttles fly,—
Let Progress take a higher flight,
For steam, the giant, is our slave,
With it we scale the mountain's height,
And ride the ocean's crested wave.

Be brave of heart, and scorn the fools
Who fling their taunts at those who toil,
They are vain fashion's servile tools,
The barren fig trees of our soil,—
Although they boast of ease and wealth,
Of glittering gold and fertile lands,
Their heritage is not thy health,
Nor yet thy rough and honest hands.

Be brave of heart! the captives bound,
With all earth's wrong'd look up to thee;
The Roman with his chaplets crown'd
Was not more noble, nor as free;
Then toil at forge, and loom, and plow,
And Fortune, from her ample store,
With Honor's wreath will bind thy brow,
And bid thee go and want no more.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

UPS AND DOWNS.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

The Smith's were going up in the world; nobody disputed that, and this I take to be conclusive proof, since there is nothing that people are so loth to admit as that their fellows, who have stood upon the same social platform, are rising in the scale above them. The Smiths then were going up, not slowly and gradually, but all at once, and, as often happens to people in such circumstances, they were a little giddy with the sudden elevation.

It was hard to tell when the Smiths first came to Newton; one thing was certain, three generations of them had lived and died in the old red house by the cross-roads. Of these families, Smith, the first, was a cobbler, and managed to make a tolerable living by repairing the boots and shoes of the farmers round-about. Smith second, eldest son of Smith the first, inherited the old red house, but, disdaining the paternal trade, converted the cobbler's shop into a corner grocery, stocked it moderately, and drove a steady trade in sugar, flour, tobacco, and cheap whiskey, until, from the natural wear and tear of life, and the effects of hard drinking, he was gathered to his fathers, and left his earthly possessions, with his good name, to his son Andrew Smith, called Andy "for short."

Andrew, like a dutiful son, stepped quietly into the honorable position his father had vacated, and, as soon as decency would allow, married Betty Green, old farmer Green's daughter, a most substantial maiden, who had been brought up to work all day in the field in haying or harvest, barefooted, like "Sweet Maud Muller," and then milk the cows at night, like those milk-maids poets say such pretty things about. Farmer Green hadn't any boys, but, as he very justly remarked, "Betty was equal to six boys any day." Certainly, there was enough of her to furnish material for a half dozen city dandies.

The wedding was quite a merry affair in its way, after which Andy and his bride took a trip to the neighboring city in a one-horse wagon, with a bag of oats under the seat, to save expense for horse-keeping, and, returning in a day or so, settled down in the old red house by the cross-roads. The bride brought as her dowry, a feather bed, a pair of blankets, and several blue and white woolen "*kiverlids*," woven by her own fair hands. As might have been anticipated from so auspicious a beginning, the married life of the Smiths moved off smoothly enough for some twelve or fifteen years. Olive branches grew up in abundance about them, and with neither poverty nor riches they might have lived and died contented with their lot, but for an unlooked-for event.

Somewhere, down east, Mrs. Betty had a wealthy relative, as all heroines have, who was good-natured enough to die and leave all her property to her "dear niece, Betty Smith, formerly Betty Green." When the attorney's letter was received, formally announcing the fact to the heir at law, the whole family was thrown into the greatest excitement. Every one was immediately clothed in the deepest and blackest of mourning, for the *dear Aunt* whom they had never seen, and whom they had long regarded as a sort of mythical personage. The effect of this change of costume was rather odd, particularly upon Mrs. Smith, whose round, red face shone out like a full blown peony from its black surroundings; but she was evidently delighted with herself, and who had a right to call her taste in question?

Time would fail me to tell all the things that the Smiths found it necessary to do. Of course they could not think of living in the little old red house any longer; so Andy put up a board on the premises with "FoRe saIL," written on it, in great black letters. In spite of sundry jokes by the wags of the village about "Andy Smith's fore sail," a purchaser was found in due time, who was to take possession as soon as the Smith's could find another place that suited them.

Mrs. Betty contended strongly for building a grand house, "with little fences round the windows, and a belfry on top," but her husband dwelt upon the long time they should have to remain in the old house if they waited to build, and so won her over to his plan, of buying the great staring red brick on the hill, that was originally built for a factory boarding house, and abandoned because there was not any factory started. After fitting this up with what they called "modern ingrejences," the Smith's took up their abode in it, and immediately installed themselves as the aristocracy of Newton. Henceforth Mrs. Betty became Elizabeth, her eldest daughter was no more Molly, but Marie, and Smith, junior, who was christened Andrew, in loving remembrance of both father and grandfather, wrote his name upon all occasions A. Jackson Smythe. These two eldest hopefuls were placed for a year in a boarding school, where the boy learned to smoke cigars, play whist and get up astonishing neckties, while his sister read cheap novels, and spent a great part of her time in eating chalk and starch, and taking enormous doses of vinegar, in the vain hope of becoming pale and elegant, after the style of the willowy heroines that so charmed her fancy.—They came home *perfectly accomplished*, as their delighted mother was assured; indeed, as she afterwards told a confidential friend, her daughter was pronounced a "regular deficient in her studies."

It was really pitiful to see Andy Smith wandering about town, in a painful state of uncertainty as to what propriety required of him. He had an evident hankering for the corner grocery, and gazed at it wistfully in passing, as if he really longed to stand behind the counter again, but he seldom entered. He would examine the sleeve of his new coat, stroking it admiringly, as if astonished at its quality, while the coat itself wore almost as visible a look of wonder, and struck every one as being hung up in the wrong place. As months wore on, poor Andy grew more and uncomfortable. A man placed suddenly upon a high tower may amuse himself for a while with the novelty of his position, and the extent of the scenery, but when these tire a little and he begins to look down, and calculate the distance to the ground, and think that a single false step might send him there, he is very apt, especially if his head be weak, to forget everything else in the fear of falling. It was very much so with Andy, and yet he would not have admitted that he was not the happiest man in the world.

One summer, just as the hot season began to come on, Mrs. Smith and "Marie," after a great deal of consultation, and numerous cabinet conferences, announced to the paternal head that it was necessary, for the health and respectability of the family, to take a trip to some watering place, and Saratoga was suggested as the most desirable. No objections being raised, they immediately entered upon a course of preparation. Mrs. Smith was in favor of taking all the children, but Marie talked so convincingly of the vulgarity of large families, that it was finally settled that only the three eldest should go—A. Jackson, Marie, and Nancy.

This last daughter deserves a special mention, as she was, par excellence, the genius of the family. Plain and outspoken, even to a fault, she stubbornly resisted every attempt to reduce her to any thing but her simple, natural self. She would not be *Nannie*, or *Nancie*, or anything else but Nancy; that was her name, and she liked it. She entered heartily into all manner of fun and frolic, and it was a matter of perpetual regret to her that she was not allowed to go barefooted, and play in the barn.

After innumerable trips to the city for dry goods, and consulting of milliners and mantua-makers, the party were equipped to their satisfaction, and ready for the jaunt. The baggage, at the suggestion of A. Jackson, had been simply marked "*Smith*," as the most aristocratic way, and altho' the young gentleman contended strongly for a different spelling, his papa for once was inflexible; "his name wasn't Smythe, no how, and 'twas forgery to put other folks' names on to things; he knowed a chap sent to State Prison for it."

Mrs. Smith had never traveled by railroad in her life, and consequently was in a state of nervous trepidation lest she should do something out of the proper course. The driver who conveyed them to the city, deposited them bag and baggage at the depot. Mr. Smith with the children entered the sitting-room, and Mrs. S. was about following when a man stepped up, and laying his hand upon the trunks, asked, "Where is this going ma'am?"

"To Sarrytogy," was the hesitating answer, as she eyed the man sharply.

"All right; here Pat, take this over; here are you checks ma'am."

Mrs. Smith took no notice of the checks, but as soon as the Irishman took up her trunks, and commenced trundling them toward the freight platform, she rushed after him exclaiming,

"See here, Mister, you need not try to play any of your city tricks on me. We're goin' to ride in the locomotion, and them trunks is goin' with us, and you needn't to think we shall let you carry 'em to Sarrytogy on that wheelbarry."

In her indignation she raised her voice until it reached Marie in the setting-room.

"Gracious! what *is* ma doing," she exclaimed, starting for the door, followed by her brother.

The tableau was complete—Mrs. Smith, red and angry, the amused railroad official, the perplexed paddy, scratching his head and looking from one to the other—but A. Jackson very quickly spoilt the picture by respectfully requesting his mother "not to make a fool of herself," which suggestion, followed up by some indignant ejaculation of Marie's, had the effect to bring her into the room, where she sat vigorously fanning herself with a newspaper until the train arrived. Having made one blunder Mrs. Smith quietly subsided and gave up the whole care of the baggage to her son.

Just at dusk they reached the city of A., where they were to spend the night. All but Smith junior were completely bewildered by the crowd of importunate hackmen that clamored in every key; that young gentleman, however, was gifted with an unlimited amount of cool impudence—not a bad traveling companion where brains are lacking—and accordingly undertook the escort of the party, which, truth to tell, he carried bravely through, establishing them in a capacious carriage, and landing them triumphantly in a first class hotel.

After considerable parleying and some confusion they found themselves in possession of a suite of rooms—a parlor and two bed-rooms, for, as Mrs. Smith declared, "the gals can have one room, we can have the other, and Andrew Jackson can sleep on that big sofy."

"Will you have your trunks sent up," asked the grinning waiter.

"Yes, the largest one."

"What name, sir?"

"*Smith*," very emphatically.

In a few moments a porter brought in a big black trunk, landed it in one corner and retreated. Mrs. Smith sat panting in a large rocking chair, her spouse stretched at full length on a sofa; Nancy looked from one window and laughed at some comical scene; A. Jackson, with his hands stuck in a consequential manner in his breeches' pockets, promenaded the room and whistled; while Marie commenced preparations for appearing at the supper table. "Where are the keys, brother," she asked. The young gentleman carelessly tossed her a bunch, and continued his promenade.

"Can't you tell me which one belongs to this trunk," she asked impatiently, after trying several.

"Keep on till you find it, if you have not got sense enough to tell," was the gracious answer.

After a good deal of trouble she succeeded in forcing one of the keys in, and opening the trunk.

"Gracious! ma," she exclaimed, "here is pa's blacking brushes right on top of everything," and the offending articles were tossed across the room. She tossed over the contents a moment more, throwing various masculine habiliments to the right and left in a very summary manner. "I declare," said she finally, "I can't find a thing. My pink barege is n't here, and right where I put it is a pair of great dirty boots. I think it is a shame for pa to act so."

Mr. Smith being roused from his nap by the storm of indignation, feebly declared that he had'nt put a thing into that trunk, which brought Mrs. Smith to the rescue.

"Sakes alive, Moll, them isn't your pa's clothes none of 'em; nor that isn't our trunk neither, tho' it is most exactly like it."

The whole family were in the greatest consternation, when all at once there came a thundering knock at the door.

While this scene had been transpiring in their room, one equally strange had been enacted in a room close by, occupied by a sturdy bachelor of forty, who likewise rejoiced in the name of Smith. Having ordered his trunk brought up, he had divested himself of dusty coat and boots, and was very energetically exploring the depths of the washbowl, when the porter appeared with his load.

"Put it down there," came in smothered tones from behind the towel, and the porter obeyed. Somewhat refreshed by his ablutions, the nice old bachelor applied his key to his trunk, with a pleasant recollection of clean linen; said a few rough words when it didn't come open very easily, threw up the top with a jerk, pounced upon something white, and shook out—no shirt at all, but something very elaborately ruffled and trimmed that fairly made his hair stand up with astonishment.

"Thunder!—women's fixin's in my trunk, I'd sooner have black snakes in it. I do believe," he added, slowly turning over the things curiously, "I do believe this is somebody else's trunk. Bah! laces and ribbons and all sorts of filagree nonsense. Curis, though; I should like to know how the critters get these things on—hanged if I can guess. I'll bet now," he exclaimed, starting up, "some tarnal woman is mussing my trunk over and grinning at the things."

A vigorous jerk at the bell brought a waiter to the door.

"Are there any other Smiths here, waiter." Waiter didn't know; he would find out; and soon returned with the information that there was a family of that name in the rooms close by. Utterly forgetful of coat and boots, he strode to the door pointed out, and startled the occupants by a knock which convinced them that the police were on their track.

"I beg your pardon, ladies, he began, in great confusion—when, seeing his trunk open and his clothes scattered about, he bolted into the room, gathered up the garments with one vigorous sweep, seized the trunk and marched out again, calling, as he entered his own door, "Here, waiter, come and take this confounded female trunk out of my premises."

There was no chance for a word of explanation on either side—both parties seemed satisfied with regaining their property unharmed. Marie was soon arrayed in her dear, pink barege, whose multitude of flounces seemed to have used up so much of the material as to leave nothing for sleeves, and very little for waist. Mrs. Smith's delicate complexion was set off by a fanciful headdress of blue and white, but Nancy insisted upon wearing her traveling dress, and could not be induced to change it. "What is the use of taking so much trouble," she asked, "for people that you never expect to see again? I am sure I don't care what they think of me, and if I did, they will like me just as well in this dress as any."

At the table they attracted sufficient attention to satisfy even Marie, who giggled and simpered in a most remarkable manner upon discovering that she had for a near neighbor the nice old bachelor Smith. That gentleman, after giving the whole family a sweeping inspection, and nearly annihilating Marie by a scowl from under his bushy eyebrows, threw a half nod at Nancy's good-natured face, and then devoted his whole attention to his supper.

In due time the party went on their way—reached Saratoga in safety, where Marie made a tremendous sensation by wearing her ball dresses at the table, and flirting desperately with a foreign nobleman, who turned out to be one of the coachmen at the next hotel. A. Jackson was initiated by a distinguished young friend of his into the mysteries of a gambling saloon, from which he issued quite late at night, minus his money and watch, and with no very distinct ideas of his own, except that the streets were very crooked and the lamp-posts blowing about oddly enough, and it vaguely occurred to him that something must be drunk. Nancy found some girls of her own age who had come to Saratoga as nurses to somebody's children, and insisting that they were "the nicest kind of girls," made them her constant companions, and probably enjoyed herself more than any other member of the family.

After a few weeks spent in this way, they were all glad to return to Newton, and for the rest of the season they were the "traveled monkeys" of the place. "Our tower to Sarytogy" was an inexhaustible theme for Mrs. Smith, upon which she held forth at sewing societies, and on all possible occasions.

Two or three years passed, and brought with them no great changes to the Smiths. The paternal head of the family subsided more and more into a nonentity, and was only seen creeping timidly about town with his hands clasped under the skirts of his coat, or leaning over his fence of a sunshiny day, consoling himself with his pipe. Mrs. Smith's red face changed gradually to a mahogany brown, and her shrill voice acquired a higher key, while Marie grew as pale and languid as she ever aspired to become. A. Jackson was emphatically a "fast young man," and the wise ones shook their heads prophetically as he dashed by them; but Nancy, in spite of incessant scolding from her mother, and ridicule from Marie, bid fair to prove a valuable member of society, from the force of her own good sense.

So they stood at the end of three years, but from that time signs of retrenchment began to show themselves. Parties began to grow rare; summer excursions were rarer, and after a while the last servant was dismissed, because, as Mrs. Smith very wisely said, the girls needed more exercise, for they were getting to have "narves, and neurology, and she didn't know what all." By and by they discovered that the house was too large for them, it was so much trouble to take care of it, and a part was rented to another family, while the Smiths modestly retired into the second story.

Then Mrs. Smith got to having the "narves," and could not possibly bear the care and confusion of her two youngest boys, who were accordingly apprenticed to trades in the city, and, just to keep her out of mischief, Susan, the youngest daughter, was allowed to learn mantua-making in the village. It would do her no hurt, her mother remarked, and she had heard it was very genteel to fit one's own dresses.

The Smiths were going down, everybody said so, but the Smiths themselves resolutely shut their eyes to the fact, and fancied, because their own heads were in the bush, all their neighbors were in the same condition.

One day a portly man, with a pocket full of papers, arrived in Newton, knocked at the red house on the hill, and had a brief conference with the united head of the family. Before night it was generally known that somebody, who held a mortgage on the estate of the Smiths, had foreclosed it, and the property was offered for sale.

Oddly enough, the old red house by the cross-roads was just then vacant, and the tattered remains of our aristocracy was fain to move thither. It was not too much to venture that there were red eyes and tearful faces behind the thick veils of the female Smiths, but Andy was fairly triumphant. He whistled as he trundled boxes and bundles from one house to the other on his wheelbarrow, and he actually chuckled with delight as he brought out from a dusty corner of the little shop, the old painted sign that had swung over the heads of his customers so long—"Andrew Smith, Grocer."

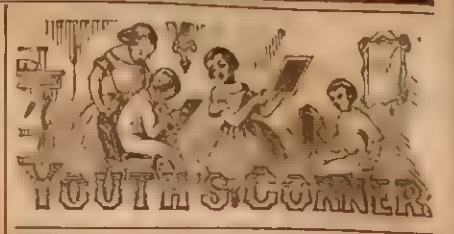
At this present day, a little old man in rusty black smiles patronizingly upon the country folks who frequent his shop, and draws a sigh of quiet relief whenever he chances to pass the big red house on the hill. His wife, once more Mrs. Betty, keeps her small house quite tidy, and manages now and then to do an extra washing or ironing, by way of giving a neighbor a lift in a busy time, but she cannot forget her former glory, and still dwells upon it whenever she can find a listener. Susan is our village milliner, and really has a natural tact for flowers and ribbons, and occasionally goes out to dressmaking just to see what the news is about town. Nancy, after much opposition, married a very respectable farmer, and takes premiums at county fairs for unimpeachable butter. A. Jackson has disappeared from the stage of our observation, but there is a theory among some of the old ladies that he was gradually transformed into a monkey. Marie still languishes, reads highly wrought novels, copies sentimental verses, and is waiting impatiently for the arrival of the hero who is to raise her to the station in which nature intended her to shine.

Our town of Newton is not peculiar in anything, least of all in its inhabitants. There are Smiths upon a larger or smaller scale in every little hamlet of the country, and people who have watched their ups and downs will recognize the truthfulness of my picture.

Do you want a moral from all this? Then supply it to suit yourself. I have read over all that I have written, and do not see any in particular, unless it be given in the words of quaint old John Bunyan:

"He that is down, need fear no fall;
He that is low, no pride."

Industry.—Toil is the price of sleep and appetite, of health and enjoyment. The very necessity which overcomes our natural sloth is a blessing. The world does not contain a briar or thorn, that divine mercy could have spared. We are happier with the sterility which we can overcome by industry, than we could be with the most spontaneous and unbounded profusion. The body and mind are improved by the toil that fatigue them; that toil is a thousand times rewarded by the pleasure it bestows. Its enjoyments are peculiar; no wealth can purchase them, no insolence touch them. They only flow from the exertions which they repay.—*Selected.*



For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 54 letters.
My 42, 50, 35, 46, 42 was a great king.
My 52, 10, 7, 16, 2, 33, 38 is one of the books of the Old Testament.
My 36, 23, 46, 42, 1, 18 was a prophet in the olden times.
My 18, 6, 52, 31, 19, 46 was also a prophet.
My 8, 5, 16, 49, 27, 34, 15 was the first martyr.
My 27, 10, 28, 41, 34, 9, 43 is one of the books of the New Testament.
My 49, 27, 19, 14, 21, 3, 18 was king of Egypt.
My 4, 41, 40, 52, 43 was one of the plagues of Egypt.
My 31, 53, 15, 51, 16, 44, 50, 24, 43, 12, 27 is a lake of pure sweet water.
My 16, 19, 49, 18, 54, 25, 17, 53, 2 is the most famous river in Western Asia.
My 42, 46, 35, 33, 7, 50, 26, 46, 3, 51 is an art much practiced among the heathen.
My 23, 36, 6, 51, 16, 47, 52, 34, 16 are called sons of thunder.
My 20, 11, 33, 45, 46, 51, 31 was probably taught men by the inspiration of God.
My 22, 16, 38, 30, 10, 41, 43, 21, 29 is a term used to denote past time.
My 23, 33, 7, 15, 3, 39 is to clean grain by exposing it to the wind.
My 5, 32, 33, 28, 29, 17, 34 is money paid by tax.
My 30, 33, 17, 37, 38 was an eminent christian pastor.
My 12, 36, 51, 31, 43, 34 is that member by which we articulate sounds.

My whole is one of the Proverbs of King Solomon.

Tipton, Ind., 1859. J. W. Axtell.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

☞ The Answer will be given in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RIDDLE.

Take a cardinal virtue most blended with art,
What is near the left breast, a delicate part,
The qualification least famed among bees,
What Orpheus played on to animate trees,
What contained all the living within a small space,
With the fate that is entailed upon all Adam's race,
The bird that the Romans displayed on their arms,
With what moves the fastest, and as it moves warms,
What some fair ones use when their beauty declines,
With a fruit much in use and gathered from vines,
The name that is most common for water congealed,
With the letter that is first unto children revealed.
Now take the initial of each mentioned thing,
And to your view it correctly will bring
A large, modern city, of fame and renown,
An elegant, regular, beautiful town.

Honeoye Falls, N. Y., 1859. J. C., Jr.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

Required to fence in a certain square lot of ground with a post and rail fence, each panel to be 11 feet in length? How large must this lot be to contain as many acres as it requires panels to enclose it?

Allensville, Ind., 1859. U. H. Stow.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 512.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Live.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—The Green Mountain Boys.

Answer to Poetical Problem:—Selfishness.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—28 feet and 1 7-41 inches.

Where theorists and philosophers tread with sublime assurance, woman often follows with bleeding footsteps; women are always turning from the abstract to the individual, and feeling, when the philosophers only think.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates.—It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

VALUE OF STRAW FOR FODDER.

At least one autumn out of every four we hear sad complaints of scarcity of fodder, and of the anxiety of farmers as to how they can manage to get through the winter without suffering to their cattle and loss to themselves. Almost every farmer keeps as much stock, as, with his system of culture, he can furnish with feed in a fair season. When the hay crop fails, as it has done the present year, great difficulty is experienced in providing for the deficiency. Cornstalks is the first and generally the most available substitute, but these are sometimes injured by early frosts, and when these two evils come upon the same season, the prospect for many is gloomy indeed. This is the case the present year—the cornstalks being injured, over a large district, to at least one-half their value, while the hay crop is deficient almost to the same extent. Did our farmers grow from half an acre to three or four acres of roots—carrots, turnips, mangels, parsnips, or kohl-rabi—we would not be so entirely dependent upon either hay or cornstalks for fodder, and a short crop of either, or both, would not leave us in such straitened circumstances. It is not our design, however, to discuss this subject, which was well done by "H. T. B." in our last issue, our purpose being to bring to the notice of readers the value of *straw* for fodder, and the opinions recently promulgated on this subject by both practical and scientific men.

During the discussion at the late Fair of this State, a gentleman of Erie stated that he had found straw cut and steamed, and mixed with a handful of meal to give it a relish, of more value in keeping stock than the same weight of Timothy hay. This idea of steamed straw being more valuable than good Timothy hay was rather startling, and we do not think one in a score of those present was prepared to endorse, or willing to believe such a statement without further proof. Mr. MECHI, however, the celebrated English farmer and experimenter, advances the same opinion, and urges its trial upon the attention of farmers, declaring it to be "a vital question for agriculture." He considers that the present low estimate placed on straw, arises from the fact that farmers do not understand how to feed it, and unless properly prepared it is not available as food. In all cases straw should be cut and steamed, and in this condition he thinks it is as good as the same weight in hay. In proof of this he gives the result of some experiments he has made. In feeding ten Short-horn bullocks, about thirty months old, he gave a steamed mixture of 216 gallons of cut straw, 6 of rape cake, 8 of malt combs and 6 of bran—moistened with 20 gallons of hot water per day. He also fed 300 pounds of mangel wurtzel; the whole cost, not including the straw and labor, is about one dollar per week. The animals are in a fattening and growing condition, and advancing remuneratively. After feeding they lie down contented, free from restlessness. He further says:—"The whole question may be said to hinge upon the condition in which the food is administered. It must be *moist and warm*. Were I to give my bullocks the same quantity of cut straw in a dry state, they would not eat one-half of it; and, besides, they would be restless and dissatisfied. This I know from experience."

Now, we will ascertain how far these statements of practical men are sustained by the composition of straw as shown by analyses. The following table we take from the *Cyclopedia of Agriculture:*

Average composition of wheat straw.

		Air-dry.	Dried at 212° F.
100 parts of wheat straw contain:			
Nitrogenized substances, (muscle producing sub's).		1 85	2.05
Substances free from nitrogen (heat and fat-producing matters)	soluble in potash	26.34	35.06
	insoluble	41.23	35.07
Mineral substances		4 59	6.02
Water		26 00	....
		100.00	100.00

Thus, it will be seen that 100 pounds of wheat straw contain over 69 pounds of muscle, heat and fat producing matter, and 26 pounds of the remaining 30 are water.

Dr. LYON PLAYFAIR, the Chemist of the English Royal Agricultural Society, gives the following table of the relative value of wheat straw, hay, and several other kinds of food:

Composition of the principal articles used as food.

	Dry Organic Matter, or Real Food.	The Portions Subtracted as *useless* are	
		Water.	Ashes.
100 lbs. of Wheat straw, contain	lbs. 79	lbs. 18	lbs. 3
100 lbs. of linseed cake.	75¼	17	7½
" Peas	80½	16	3½
" Beans	83½	14	3½
" Ordinary hay	76½	16	7½
" Barley meal	82½	15½	2
" Oatmeal	89	9	2
" Bran	81	14	5
" Oats	79	18	3
" Potatoes	27	72	1
" Red beet	10	89	1
" Turnips	10	89	1
" Swedes	14	85	1
" White carrot	12	87	1
" Mangel wurtzel	10	89	1

By this it will be seen that 100 pounds of wheat straw contain more real food than 100 pounds of hay, nearly as much as 100 pounds of bran, and precisely the same as 100 pounds of oats. We do not suppose that the experience of many of our readers will agree with this scientific estimate of the value of wheat straw, and we doubt if careful experiment would prove it so in practice. But, reducing the estimate one-half, and then 100 pounds of straw is equal in value to 50 pounds of oats, or 50 pounds of wheat bran, for which many farmers willingly pay the cash, while they waste tuns of straw in yards and stables. But, who is prepared to say that this estimate will not prove correct in practice? Who has cut and steamed, or scalded straw, and fed it with a little corn or oat meal, or bran, and made even an attempt to ascertain its value? Many, we have no doubt, have felt compelled to sell a portion of their stock on account of the scarcity of food, and to put the remainder on short allowance, which all know to be a most unprofitable practice, while they had straw enough, if prepared in a manner suitable for stock to eat, to keep all in a thriving condition.

In nearly all the English estimates of the value of the wheat crop, which we have seen, the straw is reckoned at $10 per ton. This may be considered a high estimate, with our present notions and experience, but the gentleman of Erie County, to whom we above referred, informed us that he considered wheat straw worth that price, and that by its use, in the last two years, he had saved in feeding over $500. This is the experience of an American farmer. We hope our readers will not only take care of their straw, this season, but institute such experiments as will enable them to form a reliable estimate of its true value for food.

HORACE GREELEY AT THE WYOMING FAIR.

IN reading the discussions at the State Fair in a late RURAL, I am reminded of my intention to review Mr. HORACE GREELEY's address at the Wyoming Co. Fair. It was his first public appearance after his celebrated visit to Salt Lake, the "salted claims," and the salt border of our Western domain. We should expect him to be well *seasoned*, as indeed he was, with facts and illustrations; but I apprehend that neither the matter nor the manner of his agricultural addresses explains the "immense sensation" which his announcement as a speaker on such occasions creates. The early part of the day was dreary, yet the *mere chance* of hearing "GREELEY" set all the plebian, and some of the better vehicles of the county in motion at an early hour. No body much expected he would be there, which prevented many from coming, as it was not known that he had returned from his western trip. He arrived, however, in New York the day previous, and came on at once to fill an appointment made months before, without stopping to salute his New York friends—emphatic testimony that *promises* are binding on lecturers!

He announced *Water* as the subject of his discourse, treating it *agriculturally* and not in the light of the "Maine Law." While he did not exactly endorse the complaint of the crusty Yankee who thought water, "take one year with an other, did about as much hurt as good," he showed great leanings to that side of the question in his advocacy of extreme measures for draining it out of the land. His arguments and illustrations under this head the public are acquainted with.

I cheerfully concede, nay, I insist, that every farmer should have a garden, an orchard and a corn field *made dry* by ditching, if needs be, but I protest against the wholesale advocacy of draining which of late forms the staple of most of our agricultural addresses and essays. Mr. GREELEY stated the annual fall of rain at from *three* to *five* feet; he had witnessed great damage from the washing away of the banks of streams and the best part of the soil from the hill-sides. "No man" said he, "can afford to let his fertilizers go off in the rivers, and you must guard against this sapping out of the life-blood of the land. Plow deep and your soil will not wash. I plowed my steep hill-sides in Westchester Co., so deep that nothing had washed off from them. The first step in good agriculture is deep plowing. Two thousand years ago men took a sharp stick and tried to plow with it by jabbing it into the ground.—Within this century iron plows have been introduced. Six inches depth of plowing may do for England with her moist atmosphere, but eighteen inches is none too much for our climate. In Belgium they plow deeper than in any other country, and with decided advantage. Keep plowing deeper till you get deep enough, if you have to go twenty-four inches. The soil would then defy all drouth. This is the cheapest way of getting more land. It is better than ever so many acres in a new country. There will be less distance to send the children to school. Our farmers act as though they owned only six inches deep, instead of to the centre of the earth." * * * "American implements are better than all others.—We know how to make the least possible amount of weight in an implement and yet give it all needful strength.

"I went to see a farm in California which had been *plowed three times*, on which corn was raised without a hoe ever having been put to it. Every other crop was grown in the same way, *without any weeds*. We haven't yet begun to see what virtue there is in plow-handles.

"In the way of fertilizers, snow plowed under in April is good for the soil. Drain this land on which we stand four feet, and plow three feet and you would get more and better crops than if cultivated in the usual way." [Mr. GREELEY stated that he had three miles of defective tile drain on his farm; he now understood what to avoid in the way of draining.] "Get the best fertilizers—Gypsum is among the best. All fertilizers are resistants to drouth. Old leached ashes are cheap, if one bushel of corn will buy two bushels of ashes. Salt is also good. These fertilizers are thrown away upon swamp land. Raise corn and roots to use in case of a short crop of grass. To make it pay to raise corn, you must get near sixty bushels to the acre. Small farms are better than large ones.

"Begin early to teach agriculture to your children; the first school book should be a work on agriculture. Now, our children grow up and run away because they are not interested in the subject which they should make the object of their lives' study."

Mr. GREELEY closed with the following very timely advice to *young men:*—"Having recently passed over a great extent of wild land at the west, I say to you:—Get your land soon and keep it. There is not so much untaken land as many suppose. Don't range and wander over the whole face of the earth. Choose your location where you will, and stick to it—make it a permanent home. Get a good, cheerful, and virtuous wife, and lead a steady, useful life. Don't be a filibuster, roving over the land, but an industrious American Citizen."

These were the main points in Mr. GREELEY's address. I understood him to recommend top-dressing of grass land as a substitute for plowing. This may do on some soils, but I think the occasional turning under of turf is one of the most successful and cheap methods of enriching land. I am much in favor of deep plowing, but am not as confident as Mr. GREELEY was that it would in all cases prevent the soil of side-hills from washing away, unless, forsooth, we should plow (which I did not exactly understand Mr. GREELEY to recommend,) some of our hard-pan *three rods* instead of "three feet" deep. The theory of "washing" I suppose to be this:—When the soil fills with water, or is very compact, so that it will no longer absorb what falls, if the surface is inclined the water runs off, taking the lighter portions of the soil with it. Underdraining and deep plowing enables the water to pass down instead of running off on the surface, and, though greatly serviceable, are not always quite effectual. I know some men that would like to swap "two bushels of leached ashes for one of corn."

A few words upon Mr. GREELEY, himself, may be excused. "The philosopher of the Tribune" is one of the *problems of the age*. The secret of his power over the masses is worth finding out.—Many people have been as negligent of dress, as audacious in their opinions, as profound, and as peculiar, without being able to perform the greatest of human achievements, that of holding a large audience in breathless attention during the delivery of a long discourse in a prosy manner, on a prosy subject, unenlivened with wit, unseasoned with humor, unaided by new facts, theories, or assumptions. He brought his popularity with him.

A lecturer on miscellaneous subjects, a leader in a great party, the head of a prominent press, he must necessarily be an object of interest and a man of influence; but when it is recollected that his "million readers" are the ardent, the active, the speculative, the inquiring, the hopeful, the proselyting, the agitating classes, it is seen that their leader is doing more to control the destiny of the world than any man living. Has he attained to this position by the force of talent?—men of equal ability are not uncommon. Did he turn up by accident, like TAYLOR or POLK?—every inch of his progress was in the face of difficulties. He is laborious, husbands his strength, and applies it with a *purpose*—a good beginning always. He is a philosopher, studies cause and effect, and has a wide range of vision. He is sorry for the poor seamstress—*sympathy and talent hard at work, is power always;* but it *rained* when Wyoming county disgorged her thousands to "*hear Greeley,*" so the solution isn't arrived at yet. Mr. GREELEY listens to projectors in art, mechanics, philanthropy, social science, religion, and politics;—this makes him *friends*, but if he can't go all lengths, or if he does, *enemies* also! This is a gain, however, in a race for *notoriety*, valueless in itself, but capable of being turned to good account;—three enemies will sometimes do more for a man's celebrity than five friends. Still, Mr. GREELEY's is not accounted for. His great mental and moral peculiarity seems to be this: while he has the enthusiasm, the heroism, the intensity, the mental and moral activity and power, which comes from looking at things in the light of *first principles*, (rather than conventional usage,) he also possesses what is very seldom found in combination, a *worldly expediency* that makes him "fight and run away, that he may live to fight another day."

The history of "reforms and isms" will show that Mr. GREELEY in no one of the "agitations" has been the originator or even the most prominent actor; but while his coadjutors have staked all upon the result, and retired from the contest crowned with laurels or overwhelmed by disaster and defeat, *he*, active as ever, still fulminates his anathemas from the Tribune against the enemies of "free speech and free labor." Like Tammany Hall, he *selects* the issues he would like to try. He feels the popular pulse as scientifically as Dr. WEED or Dr. CROSWELL in the palmiest days of their practice. He treads on dangerous ground.

"Practical" politics is a dirty pool, and if Mr. GREELEY can dabble there without getting muddy, he is "the first of his line"—probably the last. Some of his friends think they see in his reprimands of GERRIT SMITH, who is always ready to "*die* in the cause," evidence that the politician is getting the better of the reformer; certain it is that whoever undervalues "uncompromising and impracticable" adherence to *convictions*, knows not what material the world's teachers and martyrs are made of. Whatever Mr. GREELEY's future may be—whether, in the war of moral elements, his enthusiasm shall lead him to a sublimity of self-sacrifice that will quicken the heroism of distant centuries, or his adroitness make him the dispenser of the city sweepings, he is a historical character, at once exerting a marked influence upon philosophy and fact.

I have appended this criticism to matter designed for the Agricultural department of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and to forestall objections will add that as Mr. GREELEY has been called an "*ass*" it is meet that I should here examine his "*points*" to see whether the classification is just.—H. T. B.

WHERE MEN ARE RAISED.—The "Rural Districts" not only feed the nation, but produce nine-tenths of the most useful, enterprising and successful MEN of the country. In his address at the recent Mich. State Fair, Gov. BANKS pertinently asked and truthfully answered a question on this point, as follows:—"Whence come the recuperating vitality, intellect and learning, that in each generation give new life to the quick-moving, restless and prosperous town and city population? Do lawyers, divines, deacons, merchants, mechanics, editors, philosophers and fops reproduce themselves? Never! It is from the farm that society reproduces itself; it is from the original sources of population and power, the cultivators of the soil, that advancing, recuperative, christian civilization seeks and finds new agents who work out her newer and nobler destinies."

EXPERIENCE IN BUILDING.

MR. MOORE:—Having just completed a farm house which suits the presiding genius of my household, and is thought to be commodious and comfortable by others, I have thought it might be a benefit to some of your readers who may contemplate building if I should relate my experience. And here I cannot but think what a fine medium your beautiful paper is for the interchange of thought. How low the commission, how trifling the expense for such a fund of experimental knowledge fresh from the business of every-day life!

"May building take you," was the wish of a man to his worst enemy. No greater calamity, he thought, could overtake him. "Fools build houses and wise men live in them." Well, building took me, and with the above anathema fresh in my mind, I determined that I would build for myself alone. As my means were limited, the point was, to take time enough in order to modify the expense as much as possible by my own labor. I therefore determined to be three years in building, and that I should have the workmen at such times as were most convenient for myself and man to assist them with the least injury to my business as a farmer and teacher. Between the close of school in the spring and the commencement of farm work, I drew the stone and other material for the foundation, and also considerable of the lumber. After spring work, I moved into a temporary abode, pulled the old house down, and erected the cellar and walls ready for the sills. These I covered till after haying, when the carpenters came. When they arrived, myself and man, (a Yankee, handy with tools,) labored with them, doing the coarse work, such as scoring, shingling, sheeting, planing, &c. When the house was finished outside and two rooms ready for lathing, I turned the carpenters adrift, performed the lathing, had them plastered, moved in and closed up for the winter. In spring, after my school was out, I employed a first rate joiner, and working with him I completed the lower part of my house before spring work commenced,—having the plastering and painting done when I could most conveniently assist during the season. The past spring I worked with a joiner and got the upper part of my house ready for lathing, which myself and man performed wet days during the summer, and this fall the mason and painter, with my assistance, have finished the house.

It is now just three years and a half since I took the first step in building. The expense throughout has been greatly modified by my own labor. My house is thirty-six feet long and twenty-six feet wide—such a proportion dividing up to the best advantage—giving large front rooms and good sizable bed-rooms in rear. In front there is a sitting-room and parlor of equal size. Between them the entry and stairs to chamber. In a house of this proportion the stairs are not winding but straight, the latter being not only the cheapest but the most scriptural. In rear of parlor is the parlor bed-room. Next to that a small clothes press, then a large family bed-room, with the work-room adjoining. The work-room contains a sink on one side, shelves on two sides, with drawers and cupboards underneath for spices, bread, &c, besides recesses for flour and meal barrels. In addition there is in the sitting-room a large cupboard for dishes, extending back to the stairs, with door same size as the others in the room. In rear of work-room is the wood-shed, which is floored, so that a portion is used for the stove in summer, besides a corner for unusual kitchen work during the year. Just out of the wood-shed is the water, which is brought to, but not in the house in pipe,—so there is but a step to both wood and water. With the exception of the wood-shed all is under one roof. There are no outside works of any kind.—no porticos or piazzas. All is plain and paid for. The last is not the least important ornament about a house to my mind—for internal satisfaction is better than outside show. My first design was to have a piazza in front, (for I am not insensible to that which pleases the eye,) and the carpenter teased me hard, of course, and I should have had it but for a story I read of one boy boasting to his companions that his father's house had a cupola; "and," said he, "we are to have a mortgage on it, too, for I heard him telling so last night." My house fronts the road, so that ourselves and visitors can see who is passing, and we can be found without half a day's search by strangers or others.

The upper part of the house divides to as good advantage as that below. There are four large sleeping apartments above, besides a recess, a clothes press, and a large and comfortable room which I have appropriated to myself for a study. The house is nine feet between floors, and is built in the most substantial manner. The outside is sheeted and clapboarded, and within lathed and plastered between the studs, so that there are four

thicknesses, which render it impervious to frost.—It is with pleasure I look back upon the severe exertions of three years, for the house has been built without pecuniary distress, or trespassing in the least upon my regular business. I feel grateful to Providence for the blessings of health, and that He gave me the wisdom to profit by the kindly suggestions and experience of those older than myself. The chief value of a paper, to my mind, is that we get through its columns the aggregate experience of men in every condition of life. It is this wish to contribute my mite, rather than any ambition to display my building capacity, which prompts this article. If any who contemplate building shall in the least be benefited by my experience, I shall feel that I am fully compensated. To young men just commencing life, I would say, build for yourselves. Take time. Rome was not built in a day—neither should a house be. H. K. F.

Cambridge Valley, N. Y., 1859.

POTATOES: SHALLOW OR DEEP PLANTING?

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Some have fallen into a habit of planting potatoes very near the top of the ground. The recent freezing weather coming, when perhaps the bulk of the potato crop was yet ungathered, and taking hold with damaging effect of such exposed specimens as it could reach, presents, in itself, a very plain and convincing argument against the policy of providing a root so sensitive to frost with only a light covering of earth. It is true that frosts of the severity of those we have experienced this October are quite the exception at this season of the year, yet there is always danger that either from bad weather or the press of other business, or both, the potato harvest will remain unfinished till hard frosts have actually come; and so, a portion, at least, of the crop be secured in an injured condition. Many persons believe that if left in the ground and untouched by frost, potatoes continue growing till late in the fall, long after the tops are dead; and with such, of course, considerations of profit will unite with other reasons to put off the gathering of this root till the latest practicable season, or until the occurrence of a sharp freeze gives warning that the case admits of no further delays.

When a loss, plainly traceable to any particular mode of culture occurs, it is natural for the losers, contemplating the calamity, to think of other objections to which that method or system is open, besides the one arising out of the cause of their present ill luck, and also to consider the advantages belonging to a different plan of cultivation. Without knowing what superiority the advocates of shallow planting claim for that practice, let us state what appear to us some of the objections that may reasonably be made to it, and that go to recommend an opposite management.

Potatoes growing but little way under ground, though they have the benefit of a greater number of showers, during an ordinary summer, than deeper-planted ones, are yet sure to suffer much more severely from continued dry weather, such as we always expect at intervals through the growing season. The question is, whether the moisture at the depth below the surface at which potatoes used to be planted is not sufficient to make them so independent of rains as to overbalance the advantage of more frequent wettings from moderate showers, with the attendant drawback of exposure to intenser heat.

An effect of shallow planting is plainly visible in the inferior quality of potatoes. When the seed has but a thin covering of earth, it is very common for the growing tubers to push above ground; and, on cooking these specimens, the exposed part shows a greenish look accompanied by a bitter taste, both greenness and bitterness supposed to be caused by sun-burn. The inclination to bitterness of flavor is seen also in the better covered roots; they lack the sweetness of taste belonging to those growing deep in the ground.

Judging from not very extensive observation, I should say that shallow planting is not favorable to a large yield of potatoes. Certainly, there is a great difference in the habits of the growth of potatoes planted near the surface, from those buried deeper. The latter will be found lying close together in a heap, like eggs in a nest; the former are scattered about, many of them further from the center of the hill than one unacquainted with their power of roving would think of looking for them. Whether this rambling habit of growth causes a portion of the roots to be overlooked in gathering, or whether the practice of growing potatoes with very little dirt over them is unfavorable to their attaining their greatest size, both which suppositions I suspect are true, I am ready to believe that more and better potatoes are obtained from the same varieties by deep than by shallow planting. A.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1859.

Remarks.—Some varieties of potatoes it is almost impossible to keep below the surface, if they are planted ever so deep, while others will not show themselves above ground if they are merely covered with earth. Some varieties, too, ramble over a large territory, making digging slow and tedious, while in others the tubers lay close together, "like eggs in a nest." This depends more upon the habit of the potato than upon the manner of planting. All extensive potato growers know this, and a rambling habit is always considered an objection to any variety.

POTATO EXPERIMENTS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—When gathering potatoes—Prince Alberts and Dovers—in the autumn of 1858 there was among the former a small one of such perfect shape that I was induced to preserve it for no other reason. It would puzzle a skillful artist to turn out a more symmetrical form. Early in the spring of the present year, April, it was weighed and planted. The weight was twenty-eight grains. The manure applied was a small quantity of guano and crushed bones, a bucket of suds from the weekly washing, being thrown over the vines three times during the season. The haulm did not show signs of decay till the first of October, when they were taken up. The result was twelve potatoes, suitable for the table, weighing three and a half pounds, also, eleven potatoes weighing one pound, too small for other purposes than to feed the pigs. The haulm, or vines, was large, bushy and full five feet long, weighing four pounds; in its vigorous state with leaves expanded, the weight could not have been less than half as much more, say six pounds Here were ten pounds of vegetable product from twenty-eight grains—a pound avoirdupois contains seven thousand grains—exactly two thousand five hundred for one. A Dover potato still smaller than the above, planted at the same time and cultivated in precisely the same manner, produced six potatoes all sufficiently large for the table, weighing two pounds.

Perhaps we here have a couple of hints that may be useful in domestic economy; first, that the Dover is, *relatively*, as I think it will be found by experience, *actually*, the best potato. Second, that potatoes, if we would have the full value of our money when we buy them, should be sold by weight, not measure. There is another inference which I think can be drawn from this experiment and that is, that the nourishment, whatever is, that forms and perfects the plants, is drawn—not from the soil, but the atmosphere.

You have sometimes combated the notion which persons entertain, that potatoes may mix in the hill—a doctrine taught by Cobbett in his Book on Gardening. Cobbett was undoubtedly an industrious man, but a very unreliable person to follow, either in morals, politics, or physics;—as far as principle went, he was very shallow in all of them. Some time since I saw in some paper, a statement that the *Northern Peach Blow* was produced by binding tightly together the halves of two separate and very different varieties of potatoes. In this I had no faith. Last Spring I bound together Dover and Davis' Seedlings, Mercers and Prince Alberts—and in both cases the two first grew distinct as if planted separately, rods apart. In the case of the Mercers and Prince Alberts, I was, however, very much disappointed. The former were numerous, but all were very badly diseased; of the latter there was but a single tuber, which, though sound, was shriveled to one-third or one-fourth the size of the parent, and was covered with small *scales*, not unlike a fish; the epidermis, (if a potato has such an *organ*) was cracked, and the corners rolled up in a manner quite novel to me. It would seem that the two varieties are not *compatible* with each other—that, *somehow*, the influence of the Mercer upon the Prince Albert was deleterious, and prevented its proper development. Whenever I have cultivated these two varieties properly, I have never failed of a satisfactory crop, though I consider the Prince Albert not a desirable potato for the table. Perhaps an inquiry may be suggested by the above fact—whether the reason for deterioration of crops, both as regards quality and quantity, may not be found in the fact that the soil is impure?

Norwich, Conn., 1859. O. W.

APPLYING MANURE TO GRASS LANDS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I was much interested by the evening discussions at the State Fair, as reported in the Rural, and for one, wish they might be continued through your pages. I am a farmer, and I hope not too old to learn, and know of no more reliable source of information than the opinions of practical farmers, based on their experience.

I would like to know how to apply manure so as to get the most lasting benefit on grass lands.—Will some of my brother farmers please give us their opinion through the Rural? My method has been to manure sward in the spring with fresh stable manure, and plow under to the depth of six or seven inches and plant or sow. At the next plowing, plow eight or ten inches deep, thus leaving the rotted sod and manure a little below the surface. Sow grain of some kind and stock down with a mixture of clover and timothy, about half a bushel to the acre. Soil is sandy loam, with very retentive subsoil. By this method I get good grass for four or five years, after which I repeat. This certainly increases the fertility of the soil, but perhaps not as rapidly as a better way. The better way is what I am looking for.—O. D. Hill, *Jefferson Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

SMUT IN WHEAT—EXPERIMENT.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I am a farmer, and reside in a neighborhood where large quantities of spring wheat are raised, which is frequently so affected with smut as to deteriorate its value; consequently the question frequently arises, what is the cause, and the preventive of smut wheat? In order to answer that question, I tried the following experiment, which is only one of many that I am or have been engaged in:

I prepared the plots of ground exactly alike, and sowed them the same time. No. 1 was sowed with smut wheat, entirely. No. 2, with wheat that had been bruised; (having read that that was the cause of smut wheat.) It included all conditions of bruised wheat, from a ground kernel to a perfect one. No. 3 was sowed with wheat that had been rolled in smut until the kernels were all black with it. The kind of wheat used was Canada Club. The result was, that the smut wheat (No. 1,) did not grow. No. 2 produced few stalks; but *no* smut. No. 3 produced *one-half* smut wheat.

Farmers should experiment. A. M. White.

South Onondaga, N. Y., Nov. 1859.

Large Yield of Carrots.

A correspondent of the *New England Farmer*, writing from South Danvers, says:—"Mr. B. H., one of the most successful cultivators in this town, informed me that he had gathered six tuns of as handsome carrots as he ever saw from 37 square rods of land. This would be about one tun to six square rods, or 27 tuns to an acre. The price of carrots at this time is $8 per tun, consequently the produce of an acre would amount to 8 times 27, or $216 per acre. Considering that carrots are not an exhausting crop, I look upon this as good doings. Few crops yield so well this season—cold as it has been."

THE LATE DAVID THOMAS.

David Thomas died at Union Springs, Cayuga Co., Nov. 5th, at the ripe age of 84 years, a member of the Society of Orthodox Friends. He came from Pennsylvania to the early settlement of Scipio, Cayuga Co., N. Y., and being a civil engineer, he was employed more as a surveyor than in the labors of his farm; yet such was his passion for Horticulture, Pomology and Floriculture—being an accomplished botanist—that his domain at Greatfield, two miles east of Aurora, was soon celebrated for its fine fruits and beautiful flowers. He was one of the first contributors to the Agricultural Press of the State, and the young *Geneses Farmer* was often graced and enlivened by articles, on the the proper culture of fruits and flowers, from his practical pen.

De Witt Clinton, who, in pursuing his canal policy, was always sure to find out the best men in every county, to aid him in his great work, soon made the acquaintance of David Thomas, when he immediately appointed him Chief Engineer of the Western Division of the Erie, and the Cayuga and Seneca Canals. The writer of this notice afterwards heard Gov. Clinton say that Thomas only lacked impudence to pass for a much greater man than a certain Professor he then named. But with his habitual modesty, and polite deference to the opinions of others, no man was more firm and decided when he knew he was right; and to this trait in his character the great city of Buffalo is somewhat indebted for its present commercial position. When Thomas was surveying the Canal and harbor location at Black Rock, and Buffalo creek, Gen. Peter B. Porter beset him with all his great tact and influence to make the harbor at Black Rock instead of at Buffalo creek. But, not being able to convince Thomas, he commenced a newspaper war against him, criticising his engineering severely. Thomas, in his final reply to these attacks, says:—"I now submit the question to the elements, and if Buffalo harbor becomes a failure, I shall then, but not till then, confess my error." But he lived to see the fruition of his labors. Buffalo Creek is now a great Lake Harbor, crowded with steam and sail vessels of the largest class, while Black Rock habor is little more than an adjunct to canal navigation.

Thomas, while Canal Engineer, built a new house on his farm with an observatory on top overlooking the broadest expanse of the Cayuga; here on shelves were numerous Geological specimens he had himself collected. His ornamental and fruit trees were now increased, his flower garden extended, and its beautiful specimens greatly augmented. But as age and infirmity crept on, he became more and more dependent on costly mercenary help, and rather than see his beautiful flowers run wild, and his fruit trees a prey to insects, he sold the beautiful domain and retired to a comfortable cottage near the sparkling lake waters at Union Springs. Here, as his physical infirmities increased, his mind and memory partially gave way; yet Providence dealt kindly with him, for he might often be seen on a genial summer's day among the flowers of his now narrow border, or the evergreens in his door-yard, enjoying their fragrance and beauty; a comfort kindly vouchsafed to compensate us for the privations and infirmities of age. S. W.

Inquiries and Answers.

Best Treatise on Diseases of Domestic Animals.—Will you please inform me through your valuable paper, what is the best work on the management, diseases, and treatment of domestic animals, where it can be obtained, and price?—A Subscriber, *Coventry, N. Y.* 1859.

We are not aware of any single work that would cover the field spread out by "Subscriber." Writers have generally made a specialty of some one department—each, if we may so speak, having his peculiar hobby. The "*Modern Horse Doctor*," by Dr. Dadd; "*Youatt on the Horse*," by Wm. Youatt, and "*Hints to Horse-Keepers*," by Henry William Herbert, are all worthy of a prominent position in the farmer's library. The price of the first named is $1,00; of the others $1,25. "*Youatt on Cattle*," ($1,25,) and "*The American Cattle Doctor*," ($1,00,) by Dr. Dadd, treat more particularly of horned stock. The "*American Shepherd*," ($1,00,) by L. A. Morrell, and "*The Shepherd's Own Book*," ($1,25,) by Youatt, Skinner, and Randall, treat of the history, management, and diseases of Sheep. "Subscriber," can procure any of these volumes by application to C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co., New York, or at the office of the Rural New-Yorker.

Fillibustering Among the Bees.—Will any of the readers or correspondents of the Rural New-Yorker be kind enough to inform me and the public how to prevent bees robbing their neighbors' colonies, and what effect (if any,) will it have upon the victors? Some persons allege that even the conquerors will not prosper in their ill-gotten gains, often quarreling among themselves over the spoils. One query further. While speaking of bees, is it a rare or common occurrence for bees to swarm as late as the 25th of September? This swarm did no work, or attempted so to do, as far as I could discover, remaining in the hive where they were put, until they all perished in about one week, the queen being the last survivor.—H. B. H., *North Rush, N. Y.*, 1859.

Bees are most disposed to rob early in the spring, before the flowers are open, and the weak swarms are the sufferers, though where the bee-keeper attempts to feed his bees by placing sweets outside of the hive at any season, it invites the notice of the bees of neighboring colonies, and an attack on the hive is apt to follow. The effect of this is not only disastrous to those that are robbed, but demoralizing to the robbers, as after having once had a taste of stolen sweets, they do not cheerfully return to the habits of honest industry. The only preventives against robbing is to keep the colonies strong, able to defend themselves, and not to tempt the robbers by exposing the honey or sweets of any kind around the hive. Very late swarms are never profitable, seldom worth wintering over. In some cases two or more late swarms may be united, and make a good colony. From your description we should judge that the colony left the old hive disheartened, from the ravages of the bee-moth, or some other cause.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Importance of Shelter for Stock.

The *Country Gentleman* calls attention to an error of not unfrequent occurrence among farmers, in the early stages of fattening, which should be avoided by all who care for the reputation of judicious farmers or the profits of economical ones. It is the practice of allowing creatures to depend mainly on pasturing after the last of September or the first of October, and to sleep out in the fields after that time of the year. Both of these practices, except in years uncommonly warm in autumn, tend to rob cattle of fat and to lower their condition. The nutritive qualities of grass are materially lessened after frosts, and when an animal suffers from cold, as must usually be the case in sleeping in the open field in October, Nature has provided a partial relief by consuming portions of the fat, which the animal may have already stored, in the creation of additional supplies of heat. In a word, it seems forgotten by some, that, without something additional to grass after frosts, and without shelter in chilly nights, cattle will lose in condition and quantity of fat; and that this is the opposite of economy, as it is much easier to keep on fat than to put it on. True economy and judicious management require early stabling during nights, and something in addition to grass after frost.

To Make Good Butter.

Aunt Rhoda, in the New England *Farmer*, says:—"Skim the milk as soon as it sours, and before it thickens, if possible; stir the cream faithfully, especially when new is added. Set the jar in a cool place; if the cellar is not cold and sweet, set it in the spring or hang it in the well—any way to keep it cool. After the last cream is added before churning, then 'go a visiting' if you please, as cream should not be churned the day it is taken off. At night fall, fill the churn with cold water, and start the churning at early dawn, and my word for it, you will soon find a solid mass of golden-colored butter, free from white specks, and when properly salted and packed, fit for anybody's table. After the buttermilk starts pour in cold water, a little at a time, turning the crank slowly and carefully back and forth; this prevents the butter from closing too rapidly, does not break the grains, and gives every particle of the cream a chance to form into butter.

Cutting Feed.

The *New Jersey Farmer* illustrates the economy of cutting feed for cattle in a few words: If a farmer has no fodder to be disposed of, except fine, "merchantable hay," there will be little need of cutting it. But most persons have corn stalks, hay and straw a little damaged, which, if fed out unprepared, would be much wasted. Now a careful farmer would run this through a straw-cutter, then mix with a little meal and moisten, and it will be a vastly more palatable dish, little or none will be wasted, and what is eaten will be well digested. Our good housewives hash up odds and ends of meat, to save them, and to make them more acceptable to their families,—why should not the same principle of economy rule in the farmer's barn?

Agricultural Miscellany.

Our Market Reports.—A friend who is familiar with the subject, and a close observer of the reports in several agricultural and other prominent journals, speaks in very complimentary terms of the *accuracy* and *quantity* of Market Reports given in the Rural, averring that they are far superior to those of its immediate contemporaries. He thinks we ought to tell our readers of this superiority—especially as other agricultural journals (including monthlies whose reports are, necessarily, almost useless,) make considerable ado *in Prospectuses, &c.*, about their market intelligence, yet give little of value,—but we have no disposition to boast in the premises. It is sufficient for us to know that many of our readers appreciate this important feature of the Rural, as frequent letters attest, and have no doubt that all discriminating persons will come to a proper conclusion, without any laudatory remarks on our part, either in the paper, bills or prospectuses.

The "Professor" of Terra-Culture.—We have lately received several letters from Western Pa., speaking in no very complimentary terms of the operations of this charlatan, and telling us how he "pitched into" the Rural New-Yorker and its Editor. We beg our friends to give themselves no uneasiness on our account. The "Professor," as we have proved, is the father of liars, and all we ask of him is that he will not speak well of us! As to publishing the articles against him and his theory, we consider it unnecessary after what we have given in this and former volumes. And, beside, we observe that the Pittsburg papers and their correspondents, (especially Gen. Negley,) are after the "Professor" with a sharp stick—have indeed driven him from the State, for we learn that he has just appeared in Connecticut. We commend him to the kind and critical attention of our friends of *The Homestead*. A letter just received from an intelligent correspondent says:—"Verily, *Comstock* has more lives than a cat! He is certainly entitled to the merit (?) of being able to live and thrive longer on humbug than even Barnum himself. Even the astute N. Y. *Evening Post* publishes a puff from one of his dupes." *Vivela Humbug!*

United States Ag. Society.—The N. Y. Tribune of the 12th, says:—"The Secretary of this Society is in the city for the purpose of meeting members of the Executive Committee to settle the contested awards at the late Chicago Fair. The annual business meeting will be held, as usual, at Washington, in January, and we earnestly hope that the report of the Treasurer will show how the $180,000 received from the public since 1852, has been disposed of. We wish to see how far the Society has been bled by local officials in the several cities, and who of the regular officers have, while pretending philanthropy, managed to be well paid for their services. If we do not greatly mistake the auguries, a thorough reform will result from the next annual meeting."

Another Agricultural Professorship Endowed.—A Southern paper states that Hon. Oliver J. Morgan, of Carroll parish, La., has presented to Bishop Polk, of Louisiana, the sum of forty thousand dollars, as the foundation of a professorship of Agricultural Chemistry in the "University of the South." This donation makes up the entire amount of 5,000,000, required by the charter to establish the proposed University.

To Advertisers.—*Bright.*—A recent letter talks to us in this wise:—"Please find enclosed $5 to pay for the advertisement enclosed. I wish for two insertions, and more if it pays for it. If not enough to pay for two, write me the balance due, and I will send it. It [the $5] would pay for three [insertions] in the C. G., but you charge higher."—Yes, Sir, we *do* "charge higher," and for the very *cogent reason* that the circulation of the Rural New-Yorker *is full five times that of the C. G.* [Still, the C. G. has a good circulation, and charges fair rates for advertising, though much "higher" than the Rural in proportion to circulation.] And we hereby request all who consider our charges extravagant to send their orders to other papers for we ask no *patronage*, as such—wish no one to advertise in or take the Rural without a reasonable prospect of obtaining *value received* for the investment. Above all, we beg to be spared the addition of insult to injury—as, for example, when a party sends us half the amount of our rates, (we do not now refer to above case,) and asks a publication on such terms because "other papers" charge no more! Such *favors* are usually returned without the least "premonitory reluctance"—for we have no special desire to deal with people who would, judging from their actions, expect to ride one hundred miles per railroad on paying the fare for ten miles.

During the past week the publisher of a popular magazine wrote us inquiring what it would cost to insert a certain advertisement in the Rural one time, and what for two—remarking that he thought he had paid us too much heretofore, "compared with other papers." [This same publisher charges from $50 to $100 per page for advertising, while others charge from $10 to $20!] Our answer was that one insertion would cost 25 cents a line, be the same more or less, and two just double that, provided it was inserted before Jan. 1st, 1860, after which date we should probably materially increase our rates, as they were far too low "compared with other papers." We hope the response was satisfactory. Within the same time (past week) we *refused* an offer to advertise, *at our own price*, to the amount of $1,200—the advertisement being unobjectionable, (not a patent medicine or humbug,)—because we do not wish to give any one announcement, weekly, for so long a period as desired (six months,) and for the additional reason that our space is so limited that we are often obliged to defer new advertisements, (as we are, by the way, this week.)

—Though the heading of this article indicates brevity, we are constrained to add another fact. Some years ago we published in the Rural (for Mr. E. M. Bradley of Ontario county,) a brief advertisement of choice stock, charging therefor $4. Mr. B afterwards informed us that he realized a profit of *full one thousand dollars* from said advertisement—and, moreover, that the person whose note we quote above purchased some of the animals and subsequently obtained first premium on same at the N. Y. State Fair! And here we rest.

California State Fair.—The California Farmer of Sept. 23d, (lately received,) says the Fair of the Pacific State was a noble triumph—"a triumph of mind, of genius, and taste." The Fair was held at Sacramento, continuing some ten days, (Sept. 13, 23,) and, according to our authority, was successful in every respect—exhibition, attendance and receipts. It gave evidence that "in every department of labor, California can boast the very best workmen—equal to any in the world. In agriculture there was the proof. The grain-fields had hundreds of noble examples from the brave tillers of the soils." "The *orchardist and gardener may well* be proud of this Fair, *for the world never saw prouder* specimens of pomology." "The vegetable kingdom could well claim this show as a triumph, for it never was equaled. Where on the face of the earth did man ever see vegetables of every kind so enormously large as those on the tables in the lower hall of the Fair? Where did any one ever see them before so thickly grown as to require *a bridge over them so as to gather them!*"—&c., &c. The sentences we segregate are hardly fair specimens of the style in which our respected contemporary—with the aid of poetry, admiration points, italics, &c.,—shows how far California is ahead of "all the world and the rest of mankind," and then coolly adds, "In our next the details will commence." We are prepared for the worst, Colonel; but pray tell us, in the details, *how* they constructed that bridge. We can't get the "hang of it"—and only ask for information, without any design of infringing the patent. Meantime, we sincerely rejoice in the great success of the Ruralists of the Golden State.

Encouraging Domestic Industry.—A Western paper says:—At the recent Mechanics' Fair at Battle Creek, Mich, C. S. Gray, a public-spirited citizen of that thriving town, offered a premium for the best specimen of spinning done by any young lady. Four young ladies appeared to contest for the prize. The awards were as follows:—To Miss Brown, of Emmet, the first premium of $5, for best quality; Miss Newbre, a pair of fine Congress gaiters, as second premium; and each of the others a pair of kid slips. In presenting the premiums he made a brief and good-sensical speech, concluding as follows:—"And now, ladies, in conclusion let me say that next spring, when the wool clip comes off, claim enough to make at least three good suits of clothes; and the one that will present a father and two brothers here, next fall, in a full suit of her own manufacture, if the institution does not give her a gold watch, worth at least twenty-five dollars, I will give her fifteen dollars in cash."

Horse Census.—The following curious account is given in Appleton's Cyclopædia, of the number of horses in the various parts of the world:—"The general estimate has been eight to ten horses in Europe for every hundred inhabitants. Denmark has forty five horses to every hundred inhabitants, which is more than any other European country. Great Britain and Ireland have 2,500,000 horses; France 3,000,000; Austrian Empire, exclusive of Italy, 2,600,000; Russia 3,500,000. The United States have 5,000,000, which is more than any European country; the horses of the whole world are estimated at 57,420,000."

Domestic Pigeons, which, according to the present use made of them, are about as profitable as rats, may be turned to valuable purposes. They increase very rapidly when their propagation is fostered. They are larger and sweeter than the wild pigeon, and by a proper care of their almost extinct race, they may be a very abundant, desirable and profitable game. Look to this subject, you that wish to increase the wealth of your poultry yards. So says an exchange.

Fish Guano.—In a lecture at Montreal, Prof. Hunt expressed the opinion that from 100,000 to 150,000 tons of artificial manure might be manufactured annually from the waste of the Canadian fisheries; and this equal to the waste of the Canadian fisheries; and this equal to the Peruvian guano. The French were aware of the importance of this manure, and were now manufacturing it on a large scale in the Straits of Belli Isle.

Spicy and Instructive.—The letters written by Brother Brandon, of the *Prairie Farmer*, during his recent visit among old friends in Northern New York. To maintain this rash assertion, we purpose to give, ere long, some segregations therefrom.

HORTICULTURAL.

MATERIAL FOR HEDGING.

Our readers will have noticed in our last two issues articles condemning the *Osage Orange*, as too tender for a Hedge Plant, and recommending the *English Hawthorn*. To-day we give the experience of another hedge grower. Perhaps we have not yet discovered the plant that in centuries to come will line our roads and divide our fields with living walls of green; and we may never obtain a plant that will succeed in all sections of our wide-extended country, with its diversity of soil and climate. In many sections the *Osage Orange* is hardy, and, in fact, we have only just begun to learn that it is not hardy everywhere. In the summer of 1856, during a brief sojourn at the West, we formed very favorable opinions in regard to the hardiness of this plant, as did every one else. The previous winter was one of extraordinary severity; apple trees a foot in diameter, and ten or fifteen years planted, were killed to the ground—whole orchards were destroyed—while the Osage Orange hedges in the immediate vicinity, and sometimes actually surrounding these orchards, were uninjured, except at the tender extremities of the branches, and in many cases, in fact, almost all cases, the hedges seemed as safe and vigorous as though kept over winter in a green-house.

With these facts, it will not seem strange that the Osage Orange should be proclaimed as hardy; nor will it answer to charge, as one correspondent has almost done, that these opinions have been promulgated only by interested parties, and for selfish ends. We have almost concluded from the observation of the past two or three years, that it is not the severity of the weather, but sudden and extreme changes, and perhaps bright, sunshiny, winter days, that causes the Osage Orange to suffer. After all, we have not seen an Osage Orange hedge injured beyond recovery, by winter, while we have seen scores ruined by bad treatment.

Very much rejoiced would we be to know that the *English Hawthorn*,—the *Quickset* of the farmer, and the sweet *May-Flower* of the merry children,—with its beautiful green, glossy foliage, its fragrant flowers, its bright-red winter berries, its dense, living wall, could be grown as well in this country as in England, but for this we cannot hope. The Hawthorn seems perfectly at home in the moist climate of England, flourishes in any spot where it has a chance to take root, makes perfect hedges, as secure against man or beast as a stone wall, and beautiful ornamental trees, to be found on every lawn.

BRANCH OF THE HAWTHORN.

In this country the *Thorn* makes a beautiful small tree, and is somewhat planted, but not as extensively as its merit deserves. The *White, Double White, Pink Flowering, Scarlet* and *Double Red* varieties, are valuable small trees, which we recommend to every one planting shrubs or trees. But, we have little hopes that it will succeed as a hedge, over a large extent of country. The borer attacks the plants and destroys many, and the *Aphis* injures the leaves, stops the growth, and by a little after midsummer a Hawthorn hedge is a sorry sight indeed. Still, we know of some that do well. One, growing in the village of Pittsford, in this county, is equal in vigor and beauty to anything that could be found in England. On a cold, clay soil, we think the Hawthorn succeeds the best.

The Osage Orange, we are led to believe, by pretty extensive observation, suffers more from neglect and bad treatment, from want of pruning, neglect of culture, crowding near fences, &c., than from the effects of winter. The *Honey Locust* has been tried, to some extent, and we know of some, who after years of trial, are prepared to say that it is better adapted for a farm fence than any other plant in our possession. It must be remembered, however, by every hedge grower, that after a hedge is planted in a well prepared soil, the work is only just commenced. It should be given plenty of room, not crowded by fences, the soil several feet on each side should be kept clean and mellow, and the plants must be kept cut back, so as to secure a good, thick bottom, for without this, every attempt to grow a hedge will be a failure.

Fine Chrysanthemum Plants.—A few days since we made a call at the conservatory of Chas. W. Seelye, nurseryman of this city, to see his Chrysanthemum plants, having learned from some of our practical gardeners, who are always on the look out for nice things, that he had some of the finest ever grown in this part of the country. We found them all that they had been represented; indeed, we never saw better show-plants anywhere. They are grown upon a single stem for four or five inches, when they throw out vigorous branches, forming beautiful round plants, some two or three feet in height and six or more in circumference, covered with a shower of flowers, through which the modest foliage occasionally looks out. The Chrysanthemum is just the plant for flowering in the parlor in early winter. Mr. S. has just completed a new range of houses 200 feet in length.

CLUSTER AND LEAF OF THE DELAWARE GRAPE.

During the past few years there has been a good deal of discussion in regard to the origin and history of the *Delaware Grape*. Some have contended that it is a foreign variety; indeed, that was at first the general opinion, and many Germans now contend that they have seen it in their native land. For some time it was supposed to be the *Traminer*, but from this it is quite distinct, though bearing some resemblance. It is not unlikely that there is in Germany a grape bearing even a still more striking likeness to the Delaware. The opinion for some years has become quite general, and every year more so, that it is a native, and it has been almost proved that it originated in a garden in New Jersey, some thirty years ago. Mr. Meehan, editor of the *Gardener's Journal*, contends that it is a true native, and thinks he has seen and tasted it growing in the woods while making botanical excursions. Below, we give an article from Mr. M. on this interesting subject. No one, we think, will regret to see evidence that this delicious grape is a native of the American forest.

"While making some botanical trips on the upper portion of the Delaware some years back, we recollect a casual notice of a grape which we have often thought had a strong resemblance to what later years had taught us to call the Delaware; and throughout the discussions on the native and foreign origin of this variety, we have often wished we could call to mind the exact spot, or that our duties would admit of another few weeks' trip in this romantic region. However, we have done the next best thing. We have tried to put others on the track; but though we have got the grape from near a score of localities, on close investigation we cannot assure ourself with confidence that they are entirely wild. One thing, however, is remarkable,—none of the grapes are *exactly* the same. Some have the bunches loose, some compact, some shouldered, some with short bunches, and some above the average length; but yet in every essential quality they are Delaware, and nothing but Delaware. From one bunch we selected a portion and sent them to Mr. Garber for a name. Mr. Garber replies, 'Judging from the berries alone, they are the Delaware, and nothing else.'

Those sent to Mr. Garber we got from Quakertown, Bucks county, and in reply to our inquiries, our correspondent says:

'The grape sent you is called in this neighborhood the *Ruff* Grape, as it is supposed to have been originally brought from New Jersey by a party of that name.'

At our recent Horticultural Exhibition we presented four bunches, all from different localities, and selected for their varied forms, to our regular Fruit Committee 'for name,' without explaining any of the circumstances. They were pronounced 'Delaware.'

In our own mind, we have no more doubt about the Delaware being a native grape,—both pomologically and botanically,—than we have about our own existence; and, did not true courtesy demand otherwise, would alter the old couplet, which says that,

'When Bishop Berkeley says there is no matter,
It is no matter what the Bishop says,'

into a pomological construction. However, if any one will take a few bunches of Delaware, and confine them for a few days in a close box, and then suddenly open the cover in the vicinity of his nasal organ, it will be saluted with that peculiar odor which may be classed with the Mus-cat or *pole*-cat order, according to the peculiar tastes or prejudices of the owner; but which is universally suggestive of an American origin.

With regard to its leafy characters, our friend, John Sherwood, at Bristol, Pa., will show any visitor a Delaware grafted on a Black Hamburg in his grape house, the which amongst the hundreds of foreign vines, if any hundred of our farm laborers do not at once pronounce it a 'Fox' grape, we will 'hold our tongue for evermore.'

The variations in the bunches we have noticed, point to different seedling origins,—just as we have amongst us many varieties of the Isabella. We have traveled on foot over nearly every square mile in the State of Delaware, and in the woods and swamps of that State, many forms of Isabella are frequent,—the main difference only being that they are not quite as good as the cultivated. We have very little hesitation to infer from the above personal histories and our own observations on wild grapes, that the Delaware's home is on the hills and head-waters of the Delaware river, and that if the woods and wilds of those localities were searched, many similar varieties would be found, all referable to the same form, which might indeed result in its being considered a distinct species."

The engraving above was taken from a bunch on exhibition at the last meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, and we think from specimens sent us by Chas. Downing.

The editor of the *Horticulturist* says, "at the late exhibition of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society specimens of Delaware grapes found in *three different localities, in a wild state*, were exhibited." If this is so, it settles the question, but our understanding of the matter is, that these specimens were not found *wild*, but were taken from *old* vines growing in gardens in different sections, and of course planted long before the Delaware grape received its present name, or became known to pomologists. Mr. M. B. Rateham, of Ohio, states that some years ago he saw this grape on exhibition at Pittsburgh, where it was called *Lady's Choice*, named so because first picked by the owners lady friends.

MORE EXPERIENCE IN HEDGE-GROWING.

Messrs. Editors:—Your correspondent, Wm. B. Rice, in the Rural of the 29th of October, in giving his experience in the rearing of *Osage Orange* for Hedges, and also making inquiry in regard to the cultivation of *English Hawthorn*, for the same purpose, justly remarks that a "mite of practical knowledge, though often dearly bought, is of more worth than a volume of theorising." The remark is true, and willing to save him and others the trouble, expense and disappointment consequent upon the attempt of *building fences* in that way, I will give also my experience. Some eight or nine years since, I purchased the *Quickset* and planted out between one hundred and fifty and two hundred rods of English Hawthorn Hedge. I took much pains in preparing the ground, setting out the plants, and cultivating them for three or four years, keeping them free from grass and weeds. They grew well and made fine promise for a fence, and it was observed by an English tenant that they flourished as well as any that he ever saw in Old England, and when trimmed and in full foliage were beautiful indeed. But my hopes and expectations were doomed to disappointment. Soon after the hedge was deemed sufficient for a fence and the protection removed, it began in some places to show symptoms of decay. Upon examination I found the bushes deeply girdled, or eaten entirely off, at or near the surface by a worm or grub, perhaps the same that infests the apple and and locust tree; so, while I have sought by much labor and expense to have a neat, useful and ornamental live fence along the highway, about the door-yard and orchard, I have an unseemly apology for a fence, dead by feet, and almost by rods, inviting hungry and unruly street cows and landshark swine to commit depredations.

I can assure Mr. Rice that I am as fully prepared to condemn the cultivation of the English Hawthorn for hedges in this locality, as he is to pronounce that of the Osage Orange a hoax in this latitude. As to to the latter, I planted out about seventy rods three or four years ago, and they did well until I found last spring they had been pretty badly *scorched* by frost. I trimmd them, and they have grown pretty well this summer, although they do not look as healthy as formerly. Time will determine their failure or success. I am prepared for either. S. G. Gage.

Benton Centre, N. Y., Nov, 1859.

Inquiries and Answers.

Prairie Flowers.—Inclosed is a section of the flower of a wild prairie bulb, and also a leaf. The bulb in its construction is something after the order of the Hyacinth in form, but grows nearer the surface. It has no scales like the lily, but seems entire. It sends up from five to eight racemes of flowers, like the section inclosed, varying in length from one and a half to three feet, and is a very striking object in a flower bed. If you can give us the botanical name, it will lay us under many obligations.—G. G. G. & Co., *Maysville, Ky.*, 1859.

The specimen is *Liatris scariosa* (Mx. Gay Feather,) a well known plant over the West. Root bulbous, but the plant is wholly distinct from the *bulbous plants*, and has no family or even class relation to them.

Making a Grape Border.—Being a subscriber to the Rural, I would like to ask a question or two for my own benefit and perhaps many others. I have just built a house, and having quite a quantity of waste lime, such as the masons waste in laying brick and plastering, composed of lime, sand, hair, pieces of brick and some shavings, I would like to know if that would be good to put into my grape borper. I thought I would take that, add leaves, horse manure and soil for my border, but then I thought I would ask you first, for I might be wrong, as I am just beginning to make a home for myself and family. Will the Northern Muscadine Grape need protection here in this climate, (about 40 degrees?)—R. P R., *Quincy, Ill.*, 1859.

Old plaster and refuse lime is good for a border—so is the hair. The shavings would help lighten it if the soil was rather heavy, and be of advantage. The bricks you might use at the bottom in making good drainage. Well-mix the leaves, and there is nothing better, with the horse manure, plaster and soil, and you will have a good border. The Northern Muscadine is represented as being extremely hardy. It has never suffered by the winter here.

SEWING MACHINE AWARDS,

BY THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, NEW YORK.

Sewing Machines, considered in their social, industrial, and physiological bearings upon society, are second in importance to no material agent of the day. Economizing nine-tenths of the time required for sewing by hand; eliminating most of the evils of needlework; enlarging the sphere of woman's employment by creating new and profitable branches of industry; relieving the housekeeper of her most grievous burden, the Sewing Machine ranks with the fabled deities as benefactors of humanity.

The Committee of the American Institute, N. Y., appointed at the late exhibition at Palace Garden, to examine Sewing Machines, have made a long, elaborate, and able report, of much interest to the public. Although the utility of this invention is established beyond all question, yet, for the various purposes of its application, ignorance exists as to the particular patent best for a specific purpose. Committees heretofore have not discriminated and classified sufficiently. This report is free from these faults. The Machines are arranged according to the stitch made, and the purpose to which the machine is to be applied, in four classes, 1st, 2d, 3rd, and 4th; a classification indicating the general order of merit and importance:

Class 1st, includes the Shuttle, or Lock Stitch Machines for family use, and for manufacturers in the same range of purpose and material. The Committee has assigned this class the highest rank, on account of the "elasticity, permanence, beauty, and general desirableness of the stitching when done," and the wide range of its application. At the head of this class they place the Wheeler & Wilson Machine, and award it the highest premium. This has been the uniform award for this Machine throughout the country for several years, and we think no disinterested person will dispute its justice and propriety.

Class 2d, includes the Shuttle, or Lock Stitch Machine, for heavy manufacturing purposes. At the head of this class the Committee place First & Frost's Machines.

Class 3rd, includes the Double Chain Stitch Machines. The Grover & Baker Machine is placed at the head of this class. The Committee objects to the stitch made by this Machine, inasmuch as it consumes more thread than any other stitch, and leaves a ridge projecting from one side of the seam. This, in the Committee's opinion, must usually impair the durability of the seam, and often the beauty of the garments or other articles so stitched, though some of the Machines making this stitch can be used very successfully for embroidering purposes.

Class 4th, includes the Single Thread Tambour or Chain Stitch Machines. The tendency of this stitch to ravel, the Committee considers an objection so serious that they refuse to recommend the Machines making it for any premium.

The public is much indebted to this Committee for the able discharge of their duty, in rendering clear a subject that interest has so much darkened.

Buckeye Cake.—One pound of flour; 1 lb. sugar; 1 teacup butter; 6 eggs; 1 cup milk; 2 teaspoons cream tartar, mixed through the flour; 1 teaspoon soda, dissolved in the milk.

Shrewsbury Cake.—One pound of flour; ¼ lb. butter; ¾ lb. sugar; 5 eggs; 1 teaspoon soda, dissolved in water; spice with lemon; bake three quarters of an hour.—Economy, *Salem Co., N. J.*

Remedy for the Felon.—Take a pint of common soap, and mix it in air-slaked lime till it is of consistency of glazier's putty. Make a leather thimble, and fill it with this composition, and insert the finger therein, and change the composition once in twenty minutes, and the cure is certain.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

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meets all such emergencies, and no household can afford to be with out it. It is always ready and up to the sticking point. There is no longer a necessity for limping chairs, splintered veneers, headless dolls, and broken cradles. It is just the thing for canes, shell, and other ornamental work, so dear to all ladies of refinement and taste.

This valuable preparation is used cold, being chemically held in solution and possessing all the adhesive qualities of the best cabinet makers Glue. It may be used in the place of ordinary mucilage, being vastly more effective.

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G	Mends GUITARS	G
H	Mends HARPS	H
I	Mends INLAID WORK	I
J	Mends JARS	J
K	Mends KNOBS	K
L	Mends LEATHER WORK	L
M	Mends MIRROR FRAMES	M
N	Mends NEWEL POSTS	N
O	Mends OTTOMANS	O
P	Mends PIANO FORTES	P
Q	Mends QUILT-FRAMES	Q
R	Mends ROCKING HORSES	R
S	Mends SOFAS	S
T	Mends TABLES	T
U	Mends UMBRELLA STICKS	U
V	Mends VASES	V
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5	D	Mends DAGUERREOTYPE CASES	5
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7	N	Mends NEW BREAKAGES	7
8	G	Mends GUN STOCKS	8
9	S	Mends SCHOOL BOOKS	9
10	P	Mends PARASOLS	10
11	R	Mends RULERS	11
12	E	Mends PHYSICAL MACHINES	12
13	P	Mends PAPER HANGINGS	13
14	A	Mends ARM CHAIRS	14
15	R	Mends RICKETY FURNITURE	15
16	E	Mends ERASER HANDLES	16
17	D	Mends DESKS	17
18	G	Mends GLOBES	18
19	L	Mends LOOSENED LEAVES	19
20	U	Mends UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE	20
21	E	Mends EGG CRATERS	21
22		Mends ACORN WORK	22
23		Mends CHESS BOARDS	23
24		Mends FIDDLES	24
25		Mends SHELL WORK	25
26		Mends LITTER WORK	26
27		Mends HOBBY HORSES	27
28		Mends KALEIDOSCOPES	28
29		Mends MONEY-BOXES	29
30		Mends PICTURE FRAMES	30
31		Mends SECRETARIES	31
32		Mends VENEERING	32
33		Mends SCHOOL FURNITURE	33
34		Mends PAPER MACHE	34
35		Mends WALKING CANES	35
36		Mends PARIAN MARBLE	36
37		Mends CRIBS	37
38		Mends BABY-JUMPERS	38
39		Mends IVORY WORK	39
40		Mends MATCH SAFES	40
41		Mends PICTURES	41
42		Mends QUILL WHEELS	42
43		Mends TOWEL RACKS	43
44		Mends WASH STANDS	44
45		Mends LYRE HEADS	45
46		Mends DRUMS	46
47		Mends CHESSMEN	47
48		Mends BALLOT BOXES	48
49		Mends HERBARIUMS	49
50		Mends BACKGAMMON BOARDS	50
51		Mends LAND CRAFTS	51
52		Mends BLACK BOARDS	52
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Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DIRGE FOR THE DEPARTED.

BY HEBRON BELL.

The sunlight struggles, pale and dim,
Through fleecy clouds that wrap the sky;
I miss the song-bird's morning hymn,
For winter's nigh,

And they have sought a warmer clime
Where flowers still bloom 'mid tangled form,
But soon, when comes the warm spring-time,
They will return,—

When April skies are bright above,
When sparkling fountains dance and play,
Their songs will echo in each grove
And meadow gay,

But she, who had the power to send
Such joy from out her ample store,
And with my own sad nature blend,
Will come no more.

Beneath yon elms, that to the skies
Their long and leafless branches wave,
Swayed by November's wind, she lies
"Low in her grave."

The cold winds, o'er the wooded height,
Sigh like the far-heard ocean's surge,
And chant, through all the dreary night,
A mournful dirge.

My heart is crushed,—it could not bear
The blow,—she was my *only* friend,—
Oh, why should life, so young and fair,
So early end?

When twilight with the southern breeze
The golden hours of day prolong,
Then she would gently seek to please
With sweetest song.

Her happy voice, when she was glad,
Would echo through my throbbing heart,
And then, at times, so low and sad,
That tears would start.

Oh, lonely hours I yet shall see—
Oh, bitter tears I yet shall weep,
Ere I shall sink, dear M—, like thee,
In Death's calm sleep.

But firmly to one hope I cling,
The sweetest to us mortals given,
It is that I'll yet hear her sing
With choirs in Heaven.

Fayette, Mo., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FADED FLOWERS.

It was on a pleasant day, not long since, that, looking over an old box which I had not seen in some time, I discovered a cluster of faded flowers. I was about examining them more closely, when I heard a gentle rap at the door. On opening it, whom should I see but dear aunt Patience. Aunt Patience is a widow lady, about sixty years of age. She lives with a maiden daughter, in a little vine-covered cottage a few miles from us, and, though she enjoys good health, she but seldom visits us, on account of the distance. She keeps her eyes open, and by this means has become quite a wise woman. There is not one among her acquaintances for whom she has not a kind word; and her pleasant yet dignified face always seems to bring peace with it. The little children leave their sports and run to meet her, crying, "Aunt Patience is coming;" and the quiet housekeepers smile a satisfied smile, as they place the rocking chair for her by the open window. Always "patient and loving," we think she is rightly named.

"I am glad you have come," said I, taking her bonnet and shawl, and putting them carefully away. Aunt Patience smiled; then, taking her knitting, commenced her work.

"Always at work, aunt," said I.

"Don't you know that

'Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do?"

Ah! *you must never be idle*, Alice. But what have you there?"

"'Tis a withered nosegay, aunt, Fannie gave it to me—and you know Fannie is dead now," said I, softly, as the memory of that dear friend came over me.

"Yes, yes, Alice, I know it full well. She was a faded flower on earth, but her pure spirit blooms in Heaven."

"Yes, aunt, and when she gave them to me she said, 'Think of me often, Alice.' I do very often, aunt. This little bud she wore in her hair the last evening I saw her,—I begged it to put with other flowers that she had just given me. They retain their *fragrance*, if not their *color*," said I, as I carefully laid them away.

"Alice, dear, on that never-to-be-forgotten day on which Fannie died, did not the Angel of Death beg that sweet bud to place with others which he had that day gathered? The *jewel*,—her soul,—was taken away, and the casket only remained. So with your flowers, Alice,—the life of them has departed,—the faded flowers only remain. The sweet fragrance which they even yet give is like the good deeds, kind words, and pleasant smiles which Fannie herself has given, which, though past, are not forgotten. That sweet bud is a fit emblem of herself, thus early transplanted to the bright land where is no parting, and where the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of 'their Father.'"

"Ah," said I, "you have found the true secret of happiness. You hope to meet Fannie in that better land. Is it not so, dear aunt?"

"Yes, Alice. 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want,' even in the hour of death." After a few moments' pause, aunt resumed:

"Do you know of any other faded flowers?"

"I think not, aunt."

"There are very *many* faded flowers, Alice,—more than is sometimes supposed. How many flowers that once grew in human gardens are faded. They lie cold, and alone,—they sleep the dreamless sleep,—their bright eyes are closed, never to be opened here,—their merry, laughing voices, that once sounded in joyous glee through their happy homes, are hushed, and the little dimpled hands lie folded over bosoms that are never to know more of pain or care. How many of these are in the old church-yard,—how many faded in years gone by, and whose graves are forgotten,—how many lie in the depths of the sea,—how many whose last resting places will never be known till the earth and sea shall give up their dead. Another *faded flower*, Alice, is the aged, respected *mother*, cared for and loved with the pure affections of a child's heart. Mother toiled against poverty to give her children an education and to clothe them, and shall *they refuse* to provide for her wants, and to increase her comfort by every means in their power? What if the infirmities of age rest heavily upon her? They will never leave her,—never turn her upon the cold charities of the world alone. 'Honor thy father and thy mother,'—how often in childhood have they heard it from her venerable lips, and now they obey the command cheerfully. May you, Alice, ever remember to love and cherish *this* faded flower."

Aunt Patience continued:—"The *wife*, worn down with care and watchfulness, is another faded flower. Care has taken the rose-tint from her cheek and the once bright and beaming expression from her eye. The hilarity of youth is gone,—the step is slow. Husbands need not remind them of it,—it is enough that it is so. We know, *ourselves*, that 'we do fade as a leaf.' Let them *lessen* our cares; let them take more of the *responsibility* of the family upon themselves, and they will not be so ready to perceive the inroads of decay; or, perceiving, and knowing the cause, will wisely refrain from the reminders in which some husbands are inclined, either unwittingly or heartlessly, to indulge. Many a wife toils on alone, as far as the interest or care taken by the husband is concerned, and then, added to all their trouble, is the taunt, 'How you have faded.' By-the-by, Alice, I find that husbands are very apt to see 'faded flowers' in the persons of their weary wives on their return from an evening's pastime amid the young and gay. I saw Mrs. S., and Mrs. H., last Sabbath, at church. They wore a look of care, and I thought, Alice, perhaps their husbands had seen 'faded flowers' on their return from the last party."

Aunt's conversation was suddenly broken off by a rap at the door, which proved to be a call upon her to visit the sick, and thus ended her descriptions of 'faded flowers.' Very sorry was I that we were interrupted,—for I was being educated, and wished to learn more. Dear me, I did not know before that there were such flowers as aunt has last described,—my idea was that husbands and wives faded together. Alice.

Canandaigua, N. Y., 1859.

MARRIAGE OF IDA FAIRFIELD.

It doubtless will interest the many attached and widely scattered personal friends of Mary S. Bassett, and the more numerous readers of the chaste and beautiful poetical productions of her pen, full of high-toned moral and religious sentiment, which have so frequently appeared in the Rural New-Yorker and in some of the magazines to which she has contributed, over the signature of "Ida Fairfield," to learn that she was married on the evening of Sept. 8th, at the residence of her mother, in Independence, Allegany Co., N. Y., to Wm. L. Clarke, Esq., of Rhode Island, the Rev. Jared Kenion, officiating. The invitations to the wedding were confined, with few exceptions, to relatives of the family, as it was intended to be as private as the circumstances would admit, as the bride had lost a venerated father, and a much-loved brother and sister, within the last eighteen months,—yet, the company was large as the family connections are numerous. Miss Bassett is a grand niece of the late Gen. Erastus Root of this State, and a niece of Joseph Sheffield, Esq., of New Haven, one of the Railroad Kings. Her uncles, George St. John of New York, and Thos. St. John of Mobile, gentlemen of fortune, were present, and among the most liberal contributors of the numerous articles of massive and beautifully and elaborately wrought silver plate, and other bountiful and well-merited gifts of friendship and affection, which adorned a side table in one of the parlors—the admiration of all, and the envy, perhaps, of some of the less fortunate among the fair guests.

The company was an interesting one, much of it from abroad. The mother, an intelligent matron, exhibiting the dignity and grace of the olden time, of New England birth and education, yet an early settler of this Switzerland of New York, presided, surrounded by four married daughters, and two daughters-in-law, all matrons of dignity, the most of them returning to the home of their childhood from a distance, to be present at the marriage of a cherished sister. Fairy fingers and fairer lips, dispensed sweet music, inspiring and imparting an interest to a scene, made elegant, by the presence of more than one of those birds of Paradise whom Heaven had destined to wander here upon earth for the benefit and happiness of man, among them, the fair bride, exhibiting an unpretending and charming native simplicity, and the fairy bridesmaids, one of them a young sister, in their appropriate and beautiful adornments, around whom the graces, or mountain fairies, might have danced a cotillon. The evening, with music and feasting, the meeting of friends and congratulations, passed cheerfully away. The next morning, however, tearful eyes told of the parting of many, never to meet again upon so joyous an occasion.

The bride, after a few parting visits, will leave the quiet home of her nativity among the Allegany hills—just before they rise into those lofty mountain ranges, and stretch away to the sunny South—to seek a new one at Ashaway, Rhode Island, the residence of her fortunate husband, where she will doubtless meet a generous welcome. May the best of Heaven's blessings and the happiest fortunes attend that gifted and devoted child of the mountains, who aims to accomplish a noble mission, in a humble and quiet way, by doing good.

Wellsville, N. Y., Sept. 10, 1859. *. *. *.

Note.—The above was received during our absence, and mislaid. In giving it publicity, we fear the parties named may consider the sketch too personal, yet the bride is a favorite with so many of our readers that we venture to "assume the responsibility." The scene described must have been a trying one to its apparently faithful delineator—a bachelor ex-M. C., who has long delayed becoming one of the principals on "so joyous an occasion." We hope our friend will soon correct the *single* defect in his character.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

INDIAN SUMMER.

BY CLARA P. YAWGER.

When the smiling summer's ended,
And the golden harvest past,
Cold, gray clouds, by storms attended,
All the azure overcast;
When the "sunny days" are over,
And the "melancholy" come,—
When each little wild-wood rover
Has secured its winter home,—
And the birds have all forsaken
Every forest, grove and bower,
Where, whene'er a bough is shaken,
Fast it sheds a yellow shower,—
When the flowers have all departed,
And the chill winds sob and moan,
Till we're sad and weary-hearted
Listening to their dirge-like tone,—
Then, how welcome the appearing
Of the Indian Summer fair,
With its golden light, so cheering,
And its mild and mellow air.

Over mount and river stealing,
Making hills and hearth-stones bright,
With a soft, blue veil concealing
Half the faded landscape's blight.
Oh, its sweet and dreamy sadness,
And its happy peaceful sigh,
Like a smile of holy gladness
In the dying Christian's eye.
Gently whispering winds caress us,
Summer seems returned again,
With a few, sweet days to bless us,
Ere stern Winter's cruel reign.

November, 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CULTIVATE THE BEAUTIFUL—No. 1.

Truly! this world *is beautiful!* It is no new thought, but it came to me this morning with such freshness and force that I strove in vain to repress its utterance. It seemed, indeed, as though it were borne to me on every ray of the sunlight streaming in at my window, and irradiating not external things simply, but my inner soul rejoiced and reveled in its beams. God made the sunlight beautiful, and the earth it shines upon. Beautiful in every phase, and form, and combination,—beautiful in its external workings,—beautiful when, unfolded and explained, we trace the chain of causes, linked in one whole, necessary to produce the various phenomena of nature, until we are lost in admiration for their Great Architect,—beautiful, even in its mystery.

It is well at times for the human soul to feel its own littleness—to shrink into itself—to compare the finite with the Infinite, the mortal with the Immortal. Go forth on an autumnal morning, when nature sleeps, and the earth is strewn with dry leaves,—emblems of our decay,—and you still feel the force of this assertion. Does not the sunlight shining on them come to us as does that glorious ray of hope which emanates from Heaven as we stand beside the ashes of a departed friend—*these shall rise again?* Each particle shall be endowed with life,—shall drink the sunlight and the dew, and nature shall rejoice. Nor is Earth less beautiful when shrouded in white,—emblem of purity. We recall the promise of seed-time and harvest, and are strengthened patiently to await its coming. We could hardly greet the spring-time with so cordial a welcome were it not for the winter—or the summer, were it not for the spring-time. The very change is both rest and recreation.

These frames of ours, protected with such care, are formed of atoms old as is Creation's self. They are but the form, the dress which the spirit takes; the mere machines to work its ends,—to carve its imagery! *They are not ourselves!* Yet even these are beautiful. See the blood coursing and recoursing without our will, painting the passions in the face, and strengthening us for our life-work. The nerves,—those little monitors, miniature telegraphs, messengers of joy and woe,—are they not beautiful? What wonder that the ancient poet said, "Man, know thyself." The human frame is a mimic world. What sparks of thought has not art borrowed from its workings.

Pardon this digression; but are we not too prone to bury ourselves in the cares and perplexities which our own human passions have woven—to become soured by disappointments and failures in our own futile and imperfect schemes, becoming mere plodders, toiling because we must, and shutting out the joyousness, the light and the beauty which are ready to greet us at every turn of our pathway if we but woo them? Do we not sometimes carry this spirit into the family circle and the school-room? The world reflects back to us the image of our soul. If the picture is dark, rest assured that there is something wrong. We never adequately prize a privilege until it has been denied us; thus we grow callous and indifferent to daily blessings, simply because they are common. A healthy body is the first of Heaven's blessings; a healthy mind the second; and yet, with both of these, how often we render ourselves miserable.

There is virtue, love, kindness, gratitude and charity in the world if we but seek for them. Just as naturally as each seed sown in the soil draws therefrom that nutriment necessary to perfect its growth,—each different in its kind,—so do human beings draw around them spirits congenial to their natures. Mind acts upon mind with a reflex influence, and we cannot divest ourselves of it. We leave our impressions upon persons and things with whom we are associated, and just so certainly will they make their impressions upon us. The company we keep, is as true an index to our mind as though our every thought were written. Smile amid a group of children, and a dozen smiles will greet you in turn. Speak a cheerful word, and a dozen cheerful voices will respond. There is an emanation from your spirit which will warm or chill theirs just as naturally as a heated body will impart warmth to the atmosphere around it, or a cold one frigidity. Go cheerfully to your work; teach them as though you loved to teach, and they will love to learn. Words are the signs of thought, but are not always necessary to its interpretation. An expression of the countenance, a glance, a motion, the movement of a muscle, involuntary though it may be, is sometimes more potent than words. There are passions and emotions which words lack power to paint, yet intuitively a child comprehends them. The lips may speak words soft or stern to clothe a thought, yet the soul will shine through them. No person need hope to excel in any vocation which he does not love. That only can be well done which is entered into with heart and mind in the work. Awaken the curiosity of a child and lead him on from truth to truth, and the labor of instructing becomes a pleasant pastime. A love of knowledge once awakened, it will burn on like a heavenly fire, brighter and purer. B. A. M'M.

Lockport, N. Y., 1859.

CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

Dr. Johnson preferred conversation to books, and owned that he had hardly read a single book through, declaring that the perpetual task of reading was as bad as slavery in the mine, or labor at the oar.

Byron was an exceedingly rapid writer and composer. He produced the whole of the "Bride of Abydos" in a single night; and it is said without even mending his pen. The pen is now preserved in the British Museum.

Pope never could compose well without first declaiming for some time at the top of his voice, and thus rousing his nervous system to the fullest activity. He says, "the things I have written quickest have always pleased me best."

A friend once said to Moore, the poet, that his verses must slip off his tongue as if by magic. "Why, sir," replied Moore, "that line cost me hours, days and weeks of attrition before it would come."

It cost Lord Lyttleton twenty years to write the "Life and History of Henry II;"—Gibbon was twelve years in completing his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire;"—and Adam Smith occupied ten years in producing his "Wealth of Nations."

Calvin studied in his bed. Every morning, at five or six o'clock, he had book, manuscript and paper brought to him there, and he worked on for hours together. If he had occasion to go out, on his return he undressed and went to bed again, there to resume his studies.

Bacon could only compose in a small study; he fancied that a contracted room helped him to condense his thoughts, and always invested the ceremony of writing with solemnity. He knelt down, before composing his great works, and prayed for light from Heaven.

Balzac, the finest writer in French prose, who gives vast majesty and harmony to his periods, has been known to bestow a week upon a single page of composition, and was never satisfied with the first production of his thoughts.

Martin Luther's literary labors were enormous; during an interval of less than thirty years, he published seven hundred and fifteen volumes; some were pamphlets, but the most were large and elaborate treatises. He was very fond of his dog, which was ever by his side.

"The Comforts of Human Life," by R. Heron, were written in a prison, under the most distressing circumstances. "The Miseries of Human Life," by Beresford, were, on the contrary, composed in a drawing-room, where the author was surrounded by every luxury.

Steele wrote excellently on temperance, *when he was sober*. Sallust, who declaimed so eloquently against the licentiousness of the age, was himself an habitual debauchee. Johnson's essay on politeness is admirable, but he was himself a perfect boor. Young's gloomy verses give one the blues, but he was a brisk, lively man.

We find the depressed and melancholy Cowper, who passed so many days of religious despondency and doubt, devoting the hours of night to the production of the mirth-provoking story of "John Gilpin."

All the friends of Sterne knew him to be a most selfish man; yet, as a writer, he excelled in pathos and charity. At one time beating his wife, at another, wasting his sympathies over a dead donkey. So Seneca wrote in praise of poverty, on a table formed of solid gold, with millions let out at usury.

It is a remarkable fact that the mass of poetry which gave Burns his principal fame, burst from him in a very short space of time, not exceeding fifteen months. It was a sudden, impetuous flow, which seemed soon to exhaust itself.—*Flag of Our Union.*

Money.—The desire to be rich is not evil in itself. It is nonsense for a man to stand up and disclaim the desire for wealth, and urge upon itself the idea that he should be poor. Money is neither an evil or a good of itself; it has not a moral character. It is simply an agent, and whether it be good or evil depends upon the manner in which it is used. It is like a sword. Whether a sword be in the hands of a Benedict Arnold, bathed in his country's blood, or in the hands of a Washington, wielded for justice and liberty, it is a sword only, and has not a character. Whether it be an instrument for good or evil depends upon the character of him who holds the hilt, and not the sword itself. So it is with money. It is an agent; it is a gigantic motive power, that thunders around the world. If the devil stands engineer, it thunders on, freighted with untold mischief, scattering oppression and cruelty and wrong. But if it is guided by the spirit of love and truth, it is like the sun, shedding light and summer upon the world. It is an angel of mercy and love, when directed by th Spirit of Christ.—*Beecher.*

Men's lives should be like the days, more beautiful in the evening; or, like the season, aglow with promise, and the autumn rich with golden sheaves, where good words and deeds have ripened on the field.

THE SUNSET ISLE.

When the sun is setting golden,
Setting crimson in the west,
Staining all the sky around him,
Purple, ruby, amethyst;
When his glories burn so brightly,
Ere he vanishes from sight,
That the forest stands transfigured
In the splendor of the light.

Then I seek, with hurried footsteps,
Once again the river's side,
Gazing, with an eager longing,
Far across its glassy tide,
Where its waters, like a crescent,
Curving far into the land,
Seem to meet the blue above them,
Hiding all the further strand.

Rising slowly from its bosom,
Gleaming rosy through the mist,
Lies a tree-embowered island,
Which the parting sun has kissed;
Graceful forms are flitting lightly
'Neath the ever-waving trees;
Liquid tones of sweetest music
Flutter to me on the breeze.

And they call to me in accents
I have heard in days of yore,
Ere they sought the spirit mansions,
Ere they pressed the spirit shore;
And I still my pulse's throbbing,
Lest I lose some precious word;
And I chide the murm'ring waters,
By a passing zephyr stirred.

And they beckon to me fondly,
Beckon each with shining hand;
But the foot of living mortal
May not press that mystic strand.
When the crimson deepens purple,
And the purple turns to gray,
Then the white mist gathers thickly,
And the island fades away.

Never eyes but mine have seen it,
Never ears but mine have heard
Those soft tones whose liquid music
Living memories have stirred.
And my heart has been kept tender,
Softened by the holy smile
Of the angel ones at evening
Gathered on the Sunset Isle.

[*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

IMMORTALITY.

The heavens and the earth are the works of Omnipotence, and they are worthy of God. Thou, too, O! man, art the work of his hand, and shalt thou be unworthy? Was not the earth made for man, and not man for the earth? If the former, then man is the superior, and earth is made subservient to his wants, and if the earth, in all its beauty, its glory, its exalted grandeur, is a mere footstool for the creature man, how superior must he be. How near must he approach to Deity, and what brings him nearer than immortality? Are all the wonderful powers of his mind to be wasted in one short life, and then sink into insignificance, the creature of a day, like the feeble insect of a summer's sun? If so, what object hast thou in life? "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die?" Is this poor life so full of sorrow, disappointment, and blighted hopes,—to-day, fraught with bliss and brightest prospects, to-morrow filled with crushed and bleeding hearts,—is life like this, the whole of our existence? No, we *know* it is not so. Often as we have gazed on the glories of departing day, have we longed for purity of heart, and freedom from sin—longed for a time when we should bask in the sunshine of eternal peace. Those feelings and sensations of the soul, struggling in vain for utterance through the coarser fabric of human nature, are proofs of immortality. I know and thank God that there is a time when I shall put off this mortal part,—that my existence is not temporal, but eternal,—my soul shall rise on wings of immortality, and soar unrestrained through the regions of thought, to fathom eternity. Yes, man thou art immortal. Thou hast been created "only a little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honor."

Piffard, N. Y., 1859. Jane E. Higby.

Going Home.—"Going home!" Is it so, bereaved Christian? Then let us comfort one another with these words. We may weep beside the graves which are hallowed to the memory of the departed, but the sunshine of heaven shall illumine our tears, and bring a rainbow of promise over our hearts. True, our friends cannot return to us—but oh, blessed thought! we shall go to them; nay, we are already going to them. We have set out on the journey which is to bring us where they now dwell; and ere long we shall be clasped in their embrace, and gladdened by their concern. Eagerly they await our arrival, for the joy is incomplete without us; and as we think of the glad meeting which will restore us to each other, and banish in a moment the pain of past separation, the distance between us seems to lessen, and we say to ourselves,—"Patience, sad heart; bear up a little longer; we shall be at home presently."—*Life's Morning.*

In Search of a Pastor.—A Congregationalist pastor, in Connecticut, made a hard hit at certain tendencies, in more than one Christian denomination, in saying that "when a pulpit was vacant now-a-days, the church generally appointed a committee to go and make inquiry of some Theological Professor, or of some other eminent divine, for a suitable candidate. The first question about him usually was, Is he a popular man? The second, Is he a good speaker? Third, Is he social and easy in his manner? Fourth, Is he a man of decided talents? Fifth, Can he live on a small salary? And then, as the committee was about taking leave, with hat in hand, and one foot over the door sill, it is sometimes added—'he's a man of piety, we suppose.'"

The Reviewer.

GOLD-FOIL.—Hammered from Popular Proverbs. By TIMOTHY TITCOMB, author of "Letters to the Young" [16mo.—pp. 358.] New York: Charles Scribner. Rochester—STRONG, AVERY & Co.

OVER the *nom de plume* of TIMOTHY TITCOMB, Dr. J. G. HOLLAND, of the Springfield Republican, has heretofore attained high rank and usefulness in the field of Literature—especially in his able, instructive and popular "Letters to Young Men"—and "Gold-Foil" confirms his reputation as a writer of rare ability and originality of thought and expression. "Gold-Foil" is a household book of the right stamp and tendency, and will continue to impart moral and impressive lessons long after the great mass of temporarily-popular works of the day shall be forgotten. Rich in entertainment and instruction, and exhibiting the best fruits of culture, observation and experience, it is in thought and finish a work of sterling merit—its earnest and genial style, sound philosophy and high moral tone appealing successfully to the head and heart of the appreciative and intelligent reader. This is strong language, we admit, but "Gold-Foil" is not a common book, and merits unusual commendation. It is issued in the best style of the enterprising publisher whose imprint it bears.

—To sustain the opinion above expressed in regard "Gold-Foil" we append a few extracts from its pages, though it is difficult to segregate paragraphs from chapters and subjects which we should be glad to copy entire:

Exordial Remarks.

A FEW months ago, the pen that traces these lines commenced a series of letters to the young The letters accumulated, and grew into a book; and this book, with honest aims and modest pretensions, has a place to-day in many thousand homes, while it has been read by hundreds of thousands of men and women in every part of the country. More and better than this, it has become an inspiring, moving and directing power in a great aggregate of young life. I say this with that kind of gladness and gratitude which admits of little pride. I say it because it has been said to me—revealed to me in letters brimming with thankfulness and overflowing with friendliness; expressed to me in silent pressures of the hand—pressures so full of meaning that I involuntarily looked at my palm to see if a jewel had not been left in it; uttered to me by eyes full of interest and pleasure; told to me in plain and homely words in the presence of tears that came unbidden, like so many angels sliding silently out of heaven, to vouch for their honesty. To say that all this makes me happy, would not be to say all that I feel. I account the honor of occupying a pure place in the popular heart—of being welcomed in God's name into the affectionate confidence of those for whom life has high meanings and high issues—of being recognized as among the beneficent forces of society—the greatest honor to be worked for and won under the stars. So much for that which is past, and that which is.

And now, I would have the old love renewed. I would come to the hearts to which the letters have given me access with another gift—with food for appetites quickened and natures craving further inspiration. I would bring new thoughts to be incorporated into individual and social life, which shall strengthen their vital processes, and add to their growth. I would continue and perpetuate the communion of my own with the popular heart. To do this successfully, I know that I must draw directly upon the world's experience, and upon the results of my own individual thinking, acting, living. I know that no truth can be uttered by a soul that has not realized it in some way with hope to be heard. Perceptive wisdom that has not been vivified by life has in itself no affinity for life.

Trust.

EVERYTHING good in a man thrives best when properly recognized. Men do about what we expect of them. If a man with whom I have business relations perceives that I expect him to cheat me if he can, he will commonly do it. If, on the contrary, he sees that I place implicit faith in his honor—that I trust him—everything good in the man springs into life, and demands that that trust be honored. The sordid elements of his character may possibly triumph, but they will triumph by a struggle which will weaken them. If I am unwilling to trust my son or my daughter out of my sight, I may reasonably expect to plant and nourish in them precisely those qualities which would make it dangerous for them to be out of my sight. If I refuse to trust the word of an honest man, I may reasonably expect that with me, at least, he will break faith at the earliest opportunity. If I place all men and women at arm's length, in the fear that one of them will be treacherous to me, I place myself beyond the desert of good treatment at their hands—beyond the reach of their sympathies and their good will—in short, I insult them, and voluntarily institute an antagonism which naturally breeds mischief in them toward me. So I advocate the policy of universal faith, as an essential condition of universal faithfulness—of universal trust as a pre-requisite for universal trustworthiness. The world does not half comprehend the principle of overcoming evil with good, but clings to the infernal policy of overcoming evil with evil. I know of no power in the world but good, with which to overcome evil; and when I see on every side exhibitions of a lack of personal honor, I know that I can foster the honor that remains in no way except by recognizing it and calling it into development by direct practical appeal.

Labor.

HUMANITY is constitutionally lazy. I have yet to see the first child take naturally to steady work, or the first young man look forward with no desire to an age of ease. There are multitudes of men who love work, but they have learned to love it, and have learned that they are made truly happier by it. We are all looking forward to some golden hour when we may "retire from business," read the newspapers at leisure, drive a pair of steady bay horses, walk to the post-office with a well-fed belly and a gold-headed cane, and be free. I do not believe that any man ever became thoroughly industrious, save under the impulsion of motives outside of the attractions of labor. We labor, because it is necessary for us to labor for sustenance, or to achieve an object of ambition, or because idleness is felt to be a greater evil than labor. The number of potatoes unearthed in the world "for the fun of it," would not feed a flock of sheep. In fact, I believe that God made us lazy for a purpose. He did not intend that we should have anything but air and water costless. If labor were a pleasure, we should have really to pay for nothing, and, as a consequence, we should prize nothing that we have. All values have their basis in cost, and labor is the first cost of everything on which we set a price. But labor has a higher end than this, and I will try to reveal it.

Patience.

IF there be one attribute of the Deity that astonishes me more than another, it is the attribute of patience. The Great Soul that sits on the throne of the universe is not, never was, and never will be, in a hurry. In the realm of nature, everything has been wrought out in the august consciousness of infinite leisure; and I bless God for that geology which gives me a key to the patience in which the creative process was effected. Man has but a brief history. A line of nineteen old men, centenarians, would, if they were to join hands, clasp the hand of Christ; and the sixtieth of such a line would tell us that his name is Adam, and that he does not know who his mother was. Yet this wonderful earth, unquestionably constructed with reference to the accommodation of our race, was begun so long ago that none but fools undertake to reckon its age by the measurement of years. Ah! what baths of fire and floods of water; what earthquakes, eruptions, upheavals and storms; what rise and fall of vegetable and animal dispensations; what melting and moulding and combining of elements, have been patiently gone through with, to fit up this dwelling place of man! When I look back upon the misty surface of the dimly retiring ages—the smoking track over which the train of creative change has swept—it fades until the sky of the past entirely shuts down upon the vision; and I only know that far beyond that point—infinitely far—that train commenced its progress, and that, even then, God only opened his hand to give flight to a thought that He had held imprisoned from eternity!

Youth.

OUR life's ideal is always filled with the blood and breath of youth. Our finest conceptions of human beauty evermore embrace youth as their prime element. Strength, enthusiasm, hope, purity, love,—all these, when combined and embodied in their most attractive forms, rise in our imaginations as youthful attributes. So true is this, that in looking forward to the day when the dust of those who have gone before us to the land of spirits shall rise, and assume the forms they are to wear in the celestial city, there springs up always a vision of their youth. We expect to meet the tottering father whose eyes we closed, and whose wasted and feeble limbs we composed, as young, and fresh, and strong as when he bore us to the baptismal font. There are to be no thin, silvery curls upon the brow of the mother, but in some sweet way, all the hallowed graces of maternity and the unfathomable tenderness of a soul disciplined by sorrow are to be associated—interfused—with the beauty and the youth of the bride. Immortality—twin-sister of Eternity—is always young, and brings no thought of age and decay. An angel with a wrinkle? A cherub with a feeble or a weary wing? We cannot imagine such beings. Heaven and everlasting youth are inseparable thoughts.

What we Love.

WHERE the treasure is, there will the heart be also—the heart with all its manifestations of love, devotion, charity, and honor. I know of no good reason why the earth should differ essentially from heaven—why men may not so identify themselves with their highest treasures here that they will partake of the home feeling of those who walk in white upon the banks of the river of life—why they may not feel with relation to God and that which is most precious to Him—His children, His realm, His heaven—as they do toward their earthly father, the paternal mansion, and the brothers and sisters that cluster there.

An Aspiration.

GIVE us an age of gallant, chivalrous Christianity—of men who maintain the honor of their Father's house. Give us an age that shall enlist the respect of all who respect earnestness and honor. Give us an age that shall appreciate that which it is fighting for, and will not crawl before the inferior and infernal powers that make war upon the throne. Give us an age in which Christians will fight for and stand by one another, and not fight against one another. Give us an age in which Christian manhood shall assert itself as the highest earthly thing and the noblest earthly estate. Give us an age that, instead of whining and groaning under the truth, shall rejoice in the truth. Give us an age which, lifted into identity with its highest possessions, shall be made by those possessions patient, pure, heroic, and honorable. Give us the blessed thousand years!

SANDERS' ANALYSIS OF ENGLISH WORDS.—Designed for the Higher Classes in Schools and Academies. By CHAS. W. SANDERS, A. M., author of "A Series of School Readers," "Speller, Definer, and Analysis," "Elocutionary Chart." [16mo.—pp. 240.] New York: Ivison & Phinney.

THIS Analysis is similar in plan to "The Young Analyzer" and "The Analytical Manual," works presented to the public by JAMES N. MCELLIGOTT, LL. D., and the design is to teach the analysis of those derivative and compound words in our language which have been taken from the Greek and Latin. Section first is devoted to an explanation of derivative and compound words. Then follow rules for spelling, explanations of the prefixes, observations and exercises illustrating their use; derivatives made opposite in meaning by means of prefixes; derivatives formed by means of prefixes; explanations of the suffixes, with observations and exercises illustrating their use; radicals and derivatives defining each other; radicals and derivatives opposite in meaning; radicals combined with a variety of suffixes; compound words and miscellaneous derivatives and compounds—the whole presented in a simple and comprehensive form. For sale by ADAMS & DANBY.

IT is worthy of notice, that, while second thoughts are best in matters of judgment, first thoughts are always to be preferred in matters that relate to morality.—*Rush.*

SCENES IN AND ABOUT JERUSALEM.

WOMAN WITH WATER-SKIN—TURKISH SOLDIER—ARAB SPINNING.

THE present year we have given several illustrations showing the present manners and customs in Palestine, illustrative of the Holy Scriptures. With one more number we shall close the series. The engraving above shows the dress and general appearance of the *Turkish soldier*, the primitive style of *Spinning*, still common among the Arabs, and the *Water Skins*, or *Bottles*, to which allusion is so frequently made in the Bible.

Mrs. JOHNSON says, "the use of these still prevails extensively throughout the East, and altho' earthen jugs are also used, the former are greatly preferred, and much more common. They are made of the skin of a goat or a sheep, and are so slightly mutilated by preparation for use, that they retain almost the exact shape of the animal from which they were made. They are hung on the back of a donkey, or more frequently a woman, and, having been filled with water, thousands are carried daily to the city. Abraham provided Hagar with a *bottle* of water on sending her to the desert; but, properly rendered, might it not be *water-skin?* They are sometimes regularly tanned into leather. This was no doubt the material of the wine-bottles of the Gibeonitish spies, who 'did work wilily, and went and made as if they had been ambassadors, and took old sacks upon their asses, and wine-bottles old and rent, bound up.' These bottles, from constant use, become rent, and when mended and patched give full proof of good service and ancient date. Hence, to put new wine in these old bottles would be utter folly, for the process of fermentation would cause them to 'break through,' which would not be the case while new and flexible.

"Our camping ground being very near the well that supplies the village with water, I often met the village maidens there, who repaired thither to fill their jugs. Their usual time for drawing water is just before nightfall, and the office is always performed by the women, as in the days of the Patriarchs; for we read that Eleazar, whom Abraham had sent to obtain a wife for Isaac, made his camels to kneel down without the city by a well of water at the time of the evening, even the time that women go out to draw water. And Rebekah, the very maiden whom he sought, 'came out with her pitcher upon her shoulder, and she went down to the well and filled her pitcher and came up.' How often have I called upon fancy to imagine the retreating form of a Fellahah, with a vessel on her head or shoulder, and decorated with bracelets and ear-rings, to be the veritable Rebekah of old!

"A stone trough is generally placed near the well, from which cattle are watered, and around it a flock of goats or sheep is usually gathered, as in the days of Jacob, who beheld a well in the field, and 'three flocks of sheep lying by it.' And in another particular they agree with the wells of the days of the Patriarchs, in having the mouth covered with a large stone of great weight, requiring the strength of two men sometimes to move it. The usual method of drawing water is with a jug or leathern bucket, let down by a rope tied to its mouth; and when the well has been long in use, deep incisions are made by the rope in the topmost lying stones. This method was no doubt referred to by the woman at the Well of Samaria, when she said, 'The well is deep, and I have nothing to draw with.' It is also seen from Gen. XXIX. 8, that the present manner of covering the well is the same as that which made it necessary for Rachel to require the greater strength of Jacob to roll the stone away, when she came to water the flocks of her father."—*Hadji in Syria.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WEYER'S CAVE.—NO. III.

DESCENDING a flight of steps, we enter Washington Hall, the largest and most regular apartment in the cave. We turn aside, however, at the entrance, to visit the Theatre, a room in which the walls are thought to resemble a stage, pit and gallery. A small room at the side is called the Green Room. Returning to the Hall our attention is called to the beautiful masses of spar and crystals which stud the roof and walls, and to the formations which are scattered about in every variety of grouping. A group of three stalagmites standing not far from the entrance has been called the Crucifixion. About the centre of the Hall rises a statue seven feet in height, and covered with elaborately-wrought drapery. It is difficult to conceive a more perfect imitation of art,—under the imperfect light of the candles, the creamy hue of the stone, the flowing folds of the drapery, the regular features, all contribute to the illusion, and it is almost impossible not to believe that it has received the finishing touches of the sculptor's chisel,—this is Washington's Statue.

At your right rise two immense masses of rock, one of which is named the Rock of Gibraltar, and in the narrow passage between them—the Strait of Gibraltar—a tapering formation is denominated, without much regard to geography, the Pyramids of Egypt. Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needle, Julius Cæsar and Mark Antony are found at the further end of the Hall. This apartment is of uniform breadth and height, and perfectly straight from one end to the other. Its length is 257 feet.

Adjoining this Hall is Lady Washington's Room. Here, an oval sheet of stalactite, about three feet in diameter, resembles, in shape and position, an old-fashioned toilet mirror. It leans from the wall about a foot at the top, and touching it at the bottom, forms the best "angle of reflection" for the toilet. Near the mirror is the toilet table, hung with folds of snowy drapery. A little room in the side wall is called the kitchen.

Jackson's Room, named in honor of the President, contains nothing particularly noticeable. At the entrance of the Diamond Room is a large rock, some distance from the floor, covered with clear and perfect crystals. It is called the Diamond Bank, and as the guide, by means of a long pole, passes his lantern over it, ten thousand jewels flash back its rays with dazzling brilliancy. It is sometimes called the Fire-flies, a name more descriptive of its appearance, but no words can give any idea of its glittering beauty.

Next in the main path is the Church. Here is the Organ, composed of a number of perpendicular stalactites, varying in size, and giving out musical tones, when struck, corresponding to the scale of notes. The Vestry and the Choir are on opposite sides of the room, and almost between them patriotism has assigned a pew to LA FAYETTE. Above the Choir rises a spiral column of snowy whiteness, called the Steeple. It is forty feet in height and exquisitely beautiful. The resemblance, however, is not very striking. It rather resembles an old-fashioned back-comb, of enormous size and elaborate workmanship, over which is thrown in careless folds a heavily-wrought white veil.

A high and inaccessible rock, called Mont Blanc, guards the entrance to the Garden of Eden. Here, in a recess, we find Adam and Eve's Bed-chamber, and near by, numerous stalactites depending from the roof meet the stalagmites below, and form the curious figure known as the Banian Tree.

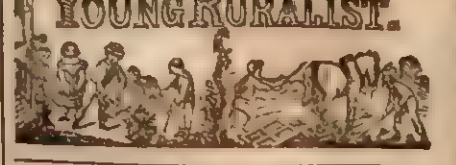
We now enter the Dining Room, a long aisle ninety feet in height, furnished with a dining table and other dining conveniences. Just beyond this room is a ledge of rock from twenty to forty feet in height, which may be easily surmounted, and from which an excellent view may be obtained. It is called the Giant's Causeway. Upon its edge are several stalagmites, "so grouped as to suggest the idea of sentinels watching in silent patience through the everlasting night." The guide informs us that these are NAPOLEON and his soldiers crossing the Alps. A rough and narrow passage, called the Wilderness, brings us to Jefferson's Room. Here are curiosities in abundance.

The Half Moon is an oval stalactite of the purest white, resembling the rising or setting moon, and shown off to advantage by being placed against a wall of dull brown. A couple of statue-like stalagmites standing near, bear the names of Minerva and her Shield, and Niobe in tears. The Ladies' Toilet and the Gentlemen's Toilet are at the further extremity of the room. On the other side is a beautiful recess called the Gothic Temple. Here is a spring of fine water, at which the company stop to drink. BERTHA MORTIMER.

Newark, N. Y., 1859.

A GREAT aim in family discipline should be to provide for each of the juveniles some line of pursuit which will give them a sense of their usefulness and necessity to the household. This feeling properly instilled into their minds will make them members of society valuable to others and happy in themselves. The Creator, who makes nothing in vain, does not in vain send human beings into the world if only they would find their places and fill them. Idle men and women are the bane of any community. They are not simply clogs upon society, but become, sooner or later, the causes of its crime and poverty, its folly and extravagance. In plain old English, every family motto should read:—"Be somebody; do something; bear your own load."—*Philadelphia American.*

YOUNG RURALIST.



THE FAIRS.

THE "Faire" for another year are over. Both *Old* and *Young America* have made another annual bestowment of their tin upon *i-tin-erant* showmen and peddlers, as also upon the numerous proprietors of eatables and (sad to say, in too many cases,) of drinkables, candy boys and all the other various money-taking enterprises with which people are constantly beset at such places of gathering. I said money-taking: any doubts in that quarter might speedily be dissipated by considering the empty state of many previously well-filled purses, some of whose owners, after having spent the day and their money in gratifying their appetites, instead of observing fine cattle and sheep, return home in the firm belief that *Fairs* are a humbug; that is, all but the pulling at the purse strings! But these evils (if we may so call them,) are but the necessary attendants upon the "Fair," and due submission must be exercised, or rather one must be proof against them in order to fully carry out the original design of Fairs, viz., the display of products of industry for the notice and observation of the public.

Fairs (or Agricultural Exhibitions, as has been shown to be the proper term,) would now-a-days seem to have become a popular institution; a not unnatural conclusion when we consider their number and the crowds that throng to them. They are the center of attraction to the youth in general and the Farmer's Boys in particular, with which latter class it may be considered the chief holiday; and such being the case, they of course should be allowed to attend; and they generally are, but there are left about the country some farmers, relics of antiquity, who refuse to let their sons or their families attend the Fairs from an unfounded prejudice thereto. They class them with mowers and reapers, and new-fangled and worthless notions. Such men are brethren to the man who did'nt take the papers, and who still supposed JOHN TYLER to be President. Of course it cannot be expected that the boys will profit very largely by the various improvements exhibited, though the more observing ones will do so. Yet, such a day of pleasure is necessary, as a change from the unceasing labor of the farm; and if they do spend a little money and appear to have derived no substantial benefit, it will be found in the end that good will result. G.

Livonia, N. Y., 1859.

CELERY, KOHL-RABI, PEARS, &c.

I HAVE got into trouble, and do not know any one as able as you to help me out. I should like to know the best time to transplant asparagus and rhubarb—if in the fall, is it too late? How large should celery be before you begin to earth up? I have a few, but think they are small. If they are too small, could I keep them over winter, and then set them out and they be good? Do they obtain cauliflower seed the same way as cabbage? What time should I sow kohl-rabi. I have quite a number of small cauliflowers, eighteen inches to two feet high—what can I do with them? My large ones are three or four feet high. Where can apple melon seed be obtained, and what price? Please give a list of six or twelve of the best varieties of pears for the Central part of Illinois, and the best preparation for rich, black prairie loam. By answering these questions you will confer a great favor on one friend and subscriber, and perhaps many.

Princeville, Peoria Co., Ill. YOUNG RURALIST.

ASPARAGUS may be transplanted, and beds formed either in the autumn or spring, and Rhubarb the same, though we would prefer the fall for either, when convenient. Celery may be earthed up a little, sufficient to keep the leaves erect after they begin to grow after transplanting, and have made a few inches of growth. The main earthing up for blanching should not be done until the latter part of September or the beginning of October. Celery plants kept over the winter are worthless. Cauliflower seed is obtained just like cabbage seed. Plants that have not headed may be placed in the cellar before heavy frost, the roots in a little earth, and many of them will grow good heads. Kohl-rabi seed should be sown early in a nice bed, like cabbage seed, and transplanted to the field or garden when about six inches in height. The Apple Melon seed, we judge, can now be obtained of most of the seedsmen at moderate prices. Prairie soil, as a general thing, needs draining, and if a little clay could be added all the better. Plant in a high and dry location. Among the hardiest pears for the West, are Flemish Beauty, Buffum, Columbia, Dix, Winter Nelis, Fulton, Lawrence, Osband's Summer, Oswego Beurre, Stevens' Genesee, and Onondaga.

PIE PLANT, PROPAGATING SCIONS, &c.

I AM a reader of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and am anxious for a little information through its columns. If you will please answer the following inquiries, you will confer a great favor upon a young farmer:

1st, What is the best way to propagate rhubarb or pie plant?

2d Can it be propagated successfully from seed?

3d. Will the kind produced *from* the seed be the *same* as that which *produced* the seed?

4th. Can scions and cuttings be preserved properly in moss, if kept in a cellar?

So. Onondaga, N. Y., 1859. A. M. W.

1st, 2d, 3d. Take up the large plants and divide the roots, leaving only one crown to each part, which will grow a new and strong plant in one season, and may soon be divided again. Rhubarb can be easily grown from seed. Sow it in a deep, mellow bed, and keep the ground clean, after the plants come up. After making one summer's growth they may be transplanted. A plant raised from seed may not be like the parent plant in hardly any respect, or it may be very close in its likeness. In raising a hundred plants from seed you would have, most likely, a great variety as to appearance and quality—some worthless, some fair, and some very good. 4th. Scions may be kept in a cellar in dry sand. They should be kept as cool as possible without freezing, so as not to start the buds, and as dry as possible, so that they will not mildew or rot, without causing the bark to shrivel.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER FOR 1860.

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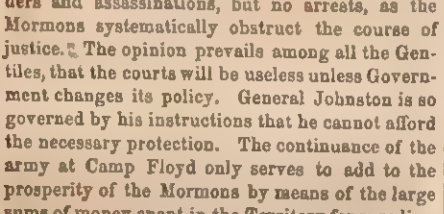

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 19, 1859.

NOTICE AND REQUEST.

HAVING concluded to mail the Eleventh Volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER by a new *Patent Machine Process*, it becomes important to receive a great portion of the list of Subscribers for 1860 at the earliest possible moment. To secure this result,—and also as an inducement for the friends of the RURAL to make *early efforts* to INCREASE its circulation,—we offer above (and in a circular mailed to Local Club Agents, &c.,) some extra inducements for clubbing. The new system of mailing by printing is regarded as a vast improvement in both *accuracy* and *speed*, and we trust every Club Agent, or person disposed to act as such, will aid us in successfully inaugurating it by sending in lists as early and fast as convenient. And if our friends generally will *renew their subscriptions at an early day*, they will greatly facilitate the accomplishment of our object. It will require considerable time, labor and expense to adopt the new system, but when once in operation we think every subscriber will regard the change as a decided manifestation of "Progress and Improvement."

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

RELIABLE information just received from Utah, states that Judges Sinclair and Cradlebaugh are on their way to Washington. Mr. Hartnett, Secretary of the Territory, arrived on the 9th inst. It appears that there continues to be frequent murders and assassinations, but no arrests, as the Mormons systematically obstruct the course of justice. The opinion prevails among all the Gentiles, that the courts will be useless unless Government changes its policy. General Johnston is so governed by his instructions that he cannot afford the necessary protection. The continuance of the army at Camp Floyd only serves to add to the prosperity of the Mormons by means of the large sums of money spent in the Territory for supplies.

The N. Y. Times Washington correspondent says, Secretary Floyd has just completed his estimates for the ensuing fiscal year. They are less by $1,500,000 than those of last year, and half a million less than the appropriation for the actual year.

The N. Y. Tribune's Washington correspondent says, the Post-Master General will ask about $10,000,000 for mail service the next fiscal year,—the increase being made necessary by the overland and other routes established before he entered upon the duties of his office.

While the Cabinet were in session on the 8th inst., the President received a dispatch showing the pressing necessity for military assistance at Brownsville. The Secretary of War within half an hour thereafter, issued instructions to Capt. Pickett, commanding the artillery company at Baton Rouge, to place his men in readiness for a march, while at the same time the Quartermaster at New Orleans was telegraphed to make arrangements for transporting the troops to Point Isabel, towards which place they are now probably on their way. J. B. Thomas, the special delegate from Brownsville, had an interview with the Secretary of War, and fully explained to him the alarming condition of the frontier of the Rio Grande.

The receipts into the Treasury last week were $891,000. A reduction from the amount on hand in the previous week of nearly $125,000. Amount subject to draft $4,141,000.

Personal and Political.

JOHN MITCHELL, who is now in Paris, has commenced a series of letters in a Dublin paper, called the Irishman (similar in its politics and designs to the Nation,) in which his object is to suggest to the Irish peasantry that France will soon be at war with England in the Mediterranean, and that the opportunity will then have arrived for inducing the Emperor Napoleon to invade Ireland.

DURING the past week the telegraph conveyed the melancholy intelligence of the insanity of Gerrit Smith, and his removal to the Insane Asylum. A person writing from Utica to the Albany *Argus* says:—"Gerrit Smith was brought to our Asylum yesterday, and is quite deranged, intellectually and morally; and he is also feeble physically. He refused to take an anodyne, alleging that they only wanted to put him to sleep for the purpose of boxing him up and taking him to Virginia. When informed that he must take it, voluntarily or by compulsion, he opened the door and screamed (into the hall) I protest!—He then took it."

The case is a melancholy one, and it is only with emotions of deep regret that we can chronicle the obscuration of an intellect so brilliant yet of such uncertain light.

THE Republican majority on joint ballot in the Ohio Legislature is 27.

NEW JERSEY.—Returns from New Jersey indicate the election of Olden, Republican candidate for Governor, by about 2,000 majority. *Senate*—12 Democrats, 8 Opposition and 1 American elected. *House*—29 Democrats, 28 Opposition and 3 Americans chosen.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Returns from nearly the whole State give Banks Rep., majority of upwards of 9,000 in the whole vote. His plurality over Butler, Dem., is upwards of 23,000. Senate stands 34 Rep., 4 Dem., 2 doubtful. House 182 Rep., 50 Dem., and 4 Opposition. The entire Republican State ticket is elected.

MISSISSIPPI.—A special dispatch to the Charleston *Courier* from New Orleans, states that the Mississippi Legislature organized on Tuesday, by electing Mr. Drone President of the Senate, and Mr. Campbell Speaker of the House. The Governor's inauguration will take place on the 21st.

WISCONSIN.—The returns from Wisconsin are yet incomplete. The Milwaukee *Sentinel* of the 10th says that those already received confirm the opinion that the entire Republican State Ticket is elected by a handsome majority, and that the Republicans are in the ascendant in the State Legislature.

LOUISIANA.—The Democratic State Ticket is reported to be elected. Slidell, Democrat, and Bouligney, American, are elected to Congress. In New Orleans the American ticket was triumphant by about 2,500 majority. Nineteen out out of the twenty-three city Representatives, and all three of the Senators, are Americans.

NEW YORK.—The election in this State passed off very quietly. The vote was exceedingly light. That portion of the Republican Ticket which received the endorsement of the American Convention, was chosen by a large majority—25,000 is the amount claimed—while the remaing portion is still in doubt. The Republicans claim the entire ticket—figuring a small majority upon those who received only strict party support. The position this morning (Monday,) is:

Leavenworth, Republican	46,541
Jones, Dem. and Amer.	44,817
Leavenworth over Jones	1,724

The Senate, (on reported majorities,) stands as follows:

Republicans,	23
Democrats,	9

Taking a like basis for the Assembly, the result is thus reported:

Republicans,	88
Democrats,	34
To hear from	6

The Justices of the Supreme Court chosen are: William H. Leonard, W. W. Scrugham, Rufus W. Peckham, Democrats; Augustus Bockes, Le Roy Morgan, John M. Parker, Addison T. Knox, Martin Grover, Republicans. Democrats, 3; Republicans, 5. It is thought that the Official Canvass will be necessary to settle the political complexion of a portion of the State ticket.

KANSAS.—Parrot's majority for delegate from Kansas, will probably reach 3,000. The Republicans have a majority in both branches of the Legislature.

News Paragraphs.

A LATE Utah City paper mentions the arrival of a company of European Saints who came in fifty-six wagons, and numbered about four hundred souls, mostly from Scandinavia. There were six deaths and three births on their journey of three months through the country.

THE California Annual Conference of the M. E. Church, at their session in September, passed resolutions requesting the next General Conference to provide for the residence of a Bishop on the Pacific coast.

A STUDENT in the University of Virginia, writing from that institution, states that "no vestige of the marble slab that designated the last resting place of the author of the Declaration of Independence," remains to mark the spot. The visitors to his tomb, by chipping off fragments, have completely demolished it, and by piecemeal carried it away. An uncouth granite pedestal, greatly disfigured, alone remains to mark his grave.

AN anonymous advertisement appears in the Richmond *Whig*, offering $10,000 for the delivery of Joshua R. Giddings in that city, or $5,000 for his head.

A LETTER was lately sent from Paris to New York and a reply received back in Paris in three weeks, four days and nine hours. The Vanderbilt out and the Persia back were the mediums of transmission.

IT is stated that the New York snuff manufacturers employ hundreds of juveniles whose sole business consists in collecting old stubs of cigars, which are ground into snuff, and sold to customers.

ACCORDING to a late census taken in Georgia, by the State authorities, its population is about 1,050,000. In 1850 it had 905,000. Increase in nine years, about 150,000.

IT is stated as a curious fact in regard to persons who are killed by an explosion of steam, that in some cases, a few moments after the accident they are apparently unhurt and are able to walk about and converse. Where not begrimed by the smoke and ashes, the peculiar bright, soft whiteness of the face, hands, or breast, however, tells us us at once that the skin, though unbroken, has in fact been boiled by the steam, and they soon sink from the result of their injuries. One man on the Great Eastern, when assistance was proffered, said quietly, "I am all right. Others are worse than I; go after them," while at the moment, though walking about, the flesh of his thighs was burnt in deep holes, and he was the very first to die.

IN New Jersey the other day a young couple while courting by the fire fell asleep. While asleep the young lady's dress took fire. As soon as they awoke, the young man made every exertion to extinguish the fire, but without success. The young girl rushed out of the door enveloped in a sheet of flame, which continued to burn until her clothing was all consumed. She lived only a few hours afterwards. The young man will probably be crippled in the hands for life.

THE disappointment concerning the Great Eastern's visit has been a great injury to Portland, says the Argus. Much has been expended in various ways in anticipation of her presence and the crowd it would draw, which will be a partial or total loss. It has also had the effect to delay and embarrass business transactions.

THE Clerk of the Cincinnati Probate Court the other day issued a marriage license for the union of a man of sixty with a buxom damsel of sixteen. The old man, a rickety old chap, said the disparity in their years was more than counterbalanced by what he called the "unusual amount of affection" that existed between them.

SOME of the Iowa papers find fault with the Governor's proclamation for a day of thanksgiving, because in it is the assertion that the State has been blessed with a plentiful harvest this year, whereas, they say, every one knows that there was but *half a crop!*

R. L. DAVENPORT, son of Lewis Davenport, of Holyoke, Mass., suddenly disappeared from Westfield about three years ago, and nothing was known of his whereabouts. A letter has just been received by his father, announcing his death at Kurrachee in the Scinde, India. It seems he joined an artillery company of the English army in India, and survived the late war to die a natural death.

THE REQUISITION FOR GERRIT SMITH.—During the past week the telegraph has several times announced, upon "*undoubted authority*," that Gov. Wise had made a demand upon Governor Morgan for the delivering of Gerrit Smith to Virginia. A dispatch from Richmond, Va., on the 12th inst., states, "on the *highest authority*, that no requisition has been made by Gov. Wise on Gov. Morgan, of New York, for Gerrit Smith."

THANKSGIVING.—We find, by gathering the proclamations together, says the Rochester *Democrat*, that the good old Yankee observance of Thanksgiving is to be honored this year in seventeen States on the same day. The following are the States that it will observe the day on the 24th inst:—New York, North Carolina, Alabama, South Carolina, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Maryland, Ohio, and Kansas. Mrs. Sarah Jane Hale, a well known literary lady, has been actively interested in procuring the assent of the Governors of the different States to the appointment of a uniform day of Thanksgiving. She proposes that the last Thursday of November, shall be made the regular day of National Thanksgiving, and she has procured the assent of the Governors of some of the above named States to that arrangement.

THE INSURRECTIONISTS.—Cook, Coppie, Green and Copeland have been found guilty. Copeland and Green are negroes, and the jury, under the "Dred Scott decision," did "not find them guilty of treason, as they are not citizens, but of inciting the slaves to insurrection, and murder in the first degree." When the prisoners were brought out for sentence, the negroes Copeland and Green declined to say anything. Cook and Coppie both addressed the Court, denying that they had any knowledge of Brown's intentions to seize the Ferry, until the Sunday previous. They were called on to take the oath of obedience to their commander. They expected to be punished, but did not think they would be hung.

The negroes are to be hung on the morning of the 16th, and the whites on the afternoon of the same day.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The steamship Atlantic from Aspinwall, the 20th ult., with 344 passengers and $1,569,107 in treasure, arrived at New York on the 10th inst., with California news. Gen. Scott arrived at San Francisco on the 17th, and received a flattering ovation from the people. He left the next day for San Juan. The Saranac had arrived at Aspinwall and San Juan del Norte, with news that Rummels had really obtained a contract with Nicaragua for opening the transit route. The contract is for $50,000. No passenger tax to be paid, the government receiving $15,000 per annum. The Harbor of the San Juan was fast filling up.

MEXICO.—The New Orleans *Picayune* speaking of Americans in that ill-fated Republic, says:—"We have seen our limited numbers robbed of their property, and thinned by imprisonments, banishments and assassinations, without exciting any positive action at Washington. We have witnessed the gradually increasing hatred and cowardly animosity against us until an apparent climax has been reached in the brutal assassination, and hanging afterwards, of one of our number, Mr. Chase, (as you doubtless already have intelligence,) to whom fame accords nothing but an unblemished name."

FROM TEXAS.—We have advices from Brownsville, to the 24th ult. Cardinas and his band still continue their depredations, threatening the inhabitants with fire and sword. On the 20th inst., thirty men entered and fired one round, when they were dispersed by artillery and fled. On the 24th, ——— and twenty men, with cannon and howitzers, marched against Cardinas, and drove the guard from his house. Subsequently they were surprised in an ambuscade, and lost a cannon and howitzer, and finally were entirely defeated, with four men wounded and one killed. Cardinas lost two men, killed. Cardinas sent a letter demanding of the citizens of Brownsville that they should surrender the Sheriff and others, to save the city from destruction. A general panic prevailed at Brownsville. The city was barricaded and trenches dug for defence. An attack was hourly expected. It was reported that after sacking Brownsville, Cardinas would attack Brazos. The Mayor of Brownsville appeals to New Orleans for 100 men, as their own citizens are worn out, and the rangers had not arrived from Mexico.—Sixty felons released from the prison at Victoria had joined the Guerilla band, and were devastating the country.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The following is taken from the Liverpool *Daily Post* of the 27th Oct:—"The public will learn this morning, with overwhelming grief, that the splendid vessel, the Royal Charter, was totally lost yesterday in Muffa Bay, near Bangor. The melancholy intelligence was brief, but only too true—out of the 465 persons on board, only ten were saved. The Royal Charter had about half a million of gold when the disaster took place. The telegraph had ceased to work, and so destructive had been the storm along the coast yesterday, that the Chester and Birkenhead Railway had been destroyed in many places. At Penmaenaw, 20 of the dead bodies had been washed ashore. The bay in which the catastrophe occurred, is two or three miles to the eastward of Puffin Island, in Anglesea, and six or seven miles to the northwest of Beaumarris. It has a shallow, sandy beach for several miles, with promotories at each end of the bay. The country around is wild, and few houses are to be seen."

Another heavy gale had been experienced on the English coast, but no disasters to American shipping had yet been reported.

The widow of Sir Robert Peel is dead.

FRANCE.—A letter purporting to have been written by Napoleon to the King of Sardinia, dated October 20th, has found its way into print. There was some doubt of its authenticity, but it was generally regarded as genuine. The Paris correspondent of the London Times, who started the letter, guarantees its authenticity.

The Emperor writes to the King to settle with him the course which ought to be followed for the future. The circumstances, he says, are grave, and it is requisite to lay aside idle allusions. He says that the question is not now, whether he has done well or ill at Villa Franca, but rather to obtain from the treaty the results most favorable for the pacification of Italy, and the repose of Europe. It is necessary to conclude a treaty that shall secure in the best manner possible the independence of Italy—which should satisfy Piedmont, and yet should not wound the Catholic sentiment of the rights of sovereigns, in whom the Pope felt an interest. The Emperor gives in detail his views as to the mode in which his object may be best accomplished, and adds,—it is the real interest of your Majesty to second me in the development of the plan, in order to obtain from it the best results; for your Majesty cannot forget that I am bound by treaty, and I cannot, in the Congress about to open, withdraw myself from my engagement. The part of France is placed before hand. The plan itself is already known. The Emperor demands that the Dutchess of Parma shall be called to Modena. Parma is to be united to Piedmont, and Tuscany augmented, perhaps, by a portion of territory, is to be restored to the Grand Duke Ferdinand, and a system of moderate liberty shall be adopted in all the States of Italian confederation, with the Pope as Honorary President. This increase of his moral influence, would enable him to make concessions in conformity with the legitimate wishes of the population.

The letter attracted much attention, and some English journals see in it good reasons why England should refuse to join the Congress.

The French government has given orders for 100 gun boats, 25 of which are to be completed with the utmost despatch.

The Minister of War has placed materials of war at the disposal of the Spanish Government, and has declared that the Emperor shall support the military operations of Spain in a war against Morocco in a similar way to those made to Piedmont during the late war.

ITALY.—The Times Ministerial asserts that the Sardinian Cabinet has not adhered to the diplomatic arrangements by which Italy has been disposed of at Lurich, and in case of Romagna being attacked Piedmont will take the field to assist them.

According to advices from Sicily the insurrection there had not ceased. Reinforcements of troops are being dispatched. Numerous arrests were made.

The Pope, according to several journals, has accepted the several principles of reform that has been suggested, but desires to be himself the judge of the time they shall be applied, and herein is the difficulty.

Napoleon had written a letter to the King of Sardinia, urging him to carry out the Villa Franca agreement. In the letter he says that France demands that the Duke be recalled to Modena; that Parma be united to Piedmont, and that Tuscany, with an augmentation of her territory, be restored to the reign of the Grand Duke, and that the projected confederation on the basis of moderate reforms be carried out.

SPAIN.—The Spanish Government have chartered all the steam packets which run between its ports and Marseilles, for the conveyance of the expedition against Morocco.

The Queen offered to contribute part of her civil list, and to sell her jewels towards defraying the expenses of the war.

Marching orders have been given to the troops which are to join the expeditionary army against Morocco. Marshal O'Donnell will start at the end of the week.

FROM MEXICO.—The steamship Tennessee, from Vera Cruz on the 8th inst., arrived at New Orleans on the 11th. The Liberal expedition against Tehuacan, Orizaba and Cordova proved a disastrous failure. Gen. Mejia retreated without firing a gun, losing 600 men, who were taken prisoners; also 1,000 muskets and 12 cannon, which Gen. Minion captured without killing a man. Gen. Marquiza had pronounced for Santa Anna, after seizing a conducta with $2,800,000 in specie, which he undertook to escort to Tepic. He appropriated $600,000 to himself, and detained the rest at Guanajuato. The British and French Ministers had energetically protested against this conduct. Gen. Miramon, against the wishes of his Cabinet, with only four aids, had left the Capital, ostensibly to collect troops and pursue Marquiza as a traitor, but it was feared that he was really leagued with him. The Liberals were greatly encouraged thereby. Gen. Degollado had defeated Alford, capturing his artillery, and entering Guanajuato with 5,000 men. Gen. Wool, at Legros, and Gen. Degollado were pushing on to attack him.

The News Condenser.

— They had a delightful fall of snow at Quebec on the 5th inst.

— The cost of living in our cities has increased 10 per cent. in 10 years.

— Letters from Paris state that the old Prince Jerome Bonaparte is dying.

— The proposition to annex Western Florida to Alabama has been defeated.

— The aggregate public debt of Virginia on the 1st of October was $30,190,000.

— The New Hampshire Gazette has entered upon its one hundred and fourth year.

— The coinage of the United States Mint during October amounted to $349,661.

— There is a new Swedish singer, Mlle. Roesk, who is said to be equal to Jenny Lind.

— On the 25th ult., 85 proprietors of real estate went under the hammer at Philadelphia.

— Mr. Everett is writing an article on Washington for one of the foreign encyclopædias.

— Highway robberies were never so frequent in and about New York, as during the last month.

— St. Louis has manufactured more lager beer than she can drink, and is therefore in utter despair.

— Thirty flounces per dress, and not one less, is said to be the last order from fashion's head-quarters.

— A writer in the Medical Gazette cautions patients against the use of soap in any cutaneous disorder.

— The authorities of Missouri have offered a premium of $3,000 for the best plan of a national monument.

— Plans for a new hospital, on an extensive scale, have been adopted by the City Council of Cincinnati.

— A monstrous alligator found its way into Mr. Hatley's residence at Galveston, Texas, a few weeks ago.

— The colored people of Canada have been holding a meeting to consider the expediency of seeking a new home.

— Mary Howit, the distinguished English authoress, has announced her belief in the doctrines of Swedenborg.

— The Hon. Mr. Burlingame and the Hon. M. J. Parrott, of Massachusetts, have gone to hunt buffaloes out West.

— The Boston Traveller says that the business of the world has not reached the capacity of the tunnage afloat.

— Last Saturday some four miles of drives in the Central Park, New York, were thrown open to the public.

— The funeral of Mr. Mason, late U. S. Minister to France, took place at Richmond, Va., on Sunday, the 30th ult.

— Three bears were killed the other day in Cambria Co., Pa., by a farmer. They had come right up to his front door.

— There never has been an execution in our country for *Treason*. John Adams pardoned Fries and his associates.

— Miles Thompson, in Tennessee, has recovered $15,000 in a suit for a breach of promise against Mr. Patterson.

— A number of interesting drawings and manuscripts, by Michael Angelo, have just been discovered at Florence.

— During the present Napoleon's reign, the French have constructed railways to the extent of more than 4,500 miles.

— John A. Washington has lost all the money he received for the Mount Vernon estate, by speculating in Chicago lots.

— The Arizona papers say that Col. Bonneville had given orders for an immediate campaign against the Apache Indians.

— Sir John Bowring expresses his opinion that China will yet be a great cotton-growing country, and will supply England.

— The Tuscan Government has, by a decree of the 15th of Sept., raised Major Gen. Garibaldi to the rank of Lieut. General.

— The sale of Rufus Choate's library, just completed by auction, will realize to his family about $15,000—less than half it cost.

— Capt. Joseph Wood of West Lebanon, N. H. has reached his one hundredth year, and his faculties remain unimpaired.

— Gen. Twigge has gone to the Rio Grande to drive off the Red Skins who threaten to ravage the settlements on its border.

— The merchants and business men of California design to erect a monument to the memory of the late Senator Broderick.

— Mr. Alfred Robinson, of Hartford, has, in his possession, a Hebrew shekel, which is supposed to be more than 3,000 years old.

— One hundred different patents have been issued in France for as many different styles of that favorite garment, "crinoline."

— The Massachusetts Legislature has passed an act providing for the establishment of a nautical branch of the State Reform School.

— The Choctaw nation numbers about 18,000. They have diminished since they left Alabama. They still hold their lands in common.

— A new mineral spring has been excavated at Saratoga. The spring was struck at a depth of 47 feet, issuing from two fissures in the rock.

— Rosa Bonheur, the renowned female artist, shortly intends visiting America, with a view of studying the life of our prairies and backwoods.

— During August, 29,385 ounces of gold were deposited in the San Francisco mint; 36,620 ounces of silver were purchased; $962,000 coined.

— Prof. Lowe commenced inflating his balloon at Reservoir Square, New York, on the 1st, and expects to start for Europe in a fortnight.

— The male births in Europe surpass the female 4,000,000 every year, but are balanced by the greater number of accidents to males.

— In Mobile, Ala., the other day, a fisherman pulled up a half pint bottle. A crab had got into it and grown so large that he could not get out.

— The persons who killed Pres't Geffrard's daughter in Hayti, confess that they did it in order to attract her father to the spot and then kill him.

— Mr. Joseph Cline died in Freeport, *Ill.*, last week, from the bite of a cat. He was bit in the finger, and in four days died, in the most intense agony.

— Seven ships of the English Channel fleet were under orders to prepare for sea immediately, the destination of which is said to be Vancouver's Island.

— A racoon entered a church in Princeton, Ill., during service, and created much stir among the crinoline. He was captured and "taken out of meeting."

— The clause in the Kansas Constitution excepting the homestead from attachment for debt was separately submitted to the people, and adopted by a large maj.

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☞ Refer to the Editor of the RURAL NEW-YORKER.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Nov. 15, 1859.

FLOUR and GRAIN, with the single exception of Barley, remain at the quotations of last week. In Barley a decline of 2@5 cents ₱ bushel is observable. The receipts and sales have been heavy at 60@65 cents ₱ bushel, and maltsters have been supplying themselves very generously.

MEATS—A considerable quantity of pork is exhibited in our streets this morning. Little animation among buyers is noted, 25 cents ₱ cwt. difference between holder and purchaser retarding transactions. The only sales that can be effected will be for home consumption.

HAY is moving upward,—the best now commands $22 ₱ ton.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	16c
Flour, white wheat	$5.25@6.25	Honey, box	12@13c
Flour, spring do	$4.75@4.75	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat, ₱ cwt	$2.00	FRUITS AND ROOTS	
Wheat, Genesee	$1.25@1.30	Apples, bushel	25@50c
Best white Can'a	$1.35@1.40	Apples, dried	$1.00@1.12
Corn	55@60	Peaches, dried, ₱ lb	10c
Rye, 60 lbs, ₱ bu	65@70c	Cherries, dried, ₱ lb	16@18c
Oats, by weight	35@36c	Potatoes	31@37½c
Barley	60@65c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
[illegible]	[illegible]	Slaughter	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Calf	[illegible]
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	$1.25
Pork, mess	$17.00@18.50	Lamb pelts	50 @$1.00
Pork, clear	$[illegible]@21	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$[illegible]	Clover, bush	$7.00@7.50
Beef, cwt	$10.00@11.00	Timothy	$2.50@2.75
Spring Lambs	$1.50@1.75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	5c	Wood, hard	$4.00@4.50
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3.00@3.50
Shoulders	7c	Coal, Lehigh	$[illegible]
Chickens	7@8c	Coal, Scranton	$4.25@4.50
Turkeys	9@10c	Coal, Pittston	$4.25@4.50
Geese	7@8c	Coal, Shamokin	$4.25@4.50
Ducks, wild	10@11c	Coal, Char	12@[illegible]c
Ducks, tame	[illegible]	Salt, bbl	$1.25
Butter, roll	18@21c	Hay, ton	$[illegible]
Butter, firkin	17c	Straw, do	$[illegible]
Cheese	8@10c	Wool, lb	50c
Lard, tried	12@13c	Wool Pelts, bbl	$[illegible]
Tallow	10@[illegible]c	Codfish, quintal	$4.00@4.25
		Trout, bbl	$5.00@5.50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Nov. 11.—FLOUR—Market for flour without striking change. Speculative demand less active. Sales at [illegible] for super State, $5.10@5.30 for extra do, $5.40@5.70 for super Western; $5.25@5.40 for common to good extra do; $5.60@5.70 for fancy do; $5.75@6.00 for extra Genesee and Ohio; $5.75@6.00 for extra Genesee and Ohio; $5.75@6.00 for extra Genesee and Ohio

THE DYING YEAR.

From the old woods, dim and lonely,
Comes a moan;
There the winds are sighing only,
"Summer's gone!"
All the bright and sunny hours,
And the green and leafy bowers,
With the Summer's latest flowers,
Are faded now;
And the brow
Of the waning year
Has been twined with dying leaves;
And the gathering of the sheaves
Tells us Autumn's here.

Now the winds go loudly moaning
Through the vales;
And the forest trees are groaning
Mournful tales
Of decays that swiftly gather,
Of the coming wintry weather,
Of the snow that, like a feather,
Soon will fall;
And the call
Of Death is sighing
Over all the rippling streams;
And the Summer's lingering gleams
Are sadly dying.

'Tis the waning, waning twilight
Of the year
That hovers now, all strangely bright,
Round us here;
And soon the year will pass away,
Like the light of an autumn day,
Adown old Winter's dim highway
To its tomb;
And the gloom
Of the Silent Land
Will rest on the bright years flown;
And the winds of Time will moan
O'er the dreamless band!

[*Knickerbocker Magazine.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OUR THANKSGIVING.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

Thanksgiving in the country, at grandmother's! Isn't it splendid? Ours was, though I dare say it did not differ so *very* much from hundreds of others. I hope it did not for the sake of the many who I should be glad to know were so fortunate. I shall not linger over a description of the bountiful supply of good things with which the pantry was filled. No wonder that little Joe asked Aunt Clarissa if she locked the pantry door "to keep the *goodies* from breaking out."

As you have all had Thanksgivings of your own many a time, you can imagine, while I tell you something of the place and the people where and with whom we spent ours.

The house in which my grandmother lived, and still lives, thank Heaven, is a substantial country residence about twenty miles from a large city. It is not a farm-house, for my grandfather was the village doctor, and in that capacity he managed to build upon a foundation bequeathed to him by his father, a pretty substantial fortune for those days.

My grandmother is very youthful in appearance, and is not so old but she can sympathise with young folks and share in their enjoyment. She was very young when she married my grandfather, a sedate, but excellent middle-aged gentleman—a widower with three children. She felt like a child among them, but after she had a child of her own,—and she never had but one,—she settled down into the nicest little housekeeper and the most devoted wife and mother. People said she didn't marry the doctor for *love*; no lively young girl ever fell in love with a sober, quiet man, old enough to be her father. Some sagely hinted of an early disappointment, but grandmother let them talk and took no heed. Her husband and his children loved her dearly; she had everything that heart could wish, and was always cheerful and loving herself.

So you see she was not my *real* grandma, only my grandfather's second wife, but her step-children regarded her as a mother, and we would not have thought her less than a grandmother to us for anything in the world. Aunt Clarissa was her only child, and being the youngest and the last one married, had always lived at home. Little Joe, his sister Kate, grandmother's namesake, and a yearling baby, made up Aunt Clarissa's jewels.

Some of the guests arrived the night before the great anticipated day,—Uncle Horace and wife, with seven cousins, of both sexes, from twelve to twenty years of age. My father and mother, two brothers and a sister, nearly filled the house by ten o'clock on Thursday morning. Uncle John's family had not come, but we were expecting them in the next train from the city. It had begun to snow very fast, but we felt so sure that that would make no difference, that a party of us set out for the station to meet them. Aunt Jane and Cousin Helen were on hand promptly, but no Uncle John. He had been detained by urgent and unexpected business, and would drive out, if possible, in time for dinner. So we consoled ourselves as well as we were able. Uncle John, though a lawyer, was by no means "as grave as a judge," and was the prime favorite with all his nephews and nieces. He had married a beautiful and wealthy woman, on whom our unsophisticated minds had looked in childhood as the embodiment of our ideas of a lady of rank, such as we found in story-books. Of late, however, the grandeur of the model had seemed somewhat diminished. Cousin Helen, their only child, united in herself the warm heart of her father with the beauty and stateliness of her mother. Her naturally fine talents had been cultivated until she was truly an accomplished young lady.

The dinner passeth all attempt at description. Of course it was the finest to which we ever sat down, but we ate it without Uncle John, to whom, as being the oldest son, had always been conceded the honor of presiding.

By two o'clock so much snow had fallen that the fences began to disappear, and little Joe said he should think there was going to be a thanksgiving dinner out doors, they were laying such a big, white cover.

Our young gentlemen were amusing themselves in reading and exploring the premises, while "we girls" betook ourselves to grandmother's room, where we were shortly joined by the dear old lady herself, who could never let us be long out of her sight.

"Why, girls, how still you all are to-day! Are you dull because it is so stormy? or has dinner made you sleepy? Come down and let's have some music. Helen will play, and you can all sing."

But Cousin Helen ignored that plan, and the next suggestion was that grandmother should tell us a story.

"A story? About what? Shall it be a love story?"

The majority of us were young ladies in our *teens*, or a trifle over, so the vote for the love story was nearly unanimous. We wheeled grandmother's cushioned chair to the open fire and arranged ourselves around in attitudes convenient for listening, some preferring to sit upon the hearth-rug. With an affectionate smile grandmother said:

"Kitty Clover was a wild little thing, pretty and smart, like many a one who has lived and flourished long since her day. Of course she had plenty of beaux, and some said she was a bit of a flirt, though they must have been the envious ones, for with all her faults, Kitty had a kind heart.

"Though her plump and well-rounded little figure, in a neatly-fitting dress, combined with her fair complexion and blue eyes to form a quite attractive picture, Kitty possessed some more solid attractions, which doubtless had their full weight with her rustic vassals. Farmer Clover was well to do in the world, his acres were broad, his barns were large, and his good, old, honest heart was larger. Kitty was the only child which was left to bless his fireside, the others slept beneath the green grass, or the fading leaves, or the deep snows on the hill-sides, and his dear and faithful wife was an invalid who never went beyond the home which Kitty's active industry and youthful spirits made so comfortable.

"Kitty's knowledge of the world was not limited to the retired village which contained her home. Before her mother required so much of her attention she had been away to boarding-school, and with her ready intelligence she soon made herself one of the most accomplished girls in her native town, and 'a capital match for somebody,' so the gossips said.

"I suppose Heath Bell agreed with them, and with the self-satisfaction which often accompanies youthful ardor, he considered himself to be that *somebody*, and bestowed his attentions accordingly.

"I suppose you would have said she did not like him, for she never gave him any encouragement, that anybody could see, and never seemed so happy as when teasing or tantalizing his grave lordship. He was one of those quiet, conscientious young men, who, to use Kitty's expression, 'appear to mark their lives by rule and compass.' There was some fun in tessing him, she said, he took it so seriously. But with all her coquetry, and the little quarrels which they had from time to time, his visits still continued, and the neighbors prophesied a wedding at farmer Clover's. Kitty knew their thoughts, but with a knowing shake of her head and a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, she said to herself—'Not so fast my good friends—I'm not caught yet.'

"Now, Heath Bell had a cousin, one Canterbury Bell, a spruce and handsome youth, who kept the village drug store. He was somewhat older than Heath, and had the advantage of him in personal attractions and address, and as he seemed equally sensible of Miss Kitty's charms, he was considered by all but herself, a dangerous rival. In her secret heart she considered him a shallow coxcomb, and would have remained an old maid—much as she dreaded such a fate—sooner than have married him. But she encouraged his acquaintance, partly because it amused her to see the annoyance of sundry maidens who were so foolish as to admire him, and partly because it was 'good fun' to play him off against Heath; for, being his cousin, he could not resent it, though liking it none the better on that account.

"Heath was of rather a jealous temperament, and found plenty of food for it in the variety and quantity of attentions which Kitty constantly received. There was young Ivy Green, who protested in lisping tones that he would die for 'Mith Kitty if she thaid the word;' and Narcissus White, whose father kept a green-house, used to send her choice boquets, and then call to see if she received them. John Quill, Burr Dock and others, shared her smiles, and poor Heath seldom called without finding one or more of them present.

"There was a spelling-school—you've heard of such things, I dare say—every week in the school-house about half a mile from Kitty's. She had been unusually gracious to Heath for some time, and on his leaving her the night before the spelling-school, she accompanied him to the door, taking care to close the parlor door behind her. Encouraged by her manner, his parting was more than usually impressive, and he begged the favor of her company the following evening. She excused herself on plea of her mother's ill-health, but really to dampen his hopes, which she could see were rapidly rising.

"The next evening was fair and moonlit, and as Kitty lighted the candles, she half wished that she had told Heath that she would go to the spelling-school. She had scarcely thought so when a chaise drove into the yard, and Mr. Canterbury Bell bowed himself in. In the most affable manner he greeted her father and mother, and asked the privilege of taking Miss Kitty to spelling-school. Neither father nor mother knew of her refusal to go with Heath, and urged her to accept, telling her she must not stay at home all the time. The idea entered her little wicked brain that it would be such a good joke to see Heath's surprise when she should come in with his cousin, so she went.

"With an airy motion, and a smile and nod for everybody, she entered the school-house, but all the while she was glancing hurriedly around to see if Heath was there. By-the-way, girls, when you see a young girl more than usually talkative and mirthful in a company where there is one whom she has wronged or quarreled with, rely upon it he is never absent from her thoughts. But Heath wasn't there that night, and Kitty being vexed thereat, grew silent and short, and on reaching home dismissed Mr. Bell number two quite unceremoniously, for which he retaliated by telling Heath next day that he waited on her to the spelling-school, and found her company most agreeable.

"So Heath stayed away, and she only saw him at church, when he didn't appear to see her at all.

"It was very hard, and in private Kitty shed some bitter tears, though if she had seen him the next instant, she would not have made the slightest advance toward a reconciliation. Proud, perverse little heart! She made all sorts of excuses for her own conduct; his was unjustifiable. To add to her chagrin, Polly Anthus, an officious and *very intimate friend*, as she called herself, was so kind as to tell her that report said that Heath Bell was waiting on Mary Gold, a gay, giddy girl, whom Kitty detested. Polly said he had been seen to go there as much as twice a week, of late.

"After Polly had gone, Kitty had a *good cry* all to herself. Then she grew angry. She knew Heath could not bear Mary Gold, he had said so a hundred times. If he went there it was in the hope of making *her* jealous. However, she wasn't sure he did go, but he would see that she could do without him, easily.

"Mary Gold lived within sight of farmer Clover's, and one Sunday evening as Kitty sat by the parlor window, thinking how lonely the Sunday evenings seemed now, she was startled by the sight of Heath Bell. He had paused, and was intently gazing at her. She blushed crimson, and her heart beat quickly, for she thought at first that he was coming in; but no, he passed, and running to another window, she saw him enter Mr. Gold's house a few moments after. That night she lay tossing on her lonely pillow, and when her worn and unrefreshed appearance was remarked next morning, she said she could not sleep because the moonlight in her room kept her awake.

"There was to be a grand cherry party on the 4th of July that year, and Kitty had looked forward to it for a long time. Now she no longer cared to go, but thinking that Heath would probably wait upon Mary Gold, she determined to do so, if only to show him how little she cared. Her devoted Canterbury was the first to offer his escort, and she accepted him solely because she thought him the most disagreeable admirer in her train.

"Here, again, she had miscalculated, for though Heath was there, he bestowed his attentions upon Lily Vale, the sweet and modest daughter of their clergyman. He noticed Kitty's presence only by a formal bow in reply to her nonchalant salutation, and as they parted, Kitty could not help comparing herself to the gentle Lily, and felt humbled.

"Throughout that unhappy day Kitty kept hoping that something would occur to bring them together, and that Heath would make some advance; but they seemed fated not to meet. Only once, as she stood near a large tree, a little apart from her companions, she turned suddenly and saw Heath leaning against the tree on the other side. He had not observed her, and hastily obeying her first impulse, she moved away. In after years she often recurred to that moment, and thought, 'Ah, how much better for us both would it have been, had I silenced my proud heart, and going to him, inquired in what I had offended!'

"Such reflections were generally put to flight, when she considered that they had never been engaged, and, except so far as they understood each other, there was nothing binding in their relations. Connected by a link so slender as to be almost invisible, now that it was to be severed, each suffered a severe pang, while gradually the breach was widening, though both were too proud to offer to lessen it until they could be certain of the wishes of the other.

"The summer waned, and with it the roses on Kitty's cheeks. People remarked her paleness, but she was well, 'perfectly well,' she said, and her eyes beamed as brightly, her voice was as gentle and sweet as ever, while her laugh among her young companions was more gay, though less frequent than before. In her own quiet home, with no curious eyes upon her, her mother saw that her step grew less elastic, and that when spoken to, she started sometimes as if recalled from some far land of dreams.

"Now I am not going to tell you how she pined away like a wilted bud, and died at length of a broken heart. I leave such things to the romancers, for I have to deal with a *woman* of flesh and blood. I think Shakspeare spoke almost as truly of them as of *men*, when he said

> 'Men have died from time to time,
> And worms have eaten them—
> But not for love.'

I'm not sure that's quite it. I haven't read Shakspeare much lately, but when I was a girl I didn't want any better reading, except my Bible.

"Dear me, children! It grows late, and I must cut my story short.

"One day towards the last of October, when Kitty was feeling more than usually depressed, and under the influence of the general decay around her, she penned a little note and sent it to Heath Bell. This is what she wrote:

'I know that in some way I have offended you. I fear that I have been to blame in not making this acknowledgment sooner. I do not make it now in any hope of reparing a broken friendship—I suppose it is too late for that. I only ask you to forgive me if I have been unkind to you, and remember me hereafter as one who sincerely esteemed you.'

"She sent it immediately, otherwise he would not have received it, for scarcely had it gone ere she reproached herself for her weakness. Perhaps you think, yourselves, that it was not a very maidenly act, but may be you would have done the same. We can't say till we're tried. As she said, she had no hope that he would ever return; she wrote to ease her conscience, which had for a long time been ill at ease.

"Two days from the date of the note it was answered thus:

'I have nothing to forgive in you, though had you said, two months ago, as much as you have now, we might both have been spared much pain. There is much in my own conduct which I never can forgive. With regard to the change in my feelings toward you, I have nothing to say, I *can* say nothing. Kitty, I shall (God willing,) be married on the approaching Thanksgiving day, to Lily Vale, whom you know, and I am sure must love.'

"That was a sorrowful Thanksgiving at Farmer Clover's, for Kitty lay sick with a fever. The doctor thought it had been brought on by weakness, and too frequent exposure and exertion in attending the religious meetings, in which Kitty had of late felt a deep interest. So great had been her eagerness to attend them, that her parents could not deny her the privilege.

"When she recovered her health she seldom exhibited that exuberance of spirits once so natural to her, but there was a gentle womanliness about her, that was quite as pleasing. As she united with the church soon after, most of her friends ascribed her altered manners to that cause, and they were right in some degree.

"The change in her prepared them somewhat for the event which shortly took place—namely, her marriage to a person very different from any of her former lovers, though some shook their heads very gravely when they beheld the husband elect, in Perry Winkle, Esq., a man old enough to be her father."

"Why, grandmother! That is too bad! You don't think Kitty *loved* him, do you?"

"I don't pretend to say," replied grandmother, sagely. "Such things are not impossible, when, as in Kitty's case, the gentleman did not look so old, and was good, and kind, and in all respects trustworthy. I rather think Kitty *did* love him, but for all that I do not advise you girls to follow her example, even should you lose a youthful lover like Heath Bell."

As she pronounced the last words, I stole a hasty glance at Cousin Helen, and noticed that her large, dark eyes, apparently fixed on vacancy, were shining with crystal drops.

There is a wee bit of romance about this Cousin Helen of ours. There always is, you know, about stately, handsome cousins.

Her father had a ward, young Robert Fielding, a fine, manly fellow, whom we all loved, and thought (to ourselves) was an excellent match for Helen. As uncle John lived at quite a distance, we did not have a chance to observe matters very closely, but just as we had made up our minds that everything was in good train for the desired consummation, off went Robert very suddenly to New York, and had not been seen by us since, while Helen was statelier than ever when we saw her next, and resented all our jokes with her on Robert's disappearance. I had formed *my* own conjectures, and subsequent events confirmed them.

As soon as grandmother had finished her story, which I strongly suspected to be a page in her own life-history, we hastened down stairs to enjoy a quiet hour of music before tea. Cousin Helen, after much persuasion, had consented to play for us, and was in the midst of that beautiful German song, "When the Swallows," when there was an outcry among the children, and uncle John appeared with one upon his shoulder and another clinging to his great-coat. And who do you think was with him, besides? Why, Robert Fielding, to be sure!

There was not any *scene* at this discovery, so I shall not attempt to get up one. Cousin Helen greeted him very much as the rest of us did, and all made him very welcome. Late in the evening I had occasion to enter the room which had formerly been the doctor's study. A bright fire blazed upon the hearth, and the wintry moonlight streamed in, for the storm had ceased. My entrance was unperceived by two figures upon the sofa, and I beat a hasty retreat just as one of them said in a subdued and tearful voice, "I know, Robert, that it was but a trifle, not worth quarreling about, but if sorrow could do it, I have earned your forgiveness."

Could that have been Cousin Helen—our *queen-cousin*, as we often called her? I never asked, but this I know, that we all went to her wedding about Valentine's time the next spring, and the bridegroom was *not* Mr. Mosely, the rich old bachelor who had for a long time been trying to win her favor, to the great alarm of her anxious relatives.

After all, what a common-place affair our Thanksgiving was! I don't doubt that a great many of you think so, but what is human nature, the world over, but commonplace?

Talent and Genius.—Very felicitous is Dr. Holmes when he says, "the world is always ready to receive talent with open arms. Very often it does not know what to do with genius. Talent is a docile creature. It bows it head meekly while the world slips the collar over it. It backs into the shafts like a lamb. It draws its load cheerfully, and is patient of the bit and the whip. But genius is always impatient of its harness, its wild blood makes it hard to train.

"A goose flies by a chart which the Royal Geographical Society could not mend. A poet, like the goose, sails without visible landmarks to unexplored regions of truth, which philosophy has failed to lay down upon its atlas. The philosopher gets his track by observation; the poet trusts to his inner sense, and makes the straighter and swifter line.

"Talent is a very common family trait; genius belongs rather to individuals; just as you find one giant or one dwarf in a family, but rarely a whole brood of either. Talent is often to be envied, and genius very commonly to be pitied. It stands twice the chance of the other of dying in a hospital, in jail, in debt, in bad repute. It is a perpetual insult to mediocrity; its very word is a trespass against somebody's vested ideas."

If a man cannot find ease within himself, it is to little purpose to seek it anywhere else.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 8 letters.
My 8, 7 is an exclamation.
My 4, 6 is a river in Europe.
My 3, 2, 8 is a certain kind of fish.
My 5, 7, 7 is the peculiar noise of a common bird.
My 1, 3, 3, 4 is a plant.
My 4, 7, 7, 3 is a small collection of water.
My 4, 3, 5, 1 is a grain measure.
My 3, 8, 8 is a measure of length.
My 8, 6, 5, 1 is sometimes troublesome to burglars.
My 5, 8, 7, 5, 1 is a very useful instrument.
My 4, 6, 2 is the name of a celebrated poet.
My 8, 7, 5, 1 is a part of a gun.
My 1, 2, 3, 8 is a part of a ship.
My 4, 6, 1, 3 is a machine, the purpose thereof is to keep unruly animals within bounds.

My whole would be well for every passionate person to remember.

Sam Hopkins.

Fayette, Seneca Co., N. Y., 1859.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

☞ The Answer will be given in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

What is the diameter of a circle, within which is inscribed four circles, each six inches in diameter?

North Bergen, Gen. Co., N. Y. E. W. Hoyt.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

The Lover's Puzzle.—To learn to read the following, so as to make good sense, is a mystery. If any of our lady friends can do so, they may call and get the printer's hat:

I thee read see that me
Love is down will I'll have
But that and you have you'll
One and up and you if.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 513.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—An editor's office without a lounger.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Piety is the best practice.

Answer to Algebraical Problem:—He had traveled 33 miles; he traveled 2¾ miles an hour; police traveled 4 miles an hour.

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RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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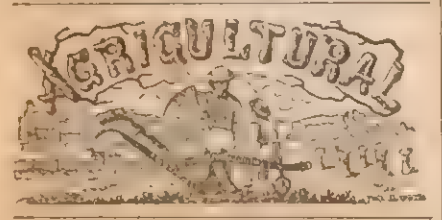


INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

Potatoes Changing in the Hill.

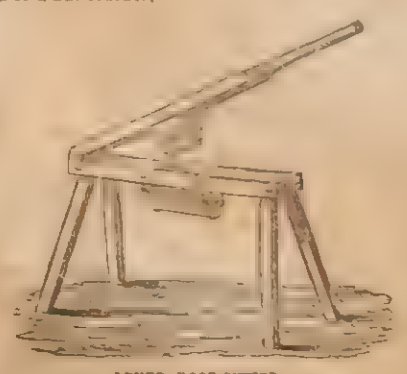
LAST SPRING I cut three potatoes into thirty sets and planted them. The potatoes were red and white. To-day I dug them. About half are red and white, the rest are all white. On one stalk there were red and white potatoes and some all white. Can you explain the cause.—W. M. BEAUCHAMP, *Skaneateles, N. Y., Oct* 29, 1859.

Parti-colored potatoes, as white and red, sometimes grow almost, or entirely, of one color. The White Peach Blow, for instance, we have grown this season with scarcely a shade of red, while other specimens are almost entirely of this color, with only a faint show of white. If they are alike in other respects, this cannot be called a change. With a change in the hill further than this, or a mixing of varieties in the hill, we have no experience, having never seen the like, nor do we pretend to account for some strange statements which we have seen. They are beyond our comprehension.

Root Cutters.

SOME of the farmers in this section, myself among the rest, are beginning to learn the value of roots as a help in winter feeding. What we want now is some simple and cheap machine for cutting them up. If something that farmers could make themselves, all the better.—T. S., *Orleans Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

THE simplest arrangement for a root-cutter, is to fasten a knife in a block of wood, and attach a handle, which will be like a heavy clothes-pounder—the knife inserted in the lower end. The roots must be placed in a strong trough for chopping. This is rather slow work, but where only a few are needed every day, it can easily be done during the leisure time of winter, when work is scarce and time not very precious. The next most simple form is the arrangement of knives, so that they can be operated by a lever, somewhat in the fashion of a nut-cracker.



LEVER ROOT-CUTTER.

The above shows a lever cutter in use in England. One cheek is an open "harp" of edges arranged in a cup-shapen manner, and the other a block fitting those edges, so that anything placed between the two is forced by the former through the latter. But one root at a time is cut, and is delivered in slices below. The most approved cutters now in use in England are called *pulpers*, and they coarsely grind the roots into a pulp, and this is the favorite form for feeding. Advantage is said to be derived from the evaporation of moisture, which takes place rapidly when the roots are in this condition, and also from the convenience of mixing with meal, shorts, &c.

Quite a good machine is made by several manufacturers of agricultural implements, called the *Vegetable Cutter*, and is sold by many of the dealers throughout the country, at $12. The engraving above will give a very good idea of its appearance.

ROTARY ROOT-CUTTER.

The large wheel shown, is the cutting wheel, made of cast iron and faced on one side, through which is inserted three knives, like plane-irons. These cut the vegetables into thin slices with great rapidity, and then by cross-knives they are cut into strips of convenient form and size for cattle or sheep to eat. It is said to cut sixty bushels in an hour.

The Way to Approach a Bee-Hive.

A MULTITUDE of your subscribers will be everlastingly obliged to any apiarians who will give us a lesson or two upon the right and safe way to approach a bee-hive when you desire to inspect it, or take honey from the boxes. It is not enough with *our* bees to put on a bold front, and pretend to be at home and fearless, for a fiend a sentinel always armed to the teeth ready to report, without waiting for the countersign, the approach of any one. It is a fact that some individuals, for some unexplainable reason, can handle bees with impunity, while others, for some reason, cannot. Singing masters say *all* can sing; patent bee-hive venders say *all* can handle bees, if they only think so. But facts, stubborn facts, upset each theory. We are told, "disturb the bees and they will fill themselves with honey, and when so filled, they are good-natured, and not disposed to sting." Well, if this is necessary, how shall we do it—with a long pole, at a safe distance, or otherwise? Let us, Messrs. Editors, have the A, B, C, of the matter, commencing at least *two rods* from the hive. Or say plainly, you probably are not a favorite with the bees, and might as well give them up.—J. B., *Batavia, Kane Co., Ill.*, 1859.

IT is said that some persons are so offensive to bees, that they will never allow them to approach their hives, and will sting them whenever they get a chance; but such cases, if they exist, are rare, and if our correspondent finds himself one of these rare exceptions, he had better keep as far from the bees as possible, and obtain the sweets of life from some other source. As a general thing, the hives may be approached and handled sufficiently to remove the surplus honey boxes, without the least danger. All that is necessary is to be careful, slow, and *graceful* in all your motions. Any jarring or blundering work of any kind around the hive, will cause a commotion among the bees. A clumsy, careless, slovenly, bungling man will never make a successful bee-keeper, unless he turns over an entirely new leaf. These are the kind of folks, we rather suspect, to which the bees show such aversion.

But, OUR correspondent says, "it is not enough with our bees to put on a bold front, and *pretend* to be at home and fearless." When the coward puts on airs and *pretends* to be bold and fearless, he generally makes very bad work of it, and shows his fears more than though he had not attempted to appear in a false character. So our correspondent, we fear, when he *pretends* to be "at home and fearless," is watching narrowly every bee, expecting every moment to have his mortal body pierced with a poisonous dart. How seldom are children stung with bees, even though they play around and among the hives. Their confidence is not pretended. The present summer a child about fifteen months old wandered from its mother, and made directly to one of our hives. Placing himself at the front he commenced playing with the bees, as they crawled over his hands, and was engaged in this play for some time uninjured, before his mother discovered his dangerous situation, when she rushed to the rescue.

The A, B, C of Bee Culture is just what we need at this day, for most of the recent writings on the subject have been more curious than useful. But there is no use in commencing *two rods from the hive*, nor will J. B. find that distance any safer than two feet from it. The bees are long-sighted, and we have often noticed that if any one is stung during any operation with the hive, it is some fearful man who is standing "at least two rods from the hive," so as to be out of danger. If you are very much afraid, don't assume a confidence you do not feel, but attend to your surplus honey boxes in the cool of the evening, or very early in the morning, when the bees are quiet. If you wish to examine the condition of the bees and the comb, and use a LANGSTROTH hive, which gives the keeper almost as much control over his bees as he has over his chickens, then roll up a piece of old cotton cloth, and light it so that it will make a good smoke. Take off the top of the hive, and blow a little smoke among the bees, and they will become quiet. Then go to work, and if at any time during the operation the bees show signs of discontent or anger, give them a little more smoke, and all will be quiet, the bees becoming as harmless as flies. Your confidence must be real, and not assumed, which is somewhat difficult for the beginner. As a sure protection against the sting of the bee, get a piece of wire cloth, such as the bottoms of seives are made of, eighteen inches wide and three feet long; fasten this together in the form of a large hat, so that it will cover the head and rest upon the shoulders. The top may be of cloth or a thin piece of board. On the bottom edge sew a piece of cloth one foot in width, something like a frill. Put on the hat, tuck the frill under your coat, and button it up, and then put on a pair of India rubber gloves, and no bee can possibly inflict a sting. These can be used until you gain confidence, but you will soon throw off the gloves, and use the hat only occasionally when performing some important operation, like changing bees from one hive to another. The fact is, bees seldom sting unless pinched, or hurt in some way, unless they get among the hair, in which case they almost invariably use their stings. Bees filled with honey seldom sting. A sprinkling of sirup from a watering pot will quiet, in a minute, the most angry swarm.

EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE.

CHANGE OF SEED WHEAT—*Early Ripening, &c.*—During the present year the RURAL NEW-YORKER has contained a considerable number of articles upon Wheat, its Cultivation and Characteristics, and, among the subjects discussed, the advantages to be derived from a change of seed, have had a full share of notice. Our brethren across the water are agitating the question, and we may be able to draw something of benefit from their conclusions. In the London *Agricultural Gazette*, of October 1st, a correspondent wants a change of seed. He has asked advice from one of his neighbors, who recommends him to go to the north and obtain from a colder climate the change he needs; he has asked another of his neighbors, and by him he is recommended to go to the southern counties and obtain his seed where the harvest is three weeks earlier than it is in Scotland. Now, whose recommendation is he to adopt?

This is the query, and the editor replies as follows:—"Let it, in the first place, be admitted, that a healthy grown, thoroughly ripened seed is perfect of its kind, and that, these conditions being fulfilled, it matters nothing whether it be grown on chalk, or clay, or sand. A 'change' from one geological formation to another, or from one farm to another, is not, as some seem to think it, necessarily an advantage. But you can obtain healthily grown and thoroughly ripened wheat in any county in the kingdom, and if, having it, you have that which is perfect of its 'kind' it is plain that you need not travel for a 'change.' The question, however, is—what of the character of a grain is involved in this term 'kind;' and the answer we presume to be—all that it inherited or can transmit. Now nothing is more certain in agricultural experience than that, besides those characters of plants which botanists admit as the permanent distinctions of species, there are other habits or features, of greater or less permanence, which plants acquire by the constant treatment of the cultivator or the constant influence of habitat and climate, and which, though capable of alteration and ultimate extinction by other treatment, are yet not altogether transient, but will re-appear in subsequent seasons in greater or less degree according as the circumstances of the locality or season are favorable or otherwise. Thus we doubt not that a 'kind' distinguished for several years under good cultivation for extraordinary productiveness will be more likely than one of inferior character in this respect to yield well under inferior cultivation. And the advice which we should offer to our correspondent would be, simply to look out for seed of a sort which has been known for many years to yield most bushels per acre of good grain. If he can get it from his neighbor then he will be saved the trouble of sending to either end of the island for it.

"There are, however, characters which grain from Sussex and from Aberdeen respectively are likely to bring with them in addition to the quantity or quality of the produce; and if a choice must be made between the two it must hinge upon the relative value of those characteristics which the respective climates of those counties are likely to have encouraged, and as it were imprinted. Is hardiness and ability to withstand severity of winter and spring especially desired, then seed from the northern county will probably be preferred. Is earliness of ripening desired, then though this is probably a less certain character than the other, yet it is more likely to be found in grain from Sussex than in that from Aberdeen. It is probable that the latter is generally in this country the most valuable character of the two, and that if our correspondent cannot get what he wants at hand he had better apply to some wheat grower in the South."

CINDERS FOR PIGS.—J. J. MECHI, of Triptree Hall, England, has been publishing his experience in fattening swine, and, among other things, he has learned the fact "that pigs are very fond of coal ashes or cinders, and that you can hardly fat pigs properly on boarded floors without giving them a moderate supply daily, or occasionally." He says: "In the absence of coal ashes, burned clay or brick-dust is a good substitute. If you do not supply ashes they will gnaw or eat the brick walls of their sheds. I leave to science to explain the cause of this want. It is notorious that coal dealers, where pigs have access to the coals, are generally successful pig feeders. Those who find that their pigs, when shut up, do not progress favorably will do well to try this plan; a neighbor of mine found that a score of fat pigs consume quite a basket of burned clay ashes daily; we know that there is an abundance of alkali in ashes. I wish some of your practical correspondents would communicate their experience on this matter, and I also want them to state how many pounds of barley meal it takes to make 1 stone (14 pounds) of pork, not dead weight."

CULTIVATING HOPS.—A valuable discovery in the cultivation of hops, has just been communicated to the French Academy. Like some agricultural improvements, it has been the result of observations made by a laboring peasant. It consists in making the plant run in a horizontal direction, instead of climbing up the pole. This is managed by means of a low trellis-work of the simplest construction. The advantages of this mode of culture are numerous. In the first place, it enables the grower to investigate the plant while growing, and cleanse it from the numerous insects which injure it to so vast an extent; then it is protected from the sun, which always destroys the upper shoots; it obviates the great destruction of hops in very stormy weather, when the wind lays low whole hop grounds from the height of the poles; and, most of all, it enables the gathering of the cones to take place without uprooting the plant, besides permitting the selection of the ripest ones at first, and preventing the great loss which arises from the necessity of tearing down the whole plant to get at the ripest blossoms.

GROWING THE SAME CROP TOO OFTEN.—It has been a practice on many of the light or mixed soils of England, to follow what is called the four course rotation—that is,—1st, turnips; 2d, barley; 3d, red clover; 4th, wheat. It will at once be seen that this system required heavy manuring, and is one of the most profitable courses adopted in Great Britain. At a late meeting of the Farmers' Club of London, the subject was brought under discussion, as it had been found by a long experience that the frequent return of the turnip crop had rendered the land unable to produce this crop, even with the most liberal aid of artificial manures. The crop grew, but it was not healthy; the turnips were diseased. Some of the speakers recommended an application of common salt and guano. On the light soils, the salt was found very beneficial; it had a marked effect in stiffening the straw of the grain crops. On clay land it was found to make the soil more adhesive, and was therefore considered to operate injuriously.

GROUP OF SILESIAN MERINO SHEEP.

OUR engraving represents a group of Silesian Sheep, owned by Mr. GEORGE CAMPBELL, of West Westminster, Vermont, who has the reputation of being a good shepherd and honorable man. Tho' the first importation of Silesians into this country was made within the past ten years, they have been somewhat widely disseminated, and there are now many fine flocks in this State, Vermont, Ohio, and elsewhere. These have principally sprung from the importations of Messrs. SANFORD & CAMPBELL, of Vermont, WM. CHAMBERLAIN, of Dutchess Co., N. Y., and WM. H. LADD, of Jefferson Co., Ohio. Perhaps we cannot better give the history and characteristics of this breed of sheep, than by copying the following paragraph from an excellent series of articles written by SANFORD HOWARD, and published in a former volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER:

The Silesian Merino.—This breed was derived from one hundred ewes and four rams taken from the Infantado Negretti flock in Spain, and carried to Prussian Silesia, in 1811. Such, at least, was the origin of those which have been introduced into the United States under this name. The first were imported by WM. R. SANFORD, and GEO. CAMPBELL, of Vermont, in 1851. Other importations have since been made by Messrs. CHAMBERLAIN, CAMPBELL & LADD. It is yet too early to pronounce, positively, as to what these Silesian Merinos will do in the country, generally, but so far as experience with them has gone, we believe it to be highly in their favor. The sheep appear to excel in the following points:—1st, the thickness of the wool as it stands on the skin, growing to an unusual extent on the belly, and covering nearly every part, giving an uncommon weight of fleece in proportion to the size of the carcass; 2d, the fineness of the staple considered in reference to the weight of fleece; 3d, the uniform character of the fleece, the wool on the belly and thighs approximating, to a remarkable degree, the quality of that on the back; 4th, the fullness, evenness, and elasticity of staple. They have rather small bones, and the body is symmetrical. The different animals are quite uniform in their appearance and properties.

WINTERING STOCK.

How to Winter Stock on a short supply of forage, seems just now an important question. I can tell how a very intimate friend of the Colonel's did last winter, and perhaps somebody may be the better for it.

This gentleman had a pretty good pile of cornstalks, well saved. His stock consisted of cows, and his team of horses, but he had little straw and less hay. He's a great believer in the virtues of cornstalks, and thinks he knows how to feed them. The first thing he did was to buy of Fowler & Day, of Fowlerville, one of their straw-cutters and get it home. Then he fixed some tubs, by sawing good stout barrels in two, and made a good warm stable for his cattle.

The stocks were all cut, and more or less straw was cut with them. Each cow was allowed all she could eat three times a day, and the mess night and morning was fixed in this wise:—The cows a noon had a feed of dry cut stalks and straw, which they would eat pretty clean except the coarser bits. At about 3 o'clock these were gathered into the tubs and enough more added to make the evening meal. To this was added two quarts of corn meal and two quarts of bran, and hot water turned on, as much as would well moisten the whole, and all well mixed. The morning meal was the same, being mixed over night or early in the morning. In this way no stalks were wasted, the cows gave a good supply of milk, and increased in condition. It was some trouble, but the manure paid for that abundantly. On Long Island, where it is the custom for the farmers to sell their hay, they keep their horses mainly on cut stalks and ground feed, and their teams look well.

The Colonel's friend and I agree that we can winter four times as much stock upon an acre of corn and stalks as upon the hay from an acre, and that there is no profit in growing hay for stock upon land that will produce good corn. But the corn must be ground, and the stalks cut, and cooked with the meal.—P.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE BUTTER?

The above question, so emphatically asked in the RURAL of the 5th of November, I will answer briefly,—it was not MADE. And by the first of March or April next, the inquiry will be as anxiously made, *What has become of the Hay?* The answer is equally short,—it did not GROW.

The same reasons that caused a failure in the hay crop apply with equal force to the butter. A large falling off from both may be attributed to the two frosts of June. The frost not only reduced the quantity but deteriorated the quality of both. The same bulk of hay that grew on the weak meadows that did not head out would not weigh more than three-fourths as much, and would not contain more than half the nutriment of good hay; and pastures suffered equally as much. I do not believe that the pasture lands of the severe frost-bitten districts afford more than one-third their usual supply—that is, for fattening or making butter. This estimate is perhaps too low for keeping the breath of life in cattle, which is nearly all that has been done where the pastures were stocked up to their usual capacity.

The frost-bitten, bitter grass will tell, in more ways than one, "What has become of the Butter?" A firkin that opens fair, will, before it is consumed by a small family, in many instances, become rancid, and in more, nearly rotten by May. This is not the fault of the dairyman, as it is out of the question to make first quality, or even good butter, that will keep good through the winter, out of frost-bitten grass. Those who have butter to buy will do well to look for it in sections of the country that have escaped the frost.

The frost was a most singular one. It ruined some meadows and pastures, and left others entirely uninjured, on the same farm; and so with fruit. In some instances it killed three spears of corn and left the fourth, in the same hill. There are a few dairymen who saw the condition of their pastures, and disposed of their butter to be used whilst fresh, (as it lacked solidity and flavor,) so that what they have on hand is good. These causes will not affect cheese so essentially as to raise the price materially, as a table can be set and a good meal made without it. Without butter the table has a bad look.

These calamities must not all be attributed to the frost, as there are some portions of the country that are good grazing land that did not suffer from the frost.

The drouth of May told with severity on all, as well as the unprecedented drouth of '53, which killed out some of the timothy—and the severe winters of fifty-eight and nine disposed of at least one-half the clover in some sections where the soil was unprotected by snow. The next inquiry will be, "What has become of the corn?"—for a farmer that has no hay or grass has not much of anything by the time his cattle have raised May hill; and add to that no corn and he has got nothing. I never saw a country where there was no grass that had much personal property; and whenever I get where there is no grass, and no butter, I take the back track. Having found but little on this side, I am sure there will be less on the other, and "Nothing in the House or in the Barn either." A. B. DICKINSON.

Hornby, N. Y., Nov., 1859.

SMALL AND LARGE POTATOES FOR SEED.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I have often seen it published, and more often heard it asserted, that farmers used too much seed in planting potatoes, which induced me to try a small experiment the past season. The kind chosen was what is known as the *Round Pink Eye*, the length of rows fifty-one hills. Row number *one* was planted with the largest that could be selected, and number *two* with those of the size of a good butternut. The soil had been cultivated for two years, and slightly manured, with the exception of a small strip on the west end of the rows, which had been a pasture for hogs for three years. The treatment was in all respects alike, after they were planted.

Now, mark the result. The large tubers produced from eight to thirty vines in a hill, the small ones from two to eight. The potatoes were of more uniform size where the small ones were planted, owing no doubt, to a much smaller number setting. The row where the *small* ones were planted produced a fraction less than *two bushels*. The row where the *large* ones were planted produced *three* bushels and one-eighth of a bushel. There was a much greater difference in the yield on the soil which had been cultivated two years, than on the rich green sward. It took one-fourth more hills to make a bushel on the sward, and more than double the number on the old soil of the small potatoe row to produce a bushel, as compared with the row planted with large ones. The number of tubers varied in the large row from eight to thirty-seven; the small row from three to twelve.

Newark, N. Y., 1859. A. G. PERCEY.

PRIVATE NOTES WORTHY OF PUBLICITY.

IN giving the following extracts from a private letter, we have no intention of transcending "the modest prescriptions of Quaker discipline." As the remarks are from a long-time correspondent of the RURAL, and pertinently refer to and review matters which appeared in its last number, we see no impropriety in presenting them to our parish of readers:

A CRITIC CRITICISED AND COMPLIMENTED.

I COULD but feel that H. T. BROOKS criticised GREELEY a little too roughly, transcending as he did the modest prescriptions of Quaker discipline. True, GREELEY is a little vain, and not always alive to the adverse side of his argument; but what would he be without his vanity, or what could he do to interest others, if he was visited by the swoons of self-esteem? If he was more profound, and less dogmatical, he would be a sealed book to at least one-half of the million that now endorse his specious, ill-digested theories; but his untiring industry, energy and confidence in himself entitles him to become an institution of the age in which he lives. I like H. T. B. There is a quaint, epigrammatic originality about him, not borrowed from the schools; and his truly practical, farm education gives him a great advantage over all mere theorists and amateurs in farming. He will neither be carried away by a *Comstock*, or batten in the rut of tradition.

VALUE OF STRAW—ITS PROPER OFFICE.

I can also but think that the RURAL *avait beau*, as the French say, to publish that table from Dr. PLAYFAIR. Regal chemist as he is, he evidently lacks BOUSSINGAULT'S farm-life experience, when he says that 100 lbs. of wheat straw contains as much organic matter as 100 lbs. of linseed meal, beans, &c. He should also say that the organic matter of the straw was nearly all carbon, about as nutritious as charcoal, and altho' serviceable to distend, and keep up animal heat in the stomach in cold weather, it has very little intrinsic nourishment if fed alone. Scotch JOHNSTON never compels his stock to eat straw, but he invites his sheep to do it by adding to it the most nitrogenous food—oil meal, oat meal, &c. Every farmer knows that cattle will hardly eat straw until they need it to burn in their stomachs in cold or stormy weather. At the great livery stables they cut hay instead of straw, on which to put the meal. The proper office for wheat straw is to litter cattle rather than to feed them; it is a great absorbent of the wealth of animal manures. It is early cut hay, cured with its juices intact, well saved stalks, meal, &c., that makes the bone, muscle and flesh of animals on the farm. Hence, when the Royal chemist says that 100 lbs. of straw contains as much "real food" (nitrogenous, of course,) as 100 lbs. of hay, he certainly brings chemistry into disrepute with those farmers whose faith in science is not as well grounded as yours or mine.

MANURING PASTURES AND MEADOWS.

Your correspondent, O. D. HILL, of Jefferson Co., "needs not that any man teach him." His plan of manuring in the spring with fresh stall manure turned under, is very economical, and so is his succeeding mode of plowing and culture.—Yet, on large dairy farms, top-dressing meadows in early winter, or as long as the snow lasts, may be equally economical; but if manure is kept over the summer it must be saved from waste by firefang as well as washing. If there is any farm to be envied it is one whose meadows and pastures need no renewing. I have seen white clover half-leg high in August, in the pastures of a dairy region, when, in our grain region, farmers milked seven cows into one pail. These pastures had not been plowed in the last twenty years. Yet many of these highly-favored dairy farmers sigh for farms at the West, where they can grow the large Dent corn, fat plenty of pork, and enjoy the fever and ague!

HOW TO MAKE BEESWAX—A NEW PROCESS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—The methods of making Beeswax, in large or small quantities, are known to be many, but as only a few are supposed to be acquainted with my method, I shall take the liberty of making it public, hoping that others, having a better one, or as good, even, will do likewise.

Before giving the process of making, I would state that the bee-keeper should look well to his own interests before he suffers his comb to be made into *wax*. Combs—pure white combs—and those even, of two to three years' use, are of inestimable value,—that is, if they are bright and healthy, of much size, and not too much marred or bruised. To prove this assertion, it needs only be said that it is now pretty generally conceded by our best Apiarians, that it requires *twenty pounds of honey*, for the elaboration of *one pound of wax*; hence, it will be seen that whoever melts his *good* combs is not a very good economist. Those who use *movable frames* can fasten their good combs in the frames to be used the following season; or, as may be wanted. The nicest combs may be used as guides in the surplus honey boxes. This process is intended *only* for manufacturing wax out of combs *that are unfit for the above purposes*. Yet those who will persist in following the error of their ways, may, of course, adopt the same means of procuring the wax from combs of two to three years' use.

THE PROCESS.—Fill a kettle, of any desirable size, part full of water, bring it to a boiling heat, and then, or before, if desired, put in the combs. It will require but a short time to reduce them to what is termed a *pulpy* state. In the meantime, fill a tub or tin boiler full of *cold* water. This latter is the preparatory step to straining. Cover, or place over the top of the tub or boiler a strainer—it being supported by two narrow strips of wood, or, what is better still, two nail rods. The strainer is made in the following manner:—Take a wooden or iron hoop 18 or 20 inches in diameter, and fasten to its circumference, by means of wire or twine, a circular piece of *fine mesh wire gauze*, or cheese strainer, 20 or 22 inches in diameter. The strainer should be somewhat *concave*, to aid in straining. Everything being in readiness for straining, take a dipper and bail out the boiling mixture, and let what may, run through the strainer, occasionally pouring a quantity of *boiling* water upon the refuse matter, as the melted wax quickly cools and collects thereon.

If the foregoing directions are strictly adhered to there will be no need of re-boiling and re-straining the *coarse* refuse matter; if not, it will have to be resorted to to get it perfectly free from wax.

THE WAX.—Let the wax remain in the tub of cold water until it is thoroughly hardened, then remove it—put it into a kettle and let it melt. This should now be strained, as it contains much refuse matter of minute particles. Strain into a tub of cold water as before. This time it will be expedient to use a strainer of fine material, which may be done by hanging it over the circular one. It should be cloth. There will, doubtless, be some refuse matter still adhering to the bottom of the hardened wax. This may be separated by a knife, leaving the wax, in many instances, perfectly pure. It will now be necessary in order to have the wax in a good salable condition, to re-melt it. The melted wax may be poured into pans, forming cakes of any desirable size or shape. Pure, white, new combs, may be converted into pure wax, simply by putting them into a kettle and melting them. It has been said that *bleaching* the wax renders it perfectly white. This is done by melting the wax, and dipping shingles into the liquid, then laying them upon the snow,—if in summer, in the sun,—frequently turning them over. After the wax is thoroughly whitened, it may be cut off with a knife, melted, then made into cakes as above stated.

It will be perceived that this mode of procedure answers equally well for either large or small quantities. MAHLON M. BALDRIDGE.

Middleport, Niag. Co., N. Y., 1859.

WEEKLIES PREFERABLE TO MONTHLIES.

HAVING made an effort in this locality for the RURAL, and wishing that its influence should be felt as powerfully here as in the Genesee Valley, I send a thought or two consequent thereon.

In canvassing I have urged, successfully, the decided advantage which a weekly has over a monthly. The trouble with the latter is like Paddy's chicken—*it speaks too late*. If we are to be benefited by the aggregate experience of our co-laborers in the field of Agriculture and Horticulture, we must have it in time. Contracted as most of our operations now are, by good implements, superior management and improved machinery, the chances are that a monthly will be behind time, and the information can do us no good till next year, and then we may probably forget it. For this reason I never took a monthly. This and the facts that my reading time is more equally distributed, and that I have four times as many opportunites to read a weekly as a monthly, have always been insuperable objections. A monthly is like one meal a day, we are in danger of surfeit; whereas, a weekly we can leisurely read and digest, sugar-coated as it is with an endless and pleasing variety on other subjects. We consider a farmer's wife who has long been in the habit of reading the RURAL, as fully competent to manage affairs discreetly, in case of the absence or death of the husband. Of the many intelligent people with whom I have conversed, all have agreed, without one dissenting voice, that if we are to have agricultural information at all we should have it weekly. I trust the time is at hand when we shall not only have it semi-weekly, but daily, needing line upon line as we do, and groping amid the darkness led only by the hand of experiment.

Cambridge Valley, N. Y., 1859. H. E. F.

REMARKS.—Though the above is truthful, we have hesitated somewhat about publishing it, and would not but for the fact that a neighboring monthly some time ago gave what it called a prize essay on the other side of the question. The superiority of weeklies is too apparent to require argument.

CORN STOOK JACK—SHORT NAMES NEEDED.

EDS. RURAL:—In your issue of November 12th, I notice a description of a contrivance for stooking corn. We have used one of this character, and have found it very handy. But it does not seem that the instrument has been properly christened yet. The name given it in your paper is "Corn Stook Jack," but this is decidedly too long to be in keeping with the genius of the age. One of the wants of the agricultural world is a system of correct nomenclature for the "thousand and one" farming inventions that are daily coming into use. And it is almost a wonder that some genius has not thought of calling a convention to effect this. A name of over one or two syllables should never be affixed to a tool, otherwise it will be discarded by the mass. In the case of the above mentioned contrivance, we would suggest the name *stookhold*, a combination of *stook* and *hold*, as being not inappropriate. *Stooker* is objectionable, as this is applicable to the workman.

A word in regard to "stook." There seems to be considerable diversity in the use of terms, some writing "shock," some "shook," and some "stook." The first has been as widely used, perhaps, as any, but it will be seen by reference to WEBSTER that "stook" is the only term primarily entitled to represent the action, or kind of work, it indicates. "Shook" is the name of a barrel filled with staves, and it is possible that a *transfer of idea* has led to its use in farming. J. D. YOUNG.

Plymouth, Mich., Nov. 15, 1859.

WHAT IS A "PURE BLOOD?"—I have heard it stated by some that four crosses of a Durham bull on common cattle makes a pure blood—or at least fifteen-sixteenths, which is considered to same as pure blood—and I have also heard this statement denied. Can you, or some of the Rural cattle-breeders, satisfy me on this subject, and give me the reasons for their decision, and thereby greatly oblige—JAMES S. MCCALL, *Geneva, N. Y.*

FROST-BITTEN STRAW FOR FODDER.—Will some of the RURAL's correspondents give information whether or not frost-bitten wheat straw is injurious when fed to horses. A rumor is abroad that the beards will choke and kill a horse. A reliable answer will oblige more than one of your subscribers, as well as several individuals that should be.—R. F., *Painesville, Ohio*, 1859.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Contraction of the Feet of Horses.

R. JENNINGS, Professor of Anatomy in the Veterinary College of Philadelphia, gives the causes for contraction and the remedy therefor, as follows:—The tendency of a horse's feet, in a healthy condition, are to expand whenever the weight of the body is thrown upon them. Being a very complicated piece of mechanism, they are very easily disarranged, and once out of order are difficult of repair; and hence the necessity of preserving them in a sound condition.

CAUSES.—1. By cutting away the bars of the feet, which are the main stays for the support of the quarters. 2. By (opening the heels as the smith calls it,) cutting away a portion of the frog, in consequence of which the moisture of the frog becomes absorbed, loses its elasticity, and destroying its function, thus exposing the feet to injury by the concussion. 3. By standing upon plank floors. 4. By improper shoeing. An ordinary observer will, upon an examination of the common shoe, notice that it inclines from without inwards at the heels, thus forming a concavity for the feet to rest in; the consequence is a lateral resistance to the expansion of the hoofs, when the weight of the animal is thrown upon them. The effects of this resistance is to force the heels together, creating pressure upon the sensitive parts within the horny case; establishing fever by which the moisture of the hoofs are rapidly absorbed, rendering the hoofs hard, brittle, and liable to crack and frequently causing corns, navicular joint lameness, bony deposits to be thrown out from the lateral wings or processes of the coffin bones, rendering the animal permanently lame or unsound. These are but few of the bad effects arising from contraction; enough, however, to serve our purpose at present.

REMEDY.—Preserve a level bearing by making the shoes perfectly flat on the quarters, so as not to interfere with the expansion of the feet. Should contraction already exist to a considerable extent, bevel the shoes slightly outward at the heels, in order to facilitate expansion. Care should be used not to bevel too much, or bulging of the lower part of the hoofs at the quarters will be the result. The shoes should in all cases be forged and not twisted, as is sometimes done to save trouble by the bungling smith. Proper applications, to soften the horny parts and promote elasticity, should also be used. Such preparations are put up in the form of hoof ointments.

Manures—An Experiment.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Ohio Valley Farmer* writes:—"I had seen it asserted in a paper that the solid and liquid manure of one cow, carefully saved, and carefully composted with other materials, such as every farm affords, was sufficient to keep one acre of ground in the highest state of fertility. I was then paying two dollars per month for very poor pasture for my cow, besides losing all the manure. I was paying one dollar and fifty cents to a neighbor for each wagon load of manure he delivered inside my gate. Determining on trying an experiment, in 1858 I kept my cow up and fed her at an expense of one dollar per week, including also the tending of her, and bedding her with dry leaves from the woods. During this time her health remained perfect, her milk was richer, and her manure—properly saved and composted with the ashes, wood chips, etc., from the house, and weeds and refuse straw from the garden, including also her bedding which was removed daily—was worth one dollar per month, at the prices I had been paying. It was amply sufficient to enrich an acre of our ground for ordinary purposes of culture. With two or more cows the expense would be proportionately less, and the yield greater."

Kidney Worms in Swine.

IN answer to an inquiry the editor of the *Maine Farmer* replies, that it is not very uncommon for swine to be troubled with loss of power in the muscles of the back and loins to support the hind quarters of the animal. This is sometimes occasioned by a worm which lodges itself in the kidneys and by the irritation it produces there, brings on a weakness of the loins. Sometimes it is caused by a disease of the spinal column, by which the nervous action from the spiral column to the several muscles of the loins is stopped and renders the animal unable to raise up and use the hind quarters. At the South, where the kidney worm in swine prevails much more than here, they give in the swill, wood ashes, salt and red pepper, with a view, we suppose, of their acting on the kidneys and destroying the worm. In the other case, tonics, such as a little copperas in the swill, and external applications, such as cold water dashed on to the loins, followed by brisk frictions. Liniments of a stimulating kind freely applied and rubbed in, clover tea and green clover fed freely are often useful as a corrective to the digestive organs.

Cider-Making Without Pressing.

IT is stated that a man at Parkersburg, Va., is successful in making cider by the following process:—He grinds the apples, and fills casks with one end open, the bottom having some sticks and straw, like a leach for ashes. On the pumice he pours as much water as it would yield juice by pressure, and that displaces the juice, and sends it to the bottom, from which after two days, it is drawn by opening the faucet, and as the cider is heavier than water, it runs off at first pure. The pumice, too, having no affinity for water, absorbs that, which displaces the natural juice, and leaves the pumice quite tasteless. This process may be useful to persons who have a few apples and no cider-mill.

Wheat Planted in Hills.

MR. YANT, near Bolivar, Ohio, writes to the *Ohio Farmer*, that he has planted an acre of wheat, about 20 by 15 inches apart, in hills, using a little over five and a half pounds of seed to the acre.—He put five kernels to the hill, but thinks one-third failed from grubs, cut-worms, etc., and this he has replanted. A part has been hoed; the growth is splendid—as far as that is concerned he has no fears. As to the expense, compared with the yield of grain, next harvest will show.

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE WEATHER of last week was unusually warm and pleasant for the season—more like September than November. The bright and balmy days were just what farmers needed to perform and close up fall work, and especially to secure the corn and potatoes yet afield. The present week opened with chill blasts, but the temperature moderated Monday night, and now (Tuesday noon) the sun shines bright and warm—indices of continued favorable weather for out-door operations.

HUMBUG ADVERTISEMENTS will occasionally creep into the RURAL, in spite of us, though our aim and desire is to ignore every thing of the kind. During the past year we have refused numerous advertisements which had a suspicious, deceptive, catch-penny look. Within the last week alone, we have refused *three*, returning the money. Two of these asked for money—one a dollar and the other fifty cents—for some pretended valuable secret or recipe, and the other wanted all who were afflicted with the gravel to address box No. —, Syracuse P. O., for relief! We are disgusted with the whole race of scoundrels who are trying to "steal the livery of heaven" wherein to serve their own selfish purposes—the more so because they are so artful that we are often unable to decide whether an advertisement (sent, with the money, by a respectable advertising agency,) is honest or a lying cheat. For instance, a subscriber in Cayuga Co., writes us (relative to an advertisement which we supposed to be from an honorable source,) as follows:

"In your valuable paper dated Aug. 20, 1859, I read, '*Astounding Improvement!*'—Elastic and Combination Stitch sewing machine, using one, two, or three threads, at the option of the operator, &c. Now, this is to inform you, and the public (if you see fit to insert it,) that there is no such machine, neither such a company as *H. Ballou, Carter & Co.* But there is a (claims to be) man by the name of *Ballou*, that is swindling the credulous out of their $15 each; and then, to pacify the would-be agent, sends him a printed document stating that the company that manufactured his machine has been burned out, that he has made arrangements with another company to make his machines, and that he is to receive his first lot at such a date, and will fill their order and send it on. But the machine does not come, from the *fact* that there is *no such machine or company*."

—Now, our advice is to beware of all advertisements offering to *make you rich*, impart a wonderful secret, *et id omne genus*, for a small consideration. In vulgar parlance, "*don't buy a pig in a poke*," but keep your money until you see or are satisfied (from known character of the advertiser) as to the value of the *anamile* or article advertised.

THE TRIBUNE ON TERRA-CULTURE.—A late number of the N. Y. Tribune contains a "first-rate notice" of terra-culture, for which HORACE or SOLON will probably be indicted for libel, ("the greater the truth the greater the libel,") or cruelty to animals. Here it is:—"A friendly puff of 'Professor Comstock,' and what he calls his system of terra-culture, appears in yesterday's Courier and Enquirer, with the information that the said 'Professor' is now in this city delivering lectures on his system. This moves us to say that in our humble judgment 'Professor' Comstock is a bore, and his system worthless. It was exposed several years ago by the late A. J. DOWNING. Terra-culture consists in putting the seed on the top of the ground, and covering it with straw. Whoever pays money for lessons in such a system is either a dupe or an ass—perhaps both."

—A friend suggests that the "Professor" is shrewd "in selecting N. Y. City to deliver his lectures in, as fools there predominate in direct ratio to the great population." But we think it was "Hobson's choice"—for, after being kicked out of the rural districts, he must perforce flee from the wrath *which had come* to the great "city of refuge" for fools and knaves!

PHOSPHATES FOR MANURE.—The New York Tribune says:—"M. DE MOLON in a late work establishes the fact that fossil phosphates, although containing 5 per cent. of Phosphate of Iron have always given results in agriculture superior to those obtained from the phosphates taken from bones. The same results have been observed and particularly commented on by Prof. MAPES for several years."

If fossil phosphates have always given better results than phosphates from bones, it is strange that the fact has not been discovered by practical men, and especially by the farmers of England, who use immense quantities, and pay $5 per ton higher for the bone than for the fossil phosphate.

A "FAIR" SHOW.—At the Gibson Co. (Ky.) Fair, recently, Mr. STEPHEN MEADE and his wife entered the ring, followed by twelve sons and two daughters, each on a gray steed, and in the order of their ages. They proceeded around the ring, while the band struck up Hail Columbia, and drew up in front of the Executive, when the President made some very appropriate remarks, after which the mammoth family was vociferously cheered from one side of the grounds to the other. The old gentleman was born in 1792. Mrs. MEADE was born in 1804. The two were married in 1821. The oldest son is 36, and the youngest 14. The oldest daughter is 19, and the youngest 17. Eleven are married, and have 22 children. The fourteen children of Mr. MEADE were all born in Gibson county, and all now live there but one, and are the best of citizens. None of the family have died, and all now look hale and hearty. So says a Kentuky paper.

THE MAN WITH A GRIEVANCE of a personal, and perhaps private, neighborhood nature, who flies to the RURAL or some other paper for defence or redress, is respectfully requested to read and inwardly digest this truthful passage from a recent Ode by HORACE, sirnamed GREELEY:—"One of the chief terrors of an Editor's harassed lot is—not, by any means, the libel-suits with which paltry pettifoggers contrive to infest him, nor yet the indignant nuisances who stalk into his office to talk of cowhides and revolvers when he wants to be quietly attending to his own business, but—the good people who most unreasonably insist on engrossing his columns with replications to attacks made upon them by somebody else. 'Take any shape but that'—come armed with writs or bludgeons—and he meets you with smiling composure, but the man with a grievance for which said editor is nowise responsible, is his despair."

THOSE HUBBARD SQUASHES sent us, a few days since, by Mr. H. N. LANGWORTHY, of Greece, fully sustain the reputation of the variety and the cultivator, and are therefore *worthy* of honorable mention. A decade of years ago, Mr. L. cultivated the "Boston Marrow"—a good baking squash when pure—but it was difficult to keep the variety distinct and it soon "run out." The Hubbard is much better, and will prove a lasting blessing if it will only "hold its own." What is the experience of Mr. L. and other cultivators as to the best mode of keeping the variety pure and distinct?

A WEIGHTY AND SIZABLE TURNIP.—In a recent note, Mr. J. H. STANLEY, of Le Roy, writes:—"I noticed in the Rochester *Democrat*, not long since, that its editor had been presented with a turnip weighing 12 pounds. Mr. CHARLES ANNIN, of this place, laid a White Swedes Turnip on my table, a few days since, which weighed *twenty-one pounds*, and measured 3 feet 2 inches in circumference! When Monroe county beats that, Old Genesee will try again."

HORTICULTURAL

AMERICAN FRUITS IN EUROPE.

Under the title of "*Old World Conservatism*," the *Scientific American* gives an article from another journal, which it says "forcibly illustrates the slowness of the English in adopting any improvements from abroad, and especially from this country." It further remarks:—"While Americans engaged in calico-printing, in ship building, in agriculture, in every department of industry,—are always on the alert to adopt any improvement from whatever source it may come, the French, the German, and the English, each deems his own nation so superior that it has nothing to learn from any other. This contrast between Americans and Europeans has been exemplified a hundred times.

"Some years ago the Messrs. Hovey, of Boston, embarked in an extensive series of trials to produce an improved strawberry; it was said that they fruited over 2,000,000 of new seedlings, and out of these they selected two remarkably large and fine varieties. Has any one ever heard of these being cultivated in Europe? On the other hand, our nurserymen are so eagerly on the watch for any new varieties of fruit that may be originated in Europe, that, when the 'Victoria Currant' was first produced, the Messrs. Parsons, of Flushing, Long Island, paid $30 for the first bush which they could procure."

It is not our object to defend Europeans from the charges thus made in the *Scientific American*, and other journals, and which are copied and reiterated from time to time. But the *truth* will do no hurt, although in some respects it may destroy our self-complacence, and cause us to examine the foundation on which we build our boastings. The same mail that brought us the Journal containing the article from which we have quoted above, brought us the *London Gardener's Chronicle* containing Vilmorins' Catalogue and descriptions of Strawberries, and among them we find two American varieties, one of them being *Hovey's Seedling*, which the *Scientific American* thinks no one ever heard of being cultivated in Europe.

It would be difficult to find an English Horticultural Journal that does not contain advertisements or notices of *American Plants*, the Azaleas and Rhododendrons, and every garden of any pretensions, contains a department for American plants, called the American garden. Our *Virginia Creeper* is a universal favorite, and can be found much more frequently in English than in American gardens. *George the Fourth* and *Early York Peaches* are generally cultivated in England, and the latter is a great favorite for forcing. The *Seckel Pear* is acknowledged to be unsurpassed in all the long catalogue of European varieties, while our *Jefferson Plum* stands at the very head of the list of fine plums.

The great California tree attracted attention in Europe, and received its name, *Gigantea Wellingtonia*, before it was hardly thought of by American horticulturists, who at last awoke to the importance of the subject, and claimed the privilege of giving it a new name, *Gigantea Washingtonia*. Probably more young plants of this tree have been shipped from one establishment here to England, than have been planted in this country.

Whatever may be true of England in regard to the adoption of the mechanical improvements of other lands, the people of that country have always evinced the greatest zeal to obtain for their little island everything valuable in the World of Nature. She has sent her explorers to every land, and every mountain's side. To the English explorers are we indebted for many of the beautiful things that adorn our gardens, and the rich stores of our own country were first laid open to the world by Europeans?

HEDGE GROWING—THE HAWTHORN.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I did not intend when I finished my last to you, to again take the trouble of writing on the subject of the so-called English, but what is there termed the Whitethorn. The only thorn, I believe, that is truly English, is the Blackthorn, which makes a formidable barrier in the fence line, but is apt to throw up Suckers, as do our native thorns here.

I did not intend writing again on this subject, but seeing an article in your last by S. G. Gage, I am induced once more to write. He gives the opinion of an English Tenant respecting the growth of the hedge. Is S. G. Gage sure that the said tenant knows any thing about the planting and management of hedges? I have seen thousands of Englishmen that never saw a hawthorn hedge, or that knew the plant from a Gribble, and I suppose I have seen ten times that number that never saw the process of planting. This reminds me of a man that applied to me for work—had long worked at hedge-planting, and told me he assisted in planting a hedge that I know had been planted 30 years. I asked him his age. He answered, 36! a fine hedge-planter I found—but such an one as expected—I kept him part of a day, and then got rid of him. It is such as these that profess to know what they do not. I do not say that Mr. G's. tenant is of that sort, but is he acquainted with the kind of soil most suitable for the Hawthorn, the diseases to which the plant is liable and the remedies? From Mr. Gage's failure, I presume not. From the statement, I am led to infer that the plants were forced by manuring. I may be in error on this head, but I think I am not. The plants too may have been diseased before their transfer from the nursery to the hedge-row. I could give the remedy in all such cases, and even now—if no more damage had accrued than is stated, a good substantial fence may be made, that in two years would create consternation in any biped or quadruped that was forced through it, and I think no inducement would gain consent to a second trial.

I see, too, by "*the Register of Rural Affairs, for 1860*," that the hackneyed tale of the White Hawthorn having been formerly tried, had proved a failure, and they had been swept off by miles together, is now ascribed to the native Newcastle and Washington thorns, brought into notice I think, by A. J. Downing. There appears to be an eminent personage ever at hand, but never seen named—"they say." This personage has a great influence with some, but you seldom find him backing up his adherents. This has been the case in the alleged charge of the English Hawthorn demise, as was once told by a gentleman, a nurseryman. It took place in the unprecedently short period of 24 hours time. You know the tale of the Three Black Crows.

About 40 years ago, Col. Livingstone, of this place, had over some plants from England for a hedge. He employed incompetent persons to plant it—now the fences this farmer had been used to were Dikes or Ditches, where hedges would not grow. The result proved as may have been anticipated—even worse, the hedge from improper treatment rather retrograded than advanced. It continued in this tantalizing state for years, an eye-sore to the owner, and ominous to the beholder. The property fell into the hands of a thorough, go-a-head gentleman, who set about renovating it, and in a few years it was impervious to man or beast. Some few spots where the plants had died out soon after planting, are now obliterated by the adjacent plants. It is now a formidable fence, but occupies, to my liking, too much width—about the same as allowed for an Osage Orange hedge. We have good hedges from from 24 to 30 inches thick.

As I expect to give you this coming Winter a demonstrable proof of the application of the Whitethorn for hedges, I will say no more—leaving you to contradict or confirm me in my confidence in this plant for hedging purposes.

I think the *Viburnum* may make a pretty screen fence, and perhaps, by interweaving, a sufficient barrier against cattle. It is handsome in appearance, and of low size. The English Hazel, too, makes a fence almost impregnable, when properly managed. W. M. Beauchamp.

Skaneateles, N. Y., Nov. 1859.

Remarks.—We think our correspondent must be mistaken, in the statement that he "has seen thousands of Englishmen that never saw a Hawthorn hedge, or that knew the plant from a Gribble." There is scarcely a square mile of cultivated land in England, where the Whitethorn is not found in abundance, and even in *copses* and wild land, the Hawthorn is everywhere to be met with. There is scarcely a child in England but has gathered its sweet *Mayflowers* in early summer, and every school-boy fills his pockets with its bright scarlet fruit, after the first frosts of Autumn. It is the only plant in general use for a good protective hedge, and an English tenant farmer, or even a farm laborer, who has not worked weeks and months at pruning and training Whitethorn hedges, must be something of a curiosity. The *Blackthorn* is but seldom used, and then generally as a protection from winds, and is not kept closely pruned.

FLOWERS FOR THE PARLOR.

Many plants are kept with difficulty in the parlor or sitting-room, on account of the dryness of the atmosphere, and the irregularity of the temperature. There are a few things, however, that can bear rooms as hot and dry, and ill-ventilated and irregular as man. The *Cactus* family will bear a temperature from anything above freezing point to more than 80°. They require but little attention, fresh earth once a year and watering once a week in winter and twice or three times in summer is sufficient. They are curious and beautiful.—The *Bulbous Roots*, such as the *Hyacinth, Crocus, Narcissus, Tulip, &c.*, will grow and flower well in a room where there is a stove, if kept near the window, and if properly cared for will furnish plenty of flowers most of the winter. Those of our readers who cannot procure plants from greenhouses, can mostly obtain a few dozen bulbs from some nurseryman or seedsman, as they can be done up in small packages and sent by Express safely almost any distance. The Hyacinths and Tulips cost from $2 to $3 per dozen, the Narcissus $2 and Crocuses about 25 cents. They were advertised by many dealers in the Rural during the month of October.

CULTURE OF THE HYACINTH IN POTS.

The soil most suitable for the Hyacinth is composed of two parts sandy loam, one-quarter leaf mold from the woods, and one-quarter thoroughly decomposed manure. The common pots, rather deeper than wide, will answer. A succession of flowers may be had for two or three months, by adopting the following method:—Fill as many pots as you desire to have plants with the compost already described, in November, insert the bulbs and put them in some cool place, where they can be kept for some time without being excited into growth—a cool, dry cellar is about as good a place as any. Then, at intervals of a fortnight, or so, remove some of them to the parlor and give them a good watering with tepid water, and they will immediately commence to grow, and the result will be a succession of fine flowers for a long period.

CULTURE OF THE HYACINTH IN GLASSES.

This is also a very simple way, and one in which any person may succeed in having fine flowers. The bulb may be either placed in the glasses of water at once, or they may be planted in sand until they emit roots, and the leaves begin to grow. When this latter mode is adopted, previous to placing them in the glasses, remove them from the sand, and thoroughly wash the roots and straighten them. The water in which they are grown should be changed, from time to time, as it appears to be the least discolored or muddy, which may be about once each week. The red and blue flowered single sorts are preferable for sitting-rooms, as the light colored varieties emit a fragrance far too powerful to please many. On this subject a correspondent sends us the following:

Messrs. Editors:—As the winter season is at hand, when flowers are scarce and highly prized, I wish to recommend all your readers to cultivate a few Hyacinths in glasses or pots, as they will afford more pleasure even than costly plants from the green houses. The bulbs, fit for flowering, can be obtained at most of the seed-stores, and from the nurserymen.

Procure as many pots as you wish to fill, and if you desire a succession of flowers the bulbs may be planted in the pots at different periods in November and December. Prepare a rich compost as for out-door culture, only a little richer, fill as many pots as you wish very lightly with the compost. The pots ought not to be less than six inches in diameter. Place the bulb on the soil in the centre of the pot and press it firmly down with the fingers and thumb, covering it with a little more compost, and set the pots away in a cool dark cellar, and keep them perfectly dry. In about five or six weeks they will be in a fit condition to remove into the house. The balance may be planted at intervals of a fortnight, and treated in the same manner. By this means a succession of fine flowers may be obtained.

For Culture in Glasses.—Light colored glasses are inferior to dark colored ones, because the roots do not bear the light well—place the bulb in the glasses and fill up with rain water to within half an inch of the bulb. Put the glasses away in a cool, dark place. At the end of three or four weeks they will have emitted roots sufficient to admit of their being removed into the house. They must not be placed in the windows immediately, but be kept in a moderate light until such time as the leaves have assumed a fine green color, when they may be placed in the windows. Turn the glasses frequently round, to prevent their growing too much to one side, and change the water about once a week. To invigorate them, dissolve an ounce of guano in a quart of rain-water, adding about one quarter of an ounce of chloride of lime, and apply about two teaspoonfuls twice a week, after the flowers begin to show themselves. Hyacinths treated in this manner will bloom finely, and amply reward the florist for his trouble. W.

CULTURE OF THE CROCUS IN POTS.

Crocus Pots are now in common use, and are of various patterns, and may be obtained at almost every seed store and at some of the crockery stores. The most popular is the kind in imitation of a hedge-hog, and there are also other patterns, two of which we give. It is perforated throughout its outer surface with holes, large enough to admit the bulbs, so that the pots after being filled with a compost such as is recommended for Hyacinths, may have the bulbs or tubers inserted through the holes. There are a large number of varieties of the Crocus, some of the best of which are, Crocus Versicolor, or Feathered Purple; Suisians, or Cloth of Gold, striped orange and purple; Biflorus, striped, white and purple; Sulphureus, or Cream Colored; and Luteus, or Common Yellow. These require about the same treatment as Hyacinths in pots. The Crocus is very pretty when grown in a common pot, the surface being covered with moss. Nothing could look finer than a wire basket suspended and filled with moss, in which the bulbs of the Crocus may be planted. If the moss is kept constantly wet they will flower beautifully. Those who live near cities can obtain hanging vases of porcelain and other materials, in which the Crocus may be grown in earth, as in pots; and those who have not the means or opportunity to obtain them in this way, can go to the woods some fine Indian summer day, and find knots that will make vases as beautiful and more appropriate than anything to be found in the stores.

Inquiries and Answers.

CRANBERRY CULTURE.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Having noticed in your most valuable paper, of November 12th, an item in regard to the enormous yield and profits of the Cranberry, it led me to refer to the number of March 19th, which gives direction as to the soil and mode of culture best adapted to it; but not being satisfied, and wishing for further light upon the subject, I thought I would trouble you—one of the most patient of all men—with a few inquiries. 1st. How many varieties are there, and which is the most prolific? 2d. Where can they be obtained, and at what price per hundred? 3d. Does once setting suffice, or will they run out? 4th. How are they propagated? 5th. How soon will they come into full bearing? If you, or some one of your numerous correspondents, who has had experience in the matter, will answer the above, you will oblige many readers of the Rural.—W. F. S., *Maple Grove, N. Y.*

Will you be so kind as to inform me, through the pages of your excellent paper, where Cranberry bushes can be obtained, the price, the manner of culture, and what soil is best adapted, &c., &c.?—A Subscriber, *Durham, N. Y.*, 1859.

1st. There are several varieties of Cranberries, how many we cannot say. We planted a variety called the *Cherry Cranberry*, and another named the *Low Land Belle*, both were productive, but our experience with the Cranberry is not very extensive. 2d. Plants, we think, can be obtained of D. L. Halsey, of Victory, Cayuga county, and Noble Hill, of Caton, Steuben county, in this State. The latter advertised plants in the Rural last year at $1 per hundred. 3d. Once setting plants is sufficient, as, if taken care of, they grow and increase very rapidly, and even if entirely neglected they struggle manfully for an existence among the weeds. Good plants can generally be found in an old bed that has been neglected for many years. 4th. The vines run on the ground a great length, and throw out plenty of roots, so that each branch can be cut into several pieces and transplanted. 5th. About the third year a *full* crop may be expected. We have had some fruit ripen in the autumn on plants set in the spring, and the second autumn a pretty good crop.

Mr. Hill, who is an extensive grower and usually exhibits fine fruit at our State Fair, sends us the following in regard to soil and mode of culture:

Soil Best Adapted to Cranberry Raising.—Low, swampy lands, in my opinion, are preferable.—Nature herself seems to teach this lesson. Travel from Maine to Minnesota and you will meet with the Cranberry growing in a state of nature only in some swamp, or on its margin. You will also find that it has selected a swamp which is likely to be moist throughout the season, thus showing its great affinity for water. The swamp commends itself to the would-be-cultivator of the Cranberry for another reason, viz:—that in its natural state it is generally useless for other purposes; and to fit it for other purposes would require a greater outlay than to fit it for Cranberry raising. For the latter, you need only a sufficient number of drains to remove surface water; more are not only unnecessary, but, in my opinion, detrimental. Then again, the ease with which most swamps can be flowed during fall, winter and spring, gives the cultivator an advantage over weeds, which, on dry land, are not only more annoying, but can only be kept in check by a persevering use of the hoe or some equivalent. To accomplish this, one has only to close the outlets of his drains in fall as soon as the crop is gathered, and let them remain closed until the return of warm weather in the spring—a course which I would recommend wherever it is practicable. When this can be done, very little, if any, weeding or hoeing will be needed.

Mode of Culture.—Having drained the land as already intimated, those portions on which the water formerly remained most of the year, will usually be sufficiently clean for the immediate introduction of the plant. That part covered with a thick sod, I pare off, and throw the sods into heaps for decomposition,—the result of which forms an excellent manurial preparation for fruit trees. In the clean surface thus exposed, I make shallow parallel trenches eighteen inches or two feet apart, and in the trenches place my vines, varying from one to eight feet in length. A slight covering every six or eight inches, completes the work of transplanting. At each point so covered, roots will be formed, and new vines will shoot off. Set in such soil, no loss from drouth need be feared. In two or three years they will cover the ground. Being an evergeen, the month of May is a very good time, if not the best, for transplanting. If set in the fall, having no time to root, they are liable to be thrown out by frost.

Onondaga Pears and Isabella Grapes from Onondaga.—Inclosed I send you the compliments of Mr. Allen Corey, of this city, in a specimen of his Isabella Grapes, which I have before referred to. And, lastly, I thought perhaps you would not object to an Onondaga Pear, of my raising.—S. N. Holmes, *Syracuse, N. Y.*, 1859.

With the above we received a box of Isabellas, very large, well ripened and well preserved; and some fine Onondaga pears.

Willow, Strawberries, &c.—I received the inclosed willow some years since, from Joseph Frost, to grow stocks, on which to graft the New American Weeping Willow. 1st. Is this "Salix Purpurea" so much approved for hedges? 2d. I have some thousands of strawberry plants which I necessarily have to take up this fall—what is the best method of wintering them? 3d. I wish to prepare a piece of land next season to plant, in 1861, with new native grapes. If I should buy the young vines now, could I forward them by growing them in a nursery row, and their future vigor and fruitfulness be unimpaired by removal? Your advice in next Rural, on these three questions, will greatly oblige—A Constant Reader, *Woodstock, C. W.*, 1859.

1st. The willow you sent us is not the *purpurea*, but the Black Willow, (*Salix nigra,*) which makes a good, strong, stock. 2d. We would heel in the strawberry plants in a dry place, and then cover them with leaves. They will come out all right in the spring. 3d. By obtaining small plants, and giving them good culture in nursery rows for one season, you will make good plants, just right to transplant into the vineyard, and they will hardly notice the second removal.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY

USE OF SALERATUS AND CREAM OF TARTAR.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In reading recipes in your valuable paper, particularly in the "Cake Department," I observe that all, with scarcely an exception, contain a quantum of *soda, saleratus*, or *cream of tartar*. Now, why this should be I have ever been at a loss to imagine. By using a few more eggs, (and are they not as plenty as anything else?) the cakes, &c., will be quite as light, and far more nutritive and healthy than with such an eternal putting in of soda, etc. Eggs are as cheap as butter, and those who make cake at all, ought to afford to use them, and their cake will taste and *be much better* for it. A great deal has been written against the use of saleratus, and yet it seems indispensable, judging from the many recipes recommending it. For my part, I am afraid of it, and prefer doing without *cake* if I can't afford *eggs*. Besides, if a housekeeper has it in her kitchen, the girl or help she has, will, without her knowledge, clandestinely put it into the bread, under the idea that it makes it lighter, prevents sourness, and, thereby, will spoil many an otherwise good batch of bread. Though not partial to sour bread, I prefer it to saleratus bread.

Tea Cake.—Take one pound of flour; one pound sugar; three-fourths pound butter, and ten eggs—cream the flour and butter together, beat the eggs light,—the yolks and whites separately,—leaving out the whites of two eggs. Mix and beat well. Take one-third of the mixture and put it in a square pan and bake it plain,—take another third and mix with it slips of citron, and bake in a square pan,—with the remaining third put French currants, well washed, dried and rolled in flour, and bake as above. Take a cup of sugar to the whites you reserved, and make an icing for your cakes, which spread on while warm, and mark into squares or diamonds with a knife to make it cut better. This will make two cake baskets full for a tea-drinking, and is a good and easy recipe.

French Loaf Cake.—Eight eggs; 3 cups sugar; 1 of butter; 4 of flour; half cup sweet cream; 1 lemon, and a glass of brandy—with or without fruit.

Queen Cake.—Two cups sugar; 1 of butter; 1 of sweet milk; 4 of flour, and 6 eggs.

Rural Reader.

ROASTING CHESTNUTS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker.—This favorite nut is abundant this season. Most people are very fond of them, especially children. They delight to have a chestnut roast, and when fire-places were in common use the hot ashes was a favorite place to cover up the nuts to get "done brown." Now stoves are in general use, and this favorite plan is obsolete. The best way to serve them under the existing state of things, is to cut a small piece off from the shell—just enough to show the meat,—then place a cup full in a corn-popper, and shake over a clear fire, or hot coals. They will soon become mealy, and when thus roasted are truly delicious. Every family who have not thought of this method should adopt it? Raw chestnuts are extremely hurtful, particularly to children, but when roasted this objection is entirely done away with, and old folks can enjoy a chestnut roast with the young ones, and all have a good time, and pass an hour of an evening with pleasure and delight, these cool nights. They make a palatable desert after dinner. Serve warm from the corn-popper.—Box 1,834, *Syracuse, N. Y.*, 1859.

INQUIRY—ROLLED JELLY CAKE, &c.

Dear Rural:—Allow a young housekeeper, who has been greatly aided in learning the art of cookery by your valuable recipes, to add two others which cannot fail to please the taste of the most fastidious. Also to ask through your columns the best methods for making almond custards.

Rolled Jelly Cake.—One cup sugar; 3 eggs; 1 cup flour; half cup butter; half teaspoonful of soda; teaspoonful cream tartar. Dissolve the soda and cream tartar in half a teacup of sweet milk. Bake on two flat tins. Spread each cake with jelly and roll when hot.

Composition Cake.—One-half pound butter; three-fourths do. sugar; 2 do. flour; 6 eggs; half cup of sweet milk; 1 teaspoon cream tartar; half teaspoon soda. Bake in a slow oven one hour and a half. Mrs. F. T.

Westfield, N. Y., 1859.

Pork Cake.—I have a long time been a reader of the Rural, and its recipes have helped to fill my book. Please accept one from me which I assure you is very good. One pound salt pork, chopped very fine, dissolved in 1 pint of boiling water; 2 cups of brown sugar; 2 do. molasses; 2 tablespoons cinnamon; 1 do. cloves; 2 grated nutmegs; 1 pound of raisins, seeded or chopped fine; 1 heaping teaspoon of soda.—Myra, *Hammondsport, N. Y.*, 1859.

Potatoes.—How few cooks know how to fry potatoes. There is nothing so easy to get and yet so palatable for breakfast, with a thick, tender beef steak, or a mutton chop fizzing from the gridiron. To fry raw potatoes properly, they should be pared, cut lengthwise into slices an eighth of an inch in thickness, dropped into a pan over the fire, containing hot beef drippings, turned frequently, nicely browned all over but never burned. The addition of a little salt and pepper while in the pan, and a little flour dredged over them, is an improvement.—*Selected.*

Tip-top Cake.—One and one-half cups of sugar; 1 cup of milk; 2½ cups of flour; 1 egg; 1 tablespoon of butter; 1 teaspoon of soda; 2 teaspoons of cream tartar.—B., *Hampton, N. Y.*, 1859.

LADY FRANKLIN.

[It is seldom that two such poets live under one roof, as some of our readers may have visited in a cottage on the Merrimac, in Amesbury, Mass. The following graceful tribute to Lady Franklin is from the pen of Elizabeth H. Whittier, sister of John G. Whittier:]

Fold thy hands, thy work is over!
Cool thy watching eyes with tears,
Let thy poor heart, overwearied,
Rest alike from hopes and fears.

Hopes that saw with sleepless vision,
One sad picture fading slow;
Fears that followed, vague and nameless,
Lifting back the veils of snow.

For thy brave one, for thy lost one,
Truest heart of woman, weep;
Owning still the love that granted
Unto thy beloved sleep.

Not for him that hour of terror,
When—the long ice-battle o'er—
In the sunless day his comrades,
Deathward trod the Polar shore.

Spared the cruel cold and famine,
Spared the fainting heart's despair—
What but that could mercy grant him?
What but that has been thy prayer.

Dear to thee that last memorial,
From the cairn beside the sea;
Evermore the month of roses
Shall be sacred time to thee!

Sad it is the mournful yew tree
O'er his slumbers may not wave;
Sad it is the English daisy
May not blossom on his grave.

But his tomb shall storm and winter
Shape and fashion year by year—
Pile his mighty mausoleum
Block by block, and tier and tier.

Guardian of its gleaming portal
Shall his stainless honor be,
While thy love, a sweet immortal,
Hovers o'er the winter sea!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"WEDDED TO GOLD."

No wonder she was so strangely sad as they bound the orange blossoms amid her golden curls,—no wonder that her brow was pale as marble, as they threw the long snowy veil back from her lovely face; and as a joyful child went past her, tripping lightly on its way, no wonder that in her heart arose the prayer, "God save thee, little prattler, from a like fate!" They looked upon her as the hollow laugh rang from her lips, when the fitful jest passed round, and they thought she was happy. Oh, human nature! how many there are who part with every noble affection,—with every feeling of the heart, for paltry gold. He whom they had chosen for her was *rich*, and why should she not be happy?

As she spoke the words which bound her to another, her face was illumined by a smile, and she was classed among those enjoying fortune's favors; but they could not look into her heart,—could not see the affection which had long ago brightened her way,—the childish love which she had once possessed. The mournful spectre which haunted her by day and night was unseen, unknown by all others. None could open the secret doors of her heart, and go far back through all the silent halls, and gaze upon a little mound with the inscription: "*Buried Hopes.*" None witnessed the throbbings of the young heart which beat so wildly, and none knew the constant prayer to God, "that He would send her rest,—rest, though it came with the bier, the pall, and all that mortals dread. Gladly would she have wrapped a shroud of withered hopes around the heart which had so often been swayed to and fro in the tempest of grief—like a willow by the water's edge, ever bending to drink the bitter waters, yet not breaking—gladly would she have done this, and found rest beneath the coffin lid; but no, she must live on, smile on, and be happy, though her heart were *breaking*.

Was she not rich?—then, why not happy? Aye, why? No wonder that, as time passed on, she changed. They called her cold, proud, haughty,—but they knew not how long and earnestly she had struggled to cloak her inner life, that those gazing on the calm and placid exterior should never dream of what was passing beneath—well had she accomplished her object.

At length her prayers were answered,—the rest so long sought was found. They laid the form, which had moved so sadly through the halls of pleasure, in the silent coffin, and she was free. No longer must she carry on the work of deceit—no longer need she endure the crushing weight—they put back the hair from the fair white brow, folded the hands over her pulseless breast, and laid her where the spring flowers blossomed, and the autumn song-birds carolled above her. That life of weariness had closed—she was happy.

Hillsdale, Mich., 1859. L. L.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE ABSENT.

There is a hallowed pleasure in the memory of absent loved ones who have long wandered from our side, and who we may never behold again on earth. As we revert to the gladsome hours we spent in their society, we seem to feel the warm pressure of their hands, and to hear again their well known voices utter words of hope and cheer which strengthen us anew for life's great conflict. To-night I am thinking of a dear, absent brother who, one year ago, was amid our household circle, but now is far away in a western land,—far from the home that gave him birth, and the many loved friends and companions of earlier years. As memory her vigils keep, a fervent prayer ascends to God to guide and protect him through the many snares and temptations of life.

There come to me to-night many fair forms which I shall never more behold but in memory. How natural—how life-like they look. They speak to me of departed joys, and gently whisper of those which never die. My spirit seems entranced as I listen to their strains of melody, and I forget for awhile earth's cares and griefs in the contemplation of all that is pure and lovely. Though absent in body, yet, methinks, on angel's wings they hover near me, whispering of their better home on high.

As I take a retrospective view and dwell for a moment upon the many changes marking the past—bringing to mind the children who are now men and women—I am lost amid its field of thought. How great the contrast. Where is the youthful band which once mingled together? Ah, Time, that insatiable destroyer, has separated them by land and sea. To-night I sit wondering where they all are. In memory's hall they flock around me, and I seem to hear again their merry laugh as in days of yore. Some are instructing the young immortal mind. Nellie is teaching where she and I oft have sported. There stands the old shade tree (only its shadow has a little broader grown,) where happy children with me have gathered, but are now far from the rural retreat. I cannot enumerate the memories of those who are far away, yet are bound to my heart by a thousand ties and recollections which strengthen with each fleeting year. How oft some old familiar lay brings the absent back again,—they loved and sang the same in the days of "auld lang syne." Their parting token, how dearly we prize it. Oft we bathe it in tears to keep remembrance sweeter and purer. I love to think of absent loved ones, and when we've crossed the ocean billows of life, may those who have long been severed here meet, no more to part, around the Throne of the Great Eternal. Rosa.

Marcellus, Onon. Co., N. Y., 1859.

GROW BEAUTIFUL.

Persons may outgrow disease and become healthy, by proper attention to the laws of their physical constitution. By moderate and daily exercise, men have become active and strong in limb and muscle. But to grow beautiful, how?—Age dims the lustre of the eye, and pales the roses on beauty's cheek; while crow-feet and furrows, and wrinkles, and lost teeth, and gray hairs, and bald head, and tottering limbs, and limping feet, most sadly mar the human form divine. But dim as the eye is, as pallid and sunken as may be the face of beauty, and frail and feeble that once strong, erect, and manly body, the immortal soul, just fledging its wings for its home in heaven, may look out through those faded windows as beautiful as the dew-drops of a summer's morning, as melting as the tear that glistens in affection's eye—by growing kindly, by cultivating sympathy with all human kind, by cherishing forbearance towards the follies and foibles of our race, and feeding day by day on that love of God and man which lifts us from the brute and makes us akin to angels.

About the Education of Young Ladies.—Lady Morgan, the gifted Irish authoress, whose novels delighted the higher circles in former years, when conversing with a friend about some young ladies who had lost their fortune, made the following very sensible remarks concerning the proper education of young women:—"In the *tete-a-tete* conversation with Mrs. Hall, on the subject of some young ladies, who had been bereft of fortune, Lady Morgan said, with an emphatic wave of her green fan, 'They do everything that is fashionable—*imperfectly;* their singing, and drawing, and dancing, and language, amount to nothing. They are educated to marry, and had there been time they might have gone off *with*, and hereafter *from*, husbands. They cannot earn their own salt; they do not even know how to dress themselves. I desire to give *every* girl, no matter what her rank, a trade—a profession, if the word pleases you better; cultivate what is necessary in the position she is born to; cultivate all things in moderation, but *one* thing to *perfection*, no matter what it is, for which she has a talent—drawing, music, embroidery, housekeeping, even; give her a staff to lay hold of, let her feel this will carry me through life without dependence. I was independent at fourteen, and never went in debt.'"

Simplicity of Dress.—Prentice of the Louisville Journal, speaks thus to his readers:—"Those who think that, in order to dress well, it is necessary to dress extravagantly and gaudily, make a great mistake. Nothing so well becomes true feminine beauty as simplicity. We have seen many a remarkably fine person robbed of its fine effect by being over-dressed. Nothing is more unbecoming than over-loaded beauty. The simplicity of the classic taste is seen in the old statues and pictures, painted by men of very superior artistic genius. In Athens the ladies were not gaudily, but simply arrayed, and we doubt whether any ladies excited more admiration. So also the noble old Roman matrons, whose superb forms were worthy of them, were always very plainly dressed. Fashion often presents the lines of the butterfly, but fashion is not a classic goddess."

Babyhood.—We are profoundly convinced that the first year of a child's life is the most tremendously important of any succeeding twelve-month, though the creature shall number three-score and ten. Consider the blank sheet of paper with which the head of every baby, according to the philosopher, is lined. Think of it and shudder, when you see nurses and nurse-maids writing their pot-hooks and hangers upon it, as though they wrote with rolling-pins, or, at best, wooden skewers!—Poor human papyrus! How many after-scratchings and cuttlefish-rubbings it will take to rub out the marks—that, after all, may never wholly be effaced, but remain dingy and dark under snow white hairs.—*Jerrold.*

Happiness in part is imaginary, and its possession depends almost entirely upon ourselves; contentment is the key which unlocks the treasure house, and with "godliness is great gain."

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ON THE RIVER.

BY I. M. BEEBER.

A child stood by a river;
He spied a poor old man
Whose form was bent and shrunken,
His features old and wan;
Floating down the current,—
'Twas smooth and easy now,
Clear and unobstructed
As the youth's unclouded brow.

The old man moored his bark
By the still and silent shore,
Never to guide its rudder,
Never to ply its oar,
Never to breast the current,
Never to face the gale,
Never, in all his future,
To trim the laboring sail;

But to rest for a single moment
Beneath the spreading trees,
To breathe the fragrant odors
That float upon the breeze;
To feel a shade of sadness,
A lingering 'mid the toil
Of the endless river running
O'er Time's absorbing soil.

The child unmoored the vessel,
And launched upon the tide;
Hope, Courage, in his bosom,
And angels at his side;
He gave no look behind him,
As he plied the tiny oar,
His gaze was to that future
Which he must now explore.

The old man's labor finished—
The infant's just began—
And this is but a picture
Of the life of child and man;
For each must breast the currents
That beneath their vessels glide,
And each must steer his journey
On a deep and dangerous tide.

The old man's course is ended—
He finds his fated grave;
The child embarks his fortunes
Upon life's troubled wave.
Thus pass the generations—
Thus do our moment's go—
Like the gladness of a wedding,
Like the sadness of a woe!

Watertown, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CULTIVATE THE BEAUTIFUL.

NUMBER II.

We are many times of that class, "which, having eyes see not," and debar ourselves of much of the enjoyment Heaven has bountifully spread for us. We become buried in self, forgetful that we live more, enjoy more, are better and nobler by living in the world around us. The larger the draughts made upon the fountains of the human soul, the more copious they become. There is a taste for the beautiful implanted in our natures, and God has spread around us ample means for its gratification. Shall we not cultivate it? They are but sorry philosophers who would teach us to be simply utilitarians. They err (if I mistake not,) not only in education, but in morals and religion, who fail to make them attractive and beautiful. God has not made them so, why should we deform them? Why desecrate and despoil what he has beautified?

Acute observers tell us that the surroundings of a people has to do, not only with the formation of their characters, but that the lineaments of the face are moulded by them. And does not our own observation confirm it? You find the rugged mountaineer a counterpart of his home. Why is Italy the foster-mother of the arts? Is it not that her beautiful landscapes, and soft and sunny skies, tend to develop the beautiful in the soul? The atmosphere we breath, joyful or sad, thankful or complaining, slowly but surely stamps itself upon us. If our homes and our school-rooms are surrounded with lovely objects—if only the good, the true, and the beautiful are inculcated, will they not gleam from the countenance, and sparkle in the eye?

Aside from the service of our Creator there is no pleasure deeper or purer than the cultivation of the beautiful in nature and in art. It may serve not only as an agreeable pastime to fill up the intervals occurring amid severe studies, but may be combined with them. Unlike other enjoyments it does not satiate, but elevates and ennobles the other faculties. It would seem as though beauty begat beauty in its tendency upon the human heart, for, ever softening and purifying, it unfolds a higher life,—engenders a new existence—creates a new sense the enjoyment of which renders life more blissful. Can that individual be truly said to live who sees in an external world, with all its nice dependencies and adaptations, nothing beautiful?

It is true, literally and proverbially, that Americans who have bidden defiance to everything where intellectual or mechanical skill is concerned, have forgotten one great item, viz., the art of rendering existence pleasant. The child, instead of being permitted to give expression to the natural emotions of its heart, is taught to repress and cloak in stoical indifference the finest feelings which Heaven has implanted. It is but a little thing for a parent or a teacher to mould the plastic mind of a child in such a manner that it may seek its own enjoyment within itself. A timely word, an allusion, a thought, may enable it to discover beauty in an act, in a landscape, in a blossom; or, perhaps, in the embodied conception of some more fertile mind. Nature, ever prodigal in her gifts, has surrounded us with inexhaustible sources of delight; but neglecting these we chose phantoms and dreams that end in disappointment and disgust, and delude ourselves in the vain effort to delude the world.

There is beauty everywhere, yes, and joy, if we will. Experience and observation every day demonstrate that they are not confined to condition. They exist in the soul, and will respond when called upon. We are seldom unhappy from reflecting too much, but often from reflecting too little. We never repine at the dispensations of Providence, except when we undervalue the blessings which we receive, and then we cheat ourselves instead of the Giver. Nohere is the wisdom and benevolence of Divine care more beautifully shown than in this,—our highest enjoyments are universal. All the charms of the outer world are a common feast. Air and water, dew and sunshine, are without money and without price. The luxuries of life, are the bane of our existence.—They enfeeble our bodies, weaken our minds, blear our eyes, benumb our faculties and warp our judgments. It is well for us as a nation that they are confined to the few. It is the mechanic, and the farmer's son that steps into the halls of legislation. Their children in turn become pampered, and again the poor boy steps up to fill the post of honor and emolument.

The Englishman, in the quiet of his home, contenting himself in the adornment of his grounds, or the pleasures of the chase, forms a striking contrast to the bustling money-making American. So long as we pay a premium for rogues to sit in Legislative Halls, and lend our devotions to wealth, while artists, the literary, and the scientific, starve, just so long shall we have of these, second-rate individuals. It is no wonder that we have not painters like the old Italian school; or poets such as England has produced. The talent which might have generated these have been drawn to another channel—statesmanship,—and is, too often, perverted to unholy purposes. If this ambition to rule were at an end, and merit, only received preferment, we might hope for a revolution in society. But it is possible to awaken a love for the *truly beautiful*, which shall grow with coming years.

"There's beauty all around our paths, if but our watchful eyes,
Can trace it 'mid familiar things, and in their lowly guise. B. A. M'N.

Lockport, N. Y., 1859.

POVERTY NOT SO GREAT A CURSE.

If there is anything in the world that a young man should be more grateful for than another, it is the poverty which necessitates his starting in life under very great disadvantages. Poverty is one of the best tests of human quality in existence. A triumph over it is like graduating with honor from West Point. It demonstrates stuff and stamina. It is a certificate of worthy labor creditably performed. A young man who cannot stand this test is not good for anything. He can never rise above a drudge or a pauper. A young man who cannot feel his will harden as the yoke of poverty presses upon him, and his pluck rise with every difficulty that poverty throws in his way, may as well retire into some corner and hide himself. Poverty saves a thousand times more men than it ruins; for it only ruins those who are not particularly worth saving, while it saves multitudes of those whom wealth would have ruined. If any young man who reads this letter is so unfortunate as to be rich, I give him my pity. I pity you, my rich young friend, because you are in danger. You lack one great stimulus to effort and excellence, which your poor companion possesses. You will be very apt, if you have a soft spot in your head, to think yourself above him, and that sort of thing makes you mean, and injures you. With full pockets and full stomach, and good linen and broadcloth on your back, your heart and soul plethoric, in the race of life you will find yourself surpassed by all the poor boys around you, before you know it.

No, my boy, if you are poor, thank God and take courage; for he intends to give you a chance to make something of yourself. If you had plenty of money, ten chances to one it would spoil you for all useful purposes. Do you lack education? Have you been cut short in the text books? Remember that education, like some other things, does not consist in the multitude of things a man possesses. What can you do? That is the question that settles the business for you. Do you know your business? Do you know men and how to deal with them? Has your mind, by any means whatsoever, received that discipline which gives to it action, power and facility? If so, then you are more a man, and a thousand times better educated than the fellow who graduates from a college with his brains full of stuff that he cannot apply to the practical business of life—stuff, the acquisition of which has been in no sense a disciplinary process so far as he is concerned. There are very few men in this world less than thirty years, of age, and unmarried, who can afford to be rich. One of the greatest benefits to be reaped from great financial disasters is the saving of a large crop of young men.—*Timothy Titcomb.*

November.—The following lines by Hartley Coleridge are beautiful:

The mellow year is hasting to its close;
The little birds have almost sung their last,
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast
That, shrill piped, harbinger early snows.
The patient beauty of the scentless rose,
Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly glassed;
Hangs a pale mourner for the summer past,
And makes a little summer where it grows.
In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief day,
The dusky waters shudder as they shine;
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
Of cozy brooks which no deep banks define;
And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant array,
Wrapt their old limbs with sombre ivy twine.

Old Age.—Beautiful is the old age of the righteous, beautiful as the slow, drooping, mellow autumn of a rich, glorious summer. In the old man, nature has fulfilled her work; she loads him with the fruits of a well spent life, and surrounded by his well trained, obedient children, and his children's children, she rocks him away softly to the grave, to which he is followed by blessings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE RAINY DAY.

BY ELLEN LEE.

The mist is on yon mountain's brow,
A cloud hangs o'er the vale—
The sunset leaves no cheering glow
Upon Night's darksome veil;
But all is dark, and lone, and drear,
For deeply groans the dying year.
Its race is almost run—
Its spring of light and joy is gone,
Its summer vanished all too soon,
And autumn now, with shortening days,
Bathes in the light of golden rays,
And sighs upon the listening ear,
The grave is cold, and damp, and drear,
Its portal knows no sun.
Yet through this cloudy, dreary day,
And through the darker drearier night,
We see the light of Hope's bright ray,—
How glad it beams upon our sight;
No clouds can dim its cheering rays,—
'Mid darkest storms it brightly plays,
Dispelling all their gloom.
Its gentle light foretells the day
When wintry skies shall pass away,
When singing birds and fragrant flowers
Shall gladden fairy-shaded bowers,—
E'en "Death shall lose its venomed sting,"
And the cold grave merge into spring,—
A spring of Heavenly bloom.

Scipio, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

VOICES.

The voice was the crowning gift of God to man. By means of it we can most readily convey our thoughts to our fellow-creatures, and through this medium the most of us can exercise the greatest influence. The different tones of the voice have great power over the emotions of the soul,—if they are gentle and kind, a kindred feeling will be awakened within our own breasts; if harsh and unfriendly, like emotions will be aroused. How carefully then should we guard this delicate instrument, so that its keys, when touched, shall ever send forth sweet, harmonious music.

But there are voices, myriads of voices, breathing everywhere. 'Tis not alone to man that God has granted this great gift. Ah, no. Who has not heard another voice—even the voice of Nature, either amid the loud roaring of the cataract, the howling of the storm, or in the musical plash of the mimic waterfall. There may be much in her sublime tones to stir the quick perceptions of the soul, but her gentle whisperings have so much of beauty and sweetness they cannot fail awakening deep emotion. Glad songs have the little babbling brooks sung to us in our childhood, and now we can never watch their silvery waters, murmuring so peacefully along, without having our thoughts wafted back to happy by-gone days.

But the human voice and the voice of Nature are not the only ones we may hear; for there are voices, sweet spirit voices, that thrill through the soul, and echo there long after the tones that awakened them have died away. When the heart is sad and weary, soothing whispers are heard telling of a Land of Rest where the cares and sorrows of earth have no entrance. They speak of unfading flowers,—of trees that always are green,—of bright, beautiful waters, ever flowing peacefully,—of angel bands with snowy wings and golden harps,—of music more melodious than e'er was struck from earthly lyres,—of a starry crown to be exchanged for the burdensome cross, and we long to say to the fettered soul, "Plume thy pinions for thine everlasting flight,—leave far behind the sin and sorrow of earth, and find an eternal rest amidst the glories of the Better Land." At such moments, when we feel an impatient restiveness of soul, and find it well nigh impossible to exclaim, "Thy will be done," one spirit voice, superior to all others, will speak to the heart, and if we but listen it will teach us the difficult lessons of heroic endurance and patient waiting, till we be called to inherit our eternal reward.

Louise Linden.

Gainesville, Wyoming Co., N. Y., 1859.

True Contentment.—In this age of restlessness and wild speculation, when so many are searching eagerly for happiness, and sighing, after numerous disappointments, "Who will show us any good?" it is refreshing to meet with a contented Christian heart, which has found true peace by living in constant communion with God. In one of our exchanges we find the following:—Said a venerable farmer, some eighty years old, to a relative who had lately visited him,—"I have lived on this farm for more than half a century. I have no desire to change my residence as long as I live on earth. I have no desire to be any richer than I now am. I have worshiped the God of my father's with the same people for more than forty years. During this time I have rarely been absent from the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and have never lost one communion season. I have never been confined to my bed by sickness for a single day. The blessings of God have been richly spread around me, and I made up my mind long ago, that if I wished to be happier, I must have more religion."

SPEAK LOW TO ME.

Speak low to me, my Savior, low and sweet
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss thee so,
Who art not missed by any that entreat.
Speak to me as to Mary at Thy feet—
And if no precious gems my hand bestow,
Let my tears drop like amber, while I go
In reach of Thy divinest voice, complete
In humanest affection—thus, in sooth,
To lose the sense of losing! As a child
Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore
Is sung to, in its stead, by mother's mouth,
Till sinking on her breast, love reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

[*Mrs. Browning.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ACQUIREMENT OF TRUE PRINCIPLES.

When we place our estimate upon individuals, the first thing to be considered is moral principle. All other possessions sink into insignificance when taken in connection with this. It is the real, genuine stamp which characterizes individuals, keeping their memory sacred in the hearts of others. No person can be truly *educated* without it. He may have all the knowledge of books which one mind can contain, and still, without correct principles—a keen and just perception of right, and a desire to do that right—there is a great *mental* deformity marking such a person just as perceptibly as *outward* deformity.

When, if ever, are these principles to be obtained? May we, after years spent in vice and wickedness, hope to reform and entirely undo those habits which were formed in childhood? There is an old saying, and a true one, though couched in simple language:—"As the *twig* is bent the tree's inclined." These principles, then, must be instilled into our being from our earliest years; or, when that little *twig* shall have become a *tree*, we will behold a *knotted* and *gnarled oak*. Fellow teachers, upon you and me devolves a part of this great work,—how are we to accomplish it best?—The stamping of the foot, and the throwing of the ruler, may frighten the child into obedience, yet they will not give anything *real* when the principles come to be tried and refined, and the dross thrown aside. We want something *sterling*, then—something that will withstand the tests to which we are obliged to submit before we are pronounced ready to take a part in the "great concerns" of life. For one, I do not want that obedience which only moves the hand subservient to my will, and leaves the heart in entire rebellion. I want to reason with the child, and convince him that a certain course is *right*, and he must pursue it because it is *right*, and for the same reason neglect to do *wrong* because it is *wrong*. Here we have the standard course of action, which will be continued without our keeping an "eye watch" over every movement. I argue that children never do wrong in early life because the evil yields pleasure. Children err many times from an inability to determine what is right, and if left to continue in a wrong course, think there is no other way; or, become so accustomed to wrong practices, and find it hard to change, yet if taught the *right* at a time when the *will* is more *flexible*, learn to love it, and by-and-by will act from a natural desire to do right which has taken possession of the heart.

Talking to children about the necessity of having good principles, will not suffice to teach them,—we must ever live and act them ourselves, and let them be adorned with perfect kindness, that they may seem more beautiful and inviting. Ever place a proper estimate upon every childish act in which the least principle is involved, thus teaching the just appreciation which those acts deserve,—ever be truthful, as truth lies at the foundation of all other principles. But I need not enumerate the little links which, when united, form the great chain of true principles.

EMILY ELLIS.

New Lebanon, Col. Co., N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE.

How many pleasant memories, how many endearing recollections, come thronging to my brain as I look back to boyhood's sunny hours, when, with my books under my arm, I went whistling with gay, light-hearted companions towards the old school-house, by the big pine tree. How joyous and full of gladness were those days, when, after reciting our lessons, (which we sometimes thought outrageously long,) we were let out upon the grassy lawn to make things "hum" for awhile with our noisy glee. How we tumbled, wrestled, and played the thousand games and sports known only to the school-boy, and then, when we heard the tinkling of the good old master's bell, with what a happy shout would we disperse, each trying to outstrip the others in the race for the school-room door. How we loved that old master, and how patiently would we sit, and with the strictest attention, listen to him, while he recounted anecdotes without number, of terrible deeds performed in battle,—of men who crossed the sea to find new worlds—all of which we, with big eyes, and wide open mouths, would swallow with heart-felt admiration. Ah! those were happy days—but they have passed never to return.

Where now are the boys that thronged that grassy lawn?—where now is the old master?—where the old school-house? The boys are gone; some of them to take an active part in business life; some to hold the reins of government; some are great and famous; others are lowly and obscure; while some, alas,

"Life's fitful fever over, sleep well."

The kind old master, who labored so hard to make us useful and prominent members of society, was long since gathered to the graves of his fathers.—The old, time-worn school-house has given way to a more costly edifice, which looks too cold and formal to me, as I think of the little brown building of years ago. But the old tree stands there, more beautiful and majestic than ever,—other boys play beneath its broad-spreading branches, making the welkin ring with their thoughtless gaiety, while it looks down as smilingly upon them as it did upon us, in the years long since gone.

GEO. H. WORDEN.

It is not wisdom, but ignorance, which teaches men presumption. Genius may be sometimes arrogant, but nothing is so diffident as knowledge.

The greater a man is, the less he necessarily thinks of himself; for his knowledge enlarges with his attainments.

THE EDUCATION MOST NEEDED.

The question is often asked why it is that so few people are successful in business, and why property finds such an unequal distribution? This man, they say, received the advantages of a good English Education, and that man was educated at one of our best colleges. Both have been industrious, honest and economical, and yet neither of them has been successful in business. Why is it? asks the New York Express, and that journal proceeds to point out the cause, and, in the course of its remarks, observes:

"The idea too commonly prevails that a mere knowledge of books is the beginning and end of education. The sons and daughters, especially of the rich, grow up with this notion in their heads, in idleness, as it were, with little idea of the responsibilities that await them. Their natures revolt at the mention of 'labor,' not dreaming that their parents before them obtained the wealth they are so proud of by industry and economy. How many young men, college-bred though they may be, are prepared to manage the estates which their fathers possess, and which it may have required a lifetime to acquire? How many young women, though having acquired all the knowledge and graces of the best schools, know how to do what their mothers have done before them, and which the daughters may be compelled to do at some period of their lives? The children of the poor have to labor or starve, and as far as that goes they are educated to be practical. The education that scoffs at labor, and encourages idleness, is the worst enemy for a girl, man, or woman. Instead of ennobling, it degrades; it opens up the road to ruin. The education which directs us to do what we are fitted to do—that respects labor—that inculcates industry, honesty, and fair dealing, and that strips us of selfishness, is the education we *do* need, and that which must become the prevailing system of the country before we can be a people either happy or prosperous."

RUDIMENTAL ACCURACY IN EDUCATION.

At the distribution of certificates to the successful candidates at the late Oxford Local Examination, at Exeter, a few days ago, the Right Hon. Sir J. Coleridge delivered an address, in the course of which he said:—"I would press the importance of that which the University of Oxford adhered to, to the great disappointment of many persons, namely, the sticking to the elements, and saying that nothing shall supercede accuracy in the lower and rudimental parts of education. An examiner had a class before him—the first class in arithmetic. They were able to answer questions; they had gone through all the higher branches of arithmetic, and were prepared to answer anything. But he said, 'I will give you a sum in simple addition.' He accordingly dictated a sum, and cautiously interspersed a good many ciphers.—Suppose, for instance, he said, 'a thousand and forty-nine.' He found there was not one in the class who was able to put down that sum in simple addition; they could not make count of the ciphers. That showed him the boys had been suffered to pass far too quickly over the elementary parts of arithmetic. The examiner took them in grammar, and quoted a few lines from Cowper:

'I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute.'

'What governs right?' There was not a boy could say, till it was put to them 'none to dispute my right.' Then:

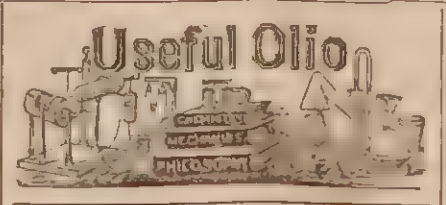
'The beasts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see.'

None could tell what governed 'see' or what 'see' governed after it. These are instances that I think it not useless to mention, for the purpose of drawing the attention of intelligent schoolmasters to the necessity of attending—not merely once in the beginning, but going back from time to time—to the elements."—*English paper.*

THE TEACHINGS OF ARITHMETIC.

When the pupil does not understand the question or proposition, he should be allowed to reason upon it in his own way, and agreeably to his own associations. Whether his way is the best or not, on the whole, it is the best way for him at first, and he ought by no means to be interrupted in it, or forced out of it. The judicious teacher will leave him to manage it entirely by himself, and in his own way, if he can. Or, if he meets with a little difficulty, but is still in a way that will lead to a proper result, he will apply his aid so as to keep him in his own way. When the scholar has been through the process in his own way, he should be made to explain how he has done it; and if he has not proceeded in the best way, he should be led by degrees into the best way. Many teachers seem not to know that there is more than one way to do a thing, or think of a thing; and if they find a scholar pursuing a method different from their own or that of the text book, they suppose of course he must be wrong, and they check him at once, and endeavor to force him into their way, whether he understands it or not. If such teachers would have patience to listen to their scholars, and examine their operations, they would frequently discover very good ways that have never occurred to them before. Nothing is more discouraging to scholars, than to interrupt them, when they are proceeding by a method which they know to be right; and to endeavor to force them into one which they do not understand, and which is not agreeable to their ways of thinking. And nothing gives scholars so much confidence in their own powers, and stimulates them so much to use their own efforts, as to allow them to pursue their own methods, and to encourage them in them.—*Warren Colburn.*

The Human Mind.—How vast, how marvellous the amplitude of the human understanding!—a principle so nearly allied to the Divine, that, like images of the resplendent worlds above, impressed on a tranquil sea, the thoughts of God glance upon the peaceful, meditative soul, and the Infinite is reflected through the finite, for the improvement and elevation of the whole race of men.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WEYER'S CAVE.—NO. IV.

At the entrance of Jefferson's Room is an oval stalagmite of enormous size, gradually diminishing toward the top, and having the appearance of being left in an unfinished state. It is thirty-six feet in length, by about thirty in breadth, and the same in height. "The peculiarity and beauty of this stalagmite consist in its being composed of several stories or stages, which are separated by several horizontal layers of crystal spar, and from layer to layer the space is filled up with perpendicular flutings, formed by the dropping stalactites descending from stage to stage. This is most happily denominated the Tower of Babel, for tho' not strictly resembling the mass that yet remains of this stupendous edifice on the plains of Shinar, it is nevertheless very like the popular representations of the Tower of Babel accompanying the old editions of the Bible." Behind this Tower we find Sir Walter Scott's Hall, and Sir Walter's Library. In the center of the former is an elevation called the Tomb, and fancy has not failed to find, in the numerous incrustations which adorn these rooms, many imitations of the armor and baronial trophies which filled the classic Hall and Library of Abbotsford.

Snow Hill resembles in form and size the Tower of Babel, but its top is crowned with a mass of dazzlingly white spar, suggesting the name it bears. Near the Hill is a formation bearing the names of Oyster Shell and Fly Trap. "Both of these names," says Miss Carey, "are in some sort descriptive, but neither in poetical keeping with the object designated. The stalactites of which it is formed are two thin layers, nearly circular in shape, and from five to six feet in diameter. These hollow sheets are joined at their smaller end precisely like the shells of an oyster, and stand apart at the larger and outer end until they gap open a width of several feet. The inner surface of these shells is perfectly smooth, but their exterior is covered with all sorts of strange appendages. From the under one hangs a collection of folds resembling the bosom ruffle of a shirt, or the full lace trimmings of a lady's cap, depending edgewise, and so translucent as to admit of candle light shining through them. Some of these ruffles are of the purest snowy white, others are of a dull yellow, and others again of a brown color. Nature has done her starching so well that notwithstanding the continual moisture to which they are exposed, they do not in the least grow limp."

A little beyond these, a recess in the wall leads to the termination chamber, a room situated two thousand five hundred feet from the entrance of the cave. Here is a fine spring of water covered over with a very thin, yet strong lid of rock. This is the last point to which visitors penetrate, and as it is somewhat difficult of entrance, the name of the traveler, Bruce, has been given to the stalagmite at the entrance, and the fountain has been appropriately named the Source of the Nile.

The return may be made much the most interesting part of the route, since many of the rooms present a very different appearance when viewed from different points. But many become too much fatigued, and too anxious to look again upon the smiling earth and the o'erarching heaven, to linger long in these subterranean caverns. Miracles of beauty and wondrous freaks of fancy were hurriedly noticed, and at midnight our party emerged from the mouth of the cave, and with glad hearts entered the grove through whose leafy arches the blue sky and the silver stars looked down with a gentle radiance, never before so beautiful.

There is much to awaken poetic fancy in the darkness and silence of this strange palace—in the patient toil of Nature through unknown ages—in the strange creations which start up like pale ghosts at almost every wave of the torch, and in the solemn vigil of "the Guards" watching out the long procession of centuries, but neither poet's pen nor artist's pencil can convey an adequate impression of the wonders which fill this celebrated cave.

BERTHA MORTIMER.

Newark, N. Y., 1859.

ECONOMIES OF MODERN SOCIETY.

We seem to be approaching a time, says Dr. Potter, when valuable use will be found for everything, however vile and apparently worthless. Take rags, for example; when they have ceased to be fit covering even for a beggar, and are cast out, loaded with filth, they are carefully collected, transported as precious freight from one country to another, and, after being washed and bleached, and subjected to the operation of cutters and presses, come forth a beautiful white fabric, ready to receive and transmit to distant places or ages the records of wisdom, or the messages of business, or the confidential breathings of friendship. So bones and offal, which have been thrown into the streets, are picked up and carried to the *sal-ammoniac* factory, where, after being boiled, distilled, &c., they yield grease for soap; and oil which, on being burned in close apartments, deposits the black soot called lamp-black, and affords at the same time the carbonate of ammonia, or hartshorn; the sulphate of soda, or glauber salt, and lastly, sal-ammoniac. Horns, which are attached to hides when purchased by the tanner, are separated, sold to the makers of combs and lanterns, who make combs of one part; knife-handles, tops of whips, &c., from another; glue again from another; fat for soap from another; the transparent part of lanterns from another; and finally, by grinding down the bony substance which remains after all these operations, they have a manure which they sell to the farmer. The prussiate of potash, a beautiful mineral, by which we obtain prussian blue, is produced from the hoofs of horses and cattle; a black dye, for the use of calico printers, is extracted from old tin kettles and worn out coal scuttles; bread, which, though not very palatable is still nutritious (?) and digestible, has been obtained from sawdust! and linen rags, mixed with a common acid, have been made by chemists to yield more than their own weight of sugar.—*Scientific Artisan.*

DAMASCUS.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in the sands of the desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates; Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a centre of trade and travel—an island of verdure in a desert—"a predestinated capital," with martial and sacred associations extending through more than thirty centuries. It was "near Damascus" that Saul of Tarsus saw the "light from heaven above the brightness of the sun;" the street which is called Strait, in which it was said "he prayeth," still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did a thousand years ago; there are still the sheik, the ass, and the water-wheel, the merchants of Euphrates and of the Mediterranean still "occupy" these "with the multitude of their waters." The city which Mahomet surveyed from a neighboring height, and was afraid to enter, "because it is given to man to have but one paradise, and for his part, he resolved not to have it in this world," is to this day what Julian called "the eye of the East," as it was in the time of Isaiah, "the head of Syria." From Damascus came the damson, our blue plum, and the delicious apricot of Portugal, called damaso; damask, our beautiful fabric of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised upon a smooth, bright ground; the damask rose, introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII; the Damascus blade, so famous the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried off the artists into Persia; and that beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with silver and gold, a kind of Mosaic, engraving and sculpture united, called Damas-keening—with which boxes, bureaus, swords and guns are ornamented. It is still a city of flowers and bright waters; the streams from Lebanon, the "rivers of Damascus," the "rivers of gold," still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of "Syrian gardens."

WANT OF AIR.

A late writer thinks that the "old fashioned fire-place" was one great source of health. We quote: "Now it is remarkable to observe how simultaneously the gradual introduction and use of stoves, and the diminution of life, and the increase of mortality in the United States, have advanced together. Fifty or sixty years ago, stoves were not much in use. In all the old houses, which have been built for that length of time, and in many built long since, we find the old, open fire-place—but now no longer in use; being either permanently or temporarily closed up, and replaced by a close iron stove, or at best by a small grate, or else by a furnace. And correspondingly we find, wherever we have the records from which to determine, a deterioration of life and health regularly progressing with the change in our domestic habits and arrangements. Thus we have seen the average age at which death takes place has, within the last half century, diminished from six to nine years; that in Philadelphia and New York, the age at which half the deaths occur, has receded within the same period, from twenty-four years to less than five years. And that the rate per cent. of infant mortality in Boston nearly doubled in twenty years, and in New York city actually trebled in forty-seven years; the deaths of children under five years of age in 100,000 inhabitants of all ages, having regularly increased from 688, in the year 1816, to 2,094 in an equal population in the year 1857."

These facts are worthy of consideration. Without proving that stoves are unwholesome, they do prove, we think, that our houses should be properly ventilated, and our rooms better supplied with oxygen. The old-fashioned fire-place ventilated the room in which a fire was kindled. The part formerly played by the open fire-place should now be performed by some other opening.

THE RIVER JORDAN.

A correspondent of the Utica Herald thus describes the River Jordan:—A line of low green forest trees betrayed the course of the sacred river through the plain. So deep is its channel, and so thick is the forest that skirts its banks, that I rode within twenty yards of it before I caught the first gleam of its waters. I was agreeably disappointed. I had heard the Jordan described as an insipid, muddy stream. Whether it was the contrast with the desolation around, or my fancy had made its green banks so beautiful, I know not, but it did seem at the moment of its revelation to my longing eyes, the perfection of calm and loveliness. It is hardly as wide as the Mohawk at Utica, but far more rapid and impassioned in its flow. Indeed, of all the rivers I have ever seen, the Jordan has the fiercest current. Its water is by no means clear, but it as little deserves the name of muddy. At the place where I first saw it, tradition assigns the baptism of our Savior, and also the miraculous crossing of the children of Israel on their entrance to the promised land. Like a true pilgrim, I bathed in its waters and picked a few pebbles from its banks as tokens of remembrance of the most familiar river in the world. Three miles below the spot where I now stand, the noble river—itself the very emblem of life—suddenly throws itself on the putrid bosom of the Dead Sea.

Temperance.—Sully, the great French statesman, always kept up at the table the frugality to which he had been accustomed in early life in the army. His meal consisted of a few dishes dressed in the plainest manner. The courtiers often reproached him with the simplicity of his table; and he would reply, in the words of an ancient:—"If the guests are men of sense, there is sufficient for them; if they are not, I can very well dispense with their company."

We devote the whole of the Young Ruralist's column the present week to answering a number of inquiries from our young friends, and have others still on hand that will receive attention in a week or two.

Making Picture Frames.—Will some Young Ruralist inform me how to make picture frames from pine burrs, acorns, beech nuts, &c.? What kind of frames should be used, in what order should they be placed, and how fastened to the frames? Any information on the subject will be kindly appreciated by—G. B. W., *Penn Yan, N. Y.*, 1859.

Artesian Wells.—I see occasional notices in papers of what are called artesian wells, which are sunk from 900 to 2,000 feet. What is the object of boring so deep in the earth for water, when it can be found almost anywhere, from 20 to 50 feet from the surface? And what kind of machinery is used to do the work?—J. H., *Glens Falls, N. Y.*, 1859.

Artesian Wells are bored through rocks by a heavy steel borer, moved by a spring, as common drills are by hand. They are only 3 to 5 inches in diameter, and bored so deep because water enough is not found at 30, or 300, or 2,000 feet deep. These wells raise the water above the surface of the well 50 to 150 feet deep, so that the power of the water is easily applied to desired purposes. J. H. should read the account of the well at Louisville, Ky., 2,080 feet deep, in this paper half a year since.

Sun-Dog.—Will some one please explain the philosophy of what is called a sun-dog, supposed to be an indicator of storms?—C. H. T., *West Northfield, Mass.*, 1859.

A sun-dog, or mock-sun, is caused by the reflection or refraction of light from a cloud or hazy atmosphere, so as to give light like a far inferior sun. It is one of the common halos or parhelia, and seems to occur when the state of the atmosphere is fitted for storm or change.

Freezing Boiled Water.—Seeing that you reserved one column of your paper for the children, I thought perhaps I might gain some information respecting a question which I am unable to answer. Why does water that has been boiled freeze sooner that that which has not? I have not the means to find the true answer, as I reside in the country, but I hope you will not deem it too simple to respond to.—P. S., *Purcellville, Va.*, 1859

Let P. S. expose two equal portions of water in similar vessels, in a cold day or evening, one *having been boiled* and *the other not*, and see what the trial will show; a good experiment for him. Then let him report to us the result, and offer his question. He will receive the due answer.

Electricity Imponderable.—If the theory, as taught in chemistry and philosophy, that electricity is *imponderable* is correct, how is it that a flash of lightning can penetrate the air, a *ponderable* body, and what causes the report?—E. S., *Crum Creek, N. Y.*, 1859.

Electricity is said to be *imponderable* because *it cannot be weighed;* this does not prevent its being being very elastic and powerful. The explosion (thunder) is caused by the air, separated by the passage of lightning, closing again with great force.

Pressure on a Mill-Dam.—Please inform me, through the columns of the Rural, whether there will be more pressure on a mill-dam in which the water stands back from the dam ten miles, than there would be in the same dam if the water stood back only ten feet, provided that in each case the water is of the same depth?—J. B., *Kinsman*, 1859.

Any common school philosophy will show J. B. that the pressure of water is proportional to the depth.

Mineral Rod.—Will you, or some of your able assistants, please give me through the columns of your paper information as to a mineral rod—whether there be such a thing—if so, where I can get one, and also the price?—S. C., *Pembroke, N. Y.*, 1859.

Mineral rods have gone out of use, because they are good for nothing. If S. C. wished one, he can make one out of a forked limb of the apple tree, or of witch-hazel, which will work admirably, if he knows *how* to use it—all depends on this.

Water-Proof Cement.—I have a favor to ask of you. Can you, or some of your numerous readers, inform me how to make a cement that will adhere to glass, wood, or stone; and harden under water, and not injure animal or vegetable life? I have tried several kinds, but do not succeed, and presume I do not use the right material. By giving me the desired information, you will confer a favor on one of your—Constant Readers, *Phelps, N. Y.*, 1859.

Putty and litharge, well mixed together, makes a good cement, but it must be well dried before water is applied. Want of patience in this respect causes failure. Let it dry three weeks. We presume "Constant Reader" is endeavoring to make an aquarium. Rosendale cement is good for the bottom, but will not adhere well to glass, and does not make a neat job for the corners. The English use what is called Roman cement, but we have not been able to obtain it in this country. Geo. Frauenberger, of this city, the artist who makes most of the engravings for the Rural, prepares cloth, with a water-proof composition, which makes a very neat job, and never fails. Strips sufficient to make an aquarium about eighteen inches square, would cost about fifty cents.

Genesee Model School for Boys.—Will you, or some of your numerous correspondents, please inform me if the "Genesee Model School for Boys," is in *operation* now or not. If it is I would like to know the address necessary to send for a circular to that institution. As I have no other means of ascertaining whether the above school *keeps* now or no, an answer through the Rural will greatly oblige—Joseph, *Geneva, N. Y.*, 1859.

The building of the Model School was burned several years since, and the school in consequence broken up. Prof. Seagar, the Principal, we believe is now the Principal of a school in Dansville.

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20,000 Two Years Old Apple Stocks—P. Bowen.
Apple Seeds—A. Fahnestock & Sons.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 26, 1859.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

The estimate of the War Department has been reduced $2,000,000 for next year, and half a million below the actual appropriation made by Congress.

The War Department has received a dispatch from Gen. Twiggs, dated San Antonia, 12th inst., saying that an express had just arrived from Rio Grande city, stating that Cortinas had laid Brownsville in ashes, killing a hundred American citizens, and Cortinas, with 800 men, was marching toward the Nueces. Full credence was not given to the report.

Mr. Ward, Minister to China, recently expressed a wish to return home after exchanging the ratification treaty, but the President objects, and wishes him to go to Shanghai and settle the American claims for which the treaty provides.

The correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune* writes that Secretary Cobb has not commenced writing his Annual Report, and will not until the latest figures are received. The clerks are now digesting information already obtained from his notes and references. Besides apparent balance of $4,700,000 in the Treasury, the Secretary has $5,000,000 in notes received from customs during the heavy imports, which are capable of re-issue, and about $1,000,000 anticipated by miscellaneous securities. These two sums, with a temporary draft upon the working margin of the Department, will enable him to meet the Post-Office demand of about $8,000,000 by about the 1st of January, and $1,000,000 for Congressional mileage. If the revenue fulfills his anticipations afterwards, he can get on; if not, a new law will be neceessary.

Upwards of twenty members of Congress are now here, and others have been here to make arrangements for accommodation during the Session.

Nothing can yet be positively ascertained concerning the precise object of sending large bodies of troops to the Rio Grande further than the protection of that frontier from the attacks of the force of Cortinas, to utterly destroy which it is the purpose of the Administration. As it was but recently supposed, in official quarters, that two companies from Fort Clark and one from Baton Rouge would be sufficient to check the movements of that brigand, the augmentation just ordered has naturally excited suspicions of other contemplated measures. Various speculations are indulged in, but the most plausible theory, formed on certain revelations deemed to be reliable, is that Spain, France and England meditate prompt action in satisfying claims in which their subjects are interested, and which may involve the national existence of Mexico, or the substitution of a monarchy under the protection of those powers. In view of these circumstances, the probabilities are that our Government may feel constrained to occupy the Northern part of Mexico to secure the ratification of the claims of our citizens against that country, as well as for the security of Americans on the frontier. From all that can be ascertained, it is fair to presume that some of the vessels of the home squadron will soon proceed to Vera Cruz, and other ports of Mexico. Indeed this seems to be certain, so impending are the reported purposes of France, England and Spain now regarded in official quarters.

Personal and Political.

The official returns of the late election in this State have not all been received as yet, but sufficient intelligence has come to hand to show that Jones, Richmond and Skinner, Democrats, have been elected by majorities ranging from 400 to 1,200. Forrest, Republican candidate for State Prison Inspector, has between 500 and 600 majority over his Democratic competitor.

Augustus Belmont, our former Minister at the Hague, is to remove to Europe, to take the place of head of the house of Rothschild.

Ex-Gov. Gilmer died at Lexington, Ga., Wednesday afternoon, 16th inst., after a month's illness.

A writer in *Once a Week*, gives the following account of the death of the great Pitt:—"Pitt died at his house on Putney Heath, near the spot where Canning and Castlereagh fought their duel, in a very neglected state, none of his family or friends being with him at the time. One, who was sincerely attached to him, hearing of his illness, rode from London to see him. Arriving at his house, he rang the bell at the entrance-gate, but no one came. Dismounting, he made his way to the hall door, and repeatedly rang the bell, which no one answered. He then entered the house, wandered from room to room, till at last he discovered Pitt on a bed—dead and entirely neglected. It is supposed, that such was his poverty he had not been able to pay the wages of his servants, and that they had absconded, taking with them what they could."

The vote called out in New York was only 56,353 in all, where One Hundred and Four Thousand stood on the Registers.

Senator Douglas' physician considers his condition considerably improved, and he is considered convalescent.

The Brooklyn Star seriously and strongly urges Horace Greeley for President.

The returns of the election, in Louisiana, for Governor, thus far, foot up 9,686 for Moore, Dem., against 6,775 for Wells, Opp. The Representatives stand 42 Democrats to 22 Opposition and six Independent.

The London papers are remarkably well informed upon the personnel of American politics. The latest evidence of this is the announcement in one of them that "among the candidates of the Democratic party for the Presidency, the most prominent is Stephen A. Douglas, a black man, who for many years has conducted an abolition and emancipation paper with signal success."

The Dubuque Herald gives the following footings of the official vote on Supreme Judges at the late election in Iowa:

Republican.		Democrats.	
Rowe	56,040	Wilson	53,885
Stockton	55,767	Mason	57,625
Baldwin	55,740	Cole	53,418

An election for State officers takes place in Kansas on the 4th of next month. Samuel Medary is the Democratic candidate for Governor, and Gov. C. Robinson the Republican candidate.

The official vote of Maryland at the recent election foots up Democratic 53,468, Opposition 48,806. This, however, includes the vote of Baltimore, much of which is claimed to be fraudulent.

The Milwaukee Sentinel now has returns from all but eleven counties in Wisconsin. The majority for Randall, Rep., thus far is 3,000, and the counties to come will probably increase it.

The Provisional Government of Nebraska has gone into operation by the organization of both branches of the Legislature. Mr. Steele, the Governor elect, delivered a message in which he urges the necessity of the present form of government until Congress shall take action in reference to the Territory.

News Paragraphs.

A firm in Minneapolis is engaged in building eight large ice boats, which they intend to load with ice at the foot of Lake Pepin, during the winter, and run in the spring to Memphis and other southern markets. The boats will hold in the aggregate about 28,000 tons.

The Elmira Female College is in a flourishing condition. President Cowles informs us that the aggregate attendance is greater at this time than ever before since the opening of the institution, the number of pupils now in regular attendance being about one hundred and sixty.

California bids fair to excel Ohio in the production of native wine. Most of the wine made there is consumed in the State, and hence very little of it is seen in this quarter; but one of the San Francisco papers advertises a list of 26 brands.

The Secretary of the Treasury has received through the mail an anonymous letter enclosing sixty dollars, with a statement that it belongs to the Indian Department. The conscience of some defaulter has been touched.

The last overland news received in San Francisco was telegraphed from a new station, Pochcoco Pass, about one hundred and ten miles from that city, the operator seated on a box, and holding the machine in his lap, while the files of the Eastern papers are spread on the grass around him. The telegraph line is slowly creeping eastward at the rate of about four miles per day.

The Bordens, who solidify milk up in Litchfield county, Ct., have also succeeded in solidifying sweet cider, so that five quarts are reduced to one, which becomes a jellyish substance, and can always be made sweet and liquid cider again by adding water. The Winsted Herald editor, who ought to know, seems to like the article.

A Vermont paper states that a short time since a man in Coventry, while engaged in digging a well, came upon a quantity of frogs, embedded in the clay, about twenty feet below the surface.—After exposing them to the air a short time, they became active and hopped off.

A hard winter is predicted in California. The crop of mast is enormous. The trees in many places are literally loaded down with acorns. The Indians predict, "heap snow, heap snow—much wet."

The foundation of a new Fort on Hog Island Ledge, Portland Harbor, has just been completed. The foundations could only be worked at low water, and the process was a long and tedious one. The cost of the Fort is $480,000, and it is to be fitted to mount ninety-three guns.

At the first census of the United States, which was completed in 1791, the population was 3,921,326; revenue, $4,771,000; exports, $19,000,000; imports, $20,000,000.

The government of Peru has entered into a contract with Dr. Edward Cullen for the introduction of 25,000 Irish emigrants. The principal stipulations are that the emigrants shall renounce allegiance to their government, and must become Peruvian citizens. The government of Peru has to pay their sea passage, and every colonist is to have about nine English acres of land, at an elevation of 4,000 feet above the level of the sea.

A little plant is found upon the prairies of Texas, called the "compass flower," which under all circumstances of climate, changes of weather, rain, frost or sunshine, invariably turns its leaves and flowers towards the north, thus affording an unerring guide to the traveler who, unaided by the needle, seeks to explore those vast plains alone.

The last Rural contained the offer of a Southerner for Mr. Giddings, dead or alive. The reward has met the eye of Mr. G., and he replies that "when he has done with his *caput*, the enraged Southerner can have it for $5,000.

The Jews of Cincinnati have agreed to close their places of business on the Christian Sunday, and to allow no business to be transacted on that day in their stores and offices.

Furs Extraordinary.—A New York correspondent of a Charleston paper says, our leading fur manufacturers have been working up, during the past summer, skunk skins, exclusively intended for the foreign market, where the skunk and his remarkable qualities are entirely unknown. Large quantities of them go to Europe, and they are highly prized there under various fictitious and fancy names.

Safety of the North Star.—For some days a great deal of anxiety has been felt in reference to the safety of this California steamer, as she was nearly two weeks overdue, and had not been heard from. On the 17th inst., the joyful intelligence was received that all was right with the steamer, and the 378 souls on board, by a letter to the Charleston *Courier*, stating that she got ashore about the 26th of October on the French Keys and remained on the Keys six or seven days, but finally got off without extra assistance by throwing over some coal and with a loss of anchors, and proceeded on her voyage on the 2d inst.

Rescue of Forty-three Persons from a Sinking Vessel.—The Hungarian which arrived at Portland last week, put into St. Johns, N. F., on the 9th inst., for the purpose of landing forty-three persons who had been rescued from the British schooner John Martin, bound from Labrador to Carbonier. In addition to her own crew, the John Martin had on board the crew of another schooner which was wrecked on the coast of Labrador in September. The rescue was not made without considerable difficulty and danger, the sea running so high that it was next to impossible for the life-boat to approach the sinking vessel without being stove to pieces. But the task was finally accomplished without accident. The crew who manned the life-boat were presented by the passengers of the Hungarian with two sovereigns each, and a silver cup was also voted to each one of the brave fellows.

Gloomy Prospects for Railroads.—One hundred million dollars of railroad bonds mature within the next five years. It is estimated that not five per cent. of this amount will be returned from the earnings of the roads. From a table of one hundred and twenty roads, not one-third of them declared a last half-yearly dividend.

Exports.—The statement is made that the exportation of specie, from the first of January to the first of November, reached the sum of $53,270,014, while the exports of produce amounted to $48,223,748, or only fifteen million more specie than produce.

Schooner Wrecked.—The schooner Charles S. Peaslee, Capt. Baker, from Jacksonville for Philadelphia, was totally wrecked in a gale while at sea, when all hands perished except one seaman. At the commencement of the gale the vessel was thrown on her beam ends, the sea sweeping over her, filling the cabin and forecastle, drowning the captain's wife, who was below, and dashing the man from the wheel. The captain perished in an effort to save his wife, and all the sailors excepting one were washed overboard in attempting to cut away the masts. The seaman who was saved was named George Satterly. He was taken off the 2d inst., lat 31° 18', lon. 77° 55', by the bark Samuel Shepherd, Capt. Hathaway, which arrived at Boston. The C. S. P. was 164 tuns burden, and owned by Mr. Hoffman, of Philadelphia.

From Mexico and Brownsville.—The Indianola Courier of the 28th, says that an express from the Sheriff of Mercer county, has arrived, and reports Cortinas with 1,500 men and nine cannon in full possession of the Rio Grande, from Brownsville to Rima. His forces are scouring the country. All communication west of the Neuces was cut off with Corpus Christie. Capt. Tobin, with 100 men from Corpus Christie, had been defeated, and it is feared that he is cut off. The reports, however, are conflicting, and probably exaggerated. The latest reliable accounts from Brownsville, are received by the New Orleans merchants, direct from Brownsville to the 4th, when affairs were unchanged.

New Line of Submarine Cable.—Mr. Sam'l. C. Bishop, of New York, has just completed an important length in our Cape Cod telegraph facilities by laying a very substantial submarine telegraph cable of his own manufacture, from Edgartown to Nantucket, a distance of from eight to ten miles. This new line will supply a want much felt by the people of Nantucket. The new line connects with the Boston and Cape Cod line at Edwardstown.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Great Britain.—It is asserted that England will join the Congress, and that the French and English Governments have agreed on a basis for the settlement of the Italian question.

The Great Eastern left Holyhead on the 2d, and reached Southampton on the 4th. She experienced very rough weather and a heavy sea on the passing round. The Times' account of this third trial says that when the ship was exposed to the roll of the Atlantic, she rolled and dipped with ease. The ship seemed to swing herself with a side-long gentle motion over every wave, dropping deeply and easily beyond them. The whole roll of the vessel is calculated at only eight degrees each way, or sixteen degrees in all, an every-day amount to smaller vessels, though something for one which was supposed to be almost immovable by wind or sea. The greatest speed attained was 15½ knots, close on to 16 miles per hour. However, the run from Holyhead to Southampton is pronounced far more satisfactory than either of her previous trips. The engines were under the sole control of Mr. McLennan, Chief Engineer of the ship.

France.—The organization of the French army for China is considered definitely settled, and the preparations at the seaports for embarkation have already commenced.

Cholera had broken out among the French troops destined to invade Morocco, and carried off several distinguished officers, including Colonel Lafout, commanding the engineers. The ravages exceeded fifty per day, and the total deaths were 1,500.

Italy.—It was vaguely reported that Garibaldi, in his interview with the King of Sardinia, declared that Italy was betrayed, and that he would lead the revolution. The King protested against such proceeding.

The Sardinian Plenipotentiaries have received orders from Turin to sign the treaty of peace. It is believed that the treaty will be signed to-morrow, and the convocation to be held at Paris will immediately follow.

The elections of members of the Municipality at Florence and other places have terminated without any result, almost all the electors having abstained from voting. The National Assembly has been convoked for Nov. 7th.

Austria.—The Vienna correspondent of the *Times* says it is tolerably certain that the moment in which the Austrian Government will have to make concessions to Hungary, is not far distant.

Commercial—*Breadstuffs.*—Market quiet, though wheat and corn were slightly higher. Richardson, Spence & Co. quote flour dull, with sales of new State at 24s@24s 6d. The range of prices were 22s6d@27s 6d. Wheat steady, and inferior and heated descriptions 2@3d better. Red 9s3d@9s6d; white 9s@10s per cental. Corn firm and advanced 6d@1s on the week. Yellow 30s6d@31s6d; white 37s per quarter. *Provisions.*—Market dull. Bigland, Athya & Co., James McHenry & Co., Richardson, Spence & Co., quote beef heavy, and holders offering their old stock at a decline of 2s6d@5s. Pork steady at 50s. Lard firm at 56s@60s for refining extra.

From the Pacific Side.

The Overland Mail arrived at St. Louis on the 17th inst., with California dates of the 28th ult. The accounts from Carson Valley and Walker River Mines continue to excite great attention. A stampede of Californians in that direction has already commenced, and a promised emigration equal to that of Fraser River. These mines are on the east side of the Sierra Nevada, and are supposed to extend from Honey Lake on the south about 200 miles. The principal discovery is called Gold Hill. It is a mound 60 feet high, and 5,000 feet long, and 200 feet wide, and lies 20 miles north of Carson Valley. It is traversed by veins of quartz, a part of which when decomposed, realized from $500 to $2,500 per tun.

Gov. Walker had appointed Judge H. T. Haron, formerly of Ky., as United States Senator, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Broderick. The new Senator was to leave for Washington on the steamer of Nov. 5th.

Colonel Lander, Superintendent of the Fort Kearney and Honey Lake Wagon Road Expedition, had completed his work in season, and was about to repair to Washington, having in hand an unexpended balance of $17,000. His stock, purchased in Missouri last spring at $13 per head, had been sold for the benefit of the Government, at over $200 per head.

Business was more active at San Francisco, but without improvement in prices.

The dates from the Sandwich Islands are to Oct. 3d. The prospects of business were poor, and the community was troubled by reports from the Atlantic States, relative to the cheapness of coal oil, which it was thought would diminish the demands for whale oil, and injure the whaling business of Honolulu. Some of the sugar plantations were paying moderately well, but the coffee crop was an entire failure.

The British ship Achilles, Capt. Hart, which arrived at Honolulu on the 27th of September, reported that the American clipper ship Mastiff, Capt. Johnson, from San Francisco to Hong Kong, having on board one hundred and eighty passengers, of whom one hundred and seventy-five were Chinese, was burned at sea on the 15th of September. The passengers, with the exception of one Chinaman, who was smothered, were safely taken off by the Achilles and conveyed to Honolulu. Among the passengers were Richard H. Dana, of Boston, C. C. Harris, George Clifford, and I. H. C. Richmond. The Chinese are said to have lost a large amount of treasure. The cargo, consisting of about 500 tuns, was lost. The fire originated between decks from the Chinamen allowing sparks to get among their combustible articles, which soon had the whole ship in a blaze. The escape of passengers was owing to the intrepidity and coolness of Capt. Johnson and his officers, and the fortunate appearance of the Achilles. The Mastiff was a Boston first class clipper, valued at $90,000, and was insured for $80,000 in Boston.

The News Condenser.

— The population of Mobile is set down at 32,000.

— Money is worth in San Francisco from 24 to 30 per cent.

— The mines at Frazer river, it is said, are doing well.

— Two men were suffocated in a corn bin at Chicago last week.

— Amicable relations are established between Turkey and Persia.

— The Canadian Parliament is to meet at Quebec December 7th.

— The wreck of the steamer New World has been towed to New York.

— One hay speculator in Canada has purchased 22,000 tuns of the article.

— A tree lately cut near Placerville, Cal., furnished 10,240 feet sawed lumber.

— During the week ending Nov. 7, the number of deaths in New York was 361.

— Frederick Douglas sailed from Quebec, for England, on Thursday, 17th inst.

— The aggregate value of the taxable property in the city of New York is $532,903,476.

— The American treaty with China has been ratified by the Chinese Commissioners.

— A census of Iowa just completed shows that the State has a population of 633,549.

— A spring of salt water has been struck at East Saginaw, Mich., at the depth of 500 feet.

— Vulcanized India rubber is found to be the best material for the manufacture of flutes.

— Col. Fremont gave $500 towards the erection of the Broderick Monument in California.

— It is said that a Mr. Wells has sold a patent for a new kind fish hook, in England, for $25,000.

— There is an immense amount of prairie on fire in the Northern and Central parts of Illinois.

— The Philadelphia sheriff's advertisements fill 17 columns of one of the largest papers in that city.

— The taxable property in Texas this year is $125,348,366, being an increase of thirty millions over last year.

— Six murderers were arraigned on Monday week in the Court of Oyer and Terminer in the city of New York.

— Thomas A. Green, of New Bedford, gathered from one tree, this season, 1,450 perfect pears, of excellent flavor.

— There is talk in England of a World's Industrial Exhibition for 1860 or 1861, the Prince of Wales to be President.

— Baron Liebeg says that the quantity of soap used by a nation furnishes a pretty correct indication of its civilization.

— The first hogshead of the new crop of tobacco has been sold at Richmond for eight dollars per hundred weight.

— It is said that Dr. Hayes, who accompanied Kane in his Arctic explorations, intends going again to the North Seas.

— There is a mare near West Troy thirty-four years and six months old. Rather an antiquated specimen of horse flesh.

— Mr. Rarey of late has been giving gratuitous exhibitions of horse taming to the carters, cab and omnibus men of Glasgow.

— At the opening of the Court of Common Pleas in Cleveland last week, there were 55 applicants on the docket for divorce.

— An editor down South apologizes for delay in the issue of his paper, as he had an extra "male" to attend to during the week.

— M. Victor Menniet, a well known scientific writer, informs the world that the next deluge will not take place for 6,800 years.

— There are large plantations of pea-nuts in California, and the article will eventually be exported in considerable quantities.

— A correspondent of the West Randolph Statesman says that gold has been found in the bed of White river, in Bethel, Vermont.

— It is now reported that Senor Oviedo, whose marriage has made such a talk, is an oil merchant, and not worth over $100,000.

— The exodus of slaves from the borders of Missouri continues unabated. White labor is coming in and that of negroes going out.

— A vein, supposed to be inexhaustible, of the real old-fashioned Pittsburgh coal, has been discovered in Van Buren Co., Iowa.

— The Chicago Prairie Farmer speaks of the increase in the culture of Sorghum at the West. It has thus far met with much success.

— Chicago is cursed with obscene hand bills to such an extent that an abatement of the nuisance is urged in some of the papers.

— Eli Thayer keeps at work at Ceredo his Virginia free colony. Several New England families have lately purchased homes there.

— An apple, grown this season by Thos. R. Patten, of Vallejo township, Cal., weighed 32 ounces and was 16 inches in circumference.

— The New Orleans papers estimate the losses by fire in that city for this year to have been one million seven hundred thousand dollars.

— The American Ambassador, in his Chinese box—Solus:—"I go to Pekin to see the Chinese; the Chinese come to peek in to see me!"

— At the late railroad accident at Albany the locomotive ran through a brick house and carried away the gable end of a frame building.

— A London writer shows that the report that John Bunyan did not write the Pilgrim's Progress, is wholly without foundation, and untrue.

— A firm in Bangor purchased five tuns of spruce gum, and estimate their sales of the prepared article will this year reach 20,000 boxes.

— A man in Kalamazoo is training an elk to trot. The elk has already trotted against a horse for a purse of $700, winning by a long distance.

— The silver mines of Arizona are again advertised as very promising. Lt. Mowry has brought away with him 46 pounds in various conditions.

— A letter from Baltimore states that the dead body of one of Old Brown's sons was carried off by the Virginia medical students for dissection.

— One of Van Amburgh's elephants escaped Friday week from his keepers at Williamsburg, and went into the street, smashing things generally.

— The number of hoop skirts made in Danby since April 1st is said to be 950,000, consuming at least 9,100,000 yards of tape and 445 tuns of steel.

— A London letter-writer says Kossuth has yet the 60,000 old muskets he purchased in this country. The great Magyar ought to set up a gun shop.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Nov. 23, 1859.

FLOUR remains at last quotations.

GRAIN—Very choice White Wheat is moving up a little—the advance of the week being equal to 4 cents ₱ bushel Corn drooping. Barley down about 2 cents; Buckwheat has lost 6@8 cents.

PORK is coming in pretty freely, and we hear of no sales exceeding $6,75 ₱ cwt. The decline all round is about 25 cents on the 100 pounds.

POULTRY—We leave our quotations unchanged. There is little (comparatively speaking, next Thursday being Thanksgiving,) in market; the extreme mildness of the weather compelling the farmers to put off dressing until the latest moment.

BUTTER—Considerable quantities of butter have found their way to market during the past week, and a decline is observable. Eggs are up to 17@18 cents ₱ dozen.

HAY is unchanged in rates. There is on sale this morning several loads that have been drawn from Murray, Orleans county, about 30 miles distant. Mr. ROGERS, the weighmaster, informs us that a considerable quantity of that sold in this market during the past week was brought 40 miles and upwards

For all other matters see following table:

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		Eggs, dozen	17@18c
Flour, winter wheat, ₱ bbl	$5,25@5,35	Honey, box	15@15c
Flour, spring wheat	$4,75@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat, ₱ bbl	$2,00	**FRUITS AND ROOTS**	
Wheat, per bush	$1,30@1,34	Apples, bushel	25@50c
Best white Can'a	$1,25@1,28	Apples, dried	$1,00@1,12½
Corn	65@65c	Peaches, dried, ₱ lb	18c
Rye, 56 lbs. ₱ bu	65@70c	Cherries, dried, ₱ lb	16@18c
Oats, by weight	30@33c	Potatoes	31@37½c
Barley	60@75c	**HIDES AND SKINS**	
Buckwheat	40@44	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	$2,00@2,75c	Calf	10@10c
MEATS		Sheep pelts	50c@$1,38
Pork, mess	$17,00@18,50	Lamb pelts	50c@$1,00
Pork, clear	$20,00@21,00	**SEEDS**	
Pork, cwt	$6,25@6,75	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,50
Beef, ₱ cwt	$5,00@6,00	Timothy	$2,50@2,75
Spring Lambs, each	$1,50@1,75	**SUNDRIES**	
Mutton, carcass	5@5c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	7@9c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	9@10c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	8@11c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ₱ pair	38@41c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,18
Butter, roll	15@18c	Hay, ton	$15,00@22,00
Butter, firkin	16@17c	Wool, ₱ lb	37½@50c
Cheese	8@10c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Lard, tried	12@12c	Codfish, ₱ quintal	$4,50@5,25
Tallow	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—FLOUR—Market for flour 5c better, with a good speculative demand. Sales at $4,90@4,95 for super State; $5,10@5,15 for extra do; $4,95@5,05 for super Western; $5,15@5,30 for common to good extra do; $5,30@5,50 for inferior to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing buoyant. Canadian a shade better; sales at $5 15@6,20 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat 1@2c better, with limited export and a fair speculative demand; sales at $1,30 for red State; $1,16 for Racine; $1,18@1,20 for Milwaukee club. Rye firmer and active; sales at 88c. Barley scarce and quite firm; sales at 78@80c for Canada East; 77@80c for State. Corn declining; sales at 80@85c for new yellow, 98@99c for old do. Oats better and active at 46@47½c for State, Western and Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Pork market a shade better; sales at $15,25@15,40 for mess, $10,75 for prime. Dressed hogs quiet at 7½c. Lard dull and heavy; sales at 10½@10¾c. Butter dull and heavy at 11½@18c Ohio, 14@21c State. Cheese rules steady at 8@11c.

BUFFALO, Nov. 21.—FLOUR—Market quiet and unchanged. Demand principally confined to ordinary grades. Sales at $4 for fine; $4,50 for superfine; $4,75 for extra State; $4,90 for extra Canadian; $5,25@5,40 for extra Indiana and Ohio; $5,50@6 for double extras.

WHEAT—Is in fair request, but parties are apart, and the market, therefore, rules quiet. Sales Chicago spring Saturday evening at 99c. This morning Waukegan spring at $1, and bagged Canada club at $1,03. Corn in fair demand and market firm. Sales this morning new Toledo at 60@60c, and old kiln dried Illinois at 58c. Oats continue nominal. Barley quoted at 65@70c, as to quality. Rye nominal at 75c. Peas in fair demand, sales Canadian at 62c. Timothy seed held at $2 25@2,50, according to quality.

PROVISIONS—Heavy mess pork is quiet at $15@16,50. Bacon quiet at 7@8c for shoulders, 10c for plain hams, and 10½c for sugar cured do. Lard nominal at 11c. Hamburgh cheese steady; sales from first hands at 8½@10c, and from store at 9½@11c.

TORONTO, Nov. 10.—FLOUR—The transactions in flour at this point continue small, owing to limited offerings and uncertain demand. Prices have been well sustained, holders being pretty generally firm, in view of the advancing tendency of the New York market, although the influence of any movement in that market is more imaginary than real, as the purchases made here are mainly on Lower Canada account, with an occasional sale of the higher grades for Boston and the New England States. The market at present is steady at the following rates—Double extra, $5,75@6 extra, $5 40@5,60; fancy, $5@5 10; superfine No. 1, $4,60@4,65, do No 2 $4,20@4,30, oatmeal, $4,75@5; cornmeal, $3,75; buckwheat flour, $4.

GRAIN—The deliveries of fall wheat during the week have not amounted to over 10,000 bushels, a sample of which has not been above the average quality. The market up to to day was not very animated, and ruled steady at $1,18 to $1,21 for prime lots, but since then an advance has been established, and $1,20 to $1,37 has been the range for good, prime and extra prime samples, and $1,15 to $1,20 for common and ordinary grades. The cause of this improvement may be attributed to the desire to complete cargoes now partly aboard, so that they may be got through to their destination at as early a date as possible, and that they may be pushed forward prior to the close of navigation. There are also orders on the market for prime lots for the Eastern States at high rates. Spring Wheat up to Tuesday was only in limited demand at 90 to 95c, but since then there is more activity, and 93 to 97c is realized freely for good and prime, and $1 for extra lots of Golden Drop. Barley is not so brisk, and prices are a trifle easier, 65 to 67c being the rates current now. Rye is in steady distillery demand, with small deliveries. Prices are steady at 60c ₱ bushel. Peas are slightly in better request, with still limited deliveries. The market is steady at 52 to 55c ₱ bushel. Oats, although in more liberal supply, are in active request, and prices have gone back to their old level of 38 to 40c ₱ bushel. Any increased receipts would however affect the market, and any considerable quantity could not be placed at these rates.—*Globe.*

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ₱ cwt., $9,00@10,00; ordinary do, $8,00@8,75; common do, $6,00@7,00; inferior do, $4,00@5,00

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@65,00; ordinary do, $40,00@50,00; common do, $30,00@40,00; inferior do, $20,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₱ lb., 6@6½c; ordinary do, 5@5½c; common do, 4@5c; inferior do, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ₱ head, $5,00@6,00; ordinary do, $4,00@5,00; common do, $3,00@4,00; inferior, $2,00@3,00.

SWINE—First quality, 5@5½c; other qualities, 4½@5c.

ALBANY, Nov. 21.—CATTLE—Although there is a falling off in the receipts, we cannot quote wholesale prices any better than last week. Holders are asking more, and are pretty stiff, but what sales have been made show no improvement in rates. The average quality in the yards today is considerably ahead of that last week; and remembering th's fact, it cannot be said that higher figures have been obtained for the beef.

We alter our quotations on the lower grades, which have improved at retail

	This week.	Last week.
Extra	4½@5	4½@5
First quality	3¾@4¼	3½@4¼
Second quality	3 @3¾	3 @3½
Third quality	2½@3	2½@3
Inferior	2 @2½	2 @2½

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Until to-day the weather has been remarkably favorable for slaughtering, and the drovers have taken fair rate if they average without loss from the past month's business. We have no change to note in prices, but there are indications of an improved demand.

HOGS are in better demand, also. Prices range from 5c to 6c gross.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 16.—At market 1365 cattle, about 700 beeves, and 665 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows, yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market beef—Extra, ₱ 50@0,00; first quality, $6,75@7,00; second quality, $5,75; third quality, $4,00; ordinary, $3,00.

STORES—Working oxen, $75, $115@175; cows and calves, $25, $37, $42@67; yearlings, $9@11; two years old, $16@21; three years old, $33@35.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—7560 at market. Prices, in lots, $1,00@1,50 each. Extra, $2, $2,25@2,75.

HIDES—6½@7c ₱ lb. TALLOW—6@6½c ₱ lb.

PELTS—87c@$1,35 each. CALF SKINS—10@12c ₱ lb.

BRIGHTON, Nov. 17.—At market 1600 beeves, 900 stores, 7000 sheep and lambs, 400 swine.

PRICES—Market beef—Extra, $7 50@8,00; first quality, $7@7,50; second, $6,50@6,90; third, $4,00@5 00

WORKING OXEN—$80 00@130,00.

MILCH COWS—$40 to 50; common, $18@30

VEAL CALVES—4@6½c

YEARLINGS—$8@11, two years old, $16@22; three years old $22@24.

HIDES—6@6½c ₱ lb. CALF SKINS—10@13c ₱ lb.

TALLOW—6@6½c ₱ lb. PELTS—88c@$1.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,00@1,35; extra, $2@2,75.

SWINE—Spring pigs, wholesale, 6c; retail, 6@7. Fat hogs, none.

TORONTO, Nov 19.—BEEF—For beeves the market continues unchanged with pretty liberal purchases for the Montreal markets at $4 50 for first class animals, and $4,50 to $4 for second rate, ₱ 100 lbs. of beef. Slaughtered beef is ordered by farmers sparingly at $4 to $5,50 ₱ 100 lbs., according to cut and quality. Sheep $4,50 to $4,50, lambs $1,75 to $2,00, calves $5 to $6.

SWINE—Rates have advanced, and for fresh slaughtered pork is $6 to $7 each is paid. For September and October shipments we hear of the current rate. Wool 27 to 28c ₱ lb. Beef hides $7 ₱ 100 lbs. Calf skins 10c ₱ lb.

The Pork Trade.

TORONTO, C. W.—The *Globe* says that pork does not come in so freely as expected, and the demand is very active, principally for curing, good hogs being from $5,25 to $5,50, and ordinary $5. The current rate for the average quality is $5,25 ₱ 100 lbs.

KENTUCKY.—The Louisville *Courier* says that the market is getting somewhat better. There were not many left over from last week, and but a few in market at present. The prices ranged last week from $4,50 to 05 for well corn-fatted; second rate were sold at $4@4,25 ₱ 100 ₱s. gross.

MICHIGAN.—According to the Detroit *Tribune* of the 15th inst., the market in that city has thus far been scantily supplied with dressed hogs, but the few that are coming forward are mostly of very fair quality. Packers were in the market before the present cold weather set in, and of course the demand may now be considered active. Preparations are making for a much larger business than at any former season. The opening rates for the season are as follows:

Lots averaging 220 to 250 lbs	$ 5 50
Lots averaging 200 (if of good quality)	5 00@5 50
Packing hogs below 200	4 50@5 00

The indications are that the market will soon be well supplied, and that the price of good hogs will rule of the two rather under than over $5,50. The figure named would make the opening rates for mess $14, a sum that would certainly promise at best only a very moderate margin in view of all the contingencies of the market. But, unlike former years, with our railroad facilities, which are now complete, our market must be nearly uniform with those of all the large packing points. Cars cases may be brought from Cincinnati on short notice at a cost of 20@22c ₱ cwt, so that a margin of 37½c between the two cities would be amply sufficient to induce importations, and prices would necessarily be equalized.

OHIO.—Since our last, remarks the Cincinnati *Gazette* of the 17th inst., the season has fully opened, and a brisk business has been done. Friday, 11th, about 7,000 head were slaughtered; Saturday was a bad day, but the weather changed suddenly Saturday night, and Sunday all on the market were taken at $5,75, and Monday $6 was paid, but yesterday the market became dull, and holders were anxious to take $5,75, with few buyers at this rate.

ILLINOIS.—Provisions are very inactive, but packers in the city are at work to some extent, and as there are some orders in the market, the trade may be expected to become more lively before long.—*Chicago Democrat.*

The Wool Markets.

LIVERPOOL WOOL SALES.—We have received the Circular (dated 21st Oct.) of ABRAM GARTSIDE, Wool Broker, Liverpool, England, with the following statistics in reference to the sale, which commenced Oct. 19th:—Our stock had a total of 18,115 bales, consisting of East India, Australian, Buenos Ayres and Entre Rios, English, Peru, Chili and Lima, Portugal, Russian, Iceland, Turkey, Egyptian, Alpaca and sundries. Up to the present date the quantity which has passed the hammer is 9,450 bales. The attendance of buyers is very large, being particularly so at the first day's sale (which was composed of Australian and fine Entre Rios,) consequently the competition was spirited, at ½d to 1d ₱ lb. on the late London sales. The Australian consisted of Port Philip and Sydney kinds, forming a nice assortment of clothing and combing qualities, which realized from 1s 10d to 2s 2d ₱ lb. This description of wool has hitherto been confined to the London market, but the sale being so satisfactory to all parties, we may naturally look forward to the monopoly being pretty nearly at an end. The ruling prices have been, for Port Philip and Sydney—clothing qualities 1s 10d to 2s 2d, Locks and Pieces 1s 3d to 1s 7d; East India 2d to 16½d; Buenos Ayres 5d to 18d, principally low qualities; some fine Entre Rios 17d to 2s; Egyptian 10d to 16d. West Coast—Peruvian fleece 12d to 16d, Lima 11d to 18½d, Chilian 5½d to 7d. Portugal—Lisbon and Oporto greasy 5d to 7d, Oporto washed 10d to 14½d. Russian—white fleece 8d to 9d, gray 6d to 7½d. Iceland—white 11d to 13d, gray 9d to 10½d. From the large consumption at home and abroad, I do not see any prospects of a decline in prices. The London sales are expected to commence on the 12th November, which will consist of 40,000 bales Colonial.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—The market for all descriptions is extremely quiet, owing to the high prices asked and the meagre supply offering, particularly of desirable qualities; sales of 75,000 lbs. native fleece at 40@63½c, the latter rate for choice selections, 25,000 lbs. pulled at 35@52c, as to quality, and 350 do washed Texas and Mexican, on private terms. We quote

Am. Saxony fleece, ₱ lb	58@60
Am. full blood Merino	53@55
Am. ½ and ¾ blood Merino	46@49
Am. native and ¼ blood Merino	40@44
Extra, pulled	45@50
Superfine, pulled	37@43
No. 1, pulled	30@33
California, fine, unwashed	35@53
California, common do	10@13
Peruvian, washed	26@30
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@12
S. Am. common, washed	10@13
S. Am. Entre Rios, washed	15@18
S. American, unwashed	8@11
S. Am. Cordova, washed	20@23
East India, washed	20@23
African, unwashed	9@13
African, washed	18@23
Smyrna, unwashed	14@19
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

Tribune.

BOSTON, Nov. 17.—The market is firm for wool, and the sales have been large, comprising 300,000 lbs. fleece and pulled at full prices. The principal sales were from 52½@55½ ₱ lb. The demand for foreign wool has been active, and desirable kinds are firm. The sales have been 1300 bales Cape, South American and Mediterranean at full prices, as to quality.

Saxon & Merino, fine	58@70	Western mixed	38@45
Full blood	54@57	Smyrna, washed	17@19
Half and ¼ blood	44@57	Do. unwashed	13@19
Common	40@42	Syrian	11@23
Pulled, extra	48@57	Cape	24@30
Do superfine	42@50	Crimea	9@17
Do No. 1	34@45	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do No 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@32

CHICAGO, Nov 10.—The following are the quotations, which are almost entirely nominal, as but very few sales are made:

FLEECE—Common native, 30@31c; quarter blood, 33@35; half blood, 35@37c; three quarter blood, 38@43c; full blood, 46@48c.

PULLED—No. 1, 20@35; superfine, 30@35; extra, 35@40; double extra, 40@42 *-Democrat.*

Marriages.

In Junius, Nov. 9th, by Rev. W. H. MEGIE, Mr. JAMES DEPUY, of Owasco, and Miss MARY ABEL, of Junius.

Also, by the same, Nov. 20th, Mr. LORENZO BROWNELL and Miss LOUISA MARIA WELLS, both of Junius.

Deaths.

In Ontario, Wayne Co., on the 17th inst., of consumption, ISABELLA COLLINS, wife of NELSON COLLINS, and eldest daughter of ROBERT and ALMEDA H. BRAITHWAITE, aged 21 years.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising—Twenty-Five Cents a line, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 37½ cts. per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, leaded—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, IN ADVANCE. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

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NOVEMBER.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

The red sun gathers up his beams
To bid the withered earth farewell,
And voices from the swelling streams
Are ringing with the evening bell;
The cold lake sobs with restless grief,
Where late the water lilies grew,
While autumn fowl and autumn leaf
Are sailing down the rivers blue.

Forsaken are the woodland shrines,
The robin and the wren have fled,
And winds are wailing through the pines
A dirge for summer's glorious dead;
E'en man forsakes his daily strife,
And muses on the bright things flown,
As if in Nature's changing life,
He saw the picture of his own.

I often think, at this sad hour,
As evening weeps her earliest tear,
And sunset gilds the naked bower,
And waves are breaking cold and clear,
Of that glad time, whose memory dwells
Like starlight o'er life's cloudy weather,
When side by side we roved the dells
Of proud New England's coast together.

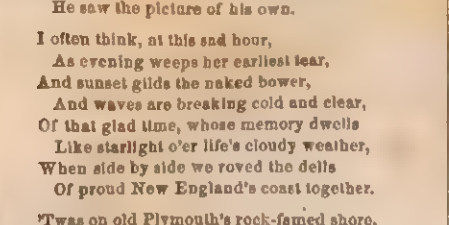
'Twas on old Plymouth's rock-famed shore,
One calm November night, with thee
I watched the long light trembling o'er
The billows of the eastern sea;
The weary day had sunk to rest
Beyond the lines of leafless wood,
And guardian clouds, from south to west,
Arrayed in hues of crimson stood.

We climbed the hill of noble graves,
Where the stern Patriarchs of the land
Seem listening to the same grand waves
That freed them from th' oppressor's hand;
We talked of spirits pure and kind,
With gentle forms and loving eyes,
Of happy homes we left behind
In vales beneath the western skies.

A few brief days—and when the earth
Grew white around the traveler's feet,
And bright fires blazed on every hearth,
We parted never more to meet
Until I go where thou art gone
From this dark world of death and blight,
And walk with thee above the sun
That sank upon thy grave to-night.

I hear the muffled tramp of years
Come stealing up the slope of Time;
They bear a train of smiles and tears,
Of burning hopes and dreams sublime;
But future years may never fling
A treasure from their passing hours,
Like those that come, on sleepless wing,
From memory's golden plain of flowers.

The morning breeze of long-ago
Sweeps o'er my brain with soft control,
Fanning the embers to a glow
Amidst the ashes of my soul;
And by the dim and flickering light,
I see thy beauteous form appear,
Like one returned from wanderings bright,
To bless my lonely moments here.



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

KATE RICHMOND'S BOUQUET; AND WHAT BECAME OF IT.

BY KATE CAMERON.

It was a clear, sunny day in the latter part of Winter—one of those bright days which sometimes come at that season, as a harbinger of returning Spring—and the streets of our "Modern Athens" were thronged with gaily-dressed belles and fashionable exquisites. Prominent among the stylish equipages passing through Washington street, was an open carriage, containing four ladies—the Misses RICHMOND and their cousin, Miss WASHBURN. A merry and an interesting group they were, wrapped in velvets and furs, and decked with plumes, laces and flowers; but far more attractive than their French artificials, were the elegant bouquets which they all carried; for during their drive about town to show the "lions" of their native city to their guest, GEORGIA WASHBURN, they had called at a favorite greenhouse and procured these costly blossoms, in view of a grand levee to which they were that evening invited—for, fair and fashionable as these ladies were, they had not as yet succeeded in attaching to themselves those most desirable appendages, admiring beaux, who would have furnished them, as a matter of course, with the coveted bouquets; but very fortunately their wealthy papa supplied this deficiency, as far as money could do it.

Owing to the crowd of vehicles, the driver found it necessary to stop for a few moments near one of the crossings, and the youngest of the company, KATE RICHMOND, perceived a little boy standing very near, and gazing wishfully at the flowers in her hand. There was a sad and earnest expression in his clear blue eyes, which plead more eloquently than words, and obeying the generous impulse of her sympathizing heart, KATE reached out her hand, saying, "Here, little boy, you may have these flowers, if you would like them."

The boy looked at her with a glance of eager surprise, then exclaimed, as he grasped the bouquet, "Oh! thank you, thank you!" and disappeared quickly in the crowd, while Miss KATE received the wondering stare of the passers-by, and the rather uncharitable comments of her companions, with the unfeigned good nature which ever irradiated her face with smiles.

The united voices of sisters and cousin, denounced her proceeding as absolute folly. "Why, KATE RICHMOND! I'm positively ashamed of you!" was Miss JULIA'S exclamation. "Giving those splendid flowers to a dirty beggar!" chimed in Miss AMELIA. "Decidedly 'casting pearls before swine,' simpered Miss GEORGIA. "I think papa will give you no more five-dollar bills to throw away." "And what will you do for flowers to wear at Mrs. REVERE'S this evening?" "A very refined taste, surely, you display in the selection of the recipients of your bounty."

By this time the carriage, extricated from the crowd, was being rapidly whirled towards its destination, the handsome residence of Mr. RICHMOND, on Chestnut street, KATE remaining silent and smiling, while her elder sisters entertained their cousin with a graphic account of her "oddities."

"She is always patronizing some beggar or other, stopping to bid the dirty street-sweepers 'Good morning,' or to drop some money into the blind organ-grinder's cup, or help some old woman pick up her oranges, which the boys have upset. If she happens to stumble over a boy who stands staring into a shop window, she always says, 'I beg your pardon,' or 'Excuse me,' as if he were a lord of the land; and whenever the children come for cold pieces, if KATE is in the basement, they are called in, to be warmed and fed. Oh! she will make a benevolent, philanthropic *old maid!*" And the sister of eight-and-twenty looked compassionately upon the maiden of eighteen, as though she regarded her doom as inevitable.

"But here we are at home," and the ladies alighted, and, ascending the broad stone steps, entered the mansion.

We will leave them there, and follow KATE'S little protege as he wends his way through narrow streets and alleys, in an opposite direction from the current of fashion still sweeping down Washington street. He holds his bouquet with a tight clasp, as if fearful of losing the new-found treasure; and as he hurries along, old and young eyes look with wonder at the strange apparition,—flowers, and *such* flowers, in winter!—and little hands are stretched out eagerly, but in vain; for CHARLEY knows there are dear eyes at home that will brighten at the unexpected sight, and he must show the gift, unmarred, to them.

At length he pauses before a large tenement building, where families are crowded in with but little regard to comfort, and none to convenience. Ascending two flights of stairs, he enters a room, which, despite the visible poverty, is scrupulously clean, and the humble furniture is arranged in a tasteful manner, imparting a home-like look to the narrow limits. There are two women busily sewing; one, with silvered hair and careworn brow, the other young and fair, but there is a hectic flush upon her cheek, and now and then her hand is pressed involuntarily upon her sides, while a dry, hacking cough is echoed by a sigh from her mother's lips.

"Do lay aside your work, ANNE, for a little while, and go down stairs and see MARY SPRAGUE. She may like a little assistance from you, for this is her wedding night, you know."

"Sure enough, mother; and I promised to plait her hair. But there'll be time enough, by and by; and here comes CHARLEY."

"Mother! ANNE! guess what I've got!" he exclaimed, holding his hand behind him. "But, oh! you *never can*, so I'll show you." And with childish delight he displayed his floral prize.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" exclaimed Mrs. WESTON and her daughter, as they examined the flowers. "But, CHARLEY, where did you get them?" was his mother's inquiry.

"Oh! a lady gave them to me, and she had such a sweet, kind face."

"But how dared you ask her for them?" said ANNE; "these flowers must have cost a great deal of money."

"I didn't *ask* her," answered CHARLEY; "I only *looked* at them, and she gave them to me; but I thanked her, I did, and I shall always love her."

"She was indeed kind," said ANNE, "and I wish I could thank her too; for I have been pining for the flowers to come once more, and these will do me more good than medicine. But we mustn't be selfish about them," she continued, as she unwound the boquet, carefully laying the flowers in her lap; "this japonica, and these sprays of white jasmine, will be just the thing for MARY'S hair."

"And I," added her mother, "would like to carry a few of them to poor Mrs. BROWN, whose baby died last night."

"Oh! do, mother; these white rose-buds and geranium leaves will be so sweet!"

And mother and daughter, intent on sharing their happiness with their friends, left CHARLEY to arrange the remaining blossoms in a large tumbler, while one ascended the rickety stairs to the death-chamber, and the other went down to the cosy rooms of the old shoemaker, SIMON SPRAGUE, on the second floor.

Mrs. BROWN had just completed the sad task of preparing the lifeless form of her infant for its last resting-place. Very plain was the little pine coffin; but the mother's tears fell upon the coarse pillow with as much heartfelt grief as was ever manifested above the costly rosewood and satin-lined casket, in the stately abode of the wealthy. True, they were very poor, and the 'hard times' made it indeed a difficult task to procure needful food and decent raiment, but what parent would ever willingly resign a child for the sake of abridging the family expenses?

Mrs. WESTON entered quietly, and placing a tiny rosebud in the waxen fingers, and laying a few flowers about the little face, bent down and kissed the baby brow with that reverence which one cannot but feel in the presence of the dead. "Bless you,—bless you!" was all that the sorrow-stricken mother could say; and her husband coming in at that moment, she pointed silently towards the beautiful blossoms, which were so strange a sight in that dark dwelling, and he, rough and uncultivated man that he was, gazed at them with tear-dimmed eyes, and thanked Mrs. WESTON in a husky whisper.

Meanwhile, ANNE was seated in her friend's little bedroom, and MARY knelt at her feet, looking with delight at the unexpected offering which would be so appropriate for a bride, and talking in the low tone which seems ever to be the chosen medium of happy thoughts. She had long been betrothed to WILLIAM MASON, an honest, industrious mechanic; and now that her younger sister, to whom she had been as a mother since the death of their kind parent, had grown to woman's estate, she felt that she could safely leave her to take care of their old father, and she was now to become the light of another home, humble indeed, but rich in a pure love, which gold can never buy.

ANNE plaited the long raven tresses, and twined therein snowy blossoms and dark green leaves; and when MARY, attired in her simple muslin dress, went to her father's side to receive his approving smile, no wonder that he gazed upon her with admiring fondness; and when the entrance of the happy bridegroom called the rose-tint to her cheek, WILLIAM might well say, with affectionate pride, "You never looked half so pretty before, my MARY!"

But we may not linger in that humble abode, nor watch the fading blossoms which for many days were so carefully treasured, and when all their beauty had fled, little CHARLEY laid away the dry stalks and withered leaves as a memento of "the dear, kind lady," for whose well-remembered face he long looked whenever he passed through the fashionable thoroughfares of the city.

Two slips of geraniums there were, which, set out in broken pitchers, grew green and thrifty. One stood in the window near which old SIMON SPRAGUE sat on his bench, plying his awl and waxed ends. He would pause in the midst of some psalm-tune which he was humming, to count the leaves and buds on what he always called "MARY'S posy." The other plant was carefully tended by gentle ANNE WESTON for a few months, when its leaves shed their fragrance within her coffin—a fitting emblem of her sweet memory, as it lingered in the heart of her mother and brother; but oh! far more transient was that perfume than the deep, abiding affection which enshrined that lovely girl in the inmost souls of those who had best known and loved her on earth.

Thus much for the history of the bouquet. Let us resume our acquaintance with the kind donor and her fashionable friends.

We will precede them to the stately mansion of Mrs. REVERE, on the evening of the same day which witnessed our introduction to them. The hostess was a wealthy and beautiful widow, and her only brother, PERCY LINCOLN, having recently returned from a three years' sojourn in the old world, she determined to honor the event with an assembly which should be the most elegant and attractive of the season. The brother and sister stood together in the princely suite of rooms, marking the effect of the lights and the arrangement of the furniture, and chatting merrily of the anticipated pleasures of the evening. "Grant me one favor, sister mine," at length he exclaimed. "Anything you may ask," was her reply; "could I deny you aught, PERCY?"

"Then allow me to ensconce myself behind the velvet drapery, which nearly conceals the bow window in the library from view. I wish to see awhile, without being seen, and I will join you by and by;" and, bowing with mock reverence, he touched his lips to the daintily-gloved hand of Mrs. REVERE, and retired to his chosen retreat before the door-bell commenced giving its continual summons. Mrs. REVERE received her guests with that perfect ease and affability which had ever made her a favorite in her large circle of acquaintance. The parlors were soon thronged with lively groups of fair and graceful forms, clad in costly robes of every hue. Ladies there were who might have passed for queens, with their jeweled diadems; others haughtily tossed the flowing plumes which adorned their hair; and others still, with studied simplicity, wore no other ornament save Nature's gems—beautiful flowers.

Prominent among the gay crowd were JULIA and AMELIA RICHMOND and GEORGIA WASHBURN. Their silks were of the richest texture, but too showy to please a fastidious taste; their silver bouquet-holders contained the choicest exotics, and pearls were gleaming among the dark tresses of the two sisters; while their cousin had encircled the heavy braids of her hair with a golden wreath; and the pins, rings, chains and bracelets, which they all so lavishly displayed, could not but suggest to the beholder their resemblance to a jeweler's show-case.

And KATE was there, too, but without a single ornament. Her dress of azure-hued moire-antique was rich but simple, and the luxuriant waves of her soft brown hair needed no adornment. Her sisters had relented while performing their toilette, and offered to share their flowers with her, or lend her some of their jewels; but while she thanked them for their proffered kindness, she declined availing herself of it, and seemed perfectly willing to abide by the consequences of what they had termed her rashness and folly, while they prophesied that if she went dressed in that plain and unheard-of manner, she would not receive a single attention from any gentleman the whole evening, "unless," suggested Miss JULIA, "some prim old bachelor, or fatherly widower, takes pity on you, and takes you out of the corner for a promenade."

Such remarks were too frequent from her sisters to make any very deep impression on KATE'S spirits. Never had she felt more happy, and her blue eyes shone with an unwonted radiance as she glided through the splendid apartments at Mrs. REVERE'S. There was a child-like simplicity and grace in her movements which could not fail of winning the admiration of all who prefer Nature to Art; and Mrs. REVERE was not surprised an hour later to hear her brother's whispered request for an introduction to "that charming fairy," who, he declared, had at last lured him from his secluded nook in the library. Nor did he afterwards seem inclined to return thither, but through the remainder of the evening he hovered about KATE RICHMOND—now talking of a favorite author, or recounting some of his foreign adventures; then examining a choice engraving, or looking at a costly painting; anon asking her opinion on some of the leading questions of the day, and listening with pleased attention to her views, at once candidly and politely expressed; and if he were called away to greet an old acquaintance, or be presented to a new one, he invariably sought out that modest girl, whose unaffected nature and well-stored mind had a peculiar charm for him. Nor could she be quite insensible to the attentions of one so noble and gifted as PERCY LINCOLN; one, whom to know was but to admire and love. And yet, true to herself, she received the half-envious congratulations of her sisters upon what they termed her "splendid conquest," with the same gentle and unruffled spirit which had enabled her to bear their reproaches so meekly.

Need we go on to relate how, a year from that memorable evening, there was a select party at Mr. RICHMOND'S, on which occasion his elder daughters, still left to their maiden meditations, appeared in their gay dresses and jewels, while our friend KATE, again leaning upon PERCY LINCOLN'S arm, wore white satin and orange blossoms. After the solemn and impressive rite had been performed, and the newly wedded and truly happy husband and wife had received the congratulations of their friends, PERCY reminded his lovely bride of their first meeting just one year previous. "But," added he, "I saw you once before, on the afternoon of the same day, when you gave a bouquet to a little boy in the street. I was attracted by the novel spectacle, and thought I had never witnessed a more beautiful tableau than the whole scene presented. I determined at any rate to learn your name, and to ascertain from personal acquaintance if that generous and unprecedented deed were in keeping with your real character. I at once recognized you in my sister's house,—and you know all the rest. Blessings on you, my true and noble KATE!"

Rochester, N. Y., November, 1859.

Wit and Humor.

THE BASHFUL MAN.

WASHINGTON IRVING at a party in England, one day playfully asserted that the love of annexation which the Anglo-Saxon race displayed on every occasion, proceeded probably from its *mauvaise honte*, rather than its greediness. As a proof he cited the story of a bashful friend of his, who being asked to a dinner party, sat down to the table next to the hostess in a great state of excitement, owing to his recluse life. A few glasses of wine mounting to his brain, completed his confusion, and dissipated the small remains of his presence of mind. Casting his eyes down he saw on his lap some white linen. "My heavens," thought he, "that's my shirt protruding at my waistband." He immediately commenced to tuck in the offending portion of his dress, but the more he tucked in, the more there seemed to remain. At last he made a desperate effort, when a sudden crash around him, and a scream from the company, brought him to his senses. He had been all the time stuffing the tablecloth into his breeches, and last time had swept everything clean off the table. Thus our bashful friend annexed a tablecloth, thinking it the tail of his own shirt.

THE SIDEWALK CEMETERY.—One of our Massachusetts exchanges tells a good story of a jolly fellow who, on the "Glorious Fourth," passing along the streets of Springfield, in that State, saw the inscription, "B. K. Bliss, Apothecary," neatly chiseled on a marble slab in the centre of the sidewalk. Stepping reverently over the stone, he turned round, and reading slowly, "B. K. Bliss, *Apoplexy*," exclaimed, "Apoplexy—yes—well—but what in creation did they bury him under the sidewalk for?"

A STRONG RECOMMENDATION.—A peddlar wishing to recommend his razors to the gaping crowd, thus addressed them:—"Gentlemen, the razors I hold in my hand were made in a cave by the light of a diamond in the province of Andalusia in Spain. They cut as quick as thought, and are as bright as the morning star. A word or two more, and I am certain you will buy them. Lay them under your pillow at night, and you will find yourself clean shaved in the morning."

A PERSON'S FEELINGS AT SEA.—The first hour that a person spends at sea is commonly devoted to admiring man's triumph over the deep—the next in admitting that the deep is gradually triumphing over him. "Steward, where's my room? I begin to feel as if I should very soon need a little weak brandy, or a good deal of tin basin."

A STRING OF LITTLE JOKERS.

"THAT, sir, is the Spirit of the Press," said a lady, as she handed a glass of cider to a gentleman.

EXTREMES meet. Civilization and barbarism come together. Savage Indians and fashionable ladies paint their faces.

THREE things that never agree—two cats over one mouse, two wives in one house, and two lovers after one young lady.

A NEGRO'S instructions for putting on a coat were:—"Fust de right arm, den de lef, and den gib one general conwulshun."

PAWNBROKERS and hard drinkers often take *pledges;* we fear that the former generally keep them longest.

A LEADING maxim with almost every politician is always to keep his countenance, and never to keep his word.

ANY paper can publish the appointments after the coming in of a new administration, but what paper in the world is large enough to publish half the *dis*appointments?

ONE day Jerrold was asking about the talent of a young painter, when his companion declared that the youth was mediocre. "The very worst *ochre* an artist can set to work with," was the quiet reply.

A BOOK about England has just been published in Germany, in which the author mentions, among other equally interesting facts, that thieves are so scarce in that country, that a reward is often offered for the discovery of one.

SOME rude country critic quoting the London Times' remark that our Secretary of the Treasury has woven "some curious financial webs," remarks that they are like other Cobb-webs. We wonder is the critic intentionally personal?

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 33 letters.
My 13, 30, 22, 26 is the name of a State and river in the United States.
My 19, 17, 21 is a kind of fish.
My 11, 6, 13, 4, 29, 16 has been witnessed during the past summer.
My 27, 7, 20, 2 is what a husband does over buttonless shirts.
My 24, 14, 1, 32, 25 grows only in summer.
My 33, 4, 10, 1, 21 is what every farmer should have.
My 23, 5, 8, 14, 28, though human, is brought into bondage.
My 16, 31, 3, 7 is an adverb.
My 29, 16 is a preposition.
My 12, 9, 22, 23, 15 is what a refined lady loves to do in company.
My whole is essential to good manners.
Oakstone Dell, Wis., 1859. CHARLEY.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 84 letters.
My 1, 47, 30, 48, 7 was an American general.
My 4, 57, 15, 2, 11, 47, 10, 48, 57, 31, 24, 73, 74 was a maritime city of Caria, the birthplace of Herodotus.
My 6, 57, 8, 12, 22, 38, 47, 31 was a Carthaginian general.
My 18, 47, 38, 9, 37, 58, 49, 67 was a mountain of Campania, famous for its wine.
My 16, 57, 48, 3, 47, 42, 73, 74 was a son of Jupiter, the father of Pelops, and king of Phrygia.
My 20, 47, 74, 17, 21, 48, 53, 5, 18, 58 was commander-in-chief of the American army.
My 23, 47, 30, 50, 26, 31, 57 betrayed the Roman citadel to the Sabines.
My 27, 47, 60, 10, 32, 59 was an American general.
My 29, 36, 10, 33, 14, 76, 75, 67 was a celebrated hero, the son of Jupiter and Alcmena.
My 34, 47, 19, 24, 28, 41, 65, 62, 74 was the shepherd by whom Romulus and Remus were brought up.
My 40, 47, 35, 57 is the goddess of Report.
My 43, 39, 76, 65, 44, 47, 56, 74 was one of the captors of Major Andre.
My 45, 25, 47, 76, 69, 67 was one of the seven wise men of Greece.
My 50, 46, 57, 51, 61, 24 was the name of an island on which was a tower, esteemed one of the seven wonders of the world.
My 55, 54, 7, 35, 52, 74, 66, 61, 11, 76, 75, 74 was a celebrated Athenian general in the Persian war.
My 59, 60, 75, 34, 64, 31 was the wife of Peleus and mother of Achilles.
My 63, 61, 65, 77, 75 was an English general who was killed in 1759.
My 68, 18, 70, 9 was an English officer who took a prominent part in the American Revolution.
My 71, 33, 75, 67, 7, 14, 24 was one of the most celebrated heroes of antiquity.
My 79, 72, 2, 56, 7, 19, 24 was a king of Arcadia and priest of Apollo.
My 82, 26, 51, 78, 61, 43 was a giant who was slain by Hercules, and whose oxen were driven into Greece.
My whole may be found in the eighteenth psalm.
Bennett's Corners, N. Y., 1859. H. N. ARCHER.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

THE area of a certain right-angled triangular field is 15 acres, and the longer segment of the hypothenuse, made by a perpendicular, let fall from the right-angle on the hypothenuse, measures 64 perches. Required the sides of the triangle. ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Penn., 1859.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 514.

Answer to Biblical Enigma:—A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grevious words stir up anger.

Answer to Riddle:—Philadelphia.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—3 miles square, or 5,760 acres.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:

Harper's Ferry Armory raid excels all Kansas doings.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

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RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

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THE GREAT CROPS OF THE COUNTRY.

THE Census Returns reveal strange and important facts, and we occasionally look over these large volumes of apparently dry figures with interest and profit. They teach us facts—sometimes facts which at first we can hardly credit, but which must be so, for figures tell the truth. Should we ask which are the three greatest crops of the country, the answer in most cases would unhesitatingly be, wheat, corn and cotton, and yet figures show the hay crop to be more important than either wheat or cotton. The product of corn at the time the last census was taken, was 591,610,092 bushels, which at 50 cents per bushel would be $295,805,466. The hay crop is stated at 13,962,756 tuns, which at $10 per tun is $139,627,560. The wheat raised was 100,061,962 bushels, which at the estimate price of $1 per bushel would give the same number of dollars. Ohio is the greatest producer of corn, but Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana and Tennessee are nearly equal. New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio are the greatest producers of hay. New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Virginia, Illinois and Indiana are first on the list as producers of wheat.

Fourth in order, we have the cotton, of which 2,445,779 bales are reported, which at $80 per bale gives a value of $73,373,370. Oats, 146,478,170 bushels worth, at 40 cents, $58,589,389. Potatoes, 108,880,590, at 38 cents, $30,474,628. The cotton, of course, is grown exclusively in the Southern States, Alabama being the greatest producer, and Georgia and Mississippi and South Carolina following in order. New York and Pennsylvania each produce more oats than any other two States. Illinois and Virginia are about equal. New York produces nearly as many potatoes as any other three States; and Georgia and Pennsylvania next.

We have now given the statement, furnished us by the Census, of the products of our six largest crops and their estimated value. The sugar crop is far less than we supposed, being only sixteen millions. We have often felt disposed to quarrel with these figures, considering that sugar has ceased to be a luxury, and is now a necessity in almost every family, but, of course, this we are not prepared to do, and must wait patiently for the next Census. The tobacco crop exceeds that of sugar by more than three millions of dollars. Tobacco to the value of about a million and a half is grown in Northern States. Sugar to the value of twenty to forty millions is annually imported.

But, in all the curious facts shown by figures, there is nothing more curious or interesting than the average products of the great crops per acre, as shown by the following table:

ACTUAL CROPS PER ACRE ON THE AVERAGE.

STATES.	Wheat, bush.	Oats, bushels.	Indian Corn, bushels.	Irish Potatoes, bushels.
Connecticut	..	21	40	85
Illinois	11	29	33	115
Indiana	12	30	33	100
Iowa	14	36	32	101
Maine	14	..	37	120
Massachusetts	16	28	31	170
Minnesota	10	26	28	145
New Hampshire	11	30	30	220
New Jersey	11	26	33	..
New York	12	25	27	100
Ohio	13	21	28	..
Pennsylvania	15	..	30	..
Rhode Island	..	30	..	100
Vermont	16	..	33	170
Wisconsin	11	25	30	..
Alabama	5	12	15	60
Arkansas	..	18	12	..
Delaware	11	20	30	..
Florida	15	..	..	175
Georgia	5	15	15	125
Kentucky	8	15	24	110
Louisiana	..	..	16	..
Maryland	14	21	23	..
Mississippi	5	12	18	125
Missouri	11	28	34	170
North Carolina	7	10	17	..
South Carolina	8	12	11	..
Tennessee	7	19	21	120
Texas	15	..	20	200
Virginia	7	13	18	..

Only think of the farmers of sterile Connecticut beating those of the fat prairies of Illinois at their own game, growing Indian corn; and the farmers of Massachusetts and Vermont producing 170 bushels of potatoes to the acre, and those of rocky New Hampshire over 200, while we of New York obtain only 100, and Pennsylvania only 75 bushels, while Texas carries off the palm, and averages 250. This difference, we think, is not to be accounted for by soil or climate. There must be difference in the men, in the system of cultivation; for in some cases where nature seems to be the most propitious, the product is the least. We leave these figures, without further remark, to the contemplation of our friends, hoping that all will feel a noble pride in having their State give a report of which they will have no reason to be ashamed, when the next Census shall be taken, in 1860.

THOMERY SYSTEM OF PRUNING AND TRAINING THE VINE.

HEREWITH we give the plan of pruning and training the Grape Vine, practiced at Thomery, near Fontainbleau, France, a locality famed for the excellence of its grapes, which McINTOSH says are so fine that they are sent as presents over most of the European continent. It is called the "*Thomery System*," and with some modification is well adapted to the growth of the grape in cities, as the vine can be made to cover the entire fronts of the highest houses, entirely out of the reach of passers by, the trunks being protected by a suitable box or casing, for ten or more feet from the sidewalk. Barns may be covered in the same way, the vine being entirely out of reach of the cattle.

At one end of the trellis is seen a strong post, around which wires are fastened. To keep the post upright it must be braced, but the bracing is not shown. At the other end little portions of wire are shown, designated by figs. 1 and 2. The portions of the vine lying along (2) and sustained in place by it are called arms. Those shoots fastened towards the tops to the wires (1) are called the courses (cordons;) and on 4 are seen properly loaded with fruit, but represented without the leaves, for when the leaves are in place, very little of the fruit is visible. The figure 3 indicates the standards from which the arms are taken The one nearest to the post and the fifth furnish arms for the lower courses The second and the sixth furnish arms for the upper courses. The third and the seventh for second courses from the top. The fourth and eighth for the remaining courses, which completes the system, which, when loaded with fruit, will all be like the one designated by 4. In our horticultural page will be found a full description of this system of pruning and training the vine.

JOHN JOHNSTON ON WINTERING SHEEP.

MR. JOHNSTON says in the RURAL of Nov. 5th, "If every farmer would feed each of his sheep one "bushel of corn, or 60 pounds of oats, buckwheat "or barley, (whichever he found cheapest) during "winter, with good straw, even, for fodder, they "would pay him better for the grain, by far, than "if he were to carry it to market and sell it for "cash. But if he would feed each sheep 90 pounds "of corn, or other grain, they would still pay him "better for the grain—they would yield him "double the wool to what they did when he fed "no grain—they would raise him double the "number, and much better lambs."

That assurance was given about *election time*, when experience has taught mankind that a certain tinge of vagueness and uncertainty attaches to human affairs. I have some Merino ewes which have sheared *six pounds* of wool, and brought from one to two lambs, without being fed any grain. Am I to understand that feeding them "90 pounds of corn" this coming winter, will make them shear *twelve* pounds of wool, each, and raise from two to four lambs apiece? I endorse most heartily the opinion that frequently it will pay to feed sheep 60 pounds, and even 90 pounds, of grain each during the winter; but I am of opinion that no *universal rule* can be adopted as to the amount of grain which it is expedient to feed.

An abundance of good, sweet, nutritious grass will put sheep in good order in the summer time, and *the best of hay and the best of care* will keep well-formed, hearty, middle-aged sheep in good condition through the winter. I have seen sheep wintered on hay alone (with plenty of water) that were as fat as it is profitable, in my judgment, to have sheep. I believe there is such a thing as breeding animals too fat. My father was in the habit of selecting choice portions of white clover, red clover, and fine upland timothy, which he cut early and cured carefully for his sheep. He fed rather abundantly, and made the big colts and steers eat the "orts" or leavings; he claimed that he could keep his sheep in good order in this way, *and he did it*. It was not uncommon for his half blood Merino wethers to have twenty-five pounds tallow the fall after they were three years old, fattened, on grass. He insisted that "good pastures are indispensable to good farming"—that whoever neglected to get their stock in good order on pasture, had missed a golden opportunity. I have known cattle gain in winter on hay; but, in general, if stock is poor in the fall, particularly sheep, it requires grain to keep them along and make any improvement. I admit—I assert—I insist—nay, *I insist with emphasis, that stock of any kind pays better if kept well than if kept poor;* but there is one thing which Mr. JOHNSTON *did not say* in his excellent communication above referred to, which should never be lost sight of:— *Every art and every science should be exhausted* in getting animals up in good condition *before grain is resorted to.*

Mr. PAGE, of Wyoming, drives fat horses—Mr. PAGE does not feed grain—Mr. PAGE considers horses that eat a good deal of grain, on the highway of ruin. He buys a horse accustomed to a forced and artificial life, viz.:—a half bushel of oats per day; he puts the horse aforesaid on grass (Graham) diet; the horse grows poor—("you thought he would?" you miserable!)—*after two months he grows fat*, and Mr. PAGE, in his quiet way, will explain to you that you can do a good fair day's work every day with your team and feed no grain, if you will be *right and regular* in your management, and so add five to ten years to their life.

You buy a buck of Messrs. BLOCK, CORN & Co., of Vt.; you have prudent notions; you feed him only two quarts of grain per day. Firstly, he grows poor. Secondly, he dies.

I am bad in that department, but I believe Naturalists do not put our farm stock generally into the class of *granivorous* animals, (feeding on grain,) but in the department of *gramnivorous*, (living on grass.) I don't care a snap for the natural-s—what did I call them?—any way, I know, and every body may know, that the *sheep and goats* that for ages climbed the rugged hillsides, the *bulls and bisons* that roam the western wilds or the eastern plains, the horses of the desert or the prairie, must through long centuries have descended from ancestors that had no regular supplies of grain to draw upon, and from the necessities of the case their constitutions, their habits, their *very natures must have been formed from and adapted to the* HERBAGE *they lived upon.* We innovate at our peril. The best anybody can do is to look and learn. Observe the order of Nature. If young animals of any kind can be made to grow on fresh, sweet, nutritious grass and hay, with the the addition of apples, roots, &c., with little or no grain, it seems better for their subsequent health and longevity than if they are early accustomed to the "*stimulus*" of grain. It often, very often happens, that stock is left through neglect, in the hurrying season of haying and harvesting, in pastures so short that they go back irreparably, and the same thing or worse is suffered to occur when animals remain in fields covered with frosts and early snows, but *utterly stripped of vegetation*, just before "foddering begins." In this way they frequently go back in three weeks more than they can be made to gain in six weeks by the largest amount of grain that could be given to them. The moral of all this is, that stock should be kept up, *without grain if you can, with grain if you must!*

It is proper that I should add, that whatever objections may be made to feeding store animals, and particularly young animals, largely on grain, the objection does not apply to stock intended for slaughter within a year. Sheep or cattle to be butchered the coming summer will produce more and better meat if they are liberally fed on meal the coming winter, and very likely they may be sold in an *early* market, where they will bring a third more than if kept till fall to fatten on grass. The subject is so large, every way, that I will continue it in a subsequent number.—D. T. D.

SAVING FODDER.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I would like to say a few words to my brother farmers who read your paper, as their name is "legion," in regard to the necessity of using every means in their power, in order to keep their stock in good condition the coming winter, as cheaply as possible. There is a real scarcity of hay and fodder in nearly all parts of the Empire State, and the question,—"what shall we feed, and how?"—has to be met full in the face, and any facts throwing light on the matter are seasonable.

There is a great deal of coarse fodder saved this year, and by a judicious manner of feeding, stock may be wintered as well as upon good hay.—When a boy, the writer had a pair of steers, two years old, that he wanted to fatten and sell for beef. As we were short of hay, we experimented until we ascertained the following facts. Cows, two-year-olds, and three-year-olds, will keep in the same condition, neither gaining nor losing, if fed two quarts of corn meal, or its equivalent, per day, with cut straw. I fattened my steers, and my father fattened some also, giving them all the cut straw they would eat, and *three* quarts of meal each, per diem. The cut straw was wet, and the meal was thoroughly mixed with it before feeding. Oxen, and heavier steers, would probably need more meal to fatten them. We fed, last winter, a flock of sheep, after the plan pursued by JOHN JOHNSTON, Esq., of Geneva. We gave them all the good, bright, wheat straw they would eat, three times a day, and one bushel of corn to the 100 sheep daily. Lambs cannot be kept in this way as so much grain will be apt to make them scour; at least, such is our experience in the matter.

With the exception of sheep, all stock can be wintered more economically on *meal*, than on whole grain, fed in connection with hay or straw. According to the experiments of CASSIUS M. CLAY, and others, cooked meal is worth, for hogs, three times as much as whole grain. In all the experiments that I have seen, meal is worth *double* that of unground grain for cattle or hogs, and, perhaps, horses. In case a farmer has fodder and grain to buy, or even if he has the needed quantity of grain, the fact that by grinding it he can save one-half, should not be lost sight of, for an instant. Any man who feeds fifty bushels, or more, annually, can illy afford to do without a farm mill, or a cooking apparatus,—but the mill being the most convenient of the two, is the one most to be recommended. I have a Leavitt's "Young America" will, but would like to exchange it for one, that is not a *cob* mill. It does not pay, for me at least, to grind and feed cobs when I can get bran for $16 per ton at our mills. There was a mill at the American Institute Fair, New York, and at our State Fair, at Albany, which I have seen tried elsewhere, that would suit me far better than any other I have seen. It does not grind the grain, but breaks it—*fine* too, an important requisite.—I believe it was called "Sanford's" mill, made by R. L. HOWARD, of Buffalo. I have forgotten the price, but as it is a simple mill, I presume it is cheap. After any farmer has used a mill one year, he would not care to be without. The saving in grain soon pays for it, and a good mill will last a life time, except the grinders, and they can be replaced in "Young America" for three dollars; and I presume the "Sanford mill," can be rejuvenated equally cheap.

If sheep are the principal stock, I do not believe it would pay to grind the corn for them, as they never void corn undigested. An acquaintance tried feeding two flocks of wethers one winter, and the flock fed on whole corn gained as fast, apparently, as those fed on meal—the same number of bushels being fed to each flock. To feed sheep profitably, and to winter them cheaply, the best way is to feed them their hay or straw in racks, under good, tight sheds. After careful experiment, I can safely affirm that sheep fed under good sheds, will not consume more than two-thirds as much fodder as when fed in racks out of doors.—It requires less food to keep up the animal heat in warm sheds, than when the sheep are out of doors, and in the latter case, if any hay gets the least

rain, or wet upon it, the sheep will not eat it, even to avoid starvation. Enough fodder can be saved in one winter to pay for good stables for either cattle or sheep, and the animals look so much better, too, that I wonder any farmer would be so *extravagant* as to feed good hay or straw to either cattle or sheep out of doors, exposed to storms, and to certain loss in flesh.

To recapitulate. If you have not hay enough, or have only coarse fodder, feed abundance of grain, well ground, i. e., *ground fine*, make your stables and sheds tight, and *enough of them*, and my word for it, hay will be cheaper next spring than now. D. A. A. NICHOLS.

Westfield, N. Y., 1859.

A WORD FOR DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

"I WISH my cattle had a better shelter," is the cry of the humane but improvident farmer, as each winter he sees those poor, patient servants of his standing in the open air, suffering from storms of wind, rain and snow, or shivering in the cold comfort of the leeward side of barn or stack; and pity for their dependent, shelterless condition moves him to resolve that next summer he will set about providing warm, substantial barns and sheds for them. But, when summer comes again, the immediate, pressing need of such conveniences has passed away; and, occupied with things that *must be done now*, the owner's good resolution is half forgotten till the sight of his animals exposed to the severities of another winter brings it once more to mind. If the season when the want of comfortable housing for cattle is most imperatively felt were also the time for supplying that want, doubtless few farms would be without a suitable provision of this kind; but, unfortunately for the poor creatures most interested, the building of shelters for stock is one of the things that cannot be done the moment they are needed; and so the race of well-intentioned but procrastinating farmers continually put off the execution of their benevolent resolves.

The motive of gain, though more generally effective than any other, is not the only nor the worthiest one that can be urged in favor of careful and considerate treatment of domestic animals. Pleas for shelter for these out-door servants of man have, hitherto, been made up, principally, of appeals to the selfishness of their masters. The less quantity of food his cattle would require, and the greater amount of work they would be able to perform, the larger supply of wool his sheep would yield, and the less hay and grain they would consume—such are the reasons commonly employed to induce the owner of domestic animals to provide them comfortable shelter. Now and then, the comparative helplessness of the brute creation, their position of dependence on man, their sensibility to cold, hunger, &c., &c., are brought forward to make up a claim on the compassionate nature of the lord of the lower animals. The economists' argument is as good as anything purely selfish can be; the plea of the sentimentalist would sound better if we did not remember what we have been told, that in their natural state, horses, cattle, sheep, &c., managed to take tolerable care of themselves, and that man reduced them to subjection and dependence.

The question whether the owners of farm stock shall provide comfortable shelter for their animals is not properly one of self-interest merely, nor of self-interest joined with the compassion due from a being of high capabilities to one of lower endowments; it is, and should be treated, partly, at least, as a question of justice. The proper relation between servant and served is based on the principle of mutual benefit. We should be ashamed to deprive the humblest creatures of liberty and compel their services, unless, in return, we care for them better than they could care for themselves. What they receive from us in the way of food and shelter should not be regarded as so much unavoidably subtracted from the profits of their labor, their fleece, or their carcass; nor bestowed grudgingly as a sort of alms, but cheerfully paid as rightful wages. It is as much their due as if they were capable of bargaining for it, and withdrawing their services in case of breach of contract by the other party. It is time the relation between man and the brute creation were considered in another than coldly economical point of view; let us have a plea for the right usage of domestic animals addressed to the pockets, the sympathies, and the consciences of their owners. A.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1859.

ABOUT BUTTER AND CHEESE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In the RURAL of Nov. 5th, we noticed an article headed Butter and Cheese, and the question, What has become of them? This question is a very important one, not only to your State, (N. Y.,) but to all of the Northern ones, both East and West. That article says—"There would seem to be a general falling off in the dairy product of this State, (meaning N. Y., I presume,) judging from the present prices of butter and cheese." The article also gives figures of the prices of both those commodities for one month, (October) of each year, for ten years—viz: from 1850 to 1859, inclusive. During the first five years, butter averaged 15½ cents per pound, and cheese 6½ cents per pound. During the next five years we find an increase of nearly twenty-five per cent., which is surely a profitable investment for farmers. But even at these prices we can hardly find either for sale.

In this State, (Michigan,) at our market, (Kalamazoo,) we can scarcely find a pound of butter at any price, at this date (Nov. 18th,) for sale,—and when we *do* find it, have to pay from 18 to 22 cents. Now, we claim this ought not and need not be. Admitting Michigan to be a grain, rather than a dairy country, still there can be butter and cheese enough produced for all home consumption, and some exported at far less figures than those above. The failure is just here: farmers are too slack about this matter, and leave it rather to circumstances than systematic calculation. In traveling through the State in almost any direction, we will see cattle of all kinds (cows included,) standing out beside a straw-stack or fence, shivering in a cold November storm, with nothing to eat except what they can pick themselves from said straw-stack, and giving, when milked, from 1 to 3 quarts per milking. This, we say, is the condition (except in isolated cases,) of cows in this State. This is one of the causes, and a very prominent one, of a deficiency in butter and cheese. Another is want of good stock,—but few farmers taking the pains to improve their stock by breeding from thorough-breds. If farmers would only wake up to the necessity of a reformation in this department, they would find they could make more money, and make it easier, by judicious management, at butter ranging from 12 to 15, and cheese from 6 to 8 cents per pound, by making more of it, to say nothing about the advantage accruing to their stock in good looks and better condition.

More on this subject at a subsequent date, if this is not consigned to the dark drawer.

Kalamazoo, Mich., 1859. YOUNG FARMER.

THE DAIRY vs. GRAIN GROWING ON THE PRAIRIES.

GRAIN-GROWING upon the prairies seems now to have reached its maximum, so far as economical production by labor-saving machinery is to aid it. The plow and the reaper find naught to obstruct their progress or hinder their labor. When the price is fair it is indeed a fertile source of wealth, but at all times its market is to be sought thousands of miles away, and when low prices rule the cost of carriage consumes much of the product.

Not so with the dairy—especially the cheese dairy. The home demand exceeds the supply, and orders have now to be drawn upon the States of Ohio and New York to supply the deficit. And this too in a land where pasturage is unlimited in frequent localities, and forage of all kinds is abundant and easily supplied. At the present day the capital to be invested in grain growing is nearly or quite as large as that for dairying, but owing to past success all eyes have been turned toward the production of grain, and the business of dairying is lost sight of.

Every farmer who uses machinery must own it himself, or pay others for owning and working it, which amounts to the same thing, and here is opened an expenditure for reapers and drills and cultivators equaling the cost of quite a herd of cows. Then, the hardest work of the season comes when his neighbors are pushed to the last extremity and thousands of acres of grain are becoming over-ripened, causing "bidding up on wages" by those who wish to hire help. All these are items against the growing of grain.

The dairy has to be provided with suitable and convenient buildings for the manufacture of butter or cheese. These at the West are among the chief obstructions to opening this business upon the prairie, and have doubtless hindered many from investing in it. But the moderate price of lumber at the present date does much toward removing this hindrance. When buildings are once constructed the cost of keeping a cow for the round year is much less than at the East. Where the range is ample no interest has to be paid, either upon the land furnishing summer range or winter forage. The cost of securing hay is certainly less than at the East, while of help suited to butter and cheese making, it may be a trifle greater.

The advantages of dairying over grain-growing are, while their natural facilities are equal, the market for the dairy is found in the neighborhood at high prices, while the other has to seek a market and be governed by the fluctuations of commerce and trade. W. H. GARDNER.

Amboy, Lee Co., Ill., 1859.

A PROLIFIC SHEEP.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I noticed an article in the RURAL of Oct. 29th, speaking of a *profitable flock* of sheep owned by J. MANVEL, Dover, Md. I will speak of a *profitable sheep*. I have a small flock of South Downs, from which I give you an account of the product of one ewe, raised from one of my imported ewes. She was 4 years old last May. When one year old she raised a buck lamb; when two years old two ewe lambs; when three years old two buck lambs; when four years old two ewe lambs—in all seven lambs. I weighed this day her pair of two year old ewes—one weighed 181 pounds, the other 172 lbs. Her last spring lambs came in May; one weighed 100 lbs., the other 99 lbs. The three bucks I have disposed of, which would of course weigh at same ages as much or more. The weight of the mother when in same condition is about 190 lbs. The whole estimated present weight of the ewe and her product would be fully 1,200 lbs., from the ewe lambs of four years ago last May.

I have others as large, but none as prolific. I feed no grain or roots to my sheep—only corn stalks and hay in winter. "Who can beat it?" They are beautiful, as well as large.

RALPH H. AVERY.

Wampsville, Madison Co., N. Y., Nov., 1859.

DO BEES SELECT A HOME BEFORE SWARMING?—*Facts in the Affirmative.*—A tree was cut down, and a cavity found in it, with bees at work cleaning it out—showing a large amount of labor had been done, to make it a comfortable dwelling.—Next day, while men were at work on the fallen tree a swarm of bees came, rested on an adjoining tree, and began to make comb on the underside of a limb.

ANOTHER.—A young swarm has been known to go directly into an empty hive standing near without going through the usual form of swarming.—The question is still open, do they *always* select a home before swarming? What Bees go out to hunt the new home, Queen, Drones, or Workers?—S., *Centralia, Ill.*, 1859.

BEANS FOR FATTENING HOGS.—I think it is not generally understood that beans may be used for fattening hogs. I have had some experience in the matter, and I think there is nothing that will fat them faster than beans. They must be boiled soft and well mashed, then put into a tub or barrel and let sour. Care should be taken in feeding at first so as not to cloy them, as they make very hearty feed. Try it, you who have beans that are not merchantable.—A. C., *Le Roy, N. Y.*, 1859.

HORIZONTAL WELLS

WELLS, as opposed to living fountains of earth-drawn water, are generally reported against.—Everybody seems to love the enduring, volunteer fountain, whether found in forest or prairie—among rocks, or gurgling forth from the soil. Poets sing of these fountains and barbarians worship them—western emigrants shout "Eureka" at their discovery, and there they rest. The world of animate nature slakes its daily thirst with waters self drawn. Man and only man seeks water in the earth.

If fountains are to be chosen, why not, in hilly and mountainous regions, have all our wells fountains, by digging them horizontally into the hillsides? Mining after coal in Pennsylvania, and gold in California has clearly illustrated the fact, that wells may be dug into hillsides or banks, or bluffs, as well level or horizontally as down perpendicularly; so that every unlucky thing falling into the water becomes a portion of the contents of the well. Very many of the dairy farm houses in the Empire State may be supplied with water from the hill by means of the artificial fountains we are describing. Also dry pastures may have such wells, and the water gathered in a trough as naturally as if it had always flowed there.

Much dangerous and severe labor may also be saved in drawing the dirt by windlass from the well. Water so very troublesome in common wells, has not to be bailed in the horizontal, as it takes care of itself. The certainty of discovery or cutting off veins of water is greater with the horizontal well than the perpendicular, if it starts in near the base of a hill or anywhere as much below the surface as a common shaft would be likely to be sunk.

How much labor and cost in bringing springs in logs or pipes from distant fields, and in the end only having secured semi-cold water of not half the value for the dairy it had at its source, might have been saved by a trial of the horizontal well. The *California Farmer* indorses their efficiency, and urges farmers to construct them wherever practicable. The construction is simple and hardly need be described. When the location is chosen, let it be so that the course of the well may rise a few inches as it progresses, that the water, instead of running in, may run out. If it should be sandy or gravelly and the arch incline to fall, plank must be used to support it. The labor can be performed in a wet time or in winter, as the water runs away from instead of into the work. The dirt is easily removed with a wheel-barrow. The stoning may be with an arch in dimensions sufficient for the entrance of a man or only a drain or gutter to conduct the water. J. S.

Hornby, Steuben Co., N. Y., 1859.

SHEET-IRON EAVES CONDUCTORS.

TIN eve conductors are expensive in first cost, and soon rust and become unsightly. Their cost hinders many from providing their houses with these necessary fixtures of a dwelling well fitted to be a home. To a considerable extent this expense may be obviated by using the better sorts of sheet-iron in place of tin. Iron may be soldered as well as tin and form the gutters as well as round conductors. To enable iron to withstand, without rusting, the effects of the weather, it should be well painted with oil and lead, or gas tar, put on while the iron is a little warmed. Many buildings now needing these conductors, may have them if the owners will but hear the experience of others.

Any ingenious person having the use of tools can make a set of eve gutters answering well the purpose designed, and if there are no elbows—the conductors or spouts also. But as iron is not as readily soldered as tin, we subjoin the modus operandi, for the benefit of whom it may concern.

Bright iron edges can be soldered, but it is better to apply either sal-ammoniac or chloride of zinc to the edges to be soldered. A few pennies worth of sal-ammoniac will be sufficient. Wet this and rub it upon the brightened iron; then sprinkle on rosin and the soldering is as easy as if of tin Instead of sal-ammoniac, chloride of zinc may be used, which can be prepared as follows:—"Put into a phial or bottle a handful of bits of zinc—old sheet zinc, cleaned, will do—and pouring upon it half a gill or a gill of muriatic acid (hydrochloric acid,) with three or four times as much water. The cork should be left out until effervescence ceases." In a few hours it will be fit for use, and iron wet with it will solder as readily as if sal-ammoniac was used. It should be put on with a stick.

We think there is less apology for farmers not providing cisterns with the cost reduced to that of iron, as above given. Well painted they will be more durable than tin. AQUA FONTANIA.

Leland, Nov., 1859.

MAKING CHEESE FROM A FEW COWS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Not witnessing any reply to your correspondent on this subject, and believing that few make the trial, I will venture to give you my mode, which I have found satisfactory and successful. Having commenced a few years since, ignorant of many of the practical duties of a farmer's wife, while seeking for information I chanced to find in an agricultural paper an account of a visit by a gentleman to some of the dairies in Cheshire, England, in which he describes a small, self-acting press, from which I gathered sufficient information to order one made. It is simply a tin can, 28 inches in circumference, 8 inches deep, pierced full of small holes, the corner to be fastened by a hinge on both sides, and hook over on the outside. I use no other apparatus, except two wooden followers to fit inside when the curd does not fill the hoop. From five cows, I make each day a cheese weighing ten pounds, after supplying my family with milk. If you have not milk sufficient to fill the press at once, prepare what you have, and put in the followers placing a small weight, (a stone weighing 6 or 8 pounds is sufficient, or a dish of cold water will do as well,) upon them, and if you wish to make the full size prepare another curd and add after scarifying the first. In either case it should be turned over two or three times, and gently pressed down into the opposite cover. In this way, and with very little trouble, I have successfully supplied my family with good cheese for the past seven years. A FARMER'S WIFE.

Hartland, Ning. Co., N. Y., 1859.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

About Winter Barley.

IN a letter to the Branch County (Mich.) *Republican*, Mr. JAS. CLISBEE, a well known and prominent farmer, thus writes of winter barley:—"The barley has been grown in this vicinity for the last three years, and is, consequently, no longer an experiment. With us it has done well in every instance where it has had any chance. The general yield is from twenty to twenty-four bushels to the acre. Judging from what we have seen of the grain, it is capable of yielding eighty bushels per acre. During the past season it has been raised by the side of spring barley, and has produced four bushels to one of the spring variety. Mr. AMOS CULVER of this place (Quincy,) has raised during the past season, sixty bushels per acre on oat stubble once plowed, or one hundred and eighty bushels on three acres, and on land that has been cropped for eight years in succession."

We think it has decided advantages over spring barley, viz:—1st, It may be sown after farmers get through with their hurry in sowing their winter wheat. 2d, It may be harvested before wheat is ripe. 3d, It has no black or false heads. 4th, It yields two to one, at least. 5th, The insect will not hurt it in the fall, and it is so early that the weevil will not hurt it.

We are in hopes this barley will prove a substitute for the wheat crop, if we should be obliged to give up the cultivation of that grain in consequence of the insects and weevil, which at present threaten its destruction in Michigan. This variety of barley should be sown some time between the 15th of September and the 1st of November, requiring about two bushels of seed per acre. It will ripen ten days earlier than wheat, and leaves the ground in good condition for that grain.

Raising Stock.

IT is choice cows, sheep, horses and mules, says the *Field and Fireside*, that yield the greatest returns to skillful husbandmen. The production of scrubs, or mean stock of any kind, is rather a mean business, in a pecuniary point of view.—Raise superior animals on rich perrenial grasses, if you seek a good income from your farm in stock husbandry. Such animals may obtain part of their living from unimproved old fields, particularly sheep; but they want good clover and pea hay in the winter, or hay made from the English grasses. The most prominent error in stock growing is the attempt to rear fine hogs, cattle and sheep on scanty and defective food. Some want a good deal of meat, milk, or wool, from little or nothing. They ask nature to make them rich, while they lie in the shade in summer, and sit by the fire in winter, and leave their poor animals to nearly or quite perish from neglect.

Increasing the Weight of Wool.

THE Battle Creek (Mich.) *Jeffersonian* thus describes a method adopted by some New England farmers to improve the aggregate weight of the fleeces of their sheep. "They noted the weight of fleece of each sheep in the flock; opposite was set the number of the sheep, a corresponding number having been branded upon the animal itself at the time of taking its last clip. This course had been pursued for some years, and its results were apparent in a wool crop, brought up from an average of four pounds to over five, and a corresponding increase in size and quality of sheep. The practice had been to slaughter, and otherwise dispose of all animals ranking lowest in weight of fleece, and to improve upon the quality of the remainder by judicious crossing. The crop of this flock was disposed of at 48 cents per pound, while we were there, a buck's fleece bringing the snug sum of $5."

Preserving Butter.

A PATENT has been secured by W. CLARK, of London, Eng., for the following method of preserving butter:—"The butter is first well beaten in the usual manner after churning, then placed between linen cloths and submitted to severe pressure for removing whey and water. It is now completely enveloped or covered with clean white paper, which is coated on both sides with a preparation of the white of eggs, in which fifteen grains of salt is used for each egg. This prepared paper is first dried, then heated before a fire, or with a hot iron, just prior to wrapping it round the butter. It is stated that the butter may be kept perfectly sweet without any salt for two months, when thus treated, if placed in a cool, dry cellar. The submitting of butter to pressure, as described, is a good plan, and farmers can easily practice it with a small cheese-press."

Hints for the Farmer.

THE whitewashing of cattle and horse stalls, as well as the inside of hog cotes and henneries, not only renders them more healthy, but prevents the animals and fowls from being invested with troublesome and filthy vermin. Keep your stables and barns well littered. Leaves from the woods are excellent and absorb the liquid manure well, besides of themselves they make good manure. Nothing that will make good manure should be wasted, but carefully saved. Never undertake to fat an animal until you have first made it comfortable in bed and board. If you wonder why other people's cattle are gentle, try the discipline of kind treatment on yours, and you will soon learn the secret.

Charcoal for Fattening Animals.

THE *Valley Farmer* advocates the use of finely powdered charcoal mixed with the food of fattening animals, especially hogs, once or twice a week. It says that it serves as a medicine, and is also extremely fattening, either in itself or by rendering the food more available by strengthening and stimulating the digestive powers. We can not believe that it is, in itself, nutritious.

Linseed Cake for Heifers.

C. S. FLINT, in his new and valuable work, *Milch Cows and Dairy Farming*, says that heifers fed with a little linseed cake, in addition to their other fodder, for three months before calving, acquire a larger development of milk vessels, and yield more milk afterward, than others fed as usual. He thinks cotton-seed cake would answer equally well.

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE RURAL PROGRESSING.—Notwithstanding the complaints of "hard times" in some sections of the country, we are daily receiving the most gratifying and substantial evidence that the Eleventh Volume of the RURAL will have a far larger circulation than the present. From the highly complimentary letters and handsome remittances reaching us from all parts of the Union, Canadas, &c., we are confident no journal in the land has more ardent friends, and we shall endeavor to make the RURAL continuously worthy of such large and wide appreciation. Among the encouraging letters received by the last mail, were two which attracted attention—one from South Carolina and the other from Taunton, Mass.,—the former volunteering aid in support of the RURAL, and the other containing $4 for two years in advance. Though the same mail brought us letters from several States and the Canadas, we look upon the two cited as the most gratifying—showing, as they do, that the RURAL is regarded as an "institution" both North and South.

"STOP MY PAPER!"—Under date of "Yadkinsville, N. C., Nov. 15th, 1859," a subscriber writes us in this chivalrous wise:—"I see in your last paper a long advertisement for the *New York Tribune*, a lying, hell-fired, sectional concern. You can stop my paper immediately. I can't patronize no paper that advertises for the Tribune."

—While receiving new subscribers from all parts of the Union, (the Carolinas not excepted,) and encouraged with the prospect of adding from twenty to thirty thousand to our present circulation within the ensuing three months, such a logical, peremptory and (so far as one whole subscription is concerned) perfectly annihilating epistle as the above is a stunner—a strong dose of hydropathy for this chill weather! Our truth-loving, patriotic friend *ought* to have considered our "feelinks," and not "gone and went and done it"—crushing our fond hopes, and blasting our bright prospects in such a summary and overwhelming manner, regardless of the destructive consequences to the future weal of (not only the RURAL, but) that portion of the people of this great "Universal Yankee Nation" who subscribe to the somewhat obsolete dogmas of the Declaration of Independence, and think the "rights guaranteed by the Constitution" (including free speech to our friend, and a free press to us,) are not altogether mythical! However, we submit to the great pecuniary loss, and severe shock to our personal dignity and prospects, with becoming humility—as we have aforetime to similar dispensations of wrath from both Northern and Southern fanatics. Meantime, and perhaps for some time longer, we shall continue to edit and publish the RURAL NEW-YORKER in such manner as seemeth to us right and proper—furnishing the *paper* at $2 per annum in advance, and inserting such advertisements (from the North, South, East and West,) as we consider legitimate, at our usual rates! As the present is a good time to "stop my paper," we are thus particular in giving our platform, so that people who "*can't* patronize *no* paper" that don't square exactly with their notions may govern themselves accordingly.

SMALL FARMS IN WESTERN NEW YORK are in demand. We frequently receive private letters inquring for such farms, which create mingled feelings of pleasure and regret—pleasure that we live in a region so desirable, and regret that we are unable to respond satisfactorily. As samples of these inquiries, we quote from two letters of recent date. A prominent gentleman residing between Utica and Albany, wants what many have in this section, but what can be rarely purchased. He writes:—"I am looking for a small place (say about 50 acres,) near a railroad station, (half mile or *less*,) in a GOOD FRUIT COUNTRY; tip-top land well set out with various kinds of fruit; well watered, sufficiently timbered; first rate buildings; in a healthy climate, good society, and near churches and good schools. Do you know of such a place near Rochester or in Western New York? I apprehend places like one I want are seldom advertised for sale, and thinking it probable that, from your extensive knowledge of the country and its inhabitants, you might know of some place that would suit me, I have ventured to trouble you. If you know of a place that fits the above description, or comes very near it, and will have the goodness to let me know I will come and see it. Please let me know all the particulars you may be possessed of (as to price, terms of payment, &c.,) in regard to any place you may think will suit Whatever trouble or expense you may be to in the matter, I will cheerfully recompense you for, as, having been for forty years a resident of this snowy, cold and almost *fruitless* country, I am anxious to quit for a better." [If any one has such a place to dispose of, we will, on notification, cheerfully advise our correspondent.]

A subscriber in Otsego Co.—Mr. W. J. ATKINS of Cherry Valley—writes us as follows:—"Permit me to inquire through your valuable RURAL where I can obtain a cheap grain and dairy farm in Western New York. One with comfortable buildings, and as level as may be, preferred. Any such information will be thankfully received," &c.

GIVE THE PRICES.—If those who advertise farms, implements, &c., would state the prices, it would save trouble and expense of correspondence, and otherwise facilitate trade. Many people would readily purchase an article if the price were named, but would never write for information. We occasionally receive complaints from distant subscribers on this subject, and have heretofore requested our advertising friends to "reform it altogether." A letter just received from a subscriber in St. Clair Co., Mich., says:—"I am not a little surprised, after your giving the word of caution, to see so many new implements advertised in your paper and no price attached to them. How are we, who live 500 or 1,000 miles from the place where an article is made, ever to learn the price, and how does the vender know how many would buy if they only knew the price? Without this no man expects to buy. I have been in hopes of finding in the RURAL, as I take no other agricultural paper, a straw cutter, the price of which might correspond with my means; and now I rather supposed I had found the one, but no price is given."

KANSAS WHEAT AND AG. FAIR.—The local of the Rochester *Express* (who has spent a year or two in Kansas) says, in a late number:—"A gentleman recently returned from Kansas, yesterday exhibited to us a sample of winter wheat, grown in the vicinity of Lawrence. It is a very white, plump seed, and the specimen shown us was from a crop yielding thirty bushels to the acre, and weighing sixty-five pounds to the bushel. The past season has been very profitable to Kansas farmers. The first Agricultural Fair ever held in the Territory, came off at Lawrence, on the 6th and 7th of Sept. All parts of the Territory were represented, and the Society is now organized upon a permanent basis."

GOOD COWS.—In a recent letter Mr. JOSEPH R. DEWEY, of Cazenovia, N. Y., writes:—"The two last weeks of June past, my wife made from two cows fifty-two pounds of good butter, and we used what milk and cream was wanted in a family of four persons. One cow is native, and one half Durham."

HORTICULTURAL.

PRUNING AND TRAINING THE VINE—No. I.

On the first page of this number will be found an engraving showing a system of pruning and training the vine, called the *Thomery* system, from the name of the village near Paris where it has been practiced for more than a century, with results that have given it a world-wide celebrity. This system was designed for foreign grapes, which bear and in fact require closer pruning than our natives, for the production of good fruit. The object sought is to cover an entire trellis, of any required dimensions, uniformly with wood and fruit, in such a way as to produce the greatest amount of the best quality, for a great number of years—in fact, indefinitely, without injury to the vine. At Thomery the vines are trained to trellises screened by walls, only about eight feet in height, but we have seen in some of the cities of Europe the entire front of tall city buildings covered with vines by the same system of training, and for this purpose it might be well adopted in this country. Our barns may be covered with vines, by simply protecting the trunks, and the branches be entirely out of the reach of cattle, and the fruit secure from the poultry. For covering the fronts of buildings in cities it is admirably adapted. Dr. GRANT, of whom we obtained engravings and descriptions, says:—"I have, during the past twelve years, on the south side of my dwelling, trained vines that have borne profusely, and ripened their fruit nearly or quite two weeks earlier than those in the garden, not more than one hundred feet distant. The house is on the line of the street, and the border occupies the entire walk, twelve feet in width. Before planting, the ground was trenched three feet deep, and abundantly enriched with stable manure and wood ashes thoroughly mingled with the soil or rather gravel. Flagging was laid, and it has received no enrichment since, nor has any apparently been needed. The lower fruit-bearing courses are about twelve feet above the walk to avoid depredation. Aside from the great quantity of superior fruit yielded, we have been indebted to our vines for a most beautiful and delightfully cooling shade, for which, I think, no vine can excel the grape. The best situation for the vine is often overlooked."

The direct end to be aimed at we will suppose to be the covering a trellis, like that represented in the plate, with bearing-wood that will produce a crop of fruit like that shown at 4, (see plate,) on first page. By this system, instead of allowing a vine to bear at different elevations, the bearing-wood is confined to the same elevation, which is a great advantage, for it is difficult to make vines produce good bearing wood through a great perpendicular height.

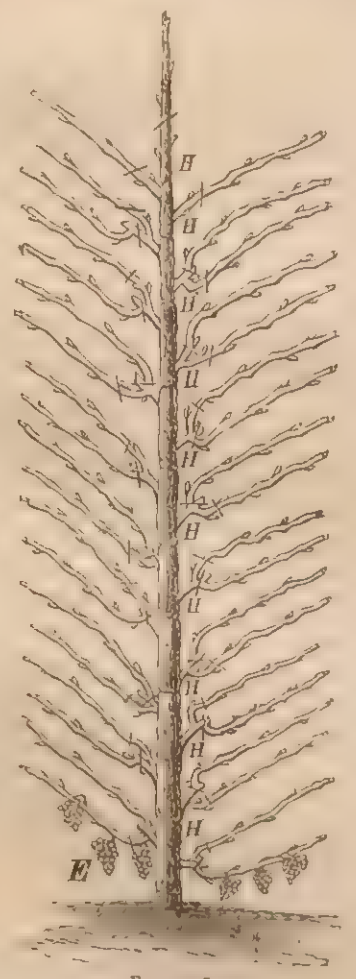


FIGURE 5.

At one end of the trellis (see first page) is a strong post, around which wires are fastened. To keep the post upright it must be braced, but the bracing is not shown. At the other end little portions of wire are shown, designated by figs. 1 and 2. The portions of the vine lying along (2) and sustained in place by it are called arms. Those shoots fastened towards the tops to the wires (1) are called the courses, (cordons,) and on 4 are seen properly loaded with fruit, but represented without the leaves, for when the leaves are in place, very little of the fruit is visible. The figure 3 indicates the standards from which the arms are taken. The one nearest to the post and the fifth furnish arms for the lower courses. The second and the sixth furnish arms for the upper courses. The third and the seventh for second courses from the top. The fourth and eighth for the remaining courses, which completes the system, which, when loaded with fruit, will all be like the one designated by 4.

It will be observed that the shoots upon the arms which constitute the courses are alternately in pairs and single. In pruning, to make single

FIGURE 2.

FIGURE 1.

ones grow pairs or two shoots from one spur, cut above the first good bud, and that will give two shoots, one, and the bearing-one, from the well-developed bud, and the other from a bud scarcely visible on the vine, and too small to be shown in the engraving. The shoot from the latter will not be certain to bear fruit; at its base will be formed a bud that will fruit, and then the shoots will be established.

To prune the double shoots, cut the upper one off by cutting the spur just above the origin of the lower shoot, and then cut the lower shoot at two buds, by these means the spurs will always remain short. This plan is perfectly adapted to renewal yearly, biennially, or triennially, as may be found expedient, or to suit the views of the proprietor. To renew yearly, double shoots should be always grown, and the one from the upper bud only suffered to produce the fruit. To renew biennially, or triennially, grow alternately as shown in plate, and the method of proceeding is too obvious to require explanation. By recurring to fig. 5, the manner of cutting will be apparent.

Whatever system is pursued in training the vine must be commenced early, when the vine is young. It is almost impossible to bring an old vine into any desired form. The first season only one shoot should be suffered to grow, and that should be trained to an upright stake set into the ground at the time of planting. The tying should be so frequently done as to keep the shoot always upright. If suffered to bend over, the strength will go to the formation of secondary shoots that spring out in the axils of the leaves, at the junction of the footstalk of the leaf with the main shoot, and are called laterals. (See Fig. 1, at s s.) These laterals should be all taken off at one leaf (see s) as soon as they have made a length of three leaves, as the strength that goes into them is taken from the leeves of the main shoot while they give back but little to the formation of root or to the general strength of the plant.

At the time for pruning, which we will suppose the month of February for the present, this shoot should be cut back to the lowest well-developed bud, which will be near the ground, and the same course of tying and removing laterals pursued as directed the previous year. If the vine is a very strong one, it will show bloom for three bunches of fruit, which may be suppressed or suffered to go on to maturity according to the strength of the vine. If the vine is of the strongest character, and of prolific habit, fruit may be had the first season and two shoots grown the second season, as will be hereafter shown; but a strong one must be grown before attempting to grow two. A, figure 1, is a vine of one upright shoot, as a strong vine should be at the end of the second season; s, s is a lateral springing from the axil of a leaf that has been twice pinched at one leaf each time, first at s, and second at s'. Every bud on the shoot had a "lateral" that received similar treatment, or perhaps that required pinching a third time. a, b, c, d, e, are the points at which it may be cut to fit it for the Thomery system, as on first page; x and x are two shoots at the end of the third season, whose treatment has been the same as was that of A during the second season. x, x, represents the same shoots laid down for arms, four feet long each way from the standard; on the left but a portion of the arm is shown from deficiency of size of plate. On the left below, two shoots, one double and one single, of the lower course are shown, by dotted lines growing out of arm x, x. In like manner, arms might have been taken at b, c, d, or e, as indicated by the faint lines showing where shoots might have been, instead of at a.

For a single system only one pair of arms are taken from one vine; at the height of b, another pair are taken from another vine, and so on, as at c, and d, and e. The shoots spring from one bud on each side, and all of the other buds are rubbed og. If a double system is required, so that the standards may not be inconveniently near to each other, two sets of arms are taken; we may suppose one set at d, and another at e, or if desirable at a much greater height; but if at a greater elevation than at e, another year will be required for the preparation of the cane for a standard. It may be remarked that the long growth of one year is called a shoot. If it is for the next season, cut short—that is, the length to one or two buds—it is called a spur; if the length of a foot or more, it is called a cane. After the second year the cane becomes a standard. (See plate on first page where the standards support the arms at different elevations, and the arms support the "cordons," or courses, on which the fruit is borne.) Figs. 2 and 3 are elegant methods of growing vines on stakes, and suitable for the garden. Fig. 4 is the German method of making bows, and is suitable for vineyard or garden, and Fig. 5 is a short spur and renewal plan, well adapted for gardens. At the stage shown in the plate, it is supposed to be fourteen years old. H, below, marks the third or perhaps the fourth year; and at H, above, each succeeding year is marked, adding a spur and two shoots on each side yearly, or rather each year adding a shoot on each side, and at the same time converting the previous year's shoots into spurs, each bearing two shoots. Every shoot is supposed to bear three bunches of grapes, and every shoot alternately by pruning becomes a spur, bearing two shoots, and every spur is alternately renewed, so that it may be called a biennial short spur renewal system. For the garden this is quite ornamental, and in skillful hands will work admirably; but is far less simple than that shown on first page, and if for want of care or skill the lower spurs be lost, the loss may be considered final.

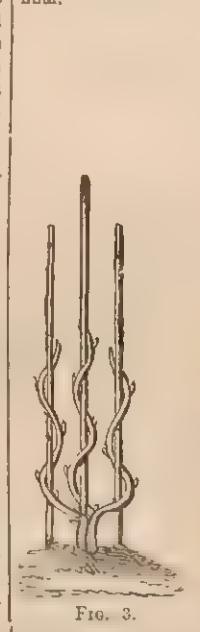


FIG. 3.

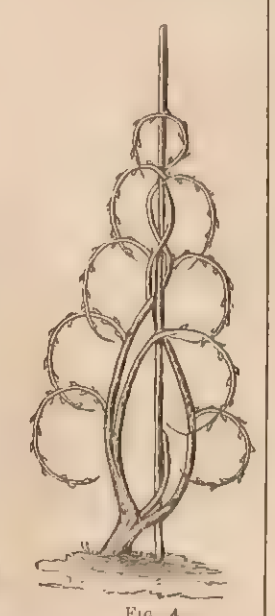


FIG. 4.

All systems suppose one upright shoot to be provided, as at A, to start from at the beginning of the third season, except in case of layers of remarkable vigor, when the course of training may be commenced at the beginning of second season.

COLORED PLATES OF FRUITS AND FLOWERS.—D. M. DEWEY, of this city has for several years been engaged in getting up colored plates of Fruits and Flowers, for the use of nurserymen and their agents. These plates are used to show the size, color, &c., of the different varieties of fruits, to those who wish to buy trees, for the purpose of aiding them in making their selections. A bad representation of a fruit, like a bad portrait, is worthless, indeed worse than worthless, a poor caricature, either deceiving or disgusting those to whom they are exhibited, according to their knowledge of what a true representation would be. Most of the colored plates given in horticultural journals in this country, or sold at the bookstores, are but miserable daubs, got up to sell, and though often solicted we have never been able conscientiously to say a word in their favor. To-day, Mr. DEWEY exhibited to us a large collection got up for a nurseryman in Missouri, with which we were pleased, for they exhibited a marked improvement. Some of the plates were very good. Mr. D., has now over three hundred different varieties, with which he can supply those who may wish to purchase. We are glad to notice an improvement in this department, where it was so much needed.

About half the matter prepared and in type for this department we are compelled to omit, for want of room.

Inquiries and Answers.

ALTHEAS FREEZING, &c.—Will you please inform me how I shall preserve my altheas from freezing down every winter? What kind of cans is best to preserve fruit? Can fruit, such as strawberries, be preserved in a fresh state, or must they be cooked?—JENNIE, *Lysander, N. Y.*, 1859.

PRUNING late in the summer so as to check their growth, and ripen the wood, would perhaps effect the object. The only objection to this is, that the Althea blossoms late in the season. Immediately after the flowers begin to fall, prune up your plants pretty close, removing a good portion of the present season's growth. Covering with a few evergreen bushes, such as the Arbor Vitæ, would afford abundant protection, and these may be so arranged as to look well in the garden. The double white variety is the most tender. The single varieties are generally more hardy, and not less beautiful. Almost any of the jars or cans that can be readily sealed so as to exclude the air are good for preserving fruit, which must be heated to nearly the boiling point, and sealed when hot. Strawberries are somewhat difficult to preserve, as though they keep without "working," they are apt to lose their flavor.

APPLE AND CHERRY GRAFTS.—Will you please state, through the columns of the RURAL, when is the best time for cutting grafts of the apple, pear, plum and cherry, and how they should be preserved till set? Also, will cuttings of grape vines grow if cut in the fall, and how should they be treated till spring?—S., *Otsego, N. Y.*, 1859.

GRAFTS and cuttings may be cut at any leisure time during the winter. Preserve them in dry sand in the cellar, or they may be buried in any dry, sandy situation.

SEASON FOR PLANTING EVERGREEN HEDGES.—(S. M., *Niles, Mich.*)—The autumn will answer, if the next winter is favorable, but for several winters past fall planted evergreens have suffered terribly by the cold, dry winds, causing in many cases total destruction. Late spring planting, in our opinion, is the best.

APPLE ROOTS FOR GRAFTING—GRAFTING PAPER.—(J. W. S., *Little Valley, N. Y.*)—The roots of old trees are not used by nurserymen. Obtain young seedlings, which can be had cheap of almost any nurseryman. A thin *Manilla* paper is used for grafting paper. The grafting wax is heated and put on with a brush. When cold the paper is cut into strips fit for use.

ROSE CULTURE, &c.—(M. M., *York.*)—The new roses are raised from seed, principally by French Florists. *Phlox Drummondii* is an annual, it is not worth while to try and keep it longer, than possible in the garden. The perennial Phloxes you can obtain in the spring of nurserymen, and *Drummondii*, if sown early in a warm situation, will be in flower late in June. *Parsons on the Rose* can be obtained at the bookstores for 75 cents. C. M. SAXTON, N. Y., is publisher.

SUMMER BONCHRETIEN PEAR.—(G. W. B., *Lakeville, N. Y.*)—Is a very old variety, and is the common summer pear of Europe. The fruit is large, well-shaped, though irregular; skin yellow, with an orange blush on the sunny side; flesh yellow, coarse, very juicy and sweet, but with no flavor. Ripe here about first of September, sometimes a little earlier. Liable to crack in some localities.

HOW TO KEEP ONION "SETS."—We have kept our onion seed, or sets, (as they are called here,) by simply putting them in a box, covering with straw and dirt, as we do our potatoes. They come out in good condition, if put up dry and taken out early in the Spring, as they are liable to sprout if left in the ground late.—C. G., *Parke Co., Ind.*, 1859.

ALLEN COUNTY (IND.) HORT. SOCIETY.—Officers for the ensuing year:

President—J. D. G. NELSON.

Vice-Presidents—Thomas Covington, M. W. Huxford.

Treasurer—O. W. Jeffords.

Secretary—H. C. Grey.

This Society was organized the present season. Weekly meetings are held for the purpose of discussing Horticultural matters.

DWARF PROLIFIC OKRA.—Some six years ago, a lady friend sent us a few seed of the dwarf okra, since which we have cultivated no other variety, and we are quite sure any one trying it will never plant any other kind. It grows only from two to three feet high, bears an immense long pod, and fruits from the ground to the end of each limb. We are surprised so little is known of it South. We sent a few seeds of it, a few years ago, to Messrs. J. M. Thorburn & Co., New York, and this season received an order from them to raise five bushels of seed expressly for them. The advantage of the Dwarf Okra over the common kind is in the small quantity of wood fibre or stalk, and the great proportion of pods or fruit. Roasted okra seeds make a good substitute for coffee, and where the dwarf kind is cultivated expressly for seed, thirty or forty bushels may be raised from one acre.—*Cotton Planter.*

LOVE OF GARDENING AMONG THE POOR.—The lower classes in our great cities, (says the *Leisure Hour,*) have more affection for the garden and its floral produce than the class immediately above them. Perhaps the money-making habit is not favorable to the cultivation of simple tastes and the love of (in a pecuniary sense) the unprofitably beautiful. However that may be, we know it is a fact that in many a trading house of no mean pretensions, the in-door garden is confined to the basement floor, and the flowers and greenery which are ignored and banished from the parlor and the drawing-room, will take refuge in the kitchen. The conservatory may be stored with old boxes and packing-cases, but Betty has a box of fragrant Mignonette in the scullery window, and a bouncing Geranium outside the sill of her bed-room.

WASHING FLANNELS, &c.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I noticed an inquiry in relation to washing flannels, and as an answer, I send the following:—Make a hot suds with good soft soap, put in the flannels and let them lie a few minutes, then wash thoroughly with the hands.—Have ready some boiling water, (soft is best,) dissolve a little blueing, or indigo, and pour on it sufficient of the hot water to cover the goods, put them in and let them remain until cool enough to wring. Dry in the air, and iron when slightly damp. Iron on the right side. I have followed this mode for years, and it has never failed to make them appear like new, even when almost entirely worn out.

BROILING BEEFSTEAK.—Bruise till very tender, then put over a good bed of coals for a few minutes. When cooked a little, take it off, dredge slightly with flour, and butter will finish the working, then add half a cup of cold coffee to the gravy, and you will find a gravy good enough for any of your "leige lords."

CREAM COOKIES.—One cup of sugar; 1 of thick sour milk; 1 teaspoon saleratus; mix very soft and bake in a quick oven.

I would also like to know through your columns how to color woolen goods a dark blue, (that will not fade,) also how to color brown or drab?

St. Joseph, Mich., 1859. M. E. STERLING.

DYEING HATS AND FEATHERS.

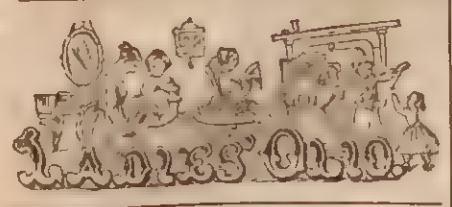
To Dye Straw Bonnets Blacks.—Suppose there are two bonnets to dye, one leghorn and one straw. Put an ounce sulphate of iron into a vessel with two gallons of water; make the liquor boil; then put in the bonnets, and let them boil for one hour. Then take out the bonnets, and hang them on a peg to dry. When dry, rinse them in cold water. This part of the process of dyeing is called mordanting, the liquor being termed the mordant. After the bonnets are thus mordanted, the mordant must be poured out of the boiling vessel, and two gallons of clean water made to boil in its place; into that liquor put half a pound of gall nuts—broken—and half a pound of logwood, together with the bonnets, and allow the whole again to boil for one hour. Then take them out of the hot liquor, and hang them to dry as before, when they will be of dusky brown-black color. Chip bonnets, as a rule, do not require so long a time as straw, because the chip takes the dye easier. The final process is to size or stiffen the bonnets, and put them into shape. This operation requires two ounces of best glue, put into two quarts of cold water overnight, and next day completely dissolved by boiling. When the glue is melted, strain the liquor—then called size—into an earthen vessel. Into this put the bonnets one at a time, till thoroughly soaked. When the bonnets are taken out of the liquor all superfluous size must be sponged off. They are then brought into shape as they gradually dry, or they may be dried on a block. After this sizing process the color of the dye is improved, and becomes black as jet.

To Clean and Re-Dip Black Feathers.—Feathers that have become rusty in color may thus be restored:—First, well wash the feathers in soap and water, using the best mottled soap, and the water scalding hot for the purpose; then thoroughly rinse in clean water and dry them. Next, take half an ounce of logwood, and boil in a quart of water. When scalding hot, put in the feathers, and there let them remain till the liquor is cold, after which rinse them in cold, clean water, and put them to dry. Finally, rub or brush over the feathers the smallest portion of oil, which simple operation brings out the glistening jet appearance in a remarkable manner. If you draw a long strip of paper between the thumb and a blunt penknife blade, the paper will curl up. Feathers may be treated in the same way, using only such tender care as may be expected to be required in "touching a feather."—*Scientific American.*

MISS MARTINEAU ON COOKERY.

WHAT is to be done, for cooking does not come by nature, nor even ordering a table by observation? The art must be learnt, like other arts, by proper instruction. We want, and we must have, schools of domestic management, now that every home is not such a school. Mothers can at least teach their daughters to know one sort of meat from another, and one joint from another, and in a rougher or more thorough way, what to order in the everyday way and for guests. Thus much, then, every girl should know, from childhood upward. A little practice of observation in the markets would soon teach a willing learner to distinguish prime articles from inferior kinds, and to know what fish, flesh, fowl, and fruits are in season every month in the year. We have seen ladies buying pork under a sweltering summer sun, and inquiring for geese in January to July, and taking up with skinny rabbits in May, and letting the season of mackerel, herrings, salmon, and all manner of fish pass over unused.—*Once a Week.*

BOILING POTATOES.—The Irish method of boiling potatoes, for obvious reasons, ought to be as good as any. Here is the practice adopted by many of that ilk, and not a few besides:—Clean wash the potatoes and leave the skin on; then bring the water to a boil and throw them in. As soon as boiled soft enough for a fork to be easily thrust through them, dash some cold water into the pot, let the potatoes remain two minutes, and then pour off the water. This done, half remove the pot lid, and let the potatoes remain over a slow fire till the steam is evaporated; then peel and set them on the table in an open dish. Potatoes of a good kind thus cooked, will always be sweet, dry, and mealy. A covered dish is bad for potatoes, as it keeps the steam in, and makes them soft and watery.—*Conn. Homestead.*



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LINES TO ONE AFAR.

Softly moonbeams fall around me,
And the stars that gem the sky
Seem to lend their sweetest beauty
From their regal throne on high;
Gentle zephyrs, pure and balmy,
Wander in the leafy tree,
And the soul-subduing stillness
Fondly brings kind thoughts of thee.

Thou hast left the hearts that love thee,
And art roaming far away,
Won by the delusive glimmer
Of fame's bright and golden ray.
Comes there now the olden memory
Of that sad, yet kind farewell,
And the glance which spoke more plainly
Than the lip, or pen, can tell.

Beaming, hopeful, glad and brilliant,
Smiling through thy falling tears,
Hope was spreading his broad pinions,
Which to gild thy coming years.
May he build no airy castle,
Which shall doom thee to despair;
Urge thee onward, ever weaving
For thy youthful feet a snare.

May thy heart know naught of sorrow,
But remain as pure as now;
Truthful, trusting, kind and loving,
When bright laurels deck thy brow.
We have met and we have parted,
And forever it may be,
But my heart will fondly cherish,
Many loving thoughts of thee.

South Danby, N. Y., 1859. Mary A. B.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE GARDEN ON THE ROCK.

Beautiful was that cluster of roses I held in my hand,—the centre one fully unfolded in all its delicate loveliness, the shining dewdrops clinging to its leaves, as if loth to quit such sweet company. Surrounding the perfect blossom clustered a coronal of buds, the soft blush of their closed petals smiling through the mossy covering which the grateful angel once bestowed upon the hospitable rose. I seated myself on the old flat rock beneath the birches, which was the favorite termination of my morning walks. How peaceful was the scene around me—ever new, ever charming to my partial eye. To my right lay a fertile meadow, in which the mowers were laying low the balmy clover, its fragrance mingling with that of the roses I held in my hands. The little stream wound with a graceful curve around the rock forming my seat, and wandered on with pleasant, murmuring sound, towards the old mill, the walls of which I could just distinguish between the maple-crowned hills which rose in the east,—the robins and orioles darted lightly through the air, giving out, ever and anon, sweet snatches of song,—such songs as always lead me to think of "harps of gold," and the "better land."

Thus I sat, drinking in the inspiration of the scene, when the faint perfume stealing up from my neglected roses recalled my attention to them. They had been given me by a poor woman, whose cottage I had passed in my morning walk. Glancing across the stream to her garden, from which she had culled this floral gem for me, I thought that the little story connected with it might prove a salutary lesson to many, who, surrounded by difficulties, are ready to faint by the wayside, leaving the cherished purposes of their hearts unaccomplished.

Mrs. C. was poor, and she had not only the ills of extreme poverty to contend with, but that, also, which is far more bitter to the sensitive heart,—the disgrace of an idle, dissolute husband, who, though never absolutely abusive, was such an intolerable idler, that nothing but the fierce call of his depraved appetite induced him to perform a day's labor,—for *strong drink* would he work and for nothing else. His poor wife,—whom he had solemnly promised to "cherish and protect,"—had a sorry time of it; procuring food for the family, and coarse but whole attire for herself and three little ones, occupied nearly all her hours. The house in which she lived had been deeded to herself and children by her father before his death, so that she was certain of an humble shelter through her life,—*this* one comfort alone was secure from the insatiate clutch of the dram-seller. It was situated on a small, low point of land, round which flowed the little stream, and in spring and fall was always inundated. Her longing eyes often rested upon it, with the unspoken wish that it lay above high-water-mark, and thought what a nice garden she then might have. With her the wish was destined to be fulfilled,—she was patient, courageous, and, with all her hard lot, hopeful.

All through the long days she toiled at the wash-board or the ironing table, and when her little ones had lisped the evening prayer her Christian heart had taught them, and her idle husband was sleeping the heavy sleep of the drunkard, she stole out to the hard task which she had assigned to herself for the coming year. First she gathered stones which the thrifty farmer had drawn from his meadow and thrown down by the stream, and built the foundation, placing the large ones at the bottom, wedging with smaller ones, and closely packing with gravel which she scooped from the bed of the stream. Very hard work it was for her poor, tired hands; very slow and toilsome to gather the soil which was placed in sufficient depth to make her garden productive, but after months of patient toil she had the satisfaction of finding herself in possession of "a garden spot" above the washing of the spring and autumn floods. Many a comfortable meal did she gather for herself and little ones from that "garden on the rock;" but precious as every inch was to her, the sweet love of the beautiful,—which neither poverty nor disgrace nor toil could blight in her heart,—prompted her to devote a little corner to the lingering remains of a once Eden bloom,—the smiling stars of earth, the fragrant flowers.

Those roses are still in my possession,—withered and brown they are, yet, as I open the time-stained envelope which holds them, a faint perfume, like the sweet voice of the olden time, steals up from them, and whispers a lesson of courage and hope. When weary with the battle of life,—when my hands would fain fold themselves from the seemingly fruitless toil, and the sad soul faints for the "hope deferred," I look on those withered remains of beauty, and my heart feels encouraged and my hands nerved anew for the conflict. Oh, thou who art sitting sadly down by the rocky wayside, bitterly weeping that there is naught of joy for thee here,—who art looking into thine own heart and finding it turned, by the coldness of the world and worldly friends, to an almost pulseless stone, think of that poor mother's "garden on the rock" and take courage. Patiently gather the rich soil of daily duties cheerfully performed,—plant therein the seeds of heavenly love and trust,—water them with penitential tears, and thou shalt yet gather the reward of thy labor in plants which shall bud in promise, bloom in beauty, and crown the riper years of life with the rich fruits of honor and usefulness. Thus mayest thou obtain for thine own self a "Garden on the Rock," which shall raise its fruitful front high above the dashing waves of adversity,—thus mayest thou have a slight foretaste of the precious fruits, hanging forever rich, forever fair, on the tree of Everlasting Life, which grow in the Garden of our Lord.

East Henrietta, N. Y., 1859. E. S. T.

THE HEROISM OF COMMON LIFE.

Grace Greenwood is a "hero worshiper" of a rather uncommon type, and in her search after heroic men and women, has sought for examples where, perhaps, few would expect to find them. That she has a just and Catholic idea of what real heroism is, we think it will be proven by the following extract from the Boston lecture:

"The heroism of private life, the slow, unchronicled martyrdoms of the heart, who shall remember? Greater than any knightly dragon-slayer of old is the man who overcomes an unholy passion, sets his foot upon it, and stands serene and strong in virtue. Grander than Zenobia is the woman who struggles with a love that would wrong another or degrade her own soul, and conquers. The young man, ardent and tender, who turns from the dear love of woman, and buries deep in his heart the sweet instinct of paternity, to devote himself to the care and support of aged parents or an unfortunate sister, and whose life is a long sacrifice, in manly cheerfulness and majestic complaint, is a hero of the rarest type—the type Charles Lamb. I have known but two such. The young woman who resolutely stays with father and mother in the old home, while brothers and sisters go forth to happy homes of their own, who cheerfully lays upon the altar of filial duty that costliest of human sacrifices, the joy of loving and being loved—she is a heroine. I have known many such. The husband who goes home from weary routine and the perplexing cares of business with a cheerful smile and a loving word to his invalid wife; who brings not against her the grevious sin of a long sickness, and reproaches her not for the cost and discomfort thereof; who sees in her languid eye something dearer than girlish laughter, in the sad face and faded cheeks that blossom into smiles and even blushes at his coming, something lovelier than the old time-spring roses—he is a hero. I think I know one such.

The wife who bears her part in the burden of life—even though it be the larger part—bravely, cheerily, never dreaming that she is a heroine, much less a martyr; who bears with the faults of a husband not altogether congenial with loving patience and a large charity, and with a noble decision hiding them from the world—who makes no confidants and asks no confidence, who refrains from brooding over short comings in sympathy and sentiment, and from seeking for perilous 'affinities,'; who does not build high tragedy sorrows on the inevitable, nor feel an earthquake in every family jar; who sees her husband united with herself indissolubly and eternally in their children—she, the wife in every truth, in the inward as in the outward, is a heroine, though of rather an unfashionable type."

CHILDISH DAYS.

Days of illimitable faith! were they indeed mine! How glad am I to have known them! Not all that we resign, do we regret to have possessed. Very singular and very pleasing to me is the remembrance of that simple piety of childhood, of that prayer which was said so punctually, night and morning, kneeling by the bedside. What did I think of, guiltless then of metaphysics,—what image did I bring before my mind as I repeated my learnt petition with scrupulous fidelity? Did I see some venerable form bending down to listen? Did He cease to look and listen when I had said it all? Half prayer, half lesson, how difficult it is now to summon it back again! But this I know, that the bedside where I knelt to this morning and evening devotion, became sacred to me as an altar. I smile as I recall the innocent superstition that grew up in me, that the prayer must be said *kneeling just there*. If, some cold winter's night, I had crept into the bed, thinking to repeat the petition from the warm nest itself—it would not do!—it was felt in this court of conscience to be "an insufficient performance;" there was no sleep to be had till I had risen, and bed-gowned as I was, knelt at the accustomed place, and said it all over again from the beginning to the end. To this day I never see the little clean white bed in which a child is to sleep, but I see also the figure of a child kneeling in prayer at its side. And I, for the moment am that child. No high altar, in the most sumptuous church in Christendom, could prompt my knee to bend like that snow white coverlet, tucked in for a child's slumber.—*Thorndale.*

Paradise is always where love dwells.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WINTER'S SONG.

By Geo. A. Hamilton.

Here is Winter, bright and gay,
Asking for a cheerful lay—
That the scenes of Winter time,
Be rehearsed in measured rhyme;
Cheerily on each season glides,
Now 'tis snow,
Cheeks aglow,
Time of bells and sleighs and rides!

Here is Winter, earth is bright,
Mantled in a robe of white—
Bracing air, clear and cold,
Quickening pulse of young and old;
Now bring out the pleasure sleigh,
Fast or slow,
Echo, ho!
Jingle go the bells to-day!

Winter comes with joyful token
Of each cheerful heart out-spoken—
Christmas, with its merry gladness,
New Years, with more hope than sadness;
Let the bells ring out their chime,
Heart and voice
Again rejoice,
Welcome still the Winter time.

Winter comes with cares and joys,
Labor, study, books and toys;
Winter evenings, what a treasure!
Home a scene of social pleasure,
Or out in the moon's fair light,
Horse and sleigh,
Then away,
Jingle go the bells to-night!

Here is Winter—don't forget
There are poor and needy yet;
To the sorrowing still be kind,
Think of those by pain confined;
Winter comes most bleak and drear
To the needy,
Help the needy!
Not forget them with a tear.

Winter, too, with leisure hours,
Arms the soul with higher powers—
Time for reading, time for thought,
Hours with our improvement fraught—
Thus glides round each busy year,
Calm and storm,
Cold and warm,
And eternity is here.

South Butler, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

COWLEY AND MILTON.

Cowley's "Complaint" displays not only his ingenuity as a writer, but also considerable of his character as a man. While we admire his tact in the production of this poem, we cannot help being surprised at the circumstances that gave rise to it. It, is in fact, a *dunning letter* to His Majesty Charles II., who, it seems, had neglected to reward the poet according to the expectations he had raised. The King was under obligations to him, and Cowley had reason to expect a share in his favors. Not only was he the most popular poet in England at the time of which we write, but he was a zealous advocate of loyalty, and while yet at college connected himself with the old cavalier party. He accompanied the queen to France, when she was obliged to leave England on account of the civil war, and it was chiefly through his instrumentality that a correspondence was kept up between the King and his wife. His nights as well as days were sometimes occupied with their letters. So we are told in a brief account of his life in a collection of the "British Poets." No doubt he thought he should reap some reward for his exertions, but it seems Charles forgot all about the poet in the crowd of applicants for Kingly favor. Cowley, however, determined to refresh his memory. Hence the "Complaint."

He represents himself as encountering the muse, who begins at once to reproach him for so long neglecting the lyre, and wandering "unto courts and cities."

"Art thou returned at last said she,
To this forsaken place and me?
Thou prodigal! who did'st so loosely waste
Of all thy youthful years the good estate:
Art thou return'd here, to repent too late,
And gather husks of learning up at last,
Now the rich harvest-time of life is past,
And winter marches on so fast?"

She passes from reproaches to taunting him with the little reward he had received for his toils.

"Go, renegade! cast up thy account,
And see to what amount
Thy foolish gains by quitting me;
The sale of knowledge, fame and liberty,
The fruits of thy unlearned apostacy.
Thou though'st, if once the public storm were past,
All thy remaining life would sunshine
Behold! The public storm is spent at last,
The sovereigns lost at sea no more,
And thou, with all the noble company,
Art got at last to shore.
But whilst thy fellow voyagers I see
All march'd up to possess the promis'd land,
Thou still alone, alas! dost gaping stand
Upon the naked beach, upon the barren sand."

After she concludes her reproaches, he undertakes to excuse himself, and defend his royal master. In the closing verse he turns her taunts against the Muse, herself, thus:

"Teach me not, then, O, thou fallacious muse,
The court and better king to accuse.
The heaven under which I live if fair,
The fertile soil will a full harvest bear;
Thine, thine is all the barrenness; if thou
Makest me sit still and sing when I should plow."

* * * * * * * * * * *

"Kings have long hands, they say; and though I be
So distant, they may reach at length to me.
However, of all princes, thou
Shouldst not reproach rewards for being small or slow;
Thou! who rewarded but with popular breath,
And that, too, after death."

The poem displays considerable genius and wit. Whether it had any effect on the King is uncertain. We are told, however, that through the influence of some of his nobleman Cowley obtained a lease of a farm at Chertrey, by which his income was raised to about three hundred pounds per annum. It was here that he died.

It is said the fame of Cowley is dying away.—At the time of his death, he was preferred to Milton,—now a comparison between the two is hardly to be thought of. The fame of the author of "Paradise Lost" has been of slow growth, but it promises to endure. Even a short glimpse, either at their productions or their memories, shows that the two men were very unlike. Milton was a firm supporter of the rights of the people. He was a man of principle. Whichever way the popular tide might turn, it never could move Milton from his adherence to *right*. Cowley was a flaming royalist, and a flatterer of the King. Whether principle or policy governed him in his zeal for his party, the reader must judge for himself. At one time he wrote a comedy which was construed by the cavaliers into a satire on them. This would seem to indicate that his principles were movable, to say the least.

But there is also a great difference in the spirit of their writings. In reading Milton we feel that the author was raised above the belittleing concerns of self, and inspired with the greatness of his theme. We cannot say this of Cowley. The opening lines in his poem entitled "The Motto," explain the tone of his poetical writings, better than a page of analysing and describing would do it.

"What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own?"

* * * * * * * * *

"Yet I must on. What sound is't strikes mine ear?
Sure I fame's trumpet here."

This poem, taken together, is pleasing, especially the closing lines,

"Tell me ye mighty Three!* what shall I do
To be like one of you?
But you have climb'd the mountain top, there sit
On the calm flourishing head of it,
And, whilst with wearied steps we upward go,
See us and clouds below."

What a different spirit breathes in these lines from that of Milton's Invocation at the beginning of "Paradise Lost."

"What in me is dark
Illumine; what is low, raise and support,
That, to the height of this great argument,
I may assert eternal Providence
And justify the ways of God to man."

Dignity and humility mingle in these lines.—They manifest a forgetfulness of self, and a mind raised above the mere thought of securing fame. Men should not be too anxious to erect monuments to self. They live to the most purpose who seek to make their works worthy to endure, regardless of the smiles or frowns of the world. Enduring fame is rarely bestowed on those who are the most intent on gaining it. The goddess of fame may smile upon them for a time, but she soon wearies of their want of manliness and spurns them from her presence. Minerva Osburn.

Butler, Milwaukee Co., Wis., 1859.

* Aristotle, Cicero and Virgil.

JACK FROST.

There is a mellow ring in this "elegant extract," which befits the mellow days of Autumn:

"Mr. Jack Frost does but kiss the chaste face of Nature, and behold! how she blushes in the maple, the woodbine, and oak, and turns all manner of colors in the beech, the linden, the chestnut, and the elm. How beautiful she looks in her heightened color! But her brilliant complexion is, alas! but a hectic—an evidence of frailty—a precursor of speedy decay. Consumption imparts this glorious and exquisite loveliness to her countenance, but the expression is not of this world; it is celestial, the ushering in of the indescribable future.

"The beauty of the world is most ravishing, when first touched by the magical finger of the frost, which is at once the death-stroke of the foliage, and a cause of its dying-dolphin splendors. Thus the sun sheds a lustre over creation, filling the universe with a flood of light and beauty, as if to indemnify mankind for the privations of both during the approaching night. So Nature dresses herself in her wonderful beauty, as a parting pledge of her love, and as a memorial for us to take and to cherish during the sombre days of the coming winter, when no flowers can blossom, no verdure quicken."—*Selected.*

Parties.—The system of giving parties is too expensive, and when the thing is pushed beyond the power of the purse, it becomes a social evil of the greatest magnitude. No man or woman seems to be legalized in society unless a cool thousand or two is spent every season in giving the *beau monde* one of those eternal and never-to-be-forgotten squeezes. The law must be remedied—it must be blown up—it must be reformed. It has ruined its thousands and ten thousands. How many husbands have to race about, day after day, week after week, to meet the polite invitations which the banks issue, and much of this hurry and trouble is in consequence of the very expensive system we have referred to, of giving dinner parties, soirees, &c., &c. It has swelled the list of bankrupts—ruined the hopes of wives—driven the deserving upon a merciless world—and filled families with misery.

If, and its Progeny.—If every man was honest, we need not lock our doors. If everybody would just mind his own business, there would be much more business done. If we would only talk less of other people, other people would see fewer numb-skulls. If you charge your servants with lying, they will soon become liars, if they are not so already. If students would read less and think more, there would be a larger number of great men in every community. If girls now-a-days, did not become women at thirteen, men would have better wives.

With every child we love, we see deeper into life, as with every added lens we pierce further into the sky.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AMBITION'S DREAM.

By J. W. Daeler.

One day when June was on the hills,
And Summer in the vale was smiling,
When loudly sang the silver rills,
And bird and flower the day beguiling;
Down through the window shutter fell
A golden sunbeam, soft and still
It threw its mellow radiance o'er,
And trembled on the parlor floor.

A little prattler, on whose brow
But four sweet springs were gently sleeping,
Came dashing in his wildness now,
Near when the golden ray was creeping.
He paused a moment, while his eye
Which imaged forth the azure sky,
Kindled with new delight to meet
The golden picture at his feet.

As quick as thought, his dimpled hand
Amid the mellow tint was feeling,
He did not fully understand
The wealth and beauty there revealing;
But thought, beneath his pinafore,
To hide this precious golden store,
And in his little heart to feel
The conscious pride he should conceal.

Once, thrice, he grasped, then to his eyes
He raised the fancied glowing treasure,
And when he missed the golden prize,
His grief and sadness knew no measure;
And till his eyes were sealed in sleep,
He did not cease to sigh and weep,
That such a treasure, bright and new,
Should vanish rudely from his view.

This is Ambition's dream I said;
A Sunbeam o'er our path is straying,
We chase the phantom, still ahead,
Amid the clouds and shadows playing,
Nor till the damp, deep sleep of death
Hath chilled the ardor of life's breath,
Can we persuade our slugaish sense
To seek the Sure Inheritance.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., 1859.

PREACH BY THE LIFE.

Let your daily life be an unuttered yet perpetual pleading with man for God. Let men feel, in contact with you, the grandeur of that religion to whose claims they will not listen, and the glory of that Savior whose name you may not name. Let the sacredness of God's slighted law be proclaimed by your uniform sacrifice of inclination to duty, by your repression of every unkind word, your scorn of every undue or base advantage, your stern and uncompromising resistance to the temptation of appetite and sense. Preach the the preciousness of time by your husbanding of its rapid hours, and your crowding of its days with duties. Though eternity, with its fast approaching realities, be a forbidden topic to the ear, constrain the unwilling mind to think of it by a spectacle of a life well ordered with perpetual reference to hopes and destinies beyond the grave. Though no warning against an unspiritual, no exhortation to a holy life, might be tolerated, let your own pure, earnest, unworldly character and bearing be to the careless soul a perpetual atmosphere of spirituality haunting and hovering round it. And be assured, the moral influence of such a life cannot be lost. Like the seed which winds waft into hidden glades and forest depths, were no sower's hand could reach to scatter it, the subtle germ of Christ's truth will be borne on the secret atmosphere of a holy life, into hearts which no preacher's voice could penetrate. Were the tongue of men and of angels to fail, there is an eloquence in living goodness which will often prove persuasive. For it is an inoffensive, unpretending, unobtrusive eloquence; it is the eloquence of the soft sunshine when it expands the close shut-leaves and blossoms—a rude hand would but tear and crush them; it is the eloquence of the summer heat when it basks upon the thick-ribbed ice—blows would break it; but beneath that softest, gentlest, yet most potent influence, the hard impenetrable masses melt away.—*Rev. John Caird.*

Eternity.—When I attempt to think of the ocean, its moments of calm and of storm, of sunshine and of darkness, of peace and of vengeful fury, I feel that I have an idea of it, though it must of necessity be a very faint one, yet 'tis such a one that I can lay my finger on. But when I attempt to define eternity, "the life-time of the Almighty," to limit it by the meagre views of my comprehension, I dash to sea in a frail bark and am tossed about, my chart is struck from my hand, my compass from its box, my rudder from the stern, and I feel that all effort to resume command over the vessel is vain—why then do I boldly dare danger and invite distrust? nay it is idle; let me then bow in contentment to the present, and leave the future in the Hand that ordereth all things well.—*MSS. of John Lewis, Jr.*

Feeling for the Pillars.—When Luther was at Coburg, he wrote to a friend, "I was lately looking out of my window at night, and I saw the stars in the heavens, and God's great beautiful arch over my head, but I could not see any pillars on which the great builder had fixed his arch; and yet the heavens fell not, and the great arch stood firmly. There are some who are always feeling for the pillars, and longing to touch them, they stand trembling and fearing lest the heavens should fall. If they could only grasp the pillars, then the heavens would stand fast." Thus Luther illustrated the faith of his own soul, and wished to inspire others with the same strong confidence.

Mercies.—Were there but a single mercy apportioned to each moment of our lives, the sum would rise very high; but how is our arithmetic confounded when every minute has more mercies than we can distinctly number!—*Rowe.*

Spice from New Books.

Preservation of Character.

An observing man is never without sources of amusement, and it is certain that among these sources the unconscious devices resorted to for the creation and preservation of character, in the eye of the world, deserve a prominent place. We meet in every town men who feel that they have filled up the measure of their character, and have nothing further to do in life but to bear that character, like a full vessel, to their graves, without spilling a drop. They walk the streets as if they were bearing it upon their heads. They bow to their acquaintances with the consciousness of their precious burden constantly uppermost. They refrain from all complication with the stirring questions of the times through fear of a fatal jostle. They speak guardedly, as if a word might jar their priceless vase from the poise of continence. There is nothing so important to them as what they are pleased to consider their character; consequently, that is always to be consulted before any course of action can be determined upon. All questions of morality and reform, all matters of public or political interest, all personal associations, are considered primarily with reference to this character. If they prove to be consistent with it, and seem calculated to reveal something more of its glory, they are entered upon, or adopted, otherwise, they are discarded.

When a man arrives at a point where the preservation of his character becomes the prime object of his life, he may be considered a harmless man, but one upon whom no further dependence can be placed in carrying on the work of the world. As a member of society, he becomes strictly ornamental. We point to him as one of the ripe fruits of our civilization. We make him President of Conventions and Benevolent Associations. We introduce strangers to him that they may be impressed. We chronicle his arrival at the hotels. We burn incense before him, because we know it will please him, and because we know that he rather expects it. Small children regard him in respectful silence as he passes. He becomes one of our institutions, like a City Hall or an old church. We always know where to find him, as we do a well-established town-line. But one thing we never do; we never go to him in an emergency that demands risk and self-sacrifice, because we know that those things are not in his line. His character is the first thing, and that is to be taken care of. When we want any thing of this kind done, we go to men who have no character, or, having one, are not uncomfortably conscious of it. —"*Gold Foil*," *by* TIMOTHY TITCOMB.

Domestic Life in Turkey.

ALL Turkish residences are divided into two parts, one of which is occupied by the lords of the household, and the other is the department for the harem. If the house belongs to a man of wealth, each of these divisions is sub-divided into numerous apartments, and the building is consequently of great extent. The windows of the apartments occupied by the harem are closely latticed by fine strips of wood painted white, which give a very neat and pretty effect to the builing. These *jealousies*, as they might properly be called, answer the purpose for which they are designed, protecting the inmates from the gaze of all without, while they are sufficiently open to enable those within to see without inconvenience whatever passes around them. Turkish women are by no means confined to a life of solitude or imprisonment, and they would be scarcely tempted to exchange the perfect freedom and exemption from the austere duties of life, which is their acme of happiness, for all the advantages that might be gained from intellectual pursuits, or a different form of society. They roam in parties when they please and where they please, if it be not far from home, accompanied by slaves and various attendants. Their highest enjoyment is in passing the bright sunny days of their long summers under the broad-spreading plane trees that are to be found beside every stream. At such places they may be always seen in little groups upon the grass, the great diversity of brilliant colors, and the white *yashmac* or veil that covers the head as well as the face, enlivening the pictorial parterre.

One might suppose that Turkish women studied the *tout ensemble*, since their parties consist of persons dressed in as opposite colors as possible, green, pink, blue and purple. The dress worn in the street is never partly colored, but entirely of some one tint. The little children who are ever of the party, and for whom, by the way, Turkish women have great fondness, are either by their side or strolling about, led by the hand of some mother or attendant. Boys and girls wear the same dress, and are the most comical-looking urchins possible. They can scarcely waddle about, so enveloped are they in fez and turban, one or two long, loose jackets, and bag trowsers confined by a large shawl wound round the waist. Even they partake of the imperturbable gravity of their seniors to such an extent that, during our long residence in the East, we never saw nor heard a child cry, or laugh, or evince any emotion.—"*Tent and Harem*," *by* CAROLINE PAINE.

Thackeray on Washington.

It will be remembered that, at the commencement of Mr. Thackeray's "Virginians," the patriotism of many American citizens was shocked with the familiarity of the author on account of his persistency in designating the Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army as *Mr.* Washington; also, later in the story, where the American Chief is made to accept a challenge for a duel, how many authorities were quoted, and what a mass of matter was collected and printed to show that Washington never practically recognized the duellist's "code of honor." The following extract from the "Virginians" in the October number of Harper's Magazine, we think will show the author's real sentiments towards the memory of Washington, and is one of the most beautiful tributes to the virtues of that great man which ever emanated from a British pen. The author says, speaking through one of his principal characters, Sir George Warrington:

"But it was ordained by heaven, for the good, as we can now have no doubt, of both Empires, that the great Western Republic should separate from us; and the gallant soldiers who fought on her side, their indomitable and heroic Chief above all, had the glory of facing and overcoming, not only veteran soldiers amply provided and inured to war, but wretchedness, cold, hunger, dissension, treason within their own camp, where all must have gone to rack, but for the pure, unquenchable flame of patriotism that was forever burning in the breast of the heroic leader. What a constancy, what a magnanimity, what a surprising persistency against fortune! Washington before the enemy was no better nor braver than hundreds who fought with him or against him; but Washington, the Chief of a nation in arms, doing battle with distracted parties; calm in the midst of conspiracy; serene against the open foe before him, and the darker enemies at his back; Washington, inspiring order and spirit into troops hungry and in rags; stung by ingratitude, but betraying no anger, and ever ready to forgive; in defeat invincible, magnanimous in conquest, and never so sublime as on that day when he laid down his victorious sword and sought his noble retirement—here indeed is a character to admire and revere; a life without a stain, a fame without a flaw."

A Sketch of Garibaldi.

DWIGHT, in his "Life of Garibaldi," portrays the "Hero of Italy" thus:—He has a broad and round forehead; a straight and almost perpendicular nose, not too small, but of a delicate form; heavy brown moustaches and beard, which conceal the lower part of his face; a full round chest; free and athletic movements, notwithstanding ill-health and rheumatism which disables his right arm; a full dark eye, steady, penetrating, and pensive, but mild and friendly; an easy, natural, frank, and unassuming carriage, with a courteous nod and a ready grasp of the hand, as a recognition of one introduced by his friend, Foresti. Such was Garibaldi, as he appeared at the first glance, and before he had time to speak. His first words were uttered in a tone corresponding with the courtesy of his movements and the glance of his eye; while the freedom of his utterance, and the propriety and beauty of his language, drew all my attention from his form and features, to the sentiments he expressed and facts he has mentioned.

Books Received.

THE VIRGINIANS. A Tale of the last Century. By W. M. THACKERAY, author of "Esmond," "Vanity Fair," "The Newcomes," &c., &c. [8vo.—pp. 411.] New York: Harper & Brothers. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

FISHER'S RIVER (North Carolina.) Scenes and Characters. By "SKITT," "who was raised thar." Illustrated by JOHN MCLENAN. [16mo.—pp. 269.] New York: Harpers. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

THE SCIENCE OF EDUCATION; and Art of Teaching. In Two Parts. By JAMES OGDEN, A. M. [12mo.—pp. 478.] Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, Keys & Co. Rochester—E. DARROW & BRO.

WOMEN ARTISTS, in all Ages and Countries. By MRS. ELLET, author of "The Women of the American Revolution," etc. [16mo.—pp. 337.] New York: Harper & Brothers. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

STATISTICAL AND HISTORICAL ACCOUNT of the County of Addison, Vermont. Written at the Request of the Historical Society of Middlebury, by SAMUEL SWIFT. [8vo.—pp 132.] Middlebury, Vt.: A. H. Copeland. [From the Publisher.

KENNETH FORBES; or, Fourteen Ways of Studying the Bible. [16mo.—pp. 278.] Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union. Rochester—ADAMS & DARNEY.

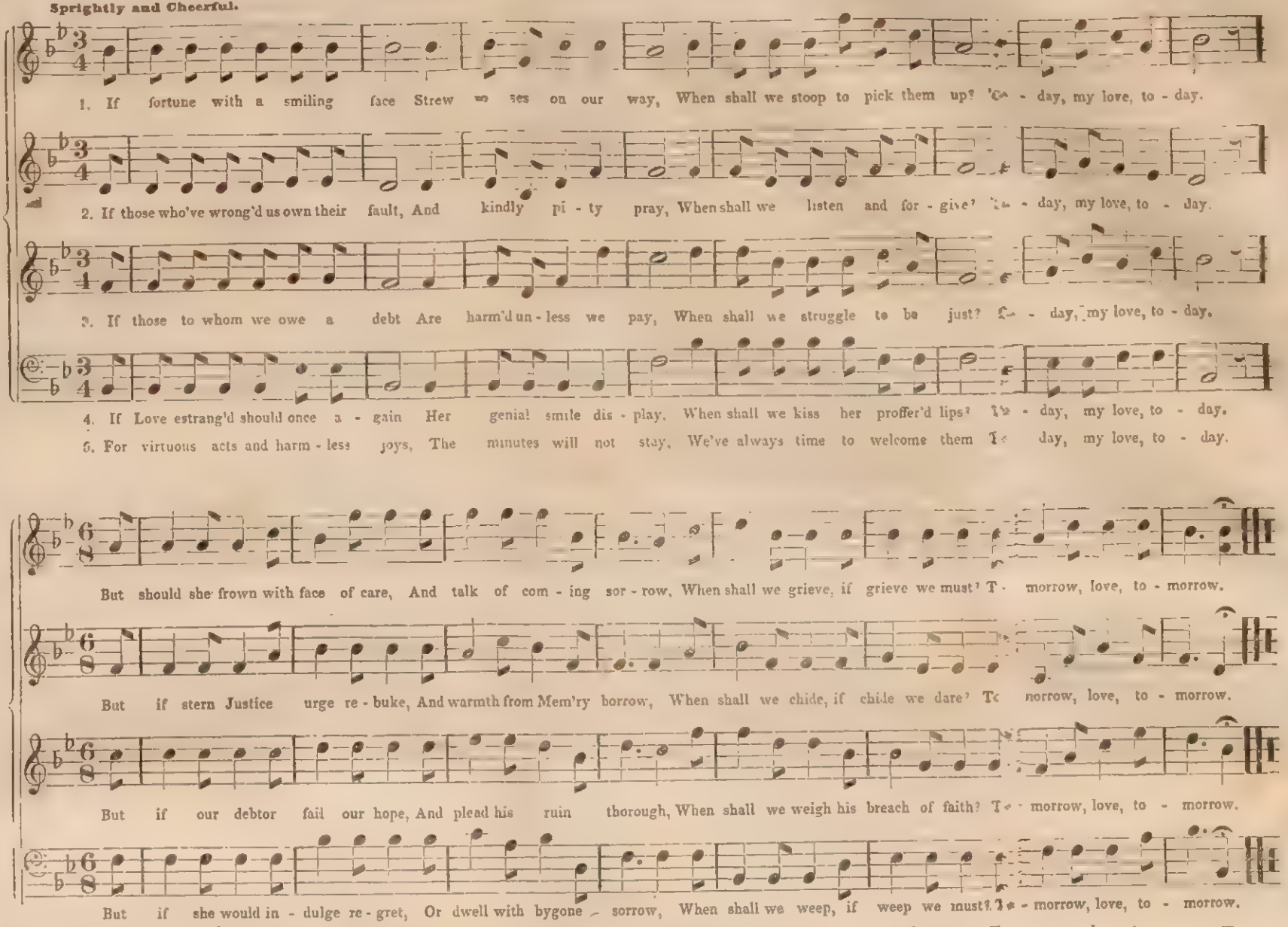
PARLEY THE PORTER; or, The Cost of Yielding to Temptation. Illustrated in Two Stories. [Published and sold as above.

THE MISSIONARY KITE. [Published and sold as above.

THE LITTLE HERDSMAN. [Published and sold as above.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Sprightly and Cheerful.



CURE FOR FITS.

For a Fit of Passion.—Walk out in the open air; you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself a simpleton.

For a fit of Idleness.—Count the ticking of a clock; do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next and work like a negro.

For a Fit of Extravagance and Folly.—Go to the workhouse, or speak with the inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced—

Who makes his bed of brier and thorn,
Must be content to lie forlorn.

For a Fit of Ambition.—Go into the churchyard, and read the gravestones; they will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bed-chamber—the earth your pillow; corruption your father, and the worm your mother and sister

For a Fit of Despondency.—Look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and to those which He has promised to His followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while He who looks for a flower may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

For all Fits of Doubt, Perplexity, and Fear.—Whether they respect the body or the mind—whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head, or the heart—the following is a radical cure, which may be relied on. I had it from the Great Physician:—"Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee."

For a Fit of Repining.—Look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden, and the afflicted and deranged, and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

A REMARKABLE FACT IN ASTRONOMY.

THE following extract is from a report of one of Professor Mitchell's Lectures on Astronomy, in the Philadelphia Press:

A very remarkable fact was here related by the lecturer, who said that he had not long since met, in the city of St. Louis, a man of great scientific attainments, who for forty years had been engaged in Egypt in deciphering the hieroglyphics of the ancients. This gentleman had stated to him that he had lately unraveled the inscriptions upon the coffin of a mummy, now in the London Museum, and that by the aid of previous observations, he had discovered the key to all the astronomical knowledge of the Egyptians. The zodiac, with the exact positions of the planets, was delineated on this coffin, and the date to which they pointed was the autumnal equinox in the year 1722 before Christ, or nearly thirty-six hundred years ago. Professor Mitchell employed his assistants to ascertain the exact position of the heavenly bodies belonging to our solar system on the equinox of that year, (1722 B. C.,) and send him a correct diagram of them, without having communicated his object in doing so. In compliance with this, the calculations were made, and to his astonishment, on comparing the result with the statements of his scientific friend already referred to, it was found that, on the 7th of October, 1722 B. C., the moon and planets had occupied the exact points in the heavens marked upon the coffin in the London Museum.

TWO STREAMS.

From the same Alpine mountains flow two rivers; the same rain and melted snow feed them, but each of these rivers follows the course it has traced. The one flows to the south, towards the sun; it crosses all the towns where the Greeks and Romans successively planted the germs of civilization, the traditions of their genius, and those melodious languages spoken by the greatest poets and the greatest authors that ever honored humanity. The other river flows toward the north; it traverses the vast forests of the Germanic tribes, from whom descended the Angles, the Saxons, and perhaps the Normans; it waters cold, cloudy, industrious and resolute countries. One is called the Rhone, the other the Rhine. The one, by turns a rivulet and a torrent, now flows, now precipitates itself, through a country filled with poesy and its contrasts, beneath a blue sky toward an azure lake—that glorious sea which, from the commencement of ages, has seen developed on its banks all the destinies of humanity. The other, majestic and calm, bears constantly on its surface steam vessels, and, reflecting the light on its long banks, shows the various buildings elevated by modern industry; it flows into that sea, or rather canal, the junction between the ocean and the Baltic, the separation of the ancient world from the modern, where perhaps some day may be decided the future destinies of humanity.—*M. Loisne.*

CHASTE LANGUAGE.

Our good old English tongue is susceptible of great variations. It will utter in sweet sentences, smooth and soft as flowing honey, the holiest feelings of tenderness and affection, or it will grate harsh discord or thunder maledictions. It will do whatever it is asked to do. It is a pliable instrument ready to serve many purposes. From some lips it is beautiful and musical, charming the ear and delighting the soul. From others it is rough coarse, discordant. It expresses what is in the speaker or writer.

Good language is ever a beautiful thing. Who does not love to hear it? It indicates a gentleman, a lady, a scholar, a friend. It is evidence of refinement, taste, good manners, culture, judgment, good breeding. It has a happy influence, is ever the proper vehicle of good thoughts and proper feelings.

It is said that at one period of Athenian history the ear and taste of the people of Athens were so cultivated that a public speaker would be hissed by the common people for a coarse expression or an ungrammatical sentence. This perhaps is a fastidious refinement; but pure and proper language is ever delightful, and ought always to be used. For home use, for friendship, for business, for social life—how admirable is chaste language. A grammar, a dictionary, a proper attention to the cultivation of one's every-day speech, will soon give one correct and agreeable habits of conversation. Try it, all bad talkers.—*Valley Farmer.*

APOLOGIZING.—A very desperate habit—one that is rarely cured. Apology is only egotism wrong side out. Nine times out of ten, the first thing a man's companion knows of his short-coming is from his apology. It is mighty presumptuous on your part to suppose your small failures of so much consequence that you must make a talk about them.

The Young Ruralist.

OUT WEST TWELVE YEARS AGO.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Having seen an article in the last number of the RURAL, headed "Our Society Out West," I will give my young fellow Ruralists an idea of our society in what was once termed the woods. About the year 1847 a few intelligent, honest families, left their happy firesides to brave the storms and privations of a woodman's life, destined for the land of Indians and other "wild animals." Finally, after traversing fifteen hundred miles, fifty miles west of the shores of Lake Michigan, they "drove their stakes" and commenced their slow and tardy road to fortune. No sooner would their cabins be erected, than an unwelcome visitor, for such he might be on account of his hideous, savage-like features, would pop in for the purpose of obtaining *kush-i-gon* (bread;) after receiving it, with a *boo-shoo*, (good day,) mount his little wild poney and bound away whooping and yelling with joy. In a few months there were families enough to form a settlement, and then how happy they were. No cares, no strife, no contentions,—all was harmony. Fashion had not stopped in their ranks and interfered with their dress and customs. Each one wore the dress he saw fit, whether it was broadcloth or buckskin. And their "social gatherings," how they did enjoy those evening chats, at each other's cabins nearly every evening in the winter season—an ox team and an old sled their mode of conveyance. Cares and anxieties were strangers to them; doctors were unneeded and lawyers uncalled for. They had public worship at some particular house, where they worshiped with one accord—no distinction of sect or denomination—all was unity, brotherhood. At their town meetings and elections no political strife was manifested. But oh! the change in these few years! Instead of "going to town" with "Buck and Bright," it is now "going to the city" with their 2.40 "Flora Temples" and "Wild Fires," and fancy carriages. And then Fashion, with her Shanghae coats, tight pants and beavers, silks and crinoline, came crowding in. Social parties, almost unknown, divided into religious denominations, each having its own ministers and place of worship; lawyers receive a better compensation than the farmer; doctors have good practice, and at town meetings and elections all is contention and strife—two or three different parties contending for victory. Is such really progress and improvement in every sense of the term?

OSCAR BEARY.

Fond du Lac, Wis., 1859.

THE BOY FARMERS.—A Maine paper tells a good story of two boys, one thirteen, and the other eleven, who on account of the sickness of their father were left to work the farm. They thoroughly plowed and cross-plowed three acres of rather rough ground, which they then sowed, and then harrowed it three times over. They also assisted in clearing one acre of new land, which was sown with wheat. It grew well, especially that first sown, but at harvest the father being still sick, there was none to gather the grain but these two little lads. Having neither strength nor skill to use the cradle, they grasped the sickle with resolute hand, and reaping what they could each day, persevered until the whole four acres were thus harvested by them alone. The produce of this crop would command in market $135, and they did a good deal of work on the farm beside. This shows what boys can do if they really set about it, and make work of work, and play of play—not trying to do both at once.

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Teachers, Get the Best—D. W. Fish.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS-DEPARTMENT

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 3, 1859.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

In consequence of the recent occurrences on the frontier, the suggestion has been made to the Liberal Government of Mexico, from a distinguished quarter, that immediate steps be taken with a view of entering into an agreement or treaty with the Government of the United States for the punishment of such outlaws as Cortinas and his men. The main feature of the agreement being to treat offences committed on either side of the Rio Grande as against the peace of both Republics. The parties to be tried and punished according to the laws of the country in which they may be arrested.

The Secretary of War on the 25th ult., received the following dispatch from Lieut. Gen. Scott, dated Straits of Fuca, and sent by way of Leavenworth:—"Two days ago I dispatched from Fort Townsend a communication to Gov. Douglass, proposing a temporary adjustment of the existing difficulties, on the basis suggested by the President in his instructions to me. There has been no answer yet, but there is no doubt the proposition will be accepted. Everything is tranquil in these islands."

The number of members of Congress in the city is daily increasing. The organization of the House of Representatives is with them the prominent topic of conversation and concern.

The Treasurer's statement shows that the receipts for the week ending on Monday week were $366,000. The amount of the drafts paid was $798,000, and drafts issued $1,260,000. The amount subject to draft is $5,287,000. The increase over the sum on hand last week is nearly $98,000.

Personal and Political.

A Salt Lake City paper nominates Gen. Sam Houston as the Mormon candidate for the Presidency in 1860.

Senator Sumner is about to resign his seat in the United States Senate, and, it is said, will marry and reside in England.

Hon. Fenner Ferguson, formerly Chief Justice of Nebraska, and delegate to Congress from that Territory, died of paralysis on the 11th ult. The Nebraska Republican says:—"It is a remarkable fact that of the eight original appointees to office in Nebraska by President Pierce, not one of them is now in office, and only four of them are now living. Only two of them (Gen. Eastabrook and A. R. Gilmore, Esq.,) now reside in the Territory. Gov. Burt, the first Governor, died at Bellevue soon after reaching the Territory. Marshal Doyle died suddenly from a fall down a flight of steps in the Exchange Bank in the winter of 55-56. Secretary Cuming died a year and a half ago in this city, and now Judge Ferguson is added to the list of the dead.

The celebrated trapper and guide, Kit Carson, one of the noblest of our brave frontiersmen, died recently at Taos, in New Mexico. He was a native of Madison Co., Ky., and would have completed his fiftieth year had he lived to the 24th of December next. While he was yet an infant, his parents removed to the Territory of Missouri, in which wild region his youth and manhood were spent. As the borders of civilization enlarged, he gradually withdrew farther and farther from the settlements, preferring the haunts of the Indian to the abodes of the white race. About seventeen years since he fell in with Col. Fremont. His services as a guide to that explorer, and others of his class, have won for him a national reputation. In 1847 he was sent to Washington as bearer of dispatches, and received an appointment of Lieutenant in the rifle corps of the United States Army. Six years later he drove 6,500 sheep to California, for the successful execution of which difficult undertaking he was rewarded with the post of Indian Agent at Taos, the place of his death.

Jefferson Co., in this State, has the honor of having furnished several of the Western States with Governors. We believe that Gov. Matteson, of Ill., Gov. Farwell, of Wis., Gov. Wood, of O., and the present Governor, (late U. S. Senator) Petit, of Nebraska, were all natives of that county. Oneida may also put in a claim for similar honors, since Judge Miller and Hon. Norman Todd, both from Oneida Co., in this State, are named at the same time as candidates for the Gubernatorial nomination in Illinois.

The returns are now nearly complete from Wisconsin. The majorities foot up as follows:—Randall, (Rep.) 14,799, Hobart (Dem.) 11,003, showing a majority for Randall in the State of 3,796. Only four Counties remain to be heard from, and their vote is too small to materially vary the result.

The Newark Advertiser gives the official vote of New Jersey at the recent election, as follows:—Olden, (Opp.) 58,367, Wright, (Dem.) 51,738. Olden's majority, 1,629.

The St. Paul Minnesotian publishes full returns of the recent election, from all the Counties. They show a Republican majority of 3,353 for Governor Ramsey.

The contestants for seats in Congress are unusually numerous, as is shown by the following list, prepared by the N. Y. Tribune:

RETURNED.	CONTESTED BY
Daniel E Sickles, of N. Y.	Amer J. Williamson.
W. C. Anderson, Ky.	James S. Chrisman.
J. Morrison Harris, Md.	William P. Preston.
Henry Winter Davis, do.	William G. Harrison.
Geo. B. Cooper, Mich.	William A. Howard.
J. Richard Barret, Mo.	Francis P. Blair, Jr.
Lansing Stout, Oregon.	David Logan.
E. Estabrook, Nebraska.	Samuel G. Daily.
Miguel A. Otero, N. Mex.	Henry M. Watts.

Taking the difficult question of organization, and the settlement of these claims, together with all the other sources of difficulty, we may anticipate a stormy session of Congress.

The official vote of New York gives the following result—the vote of each candidate, and the majority, as taken from the returns at the Secretary of State's office, by the Albany Argus:

	DEMOCRAT.	REPUBLICAN.	MAJ.
Jones	252 594	Leavenworth 251,098	1,498
Church	227,202	Denniston .. 275 849	48 647
Vanderpoel	226 665	Dorsheimer 271 [illegible]	47 954
Tremain	227,245	Myers. 275 892	48 647
Richmond	251 990	Story 250 884	1 115
Skinner	251,786	Chapin 251 472	314
Elderkin	251,195	Forrest 251 472	63
Lewis	227,150	Hopper 275 [illegible]	48 [illegible]
Johnson	227,615	Davies 272,909	45,294

News Paragraphs.

The city of Brooklyn proposes to lay out a chain of five magnificent parks, connected by a broad macadamized avenue, forming, when completed, a drive of twelve miles, which will challenge the world for its equal in magnificence.

The Pittsfield (Mass.) Sun states "that A. W. Richardson & Co., of North Adams, took one hundred and sixty-two pounds of sand from a bale of wool they purchased last week for fifteen cents per pound."

The Board of Underwriters of New Orleans have offered a reward of three thousand dollars for every apprehension and conviction of an incendiary during the next twelve months.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives has abolished the provision of law authorizing flogging in the State Prison. Mr. Goodwin, of Lowell, who is chairman of the Board of Inspectors of the Prison, stated that not a blow had been inflicted there for nearly three years.

George Bower, a resident of Hummelstown, Pa., having a very large wart on one of his hands, was induced to cut it out, and apply arsenic to destroy the roots. He did so on Monday, and died from the effects on the Wednesday following.

A young lady passed through Cincinnati last week on her way to St. Louis, whither she had been forwarded by express. She was from Paris, and being ignorant of our language, her friends had placed her in charge of an express messenger. The "way bill" was made out in due form and the charges paid as per tariff. The messenger declared that he never took such good care of "freight" before, considering it extra, we presume.

General Thomas Thumb, who, although barely knee-high to a grasshopper, made a large fortune for P. T. Barnum and a snug one for himself, is reported to be about to unite himself in wedlock with a lady of youth and beauty. The authorities differ about her height, and it is variously stated as three feet six, and six feet three.

The Massachusetts Senate has adopted an amendment to the law, which removes the disability to receive the testimony of atheists in courts of law. The amendment provides that "every person not a believer in any religion shall be required to testify truly under pains and penalties of perjury." To this, an amendment was adopted as follows: "And the evidence of such person's disbelief in the existence of God may be received to affect credibility as a witness." The latter clause of the amendment was adopted by a vote of 10 to 7. The vote upon the amendment, as amended, was 13 to 18, and it was adopted by the casting vote of the President.

The amount of grain afloat upon the upper lakes for Oswego, up to the latest advices, is 400,000 bushels wheat, 135,000 bushels corn, and 55,000 bushels barley. This does not include the quantity to come from Canada.

A portion of the bridge across White river, opposite West Hartford, Vt., from the pier to the abutment on the village side of the river, was broken down last week by a drove of cattle while crossing it, and 16 head of cattle fell with the bridge, from 15 to 20 feet, upon the rocks below, without killing one or even breaking a limb.

The following eight states have no iron works:—Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, Iowa, Minnesota, California and Oregon. There are in the United States 1,545 works, 382 furnaces, 488 forges, and 225 rolling mills, which produce annually about 850,000 tons of iron, the value of which, in an ordinary year, is fifty millions of dollars.

It is rumored that the failure of John A. Washington, with a half a million of liabilities incumbering the Mt. Vernon estate, will prevent him from transferring the property with a good title.

A tavern keeper named Prangley, living in the town of Williams, near London, C. W., on the Grand Trunk Railway, has been indicted for manslaughter, because a man was sold liquor wherewith he got drunk, and going home, fell off a railroad bridge and was drowned. The man Prangley, while he owned the tavern and the liquor, was some thirty miles distant at the time the liquor was sold.

A patent medicine agent named Carr, committed suicide a few days since, in Ohio, by poisoning himself with arsenic. He might have accomplished his intention quite as well by taking his own compound.

The Canadian Seat of Government.—The Seat of Government for Canada seems to be established at Ottawa City, beyond peradventure, at last, as a contract has been awarded for the erection of the Parliamentary and Departmental Buildings. It is taken by Mr. McGreevy, of Quebec, at the sum of $518,000, which amount will be largely increased as the buildings approach completion. The appropriation made originally was $300,000, and this contract is lower than was anticipated.

Our Adopted Citizens.—Apropos of the Harper's Ferry outbreak, the Winchester Virginian says:—"It is worthy of remark, that, though the Abolitionists had been a whole year plotting the insurrection at Harper's Ferry, they were unable to enlist a single foreign-born citizen in their ranks; not one was found among them to share their treason against their race and nation. An Irishman (the keeper of the bridge) was the first to offer them resistance—an Irishman was the second man they killed, while he had his rifle drawn to shoot—and the last man they killed was a young and gallant Irishman (the marine.)"

What John Mitchell Expects.—John Mitchell writes a second letter of his series from Paris to the *Irishman*, counselling the "nationalists" of Ireland "to be prepared." He expects ere long to see Gibraltar, as the key of the Mediterranean, and San Juan, as the key of the Columbian Archipelago, wrested from "the swindler and usurer of nations," England; then he adds, on behalf of his brother "Celts":—"Happy if we can but prepare ourselves to rise to our own feet, and stand erect upon our own soil, when the felonious gripe is loosened from our throats."

A Rare Case.—A person who was recently allowed a pension on account of a disability incurred in the naval service, and supposed to be of a permanent character, has informed the Pension Office that he is happily restored to health, and therefore relinquishes his claim to the beneficence of the government. A similar instance has not occurred for many years.

From the Pacific Side.

The Overland Mail of Oct. 31st arrived at Saint Louis on the 22d ult. There was unusual agitation of Railroad projects in California, and strong appeals were being made to capitalists for aid. The overland emigration by the Central Route, it is stated by competent parties, will reach 30,000, and but little sickness has occurred, and the gold and silver discoveries in Washoe Valley and Walker River have created a great demand for laborers.

Dates from Portland, Oregon, are to Oct. 27th, and from Victoria to the 27th. A special correspondent of the Alta California, who accompanied Gen. Scott on his trip to the Northwest, says that the General arrived at Port Townsend on the 25th, and would immediately establish his headquarters on board the U. S. steamer Massachusetts.

Commissioner Campbell, expected overland from Colville, had been directed to join the Commission at San Juan. No plan of action has yet been decided upon by General Scott.

The Overland Express brought dispatches from the British Consul at San Francisco to Lord Lyons, at Washington; and also a communication, franked by Gen. Scott, and addressed to the Commanding officer at Fort Leavenworth, stating that the British have withdrawn all their forces from San Juan, with the exception of the steamer Satellite.

Advices from Arizona state that Capt. Ewell had left Fort Buchanan for Sonora, under orders from the Secretary of War, to call on Governor Peschiera and protest in the name of the United States Government, against the expulsion of Captain Storie's party and of other American citizens from that State.

It is said that Peschiera has recently expressed a strong desire for the formation of Emigration Colonies in the United States, for the purpose of inducing a general emigration into Sonora.

The Baltic, from Aspinwall the 19th, arrived at New York, Nov. 27. She brought six hundred and fifty passengers, and upwards of $1,700,000 in treasure. The Baltic brings over as freight one hundred cases silk worm eggs from China, for Italy and the South of France.

The Governor has ordered an election for Dec. 10th, to fill the vacancy in the State Senate. This will be an exciting election, as it involves the question whether the Legislature shall grant the right to construct bulkheads to protect the harbor of San Francisco, a project involving an expenditure of $5,000,000.

An association has been formed at San Francisco, with the intention of embracing the whole State, for the purpose of excluding the Chinamen from all employment except the lowest kind.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Great Britain.—Sir G. C. Lewis, at the Lord Mayor's banquet, said that no final proposition had yet been made to England for a Congress. When one should be received the Ministry would deliberate on its acceptance on the understanding that the Italians are not to be coerced.

Two war steamers and four gun-boats had left England for China.

Capt. Petrie, of the steamship City of Washington, had been formally presented with a gold chronometer and chain from the President of the United States, for services rendered to the crew of the ship Grey Oak, of New York.

France.—The three treaties were finally signed at Zurich on the 10th, and the Plenipotentiaries departed on the 12th. It was said that Austria had consented to take 102,000,000 francs from France, instead of 104,000,000 previously demanded.

The Moniteur, in announcing the signing of the treaties, says that France and Austria agreed to promote the meeting of a Congress.

A circular by Count Walewski announces that France has demanded from Sardinia, 60,000,000f. for expenses of the late war. The circular also says that the French government has received assurances that the Pope was only waiting for an opportune moment to make public certain reforms by which the government of the clergy would be replaced by a government generally composed of the laity, which would give to the country better guaranties for the administration of justice and for the control of the public finances, by means of an Assembly elected by the people.

The cholera among the French troops, in Africa, is said to be abating.

The Bank of France had lost nearly 19,000,000 of francs in cases during the month.

Italy.—Tuscany has followed the example of the other States of Central Italy, and conferred the Regency upon the Prince of Carignan.

The King of Sardinia, under the pressure of France, refused to grant Carignan permission to accept the Regency.

Spain.—The affair between Spain and Morocco was unchanged, though it was reported that the Sultan had empowered his brother to grant the demands of Spain.

Commercial.—*Breadstuffs.*—Liverpool breadstuffs market firm and all qualities slightly higher. Richardson, Spence & Co. quote flour quiet and holders demanding an advance of 1s. Wheat firm and 4d@5d higher. Corn buoyant and advanced 1s@1s6d per quarter. Liverpool provision market dull. Pork quiet, but firmer for common. Bacon steady and new wanted. Lard steady 57s@59s.

Clippings from Foreign Journals.

An association of the members of the clergy in England have published an address in which they pledge themselves to a total abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. The Rev. Dr. Close, Dean of Carlisle, heads the list.

The annual demand for postage stamps in Great Britain is 500,000,000. This would require 1,600,000 to be manufactured each working day.

The Emperor Napoleon has recently ordered the appropriation of twenty-eight thousand dollars for the thorough repair of Longwood House, and the tomb of the Emperor Napoleon I, at St. Helena, as well as the domain called the Vale of Napoleon. Since the French Government came into possession of this territory, they have always kept a resident Commandant at Longwood.

The English Home Government and the East India Government bind themselves to connect, with telegraph, the Indian peninsula with the island of Singapore, while the Dutch Government agrees to carry out the connection to the south-east point of the island of Java, which belongs to Holland.

The cable for the telegraph from Aden to Kurrachee has been dispatched from Liverpool, and was expected to be laid by the middle of January, when communication between London and Calcutta will be complete. The length of the new shipment is 1,900 knots, and electricians report it in a high state of perfection.

The Great Eastern.—It is decided that the new mammoth is not exempt from the ills that ordinary ships are heir to. The directors having decided that the vessel should go to Southampton, she left Holyhood harbor on the 3d inst. In steaming clear of the Welch coast she put out far enough to sea to give those on board a taste of life on the ocean wave. It was supposed that the steamer would ride upon the waves without rolling or pitching like ordinary vessels, but this anticipation was doomed to disappointment. The chairs and tables began to be unsteady, to reel to and fro like a drunken man, and be at their wit's end. The crockery followed, and cups, saucers and dishes rushed furiously to destruction against the pantry walls, and were dashed to pieces like a potter's vessel. About five o'clock a giant wave came surging on towards the bows, and struck the Great Eastern with a loud boom, sending its green waters in a heavy clump clear over the forward bulwarks, and drenching the men on deck. It was also proved by this trial trip that the Great Eastern will require three hundred tons of coal a day to make her go at the rate of fifteen and a half knots an hour. So, on the whole, it may be questioned whether her gigantic size is not, after all, the chief and only merit of the mammoth steamer.

Wreck of the Indian.—The iron steamer Indian, from Liverpool, struck a sea ledge near Marie Joseph, on Monday, the 21st inst. She had 188 passengers, a crew of 190, 800 tons of cargo and some specie. Half an hour after striking she parted amidships. One boat was capsized and several persons drowned. Another was stove alongside. Two more boats, with part of the passengers and crew, drifted to sea and have not since been heard of. The schooner Alexander, Capt. Shellnut, was first to render assistance, and arrived at Halifax the 24th inst., with 24 persons on board. The number of lives lost is not yet known. The schooner Luten ran close among the breakers and became herself a total wreck. Crew saved.

The News Condenser.

— Snow fell in Mississippi Nov. 13th.

— There are 230 students in Antioch College, 85 of whom are females.

— Quails are appearing in great numbers in some of the towns of Illinois.

— The underground railroad brought 26 negroes to Detroit Friday week.

— There are now nineteen steam fire engines in the city of Philadelphia.

— London and Calcutta are to be connected by telegraph in January, 1859.

— The good people of Baltimore are just now holding business prayer meetings!

— The Canadians are discussing the subject of supporting schools by direct taxation.

— The suspension bridge over the Sciota River fell on Saturday week, killing two men.

— The supervisors of San Francisco, Cal., are providing for a system of city railroads.

— It is estimated that the British nation spends annually about $2,000,000 for perfumery.

— Vulcanized India rubber is found to be the best material for the manufacture of flutes.

— There is now in operation in the U. S. one mile of railway to every thousand inhabitants.

— There is a German woman in Milwaukee, 50 years of age, who is the mother of 24 children.

— "Doesticks" Thompson, is said to be an applicant for a passage in Prof. Lowe's great balloon.

— The "bear tax" of Vermont, last year, was $500. The State pays a premium for bear scalps.

— On the Northumberland coast in England, there was a heavy frost and snow on the 22 of Oct.

— Burnham, a Massachusetts Maine Law liquor agent, has been indicted for selling adulterated liquor.

— The yellow fever is disappearing in New Orleans, in consequence of the recent frost in that region.

— The Russ pavement, in New York city, is being taken up. Cause—horses cannot stand well upon it.

— One cent damages is the result of a libel suit against the Cincinnati Times, after six years litigation.

— The State of Maine will export from the port of Bangor alone, 100,000 bushels of potatoes the present fall.

— A committee has reported the north pier of the Chicago harbor liable to be washed away by the first gale.

— In Canada, a scamp named Corbett goes three years to the penitentiary for throwing a stone at the cars.

— The stock is all taken for a telegraph line between Pensacola and Mobile, and is to be completed in ninety days.

— A large number of prosecutions has been commenced in New York city, for violation of the Excise Law.

— The Brandon (Miss.) Republican proposes that no persons shall travel in Southern States without passports.

— The artesian well at Columbus, Ohio, is suspended at a depth of 2,340 feet—the deepest bore on earth, and no water!

— The merchants and capitalists of great Britain are estimated to own about nine hundred ocean steamers.

— The city of Detroit is about to erect a new City Hall, at a cost of $250,000, and a Workhouse at a cost of $50,000.

— The house in which John Huss, the great reformer, was born, at Husice, in Bohemia, was recently destroyed by fire.

— The steamer Nile was burned near Montgomery, Ala., a few nights since, and 500 bales of cotton were destroyed.

— The Stamford Mercury in England has been published without interruption for one hundred and sixty-four years.

— Margaret Dixon, a young seamstress, recently died at Cincinnati from the prick of a needle in the palm of her left hand.

— One hundred and fifteen workmen were discharged from employment at the Norfolk Navy Yard Saturday evening week.

— Lombardy, birthplace of pawnbrokers, is now herself in pawn. Austria has advanced ten millions, English, upon her.

— Joe Smith, son of the Mormon prophet, remains at Nauvoo, a respected Justice of the Peace. He refuses to go to Utah.

— The State Prison of New Jersey contains three hundred and fifty prisoners, a greater number than at any previous time.

— The Central Park in New York proves very attractive. On any fair day not less than 5,000 visitors throng its walks and drives.

— Washington Territory is 600 miles long, 290 broad and contains 128,022 square miles. It is now principally valued for its lumber.

— Fires in the forests of Virginia have spread a distance of 20 miles. At one time some 2,000 acres of timber land were on fire.

— An innocent negro was shot and killed a few nights since, in Somerset Co., Md., during a panic caused by a false report of insurrection.

— Three thousand inebriates have applied for admission into the N. Y. State Inebriate Asylum. Among the number are 30 clergymen.

— The Burlington stove manufacturers have constructed an oven with over fifty feet of baking surface for the Connecticut State Hotel.

— The railroad along the Welland Canal has conveyed from Port Colburn to Lake Ontario, during the season, 600,000 bushels of wheat.

— A Cincinnati paper estimates that between $2 000,000 and $3,000,000 are invested in that city in the business of manufacturing carriages.

— A citizens' gas-light company has been organized in Brooklyn, all the stock taken, and contracts made for building works, laying pipe, etc.

— Southern Legislatures are everywhere called upon by the plantation press to make stringent laws against Northern peddlers and traveling agents.

— The amount of wheat accumulating on the Upper Mississippi for the steamboats to take down the river before navigation closes, is immensely large.

— Horatio Stone, the sculptor, has matured and modelled his design of a statue of Thomas H. Benton, as he often appeared before the American Senate.

— A Connecticut school-mistress having a troublesome big boy to manage, *sat down* on him. She is a large woman, and "crushed out" his insubordination.

— Four new churches are in process of erection in Trenton, N. J., by the Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists and Methodists, at a cost of over $100,000.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

ROCHESTER, Nov. 29, 1859.

FLOUR from spring or fall wheat is without alteration in rates. Buckwheat is looking up a little, the range being $2@3.25.

GRAIN—Not much change in wheat—a slight advance is noted, but the market is not firm at the start taken. Corn drooping, and a decline of 5 cents on the bushel noted. Rye is a little better in rates, but the demand is limited. Barley falling off on lower grades—choice is as last quoted, while holders are asking an advance. Buckwheat stiffer and in demand

MEATS—But little pork in market this morning, and buyers are offering considerably lower figures than were current last week—the range seems to be $5@6.50. Beef is also declining in rates, the extremes of the market ranging from $3 to $5 ₩ cwt.

HAY is falling off, and we note a better supply in market to-day than for many months.

All other matters are as last quoted.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen.	17@18
Flour, wht. wheat	$5.25@6.25	Honey, box.	15@16
Flour, spring do.	$4.75@5.75	Candles, box	12@14c
Flour, buckwheat	$2.[illegible]	**FRUIT AND ROOT**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1.[illegible]	Apples, bushel	50c
Best white Can'a.	$1.2[illegible]	Apples, dried	$1.00@1.25
Corn	[illegible]	Peaches, do.	[illegible]
Rye, 60 lbs ₩ bu	70@75c	Cherries, dried, ₩ lb	[illegible]
Oats by weight	[illegible]	Potatoes	31@37c
Barley	[illegible]	**HIDES AND SKINS**	
Buckwheat	40@45c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	$2.[illegible]	Calf	[illegible]
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	[illegible]
Pork, mess	$17.50@18.50	Lamb pelts	50@$1.00
Pork, clear	[illegible]	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	[illegible]	Clover, bush	$5.00@5.50
Beef, ₩ cwt	[illegible]	Timothy	$2.50@4.75
Spring lambs, each	$1.[illegible]	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton, carcass	[illegible]	Wood, hard	$4.00@4.50
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3.00@3.50
Shoulders	[illegible]	Coal, lehigh	$6.[illegible]
Chickens	[illegible]	Coal, Scranton	$4.25@4.50
Turkeys	[illegible]	Coal, Pittston	$4.25@4.50
Geese	[illegible]	Coal, Shamokin	$4.25@4.50
Ducks, ₩ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c		Salt, bbl	$1.15
Butter, roll	17@18c	Hay, ton	$16.00@20.00
Butter, firkin	16@17c	Wool, ₩ lb	37½@50c
Cheese	8@10c	White fish, bbl	$4.00@5.00
Lard, tried	12@12c	Codfish, ₩ quintal	$4.00@5.25
Tallow	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$4.00@5.50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Nov. 28.—FLOUR—Market 5@10c better, with a fair speculative and export demand. Sales at $5.10@5.20 for super state; $5.32½@5.35 for extra do; $5.20@5.35 for super western; $5.40@5.55 for common to good extra do; $5.55@5.75 for inferior to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing firm. Canadian a shade better; sales at $5.[illegible]@6.35 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat 1@2c better, with a good speculative and fair export demand; sales at $1.33@1.38 for Milwaukee club—latter for very choice extra; $1.35@1.37 for red Indiana; $1.40 for common white Canadian; $1.50 for do Southern; $1.43 for do Kentucky. Rye quiet and firm; sales at 90c. Barley lower and more active; sales at 73@76c for State; 75@76c for Canada East; 73c for Chicago. Corn firmer for new; sales at 75@83c for new yellow; 95c for old yellow. Oats very dull at 46½@47½c for State, Western and Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Pork dull and heavy. Sales at $16 for mess; $11 for prime. Dressed hogs dull at 7c. Lard dull and heavy; sales at 10¼@10¾c. Butter plenty and dull at 11½@15c for Ohio; 14@21c for State. Cheese quiet at 8@11c.

ALBANY, Nov. 28.—FLOUR AND MEAL—Our market for flour is active and buoyant, with an improved Eastern inquiry. The demand for the supply of the local trade is active, with an increased inquiry for the river towns. Prices, although unchanged, are very firm. Corn meal is steady.

GRAIN—There is an improved milling inquiry for wheat, and the market rules very firm Sales white Ohio on p. t., do Canadian at $1.35, and Mediterranean at $1.37. Corn quiet and unchanged. Rye firm and in active request, with sales at 86c. Barley heavy, with but few samples of choice offering. The supply is good, but it is mainly made up of ordinary qualities of State. The sales reported were Canada West at 75@76c, and Western on p. t. Oats firm and in active request. Sales State at 45½c, and do, delivered in New York at 46c, with but a moderate supply offering.

FEED—A quiet market. Sales 80 bs. feed at $1.15.

BUFFALO, Nov 28—FLOUR Market firm, with a fair demand Sales at $4.10 for fine $4.75 at 80 for extra State from spring wheat; $4.[illegible] for extra Wisconsin, $5.[illegible] for ordinary to fair extra Michigan, $5.[illegible] for extra Indiana and Ohio, $5.75@6 for double extra do.

GRAIN—Wheat in active demand and market firm. Sales Saturday evening, Canada club at $1.04; No. 1 Milwaukee do at $1.06; Green Bay club at $1.07 white Ohio at $1.05. This morning, No. 2 Chicago spring to arrive, at $1.03½; do from store at same. No. 1 Milwaukee club at $1.05½; do at $1.06; No. 1 Chicago spring at $1.05, and Green Bay club at $1.06½. Corn market nominal. Oats steady. Sales Western, Saturday evening, at 35½c. This morning, Canadian at 35c. Barley nominal at 65@70c for good to choice. Rye also nominal at about 73c. Pork—Small sales heavy mess at $16.50.

OSWEGO, Nov. 28.—FLOUR—Advanced 25c.

GRAIN—Wheat 2@3c better on upper lake; sales Chicago spring No. 1 at $1.10; Milwaukee club No. 1 at $1.10; red Michigan at $1.20. Corn in demand for distilling; sales damaged Illinois at 56c. Other grains quiet.

TORONTO, C. W., Nov. 26.—FLOUR—There has been more animation in flour during the past fortnight, and considerable sales have been made for the eastern markets at full rates, which, although the market is at present dull, are firm. Within the past few days no sales of moment have transpired, and in consequence of the different views of operators, more than the usual difficulty has been experienced in arriving at correct quotations. The following, however, may be considered pretty nearly correct—Superfine No. 1 $4.[illegible] do No. 2, $4.15@4.25; fancy, $4.90@5.05; extra $5.[illegible]; double extra, $5.50@6; oatmeal, $4.[illegible]; cornmeal, $3.75; pot barley, $5

GRAIN The business of the week in fall wheat has been unusually small, owing to the unfavorable weather, but there has existed an active demand to complete cargoes, which has caused the market to rule very steadily at full rates. Within the last few days, however, there has been less disposition on the part of dealers to buy, and one or two sales have been effected freely, in consequence of which prices are somewhat lower, with a downward tendency. The figures that have been paid during the week have ranged from $1.20 to $1.28 and $1.30 for good, prime and extra prime samples, and from $1.15 to $1.20 for common. On Thursday rates were lower, and $1.25 was the outside figure realized, ranging from that to $1.17 for prime, and down to from $1.07 to $1.12½ for inferior and common. The lowest price for the day was $1.[illegible] ₩ bushel, the market closing dull and heavy. Yesterday the market was more active, but prices were not up to the full figures, the extreme range extending from that to $1.12—the average price being $1.21 ₩ bushel. The demand for spring wheat has been active, and prices have been well sustained. The sample has been of a uniformly high character. From 96c to 97½c have been current rates for ordinary and good lots, and $1 for prime samples. Barley is in limited local request at lower rates; the best samples cannot be placed at above 60c, ranging from that down to 55c. Rye is in good local demand at slightly better figures, say 60 to 65c ₩ bushel. Oats continue in moderate supply, without much variation in prices. They rule steadily at 35 to 38c ₩ bushel. There is not much doing in peas, although the demand remains active. Prices are firm at 60 to 65c ₩ bushel.—*Globe.*

The Pork Trade.

NEW YORK.—The Albany *Journal* of the 24th ult. remarks that dressed hogs are coming forward slowly on account of the uncertainty of the weather, and we can only quote sales to a moderate extent of State at $6.50@7 for light and heavy.

OHIO.—"The receipts of hogs since the commencement of the packing season" remarks the Cincinnati *Gazette* of Nov. 24, "foot up 611,000 head, against 192,231 to the corresponding date last year. The receipts for the past week have averaged about 5,000 head a day. This has operated in favor of sellers, the cash accounts for early ment, &c., having been more than equal to the daily offerings. Prices have therefore gathered strength, closing firm, at $5.75 for lots averaging 200 lbs and upwards But although prices of products have come up in proportion, and the feeling rests upon the whole buoyant, with some disposition to speculate it is doubtful whether hogs would be sold on understandings as to rates say 10 000 to 12 000 a day Let the market be fairly tried therefore, it is difficult to form any reliable opinion as to the future Rates generally will be governed to lower, at high prices, that is to say, most of the transactions being that at $5.75 to $6 the business would be safe and under present circumstances heavy packing would tend to a declin, there being no support but the of the legitimate trade of consequence. On the other hand, $5 to $5.[illegible] are looked upon as safe figures.

ILLINOIS.—According to the Chicago *Democrat* of the 24th ult., the hog market is active and good fat hogs are in demand. Much complaint is made by packers that many of the live hogs brought here are destitute of lard, and do not pay for killing. The market has ranged from $3.75 to $4.

TORONTO, C. W.—The supply of pork has been somewhat better, although as yet the receipts are not large. Prices continue satisfactory, and are steady at $5 to $5.75, the latter a very extreme rate. The rates most frequently paid are $5.37½ to $5.50 ₩ 100 lbs.

KENTUCKY.—Says the Louisville *Courier* of the 19th, "the hog slaughtering and pork packing season has fairly commenced with heavy receipts by the Frankfort and N[illegible] Railroads yesterday and Friday [illegible] packers have not as yet heard of any official [illegible] to act, as a [illegible] generality are refusing to contract [illegible] except at [illegible] prices and [illegible] are [illegible] $4 were [illegible] To-day [illegible] weather on Saturday [illegible] rather more [illegible] the market [illegible] for [illegible] to $4.[illegible] [illegible] during the [illegible] week [illegible] Washington County [illegible] generally here at $4. The [illegible] were [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

RELICS OF THE LOST.

"A LARGE boat; within her were two human skeletons . . . a small Bible interlined in many places, with numerous references written in the margin."
[*Captain McClintock's Journal.*

Our stout hearts brave the ice-winds bleak,
Our keen eyes scan the endless snow;
All sign or trace of those we seek
Has passed and perished long ago.

O, flash of hope! O, joyous thrill!
Onward with throbbing hearts we haste,
For, looming through the ice-fog chill,
A lonely boat is on the waste!

Sad recompense of all our toil,
Wrung from the iron realms of frost,
A mournful, but a precious spoil,—
A reliquary of the lost.

Here lie the arms, the sail, the oar,
Dank with the storms of winters ten,
And by their unexhausted store
The bones that once were stalwart men.

Their last dark record none may learn;
Whether in feebleness and pain,
Heart-sick they watched for the return
Of those who never came again;

Or if, amid the stillness drear,
They felt the drowsy death-chill creep,
Then stretched them on their snowy bier,
And slumbered to their last long sleep!

He only knows, whose Word of Hope
Was with them in the closing strife,
And taught their spirits how to cope
With agony that wins to life—

He only knows, whose Word of Might
Watched by them in their slow decay—
Sure pledge that Death's long, polar night
Should brighten into endless day;

And when the sun with face unveiled
Was circling through the Summer sky,
With silent words of promise hailed
The symbol of Eternity.

Welcome, dear relic! witness rare!
Faithful as if an angel wrote;
Though Death had set his signet there,
The Lord of life was in the boat.
[*Once a Week.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HIDDEN LOVE.

Chapter I.

My mother had never loved me. Since my dear father's death, I had been almost alone in the world, and sometimes, in the bitterness of my heart, I had wished to die—yet there was much in the world to live for, and I would live to make others happy. Why it was she did not love me I never knew. I often thought it was because I was not handsome, like my cold, proud-hearted sister,—self was the shrine at which she worshiped,—the idol she adored. I remember once, when I had been ill—very ill—how I had lain quietly in the deep silence and solitude of my chamber, and wished I might go and be with my dear father in heaven; for he had loved me, oh! so tenderly—had clasped me in his arms before he died, and asked GOD to protect his poor, forsaken child—the memory of his parting kiss, how sweet it lingers—but I wander. I remember that I thought then I would soon get well, had I only some one to love me; but ah, no one came softly to my little room and whispered, "how is ELLA this morning?" or placed a loving hand upon my aching head. I had nearly recovered, when, one morning, summoning all the strength I could command, I had gone softly to my mother's room. She was dressed for an evening party, and looked so lovely in her glorious pride, that I thought on such a joyous occasion *she* must at least be happy, and her heart filled with love. Mistaken thought! In the warmth of my affection I rushed in, and throwing my arms around her exclaimed, "Oh, mother, do you love me?" In an instant the pleasant smile was gone, and with a frown she replied—"ELLA, ELLA," what are you doing here? you are always troubling me with some foolish question—go immediately to your room." I shrank from her presence, feeling as if the fountain of love had forever ceased to flow in my heart, and again sought the quiet of my own little room. Here I threw myself down in the abandonment of sorrow—the fountain of tears was loosed. I wept till I could weep no more, and, sobbing, fell asleep. From that day I was a changed being. I asked no more if she loved me—coldness took the place of all affection—but none knew the deep well of love which was bubbling up in my heart,—none knew how my soul yearned for some one on which to lavish all its tenderness—its sympathy—its love.

Chapter II.

The years rolled on, bringing their changes. I was no longer a child, and with this thought came one that I would no longer be treated as I had been. I would forsake that home which had been anything but pleasant to me, and would seek that kindness from the cold and cruel world which had been denied me by my haughty mother and sister. My father had a sister residing in the village of N——, and I determined to go and live with her. I obtained a cold assent to my proposal from my mother, but as this was all I expected, I was not disappointed or discouraged. One fine morning I hastily collected what few things I possessed, and started on my journey. I arrived safely at my aunt's house, who received me very affectionately, and I felt that she loved me for my father's sake, though I thought I would try to get her to love me for my own. After a few days, at my request, she obtained a situation for me as a teacher in the village school. Here I was satisfied, for I now felt that I would endeavor to win the hearts of my scholars,—well I knew how pure and genuine are the affections of childhood. In time my object was secured, and I was happy, though sometimes a shadow would cross the sunshine of my heart when I thought of my mother—she who should have been my best earthly friend was still a stranger to the affectionate heart her own coldness had chilled. The village was usually a quiet one, and not much excitement occurred to disturb the peaceful harmony with which it was invested. But it was not always to be thus. One morning the intelligence came that a wealthy brother of Squire REYNOLDS had come home from the East Indies, and was coming to visit him. The Squire thought nothing except a grand party could give sufficient honor to such a distinguished visitor. All the village was now in agitation, for a party at the Squire's was considered to be a grand affair. What rendered the excitement more intense was the fact that PERCY REYNOLDS was young, and still unmarried. Great preparations had been going forward, invitations had been sent, and a brilliant time was expected. I had not looked for one, although Squire REYNOLDS had been a good friend, still I did not think he would remember me in the time of rejoicing. But I was in error—for one bright morning, just before going to school, Aunt MARY perceived the Squire's "boy" making great haste towards our house, and in a little time he had left an invitation for MISS ELLA WARRINGTON,—so the note said,—to the Squire's on the succeeding evening. I had resolved not to go, but Aunt MARY plead so hard that my resolution began to waver. She remarked I "had been too much reserved—she wanted me to enjoy myself—there was to be a great deal of singing, and I was very fond of music," so I thought I would go and enjoy that, at least.

Chapter III.

The great evening came at last. I had gone early and saw the guests entering, all with smiles and happy faces,—how many had happy hearts—GOD knew—I did not. Soon they gathered in little clusters around the room, and the cheerful laugh and witty remark was heard ever and anon, as the numbers rapidly increased. Unobserved, I had obtained a seat near one of the bay windows, and entered into conversation with a sweet little girl who sat near me. Presently the hum of many voices ceased, the door opened, and PERCY REYNOLDS entered. I did not raise my eyes at first, but when I did, what a form and face did I behold! From that moment I felt that I loved him—but what hope was mine! Here was wealth, beauty and fashion all assembled to do him honor, and my heart shrank once more from the offering it would make of its affection. He was tall and commanding in person, his eyes were gray, shaded by long, heavy lashes, out of which beamed the very soul of tenderness my heart so long had sought. Once only did those eyes meet mine, and then with deep emotion I turned away to answer some question of the little prattler beside me. Well did I conceal my agitation—for when the introduction took place, I betrayed not the slightest feeling. Late in the evening, the little child had wearily thrown herself on an ottoman, and with her head resting upon me, had fallen asleep. A large number had collected around the piano to listen to the singing. Not wishing to disturb the little sleeper I had retained my position, and had listened to a number of songs with much pleasure. At length a sweet voice fell upon my ear. A young lady was singing some simple melody, of which I could hear, at times, the words, "sweet mother." How those words brought back the past, the tears came unbidden, but I forced them back, and, turning away, I gazed far out in the still night upon the surrounding darkness. I had not looked there long, before I heard some one beside me inquire "how is it you do not join in the singing, Miss WARRINGTON?" I turned and beheld PERCY. At first I could not speak—smiled and muttered an excuse about the sleeping child. Perceiving my embarrassment, his gentle manner re-assured me, and I soon conversed with ease. We discoursed a long time, until the envious eyes of others warned me that I was perhaps treading on forbidden ground—that there were some who thought I was monopolizing more than my share of the conversation of the honored visitor. The visitors were rapidly diminishing, and consigning my self-imposed charge to her friends, I arose to depart—not, however, until I had given PERCY consent to accompany me home. I loved him then, but he knew it not,—that was a great secret hidden deep in my heart.

Chapter IV.

Several weeks passed, and I daily went to my little school with a cheerful heart—for I was happy. But that happiness was too bright to last. From the night of the party, PERCY had shown me a great deal of attention—had visited me many times—but only to increase the jealousy of those more wealthy than myself. KATE LAWTON, the belle of the village, seeing her many attractions slighted, had circulated a report that I was maneuvering to gain PERCY's affections. Instantly my pride was roused, and I then thought I would see him no more. One night, after school was dismissed, I hastened home to tell my aunt that I was going to visit one of my pupils who was ill, so that she would not be alarmed at my absence. It was a lovely day, but my thoughts were rather sorrowful, and before I was aware I had arrived at the place of my destination. I found the mother of the child to be a highly educated lady, and had entered into conversation with her until I had remained much longer than I intended. I was just preparing to depart, when I heard approaching footsteps. I looked and PERCY was standing before me. My first impulse was to receive him kindly as I had always done, but when I remembered my resolution I turned very coldly and said, "good evening, Mr. REYNOLDS, I did not expect to see you here." He did not appear to notice my manner, but spoke very pleasantly and asked if I was ready to go. I told him I believed I was. He informed me he had called at my aunt's to see me, and when he found where I had gone, he thought I would not be absent long, and had started to meet me. I was very silent and reserved, though my heart yearned to speak to him as I had done. I thought it would be an easy matter to stifle my affection—but alas! I little knew my own heart. When we arrived at home he said he had noticed my manner, and inquired the cause of it—but pride revolted at a confession, and I would give no explanation. He said he had something to tell me, but as I was in no mood to hear it, he would bid me simply, "good night," and I was alone!—I thought alone, forever! Several weeks passed, and I saw or heard nothing from him. Rumors began to be circulated that he had gone to New York, and rumor proved to be correct,—he had gone, too, without bidding me "good bye." Bitterly then did I regret my conduct, but it was too late. I thought of the many pleasant hours I had spent with him. I thought and judged, from my own experience, that it was a cruel world, with here and there a few hours' happiness, and the rest dimmed with sorrow's tears. Now and then some thought would awaken its buried melodies, and then, in the sadness of its desolation, would yield the sweetest music, because most bruised and broken, even as the flowers, when crushed to the earth, yield their purest fragrance. I had been sitting one evening more sad than usual, when I was told that some one wanted to see me. I needed not to be told who it was, for well I knew 'twas he in whom my soul most delighted,—even PERCY. I met him kindly *then*—for time and absence had changed me. Long and freely we conversed. I told him all, and though he chided me, it was so very gently that I knew I was forgiven. He told me of the affection he had cherished for me—asked me for my heart and hand, and the love I had so long concealed from him was at once revealed. A few short weeks sufficed to make all the preparations, and we were married, quietly, for such had been my request. We had not been long united, when I received a letter from my sister stating that she was married, and that my mother was dead—died without knowing the value of wasted affection—without knowing the worth of that love which would have been so freely given. This thought sometimes sweeps like a shadow across the sunlight of my path, but the angel of love has awakened new melodies, filling my heart with pleasant thoughts of bliss and happiness. No dark cloud obscures the beams of my present joys, but calmly, peacefully, with my chosen one, I wait the summons which shall call me to a land of love,—its name is Heaven. LIDA J. LEADBEATER.
Dexter, C. W., 1859.

SALMAGUNDI.

To dream gloriously, you must act gloriously while awake.

A WOMAN who wants a charitable heart, wants a pure heart.

No house is big enough for two wits to live in together.

REVERENCE and Love are the opposite poles of the mind.

COMMON conversation is the best mirror of a person's mind and heart.

HE is a first-rate collector who can, upon all occasions, collect his wits.

MOST people seem to think that advice, like physic, to do good must be disagreeable.

THERE is thought to be very little use in a man's meaning well, if he cannot express his meaning by his acts.

A SECRET is my slave as long as I keep it under; a secret is my master the moment it escapes from me.

FAITH is the key that unlocks Paradise and lets a flood of joy into the soul. Faith appropriates all to itself.—*Thomas Brooks.*

WHEN GOD teaches thy reins as well as thy brains, thy heart as well as thy head, these lessons are all in love.—*Thomas Brooks.*

THE human heart, like a feather bed, must be roughly handled, well shaken, and exposed to a variety of turns, to prevent its becoming hard.

AT an evening party, a gentleman carving a chicken asked a lady what part she preferred. "I will take a foot handle," she said.

I HAD rather never receive a kindness than never bestow one; not to return a benefit is the greater sin, but not to confer it is the earlier.—*Seneca.*

ONE always receiving, never giving, is like the pool, in which whatever flows remains, whatever remains corrupts.

"I REALLY believe, husband, that you and your fellows will eat up everything we have got." "Oh, no we shan't, wife; we mean to drink a part of it."

How it comes that people who write "prize odes" are never heard of afterwards? Who will answer? We insert the above for two reasons—first, because it is pertinent; and second, because it is impertinent.

YOU must sometimes feel with your friend, before you can possibly think for him. There is more need of keeping this in mind, the greater you know the difference to be between your friend's nature than your own.—*Fruits of Leisure.*

GOD loves to lade the wings of prayer with the choicest and chiefest blessings. Many Christians have found, by experience, praying times to be sealing times. They have found prayer to be a shelter to their souls, a sacrifice to God, a sweet savor to Christ, a scourge to Satan, and an inlet to assurance.

A SOUL weak in grace has as much interest in the Lord as the strongest saint has, though he has not the skill to improve that interest. And is not this a singular comfort and support? Verily, were there no more to bear up a poor, weak saint from fainting under all his sins, and sorrows, and sufferings, yet this alone might do it.—*Thomas Brooks.*

A MORMON is a living paradox. He says grace before a cotillion, swears in his sermons, selects his texts indifferently from the Bible, the books of Mormon, an almanac, or the President's Message, and is perpetually quarreling for the sake of peace. His religion is a joke, and he makes the best story-teller a chief of the quorum. He assumes dignities, but has not the slightest respect for them; and the effect of his piety is to put him on a level with the greatest reprobate of the time. In short, he is the Latter-Day Saint; or, in other words, the last one you would think of calling a Saint.

Wit and Humor.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

WHILE the last century was flourishing, there dwelt, in what is now a famous city not a mile from Boston, an opulent widow lady, who once afforded a queer illustration of that cold compound of incompatibles, called "human nature."

It was a Christmas Eve of one of those old-fashioned winters which were so bitter cold. The old lady put on an extra shawl; and as she hugged her shivering frame, she said to her faithful negro servant:

"It's a terrible cold night, Scip. I am afraid my poor neighbor, widow Green, must be suffering. Take the wheelbarrow, Scip. Fill it full of wood. Pile on a good load; and tell the poor woman to keep herself warm and comfortable. But before you go, Scip, put some more wood on the fire, and make me a nice mug of flip."

These last orders were duly obeyed; and the old lady was thoroughly warmed, both inside and out. And now the trusty Scipio was about to depart on his errand of mercy, when his considerate mistress interposed again.

"Stop, Scip. You need not go now. *The weather has moderated.*"

A BUNCOMBE FENCE.—Lawyer.—"Now, Mr. A———, was the fence alluded to a good, strong fence?"

Uncle Will—"Yes, sir."

Lawyer—"Well, what sort of a fence was it?"

Uncle Will (holding in)—"It was a Buncombe fence, sir."

Lawyer (thinking he had cornered the old gent)—"Now, Squire, will you oblige the court by giving your definition of a Buncombe fence?"

Uncle Will—"A Buncombe fence, sir, is a fence that is bull strong, horse high, and pig tight!"

Uncle Will was dismissed from the stand, and retired with flying colors.

MRS. PARTINGTON makes Shakspeare say: "Sweet are the uses of advertisements." It's so—if he didn't say it.

MONOMANIAC.—A Mr. Mono, in St. Louis, has just married his seventh wife.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—ACROSTICAL.

I AM composed of 35 letters.
My 1, 3, 8, 14, 25, 35, 15, 30, 8 is a river in the United States.
My 2, 25, 14, 33, 27 is a county in Tennessee.
My 3, 33, 7, 25 is a lake in the United States.
My 4, 2, 33, 3, 25, 1, 3, 28, 22, 21, 35 is three mountains in the United States.
My 5, 32, 35, 31, 33, 5, 24, 7, 5 is an island in Oceanica.
My 6, 3, 30, 24, 20, 14, 9 is an island in Oceanica.
My 7, 12, 5 is a town in South America.
My 8, 3, 32, 35, 30 is a river in the United States.
My 9, 33, 3, 30, 8, 26, 5, 27 is a town in the United States.
My 10, 33, 24, 25, 5, 8, 35 is a town in Europe.
My 11, 24, 5, 4, 1, 30, 33, 27 is a cape on the coast of the United States.
My 12, 5, 35, 15 is a county in Georgia.
My 13, 33, 1, 2, 3, 35 is a town in France.
My 14, 5, 14, 6, 20, 3 is a town in Asia.
My 15, 23, 7, 12, 3 is a group of islands in Oceanica.
My 16, 5, 27 is a river in England.
My 17, 32, 35, 5, 26, 24, 3 is a river in New York.
My 18, 3, 24, 15, 10, 21 is a county in Virginia.
My 19, 10, 32, 33, 15 is a town in France.
My 20, 16, 5, 24, 27 is a Peninsula in Europe.
My 21, 27, 5, 35, 15, 20 is a lake in Africa.
My 22, 4, 23, 5, 3, 1, 13 is a strait in Europe.
My 23, 3, 3, 5, 35 is a gulf in South America.
My 24, 7, 3, 14 is a mountain in the United States.
My 25, 33, 7, 3 is a lake in the United States.
My 26, 5, 24, 1, 7, 12 is a sea in Europe.
My 27, 32, 3, 14, 5, 18 is a town in the Chinese Empire.
My 28, 32, 24, 5 is a river in the Chinese Empire.
My 29, 18, 12, 34, 7, 14 is a river in the United States.
My 30, 5, 33, 24, 27 is a county in Georgia.
My 31, 5, 3, 32, 15 is a river in Europe.
My 32, 23, 31, 12, 3 is a town in the United States.
My 33, 33, 2, 25 is a river in Germany.
My 34, 5, 33, 5, 13, 27, 33 is a town in Asia.
My 35, 25, 15, 19, 5 is a mountain in the United States.

My whole is an important event that happened about 1496, A. C. J. HERBERT FITHIAN.
Bridgeton, N. J., 1859.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

B AND C purchased 1,200 acres of land at $1 per acre, each paying $600. Some time after, C, on viewing it, offers to take a certain square piece at $1 75 per acre, to the amount of his advance, to which B consents. How many acres will each have, what is the length of each side of C's lot, and what does B's part cost him per acre? J. J. W.
Harmony, Chaut. Co., N. Y., 1859.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 515.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Keep cool.
Answer to Illustrated Rebus.

Flora Temple recently made the fastest time on record.

Answer to Geometrical Problem:—From centre to centre of the smaller circles is just six inches—consequently, a 6 inch square may be drawn, and the diagonal of this square (8,485 plus inches,) plus six inches, the diameter of the greater circle, equals 14,485 plus.

Publisher's Notices.

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HAVING concluded to mail the Eleventh Volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER by a new *Patent Machine Process*, it becomes important to receive a great portion of the list of Subscribers for 1860 at the earliest possible moment. To secure this result,—and also as an inducement for the friends of the RURAL to make *early efforts* to INCREASE its circulation,—we offer above (and in a circular mailed to Local Club Agents, &c.,) some extra inducements for clubbing. The new system of mailing by printing is regarded as a vast improvement in both *accuracy* and *speed*, and we trust every Club Agent, or person disposed to act as such, will aid us in successfully inaugurating it by sending in lists as early and fast as convenient. And if our friends generally will *renew their subscriptions at an early day*, they will greatly facilitate the accomplishment of our object. It will require considerable time, labor and expense to adopt the new system, but when once in operation we think every subscriber will regard the change as a decided manifestation of "Progress and Improvement."

PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ THE RURAL SNOW-BILL FOR 1860—pronounced a fine specimen of the Typographic Art—is now being printed and will soon be sent (post-paid) to all our agents. We shall be glad to send copies of the bill, specimens, etc., to all persons disposed to aid in circulating the RURAL, for which kind service liberal inducements are offered.

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☞ ASSOCIATED EFFORT leads to success in canvassing for periodicals, as well as in other enterprises. For instance, if you are forming (or wish to form) a club for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and cannot fill it up in your own neighborhood, get some person or persons a few miles distant to join with or assist you—adding their names to those you may procure, and sending all together. Please think of this, and act upon the suggestion if convenient.

☞ SPECIMENS FREE.—We always take pleasure in sending specimens free of charge. Reader, if you have any friends, near or distant, that you think would subscribe for the RURAL, or act as agents, please give us their addresses and we will send them specimens, &c. No matter how many names—"the more the merrier."

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

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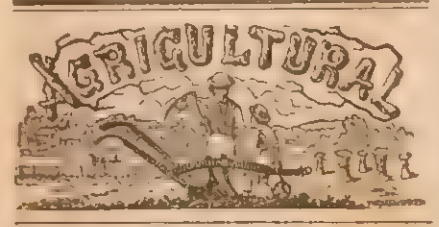


FARM HEDGES.

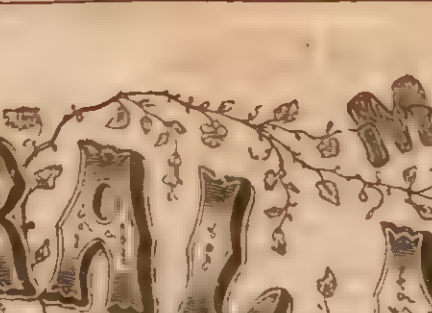
WE do not know that there is anything to create a special interest at this time on the subject of hedges for fencing—no new plant that any one is anxious to sell at a high price—no new book that the enterprising publisher is very willing to dispose of for the especial enlightenment of farmers—yet within the few past weeks we have received more articles and inquiries on the subject of hedging than for a year or two previous. Perhaps the growing scarcity of timber, its great cost, and the difficulty of procuring proper material in some localities, at almost any cost, has made the conviction pretty general this autumn, that something must be done to provide a substitute, and the sooner the better.

We have long considered this question one of importance, and have not failed to give the readers of the RURAL all the information possible on the subject. For many years we hoped that the Osage Orange would prove just the plant needed to make a good hedge, and that it would succeed in almost all sections of our country, nor do we yet despair. But, of late, we have heard repeated complaints of injury by severe winters, of hedges of several year's growth, being nearly destroyed.—There may be some local causes for this, so we wait for further information, and we hope our readers at the West, where the winters are the most trying, will give us their experience. If the Osage Orange is too tender—if it suffers seriously one winter in ten, it is unfit for a hedge plant, and no more money or labor should be expended upon it—it must be abandoned. Then we are thrown back to where we were twelve years ago, when the Osage Orange was first introduced, not having made the least progress, only to prove that another plant is unfit for a hedge. But, we hope better things, and while on this subject we will remark that many attempts at hedge growing, in fact most that we have seen, are only a farce, as much so as to go into an old meadow with a hoe, chop holes in the sod, plant corn, leave it and expect a crop. Sometimes, the planting is done pretty well, but after that the hedge receives no care or culture. We never knew an Osage Orange hedge to suffer in the winter that had been twice pruned the previous summer, the last time the latter part of August. This late pruning checks growth, and causes the wood to ripen early. Perhaps an annual pruning in the latter part of summer would accomplish the same object.

We hear much of the ease of making a hedge in the mild, moist climate of England, but we can assure our readers that with such care as we generally give to our hedges, a good hedge could never be made in England. There the hedge is cultivated more thoroughly than we cultivate our corn, while the pruning is regular and systematic, and such, at every stage, as experience has found the best. On this point we have the following inquiry, and our remarks, which were intended as merely introductory, have extended far beyond our original design.

HEDGES AND DITCHES.—If I understand the way in which the much talked of hedges of England,—which are regarded as models,—are planted, it is this: a ditch is dug three or four feet deep and two or three feet across on the outside or roadside of the hedge. Then the plants are set on a bank, part of the earth thrown out of the ditch being used in forming it. By this course a low hedge will answer, for cattle would find it hard to climb a hedge with such a ditch between it and them. Could not a similar plan be adopted here with advantage?—H., *Onondaga Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

Hedges in England are generally grown as our correspondent supposes, with a ditch on the outside, particularly on wet or stiff land. The form of the ditch may be easily seen by the engraving below.



ENGLISH PLAN OF GROWING HEDGE, WITH DITCH.

These ditches, when kept in order, make excellent water-courses, and are often used to carry the waste water from the field drains, while they keep the road dry at all seasons. With such ditches, too, it is difficult for stray cattle in the road to approach the hedge, and, therefore, in a field not used for pasturage, a hedge fence may be left unprotected when quite young. It has been contended that the system of ditching would not answer for this country, on account of our hot, dry summers; that the plants would suffer from drouth on account of the drainage of the water, and the extra surface exposed. We would, however, like to have the experiment fully and fairly tried. We have seen the Osage Orange hedge suffering from excessive moisture in the spring, where we were satisfied ditching, according to the English plan, would be of the greatest advantage.

HARDINESS OF THE OSAGE ORANGE

BY the following, from a correspondent in Illinois, it will be seen that the Osage Orange is not yet a failure at the West. Late summer pruning, too, is practiced. This is of the utmost importance, where the winters are severe, and cannot be too highly recommended.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Seeing an article in your paper of Oct. 29th from the pen of WM. B. RICE in relation to hedge-growing, in which he says, after six years experience, he found his hedge in a more hopeless condition than ever, and consequently concludes that the Osage plant for hedge purposes in that latitude is a hoax. W. M. BEAUCHAMP, of Skaneateles, seems to coincide in that opinion. Being a lover of, and an advocate of the Osage hedge, I feel it my duty to add a mite of practical knowledge in its favor. I have had five years experience in cultivating the Osage plant, and have succeeded very well in forming a strong and beautiful barrier. I labored three years of the five under the same difficulty experienced by Mr. RICE, and came very near forming the same opinion of the plant, but I observed that the plant made such rapid progress and continued to grow so late in the fall it was very tender when cold weather set in, and, as a matter of course, could not withstand the winter, and I came to the conclusion that the growth must be checked in advance of the cold weather to give the wood time to mature. This I tried, and it has proved effectual. I find the time to trim the Osage to be from the 25th August to the 15th of September. One clipping a year is sufficient under good cultivation. When the hedge is properly matured stock down to grass, and it will take care of itself with occasional trimming. I shall be pleased to have WM. B. RICE and others try the experiment and report through the RURAL. There is not the least doubt in my mind in regard to the Osage doing well in New York, with proper treatment. I spent over forty years of my life in that State, and have some little knowledge of the climate.

Peru, Ill., Nov., 1859. S. W. WOOLBY.

THE NEWCASTLE THORN, HAWTHORN, &c.

HERE we give the experience of an old and skillful gardener with both the *Newcastle Thorn* (Cockspur,) and the *Hawthorn*.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—There seems to be a difference of opinion about the *English White Thorn*, and with your permission I will give my experience in hedge growing. I have now under my care more than four hundred rods of hedges. Some are doing well, others not so well, and the White Thorn is becoming a total failure. In the spring of 1842, I planted a hedge of two thousand plants of *Newcastle Thorn*, (recommended by the late Mr. DOWNING.) I have given it every attention, not letting a weed interfere with its growth; it is pruned every year, and yet it is not what I would call a good hedge—not as good as hedges of seven or eight years' growth, that I have seen in the old country. In 1847 I planted a hedge of English White Thorn, about forty rods in length, and gave it the same treatment as the former one, and the land is the same, and for the first five years it grew as fine as any hedge could do, but soon after the borers attacked it—and now nearly one-fourth of the plants are killed by that insect; in some places for three or four yards, every plant is dead, and although the hedge of Newcastle Thorn is along side of it, the borer as yet has not attacked a plant.

I planted a hedge some fourteen years since, of *White Thorn*, *Beech* and *Privet*, alternately, and for a number of years it was admired by every one that saw it, but the last five or six years the White Thorn is going to decay, and in a few years more there will not be a plant left; the borer, aphis and bark louse are doing their work. I have planted over eight thousand *White Thorn* at different times the last fourteen years, and in no instance have they succeeded well after the first four or five years, and it cannot be said that I do not know how to treat them, as I had over twenty years' experience in a country where the White Thorn was grown to perfection, and our regular sales of that article was from two to three hundred thousand a year, and a small establishment at that.

I have more success with the Privet as a hedge-plant than any other I have tried. I have over two hundred rods of Privet hedge, varying from ten to fourteen years, and in every instance it is healthy and a good fence, but it is scarcely formidable enough for a farm, though it is fine for a nursery, garden or door yard. When I commenced this article I thought to have laid before your readers the utility of hedges, as a protection to our fruits, but will leave it to another time, as you like short articles. J. C.

Troy, N. Y., Nov., 1859.

BEAUCHAMP'S DEFENCE OF THE HAWTHORN.

MR. BEAUCHAMP, in the communication below, which we have been compelled to curtail a little, for want of room, it will be seen criticises a few remarks made by us upon a former communication, and gives a very good description of English hedges. Mr. B. seems to think our failure with the *Hawthorn* is entirely on account of bad treatment. In this respect we are much at fault.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Previous to 1820, very few hedges were newly planted in England for a period of twenty or more years. The plan was to allow them to grow for years, and then cut down and convert into firewood—the greater breadth the more substantial the fence. Hedges seldom occupied in those days less than ten feet in width, often twice that space. They were often composed of every imaginable shrub, Hawthorn, Black Thorn, Sloe, Sweet-briar, Dogs-rose, Honeysuckle, Hazel, Dog-wood, Alder, Willow, Dwarf Maple, Privet, &c. This latter plant, at one time, was in great esteem, as considered of great service in obliterating defects in the Hawthorn. After some years it was found that the Privet killed the Hawthorn, and yet many English emigrants will assert that a good hedge cannot be made without such a mixture. The hedges growing, planted previous to 1820, were many of them of CHARLES the First's time, and some even earlier. Since railroads became of greater notoriety than in days of yore, a complete revolution has been effected in the planting and management of the *Hawthorn hedges* in England. They are not entrusted to every-day laborers, but to men of experimental knowledge. It is a distinct branch from common nursery work. I spent 1848 in England, and was surprised at the appearance in hedges, and the improvement in their cultivation. On soils that, at a previous period, were thought entirely unfit for a hedge, I found flourishing hedges. In 1836 I visited England, and I passed over large tracts where, for miles, a Hawthorn was unknown,—either dykes, embankments, or stone walls, were the fences used, and dried cow-dung the only fuel,—yet England is a great coal country, and no doubt the inhabitants that were then strangers to coal have now a knowledge of that mineral, and have been benefited by its use.

Once more, you say truly that the Hawthorn is the only good protective hedge in England, and why? because experience has taught them remedies for defects and disease, that were formerly incurable,—formerly if a thin place was found, stakes, boards, &c., were brought into requisition to strengthen it, which only made a bad matter worse. That the tenant farmer is generally competent to manage a hedge, is also true; that the farm-laborer is, too, I cannot concede. He may be capable of doing what he is told, and perform his part with efficiency where strength is wanted,—but no tenant or laborer would undertake to plant or manage a hedge in an untried location without advice from persons of experience. I can assure you that I have seen scores of miles of the finest soil under cultivation, that never had a Hawthorn hedge to enclose it. I have seen scores of hedges of Maple, (a dwarf kind,) the Hazel, the Box, the Holly, the Laurel, &c., and in bleak situations the Black Thorn and Sloe. The *Horn Bean*, too, is often used for the same purpose. The great variety of plants used for fences in England, may be termed legion. I cannot enumerate all, but the Hawthorn has the pre-eminence, and I think no other kind is used where strength and durability is required. W. M. BEAUCHAMP.

Skaneateles, N. Y., 1859.

THE old hedges of England are broad as described by our correspondent, and composed of a mixed mass of plants, in which the bramble is generally quite prominent. The *Sloe* and the *Black Thorn* is the same plant. As fast as these old hedges are grubbed up and new ones planted, the Hawthorn is always substituted. Still, there were many fine *Hawthorn* hedges planted long before 1820. In 1832 we saw magnificent *Quick* hedges; one in particular, eight feet in height, and as true as a wall, which the proprietor informed us had been planted thirty years. Coal, doubtless, will come into more general use, as the facilities for transportation increase, but we could not but rejoice at the ease with which the English laboring poor in the country provided themselves with their winter's fuel. A few days labor of the father, early in the fall, added to what the boys and girls could do during the summer, and half a day with "*master's 'orse and cart*," and abundance of fuel is procured, to keep the family warm and comfortable during the coldest winter. *Turf* and *cow-dung*, in abundance, with a choice log procured and carefully saved for a "*Christmas Log*," is all that the laborer desires, and is no mean fuel.

BARBERRY FOR HEDGING.

E. C. FROST, the well known nurseryman of Havana, Schuyler county, discards the old, and at least, partially tried plants, and recommends the *Barberry*. All that our correspondent can say of its thick growth, its pretty yellow flowers, its lively foliage and its beautiful crimson berries, we cheerfully admit. With a very little pruning it will make a good thick bottom, and a fine screen; but we fear it will not prove sufficiently strong for an outside fence.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—This subject having been brought before the public in several of the late numbers of the RURAL, I am induced to send you this. It is an important subject, as some material must be found for line fences or our whole system of farming must be changed, and soiling adopted in place of grazing.

From observation and experience I have come to the conclusion that our farms will never be fenced with the *Osage Orange* or *English Hawthorn*. I will recommend a plant, and risk the opinion that it will answer a good purpose.

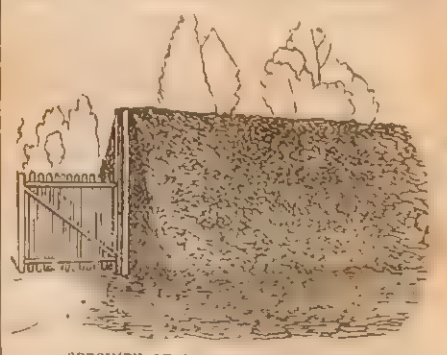
The BARBERRY (*Berberis vulgaris*) I believe is the best material yet grown in our latitude. In a good soil it grows from eight to ten feet high—needs no trimming or training—forms, by its natural growth, a dense, well-shaped hedge—is not injured by the mice or borers, as nothing will eat its bitter bark and wood—is not injured by the cold—is so thick and close at the bottom that neither pigs or cats can get through it—never sprouts except from the stool of the plant—and is armed with thorns large enough to prevent cattle from eating or injuring it.

The surface of the hedge is uniform, and covered with leaves within eighteen inches of the ground, bears a fine yellow flower in May, and has red berries, which, if not picked, remain during winter. The berries make fine tarts, jellies, pickles and candies, and when dried are a good substitute for tamarinds in cases of fever. I have a specimen which I believe will satisfy any that the above opinion is well founded, and invite any who feel sufficient interest on that subject, to inspect it. For an ornamental hedge, too, I can imagine nothing superior. E. C. FROST.

Havana, N. Y., Nov., 1859.

WE have now, we think, brought this question pretty effectually to the notice of our readers, and have devoted more space to it than we generally give to one subject; still, we have not done more than its importance demands. The time is coming when our fields and gardens will be fenced with living plants, and we may as well think about the question and compare notes, to see what progress we are making. That there should be a great difference of opinion in regard to the various plants and plans of growing recommended—that some should succeed and others fail—is neither surprising nor discouraging. This must be expected in the present state of hedge-culture in our country, but out of this mass of somewhat chaotic experience light will be evolved that will direct us in the sure path to success.

The first lesson we have to learn, is to cease to be in a hurry—to be willing to wait four or five years while a hedge is making, perhaps, two or



SPECIMEN OF A WELL-GROWN HEDGE.

three feet in height, and while we are securing a good, permanent, thick base, which is the foundation of every good hedge. The engraving above shows a good hedge, with a base that a hedge-grower might be proud of.

GROWING TIMOTHY SEED ON THE PRAIRIE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—This is a great, increasing, and remunerative branch of Western agriculture. As yet no such weeds are known here as mar the meadows and pasture lands of Eastern hillsides. The soil is well adapted to the growth of Timothy, and it is cheaply and easily harvested with a two-horse reaper and threshed with a machine. Mr. B. grew, the past season, six hundred bushels on 80 acres, which cost him, in harvesting, but fourteen dollars besides his labor. The product frequently reaches in cash value fifteen dollars per acre. Hence it will be readily seen that this is a remunerative crop. But, as at the East, only a few crops are grown before the yield of grass becomes finer and the product of seed much less.

To grow Timothy seed we prefer rather damp land, and should seed in the spring with wheat, barley, or oats, or the ground may be, and sometimes is, cropped with corn and seeded after the crop is through being cultivated. We would not seed as thick for raising seed as for pasture or meadow, and think one peck of seed per acre a plenty. The roller has a good effect upon newly-seeded prairie, and facilitates the use of machinery afterward in harvesting. The first three crops after seeding usually pay well, and three years is long enough for land to lie in grass in a well-managed rotation.

In view of the facts mentioned in this article, in regard to the purity of Western seed, we would recommend Eastern consumers to see to it that they buy prairie-grown seed—seed grown where we have never yet seen a daisy, nor a thistle, or any weed which has proved itself noxious in Eastern meadows.

Land on which Timothy seed is to be grown successfully, should not be cropped with wheat and oats too severely, or it may not catch well, even when yet producing good crops. It is necessary to secure the crop before it has become fully ripened, as showers and heavy winds are liable to waste it by shelling. We have known instances where half of a large crop was thus beaten off in an hour. The proper time for securing is when the seeds in the top of the head have ripened—binding in small bundles and setting up immediately after the reaper—it will perfect its seed as well as early cut wheat. We have seen seed grown among wheat at the East, and cut so green that nearly all the hull, or outside, was rubbed off in passing through the machine, leaving the naked flesh of the seed which grew well. There is no danger of injury to the seed, therefore, from this cause, although we would not cut as green as above spoken of. After it has stood for a little time in uncapped shocks, it should be secured, either by threshing or stacking, and carefully covering the top of the stack so water cannot get in to destroy it. Few departments of Western husbandry have proven more profitable than growing Timothy seed. J. S.

Temperance Hill, Lee Co., Ill., 1859.

EXPERIENCE WITH LIGHTNING RODS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Several years before the advent of the Chinese sugar cane in this locality, a good many persons were seized with a mania for lightning rods. *Disinterested* gentlemen, with but slight pretensions to scientific knowledge, came along frequently to urge upon the attention of landlords the protection which they afforded to buildings, and, by your leave, sir, to put them on your dwellings, barns and outhouses at such price per foot! With a little

insulated wire on the ridge, having numerous upright pointers, and one end plunged deep in the ground, what could the "bolts of Jove" do towards hitting a building thus guarded! They would never undertake it, or if they did, this cute contrivance of man would give them such an angular slant as they little dreamed of, and send them, hissing and chopfallen, into the bowels of the earth! The argument was so conclusive that the writer went into it, or rather, the humbug went into him, to the amount of two or three hundred feet.

A little while after, a rod that ran down the gable end of the barn got severed in twain some six feet from the ground, and it would have been instantly repaired but for the opportune suggestion of a friend, that the electric current was sprightly, and could *jump* that short distance with all ease. So I let it go. When the rods were put up, I objected to more than three up right pointers, believing that number would be sufficient to "*draw*," but the gentleman having the job claimed that each spire of the height used would only "*protect*" a radius of six or seven feet, and hence, that at least five were necessary, the ridge being sixty-six feet in length. And the five went up. Efforts have from time to time been made to keep the whole string "on guard," but they frequently get out of the perpendicular. While I write, two of them lie horizontally with their tips south, which political friends consider ominous, but which they ought not to so long as three of them—the larger half—continue to point heavenward. There is trouble also with the rod which runs along the ridge. The little bone or horn "insulars," not being good to stand the weather, have crumbled and worked loose from the iron fastenings, so that the metal of mysterious power to convey the subtle fluid when properly adjusted, lies along loosely on the roof. At the first thought, it seemed to me that this position was not entirely safe for the building; but reasoning that if the little rod had force enough to draw down the lightning from the clouds, it would also have the requisite ability to hold on to it in spite of the shingles, (unless, indeed, wood had greater attractive power than had hitherto been ascribed to it,) I concluded to make no serious efforts to keep the insulation perfect.

The whole thing, on both barn and house, may go to the Onondaga advertiser of sorghum sirup for a few, a very few, gallons of a good article of his own growth and manufacture in this year 1859, he to do the exchanging. And thereafter, for security against lightning, I shall only trust the God of Storms, whose bolts are neither hurled by chance, nor thwarted by any Heaven-defying three-eights wire, but always and certainly accomplish the exact purposes which His wisdom designed. W. B. P.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., 1859.

ERADICATING MILKWEED.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Sometime since I saw an inquiry in your paper concerning the best manner of eradicating the "milkweed," by which name, the inquirer probably means the "*Asclepias Cornuti*," of Linnæus. I have seen this pest killed in two ways. One of my neighbors put a large flock of sheep in a field overrun by it, and kept them there all summer. There were about twice as many sheep as the pasture would support, and to avoid being starved, the sheep ate the milkweed as fast as it appeared. The same treatment was pursued the next summer, and there has been no milkweed there since. This method nearly killed the sheep also. The most profitable way of killing milkweed, is to plow deeply and have a boy, (or boys,) follow the plow closely to pick up every root; putting them into a basket carried on one arm. When the basket is full, the roots can be thrown out into the corner of the fence, or any place where they will not get covered by soil. The creeping "rhizoneas," or root stems of this plant, are so tenacious of life that they will only multiply by plowing and cultivation, unless they are entirely removed from the soil. A neighbor of mine eradicated the milkweed from a field of ten acres, in three or four times plowing, and carrying off the roots in the above manner.

The surest way is not to let the enemy get a foothold. It is a worse weed than Canada thistle, and, like that, its sole use seems to be to point out the absence of *good farming*.

Westfield, N. Y., 1859. D. A. A. Nichols.

SPECIAL PLACES FOR WINTERING BEES.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—It is presumed the bees are snugly put in winter quarters before this. The main object is to have them so wintered that the stocks will be strong and healthy in the spring. In order to accomplish this they must have suitable warmth, dryness, and sufficient upward ventilation to carry off the vapor arising from the bees. If bees are kept in a dark room, or cellar, which is neither too warm nor too cold, they remain almost dormant and consume much less of their winter store than they would if exposed to atmospheric changes, or disturbed in any way. In order to bring about the full benefit of a special depository you should give the bees that are kept in a cellar or dark room, a very little ventilation at the bottom of the hive. If the hives have holes through the top, for a passage into the surplus honey boxes or chamber, leave them open so that the vapor can pass off freely. In common box hives bore from two to four inch and a quarter holes through the top, near the sides of the hive, and leave them open. If put in a chamber or garret where they would be somewhat exposed to the light and the atmospheric changes of winter, give them a little air at the bottom, and place the honey boxes on the top of hive so that the vapor or dampness arising from the bees can pass off freely into them. If a box hive, bore holes, as above stated, and place a box over the top seven inches deep and large enough to cover the holes. If the room or garret is not too cold, you can nail screen wire over the holes and leave the boxes off.

If the air becomes, from any cause, too dry where the bees are kept, water must be given them as they cannot raise their broods without it. They commence their brood usually in January, in strong stocks, and water is indispensable to keep them and their brood healthy. From the first of January till the time they are placed in the open air you can give them water by injecting it with a quill, or small syringe, through the holes in the top of the hive in small quantities at a time—or place it in a sponge or shallow vessel where they can have access to it without being chilled. One strong healthy stock in the spring will yield more profit in honey than half a dozen weak ones. I am persuaded by what is known of the habits of the honey bees, that they can be more successfully wintered in the open air, in hives rightly constructed and protected against the cold and the north and west winds—and that bees continue more healthy and vigorous than when placed in special depositories. Such has been my experience. E. Kirby.

Henrietta, N. Y., Dec., 1859.

FACTS ABOUT POTATOES.

A Good Yield.—For the benefit of those who believe in using a large quantity of seed, please publish the following: I planted a half bushel of large sized potatoes, last spring, on dry sod, broken deep. I cut them in pieces, one eye to a piece, and two pieces to a hill, making seven hundred and twenty-four hills. Some hills missing when dug. I obtained from the whole, fifty-three bushels, good measure. From ninety-seven of the hills, separate from the rest, I obtained eleven bushels.—C. G., *Parke Co., Ind., Nov.* 1859.

Will Potatoes Mix in the Hill?—My experience is that they will. I am a farmer, and I grow twenty-one different varieties of potatoes. I was awarded the first premium for the greatest variety of table potatoes by the *Livingston County Agricultural Society*, the present year. It causes a great deal of care and trouble to keep each variety separate from the others, it being necessary to plant them side by side, and stick a stake, with the number and name written on the stake. I find by continuing to plant the different varieties side by side the finer varieties degenerate, or partake more or less of the flavor and color of the coarser varieties. To fully convince myself that potatoes would mix in the hill, last Spring I planted two hills of potatoes, and put a set of the Blue Mercer, and the Long Pink Eye in each hill. On digging them this fall, I found one potatoe in each, one half of which was Blue Mercer, the other half Long Pink Eye. The potatoes were of good size, and the division run lengthwise of the potatoe. I shall experiment further on these two potatoes.—F. Kellogg, *South Avon, Nov.* 1859.

In experimenting on this point it is best to plant varieties as different as possible in form, color, and other characteristics. Then, be sure that there are none self-planted, that the potatoes which appear different are really attached to the same stalk, and that the difference is really such as distinguish different varieties. There is always a good deal of difference in specimens of the same sort which are doubtless pure.

The White Meshanock.—I notice in the columns of your valuable paper, that K., of Niagara Co., wishes for a description of the White Meshanock potato, and for his benefit, I would describe to him through your paper the only genuine White Meshanock potato, and the one that has been the favorite of my family for many years. It is very early, has small tops, resembling those of the Clouded Meshanock, is of a long, round form, smooth surface, prominent eyes, extending to about the general surface, and an average-sized one has from eighteen to twenty-four eyes, is perfectly white both inside and out, whether cooked or not, and when cooked is of a mealy nature, and if baked the most desirable potato I ever saw; when boiled is very tender and quite likely to crack or fall to pieces. It is probably as liable to rot as any other kind, still in our country it seldom ever fails. They yield well, and in our market are eagerly sought for, and generally sell from six to twelve cents per bushel more than any other kind raised in our country.—W. S. Curtis, *Fairwater, Green Lake Co., Wis.*

RURAL LETTER FROM IOWA.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I believe those who write to you about their crops, tell of wondrous achievements in agriculture, but I suppose there is a corner somewhere for a letter from the farmer's wife who can only tell the story of the majority of farmers,—medium crops.

To-day in Iowa is a fine sunny day, such an one as we did not expect to see after the cold of last Sunday; the weather has been very favorable for securing fall crops. I think I never knew so pleasant a November. The wheat on our farm yielded nineteen bushels to the acre. Just after harvest it was 50 cts. per bushel,—that, it is said, will just barely pay expenses,—it is now 74 cents per bushel. There was a report in one of the city papers, from every county in the State, giving the proceeds of the wheat crop, and proving that it will not pay to raise it in this State. Oats were 30 bushels to the acre, and corn sixty, some acres as high as eighty or ninety—it is selling at 20 and 25 cents per bushel. Many farmers say that the most profit may be realized by feeding the corn to hogs instead of selling it.

Butter and cheese-making cannot be made as profitable here as in the East where they have tame grass, and where the cows are fed vegetables in fall and winter. From what I hear I should think that cows in the West do not give as many quarts of milk as they do in the East. I know the same amount of butter cannot be made from the same number of cows. During the summer it ranged from 8 to 10 and 12 cents per pound. Very little, if any, is packed for sending away, and such quantities are brought to the market that it is very cheap—now it is 15 cents. Some people are of the opinion that as good butter cannot be made here, where the cows eat wild grasses. I am sure we have made as good butter as I ever tasted, but we have not the conveniences in the way of spring-houses, and cool, proper cellars, such as are found in older States. I think, however, that more difference is made in the butter by the cleanliness of pans, pails, cream-pots, churns, &c., than in any thing else, for I fancy that when I wash every dish myself that the butter is a great deal sweeter.—Then, the working of the butter may be done in such a way as almost to spoil it, making it greasy—there is a right way, which we can hardly explain, but if any beginners would like to witness, we can give an example, and that, Mr. Editor, is said to be better than precept. There is one advantage, however, it costs very little to keep cows as they run upon the prairies during the summer.

I wonder if Iowa can ever become a fruit-growing State, some say it never can, because fruit trees need the protection of timber—that a timbered country is the best. I do not think sufficient attention is paid to setting out orchards, as but few fix upon a permanent location,—the idea of selling out at a bargain is too much in mind.—Time passes on, the ordinary crops of corn and potatoes are attended to, and all the little adornments and comforts of a beautiful farm which make the home so pleasant and desirable are neglected. We do not realize that every tree planted, every improvement made, adds to the value of the farm in dollars and cents. How many exclaim—"It takes so long for an orchard to produce fruit." What of it? Does it not look beautiful while growing?—can we not enjoy noting the growth of the trees, and shall we not plant, that the ripe, luscious fruit shall crown the board on our children's wedding day? Luella Morris.

Tulip Hill, Nov., 1859.

SAVING FODDER.—FARM MILLS.

Some useful hints about saving fodder, from a farmer in Chautauqua county, are published in this week's number of the Rural New-Yorker. He speaks of the Sanford Mill, which I have re christened by the name of the "People's Mill," and am now manufacturing of different sizes and capacities, as "not grinding but breaking the grain, but at the same time making *fine* meal." This is not precisely the operation, because it both *crushes and grinds* the grain, on a new principle, with less power, with great rapidity, and does not grind all the life out of the meal.

I make this correction, for fear a wrong impression should be made upon the public mind. I intend that the People's Mill shall deserve its name. Having pioneered the way for cutting grass, by the manufacture and sale of many thousand of Ketchum's Mowing Machines, I have now added to my list of manufactures, this People's Mill, the adoption of which and general use among farmers, will add more to the wealth of the country than any agricultural implement ever invented, except the plow. Farmers now feed in fattening one hog, from 60 to 75 bushels of corn in the ear, but if they would shell and grind the same quantity of corn and feed the meal dry in a trough where it could not be wasted, it would fatten three hogs instead of one, and make 1,200 pounds of pork of much better quality, instead of 400 pounds of inferior quality. Here would be saved more than the cost of the largest size of the "People's Mill," which is only $40. These facts have been demonstrated by actual experiment. The same astonishing results would follow, in feeding stock of all kinds. R. L. Howard.

Buffalo, Dec. 3, 1859.

Remarks.—The above is a "first rate notice," or advertisement, and hardly admissable; yet, as it is in reply to a correspondent—a correction—and from one entitled to respect from his position and efforts in an important branch of improvement, we insert, even at the risk of establishing a bad precedent.

Inquiries and Answers.

Best Spring Wheat.—Will some of your correspondents name the best variety of spring wheat, and the best time for sowing, in order to escape the midge, and also the rust, on our hills in Madison county?—L. G. D., *Morrisville, N. Y.*, 1859.

Cheese—*Inquiries.*—Although the time for making cheese has gone by for the current year, still the keeping safely during the winter is no inconsiderable item. While my hand is in, let me ask a few questions about the whole subject of cheeseology. What is the most approved method of *preparing, saving* and *using* rennet? What quantity of salt should be used in making, say twenty cheeses? What is the practice of cheese-makers who make double curds? In rubbing cheese during the curing process, is any other ingredient used than butter? Finally, what is the most approved way of keeping cheese over winter? Being green in the cheese line, I will be infinitely obliged to some old hand if he or she will respond through the farmers' *vade mecum*, the Rural New-Yorker.—Fredonia, *Marshall, Mich.*, 1859.

A Cheap Root Cutter.—T. S., of Orleans Co., in the Rural of Nov. 26th, wishes "a simple and cheap Root Cutter which farmers can make themselves." Please tell him to make an old fashioned *Cabbage Cutter*, and he has it. It is simply a plank with a knife fixed across diagonally, (an old scythe will make half a dozen,) leaving an opening much like that for a plane iron, for the slices to fall through. Then, make a square box as large as the width of your plank, letting two of the sides go below far enough to fasten cleats on, under your bed peice, so that the box will slide back and forth, fit a *follower*, with a handle, into your box, and the thing is done. *Two knives*, the edges in opposite directions, will work faster.—A. S. C., *Pittsford, N. Y., Dec.*, 1859.

Wood Ashes for the Pea-Bug.—If it would be of use to any one, I would say that a sure cure for the pea-bug will be found in wood ashes. Wet the seed, then put in ashes enough to dry sufficiently for sowing, and your crop will be free from them, as I have proved more than once.—L. G. Dean, *Morrisville, N. Y.*, 1859.

Errata.—In your issue of Dec. 3d, you make me say (what probably I wrote) "you buy a buck of Messrs. *Block*, Corn & Co., of Vt." That is not the name of the firm. It should be *Black*, Corn & Co. Block, Head & Co. bought the buck, and live farther West.—H. T. B.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Foot-Rot in Sheep.

Foot-rot is essentially an inflammation of the softer parts of the foot, about the horny covering of the hoof, which is contagious; so if it once appears and is not checked, the whole flock is generally injured. The disease may be known by the following symptoms:—The animal limps, walking as if the feet were painful; the hoofs are hot, and the skin adjoining swells with symptoms of fever, ordinarily being alternately hot and cold by spells. The inflammation is partly in the cleft of the foot, partly in the toes under the hoof, and partly under the edge and thin part of the hoof. The appetite fails as soon as the fever appears. If the fever abates and the appetite returns, it will go well with the sheep, unless the decay of the bones (caries) sets in, which symptom attends the most malignant form of the foot-rot. On the second or third day following the appearance of the disease, the hoofs and adjoining parts lose their reddish color, and become at first whitish and then pearly color, the skin in the cleft of the foot meantime being redder, more like the natural color. Then follows a watery discharge of exceedingly offensive odor, the skin separating from the parts beneath, and the foot becoming more painful as the lameness increases. The inflammation continues to increase, and extends farther under the hoof and deeper into the flesh, and affects more extensively both parts of the foot, on both sides. The cleft becomes gradually deeper by the dividing of the flesh; the tender flesh that unites the hoof to the bones of the toes softens, and results in the hoof falling off entirely in about three or four weeks.

Remedy.—As soon as the true malignant rot is discovered in the flesh, the diseased sheep must be separated from the healthy ones, and the stables must be cleaned. The best remedy for this disease that I have found is butter of antimony, (*butyrum antimonii*, or *chloride of antimony*,) and spirits of hartshorn. The spirits of turpentine and blue vitriol mixed together are also very good. The animal must be turned upon his rump, that the feet may be thoroughly examined, and all the dead parts cut away with a sharp knife down to the living part; if it bleeds a little, that does no harm. The foot must then be smeared with the mixture of turpentine and blue vitriol. It is sometimes well to bind up the foot in a linen bandage. The animal must not be allowed to go in any soft or dirty place, but should be kept on dry straw litter. Every fourth day they must be carefully examined, one by one, and the remedy again applied, as long as is necessary. If this is strictly adhered to, in the course of a month the flock will be entirely sound again, the appetite will return, and the animal in a short time be in good condition.—Carl Heyne, *in N. Y. State Ag. Transactions.*

White-Skinned Fowls.

A marked preference is shown by many poultry dealers for yellow-legged and yellow-skinned fowls, a preference easily traced back to their customers, as dealers generally buy most largely that which sells most readily. Wilson Flagg says, in the *New England Farmer*, that some years ago he heard a Frenchman remark that this supposed better quality was a mistaken idea—that the reverse was true. "In France," he added, "the yellow-legged chickens are considered unfit to be raised. Their flesh is dry and stringy, compared with that of the blue, black and white-legged fowls, whose flesh is by far the most tender and juicy."

Mr. Flagg says that he has taken considerable pains to test the above remark, and has found them to be correct. "The yellow-skinned fowls have commonly either green or yellow legs; those with black, blue or white legs have a white skin." There are some exceptions, but they are not numerous. "I raise," he adds, "a great many chickens every year for my own table, calculating to supply it weekly with one pair from July to February. They are all raised and fed in the same way, yet the yellow-legged individuals have almost always been found inferior to others with white skins. The last are most tender, delicate and agreeable."

Mangold Wurtzel.

In a recent lecture before the Farmers' Club of London, (England,) a Mr. Burnet made some statements respecting the raising of mangold wurtzel, from which it appears that fifty-five tuns per acre of this root have been obtained, at a cost of $36 for various manures. In the month of November the tops are hauled out into the cow pasture, and serve to increase the milk considerably; the pigs revel for a month in the article, and the sheep turned on to the field to finish the crop, so that nothing is lost. Mr. B. estimates their value for feeding purposes, when compared with other crops, as follows:—1st, potatoes; 2d, parsnips; 3d, carrots; 4th, mangold wurtzel; 5th, Swedish turnips. They are preferred after having been stored through the winter, as when fed just after digging they are liable to scour animals fed on them. An ox fed on mangolds gained sixty-five and a half pounds of flesh per tun, while the same animal gained only forty-eight and a half pounds per tun, fed on turnips.

Feeding Sheep.

There is no season of the year when sheep are more liable to lose nearly all they have gained than in November and December, and if they do, there is an end to the hopes of a crop of wool; for the want of food has the effect of stopping the growth of the wool, and the moment the growth is stopped, the end of the fibre is completed, a change takes place, it becomes dead, in a manner analogous to the stem of ripe fruit, and a renewal of good feed after these months, and after the growth of the wool has been once stopped, only prepares the skin to send forth a new growth that pushes off the old fleece, and causes it to be lost before shearing time. So says the *Michigan Farmer.*

Brine Poisonous to Animals.

The *Kentucky Turf Register* says a gentleman at Lawrenceport, Indiana, recently emptied brine from a pork barrel into the yard. A number of hogs, and also one horse, partook of it. The result was that the horse and seven hogs died in less than six hours after the barrel was emptied.

Agricultural Miscellany.

Rural Matters in the Metropolis.—New York city is not great agriculturally, yet comprises some institutions designed to advance the interests of our Rural Population. Several of these we have had the pleasure of visiting within the past ten days—such as the Ag. Book Publishing House of Saxton, Barker & Co., the offices of the *American Agriculturist* and *The Horticulturist*, the rooms of the American Institute, &c. We found Messrs. Saxton & Co. amiable and smiling—indices of what we cordially wish them, prosperity and happiness; while our friend Judd and his associates were apparently "enjoying the same blessing," and we presume as deservedly. We rejoice in the success of all honest and sincere laborers in the cause of Rural Improvement, wherever located, and regret that any should exhibit a spirit of envy or jealousy toward those whose best energies are directed to the accomplishment of laudable objects. Surely the field of effort embraces "ample room and verge enough" for all wise and devoted laborers, and instead of one depreciating the efforts of another, each should nobly strive to excel in his sphere, and present a record worthy of emulation by his peers and contemporaries. Of the "institutions" and managers alluded to we would say more did time and space permit, for our interviews, though comparatively brief, were pleasant and instructive. We must, however, defer or omit extended remarks. During our sojourn in Gotham, we also had the pleasure of meeting Col. Johnson, Secretary of the State Ag. Society, Mr. Quinby, the Bee Culturist, Messrs. Robinson and Olcott of the Tribune, Mr. Mead of The Horticulturist, Mr. L. E. Beeckmans of Georgia, and other prominent promoters of Rural Improvement.

A Canadian Plowing Match.—The award of Premiums made at the Annual Plowing Match of the Branch Ag. Society gave rise to a spirit of emulation between the towns of Seneca and Oneida, (Seneca securing seven of the prizes—Oneida four,) and, in order to settle the vexed question of superiority, a contest was instituted between their respective representatives. Five were chosen on a side, and on Tuesday, Nov. 29th, the trial was made. "Owing to the frozen state of the ground," remarks the Haldimand *Tribune*, "plowing could not be commenced until late, consequently it was almost nightfall when it was concluded. The judges being unable to examine the whole of the work sufficiently before darkness set in, put off a decision until the following day. The whole of the plowing was executed in a masterly manner, and so nearly equal was it, that every one predicted that the judges would have a most difficult task in assigning the preference. On Wednesday morning the judges having chosen an umpire, visited the ground, and, after inspecting the plowing, awarded the premium to the Seneca plowman." An excellent mode in which to settle "disputed points"—will not our Societies adopt it, and thus put fault-finders "on their muscle?"

A Move in the Right Direction.—In compliance with a wish expressed in a late issue of the Rural, we have received the following from a Town Ag. Society in Niagara Co.:—"As you desire to have the doings of Agricultural Societies and Clubs furnished you for publication, we will state that, at a meeting of the Wilson Ag. Society, it was resolved to hold meetings once in two weeks, at the district school-house in the village of Wilson, or such other place as the Society shall select, for addresses, essays and discussions on Rural subjects during the winter. The next meeting will be on the evening of the 12th inst, at which time the Secretary is to deliver an address, after which the question 'What crops can be most advantageously grown in an orchard?' is to be discussed by the members—farmers' club fashion.—E. S. Holmes, Secretary." How many of the farmers comprising the Rural's parish will do likewise?

Ladies and Agriculture.—There is a great deal of mock modesty in this world. Some people make such pretensions to refinement that they cannot bear the sight of a matchless bull or a model cow, without exclamations of wonder. We don't believe in such modesty as this. God gave man dominion over the lower orders of creation, undoubtedly, with the expectation that he should see and know them, and whoever ignores this fact, ignores a fundamental law of creation. There is nothing unwomanly in the idea that a lady is able to "converse wisely and wittily" with a gentleman on agricultural topics. Ladies ought to be posted on the subjects which deeply interest their fathers, husbands, brothers and beaux. Every woman should have an intelligent sympathy with her husband's calling and render him all necessary co-operation. Reading agricultural books is full as healthful to the mind of either sex as reading novels, and walking in the fields full as profitable as shopping for exercise. So saith the Springfield Republican, very sensibly.

Barley and Oats in Maine.—The *Maine Farmer* states that "Mr. Henry N. Johnson, of Vassalboro, raised, the past season, on two acres and five rods, from five bushels sowing, one hundred bushels of barley; and on one acre, from three bushels sowing, seventy bushels of oats." An opportunity is afforded for farmers living nearer sunset to "enlarge upon the subject," and the editor of the *Farmer*, in his interrogatory,—"Can the West come up to this?"—cordially invites competition.

Arabian Horses for New York.—We learn that Ex-Gov. Seward was presented in Alexandria with three superb Arabian horses, which will be shipped to this country. Two of them will be presented to the N. Y. State Agricultural Society. The State Ag. Journal expresses the hope "that these horses will arrive safely, and, if placed in charge of the Society, they will be in a situation where the farmers of the State will have the benefit of them."

Manufacture of Steam Plows.—The *Scientific Artisan* (Cincinnati, O.,) says that Miles Greenwood & Co., of that city, have obtained the right of Mr. Fawkes to build his plows, and it is the intention of Mr. Greenwood to have one of these machines at work on his farm early next spring, and to exhibit all its points in great perfection. Several improvements have been suggested, which will doubtless be adopted.

Fine Stock for Texas.—During the past week, Maj. W. W. Leland, formerly of the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, started for his immense stock farm, consisting of 17,000 acres, in Western Texas. He took with him some fine Saxony sheep, raised by Mr. Hull, of New Lebanon, which took the premium at the State Fair, at Albany, also a mammoth Jack and full blood Morgan stallion.

Maj. E. G. Eastman, late Secretary of the Agricultural Bureau of Tennessee and editor of the Nashville Union and American, died on the 23d ult. The Nashville papers contain resolutions of the State Bureau which eulogize the ability and virtues of the deceased in the highest terms. His funeral procession is said to have been the largest ever witnessed in Nashville.

HORTICULTURAL.

AMERICAN GRAPE CULTURE.

That before many years we shall rival the finest vine growing districts of Europe in the quality, variety and hardiness of our grapes, is our faith. In quality we are certainly making rapid advance. The Diana, Delaware and Rebecca, make a near approach to the very best European varieties. The Isabella has been known and cultivated but about forty years, and the Catawba even a less time. Previous to that time we had only the Frost, or Fox grapes. Now, some of our nurserymen's catalogues contain names and descriptions of from twenty to fifty or more varieties, and we notice one with over two hundred. Not five per cent. of these, perhaps, will prove worthy of general culture, or even of a place in the garden or vineyard; yet with the Diana for general culture, the hardy Hartford Prolific, for cold sections, and others we might name of a somewhat similar character, and the good opinions we entertain of the Delaware and others, we have done enough the past ten years to satisfy the most sanguine, and to encourage all to future effort in the production of hardy grapes of excellent quality.

Hundreds of persons are engaged in the production of seedlings, but we must not neglect the careful trial of those already produced. It will not do to cry humbug and condemn every new thing indiscriminately, as some seem disposed to do, insisting that the Isabella is good enough, for this would put an end to all progress; nor should we neglect our old sorts, and believe everything with a new name to be an improvement. The only safe way is to follow the scripture rule, "try all things and hold fast to that which is good."

In our issue of November 19th, we gave the opinion of Mr. Meehan, editor of the *Gardeners' Monthly*, that the Delaware was a native grape, and that it could be found growing on the banks of the Delaware river, where Mr. M. thought he had seen it years ago, but this was only an opinion without proof, and it seems strange that if Mr. M saw such a fine grape growing wild that he should pass it by instead of introducing it to the notice of the public. The November number of the *Monthly* also contains the following communication:

Pleasant Valley, Bucks Co., Pa.

Mr Thomas Meehan—*Dear Sir:* You will remember that when I was at your place, you gave me a bunch of the Delaware Grape to taste. You will remember that I remarked that I thought we had the same grape growing about us in abundance. The public has been humbugged long enough, and I think it no more than just to make its true character known. I believe the history of the Delaware Grape is, that Mr Prevost, a gentleman living at Frenchtown, N. J., received some grape vines from Italy, and this is a supposed seedling from those grapes. We have had this wonderful grape growing in our neighborhood at least thirty years,—long before we had the Catawba and Isabella. Mrs. Derr, an old German lady, first got them at Mr. Prevost's *at least* thirty years ago, and introduced them in our neighborhood. I have two large vines growing in my garden as thick as an arm, which were planted about eighteen years ago, and never bore scarcely anything until last year, when I had about half a crop. I always thought, from the quality of the grape, and from its being a poor bearer, that it did not deserve a place in my nursery.

Not long since there was a nurserymen, I think, from Jacksonville, N. Y., trying to sell fruit trees When he found out that we had the Delaware Grape, he was for buying all the young vines he could get. If any person wants cuttings, I could supply him with a cart load for merely the price of cutting.

Yours truly, Charles B. Ott.

We have not the least idea that the unproductive vine of Mr. Ott is a Delaware. Our experience is that it is remarkably productive, rivaling the *Clinton* in this respect. To this communication of Mr. O. we have received the following reply:

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In the *Gardeners' Monthly* for November, appeared a communication signed Charles B. Ott, Pleasant Valley, Bucks Co., Pa., which is a little extraordinary in its character, and is possibly designed to accomplish some extraordinary end, but what that end may be is not to me apparent *from the communication.*

That Mr. Ott is no humbug is sufficiently manifest from his implied hatred of humbuggery, and it is equally clear that some ulterior motives animate him. He is also, at least, in part, endorsed by the editor who has had some indefinite dream of something for some indefinite period, haunting him.

Now, in all matters on which an editor has no certain knowledge even *after discovery* of things that never have been, and never can be, it is not strange that he should, at least, have had "a dreaminess" in reference to it; and also have been about to announce the same.

So far, Mr. Meehan is all right, but if he had made the announcement, he would have been all wrong. He was saved by his editorial "instinct," which is palpably "a great thing." But, Mr. Ott, having no such guardian angel, is all wrong, and beyond remedy, unless he goes over incontinently to the Prince of humbugs.

When Mr. Ott had stated that he had a Delaware vine eighteen years old, and that the region was "filled with them growing wild," he had waded to the utmost limit of safety. He took one more step, and that swamped him. He states that his vine at the age of eighteen years, last season, for the first time bearing, produced only half a crop. Now, unless *something had urged him on*, he would not have taken this step, for he would have known the Delaware vine never attains one-sixth of that age without bearing a most profuse crop, under circumstances which would have precluded bearing on any vine.

For seven years past I have been intimately acquainted with the Delaware, and during its season of growth, carefully noted all of its characteristics. I may further say that I have had a not uninterested general or special knowledge of the greatest part of the vines that have left the garden of Judge Prevost, of Frenchtown, and its vicinity, and of their products, or the offsets that sprung from them. With the few that remain there I have also a hand to hand acquaintance. Many thousands of them have passed under my hands, and my heart warms and enlarges at every remembrance of them, for it is a noble vine, and no treachery, deceit or false promise lurks in any part of it. Of sturdy vigor, and most enduring hardiness of both wood and foliage; most abundant in fruiting; unequaled in beauty, and flavor, and wanting in no good quality. I cannot but feel a grateful pride in the good fortune that has so intimately associated me with the Delaware grape, and permitted me to take part in its dissemination.

I need not fear to say I *know* the Delaware grape, and certainly "none can know but to praise." The excellence of gold only is counterfeited; counterfeiting of copper is rarely attempted, and although from the tenor of Mr. Ott's communication, I knew that it could not be the Delaware, I did not know how to understand his communication otherwise than as a *broad joke*,—for I cannot be persuaded that he ever thought he had the Delaware,—yet I felt so much curiosity to know what he really had, and also to learn what he aimed at, that I made a journey to his place, where I found *a vine*, and Mr. Ott and Mrs. Ott, but no suspicion of a *Delaware*.

The vines in question have a small black fruit far below the Clinton in quality, and is one of the northern Foxes that approach most nearly to the Frost grape in quality. Of what I further learned on my journey I shall speak to you on another occasion. Of something which I inferred, I may speak to you in private. J. C. Rennison.

Peekskill, N. Y., Nov., 1859.

While Mr. Meehan and some others are so decided in the opinion that the *Delaware* is a native, Wm. R. Prince is just as decided in the opinion that it is a foreign variety, brought from Europe, and planted and propagated in New Jersey. The following extracts will show Mr. P.'s opinion on the subject:

"Delaware, small, round, clear red, thin skin, not a trace of pulp or foxy flavor, seeds few and small, very sweet, rich and juicy, vinous and aromatic, with a slight musk flavor similar to Chasselas Musque and Red Frontignan; excellent for table and wine; cluster small and compact; it makes delicious amber-colored wine; vine hardy, but of very slender delicate growth like the Rebecca, until the third year, after which it grows vigorously. It is not productive when young, but very fully so when it attains considerable size and age; ripens the beginning of September, two or three weeks before the Isabella.

It requires to be protected by training it against a wall or house having a warm southern exposure, or on a trellis in a protected garden, and will then produce a perfect and abundant crop. It is as subject to weak and stinted growth and to mildew as any other foreign variety. This grape has been widely disseminated as a true native variety, although the Germans in Ohio have from the first declared it to be the Red Traminer of the Rhenish vineyards.

The writer (W. E. P.) having inspected the Vines at Delaware, Ohio, and elsewhere, has fully satisfied himself of its foreign origin. It appears to have been introduced to New Jersey by Mr. Prevost, who emigrated from Switzerland, and brought this and other foreign grapes with him. He cultivated these foreign vines only, as, at that time, no Native Grapes were regarded as suitable for vineyard culture. From Mr. P.'s ground, vines were carried by his brother-in-law to Chester county, Penn., where some are now found over twenty years old. Joseph Heath, formerly an employee of Joseph Bonaparte at Bordentown, and now a resident of Delaware, Ohio, carried this vine from that garden to Delaware. Whether Bonaparte obtained his vines from Prevost, or imported them direct from Europe, is as yet unknown. If seedlings have been found similar, the seeds were undoubtedly dropped by birds, who are especially fond of its early, small, sweet berries.

The foreign origin of this grape is also fully established by the fact that, from all recent investigations, it combines every specific attribute of the *Vitis vinifera*, and that it possesses none whatever indicative of indigenous origin."

Now, we have given our readers the different opinions on this subject, and the facts, so far as they can be ascertained. We do this to show on whatg rounds opinions, so confidently stated, are founded, so that our readers may not be misled on this subject by any who use bold assertions for arguments. There is not the least proof that the Delaware was brought from Europe, nor that it originated from seed of any European variety. Nor, on the other hand, do we see any evidence that it can be found growing wild in any section of our country. Of its *quality* and *productiveness* there can be no doubt. Of its *hardiness* over a very large section of our country we have the highest hopes. This point settled, and the Delaware takes rank as the first of American grapes.

The only objection we could ever make to the Delaware was its small size. On mentioning this once, in the presence of a number of horticulturists, Mr. Downing replied that its small size he did not consider a defect; on the contrary he thought it rendered it much more convenient to handle and consequently more suitable for the dessert.

We have several times seen statements that the Isabella grape had become unhealthy and must be abandoned. It was first started, we believe, by that celebrated institution, the *New York Farmer's Club*, Mr. Underhill's celebrated vineyard of Isabellas was reported as worthless, along with many others. We saw nothing of the kind in Western New York. Our Isabellas were never better; and now Mr. Underhill denies the whole statement, and says he shall plant this year more than ever.

A gentleman, in whose judgment we have the greatest confidence, writes us—"You made a great mistake in saying the *Rebecca* is a higher flavored grape than the *Delaware* and *Diana*. It is more *highly* perfumed, but vastly inferior in flavor, lacking tartaric acid greatly, and sugar considerably." Owing to the kindness of Mr. Brocksbank, and Mr. Downing, and Dr. Grant, we had a very fine opportunity of tasting and testing the *Rebeccas* and *Delawares* the present season. Perhaps, however, our taste is all at fault. With a similar opportunity next year, we will endeavor to revise our opinion, and perhaps may improve our taste.

Winter Exhibition of the Horticultural Society of Southern Illinois.—This exhibition is to be held at Tamaroa, December 20th and 21st.

THE JAPAN QUINCE.

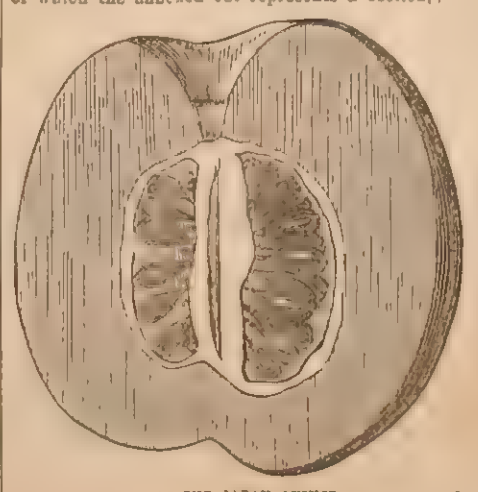
The following interesting article on that beautiful plant, the Japan Quince, we take from the *London Gardener's Chronicle*. More attention should be given to this shrub—it is fine for the garden, and not excelled by any thing for an ornamental hedge:

FLOWER OF THE JAPAN QUINCE.

It has often struck us as a singular omission on the part of gardeners that they have not attempted to domesticate the Japan Crab, or Pyrus Japonica as it is improperly called, the plant being in reality a Quince, or Cydonia. This most beautiful of all hardy shrubs except the Rose is now in precisely the same state as when it first, about the year 1815, arrived from China; the poor pallid variety called "white" having been also an importation and not of home production. Here was a plant unsurpassed for hardiness, for brilliancy of color, and for the durability of its blossoms, a winter flowerer and an evergreen, propagated moreover with the greatest ease, left disregarded by those who would have expended a life in experimenting upon the Rose. And what is the more remarkable it was a species evidently having a tendency to change, as its two or three unimportant varieties plainly indicated, and most nearly related to the Apple and Pear on the one hand, and the Rose itself on the other, all three of which are among the most domesticable of plants, as all men know.

It has perhaps been owing to the unwillingness of the plant to ripen its fruit here that the opportunity of raising seedlings has been neglected. And yet it does sometimes produce good seeds, more often perhaps than has been suspected, the fruit itself being worthless and disregarded. Attention has moreover been turned more in the direction of the fruit, whose qualities have been thought hopelessly bad, than towards the flowers, which appears to possess all the elements of mutability. When we think of the poor field Rose, with its red blossoms, not broader than a florin, which, when transferred from an Austrian corn-field, grew up from generation to generation in increasing beauty till it stood revealed what it now is—the loveliest of flowers, there is surely every inducement to subject the Pyrus Japonica to the same discipline.

We have been led to these remarks by the examination of a case of very marked improvement actually effected in the plant before us. Not in the flowers, however, but in the fruit. The Quince which the species bears is described by Thunberg as having the size of a Walnut in Japan, where it grows wild on the mountains. With us it sometimes becomes twice as big—a rugged angular unattractive thing, which none pause to look upon. But we received the other day from Messrs. Lowe & Co., some specimens of an improved variety raised by one of their correspondents in the South of France, which presents so very marked an advance towards change as to hold out great encouragement to skillful breeders. Instead of the shapeless, angular, rugged fruit that we see here, the specimens in question were very exactly oblong, as large at one end as the other, without any angles whatever, and clean-skinned like a Nectarine. The largest specimen, of which the annexed cut represents a section,



FRUIT OF THE JAPAN QUINCE.

weighed 4½ oz., and was 8 inches round when measured lengthwise. The flesh was very firm, sub-acid, but rather austere, with a weak fragrance. As it did not promise to be eatable when raw it was made into a preserve with sugar in the usual way, and it proved to be admirably suited for that purpose, becoming semi-transparent and having a very delicate flavor resembling that of Quince marmalade.

It is now clear that the Pyrus japonica does not belong one of those unchangeable natures that defy attempts at alteration; but that like others of its Rosaceous kindred it is capable of yielding to the influence of the arts of cultivation. To what extent it will yield can only be ascertained by experiment; but considering the changes already brought about in China in its flowers, and in Europe in its fruit, there is surely no extravagant enthusiasm in anticipating the appearance of it, some day, with flowers as double and as large as those of the China Rose. This at least is certain—there are now sufficient grounds to justify serious attempts at operating upon it.

NURSERYMEN'S CATALOUGES.

It has lately occurred to me to wonder why nurserymen do not take greater pains to circulate their published catalogues. So far as I am aware, the only effort they make in that direction is to furnish them free to those who make personal application for them, and, according to advertisement, to send them by mail to such as apply in writing and inclose a stamp, to pay the postage. A principal object of nurserymen in publishing a descriptive and priced list of their wares, must be to inform the public what trees, vines, plants, &c., they propagate for sale, what are the distinguishing qualities of each, and at what rates they are sold. This information, contained in the attractive little pamphlets sent out by nursery establishments, it is the proprietors' interest to scatter as widely as possible among the people; but the means spoken of above are sadly inefficient. For even of those who would like copies of such catalogues, many neglect to send for them, as they neglect to procure for themselves many other things which they want, but cannot obtain without a little trouble; while the multitude of persons who are naturally careless of such things, and need to be educated to an interest in them, can never be reached in this way at all. Agents for nurseries do something towards spreading a knowledge of the existence of finer fruits and flowers than are commonly found in country gardens, but they generally carry about but a single copy of the list of articles they wish to obtain orders for, and, as they can make but a brief call at each house, the people whose patronage they solicit are necessarily limited to a very hurried examination of it. It too often happens, also, that the agent himself is a person of little or no horticultural knowledge, unacquainted with the reputation of different varieties, and their fitness for different localities, and, therefore, ill prepared to render intelligent aid to persons bewildered and perplexed in the attempt to make a hasty selection from a long list of strange names, each claiming some peculiar and desirable excellences. Horticultural journals are of immense service to the nursery interest; their drawings and descriptions of fine fruits and flowers being the best advertisement of the things they represent, and doing more to bring them into notice and create a demand for them than any means employed by nurseryman themselves.

But, as comparatively few of those who read the proposal to furnish catalogues to applicants, avail themselves of the offer, and as agents cannot profitably spend much time discoursing upon the merits of articles to people who do not want them, and as there are thousands of homes wherein horticultural journals are yet strangers, we suggest to nurserymen the policy of sending their catalogues unsolicited—making a general distribution of them as dealers in stoves, patent medicines, &c., scatter abroad pamphlets containing the best things that can be said of their vendibles. The great advantage expected from such a plan of advertising is, that, while informing persons who wish to procure articles of horticultural commerce where they may obtained and at what prices; it would also create a desire for these things in thousands of persons who have yet felt no want of them. For, so long as one hears little or nothing of the improved fruits, splendid flowering shrubs, plants, &c., nurserymen offer for sale, he is contented without them; but, leave in his house where he can take up half-a-dozen times a day, for a moment's reading, a little book containing the names and characteristics of rare fruits and flowers, with perhaps drawings of some of the finest, and a statement of the small cost at which they can be obtained, and it will not be long before he experiences a longing to possess some of them.

It would be an experiment well worth trying by an agent for some nursery, to distribute catalogues of the establishment for which he is canvassing, over a certain territory, say one town, informing the recipients that after a time, some weeks or months, he will return and take their orders. A comparison of the aggregate value of orders obtained on a second tour through that town with the worth of those collected in another district equally large, populous and able to purchase, but canvassed in the usual manner, we have no doubt would show largely in favor of the former. For, even those who most gladly improve an opportunity to obtain choice trees and shrubbery, will seldom make out so large an order, during a flying visit from a nursery agent, and after only a hasty glance at the list to be selected from, as they will if they go about it leisurely, with the advantage of a catalogue constantly at hand to consult, as long and as often as they please. One will rarely look over the pages of a nursery list without noticing some tree, shrub or vine that he would gladly add to those he has already determined to purchase, and the oftener it meets his eye, the stronger the inclination for it becomes, till, finally, he concludes he cannot do without it.

But, reader, if the nurseryman neglects to confer upon himself and you the benefit of providing you with a catalogue gratuitously, do not inflict upon yourself the injury of doing without one. If you have never examined a descriptive list of fruits and flowers, you have no idea how much pleasant reading it contains. Once get a taste of this delightful literature, and you will return to it again and again. It is wonderful how rich a language may be made up of a few strong, simple words, descriptive of the size, form, color, texture, odor and flavor of fruits, and the characteristics of trees and flowers. By all means, send and get one of these little books; you will find it a perpetual garden. A.

South Livonia, Nov. 1859.

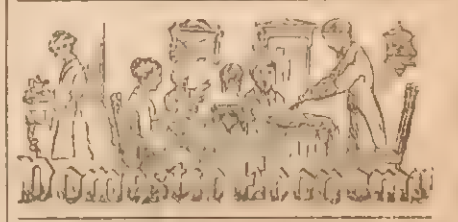
Remarks.—A cheap way of circulating trade catalogues among the people, is pursued by the English nurserymen, and might, perhaps, be adopted here with advantage, which is to publish them, in a somewhat condensed form, in the Agricultural and Horticultural Journals.

WINTER PROTECTION OF GRAPE VINES.

Messrs. Editors:—In No. 511 of the Rural is a timely and valuable hint over the signature of S. N. Holmes, of Syracuse, viz.: *a Cheap Insurance for Grape Vines.* For some time I have intended to send you my experience for 12 or 14 years on that subject. When my large vines first began to bear I practiced covering them with dirt through the winter, and they never failed to give a crop of fruit with that treatment. For eight or ten years they have remained on the frame on account of their large size. Three winters in that time has the crop of fruit been injured by the severe cold. The winter of '52 or '53 I got only two-thirds or three-fourths of a crop of grapes; the winter of '55 and '56, when the thermometer was 32° below zero, every fruit bud was destroyed excepting a few branches that got off the frame and were covered with snow, showing clearly that even a covering of snow was a sufficient protection to the fruit buds with that degree of cold, as I got on them large and well filled clusters. The sudden change from warm to cold of last winter, that destroyed about every peach bud in this section, injured the grape crop more than the June freeze did. The freeze injured my crop of fruit scarcely any, yet I got only about one-third of a crop of grapes. I estimate the loss of fruit in ten years by the severe cold of three winters, to be at least 1,000 pounds of grapes. Now what would have been the expense to take these two vines down for ten years, cover them with dirt and put them back again in the spring? I estimate that ten dollars would be ample to meet the expense for ten years, and if 1,000 pounds of grapes can be saved by that outlay, is it not a valuable one?

There was an inquiry last summer from one of your readers how to manage his vines on the south side of a building. He said they were destroyed in the winter. I had a large vine destroyed back close to the ground in the same position; the changes from heat to cold are frequent and sudden, just as it was last winter. One day at noon evening it was thawing, the second morning after at sunrise the thermometer was 13° below zero. That was the time the peach and grape crops of Western New York suffered so much. The grape vine proved itself the most hardy. Take such vines down and cover them is the cheap insurance.

Bloomfield, N. Y., 1859. Alvin Wilcox.



ALMOND CUSTARD, GOLDEN PIE, &c.

Dear Rural:—Seeing an inquiry in your paper for Almond Custard, I send my recipe, with some others, for the benefit of those ladies who like new things, and would be pleased with something new for Christmas.

Almond Custard.—One pint of new milk or cream; one teacup of white sugar; one-quarter of a pound of almonds, blanched and pounded, two spoonfuls of rose-water; yolks of four eggs,—stir these ingredients in a spider, over a slow fire, until it is the consistency of cream, then remove it quickly to a deep dish or cups. Beat the whites of the eggs with a little sugar, a few drops of brandy, and lay lightly on the top.

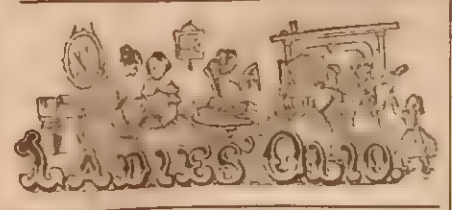
Golden Pie.—Take one lemon, grate the peel, and squeeze the pulp and juice in a bowl, —be sure to remove every seed,—to which add one teacup of white sugar; one teacup of new milk; one tablespoonful of powdered starch, and the yolks of three eggs, well beaten; pour this mixture into a nice paste crust, and bake slowly. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, and when the pie is just done, pour it over the top evenly, and return to the oven, just to stiffen, not brown.

Silver Pie.—Peel and grate one large white potato into a deep plate, add the juice and grated rind of one lemon; the beaten white of one egg; one teacup of white sugar, and one teacup of cold water,—pour this into a nice under-crust and bake. When done, have ready the beaten whites of three eggs, half teacup of powdered sugar, a few drops of rose-water, pour this over the pie, and return to the oven to set. When ready for table lay a few lumps of currant jelly on the top. Have these pies just cold for dinner. Mrs. M. L. Scott.

Toledo, Ohio, 1859.

Ointment for Burns.—Herewith I send a recipe for an ointment for burns, which is the very best I ever knew, and no family who will try it will live without it. It will retain its virtue for years. Take half a pint of white manure from under the hen-roost, and simmer it in fresh lard ten minutes, then strain it off into a tin box, and it is ready for use. The offensive odor will pass off in simmering, which is but trifling, and you will have an ointment that will heal a burn quicker than any other ever invented.—Mrs. M. A. Rice, *Rowe, Mass.*, 1859.

Cooking Egg Plant, &c.—Will some of the Rural friends give us directions to cook egg plant, and also to make rancid butter sweet?—A Subscriber, *Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.*, 1859.



"NOW I LAY ME."

The dreamy night draws nigh;
Soft, delicious airs breathe of mingled flowers,
And on the wings of slumber creep the hours;
The moon is high,—
See yonder tiny cot,
The lattice decked with vines—a tremulous ray
Steals out to where the silver moonbeams lay,
Yet pales them not!
Within, two holy eyes,
Two little hands clasped softly, and a brow
Where thought sits busy, weaving garlands now
Of joys and sighs
For the swift-coming years!
Two rosy lips with innocent worship part;—
List! be thou saint—or skeptic, if thou art,—
Thou must have ears;—
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."
Doth it not noiseless ope
The very flood-gates of thy heart, and make
A better man of thee for her sweet sake,
Who, with strong heart,
Her sweet task ne'er forgot
To whisper "Now I lay me," o'er and o'er,
As thou didst kneel upon the sanded floor—
Forget them not!

From many a festive hall
Where flashing light and flashing glances vie,
And, robed in splendor, mirth makes revelry—
Soft voices call
On the light-hearted throng,
To sweep the harp strings, and to join the dance,
The careless girl starts lightly, as perchance,
Amid the songs,
The merry laugh, the jest,
Come to her vision songs of long ago,
When by her snowy couch she murmured low,
Before her rest,
That simple infant's prayer;
Once more at home, she lays her jewels by,
Throws back her curls that shade her heavy eye,
And kneeling there
With quivering lip and sigh,
Takes from her fingers white the sparkling rings,
The golden coronet from her brow, and flings
The baubles by;
Nor doth she thoughtless dare
To seek her rest till she hath asked of Heaven
That all her sins, through Christ, may be forgiven—
Then comes the prayer—
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

The warrior on the field,
After the battle, pillowing his head
Perhaps upon a fallen comrade, dead,
Scorns not to yield
To the sweet memories of his childhood's hour,
When fame was bartered for a crimson flower—
The statesman gray,
His massive brow all hung with laurel leaves,
Forgets his honors while his memory weaves
A picture of that home 'mid woods and streams,
Where hoary mountains caught the sun's first beams,—
A cabin rude—the wild fields glistening,
The cattle yoked and mutely listening,
The farmer's toil, the farmer's fare, and, best
Of earthly luxuries, the farmer's rest;—
But hark! a soft voice steals upon his heart—
"Now say your prayers, my son, before we part;"
And, clasping his hands—a child once more—
Upon his breast, forgetting life's long war—
Thus hear him pray:—
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

REMEMBERING.

"A merry greeting to my Western cousin," wrote my lively coz. Ada, one pleasant June time. "Art homesick any, mignonne? Don't say nay, with that willful look in your eyes. I have an inward consciousness that, on these blessed summer mornings, you are looking over the rugged New York hills towards the rising sun, murmuring, with something very like a tear in your eye, and something more than a pang in your heart,

'Still are the cowslips from thy bosom springing,
O, far-off grassy dell,—and dost thou see
When Southern winds first wake the vernal singing,
The star gleam of the wood Anemone?'"

To all such sentimental inquiry I can answer *yes*, though the outward aspect of our bonny town of Fairhaven is much changed. Ancient, moss-covered houses, which are doubtless part and parcel of your recollections of home, have been torn down to give place to new dwellings, disgreeably white and glaring,—dusty roads wind through the sunny fields where we were wont to gather red-lipped clover blossoms, and the golden chalices the buttercups hold up so temptingly,—that grove of "Oriental plane trees" which rested on the green hollow on the eastern side of the bay has perished beneath the chopper's axe. But, after all, it is still as of yore, "the beautiful town that is seated by the sea." The forests still harbor those trembling little refugees from a fairer clime, the fairy wood blossoms, and the wild bees, dreamy chime rings out from beechen slope and mossy dell. And those lovely Columbines that used to bloom on the crag overhanging the tossing sea,—looking as bright and fresh as Mary Chilton, when she stood on "Forefathers Rock" with the blue Atlantic waves dashing around her,—are yet there, though many a sunny head crowned in by-gone summers with their scarlet glory, is laid low in the church-yard. The woodbine still drapes the walls of the 'old homestead' with its pendant masses of verdure in Summer, and its gorgeous leaves and scarlet berries in Autumn, and the dandelions in the front yard glow in the deep grass like stars reflected in the emerald water.

Do my descriptions awake in you any of "the exile yearnings, under the willows of the stranger shore?" I hope they do; I am so jealously fond of the old place that I cannot bear to think of you as forgetting it. I wandered down to the sea-wall at the foot of the garden last night, and everything was so strangely like, and yet unlike, the days that are gone forever, bearing with them many of those we loved and cherished, that I threw myself down on the dewy grass and cried, and I believe I am crying now; but those were happy days—"do you remember?" Do I remember?—as though the hills and dales, and wide expanse of sunny waters, nay, everything, even the tree and flower pertaining to that olden home, were not engraved upon my heart with a fidelity that mocks the limner's pencil! Ah me, the "exile yearnings" visit me full often with but sorry cause for awakening words. How often does memory transfigure these gloomy November days with her witchery, as she drapes the bare hills with the flushful garniture of Summer, spreads a soft sapphire over the dismal sky, and changes the cold gray rime to a golden haze, and I a child again, roam over the summer meadows with sunshine on my heart and brow, or peep over the mossy well-curb to catch a glimpse of the brightness at the bottom, or swing beneath the swaying branches of the graceful willow, transfigured with the purple sunset glory, or climb the Alpine summits of the misty hills to watch for the coming of the gallant ship that bore the beloved sailor brother, or—but the twilight has deepened around my musings, and Albert coming in seans me with his roguish eyes, and with unparalleled atrocity declares that I have *fallen asleep* over my embroidery! Well, there are "two lives,"—"to seem" and "to be," and what care I if this busy, practical world confounds the one with the other? Laura E. W.

Cohocton, Steuben Co., N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"I'M WEARY."

"I'm weary, mother," and with these words, a sweet child of but four short summers raised her tear-filled eyes to those of her parent, as if longing for one sympathizing glance. "My flowers are faded, my bird has hushed its song, the gold has left my butterfly's wings, and I am weary; let me rest." This was the sweet child's first lesson in the mutability of all things earthly,—her lovely treasures had been touched by the finger of change, and no wonder that her heart was saddened. She was weary—well might she ask for rest.

"I'm weary, mother," and a dark-eyed, intellectual-looking girl gazed sadly on the bright sunlight, as she thought of the time when she, too, was joyous and free as a sun-ray; but those bright days were gone forever. She thought of the time ere her young heart had bowed beneath the weight of much thought, but wild ambition had fired her soul,—she had been lured onward by the enchanting rays of the star of fame, and over her it had exerted a strange, wild power. Night after night had she wandered in pursuit of some hidden thought of ancient philosopher, and the morning's rosy light still found her at her chosen task. Step after step had she progressed through the long years of her collegiate study; only one year remained, and she would graduate with all the honors. With gladness she looked forward to the time when she should stand on the upper round of the ladder of fame,—still, mingled with sorrow, were her thoughts of childhood's hours exchanged for the student's life. As she reviewed the weary years of toil and suffering, both of mind and body, no wonder that she was weary, and sighed for rest.

"I'm weary," said a rosy-cheeked, laughing maiden, as she unclasped the pearls from her snowy neck, "I'm weary, let me rest." All the night long had she whirled in the mazy dance. Not only *one* night, but her entire existence was one continual round of pleasure. At times she longed for something nobler, higher,—she was almost sick of her aimless life, still she lived on for pleasure alone, and sometimes, when her heart called loudly for purer purposes and aims, she sighed for rest.

"I'm weary," said a high and noble statesman, as he bowed his head on his hand, "I'm weary, let me rest." He whose tread awoke the stillness in halls of State,—he on whose slightest words hung an admiring multitude,—asked rest. From all such scenes of magnificence, he turned with a weary heart and an aching brow to the remembrance of the happy past,—all the glory of the present he would gladly renounce for rest.

"I'm weary," said a dying Christian. With these words upon his lips and a satisfied smile illuminating his countenance, the soul sought a refuge in the bosom of his Savior. He had found the promised rest. L. L.

Hillsdale, Mich., 1859.

A CITY'S PRIDE IN ITS WOMEN.

The Philadelphia City Item thus admonishes that our patriotic pride should not be exclusively "hero worship:"—"Cultivated women are as much an ornament and honor to a city or a State, as cultivated men. France has as much distinction from Madam DeStael as from the most brilliant of its philosophers. Fanny Burney, (Madam D'Arblay,) Mrs. Macauley, Agnes Strickland, and numerous other females, shed the highest lustre on England. The Irish boast of Miss Edgeworth, of the Porters, of Lady Morgan and of Lady Blessington, with a spirit indicative of the highest appreciation. Scotland, too, has gained in honor through the educated genius of more than one of its 'bonnie, bright-eyed lassies.' Every country in Europe has been benefited by talented women. So has our grand America. Our female poets and fiction writers have done as much for our intellects, morals, tastes and honor abroad, as our literary men. Miss Sally Bridges, of this city, Mrs. James Campbell, (Chief Justice Lewis' daughter,) Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Sigourney, and twenties of others, have written poems that America will be forever proud of. The nation whose women are cultivated, cannot but be one of happy families, of the best and finest description of great men for all departments in its government, and of glorious, increasing, perpetual power and existence."

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SNOW-ROBE.

BY ALLEN J. CURTIS.

Last night as we slept,
And the vigils were kept
By the spirit of a roguish star,
In garments of white,
Resplendent and bright,
Came the angels in cloud-wrapt car.

But the star never spoke,
Nor from sleep us awoke,
To tell us that angels were near;
So we slept right along,
Nor heard we their song,
Though sweetly they sang and clear.

And they came for this
From their homes of bliss,
To present to our Mother Earth—
At which each of the band
Had wrought with her hand—
A new robe, as a token of worth.

Both softer than silk,
And whiter than milk,
Was the stuff from which it was spun;
And the shuttle flew
As the thread it drew,
Till the splendid robe was done.

The warp was white,
And the woof was light,
Through their mystic fingers run;
And I'm sure it was made
To wear in the shade,
For it soon would spoil in the sun.

Then fold after fold
They quickly unrolled
Of the ample garment they'd wrought;
And it sparkled bright
In the stars' clear light,
Like the gleam of a brilliant thought.

Then away to the earth
With a song of mirth,
Came the beauteous angel band,
And the light of a smile
Lit their faces the while,
For their joy at what they had plann'd.

And they spread it out,
Without murmur or shout,
O'er the hill, and the wood, and the plain;
Then hasted away,
Ere the break of day,
To their glittering homes again.

When we opened our eyes,
What a glad surprise
Was the view from our windows caught,
Of the spotless white
And the sparkling light
Of the robe by the angels wrought.

Kalamazoo, Mich., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE HOMERIC AGE.

The tired way-farer of to-day sometimes imagines a golden past, and fondly recalls the fifth act of a drama whose scenery was the heavens and earth, and the actors illustrious mortals. Some think of those far-distant days as mysterious hieroglyphics, strange and unaccountable; others as dreamy marvels and fable-given. But let him who can, turn aside, and give his hours to that land of strong men and iron character, now known only in story,—to that elegant people and marble splendor of the city of wisdom,—to those Grecian skies where modern beauty-lovers resort,—and the old Greek isles where incense perpetually smoked on altars consecrated to the heavenly synod. To such as care to turn away from the bustling *now*, and seek the retired *then*, there are cool retreats, and refreshing waters, where heated energies may calm, and thirsty lips moisten. Also, profit and treasures of intellectual wealth, and rich examples are found to help and fertilize the mind. But the multitude are not thus influenced. Drawn on by the great human tide, they look beyond, but never behind. For them there are no pleasures in remote days, when epic song drew infant breath, and romance had reign over the Greek heart. With such the cry is—we toil for daily bread, and care not for the old theories, the sweat of Olympic sports, the tales of Spartan Leonidas, the talk of colloquial Plato, and polished atticisms—or whether the theatre had green curtains, and how many Atheneums were on the street corners,—we think of to-day, and look up to-morrow. This prevails with not a few intelligent, but *practical* men.

There were no modern doctrines and improvements in that spring-time of intellectual glory, nor the thousand-and-one inventions of an ingenious age. No Manchester thrived on the water-courses of the green vallies, or by the great cities, with myriad looms and busy shuttles working for the million. But we read of those who wove the sea-purple threads of wool all the day, and prepared the vesture. Nor were there heard the shrill notes of steam amid hills, and around the temples—but had not Greece her Calliope? We know not that dinners were served in the nabob style of modern fashion lovers, but dinner was as indispensable to ancient as to latter-day stomachs. Quite minutely are we informed as to the nature of the feast, and the dishes. Boiled goose, served up in sauce, satisfied the keen appetite of the old epicureans, and why not our turkey-lovers? Pickled livers, with a pottage of pigeons, delighted Theban gourmands—and why not modern clubs? We are not informed as to whether pumpkin pies served as dessert, but roasted poppy seed, mixed with a hock of pork baked in honey, was a common dish. The land of song had no Drake or Raleigh, instrumental in polluting the pure atmosphere and classic promenades with fumiferous mouths,—nor were the public enlightened on "the confessions of an opium-eater,"—so that we presume the entertainment did not conclude with those unwise, sense-gratifying pleasures of latter-day civilization. Those Greeks were not puny and sallow, but given to a healthy vigor, and generous circulation of blood. Probably the Greek idea of a public dinner was not Americanized. At any rate, it is improbable that on the following day, the newspapers announced that "the tables literally groaned with the delicacies of the season"—for where were Faust and Hoe at that period?

While winter keeps the fashion-devotees and voluptuaries of the present age in "brown stone front" and marble houses, the summer heat bears them to sea-shore resorts, and far away to the green valleys and picturesque scenery of a mountain home. But the Greek mammomites had summer vacations, and watering places, and quiet seats, remote from dusty streets and undisturbed by the hum of crowded cities. There was no sea-washed Newport, or healing Saratoga, or Baden, in the catagory of Theban and Athenian pleasure rolls, but there were cool groves, and famous walks, and inspiring scenery, and isles of the deep, to while away estual hours. Where the blue Egean laved the shore, a princely Newport had the ocean-breeze, and the smooth beach. Healing waters—waters of forgetfulness and inspiration—gushed forth from Parnassian heights; and on adjacent hills and groves were the villas where tired throngs resorted.

The Greek theology was a harmonious faith. One church code satisfied the heart, and Zeus was the spiritual Bishop. No unhealthy qualms of conscience, or stinging remorse over an unregenerate heart, soured the temper, or brought on hypochondria. The age was not blessed with divinity schools and orthodox quills to lay bare Polytheism, and expose the pseudo-tenets of the Jovine disciples. The heavens and earth were their testaments. The thunder was the voice of their Great Father; and earth had mansions on mountain-tops and caverns in the deeps, where his satellites dwelt, and obeyed his nod. Whether that graft upon the old tree of evil, which has now blossomed in its youth—that last work of the Parent of Darkness—entered "the land of genius and of lovely women," and invisible hands rapped on tables, and chairs danced, the historians of the age have not informed us. Nevertheless, the manes sometimes made a flying visit to the abodes of men, and held colloquies. Had ingenuity been as largely developed in the Greek brain, as in Yankeedom, there might have been Salem tribunals, and worse than "scarlet-letter" penalties enforced.

While we know not futurity, and can only move forward by a gradual march, it is possible to return to other days, and view the ancient world. The distant in time throws off its vagueness, and the old marvels, myths and wonders of the past mingle with the present. We are indeed remote from the days of Homer. But through the gates of poetry and history we may visit them, still fresh and vivid to the inner eye. We are ushered into the age of mythic glory, free thought, fertile conceit,—an age of heroism and sensualistic beauty.

Clinton, N. Y., 1859. Wm. C. Winslow.

WINTER SCENES.

The following from the Chicago Journal is worthy of being placed beside the winter sketches of Jacob Abbott and N. P. Willis:

That old red sleigh, with its long box that never was full, for down in the straw, wrapped in the robes, or on one or another of the four seats it contained, there was always room for one more. What a grouping of bright young faces there used to be in it! Faces in hoods, in caps and in blankets; hearts that have loved since; hearts that have broken; hearts that have mouldered. And away we went over the hill, and through the vale, under the moonlight, and under the cloud; when the stars were looking down; when the sun kindled the world into a great white jewel; but those days have gone forever away, and the sweet old necklace of bells, big in the middle of the string, and growing small by degrees, has lost its power over the pulses.

In that old sleigh, brides have gone away before now—those that were married to manhood, those that were "married unto death." Great ships have gone over the waters with less of hope and happiness than that rude craft has borne over the billows of winter; swan-like shapes now glance along the arrowy way, but give us, for its sweet memories of Yesterday, the old red sleigh.

Then, the days when we were "consters;" and down the big hill, by the maple wood, through the little pitches, far into the valley we came with merry shout, each the solitary Palinurus of his own small craft. How like a flock of swallows we were, dashing down the declivity, in among a group of sleds, side by side with a rival, shooting by like an arrow, steering in gallantry ahead, like a jockey, and on our way up with a sled in tow, ere the party had reached the valley below. And then it was, when the wind had swept away the snow from pond and stream, and the ice was glare, that we put on the "rockers," and darted hither and thither, and cut sixes and eights, and curves without number, and drew the girls that we loved, and whirled them like leaves over the highway of crystal.

And the schools where we pelted each other down, and the schools where we sang Windham and Mear, and the schools where we ciphered and wrote, and "went up;" gone, all gone, teacher and taught, like the melting snows, under the rainbows of April. And when, sometimes, after the great snow, the winds came out of the north for a frolic, what wreathings and carvings of the cold alabaster there were. What Corinthian adornings surmounted the fence posts; what mouldings were fashioned beside the way; what fairy-like caves in the drifts; what flowers of rare finish and pendants of pearls on the trees.

Have you quite forgotten the footprints we used to find in the damp snow; as delicate, some of them, as a love letter; the mysterious paths down to the brook or the old hollow tree, that we used to wonder over and set "figure fours" by, if perchance, we might catch the makers thereof? Have you quite forgotten how sorry you were for the snow birds that fluttered among the flakes, and seemed tossing and lost in the storm? And there, in the midst of that winter, Christmas was set, that made the Thanksgiving last all through the night of the year, and what wonder the stars and the fires burned more brightly therefor! Christmas, with its gifts and its cheer; its carol and charm; its evergreen branch and its bright morning dreams. Christmas, when there were prints upon the chimney tops if we were only there to see them, where Santa Claus set his foot as the clock struck twelve. Christmas, when stockings were suspended by hearth and by pillow all over the land; stockings silken and white; stockings homely and blue, and even the little red sock, with a hole in the toe. Blessed forever be Bethlehem's star.

THE HEAVENLY SOWING

Sower Divine,
Sow the good seed in me,
Seed for eternity;
'Tis a rough, barren soil,
Yet, by thy care and toil,
Make it a fruitful field,
A hundred fold to yield;
Sower Divine,
Plough up this heart of mine.

Sower Divine,
Quit not this humble field
Till thou hast made it yield,
Sow thou by day and night,
In darkness and in light;
Stay not thy hand, but sow,
Then shall the harvest grow;
Sower Divine,
Sow deep this heart of mine

Sower Divine,
Let not this barren clay
Lead thee to turn away;
Let not my fruitlessness
Provoke thee not to bless;
Let not my field be dry,
Sower Divine,
Water this heart of mine.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE SABBATH.

"In six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day, wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it."

How like a strain of sweet music seems the remembrance of the Sabbath, as it mingles with all the wearisome sounds and annoying scenes of six tedious busy days. And when it comes with its quiet hours and hallowed influences, whose heart does not soften and expand with emotions of love and reverence for the Being who blessed this day, giving it to man as a faint type of a rest which remains for those who cheerfully and lovingly learn life's most difficult lesson. Other days may bring with them happy hours, and pleasant thoughts, but they are never free from care, for there are ever mingled with them thoughts of the morrow.

To my mind no greater misfortune can befall a person than that they should lose their reverence for the Sabbath,—that it should become to them as other days, never whispering to them of God and Heaven,—only regarded as a day excusing them from physical labor, and to be enjoyed as best pleases their fancy. To such there comes no fresh baptism of holy influences which shall rest upon them as a mystic spell, effectually guarding them from temptations, and strengthening for life's duties and responsibilities.

"Life has a crown of care for all."

To the Christian the Sabbath is a holiday in which he lays aside this crown, and enjoys a foretaste of "the rest which remains for the people of God." He who does not love God may lay aside this crown, but it is replaced by one heavier and more cumbersome, even the displeasure of God, and the reproaches of conscience.

"Life is a teacher cold and stern," and methinks we sadly need all the ennobling influences which our Father places in our reach, and shall we turn carelessly away, and while each tiny leaf and blade of grass seems to whisper "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," pass on regardless of all these holy teachings? Let us, instead, sacredly treasure each God-given aspiration for purity, and, perseveringly pressing onward and upward—may each reader of our much loved Rural enjoy a Sabbath which shall never end, the joy and peace of which, is only equaled by its duration. Jennie.

Bath, N. Y., 1859.

"GONE, BUT NOT MISSED."

There are some professors over whose graves it would be difficult for devout men to find great occasion for lamentation. Such persons would doubtless be missed in their families, places of business, and accustomed places of recreation; but as to her peculiar and noble offices, the church would be compelled to say of them, "Gone, but not missed." She would not miss their charities for Christ and his poor; she would not miss them in her circles of prayer and benevolence; she would not miss them at the bedside of the sick, nor in the house of the mourner; she would not miss them when great trials were to be borne, or hard labor to be done for the extension of the Gospel. In her Sabbath School efforts, and tract distribution—in her endeavors to evangelize our city, our land, our earth, with truth and holiness—she would not miss them, for they have not cheered those labors of love with their presence, their counsel, their charities, or their prayers.—Like the hangers-on of an army, they move with the host to share the results of victory, but are absent when martyrs are to bleed upon the field. The loss of such to the Church by death would be graded by the benefit which their lives confer upon the world; and hence you can judge whether devout men would make great lamentation over them. Stephen fell at his post, and *this* pointed the grief at his loss.—*Dr. Brainerd.*

Improve the Time.—The lights of heaven do not shine for themselves, nor for the world of spirits, who need them not; but for man, for our pleasure and advantage. How ungrateful and inexcusable then are we, if, when God has set up these lights for us to work by, we sleep or play, or in a manner trifle away the precious moments given us, and thus burn our Master's candles, but mind not our Master's work.

Ingratitude is so deadly a poison that it destroys the very bosom in which it is harbored.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF INSTRUCTION.

The American Institute of Instruction recently held its Thirtieth Annual Meeting, at New Bedford, Mass., and, judging from the published reports, the assembling was one of extreme interest to educators. The exercises extended through three days, and while we would be gratified in publishing the transactions in detail, want of space forbids. We condense from the excellent phonographic report of the *Massachusetts Teacher*:

The President, Hon. John D. Philbrick, called the meeting to order, when Rev. Mr. Craig, of Boston, invoked the Divine blessing. The records of the last meeting, held at Norwich, Conn., were read and approved. Mayor Nye addressed the Institute, extending a welcome on behalf of the city government and his fellow-citizens.

The first address before the Institute, (and in this connection we can only mention the name of lecturer, and topic discussed,) was delivered by Geo. B. Emerson, LL. D., of Boston, on "*The Forest and Garden.*" The second was by Prof. J. D. Butler, of Madison University,—subject, "*Claims of the Classics.*" J. D. Runkle selected for his theme, "*Mathematics as an element in Liberal Education.*" Mr. Charles Hutchins of the Dwight School, Boston, spoke upon "*The Parent Side in the Work of Education.*" The Rev. R. C. Waterston of Boston, followed, his subject, "*The Beautiful in Nature and Art as connected with Education.*" Prof. E. D. Sanborn, of Washington University, St. Louis, addressed the Institute upon "*Aids in the Study of the Classics.*"

At intervals during the meeting, individuals prominently identified with educational affairs, and residing in various portions of the Union, were "called out" in reference to the systems pursued in their respective localities, and the interchange of thought and sentiment thus effected, heightened the interest and value of the Association. We segregate the following:

Hon. Anson Smith, School Commissioner of Ohio, was called upon to give some information of the schools in his State. He answered to the call by a highly interesting speech. I believe, said he, that our school system is as good as that of any other State in the Union, and in some points in advance of all other sister States, though I am far from believing that our schools or teachers, as a general thing, are as good as these here. We live in a great State, with eighty-eight counties; we count the inhabitants by millions, and have 22,000 teachers. Our schools cost nearly four millions of dollars a year, which money is raised, in the greater part, by direct taxation. Our school libraries are growing in size and usefulness, and are supported by a general taxation.

Prof. Butler, of Madison, Wis., said that he had lived in the West for the last seven years, which he reckoned about half his life, the remaining seven years he had lived in New England. Wisconsin is a state larger than Old England, but a little smaller than New England, with 267,000 children of school age. She wants good teachers and offers them good wages. Although the State is only eleven years old, the Teachers' Association has held, already, seven annual meetings. Prof. B. referred to a visit which he had recently made in Danvers, where he called on Ma'am Eden, who was upwards of ninety years of age. Conversing with her he learned that she had never been in Boston, and that the farthest place from home to which she had traveled, was Marblehead, a distance of five miles. She went there before the Revolutionary war, to be vaccinated. Prof. B. thought that, great as the contrast was between Ma'am Eden and the present female teacher who had traveled, at least, it was not greater than it would be between that same teacher now, and what she would be when he should meet her next in Wisconsin.

Mr. Nathan Hedges of Newark, spoke for New Jersey, which, during the revolutionary time, was in the Union, but which now, according to a New York discovery, is in the State of Camden and Amboy. New Jersey has, for the foundation of her educational system, a Normal School, and connected with it a Model School, which will not suffer in comparison with any in the United States. We have a Preparatory School established at great expense, for those who will later enter the Normal School, and our school-houses and teachers' salaries will compare favorably with those of Massachusetts.

Mr. Northend of New Britain, made some remarks with regard to the schools in Connecticut. The school system, he said, was not free. Their large school fund gives to the education of every child between four and sixteen years of age, the sum of $1 40 annually. The people have depended too much on this fund. The "Rate Bill system" is still found in many districts. Within a few years, about five hundred libraries have been formed. The State gives ten dollars to every district raising an equal amount for that purpose.

Mr. Charles Ansorge of Dorchester, formerly a teacher in Prussia, was called upon. He said:—The schools in Germany, and especially Prussia, are good, relatively, not absolutely. The difference between schools in the country, and those in the cities, is as great there as it is with us. To judge of Prussian schools after an inspection of the institutions of learning at Berlin, Halle, or Breslau, is as partial, as to take the Boston schools for the average standard of the schools of our State. There, the higher schools are supported entirely or mainly by government, while the expenses of the common people, who have to pay, not according to their property, but to the number of children they send to school. The school laws of Prussia are a perfect Babel, patchwork from the first to the last. They are administered by provincial, gubernatorial or county officers, every one of whom expounds or modifies them according to his views or to circumstances. With us, the schools of different grades are regarded as sister institutions and the primary school teacher shakes hand with the professor at the university, while in Germany, the common school is regarded by the university and college, as the publican was by the pharisee. The absolute eagle of Prussia has favored and cared for common schools merely from a sense of self preservation. These schools were improving from 1815 to 1840, since that time they have been decaying. Normal schools have been removed from large cities to small country towns, experienced educators, like Dr. Diesterweg, G. Schults, Meyer, and others, were dismissed from Normal schools, and their places filled by inexperienced and inferior clergymen; the press suffers under the system of censorship, and the number of educational periodicals has decined within the last ten years about 75 per cent. Teachers' meetings are forbidden, unless a clergyman is at the midst of them. The Jews could not long more earnestly for deliverance from captivity, than the enlightened Prussian teacher longs for better days.

The Reviewer.

The Anatomy and Physiology of the Horse: With Anatomical and Questional Illustrations. Containing, Also, A Series of Examinations on Equine Anatomy and Physiology, with Instructions in Reference to Dissection, and the Mode of Making Anatomical Preparations. To which is added Glossary of Veterinary Technicalities, Toxicological Chart, and Dictionary of Veterinary Science. By George H. Dadd, M. D., V. S., author of "The Modern Horse Doctor," "Cattle Doctor," etc., etc. New York: Saxton, Barker & Co.

Among the various treatises, possessing, in a greater or less degree, an influence upon the agriculture of our country, which have been issued by the American Press, there are none, we opine, which will serve to give us a better reputation abroad, or prove more serviceable at home, than this recent production of Dr. Dadd. Previous to the publication of the volume under consideration, our Veterinary Literature was without a work devoted to the Anatomy and Physiology of the Horse, which we, as a people, could claim as peculiarly our own,—one to which reference might be made,—for information or authority,—and, as a consequence, the specialties here treated were either discussed theoretically and imperfectly, or failed to attract attention. In his preface, Dr. Dadd remarks that "much indifference has been manifested regarding Veterinary Science, in consequence of the difficulty encountered in its study, for the want of proper textbooks and teachers; and its unsatisfactory results when treated by men unacquainted with its fundamental principles. The well-known works of English and French authors furnish all the necessary information, yet their cost is beyond the means of many, and, consequently, their circulation is very limited. In view, therefore, of supplying this deficiency, which is disclosed in the barrenness of our anatomical and physiological knowledge, and for the purpose of furnishing a work that shall come within the reach and financial means of all men, the author has undertaken the double task; and it is hoped that the effort will not be thought untimely." This purpose has been beautifully and successfully accomplished. The principles of the science are clearly and demonstratively given, and the engravings, designed to aid the student, are choice specimens of art. Rochester—Darrow & Bro.

Lectures for the People. By the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool. First Series,—with a Biographical Introduction by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie. [16mo.—pp. 414.] Philadelphia: G. G. Evans.

As a devoted, able, and successful pastoral teacher, Hugh Stowell Brown takes high rank in the minds of the masses with whom he has been placed in contact, and has secured a large place in the hearts of his people. Although a young man, (36 years of age last August,) but few exercise greater influence upon all classes and conditions of society. Engaged in mechanical employments until he was twenty-one, he learned, by experience, the wants of the laboring orders, and is endeared to them by kindred associations—devout, earnest, zealous and talented, he has won the confidence and respect of all his hearers. The Lectures, (twenty-one in number,) composing a volume of more than 400 pages, were delivered in Concert Hall, Liverpool, to the working classes of that great commercial and industrial city who were unable to attend the churches for want of means. They are as much sermons as lectures, furnishing plain, practical truths for mental digestion—although the book of daily experience furnishes the majority of the texts,—delivered Sabbath afternoons to a mixed auditory of from two to three thousand listeners from all denominations. So popular were they, hundreds were compelled to forego the pleasure of hearing, not even standing-places being obtainable. These Lectures are full of every-day, common-sense facts, gracefully and eloquently garbed, and their teachings will be found equally as applicable to the desires or the needs of both old and young on this side of the Atlantic, as in the Mother Country. From the Publisher.

Advanced Course of Composition and Rhetoric: A Series of Practical Lessons on the Origin, History and Peculiarities of the English Language, Punctuation, Taste, the Pleasures of the Imagination, Figures, Style and its Essential Properties, Criticism, and the various Departments of Prose and Poetical Composition; Illustrated with Copious Exercises. Adapted to Self-Instruction, and the Use of Schools and Colleges. By G. P. Quackenbos, A. M., Associate Principal of "The Collegiate School," New York; author of "First Lessons in Composition," etc. [16mo.—pp. 451.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is a companion to the "First Lessons in Composition," one of the very best books published on the subject, and now in use in our Common Schools. The two are well adapted to the private student, as they afford an insight into the mechanism of language, and a study of them can hardly fail to give a proper and graceful expression. No class more than editors feel the importance of such works, or would be more benefited by their circulation. For sale by Adams & Dauney.

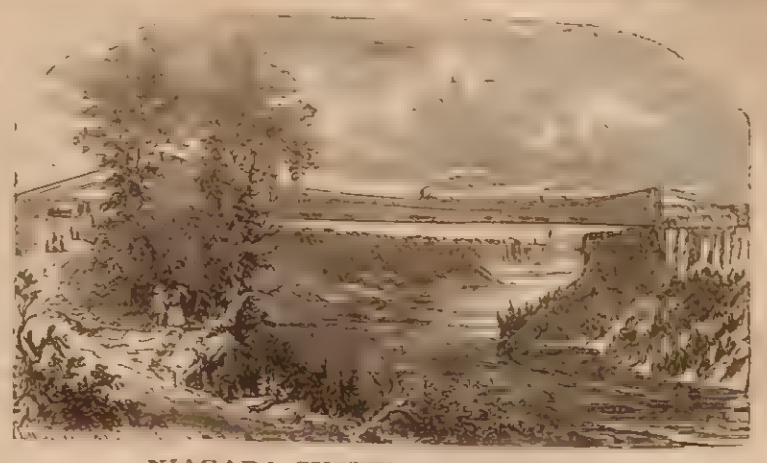
Fisher's River (North Carolina.) Scenes and Characters. By "Skitt," "who was raised ther." Illustrated by John McLenan. [16mo.—pp. 269] New York: Harpers.

This is a book which the artist has well illustrated, and therein consists its principal merit. The author was "raised" in one of the dark corners of North Carolina, and, after an absence of twenty years, returned to visit the home of his childhood. During this visit, he states "reminiscences of early years naturally revived," and on his return he determined to "write out some of the scenes and stories of that age and section," hence the book before us. The characters are a poor, ignorant, superstitious, whisky-drinking set, without a redeeming trait. The only ambition among them seemed to be which could tell the biggest and silliest stories. Our author was very fortunate in escaping from such a crowd, and we wonder he ever wished to return. We think too much of human nature to laugh over such stories of its degradation. Rochester—Steele, Avery & Co.

A Natural Philosophy: Embracing the Most Recent Discoveries in the Various Branches of Physics, and Exhibiting the Application of Scientific Principles in Every-Day Life. Adapted to Use with or without Apparatus, and accompanied with Full Descriptions of Experiments, Practical Exercises, and Numerous Illustrations. By G. P. Quackenbos, A. M., Principal of the "Collegiate School," N. Y.; Author of "First Lessons in Composition, etc., etc. [16mo.—pp. 450.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A well arranged, well illustrated School Philosophy, which a brief examination causes us to believe is remarkable for its clearness and its simple explanations of scientific principles as they appear in every-day life. We recommend this book to every young philosopher; in fact, to every one who wishes to know more of nature and its mysterious laws. Rochester—Liberty Hall, General Agent.

Philosophy and Christianity.—Philosophy, in the light of Paganism, was like the fire-fly of the tropics, making itself visible, but not irradiating the darkness. But Christianity, revealing the Sun of Righteousness, sheds more than the full sunlight of those tropics on all that we need to see, whether for time or eternity.—*Coleridge.*



NIAGARA SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

The accompanying engraving gives a beautiful and truthful representation of the Niagara Suspension Bridge, which remains, as it was the first day when completed, one of the wonders of the world. Far above the water, stretching over the fearful chasm, and apparently suspended by gossamer threads whose graceful curves describe lines of true sublimity as well as beauty, appears the last great triumph of human genius and engineering skill. The distant observer is struck with surprise at its apparent frailness. Everything in nature, which surrounds it, is in such majestic proportion, that the bridge itself seems a mere network of threads and lines, buoyed up by its own inherent lightness, and the elasticity of the surrounding air. And yet, when we descend to a mathematical calculation of its size and materials, its strength and capacities, quite another idea takes possession of the mind, and we merge its grace and beauty into its utility.

The passage way is divided into two parts or floors, one above the other. The upper is used for the transit of cars; the lower floor is the passage way for pedestrians and carriages.

Neither the cost of the bridge nor the magnitude of the undertaking is a matter of surprise or wonder. There are very many mechanical structures, even in this country, already completed, which cost immensely more money; and the tubular bridge at Montreal, now almost finished, will exceed it in this respect more than twenty times told; but it is the boldness and the originality of the adventure, and its complete success, in the face not only of natural obstacles, but also of the discouraging prophesies of the most celebrated scientific men, which render it remarkable.

The distinguished English engineer, Stephenson, recently deceased, pronounced adversely to its security, and the public generally regarded it, at the best, a very doubtful experiment. But that experiment has proved eminently successful, and thousands of passengers, and immense quantities of freight, pass over it daily, and in security.

The following table exhibits the proximate, if not the absolute capacities, dimensions and cost of the Suspension Bridge:

Length of span from centres of towers	802 feet
Height of tower above rock on American side	68 "
Height of tower above rock on Canadian side	78 "
Height of tower above floor of railway	60 "
Number of wire cables	4
Diameter of each cable	10½ inc's
Number of No. 9 wires in each cable	3,659
Ultimate aggregate strength of cables	12,400 tons
Weight of superstructure	800 "
Weight of superstructure and maximum loads	1,250 "
Maximum weight cable and stays will support	7,300 "
Height of track above water	258 feet
Base of towers	16 ft. sq
Top of towers	8 "
Length of cables	1,256½ feet
Depth of anchor pits below surface of rock	20 to 30 "
Outside width of railroad floor	24 "
Total length of wire in miles	4,000 "
Cost of structure	$400,000

HOW TO CURE COLDS.

Hall's Journal of Health says the moment a man is satisfied that he has taken cold, let him do three things:—"1st, eat nothing; 2d, go to bed, cover up warm, in a warm room; 3d, drink as much cold water as he can and as he wants, or as much hot herb tea as he can, and in three cases out of four, he will be almost well in thirty-six hours.

If he does nothing for his cold for forty-eight hours after the cough commences, there is nothing that he can swallow that will, by any possibility, do him any good; for the cold, with such a start, will run its course of about a fortnight, in spite of all that can be done, and what is swallowed in the meantime in the way of physic, is a hindrance, and not a good.

"*Feed a cold and starve a fever,*" is a mischievous fallacy. A cold always brings a fever; the cold never beginning to get well until the fever subsides; but every mouthful swallowed is that much more fuel to feed the fever, and, but for the fact that as soon as a cold is fairly seated, nature, in a kind of desperation, steps in and takes away the appetite, the commonest cold would be followed by very serious results, and in frail people would be almost always fatal.

These things being so, the very fact of waiting forty-eight hours, gives time for the cold to fix itself in the system; for a cold does not usually cause a cough until a day or two has past, and then waiting two days longer, gives it the fullest chance to do its work before anything is done.

THE BEST FUEL.

Wood is the healthiest, because it contains a large amount of oxygen; coal has none, hence, in burning it, the oxygen necessary for its combustion must be supplied from the air of the room, leaving it "closely" oppressive. A coal fire will go out unless it has a constant and large supply of air, while wood, with comparatively little, having a large supply within itself, turns to "live coals." Close-grained heavy wood, like hickory and oak, give out the most heat; while pine and poplar, being opened-grained, heat up the quickest. The value of fuel, as a heating material, is determined by the amount of water which a pound will raise to a given temperature; thus one pound of wood will convert forty pounds of ice to boiling water, while a pound of coal will thus heat near eighty pounds of ice cold water; hence pound for pound, coal is as good again for mere heating purposes, as wood is as good again as peat, which is the product of sedges, weeds, rushes, mosses, &c.

But, if a tun of coal, that is twenty-eight bushels, or twenty-two hundred and forty pounds, cost five dollars, it is about equal to the best wood at two dollars and a quarter a cord. Coal, at twelve dollars and a half a tun, is as cheap as wood at five dollars and one-half per cord. It would be more equitable, if wood was dry, to sell it by the pound. Such is the custom in France. For heating sleeping apartments, wood should be used.

Rules for Good Habits.—1. Have a plan laid beforehand for every day. 2. Acquire the habit of untiring industry. 3. Cultivate perseverance. 4. Cultivate the habit of punctuality. 5. Be an early riser. 6. Be in the habit of learning something from every one with whom you meet. 7. Form fixed principles on which to think and act. 8. Be simple and neat in your personal habits. 9. Acquire the habit of doing everything well. 10. Make constant efforts to be master of your temper. 11. Cultivate soundness of judgment. 12. Observe a proper treatment of parents, friends, and companions.—*Todd.*

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 59 letters.
My 1, 8, 5, 2, 10, 21, 26, 4, 35, 29 is neatness and fashion.
My 26, 47, 59, 42, 48, 19, 23, 17, 6 is a metal and a name.
My 34, 43, 8, 36 is a princely residence.
My 21, 18, 40, 30, 13, 16, 42, 26, 32 is a portion, an elevation and a bird.
My 23, 57, 33, 59, 37, 40 is an enemy to 21, 18, 40, 30, 13, 16, 42, 26, 32.
My 36, 35, 44, 26, 15, 25, 41, 46, 39, 54 is a tall man.
My 19, 51, 8, 11, 14, 55 is an engine and a weight.
My 31, 20, 13, 30 is an animal.
My 33, 28, 9, 56, 53, 44 is a legacy and an heir.
My 12, 7, 4, 17, 49, 29 is a nick-name and a number.
My 24, 35, 39, 45 is an article of female apparel.
My 50, 58, 46, 30 pertains to a ship and a nut.
My whole is a problem.

The wise and the prudent
To solve it may try—
The scholar and student
I also defy.
The loser and winner
May not know the amount,
Till the saint and the sinner
Give their final account.

Wauwatosa, Wis., 1859. A. B.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PUZZLE.

Messrs. Editors:—I have read the "Lover's Puzzle," and, could I make it convenient, would certainly call and get the printer's hat. As I cannot do so, I propose that the printer read the following Puzzle and call and get my bonnet:

Stand your take to watch take to watch
I ture and will you if you will me.

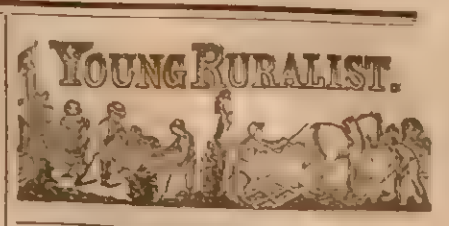
Williamsville, N. Y., 1859. S. A. M.

[illegible] TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 516.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—A true regard for the feelings of others.

Answer to Historical Enigma:—With the merciful, thou wilt shew thyself merciful; with an upright man, thou wilt shew thyself upright.

Answer to Geometrical Problem:—60, 80 and 100 perches.



FARMERS AND FARMERS SONS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I wish to say a word in behalf of farmers sons. It is a lamentable fact that the sons of good thrifty farmers get discontented and dissatisfied, and leave the parental roof to seek employment and fortune abroad, and why is this? May not the cause too often be attributed to a pinching restraint on the part of the parent; in only partially and grudgingly remunerating him for services rendered; and partially in not supplying him with pleasant and profitable recreation. It comes very hard for the farmer whose only ambition is to grasp the "almighty dollar," to hire his own son and pay him fair wages; and date his time of service on and after the day he is twenty-one—but will let him go to "shack" for himself, sometimes (muttering as he goes, "he never earned his salt,") and hire any one that comes along and pay him freely $10, $12 or $15 per month, when the services of the absent son were worth far more, even if he did play for a day once in a while.

Now, were it not better to enlist the attention of sons in the affairs of the farm, (the noblest calling pertaining to earth,) either by paying him well or by giving him a share in the proceeds; any way, only interest him. If you pay him more than he actually earns it is not lost, unless he be a miserable spendthrift, and he is not this, if he has been rightly taught by precept and example. In short, parents, as you love your children do all you can to keep your sons on the farm, and under the wholesome influence of a quiet and peaceful home, and don't mind the sacrifice. When you have done all this if he still persists in leaving home, let him go with a father's blessing, and when he has "squandered all his substance and fed on husks" awhile, he will know how to appreciate a parent's home.

To the youth, too, I would say, honor and love your parents; bear with any notions that to you seem unreasonable; for how often have they borne with your follies and your faults; how often for you have they spent sleepless nights and anxious days. Many things that look foolish to you now will appear very different in twenty years. Things taught me by my father, which I once despised and considered the height of folly, now I hold to as my firmest principles—the sheet-anchor of my faith. Experience makes us wiser, much as we may now despise its teachings.

Vernon, N. Y., 1859. G N L

HOME MADE PICTURE FRAMES.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—W. B. W., of Penn Yan, asks for information about making "picture frames of burrs, acorns, beech nuts, &c." The frame should be of plain work, no moldings except perhaps what is terms a "Jack-plane Molding," a little beveled towards the inside. The particular *order* of placing the cones, acorns, &c., will depend on the taste of each individual. I have one 24 by 28 inches, but it would be difficult to describe it. The *corners* are arranged something in the form of rosettes, of white and yellow pine cones, acorns, &c., and also the same midway between the corners. The balance is filled up with acorns, cones, beech nuts, buckwheat, Madeira nuts, filberts, butternuts, black walnuts, Brazil nuts, hazel and almost everything else in the form of a nut with a rough outside, *indiscriminately*—the more so the better. The frame should be first stained—something near the color of your materials for the outside. The nuts, &c., are fastened on with *very thick* glue, and when dry varnished over with *thin glue.* When this is dry it may receive a couple of coats of ordinary varnish which puts on the polish. I would recommend that the work be done in a warm room, and allow it to remain there two or three days, as the glue will not be so apt to give out and let the nuts lose. Any person with ordinary good taste can thus make a very beautiful picture frame.

Although not a "*Young Ruralist,*" perhaps the above may not be the less appreciated by the inquirer. Mrs. A. S. C.

Pittsford, N. Y., Nov., 1859.

"YE BUILD, YE BUILD, BUT YE ENTER NOT IN."

A few evenings since the preceding sentence was read to me, in connection with a circumstance which caused it to make a very deep impression on my mind. But, methinks I hear some impatient Young Ruralist ask the question, "Who are they that build, but do not enter?" I would say that they are dreamers, who spend their precious moments in idly thinking of future joys and honors; and while they are thus dreaming the future advances; but where are the joys and honors they counted so surely theirs? Alas! poor dreamer; perhaps too late thou wilt find that thou must toil ere thou will realize the joys and honors which thou dreamed were already within thy eager grasp.

Arouse then, dreamer, and commence some noble work, so that when thy race is run and thou shalt be laid beneath the sod, the world shall be bettered for thy having lived in it. Let not your precious time be any longer spent in dreaming. Thou, and every human being, has a work to perform. And when thou workest, strive to work well, and thus fulfill the purpose for which an all-wise Creator designed us. And He who seeth in secret shall reward us openly, in that great day when all nations shall appear before Him, and will greet us with the words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." J.

Pultneyville, Wayne Co., N. Y., Nov., 1859.

Sympathy of tastes is a pleasing attraction; but congeniality of principles is the cement of souls.—*Jane Porter.*

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 10, 1859.

TO CLUB AGENTS, SUBSCRIBERS, &c.

In answer to recent letters, we beg to state that *we have not, in any instance,* offered the Eleventh Volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER for less than our published rates—and whoever expects the lowest club price ($1,25) to be reduced to $1 per copy, will be disappointed. Our aim and determination is to *adhere strictly to published terms,* treating all friends and agents of the RURAL alike fairly and honorably. Any one offering the paper for less than our rates, is either an imposter, or very generous in paying us more than he receives.

We have no traveling agents. The persons who have recently been traveling through the West and elsewhere, pretending to act by our authority, or to be connected with the RURAL, are swindlers, one and all. The proprietor of the RURAL gives no certificates of agency, has no partners in business, nor any relative traveling in his or its behalf. We hope some of the pretended partners and relatives, who, taking advantage of the popularity of the RURAL and the gullibility of the people, are obtaining subscribers, will be headed and jailed soon. Grates and gruel would prove salutary.

—For answers to various inquiries, and for terms and other particulars, please see last page.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

THE Tennessee's mail which arrived at Washington on the 1st inst., brought a letter from an entirely reliable source, saying that the Cabinet of the Liberal government of Mexico are united in their views, and that there is every reason to believe they will agree to the pending treaty with the United States. So hopeful is the writer, that he adds that it will be received in this country very soon after meeting of Congress. There is no truth in the newspaper report that Juarez intends making for an immediate American armed intervention. The rumor, however, was prevalent at Vera Cruz just before the Tennessee left, that the Miramon government was about to make overtures to our own, but its truth was strongly doubted.

Private advices from Nicaragua represent everything quiet, with the exception of fear of invasion by Senator Walker.

President Martinez and the people have the greatest confidence in the friendly disposition of the United States, and have determined to suppress filibustering. Much disappointment was manifested at the non-arrival of our minister, Mr. Dimetry. Some supposed that he would not leave Costa Rica before January. President Martinez admits that M. Belly has already failed to fulfil his contract.

The last dispatches concerning the San Juan affair relieve all practical difficulty on the island' Gov. Douglas and Admiral Baynes both being satisfied with the course pursued here, and the joint occupation is now restored. Nothing but the original difference respecting the title remains in dispute. The President's Message (which will probably be made public during the week, as Congress met on Monday, 5th inst.,) will only refer to it briefly as a question under negotiation likely to be adjusted amicably, and none of the papers will be communicated to Congress.

No expectation is entertained by the Administration that Mr. Forsyth can make a treaty in Mexico, or enter into any satisfactory arrangement. The President considers an armed intervention necessary for the protection of our citizens, and, as a precautionary measure, to anticipate a seizure by some other nation, before a total disruption. England has intimated a willingness to our possession, leaving the payment of her debt to future contingencies.

The State Department has been officially advised that war has been declared by Spain against Morocco, and the blockade of the ports of the latter has been announced.

CONGRESS met on Monday morning, the 5th inst. Great interest was felt in the organization of the House, and the election of Speaker. Long before noon the galleries were densely filled, and crowds were unable to obtain admittance. Mr. Allen, the Clerk of the last House, called the House to order at noon. The din of voices immediately ceased, spectators were excluded from the floor and the members took their seats.

The roll was called and 231 members answered to their names. The absentees were Messrs. Stalworth and Landrum, of Alabama; Brown and Adams, of Kentucky; Hinman and Rust, of Arkansas; and Hamilton, of Texas.

On motion of Mr. Phelps, the House agreed to proceed to the election of a Speaker *viva voce.* Mr. Houston nominated Mr. Sherman, of Ohio. Mr. Adrian nominated Mr. Davis, of Indiana. Mr. Haskin nominated Mr. Hickman, of Pa. Mr. Stevens nominated Mr. Grow, of Pa. Mr. Briggs nominated Mr. Botler, of Va.

On the first ballot Bocock received 86 votes, Sherman, 65, Grow, 43, Botler, 14, and there were 21 scattering votes cast, ranging from 105. Mr. Grow, after the first ballot, withdrew his name. A miscellaneous discussion was taking place when our report closed, but no further business was done.

The Senate was called to order by the Vice President. Forty-eight Senators were present. The credentials of John C. Ten Eyck, of N. J., and Henry P. Haun, of Cal., were presented. Both appeared and were qualified. The absentees are, Messrs. Benjamin, Clay, Crittenden, Davis, Douglas, Fitch, Fitzpatrick, Hammond, Johnson, of Ark., Polk, Sebastian, Seward and Toombs.

Mr. Mason, of Va., submitted a resolution for the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the facts attending the seizure of the armory and arsenal at Harper's Ferry, by a band of armed men, and whether any citizens of the United States not present were implicated therein or accessory thereto by contributions of arms, money, or otherwise, &c. The Committee to have full power to send for persons and papers.

Mr. Trumbull, of Ill, gave notice that when the resolution came up he should move to amend by extending the inquiry to the seizure of the arsenal at Frantalin, Missouri.

Execution of John Brown.

THE first execution for treason since the formation of our government, was enacted at Charlestown, Jefferson Co., Va., on the 2d inst., when John Brown yielded up his life to the majesty of the law. We have already published all the details of the insurrection at Harper's Ferry, and, as intense interest is connected with this case, we now give the closing scene in the life of the leading spirit connected with that insane foray against the regularly constituted powers of Virginia. The military assembled at 9 o'clock, and were posted on the field leading to the scaffold, and also at various other points, in conformity with the general orders. Everything was conducted under the strictest military discipline, as if the town were in a state of siege, mounted guards being stationed in the woods, to the left of the scaffold, and picket guards toward the Shenandoah Mountains, in the rear. That part of the military which kept the field was joined in two hollow squares, one within the other. In the centre of these stood the scaffold. Between the inner and outer lines of troops spectators were freely admitted, but none were allowed to remain outside the outer line.

The prisoner was accompanied from the jail to the scaffold by the Sheriff and his assistants, and Capt. Avis, the jailer, the procession being escorted by a body of military consisting of six companies of infantry, one rifle corps, and a company of horse. There was no clergyman present, Brown having declined all religious ceremonies, either in the jail or on the scaffold. Brown was taken to the scaffold in a small cart, in which was placed also his coffin, a plain affair, made of white pine.

On arriving at the scaffold, the prisoner looked around calmly upon the assembled multitude for a moment, and then mounted the scaffold with a firm step. His arms were now pinioned by the Sheriff, when the prisoner stood silent for a moment. He then uttered a few words of farewell to Captain Avis and Sheriff Campbell, when, at 11½ o'clock, the trap of the scaffold was pulled away, and with a few slight struggles John Brown yielded up his spirit. After thirty-five minutes had passed the body was cut down, placed in a coffin, and conveyed under military escort to the depot, when it was put in a car to be carried to the Ferry by a special train at 4 o'clock, and placed in Mrs. Brown's possession. The remainder of the insurrectionists are to be executed upon the 15th inst., Friday next.

Personal and Political.

CHIEF JUSTICE MACAULEY, a jurist of high personal character, in Canada, died suddenly last Saturday, of disease of the heart. He was ill only an hour.

THE HON. CARROLL SPENCE, late Minister of the United States to Turkey, has recently returned to this country, after an absence of several years.

UTICA is without a Mayor. Mr. Conkling has resigned to proceed to Washington, having been elected to Congress. The Common Council have as yet effected no choice for a successor.

THE Press throughout the States have been engaged in performing funeral ceremonies over KIT CARSON, but Judge WATTS, who is direct from New Mexico, says he saw KIT in good health, immediately preceding his departure, and hence emphatically contradicts the report of his death.

WASHINGTON IRVING died suddenly on the night of the 28th ult., at his residence at Irvington. He retired to his sleeping room at 10½ o'clock, and after undressing fell and expired in about five minutes. He was in the 77th year of his age.

THE Paris correspondent of the Times states that Senator Seward had reached that city in good health and spirits. He indignantly denies ever hearing of the projected insurrection at Harper's Ferry, and although he recollects having received a call from a man known as Col. Forbes, there was no mention made of any attempt at insurrection. Colonel Forbes asked him for means for another object, which were refused; and that was all he ever saw of the individual in question.

NOTICE was given in the Mississippi Legislature, the 10th ult., by Mr. Graham, of the future introduction of a bill to abolish existing laws against the introduction of slaves from abroad into the State; and to legalize the holding of blacks in bondage introduced from foreign countries.

A REPUBLICAN State Convention is called to meet at Jefferson City, Mo., on the 28th inst., to appoint delegates to the National Republican Convention. It is presumed that the delegates from that State will present the name of Edward Bates.

THE Republican National Committee will meet at the Astor House in New York city on Wednesday, Dec. 21, to decide on the time for holding the National Convention of 1860, and to agree on the terms of the call.

THE Governor of South Carolina in his Message, while showing the advantange of a united South, says:—"If, as I solemnly believe, we can no longer live in peace and harmony in the Union, we can form a Confederacy with ability to protect itself against every enemy, and which will command the respect and admiration of the world." The following resolutions were passed in the House:

Resolved, That the State of South Carolina is ready to enter, together with the other slaveholding States, or such as desire the action, into a formation of a Southern Confederacy.

Resolved, That the Governor be requested to forward this resolution to the various Southern Executives.

Another resolution was offered asking official information as to the condition of the State arms, ammunition, number of men enrolled in the State militia, the style of their arms, &c.

A DISPATCH from Washington to the New York Tribune says the Republicans are in caucus, considering the propriety of calling a general opposition conference. The N. Jersey and Pennsylvania delegations favor the call to bring on all opposition elements. The Southern opposition members are now holding a caucus. The principal Anti-Lecompton members have signified their readiness to support Sherman for Speaker.

News Paragraphs.

A PARTY of the Winnebagoes, variously estimated as numbering from 75 to 400 persons, have recrossed the Mississippi to take up their old quarters a few miles from Genesee, in Henry Co, Illinois.

TWELVE miles from Nashville, Tenn., on a good road, is what was the home of General Jackson. Though the grounds and tombs of the Jackson family have been purchased by the State of Tennessee, yet there have been no improvements about them, and decay has commenced its work upon the fences and outhouses. It is proposed by some to establish an Agricultural College on one portion of the Hermitage, to instruct the children and grandchildren of those who fought under him at New Orleans, and all who may be entitled to the privileges of the institution.

DIED at Lucknow, India, September 16th, Rev. J. R. Downey, of the Methodist Mission. He was a young married man, and of great promise. Thus early has one of the six men sent out by the Methodist Episcopal church of this country fallen in the beginning of a most promising life of labor.

A VENERABLE and respected couple in St. Louis celebrated their golden wedding on the 14th of November. They were surrounded by their children, and a large company of happy friends—none more happy or buoyant than the aged pair. But on the 16th, the chain was broken. Elias Ware was followed by the same friends to his "long home." "The golden bowl was broken."

LARGE quantities of white wax have been coming ashore on the coast of Texas during the past month. One man on Matagorda Bay has realized nine hundred dollars on what he has picked up. This wax is supposed to have come from a Spanish vessel recently lost in the Gulf.

THE Russian Grand Duchess Mary de Leuchtenberg has arrived at the Hotel du Louvre, Paris, with one hundred and ten pieces of baggage. She comes, it is said, as the bearer of a verbal communication from her brother, the Russian Emperor, to Napoleon. Having but a mere word to say, she did not bring much luggage.

THE old frigate Constitution, launched in 1798, and doing good service in the infant navy of the Republic, and escaping every disaster to which ships in commission are subject, is now laid up in ordinary at Portsmouth, N. H, an object of patriotic regard. The original cost of the ship was $302,719, and the amount expended in repairs up to 1850, when fitted out for her last cruise, was $495,233.

WILLIS, in his letter describing the American Watch manufactory at Waltham, Mass., in speaking of the astonishing minuteness of some very essential parts of the watch, says in regard to the screws used in putting the work together: A small heap of grains was shown to us, looking like iron filings, or grains of pepper from a pepper-castor—apparently the mere dust of the machine which turned them out—and these when examined with a microscope, were seen to be perfect screws, each to be driven to its place with a screw driver. It is one of the Waltham statistics which is worth remembering, that a single pound of steel, costing but fifty cents, is thus manufactured into one hundred thousand screws which are worth eleven hundred dollars."

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—No formal invitation to the Congress has yet been sent to England by France, but Count Persigny has been instructed to arrange the preliminary conditions with Lord John Russell.

The London Times, upon the San Juan difficulty, enlarges upon the general conviction that war between America and England is impossible. It, however, says there are some convictions which work out their own truth in practice, but there are others which tend to their own practical refutation. We sincerely hope that the different readings of the action, that war with England and America is impossible, may not be an illustration of this truth. The editorial, after pointing out the importance of San Juan to England, an impossibility of a surrender of it, unless some very different title be brought forward from any yet seen, concludes by expressing much satisfaction that the right of the island will be coolly discussed in Washington and London, while the affairs on the spot will remain in statu quo.

The Times has again a disquieting article on the relations of England and France. It complains that in France every instrument that can work on public opinion is employed to raise a violent spirit of animosity, and that the army are taught to look on a war with England as not remote. The Times cannot discover any serious question at issue between the two Governments, and affirms that it is in the power of the Emperor alone to put an end to the state of things daily becoming more serious, and if he does not do so, there is a reasonable ground for drawing a gloomy inference from his silence.

The Times says, no doubt a feeling of hostility to England is more bitter in France than since 1815, and charges the French Government with directly encouraging it. The enrollment of 80,000 men, as a naval reserve, commences in England on the 1st of January.

FRANCE.—The formal and official invitation will be sent to London and the Cabinets of Vienna and Paris simultaneously. The invitation will not be identical. Austria will propose that the Congress assemble in Paris, while France will abstain from indicating any place. It is certain that Austria, through the medium of Prince Metternich, has protested against the nomination of a Regent, by Piedmont, as such a Regency would be contrary to the conditions of Peace signed at Zurich. It is stated also that England has made representations against the Regency.

The Paris correspondent of the Times of Saturday, says that a confidential communication, of an important nature, has been addressed by the Minister of the Interior to all the Prefects of France, with a view of obviating the effect produced in England by the violent language of the French press. The Prefects are instructed to invite such journals to be more circumspect. The Minister says that a journal while defending energetically the rights of the country might easily avoid offending the susceptibility of a great people by pursuing this line of conduct. Also, that the dignity of the Imperial policy may be reconciled with the interest of the alliance of France, and the maintenance of peace.

The warlike article in the London Times of the 15th, had produced a great sensation.

The Paris journals generally say that the views set forth are exaggerations, and that the unfriendly feeling, if any exists, is entirely owing to the violence of the British press.

ITALY.—Parma, Modena and Romagna had tendered thanks to Prince Carigani for naming a substitute, and informed him that they accepted with gratitude the Regency of Buoncompagna.

It was said that the Sardinian Congress would be summoned to meet before the assembling of the Congress. The annexation of Italy is to be fully discussed, and numerous addresses from the people of Duchies will be presented in order to give weight to their cause.

The Piedmontese Gazette publishes a letter from Prince Carignan to Buoncompagna, in which he refers to the repeated assurances of Napoleon that there should be no intervention in Central Italy, and says that such assurances are encouragements to the policy of the King, who could never consent to let violence from without oppose the national will.

SPAIN.—The protest of the Moorish Government against the conduct of Spain, in declaring war, is published. It asserts that the demands of Spain in each instance, upon being conceded to, were followed by increased pretensions; and also Morocco protests against Spain, because that on three occasions she paid no attention to her engagements, and declared war against legitimate notice.

COMMERCIAL—*Breadstuffs.*—Market firm, but quiet. Richardson, Spence & Co. report flour quiet, but firm at 28s@28s per barrel. Wheat firm and 2d@3d higher early in the week, but closed quiet; red 9s3d@1s3d; white 9s6d@11s9d. Corn dull, but freely offered at a slight decline. Yellow 32s@33s; white 35s@38s per quarter. Bigland, Althya & Co. report wheat 1d higher and corn 6d lower on the week. *Provisions.*—Bigland, Althya & Co., Richardson, Spence & Co, James McHenry, and others, report pork dull and nominally unchanged. Lard steady.

BURIAL OF WASHINGTON IRVING.—The N. Y. *Tribune* of the 2d inst., says:—From an early hour yesterday morning, carriages, barouches, rockaways, farm-wagons, poured into Tarrytown from all parts of Westchester County, and from long miles beyond, bearing sincere mourners to the grave of WASHINGTON IRVING. From this city the cars of the Hudson River Railroad conveyed thither hundreds of our best people, noted in the highest professions, with not a few in the humbler walks of life. From Boston, from Philadelphia, there were present many who had hastily traveled so far to see all that is perishable of the father of American literature borne to an honored grave—Many there were, in the farm-wagons, undoubtedly, who knew little of him as the author of the "Sketch Book," but who knew and honored him as the Christian gentleman, the model of all that is beautiful, and high and noble in human nature, the peace-maker, the counsellor in difficulty, and the consoler in affliction. To all he was a friend and a great man gone. How touching, indeed, is the loyalty of men to their sovereign man! All business was suspended in Tarrytown. Every store was as fully closed as on Sunday, while the white and black drapery of mourning was everywhere displayed. If hung in festoons from nearly every house. It was stretched from house to house across the street. It hung in the front of churches of most denominations. Even the Railroad depot had its sign of grief.

The News Condenser.

— Yale College has 641 students.

— The project of an Insane Asylum in Onondaga Co., is agitated.

— Oberlin College has 1,253 students. Of these 480 are females.

— The aggregate public debt of Virginia on the 1st of October was $30,190,000.

— Dispatches from Costa Rica represent the new Government as highly popular.

— The Episcopal church at Quincy, Mass., was destroyed by fire on Saturday week.

— Mr. Everett is writing an article on Washington for one of the foreign encyclopædias.

— An immense pigeon roost is now established in Chenango Swamp, Crawford Co., Pa.

— During the last day or two the water in the St. Lawrence river has risen nearly three feet.

— It is estimated that there are 1,400 cigar manufactories in this country, employing 7,000 hands.

— The Dayton Empire says castor oil will preserve timber. We should think it would work out.

— The personal property of Brunell, the English Engineer, was worth the snug sum of $400,000.

— The perpetrators of the outrage on the Dickinson family at Beirut have all been brought to justice.

— Mr. Orelana Allen, a sister of Lorenzo Dow, died at Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sunday week, aged 86 years.

— One hundred and two million dollars worth of dry goods have been imported in New York since January last.

— The authorities of Missouri have offered a premium of $3,000 for the best plan of a national monument.

— M. De Beriot, the famous violinist, has sold his violin for four thousand dollars—rather a costly instrument.

— Several persons have been arrested in Verona, by Hungarian soldiers, for distributing revolutionary prints.

— The cranberry crop of the towns of Hartwick, Brewster, and Dennis, Mass., for 1859, aggregated $23,622.

— The most profitable business in Virginia now, is the manufacture of regimentals and uniforms for citizen soldiery.

— It is stated that $600,000 have been realized by the exhibition of the Great Eastern since she was launched.

— Prof. Whitney, of Yale College, is engaged in the translation and publication of a Hindoo work on astronomy.

— A new steamship has been ordered by the Cunard Company, which is to be five hundred tons larger than the Persia.

— During the present Napoleon's reign, the French have constructed railways to the extent of more than 4,500 miles.

— At West Stafford, Connecticut, Francis Patten recently killed a running fox, at nine rods distance, with a stone.

— Mr. A. Robinson, of Hartford, has in his possession a Hebrew shekel, which is suppposed to be more than 3,000 years old.

— The first brick house ever constructed in California was demolished last week to give place to a more imposing structure.

— The Emperor of the French has just completed a new work, to be published under the title of *Histoire des canaux rayes.*

— It is said that Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt contemplates returning to the practice of her profession as a public singer.

— North Carolina appropriates $180,000 for free school purposes. South Carolina contributes $74,000 for the same purpose.

— A Tennessee paper says "the inauguration of the Governor was celebrated by the firing of *minute guns every half hour!*"

— Capt. John Wood, of Lebanon, N. H, was one hundred years old on Tuesday last. He walks erect, and without a cane.

— The Spanish mackerel, a game fish of the Southern waters, has appeared in the Hudson river, and furnishes sport for fly fishermen.

— The Ames Shovel Works, at North Easton, have made for the year past two hundred and twenty-six dozen shovels per day.

— The State, county and city taxes levied in Cincinnati, for this year, amount to over one million five hundred thousand dollars.

— The Massachusetts Legislature has passed an act providing for the establishment of a nautical branch of the State Reform School.

— The Montreal Gazette says the Grand Trunk ferry boats carry over 6,000 barrels of flour daily for shipment to Portland and Boston.

— The Erie Railroad, with its appurtenances, is to be sold under foreclosure for default in payment of interest on first mortgage bonds.

— The engines of the large ocean steamers make about 200,000 turns in crossing the Atlantic, between Liverpool and New York.

— A New Jersey farmer named Geo. Rice, husks corn at the rate of one bushel in three and a half minutes, or 15 bushels in 52 minutes.

— It is stated that the American ship Memphis, with 700 slaves, had eluded the English cruisers on the coast of Africa, and got out to sea.

— A new brand of flour has been introduced into the New Orleans market, under the style of "Flora Temple, 2:22¼—It can't be beat."

— W. D. Perkins, of the Nestorian Mission, now in this country, has a copy of the New Testament, in the Syriac language, 668 years old.

— A Mormon's advertisement reads, "To be let—Rooms for two gentlemen and four wives, or rooms for one gentleman and six wives."

— The probable loss of life by the recent disasters on the English coast is about 600. Numerous losses are also reported on the Welsh coast.

— A lady in New Haven, while recently directing a butcher about a piece of meat she wished to purchase, had two fingers cut from her hand.

— At St. Hildaire, Canada, on the 14th ult, a tract of ground, estimated at 50 acres in extent, sunk to a depth of 80 feet, with a noise like thunder.

— In Chicago, on Thursday, a child was burned to death, and three other persons were seriously injured by the explosion of a can of burning fluid.

— The storm of Friday week destroyed property to the amount of $9,000 in Chicago. The walls of several large buildings in progress were blown down.

— At Neponset Village, Dorchester, Mass., is still standing, and in good repair, a house built in 1650—one of the most ancient landmarks of Pilgrim handicraft.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The New York Observer—Sidney E. Morse, Jr., & Co.
The Semi Weekly Tribune—Horace Greeley & Co.
The Springfield Republican—Samuel Bowles & Co.
Henry Ward Beecher's Sermons—Joseph H. Richards.
Howe's Improved Hay and Cattle Scales—J. G. Dudley.
New Music—Firth, Pond & Co.
Cast Steel Bells—James G. Dudley.
How to Winter Cattle—I. S. Hobbie & Co.
Herring's Patent Safes—James G. Dudley.
Farm for Sale—J. B. C. Vreeland.
Genesee Agricultural Foundry for Sale—Sam'l C. Holden.
Wheeler & Wilson—C. H. Dann.
Isabella Grape Vines—W. H. Adams.
Gale's Universal Feed Cutter—J. Rapalje, Agt.
To Young Ruralists—D. D. Tooker.
A Fine Steel Engraving—P. Bulkley.
300 Agents Wanted—M. M. Sanborn.
Great Curiosity—Shaw & Clark.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Dec. 6, 1860.

A slight fall of snow on Saturday last gave token of sleighing, and we hoped that, under the new aspect, business would soon put on an appearance of life and activity. This morning, however, the snow is fast disappearing, owing to the influence of mild temperature, and, in addition to the moisture thus furnished, the clouds are yielding a generous store. All this has a tendency to depress trade, and there is but little doing.

FLOUR is without change, except in Buckwheat, which is 12½ cents better.

GRAIN—Choice samples of Wheat exhibit improvement equal to 5 cents ₩ bushel. Corn drooping; Rye and Oats ditto. Barley at last quotations.

MEATS, DAIRY PRODUCTS, &c., are all dull, but we cannot alter rates.

HAY is declining in price for inferior—good, sought for at usual rates.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		EGGS, dozen	17@18c
Flour, winter wheat	$5,25@6,25	Honey, box	15@15c
Flour, spring do	$5,00@5,00	Candles, box	12½@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$2,00@2,25	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,35@1,40	Apples, bushel	25@50c
Best white Can'a	$1,35@1,40	Apples, dried	$1,00@1,12½
Corn	75@80c	Peaches, dried, ₩ lb	10c
Rye, ₩ bu	85@10c	Cherries, dried, ₩ lb	16@18c
Oats, by weight	31@36c	Potatoes	31@37½c
Barley	55@62½c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	40@45	Slaughter	6@7c
Beans	$2,25@2,50	Calf	11@12c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	75@$1,00
Pork, mess	$17,00@18,50	Lamb pelts	50@$1,00
Pork, clear	$20,00@21,00	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	$3,00@5,00	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,50
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75	Timothy	$2,50@2,75
Mutton, carcass	5@6c	**SUNDRIES.**	
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Shoulders	7@8c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Chickens	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$6,75@7,00
Turkeys	9@10c	Coal, Scranton	$4,50@5,00
Geese	7@8c	Coal, Pittston	$4,50@5,00
Ducks, ₩ pair	38@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
DAIRY, &C.		Coal, Char	16@18c
Butter, roll	17@18c	Salt, bbl	$1,18
Butter, firkin	16@17c	Hay, ton	$15,00@20,00
Cheese	8@10c	Wool, ₩ lb	37½@50c
Lard, try'd	12@13c	Whitefish, bbl	$4,00@4,50
Tallow	10½@10½c	Codfish, ₩ quintal	$4,00@5,25
		Trout, bbl	$3,00@3,50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Dec. 5.—FLOUR—A shade firmer, with fair demand for export and home consumption. Sales at $5,10@5,20 for superfine State; $5,30@5,40 for extra do; $5,10@5,25 for superfine West'n; $5,30@5,45 for common to good extra do; $5,65@5,75 for inferior to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing firm and pretty active. Canadian unchanged: sales at $5,30@6,50 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat without special change, with more doing for export; sales at $1,25 for red State; $1,28 for Chicago spring, not prime; 143@145 for white Indiana and Southern and winter red Western; and Canada club on p. t. Rye in moderate request; sales small lots at 83c. Barley unsettled and not active; sales at 75c for Canada East, 70@80c for State. Corn scarce and firmer; sales at 85@88c for new yellow; 94@95c for old yellow. Oats dull at 45@46c for State, Western and Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Pork more active and firmer; sales at $16,25@16,50 for mess; $11,50 for prime, including a sale—seller's option, January, February and March—at $16,50. Lard steady and unchanged, at 10¾@11c. Butter quiet at 11¾@12c for Ohio; 14@21c for State. Cheese steady at 8@11c. Dressed hogs firm at 7¾@7¾c, corn fed.

BUFFALO, Dec. 5.—FLOUR—The market opens moderately active, the demand being confined to ordinary grades, while prices are steady. Sales at $4,50 for ordinary upper lake; $4,75@4,85 for extra State from spring wheat; $4,90@5,10 for extra Illinois and Wisconsin; $5,10@5,35 for extra Michigan, $5,40@5,50 for extra Indiana and Ohio; $5,75@6 for double extras, and $6,10@6,40 for small lots favorite do. Canadian in fair demand, with sales at $4,90 for extra spring, and $5,65 for double extras. Wheat market quiet and steady; sales No. 2 Chicago spring at $1,09. Corn quiet; a sale of new kiln dried is reported at 68c. Oats quiet and steady; sales Canadian in bags on track, this morning, at 36½c. Other grains quiet and no sales.

OSWEGO, Dec. 5.—FLOUR—Market unchanged, with a moderate demand for the home and interior trade. Sales at $5 for State from Chicago spring wheat.

GRAIN—Wheat wanted for milling, but as holders are asking $1,10@$1,12 for Chicago spring, and $1,13@1,15 for Milwaukee club, buyers are out of the market. Small sales of rye at 75c. Other grains quiet.

TORONTO, Dec 3.—FLOUR—There has been more activity in flour during the week, and rates have been well sustained. There is more disposition to purchase, and as the stock offering is small, holders are firm in demanding full rates. The price still bears only a poor comparison with that paid for wheat, and millers have to contend against the foreign buyer. There has been the usual steadiness in the market during the week, and rates close firm as follows: Double extra, $5,75@6,25; extra, $5,50@5,70; fancy, $5,25@5,40; superfine No. 1, $4,60@4,70; do No. 2, $4,25@4,30; oatmeal, $4,50@5; cornmeal, $3,75; pot barley, $5. For family flour, $5 is the current rate for the best brands, and $4,50@4,75 ₩ barrel in bags.

GRAIN—The tendency of prices for fall wheat during the week has been upward, and a still further improvement on all rates has been established and sustained since our last review—$1,00 to $1,05 having been paid in several instances, for prime and extra prime samples, and $1,20 to $1,25 for common and ordinary. There has been an active demand for spring wheat, especially in the better grades. For good and prime samples, 90c to $1 has been freely paid, and recently $1 to $1,02 has been now and then realized. Barley has been dull, with light offers at 60c ₩ bushel. The local trade of the week has ruled pretty nearly supplied, while there is not much doing to forward purchases for export. Rye is in improved demand at better prices. The supply is very small, and the local demand active at 55 to 57c. Oats continue to come in very sparingly, and rule steady at former quotations. The demand is active still, and prices for corn here are feeding from, &c. The rates paid range from 40 to 50c ₩ bushel. Peas are also in small supply, with no variation in prices, which are quoted at 50 to 55c, and sometimes 57c, for a very fine lot ₩ bushel.—*Globe*, 6th.

THE GRAIN TRADE OF CHICAGO.—The entire receipts of flour and grain at this point since January 1st, 1860, up to date, as compared with those of the same period last year, are as follows:

	1860.	1859.
Flour, bbls	655,185	408,105
Wheat, bu	5[illegible],003	9,[illegible],278
Corn, bu	5,041,532	8,812,820
Oats, bu	1,597,258	1,[illegible],450
Rye, bu	223,066	
Barley, bu	569,409	

It is to be remarked that while the receipts of wheat show a deficiency yet to be made up of 1,521,795 bushels, the receipts of flour show an excess of 247,080 bbls., which are equivalent to 925,800 bushels of wheat. Thus the deficiency in wheat, the flour being counted as wheat, is reduced to 595,995 bushels. The deficiency may be made up in the coming month of December, and leave us at the 1st of January next with the deficiency of last year made up, and a surplus of several millions of bushels yet remaining in the granaries of the country. Reducing the flour to wheat in the above tables, we find the total receipts of grain this year, up to date, to be 18,247,855 bushels, against 21,[illegible],855 bushels up to the same date last year. The increase of flour receipts, above referred to, shows very plainly the augmentation which has taken place in the milling facilities of the country tributary to Chicago. It must be remembered that the corn crop of the country will not begin to move in any considerable quantity until next spring.—*Democrat*.

BUFFALO GRAIN TRADE. We presented in our commercial department yesterday, a comparative statement showing the receipts at this port to December 1st, for the past three years, but again reproduce a portion of it, in a no less concise, but in a more comprehensive form. The receipts up to date were as follows:

	1860.	1858.
Wheat in flour, bu	[illegible],[illegible],440	7,41[illegible],285
Wheat, bu	9,[illegible],341	13,[illegible],924
Corn, bu	2,[illegible],142	[illegible],[illegible]
Oats, bu	1,221,[illegible]	2,[illegible],[illegible]
Barley, bu	[illegible],[illegible]	[illegible],[illegible]
Rye, bu	1,[illegible],[illegible]	131,[illegible]
Totals	21,[illegible],[illegible]	27,[illegible],[illegible]

The above shows a falling off of [illegible],776 bu., but still we take it that all remains open for any considerable length of time the difference at the close will not be of a corresponding magnitude. Of the 9,[illegible],341 bushels of wheat received so far this year, 7,[illegible],[illegible] bushels came forward since the 1st of September, whereas the receipts from the 1st of September to the 1st of December last year were only 2,[illegible],[illegible] bushels, a falling off as compared with the figures of the present year of 4,[illegible],[illegible] bushels. In receipts from are the receipts of this season equal to those of last year, except in that of barley, which exhibits an excess of [illegible] bushels. In corn there is a falling off of [illegible] bushels, but it must be remembered that the crop of this year has not been moving to any great extent nor is expected to come forward until next season.—*Courier & Advertiser*, Dec 3.

The Pork Trade.

OHIO. Under the influence of light receipts of hogs, the market has been more excited since the date of our last weekly review, and advances have been established of 25@37½c, closing at $5,10 to $5,40—$5,40 the leading figure for choice averages. There were occasional sales of weak, inferior lots, but receipts being limited and buyers numerous, prices ruled firm and active. Speculative operators were in the market, but were not the controlling element, as we could not see any indication of an immediate, or even a future, speculative movement, though there would always be material. Several lots changed hands when prices touched $5,40, and are holding back awaiting the developments of the next two weeks, within which time it is supposed packing will be more liberal. A large number of hogs, and a good average quality, are reported as having been sold short, for delivery at the latter part of the month, for January and February, at from a point to a half cent above present prices. All this morning very well for lots that are ready for delivery, but for later lots $5,40 would have to be paid. Of course speculators, who are giving extra attention to their stock, make them as fat as possible. Corn cannot be more profitably disposed of than by putting into hogs. It will prove a paying business, even if present prices should not be sustained. The movement will also increase the crop, and thus a larger amount of money will be disbursed in the interior than was anticipated. We suppose it is safe to say that the 60c added on to prices the past week will add 300,000 hogs to the crop. Farmers will not put up many for their own use while they can sell them at from $12 to $14 ₩ head. The pork operators, therefore, whatever may be in store for their own pockets, are doing a splendid business for the West. There is danger, however, that Eastern operators will not take hold freely at present figures, and that Western capital must do the business as it did last year. Our currency is now very nearly as high as New York prices, and the latter market has but little buoyancy compared with ours. The receipts for the past week were 29,065 head, and for the season 89,264.—*Cincinnati Gazette of Dec. 1.*

KENTUCKY.—Owing to the warm weather hog slaughtering has been restricted, and the number killed so far is light. The receipts per the Louisville and Nashville and Louisville and Frankfort railroads have been fair. The transactions in hogs have been light, and our packers are offering $5 net for heavy hogs delivered on the spot. We understand that one of our packers purchased 3,000 head in the vicinity of Indianapolis, Ind., the other day, at $4 gross. We also report a sale of 600 to a packer at $6 nett.—*Louisville Courier, Nov. 30.*

IOWA.—Hogs are selling at Muscatine, Iowa, at $3,25; at Davenport, for $3,50 to $3,75 gross.

TORONTO, C. W.—The *Globe* says there is a very active demand for pork, of which the supply is on the increase. There are a large number of local buyers in the market, and there is every indication of the present high prices being continued. In the early part of the week $5,50@5,75 was the current rate, but recently $6 has been frequently paid for choice hogs, and the average of Tuesday's sales could not have been below $5,75. The demand runs on the heaviest lots; light animals vary from $5 to $5,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ₩ cwt., $10,25@11,00; ordinary do, $9,00@10,00; common do, $7,50@8,55; inferior do, $[illegible]@7,00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@65,00; ordinary do, $40,00@50,00; common do, $30,00@40,00; inferior do, $[illegible]@[illegible].

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₩ lb., 6@6½c; ordinary do, 5@5½c; common do, 4@5c; inferior do, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ₩ head, $5,25@6,25; ordinary do, $4,00@5,50; common do, $3,00@4,00; inferior, $2,00@3,40.

SWINE—First quality, 5¼@5½c; other qualities, 4½@5c.

ALBANY, Dec. 5.—CATTLE—The market opens better for sellers, notwithstanding a slight increase in the supply. The sales made thus far justify us in quoting prices ¼c ₩ lb., live weight, better than last week. On the lower grades there is little difference, but holders are pretty stiff, and the tendency upward.

We quote the market comparatively active at the following prices:

	This week.	Last week.
Extra	5 c@5½	4¾@5¼
First quality	4½c@4¾	4 @4½
Second quality	3½c@4	3¼@3¾
Third quality	2¾c@3¼	2¾@3¼
Inferior	2½c@2¾	2½@2¾

During the day over 500 head changed hands, chiefly of the first grades, the "thin" ones, of which there are many, being neglected, except in a retail way.

SHEEP—The supply continues large, and the demand is fair, the weather being more favorable for killing. McGraw Bros. report purchases of over 3,000, at prices averaging $3,50 ₩ head; and Searles & Sweeney some 600 head at the same average. We notice a slight improvement in the quality of the receipts.

HOGS—Receipts increasing, but thus far we notice very little improvement in the demand. A few sales were made during the day at 5¼@5¾c, and one extra lot brought 5¾c.—*Atlas and Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 30.—At market 1316 cattle, about 800 beeves, and 516 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows, yearlings, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market beef—Extra, $7,50@8,00; first quality, $6,75@7,00; second quality, $6,75; third quality, $4,00; ordinary, $3,00.

STORES—Working oxen, $75@150; cows and calves, $35@60; yearlings, $9@11; two years old, $17@23; three years old, $23@27.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—6475 at market. Prices, in lots, $1,00@1 50 each. Extra, $2@2,50.

HIDES [illegible]@6½c ₩ lb. TALLOW—7@7½c ₩ lb.

PELTS—$1@$1,25 each. CALF SKINS—10@11c ₩ lb.

BRIGHTON, Dec. 1.—At market 1100 beeves, 900 stores, 5000 sheep and lambs, 600 swine.

PRICES—Market beef—Extra, $8,00@8,00; first quality, $7,75@8,00; second, $6,50@6 50; third, $1,75@5 50.

WORKING OXEN—$80, 90@100.

MILCH COWS—$[illegible]@40; common, $18@19.

VEAL CALVES—$3, 4@5.

YEARLINGS—$9@11; two years old, $17@23; three years old $[illegible]@[illegible].

HIDES—6@6½c ₩ lb. CALF SKINS—10@11c ₩ lb.

TALLOW—7@7½c ₩ lb. PELTS—$1@$1,25.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,00@1,50, extra, $2@2,50.

SWINE—Spring pigs, wholesale, 9c; retail, 6@7c. Fat hogs, undressed, 10c.

TORONTO, Dec. 3.—BEEF—The supply of first-class cattle is falling off, as many farmers are feeding for the holidays in the expectation of higher rates. The export demand continues active at $4,50@5 ₩ 100 lbs. of beef for first class, and for second class there is very little inquiry at 3½@4. Sheep are plentiful at $4@4,50 each. Lambs $2@2,50. Calves $5@6. Slaughtered beef from farmers' wagons sells at $3,50@3,75 ₩ 100 lbs. for hind quarters.

The Wool Markets.

BOSTON, Dec. 1.—The demand for domestic wool has been moderate, but prices are steady, with sales of 80,000 lbs. In foreign wool sales of 400 bales Mediterranean, Cape and East Indian at full prices.

Saxon & Merino, fine	58@70	Western mixed	38@45
Full blood	50@57	Smyrna, washed	17@20
Half and ¼ blood	43@57	Do unwashed	9@14
Common	38@42	Syrian	11@25
Pulled, extra	48@57	Cape	24@30
Do superfine	42@50	Crimea	16@17
Do No 1	34@45	Buenos Ayres	20@25
Do No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@32

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 30.—The auction sale of 400,000 lbs. wool commenced at noon to-day, M. Thomas & Son, auctioneers. There was a large attendance and lively bidding, and in an hour almost the entire list was disposed of. The prices obtained are as follows:—Extra fleece, 53@59c; double extra, 62; medium, 39½@50½; common, 32@42½; blood, 51½; super pulled, 35½@36; tub wool, 38@43½; Cape of Good Hope unwashed, 33½. The sale realized over $175,000, and was most satisfactory. Many of the bids were equal to the market price. There was a large attendance from the East.

Marriages.

At Niagara Falls, N. Y., Nov. 3, by the Rev. ALEXANDER M'CALL, ALPHEUS P. THOMAS and Miss HELEN E. DOLPH, both of Penfield, N. Y.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising—Twenty-Five Cents a line, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 37½ cts. per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, leaded—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion. IN ADVANCE. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Particulars sent *free*. Agents wanted [518-10t] SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

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Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE BRIGHT HOURS ARE HASTING.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

The bright, bright hours are hasting,
Are hasting fast away,
And summer's bloom is wasting,
Is wasting every day.

The green, green leaves are fading,
Are fading one by one;
The glens and uplands shading
With hues pale, bright and dun.

The sweet, sweet flowers have perished,
Have perished from our sight,
As those our love has cherished,
Are lost in Death's dark night.

The gay, gay birds are winging
Their flight to other lands,
No more with music ringing,
The grove all voiceless stands.

The wild, wild winds are sighing
With plaintive tones along,
The lonely stream replying
Gives forth a mournful song.

The dark, dark clouds are sweeping
With dusky wings the sky,
Their broad dim shadows creeping
With noiseless footsteps by.

Oh! sad, sad art thou, Autumn,
Thou tellest of decay,
And summer's glowing beauties
All pass with thee away.

Yet I love, love well this season,
With fading glories crowned,
For the pensive beauty breathing
From everything around.

And its skies, its skies are dearer,
Though half arrayed in gloom,
Than e'er, when brighter, clearer,
They bend o'er summer's bloom.

Avoca, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A STORY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR, I wish you, dear father," said NELLIE, as she hastened into the magnificent parlor of Mr. SMITH'S splendid mansion.

It was indeed a beautiful morning, such as contributes to the joyous feelings of unburthened human nature, and although "sunrise," that beautiful "scene" in the first act of each day's "performance," was over—a "scene" which heavy eyelids forbid many to gaze upon—yet there was beauty enough in the tinted skies, and melody enough in the gentle breezes, to light up the soul of the most obdurate.

Her father was busily engaged with the morning's paper, and only answered his daughter's "good wishes," by placing in her hand a "pair of eagles," such as "bankers" fill their "cages" with; knowing that he might as well make his gift a voluntary action, as to wait for her well-directed hints; or, in case those should fail, a host of plain-spoken importunities.

NELLIE SMITH was the only daughter of wealthy parents, and her mother being a devotee to fashion, and her father a man who reads the "list of Stock Sales" more than his Bible, it was not a wonder that their only child was proud, gay, and thoughtless. To say that she was not beautiful, as the mass term it, would be an untruth; still, while one of nature's barbers was curling her hair, another, called vanity, had slightly curled her lip. Yet she was pretty,

Her eyes were each of a beautiful jet,
Little globes of love, exquisitly set.

Nature had done much for NELLIE SMITH, in that she possessed a symmetrical form, while circumstances had stripped her soul to adorn her body. She had arrived at an age when her only and highest ambition was to be designated as the "belle" of the Metropolis; and although she flattered herself that this was the case, yet it remained a question with the close observer, whether she deserved it from any good qualities she possessed, or from the very important fact that she was, in all probability, to be the heiress of a large fortune. She had visited Saratoga with this one, Clifton with that one, Avon with a third, Niagara with a fourth, yet no one dared to call her a "flirt," and she verily believed that she was "Queen" of an "Empire" where the proprietors of "infant mustaches" and "garrote collars" figured largely as her "subjects."

NELLIE had looked forward with joyous anticipation to this day, when her host of admirers were to favor her with calls, and accordingly had arrayed herself at an early hour, that none might find her lacking in any degree of her usual (artificial) loveliness.

It was generally known that Miss SMITH would receive her friends on New Year's day; and the servant who "answered the bell" was as anxious to count his "bits" as she was her "beaux."

Not in the least disappointed at her father's mode of reception, she hastened to greet her mother likewise with a "formal kiss," betraying about as much affection as you would find devotion in worship, where "custom" is the sole "master of ceremonies." With a mother's fondness and intuitive perception, Mrs. SMITH informed her daughter that "just one more jewel in her hair, would make her look perfectly charming."

"Yes, mother—I know; and I would be highly pleased to gratify you in this request, but I have no time to purchase one this morning, and those which I have are not fashionable."

"Perhaps this would suit my NELLIE," said Mrs. SMITH, as she presented her with a costly pearl. "It is one I selected for you yesterday; a simple gift, however, for so dutiful a child." The "thousand thanks" and two and a half kisses, satisfied Mrs. SMITH that her gift was acceptable, while NELLIE assured her mother that she was "indeed fortunate in having a parent so earnest in studying her good." Suffice it to say, New Year's day passed, and NELLIE SMITH went to rest that night perplexed to think that the "calls" she had received far outnumbered the compliments. She could reflect upon no good deed to sweeten her meditations, or righteous act to be rehearsed in her midnight dreams; and I presume you are ready to declare that if the three hundred and sixty-four remaining days of NELLIE'S "New Year" were characterized by the first, my subject is but poorly illustrated.

New Year's day was not alike in every household. LUCY UPTON, like NELLIE SMITH, was the daughter of parents in affluent circumstances. Nature had bequeathed her an equal fortune of physical beauty, and when one looked in her deep blue eyes, they seemed none other than the "windows of her soul," through which you might behold the joy that lighted up her heart within.—Her mother had early taught her the precepts of the Holy Book, and by a christian example had gently led her in the way of blessedness and truth. Her father, a successful merchant, had, in former years, often indulged his charitable spirit by aiding in benevolent enterprises, and finally learned that he had only "cast his bread upon the waters, to be found after many days." It was not surprising, then, that when LUCY greeted her parents on the morning of the New Year, that she received a hearty welcome in return, besides a present, not unlike NELLIE'S, although bestowed with a different motive. Mr. UPTON was sure that his daughter would make good use of the gift, while Mr. SMITH disliked the detraction from his sordid gain, no matter what the purpose for which it might be appropriated.

"Oh, mother! what a beautiful day we have for making our calls!" exclaimed LUCY UPTON, as she threw open the shutters of the east windows, which let in a flood of glorious, dazzling sunlight. "What! what!" said Mr. UPTON, "ladies doing the calling on New Years? I should think you were about instituting a new custom, are you not?"

"For this once," replied LUCY, "and if you will go with us, we promise you a happy day."

Not loth to engage in any enterprise where a like guarantee was given by his wife and daughter, Mr. UPTON assented, and scarcely an hour had elapsed before his finely matched span of dapple grays, and well-robed sleigh, freighted with the trio, were gliding down the street, to the utter astonishment of their intimate acquaintances, who, gazing from the windows of their elegant dwellings, wondered why people so wealthy as the UPTONS, should desert their household on New Year's day, in violation of a fashionable ordinance.

"Well, there! if that is not perfectly horrid!" cried Mrs. WILSON, "there goes the UPTONS on New Year's morning!"

"It seems they do not receive calls to-day," said Miss FLORA MCFLIMSEY.

"I really cannot imagine where they are going," exclaims Miss EXTENSIO CIRCUMFERENTIA.

Such were some of the many expressions made as our worthy company went dashing down the streets, and Mr. UPTON soon found, by the directions which LUCY gave the driver, that they were out on a charitable mission.

In a few moments the merry sleigh-bells had ceased their tinkling in front of one of those rickety tenements where poverty reigns, and starvation does its desperate work.

Mr. UPTON instinctively followed his wife and daughter as they crossed the threshold and entered a room where a woman, just recovering from a severe attack of fever, welcomed their approach. It was evident that she and her group of children, had suffered much; but that some ministering angel had before visited their rude home. Who this Angel was, we leave you to imagine; while we cross to another street, where hunger, wretchedness and sin, have left their foot-prints unmistakable.

In a dreary building of stone, at the left, after passing up the first flight of stairs, lived the poor Mrs. MORRIS, who once had known better times, but by a sudden reverse of fortune had been bereft of home and a kind husband. She was therefore left to struggle on in endeavoring to support herself and children, and although her eldest daughter was able to sew for the shops, yet the small wages she received were reduced so much smaller on account of "hard times," that they were barely kept from starvation; and now that her mother was taken suddenly ill, it was not strange that ELLEN MORRIS' star of hope had well nigh set. Not having been able to leave her mother's bed-side for the last twenty-four hours, and with no physician, no food, and the last coal in the grate, we wonder not, that, amid the heart-rending cries of her younger brothers and sister, she groaned in despair. That groan was heard by LUCY UPTON, as she entered this abode of misery followed by her parents. She had never found it before. There had been enough on the streets where we last left them for her busy hands, but not enough for her ever bountiful heart. Few questions were asked of ELLEN. Poverty speaks for itself. Medical attention was summoned by the direction of her father, remedies prescribed, food and fuel furnished. A few weeks had passed, when Mrs. MORRIS was quite well, and ELLEN received a situation in Mr. UPTON'S counting-room, where with her pen she earned a good salary, for in their days of better fortune she had improved her time at school.

"What have you there?" said Mr. UPTON to LUCY, as they descended from the old stone house to resume their seats in the sleigh.

Not lacking in confidence towards her father, LUCY handed him a book, where he discovered a list of the immediate wants of the many poverty-stricken whom they had visited, comprising such necessities as her own and her mother's charitable observation told them were essential to the palliation of the intense sufferings which they had beheld for a better purpose than to gratify a reckless curiosity. Mr. UPTON made no reply, but smiled; not a sarcastic smile, however, but such as comes from the higher and holier impulses of the heart.

We cannot follow them through all the haunts of misery which they visited, but had you secretly entered the wholesale establishment of W. J. UPTON on New Year's afternoon, you might have seen busy hands at work, filling out those memorandums, and, contrary to Mr. UPTON'S system of "cash trade," these parcels were sent out "on time" to be paid for when the Master saith, "Come ye blessed of my Father."

Yes! many a heart was made glad by the visitations of LUCY and her parents, and when that amiable group bent around the "family altar" at night, and implored "Divine protection over the poor and the destitute, and especially those whom they had seen and aided," think you not that the First day of January was a "happy one" to them? And when LUCY UPTON, closed her eyes to dream of the Eternal City with its "shining streets of gold," and saw those same needy, suffering creatures tuning their "harps" for the "everlasting hallelujah," had she not entered upon a "Happy New Year?"

"Dreams! but a deeper thought her soul did fill,
One! One! was near, a spirit holier still."

Monroe Co., N. Y., 1859. E.

DEATH OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

THIS community is shocked to-day at the intelligence of the death of Washington Irving, the most eminent of American writers, and as the telegraph shall flash the sad news to the farthest extreme of our land; as steam shall bear it across the sea and it shall penetrate the whole civilized globe, there will be everywhere a common expression of sorrow, that a true man, a genial writer, an accomplished scholar, has passed away from earth. Mr. Irving died suddenly last evening, at his quiet home at Sunnyside, on the banks of the Hudson, the home where the calm evening of his life has been passed; the point which is at once a centre of American culture and the shrine at which the devotees of literature and of truth reverently paid their vows. Henceforth it will be the Stratford-on-Avon of the Western World. Mr. Irving retired at 10½ o'clock, and was in the act of undressing, when he fell and expired almost immediately. Though the shock of Mr. Irving's death is sudden, the event had not been altogether unexpected. Failing health and advancing age have sadly indicated to his friends that the silver cord was loosening.

Washington Irving was born April 3d, 1783, in the city of New York, in William street, between John and Fulton streets, not far from the Old Dutch Church, now occupied by the site of the "Washington stores." The father of Mr. Irving was a native of Scotland; his mother a native of England. At the time of his birth his father had been settled as a merchant in this city some twenty years. After obtaining an ordinary school education, Washington Irving, at the age of sixteen, commenced the study of the law. Three years later, under the signature of "Jonathan Oldstyle," he contributed a series of letters to the Morning Chronicle, a newspaper of which his brother, Peter Irving, was editor. These attracted much notice, were extensively copied, and in 1823 or 1824, were collected and published without the author's sanction. In 1804 he sailed for Bordeaux, on a visit to Europe for his health. In his travels he went to France, Genoa, Sicily, crossing from Palermo to Naples, passing through Italy, meeting Allston at Rome, who advised that he should devote himself to art. After several months stay on the Continent, he went to England and returned to New York in March, 1806, fully restored to health. He then resumed the study of the law, was admitted, but never practised. He took the chief part in "Salmagundi," the first number of which appeared in January, 1807, and the last in January, 1808.

In December, 1809, he published his Knickerbocker's History of New York. In 1810, two of his brothers gave him an interest in a large mercantile concern, in which they were engaged, in Liverpool and New York, with the understanding that he devote himself to his literary pursuits. In 1813 and 1814, during the war with Great Britain, he edited the "Analectic Magazine; and in the Fall of 1814, joined the military staff of Daniel D. Tompkins, Governor of the State of New York, as aid-de-camp and military secretary, with the rank of Colonel. On the close of the war, May, 1815, he embarked for Liverpool with the intention of making a second tour to Europe, but the business reverses which followed the peace, involved the house of his brothers, and after two or three years attention to business, endeavoring to avert the catastrophe, the house failed, involving him in its ruin. In 1818 he commenced papers of the "Sketch Book," which were transmitted piecemeal from London, where he resided, to New York for publication. Three or four numbers were thus published, when finding that they attracted notice in England, they were published in a volume, in February, 1820, by John Miller; Miller failed soon after, and the second volume was published in July, of that year, by Mr. Murray, who purchased the copyright for £200, but finding the work profitable he presented Mr. Irving with £200 additional.

After residing five years in England, Mr. Irving removed to Paris, August 1820, remaining till July, 1821, when he returned to England and published "Bracebridge Hall" in London and New York, in May, 1822. He wintered that year in Dresden, returning to Paris in 1823, and to London in May, 1824, when he published his "Tales of a Traveler." In August of that year these were published in New York. In August he returned to Paris, and in the autumn of 1825 visited the South of France, spending part of the winter at Bordeaux. In February, 1826, he went to Madrid, where he remained two years, writing the life of Columbus, which was published in 1828. In the spring of that year he visited Granada and other points mentioned in the "Chronicles of the Conquest of Grenada, by Fray Agapida," making a sketch of this work. He prepared it for the press at Seville, and it appeared in London and New York in 1829. In the spring he again visited Granada, and spent some months in Alhambra, where he collected materials for a work of that name, published in 1832. In July he went to England, having been appointed Secretary of Legation to the American embassy at London, under Mr. McLane. In 1832, upon Mr. McLane's return, he remained a few months as Charge, and resigned on the arrival of Mr. Van Buren. In 1830, Mr. Irving and Mr. Hallam, the historian, each received one of the fifty guinea medals awarded by George IV. for eminence in historical composition.

In 1831 Oxford University conferred the degree of LL. D. upon him, and in 1832 he returned to New York, after an absence of seventeen years. On his return to this city he was greeted with an ovation, at which Chancellor Kent presided; similar testimonials were tendered him from other cities, but he declined them. In the summer of 1832 he visited the West with Mr. Ellsworth, one of the Commissioners for removing the Indian tribes west of the Mississippi. It was during this journey that he collected the material for his "Tour on the Prairies," published in 1835. "Abbottsford and Newstead Abbey," and "Legends of the Conquest of Spain" were also published the same year. In 1836 he published "Astoria," and in 1837 "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville." In 1839 he engaged with the "Knickerbocker Magazine" to furnish monthly articles for two years. In February, 1842, he was appointed Minister to Spain, leaving for Madrid on the 10th of April, 1842. His official duties terminating in 1846, he returned home, and in 1848 commenced the publication of a revision of his works which were then extant.

In 1849, he published "Oliver Goldsmith, a Biography," and in 1849 and 1850 "Mahomet and his Successors." In 1855 "Wolfert's Roost." In the same year he published the first volume of "The life of George Washington," the last volume, the closing work of his life, was published a few weeks since. In reference to this last work Prof. Greene in a recent conversaston said:—"It is a most invaluable work to this country, for it gives to the universal mind, *for the first time, a living presence of Washington!* To the plurality of common readers, hitherto, Washington has been a historical abstraction, hidden in the heavy reading of statistics and State-papers. By Irving they are now made acquainted with him in flesh and blood, as it were, a Washington so pictured that they can admire and revere him with a human sympathy."

Since 1849 Mr. Irving's works have been published by Mr. G. P. Putnam, who has in that time disposed of nearly six hundred thousand volumes.

Mr. Irving had four brothers. William Irving, the eldest, was a merchant. He was a member of Congress from 1813 to 1819. He married a sister of Hon. James K. Paulding, and assisted in the composition of "Salmagundi." He died in 1821. Peter, another brother, was editor of the Morning Chronicle, and assisted in the construction of "Knickerbocker's History of New York." He was a physician, and died in 1838. Ebenezer Irving is still living. He has made his home at Sunnyside. He is the father of Rev. Theodore Irving, formerly Professor in Geneva College and in the New York Free Academy. John Treat Irving was Presiding Judge of the New York Common Pleas from 1817 until his death, in 1838. He was also a contributor to the Morning Chronicle. His son, a member of the New York bar, is the author of several popular works.

A few years since Mr. Irving purchased a residence on the banks of the Hudson, about twenty-five miles from this city, and between Irvington and Tarrytown. This quaint old house, so suggestive of the humor of its proprietor, is immortalized in "Wolfert's Roost," and in the story of Ichabod Crane, and is the charming spot so appropriately named "Sunnyside." Here Mr. Irving has resided, his brother and his nieces composing the family, and here it was that he met the death for which, with Christian calmness, he had so long waited, and which had so few terrors for one who had governed his life by the precepts of the Christian faith.—*N. Y. Com. Adv., Nov.* 29.

SALMAGUNDI.

TRY to form a conception of a sixth sense, if you can.

HE has the hardest kind of work who has nothing to do.

A MAN can be ruined only by his own voluntary evils.

FAST men, like fast rivers, are generally very shallow.

LADIES, before marrying, had better destroy all old love-letters.

A PIN has as much head as a good many authors, and a great deal more point.

THE great chastisement of a knave is not to be known, but to know himself.

IF virtue is its own reward, there will be persons who will have little enough.

A MR. ARCHER has been sent to the Ohio Penitentiary for marrying three wives. "Insatiate Archer! could not one suffice?"

TIME is the most subtle yet the most insatiable of depredators, and by appearing to take nothing is permitted to take all; nor can it be satisfied until it has stolen the world from us, and us from the world.

"WIFE," said a man looking for a bootjack, "I have places where I keep my things, and you ought to know it." "Yes," said she, "I ought to know where you keep your late hours—but I don't."

THE duties of the present moment we shall meet as they rise, and these will open a gate into the next, and we shall thus pass on, trustfully and securely, almost never in doubt as to what God calls us to do.—*Bushnell.*

LOVE is a flame which burns in heaven, and whose soft reflections radiate to us. Two worlds are opened, two lives given to it. It is by love that we double our being; it is by love that we approach God.—*Aime Martin.*

Two men, Joseph Sparks and Oscar Flint, were assailed in the suburbs of Baltimore, a few nights ago, by a gang of shoulder-hitters. Flint was knocked down, but his companion escaped by flight. When the scoundrels hit Flint, *Sparks flew.*

"MANNERS," says Sidney Smith, "are the shadows of virtues; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow creatures love and respect. If we strive to become, then, what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties."

Publisher's Notices.

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HAVING concluded to mail the Eleventh Volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER by a new *Patent Machine Process*, it becomes important to receive a great portion of the list of Subscribers for 1860 at the earliest possible moment. To secure this result,—and also as an inducement for the friends of the RURAL to make *early efforts* to INCREASE its circulation,—we offer above (and in a circular mailed to Local Club Agents, &c.,) some extra inducements for clubbing. The new system of mailing by printing is regarded as a vast improvement in both *accuracy* and *speed*, and we trust every Club Agent, or person disposed to act as such, will aid us in successfully inaugurating it by sending in lists as early and fast as convenient. And if our friends generally will *renew their subscriptions at an early day*, they will greatly facilitate the accomplishment of our object. It will require considerable time, labor and expense to adopt the new system, but when once in operation we think every subscriber will regard the change as a decided manifestation of "Progress and Improvement."

PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ THE RURAL SHOW-BILL FOR 1860—pronounced a fine specimen of the Typographic Art—is now being printed and will soon be sent (post-paid) to all our agents. We shall be glad to send copies of the bill, specimens, etc., to all persons disposed to aid in circulating the RURAL, for which kind service liberal inducements are offered.

☞ VOLUNTARY AGENTS FOR THE RURAL.—ANY and every Subscriber, Post-Master or reader is requested to act as voluntary agent for the RURAL, by forming clubs or otherwise. *Now is the time* for its friends to manifest their interest in the paper and the cause it advocates, either by obtaining new subscribers, or inducing others to act in its behalf. If any lose or wear out numbers in *showing the paper*,—that's the best way to get subscribers,—we will duplicate them in order to make their files complete for binding.

☞ ASSOCIATED EFFORT leads to success in canvassing for periodicals, as well as in other enterprises. For instance, if you are forming (or wish to form) a club for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and cannot fill it up in your own neighborhood, get some person or persons a few miles distant to join with or assist you—adding their names to those you may procure, and sending all together. Please think of this, and act upon the suggestion if convenient.

☞ SPECIMENS FREE.—We always take pleasure in sending specimens free of charge. Reader, if you have any friends, near or distant, that you think would subscribe for the RURAL or act as agents, please give us their addresses and we will send them specimens, &c. No matter how many names—"the more the merrier."

☞ NO TRAVELING AGENTS are employed by us, as we wish to give the whole field to local agents and those who form clubs. And beside, we wish it distinctly understood that all persons traveling through the country, professing to hold certificates from us, ARE IMPOSTORS.

☞ ANY person who remits pay for a club of 6, 10 or 15 at the specified rates for such club, and adds a sufficient number within one month thereafter, can avail himself of the advantage of the price of large club, and retain the amount overpaid.

☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

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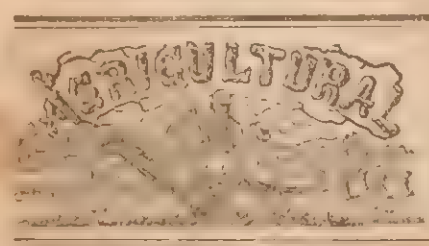


THE PROGRESS OF RURAL IMPROVEMEET

ALL changes are not improvements by any means, and many things are misnamed. But, amid the numerous changes and new things in the various branches of production and manufacture, decided improvements are daily developed, the sneers and sighs of old fogies and stoical conservatives to the contrary notwithstanding The world moves—Agriculturally, Mechanically, Scientifically. Every department of Art, Science and Production is stamped with progress, and improvement is the watchword and endeavor of the great mentality and physicality (so to speak) of the age. Many things may be overdone, but every honest, well-directed effort toward improvement has its effect, and eventual reward. Mind and matter are the great instruments—genius the awakening, propelling power—and, though failures may occur on the start, a new idea in Agriculture or Mechanics is sure to lead to successful results. Years ago Steam Navigation was the idea—scouted and derided at first, but now a success and blessing! Then, the Magnetic Telegraph—first ridiculed, now triumphant. And so we might enumerate scores of inventions and improvements, inaugurated with difficulty, which are now indispensable in the prosecution of various arts and occupations.

The Rural World moves as well as the Mechanical and Scientific. Witness the improved implements and labor-saving machinery invented and adopted within the past twenty years, to say nothing of the improvements in Culture, Husbandry, Rural Architecture, &c. Look at the Progress of Improvement in every department of Rural Affairs! We need not particularize or enter into details. Every intelligent reader who has lived forty years, and has been a casual observer for the past twenty, has witnessed enough to satisfy him that this is a progressive age, without asking for the items in any department. Within the latter period the sickle and the flail have become classical in many sections of Rural America—for they are now only emblems, albeit emblematic of a species of muscular effort and back-ache almost unknown to modern agriculturists.

The Steam Press is the forerunner of the Steam Plow. The former has long been a successful—aye, an indispensable—institution, and the latter is as sure to follow as is the sun to shine in the heavens The fiat has gone forth, and the result will be "*Eureka!*"—although many still doubt and disbelieve. And with Steam Cultivation, as with Steam Navigation, will come vast facilities and economies to the people and a large extent of our country. Who can tell the advantages and benefits that are to accrue from this improvement, and those which will follow as necessary accompaniments. What followed the invention of FULTON? What will be the result of the success of FAWKES' and his coadjutors? Human ken may not foresee, but time will determine.

And what of the progress of improvement in crop culture and soil enrichment. Look at the single item of underdraining—a thing almost unheard of when we commenced our career as an agricultural journalist, some fifteen years ago. It is safe to say that this one item in farm improvement and enrichment has already been worth millions of dollars to the landholders and cultivators of America, and yet *the ground has scarcely been broken* in this important matter. The man who has done more than any other to inaugurate this vast improvement in our land—JOHN JOHNSTON—is worthy of all honor, and if not Knighted or Sainted, should be held in eternal remembrance by the Agriculturists of the Western Continent.

How about Horticulture? What of the improvements in the culture, propagation and introduction of Fruits, Flowers, etc., within the past twenty years? Look at the results of the brain and hand labors of the DOWNINGS, BARRYS, WILDERS, and scores of others, and the answer is found on every hand, in almost every section of the country. For evidence of the progress of improvement in this department, see the nurseries, the orchards and the gardens throughout the land—not only in the suburbs and vicinities of cities and villages of the Eastern and Middle States, but in various parts of the West, Northwest and Southwest, where all was waste and wilderness twenty years ago.

And so of Rural Architecture, and many other branches which it is superfluous to mention in this connection. Look where you will and there is evidence of decided progress in Rural Improvement on every hand and in every department—though its advocates and promoters may be (in some localities) surrounded by slothful, non-progressives, who cling to the past, and scout at the improvements of the present, with a pertinacity and pugnacity characteristic of direct descendants of the veritable RIP VAN WINKLE of Sleepy Hollow. Between these two classes an "irrepressible conflict" has long been waging, and annually has victory perched upon the banner of the Progressives. Witness the augmenting influence and position of the Agricultural Press, and the increase in numbers, usefulness and beneficial results of the various Societies designed to advance Rural Improvement. Let us rejoice in and for what has been accomplished in the past, and individually resolve to contribute our quota of effort that the future progress of our country may be worthy of its recent history in this important department.

JOHN JOHNSTON ON WINTERING SHEEP.

"MANY farmers are so very remiss," says Mr. JOHNSTON, "in wintering their cattle and sheep, it would be well if the Agricultural papers would remind them of their duty every autumn, until there would be few farmers in the country but would keep their stock improving in winter as well as summer."

Well, that's letting the rogues off pretty easy. It is evident that Mr. JOHNSTON "leans to the side of mercy," in that he proposes an *annual* instead of a *weekly* flagellation of these high-handed sinners. He is manifestly conscious that it requires a good deal of Christian fortitude not to pinch stock a *little*, when hay is from twelve to twenty dollars a ton, and corn from six to eight shillings a bushel! The value that disappears in the shape of food, is present and palpable—we are conscious of the daily drain upon our purses, as we replenish the racks with provender—while the profits on the outlay are seen only through faith and hope, if indeed they are seen at all—so, we save a little to-day, at the risk of losing a good deal by-and-by, in the low condition of our stock!

In the whole range of agriculture, there is scarce a question of greater interest and importance than the one started by Mr. JOHNSTON, in the above quotation:—*Shall we "keep our stock improving in winter as well as summer?"* I am glad that a gentleman of Mr. JOHNSTON's judgment and experience has given his views upon it. High keeping in the winter may be recommended,

First—Because the animal so kept constantly grows and improves till it arrives at maturity, attaining a much greater size and a better quality than if it is starved and stunted by short keeping half the year.

Second—Animals in good condition will generally command a fair price and a ready sale, whereas *frames* are only in occasional request, at low prices.

Third—While an animal is falling away it makes no return for the food it receives.

Fourth—Mr. JOHNSTON, to show "there is a profit every way in high feeding," says, "if a lot of Merino wethers averaging 88 or 90 lbs., live weight, in the fall, is worth 3 cents per lb., a lot weighing 120 lbs. average is better worth 4 cts., and those weighing 130 lbs. 4¼ cts.—for the reason that the offal of the 90 lb. sheep is only a trifle less than the one weighing 120 lbs.

Fifth—Mr. JOHNSTON says very truly, "the higher you feed, the higher you manure, the manure being so much richer."

Sixth—Disease and death make great ravages among poor animals, particularly sheep.

Seventh—A fat animal is generally "full-blooded," or pretty much so; is always handsome, and pays about 10 per cent per. annum to look at.

PRO CONTRA.—A successful Livingston county farmer, largely in the wheat business, used to buy steers in "tax times," (January and February,) winter them through on *straw*, put them in good pasture, and sell them in the following summer or fall at a good profit. This supposes that straw was plenty, and accounted nothing except for manure—the steers were lean and bought "very low for cash." They would not fall away much with plenty of good straw. Had he bought fleshy cattle and put them on straw, they would have fallen away and involved him in a loss, as they would have cost him more money and been very little better in the end. He *lost the gain* on his cattle in winter, but he fattened them on *grass*, the cheapest material by half where land is plentier than labor. The man got rich, but whether it was on account of his straw policy, or in spite of it, I cannot tell. If his system would do anywhere at the present day, it would be at the West, where large quantities of wheat, barley and oats are raised, making straw plenty, and where UNCLE SAMUEL has plenty of pasture all "open to the common."

One of the profoundest ideas took this shape, "Circumstances alter cases." Occasionally grain gets very high, and cattle fed and fattened on it yield small profits, but I apprehend the general rule is that the stock which is fed best, pays best. If Mr. JOHNSTON's plan of making all our stock gain through the winter shall be adopted generally, it will occasion a very large consumption of grain, and would doubtless sensibly affect the departments of labor and commerce.

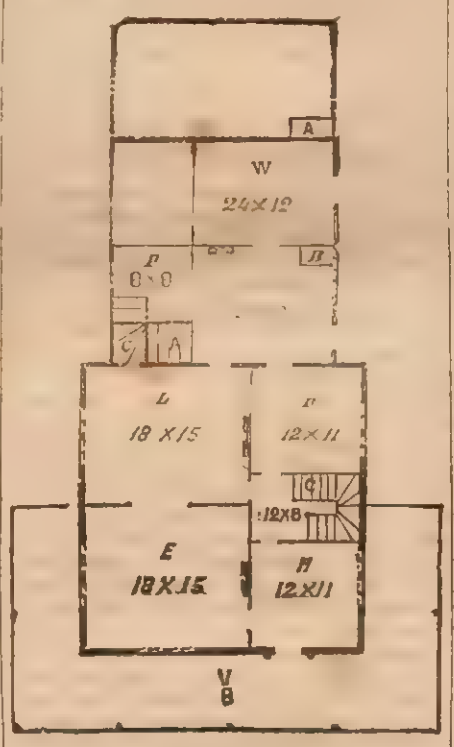
I inquired of one of our best farmers why he did not sell his older sheep, and keep his lambs, which were a better quality. He said, "I wish to sell my lambs, for if I am compelled to pinch my stock, the older sheep will stand it best." Many of our stock growers feed grain liberally to that portion of their stock which they intend to market within the year. So, if we *do* scrimp some, *it must not be the young*, nor those that are *soon to go to market*. Old animals whose teeth are poor—alas! is there no *dentistry* for them?—not only require choice fodder, roots or apples, but they require grain boiled, steamed, or ground. With proper attention, in this way they may be made fit for slaughter, whereas with ordinary fare they will decline and ultimately die.

Some shrewd people never let their animals grow old—I do not refer to those whose horses remain at about the same age for a dozen years or more, and never get to be above "thirteen last spring," (following in the illustrious footsteps of the *young* men and *young* women who stop at twenty-two)—but I refer to people who look at the teeth of their sheep every year, and cows and oxen too, if necessary, and take out to fat for the butcher all that give evidence of advanced age. It is policy sometimes to keep animals of *rare merit* as long as they will breed. In general, keep such as are young, or in the prime of life. Sheep after six or seven, and cows or oxen after ten years of age, are growing every year of less value, and you get less for the food they consume than you do when they are younger. They not only cease to improve as young animals do, but they decline, and if kept to quite an advanced age, become nearly or quite worthless. Some decline sooner than others. It is very common to find sheep who have lost all or a part of their teeth, and cows that would be older if there was any room on their horns for more wrinkles. I presume the food given to these animals, if fed to such as are just arriving at maturity, would yield 25 per cent. greater profit. There are some cows, many horses, and more sheep, which, if their owners do succeed in wintering them, (of which reasonable doubts may be entertained,) will not be worth the inevitable cost of their winter food. Now is the time to look the thing square in the face, and decide to nurse your old animals with great care or make them into pork or compost at once. No matter if old Jack has carried you far and served you well, if he has "outlived his usefulness," or if he won't be worth from forty to fifty dollars in the spring, just hand him over to a good marksman—it is an *easy* death, and not a "natural death," that he has a right to require at your hands. The French, among their brilliant additions to modern science, have found out that horse flesh is a table delicacy; when we have "conquered our prejudices" and adopted their suggestion, horses, like oxen, should be slaughtered at about ten; now we may let them go a few years longer. A very valuable cow may be kept till she is twelve or thirteen.

I don't know as anybody can make out better than I can what I have been at, and so I will state explicitly that I rather lean to Mr. JOHNSTON's side of the question started above.—H. T. B.

PLAN OF A SUBURBAN VILLA.

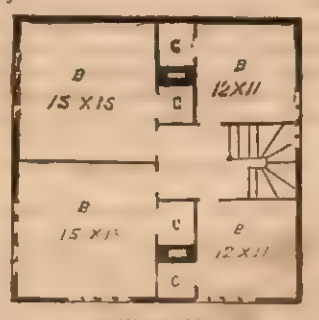
MESSRS. EDITORS:—This sketch is the ground and chamber plan of a Cubical Suburban Villa and Wing of moderate pretensions, to cost—built of brick, in a plain, substantial manner—about $2,000. The interior arrangement is thought to be in good proportion, economical and convenient; in fact, is an attempt at something like a guide for a numerous class of persons that are erecting houses partaking much of its character, in every village. The plan is adapted to any building material used in this country, and needs but little explanation. The main building, which is 30 feet square, should be two full stories in height, the first 12, the second 11 feet; lighted with large double windows throughout. One of these may be changed to a bay-window, 8 feet wide, with square openings, and placed opposite the drawing-room mantlepiece, if preferred—thus adding very prettily to the variety and size of that apartment. The cornice and veranda may be finished to suit the taste of the occupant, provided they are made bold in outline, and (especially in elevated sites,) of a character that gives agreeable outside effect at a distant view.



FIRST FLOOR.

H. Hall. *E.* Drawing-Room. *L.* Living-Room. *D.* Dining-Room. *K.* Kitchen. *P.* Pantry. *B.* Sink. *A.* Cellar Stairs. *C. C.* Closets. *W.* Wood-House. *V.* Veranda.

If more rooms are wanted, the wood-room can be easily converted into a kitchen and bed-room, adding a lean-to in the rear for wood, as shown by the dotted lines. The present dining-room could then be occupied as bed-room or library. This latter arrangement will comprise six good sleeping rooms, a large number of commodious apartments for miscellaneous uses, a cellar 24 by 24 feet under the wing, and a liberal supply of closets; a most indispensable item in household economy.



SECOND FLOOR.

B. Bed-Rooms. *C.* Closets.

It perhaps may be proper to add, that in such a structure will be found quite the usual amount of available social accommodation, as much as consistent,—without sacrificing something of its every-day utility, or home character. L. W. L.

Grand Rapids, Mich., 1859.

HOW CORN SHRINKS.—Perhaps our readers may be better able to judge of the profit of marketing corn in the ear now, or of holding it until spring, after reading the following from the *Prairie Farmer*:—"Mr. WALKER, Champaign county, told us he weighed out seventy-five pounds of corn in the ear; dried it thoroughly; shelled it, and weighed the corn and cobs. The corn weighed fifty-one pounds, the cobs nine pounds—total, sixty pounds, having *lost fifteen pounds!* He thinks it did not shrink more than most of the corn will that is wintered over."

SOILING AND STEAMING.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In your report of the discussions at the State Fair, upon Soiling, I am represented as saying that a man can take care of fifty cows, that I had kept that number, &c. I do not quote the exact words, as I have not the paper before me. Now, as the subject of soiling is one of recent discussion, and an important one to the farmer, I do not wish to be the means of disseminating loose data. Those who were present at that discussion, will remember that the question was put to Mr. QUINCY, "How many cows can one man take care of?" To which Mr. QUINCY replied, "That is like asking 'how big is a piece of chalk?' That will depend entirely upon circumstances."

In reference to this question I said that, like Mr. Q., I had not kept that number of animals, but from my experience in keeping a less number, I had no doubt that a competent man, with proper conveniences, could easily take care of fifty cows, and milk a small number morning and evening. Some of my neighbors have been curious to know where I kept those fifty cows! This will explain the phenomenon of their invisibility.

I regard the subject of soiling, on farms clear of stumps, or even in condition to be mown, of the very highest importance. If he deserved well of his country "who made two blades of grass to grow where one grew before," will he not be equally deserving who shall demonstrate, practically, that two animals can be kept where one was kept before? I came to the country in search of pure air and health. Turning my attention to Agriculture, much of it appeared to me an unexplored region—exact knowledge in it very circumscribed. That this ancient and most useful occupation to mankind admitted of further progress, appeared quite evident. And among sundry forays into the unknown region of experiment which I attempted, was soiling. I turned to all the standard agricultural works. Very little attention had been given to it. STEPHENS, in his "Book of the Farm," says of it:—"On a small scale, where only a few animals of every kind are kept, I conceive that soiling might be practiced with advantage, and it behooves all small farmers to make their grass land go as far as possible." But on a large scale he pronounces it "impracticable." The philosophy of this appeared to me out of joint. Whatever is profitable on a small scale, is certainly more profitable on a large scale. This rule may be said to be almost universal. Thus I drew a very different conclusion from his facts. I commenced by keeping my work horses in the stable through the summer, as in winter. This was profitable. Then the next season I fed my cows as well as horses. This was quite as profitable. The cows were in better condition, gave more milk, and the expense of keeping, as near as I could estimate it, not more than one-fourth of pasturing. For the last three years I have soiled all my animals, numbering, generally, nine horses, old and young, and six cows and heifers. They have all been quite as healthy under the soiling as the pasturing system, and their condition has improved.

Now, as to the expense of keeping. One half-acre, in good condition, in clover, millet (where the land is favorable for it,) or corn (sown,) will keep a cow from the 20th of May to the 20th of November. Of course neither of these should be fed exclusively, but each at different times. Begin with the clover. Feed this till other grasses mature, then feed them till after haying. Then feed millet, oats, rye or corn, according to adaptation of the crop to the soil. Then for winter, roots with cut feed, hay, straw or cornstalks, steamed, if you wish to feed with the greatest economy.

The labor incident to this system has been the stumbling block. This is more fanciful than real, When the pasture is not very convenient, the labor is not greater, in soiling six to ten cows, than that incident to pasturing. I have been preparing fixtures to keep from fifty to sixty cows, and when all things are ready, I shall be willing to enter into an agreement with the tenant, to pay for all the labor in feeding the animals, for the extra product, over cows kept in the ordinary way. The extra value of the manure, when properly cared for, will pay for the labor. The saving in fences will more than pay for the labor; and the extra production will pay for the labor, four times over. And I have no doubt that, under favorable circumstances, every farmer who intelligently adopts this system will double the income of his farm, which is much better than to double his number of acres.

As a general rule, the grazing farmers of this State use from one-fourth to one-third of the farm in grain and meadow, and the balance of two-thirds to three-fourths is devoted to keeping his animals through the summer. It is quite evident

that this system of pasturing is wasteful. For it is undeniable that it requires at least one-eighth more to keep an animal in cold than warm weather; and yet they take more than two acres to summer their animals to one to winter them. As to all the *modus operandi* of soiling, a detail of them is not within the limits of one article.

In your paper of the 19th ult., I find an article on the "Value of Straw for Fodder," in which you refer to some remarks I made upon this subject at the State Fair discussion. I am glad that the papers have begun to call attention to this subject, and mention it here as it naturally belongs to soiling. Millions of dollars are wasted every year for want of a proper knowledge of the value of straw. It is hardly extravagant to say, that one-half of all the horses, cattle and sheep kept in the State of New York might be wintered upon the straw raised, with proper cutting and steaming. There were in this State at the last census, (1850,) 1,877,639 cattle, 447,014 horses, 3,453,241 sheep. Now, if the straw would winter this number of animals, it would keep half of them through the year. We will suppose that the keeping of each one of the cattle would represent $15, each horse $20, and each sheep $2. This would give a total gain from straw, per year, in this State, of $11,002,825. And we will suppose that from straw as now used, one-fifth of that sum is realized. This would leave a balance, in favor of cutting and steaming, of $8,802,280. In this estimate I make the straw take the place of hay merely. Working animals must have grain. Are not these figures worth looking at? I have found, that by selling all the hay which it would take to winter my stock, and taking one-fourth of the avails and purchasing meal to dust upon the straw before steaming, that my stock were better wintered than if fed upon the hay, and I had thus turned my straw into three-fourths of the avails of my hay. And the manure from the straw is worth more for immediate use than if the straw had been thrown into the yard for litter.

It would take about thirty tuns of hay to winter my stock this year. Three-fourths of this is twenty-two and one-half tuns; this is worth in the barn $18 per tun, or $405. I will suppose that the extra labor of cutting and steaming costs me $50, (and with my facilities it does not exceed that sum.) Here is a net gain of $355. This gain is larger this year than if hay were cheap, but the saving is in the same proportion. I have practiced upon this method for three years; and experimented quite extensively to determine upon some formula which would show the relative value of straw to hay. I first used two quarts of Indian meal per bushel of straw, and fed cattle upon this and hay, side by side. The straw and meal fattened the animals, while the hay did not. Further experiment satisfied me that a bushel of straw, with from one to one and a half pints of Indian meal dusted upon it and well steamed, was equal to the best Timothy hay. This may appear extravagant, but let not a matter of this importance be condemned without a trial. It will stand the test. But in the allowance of one quarter of the value of the hay which it would take to winter a stock, for purchasing meal or bran to be used with the straw, much more than 1½ pints may be used. One thing is evident; straw is worth saving and using with more care and economy. And it is with a view of exciting the attention of farmers to their own interests in this regard, that I write this article. I trust that it may fall into the hands of some who are not afraid to step out of the beaten track of their fathers. Farmers are behind, in intelligent calculations of means to ends, almost every other class of industry. But from the improvements made in the last twenty years we have reason to hope that a better future is before us. E. W. STEWART.

Glen Erie, near North Evans, Erie Co., N. Y.

LESSONS OF THE SEASON.

The experience of each succeeding year furnishes many lessons by which the observing farmer may profit. The end of the season, and of the year, is an appropriate time to review the experience and observations of the past, with a view of profiting by their teachings.

A prominent lesson of this kind, and one that brings itself home to the attention of farmers at this time, more particularly, is the damage on corn and potatoes in consequence of not having been harvested in season. But few potatoes were dug in this vicinity before the cold, freezing weather in the latter part of October. The consequence was that many were frozen in the ground; so that probably while there was not a single piece that escaped without losing more than enough, at a low price per bushel, to have paid for digging, in many fields, such as Mercers, and other kinds that lie near the top of the ground, were from a quarter to half frozen. Besides, the cold bad weather, and the presence of so many frozen potatoes, made digging, sorting and taking care of the crop a much more laborious, difficult and disagreeable operation than it would have been if attended to early in the season.

So too in relation to corn. On the first of November nearly all the corn in this section was still in the field. At a time when farmers should be finishing up their corn harvest, a large portion of them were just beginning their husking—while now (Dec. 6,) there are many acres of corn out in the snow. The consequence is that the grain and fodder are both more or less damaged, and the loss will amount to much more than enough to have paid for doing the work in season.

One reason why farmers let their work run along so late in the fall is, that some seasons, say once in four or five years, we have a warm, dry November, when crops can be gathered with little trouble or damage. But such seasons are the exception and not the rule, consequently, as a general thing, it will not do to depend on them. Another, and the principal reason is, the reluctance of farmers to employ sufficient help to secure their crops in good season, and in the best manner, without damage. But few farmers seem to be aware of the loss they sustain by not having their work done in good season, and in the best manner.

This brings us to another lesson of the season, which is, that farmers, as a general thing, do not employ sufficient force to do the work on their farms to good advantage. The remark is often heard, that this or that crop has not been attended to as it ought to have been for want of time; or, that this or that job had been neglected for want of help; when probably the cost of sufficient help to attend to the crop, or to do the job, would have been less than half the loss or damage caused by their neglect.

Another way in which farmers often miss it, is in undertaking jobs of work that might be done much better and cheaper by mechanics. This was forcibly illustrated a few years ago in the case of a farmer with whom the writer was well acquainted. This farmer was asked how his corn crop came in; he answered that it was poor, not over two-thirds of a crop—that he had not done any thing in his corn after he planted it, so the weeds and grass had got the start of the crop. He said that when he ought to have been to work in his corn, he raised up and new silled his barn, and put on new siding—that he and his hired man had done it alone, without employing a carpenter a single day—but that it took him longer than he expected; so that, instead of having any time to work in his corn, it was late before he could begin haying. Now, as this may be considered as a representative case, it may be well to look a little into the economy of the operation. First, an average crop of corn may be put down at $25 an acre, one-third of which would be over $8. Second, the cost of a carpenter to do the job could not have been more and probably would have been less than $25—which, with $10 for labor to make up for the time spent by the owner in assisting the carpenter, would make $35—so that the actual loss by this operation, which was intended to be saving, was nearly $50. It should have been stated that there was ten acres of corn and that the estimated loss on the whole was over $80.

There are many other ways in which farmers lose more or less by not hiring sufficient help, which we have not room for in this article, some of which may be brought to mind by reading these crude remarks. Perhaps some other lessons of the season may be considered in another paper. F.

Orleans Co., N. Y., 1859.

CROPS, &c., IN FOND DU LAC, WISCONSIN.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I thought a few lines might not come amiss to my fellow Young Ruralists, relating to our crops, prospects, and experiments this year in Fond du Lac. This portion of the county was settled by New York people (principally from Dutchess Co.,) about the year 1846, but as the greater portion were quite poor, financially, our progress was pretty slow until within the last five or six years; but they are now getting somewhat forehanded. Our soil is of the first quality of wheat land; heavy limestone clay. But, as Horace Greeley says, they don't think that they own to the centre of the earth, and consequently many only plow to the small depth of three or four inches, and are anxious to obtain a broader breadth of land, which is but poor policy in my way of thinking. Face of our country, rolling—not hilly or mountainous, but gently undulating. Wet seasons do not impede our farm work as much as on the low, wet prairies. Plenty of limestone for building purposes, &c., and occasionally a hard-head, a regular "down easter" in form and color, but *far ahead in weight according to size.* Our timber is oak, white, black, red, pin, burr. The county is divided into three classes of land—timber, prairie, and openings. We belong to the *latter species.* We have no huge rocks, soft water, speckled trout, chestnuts, black walnuts, huckleberries, blacksnakes, rattlesnakes, and other such trifles of *small value* to contend with. We are generally pretty sure of a good crop of spring wheat—(failed last year on account of rust)—average this season about twenty-one bushels per acre; some as high as forty and fifty. The farmer's prospects are brightening considerably, as we obtain fair prices for our surplus grain, which is no small amount. We tried the experiment, to our satisfaction, this season of brining, liming, and vitrioling our seed wheat before sowing. We brined it to get out the oats and light grains of wheat and smut, and limed it to dry it, in order to sow and to promote its growth, and vitrioled it to kill the vitality of the smut that would stick to the sound grains. The result was, not a particle of smut among that which was brined, &c., but lacking a couple of bushels of seed, left a land through the middle of the lot, took the seed out of the same bin, unlimed, &c., and sowed it. Result, one-third smut, and it proved nearly the same with our neighbors who neglected or failed to prepare their seed in the above way. We are busy hauling muck from the marsh, as an experiment on grass land. Gave it an imperfect trial last spring, but withal proved highly beneficial to our stiff, heavy clay lands.

Fond du Lac, Wis., 1859. Oscar Berry.

SAVING FODDER.

HINTS FOR A SEASON OF SCARCITY.

Irregular and excessive feeding of animals is not as good, and will not result as favorably as feeding a less amount so frequently that the animal never gets *very* hungry. We believe an animal fed more at one time than it should or will readily eat, wastes not only what it leaves, but frequently by over-eating. However careless and slothful we may be in seasons of plenty, such winters as this should call for care and economy.

The philosophy we wish to inculcate in regard to fodder-saving is this:—That frequent feeding will save, to a considerable extent, the quantity generally given. We have seen this demonstrated, but usually by parties who knew little of the secret of their own success, and cared less for imparting it, and they are such as we are slow to follow the practice of. A small amount of food satisfies hunger—much less than we think for. If a man were to eat twelve crackers in the morning, he would be hungry at noon—while, by eating a cracker every hour, he will be comfortably free from the gnawings of appetite, if not laboring, for a whole day. The stomach is not emphatic in its demands so long as food remains in it. So, if we wish to save fodder, we should feed often, sparingly. Especially should coarse fodder be given frequently, and little at a time, when all will be eaten; whereas, if we give liberally, it is picked over, and appetite becoming satisfied by the time the poorest is reached, it is refused and wasted.

We saw an evidence of this in the practice of a poor widow whom necessity compelled to the closest economy. She wintered for several winters two cows on the smallest possible allowance of hay, and they uniformly came out in fair condition. She fed them regularly a little, some half dozen times daily, and none was wasted. A few miles from her lived a farmer keeping a fine stock of young cattle whose practice was a by-word and reproach in the neighborhood. We often heard it said that Old M. took a whole fodderiog of hay for twenty steers under his arm at once. However this may be, we became intimately acquainted with his practice and its results, and found his stock as well or better cared for than his neighbors, but in a very different manner—none was wasted—not any—and we doubt not his saving each winter amply paid him for the extra care he took in foddering. His cattle were certainly in better condition than those whose yards were littered with the refused remnants of frequent feeding.

This rule is good not only in saving fodder but also in producing rapid growth. Peter Rhoda, of Hornby, N. Y., produced two 400-pound net hogs, killed when about ten months old, four successive years. They were fed five or six times daily. He also found the same success in growing calves—producing them fully equaling those that had run with the cow.

We suggest making a virtue of necessity at the present time, by using extra economy and prudence in feeding this winter. Nor A. Tubbs.

Monterey, N. Y., 1859.

ENDURANCE OF DROUTH BY SANDY SOILS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Will you, or some of your correspondents, give the reason why a gravel and sandy soil will bear drouth better than clay or other stiff soil, and oblige—A Rural Subscriber, *Seneca, N. Y.*, 1859.

Our correspondent takes for granted that a sandy soil will bear drouth better than a stiff soil. In this, we have no doubt, he is correct, in the main, though many would be found to demur, and some think it would not be difficult to find authority in the books against this position. We cannot give the *reason* for which our correspondent asks in a few brief lines, but will endeavor to be as plain and brief as possible.

A sandy soil will hold only about half as much water as a clay soil. If one hundred pounds of clay loam be dried thoroughly, and water is poured upon it, it will absorb from fifty to sixty pounds, according to the proportion of clay, before it begins to drop. One hundred pounds of sandy soil, dried in the same manner, will only absorb from twenty-five to thirty pounds. This shows very plainly that during rains much more water is held by a clay than sandy soil, subject to the demands of growing crops. From this fact it is very natural to argue that, in a dry time, vegetation would suffer most in sandy ground. It is this power of holding water that makes clay colder than sandy soils, as a greater quantity of heat is expended in changing the water into vapor.

Soils absorb moisture from the atmosphere, and it has been found by experiment that a heavy soil absorbs much more than a light one, other things being equal. The moisture in the atmosphere is condensed by any cold substance, as a pitcher containing cold water, or by the surface of the ground, or growing plants, in the form of dew. The cold, clay soil, will therefore condense much more than a warm sandy soil. This would also seem to imply that heavy soils are the most favorable in a drouth. And yet facts do not appear to justify such conclusions. We have closely watched the effects of excessive drouth and its opposite on different soils, the past four seasons. The summer of 1854 and '56 were extremely dry, so that crops suffered in most localities. Nowhere did we see such fine crops, especially of corn and potatoes, during these dry seasons, as on the light lands, and so little apparent injury from drouth. Heavy soils we found, in many cases in 1856, to be dry as powder ten or twelve inches below the surface, while on the sandy soil the ground would be quite moist three or four inches down. On heavy soils the injury from drouth was far more serious. The farmers on the light lands in this section say, give us good, hot, dry summers.

Now, let us look at the philosophy of this a little. Heavy soils have great power of absorbing and retaining water, yet they are adhesive and impenetrable, and a great portion of the water falling upon them runs off the surface, by surface drains, into creeks and rivers, while in the sandy soil it passes rapidly through to the subsoil, where it is held, if the under soil is at all retentive in its nature. A heavy soil, under ordinary culture, is never finely pulverized a sufficient depth, so that in a dry time it is almost impossible for the moisture to be drawn from below by capillary attraction, while in the light lands everything is favorable to the process. The light soil is also more open to the effects of the atmosphere which can permeate through it, leaving a portion of its moisture, as it would of course do, in coming in contact with the colder earth. Although more dew is condensed on the surface of clay soils, we think the effect is not as beneficial as the less quantity on the lighter, as from its imperviousness the moisture may remain on the surface to be dissipated by the first rays of the morning sun.

The Young Ladies who know the Rural appreciate it, and usually when they become wives, or move into a new country, continue its acquaintance and also introduce it to others. Miss M. H. B., of Shelby Co., Ill. writes us:—"As there appears to be none of your papers taken here, I think I can get up a club, and as I like your Rural I wish to do all I can to get it circulated. Please send me a few copies to distribute, for they will recommend themselves better than I can recommend them." We are frequently indebted to ladies for lists of subscribers from all parts of the country—the best evidence of their appreciation of the Rural.

Agricultural Miscellany.

To Correspondents.—As this volume of the Rural is near its close, we are constrained to offer an expression of thanks to the hundreds of persons who have favored us with articles during the past year. Our *thanks* are due and tendered to *all* who have in any manner contributed to the value and interest of these pages. We hope to continue the acquaintance of many who have imparted freely the results of their observation and experience for the benefit of the large number who seek the pages of the Rural for advice and information. With such aid as we have had from contributors and correspondents, the volume will comprise a vast amount of practical and scientific information on a great variety of subjects. But, much as we have given, we have received far more than we could publish,—and now find scores of excellent articles, necessarily deferred from time to time, or awaiting insertion at the proper season, while others must be omitted altogether. Many of these were received just too late for publication at the proper time, others were deferred for want of space, while not a few were inadmissible because the subject had been discussed before their reception. Our aim has been to give the most timely and useful articles from week to week, yet as most of the matter of each number is put in type from a week to ten days in advance of date, we have frequently received capital articles *a few days too late*—while, in many instances, we have been favored with several articles, of similar import, on the same subject, and of course the publication of all would be superfluous. On looking over the heaps of communications, on all sorts of subjects, still on hand, we can only regret that the Rural is so small, and that many of them can never be published. Among them we find some inquiries still unanswered; though we have endeavored to keep "up to time" in this important department, it has been impossible. This explanation is due correspondents,—and we are sure that, if those whose articles have not appeared, or whose inquiries yet await attention, could only know how faithfully we have labored, they would acquit us most cheerfully. As to anonymous articles and inquiries, we do not consider ourselves under any obligation to give them the least attention; hence they are not reckoned in this account.

—During the year we have probably written hundreds of letters in answer to inquiries, yet could not attend to all who asked such attention—for want of time or proper information.

Small Farms in Western New York.—In a notice two or three weeks ago, we spoke of the demand for small farms, well located, in this section of the Union, and quoted from two recent letters of inquiry. The object of *this* paragraph is to say that—if the letters received during the past two weeks are reliable—there *are* quite a number of very excellent farms for sale in various desirable localities of Western New York. Indeed, we believe we could now suit the most fastidious applicant, and have excellent material for opening an agency for the sale of tip-top, well-located farms. But such is not our desire; and our principal object, now, is to say to those who have written us relative to the inquiry of the gentleman whose address was not given, that their letters will be forwarded to him during the present week (at our expense,) and that those who wish to communicate with the other inquirer should address him direct. We cannot undertake to *publish* what has been sent us, as that would vastly exceed our ideas of the limits of propriety in the way of free advertising. As we cannot consistently answer *all*, we will allude to none particularly. Those who wish to advertise can do so, but we solicit nothing in that line.

—Since the above was written we have received several advertisements of farms.

Advertising in the Rural New-Yorker.—We are in frequent receipt of letters speaking of the advantages of advertising in the Rural, but rarely allude to or quote from them for the reason that we have no occasion to solicit patronage in that line. A letter just received from Messrs. Hedges, Free, & Co., of Cincinnati, says:—"We meet with such prompt and gratifying responses through your journal that we are induced to try our Farm Bells. Yours is one of the papers in which we *are sure to have a liberal return*, especially when advertisements are of a character to prove interesting to the better class of farmers." Yes, "the better class of farmers" and horticulturists, as well as thousands of the better class of business and professional men in villages and cities, take and read the Rural New-Yorker.

Cotton in Illinois.—According to the *Prairie Farmer*, Illinois is getting to be a cotton State. The editor remarks:—"McLean county grows. The Illinois Central Railroad are doing a heavy freighting business with it, and now old Sangamon asserts her belief in cotton." A Springfield paper (*The Independent*) says: "Mr. Allen, the jailor of this county, received a cotton seed from Washington last spring, which he planted, and from the stock grown raised four very large and fully developed bolls of cotton! The boll presented to us has four very long lobes, which, when blown out, form a circumference of about six inches. Indeed, we never saw a finer boll grown of Edisto or Sea Island. This result justifies our opinion as to the process of acclimation. The seed came from as far north as Washington, was planted here in the middle of May, and yet matured before the average season of frost.

How to File the Rural.—Those of our subscribers who wish to file the Rural easily, and keep it for convenient reference, before binding, are advised that H. H. Palmer, of Worcester, Mass., is the patentee and manufacturer of a capital *Portfolio Paper File.* It is just the thing for those who wish to preserve the Rural in good shape and safely. We have had one in use for several months, for our office file, and find it a great convenience. The manufacturer furnishes all sizes, from octavo to the largest folio. For sale in Rochester by Adams & Dabney, and, we presume, by booksellers in the principal cities and villages throughout the country.

Agricultural Department of the Patent-Office.—The *Prairie Farmer* says Chas. B. Calvert, President of the Maryland State Agricultural Society, has been appointed Chief Clerk of the Agricultural Department of the Patent-Office. We know not but that this statement is correct, we had supposed, however, that the agricultural clerkship was to be abandoned for the present.

Corn Husking.—We learn from E. N. Thomas, Esq., of Ross, N. Y., that Mr. Almon Harper of that town, lately husked 60½ bushels of corn from the stook, and bound and set up the stalks, in 8 hours. There are various prices paid for husking—from 3 to 4 cts. per bushel.

To Water Door-Yard Fowls, fill a bottle with water and place it bottom up through a hole in a board, so that its nose shall be inserted into a saucer, or any shallow, open vessel. As the ducks exhaust the water from the shallow vessel, the bottle will pay out new supplies. So saith the Tribune.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER FOR 1860.

It affords us great pleasure to announce to its earnest and influential friends all over the land, that the Rural New-Yorker never closed a year and volume under more favorable auspices than the present is terminating,—and that we never had such substantial encouragement for the future. This, we are confident, must prove most gratifying to the ardent friends and supporters of the Rural and its objects, for they will naturally rejoice in the success and prospects of a journal whose usefulness and vitality depend, in a great degree, upon the prosperity and progress of the Rural Population. In the future as in the past, our aim will be to appreciate and merit the large measure of confidence and support accorded to this journal, by rendering it "an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates."

—Within the past week we have received many very complimentary and encouraging letters from near and distant parts of the Union and the Canadas, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick—from the East, the South, the West, and the North—letters assuring us that the Rural is a welcome and highly prized visitor in homes thousands of miles separated, and with people in varied climates, living under different governments, and holding antagonistic religious and political tenets. We might fill a page with extracts from these friendly and most appreciative epistles, but will only quote from a few, as indicative of the general sentiments expressed.

In a recent letter, asking for specimens, show-bill, &c., a former subscriber writes—"I stopped the Rural last Dec., and subscribed for the *Ledger*. I am disgusted with that paper, and can't do without the Rural hereafter. I have resolved not only to subscribe again, but to get as many of my neighbors to join me in taking the Rural as I can induce to do a good thing."

Under date of "Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 7," a gentleman to whom we recently forwarded a quarter's numbers of the Rural, writes:—"Your specimen copies came duly to hand, and to say that I am highly pleased would but ill express my admiration of your paper. I will subscribe for the next volume, and hope to have the pleasure of sending you other names also. It is the *best paper*, taken in every sense, I have ever seen."

The People's Paper.—One of our best correspondents—a lady of Cayuga Co., N. Y.—says in a letter just received—"I wish you could hear the *praises* of the Rural as *sung* in this part of the country. Ask people what they think of it, and the answer always is, 'It is the best Agricultural paper published.' And what is the reason? Simply this: it has something about everything. There is nothing you wish to know but may be found in it; and if you have a question to ask, you do not receive for an answer that 'no more correspondence or inquiries are desired.' It is the *People's Paper*, and long may it flourish, as now, in this our 'Empire State.'"

The Rural in the West.—In most of the Western States and Territories the Rural has a large and increasing circulation. Hundreds of New-Yorkers who have settled in the West of late years have introduced the paper to notice and support among their new friends and neighbors—and in this way the Rural has become known and loved by thousands of families throughout the rich valleys and prairies of the truly great and growing West. As a sample of letters recently received from some of these long-time and ardent friends, we copy the following from a correspondent and influential voluntary agent in Illinois:

"Friend Moore:—Twelve years ago while you was scattering the *Genesee Farmer*, I became one of your readers and a learner from you. Since that time I have for ten years been the weekly recipient of your labor and thought. Twelve years ago I was a boy—I got 40 subscribers for the *Genesee Farmer* one year, before I was 20 years of age. Eight years ago I commenced for you. I felt to do what I did do, and did what I felt, and I have worked ever since. I have got you subscribers in N. York, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa. I am glad. I feel that the Rural is such an Educator as the people, the agricultural population of our country, needs. They need a paper to teach them or impart taste in regard to reading; they generally read little—are tired, and should read what they ought to think. Such reading you furnish. A farmer said to me yesterday, 'I guess I will take the Rural. I have taken the *Ledger* a couple of years, and can tell when I begin a piece just about what it will amount to—there is such a sameness.' Their cheapness throws thousands of copies of the 'Dollar Paper' and 'Dollar Times' into the very families where they ought not to go—families where but one paper is taken, and they have neither judgment or discrimination in regard to the paper they should have. For this reason I have wished the Rural could be furnished for one dollar a year to be even with them;—but the same reasons, followed out, would lead to wishing it was published for nothing and circulated gratis; and, by the way, what would it cost to send it for nothing?"

"Rural" Progress in Canada.—We are daily receiving the most gratifying indications of large accessions to our subscription list in Canada. In several places the names already received for next volume are double those now on our books. A letter just received from an active and earnest friend of the Rural residing in a prominent town of Canada West, reports decided progress. As the result of two days canvassing he reports the signatures of *seventy* subscribers—including 17 who never took the Rural, and 14 who were formerly subscribers but felt "too poor" last fall to invest for 1859. Our friend adds:

"It is quite amusing to me, and I doubt not would be equally gratifying and perhaps flattering to you, to hear the opinions, all uniform in sentiment but various in form and humor, concerning the Rural. I say flattering, because it might well be so to hear your name, as I have heard it within the last week, used in connection with the greatest in modern times among the literary and scientific benefactors of the world. One who was *too poor* to take the Rural for 1859, says—'I want it for 1860, and never mean to do without it again, for I believe there is not a man in Canada *too poor* to take it if he or his children can read, and none so wealthy or intelligent that they can *afford* to do without it.' Another says—'Of course I will renew; one recipe alone in it has been worth $50 to me.' Another, who tried to *economize* this last year, says—'Don't forget to put me in for the Rural for 1860. I will try to economize in some other shape, and besides that I want it *to keep peace in the family*, for they have kept me in a sweat ever since I dropped it last year.' Another 'would not do without it for $10.' Another, 'the best investment I ever made.' Another says—'Yes, you may always count on me as one of the Rural club. The only mystery about it that I want solved is how in creation he (Moore) or any other man can afford such a paper for that price; and you may assure Mr Moore that I only regret I am unable to send him $10 for it, instead of the paltry club price, $1,38.' Another 'couldn't keep house without it.' Others will drop all other papers to keep or take the Rural, and I might continue to the bottom of my page with similar expressions of appreciation and good will towards you and the Rural; but these and the like I suppose are every day, or too common to be of much interest to you. But here is one with which I will close, which I am sure you are not wholly proof against." [We *must* omit *that*, friend B., for though the editor of the Rural *may* be "a remarkable man" and "accomplishing a *great* work," we don't think he is quite equal to Humboldt, Prescott, Irving, and the other worthies. As you suggest, however, we make a very lengthy bow.] "In proof of the gentleman's sincerity he not only subscribed himself, but told me to put down the name of another person present who had no knowledge of the paper, and declined joining the club. 'Put down his name,' said he, 'and when you want the funds call on me, for I want him to try it one year, and every other decent man in the County.'"

A Georgia subscriber says he can't get his neighbors to subscribe for the Rural, as they think it must be an abolition paper because it is published at the North. but adds that, in reading it five years, he "has been unable to discover any favoritism toward any party or section of the Union."

HORTICULTURAL.

LAST WORDS FOR 1859.

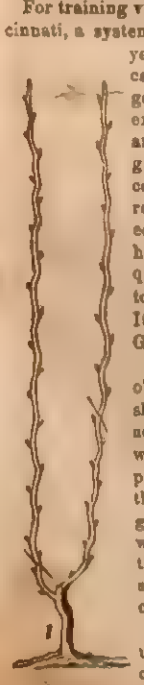
One more number completes the present volume of the RURAL, but, horticulturally, it is finished with the present number, for the complete and carefully prepared index, title page, &c, so valuable to those who preserve their papers and bind them for future reference and reading, will prevent us from occupying any space in the closing paper of the year. We have not, however, left much to be said at the end of the year, preferring to do up our work promptly, and as well as we are able, every week. Of the manner in which this has been done, we leave our readers to judge, simply claiming an honest intention to serve our readers, to advance the interests of horticulture, to spread and increase knowledge and taste, the love of the beautiful and the true. In this delightful work we hope ever to labor, until our country houses shall truly become rural homes, until the lily shall spring up where once grew the thorn and the briar; waste hearts as well as waste places be made glad, and the deserts blossom as the rose.—We have endeavored to make all our teaching as plain and practical as possible, avoiding all scientific and technical terms, where not absolutely necessary. We have tried to convey valuable information in a manner that could not be misunderstood. We have labored to teach the learner facts and modes of culture—important principles—essential to success, and have ever avoided nice points more curious than useful. No journal has labored more zealously or more honestly in the Field of Horticultural Literature the past year than the RURAL. Occasionally some of our remarks may have been thought severe, but we think not more so than necessary to expose and check fraud and deception, and save our readers from becoming the dupes of the dishonest and designing, or the self-deceived. Truly can we say we have set down naught in malice, for we have no private interest to serve—the good of our readers is our only object and aim.

The past, however, is before our readers. For the future we have only to say that we shall be unceasing in our efforts to make this Department of the RURAL equal, if not superior to anything in the country as the Amateur's Guide and the Horticulturist's Assistant. With our immense circulation, WEEKLY, we are doing a work for the Horticulture of the Country, unequaled by any other journal; and, we think, therefore, we have a claim upon the kind offices of all lovers of Fruits and Flowers, and with confidence call upon all disciples of FLORA and POMONA to aid us in extending the circulation and influence of a work so well calculated for good, as it is at once a HAND-BOOK for the FARM, the GARDEN, the ORCHARD, and the KITCHEN; a COMPANION for the FIRE-SIDE and the PARLOR.—Hoping to continue the pleasant acquaintance formed with our readers, we shall enter upon the New Year with fresh zeal, and talk more fluently than ever of foliage, fruits and flowers.

PRUNING AND TRAINING THE VINE—No. II.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I am constantly receiving so many letters making inquiries as to the different modes of cultivating and pruning the Vine, that satisfactory answers to each is altogether out of the question, even should I devote all my time to this work. If, therefore, you will, in addition to what was published in the RURAL of the 3d instant, allow me a brief space to explain the *Ohio, or bow system*, the facts presented I have no doubt will be useful to your many thousands of readers, and particulary so to that large and rapidly increasing class of the community who are turning their attention to the culture of the grape.

For training vines in the vineyards around Cincinnati, a system has been in practice for many years, with no very essential modification, and is now, by managers of good judgment and most extensive experience, thought to be judicious and particularly suited to the growth of Catawba vines. But a common opinion prevails, that more room than has generally been allowed, will be very advantageous to the health of the vines, and also to the quality of the vintage. I shall recur to this after explaining the system. It is generally known as the "Ohio German System," or "*bow system.*"



After one good shoot has been obtained, two shoots are grown, as shown in Fig. 1. An oblique line across above the eighth bud shows where one of the two shoots is to be pruned to furnish the "bow." If the vine is very strong, a bow of greater length may be taken; if weak, less. An oblique line near the base of the left hand shoot shows the cut to make the "spur" or "point."

On this spur three buds are usually left after the vine has become fully established; but the first season, as shown in figure, it should have only two.

Fig. 2 shows the same vine after pruning, and the long cane standing which is to form the bow, and also the *same* forming the spur. On the left is seen the spur, and three lines from z, pointing to three buds on the spur, that are to make three upright shoots. These upright shoots will each bear three bunches. This is shown at Fig. 3. At the time of pruning, the bow is entirely cut away, and also one of the three shoots, and that generally the weakest. The strongest is cut above the eighth or tenth bud for the bow, as the case may be, and the remaining one above the third bud for the spur, with which proceed as before and reproduce Fig. 1, for this is the system in full operation.

The upright shoots are suffered to grow to the height of the stake, and are then carried horizontally to the next stake. For distinctness the upright shoots are shown in engraving with only one tie, but several are required as the vine grows during the season.

This system appears to be faulty, chiefly in not giving any support to the shoots that spring from the bow, leaving them liable to damage by the wind, and not effecting equal distribution of leaves or fruit, both of which fall together in irregular masses, and the fruit is often deprived of its bloom, which impairs its beauty and flavor.

Besides picking out the laterals, as before directed, shoots that grow from the bow must be stopped, and the general practice is to leave but three leaves beyond the last bunch of fruit. If the vine is very vigorous after the first stopping, it will again shoot with great strength, and must again be stopped, and even a third time, always at one leaf beyond the previous stopping. No stopping is generally required after the last of August.

It has been thought, and I believe justly, that the single bow system imposes too much restraint upon such thrifty growers as the Catawba. This may be easily obviated by growing the vines on a trellis, for which plan a German method is shown by fig. 4, and it amounts to pretty nearly the same as the double Thomery system. For the double bow system, see representation, fig. 6. One year more of time is required to bring the vine into full system than by the single bow plan, but little or no delay in fruiting, for the upright shoots will have a considerable crop the year before the bows are made.

To prepare for this method, see fig. 1. Instead of leaving one long shoot for a cane from which to make a bow, cut both sides at two buds, as seen on the left, and from these grow two shoots on each side, and at pruning next season cut off each pair one to three buds for the spur from which to grow three upright shoots, and one to eight or ten buds to form the bow. At F and F is shown where the bows are to be cut away at pruning, and from each of the three upright shoots one is to be entirely cut away; one cut and three eyes for a spur, and one to eight or ten buds for the bow.

Across, in the line O, and attached to the upright stakes, may be placed a rod to which the ends of the bearing shoots may be secured, which will be of great advantage to the fruit and vine.

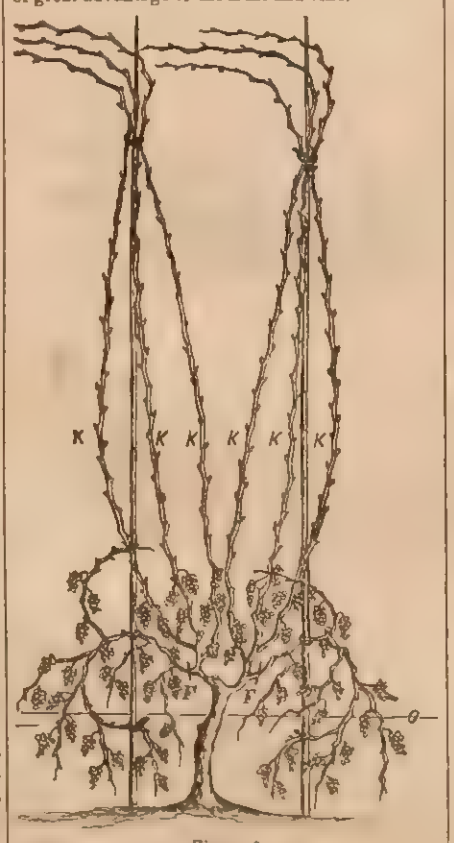


Figure 6.

Fig. 4, scarcely needs explanation to one who has become acquainted with the Thomery plan. Two bearing shoots are taken from near the arms, and as soon as long enough they are secured to the wire above, and the upper shoots for the lower system are fastened at the upper ends to the wire that supports the arms of the upper system. This plan is a very good one, and equal to any double system for simplicity. At fig. 5 is shown a plan which is admirable for its simplicity, but seriously objectionable—too much perpendicular length of each standard covered with bearing wood. Five courses of bearing shoots spring from each side of four sub-standards, one of which is shown with its three bunches on second wire. The objection to this is, that the tendency of strength upward is so great that the lower bearing shoots will, soon after the upper ones begin to bear, cease to ripen their wood, and consequently the lower portions of them will become naked. That objection is obviated in plan shown, fig. 4. A great variety of renewal systems have from time to time been proposed, but generally not by practical men. The systems recommended have all been tested by long experience.

CHAS. W. GRANT.

Iona, near Peekskill, N. Y., Dec., 1859.

REMARKS.—Our readers will receive much instruction as well as pleasure from studying the different systems of pruning and training the vine, but the wire trellis plan is the simplest and best every way.

Inquiries and Answers.

WITHERED PEACHES.—I have a large orchard of peach trees, and last season, some of the fruit, on a portion of the trees, dried up before ripe, and are now sticking on the trees Can you inform me the reason? The soil is a rich sandy loam.—C. C. COOLEY, *Manchester, Adams Co., O.*, 1859.

THE trees were undoubtedly diseased, or weakened from some cause, and therefore unable to perfect the fruit. When a tree is not too badly affected, the fruit will prematurely ripen, but in severe cases, the growth is stopped, and the fruit withers and dies. Perhaps, by examining your trees, you will be able to ascertain the cause, and, if controllable, apply a remedy, otherwise they may follow the fruit.

GRAPES FOR A COLD HOUSE.—Will some of your contributors inform me what grapes are best adapted to a cold grapery, and also what age the vines ought to be when transplanted in such a house?—T. HARRIS, *Kalamazoo, Mich., Dec.*, 1859.

GOOD strong plants one year old are the best, and can be procured at most of the nurseries. The following varieties are desirable:—Wilmot's Black Hamburgh, Grizzly Frontignan, Pitmaston White Cluster, Sweetwater, Zinfindal, Royal Muscadine, Black Prince, Syrian, Black Hamburgh, Black Frontignan, White Frontignan, Decons Superb.

A common coal stove is of great advantage in a cold vinery in our cold and changeable climate, and is little trouble and little expense. We frequently find in Spring after the vines have started their growth, that we are liable to have a succession of cold, stormy days, sometimes lasting nearly a week, which affects the vines, and sometimes proves detrimental, unless some counter agent is employed to exclude the cold and damp. The same also is the case in the Fall. It may not be necessary to kindle a fire more than two or three times during the whole season. In the autumn, too, a little fire is of great advantage in *keeping* the grapes, as in cold, damp weather they will rot quickly after becoming ripe, unless a little heat is given to dry them off. We do not say that a stove is necessary, but we do say that its use is very convenient, and profitable. By the aid of the stove, the following varieties may be ripened in addition to the list above: Bowood Muscat, new, Golden Hamburg, Cannon Hall Muscat, Muscat of Alexandria, West's St. Peters.

FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY OF WESTERN NEW YORK.—The *Annual Meeting* of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York will be held at the Court House, Rochester, on Wednesday, the 4th day of January, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. The officers for the coming year will be elected, and questions of interest to the Fruit Growers of the country discussed. A show of winter fruit will also be made, and members are requested to bring specimens for exhibition. These winter meetings are both interesting and profitable, and are well attended by the most intelligent Fruit Growers in this section of the State.

FRUIT GROWERS' ASSOCIATION OF OREGON.—The last number of the *Oregon Farmer* gives an account of the Second Annual Meeting of the Oregon Fruit Growers' Association, which was held at Salem, October 5th and 6th. The *Farmer* says the display of fruit was universally conceded to be very fine and very extensive, though neither the attendance or display was as large as it would have been, but for the great rush to get off the large crop of fall fruit.

THE HORTICULTURIST.—The December number of the *Horticulturist* contains a card from JNO. JAY SMITH, stating that his connection with that journal as its editor had ceased. The publisher, in noticing the fact, speaks of the advance in Horticulture since the commencement of the *Horticulturist*, the valuable contributions it is still to receive from the "active minds of the country," &c., but says not one word about a new editor, so we judge it is not to have one.

KEOKUK (IOWA) HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—Such a Society has been organized in that city, and officers elected to serve until the first annual meeting, to be held the first Thursday in February, 1860. The following are the officers elected November 17th:—*President*—A. BRIDGMAN. *Vice-President*—W. W. Belknap. *Secretary*—J. L. Tewksbury. *Treasurer*—S. A. Duke. Another meeting is to be held on the 8th of December next, at 2 o'clock P. M.

THE PINNEO, OR BOSTON PEAR.

QUITE a controversy is going on in some of the Eastern papers in regard to the *Pinneo*, or *Boston Pear*. This pear, it appears, originated in Eastern Connecticut about a hundred years ago, on the farm of Deacon PINNEO, and was somewhat extensively cultivated in that State. More or less of the fruit for many years has been sent to the Boston market by the Connecticut growers. In 1847 Dr. RUSSELL described it in the *Albany Cultivator*, as the *Pinneo*, the name by which it is generally known in the section where most grown. Mr. HOVEY says he first saw it in Boston about twenty years ago, where it was being sold as the Virgalieu, and in 1847 procured scions from Connecticut, propagated trees, exhibited the fruit, and named it the *Boston* pear. It seems that Mr. HOVEY gave no information as to its origin, although he must have learned the facts when procuring scions, but exhibited it at the shows of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society as "a new native pear," and in 1850 received for it a premium of $6. In 1854 a gratuity of $20 was awarded "to HOVEY & Co., for *their* new native pear," though from a report of a committee afterwards appointed to examine into the justice and regularity of this award, it seems that it was done by a minority of the committee, and at the urgent solicitation of interested parties, and a vote of censure was accordingly recommended and passed. This vote, after remaining on record some time, was ordered to be rescinded.

The trees of this celebrated *Boston* pear were advertised and sold at $5 each, but when they began to produce fruit it was ascertained by growers in Connecticut to be the same as their *Pinneo*, and they objected to the change of its name. The subject was discussed at the last meeting of the *American Pomological Society*, and it was resolved that hereafter it should be known by its original name, the *Pinneo*, and under that name was recommended as promising well. This is the highest Pomological authority in the country, and its decisions should be respected, at least by its own members, but this decision Mr. HOVEY treats with contempt, and this season has, it is stated, placed the *Pinneo* pear upon the tables of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, labelled with his own hand, "Boston."

In consequence of complaints made in several journals, charging the Society with complicity in this matter of puffing an old fruit as a "new native pear," a committee was appointed to investigate the charge, and report to the Society. The following is the main part of the report:

Your Committee have carefully investigated the records of the Mass. Hort. Society, and are enabled to declare in the most positive manner that this Society was not in any way instrumental in introducing and endeavoring to palm off the fruit in question as "a new native pear," or in concealing its origin, or in claiming the credit of originating it, or in changing its name from Pinneo to Boston; and are in no wise responsible, and ought not to be held up to public odium for the acts of an individual member.

That with respect to the repeated awards of premiums as alleged, this Society acted in accordance with what were supposed to be the facts in the case, and *fully believed the fruit to be a new native pear introduced by Mr. C. M. Hovey.*

That so far from colluding with any person or persons by misrepresenting the facts of the case and thus misleading the public, this Society has held to the course of honor and honesty, and by the vote of its delegation in the last Convention of the American Pomological Society (unanimous with the single exception of Mr. C. M. Hovey) pronounced in favor of the true and original name of the *Pinneo*, which vote your Committee have every reason to believe is fully endorsed by the Society, and approved by all the friends of justice and fair dealing to whom the facts of the case are known.

In view of this whole transaction—of the obloquy which has been cast upon this Society for doings unauthorized by its action and beyond its control, and to guard against a repetition of a like occurrence, your Committee recommend the passage of the following votes:

Voted, That no person has any right to name or rename a fruit which he does not originate, unless with the knowledge and consent of the originator or proprietor, and with the knowledge, counsel, and consent of a majority of all the persons who cultivate it; or by a vote of the nearest Horticultural or Pomological Society that shall have been put in possession of all the facts known to the person or persons wishing to have the name so changed.

Voted, That the 31st section of the By-Laws of this Society be so amended as to provide that any member who shall knowingly change the name of any fruit already properly introduced or known, and exhibit the same for premium in violation of the spirit and meaning of the preceding vote, shall be deemed guilty of a gross breach of good faith towards the Society and the community, and shall be forthwith expelled from the Society.

SAMUEL WALKER,
GEO W. PRATT,
JOSEPH S. CABOT,
MARSHALL P. WILDER,
B. V. FRENCH,
} Committee.

The report was rejected after a warm discussion, by the casting vote of the President. The Secretary, as usual, had entered the Report upon his record, as a part of the proceedings of the meeting, with the vote upon it; but its rejection, it seems, did not satisfy those who were disposed to smother the truth, and it was voted that "this report not having been accepted, and it being the opinion of the Society that no report should be recorded until accepted, the record of this report is hereby cancelled." This looks wonderfully like small business, and while we have no personal interest or feeling in the matter, we love upright, fair dealing and despise everything like deception, whether in societies or individuals.

A DESTRUCTIVE GRUB.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In the RURAL, some time since, I noticed a description of the Apple Tree Borer, which is decidedly a hard enemy to contend with. Your description, I think, varies from the grub which infests the trees here, both fruit and forest trees. The grub most injurious here is about three-quarters of an inch long, slender, flat body, jointed, with a large, flat head, which it seems to work from side to side, when ascending. You will readily perceive their work, as the bark turns dark and dents to the wood. I have traced them with a sharp knife from twelve to eighteen inches before finding the grub. In the maple trees, transplanted from the forest, I have found them, in my Mountain Ash and Horse Chestnut.

Why is it that trees brought from the Rochester nurseries are so much more infested with the borer than trees of our own raising? I have scarcely had a tree from Rochester escape them, while my seedlings are rarely attacked. My orchard soil is a sandy loam, under a very good state of cultivation.—SUBSCRIBER, *Kent County, Mich., Dec.*, 1859.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

COLORING RECIPES, MOTHER'S PUDDING, &c.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I saw in your paper a few weeks since an inquiry to this effect:—"How can woolen goods be colored drab or stone color, so that they will not fade?" I send you a recipe, and if you see fit to publish it, I think it will answer completely the question proposed.

RECIPE.—Take half a bushel of white oak bark, boil in an iron kettle a sufficient length of time to extract the strength from the bark, strain and add to the fluid two tablespoonfuls of copperas, or a sufficient quantity to set the color. Boil five minutes. This will color woolen or cotton goods.

TO COLOR CHILDREN'S FLANNEL OR SILKS PURPLE.—Take one ounce of cudbear to a pound of flannel. Boil the cudbear in rain water, in a brass kettle, five minutes. Wet the flannel in soap suds and put it in the dye. Keep stirring until it has boiled five minutes—hang it in the shade to dry. Freezing will not hurt it.

MOTHER'S PUDDING.—Five eggs; 1 quart sweet milk; 3 teacupfuls of flour and a little salt; beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth; beat the yolks in flour after, adding a teacupful of milk; to the batter add a quart of milk; and, lastly, add the whites. Beat well, and bake thirty minutes. Trim to suit the taste.

ELDERBERRY WINE.—To one quart of the juice put three pounds of sugar, and add water sufficient to make a gallon. After fermenting with a little yeast, and it has become clear, bottle it.

Farmer, Sen. Co., N. Y., 1859. MAGGIE.

CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.—I saw in one of your papers some time since, a request from a Michigan correspondent, as to what was good for chilblains. Having waited some time to hear those who had anything to offer, a lady correspondent has recommended suet skins as excellent. Now, as I have been troubled all my life with chilblains, and have tried suet skins and every other prescription I could hear of for fifty years, without being benfited, I will give, for the benefit of all whom it may concern, my remedy, which is this:—Good camphor, say 2 oz. of gum to one pint of good alcohol; keep the feet clean by washing in hot water, the hotter the better; then moisten the feet well with the camphor, by putting it into the hand and rubbing it well over the affected parts, and dry it in by a warm fire.

While my hand is in I will give you another recipe equally as good as the other: 1 pt. alcohol; 2 oz. aqua ammonia; 2 oz. spirits turpentine; all put into a bottle together. Apply the same as the other. This is only the third winter since I have been able to wear boots the size of my feet, on account of chilblains. Now I am cured.—MOSES HARTWELL, *Yatesville, Yates Co., N. Y.*

SIMPLE CURE FOR CROUP.—We find in the *Journal of Health*, the following simple remedy for this dangerous disease. Those who have passed nights of agony at the bedside of loved children, will treasure it up as a valuable piece of information:—If a child is taken with croup, apply cold water—ice-water if possible—suddenly and freely to the neck and chest with a sponge. The breathing will instantly be relieved. Soon as possible let the sufferer drink as much as it can, then wipe it dry, cover it up warm, and soon a quiet slumber will relieve the parent's anxiety, and lead the heart in thankfulness to the Power which has given to the pure gushing fountain such medical qualities.

ANSWER TO "MOLLY."—If I had MOLLY'S dress to deal with, I should boil a half pint of flax seed in a quart of water, dissolve a little glue, and strain both into some strong suds, made of bar soap and cold rain water, then immerse the silk and handle it briskly a few minutes so as to raise a good lather from the soap, and hang up without wringing. When two-thirds dry iron on the wrong side, passing the iron quickly and but *once* over any part of the silk.—MRS. NICK, *Morgan Co., O.*

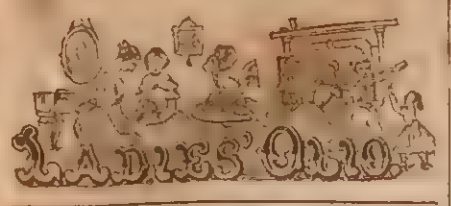
INQUIRIES.—Will M. F. W. tell us how much water to use to *whiten* 100 *pounds* lard? Also, whether the lard is to be boiled after it is rendered, or is the water to be put into the lard and boiled away during the process of rendering? How much potash will it require to make the *lye* the proper strength? Will some of the RURAL'S correspondents give a recipe for making vinegar from any other source, save from cider?—JOHN, *Norwich, Conn., Nov.*, 1859.

MAKING SAUSAGES.—As the time has arrived for making sausages, I would like to have the following recipe inserted in the RURAL. It is one we, in this neighborhood, have tried for several years:—Forty pounds of meat; one pound of salt; three oz. pepper; half pint of sage, pulverized. Some add a little summer savory.—A. WILLSON, *Marcellus, Onon. Co., N. Y.*, 1859.

POTATO BREAD.—Boil and peel a dozen mealy potatoes, rub them through a sieve, mix them thoroughly with twice the quantity of flour or meal, add sufficient water to make a dough of the ordinary consistence, ferment in the usual way with hop or potato yeast, and bake in a rather hot oven.

CRYSTALLIZING GRASSES DIFFERENT COLORS.—Having observed the process of crystallizing grasses in the columns of the RURAL, I wish to inquire the best process of crystallizing them various colors.—J. C. F., *Westville, Conn., Dec.* 1859.

COLORING FLANNEL RED.—Desiring a recipe for coloring flannel *red*, and cotton *green*, I apply to your valuable paper for the information.—JENNIE, *Wells, Vt.*, 1859.



"I ALWAYS COVERED MOTHER."

[The following incident has been made the theme of the beautiful song, which is subjoined, from the pen of the poet Webb:—"A young lady had taken the sole care of her mother during a long and painful illness. After her mother's death, she performed the last duties previous to interment with mechanical precision, and without shedding a tear. Her first words were spoken at the grave, when the sexton had raised his spade to throw earth upon the coffin. "Nay," cried Katie, arresting his arm and showering a lapful of flowers into the grave, "I always covered mother up, and she used to say I did it so gently." There were few on the ground but wept:]

I have always covered mother
Since the pain came to her brow,
And she said I did it gently—
None else shall do it now.

I have always smoothed her pillow,
And drawn the curtain fold;
And I'll not forget thee now, mother,
When thy limbs are all so cold.

'Neath the willows, deep and narrow,
They have made thy bed I know,
But they shall not soil thy robes, mother,
With the damp earth-mould below.

See, I've plucked some wild flowers, mother,
And I'll strew them on thy breast;
But the buds shall fall so gently
That they may not break thy rest.

I'd bring the brighter flowers, mother,
But the roses fled with June,
And the daises and anemones
Went with the sweet May moon

But the buds fell from the stem, mother,
To be caught by hands on high—
Now they blossom in God's garden—
Pale lilies of the sky.

And 'tis thus with souls like thine, mother,
For they pass from life to love;
And they leave this dark earth-garden
For the golden walks above.

Oh, the sweet star-lilies blossom
Where no hand may pluck them down,
Or I'd weave, to grace thy brow, mother,
A purer, fairer crown.

But the angel's wings are free, mother,
And you can wander there,
Where the flowers are blooming ever
With a fragrance like to prayer.

Now the counterpane is spread, mother,
You'll wake to morning light—
God's hand has drawn the curtain.
So, mother, sweet, good night!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE COTTAGE AND THE MANSION.

Of Cottages and Mansions we all have often heard, and possess some knowledge of the splendor and regal magnificence of the one, and the homelike beauty of the other. Though peace and contentment *may* dwell in the Mansion as well as the Cottage, yet this is the exception and not the rule. Follow me, reader. In the city of B. stands a stately mansion,—wealth and magnificence reign around, and the heart of its proud owner is as cold and formal as the marble columns that adorn its freestone front. So icy is the atmosphere that pervades the mansion grounds, that it freezes the flowers until they dare not lift their rosy cups to receive the rays even of the noonday sun, and they hide their perfume in their heart's secret urn until the mansion occupants have passed by, and then give it to the wooing breezes or the beggar-child who pauses by the garden paling. And if, perchance, a woodland songster strays so far from home as to enter the rich man's garden to purloin a tempting cherry, he hushes his warblings as he nears the proud mansion, for instinct teaches him that happiness reigns not where all so studied and so stately is; and the love-music that gushes from his throat might not accord with the selfish hearts around. And the song-bird in the mansion sorrows in his gilded cage, and pines for freedom and a humbler home. Thus as even the glad things of Nature feel the chilling influence of wealth and selfishness; so the inmates of the mansion, wrapped in this world's pleasures, pursuing the labyrinthine path to earthly honor and glory, feel not the heavenly peace and happiness of the soul that knows that "in his Father's house are many mansions," in glory and splendor, excelling all Earth's crumbling palaces.

But listen—there's music—let us advance. Ah! we have it now. There's a grand festival given to introduce the heiress "Some one" to "Mr. Somebody" just arrived from "Somewhere." Youth, folly and fashion meet to "chase the glowing hours with flying feet," and in this giddy whirl they circle to the grave. The children of the mansion read of the beautiful country, of trees and sunshine, and wonder if it *can* be more beautiful than the Park. The rich miser, the mansion's owner, has gained his wealth by fraud, deceit and robbery, by crushing to the earth his brother, and by reaping where others have sowed and toiled.—The multiplication table is his "Creed, his Pater Noster and his Decalogue," and he bows to "no idols but his money bags." His heart is shriveled within him, and the mendicant eyes with scorn and derision the nabob who, but yesterday was poverty's child, robed not in ermine as now, calling not a palace his home but clad in rags, and occupying not a mansion but a cottage. Yet, when life's taper flickers and dies, he will be ushered from the world with pageantry and show, amidst the false laments of those professing to be friends. He lives unloved, he will die unwept.—But, let us turn from the mansion and its unhappy inmates, and tarry by a more congenial fireside.

Ah! here is a snug little Cottage on the hill side. A noble river makes music as it glides through the rural vale. Sweet flowers adorn the door-yard and lend their fragrance to the passer-by. Wildwood blossoms unfold in the morning sunbeams here, and forest songsters with glad freedom carol their matin and vesper midst the woodbine boughs that clamber o'er the cottage roof. The mowers are in the hay-field yonder, securing summer's wealth to store for winter's use. The cheerful cow-bell, made mellow by the distance, awakens the music of contentment in the heart, as it "tolls the steps of the tripping hours, and sounds the notes of rural bliss." But happy voices within, and the busy hum of the spinning-wheel tempt us to enter, for surely happiness with love must mingle where industry smiles o'er all.—We are unseen visitants and do not interrupt the various occupations of those within, nor the cheerful song they are singing. 'Tis pleasant to be poor, for they know that though they inhabit a Cottage here, they will be received with as much splendor in heaven, if there they have stored their treasures, as though they came from a mansion on earth. The children here have ample room to frolic and sport, and are up in the morning to see the sunrise, not from behind brick walls and clouds of dust, but in the crimsoned eastern sky.

With such a picture drawn, with such a contrast, who would exchange his Cottage, his contentment and pleasure, for a mansion, with luxury and discontent! For though the elegant abodes in which our country abounds, may add some of the fairest ornaments and sweetest attractions to our charming landscapes, still these external attractions differ materially from moral loveliness and internal beauty; for there are a thousand unpretending joys in the cottage, where Jesus presides, far excelling those of the royal edifice where the Savior is not; and it matters not how rural the cot, or how sequestered its site if there be happiness, holiness and peace within its walls. Then give *me* a home in a snug little cottage where though other sheaves bow not to mine, I may, more blest than kings, bask ever in a Savior's smile; and, when this earthly tabernacle I forsake, who will ask whether in a lonely cottage or a splendid mansion I was reared; or whether in some Thessalian vale I dwelt, 'mid beauties peerless to the eye, or in some green and sunny spot, where Nature's works arose in majestic grandeur and striking sublimity.

J. M. S.

Portland, Mich., 1859.

WOMEN AND LITERATURE.

The literature of three centuries ago is not decent to be read; we expurgate it. Within a hundred years woman has become a reader, and for that reason, as much or more than anything else, literature has sprung to a higher level. No need now to expurgate all you read. Woman, too, is now an author; and I undertake to say, that the literature of the next century will be richer than the classic epochs, for that cause. Truth is one, ere, absolute; but opinion is truth filtered through the moods, the blood, the disposition of the spectator. Man has looked at creation and given us his impression, in Greek literature, and in English, one-sided, half-way, all awry. Woman now takes her stand to give her views of God's works, and her own creation; and exactly in proportion, as woman, though equal, is eternally different from man, just in that proportion will the next century be doubly rich because we shall have both sides.

You might as well plant yourself in the desert, under the changeless gray and blue, and assert that you have seen all the wonders of God's pencil, as maintain that a Male Literature, Latin, Greek, or Asiatic, can be anything but a half-part, poor and one-sided; as well develop only muscle, shutting out sunshine and color, and starving the flesh from your angular limbs, and then advise man to scorn Titian's flesh and the Apollo, since you have exhausted manly beauty, as think to stir all the depths of music with only half the chords. The diapason of human thought was never struck, till Christian culture summoned woman into the republic of letters; and experience as well as nature tells us, "what God hath joined, let no man put asunder."—*Wendell Phillips.*

HOW VICTORIA TRAINS HER CHILDREN.

A primary regard is paid to moral and religious duties. They rise early, breakfast at eight, and dine at two. Their various occupations are allotted out with almost military exactness. One hour finds them engaged in the study of the ancient—another of the modern authors, their acquaintanceship with the languages being first founded on a thorough knowledge of their grammatical construction, and afterwards familiarized and perfected by conversation. Next they are trained in those military exercises which give dignity and bearing. Another hour is agreeably filled up with the lighter accomplishments of music and dancing. Again the happy party assemble in the riding school, where they may be seen deeply interested in the various evolutions of the *menage*. Thence,—while drawing and the further exercise of music, and the lighter accomplishments, call off the attention of their sisters—the younger Princes proceed to busily engage themselves in a carpenter's shop, fitted up expressly for them, at the wish of the Royal consort, with a turning lathe and other tools essential to a thorough knowledge of the craft. They thus early become, not only theoretically, but practically acquainted with the useful arts of life. A small laboratory is occasionally brought into requisition, at the instance also of their Royal father, and the minds of the children are thus led up from a contemplation of the curiosities of chemical science and the wonders of nature to an inquiry into their causes. This done, the young carpenters and students throw down their saws and axes, unbuckle their philosophy, and shoulder their miniature percussion-guns—which they handle with the dexterity of practiced sportsmen—for a shooting stroll through the Royal gardens. The evening meal, the preparation for the morning lessons, and brief religious instruction, close the day.—*Selected.*

Courtesy.—No woman can be a lady who would wound or mortify another. No matter how beautiful, how refined, how cultivated she may be, she is in reality coarse, and the innate vulgarity of her nature manifests itself here. Uniformly kind, courteous and polite treatment of all persons, is one mark of a true woman, and of a true man also.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE UNWEARIED SUMMONER.

By A. H. Bullock.

An Envoy, with message no one can avoid,
Comes bearing the ensigns of woe,
By whom strength and beauty are rent and destroy'd—
Embitters and poisons all blessings enjoyed—
To whom dearest treasures must go.

He comes in a ghastly and terrible form,
Beheld with a soul-thrilling awe;
Appears at all times, in the sunlight and storm,
When stern Winter is raging or Summer glows warm—
Is governed by no human law.

No place is exempt from his cruel display—
Its witnessed on ocean and land—
The halls of a nobleman fills with dismay,
The throne of no monarch proceedings can stay,
In the cot of the lowly will stand.

Now booms from the cannon, or gleams from the sword,
And then in dark silence draws nigh—
To some sends a herald like ancient proud lord,
To others approaches without sign or word,
And none from his summons can fly.

At no time is idle, by night or by day,
In missions of mourning and sighs,
Has agents in stubborn and countless array,
Can neither be flattered or bribed to delay,
And in slaughter, all tyrants outvies.

Though monster so frightful, in memory dear
We cherish the scenes of his wrath,
E'en while it wrings from us the heart-swelling tear,
We engrave on our tablets, unfading and clear,
The acts which have darkened his path.

Partiality marks his ferocious career—
Some skies oft bedimmed by his breath,
Leaves others till twilight, resplendent and clear,—
No appeal from his sentence, however severe,
For he is the Angel of Death.

His labors suspended, so heartless and rash,
And man would but seldom know fear,
The shock of an earthquake, the hurricane's crash,
The horrors of shipwreck, the swift lightning's flash,
But Nature's grand pastimes appear.

Yet why should we tremble who feel his embrace,
Or shrink from the grasp of his hand?
Our earthly abode is a bleak, dreary place,
And with the Death Angel we hasten, through grace,
To our home in a beautiful land.

Burns, N. Y., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TIME.

From old Eternity's mysterious orb
Was Time cut off, and cast beneath the skies.
[Young.

Time is but a meteor glare, which we see as it passes, and it is gone forever. We know not whence it cometh, or whither it goeth; one moment cometh and quickly passeth away, while another and another rush in to fill up the place of its predecessor. "Time," says Young, "is the stuff that life is made of," and we would do well not to waste such a precious possession. How appropriate the inscription on the dial in the temple at London, "Begone about your business." A wholesome admonition to the loiterer.

Time has wrought many changes. Nations have fallen, cities have sunken in ruin, Prince's palaces have become hovels for the poor, while Time, cruel Monster, has marked thousands upon tens of thousands with decay! What changes has he not wrought? The young have grown older, the middle aged and aged have grown old, and dropped one by one into the narrow house prepared for all living. Gray hairs are whitening the heads of millions, and the first silver hair, like a truant nymph, is sown by the hand of old Time, among our own locks. The rose tints that painted the cheek of some fair lady have been vanquished by the wrinkles of riper years, and the vigor and strength of youth is followed by tottering steps, and slow and measured tread.

Many that embarked on life's tempestuous sea with us, and enjoyed much of pleasure, happiness and joy, will meet with us no more. They have already been cut down by Time's unsparing hand, and gone to join the millions of the dead. They have launched their barks on the unfathomed and unbounded sea of Eternity. The golden moments of childhood fly quickly by, and we heed them not until it is too late, and we think "Of Time, soon past; soon lost among the shades of buried years." Time is ever making rapid strides; and should it pass as the idle wind and we heed it not? Solomon says there is a time for everything under the sun. The duration of a moment is but the swing of the pendulum, the tick of the watch; it is short, very short, and its flight is beyond our comprehension. No one has ever been able to compute the velocity with which it moves, although the Astronomer has already measured the distance to the sun, moon and stars, and told us their annual and diurnal revolutions. Would that we knew its velocity, that we might be prepared to meet it at its calling. Time is ever moving onward; it waits not for youth or old age; its pace is firm and steady; it is true to its purpose; its motto is onward; it turns aside for no one, but is ever on! on! until it reaches the vast and unbounded ocean of Eternity, and there it bathes its never-wearied limbs in its unfathomed depths. This is

"The sparkling cream of all Time's blessedness,
The silken down of happiness complete."

Time is from everlasting to everlasting, but a moment comes like some truant nymph and steals upon us unawares. It is so short we hardly realize its approach until it is past and gone forever.

It is said there is a moral in everything to the moralizing mind. Since, then, Time once gone never returns, let us make the best use of it; not sad or serious merely, but sober and reasonable—ready to labor in the hour of labor, and rest in the hour of rest. We shall not, then, look back on misspent moments, with that feeling so aptly expressed in the German "Ach evie nichtig, ach wie fluchtig!" *Ah, how vain! ah, how fleeting!* The flight of Time, which is silently, but surely and uniformly, bearing us from scenes, perhaps loved too well, cannot be too accurately marked. The worth of one moment is far above rubies, for upon it depends all; the moments that are past are gone beyond our reach; those that are in the future may never come. All is uncertainty—not the least part of time is insured to man. One moment he may bloom in health, and the next be struggling with the monster Death. As time rolls on changes will take place. All are hastening on, and soon the present generation will rest in the grave. Yet time

"That steals, from day to day,
With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
Moments, and months, and years away;
Right onward with resistless power,
Its stroke shall darken every hour,
Till Nature's race be run,
And Time's last shadow shall eclipse the sun."

Fluvanna, N. Y., 1859. H. A. Whittemore.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

A REVERIE.

"How long shall the land mourn for the wickedness of them that dwell therein. They have made it desolate and it mourneth unto me: they have trangressed the laws, changed the ordinances, and broken the everlasting covenant. Truth has fallen in the streets, and equity cannot enter."—Bible.

Hardly has the world grown wiser—surely, not better, in all its long sin-freighted centuries of experience. Secure in the invulnerable mail of selfishness, man isolates himself from charity—sacrifices brotherly kindness—wipes out sensibility—buries love, and prostitutes that intellect with which Omniscience crowned him an image of Himself, to groveling passion and sordid gain.

With iron fingers, icy-hearted, strong-eyed want, clutches the vitals of millions, gloating in fiendish glee at the mourning and wailing of its countless victims, deep-toned and terrible in their bitter anguish. Gilded misery, in flaming apparel, stalks abroad in unshamed calmness, only to pass on, unsaved, in its path of wretchedness and crime down to the gates of death. The hatchet unburied, the emblem of friendship and peace ignored brotherhoods are changed to feuds and never ceasing strife.

With as little compunction or regret, birthrights are bartered for pottage to-day, and no mediating angel to wrestle us into repentance and restitution. Our nativity and life's holy relations denied and renounced that our heritage may be enlarged, or one more be numbered on the calendar of our days—and no piercing conscience wakens to contrition and confession. The blood of brothers unavenged, crieth out from the ground. Slowly dragging misery's chains, the weary nations toil on in their pollution. Seething up from suffering human hearts, the feeble moaning prayer for light,—the bitter wailing of error burdened millions—the agonizing groan of earth's oppressed nations,—swells a tide of woe unutterable, surging onward to the mercy seat. Mercy bends in tearful supplication. Pity plumes her quivering wings in trembling haste to liberate and save. And onward drag the leaden years. In silence each bleeding heart folds its crushing anguish to itself, the spirit bows in utter desolation, groping in a labyrinth of woe.

Is there no sufficient power, that, wakened from its apathy of years, shall yet stretch forth its mighty arms to burst the fetters from imprisoned nations, and bid the captive soul once more breathe the free, gladsome atmosphere of purity and hope. Shall Mercy plead in vain? Shall Pity fold her wings and wait? Shall tyrant error yet trample truth to earth, and ignorance and misrule hold despairing nations in abject slavery. Thou who "taketh away the captives of the mighty, and delivereth the prey of the terrible," may thine Omnipotent arm save us from degradation, desolation and ruin.

Out West, Nov. 1859. Ben. Burdock.

Engaging Manners.—There are a thousand pretty, engaging little ways, which every person may put on, without running the risk of being deemed either affected or foppish. The sweet smile, the quiet, cordial bow, the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or, more especially a stranger, whom one may recommend to our good regards, the inquiring glance, the graceful attention, which is so captivating when united with self-possession—these will insure us the good regards of even a churl. Above all, there is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that always entirely compensates for lack of beauty.—*Taylor.*

Lines for Meditation.—Beautifully and tenderly wrought out is the comparison of the long suffering of God, to the affectionate care of a nurse, in these lines from one of Quarles' Meditations:

Even as a nurse, whose child's imperfect pace
Can hardly lead his foot from place to place,
Leaves her fond kissing, sets him down to go,
Nor does uphold him for a step or two.
But when she finds that he begins to fall,
She holds him up, and kisses him withal—
So God from man sometimes withdraws His hand
Awhile to teach his infant faith to stand;
But when he sees his feeble strength begin
To fail, he gently takes him up again.

The papers say there is a great demand for women in Oregon. Isn't there a demand for women everywhere? There are plenty of *ladies*—dainty creatures with soft hands and softer heads, puffed with hoops in the lower story and nonsense in the upper—but genuine, sensible women are in demand all over creation. They are scarcer than diamonds, and far more valuable—better than gold, and safer to tie to than the best State stocks.

The Sleep of Youth.—Oh! let youth cherish the happiest of earthly boons while yet it is at its command; for there cometh the day to all, when "neither the voice of the lute nor the birds," shall bring back the sweet slumbers that fell on their young eyes, as unbidden as the dews.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

REMINISCENCES.

All vainly thought my wayward heart
The misty veil of time to part,
And look beyond.
With wistful eye and earnest gaze,
I sought to know the unknown ways
Of future years.

But closer shut the veil between
My anxious eye and the unseen
Of life before.
Nor yet an echoing sound I heard
From out those realms, or ane'ring word
Of good or ill.

But, one by one, unfolding years
Full soon unsealed its fount of tears,
Its joys decayed.
Then bowed my unsubmitted will,
Nor wished to know, if good or ill,
My destiny.
The dove of Peace then sought my breast
And gently calmed my soul's unrest,
My all of fear.

Butler, Milwaukee Co., Wis., 1859. L.

CONFESSIONS OF INFIDELITY.

An unbeliever in the Christian system rarely has any clear or well-defined faith, or any sure ground of comfort in hours of trial and depression. Rejecting Christ as a Savior, he is left to walk "in darkness, not knowing whither he goeth." The Lutheran Observer compares very strikingly the experiences of Voltaire and Hume with that of Paul.

"I seem," said Hume, "affrighted and confounded with the solitude in which I am placed by my philosophy. When I look abroad, on every side, I see dispute, contradiction. When I turn my eye inward, I find nothing but doubt and ignorance. Where am I? or what am I? From what cause do I derive my existence? To what condition shall I return? I am confounded with questions. I begin to fancy myself in a most deplorable condition, environed with darkness on every side." Voltaire says:—"The world abounds with wonders, and also with victims. In man is more wretchedness than in all other animals put together." How did he judge of it? By his own heart. He adds:—"Man loves life, yet he knows he must die; spends his existence in diffusing the miseries he has suffered—cutting the throats of his fellow-creatures for pay—cheating and being cheated. The bulk of mankind," he continues, "are nothing more than a crowd of wretches, equally criminal, equally unfortunate. I wish I had never been born." Here what St. Paul says: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me at that day."

"SHUTS OUT THE WORLD."

A few years since, on visiting a mother in Israel, one who wrestled and prevailed in prayer, she led me to a small room in a retired part of her low-roofed dwelling, and showing me the hasp which fastened the door of that quiet retreat, said:—"I often think that this little piece of iron is more to me than all the treasures of the rich in yonder city are to them—for this '*shuts out the world.*'"

It was a sacred spot, that room of prayer. For more than fifty years it had been a Bethel to the soul of this aged disciple; and how many in that mountain village, aye, and in the world, are indebted to the prayers offered there, eternity alone will reveal. It seemed to me holy ground, hard by the very gate of heaven.

Reader, have you any bar, or bolt, or key, which, when you enter your place of prayer, keeps away the intruding cares and perplexities of the world without? Alas! alas! how many weary, aching hearts, *burdened* with earthly treasures, would give all they possess for the "little piece of iron," the *something* which would "shut out the world," and give the sublime repose which He gives to "His beloved."—*Tract Journal.*

Be Not Discouraged.—Hope on, hope ever. Life's prospects may appear to you dreary and uninviting; life's realities may be painfully oppressive to your sensitive feelings; but with trustful confidence, believe that He who made a way through the Red Sea for his redeemed ones to pass over, can easily light up your path with sunshine, and strew it with fairest flowers. He who forms the night, creates also the day; He who directed the course of the storm-cloud also sends the fair weather out in the north. The railway of life does not always lie through tunnels. Another moment and your gladdened spirit may be enjoying the fine balmy air, and revelling in the beauties of earth and sky. It may be that you are even just now upon the verge of God's choicest blessings.

Be Prepared.—No man knows what mercies a day may bring forth, what miseries, what good or what evil, what afflictions, what temptations, what liberty, what bonds, what good success, or what bad success, a day may bring forth; and, therefore, a man need every day be in his closet with God, that he may be prepared and fitted to entertain and improve all the occurrences, successes and emergencies which may attend him in the course of his life.—*Thomas Brooks.*

Time and Eternity.—There are two words which should take much of our thoughts and cares, *time* and *eternity*; time, because it will soon be at an end; and eternity, because it will never come to an end.—*Erskine.*

The strength which the hour of trial brings often makes the Christian a wonder to himself.

Spice from New Books.

Desire of the Indians for Martial Fame.

No people probably, on the face of the earth are more ambitious of martial fame, or entertain a higher appreciation for the deeds of a daring and successful warrior, than the North American Indians. The attainment of such reputation is the paramount and absorbing object of their lives; all their aspirations for distinction invariably take this channel of expression. A young man is never considered worthy to occupy a seat in council until he has encountered an enemy in battle; and he who can count the greatest number of scalps is the most highly honored by his tribe. This idea is inculcated from their earliest infancy. It is not surprising, therefore, that, with such weighty inducements before him, the young man who, as yet, has gained no renown as a brave or warrior, should be less discriminate in his attacks than older men who have already acquired a name. The young braves should, therefore, be closely watched when encountered on the Plains.

The prairie tribes are seldom at peace with all their neighbors, and some of the young braves of a tribe are almost always absent upon a war excursion. These forays sometimes extend into the heart of the northern states of Mexico, where the Indians have carried on successful invasions for many years. They have devastated and depopulated a great portion of Sonora and Chihuahua. The objects of these forays are to steal horses and mules, and to take prisoners; and if it so happens that a war party has been unsuccessful in the accomplishment of these ends, or has had the misfortune to lose some of its number in battle, they become reckless, and will often attack a small party with whom they are not at war, provided they hope to escape detection. The disgrace attendant upon a return to their friends without some trophies as an offset to the loss of their comrades is a powerful incentive to action, and they extend but little mercy to defenseless travelers who have the misfortune to encounter them at such a conjuncture.

Meeting Indians on the Plains.

A SMALL number of white men, in traveling upon the Plains, should not allow a party of strange Indians to approach them unless able to resist an attack under the most unfavorable circumstances.

It is a safe rule, when a man finds himself alone in the prairies, and sees a party of Indians approaching, not to allow them to come near him, and if they persist in so doing, to signal them to keep away. If they do not obey, and he be mounted upon a fleet horse, he should make for the nearest timber. If the Indians follow and press him too closely, he should turn around, and point his gun at the foremost, which will often have the effect of turning them back, but he should never draw trigger unless he finds that his life depends upon the shot; for, as soon as his shot is delivered, his sole dependence, unless he have time to reload, must be upon the speed of his horse.

On approaching strangers these people put their horses at full speed, and persons not familiar with their peculiarities and habits might interpret this as an act of hostility; but it is their custom with friends as well as enemies, and should not occasion groundless alarm.

When a party is discovered approaching thus, and are near enough to distinguish signals, all that is necessary in order to ascertain their disposition is to raise the right hand with the palm in front, and gradually push it forward and back several times. They all understand this to be a command to halt, and if they are not hostile it will be at once obeyed.

After they have stopped the right hand is raised again as before, and slowly moved to the right and left, which signifies "I do not know you. Who are you?" As the wild tribes have their peculiar pantomimic signals by which they are known, they will then answer the inquiry by giving their signal. If this should not be understood, they may be asked if they are friends by raising both hands grasped in the manner of shaking hands, or by locking the two fore-fingers firmly while the hands are held up. If friendly, they will respond with the same signal; but if enemies, they will probably disregard the command to halt, or give the signal of anger by closing the hand, placing it against the forehead, and turning it back and forth while in that position.

The pantomimic vocabulary is understood by all the Prairie Indians, and when oral communication is impracticable it constitutes the court or general council language of the Plains. The signs are exceedingly graceful and significant; and, what was a fact of much astonishment to me, I discovered they were very nearly the same as those practiced by the mutes in the deaf and dumb schools, and were comprehended by them with perfect facility

Jerking Meat.

So pure is the atmosphere in the interior of our continent that fresh meat may be cured, or *jerked*, as it is termed in the language of the prairies, by cutting it into strips about an inch thick, and hanging it in the sun, where in a few days it will dry so well that it may be packed in sacks, and transported over long journeys without putrefying.

When there is not time to jerk the meat by the slow process described, it may be done in a few hours by building an open frame-work of small sticks about two feet above the ground, placing the strips of meat upon the top of it, and keeping up a slow fire beneath, which dries the meat rapidly.

The jerking process may be done on the march without any loss of time by stretching lines from front to rear upon the outside of loaded wagons, and suspending the meat upon them, where it is allowed to remain until sufficiently cured to be packed away. Salt is never used in this process, and is not required, as the meat, if kept dry, rarely putrefies.—*The Prairie Traveler*, by CAPT. MARCY, U. S. A.

The Reviewer.

EMMONS' MANUAL OF GEOLOGY

THIS work has been lately published by SOWER, BARNES & Co., Philadelphia. It is a volume of near 300 pages, 12mo., illustrated by a great number of figures of fossil plants and animals as well as geological sections, and is written in a clear, manly style, very rarely diffuse, but always direct and brief. It treats, too, of the geology of our country, where our rocks can be seen and handled, and on which excursions can be made for the verification of its statements and the extension of the learner's knowledge and experience. The teacher, who understands the subject, will find the work an excellent text-book, and be able to make the most profitable use of it for the student. The clear brevity of the statements has made a great amount of principles obvious and satisfactory. The plan, adopted by the author, is to give, on each system of rocks, "a general history of the period to which they belong," and to add "a brief description of the rocks and their order of sequence," "illustrated by the organisms or fossils" contained in them. For understanding this, some knowledge of plants and animals, as well as minerals, is essential, and is presented in the early chapters. "Palæontology has become the leading branch" of geology, because it is the "history of life" in the ages before GOD created man, the fossils being the organisms by which the functions of life are displayed. The pursuits of the author, as late State Geologist of New York, and present State Geologist of North Carolina, give Dr. EMMONS many advantages in the elaboration of such a work. On some contested points, his proofs are strong and full. The work will commend itself to the public. The subject is more important than ever before, and should be studied by all who intend to have any considerable education. Its applications are most interesting.

THE PRAIRIE TRAVELER. A Hand-Book for Overland Expeditions. With Maps and Illustrations, and Itineraries of the Principal Routes between the Mississippi and the Pacific. By RANDOLPH B. MARCY, Captain U. S. Army. Published by authority of the War Department. [16mo.—pp. 340.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

WITH a quarter of a century's experience in frontier life, a great portion of which time was occupied in exploring the interior of the continent, far beyond the bounds of civilization, the author was well prepared for the work which he has so well accomplished, that of guiding the adventurous "voyager" across the desert lying between our Western and the Pacific States. None but those who have tried it know the disadvantages the inexperienced labor under for want of a proper and timely initiation into those minor details of prairie craft, which, however apparently unimportant in the abstract, are sure, upon the plains, to turn the balance of success for or against an enterprise. The main object sought in the book is to explain the best methods of performing the duties devolving upon the prairie traveler, so as to secure immunity from the wiles of the savage and the caprice of the elements. The principal routes are very plainly described, so that it would seem none need err. The little volume is finely illustrated, with engravings showing the most convenient forms of camp equipage, as well as strange and wild adventures with Indians, swollen streams and grizzly bears, which travelers have met with, and may again. All who think of an "overland voyage," and all who wish to know more of this wild and interesting portion of our country, should procure this book. For sale by STEELE, AVERY & Co.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for October, 1859. Volume 49, No. 2. Leonard Scott & Co., New York, Publishers.

THE *Westminster* ranks among the most important of the British Reviews, and the present number fully sustains its ancient reputation. The "Table of Contents" presents the following array:—Militia Forces; Rousseau, his Life and Writings; Spiritual Freedom; Modern Poets and Poetry of Italy; Physical Geography of the Atlantic Ocean; Garibaldi and the Italian Volunteers; Tennyson's Idyls of the King; Bonapartism in Italy; Contemporary Literature. Several of the papers presented will command the strictest scrutiny of the reader, and all are well worthy the closest attention.

THE OLIVE AND THE CEDAR.

OUR distinguished Secretary of State, LEWIS CASS, delivered an address before the Agricultural Society of Kalamazoo Co., Mich., from which we make the following extracts:

The Mount of Olives, which overlooks Jerusalem, derives its name from these trees, existing there in the earliest ages, and at its foot, divided from it by the brook Kedron, is the garden of Gethsemane, forever memorable as a scene of the passion of our Savior. Eight olive trees, bearing every mark of extreme age, are yet growing there, and tradition has invested them with a sacred character, as contemporaries of the life and death of Jesus Christ. No believer in Christianity can gaze upon them, as I have done, without feeling the most powerful emotions—without feeling that force of association which connects us with names and deeds, long since passed away, when we stand upon the places they have made immortal. The world contains no such spot as this, where the mission of the Redeemer was fulfilled, and where he pronounced its termination in the declaration, "IT IS FINISHED."

THE CEDAR.—But the most interesting relic of the ancient vegetable creation, is to be found upon one of the ridges of Lebanon, not far from the renowned temple of Baalbec. It consists of twelve gigantic cedars, the remains of the primitive forests which once covered that great mountain chain of Syria, and which yet rear their heads, prodigies of vegetation, and each surmounted with a dome of foliage, overshadowing the spectator as in the time of biblical story. One of them is forty-five feet in circumference, and all, both in size and height, tell the long ages that have swept over them, leaving them the most striking natural monuments that the eye can rest upon. What interesting associations cluster around them! They have been consecrated by history, religion, and poetry. Their beauty has been recorded by Ezekiel, and their excellence and perfume by Solomon, who placed them at the head of vegetable creation, when he discoursed of trees "from the cedars, which are at Lebanon, even to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." Could these mute memorials of bygone times tell the scenes that have passed in the shadow of their foliage, what lessons of power and instability might they not teach in the long interval that has elapsed since these hills resounded with the noise of the workman, preparing the timber for the Temple of Jerusalem, to the solitude which establishes its dwelling places where the Moslem plants his standard!

I have worshiped in many of the high places of the Old World—in the Cathedral of Christendom, the Basilic of St. Peter, when the Sovereign Pontiff, the head of the Catholic Church, ministered at the altar; and though educated, as I have been, in the simplicity of the Presbyterian faith, yet I could not look upon the imposing solemnities without feeling a reverential awe pass over me, as though I were in the presence of Him whose visible glory descended upon the Temple of Mount Moriah; and yet a naked Greek mass, for it happened to be an annual *fete* when I was there, celebrated under the patriarch cedar, before a rude altar of unwrought stone, by a poor priest, surrounded by a little band of worshipers, with the cliffs of Lebanon around them—this primitive devotion in a temple not made with hands, has left traces upon my mind and memory more powerful than the most gorgeous ceremonies, and which no subsequent event can eradicate.

PEKIN.—A recent traveler, speaking of the Chinese town of Pekin, and the first impression a stranger receives on entering within the walls, says:—"Once he has passed under the ponderous northern gate, measured the thickness of the stupendous wall, and is fairly in Pekin, he will be entirely bewildered; all before him is a confused and dusty mass of colors, men, mules, cabs, hundreds of camels, with the weary Mongols in their once red gowns, enthroned and fast asleep on their high summit; an immensity of wide, perfectly straight and endless streets; a living ocean of the most degraded beggars, of cooks, barbers, blind men beating upon kettle drums, orators delivering speeches; then, right and left, brilliant shops, cafes and hotels, surmounted by long poles of all colors, wooden walls beautifully carved and gilt over; in fact, it is a scene so unique in the world that no dream could ever be so eccentric."

WHAT GOOD PERIODICALS MAY DO.—Show us an intelligent family where newspapers and periodicals are plentiful. Nobody who has been without these silent private tutors can know their educating power for good or evil. Have you never thought of the innumerable topics of discussion which they suggest at the breakfast table, the important public measures with which, thus early, our children become familiarly acquainted; great philanthropic questions of the day, to which unconsciously their attention is awakened, and the general spirit of intelligence which is evoked by these quiet visitors?

Anything that makes home pleasant, cheerful and chatty, thins the haunts of vice and the thousand and one avenues of temptation, should certainly be regarded, when we consider its influence on the minds of the young, as a great moral and social blessing.—*Emerson.*

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN WORDS.—The different uses of words in England and in this country are interesting. *Lumber*, which with us is applied to sawn timber, means trash in England. When we say *boards*, the Englishman says *deals*. We take *baggage* on a journey, the Englishman only *luggage*. Our ladies are fond of *dry goods*, their English sisters are equally devoted to *haberdashery*. The Yankee cries *Go Ahead*; the Britisher says *All Right*. The American travels *in the cars*; the Englishman *by the rail*. The former sends a letter *by the mail*; the latter by the *post*. The one has a *bureau* in his bed chamber; the other only a *chest of drawers*.

SCENES IN AND ABOUT JERUSALEM

MECHEMEH, OR TURKISH COUNCIL CHAMBER.

WITH this number we conclude our series of sketches and engravings of Scenes in and about the Holy City. They have been particularly valuable as illustrative of the Scriptures. The present engraving shows the *Turkish Council Chamber*, containing the Royal Sarcophagus recently discovered in the Tombs of the Kings. Mrs. JOHNSON visited it and made the drawing soon after the late war between Russia and Turkey, which ended at the Crimea, became known at Jerusalem. This war encouraged the wild tribes to acts of hostility against the Turkish power, and kept the inhabitants in constant alarm. Mrs. J., in an interesting chapter on this subject, says:

"I shall not soon forget the deep anxiety and dread we all experienced soon after war was declared, when the fanatical spirit of the Fellahin was first aroused. We had learned from the proprietor of "the Tombs of the Kings," that a royal sarcophagus had been discovered in one of its recesses, a few years previous, and removed to the Mechemeh, or Congressional Hall of Jerusalem, now identified as occupying the site of the "Council Chamber," or Sanhedrim. Permission for a visit had been obtained from the proper authorities, and I was sitting there taking a sketch of the room and its contents, greatly enjoying myself, when the Bash Catib's servant came running in, almost breathless, and with the deepest anxiety depicted in his countenance (for he had all along shown us much courtesy and kindness), told us to flee for our lives—that the Fellahin had taken the city! We accordingly fled to our premises with all haste, and barricaded the doors as best we could. But before we could make sure our defence, he came running, with joy now lighting up his face, to inform us that though they had entered the city in large numbers, they were not armed; and were being turned out as rapidly as possible."

For Moore's Rural New Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 24 letters.
My 21, 16, 7, 20, 2, 14, 12 is a division of Italy.
My 4, 9, 11, 17, 12 was an American naval officer.
My 8, 19, 3, 10, 23 is one of the Canary Islands.
My 2, 18, 7, 9, 24, 22, 20 is a metal.
My 15, 1, 2, 24, 14, 13, 24 is a river in Ireland.
My 1, 16, 14, 21, 5, 6 was a distinguished surgeon of the 18th century.
My whole is a popular theme of conversation at the present time. WILSON TAGGART.
Hopedale, Ohio, 1859.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New Yorker.

AN ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 18 letters.
My 1, 14, 2, 13 was an European ruler
My 2, 9, 4, 13 is a city in Italy.
My 3, 2, 16, 13, 5 often leads to sorrow
My 4, 1, 13, 7, 8, 5 was a great Emperor
My 5, 9, 16, 13 is a gulf in Europe.
My 6, 7, 7, 9, 1, 14 was a great writer.
My 7, 6, 13, 6, 2 was a philosopher.
My 8, 5, 13, 2, 8, 6, 14 is the name of a battle in the Revolution.
My 9, 7, 13, 5 is a river in Europe.
My 10, 13, 2, 8, 1, 8, 3 is a song.
My 11, 3, 5, 6, 2 was a great leader.
My 12, 15, 17, 1 is a city in South America.
My 13, 3, 8, 6, 2 was an American general
My 14, 11, 9, 8, 13, 7 is a city in France.
My 15, 7, 18, 1, 4 was a patriarch.
My 16, 18, 11, 5, 16, 18 was a tyrant.
My 17, 11, 14, 2, 1 preserved many thousand lives.
My 18, 7, 9, 1 has been a theatre of thrilling events.
My whole is contained in this number of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. ANNIE.
Flint Hill, Fairfax Co., Va., 1859.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS

☞ Answer in No. 1 of Vol XI

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

REQUIRED the side of the largest equilateral triangle that can be inscribed between three equal circles of 12 inches in diameter, which touch each other?
Nunda, N. Y., 1859. N. P. S.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A PERSON sold a number of sheep, calves and lambs—40 in all—for $48. How many did he sell of each, if he received for each calf $1 75, each sheep $1 25, and each lamb 75 cents? YOUNG THEO.
☞ Answer in two weeks

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 517.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—The taking of Constantinople by the Turks.
Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—C has 342 acres, 3 roods, 17 1-7 rods; B, 857 acres, 23 6-7 rods; B's land is 70 cents per acre; side of C's equals 234 rods, 3 feet, 6¾ inches.

YOUNG RURALIST.

DIARIES FOR 1860—GET READY.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I was much pleased with the remarks of your Fond du Lac correspondent in regard to a Diary for Young as well as old Ruralists. When ten years of age, I began a daily journal, which I have kept up to the present time. I was inspired with a zeal of this kind, perhaps, from two facts, viz:—My father and grand-father kept a daily record of events, and also the impression made upon my mind when reading the "Farm Yard Journal" in "Evenings at Home." Any boy who has read the above named book cannot but remember the simple, yet interesting style of young ROGER. "The new born calf" found one morning in the barn-yard—the rascally sheep-dog "which committed such havoc among the neighboring flocks, and yet made good his escape;" and the laughable incident of the servant JOSEPH being scared by the owls in the "loft of the old farm-house," are not easily forgotten.

In the summer of 1853, I visited the mining region of Lake Superior, and then "footed it" across from Lea Point to the St. Croix, down which stream I smoothly glided in a birchen canoe. After a short stay in St. Paul, I traveled up the valley of the St. Peter's river. Again at the capital of the territory, on the 12th Sept., I was prepared for a trip to Pembina, on Red River of the North, and took up my line of march thither in company with GEO. NORTHUP, of New York. We arrived at the northern boundary of our country on the 14th Oct., and the next day were off on a south-west course for the plains, in company with some half breeds and Indians. At Devil's Lake we fell in with numerous herds of buffalo. In this vicinity we had a grand hunt,—and besides these denizens of the plain, the ponds and lakes were literally covered with white, brown, and grey geese—innumerable quantities of ducks, and many beautiful swans. In mid-winter I left my friend at Pembina, touching the young "*Nijis*," and traveled by dog train for St. Paul; crossed the very source of the Mississippi and Red rivers, and arrived home in January. During this voyageur life, my journal was not neglected. The character of the Sioux warriors, their inveterate enemy, the Chippewas, the gambling Winnebago, the daring Cree, the easy half-breed, the brave Pioneer, and the patient Missionary—I say the character of each, is carefully portrayed. Every incident, physical geography of the country, and the weather, even noted. And now, after a day of toil and care, I can recall some interesting scene, or hour of danger, by merely turning the leaves of my Diary. As Mr. Berry says, "I cannot estimate its *true value*."

Then, boys, try it. Buy you a book of—say four hundred pages,—size of an ordinary account book. You must not take a dozen, or a hundred sheets of fools cap. Such small pieces will accumulate on your hands and be inconvenient to you. Your style should not be as brief as that of friend BERRIER. The occupation of each hand, and *where* employed, should be noted. Mark the character of your prominent school-mates, or friends—state your views of certain issues before the people,—and note the remarkable events concerning the "rest of mankind." It will be a great pleasure for you, in years to come, to travel back to days of boyhood, and know just what your views were at that time. Have your book marked by the Binder:—"Diary No. 1, 1860," and your name also, if you wish, on the back of the same. Begin with the New Year and write a large, round hand. Never fail into the habit of *skating* with your pen as does your humble servant. Don't fail, boys or girls, to have all ready for the New Year. You will never regret the step. J. F.
Locust Hill Farm, Ind., 1859.

PENNSYLVANIA—ITS MEANING.—Will you please tell the Young Ruralists—one at least—the meaning of the word Pennsylvania? Of course the first part is from PENN, the founder of the State; but the last part is what I want to know.—M. O. S.

SYLVAN means woody, or abounding in woods; pertaining to a wood or grove; hence a book containing a history of the forest trees of a country is called its Sylva. "The woody land of Penn," or Pennsylvania, was the name given by the king to the tract of land now forming the State of Pennsylvania when it was ceded to PENN.

IS HEAT PONDERABLE?—In the RURAL, a few weeks since, you gave several answers to philosophical questions, in which I was much interested. As we have a dispute in question, I will ask you to decide it, viz.:—Is heat *ponderable*, that is, having weight?

HEAT is imponderable. Weigh a piece of cold iron; then heat it and weigh it again, and the weight will be the same. Procure a cake of ice and weigh it; then dissolve it and weigh the water, and it will be found precisely the same as the ice.

GOV. MORGAN visited the Rensselaer County Fair, in this State, and made a speech, in the course of which he said:—"I have been a farmer—a genuine, hard working farmer—and it is in the hope that my voice will reach the ear of every young man present, that I assert that there is not an individual in the County of Rensselaer who commenced earlier, labored harder, and had fewer advantages than I, prior to the age of seventeen; and if I have obtained any measure of success in life, it is entirely owing to habits inculcated, discipline practiced, and lessons learned on my father's farm.

THERE'S a great difference between honor and honesty; the former, it is said, exists among thieves, the latter certainly doesn't.

THE worst of faults is a *false heart*; and the least comely covering that can be imagined is a *falsehood*.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 17, 1859.

TO AGENTS, SUBSCRIBERS &C.

An Agent asks if the money sent to secure Christmas Gifts or Gratuities (offered in RURAL and Circular,) "must reach our office or be mailed previous to Christmas." To which we reply it is only necessary to be *mailed*—"remitted," as we said in the offer—no matter if it does not reach us until a week or more afterwards. In our offer we said "remitting *previous* to Christmas day," as Christmas comes on Sunday this year—but in order to give all competitors an opportunity to have the Holiday to complete their lists, we will extend the time, and say *remitting (mailing) on or before the 26th of December*, (the day which will be celebrated as Christmas.)

As there are fifty-three Saturdays this year, we shall issue no RURAL on the 31st inst. Every yearly subscriber will receive his full quota—FIFTY-TWO NUMBERS—and of course none will expect us to exceed the usual limit of a complete volume. The odd week will enable us to change type, &c., and get our Mailing Machine (DICK'S Patent Mailing Dispatch) into operation for the new volume. We think Subscribers, Agents and Post-Masters will all like the new process of *printing* the names of subscribers, as it will be more speedy and accurate—saving the eye-sight of P. M.'s and their assistants, and enabling us to mail our large edition with more promptness.

Our published terms will be strictly adhered to, and no one has any authority from us to offer the RURAL at less than our rates. The RURAL is *not* a "dollar paper," as $1,25 is the *lowest* club rate, even if a thousand copies are taken.

We have no *traveling* agents for the RURAL, but depend upon local agents and clubs.

☞ Please forward names of subscribers for 1860 fast as convenient, as we are already *typing* the list for Mailing Machine. All who compete for *first* lists, as offered, are informed that there is yet time. Those competing for the Christmas Gifts are advised (in answer to inquiries) that they can send on part of their lists now, and remit pay (with the remainder) *on or before the 26th inst.inst.*

☞ See Terms, Special Notices, &c., on last page—and offer of Gratuities, &c., in previous numbers.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Congressional News.

SENATE.—In our last we announced the introduction in the Senate, by Mr. MASON, of Virginia, of a resolution to inquire into the *Harper's Ferry* affair, and also an amendment by Mr. TRUMBULL, of Illinois, to extend the investigation to the seizing of the Arsenal in Missouri, at the time of the Kansas excitement. This resolution opened the subject of slavery, which was discussed with great freedom and tolerable good temper, (tar and feathers only being threatened by one Senator,) until Thursday evening, the 8th, when the Senate adjourned until Monday.

HOUSE.—The subject of slavery was introduced into the House, the first hour of its session, by an attack on an anti-slavery book called the *Impending Crisis of the South*, written by a Mr. HELPER, a citizen of North Carolina, and which had been recommended by several persons, members of the present House. Then followed a violent denunciation of the book, and all who recommended it, with *threats of hanging*, and other follies which we have not patience to read, and with which we shall not annoy our readers. Would it not be well for some agricultural chemist to go to Washington with a good disinfecting agent, and scatter it liberally through the House? for it is becoming a stench in the nostrils of the people. No Speaker has been elected, and no business done. At the last trial, 231 votes were cast; necessary to a choice, 116. Mr. SHERMAN, (Republican,) received 110; Mr. BOCOCK, (Dem.,) 88; Mr. GILMER, (American,) 20; Scattering, 12. There seems to be little prospect of an organization of the House unless the plurality rule is adopted.

Personal and Political.

THE entire Republican State Ticket of Kansas is elected by over 3,000 majority. The following is the ticket:

Governor—Charles Robinson, of Lawrence. Lieut. Governor—Joseph P. Root, Wyandot. Sec. of State—John W. Robinson, Manhattan. Auditor—George S. Hillyer, Grasshopper Falls. Treasurer—William Tholan, Leavenworth. Attorney General—Benj. F. Simpson, Lykins Co. Supt. Instruction—William R. Griffith, Bourbon Co. Chief Justice—Thomas Ewing, Jr., Leavenworth. Associate Justices—Samuel A. Kingman, Brown Co., Lawrence D. Bailey, Emporia. Member Congress—Martin F. Conway, Lawrence. The Governor and Member of Congress are the men elected to those places under the Topeka Constitution of 1855; Topeka is the State Capital, as then; and the State will be admitted under what is essentially the old Topeka Free State Constitution. Mr. Ewing is the son of the U. S. Senator of like name from Ohio twenty odd years ago. Mr. Conway is a native of Baltimore.

IN the Georgia Democratic State Convention on the 6th inst., a resolution was adopted recommending Secretary Cobb for the Presidency, when a number of the members withdrew on the ground that such action on the part of the Convention was irregular and unauthorized.

A RESOLUTION was introduced in the South Carolina Senate, on the 6th inst., declaring it inexpedient for South Carolina to enter into any Convention with the Northern States for the nomination of candidates for President and Vice President.

THE Charter Election in the city of New York was held on the 6th inst. It was a triangular fight between Fernando Wood, (Hard) Mr. Havemeyer, (Soft) and Mr. Opdyke, (Republican.) The total vote cast was 78,657, as follows:—Opdyke, 22,716. Havemeyer, 26,813. Wood, 30,339. Wood's majority over Havemeyer, 3,526; over Opdyke, 7,523.

THE Democratic National Committee have fixed upon the 23d of April for the Convention, at Charleston.

News Paragraphs.

CATTLE buyers from Milwaukee are traversing Iowa, and collecting all the herds of cattle they can purchase to drive to that city, where they are slaughtered and shipped to Liverpool. The capital is furnished by Canadian operators.

THE London Times says that fabricators of false coin are very busy either in Mexico or the United States. More than the *ordinary* number of dollars recently received, via New York, have been found bad.

THE Toronto Globe says that on Saturday, the 26th ult., the remains of Lount and Mathews, who were executed in the Court House Square, Toronto, in the Spring of 1838, for their connection with the rebellion of 1837, were exhumed. They were buried on the day of execution in Potter's Field, Yorkville.

LARGE discoveries of antique gold articles have been made in Ireland. In the neighborhood of Athlone the value of the gold taken out is estimated at twenty-seven thousand pounds sterling. The relics are melted up by the gold refiners of London in a remorseless manner.

IT is reported at Vienna that an autograph letter of the Emperor would soon be published, which will annul all the restrictions imposed since 1851 on the Jews in Austria, and enabling them to be the possessors of landed property.

AN officer in the English army, who was with his regiment in India during the whole period of the late revolt, returned to his home during the last month, and the morning of his arrival the postman brought to him a letter which was mailed in May, 1857, which had been following him for two years and a half, and which had only that morning reached him in the same place where it was mailed, and in the presence of the person who wrote it.

THE Revolutionary War, according to official accounts furnished to the British Parliament, cost Great Britain 43,633 men, exclusive of officers, and $645,615,455.

THERE is a horse in the regiment of the 11th Hussars of the English army, which has attained the remarkable age of thirty years. By the horse register it is shown that he joined the army as a four-year old on the 2d of October, 1833; was sent to the Crimea in 1854, and was present in all the actions, including Balaklava, in which that regiment was engaged, being one of the very few horses who survived the exposure of that winter. He is still, in 1859, in good health, and fit for duty.

KANSAS has become a formidable rival to Illinois as a "land of refuge" to the unhappy mated. The divorce law is a wide open gate to single blessedness, and one Judge has recently granted 25 petitions at one setting. It revuires only twenty days residence.

DURING the present year nearly a dozen churches of different denominations have been destroyed by fire within the limits of the State of Massachusetts. Some of these it is known were set on fire by incendiaries. The loss of so many buildings of the same character, in one locality, in so short a time, is unparalleled.

A GRANDSON of Tecumseh is now living in Natchez, Miss. He is a well educated and accomplished gentleman, having traveled over a great part of Europe, and is said to be an excellent physician. He derived the secret of the curative powers of many herbs from his grandmother, who was a "medicine" woman.

THE English Chapel in Geneva, Switzerland, is the only church in that city in which the service is conducted in the English language. Lately a prayer for the President of the United States has been introduced into the service.

A STRIPLING of sixteen, who blacks boots for a living at the railway station in Boston, has traveled through nearly every State in the Union, achieving his passage from place to place by ingratiating himself with railroad conductors and agents. He has just returned from St. Louis, the entire expense of his trip being 35 cents.

A BUILDING is erected at Peoria which will cover three acres of land all under one roof. It is for the manufacture of pottery, and will constitute the largest establishment for that business in the world.

THE medical men in England say that vaccination is becoming ineffective; the virus used for vaccination having never been renewed since Jenner's time.

A TERRIBLE prairie fire swept over fifteen miles of Jasper county, Iowa, a few days ago. The Newton Press states that it destroyed one man's house, stable, stacks, and two horses; the orchard and nursery of Mr. Newell; the stabling, stacks, and 300 bushels of corn belonging to John Houk, and barns and other property of A. W. McDonald, and an immense amount of fencing.

IN Leghorn, recently, a remarkable scene took place. For the first time, the Jews of that city offered up a prayer for a Christian Prince, and invoked the blessing of Heaven upon Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia. At the first word, the three thousand Jews present rose to their feet, and remained standing until the close of the prayer, to which they all responded with an overwhelming "Amen."

THE last legislature passed an act directing so much of the State lands lying adjacent to the prison at Sing Sing, as were not necessary for the purpose of that institution, to be sold at public auction, under the direction of the Inspectors of Prisons. Accordingly, the Inspectors sold about 60 acres last week. The sale brought $34,280 95. The lands sold have heretofore been leased from year to year, at a rental of about $300 a year.

IT was stated by a leading dentist of Chicago, in a recent address to his brethren that the annual value of gold plate and leaf used in the United States for the replacing and repair of defective teeth, is $2,250,000. This is a fact that tests the existence of a high civilization and a good deal of toothache in this blessed land.

SUBTERRANEAN FORESTS.—The Racine (Wisconsin) Advocate states that in digging for water in sloughs throughout the whole town of Yorkville, Racine county, traces of dense tamarack forests are found, and generally in a leaning direction, their tops towards the southwest, as though some mighty flood had suddenly overwhelmed them.

INTERESTING POSTAL DECISION.—P. M. General Holt has recently decided an interesting and novel question. A husband who had been separated from his wife, demanded that his village Postmaster should deliver her letters to him, and threatened a suit at law if his demand was not complied with. The wife, on the other hand, forbade the delivery of her letters to her husband. In these circumstances, the Postmaster appealed to Mr. Holt for instructions. That gentleman pronounces the claim advanced by the husband too preposterous to be seriously refuted—indeed, he says it is abhorrent to law as it is to the Christian civilization of the age—and he directs the Postmaster to deliver the letters to the wife.

CALIFORNIA GOLD.—The shipments of gold from California so far this year, greatly exceed those of any previous year for the same time. As near as can be ascertained, the yield of gold from the California mines, exceeds sixty millions of dollars per annum, and this year the product, it is confidently predicted, will be at least eighty millions. This would seem to conclusively establish the inexhaustible character of the mines and their augmenting richness.

BANKING PERILS IN GEORGIA.—Banking is likely to be girt with perils in Georgia. The Governor of that State, in his recent message, recommends a revision of the criminal code, to the end that a suspension of specie payment by any bank of Georgia shall be deemed conclusive evidence of fraud on the part of the President and Directors, and punishes the officers of the bank for it, by imprisonment in the Penitentiary, without permitting them to show that it was not a fraud.

MARRIAGE OF COUSINS.—Gov. Magoffin, of Kentucky, recommends the Legislature of that State to prohibit by law, under severe penalties, the marriage of cousins. He says that the imbeciles, insane, deaf mutes and blind in the different asylums of that State, who are the offspring of cousins, is from sixteen to twenty per cent. of the whole number; and he claims that it is the right and duty of the State to protect herself against the evil and expense by forbidding such unions, which nature plainly forbids by the natural penalty she uniformly inflicts.

THE GREAT EASTERN A FAILURE.—The London correspondent of the Boston *Post*, writing about the mammoth steamship, makes use of the following language:—"The Great Eastern has flummuxed! The leading journal records its trial trip as 'only a partial success.' We all know what that means. She rolls like a porpoise or a log canoe, the decks leak, the iron plates don't fit, the decorations crumble and disappear, and—the worst remains behind—she can only go a little more than half the speed that was expected of her! The very best that can be got of her under the most favorable circumstances of wind, water and coal, is thirteen miles an hour. So say some knowing engineers who were on board, and who wished and hoped the most favorable results. There is no disguising it. The great hull is worth all it would bring for old iron."

NEW YORK COMMERCE.—The amount of imports at New York in October was $13,617,976 against $13,542,984 for October 1858. Exports, $18,682,256—of which one half was specie. Total imports for ten months, $211,262,116, being a large increase upon 1858, but a slight increase over 1857. Exports for the ten months, $118,005,227. Duties received, $33,633,700,08. The imports since Jan. 1st have been larger than for the corresponding ten months of any previous year upon record. During October the stock in warehouse was decreased a little over three-quarters of a million.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Lord Cowley, the British Ambassador to France, had arrived in London, and it is reported that his mission was to lay before the English Government a proposal from the French Government for a simultaneous disarmament by England and France; but it seems that the English Government have no idea of decreasing the strength and efficiency of the army, for we have news by the same mail that the English Government had decided upon making a considerable increase in the army, by the formation of a second battalion to each of the regiments up to and including the 31st, by which means an increase equivalent to eleven regiments will be obtained. The London Post says this measure ought to excite no surprise, when the small amount of the British army is compared with the extent of territory which it has to occupy, and the drafts necessary for India and China.

The Morning Advertiser states that it is the intention of the Government to limit the intended Reform Bill to the mere extension of the franchise. The question of disfranchisement, and the mode of taking the votes, are either to be deferred or made separate measures.

FRANCE.—The cases of death from cholera in the French army, during the twenty days' campaign against the French tribes of Morocco, is 2,106.

The French Government was forming large depots of coal to provide against the inconveniences that might result from any future war, from coal being declared contraband of war.

Several official paragraphs had been dispatched to the provincial journals, encouraging the impression that the Emperor had charged Lord Cowley to represent to her Brittanic Majesty his willingness to promote a general disarmament in Europe.

It is reported on what is considered good authority, that the French papers are restrained in their expressions against England.

ITALY.—General Garibaldi had quitted Nice for Genoa. Before his departure he addressed the inhabitants of Nice, and said: "I shall resume my command when necessary. Let us be united under Victor Emanuel. Let us continue under arms as long as an inch of Italian soil remains oppressed."

The Sardinian Government had addressed a dispatch on the subject of the Regency of Central Italy to its diplomatic representatives at the various courts. It states that the Government recognizes in the offer of the Regency to Prince Carignan, the ardent desire of the population of Central Italy to see their reunion with the monarchy of Sardinia consummated, but the Government, assured of the early meeting of the Congress, advised the transfer of the acceptance of the Regency to Chevalier Buoncampagni, until assembled Europe has regulated the position of the province of Central Italy.

AUSTRIA.—An imperial autograph letter orders the ministers to grant a full amnesty to all persons compromised by the part they had taken in the Italian affairs. The amnesty will apply to civil as well as military persons; criminals of no political character are to be executed.

SPAIN.—A Madrid dispatch of the 21st says the fortifications of Ceuta continues. The embarkation of the first *corps de armie* has been completed, and the second has commenced. The bad weather renders the shipment of war material difficult. The organization of the battalion in the Basque province is proceeding actively.

The Spanish Government is said to have entered into contract with English firms for the supply of different sorts of stores for the army in Morocco, and for a large quantity of English coal for the fleet.

Several steamers had also been chartered, and one had already left England for Spain, to assist in the transport service.

PEACE CONGRESS.—The ratifications of the treaties of peace were exchanged at Zurich on the 21st. The letters of invitation to the Congress will be sent out from Paris. Prince Metternich will send out those of Austria. The Le Norde says it is probable the discussions on the Congress will extend over five or six months. The treaty of peace will first be examined, and then the Italian question will be discussed. It was reported that Count Rechberg, assisted by Prince Metternich, will represent Austria at the Congress. The Paris correspondent of the London Times, in his latest letter, confirms the statement that the invitations to the Congress had been delayed not from any difference between the English and French Cabinets, but rather owing to some difficulties started by Austria on the Regency question.

The father of the child Mortara had arrived in Paris, determined to demand from the Congress the restoration of his child.

COMMERCIAL.—*Breadstuffs.*—Flour dull and 6d@1s lower. Wheat dull and 1@2d lower. Corn quiet and declined 6d@1s per quarter. Quotations nominal.—*Provisions.* Pork dull and sales unimportant. Lard quiet.

THE TRANSPORT OF COTTON.—It is but a few years since the Mississippi river via New Orleans was the only outlet for the great staple of the South. Within a short time, however, railroad facilities have increased so rapidly that competition for trade has sprung up, and now the western roads, as well as the canal and roads of our own State, begin to be benefited by it. Heretofore the cotton used at the mills in Oneida Co., and other points, found its way from Memphis via New Orleans and New York, and thence by canal or railroad. Now it can be brought via Cairo, Chicago, and Buffalo, at less rates. The Illinois Central road is now doing a large business in this traffic for the North. It is stated that forty-one cars were loaded at Cairo with cotton in a single day last week, and 2,000 bales were sent over the whole line of the road during October, for the factories of Western New York.

OUR LAST NUMBER was delayed somewhat in consequence of the breaking of the steam engine which drives our presses, just after commencing work. This is the only delay during the year; and, though obliged to substitute a *four-man power*, our edition was printed and mailed within twenty-four hours of the usual period.

The News Condenser.

— The Legislature of Georgia has abolished public executions.

— The fisheries of Lake Michigan are said to produce $1,500,000 annually.

— Thomas Hyatt has realized $400 by the sale of Brown's photographs.

— The shock of an earthquake was felt at Rockingham, N. C., on the 24th of Nov.

— An iceberg, ten miles long and very high, has been lately encountered off Cape Horn.

— Advices from Brownville state that, out of revenge, Cortinas had hung three Americans.

— Mr. Smith O'Brien has been lecturing in Dublin on "America and Her Institutions."

— The Irish are talking about raising 20,000 men in Ireland for temporal service of the Pope.

— Noseda, the wealthy banker of Milan, has contributed 100,000 livres to the Garibaldi fund.

— Christmas is coming, and it is feared that it will lead to a complication in the affairs in Turkey.

— Another Persian Ambassador, Hussan Aly Khun, has arrived in London on a "special mission."

— A bill has been introduced into the Georgia Legislature expelling all free negroes from the State.

— Nine churches are to be sold at auction in Cincinnati, the present month, for non-payment of taxes.

— The Virginia Legislature have unanimously approved the sentence of Cook and the other prisoners.

— Washington Irving's funeral was a very large and solemn one. The procession was over a mile in length.

— A son of Judge Haun, the new Senator from California, died about six hours after his arrival in New York.

— The Menai Bridge, built by Robert Stephenson, is 1,600 feet long, 30 feet wide, and 100 feet above the water.

— Between the 16th of Oct., 1858, and the 4th of July, 1859, 149 foreign vessels arrived at the port of Nagasaki, Japan.

— The best find yet made by the divers about the Royal Charter is a bar of gold weighing nearly four pounds.

— The shipments of gold from California this year will probably be $40,000,000; about $36,000,000 have arrived.

— They are about to dedicate a colossal statue of Franklin for the new Franklin Market, in Philadelphia.

— The young woman to whom General Tom Thumb has pledged his heart and hand, is just forty-two inches in height.

— Thirteen thousand dollars worth of diamonds were, on Saturday week, confiscated in the U. S. Court, New York.

— The expenditures of the United States Government for the last quarter, ending October 1, were twenty million dollars.

— Thirty-one slavers have been captured on the coast of Africa by the British cruisers within the past few months.

— There are stone bridges in China, three and four miles long, and an arch of the incredible span of six hundred feet.

— Mr. Ralph Farnham, a revolutionary soldier aged one hundred and three years, is living in the town of Alcon, Maine.

— There have been erected in St. Louis, the past year, 2,512 new buildings, valued at more than seven million dollars.

— The American Tract Society has made a grant of 1,000,000 pages to be distributed by colporteurs in the State of Illinois.

— Skating clubs are being formed all over the country. The ladies are apparently as active as the gentlemen in this matter.

— A married lady in Loudon Co., Va., is said to weigh five hundred and fifty-three pounds. Her husband is *a great lady's man*.

— The Montreal Gazette says the Grand Trunk Ferry boats carry over 6,000 barrels of flour daily for shipment to Portland and Boston.

— This year it is estimated that there will be received about 200 000 barrels of flour and over 5,000,000 bushels of wheat, at Milwaukee.

— The physician of the Utica Asylum writes, under date of Nov. 28th, Gerrit Smith was greatly improved, and is now quite himself.

— The hog cholera is making dreadful havoc in the valley of the Mississippi, the estimated number of hogs killed by it being 250,000.

— A Paris letter says Louis Napoleon will soon have a fleet of 22 steel-plated ships of the line—proof against everything but lightning.

— Hon. Edward Stanley, late of North Carolina, but now of California, is about to enter the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

— A canal boat, constructed by J. Wilkinson, of Bradley Forge, England, in 1787, is supposed to have been the first iron boat ever built.

— Small pox is prevailing quite extensively in Albany. On Sunday last there were no less than twelve small pox funerals from two wards.

— The Shah of Persia has sent ten Persian youths, one of whom is a Christian, to Dieppe, to be educated at the College there, at his expense.

— The steam frigate Minnesota has only been on one cruise and yet is so rotten as to be stripped. Unseasoned wood was employed in her planking.

— Over three hundred barrels of Sorghum molasses have been made in Carroll Co., Ind., the present fall. It sells readily at 60 cents per gallon.

— A joint stock company, with a large capital, is reported to have been formed in Cincinnati, with the design of controlling the Pork Market.

— The La Crosse papers state that a larger emigration is now crossing the river at that point into Minnesota than has been known since 1856.

— It is stated that 4,000 persons die annually in England of small-pox, the lives of 3,990 of whom might have be preserved by timely vaccination.

— Under a rule adopted by the Board of Education in Cincinnati, the German language is hereafter to be taught in all the public schools of that city.

— The Earl of Southesk has sent a number of beavers from Canada to England, in the hope that this useful animals may become naturalized to that country.

— The dogs killed in Cleveland, O., the past season, were sold to a glove manufactory in Litchfield, Medina Co., where their skins were made into kid and buckskin.

— The system of holding political conventions is being tried in Canada. This is one of our American notions which are becoming popular with our neighbors.

— Large numbers of trout are found dead and dying in the streams near Phillips, Me., supposed to have been destroyed by the effects of the great fires in the woods.

LIST OF NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Scientific Books—S. S. & W. Wood
The Atlantic Monthly—Ticknor & Fields.
Instructive Books—N. C. Perkins
Tom Thumb Grist Mill—Hedges, Free & Co.
Durham Cattle at Auction—C. W. Allis and L. Moses.
Iron Amalgam Bells—Hedges, Free & Co.
Good Grain Farm for Sale—L. M. Pritchard
Temperance Literature—B. B. Mills.
Strayed or Stolen—Jonathan Ayers.
Cummings' Feed Cutter—McKindley & Phelps.
Farm for Sale—S. C. Phillips
Situation Wanted—Mrs. H. H. Field.
Choice Seeds—D. D. Tooker
To Investors—J. Fraser
To Nurserymen—H. E. Sawins
A Good Chance for a Young Dairyman—W. H. Gardner.
Farm for Sale—Elizabeth C. Olney
Small Farm for Sale—S. C. Henion

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, }
Rochester, Dec. 13, 1859. }

FLOUR—There is no change to note in rates, but the market is quite lively and considerable business is doing. Holders are looking for an advance.

GRAIN—White wheat is worth $1,33@1,40 ₩ bushel, and firm. For choice samples there is no alteration from prices of last week; the range, however, has narrowed down. Old corn is worth 75@80 cents ₩ bushel; new will not bring—a great deal being imperfectly ripened—more than 70@75 cents. Oats are a little better than our last quotations.

MEATS, &c.—The change in the weather, and the settled coldness we are now experiencing,—together with the fact that the sleighing is very fair, to say the least,—has been the means of bringing a large number of hogs to the knife, and our streets are thronged with sleigh-loads of pork. Buyers from the East are in market, and under advanced rates considerable transactions are being effected. The range is $6,50@7,00, the latter for heavy,—250 to 300 lbs. and over. The majority of hogs do not seem as well fattened as heretofore. Poultry is declining.

HAY is again advancing—$21 being freely paid for a choice article

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		EGGS, dozen	17@18c
Flour, winter wheat	$5,25@5,25	Honey, box	15@15c
Flour, spring wheat	5,00@5,00	Candles, box	12½@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$2,12½@2,25	FRUITS AND ROOTS	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,38@1,40	Apples, bushel	25@50c
Best white Canada	$1,40@1,46	Apples, dried	$1,00@1,12½
Corn, new	70@75c	Peaches, dried, ₩ lb	10@12c
Rye, 56 lbs ₩ bu	65@70c	Cherries, dried, ₩ lb	10@12c
Oats, by weight	35@36c	Potatoes	31@37½c
Barley	58@62c	HIDES AND SKINS	
Buckwheat	40@45	Slaughter	6@6½c
Beans	62½@75c	Calf	10@11c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	75@$1 00
Pork, mess	$17,00@18,50	Lamb pelts	50@$1,00
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	6,50@7,00	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,50
Beef, ₩ cwt	$3,00@6,00	Timothy	$3,50@3,75
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1 75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	5@6c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	10 @11c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	6@8c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	8@9c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	7@8c	Coal, Shamokin	$4 25@4 50
Ducks, ₩ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1 18
Butter, roll	17@18c	Hay, ton	$15,00@22,00
Butter, firkin	15@16c	Wool, ₩ lb	55@60c
Cheese	8@10c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Lard, tried	12@12c	Codfish, ₩ quintal	$4,50@5,25
Tallow	10½@10 4c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—FLOUR—Market a shade easier, with rather more doing. Sales at $5,05@5,10 for super State; $5,25@5,35 for extra do, $5,05@5 20 for super Western, $5 25@5,30 for common to good extra do, $5,70@5,80 for inferior to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio closing dull and declining. Canadian very firm, sales at $5,50@6,60 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat very dull and drooping. Shippers are waiting for later European accounts. Sales Milwaukee club at $1 20. Rye heavy and very so firm, sales at 90c. Barley quiet and unchanged; sales at 75@76c for state. Corn firmer, closing at 65@70c for new 64@65c for old white and yellow. Oats more active at 40@42c for State, Western and Canadian

PROVISIONS—Pork heavy and drooping; sales at $16,37@16,50 for mess, $11,50 for prime. Dressed hogs firm at 7½@7¾c. Lard scarce and firm; sales at 10¾@11c; small parcels choice at 11¾. Butter in moderate request at 11½@18c for Ohio; 14@21c for State. Cheese selling slowly at 8@11c.

BUFFALO, Dec. 12.—FLOUR—Demand moderate and market steady. Sales at $5,75@6 for fine, $6 50@6,75 for fair to choice extra Illinois and Wisconsin, $5 50@6,00 for extra Indiana and Ohio, $6,75@6,25 for double extras. Canadian in moderate demand, extra at 95

GRAIN—Wheat quiet, no sales. Corn, with a good inquiry, quiet, owing to a difference in views of parties. sales Saturday evening now afloat at 53½c, kiln dried at 67c. Other grains quiet and no sales

PROVISIONS—Steady within the range of 5¾@6¼c for ordinary to choice.

TORONTO, Dec. 9.—The week has been a dull one in every department of trade. The unsettled weather has kept back supplies of produce, for every article of which there continues to be an active demand and good prices, and the sales of merchandize have been limited

FLOUR—The fall shipments of flour are pretty nearly at an end, and holders have wisely got rid of stocks; there is consequently little or no business being done at present. In the absence of stock, very limited receipts, and corresponding lightness of demand, the market is therefore dull, and the following quotations are, especially for the higher grades, quite nominal:—Double extra, $6,75@6,25; extra, $5,50@5,65; fancy, $5@5,15; superfine No. 1, $4,60@4,70; do No. 2, $4,25@4,35; oatmeal, $4,75@5; cornmeal, $4,60; pot barley, $5,50.

GRAIN—There has no new feature presented itself on our wheat market since our last report. There has been more than the usual activity in the demand, and prices have been pretty well sustained, although the outside figure of last Wednesday ($1,35) was realized only that day. The prices paid during the past few days have been as follows: Prime and extra prime samples, $1,28 to $1,33; medium and good $1,23 to $1,25; common and ordinary, $1,15 to $1,20. The purchases of Tuesday, which amounted to about 1 200 bushels, were at an average price of not less than $1,28 ₩ bushel, and the average prices for some days previous were slightly above that figure. The demand for spring has been very active throughout the week, and a considerable improvement has taken place in prices. From $1 to $1,05 ₩ bushel has been the ordinary range, but very fine samples have brought $1,07 to $1,08 ₩ bushel. The market at these rates was not firm, and when cargoes, now nearly complete, are shipped, there may be a decline. Barley is very dull, the supply and demand being equally limited. Quotations are nominal at 60c ₩ bushel. Rye continues in good request for the local distilleries, but the supply is still very small. Ordinary and prime samples bring 75 to 80c ₩ bushel. Oats are still scarce, with a demand much less active than if prices were lower. It is hoped that sleighing will increase the receipts. Prices are slightly better than last week, say 37 to 39c ₩ bushel. Peas are wanted, but a limited supply restricts sales, which have been made at 54 to 57c ₩ bushel—rates slightly better than those of last week.—*Globe.*

The Pork Trade.

ALBANY, N. Y.—A steady market for dressed hogs, with sales 70 head at $6,50@6,75@7, dividing on 200 lbs.

OHIO.—The market for hogs was again much excited to day, and a further advance of 20@25c was established in prices. The immediate cause of this was light receipts, the arrivals for the last 48 hours not exceeding 4,040 head. The sales comprised about 3,000 head, at $6,40@6,65, and we understood $6,75 was paid in some cases. At the close, however, there were no good hogs to be had below $6,75, and not many at that, holders having mostly stepped aside for $7. The receipts up to last Tuesday were 89,264 head. There have been received since 40,000, making a total for the season of 129,000. Estimating the arrivals for the next 24 hours at 6,000, we shall have 135,000 at the close of the week. The receipts to the corresponding date last year, were 231,143, and to the same time in 1857, 137 810. Thus, it is seen, the receipts this year, and in 1857, are about the same. Let us see how prices of hogs and provisions compare These were

	1857	1858	1859.
Hogs	$5 @5 65	$5 75@6 20	$6 40@6 75
Mess pork	15 [illegible]	12 50@13 00	17 00
Bulk shoulders	5¾@5¾c	5½c	6½@6¾c
Bulk sides	7c	7½c	8¾@8¾c
Green shoulders	5¾c	5½c	6½c
Green sides	6¾c	7½c	8¾c
Green hams	9¾c	9c	9¾c
Barrel lard	9c	11@11 4c	10 4@10¾

Last season the hog crop was only 7 to 8 per cent larger than in 1858, yet the receipts this year are as large as to the corresponding date in 1858, while there is a difference in prices in favor of this year of full $1 00 to $1 50 per 100 lbs in favor of sellers, we mean. Another fact worthy of consideration in this connection is this: Last fall, on the 8th of December, corn brought here 70c ₩ bushel in this market. Reckoning hogs at yielded the farmer about 5½c. Now, corn brings 40c, while it yields 6½c, if fed to hogs. Last year, therefore, farmers would have done better to sell corn in the ear, by 50 lbs ₩ bushel, than to feed it to hogs, while this year they clear 1c by converting it into pork. In this comparison we have taken Cincinnati prices. Taking the average for the West, and the inducements to feed hogs this season would appear much stronger. May not this account for the light receipts of hogs as compared with last season *Cincinnati Gazette, Dec. 9.*

MICHIGAN—The market, with the incoming of favorable weather, has tended upward since our last weekly report. The receipts are now comparatively good and as soon after the present cold weather, must become general, operations in store work the market has responded in full estimate, and that at present prices are large to meet actual supplies, the market must soon be lower. At the same time with an active competition we presume that it is not supposed that a sale, not of it engaged, will be a very heavy one unless a marked decline takes place in other markets from which ours must mainly depend, after the business becomes fairly settled down. Present quotations are as follows:

Lots averaging 200	5 @5¾
" 200@230	5 50
" 230@250	5 35@5 50
" 150@175	4 75

Well fatted lots of prime quality, running from 250 to 300, are worth 6,75 but this quotation is rather nominal. Ordinarily hogs of 200 are as acceptable as those of 300, being more convenient to work up. Quality as well as weight is taken into account, some carcasses weighing 300 being worth as much as others of 250 *Detroit Tribune, Dec. 9.*

TORONTO, Dec. 9.—The demand for pork is again improved, and prices have taken another important movement upward, consequent on purchases being made for the Boston market. On Tuesday several fine lots realized as high as 6,25 to 6,50 ₩ 100 lbs, and it is said 6,70 was also paid, but we have no positive knowledge of the fact Hogs over 250 lbs, only commanded this rate, the light weights monior at 6@ freely. There is likely to be a very active market throughout the winter.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Dec. 7.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ₩ cwt., $6,75@10,25; ordinary do, $6,00@8,50; common do, $4,50@5,50; inferior do, $4,00@4,00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@65,00; ordinary do, $40,00@50,00, common do, $30,00@40 00, inferior do, $20,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₩ lb., 6@6½c; ordinary do, 5@5½c; common do, 4@5c; inferior do, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ₩ head, $5,00@6,00; ordinary do, $4,00@5,00; common do, $3,00@4,00; inferior, $2,00@3,00.

SWINE—First quality, 5@5½c; other qualities, 4½@5c.

ALBANY, Dec. 12.—CATTLE—Judging from the sales made thus far, prices are about as good as last week—perhaps a shade better on one or two of the lower grades.

The average quality of the beef offering is not very high—hardly up to that of last week, if we except a few droves from Kentucky and Ohio. We quote the market comparatively active at the following prices:

	This week.	Last week.
Extra	5 c@5½	5 @5¼
First quality	4¾@4¾	4¾@4¾
Second quality	3½@4	3¾@4
Third quality	3 c@3½	3½@3¾
Inferior	@2¾	2½@2¾

SHEEP—The supply is in excess of the demand, and the market is heavy—quite unfavorable for sellers The weather, during the fore part of last week, was quite against slaughtering, but for the past two or three days it has been snapping and should this continue drovers may look for a speedy improvement. One drover sold some 70 head to an Eastern buyer at 6¾ ₩ head, or about 5¾c ₩ lb. This was a very fine bunch, averaging 135 lbs.

HOGS—The receipts of live by the road for the week foot up greater than was expected, and buyers are having the best of it. During the day about 600 head changed hands at 5¾@5¾c—averaging about 240 lbs. One lot, a little heavier, brought 5,80 ₩ 100 lbs. A few shoats sold for 4¾c ₩ lb. *Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 7.—At market 1396 cattle, about 1100 beeves, and 296 stores, consisting of working oxen, cows, yearlings, two and three years old

PRICES—Market beef—Extra, $7,50@7,75; first quality, $7,00@0,00; second quality, $5,75; third quality, $4,00; ordinary, $3,00.

STORES—Working oxen, $75@175; cows and calves, $28@67; yearlings, $10@12; two years old, $17@31; three years old, $23@27.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—3785 at market. Prices, in lots, $1,50@2,00 each. Extra, $2@7,46.

HIDES—5@5½c ₩ lb. TALLOW—7@7½c ₩ lb.

PELTS—$1@$1,25 each. CALF SKINS—10@11c ₩ lb.

BRIGHTON, Dec. 8.—At market 1700 beeves, 290 stores, 4000 sheep and lambs, 500 swine.

PRICES—Market beef—Extra, $6,25@0,00; first quality, $7,75@0,00; second, $7,00@0,00; third, $4,75@5,00.

WORKING OXEN—None.

MILCH COWS—$38@39; common, $18@19.

VEAL CALVES—$3, 4@5.

YEARLINGS—$11@12; two years old, $17@21; three years old, $23@27.

HIDES—5@5½c ₩ lb CALF SKINS—11@12c ₩ lb.

TALLOW—7@7¼c ₩ lb. PELTS—$1@$1,25.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,50@1,75; extra, $2@2,50.

SWINE—Spring pigs, wholesale, 5c; retail, 5½@7c. Fat hogs, undressed, none.

TORONTO, Dec. 9.—BEEF—The approach of the holidays has brought forward a better class of beef, which is held at higher rates than have been current for some time past. The best descriptions of cattle are held at $7 ₩ 100 lbs of beef, good $5 to $6, and ordinary and common $3,50 to $4,50. Sheep are not plentiful and are in good request at $4 to $5 Lambs $3 to $2,50. Calves are scarce at $1 to $5 each Venison is not so freely offered, and good bucks are worth $4 to $5 each.

WOOL is very dull and quiet at 20c ₩ lb. Sheep skins 75c to $1 each. Beef hides $5,50 ₩ 100 lbs. Calf skins 10c ₩ lb.

The Wool Markets

NEW YORK Dec 8—The inquiry for domestic fleece and pulled wools continues limited, in consequence of the light stock offering and the extreme prices current. The transactions include 120,000 lbs. at 40@55c for the former, and 38@53c for the latter, as to quality. Foreign is less active, but the supply of desirable grades is rather light, and prices rule firmly; sales of 100 bales Oporto, and 50 do Buenos Ayres, on private terms. We quote

Am. Saxony fleece, ₩ lb	56@60
Am. full blood Merino	53@55
Am ¾ and ⅞ blood Merino	46@49
Am native and ¼ blood Merino	40@44
Extra, pulled	47@52
Superfine, pulled	40@45
No 1, pulled	35@38
California, extra	38@42
Calif'rnia, fine, unwashed	25@32
California, common do	11@16
Peruvian, washed	28@30
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@12
S. Am. common, washed	10@12
S Am. Entre Rios, washed	15@18
S. American, unwashed	8@13
S Am. Cordova, washed	20@21
East India, washed	20@22
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	14@19
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

Tribune.

BOSTON, Dec. 8.—Fleece and pulled wool have been in moderate demand the past week, on account of the auction sales in Philadelphia, which attracted buyers there. The sales have been 50,000 lbs. at full previous prices. The prices realized in Philadelphia were fully up to expectation. In foreign, the transactions comprise 500 bales Mediterranean and South American, at various prices, as to quality.

Saxon & Merino, fine	58@70	Western mixed	34@45
Full blood	51@57	Smyrna, washed	17@ 0
Half and ¾ blood	44@57	Do. unwashed	9 @19
Common	40@42	Syrian	11@ 3
Pulled, extra	45@57	Cape	24 @0
Do. superfine	42@50	Crimea	9 @17
Do. No. 1	34@45	Buenos Ayres	0@45
Do No 2	0@00	Peruvian, washed	35@42

Advertisements.

TO NURSERYMEN.—A few prime Apple Seeds for sale by [519-2t] H. E. SAWINS, Bergen, N. Y.

TO INVENTORS.—Rejected applications for Patents appealed without charge unless the patents are obtained. J. FRASER, Patent Agent, 519-2t 51 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR SALE—At $3,000, payments easy, a Farm of 113 acres, well improved in Granger, Allegany Co., N. Y., 3½ miles south of Nunda station. Inquire of 519-2t ELIZABETH C. OLNEY, Nunda, Livingston Co.

FOR SALE—A small place containing 14 acres, suitable for gardening; 1 mile north of Waterloo Depot, in sight of the village; a good house and barn, fruit trees of all varieties. Inquire on the premises or direct to S. C. HENION, Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y.

A LADY WOULD LIKE A SITUATION of usefulness in a farmer's family. She is fully competent to teach the various branches of an English education, also Crayons, French, Music, &c. Would prefer to be employed a proportion of time as assistant in the domestic department. Best of testimonials given and required. Address her via Mrs. H. H. FIELD, Glens Falls, N. Y.

FOR SALE—A Farm of sixty acres, (within four miles of Brockport, N. Y.) on which is a frame dwelling, horse-barn, grain-barn, a bearing orchard of about a hundred choice Apple and other fruit trees, and fifteen acres of timber. Price, forty dollars per acre. For further particulars address or inquire of S. C. PHILLIPS, 104 State street, (up stairs,) Rochester, N. Y.

CUMMINGS' FEED CUTTER—Made by J. R. Dutton & Co., and known as the "Dutton Machine"—Hand and Horse Power combined.

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STRAYED OR STOLEN—From the subscriber, on the 8th or 9th of November last, a two year old horse Colt, of fair size and proportion, of a brownish bay color, with a prominent star in the forehead and black stripe on the back. Any person giving information so the owner can recover said Colt, shall be handsomely rewarded. If he is stolen a reward of $25 will be paid for the colt and detection of the thief. Town Clerks are requested to give notice to the subscriber. If any such colt is recorded in their office. JONATHAN AYERS, Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y.

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CHOICE SEEDS—New and excellent varieties. Farmers, Gardeners and Seedsmen, now is your time. Send stamp for Catalogue. Address D. D. TOOKER, Seed Grower, Napoleon, Jackson Co., Mich.

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GOOD GRAIN FARM FOR SALE.—A No. 1 top Grain or Dairy Farm containing 70 acres, (including ten acres of good timber and situated in Chili, Monroe Co.,—9 miles from Rochester and one mile from village and Central Railroad Depot—in one of the best sections of Western New York. This is the farm on which was produced 40 bushels of extra quality Mediterranean wheat per acre, in 1858, as stated at the time in the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and of course the land is in a high state of cultivation. Extra fine Buildings; a good variety of choice Fruit; also good fences. The farm is well watered.

The subscriber offers this farm on account of poor health only. It will be sold at the low price of $75 per acre; part can remain on mortgage. Apply to or address 519 L. M. PRITCHARD, No. Chili, Monroe Co., N. Y.

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50 lb Bell, with Yoke and Standard, price	$5
75 " " " "	8
100 " " " "	11
150 " " " "	16

The latter is especially adapted to Plantations, Academies and small Churches, and may be distinctly heard three miles. On receipt of price we will deliver free on board Cars, Steamboats, or to Express Co. marked to any address. HEDGES, FREE & CO., No. 6 Main st., Cincinnati, Ohio

DURHAM CATTLE AT AUCTION.—By virtue of a personal mortgage executed by William C. Burke to Samuel Rotton, on the 1st day of June, 1856, which has been duly assigned to Caleb W. Allis, Lucian Moses, and William H. Huxtable, we, the survivors of said William H. Huxtable, deceased, will sell at public auction, at the Lake House, in the village of Skaneateles, on Saturday, the 24th day of December last, at 1 o'clock P. M., the following valuable high bred Durham Cattle, viz., Cow Ino, Rosa Dartle, Garnet, Madia, Lady Gay Spanker; also the Durham Bull Dick Myrtle.

TERMS—Approved Notes at four months interest.
CALEB W. ALLIS,
LUCIAN MOSES,
survivors of Wm. H. Huxtable, deceased, Assignees.
Dated Skaneateles, December 7th, 1859. 519-1t

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It is furnished with an ingenious device for regulating the feed, which is placed within the throat of the mill. This invention supplies the place of the cumbersome and vexatious *rattle-staff and shoe*, performing conveniently all the offices of both.

The axis of the mill is horizontal, and it is arranged to run with a belt from a horse power, steam engine, or any ordinary motor.

It may be run with a two horse power, up to a speed of two hundred and fifty revolutions per minute, or it may be operated with proportionally increased results, for every increment of power and speed, up to four or more horse power, and four or six hundred revolutions per minute.

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COMMENCEMENT OF A NEW VOLUME.

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In making this announcement the Publishers think it proper to say, simply, that no change will be made in the general plan of the Magazine, that all the writers whose contributions have established it in the popular favor will continue to make it their medium of communication with the public, and that the relations of the publishers with authors, on both sides the Atlantic, will continue to add materially to the variety, interest, and value of its pages.

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Require No Pit: may be set on top of the ground, or on a barn floor, and easily removed.

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"BYE-AND-BYE."

We say it first when our hearts are gay,
When our life's young sky is blue and bright,
And we dream the morning hours away
With never a thought of the coming night.
"Bye-and-bye" we will win of fame
Some lofty niche in her temple high,
The world shall ring with our honored name
In the years that are coming "bye-and-bye."

But time rolls onward and hope delays
Her flattering promises to fulfill,
Yet we list to her song of the future days,
And, trusting as ever, believe her still.
We have no sight for the swift-winged hours
That are flitting by us so silently,—
We are looking still for the thornless flowers
That we are to gather "bye-and-bye."

Years remorselessly speed away,
Stealing the bloom from the faded cheek,
Streaking the sunny locks with gray,
But never bringing the good we seek.
Till weary of sorrow the aching breast
But longs in the quiet grave to lie,
And only sighs for the dreamless rest
That shall be its portion "bye-and-bye."

Here in our chrysalis state we lie,
Shaping wings for a heavenly birth,
And the spirit that fain would mount and fly,
Is bound by life's pitiful creeds to earth;
But soon or late shall its chains be riven,
We shall gain the knowledge for which we sigh,
Why much was withheld and little given,—
We shall know God's reasons "bye-and-bye."

[*Springfield Republican.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

JUDITH.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

I HAVE not painted much of late years. When a man gets towards the sixties, if he has anything like a competency, he begins to have a partiality for good dinners and arm-chairs.

Is art less attractive than in my more enthusiastic youth? Not a bit of it! On the contrary, I think I am a more sincere worshiper at her shrine, since the munificence of Fortune has enabled me to regard her only with the highest devotion, and not as one compelled to seek her through motives of self-interest.

Yes, it does take a little from the romance of artist-life, to feel the harsh hand of Necessity continually urging to new efforts, bidding you coin your bright fancies into money if you would have bread. But it does not take away all the beauty and charm. Some of my happiest days have been passed in this very city, in a little house on C—— street.

I was not alone; my little wife was the sweetest, most charming company which I could have. To her I owe some of my best efforts and highest inspirations. Our house was small, though sufficient for our simple wants. The lightest and most cheerful room was used for my studio, and to it my NELLIE used to bring her sewing and sit with me while I worked away upon the canvas, with occasional pauses for her approval and suggestions.

Here we are at the door. You look around and smile. I dare say you are thinking of the contrast between my present residence and that to which I have just alluded. Well, there is a contrast, but thank Heaven! I believe that hopeful perseverance and prudence have made it all my own.

If you will walk into the back parlor I will show you a painting which I have preserved as a memento of those old struggling days. My wife calls it hers, and as she has always prized it very highly, I have refused numerous offers to part with the original, but have made several copies of it. I have seen various representations of the same subject, but never any just like this. Let me open the blinds that you may have a good light upon it. There!

And I stood before it. Rather it stood before me, so life-like was it in form and coloring. It was full length, and nearly filled the little niche in which it hung. The scene was a midnight landscape, over which the rays of the full moon threw occasional gleams of light from scattered masses of cloud. Lying here and there in the shadows were the tents of HOLOFERNES' army, while in the foreground appeared the more gorgeous tent of the commander. The moon, once more emerging, threw its clear radiance directly upon it, bringing into bold relief the figure of JUDITH, as she lifted the curtain of the tent and held it for her handmaid to pass out. Perfect dignity invested that tall and queenly figure, from which a rich embroidered robe hung in graceful folds, almost concealing the delicate, sandalled feet. The form of the maid was just visible in the interior of the tent, bearing upon her shoulders the bag which contained the head of HOLOFERNES. JUDITH, half turned to hasten her tardy footsteps, bringing to view her beautiful, almost fearful face, in which so many emotions contended for the mastery.

My feeble pen may not attempt perfectly to describe that face. The glossy dark hair was brushed plainly back from the low, smooth brow, and gathered in braided bands, confined with gold and jewels. The eyes, dark and piercing, gleamed with a triumphant light, telling of the proud, defiant spirit within. Yet, above those bold, dark eyes lay a line of long and silky lashes which told how their flashings could be subdued at will and melt into softest pleadings. The nose, like that of her country-women, was narrow at its rise and large and prominent at its base, detracting something from the delicate beauty of the other features, but increasing the expression of courage and firmness. The mouth was small and crimson, and in smiles must have added to the rather sensual softness of the rounded chin and cheeks; but now it curled and stiffened with contempt and strength of will. A faint flush stained the clear olive complexion, and betrayed the eagerness of the intent which was so nearly consummated.

After dinner my host still further increased my interest in this striking painting by relating to me its history which, to the best of my recollection, was this:

As I told you, we were poor, and poor young artists were then, as now, too common to excite much notice. I had been sick, and recovering, found my funds at a very low ebb, and even my cheerful wife, worn by care and anxiety, began to look rather sorrowfully on our future. I must paint something remarkable—something which would attract immediate attention. I had a historical piece upon the easel partly finished, but I put that aside and hastily sketched a *Judith*. I had studied the Jewish features carefully; they always interested me. The picture which had brought me the highest price of any which I had yet painted, was a *Wandering Jew*, which, strangely enough, was bought by FARQUAR, the Jew exchange broker.

At first, I sketched a head, representing in the face the emotions of JUDITH when bending over the couch of her victim before the deed. But it was too vague. Then I took a half length, but had no better success. I was feeble and excitable, and after spending days, which grew into weeks, in this way, I was nearly determined to give up and take my wife into the country to her father's until I should be strong and well again.

I had sat down one day for a last attempt, and with a sad heart and cloudy brow was working busily, when NELLIE, who had gone out to take the air in a stroll upon Broadway, rushed in breathless, and seizing a fan, began, in her lively way, to recount her adventures.

"O, LAWRENCE! it is so warm, and I am so out of breath! I walked so fast, I was in such a hurry to tell you! I've seen a model for your JUDITH! If you can only get her! In a lace store in Canal street! O, you must go!"

In short, as NELLIE related more calmly when she had leisure to collect her thoughts, she had entered a lace store on Canal street to make a few purchases, and been waited upon by a French girl who had struck her fancy so much that I must see her without delay, and if possible induce her to sit for her portrait.

Had we been in Paris instead of New York, such a proceeding would not have been unusual, but I felt that, as it was, there were some difficulties in the way. To ask a young woman to perform such a service would require tact, and that of which I had less—money to pay her handsomely.

However, to gratify my wife, I walked out with her next day, and we paid a visit to the *might be* JUDITH. I was delighted. NELLIE had an artist's eye, and in this instance it was a true one. I need not describe the girl. Look at the painting,—imagination has done but little. But how to approach her was the question. NELLIE insisted that I should leave that to her, and thus she managed it, fortune favoring.

She called frequently, and always contrived to see and speak with the girl, whose reserve gradually wore off before her lively frankness. She found that ELISE DENMEAD embroidered for the store in which she was employed, and also for any who wished her services. Having at that time some delicate work on hand she gave a part of it to her to do. When she had finished it she came to the house, and NELLIE, wishing to gratify her, showed her over my studio. She displayed so much appreciation and good sense, that I was quite surprised, and gave her an invitation to come whenever she felt inclined. I showed her my unfinished JUDITH, and by skillfully painting out her resemblance to the character intended, I paved the way for asking her to sit for me once or twice. I watched her closely, and saw that she was flattered. The vanity of the French woman was a strong trait in her, which her expressive countenance could not conceal. Forgetting her reserve, she expressed her sense of the honor with true French vivacity, and promised to come as often as I pleased. The press of business would not allow her to come at present unless in the evening, but she hoped to be at leisure soon.

Such was the interest which she had awakened in my wife's kind, sympathizing heart, that we soon learned her story. An orphan, she had left her native land and found employment in New York, first as a milliner's apprentice, then as a seamstress and nursery-maid, until she had taken the place in which we found her. She had been there two years, and possessing the confidence of her employers, was able to support herself comfortably. She boarded, with several others of her class, in a respectable house in a quiet street, and though she led a lonely and laborious life, she seemed happy and contented.

She was but nineteen years of age, and though educated in the harsh school of poverty, possessed a natural refinement and simplicity truly pleasing. No one could converse with her without feeling assured of the purity of her mind. We admired her, but we sometimes trembled for her as we noticed the deep-seated and natural vanity of her disposition, with that confiding affection which timidity only covered with reserve.

Finding that I should be delayed in the painting, I worked upon my historical piece, and had the rare good fortune to find a purchaser for it before winter set in.

ELISE sat for me twice, sittings of an hour each, in about a fortnight after her first visit, and the picture was fairly commenced. NELLIE sat near her, and they beguiled the time with conversation about herself, her trials and hopes, all of which NELLIE drew from her with an earnest desire to understand, and, if possible, benefit her. She said she had few friends beyond three girls with whom she was thrown in contact, and whom she cared but little to know. She was acquainted with some of their customers, who had always been kind, and those with whom she had lived had always taken a lively interest in her welfare.

She possessed a true friend in a lady in Brooklyn, for whom she had formerly worked. Mrs. ALLEN and her children often came in their carriage to the store, and last summer, when she had vacation, they invited her to stay several days with them. There she met with Mrs. ALLEN'S brother, a man between thirty and forty years of age, and, as she described him, a very benevolent, intelligent and agreeable bachelor.

This visit to Brooklyn was a green spot in her life, for she dwelt upon it with evident pleasure. She said Mr. FELIX FOWLER, the brother, had called at the store several times to leave messages from his sister, and once or twice had left a boquet or some choice fruit for her at her boarding place. He was so kind and thoughtful of those less favored than himself.

I gave her a few sharp, questioning glances when she spoke of this acquaintance, but she stood them without flinching. Evidently she knew her place, and regarded him as an indulgent friend, whom she considered too old, as well as too far above her, to appear in any other light.

Some time elapsed, during which we saw nothing of her, and upon inquiry, NELLIE learned that she was sick. She visited her at her boarding place, and was glad to find that other friends had cared for and attended her. Mrs. ALLEN was away spending the summer, but her brother, who did business in the city, had been unremitting in his attentions.

NELLIE said that had he been a lover, rather than a generous friend, he could not have been kinder than he seemed to have been. ELISE spoke of him with tears, calling him her best friend. Some how, NELLIE said, she felt uneasy, and did not half like this very kind Mr. FOWLER.

One day, after ELISE began to recover, we were walking out, and suddenly turning a corner, we met her seated in a chaise by the side of Mr. FOWLER, as we supposed. She saw us and blushed deeply—for just as we met them he was bending over her, apparently speaking in a low tone. Something in his look and air struck me unfavorably, and as we walked on I told my wife that she must speak to ELISE, and, if possible, ascertain her exact position towards him. It seemed to me very like a courtship. Too like for a man of wealth and of the world to seem towards a poor shop-girl.

When next NELLIE called to see her, ELISE acknowledged that he had several times taken her to ride. The doctor had ordered wine for her and advised her to ride out. How could she get such luxuries as these unless provided by some friend? But NELLIE urged that they should come from others; that it was not well to receive them at his hands. Men were seldom so disinterested. In vain she cautioned; ELISE had perfect faith in his honor. He was so good, so thoughtful. Was he not Mrs. ALLEN'S brother? She would have warned her had there been aught amiss in her receiving his kindness. Fearful of wounding her innocent and unsuspecting heart, NELLIE said no more—but ill at ease, awaited a more favorable time, resolving, if possible, to ascertain something more of this man.

Though paler and thinner than before, ELISE once more consented to sit for me, and the picture went on again. It was nearly marked out, and I was anxious to finish it in time for the January exhibition. ELISE was to have a vacation in August, and we had planned a little recreation for her in a visit with my wife to her father's farm up the East River.

I had been over in the neighborhood of Newark for a few days, sketching with one or two other artists, and was returning on the ferry boat, when I noticed, leaning carelessly upon the railing, Mr. FELIX FOWLER. I directed young NORWOOD'S attention to him, asking if he knew him. He knit his brow, looked sharply at him, and then catching Mr. MARSHALL by the arm, said—"Hey! MARSHALL, isn't that that fast FOWLER who drives such fine horses?"

MARSHALL assented, and turning again to me, NORWOOD added—"He is a queer being, so they say. Nothing very bad, only he never did anything for himself but drive horses and spend money. A few years ago he married an heiress, expecting thereby to have plenty at his command, but he was mistaken there. He couldn't touch a cent of her property, so he quarreled with her and she went back to her home in New England. He is quite a lady-killer, they say."

I had heard enough; he was a married man! He was, too, as I expected, a designing and unscrupulous man. I hastened home, feeling that no time should be lost in warning ELISE, who, I was sure, supposed him to be a bachelor. I was right in supposing that Mrs. ALLEN had not deemed it necessary to allude to his unhappy marriage, never dreaming that he would pursue his acquaintance with ELISE, or dare to give it her sanction. She was probably entirely ignorant of his visit to the girl.

NELLIE was horrified at the news which I had heard, and would have hastened to find ELISE without delay, but I deemed it best to wait until the next day. On the next morning, just as she was about setting out, a note was brought to her. It was from ELISE, and informed her that she had gone into the country to spend her vacation with an elderly lady, an aunt of Mr. FOWLER'S, who had kindly written to invite her. Mr. FOWLER had escorted her, she said, and she was delighted with the place, so quiet and retired. She knew she should be quite well ere she returned to the city. She added that she would write again before her return, but she omitted to give the name of the place to which she had gone.

We could not but feel anxious, and had Mrs. ALLEN returned to Brooklyn, I should certainly have called upon her to learn her feelings in the matter. But she had not returned and I had not her address.

The two weeks passed away and still ELIZA did not return. At the end of that time my wife received a letter from her. There was something touching, almost sad in that letter, something which spoke of a change in the simple-hearted girl. She wrote with an evident effort to be cheerful and happy, and wished NELLIE to go to her employers and say that she had been unavoidably detained over her time, but would soon return. To us she hinted that she thought the time near when she should leave the store altogether for a home of her own. Referring to her benefactor as she called him, she said—"He has been here more than a week, sick, or rather ailing, and I have taken care of him. I felt it my duty to stay with him, as the lady with whom I am visiting keeps but one servant. By the way, she is not Mr. FOWLER'S *aunt* but an old *nurse* of his. I must have misunderstood him. He came out to see her and was taken ill, so he has lingered. Ah! well the hours have flown all too swiftly."

From the tone of this letter we feared that our worst suspicions were in a fair way to be realized. A few days brought ELIZA once more to our house. She was looking happier, more brilliant than ever. I dreaded to dash her hopes to the ground, for it was evident on whom those hopes were founded. The picture of JUDITH was nearly finished, and in a gay mood she seated herself, as she said, for me to add a few last touches, since she was so improved in appearance all her friends said. We inquired for Mr. FOWLER, and she said he brought her home, but was soon going to Boston and Philadelphia.

Ere she left, my wife privately and earnestly besought her to give her her confidence. She confessed that Mr. FOWLER had given her proofs of his love, though they were as yet not engaged. Her confidence in him was perfect. NELLIE then told her as gently as possible, what we had heard of him. She flew into a passion on the instant, declaring it to be a foul slander, and finally, with a burst of tears, she went away almost angry with NELLIE for telling her.

Mr. FOWLER left town, and for some days we saw nothing of ELISE, and supposed that her petty anger kept her away. NELLIE called at the store, but found she had left there for another situation. We began to feel anxious on her account, and only waited Mrs. ALLEN'S return to lay our fears before her. We hoped to find ELISE again and convince her that we were truly her friends, but we relinquished that hope when, one day in the early Autumn, my wife returned from a walk, saying that she had seen some one upon one of the Avenues, whom she was confident was ELISE but as she turned to cross, the female saw her, drew down her veil and disappeared. She evidently wished to avoid her.

The first of November we paid a visit to Mrs. ALLEN'S and without reserve related the incidents of the Summer. She seemed much shocked at our suspicions, and admitted that her brother's conduct had not always been satisfactory, but that she was certain that in this matter he had merely been inconsiderate. She feared that ELISE though innocent, was very weak minded, and had been led by her vanity to misconstrue Mr. FOWLER'S attentions. She further informed us that her brother intended going to Europe in the spring, and that there were hopes that a reconciliation with his wife was about to take place. Unsatisfactory as this was, it was all we could do for the present. Thus we heard no more of ELISE for three or four months.

My picture entered the exhibition, attracted much attention, and I had numerous opportunities to sell it. This I was unwilling to do, and orders for duplicates came in as rapidly as I should be able to execute them during the current year.

It was one chilly evening in February that my wife and I were sitting by our cosy fireside discussing my improved prospects, and speculating upon the fate of one so nearly connected with my reputation as an artist. Suddenly we heard the outer door shut violently, and in another moment ELISE stood before us. She dashed her bonnet from her head, and, standing erect, glared around the room with restless, suspicious eyes. She was sadly changed. Her pale face and disordered hair gave her a wild expression, with which her neglected attire, bearing marks of travel, was strongly in keeping.

"It was true!" she cried "all true! He thought to deceive me, but I was too strong for him. Ah! the villain!" and she laughed a harsh laugh. "Did you think that I should never find you? He was going abroad with his pretty bride to leave me here alone, but I found him, and" coming nearer, she spoke in a cautious whisper, "I've sent him on a longer journey, and I shall meet him soon."

The poor creature would have raved on thus more wildly and incoherently than ever, but we restrained her gently, and having persuaded her to retire, sent for a physician.

As she turned to leave the room with my wife, she paused in the door-way, and lifting her trembling hand shook it at me in an attitude of defiance, exclaiming—"That last was a dose too much, but it was not half so bitter as you made me drink."

Her expression was at that moment almost exactly that of JUDITH standing in the door of the tent, but heightened by life and madness. I felt as by instinct to whom her words were addressed, but it was with a start and a thrill of horror that I beheld in her once beautiful, now distorted proportions, the depth of her betrayal. Alas! for her the flower of life had perished.

Let me not detain you longer. It is only necessary to add that in the hope of freeing herself from temptation, the poor girl had left the city for a more retired home, but he had traced her out and succeeded in restoring peace and confidence between them. We must not speak of her fall otherwise than to say that it was but as hundreds have fallen before and since.

When the consequences became apparent, he resolved to rid himself of the burden at all events, the more so, that about this time, he had hopes of a re-union with his wife, and a trip to Europe.

Providing for her temporary wants he left her, and went to New England, thinking never to see her again, and hoping soon to place the broad sea between them. With a woman's quickness she divined his motives and followed him, not hoping to reclaim him, but determined to be revenged. She wrote to him appointing a meeting in Boston, and fearing exposure he dared not refuse. They met amicably, and to all appearance parted so, but never swerving from her purpose, she had mingled poison with his wine. Startled at the magnitude of her crime, her weak mind gave way, and feeling only an instinct to fly, she cared not where, she had come to us.

GOD did not permit the forlorn young creature to be her own avenger. The poison which she meant should do the work had failed. He was very ill but recovered, and though his friends knew the immediate cause of his sickness, they could get no clue from him, so closely did he keep his secret.

ELISE never recovered her reason, but disease at times overpowered her ravings, and a few short months terminated her sufferings.

FOWLER lives, a prominent citizen of this city. I do not doubt that you have seen him. Either the influence of his wife or the fearful experience of that year, changed him somewhat for the better. He is an old man now, but the world has seemingly forgotten the follies and sins of his early manhood, and he is held in respect by many.

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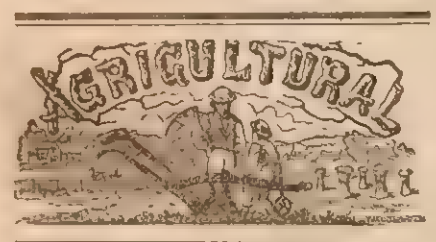


CLOSE OF THE YEAR AND VOLUME,

And of first Ten Years of the Rural New-Yorker.

Ten Years! How long a period—the seventh of a life-time of full "three score and ten"—and yet how swiftly has it passed, bringing us to another and important mile-stone in the cycle of Time! A decade of years has the Rural New-Yorker existed, and, thanks to its myriad friends, annually progressed and triumphed—augmenting in circulation and usefulness as it increased in age and the vigor and strength of maturity. And now it becomes our duty, for the tenth time, to indite a closing article for the Year and Volume. How backneyed the theme, yet what emotions arise and what thoughts are awakened on an occasion so interesting and important. Our first emotion is one of gratitude—a sincere aspiration of thanksgiving to Him who "doeth all things well"—that we have not only been permitted to live and labor, but to see the fruition of our most sanguine hopes in regard to an enterprise which was neither commenced or continued on selfish principles, and to witness a remarkable advance in the great cause of Rural "Progress and Improvement" which this journal has zealously, constantly, and we trust successfully, sought to promote. This is not an age of miracles, yet how wonderful, almost miraculous, have been the changes, the inventions, the progress and improvements of the past decade in nearly every department—Mental, Moral and Physical. Would that time and space, and memory and power, permitted a proper enumeration of even what has come under our own observation in only one department—the advancement of Improvement in Rural Affairs and matters connected therewith. But we must omit a discussion of this pleasant theme, and turn our attention to more timely topics—matters pertinent to the occasion and season.

For five hundred and twenty weeks, and during the publication of that number of issues of the Rural New-Yorker, it has been our earnest, constant and conscientious endeavor to faithfully discharge our duty to all in any wise interested or affected—Individuals, Families, Community and the Country. Starting with a consciousness of the great responsibility assumed, and humbly realizing our inability in many respects, we resolved to make a vigorous and persistent effort to establish in the heart of the best cultivated and populated Rural District of America a Weekly Agricultural and Family Journal which should be Honest, Independent and Reliable. We had heard much cant about the necessity of great genius and talent and science and capital in such a sphere of journalism, but believed that Pluck, Industry, Principle and Energy were the first requisites, and indispensable to a success worth achieving in such an enterprise as we had undertaken. Comparatively young, and hence hopeful, sanguine of future success, in benefiting others at least—confidently believing that those whose interests we advocated would eventually appreciate our efforts—we determined, against the advice of our best friends, to venture our all (financially,) and devote years of untiring labor in an endeavor to establish upon a firm basis, a combined Rural, Literary and Family Newspaper which should excel in merit and usefulness—and from that day to this our great aim has been to render this journal eminently Instructive, Useful and Entertaining—to enhance, so far as in our power, the Physical Interests and Home Happiness of all its readers—without misleading the judgment, injuring th morals or vitiating the taste of a single individual. This was our standard, an elevated and laudable one—perhaps too fastidious to suit the popular taste—but we resolved to adhere to it, and, if necessary, "learn to labor and to wait" long years for that success and reward which we firmly believed would eventually crown well-directed and persistent efforts for the achievement of laudable objects. And we *were* obliged to thus labor and wait for years—ignoring ease and pleasure, sacrificing health, and sinking thousands of dollars, and even *the last dollar we possessed*,—before the Rural New-Yorker reached a "paying basis," though, meantime, it paid thousands of its readers, and us in the consciousness of benefiting others and promoting a noble cause. Though this was a period of trial and sacrifice, we never wavered for a moment or lost our faith in the cause espoused, or those to whom we looked for support;—in vulgar parlance, *our pluck was always good and courage 96 to the inch.* And the result, as already intimated, has thus far—for we looked ten years ahead in the outset—fully realized our early anticipations.

In adversity and prosperity, through good and evil report—and notwithstanding the base imitations in name, style and manner, and subsequent exhibitions of envy and jealousy, of some of its contemporaries—the Rural New-Yorker has pursued the even tenor of its way, always calling things by their right names, exposing and condemning what it believed to be Wrong, and defending and advocating the Right, *under all circumstances and regardless of the frowns or favors of individuals or associations.* It has ever relied upon its *intrinsic merit* for support, and never asked or received a dollar of *patronage*, as such, from any individual or society—nor has it ever been in any wise connected with any business which could be promoted through the use of its pages, or the puffing of which therein would detract from its independence or reliability on any subject connected with the business of those whose interests it advocates. This is one great secret of its power and success with those who think aright—for the great mass of intelligent men and women of this land believe in honesty, not only as the best policy, but as the best principle in practice and action.

The Rural New-Yorker is not, and we trust never will be, a favorite with those speculators and swindling sharpers whose chief labor of life is to prey upon and *into* the pockets of the innocent and confiding of all classes, annually depleting the purses and abusing the confidence of thousands of unsuspecting persons throughout the country. Our pages prove that these martyrs, who would fain sacrifice themselves in teaching the people how to acquire wealth (and *wisdom?*) with remarkable ease and celerity, owe us nothing in love or money. Nor is this journal a special favorite with the would-be savans and self-styled professors who make great pretensions in various branches of science connected with Rural Affairs, but who have only a moiety of the knowledge, ability or experience possessed by many of its contributors. Agricultural Improvement gains little—may lose much—from the pretentious displays of men who really know little, practically or thoroughly, yet kindly condescend to teach by precept the science and practice of Agriculture to those who are their seniors in both years and experience. But the Rural *is* a favorite with tens of thousands of intelligent, progressive and enterprising cultivators all over the land—not only in our own highly favored "Empire State," but throughout the rich valleys and prairies of the West, the steep and rocky hills of New England, the naturally fertile sections of the "Old Dominion" and other localities of the sunny South, and in the better portions of the British Provinces at the North. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to the Gulf, it is, we are proud to know, a welcome and entertaining visitor to the Farmer, the Horticulturist and the Family Circle—now having a far Larger Circulation than any similar Journal.

Thus much, and perhaps altogether too much *personally*, of the past. Perchance it would have been better, had we referred to former volumes of the Rural for its record and position—for with all the mistakes, and sins of omission and commission, which must be apparent to the discriminating reader, whatever has appeared in its pages must pass the ordeal of intelligent, though we trust, lenient criticism; and the value and character of the paper in the past must be the criterion by which to judge of its future. This is but just and proper, and we therefore submit and refer to the record with diffidence and humility—promising only that, if life and health are spared, and our efforts properly seconded by its Correspondents, Agents and Subscribers, the future of the Rural New-Yorker shall be worthy of its past history—that it shall strive to command and augment the confidence and support of its myriad of ardent friends, and those interested in its subjects, in the East, the West, the North, and the South—and that the spirit of its glorious Motto, "*Excelsior*," and laudable Objects, "*Progress and Improvement*," will continue to be manifested in our efforts to furnish an unequaled Rural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

THE FARMER A MANUFACTURER.

Every farmer, great or small, is a manufacturer. In the manufactory which he superintends, is made butter, cheese, beef, pork, corn, wheat and potatoes—in fact, all the real necessaries of life. No other manufacturer is engaged in a work of so much importance. We could get along without manufactories of silk, cotton, or woolen goods, but let the factories that make our bread and meat cease to work, and ruin—death in its most horrid form—would stare us in the face. There is no work that requires more thought and care,—none that makes greater calls for the exercise of the highest faculties of the mind, than farming. To no man, in any position of life, is a general knowledge of the wonderful laws of nature of more importance than it is to the farmer. Cotton, it is well known, can be made into cotton cloth, and wool into blankets and broadcloths; but the great question with the manufacturer is, how this can be so done by a judicious selection of materials, and skill in their manufacture, as to afford a profit over cost. On his wisdom in this respect depends the all-important question, whether his business is a success or a failure. Manure and labor will manufacture crops to an almost unlimited extent; but on the cost of this manure, and the way and purpose for which it is used, depends the success or failure of the farmer—the fact whether or not he makes these crops at a profit over cost.

The farmer, like the manufacturer, pursues his business to earn a livelihood for himself and family, and to accumulate a small store for a rainy day.—No manufacturer would boast of his large productions, or think he was doing a business that he had reason to be proud of, if what he made cost all it was worth in its production. The farmer may grow sixty or seventy bushels of wheat to the acre, and proclaim the fact all over the country—obtain the first premium for the largest crop grown in the State or Nation, and the wonderful performance be heralded through all the papers in the land; yet, if this large crop cost more in its manufacture than it would bring in the market, what has been gained, and who would like to follow such an example for a living? The farmer that raised thirty bushels, at a price that would allow him a fair profit over cost, would be far more worthy of praise and imitation. He that can make corn and wheat at the lowest possible price, and meat and butter cheaper than his neighbors, is the best farmer; it being always understood that he is not using up his capital—the fertility of his soil.

We can largely increase almost any of our crops by the use of *guano*, (and if we believe half the stories told, by the use of many *patent manures*;) the question is, whether we can use *guano* in the production of crops, at a profit. This must, of course, depend a good deal upon its price and the value of the produce. The English farmers find its use profitable, and to many of our crops it may doubtless be applied with advantage. Experiments alone will give us the necessary light on the subject.

For some years we have thought that in the production of potatoes the prospect was the most favorable, and a few small experiments made a year or two since, rather confirmed us in the opinion, though the rot sadly interfered with our arrangements. The past summer we undertook to investigate this question a little more thoroughly, and procured a quantity of Peruvian Guano for the purpose. This was carefully weighed and applied at the rate of three hundred and fifty pounds to the acre. The soil was a sandy loam, somewhat impoverished by previous cropping. The guano cost in New York three cents a pound, and transportation, cartage, &c., nearly one cent more, making the whole cost about $14. To this we may add $1 per acre as the cost of applying, which was much less than it cost us, on account of care in weighing the guano for every row, but is perhaps more than the necessary cost in ordinary practice. The increase on the acre from the guano, over that which received none, the soil being precisely alike, in every respect, was 73 bushels. The product from both the manured and unmanured land, was both weighed and measured, for the sake of the greater accuracy. The land also, was accurately measured, staked off and labeled. The extra 73 bushels cost for the raw material (guano) from which they were made, 20 cents per bushel. The cost of cultivation was the same as though no guano had been used, and digging and handling but a trifle more. Potatoes were worth here the past fall about 40 cents per bushel, so that the profit from the use of the guano was about $14 to the acre.

We will not pretend to say that the farmer cannot, by judicious management, make manure that will grow potatoes cheaper than by using guano, but we do say that no one near a good market like this, can afford to plant, cultivate and dig an acre of potatoes for 50 or 75 bushels, while he can add to the product from 60 to 80 bushels by the use of Peruvian guano that will cost fourteen or fifteen dollars. When potatoes are low, from an over-supply, or on account of the great distance to market, say from 20 to 25 cents a bushel, of course they cannot be grown with guano at a profit; but at 40 cents a bushel, or more, we can make money by using guano to increase the crop.

How the farmer can make corn, wheat, meat, &c., at the least cost, is the great question which farmers should investigate. Each one can do something towards solving this problem. By keeping the necessary accounts he can tell how much it costs him per bushel to produce the different grains under the different systems of culture, and the cost per pound of beef and pork under different systems of feeding. It is such facts as these, derived from actual experience, that we are anxious to lay before our readers.

A NEAT POULTRY HOUSE.

During the year we have given drawings and descriptions of houses, barns, corn-cribs, and almost every other farm building, and now, in the last number of the volume, present our readers with a very pretty and convenient Poultry House, built by C. N. Bement, at Springside, near Poughkeepsie, of which Mr. B. gives the following description:

In a sequestered nook, and cluster of trees, on the sunny side of a high bank, surmounted by rocks covered with shrubbery, may be seen the new fowl-house, lately erected by the writer.—This location was selected for the purpose of protection from the cold northern blasts, and receiving the warmth and benefit of the Winter's sun. The deciduous trees in front being deprived of their foliage in Winter, admits the full influence of the sun, and, when in full leaf, to shade and ward off his searching rays in Summer.

Description.—The elevation, as will be seen in the figure accompanying this article, is a rather pretty affair. The centre building, with the gable to the front, is twelve feet square; eight feet posts. The roof very steep and surmounted with a kind of cupola, for the purpose of ventilation and ornament; in the bottom of this are two small swing doors, to close up when necessary. The roof is of one and-a-quarter inch plank, tongued and grooved, the joints painted with white lead and battened. The entire front is of glass, extending to the very point at the top.

The left wing is a lower edifice, twenty-two feet long and ten feet wide. The floor, which is of broken stone covered with fine gravel, is sunk below the surface, two feet in front and eight feet in the rear. The back wall resting against the bank, is of stone, twenty inches thick, faced with brick. The front wall and ends are also of brick. The roof has a gentle pitch to the rear, and made of one-and-a-quarter inch plank, tongued and grooved, joints painted with white lead before being laid. The under sides of the rafters are lined with hemlock boards, the spaces between the rafters filled with tan, rendering it frost-proof. The front wall is of brick, and two feet high, on which the wood and sash rest. In the base are gratings, to admit air; also above the glass, and just under the eaves, are open spaces for ventilation. In very cold weather these spaces may be closed with shutters. On the right is a door for entrance, and on the left is a small one for the egress and ingress of the fowls.

Internal Arrangement.—In the rear, and running the whole length of the room, are two tiers of boxes or nests, which are eighteen inches square, and the same in height. Adjoining the nest is an apartment of the same size, where the hen enters to go to her nest, which is latticed in front, giving air and apparent secrecy, with which she seems much pleased. The under tier is about two feet above the ground floor. The range of tiers is set out from the back wall ten inches.—These nests are covered with boards, sloping down, like the roof of a house, to catch and carry down the droppings of the fowls from the perches immediately over, to a trough in the rear. By this arrangement the manure is all saved, and out of the way of the fowls. We kept our Spanish fowls in this house last Winter, without injury by frost, to their wattles or large combs.

IMPORTANCE OF THE HAY CROP.

Having had occasion to travel through the counties of Wyoming, Allegany, Cattaraugus, Chautauqua, and the south towns of Erie county the past summer, after the June frost, I was particularly struck with the great loss which its destruction of the grass over all this region had occasioned to the farmers. In no section of the State was its severity more marked than in this, nor saw any other so badly afflicted. It will require years to place the farms in as good condition as they were on the 1st of May.

Its results demonstrate more than ever the great importance of the hay crop over all others—especially in the dairy and grazing regions. The hay raised in 1854, as appears by the census of 1855, was,

Allegany,	54,637	tuns.
Cattaraugus,	62,546	"
Chautauqua,	106,672	"
South Towns of Erie,	60,000	"
Wyoming,	58,421	"
Total tuns,	341,276	

The rapid increase of stock indicates that the growth of hay has nearly doubled in the last five years. But suppose there had been no increase, not over one-tenth of a crop has been made in these counties. That involves a loss of over 300,000 tuns, which, at $10 per tun, its value to the farmer in ordinary years, shows a pecuniary loss to the farmers of that devoted region of not less than three millions of dollars.

But the loss does not stop here, for the loss of the hay crop involves the driving away from these counties at least three-quarters of all their animals, and they must be sold at prices so low as to make it out of the power of many farmers to replace them again next spring, and their land will not yield its proper return, because they have nothing to eat their pasturage.

The milch cows by the Census of 1855, now, in

Allegany,	19,009
Cattaraugus,	23,648
Chautauqua,	36,046
Wyoming,	16,731
Erie, South Towns,	18,000
Total,	113,419

which last spring were worth at lowest average $35 per head—making a total value of $3,402,750. The loss by reason of the forced sales will be equal to at least $20 per head—thus involving a total loss of $2,250,000. The loss upon their other cattle, of which they had 143,000 head, and upon their sheep and horses, would be at least $2,000,000 more.

The failure of the hay crop, then, in these four counties and the half of another, directly and indirectly involves a pecuniary loss to the inhabitants of not less than seven millions of dollars.—The destruction of the wheat crop forms no comparison to this.—P.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

'TIS SWEET TO LIVE.

BY IDA FAIRFIELD.

Life hath dark shadows, doubts and fears,
And bitter storms, which give
A shade of gloom to after years,
And mark a pathway stained by tears,
But yet, "'tis sweet to live."

The weary child of want and woe,
Who begs from day to day,
With bare feet, through the biting snow,
And young heart beating sad and slow,
For length of days will pray.

The stricken mourner, bending low
Above her best love's bier,
Beroft of joy by one fell blow,
Still finds, amid her bitterest woe,
That life and health are dear.

Hope ever lends her beacon light,
Whose soft, alluring ray
Rich promise gives of days more bright,
Unclouded years of sweet delight,
To cheer each wanderer's way.

Life hath up-welling founts of love
For every human soul,
Glad hours, whose golden memories prove
Incentives, wheresoe'er we rove,
To wait, and reach some goal.

The glory of the actual dwells
Before our eager eyes,
What life hath been, our being swells
With chance of greatness, which foretells
The future promised prize.

And sometimes love, and hope, and joy,
Their richest treasures give,
That peace which death can ne'er destroy,
Life's purest gold without alloy,
And then "'tis sweet to live."

Ashaway, R. I., Dec., 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HINTS FOR THOSE WHO NEED THEM.

Usually, where there is poverty there is a slovenly, untidy, heedless woman. A man may work ever so hard, and get good wages, and yet have a barren, thriftless home, himself and children go ragged and comfortless, unless his wife understands true economy and takes care of what comes in her way.

It is surprising how few women consider it necessary to use prudence in the management of their wardrobe and household affairs. A woman who considers it beneath her time and attention to use half-worn garments to supply her family with bed-clothes or carpets, and cannot take the trouble to keep a rag-bag or basket, deserves to be poor always. How much better old dress skirts look, neatly tied into bed-comforters, than stringing all about the house, and tucked into odd corners or broken panes. No matter if poverty does not compel you to save paper-rags, keep a bag nevertheless, and when full give it to your poor neighbor; it will cost you not a moment of time to take care of "lots" of things that, if you do not want them, will be useful to some one. I like to help a tidy, industrious, poor family, but when I go into a house and see disorder, waste, filth, and enough laying about, if properly taken care of, to make a comfortable home, I feel it is of no use to give such people things to abuse and destroy. They will always be poor, and no person could possibly assist them.

Pomposity and false pride, or shiftlessness, and pride, and poverty, usually go hand in hand. What a pity that men and women, who have no love of labor, no fancy for housework, no love of children, should marry and attempt to raise a family, to be a nuisance to themselves and the community.

Some err through ignorance, but many more through idleness, and unwillingness to study and practice the constantly recurring details by which people in this country usually amass a comfortable independence. They go to their graves, mourning over their poverty, and envying those "more fortunate," as they call it, and wondering at the "mysterious ways of Providence," while, all the time, the fault lies at their own doors. Q.

Influence of Mothers.—"My mother," said Mr. Benton, not long before he died, "asked me never to drink liquor, and I never did. She desired me at another time to avoid gaming, and I never knew a card. She hoped I would not use tobacco, and it never passed my lips."

Not long ago, the Rev. Dr. Mills, in one of his powerful appeals to mothers to consecrate their children to the ministry of the gospel, said, "A youth, after great deliberation, and with the knowledge that his mother desired him to be a clergyman, decided at last to become a lawyer; and soon after, his mother inquired of him, in a tone of deep and tender interest, "My son, what have you decided to do?" "To study law, mother." She only replied, "I had hoped otherwise;" and her convulsive sobbing told the depth of her disappointment. "Do you think," said he, "I could go into the law over my mother's tears?" He reconsidered the case, and has long been an able and efficient clergyman.

Give your children fortune without education, and at least one-half of the number will go down to the tomb of oblivion—perhaps to ruin. Give them an education, and they will be a fortune to themselves and their country. It is an inheritance worth more than gold, for it buys true honor; they can never spend nor lose it; and through life it ever proves a friend—in death a consolation.

He that hath called us is love; his Spirit, a spirit of love; his ordinances, ordinances of love; his followers, a communion of love; and our vocation, a calling of love.

READER! SPARE THE BOOK.*

[Dedicated to all Possessors of Volume X of the Rural New-Yorker.]

Reader! spare the book!
Cut not a single leaf!
You dream not of the pains we took,
Or you'd regard our grief.
For many a thoughtful hour
We cull'd our fruitful brain
To set before you fruit and flower
All strung on Beauty's chain.

Reader! spare the book!
It is our fancy's pet:
Turn daintily its leaves, and look
How tastefully 'tis set!
There's learning in its page!
There's humor in its lines!
And there the wisdom of the sage
With poesy combines.

Reader! spare the book!
Make it your daily pride,
And keep it in a cherish'd nook
Your cunning skill to guide.
And if your file is not complete†
Please name the lacking number,
And you shall be in its receipt
Before you long can slumber.

* *Not* by Tupper, nor entirely original.
† *By* our new mailing machine.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

IT'S OF NO USE.

"It's of no use," young man, to put on so many airs! Just as well act natural. If you have no sense of honor, if you break the Sabbath, ridicule virtue and religion, you are no gentleman, and there is no use of pretending you *are* one. It matters not how rich may be your garments, or how agreeable your conversation; the true metal is not there, and there is no use of counterfeiting.

"It's of no use," young lady, to mince, and simper, and act as if you were better than anybody else. You may never enter the kitchen, and may sneer all you please at those of your sisterhood who labor for their bread, but you are no *lady*—nothing but a silly, ignoramus—so there is no use of feeling so big.

What is the use of strutting about so pompously and using all the large words Webster's Dictionary affords to make people think you are educated? Did you never notice that the most talented and best educated persons are almost invariably those who use the simplest language—and did it never occur to you that you show yourself to be a simpleton every time you speak?

"It's of no use" to make a great spread, and try to keep up an appearance of wealth, when you are not worth a cent in the world. Why not live within your means, and, instead of trying to ape those who are rich, wait till you have something of your own. People will think as much again of you, and what if they don't—do have the courage to act as you please, for depend upon it, you will always get found out. You cannot "make a whistle out of a pig's tail.

Finally, "it's of no use" for any of us to try to "shine in borrowed feathers." It is a great deal better to always act natural; then we shall never be troubled lest people find out we are not what we seem. Amelia.

Cayuga, N. Y. Dec. 1859.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SEED-TIME.

Seed-time lasts but a short period, and those who delay endanger the harvest. It would be foolish indeed to expect a harvest without putting in seed. No one adopts a theory so entirely preposterous, and yet their practice is sometimes not much better than such a theory would be. If the seed-time is neglected, the harvest will not be worth the sickle of the reaper. There are those who idle away the precious season of spring, and the soil is not prepared to receive the seed in season, and then the young blade is left to languish for want of cultivation, and to struggle with weeds which have been warmed into an earlier growth. Others early prepare the soil and sow their seed. Gathering clouds and windy days do not keep them from their labor. It is true, there are winds that blast the fruit, and frosts that wither the corn, but the rule still holds good that those who in due time sow their seed, do in due time reap their harvest.

Youth is the great seed-time in the rural world, and those who neglect to labor then find no harvest in store for them when gathering years withers and dries up the source of their worldly pleasures. He who should undertake a long journey to a new country, and make no provision for his wants while on the way, or when at his journey's end, would act very unwisely, but how many commence the journey of life and make no provision for their journey, nor lay up any store for the future.

If one desired to cross an unknown sea and thereby reach a certain haven, how unwise it would be to start away without a guide, or any certain knowledge of his course, and yet how many start on the journey of life just as unwisely. Let the young bear in mind that the voyage of life can never be repeated—and that one mistake in the beginning may prove disastrous in all their after-life. Join, my young friends, in the universal effort at perfection, and make high and noble aims for life. Sow early and well thy seed, and trust hopefully to the future for the harvest.

Syracuse, N. Y., 1859. Fitch.

Sincerely to aspire after virtue is to gain her; and zealously to labor after her wages is to receive them.

Liberty will not descend to a people; a people must raise themselves to liberty; it is a blessing that must be earned before it can be enjoyed.

SALMAGUNDI.

DAY-BREAK.

Lo! suddenly a trembling sigh there came
From the torn bosom of the widowed Night;
Far in the East a streak of yellow light
Marked the dim outline of the world with flame,
All else was dark, but slowly came a change:
A song awoke within the dusky wood;
There grew from out the gleam a mountain range,
And glimmered at the base the river's flood,
The distant city with its spires and domes,
The pleasant valley with its fields and homes;
The stars put on their pale lights one by one;
The ghastly shadows faded fast away;
The hill tops told the coming of the day,
And from his couch uprose the morning sun.

Mere bashfulness without merit is awkward; and merit without modesty is insolent. But modest merit has a double claim to acceptance, and generally meets with as many patrons as beholders.

The chief things proven by him who professes to be perfect, are ignorance of himself and ignorance of God.

The man who builds a house that he has not the means to pay for, simply provides a home to run away from.

Look not *back* on your dark, stumbling paths, nor within on your fitful and vacillating heart, but *forward* to the land that is far off.

There is as much responsibility in imparting your own secrets as in keeping those of your neighbor.—*Fruits of Leisure.*

Few persons have tact enough to perceive when to be silent, and when to offer you counsel or condolence.—*Fruits of Leisure.*

In order to put your company at ease, be yourself at ease. Be at home within yourself, and all within your house will be so.—*Bovee.*

I am firmly persuaded that the man who has not a sort of affection for all women, cannot love one as he ought.—*Sterne.*

No religion can be genuine, no goodness can be constant or lasting, that springs not, as its first and constant source, from faith in Jesus Christ.

The best way to do ourselves good is to be doing good to others; the best way to gather is to scatter.

Never condemn a friend unheard, or without letting him know his accuser and the charge preferred against him.

Love demands little else than the power to feel and to requite love.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

KEEP THE BIRTH DAYS.

A Western exchange makes the following excellent suggestions, which must meet the approbation of all. We trust they will also be received with favor by the "old folks." It says:

Keep the birth days religiously; they belong exclusively to, and are treasured among the sweetest memories of home. Do not let anything prevent some token, be it ever so slight, that it is remembered. Birth days are great events to children. For one day they feel that they are heroes. The special pudding or cake is made expressly for them; a new jacket, or trowsers with pockets, or the first pair of boots, are donned; and big brothers and sisters sink into insignificance beside "little Charlie," who is "six to-day," and is so soon "going to be a man." Mothers, who have half-a-dozen little ones to care for, are apt to neglect birth days; they come too often—sometimes when they are busy, and sometimes when they are "nervous;" but if they only knew how much such *souvenirs* are cherished by their pet Susey, or Harry, years afterwards, when away from the hearth-stone they had none to remind them that they had added one more year to the, perhaps, weary round of life, or to wish them, in old-fashioned phrase, "many happy returns to their birth-day," they would never permit any cause to step between them and a mother's privilege.

THAT PORTRAIT, AGAIN.

Mr. Moore:—I was about to ask a favor, but do not know that I have any right to do so, or how far I may be getting "beyond my limit;" but, at a venture, I can but speak—for I have put it off, and hesitated, for a year or more. Would it be inconsistent, or out of place, if you were to give us the portrait of D. D. T. Moore, in the Rural? and is not my wish that of thousands, were it expressed? For one, I confess to a great anxiety to see how he looks, and to know somewhat of his previous history, up to this time. But, as I do not expect ever to meet him *vis-a-vis*, I will be content with the shadow of his phiz, and whatever information he is pleased to bestow. If the request is deemed impertinent, or betrays lack of just sense of things, I have no excuse to offer, for I can frame none. We naturally become much interested in, and attached to, an Editor whose paper has been our daily companion for years, and each one of us imagines him our particular friend, for he encourages, sympathizes, cheers, advises and amuses us all, by turns, till it almost seems that he must have had our individual case in view. As for Mr. Moore, "may his shadow never be less," and we wish him a right merry Christmas, and many New Years, in which to continue the good work in which he has been so eminently successful. *Vive la Rural.* Queechy.

Dec. 20, 1859.

Note:—We *appreciate* the above, as it is from one who has written (over various signatures) many capital and instructive articles for the Rural. But, complimentary and sincere as is the request—and gratifying as we confess it to be, from such a source—we are moved to decline, and to reiterate what we said last year in response to a like appeal, to wit:—This, and similar requests heretofore, toucheth our approbativeness, and, with wool "beaver" in hand, we "make our manners" in acknowledgment. But, really, our friends must "wait a little longer," if not a long time—for, though not over young, our youthful (*we* will not say green or verdant,) appearance, (and the lack of silver-greydom,) is so commonly remarked whenever we attend Fairs, &c., that, even if we possessed sufficient merit to warrant the *exposure*, we doubt the propriety of going into the *picters*. When we get 100,000 Rural subscribers, *and* sufficient age and dignity, perhaps it may answer. It would not do *now*, at all, for (aside from the above and other cogent reasons,) recent illness has made us so much worse looking than *usual*, that a portrait would indeed prove a *counterfeit* presentiment! Excuse us, friends!

ANCIENT FASHIONS.

The New England Historical Register for 1857, contains the following interesting account of the clothing in the Old Times:

Stockings were anciently made of cloth or milled stuffs, sewed together. Henry II of France, was the first who appeared with silk stockings. That was in 1559, and in 1561 Queen Elizabeth was presented by her milliner with a pair. The first pair of worsted stockings knit in England was made in 1564.

Red-colored stockings, whether of yarn, worsted or silk, were much worn in New England for nearly half a century after the arrival of our fathers.

In 1629, when provision was made for emigrants to Massachusetts, the stockings furnished were accompanied with ten dozen pairs of Norwich garters. At an early period of our country, silk garters were worn by the more fashionable, and puffed into a large bow-knot at the knee, but as the costume fell under the notice of the civil authorities, it was forthwith prohibited.

Gloves have been long in use, and it was once a proverb that, to be well made, three kingdoms must be concerned in the making,—Spain to dress the leather, France to cut it, and England to sew it. But France, for a considerable period, is said to have had the preference in all these three respects.

Sixty years ago, pall holders, and other persons attending funerals, wore white leather gloves. In 1741, men's and women's "white glazed lamb" gloves were offered for sale in Boston.

"Ruffs," however odd it may appear to us, were formerly worn by males as well as females. Queen Elizabeth appointed officers, it is related, to clip the ruff of every person seen wearing it of larger dimensions than the law permitted. A clergyman in 1608 took occasion to allude to a lady who wore a ruff that looked "like a sail; yea, like a rainbow." Ruffs were wired as well as starched. Anne, widow of Dr. Turner, for assisting the Countess of Essex to poison Sir Thomas Overbury in 1613, received the following sentence:—"That, as she was the first to introduce the fashion of yellow starched ruffs, she should be hung in that dress, that the same be held in shame and detestation." In the play of Albusnazzar, edited in 1614, Arsinilina asks Trincalo, "what price bears wheat and saffron, that your band is so stiff and yellow?"

Speaking of starch, it first came into use in England in 1564. It was carried thither by a Mrs. Dinghen Vanden Plasse, who set up business as a professed starcher, and instructed others how to use the article for £5, and how to make it for £20. The News Letter of 1712 gives this notice:—"Very good starch, made in Boston by a starch-maker lately from London, is for sale."

The picture of Gov. Winthrop appears with an elegant ruff. The custom was imported by some of our primitive settlers, but in 1729 this part of the dress became so enlarged that the Legislature of Massachusetts felt obliged to command that it be kept within due bounds.

In the reign of James I, bands succeeded the full, stiff ruff. They were prepared with wire and starch, so as to stand out "horizontally and squarely." They were held by a cord and tassel at the neck.

People of the ton had the strings and tassels of their bands sometimes elegantly scolloped and embroidered, which custom finally attracted the attention of our civil authorities, who, in 1634, "forbade bands to be ornamented with costly work." In 1639, a law was likewise enacted prohibiting the wearing of bands as had been the fashion.

WHY HE FELL.

We often wonder that certain men and women are left by God to the commission of sins which shock us. We wonder how, under the temptation of a single hour, they fall from the very heights of virtue and of honor, into sin and shame. The act is, that there are no such falls as these, or there are next to none. These men and women are those who have dallied with temptation—have exposed themselves to the influence of it, and have been weakened and corrupted by it. If we could get at the secret histories of those who stand suddenly discovered vicious, we should find that they had been through this most polluting preparatory process; that they had been in the habit of going out and meeting temptation in order that they might enjoy its excitements; that underneath a blameless outward life, they have welcomed and entertained sin in their imaginations, until their moral sense was blunted, and they were ready for the deed of which they thought they were incapable.—*Timothy Titcomb.*

Happiness and Success in Life.—Life without some necessity for exertion must ever lack real interest. That state is capable of the greatest enjoyment where necessity urges, but not painfully; where effort is required, but as much as possible without anxiety; where the spring and summer of life are preparatory to the harvest of autumn, and the repose of winter. Then is every season sweet, and in a well spent life, the last is the best, the season of calm enjoyment, the richest in recollections, the brightest in hope. Good training and a fart start, constitute a more desirable patrimony than wealth; and those parents who study their children's welfare, rather than the gratification of their own avarice or vanity, would do well to think of this. It is better to run a successful race than to begin and end at the goal.

Masculine virtue, or courage, is as necessary to eminence as a powerful intellect. He who is deficient in either, will never, unless from the influence of fortuitous circumstances, be able to place and maintain himself in the van of his fellows.

THE EVER GREEN MOUNTAINS OF LIFE

BY JAMES G. CLARKE.

There's a land far away 'mid the stars, we are told,
Where they know not the sorrows of time—
Where the pure waters wander thro' valleys of gold,
And life is a treasure sublime.
'Tis the land of our God—'tis the home of the soul,
Where ages of splendor eternally roll,
Where the way-weary traveler reaches his goal,
On the ever green mountains of life.

Our gaze cannot soar to that beautiful land,
But our visions have told of its bliss—
And our souls by the gale from its gardens are fann'd,
When we faint in the desert of this;
And we sometimes have long'd for its holy repose,
When our spirits were torn with temptations and woes,
And we've drank from the tide of the river that flows
From the ever green mountains of life.

O! the stars never tread the blue heavens at night,
But we think where the ransom'd have trod,
And the day never smiles from his palace of light,
But we feel the bright smiles of our God.
We are traveling homeward—thro' changes and gloom,
To a kingdom where pleasures unchangingly bloom,
And our guide is the glory that shines thro' the tomb
From the ever green mountains of life.

"READY FOR EITHER."

One of our missionary associations has adopted a device found on an ancient medal, representing a bullock standing between a plow and an altar, with the inscription, "Ready for either." Ready to toil and labor in the field of service, or to be offered up as a sacrifice in defence of the faith of Christ. No more significant device could be chosen to express the feelings of the missionary. None need enter this field who shrink from the most painful and trying drudgery, considered from a worldly point of view, to which man can be subjected. With but a few to sympathize and encourage, unsupported by the applause and admiration which his noble self-sacrifice and heroic constancy excite in the breasts of his brethren in his own land, meeting neglect and contempt from those for whose eternal happiness he has sacrificed home, friends and country, he must endure labors under an enervating tropical sun that most men would shrink from under circumstances best calculated to stimulate and encourage. From morning till night there is no rest for mind or body, for millions are perishing around him, and there are but few to lighten his labors. But the foreign missionary must be equally ready to seal his testimony with his blood. Surrounded by the idolatrous heathen whose religion teaches that the destruction of the Christian is a meritorious act, he may be sacrificed at any moment. Many have perished in his manner, and many more will doubtless lay down their lives before the evangelization of the race is accomplished.—*N. C. Presbyterian.*

"MYSTERIOUS POWER."

Christianity, like a child, goes wandering over the world. Fearless in its innocence, it is not abashed before princes, nor confounded before synods. Before it the blood-stained warrior sheathes his sword, and plucks the laurel from his brow, and the midnight murderer turns from his purpose, and like the heart-smitten disciple, goes and weeps bitterly. It brings liberty to the captive, joy to the sufferer, freedom to the slave, repentance and forgiveness to the sinner, hope to the faint-hearted, and assurance to the dying. It enters the hut of the poor man, and sits down with him and his children; it makes them contented in the midst of privations, and leaves behind an everlasting blessing. It walks through cities amid all their splendor, their imaginable pride and unutterable misery, a purifying, ennobling, remedying angel. It is alike the beautiful champion of childhood and comforting associate of age. It ennobles the noble, gives wisdom to the wise, and new grace to the lovely. The patriot, the priest, the poet, and the eloquent man, all derive their power from its influence.—*Mary Howitt.*

True Comfort.—Comfortless ones, be comforted, Jesus often makes you *portionless* here, to drive you to Himself, the *everlasting portion.* He often dries every rill and fountain of earthly bliss, that He may lead you to say, "All my springs are in Thee." "He seems intent," says one who could speak from experience, "to fill up every gap love has been forced to make; one of his errands from Heaven was to bind up the broken-hearted." How beautifully, in one amazing verse, does he conjoin the depth and tenderness of his comfort with the certainty of it—"as one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted."

The Sabbath.—This is the loveliest, brightest day of the week, to a spiritual mind. These *rests* refresh the soul in God, that finds nothing but turmoil in the creature. Should not this day be welcome to the soul, that sets it free to mind its own business, which has other days to attend to the business of its servant the body? And these are a certain pledge to it of that expected freedom when it shall enter on an eternal sabbath and rest in Him for ever who is the only rest of the soul.—*Leighton.*

Not more faithfully did the pillar-cloud and volume of fire of old precede Israel, till the last murmuring ripple of Jordan fell on their ears on the shores of Canaan, than does the presence and love of Jesus abide with his people.

The *quality* of love in man is exactly like love in God—in element, but in *quantity!* A taper is big enough to tell you what what light is, but not what the whole history and power of light is.

PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

Notice to Advertisers—Advance of Rates.—After the 1st of January, 1860, the Terms of Advertising in the Rural New-Yorker will be Thirty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion, in advance. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. Special Notices—following reading matter, leaded—Seventy Cents a Line, each insertion. These rates are predicated upon a circulation at least *double* that which the Rural had when our rate of 25 cents a line was established. ☞ We have already received more advertisements than we wish to give in the first number of the new volume.

To Printers and Publishers—Type for Sale.—The Type used in printing this volume of the Rural, is offered for sale at half the original cost. It is White's *best* hard metal, and also copper-faced—has been used only one year, and is still good, as the impression of this number proves.—It consists of about 700 lbs. Minion, 235 lbs. Agate, 150 lbs. of Nonpareil, and sundry fonts of head-letter, &c. Terms, Cash—deliverable January 1st, 1860.

Also for sale, duplicates of a thousand or more Engravings, such as have been used in illustrating various Rural, Scientific, Historical and other subjects in the Rural New-Yorker, during the past ten years.

☞ Clubbing with the Magazines, &c.—We will send the Rural New-Yorker for 1860 and a yearly copy of either *The Atlantic, Harper's, Godey's*, or any other $3 magazine, for $4. The Rural and either *The Horticulturist, Hovey's Magazine, Arthur's Magazine*, or *any other* $3 magazine, for $3. Canada subscribers must add the American postage.

☞ The Rural is published strictly upon the cash system—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, and always discontinued when the subscription term expires. Hence, we force the paper upon none, and keep no credit books, experience having demonstrated that the Cash System is altogether the best for both Subscriber and Publisher.

☞ Postage on the Rural.—The postage on the Rural New-Yorker is only 3½ cts. per quarter, or 13 cts. a year to any part of this State, (except Monroe county, where it goes free,) and 6½ cts. a quarter, or 26 cts. a year, to any other part of the United States, payable quarterly in advance *at the office where received.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 24, 1859.

FINALE OF VOLUME X.

BRIEF AND TIMELY ITEMS AND REMINDERS.

This No. adds "Finis" to Vol. X of the Rural New-Yorker, and terminates our engagements with all whose subscriptions expire therewith. As we adhere strictly to the cash system in its publication, a prompt renewal is necessary to secure the uninterrupted continuance of the paper. Though some will neglect to renew, and others be induced to substitute a trashy literary, or merely political paper—as did some last year, *to the subsequent regret of themselves and their families*—we are confident, from the large number of renewals and new subscribers already received, that we shall part company with but very few, while our accessions will be far greater than ever before. Of the few that drop the Rural, more will do so through *neglect* or *procrastination* than *desire* or *intention*; hence, believing they will invite its visits again after a few or many days, we will bid none a final farewell. Thousands are already renewing all over the land, and other thousands joining the Rural Standard—all of whom, whether old friends or new, are and will be cordially welcomed, and we shall labor to render unto each and all ample pleasure and profit for their respective investments.

—And here we frankly ask every friend of The Rural,—and of useful, pure and hence safe literature,—to *speak* and *act* in its behalf at a season when only a little effort is necessary to augment its circulation and benefits. Its low price—and especially its remarkably low club rates, compared with those of any similar journal—renders it necessary for us to rely mainly upon the voluntary efforts of those who like the paper and believe it is benefiting the People, the cause of Improvement and the Country. But its price *places it within the reach and means of every one who has a garden, farm or family*—whether in country, village or city—and hence it is comparatively easy for its friends to increase its circulation and usefulness. *Now is the best time to do this*, and we trust every interested reader of the Rural will lend such attention and influence in that direction as may be consistent and convenient. While we are laboring for your benefit, Reader, please become our proxy and do what it is impossible for us to perform in person—*present the claims and merits of the paper to your friends.* A little effort *now*—a few kind and truthful words, and showing the paper to this and that neighbor—will secure from three to ten, twenty or thirty new subscribers in your neighborhood, school district or township. Why, this very morning (Dec. 20,) we received from a subscriber near Lancaster, Pa.,—a neighbor of President Buchanan, but none the better or worse for that—a list of *seventy-one subscribers*, mostly new. *You* may not equal this, but if you *try* you can form a club. We this morning received a handsome list from a subscriber in Greene Co.—mostly *new* subscribers. His friends predicted a failure when he started, "but," he writes, "I *tried*, and the result is before you." And you can do likewise, if you *will*. *Local* effort is a sphere in which you are potent and can succeed, and we trust will kindly manifest your interest in the Rural New-Yorker by proper and timely action.

☞ See Terms, Special Notices, &c., on next page.

A Valuable Volume.—The Tenth Volume of the Rural New-Yorker contains more valuable and interesting reading, and has cost more labor and money, than can be easily estimated. The very complete Index of the leading departments, given herewith, will give the reader some idea of the labor and expense devoted to the volume, and of its value as a work of reference. We index *over three thousand five hundred Articles*, and *three hundred and twenty-six Engravings!*—and yet not half the articles and items are indexed. The volume contains *at least ten thousand distinct articles and paragraphs of interest.* May we not safely challenge any Agricultural, Horticultural, or Family Journal extant—not only in the *number* and *variety*, but *value* and *interest* of the articles and illustrations given in this volume? And where can so much useful, instructive and entertaining reading be obtained for $2 (to say nothing of our club rates, $1,50 and $1,25)—aye, or for twice or thrice that amount, in books?

—A friend is concerned lest some of our subscribers will stop the Rural and take a political paper instead next year, (to elect a President and "save the Union,") but any man who stops the Rural, and thus *deprives his family of its reading*, will miss a figure, and lose more than we shall in the operation. We think our subscribers are generally sensible enough to appreciate *that*, without argument.

"Progress and Improvement."—The improvements we are instituting in publishing the Rural for 1860, will involve considerable extra expense. For instance, the paper for which we have contracted is to be of better quality and heavier than that heretofore used, and will cost much more. We have also instituted a reform in the printing—press work—of the paper, which will be manifest. The proper inauguration of our new Mailing Machine will subject us to considerable expense. The materials and type-setting necessary to *start* the process will alone cost nearly two thousand dollars, aside from expense of machines, their operation, &c. But we think, or trust, all these items will be appreciated—for we anticipate better paper and printing, and great accuracy and dispatch in our mailing department.

—The *Contents* of the new volume will vie with its *Appearance*. We have made no startling announcements to catch gulls,—as that business is overdone by our contemporaries,—yet have more and better material and facilities at command than ever before wherewith to enter upon a new year and volume, and are determined to use them to the best advantage. Time will determine whether the Rural for 1860 exhibits decided "Progress and Improvement."

Nay, Gentlemen!—We are in frequent receipt of letters asking us to vary from our published terms, or what we will give for a certain number of subscribers;—if we will take $1,25 per copy for ten copies—if we can't afford the Rural "for a dollar"—what we will give extra for so many subscribers—what is the best we can do in certain cases, and so on. Now, we are called amiable, liberal and accommodating by those who know us personally, and it would certainly afford us pleasure to say aye, *but we must adhere to published terms and rates, and cannot make private offers to any one.* Whatever price we receive for the paper, or whatever we offer for efforts in behalf of its circulation, is and will be, *printed*—and we have no time to write letters on the subject. The rates of the Rural are *far less* than those of any similar journal of its size and value in the world, while we think our gratuities are more liberal. *We have not made a dollar's profit on the subscription of the paper the past year*—having lived on its receipts for advertising—and probably shall make nothing next. We must have rules and rates, and adhere to them. Those who want a cheaper paper—or one which can be had for less money—must look elsewhere; and those who think our offers for aid in circulating the Rural are insufficient, are of course at liberty to withhold their influence.

This Volume of the Rural can still be furnished, as we purposely retained an extra edition of each number to supply the demand at the end of the year. Those whose files are incomplete, can be furnished numbers which are lacking, by applying early. Bound volumes will be ready in a few days—price, $3. Unbound copies will be furnished at our usual rates—and can be ordered with clubs for the next volume at the same rate as the club, until we announce otherwise.

—We would again state that neither of the first five volumes of the Rural can be furnished. We can supply the others—1855, '56, '57, and '58—bound, at $3 each. The only volumes we can furnish *unbound* are those of last year and this (1858 and '59)—price, $2 each.

The Rural as a Present.—Several inquiries on the subject, remind us that we have inadvertently omitted to state that the next volume of the Rural will be furnished at the lowest club rate—$1,25 per copy—in all cases where it is sent to friends or relatives as a present. Many of its readers annually send from one to ten copies to distant friends—considering the Rural the best present they can make, as it renders the recipient glad fifty-two times in the course of the year, and as often reminds him or her of the kind remembrance of the donor. How many shall we make thus happy in 1860?

The Young Ruralists are taking advantage of our offer to give Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, Pictorial Edition, to any minor remitting pay for forty subscribers previous to Christmas. One young man in Kalamazoo Co., Mich.,—(G. W. Finlay)—has already become entitled to the Dictionary, (which has been forwarded,) and many others are competing. As we wish to give all the boys and girls a chance to secure this splendid gratuity, we hereby extend the time of competition to the 10th of January. We hope the seniors will not grumble, as some have, on account of this liberal offer in behalf of "Young America."

Thanks to the Press.—We tender grateful acknowledgments for the kind, cordial and highly complimentary notices of the Rural New-Yorker which are appearing in various papers throughout the United States and the Canadas. Our brethren of the Press are the most competent judges of the first cost, taste and value of a Newspaper, and when they almost universally concur in pronouncing the Rural the *best of its class*, we may perhaps be permitted to "follow copy," but a whole number would not contain half they have recently said in its behalf.

Additions to Clubs are always in order and received at the same rates as original clubs. and, if sufficient is added to a club of 6, 10 or 15, within one month, the rates will be reduced as noticed on next page of this number.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Matters at Washington.

Congressional.—The *Senate* passed the resolution for the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the seizure of the Harper's Ferry Armory, and rejected the amendment, making a similar inquiry in regard to the seizure of the Armory in Missouri. Messrs. Mason, Davis, Collamer, Fitch and Doolittle are the Committee. This, and the election of Dr. Gurley as Chaplain, is about all the business done by the Senate.

The *House* has not yet organized. The 10th ballot for Speaker was taken on Friday last. Sherman, the Republican candidate, received 111 votes, and lacked four of an election; Bocock, Democrat, 84. The discussion is warm, sometimes personal and extravagant. Some members talk about *hanging their associates, dissolving the Union*, and making a general smash-up, as though it would be an easy and delightful task. If they do nothing more they will succeed in proving themselves great fools or knaves. These men who publicly avow themselves, in the Legislative Halls of the nation, as ready for treason, we fear are worse traitors at heart than John Brown, about whom they make such a tirade.

Dispatches have been received from Gen. Scott, and considered in Cabinet Council. His mission to San Juan has been highly successful, he having made a temporary settlement entirely satisfactory to the British authorities there. His course meets the entire approval of the Administration.

Fire in the American Tract House.—About half past 7 o'clock on the morning of the 13th, the American Tract House, New York, was discovered to be on fire. The flames were confined to the 4th and 5th floors of the building. On the first floor is a large quantity of books and tracts, comprising the bulk of the stock; these are thoroughly soaked by water and are useless. Loss about $75,000, and fully insured.

Vice-President Breckenridge has been elected to the United States Senate in place of Mr. Crittenden. His term begins March 4, 1861—the day when he ceases to be Vice-President.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE PEACE CONGRESS.

The invitation of the French Government to attend the Congress had reached the British Cabinet, but the Austrian invitation had not been received. It is taken for granted that England will be represented, and speculations are afloat as to who the representative will be, as to which nothing authentic is known. The Times urges Palmerston himself to go, and rumor says, not without sanction in high quarters, that he will.

The *Opinione* of Turin confidently points to Count Cavour as the probable first representative of Sardinia.

Martinez De La Posa will represent Spain.

All the Powers will be represented by two Plenipotentiaries. The 5th of January is spoken of for the first sitting.

The principal representatives of the four great Continental Powers will, it is reported, be the following:—Russia, Prince Gortschakoff; Austria, Count Rechburg; France, Count Walewski; Prussia, Baron Schlemitz.

The Times' Vienna correspondent learns from Berlin that Prussia, Russia and England, were endeavoring to establish a basis for the negotiations with France and Austria during the Congress.

A Rome dispatch of the 2d, says:—The report that the Pope had already consented to be represented at the approaching Congress, and had appointed Antinelli to represent him is without foundation.

England.—The London Star says that the Royal Commissioners who were appointed to inquire into the National Defences, have agreed to report the South Coast Dock Yards so imperfectly defended as to require £12,000,000 to fortify them thoroughly. The Star also says that the Commissioners will recommend a loan for the amount required.

The following letter from the Secretary of the French Emperor, has been received in England and published in London the 5th of December:

Palace Tuilleries.—*To Messrs. Shaw, Mellotzig & Co.:*—Gentlemen—You have written to the Emperor to know what his intentions are in regard to England. Great fears or great confidence should alone explain this step. On the one side you are possessed with an imaginary trouble which appears to have seized upon your country with the rapidity of an epidemic; and on the other hand you reckon on the loyalty of him from whom you desire a reply. It was easy for yourselves, however, to give it. If you had calmly examined the true state of your apprehensions you had only found them in all the rumors created by your countrymen, by the obstinate profligation of the most chimerical alarms, because until now there was not a word or act of the Emperor's, which permits a doubt of his sentiments, and consequently of his intention towards you. His conduct, invariably the same, has not changed a moment to show his faithfulness and irreproachable honor that whatever has been, he declares it to you in his name shall continue to be.

Witness, again, the approaching community of perils to be shared at a distance by your soldiers and ours. Great nations should appreciate but not fear each other.

Receive, gentlemen, the expression of my distinguished sentiments.

(Signed) Chief du Cabinet.

France.—Considerable activity was evinced in shipping forces to China, and it was expected that the last ships forming the Chinese expedition would have quitted France by December 15th.

The monthly average price of wheat as published in the Moniteur, shows an advance of five-eights of a cent on the previous month's average.

The French frigate Perseverance, with troops for China, has been twice driven back by bad weather.

The Paris Bourse was buoyant, but the business was small. Rents closed on the 2d at 70f.

It is reported that the Protest of Austria against the Regency of Buoncompagin has been withdrawn in consequence of Count Walweski having given an assurance to Prince Metternich that the nomination would in no way be prejudicial to the Central Italian Dynasties.

The News Condenser.

— They are arranging in Albany to form a skating park.

— The taxable property of the State of Ohio is $300,000 000.

— In Virginia every man is taxed for the salary he receives.

— There was a fine auroral display at Boston early on Tuesday morning week.

— Mules are in great demand in Kentucky, and are fast superseding horses in farm work.

— The printers of Buffalo are making arrangements for celebrating the birthday of Franklin.

— In Milwaukee, at 7 o'clock Wednesday morning week, the mercury stood ten degrees below zero.

— On a trial at Milwaukee, one lawyer testified that the fees of a brother lawyer were $19,000 last year.

— About twenty million bushels of oysters have been taken from the Virginia waters during the past year.

— A vigilance committee has been appointed in Bedford county, Va., to look after any suspicious strangers

— Mrs. Doane, widow of the late Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, died in Florence recently, at an advanced age.

— Isaac F. Shepard, late treasurer of a Boston Savings Bank, is found to be a defaulter to the amount of $57,000.

— Gold diggings have been discovered in Brown county, Indiana, which are said to pay from $2½ to $5 per day.

— A Detroit paper notices that $376,400 worth of intoxicating liquors are retailed yearly, in 700 places in that city.

— It is estimated that the opera, theatres and negro minstrels of New York city received $16,000 on Thanksgiving day.

— Iron paper, of which seven hundred leaves were included in one inch in thickness, was exhibited at the Great Exhibition.

— The Albany Penitentiary earned a surplus of $6,000 over the expenses last year. A good investment for the city.

— What a horrible place New York is getting to be. Only yesterday they actually convicted an emigrant runner of swindling.

— Five thousand cast iron boxes for the reception of letters for the U. S. mail are being put up at convenient places in New York city.

— During the week ending December 3d, the receipts of the city of Cincinnati were $7,194 47, and the expenditures $30,587 76.

— It is said that 15,000 hogsheads and 15,000 barrels of sugar, with 12,000 bales of cotton, have been received this season at Cairo.

— The Raleigh (N. C.) Register calls attention to the fact that there is not one powder mill in the United States south of Delaware.

— Within the past week large and rich deposits of lead ore, valued at from $100,000 to $200,000, have been discovered near Dubuque.

— A church bell of glass, 14 inches high and 18 inches in diameter, has recently been placed in the turret of a chapel at Barrowdale, England.

— Col. Colt presented to the Italian Committee in New York 100 of his death dealing weapons, to be forwarded to Garibaldi, the Italian patriot.

— It is stated that the health of Hon. Lynn Boyd, of Kentucky, is so precarious that his friends must prepare themselves to hear of his speedy demise.

— Hon. Jerome B. Kimball, a graduate of Harvard in 1852, and Attorney-General of Rhode Island, died in Providence on the 10th inst., of typhoid fever.

— Three Inspectors of Election in Canada have been sentenced to six months imprisonment and a heavy fine, for making a fraudulent election return.

News Paragraphs.

The Arabian horse Imaum, died on Monday morning, at the farm of the late Garrett Vanmeter, near Richmond, Va. He was one of the two horses presented to President Van Buren in 1837, by the Imaum of Muscat, and must have been at the time of his death about 30 years old.

Victoria Bridge Celebration.—A special train, comprising three locomotives and ten cars, containing about 600 invited passengers, passed over the Victoria Bridge at one o'clock, Saturday, the 17th inst. On its return, a cold collation was served up in the northern abutment of the bridge which was covered for the occasion. Speeches were made by the engineers of the bridge. The bridge is now fairly opened to traffic, and regular passenger trains commenced running over it this morning.

The Virginia Executions.—Four more of the persons engaged in the Harper's Ferry raid—Cook, Coppie, Green and Copeland—were executed on Friday last. They are represented as meeting their fate with calmness, but we have no heart for such recitals, nor do we think our readers would feel pleasure in reading them.

Non-Intercourse.—The Southern papers are recommending direct trade with Europe, and non-intercourse with the North. Meetings have been held to advance the same object. A New Orleans correspondent of a Washington paper says that sixty-seven ships are loading there for Liverpool, sixteen for Havre and sixteen for other foreign ports. Sixty-four of the principal cotton buyers and brokers of New Orleans have agreed to send their cotton to England direct instead of allowing it to come North for transhipment. Prentice, of the Louisville Journal, objects to non-intercourse with the North for various reasons, among which are the idea of not eating New England salmon next spring, or of refusing an ice crop from Chicago when the dog star rages; the bare thought of having Indiana grouse, or a Maine supply of potatoes interdicted; of being compelled to read of New York oysters or Pittsburg ale, and be in the tantalizing condition of not enjoying them; the terrible calamity involved in giving up the Newark cider sold for champagne, &c., &c. The Journal says:—"Our friend of the Richmond Whig will forgive us, if, after having stood politically shoulder to shoulder for years, we now part stomach to stomach on this question of 'internal improvement.'"

Fire at Medina.—A destructive fire occurred at Medina on Sunday, the 18th inst. The large mills owned by Hill, Whalen & Co., with eight run of stone, were burned to the ground. Loss estimated at $60,000.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, Rochester, Dec. 20, 1859.

Lack of space compels the omission of our Table of Quotations, but we make note of such change as a careful survey of the market indicates. Flour and wheat remain as last quoted. Corn is drooping—Old would bring 73 cents, while New ranges about 65@66. Oats have fallen off to 38. Buckwheat is up to 45@50. Pork, owing to the mild weather we have been experiencing for the past few days, with no prospect of a speedy change, is dull, with a decline of 25@50 cents per cwt. The range is $6@6,50 for light and heavy. Hay down to $14@20.

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Dec. 19.—Flour.—Market dull and rather easier. Sales at $4,95@5,05 for super. State; $5,15@5 25 for extra do.; $4,85@5,10 for super. Western; $ 10@) for common to good extra do. $5 [illegible] for inferior to good shipping brands extra from [illegible] Canadian quiet at dreary quiet. Canadian sales at $5,50 @6 50. Grain.—Wheat very quiet and nominally unchanged. Rye dull at 85c. Barley quiet at 75c for Corn 60c@$1 for old yellow. Oats pretty active at 46½@47½ for State, Western and Canadian. Provisions.—Pork is dull heavy and lower. Sales at $16 for mess; $11.37 for prime; $15,50@16,50 for Western and city prime mess.—Dressed hogs firm at 7@7¼c. Lard at 10½@11c. Butter quiet at 11@16c for Ohio; 15@23c for State. Cheese in fair demand at 9@11½c.

ALBANY, Dec. 19.—Flour—A dull and quiet market, with sales only in the retail way. Grain—The only transaction in this market was a sale of 1,500 bu. Canada West Barley at 83c. Hogs—With unfavorable weather and large receipts, the market for Dressed Hogs is dull and drooping.—Sales at $8,62½@9, dividing on 175, which is a decline of full 12½c since Saturday, with an occasional sale of choice at $7,12½@.

BUFFALO, Dec. 19.—Flour.—The demand continues very moderate. Market steady. Sales at $4,75@4,85 for State; $4,90@5,10 for extra Upper Lake; $5,25 for extra Michigan; $5,50@5,65 for extra Indiana and Ohio, and $5,75@6 25 for double extras. Canadian quiet, with small sales extras at $5. Wheat.—Market dull and heavy. Small sales Canada club at $1,05. Corn.—Market decidedly firm, with a good inquiry for small lots, which are selling at 70@71c. Oats.—Also firm. Sales at 33c. Other grains quiet and no sales. Seed.—Timothy nominal at $2,25@2,50. Clover held at $4,75@5. Pease.—Steady; Sales Canadian at 61c. Provisions.—New heavy mess quiet at $16, and light do. at $15. Bacon quiet and no sales. Dressed hogs inactive. Sales averaging 223 lbs. at 6¼c, and light at $5,85 ₱ cwt.

The Cattle Markets.

ALBANY, Dec. 19.—The market is dull at the following quotations: Premium, 6½@6c; Extra, [illegible]c; First quality, 4¾@4¾c; Second quality, 3¾@3¾c; Third quality, 2¾@3c; Inferior, 2@2¼c. Sheep.—Sales of the week about 3,500 head, at 18@2¾ per head. Dressed Hogs.—Considerable business has been done in dressed hogs the past week. The cold weather has given an impetus to the trade. Prices are firm, but without marked change. Range, 6¾@7¼c.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 14.—Market Beef—Extra, $7,50@7,75; first quality, $7; second quality, $6,75; third quality, $4; ordinary, $3. Cows and Calves—$25,40@$50. Yearlings, none; two years old, $17@21; three years old, $23@28.—Sheep and Lambs—5,080 at market; prices in lots, $1,50@3 each; extra, $3,50, 3, 4, 5@7.

BRIGHTON, Dec. 15.—Beef Cattle.—Prices, extra $8; first quality, $7,50@7,75; second quality, $6,50; third quality, $4,75@5,50. Working Oxen.—$5, 0@$1. Milch Cows.—$29@34; common, 17@18. Veal Calves.—Sales at 4¼ 4@5.—Stores.—Yearlings, $11@12; two years old, $16@21; three years old, $23@24. Sheep and Lambs.—$1,25@1,50; extra, $2@2,50. Swine.—Spring Pigs, 5@5c; retail, 5½@6½c; Fat Hogs, undressed, none.

DIARIES FOR 1860.

Sixty Different Styles of Diaries, from the plainest and cheapest to the most beautiful and costly, are manufactured and for sale by E. Darrow & Bro., No. 55 Main street, Rochester. Everybody should have one. See article in last number of Rural. Also, superb Books, Gold Pens, Pictures and Fancy Articles for Holiday Gifts.

Marriages.

In this city, Dec. 14, by the Rev. Geo W. Montgomery, Mr. ARTHUR B. RATHBUN, of Oakfield, Genesee Co., to Miss SARAH Z. CONKEY, of this city.

At Union Springs, Cayuga County, at the residence of Jas. Arnold, Esq., Oct. the 27th, by Rev. Mr. Cushing, Mr. H. L. HEWITT, and Miss C. A. ARNOLD.

Deaths.

At Union Springs, Cayuga Co., Dec. the 5th, of consumption, Mrs. MARY E. wife of JAMES ARNOLD, Esq., in the 46th year of her age.

Advertisements.

WHITE GUINEA FOWLS.—I have a few pairs of those White Guinea Fowls left yet, which I will sell for $3 per pair; also a few pair of half-blood African Geese.
J. B. OSGOODBY,
520 Pittsford, Monroe Co., N. Y.

TO NURSERYMEN.—A few prime Apple Seeds for sale by (519 3t) H. D. SAWINS, Bergen, N. Y.

TO INVENTORS.—Rejected applications for Patents appealed without charge unless the patents are obtained. J. FRASER, Patent Agent,
519-3t 51 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—At $3,000, payments easy, a Farm of 113 acres, 80 improved, in Granger, Allegany Co., N. Y., 3½ miles south of Nunda Station. Inquire of
519-2t ELIZABETH O. OLNEY, Nunda, Livingston Co.

GALE'S UNIVERSAL FEED CUTTERS—Will cut Hay, Straw and Cornstalks, are *self-feeding*, cut *very* rapid and easy. Give excellent satisfaction. Can be set, by merely turning a screw, to cut any desired length. Price from $9 to $23.
For sale by Hardware and Implement Dealers generally. For sale in Rochester by [518-3t] J. RAPALJE, Agt.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACG CO'S
IMPROVED
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.
505 Broadway, New York.
These Machines combine all the late improvements for *Hemming, Stitching* and *Felling Seams*, and are the best in use for family sewing and tailoring work.
Prices from $50 to $150. Hemmers $5 extra.
S. W. DIBBLE, Agent,
515 tf Nos. 8 and 10 Smith's Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

5000 AGENTS WANTED.—To sell 4 new inventions. Agents have madeover $25,000 on one.—better than all other similar agencies. Send four stamps and get 80 pages particulars, gratis.
510-13t EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

FOR SALE.—The subscriber offers for sale his valuable Farm, containing about forty-five acres of land, situated about 3½ miles south of the large and flourishing village of Seneca Falls, Seneca county, N. Y. On said Farm is a good Farm House and all necessary out-buildings, with Fruit of all kinds and the best varieties. The soil is first quality and well watered. Persons desiring to purchase a good Farm, well located, would do well to see this before purchasing elsewhere. For further particulars inquire of J. B. Murray, Esq., Seneca Falls, or of J. S. C. VREELAND, on the premises. 518-13t

HERRING'S PATENT
FIRE AND BURGLAR-PROOF SAFES.
With Hall's Patent Powder-Proof Locks,
HAVE NEVER FAILED
IN MORE THAN
300 DISASTROUS FIRES.
The Safest and Best Safe in Use.
Delivered at any Railroad Station in the United States, or Canada, at the very lowest rates, by
JAMES G. DUDLEY, Sole Agent,
518-tf at 93 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

SHAWMUT MILLS" ROCHESTER.—We continue to do CUSTOM GRINDING at the lowest rates, and having improved the machinery of our mill for that purpose, we pledge ourselves to give full satisfaction to all customers.
We have for sale at all times, wholesale and retail, the best and most reliable brands of Flour. Also, Corn Meal, Rye Flour Mill Feed and Screenings at the lowest prices, and we solicit the attention of the farming community.
510-13t JAS. M. WHITNEY & Co.
Brown's Race, Rochester, Sept. 25, 1859.

PHIPPS UNION FEMALE SEMINARY,
Albion, Orleans Co., N. Y.
The next School Year of this Institution, commences on the first Thursday of September next. For Terms, see Catalogue at this Office, or apply to
H. L. ACHILLES, Proprietor.
Albion, N. Y., Aug. 8, 1859. 501 tf

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Particulars sent *free*. Agents wanted. [518-10t] SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

Who has not dreamed of the Fortunate Isles?
Those islands of bliss and rest,
That lie, as the olden legends tell,
In the unknown sea of the West?
Who has not yearned for the apples of gold
That hang from ambrosial boughs?
Who has not sighed for the nectarous tide
That from grove and from mountain flows?
Isles of the blest!
Vainly sought in the purple West.

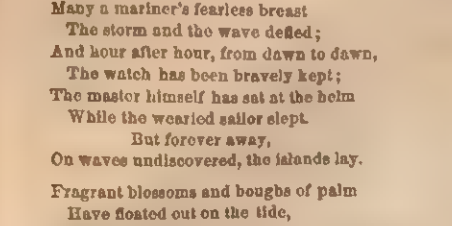
Many a bark with a swelling sail
The treacherous sea has tried;
Many a mariner's fearless breast
The storm and the wave defied;
And hour after hour, from dawn to dawn,
The watch has been bravely kept;
The master himself has sat at the helm
While the wearied sailor slept.
But forever away,
On waves undiscovered, the islands lay.

Fragrant blossoms and boughs of palm
Have floated out on the tide,
And birds, with the sunset fire on their wings,
Have perched on the vessel's side;
But never more than a rosy cloud,
Half seen in the evening light,
Has brought to their eager lips the cry—
"The isles! the isles are in sight!"
A moment more—
Gone was the cloud, the light and the shore!

Last night a spirit spake with me—
"Dost thou faint for the far-off prize?
It is not enough to watch an wait,
And to trust to each wind that flies;
In the days when all bright omens tell
That the goal of delight is near—
When the billows blossom with drifting flowers,
And the birds of promise appear—
To oars! to oars!
Strike boldly on to the clouded shores!

"For by stern and mighty spirits held,
In a strong enchantment bound,
No sighing hope and no yearning dream
Can win that hallowed ground.
But the resolute will and the daring hand,
In the battle with angels strong,
Shall wrest those isles from the mystery
That has shrouded them so long.
After the strife
Glorious thy rest in those gardens of life!"

O, Fortunate Isles! O, brightening realms!
Your glories I yet may find,
But my sails are furled—I have seized my oars,
I have left my dreams behind,
I have learned that watching nor prayer will give,
The triumphs for which I long;
Through noble toil and endeavor beam
The beautiful shores of song.
Enough, if at night
I may sing—"The isles! the isles are in sight!"



Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OUR MAY.—A SKETCH.

BY ANNA BURR.

She was a lovely girl! my sister May—and whenever she swept up the broad aisle of the village church, there were many lingering glances bestowed upon her; sometimes, I would hear with pride, the whispered ejaculation, "how beautiful she is!" But one Sabbath afternoon a strange gentleman occupied a neighboring pew, and I knew by the prolonged gaze of those handsome black eyes, that my pretty sister had made another conquest. She did not appear wholly ignorant of this, for when I mentioned it to her, after our return home, a conscious blush accompanied her words.

"Addie Williams told me, yesterday, that she expected her cousin Edsell Merton every hour."

"Indeed!—he is from New York then; I thought that his manners bore the city polish."

"He did not appear like a *fop*."

"I inferred from this remark, that the gentleman interested May more than she would care to divulge. "This mutual admiration will not end here," was my inward conclusion—and I was right, for the next afternoon our friend Addie called upon us, accompanied by her cousin. There was a rosy, wavering color upon May's cheeks, which made her appear more lovely than usual when she was introduced to the city gentleman, and I saw that her trim, "mouse-like" slipper, and delicate tapering hand, also attracted their due share of notice.

Mr. Merton was a very fascinating young man, and I thought that he felt conscious of this power—as what man or woman does not who possesses it? He was very social, and soon made us feel at ease in his society—for his manners were free from ostentation or a desire to appear our superior. I liked him, and May's unsophisticated heart was captivated by his marked attentions to her charming self. The following morning she bounded into my room with a dainty note in her hand, and there was a joyous light beaming from her blue eyes. "O Sister! we are all invited to a Pic-nic to-morrow afternoon. Addie says that it is quite a sudden affair, for they want to make Mr. Merton's visit agreeable. It is to be quite *select*, too. The Adam's are invited, and Squire Edmond's young people; the Gordons, Elders, and Isabel Ralway, with her cousins, who are down from Utica on a visit. That is all beside us."

Mr. William's farm was a quarter of a mile from our quiet country village, and his beautiful house was situated in a grove, upon the banks of a small lake. Here the pic-nic was held the following day; and for once our enjoyment proved greater than anticipation had pictured. It was a bright June day, and, looking back upon it now, I do not wonder that my memory framed it and hung it upon her walls.

Brother Tom drew me aside once during the afternoon, and whispered—"Our May is the belle to-day. Don't she look like a dainty butterfly in that blue barege, with the delicate lace trimmings?" My brother was quite fastidious about dress. "Mr. Merton is very attentive to her—how do you like him?"

"Very much! I hear that he is considered a talented lawyer in the city."

Here we were interrupted, but I was not surprised, when May said to me, that night, "Mr. M. has asked me to ride with him to-morrow."

"Are you going?" "Yes." And she did.

I must hurry over this part of my narrative, for it fills me with sorrow and remorse, that I allowed myself to become so dazzled by outward appearance as to forget that the solemn responsibility of guardianship over my only sister, (for our parents died when she was quite young,) should not induce me to warn and advise her in time. Mr. Merton was very wealthy and belonged to an aristocratic family. I felt that May was good enough, and beautiful enough, to belong to it also. He remained at his uncle's nearly a month, but every day there was some pleasure excursion planned, which brought May into his society, and before he left for New York they were betrothed lovers.

I felt pleased and gratified with this match, although my woman's intuition had discovered, at times, some traits of character in Edsell Merton which inspired nameless fears for my sister's happiness; but, after all, he carried about him such a charmed atmosphere that these disagreeable impressions ever melted away in the social warmth of his presence.

The summer flew by upon swift wings, and one September afternoon May came to me with an open letter in her hand. Smiles, tears and blushes swept over her fair face, when she said—"Oh Sister! Edsell is coming out next month, and he wants your consent to take me back to New York as his bride."

These words fell into my heart like icy stones, and I clasped her in my arms, while a sharp cry broke from my lips.

"Do you feel so badly? can't you trust me with *him?*"

May's eyes looked up imploringly into mine, and I quickly replied, "yes! yes! I want to see you happy."

Preparations for the approaching wedding now occupied all of our time, and I had no leisure moments in which to indulge sad reflections. But when the marriage morning came, and I heard those solemn vows uttered which nothing but death could break, a wild, sad yearning came over me that this would prove a dream. After I had caught a last glimpse of the bride's sweet face, and watched her snowy handkerchief waving from the carriage window, until lost to view by a bend in the road, my head fell upon Tom's shoulder, and I burst into tears, exclaiming, "We are left alone, now."

Time passed on, and every week letters arrived from the city, telling of the young wife's happiness, and I began to feel somewhat re-assured; but when May came out to visit us during the Holidays, I noticed that her gayety was often forced, and this gave her an appearance of levity totally at variance with her former self. Edsell accompanied her—and I observed that occasionally he bestowed much attention upon May; at these times the forced smile relaxed into an expression of quiet, subdued happiness, as if she feared to break the spell, but when her husband became gloomy and abstracted, the old anxious look came back to her face, and she strove to win him from his restraint. Poor May was a victim of caprice! Her nature was extremely sensitive—therefore, I readily conjectured what daily torture she endured—and this time I saw her depart with a sense of anguish which Tom read in my countenance.

"What is the matter, sister? You look as if Edsell was carrying 'our May' to the churchyard."

"Do you think that she is happy?"

"Why, yes!—how can she be otherwise with such a devoted husband."

I was not surprised at his reply, for brother did not possess a woman's intuition, and I forbore to depress his mind with my anxious fears.

Spring came, and with it sweet May Merton; but O, so changed! "I longed to see the green leaves of our dear old elms, and your sunny smiles," murmured the pale lips, while her slight form tottered into my arms.

"You shall always stay here, darling, and I cast a reproachful glance at Edsell, who shrank from it. When we were alone together, I asked, with a bitter tone, why he had not informed me of our May's evident decline. He seemed confused and made an unintelligible reply.

Business required Edsell's presence in the city at this time, and I saw him depart without regret. When he gave May the "good-bye kiss," she wrapped her thin arms around his neck and looked up into his eyes with that meek, imploring gaze which interprets unappreciated devotion. I sighed, and thought of Tom's careless words. Oh! they were too true.

The weeks went slowly by, and the uncomplaining invalid read her husband's occasional letters with fondness, treasuring each word of endearment. She never reproached him, or uttered one disparaging word against his conduct; but sometimes, during her fever-dreams, she would say, entreatingly, "O, Edsell! you did love me once. I *try* to make home pleasant. Do not go away this evening!" I always avoided speaking of him, for it would only have embittered the closing hours of her life. Death had marked her for his prey—and a telegraphic dispatch to New York brought Edsell Merton just in time to hear the dying words of his angel-wife. There was some remorse visible upon the countenance of the worldly man as he gazed down into the large, mournful eyes whose brightness had faded with his love; and when they closed forever, a deep groan escaped his lips.

We buried "our May" in the shade of a weeping willow, where its slender green fingers can drop baptismals upon her grave, but the light went out of my heart when the clods fell upon her coffin-lid. Edsell seemed to mourn very bitterly, but I knew that his fickle, unprincipled nature would soon cast off all remembrance of that death-white face, and the little, stiff hands crossed over a heart which he had *broken*.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A CHRISTMAS SKETCH.

"Wife, I declare it's too bad; here I've been working hard all the week, and after paying out all I have earned, I am still a dollar in debt, and to-morrow will be Christmas."

"Jos, you must not be discouraged; we must do our duty, trust in Providence, and be contented."

"It's easy enough to talk about contentment; but when we get up in the morning, and see the disappointed faces of our children, who have not, like other children, received their Christmas presents, I'm afraid we shall be far from contented."

"But I am prepared for that; I have been doing something myself, this week, as you shall presently see;" and going to an old bureau, she took from one of the drawers some money, and handing it to her husband, continued, "There's my pay for making a coat for Squire Jones; you may finish paying up with part of it, and with the rest you can buy some presents for the children."

With pleasure depicted in his countenance, he called her one of the best of wives, and taking his hat departed on his mission.

The persons we have so abruptly introduced to the reader, were Joseph Stanton and his wife. Ten years before, Joseph Stanton, then a young blacksmith of twenty-three, had fallen in love with and married Mary Williams against her parents' wishes. Her father, knowing Stanton to be a wild, dissipated fellow, very justly considered that he was not worthy of being trusted with the happiness of his daughter. But Mary had perceived beneath his rough exterior a kind and generous heart, and had married him, thinking that she would control and change his habits, and for her disobedience had been disinherited by her father, who was considered the richest merchant in B——. Unable to effect a reconciliation, Stanton had removed with his wife to the village where they now resided, and reformed. For a number of years he worked on at his trade, and accumulated quite a sum of money by his own industry and the economy of his wife, when there came a crash among business men, and one morning he awoke to find himself pennyless; but with a stout heart, cheered on by his ever-loving and sympathizing wife, he continued to work away at the anvil, though the times were hard, and obtained but a meager subsistance until the Christmas Eve when he is introduced to the reader.

The next morning, as Joseph Stanton and his wife were seated around the breakfast table, surrounded by the happy faces of their children, they were startled by hearing some one knocking at the door. It was instantly opened, and a richly dressed stranger entered and took the proffered seat.

"Do I have the honor of addressing Mr. Joseph Stanton?" he asked, as soon as he became seated.

"That is my name, sir," answered Stanton.

"You were formerly a resident of B——, were you not?"

"Yes, sir; I left there some ten years since."

"Well, Mr. Stanton, I am a lawyer from that place, and have documents here which I would like to have you examine."

The summer previous to the date of my sketch, there had been erected a large and magnificent dwelling house in the village where Stanton resided, but who it was built for, or who by, nobody had been able to ascertain. The workmen, who were all strangers, had begun the work and finished it, the house had been filled with costly furniture, and still the prying villagers obtained no clue to the mysterious structure.

Joseph Stanton took the papers handed him by the lawyer, and found them to be two deeds—one for the strange dwelling, the other for the shop, where, the day before, he had been a hired workman. Hardly crediting his senses, he asked the stranger to explain.

"I cannot, now," said he, "but if you and your family will get ready and go up to the house with me, I will make it all plain to you."

Soon they were all ready, and a few minutes' walk brought them to their destination, where they were surprised to see a smoke ascending from the chimney of the hitherto unoccupied house. As they ascended the steps, the door was thrown open, and an old lady and gentleman advanced to meet them. With the simple exclamation, "My Mother," Mary threw herself into the old lady's arms, where she was soon sobbing like a child.

Mr. Williams, hearing of the reformation of Joseph, and his untiring industry, had relented, and concluded to spend the remainder of his days with Mary, who was now his only child. It was a happy day for them all, and when, in the evening, they invited their friends in to have a good, old-fashioned "house warming," Mr. Williams gamboled about the room with his new-found grand-children, and with them seemed to live over again the days of his youth. G. H. Worden.

Prospect, N. Y., 1859.

Music.—Music is the soprano, the feminine principle, the heart of the universe; because it is the voice of love—because it is the highest type and aggregate expression of passionate attraction, therefore it pervades all space, and transcends all being, like a divine influx. What tone is to the word, what expression is to form, what affection is to thought, what the heart is to the head, what intention is to argument, what insight is to policy, what religion is to philosophy, what moral influence is to power, what woman is to man, is music to the universe. Flexible, graceful and free, it pervades all things, and is limited to none. It is not poetry, but the soul of poetry; it is not mathematics, but it is in numbers, like harmonious proportion in cast-iron; it is not painting, but it shines through colors and gives them their tone; it is not dancing, but it makes all graceful motion; it is not architecture, but the stones take their places in harmony with its voice, and stand in "petrified music." In the words of Bettini, "Every art is the body of music, which is the soul of every art; and so is music, too, the soul of love, which also answers not for its workings, for it is the contact of divine with human."—*Mrs. Child.*

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 57 letters.
My 32, 11, 26, 33, 25 is a town in Ohio.
My 5, 2, 33, 21, 14, 46 is a river in Oregon.
My 3, 30, 9, 15, 34, 55 is a lake in Minnesota.
My 10, 16, 19, 36, 43, 34, 10, 27 is one of the U. States.
My 47, 17, 12, 35, 1, 14 is a town in Georgia.
My 4, 7, 6, 20, 30, 20, 26 is the Capital of one of the United States.
My 13, 33, 28, 31, 19 is a town in Virginia.
My 16, 40, 10 is a river in Virginia.
My 23, 49, 50, 37, 19, 24 is a lake in Texas.
My 30, 41, 50, 22, 45, 44, 33 is an island in the Gulf of California.
My 39, 54, 55, 1, 50, 57, 45 is a town in New York.
My 42, 18, 53, 50, 51, 34 is a town in Upper Canada.
My 19, 9, 46, 5, 52, 41, 40, 18, 37 is the Capital of one of the United States.
My whole is a rule that will be readily and strictly adopted by all true and honest men.

Alfred Centre, N. Y., 1859. A Subscriber.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of six letters.
My 4, 3, 5 is a great nuisance.
My 1, 2, 3, 5 is useful in the kitchen.
My 5, 3, 4 is used on ships.
My 5, 2, 3 is easily made.
My 5, 2, 3, 4 angels love to see.
My 6, 5, 3, 4, 2 betokens ill-breeding.
My 6, 2, 3, 5 is part of a carriage.
My whole has long been the sport of the unfeeling, and a target for the most reckless archers the world has ever produced. H. R. S.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CARPENTERS' PROBLEM.

Required the shortest rule for computing the length of a brace answering to equal distances on a beam and post of a building; or, which is the same thing, for computing the length of the diagonal of a square when the side is given.

Example.—Required the diagonal of a square whose side is 42 inches. Philo.

Corn Valley, N. Y., 1859.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &C., IN NO. 518.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus in No. 518:—Steamer Eclipse, Sturgeon, Commander, leaves Falls City for Crescent City, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Answer to Biographical Enigma:—What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Washing-ton; Gold-smith; Hall; Partridge; Fowler; Long-fellow; Mil-ton; Hart; Wil-son; Pat-ten; Hood; Hall.

Answer to Puzzle:—I understand your overture, and will undertake to watch over you if you will undertake to watch over me.

Wit and Humor.

PERMANENT INVESTMENTS.

We find the following commercial dissertation in the financial column of the Independent:

Investing in champagne at $2 a bottle—an acre of good government land costs $1 25.

Investing in tobacco and cigars, daily, one year, $50—seven barrels of good flour will cost $49.

Investing in "drinks" one year, $100—$100 will pay for ten daily and fifteen weekly periodicals.

Investing in theatrical amusements one year, $200—$200 will purchase an excellent library.

Investing in a fast horse $500—400 acres good wild land cost $500.

Investing in a yacht, including bettings and drinkings for the season, $5,000—$5,000 will buy a good improved country farm.

Panics, hard times, loss of time, red faces, bad temper, poor health, ruin of character, misery, starvation, death, and a terrible future, may be avoided by looking at the above square in the face.

A majority of "financiers," in making calculations for the future, watch the importations, exports of specie, the ups and downs of stocks, and the movements of the Wall street bulls and bears. All that is very well; but let them, at the same time, estimate the loss of gold in the maelstrom of extravagance."

"Doctor," said a man to Abernethy, "my daughter had a fit, and continued for half an hour without knowledge." "Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that; many people continue so *all their lives!*"

"What is the best guard against any attack?" said a pupil in the art of self-defence to his teacher—a noted pugilist. "Keep a civil tongue in your head," was the unexpected and significant reply.

"Husband, I wish you would buy me some pretty feathers." "Indeed, my dear little wife, you look better without them." "Oh, no, sir, you always call me your little bird, and how does a bird look without feathers?"

"Pa," asked Master Charley, at breakfast, "what is French for an egg?" "An egg, my boy, is *un-oeuf*." "Well," said the young rogue immediately, "an egg is not *enough* for me, for I want two!"

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, COUNTING-HOUSE CALENDAR.

1860.	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
January	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
February				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29			
March					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
April	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30					
May			1	2	3	4	5
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	27	28	29	30	31		
June						1	2
	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	24	25	26	27	28	29	30

1860.	Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
July	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	29	30	31				
August				1	2	3	4
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25
	26	27	28	29	30	31	
September							1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30						
October		1	2	3	4	5	6
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
	21	22	23	24	25	26	27
	28	29	30	31			
November					1	2	3
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
	25	26	27	28	29	30	
December							1
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	30	31					

Publisher's Notices.

TERMS OF THE RURAL FOR 1860.

REDUCTION OF CLUB RATES

Single Copy, One Year,	- - -	$2
Three Copies,	" - - -	$5
Six "	and 1 free to Club Agent,	$10
Ten "	" " "	$15
Fifteen "	" " "	$21
Twenty "	" " "	$25

And any additional number at the latter rate—only $1.25 per copy!—with an extra free copy for every Ten Subscribers over Twenty. Club papers sent to different post-offices, if desired.

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☞ **Subscriptions can commence with the Volume or any Number. No deviation from our Terms.**

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In addition to the free copies offered according to our Terms, we will give to each *of the* One Hundred Persons *sending the first lists of* Thirty *or more Yearly Subscribers to the* Rural *after this date (remitting payment at our club rate—$1 25 per copy,) a bound volume of the* Rural *for either* 1858 *or* 1859, *price* $3,—*or* $2 *in Ag. Books, post-paid.*

To each *of the* One Hundred Persons *sending the first lists of* Ten *or* Fifteen *Yearly Subscribers as above, remitting payment according to our terms, we will give either another extra copy of the* Rural, *or* $1 50 *in Ag. Books, post-paid, or a Gross of the Washington Medallion Pens, post-paid, as preferred.*

Still More Liberal!—*In addition to any extra copies or Gratuities to which persons may be entitled from the above offers, we will give an unbound but perfect Copy of the Tenth Volume of the* Rural *(for* 1859*) to every one who remits (previous to Christmas Day,* 1859,*) either* $5 *for* 3 *copies,* $10 *for* 6, $15 *for* 10, $21 *for* 15, *or* $25 *for* 20 *copies.* ☞ *Finally, in addition to what is above offered, we will give to* each *of the* Twenty Persons *remitting payment for the first lists of* Seventy-Five *or more Yearly Subscribers after this date, a Copy of* **WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY**—New Pictorial Edition, containing 1,500 Illustrations.—[*Crown Quarto*—1,700 *pages.*]

PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ Please forward names of subscribers for 1860 as fast as convenient, as we are already *typing* the list for Mailing Machine. All who compete for *first* lists, offered above, are informed that there is yet time. Those competing for the Christmas Gifts are advised (in answer to inquiries) that they can send on part of their lists now, and remit pay (with the remainder) *on or before the 26th instant.*

☞ Voluntary Agents for the Rural.—Any and every Subscriber, Post-Master or reader is requested to act as voluntary agent for the Rural, by forming clubs or otherwise. *Now is the time* for its friends to manifest their interest in the paper and the cause it advocates, either by obtaining new subscribers, or inducing others to act in its behalf. If any lose or wear out numbers in *showing the paper,*—that's the best way to get subscribers,—we will duplicate them in order to make their files complete for binding.

☞ Associated Effort leads to success in canvassing for periodicals, as well as in other enterprises. For instance, if you are forming (or wish to form) a club for the Rural New-Yorker, and cannot fill it up in your own neighborhood, get some person or persons a few miles distant to join with or assist you—adding their names to those you may procure, and sending all together. Please think of this, and act upon the suggestion if convenient.

☞ Specimens Free.—We always take pleasure in sending specimens free of charge. Reader, if you have any friends, near or distant, that you think would subscribe for the Rural, or act as agents, please give us their addresses and we will send them specimens, &c. No matter how many names—"the more the merrier."

☞ No Traveling Agents are employed by us, as we wish to give the whole field to local agents and those who form clubs. And beside, we wish it distinctly understood that all persons traveling through the country, professing to hold certificates from us, are impostors.

☞ Any person who remits pay for a club of 6, 10 or 15 at the specified rates for such club, and adds a sufficient number within one month thereafter, can avail himself of the advantage of the price of large club, and retain the amount overpaid.

☞ The Rural is published strictly upon the cash system—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires.

☞ Our published terms will be strictly adhered to, and no one has authority from us to offer the Rural at less than our rates. The Rural is *not* a "dollar paper," as $1.25 is the *lowest* club rate, even if a thousand copies are taken.

☞ Any person so disposed can act as local agent for the Rural, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

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HORTICULTURE · MECHANICS · ARTS · SCIENCE · LITERATURE · EDUCATION · NEWS · EXCELSIOR

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.
CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

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Rural New-Yorker.

STEAM ON THE NEW YORK CANALS.

In our columns we have given a pretty full account of the experiments instituted to test the practicability of using steam on the Erie and other Canals of the State, for propelling boats. We rejoice greatly that the results of these trials were such as to convince the State officers—the Governor, Canal Commissioners, &c.,—as well as all practical men, that steam can be used as a motive power, at a great saving of expense, and without injury to the banks of the canal. In this movement we see a prospect of good that seems to have been overlooked by those who have written on the subject, and was not once alluded to, we believe, in the many congratulatory speeches made on the occasion. We are not insensible to the fact that the substitution of steam for horse-power will lessen the cost of carriage, and therefore increase the amount of business, to the advantage of the State and all those engaged in canal business, and to the farmers of Western New York and the Great West, whose grain will find access through this channel to the New York market, and the markets of Europe; but we rejoice more especially at the humanizing influence of steam on the internal navigation of the State.

Who that has traveled on the Erie Canal, or become conversant with its operations, has not been pained at the treatment of horses engaged in the lifeless drudgery of towing? Given over to the care of ignorant, and often cruel drivers, exposed to all weather, seven days and nights in the week, their haggard appearance, and galls and bruises, appeal to the sympathies of every humane heart.

The Erie Canal, from its origin, has been a school of vice. Many a bright boy, tempted by stories of the independence of a driver's life, has left his father's house, to return, if ever, a wreck in mind and body. Lured by the hopes of earning a livelihood, many a widowed mother has permitted her only son—her last hope in this world—to "drive on the canal," to see him return after a season steeped in vice, grown old in sin—a curse, instead of a blessing—her grey hairs soon brought down with sorrow to the grave. And is it strange that this should be so? Look at the hosts of low drinking-houses that almost line the banks of the Canal—the character of the men with which these boys are compelled to associate—sleeping in boats or barns—working nights and days, and Sundays, and we see an array of evil influences brought to bear that few boys—may we not say few men?—could resist. The Erie Canal may have enriched business men, but it has impoverished families, robbed many a mother of her richest jewel—it may have filled the State Treasury, but it has also filled the State Prisons and Penitentiaries. We hope the time is not far distant when no more boys shall be employed on our canals. Let them receive their education, not on the canal, but in the common school, or at work on the farm, where they can read evenings, and have the benefit of family influence and wholesome example. We look upon the application of steam on the canal as a great moral reform movement.

Scores of cattle and hogs die every summer in their transit through this State in Railroad cars. It is truly painful to see these animals, packed as closely as they can stand, in hot summer weather, their tongues protruding from their mouths, and showing other signs of suffering. Here they suffer not only from the heat and close packing, but for want of water, and it is not strange that many die, and are thrown out at the stopping places. Indeed we have sometimes thought it strange that any survive. Those that live after such a journey, and so much suffering, are unfit for human food, and on reaching their destination, are no doubt much depreciated in value. For humanity's sake, at least, we have long hoped that an end would be put to this mode of transporting stock. It is calculated that with steam, boats will reach New York in four days from Buffalo, without transhipment. Boat builders and cattle dealers are now engaged in designing the best form of a boat to be used for transporting stock on the Canal, and the great end aimed at is cheapness of carriage, and such arrangements for the comfort of the animals that they will suffer no diminution of weight on the voyage. These boats will be constructed for the purpose of carrying stock alone, and will be arranged with every convenience for watering and feeding. It is estimated that the cost of transportation will be about one-half the price now charged by the Railroads. Interest, if not humanity, therefore, we hope will induce all engaged in forwarding cattle to the Eastern markets, to give the canal boats a trial.

DOES UNDERDRAINING PAY?

RATHER a strange query for the editors of the RURAL to propound to all their readers, when they have labored long and earnestly to prove that it was one of the best investments which could be made by the agriculturist. Strange, truly, when they have iterated and reiterated that a thorough system of underdraining would prove of incalculable benefit to almost every foot of land possessed by the farmer. Stranger still, that, after all this labor of word and argument, we are ready to go back to the starting point—to unsettle a principle supposed to be fixed—and put forth anew the query,—Does Underdraining Pay? We have a reason for this, however, as will be seen by the annexed sentence:—"Underdraining is a popular process by which any quantity of money can be hidden under ground past finding again." This valuable piece of information we first saw in a political paper published in our State Capital, and if we ever had a particle of unbelief in the aphorisms—"Falsehood travels faster than Truth;" or "Truth has but legs while Falsehood wears wings," such doubtings are effectually scattered to the winds, because of the avidity with which the "Union-Saving" portion of the press has seized so precious a morsel. Why assertions of this character should be given to the public through the agency of the printer, we are at a loss to discover. Common sense will never found an argument upon such premises — facts will not warrant such declarations. Theory brands the statement with falsity — practical experience will nail it as a base coin to the counter. Let us examine a few of the *facts* recorded upon this subject.

From the article on the "Progress of English Agriculture," we learn that lands where, to use the words of Mr. COKE, "two rabbits might be found quarreling over a blade of grass," were given by a thorough introduction of drains to profitable agriculture. "Hundreds of thousands of acres," says the *Review*, "formerly condemned to remain poor pasture, or to grow at long intervals uncertain crops of grain and beans, have been laid dry, rendered friable, and brought into regular rotation. Sheep stock thrive where previously a few cows starved; the produce has been trebled, the rental raised, and the demand for labor increased in proportion. In the neighborhood of Yorkshire manufactories, moorland, not worth a shilling an acre (rental) has been converted into dairy farms worth two pounds."

In 1846, Sir ROBERT PEEL passed the act loaning twenty millions of dollars for the purpose of assisting land owners to drain their farms. The various systems of husbandry which had wrought such wonders upon light soils, those who possessed heavy, retentive clays desired to adopt, and to grow such crops as afforded a certain reward. For centuries the farmers had been engaged in the trial of multifarious expedients to relieve the soil of water. The means called into use were upon the surface, as laying up in "lands," "backs," or "stetches," that the rain might flow off into drains a few inches deep. Not unfrequently, it is said, farmers would traverse their fields after heavy rains, attempting to lead the stagnant little pools to the neighboring ditches. Favorable seasons rewarded the husbandman for his toil, but a wet season destroyed his hopes. The soils were valued for their strength, and for their returns under bright auspices, and the questions were, in what manner can the uncertainty attached to them be removed?—how can we plant and be sure that we may also reap? These were the aspirations of the cultivators, and *deep draining gave to expectancy glad fruition.*

What are the details of experience in our own country? In the Report by Mr. NOURSE, of Orrington, Me., to the Bangor Horticultural Society, we find some interesting facts in regard to the effects of draining upon "cold, springy land." The drains were constructed partly with tile and partly with stone—depth three and one-half and four feet. He describes his farm "as lying on the north-east side of a hill, naturally wet, and hence unfit for working until late in the season." Size of lot drained one and one-half acres—designed for a pear orchard; drains laid in 1852. "Thirteen drains," says the Report, "fifteen rods in length, and twenty feet apart, were opened down the hill." The effects of draining are thus described:—"Upon this piece of land the frost comes out some days earlier, is later in the fall, and of less depth in winter than contiguous land undrained. The whole is dry enough for spading or plowing as soon as the frost is out in the spring, or within ten hours after a heavy rain. During the drouth of 1854, there was at all times sufficient dampness apparent on scraping the surface of the ground, (with the foot, in passing,) and a crop of beans was planted, grown, and gathered therefrom, without so much rain as will usually fall in a shower of fifteen minutes' duration, while vegetation on the next field was parching for the lack of moisture. Undrained land of similar character was hard and lumpy in dry weather, and cohesive and miry when wet, while this was light, porous, arable and free from water." The one had been drained, the other drowned.

A correspondent of the RURAL, in our issue of August 15th, 1857, remarks:—"It has been demonstrated over and over again, that the increased product from a well-drained field for a series of years, will not only provide for the interest on the outlay, but extinguish the principal in a little time, after the first year; and yet many farmers cling to the 'penny-wise and pound-foolish' policy of allowing a superabundance of water to remain in the cultivated lots, and bear with all patience the frequent loss of one-half or two-thirds what their lands would readily have produced. When, O, when, will they *practically* understand that there is no safer, or better yielding investment of their money, than to bury it from 30 inches to three feet under the surface? When will they come to know that for hardly any purpose can they so well afford to submit to exorbitant rates of interest, as to provide themselves with the wherewithal to change their swamps and swales, and cold, damp fields into warm and *reliable* soil for the production of crops? * * * * Of some thirty acres of spring grain on the writer's farm, all of which looks pleasant in *his* eye, *one-half* would have been nearly or quite ruined but for some 1,100 rods of drainage in the same; and the present appearance is that the enhanced product this year will be nearly equal to the total cost of the drains, albeit said cost has been fully and amply compensated by former crops."

The spring of '57, it will be remembered, was late, on account of excessive and long-continued rains, and the opportunities for testing the beneficial effects of a system of drainage were excellent. An experienced agriculturist, residing within a few miles of this city, speaking of the advantages of draining, remarked that "he had sown his barley and it was up, while his neighbors had not yet got their grounds prepared. All those whose land was not thoroughly drained had almost begun to despair—that for the crops on portions of his own farm, on which he had not created any means by which to relieve it of surplus water, he had little hope. That where drains were erected he could put on his horses and plow twenty-four hours after the most severe rain, and find the soil in better condition than where it was undrained three days subsequent."

There are hundreds who can furnish experience corroborating the statements already given, but to the thinking farmer they are not necessary; other reasons might also be furnished and arguments put forth claiming more attention in this particular branch of husbandry, but our space forbids. All around us are *facts* so demonstrative that the advantages to be derived from thorough draining cannot but be apparent. Those who have not witnessed what a revolution well-constructed drains can work upon a retentive, cold, heavy soil, will find a visit to lands provided with these artificial outlets of redundant moisture a profitable one, fully convincing them that drainage is an exceedingly effective agent in Progressive Agriculture.

HOG PASTURES.

It being generally understood that hogs live by "special providences" until it is time to "fat" them, there is little attention paid to the most economical way of growing them up. Certain it is, that a good, easy-keeping variety will make commendable progress on *grass*, and it is worthy of investigation whether hog-raising may not be profitably carried on to a larger extent in Western New York by the aid of good pastures and other appliances. It may be safe to calculate that a good-sized, thrifty pig will gain in six months on grass, a hundred pounds or more. If an acre of grass would keep three hogs, and add a hundred pounds to the weight of each, that would be $12 for the acre of pasture, reckoning the 300 pounds gain at 4 cents a pound, live weight. The particular point which this *pastoral* letter is ambitious to inculcate is this: grass being a good thing and profitable to swine, attention should be paid to the furnishing of an abundance of it, and of the best quality, to these animals. Instead of being forced to bite twice at a short, dirty, dried and battered spear of June grass by the roadside before getting any off, imagine a clean and comely Suffolk in a fresh, green pasture just four inches high, filling himself with evident relish. That looks like gain.

The Atlantic Telegraph scheme having succeeded, all other visionary and impossible enterprises will of course raise their heads and step forward; so I venture forth with mine. It is no less than this. Make a hog pasture big enough for all your hogs, and divide it into two or three parts, letting the animals remain only a week in one division before moving them into another. I deem that idea every way original, but I won't take out a patent right or copyright, provided you give credit to the RURAL for the suggestion. We have often heard that a *change* of pastures makes fat *calves*—horses and sheep, too, have not been forgotten in this connection; but *hogs*, alas! are not counted in. I propose to count them in. I don't know but they pay as much for their board as anybody, its cost and quality being considered; and I don't know but they have as good right to find fault when it don't suit. You "didn't know they had fastidious appetites." Well, you *ought* to know it. Just judge them by yourself. The likeness is closer than you are aware of.

I am not well enough informed to express an opinion as to the best kind of grass for pigs, but I have heard a man in a fat office, a boy in a peach orchard, a young fellow going to the Fourth of July between two girls with white dresses on, compared to "pigs in clover," from which I conclude that somebody has found out that a clover-field is a delectable place for hogs. I ask for information, and would be glad to know of RURAL readers, which are the best grasses for swine?

I think hogs should not pasture in the same field with other stock, as there is an objectionable flavor where they go; so let them have a place by themselves, and have it well fenced and plenty of water. I have an excessive dislike of jewelry, but I sometimes think that hogs are better for rings in their noses.—H. T. B.

A FEW HOURS IN THE GENESEE VALLEY.

ONE day last week we were at Avon, with a few unemployed hours before us. As we had some farming friends in the neighborhood, we thought a part of the time spent with them would be useful, especially as we had never been upon the farms in that region, though often in sight.

A good half-hours' walk brought us to a friend's house. He is the occupant of a "flat" and an upland farm of about seven hundred acres, which he rents from some heirs of the WADSWORTH Estate. Nearly or quite five hundred acres belong to the flats, and are more or less subject to the overflow of the river. He had no wheat upon the flats, his cultivated crops being corn, broom-corn, barley and oats. The barley was nearly a failure, oats tolerable, and the corn promising a good crop. The meadows were very productive, yielding a large burthen of grass, and generally of first quality. The pastures were very fine, equal to any of the famous Blue Grass pastures of Kentucky. Upon these, for some years to come, the farms along this region will be compelled to depend for their main support.

The grazing of cattle or the dairy must take the place of wheat growing, and these "flats" will furnish the material for capital dairy farms. As much butter and cheese can be made to the acre here as in any region of the State. And when the farms embrace a portion of upland, as well as "flats," there will be no difficulty in raising wheat to a moderate extent by using manure freely, and underdraining when required. Still, for the time being, the value of the land must depreciate very sensibly, until a more diversified system of farming is adopted.

The midge will not be got rid of. It has been more or less prevalent for the last twenty years. Its ravages have only become serious, when, by too severe a system of cropping, some of the elements of fertility have been so exhausted that the wheat plant does not grow with its accustomed vigor. Some other element must be returned to the earth, besides what clover and plaster furnishes, before the farmer can defy the midge. That will be found in barn-yard manure.

The rich pasturage of the flats, and the great yield of hay which they will furnish, render them very valuable, and if the landlords confine them to those two branches, the permanent wealth of that region will not be materially diminished. No country can be really independent that depends mainly upon grain-growing for the support of its farms. It will be found that the dairy regions of this State are really more independent than the wheat region, although the wheat lands have been commanding much the highest price per acre. Many think that more capital is invested in wheat farms than dairy farms. It is a mistake—for, though the wheat farms are valued at a higher price, the stock upon a dairy farm will balance the difference.

The entire failure of the wheat crop in this region is but exemplified by the fact that at a point on the Valley Canal, just west of Avon, where a few years ago from 250,000 to 300,000 bushels of wheat were taken in yearly, they do not expect to buy 3,000 bushels this year, and for two years past flour has been imported to supply the inhabitants of one of the finest wheat regions of the Union.

The midge, one of the frailest of insects, is in its ravages the most destructive enemy the farmer has to contend with, and its power will soon be felt over a whole Continent. In this State alone, its ravages have cost the farmers not less than ten millions of dollars for this year. When they reach the black lands of the prairies in the Western States, as they will in some three or four years, for they are now in Michigan, it will become a pretty grave question as to where we shall obtain our wheat bread.

But not much has been said about our friend's farming. We will defer that till another visit.—P.

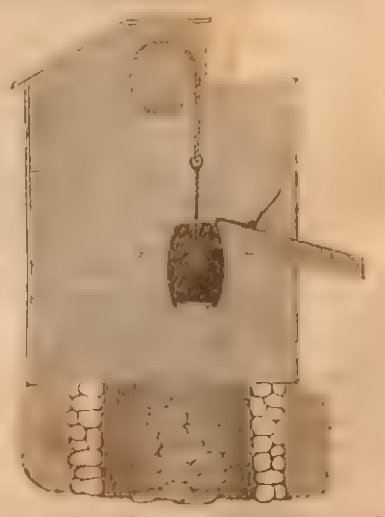
SELF-OPERATING WELL BUCKET.

EDS. RURAL:—Although we have, in this progressive age, almost every expedient for drawing water in the shape of pumps and elevators that could be conceived of; and many of them are very valuable in rendering the labor of drawing water from wells and cisterns comparatively easy; yet there are hundreds of your readers, and others, who will agree with me, that not by any of these means does water taste as pure and wholesome as when drawn from the well in a bucket.

Those, then, who wish to drink water pure—free from the taint of decaying wooden pipes or rusty iron—will, with me, choose to let "The Old Oaken Bucket" hang in the well.

Though "dear to the hearts" of all "*cold water men*," there is an inconvenience attending it, as it is commonly used, in filling and emptying. With your permission, I will tell your readers how I overcame the difficulty. Here, then, is a *correct drawing* of my well curb, a board being left off in front to show the manner of emptying the bucket. Like its owner, it is plain looking, but I find it answers the purpose for which it was designed, admirably.

I cut a hole three inches square in the bottom of the bucket, then, on a thin piece of board, four inches square, or a half inch larger each way than the hole in the bucket, I tacked a soft piece of leather, letting it extend far enough on one side to tack to the bottom of the bucket—forming a hinge to the valve. I then had a blacksmith move the ears from the top, to a little above the middle of the bucket, or to that point, where the bucket when filled, would balance nicely without tipping over. I then had the bail cut in two pieces, making each piece a foot long, after being straightened, and an eye turned on each end, as seen in the drawing.



A thin piece of iron 1¼ inches long, one edge bent over, for the hook, fastened to the spout, to catch into, was riveted to the top of the bucket, inside. I procured a well twisted ¾ inch cord, twice as long as my well is deep, found the centre and fastened it, in two places, by driving a staple two inches each side of the centre of the axle, then wound the cord evenly on the axle,—always winding towards the ends,—and fastened the ends of the cord to the bucket. The axle was turned evenly, and not made of a large sapling as is often the case.

There is a ratchet on one end of the axle which holds it firmly at any desired point.

When the bucket is let down to the water the valve in the bottom opens, and the bucket is instantly filled, without tipping. You wind up, and the weight of the water firmly closes the valve, and you are enabled to bring the bucket up till the hook on the spout catches it, tips it, and throws its contents into the spout.

The object of having two ropes is to steady the bucket. I have used this plan over five years, and would not change it for any pump I ever saw. For *simplicity and efficiency* I never saw a better. Hoping this may meet with your approval, and be of use to your thousands of readers, I subscribe myself, as ever, a friend to the RURAL.

Waverly, Tioga Co. N. Y., 1858. J. A. GRAVES.

APPLICATION OF MANURES.—ABSORBENT POWER OF THE SOIL.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Having read a number of articles in your valuable paper, on the "absorbent power of soils," and having noticed lately in the N. Y. *Tribune*, the remarks of "S. W., of Seneca Co.," before the American Farmers' Club of New York city, alluding to this subject, and, differing with him, I thought that my opinion, founded on experience, might be of interest to the readers of the RURAL. I formerly was of the opinion that manures should be applied to the soil before decomposition had taken place to any great extent, thinking that the only loss to be guarded against was by evaporation, consequently the manure should be turned under before it had become much rotted, spreading it as turned under, so that none of the essential properties should be lost. S. W., above referred to, says, "if you can keep manure from going up, you may let it go down as much as it will." On the *contrary*, I would say if you can keep manure from going *down* you may let it go up as much as it will. In proof he says, further, that "water will always run clear, from tile drains."—This is unquestionably so; but, because water runs clear from tile drains, therefore cleansing itself from all impurities, by leaching through the earth; however foul and filthy it may be on the surface—yet in practice it does not hold true that the most essential properties of manure do not leach down beyond the reach of the roots of the plant. I suppose that sand and fine gravel makes the best filter; that water filtered through such soils is the most pure; yet we know that such soils are the most barren—that it is only by constant manuring and nursing such soils that we can get good crops. A good, thorough application of manure on clayey or clay loam soils, will render such soils productive long after a like application on loose, sandy soils has ceased to perceptibly affect the crop. I have always advocated deep plowing, and one of the strongest arguments in favor of the practice, is that it not only makes a deeper soil, for the roots of plants to spread and extend themselves—thereby absorbing a greater amount of food for the plant—but it brings to the surface, and within reach of the plant, the leachings of centuries of decomposed vegetable matter and the manures that have been applied.

My practice for years has been to leave the manure as near the surface as I can, and have it covered, or thoroughly mixed with the soil. My plan is this:—I draw my manure when it best suits my convenience, sometimes in the winter or spring, and put it in large, compact piles, on or near the ground where I wish to apply it. I leave it until just before planting my corn, or, if applied to summer-fallow, or where I wish to sow wheat, until two or three weeks before sowing my wheat. I then draw it out and spread evenly over the surface of the ground. I then take gang-plows—which are well adapted to the purpose—and plow the manure under, from three to four inches deep; let it lay a few days, take my harrow and thoroughly mix with the soil, and if I drill in my wheat, I give it another gang-plowing and dragging before drilling, in order to get a fine tilth. If the land be a clay the manure has a tendency to ameliorate the natural tenacity of the soil, thereby securing the quick and healthy growth of the wheat plants.

Any farmer that has any thing to do with clay land knows, if you can get a good, thrifty growth in the fall, that such lands are the best wheat lands we have. I have found that in lands thoroughly manured, and treated in the manner above described, the benefit arising therefrom is plainly to be seen for years; whereas, if plowed under to the depth of seven or nine inches and suffered to remain there—if it was a stiff clay soil—little if any benefit would redound to the crop that followed the application. If such applications were continued for a few years, you would find the soil very much improved, but its effects would not be as perceptible to each crop that followed the application as a surface dressing, evenly mixed with the surface soil. I would ask if manures lose so much by evaporation as Mr. S. W. would seem to infer? Why is it that composted or rotted manures spread on the surface of clay soils *without* being mixed with the soil are productive of more good to the crop that follows, than if plowed under deep, with a common plow? In fact the stiffness, or tenacity of the soil seems to be ameliorated far more than if it were turned under deep, in a decomposed state. Should I plow under manure on a stiff soil, I would wish it to be unrotted—in fact, as coarse as I could get it under—for the tendency would be more to keep the soil loose and porous, than to materially enrich it for that crop. So you see that in practice, I am opposed to deep applications of manures, and, at the same time, I do not advise a top-dressing; without thoroughly mixing with the surface soil. In no case would I plow manure under eight or nine inches deep if composted or rotted. I do not believe that manures lose much of their essential properties by "going up," as S. W. has it, but *much is lost by being absorbed by the soil at too great a depth to afford sufficient nourishment for the growth of crops.* From practical experience and close observation in the practice of others for a period of over fifteen years, I have formed the above opinions, which I could substantiate by various experiments, tried at various times, on different crops, and different soils. Knowing short articles are preferred, I will close this communication, and, if desirable, will at some future time give you the result of my experiments. W. H. H.

Wheatland, N. Y., 1858.

PREVENTING DROUTHS—A NOVEL THEORY.

EDS. RURAL:—In these times of signs and wonders, inventions and discoveries, it would seem to me that a circumstance of such vast importance to the well-being of the human family as the fall of rain, should receive more attention, and be the subject of more experiments by philosophers and meteorologists, than it has ever yet received.

Suffering, as we now are, from a destructive drouth, the discussion of the above subject would be interesting, if not profitable. The idea of manufacturing thunder showers will be looked upon as chimerical by some, and blasphemous by others; but I verily believe the thing may be done. To witness as I did last night, the rapid formation and equally rapid dispersion of thunder clouds, very reasonably suggests the idea that the operating causes are not so great as to be beyond the power of imitation by human skill and sagacity.

With HUGH MILLER, I believe the physical world is not yet completed; and that it was designed, in the creation of man, that he should be a co worker with Deity in perfecting the physical, as well as the moral world. And surely, nothing would conduce more to that end than to be able to cause and control the fall of rain upon our famishing fields and extensive plains made sterile by want of water.

We have never yet been fortunate enough to meet with a theory which explains to our satisfaction, all the phenomena of a common thunder shower. We are told, to be sure, that lightning is caused by electricity passing from one cloud positively, to another negatively electrified; and that thunder is the resulting consequence. But I have never yet been told *how*, under apparently the same circumstances and conditions, one cloud becomes positively, and another negatively electrified. Indeed, we *know* there is yet much to be learned on the subject of electricity. It is not unlikely, that what we call empty space, is an ocean of electricity, binding in telegraphic sympathy suns, planets and comets.

After these preliminary remarks, I will proceed to give as briefly as possible, my plan for producing rain. In the first place, have a balloon of a lifting power sufficient for the purpose; then construct a bundle of copper wires, from one and a half to two miles long; let the upper ends of the wires be properly shaped and prepared as conductors, and surround the balloon with them, letting the points extend as far above the balloon as their strength will sustain. The cord, or bundle of wire, for the sake of convenience, should be wound upon a reel, and the lower end of the wires placed in water.

Thus arranged, let the balloon ascend, and when it is at a sufficient height, (if my theory is good,) the wires will commence conducting off streams of electricity from the atmosphere in the region of clouds, causing a condensation of vapor, and forming a cloud, from which rain would be immediately precipitated. A cloud thus formed, would be a nucleus around which the forming process would continue until a large scope of country would be overcast with clouds, as in ordinary rains. Showers produced in this way would not be attended with lightning and thunder, and, probably, not with destructive winds.

Observation teaches us, that when a tract of country becomes very dry, it seems to repel or dissipate clouds as they rise over it; and the prospect of rain is nearly (perhaps I should say entirely,) hopeless, until a brisk wind springs up, thus bringing over the country, from other and more favored parts, a more humid and better conducting atmosphere.

Perhaps I should before have said that my theory stands upon the assumption, that a portion of atmosphere in contact with very dry earth becomes completely a non-conducting medium, thus preventing any electricity passing from the clouds to the earth, and consequently preventing a condensation of vapor sufficient to cause a fall of rain.—The above theory may be very absurd; but I am sure nothing but actual experiment can refute it.

O. J. PHELPS.

Hesperian Plains, Piketon, Ohio, Aug., 1858.

REMARKS.—In these days of Atlantic Telegraphs it will hardly answer to scout the ideas of any individual, hence the space given to the foregoing seemingly chimerical propositions. The assumption of Mr. PHELPS, "that a portion of atmosphere in contact with very dry earth becomes completely a non-conducting medium, thus preventing any electricity passing from the clouds to the earth, and consequently preventing a condensation of vapor sufficient to cause a fall of rain," may be admitted as true, yet the balloon and conducting rods, as proposed by Mr. P., may defeat the very object he desires to attain. He must have a proper atmospheric condition else the electricity may go *up in place of down*, and thus prolong instead of alleviating the drouth. Will Mr. PHELPS give bonds not to make the matter worse? However, the subject is worthy of discussion, and is thrown out for the purpose of eliciting the ideas of those who have devoted time to the study of this subtle element.—EDS.

LIGHTNING RODS, AGAIN.

MESSRS. EDS.:—In your note appended to the article on Lightning Rods, inserted in the RURAL of the 28th ult., you state truly, that it is a common belief that the conduction of electricity in the same metal depends upon the surface. This common error has arisen from confounding Static and Dynamic Electricity, or, to use plainer language, Electricity in motion and Electricity at rest. The experiments of the solid and hollow rods prove nothing in relation to this matter, for, in the case of the tube, the surface was nearly doubled while the section was greatly reduced, and consequently, an *equality* of conducting power in both cases shows that neither conductor was taxed to near its limits—without which it would be impossible to obtain even comparative data.

The experiment by which POUILLET decided this point is the most accurate and the most beautiful. After finding the conducting power of a round rod or wire, he flattened it so as to retain the same section, while the surface was greatly increased. The conducting power remained the same, thus proving the truth of my first proposition.

Another experiment, devised by myself, consisted in placing ten strips of thin silver leaf in a pile with strips of paper interposed between each strip of silver. The conducting power of the pile as thus constructed, being ascertained, the paper strips were removed, and the silver strips pressed into close contact between two blocks of varnished wood. The conducting power remained the same. I recommended simply tacking the strips together (the ends being overlapped,) for the following reason:

1st, Telegraph wires which are merely twisted together answer all practical purposes.

2d, The same plan has been used by able electricians to convey the current from a distant battery into their laboratory, it being convenient to have the battery out of doors to avoid the fumes.

3d, It is the method adopted in the British navy by Sir W. SNOW HARRIS, and has never been known to fail.

It is obvious that the longer the lap the greater the security. The word "diameter," for which in your note you correctly substitute thickness, was an oversight on my part. J. P.

BUILDING CISTERNS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I observed in the RURAL of the 26th June, a communication by J. VANOS, of *Belle Valley, Pa.*, on this subject, and am heartily glad to hear that any one will talk up the importance and means of obtaining large supplies of rain-water; one of the most desirable appendages to a household, for all family uses. It is truly surprising, so many people will spend large sums of money in digging wells, with the uncertainties of obtaining water, except second-rate, (if any) particularly in lime stone sections of country, when if the money thus used had been invested in making *large* cisterns, to contain the floods of clear rain-water that annually pour off the houses, they would be so much better served every way.

While his plan must result in having a very good cistern, it seemed to me (not exactly ambiguous,) rather complex in detail. There appears to be considerable engineering, so to speak, in getting it completed; so, I would suggest a plan, too, by which one may be more readily made, and answer an excellent purpose.

Dig a hole the diameter and depth desired, (and don't make a small one,) then eighteen inches from the edge, commence and dig down all around, some eighteen inches deep. In this space build up with stone, laid in water lime, for the purpose of forming a more permanent rim, or protection to the mouth of the space dug out, avoiding the tendency, from any cause, to cave in. In this stone work insert your joists or cross pieces,—upon which you will plank and cover the cistern—these pieces should be a foot or more from the top, sufficient to allow the covering to prevent the plastering from freezing. The work of plastering may now be commenced, and completed the usual way, always using clean and coarse sand, and let it be thoroughly dry before letting the water in. It is well, where it can be obtained, to finish with a coat of Rosendale Cement, as it prevents much of the hardness of the water, observable when lime alone is used.

The curb, water pipe, and inlet will be located at pleasure, the usual way; recommending also, to continue the conductor pipe from the roof into the cistern within a foot of the bottom, placeing a flat stone where the discharge is, to prevent the wear on the cement; thus the fresh water is taken in at the bottom, and the waste pipe being at the top, the water is less liable to become impure by standing inactive. The pipe entering the cistern should be made of zinc, it being less liable than tin to oxydize or rust out.

It is very desirable to so place the cistern that a pipe from near the bottom can be taken into the cellar, where, having a large faucet, the water can be so easily applied to a properly constructed portable water filter, thus securing the most healthy, the purest and sweetest of water, for all culinary and drinking purposes.

This method is recommended from long experience, as the cheapest, and more convenient than the plan of making a cistern-filter, adopted by some. The latter answer a very good purpose if properly made, but the objections are, the trouble and expense of making, also the fact that so much more water is filtered than is necessary for daily consumption, it becomes less pure and perfect by standing in an inactive state—then there is so much more water filtered than used, the power is unduly exhausted,—and finally the trouble and expense of re-packing. E.

Canaan, Conn., August, 1858.

CROPS IN STARK CO., OHIO.

WHEAT.—The wheat crop has suffered immensely by rust and weevil. Wheat on the upland has suffered the least. The opinion of our best farmers is, that there will be about three quarters of a crop this year. The wheat best adapted to this, and adjoining counties, is the Mediterranean—it requires a peck or a half a bushel more of seed to the acre.

RYE.—Rye is tolerably good this year. I noticed a piece this harvest that had been entirely ruined by the weevil—something very singular for this locality.

BARLEY.—This crop is very good, but it is unprofitable as will appear by the annexed prices.

CORN.—The crop this year is as promising as in 1855.

OATS.—This crop also suffered by the rust, causing it to fall so flat that we had to mow it.

POTATOES look exceedingly well.

MARKETS.—Wheat, Red, 90cts; White, $1,00 per bushel. Rye, 50cts. Barley, 20cts. Corn, 75cts. Oats, 25cts. T. J. ROACH.

Paris, Stark Co., Ohio, 1858.

LARGE FLEECES.

EDITORS RURAL:—Noticing occasionally in the columns of the RURAL, weights of heavy fleeces of wool—reports of sheep shearing festivals, &c., therefore, I send you the result of the shearing of a small flock of my own, as follows:

One Yearling Buck of thirteen months growth, weight of fleece, 23 lbs; weight of carcass, 75 lbs. Also, a flock of ten Bucks, same age as above.—Average weight of fleece, 15 lbs 4oz.; average weight of carcass, 72 lbs.

Unlike Mr. TAFT, I *want* it distinctly understood that the sheep that sheared the above weights of fleeces were heavily grained,—perhaps they consumed too much grain for their future benefit; also, their conveniences for wallowing in plenty of dirt were middling good. I should consider it a fruitless task to attempt to make a wool-growing community believe that my sheep sheared as heavy fleeces of *clean wool* as some particular men report their sheep to shear, fed only on hay and grass.

Wheeler, Steuben Co., 1858. JULIUS STICKNEY.

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE.

WHEAT, CORN AND POTATOES IN OGLE CO., ILL.—A correspondent of the RURAL (E. J.) writing from Oregon, Ill., says:—"The wheat crop in this section is very poor—some fields yield about 3½ bushels per acre. The corn crop promises to be superior. Potatoes are but middling, and the rot is beginning to manifest itself. Ogle county holds her Annual Fair, at Oregon, on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of October.

TO PREVENT MUSQUITOES BITING.—B. ROGERS, of Scottsville, asks, "what will prevent musquitoes biting?" I have always found the application of the spirits of camphor a sure preventive. I hope, Mr. EDITOR, as you are laboring to benefit others, you, yourself, may be benefited by this simple piece of information, and for the future make no *unsuccessful* attempts to rid yourself of those troublesome insects.—A HOUSEWIFE, *Herkimer, N. Y.*

HOW TO KILL LIVE-FOR-EVER.—I have noticed, in the RURAL, an inquiry of the above import. I will give you our experience. We have a three-acre lot, of good soil, that, twenty years ago, was literally covered with this *pest*. We used to plow, plant, and sow it, in turn with the other lots—carting off loads and loads of the roots; but stock it down and it was as *green* as ever. At last we put sheep upon it—changing to another pasture about once a week. They cropped it off some, but our chief *exterminator* was salt. Salt, enough of it, will kill almost anything. We sprinkled fine salt on the branches freely, letting the sheep and the rest of the stock eat of it what they would, put on old brine and all refuse salt, and it entirely disappeared. We have plowed the lot since, but there is none to be seen. We say, then, salt it to death. Don't mow it; every leaf or particle that drops will make a new root.—E. H. WRIGHT, *Milton, Conn.*, 1858.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR RENNET.—I would like to inquire through the RURAL if there is a substitute for rennet in cheese-making?—MRS. M. J. W., *Westville, La Porte Co., Ia.*, 1858.

BURYING POTATOES.—I wish to be informed, through the columns of the RURAL, of the best method of burying potatoes to preserve them thro' the winter in good condition. Will any one who knows by experience, respond?—W. C., *Homer, Cortland Co., N. Y.*, 1858.

GALLS ON HORSES.—A four year old colt has been afflicted with lumps on the neck, which became raw during plowing, or when he was worked hard. By stating the cause or the cure, you will greatly oblige—A SUBSCRIBER, *Cardington, Ohio.*

THE query of "A Subscriber," is rather indefinite, but we infer that the friction of the collar produced excoriation. New horses are very liable to have the skin injured by the harness—it is tender, and a little matter exposes the quick.—Prevention is better than cure, and this depends upon the driver. As a preventive, after every journey the neck should be closely examined. If there be any spot, however little abraded, hot and tender, when pinched, that part of the collar which produced it, should be cut out before the next journey. The guard or safe, is a useful article to prevent galls of this kind. It is merely a thin slip of soft leather, covering the seat of the collar. It obviates friction, and prevents injurious pressure from any little protuberance or hardness in the stuffing of the collar. On the first or second journey a new horse often comes in with his neck somewhat inflamed; it is hot, tender, and covered with pimples. In the stables it is said to be *fired*. A solution of common salt in water is usually applied, and it serves to allay the inflammation; it should be applied whenever the collar is removed. Tumors, containg bloody water, frequently rise on the neck. They should be opened immediately, emptied, and kept open for a few days. The piece should be taken out of the collar, and a safe used. As a preventive we know of nothing better than frequent bathing of the neck in a solution of whiskey and alum—as much alum being put in the liquid as it will dissolve—and this, when persisted in, we have known to actually cure the worst cases, even when the animal has been kept in continued service.

FOWL MEADOW GRASS.—What is Fowl Meadow Grass?—S. G. M., *Benton, Lux. Co., Pa.*

REMARKS.—This is a valuable grass for low, moist meadows. FLINT describes it thus:—"The specific characteristics of this species are two to four, sometimes five, flowered spikelets, oval, spear shaped ligules elongated, flowers scutish, green, often tinged with purple, roots slightly creeping; wet meadows and banks of streams, very common. Flowers in July and August. In long continued moist weather the lower joints send up flowering stems. The panicle is erect and spreading when in flower, but more contracted and drooping when ripe. This grass grows abundantly in almost every part of New England, especially where it has been introduced and cultivated in suitable ground, such as the borders of rivers and intervals occasionally overflowed. It will not endure to be long covered with water, especially in warm weather. It is well to let a piece go to seed, save the seed and scatter it over low lands. It makes an excellent grass for oxen, cows and sheep, but is thought to be rather fine for horses. It never grows so coarse or hard but that the stalk is sweet and tender, and eaten without waste. It is very easily made into hay, and is more nutritive, according to Sinclair, than either foxtail, orchard grass, or tall meadow oat grass. Owing to its constantly sending forth flowering stems, the grass of the lattermath contains more nutritive matter than the first crop at the time of flowering, hence the names *fertilis* and *serotina*, fertile and late flowering meadow grass. It thrives best when mixed with other grasses, and deserves a place in all mixtures for rich moist pastures."

Rural Miscellany.

WHEAT AND CHESS.—Keep cool, reader excitable, for we do not purpose to agitate the subject of transmutation sufficiently to open a prolix and unprofitable discussion. The N. Y. *Tribune* says: "Mr. John Carpenter, of Rainsville, Ind., sends us a fine, plump head of Wheat with a Chess growing out of one side of it." Though honestly made, we doubt the correctness of this assertion, and will give a reason why we disbelieve. Two or three years ago two heads of wheat were sent us from different localities, presenting every appearance, at first sight, of having "chess growing out of the sides" of them; but on close inspection it was found that the wheat and chess *did not grow together*, though they were so closely attached as to deceive those willing to believe without critical examination. Accounts of these were published in the RURAL at the time. In one case the sample had been previously shown by Judge WRIGHT, of Irondequoit, to the editor of one of our daily papers, whereupon it published to the world that the long mooted question was settled! We soon convinced Judge W., however, that the announcement was premature, albeit himself, the editor aforesaid, and many others who had seen the curiosity, had supposed there was no doubt on the subject. Now, we suspect that the Tribune man has been deceived or "sold" in a similar manner; at least we will give him a new beaver if he will show us (or send to the next N. Y. State Fair, at our expense,) a head of wheat with genuine chess "growing out of one side of it."

THE COTTON CROP.—Under date of Aug. 17, Dr. M. W. PHILLIPS, an extensive planter, of Hinds Co., Miss., writes as follows:—"This has been an awful year for the Cotton Planters—overflow, rains and worms, with no prospect for the better. Rains every day, when we need all the clear sunshine and dry weather possible. Well, it is so, and we should be content to believe all will be well. Notwithstanding all these backsets, we have a goodly country, a noble country, and much cotton will be made. I put the figures at 2,500,000 bales, not to exceed 2,750,000, and at a value of $125,000,000. I think from Memphis to New Orleans is the most desirable country on earth, and that the leading agricultural spirit can see more than anywhere else to elevate, expand, and give a true feeling of the greatness of our land and nation. I would like to have all your Northern leading agriculturists visit this country."

—Dr. P. will accept our acknowledgments for the kind invitation and offer of hospitality, which accompanied the above—and our regrets that we cannot yet awhile visit him and the rich region of country to which he alludes.

AYRSHIRE CATTLE FOR MASS.—A late number of the Ayrshire Express, published in Ayr, Scotland, makes the following announcement:—"Another compliment has just been paid to the skill of our Ayrshire farmers, by the purchase, by Mr. SANFORD HOWARD, of Boston, U. S. America, of six bulls and eighteen cows and heifers, for the Massachusetts State Ag. Society, and various individuals. These animals are from the very best stocks, and are of the very best quality in the country."

Among the individuals for whom a portion of the above animals were purchased, are J. S. CABOT and Dr. LORING of Boston, Mr. CARTER of Worcester, and Hon. JOHN BROOKS of Princeton. The animals are expected to arrive this week.

FROST IN THE SOUTHERN TIER—GRASSHOPPERS, &c.—A correspondent of the RURAL (J. C.) writing from Owego, under date August 24th, says:—"This vicinity has been visited by an early frost, also in Litchfield, Bradford Co., Pa., on the night of the 18th. Several other places had a slight touch on the 22d and 23d. Little or no damage has been done. Grasshoppers are doing considerable mischief to growing crops, as well as pastures and meadows. We are also having quite a drouth, while a short distance from us rain is not unfrequent."

NATIONAL HORSE FAIRS.—Three Horse Shows, each claiming to be "National," are to be held the present season. As already announced, one is to be held at Springfield, Mass., Sept. 14th to 17th, inclusive. Michigan announces two—one at Coldwater this week, (Sept. 1st to 4th,) and the other at Kalamazoo, Oct. 12th, 13th and 14th. Though the premium lists of the Michigan Fairs are not as large as the former, they are varied and liberal, and from the character of the managers and people we doubt not the exhibitions will prove creditable to the Peninsular State.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.—In addition to the large number of Fairs recently announced in the RURAL, we give the times and places of holding two or three others in this State, from information obtained during the past week. The Genesee Co. Fair is to be held at Batavia, Sept. 16th, 17th and 18th. Wayne County, at Lyons, Sept. 22d and 23d. The Nunda Union (several Towns,) at Nunda, Liv. Co., N. Y., Sept. 8th and 9th.

THE HOG CHOLERA—*Remedy*.—This disease has recently appeared, in its most virulent form, in Frederick Co., Md. Mr. PETER CULLER, who lost thirty head, arrested the disease, and saved the remainder of his hogs, by using the following remedy:—1 pound of sulphur, 1 pound of rosin and ½ pound saltpetre, beaten into a powder, and given in the proportion of a large spoonful to seven hogs, every other day.

SUPERIOR WHEAT IN NEBRASKA.—The Nebraska City News makes the following reference to the wheat:—The winter wheat now harvested and being threshed out, in this and Douglas Counties, weighs from 61 to 62 lbs. to the bushel. And we venture to say a more beautiful article was never raised in any other State or Territory.

VERY TRUE is this remark by some sensible writer:—"Money invested in a tool, and the tool exposed to the weather, is like money loaned to a spendthrift with no security received. In both instances it is a dead loss, and the result of indolence or inexcusable indifference to one's own interest.

Orchard and Garden.

HORTICULTURAL NOTES

After spending a day among the nurseries and fruit and flower gardens, we return to our desk, a little weary, but delighted, and thankful to the Giver of all Good, who has adorned our earth with so much of beauty, so much to please the eye, gratify the taste, and elevate the heart. Difficulties the cultivator has to contend with—insects, and diseases, and unfavorable seasons, sometimes blast his hopes, and always make care and vigilance essential to success,—yet the flowers are always gay, and luscious fruits are always found in the gardens of the diligent.

Unpacking the specimens we have collected in our travels, and spreading them out in bright array before us, and opening our note book for memoranda taken on the grounds, we will give our readers a little horticultural gossip. First, we have the Pears. The fall varieties are now ripening, and although the crop is not as large as some seasons, we never saw finer specimens. The *Limon* which we have just now eaten, in perfection, and of which we give an engraving, is of medium size, obovate, resembling a small, white Doyenne in size and form. In color it is greenish-yellow, sprinkled with reddish dots, and often marbled red on the sunny side and around the crown. Stem about an inch long, moderately stout and inserted in a shallow depression. Calyx small, open and shallow, flesh fine, melting, sweet, musky, somewhat resembling the Bartlett in flavor and perfume. The tree is a free grower, and good bearer. This is a Belgian fruit, and will rank among the best summer pears of medium size. We give an engraving of this variety below.

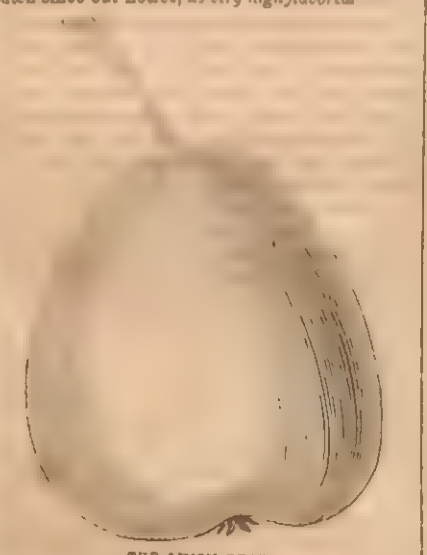
The *Tyson* is nearly double the size of the above, and the tree is an upright, vigorous grower, making a most beautiful tree. It originated near Philadelphia. Flesh juicy, melting, sugary and slightly aromatic.

Rousselet Stuttgart is a small pear, of pyramidal shape. Flesh rather coarse, juicy, melting, sweet, with a rich flavor, and aromatic.

The *Bartletts* are ripening, and specimens picked early are now fully ripe. Our market is pretty well supplied with this excellent fruit. The only objection we ever heard urged against this pear, that it ripens with the peaches, is of little account this season, as our peach orchards will not give us a taste. By the by, we saw some very fine, thrifty *Bartletts*, to-day, on the quince root, and loaded with fruit.

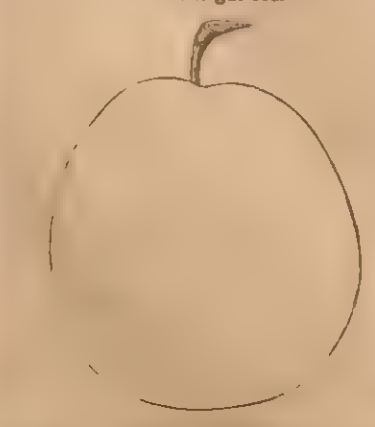
Dwarf trees of the *Vicar of Winkfield* are everywhere bearing an excellent crop. Indeed, many of the trees are suffering, because the fruit was not thinned out early in the season. A little attention to thinning the fruit on dwarf trees will be labor well expended. When a tree is allowed to overbear, it not only affects the growth of the tree, but the crop is apt to be small the next season. By a little care on this point dwarf trees will give a good crop of fruit every year.

The *Louis Bonne de Jersey* is another very productive sort both on quince and pear stocks. It seems to produce a good crop most uniformly, and sometimes with very poor culture. We never saw finer specimens of *Buerre Superfin* and *Buerre d' Anjou* than are now on the trees. Mr. Ellwanger thinks we did not do justice to the *Pulsifer*, in our notice last week. We described it from the specimens we tasted, "a very good, pleasant, but not high flavored fruit." The specimens we had were perhaps picked too early; indeed, we think they were wind-falls, that were kept until they ripened. Mr. E. pronounces good specimens ripened and eaten since our notice, as *very high flavored*.



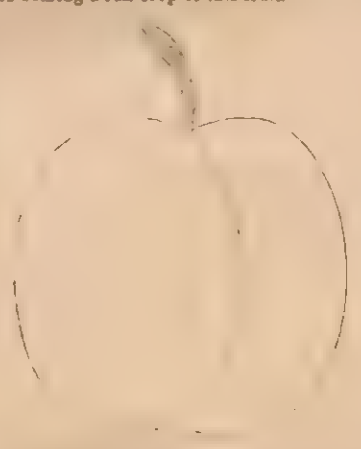
THE LIMON PEAR.

Among the Plums, we have to-day (Aug. 31st) eaten the *Lawrence*, a delicious plum, a seedling from the *Green Gage*, which we described last week; also, the *Bradshaw*, one of the finest of the large plums. It is about the size of the Yellow Egg, of a dark violet red, with a bluish bloom. The flesh is yellowish-green, rather coarse, but juicy, sweet and pleasant. The tree is very vigorous, and bears most abundant crops. *Diapre Rouge* is a very beautiful, medium sized French plum, of fine flavor. Its color is bright red.



PRINCE ENGELBERT.

Prince Engelbert is a Belgian variety, the tree a free grower and productive. Fruit not quite as large as the *Bradshaw*, very deep purple, with a very thick bloom, rich and fine. *Goliath* is a large, round plum, skin a deep red, and very prettily mottled with green and brown, and almost covered with fine dots. It is very juicy, with a sprightly flavor. *Nelson's Victory* is a delicate plum of medium size, very juicy, and the color, which we can hardly describe, is a delicate mixture of crimson and yellow. Those who have become discouraged with attempting to grow plums on account of the curculio, should visit the plum orchard of Ellwanger & Barry, of this city, where all our specimens were obtained, and they will there see scores of trees bearing a full crop of this fruit.



GOLIATH.

In the ornamental grounds, the *Altheas* are at this time conspicuous, and they are invaluable, on account of their late flowering. All lawns and ornamental grounds should contain a few Altheas. The season has been very unfavorable for the growth of *Dahlias*, and we fear our fall show of this queen of flowers will be quite behind that of other seasons. The *Bedding Plants*, particularly the Verbenas and Petunias, are the gayest of the gay. How much do we owe to these two flowers. From early summer, until November, they greet us with smiles of beauty, in their thousands of bright and laughing eyes.

The *Gladiolus* and the *Japan Lilies* vie with each other, and equally command the admiration of the observer. The *Japan Lily* is as hardy as the *Tiger* or any of our garden lilies, and should be planted more generally. They were brought from Japan about twenty years ago, and we have known them in this country some ten or twelve years, but the high price at which they have been sold has prevented many from planting. They are now so cheap as to be within the means of all, and as they exhibit a striking and delicate combination of colors, possess a fine perfume, and are hardy, and of the easiest culture, we hope all lovers of flowers will remember the *Japan Lilies*, when planting this fall. There are several varieties, and we give an engraving of one of the best, *Speciosum*.

The *Annuals* are now among the most showy of the flowers. These cost nothing but a little labor, and every village lot and every farmers' "door-yard" may be adorned with them. *Phlox Drummondii* and the *Balsams*, and the *Amaranths* are now as fine as can be desired, and the *Aster*, that beautiful fall flower, is being very much improved. Some of the broad-petaled, or Peony Asters, are almost as perfect and beautiful as a good dahlia.

Productive Dwarf Pear Trees.—About a mile or so south of this city, on the grounds o Wm. King, we saw five *Louise Bonne de Jersey* pear trees on the quince root, eight years planted, and well loaded with fruit, almost fit to gather. They are healthy and vigorous, and the fruit from these trees last year sold for twenty four dollars. This looks as if growing pears would pay.

A Fine Fruit Garden and Avenue.—Now that the fall fruits are ripening, and the fruit gardens and orchards can be seen under the most favorable circumstances for gaining information, we design to visit as many of our friends as possible within a convenient distance. To-day we accepted an invitation to visit the grounds of James Buchan, situated less than two miles from the center of the city; and here, in a quiet, unpretending spot, we found one of the best fruit gardens it has been our fortune to visit in a long time. On entering the grounds we found ourselves in a beautiful avenue, some 40 feet in width and 1,200 feet in length, both sides thickly planted with deciduous and evergreen trees, many of them grown to 20 or 30 feet in height, and furnishing an abundance of grateful shade. This is the only really fine avenue we have about our city. The fruit garden proper we found contained over five acres, in which we were delighted to see pear trees of all our most popular sorts, loaded with fruit. About 100 standard pear trees, planted some eleven years ago,—Bartletts, Virgalieus, Beurre Diels, &c.,—were magnificent trees, showing every sign of health and productiveness. A Flemish Beauty, some fifteen feet in height, was so loaded with fruit that almost every branch had to be supported with stakes and poles to prevent the entire destruction of the tree. Mr. Buchan only commenced to plant dwarfs about four years since, but has now some 400, all healthy and vigorous, and many of them beautiful specimens, bearing from half-a-dozen to fifty fine pears. Here, too, we found an orchard of standard apple trees, of about an acre, beautiful in form, the trunks of many of them entirely hid by the over-hanging branches. Here, at least, the fruit garden always rewards the intelligent, industrious cultivator, while it exposes and punishes the careless and negligent.

DO QUINCES PRODUCE BLIGHT?

Messrs. Eds.:—Can you or any of your numerous correspondents inform me through the Rural if Pear Trees in the immediate vicinity of old quince bushes are more liable to blight than those more remote? I will state one case:—Some five or six years since, we lost three pear trees which stood near some old quince bushes; the blight first commenced on the quince, then on the pear; two other trees were attacked at the same time, but we saved them by cutting back. The remainder of our trees were at some distance from these and remained perfectly healthy until the present season, when the same quince bush was attacked with the blight again, and the pear tree standing nearest the quince has blighted also. We have another quince bush standing in another part of our yard, (and for want of better stocks,) we cut off part of the top and grafted it with the Beurre Clairgeau. This quince also blighted, and when the grafts had grown to the length of one foot they blighted, and out of eight scions set I have but one left. The Beurre d'Anjou and Beurre Bosc, the two trees standing nearest to this quince, have also blighted; the former so bad that I have taken it out, root and branch, and burned it. The above named quince bushes are all we have, and all the blighted trees we have had, stand near those bushes. The remainder of our pear trees (150) remain perfectly healthy. I do not mean to say the quince caused or is the cause of the blight on the pear, but it looks rather singular that all the blight that we have had should be on trees in the immediate vicinity of these old quince bushes, while the others are perfectly healthy. This may be accidental, but if others have trees similarly affected, we shall be glad to hear from them, as this blight is a very mysterious disease. Please give all the light you possess on this subject. J. S. Clarke.

Greece, N. Y., Aug, 1858.

Remarks—We have never seen any evidence that the quince produced the blight in pear trees. The blight of the quince and pear tree is probably the same disease, though they affect the trees differently, the blight of the quince being confined principally to the tender branches. It is the opinion of many good cultivators that this disease is infectious, and the smell given off by trees badly affected favors this idea, as does many facts that we might mention. The facts stated by our correspondent are worthy of note, and any of our readers who may be acquainted with facts either favoring or disproving the idea suggested by Mr. Clarke, will please communicate them. Nothing is known certainly of the cause of this disease, and as little of its cure.

THE PEAR TREE AND ITS ILLS.

Having heretofore written briefly referring to my experience on this subject, and time having with me demonstrated my practice; and as other of your readers, as appears by your correspondence, have tested its merits, I am induced to recur to the subject again. The experiment before stated, of paring off the dead bark from one of my trees in particular, last year, and coating the remaining bark with soap, in effect exceeded my most sanguine expectations, the tree continuing its apparent re-invigoration by the means, and this year is loaded with fruit, which is ripening in perfection. Whether this canker upon the bark of the body of the tree is produced by the same cause as what is termed pear tree blight, is as yet unknown to me. The necessity, in heavy clay soils like mine, of tile under drains, at least three feet in depth, contiguous to the pear trees, at least, is dictated alike by reason and sound practice, from the most sagacious cultivators of the present age. And it is my earnest hope that every one of your numerous readers will not let the coming fall and winter pass by in like soils, where pear trees are growing or to be planted, without thorough draining. S. N. Holmes.

Syracuse, N. Y., 1858.

A CURIOUS INSECT.

Eds. Rural:—The note with its contents has come to hand. The writer says:—"A neighbor has found several singular looking 'worms' upon his cherry trees, one of which I send you. They seem to be quite voracious in their habits, devouring the entire leaf." This is all the description given. The frail tube of an elder, in which the specimen was enclosed, was crushed into four pieces, no doubt by the ruthless stamp of the Postmaster—these chaps have no sympathy for the naturalist.

A post mortem examination of the mass of smashed matter adhering to a portion of its envelope, revealed several fleshy projecting points, covered with short, dark brown hairs. This leads me to infer that the insect was similar in character, to a very singular species of Caterpillar brought to me by Mr. Geiss, Sept. 1, 1857, of which I took drawings, illustrating it in various positions, and inclose you a copy of them, so that your correspondent may judge whether my conjecture is correct. There are, however, various species, differing in out-line and color. I judge it is the larva of a species of Moth, the *Pseudo Bombyces*, called *Notodontians*, order *Lepidoptera;* and of the genius *Limacodes Latr.* (*Apoda, Haworth*, so named because they are apparently destitute of feet.) The latter name, *Apodes* or *Apoda*, is also applied to an order of fishes, of which the common Eel is an example; and of course abandoned by entomologists.

Dr. Harris describes a species of these extraordinary Slug Caterpillars, sometimes seen on oak trees, in the month of September. He says:—"It is of a dark brown color, and is covered with a short, velvet like down; its body is almost oblong square, but the sides of the rings extend horizontally in the form of flattened teeth; three of these teeth on each side, that is, one on the forepart, the middle, and the hind part of the body, are much longer than the others, and are curved backwards at the end. When fully grown, the Caterpillar measures nearly an inch in length. It does not bear confinement well, and my specimens died without making cocoons." Such is my experience, also. Dr. Melsheimer, however, raised the moth, and states that the Caterpillar eats the leaves of the wild cherry, as well as those of the white and red oak; that it makes its cocoon about the middle of September; changes to a chrysalis the following April, and that the moth appears in about eight weeks afterwards. The name given to this insect by Sir J. E. Smith, (Abbot's "Insects of Georgia," p. 147, pl. 74,) is *Pithecium*, the meaning of which is, *shrivelled and monkey-faced old woman*.

In its winged state, *Limacodes pithecium*, or the hag-moth, as it is called, is of a dusky brown color; its fore-wings are variegated with light yellowish brown, and with a narrow curved and wavy band, of the same light color, edged externally with dark brown near the outer margin, and a light brown spot near the middle; the fringes of all the wings are spotted with light brown; the legs are covered with long hairs; the antennæ, in both sexes, are slender, almost thread like, and not feathered. It expands from nearly one inch to one inch and a quarter.

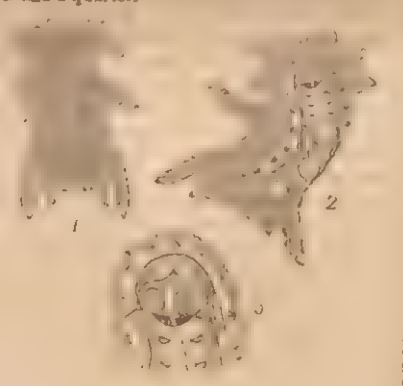


Fig. 1 shows the upper part, and hairy scollops or teeth, of the specimen in my collection, covered with velvety hairs, of a mottled mahogany color. Fig. 2. The same, turned up to show its under side. Fig. 3. The retractile head, antennæ and jaws, magnified.

In place of pro-legs, there are a series of bladdery-like elevations on its abdomen, which seem to have the power of exhausting the air beneath them—they swell and sink in succession, like waves in motion. The body has an orange-yellow fleshy margin, above this there is a row of small wart-like granules, covered by short radiating hairs, on a bare fleshy space adjoining to the hairy projecting appendages, as shown in figs. 1 and 2. To see this queer thing in motion, is enough to fill us with wonder and surprise; under the lense, it looks like a Buffalo robe thrown over its body, with the skin of the legs expanded in front and rear—so odd is its appearance, that I could not believe at first that it was a part of the insect, but some assumed covering, like the leafy envelopes of the basket-worm. The allied genus *Oiketicus* and *Psyche*, are remarkable for the habit which their larvæ have of constructing for themselves portable cases, of bits of grass, and sticks or leaves, in which they reside, and undergo their transformations. In this respect these insects represent the *Caddice-worm, Phryganeidæ*. And Mr. Newman asserts that they ought to be removed from the present order. Be that as it may, I shall not attempt a discussion, content to know what the creature is. I have imparted all that I deem necessary to give your inquiring correspondent a clue to further investigation, and will esteem it a favor if he will forward me a perfect insect; and, if possible, a larva of the same. Jacob Stauffer.

Lancaster, Penn., August, 1858.

Raspberries—Summer Care and Pruning.—The fact that many readers of the Rural may forget the importance of pruning and cultivating the Raspberry at this season of the year, is the reason for this article. It is my practice, as soon as the fruit season with them is over, to cut out all the old canes carefully, as well as the weak and slender new ones—pinching off the ends of those I leave, if of sufficient height—stirring up and pulverizing the soil about the roots. In so doing I largely increase the facilities to their maturity and growth, with the prospect of at least four times the usual quantity and quality of fruit the coming year.—S. N. Holmes, *Syracuse, N. Y.*, 1858.

Domestic Economy.

HOW TO DO UP SHIRT BOSOMS.

Messrs. Eds.:—It is a rainy morning—Mrs. M—— is busy in the cheese room, but wishes me, through the Rural, to tell Josephine how to "do up" shirt bosoms nicely—for the truth is she abhors a *sussy*-looking shirt on a man. She says when the clothes are ready to iron, take pearl starch, make it rather thick when boiled, (like thick jelly) rub it into the clothes over night—next morning iron in the usual way *'till dry*. Have an ironing board—the size of the bosoms with three or four thicknesses of cloth sewed over it to run under the bosoms—now take a linen cloth, wet it and ring it out as dry as you can, and with it just dampen by lightly rubbing it over the bosom. Take your polishing iron and rub it hard and quickly over it—if you want an extra shine on, dampen and repeat the rubbing. If you have not a polishing iron, any common round-pointed iron will do by using the point only. The polishing iron should have two slightly convex surfaces—one on the point and one on the heel. S. O. M.

Benton, Luzerne Co., Pa., 1858.

TO DRY SWEET CORN FOR SUCCOTASH.

Messrs. Eds.:—I saw in a recent number of the Rural a call for a recipe to dry Sweet Corn for Succotash, for winter use. Having seen two or three recipes, I thought I would give you my plan, which I think is far better than the slow, tedious process of drying in the oven. Pick the corn when fit for present use, (the Stowell is the best,) strip off the husks and silk, put it into hot water and let it scald (not boil) a sufficient length of time to cook the milk, which will facilitate its drying very much. Take it out, cut the corn from the cob, and spread it on sheets or tablecloths in the sun to dry. If got out early on a fine day it will be out of danger by night, but not sufficiently dry to keep; repeat the drying process until perfectly dry, then put it up in sacks for future use. We know this to be a good way from long experience.

Greece, N. Y., 1858. Mrs. J. S. Clarke.

Elderberry Wine.—I have seen a recipe in your valuable paper for almost everything but elderberry wine, and having one I know to be good, I send it. Having taken the largest stems from the berries, put them into a kettle with water enough to scald them. Measure the water you put in. When well scalded, strain, and to every pint and a half of juice, allow one quart of water, making allowance for what you put in to scald them, and to every pint of juice, add three fourths of a pound of sugar, then return to the kettle, scald and strain into a clean jar. When cold, toast a slice of bread, put yeast on both sides and lay gently on the top. When done fermenting, put ginger, cloves, and cinnamon into a little bag and place in it. When done hissing, take out the bag, put the liquor in a cask, but do not close too tight, let it stand undisturbed several months. It is better for having age. Those troubled with asthma will find it a great medicine.—Lima, *Albion, N. Y.*, 1858.

Neuralgia.—Will you, or any of your readers, give, through the columns of the Rural, a safe and sure cure for Neuralgia, and oblige an afflicted person, who has used many things, but without success?—C.

Remarks.—We have never found anything better for this distressing complaint than an application of chloroform and laudanum, one part of the former to three of the latter. If the disease is confined to the head, bathe the face, and moisten a little cotton-batting in the mixture and place it in the ear. Should any of the teeth be decayed, clean them out and place a small quantity of cotton, after a slight immersion, in the cavities.

Sticking Salve.—One lb. rosin; 1 oz. mutton tallow; 2 ozs. Beeswax; 2 ozs. turpentine; ½ oz. sweet oil—melt all together, and when thoroughly incorporated, take it from the fire and add one ounce of pulverized camphor gum. If there is not heat enough in the mass to melt it, set it over the fire again. When partly cool, work it like shoemaker's wax into rolls. We have used plaster made from the foregoing recipe in our family for several years past, and consider it excellent.—A. T. N., *Otsego, N. Y.*, 1858.

Sponge Cake.—I have noticed a number of recipes in your valuable paper for making sponge cake, and will add another which I know to be good. Take one pound of white sugar; eleven eggs—separate the whites from the yolks and beat the whites to a solid froth, stir the yolks and sugar together until the lumps are all removed, then put all together, and add one-half pound of flour—have the oven ready and get it in as quick as possible. Add a little salt and nutmeg.—C., *Portage Co., Ohio*, 1858.

Good Vinegar.—Good vinegar may be made by putting three gallons of pure rain water, one pint of molasses, and a piece of "mother" together, into a stone jar. Set in a warm place. It will be good in about four weeks.—S. G. L., *Gorham, N. Y.* 1858.

Pickled Tomatoes.—Take small, smooth tomatoes, not very ripe; scald them until the skin will slip off easily, and sprinkle salt over them. After they have stood twenty-four hours, drain of the juice, and pour on a boiling hot pickle, composed of one pound of sugar to every quart of vinegar, and two teaspoonfuls each of cinnamon and cloves. Drain off the liquid, scald it, and pour it on them again, every two days, for a week. —*Selected.*

Tomato Catsup.—Take one half bushel of tomatoes, scald them, and press them through a common sieve. Boil them down one-half; then add two tablespoonfuls of salt; one of black pepper; one teaspoonful of cayenne pepper; one-half of cloves; one-half of cinnamon; and one-half of mace. Mix well, and add one teacupful of vinegar. Bottle and seal, and set in a cool place.—*Selected.*

Ladies' Port-Folio.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

MY BOON.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I ASK not to dwell in a palace,
Or reign in courtly halls—
To be the toast at the banquet,
The belle at the season balls;
I care not for Fame's proud chaplet,
Of world praised genius born—
For the laurel has many a poison drop,
The rose a hidden thorn.

But I plead for a meek contentment,
A heart filled up with love—
A faith to hope for all things,
A trust in Him above!
I crave the child, Humility,
And Charity—may she rest,
Ever a cherished dweller,
Eternal in my breast.

When I go through the shadows,
Forth on the Unknown Sea—
God, let me trust Thy mercy,
Lean my doublings all on Thee!
And ye that are left behind me,
Raise no sculptured biers,
No leaning, sorrowful statues,
I ask but the poor man's tears

What is a costly cenotaph?
Perishing, soulless, and cold,
But the tears of those ye have cared for
Are better than jewels or gold!
The grief of one ye have comforted,
Raised from the depths of despair,
Is better than pillars or tablets,
For the *heart of a mourner* is there!

Farmington, N. H., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DOMESTIC CARES.

It seems to me that one great cause for the disturbances and vexations of domestic life, is the too universal habit of over-looking the ten thousand every-day trifles. In every house where there is no system, no order, no arrangement, there must be contentions, trials, difficulties. There are nearly always some members in a family, who, without aim, or reflection, feel excused from the necessity of attending to this or that little duty—which must surely fall to the lot of some one to do—and thus there are some who are over burdened with tasks. Duties are neglected, and, hence accumulate—meals are behind time—other things are not ready in season, causing delay, vexation, fault-finding, recrimination, falsehood, and a host of evils.

There are few people in the country who are exempt from household cares, by reason of a multiplicity of servants to attend to every thing needed, and those who indolently depend on such help, know too well how their tasks are generally performed. Hired service is sometimes, but not often, well done.

It is always better to know how to avoid trouble then to be obliged to seek a remedy. Heedlessness is the parent of hours of unnecessary labor and weariness, and, generally, to be tried, is to be cross and fretful, especially if the work is out of season, and because of somebody's—perhaps your own carelessness. Putting away a garment you did not see that it needed a few stitches. A day's or half day's sewing in consequence. In caring for milk, grease, or other liquids you needlessly spill here and there, hence scouring and scrubbing. In preparing food, covers are left off, crumbs scattered, and in a short time, hordes of flies and ants give you an hour's annoyance—or some one else, which is all the same. Getting things to use, you forget to restore them to their place—somebody wants them in haste—the whole house in confusion, every one looking hither and thither, accusations, denials, general disturbance, tears, &c. In cutting, the room is suffered to be strewed with shreds—pieces are piled away in confusion and when wanted, nowhere to be found; wastefulness of time, means, and temper is the result. And thus it goes. Many a mother who, while her children were small, kept a neat, tidy house, and where order and satisfaction reigned, sees as her girls and boys grow up, her cares multiplied and increased, instead of lessened. Disorder, waste, wranglings, and no system, no peace, no happiness. The daughters and sons have been at school and learned something more important than lessening home cares, and sparing home duties. "Mother and father make a great fuss about a *little* waste here and there, and about order, &c." "If one must be always on their guard about making a *little* work it's a pretty story." And so the littles accumulate. All are unhappy and many an extra dollar goes to renew, or supply, where duties are postponed and neglected. Daughter lets her gloves rip, and rip—mislays her kerchiefs, veils, &c.; runs in a hurry to get mother's—hers are always in order—mother can't refuse, because Mr. So-and-so, has called to take her out riding. By and by mother wants them; daughter not to be found—things rumpled and soiled. Boys wish to go away unexpectedly; no shirts, or neck-ties done up; buttons off, rents, &c. General blow up, and prospects of a social whirlwind and earthquake.

Who has not seen families who came under some of these descriptions? Need people complain that their sons will not stay at home—that husband is fault-finding, and home is any thing but a quiet, delightful retreat? Let each one do their part without ostentation, noise, or praise. Let the daughters, especially, assume the care of keeping general order in the house and in the wardrobes. What is your object in life, if not to be a successful housekeeper? Put away your "high falutin" notions, roll up your sleeves, and see if you cannot be useful and be a lady at the same time.

SPECTACLES.

EFFECTS OF ENCOURAGEMENT.—The celebrated Benjamin West related that his mother once kissed him eagerly, when he showed her a likeness he had sketched of his baby sister; and he adds,—"That kiss made me a painter."

To give brilliancy to the eyes, shut them early at night and open them early in the morning, and let the mind be constantly intent on the acquisition of knowledge, or on the exercise of benevolent feelings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

How often in life we see faces lighted up with joy, as though the soul were speaking out its very being—a being that perhaps has never known what sorrow or trouble was—sporting in the sunshiny days that seemed created for another world. Beautiful thoughts are suggestive of a power and brighter aims than seems allotted to us for more than a season, at least. They have a graciousness that seems to call our attention and win us from the coil of a serpent's charm. Then, again,—if we mark the progress of one bright face in early life, basking in all the childish innocence that becomes ripened into maturer years,—that same pleasing disposition is manifested in all the little acts and kindnesses without a murmur. Poor creature, it is well for thee that yon bright cloud has a silver lining, to portray the good from the evil. While thou art enjoying life, and are happy within thine own home, with its own comforts and blessedness, without are cankering hypocrites, ever ready to destroy the happiness if it were the very Angels in Heaven! Yea, envy, hatred and malice take great liberties with those that have a jealous mind, and nothing in this world seems too bitter for them to utter against thee, to injure thy feelings and crush that happy soul! How many enmities and heart-burnings flow from such a source!—how much happiness is interrupted and destroyed! Envy, jealousy, and the malignant spirit of evil, when they find vent by the lips, go forth on their mission like foul fiends, to blast the reputation of others. Shall we go on with these illustrations? They may be taken from every condition in life, and from all its wide relations. There is not a reader who cannot point out instances of this kind in his own circle of acquaintances, and even set them in a stronger light; and there is not a reader who, with the writer, would not exclaim, that there is nothing so agreeable to our nature, so convenient to our affairs, whether in prosperity or adversity, as the friendship of those we love.

If the disposition of speaking well of others were universally prevalent, this world would be a comparative Paradise. We would see, not only now and then a happy countenance lighted up with joy as though the soul were speaking, but every family group or fireside circle would bear the impress of a Heaven upon earth. Oh! what a haven for thought to dwell in! The child of innocence, carried forward and moulded in all tenderness, to dwell in earth's Heaven, where not a cast down countenance is ever dreamed of; but is this so? Can there be such a spot for a fireside circle, unless the world awake to a sense of reverence?

MRS. J. E. B.

August 12, 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BE EARNEST.

An earnest soul not only engages in great and good enterprises itself, but also attracts others to the work. Enthusiasm is thereby enkindled in congenial minds, until the requisite number of co-operators are secured. We know there are some excesses to which earnest spirits are liable; but excesses must be endured so long as man remains mortal. It was this earnestness which gave the positive mind of young MELANCTHON great power over the actions of the thousands who thronged his lectures from every part of Europe. It helped COLUMBUS in his noble undertaking, and moves the Saxon race in the mighty work which they are accomplishing. To the earnest, arduous toil becomes invigorating and attractive, and the soul delights in that which would otherwise soon disgust. Enthusiasm is the poetry of exertion, enlisting the varied passions of the soul in behalf of those deep problems which the intellect is endeavoring to solve. Let us be sincere then — earnest and true, and we shall not be numbered with those who

"Fast rooted to their native spot,
In life were useless and in death forgot."

Andover, Ohio, 1858. J. S.

INFLUENCE OF FEMALES ON SOCIETY.

From an accurate account of the condition of women in any country, it would not be difficult to infer the whole state of society. So great is the influence they exercise on the character of men, that the latter will be elevated or degraded according to the situation of the weaker sex. Where women are slaves, as in Turkey, the men will be the same; where they are treated as moral beings—where their minds are cultivated, and they are considered equals—the state of society must be high, and the character of the men energetic and noble. There is so much quickness of comprehension, so much susceptibility of pure and generous emotion, so much ardor of affection in women, that they constantly stimulate men to exertion, and have, at the same time, a most powerful agency in soothing the angry feelings, and in mitigating the harsh and narrow propensities which are generated in the strife of the passions.

The advantages of giving a superior education to women are not confined to themselves, but have a salutary influence on our sex. The fear that increased instruction will render them incompetent or neglectful in domestic life, is absurd in theory, and completely destroyed by facts. Women, as well as men, when once established in life, know that there is an end of trifling; its solicitudes and duties multiply upon them equally fast—the former are apt to feel them much more keenly, and too frequently abandon all previous acquirements to devote themselves wholly to these. But if the one sex have cultivated and refined minds, the other must meet them from shame, if not from sympathy. If a man finds that his wife is not a mere nurse or a housekeeper; that she can, when the occupations of the day are over, enliven a winter's evening; that she can converse on the usual topics of literature, and enjoy the pleasures of superior conversation, or the reading of a valuable book, he must have a perverted taste, indeed, if it does not make home still dearer, and prevent him from resorting to taverns for recreation. The benefits to her children need not be mentioned; instruction and cultivated taste in a mother enhance their respect and affection for her and their love of home, and throw a charm over the whole scene of domestic life.—*William Tudor.*

Choice Miscellany.

THE STRANGER ON THE SILL.

BY T. B. READ.

Between broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lovely home where I was born;
The peach tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all;
There is the shaded doorway still—
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

There is the barn; and, as of yore,
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallows throng,
And hear the pewee's mournful song;
But the stranger comes. O! painful proof—
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard—the very trees
That knew my childhood so well to please,
Where I watched the shadowy moments run,
Till my life imbibed more of shade than sun;
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air,
But the stranger's children are swinging there.

It bubbles, the shady spring below,
With its bulrush brook where the hazels grow;
'Twas there I found the calamus root,
And watched the minnows poise and shoot,
And heard the robin lave his wing—
But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.

O, ye, who daily cross the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still;
And when you crowd the old barn's eaves,
Then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have passed within that scented door,
To gladden eyes that are no more.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

"OF WHAT IS THE OLD MAN THINKING?"

An old man sits alone in the chimney corner. The artless prattle of childhood is hushed, and twilight's gathering shades darken the fields, and creep unnoticed into the lonely room. The birds are twittering their faint good-nights in the tree-tops, and the bees hum softly their drowsy tunes. The crickets chirp in the grass, and the frogs croak by the water's edge; but the old man heeds them not. He sits unconscious of the sights and sounds around him, silently communing with his own heart—busied with his own thoughts. Of what is he thinking? Of a farm-house home—of the red cheeked girls and sun-browned lads who called him brother—of a saintly mother, with her sunny smiles and loving heart—a white haired father and his parting blessing. The old man is a boy again; he drinks from the "moss-covered bucket," fishes in the brook, hunts birds' nests in the green old woods, skates on the mill-pond, and bounds through the drifted snow on his way to school.

Twilight deepens into night. The clock ticks louder and louder in the stillness, but he hears it not; moonbeams fleck the wall with silver, and strange, fitful shadows dance around the old man's arm-chair, but he sees them not. He is still thinking. Thought, like a winged arrow, passes over the intervening years of youthful tasks and pleasures, and he stands erect in the pride and strength of manhood. Now, not alone he treads life's pathway. A fragile being—his wife—leans upon his arm, walks by his side, clinging to him through good and ill like the wild vine to the forest tree. He sees again the love-lit glance of her eye, he hears the melody of her voice; and children, *his* laughing blue-eyed children, play in and out at the open door, warbling with the birds in their gleefulness, or, wearied of play, climb upon his knee and rest their flaxen heads upon his breast. Laden with little care and much happiness, the day fleets by; but the night of sorrow comes, and one after another of the old man's heart treasures are laid beneath the nodding violets, until mother and children rest together, all save one,—a wanderer on the face of the earth, a "stranger in strange lands,"—and tears furrow the old man's cheeks as he thinks of the absent—his youngest and his only son.

Calmly the old man is sleeping now. His eyes are closed, and his head droops lower and lower on his breast; a smile lights up his countenance. Of what is he dreaming? He is dreaming of the future—not that shadowy, uncertain future of his youth and manhood; no! the veil is drawn aside, the portals opened, and by the light of the past he can trace his time to come. He sees in the distance the heavenly city, nearer and nearer he approaches its shining walls, clear and more clear sound the harp-songs of the redeemed; and now he mingles with the "loved and lost of long ago,"—

"A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear."

Wife and children cluster round and lead him in "green pastures" and "beside the still waters." Oh! what joy to the earth-wearied heart,—and is it all a dream?

Night paled into morn, and still the old man sat in his easy chair. Golden sunbeams streamed in upon the oaken floor, the perfume of fresh-blown flowers floated through the open window, but he admired not their beauty and fragrance. Merry children rushed in with smiles and "good-morning" greetings, but he returned not their friendly salutations. Wondering at his silence, kind friends gathered round the sleeper, and said in low tones,—"The old man is dead;" but they knew nothing of the happy thoughts, the glorious visions of the past night, nor of the dream which began on earth and ended in Heaven. OMEGA.

Wyoming, N. Y., 1858.

RECREATION.—Recreation is intended to the mind as whetting is to the scythe; to sharpen the edge of it, which otherwise would grow dull and blunt. He, therefore, that spends his whole time in recreation, is ever whetting, never mowing; his grass may grow and his steed starve. As, contrarily, he that always toils and never recreates, is ever mowing, never whetting; laboring much to little purpose; as good no scythe as no edge.—Then only doth the work go forward when the scythe is so seasonably and moderately whetted that it may cut, and so cuts that it may have the help of sharpening. I would so interchange that I neither be dull with work, nor idle and wanton with recreation.—*Bishop Hall.*

LEVITY in manner, leads to laxity in principle.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE MARTYRS OF TO-DAY.

The martyrs of to-day are the heroes of the age—the untitled nobility of the earth. They may not have suffered the headsman's axe or the curling flame, yet their intrepid spirits have borne, undaunted, sufferings beyond the block, and agonies unknown at the stake. They are the invisible pillars of the Church and State—the balancing weight when the scales are turned by passion or shaken by ignorance. Theirs is the soothing power that reclaims the vicious, comforts the weary, and binds up the broken-hearted. They dwell alike in the crowded city, the peaceful hamlet, and the open country. Their homes are stately mansions, sweet cottages, and rude huts. World-wide in their sympathies, they emphatically *live* in self-sacrifice to those by whom they are surrounded. No age so remote, no clime so distant, no people so illiterate or profaned, no age so dark and hopeless, that it has not been illuminated by the unquenching light of these same martyr-fires. A few, in support of a great principle, world-wide and incorporated with government, may have achieved the notoriety given to those who have suffered at the stake, and yet may have less of martyr blood than many whose lives have been an unmitigated immolation. They are found among the unlearned, the unhappy, and even the vicious. Look at the humble Christian, who daily plods on, oppressed by care and chafed by petty persecutions, ever patiently unheedful of their annoying effect, and sustaining a temper calm and equable,—the unfailing token of a true higher life. Who more unmistakably displays the elements of martyrdom than the feeble invalid, calmly enduring pain, and wrestling with suffering through long years of aching misery and speechless agony? Who has borne more in the perils of flame than the undaunted wife of the inebriate, in rearing her children to respectability and usefulness? Who more than she has felt the continual dropping of an unuttered and unutterable fear at the heart—fear that the evil may increase, even beyond the safety of life, human or eternal?

Our age is heroic; not as when women were drowned or beaten if they would not adjure their belief; not as in those days when men, making no sign and uttering no groan, were officially butchered and burned; but in that silent, hidden world, which, as a lever, moves mankind. None may know the martyrdom of the patient, neglected wife, of the unloved husband, of the deserted child, or disgraced parent. With such the universe abounds,—they are those of yesterday, of to-day, and forever. L. A. S.

North Fairfield, O., 1858.

THE OLD GARDEN.

The old garden! What need to write more? The thought of the Sweet Williams comes to us again, and the little grass pinks are sprinkling the borders with rubies, and the blue violets cluster modestly along the fence, and pansies—Heaven restore the day we called them "pineys"—filled up the corners; and over there is a row of "bachelors' buttons," white, purple and blue,—gay and varied enough for the roundabout of poor Joseph.

It is morning, and the sweet bells of the morning-glories "toll their perfume" along the vine; it is mid-summer, and the old red rose, forever sacred to memory and affection, blushes, and blesses all the air; it is September, and the starry China asters rise in rainbow lighted constellations in the grass.

The red plumes of "love lies bleeding" are moving in the wind, and the marigold of French velvet glitters on the ground—new coin of gold, just struck in the mint of June.

There, too, were the hollyhocks, small orchestras every one, for the summer bees; many a time, gathering the edges of the leaves of his tinted chamber together, have we made prisoner of the solo singer. And there, all by itself, the broad disc of the old-fashioned sun-flower turns to the light, while a brown bird, the Crusoe of the rocking world, picks fiercely at the rare Mosaic of its close sown field of seed.

There, too, are the lilacs beside the garden gate, flinging their fragrance in the open window, and out in the dusty streets; and there, with its broad grasp of roots fast hold of a square rod of earth, is the balm of Gilead, that each year out lives the threat of the ax and the fire.

Down the main walk were a dozen tufts or so of garden sorrel, and over there were the feathery plumes of the asparagus; and who would ever forgive us for forgetting the caraway and the dill, that made the old meeting house fragrant of a Sunday, blended with the breath of pink and white roses.

And how, as we think of the garden, can we fail to remember the green, flaring boxes of wood—hoppers wherein, upon the Lilliput acre of earth, Spring poured its sweet treasures of sunshine and rain? The little green boxes with the geranium race—the lemon, the rose and the strawberry? And the dew plant, with its frosted verdure, that both dwelt in these little green boxes of gardens?

And where are they all, the old-fashioned gardens and flowers? Gone with the Mollys, and Pollys, and Betseys—"as lovely and fleeting as they." Gone with "Coronation," and "Mear," and "Windham," and "Wells." Gone with the old mossy bucket

——"that hung in the well."

There are new names, new tunes and new flowers; the gardens are splendid with statue, and fountain, and vine; shrubs, gorgeous with the glow of tropic suns, tower up to skies the *glazier* made, and furnaces diffuse a birdless June, and prolong it thro' the shivering year.—*B. F. Taylor.*

HARDNESS OF CHARACTER.—Hardness is a want of minute attention to the feelings of others; it does not proceed from malignity or a carelessness of inflicting pain, but from a want of delicate perception of those little things by which pleasure is conferred or pain excited. A hard person thinks he has done enough if he does not speak ill of your relations, your children, or your country; and then, with the greatest good humor and volubility, and with a total inattention to your individual state and position, gallops over a thousand fine feelings, and leaves in every step the mark of his hoof upon your heart.—*Sidney Smith.*

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MY FATHER MADE THEM ALL.

'Tis sweet, when morning's opening rays,
Beam o'er the earth abroad,
To gaze around on all that's fair
And think of Nature's God—
To watch, while from each each tree and flower,
The twinkling dew-drops fall,
And think, while we their beauties view,
My Father made them all.

'Tis sweet when pensive evening spreads
Her mantle o'er the earth,
When all day's busy toils are o'er
And hushed the voice of mirth;
To gaze, while o'er rock, hill, and flood,
The last bright sunbeams fall,
And think, with reverence and love,
My Father made them all.

'Tis sweet to view the glory fade
From out the crimson west,
And watch each radiant cloud float by,
Like islands of the b est;
While from unnumbered orbs on high
The soft beams on us fall,
To think (oh, rapture-breathing thought,)
My Father made them all.

And, oh, 'tis sweet, when on our way
Affection sheds her light,
When friends are warm, and foes are few,
And all around looks bright;
To think as we the gifts receive,
From whose kind hand they fall,
And feel, with warm and grateful hearts,
My Father made them all.

But sweeter still, when round our path,
The lowering storm-clouds lie,
And not a single ray of hope
Is beaming from the sky;
When like the leaflets from the trees
Misfortunes on us fall—
Sweet to look upward and exclaim,
My Father made them all.

And when, upon life's changing scene,
Death spreads his brooding wings,
And in this earth-worn, weary heart,
Immortal music rings;
Oh! 'twill be sweet while far below
These mortal fetters fall,
While heaven's glories rise, to cry
My Father made them all.

Salem, Iowa, 1858. MARY.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE TWO TELEGRAPHS.

The mighty Cable stretches along the plateau of the ocean from continent to continent, and along the wire flashes thoughts with a speed so rapid that it is too wonderful for comprehension. The Atlantic Cable is at the bottom of the ocean, and the news has spread all over the civilized world, and the whole country celebrates the event with rejoicings and illuminations. Every thoughtful mind will rejoice at an achievement so grand, and which promises so well. There is hardly any limit to its usefulness. But, like everything else in this life, it may fail. That long, slender wire may break; messages sent along its track may never reach the end. Notwithstanding all of these contingencies, the achievement is so sublime that it awakens an enthusiasm such as has not been felt before.

There is a telegraph far older than the one that lies buried in the ocean, and its wires never break, and messages sent along its track never fail to reach the end. It is that avenue of communication between man and his Maker. If we would send a thought to a friend we must communicate it to an operator, and he will send it along the wires with the speed of light, but at the other end there must be some one to receive and deliver it, or it will fail. On this heavenly telegraph we may send our messages, and we need no operator to give it wings,—and not only the message but the earnest thought, indeed, the yearning desires far outspeeds the electric spark, and even while the petition lingers upon the lips of the petitioner it has reached the Mercy Seat, and blessings fall.

Thousands of years these heavenly wires have been used by every praying heart; in no instance has the communication failed. The SAVIOR stretched these wires from the Celestial City down to Earth, thus binding us to the skies. Angels proclaimed the joyful tidings to man, and the greatest illuminations that the world has ever seen, followed. It lighted up a pathway through the sky, but its greatest glory was over where the SAVIOR lay. These heavenly wires are always ready, and they are free. Who will send a message?

Syracuse, N. Y., 1858. FITCH.

PARENTAL DUTY.

A WRITER in the London Leisure Hours, makes the following remarks, which are full of truth as they are of good common sense:

"The father who plunges into business so deeply that he has no leisure for domestic duties and pleasures, and whose only intercourse with his children consists in a brief word of authority, or a surly lamentation over their intolerable expensiveness, is equally to be pitied and to be blamed. What right has he to devote to other pursuits the time which God has allotted to his children? Nor is it an excuse to say that he cannot support his family in their present style of living without this effort. I ask, by what right can his family demand to live in a manner which requires him to neglect his most solemn and important duties? Nor is it an excuse to say that he wishes to leave them a competence. Is he under obligations to leave them that competence which he desires? Is it an advantage to be relieved from the necessity of labor? Besides, is money the only desirable bequest which a father can leave to his children?—Surely, well cultivated intellects; hearts sensible to domestic affection, the love of parents, of brothers and sisters; a taste for home pleasures; habits of order, regularity, and industry; hatred of vice and vicious men, and a lively sensibility to the excellence of virtue, are as valuable a legacy as an inheritance of property, simple property, purchased by the loss of every habit which would render that property a blessing."

If the way to Heaven be narrow, it is not long; and if the gate be strait, it opens into endless life. —*Beverage.*

The Educator.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE INTELLECTUAL CULTURIST.

Among the thousand avocations of human life, where mental strength and energy are requisite, the teacher's task is the most difficult. All the way from the sage and hoary headed professor of our Collegiate Institution, down to the gay school mistress of sixteen, the same motives prompt, the same responsibilities weigh. They labor for the same purpose, toil for the same great end. Yet, most of all, are *primary teachers* responsible; for they are moulding human minds, stamping with their own hand impressions that must remain forever—pruning a twig that shall become a tree, from which the intellectual world shall gather a harvest of rich fruit, or warping the tender stem so that it shall develop itself into a distorted and ungainly figure—kindling that God-given spark of intelligence into a great fire of wisdom, or smothering its feeble light until it shall go out in darkness and obscurity. The discipline which the child receives is the foundation upon which is reared the superstructure—the man, and his character formed of materials gathered when he first set out upon the great journey of life.

Not all plants will flourish beneath the same soil and temperature—neither will all minds develop themselves under the same course of instruction. There are beautiful flowers flourishing beneath arctic snows in the polar regions—and there is beauty and fragrance in the bright blossom of the sunny south—there are minds apparently stupid and inactive, that could you lift the veil, could you penetrate the darkness in which outward circumstances has enveloped them, you would find beneath that dull exterior, the germ of a plant more beautiful than any beneath polar snows—a brighter flower than mother earth can boast. As every perfect seed contains within itself the embryo of a new plant, so every perfect cranium contains the rudiments of a human mind. A seed will not germinate unless exposed to moisture and the atmosphere, and that too at a proper temperature—neither will the mind develop itself unless exposed to such influences as serve to call into exercise those faculties with which nature has endowed it. As the plant absorbs moisture and the gases, and puts forth leaves to be nourished by the genial atmosphere, so does the mind absorb truth, and put forth thoughts to the great world without—We may trace still further the corresponding development of mind and matter. When the plant has become a tree, and is, as it were, matured, its growth to *our* eye is less rapid, in fact, 'tis exceedingly slow, though many years may have added their circle there, and the increase of size is scarcely perceptible. Not that the earth has ceased to nourish, or the tree to absorb nutriment, but there is more surface over which it must be equally distributed—a larger tree to be fed by earth and air. And, as it increases in age and size, it becomes less and less susceptible to outward influences. Though the winter frost may chill it to the core, it cannot drive life from its sturdy frame—though the winter winds may rack it fearfully, it holds its footing firm and sure,—though time's huge wheels may have borne a century into eternity, still it stands unshaken in its strength.

When the man has become matured, his character and habits formed, his progress to us is less perceptible, though he is constantly thinking new thoughts, and developing new ideas. He grows within himself, though the outward observer may not perceive it, since 'tis enveloped in the same exterior which presents to the eye no change. It is nourished, and fed, and strengthened by the great universe of intelligence, and from that mighty chaos of mind it arranges, develops, and embodies thoughts, and sends them forth, beautiful and living truths. And, as he becomes strong within himself, he yields less to the ever varying tide of popular prejudice,—is governed less by a capricious and changing world's opinion. Though the chilling winds of adversity like a wild hurricane howl around, he neither falters nor trembles, for his strength of mind and high purpose never fail. He rears for himself a high standard of right, and lives up to the mark he has set there. He weighs every man's arguments in his own scales of reason, and accepts them only as the balance is against himself. He measures other men's thoughts, feelings and motives, by his own, and in proportion as they are wide and high, so are they pure and true. But the narrow, pigmy, uncultivated intellect—is like a stunted, scrubby tree,—neither agreeable to look upon, nor useful to the world—there it stands a firmly rooted evil. And there the ignorant, his perverse nature clinging to all that is unclean, recognising nothing above the material and animal—reigns supreme. We cannot prune the stunted shrub and develop it into a beautiful and flourishing tree, neither can a mind matured in ignorance, be developed into a just and true representative of the individualized intelligence it was created.

But if that plant, while it were young, and susceptible, had been watered, watched, and cultivated with care, it might not have been the puny ill-shapen brush it now is. So is it with mind that has been allowed to mature in ignorance. Hence the responsibility of those who assist in the growth and expansion of the intellect—the *far-reaching and deep-searching intellect*—the great motive power of being, and the mighty propeller of the giant wheels of progress. How can it be otherwise than that we should feel the responsibleness of even *our* puny efforts, since the instructions which we impart take deepest root, are more strongly impressed, and consequently the longest retained. The works of the *least* do follow us; not only do the thoughts we send forth ripple upon the waters of time, but vibrate even upon the waves of *eternity*.

Little Valley, N. Y., 1858.

Redundancies in Speech.—They are "*united together*" should be "They are UNITED." "I shall *fall down*" should be "I shall FALL;" *down* is superfluous. You do not lift *up*; "to *lift up*" should be "to LIFT;" you cannot lift a thing *down*.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next, good sense; the third, good humor; and the fourth, wit.

Written for Moore's Rural New Yorker

EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG.

There is nothing more interesting to a rightly constituted mind, than a helpless infant, dependent, as it is, for protection and support. Unlike the brute of creation, whose instinct derives no strength or skill from protracted age, or the experience of former generations, the youth by careful culture unfolds the power of his mind, thus befitting himself, with the assistance of others, for a noble or ignoble existence. Hence, it becomes necessary that we should know the most prudent course to pursue with these little ones who are introduced into a world of activity and intelligence, mingled with cares, troubles and misfortunes—Their career in life will be accompanied with much good or ill to themselves, associates, and future generations. "Train up a child in the way he should go," is the desire of Him that never errs in giving instruction; and it seems necessary that among the first teachings of youth, should be a knowledge of their relationship and consequent duties to their Creator. Acknowledging the necessity of christianity as an ingredient to the education of the youth, we are to consider how it can be introduced free from melancholy. "Its ways are pleasantness, and all its paths are peace." By this we are informed that it is only necessary to be divested of all gloom and melancholy, to be pure, *unselfish* religion. Then let all parents and guardians, having the welfare of the rising generation at heart, be *truthful*, teaching them as accountable, reasonable beings, who have each a talent to employ for the glory of its Giver.

Spencerport, N. Y., 1858. D. B. S.

PUBLIC SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

A good newspaper would be worth no small sum in the school-room. Multitudes are growing up ignorant of the every day-occurrences around them. Let the daily paper visit the school-room; let a few moments be devoted to mentioning the chief items of interest, or allow opportunity of consulting it at the various intervals of study, or when lessons are fully learned, and better men and women will be made. The world will not seem a strange one when they go forth to act for themselves. Teachers, are you troubled with novels in your school? Do you have to keep an eye of "eternal vigilance" to keep out the vile trash?—You cannot destroy that longing for something not in the text books: you may possibly prevent the pernicious things from coming into the school room; but may you not take advantage of this very longing to aid in education? Make a judicious selection of a paper you are willing your pupils should read, substitute its realities for the false pictures of overstrained imagination, make such use of it as the circumstances of your school make most fit, and good will come of it. You cannot get many novels for your stove, if your pupils become interested in the daily paper. Let them understand that History is daily revealing itself in telegraphic reports of Congressional and Parliamentary action; let them see the continual record of new inventions; let them read of Humboldt and Kossuth, with as much interest as you would excite about Greek and Roman heroes; let them be as much interested in the intestine broils of poor Mexico, as in the long past civil wars of Rome—in the strange career of Napoleon the Third as in that of Cæsar or Hannibal. Geography comes in the daily papers. Fremont's and Livingstone's make discoveries too rapidly for stereotyped text books to keep up—it needs the ever-renewed activity of the *periodical* press to present new facts as fast as they are known. The paper at home will be read if interest be excited at school. Get a tri-weekly, or semi-weekly, or a weekly, if you can't get a daily; try to have the regular visits of periodical intelligence—wait not for a new geography to learn that Minnesota is a State. The teacher himself cannot afford to be without regular intercourse with the world. As long as men and women will shut themselves up to their school-rooms and text-books, so long will they make the profession to which they claim to belong, a by-word for impracticable plans and odd ideas. Let them live *in the world*, not secluded from it, and they will be respected according to their desert.—*Illinois Teacher.*

Home Journeyings.

DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE!

Eds. Rural:—From your editorial sanctum we proceeded to Charlotte, (mouth of the Genesee,) where we lay till after midnight, awaiting a boat. The "Ontario and St. Lawrence Steamboat Co." advertise to start at 9 o'clock, but they never get away before 11 o'clock, and seldom as soon as that hour. It would promote the comfort of passengers not a little if said Company would promise no more than they intend to perform. Four hours of night watching is a poor preparation for a journey. About 1 A. M. the welcome word came, "the boat has come," and we were soon aboard the Europa, Capt. Throop, and fairly started on the "Northern Route."

Wednesday was a beautiful day, and after passing the ports Oswego, Sackett's Harbor, and Kingston, we began the descent of the St. Lawrence. All the way to Montreal—200 miles or more—the ride was delightful. The "Thousand Islands," the "Rapids," and the whole scenery along the route are always praised, and always will be, by every tourist. Ten thousand miles by rail will hardly afford the measure of gratification to a lover of Nature, that he will experience in passing along through the thickest of the Islands just before and after sunset. Dropping gently down at the rate of 15 miles an hour, the glassy surface of the river unruffled by a breeze, and through it the shadow of each island, and tree, and rock appearing as distinct as the object itself; our vision at times restricted to a narrow channel, and anon peering through among the islands to the shore, miles distant, we actually became enthusiastic; but when the sun settled below the horizon, and the reflection from the red sky of the west upon the glassy surface spread out before us a lake of fire, into which, far behind, were rolling from the vessel's keel gentle waves of prismatic light, all forming one of those "magnificent sunsets" of which tourists speak, but which they cannot describe, our excitement became intense.

The next day we made the descent of the Rapids—four or five in number, and two of them really frightful to the uninitiated. As our good boat "Saltberry" made its fearful plunges down, *down*,—a mere feather, tossed by the rushing, maddened waters, the spray, foam and white caps lending a terrific wildness to the scene,—a general shriek went up from the boat's company, as hearts palpitated and cheeks blanched. But we were soon through the worst of it, *seemingly*, but not *really* dangerous, as boats almost every day of the season *do* pass unharmed. The La Chine Rapids, near Montreal,—the last on the list,—are considered more dangerous. But an old Indian pilot is taken aboard, who, holding hard to the wheel, guides the boat safely through a narrow, rushing channel—the only one at this point that is navigable at all. On either side and near, rocks of formidable size, both above and below the surface of the water, are visible, upon which a boat would inevitably be dashed to atoms should a rudder break, or the proper track be departed from.

There is much at Montreal to interest the visitor. The Victoria Bridge, across the St. Lawrence,—estimated in the outset to cost 7,500,000, but now thought will cost 12,000,000 of dollars to complete—is truly a great work. The massive Cathedral, with its lofty towers, and twelve-ton bell; the stately stone Churches, Convents, Nunneries, and other public buildings; its commodious and well kept Hotels; its narrow streets and narrower sidewalks; its heterogeneous population—English, French, Indians, &c.; its general cleanly and substantial appearance, are all noticeable features of this ancient city.

From Montreal to Saratoga is a pleasantly diversified route. At Rouse's Point—which is reached by sail—you take steamboat to Fort Ticonderoga, one hundred miles up Lake Champlain, and after viewing the ruins of this ancient fortification, are transferred by stage—four miles—to the steamer Minnehaha, bound for the head of Lake George—thirty six miles distant. This beautiful sheet of water, as is well known, lies in a mountain gorge. Without wishing to disparage its justly celebrated scenery, I may say that, save in the single feature of boldness of outline on either side, it does not begin with an equal length of the St. Lawrence in the region of Alexandria Bay. Our boat halted several times to receive from fishermens' craft their goodly strings of perch and trout, and from another boat a wild deer of the forest just killed, a noble buck of four years' growth and wide-spread antlers. Doubtless ere this the animal has been served up to some of the three hundred and fifty pleasure-seekers now sojourning at the Fort William Henry Hotel, at the head of the Lake.

Saratoga has had an uncounted throng during the season, which now, evidently, has culminated. The "hard times" have not kept people away which may be owing to the fact that there is not much to do at home, or perhaps (on the principle that a man must "fail" three times to be rich) to the "crash" having provided a largely increased number with the means wherewith to delight their dear souls at this fashionable resort. I note a few evidences of growth during three years' absence. The Columbian Hotel and Union Hall are of greatly enlarged capacity. The Presbyterian Society have a new and handsome structure. Other improvements in private and public edifices have been made, while the walks are just as pretty, the groves quite as lovely, and the fountains not less delicious and health-giving than when the writer years ago sought to lengthen his lease of life by their constant and determined use.

W. B P.

Walking and Pure Air.—Anaximenes taught that air is mind. Some one else says that is the hidden food of life. Plutarch seems to incline to Anaximenes' opinions, remarking that perhaps the reason why there is a sympathy of feeling on various subjects arises from breathing the same air. Air is an exhalation of all the minerals of the globe; the most elaborately finished of all the works of the Creator. All classes of men affirm this. Sidney Smith says to public speakers that if they would walk twelve miles before speaking, they would never break down. In English universities, boat races, horseback rides, and ten mile walks are a part of the educational means for physical development. Plato says a walk in the open air will almost cure a guilty conscience.

Wouldst with thyself be acquainted, then see what the others are doing. But wouldst thou understand others, look into thine own heart.—*Schiller.*

THE LYRE BIRD.

This beautiful bird, of which the engraving is a fine representation, is a native of New South Wales, and we know of no more interesting specimen of the feathered tribe with which we could favor our readers. It resembles the English Pheasant in size and somewhat in appearance, but its limbs are longer in proportion, and there are other considerable points of difference. The wings are short, concave and rounded, and the quill feathers are lax and feeble; the general plumage is full, deep, soft and downy. The tail, however, is very remarkable; it is modified into a beautiful, long, plume-like ornament, representing, when erect and expanded, the figure of a lyre; hence its name—the lyre bird—while, as the type of a new genus, it has received the appellation of *menura superba*.

This ornamental tail is restricted to the male bird. It consists of sixteen feathers; of these the outer one on each side is broadly but loosely webbed within, its outer web being narrow; as it proceeds it curves outwards, bends in, and again turns boldly outwards and downwards, both together resembling the framework of an ancient lyre, of which the intermediate feathers are the strings; these feathers, except the two central, which are truly but narrowly webbed on the outer side, consist each of a slender shaft, with long filaments, at a distance from each other, and springing out alternately. The appearance of these feathers, the length of which is about two feet, is peculiarly graceful; their color is amber brown, but the two outer tail feathers are gray, tipped with black, edged with rufous, and transversely marked on the inner web with transparent triangular bars. In the female the tail is long and graduated, and the feathers are perfectly webbed on both sides of the shaft, although their texture is soft and flowing. The general plumage of the *menura* is amber brown above, tinged with olive, and merging into rufous on the wings and also on the throat. The under parts are ashy gray.

Gould, an eminent naturalist, who studied the habits of this bird in its native haunts, says, "it is extremely shy, and while among the bushes, I have been surrounded by these birds pouring forth their loud and liquid calls for days together, without being able to get a sight of them; and it was only by the most determined perseverence and extreme caution that I was enabled to effect this desirable object."

They build in old hollow trunks of trees which are lying on the ground, or in the holes of rocks. The nest is merely formed of dried grass or dried leaves scraped together. The female lays from twelve to sixteen eggs, of a white color, with a few scattered light-blue spots. The Lyre bird is of a wandering disposition, and though keeping probably to the same bush, it constantly traverses from one end to the other, from the mountain top to the bottom of the gullies. It is said to be able at one leap to pass over as much as ten feet in a perpendicular direction from the ground. It seldom takes wing, but leaps from branch to branch, and frequently reaches a considerable height.

The Young Ruralist.

BOYS, STICK TO THE FARM!

Such is the advice with which we (the boys) are often favored in the "Rural," and also in many other papers of the day. It would seem from the frequent advent of these advisory epistles, that the advisers, were much concerned in regard to the welfare of "the boys," or were fearful of losing their helps when they come to plow, sow, reap, and mow. As all useful employments are alike honorable, would it not be better for each one to choose the calling for which he is best adapted, and thus answer the great purpose of his creation?

It needs not an extensive observation to see the evil effects growing out of disregarding this law of adaptation; they can be found in every community, yea, in the narrow precincts of home. Yonder are the abodes of two farmers. We will walk over and pay each a visit. As we come near the first farm, we see the fences are in good repair, and that the trees and shrubs are arranged in a neat and tasteful manner, and everything goes to show that this is the abode of thrift and convenience. We now pass on to the next farm. Here we find everything in a disordered state, and it is plain enough to see that this is the abode of *inconvenience*. "But he is lazy," you say. This may be so in some instances, but not in all. The trouble is he is not in his proper sphere of action.

When these two farmers commenced in life there was no choice in the farms—either was as good as the other; there was no difference between their property, yet they were not on equal terms; for one was in his proper sphere, the other was not.—Every human being was created for a certain design, and to execute which, he is given certain peculiarities of character, and of mind; it is, therefore, his duty to become acquainted with himself, in order that he may accomplish the great end for which he was created. Let every youth adopt for his motto, "Know Thyself," and when he has obtained this knowledge he can choose his proper place, to which, if it be useful, let him "stick," and success will crown his efforts. Rufus.

Pekin, Niagara Co., N. Y., 1858.

Remarks.—There is some truth in this. Many persons, doubtless, fail in the business in which they are engaged for want of adaptation to it.—They dislike it, and take no pride, no interest in it, and yet having learned no other are compelled to continue in the business at which they are regularly engaged. As a general rule, however, it will be found that he who succeeds in one business will succeed in almost any other to which he may give his attention. The careful, industrious, energetic mechanic will make a successful farmer as we have often seen proved, and *vice versa*.

THE HERO BOY OF HAERLEM.

Messrs. Editors:—We often hear the old, and even the middle-aged among us, speak of the joys of childhood and youth, and regret the bright hours, the innocent pleasures and dreamy splendor of that happy period, when the young heart was open and confiding, and the mild eyes gazed with wonder and amazement on the fair scenes of earth; when even the most insignificant object filled them with endless curiosity, and the woes and cares, the sorrows and anxieties of life were far distant in the bosom of the future.

The youth, however, longs for the time when he may enter on the active duties of life, and is ever figuring to himself the proud position he will occupy in after years, when the fetters of childhood are burst asunder and the honors and riches of this world will be within his grasp,—forgetting that the season of youth is fraught with opportunities of well-doing, and the youngest may prove himself a real hero.

I remember reading an account of a little boy who lived in Haerlem, Holland, many years ago. His father had charge of a portion of the huge artificial dykes, which, in that country, prevent the sea from inundating the low lands. On these lands many people live, though their dwellings are built below the level of the sea. Hence, their situation is one of great danger from the bursting of the dykes. When this little boy was nine years old, his father sent him on an errand some miles from home. Darkness set in on his return, and when hurrying along by the great dyke his ear caught the sound of water trickling through from the sea; he knew in an instant that were he to run for help the crevice would be enlarged so much in the soft soil that no power on earth could stem the mighty torrent. He shouted for help, but no voice responded to his call; then he thought of his father and mother, and the kind friends at home, and felt that their lives depended on his exertions. After searching in vain for something with which to fill the aperture, he plunged his arm into it, and stood thus through the long, dark night, silent and alone, till a priest, passing that way in the morning, released him from his unpleasant position. His real name is forgotten, but he is known in history as the Little Hero of Haerlem. T. C.

Brantford, C. W., 1858.

Crystallizing Grasses.—Will you, or some of your numerous subscribers inform me how to crystallize grasses, and oblige a reader of your excellent Rural?—Flora. *August*, 1858.

Remarks.—Dissolve eighteen ounces of alum in a quart of soft water, (observing this proportion for a greater or less quantity,) boiling it over a slow fire in a close tin vessel, stirring it occasionally with a stick until it is dissolved. When it is nearly cold suspend the subject to be crystallized by a thread from a small stick laid horizontally across the aperture of a deep glass or earthern jar, into which the solution must be poured. The articles should remain in the solution twenty-four hours, and then be taken out and suspended in the shade to dry. If the subjects to be crystallized are put into the solution when it is quite cold the crystals are apt to be formed large, and the warmer the solution the smaller will be the crystals. Its strength may be tested by putting a drop on a blade of grass, and observing if crystallize as it cools. Almost any flower or vegetable substance may be operated upon. Fancy baskets may be made in this way, by first making a wire frame of any desired shape, twisting woolen yarn around the wires, and immersing it as directed for grasses.

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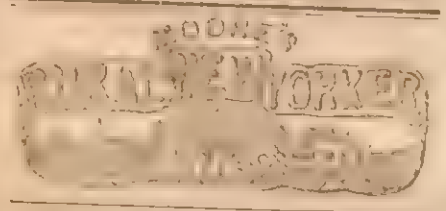

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 4, 1858.

By Trans-Atlantic Telegraph.

During the past week two news dispatches came over the wires of the Atlantic Telegraph—the first appearing in the daily press the morning after date of transmission, the second was published in the evening papers of the same date. We give such portions as possess general interest

Valencia Aug 25th.—Later and highly important intelligence has been received from China. A treaty of peace has been concluded with China, by which England and France obtain all their demands, including the establishment of Embassy at Pekin, and Indemnification for the expenses of the war.

Later Indian news is at hand, the dates from Bombay beginning the 14th of July. The accounts represent the mutiny as being quelled.

The daily London papers have a long and interesting report by Mr. Bright, the Atlantic Telegraph Company's Engineer.

London, Aug. 27th.—The Emperor of France returned to Paris on Saturday.

The king of Prussia was too ill to visit Queen Victoria at Balmoral. Her Majesty will return to England on the 30th of August.

The news of the settlement of the Chinese question was received at St. Petersburg on the 21st inst. Under the treaty of peace the Chinese Empire is open to the trade of all foreign powers—The Christian religion is allowed in all parts of the country. Foreign diplomatic agents are admitted, and ample indemnity is to be given to England and France.

Trinity Bay, Aug. 27—P. M.—The only additional intelligence received from London since our report this forenoon, is that the Gwalior insurgent army in front has been broken up, and much progress has been made in the establishment of order throughout all the disturbed districts.

In addition to the foregoing, private messages have been almost constantly passing between the opposite terminii of the cable. The greatest facility has been displayed in the transmission of a congratulatory dispatch from Mr. Gurney, Chairman of the Telegraph Co., to Mr. Field. This contained twenty-nine words, and leaving Ireland in the morning was received by Mr. Field, in New York city, before noon. It is said by the electricians that each day adds to the ease and rapidity with which communications are sent forward and received.

Gold Mines in Kansas.—A dispatch from Kansas, 24th ult., per United States Express to Boonville, says that Messrs. Boardman and party arrived there the night before from Pike's Peak, for the purpose of procuring outfits to work the newly discovered mines. They brought several ounces of gold and confirm the extent of mines, which are situated on Cherry Creek one of the most southern places in latitude 39 degrees.

Political Intelligence.

The New York State Convention of the American party met in the Assembly Chamber at Albany on the 26th ult. Nearly [illegible] were present. [illegible] President North [illegible] presented an address from Jesse C. Dann, President, which was read and received with applause. The address strongly affirmed all the principles to American principles, and appointed a committee to report on those principles. A committee of one was appointed to report a list of officers for the ensuing year. The committee reported the following officers for the ensuing year: *President*—H. B. Norton, of Washington. *Vice Presidents*—Gen. Jacob Dentison, of Steuben. *Secretary*—James W. Hasbrouck. *Treasurer*—R. I. Stevens, of Onondaga. *Corresponding Secretary*—Rev. John Gray.

The following committee was appointed to draft an address to be hereafter published, and also the resolutions to be submitted to the meeting.—Hon. J. I. Hasbrouck, Gen. Briggs, Dwight Lefevelder, J. N. Reynolds, A. H. Hovey, E. J. Cobb, Gilbert Wilcoxon and James R. Thompson.

A motion was made and carried that the American Electors of the State of New York be requested to choose Two Delegates from each Assembly District, to meet in State Convention at the city of Syracuse on Wednesday the 15th day of September, at 12 o'clock, noon, for the purpose of presenting candidates for the offices of Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Canal Commissioner, and State Prison Inspector, and for the purpose of transacting such other business as may come before them.

Official returns from all the counties in Missouri, except six, show the complexion of the Legislature to be as follows.—House, democrats, 81, opposition, 41. Senate, democrats, 24; opposition, 9.

The official returns from 26 counties in Kansas, and partial returns from two more, with four to hear from, give:—Total vote 23,380; majority against the English proposition 5,448.

Reform in Criminal Law.—Lord Campbell is about to introduce into the British Parliament a bill dispensing with the practice of requiring a unanimous verdict from a jury. He does not propose the majority principle, but he wishes to get rid of the practice of tampering with a jury by placing one man upon it to hold out against all the others. He desires that if, after certain deliberation by the jury, they all agree except one or two, the verdict of those who had agreed should be considered as good as the verdict of the whole twelve, subject, however, to be reviewed, and, if necessary, set aside. This would tend completely to break up the practice of packing juries, or increase the risks, by making it necessary to bribe more than one of the jurors.

From Utah.—The Indians are more hostile now than at any time since the Territory was first settled; nearly all the tribes are committing depredations. A number of settlers have been killed, and several bands of horses have been run off. As yet the troops have not made an effort to protect the settlers. The soldier received their pay in the latter part of July, after which a large number deserted, taking along some mules and citizen's clothing from camp. Cedar Valley is said to be a good place for winter quarters, and Gen. Johnston is making preparations to send some of his animals to other valleys. Gen. Cumming still retains the confidence of the community, and thus far his acts and policy give general satisfaction.

Important Action of the N. Y. Canal Board.—The following measures received the unanimous vote of the Canal Board, at a meeting held on the 25th ult.:—Stop gates to protect the Irondequoit and Holley embankments, and the long level. $25,000 further appropriation for strengthening the Erie Basin at Buffalo. Priority at locks to steam boats and exemption of their machinery from tolls.

The raising of Bridges, after an animated discussion, was left to the discretion of the Commissioners, to be done on repairs. The cost will not exceed $80 000, and the alterations will enable the passage of boats carrying 250 tons, or 2,320 barrels flour.

A Telegraph to India.—A London letter says that the construction of a line of telegraph to India by the Red Sea route has at length been agreed upon. The Government are to guarantee four and a half per cent. on the requisite capital for fifty years, and the shares of the Company by whom the work is to be carried out have, accordingly, already been dealt in at a premium equal to about five per cent. The cable from Suez to Aden is first to be laid. This will be about half the entire distance, and the cost is estimated at £300,000. Messrs. Newall, the manufacturers of the Atlantic cable, have offered to construct it and lay it down at their own risk for that sum.

From Santa Fe.—A dispatch from Independence of the 12th ult., by the U. S. Express to Boonville, says the Santa Fe mail with dates to the 2d ult., has arrived. A private letter from Santa Fe intimates that a war with the Navajo Indians is inevitable, they having determined not to surrender the murderer of Maj. Brooks' negro, and had even invited the Sioux to fight. Business in Santa Fe was very brisk. The Gazette states that $200,000 worth of goods had been sold there within two months. An abundant rain had fallen throughout New Mexico, rendering irrigation unnecessary. The crops were in a very fine condition.

Produce at Tide Water.—The aggregate quantity of Flour, Wheat, Corn and Barley left at tide-water from the commencement of navigation to the 14th of August, inclusive, during the years 1857 and 1858, is as follows

	Flour, bbls	Wheat, bus	Corn, bus.	Barley bus
1857	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1858	892,000	4[illegible]83	[illegible]	[illegible]
Inc....	[illegible]	[illegible] Inc.	[illegible]	Inc. 2,1[illegible]

By reducing the wheat to flour the quantity of the latter left at tide-water this year, compared with the corresponding period of last year, shows an increase of 1,053,141 barrels of flour.

State Sabbath School Convention.—The New York State Sabbath School Teachers' Association, will hold a Convention in the city of Brooklyn, on the 6th, 7th and 7th of October next.

News Paragraphs.

A Convention of School Commissioners and City Superintendents of the State of New York, will be held in Elmira, commencing Tuesday September 14th inst.

Frost was felt on the 26th in parts of Ohio, and in the Northern Tier of the State within a few days. In Hudson Ohio, it was sharp enough to do some damage. In Massachusetts it was still more severe.

The papers in Yates, Tompkins, Erie and other counties in this State, complain of the extensive ravages of grasshoppers in meadows and corn fields. In some localities they have taken to the orchards, and seriously injure that crop.

The powder used in firing a cannon at Saldwich, Mass., to celebrate the success of the Atlantic Telegraph enterprise, was purchased in 1812 to beat the English with.

A wine company has just been organized in Alabama, with a capital of $[illegible], of which has been subscribed. It is called the "Mobile Wine Company," and has for its object the growth and production of native wine.

Wm. A. Burt, widely and favorably known as the inventor of "Burt's Solar Compass," died lately in Detroit. His death was caused by disease of the heart. He was 67 years of age.

The yellow fever prevailing at New Orleans is particularly fatal to the young. The Crescent says that the badges worn by about every alternate procession are white, indicating that the deceased person is a youth. The cemetery in one district is overflowed, and the coffins are only submerged. A dreadful stench and miasma must arise from such a Golgotha.

From statistics carefully collected in England, it appears that in that country three hundred and fifty-seven intemperate persons die for every one hundred and ten of temperate habits.

The St. Joseph Gazette, Mo., states that gold had been found in large quantities about seventy miles from Fort Laramie, in the direction of Laramie's Peak.

The value of coal annually mined in this country is nearly equal to the yearly production of gold in California, and at the present rate of increase, the coal crops will soon be of greater value.

There is an ordinance in the city of London requiring a five-eighths inch hole to be inserted near the ceiling in every room, for the purpose of letting off the gas in case of accident or carelessness. A very good precaution where this illuminator is used.

To purify the river Thames, about 250 tons of lime are every day thrown into it near the London sewers, at an expense of $7,500 per week. Men have also been engaged during the period of low water, in covering both banks with lime.

The New Bedford Standard understands that sixteen young men, recent graduates from school, have arrived there within a few days from Syracuse, N. Y., all of whom are going to ship in the same vessel—the Othello, Capt. Ingraham, for the North Pacific Ocean, whaling.

There was a singular occurrence in one of the Philadelphia Courts the other day. It consisted in the trial and acquittal of a woman, who died in prison on the 4th of July last. The fact of her death was made known to the Court, but the case was called—a plea of not guilty entered—a verdict of acquittal rendered. The charge was arson, and the extraordinary fact of persisting in the trial under the circumstances, is accounted for by that other pertinent circumstance, that the officers of the Court receive fees for their services.

California Intelligence.

Arrival of the Moses Taylor.

The Moses Taylor arrived at New York on the 27th ult., with the California mails to the 5th August, and nearly a million and a half of specie.

The steamer Oregon, from San Francisco bound for Victoria, struck on a reef on the night of the 21st July, but subsequently got off uninjured. During the confusion, passengers jumped overboard, and six were drowned. Names unknown.

The first mail from Salt Lake City, under the new contract, arrived at Placerville on the 31st of July, and the first mail eastward, via Salt Lake, left on the 24th.

The colored men of San Francisco contemplate emigrating to New Grenada, and have entered into a correspondence with Gen. Bosques, who invites them to come.

A party of sixty apostate Mormons has arrived with their families in Carson Valley.

But little is said about Frazer river.

Health never better. Business improving. Provisions still in active demand. Money abundant, and collections easy.

Oregon.—News from Oregon to 26th July state that the Government had organized on the 8th, when John Whittaker, Governor elect, took the oath of office. Nothing from the Indian war.

Isthmus and South America.—There was a severe gale at Aspinwall on the 16th, but no damage occurred.

The cholera had disappeared from Guatemala. Hon. Beverly C. Clark, the new American Minister, had been received in friendly terms by the President of Guatemala. There had been severe shocks of earthquake in Guatemala.

No news from Nicaragua.

Valparaiso dates are July 1st, and Callao 27th. The crops are promising.

In Peru, the general impression was that Gen. Cartold would be declared President.

Bolivia news is satisfactory. All rumors of Belzas' return have ceased.

American Literature in Northern Europe.—Bayard Taylor, writing from Poland, says.—A young Pole was our companion the first night. I was interested in hearing from him that Longfellow's poems have been published in the Polish language at Lublin, a large city about a hundred miles south-east of Warsaw. The distinguished Polish poet, Adam Mickiewicz, he stated, was a great admirer of Emerson, whom he frequently cites in prose writings.

Literary Notices.

The Critics of the Bible, or, A Familiar Examination of the Principal Objections of the Most Noted Infidel Authors against the Sacred Scriptures. By Hiram Mattoon, LL. D. [illegible] by Moore, Wilstach, Keys & Co.

In a book containing [illegible] pages, we have here two works of great interest to the Christian and worthy of perusal by every interested in the subject of the day. The contents of the volume have not hitherto been published save as a series of papers in that well known Scotch newspaper, 'The Witness.' The author of the volume (Mr. Simpson) considered the ably and argumentative of Hugh Miller's works as just the thing to suit the best of persons to enter the lists, but never [illegible] some statements to be found in the [illegible] of geological knowledge at the time the works were penned. By an arrangement with the family of the deceased author, Messrs. Gould & Lincoln have become the authorized American publishers of the Posthumous Works, of which the present volume is the first. For sale by Cole, Adams & Co.

Dutton Tregent. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope, author of "The Three Clerks," "Barchester Towers," etc. New York, Harper & Brothers.

From a cursory examination we are inclined to think this an excellent tale of English town and country life. A contemporary criticises it in this wise:—"It is no exaggerated picture of the beauties and deformities of humanity, but a clever, easy going story, bearing so much of an air of probability on its pages, that one while reading can easily forget that it is romance, and believe that it is reality. This story of Dr. Thorne is designed for sensible persons to read—others will not see its chief beauties." Sold by D. M. Dewey.

Memoir of Joseph Curtis.—A Model Man. By the author of "Means and Ends," "Live and Let Live," etc. New York: Harper & Bros.

Such biographies as this by Miss Sedgwick, of a man of rare benevolence and virtue, who devoted much of his life to the promotion of education and the public welfare, should be perused by all young people who desire to become model men in the best sense of the term. Though dedicated to the friends of the subject, and to the Young People of the Public Schools of New York, it is worthy of wide circulation. Sold by Dewey.

American Biography.—Messrs. E. O. Libby & Co., of Boston, are publishing a "New Series of American Biographies for Youth," by Geo. Canning Hill. Three volumes of the series have already been published,—the Life of Capt. John Smith, the Founder of Virginia,—the Life of Gen. Israel Putnam,—and the Life of Benedict Arnold, the Traitor. These volumes are well written, and issued in a neat and attractive style. They are especially adapted to the young, by whom they will be perused with interest and avidity. In his preface Mr. Hill truthfully remarks that "the deeds of these men are to be found abundantly recorded in Histories, but they lie so scattered along their ten thousand pages, and are so interlarded with the voluminous records of other matters, as to be precisely out of the reach of the *younger* portion of readers, and so of the very ones for whom this series has been undertaken. These want only *pictures of actual life*, and, if the author shall, in any due degree, succeed even in sketching interesting *outlines*, he will feel that he is answering the very purpose that has long lain unperformed within his heart." The three numbers of the series already issued are for sale by E. Darrow & Bro., of the Main St. Bookstore.

The Harvest on the Continent.—The *Echo Agricole* says:—The wheat harvest is nearly terminated in France. Generally speaking, it will not be of such good quality as that of 1857, and will weigh on an average four to five kilogrammes less per hectolitre. The harvest of 1858 will consequently be less than the preceding; but it must not be forgotten that that of 1857 was above the average.

From Sweden it is reported that the accounts from the Governors of provinces say the crops show a very middling prospect. The export of cotton from the North of Europe will, therefore, be very limited this year. Prices are moving up in all the markets in Sweden.

The crops in the grand duchy of Finland are all favorably spoken of, and an Imperial ukase has extended the time during which corn may be imported free of duty in that country.

The latest accounts from Odessa say that some damage has been done by rain to the crops in Poland and Bessarabia.

In Spain the harvest of Castile is much better than had been hoped for.

The favorable prospects of abundant vintage which existed a few weeks back in Sicily have been completely destroyed by tremendous sirocco winds.

Starvation at Fraser River.—A correspondent of the Newark (N. J.) *Advertiser*, writing from Fraser River, says.—"Many companies make from 50 cents to $2 25 per day, to the man; the richest bars in the river have yielded an average of $1 per diem, and the working has only been continued because of a belief that the river would fall, and in the bottom of the bars rich deposits could be found. The stories of $50, $100 and $150 per day are false. The stories regarding the commencement of want and danger of starvation, are true ones. Some report to me that they have lived on boiled nettles and snails, and have paid $2 per pound for horse meat, &c. Pork, beef and flour are selling at some of the points where the crowds have collected, at $1,50 to $2 per pound. It needs no more than this to assure me that starvation will be the fate of many. Boiled nettles and snails may do a man for a week or so, but if healthful food does not then come in, that man is gone."

British Views on the Extension of American Dominion.—Not only does the London Times openly advocate the annexation of Cuba by the United States, and demonstrate the advantages that would result to Great Britain from such a change; but the London Morning Herald, the reputed organ of the Derby Cabinet, and the mouth-piece of conservatism in England, as openly advocates the acquisition by the United States of a portion of Mexico, and the establishment of a protectorate, proposed by Gen. Houston, over the Mexican Republic, in such form and to such an extent as should be necessary to secure to the Union good neighborhood, and to the people of Mexico the benefit of an orderly and well-regulated republican government.

Yellow Fever on Staten Island.—A list of twenty-three cases of yellow fever on Staten Island is reported by Dr. W. C. Anderson. The New York Board of Health has endeavored to suppress a knowledge of the facts.

The News Condenser.

— Filibuster Walker is in New York at present.

— A "century plant" is now blooming in Paris, Kentucky.

— Boston has decreased in population 1,870 within the past year.

— The Social Mass.) Registry of Deeds numbers 150 volumes.

— Louis Napoleon is training his soldiers to swim and fight in the water.

— St. Louis has just added a sixth steam engine to her fire department.

— Prayer Meetings are held in 22 engine houses in the City of Philadelphia.

— The late frost injured the cranberry crop of Massachusetts very much.

— There are at present 3,000 mechanics at work in the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

— The title of Baron Clyde of Clydesdale has been given to Sir Colin Campbell.

— Two or three wife whippers were arrested in New York, on Wednesday week.

— There are forty-six persons in England who have incomes of £150,000 a year.

— The electricians report the Atlantic Cable as doing better and better every day.

— A convict named Hughes escaped from the Auburn Prison, on Wednesday week.

— The old fashioned plague is making great ravages in the towns of Tripoli, Africa.

— Rev. Dr. Bowman was consecrated as Assistant Bishop of Pennsylvania, on the 24th ult.

— There are 87 Savings Banks in Mass, in which 177,000 depositors hold over $33,000,000.

— The yellow fever in Cuba, this year, is more destructive than it has been for 30 years.

— The hog cholera is very prevalent at the West. The pork dealers are in great tribulation.

— There was a snow squall at Franklin, N. H. Wednesday week, that lasted five minutes.

— All children who enter the public schools in Washington are required to be vaccinated.

Two thousand colored Baptists held a Camp-Meeting, near St. Catharines, C. W., last week.

— Barrels of water from the artesian well in Louisville, Ky., are daily shipped to New York.

— The wind in Boston has been east for over a month. The weather is cold enough for frosts.

— The wine, brandy, cigars, and tobacco imported into the United States last year, cost $11,5[illegible]

— Cyrus W. Field, being the best wire puller in the country, is talked of for the Presidency in 1860.

— The pecan crop in Texas this year will be heavy. The export may amount to $200 000 in value.

— The African coast slave trade is active. The prizes fall to the British cruisers. Our ships are too heavy.

— A colony of white people has just been settled in Florida, on the ground deserted by Billy Bowlegs.

— The New Haven papers notice a herring, caught in that vicinity, which weighing forty-seven pounds.

— There is to be a National Exhibition of Horses, at Kalamazoo, Mich., on the 12th, 13th and 14th of October.

— A servant girl at Louisville, Ky., was relieved of lockjaw on the 13th ult., by the application of chloroform.

— There was a slight frost in low places near Boston, on Tuesday week, but not enough to do any injury.

— The work at the Hoosic Tunnel goes on at the rate of eighty feet a week. They have finished 1,470 feet.

— The La Crosse and Milwaukee Rail Road is open to the Mississippi. The first train went thro' Monday week.

— The crop of rattlesnakes in Allegheny Co., Md., is large. Ten were killed on the farm of one man last week.

— At one of the public gardens in Cincinnati, six thousand glasses of lager beer were sold on a recent Sunday.

— The "pearl mania" has broken out on the Whitewater, in Arkansas, some 150 miles from Topeka, Kansas.

— Jenny Lind, in a recent letter to an American friend, expresses an earnest desire to cross the ocean once more.

— The people of Virginia are discussing the project of introducing steam on the James river and Kahnawa canal.

— The capture of an American vessel called the Eliza Gibbs, with all the paraphernalia of a slaver on board, is reported.

— It is officially proclaimed by the commissioners that the English proposition is rejected in Kansas, by a majority of 9,512.

— The celebrated horse Ambassador, that won the great Alabama stake of $20,000, in 1851, was killed lately by lightning.

— The British flag was hoisted on Capitol Hill, Washington, on the 21th ult., for the first time since the last war with England.

— The English papers say that Sir John Dean Paul, the swindling banker, is now a hopeless lunatic in the Pentonville prison.

— Miss Nightingale's health is such that she has again been obliged to resort to Malvern for the benefit of the water cure.

— Bombshells are moulded by machinery, at a foundry in Auburn. Three men, with the machine, keep a cupola in full blast.

— The deepest coal pit in England, and perhaps in the world, has been opened lately at Dukenfield, Cheshire. It is 2,05[illegible] feet deep.

— The Marquis of Queensbury, a Scottish nobleman of the Douglas family, accidently shot himself, when gunning, Aug. 5th.

— It will take $20,000 to pay off the crew of the Niagara. It cannot be said that our Government did nothing about laying the cable.

— Queen Victoria has been required by her physician to abstain from evening fetes, on account of the interesting state of her health.

— The members of the Minnesota Legislature indulge in the delightful practice of smoking during the business hours of the Legislature.

— The Convention of the Diocese of Western N. Y., at its recent session, voted Bishop De Lancey $1,500 to enable him to visit Europe.

— Connecticut papers announce the death of Calvin Willey, formerly a Senator in Congress from that State, at the advanced age of 82.

— A gentleman recently renewed his subscription to the Worcester Spy, who has taken that paper for *sixty-seven* years successively.

— A gold fever has broken out on the Kennebec river, Maine, where it is said that the precious metal has been discovered in small particles.

— Swamp fever has broken out [illegible] whites and blacks in the bottoms of the Mississippi, occasioned by the receding of the water.

— The health of Gen. Cass has continued to improve, and it is hardly [illegible] he will be [illegible] detained from [illegible]

— [illegible] from Maine, [illegible] who [illegible]

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Anglo Saxon and Canada.

THE steamship Anglo Saxon arrived at Quebec on the 21d ult., and the Canada at Halifax on the 24th.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Great anxiety is felt in regard to the Atlantic cable. The first regular message from Newfoundland was received at Valentia on the night of the 9th. The speed of the transmission is said to be greater than was attained at Plymouth, and the currents were apparently as strong. The shares continued to be quoted at £900. No messages except government ones can be sent during the electrical experiments, which were expected to occupy several weeks.

The London Times reviews editorially the lamentable condition of Mexico, and concludes thus: "It seems there is nothing left for the United States but to consummate the work they had begun, and annex the land of Montezuma and Cortez which even under the lash of the slave-driver, will not regret the illusion of the liberty of the Mexican Republic."

Queen Victoria was visiting her daughter at Potsdam.

FRANCE.—The papers teem with accounts of the Cherbourg fetes, which had concluded with a banquet on board the Le Bretagne. Queen Victoria left on the 6th, under a triple salute. The fetes were continued on the 7th by the inauguration of the Napoleon Dock, and the launch of the man-of-war Ville Denantes. The Emperor had ordered a pyramid of granite to be erected at the head of the new dock, to perpetuate the Queen's visit.

The fetes terminated on the 8th, with the inauguration of the statute of Napoleon I.

The Emperor delivered a pacific speech on the occasion, saying it appeared to be part of his destiny to accomplish by peace the great designs conceived during war. He said the government would not wage war except in defence of the national honor, and the great interests of the people.

The monthly return of the Bank of France shows an increase of cash in hand at Paris, of 32,000 000 francs, and in the Branch Banks 1,400,000 francs.

SPAIN.—Diplomatic negotiations between the representatives of Spain and Mexico, for the settlement of the long pending dispute, were expected to commence very shortly.

Gen. Almonte, Mexican Minister to England and France, had notified Spain that he was made Plenipotentiary.

TURKEY.—The late collision in Bosnia, in Turkish Croatia and Montenegro, has caused a sort of panic in the capital. The Musselmen and Christians were living in a fear of one another. The Sultan, to show his confidence, had gone with a fleet on an excursion to Smyrna.

A plot, having for its object the massacre of the Christians, had been discovered at Smyrna. The Governor had made a seizure of arms, and sent the guilty parties to Constantinople.

It was reported that on the 28th of July a band of Montenegrins, 1,000 strong, assailed Kolaschim, killing nearly 1,000 inhabitants who, confiding in the armistice, were unarmed. The Montenegrins burnt many houses, and carried away women and children into captivity.

CHINA.—Hong Kong dates are to June 23d, and Peiho same. The gun boats had advanced to the Tein Sin without opposition, and commanded both the river and the great canal. The English and the French ambassadors were located on shore.—The American and Russian fleet had followed the allies up the river. A mandarin of high rank, the second officer in the Empire, had arrived from Pekin, as a special minister to negotiate. Reinforcements continued to be dispatched from Hong Kong.

INDIA.—The India Calcutta mail of July 4th, and Madras 11th, had arrived at Alexandria. The news is of little importance. Gen. Layard had resigned on account of ill health. The Gwalior rebels were believed to be making for Bhurpore. Monusinga was besieged at Shagures by the Begums army. Gen. Whitlock's force had captured Fierguan in Banda.

Commercial Intelligence.

BREADSTUFFS.—Richardson, Spence & Co. quote flour dull and 6d lower. Philadelphia and Baltimore 21s6d@22s; Ohio 23s 6d@24s6d. New Orleans 22s6d@23s6d. Wheat firm, but quiet. Red Western 5s6d@6s3d; Red Southern 5s4d@6s2d; White Southern 6s1d@7s3. Corn dull and nominal. Yellow 33s@34s; white 33@33s6d. The weather had been favorable for the crops. The Brokers' and other circulars say that corn was is lower on the week.

PROVISIONS.—Liverpool provision market generally steady. Pork without alteration in rates, and steady. Lard firm. Sales at retail of choice 60s.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, August 31, 1858.

FLOUR is without change in rates.

GRAIN—Wheat remains at last quotations. But little is doing, as that in market is held above the views of buyers. Corn has a range in our table of from 51 to 70 cents. The minimum figure is for heated; the maximum shows a slight advance on last week. Oats have taken a start of 5 cents per bushel. Barley is going up steadily—now selling at 60@66 cents, as to quality.

We make some slight alterations in the prices of Sheep Pelts, Coal, &c., for which see table below.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		Eggs dozen	10 @10c
Flour winter wheat	$5 00@5 25	Honey in tubs	10@10c
Do spring do	$4 50@4 75	Candles, box	12½@13c
Do Buckwheat (new)	$1 25	**FRUITS AND ROOTS**	
Wheat, common	$1 00	Apples, bushel	50@75
Best white Canada	$1 10@1 25	Do dried	$1 00@1 00
Corn	50@56c	Potatoes	31@35c
Rye, 56 lbs to bush	60c	**HIDES AND SKINS**	
Oats	40@45c	Slaughter	5½@6c
Barley	50@56c	Calf	10c
Buckwheat	50@56c	Sheep pelts	50c
Beans	1 00@1 75	Lamb do	25@30c
MEATS		**SEEDS**	
Pork, Mess	$17 00@18 00	Clover, bush	$6 00@6 00
Do mess (new)	$15 00@16 00	Timothy	$2 50@3 00
Do prime	$13 00@14 00	**SUNDRIES**	
Spring Lambs, each	$1 50	Wood, hard	$4 00@5 00
Mutton, carcass	04@05c	Do soft	$3 00@4 00
Hams, smoked	9c	Coal, Lehigh	$7 75
Shoulders	06c	Do Scranton	$5 50@5 75
Chickens	10c	Do Bituminous	$4 50@5 00
Turkeys	11c	Do Shamokin	$6 00@6 50
Geese	08@09c	Do Char	10c
DAIRY &c.		Salt, bbl	$1 37
Butter, roll	13@14c	Hay, ton	$8 00@9 00
Do firkin	12@13c	Wool	25@30c
Cheese	06@07c	White fish, bbl	$7 00@7 50
Lard, tried	10c	Codfish, quintal	$4 50@4 75
Tallow	08@09c	Trout, bbl	$7 00@7 50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, August 31.—FLOUR—Market dull and common grades rule heavy; sales at $4 00@4 05 for common to choice extra State; $4 00@5 50 for extra State; $4 55@5 00 for superfine Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa; $5 00@6 00 for common to good brands extra do; $4 55@4 65 for unbound hoop $4 75@5 00 for fancy and $5 75@6 00 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing heavy. Canadian Flour quiet, sales at $5 00@5 25.

GRAIN—Wheat receipts moderate and market rules quiet. Shippers continued to operate and a moderate business was transacted at former prices. We quote sales at 92c for white Kentucky; 90c for white Genesee; 87@88c for white Michigan; 85@86c for prime new white Canada and Ohio; 84@85c for Southern. Rye steady; sales at 70c. Barley quiet; sales at 75c. Corn market rather more active; sales at 70c for Jersey; 71@72c for fair to good round yellow Southern; 73@74c for fair to good mixed Western; 75@76c for prime do; 77@78c for fair to good white Southern and Western; and 80c for Jersey yellow. Oats are steady; sales for State and Western.

PROVISIONS—Market heavy. Pork is quoted at $15 75@16 00 for mess; $13 50@14 00 for prime; $14 50@15 00 for thin mess; $16 00@16 50 for clear; $16 00@16 50 for Navy mess. Lard market steady; sales at 10½c. Beef is quiet at 11c for Ohio; 12c for State. Cheese at 6@9c as to quality.

BUFFALO, Aug. 31.—FLOUR—Market continues dull, with a limited demand; sales at $4 75@4 80 for fair to good extra Ohio, Indiana and Canadian, and $5 75 for double extra Michigan.

GRAIN—Wheat steady with limited demand; sales Red at 85c and white at 90c. Corn dull and nominal at 56c. Rye—Market continues nominal at 70c. Barley—The demand is quite active; sales State and Canadian at prices ranging from 65c to 80c according to quality.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—Prime quality, per 100 lbs [illegible] Ordinary $5 00@5 50 Second quality $5 00@5 50 Ordinary $4 00@4 50 Common $3 50@4 00 Ordinary $3 00@3 50 Oxen, Stags and Bulls—Prime quality $5 00@5 50 Second quality $4 50@5 00 Ordinary $3 50@4 00 Coarse, inferior $3 00@3 50

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, per 100 lbs $4 00@4 50 Ordinary $3 50@4 00 Coarse $3 00@3 50 Swine—Lots at market, 4½@5c

BRIGHTON, Aug. 24.—At market 1700 Beef Cattle, 300 Stores, 5 000 Sheep and Lambs, 1400 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra $6 50@7 00 First quality $6 00@6 50 Second, $5 50 Third, $5 00@5 25

WORKING OXEN—$100, 120, 150

MILCH COWS—Sales at $39 @41, common, $19@30

VEAL CALVES—Sales at [illegible] Two Years Old, $24@28 Three Years Old, $[illegible]

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $2 50@2 75 by lot, $ [illegible] each Ordinary, $1 50@2 00

SWINE—Sales at [illegible] Retail 5½@6c per lb.

HIDES—[illegible] Tallow, 6½@7c per lb.

PELTS—$1 [illegible] Calf Skins, 12@13c per lb.

CAMBRIDGE, Aug. 25.—At market 1 031 Cattle, about 1000 Beeves and 033 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Extra Beef, $6 [illegible] First quality, $5 [illegible] Second quality, $4 [illegible] Third quality, $3 [illegible] Ordinary, $1 @3

WORKING OXEN—$[illegible]

COWS AND CALVES—$31, 40, 60.

STORES—Yearlings $10, 00, Two Years Old, $14@23; Three Years Old, $26@37.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—3300 at market. Prices—Extra and Selections, $2 [illegible] in lots, $1, 1 75, 2 00

SWINE—00 at market.

HIDES—7½@8c. Tallow, 7 @7½c per lb.

PELTS—60@75c each. Calf Skins, 12@13c per lb.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25.—The medium and low grades of Native Fleeces are in steady fair demand at previous rates, but fine qualities are neglected. The depression in the goods market has an unfavorable influence at present, the sales include [illegible] lbs common to fine Fleeces chiefly at 30@34c, and some small parcels of extra, on table for fine description, at 42@43c; the stock continues to increase. Pulled is in moderate request and prices are firm, the stock is light, sales of 40,000 lbs No 1 City and extra Country at 26@27c, chiefly Lamb's Wool at 37@38c. Foreign is in improved demand but the stock of low grades is large and the market is somewhat depressed, sales of 200 bales Buenos Ayres Washed and Mixed, 160 do Washed East India, 80 do Cordova, 130 do Washed Mediterranean, and 300 do Donskol, on private terms.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

BOSTON Aug. 25.—There has been an active demand for domestic fleece and pulled at firm prices. The sales of the week amount to 250,000 lbs at quoted rates. In foreign there have been sales of of 39 bales Mediterranean, 220 bales Chilian Merino, and 2400 ballots Peruvian at prices within the range of quotations.

Saxon and Mer Merce	42@45	Western mixed	28@30
Full blood	40@42	Smyrna washed	17@24
Half and ¾ blood	38@41	Do unwashed	09@17
Corn to ¼ blood	34@38	Syrian	18@20
Pulled extra	37@42	Cape	14@18
Do superfine	33@37	Chinese	16@17
Do No 1	28@33	Buenos Ayres	27@27
Do No 2	15@20	Peruvian washed	25@28

Special Notices.

FITZHUGH ST. SEMINARY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A FAMILY SCHOOL for Young Ladies—opens Monday, Sept. 6th. Circulars, containing references and all necessary information, may be had by addressing the Principal,
MRS. C. M. CURTIS.

PREMIUM LIST.

KETCHUM'S PATENT MOWING AND REAPING MACHINE

I AM authorized, by Mr. R. L. HOWARD, to extend the time to those contending for the Premium offered by him to the 10th day of October. T. C. PETERS,
Darien, Genesee Co., N. Y.

SOMETHING TO DO.

THE subscribers will employ agents of either sex in every town and city, in a business which pays from $20 to $28 per week. Send stamp for return postage, for full particulars. S. M. MYRICK & CO., Lynn, Mass.

THE ANNUAL FAIR of the Monroe Co. Ag. Society will be held on the Society's Grounds, near Rochester, Sept. 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th, 1858. Pamphlets containing Premium List, &c., can be obtained at the RURAL Office.

GROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

☞ These Machines are now justly admitted to be the best in use for Family Sewing, making a new, strong, and elastic stitch, which will NOT rip, even if every fourth stitch be cut.—Circulars sent on application by letter
H. O. GILES, Agent,
446-13t 45 State street, Rochester, N. Y.

New Advertisements.

ADVERTISEMENTS—Twenty-five Cents a Line, each insertion.—Special Notices—following reading matter, and headed—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion.—IN ADVANCE.

☞ Those of our readers purchasing articles advertised in the RURAL, or who write to advertisers, will please state that they saw the advertisement in the RURAL NEW-YORKER.

☞ THE RURAL is put to press Tuesday noon, and hence advertisements should reach us on Monday to secure insertion.

WANTED—A Partner in the Nursery business in Iowa, with $1,000 or more. Inquire at this Office, or at 91 Frank St.
452 J. FOSTER

BERKSHIRE PIGS, of two different importations, for sale by WALTER COLE 3½ miles southeast of Batavia, N. Y., in the Putnam Settlement. They may also be seen at the Genesee County Fair, to be held at Batavia on the 15th inst. 452

COX'S SUGAR AND CIDER MILL is simple, durable, and perfect in operation, for Apples and Cane. For particulars and a copy of Lovering's Rules for making Sugar from Chinese Cane, send two letter stamps. Address, H J COX,
452 16 Mile Stand, Hamilton Co., Ohio.

Make Your Own Sugar!

JUST PUBLISHED—Plain and Explicit Directions for Making the best of sugar from the CHINESE SUGAR CANE; to which is added a plain form of Cane Sugar Mill that any person can make. Price 25 cents. Sent by mail, post-paid, or receipt of price (stamps taken). Address, C STONE & CO.
452-4 New York City.

BRAHMA HENS AND CHICKENS FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale 16 very superior Brahma Hens and 1 Cock. Also, 10 Brahma Chickens, about 4 months old, of the same quality. They will be sold at a bargain, as the subscriber is desirous of disposing of them. They have taken the first premium at every Fair. All fowls warranted.
452-3 GEORGE F FLY, Box 315, Rochester, N. Y.

DRIED BLOOD AND WOOL MANURE—Fully equal to the best Peruvian Guano, and at half the price. For many crops, especially wheat and roots, and also as a change in mixtures, it is better than guano. Potatoes raised with it have produced more than double the [illegible] Potatoes, manure measured, and they were of [illegible] more per bushel in the New York market. Price $ [illegible] per ton, in barrels of [illegible] pounds.
452-3t E L ALLEN, 189 and 191 Water St., New York.

NEW BOOKS FOR AGENTS.
Sold Only by Subscription.

WANTED—An AGENT in every County to engage in the sale of beautifully ILLUSTRATED WORKS.
Circulars, giving full information, with Terms to Agents, and a full List of our Publications, sent on application. Address,
DUANE HULLISON, Publisher
452-12t No. 33 S. Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CLERGYMEN, TEACHERS, MECHANICS, CLERKS and others will find the offers made by THE AUBURN PUBLISHING CO. (in another column) remembers for their new and popular
SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS
very liberal and will attract their prompt attention, as they will, according to their ability receive from $300 to $1,200 per year, and more or less. For circulars and full particulars, address
452-3 E. M. STORRS, Publishing Agent, Auburn, N. Y.

H. WORCESTER'S
PIANO MANUFACTORY AND WAREROOMS,
CORNER FOURTEENTH ST. AND THIRD AV., NEW YORK.

H. WORCESTER offers for sale a large assortment of [illegible] PIANO FORTES (from 6 to 7½ octaves), of every Rosewood CASES, and with all the improvements applied to pianos, and are for sale on reasonable terms. Instruments are warranted perfect, and the terms and conditions of sale will have to [illegible] considered liberal, as well calculated to maintain their previous reputation.
452-6eow

New Rochelle or Lawton Blackberries.

[illegible] Strawberry [illegible] per 1,000

To Nurserymen and Dealers in Trees.

[illegible] per 1,000

[illegible] PLUM TREES at low prices and [illegible] Send for [illegible] one year old, grafted on [illegible] Address, [illegible] Proprietor of Commercial Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

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September 1, 1858. 452-3teow

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ASTHMA,
Catarrh, Rose Cold, Hay Fever, &c.,

PREPARED FROM A GERMAN RECIPE, obtained by the late Jonas Whitcomb in Europe. It is well known to have alleviated this disorder in his case, when all other applications of medical skill had been abandoned by him in despair. In no case of purely Asthmatic character, has it failed to give immediate relief, and it has effected many permanent cures. While the past two years this Remedy has been used in thousands of cases, with astonishing and uniform success. It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever; an infant may take it with perfect safety.

The following Certificates from gentlemen of the highest respectability, furnish conclusive evidence of the power of this Remedy.

Asthma.

URBANA, Ohio, April 3, 1858.

Mr. JOSEPH BURNETT: Dear Sir,—* * * For twenty-five years I was afflicted with the Asthma. I left New England and came to Ohio with the hope of obtaining relief from a change of climate, which I partially realized, but as I became accustomed to this atmosphere my distress gradually returned.

My sufferings were indescribable, and with me so was the effect of the Remedy.

I commenced its use four months since, was cured within one month, and have not had a return of the disease, nor any symptoms of it since, and my general health has constantly improved.
IRA A. BEAN.

Asthma.

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* * * * * * *

When I first commenced taking Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma, I had been afflicted with that disease nearly twenty years. It is of the spasmodic kind, in a bad attack I have frequently sat up fifteen nights in succession. Soon after taking the Remedy I found an unaccustomed relief: my health and strength began to improve, I had gained twenty pounds in weight, and comparatively no Asthma. It seems to me that the very foundation of my disease is broken up and that it will soon entirely leave me.

Asthma.

Letter from a Clergyman.

WARREN, Vt. May 12 1857

MR. BURNETT: I take pleasure in stating the wonderful effects of WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR THE ASTHMA on my wife. She has suffered for years past with the most distressing paroxysms of that terrible disease. I considered them the highest degree of three which [illegible] for several years and [illegible] in succession. At times for hours I would seem as if every breath would be the last. We were obliged to open doors and windows in mid-winter, and resort to every experiment that effection could devise to keep her alive. At one time she was so far gone that her physician could not count her pulse. At length I heard of "Whitcomb's Remedy,"—it acted like a charm: it enabled her to sleep quietly in a few minutes, and nearly broke up the disease. I [illegible] constantly on hand—and though it has not cured her, it has done wonders in the way of relief. I am a Methodist [illegible] a universal one. I shall be happy to answer any [illegible] in relation to the facts that will benefit the afflicted. Yours truly,
KIMBALL RADLEY

Asthma.

LEWISTON, April 22 1858.

MESSRS. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co. Gentlemen,—For the last seven years I have been troubled with the Asthma, and last fall and [illegible] the winter I was so that I was unable to work for four months. Three months ago I was induced to try a bottle of Whitcomb's Remedy, it has done me much good. I have used [illegible] bottles and for six weeks was so [illegible] as to be free of the Remedy. Yours with respect,
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SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.
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THESE [illegible] that cannot be ravelled, and that [illegible] when soaked in water. It [illegible] fabric, and [illegible] per cent. [illegible] NEW YORK.

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"At the trial before the Committee of Freight Chain Horse Powers and Threshing Machines, the Excelsor Machine, manufactured by Richard H. Pease, of Albany, N. Y., came off victorious, they having threshed the 60th sheaves allotted them in five minutes and eight seconds, while the Emery competing Machine occupied six minutes in threshing the same amount, or nearly twenty per cent slower than the Excelsior. The threshing was done by the same weight of the horses, no harness being used. The work [illegible] the Excelsior Thresher is of a very superior description. Every farmer should have one of these Machines, as [illegible] threshing and grinding grain, cutting fodder, sawing wood, pumping, churning, &c. It is truly a useful and cheap Machine."

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Albany, August 27, 1858. 452

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NOTE—All Advertisements or Circulars bearing the name of LEROY, ANGERS, must not be considered as emanating from our house, if they do not at the same time mention that Mr. P. A. BRUGUIERE is our Agent. Address
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Do do 50) or upwards, do do	16		$	-
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QUINCE STOCKS, selected, strong,	10		$	1000
3d size suitable to bud, 1st season, with good culture,	6		$	100

Well packed and delivered at the Depot, Utica, N. Y.
EASTMAN & CO., Maple Grove Nurseries,
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B. BI HARRIS, A. M., Principal.
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I WILL SEE FREE TO THE FIRST APPLICANT Farmer or Dairyman [illegible] in the State of New York and Penn [illegible] except Niagara Co. N. Y. and 30 miles around Pittsburgh, a Right to [illegible] and use the CHEESEVATS Patent Pat. SECRETARY as a farm or dairy appendage. Parties will be required to [illegible] strictly to [illegible] furnished and to [illegible] in 90 days. 446 J. L. ALBERGER, Buffalo, N. Y.

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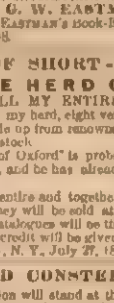

EXTRACT of a Letter from a Medical Gentleman, At Madras, To His Brother at Worcester.

May, 1851.

"Tell LEA & PERRINS that their SAUCE is highly esteemed in India, and is, in my opinion, the most palatable as well as the most wholesome Sauce that is made."

EXTENSIVE FRAUDS.

The only Medal awarded by the Jury of the New York Exhibition for Foreign Sauces was obtained by LEA & PERRINS for their WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE. The

Choice Poetry.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OUR GUEST.

BY IDA FAIRFIELD.

We had read of him often—had heard his name
From lips all blanched with fear,
We knew it was linked with the pall and the grave,
And the bitterly falling tear.

We knew that he, in our neighbor's halls,
Had sat an unbidden guest,
And drank life's wine with a ruthless hand,
The self-made "lord of the feast."

But many a long, bright year had flown,
Over time's silvery sea,
And a happy band of twelve had grown
In the shade of our own home tree.

No cloud o'erdarkened the sunlight there,
And our hearts forgot to sigh,
For the Pale Guest, in his annual rounds,
Still passed our bright home by.

But one summer's day, his step we heard,
And we felt it was drawing near,
A step as light as a fairy queen's,
Yet it thrilled our hearts with fear.

For days his shadow, dark as the night,
Across our threshold lay,
And we vainly strove, with borrowed light,
To frighten its gloom away.

He entered then—and chose for his bride,
The loveliest of our band,
And lot in her heart life's crimson tide
Grew still as he clasped her hand.

'Twas vain that we prayed—in vain we wept,
For her ear had caught the tone
Of the golden harps by the angels swept,
In the light of the "great white Throne."

So she smiled on him, serene and fair,
And seemed not loth to go,
For he had sworn he would lead her where
Life's beautiful rivers flow.

And our Guest turned grimly to depart,
Unmoved as he entered there,
Unheeding the wail of the bleeding heart,
Or love's wild, pleading prayer.

And the sunlight falls not as of old,
And the gloom no more departs,
For never the same will our band be told—
Death shadow is on our hearts.

Independence, N. Y., 1858.

The Sketch-Book.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A SKETCH OF THE REVIVAL.

BY JENNY A STONE.

Loud and clear rang the village bell. Up through the evening air floated peal after peal, and the snow clad hills sent back a shrill echo to the vale beneath. The little church was filled to overflowing. Faces were there on which all the heart's anxiety might easily be read, and others just as careless of the great Future before them. And many were the bright eyes dimmed with tears, and hands convulsively clasped together, as the eloquent lips of the speaker poured forth consolation for the bleeding heart, and woke the deep voice of repentance in the bosom of pride.

"*Now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation."

The words floated down the aisles and out upon the clear, frosty air, while many a proud young head bent lower and lower, and tears dropped fast from dim and aged eyes.

Then there was a long silence, followed by the sound of many passing forward to the little altar. Side by side they knelt. Men and women with the snows of many winters on their heads, and knees that until now had never bent in prayer. Fair maidens, manly youths, and tender children,—all seeking for the self-same blessings,—all bowing before the one great Father.

Near the right of the pulpit two brothers were standing. The broad, intellectual brow of the one, and firm, expressive features of the other, gave ample evidence that should they choose to heed the call, they would make no common laborers in the vineyard. But the Spirit had spoken once, yes, twice, and still they resisted the pleading. And now they were gazing curiously to mark what friends should be among the worshipers who passed them. Footsteps light with the tread of hope, and others heavy with their weight of despair, all sounded along the aisles.

A young girl rose from a seat near the brothers and with an irresolute step came slowly forward.—Half pausing as she reached them, they caught a glimpse of dark, earnest eyes, whose long lashes were beaded with tears, turned imploringly toward them, and then the maiden passed onward and knelt for the blessing.

"ANNETTE LACY!" whispered the younger brother, turning to the pale face beside him.

"I see," was the only answer, as they threaded their way out into the open air, just as the man of God commenced his earnest appeal for the precious souls who had come to the foot of the cross.

HENRY ELTON, the elder, stepped quickly, lifting his hand now and then with a mysterious, impatient movement to his brow, as if to brush away some unpleasant conviction that had settled there. But it was very evident that he did not succeed—for, as his brother spoke his name for the third time, he turned toward him a face full of perplexed meaning, and answered, "Well, what is it, ARTHUR?"

"I was going to say," replied the other, "that ANNETTE would not be apt to go to the ball with you to-morrow?"

"Why not speak out your full thoughts," questioned HENRY, bitterly, "and say that I had better spare myself the pain of a rejection, by absenting myself from Mr. LACY'S mansion altogether?"

ARTHUR made no reply to this, but a moment after said, "You intend to see ANNETTE soon, don't you, HENRY?"

"Yes, to morrow,' was the brief reply, and with a "good-night," the brothers separated.

* * * * * * * *

The morrow evening had come with a bright, wintry moon that made the snow crust sparkle with a million diamonds, and a pure, frosty air that gave a clear, musical tinkle to the sleigh-bells, as one by one the crowded vehicles passed the house of ANNETTE LACY on their way to the hall of mirth.—Thrice had Mrs. LACY tapped at her daughter's door, and now she entered.

"ANNETTE," said she, "HENRY is in the parlor, and wishes to see you. What shall I say to him?"

"One minute, mother. Tell him to wait one minute, and I will come."

Mrs. LACY turned away, and again the young girl knelt at the bedside.

"Give me strength," she prayed, "strength and wisdom, O, my GOD."

The earthly love was wrestling strongly with the voice of duty within her heart. "O, I cannot give him up," was the thought that burst sobbingly from her lips.

A clear burst of song came floating up from a neighboring cottage, and its burden was the familiar hymn,

"JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to love, and follow Thee."

The tears sprang to ANNETTE'S eyes, and with them the struggle was past. With a sad, sweet smile hovering around her lips, she descended to the little parlor, and advanced to meet her lover.

"ANNETTE," he said quickly, "I do not come to claim your promise for to-night. I know that is impossible after what has passed, but I must also know whether this is to make any difference between us,—any difference in your love for me."

The girl's voice was very low and tremulous as she replied, "No, HENRY, my love is not changed, it never can be, but oh! our relations to each other *must* be changed, unless," she added, pleadingly, "unless you will turn and go with me. O, HENRY, I cannot serve two masters. *Will* you not try, first for my sake, if it must be, and then for the love of JESUS, to walk in this path?"

"I cannot feign an interest in religion that I do not feel," HENRY ELTON answered moodily. "Is this all I am to hope, ANNETTE, for all the love I have wasted? Think of it, don't answer me now, I will come again."

The door closed and he was gone, walking with quick, nervous steps out into the open country.—Away from the lighted church, away from the streets and cottages, away from the haunts of men, out into the clear, frosty night he had gone to find the solution of a great mystery; for HENRY ELTON *had* an interest in religion that he was unwilling to own. Deep in his soul he felt that ANNEITE had chosen the true path.

But little did the young girl dream, as she turned her footsteps towards the church door that evening, as the bell rang out its accustomed call, that her proud lover was kneeling in the forest on the crusted snow, praying for pardon and peace. Her face was sad, very sad; for the earthly hope she strove to crush had been her first dream of happiness, and the path she was treading was yet new to her feet—the consolation not yet full. But so many sweet promises and blessed hopes were given her that night, that she trod the aisles with a heart full of rest and peace, and whispered, "all for JESUS," as she knelt again at the altar.

And although her eyes were turned away, yet others saw that just as she knelt, the heavy door swung open, letting in a flood of moonlight from without, and with a firm, light tread, HENRY ELTON advanced and knelt beside the maiden. The prayers were offered, the blessing pronounced, and the lovers rose face to face, while close beside them ARTHUR ELTON still knelt, his lips moving in voiceless supplication.

* * * * * * * * *

"O, how I pity ANNETTE," said a gay girl, as the revelers passed the cottage late that night. "She was such a happy creature, but of course, young ELTON will never marry her now."

And ANNETTE LACY started from her pillow, as the chiming bells broke in upon her peaceful dreams.

"Thank GOD I am not there," she whispered, with a sigh of relief, as her head sank back again.—"And thank GOD that HENRY and ARTHUR are going to seek CHRIST, too. Dear Father, do not give me *all* my blessings in this world."

Hadley, Mich., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

A SKETCH BY THE WAY-SIDE.

BY WINNIE WILLIAN.

We live in such a charming little valley called Daisy Dell, my mother, Aunt DEBBY and I, in the whitest of all possible white cottages, with green blinds, and such a profusion of flowers in the garden. I will not speak of my mother. It is not necessary, as every one who has ever had a mother, knows how good and kind she can be. How her bright smile, loving heart, and skillful hands, make home such a happy place. But Aunt DEBBY—she can better be imagined than described, as the novels say. She is a maiden lady, somewhere between forty and fifty, very romantic, fond of poetry and flowers, and much addicted to the habit of talking to the moon. I remember one night I slept with Aunt DEBBY, and after she had laid aside her false ringlets, and taken out her teeth, preparatory to the coming on of "Nature's sweet restorer," she blew out the light, and raising the curtain, commenced an apostrophe to the Queen of Night. Oh, dear! how I laughed! It sounded so funny to hear Aunt DEBBY talk without her teeth!

Since I have studied Astronomy, I have discovered the reason of Aunt DEBBY'S midnight addresses to the silvery planet, I believe it was HERSCHEL, who made known the fact, that there is a "man in the moon!" No doubt Aunt DEBBY studied Astronomy when she was a girl.

Nothing very unusual happened to disturb the even tenor of my way during my childhood. Every night my mother would come to my little room and hear me repeat:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"

and every day Aunt DEBBY would drill me in my A B C's. I always pity little children, who are persecuted by alphabet-teaching Aunt DEBBY'S.

Dear me! no one knows how much I suffered when a child, over those same A B C's. I asked Aunt DEBBY one day, who invented the alphabet. She said it must have been ADAM, for he was the "first man," and his name began with A, *ergo*, the "first man" invented the alphabet, and it began with A. I never pitied ADAM after that, for being excommunicated from the Garden of Eden. Ever since, I have imagined him, seated among thistles and thorns, teaching CAIN and ABEL their A B C's.

Aunt DEBBY is exceedingly fond of poetry. I remember two lines that seem to be perpetually at her tongue's end, viz:

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air!"

"So appropriate, so expressive!" Aunt DEBBY says. I asked her once, if she wrote it.

"No, dear," she replied. "I did not write it, but SHAKSPEARE did. By and by, you will appreciate it better."

I was ten years old at last. I thought the day never would come. Ten years old—and I had been talking and dreaming of the time for months. I have lived several years since then, but I think I should always like to be, only "ten years old."

The day came, as bright and beautiful as ever the sun shone upon. A previous shower had given a brighter shade to Nature's carpeting, and every leaf, every flower, fairly glittered with the sparkling rain-drops, while the birds sang so merrily—all because it was my birthday; so Aunt DEBBY said. All the little girls in the neighborhood had been invited to spend the afternoon with me, and we were to have tea out in the garden, under the arbor, and I was to be arrayed in my new white frock, which my mother had made on purpose for the occasion. We were talking over our arrangements, when we heard the tinkling of a guitar, accompanied by a tambourine, and a sweet childish voice, singing under the window:

"You are going far away, far away,
From poor JEANNETTE,
And there's no one left to love me now,
And you, too, may forget."

The musicians were a boy about twelve years old, and a little girl apparently of my own age. I thought I never had seen any one half so beautiful as she was. Her soft dark eyes were full of tears as she sang,—I cried too; I couldn't help it, and the boy's lip quivered as he lightly touched his guitar.

"How sweet!" exclaimed Aunt DEBBY, as the child concluded her simple song. "I wonder if 'JEANNOT' really perished while rushing after glory, or married some one else, and poor 'JEANNETTE' was left to 'waste her sweetness on the desert air!'"

My mother only laughed and called the children in. The boy said his name was FRANCISCO, and little FLORELLE was his sister. Their home was in Italy. Oh, such a pretty home! He had never seen anything like it in America. They had so many beautiful flowers and birds. It was such a happy home too. Every night they would have such times singing together. Their mother had such a sweet voice, and their father was a good bass singer, and he and the little FLORELLE would join them. They were very, very happy. But their mother grew so pale and thin, and one day she died. So they left their home then, and came upon the great waters—their father, little FLORELLE, and himself. They had not been in the ship many days when their father was taken sick and died, and they buried him in the blue waves. So the little orphans came to this country alone.

"We earn a few pennies by singing," said the little FLORELLE, "just enough to buy our food, although we have not had anything to eat to-day."

My mother, bless her! made ready our table for the little ones, and then stood by, watching them eat, while her eyes shone with pleasure. As the children rose to go, Aunt DEBBY slipped a piece of money in the girl's hand, and bade her come often.

In the course of time the young Italians and I became great friends. We used to sit together on the banks of the little stream which winds its way through Daisy Dell, and the brother and sister would sing me songs of their native land, always ending with "JEANNETTE and JEANNOT," my favorite.

As the summer wore on, the little FLORELLE began to fade. My mother and Aunt DEBBY took her home, and nursed her with the greatest tenderness, but in the autumn, the leaves were falling on her grave.

Poor FRANCISCO, he was sick a long time after. When at last he fully recovered, he worked day and night, and in the spring following, a neat white marble tablet stood at the head of the little mound, bearing this inscription:

"FLORELLE—Singing in Heaven."

Seven or eight years have passed since then, and FRANCISCO is in college now, but he spends his vacations at Daisy Dell.

Time has begun to write some wrinkles on my mother's brow, and silver her glossy brown hair. But her *heart* is not changed a bit—no, indeed!

Aunt DEBBY is the same Aunt DEBBY still; teeth, ringlets and all. FRANCISCO tells her in his playful way, that she must be blessed with more "sweetness" than falls to the lot of common mortals, for she has not expended it all yet.

I like FRANCISCO. He is so gentle, so good, and sings so delightfully, and then, he has *such splendid eyes!*

THE EVIL OF A BAD TEMPER.—A bad temper is a curse to the possessor, and its influence is most deadly wherever it is found. It is allied to martyrdom to be obliged to live with one of a complaining temper. To hear one eternal round of complaint and murmuring, to have every pleasant thought scared away by this evil spirit, is a sore trial. It is like the sting of a scorpion—a perpetual nettle, destroying your peace, rendering life a burden. Its influence is deadly; and the purest and sweetest atmosphere is contaminated into a deadly miasma wherever this evil genius prevails. It has been said truly, that while we ought not to let the bad temper of others influence us, it would be as unreasonable to spread a blister upon the skin, and not expect it to draw, as to think of a family not suffering because of the bad temper of its inmates. One string out of tune will destroy the music of an instrument otherwise perfect; so if all the members of a church, neighborhood, and family, do not cultivate a kind and affectionate temper, there will be discord and every evil work.—*Steele.*

THERE is nothing so great that I fear to do for my friend, nor nothing so small that I will disdain to do for him.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 22 letters.
My 13, 9, 10, 14, 20 is a town on the Main river in Germany.
My 5, 12, 19, 7, 2 is a cape south of Nova Scotia.
My 10, 2, 20, 5, 2 is a river in one of the Southern States.
My 1, 2, 15, 20 is a country in South America.
My 1, 2, 4, 14, 18 is a gulf west of Patagonia.
My 7, 2, 10, 9 is a gulf north of Siberia.
My 5, 20, 11, 16 is a river in Ireland.
My 3, 17, 7, 2 is a river in Egypt.
My 6 is the initial of a river in Siberia.
My 8, 2, 5, 20, 8, 17, 20, 5 is a volcano in Italy.
My 5, 20, 22, 9, 21 is an island north of Lake Huron.
My whole is one of the United States and its capital. JULE B. R.

Caton, N. Y., 1858.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 41 letters.
My 27, 6, 11, 29, 19, 1, 3, 36 was a Greek philosopher.
My 20, 37, 34, 16, 37, 14 was a Latin poet.
My 10, 30, 8, 26, 40 was one of the seven wise men of Greece.
My 4, 29, 6, 41, 12, 16, 33, 22, 17, 27 was an eminent Greek painter.
My 38, 23, 25, 30, 32 was a philosopher of Syracuse.
My 18, 5, 11, 1, 26, 34 was a valiant Trojan chief.
My 21, 29, 37, 27, 41, 12, 7, 18, 24, 40, 9, 10 was a comic poet.
My 2, 35, 28, 34, 15, 31 is an ancient language.
My 39, 18, 21, 13 19, 29, 37, 27 was a tyrant of Agrigentum.
My whole is the name of a college, its locality, and its President. C. JACOBUS.

Romulus N. Y., 1858.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 16 letters.
My 2, 5, 9, 14 is an animal.
My 4, 8, 6, 15, 16 is a profession.
My 11, 3, 13, 12 is a portion of the body.
My 1, 7, 11 is an adjective.
My 14, 3 is a preposition.
My 10, 12, 4 is a number.
My whole was a great man.

Trenton, N. J., 1858. JAS. L. NAAR.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

THREE men, A, B, and C, own a tract of land. One-half of A's share, plus ⅛ of B's, equals ⅞ of C's share. One-half of B's share equals ⅞ of C's. One-third of B's share, minus 1 10 of it, plus 5, is equal to 19 acres. Query.—A, B, and C, each one, own how many acres? All together own how many acres? J. H. B.

Chili, N. Y., 1858.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

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Answer to Geometrical Problem:—49.45+ feet.

Answer to Mathematical Puzzle:

7	5	21	19	13
24	18	12	10	1
15	6	4	23	17
3	22	20	11	9
16	14	8	2	23

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To the farmer, who shall cut fifty acres of grass, in like manner, with any Ketchum Mower.

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The grass must yield not less than one and a half tons to the acre.
The said work to be done with machines manufactured by the subscriber, at Buffalo, N. Y.

Farmers competing for the above premiums shall forward an affidavit or affidavits setting forth the facts, viz: the actual [illegible] and all [illegible] per acre, the quality of work, length of stubble, time occupied, giving the hours, and the expense incurred for labor or repairs, stating each item and such other circumstances as may be proper, together with the number of the machine and the year purchased, to T. C. PETERS, of Darien, Gen. Co., N. Y., before the 1st of September next, who shall have the privilege of testing or having a personal examination made, or may require additional proof before making his award.

I will furnish blanks for affidavits to any person, and reserve the privilege of publishing any of the statements and the awards in my next circular. Two premiums will not be awarded to the same person.

The result of accurate trials of this kind will enable the public to judge with more certainty of the value of Reaping and Mowing Machines compared with the scythe and cradle, than can be done at trials as usually conducted, for the reason that so small a quantity of [illegible] grass or grain is cut, that it is a difficult for Committees to judge with scrupulous accuracy of the features and capacity of the different machines.

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Manufacturer of Ketchum's Combined Harvesters.
Buffalo, May 21, 1858. 439

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VOL. IX. NO. 37.] ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1858. [WHOLE NO. 453.

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Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.
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FOR TERMS &c., SEE LAST PAGE.

Rural New-Yorker.

PLOWING BY STEAM.

Now that the telegraph wire is stretched across the trackless waters, and the lightning flashes down, down, among the silent caverns and over the mountain tops of old ocean, carrying cold compliments between Queens and Kings and Presidents, and warm words of love from friend to friend, we must move onward to greater achievements. What the next great step will be in the march of improvement we cannot say, but most assuredly this step will be made, and will be as much in advance of the present as the railroad and telegraph is in advance of the mail carrier and the stage coach. There is no stopping place—no bounds to the inventive genius of man. Agriculture has, perhaps, received its full share of attention and advantage from this faculty, and it is no doubt destined to receive still greater benefits. We can remember when most of the threshing was done by the flail, and with how much difficulty machinery for this purpose was introduced in some of the most civilized parts of the world—when every European arrival brought us intelligence of the destruction of threshing machines in England, by mobs of infuriated farm laborers, who feared they would deprive them of their labor and their bread, and leave them to starvation. Now, not content with using machines driven by horse-power, steam is much used for this purpose, and no sane man opposes their use or thinks they are aught but a benefit. The youngest of our readers almost can remember the introduction of reaping and mowing machines, and some will recollect when the reaping hook and sickle were the implements used in cutting wheat. Seed-sowers and planters are of but recent introduction, and within a very few years the various forms of cultivators and shovel-plows have almost superceded the use of the hoe, much to the relief of the farmer and the benefit of the crops, as the soil is kept in much finer tilth, with less labor. It was only a week or two ago, and during quite a "dry spell," that a farmer informed us that while he once dreaded the drouth, now he had no fears, as by the free use of the small plow, cultivator, and shovel-plow, all injury from this cause was prevented.

Plowing by steam is bound to attract considerable attention in the agricultural world for a few years. The idea will seem chimerical to many, but certainly not more so than some things now in general use would have appeared fifty, or even twenty years ago. The present week we have for the first time seen a Steam Fire Engine in successful operation. The proposition to make steam available for this purpose would have been laughed at ten years ago. On small, or hilly farms, steam, we suppose, will never be used, but there is no land in the world better adapted to steam-plowing than the boundless prairies of the West. In ten years from now scores of steam plows may be engaged in turning over these rich soils. Be this as it may, we will keep our readers advised of all that is being done in the way of plowing by steam.

A prize of $2,000 was offered by the Royal Agricultural Society of England for "*the Steam Cultivator that shall in the most efficient manner turn over the soil, and be an* ECONOMICAL SUBSTITUTE *for the plow and the spade.*" Our last English journals give the report of the Committee which have awarded the premium. There were *five* competitors for the prize, only two of which came up to the requirements given above, and to one of these was awarded the prize and to the other a gold medal. The Committee after giving a full report of the working of the prize engine and plow, (Fowler's) and the many careful experiments made as to saving of expense, say they found the following result. Light land can be plowed by steam at 50 cents an acre less than by horse power, heavy land for 80 cents an acre less, while land can be *trenched* by steam power as well as it can be done by the spade and at less than one eighth the cost.

The Committee close their report by saying:—"These money results, satisfactory, though they be, are not, we consider, the only points of advantage which the introduction of these machines confers upon agriculture. By their aid we can carry out a complete system of autumnal cultivation now so generally admitted to be desirable, but which it is extremely difficult to effect with the ordinary force of a farm, in ordinary seasons, and under ordinary circumstances. We can continue our cultivation by plowing or otherwise, well nigh regardless of weather, and upon land which would not submit to the pressure of horse labor. We have perfect control over the work we wish to have done; and when it is done, it is found to be more regular throughout, and to be in a more open and desirable condition than could be obtained by the best and most judicious application of the ordinary implements of a farm. These are points which we cannot too strongly recommend to the attention of those interested in the advancement of agriculture.

We wish it distinctly understood that throughout the trials we have charged the machines with the maximum of working expenses, and have credited them with the minimum value for the work performed. We feel confident that when in constant operation on a farm, the work done would be at a lower rate of cost than that now given, and their great advantages then more clearly and directly shown. At the same time, too, it must not be forgotten that the engines themselves are equally applicable to all the other power purposes of the farm.

From the foregoing results of the trials intrusted to our decision by the Council of the Royal Agricultural Society, and conducted throughout under our immediate supervision, it is beyond question that Mr. Fowler's machine is able to turn over the soil in an efficient manner at a saving [illegible] per cent.; on heavy land, 25 to 30 per cent.; and in trenching, 80 to 85 per cent.; while the soil in all cases is left in a far more desirable condition and better adapted for all the purposes of husbandry. We are, therefore, unanimously of opinion that he is fully entitled to the price of £300, and we now give our award accordingly."

THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

AFTER the lapse of several months, in which time it would almost seem that the RURAL had given this Saccharine Celestial the wall, we again revert to his "Sweetness" with pleasurable sensations. The past season has been an extraordinarily favorable one for testing the value of this cereal, both for its powers of producing sugar and fodder, and we think that a finality can be reached—the question can be definitely settled as to whether it may be written "a good thing," or classed with Morus Multicaulis, China Tree Corn, Rohan Potatoes, *et id omne genus*. If it fails, the "speculation in crushers," foretold by our RURAL correspondent, (W. B. P.,) will find its days numbered, and we may reasonably expect "lots of old wares" upon the market—should success be the word, unbelief must pay a premium for an "expressing agent," in addition to being assigned a position amid "false prophets."

In the vicinity of Rochester there was a considerable amount sown the past spring, and, as far as our knowledge extends, the crop wears a promising appearance. The growth of the past season has been strong, and with a few weeks good weather the probabilities for its arriving at maturity are propitious. Thus far we can speak favorably—the result of the final process of manufacturing syrup and sugar is still to be demonstrated. The mode of operation which is to be the guide of the sugar-maker is not yet definitely settled, even among those whose experiments have been the most successful; while the great majority who are now cultivating it, have, to say the least, very crude opinions upon the subject. Thus, in our report last season, one has a product "resembling the green scum of a frog pond, and no more *grain* than is possessed by tar;" another makes a syrup, but with "a strong and rather disagreeable vegetable flavor;" a third has an "excellent article of sweetening, but dark;" while the fourth produces an "amber-colored liquid, much to be preferred to the best sugar-house in all respects." Here we have disgust—a gleam of hope—a flash of light—and *one* enjoying the full fruition of a properly conducted experiment. Our purpose now is to lay before the readers of the RURAL, in two or three consecutive numbers, such reliable experimental knowledge as has been obtained upon the subject, so that the great army of investigators may work understandingly, and that their labors may result in the best returns which the Chinese Sugar Cane is capable of yielding.

Among the Chemical Researches given in the last Patent Office Report, we find several records of experiments made by C. T. JACKSON, of Boston, Mass. The first plants operated on were from the government grounds in Washington. The juice, after being strained through linen, had a specific gravity of 1.062; and, after boiling and the separation of an albuminous scum, 1.055. Three and one-half fluid ounces of the strained juice was evaporated at 212° F., until it became a dense straw-yellow syrup, too thick to run when cold, and giving 217 grains of saccharine matter. That portion of the juice which had been freed from all albuminous matter and filtered through paper, gave, on evaporation of a fluid ounce, 78 grains of thick yellow syrup, which, being dissolved in absolute alcohol, left 9 per cent of mucilaginous substances containing starch. The alcohol took up 69 grains of saccharine matter. The result in this lot equalled 14 36-100 per cent. on the juice. In other instances the yield of syrup varied from 12 down to 9 per cent. Lime-water and also bone-black were used as purifiers. A small proportion of crystallized sugar was obtained from the bottom of a vessel in which the syrup had stood for some days. Dr. J. found that when the seeds were ripe the cane contained the most sweetness—in some specimens which were just in flower there was but very little saccharine matter.

In the statements of J. H. HAMMOND, Esq., of Silverton, South Carolina, before the Beach Island Farmer's Club, we observe a point of difference between his demonstrations and Dr. JACKSON'S in reference to the sweetness of the cane at various stages of growth. Mr. H. had a rude mill put up with two beech wood rollers, and first cut 1,750 canes, which he supposed a fair sample of the patch. He says:—"The first 300 or 400 were passed through the mill twice, the remainder four times, and the yield was 194 quarts of juice. The juice was received in common tubs and tested by a thermometer, and a saccharometer with a scale of 40°. The thermometer stood in every instance at 78° F. The [illegible] from 210 to fresh-laid egg. I boiled it in a deep, old-fashioned 'cow-pot,' and, after six to seven hours' boiling, obtained 32 quarts of tolerable syrup. The next day I selected 10 canes, the heads of which were fully matured, 10 more in full milk, 10 more the heads of which were just fully developed and the top seed beginning to turn black, and again 10 comprising all these stages, but from which I did not strip the leaves. They were all passed through the mill seven times, and yielded nearly the same quantity of juice—about 3 quarts for every 10 canes. The juice, tested by the saccharometer, showed that the youngest cane had rather the most, and the oldest rather the least saccharine matter. The whole, together with that of a few other good canes, exhibited at 80° of the thermometer 24½° of the saccharometer. From 42 pints of the juice I obtained, after four hours' boiling, 9 pints of rather better syrup than that made the day before. In these boilings, I mixed with the cold juice about a tea-spoonful of lime-water, of the consistency of cream, for every 5 gallons.

Another experiment in boiling was made before several members of the Club, in which 37½ quarts of the juice—the yield of 800 canes—were put in the pot. Mr. H. says:—"With the thermometer at 85° in the juice, the saccharometer stood at 24½°; we boiled the juice until it run together on the rim of the ladle and hung in a transparent sheet half an inch below it before falling. And this in two and a half hours. The result was 6 quarts of choice syrup. The next day I repeated the experiment on a larger scale, with equal success, and brought to the Club enough of the syrup to enable every member to try it and judge of its quality. All who tasted it agreed that it was equal to the best that we get from New Orleans. In these last boilings, I put a table-spoonful of lime-water, prepared as before, to every 10 gallons. The whole process of clarifying and boiling was carried through in the same pot, and that very unsuitable from its depth."

In our next we shall commence a record of the experiments of J. S. LOVERING, of Philadelphia. Mr. L. would seem to have met with the most marked success of any of those who have yet endeavored to manufacture both syrup and sugar from the Sorghum, and the facts spread out in his report will doubtless prove of much value to all who are expecting their own fields shall hereafter furnish them with sweetness, as well as fatness.

TRANSFERRING BEES

MESSRS. EDS.:—In the RURAL of July 24th, I noticed a communication from M. M. BALDRIDGE, in which he assumes to give the public some valuable information and advice "*for the benefit of all concerned, and the 'Movable Comb Hive,'*"—*those selling it in particular.* As I have been informed by Mr. LANGSTROTH'S assignee that Mr. BALDRIDGE, or that family, have purchased the right for the "*Movable Comb Hive*" for Niagara Co., and as five hundred or more of the "Combination Hives" have been sold in that and Orleans Counties the past season, it has become necessary for them to make some bold and *special effort* to change the current of public favor and patronage from the "*Combination*" to the "*Movable Comb Hive.*" And it is evident, from the whole tenor of the article, that the object and intention of the writer was not so much to benefit "*all concerned,*" as it was himself and others interested in selling the "*Movable Comb Hive,*"—and not so much to give instruction in regard to "*transferring and driving bees,*" as it was to "*transfer*" public favor and patronage from the "*Combination Hive*" to the "*Movable Comb Hive,*" and "*drive*" the "Combination Hive" out of their way. But we have no fears at all of the result where *both hives* have been introduced, and their merits are known.

In a former article of his on "Driving Bees," in the RURAL of April 3d, he says:—"Having had considerable experience in driving, and having met with *complete success*, I will, without hesitancy, give, for the benefit of all concerned, the true *modus operandi*,"—and in the closing sentence of the article says:—"The above instruction, if strictly followed, will insure success to the most *ignorant bee-keeper.*" But now, after a period of about two months, he comes out in another article, and gravely cautions them to look well to their own interest before *attempting to do* what would "insure complete success" only a few weeks previous. Now, I would ask, what has wrought this wonder ful change in his mind! Have bees changed in their habits?—or has Mr. B. got astride a new hobby?—or interested in the "*Movable Comb Hive?*" Certainly he has not had sufficient time to test the matter so as to recommend it unto the most successful mode of qualifiedly as the most successful mode of managing bees. He says:—"Had I last year known what losses I sustained by *driving*, I should have done quite differently; now, instead of *driving*, I transfer;" and gives as his reasons for so doing, the great advantages derived by transferring the old combs and honey from the old to the new, and would have bee keepers believe the old combs to be *just as good and healthy as new ones.* And further, to support this theory and strengthen his case, he *supposes* that twenty pounds of honey is consumed by the bees in constructing sufficient combs to contain that amount of honey, and finally concludes, after several "*suppositions,*" that five dollars at least is saved on *each stock transferred*, by transferring the old combs and honey to the new hive.

Now the writer may believe all of the foregoing "suppositions," and all that has been told him by those interested in that theory. For one, I must beg leave to differ with him on this, as well as on some other points. During twenty years practical experience and close observation—in which time I have transferred some two hundred stock, and have in many instances transferred the old comb into the new hive, to be used by the bees for *brood combs*—I have almost *universally* found them to do the best, and prove the most healthy and productive, when I have transferred *only a portion* of the old combs, (or such as contained eggs and unmatured brood,) into the *top boxes* of the Combination Hive, *to be removed* as soon as the brood matured,—which will be in the course of twenty-one days—by which time the bees will have a good supply of *new*, healthy combs constructed in the main hive, much more to *their liking* than if *transferred there* by the *most skillful theorist* in the

WARREN'S PATENT PLOW—Fig. 1.

It affords us pleasure to present RURAL readers the accompanying description and illustrations of an Improved Plow, invented by Mr. H. WARREN, of Penn Yan, N. Y., and patented on the 20th of July, 1858. We understand that this plow has been thoroughly tested by several of the best farmers in Yates, Steuben and other counties, who pronounce it a great improvement. It is apparently worthy the attention of the agricultural public, and we trust will prove alike creditable to the inventor and valuable to cultivators. The figures represent the several parts, and, with the following description by the inventor, will enable our readers to comprehend the improvement and its advantages:

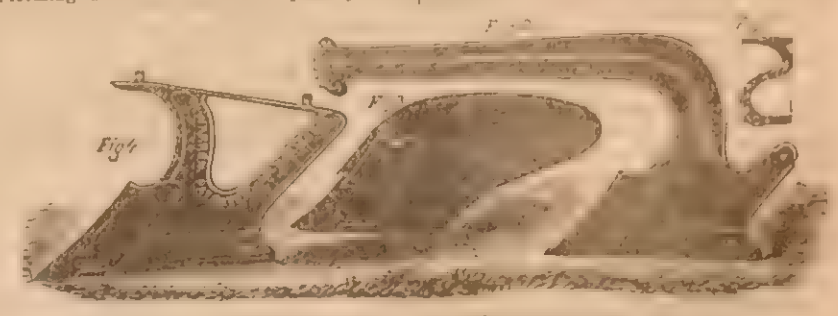
"The beam is much improved over the beams heretofore in use. It is made lighter and longer, and the peculiar shape of the beam gives it much lateral strength, [illegible] which makes the iron of a uniform toughness and consequently greater strength. A transverse section of the beam nearly resembles the letter S.

The union of the beam with the mold-board is an important point in this plow and is entirely new and very plain in construction. Figures 2, 3 and 4 clearly show how this union is made; and it may be seen that the beam extends downward and forms the landside portion of the plow. The forward part of this portion is fitted to the landside part of the mold-board in such manner that when the plow is drawn the joints are drawn more firmly together, so that if the bolts become loose the plow will keep its proper shape and not be in danger of being broken by careless plowmen. This method of forming the connection is as cheap as any of the methods heretofore used, and is far superior to any other in practical utility.

The mold-board is a fine specimen of mechanical skill; it is simple and easy of construction, and its peculiar connection with the beam gives it strength and durability beyond any plow now in use. The share is fitted to the mold-board only, and is fitted ingeniously. It has a firm and unalterable place which much decreases the liability of breaking shares.

Figure 2 is an attachment for a wood beam; it may be put in the place of the iron beam when a wood one is preferred, and can be done without any alteration whatever, by simply removing the iron beam and substituting the wood in its place. This attachment and the wooden beam have the same effect on the mold-board. The attachment, and the iron beam also, rises up back being clogged. This arrangement is very important when large clover, stubble or coarse manure is to be plowed under. The whole construction and arrangement of the plow is well adapted to the manufacturer's wishes and to the wants of the farmer. The satisfaction and recommendations of the farmers who have used it, is a sufficient guaranty to the inventor and manufacturers to induce them to offer this Plow to the public or farmers in general, for no doubt now remains that it will give satisfaction when it is thoroughly tried by a practical farmer."

Further information relative to this improvement can be obtained by addressing WALTER WARREN, the Inventor, or Messrs. WARREN & F. W. TOLLEY, the Proprietors, at Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y.



SECTIONAL PARTS OF WARREN'S PATENT PLOW.

universe. In my opinion, the only advantage derived from the *old comb* is in saving the eggs and unmatured brood, and the influence it has on the bees in accustoming them to their new home.

And the "*supposition*" that so much honey and time are consumed by the bees in constructing the comb, some may believe, but those who have had experience in bee-keeping and paid attention to the subject I think will know better. It is well known that a new swarm will often fill a hive with combs and honey to the amount of from fifty to seventy pounds, while the parent stock will not have increased in weight ten pounds, and often not five pounds. The main reason of this difference in their working is the fact that the old colony have a hive full of comb and young brood to attend to, which occupies a good share of their time, while the new swarm have nothing to do at the commencement but collect materials and construct combs and store them, but after the first two weeks *they* will not store honey or construct combs as rapidly,—and I have found that transferred stocks operate very similar. If the old combs are transferred, it occupies a great share of their time in attending to them, and the bees very seldom work as well after being transferred with the combs as before, while a stock that is transferred and have only a small quantity of brood combs in the top box will work much more industriously than before.

But if Mr. B. has as much faith in his suppositions and theories as he would have others believe, and is as anxious to inform the public on practical facts as he has been to misinform them by *misrepresenting facts*, I am ready and willing to test the matter with him, to the satisfaction of all concerned, in the following manner, viz:—He may transfer into the "*Movable Comb Hive*" five, ten or fifteen stocks of bees, with thirty or forty pounds of old combs and honey,—the combs shall be not less than four years old, (as he contends old combs are as good as new,)—and I will transfer into the Combination Hive the same number of stocks, of the same age, and quantity of bees—as near as may be,—and transfer *only a portion* of the old comb (or such as contains eggs and unmatured brood) into the top boxes. I will however reserve the privilege (if I choose to do so) of feeding to each stock in the Combination Hive the same amount of honey that he transfers into his. The hives shall all be placed in the care of responsible, disinterested persons, who shall do justice to all, and at the expiration of six months or one year they shall report a true statement of facts; and if in their opinion five dollars, or *one half* that amount is gained by transferring the old combs into the new hive, then Mr. B. shall be entitled to the Combination Hives and their contents; but if, in their opinion, that amount is *not gained* by transferring the old combs—then the "*Movable Comb Hives*" and their contents shall be forfeited to me.

Again, he is extremely anxious to inform the public of all the good qualities of the "*Movable Comb Hive*," and even exaggerates them, and is just as anxious to misrepresent and injure the reputation of the "*Combination Hive*." In referring to the latter, he says:—"There is a patent hive in this section" [and he might with *truth* said, more by the *self-conceited vendors*" [he might also say, by those using them] "to be *just the thing* needed, so that we can change the combs every year or so, and also informing the public that if the combs are not changed every year or two the bees will become dwarfs." In reply to the foregoing we will state, for "*the benefit of all concerned*," that we *do not* recommend changing the *brood combs* every year or two, or every third year, merely on account of the cells becoming *too small;* but there are other reasons why the health and prosperity of a stock of bees is benefited, and *frequently a stock saved*, by removing the old combs from them. For instance, where the combs have *mildewed* or *become mouldy*, or *infested with moths*, or *contain a diseased brood*. But *this we do say:*—The hive is just the thing for removing the old combs, or a portion of them, or of the honey stored in the lower part of the hive, just as often and whenever we think the health and prosperity of the colony and the interest of the owner requires it, whether it is *every year*, or only *once in five years*, and do it, too, without exposure to the bees or injury to them. We also say it is "*just the thing*" to accommodate either large or small families of bees with *as much* or *as little* space as they *actually need*, at any season of the year. We also state, for the benefit of Mr. B., that we will make him a handsome present if he will prove that the said sections, or anything as convenient and well arranged, and answering as good a purpose, was ever *known*, or *used* "*long ere*, or even after, "PHELPS *was born*,"—until devised and arranged by PHELPS *himself*. And we will further state, "*for the benefit of all concerned*," that we have a claim for a *patent* on the sections and dividers duly filed on record in the Patent Office, and that we have the opinion of competent judges that a patent will be issued on the same whenever I choose to have it examined; and whoever *makes or uses* the same without authority will do it at their peril.

Mr. B. also considers himself in duty bound to notify the public that the hive is just as good without "*the Moth Trap*." Now, Messrs. Editors, one of two things are *certainly true*. Mr. B. is either *entirely ignorant* of the operations and advantages of the "*Moth Trap*," and states that of which he has no means of knowing whether his statements are *true* or *false;* or, *if he is acquainted* with them, he knowingly and wilfully misrepresents them, for I am prepared to *prove* his statements false by *hundreds* who have used them.

Now, Messrs. Eds., I hope I may be pardoned for occupying so much space in the RURAL, and I should not have asked the favor or taken the trouble to reply, had the writer been fair and stated facts only; but this it appears he could not do and accomplish the object aimed at.

N. B.—I hope publishers of papers who copied the article referred to, will have the goodness to copy this also.

Elizabeth, New Jersey, 1858. E. W. PHELPS.

WINTER BARLEY, CULTURE, PRODUCT, &c.—Very many readers of the RURAL are anxious to hear concerning the results of the past season's experiments with this cereal—who will respond on the points in which information is desired?

A HOME PICTURE.

ONCE I built a house just to my fancy, and—but let me describe it to you, and tell you all about it. I owned fifteen acres just about a mile from a flourishing village in Western New York, and just a convenient distance from the New York and Erie Railroad. My land was very productive, and well cultivated. I had a great variety of fruit. In my garden were several kinds of strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, grapes and currants. In the orchard the best of apples, good peaches, pears, plums, cherries, and, besides, we had a superior vegetable garden, and a small spot devoted to flowers, and flowering shrubs in our yard. For shade, we had several varieties of our native forest trees, maple, mountain ash, basswood, &c.

Beyond my orchard, was a nice pasture for the cow, who yielded us abundance of cream and milk, and some butter. I also kept two good horses, which could be driven singly or together, as we chose. I had a plain, double carriage, a single covered buggy, and a small democrat wagon for business purposes, or muddy roads.

Now for my house. It was built of brick—part of it two stories. It was not very large, but we had plenty of room, and used it all. It was not placed in the road, but back far enough to be out of the dust and noise of travel. On the front of the main building, was a hall, and our sitting-room. We had no parlor to keep shut and open it on grand occasions—we used the best room ourselves. Our friends always found us there, when we were at home. The sitting-room was well furnished, and made in every respect as pleasant as it well could be, adorned with kindly faces, and loving smiles. We had a sort of rule, not to carry sour or gloomy faces into *that* room. On one side of this room, and adjoining the hall, was a small room where we kept a few books, and contained a writing desk, table and lounge, pictures, &c. Beyond this was our family sleeping-room, large, airy, pleasant. In this room there was a fire-place, as there was in the sitting-room. Then there was a dining room and kitchen,—not the least important department, by any means. This room was specially arranged for convenience and ease in labor. There was a box made in the wall, half of it being in the wood-house, which could be filled with wood without carrying it by armfuls in the door. Inside there was a cover which could be kept down in cold weather. There was also plenty of water to be had without going out of the room. The cellar-door opened out of the kitchen, as all cellar-doors should, or else in a pantry.

Why do people pay so little attention to the arrangements of the kitchen? What most miserably contrived houses most people live in,—not for the want of means, but from the inconsiderate, thoughtlessness of the builders. We spend the most of our lives in houses, or women do, and yet how little expense and pains are taken, to make them attractive, and pleasant, and convenient—And do we not all of us live out more than half our days, before we begin to think, and compare, and study into the whys and wherefores of existence, and see whether we are living to some end, and having the full measure of enjoyment which is our

house, would you like a picture of its inhabitants? My wife wore a rosy, healthful, happy face, and my children loved and trusted us, and each other, so that we were all united, industrious, contented. I always want to have a happy wife and children, if any. Why not? I was the head of the household, held the means in my own power, and I considered myself responsible for the well-being and contentment of every person and creature, who, through my influence, shared my life. In all my arrangements for business or pleasure, I considered my family first. In the first place, I had taken care to marry a kind, reasonable, sensible woman, and I knew, well, that to consult her taste and happiness was to augment my own, and to neglect or forget her, was the worst policy I could pursue. I found the study of the natures and needs of my wife and children most interesting as well as profitable.—Neither did I neglect to attend faithfully to my business, but I endeavored to do my whole duty, and the consequence is, I am walking down to the grave blessed with affection, respect, and am, I trust, still a useful citizen.

Who else will give us a picture of their homes and lives?

QUERCHY.

THAT "GOOD YIELD OF WHEAT."

MESSRS. EDS.:—I saw a statement in the RURAL of August 21st, relative to a very extraordinary crop of Mediterranean wheat, grown on the farm of Mr. LAFAYETTE PRITCHARD, of Chili. I was faithless, but resolved to satisfy myself as to the correctness of the story. Accordingly, I was soon on the farm of Mr. P., and had an interview with the gentleman himself. I had the precaution to arm myself with the number of the RURAL in question. After a self introduction, I called his attention to the paragraph, asking him if the statement was correct, or an exaggeration. His reply was, that in the main, it was correct; though the amount of yield per acre, he thought would exceed your statement. After allowing for the waste in harvesting and threshing, he did not doubt a yield of over forty bushels per acre.

This is, indeed, a most abundant crop, particularly when we take into consideration the unproductive variety of the wheat. He informed me that it was carefully though liberally measured as it came from the separator, and I saw that it was unusually clean, and of a superior quality. There were twenty-four large, very large loads, when taken from the field. I examined the quality of the soil, and found it to be principally clay, interspersed with muck and gravel. It is a very level field—rather low, I think, for a winter crop. It had been summer-fallowed the previous season, and I think lightly manured. There have been several very fair crops of this kind of wheat raised in that vicinity. Mr. RICHARD HARRIS of this town had a fine yield of twenty-eight bushels per acre, the past season, of this same variety; though there is a slight mixture of the Blue Stem in it. It does not, however, detract from its quality in the least, but is decidedly an advantage as that variety has a fuller and plumper berry.

As these grades of wheat are the most hardy, and the least liable to the attack of the weevil or midge, I think it is useless to sow any other, except, perhaps, on some dry sandy soils. If farmers in this section would continue to grow these hardy varieties, they may, in the course of a few years, become so acclimated or changed in quality, as to be nearly if not quite equal to the whiter varieties formerly raised in this region. A. S. O.

Ogden, N. Y., 1858.

NORTHERN ILLINOIS CORRESPONDENCE.

EDS. RURAL:—You have heard "hard times" until it has got to be a worn out story, I suppose, but it seems the West has cried "wolf, wolf," when it was nothing more than a harmless fox. Last year our fields waved with golden grain of a luxuriant growth, our garners were full and running over, and though there seemed to be a dark cloud hanging over the commercial horizon that sensibly affected the farmer, yet he could feel a kind of self complacency in thinking that at least Providence had smiled upon his efforts and bountifully supplied his immediate wants. But there is a marked contrast this year. The crops are very poor on the rich prairies of Illinois.

First, about the wheat crop in this section of the country. A variety known as the "Canada Club" has entirely failed. As it yielded more than any other kind last year, farmers put in a great share of it for the crop of the present season, thus proving that the experience of one year will not always be successful the next. Many fields of this variety stand unharvested—some farmers cut down their fields then left it laying in the gavel—others have stacked the wheat, but it will not yield more than two bushels per acre—some pieces may yield more, but five bushels is the most we can expect of poor shrunk wheat. Another variety, but recently introduced, is from Wisconsin. I believe but one piece raised in this town has done well. It has a nice, plump berry, and probably will yield from fifteen to twenty bushels per acre. This variety is known as the "Scotch Club." Both of these varieties are bald. Another kind, known as the "Rio Grande" (bearded) has done well. Many pieces will yield twenty bushels per acre, but, in comparison to the amount sown, there is little of this—Another sort the "Italian" (also bearded) I hear has done well, but I have not examined it. These varieties are all spring wheat. But very little winter wheat is raised on the prairies. Old settlers say that when the prairies first began to be settled winter wheat did well, but about eleven years ago there was an entire failure of the crop, since which time the farmers have not succeeded in raising good crops. In the Barrens, winter wheat does much better, and spring wheat is much better this season than on the prairies.

Oats, which may be said to be one of the principle crops of Illinois, are a bad failure—some fields are worth nothing. One of my neighbors threshed out what he got off of twenty acres and he had twenty five bushels. Some fields are worse than this, and some much better, but I assure you the oat crop is a complete failure—worse than the farmers ever experienced before, and it makes some look blue. They had seen wheat, corn, and potatoes fail, yet the oat crop stood by them like a faithful [illegible] will be [illegible] extremity it

Corn here will be quite good, considering the season, unless we have an unusually early frost, which many farmers are afraid of. We have already had a rumor of a frost south of us, but I cannot vouch for the truth of it. The potato crop would be tolerable if it were not for the rot which threatens to injure it badly. Grass seed is quite a common crop among the farmers here. I believe it is pretty good this year, but brings a low price, twelve shillings per bushel. Grass is generally heavy, but as we have had so much rain it has filled the sloughs full of water so we cannot cut the grass only on the margin. Hay will bring a good price next spring, especially if we have a hard winter, which many prophesy from certain indications that they think infallible.

There is not much rye sown by farmers in this section, but the little sown has done well.

Barley is light where raised, but little sown and that mostly in the Barrens.

The farmers here are almost universally in debt, and they expected to pay with the incoming crops, but they are doomed to disappointment. Many have run in debt to store-keepers and the merchants tell they *must pay*. "We are owing," say they, "large debts in New York and you know these New York folks wait neither for time nor tide—they *must* be paid or we shall be ruined. If you can't do any better you must mortgagey our farm—we must have our pay." Alas, too many mortgaged their farms in prosperous times in order to buy more land, and are now paying heavy interest for money that lies deep in the soil. We all see the evil, and would gladly apply the remedy, but we all feel our own weakness in the present crisis, and our only hope is in the Superintending Providence who does all things well. If mankind would only learn by experience not to place too much dependence on the future probability of things, there would be more hope in their case.

Barrington, Ill., 1858. L. M. HOLBROOK.

DRESSING DEER SKINS, ONCE MORE.

IN reply to your correspondent's inquiry for the Indian mode of dressing skins, I give him the method, as learned me by a person that obtained it from the Indians. It is as follows:—Place the skins in a barrel of water, with a sufficient quantity of ashes to make a weak ley. Let them remain till the hair will come off easily by scraping with the graining knife, then grain them with the back of a shoe, butcher, or graining knife,— graining knife is the best. Where shoe or other knives are used, drive the edge of them into a round stick of sufficient length to handle easily,—use a Buckeye log or some soft wood to grain on. When done hang the skins up and let them dry till they are hard and flinty, then soak in brain water with a little soft soap added. Have the water about blood warm. After they become well softened, wring dry by folding the ends of the skin together around some solid post, take a stick and run through the other end to wring with, and wipe off any water with a cloth that may remain in the folds while wringing. After wringing, pull the wrinkles out by stretching with the hands,—place your skins (hung loose) in an old barrel or dry goods box over the extremity of a covered trench of suitable dimensions, leaving sufficient space for the smoke to pass to the skins. A trench twelve or fifteen feet long is best, so as to allow the smoke to pass cool. Rotten wood or sawdust is best to smoke with,— smoke well for a day or two,—wash through brain water as before. Repeat the operation of braining and smoking three times and you will have well dressed leather. To prepare the brains for use, take sheep, beef or hog brains, place them on plates, and roast them gradually before a fire or in a stove oven till brown.—Hack them fine while roasting. They will keep for a year or two. In using, place them in a small bag of thin muslin so they will wash through in the water by rubbing.

DRESSING DEER SKINS IN OIL.—Grain the skins well,—put them into a mash of sour wheat bran; let them remain three or four days; take them out, wring and let them get about half dry, then put them in oil,—pound well, bulk them, covering from the air till they are done heating,—wash in pearl-ash water,—hang up and let dry and they are done.

JOHN P. LIMING.

Perry, Pike Co., Ill., Aug., 1858.

MESSRS. EDS.:—I see in the RURAL that A. T. NORTHRUP, of Otego, N. Y., wants a recipe for dressing deer skins according to the Indian, or smoked method. I have one I will send. Soak the skin in cold or warm water until the hair will scrape off, then scrape the hair, and grain, wash in cold water until it is clean—stretch the skin and hang it up and smoke it for one day,—take the brains of a deer or hog, or any kind of brains, and mix them in warm water; soak the skin in the liquor half a day—if a heavy skin all day. If you have not brains, strong soap suds will do. Rub the skin a considerable time in the liquor. Stretch the skin and rub it until it is dry and soft, then make a bag of it, dig a hole in the ground and make a smoke therein. Place the bag over the hole—turn so as to smoke both sides alike. The longer you smoke the skin the darker it will be. Corn cobs are good to make the smoke with.

Port Huron, Mich., 1858. C. H. CHURCH.

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE.

A REMEDY FOR HEAVES.—S. HALL, of Auburn, N. Y., says that the following prescription is a sure cure for the heaves:—One half ounce each of aloes, assfœtida, flour of lavender, fenyeek, rose-water, salt petre, sarsaparilla, spirits of nitre, anise seed, camphor gum, and three-fourths of an ounce Spanish flies, all put into a jug containg one quart of alcohol. The quantity to be given is one teaspoonful every other morning—give nine times.

GARGLING OIL AND SOAP LINIMENT.—S. A. S., of Cayuga Co., an English Veterinarian, says that a gargling oil made of equal parts of Soap Liniment, Oil of Spike and Tincture of Aloes, is superior to anything else for rheumatism, bruises, chilblains and burns in the human subject, and for sweeney, inflammation, sprains and swellings in horses or cattle. He arrives at this conclusion after sixty years experience.

SOAP LINIMENT is made thus:— Alcohol 1 pint; clarified soap 3 ozs.; aqua ammonia 4 ozs., oil of camphor 4 oz.; proof spirits 2 lbs; tincture of [illegible] as alcohol will dissolve—spirits of rosemary 1 pint. Mix, cork tight, and place *in a warm room* for seven days before using.

PRODUCT OF A STALK OF MILLET.—Seeing nothing on the subject of the raising of millet, and fearing from that fact that there was not due attention paid to its cultivation, I thought that I would give the product of one plant which grew in my garden, and which received no extra culture. The plant was five feet and nine inches high, with a head eleven inches long, containing three thousand six hundred and ninety-eight good, well-filled seeds, besides many which were not filled. The failure of a portion of the seed filling was owing to the fact that the stalk was taken up while green and set in a shop with a small handful of earth round the roots, to ripen. This may look like a large story, but it is nevertheless true, by actual count.—A SUBSCRIBER, *Geneva, N. Y.*, 1858.

CLEARING OLD FIELDS AND PASTURE LANDS.—Our way of exterminating sprouts from old fields and pasture lands, or where fences have stood for a long period, is as follows:—Remove the fences, cut the brush, briers, or whatever it may be, let them lie a short time, and burn them off. To make an end of them, take one or two yoke of oxen, as the case may require, put them to the plow, and lay the land over in the fall, turning under all of the roots if possible. Let it remain in this condition till spring; don't put on a spring crop, but harrow and plow, as you would for summer fallow, and sow to wheat, or rye if most suitable. This is our experience, and we speak whereof we know. Where oak, hickory, hazel, witch hazel, or bar-berry abounds, our theory, if carried out, will use them up.—J. W. KIRKENDALL, *Painted Post, N. Y.*

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

CEMENT PIPE.—Will some of your readers give their experience in leading water through cement pipe? What proportions of lime, sand, &c., what the cost per rod, &c.?—G. GRAVES, *Newport, N. Y., Aug.* 19, 1858.

FOR A NAME.—I herewith send you part of a head of something,—you will please tell what it is, as I never saw the like before. My brother-in-law sent it to me from Indiana; he said he had received some Italian wheat, which he sowed, and found this amongst it. He says the head grows from six to twelve inches long; the stalk also forks often, which will make it a great yielder.—CONSTANT READER, *Benton Ridge, Aug.*, 1858.

REMARKS.—The specimen enclosed was a head of the *Couch* or *Quack Grass*, or some allied European species.

PARCHMENT.—I wish to inquire through your valuable paper, if you or any of your numerous subscribers, can inform me how to tan parchment, such as drum heads are made of, and whether there is any particular animal, the skin of which is made into parchment? By so doing, you will greatly oblige a subscriber.—*, *Shelby, Orleans Co.*, 1858.

REMARKS.—Parchment is made of sheep and goat skins. As some of our readers are so well posted on the Indian process of tanning, they can no doubt give the process of making parchment.

Rural Miscellany.

GO TO THE FAIRS!—Now that the season has arrived for holding Town, District, County and State Agricultural Fairs, we would urge every friend and promoter of improvement in Agriculture, Horticulture, Manufactures, Arts, &c., to attend and contribute some product of his or her industry and skill to augment the variety and interest of the *nearest* exhibition, at least, and as many others as can be consistently attended. We regard the Town and County Fairs as the most useful and important, and worthy of the first attention; but the State exhibitions should not be neglected by those who can conveniently attend as competitors, or even as spectators only, for much can be seen and learned that will prove beneficial to practical and progressive men. All our Fairs should be more largely attended, not only by those who exhibit, but by people who need recreation and entertainment, as well as instruction. Our people have too few Holidays. "All work and no play" is not best for either health or prosperity, and we therefore favor the idea of combining innocent amusement with the useful and instructive features of our shows, thus rendering them emphatically Rural Holidays—days of celebration and rejoicing as well as of exhibits of the best products of the skill and industry of the people. The Practical and Useful should have the preference, but the attractive and even amusing may properly be included in every programme.

THE POTATO CROP IN IRELAND.—The potato crop in Ireland promises well. A letter from Dublin, dated Aug. 13th, says:—"According to the competent authority of the Banner of Ulster, the breadth of land under potatoes this year in the northern counties will be found, perhaps, to exceed 1,250,000 acres. Last season's crop turned out well, ample in yield, and, as a general rule, excellent in quality. Prices kept up to a high figure, and the export trade in that article of produce formed a most extensive branch of cross channel commerce. This season's crop of the early varieties is very superior. We are now only in the second week of August, and yet the prices for excellent potatoes in the Belfast market are under those which at a similar period of the season ruled the markets before the advent of the potato disease. Some solitary cases of the old disease are to be seen in a few fields in the country; those instances, however, are so trifling as not to be worth any serious notice. The sale of superior qualities at 4d. a stone will give some idea of the healthy and prolific state of the crop."

WHEAT GROWING IN NEBRASKA.—The last number of the Nebraska *News* has an interesting item on the yield and best time for sowing winter wheat in that climate. As to the time of sowing, it says: "The testimony of those who were the most successful this season is, that the proper time is about the fifteenth of September—not later than the twentieth. Mr. T. P. Hall, who lives on the Cottonwood, raised a fine field of fall wheat this season which was not damaged by the rust or frost, and which he sowed in the middle of September. He also had another field which he sowed about ten days later, which gave a much poorer yield than the first, did not mature so well, and was more affected by the frost and rust. Mr. Grimsley, living on Allen creek, raised about forty acres of excellent fall wheat this season, which was sown the middle of September. Both these gentlemen will sow largely this fall, and not later than the fifteenth. From indications we should judge that there would be a much larger number of acres of wheat sown this fall than last."

THE STATE FAIR.—We understand that preparations are actively going on at Syracuse for the State Fair, to be held in that city Oct. 5th to 8th, inclusive. The buildings, fences, &c., are nearly completed, and are said to be superior to those heretofore used. It is also stated that the applications for exhibition are more numerous than ever before at so early a day. All which we trust will be fully verified, and that the forthcoming Fair will be creditable to the Society and worthy of the Empire State. The location is very favorable for a large attendance and exhibition of the people and products of the State.

THE AGRICULTURAL EDITORS propose to assemble in Convention during the meeting of the American Pomological Society, to be held in New York next week. Regret that the holding of Monroe Co. Fair at same time will preclude us from attending. The RURAL will, however, be represented by our Horticultural Editor, who attends the Pomological Meeting as a delegate from the State Ag. Society.

POTATO ROT IN RHODE ISLAND.—The Providence Journal says the rot is making sad havoc among the potato fields in Bristol county, Mass., and in Bristol county, R. I. Some of the farmers in the towns of Bristol, Warren and Barrington, will not average half a crop, while not a few will scarcely save enough, of some kinds, for seed for another year.

ANOTHER UNION AG. SOCIETY.—At a meeting of citizens of the towns of Sweden, Clarkson and Union, held at Brockport on the 4th inst., preliminary arrangements were made for the formation of a Union Agricultural Society. The meeting adjourned to the 18th, when the organization is to be completed. Success to the new Union Society!

ADDRESS AT THE STATE FAIR.—It affords us great pleasure to announce that Hon. JOSEPH R. WILLIAMS, President of the Michigan State Agricultural College, has accepted an invitation to deliver the Annual Address at the New York State Fair. An appropriate an admirable selection.

THE Public Sale of Short-horns, advertised in this number by Mr. CHAPMAN, is worthy the special attention of breeders and others wishing to procure fine stock. Our advertising department also contains many other announcements of interest to Agriculturists, Horticulturists and others.

MONROE COUNTY FAIR.—For Programme of this Fair, see notice on advertising page.

Orchard and Garden.

GOOD CULTURE.

It is often remarked by writers on agriculture and horticulture, that a certain tree or plant requires *good culture*, or when giving the product of a field or tree, to state these received, or did not receive, good culture. It has been said lately, by those who have written on the culture of dwarf pears, that we cannot hope to succeed without *good culture*. This is rather indefinite, and a good many readers are troubled to know just what they must do to come up to this mark. We shall not attempt to decide this matter, but will simply give a few remarks, that will answer one or two questions asked by correspondents. Trees and plants require different treatment, and what would be good treatment for one, would be very improper for others. As a general rule, however, we consider good culture for dwarf trees, and indeed, all newly planted trees, to be just about such treatment as any good farmer would give his corn, if he intended to raise a first rate crop. Land rich enough and dry enough to raise corn well, is suited, as a general thing, to the growing of young trees of most kinds, and the same culture that will insure a premium crop of corn, will insure the health and rapid growth of all young trees. This is all the *good culture* that young trees *require*, and no one should think of making them get along with less.

THE EDITOR OF THE HORTICULTURIST.

In the September number of the *Horticulturist*, the very funny editor, JOHN JAY SMITH, gives another page on the curious production mentioned by a correspondent of the RURAL, about a year ago, and to which that journal has before devoted some space. We suppose the article was intended for *wit*, but of this we are not certain, nor have we found any one who could give a very confident guess on this point. So, to give our readers a chance to exercise their ingenuity, we copy a few sentences, as a kind of *riddle*, to be guessed out, —a specimen of the whole page, and of the acumen of this exceedingly smart editor.

Have you any idea of the hardness of the shell of the hybrid? Could you *crack* it with your teeth, like a *soft* shelled almond? Is it likely to be much in vogue "for market purposes?" How does it taste with your *roasted goose?* Would the branches be better than birch for the little boys who don't "promise well?" or could they be turned to advantage *to smoke?*

We are not willing such a desperate attempt at *wit*, or *something (?)* should be confined to the few readers of the *Horticulturist*, so we give the choicest specimens the benefit of our extended circulation. By the by, the editor has been traveling, *in pursuit of knowledge*, we suppose, and visited Niagara Falls. Speaking of the high water of the lakes, he says, in the leader in the September number:

The Rapids of Niagara, the Fall, the Whirlpool, and the [illegible] all exhibit evidence of an unwonted volume of water. This has not been without its effects. A huge rock, [illegible] former continuity of surface of the American Fall, tumbled into the abyss below with thundering noise the first night of our arrival

It was to be expected that some great convulsion of nature would take place on the "first night of our arrival," of course, but whoever heard of the "Rapids of Niagara, the Fall, the Whirlpool, and the entire St. Lawrence" being so closely connected before. We recommend our editorial brother to the Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge. Won't somebody give him a Primary Geography, so that he may learn more about the Falls and the St. Lawrence river, and a Testament, where he can read about "*motes*" and "*beams?*"

INSECTS ON THE OLEANDER.—I have a large, thrifty Oleander, but nearly all of the leaves and parts of the trunk and branches are covered with an excrescence, like the sample I send you in this note. What is the cause, and what can I do to remove them, and prevent their formation? I fear they will injure the plant. If you can give me any information on the subject, you will confer a favor on a subscriber.—MRS. M. C. VAN DUSEN, *Oak Orchard, N. Y.*, 1858.

REMARKS.—What you call an excrescence, covering the leaves and branches of your Oleander, is an insect called the *Scale Insect (Coccus, Testubo,)* or *Turtle Scale*. The large brown scales, which adhere to the specimen leaf sent, are female insects; the male insects are much smaller and furnished with wings, and do not attach themselves to the leaf like the females, and are so small that it requires a good a magnifier to distinguish them, as they move about quite rapidly, and when seen appear like small gnats. The female, when about hatching its eggs, is covered with a fine white wool, resembling spots of the finest cotton wool. This insect is very injurious to many kinds of green-house plants, and should be eradicated as soon as its presence is detected. The best way to destroy them is to take a hard brush and dip it in soft soap and water, and brush the leaves and branches thoroughly. This will displace the insect and the leaves and branches will be comparatively smooth and clean.

SUMMER APPLES.—Permit me to inquire through your valuable paper what kinds of summer and fall apples you would plant in an orchard for market that would fill up the space between the Sweet Bough and Early Harvest and Fall Pippin? I would also inquire of you or your correspondents concerning a squash known as the *Love Dutch Squash*, — size and shape about like the cocoanut; color dark-green, striped with yellow. I have seen enormous crops of these squashes raised for cattle when a boy, but since commencing business for myself I have been unable to procure the seed.—R. D. J., *Wadsworth, Aug.*, 1858.

REMARKS.—Following the *Early Harvest* is, *Early Joe*, an excellent apple, and good [illegible] the *Red Astrachan*, a beautiful fruit, but [illegible] The acid to please some, and very good [illegible] *American Summer Pearmain*, the [illegible] before the [illegible] and the *Haas Pippin*, all [illegible] Fall Pippin will give you [illegible] know anything of these

THE FINOCHIO.

We introduce to the attention of our readers a vegetable used on the Continent of Europe, and said to be a very good substitute for Celery. Indeed, those who are accustomed to it inform us that after a little use it is preferred by almost all. We presume it will grow well in this climate, and we shall make an effort to procure seed and test it next season. The following description is from the *London Gardeners' Chronicle*:

"In old books on gardening we occasionally find directions for the cultivation of vegetables that are either little known or discarded altogether from our kitchen gardens of the present day. Among these may be mentioned the dwarf variety of Fennel, called Fenouil d'Italie by the French, and *Finochio* by the Italians, of which we lately had an opportunity of seeing some beautiful specimens that were sent for examination to the Horticultural Society by M. LUDOVICO SAMORINI, 95 Eccleston Square, who has the merit of practically showing us that this salad plant may be as successfully cultivated here as in Italy.

The importance of *Finochio* in some parts of Europe may be gathered from the fact that at Naples and throughout the Roman States, and even towards Venice, it is so generally used that one cannot go a step without seeing it, — indeed, no middle class table is without it from January till June. During that time it would appear to occupy the same place among Italian vegetables that Celery does with us during the winter months, and in order to supply the great demand there is for it, a larger extent of ground is occupied by this plant alone than by almost any other crop. *Finochio*, however, must on no account be confounded with Sweet Fennel, often called Italian Fennel, which is little different from the common sort.

According to PHILIP MILLER, *Finochio* is supposed to have been originally brought from the Azorean Islands, and in his time was only to be found in a few English gardens, owing partly to the difficulty of saving its seed, or of obtaining good seed from Italy. Although known by name to some of our English gardeners, we question whether one in a hundred has ever seen it cultivated, or could tell us what it is like, excepting, perhaps, that it was a plant resembling Fennel. It is, however, very distinct from the common Fennel, seldom exceeding 18 inches in height, and characterized by a remarkable property in the leaf stalks to become, as it were, gouty close to the root and swell to a considerable thickness. By means of earthing up and blanching this thickened part an esculent is obtained which measures, on an average, 4 or 5 inches in breadth, and about 2 inches in thickness, and when fully matured is found to be perfectly white, fleshy and tender.

The mode of treatment recommended for *Finochio* in order to keep up a succession is to sow a small portion of seed once a month from March to July, in rows a foot or 16 inches apart. It is necessary to have several sowings, as the plants are apt to run to flower and the stalks become thready and hard. Water must be given occasionally, and the plants thinned in the rows so as to stand 6 or 9 inches from one another. As soon as the leaf stalks begin to swell they must be earthed up and remain until fit for use.

On the Continent the stems are often eaten raw in slices like young Artichokes, and generally without seasoning, but to have *Finochio* in perfection it is recommended to be dressed as a cold salad with oil, vinegar and pepper, and thus according to M. SAMORINI, it is "*most delicious*." In Italy it is much in request for garnishing regouts, fowl, or joints, in white sauce with macaroni, for which purpose it is boiled first, in order to prepare it for the macaroni. Another mode of dressing it is to put a little butter in the bottom of a stew-pan, then some *Finochio* already boiled and cut up in slices, salt and pepper it lightly, then sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese and small pieces of butter until the stew-pan will ever be worth cultivating in this county its taste is too much like that of Anise to be pleasant. Our object in making the remarks is chiefly for the purpose of reproving the fact that *Finochio* is capable of being seen in England without [illegible] and those who [illegible] it and will only take the trouble to procure good seed from the Continent (the seed saved in this country being apt to degenerate) may hope to see *Finochio* attain a degree of excellence under English treatment far surpassing what it has ever reached even in Italy."

As our summer [illegible] is unlike that of Italy than England, may we hope to [illegible] this vegetable? Our seedsmen would do well to import some of the seed. The seedsmen of this country, we are sorry to say, are far behind the nurserymen in this kind of enterprise.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR CAULIFLOWER?—We have planted, transplanted, weeded and hoed them according to directions, until a single plant will fill a good sized tub, and still they are only plants—no head, scarcely any signs of one. It is almost fall; our cabbage is headed and eatable, and now, what further shall we do for our cauliflower? I have read that they would head very well in the cellar, or under a shed, but how? certainly not by pulling them up and merely laying them under the shed, or in the cellar. Or, must we build a shelter over them as they stand, or put soil in the cellar in which to insert the roots?—MRS. E. M. C.

REMARKS.—Cauliflower, particularly the late kinds, will form the head or flower much better during the cool, damp weather of autumn than in the heat of summer. If the fall should be dry, water your plants as often as you see the leaves drooping, and most of them may form heads during this and the next month. Before frost pull all that have not made heads and stand them erect on the cellar bottom, covering the roots with a little earth, or sand. In such a situation we have known heads to form quite freely. The only variety of cauliflower [illegible] well adapted to this [illegible] *Paris*. The first seed of that variety that came to this country was sent us by L. VILMORIN, of Paris, and it succeeded so well that we have imported it almost every season since. Nine out of every ten plants will form good heads with the same care given to cabbage. We distributed this seed among the vegetable gardeners here, and induced some of our seedsmen to import it. The result is that now our market is well supplied with this delicious vegetable, while a few years ago a decent cauliflower could not be obtained for its weight in gold.

BEST TIME FOR PLANTING, &c.—If not too much trouble, please answer us following questions:—What is the best time for setting out fruit trees, apple, peach and pear? What would be a good selection for apples, 6 varieties; peach, 3 varieties; pear, 2 varieties? What is the best time for setting evergreens and shrubbery? Give a selection of eight trees of the most hardy varieties suitable for a lawn?—J. R. L., *Hickox, Pa.*, 1858.

REMARKS.—We like fall planting best in this section. In colder localities where trees sometimes are injured in the winter, we would prefer the spring, and if trees were obtained in the fall they should be "heeled in." I would be pretty difficult for us to decide what varieties to select were we confined to so few. We can give a number of excellent sorts. *Apples*—Early Harvest, Early Joe, Fall Pippin, Rhode Island Greening, Spitzenburgh. *Peaches*—Early York, Crawford's Early, Crawford's Late. *Pears*—Bartlett, Louise Bonne de Jersey. We would plant shrubs in the fall where the climate was favorable, but evergreens in the spring. The trees suitable for a lawn would depend upon its size. For a lawn of small extent the Mountain Ash, the family of Thorn the White Fringe, and similar small trees, and the taller growing shrubs should be selected. For grounds of more extent the American Elm, the Horse Chestnut, Silver and Sugar Maple, American Linden, Tulip Tree, Magnolia Acuminata, &c., may be planted. A few of the weeping trees and magnolias and evergreen trees should have a place in every lawn.

BLACK KNOT ON PLUM TREES.—In this section of the country, the "*Black Knot*," or "*Plum Wart*," is destroying our plum trees, and if, through your widely circulated paper, you will answer the following questions, it will be the means of doing a great deal of good. The questions in reference are these:—1st. What is the cause of Knot? 2d. What is the preventive? 3d. What are the cures or remedies?—T. T. S., *Dansville, Liv. Co., N. Y.*, 1858.

REMARKS.—1. The cause is not known. 2. Preventive the same. 3. Cut away the limb as soon as evidence of the wart is seen. If it appears on large limbs, the knot may be cut away without destroying the limb. A friend who has been quite successful in combating this disease, after cutting out the knot washes the wound with strong brine, which arrests it in most cases.

ROSES, &c.—S. T., *Sherman, Ohio.*—Soapsuds and wood-ashes will be good for your peach trees. If unleached, don't allow them to come in contact with the bark. For the roses, have the soil deep, and good, and if not naturally so, take out the poor soil and replace it with better. Manure with well rotted stable manure.

OREGON—SOIL AND PRODUCTIONS.

EDS. RURAL:—The soil of Oregon embraces as large a variety perhaps, as that of any State in the Union. In some places, along the rivers and following up small water courses to where there has been a lake in former centuries, the soil is of a dark, vegetable make, resembling very much the bottom lands of the Connecticut. The prairies, which are by far the largest part of the Willamette River Valley, are of a black loamy nature, sometimes the clay predominating, and at other times the larger part being vegetable mould. Another large part of this valley, embracing the slopes of the mountains and nearly all the hilly portion, is a reddish clay. All of these different soils are good for wheat, oats, corn, potatoes, carrots, turnips, cabbage, beans, peas, and every other variety of grain and vegetable that is grown in the United States. It has been supposed that Indian corn and broom corn would not grow well here. This, however, is given up. Thorough, deep culture, will bring large and remunerative crops of corn, as good as can be raised in any but the very best corn growing States. I have seen bushels of corn in the cribs of our farmers of as long, large and thrifty looking ears, as I ever saw in the State of New York. Broom corn will grow well, but it is not as good as that raised in the Mohawk and Connecticut Valleys. The brush is often shorter, and of a much coarser texture.

FRUITS.—Almost all kinds of fruit which can be raised in the Genesee Valley, grow here with great rapidity, and we have thought that the trees would be less likely to be killed by frosts, but the last year has been very fatal to various kinds of fruit. Many kinds of apples, pears, plums, and cherries have been killed. While this is the case with many trees,—orchards on flat, watery ground, suffering severely—others have not suffered, and I think I can safely say, judging from accounts from the East, that we have had less trial in this matter than others. Some are discouraged also, in their efforts to raise cherries and pears from yearly losses, especially cherries; but others are expending hundreds of dollars in setting out young pear orchards, and many believe that cherries will grow well, if we can only get the right kind of stocks to graft on; most of those that have died being on the wild, bitter cherry of this coast.

In answer to those that have written, asking information, I would say that our nurseries embrace all the kinds of apples, pears, plums, cherries, peaches, apricots, nectarines, currants, gooseberries, raspberries, strawberries, and blackberries, that have been proved by our eastern nurserymen long enough to become of established good reputation. No one coming to this country, need bring with him scions of any of the standard varieties of DOWNING, BARRY, or THOMAS. They are all here. Our enterprising nurserymen have spared no reasonable pains to procure all, by way of variety in fruit, that we could ask for. Even the taste of an epicure could be gratified, if such a thing is possible. I think I can safely say that the people of Oregon, *as a body*, know more about [illegible] Union. They have studied the character, habits, and wants of a fruit orchard, so that the work of production is done quicker and better than in any of the States. Sometimes you will find four or five of the standard fruit books on a farmer's table, and they are not useless appendages, but well read, bearing the marks of having been searched through and through. Tell a man you will give him eight or ten dollars per bushel for all apples he can raise, and you place before him the strongest stimulus to energy and perseverance in pushing forward his orchard in the shortest possible time. This has been the price for the five years I have been in Oregon. I do not, therefore, boast of any superior capacity for the people, when I say what I have of their knowledge of fruit-growing. The farmers of any State would have searched for, and obtained a like knowledge and success, with the same inducements.

The question has been asked me, what part of Oregon is best adapted to fruit growing? To this I answer,—every part, north and south, hill and valley, on prairie land and timber, wherever there is dry land, and soil enough for the roots, the trees will grow, if you will cultivate the land and give the trees a proper chance. Four years ago this last spring, I set out a small orchard of yearling trees before the ground had been plowed at all; now some of the trees measure sixteen feet thro' the top from tip to tip of limbs. No one coming to Oregon to engage in the fruit-growing business, need wait a single year before he starts his orchard. If he arrives in the fall, he may purchase his land in most of the farming districts, for about five dollars per acre, put in the plow at once, and before spring comes have it fenced and his orchard growing. Any quantity of good healthy trees may be had at $25 per hundred.

This whole country is very healthy, and the people generally look fresh and robust. We have innumerable springs gushing out of our hills and mountains, and wells of pure soft water may be found at almost every man's door. I have never seen a marshy piece of land in this whole country. That terrible miasmatic generator of Michigan and other Western States, which makes so many pale faces for the new settlers, has not yet crossed the Rocky mountains. Our diseases are mostly of the New England stamp, though the country is not yet as consumptive. Some, however, think it will be, when it becomes older. I have thus endeavored to answer every inquiry which has been made of me by letter. If anything further is desired, I will be happy to inform your readers through the RURAL. O. DICKINSON.

Salem, Oregon Territory, 1858.

VICTORIA RHUBARB.—A year ago this spring, I obtained a root of rhubarb, called the "Victoria Rhubarb," which I transplanted in my garden, and I now find that it is superior to any rhubarb that I ever tried. The leaves are three feet across when full grown, and the stalks are twice as large as the common kind, have a good tart and also are finer grained which, of course, makes better sauce and pies for the table one than the common rhubarb.—Perhaps some of the readers of the RURAL have the same kind or something better. If so, let us hear from them.—H. B. LAWRENCE. *Wayne, Kennebec Co., Me.*, 1858.

Domestic Economy.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

THANKFUL for the favors received through the Domestic Column of the RURAL, I am willing to contribute my mite for the benefit of others. First, in reply to "AMELIA," I make good and light dumplings just as I would cream biscuit, that is, take, from the cream jar, one pint good cream; teaspoon salt, and a teaspoon saleratus; mix quick, divide in eight or ten equal parts, roll out and fold in your fruit—if apples, the quarters of one apple in each part. Now as to cooking them. They should be steamed or baked in order to be digestible. If boiled, tie each one separately in a cloth, tightly, allowing plenty of room for swelling.

I will tell you a nice way to starch linen. Dissolve two ounces refined gum arabic in one pint boiling water, when it has settled pour off in a bottle. When you make starch, put one tablespoonful of this to a pint of starch, then pass quickly, two or three times through, a clean sperm candle end, while the starch is hot.

MRS. NICK.—The following preparation is the best I have ever seen tried for salting cucumbers, green tomatoes, &c. The salt may be soaked out when wanted for use in two days, if kept in warm water, and I have had them keep well in this brine two years. For one barrel pickles, dissolve 20 lbs. salt in cold water; ½ lb. saltpetre, 2 ozs. alum, in boiling water, put them together, with sufficient water to cover them. M. E. P.

Palmyra, N. Y., 1858.

ELDERBERRY WINE.—INQUIRY.

EDS. RURAL:—Having noticed an inquiry in last week's NEW YORKER, for a recipe for Elderberry Wine, I send one, and can recommend it as being very nice. Pick the stems from the berries, to one quart of berries add one quart of water, boil five minutes, strain out the juice and add one pound of sugar to each quart of juice. Boil the mixture and skim it, then strain it in clean stone jars—toast some bread, spread yeast on both sides, and lay about half a slice carefully on top of the liquor when it is nearly cold. Remove the bread in two or three days. When it has done fermenting, put it in a keg—put ginger and cloves in a bag and sink in the wine—remove the bags in four or five weeks. To nine gallons of liquor, I put one teacup of ginger and one of cloves. In January, bottle it up and keep in a dry cool place—do not fill the bottles full, as they are apt to burst. It is not really nice until mid-summer. I made a quantity last August and it is now splendid. I consider the medicinal properties it contains very excellent.

Can any of the lady readers of the RURAL tell me how to preserve lemons, fresh and nice, through the winter. I have kept them in dry sand, also wrapped them separately in papers, but they would become dry and hard, or else mould. M.

Oak Orchard, N. Y., 1858.

HOW TO MAKE PICKLES.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Mrs. NICK asks through the columns of the RURAL for a recipe for making pickles. Aside to you, Messrs. Editors, do you think "Old Nick" has a wife? If so, is it possible she may be the same? If you think so, please don't let her know what I write, I would not like to gratify *her*. For the rest of your readers, think I have one that will suit the most fastidious. Have some made after it now as good as when made last summer.

Take ripe cucumbers, pare them—cut lengthwise—scrape out the inside, and put them in weak brine, three or four days. To two quarts vinegar, put four pounds of sugar; one grated nutmeg; a small bunch cinnamon, and a few cloves. Press the brine out of them—rinse in cold water, and boil in the vinegar and spices until tender and transparent. Lay them carefully in a jar or earthen dish and pour the vinegar over them—keep closely covered, and I think you will have as good pickles as you can desire. EUGENIA.

Windsor, N. Y., 1858.

"BRANDY AND SALT" FOR INFLAMMATION.—In reply to to "A Subscriber," I would say, (as the case appears to require *external* application only,) put into the *best French* brandy, rather more salt than it will dissolve, so that after being well shaken a little may remain at the bottom. Let it stand until it has become perfectly clear. A portion of the liquid should then be poured off and a piece of soft rag, wet with the lotion, wrapped round the diseased part—this should not be removed, but kept constantly wet by laying on other cloths saturated with the mixture. If the very best brandy cannot be procured, alcohol will be a good substitute. It is, with confidence, recommended for *inflammation only*. It may at first appear to irritate, but should be persevered in.—A MOTHER, *Stafford, N. Y.*, 1858.

TO DESTROY ANTS.—Having noticed an inquiry in the RURAL for destroying ants, I would say that a strong solution of chloride of lime, sprinkled about the places where they frequent, we have found an effectual remedy for both the red and black ant. As an experiment, I sprinkled some of this solution on an ant hill, long inhabited by black ants, and in a few days I found that the whole colony had left for parts unknown.—ELLEN, *Sweden, N. Y.*, 1858.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Take ½ bushel tomatoes, scald them and press them through a common seive—boil down one-half, then add 2 tablespoons salt; 1 of black pepper; 1 spoonful of Cayenne pepper; ½ do. of cloves; ½ cinnamon; and ½ of mace. Mix well and add 1 teacupful of vinegar. Bottle, seal and set in a cool place. Preserved in this way they retain their natural flavor.—PHIL. A. PORT, *Rochester, N. Y.*, 1858.

SALT RHEUM OINTMENT.—One lb. lard; 1 lb. tar; 1 oz. palm oil; 1 oz. rosin; 1 gallon soft or rain water. Boil three hours and let settle twenty four—scum off the top and use freely night and morning. If the eyes are affected, wash in the water that boiled the ointment four weeks for a cure. This recipe sold for twenty five dollars.—J. A. P., *Corning, N. Y.*, 1858.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SHE.

'Twas then, one holy hour of even,
I roamed the hill, the vale pursu'd,
To where the softest winds of heaven
Came down, and th' fair flow'ret's wooed.
Where one low cot peeped from the trees,
And birdlings sang their notes of bliss,
I woke to joy in scenes like these—
To rapture in a woman's kiss.

One lovely cot, and there a face
Form'd to ensnare, enchant, enchain,
A witching form whose fairy grace
Sped lightning currents thro' my brain,
The pouting lips lit by a smile,
Whose beauty it were woe to miss;
The heart that held no thought of guile
Pure as incarnate virtue is.

Alone, with nature's glorious throng
Of leaves, and trees, and birds, and flowers,
She breath'd where forests make their song,
And sipped the sunshine of the hours.
A wild and wayward, careless boy,
I was a man by love's sweet test,
And plucked and ever wore the joy,
A diadem upon my breast.

And time has yearly left a leaf
Upon the brow of me and mine,
Till whiten'd as the harvest sheaf,
We calmly wait the final chime.
For she has gilded all my day,
As years laid snow upon my brow;—
Her smile has been the blissful ray
To make my heart as calm as now.

Watertown, N. Y., 1858. I. M. B.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

EVENING THOUGHTS.

Night comes on again, and silence, and deep thoughts and sacred memories. Now are here the treasured images of the past, which fly from the jostling crowd of cares and busy life's employment, and returning with the evening shadows, flit a moment round in forms so lovely and so real, that we forget they are but shadows with the rest; and, as the heart, delighted, seeks to retain the charm, a train of thought rises within, and they are gone. For while the chill and darkness of night prevail over the broad domain of day—from the point where the new light first beamed in rosy beauty, to that where its latest gleam expired—we remember in fear the clouds which may darken life's morning, the changes which may obscure its meridian effulgence, and that night of death which must at last so surely seal, in long eclipse, the springing hopes and ever-forming schemes of man.

It is silence all; yet a voice holds eloquent converse with the spirit. The winds seem hushed to listen and the stars, in their high spheres, to sparkle with a new consciousness of a glorious presence as if He who "walked in the garden in the cool of the day," now again more manifestly reveals Himself, scattering from the fair earth and sky, the pollutions which day has gathered, and imparting to the [illegible] new and tenderest tokens of His love.—a Father's love! Humility then may bow the spirit down and tears suffuse the eye; but not in grief. Like the dews of evening they but testify that His purifying breath has passed, and called them forth; for in the secret chambers of the soul there is a song of gladness waking, and a softly breathed petition still repeated—"Thy will be done."

Then, thanks for the night, its silence filled with spirit melodies—for its deep thoughts, which warn us of uncertain joys, and chasten the too presuming plans of life by remembrance of a certain death! Thanks, too, for those welcome visitants which come when the full tide of business and excitement has subsided, briefly to restore the past, and brighten the beautiful links which hold us to each other; but, more than all, thanks for the grace which, in the contemplation of earth's changes, and clouds of gathering darkness, brings submission and assurance from on high!

New York, 1858. ANNA.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ONLY A DEWDROP.

Do you mark yon pretty sparkler, poised so gracefully on the extreme verge of the tiny velvet blossom, which, beautiful as it, bows it fair head humbly as it woos to its bosom the glittering atom, reflecting back from its polished surface, in a thousand brilliant colors, the rays of the rising "day god," and sinking at last gently back into the soft embrace of its purple-browed wooer.—Quick, ere it fades from our admiring gaze, let us imprison the glittering gem, which, brighter than diamond or pearl, seems to obscure for a time even the pure loveliness of spring's floral beauties. Only a dewdrop—it is gone, and we look in vain for the glowing beauty that a moment since enchained our admiring vision.

Another gazed fervently, yet oh, how lovingly, upon the tiny form of her heart's idol, and twining her soft finger in the sunny luxuriance of curling hair, echoed back from her over full heart the rich melody of baby laughter, that, springing from those small red lips, filled all the room with a bird-like music, more beautiful to that mother's ear, than the most labored productions of art. Yet again, she bowed above that slight form, but not as then, with joy and hope lightening up each glance, for the baby limbs lie motionless in their little bed, the sweet tones are hushed, and the blue-veined lids fall gently over the dim eyes, but now beaming with childish love and intelligence. Only a dewdrop! Ah, mourning mother, hast thou not faith to see that the budding beauty of thy babe has, like the dewdrop, returned unspotted to the heaven from which it was taken.

A youth sought eagerly the blushing honors of the world, and with wealth, ambition, and love showering their gifts upon his favored head, he said in his heart,—I am content, when lo, death came boldly into the sacred precints of his household. One by one, its dear ones "slept beneath the violets," and a lonely man sat in the elegant luxuriance of his desolated home, mourning over lost joys. Yet not here paused the destroyer, his wealth passed from him like a dream, and again toiling and alone, he braved the world. Only a dewdrop. Wealth, worldly honors—are they not like to the dewdrop, exceedingly beautiful for a season, and then gone, and like the meteor, leaving no trace, save in the half-dazzled memory? Love—art thou not also like the dewdrop, for thou art not alone of earth, and he who in this world loveth much, shall in the world to come receive even as he hath given, with interest. CLARA.

Alden, N. Y., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HAVE YOU A HOME!

Home! How do you interpret the word? It is plain English—you have heard it all your life. Home! How does it sound? What does it mean? Is the place where you eat, and drink, and sleep, your home? Is it the space enclosed within walls of wood, or brick, or stone? Is it the land within your fences? Is it——? *Where* is it? *What* is it?

Home! Beautiful, but oft misinterpreted word. One may have food, and shelter, and raiment, and yet have no home—for no earthly outward seeming, has power to make any one spot more dear than another.

Home is not always amid pomp, or within palaces. It may be in the secluded valley, and within a narrow hedge, or anywhere, if the hearts who live and beat there are full of love and kindness.

Home is where angry words and contentions, jars and misandertandings are banished—where cruel, unkind words, *cannot* enter, to pierce and break the heart, or drive sleep from the pillow—where all is concord, unity, oneness of purpose. Home, in short, is not alone in things, but its true meaning is a heart we can lean upon and trust with unlimited confidence. Home is not any one thing, but a combination of excellencies.

Reader, if you have a place you call your own—no matter how humble if it is clean and adorned with the comforts of life—and the hearts there welcome your footsteps with joy, to whom your presence is a delight, your voice music, then you have indeed a home, and your happiness is but little less than that enjoyed by angels. HATTIE.

DESCRIPTION OF A FLIRT.

Your true flirt has a coarse-grained soul; well modulated and well tutored, but there is no fineness in it. All its native fineness is made coarse, by coarse efforts of the will. True feeling is a rustic vulgarity the flirt does not tolerate; she counts its healthiest and most honest manifestation all sentiment. Yet she will play you off a pretty string of sentiment, which she has gathered from the poets; she adjusts it prettily as a Ghobelin weaver adjusts the color in his *tapis*. She shades it off delightfully; there are no bold contrasts, but a most artistic mellow of *nuances*.

She smiles like a wizard, and jingles it with a laugh, such as tolled the poor home-bound Ulysses to the Circean bower. She has a cast of the head, apt and artful as the most dexterous cast of the best trout-killing rod. Her words sparkle and flow hurriedly, and with the prettiest doubleness of meaning. Naturalness she copies, and she scorns. She accuses herself of a single expression or re- her schooling. She measures her wit by the triumphs of her art; she chuckles over her own falsity to herself. And if by chance her soul — such germ as is left of it — betrays her into untoward confidence, she condemns herself, as if she had committed crime.

She is always gay, because she has no depth of feeling to be stirred. The brook that runs shallow over a hard pebbly bottom always rustles. She is light-hearted, because her heart floats in sparkles. She counts on marriage, not as the great absorbent of a heart's love and life, but as a happy, feasible and orderly conventionality, to be played with, and kept at a distance, and finally to be accepted as a cover for the faint and tawdry sparkles of an old and cherished heartlessness.

She will not pine under any regrets, because she has no appreciation of any loss; she will not chafe at indifference, because it is her art; she will not be worried with jealousies, because she is ignorant of love. With no conception of the soul in its strength and fulness, she sees no lack of its demands. A thrill she does not know; a passion she cannot imagine; joy is a name; grief is another; and life, with its crowding scenes of love and bitterness is a play upon the stage.—*Ik. Marvel.*

YOUNG LADIES.

One of the great social evils of this age is admitted to be the reluctance of our young men to early marriages. They won't marry now, we are told, as they used to do, and ought to do, on $300 a year. Depend upon it, in many and many a case it is not the odd hundred or two that is wanting—it's the attraction. We have lost that joyous and familiar intercourse between neighbors' families, where young people's individualities had space and opportunity to develop themselves, and heart met heart. Our modish Cupid has overstrung his bow—his arrows don't hit home. Young ladies hide away the key of their hearts so carefully that nobody thinks it worth looking for. Who is to choose "the one" out of a bevy of proper-behaved damsels like a row of hollyhocks, differing only in height and shape and color? They all look alike, dress alike, talk alike, and walk alike; and, for anything that appears to the contrary, think alike and feel alike. Why, such a choice is an act of deliberate intention—matrimony pretense; few men have the nerve to venture upon it. No wonder they calculate the probable butchers' and bakers' bills before they take such a plunge as that. Don't fancy that I talk like a cynical old bird, not to be caught with chaff. I talk as the exponent of what my own feelings would be if I were young, and open as I once was to the conviction of bright eyes. There's my nephew, Jack Hawthorne, not long home from the Crimea, six feet one, independent, hairy as a Skye terrier, brave as a lion, (clasps for Alma and Balaklava,) gentle as a greyhound, and I should say, impressible, decidedly. "What I missed most," said he, in his open-hearted, unabashed simplicity, "was the sight of a woman's face." Whereupon I spoke:—"I wonder, Jack, you don't marry; it would make you a happier man than living half your days in the smoking-room of the club. Why not pick up a nice girl, and set up the family name again at the old manor?" "Well, so I would," said Jack, interjectively between the puffs of his cutty; "but there are no girls now—they're all young ladies! Catch me marrying a young lady!" —*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

BY J. BRAMSLEY

The Cable in its ocean bed
Where storms forget to rave,
And howling winds refuse
To urge the curling wave,
Beneath the strife of power,
The tempest's racking breath,
Has hi'd him down to slumber
Unmindful of their wrath.

Upon a bed of coral,
In "amber-dropping caves,"
O'er shells of brightest lustre
Which sparkle through the waves;
Along the caverned niches
Its lengthen'd form is laid,
Where echo mocks the ringing
Of the shout of happy Naiad.

No prince of eastern nation,
Where "showers barbaric pearls,"
And gems and diamonds rival
The glance of dark-eyed girls,
Can boast a couch more rich,
With wealth from every shore,
Than the one in whose embrace
It rests for evermore.

Wrapped in a sleep magnetic—
(The spark which science caught
Falling from the altar of Heaven,
And kindled into thought—)
The strange mysterious wire,
Within its twisted coil,
Shall dream of the pride of nations,
Their honor and their toil.

Through each metallic fibre
Made vital by "the spark,"
The wishes of a world shall pass
Unerring to their mark;
And such shall be the dreaming,
The visions which shall rise
Like meteors swiftly darting
Athwart the midnight skies.

Nor yet unwatched its sleeping
Beneath the flashing foam,
A silent band of seamen
Are there to guard their own.
The mane of the British Lion
Is lifted by the tide,
And hearts of oak, now wasted,
Are scatter'd by its side.

Columbia's "Spangled Banner,"
Within its twining folds,
In an embrace of honor
Full many a sailor holds,
Whose arms of Saxon prowess
Once nailed it to the mast,
To proudly wave above them
For the glory of the West.

And when the smoke of battle
Had lifted from the deep,
And the sailor's sight grew dim,
And cold and white his cheek,
His quick ear caught the flapping
Of "the stripes" still floating high—
Wish'd they might e'er enfold him
And gladly would he die.
Such were the men who feared not,
The dauntless and the free,
Whose white bones guard the Cable
In the deep bed of the sea.
And though the soul which moved them
No longer holds its sway,
The spirit that infused them
Still warms their kindred clay.

Ithaca, N. Y., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

LAMP MUSINGS.

Alone, in a thinly settled portion of the Great West, with the "shades of night" closing around me; I look out of my window, and see upon every side the dim out-line of the "forest trees," like a dark green belt encircling the clearing. I strain my eyes at every point, to discover an opening—a view of the world beyond—but I fail, save in one place, (the road,) and even there the lines of perspective close so suddenly, that I would rather not see them at all. Alone did I say?—not quite. It is true that the shades have deepened into darker hues—that the trees have grown more dim—that the range of my vision has become smaller, and that I have lit my evening lamp. Still, I am *not* alone.

Out among the mon-lit trees—where the shadows play with the young oaks—the wild deer pauses in his course, to look with the earnest gaze of his large hazel eyes, upon the light of my lamp. Then, the quiet stars are twinkling in the blue sky just as they did above my City Home; and the moon shines just as lightly as in other lands. But there are other companions. In the large oaks beside the gate, industrious insects continually assert that "Katy did," and that "Katy didn't," break some unfortunate bottle. And down in the pond—among the green grass, and upon the "wind-stirred" leaves—a thousand "voices of the night" are swelling the chorus of Nature's grand anthem. Splendid songs they sing! Songs of gratitude—songs of love to the Summer Queen.

I must look again at the moon. How calmly she sits in her car of white clouds, and how peacefully she glides along the blue path o'er which her regal consort walked throughout the long hours of the day. How my mind reverts to the hours of my childhood, when my young eyes never grew tired of gazing at the 'big round moon." I had a theory about her, that have since looked on as quite imaginary. I thought that when good people died, they went directly to the moon; and I fancied that it must be a very happy home, and that those who were there ought to feel very contented. They could sail along in the "stilly night," among beautiful clouds, with a thousand pale stars to light their happy homes. No scorching heat to distress them—no uncertainty of wind or weather. I had read of comets, and thought how splendid they appeared from the moon, and often (in my courageous moments,) have I longed to be there, that I might see the great fiery things rushing along through the burning air, swift as the lightning's flash, and terrible as a thunderbolt. When my little sister died, and they laid her long golden ringlets among the white drapery of the coffin, I felt more sorrow than I could express; but I comforted myself with the thought, that when the moon shone she would look down upon me, and that she would be very happy in her "Home of Light." So I looked upon the "Queen of Night" with feelings of love. Ah, me! these childish fancies are, after all, more sensible than some of the theories of our maturer years.

There is a Whip-poor-Will. The little fellow has "planted himself," (I wish that he would grow there,) directly beneath my window. How energetically he emphasises the "Will." I like some birds more than others—this one especially. He has such a prompt, business-like way of announcing the fact that Poor Will must be whipped. But I hate the black buzzards that live about this place. They seem to me like uneasy spirits, clothed in dark forms, and hung in the air above us, to cast shadows upon the green earth beneath. It may appear strange, but I think that the Creator of the Universe has set apart some birds for the especial purpose of singing for him. For instance,—yesterday I rose early. The stars were still shining, but dimly. Through the chambers of the east came the messenger, light. With a quick hand he kindled the morning fires, and soon they began to burn. At first, with a pale light that trembled for existence in every breath of air; then with increased brightness, until the stars were paled, and the crimson flowers burst through the long line of waving clouds. The sun was rising, and another day was dawning. On the top of a tall tree sat one of these favored birds. With his head turned to the east, he gave to the morning air notes that came as clear and distinct as the finest trillings of a flute. At first they rose firm and loud, until his little throat seemed to tremble with the volume of sound—then they changed to a gentle whispering of sweetest melody. Could any other bird equal the exquisite variations of that song? Did not his Creator compose the music of that piece?—Was he not chanting a sweet anthem in accordance with the will of the King of Kings?

Well, I must stop writing. The night is waning. My lamp has begun to burn low, and its light trembles like the hopes and fears of my day life. These things are but the types and shadows of greater realities, and nights and days are but sundered links of the chain of life. More anon

Stanton Copper Mines, Mo., 1858. S. E. W.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE POETRY OF THE PRESENT.

We beg leave to differ with J. Whitney S., of Lima, in endeavoring to support the theory that, for the present, the time of sublime poetry and immortal names has passed. Indeed, there was a time when darkness shrouded a living world, and there reigned a night, entirely incompatible with the nature of man. The necessities of a race of progressive beings called for energetic, spirit-stirring men, and they arose. Long pent-up light burst the bonds that held in darkness the windows of the soul, till, with the rapidity of that ethereal substance, it covered the whole earth, and now is shining forth as the noonday sun. Those days called for great men, and the same raised them up.

In days when history was chronicled only in traditional song, lived Homer and Ossian—their lives veiled in obscurity. Coming down to the [illegible] over two hundred years ago — find him engaged in the cause of his country (the defence of the English people) with an enthusiasm which cost him the sacrifice of sight, shutting out the glare of a dazzling world, and leaving the mighty poet to mature within himself those wonderful powers of conception and imagination which, at the last, worked out that one great effort of his genius,—Paradise Lost.

In the first place, the world has settled down into a state of comparative security. Light has struggled and conquered. It has ushered in the noon of time. The days that tried men's soul's have passed away. The present state of things does not demand the giant minds that did the days of old, and adequate to the wants will be the strength of man.

Again, the world has been blessed with masterpieces of genius, which may be equalled but never excelled. *They* have borne away the crown. The idea prevails that, like other things, poetry must progress in grandeur and sublimity; therefore the expectations of man are excited to something higher and better than the world has yet produced. That of equal merit must fall below its intrinsic worth.

In the third place, the great and wonderful poems that have descended to us shine like so many suns to illuminate the literary world, and the light is sufficient. Within their angles of light all our efforts appear mean and useless.

If we attempt to delineate the beauties of the Sacred Scriptures, Milton's "Paradise Lost" is before us; our pen drops from our grasp, and we relinquish the effort. We attempt to enshrine on the tablet of poetry the daring deeds of Roman heroes, but Shakspere, in "Julius Cæsar," has so graphically described the scene that we despair of doing justice to our task. If we would pronounce an eulogy upon the trials and noble perseverance of our native forefathers, a Mrs. Hemans has beautifully told it all in her "Landing of the Pilgrims." The eternal seasons still roll on in their unalterable courses, but Thompson has said sufficient. If we would sing of the uncertain future, Alfred Tennyson has sweetly sung of what the world will [illegible]

"When the years have passed away."

There may be a poetry, the future, but little of the present.

Piffard, N. Y., 1858. Jane E. H——.

Books.—Books are the voices of the distant and the dead. Books are the true travelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society and the presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am, the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If learned men and matter tho' they will take up their abode under my roof—if Milton will take my threshold to sing to me of Paradise; and Shakspeare opens to me the worlds of imagination, and the workings of the human heart; and Franklin enriches me with his practical wisdom—I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place I live.—*North and South.*

Second thoughts are the adopted children of experience.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

I HEAR THEM CALLING.

The great and good who have had their birth
In the olden time gone by,
Have passed away from the sordid earth
And dwell with the blest on high.
But oft when the shades of eve are falling
From their starry home above,
I seem to hear them calling, calling,
In the sweet accents of Love.

They beckon me to follow them,
And hold up to my sight
A sparkling, beauteous diadem
And robe of shining white;
And when the shades of eve are falling
From their starry home above
I seem to hear them calling, calling,
In the sweet accents of Love.

They tell me that time's work below
Nobly performed must be,
If I would eat the fruits that grow
On life's immortal tree.
Thus when the shades of eve are falling
From their starry home above,
I seem to hear them calling, calling,
In the sweet accents of Love.

Sandstone, Mich., 1858. Adniel

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

WATCH AND PRAY.

Mariner on life's tumultous sea, go watch and pray. Though the blest boon of health be thine, and thy prospect of life fair, thou knowest not how soon thy pulse may cease its beating, and thy form be laid lifeless and cold in the grave. Then, while life still remains, put aside the vanities of earth and lay thy treasure up above, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." Go watch and pray. Thou canst not know how soon thine hour will come. The bell that is now tolling for a fellow-mortal, may next toll its notes for thee. Thy life hangs on a brittle thread, which may be broken by a word from Him who giveth thee breath. *This* day may be thy last—art thou ready to go at the call of Death? Watch and pray, for soon thou mayest be summoned to meet thy God.

And thou, gentle youth, whose little bark has been launched so short a time, hast need to watch and pray. Art thou still free from care? Are hopes's fair visions spread before thine eyes? Dost thy pulse beat strong? Does life's sea seem to be ever tranquil? Watch and pray. Thou needest a strong arm to guide thy fail vessel, when tempests rise, and the waves of sorrow roll. Pray to Him who "heareth the young ravens when they cry," and he will guide thee to the "Haven of rest." Though all appears bright now, it will soon change. Storms will arise, and the rough winds rudely blow, and thou wilt be tossed to and fro upon the billows. But if thou dost pray for his guidance, thy Heavenly Father will watch over thee through all changes. When temptations are thick around thee, lift up thy voice in prayer to Him and thou wilt have strength given thee sufficient for thine utmost need. When God protects, Satan cannot harm thee. Then watch and pray through life's fleeting hour.

And thou, too, aged man, whose race is almost run, dost *thou* watch and pray? The bloom of youth has left thy cheek, thine eye is growing dim, thy footsteps are slow and feeble, thou art tottering on the verge of the tomb. Dost thou not need some hand to lead thee through the "Dark Valley?" Soon thy Master will call thee home. Can'st thou be led astray by false hopes of life? Nay, thou knowest thine hour is near. Then go, weary pilgrim, watch and pray. Thy Saviour waits for thee. Angels stand just on the other side of the river, to guide thee to mansions fair. Then watch and pray, that thou mayest be ready.

Inhabitants of earth, ye all have need to watch and pray. The youth and the middle aged, as well as the aged. None of ye have strength of your own, to battle with temptations that are daily besetting. But there is One who will strengthen, if ye will watch over your ways, and pray for that guidance and help ye so much need. C. C. L.

Cottage Home, N. Y., 1858.

THE CLOSET.

No Christian can be comfortable or prosperous without retirement. Popular ministers may preach, converse, or pray in public, to the edifying of others, and yet decline in their own souls for want of examination, humiliation, and secret prayer, suited immediately to their own case. Nay, the most able ministers will generally cease to be very useful if their religion is neglected, or hurried over in a formal manner. This the fervent Christian knows. He will, therefore, redeem time for retirement at the expense of many inconveniences: and the friends of popular ministers should remember this, and not too much intrude upon the regular needful hours for retirement of those persons in whose company they most delight. In prosecuting the word of God, our own inclinations must be thwarted, we must not "spend our time" with them when duty call us another way, or when a prospect is before us of doing essential good.—*Scott.*

The Omnipresence of God.—Lord, if thou art not present, where shall I seek thee absent? if everywhere, why do I not see thee present? thou dwellest in light inaccessible; and where is that inaccessible light? or how shall I have access to light inaccessible? I beseech thee, Lord, teach me to seek thee, and show thyself to the seeker; because I can neither seek thee, unless thou teach me; nor find thee, unless thou show thyself to me; let me seek thee in desiring thee, and desire thee in seeking thee; let me find thee in loving thee, and love thee in finding thee.—*Anselm.*

The Ministry.—The office of the ministry requires one, whom no prejudice, entreaty, or gift, whom no policy can divert from the path of rectitude, to profess in labor, and whose whole desire is

Seeking after [illegible] ing whom I sought him being found.—The longer I were earnestly I beheld

The Traveler.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

Sketches from the Alps to the Adriatic.

NUMBER THREE.

Distances among Mountains—Salt Mines of Hall—Ascent to the Mines—Scenery—Walking into the Mountain—Manner of Working the Mines—Price of Labor—Hall.

I LEFT Innspruck early one morning for the village of Hall, which is situated six miles further down the valley of the Inn. The road on the left bank of the river is level, and leads between rows of apple and cherry trees. The bottom land of the valley is about three miles wide—forests and pastures extend part way up the mountain sides, but the extreme summits are barren rocks. I must say a word about distances, which among high mountains are very deceiving to the unpracticed traveler. The distance between Hall and Innspruck does not appear to me to be one-third of what it really is,—the three miles across the valley seemed not more than a rifle shot. But I was the most surprised on learning that it was five hours' of hard walking to the top of the mountains, north of Innspruck. If one looked straight to their summits, without taking notice of the intervening slopes, they appeared scarcely a mile distant. Perhaps you are walking towards a precipice, in which you believe you can see every cleft and shadow, and you think in ten or fifteen minutes to reach its bottom. If you are unpracticed in judging distances amid such situations, you will probably find, after walking steadily for an hour, that the space then remaining to be traversed, will require ten or fifteen minutes to accomplish.

I arrived in Hall at eight o'clock, and going to the *Gasthaus zu den Baren*, (Hotel to the heart,) ate my breakfast of coffee and bread with the keenest appetite, which the morning air and the six miles walk had given. Leaving my knapsack at the Inn, I put a lunch of bread and ham in my pocket, and started for the Salt Mines, which are up among the mountains, and six miles distant from Hall. The road ascends gradually for the first half hour, and exhibits interesting views of the valley. Innspruck and the Castle Ambras seemed close by. Across the valley, pastures, intermingled with forests, extended up the mountain slopes, until they met the line of bleak rocks. The sun shone hot, obliging me to pull off my coat, and it seemed odd to feel a heat intense enough to make Indian corn grow rapidly, and yet see snow. When the road enters the narrow gorge among the mountains, it ascends steeper than before. On both sides are perpendicular, craggy precipices of rock many hundred feet high, and they stand so near together that in some places the sunshine can scarcely enter. The pass, for a considerable distance, is so narrow that when the sun shines on it sideways, the shadows darken the bottom. A large torrent roars down the gorge, broken into masses of foam by heaps of rocks that lie in its bed. Higher up, the valley becomes wider and greener, and there are many trees, and even small pastures.

After two hours walk, I came to several low buildings, standing some distance from one another, and surrounded by patches of snow. All around rose rocky peaks many hundred feet high. They looked as if inaccessible to the foot of man, and heaps of snow lay in the hollows of the rocks. There were no signs of life round about, and I climbed to the highest building, and then crossed a ridge into another valley, without finding any body to give me information about the mines.—Seeing that I was going in the wrong direction, I retraced my steps, and met a couple of laborers, who told me where I could find a guide. I entered a room in which two or three men were sitting, one of whom promised to accompany me. Before going, I drank a glass of beer, and disposed of the lunch I had brought along. I then put on a jacket, a leather cap, apron, and belt, and taking a heavy, iron-pointed staff, followed my guide into one of the low buildings that leaned against the steep acclivity. About the entrance lay a vast heap of snow, which was part of an avalanche that had shot down from the peak above, during the previous winter, and buried the building.

Unlocking a door, we entered a gallery which runs horizontally into the mountains. It is about six feet high, two feet broad at the top, and three and a half at the bottom. The broad shoulders of my guide, who went in advance with his lamp, almost touched both sides. The sides and top of the gallery are strengthened in some places by props and beams, but for the most part there is nothing but the soft rock. This presses in slowly, and the galleries have to be enlarged every few years.—Even the beams will not resist this pressure, and they bend inwards so that the narrowest part of the gallery is often half-way between the top and bottom. I did not learn the exact length of the main galleries,—the guide did not know,—but I am sure we followed one between two and three miles. There was no descent, for the gallery is horizontal. The air was cool and damp, and the guide informed me that it held the same temperature both in summer and in winter. There are eight levels in the mine, and the galleries on each run horizontal. After walking a few minutes along this narrow passage, directly into the heart of the mountain, crystals of white and red salt begin to glitter in the rock, which increased in quantity as we proceeded. There is but little solid salt procured in this mine, for it is mixed with a much larger proportion of earth and soft rock.

The method of obtaining the salt from the earth is simple and very effective. We entered a room excavated in the soft rock with which the salt is intermixed. The room was about six feet high, and contained, the guide said, sixty thousand cubic feet. By means of a set of pipes, this room could be filled with pure water, which, by remaining a few weeks, becomes strongly impregnated with salt. It is then let out by another set of pipes and carried through them down the valley to Hall, where it is evaporated. After the room has thus been filled with water two or three times, or until all the salt which its sides contain is exhausted, it is elevated into fresh earth by shoveling down the roof, and depositing the loosened earth on the bottom, so that when six feet of the roof are taken away, six feet are added to the floor, and the heighth remains the same, though the space is in fresh earth. The room is thus filled with water, until the saline matter which it contains is removed, after which it is again raised. This method requires the aid of but little machinery. The water comes in great plenty from springs higher up on the mountains than the mines. The guide told me that three hundred and fifty laborers were employed, and that the lowest price paid for six hours labor is six cents, and the highest, twenty cents. The mine has been worked several hundred years. In one large room is a lake, made for the amusement of visitors. My guide lit several tapers, and then we entered a boat, which he poled to an island in the middle. The island is covered with images of the spirits which were supposed to haunt mines, and in that singular place looked wierd enough. The water of the lake was clear as crystal, and perfectly salt.

I returned to Hall time enough to wander about the town an hour or two before dark. It contains six thousand inhabitants, and one sees more of the peculiar customs of the Tyrol, than in Innspruck. What struck me most was the number of projecting windows that hang over the pavements. People can sit in them and have long views in the street on both sides. This manner of building windows is very common in all old German towns, but here it seemed to be carried to a greater extent than usual.

G. F. W.

THE DEAD SEA.

IT is not mere fancy that has clothed the Dead Sea in gloom. The desolate shores, with scarcely a green thing in sight, and scattered over with black stones and ragged drift-wood, form a fitting frame for the dark sluggish waters, covered with a perpetual mist, and breaking in slow, heavy, sepulchral-toned waves upon the beach. It seems as if yet the smoke of the wicked cities was ascending up to heaven, and as if the moan of their fearful sorrow would never leave that God-smitten valley. It is a strange thing to see those waves, not dancing along and sparkling in the sun, as other waves do, but moving with measured melancholy, and sending to the ear, as they break languidly upon the rock, only doleful sounds. This is, no doubt, owing to the great heaviness of the water, a fact well known, and which we amply verified in the usual way, for on attempting to swim, we went floating about like empty casks. This experiment was more satisfactory in its progress than in its results, which were a very unctuous skin, and a most pestiferous stinging of every nerve, as if we had been flagrantly beaten with nettles. Nor was the water we took into our mouths a whit less vile than the most nauseous drugs of the apothecary. That fish cannot live in this strong solution of bitumen and salt, is too obvious to need proof; but to say that birds cannot fly over it and live, is one of the exaggerations of travelers, who perhaps were not, like ourselves, so fortunate as to see a flock of ducks quietly reposing on the water in apparently perfect health. And yet this was all the life we did see. The whole valley was one seething cauldron, under more than a tropical sun. God-forsaken and man-forsaken, no green thing grows within it, and it remains to this day as striking a monument of God's fearful judgments, as when the fire from heaven devoured the mighty cities of the plain.—*Correspondence of the Presbyterian.*

OUR CHANGING CLIMATE.

THE following beautiful passage by Washington Irving might almost make a March day cheerful:

"Here let us say a word in favor of those vicissitudes of our climate, which are too often made the subject of exclusive repining. If they annoy us occasionally by changes from hot to cold, from wet to dry, they give us one of the most beautiful climates in the world. They give us the brilliant sunshine of the South of Europe, with the fresh verdure of the North. They float our summer sky with gorgeous tints of fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth and keep it green. Our seasons are full of sublimity and beauty.

Winter with us hath none of its proverbial gloom. It may have its howling winds and chilling frosts, and whirling snow storms; but it has also its long intervals of cloudless sunshine, when the snow-clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day, when at night the stars beam with intensest lustre, or the moon floods the whole landscape with her most limpid radiance. And the joyous outbreak of our Spring, bursting at once into leaf and blossom, redundant with vegetation, and vociferous with life and the splendor of summer—its morning voluptuousness and evening glory—its airy palaces of sunlit clouds piled up in a deep azure sky; and its gusts of tempests of almost tropical grandeur, when the forked lightning and bellowing thunder-volley from the battlements of heaven shake the sultry atmosphere; and the sublime melancholy of our Autumn, magnificent in its decay, withering down the pomp of a woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forests the golden serenity of the sky. Truly we may say that in our climate, 'The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.'"

ARAB PROVERBS.—If your friend is made of honey do not eat him all up. If you travel thro' the country of the blind, be blind yourself. When you are the anvil have patience; when you are the hammer, strike straight and well. He who cannot take a hint, cannot comprehend a long explanation. Take counsel of one greater and one less than yourself, and afterward from your own opinion.

HAPPINESS EVER DISTANT.—Youth beholds happiness gleaming in the prospect. Age looks back on the happiness of youth; and, instead of hopes, seeks its enjoyment in the recollection of hopes. Thus happiness ever resides in the imagination,—*Coleridge.*

QUARRELSOME people are always ready to forgive themselves; but are very unwilling to pardon others. An honest man, and one who loves and follows peace, however, is always more ready to forgive others than himself.

ALABAMA.

MISSISSIPPI.

SEALS OF THE STATES.—NO. XXIII AND XXIV.

ALABAMA, one of the Southern States, is situated between 30° 10' and 35 north latitude, and 85° and 88° 30' west longitude. Alabama was originally included in the territorial limits of Georgia, except a portion which belonged to Florida. In 1802 Georgia ceded all her territory west of Chattahoochee river to the Mississippi to the United States, and in 1817 it constituted the Mississippi Territory. Alabama constituted a portion of this territory until it was admitted into the Union, and became an independent State in 1820. The population in 1800 was only 2,000, and in 1850, 771,671. The masses are divided into, whites, 426,507; free colored, 2,272; slaves, 342,892.

The surface of this State exhibits much variety,—bordering the shore of the Gulf of Mexico, and for some distance interior it is low, level, soil sandy, and the prevailing timber pine. The central portion is undulating, with a deep rich, and productive soil, especially on the margin of the streams. Approaching the north, it rises into a hilly region, and in the north-east corner of the State it becomes mountainous, caused by the southern termination of the Alleghany ridge. The climate, varying from the south to the north part of the State, is favorable for the production of its great staples—cotton, rice, sugar, sweet potatoes, and Indian corn, and in the middle and northern part, wheat and other cereals. Alabama has great mineral resources; the entire middle region is underlaid with bituminous coal, and deposits of iron ore, and in different localities throughout the State, are lead ore, manganese, limestone, marble, &c.; in the north east gold mines have been worked with some success.

The Executive power is vested in a Governor, who is elected biennially by the people. The Legislative power consists of a Senate and House of Representatives; the Senate consists of thirty-three members, elected for four years, one-half going out every two years; and the representatives number one hundred, elected for two years. The legislature meets biennially in Montgomery, on the second Tuesday in November. The judges of the Supreme Court and the chancellors are elected by the joint vote of the two branches of the legislature for a period of six years. The right of suffrage is possessed by every white male citizen of twenty-one years of age, who has resided within the State one year immediately preceding an election, and the last three months within the county, city, or town in which he offers his vote.

MISSISSIPPI, also one of the southern United States, is situated between 30° 10' and lat., 35° N. and between 80° 30' and 81° 35' W. lon. It is 339 miles long from north to south, and 150 broad, containing 47,151 square miles. Population in 1816 was 45,029; and in 1850, 606,555.

The southern part of the State, for about 100 miles from the Gulf of Mexico, is mostly a sandy level pine forest, interspersed with cypress swamps, open prairies, and inundated marshes, and a few hills of a moderate elevation. This region is generally healthy, and by cultivation produces cotton, Indian corn, sugar, indigo, &c. As you proceed further north, the country becomes more elevated and agreeably diversified, and the soil is a deep rich mould, producing abundantly cotton, Indian corn, sweet potatoes, indigo, peaches, melons, and grapes. The natural growth of timber consists of poplar, hickory, black walnut, sugar maple, cotton wood, magnolia, lime, and sassafras. The country in the north of the State is healthy and productive, and the lands watered by the Yazoo, in the north-west are very fertile.

The Governor is elected by the people for a term of two years, and cannot hold the office more than four years out of six, and in case of his death, resignation, or other inability, it is provided that the President of the Senate shall perform the duties of Governor until another shall be duly qualified. The Senators are elected for four years, one-half of the number being chosen biennially. There cannot be less than one-fourth, nor more than one-third of the whole number of Representatives. The Representatives are elected biennially, on the first Monday and day following in November, and each county is entitled to one member. The Legislature meets biennially at Jackson on the first Monday in January. Every free white male citizen of the United States, 21 years of age, and who has resided in the State one year next preceding the election, and four months in the county, city or town in which he offers his vote, is deemed a qualified voter. The High Court of Errors and Appeals consists of three Judges, elected for a term of six years,—one is chosen biennially.

In 1716 the French formed a settlement where the city of Natchez now stands. This colony was afterwards destroyed by the Indians in the vicinity. In 1763 the territory was ceded to Great Britain. In 1817 it was admitted into the Union as an independent State. The original constitution was formed in 1817, and revised in 1832.

FRICTION MATCHES.

THE truth of that trite old maxim, "All that glitters is not gold," is exemplified in reference to new inventions in mechanism and science, as well as the other phases of life to which it was originally designed to be applied. The Boston Herald, in turning over the pages of the Encyclopædia of Commerce, just published, remarks that many of the most important things in commerce are likely to be overlooked in the broad, comprehensive and magnificent examinations usually given to such matters.

In the same manner, inventions of the greatest importance for domestic purposes are frequently overlooked and unnoticed in their homely attire, when placed on exhibition and surrounded by works of polished art, costly machinery and gorgeous furniture, although of less actual worth and benefit. A humble inventor once placed in such an exhibition a few bunches of friction matches, which were unnoticed by those who passed. Visitors went there looking for some great thing, not realizing that the despised package of splints tipped with chemical fire was the greatest thing in that proud collection, destined to work a revolution in the means of procuring artificial light, and to become a universal necessity, to be deprived of which would be one of the greatest inconveniences that could happen. It is not more than twenty years since the tinder-box was in universal use; but it is abolished now, and its place taken by this simple, cheap and certain method of obtaining light. The introduction of friction matches spread slowly; but who now would like to do without them? Rafts of timber are annually cut up for this purpose.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.—"The fact is, children are sent to school too young. They are compelled to study too many hours, and too many things.—Teachers can do much—very much to eradicate these evils, by encouraging their pupils to exercise in the open air, and, if need be, joining with them in their sports. On a pleasant day no child should be allowed to remain in the school-room during the time set apart for exercise, neither should they be confined to close study for two or three hours at a time. I am persuaded that there exists no subject at the present time, in school matters, which has more urgent need of the attention of both teachers and parents than this of physical culture."—*Cranston (R. I.) School Report.*

SHOWY FUNERALS.—The trappings of the defunct are but the outward dressings of the pride of the living: the undertaker, in all his melancholy pomp, his dingy bravery, waits upon the quick, and not the dead.

THE faculty of imagination is the great spring of human activity, and the principal source of human improvement.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 16 letters.
My 1, 5, 13, 13, 7, 13 is an article of commerce.
My 3, 14, 11, 5, 16 is a lady's name.
My 4, 14, 1, 17, 15 is a man's name.
My 8, 7, 17, 3, 7 is an article of food.
My 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 is a domestic implement.
My 5, 1, 14, 6, 13, 5 is a lady's name.
My 4, 10, 12, 17 is one of the months.
My 2, 7, 13 is a color.
My 9, 14, 12, 6, 5, 16 is a lady's name.
My whole is the name of a RURAL correspondent.

Allen Tp., 1868. S. E. SPEAR.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM.

IN what shape will the shortest line enclose an area of one acre? W. R. B.

Wanamingo, Minn., 1868.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 61 letters.
My 13, 2, 51, 42, 58, 14, 8, was a king of Portugal.
My 46, 1, 57, 41, 5, 39, 50, 29 was a celebrated city of antiquity.
My 11, 48, 35, 17, 37, 30, 18, 44 was a cynic philosopher.
My 16, 15, 25, 59, 40, 22 was a powerful state of Ancient Greece.
My 7, 13, 11, 14, 34, 42, 9, 55, 26 was a president of Harvard College.
My 21, 6, 28, 52, 12, 60, 26, 54, 38, 27, 14 was the greatest orator of antiquity.
My 47, 5, 31, 2, 48, 45 was the muse of comedy.
My 20, 42, 53, 36, 19, 49, 33, 61 was a province in which one of the kings of England was born.
My 56, 10, 23, 29, 43, 61 was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.
My whole is a beautiful sentiment—partly from Shakspeare. W. S. L.

Rochester, N. Y., 1868.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 451.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Atlantic Telegraph Co.

Answer to Charade:—A Rocking Chair.

Answer to Problem:—19 sheep, 1 lamb—$2 for sheep, $1 25 for lamb.

NEVER ridicule what you cannot comprehend; you thereby betray your own ignorance.

The Young Ruralist.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

IN some classes of society labor is considered as very degrading. They suppose it renders them coarse and vulgar.

God has commanded that man shall obtain "his bread by the sweat of his brow," and "he that will not work, neither shall he eat." Again, He has said, He is "no respecter of persons." Then, those who labor and those who do not are on a level in the sight of their Creator. What, then, is the use of making so much distinction in life when there can be none in Eternity, as regards labor? If there can be any, it will be in favor of those who have honestly toiled, because in so doing they have done their Master's will, and the others have need to ask forgiveness because they have not.

It matters not whether the bread is obtained by the sweat of the brow, or labor of the brain—only let all have some honest employment, and the world will be better; a good example will be given those who come after to imitate. The evil one always finds employment for idle minds and hands, and chooses such to accomplish his fiendish designs.

A man who keeps head, heart, and hands busy in some good cause is one of Nature's noblemen, and such, too, as the world delights to remember when he is in his grave. But where is there on record the name of an idle man? Honest labor makes a man independent. It cultivates his talents, which sometimes exhibit a brilliancy calculated to light other souls through the world, which, if not cultivated, lie dormant, and the world, as well as himself, is a loser thereby. Some make the excuse, that they have a sufficiency of this world's goods, and do not need to labor. Then let them take it and use for the further improvement of themselves and those under their immediate care, or those about them who would gladly and thankfully receive it, and perhaps reflect honor on their benefactor.

C. E. M.

LAWYERS vs. FARMERS' BOYS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—HARRY HARRIS, of Hume, N. Y., in RURAL of Aug. 21st, takes particular pains to inform RURAL readers, that he don't like farming, and don't fancy Farmers' boys, clerks, apprentices, &c. Thinks he should like the legal profession, and after making a strong appeal to those "who intend to enlist under the banner of "*Att'y*," to back him up, concludes by throwing down the gauntlet to Farmers' boys, and contemplates combating his "formidable antagonists with such a discharge of talent as they cannot easily withstand."

In reply, I am a Farmers' boy, and having *no* "*natural repugnance* to anything pertaining to farming," I am willing to do my share of whatever hard work is to be done. In short, I am one of the very boys this self-constituted leader of the "*Att'y's*" is after. Perhaps he will see us on a full trot for the woods, at the first fire, and, *perhaps not!* I infer, however, from the character of the challenge, that this valorous leader, who, from his own showing, is too lazy to work, and too ill-bred to keep his ill-natured fancies to himself, expects us Farmers' boys, in the language of a poet, to

"Tremble, quake, quiver, quail,
For lo! I stride a Comet's tail,"
And if the Farmers' boys show fight,
I'll switch it round with all my might!

You, HARRY, virtually admit that farming is *more* conducive to health than any other employment. You are willing to sacrifice a portion of your health for comfort, but think other employments may be pursued, *as conducive to health as farming.* The logic of your argument may be "clear as mud" to your own mind—it certainly is no clearer to mine.

In conclusion, friend HARRY, if you are really *aching with strength*, for a brush with those you affect to despise—the Farmers' boys—you can doubtless be accommodated. Open your batteries, as you propose, with a "discharge of talent,"—pitch in "rough and tumble," just when and where you please, but bear in mind that it is a squabble of your own provoking. We are the last in the fight, and for one I shall be in no hurry to leave it.

Erie County, N. Y., 1868. E. E. C.

THE CLERKS.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Accompanying this note I send you a specimen of my *Excelsior Wine*, manufactured and put up by me in pints and quarts from the *native Isabella grape.* It will be two years old the coming ripening. I wish you to sample it thoroughly and acquaint a "clerk" who signs himself in your last week's issue of its properties, &c. I like his suggestions well respecting the filling up of a column in the RURAL by clerks; and if they will only do so and send along some specimens of their labors, (not of counter-jumping,) I presume you, Mr. Editor, would appreciate them too.

The idea of any salesman or clerk in Rochester having anything to do with *Agriculture or Horticulture* may be considered a laughable one, yet I can assure you, Mr. Editor, of one whose hours are spent at early dawn, (not quite as early as the Robins begin to sing their beautiful songs,) but say from daylight to six in the morning, cultivating a very small piece of ground, besides pruning and trresselling one of the prettiest and most productive grape vines in Rochester. This is done more for health than profit, although this vine produces to me in wine alone nearly one hundred dollars net a year.

You may hear from me again, if anything comes up extraordinary. DRY GOODS CLERK.

Rochester, N. Y., Aug., 1868.

REMARKS.—With the above we received a bottle of very superior native wine. It had less of that sweet, cloggy taste so common with most home-made wines, and which makes them more like *cordials* than *wines.* Those who want to make good wine this fall must use less sugar and water, and more juice of the fruit than is recommended in the recipes. Water and sugar flavored with a little grape juice is poor stuff. Let us have the pure juice of the fruit, or pure water.

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How to be Accomplished—Gentlemen's Pocket Companion—O. J. Wood & Co.
A Choice Stock of Fruit Culture—Ford and Wells.
Fall Dress Goods—Hubbard & Northrop.
Genuine Atlantic Cable—Ball, Black & Co.
Agnes, A Novel—Phillips, Sampson & Co.
Wadsworth's Commercial College—C. A. Wadsworth.
Lyons Musical Academy—L. Rhesdale Sherwood, A. M.
Are Out—Are Out—Clark's Fall Style.
Public Sale of Short-Horns—S. P. Chapman.
The Allen Raspberry—Lewis F. Allen.
Agents Wanted—J. Challeo & Son.
Wooden Water Pipe—I. S. Hobbie & Co.
Wanted—Leary & Gen.
Monroe St. Nursery—E. Boardman.
Peabody's Strawberry—H. Heffren.
Devon Cattle, and South-Down Sheep—Lewis F. Allen.
5,000 Apple Trees—C. E. Wearer.
Smith's Portable Corn Husker—Henry Romyen.
50,000 Wilson's Albany Strawberry—J. Caldwell.
Yeoman's Fruit Bottle—T. G. Yeomans.
Wanted—Sewell Foster.

SPECIAL NOTICE

Spasmodic Asthma—Joseph Burnett & Co.
The Sun Dial—W. W. Wilson.
Monroe Co. Agricultural Society's Annual Fair and Show.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

EXCELSIOR

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 11, 1858.

TERMS OF THE RURAL.

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Subscriptions for Six Months received at half the above rates, and free copies allowed in proportion. Club papers sent to as many different post-offices as desired, and names added to a club at any time.

Burning of Quarantine—Incendiarism.

Since the removal of the New York Quarantine to Staten Island, a spirit of insubordination has been exhibited on several occasions by the inhabitants, and the recent arrivals of vessels infected with yellow fever served to bring the whole affair to a culminating point. On the 1st inst. a meeting of the citizens of Castleton was held and the burning of the Quarantine buildings was decided upon. The Board of Health of Castleton also posted a handbill, signed by their Chairman and Secretary, in which the Quarantine was denounced as a nuisance too intolerable to be borne, and recommending the citizens to protect themselves by abating it without delay. The plan was to burn all the buildings, and placing the sick in a barge to tow them to the city, and have them anchored off the Battery. In accordance with this recommendation, the station was attacked in the evening by a mob of 1,000 men, and several of the buildings fired.—The large hospital buildings for yellow fever patients and Dr. Thompson's private residence were entirly destroyed. Several other small buildings were also burnt. Dr. Thompson rallied a force of 60 men and endeavored to protect his dwelling, but they were all driven out. One man of the doctor's party was shot through the head and has since died. Before firing the fever hospital, they removed the patients on their beds to a distance, laying them on the ground.

On the 2d inst., the excitement increased continually during the day, and the sick in the remaining buildings were removed and sent up to New York and Brooklyn. Many of the infected patients were scattered through those two cities. One small pox patient lay in the City Hall Park all afternoon, the police refusing to touch him. When night returned the remainder of the buildings were set on fire and destroyed. No attempt was made by any one to stop the flames. Soon after midnight the female hospital was set on fire and wholly consumed. It contained seventy-five patients who were previously removed to the grass plot between the hospital and the resident physician's house the latter being still on fire, where they remained through the night, covered with sparks from the burning building. The fire department were present, but did nothing to stop the flames. The total number of buildings consumed is thirty-two; loss about $300,000. The object of the mob being accomplished all is now quiet, and Justice (proverbial for her tardiness in New York city) has taken the matter in hand by the arrest of the ring leaders. An examination has been had and the parties held to answer in $2,000 bail.—Com. Vanderbilt becoming surety.

Washington Matters.

Governor Mc Mullen, of Washington Territory, arrived at Washington city on the 1st inst. When he left a month ago the Indians in the Territory from the Cascade Mountains were disposed to be friendly, but fears were entertained that they might be influenced by those east of the Mountains. A vigorous campaign against them and severe chastisement will, however, probably have an effect in producing a general peace among the savages, who must sensibly feel the power of the Government. He says the Indians in the British and Russian Possessions were extremely formidable and shrewd, and are in the habit of plundering and killing the settlers in the most exposed portions of the Territory.

Lieut. Pegram, who distinguished himself in the fight with pirates in the East Indies during the Perry Expedition, has been appointed to the command of the Water Witch, fitting out for Paraguay.

Col. Rector has been instructed by the Secretary of the Interior to proceed to Florida, and as soon as the season will permit to take measures for the removal of the Seminoles, who are now in the Everglades. The Secretary of War is desirous that this shall be done under the superintendence Col. R. alone without the interference of the authorities or citizens of Florida. No military force will be employed. The Indians will be removed to Arkansas, to which State Billy Bowlegs and his companions were transferred, should the negotiations be satisfactory.

In the case of the disputed title to the Rancho Dio Delos Americanos in California, the Secretary of the Interior has rejected the survey of the Surveyor-General of that State and ordered a new one to be made.

Latest Intelligence From Utah.—The Salt Lake mail, with dates to the 7th instant, has arrived. The election of the 2d August passed quietly. The Gentiles had an opposition ticket, but Mr. Osborne, of Green river county, was the only one elected to the Legislature. In Salt Lake county, the ticket received only 30 votes. The late appointment, by Gov. Cumming, of Probate Judge in Carson and Green River counties, has caused some dissatisfaction among the Mormons, but all was quiet at the departure of the mail.

Col. Hoffman is ordered direct to Oregon with the 6th Infantry. The road from Devil's Gate to Fort Bridge is strewn with cattle. Col. Williams' command was met at Scott's Bluff. The 7th Infantry, 1,000 men, under Col. Morrison, were at Platte bridge, returning. The volunteers under Col. Bee, were passed at Laramie. But few Indians were seen. The rivers were low. The 6th Infantry were ordered to Benicia, California. Col. Canby, of the 10th Infantry, with two companies of the 2d Dragroons, and two companies of the 6th Infantry, are to garrison at Fort Bridger.

The Artesian Well at Louisville, Ky.—The Journal, of the 25th ult., says:—"Last night, when at a depth of 1,997 feet, Dupont's great borer struck another stream of water, far more powerful than any of the preceding ones. They got a stream on Friday night, which we have not heretofore stated. The quantity of water now coming up is about double of what it has been heretofore. The water is much sweeter than it has been. On Sunday they attached a hose to the well, and threw water over all the buildings connected with the paper mill.—We obtain the above information from Mr. Kellogg, the superintendent of the mill, under whose able direction the great bore has been progressing."

Food of the Robin.—A Committee of the Mass. Horticultural Society, have been investigating this question, and have reported for the months of January, February, March, and part of April. No robins were found until early in March, and only male birds appeared until April. Ten varieties of insects were found in their crops, consisting of beetles, grasshoppers and spiders. Nine-tenths of these consisted of one kind of larvæ, of the curculio family—the species undetermined. One hundred and sixty-two were taken in one instance, from the crop of a single bird. The investigations will be continued through the year.

Tobacco in the Connecticut Valley.—The tobacco crop in the Connecticut Valley is unusually promising this year. Farmers are now engaged in cutting it. This crop is an important feature of agriculture in the Connecticut River Valley, and the business has been created within a few years. Farmers who understand its cultivation, make it more remunerative than any other crop. About 1,500 pounds to the acre is the average yield of tobacco in Connecticut, and ten or twelve cents per pound the price of the leaf.

Nebraska Land Sales.—It is announced by telegraph from Washington that the land sales, advertised for the present month, have been postponed for one year. This will be good news in Nebraska, as very few of the settlers were prepared with the necessary cash to secure their pre-emptions, and speculators were flooding the State to take advantage of their necessities.

The Canada Elections.—Five members of the late Government, says the Toronto Globe, have been elected — Messrs. Foley, Macdonald, Lemieux, Brown and Mowatt. Only Dr. Connor's election in Upper Canada remains, and in Lower Canada, Messrs. Dorion, Drummond, Thibaudeau and Laberge will speedily be returned.

The Court at Burksville, Ky., recently gave a verdict against the owner of a distillery for the value of a negro man, for having sold the black a jug of whiskey on which the slave became intoxicated, and was in consequence drowned in attempting to swim on horseback a swollen creek. This verdict, it is thought, will have an important influence in arresting the sale of whiskey to slaves.

Weather of August—Comparisons—Facts.

Another splendid month has gone. Rarely is so fine an August given to us; rain and sun in their excellence, so as to make all nature green and beautiful, and to hasten the maturity of the latter harvest.

Of the first half of the month, the mean heat was 73.5 degrees, or three above the mean of 21 years. Eleven of the fifteen days were clear and fine; more or less rain on five; the greatest heat being 86 degrees.

In the second half, the average was 64.4 degrees, more than three below the average for the same period for 21 years. Half of the 16 days gave some rain, and two of them, the 17th and 28th, much rain; the other eight, with parts of several others, very fine.

Of the month, the mean heat was 68.7 degrees, or two above the mean of this month for 21 years; a warmer month than August 1857. There was a great rain on the 3d, and also on the 27th and 28th. The quantity of water fallen was 2.7 inches.

The thunder shower of Wednesday, 18th, was attended with high wind, and a gale. It began here at 1 1-2 A. M.; at Utica, at 4 1-2; at Schenectady, at 6-1-2; Troy, about noon, and at Sheffield, Berkshire county, Mass., at about 7 1-2 P. M. The wind was high in all its course, rain heavy, sometimes hail, and the velocity of the storm was about 45 miles an hour.

Aug. 5.—The Atlantic Telegraph Cable reached Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, and Valentia Bay in Ireland, and signals were transmitted between these places. The Cable was laid; a fact.

Aug. 16.—The Queen's Message, by the Atlantic Cable, came, and was transmitted along our Telegraph lines in the evening. Here, and in many other places, there were sudden and high demonstrations of joy over the event. As no arrangements had been made, or could have been, the people exulted, each in his own way and as the means at hand enabled him. Bells, guns, pistols, cannon, bands of music, tin-horns, tin kettles, and all other common and uncommon demonstrations were employed; not forgetting speech-making, where were tongues and ears not a few. Praise and glory to God were talked along the magic wire, and found cordial response in worshiping hearts.

Sept. 1, 1858. C. D.

Terrible Railroad Accidents.—On the night of the 2d inst. a terrible disaster occurred on the Allegany Valley Railroad, near Hoppon's Station, twelve miles below Pittsburgh, Penn. The Kittaning train coming down, stopped at Tarentum Station and hitched on a car containing a large party returning from camp meeting. When the train reached the point mentioned, the Tarentum car was thrown from the track by the breaking of the cross bar connecting the brakes. The car rolled down a steep embankment, turning over twice. At the first revolution the roof was torn off and the passengers scattered over the ground, mangling the bodies of some of them terribly.—Miss Mary Ann, daughter of J. T. Kincade, of Pittsburgh, was instantly killed, and a large number more or less injured. The killed and wounded belong mostly in Pittsburgh.

On the same night as the train on the Northern N. Y. road was coming into Albany, crowded with passengers, a freight train on the Central road backed down at the crossing, and ran into the last car of the passenger train, upsetting it. One person was fatally injured and several severely wounded.

Michigan Democratic State Convention.—The Democratic State Convention assembled at Detroit on the 2d inst., when the following nominations were made:—*Governor*—Charles E. Stuart. *Lieut. Governor*—George C. Monroe. *Secretary of State*—J. P. King. *Sup't of Public Instruction*—D. C. Jacokes. *Treasurer*—Edward Kanter. *Com. of Land Office*—John Ball. *Auditor General*—J. J. Adams. *Attorney General*—J. G. Sutherland. *Member Board of Education*—A. J. Moore. Resolutions were adopted declaring adherence to the Cincinnati platform; asserting the right of every people to vote upon their constitution, if they so desire; expressing confidence in President Buchanan's administration; and congratulating the country upon the settlement of the search and seizure question on the basis of Gen. Cass' protest.

Massachusetts Democratic State Convention.—This Convention on the 2d inst., nominated the following ticket:—*Governor*—Erasmus D. Beach. *Lieut. Governor*—Charles Thompson, Charlestown. *Secretary of State*—John M. Cone, Williamston. *State Treasurer*—Silas Pierce, of Boston. *State Auditor*—Seymour L. Meade, Nantucket. *Attorney General*—Ezra Wilkinson, Dedham. Series of resolutions were adopted, declaring the disposition of the Kansas question by the rejection of the English bill, a final compromise of all differences of opinion between Democrats touching the Lecompton Constitution, the doctrine of popular sovereignty, or the admission of new States; endorsing the Cincinnati platform; calling for a repeal of the Maine Law, &c.

Yellow Fever in New Orleans.—There were *ninety-two* deaths from yellow fever at New Orleans on Monday week. The New Orleans correspondent of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce says:—"The fever has become very serious with us,—assuming as it has, a type so malignant as in many instances to thwart the best medical skill and nursing. However much indifference we may feel when we view its ravages, accustomed as we are to all manner of afflictions, we still utter aloud the cry of warning to all unacclimated strangers, and bid them in God's name, stay away; there is death in the air we breathe—death in the fiery rays of the sun at noonday, and pestilence on the ebony wing of the midnight breeze."

A New Telegraph Instrument.—According to the Buffalo Courier, Mr. M. V. B. Buel, Managing Operator of the Eastern Telegraph Office in that city, has invented a new Telegraphic Instrument which is believed to be superior to any now in use. By an ingenious arrangement of the machine, dispatches can be sent over the same wire in opposite directions simultaneously. The instrument will send 48,000 letters in an hour, while the Hughes' Instrument only sends 30,000 letters. The instrument will soon be on exhibition.

Literary Notices.

Essays in Biography and Criticism. By Peter Bayne. Second Series. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

Mr. Bayne is the successor of Hugh Miller in the editorial chair of the Edinburgh Witness, the organ of the Free Church of Scotland. He is favorably known by the first series of his Essays, as a writer of great brilliancy and considerable power. His style of writing is fervid and intense, with more ornament perhaps than is consistent with perfectly good taste, but his thoughts are strong, clear and just, and everywhere controlled by a firm allegiance to sound moral and Christian principles. His analysis of the Characters of Kingsley and Macaulay, and his discussion of the relations of the Pulpit and the Press, are worthy of special study. For sale by Cole, Adams & Co.

The Story of the Telegraph, and a History of the Great Atlantic Cable. By Chas. F. Briggs and Augustus Maverick. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

In a fine volume of 356 pages the authors give an authentic and interesting history of the Atlantic Cable—a topic which absorbs public attention at the present moment. As one of the earliest and most reliable works on the subject it will be perused with avidity by those wishing definite information concerning the inception and progress of the great achievment. It is a timely and valuable book, illustrated with a steel engraving, various wood cuts, diagrams and a folding-map—presenting in an intelligible form a plan of the great Submarine Telegraph and also the relative positions of America and Europe, with nearly every telegraph line in both countries. It embraces a complete history of the inception, progress and accomplishment of the vast undertaking, as well as of land telegraphing, descriptions of the apparatus used, and biographical sketches of the principal persons connected with the Atlantic Telegraph. Field, Morse, and other gentlemen associated with telegraphing by land and sea are properly noticed, if not immortalized in its pages. For sale by Steele, Avery & Co., 18 State st.

The Life and Adventures of Maj. Roger Sherman Potter; together with an accurate and exceedingly interesting account of his great achievments in Politics, Diplomacy, and War—all of which are here revealed out of sheer love for the martial spirit of this truly ambitious nation. Illustrated by Huber. By Phelec Van Trusedale, who, without asking permission, respectfully dedicates it to his friend and benefactor, James Buchanan, President of the United States. New York, Stanford & Delisser.

In addition to the above *brief* extract from the title page, the author furthermore declares that "this great work was neither translated from the French, or prigged from the unpublished work of any English author, but was truly and honestly written for the especial benefit of my publisher." To which we respectfully add, after the perusal of several chapters, that if a sufficient number of copies are disposed of to benefit "the party of the second part," a great many other parties will be "sold" likewise. Its 500 pages *may* contain much wit and wisdom, but we can only commend the work as a powerful sedative, and are surprised that an enterprising publishing firm should issue such a volume. For sale by Wm. Alling.

The *North British Review*, for August, has come to hand, and contains its usual quota of interesting articles. Its "Table of Contents" exhibits twelve papers, as follows:—Chantebriand, by M. Villemain; Gladstone's Homer; State Papers—Pre-Reformation Period; Biblical Interpretation—Epistles to the Corinthians; British Art—Painting and Sculpture; The Modern British Drama; Egypt and Syria—Western Influence; Researches on Light—Sanitary, Scientific and Æsthetical; Our Army in India; The Literary Fund; Political Parties; Recent Publications, &c. Leonard Scott & Co., New York, Publishers. D. M. Dewey, Arcade, Agent.

News Paragraphs.

The Cabinet at Washington are busy with arrangements for the expedition to Paraguay, which, it is said, will be more formidable than heretofore reported.

George Combe, the eminent Scotch philosopher and champion of phrenology, died at the Water Cure of Moor Park, Surrey, England, on the 14th of August. He was 70 years of age. In 1830 he visited and lectured in this country.

David L. Gregg, sent out as U. S. Commissioner to the Sandwich Islands, likes the country so well that he has concluded to stay as Minister of Finance. There are no naturalization laws there, nor any requirement that the Sandwich Islanders shall rule the Sandwich Islands. That branch of business is generally confided to Americans and Englishmen.

Prairie du Chien, on the Upper Mississippi, is represented to be a very fine town, of four thousand inhabitants. A few years ago, it was a mere hamlet.

The San Francisco Bulletin says a specimen of gold-bearing quartz, two feet long, one foot broad, and six inches thick, valued at $2,000, was taken from a claim near Tuttletown, Tuolumne county.

A second Fraser River excitement is apprehended in Western Kansas. Recent arrivals at Lawrence from the gold regions of Pike's Peak, confirm the reports of the existence of ore in abundance. The company which left Lawrence in June, had met with good success—the gold found being similar to that of Fraser river and California. Two men, with inferior implements, it is stated, washed out $600 in one week, on a small stream fifty miles from Pike's Peak.

A law of Ohio requires Commissioners to count quarterly every dollar in the Hamilton County Treasury. The work was performed last Tuesday, when the Commissioners had $205,000 in cash to manipulate, including $16,000 in gold dollars, and 23,000 pennies of the new coinage. As each coin was handled separately, the work was not slight.

The Cooperstown Journal of Thursday, says that an extensive blight pervades the entire hop district of the State, more marked and destructive than has been recorded for fifteen years past.—Some yards are more affected than others.

Hartford (Conn.,) papers announce the death of Abiel A. Cooley, M. D., aged 76 years. He made the first "locofoco" match ever made. He obtained the first patent for pills ever taken out. He was the inventor of Cooley's liquid blacking—the cam movement in pumps—a foot printing press, and several other matters, which have been improved and made useful. Dr. Cooley wrought more good in his day and generation, than half a score of the most celebrated soldiers of the nineteenth century.

Brigham Young is said to be worth $3,000,000, besides having the control of all the church property in Utah. The latter exceeds in value all the rest of the property in the territory, and is exempted from taxation by the territorial law.

The News Condenser.

— "Cable" hats are already advertised for sale.

— Oregon State Government was organized July 8th.

— There are 50,000 Free-Will Baptists in this country.

— A Telegraph from London to India has been commenced.

— There were 15 deaths in New York last week, from violence.

— The celebrated Humboldt has predicted that he will die in 1859.

— Two hundred barrels of apples a day are now shipped at Alton, Ill.

— The Navajo Indians in New Mexico are troublesome. Crops fine.

— Mazzini has issued another characteristic proclamation to his followers.

— The late frost injured the cranberry crop of Massachusetts very much.

— The cattle disease is spreading very rapidly throughout South Carolina.

— A whale was captured in North river, Gloucester Co., Va., on the 9th ult.

— The Skaneateles Democrat says that snow fell in that region on Sunday week.

— A paper in Minnesota says the retail price of a Minnesota Legislature is $500.

— Cows are dying in Cleveland, Ohio, in great numbers, from the black tongue.

— Martin Kozta, reported dead, is still living in Medera county, Texas, and is well off.

— Crops for 1858 throughout Europe will fall little if any short of the usual average.

— The telegraphic celebration on Wednesday week was a great event in New York city.

— Companies are being organized in Missouri, to proceed to Frazer river via the plains.

— The British East India Company ceased to exist as a corporation on Wednesday week.

— An agent has arrived in New York from Hayti to induce free negroes to emigrate thither.

— On Genesee Fats is a field of 300 acres of broomcorn. Enough to "sweep the State!"

— In some parts of Alabama and Georgia the red rust is seriously injuring the cotton crop.

— There has been a financial crisis at Shanghae. The new tea crop is of a very inferior quality.

— Dr. Harney, of the U. S. A., brother of Gen. Harney, died at Baton Rouge on Sunday week.

— A letter from Old River Lake, Arkansas, say the hogs are dying off by hundreds of the cholera.

— A woman, seven feet in height, was at the American Hotel, Indianapolis, on Thursday week.

— A mass of copper weighing 4,300 pounds was taken from the Ridge mine, Michigan, a few days ago.

— The Chicago Press states that there are nine men awaiting trial for murder, in the jail of that city.

— A vessel of 800 tuns burden is being built at Green Bay, Wis., to go direct to Liverpool with lumber.

— A few days since, Mr. Charles W. Flint, of Concord, Mass., shot a barn swallow that was purely white.

— The War Department has ordered Gen. Harney to the command of the army in Washington Territory.

— Every clergyman but one in Greenfield, Mass., are sick. The health of the clergy throughout the country is bad.

— On the Troy and Boston Railroad is an "old red house," standing in four towns, three counties, and two States!

— Mrs. Daniel Mitchel, of Rome, Ga., finds that dried peach leaves will make as good yeast for bread as do hops.

— A gentleman in Essex Co., Mass., plowed in a thousand bushels of rotted potatoes and sowed turnips, recently.

— All the peaks of the White Mountains were capped with snow Tuesday week. A rare sight for the dog-days.

— The heat the past summer in Spain, has been excessive. Almost every day the mercury has been 100 in the shade.

— There arrived at the port of Boston during the month of August 71,970 tuns of coal, most of it from Philadelphia.

— A German starved to death the other day in Detroit. He was out of work, but preferred to die rather than beg.

— The N. O. Picayune notices a hunter of alligators, who has captured 400 in the swamps, near that city, since May.

— A short time since, Samuel Cleaver, aged 101 years, went to work, as a reaper, in a field at Leamington, England.

— Mr. Cyrus W. Field has crossed the Atlantic twenty-one times in the service of the Atlantic Telegraph Company.

— An effort is making in Arkansas to induce the Legislature to compel the whole colored population to leave the State.

— The N. Y. Courier gives the bank-note circulation of the U. S. this year at $160,000,000, against $214,000,000 last year.

— The experiment of growing tobacco in Minnesota has proved successful—a heavy crop being anticipated this year.

— Five thousand dollars have been raised at Leavenworth, Kansas, to connect that city by telegraph to Boonville, Mo.

— In Milwaukee city, Wis., the people are taxed at the rate of $2 37 for every man, woman and child for city purposes alone.

— It is settled that the charges of the Atlantic Telegraph are to be one dollar a word, including signature and address.

— A new route for an Atlantic Cable has been already pointed out. It is through the Bermudas and Fayal to Portugal.

— The Mayor of Providence, R. I., has refused to license any more circuses in consequence of a murder committed in the last.

— Fourteen days from Louisville to Washington was the quickest time in 1824. Thirty-six hours is the utmost required in 1858.

— The harvesting of the tobacco crop has commenced in Connecticut. The average yield per acre is said to be 1,500 pounds.

— The Indianapolis Journal says the corn crop along the line of the Central Railroad promises well, in a majority of the fields.

— Charters for fourteen different passenger railroads have been granted by the Legislature of Penn. for the City of Philadelphia.

— Government having abandoned the attempt to improve Red river, two boats with the tackle which cost $30,000, have been sold for $2,465.

— The retail dealers of Philadelphia complain greatly of the amount of counterfeit silver coin in circulation, especially quarters and dimes.

— Since the opening of the dog pound in N. Y. city, 6,477 dogs have been brought in, and 6,219 killed; the remainder have been redeemed.

— In the cheapest lodging houses at N. Y., there are no beds in the apartments, but the occupants lay upon the floor in limits *marked out by chalk.*

— John W. White, a member of the Tenn. Legislature, has been arrested for forging papers to secure land warrants from the U. S. Government.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Pacific and Africa.

THE new steamer Pacific, of the Galway and New York line, arrived at St. Johns on the 2d inst, and the Africa at New York on same day.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The announcement of the collision between the Arabia and Europa, reached England per Atlantic Telegraph, on the 20th, and was the first public message sent East through the Cable.

The ship Essel, with 75,000 ounces of gold, had arrived from Melbourne.

A project is on foot for running a railway to Valentia.

The fact that an inquiry could be sent from London, and a reply of some length be received from Newfoundland in two and a half hours, had been demonstrated in the matter of the collision between the Arabia and the Europa, and was regarded with great satisfaction.

The American barque Champion arrived at Gibraltar on the 12th, having on board Mrs. Stanback, the widow of the United States Consul, who was recently murdered by the Turks, at Jaffa, together with her family.

The messages which passed between the Queen of England and President Buchanan over the wires of the ocean telegraph cable, were published in London on the 23d August, and excited comment, especially the dispatch of Mr. Buchanan.

The Daily News says there is more of simple dignity in the Queen's message, but great grasp of thought in the President's response, with perhaps a dash of ambitious straining after effect. The News says, also, that it would have been better for the President to have omitted the last paragraph.

FRANCE.—The Emperor and Empress returned to St. Cloud on the eve of the 21st, from their tour in Brittany.

The bombardment of Jiddah is said to have taken the French government quite by surprise, and caused some uneasiness in Paris, but explanations which were made to General Pellisier in London, were considered satisfactory, and the uneasiness subsided.

Some Italians had been arrested at Cherbourg and Paris, and the Paris police were exercising a marked surveillance at the station of the Great Western Railway.

The Government had been informed that Mazzina had left London.

The Moniteur announces that a Treaty had been concluded with China. The ports are thrown open. The Christian religion is allowed to be freely practiced. Foreign Consuls and diplomatic agents are to be admitted to Pekin. An indemnity is to be paid to England and France.

AUSTRIA.—The Empress of Austria was safely delivered of a Prince on the 21st of August.

PRUSSIA.—The rumor is gaining ground that the definite abdication of the King of Prussia has become absolutely necessary. His disease is getting worse. There are some fears that the event will bring on a political crisis.

SPAIN.—The Spanish government has announced a decree that all merchant vessels, whether native or foreign, shall pay light-house duties only once.

CHINA.—The dispatch announcing the Treaty of Peace, as sent to this country by the ocean telegraph, and also by the steamer Africa, still lacks positive confirmation, but is generally credited in Europe.

It reached the French Government through its Embassy at St. Petersburg, where it arrived overland, being dated Tein-Sein, Aug. 7th—more than three weeks later than the dates received in England.

Commercial Intelligence.

BREADSTUFFS.—Richardson, Spence & Co. quote flour dull and 6d lower; Philadelphia and Baltimore 21s6d@22s; Ohio 21s@23s6d; New Orleans 22s6d@23s6d. Wheat firm, but quiet. Red Western 6s5d@6s8d; Red Southern 6s10d@6s2d; White Southern 6s1d@7s3. Corn dull and nominal. Yellow 33s@34s; white 33@33s6d.

PROVISIONS.—Liverpool provision market generally steady. Pork without alteration in rates, and steady. Lard firm.

Special Notices.

SPASMODIC ASTHMA.—The most severe cases of this dreadful complaint have been cured by a few doses of *Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma*, and in no instance has it failed to give immediate relief. See advertisement.

PREMIUM LIST.

KETCHUM'S PATENT MOWING AND REAPING MACHINE.

I AM authorized, by Mr. R. L. HOWARD, to extend the time to those contending for the Premium offered by him to the 10th day of October. T. C. PETERS,
Darien, Genesee Co., N. Y.

SOMETHING TO DO.

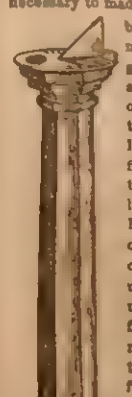
THE subscribers will employ agents of either sex in every town and city, in a business which pays from $20 to $28 per week. Send stamp for return postage, for full particulars. S. M. MYRICK & CO., Lynn, Mass.

CROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

☞ These Machines are now justly admitted to be the best in use for Family Sewing, making a new, strong and elastic stitch, which will not rip, even if every fourth stitch be cut—Circulars sent on application by letter
H. G. GILES, Agent,
445-13t 45 State street, Rochester, N Y

"Horas non numero nisi serenas."
I NUMBER NONE BUT SUNNY HOURS.

THE SUN DIAL, the most ancient registrar of time, has hitherto been prevented from *general* use by the expense necessary to made them ornamental, accurate, and durable. The undersigned has succeeded in making, at a very moderate cost, a dial of great beauty and excellent workmanship, and at a very low price. The dial is made of copper, plated with pure silver, with the equation of time engraved upon it—It also has a mirror inserted, which reflects the clouds and marks their direction. A cast-iron Doric column painted like stone is furnished with the dial—Placed in front of a dwelling, on a lawn, or in a garden, it is more attractive and ornamental than any piece of costly statuary, and at the same time permanently useful. No suburban residence, farm, or factory should be without this classic register of time. They can be sent safely to any part of the United States, and are furnished ready for shipping at $15.—This amount inclosed to subscriber will insure their prompt delivery. Directions for erecting and setting them are sent along Direct to



W W. WILSON, Pittsburg, Pa.

The Great Fair of Western New York!

MONROE COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S
ANNUAL FAIR AND SHOW,
WILL BE HELD ON THE GROUNDS, NEAR ROCHESTER,
Sept. 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th, 1858.

PROGRAMME OF THE FAIR.

TUESDAY—Will be devoted to making Entries, receiving Animals and Articles. All Animals must be entered on or before that day, and all Implements, Fruits, Vegetables, Domestic Manufactures, &c., during the first two days, or previous to the Fair.

The Plowing Match at 3 o'clock, P M.

WEDNESDAY—Will be principally devoted to the Exhibition and Examination of Stock, Cattle, Horses, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, &c. In the afternoon a procession of all the Horses entered for Exhibition or Premiums will be made upon the Track, and also of Cattle, so far as practicable.

THURSDAY—Agricultural Implements and Machinery, Fruits, Vegetables, Dairy and Domestic Products and Manufactures, &c., &c., will be exhibited, and the Judges will make their Examinations and Awards.

FRIDAY—The Last Day, the Premium Animals will be formed into a Procession at ten o'clock, A M

The Annual Address will be delivered at 11 o'clock, A. M., on Friday.

The Equestrian Display will be at 2 o'clock, on Friday, and immediately after the TRIAL OF HORSES FOR STYLE AND SPEED.

TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP—Life Membership, $10, Annual Membership, $1. A Life or Annual Member ticket entitles the owner and his or her family (with carriage) to admission to the grounds during the Fair

ADMISSION FEES—All non members will be charged 15 cents admission.

ACCOMODATIONS—Refreshments can be obtained on the grounds. Hay and water will be provided for all animals entered for premiums. A portion of the grounds can be occupied by animals and articles designed for sale. Hay scales will be on the ground for weighing animals and articles, free of charge.

☞ Pamphlets containing Premium List, complete Rules and Regulations, &c., can be obtained of the President, at the office of the Rural New-Yorker, or of the Secretary, at the Agricultural Rooms, 44 Arcade, Rochester, where entries can be made previous to the Fair.

SUPERINTENDENTS—Of Grounds, I. H. SUTHERLAND, of Cattle, A. C. HOBBIE, of Horses, ASHLEY COLVIN; of Floral Hall, JAS. VICK; of Domestic Manufactures, &c., O. P. BRIGHAM, of Sheep, W R. BOOTH, of Swine, ROBT. H. BROWN, of Poultry, D. P. NEWELL.

OFFICERS—D. D. T. MOORE, President, F W. LAY, I. H. SUTHERLAND, R. M. BAKER, Vice Presidents, I. S. HOBBIE, Secretary, E S. HAYWARD, Treasurer, J H. WARREN, D. D. S. BROWN, STEPHEN LEGGETT, S. H. GOULD, N. N. TRYAT, P BARRY, Directors.

KANSAS AND NEBRASKA NEWS.—The Pike's Peak gold excitement is on a rapid increase. Two old Californians are making arrangements for working the mines successfully. One company has left for the gold region, and others are now organizing.

Governor Richardson, of Nebraska, has called a special session of the Legislature for Sept. 21st, for the purpose of remodeling the laws of Territory, many of which he alleges to be in conflict with each other, and not offering ample security to life and property.

IT is a grand peach year down in South Carolina and Georgia, and the finest specimens of that fruit are vended in Augusta at fifty cents to a dollar a bushel.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Sept 7, 1858.

FLOUR—The various brands hold same prices as last week. Considerable is going forward and the market is firm

GRAIN—In Wheat we cannot alter rates although occasional parcels have brought higher figures than are quoted in our table of prices. We notice sales of 4,000 bushels, new white Canada, from Wellington Square, at about $1,30, and 3,200 bushels, from same point, at $1,28. The two lots were strictly prime. Corn is firm at 70 cents—Barley has taken another start of 5c per bush—first quality readily brings 62½c.

PROVISIONS do not exhibit any marked change. Poultry is beginning to make its appearance on sale. See quotations.

FARM PRODUCE—Butter is up a little. Honey—box—is worth 15 @16c, as to quality. Potatoes are down to 25@37½c per bush.

FRUIT—A few Peaches are on sale in our streets, and are taken quickly at $2 per basket—about one-half bushel—for No 1. We note the receipt this A. M., from up the Genesee Valley—in the neighborhood of Cuylerville—of 120 barrels of "Green Sweetings," for a Philadelphia house. There have been sent to same destination about 500 barrels this summer. A new and doubtless good market is now opened in the "Quaker City" for the products of our orchards.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		Eggs, dozen	10@10c
Flour, winter wheat	$5,50@6,25	Honey box	15@18c
Do spring do	$4,50@5,00	Candles, box	12½@13c
Do Buckwheat ₰ bbl	$1 25	FRUITS AND ROOTS	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,28@1,25	Apples, bushel	50@75
Best white Canada	$1 15@1 25	Do dried	$0,00@0,00
Corn	00@70c	Potatoes	25@37½c
Rye, 60 lbs ₰ bush	65c	HIDES AND SKINS	
Oats	40@45c	Slaughter	5½@6c
Barley	55@62c	Calf	10c
Buckwheat	31@34c	Sheep pelts	38@62½c
Beans	60@75	Lamb do	25@30c
MEATS.		SEEDS.	
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,00	Clover, bush	$4,00@4,00
Do cwt	$5,00@5,50	Timothy	$2,25@2,50
Beef ₰ cwt	$4,00@5,50	SUNDRIES.	
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@2,00	Wood, hard	$4,00@5,00
Mutton (carcass)	00@00c	Do soft	$3,00@3,00
Hams, smoked	9c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,25
Shoulders	0@6c	Do Scranton	$5,00@5,50
Chickens	9@10c	Do Blossburg	$4,00@5,50
Turkeys	11@12c	Do Shamokin	$5,00@5,50
Geese	38@44c	Do Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,37@1,50
Butter, roll	14@15c	Hay ton	$6,00@8,00
Do firkin	00@00c	Wool ₰ lb	25@30c
Cheese	5½@6c	White fish, bbl	$7,00@7,50
Lard, tried	10½@11c	Codfish ₰ quintal	$4,50@4,75
Tallow	8½@9c	Trout, bbl	$7,00@7,50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—Flour—Market dull, and prices are 5@10 cents lower Sales at $4,50@5,00 for common to choice super State; $5,40@5,50 for extra State, $5,00@5,25 for superfine Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa, $5,30 @5,95 for common to good medium and extra do, $3,75@4,50 for unsound super $4 75@5 10 for do extra State, $5,70@5,95 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing dull Canadian quiet and firm sales at $5,75@6,50 for com to good extra.

GRAIN—Wheat is firm with a moderate demand Sales at 91c for damaged Milwaukee club, 101c prime Chicago spring, 140c do Michigan and Kentucky, 110@130c for red Southern, and 135@145c for white Southern Rye dull, sales made at 75@76c. Barley nominal 62@73. Corn dull and declining, sales at 65@70c ungound 72 @75c good mixed Western, 96@97c yellow Southern. Oats sell at 46@55c for State and Western.

PROVISIONS—Pork market dull and lower Sales at $17,40@ 17,50 for mess, $15,40@15,50 for prime, $15 40@16,60 for prime mess, $16,70@18,75 for thin mess Lard market is steady, sales at 11¾@11¾c. Butter is selling at 12@17c for Ohio, 16@20c for State. Cheese at 6@7½c, as to quality.

ALBANY, Sept. 6.—Flour and Meal—The market for Flour is steady, but not active, and the receipts moderate. Corn Meal is selling at $1,44@1,62.

GRAIN—Wheat is freely offered, but at prices above the views of buyers, and no sales have transpired. Corn is selling slowly but at reduced prices, with an abundant supply offering sales Western mixed at 71@72c for inferior, and 73½c for prime Barley is offering on the spot without finding buyers. Rye quiet Oats are in moderate request at lower prices, sales new State at 45½c, measure.

FEED—The market is well supplied with but few buyers. Up to the close no sales were reported.

BUFFALO Sept 6.—Flour—Arrivals since Saturday have been very large, and the supply at present offering is considerably in advance of the demand. Market quiet and inquiry light, sales at $5,30@5,50 for fair to good brands Ohio and Indiana, and $5,75 for the range of double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat market steady and demand fair, sales Milwaukee club at $1,05, red Ohio at $1,15, common white Canadian at $1,25, and choice do at $1,30. Corn exceedingly quiet, and nothing of moment doing sales sound at private terms Oats—old dull at 45c sales new at 45c. Rye in good demand at 70c

The Cattle Markets.

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 1.—At market 1522 Cattle, about 1200 Beeves and 322 stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $6,50@7,00, First quality, $6,00@ 6,25 Second, $5,50@5,75 Third, $5,00, Ordinary, $4,00

WORKING OXEN—$90 140@175

COWS AND CALVES—$25 48@60

STORES—Yearlings $00@00 Two Years Old, $24@28, Three Years Old, $30@37

SHEEP AND LAMBS—7400 at market. Prices—Extra and Selections $2,00@2,75 to $3, $1, 1,50, 1,75

SWINE—Not at market

HIDES—7½@8c Tallow 7@7½c ₰ lb.

PELTS—50@75c each. Calf Skins, 12@13c ₰ lb

NEW YORK, Sept. 1.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows.

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, $6,00@6,25; Ordinary, $5,75@6,00; Common, $5,00@5,50; Inferior, $4,00@4,50

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50@65, Ordinary; $40@45, Common, $30@36, Inferior, $20@25

VEAL CALVES—First quality, 9 lb. 5¾@6½c; Other qualities, 3½ @5½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, per head, $6,00@6,50, Ordinary, $5,75@6,00 Common, $5,00@5,50, Inferior, $4,00@4,50

SWINE—Best corn fed, 4¾@5c., Other qualities, 4¾@4¾c

BRIGHTON, Sept. 2—At market—1900 Beef Cattle, 400 Stores, 3000 Sheep and Lambs, 610 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra $6,00@6,25 First quality $5,75@6 00 Second $5,00@5,50 Third $4,00@4,50

WORKING OXEN—$90 150@175

MILCH COWS—Sales at $50@65 Common, $30@40

VEAL CALVES—Sales at $4@5,50

STORES—Yearlings $20@30 Two Years Old, $24@28, Three Years Old $30@37

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra $6,00@6,50 Prime Lots, $5,50@5,75 First quality, $5,00@5,25 Second do $4,00@4,50 Third do $3,00@3,50

SWINE—Fat Hogs lots—Sales at 5½@5¾c Retail, 5¾@6c ₰ lb

HIDES—7½c Tallow, 7½c ₰ lb

PELTS—$0,50@0,75; Calf Skins, 12@13c ₰ lb

The Wool Markets.

BOSTON, Sept 1—There has been a moderate demand for Domestic at steady prices. The sales of the week amount to 700,000 lbs Fleece and Pulled and 100,000 lbs Foreign on private terms. In Saturday's business best sorts of Fleece lbs Washed within the range of quotations

Saxony and fine fleece	42@45c	Western mixed	28@30c
Full blood	40@42c	Spinning washed	17@24
Half and ¾ blood	37@38c	Do unwashed	9@17
Common to ¼ blood	30@35c	Super pulled	40@45c
Pulled extra	37@40c	Extra	42@45c
Do superfine	33@35c	Fine	37@40c
Do No 1	25@30c	Extra Super	30@35c
Do No 2	15@20c	Peruvian washed	25@35c

New Advertisements.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, and leaded—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion. IN ADVANCE. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

☞ Those of our readers purchasing articles advertised in the RURAL, or who write to advertisers, will please state that they saw the advertisement in the RURAL NEW YORKER.

WANTED—A Partner in the Nursery business with $1,000 or more. Inquire of J FOSTER, 91 Frank St., or of SEWELL FOSTER, Muscatine, Iowa. 453

VEOMAN'S FRUIT BOTTLE.
A NEW SUPPLY NOW READY for the Fall Trade.
453-3t T G VEOMAN, Walworth, N Y

SMITH'S PORTABLE CORN HUSKER, cheap, durable, and convenient. Town and County Rights for sale HENRY ROMAINE, Lyons, Wayne Co, Agent for N. Y. State. Single Machines $5,50. 453

50,000 WILSON'S ALBANY STRAWBERRY PLANTS warranted true, $1 per 100, $4,50 for 500, $8 per 1,000, packed free of charge. Address JOSEPH CALDWELL, Nurseryman, Troy, N. Y. 453-3t

30,000 APPLE TREES 4 years old, 3,000 do do 3 yrs, 30,000 do do 2 yrs, 2,000 Isums 2 yrs, and 20,000 Osage Orange Hedge Plants 2 yrs. All of the above extra stock. For sale by C F WEAVER,
453-2t Penfield, Monroe Co, N. Y.

DEVON CATTLE, AND SOUTH-DOWN SHEEP.
I HAVE A FINE HERD OF THE ONE, and a choice flock of the other—males and females,—which I will sell at fair prices, and a liberal credit, if applied for soon.
453-5teow LEWIS F. ALLEN, Black Rock, N. Y

MONROE ST. NURSERY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
THE Subscriber has for sale Apple, Pear, Cherry, Peach and Plum Trees, also, European Mountain Ash, Balsam Fir, and Norway Spruce Trees. Also, a good variety of Strawberry Plants and Currants. All to be sold at the lowest market prices, either wholesale or retail. [453-4t] E. BOARDMAN.

PEABODY'S STRAWBERRY.
50,000 PROPAGATED FROM PLANTS received direct from Mr. PEABODY, and warranted genuine, at prices to suit the times—50 cents per doz., $3 per hundred, $25 per thousand. Packed and delivered at the Express Office, free of charge. South Salem, Ross Co., Ohio. [453-3t] H. HEFFREN

THE ALLEN RASPBERRY.
I AGAIN OFFER FOR SALE a limited number of this thoroughly HARDY, well-tried, and much approved Fruit. It needs no WINTER protection, nor artificial SUMMER support.
Directions for planting and cultivation will be forwarded to order, and with each package of plants. Price, $1 per dozen, $7 per hundred, $60 per thousand. Orders, enclosing the money, directed to the undersigned will be forwarded after the 1st of October.
453-5teow LEWIS F. ALLEN, Black Rock, N. Y.

Wooden Water Pipe.
THIS PIPE is made of pine scantling, each section 8 feet long, the usual size is 3½ inches square with a bore of 1⅝ inches—The ends are jointed so that when laid down the entire course is water-tight.
This is the best and cheapest pipe in use for water courses of every description. Manufactured and for sale by
453d I. S. HUBBIE & CO, Rochester, N. Y

WANTED!
AGENTS in every County in the United States, to sell the VERY BEST BOOKS Published in the Country. A small capital only is required, and a profit of from $3 to $5 per day can be realized by industrious persevering men.
Our Publications are useful, interesting and instructive, commanding large sales wherever offered For further particulars, Address LEARY & GETZ, Publishers,
453-10t No 234 North Second Street, Phila.

AGENTS WANTED for "THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING"—The most superb work on Jerusalem ever issued, $3,50 "HADJI IN SYRIA" or Three Years in Jerusalem. 75 cents. "In and Around Stamboul"—a charming work on Constantinople, $1,25. "Carpentry Made Easy"—the most valuable work for Carpenters extant, $1 Sample copies of all the above will be sent postpaid to Agents applying, for $5, and a still more liberal discount if ordered by Express JAS CHALLEN & SON, Publishers of Elegant and Standard Books, Philadelphia, Pa. 453

PUBLIC SALE OF SHORT-HORNS.
ON TUESDAY OCTOBER 5th, 1858, at 1 P M, I will offer my entire herd without reserve. This will be the first day of the New York State Fair, to be held at Syracuse. Canastota (my Railroad Station) is only one hour from Syracuse. Trains stop at this station going East at 8.28 A M, and 2.42 P M—going West at 8.23 A M, 12.35, 3.47 and 8.10 P M. A liberal credit will be given. Catalogues with full particulars can be had at this office, or of
S P CHAPMAN, Clockville, Madison Co, N Y
J R PAGE, Auctioneer, Sennett, Cayuga Co, N Y. 453-4

ARE OUT,
ARE OUT!
CLARK'S FALL STYLE
GENTS DRESS HATS
ARE OUT! They are decidedly the handsomest model for a HAT ever produced in this City. Call where you are sure of getting a good HAT,—which is at
453-8t ☞ 17 State Street, Rochester, N. Y

Lyons Musical Academy.
IMPORTANT CHANGES IN TERMS AND PRICES.
ACADEMICAL YEAR to consist of 4 Terms of 11 weeks each, with but one vacation, (in summer) Tuition, $16 per Term including Instrumental Music, Harmony, and Vocal Music. Recitations daily in all these branches. Pupils can enter at any time—Good board secured at from $35 to $37 including lights, fuel, washing and use of Piano. All charges payable half-quarterly in advance. For new Circular, containing full particulars and recommendations of Dr LOWELL MASON and others, address
L. HINSDALE SHERWOOD, A. M., Principal,
453 Lyons N. Y.

MORE TO BE ADMIRED THAN THE
RICHEST DIADEM
EVER
Worn by Kings or Emperors.

What! Why a Beautiful Head of Hair.
BECAUSE it is the ornament *God Himself provided* for all our race. Reader, although the rose may bloom over so brightly in the glowing cheek, the eye be ever so sparkling, or teeth be those of pearls, if the head is bereft of its natural or the hair be mantled and shrivelled Age and dirt, or nonsensical Powders will have it, more than half her charms. Prof Woods Hair Restorative if used two or three times a week will restore and preserve in all its pristine to all such an ornament. Read the following and judge. The writer of the first is the celebrated Poet, Thaler)

DR. WOOD— New York, April 19, 1858.
Dear Sir—Permit me to express to you the satisfaction I am under for the entire restoration of my hair to its original color about the time of my arrival in the United States. It was rapidly becoming grey, but upon its application of your Hair Restorative it soon recovered its original hue. I consider your Restorative as a very wonderful invention, quite efficacious as well as agreeable.
Yours, dear sir, yours truly,
"Dryeh a'r Gwyliedydet"
Welsh Newspaper Office, 13 Nassau St., April 12, 1858.

PROF O J WOOD—*Dear Sir*,—Some month or six weeks ago I received a bottle of your Hair Restorative and gave it my wife who concluded to try it on her hair, little thinking at the time that it would restore the gray hair to its original color but to her as well as my surprise, after a few weeks' trial it has performed that wonderful effect by turning all the gray hairs to a dark brown at the same time leaving it soft and cleaning the hair. I sincerely recommend the above Restorative to all persons in want of such a change of their hair
CHARLES CAROEW

The Restorative is put up in bottles of 3 sizes, viz large, medium, and small the small holds ½ a pint, and retails for one dollar a bottle the medium holds at least twenty per cent more in proportion than the small, retails for two dollars per bottle the large holds a quart, 40 per cent more in proportion, and retails for $1
O J WOOD & CO, Proprietors, 312 Broadway New York, (in the great New York Wire Raising Establishment,) and 114 Market street, St. Louis, Mo. 453o3w
And sold by all good Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

69 and 71 Main Street, adjoining Osburn House.
ATTRACTIVE DISPLAY
OF
FALL DRESS GOODS,
AT
ELEGANCE, BEAUTY AND VARIETY
ANY PREVIOUS ASSORTMENT

HUBBARD & NORTHROP invite particular attention to their unusually extensive variety of
SHAWLS of the latest patterns
DRESS GOODS, the most extensive in market
SILKS of the richest and newest styles
EMBROIDERIES of the rarest and neatest work
DOMESTICS.
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Choice Poetry.

INDIAN CORN.

Sweet's the wild, wood-land clime
Yields the orange and the lime,
And the cool, resounding shade
By the clustering branches made,
Seems to hold the perfumed air
As a willing captive there

Ceylon, isle of spice and balm,
Boasts her groves of stately palm;
Where the lingering sunbeams rest,
As they loved that land the best;
Where the birds, amid the bowers,
Are like gorgeous, winged flowers.

In thy vales, fair, sunny France,
Peasants love thy vintage dance;
Where the vines their clusters yield,
Songs are heard from every field;
All the land in festal dress,
Overflows with happiness.

But of all the precious stores
Nature's bounteous hand outpours
O'er each hill, and vale, and plain,
Flower, fruit, or waving grain,
Dearest to the Northern born
Stands the graceful Indian Corn.

When it springs, the verdant leaf
Bursts the seed's enclosing sheath,
Or, in summer's glowing light,
The feathery tassel greets the sight,
Grace and beauty still adorn
Every change of Indian Corn.

When the autumn's gorgeous dyes
Reflect the hues of sunset skies,
O'er the glowing harvest plain
There the ears of clustered grain,
In the yellow sheath enrolled,
Seem like topaz set in gold.

The Sketch-Book.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LETTERS FROM OUR FARM.

DEAR READER:—Perhaps you don't know just where "Our Farm" is, but never mind. It is somewhere between the Atlantic Coast and the Rocky Mountains—somewhere among hills, and plains, and vallies, under blue skies and cloud shadows—somewhere with plenty of singing birds and fresh breezes, wild flowers and merry waters. "Our Farm" is a rare place to be happy in, a place for toilers, for thinkers, for dreamers; it has the rich abundance of most lavish harvests for the first, and a thousand earnest lessons of wisdom, and wondrous tissues of romance for the others.

To which of these classes I belong, the reader must judge—in truth I am sorely puzzled sometimes to decide. Stern necessity would make me a toiler; something higher would weave thought with labor, and a thousand wooing voices call me eternally to dreamy imaginings. So you need not wonder if you find the very threads of romance running here and there through the sober gray of truth.

Truth is not the right word to use there, for nothing is more false than that romance—as the world commonly understands it—is opposed to truth. These dreams and fancies have a mission of their own. It is their province to beautify daily toil, that the soul may better bear the servitude in which it ministers to the wants of the body.

It is surely well if the reaper, binding up the sheaves with a weary hand, may glean now and then amid his labor a golden grain of beauty; and if I, gathering bitter herbs by the wayside, shall find among them bright-lipped flowers to hide in my bosom, or throw to a fellow-laborer, that is well, too. I am no philosopher, but only one, who, passing through life with a contented heart, has found, thus far, good and beauty in everything.—Lifting my eyes from the paper I see before me a picture wondrously fair. Look with me from the window and see if this world of ours be not still, as in the days before the flood, "*very good.*"

You will have to put aside the broad leaves of the morning glories a little, they have woven so close a screen over the window—gently, so as not to shake the dew out of the delicate cups with their freshly tinted lips of blue, and crimson, and pale rose-color. Right below you lies the garden, with its great beds of beets and onions, and all other substantial looking vegetables, "garden sauce" our grandmothers called them; beans running up to the very top of the leaning poles, and then throwing vagrant tendrils out into the air to catch, maybe on some neighbor, or dangle in the wind. Below the rows of sweet corn is the little patch of melons, watched so anxiously by the children every year, and whose treasures were not unfrequently put slily to the test by the knife of some youngster, long before older heads had decided that melons were ripe. Then there are the rows of currant bushes along by the wall, the little bunch of artichokes in the corner. The hop vines covered with graceful wreathes that no art can match, the sage, and "summer savory" and chamomile, and a few stalks of rue, the hollyhocks and yellow sunflowers, nodding over the top of the wall—all these and a plenty of other things that are to be found in every old-fashioned garden. From the foot of the garden a green meadow goes stretching away, in long rolling swells, to the very edge of a beautiful sheet of water. You will call it a lake, but it is only the river, spread out by the dam below, over which, if you listen, you can hear the water falling. Like a crescent of silver it lies there. The inner curve clearly marked by the emerald hue of the meadow, and the outer by the darker tint of the forests, which crowd to the brink as if the old oaks wanted to catch a glimpse of themselves in the water.—Some newer comers have stepped in before them, for a line of graceful willows stand swaying over the water, the delicate green of their leaves, showing finely against the darker back ground of the oaks. Covered with verdure to the very summit, the hills rise up till they stand in bold relief against the sky, and below them lies the water, a gem in a beautiful setting. See the [illegible] with their fringes of willow and [illegible] the calm little floors of water; [illegible] like fairy boats, rising and falling [illegible] of the water. You need not look up to see if the sky be clear, it is mirrored in the bosom of the water, blue as it is overhead, with every great snowy pile that goes drifting across it, like a ship with full canvas on.

On my table lies a relic of city life in the shape of an opera glass. These smooth, cannon like tubes have been the death of many a charm. In years gone by I have seen many a brilliant face whose beauty shown so brightly in the concert room as to tempt a nearer inspection through the truth telling medium. "Paint!" said my opera glass as I consulted it. "Lily white, and rouge—eyebrows pencilled, and curls from the hair-dresser." It is a great tell-tale, that glass of mine, but we will put it to a less invidious task this morning.—for herein consists the greatest difference between nature and art, that the close examination, which brings out defects and coarseness in the latter, only heightens the beauty, and reveals delicate touches never before suspected in the former.

Raise the glass to your eye and sweep the river with it. Away in the distance, those brown specks that you saw have suddenly grown into wild ducks coming down the river to the islands. You can see every motion as they float slowly along, smoothing their glossy feathers in the sun, or driving down suddenly, come up again shaking the water from their wings. There! some noise on the shore has startled them, and they rise heavily into the air, and in a few seconds are out of sight in the swamps up the stream. Look at those lilies, with your unaided eye they only show a bank of green on the water; but the glass shows the broad circle of leaves, and the lilies, like cups of the purest alabaster, nestled among them. They seem so near you almost fancy you can scent their sweet breath, and can't help reaching out your hand for them, and then—the picture floats away to its real distance, bearing islands, lilies and all with it. The glass is a cheat after all—and yet some of us poor mortals get our brightest views of happiness through such mediums. Reason of its folly, and resolve against it as we will, yet it is sweet to steal an hour sometimes from the realities of the present,—that bring so much of toil and shadow to the best and happiest of us,—and cheat the heart into perfect content by a closer view of those sunny scenes, with which hope, the soul's painter, fills the future to which we all look longingly. Whatever the heart most craves, whether of this world or the world to come, fancy brings it to our very grasp—we gaze, and for the moment are satisfied. True, when the hands are reached most eagerly towards it, the glass falls away, the picture recedes, and the fountains of content, like a mirage in the desert, fade away in the far distance; yet a memory sometimes remains in the heart to make a rainbow on many a cloud.

—But while we have been talking, this August sunshine has waxed hotter and hotter, and drank up the last bead of dew. The morning glories have closed their eyes, and the cows have left grazing in the meadow, and stand in the water, under the shadow of the woods, quietly chewing the cud, and—*thinking* for all you and I know to the contrary.

H——.

THE WIFE'S MISTAKE.

THE carriage stopped at the door, and, in a few minutes, Margaret Hale entered the apartment where her husband sat, wholly absorbed in poring over day-books and ledgers.

"Those tiresome accounts still," she exclaimed. "Will you never find time for anything but business, Ralph? Have you no taste for anything beyond figures?"

"Margaret;" but the sadness in the tone was unheeded, as she continued:

"We had such a charming evening at Mrs. C.'s. Captain Hill related many interesting incidents of his residence in Egypt, and Mr. Warren, the famous young poet, read 'Maud,' and some of the most beautiful passages in 'Aurora Leigh.' I must read to you some of Romney's 'Great Thoughts on Duty.'"

She went hastily to her chamber for the volume. When she returned, her quiet entrance was unheared by her husband, whose pen was rapidly moving over the almost interminable columns of figures. With an expression of impatience, almost of scorn, resting on her face, she hastily turned away.

"And this is the end of all my dreams of marriage," said she, as she reached her room. "He has a taste for drudgery. His pursuits and tastes are all commonplace, and I must go from home to find the sympathy I need, to find those who will appreciate, with me, the books I love, and the beautiful in art, for which he has neither eye nor ear. Why did he not marry a woman who had neither heart nor mind to be continually unsatisfied?"

In the room she had left, Ralph Hale sat, hour after hour, till his brain was weary and eyelids drooped. Then, laying aside his books, he remained a long time in deep thought.

"God bless my Margaret," he prayed, "and give me strength to bear all things. Give me power to make her happy."

Putting away all thoughts of her husband's real nobleness of character, jealously preserving the memory of every slight difference in their tastes and pursuits, Margaret cherished the spirit of discontent, till it embittered every hour of her life, and sent suffering, she had never dreamed of, to the heart of her husband, who would gladly have sacrificed every earthly good for her happiness.

A sudden and severe illness came to her while Ralph was in a distant city. One day during her slow recovery, the aged minister, who had baptized her in infancy, was sitting by her side.

"Margaret," he said, after steadfastly watching her troubled face, "you are unhappy. I have seen it a long time. I should not recognize in you my once cheerful, happy child. May I not know what great sorrow has come to you?"

Then, with sobs and tears, she told him all her unhappiness.

After a short silence, the old man spoke again, and there was sadness, almost sternness, in his voice. "Years ago, Margaret, a wealthy New York merchant became involved in a speculation, whose failure suddenly took from him the accumulated wealth of his years of commercial enterprise. There were a few years of weary, vain struggling to regain what he had lost; then deep despondency, a lingering disease and death. His wife and four children were left penniless. The eldest child, a boy of sixteen, had finished his preparatory studies, and was about to enter college. By this stroke, he found his prospects for the future clouded; but, with a noble self-forgetfulness, he turned cheerfully into the way marked out for him, and walked resolutely in it.

"He obtained a situation with a merchant, who had known his father, where his faithfulness and untiring devotion to his duties, won the confidence of all who knew him. During the first years of her widowhood, his mother had taught a private school for the young; and it was the boy's highest ambition to relieve her of this necessity, and give her the rest her feeble health required. I cannot tell you all his privations, his willing sacrifice of every recreation, his continued self-denial that he might lighten the burdens of those so dear to him.

"Year after year, success crowned his efforts. In the village where his mother had passed the years of her childhood and the first years of her married life, he purchased a pleasant residence for her, and then, a lucrative business being opened to him in the West, he came here.

"At the time of his removal here, accident revealed to him the fact that the widow and invalid daughter of one whose fortune was, by his father's advice, risked in that unfortunate speculation which had so changed his own life, were living in extreme poverty. To him they are indebted for the pleasant home that now shelters them, and for the delicate, thoughtful ministration to their daily comfort.

"Now, when the commercial world is clouded, and disasters crowd thick and fast upon him, as upon others, his anxious thoughts turn to the mother, and suffering sister, in the little village home, whose comforts depend upon him, to the other lonely fireside, to which his constant thoughtfulness imparts its only light, and to his own home, and the young wife whose happiness is dearer to him than life. For this, Margaret, Ralph Hale gives his days to incessant toil, and willingly sacrifices the social pleasures he is so eminently fitted to enjoy.

"I have been in these three homes. With a love that is almost reverence, his mother and sister speak his name, and, with full hearts, thank God for his life—that life so filled with the beauty of self-renunciation. The widow and daughter whose hearts he has made glad, tell of his numberless acts of kindness, of his delicate, and unceasing watchfulness, and daily they ask God's blessing on him whose life is a blessing to others.

"In his own home, the wife whose love should bless him, whose gentle ministry should comfort and strengthen him, turns coldly from him, because he prefers the happiness of others to his own gratification, because the pressing duties of life claim all his waking hours, leaving him little leisure for the claims of society, or for the high intellectual culture which few attain whose lives are not wholly devoted to it."

"Oh, Ralph, I have never known you! I have so cruelly misjudged you," said the weeping wife.

The old man continued:—"Some men talk poetry, some write it in words, and some *write it in their lives.* The true heroism which poets have sung, the beauty of self-abnegation and of ceaseless devotion to duty, which have been their inspiration, Ralph Hale has lived. The woman who has won the deepest love of such a heart should reverently and gratefully cherish it as the richest blessing of her life."

In the twilight of that day, Margaret was awaiting her husband's return. Amid the bitter self-reproachings that darkened the hour, gleamed a new and holy light. Higher purposes were aroused within her. In the future, she would make divinely real in her life the beautiful ideals which had filled her heart with unsatisfied longings. She, too, would live for others, and first of all for him whom she had so misunderstood.

A hurried step in the entrance hall, then on the stairs, and the next moment she was clasped in her husband's arms.

"You have been very ill," said a voice, faltering with emotion, "but, thank God, you are safe now, my Margaret."

"Oh, yes, I am safe indeed now," said Margaret's heart.

In that hour, all was made clear between them. With new resolves for the future, with a deeper love for each other, and a prayer for strength, another page of life was turned for them.

Years afterwards, Margaret, a proud and happy wife, wrote, "I cannot tell you all he has been to me—my guide when I was ignorant, my strength when I faltered, my best earthly friend, always. What do I not owe you for revealing the mistake which had almost wrecked the happiness of both. —*National Era.*

CONSTANTINOPLE.

BAYARD TAYLOR writing from Constantinople, says:—"I noticed but three changes in Constantinople since I saw it in 1852—to wit:—Pera is lighted with gas, the hotels have raised their prices five francs a day, and the dogs of Stamboul no longer bark at Giaours. In all other respects it is the same medley of unparalleled external and internal filth, imperfect Europe and shabby Asia. The last change of the three is undoubtedly due to the wholesome training given to the dogs aforesaid by the soldiers of the allied armies. It is an astonishing fact that dogs of the most orthodox Moslem breed now tolerate the presence of the Frank without a snarl. Moreover, St. Sophia, then accessible only through the all-potent seal of the Grand Vizier, now its doors turn on their holy hinges for an every-day bribe. Even at the Mosque of Eyoub, standard-bearer of Mahommed II., I was refused admission only because it was Ramazan. There is a Turkish theatre in Pera, Turkish plays (adopted from the Italian) are acted by Turkish actors, and—oh shade of the Prophet!—Turkish women appear unveiled upon the stage. This, however, does not signify much. Polygamy and the seclusion of women are a part of the Moslem religion, and with that religion dies the prestige of the race. The fraternization of Turkey with the Western Powers has forced her to relinquish a few antiquated prejudices—and that is all."

THE shortness of *life* is very often owing to the irregularities of the *liver.*

Wit and Humor.

EVERYTHING must have altered very much in a short time. Only a few years since Gen. Jackson, being seated between two ladies, said he felt like a thorn surrounded with roses. V. S. M. says a few days ago, while riding in one of the Sixth street cars, and being seated between two ladies, he felt like a stave in a hogshead of molasses, surrounded by hoops.

A GENTLEMAN was threatening to beat a dog who barked intolerably. "Why," exclaimed an Irishman, "would you beat the poor [illegible] animal for *crying out?*"

THE parson who prefaced his sermon with, "Let us say a few words before we begin," is about equal to the chap who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

"WELL, Mr. Tree, if you're about to *leave* I shall detain your *trunk,*" exclaimed an incensed landlady to her lodger, who was slightly in arrears.

SHOULD you be talking to a thin lady, of another thin lady, you need not describe the party alluded to as a "scraggy old maid."

THE phrase, "fighting on his own hook," is now more elegantly rendered—"waging war upon the individuality of his personal curve."

IN what ship have the greatest number of men been wrecked?—*Courtship!*

Advertisements.

BERKSHIRE PIGS, of two different importations for sale by WALTER COLE, [illegible] miles southeast of Batavia, N. Y. Little Pokeepsie Stallion. They may also be seen at the Genesee County Fair, to be held at Batavia on the 16th inst. 454

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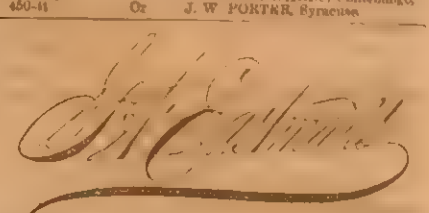

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VOL. IX. NO. 38.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1858. {WHOLE NO. 454.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
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Rural New-Yorker.

HOURS WITH THE FARMERS.

FROM other duties we have snatched a few hours to spend among the farmers. We love to read the doings of the greatest farmers in the world, such as we find reported in the books and the European journals—the results of their costly experiments are invaluable to the world of agriculturists. We like to examine, too, the theories of scientific men, especially when they give us the *cause* of certain well known results. But we never spend a few hours so pleasantly and profitably as when we walk and talk with intelligent, practical farmers, and learn their hopes and fears, their successes and failures—see this field of luxuriant full-eared corn, and learn the treatment that has produced such a desirable result — that, short and stunted, and ascertain the cause of the failure. So we pass along, taking a look at all the fields, and the crops, (never forgetting the melon patch,) thinking and talking, teaching and learning, until a look at our watch apprizes us that time pleasantly employed passes rapidly away, and we hasten on.

Of no one thing have we been more forcibly impressed, in our journeyings of late, than the importance of rightly instructing the youth in farming. Farmers should learn their boys to be *neat* and *thorough* in everything they do. Youth is the time in which habits, good or bad, are formed, and they are seldom changed. Many farmers that we know of—intelligent, reading, thinking, and in many respects valuable men—who can write fluently and talk wisely on agriculture, have slovenly farms, (and this they *know*, and *regret*,) just because they formed slovenly, careless habits in their youth, which they now find it almost impossible to overcome. Habit is strong, almost overpowering, and we are all more or less under the influence of habits formed in our youth. *Example* is all-powerful in its influence upon the young. Let all our readers with boys growing up see that they set them no bad examples. To leave sons with good habits is better than to leave them with farms or fortunes. We speak advisedly when we say that a prompt, energetic mechanic or merchant who knows nothing of farming, will make a better farmer in three years than the young man who has been brought up on a farm with a careless, thriftless father or guardian. This we have seen proved a score of times, and it was while standing on the farm of one who but four or five years ago first "put his hand to the plow," that these reflections were forced upon us.

CORN, as a general thing, is looking well, and the yield will be fair, as far as we have seen, though we have heard some complaint from the southern portion of this county, that the yield of grain will be light, though there are plenty of stalks. Many of the cornfields show the want of drainage. In the lower spots the corn is light, and in some cases almost entirely destroyed, while on high ground in the same field it is good. A very few days of this hot weather, (thermometer 90°,) will put the corn out of danger of frost, indeed much of it is already "glazed," and some of the *Rhode Island Premium Corn*, we see is fully ripe. The grasshoppers are troubling it somewhat, but they are not sufficiently numerous to do much mischief.

POTATOES are suffering very much from the premature death of the tops. Yesterday, (Sept. 8th,) we saw many fields where the haulms were entirely dead, from the effects of the insect described in the RURAL a few weeks since, or some other cause. On examining the roots we found the tubers small, not having made more than about half their natural growth. About three weeks ago we saw a fine field of *English Flukes*, vigorous and healthy, with the exception of occasionally a blighted and blackened top. Now the haulms are destroyed as effectually as though they had endured a week's frost. That insect, the *Phytocorus*, which Mr. HENDERSON thinks causes the rot is found in every field, and in immense swarms and we saw hundreds of them feeding on the tender tops of the ears of corn. If this theory of the cause of the rot is correct our potatoes are destined to suffer more from the disease this year than at any previous time. Dr. LINDLEY, in the *London Gardeners' Chronicle*, in three or four lines, scouts the idea that this insect causes the rot, and Dr. FITCH is almost as brief and as equally decided on the same side. Now, we are open to conviction on this question, and we have very little respect for the *ipsi dixit* of those who have the reputation of being "scientific men." They are apt to be conceited and dogmatic, and we are not willing to adopt their opinions without a reason. Science is a poor substitute for brains, and some of the great "*professors*" in the world are sadly deficient in common sense. The operations of the "*scientific*" men at the *Dudley Observatory*, Albany, should prove a useful lesson to common people. A little careful investigation, and a decent respect for the opinions of others would not hurt the wisest. This insect has commenced its ravages in a new direction, and is now destroying the Dahlia buds as fast as they appear. An extensive grower informed us that he would not have a dozen flowers, although he usually counts them by hundreds. Potatoes in some places are suffering badly from the White Grub, the larvæ of the June Bug. On examination we found many hills where the tuber were almost entirely eaten up. On the grounds of H. N. LANGWORTHY, in the town of Greece, in this county, we caught nineteen in one hill.

SUGAR CANE is growing this season exceedingly fine, as the weather has been quite favorable for its full development. We notice, too, that there has been a good deal sown, although there has not been much noise made about it this year. Whatever may be the result as to sugar, this must be a splendid crop for summer feeding, and for making fodder. One farmer, who has a fine crop growing, expressed doubts whether it was possibly to dry the canes effectually so as to prevent heating, they seemed so full of sap. If the stalks were pretty well ripened before cutting, there would be no trouble in curing, we should think. Perhaps for the value of the fodder, just as the seed commenced to form would be the best time for cutting. We have seen several fields where the stalks were growing so thickly that it was impossible to see through them the distance of a rod, almost impossible to make headway in endeavoring to walk, and where we could not find a cane measuring less than nine feet. It would be somewhat difficult of course, to cure such an immense amount of vegetable matter, if cut in a green state. It seems to us that we never saw any other plant that would yield such an amount of green food, and it is eaten voraciously by all stock. In England, they cut it when about three feet high, and it then gives twenty-five tuns of feed to the acre. It then makes a second growth, and is cut towards fall, giving about the same quantity of feed as at the first cutting. In the south of France and Italy it is said to give three good cuttings. This matter is worthy the consideration of farmers, who are now giving so much attention to the best means of feeding stock.

HUNGARIAN GRASS planted in drills, on a sandy loam on the sixth day of July, is now about three feet in height, and the proprietor thinks he could grow two crops in a season very easily. We have notes of some other matters, which we must defer for the present.

SHEEP:
CHARACTERISTICS OF BREEDS.—NO. IV.

THE LEICESTER BREED.—The modern Leicester belongs to the division of long-wooled breeds. It was originated by ROBERT BAKEWELL, whose first attempts at its production commenced about one hundred years ago. The breed was first called the Bakewell, in honor of its founder; then Dishley, from the name of Mr. BAKEWELL'S farm; then New Leicester, to distinguish it from the old Leicester; and when it had become so widely disseminated as to supercede the old breed, it was known simply as the Leicester.

It is a highly artificial breed, very different from any known before BAKEWELL' stime. Its origin has been the cause of much speculation, in reference to the materials from which it was derived. BAKEWELL himself, it is said, sought to envelope the subject in mystery. Yet he could not wholly screen his operations from the public eye, and to particular friends he was not wholly uncommunicative. It is generally admitted that the parent stock of the Leicester was obtained from various breeds. But perhaps the most direct information on the subject is given by PITT, in his "Survey of Leicestershire," published by the British Board of Agriculture towards the close of the last century. He informs us that BAKEWELL formed in his own mind, in the first place, "an ideal of perfection," which he endeavored to realize. He then proceeded to select from the flocks around him, such sheep as came nearest his standard. Some of those which he obtained, were said to have descended from stock, which had several years before been brought from a section of Yorkshire, and crossed with the common sheep of Leicestershire. He also bought sheep of jobbers, who brought them from the Wolds, and it is known that he procured others from Lincolnshire. The author referred to says.

"Animated by his early success, he still went on, *breeding from his own, or crossing with others that he judged most likely to bring his own nearest to his idea of perfection*, by which means, and (in the opinion of one of the oldest breeders in the county,) by a cross with the Durham sheep, by slow degrees he produced a form against which he believed no possible objection could be raised."

These facts in regard to the origin of the Leicester should not be lost sight of, as they involve an important principle in reference to breeding, viz: the production of a distinct breed from two or more diverse stocks. BAKEWELL'S breed gradually gained in popularity. He bred on a large scale, and after a few years formed an association with other breeders, by which he was enabled more fully to carry out his objects. Like other improvers, he had at first to contend against much prejudice, and 20 years elapsed before he fully overcame all opposition. The following extract well illustrates his progress:

"In 1760 it was with difficulty that he let three rams for the season, at 17s. 6d. each. In 1780 he received ten guineas each, for the hiring of some of his best rams, and in 1784 and 1785 some were engaged at the expense of one hundred guineas.—In 1786 he let out one ram to a flock, one-third of the ewes being his own, for 200 guineas. In that year he received upwards of a thousand guineas for the letting out of rams. In 1799 he cleared 1,200 guineas by three rams, and 2,000 guineas by seven others, exclusive of a sum of 3,000 guineas for the use of the rest of his stock, received from the Dishley Society, of which he was the founder. One ram of first-rate excellence, he let out to two breeders, receiving from each 400 guineas, receiving one-third of the ewes for himself; the value of the ram for the season being estimated at 1,200 guineas."*

The sheep were sought after not only from all parts of Britain and Ireland, but from distant countries. It may, in fact, be said that the Leicester breed has obtained a world-wide celebrity, and has immortalized the name of its founder. The improvement which BAKEWELL effected consisted in reducing the bone and offal and increasing the tendency to fatten. He regarded the animal as a machine for converting vegetables into flesh and fat, in the greatest quantity, and in the least time. The old stock was not fit for the butcher till 4 years old. The new gave as much meat in half the time; wethers weighing 20 to 30 lbs. per quarter, at two years old. The tendency to fat was astonishing.—CULLERY speaks of a three-year-old wether which measured seven inches and one eighth of solid fat on the ribs, "cut straight through without any slope." He says, "it is very common for two-year-old wethers to cut four inches thick of fat on the ribs, and from 2 to 3 inches all down the back."

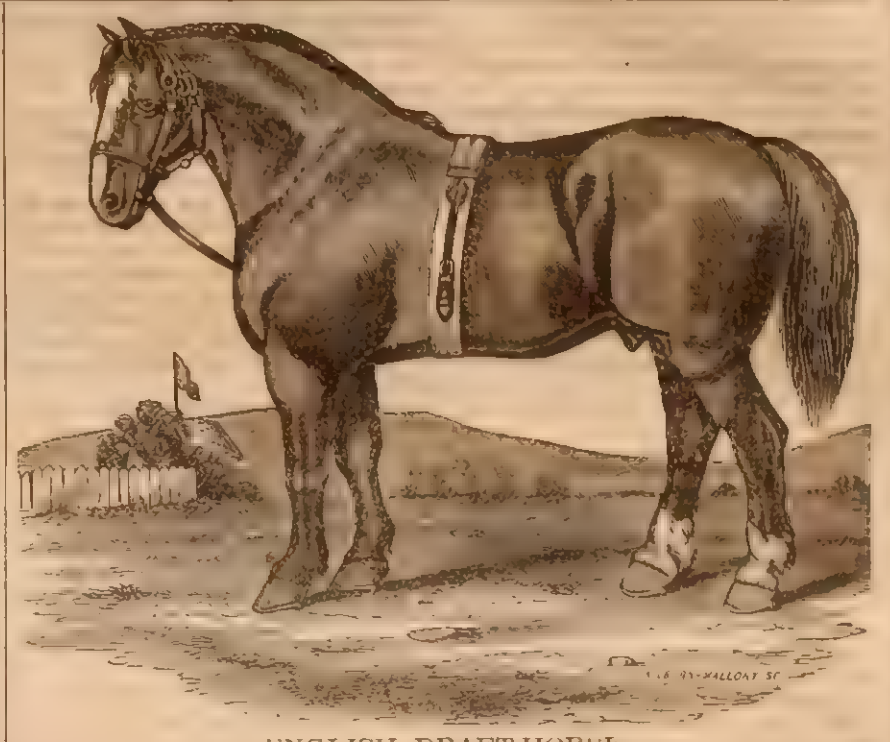
The symmetry attained in the New Leicester sheep, their early maturity and tendency to fatten—qualities which became so thoroughly established as to constitute a new race (as we may say,) of a peculiar fixity of type—rendered them well adapted to the improvement of other breeds; and notwithstanding the comparative lateness of their origin, they have, by an infusion of their blood, completely changed the characters of every British long wooled breed. The Cotswold, the Lincolnshire, the Romney Marsh, and others, have received from Bakewell's Leicesters an improvement in form and disposition to fatten which, perhaps, they never could have possessed without this cross.

But in the Leicesters themselves, the qualities of early maturity and tendency to fatten were carried too far. The constitution of the animal was weakened, and the carcass was too fat. The error, however, was seen by some breeders, before it was altogether too late, and they have restored the hardihood and at the same time developed the wool-bearing habit. The characteristic of the Leicester, is, nevertheless, a faculty of making a large proportion of fat meat compared with the lean. The mutton does not sell as high in the English markets, by at least a cent a pound, as the South-Down, or the mountain breeds of Wales and Scotland.—The advocates of the breed claim that this is overbalanced by the earlier maturity of the Leicesters. In America, little or no difference is made between the mutton of the South-Down and any other English breed; but it is probable that, as our people come to appreciate the difference in the quality of meat, the different breeds of cattle and sheep will stand in the markets in a similar position to what they do in England.

The wool of the Leicester is adapted to combing, and to all such fabrics as combing wool is used for. Well-bred and well-kept flocks average from five to eight pounds per fleece, washed.

In our next, the breeds of long-wooled sheep which have been derived, more or less, from the Leicester, will be spoken of.

* Martin on Sheep, p. 125.



ENGLISH DRAFT-HORSE.

THE above engraving is a very good representation of the Draft-Horse used in England. This horse is not an aboriginal breed in that country, but was originally imported from the Continent. WILLIAM "the Conqueror," is supposed to have first placed them upon British soil, as the war-horses of his Knights and men-at-arms—great strength being requisite (so long as armor was in fashion) to support the enormous weight of the steel-clad warrior, and to withstand the ponderous attack of a similar opponent. During the reign of the EDWARDS, repeated importations of these animals took place.

The prevailing color of this horse is black; so much so, that a distinct breed, under the appellation of the "*old black cart-horse*," is recognized. The breed is pretty generally distributed throughout England, and may be divided into three kinds—the heavy, massive animal, (as shown in our illustration,) reared in the rich marshes and plains of the midland counties, expressly for the London Brewers; the smaller sized, but still tolerably heavy horse, generally employed for agricultural purposes—a strong, compact animal, but slow in motion; and a lighter and more active animal, possessing some admixture of blood of a less heavy breed.

According to the *Cyclopedia of Agriculture*, "breeders usually sell them as two-year old colts, retaining, as much as possible, mares for their own work, and for the purpose of breeding. The purchasers of these colts work them moderately till they are four years old, feeding them well during this period; and, indeed, previous to their re sale, they are often taken out of work and fattened in loose boxes, almost like oxen for the shambles, in which state they are supposed to please the eye of the London brewers, for whose more particular use these pampered animals are bred. Thus the colt purchased, perhaps for £40, realizes in the course of two years, double this amount, besides working moderately during this period. Thus, if the horse does not fall a victim to the various diseases which a redundancy of fat is calculated to induce, he yields an ample profit to his feeder.—These ponderous animals are frequently seventeen hands high; and their sleek and glossy appearance as they move majestically through the streets of the metropolis, presents one of the most striking sights to the eye of the foreigner. That such large, massive animals are really required, or are the most profitable for their peculiar work, is a matter of considerable doubt; however, it is a species of pride which has long prevailed amongst our London brewers; and, whilst they continue the premium, in the shape of high prices for these massive animals, the breeding of them will continue a profitable pursuit, and the streets of the metropolis will continue to exhibit the largest horses in the world."

These heavy horses are much injured, as a breed, by a tendency to weak and convex feet, and to ossification of the cartilages and the pasterns; the former being the effect of their great weight acting on the soft horn induced by moist pastures; and the latter to their great predisposition to throw out bone, caused, perhaps, partly by the large amount of the phosphates in their food.—Very many of these horses are rendered useless from these morbid deposits, although the latter is so common that scarcely a dray horse in London but what possesses, in some degree, these *side bones*, which, in very many instances, do no injury.

THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE.
EXPERIMENTS OF JOSEPH S. LOVERING.

IN accordance with the intimation contained in the last issue of the RURAL, we commence a detail of the experiments made by JOSEPH S. LOVERING, of Philadelphia, for the purpose of determining the value of the Chinese Sugar Cane as a sugar producing plant. It was the desire of Mr. L. to throw what light he could upon the subject, and, in the event of the result proving favorable, to give such a formula as would enable the uninitiated to proceed with confidence of success. To this end he devoted considerable time — from the 28th of September to the 20th of December, 1857 — and brought into active use every appliance that science could suggest, in order that all his movements might be as accurate as the circumstances would allow. Whatever is to be the ultimatum in the case of this cereal, its cultivators are much indebted to Mr. LOVERING for the energy and tact he has displayed.

On the 10th of May I planted about half an acre, on upland of good quality, such as would yield, in ordinary seasons, fifty to sixty bushels Indian corn to the acre. The rows four feet apart, and the plants intended to be six inches apart in the rows, but which, on taking off the crop, proved to be a little over seven inches apart. When the canes were about eighteen inches in height, I had the suckers removed. During the month of June I passed the hoe-harrow through it twice, a man following with the hand-hoe, as in the case of Indian corn. It was then left to take care of itself. It grew rapidly and evenly, and attained the height of twelve to fourteen feet.

My apparatus and utensils for conducting the experiments consisted of the following, viz:—A pair of iron rollers, seven inches diameter and twelve inches long, set in a frame one-eighth of an inch apart, with spout to catch and collect the juice, and a crank turned by hand; a few sugar moulds and pots; some ivory black or animal carbon; two filters, made of common bed ticking, in the shape of an elongated pudding bag; a thermometer, Beaume's Pese-Sirop, or saccharometer, and a polariscope. All the other utensils I obtained from the kitchen, viz.; a copper kettle of ten gallons capacity, a ladle, some tin pans, bowls, buckets, &c., to contain the juice.

FIRST POLARISCOPIC OBSERVATION.—Sept. 28th, temperature, noon, 71° F., wind S. W., clear.—Of two canes took the first joints above the stay roots:

1st [illegible] inches [illegible]	11[illegible] grammes
2d [illegible]	93.742
Weight of 1st joints of two canes	204.996
After passing these through [illegible] the bagasse weighed	61.780
Leaving, as weight of juice (69.7 per cent.	143.216
Measured the juice, and found 135 fluid grammes specific gravity	1.063

After precipitation by basic acetate of lead, of a voluminous green colored flocculent substance, it filtered with difficulty, then completed the decolorization by passing it through animal carbon, and found by first observation in polariscope.

A deflection of the ray, right	27° ?
Add 10 pr cent for dilution by precipitant	[illegible]
	297 right.
After inversion by H. Cl left	15[illegible]
Add 10 per cent as above	[illegible] temp 27°, 132 left.
Sum of inversion	429

This sum of inversion, (42°.9) at temperature 27°, indicates 54.35 grammes of pure dry sugar to the

litre of juice, and by reference to past results it is found that 204.24 grammes of sugar per litre, equal 18.82 grammes per 100, or 18.82 per cent. Then, as 204.24 : 18.82 :: 54.35 : 5.008 per cent. of sugar in the juice, and as 100 : 5.008 :: 69.7 : 3.49 per cent. of sugar in the cane. A second observation in polariscope, of the juice from the two joints of the same canes next above these, indicated 5.57 per cent. of sugar in the juice, proving them to be richer than those nearer the ground.

First Practical Experiment.—Sept. 30, temp. 8 A. M. 40°, M. 66°.—The fact of the presence of crystallizable sugar in the cane being established, I proceeded to cut and grind twenty feet of a row, and passed the thirty canes which it produced three times through the rollers; about one-fourth of the seed had changed to a dark glistening brown color, but was still milky; the remainder was quite green; ground six to eight of the lower joints, which together yielded three and a half gallons of juice, weighing 9° Beaume; neutralized the free acid by adding milk of lime; clarified with eggs and boiled it down to 240° Fahrenheit.

This first experiment looked discouraging and unpromising at every step; its product was a very dark, thick, viscid mass, apparently a caput mortuum; it stood six days without the sign of a crystal, when it was placed over a fine and kept warm four days longer, when I found a pretty good crop of soft crystals, the whole very similar to the "Melada," obtained from Cuba, but of darker color.

Second Experiment.—Oct. 13, temp. 8 A. M. 50°, M. 72°, S. E. cloudy.—About two weeks having elapsed since the first experiment, the weather in the interim having been quite warm, temperature at 8 A. M. 40° to 52°, and at noon 66° to 75° Fah.; and about one-half the seed being ripe, I determined to try it again, but not being very sanguine of success, no polariscopic observation was taken.

Cut and ground fifty feet of a row, which produced eighty eight canes, and yielded eight gallons of juice, weighing 10° Beaume (one degree more than the previous cutting,) from the six and seven lower joints; juice slightly acid. First clarification four and three quarter gallons, neutralized with three tablespoonsful of milk of lime, stirred in one pound fine bone black, and three eggs, and placed it over a slow fire; at 215° Fahrenheit took off a very dense, thick, green scum; when at 162° Fahrenheit it marked 7½° Beaume.

A second parcel of juice from this grinding (three and a quarter gallons) was treated in the same manner, and set aside, both having been first boiled down to 22° Beaume.

Oct. 14, temp. 8 A. M. 54°, noon 70°, N. W. clear.—Cut and ground fifty feet; eighty-one canes, produced seven and a quarter gallons juice, 10° Beaume, which was treated as above, except that the eggs were omitted.

Oct. 15, temp. 8 A. M. 50°, noon 70°, N. E. heavy rain.—Cut and ground fifty feet, produced eight and a quarter gallons juice, weighing 10° Beaume.

Oct. 16, temp. 8 A. M. 46°, noon 60°, N. W. stormy.—Cut and ground fifty feet, eighty-six canes, eight and three-eighths gallons, 10° Beaume.

The whole of the foregoing four parcels were at this stage of the process concentrated at 22° Beaume, and set aside until I had completed the series on the 21st October; they were then collected together, and again clarified with eggs, and a second scum taken off; they were then again placed over the fire, and when at the temperature of 225° Fahrenheit, clear lime-water in small quantities was added to coagulate the vegetable albumen, which is not disengaged at a lower temperature, but which is then observed as a whitish scum, very tenacious and glutinous, and is very detrimental to crystallization. After the various delays, heatings and re-heatings consequent on my limited means of working, (the great disadvantage of which, those acquainted with the subject only can appreciate,) I commenced filtering the whole, but found it so ropy and glutinous that it would not pass through; diluted it to 10° Beaume, when it came through tolerably bright; then passed it through five feet of animal black; it parted with its coloring matter very freely.

Oct. 22, temp. 8 A. M. 32°, noon 50°, S. W. clear.—Divided the product into three parts, and boiled it as follows:

First part to 230° Fahrenheit. This stood an hour without crystallizing; found it too low, although the thumb and finger proof indicated otherwise.

Second part to 240° Fahrenheit; which was added to the first, and in a few minutes crystals began to appear.

Third part to 238°; being the mean of the other two. On finishing this, the two preceding had formed a thick, opaque mass of good crystals.

Filled one mould, weight 20 lbs.
Weight of mould..... 4¾ "
net weight 15 ¼ lbs.

Filled one mould.....14½ lbs
Mould,..... 4¾ "
" 10 lbs.
Total net weight.....25¼ lbs.

and the next morning set them on pots to drain. Also boiled down the juice from the tops, four and three-quarters gallons, which produced with the scum thirteen and a half pounds molasses.

Nov. 2, temp. 8 A. M. 46°, noon 60°, S. W. clear.—Knocked out the proceeds of this experiment with the following results, viz.:

1 mould, gross weight, 20 lbs.
tare, 4¾ "
net wt. 15¼ lbs.
weight of molasses, 8¾ Sugar Molasses
net wt. 7 lbs. 8¾ lbs.
1 " gross weight, 14½ lbs.
tare 4¾ "
net wt 10 2¾
weight of molasses, 5¾
net wt. 4¾ lbs. 6¾ lbs

	Sugar	Molasses
Add molasses made from the tops, as above,		13½
Total weight of product of 300 feet of a row,	lbs. 11.50	37.25
Fifty rows, four feet apart and two hundred and eighteen feet long, constitute an acre, and two hundred feet of a row is less than one-fiftieth part of an acre by eighteen feet, therefore, add one-fifth,	2.03	2.45
Product of one-fiftieth part of an acre in lbs.	13.53	39.70
Multiply by	50	50
Product of an acre in lbs.	676.50	1985.00

A gallon of molasses weighs twelve pounds, therefore, divide 1,685 by 12, and we have, gallons, 123.75.

For the acre 625½ pounds sugar, and 123½ gallons molasses, produced from 18,148 canes, yielding 1,737 gallons juice, weighing nine pounds per gallon, or 15,633 pounds, being four per cent. of sugar and 9.50 per cent. of molasses, or 13.50 per cent. together.

This sugar is of a yellowish brown color, about as dry as, and about the color of second quality Cuba sugar, such as is used by refiners.

Third Experiment.—Oct. 23, temp. 8 A. M. 36°, M. 55°, foggy.—The foregoing favorable progress induced me to make another trial, on a larger scale. The weather looked threatening, and as a precaution, I cut five hundred feet of canes, and stored it in the barn, to be used in quantities conforming to my means of working.

Nearly a month having elapsed since the first polariscope observation was taken, and two weeks since the second practical experiment, having had several heavy frosts, and three nights of ice, one-eighth to three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness, I concluded to have another examination by polarized light, to see the effect of these changes, when I was gratified to find the following result; juice weighing full 10° Beaume:

First observation, right,	5°0	
Add ten per cent. for dilution,	0.5	60°5 right.
After inversion,	2°	
Add ten per cent as above,	0°2	temperature 25° 39°2 left.
Sum of inversion,		62°.7

This sum of inversion, (62°.7,) at temperature 25°, indicated 79.06 grammes of sugar per litre of juice; then, as 204.24 : 18.82 :: 79.06 : 7.29 per cent. of sugar in the juice.

Oct. 24, temp. 8 A. M. 54°, noon 60°, fog and rain.—Ground 100 feet; canes 160; gallons juice 18½; 10° B.

Oct. 26, temp. 50°, -60°, heavy rain.—Ground 100 feet; canes 159; gallons juice 18½; 10° B.

Oct. 27, temp. 46° -52°, very stormy.—Ground 100 feet; canes 166; gallons juice 18 1-16; 10° B.

Oct. 28, temp. 40° -52°, Cloudy, N. W.—Ground 100 feet; canes 149; gallons juice 16½; 10° B.

Oct. 29, temp. 43° -48°, clear, N. E.—Ground 100 feet; canes 148; gallons juice 14⅞; 10° B.

These several parcels were clarified like the second experiment, boiled to 15° and 18° Beaume, and set aside till November 2d, when I found all but the last day's work had changed to a thick, liver-like mass, resembling good soft soap, very acid, and totally ruined. The last parcel, having stood a much shorter time than the rest, was but partially affected. It was boiled to proof, and crystallized very well.

I regret this misfortune less for the trouble it cost me than for the failure of the experiment, for it worked beautifully in the first stages, and the last grinding crystallized freely. The juice weighed heavier than previous or subsequent parcels, and would probably have produced better results. It taught me, however, the danger of delay, and also that no injury had been sustained by the juice so long as the canes remained unground, the last parcel having crystallized perfectly.

[To be Continued.]

BEES AND BEE-HIVES.

MY EXPERIENCE.—NO. III.

Having now decided pretty nearly as to the size of the hive, (2,000 cubic inches) it remains to decide what shape we shall have. This is a question that many have decided for themselves, and among the infinite variety of forms, hardly one can be found without some one to advocate it,—"that it is a little better than any other—a swarm in this hive will get more honey by many pounds than one in that." This we have heard until a great many sensible men have come to the conclusion that very little of the vigor with which a swarm labors, for the first season, at least, depends on the shape of the hive. Even after combs, bees, and honey have been transferred from the common hive to the moveable frames of Mr. Langstroth, it might be attributed by some to imagination, when it was asserted that the bees labored "more vigorously than before." It will soon be time for patent venders to adopt some other method—give some other reason for adopting a new hive than the one:—"They will make more heney than on any other plan." Bees will store honey and work vigorously in a flour barrel, nail keg, a hollow tree—even a chicken coop will answer. All these will do for the first summer, if sufficient room is afforded—the quantity of honey will be nearly the same in all. Facilities for managing subsequently, are all important.

Many of our patent hives have gained one point that would be of some advantage, were it not that in gaining it they have added difficulties to more than balance all the good. In traveling through the country, we find the finished bee house and expensive fixtures accompanying a few empty *patent hives*—nine-tenths of all who have attempted to work with them have ended thus in about three years, showing, conclusively, that something is wrong. The only good to be discovered to balance this evil was, it gave the bee keepers the idea of obtaining surplus honey without killing the bees—as they all recommend something for that purpose. It is preferable to managing with the brimstone pit, and may be worth the sacrifice.

There are some enemies of bees, and some difficulties in managing, that we are all anxious to get rid of, as far as practicable. For instance, sometimes in cold weather the mice will enter the hive and commit depredations, destroying bees, comb, and honey. Hence the suspended hive to avoid them. The inclined bottom board in several forms was now added to this to throw out the worms; giving rise to several patents. Sometimes, in very hot weather, combs, full of honey, would break loose and settle to the bottom. To prevent it, the hive was made smallest at the bottom—Weeks' patent. When a colony of bees loses its queen, and has combs containing eggs or young larvæ, it will rear another. Here was a chance for several kinds of dividing hives. Brood combs, when used several years, become black and thick from the number of cocoons left by the young bees. Hence the necessity of changing the combs after a time. This principle has been prolific in varieties. Colonies of bees, with room to extend their combs in a place perfectly dark, seldom swarm. Hence several forms of non-swarmers. The depredation of the moth has brought out many hives that are offered to us as proof against them. Relative to the last, I would remark that *no hive* has yet been invented that is safe from the attacks of the moth, without a good colony of bees to defend it. When the bees get out, the worms get in.

It cannot be expected that I have used every variety of hive that has been constructed, but the *principle* of each has been pretty well tested. Mrs. Griffith, of New Jersey, is said to have invented the "suspended chamber hive, with inclined bottom board." Mr. Weeks adopted Mrs. Griffith's hive, with the addition of making the bottom smaller than the top, to prevent the combs from settling down—a point on which he obtained a patent. Those that have adopted the suspended hive have copied Mrs. Griffith more extensively than Weeks, yet I find nearly all suspended hives called "Weeks' hive." It is frequently the case that a patent is obtained on a point so trifling that it is often left out as non-essential by makers in a short time. In purchasing a patent right, it has been recommended, first, to ascertain that the thing *is patented*, and then whether the *part* covered by a patent is worth the money asked for it.

The simple chamber hive is made with two apartments; the lower and largest is for the permanent residence of the bees; the upper, or chamber, for the surplus boxes. Its merits are these:—The chamber affords all the protection necessary for boxes of glass or wood—considered as a cover, it is never lost. Its demerits are inconvenience in handling, it occupies more room if put in the house in the winter—if glass boxes are used only one end can be seen, and this may be full, while the other may hold some pounds yet, and this cannot be known till it is taken out. Now, if it is returned to have the bees finish it, the disturbance will cause the bees to remove the honey into the hive below, whenever the flowers yield a scanty supply. If this chamber was simply a loose box, it would be out of the way when handling, or in the house, and can be raised at any time when the boxes are being filled without the least disturbance of the bees—the boxes examined on every side, and the precise time of their being finished ascertained, (that is when made of glass,) when, if we want the combs in the utmost purity, they should be taken off.

M. Quimby.

St. Johnsville, N. Y., 1858.

MISSOURI STATE FAIR.

Eds. Rural:—Thinking a short account of the Fair now in progress in this city might interest your readers, I take the liberty of sending you the following sketch. The grounds of the Society are situated about three miles from the center of the city and are the most complete in their arrangement of any it has been my fortune to see. One of the first things to attract the visitor's attention as he enters the gates, is the immense amphitheatre. I have not heard its capacity stated, but should think it would readily seat four to five thousand people. In the center is provided a stand for the judges, and also for a band which daily adds the charm of music to that of the smiles of the fair ones who occupy a goodly share of the long tiers of seats rising one above another. Around the amphitheatre are grouped the other buildings for the exhibition of the thousand different articles always found at a State Fair. These buildings, are many of them, "got up" in a substantial and tasteful manner.

Nearest the gate stands the edifice devoted to the Fine Arts. Here were some very well executed portraits of public personages, also a few fancy pieces and compositions of surpassing beauty and indicating real merit in the artist. There were also the usual number of daguerreotypes, photographs, and the like, plainly showing that St. Louis is not behind her neighbors in this line. A thousand things in this Department claim a word of remark and praise, but must be passed by, for the overwhelming attraction of Fruits and Flowers.

Floral Hall is a circular building, graceful and attractive in design. Standing in the eastern entrance, one would almost imagine he had found the reality of those gorgeous dreams of the Arabian Nights. Immediately before you is a fountain rising in a single jet some eight or ten feet, then falling into a picturesque basin of rocks half covered by rich green moss, which seems to grow luxuriantly on all sides. Just back of this miniature lake rises a rocky cliff, from a projecting point of which, drips a never-failing spring. Apparently growing from every crevice in the rocks, are splendid specimens of the Ficus and Laurel, also a fine show of coniferous plants—intermixed with these, and giving variety to the whole by their brilliant flowers and varied foliage, are Salvias, Bignonias, Petunias, Dwarf Phloxes, and Lycopodiums. On the side of the cliff, opposite to the fountain, are graceful festoons of Arbor Vitæ, encircled by ivy, seeming a fit dwelling for some fairy mistress of the grove.

Around this grand centre piece, which is gotten up by the Society, are the various shows of Fruits, Flowers and Plants. The exhibition of apples is very fine, among them I noticed very fine specimens of Maiden's Blush, which ripens here about the middle of August, also Summer Queen, very fine, and immense specimens of the Alexander,—some of them measuring about five inches in diameter. The White Bellflower and Large Red Romanite are favorites in this country. The Michael Henry Pippin and Rambo are highly valued for their long keeping qualities. Among pears, the favorite sorts appear to be much the same as in New York. They all mature much earlier here, however. The Seckel, for example, is now rather past its prime. The exhibition in this department is rather limited, though the specimens are almost unlimited in point of size. The show of peaches was very good indeed, considering that the season for them is nearly past.

This section of the country will, I think, in a few years vie with Western New York in the beauty and variety of the fruit it produces. Many fine orchards are now growing, and the number is being annually increased. The show of greenhouse and tropical plants was small, though it contained some interesting specimens, among which we noticed a very large plant of the Cycas Revoluta, or Sago Palm.

In the Agricultural and Mechanical department we noticed an uncommon variety of labor-saving implements, Sewing Machines; also very handsomely carved cabinet work. The show of Agricultural Machinery seemed, by mutual consent, to be voted small; there was, however, a goodly number of Threshers and Mowers. The display of Horses and Cattle, although small, contained some splendid animals. Black Hawk and Morgan stock, which seems to be a favorite one in this region, was shown in perfection. Several of the young horses equaled, we venture to say, in style and symmetry of proportions, anything to be found in this country. There seemed to be a generally acknowledged want of a good course on which to try the speed of many of the horses entered, all the trotting being confined to the ring of the amphitheatre. The entries of blooded cattle were limited. There were a few fine Devons and some Bramah cattle. Of Native Stock, there were some very handsome cows, also some immensely fat specimens.

Altogether, I may say that the Fair has so far proved a brilliant success; it is estimated that there have been from twenty to twenty-five thousand people on the grounds daily since the opening. It is interesting to watch the crowd which nightly collect upon the pavement before the far-famed Planter's House to discuss the sights and wonders of the Fair as well as the price of stock and Government lands, for this spot seems to be selected by mutual consent as a Merchant's Exchange.

St. Louis, on the whole, seems to be the most prosperous and active city in the West. Business men here appear to have suffered less from the universal depression than in any other place I have visited. Splendid buildings are being erected on all sides; the city is growing rapidly,—the back country also, is being settled by cultivators of the soil. Here seems to be *the* place for an industrious young man, no matter what his business.

St. Louis, Sept. 9th, 1858. W. E. B.

CHEESE AND CHEESE-MAKING.

Eds. Rural:—An April No. of your valuable paper contained an article on Cheese and Cheese-Making with a request that more might be furnished. I have waited long and patiently, but as yet have seen none. If some of the good cheese-makers East would give, through the Rural, their mode of making, they would confer a great favor on many Western people who are ambitious to make a good article.

I would like to know the best way of preparing rennet?—how long the milk should stand after the rennet is put in before the "curd comes?—whether it makes a difference what kind of knife is used to cut the curd provided it is smooth and long enough to cut to the bottom of the tub?—whether the curd should be broken with the hand after cutting?—how much and in what way it should be warmed or "scalded"?—how much salt used by weight; measuring in a teacup is hardly safe, they vary so much in size; how the curd is cut or prepared for the press?—how long a cheese should remain in press?—how we can decide whether or not we apply the proper amount of weight, (we use the old fashioned lever press.)

I am aware that it will tax the patience of *somebody* to reply to all these queries, but trust the consciousness of having performed an act of benevolence will be a sufficient reward if any one should take the trouble to do it. When *I* take the premium at the Mich. State Fair, (I intend to do it in less than ten years if life and health continue,) I will let my "light shine" for the good of others, and will never tell a poor ignoramus, like myself, who is thirsting for knowledge that "it is *nothing* to make cheese if you only get your milk just the right heat, and *just* rennet and salt enough, scald the curd and press the cheese just about right"—and when asked *how* this is to be done, say "have the milk a little more than milk-warm, put in rennet according to your judgment, and salt according to your taste, but you can't tell by the taste of the curd how salt the cheese will be; the salt runs off some in the whey,—have the whey you scald with so that you can just put your hand to the bottom without *burning* it, (some hands will bear fifteen or twenty degrees more heat than others,) and tell by the looks of the cheese whether it is pressed right." No, I will know how good cheese is made and be able to inform others. I had no idea I was writing so much, and owe an apology to the Rural for encroaching upon valuable time, but I can't make a good cheese, and I desire early information on the subject of cheese-making and the manner of keeping cheese from those who are possessed of experience. Will they give it? A Subscriber.

Coldwater, Mich., 1858.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

Plaster on Meadow Land.—I would like to derive a little information from farmers in relation to the benefit to be derived by sowing plaster at this season of the year on meadow land, some of it timothy, some clover, and some timothy and clover. The soil, some of it, is loam, and some a stony, hard, wet soil in spring, and fall, but dry enough now.—How many bushels to the acre if any at all? Likewise for sowing it on wheat; whether to sow with the wheat and drag in or wait till the wheat is up, or not sow at all, soil same as above? Will lime pay to sow on wheat land of this description when it costs 18 cents per bushel and 5 miles to draw?—If so, about what quantity to the acre, and how should it be put on?—C. A. Russ, *Oswego Falls, N. Y.* 1858.

Best Time for Seeding Orchard Grass.—A friend of mine requests me to ask of you, or some of your correspondents, information as to the proper time and manner of putting in orchard grass seed.—O. J. P., *Hesperian Plains, Ohio*, 1858.

Remarks.—In seeding orchard grass, it should never be put in alone, except for the sake of raising the seed—mix with clover when for pasture or hay. Seeded by itself, two bushels (twenty-four pounds,) per acre is generally used—if with clover, one bushel is sufficient. It may be sown early in the fall, after wheat or rye, or in the spring, after oats. It is frequently sown in the spring on winter-wheat, but much of the seed never germinates.—When sown after oats, the litter should not be very thick, and should be cut early, if the main object is to have the ground well set with grass.

Winter Barley.—I inquired, thro' the Rural, about one year ago, for information in regard to Winter Barley, and from what was published on the subject, was induced to sow 28 acres of fallow. It was threshed by Daniel Smith, in about fourteen hours, and, according our tally, there is 1,400 bushels of it—making the average 50 bushels per acre. From experience in this single crop, and what I hear from others in this vicinity, I think I can recommend it to those who are inquiring.—"What shall we sow?"—Hugh McVean, *Scottsville, N. Y.*, 1858.

Rural Miscellany.

The Provincial Exhibition.—All the arrangements for this great gathering at Toronto are approaching completion. The *Canadian Agriculturist* states that the "Crystal Palace is finished, and the fittings up are actively proceeding with. All that now remains to look for is an adequate response from the country, by means of visitors, stock, and material, which it is believed the result will justify. The Show will commence on the 28th inst., and terminate, so far as the Live Stock is concerned, on the 1st of October, but it has been determined by the Board of Agriculture to keep open the Crystal Palace an additional week, in order to give the public ample opportunity of carefully inspecting the numerous productions of Canadian ingenuity and skill, with which the capacious building will abound. Exhibitors, therefore, are requested to leave such non-perishable articles as they can conveniently for another week. This arrangement will, it is hoped, prevent the usual overcrowding for a day or two, annually complained of, and afford ample opportunity for our manufacturers, mechanics, and artists to bring their productions in a favorable manner before the public."

More American Horses for Napoleon III.—About one year ago the Emperor of the French purchased, through an agent in Boston, a few specimens of Vermont Trotting Stock, and these gave such satisfaction that an order for additions to his stable was received recently, and, on the 4th inst., three Morgan three-year-olds, standing each fifteen hands three inches, and of a royally dark brown, were sent out by the Ariel, to be landed at Havre, and thence forwarded to the Emperor at Paris. Speaking thereupon, *Porter's Spirit of the Times* remarks:—"There is one good effect that will certainly attend this second imperial importation of American horses, and that will be, to draw the general attention of France to the qualities of this superb breed of roadsters, and to render their introduction fashionable. The horse business of New England may therefore be considered on the rise."

Canada Wheat—Product, Quality.—Colborne—situated just across the lake from Rochester—is fast becoming the centre of a large grain trade.—The *Transcript*, of Sept. 10th, says:—"On Saturday last the largest purchases were made of any day since harvest. It was a continual stream of teams nearly all day, and the quality of the grain we have never seen equaled in this region. Three or four American gentlemen who are engaged in the wheat trade, unanimously pronounced Colborne wheat the best average sample they had seen between London, C. W., and Kingston. The price today is about a $1 for Spring and about $1,25 for ordinary Fall wheat, while occasionally a very superior load was taken at a $1,30."

Crops in Ireland.—The Cork *Examiner*, in an article upon the harvest in Ireland, says:—"The sickle is already busy on all sides, and a truly golden harvest is falling beneath its stroke. The crops of all kinds are so abundant and so entirely free from even the appearance of disease or failure, that this may be called the first year of plenty since the famine. The yield of all produce is far beyond the measure of the best years we have had for a long time, and the country may at length congratulate itself in the assurance that the trials are at an end. Even the potato seems all at once to have recovered the firmness and sweetness of its best days. In point of prosperity Ireland need envy no country in Europe at the present moment."

Sorghum in Illinois.—Some of the Illinois farmers agree in saying that the amount of sugar raised in that State this year from the Sorghum cane, will exceed in amount—including, of course, the molasses made in the same process—that of any other one product or article of export grown and manufactured in the State. The Cincinnati Times thinks this is an exaggerated statement, but adds, "there can be no doubt the amount is really very considerable, and that sugar may hereafter be regarded as one of the staple productions, not only of Illinois, but of most of the Northwestern States."

An Old Veteran.—Says the Burlington *Sentinel*, "the 'Royal Morgan,' well known as the 'Steele' or 'Cream horse,' is 37 years old. He is owned by John Gregory, of Northfield, Vt., who has declared his intention to exhibit the old veteran in harness at the State Fair, to be held in Burlington the present month. He eats no hay, but subsists chiefly on meal, oats, shorts, potatoes, &c., and appears in a thriving condition. His step is still quick and nervous, and he trots as square as ever. He will be quite a curiosity, as he is the oldest horse known to be living."

Poultry in England.—In the Liverpool market, as stated by Mr. Howard in the *Boston Cultivator*, live poultry of all the noted breeds is abundant A Dorking cock and two hens, good ones, were held at £2. Like lots of Spanish fowls, gold-pencilled, silver-pencilled and silver-spangled Hamburgs and Games of different sub-varieties were from 15s. to 10s. each. Shanghais were considerably lower, and some Jersey Blues from America were held at higher prices than the pure Orientals, as they should be.

Ohio State Fair.—A telegram from Sandusky, on the 13th inst, says:—"The city is full of strangers, and the arrangements for the State Fair are complete. The number of entries already made is 2,000, and the Fair will be the finest ever held in the State. The exhibition of horses and cattle will be superior in every respect to any that has before taken place in Ohio."

Lee County (Ill.) Fair.—The First Annual Fair of the Lee Co. Ag. Society will be held at Dixon instead of Amboy, as heretofore announced. Time, Oct. 20th, 21st and 22d.

Fulton and Hamilton Counties.—The Annual Exhibition of the F. and H. Co. Society, will be held at Johnstown, Tuesday, the 28th inst.

The Chautauque Co. Ag. Society, holds its Annual Fair at Fredonia, Sept. 21st, 22d, and 23d.

Orchard and Garden.

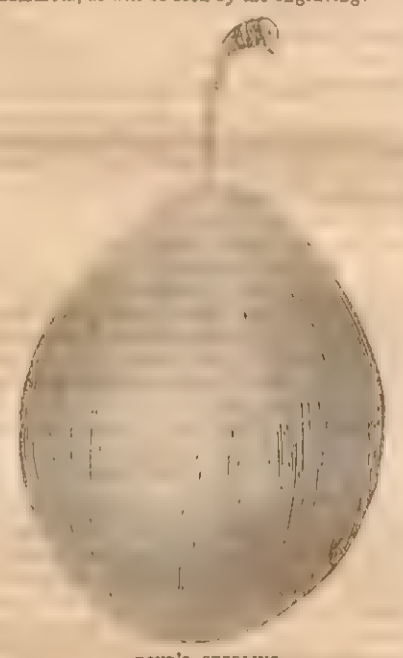
THE AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

This Society holds its next meeting, as we have before announced, in New York, on the 14th inst. Our journal, which is dated on Saturday, goes to press on the Tuesday previous. Our large circulation renders this necessary. This will be on the first day of the meeting, and, of course, we shall be able to give no report this week. On Monday morning we start for New York to take part in the Convention as well as to report the proceedings for our pages. The *New York State Agricultural Society* has appointed the following delegates:—Chas. Downing, George Ellwanger, E. C. Frost, Louis Menand, Herman Wendell, John C. Jackson, R. H. Ludlow, L. G. Morris, Joseph Frost, and James Vick. The *Genesee Valley Horticultural Society* appointed H. E. Hooker, Charles M. Hooker and James Vick, delegates; and the *Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York* the following:—P. Barry, Rochester; H. E. Hooker, Rochester; T. C. Maxwell, Geneva; Dr. Sylvester, Lyons; J. B. Eaton, Buffalo; W. B. Smith, Syracuse; W. P. Townsend, Lockport.

HORTICULTURAL GOSSIP.

The weather for the past week or two has been extremely warm, and for the last three or four days the thermometer has reached ninety degrees. The result is that all our fall fruits are ripening very fast—the pears, perhaps, a little too fast, for unless they are closely watched, where a good many varieties are grown, some specimens will be found fallen or spoiled on the trees. We never saw so great a progress in the ripening of fruits, in so short a time, as has been made in three or four days of the past week. Isabella Grapes are now as near maturity as they were last year at the setting in of winter. There will be no difficulty in ripening Isabellas perfectly, and Catawbas would ripen this season, we think, with fair treatment. We did think of describing a few varieties of pears now in perfection, but as the list is a long one, and this fruit will be pretty freely talked about at the Pomological Convention, we forbear. A. Frost & Co. presented us with several fine specimens grown on their beautiful dwarf trees, and Ellwanger & Barry did the same. Pears are now plenty in our market, but we cannot say they are cheap. They sell readily for from three to four dollars per bushel; peaches are scarce, and bring about the same price.

More than a dozen varieties of plums are now ripe, and among them we notice the *Victoria*, *Coe's Golden Drop*, and *Pond's Seedling*—the latter a mammoth, as will be seen by the engraving:



POND'S SEEDLING.

In making our visits to the fruit gardens last week, we found ourselves, one warm afternoon, at the grounds of H. N. Langworthy, about five miles from the city, on the Ridge Road. This place consists of about ten acres, and when it came into the possession of its present owner, about three years since, it was in a very dilapidated condition, as it had been for a long time, although some very good things had been planted, and in spite of bad treatment bore tolerable fruit. Not having visited the grounds under Mr. Langworthy's administration, we were surprised and pleased at the wonderful change. The house had been repaired or rebuilt, carriage house erected, new fences made, and all painted, and as neat as possible. The old Isabella vines that had rambled unchecked for years were pruned and trained, and loaded with magnificent clusters; the old apple orchard had been renovated, and the trees appeared to have taken a new lease of life. Here, too, we found a vigorous young peach orchard, an orchard of dwarf pears consisting of about two hundred trees, and a good many standards, some of them loaded with fruit, and this was particularly the case with the *Bartlett* and *Flemish Beauty*. We don't wish the fact to be generally known, for fear it might cause too great a rush of visitors, but we will just say that if any one who can appreciate a good melon wants a feast, just let him call on H. N. Langworthy. We don't know any one that gets up melons in so good a style. He don't allow his friends to eat anything but the "*best*," and his *White Imperials* and *Black Spanish*, are unequaled, to say nothing about the *Nutmegs*. Then the eloquent manner in which your host will dilate on their qualities will cause you to relish a few more slices of the same sort after you have had enough, as he will very confidently assure you that a *good melon* never hurts any one—a doctrine not hard to believe. Among the many new things we found here, was the *Futaw Cucumber*, a very large, nearly white cucumber, very sweet and good for eating in the ordinary way, but solid and rather difficult of digestion. It makes an excellent preserve, much better than the *Citron*, being clear and transparent.

We have not space to notice many other things, but we will call attention to the mode adopted by Mr. L. for training *Tomatoes*, which is very easy and simple, keeps the fruit from the ground, and exposes it to the sun and air, thus securing early ripening. It is simply four forked stakes, less than three feet long, driven into the ground. Across these are laid two round poles. These poles run parallel, and are about eighteen inches apart, and of course the stakes are driven so as to accommodate the length of the poles. Between the poles the tomatoes are planted, and supported by a stake until they reach the poles, when the branches are laid over them, in the manner shown in the engraving.

LANGWORTHY'S METHOD OF TRAINING TOMATOES.

Speaking of training Tomatoes reminds us of one trained in this city so as to make it a very ornamental object. Taste will show itself, in some way, and we have seen the old gardener, or the lady with a love of flowers, when confined to the city by uncontrollable circumstances, raise in a flower-pot, or even a broken tea pot, flowers that would not disgrace the most costly conservatory. The gentleman that raised this plant is confined to a small city lot shaded by old trees—a most unforbidding place for growing an object worthy of notice, and yet he has succeeded with the unpretending tomato in growing a plant so beautiful that it has been viewed with astonishment and delight by hundreds. Indeed, great has been the demand for seed of this *new* variety. But, alas! in the hands of the careless and unskillful it will be only the poor old trailing plant, covered with tomatoes that will never ripen, and the few that do ripen coated with dirt. We have had our artist take an engraving of this plant, which we present to our readers as a model. We counted one hundred and thirty tomatoes, of various sizes, over twenty had been picked and about a dozen more were fully ripe, while a score or so more were coloring. The plant covers a space ten feet in height and about nine in width.

A MODEL TOMATO PLANT.

One of our market gardeners informed us that he had picked 450 bushels of tomatoes from the plants grown on three-quarters of an acre.

The White Grub is doing a good deal of mischief to strawberry plants in some locations, as well as to potatoes. We fear we must give up all hopes of a show of Dahlias this fall, as the insect that injures the potato tops is killing the buds as fast as they appear. At first the mischief was charged to the grasshoppers, but a close examination proved the enemy to be the *Phytocoris*, which has been charged in the Rural and other papers by Mr. Henderson with being the cause of the potato rot. This little mischievous insect, we think, is beginning to tread on dangerous ground. The florists will find something to give him "fits" if he persists in destroying their flowers.

Mr. Jeffreys, of Canandaigua, informs us that the borer is destroying the Mountain Ash trees in that village; that of late they are suffering more than the locusts.

The Large White Grub.—Will you be so kind as to inform me through your paper if there is any means by which the large white ground grub can be destroyed? They have been very destructive for the last two years to the strawberry plants in this vicinity. Last spring I set out some choice varieties, for which, it would seem, they show a decided taste. They work under the ground, eating off the roots of the plants. I have thought that they live on the roots of weeds also, and therefore the cleaner the ground is kept, the more they will concentrate about the plants.—C. Clark, *Turner, Dupage Co., Ill.*, 1858.

Remarks.—This large white grub has been quite troublesome here in some places. Last week we saw a plantation of strawberries of about an acre, in which three-fourths of the plants were destroyed by the grub. Potatoes, also, in the same lot were much injured by them. They are difficult to destroy. Salt, or anything that will kill them will also kill the plants. When anything is placed on the surface that they dislike they go deeper in the soil. Has any of our readers succeeded in destroying them?

Apples—Their Names.—I am somewhat in the nursery business, and have the following apples in my nursery that I am entirely unacquainted with: Crow Sweet, Orange Russet, Red Cheek Pippin and Saxton. Now, if through the Rural I can be made acquainted with their character you will confer a favor upon your subscriber.—J. R., *Hocking Port, Ohio*, 1858.

Remarks.—Don't know the *Crow Sweet*. There is an old sweet variety called the *Crow Egg*. It is a fall apple, not very good, oblong oval, greenish-yellow, tender, large core. Another apple is called by the same name in Kentucky. It is a winter fruit, sub-acid, conical form, yellow, striped with dull red. Know no *Orange Russet*. There is an *Orange Apple*, with skin of an orange-yellow, sometimes partially covered with blotches of russet. *Red Cheek Pippin* is a synonym of *Monmouth Pippin*. We never before heard of a *Saxton* apple.

DO QUINCES PRODUCE BLIGHT?

Messrs. Editors:—Having seen in the Rural of the 4th inst., the observations of one of your correspondents in respect to whether blight upon quinces produce a similar effect upon pears, and as my experience partly resembles that of Mr. Clarke, and from your solicitation in the matter I will endeavor to bring forward my case as intelligibly as my humble powers of description will permit.

The case is this:—At each end of my garden I have a quince tree, both of which this spring had their annual visits from an insect which attacks the extreme points of the young shoots. The effect is at the point of the shoot, which shrivels up and acts as an encasement for the egg deposited therein, where it finds protection until the process of life and maturity shall have ripened the inhabitants' instinct to "move on." This blight, as many know, is quite distinct in appearance and effect, from the one of which Mr. Clarke finds his quinces affected; for the attacks of the latter does not make its appearance until the fruit has set, while the other takes place just previous to the expansion of the blossom buds.

However, to come to the point, I may say that both these quince trees have been attacked this year with the blight your correspondent has been troubled with. And now for their position.—Quince tree No. 1 is within two paces of a fine thriving Siberian crab apple which has evidently been infected with the same blight. This tree was attacked six or eight weeks since, and but little notice taken of it until lately, when the blight was making rapid progress to the main stem; the side branches were, therefore, immediately cut out, and on examination the discoloration had almost reached the point referred to. I have also a young standard Sheldon pear scarcely two paces from the same quince tree, and I have had the greatest difficulty to preserve its wood of this year's growth.—This tree I have very closely watched, and have nipped off (to a healthy bud) all the young shoots twice, and in some cases three times. These shoots had evidently been punctured by some insect near the extreme point of the shoot, and the discoloration made rapid progress to the base of the shoot, but whether this may be attributed to the same cause as that in which the quince suffers, it did not occur to me at the time. Within the past two or three weeks, however, I have more matured evidences of the same discoloration precisely, upon a dwarf Doyenne and Steven's Genesee; and on a close examination, I find the same punctures previously mentioned in the case of the Sheldon pear, while on other shoots could be traced specimens of the insect world in various stages of progress—on others neither insect or punctures could be seen. These observations, it will be seen, are necessarily incomplete, as my attention has not probably been called to it until the various stages of the blight had progressed too far. Thus far, however, they coincide with the experience of Mr. Clarke. But when I turn back to quince tree No. 2, which has been most seriously attacked with the Flemish Beauty and Bart[illegible] eties of Van Mousleon le Clerc, Duchesse de Angouleme, &c., upon none of which can I find any symptom of the blight. Shall we puzzle our brains any more in the matter? I think I will promise it a thorough investigation next season, and watch its earliest stages.

On another examination, since writing the above, I find the standard Bartlett punctured on several shoots, but on the second growth of this season. The discoloration does not, however, make its appearance. Probably the wood is too ripe for its downward progress. Wm. Creed.

Quince and Pear Blight.—The observation of your correspondent, J. S. Clarke, in relation to the blight in quince trees being transferred to pear, is new to me, but I must say, very probable. As facts, not theories, are wanted in this matter, I would state that during the past three years, I have set out 25 dwarf pear trees in a small city lot.—They all thrive well, and some are bearing very well. One, however, which was planted near a quince bush afflicted with the blight, has been attacked by the same disease. All the others, being further distant, have escaped. If the experience of others coincides with this view of the matter, a knowledge of the facts will be of the utmost importance, both theoretically and practically. J. P.

FRUIT FOR THE WEST.

It is very easy to jump at conclusions and say this or the other fruit will not do for the West, just because somebody failed in the attempt to grow it, when perhaps the treatment was such as to cause almost anything to fail. On this subject we are pleased to give all reliable information. Verry Aldrich, of Arispe, Bureau county, Illinois, in *Emery's Journal*, gives the following list of apples "best adapted to that locality, and most profitable for family use or market—all hardy and productive:"

Six best apples for orchard of 100 trees.—Summer—10 Red June, 10 Summer Pennock. Fall—15 Snow. Winter—20 Dominie, 20 Wagener, 25 Willow Twig.

Twelve best apples for an orchard of 100 trees.—Summer—10 Red June, 5 Sops of Wine, 10 Summer Pennock. Fall—5 Tompkins, 5 Snow, 5 Cloth of Gold. Winter—15 Domine, 15 Wagener, 15 Willow Twig, 5 White Bellflower, 5 Yellow do., 5 N. Y. Pippin.

Twenty best apples for an orchard of 100 trees.—Summer—5 Red June, 2 Sops of Wine, 5 Summer Pennock, 3 Red Astrachan, 2 Early White (Cooper's,) 2 Leicester Sweeting. Fall—3 Tompkins, 5 Snow, 2 Fall Wine, 3 Hawley, 2 Sweet Wine, 2 Cloth of Gold. Winter—10 Dominie, 10 Wagener, 10 Willow Twig, 2 White Bell Flower, 2 Yellow do., 10 N. Y. Pippin, 10 Red Seaknofurther, 10 Swaar.

1,000 *trees for market* will depend on how near it is. If near by and large,

Summer—200 Red June, 100 Summer Pennock. Fall—50 Snow. Winter—100 Dominie, 150 Wagener, 200 Willow Twig, long keepers; 200 N. Y. Pippin, long keepers.

When the orchard is located too far away from market for summer fruit, diminish the summer and add more winter.

Of pears, have not had experience enough yet nor varieties sufficient to make out a list. Among what I have, the Onondaga, Flemish Beauty, White Doyenne, Louise Bonne of Jersey, Dearborn's Seedling, Buffum, Heathcoat, and Steven's Genesee, all promise well, both as standard and dwarf, (Onondaga excepted.)

TREE MIGNONETTE.

Having been very successful for some years in growing fine specimens of this, the result of my experience may not be unacceptable to your readers.

I generally sow in four-inch pots about the end of March, or beginning of April, according to the number of standards required. The soil I use is maiden loam and leaf-mould in equal quantities, with a little well-rotted manure and sand added.—I drain and fill the pots in the usual way, but do not press the soil too firmly. I smooth the surface, and put a pinch of seed in the centre of each pot. I cover thinly with fine sifted soil, water gently and remove the pots to the stove, or, if that is not available, to a hot-bed, and the plants soon make their appearance. As soon as they have grown a little I pull out all but three of the strongest near the centre of the pot. After all danger of their damping off has in a great measure passed I remove the two weakest, and tie the other to a neat stake. I repot as the plants require it, and remove the lateral buds as soon as they make their appearance in the axils of the leaves, at the same time preserving the leaves on the stem carefully. The flower will soon make its appearance on the top of the stem. I remove it once, and allow the highest lateral bud to grow to form the next leader to be tied to the stake as soon as possible. I remove the laternal buds as before, and so on, till the stem is the desired height.

When the stem is the height required, I cut off the top and allow four or five of the highest lateral buds to grow. As soon as they have pushed a little I pinch them, leaving only two buds on each; I allow them to start a little and then remove the plants to a cool green house where they get plenty of air. I continue to pinch regularly as the plants grow till the heads are the desired size (which will be about the end of September or the middle of October,) when they will require their final shift, using 8 or 9 inch pots, according to the size of the plants. I procure some iron wire for supports, or neat wooden stakes. After being inserted into the pots they must stand two or three inches above the head of the plant, to allow all the laterals forming the head to be suspended from them with small pieces of bast. If they are not tied up carefully they will as they grow droop down and break, as Mignonette is a plant of straggling habit. Treated in the above way Mignonetto will flower freely till the time when there is plenty to be had out of doors, when the plants may be thrown away. I prefer growing from seed every season. The little extra trouble required is amply compensated by the neat compact form of the heads of the young plants.—M., *in London Gardeners' Chronicle.*

A CHINESE GARDEN.

[illegible] make the following extracts:

"The plants consist of good specimens of southern Chinese things, all well known in England—such, for example, as cymbidium Chinese, olea fragans, oranges, roses, camelias, magnolias, etc., and, of course, a multitude of dwarf trees, without which no Chinese garden would be considered compelete. In the alcove alluded to, there are some nice stone seats, which look cool in a climate like that of southern China. The floor of this building is raised a few feet above the ground level, so that the visitor gets a good view of the water and other objects of interest in the garden. That this is a favorite lounge and smoking place with the Chinese, the following Chinese notice, which we found on one of the pillars, will testify: 'A Careful and Earnest Notice—This garden earnestly requests that visitors will spit betel outside the railing, and knock the ashes off pipes also outside.' Several fine fruit trees and others are growing near the walks, and afford shade from the rays of the sun. On one of these we read the following: 'Ramblers here *will be excused* plucking the fruit on this tree.' How exceedingly polite!

"Near the centre of the garden stands a substantial summer house or hall, named the 'Hall of Fragrant Plants.' The same notice to smokers and chewers of betel-nut is also put up here; and there is another and a longer one, which I must not forget to quote. It is this:—'In this garden the plants are intended to delight the eyes of all visitors; a great deal has been expended in planting and in keeping it in order, and the garden is now beginning to yield some return. Those who come here to saunter about are earnestly prayed not to pluck the fruit or flowers, in order that the beauty of the place may be preserved.' And then follows a piece of true Chinese politeness:—'We beg those who understand this notice to excuse it!' Passing through the Hall of Fragrant Plants, we approached, between two rows of Olea fragans, a fine ornamental suite of rooms, tastefully furnished and decorated, in which visitors are received and entertained. An inscription informs us that this is called the 'Fragrant Hall of the Wochee Tree.' Leaving this place by a narrow door, we observed the following notice:—'Saunterers here will be excused entering.' This apparently leads to the private apartments of the family. In this side of the garden there is some artificial rock-work, which the Chinese know well how to construct, and various summer houses tastefully decorated, one of which is called the 'Library of Verdant Purity.' Between this part of the garden and the straight walk already noticed, there is a small pond or lake for fish and water lilies. This is crossed by a zigzag wooden bridge of many arches, which looked rather dilapidated."

Fruits of the Crimea.—New apples of extraordinary excellence, have been discovered in the Crimea, which will, no doubt, find their way to Europe and America. Pallas speaks of one called the Sinap Alma, which keeps till July, and only acquires its excellence before the new year.—Wagon loads are annually sent to Moscow, and even to St. Petersburgh. There is also an autumn apple, thought to be [illegible] the best ever tasted in any country. A lar[illegible] coloour than heretofore known, is also recorded. Twenty-four varieties of grapes are cultivated, either for wine or the table. None of them appear to be of importance.—*Edinburg Phil. Journal.*

Domestic Economy.

CAKE RECIPES.—GOOD VINEGAR.

Eds. Rural:—Having read many valuable recipes for cooking in your excellent paper, I thought *I, too*, might contribute my mite in sending a few that I have found to be good:

Soft Cake.—One cup of sugar; 1 egg; a piece of butter the size of an egg; ½ of a cup of sweet milk; a teaspoon of cream tartar; half as much soda.

Another.—One cup of sugar; 1 egg; ¼ cup of butter; 1 cup of buttermilk; a teaspoon of soda.

Cookies.—One and one-half cup of sugar; ½ cup of butter; ½ cup of buttermilk; teaspoon of soda; roll them rather thick and bake quick.

Jumbles.—Two cups of sugar; 1 cup of sour cream; 1 cup of butter; 3 eggs; 1 teaspoon soda.

Crullers.—One pint of milk; 2 cups of sugar; 1 cup of butter; 3 eggs; 1 teaspoon of soda; 2 of cream tartar; salt and spice to your taste.

If J. S., *Mich.*, wishes to know how to make good vinegar that will cost less than 25 cents per gallon, please try the following:—One quart of molasses; 3 gallons of rain-water; 1 pint of yeast,—let it stand four weeks. C. S. W.

Mexico, N. Y., 1858.

CREAM TARTAR BISCUIT.—TO COLOR DRAB.

Eds. Rural:—I have read with great interest the column devoted to Domestic Economy in your paper, as also every other part of it, and have noticed of late the increased interest manifested in it by all, in contributing something to it; so I thought I would cast in my mite, and perhaps some one might be benefited by it.

Cream Tartar Biscuit.—Take a pint bowl two-thirds full of sweet milk, add to it ½ tablespoonful of soda; then take a small pan half full of flour, and add to it two tablespoonfuls of shortening; 1 of cream tartar, and one half do. of salt; mix well and add the milk. Make it hard enough to roll out good, and cut in cakes about 1½ inches thick. Bake very quick. Try it, and if you make them right, you will never want to make any other kind.

To Color Drab.—Take plum tree sprouts and boil them an hour or more, then add copperas according to the shade you wish your articles to be. White ribbons take a very pretty color in this dye.

I would like to be informed through your paper how to take out ink stains from wood and cloth.

Tecumseh, Mich., 1858. A Farmer's Daughter

To Mend Broken Glass and Earthen ware.—I see in the Rural an inquiry for a cement to mend glass and earthen-ware. Broken glass may be mended quite securely with white paint, such as is used for painting buildings. Put it neatly on both edges and press them firmly together. Put them away until the paint becomes thoroughly dry and [illegible] can be read and washed the same curely with a cord, you can by boiling the piece in sweet skim-milk, mend it so that it will never come apart by using. The fractured edges must not be wet with water before mending, and after boiling, put away the dish until it shall become thoroughly dry before taking off the string.—M. E. P., *Palmyra, N. Y.*, 1858.

Carolina Cake.—Two coffee cups of white sugar; 3 of flour; 1 of sweet cream; 2 tablespoons of melted butter; whites of 5 eggs, well beaten; ½ a teaspoon of cream tartar; ½ do. of soda; 1 teaspoon of extract of lemon,—it is an improvement to add citron,—put about half of the mixture in the baking dish, cut the citron in thin slices and lay them over the mixture pretty plentifully, then pour the remainder upon the citron. I think Mrs. A. P. G., of Janesville, Onondaga Co., N. Y., will acknowledge this to be as good a recipe for cake as her recipe for lemon pie, which is equally delicious. If any doubt, let them try it, and they will find it is worth a year's subscription to the Rural.—M. C., *Oak Orchard, N. Y.*, 185[illegible]

Good Dumplings.—Amelia, of Cayuga, N. Y., wishes for a recipe to make Good Dumplings. Here is one that we call a good one. Take 1½ pounds flour; 6 ounces of beef suet, chopped fine; ½ teaspoonful saleratus; ½ pound raisins—mix these together with water as stiff as can be stirred with a spoon. Put the mixture in a bag, securely tied, and boil 1½ hours. To make of preserves instead of raisins, leave out the raisins and mix with the hand the same quantity of flour, suet, &c., roll like pie crust to the thickness of a quarter of an inch and spread on preserves, roll the whole together and put into a bag and boil as above.—A. E. C., *Owego, N. Y.*, 1858.

Preserving Cucumbers for Winter Use.—Some time since I saw in the Rural an inquiry as to how we shall preserve cucumbers for winter use? I will send you my mode. Put one pound of alum and three quarts of salt to one barrel of pickles—water sufficient to cover them, and lay a cloth on top. There will a scum rise on top, which take off with the cloth and rinse it in cold water. When you wish to use them, soak over night, or, if you like them pretty salt, just rinse them off, scald the vinegar and pour upon them.—C. M. C., *Fulton, N. Y.*, 1858.

Tomatoes and Melons.—Use tomatoes largely, both at breakfast and dinner; take hot or cold, cooked or raw, with vinegar or without vinegar, fried in sugar and butter, or stewed, with salt and pepper. Their healthful properties consists in their being nutritious, easily digested, and promotive of that daily regular action of the system, without which, health is impossible. Their anti-constipating quality is in the seeds—on the same principle that grapes, raisins and white mustard seed have stood high in this respect, the attrition of the seeds on the mucous surface of the alimentary canal exciting its peristaltic motion, thus causing regular daily action.

As to water-melons, they are the only things we know which can be eaten with impunity until we cannot swallow any more. The best time for taking them is about eleven o'clock in the morning, and about four in the afternoon. They are not safe for very young children,—the seeds are especially injurious to them.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Ladies' Port-Folio.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE LAST TIME.

I HAVE climbed up the rock for the last, last time,
And I sit on the moss alone,
How my heart's deep love is still twining around
The brow of this gray old stone.
How my thoughts leap up, and my heart throbs fast,
As I sit on the moss alone,
How the tear-drops fall in a glittering chain
Down, down to the cold gray stone.

Far down in the vale by the river's side
I can see my own dear home,
But the vine is torn from the roof-tree now,
And the loved ones, scattered, roam.
There the violets weep on their grassy beds
As the stranger passes by,
And the lilies bend 'neath the careless foot
With a sad but fragrant sigh.

O, what will they do with my sister's grave:
Will they tear the roses away?
And what will they do with the bench at the door
Where my father once knelt to pray?
There's a cold, pale face by the hearth-stone now,
And hands never crossed in prayer,
Will the GOD of the fatherless lend him his smile?
Shall the White Angel still hover there?

I roamed through the woods for the last, last time
Ere yesterday's sun was low,
And the brow of the earth wore a glad, sweet smile—
O, my heart, it was thus long ago.
But my father's lands are the stranger's now,
And he bade me not linger there,
But I whispered—"Peace, 'tis the last, last time,"—
Dare he scorn the orphan's prayer?

I stood 'neath the tree like a lion chained,
O, fierce was my spirit then,
But I saw thee, my rock 'neath the setting sun,
And a voice cried—"Peace be to man."
When the stranger came to the orphan's home,
He told me this rock should be mine,
He told me in mockery, I answered him thus—
"Keep sacred that promise of thine."

So I come to thee now, my own old rock,
I climb to thy friendly seat,
I come to thee now for the last, last time,
Ere the cold, rough world I meet.
I am not ashamed to show thee my tears,
Let them fall on the cold gray stone,
GOD giveth us strength, let him list to me now,
As I kneel on the moss alone

Hadley, Mich., 1858. J. A. S.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MRS. KETCHUM'S SHAWL.

BY ANNA LINWOOD.

MRS. KETCHUM had long been intending to purchase an expensive shawl. To see her come into meeting with her melancholy bonnet and faded old cloak, one would never have suspected her of cherishing such an ambition. All her exertions for years had been tending to this same purpose, but it was only this winter that she "got to it," as she phrased it. She meant to have the nicest shawl [illegible]. Behold her now, seated in a little green democrat wagon, with her "plunder" beside her, in the shape of rag-carpets, dried apples, &c., and with no companion but her faithful horse, on her way to the city of B. to make the wonderful purchase. Her reflections, I suspect, were very pleasant—how astonished everybody would be, and how even the Squire's wife would half die with envy as she gazed on its graceful folds.

Arrived at town MRS. KETCHUM disposed of her carpets, &c., to much better advantage than she had even hoped, and with more than forty dollars in her purse she entered the merchant's store. A variety of broche shawls was shown her, and at last her eye fell on one which exactly suited her—pattern, colors, and quality. She saw it in all possible lights and at all distances so as to get the general effect. She asked the clerk all sorts of questions, such as what would be his lowest *cash* price—if it would wash and if he would warrant it to be every thread wool,—which he did not hesitate to do. Its price was just thirty-five dollars.—She at last concluded to take it and now behold her again in the green democrat, in jubilant spirits, on her way homeward. As she rode along she could not help expressing her happiness by humming snatches of old songs that she had learned at singing-school long before she was MRS. KETCHUM. All at once the thought flashed upon her, what if she had been cheated? There was nothing like those city clerks and for all she knew, her shawl was half cotton. Poor MRS. KETCHUM! She could not help unwrapping that little package and picking away at the fringe to see if it was all right. It felt like wool, but the more closely she examined, the more she fancied that she detected the merest speck of cotton. By the time she reached home, her face was truly woe-be-gone. She immediately sent for a neighbor—who had the reputation of being very sharp-sighted—and to her she communicated her suspicion.

"It looks well," said that lady, gazing on the shawl with unfeigned admiration, "but you can't depend on nothin' now-a-days," and forthwith she proceeded to pick it to pieces. "You can't tell by breakin' the threads so well as by burnin' on em," said the wise neighbor. "There's a certain smell to cotton."

A candle was lighted and if the shawl had been tried for witchcraft, it could not have been put to severer tests. The result was that both came to the sage conclusion, that "there might be cotton in it, or there might not." Not satisfied, however, they convened a council of their neighbors—various broche shawls were borrowed as standards of excellence—and now a dozen hands were busy picking away at the unfortunate shawl, dosing it with acids, and breaking and burning the threads. It really began to have a jaded look as though resolved to keep company with poor MRS. KETCHUM'S face. The best judges decided that though it *seemed* to be all wool, there was still some room for doubt and when their opinion was asked, they gravely shook their heads and declined an answer. By this time, the story had been generally circulated that MRS. KETCHUM had been to the city of B. and paid thirty-five dollars for a broche shawl, and that she had got dreadfully cheated as it proved to be half cotton. Poor MRS. KETCHUM was terribly mortified. She wore it once to church, but it seemed as if every eye was upon her, squinting to find the cotton, and as she passed out of the church-door, she could feel more than one hand at work on the fringe. These all pronounced it a splendid humbug. At last she traded it off to a pedlar, taking in its place a variety of shammy articles, such as table linen, which proved to be cotton, suspicious jewelry, &c., and now seems destined to wear forever the faded old cloak, which she wraps around her with unwonted tenderness and affection.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

JOTTINGS.

'TIS MAY. You sit by the open window and, in the still hush of twilight, gaze out upon the landscape. There is a breath of flowers upon the air, a sound of joyous bird-songs, and a balmy stillness that soothes the heart and drives away the day-cares, while purer thoughts steal over the mind. Mark the softly tinted clouds, yonder, where the sun is setting,—it needs no great stretch of the imagination to fancy you catch a glimpse of angel-wings behind their roseate lustre. You think of Eden, and almost fancy you are there; and thinking of Eden, reminds you of ADAM and EVE, and you wonder if their atmosphere could have been more soft and balmy than this,—if their bird-notes *could* have been sweeter? You think it doubtful, for it would be strange indeed, if *our* birds, in this this advanced age, couldn't sing better than old ADAM'S did!

Next, you fancy what a happy, loving couple those two must have been—before EVE ate that apple. Can you imagine anything happier? We recollect reading, somewhere, sometime ago, somebody's opinion as to how much they missed by never being children; but we beg leave to assert, as *our* opinion, that what they lost was *more* than made up by what they gained. If ADAM never *did* know what fun it was to play marbles, roll hoop, or ride down hill on a sled, he never knew what it was to be a poor baby, tossed and trundled by a doting mother, an anxious grand-mother, and two or three dozen loving aunts—smothered in blankets, lest he should sneeze, and fed eternally on Godfrey's cordial.

And if EVE never *did* have a mother to comb her hair, and make her rag-dolls, she never had anybody to box her ears when she tore her frock, or muddied her pantalets; nor any great ugly brothers to cut off her doll's head, and tear down her play-houses. And what are the few joys of childhood, when compared with the trials it necessarily brings with it. No! *We* think ADAM and EVE *superlatively* happy, in jumping into life full-grown!

But EVE missed it mightily once, when she ate that apple! You wonder what on earth possessed her to do it. Oh, yes. You recollect—it was that Old Serpent. And that sets you wondering what sort of a snake SATAN chose to creep into,—if it wasn't one of those little gray "varmints," out here in the woods. They look as if he wasn't out of them yet.

[illegible] strate the march of improvement, for you rather guess it would take something more than a snake to fool us women now-a-days. But it seems misery loved company then as well as now, for when EVE found she had got herself into a scrape, she must needs have ADAM in it, too. That seems rather unamiable at first, but when you come to look at it, it was good enough for him, after all! You remember how MILTON describes it,—the angel coming to visit them, &c. Of course you don't know how MILTON found it out, but if it *was* so, what business had ADAM to send EVE budging off around the garden, in the hot sun, after fruit for dinner? He'd better have gone himself, and then, *perhaps*, his superior discernment, and entire lack of curiosity (?) —(which predominant quality in EVE, SATAN probably took advantage of,)—would have prevented any such calamity! But you don't believe that ADAM *was* so entirely wanting in curiosity, do you? No, sir! If he had been, he would never have eaten that apple, if EVE *did* coax him, though doubtless many "lords of creation," will be ready to aver, that *any* woman is worse than SATAN—in that respect, at least.

Well, if EVE had never eaten that apple, what glorious times we would have had! No baking, churning, mopping, washing dishes, &c., &c.,—and all *that*, is to be done to-morrow! Oh! dear! *don't* you wish she never had. Its dark. BETTY, bring the lights in!

Webster, N. Y., 1858. NELLIE.

PARENTAL EXAMPLE.—Example is a living lesson. The life speaks. Every action has a tongue. Words are but articulate breath. Deeds are the fac-similies of the soul: they proclaim what is within. The child notices the life. It should be in harmony with goodness. Keen is the vision of youth; every mark is transparent. If a word is thrown into one balance, a deed is thrown into the other. Nothing is more important than that parents should be consistent. A sincere word is never lost. But advice, counter to example, is always suspected. Both cannot be true; one is false. Example is like statuary. It is reality. The eye dwells upon it; the memory recalls it; the imagination broods over it. Its influence enters the soul. Parental example becomes incorporated with the child's understanding. He cannot forget it if he would. If it is good, it blesses. If it is bad, it curses. The parent may die, his example cannot. Let life, then, be an unblemished picture, a consistent whole.

GARDENING FOR LADIES.—Make up your *beds* early in the morning; *sew* buttons on your husband's shirts; do not *rake* up any grievances; protect the *young and tender branches* of your family; *plant* a smile of good temper in your face, and carefully *root out* all angry feelings, and expect a good *crop* of happiness.

CONVERSATION.—The most casual remark lives forever in its effects. There is not a word which has not a moral history. And hence it is that every "idle word" which men utter assumes a character so important, that an inquest will be held on it in the general judgment.—*Harris.*

THERE is a paradox in pride—it makes some ridiculous, but prevents others from becoming so.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

POESY.

BY E. M. PHILLIPS.

I HAVE a garden, hidden from the view
Of all the busy world, a garden fair,
With shady nooks and sunshine rip'ling thro'
In golden waves adown the crystal air.

There merry blossoms greet me when I come
With friendly smile, those bright, perennial flowers,
And stingless bees fly, heavy laden, home,
And store me honey in those hidden bowers.

And there are rocky paths and rushing streams
That give diversitude to this retreat;
And quaint and curious grottoes, where in dreams
I hear strange elfin music, soft and sweet.

And there I gathered jewels, rich and rare,
Or such in life's young morning light they seemed;
And once I thought I saw the glitter there
Of golden ore, but then, perhaps, I dreamed.

The world, I fear, my garden will deride;
They'll count but worthless all the flowers I prize,
And though a few, I've culled, and shown, I hide
The tangled garden from their sordid eyes.

Thus many a one has treasures all his own,
Beyond the busy highways of his brain,
Hid in the valleys where he walks alone,
Where none can enter to dispute his reign.

Bloomington, Ill., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"THERE'S SOMEBODY DEAD IN THERE"

"THERE'S somebody dead in there," said one little boy to another, as I passed a house, on the bell-knob of which hung a little piece of black crape. My heart repeated what the little boy had said—"there's somebody dead in there,"—as I walked slowly and thoughtfully down the street. All who passed and saw the emblem, learned the same sad story, that "somebody was dead." But who, few cared to ask, or know.

A few short months since, when the cold winds were drifting the snow through the streets and piling it on side-walk and roof, a little stranger with a face—O, so little!—and eyes that looked wonderingly around on the new world it had discovered, made two hearts glad. And by-and-by it grew so strong that it made brief journeys from a chair to mama's outstretched arms, laughing the while as hard as it could. Often as I passed the house, a sweet baby face turned toward me, and little eyes peeped out at me through the half closed blinds, and my heart blessed the little child. But a few days ago it sickened, and last night, when the sun went down, it died.

I miss a sweet face at the window to-day, and the little carriage is empty; and as I pass the house, I am repeating sadly, with the little boy, "there's somebody dead in there." The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and that young mother knows better than anybody else, that "there's somebody dead in there" in the house, as again and again [illegible] pose of her first born and only child. GOD help thee, young mother! This afternoon, while the Sabbath lingers, and the holy hours are full of rest and stillness, they will carry thy little one to its quiet home in Mount Hope, to await the coming of its Redeemer.

They have buried their dead out of their sight, and still it seems as if somebody was dead in that house. Oh, those are sad hours at the fireside—and only they who have felt them know *how* sad, when it is said, "there's somebody dead in there." How the sorrow settles down like a dark cloud above and around us! The sunshine seems all withdrawn and verily we should die, did not GOD send it back to us again.

By-and-by, dear reader, of your house and mine will it be said, "there's somebody dead in there." Perhaps that somebody will be you, or me; perhaps the sweet wife that journeys by our side, or the little one that nestles close in a corner of our heart. GOD help us in that hour, for all human help will fail. Of every earthly house will it, sooner or later, be said, "there's somebody dead in there;" but there is a house not made with hands, of which this shall never, never be spoken. Down through the ages sounds the glorious, everlasting proclamation, *there*, there shall be *no more death*—If you and I, dear reader, have a mansion in *that* house, let death come to our earthly house, if GOD send it. It can trouble us but a little while, and then, at last, standing within the fold of the Good Shepherd, *all tears shall be wiped from off all faces.*

Rochester, N. Y., 1858. S. A. E.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE MOUNTAINS.

How grand, how gloomy, how eternal are the mountains! Their veteran heads, hoary with Nature's symbolic snows, tower towards the vast concave of Heaven, and in their proximity to the sky e'en forget that their foundation is on the humble earth. The mountains are the sentinels of the land. Far away towards the heavens they rise, and stern and immovable as earth itself, watch over the ant-hill bustle at their feet. Never shall I forget the noble range of Catskill's that bounded my youthful vision, and for many a childish year daily charmed me and taught me to love my native place. Away to the south and south-west they stretched, an unbroken chain, their undulating outline sketched in bold relief against the sunset sky, and their forest-mantled sides blended in one haze of blue, that darkened into more sombre shades as the sun withdrew its smile, and when by moonlight's mystic beam the mountain tops were gilded, dark and gloomy shadows lurked at their base, like the overhanging ban of an evil spirit. What a teacher is Nature—and the mountains are her children.

Go and trace to its rocky fountain the crystal stream let that, from the dark caverns of the mountain, comes dancing and leaping as in joy at its freedom from its prison of stone. Go where never human foot has trodden and, midst the wild ravines and gigantic forest monarchs, study the lessons that the grandeur and simplicity of Nature present to us. Search where never sunlight strayed, and find the tiny flowers whose scented petals were never kissed by the sunbeam, and which, "wasting their sweetness on the desert air," bloom and die unseen by human eye. Go to the mountains, ye misanthropic dwellers in the dusty city, and there, where form and fashion, and hollow-heartedness cannot follow you, make your home with the happy creations of Nature—the birds, flowers, and trees,—the rocks, winds, and storms. Commune with the voices that whisper from the tremulous pines, and ask the murmuring rill for its talisman of happiness. LESLIE.

St. Johnsville, N. Y., 1858.

NATURE LEAKING THROUGH CITY WALLS.

THE Autocrat talks pleasantly at the September table set for him in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Here is a truthful record of how Nature leaks through city walls, right into its huge stone heart.

What a blessing it is that, with all our cement and close mason-work, we cannot make the town *country-proof*. But here is what every one has seen, and hardly any one thought worth telling, and we beg our readers to believe that a good deal of the chinking of the solid walls of work, that makes a dyke against the dumps and the devil, is composed of what the world would echo Mr. Toots, and say, "of no consequence."

I don't know anything sweeter than this leaking of Nature through all the cracks in the walls of cities. You heap up a million tuns of hewn rocks on a square mile or two of earth which was green once. The trees look down from the hill-sides and ask each other, as they stand on tip-toe,—"What are these people about?" And the small herbs at their feet look up and whisper back,—"We will go and see." So the small herbs pack themselves up in the least possible bundles, and wait until the wind steals to them at night, and whispers,—"Come with me." Then they go softly with it unto the great city,—one to a cleft in the pavement, one to a spout on the roof, one to a seam in the marbles over a rich gentleman's bones, and one to the grave without a stone, where nothing but a man is buried,—and there they grow, looking down on the generations of men from mouldy roof, looking up from between the less trodden pavements, looking out through iron cemetery-railings. Listen to them, when there is only a light breath stirring, and you will hear them saying to each other,—"Wait awhile!" The words run along the telegraph of those narrow green lines that border the roads leading from the city, until they reach the slope of the hills, and the trees repeat in low murmurs to each other,—"Wait awhile!" By and by the flow of life in the streets ebbs, and the old leafy inhabitants—the smaller tribes always in front—saunter in, one by one, very careless seemingly, but very tenacious, until they swarm so that the great stones gape from each other with the crowding of their roots, and the feldspar begins to be picked out of the granite to find them food. At last the trees take up their solemn line of march, and never rest until they have encamped in the market-place. Wait long enough and you will find an old doting oak hugging a huge worn block in its yellow underground arms; that was the corner-stone of the State-House. Oh so patient the [illegible] men which by-paths are open to lead us from the *right*, truth, the pure and noble, will stand by us and *whisper*—"The path of honesty is the only path of right."

Truth carries with it prosperity, happiness, and a conscience inoffensive. It leads to enjoyments which nothing else can give. Falsehood is but the first step to crime, which produces misery and want. It cannot mate with the virtuous and good, but seeks the abode of vice and wickedness. It propagates crimes without number, and like a fiend, laughs at its victims who have been ensnared by its cunning. Truth, then, is a priceless gem, and all who choose it for their guide may well feel proud of their choice. E. W. D.

Hartford, Wis., 1858.

NATURAL BEAUTY.

WHAT an inconceivable wealth of beauty must reside in the mind which, without copy, first called forth these numberless hues and shades that relieve each other and melt into each other in the vast whole of Nature—which devised these countless forms of vegetable life, from the wayside flower that blooms to-day and withers to-morrow, to the forest giant which outlasts the rise and fall of nations and of empires—which meted out the heavens, measured the courses, and arranged the harmonies of the stars, spread the ocean, poured the river, torrent and waterfall! What an infinity of resources do we behold in the alternate phases of the outward universe, each of which seems too beautiful to be replaced by one of equal loveliness, and yet yields at once its fancied pre-eminence to its successor!

Thus, who can say which is the more replete with beauty—day, with its all-revealing light, or night, with its countless centres of fainter radiance;—spring, with its outgushing from every fountain of life, its promise half hidden, half disclosed, its fresh, thin field and forest drapery; summer, with its richer, deeper verdure, its gayer forms, and more festive aspect; autumn, with its harvest wealth, its party-colored foliage, and its piles of gold and crimson in the western sky; or hoary winter, in its simpler, purer robe, with its delicate frostwork and its icy stalactities? Go where you will, you escape not the reign of beauty. During the long polar night, the northern fires bathe heaven and earth in splendor more gorgeous than day. The torrid sand-waste still lies beneath a glorious sky, and is studded with oases rich in all the tokens of creative love. Wreaths and fillets of azure mist, belt the bare mountain crags, while about their summits the

Signs and wonders of the element
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise.

UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.—The very handling of the nursery is significant, and the petulance, the passion, the gentleness, the tranquillity indicated by it, are all reproduced in the child. His soul is a purely receptive nature, and that for a considerable period, without choice or selection. A little further on, he begins voluntarily to copy everything he sees. Voice, manner, gait, everything which the eye sees, the mimic instinct delights to act over. And thus we have a whole generation of future men, receiving from us their very beginnings, and the deepest impulses of their life and immortality. They watch us every moment, in the family, before the hearth, and at the table; and when we are meaning them no good or evil, when we are conscious of exerting no influence over them, they are drawing from us impressions and molds of habit, which, if wrong, no heavenly discipline can wholly remove; or, if right, no bad association utterly dissipate. Now it may be doubted, I think, whether, in all the active influence of our lives, we do as much to shape the destiny of our fellow-men, as we do in this single article of unconscious influence over children.—*Bushnell.*

IF we justly look upon a proneness to find faults as a very ill and mean thing, we are to remember that a proneness to believe them is next to it.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALONE.

GOD pity me, I am alone,
In this wide world there is no heart
To beat responsive to my own;
No tender hand, with magic art,
To soothe life's griefs, and pains, and cares,
Or point to weary feet the hidden snares.

No smile-wreath'd lip, no love-lit eye,
E'er wait to greet me as I come;
No voice calls to the wand'rer by,
Bidding me find a welcome home
Beneath Love's shelt'ring wing. I am alone,
Friendless, unloved, unpitied, and unknown.

Earth is a desert drear; no flowers
Exhale their sweets, or bloom for me;
No birds beguile the weary hours
With songs of joy or melody;
No fount, no shade where I may rest by day;
At night, no star-gleam to illume my way.

Mine evermore with blist'ring feet
To tread these burning sands, in haste
To reach, what seems mine eyes to greet,
As an oasis 'mid the waste—
Mine evermore to find these visions fair,
Were but a mirage on the desert air.

Thus as my hopes fade one by one,
The hopes I've loved to cherish,
My heart gives way, my strength is gone,
I faint—save me, or I perish.
Oh, Father in Heaven, hear this, my prayer,
And grant me strength o'en still the cross to bear.

My earth-worn spirit flies to Thee,
Oh, GOD, for aid—be thou my guide,
And though alone, yet still shall I
Press boldly on, whate'er betide,
No more to be oppressed, dismayed, cast down,
My watchword o'er thro' life, "no cross no crown."

Rush, N. Y., 1858. ELPLEDA.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

TRUTH.

IF there is anything noble in man—anything that lifts him above the degraded, and places him by the side of the worthy and honorable—anything that lives within his heart a pure, priceless gem, it is truth.

If we wish to be honorable—if we deem it a privilege and duty to preserve our names and character—and look forward to the day when something of *worth* will be left in our footsteps, truth must have a place in our hearts, and we cannot blind our own deeds and attempt to fix a foundation upon the sandy and unsafe grounds of falsehood and deception.

It is never injured by the false-hearted; and when

"Crushed to earth, shall rise again,

and appear more beautiful than before. Even should it be trampled upon and disdgured by those who have no soul or feeling for the "good and beautiful," by its own strength it will lift its head and stand even more beautiful for its oppression. So long as truth is our guide the "world will see and [illegible] men which by-paths are open to lead us from the *right*, truth, the pure and noble, will stand by us and *whisper*—"The path of honesty is the only path of right."

Truth carries with it prosperity, happiness, and a conscience inoffensive. It leads to enjoyments which nothing else can give. Falsehood is but the first step to crime, which produces misery and want. It cannot mate with the virtuous and good, but seeks the abode of vice and wickedness. It propagates crimes without number, and like a fiend, laughs at its victims who have been ensnared by its cunning. Truth, then, is a priceless gem, and all who choose it for their guide may well feel proud of their choice. E. W. D.

Hartford, Wis., 1858.

OPPOSITE CHARACTERS.

IT is very instructive, often, to observe the fitness of opposite qualities for different circumstances. A person who appears to great disadvantage in one place, acquits himself to his honor in another. Perhaps no two sisters were more unlike than Martha and Mary of Bethany. The former was a stirring, bustling, resolute, and perhaps irritable woman. The latter was moderate, quiet, diffident, and amiable. When Jesus visited them at their home, both welcomed him with glad hearts. Martha was inclined to prepare the meal, while Mary was more inclined to talk with her Lord. But the former became weary and irritated about her housework, while the latter sat meek and lovely at the feet of Jesus. How greatly to her disadvantage did Martha appear, when she yielded to the leading elements of her character, and rushed into the presence of Christ, saying, "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her, therefore, that she help me!" "Passionate woman!" we are ready to exclaim; and, as we turn away to Mary, she seems more lovely than ever.

But now behold them in different circumstances. At a later period, their brother Lazarus died, and the Savior visited them in their sorrow. Martha was calm, and went out to meet Jesus as he approached the house. She was so composed that she could converse about her deceased brother, and thus appeared well. The elements of her character fitted her to pass through such scenes more calmly than Mary. Even without grace, such elements enable a person to meet bereavement better than their opposites. But Mary was too much overwhelmed with grief to leave the house. She did not make her appearance till Christ sent for her, and then she could only say, prostrating herself at his feet,—"Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." Her gentle spirit was well nigh crushed under the sorrow. We can almost see the workings of an unreconciled feeling in her heart. Martha exhibits much more Christian fortitude and submission to the severe dispensation. And Christ appears to have recognized this difference of character. For to Martha he discoursed for her comfort; but to Mary he brought a fountain of tears. As he looked upon her at his feet, convulsed with agony, he had no words suited to her case. He stood speechless, and "WEPT." Martha found consolation in his words—Mary in his tears.—*Congregationalist.*

USEFULNESS.—Blessed are they who see the day of glory, but more blessed are they who contribute to its approach.—*Secker.*

The Educator.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE LOVE OF TRUTH.

EDUCATION is constantly and almost universally eulogized. But why? Not as an end, but as an instrument. Not for itself, but because knowledge is power,—it is respectable,—it is an important means of success in the world.

Such views, although by no means without their use, are, nevertheless, of themselves, utterly inadequate. They can never result in that symmetrical and harmonious development of the whole nature of man, which is implied in the word *Education*.—The foundation is too narrow for the superstructure. Something else is needed. The need is the *love of truth* in the mind of the person to be educated. Implant in the mind of any youth a sincere and ardent love of truth—a love of truth for the truth's sake,—a love which will lead him to seek for truth wherever it may be found, and to follow it wherever it may lead, and you have done more for the education of that mind than can possibly be done by the communication of any amount of mere information. Such a mind will be educated. It may have more or fewer facilities and advantages, but where there is a will, there is a way; and where there is a living, active love of truth, there will be an educated mind.

The influence of this principle may be seen in brothers or sisters of the same family, in scholars of the same class, in school, or in college. Of those whose natural abilities are equally good, you will see some making rapid progress,—growing up into the fullness of the statue of perfect manhood, while others grow in nothing but that which is corrupt. The same thing is also seen in those sudden transformations which sometimes occur in intellectual character, by which persons who have heretofore been considered dull and stupid, become fired with zeal for knowledge, and ever after go on to make great attainments.

It is said that the celebrated Dr. BARROWS was so very dull when a youth at school, that his father used to say, that if it should be the pleasure of Providence to deprive him of any one of his nine children, he hoped it would be ISAAC. Yet ISAAC was the only one of the nine of whom anything is now known. Becoming possessed of this new motive to study,—the love of truth,—he made attainments in learning, and in command over language, which have been rarely, if ever, surpassed. So great were these attainments, that Lord CHATHAM, as a means of perfecting himself in oratory, copied with his own hand, eight times, his published works. Nothing can prevent the progress of a mind possessed of this principle. It matters little who or where its possessor may be. It is awake and open to those impressions of truth, which are ever coming to such a mind from the whole range of existence. H.

WISCONSIN STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

THE State Teachers' Association of Wisconsin held its Sixth Annual Meeting at Portage, commencing on the 3d of August and continuing four days. The Wis. *Journal of Education* says "it was an interesting and profitable session; the attendance was quite large. The lectures and essays were of a high order, and were characterized by breadth, directness, and practical common sense, and, as a whole, were superior to those usually heard on such occasions." The President of the Association, Prof. O. M. CONOVER delivered the opening address; subject:—"A Perfect School System." On Wednesday, A. M., Rev. A. L. CHAPIN, Pres. of Beloit College, spoke concerning "The True End of the Work of Education, and the Reciprocal Relations of its Several Departments." "School Government" formed the theme of Prof. N. BATEMAN in the evening. On Thursday, Prof. J. W. HOYT, of Madison, read an essay upon "Public Education: The Needs of the People, and the Duty of the State."

A committee appointed to revise the School Laws of the State, reported, and, after some amendments, the report was adopted, and an addition of five made to the committee for the purpose of submitting the report to the Legislature.

The following individuals were chosed officers for the ensuing year:—*President*—A. PICKETT, Horicon. *Vice Presidents*—J. E. Munger, Oshkosh; T. C. Barden, Portage; W. C. Sanford, Watertown. *Secretary*—James W. Strong, Beloit. *Treasurer*—J. C. Pickard, Madison. *Counsellors*—J. B. Pradt, Sheboygan; A. J. Craig, Palmyra; L. Johnson, Janesville; S. T. Lockwood, Burlington; A. M. May, Ripon.

NATIONAL TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

THE Annual Convention of the National Teachers' Association, convened at Cincinnati on Wednesday, Aug. 11th, has been an occasion of unusual interest. Eminent educators from every quarter of our country were present. The discussions were spirited and harmonious. In response to calls for reports on educational matters, Mr. Adams, of Montpelier, spoke for Vermont; Mr. Philbrick, of Boston, for Massachusetts; Dr. M'Jilton, for Maryland; Mr. Bagg, for Alabama; and Mr. Devoll, for Missouri. Favorable reports of the cause were also made for New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut. Prof. Daniel Reed, of Wisconsin University, delivered an address "On the Educational Tendencies and Progress of the last Thirty Years." Mr. Philbrick delivered an address on "Manual Education;" the President, Z. Richards, one on the "Province and Agency of the National Teachers' Association;" and Horace Mann, one on the "Motives of Teachers." This last was characterized by the graphic style, copious illustration, profound thought, and earnest spirit which distinguishes all the author's productions. It commanded close attention, and at its close was loudly applauded. A copy was requested for publication. A similar compliment was paid to Mr. Philbrick.—*Providence Journal.*

WE may seek costly furniture for our homes, fanciful ornaments for our mantel-pieces, and rich carpets for our floors; but, after the absolute necessaries for a home, books are at once the cheapest, and certainly the most useful and abiding embellishments.

HINTS TO NEW TEACHERS.

THE *Michigan Journal of Education* contains some important Hints to New Teachers—some that will prove of service to those just entering on the duties of their responsible profession.

1. Meet your school at the outset with a quiet and natural demeanor. Affect neither sternness nor affability. Feel and say, in a few simple words, that you hope to do them good, and will try to do the best you can for them. 2. If whispering or disorder occurs, pause at once, and do not proceed till order is restored. The mere pause is generally sufficient for this. 3. Remember that good discipline is the principal thing; without this there can be no successful teaching. 4. Govern yourself. Do not fret or fly into passions; never stamp or scold; do not threaten or talk too much. Let a kindly interest in your pupils temper all your actions. 5. Have the school-room kept tidy and comfortable; wash off scribblings and ink-spots, and hang up charts and maps, to give the room an attractive appearance. 6. Let the lessons be short, but thoroughly mastered. Go over the same ground again and again in review. No lofty superstructure can rise except on solid foundations. 7. Foster in your pupils a spirit of justice and generosity, kindness and forbearance, reverence for truth and duty. 8. Make daily preparation for your work; the oldest and ablest teachers do this. You will thus be able to give clear explanations, and to infuse life and spirit in your instructions. 9. Remember that your every act is closely watched, and that example teaches more powerfully than precept. That teacher who is a gentleman in dress and demeanor, whose language is simple, pure and truthful, whose deportment is gentle, graceful and kind, will awaken a respect in both pupils and parents, that will make his task easy. 10. Put yourself into communication with neighboring teachers. If there is no Teacher's Association, organize one as soon as possible. 11. Take an educational journal; you cannot afford to do without its suggestions.

HOW TO SPEAK.

THE faculty of effective expression, which, like all others, depends upon training, is not made a distinctive object of culture in our schools and colleges; on the contrary, how often is it found that to be a scholar is to become a creature who expresses himself in public more awkwardly and with less effect than many a sturdy ploughman's son, who never darkened the walls of either school or college? The consequence of this in the church and in the lecturing-halls of our universities is often most lamentable. Where earnestness, vigor, and impressiveness are most necessary, a sort of tame propriety and a cold dignity have become the rule; and nature, the great charmer, is as much afraid of showing herself in our Christian pulpits as amid the conventional decencies and cold proprieties of a fashionable drawing-room. The prevalence of this artificial feeling is one of the chief reasons why uncultivated Methodists and wild untutored apostles of all kinds have so much more influence with the masses than the regularly trained English clergyman. It is not that the scholarly vicar is too high for his audience, but that you have stamped on him a type of scholarship, divorced from life and ashamed of nature. He who would speak to his fellow-beings with effect, must, above all things, have three qualities—freedom, fire and force; and these are precisely the three qualities which our scholastic and academical habits and our narrow bookish notions tend systematically to repress rather than to evolve.—*Prof. Blackie.*

SIR MATTHEW HALE'S PLAN OF INSTRUCTION.—The great lawyer, Sir Matthew Hale, in his "Advice to his Grand-children," and "Counsels of a Father," has left the following course of instruction for sons. Till eight, English reading only.—From eight to sixteen, the grammar-school. Latin to be thoroughly learned, Greek more slightly.—From sixteen to seventeen at the university, or under a tutor; more Latin, but chiefly arithmetic, geometry and geodesy. From seventeen to nineteen or twenty, "logic, natural philosophy, and metaphysics, according to the ordinary discipline of the university;" but after "some systems or late topical or philosophical tracts," the pupil to be chiefly exercised in Aristotle. Afterwards, should he follow no profession, yet to gain some knowledge of divinity, law, and physics, especially anatomy. Also of "husbandry, planting, and ordering of a country farm." For recreations, he advises "reading of history, mathematics, experimental philosophy, nature of trees, plants, or insects, mathematical observations, measuring land; nay, the more cleanly exercise of smithery, watch-making, carpentry, joinery work of all kinds."

MISSOURI STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.—The Third Annual Meeting of the above Association was held at Jefferson City on the 6th, 7th and 8th ult. A lengthy report of the proceedings appears in the St. Louis Republican of the 24th. There was a fair representation in attendance from different parts of the State, and much zeal and mutual good feeling were displayed. The chief topics of discussion were a State Normal School, Agricultural Education, the co-education of the sexes, a uniformity of text-books, and the phonetic system. The agricultural question was decided in favor of State endowments of Agricultural Departments in the principal Universities and Colleges. On the question of the education of the sexes there were several speakers, all in favor of such co-education. No special action appears to have been taken on uniformity of text-books, or on the phonetic system, though there was some discussion. The Association decided to meet next year in St. Louis.—*North-Western Home Journal.*

NEITHER SCHOOLS NOR NEWSPAPERS.—Sir William Berkeley, one of the early Governors of Virginia, in 1671 wrote to King Charles II., "I thank God there are no free schools nor printing presses here, and I trust there will not be this hundred years; for learning breeds up heresies, and sects, and all abominations. God save us from both."

HE that studies only men, will get the body of knowledge without the soul; and he that studies only books, the soul without the body.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

THIS great and devoted itinerant preacher was born in Gloucester, England, Dec. 16, 1714. Being naturally of a studious and serious turn of mind, he was early put to school, where he made striking proficiency in his studies. His father, dying when he was a child, left his mother in charge of an inn, to the care of which he was called from school as soon as he could be of any use to his mother. This life of a publican was, however, by no means suited to his taste, and at the age of eighteen he entered Oxford.

While in college, young WHITEFIELD made the acquaintance of the brothers WESLEY, JOHN and CHARLES, whose pious zeal and pure lives attracted his love and admiration. These young men adopted certain strict rules and methods of life, which reached all their habits and duties. They became the nucleus and founders of a religious sect, which, from the rigid habits they adopted, received the *sobriquet* of Methodists, a name afterwards adopted and gloried in by the sect, and continued in both hemispheres to this day. Young WHITEFIELD joined heart and hand with these youthful zealots, and on leaving his college he took orders, in 1736, and immediately commenced preaching. His first sermon was delivered in the church of the Bishop of Gloucester, and produced a powerful effect. Complaint was made to the bishop that a number of persons were driven mad by it. "I only wish," he replied, "that the madness may last."

In 1738, Mr. WHITEFIELD came to the United States, whither one of the WESLEYS had preceded him. He landed at Savannah, Georgia, where he labored with unremitting zeal and diligence for nearly a year, preaching and traveling night and day, and meeting with abundant success. Returning to England, he received ordination as a priest, by Bishop BENSON, in January, 1739. In November following, he again arrived in America, and traveled through the Southern and Middle States, preaching the word and baptizing thousands who were converted by the eloquence of his appeals.—All classes were drawn to his ministry. His rare and peculiar eloquence seems to have been magical, and it was nothing uncommon for him to preach in the open fields to audiences varying from *one* to *ten* thousand persons. He visited New England and New York, and established churches everywhere.

Repose was never sought by Mr. WHITEFIELD.—He followed the impulses of his generous nature, never doubting that he was listening to the teaching of Providence and the voice of conscience.—This forbade him to remain long in any one place or one country. In 1741, he sailed again for England, returning to this country in 1744. He remained here this time between three and four years, his popularity abating not a jot, and the violent persecution which had been coeval with his ministry keeping due pace with his popularity. Nothing troubled, he labored on, rewarded by the apparent fruits of his preaching, and "the consciousness that he was serving GOD and saving sinners."

Mr. WHITEFIELD crossed the Atlantic *nine times*, and landed on our shores for the last time, Nov. 30, 1769. During all this time, both in England and America, as well as on shipboard, his zeal and his exertions flagged not for an instant, and he actually "died in harness," at Newburyport, Mass., on the 30th of September, 1770, aged 56 years.

Perhaps no public speaker has lived within the last ten centuries, who has had such immense power over the hearts and passions of his auditory as this eccentric preacher. KEAN, the celebrated tragedian, used to say of him, that "he was the only man who knew the straight way to the very depths of the human soul;" and he once told WHITEFIELD that he would give him a thousand pounds if he would teach him to pronounce the interjection "O!" with his own effect. His benevolence and personal goodness were sincere. COWPER thus commemorates these traits of his character, with as much justice as beauty:

> "He loved the world that hated him; the tear
> That dropped upon his Bible was sincere;
> Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife,
> His only answer was a blameless life;
> While he that forged, and he that threw the dart,
> Had each a brother's interest in his heart."

Useful Olio.

TELEGRAPHIC INSTRUMENTS

As the public mind has lately been quite agitated in regard to all things connected with the Telegraph, the following from the Albany *Journal* may be of some interest to our readers:

The MORSE INSTRUMENT, in common use from the first in this country, transmits messages by the alternate breaking and re-connecting of the electric current. The current allowed to flow a moment, produces a dot—if a little longer, a line. The operator taps on a single key and the messages are recorded by an alphabet composed of combinations of lines and dots, thus: —·—· ·——·—· ··· ··· ···· ··—. In the hands of an expert, the speed of this instrument is about twenty words a minute.

The COOK AND WHEATSTONE INSTRUMENT, is the one that, until lately, has been generally used in England. A needle on a dial plate revolves, pointing out the letters, which are inscribed around the circumference like the hours on the face of a clock. This is a much more intelligible process to outsiders, but it is slow, accomplishing at the fastest, only about fourteen words a minute.

The HOUSE INSTRUMENT prints the message in Roman Capitals on a long strip of paper, by the revolution of a type wheel, the operator playing on a key board like that of a piano, with a key for each letter. The printing is done by clock-work, the use of the electric current being to preserve equal time, so that the letters of one machine may correspond to those of the other. This instrument prints from twenty-five to thirty words a minute.

The HUGHES INSTRUMENT is a combination of the Morse and House inventions. In the Morse instrument two or three pulsations of the electric current are required to indicate one letter. In the House instrument it requires from one to twenty-eight pulsations. In the Hughes instrument it requires but a single pulsation for each letter. The mechanism by which this is accomplished, is simple, though the principle on which it is based is complex. The type wheels at the respective stations revolve to print the message, and their revolutions are governed by vibrating springs. These springs cause them to revolve in exactly the same time.—There is an acoustic principle involved, viz:—that two springs which give the same musical tone, while vibrating, vibrate the same number of times per second. The springs are therefore chosen and regulated by sound. This instrument, it is evident, economises both time and electric power. Its exceeding sensitiveness to the least perceptible pulsation of the electric currents adapts itself especially for long lines and submarine cables. It is capable of writing forty words a minute, with about one-tenth the battery power of other instruments, and sends messages both ways at once! At least, so its inventor claims, and it is to be tested on the Atlantic Cable.

THE USE OF COAL.—A CURIOUS DELUSION.

THE anthracite coal of Pennsylvania has been used for only thirty-one years, and yet the consumption amounts already to the enormous figures of 3,500,000 tuns each year. The Philadelphia correspondent of the New York Tribune relates the following most extraordinary fact respecting the persecution which the person suffered who brought the first sample of coal to Philadelphia.—It is hardly credible:

"Thirty-one years ago the first coal came to Philadelphia—being ten wagon loads hauled over the mountains by George Shoemaker of Pottsville. Very few persons could be induced to purchase it, and most of these were wholly unsuccessful in their attempts to make it burn. Everybody considered it a mere stone. Mr. Shoemaker was denounced in all quarters as a cheat, and measures *were being taken to arrest him for swindling*; but he escaped arrest by leaving the city by a circuitous route.

The most remarkable feature in this extraordinary speculation was that Mr. Shoemaker did not himself know how to make the coal burn. He was therefore unable to convince the public that it really would ignite. Had he experimented at home, and brought with him a grate or stove, in which to kindle a successful fire, the exhibition would have no doubt hastened full ten years the development of the coal business. He reached his home, disgusted at the belligerent temper of our citizens, and heart sick at the ill success of his adventure. His reputation as an honest man was rescued, however, by an iron master in Delaware county, into whose hands some of the repudiated mineral fell. He tried the coal, caused it to burn freely, with an intense heat, and was so pleased with it that he proclaimed the fact in the newspapers. This led others to try, and they also succeeding, the prejudice was removed, and consumption went on from this beginning, until it last year reached the enormous quantity of 3,470,863 tuns."

The Young Ruralist.

LABOR AND THE LAW.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Although quite a *Young Ruralist*, I have perused every number of the RURAL you have issued from the press; and should have been content to peruse the thoughts of others without obtruding any of my own, had I not noticed an article from the pen of HARRY HARRIS. In that article he gives the challenge—throws down his iron gage, like RICHARD COEURS DE LION—and dares the farmers' boys to raise it; threatening to annihilate them with a display of talent; and at the same time calling upon those who "intend to enlist under the banner of att'y" to rally to the combat. Well HARRY, you have donned your helmet and like DON QUIXOTE, are out in quest of adventures. Like that renowned knight you don't seem to be at all particular who or what shall be the object of your attack; whether it be a falling mill or a flock of sheep; a traveling barber or a windmill. For your "Dulcenia" you have chosen "a professional life" and seem to be a little anxious to "flesh your maiden sword" in the side of any young farmer that may not be of your own way of thinking. As you wish for it, if Mr. MOORE will kindly give space, I, as a representative of the *Rural Districts*, have no objection to measuring weapons with you.

Before entering the lists for a tilt, allow me to say a word in reference to your style. A person who writes for the public must expect to be criticised; and, as LORD BYRON says:

> "A man must serve his time at every trade,
> Save censure; critics all are ready made."

The only fault I find is the two frequent repetition of the personal pronoun *I* in its various numbers and cases. In classifying your style you would hardly find a name in BLAIR or any of the other rhetoricians. Egotistic is the only name that occurs to me as being appropriate.

But, to waive all criticism and come to the main ideas of your piece, you have made two great mistakes. According to your own account you have arrived at a proper age for you to determine in what character you will appear on the stage of life. In looking over the long list of employments, your eye meets the word farming, and you turn from it in disgust and without hesitation pronounce it the worst that could be thought of. In thinking over the possible position you may occupy in life, it is with you, "Take any shape but that," viz,: a farmer's life. Now HARRY, I have spent seventeen years on a farm and am *practically* acquainted with everything which pertains to it, and must say that a farmer's life when regulated as it might, and should be, is the most independent and happiest that can fall to the lot of man. There is my assertion and if you deny it I will defend it against you, though backed by all the young attorneys, dry goods' clerks, tinkers, tailors and tanners you can press into the service. Another mistake is this:—In making choice of profession you seem to be governed solely by a desire to select that one which shall subject you to the least possible toil; as if you could accomplish anything in any vocation without labor. Speaking of this matter of work, let me ask you one question. Did you, Sir, ever know a man, (I care not what his talents,) who in any profession accomplished anything worthy of note, without severe, steady, long-protracted toil? If you know such a man, I wish you would show him up, for he is certainly a "*rara avis in terris.*" Granted, then, that labor is a necessary concomitant to any profession, which do you think the most fatiguing, mental or manual labor? rocking of the baby or rocking of the mind? If you think the temple of the law is a place of placid repose, where men recline on easy couches and gain honor and distinction without effort, you have only to cross the threshold to learn your mistake. Although ignorant of the laws, I am acquainted with many lawyers, and I never knew one worthy the name who was not diligent to labor. JUNIUS.

CLERKS UNSUITED TO THE WEST.

EDS. RURAL:—The article copied into your paper from the New York Commercial Advertiser, a short time since, is not wholesome in many essential particulars. It is said therein, that the editor had received many applications for situations from young men in the country; he advises them not to relinquish the farm for a situation in the city, should they manage to obtain one. He further turns off, and admonishes the poor, sickly clerks in the city, working for a "pitiful salary," to leave the "busy haunt," and plunge into the West, buy a farm, and after a few years clearing and preparing the land, they will secure for themselves a competency for life; that by so doing they will do a great deal for their moral as well as physical existence, &c.

This latter advice is, in my opinion, very absurd, and shows that it emanates from a weak mind.—To suppose that clerks, brought up in the city, with a natural repugnance to all kinds of real manual labor, or an inability to perform it, could embark on a wilderness of land, probably unhealthy, is a most ridiculous idea. Would they have strength enough to wield the axe for one single season? No. It is enough for the strongest constitution to brave the Western wilds, and none but a man of an iron constitution could endure it. The suggestion probably is a very good one, were it feasible, but let us not hear any more such "old granny" talk in future. J. W.

Monroe County, N. Y., 1858.

REMARKS.—The youth should learn moderation. The pen is as dangerous as edged tools in careless hands. There is a good deal in the above, that will not bear criticism.

BOOKS.—Books are standing counsellors and preachers—always at hand, and always disinterested; having this advantage over oral instructors, that they are ready to repeat their lesson as often as we please.

MODESTY OF LEARNING.—Learning gives us a fuller conviction of the imperfections of our nature; which, one would think, might dispose us to modesty; for the more a man knows, the more he discovers his ignorance.

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Monroe Co Savings Bank—Removal—J. R. Pierpont, Sec'y
Nursery Stock—Maxwell, Bristol & Co.
Fruit and Ornamental Trees—T. C. Maxwell & Brothers.
40,000 Apple Trees for Sale—A. Fahnestock & Sons
Stocks for Nurserymen—T. C. Maxwell & Bothers.
Rebecca Grape Vines for Sale—Wm. Brockabank
Farmers take Notice—A. Fahnestock & Sons.
Blackberry Wine—C. P. Bissell & Sulter
Stoves! Stoves!!—J. K. Cheney, Agent.
Hamburgh Grapes—Charles Porvis.
Artificial Eyes and Ear Drums Inserted—Dr. Walker
Toledo Nurseries—A. Fahnestock & Sons
Send for a Circular.

SPECIAL NOTICE

The First Annual Fair of the Michigan Farmers and Mechanics' Ag'l Society—Edward Mason, Sec'y
Ontario Co Ag'l Society—J. S. Cooley
Fruit Growers' Society of Western N. Y.—Henry P. Norton.
Premature Loss of the Hair

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 18, 1858.

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Subscriptions for Six Months received at half the above rates, and free copies allowed in proportion. Club papers sent to as many different post-offices as desired, and names added to a club at any time.

What About the Atlantic Telegraph?

The Atlantic Telegraph Cable has been successfully laid—the "Celebrations" have had their day—we have ceased to burn powder and public and private property in glorification thereof, and, in the calmness which has succeeded so fierce a storm, questions which the hey-day of success put aside for a brief moment—again assume a prominent position. The perfect continuity of the cable is chief among these. Is it likely to last for any length of time? Upon this point the London *Enquirer* argues favorably. It has already been proved that submarine cables run but little risk of injury near the shore,—shipping constituting the greatest danger,—and in the case of the Eastern termini of the Atlantic, everything is exceedingly favorable, owing to the almost entire absence of shipping on that portion of the Irish coast. The Newfoundland end is also supposed to be well selected. In reference to the deep-sea portion, although nothing but surmises can be drawn, the *Enquirer* can see no reason for apprehending its destruction, and remarks:—"It has already existed for two weeks, and this affords excellent ground for confidence in its durability, at least for a considerable period. It is, of course, impossible to predict how long the insulation of the wires may remain intact, after the many forces and novel circumstances to which the cable has been subjected. There are good reasons for believing that the conditions of water low down in the deep seas are highly favorable to the durability of a cable. We may confidently believe that the greater part of the Atlantic cable is now surrounded by water which is so still, and so low in temperature, as to retain it in security for a long time to come." Thus much for the bright side of the subject. The action of the company, in placing the control of experiments in the hands of those who are incompetent electricians—persons who are the inventors of "systems," and of transmitting instruments which are incapable of performing what is required, together with the secrecy that enshrouds all movement, has very much weakened the faith of the American public. Indeed, many seem inclined to the belief, that a certain something has occurred fatal to the enterprise. We ask the question:—Has there not been a *suspension of the cable*, as well as "suspension of dispatches?" At the celebration in New York, on the 1st inst., CYRUS W. FIELD said that the "Directors of the Company were going to Valentia, and that the line would be immediately thrown open to the public." *Fourteen days have passed, and the line is still closed!* This state of affairs has called out, from both press and people, a great deal of remark, not of the most favorable character, either as regards the action of the Directors, or the ultimate success of the enterprise. Mr. FIELD, under date of Sept. 8th, has attempted an explanation in the New York *Tribune*, which we give below:

SIR:—I have received from Newfoundland a dispatch, informing me that, although the insulation of the Ocean Cable remains perfect, no message has come over it for several days. The last telegraphic dispatch that I received from England was dated London, September 1.

What may be the cause of the cessation, I do not know, but conjecture that it is the change of the shore end at Valentia, which I was informed was to be made. It should also be stated that Prof. Thompson was to succeed Prof. Whitehouse in a series of experiments upon the cable; and, although his system was regarded by all practical telegraphers in England as perfectly childish, it is quite possible that the present delay in transmitting intelligence is attributable to Prof. Thompson's experiments.

It was also known at the sailing of the Africa that the Directors, despairing of satisfactory results from the systems of Professors Whitehouse and Thompson, had arranged with Professor Hughes to take charge of the electrical department of the company's business, and it was expected that the Hughes Printing Telegraph instrument would be placed at Trinity Bay and Valentia, on or about the 20th or 25th inst.—and from the experiments made while the cable was at Plymouth, there is no reasonable doubt that Professor Hughes will be able to transmit intelligence through the cable reliably, and at the rate of about three hundred words per hour.

CYRUS W. FIELD.

We hope for the best, but when men are given control, whose "system is regarded by all practical telegraphers as *perfectly childish*," we, in common with others, can but have our fears.

Railroad Accidents.

In our last issue we chronicled the fatal results of two Railroad accidents—one on the Allegany Valley Railroad, near Pittsbugh, Pa.; the other on the Northern N. Y., near Albany—and since the occurrence of these, the telegraph is daily making additions to the fearful list. It would almost seem as if these shocking catastrophes, passed over the country in a circle, and that the date of their return had again arrived.

The last steamer brings intelligence of a terrible accident on the Oxford, Worcester and Wolverhampton Railway, England. It occurred to a cheap Sunday School Excursion train, on which some 2,000 persons were passengers. The train of forty-five coaches was divided into two trains, one having twenty-nine closely packed cars, and the other sixteen. At Round Oak station, which is situated on a steep inclined plain, thirteen of the coaches of one train became detached from the rest, by the breaking of coupling irons, and these cars at once ran backward down the incline, with gradually increasing velocity, until it met the second train, which had started out fifteen minutes behind the first, and was moving towords the station. The two trains came into collision, with a shock which split the two rear cars, (the guard's van and carriages next to it,) into matchwood, and badly shattered another carriage of the train. The scene that ensued it is impossible to describe. Fragments of the crushed and broken cars, mutilated human forms, some still in death, some writhing in their last agonies, others seriously but not fatally injured, shrieking with pain and terror; were commingled in a general *melee*, hardly distinguishable amid the darkness and the dust occasioned by the collision. It was soon apparent that the loss of life was lamentably great. Eleven lifeless forms were discovered among the rubbish, in addition to many frightfully mangled and disfigured.

On the morning of the 7th inst., a shocking catastrophe occurred on the Hudson River Railroad, by which two persons were killed and others injured. A freight train, laden with cattle, stopped near Fishkill to cool a hot axle, when another cattle train ran into it, smashing two locomotives and several cars, running into a machine shop and knocking down an immense chimney; killing some, wounding others, and destroying a large number of cattle.

On the 7th inst., B. P. Fessenden lost his life on the Hamilton and Dayton Railroad, and his wife and two neices were much injured. The same day, a young man named Ritner was killed on the Dayton Western Railroad, and his brother injured. Both of the cases were the result of attempting to drive across the track when a train was approaching.

The 2 30 P. M. train from Fall River, Mass., on the 10th inst, ran into a freight train, slightly injuring James Simmons, engineer, Benjamin Gleason, baggage master, and one or two others. Three freight cars and a number of cattle and hhds. of whale oil were smashed. Loss $10,000.

On the night of the 10th, a terrific accident occurred upon the Steubenville (O.,) and Indiana Railroad, about seven miles from Steubenville. A telegram from the scene of disaster, states that "while crossing the bridge, a car and the rear engine jumped from the track, knocking out some of the main timbers, when the bridge gave way.—The baggage car and front passenger car went down with the bridge, twelve feet, the rear end of the train remaining on the abutment. The first car was completely broken up, and the seats in the rear of the car were broken from their fasteninga." Strange as it may seem, according to the dispatch no one was killed, but there were a large number more or less injured, some very severely.

SALT LAKE MATTERS.—The Salt Lake mail had arrived. It was 21 days en route. The Mormons and U. S. officials were attending to their business. The trials for treason would commence as soon as the Associate Judges arrived. No arrests had yet been made. The Indians were troublesome about the city, and had killed several Mormons. One family was massacred while moving South. Dr. Forney, Indian Agent, was among the tribes making treaties, and had been successful thus far.—Engineers were locating the four posts on the western division of the mail route.

KANSAS NEWS.—Leavenworth dates of the 7th inst., are received. Orders had been received for two companies of the 1st cavalry under Col. Summers. The command under Maj. Ewing was to proceed to Fort Arbuckle. At the municipal election at Leavenworth on the 5th, L. B. Denmann, Free State Democrat, was elected by about 200 majority. Lyman Scott, Republican and Know-Nothing, and Adam Fisher, Republican, were the opposing candidates.

Political Intelligence.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.—The Republicans of this State met in Convention, at Syracuse, last week, and put the following ticket in nomination:—*Governor*—E. D. MORGAN, of New York. *Lieut. Governor*—Robert Campbell, of Steuben. *Canal Commissioner*—Hiram Gardner, of Niagara. *State Prison Inspector*—Jos. P. Everest, of Clinton.

AMERICAN CONVENTION.—The American party of the State also met at Syracuse, on same date with the Republicans, and nominated a ticket, as follows:—*Governor*—LORENZO BURROWS, of Orleans. *Lieut. Governor*—N. S. Benton, of Herkimer. *Canal Commissioner*—James B. Thompson, of Genesee.—*State Prison Inspector*—Wm. A. Russell, of Washington.

STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—The State Temperance Convention met at Syracuse on the 7th inst., and the following candidates were nominated—*Governor*—GERRIT SMITH, of Madison.—*Lieut. Governor*—Sidney A. Bears, of Kings. *State Prison Inspector*—Silas T. Fyler, of Madison.

MASSACHUSETTS REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.—The following is the Republican ticket for Massachusetts:—*Governor*—N. P. BANKS. *Lieut. Governor*—Eliphalet Trask. *State Treasurer*—Moses Tenney. *Secretary of State*—Oliver Warner. *Attorney General*—H. Phillips. *Auditor*—Charles White.

THE returns of the Vermont election exhibit largely in favor of the Republican party. Hall's majority for Governor will probably exceed 16,000. Returns from 144 towns, show Representatives to be elected as follows:—Republicans, 118; Democrats, 21; no choice, 5. Returns of the Governor vote from 89 towns foot thus: Hall, Rep., 13,256; Keyes, Dem., 6,359; scattering, 81.

THE FRAZER RIVER GOLD MINES.—The Rev. Bishop Scott, of the Methodist church, who is now on an official visit to the Pacific, has recently visited the neighborhood of the newly discovered gold mines. The last California Advocate contains an interesting letter from the Bishop, written at Esquimault Harbor. He says everything is in a state of glorious uncertainty—gold products, and all.—"I found," he remarks, "the people at Bellingham Bay and Victoria in great painful suspense in regard to the future, but the prevailing feeling is that of discouragement. Many have spent all their funds, have nothing to do, and know not how they are either to live here or to get away. So it is also, I am told, on Frazer River. If the trail can be cut through, if the water fall sufficiently in the river, if the mines prove rich and sufficiently extensive, if and if—it is all if. I am not, you know, a miner, and my opinion is not worth much, but at any rate I have no motive to be partial; and my opinion is, that this Frazer River excitement will prove to be the greatest humbug of the age, and that many people will suffer even to the last extremity. This was my opinion before I left California, and I have seen no reason to change it since I came here, but much to strengthen it. I fear that some parties will have an awful account to settle in regard to this matter in a coming day."

THE PRODUCE TRADE OF BUFFALO.—The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser has been summing up the grain trade of the season, in its issue of the 9th inst., and remarks:—"The first of September may be considered as the dividing point between the harvest of different years. From this time forward so far as flour and wheat are concerned, we shall be in receipt of the harvest of 1858. The trade in this new installment of nature's bounty opens briskly. Since noon of the first of September we have received 46,935 barrels of flour, and 227,564 bushels of wheat. The amount of wheat now in store in Chicago, is a million and a half bushels, most of which must come this way. We propose to place a few figures before our readers, confident that their cheerful character will gratify every lover of our noble city. The following table will express briefly the comparison of our produce trade in 1858 with that of 1857:

Receipts.	Wheat, bu.	Flour, bbls.
To Sept. 1, 1858,	6,362,651	734,584
To Sept. 1, 1857	1,971,911	260,932
Increase,	4,399,740	473,652

The above table, compiled from the figures preserved in this office, is strictly acurate."

FROM ARIZONA.—Col. Sayles, agent of the Post-office Department, arrived at St. Louis, on the 10th inst., from Arizona. He reports the existence of a very lawless state of things in that country—the pistol and bowie-knife being the only laws recognized. Indian depredations were very frequent.—Mr. S. speaks favorably of the mineral resources of the Territory, but deems the annexation of Sonora of the utmost importance to their successful development. The El Paso and Fort Yuma wagon road expeditions will complete their work in due season. The agents of the overland mail to California were found busily engaged in establishing stations, &c. Col. Sayles reports that the difficulties with the Navajo Indians were still unsettled.—Gen. Garland had assured them that the murderers of Maj. Brooks' servant must be given up, and in view of pending trouble, had ordered Col. Miles from Fort Fillmore to Fort Defiance.

FROM SANTA FE.—A despatch from Independence, dated 5th inst., per U. S. Express to Boonville, says that the Santa Fe mail, with dates to the 16th ult., has arrived, and the news is unimportant. Dr. Conolly, who had arrived at Santa Fe, from Rio Abijo, reports that a large number of emigrants passed through Albuquerque, this summer, en route to California, via the 35th parallel. They report the grass between Fort Smith and Albuquerque in excellent condition, and the wood and water abundant. The mail party saw very few Indians on the plains. Col. Sumner's command was on the Arkansas river, about 20 miles below the crossing. All well.

NEW YORK SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS' CONVENTION.—The Sabbath School Teachers of New York State are to hold a Convention in the Pierrepont St. Baptist Church, in the city of Brooklyn, commencing on Tuesday, Oct. 5th, at 10 o'clock A. M., and continuing through Wednesday and Thursday. Each Evangelical Sabbath School in the State is requested to send at least one delegate to the Convention.

News Paragraphs.

A SUBSCRIPTION is circulating in Hawaii, Sandwich Islands, headed by the King and Queen, for the purpose of raising funds to establish an Episcopal Church at Honolulu.

COMMON people are hung for committing murder, and imprisoned for minor offences, but "respectable" people are not held answerable to the same rule. A man in Connecticut recently "amused" himself by putting arsenic in his wife's coffee, which, however, did not prove fatal in its result. On account of the great "respectability" of the parties the matter was hushed up.

IT is estimated that from 250 to 300 head of beeves were lost by the recent disaster on the Hudson River Railroad. Some few wandered into the woods and pastures in the neighborhood, having escaped from the cars with slight injuries. Many cattle did not suffer from the collision, but were almost suffocated in the general smashing and mixing up.

CAPTAIN CHAUNCEY, Lieutenants Mullany, Barnett, Nelson, Mitchell and Drake, together with Purser Upham, have been ordered to the steamer Niagara, which is to be ready within seven days to proceed to Charleston and receive on board the captured Africans. They are to be taken to the coast of Liberia, under the charge of a special agent, and kept and supported there by our Government until they can be otherwise provided for.

THE Court Journal relates with *naive* pleasantry, the fact that on the recent visit of Queen Victoria to France, the Empress and Prince Albert were seriously affected with sea-sickness, while sailing in the royal yacht, and Victoria and the Emperor, exempt from such weakness, enjoyed the sufferings of the other twain hugely.

THE American Consul at Maderia, Mr. March, declares that not five pipes of wine are now made in a year, in all the inland of Maderia. Yet there is never a lack of Maderia in the United States.—Where is it manufactured? and what are its ingredients?

THE receipts of flour at Buffalo on the 10th inst., were large, reaching 16,856 barrels. The receipts for the week ending the evening of the 9th were 76,493 barrels; or an average of over 12,700 barrels per day.

SOME excitement has occurred in Catalonia, Spain, with reference to the discovery of two very rich mines—one of gold, and the other of lead.—A quintal of the lead ore is said to contain three ounces of silver.

IT is estimated that the Yang-tese-Kiang, the largest river of China, is larger than our Mississippi. Their comparative length is 3,300 miles to 3,200; at New Orleans, the breadth of the Mississippi is 900 yards, depth 100 feet, velocity of current, 1½ miles an hour. At Kiangyin, 100 miles from the sea, the Chinese River is 1,900 yards broad, 99 feet deep, with a current of two miles per hour.

IN Paris, in a late attempt to remove a cancer, the lady sufferer was so stupified by Chloroform, that breathing ceased and life appeared to be extinct. The physicians immediately expanded her lungs several times by breathing into them, as into those of a person drowned, and she was resuscitated.

A UKASE has been promulgated prohibiting the teaching of the Latin tongue in all the Colleges of the Russian Empire. The hours hitherto devoted that study, will be devoted to the positive sciences.

ON Wednesday, forty-nine slaves, having been granted their manumission by a Kentucky lady, passed through Covington, Ky., on their way to Green Co., Ohio.

THE balance wheel of John Fitch's Model Engine, for the first Philadelphia steamboat, in 1786, twenty-one years before Fulton's New York boat, in 1807, is on exhibition in Philadelphia.

THE ships of the American navy are entirely clothed with sails made of hemp duck, of Scotch or Russian manufacture, notwithstanding the fact that the cotton duck, now made in this country, is, upon the whole, *decidedly superior* to the foreign hemp duck, as is shown by the fact that for the last six or eight years *all* the vessels in our merchant service and whale fisheries use it in preference to the foreign article.

THE first case of the discharge of a debtor from durance, under the new Canadian statute abolishing imprisonment for debt, occurred at Hamilton last week.

THE Boston Traveller says:—"Our manufacturers of domestic goods are already realizing the beneficial effects of the China treaty. One house in Boston has received orders for 3,000 packages, and another is reported as having received orders for 1,500, making in the aggregate 4,500 packages.

BARON HUMBOLDT has predicted his own death. A letter written by him lately read in one of the Prussian law courts, caused a sensation from its containing the declaration—"My death will take place in 1859," and urging that it would be better to postpone a certain publication of his work till then.

THE winter of the Southern Hemisphere has been one of the coldest ever known. Immense bodies of snow have fallen in Chile, and all Valparaiso letters speak of the excessive cold of July.

AN Illinois correspondent of the New York Tribune, says:—"One thing appears encouraging to the farmers of Illinois—that is the prospect of raising our own sugar and molasses. The Chinese sugar cane has been tested, and remains no more an experiment. The prospect is, that there will be made in this State more sugar and molasses than will be consumed here. Molasses will be an article of export."

THE AMERICAN BOARD.—The Annual Report of the Treasurer of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was read at the Annual Meeting, at Detroit, on the 7th inst. The expenditures amounted to $374,889 35—receipts, $334,018 48. Balance, $40,870 87.

MACKEREL.—The Portland Advertiser says the mackerel men begin to come in, but generally with slim fares. The fish are plenty, but they obstinately refuse to be caught.

The News Condenser.

— Great Britain has now an army of 80,000 men in India.

— Cape May county, N. J., is said to be without a lawyer.

— Ninety clerks are employed in the Chicago Post-Office.

— The yellow fever has almost depopulated Vicksburg, Miss.

— There were 1,007 bounty land warrants issued during August.

— The actual length of the Great Wall of China is 15,000 miles.

— Corn in Central Wisconsin has been much injured by frost.

— There are about fourteen thousand British subjects in California.

— Joseph P. Ross, of Bainbridge, Ohio, has a pair of Cashmere kids.

— It is said that superior wine can be manufactured from the tomato.

— The Pennsylvania R. R. Company issue tickets to the clergy at half price.

— "Oshkosh," an aged Menomonee chief, died in Wisconsin on the 29th ult.

— A monument is to be erected in Mississippi to the memory of Gen. Quitman.

— During the last year the Government expended $19,000,000 for military purposes.

— The British soldiers, stationed in New Brunswick, are deserting in large numbers.

— Three horses have just been purchased in New England, for the use of Louis Napoleon.

— Twenty thousand dollars a week are paid out for labor at the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

— Mr. Giddings is engaged in writing a "History of the Anti-Slavery struggle in Congress."

— During the last two months, 1,666 people have been swept off by yellow fever in New Orleans.

— Stale sausages are said to produce precisely the same effect on the system as mineral poison.

— The number of deaths from yellow fever in New Orleans, this season, thus far, is about 1,700.

— A woman, seven feet in height, was at the American Hotel, Indianapolis, on Thursday week.

— Ohio, in 1857, exported to New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore alone, 70,000 head of cattle.

— The New York and Erie Railroad Company have resolved to use coal on all their locomotives.

— It is said that China is to pay England and France thirty million francs, as indemnity for the war.

— The Chicago Press states that there are nine men awaiting trial for murder, in the jail of that city.

— The horse of Mr. Wm. G. Fowler, of Wilmington, N. C., was so severely stung by bees that he died.

— The "Rainbow," a steel ship of 160 tuns, has just been launched from Mr. Laird's works on the Mersey.

— Liverpool is the unhealthiest town in England, having an annual average of thirty-six deaths in the thousand.

— Rev. Eleazar Williams, the "Dauphin," is dead. Does the occupant of the throne of France sleep easier?

— The New York Commercial says it knows a gentleman who gave $6,300 for a pair of horses now in use.

— The Miners' Journal makes the deficiency of anthracite coal at tide water, thus far, this year, 425,000 tuns.

— There is stored in Chicago a million bushels of wheat, and this, too, right in the face of an incoming crop.

— It is expected that at least 350,000 gallons of wine will be made from the native grapes in California this year.

— An inconsiderate cow at Nantucket switched her tail around a post, and starting suddenly, broke the end in two.

— The receipts of flour at Buffalo have averaged 12,700 barrels per day, during the week ending Thursday last.

— Hon. Frank Blair, of St. Louis, Mo., will contest the seat in Congress of Mr. Barret, on the ground of fraud.

— An effort is being made to secure Dr. Kendrick, of Rochester, for the Chicago University, as Greek Professor.

— There has been a manifest fall in the price of wheat throughout France. The new crop is housed in good condition.

— An anti-Mormon paper is about to be established in Great Salt Lake City. This is "bearding the lion in his den."

— The Liberals in Mexico have captured Tampico. A force of 10,000 men is concentrating to march on the capital.

— The Queen's Bench in England have decided that ill health is sufficient excuse for a breach of promise of marriage.

— A new route for an Atlantic cable has been already pointed out; it is through the Bermudas and Fayal to Portugal.

— There are only two cities in Germany, or the world, which contain more Germans than New York and its environs.

— John C. Bishop, an able lawyer in Chicago, has been arrested for committing land frauds to the amount of $100,000.

— The stump of the old Charter Oak has been dug up, and sold to a speculator, and the place is cut up for building lots.

— Hon. E. Ellis, for forty years a member of the British Parliament, is on a tour through the U. S. Mr. E. is 78 years of age.

— An exchange says that it has "reason to believe that Charles Dickens contemplates an early visit to the United States.

— The planters of Georgia have commenced harvesting their rice, and there is a flattering prospect of an abundant yield.

— It is proposed to vary the size of bank notes, according to their denominations, as a preventive against the alteration of the same.

— A mechanic at Newtown, Pa., has invented a machine which he claims will be useful in clearing the country of the grasshopper pest.

— W. C. Bond announces that two faint telescopic comets were discovered at the Cambridge Observatory, on the night of the 5th.

— The American Consul at Maderia, Mr. March, delares that not five pipes of wine are now made in a year, in all the island of Maderia.

— Atlantic Telegraph Pudding is advertised in N. Y. city. We presume it is composed of gutta-percb, and is seasoned with ocean salt.

— A Texas paper mentions that, in one of the counties of that State, nine children have been killed by their parents within three months.

— A mass for the repose of the souls of Lopez and his companions was celebrated in the St. Louis Cathedral in New Orleans, on the 1st inst.

— Cape of Good Hope dates are to July 21. Dr. Livingstone has arrived safely in Zambezi river, and was ascending it in his steam launch.

— It is reported that no less than three hundred whales were killed by the inhabitants of the Orkney Islands in two days, during last month.

— There have been very extensive riots near Kilkenny, Ireland, among the laborers, in consequence of the introduction of reaping machines.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Fulton and Asia.

THE Fulton, from Havre, arrived at St. Johns on the 6th, and the Asia, from Liverpool, at Halifax, on the 8th inst.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Queen Victoria continued her progress in Germany. She was received everywhere with the most extravagant demonstration of respect and good will.

There had been a collision between two excursion trains on the Oxford and Wolverhampton R. R., involving dreadful consequences. Several persons were killed and a great many frightfully injured.

The accounts of the harvest in Great Britian are very satisfactory. The late rains cause some delay in the gathering of the crops, but no permanent injury was done.

The treaty concluded with the Chinese does not confer on the Allies the right of having permanent diplomatic agents at Pekin, but their Consul Generals resident at Tien Sien will be admitted to direct intercourse with the Cabinet of the Emperor.

A telegraph from St. Peteraburg says the Chinese Empire is to be open to foreigners and the left bank of the Amoor River is henceforth to be the boundary between Russia and China.

A prospectus has been issued in England for a telegraph to China and Australia.

Lord Palmerston had paid a visit to the Emperor Napoleon.

It is rumored that the French Government had demanded explanation from the British Cabinet relative to the bombardment of Jeddah.

There is a doubtful report in circulation that Naples had accepted the conditions of the Western Powers. It is stated that the amount of indemnity to be paid by China to England and France is 30,000,000 francs.

FRANCE.—Pelissier's recall from the Ambassadorship to London is expected soon, at his own request.

The French Government, anticipating the possibility of more outrages on the Christians, in consequence of the bombardment of Jeddah, was about to increase its naval force in the Mediterranean.

SPAIN.—A Madrid telegram says that a military expedition is preparing for Havana.

TURKEY.—Turkey is said to have complained to the English Ambassador of the bombardment of Jeddah, when it was known that Ismail Pacha was en route thither with full power to punish the guilty.

It is published that further riots had occurred in Candia, and that ten Christians had fallen.

INDIA.—By telegraph from Malta, Bombay dates are to Aug. 4th. Nothing of importance had occured. The British troops were chiefly engaged in harrassing the rebels in Oude. Many of the chiefs, who had not compromised themselves, are surrendering themselves to the authorities. The rebels proved to be deeply implicated are being executed.

CHINA.—Dates from Tien Sein are to June 18th. Great progress has been made in negotiations, and it is considered that the Allies were on the eve of a treaty. The news is not so late as that via Russia. The Americans and Russians had concluded treaties, and the former are believed to have stipulated for an annual visit to Pekin. The Commissioners at Canton was urging the people to war, and ignored the negotiations at the North.

Commercial Intelligence.

BREADSTUFFS.—Richardson, Spence & Co. quote flour firm, good demand; Philadelphia and Baltimore 21s6d@22s; Ohio 22s@23s6d, New Orleans 22s6d@23s6d. Wheat firm, but quiet. Red Western 5s6d@6s3d, Red Southern 6s1d@6s3d; White Southern 6s1d@7s3. Corn dull and nominal. Yellow 33s@34s; white 34@34s6d.

PROVISIONS.—Liverpool provision market generally steady. Pork without alteration in rates, and steady. Lard firm. Beef heavy at decline, 2s6d@4s. Bacon steady. Tallow firmer. Sales 49@50s.

Special Notices.

FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY OF WESTERN N. Y.

THE Autumnal Meeting and Exhibition of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York will be held at the Court House, in the City of Rochester, on the 29th and 30th days of September instant.

Sept. 13, 1858. HENRY P. NORTON, President.

ONTARIO COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE Fair of this Society will be held at Canandaigua, on the 29th and 30th of September, and 1st of October. Liberal Premiums will be distributed in Cash, Silver Cups and Diplomas. Competition open to all. Premium Lists can be obtained by addressing the Treasurer,

J. S. COOLEY, Canandaigua.

THE FIRST ANNUAL FAIR
OF THE
MICHIGAN FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY
WILL BE HELD IN DETROIT, ON THE CASS FARM,
September 28th, 29th & 30th, and October 1st,
FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF
Agriculture, Horticulture and the Mechanic Arts.

PERMANENT BUILDINGS have been erected on the Fair Ground, and arrangements have been made for the accommodation of all kinds of Stock, Dairy Produce, Grain, Fruits, Flowers, Vegetables, Agricultural Machines, Farming Implements, &c.

A Trial of Mowers will take place, at which the public will have an opportunity of testing the merits of these great Labor-Saving Machines.

The Farmers, Gardeners and Mechanics, of Michigan, are invited to compete for the premiums, which will be paid on the Fair Ground, without delay or disappointment.

By order of the Executive Committee,

Detroit, Sept. 4, 1858. EDWARD MASON, Sec'y.

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocoaine.* It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handsful, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is at the same time unrivalled as a dressing for the Hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days. See advertisement.

SOMETHING TO DO.

THE subscribers will employ agents of either sex in every town and city, in a business which pays from $20 to $36 per week. Send stamp for return postage, for full particulars. S. M. MYRICK & CO., Lynn, Mass.

CROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

☞ These Machines are now justly admitted to be the best in use for Family Sewing, making a new, strong and elastic stitch, which will NOT rip, even if every fourth stitch be cut—Circulars sent on application by letter

446-13t H. G. GILES, Agent, 45 State street, Rochester, N Y

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Sept 14, 1858.

FLOUR does not vary from quotations of last week.

GRAIN—Wheat, Corn, Rye and Oats are without change in rates.—Barley has less range—inferior looking up a little. Beans show 12½ cents advance on poor qualities.

PROVISIONS—No alteration in Pork. Beef and Mutton have both fallen off

DAIRY—Butter shows an advance equal to 1@2c ₱ lb

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		Eggs, dozen	10@10c
Flour, winter wheat	$5,50@5,25	Honey, box	10@16c
Do spring do	$5,00@5,00	Candles, box	12½@13c
Do Buckwheat ₱ cwt	$1,25	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,20@1,25	Apples, bushel	50@75
Best white Canada	$1,15@1,25	Do dried	$3,00@3,00
Corn	60c@70c	Potatoes	25@31½c
Rye, 60 lbs ₱ bush	65c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Oats	40@45c	Slaughter	5½@6c
Barley	65@62½c	Calf	10c
Buckwheat	37½@40c	Sheep pelts	75@1,25c
Beans	62½@75	Lamb do	25@50c
MEATS.		**SEEDS.**	
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,00	Clover, bush	$3,00@4,00
Do cwt	$5,50@5,00	Timothy	$2,25@2,50
Beef ₱ cwt	$4,00@5,00	**SUNDRIES.**	
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@2,00	Wood, hard	$4,00@5,00
Mutton (carcass)	4@5c	Do soft	$3,00@3,00
Hams smoked	9c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,25
Do shoulders	6@6c	Do Scranton	$3,00@5,50
Chickens	9@10c	Do Blossburg	$5,00@5,50
Turkeys	11@12c	Do Shamokin	$5,00@5,50
Geese	38@44c	Do Char	1@1,5c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,87½@1,40
Butter, roll	20@16c	Hay ton	$10,00@9,00
Do firkin	00@14c	Wool ₱ lb	25@37½c
Cheese	8½@6c	White fish, bbl	$7,00@7,50
Lard, tried	10½@11c	Codfish ₱ quintal	$4,50@4,75
Tallow	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	$7,00@7,50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Sept. 13.—Flour—Market is a shade lower with more doing. Sales at $4,90@5,00 for common to choice super State $5,30@5,50 for extra State, $4,90@5,10 for superfine Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa $5,50@5,60 for common to good medium and extra do $5,50@6,60 shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing dull and tendency downward. Canadian dull and drooping sales at $5,50@6,40 for com to good extra.

GRAIN—Wheat is heavy, and market 1@2c lower. Sales at 120c for new white Michigan, 135c for new white Canadian and 120c for prime red Southern. Rye quiet, sales at 75@76c. Barley is firm at 63@75c. Corn lower, with more doing, sales at 66@72c for injured to prime mixed Western, 80c for white and 94c for yellow Southern. Oats are dull at 45@47c for State, 47@50c for Western.

PROVISIONS—The Pork market is lower. Sales at $15,35@17,40 for mess, $15,00@15 50 for prime, $15 75 for thin mess, 16,25 for prime mess; $19,37 for clear. Lard is steady; sales at 11¾@11¾c. Butter is selling at 12@17c for Ohio, 16@20c for State. Cheese at 5@7½c, as to quality.

BUFFALO, Sept. 13.—Flour—In fair demand and market steady Sales at $5,25@5,3,¾ for fair to good brands Canadian, Indiana and Ohio, and $5,50@6,62½ for the range of medium to good extras.

GRAIN—Wheat buyers evince more willingness to effect sales.—The demand, however, is mostly for immediate use. Sales red Ohio at $1,08@1,09, inferior white Canadian at $1,05, and white Ohio at $1,12½. Corn in fair demand and market a shade better, sales slightly damaged at 60c, and choice Illinois at 64c. Oats dull and heavy, sales old at 43c. Rye in moderate request and market easier, sales at/lost at 66c. Barley almost entirely bare. Good to choice in demand at 70@72c.

SEED—Arrivals are of late better, while the demand is fair. Good Illinois Timothy generally held at $1,75@2,00—flax $1,25

PORK—Sales 35 bbls mess at $26,87½. Prime leaf lard at 11c.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, $3,00@3,25; Ordinary, $7,50@7,75; Common, $6,75@7,25, Inferior, $6,00@6,50.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50@60, Ordinary; $37@45, Common, $28@35, Inferior $20@25

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₱ lb., 6¾@6c; Ordinary, 5@5½c., Common, 4@4½c, Inferior, 3@3¾c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, per head, $4,50@4,75; Ordinary, $4,00@4,25; Common, $3,00@3,50; Inferior, $2,00@2,75.

SWINE—Best corn fed, 4¾@5c., Other qualities, 4½@4¾c.

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 8.—At market 1678 Cattle, about 1000 Beeves and 678 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $5,50@7,00, First quality, $5,00@6,25, Second, $5,25@5,75, Third, $5,00, Ordinary, $4,00.

WORKING OXEN—$75, 100@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 40@50.

STORES—Yearlings $9@12, Two Years Old, $18@22; Three Years Old, $24@30.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—3700 at market. Prices—Extra and Selections, $2,00@2,75, in lots, $1, 1,50, 1,75.

SWINE 400 at market.

HIDES—7¼@8¾c. Tallow, 7@7¾c. ₱ lb.

PELTS—50@75c each. Calf Skins, 12@13c. ₱ lb.

BRIGHTON, Sept. 9.—At market—1700 Beef Cattle, 600 Stores, 2000 Sheep and Lambs, 1100 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $6,00@7,25, First quality, $7,00, Second, $6,50 Third, $5,00@5,25.

WORKING OXEN—$125, 130@140.

MILCH COWS—Sales at $39@46, Common, $21@22.

VEAL CALVES—Sales at $4, 4,50@5,00

STORES—Yearlings, $9@12; Two Years Old, $18@22; Three Years Old, $26@28

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $2,50@2,75; by lot, $1,00@1,75

SWINE—Fat hogs, 5@6¾c Spring Pigs, 5¾c.; Retail, 6¾@6¾c. ₱ lb.

HIDES—7½@8c, Tallow, 7@7½c. ₱ lb.

PELTS—$0,50@0,75, Calf Skins, 12@13c. ₱ lb

THE CAPTURED SLAVES.—It will be remembered that the U. S. sloop of war Dolphin captured a slaver a few weeks since, with over three hundred slaves, and took her into Charleston. In another column will be found the action of the government relative thereto. A dispatch from Washington says that the American Colonization Society have proposed to Government to take care of the captured Africans on their arrival at Liberia, and subsist them one year for $50,000, and in the meantime send them to school and teach them how, by industrial pursuits, to support themselves after the expiration of that period. There is every probability that the proposition will be accepted. The Secretary of the Interior will forthwith authorize the purchase of the necessary clothing and blankets to insure them a comfortable voyage.

A GOOD PLAN.—The officers of the army of Utah are all required to keep a journal, in which the geograpical and topographical facts coming under their observation are all carefully noted.

DEATH OF JUDGE MULLETT.—Judge Mullett, who recently resigned his seat upon the bench of the Supreme Court, died at Fredonia on Friday.

New Advertisements.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, and leaded—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, IN ADVANCE. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

☞ Those of our readers purchasing articles advertised in the RURAL, or who write to advertisers, will please state that they saw the advertisement in the RURAL NEW-YORKER.

☞ SEND FOR A CIRCULAR to WALWORTH'S Commercial College, Rome, N Y. 454

ARTIFICIAL EYES AND EAR DRUMS INSERTED. ed. surgical operations performed, and diseases of the Eye and Ear successfully treated by DR. WALKER, Oculist and Aurist, 62 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

Dr W will be at the Clarendon Hotel, Buffalo, every Wednesday from 10 to 4. 454eow5t

Hamburgh Grapes.

MY CROP OF GRAPES, consisting mostly of Black Hamburghs, is now matured. Amateurs and Dealers, who are in quest of the above Grapes, are requested to apply early, as they will soon be disposed of. Prices to suit the times.

Greece, Monroe Co., N. Y. CHARLES PORVIS

Stoves! Stoves!!

J. E CHENEY, AGENT, has now on hand, at his new stand, No. 29 State St opposite the City Bank, the best assortment of Cooking and Parlor Stoves, for Coal or Wood, ever offered in this City, and will be sold low. Call and see before purchasing elsewhere. Remember the number, 29 State street.

Rochester Sept 15, 1858. J E. CHENEY Agent. 451 3t 29 State street.

Farmers Take Notice.

WHY will you pay 25 cents for Apple Trees and in the same proportion for others, when you can save 100 per cent. by purchasing at our wholesale prices! Send and get one of our whole sale Catalogues and compare our prices with other Nurseries and you will discover that we sell cheaper than most any of them.

If one of you do not want 100 Apple Trees, let your neighbors join you and get your Trees for $12 per 100 by sending your orders directly to the Toledo Nurseries.

Toledo, Ohio. [454eow3t] A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS.

A LADY WANTED in every town as an Agent. For particulars, address with stamp, DR. FLEMING, Rochester, N Y

Blackberry Wine.

FARMERS and others who are thinking of setting out plantations of New Rochelle (or Lawton) Blackberries, come to the East Avenue Nurseries see our bearing Plants and pick out Vines from our large stock for planting in October. Now is the time to get your land ready. Prices to the quality lower than ever and according to the size you select. C P BISSELL & SALTER

454-3t East Avenue Nurseries, Rochester, N Y

Stocks for Nurserymen.

WE OFFER to the trade, the coming fall, a large lot of first class Stocks, comprising

ANGERS QUINCE STOCKS, a prime article of our own growing

MAZZARD CHERRY STOCKS, one year old, strong.

MAHALEB " " "

PLUM STOCKS, one year, very nice

APPLE STOCKS, two years, very nice

Early orders solicited. Price list sent on application.

T C MAXWELL & BROTHERS.

Geneva Ontario county, N Y, Sept. 1858. 454-tf

REBECCA GRAPE VINES
For Sale at Reduced Prices.

PROPAGATED from the original Vine, good, strong, two years old Vines, with all the ripened wood, at $20 per dozen or $100 per hundred.

One year old Vines with from 18 inches to 2 feet of ripened wood, at $12 per dozen, or $90 per hundred.

Those wishing to purchase strong plants for propagation would do well to call and examine the stock before purchasing elsewhere.

All written orders shall receive prompt attention.

Terms positively cash. WILLIAM BROCKSBANK,

454 Prospect Hill Nursery, Hudson, Columbia Co., N. Y.

400,000 Apple Trees for Sale.

A RARE chance for persons commencing a Nursery

250,000 1 year old Apple Trees from graft.

150,000 2 " " " "

40,000 Cherry Seedlings, 1 year, fair

20,000 Angers Quince stocks from Cuttings

50,000 Currants assorted, well grown.

50,000 Catawba Grape Vines 1 year

100,000 2 year old Apple Seedlings.

150,000 1 " " " " selected.

40,000 Evergreens 12 to 24 inches, Norway, Balsam Fir, Corsican, Scotch, Austrian and White Pines, Chinese and American Arbor Vitæ, &c.

2,000 Balsam Firs 5 to 8 feet high, splendid specimens, well furnished. A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS.

Toledo, Sept. 9 1858. 454eow3t

TOLEDO NURSERIES.
A. Fahnestock & Sons, Proprietors.

WE OFFER our patrons and the trade generally

Apple, Pear and Cherry Trees, Standard and Dwarf, well grown and thrifty

Plums, Peaches, Apricots and Nectarines

Small Fruits, *Currants, Raspberries, Gooseberries* and *Strawberries,* with all the new and popular sorts.

Grape Vines, *Isabella, Catawba, Diana, Concord, Northern Muscadine, Delaware, Catawba, Clinton, &c.*

Rhubarb *Linnæus, Cahoonas, Victoria, Downing's Colossal, &c*

Osage Orange 2 years old, $3 per 1000—$25 for 10,000

Evergreens, Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Roses, Dahlias, Pæonies, Phloxes, Spiræas, Honeysuckles, &c in variety

Orders solicited. Articles securely packed and forwarded as directed. Toledo, Sept 9, 1858. 454eow3t

Nursery Stock.

WE have for the Fall Trade, a large and fine stock of

APPLE TREES, 1 to 4 years.

PEAR " Standard and Dwarf, 2 and 3 years.

CHERRY " Standard & Dwarf, unusually fine, 1 & 2 yrs.

PLUM on PLUM, 1 and 2 years, the finest in the State.

PEACH, 1 and 2 years.

Apricots, Quinces, Grapes, Currants, Gooseberries, Raspberries, including a large lot of Brinckle's Orange, Blackberries, &c., &c. Also a large lot of

STOCKS FOR NURSERYMEN.

Apple Seedlings, 1 and 2 years.

Cherry " Mazzard, 1 year.

Plum from Pits of the Horse Plum

Pear, 1 year

Quince, Orange, 1 year.

Quince, Angers, 1 year, very strong.

Also a fine lot of *Balsam Fir,* 1 to 4 feet, Am. Arbor Vitæ, Osage Orange, &c.

50 Bush. Mazzard Cherry Pits, in fine order. 100 bush Peach Pits. The above stock is of the very best quality and can be furnished in liberal quantities at very low rates.

Nurserymen, Dealers and Planters would do well to call

MAXWELL, BRISTOL & CO.

Dansville, Liv Co, N Y., Sept 13, 1858. 454-tf

Fruit and Ornamental Trees.

WE OFFER for Sale, the coming fall, a large and fine assortment of

APPLE TREES, 3 and 4 years, stocky and healthy

PEAR " Standard and Dwarf, 2 and 3 yrs, very fine.

" " Dwarf, 1 year, *superb,* and *very cheap* in large quantities.

CHERRY " Standard & Dwarf, 2 yrs, hardy sorts and *strong*

PLUM " 2 years, on Plum stock.

PEACH " 1 and 2 years, handsome.

APRICOTS, ORANGE QUINCE, GRAPES, &c., &c

CURRANTS, GOOSEBERRIES, RASPBERRIES, BLACK BERRIES, STRAWBERRIES, RHUBARB, &c

HORSE CHESTNUT, MOUNTAIN ASH, LINDENS, MAPLES, AMERICAN and EUROPEAN ASH, AMERICAN CHESTNUT, SHRUBS, ROSES, &c.

Also, a fine stock of BALSAM FIR, NORWAY SPRUCE, AMERICAN ARBOR VITÆ, and a general assortment of other Nursery articles.

Nurserymen, Dealers, and Planters, are invited to call

Orders promptly attended to.

Descriptive and Wholesale Catalogues furnished

T. C MAXWELL & BROTHERS.

Geneva, Ontario county, N Y, Sept. 1, 1858. 454-tf

REMOVAL.

THE MONROE COUNTY SAVINGS INSTITUTION will remove on the 20th September instant, into their new *Banking Rooms in the block corner of Buffalo and Exchange streets,* where Depositors will please apply after that date.

J. R PIERPONT, *Secretary*

Rochester, Sept. 9, 1858.

OFFICERS

WILLIAM N SAGE, President.

EBENEZER ELY, } Vice-Presidents.
L. A WARD, }

MOSES CHAPIN, Attorney.

J R PIERPONT, Secretary and Treasurer

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LEVI A. WARD,	EBENEZER ELY,
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LEWIS SELYE,	ERASTUS T SMITH,
MOSES CHAPIN,	EDMUND LYON,

D. D. T. MOORE. 454-3t

BERKSHIRE PIGS, of two different importations, for sale by WALTER COLE, 3½ miles southeast of Batavia, N. Y., in the Putnam Settlement. They may also be seen at the Genesee County Fair, to be held at Batavia on the 16th inst. 452

Make Your Own Sugar!

JUST PUBLISHED—Plain and Explicit Directions for Making the best of Sugar from the CHINESE SUGAR CANE, to which is added a plan for a Cheap Sugar Mill, that any person can make. Price 25 cents. Sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of price in silver, (at our risk.) Address, C. STONE & CO.,

452-3t New York City.

NEW BOOKS FOR AGENTS.
Sold Only by Subscription.

WANTED—An AGENT in every County to engage in the sale of beautifully ILLUSTRATED WORKS.

Circulars, giving full information, with Terms to Agents, and a full List of my Publications, sent on application. Address,

DUANE RULISON, Publisher,

452-12t No. 83 S. Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.

New Rochelle or Lawton Blackberries,
BY MAIL, CHEAPER THAN EVER!

BECAUSE WE HAD SUCH PERFECT SUCCESS last Fall in sending New Rochelle (or Lawton) Blackberry Plants BY MAIL, we shall again send those of suitable size, carefully packed, and POSTAGE PAID, at $1 50 per dozen. Suitable sized Brinckles Orange Raspberry Plants also $1 50 per dozen. Warranted to do well if our printed directions are followed

C. P. BISSELL & SALTER, East Avenue Nurseries.

452-4teow Rochester, N. Y.

To Nurserymen and Dealers in Trees.

WISHING TO CLEAR A PIECE OF GROUND the coming Fall, containing about 80,000 Grafted Apple Trees, I will sell them for cash or approved credit, with interest, at $80 per 1,000. All orders filled in the rotation in which they are received.

The above are all first-class Trees, 3 and 4 years old, from 5 to 8 feet high, of the best leading varieties the country affords, and very thrifty and fine.

Also, a quantity of PEAR, CHERRY, and PLUM TREES at low prices, and 50,000 Mazzard Cherry Seedlings, one year old, good size, at $4 per 1,000. H M RANNEY.

452-5t Proprietor of Commercial Nurseries, Syracuse, N. Y

GREAT INDUCEMENT!
FRUIT TREES.

75,000 APPLE TREES, from 5 to 7 feet.

100,000 Apple Trees, 2 years old.

10,000 Standard Pear Trees, 2 years old.

10,000 Dwarf " " "

20,000 Cherry Trees, 2 to 3 years old.

10 000 Plum on Plum Stock.

10,000 Peach Trees.

100,000 Apple Seedlings.

Also Horse Chestnuts, Grapes, Evergreens, and the usual assortment kept in Nurseries. GRAVES & WARNER,

452-6t Syracuse, N. Y.

10 BUSHELS good Mazzard Cherry Pits, for sale by A. J McCLAVE, Nurseryman, Palmyra, N. Y. 451-4t

U. S. Tent and Flag Manufactory,
NO. 12 BUFFALO ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

HAVING purchased the entire stock of TENTS and FLAGS formerly owned by E. G. WILLIAMS, I am prepared to rent the same at reasonable rates for Agricultural Fairs, Military Encampments, Camp Meetings, Garden parties, &c, &c

I will also manufacture to short notice Tents, Flags, Awnings, Feed Sacks, and everything pertaining to this branch of business. Seamless Grain Bags, wholesale and retail. Address

451-4t JAMES FIELD Box 761, Rochester, N Y

69 and 71 Main Street, adjoining Osburn House.

ATTRACTIVE DISPLAY
OF
FALL DRESS GOODS,
SURPASSING IN
ELEGANCE, BEAUTY AND VARIETY
ANY PREVIOUS ASSORTMENT

HUBBARD & NORTHROP invite particular attention to their unusually extensive variety of

SHAWLS of the latest patterns.

DRESS GOODS, the most extensive in market

SILKS of the richest and newest styles.

EMBROIDERIES of the rarest and neatest work

DOMESTICS.

The Stock of Domestics offered by Messrs. HUBBARD & NORTHROP contains the best and most approved makes to be found in market. They devote particular attention to their domestic trade, and

HOUSE-KEEPERS AND HOTEL-KEEPERS

Will find it for their interest to examine their complete stock.

HUBBARD & NORTHROP,

453 69 and 71 Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

100,000 Wilson's Albany Strawberry
FOR SALE.

THE EXPERIENCE of another season has fully proved this Strawberry to be the best out. With the subscriber, during the hot weather of the past season, it continued to ripen fruit for 20 days, and yielded in one day, from less than one-third of an acre, 10 bushels and 28 quarts. Amateurs and Market Gardeners, try it, and judge for yourselves. Price, $2 per 100, $7.50 per 500, $10 per 1,000.

Also for sale, a fine assortment of FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES, Grape Vines, Rhubarb, Asparagus, Plants, and French Basket Willows, at 50 cents per 100 cuttings. Catalogues free. Address JOHN SLOAN—E. CORNING, Jr's. Nursery, Albany, N. Y

Oneida County Agricultural Society.

A SWEEPSTAKES PREMIUM is offered for the best STUD HORSE 4 years old or over—for the best pair of MATCHED HORSES or MARES—and for the best SINGLE HORSE, MARE, or GELDING—to be exhibited at the Annual Fair of the Society, to be held at ROME, on the 28th, 29th, and 30th days of September next. Each competitor to pay an entrance fee of $2, and the winner in each class to take the entire purse so obatined, and $5 and a Diploma from the Society

COMPETITION OPEN TO THE WORLD!

Any person desiring information relative to the above will please address the Secretary, at Vernon Centre, to whom notice of a design to compete should be forwarded as early as possible. Competent and impartial Judges will be in attendance.

451-5t S. A. BUNCE, Secretary.

THE BEST STRAWBERRY IN CULTIVATION.

WILSON'S ALBANY SEEDLING is without doubt the best Strawberry in cultivation—that is for general family use or marketing. It is slightly more acid than Hovey's Seedling, Boston Pine and such sorts, which, however good, are in many localities an uncertain crop, and require as much nursing and fertilizing by planting other varieties (termed pistillate) among them, as to place the uninitiated in these mysteries in a quandary how to proceed. Wilson's Seedling requires no such aid, but looks out solely after its own increase—is, in fact, anti-Mormon. References can be given where, for seasons past, in the vicinity of Albany, upwards of $500 worth of the fruit have been sold out of a moderate city garden. Three hundred and seventy berries were exhibited by Mr. Harris on one plant.

The genuine plants for sale by the subscriber at $2 per hundred, 500 for $7,50; 1,000 for $10. It may be further remarked, that this Strawberry is of a noble size, rich color, solid, and carries famously to market. [451-4t] JOHN WILSON, Albany Nursery, N. Y.

ANDRE LEROY'S
Nurseries at
ANGERS, FRANCE.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THESE NURSERIES—the most extensive in Europe—has the honor to inform his numerous friends and the public that his Catalogue of FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES, SHRUBS, ROSES, SEEDLINGS, FRUIT STOCKS, &c, for the present season is now ready and at their disposition.

The experience which he has acquired in the last ten years, by numerous and important invoices to the United States, and the special culture which he has established for that market upon an area of over 300 acres, are for his customers a sure guarantee of the proper and faithful execution of their orders.

Apply, as heretofore, to F A. BRUGUIERE, 138 Pearl St., New York, his sole Agent in the United States.

NOTE—All Advertisements or Circulars bearing the name of LEROY, ANGERS, must not be considered as emanating from our house, if they do not at the same time mention that Mr. F. A BRUGUIERE is our Agent. Address

F. A. BRUGUIERE, New York,

451-5t or ANDRE LEROY, Angers, France.

Syracuse Nurseries, Syracuse, N. Y.

250,000 APPLE TREES, 2 to 4 yrs old, standard & dwarf

250,000 PEAR do. 1 & 2 yrs old, do. do.

50,000 CHERRY do 1 & 2 yrs old, do. do.

100,000 PEACH, APRICOT, NECTARINE & PLUM TREES,

80,000 ISABELLA, CATAWBA and CLINTON GRAPES,

DELAWARE, DIANA, REBECCA and CONCORD do

75,0 0 HOUGHTON'S SEEDLING GOOSEBERRIES,—don't mildew;

50 000 CURRANTS fifteen varieties old and new;

25,000 LAWTON BLACKBERRIES, largest and most productive.

RASPBERRIES and STRAWBERRIES, best popular sorts,

ORNAMENTAL TREES, ROSES, SHRUBBERY, DAHLIAS, BULBS, &c

EVERGREEN TREES, choicest hardy kinds 4 to 6 feet superb

Apple, Pear and Cherry SEEDLINGS, healthy strong plants

HEDGE PLANTS, Privet, Buckthorn, and Honey Locust;

All well grown and unexcelled by the productions of any other Nursery

For descriptions and prices, wholesale and retail, see

OUR SEVERAL CATALOGUES,

Forwarded on receipt of a Stamp for each, viz, No. 1, descriptive of all our productions, No. 2, descriptive of Fruits, No 3, descriptive of Ornamental Trees, Roses, Shrubbery, &c.; No. 4, descriptive of Dahlias, Green House and Bedding Plants, &c; and No 5, a Wholesale Catalogue for Nurserymen and large dealers.

THORP, SMITH & HANCHETT.

September 1, 1858. 452-3teow

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

A COMPOUND OF COCOANUT OIL, &c., for dressing the Hair. For efficacy and agreeableness, it is without a rival.

It prevents the hair from falling off.
It promotes its healthy and vigorous growth.
It is not greasey or sticky.
It leaves no disagreeable odor.
It softens the hair when hard and dry.
It soothes the irritated scalp skin.
It affords the richest lustre.
It remains longest in effect.
It costs fifty cents for a half-pint bottle

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

TESTIMONIAL.

BOSTON, July 19, 1851

Messrs J. BURNETT & Co.—I cannot refuse to state the salutary effect in my own aggravated case, of your excellent Hair Oil—(Cocoaine.)

For many months my hair had been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed, so that I could not touch it without pain. This irritated condition I attributed to the use of various advertised hair washes, which I have since been told contained camphene spirit.

By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation, in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared—the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair. I trust that others similarly afflicted will be induced to try the same remedy

Yours very truly, SUSAN R POPE.

A single application renders the hair (no matter how stiff and dry) soft and glossy for several days. It is conceded by all who have used it to be *the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the World.* Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston. For sale by all Druggists.

NEW TEXT-BOOKS.
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Choice Poetry.

THE FIRST DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY MRS. E. J. REYNOLDS.

I saw a youthful mother,
Once on a summer's day,
Set down a smiling infant
To watch its frolic play;
It gamboled on the flowers
That decked the carpet o'er,
And seemed, with childish wonder,
Each object to explore.

A something on the instant
Its glad career arrests,
And earnestly it gazes where
A golden sunbeam rests;
While on the new-found glory
It fixed its wondering eyes,
And trustingly reached forth its hand
To seize the glittering prize.

And now its tiny fingers clasp
The treasure rich and rare,
Which in its baby innocence
It surely thought was there.
But, ah! that hand encloses,
And to its earnest gaze
Reveals no gem of beauty—
No bright imprisoned rays!

And then the first of many tears
Fell on the cherub face—
The first sad disappointment
In life's uncertain race!
And thus it has been with us all,
Who its dark game have played—
We've sought to grasp the sunshine,
And only found the shade.

[*N. Y. Home Journal.*

The Sketch-Book.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

MY STORY.

My Story is about ALICE GREY. When I first knew her she had numbered nearly forty years, but was still treading the quiet path of maidenhood. Why she was unmarried I never ascertained. Some imagined that Death, perchance, had claimed the object of her early love; others praised the filial heart which had led her to devote her life to her widowed mother; while others, still less charitable, said they "guessed she never had an offer."—All agreed, however, that ALICE was a model old maid. Cheerful and content she trod her solitary way, and if, in earlier days, thoughts of husband and children had made pleasant maiden reveries, such dreams had long ago been dismissed from her heart.

But there was one who was beginning to plot against the "quiet tenor of her way." A year before, Esq. MORREFORD had buried the wife of his youth. In his desolate farm-house were four motherless children—dependent upon hirelings for the care a tender mother had always lovingly given—and feeling, at length, the necessity of having some one who should have more than a hireling's interest in his home, he began to look around in search of such an one, and his eye rested on ALICE GREY. Death had been in ALICE's home, too, and when the worthy suitor came to woo, he found she could be won; so, as widowers' courtships are usually short, ALICE was soon introduced into a new path in life. Alas! she found it a path of trial. Filial, and loving, it had been easy to discharge a daughter's duties, but those of wife and mother were new to her and all untried. It had been more than twenty years since she was "little ALICE."—No little ones had played about her hearthstone, and so she had become a stranger to children's ways and children's hearts. Carefully she abstained from everything unkind, but there was a want of sympathy between her own and her children's hearts. She entered into none of their childish plans; they did not tell her of their childish joys or griefs; and very soon they began to regard her with suspicion, and even with dislike. At length, CHARLES, the oldest child, who could not help contrasting this state of things with the sunny home his own dear mother made, felt that it was a home no more for him. So, one night, leaving tearful good-bye kisses with his sleeping brother and sisters, he stole softly down the stairs, and went out to be a wanderer. The earliest gleaming of the morning found him sobbing by his mother's grave, and the first tidings of him were that he had gone to sea.

Then GRACIE, the youngest of the household, was taken sick, and in her delirium she cried—"Go away naughty woman! I want my own dear mama! Come mama and kiss GRACIE! Come sweet mama!" and in a little while the plaintive voice was hushed forever.

ALICE MORREFORD was very, very sad, as she sat alone in her room the night after GRACIE died.—One of the children to whom she had come to fill a mother's place was away on the stormy sea.—Death had claimed another; and she felt that neither from the absent ones nor from those still left to her care had she won a mother's share of confidence and love. Long time she sat and thought; then long and fervently she prayed that GOD would teach her. When she arose from prayer, it was with a new light in her heart, and on her face.

GRACIE's funeral was over, and Esq. MORREFORD's house had become as quiet as ever, and more cheerless than before. GEORGE was the second son, a lad of thirteen years. One night after he had gone to rest he heard a rap at his door. "Who is it?" he inquired. "Mother! May I come in?" Half pettishly he consented, and his step-mother entered and sat down by his bed. She began talking about GRACIE; and then about his dear dead mother. She told him how anxious she was to fill that mother's place; she spoke of the difficulties in her way; she assured him of her love for him and her desire to see him happy. Then she knelt by his bedside and prayed GOD to bless them and help them to love each other as they ought; and, kissing him, bade him a kind "good-night."

GEORGE's proud little heart did not permit him to answer his mother a word, but as soon as she had gone he began to think over all she had said to him. He remembered how kindly she had talked of his own dear mother, and sobbed himself to sleep full of memories of that dead mother, and with kindlier feelings than he had ever had towards her who filled that mother's place.

ELLEN, too, received a visit from her mother that night, and before they parted ELLEN had told of all her longings after love, and how she had wanted to talk of her dead mother. They wept together and then the mother prayed. As she gave the child her first good-night kiss, ELLEN threw her arms around her neck and said, "I love you, mother," and from that time they knew and loved each other. In angry moods, ELLEN would sometimes say:—"I wish a step-mother had never come to darken our home," but in a very little time she would come, in tears, to be forgiven.

GEORGE was not so easily won; but ALICE was not discouraged. She sought his confidence in every way; interested herself in his plans, and he would find some nice little offering of her handiwork on his table, with a card attached, saying it was "a little token of love from one who would be a mother to him." Finally, she found, one morning, a little gift for her, with these words attached, "To my kind Mother"—"From GEORGE."

Then sunshine began to dance all over the old farm-house, to the sweet music of loving words and tones. Clouds came sometimes, but ALICE prayed, and wore the same gentle look and smile, and they passed without a storm.

Years went by. The sad news came that the bright-eyed CHARLIE rested in an ocean grave.—GEORGE and ELLEN grew to manhood and womanhood and went to preside over homes of their own. Mrs. MORREFORD sat alone one evening awaiting her husband's return from the village. As he entered he handed her two letters,—"from the children," he said.

With a full heart she read GEORGE's letter. He had just been recalling the scenes of his childhood, and gratefully and touchingly alluded to the time when she came to bless them. He assured her that he had treasured in memory her years of unwearied love and kindness, and that in his devotion he always thanked GOD for giving him such a step-mother.

ELLEN's letter was mostly filled with descriptions of a little wee stranger who had come to gladden her Western home. "We call her ALICE," she said, "and only hope she will be as good as the one whose name she bears." Tearfully and gratefully ALICE MORREFORD read those affectionate tributes to her motherly care and love. Then she complained of sudden faintness, and retired. Morning found her very ill. A physician was sent for, who came and pronounced her symptoms alarming. Day after day passed, and she grew rapidly worse, and then the doctor said, sadly, "I fear there is no hope." GEORGE and ELLEN were informed that their mother was dying. They hastened home, but arrived in time only to receive one of her own sweet smiles, and then the eyes which had looked so lovingly on them closed forever.

So ALICE died—not unmourned. Still is her memory very sacred in the hearts of her bereaved husband and children, who, as long as they live, will bless GOD that she did not always keep her maiden name of ALICE GREY. NETTIE.

Rochester, N. Y., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

"SPEAK GENTLY TO THE ERRING ONE."

I was a strange girl always. Strange was my talisman, ever clinging to me like a darkening spirit, until I learned to hate, oh, how bitterly, that one word—strange.

"Strange," people would say, as they looked into my great large eyes—much too large for my thin, pinched face—shining with a wild, unsteady light. "A strange, strange girl," murmured my mother in an unloving tone, as I still persisted in some stubborn will—for my willfulness did not make me a favorite, and I was generally unloved, especially by my mother. "Strange! strange!"—I heard it in every motion, in every word I uttered, until I felt that "strange" was a part of myself—a part which I loathed as my evil genius. Yes, ever since the death of my father, I felt that I was loved by none, and the very knowledge of it made my willful nature more hardened and stern.

Oh, how I loved my father! A love almost like adoration—and now that he was dead, I worshiped his spirit, which seemed to hover o'er me in the floating clouds—his fond voice speaking to me in the winds and zephyrs. I say that I loved my father, perhaps it was because I knew that he loved me, although he never spoke or told me so. He was always very still and stern, at home and abroad—no one knew him intimately—and I often wondered why he never spoke or seemed to care for my mother; then, again, I wondered why he ever married her, for, instinctively, I seemed to know there was no unison of taste or mind. These were my thoughts, many times as I sat in my father's lap, neither of us speaking. These were the happiest hours of my life, for my father died when I was very young—young in years, but old in heart. I did not weep when he died—no, I did not shed one tear when I stood by his grave and heard the cold, cold earth falling on his coffin. My mother said that I was a "strange child—*nothing* could touch *my* heart." Oh, she could not know there was a grief within, deeper than all others in its silent anguish, for I felt I was losing my only friend.

For a year or two after his death, my life was almost a blank page; only a few words upon its surface, and these were—sorrow, sorrow. I had no friends or playmates as other children have, I shunned all those who dared approach me. I did not attend school—my mother's attempts to make me go were all in vain. I feared to sit all day, with so many strange eyes peering at me in the school-room, and my mother, at last, left me to my own will. She did not love me, and it was to my stubborn heart almost a pleasure and triumph to disobey her commands.

They buried my father near the house, in the shade of a few old pines. Most of my leisure time was spent by his grave, and many summer nights I have sat there until long past midnight, looking up at the vapory clouds, hoping and believing it was the spirit of my dead father, watching over his lonely, sinful child. Yes, I know that I was very, very sinful, but there was no tender, gentle hand to guide my wandering footsteps, no mother's *loving* smile to cheer me on in the path of duty.

I had one sister, younger than myself—my mother's favorite, loved by all. I did not wonder that one so beautiful in form and spirit should be so beloved. Her eyes were brown and softened in their light, and the loudest tone of her sweet voice seemed but an echo to my heart. Some voices are as songs—they quell the troubled spirit, so would her voice, yet I did not dare to love her. I only worshiped her as a summer flower, too beautiful to live. I did not think that one so pure and good could have one thought of love for me—I only thought, as I sometimes found her mild eyes resting on me, that she pitied her poor, willful sister.

One day, for some stubbornness of mine, my mother told me, in her usual cold, unfeeling tones, that "she did not love me—*no one* loved me, or ever would—I was such an ugly girl." Oh, she did not know that even then my heart was yearning—craving love. She did not know that her cold reproofs were leading me further from the way in which I was to gain the love I so much sought. Oh, how I longed for some arm to clasp tenderly around me, as my father's had clasped me—some hand to rest soothingly upon my aching brow, as his had done—and, more than this, to feel that some one cared for me, though, like my father, they spoke it not. It was then that I thought of my sister—thought of the mild eyes resting pityingly upon me—then, again, I thought of my willfulself, and I shuddered as I seemed to hear the words, "No one loves you," and a moan was wailing in my heart, though my eyes looked coldly and defiantly at my mother. That night, when all was still, and the moon was drifting brightly through the silver clouds, I stole out to my father's grave. As I neared the spot, I did not expect to see what I beheld—my little sister, her mild eyes raised to heaven, her little hands clasped in simple, earnest prayer. I had expected to breathe out alone, on my father's grave, my heart's deep anguish, but no. I was listening to my sister's voice, breathing my name in her earnest, child-prayer—speaking of *me*—*she*, my pure and angel sister. Her soft voice ceased, and in the great agony of my heart, breaking through the coldness of my outer self, I knelt by her side, crying with the earnest wailings of my heart—"Love me, love me!" I felt the tears falling fast on my burning forehead, and a soft voice answered—"I do love you, my sister—my sister HAGAR." That night, when we went to our chamber, my heart beat freer, happier than it had done since I sat on my father's knee—his arms around me. I could not sleep, but my arms twined jealously around my sister—almost fearing that I would lose my "new found treasure." The moon climbed up in the sky, till its light came round in my chamber window. As it shed its full beams into our quiet room, it revealed to my restless gaze the placid features of my little sister, sleeping peacefully, calmly—yes, slumbering in the arms of Death. I saw this with a glance at her pale, fixed features—and the knowledge came to me stunning,—driving back all my new found happiness. Did I deserve this new sorrow? Perhaps so. I did not weep, nor utter one moan. In the morning they found me lying calmly by her side. "Strange I was so unfeeling," they said, but GOD and myself only know I had been praying that "I, too, might die—might be called to dwell with my father and sister in the azure sky." There was *no one* now to love me—no one to "speak kindly to the erring one," and my heart cried out in its silent bitterness,—"Oh, how long must this weary spirit wait!"

Clay, Onon. Co., N. Y., 1858. "BUD."

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 54 letters.
My 24, 6, 25, 37, 31 is a town in Asia.
My 27, 35, 30 was a king of Judah.
My 7, 41, 21 is a verb.
My 2, 15, 32, 40 is a town in Europe.
My 8, 50, 13, 47, 51 is an animal.
My 3, 52, 26, 5 is a name mentioned in the Bible.
My 36, 54, 43, 16, 39 is an animal.
My 45, 28, 20, 17, 49 is a plant.
My 53, 14, 11, 22, 46 is a tree.
My 4, 33, 38, 48, 44 is to slide through a narrow passage.
My 9, 23, 19 is to clear.
My 34, 1 is a conjunction.
My 12, 18, 6, 10 is a nickname.
My 42, 17, 29 is a measure.
My whole is a portion of the Bible.

Genoa, N. Y., 1858. H. W. G. & J. G. C.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 1, 4, 14, 16, 1, 24 is a proper name.
My 14, 8, 11, 24, 12, 23 is sometimes a relief to the broken-hearted.
My 17, 24, 22 is a girl's nickname.
My 2 we are all acquainted with.
My 10, 9, 6, 7, 4, 16 is a relative.
My 20, 16, 26, 21 many profess to be.
My 14, 6, 23 belongs to us.
My 3, 19, 16, 7, 15, 24 is claimed by all, but possessed by few.
My 4, 25, 6, 13 is not very hard.
My whole is three of the sweetest words in our language, and a portion of the Lord's prayer.

Titusville, Penn., 1858. J. M. BATES.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PROBLEM IN ENGINEERING.

Required to survey a lot of land with three straight lines and three corners, and each corner a right-angle-triangle. E. C.

Onondaga Valley, N. Y., 1858.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

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I am, dear sir, yours *truly*, S. THALBERG.
"Dr. yeh a'r Gwyllcdydet."

Welsh Newspaper Office, 13 Nassau St., April 12, 1858.
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We have ready for examination and sale the best machine to the world for preparing corn stalk fodder cheaply and in a saleable manner. Address W. O. HICKOK, 443-13t Agent Eagle Works, Harrisburg Pa.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS AND DAIRYMEN.
I WILL GIVE FREE TO THE FIRST APPLICANT Farmer or Dairyman—resident in any county of the States of New York and Pennsylvania, except Niagara Co., N. Y., and 50 to the second—a Rotary Cheese Vat, and one IMPROVED PATENT CHEESE PRESS, Manufactured on a new and improved plan, expressly for the purpose, and warranted to operate strictly to the plan furnished and to give perfect satisfaction, or nothing will be charged for the same. Parties will be required to deliver

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.
CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL in America.

☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

MANAGEMENT OF PASTURES.

THE seeding and manuring of meadows has recently received some notice in our columns—we would now turn to an equally important question—one, perhaps, needing fuller discussion, viz:—The Management of Pastures. We shall draw some hints from THAER'S *Principles of Agriculture*, tho' not confining ourself to that or any particular authority.

1. Pastures should be entirely free from stagnant water to be fitted to the production of good grasses, and to prevent injury to the health of cattle and sheep feeding thereon. On swampy ground, drains should not only be provided, but they should be kept in order. However well such land may be seeded at first, and however valuable the first crop may prove, if the drains become stopped, and water remains on the ground late in spring, the cultivated grasses in time give way to coarser herbage; water grasses, flags and rushes takes their place. This fact has come within the observation of every farmer. In many cases a few days' work would go far to remedy the evil—on level land a good system of surface draining could be provided and kept open at small expense. On favorable situations, underdrains would be far more permanent and thorough in operation, and hence more economical in the end.

2. Pastures should not be allowed to grow up to weeds—and yet how few there are which are not woefully disfigured in appearance, and lessened in product by these "pests of the farm." Thistles, in particular, multiply with great rapidity in rich pastures, for cattle will not touch them, consequently the seed ripens and takes root. They not only destroy the grass, by taking its place, but prevent cattle from eating it near their thorny leaves. The evil is easily remedied—if mown with a scythe a few times during the flowering season, they will eventually disappear—besides, cattle will eat them in a withered state. Most other weeds yield to the same treatment—all will do so if it is perseveringly applied, and the pasture is at the same time encouraged, by seeding and manure, in the production of the grasses.

3. Occasional attention to spreading the manure dropped by the cattle and horses at rest, will, in most cases, prove advantageous. If the dung is left undivided, the plants it covers are at first completely stifled; but the following year, strong, coarse tufts of grass shoot up, which the cattle will not touch, unless compelled by hunger. If the manure is spread, on the contrary, the growth of grass is increased, and the distasteful flavor is very slightly, if at all, injurious.

4. Pastures should never be crowded with a greater number of cattle than they can properly support. Heavy stocking checks vegetation—the plants have not time to attain any growth; the cattle bite off their tops, and then tear them up by the roots. The injurious effects of this course are very evident. For the same and other reasons, cattle must not be turned into pastures too early in the year, or kept there too late.

5. On the other hand, it is equally injurious to a pasture to be grazed by too small a number of cattle or other stock. The pasture, is not fully used, we lose in the return it might give; it is also impoverished by the neglect. The herbage shoots up luxuriantly, and some grasses cattle refuse after they attain full growth. These kinds consequently increase and strengthen, while the finer kinds of herbage, closely consumed by stock, and crowded by the stronger plants, decrease and disappear. In permanent pastures losses more frequently result from this cause than any other. And from those which stand for a few years only, the full benefit is not derived, unless they are fed off with proper amount of stock, in due season. Clover especially, needs some care in this respect. It should attain a fine start in spring before feeding, and then sufficient stock should be turned in to consume the whole product. Then all should be turned into other fields, and a few weeks' rest will give a new, fresh growth to the pasture, which, under a different course of treatment, we have always found to assume a spotted appearance, the grass in some parts having reached mature growth, while in others it was closely consumed.

We have said nothing of seeding and culture, or of the application of fertilizers; each of these appropriately furnish subjects by themselves, which have and will receive due attention in our columns. The question of changing pastures, and of the kinds of stock which should graze together or be kept separate, remains for discussion. Will correspondents give us their views and experience on the whole subject of managing pasture lands?

ENGLISH AGRICULTURE

OUR European exchanges continue to bear a rich freight, and we present condensations therefrom, upon several subjects of general importance to agriculturists, all of which are worthy of the attention of RURAL readers.

FOUL SEED.—The "Natural History of Crop Seeds and their Weed Adulterations," has formed an interesting subject for the editors of the *Gardener's Chronicle* to investivate, and the reports they are making exhibit, with remarkable clearness, the necessity that exists for farmers to call into exercise every appliance in order to rid the germs of future crops from all foul matter. A packet of eleven samples of seeds was sent them by a correspondent for inspection. These contained specimens of natural and artificial grasses, and consisted of the following varieties:—White Clover, Red Clover, Cow-grass Clover, Rib-grass—*Plantago lanceolata*, Italian Rye-grass, Cocksfoot, Smooth-stalked Meadow Grass, Crested Dogstail Grass, Meadow Foxtail Grass, Meadow Fescue Grass, and Sweet-scented Vernal Grass. The inquiries connected with these samples had immediate reference, 1st, To the numbers of weed present in a given quantity of each. 2d, To the kinds and nature of such weeds. 3d, To the weight of seeds. 4th, To the weight of a given quantity of each of the grasses.

To the solution of the first of these inquiries we now purpose to direct attention, and this is concisely presented in the following analysis:

Name.	Weed Seeds to the pint Imperial.
1 White Clover	123,000
2 Red Clover	16,960
3 Cow-grass Clover	12 160
4. Ribgrass—Plantago lanceolata	1,120
5. Italian Rye-grass	2,200
6 Cocksfoot	3,440
7 Smooth-stalked Meadow Grass	12,000
8 Crested Dogstail Grass	6,400
9 Meadow Foxtail Grass	19 200
10. Meadow Fescue Grass	3,200
11. Sweet-scented Vernal Grass	1 600

Upon the array of figures presented, the *Chronicle* very truthfully remarks:—"The first example in our list may well astonish our readers at the immense number of weeds not only sown, but alas! also paid for, while of course their presence detracts from the quantity of the crop. *One hundred and twenty thousand* weeds to a pint of Clover seed. This, allowing 12 pounds to the acre, would give to a square yard of ground a quantity more than sufficient to crop the soil; and if we consider that Clovers are at best a slow and shy growing plant, and that the weeds we have detected in this particular sample come to perfection so rapidly as not unfrequently to produce two crops of seed in the year, we need scarcely wonder that the land should so often be pronounced as 'Clover sick;' for while there is no denying the condition to which this designation has been given, yet our recent observations have led us to conclude that in cases of well prepared land in good condition for a Clover crop, sown weeds, to say nothing of those previously in the soil from seeding on the land as the result of dirty farming, have been the cause of failure; and if this be so, it is just as important that the farmer should look to purity of seed as to sort, as whatever kind he employs the admixture of weeds must deteriorate in far more ways than have as yet been enumerated.

Again, taking the Grasses proper, it will be seen that seeds of these, though only mixed with those of a different species, are still deteriorated, for putting aside the subject of quantity, the weight of one seed is many times that of another, whilst the growing properties of one kind are much greater than those of another; and the old adage of 'ill weeds grow apace,' is nowhere better illustrated than in Grasses, for all bad and worthless Grasses grow much faster than those of a better description; and here the evil becomes the greater the poorer the soil, as here the worthless samples grow so fast as to entirely smother the sickly blades of those that are better, so that we may gather from this that for 'seeds' we should not merely sow Grasses, but Grasses of a particular kind."

THICK vs. THIN SEEDING.—J. J. MECHI, in answer to certain inquiries relative to the quantity of seed from which the best returns may be expected, writes thus:—"Fifteen years of experience are worth something, or, at all events, ought to be of some value. Does the quantity of seed sown regulate the quantity of grain to be produced? Most decidedly not. As a general rule, the larger quantity of seed sown produces the smallest result, because it implies a poor or ill-cultivated soil, having no power to compel the plant to tiller. It would be absurd to lay down an arbitrary rule of quantity for all sorts and climates; but we may take these general rules as a safe guide:

That the quantity of seed must be diminished in proportion as the natural or artificial fertility of the soil is increased.

That in such soils the sowing of too much seed produces a rank and close vegetation, prematurely developed, laid early, apt to be mildewed, and ruinously unproductive in quality and quantity.

The extreme illustration of this is afforded by the bunches grown from masses of seed dropped from the drill, or accumulated by mice.

That time is gained or early harvesting is promoted by two causes—a highly manured, drained, and fertile soil, or by a large quantity of seed. In the latter case prematurity is attained at a sacrifice of quantity. If I were asked whether I would sow thick to produce an early harvest, or whether I would sow thin and earlier, to produce the same result, I would most decidedly prefer the latter mode." In these remarks Mr. M. assumes that everybody drills or dibbles the seed.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL AG SOCIETY.—The late Show of the Royal Agricultural Society, at Chester, was one of the best ever had, and the receipts the largest since the formation of the Society. The number of visitors exceeded 70,000 At the public dinner, the President stated that the Society had expended upwards of $750,000 in the promotion of agricultural improvement during the last twenty years.

CATTLE BEST ADAPTED TO DAIRY PURPOSES.—Chester being the great Dairy County of the Kingdom, offered a local prize of $850, for cattle best adapted to *Dairy Purposes*. "It is a matter of importance," say the English papers, "to see whether breeds or crosses, profitable as feeders, can be good milkers—or whether we must, for dairy purposes, develop the udder and milk-vein at the sacrifice of fattening properties. The answer to the question is, that the Short-horns, and some good ones too, have come in for most of the prizes."

BIRD ISLAND GUANO IN ENGLAND.—A sample of this Guano, offered for sale at £5 per ton, was analyzed by Prof. VOELCKER, Chemist of the Royal Agricultural Society, and he reports that it appears to be an artificial compound, made up of more than half its bulk of Plaster of Paris, and containing less than one-half per cent. of ammonia. This almost equals some of the artificial fertilizers "got up" on "Uncle Sam's" dominions.

STEAM PLOWING.—According to *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, Mr. LEM. SMITH, of Woolston, in Bedfordshire, has, for three years, cultivated his farm entirely by steam power, and so great has been his success, that within a few months twenty persons in different parts of the kingdom have purchased complete sets of his apparatus.

THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE

EXPERIMENTS OF JOSEPH S. LOVERING.

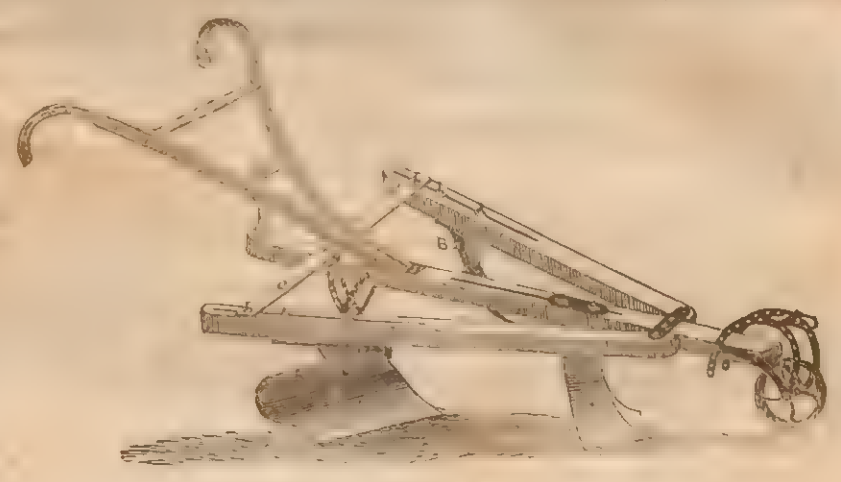
[Concluded from page 302, last No.]

FOURTH EXPERIMENT.—Nov. 2, Temp. 38°–50°, N. E. clear.—Since the 28th of October, the weather has been mild and foggy, with heavy rains; temperature varying from 48° to 60°. A very decidedly increased development of sugar in the juice has been ascertained, viz.: 7.20 per cent. instead of five per cent., and I have gained some experience; so, instead of allowing the syrup to remain from four to twelve days, still containing a great portion of its fermentable impurities, gradually undergoing decomposition and depreciation, I remedy this evil to some extent, as will be seen. I also dispense with the fine ivory black and the filtering, thus simplifying the process.

Nov. 3, Temp. 38°–50°, N. E., clear.—Cut and ground fifty eight feet of a row, one hundred canes, the upper portions of the stalks turning yellow, leaves dead and dry; ground six and seven of the lower joints, produced ten gallons juice, weighing 10° Beaumé, much less acid than previous samples, and barely changing litmus paper, neutralized with milk of lime, and clarified at once perfectly with eggs, passed it immediately through three and a half feet black, and boiled it to 234° Fah.; after standing an hour the crystals were large and sharp, but not very abundant till morning, it being boiled too low.

Nov. 4, Temp. 31°–50°, Ice.—Cut and ground fifty-eight feet, one hundred canes, nine and fifteen sixteenths gallons, 10° Beaumé, rather more acid than the last, clarified it fully as above, passed it through five feet black, and set it aside, as it is clear and bright, and contains no feculent matter.

Nov. 5, Temp. 34°–62°, S. W.—Cut and ground fifty-eight feet, ninety-four canes, nine and three-quarter gallons, 10° Beaumé, treated as above, and set it aside.



SAYRE'S PATENT HORSE-HOE.

"SAYRE'S Patent Horse-Hoe and Double-Adjustable Mold-Board Plow, Combined," was invented about one year ago—has been thoroughly tested by many farmers and nurserymen, and highly commended. The above illustration, and following description by the patentee, will give our readers a very good idea of its construction and mode of operation:

"For Hoeing, Hilling and Weeding, it has no equal; the Point and Mold-Boards being made of the best of Steel, tempered and polished, makes them durable and free from the trouble of clogging in heavy soil, which is a serious objection to cast iron. As it runs upon Wheels at both ends, it draws easy, and can be set to any desirable depth. It can be closed to any width without changing the angle of the Mold-Boards, as they are regulated by an Adjustable Arm. By changing the Mold-Boards, A and B, to opposite sides, the angle is reversed, taking the earth from the plants or trees and throwing it to the centre of the row; this, when the plants are small, is considered a very great improvement. By closing the frame, using a shorter cross-bar, (C,) and moving the front tooth back, and A and B forward, you have a Double Mold-Board Steel Plow, as the curves of A and B are the same as front tooth, making a perfect joint. This Implement is peculiarly adapted to turning the soil from the trees for Manuring and Hilling in the fall. It has been thoroughly tested by some of the first-class nurserymen and farmers in and about Rochester, and other parts of the country, and all that have given it a fair and impartial trial, or have seen it work, arrive at the same conclusion—that it is a great Labor Saving Machine; simple in its construction, durable, of easy adjustment, and not liable to get out of order."

This implement is manufactured by SAYRE & REMINGTON, Utica, N. Y., who offer State, County and Town rights for sale.

Nov. 6, Temp. 50°–62°, S., cloudy.—Weather changing, cut and ground fifty-eight feet, ninety-five canes, nine and five-eights gallons, 10° Beaumé, treated as above; also ground the tops of all the above 232 feet, which produced four gallons, two quarts, and three half pints of juice, weighing 12° Beaumé, more acid than the lower joints, treated it the same, boiled it to 238° Fah., and set it aside. In the morning I found a good crop of crystals, but the mass thick and viscid, added three tablespoonfuls clear lime water, heated it to enable me to pour it into a mould; gross weight nine and a half pounds, tare four and a half pounds, net five pounds. On the 13th, knocked it out, and had three pounds good brown sugar, and two pounds molasses.

Nov. 7, Temp. 54°–66°, South.—Boiled one-half of the remainder of the proceeds of the above lower joints (one-third of the whole having been boiled on the 2d, as above stated) to 230° Fah., and added it to that boiled on the 2d; boiled the other half to 237° Fah., potted it at 176° Fah., very hand somely crystallized, and very light colored.

Nov. 8, Temp. 60°–74°, S. W.—Withdrew the stops and set it on pots to drain.

Nov. 9, Temp. 34°–50°, S. W.—The full mould (fifteen pounds size) had run one and one-eight gallons molasses, or syrup; if it had been boiled a little higher it would have produced more sugar, and less molasses.

Nov. 14, Temp. 30°–42°, N. E, ice.—The whole having now stood seven days, and being thoroughly drained, weighed as follows:

1 small mould, 10 lbs. Tare, 4½		Net wt. sugar, 5½ lbs.	
1 larger " 18¼ Tare, 7	"	" 11¼	
Sugar from the tops,			
Product of 232 feet canes,		19.75 lbs.	
1 pot molasses, 17 lbs., tare 5 lbs			12 lbs net
1 " " 9 "			4
1 " " 12½ "	"		7.5
Molasses from the tops,			2
Product of molasses from 232 feet cane			25.25
230 feet are more than one-fiftieth part of an acre by 14 feet, therefore, deduct pro rata		1.19	1.
Product of one-fiftieth part of an acre,		18.56	24.
Multiply by		50	50
Product of an acre in lbs.		928.00	1,2[illegible]
A gallon of molasses weighs 12 lbs., therefore, divided by 12 for gallons,			98.87

and we have 928 pounds sugar (first returns) and 98.87 gallons molasses, made from one acre (18,277) of canes, which produced 1,847 gallons juice, weighing at nine pounds per gallon, 16,623 pounds, or, sugar, first crop, 5.58 per cent., molasses, 7.14 per cent.; together, 12.72 per cent.*

* Neither the scales in which this juice was weighed, nor the quart measure in which it was measured were sufficiently delicate or accurate to give precise results, and as they form the basis of these calculations, the per centages are probably not absolutely exact, but they are sufficiently so for all practical purposes.

This sugar is perfectly dry, it worked perfectly, and without the slightest difficulty, at every stage.

Nov. 17, Temp. 34°–48°, N. W.—Boiled all the molasses from the above (except the two lbs. from the tops, which was too poor for recrystallization) 23.25 lbs.; added clear lime water until it marked 35° Beaumé when boiling; took off a thick, glutinous scum, and boiled it down to 243° Fah. In two hours it produced a copious crop of very good crystals. Allowed it to stand till morning, when it was quite solid.

Dec. 18, Temp. 30°–52°, S. E.—Here an unfortunate accident occurred. Having placed the crystal mass over a slow fire, to render it fluid enough to cast into a mould, I was called off to a case of illness, leaving it over the fire, and being detained much longer than I anticipated, on returning I found all the grain melted and the molasses boiling vehemently, and badly burned. Much discouraged, I however proceeded. It crystallized the second time, and was put into a mould.

Dec. 20.—Weighed the sugar from the 23.25 pounds of molasses boiled on the 17th of November, as follows, viz

Gr[illegible]	11 lb.
Ta[illegible]	4
Second crop of cry[illegible] from the 23.25 lbs. molasses	[illegible]
Deduct pro rata for the fourteen feet excess over one-fiftieth of an acr[illegible]	.75
Second returns from one-fiftieth of an acre	5.[illegible]
Multiply by	50
Product of an acre from the molasses,	2[illegible]

Then we have, as the whole final result of an acre of canes,

1st returns	11 [illegible]
2d	2[illegible]
Add molasses not boiled	[illegible]
	[illegible]
And 12 lbs. molasses per gallon gives	74.39 gal.

Say sugar, per acre, 1,221.85 lbs.; molasses, per acre, 74.39 gallons; sugar, per cent., 7.35;* molasses, per cent., 5.37; sugar and molasses, 12.72 per cent.

I will repeat here, that, owing to the accident before stated, this sugar, 2d returns, is not nearly of so good quality as it otherwise would have been.

FIFTH EXPERIMENT.—Nov. 9.—I must now mention that the last experiment was intended to have been on a considerably larger scale than those previous. Each day's work was, however, kept distinct and separate from the others, thus enabling me to determine it at any point.

Having thus proceeded to, and finished the clarification of the 4th parcel, (Nov. 8th,) and the weather becoming and continuing very warm, (the thermometer as high as 74°,) I observed a very sud-

* It may, perhaps, appear inconsistent to the casual observer, to find 7.35 per cent. of sugar obtained, when the juice only contained 7.20 per cent., as shown by the polariscope. This is readily explained [illegible] the polariscope indicates [illegible] contents about four per cent. from molasses adhering to the crystals [illegible] would account for much more than the apparent excess.

den and unfavorable change in the working of the juice. Instead of clarifying perfectly and with great facility, as at first, the defecation was difficult, the color many shades darker, the juice gradually fell off in weight from full 10° Beaumé to 9° Beaumé, and required ten feet of granulated black o bring it to the same color as that made six days previously with five feet black. I, however, proceded (keeping this separate) to the crystallization.

Boiled it to 242° Fah., when it produced good, hard, sharp crystals; but finding the quantity, by measurement, had decreased very considerably, I took no further note on that head, but gave it white liquor until it was neat, (about the usual quantity,) and produced the sugar — being white sugar — directly from the cane, without refining or re-melting.

SIXTH EXPERIMENT.—Nov. 27.—Since the canes for the fourth and most successful experiment were cut, on the 6th inst., the weather has been very changeable. We have had warm Indian summer weather, with heavy rains, also very cold weather making ice two inches in thickness—thermometer having varied from 16° to 60°. To try the effect of these changes, I cut one-hundredth part of an acre, which produced 11 15-16ths gallons of juice only, instead of nineteen or twenty gallons, as before. It had, however, regained its former weight of full 10° Beaumé, but was much more acid, rank, and dark colored than previously. It clarified without difficulty, but raised a much thicker and denser scum, and when concentrated, was very dark and molasses-like; it, however, produced good, hard, sharp crystals, but the quantity being much reduced, there was no inducement to pursue it further. This experiment proves, however, that this cane will withstand very great vicissitudes of weather, without the entire destruction of its saccharine propertics.

SEVENTH EXPERIMENT.—Took the proceeds of the experiments that were considered failures, viz, all the third and the poorest portion of the second, viz.: thirty-four pounds very indifferent sugar; refined it in the open kettle, by the old process, and produced fifteen pounds loaf sugar, which is a very full yield for the quality used.

The foregoing are all actual results produced by myself, (the polariscopic observations having been taken on the spot, under the supervision of my partner, Mr. William Morris Davis) with no object in view but the truth, and a desire to contribute whatever useful information I could towards the solution of this interesting and important question. They are, I think, sufficiently flattering in themselves to warrant renewed exertions on the part of our agriculturists of the Northern and Middle States especially, and perhaps those of the South also, in the pursuit of this promising branch of industry, to the full and profitable development of which it is certainly capable, and which it is destined ultimately to attain—(as before mentioned they have been accomplished without the advantages of the powerful sugar mill, the vacuum pan, and the many other improved implements and apparatus now in general use in Louisiana and elsewhere)—and they are also very important and interesting in many respects, not apparent to those unacquainted with the subject; it may therefore not be superfluous to make some further explanatory remarks:

1st. The mill used and the power employed in these experiments were much less efficient than those in general use on sugar plantations, and the waste proportionally greater; the loss from which causes I estimate at not less than ten per cent.

2d. It is well known to all who are acquainted with sugar and saccharine solutions, that, by frequent heatings and coolings, a considerable portion of the crystallizable is converted into uncrystallizable sugar, and is consequently lost as sugar. In these experiments every parcel was from necessity heated and re-heated from eight to twelve different times.

3d. It is impossible to produce as good results, whether as regards quantity or quality, from small as from large quantities.

4th. This sugar, (Sample No. 4,) is quite dry, and will lose comparatively nothing by drainage; the yield would be considerably greater, if it contained the usual quantity of footing that is contained in the hogshead when sold at the plantation, one of which being weighed there and re-weighed in Philadelphia, in the month of July, will be found to have lost by drainage from 100 to 150 lbs., or from 10 to 15 per cent.

Assuming these propositions to be true, I make the following estimate of the probable yield of an acre of canes of ordinary growth, such as I have experimented upon, viz:

	Sugar.	Molasses.
Actual yield as per Experiment No. 4,	1231.85 lbs.	74.39 galls.
Add for inefficiency of mill, 10 per cent		
For heating and reheating, &c., 5		
For footings, say but* 5		
20 per cent.	244.37	
Probable yield per acre	1466.22	74.39

Further, it will be observed that my acre produced but 1,847 gallons of juice. I have, however, seen published accounts of far greater yields than this; one, for instance, in this county, apparently well authenticated, reaching 6,800 gallons per acre, which, according to my *actual* results, would produce 4,499 lbs. of sugar, and 274 gallons molasses—and according to the foregoing *probable* results, would yield 5,389 lbs. sugar, and 274 gallons to the acre. I do not pronounce such yield of juice impossible, but it will certainly be of rare occurrence—a mean between this and my yield would be a large return.

Another subject worthy of notice is the nature of the season. My impression is, that owing to the lateness and coldness of the spring, and the continued wet weather, the last has been quite an unfavorable season for the ripening and development of the sugar in the juice, to which cause I think a deficiency in the yield of at least ten per cent. may be attributed, which would further increase the quantity to 1,612 lbs. of sugar, and 81 8-10 gallons molasses, a yield very nearly corresponding with that of the best conducted plantations of Louisiana, as will be seen by the following figures, which I have collated from a minute statement furnished to me by the enterprising proprietor of one of the most complete and costly establishments in that region, (it being furnished with vacuum pans, and all the most approved machinery of later times, and conducted under his own personal supervision,) of the actual product of one of his plantations of 266 acres for 8 consecutive years. These figures will also furnish useful data for the estimation of the cost of production here, viz:—Aggregate yield of juice from 266 acres for eight consecutive years, 4,757,700 gallons. Aggregate yield of sugar, 3,626,425 pounds. Aggregate yield of molasses, 217,585 gallons.

*These two latter gains in sugar would be made at the expense of the molasses, taking from it the grain which would be retained by the use of a better mill, and therefore leaving the quantity of molasses unchanged.

COMPARISON.

LOUISIANA		PENNSYLVANIA	
Yield of juice per acre	2,736 gals.		1,847 gals.
Density of juice, (Beaume)	6 60°		10°
Yield of sugar per gall. of juice	.076 lbs.		0.50 lbs.
Yield of sugar per acre	1,704 "	Actual,	1,221.85
		Probable	1,612.00
Yield of molasses per acre	102 gals.	Actual,	74.39 gals.
		Probable	81.33

Wood consumed per acre, 3.57 cords at $2 50 per cord.
Coal for engine, 0.41 tons at $2 50 per ton
Labor, per acre, 3.70 days.

These details have been extended to a much greater length than was at first intended, but perhaps not beyond a useful limit for those interested. To the working farmer they may appear formidable and prolix; but he may, nevertheless, gain some grains of useful knowledge from them to repay for their perusal. The conclusions to be drawn from them will be seen by the following

SYNOPSIS.

1st. That it is obvious that there is a culminating point in the development of the sugar in the cane, which is the best time for sugar making. This point or season I consider to be, when most if not all the seeds are ripe, and after several frosts; say when the temperature falls to 25° or 30° Fah.

2d. That frost, or even hard freezing, does not injure the juice nor the sugar, but that warm Indian summer weather, after the frost and hard freezing, does injure them very materially, and reduces both quantity and quality.

3d. That if the cane is cut and housed, or shocked in the field when in its most favorable condition, it will probably keep unchanged for a long time.

4th. That when the juice is obtained, the process should proceed continuously and without delay.

5th. That the clarification should be as perfect as possible by the time the density reaches 15° Beaumé, the syrup having the appearance of good brandy.

6th. That although eggs were used in these small experiments, on account of their convenience, bullock's blood, if to be had, is equally good, and the milk of lime alone will answer the purpose; in the latter case, however, more constant and prolonged skimming will be required to produce a perfect clarification, which is highly important.

7th. That the concentration, or boiling down, after clarification, should be as rapid as possible without scorching, shallow evaporators being the best.

With these conditions secured, it is about as easy to make good sugar from the Chinese sugar cane as to make a pot of good mush, and much easier than to make a kettle of good apple butter.

WINTER BARLEY.

IN reply to an inquiry in a late RURAL concerning Winter Barley, I would say that it is quite extensively raised in this county. Three years ago I sowed one acre about the *first of November*, after potatoes. The following spring it was so badly winter-killed, that I plowed up all but a narrow strip of it, which I left to ascertain its time of ripening. I harvested it about the first of July.—On the 12th *of September* following, I sowed two acres on a sandy loam soil, after beans, plowing in a light coating of barn-yard manure. This lot yielded 70 bushels—35 bushels per acre.

Last year, on the 2d *of September*, I sowed a quantity of Winter Barley in a swale,—plowed the lot into five-pace "lands" and after sowing, rolled it with a field-roller. This crop, harvested on the 5th of July, yielded 45 bushels per acre, and the grain weighed 50 lbs. to the bushels. Some of my neighbors have raised this season, 50 bushels per acre.

Winter Barley, to be profitably cultivated, should be sown *early*—say from the 25th of August to the middle of September. The great drawback to raising it, is its liability to *winter-kill;* to prevent which it should be managed the same as winter wheat—viz., *sowed early on rich land thoroughly drained.* It requires from two to two and a half bushels per acre for seed.

Many of those who have raised winter barley for the past two years, have given up sowing spring barley. The average yield per acre this season of the winter variety is full 10 bushels greater by measure than the latter—having also a preponderance of about six pounds per bushel.

It has no enemy but the frost—is not liable to "lodge," and is ready to be harvested before any other grain is ripe.

I would not recommend rolling the ground after sowing, unless it is in sheltered localities, as the roughness of the surface caused by the harrow, will better retain the snow, thereby protecting the roots of the barley from the action of the frost.

The *price* of winter barley at present is the same as that of spring barley, although malsters know that it is worth at least 12½ cents more per bushel, and I have no doubt that hereafter, in market, it will sell for that amount in advance upon the spring variety. GEO. B. LEONARD.

Kendall, Orleans Co., N. Y., 1858.

EDS. RURAL:—Noticing in a late issue of your journal a request for information with regard to the raising of Winter Barley, I propose to contribute my mite. I sowed one field Sept. 26th, 1857, which produced me a little over forty bushels per acre—field was slightly manured and had a crop of wheat taken from it the July previous. Another field, clover sod, turned over nicely, nine inches deep, and sown 27th Oct., produced 24 bushels per acre. This lot, I think, was in better condition for a crop than the first one sown. Had it been sown as soon as the first lot, the yield, I think, would have been considerably over forty bushels. I believe about the 20th Sept., is the right time to sow it to have it get just about growth enough to winter well. I do not think it is quite as hardy as winter wheat, but will produce very abundantly on any dry, first rate wheat soil—I think sandy, or gravelly soil best suited to its growth, or full development. I sowed two bushels per acre and judge the quantity about right. It produces very abundantly from a given amount of straw. When I commenced to thresh I thought I should have about 500 bushels, but had about 700 of very nice barley, indeed. I think it is the most profitable crop I can raise. It grows very stiff straw, does not lodge, is harvested with reaper and barley-forks with much less expense than any crop of grain I ever raised, and if sown the 20th of September will be ripe the last of June, consequently ahead of damage from wheat midge.

Moscow, Liv. Co., N. Y., 1858. JOHN SHELDON.

P. S.—I should perhaps state that I sowed one field of 13 acres to Winter Barley on the 12th of April, for an experiment. Soil was in better condition than either of the other lots and harvested about 12 bushels per acre by measure, and 10 bushels by weight. In its early growth it did not come forward as rapidly as spring barley, and for some time I had fears that it would not head out this year, but in the last one-third of its growth it much resembled spring barley and looks like it when threshed. If I had sown spring barley I think it would have done as well. J. S.

SORGHUM—MANURING GRASS LANDS.

EDS. RURAL:—What *has* become of the Sorghum advocates? Not a lisp do we hear from any of them about the crop of 1858. So far as I have heard there was none planted in all this region—the last season's experiment sufficing—and of course we are in blissful ignorance as to the prospect for cheap sugar, and whether "full panicles of bright seed have yet burst the upper joint" of any of the stalks. Gentlemen Sorghum defenders of 1857—Messrs. S. W.; Doolittle, &c.—*do* tell us how the thing is getting on! We are in a real *fidget* to know.

As to applying manure to grass lands, the writer has done very little of it, but his father's life-time practice was to haul from the barn-yard in October, dumping a load in a place, and spreading just before the winter set in. Then, as soon as frost was out in the spring, pulverize and make smooth and even with a hand rake. The effect was *generally* marked and lasting in the increased yield of hay, frequently causing it to lodge for several years—the exceptions being grounds which were naturally very dry and having and old and tough sward. But the results were so uniformly good that I propose this fall to imitate his practice both as to time and way. If there is a better method, I should be happy to know it.

Of course, spreading upon the surface will not be approbated by the advocates of *turning under.* "Haul out and plow in at once, or your manure will waste," say they. But land in pasture is certainly enriched, and the application is always to the surface. The soil of forests does not degenerate though there is no provision in nature for turning under. The leaves fall upon the surface, the rains rot them, and a perpetual growth is maintained. In both cases your theorists would say there is great waste—that the plow should be brought into immediate use, or some application made to "fix the ammonia" of these exposed fertilizers,—but so says *not* the Author of vegetable growth. To make a barren fig tree fruitful, you are not to "dig about and dung it," but dung about it, and then dig. Are we not getting wiser than is written?

Until some parallel in nature, or positive proof from experience is brought forward more conclusive than I have yet seen, I shall reject the dogma that fertilizers—crude, rotted, or concentrated—are misapplied when they are spread upon the surface of the soil. W. B. P.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., 1858.

PERMANENT MEADOWS—STOCK FEEDING.

EDS. RURAL:—I have been much interested in an account of the farm management of an English farmer on the "Wealds of Sussex," who follows the routine practiced by his forefathers for two generations. His lowland meadows have not been broken up, at least during the last hundred years, and ought never to be hereafter. The soil is a tenacious clay—stiff and wet—the meadows are never fed in spring, and when mown, give two to three tuns per acre. In the fall, from a large fair of cattle held in the vicinity, the farmer selects at his leisure, and often at his own price, as many head as his means of pasture and winter provender will warrant. These all go into his second crop of grass, and in a few weeks are so improved as to admit a rise in price, and many are then sold to purchasers who are always numerous and urgent. The reserved stock, after clearing the meadows of the great yield of second crop, are taken to their winter quarters and fed chiefly on hay of the first crop, which is of the finest quality. The roots grown upon the farm are devoted to the feeding of cows with calves fatting for sale, no dairying being done upon the farm; fresh calves being bought at Smithfield market to supply the place of those disposed of when fattened. In the faculty of buying and selling to advantage, long experience and a tact for the business, gives him great success—every operation of the kind bringing in more or less clear profit.

It is not to be supposed that farmers in this country, except, perhaps, in rare instances near large cities, can follow the same plan, but it is interesting to know the methods by which people achieve success, and some valuable hints may be drawn from this brief narration. H.

Niagara Co., N. Y., 1858.

BURYING POTATOES.

MESSRS. EDS.:—I saw, in the RURAL of Sept. 4th, an inquiry by "W. C.," about burying potatoes. I can describe to him a way that I have found by experience to be safe. Select a spot where water will not stand in the holes—sandy land is the best. Dig holes that will contain about thirty bushels—not more—fill to within four inches of the surface; place across the centre of the hole a stick of wood six inches through; place short pieces of boards, one end on this stick, the others on the earth, each side of the hole; over these, put a good coat of straight straw that will keep out all the water. At first put a light coat of dirt over all, except a small place in the centre of the hole—this is to serve as a ventilator. Before winter sets in, put a good coat of dirt over, and I think you will not have any frozen potatoes. The frost will not pass through the space between the covering and the potatoes.

While I am writing, I will tell you how I break heifers of kicking. My practice is to stable the heifers the winter before they come in—there is no trouble then in getting them in at any time. When I want to milk them, I make them fast by the head so they cannot run back. Before commencing operations, get a good, tough gad, then, while one milks, have one stand behind her, gad in hand, and, every time she kicks, give her one good, smart blow around the leg that she kicks with, and she will soon give it up. I never knew it to fail. S. D. ARNOLD.

Ronald, Ionia Co., Mich., 1858.

WHEAT IN WISCONSIN.

MESSRS. EDS.:—We have in this portion of our wheat-growing State, a light wheat crop. It is true that many fields have yielded one-third of a crop—that is such as we term "a good yield"—and some crops have been so extremely light that they would not warrant pay for harvesting—consequently have been left to go the way from whence they came—back to earth. Other fields in close proximity, upon the same quality of soil and under no better state of cultivation and attendance, bring forth good yields. These things may seem strange to some—in fact to all such as place the cause of our failure in the season, wet and drouth, &c. But these things are plain when looked at comparatively and connected with facts that meet the observing. That our season has been unfavorable—that we have had the extremes of wet and drouth—and that these have been an injury to *all* kinds of wheat I do not deny; but that these are the only or even the principal reasons, I can in nowise admit, for facts are against it. Wheat here, as in many other places, has been our staple product,—the cash product—the one upon which too many farmers have almost solely depended to meet their cash obligations. Many have been so intent upon and bound up in wheat-growing that they have literally run the thing into the ground—they have neglected to give heed to the laws that govern and which must be complied with in order to secure a fair recompense for labor. Rotation in crops and change of seed have been placed among things of the past. The Club variety of wheat has been sown in this vicinity for a term of eight or nine years in succession, and has, I believe, given universal satisfaction until this year; and here lies the cause,—it is fairly run out.

We find that the Fife wheat (a new variety with us) has almost invariably yielded a good crop, even this year, while the Club sown side by side with the Fife, was an entire failure. I am firmly of the opinion that if the Fife or some other new variety of wheat had been sown last spring instead of the Club, we should have been favored with a good yield, and the cry of poor wheat we should not have heard. Experience is a thorough teacher.

Palmyra, Wis., 1858. C. P. D.

AGRICULTURE IN ALLEGANY COUNTY.

EDS. RURAL:—As I have never seen any communications from farmers in this section, I tho't I would venture to address a few lines to you, presuming that you are friendly to every man that holds the plow or drives. You will see by my address I am one of the class formerly called "leek-diggers," but since the products of our county have been seen coming down the Genesee Valley Canal—such as butter, cheese, pork, flour, &c.—I think some people have had reason to alter their minds as to our occupation.

I have been a resident of Cuba most of the time since 1824, and I think I am pretty well prepared to judge of its agricultural products. I do not think Cuba the best town in the State, but I do think it as good as they will average. All we want is to suit our business to our county. I think dairying is the most profitable for us in the Southern Tier, though we *can raise* grain. I will give you some specimens. I have grown wheat on one lot of twelve acres eight years in succession. The smallest yield was twelve and a half bushels per acre, and the largest twenty-one bushels, winter wheat, sown on summer fallow. The other seven crops, spring wheat, land plowed once, generally in the fall. Our climate is improving for corn. Twenty years ago, people told us we could never raise corn in Cuba; the reply was, we know it, but we know differently now. Experience has shown us that we can grow fifty bushels per acre.

Cuba, Alleg. Co., N. Y., 1858. ABEL L. BLOWER.

WHEN AND WHERE DEEP PLOWING IS BENEFICIAL.—An English paper discusses this subject at some length, and the points brought out will interest and instruct American readers. We condense them in the paragraphs below:

Deep plowing is most effectual in autumn, exposing the soil to the influence of frost, rain, and air, during the winter, which act upon the mineral ingredients of the soil, rendering them available for succeeding crops; also, pulverizing the soil, and thus facilitating the passage of the roots into the subsoil. As regards the period of the rotation, it should precead root crops, (or, in this country, Indian corn,) or maybe the first plowing for fallowing preparatory to the wheat crop.

Deep plowing is most beneficial to stiff clays, and, as a rule, we may plow deep when the subsoil is of the same character as the surface, if both are tenacious, or when the subsoil is composed of good clay, only requiring atmospheric influences to sweeten it. Deep cultivation should be avoided in nearly all very light soils, and in plowing for crops after large applications of manure, thus burying it too deeply; or in turning under clover or other green crops. Deep plowing in autumn, on most clays, is equal to a half dressing of manure. Clay from which the air is excluded, exhibits a dark bluish color. After draining, it is not advisable to bring to the surface more than two inches of clay subsoil at a time, otherwise more is brought up than the frost, &c, can fit for growing good crops.

DOOR-YARD FENCE—*Inquiry.*—I want to build a door-yard fence. Wish some one would give plans, with expense, &c. Would not iron be cheaper in the end than wood?—have seen advertisements in the RURAL of iron railing for cemeteries, but nothing said in particular about fencing. If they have any for that purpose, wish they would send me circulars with designs and prices.—E. H. WRIGHT, *Milton Conn.*, 1858.

Rural Miscellany.

MONROE COUNTY FAIR.—The Annual Fair of the Monroe Co. Ag. Society, held last week—Sept. 14th to 17th, four days—opened with favorable weather and a good attendance, promising a satisfactory display and successful result. The entries were large, about 1,500, and the exhibition unusually fine in many departments. But a storm occurred on Wednesday, the first regular exhibition day, which caused many exhibitors to remove their animals and articles from the Fair Grounds, and materially lessened the variety and interest of the show, as well as the attendance. The forenoon of Thursday was also inauspicious, the clouds and wind indicating bad weather. The third day likewise opened unfavorably, the wind and clouds portending bad weather—preventing many from attending, and also the return of stock and articles which had been removed. Thus the Fair was interrupted, and its interest and success greatly lessened, on what had promised to be the best days. Yet, notwithstanding the unpropitious weather, the Fair was numerously attended throughout, the exhibition large and fine in most classes, and the result a decided success, pecuniarily—in all respects better than could reasonably have been anticipated. Of the management it does not become us to speak; and we refer those interested to the local papers for accounts of the various features of the Fair, premiums awarded, &c. The Address by Hon. T. C. PETERS, of Genesee, on the last day, was heard by a numerous and intelligent audience with great apparent satisfaction, and universally pronounced able, practical and appropriate to the occasion. We understand Mr. P. is prepared to deliver addresses at other Fairs, and think any Society securing his services will be peculiarly fortunate.

—The aggregate receipts were about $2,706, which will leave a handsome surplus, over the expenses, to be appropriated towards paying for the Society's Grounds and improvements. This is a most gratifying result, and certainly exceeds what was expected under the circumstances.

"SPELT" WHEAT.—Mr. GEORGE B. LEONARD, of Kendall, Orleans Co., N. Y., during the past season grew some of this variety of wheat, which is said to be proof against the insect now destroying the prospect of wheat growers in this section. Chance sown heads of common wheat growing in the field with the "Spelt," were ruined, while the latter was untouched. The name "Spelt" is given generally to all wheat in which the grain adheres to the chaff. There are two or three varieties of this character. We should judge that of Mr. LEONARD belongs to the order T. BICORNE—the *Larger Spelt*—or Zea of some authors, *T. Spelta* of others, and is thus described:—"Spikelets on alternate notches, at a considerable distance from each other, and smaller than in *T. vulgare*, each with two or three, or rarely four perfect florets, besides the barren terminal one; the outer glume and pales very broadly truncate at the top, and notched or angled on each side of the point or awn, which is very slender; the grain when ripe, adhering closely to the chaff or pales."

ANOTHER HORSE FAIR.—The "Young Men's Club," of Elmira, announce a "Great Horse Fair," to be held Sept. 29th and 30th, and Oct. 1st. They offer $1,000 in premiums, and open competition to all the U. S. and Canadas. Those who remember the result of the Exhibition of the "Young Men's National Ag'l and Mechanics' Society," at Elmira, last year, will not be likely to favor this project. It is proper to state, however, that the new Club is composed of responsible citizens of Elmira, who guarantee the payment of the premiums offered, and repudiate the management of the National Society.

LIQUID MANURE.—FINLAY W. FRASER, of Trenton, Oneida, Co., writes to the *Journal of the N. Y. State Ag. Society* as follows:—"No less than seven thousand barrels of Liquid Manure was distributed over meadows in this county last spring; and in no instance but it has doubled the growth of grass, and in fact there is not a farmer round here but has his stable fixed to collect it. I have no doubt but next spring there will be over twenty thousand barrels used." The Oneida farmers have taken a step in the right direction, and the movement is worthy of imitation by the agriculturists of the entire country. May they take pattern from the Oneidas, and that right quickly!

A "CENTURY" TEAM.—At the National Horse Show, held at Springfield, Mass., Sept. 14—17, a four horse team,—the combined ages of which are one hundred and two years, were on exhibition. The oldest of the four is thirty years, and the youngest twenty-two. This team is the property of LEWIS B. BROWN, of New York. The Boston *Traveller* remarks concerning them, "they are still far from unserviceable, and apparently as fresh as when exhibited one year ago."

STATE AG. COLLEGE.—According to the Ovid *Bee* the contract for building the two south wings of the Agricultural College, (the transverse wing 58 feet by 128, and the lateral wing 60 by 84 feet,) has been agreed upon between the Building Committee and THOMAS CRAWFORD, of Geneva. The *Bee* states that it is the intention of the contractor to commence the work immediately, and drive it on to completion.

IMPROVED AMERICAN BLACK RASPBERRY.—We have received from H. H. DOOLITTLE, the Black Raspberry grower of Oaks Corners, an illustrated pamphlet, giving "the principles that governed him in attempting a positive and permanent improvement of the American Black Raspberry." In a few weeks we will give a synopsis of this work. Mr. D.'s advertisement will be found in the present number.

THE ILLINOIS STATE FAIR—held last week, at Centralia, was a great success. A glowing account of it, from an attentive correspondent, was received while closing this number of the RURAL for press, and is necessarily deferred until our issue of next week.

Orchard and Garden.

THE AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The American Pomological Society held its Seventh Session in New York, commencing on the 14th inst., and continuing three days. Three sessions were held on each of the first two days, the last one protracted until quite late, and two on the last day,—so that with examinations of the fruit on exhibition, in a hall in the same building, all the time was completely employed, and very little opportunity afforded for necessary rest or refreshment. This was emphatically a working Convention—there was no *soiree*, or anything of the kind to call the attention of members from their proper work—and nothing short of eleven or twelve hours hard labor each day would satisfy the President, who has a very superior faculty for *leading* a gang of workers.

The attendance was not large, numbering at no time more than two hundred, and these were principally members and delegates from the country, and a few men of taste from around New York.—The city people seemed to take no interest in the exhibition, and we do not think one in a thousand heard of it, and certainly not one in twenty thousand thought enough of the matter to take a look at the exhibition of fruits or a seat in the Convention. At one time we saw three ladies in the fruit room examining the specimens, and at another, two. At a "*Hop*," at the St Nicholas, we saw a hundred, perhaps. Among the delegates and members in attendance, we observed many of the most intelligent Horticulturists of the country, and many of the more distant States were represented—North Carolina and Georgia, Ohio and Michigan, very ably. We do hope that at the next session, two years from the present time, the West will be well represented. It is not asking too much of the fruit growers and nurserymen of the West, to give us the light of their countenances and their knowledge, once in two years. And then, should they attend, in large numbers, and ask it, we have no doubt the session for 1862 would be appointed at the West, either at Detroit, Cleveland, Cincinnati, or Chicago. Among the many excellent men present was the venerable NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, of Cincinnati. The announcement of his name by the President was received with loud and long-continued applause, which showed how strong a hold this devoted pomologist has upon the hearts of the fruit growers of the country. He shows signs of feebleness. May the evening of his life be as peaceful as its noon has been useful.

There seemed but two drawbacks to the usefulness and interest of the meeting, which we hope to see corrected in future, and that was the extreme modesty of those who had a good deal of knowledge of the subjects discussed, and the extreme *scant of modesty* of some who had but very little knowledge, and seemed anxious to make a great show of that little; and, therefore, thought it necessary to rise and bore the Convention with remarks at every convenient and inconvenient opportunity. These new hands, who seem desirous to show themselves, should learn that forwardness is a poor substitute for sense, and that it is bad policy to spread a very little knowledge over so large a surface.

The exhibition of fruit was said to be the best ever made in New York, and it was certainly very fine. As we expect to be furnished by the officers with a list of the fruits exhibited, our notes on this point may not be entirely full, though they are very nearly so. The collection of apples from North Carolina was exceedingly fine and fair.

Messrs. Ellwanger & Barry, of Rochester, exhibited 200 varieties of pears and 37 of plums. Finer specimens of some of the pears have seldom been exhibited.

Messrs. Hovey & Co., of Boston, made their usually fine display of pears, but we have no note of the number exhibited.

The Hon Marshall P. Wilder, of Boston, exhibited 144 varieties of pears, of the most beautiful size, shape and color.

Wm. Reid, of Elizabeth, N. J., exhibited specimens of 104 varieties of pears.

Mr. Wm. L. Ferris, of Throg's Neck, exhibited 55 varieties of pears.

Mr. Sheldon Moore, Kensington, Conn., exhibited 5 varieties of apples.

E. M. Warren, Chelmsford, Mass., 8 varieties summer and fall sweet apples, 10 fall and Winter sweet apples, 24 fall and winter sour apples, 30 early and summer sour apples.

Messrs. Thorp, Smith & Hanchett, Syracuse, exhibited 124 varieties of pears.

J. D Ingersoll, Illion, Herkimer Co., N. Y., 3 species of Delaware grapes, 2 Logan, 1 unknown.

Dr. J. F. Boynton, Syracuse, 14 varieties of pears.

Mr Lyon, Plymouth, Mich., 27 varieties of pears and apples

Mr W. H. Mitchell, Harlem, 13 varieties of pears and 14 varieties of apples

Mr. C. H. Moore, New York, 1 seedling pear

Mr. E. W. Sylvester, Lyons, N. Y., 3 varieties of pears.

Prof. Mapes, 13 varieties of pears

Messrs. Westbrook & Mendenhall, Greensboro', N C., 77 varieties of apples and 11 varieties of pears

Mr John G Bergen, Brooklyn, specimens of the Island, (a new variety,) the Bergen, Engleberi and the Ott pears

Mr James M Paul, North Adams, Mass., 20 varieties of apples and 10 varieties of pears

Mr. S. P Carpenter, New Rochelle, 3 new varieties of pear, originating in Westchester county.

Mr. E. G. Studley, Claverack, Columbia Co., 16 varieties of apples.

Mr. W. P. Townsend, Lockport, N. Y., 38 varieties of pears.

Mr. Joshua Pierce, Washington, D. C., 5 enormous Cantelope melons, 16 to 22 inches long.

Dr. Grant, of Iona, exhibited very fine specimens of the Delaware, Catawba, Rebecca, Anna, Askalon, Union Village and other grapes.

Mr T mpkins, of Germantown, N. Y., exhibited a collection of grapes, embracing Isabellas, Concords, Catawbas, &c., all finely grown.

Chas. Downing, of Newburgh, also showed a fine collection of grapes, embracing all the newest and best, and exceedingly well grown.

The *Diana* grape, it seems to us, is very much improving. As now grown at the east, it is nearly as large as the Catawba, and the little Delaware, which, when we first saw it, was very small, now is shown nearly as large as the Isabella, as commonly grown.

PRESIDENT WILDER'S ADDRESS.

GENTLEMEN:—I rise to announce the opening of the Seventh Session of our National Association, and to perform a service which its Constitution devolves upon your presiding officer. Ten years have completed their course since the organization of the AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY, in this commercial emporium. Some who were active in its formation, have fulfilled their earthly mission, and now rest from their labors. DOWNING, and others, have passed away; but their names are still fragrant in our memories; and their works still live. May they live forever to enlighten and bless their fellow men. While we deplore the loss of such men, who devoted their time and genius to the cultivation of Rural Taste, and the progress of the Rural Arts, we would acknowledge with profound gratitude our obligations to the Supreme Arbiter of life, for the preservation of the health and life of so many of the founders of this Institution. He, by his kind Providence has permitted many of us once more to assemble for the advancement of the earliest pursuit of man.

As the original law of labor required man "to dress and keep the garden," so his primitive food was the fruit of its trees—of *all* its trees save one: and the Divine Beneficence, when it declared, "I have given you every tree in which is fruit yielding seed," with inimitable wisdom and love, provided for the extension of this art, and the multiplication of its blessings through every period of time. With such a Divine charter—with such a rule of duty, is it not a little surprising that the honor should have been reserved for the present century, for our own time and country, of giving birth to the first Pomological Society in the world? But from this fact let us not infer, that our ancestors and the generations which preceded them, did little or nothing to improve this part of their inheritance.

The representative arts of ancient Egypt, contain delineations of delicious fruits afterwards cultivated in the hanging gardens of Nineveh, the interval lands of Babylon, in the vales and on the mountains round about Jerusalem. In Greece, Homer sung of the cultivation of fruit-trees; Xenophon, Cato, and Virgil mention among other varieties of fruit, the pear; and Pliny in enumerating the fruits cultivated at Rome, mentions twenty two sorts of the apple, eight kinds of the cherry, more than thirty kinds of pears; a large number of plums and grapes, to which the soil of Italy was then, and is still specially adapted. He also speaks of several other kinds of fruits, and of the perfection which the art had attained in his period; but it is a significant comment on that perfection, when he adds, that it was then, a long time since the production of any new variety.

To trace the progress of Pomology, is not our present purpose. Suffice it to say, this science having reposed in the gardens of the monasteries during the dark ages, came forth from those cloisters with modern civilization and the Reformation; and has now attained an elevated position among the most refined and honorable of human pursuits. Associations for the promotion of Pomology, as a distinct science, date back only to the middle of the present century. It was previously embraced in the objects of Horticultural and Agricultural Associations, and has been greatly advanced by the individual enterprise of a Quintinye, Duhamel, Van Mons, Knight, and other scientific men, both in Europe and America. But the efficient cause of our progress is the power of voluntary association—the great engine which propels the car of modern improvement. Its wonder-working agency appears in the action of mind on mind, not only in the intercourse of individual pomologists, but in the various periodicals devoted to this object.—Among these, our country can boast of some more enduring and voluminous than any that can be found in Europe.

Since the organization of this Society in 1848, its example has been followed by the establishment of the British Pomological Society in London; the Société Pomologié de Belge in Brussels; and of other similar organizations located at almost every point of our Union—all working in harmony for the attainment of the most reliable and important results. These are aggregating the experience of the wisest and best cultivators, creating a taste for this useful and divinely appointed art, proving what varieties are suited to each particular locality; and what, to general cultivation. These, through the influence of the Horticultural and Agricultural press, are introducing fruit culture, from the Canadas to Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, bringing its numberless enjoyments within the means of the most humble cottager, and multiplying the luxuries which crown the tables of the opulent. The large, luxurious and abundant fruits in the State of California, in the Territories of Oregon and Washington, already rival, and, in many instances, surpass those of our older States, indeed of the countries of Europe.

Upon these favorable omens I may well congratulate you; as I certainly do, on the cheering prospects before us. Pomology is yet in its infancy. We have but just entered the field which we are to cultivate, and gathered a few first fruits of the bountiful harvest, which encourages and is to reward our endeavors. But, when we reflect upon the success which has attended the growth of particular fruits upon a few acres, under judicious cultivation—upon the obstacles over which science and practical skill have already triumphed—upon the industry, intelligence and enterprise of our people, which has been and will continue to be more and more devoted to this branch of terraculture—upon the vast amount of our territory equally well adapted to fruit culture as that now in use—and upon the ever increasing demand for the same,—who can predict the future importance of this science? who can foretell the extent to which it will hereafter contribute to personal and domestic comfort, to national wealth and prosperity? And can any man doubt whether the assembling of these rural comforts around the family mansion does not strengthen local attachments and multiply the joys of home, whether they promote industrial happiness, the love of kindred and country, and sweeten the social relations of life?

Such, gentlemen, is the trust which Providence has confided to your care. Such is the magnitude of your mission. By your instrumentality, an extensive and laudable spirit of enterprise has been awakened through our own and foreign lands.—The transactions of our last session have been published generally by the periodical press of the United States. They were also translated and published in some of the languages of Europe; and your Catalogue has already become a standard in American Pomology. This it should be your object, at each biennial session, to revise, perfect and promulgate, as the best means of preventing those numerous impositions and frauds which, we regret to say, have been practised upon our fellow citizens by adventurous speculators or ignorant and unscrupulous venders, who sometimes use recommendations, hastily and injudiciously given, or surreptitiously obtained, greatly to the injury of the purchaser and fruit grower, to the dealer and nurseryman, and to the cause of Pomology. Let us, therefore, exercise increased caution as individuals and as associates, how we lend our influence to encourage the dissemination of new fruits with extravagant pretensions; sovereign remedies for disease; patented nostrums for the destruction of insects; worthless fertilizers; and secret arts of cultivation.

There are many other topics most intimately connected with our common cause. On some of these subjects it was my intention to have addressed you; but they will no doubt, be discussed during the present sessions of the Society; and then I may be indulged with the privilege of expressing a personal opinion. I have resolved, however, to devote the few remaining moments which it will be proper for me to occupy in this opening address, to some suggestions relative to the PEAR, one of the most important and delicious of our fruits.

The question has recently been raised and very extensively discussed in our public journals, "*Can pears be grown for the market*" at a profit?

In the progress of this discussion, those who have espoused the negative, we fear, have undesignedly, perhaps, awakened distrust as to the success and profit of pear culture in our country; a distrust which, if not removed, may prove injurious to this branch of pomology. Many able, and to my mind conclusive replies have been called forth, affirming both the feasibility and the profit of pear-growing. In consequence of personal devotion to this art, and my official relation to you, I have been requested by members of this Society and other cultivators, to submit the results of my study, observation and experience on this subject.

It is obvious that a similar question may be raised in regard to any other branch of terraculture. Where one cultivator succeeds, another fails. Why? Not because Providence does not fulfill the Divine promise, "that seed time and harvest shall not fail," but because in instances of failure the conditions of success are not complied with. Perhaps there was a want of intelligence, of judicious cultivation, or of that vigilance which takes hold of an enterprise, with a determination to surmount all obstacles and to "hold on." Some pomologists have justly ascribed to us in Massachusetts what they have been pleased to denominate a "*mania*" for pear-growing. They have also made honorable mention of the success which had attended it. But it should be borne in mind, that neither the soil or the climate of our Commonwealth, are as well adapted to this fruit as those of most of the other States of the Union; and if the fruit-growers in this region have acquired any such celebrity, it is to be ascribed to their intelligence, indefatigable industry and perseverance, more than to any other cause.

When the Almighty commanded man to replenish the earth and subdue it, he also gave him dominion over nature, and required him to subordinate her to his use. The cultivator should not wait idly for nature to work out what God intended him to perform. He should learn to work in harmony with nature. He should plant trees with a proper regard to soil, sorts, and the arts of judicious cultivation, and should never leave them, as is often the case, to a fatal predestination, believing they were foreordained to take care of themselves. He should not be discouraged by a single failure, but should persevere,

> "Work on and win;—
> Preach no despondingfaithless view;
> Whate'er he wills, his WILL may do
> Work moves and molds the mightiest birth,
> And grasps the destinies of earth!"

We do not deny that vicissitudes attend the cultivation of fruit-trees, as well as forest trees, and other vegetable products. How often a severe winter proves injurious to the peaches of the North, to the oranges of the South. Within the knowledge of many present, our hardiest varieties of the apple, as well as of the pear, have been injured by sudden revulsions of climate. But these should no more discourage the pomologist, than the occasional failure of a farmer's crop by frost, drouth, or other causes, should prevent his planting the succeeding spring. Without detracting from the merit of any American pomologist, it is our firm persuasion that the failures which have occurred in pear-growing, whether on the quince or its own stock, are attributable to improper soil and varieties, to injudicious treatment, or to neglect of cultivation. Hence, these failures, wherever they exist, show the importance of the prominent object of this association, which is to develop and promulgate the scientific principles and the personal experience, that shall reduce the number of such failures, and in the end prevent their occurrence.

One of the chief causes of failure is the non-adaptation of the tree to the locality. Some varieties are constitutionally delicate and feeble; and, of course, more subject than others to climatic influences. They may be of exquisite flavor, but are not well adapted to general cultivation. These would only be grown by amateurs in favorable positions. Others are robust, vigorous, hardy as the oak, resisting the extremes of cold and heat, of tempest and storm, retaining their luxuriant and persistent foliage to the end of the season. Such are the Fulton and McLaughlin, of Maine—the Buffum, the Abbott and Knights' Seedling, of Rhode Island—the Andrews, Harvard, and Meriam, of Massachusetts—the Dallas and the Howell, of Connecticut—the Lawrence, Onondaga and Sheldon, of New York—the Brandywine, and Kingsessing, of Pennsylvania—the Urbaniste, Beurre d'Anjou, Doyenne, Boussock, Vicar of Winkfield, St. Michael Archange, Nouveau Poiteau, and last but not least, the Bartlett, of European origin. The latter, which was introduced into Dorchester, Mass., before the beginning of the present century, and which has borne regular crops of delicious fruit for more than fifty years, is still vigorous, hardy, and prolific.

True, these are not all of exquisite flavor; but all of them have valuable qualities. With a proper knowledge of the art of ripening, they are very useful sorts and generally acceptable to the public; and if amateurs who are sometimes in danger of being too fastidious, could obtain no other, they would pronounce them most excellent kinds. Not that we would detract from the cultivated taste, which finds its gratification in the delicious Seckel, but as a national organization, we are sacredly bound to consider the wants of the million—the facility and practicability of supplying them. Give us pears! the most exquisite sorts, where we can grow them—but by all means give us pears! pears for ourselves, for our families, for the millions who are about us, and who are to come after us!

Another cause of failure in the growth of the pear tree, has been a competition for increasing the number of varieties, rather than a satisfaction with a few of known worth and excellence. Within the last twenty-five years, this passion has led to large importations of trees from foreign countries, of the characteristics and habits of which we have not had sufficient knowledge. During this period, many of those on our list for *general cultivation* have been obtained; but to secure these, and satisfy ourselves of their excellence, we have been obliged to grow a multitude of kinds, which have proved inferior and worthless. More than one hundred now stand on our list of rejected sorts; and the Committee on this class of fruits, I understand, are prepared to recommend the expulsion of a still greater number.

Without discouraging the introduction from Europe of new varieties for trial, in the hope of obtaining valuable sorts, there can be no doubt that a prejudice has been created in this country against the cultivation of the pear, by the importation of trees not thoroughly proved by foreign nurserymen, which, in far too many instances, have not here answered the recommendations given of them at home. This has been still further augmented by the frequent beating, and great consequent injury of such trees on the voyage; by their sale here at auction to inexperienced cultivators, who purchase a medley of worthless sorts and damaged trees, in expectation of valuable fruit.

The diseases of the pear, like those of most other fruits, result from definable causes. For many of these, we have already acquired sufficient knowledge to apply the appropriate remedies; and it is to be hoped, with the progress of science, we shall ere long be able to prevent even the blight, that fearful destroyer of this tree in some localities.

Much has been said against the longevity of the pear tree; particularly when grafted on the quince. In reference to the latter point, I need only reaffirm the sentiments contained in my last address, and subsequently corroborated by the most distinguished cultivators.* One of these remarks, "My best trees are on the quince. The best fruits of our exhibitions are from the quince stock, and our profits in fruit raising are from the same source. Let others have their own way in stating experiments based upon improper or bad management, drawing from these unsatisfactory conclusions. By a judicious selection of varieties and proper cultivation we shall fill our shelves, and walk among our well-shaped pyramids with a blessing for the unknown genius who first tried the quince as a stock for the pear, and made, really, in pear cultivation, the same revolution as steam in traveling." Another gentleman, the editor of our oldest horticultural journal, sustains these declarations, adding,—"The attempts to write down the pear upon the quince stock, are examples among a thousand others in the literature of gardening, to assail some of the soundest principles of physiological science and practical art." The additional experience during the last biennial term, confirms my previous convictions of the truthfulness of these statements; and such is believed to be the sentiment of the best pomologists throughout the country.

Of the longevity of the pear upon its own stock, there can be no doubt. In favorable circumstances, the pear out-lives most other fruit bearing trees. Witness the old pear trees on the bleak and rock-bound coast of Puritan New England; on the site of the old Dutch Colony; at the mouth and along the banks of the Hudson: in the territory of the ancient French Colony about Detroit, and in other places too numerous to be named—trees, some of which have flourished from the settlement of the country, and which are at this very moment bending with the weight of their golden fruit.

PROFIT OF PEAR CULTURE.

But the immediate question under consideration is, "Can Pears be Grown at a Profit?" We advocate the affirmative, premising that the conditions of success to which we have already referred must be complied with. This inquiry has been satisfactorily answered by pomologists, some of whom I am happy to recognize in this assembly, yet the responsive facts and arguments deserve to be embodied and published under the sanction of this National Assembly. To a record of these as collated from various authorities, so far as they are confirmed by personal observation and experience, I now invite your attention:

The Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, composed of gentlemen of deserved integrity and celebrity, some of whom are on this floor, and competent to defend their report, furnish the following instances from that section of the State:

Three White Doyenne Pear trees, owned by Mr. Phinney, of Canandaigua, one of them small, produce annually fifty to sixty dollars worth of fine fruit.

A tree of the same variety, owned by Judge Howell, of same place, seventy years of age, has not failed of a good crop for forty years, averaging, for the last twenty years, twenty bushels annually, and sold on the tree at sixty dollars per year. This tree has produced for the New York market three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars worth of pears.

Three large trees owned by Judge Taylor, of same kind, yielded in 1854, eleven barrels, and sold for one hundred and thirty-seven dollars.

A young orchard, owned by Mr. Chapin, of four hundred trees, eight years from planting, which produced, in 1853 fifteen barrels, selling in New York for four hundred and fifty dollars, and, in 1854, fifty barrels, yielding him one thousand dollars.

Similar results have been realized in the State of Massachusetts.

William Bacon, of Roxbury, has about one acre devoted to the pear. The oldest trees were planted eighteen years since, but more than half within a few years. From two trees, the Dix and Beurre Diel, he has realized more than one hundred dollars a year, and for the whole crop, over one thousand dollars a year.

John Gordon, of Brighton, has three and one-fourth acres in his pear orchard. This was commenced in 1841, there being only eight trees on the ground. There are now twelve hundred trees, planted in various years, more than one-half of which since 1854. The amount received for his crop from that date to the present, has been from five to six hundred dollars a year, but he remarks, "If I had confined myself to a judicious selection of varieties, it would now bring me two thousand dollars per year."

Wm R. Austin, of Dorchester, Treasurer of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, has an orchard of between five and six hundred pear trees, mostly on the quince root. These trees are about twelve years of age. One hundred are Louise Bonne de Jersey's. They commenced bearing about three years after planting, and have borne regular crops ever since. They are very healthy, and only eight of the whole number have died since the orchard was commenced. No account of the crops were kept until the year 1851, but Mr. Austin's sales for the next six years amounted to three thousand four hundred and eight dollars.

The Messrs. Hovey's, of Cambridge, have a very large collection of bearing pear trees. From two rows, two hundred and ten trees, grafted on the quince, the crop has amounted, some years, to twenty-five barrels.

John Henshaw, of Cambridge, planted about an acre of land, principally with pears, on the quince. On the fifth year thereafter, he gathered one hundred and twenty bushels of pears, seventy bushels of which he sold at five to six dollars per bushel.

A Buffum pear tree at Worcester, belonging to Mr. Earle, yields annually from thirty to forty dollars worth of pears. Mr. Pond, of the same city, planted in 1850, three hundred and fifty Bartlett pear trees, one year old from the bud. In 1857, he sold from the these trees, fifty bushels of pears, at five dollars per bushel, or two hundred and fifty dollars for the crop.

Similar instances of success, in these and in other States, might be multiplied, if time would permit, to prove the age, health, and profit of the pear tree. So deep has the conviction of this truth become, and so uniform the success, that instead of planting trees as in former times, by the single tree or the dozen, cultivators now plant orchards of hundreds and thousands, in firm and reasonable expectations of large income.

Such facts are conclusive, and ought to rectify the false theories which have been advanced on this subject. But it may be objected, that these are instances of success developed by accidental adaptation of kinds, of soil or climate; that such results are neither uniform or common; in a word, that there are counter facts sufficient to justify an opposite conclusion, and therefore to sustain the opinion that pears cannot be made a reliable and profitable crop.

While I distinctly recognize here as in every other branch of terra-culture, what are called occasional revulsions of nature, resulting from sudden alternations of temperature and other causes, yet I desire publicly to record as the result of long observation and experience, that I have never known an instance of failure, which on examination was not attributable to an improper selection of varieties, or to injudicious cultivation. In harmony with this judgment is believed to be the sentiment of the best pomologists in this country. Therefore I am constrained to regard success as the general law of cultivation in this, an is every other department of this science; as truly with the pear as with the apple.

What if we have instanced but a few cases, and named but a few varieties? They illustrate our argument. If the Bartlett in Massachusetts, the Buffum in Rhode Island, and sorts equally successful in other States, have not failed of an annual crop from twenty-five to fifty years, surely the product of the pear is not only as reliable as any other crop, but even more so. To these and other approved sorts which we now possess, we are constantly making additions by hybridization and other arts. What if at this time there are but a limited number of such varieties, enterprise and experience are rapidly multiplying them, and it is the particular province of this Society to dispense them through our land.

What if pomology, as a science, is comparatively of recent date; what if our knowledge of vegetable physiology generally is very limited? What if the various sorts of fruit trees do require different systems of pruning and cultivation, facts now generally conceded by experienced men? The laws which govern such treatment, and which, with the ordinary exceptions, insure a crop, are as certain as any other scientific principles. Our mission is to investigate these laws, to settle the characteristics of each variety; to ascertain what soil is best adapted for supplying its appropriate food; to learn how and when it should be pruned, and to discover the best method of cultivation.

Thus far we have spoken principally of the pear. But much of what we have said is equally applicable to other fruits. The great duty which we would enforce, and which every pomologist owes to himself and to this science is,

> "To study culture, and with artful toil,
> To till and fertilize the stubborn soil;
> To give dissimilar, yet fruitful lands,
> The tree, the vine, the plant that each demands."

Our reasoning applies peculiarly to the grape.—I hail with great pleasure the wide-spread interest of cultivators in producing new and choice varieties of this fruit, which, ere long, will put us in possession of kinds not inferior to the best European sorts. On this subject I had hoped to enlarge at this time, and to have shown its importance, as a means of increasing individual and national wealth. The time is within the recollection of some present when our first native grapes were brought into cultivation, as the Catawba and Isabella. These are now so common in some sections, that any man, if he chooses, may sit beneath his own vine and pluck its rich clusters. Honor to the memory of those who introduced these valuable sorts! Success to those who are multiplying new and improved varieties from them! We know gentlemen in Massachusetts who have thousands of seedlings under cultivation. The same may be said of other sections of our fair land; and the day is fast approaching when from our eastern to our western shores, the tops and slopes of our hills shall be covered with clusters richer than those of Eschol, and, like them, giving assurance of a land of promise. May that day soon come, when our markets shall vie with those of Italy, Sicily and other grape-growing countries, where this luscious fruit is not only a luxury for the opulent, but the food of the humblest peasant.

What an inviting field of labor does the science of pomology present! Our country vast in extent, containing every variety of soil and climate, fast filling up with an intelligent and enterprising population, is already a pioneer in other useful arts, and is doubtless destined to sustain a corresponding superiority in the cultivation of fruit. The cause we seek to advance, will ere long adorn her hills and vales with the choicest fruits of earth, and tune to grateful lays, the voice of happy millions who shall succeed us. These blessings were designed to please the eye and gratify the taste, to multiply the comforts and elevate the social and moral condition of man. Fruits were the primitive food of our first parents, and for aught we know, their only food in Paradise. Fruits have too often been considered the condiments and not the necessaries of life—but "man does not live by bread alone,"—and the more we use them, the more we shall approach a refined and healthful temperament both of body and of mind. It is, therefore, our duty, as benefactors of our race, to develop these wonderful resources of our land, and to increase them to their utmost extent.

And how delightful is the employment of the pomologist, going forth among his well-trained trees,

> "To visit how they prosper, bud and bloom."

His love is always young and fresh, ever approaching them with keener relish and increased affection. They, in return, recompensing every kind attention, "clap their hands for joy," and like those flowers of Paradise touched by the fair hand of Eve, *more gladly grow.*

This art is second to no other in rank, in utility, and pleasure. No calling is more consonant with the refinement and happiness of a rational being; none better calculated to develop the purest sentiments of our moral nature. "The garden," says Lord Bacon, "is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks." "Nothing," said the immortal Webster, "is too polished to see its beauty, nothing too refined to be capable of its enjoyment. It attracts, gratifies and delights all. It is a constant field where all sexes and ages, where every degree of taste and refinement may find opportunity for gratification." So thought Cyrus of Persia, when he boasted that he planted his trees with his own hands; so Pliny, when he gloried that a Roman cherry was named in honor of his family; so Solomon, guided by Divine wisdom, made for himself as a source of his purest pleasure, "gardens and orchards, and planted trees of all kinds of fruits." So Diocletian, sated with the highest honors of regal power, when he wrote to Maximian, "Were you to come to Salona and see the fruits which I cultivate with my own hands, you would no longer talk to me of empire." So say we and all others, who, having retired from the thoroughfares of the busy mart, and from the conflicts of political ambition, have drank from these pure fountains of social joy, and eaten these ambrosial fruits of rural life.

No wonder then that the praises of this pursuit have been celebrated in prose and verse; from the humblest peasant to the highest potentate; from the heathen mythologist to the sweet Psalmist of Israel.

From scenes in the garden, from Eden to Gethsemane, have been drawn the most exalted and sublime conceptions, the most sacred and divine communings that have ever moved the human heart. The good Wilberforce, long after he was unable to walk, was drawn daily in his carriage to his favorite grounds, where he could commune with his Creator and admire the beauty and glory of his works. "I am," said he, "very fond of the garden. The corn and vegetables I look upon as the bounties of Providence, but the fruits and flowers as his smile." This sentiment animates the breast of childhood, grows with our growth, and strengthens with advancing years:

> "Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
> We feel it e'en in age, and at our latest day."

The more I investigate the laws of vegetable physiology, the more I am filled with wonder and reverence at the benevolent provisions of nature—at the instructive lessons which she teaches. Our trees—from the opening bud to the golden harvest,—from the laying off of their gay autumnal livery, and during their rest in winter's shroud, waiting a resurrection to a new and superior life, are all eloquent preachers, proclaiming to our inmost soul,

> "The hand that made us is Divine."

Taught by their counsels, who does not admire the wisdom, perfection and beauty of this fair creation! *The tiny bud*, encased in coats of mail so that the rude blasts may not visit it too roughly, rivalling in its mechanism the human eye, and destined to perpetuate its own species distinctive as the soul of man!—*the enamelled blossom*, unfolding her virgin bosom to the warm embrace of vernal air, bespangling the orchard with starry spray scarcely less beautiful than the glittering host above, dancing in rainbow hues, and flinging on the breeze a fragrance richer than the spices of Ceylon's Isles; sweet harbinger of bountiful harvest!—*the luscious fruits*, God's best gift to man, save woman—the melting *pear*, rough or polished rind, with sweetest honied flavor—the burnished *apple*, tempting human taste from the mother of our race to her last fair daughter—the royal *grape*, clustering beneath its bower of green, making glad the heart of man—the brilliant *cherry*, suffused with with loveliest tints of rose and white or dyed in deepest incarnadine—the velvet *peach*, mantled with beauty's softest blush and vieing with the oriency of the morning—the delicious *plum*, veiled with silvery bloom, over robes of azure, purple, or cloth of vegetable gold! But what imagination can conceive, what pencil sketch the changing hues, the varied magnificence and glory, when Pomona pours from her overflowing lap, the ripened treasures of the year! These, all these, are original designs, such as the genius of a Correggio, a Claude Lorraine, and the oldest masters could only imitate.

Here are creations, originally pronounced *very good*. Here, are inexhaustible sources of pleasure, beauties which fade only to appear again. Here "life flows pure, the heart more calmly beats."—Here, like the foliage and fruit falling from trees of favorite care, the true pomologist, after a well-spent day, lies down to rest in the hope of a fairer to-morrow—in the glorious hope of partaking of the fruit of that tree, which "yieldeth its fruit every month, and whose leaves are for the healing of the nations."

In our next we will give a report of the discussion, varieties of fruit recommended for general cultivation, list of officers, &c.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—For a week or two, details of the transactions of the National Pomological Society will require considerable space thus preventing our furnishing the usual variety of matter. We have many "good things," however, and they shall be spread before our readers in due season.

* See Transaction of Sixth Session, 1856, p. 22.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

A MOTHER'S KISS.

A child whose infancy was joy,
A little boy of noble mien,
Now tossing gaily many a toy,
Now romping through the garden green—
His parents' blue-eyed little pet,
He tripped one morn, and down he fell;
His mother cried, "Come, Willie, let
Me kiss the spot and make it well."

A mother's kiss hath power to cure;
Her love is balm for every wound;
Her gentle smile, her words so pure
Can heal the bruise and make us sound;
And if there come a bruised heart,
And bitter tears arise and swell,
A mother's love still soothes the smart—
A mother's kiss will make it well.

What matter if the world forget
To praise us for the good we do,
Or, if it never pays the debt
Which to our truthfulness is due!
A *mother's* sympathy is ours
Wherever on the earth we dwell;
Though gone forever childhood's hours,
The mother's kiss still makes us well.

My mother's hair is grey, and mine
Is slightly touched with silver streaks;
I am a full-grown man—but Time
Has deeply marked my mother's cheeks;
Yet still her thrilling kiss is warm
Upon my brow imprinted well;
Through all my life it hath a charm,
My mother's kiss! to make me well.

From infancy until to-day,
In sickness, sorrow, and mistrust,
Her gentle words drive care away
And lift my spirit from the dust;
She tells me that the angels call,
That she must go with God to dwell;
My broken heart! if such befall,
No mother's kiss will make *thee* well.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE TRUE WIFE OF THE FARMER.

Yes, the farmer's *true* wife—for what class of wives is more worthy the appellation of true? or what class of men more deserving the warm love and tender affections of a true-hearted companion than the faithful agriculturist, who, by honest toil and steady application, supplies not only the wants of his own household, but places the staff of life within the reach of all classes of mankind throughout the world? But, in speaking of true wives, we do not wish to be understood that the farmer *alone* is capable of giving comfort and happiness to the better half—on the contrary, we heartily congratulate all, in whatever profession or calling they may be laboring, because of their good fortune in obtaining loving and cherishable wives. From the daily vicissitudes of farm labor, and the anxiety and fatigue of the field, there is something within the farmer's bosom that seems to demand a cordial response from the heart of the one who has sworn to love, cherish, and obey. And, as we contemplate her willingness, and the pleasure she experiences as she engages in the routine of household duties, how genial seems the chord of love that binds two mutual hearts in one.

Much depends on the energy and perseverance of the wife. How hallowed the influences she is wont to diffuse throughout the family circle; and through her instrumentality how the husband's heart is cheered as he retires from the toil and heat of the day to taste the bounties of his own table, made thrice welcome from the fact that they have been prepared by the one in whose society he so much delights to dwell. During the long winter evenings, as he is permitted to sit by his own fireside and peruse the contents of useful books and read the news of the day from his family paper; or as he playfully indulges the little ones in child-like glee, he looks around him, and, as he beholds the perfect neatness and order that prevails throughout the entire dwelling, he is again filled with gratitude, and is once more constrained to revert with pleasureable emotions to her in whom all his affections centre. Then it is he is ready with willing hands to render any assistance or comfort that she needs, for the true-hearted farmer knows how to esteem her excellence and appreciate her worth. Then why so many discontented and unhappy wives? It cannot be owing to their aversion to the toil and patience incumbent on them as wives? It is no less a *pleasure* to the true wife than a *duty* to direct all the affairs of the house, as well as it is his to preside on the farm and toil on from day to day, not only for his own interest, but also for hers. True, the happiness of the wife depends much on the encouragement and kind indulgence of the husband. He, too, must show due respect to her, and be kind and obliging in giving assistance in every possible way. But when each labors with an eye single to mutual happiness, nothing is wanting to render a lasting fraternity complete.

Among the many attributes characteristic of the true wife, we will only stop to mention the following. Above all, she loves home and cares for her children. Unlike many who are inclined to regard home merely as a drudge, and the theater of disquietude and irksome toil, she loves her own fireside, and delights in educating herself for the proper training of the offspring which God has given her, and by her mild and temperate example strives to influence them in paths of rectitude and honor. Thus her heart is ever enlisted in endeavoring to make the associations of home "ways of pleasantness and paths of peace," and as husband and children cluster around, forming one grand fraternity of love, they have not the least inclination of leaving their own roof-tree to seek recreation in the tavern or stores of the village when leisure moments or long winter evenings come. Of such material is composed the affectionate mother, the successful housekeeper, and the *true wife* of the farmer.

Akron, N. Y., 1858. J. P. T.

Simplicity is an exact medium between too much and too little. Grace is the medium of motion; beauty is the medium of form; and genteelness is the medium of fashion.—*Reynolds.*

Give your children an education, and no tyrant will trample on their liberties.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MY GRANDMOTHER.

"Farewell, Farewell, we meet no more
On this side Heaven."

Softly, mournfully proceeded these words from the choir in our quiet church, while a large circle of sorrowing friends were gazing, for the last time, upon the cold and lifeless form of my Grandmother. Gently those sweet harmonious strains fell upon our ears, but how heavily came they upon our agonized and grief-wrung hearts,—filled with anguish too deep for utterance,—when we realized that the waxen lids had closed forever, and we should behold no more the love-light of those mild eyes beaming upon us. The gentle hands that had performed many good deeds in life, were meekly folded over the pulseless heart that had ceased to beat in unison with our own. Death had hushed forever the soft, musical tones of that voice whose gentle admonitions had often stayed childhood's wayward footsteps—footsteps that would have strayed from the path of rectitude. The kind cheering words, which, in adversity's darksome hours, like rays of sunshine penetrated our souls, urging us on to duty and making smoother the rough and ragged pathway of life, were forever silent. She had gone; and though earth was bright and joyous, and rife with the songs of merry birds, we participated not in its gayety; for deeply our hearts responded to the solemn strokes of the tolling bell as they bore her from the church to the quiet graveyard, where Mother Earth opened her bosom to receive her, and when she had wrapped her mantle about that precious form hiding it forever from our view, with sorrowful hearts we turned away and sought our homes.

There was *One*, a white haired, aged man, whose home was far more desolate than the rest. The light of his household had gone out,—he had lost the companion of his bosom, the participant of his joys and sorrows, and now he must tread life's dreary path alone. O, to think of loved ones gone and know we shall see them no more on earth!—'Tis a sorrowful thought that strains the heart's fibres, but the blest assurance of a re union beyond the grave, like a joyous stranger, breaks the strings; permits us to gaze on the other side of the picture, and through the misty veil of tears catch a faint glimpse of that brighter world. Ah! methinks, that while we wept o'er my grandmother's departure from earth, Angels welcomed her in Heaven, and while the choir in our church were singing a sad farewell, she, with the heavenly choir, was chanting the praises of Jehovah. Then let us cease to mourn, and may her gentle spirit ever be to us as the polar star to the wanderer, shedding a holy light upon our darkened pathway, guiding to that land where we shall feel no more sin's galling chain.

Carlton, N. Y., 1858. Minnie.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

RECOLLECTIONS.

Memories of days which have fled come to me as I sit musing in the deepening twilight, like bright-winged messengers richly laden with cherished scenes from the "dim halls of the shadowy past," and I live over again the sunny days of youth's gay morn. Again I clamber up yonder precipitous hill, long ere the glittering stars have fled before the refulgent light of day, and watch them as they disappear one by one from the sky. Then, as bright, rosy streaks of light began to start athwart the heavens, diffusing a flood of glory over the drowsy earth, and crowning the mist-enshrouded hills with a coronet of gold, my youthful spirits readily drank in the ideal fancy that in a world so beautiful there could be naught but joy and happiness.

Ah! how soon my dreams of perfect bliss were dissolved in the bitter waters of sorrow, when Death with icy fingers touched the heart of a loved sister—the youngest, fairest, *dearest* of our household band. Well do I remember the hour—*that hour* of untold anguish—when we were summoned around her death-bed. With what breathless anxiety we watched as her breathing grew shorter and shorter—then ceased entirely. So calmly and quietly the pure spirit—too pure for earth—left its clayey tenement it seemed it could not be she could never smile on us again; but as that pallidness which indicates that the "King of Terrors" has done his work, began to creep over her once smiling face, the heart-crushing truth that my sister, my only sister, was dead came home to my heart with a weight of sorrow before unknown to me. Little did I think how much I loved her, or how closely my affections were interwoven with her very being, till the waxen lids were forever closed over those eyes of heaven's own purest, brightest blue—that form, once so active, cold and motionless.

After the casket which once contained the spirit of my loved sister was borne to its long, undisturbed resting-place, as the still hours of twilight drew on I would sit for hours gazing far away into the depths of the azure sky, till I fancied the spirit of my angel sister was hovering over me, and then I would listen to hear the rustling of her wings as she soared away again to her home among the seraphs. I have since thought it might not have been all fancy; then I think if angels are not susceptible of sorrow, they would not witness some of the scenes of earth without shedding tears over the erring ones. Be that as it may, it is a pleasant fancy—one to which I readily yield, for it restrains from wrong-doing and from the utterance of thoughtless words which would cause many hours of bitter reflection.

Oxford, N. Y., 1858. Maria.

Talents no Protection.—Were they so, Bacon would never have taken a bribe, nor would Dodd have committed forgery; Voltaire might have been another Luther; David Hume another Matthew Hale; and Satan himself might yet be in the canopy of heaven, an orb of the first magnitude. Indeed, high talent, unless early cultivated, as was that of Moses, and Milton, and Baxter and Edwards, and Wesley, and Robert Hall, is the most restive under moral restraints; is the most fearless in exposing itself to temptation; is the most ready to lay itself on the lap of Delilah, trusting in the locks of its strength. And, alas! like Sampson, how often is it found blind and grinding in the prison house, when it might be wielding the highest power, or civilizing and evangelizing the nations!—*Dr. Murray.*

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OUR PILGRIM FATHERS.

The winds of December were scattering the snow,
From the dark waving trees to the valleys below,
And Ocean's rude waves, with their deep sullen roar,
Were dashing their crests 'gainst the ice-fettered shore—
Old Winter had breathed out his frost-laden breath,
Enshrouding the earth in a mantle of death,
When the gallant "May Flower," with her patriot band,
First parted the waters of Plymouth's wild strand.

O'er her tempest-tossed deck the fierce billows had passed,
While through her torn sails swept the wild, howling blast,
And tears of deep anguish had frequently flowed,
As slowly o'er ocean's dark waters they rode.
From the green shores of England—from kindred and home—
To the land of the forest and savage they come
To rear there an altar for Liberty's fire,
And offer their hopes on its hallowed pyre.

There were maidens as pure as the morning's first beam,
On whose beauteous brows gems of intellect gleam;
And matrons whose hearts were as bold and as true
As warrior, or knight, or king ever knew—
There were husbands and fathers, whose courage and might,
No hardships could fetter, no dangers could blight,
As for freedom and virtue, united to stand,
They pledged the warm heart and the unflinching hand.

And tho' tyrants might strive, with their cruel behests,
To crush the free spirit that glowed in their breasts;
Yet deep in their souls but the brighter it burned
As from their loved country their footsteps were turned.
And, when from America's wilderness sod,
Their prayer for direction ascended to God,
High throbbed their brave hearts, beating nobly and true,
As faith the bright future unrolled to their view.

And as years fled away, when oppression's dread blight
Spread o'er their loved country the darkness of night,
Above the fierce storm-burst of carnage and blood
Sweeping over their hearth-stones a life-crimsoned flood,
High rose their stern cry, with unfaltering breath,
For God and our Homes, give us freedom or death!
And when tyranny's legion fled back o'er the sea,
Dawned Liberty's light in the homes of the free.

Oh! sons of such sires, shall the record of fame,
By your forefathers written, die out in your home?
Shall tyranny's minions on freedom's fair plains
Still rivet their fetters, and fasten their chains?
Shall the star-spangled bannor in mockery wave
On the hills of Columbia—o'er liberty's grave?
While the blood of her freemen enriches the soil,
Bequeathed by those heroes to honesty's toil.

Ah, no! by the rev'rence we bear to illustrious dead—
By the blood of our fathers so fearlessly shed—
By the hopes of the future, the deeds of the past,
We'll cheerfully struggle and strive to the last!
And though fortune may frown, by the clear eye of faith
We'll pierce the thick storm-clouds of darkness and death;
And see Liberty's light beaming out o'er the sea,
Awaking the earth to her grand jubilee.

Somerset, N. Y., 1858. W. C. W.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LEAVES FROM MY PORT-FOLIO.—No. II.

LIFE AND DEATH.

There are two angels who attend the steps of every mortal, and although closely allied, and often wandering hand in hand, yet we view them not in the same light; for we call the one, warm, glowing, beautiful *Life*, and with a shudder and a sigh we, name the other, cold, relentless *Death*.

When one is seated at our hearth-stone, all around are gay and joyous. Eyes sparkle, lips smile, cheeks blush, and Life irradiates each countenance with happiness. Sweet, silvery voices respond to our own in tones of love, and hand clasps hand with the ardor of friendship.

Death enters the circle; and eyes, perchance the very ones that beamed most brightly, are closed, the lips are cold and motionless, the cheek is pallid, the voice is no longer heard, the hand presses ours no more. We gaze with anguish upon the loved face which seems as tho' chisel'd from marble; in an agony of grief we kiss those silent lips for the *last time;* and then we make the resting-place of the dear one among the trees and flowers, and above the hallow'd turf we shed bitter tears.

Gloom and darkness fall like a pall upon our home, and not until years have pass'd away can we utter the name of the departed without a sigh and tear. Ah! were it not for the tears that dims our eyes we should know that we have naught to fear from that Heavenly Messenger—Death. We see not the celestial beauty of her countenance, the holy, star-like radiance of her eyes and her loving smile, as she beckons with gentle hand to the children of earth to follow her to the Paradise above. Oh! Death is no grim warrior, no insatiable tyrant; but a fair and lovely spirit who opens the portal of Eternity to the homeward bound pilgrim.

Life and Death! The one leads us through green vales and flowery dells, beneath the azure dome of Heaven, but hourly do we see those flowers fade, that sky darkened by clouds. She calls fond and trusting friends to our side, but estrangement often divides their hearts from ours. Doubts, and cares, and fears meet us at every step; our pathway grows rough and wearisome; still we cling to *Life*. We believe her to be our most faithful guide.

But Death comes. No bright roses garland her brow, but pure, snowy blossoms mingle with her tresses. She takes our hand in hers, and leads us on. We pause not upon the hillside, nor in the glen; seek not the sparkling rill, nor gushing fount; through the narrow gateway of the grave she makes us pass, and into the glorious realms beyond—that land of fadeless beauty, where the River of Life flows with a never-failing current. She restores to us our "loved and lost," and they never leave us more. From whom do we receive the most precious heritage—Life or Death?

Rochester, N. Y., 1858. Kate Cameron.

The Heart's Desires.—The heart of a man is a short word—a small substance, scarce enough to give a kite a meal, yet great in capacity—yea, so indefinite in desire, that the round globe of the world cannot fill the three corners of it! When it desires more, and cries, "Give—give!" I will set it over to the infinite good, where the more it hath it may desire more, and see more to be desired.—*Hall.*

SIGNS OF THE GOING YEAR.

However heedless man may be, Nature has taken "note of time," since our last country gossip, two weeks ago. That twittering people, the Swallows, who flashed in more diamonds than all the beauties of the West, held a grand mass meeting upon the ridge of the old gray barn, the other day, and after much talk and more flutter, went up in a cloud, and commenced their southern flight. It was as if fifteen or twenty notes of the tune you are singing, should rise in a flock and fly away just before you get to them; a pleasant chorus has fallen out of the music of summer, and the hamlet of mud-cottages along the rafters, is already that emptiest of all things, "last year's birds' nests." Heap, as you will, the broad "bay" of the barn, like Fundy in high tide, with the fragrant drift from the meadow; let it swell above "the big beam" that never blossoms with anything but memories; and yet without swallows enough to make a summer, how desolate and dumb it all seems. The fellows, too, in red epaulettes, that swung on the reeds in the pasture, and the Bob-o-links, that rang their sweet bells in the morning, are soldiers and sextons "off duty;" they will not leave us until October, but they are already breaking up housekeeping, and will lead idle, gipsy lives for the remainder of the season.

The Butternuts are among the first trees that render tribute to Autumn; they have begun to pay down through the still air, many a bright double-eagle of a leaf, and the paths are strewn with the yellow coin. Here and there a flowering shrub has grown weary of holding up its bright chalice of beauty, and whole families of violets have shut their blue eyes for the year. But the little ponds are spangled over with lilies; their leafy islands make an Archipelago of beauty, each with its fair white temple of a flower. But what timid things they are, always keeping just out of reach from the shore; and in attempts to secure them, lives, before now, have been lost to gain lilies. The Katy-dids have come, too, and wrangle the night out with the same old story.

Let the grain crop be as vulgar a fraction as you will, nobody can say he ever beheld a ranker luxuriance of vegetation; vines and grasses, weeds and corn have fairly *leaped* into life; they grow over the old paths; they tangle all the fields; you must work your way through them, like a fly thro' a green veil. But you do not feel quite so merry, though, as you did in "leafy June," when you were as frisky, if not as innocent as a lamb. The truth is, you have not drank so much oxygen of late. The leaves—many of them—are beginning to close up the season's business; they liberate more carbonic acid, and yield less of Nature's true "be joyful."

The thoughtful sadness that Autumn induces, is not altogether the spiritual effect men like to fancy it; it is rather because their rations of *drink* are diminished, than that they are listening to Nature's preaching. So, a man needs a great stock of cheerfulness for Autumn use; laid away like the marrow in his bones, for a time of need. Show us a woman who is as merry in "the melancholy days," when the hoarse winds have caught cold, and the withered leaves rustle about sprinkled with frost, and the bare grape vine, that shingled the arbor with green, looks like an anaconda trying to swallow a summer house—who is as merry then, as when there is a "sweet south" and a "bank of violets" to make love to, and we will show you a woman that will gracefully bend to misfortune like a flower to the wind, and when the blast has gone by, will stand as erect and as lovely as before.

Nature indeed has a great many pleasant things to say; many "a sentiment" does she propose as she bids us "fill up," but how often is it that we drain the cup without hearing the toast. Let a man who thinks he loves Nature and listens to its teachings, first take an inventory of his stomach. Give us a look at his cash-book, tell us which way the wind is blowing, and we can better determine the genuineness of his affection. If the fine gold of his grain field has grown dim, and he had lead for breakfast, and a stiff north-easter carried away his chimney tops, and yet with a quick ear and a loving faith, he repairs to that same Nature for consolation and *repairs*, you may be sure he regards it with a sentiment "passing the love of woman."—*B. F. Taylor.*

STORY OF A WORKING POET

Mr. J. G. Watts, an English writer, who has just published a volume of poems marked by refinement and feeling, gives the following account of himself:—Ten years ago I could scarcely write a half dozen lines correctly, and six years since I wore a canvass smock, and worked hard, physically hard, as a porter in Billingsgate market. True, I have not made a fortune, nor have I a tithe of the knowledge which many a man has, without one-fourth the aids possessed by the present generation; nevertheless, I have succeeded in shaking the porter's knot from my shoulders (not necessarily a badge of degradation, but terribly irksome when surmounted by a couple of hundred weight,) and I hope that I have learned to pen my native tongue, if not elegantly, with something like respectability. Instead of toiling from four o'clock in the morning until as late as four or five in the afternoon, I commence my fish-selling—for I have now a standing of my own in the market—about five o'clock A. M., and finish business at ten. Thus I am in the possession of a comfortable living, with an amount of time at my disposal, which, at one period of my life, I little dreamed of. Need I say I am more contented? My leisure moments are employed alternately in reading, stringing verses, writing stories, cultivating my garden—Occasionally—twice a week, perhaps—I have a gathering of two or three literary working men, as well as others of a higher social position, at my house, when we talk of poetry, politics, and sometimes theology, the night often waxing late ere we adjourn.

The great see the world at one end by flattery, the little at the other end by neglect; the meanness which both discover is the same; but how different, alas, are the mediums through which it is seen.

Words indeed are but the signs and *counters* of knowledge, and their currency should be strictly regulated by the *capital* which they represent.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ANGEL LISTENERS.

When the night her plumes are spreading
Slowly o'er her sable nest,
And the weary and the careworn
Sink in quietude to rest,
'Tis delightful, then, to fancy
When the evening prayer is said,
That the Angels gladly listen
Hovering near us, overhead

Every feeble faint petition,
Finds a welcome 'mid the throng,
And they bear it gently upward,
Praising as they float along,
That the power to them is given
Thus to minister to man,
Sweetly singing richest praises
For the world's redeeming plan.

Though the shadows round us gather,
Still the angels bask in light;
Ay! we hear them chant of Heaven,
Where is neither shade nor night.
If the heart be faint and weary,
Angel voices murmur low
Of a land all free from sorrow—
Of a rest we soon may know.

List! they whisper words of promise
As they linger near at even,
Waiting to be joyous bearers
Of repentant thoughts to Heaven;
And it soothes the heart to fancy,
That, 'mid shades of life's dark night,
They will bear the spirit heavenward
To the realms of endless light.

Brockport Collegiate Institute, 1858. L. H. W.

PRAYER.

"Hungry persons," says Rev. H. W. Beecher, "who come to my door for bread, do not descant on the beauty of waving wheat-fields, the value of grist-mills and bakeries; nor do they preach homilies on the general goodness of God and the excellence of Christian beneficence. 'Bread, if you please, *do give us bread?*' O, when shall we have less of *formalism* and more of the *spirit* of prayer; less of *preaching* and more of *pleading* in prayer; more *scriptural prayer*, and, as the result, showers of spiritual blessings."

If a person has a real burden upon his heart to lay before God, his prayer will almost of course be short. Any subject exciting strong feelings fills the attention to the exclusion of all irrelevant matter. This is frequently seen in our intercourse in the world. Who has not seen a person so full of a subject that he will speak of nothing else? If the conversation be changed, he will bring it back; if silence happens, he will break it with the same subject. A person in such a state never plays with the subject which occupies him. He uses no preface, expletives or circumlocution to get at a point, but goes directly to it.

O, my reader, let your prayers be the real expression of the desire of your heart—nothing less and nothing more! Be *real* at the *throne* of grace, for remember "*God is not mocked.*" And pray in faith and the Holy Ghost, and you shall the very petition you desire of God.—*Morning Star.*

FAITH.

God has marked implicitness and simplicity of faith with peculiar approbation. He has done this through the Scriptures, and he is doing it daily in the Christian life. An unsuspecting, unquestioning, unhesitating spirit, he delights to honor. He does not delight in a credulous, weak, and unstable mind. He gives us full evidence, when he calls and leads; but he expects to find in us a disposed heart. Though he gives us not the evidence of sense, yet he gives us such evidences as will be heard by an open ear, and followed by a disposed heart. "Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet believe!" We are witnesses what an open ear and a disposed heart will do in men of the world. If wealth is their pursuit; if a place present itself before them; if their persons and families, and affairs are the object; a whisper, a hint, a probability, a mere chance, is a sufficient ground of action. It is this very state of mind with regard to religion, which God delights in and honors. He seems to put forth hands, and to say,—"Put thy hand into mine; follow all my leading; keep thyself attentively to every turn."—*Cecil.*

Providence.—No inferior hand hath sketched even so much as the most minute parts of Providence. It was all, from its Alpha to its Omega, from its divine preface to its solemn finis, marked out, designed, sketched, and planned by the mind of the all wise, all knowing God. Hence not even Christ's death was exempt from it. He that wings an angel and guides a sparrow, he that protects the hairs of our head from falling prematurely to the ground, was not likely, when he took notice of such little things, to omit in his solemn decrees the greatest wonder of earth's miracles, the death of Christ. No; the blood stained page of that book, the page which makes both past and future glorious with golden words—that blood-stained page, I say, was as much written of Jehovah, as any other.—*Spurgeon.*

Holiness.—No gifts, no duties, no natural endowments will evidence a right in heaven; but the least measure of holiness will secure heaven to the soul. As holiness is the soul's best evidence, so it is a continued spring of comfort to it on the way thither. The purest and sweetest pleasures in this world are the result of holiness. Till we come to live holily, we never live comfortably. Heaven is epitomized in holiness; and, to say no more, it is the peculiar mark by which God has visibly distinguished his own from other men—Psalms 4: 3—"The Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself." As if he had said, This is the man, and that the woman, to whom I intend to be good forever! this is a man for me. Oh, holiness, how surpassingly glorious art thou!—*Flavel.*

We say of the blind man from whom the visible world is shut out, that he is poorer by half the world than the man who sees. O, ye spiritually blind, ye indeed are poorer than we by a whole world!—*Tholuck.*

The Traveler.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

Sketches from the Alps to the Adriatic.

NUMBER FOUR.

A Handwerksbursch—Large Wagons—Productions of the Valley of the Inn—Raising Indian Corn in the Tyrol—Entrance to the Ziller Valley—Fugen—Costume—A Musical Landlord.

Leaving Hall, I held my way down the valley of the Inn. It rained a little, and the clouds enveloped the mountains so low that if I had not seen a rocky peak now and then through an opening, looking as if isolated from the earth, I could have imagined myself in a fertile and only moderately undulating country. I shortly fell in with a *Handwerksbursch*, or traveling mechanic. He was a native of Prussia, a joiner by trade, and a good specimen of that class of wandering journeymen in Germany who manage to perfect their trades and see the world at the same time. He had worked eight months in Vienna, and from there had traveled to Trieste and Venice, then through the Tyrol to Innspruck. He was going to Munich, where he intended to work at his trade during the winter. He carried a short staff in his hand, and a few clothes and tools in a bundle on his shoulders. One meets many such workmen in Germany, and they scarcely ever hesitate to ask for a few kreutzers to help them on their journey, and nobody refuses to give. They are a free, hardy-looking class, and one frequently meets with those who have wandered through most of the countries of Europe.

I parted from my workman, and went into a church by the river, which is one of three in the Tyrol containing remarkable frescos painted in the middle centuries, by a native of the country. After resuming the road again I met several enormous wagons, used to transport goods across the Alps. They were drawn by eight horses each, and some of them must have carried fifteen or twenty tons. The tires of the wheels were six inches broad. Near the town of Schwaz, where I stopped for dinner, are some silver mines, which formerly yielded profitably, but are now entirely unproductive. There are iron and copper mines in the vicinity which are worked to some extent. Three hours of further journeying brought me to the end of my wanderings in the *Innthal*, and I turned into the side valley of the Ziller.

Before quitting the valley of the Inn, which is one of the largest in the Tyrol, I will say a word about its productions. They are similar to those of the Northern and Middle States, and so, indeed, are the productions of all the North Tyrol. Indian corn is the chief crop, and I saw much rye and grass, and some wheat. There is no wine raised, but the wine there is both good and cheap, and is brought from the South Tyrol and Italy. The fruit is of the hardy sorts, mostly apples and cherries. One of the most singular peculiarities is the raising of Indian corn, which is very successful and profitable in all the Tyrol, until within a few hours' journey of Salsburg, when it ceases. There are many countries in Europe where corn cannot be successfully grown, yet they have a milder climate than the Tyrol. While conversing with some men in Hall, one of them gave a reason, which, whether it be true or not, is at least singular, and perhaps worthy of attention. "The reason why we can raise corn," said he, "is because the *sirocco* or warm wind that blows from Africa over to Italy, reaches us. When it comes it sometimes melts several inches of snow in one night, and it always gives us the headache, too. It does not reach further than the valley of the Inn, and beyond that they can raise no corn." Whatever the reason may be, it is certain that the climate of the Tyrol is favorable to the production of Indian corn, and it is the most valuable bread crop which is raised there. I suspect, however, that the chief reason of its success is, that the summer in the valley of the Tyrol, though short, is very hot. Bread made of rye and corn intermixed, and potatoes and milk constitute the main part of the food of the inhabitants. Among the common people wheat is but little used, and never without being mixed with other grain, unless as an article of luxury. Milk and cheese are abundant, though the mountains do not afford as extensive pasturage as those of Switzerland.

The entrance to the valley of the Ziller is one of the most attractive spots I saw in the Tyrol. On the left side are two round peaks that are striking features in the scene. On the right is a perpendicular precipice, with clumps of green bushes clinging to its crags, and a chapel standing in a cleft on the top. The road leading up the valley passes on this side, close to the precipice. I walked along for five minutes, and then sat down to view the scene more leisurely. Just behind me, standing on a spot of the greenest grass, and embowered among densely foliaged fruit trees, was a cottage—a real Tyrolese peasant house—low, with widely projecting eaves, and balconies under them. The lower part of the house was of stone, and was nearly concealed by corded piles of wood, benches, &c.; the upper part was wood, unpainted, and of course brown from exposure to the weather. Back of the house rose a steep hill-side, covered by a dark, dense forest of fir trees, among which sounded a continual tinkling of cattle-bells. The view from the house was a rich combination of the sublime, the picturesque, and the beautiful. The rocky mountains on the opposite side of the Inn, their sides chasm-hewn by torrents, and broken into precipices, lifting their snowy peaks among the clouds, were sublime. The village in the valley, with its low, quaint cottages among fruit trees, and the taper spire of its white church rising above, together with the towers and battlements of a castle, situated on a height in the distance, were picturesque—and the green, level meadows, and greener fir forests at the base of the mountains—the pastures, intermingled with patches of timber extending part way up the slopes, where flocks and herds were feeding—were beautiful. Nor did the scene want life and sound. The peasants were working in the fields, and presently the bell of the church rung, and the sounds floated away over the meadows and forests up to the mountains, going higher and higher, and sounding fainter and fainter, until they seemed to enter the clouds.

It was Saturday night when I reached the village of Fugen. Dark clouds had gathered over the heavens, and a drizzling rain began to descend, but my comfortable room at the "*Post*"—with the windows just under its widely projecting roof—made me unmindful of the storm which I heard beating overhead.

SUNDAY, May 31.

It rains hard to-day. The clouds are floating round the mountains, sometimes enveloping them completely, and then parting and showing their dark masses. My window looks into the street, and over part of this quaint mountain village. There is a yard on one side of the street, with a fountain playing in it, but to-day all the sky is pouring down jets of water. It is some kind of fast day, and the people hurried to church when the bell rang. The women wear broad-brimmed black hats, with taper crowns, and colored kerchiefs round the neck, and crossed over the bosom. Some of the costumes of the men look just as I have seen them represented in pictures. They have the same style of hats as the women, linen shirts with broad turn-over collars, and colored neckcloths that are sometimes fastened together with a gold ring; roundabout jackets, and long vests of velvet with rows of large silver buttons; tight breeches that reach only to the knees, where they are adorned by brass buttons and knots of ribbons; and long stockings and heavy shoes. Each man invariably wears a belt, sometimes ten inches broad in front, and tastefully embroidered.

The landlord of the "Post" went over the United States in 1851-'2, giving concerts in company with some other Tyrolese. He said they were very successful, and mentioned giving a concert in Corinthian Hall, Rochester. After the services of the church were over, many of the villagers came to the inn, to drink beer and wine and play cards. I find that the same customs regarding the Sabbath prevail in the Tyrol as elsewhere in Germany, and the people regard it as a day of amusement. There is but little drunkenness or quarreling, however. Everything goes on in a jolly spirit, but orderly, for the better classes as well as peasants resort to public places for amusement. If it is in a city, they will be in a garden, and a brass band will make music.

G. F. W.

PEKIN, AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer was at Pekin, the Capital of China, a short time ago, and what he saw of it, and how it impressed him, he thus describes:

"On arriving at the Capital of the Chinese Empire we find a city containing about two millions of inhabitants. Such is the estimate, but doubtless the calculation is made in the usual spirit of Eastern exaggeration. Be that as it may, the walls are fourteen miles in circumference, twenty-eight feet high, twenty-four feet thick at the base, and twelve feet at the top. There are spacious towers all around, at seventy feet distance from each other, and at the gates are look-out barracks for the soldiers, nine stories in height. The metropolis is divided into two parts, one inhabited by Tartars, and the other by the Chinese. In such there is a street four miles long, and one hundred and twenty feet wide, and the Emperor's palaces and gardens occupy two-thirds of the Tartar's city; and all this besides suburbs, which are nearly as populous as the city proper.

"Pekin is located sixty miles south of the famous Chinese wall, and therefore much exposed to northern and hostile neighbors; yet its fortifications are strong, and, until the vast machinery of modern artillery, was perfectly secure in its palatial halls, the walls, bastions and towers being impregnable in ancient times. Although the country about Pekin is sandy and unfertile, yet provisions abound, being brought by canals from all the great rivers; and also with its commerce, the merchants being paid in money, as the capital is the chief recipient of the revenues of all China. It has ever been regarded as a very exclusive place, the presence of no foreigners being permitted within its walls, but now the outside barbarians are in a fair way of overleaping the sacred boundaries; and it is probable that this act, together with the opening of Japan, may prove an important step towards the inauguration of of Christianity among the millions who are now benighted in Pagan idolatry and superstition."

MOSCOW.

No other city in the world presents so cosmopolitan an aspect. The gilded domes of Lucknow—the pagodas of China—Byzantine churches—Grecian temples—palaces in the style of Versailles—heavy, inexpressive German buildings—wooden country cottages—glaring American signs—boulevards, gardens, silent lanes, roaring streets, open markets, Turkish bazaars, French cafes, German beer-cellars and Chinese tea-houses—all of which are found here, not grouped exclusively into separate cantons, but mixed and jumbled together, until Europe and Asia, the past and the present, the old world and the new, are so blended and confounded, that it is impossible to say which predominates. Another city so bizarre and so picturesque as Moscow does not exist. To call it Russian would be too narrow a distinction; it suggests the world. Its position, near the imaginary line where one continent is merged into the other, accounts for this. The waters of the Moskva seek an Asiatic sea, yet its nearest ports are those of Central Europe. Its fibres of commerce branch eastward across the Tartar steppes to Mongolia and China; southward to Samarcand and Bokhara, to Cashmere and Persia; northward to Archangel and the Polar Ocean; and on the west, to all the rest of Europe. The race who founded it came from the southeast, and brought with them the minaret and the swelling Oriental dome, the love of gilding and glaring colors; its religion came from Constantinople, with the Byzantine pillar and the Greek cross; and the founder of Russian power learned his trade in the west. On every one of its thousand spires and domes glitters the crescent, surmounted by the triumphant cross. At its southern end the Tartar muezzin calls to prayer from the roof of his mosque, while at the northern, the whistle of the locomotive announces the departure of the train for St. Petersburg.—*Bayard Taylor.*

NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA.

In Rockbridge county, Virginia, is to be found one of the greatest curiosities in the United States. Spanning a small and unimportant creek (the Cedar) is this world's wonder—the Natural Bridge. This bridge consists of a stupendous arch of limestone rock, over a chasm 50 feet wide at its base, and 90 feet at the top. The height of the bridge above the stream, to the top, is 215 feet; its average width is 80 feet; its extreme length at top, 93 feet, and its thickness, from the under to the upper side, 55 feet. A clayey earth covers it to the depth of from four to six feet, and it possesses a natural parapet of rock at the sides, rendered firm by rocks and trees. The view from above, for those who dare to take it, is awfully grand, but the best prospect is obtained from beneath, where the astonished spectator has full scope to grasp, at a single glance, this magnificent work of nature. If a survey from the top is painful and intolerable, that from below is pleasing in an equal degree.—The beauty, elevation and lightness of the arch, springing, as it were, up to heaven, present a striking instance of the graceful in combination with the sublime. A lady, writing to the Newark (N. J.) *Courier*, gives the following graphic description of a visit to this place:

"Our first point of observation was the rock on whose edge hung the celebrated cedar stump. This rock is more properly a gigantic pillar, standing out from the main wall, and nearly cleft from it by deep fissures on either side. It would seem that nature herself had erected it here, as an observatory, from which to contemplate her mighty work. The ravine, on whose very brink we were standing, is enough to check the pulsations of the strongest heart, and the mighty mass of rock thrown across it, so grand, so perfect, so exactly like art, fills the soul with emotion which defies expression or analysis. There is no consciousness of any particular feeling; I doubt even whether one is sensible of his own existence — he knows nothing, he sees nothing, but that mighty arch, and those solid walls hewn out of the living rock. It is frightful to look down—the people in the channel below are but pigmies—yet he does not think of being giddy; the spell of majesty is on him, and he is safe.

Of course we ladies were not permitted to go to the brink alone; yet, having a very good opinion of my own steadiness, and impelled by a sort of reckless daring, which, by the way, has got me into a good many scrapes, and as often procured for me the consoling and unequivocal compliment, 'They who know nothing, fear nothing,' I afterward ventured out upon the very verge, and after gazing as long as I wished, and gathering some flowers which grew quite over the edge of the rock, returned to the company, in time to receive my share of the arbor vitæ, which every visitor feels himself in duty bound to obtain from the trees that grow on and about the bridge.

After half an hour we started out to obtain another view of the bridge; this time, from beneath. A winding path leads down the side of the hill, and reaches the bed of the channel some distance below the bridge. For a moment the trees partially hide the arch, but as soon as these are passed, stream, walls and arch burst in full view upon the bewildered sight. No words can express the awe, the solemnity, painful even in its oppression, which that first upward look inspires! Imagination is crushed beneath the weight of reality, and the mind staggers as it endeavors to grapple with the overwhelming grandeur. I recall, as vividly as if it were but yesterday, the painful oppression which I experienced during that first protracted gaze. It was as if the weight of that whole mass of rock was resting upon my shoulders; involuntarily I bent beneath the burden, and it was not until I stood fairly under the arch, that I could breathe freely, or stand erect.

I have heard of people who were so overcome that they could give vent to their feeling only in tears, of old men who had wept in silent awe; and I can appreciate their feelings. Unused as I am to impulsive expressions of feeling, the tears yet sprang all unbidden to my eyes, and I could have wept like a child; not wishing, however, to incur the imputation of romantic affection, or to get up a 'scene,' I restrained the up-gushing tide, and allowed my feelings to find relief in their usual vent—silence. Gradually the feeling of oppression gave way to admiration, and I might add devotion, and then I could not gaze long enough. Never before had I so realized the immediate presence of the Creator; never before had I so felt what is implied in 'unapproachable majesty;' never had I seemed to stand so near the portals of the Invisible. All over those mighty walls was inscribed, in characters of living light, the name of the Great Architect, and I felt that I was in the presence-chamber of the King of kings. How man can stretch forth his puny arm beneath the over-arching rock, and boastingly declare that there is no God, He alone, who knows the heart's dark secrets, and its deep deceit, can tell!"

THE ASHES OF COLUMBUS.

A cathedral in Havana claims the honor of sheltering the remains of the great navigator. A recent traveler thus describes the place:

"A mural tablet in the choir, on which is a bust of the illustrious Genoese in alto-relief, informs the public that all that is mortal of him reposes there; that whilst he has left the country he discovered to be the home of prosperous millions, he has made a voyage to a still more distant land, from which no traveler returns. One of the officials, who had an eye to business during the services, presented me with a printed card, telling the story of the hegira of these illustrious bones. Though Columbus died at Valladolid, in Spain, his remains were not permitted to rest there. They were first transported to a Carthusian monastery at Seville; next they were removed across the seas to St. Domingo, and finally they were disinterred and brought to Havana. Here in the Antilles, with which the discovery which has rendered his name immortal, has so intimate a connection, it is fitting that his dust should repose. The land which his heroism revealed to an astonished and admiring world, may well afford him room enough wherein to sleep his long sleep."

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 1, 5, 6, 10 is a part of the human body.
My 7, 9, 6, 10 is used in building.
My 4, 5, 6, 10, 9, 11, 2 is a command.
My 7, 9, 10 is to be gloomy.
My 11, 9, 7, 8, 2 is sometimes used for experience.
My 3, 5, 8, 9, 6 is a kind of cane which grows in India.
My whole is a city in Europe.

Rochester, N. Y., 1858. M.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A PUZZLE.

Set down any number of figures, and then add them; subtract the amount from the number first written, then add together the remainder, omitting one of the figures, and tell any one the amount, and, *if they know how*, will tell you the figure omitted. E. W. D.

Beaver Dam, Wis., 1858.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 463.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Mrs. Jane Churndasher.

Answer to Problem:—A circle. 33.83 + rods.

Answer to Historical Enigma:—All the world's a stage, and all the men and women actors—acting for eternity.

The Young Ruralist.

WOULD NOT BE A FARMER.

Messrs. Editors:—You seem to take it for granted, because I say I have a repugnance for farming, that I am lazy. At least I think you insinuated to that effect in your note. Not so; you would have to travel more than the famous Bayard ever did to find the man who would call me lazy. I do not *like* to work, that is true, but I come up to the rack and do my part of the labor without *shirking* at all. There are some things I like to do; propelling a rocking-chair is my favorite amusement. Some persons *pretend* they like to work, and I pretend to assert that that is absolutely false. Those whom I have heard say so happen to be independent, and are not compelled to work; but let them take my place during the haying campaign, and if they do not change their tactics then my name is not Harris. They also assert that farming brightens the intellect. I would as soon spend a furlough among the aborigines of the Western wilds to brighten my intellect.

It seems to be customary among the *Young Ruralists* to write to you for information in regard to hens, geese, &c. I wish to ask for information in regard to a hereditary disease in my constitution. I think editors term it *constitutional weariness*. If you or any of your numerous list of correspondents have an infallible remedy for that common disease they will oblige me, as well as the rising generation in general, by imparting the knowledge. Harry Harris.

Hume, N. Y., 1858.

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Yes, look on the bright side always. Never let your thoughts rest for a moment on the dark spots, for if you allow yourself to brood on the ills and trials of life, your existence will be a bitter one. There is not a cloud, however dark and gloomy it appear, but has its silver lining; and no afflictions come upon us which might not have been worse, when viewed with impartiality. But all do not see the same side to the picture. While some, in affliction, are always looking on the silver lining of the cloud, others see only the dark and gloomy prospect revealed to their distorted imagination, and sink into utter despair, unable to grapple with the difficulties that attend this life; not only making themselves miserable, but all with whom they have intercourse; and the man who thus looks on the dark side is full of complainings against Providence, or, as he will call it, "his bad fortune," or "ill luck," and thus adds sin to the charge. Then, ever look on the bright side, tho' you may see dark storms rising, and your way may be dark, and the path before you be hidden in obscurity, and dark clouds hang over you, yet look on the bright side, for rest assured not a cloud ever rose on the horizon of man's vision, but had its silver lining. J. M. T.

Assyria, Mich., 1858.

GENIUS OF ENERGY.

There is no genius in life, like the genius of energy and industry. You will learn that all the traditions so current among very young men—that certain great characters have wrought their greatness by an inspiration, as it were—grows out of a sad mistake.

And you will further find, when you come to measure yourself with men, that there are no rivals so formidable as those earnest, determined minds, which reckon the value of every hour, and which achieve eminence by persistent application.

Literary ambition may inflame you at certain periods; and a thought of some great name will flash like a spark into the mind of your purposes; you dream until midnight over books; you set up shadows, and chase them down—other shadows, and they fly. Dreaming will never catch them.—Nothing makes the "scent lie well" in the hunt after distinction, but labor.

And it is a glorious thing, when once you are weary of the dissipation, and the ennui of your own aimless thoughts, to take up some glowing page of an earnest thinker, and read, deep and long, until you feel the metal of his thought tinkling on your brain, and striking out from your flinty lethargy, flashes of ideas, that give the mind light and heat. And away you go, in the chase of what the soul within is creating on the instant, and you wonder at the fecundity of what seemed so crude. The glow of toil wakes you to the consciousness of your real capacities; you feel sure that they have taken a new step toward final development. In such mood it is, that one feels grateful to the musty tomes, which at other hours stand like curiosity-making mummies, with no warmth and no vitality. Now they grow into the affections like new-found friends; and gain a hold upon the heart, and light a fire in the brain, that the years and the mould cannot cover nor quench.—*Ik Marvel.*

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

When Newton was asked how he came by those discoveries which looked like the institutions of a higher intelligence, rather than the result of a mere research, he said he could not otherwise account for them, unless it were that he could pay longer attention to the subject than most men cared to do. In this way he became the most renowned of British sages. The discovery of gravitation, the grand secret of the universe, was not whispered in his ear by any oracle. It did not drop into his idle lap, a windfall from clouds.—But he reached it by self-denying toil, by midnight study, and by bending all the powers of his mind in the one direction, and keeping them thus bent.

Whatever be the subject of your pursuit, if you have any natural aptitude for it, there is no limit to your proficiency, except the limits of your own painstaking. There is no wishing cap which will fetch our knowledge from the east or the west.—It is not likely to visit you in a morning dream, nor will it not drop through your study roof into your elbow chair. No lucky hit will make you an orator, an artist, or a scholar, on the spot. To attain any excellence, you must make up your mind it is worth attaining, and then march steadily towards it, not counting that day's work hard, or that night's watching long, which advances you one step.—*Selected.*

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The Regulator for Railway Horse Powers—Lea Pusey.
Every Farmer should own One—Henry C Lake.
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$1,000 Wanted ... for Medals ... Per—Wash' Medallist Pat Co.
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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

EXCELSIOR

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 25, 1858.

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Review of the Week.

REPOSE seems to be the feature at Washington at the present time—were it not for the little affair with Paraguay, now on hand, we would not hear a word from the "city of magnificent distances." The latest by telegraph, informs us that Judge BOWLIN, the Paraguay Commissioner, had a long interview with the President and Secretaries CASS and TOUCEY. His instructions are said to be deemed ample: 1st. apology for the indignity offered to our flag; 2d. full indemnity to the South American Navigation Company; and third, a ratification of the treaty formerly negotiated by Messrs. PENDLETON and SCHENCK. Upon refusal to comply with either, the Commodore will enforce them.—To assist the Commodore in so doing, we learn the following concerning some of the aids and assistants in such a course: The steamers Fulton and Water Witch, forming part of the expedition to Paraguay, are now ready for sea. Guns of heavy calibre have been selected. The armament of the Fulton is one 11-inch shell gun on a pivot, and four 9-inch in broadside, and that of the Water Witch one 9-inch shell gun on a pivot. The Fulton will carry two boat howitzers, and the Water Witch three, one of which is a heavy 24-pounder, mounted on a pivot on the forecastle.

THE treaty made with the Chinese, by our Minister, Mr. REED, Washington papers say, "is liberal in spirit—similar to that entered into with France and England."

THE island of St. Domingo is in a particularly unsettled condition at the present time. SANTA ANNA is "bobbing around" with the same results as when a resident of Mexico. Dates of the 5th inst., giving some additional particulars of the revolution there, have been received. SANTA ANNA marched into Santiago on the 1st of September and took possession of the fort, which had been abandoned by the troops of VALVOIDE, who, together with the Collector of the port and several others, had fled to Monte Christo, where they would embark for Turk's Island. There was no responsible government; the principal stores had closed; paper money was worthless, and none knew how to sell or buy, or what the next political move would be.

THE returns from the Maine elections strongly favor the Republicans. Gov. MORRILL is chosen by about 9,000 majority. Congressional Districts—although in some instances disputed—are all claimed by the Republicans. To the House, the Kennebec *Journal* reports 92 Republicans to 31 Democrats elected—twenty-eight to come in. This Legislature is to elect a U. S. Senator for six years ensuing. It is generally understood that the Hon. WM. PITT FESSENDEN will be re-elected.

A REASON for the silence of the Atlantic Telegraph has at length been furnished. The Company appears to have been taken by surprise in the successful laying of the long wire, and to have omitted provision for a stronger strand required at either terminus, to save the line from the dangers of shallow water. This heavy cable was only shipped from London, under the charge of Mr. CLIFFORD, on the first of this month. His instructions were to make the substitution at the Valentia end forthwith, and then proceed to Trinity Bay—a task requiring at least three or four weeks in the fulfillment. The London morning papers of Sept. 1st announce accordingly, that at the end of three weeks the line would be ready for public use, and that the London celebration would be reserved for that occasion.

THE yellow fever is still continuing its dreadful work in New Orleans. A correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* states that it is growing worse, and contrary to all known laws controlling its action, it is selecting its victims from among the "native and to the manor born." Creoles who have never absented themselves from the city during their lives, are not exempt, and with them to have the fever is to die. Doctors differ as to the mode of treating the disease, and when that is the case the patient has but a slim chance indeed.—The steamboat men have, so far, been exempt from this terrible scourge, although more exposed than any other class of men, I have yet to learn of a death from yellow fever from among their number this season, but among the shipping and shipmasters, it has been terribly fatal, quite decimating their number. Taking the number of people in the city now, and the year '53, the mortality for this year is fully 25 per cent. greater than it was in that dread season, from the effects of which the city is not yet fully recovered.

FATAL ACCIDENT AT THE OHIO STATE FAIR.—The Ottawa *Gazette*, in an account of the Ohio State Fair, gives the following account of a fearful incident attended with fatal results, which occurred on the second day of the Exhibition:—"Everything passed off very pleasantly and satisfactorily on Wednesday till about 2 o'clock P. M., when there was quite a stampede created among the thousands surrounding the ring witnessing the trotting stock. A beautiful black horse became frightened, threw its driver from the sulky, dashed several times around the ring at full speed, and finally made a wild leap from the ring into the masses of human beings surrounding it, with a portion of the sulky attached, and was brought up by rushing under a shed close by, where he trampled under foot men women and children. One old gentleman by the name of Berry, from Castalia, was so badly injured, that he expired in about two hours. Also, one child about three years old was so injured, as to produce death the same evening. Several others, men and women, were more or less hurt, but not fatally."

CAN RAILROADS OBSTRUCT THE HIGHWAYS?—This question has just been decided in the negative by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. In the case of Patrick Kelley *vs.* the Pennsylvania Railway Company it was decided that the Railway Company was liable for damages arising from the obstruction of a public highway at a "crossing" by their locomotives, cars, etc. In this instance the plaintiff had sent his son, a boy nine years of age, to town for tobacco. On reaching the turnpike he attempted to *creep under the defendants' cars, which had just arrived, and were standing across it*—The train started, and his leg was caught in the wheel, and so badly injured as to render amputation necessary. The jury found, by their verdict, that the defendants were obstructing the crossing, and gave for plaintiff $3,000 damages.

PERRY'S VICTORY.—The anniversary of the Battle of Lake Erie was celebrated at Put-in-Bay on the 10th inst. Eight steamers and one schooner conveyed the participants—numbering about 6,000—from the various lake ports to the scene of this naval victory. Rev. Mr. Duffield, of Philadelphia, Dr. Parsons, of Providence, surgeon of Perry's flag ship, Capt. Champlain of the Scorpion, Mayors Starkweather, of Cleveland, Cook, of Sandusky, Mason, of Toledo, and Wilkins, of Detroit; Gov. Chase was President of the day, and Mr. Giddings and Senator Wade were present. A monumental association was formed of which Lewis Cass is President.

EGG FLOUR.—A new trade has sprung up at Norwich, Conn., the production of "egg flour," for use at sea, &c., &c. The patentee is a Mr. Thugar, of that city, and the egg flour consists of the substance of the fresh egg uncooked, and contains its nutritious properties. The demand for this new food has increased, and it is stated that the Emigration Commissioners have ordered it to be adopted in the dietary of every emigrant ship. It has also been ordered for the use of the army. Last year 800,000 eggs were imported from France and Ireland, and converted into the new food.

THE SANTA CLARA QUICKSILVER MINES IN CALIFORNIA.—Hon. Henry May, of Baltimore arrived at San Francisco about the last of July, en route from these mines, as the special agent of the owners. These mines are principally owned by Baltimoreans, and, it is stated, have yielded from the time they were first worked up to the 1st of August, 182,000 pounds of quicksilver, which was mostly sold at 65 cents per pound, proucing $118,000, all of which has been expended upon the mining operations.

THE OVERLAND MAIL.—The first Overland California Mail via. Jefferson city and Springfield, Mo. Fort Smith, Arkansas and Preston, Texas, took its departure from St. Louis Post-Office on the 16th inst. It goes by the Pacific Railroad to Tipton, Mo., thence by coaches and spring wagons to San Francisco. Fare from St. Louis to San Francisco, $200.

THE NEW CENT.—A pattern of the new cent which is to be issued next year, has been exhibited to the American Numismatic Society of New York, by an officer of the U. S. Mint. It is of nickel, the same size as the cent of 1857 and '58, but differs from that coin in the substitution of an Indian head for the abortive eagle which disgraces the present currency.

Latest Intelligence from Utah.

ST. LOUIS papers of the 16th have advices from Leavenworth to the 13th inst., by the U. S. Express Co., to Boonville. The Salt Lake mail arrived at St. Josephs on the 10th inst., having made the trip in twenty days. The Mormons continued to arrive in the city from the South, and are entering upon their usual avocations. Brigham Young still keeps himself concealed, and lives in constant danger and fear of the vengeance of his own people, who have become greatly incensed at the unveiling of his numerous frauds. This confirms the former reports.

One company of troops had left Fort Bridger for Oregon, and others would leave soon. The Indians were all quiet.

Full reports confirms the news of the South Platte Gold Mines. Several traders and mountaineers were met, who said they had been at the Mines, and held in their possession many specimens of gold found there. They say many miners, without tools, and no other appliances than tin pans, were getting from $3 to $5 daily. Many traders and others were met en-route to the Gold regions.

Col. Beise's battallion of Utah volunteers, under Lieut. Hill, arrived at the Fort on the 16th, where they will be paid off and mustered out of service. Col. Cook, Lieuts. Buford and Pegram, of the 2d Dragoons, Capts. Gore and Donovan, of the 10th Infantry, arrived this evening from Utah. The 6th Infantry would leave Fort Bridger about the 24th August. Col. Canby, with two companies of 2d Dragoons, two of the 10th Infantry and one of the 7th Infantry, were daily expected at Fort Bridger, to relieve the 6th Regiment. The Company of Engineers had left for Fort Leavenworth. Capts. Dessasserer and Stuart's Companies of Cavalry, would leave in a few days.

CONVENTION OF DEAF MUTES.—A most novel gathering assembled at Worcester, Mass., on the 8th inst., and one which proved to be of a very interesting character. It was a Convention of the Deaf Mutes of New England, known as the New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf Mutes.—There was a large number present, the Deaf Mutes numbering between one and two hundred delegates, besides a large number of citizens of Worcester, who attended from curiosity. An oration was delivered in the sign language, by J. P. Marsh, of Roxbury. His subject was the life and labors of Thomas Gallaudet, founder of the Deaf Mute Asylum at Hartford. This address was very fluently delivered, and appeared to be well understood by the audience. Laurent Clerc, of Hartford, one of Gallaudet's associates, and the oldest teacher of deaf mutes in the country, and several others, made addresses.

FROM NEW MEXICO.—A despatch from Independence 12th, says the New Mexican mails, dated 23d ult., had arrived. Capt. McLean, who left Santa Fe on the 20th, reports that there was no doubt that a battle had been fought between the command of Major Brooks and the Navajo Indians. The Indians have hitherto declared that they would not fight, and in case of refusal to give up the murderer of Maj. Brook's negro, he intended burning and destroying their wheat and corn fields, which, if done, would doubtless cause a collision between them and the troops. The Indians have offered Maj. Brooks several thousand sheep, and 1,000 ponies, to indemnify him for the loss of his negro. The Santa Fe Gazette, in a long article attempts to justify the Indians and their conduct.

Col. Sumner's command was last at Walnut Creek, moving slowly. There were no emigrants seen on the Plains. The grass was still good.

A DEVISE FOR THE BENEFIT OF A MAN'S SOUL VOID FOR UNCERTAINTY.—The testator left a portion of his estate to be equally divided between his two sons. In case either of his sons died without issue, one-half of his portion was to revert to his brother, and the other half to the Roman Catholic Church for the benefit of the testator's soul. One of the sons died without leaving any children, and the other claims the whole portion of his deceased brother. Arch-bishop Hughes and the trustees of St. Peter's Church, New York, claim the devise either for St. Peter's Church, as the church which the testator attended during his life time, or for the benefit of all the Roman Catholic churches of this diocese. Judge Ingraham held that the devise was void for uncertainty, and that the living son and heir-at-law was entitled to the whole of the disputed property.

IMPORTANT MOVEMENT FOR THE COLORED PEOPLE—EXPEDITION TO THE RIVER NIGER.—The Chatham (C. W.,) Planet learns that the Association for the colored people of Canada and the United States, Mr. W. H. Day, President, co-operating with an organization in Wisconsin, have concluded to accept of the openings just now appearing for the probable benefit of Africa, and of the colored people generally, by commissioning an exploring party to the valley of the Niger. The colored people have now reached a point of advancement which enables them to send men of their own.—Of this Niger Valley Exploring party, Dr. Martin R. Delany, of Chatham, is the Commissioner, to be assisted by Robert Douglas, Esq., artist and professor, Robert Campbell, Esq., as naturalist. All of these are colored men, the latter two being at present residents of Philadelphia.

GOVERNOR KING'S PROCLAMATION.—The state of affairs at Quarantine—noticed in last RURAL—has received the attention of Gov. KING, and a Proclamation has been issued, declaring that "the *county of Richmond is in a state of insurrection* and in order to assist in subduing and to protect the property of the State and the lives of the sick, that a military force of sufficient strength shall be detailed and stationed at Quarantine, until the returning sense of the people of Richmond county, and to their duties and obligations as peaceful citizens shall render its presence unnecessary, or until the Legislature shall otherwise direct."

DEATH OF REV. ELEAZAR WILLIAMS.—Rev. Eleazar Williams, more generally known, perhaps, as claiming to be the Dauphin of France, died at Hogansburg, N. Y., at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 28th ult.

News Paragraphs.

J. H. CHOBERT, of New York, known as the "fire king," has received the St. Helena medal from Napoleon, for twenty-six years services under the first Napoleon.

THE notorious horse, Cruiser, which, next to the Zebra, was supposed to present the most insuperable difficulties to the horse-tamer Rarey, is announced to appear at the Alhambra, says a London paper, as a circus performer.

ATTORNEY GENERAL TREMAINE has gone to Richmond County, to initiate legal proceedings against the Quarantine rioters, and to commence a suit against the County for the loss the State has sustained in the destruction of the Quarantine buildings.

SNAPPING TURTLES have become an article of commerce in Fairfield county, Conn. Five hundred pounds of these "animals" are sent weekly to the New York market.

A MACHINE for breaking stone for macadamizing streets, was tried in Chicago last week. It was run by a ten horse engine, and broke three cords of stone into egg size and less, in sixty minutes.

A KNITTING machine has just been invented by a genius in Seneca county, and it is claimed that it will knit a perfect stocking in ten minutes.

IN Cincinnati, on Monday, a little girl three years of age swallowed a copper cent of the old coinage. The child suffered considerable pain, but all efforts to remove the cent by cathartics or emetics, proved unavailing. The following afternoon, however, the coin was skillfully taken from the stomach by a physician, by the use of an instrument inserted in the mouth.

A GOOD supply of strawberries, second crop, were offered in Patterson, N. J., market on Monday, and were selling readily from the wagons at seven cents per basket.

BUTTER is now beginning to arrive in large quantities in New York. About 2,000 packages came in one day last week, of which 1,600 came by the Erie railroad.

WORKMEN are engaged at Erie, Pa., in raising the remains of the flagship Lawrence, of Perry's fleet. A large portion of the hull has been taken up, and is in a good state of preservation. Some of the planks and heavy timbers bear the marks of cannon balls, and are considerably shattered.

GEN. WILLIAMS, who won so much distinction at the siege of Kars, landed from the Canada, at Halifax, last week, to visit his birth place in Nova Scotia.

MAJ. CHAS. J. HELM, of Kentucky, late Consul at St. Thomas, has been appointed Consul-General at Havana.

THE Presbyterian Board of Missions in New York has consented to take charge of, and educate in their missionary schools in Liberia, eight of the children of the company of re-captured Africans about to be conveyed in the frigate Niagara from Charleston to Liberia, there to be delivered to the agent of the American Colonization Society—Probably the Boards of the Methodist, Episcopal and Baptist Churches, all of which have schools and teachers in Liberia, may each adopt an equal or larger number of these young Africans, and prepare them to become instructors and benefactors to their countrymen.

Arrival of the Persia.

THE Persia arrived at New York on the morning of the 16th inst.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Capt. Preedy, of the Agamemnon, and Mr. Bright, Engineer of the Atlantic Telegraph, are to be Knighted.

The schooner C. Reeve Hall, cleared at Liverpool Sept. 1st for Cleveland and Toledo.

A mutiny had occurred on the American ship Conqueror, lying in the Mersey, and bound for Mobile. The colored men on board, 17 in number, armed themselves, refusing to work. They were placed in irons, and no bloodshed took place.

AUSTRIA—European politics are stagnant. The Emperor of Austria had decreed that the National Bank shall resume cash payments Nov. 1st.

It is stated that Austria, Persia and Saxony, were endeavoring to persuade Hanover to accept indemnification for the State dues, but that the latter displayed no inclination to do so. It was further stated that the British cabinet had announced to the Hanoverian Government its resolve not to pay such onerous dues any longer.

RUSSIA—The Emperor of Russia had emancipated the 200,000 serfs belonging to the Imperial domain.

A powder magazine containing 200,000 pounds had exploded at Astracan, on the Caspian. Half the town was destroyed and half of the inhabitants killed.

CHINA—Among other stipulations of the American Chinese Treaty, as published, are the following:—Direct correspondence between the American Minister and the Government of Pekin. The right of annual visit to Pekin, and permanent residence there if conceded to other powers. Suppression of Piracy. Opening new Ports, to include Swatore and Taiwan, in Formosa. The United States never to pay higher duties than the most favored nations. Double tonnage abolished. Absolute toleration for Christianity. The legation of the U. S. to be at Canton, but understood hereafter to be at Shanghai.

Great hostility continued to be exhibited at Canton towards foreign residents, and the acting British consul had issued a notice advising them to be prepared for a sudden departure.

The blockade of the river at Canton had been established so far as Chinese boats were concerned, and trade was suspended. All the native merchants had left and also the greatest portion of the foreigners.

The latest accounts states that a French man-of-war had shelled Shamun, part of the western suburbs of Canton, as a Frenchman had been killed there.

Commercial Intelligence.

BREADSTUFFS.—Richardson, Spence & Co. quote flour firm, good demand: Philadelphia and Baltimore 21s 22s6d. Ohio 22s6d@25s; New Orleans 22s6d@23s6d. Wheat firm, but quiet. Red Western [illegible], Red Southern 6s3d@6s6d; White Southern 7s [illegible]. Corn dull and nominal. Yellow 33s@33s6d; white 34s@34s6d.

PROVISIONS.—Liverpool provision market generally steady. Pork without alteration in rates, and steady. Lard quiet, but buyers have to pay extreme prices—say 61s@62s.

N. Y. STATE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.—The Democracy of New York met at Syracuse, on the 14th inst., and put in nomination the following ticket:—*Governor*—AMASA J. PARKER, of Albany. *Lieut. Governor*—John J. Taylor, of Tioga. *Canal Commissioner*—Sherburne B. Piper, of Niagara. *State Prison Inspector*—Edward L. Donnelly, of New York.

The News Condenser.

—The Atlantic Cable weighs a little over a ton to the mile.

—The telegraphic wires are being extended to Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

—There are 14 persons in prison at Boston, charged with murder.

—The paid in capital of the Atlantic Telegraph Company is $1,906,600.

—In the U. S. there are six thousand brokers and six thousand barbers.

—There were only 95 deaths in Providence during the month of August.

—A project has been started in Paris to connect Europe with Cuba by telegraph.

—There are 4,658,800 Jews in the world; 30,000 Samaritans, and 1,200 Ishmaelites.

—A prospectus has been issued in England for a telegraph to China and Australia.

—The value of Hamilton Co., Ohio, in which Cincinnati is located, is $120,890,791.

—A black bear, weighing 300 pounds, was killed near St. Genevieve, Ind., last week.

—Austria has resolved to increase its naval expenditures to the amount of 50 per cent.

—It is reported that the King of Prussia will probably abdicate the throne in October.

—J. R. Giddings has been superceded by John Hutchins, in the Ashtabula District, Ohio.

—The official count of Kansas votes is—to reject, 11,300; to accept, 1,778; majority, 7,522.

—The crop accounts from Russia are unsatisfactory, particularly in the vicinity of Odessa.

—In the attack upon the Columbia miners in Oregon, 100 Indians and 18 whites were killed.

—Overland mail for San Francisco leaves St. Louis regularly now; stage fare through, $200.

—Brigham Young now keeps concealed—fearing Mormon vengeance for his numerous frauds.

—The city wharves at New Orleans have been sold for four years and nine months, at $1,052,000.

—The editor of the Savannah Republican has been eating fresh figs, raised in the neighborhood.

—The Rev. Mr. Arnold, grandson of the traitor, Benedict Arnold, is an Episcopal minister in England.

—There are five married sisters in one family in Norfolk, Va., whose united ages amount to 434 years.

—A Mr. Posser, of Shelby, N. Y., has lain on his back, entirely helpless, from rheumatism, for 23 years.

—In London, a printer boy has fallen heir to some $8,000,000 by the death of an uncle in Calcutta.

—A telegraph is proposed from Key West to San Francisco via Havana, Yucatan and Tehuantepec.

—Hon. John M. Daniel, U. S. Minister at Turin, is about to come home to assume the duties of an editor.

—A heavy hail storm has occurred on the lower Ohio. Buildings were torn down and property destroyed.

—The mortality in the London hospitals has increased from 21 to 33 per cent. since the introduction of ether.

—The sister of Gov. Banks, of Mass., has been, for seven years, a teacher in the public schools of Waltham, Mass.

—There are two girls in Massachusetts, 9 and 11 years old, weighing 13 and 15 lbs.; their height, 29 and 31 inches.

—A steam Calliope is being manufactured in Worcester, and composed of thirty whistles, to be sent to Europe.

—The hotels of N. Y. city are so crowded that visitors are obliged to telegraph before hand for accommodations.

—The La Crosse and Milwaukee Railroad is open to the Mississippi. The first train went through last week Monday.

—The Russians, by the late treaty with China, obtain a vast tract of country south of the Amoor and its tributaries.

—The Seine near Paris is so low that it may be crossed on foot, a circumstance that has not occurred for 159 years.

—There are, at the present time, between 70 and 80 clergymen in the Church of England alone who are converted Jews.

Brigham Young offers to close his Indian office for the sum of $13,000, to be used in preventing Indian depredations.

—A young lady, eighteen years of age, died at Rondout, from fright, occasioned by a horse running away with her.

—Of the 48 Senators who took their seats in the 18th Congress, in 1823, only Martin Van Buren and John Branch survive.

—The last new deception is "cable punch," for sale at the saloons. No want of electricity in what is got at some places.

—The Excise Commissioners of New York have commenced several suits against parties for violations of the License Law.

—The tobacco crop of Virginia for this year is estimated at 85,000 hhds. The amount thus far inspected is 55,257 hhds.

—The Diario de Rio de Janeiro advocates a political alliance of Brazil and the U. S., and a line of steamers between them.

—The gold discoveries on the Platte river, according to a statement in the St. Louis Republican, are promising good results.

—Alexander Penault has been sentenced to imprisonment for two years for stealing two pence in Montreal from the poor box.

—The best time ever made across the Atlantic was a dispatch from London to Newfoundland and back in two hours and a half.

—Lord Palmerston is about to retire from public life, and will take up his residence at Cliffony, in Ireland, near his Sligo estate.

—Mr. Canard has offered to place vessels on the line which will bring British Columbia within 35 days' steaming from Liverpool.

—The Madrid journals ridicule the idea that has just been renewed in the U. S. of the cession of Cuba by Spain to that country.

—The regular Fall book trade sales in New York commenced on Tuesday week. The sales were large and the prices ran high.

—Within a week, ten thousand children have been turned away from the N. Y. city schools, because there was no room for them.

—A New Bedford trader is shipping peaches thence to New York, realizing a good profit. It is a new feature in the trade of that city.

—A cat in Rockville was locked up in a room without food for thirty days, and came out alive, but shrunken in weight from 10 to 7 lbs.

—In a State where liquor cannot be sold except by the barrel, a fellow retailed from a gun barrel, and claimed he was not breaking the law.

—The American Colonization Society will receive from Government $50,000 for taking care of the captured Africans in Liberia for one year.

—A Brussels paper says Dr. Andre Schleirmacher, one of the greatest scientific notabilities of Germany, died suddenly at Darmstadt, July 11th.

—The price of the passage of the three horses purchased in this country for Louis Napoleon, by the Vanderbilt steamer Ariel, to Havre, was $500.

Domestic Economy.

COLD STARCH.

ALLOW me to recommend a simple and easy way of "doing up shirt bosoms," which I have practiced for years, with good success. Instead of boiling the starch, I merely wet it up in cold water, allowing one teaspoonful starch to a little more than a half pint of water—the proportion is easily decided by experience. When I am ready to iron, I wet the linen in this starch, wring it out and dry it off with a clean, thin cloth between it and the iron—then iron immediately in the usual way. The cooler the iron, the glossier the linen, providing it is hot enough to cook the starch, and not paste and soil the bosom.

The principal advantages of this method are a saving, not only of time and trouble, but of starch, as all that happens to be left may be saved by simply pouring off the water and drying the starch, which may be used again. Some people complain that linen, ironed in this manner, will be of a papery stiffness and liable to break easily, but this is owing to too stiff starch, and can be easily obviated by diluting with more water. When this is necessary, it can be ascertained by dipping the linen in, and, if on wringing the starch looks floury on the cloth, it is too thick.

Perhaps I have been too minute, but each direction is the record of experience; and the tyro in the dreaded art of "fine ironing" may not deem particulars unimportant. LIBBIE.

St. Johnsville, N. Y., 1858.

PORTUGAL CAKE.—One pound sugar; ½ pound of flour; ½ pound of butter; 8 eggs, and a very little saleratus—flavor with lemon. This quantity will make two bars.—MARTHA, *Cortlandville, N. Y.*, 1858.

KISSES.—One cup of butter; 2 white sugar; 3 eggs; 4 cups flour; 1 teaspoon cream of tartar; 1 soda—drop in buttered tins—sprinkle sugar on them before baking.—MARTHA, *Cortlandville, N. Y*, 1858.

RHEUMATISM.—Can you, or some of the numerous readers of the RURAL, inform me whether there is any remedy for Chronic Rheumatism. If so, insert, and much oblige the afflicted.—J. M., *August* 16, 1858.

Special Notices.

LET EVERY FARMER AND DAIRYMAN SEE SCHOOLEY'S PATENT PRESERVATORY AT THE STATE FAIR, SYRACUSE.

ASTHMA.—Any medicine which will alleviate the paroxysms of this dreadful disease will be hailed with joy by thousands of sufferers. The certificates which accompany *Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy* are from the most reliable sources, and attest to its wonderful power, even in the most severe cases. See advertisement.

ONTARIO COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The Fair of this Society will be held at Canandaigua, on the 29th and 30th of September, and 1st of October. Liberal Premiums will be distributed in Cash, Silver Cups and Diplomas. Competition open to all. Premium Lists can be obtained by addressing the Treasurer,

J. S. COOLEY, Canandaigua.

CROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

☞ These Machines are now justly admitted to be the best in use for Family Sewing, making a new, strong, and elastic stitch, which will not rip, even if every fourth stitch be cut—Circulars sent on application by letter

H. C. GILES, Agent,
448-13t 45 State street, Rochester, N. Y.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Sept 21, 1858.

Our market exhibits little animation and the changes are but few FLOUR remains at last quotations.

GRAIN—Wheat is coming in pretty freely, and one or two cargoes of Canadian have brought prices a little above quoted rates—the average is, however, fairly represented by our figures. Corn shows a range of 2c per bush., but there is no decline in price of prime. Barley is still advancing, 68 cents being the ruling rates.

SEEDS—Clover ranges from $4 to $5, Timothy without change.

HAY is coming up a little, $1 per ton being the advance of the week.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		Eggs, dozen	10@10c
Flour, winter wheat	$5.50@6.25	Honey box	10@12c
Do spring do	$4.50@5.00	Candles, box	12½@13c
Do Buckwheat ₰ cwt	$1.25	**FRUITS AND ROOTS**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1.20@1.25	Apples, bushel	50@75
Best white Canada	$1.15@1.25	Do dried	$1.00@1.00
Corn	68@70c	Potatoes	25@31½c
Rye, 60 lbs ₰ bush	65c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Oats	40@45c	Slaughter	6½@6c
Barley	60@65c	Calf	10c
Buckwheat	31@34c	Sheep pelts	38@62½c
Beans	1.75@2.00	Lamb do	25@50c
MEATS		**SEEDS**	
Pork, Mess	$17.00@18.00	Clover, bush	$4.00@5.00
Do cwt	$5.00@5.50	Timothy	$2.25@2.50
Beef ₰ cwt	$4.00@5.00	**SUNDRIES.**	
Spring Lambs each	$1.50@2.00	Wood, hard	$4.00@5.00
Mutton (carcass)	4@5c	Do soft	$3.00@3.00
Hams, smoked	9c	Coal, Lackawanna	$5.75@6.25
Shoulders	6@6c	Do Scranton	$5.00@5.50
Chickens	8@10c	Do Blossburg	$5.00@5.50
Turkeys	11@12c	Do Shamokin	$5.00@5.50
Geese	8@9@44c	Do Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1.37@1.40
Butter, roll	00@16c	Hay, ton	$7.00@10.00
Do firkin	00@14c	Wool ₰ lb	25@30c
Cheese	8½@9c	White fish, bbl	$7.00@7.50
Lard	10½@11c	Codfish ₰ quintal	$4.50@4.75
Tallow	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	$7.00@7.50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—FLOUR—Market is firmer with a better demand for eastern and local trade and some little export inquiry. Sales at $5.60@5.80 for unsorted ₰ bbl Genesee State, $5.90@6.35 for extra State, $5.00@5.15 for superfine Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa, $5.20@5.65 for common to good medium and extra do $5.75@6.50 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—the market closing quiet and firm. Canadian firmer, sales at $5.60@6.50 for com to good extra, $5.25 for super.

GRAIN—Wheat 1@2c better, with a moderate demand. Sales at 88c for unsound Chicago spring, 105c for prime Milwaukee club 140@144c white Kentucky; 135c good white Canada, 117@125c for red Southern, 130@134c white. Rye firmer sales at 75c. Barley steady at 75@81. Corn is in better request, sales at 74@74c for unsound to sound mixed Western 86@90c for white and 94@96c for yellow Southern. Oats are steady at 45@47c for State 49@52c for Western.

PROVISIONS—The Pork market is heavy. Sales at $17.25@—for mess, $18.00@18.25 for prime, $—@15.75 for trade mess, —@— for prime mess, $—@— for clear. Lard is steady; sales at 11 11½c. Butter is selling at 12@17c for Ohio, 15@20c for State. Cheese at 8@9c, as to quality.

ALBANY, Sept. 20.—Flour and Meal—A fair business is being transacted. Prices to-day at our quotations of last week. Holders are a little firmer and buyers meet their views more readily. Corn Meal secure at 3 1s 6d@3 2s ₰ 100 lbs.

GRAIN. We have to [illegible] to-day at 1.10 and the latter at 1.06. Both were [illegible] Corn [illegible] Oats [illegible] Barley [illegible] Rye [illegible] Peas [illegible] Canal [illegible] The [illegible] improvement is necessary for Corn when [illegible] limited, sales State at 66c, receipts, sales and Prices [illegible] weight. A small lot of Barley, Wayne county, sold at 70c per bushel.

FEED—Sales several tons of Shorts at 85c @ 100 lbs.

BUFFALO, Sept. 20.—Flour—Market steady, with a moderate demand. Sales at $ @5.25 for good to choice brands super Indiana, Ohio and Michigan, and $5.37½@5.62½ for good to choice extra do

GRAIN—In good demand and market better; sales red Ohio, in four lots, at $1.10@1.10½, and fair white Canadian at $1.21. Corn—There is a fair inquiry this morning, but parties are apart. We are unable to learn of any sales. The market is steady. Oats in fair request and market a shade better; sales noted at 47c

SEED—ARRIVALS OF TIMOTHY are large, to which a fair business is doing at $1.75@2. FLAX generally held at $ —. Clover scarce—no sales.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows

BEEF CATTLE—First quality $4.00@4.75. Ordinary, $7.00@7.50 Common, $— @— Inferior $— @—

COWS AND CALVES—First quality $50@60. Ordinary, $40@45. Common, $30@35. Inferior $20@25

VEAL CALVES—First quality 5½ lb., 6@6c. Ordinary 5@5½c Common [illegible] Inferior 5@—c

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality per head, $4.00@5.00. Ordinary, $2.00@3.72. Common, $3.00@3.50. Inferior, $2.00@2.75

SWINE—Best corn fed, 5½@5¾c. Other qualities, 4½@4¾c.

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 15.—At market 1223 Cattle, about 800 Beeves and 423 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $6.50@7.00, First quality, $6.00@6.25; Second, $5.25@5.75, Third, $5.00; Ordinary, $4.00.

WORKING OXEN—$75, 100@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 30, 40@50.

STORES—Yearlings, $9@12, Two Years Old, $18@22; Three Years Old, $24@30

SHEEP AND LAMBS—3350 at market. Prices—Extra and Selections, $2.25@3.00, in lots, $1.12, 1.75

SWINE—000 at market.

HIDES—7½@8½c. Tallow, 7@7½c. ₰ lb.

PELTS—62@75c each. Calf Skins, 12@13c. ₰ lb.

BRIGHTON, Sept. 16.—At market—1600 Beef Cattle, 400 Stores, 3000 Sheep and Lambs, 290 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $6.00@7.25; First quality, $7.00, Second, $6.50; Third, $5.00@5.25

WORKING OXEN—$90, 100@160.

MILCH COWS—Sales at $50@40, Common, $31@33.

VEAL CALVES—Sales at $4, 4.75@5.00.

STORES—Yearlings, $9@12, Two Years Old, $18@22; Three Years Old, $24@28

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $2.25@3.00, by lot, $1.25@1.50.

SWINE—Fat hogs, 5@6 Spring Pigs, 5¾c; Retail, 6@7c

HIDES—7½@8¾c; Tallow, 7@7¾c. ₰ lb.

PELTS—$0.62@0.75, Calf Skins, 12@13c. ₰ lb

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—Native Fleece, adapted for Cassimere use, is in steady fair demand without any alteration in prices, sales of 30,000 lbs. common to full-blood Merino and Saxony at 37½@43c; 50,000 lbs. do ¾ and full-blood do at 40@43c, 42,000 lbs. do at 40@44c, 18,000 lbs. do at 44c; 2,000 lbs Unwashed (Silesia) at 37½c, 19,000 lbs fine California at 24c, all 6 mos, adding interest Pulled is in meagre supply, and firmly held, sales of 20,000 lbs at 26@40c. for No. 1 City and extra Country. Foreign is held increased firmness, though holders find it difficult to establish any advance and the sales consequently have been confined to 70 bales washed Cordova, on terms we did not learn. The supply consists chiefly of low grades, adapted for carpet purposes. Fine qualities are scarce, and held above the views of buyers.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

BOSTON, Sept. 15.—The market is quite firm for domestic Wool, with a fair demand, the sales of fleece and pulled comprising 150,000 lbs at prices in the range of quoted rates. In foreign sales of 450 bales Mediterranean and 00 bales Cape at full prices.

Saxony and Merino fleece	42@50	Western mixed	28@30
Full blood	40@42	Smyrna washed	17@24
Half and ¼ blood	34@40	Do unwashed	9@17
Com to ¼ blood	30@33	Syrian	10@20
Pulled extra	37@42	Cape	19@48
Do superfine	33@37	Crimea	9@17
Do No 1	28@33	Buenos Ayres	8@37
Do No 2	15@20	Peruvian washed	25@28

New Advertisements.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, and headed—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, IN ADVANCE. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

☞ Those of our readers purchasing articles advertised in the RURAL, or who write to advertisers, will please state that they saw the advertisement in the RURAL NEW-YORKER.

PROFESSIONAL LAND-DRAINING ENGINEER.—I am prepared to act in the above capacity on short notice. Charges moderate. [453-3t] T. C. PETERS, Darien, N. Y.

LAWTON BLACKBERRIES.—Linnæus Pie Plant, and Fifty varieties of Strawberries. For Sale by

A. M. WILLIAMS,
455 Fayetteville, Onondaga Co, N. Y.

150,000 PLUM STOCKS, (Horse Plum.) Also, Apple, Pear, Cherry, Quince and Rose Stocks, Pear and Apple Seeds. Pits of the Cherry, Plum and Peach, and a general Nursery Stock, at the Seneca Lake Highland Nurseries Havana, N Y., of which a priced Catalogue will be sent on application by mail

455 E. C. FROST

Spanish Merino Sheep.

THE SUBSCRIBER has on hand and for sale pure bred Spanish Merino Sheep, both Bucks and Ewes, and at reasonable prices.

RUED BURRITT

Bardett, Schuyler Co., N. Y., Sept 16, 1858. 455-3t

SOMETHING TO DO

THE subscribers will employ Agents of either sex in every town and city, in a business which pays from $20 to $28 per week—Send stamp for return postage, for full particulars.

455-6t S. M. MYRICK & CO., Lynn, Mass.

Superior Dwarf Pear Trees,

GROWN ON THE BEST STOCKS, in the best manner, and of well-tested varieties, at prices that cannot fail to meet with favor. Also a desirable stock of Fruit and Ornamental Trees. Dwarf Pear Trees can be seen in bearing till the fruit shall be gathered.

455-3t T. G. YEOMANS, Walworth Nurseries, Wayne Co., New York.

EVERY FARMER SHOULD OWN A GOOD WOOD SAWING MACHINE, which will cut two cords per hour of Stove or Railroad Wood, Staves, or Shingle Bolts, requires but two hands to run it, and will last a lifetime. Manufactured by the subscriber, and will be properly shipped to any desired point, all complete, for $60

Write for a Circular and other information.

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September, 1858. 453-81am

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What? Why a Beautiful Head of Hair.

BECAUSE it is the ornament *God Himself provides* for all our race. Reader, although the rose may bloom over so brightly in the glowing cheek, the eye be over so sparkling, the teeth be those of pearl, the head be [illegible] If [illegible] with gray, [illegible] will lose more than half its charms. Prof Wood's Hair Restorative if used two or three times a week, will restore and permanently secure to all such an ornament. Read the following and judge. The writer of the first is the celebrated Dr [illegible]

DR. WOOD— New York, April 10 1858.

DEAR SIR—Permit me to express to you the obligations I am under for the entire restoration of the hair to its original color, which, at the time of my arrival in the United States it was rapidly becoming gray, but upon the

Choice Poetry.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE RUINS.

BY. S. HIBBARD.

I've seen in twilight's pensive hour,
The moss-clad dome, the mould'ring tower,
In awful ruin stand;
That dome where graceful voices rung,
That tower whose chiming music rung
Majestically grand.

I've seen, 'mid sculptured pride, the tomb
Where heroes slept in silent gloom
Unconscious of their fame;
Those who, with laurel'd honors crowned,
Among their foes spread terror round,
And gained—an empty name.

I've seen, in death's dark palace laid,
The ruins of a beauteous maid
Cadaverous and pale;
That maiden who, while life remained,
O'er rival charms in triumph reigned
The mistress of the vale.

I've seen, where dungeon's damps abide,
A youth admired in manhood's pride,
In fancied greatness rave;
He, who in *reason's* happier day,
Was virtuous, witty, noble, gay,
Learn'd, generous, and brave.

Nor dome, nor tower in twilight shade,
Nor hero fall'n, nor beauteous maid,
To ruin all consign'd,
Can with such *pathos* touch my breast,
As (on the maniac's form impressed,)
The Ruins of the Mind!

Syracuse, N. Y., 1858.

The Sketch-Book.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

LIFE-HISTORY OF A SCOLDING WOMAN.

BY ELLEN C. LAKE.

Chapter I.

It was a small house—not more than large enough for "the twain," you would have thought,—but there were some four or five flaxen heads bobbing about in the currant and sweet-brier bushes that grew thickly by the front yard fence; heads in which perpetual motion seemed to be well on its way towards perfect development, judging from the chattering of busy tongues.

There was a low door, with a wooden-barred, pantry window on one side of it, at the east end of the house, and in the sunshine of the June morning a tall, black-eyed, bustling woman went busily back and forth before it, stopping now and then to see, as she said, "what mischief the young ones were into;" administering a slight cuff here and a push there to keep them in order, and calling often to HESTER, telling her that she "must take care of that baby—if she *didn't*———" and the rest would be lost inside the door.

But at last there was a cry that must have aroused the "seven sleepers," had they been in that vicinity—a cry that could come in such voluminous force from no lungs but those of a young, stout specimen of babyhood—and, in a moment, HESTER came, carrying the boy, holding him, as one could see, with all the strength of her slight arms, and, with a look of trouble on her face that would have been more becoming some half-score of years in the future, sat down with him in the door; trying, in the time, with all the baby-pleasing art she was master of, to quiet him. But no, baby kicked and screamed, and grew purple in the face by holding his breath; he was warm and tired, and hadn't any idea of laughing at the pink sun-bonnet which had put him in an ecstacy of delight an hour before.

"I never!" said HESTER'S mother, with a very unamiable frown over her black eyes, "why can't you keep him still? I don't believe you try."

"I *do* try," answered HESTER, quickly, with a little quiver at the corners of her mouth, adding, in an under-tone, as a pouting look took its place, "you never think I do, though."

"I never think you do!" repeated her mother, sharply, "what a dreadful ugly mother you have got, haven't you? Here, give him to me, and go where you please, there's no use in trying to have you help me, or in wanting to make a good girl of you, either."

The child went out, walking slowly, with her fingers pulling at her bonnet-strings, giving the lattice-gate a sharp slam as she closed it, and looking steadily before her *at* nothing and *for* nothing, yet with a light in her eyes half-wistful and half angry. She was not handsome, not even pretty. Her face was thin and her complexion dark, her hair parted and bound back tightly over her forehead, and her eyes, dark and deep though they were, you would say that they held scarcely more beauty than bane. She walked on, down the road that passed her home, into a foot-path that led through the forest, then, with a burst of passion, threw herself heedlessly on the ground.

"I am wicked," she said, with the sobs breaking through her words; "wicked and naughty, and I never shall be good, for I grow worse every day. I know it, and GOD knows it, but I can't help it, He *don't*. I wish I was dead. I don't care if it *is* wicked to say so. Mother don't like me, she never did, she never will. It makes me mad to hear her fret at me, and I believe she tries to make me ugly. Oh, if I had never been born."

Chapter II.

"Father, please don't, they won't hurt anything."

"Don't what? do you suppose I'm going to have such fiumadiddles stuck up over the looking-glass?—want I should cut my throat, don't you? I can't see to shave with the concerns there, and you needn't think I'm going to encourage you to spend your time in such foolery."

"But I gathered them Sunday."

"So much the worse. You'd a sight better be reading your Bible than picking pine boughs to stick over the looking-glass. You spend time enough fussing with them plaguy posies in the front-yard, to earn your clothes. I shouldn't be sorry at all if the hogs got in and eat them up some night."

It was HESTER of the olden time—HESTER who had dashed her hot forehead on the moss in the forest six years before, and you would have known her, much as she had changed, had you seen the fiery crimson flash over her cheek, and the more fiery rush of anger to her deep eyes. She was eighteen, and prettier than she used to be, though not happier. "A picture for an artist," you would have said, had you seen her then, at first with her hand laid pleadingly on her father's arm, then with a step that had in it as much majesty as scorn, and more anger than either, walking out of the room, down a path to the only corner where there were no currants and sweet briers.

There was a small but prettily arranged bed of common flowers here, and with the compression of her lips giving way a little, but no softening of the eyes, she bent over them, holding the blossoms to her cheek an instant, then gathering them in her hands, they lay, in another moment, where her father had wished them, on the noses of a couple of grunting porkers.

"Why, HESTER MARSDEN, you've spoilt your posy-bed. What makes you look so?" said a boy who had bounded out after her as she left the house.

"Go off and mind your business," said she, curtly, "don't you come near me, or I'll cut your ears off."

She went in with as stately a step as she had gone out, and began setting the table, putting the plates down with a slam, and a disregard of all order that she had never been guilty of before.

Chapter III.

"HESTER, JOHN GREEN has bought the farm that joins mine, and I think it would be a good plan for him to settle down in a home of his own. Don't you?"

"I've nothing to do with JOHN GREEN'S affairs."

"But maybe you will have sometime. He'd like to get you for a wife maybe."

"JOHN GREEN may get somebody that wants him, *I* don't."

"But do you expect to take care of yourself always? The children are growing up, and I——"

"You want to get rid of me, do you?"

"Why, I thought——"

"Yes, I know what you thought," was HESTER'S muttered rejoinder, and she went out at the front door as though her anger was on the point of an explosion.

She walked down to the gate, and stood leaning over it, her face wearing a look that told, plainer than words could have done, what a strife there was within. There was a cluster of yellow buttercups at her feet, and, pulling off a handful, she held them up in the sun. "To think," she said, looking at them, "that I should love flowers, when I am going to marry JOHN GREEN; for marry him I will," giving the flowers a toss into the middle of the road, "though I die the next minute. I've stayed here, where I'm not wanted, just as long as I shall; I'll have a home of my own if I do have to take an ogre with it; then we'll see whether I can have things as I want them or not."

Well, JOHN GREEN, the "ogre," an awkward, green-looking chap, carried his stoga boots over farmer MARSDEN'S threshold the next Sunday evening, and HESTER, in answer to his stammered speech about "wanting a housekeeper," told him shortly and to the point,—"If you want *me* to keep house for you, bring Parson WAITE over here two weeks from to-night."

No one ever knew whether there was, in her heart, any struggle between the ideal of her maidenhood and the reality that was to be; for, what ever of pain or passion might have been within, she was, outwardly, a very cold, quiet bride, and, in her new home, went resolutely to the labor that awaited her.

"Yes, he's well off as to land," say the good people of Mercer village, when you notice the broad acres and white farm-house of JOHN GREEN, "but deliver us from the tongue of his wife, she's enough to wear the life out of an oak tree." It is true enough, all this, that they tell of Mrs. HESTER GREEN'S scolding propensities, but do you see how she has grown to this?—how the love and longings were crushed out of her heart?—how passion came in when pain made way?

Scolding women are one of the bug-bears of the age, and rightly enough too, for all experience goes to show that life "in the corner of the house-top" is better than with the possessor of a sharp tongue, but "hopeful pity, not disdain" may be as righteously felt and shown in such cases of dereliction from womanly duty as any other, so remember HESTER MARSDEN, and have *charity*, at least, for the snap-short dialect of frowning matrons, for perhaps if you saw all, or knew that things seen gave no sign of the unseen, you would feel truly that the "depth of the abyss" to which womanhood falls may be but the measure of the height of childhood's pain.

Charlotte Centre, Chaut. Co., N. Y., 1858.

THE REWARD OF COURTESY.

A FEW years ago, on a radiant spring afternoon, two men, who from their conversation appeared to be foreigners, stopped before the gate of one of our large workshops in Philadelphia, for the manufacture of locomotive engines. Entering a small office, the elder of the two men inquired of the superintendent in attendance, if he would permit them to inspect the works.

"You can pass in and look about, if you please;" said the superintendent, vexed apparently at being interrupted in the perusal of his newspapers. He then scanned the two strangers more closely.—They were respectably but plainly clad, and evidently made no pretensions to official dignity of any kind.

"Is there any one who can show us over the establishment and explain matters to us?" asked Mr. Wolfe, the elder of the stranger.

"You must pick your own way, gentlemen," replied the superintendent, "we are all too busy to attend to every party that comes along. I'll thank you not to interrupt the workmen by asking questions."

It was not so much the matter, as the manner of his reply, that was offensive to Mr. Wolfe and his companion. It was spoken with a certain official assumption of superiority, mingled with contempt for the visitors, indicating a haughty and selfish temper on the part of the speaker.

"I think we will not trouble you," said Mr. Wolfe, bowing; and taking his companion's arm they passed out.

"If there is anything I dislike, it is incivility," said Mr. Wolfe, when they were in the street. "I do not blame the man for not wishing to show us over his establishment; he is no doubt annoyed and interrupted by many heedless visitors; but he might have dismissed us with courtesy. He might have sent us away better content with a gracious refusal, than with an ungracious consent."

"Perhaps we shall have better luck here," said the other stranger; and they stopped before another workshop of a similar kind. They were received by a brisk little man, the head clerk, apparently, who in reply to their request to be shown over the establishment, answered, "Oh, yes! come with me, gentlemen. This way." So saying, he hurried them along the area strewed with iron bars, broken and rusty wheels of iron, fragments of old cylinders, into the principal workshop.

Here, without stopping to explain any one thing, he led the strangers along with the evident intention of getting rid of them as soon as possible. When they paused where the workmen were riveting the external castings of a boiler, the clerk looked at his watch, tapped his right foot against an iron tube, and showed other signs of impatience. Whereupon Mr. Wolfe remarked,—"We will not detain you longer, sir," and with his friend took leave.

"This man is an improvement on the other," said Mr. Wolfe, "but all the civility he has is on the surface; it does not come from the heart. We must look further."

The strangers walked on for nearly half a mile in silence, when one of them pointed to a picture of a locomotive engine with a train of cars underneath. It overtopped a small building, not more than ten feet in height, communicating with a yard and a workshop. "Look," said the observer, "here is a machinist whose name is not on our list. Probably it was thought too small a concern for our purposes," said his companion. "Nevertheless, let us try it," said Mr. Wolfe.

They entered, and found at the desk a middle-aged man, whose somewhat grimmy aspect and apron round his waist, showed that he divided his labors between the workshop and the counting-room.

"We want to look over your works, if you have no objection."

"It will give me great pleasure to show you all that is to be seen," said the mechanic, with a pleased alacrity, ringing a bell, and telling the boy who entered to take charge of the office.

He then led the way, and explained to the strangers the whole process of constructing a locomotive engine. He showed them how the various parts of the machinery were manufactured, and patiently answered all their questions. He told them of an improved mode of tubing boilers, by which the power of generating steam was increased, and showing with what care he provided for security from bursting.

Two hours passed rapidly away. The strangers were delighted with the intelligence displayed by the mechanic, and with his frank, attentive and unsuspicious manners. "Here is a man who loves his profession so well, that he takes pleasure in explaining its mysteries to all who can understand them," thought Mr. Wolfe.

"I am afraid we have given you a deal of trouble," said the other stranger.

"Indeed, gentlemen, I have enjoyed your visit," said the mechanic, "and shall be glad to see you again."

"Perhaps we may," said Mr. Wolfe; and the strangers departed.

Five months afterwards, as the mechanic, whose means where quite limited, sat in his office, meditating how hard it was to get business by the side of such large establishments as were his competitors, the two strangers entered. He gave them a hearty welcome, handed chairs, and sat down.

"We come," said Mr. Wolfe, "with a proposition to you from the Emperor of Russia."

"From the Emperor? Impossible!"

"Here are our credentials."

"But, gentlemen," said the now agitated mechanic, "what does this mean? How have I earned such an honor?"

"Simply by your straightforward courtesy and frankness, combined with professional intelligence," said Mr. Wolfe. "Because we were strangers, you did not think necessary to treat us with distrust or coldness. You saw we were in earnest in acquainting ourselves with your works, and did not ask us, before extending to us your civilities, what letters of introduction we brought. You measured us by the spirit we showed, and not by the dignities we could have exhibited.

The mechanic visited St. Petersbugh, and upon afterwards moved his whole establishment there. He had imperial orders for as many locomotive engines as he could construct. He has lately returned to his own country, and is still receiving large returns from his Russian workshop. And all this prosperity grew out of his unselfish civility to two strangers, one of whom was the secret agent of the Czar of Russia.

"THE only liberty cap," says a clever and witty author, "is a night cap. In it men visit, one-third of their lives, the land of sleep—the only land where they are always free and equal."

"PEOPLE," says a modern philosopher, "go according to their brains; if these lie in their head they study; if in their belly, they eat and drink; if in their heels, they dance."

THE sheep in the meadow, and the axe in the forest, alike contribute their "chops" for the benefit of man.

THE man who never says nothing to nobody was married last week to the lady who never speaks ill of no one.

AN Irishman, making love to a lady of great fortune, told her "he could not sleep for dreaming of her."

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454-3t 29 State street.

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FARMERS and others who are thinking of setting out plantations of New Rochelle (or Lawton) Blackberries, come to the East Avenue Nurseries see our bearing Plants, and pick out Vines from our large stock for planting in October. Now is the time to get your land ready. Prices to the quantity lower than ever and according to the size you select. C. P. BISSELL & SALTER.
454-3t East Avenue Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

Stocks for Nurserymen.

WE OFFER to the trade, the coming fall, a large lot of first class Stocks, comprising
ANGERS QUINCE STOCKS, a prime article of our own growing
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Geneva, Ontario county, N. Y., Sept. 1858. 454-4t

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WE have for the Fall Trade, a large and fine stock of
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PEAR " Standard and Dwarf, 2 and 3 years.
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PLUM on PLUM, 1 and 2 years, the finest in the State.
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Apple Seedlings, 1 and 2 years.
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Dansville, Liv Co., N. Y., Sept. 13, 1858. 454-4t

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Orders promptly attended to.
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Geneva, Ontario county, N. Y., Sept 1, 1858. 454-4t

REMOVAL.

THE MONROE COUNTY SAVINGS INSTITUTION will remove on the **20th September instant** into their new *Banking Rooms in the block corner of Buffalo and Exchange streets*, where Depositors will please apply after that date.
J. B. PIERPONT, *Secretary*.
Rochester, Sept. 9, 1858.

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VOL. IX. NO. 40.] ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1858. [WHOLE NO. 456.

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Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.
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WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

THE RURAL NEW YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL in America.

☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

THE RURAL AND ITS RURAL READERS.

THE subjoined article from a long-time reader and able correspondent, is worthy the special attention and profound consideration of those to whom it is chiefly addressed—the Practical Readers of the RURAL. We have deferred its publication for many weeks, in order to give it at a time when its arguments would be most likely to induce proper reflection and action on the part of those engaged in Rural Pursuits—when the coming on apace of long evenings, and the season of comparative leisure for farmers, would enable the parties most interested to devote more thought to the subject discussed, in the confident belief that the suggestions of the writer would thus lead to practical, useful results. The article should be read and pondered by thousands of our readers—men of long experience in farming, possessing good sense and sound judgment, but who are too modest or indolent to give their just criticisms upon what may appear in the RURAL, or communicate through its pages the results of their observation and experience for the information and benefit of its numerous readers throughout the country.—This is the class of men whose aid we have desired and solicited from the commencement of the RURAL, and hence we are glad to give the remarks of one who evidently appreciates our wants and knows by whom they can best be supplied. We are fully aware that "the RURAL is not what it ought to be"—far from it—yet the fault is not alone attributable to the editor and his associates. We use the best material at our command—and if many communications given in these pages lack the sense, judgment and practical results which more experienced men could communicate, the reason is because the latter do not perform their duty to the RURAL and its Readers, as we always give preference to practical articles from this class.

As we have remarked on a former occasion, the primary object of this journal is to discuss and impart information upon Practical and useful subjects—Agriculture, Horticulture, and kindred topics—to gather, arrange, condense and publish all the facts, results of observation, experience, &c., which comprise reliable knowledge or important suggestions for those engaged in Rural Pursuits. This has ever been and will continue to be our first endeavor; and we invite the aid and co-operation of all practical, experienced and scientific cultivators in furtherance of an object so laudable, and of such vast consequence to the great mass of our large and constantly increasing parish of readers. We wish this class to manifest an interest in the RURAL and the welfare of its readers—to *give* as well as *receive* useful and reliable knowledge—to *write for* as well as *read* its pages, and thus "teach one another." As our correspondent suggests, the RURAL has become a "National Institution." It has tens of thousands of stockholders, all of whom, we trust, receive ample dividends annually—but these would be far greater and more satisfactory, were the large class now addressed to make proper investments, in the shape of contributions comprising the reliable results of their careful and accurate observation and experience in various branches of Culture and Husbandry.

TO THE READERS OF THE RURAL:—The present position of the RURAL NEW-YORKER affords material for the soberest consideration of thinking men. This paper, since its first appearance, has risen rapidly into popularity and prosperity. From a local, it has passed into a National Institution, and now stands at the head of the Agricultural Journalism of this Country. Its position demands that it not only be the promoter of our general and individual interests, as farmers; but that it stand the true type and representative of the character, progress and spirit of our Republic's Agricultural Science and Industry. In the infancy of this paper, its welfare depended solely upon the editor and proprietor. He gave to the young enterprise the aid of the best talent and skill he could command. He appealed justly to the wants of the farming community for support. At first it was looked upon as a pecuniary enterprise. By the attractions of a pleasing dress, and varied, genial and instructive contents, it has attained its present high position. It was worth the subscription money, and people were satisfied. But now, such an estimate of this paper's value, told in dollars and cents, would be regarded as short-sighted. Who does not attach to it a higher significance, a nobler mission? As the RURAL has been elevated in station, its responsibilities have increased. And has not the change in its condition changed our relations with regard to it?

Several practical questions suggest themselves, during the progress of such a train of thought. In the hope of arousing, here and there, some serious thought which may be the forerunner of action, the writer addresses the readers of the RURAL at this time. By way of preface, I will say, that, tho' the best of papers of the kind, the RURAL is not what it ought to be. Where lies the fault, and where the remedy, I leave the reader to discern for himself. An agricultural paper may be aptly likened to a bee-hive, and its editor to the queen bee.—The queen does not make all the honey, but all who, themselves or offspring, share in the gathered store, are expected to unite in the labor. Nor does the honey come from foreign fields, but from territory of greater or less circuit about the hive. So the RURAL hive is placed in a large, flowery field, and the Ruralist bees are to gather the sweet materials for their queen. Dropping the figure, the RURAL, in its wide circulation, comprises all varieties of soil and situation, and its readers are possessed of all kinds of talent, observation and experience. And here the RURAL must find its stock and its subscribers are duty bound to resolve themselves into a furnishing force. Now, a journal promotive of the interests of carpenters and architects has stores of scientific information at hand. There are books in abundance, treating of the science from its rudimentary principles to the most complicated and perfect achievements. Therein the carpenter of a barn and the architect of a cathedral may find complete directions. All that is required, is that the editor be a well-versed, scientific man. But the editor of an agricultural paper finds that his province is not that of theory. Mathematics cannot demonstrate his problems. No library furnishes systems of Agriculture, where he can draw forth directions for his rustic disciples. More truth of this kind resides in the brains of living, observing men, than was ever written. Farming depends upon experiment and observation.—The fields are its laboratories—there the discoveries are made, and if ever this noblest of sciences, which is universally admitted to be in its veriest infancy, shall grow to vigorous manhood, it must be fed by those who are intimately conversant with the soil, and all the forms and circumstances of vegetation. The earth is neither miserly nor prodigal of her secrets. Every thinking, working man has wrung many precious truths from her, but men have to dig for them, for even the ancients had found out that "truth resides in a well," or a mine.

We would have RURAL subscribers feel that they are a mutual aid society,—that they are life-members of an agricultural association, whose motto is, "Every man does his duty,"—and that the NEW-YORKER is their organ, containing their experiences and observations, and being over their text-book of agricultural study. Is it too much to expect of every reader, that he shall contribute at least one truth, or one record of a new experiment, yearly? Does any farmer do his duty, if he lives on from year to year, without one careful, earnest search for a new method of preserving or increasing his grains and fruits? Conclusions drawn from experiments are liable to be hasty, premature, sometimes quite ill-judged. There are so many accidents, so many varying circumstances, that a man might attribute an effect to a wrong agent. Another man, trying the same experiment, might think he had found the producing cause in another object or circumstance. If they were dogmatists, they might each assert forever, that they were right—and both be wrong; or they might compare, and thus look upon both theories, as at least not proven. A better way would be to record in writing such experiment, and then modestly and qualifiedly append your own deduction drawn from the premises and send the statement to your paper. Others who have engaged in a similar study will do likewise, and if the result is not the discovery of truth, it will at least narrow the limits which bound it, and make its attainment more easy and certain for another attempt. It will do more; it will stir up investigation among many who had never turned their attention in that direction. I have heard men criticise with great judgment, and utterly refute theories and principles promulgated in our public prints, who never had written a line for the public benefit—men who, perhaps, with a sense of their ignorance thought themselves incapable of teaching others; but should they not reflect that their fields and opportunities of observation, differ from all other men in some respects, and that consequently they ought to know some things unknown to others?

If men would feel themselves so obligated—especially the older class of men, by whose conversation and judgment we are often made to feel ourselves great debtors—if they felt that they had an ownership in the RURAL more valuable than any acre on their farm—if they would estimate its worth as an educator in their family circle, they would then be prepared to exert and enjoy a new and extended influence, and an impetus would ere long be given to Agriculture, which would give promise of soon turning farms into gardens, and agriculture into a synonym of all that is healthy, noble, and mind-expanding in human labor.

A READER.

INDIAN CORN—HARVESTING.

THE comparative success of the corn crop this year, notwithstanding the many fears of its failure, will do much toward establishing it in the public favor, as *the crop* of the country—(if any thing was needed for that purpose)—and we shall see our best farmers giving it a greater share of their attention, hereafter. We believe that corn, properly cultivated, is "the sheet anchor of American Husbandry," as turnips have been declared to be that of English farming; and if we employ this grain as our trans-Atlantic brethren do roots—feeding it out upon the farm—thus keeping more stock and making more manure—we shall find our farms constantly growing more productive, and better fitted for wheat and other grain crops.

In speaking of this crop and its culture, less than three months ago, we remarked, that the yield per acre is almost uniformly in proportion with the attention given to the preparation of the soil—that less depended upon uniformly favorable weather, blights, insects, and the like, than is the case with most other crops. If we have a rich soil, and time be given for maturing before heavy frosts, a good crop is as near a certainty as the farmer often finds himself in his agricultural operations. But it was our present purpose to speak more particularly of the corn harvest.

"Topping *vs.* Cutting up Corn," was argued *pro* and *con.* some years since in these columns—we believe the latter "took the case." Topping secures the better portion of the stalk before it is injured by frost; and, allowing free access of sun and air to the crop, may hasten its ripening. It requires less labor, as less fodder is secured, and—but we must leave the advocacy of the practice to other pens—we always *cut up* our corn. And allow us here to state a fact, observed last winter. A neighbor, raising as much corn in proportion to his stock as we did, topped his corn—he began to feed hay six or eight weeks before we did, and kept his cattle in no better order. His top stalks were all gone, and his buts and husks left in the field, eaten or *wasted*, much sooner than they would have been under the cutting up system.

When corn is fairly glazed, it is fit to cut up at the root, and thus all the fodder is secured—that portion "only fit for manure" included, but it is in its place—the barn-yard—and of some value there, which can hardly be said of stalks left in the field to plow under. If a severe frost comes before corn glazes, or if one is apprehended, the sooner it is cut up the better, but a slight frost often occurs, of little injury to the fodder, during the time of glazing. We would cut up frosted green corn, to save it from that total drying out of juices, which seems to take place if allowed to remain as it grew, and which immediate cutting up prevents in greater or less degree. If not hurried by fear of frost, we should allow corn to stand until the husks began to loosen, to facilitate their removal in securing the crops.

The implement used in cutting up corn, has been much improved and cheapened of late, and we now have them of fair character—light, efficient, and durable. Taking two rows at a time, about six hills are placed together for a bundle—tops to the left is most convenient. The binder follows with a small bundle of rye straw, from which he selects a band, and, stooping, ties the corn as it lies, if the cutter has taken the care he should to lay the stalks evenly in the bundle, otherwise they should be raised erect to bring them even and may be tied and left standing. Where one has small boys out of school, it is a convenience to the binder to have the bands carried, or dropped upon the bundles before him, and we own to thus spending some days every year of our boyhood. The bundles should be placed in stooks of from six to ten bundles—set up firmly and bound with two bands, double, and a single one near the top. Thus stooked, they will cure in good order, and may stand for weeks, or even months without injury.

Another method is to cut and set up some twenty-five or thirty hills around one, without binding into separate bundles. This saves time in cutting, but the stalks are not as convenient, either to husk or feed out, as when bound in the manner noticed above. If any of the many husking machines are to be made use of, this would be the better mode, as they all take the stalks separate and unbound, and they can be bound after husking as easily as before.

In husking corn by hand, a very convenient implement is a peg of hard wood about four inches long, sharp at one end, and fastened to the hand by a soft leather strap passing over the two middle fingers. The point comes up between the thumb and fingers, just right to use instead of the thumb-nail in tearing open the husk, and out of the way in handling and breaking off the ear. It is of special use if the corn has been cut a little green and the husks are thick and tight. A "husking machine" equally simple, is a hand hatchet and a block of wood handy to sit or stand at. Hit each ear a blow as nigh the but as may be, and as it is done with more or less exactness, so will the ears fall out more or less competely husked—and, perhaps a little shortened if the hit was on the corn instead of the stalk, as it should be.

But to return to our corn-stooks. After husking, re-place the bundles in larger stooks than at first, until that portion of the work is completed. On a dry day draw and stack near the barn-yard, in small stacks—of not more than two loads each—and it is well to place a pole in the centre of each

DESIGN FOR A PIGGERY.

MESSRS. EDS.:—The most of my life (twenty years) has been devoted to mercantile business—the last few years, however, I have given some attention to the more pleasant duties of an agriculturist. I find your excellent paper an indispensable source of knowledge to a young farmer desirous of availing himself of all the recent improvements in this noble science. I have noticed many excellent plans for Barns, Cottages, laying out of Grounds, &c., in the RURAL, and some of them I have adopted. I am now preparing to erect a Corn House and Hog Pen, designed for fattening as well as for store hogs. I do not recollect of seeing any plan of the kind in any paper. Can you give me one, and perhaps benefit many of your other subscribers at the same time?—D. M. FOX, *Lyons, Ionia Co., Mich.*, 1858.

In answer to the above, and several other inquiries on the same subject, we give the accompanying engravings and description of a *Piggery*, from *Allen's Rural Architecture*, which were published in the RURAL several years since. If any of our readers can furnish a better or cheaper plan, we will give it a place in our columns, for we know many would like a good and convenient piggery at less cost:

The design here given, is for a building 36 feet long, and 24 feet wide, with 12 feet posts; the lower, or living room for the swine, 9 feet high, and a storage chamber above, for the grain and other food required for their keeping. The roof has a pitch of 40° from a horizontal line, spreading over the sides and gables at least twenty inches, and coarsely bracketed. The entrance front projects 6 feet from the main building, by 12 feet in length. Over its main door, in the gable, is a door with a hoisting beam and tackle above it, to take in the grain, and a floor over the whole area receives it. A window is in each gable end. A ventilator passes up through this chamber and the roof, to let off the steam from the cooking vats below, and the foul air emitted by the swine, by the side of which is the furnace chimney, giving it, on the whole, as respectable an appearance as a pigsty need pretend to.

INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT.

At the left of the entrance is a flight of stairs, *b*, leading to the chamber above. On the right is a small area, *a*, with a window to light it. A door from this leads into the main room, *c*, where stands a chimney, *d*, with a furnace to receive the fuel for cooking the food, for which are two kettles, or boilers, with wooden vats, on the top, if the extent of food demands them; these are secured with broad wooden covers, to keep in the steam when cooking. An iron valve is placed in the back flue of the furnace, which may fall upon either side, to shut off the fire from either of the kettles, around which the fire may revolve; or, the valve may stand in a perpendicular position, at will, if both kettles be heated at the same time. Over each kettle is a sliding door, with a short spout to slide the food into them, when wanted. On three sides of this room are feeding pens, *e*, and sleeping partitions, *f*, for the swine. These several apartments are accommodated with doors, which open into separate yards on the sides and in the rear.

CONSTRUCTION.—The frame is of strong timber. The sills should be 8 inches square, the corner posts of the same size, and the intermediate posts 8 by 6 inches in diameter. In the centre of these posts, grooves should be made, 2 inches wide, and deep, to receive the *plank* sides, which should be 2 inches thick, and let in from the level of the chamber by a flush cutting for that purpose, out of the grooves inside, thus using no nails or spikes, and holding the planks tight in their place, that they may not be rooted out, or rubbed off by the hogs, and the inner projection of the main posts left to serve as rubbing posts for them. These planks, like the posts, should, particularly the lower ones, be of *hard* wood, that they may not be eaten off. Above the chamber floor, thinner planks may be used, but all should be well jointed, that they may lie snug, and shut out the weather. The centre post in the floor plan of the engraving is omitted, by mistake, but it should stand there, like the others. Inside posts at the corners, and in the sides of the partitions, like the outside ones, should be also placed and grooved to receive the planking, four and a half feet high, and their upper ends be secured by tenons into mortices in the beams overhead. The troughs should then, if possible, be made of *cast iron*, or, in default of that, the hardest of white oak plank, strongly spiked on the floor and sides; and the apartment may then be called hog-proof—for a more unquiet, destructive creature to a building in which he is confined, does not live, than the hog. The slide, or spout to conduct the swill and other feed from the feeding-room into the trough, should be inserted through the partition planks, with a steep *slant* the whole length of the trough, that the feed may be readily thrown into any or all parts of it. This slide should be of two-inch white oak plank, and bound along the bottom by a strip of hoop-iron, to prevent the pigs from eating it off—a habit they are prone to; then, firmly spiked down to the partition planks, and through the ends, to the adjoining studs, and the affair is complete. One to three hundred dollars, according to the price of material and labor, will build this piggery, besides fitting it up with furnace and boilers.

stack, with two others leaning against it, so as to furnish an air passage, should their be any tendency to heating. Stalks had better remain well stooked in the field, until wanted for feeding out, than to be stored in large stacks or close mows, where they are certain to suffer from heating or mould, or both combined.

We cannot close without earnestly advising farmers to take especial care of their corn fodder; for when well cured, it is of high value for milch cows and other stock, and we would be equally in earnest in denouncing the practice of feeding out along the roads and lanes, wasting the refuse stalks as well as the manure made by the animals thus fed everywhere but the right place—in the barnyard. If the yard is muddy it surely wants the litter—and sheds and racks are in the end never expensive.

Facts warrant the assertion that corn fairly ripened on the stalks is heavier than that husked before it becomes properly dry, and that there is some gain in grain—accompanied with a loss in the value of the fodder—when the corn is well dried on the hill before cutting. The farmer must decide for himself—more frequently, however, circumstances decide for him, and he cuts his corn when other work and the weather allow him to get at it.—E.

THE ILLINOIS STATE FAIR.

Eds. Rural:—Perhaps a few lines from the Illinois State Fair may be of interest to you. This is the Sixth Annual Exhibition, and is held at Centralia, or, rather, Central City, though the two places are almost one. These towns are 252 miles from Chicago, and on the line of the Illinois Central Railroad, a short distance below the junction of the two branches. Above here, at various distances, cross-roads from East and West, from North and South, intersect, and thus Centralia is open to all the State and States adjacent. It is worthy of mention here, that the Illinois Central Railroad passes over as many degrees of latitude as one would traverse in going from Albany to Norfolk. Thus you find in Illinois the productions of a wide region, and the climate of several degrees in extent.

The Illinois State Fairs have been heretofore held in the Central and Northern parts of the State. This is held in "Egypt," as the Southern portion of Illinois is called. It was so held, in order to bring out the productions of Egypt, to interest the citizens, and to commend the improvement in Agriculture and Mechanics to a people, who, by location and association, are not regarded as particularly alive to Progress. Egypt was settled by Southern people. It has a rich soil and mild climate, and its people, gaining a livelihood with ease, are content with the ways of their fathers, and willing to remain in the condition of their Virginia and Kentucky ancestors. The wave of Progress moves on, but Egypt has hardly heard the echo of its roar. The "Sucker" here vegetates in immortal bloom, addicted to indolence, to hunting and sporting, and easily winning from the soil the means of livelihood.

Southern Illinois has much of the prairie in it, but it has a larger proportion of forest and of broken and hilly country, than may be found in any other part of the State.

The present Fair, at which $15,000 is offered in premiums, has surpassed the anticipations of the Society, and may be regarded as a grand success. In the Stock Department, there is a splendid show. At first, 353 stalls were made, but the demands of the first day required an addition, and now more than 400 stalls and pens are lining the grounds, while scores of cattle are tethered in the open air, beneath the shade of the grove. The display of Horses and Cattle is particularly fine. Sheep are numerous and look well. Swine are few, but very good specimens are seen. The race of Western Swine is not particularly remarkable for its superior qualities. Of Mules and Jacks there is a large show, and it would do an Eastern man good to see what fine Mules can be produced. The Jacks speak for themselves, as our ears testify, after sleeping two nights on the grounds. They make night more than hideous with their vociferous brayings.

In Fine Arts, the display is only moderate. In Dairy products very slim. In Domestic Fabrics, tolerable; nothing remarkable, but I know very little of this sort of comforters. The Mechanical Department is good, but not very large. This Department is, however, very attractive. Reapers and Mowers, Scales and Plows, are surrounded by crowds. Bee-hives come in for a large share of attention.

The Fruit show is good,—considering the fact that Illinois is not a great fruit State,—but a simple Rochester show would make a larger display.—Apples and Pears do well in parts of the State. Grapes succeed in Egypt and the lower Central portions. Peaches thrive along the Mississippi and at the South, and the Melons are unequaled. I find that Hooker & Co., and Ellwanger & Barry have both representative men and representative pears here, and their beautiful varieties are truly luscious to behold, and, undoubtedly, "not bad to take." Of this I cannot speak professionally or experimentally. Mr. Kedzie is here with his Filters, and S. S. Hitchcock and Mr. Pitts are on hand from their Scale Works and Horse Powers, in Chicago. Otherwise I am the only entry in Class—"Rochester Men."

Now, my friend Rural, a word for your private ear, and "prent" it, too. Read, mark and inwardly digest, and then operate on the officers of the New York State Society. They have an Editor's building here, in the middle of the grounds, "contagious" to the eating department, in full view of the horse-ring, and "mighty convenient" to the most of the grounds. This edifice is of plank, thirty feet by thirty, with a long table of rough boards, and benches, to occupy a part of the same. The rest is "our" quarters by night, and general reception, writing and talking room by day. Part of this building is divided off into a Telegraph office and Superintendent's office. The Editor's room is a new feature in Illinois, and I believe an unknown one in New York, where let it be established and flourish. Its erection is due mainly to the efforts of Mr. Dunlap, a well known agricultural writer of this State,—the "Rural" of the Chicago *Tribune*, and the proprietor of a nursery at Urbana. To him be the praise, and may his shadow never be less, for am I not indebted to him for sundry favors?

The Agriculturists of the State are here, and most of the leading men in politics. Mr. Douglas is not present, but his wife is. Mr. Lincoln, the Republican candidate for the Senate, is present, the State Treasurer, Auditor, Judges, Generals, Colonels, Majors, and all their subordinates, Honorables of every degree, Editors, a Circus, and over 20,000 people, who crowd the Fair Grounds to repletion. Then, women and children are here, and if the Egyptian females did not dispense with hoops after the manner of the "figgers" on the Hierogiyphics, there would be such a crash as would cause immense sacrifice of steel and whalebone. As it is they overrun everything, and settle down on every place like an army of locusts. Even the sacred precincts of the Editor's room are not exempt from these forcible entries. One thing is certain, the Destroying Angel has not passed over this Egypt and taken the lives of the *first* born, or the *last* born either. There is a display of infants, at the breast and in arms, which would do credit to the most notable baby-show yet offered to an intelligent and discerning public.

Now, Messrs. Editors, you know I am not an agriculturist, and do not pretend to give you all the solid facts which present themselves at these shows. But such facts as I have, I give unto you, and as far as they go they are accurate, especially so far forth as the infants are concerned.

Centralia, Ill., Sept. 16, 1858. C. P. D.

THE HARVEST IN NORTHERN MINNESOTA.

Eds. Rural:—Another season, with its toils and anxieties, has passed, harvest time has arrived again, and the tired farmers are gathering a reward for their labors. And, although the times are hard, very hard, they feel in much better spirits, and encouraged to wait for the "good time coming," much more patiently than last year, after having their crops destroyed by the grasshoppers. They have something to live on the coming winter, which many of them had not last season.

A rather wet and cold May, an unfavorable seed time, was followed by hot, dry weather during June and the first half of July, and that by cold and wet in the latter part of July and throughout August. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, vegetables of all kinds came forward—especially in June—with a rapidity that I never witnessed elsewhere. Our soil is very warm and quick, and always gives a good account of itself when it has a chance. The prairie land is a dark colored sandy loam; the oak openings the same, but lighter, while the soil of the timber and bottom-lands consists of a black vegetable mould, with a subsoil of mixed clay and sand. We find all of them excellent for producing any of the staple crops.

Indian corn takes the lead as the main article of produce as yet, and we have a most bountiful yield of it. The loss we experienced last year from the grasshopper pest, (none have been seen this season,) taught us the true value of our farm products, and, therefore, last spring we put in all the seed we possibly could. Corn being more easily obtained than any other seed, was planted to much greater extent than it otherwise would have been, and though we lost much by bad seed and the ravages of blackbirds and ground squirrels, yet, twenty, thirty, and fifty acre fields, are quite common, and it does one's heart good to look on them now, as they are turning golden in the light of these pleasant September days.

Wheat would have been very good but for the rust, which damaged it much in some localities. It probably will not average more than fifteen bushels to the acre—about half a crop. Oats and other small grains are excellent. Potatoes, a large yield and first rate quality, as they always are here, the rot being unknown. In one thing I am inclined to think that Minnesota is without an equal, and that is in the production of melons. For a long time past every body has been enjoying them, and I should hardly dare to tell the size of some of them—it would undoubtedly injure my reputation for veracity with some.

Considerable Sorghum was planted here last spring, and the planters felt very sure that they should have a large amount of sugar making to do this fall, but lately they have had but very little to say on the subject. Its growth has not met their expectations at all, and but little of it will mature. I think that we shall have to depend on our maple groves for a supply of home-made sweets for a while longer. Cranberries, in large quantities and of the very best quality, are now being gathered from the marshes and meadows—they make an excellent substitute for apples.

Of course it will be no news to you, to tell you that we are "going ahead," even now. This place perhaps presents a fair sample of North Western progress. Three years ago there was not a dozen acres of plowed land within twenty miles of here. Now there are cornfields of thirty and fifty acres, and to judge by the way the prairie has been "broken" this summer, it will not be long before we shall have them of a hundred acres. Still there is plenty of government land, subject to pre-emption, within a few miles of here.

I fear this letter is already too long, but in closing allow me to say that we find the Rural a faithful counselor in our Prairie Homes, and a very pleasant fireside companion. Long may it visit us.

Princeton, Monroe Co., Min. Howard M. Atkins.

HEAVY FLEECES.

Eds. Rural:—I have lately seen in your very useful paper, several statements concerning heavy fleeces that were taken from Spanish Merino Sheep, and I should like to give a statement also, of the weight of the fleeces that I am taking from my flock. I keep none but the Spanish Merino, and I generally winter about 200, in all. I formerly thought that if my ewes and ewe lambs averaged 4 lbs per head, I was doing well; but they now average 5 lbs. My entire flock, at last shearing, averaged 5 lbs. 11 oz. Some of my ewes and also ewe lambs gave 7 lbs. per head—my stock buck gave 8 pounds when a yearling, 10½ pounds when two years old, 13 pounds when three years old, 15 pounds when four years old, and all so well washed that those who have purchased my wool have never found any fault, but have been pleased with it. I winter my sheep on hay, which I put in banks under open sheds, and when my hay is good I do not feed much if any grain, except to my stock buck. I, of course, grain him well in the fall, and a little all winter, just to keep him in good condition till grass comes, and then he has no more grain till fall. My other sheep, if I find that they are not keeping in good order on hay alone, and especially my lambs, I give a gill of oats, or half gill of corn, per head daily.

I have tried what is called close breeding with a part of my flock, two years in succession, and the lambs were much weaker than common, while those of the other part were strong as usual. All my buck lambs that I think will not make first-rate bucks, I yard about the first of October and sell them. I keep no wethers, as I think it more profitable for me to keep ewes than wethers. I also cull my ewes in the fall, taking out all such ewes and ewe lambs as do not suit me, put them by themselves, and sell them for what I can get.—I sold my entire clip of wool last June, for 36 cents per lb., but it was the top of the market here for full blood Merino. Reed Burritt.

Burdett, Schuyler Co., N. Y., 1858.

CHEESE, AND CHEESE-MAKING.

Eds. Rural:—I am not willing that our Rural should lack in any particular, and as a subscriber inquires respecting cheese-making, allow me to contribute my mite—if you do not believe it is a good rule, please give us a call and taste for yourself. In preparing rennet, take two lemons and one-fourth of a tea spoon of salt-petre to one rennet, put in a small jar and fill up with water, also throw in a cup of salt. Use the least quantity possible,—only sufficient to bring the curd,—as you use, put in more water and salt. Let the milk stand till the curd comes at night, then cut it down with any knife *that has a blade*. In the morning dip carefully into the strainer, laid over the basket—set the morning curd—by the time it comes, have the whey out of the other by shaking the strainer, and laying a flat stone on it—take that up and press in the same way. Prepare water, not quite scalding hot, pour on to the curds, whether you have two or four—those that are the oldest first, as they need more scalding. Stir them, and when they will *squeak* like Indian rubber in your teeth, it is scalded enough. Take into your bowl or tub, after dipping into the strainer for the water to drain off, and chop fine. Our only rule for salt, is it must taste a little too salt—better though to have too little than too much. Put in the press after it gets cool—if put in too warm it does not do so well—put no weight at all at first—in an hour or two a little, and more as your judgment will teach you. Press from one morning till the next night, if the cheese is good size. After following these directions, which resemble very much "the story" of going "round and round the barn," if you do not have cheese that will melt when you look at it, I am much mistaken.

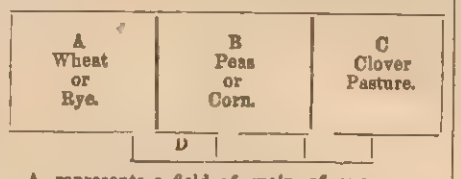
Cayuga, N. Y., 1858. Amelia.

PIG PASTURES.

Eds. Rural:—In the *Cultivator* for 1838-9, I find the following letter from the pen of S. W. Jewett. How far it will conflict with the patent, or copyright, alluded to by H. T. B., I know not—but deeming it a valuable suggestion I send it as a sort of addenda to the "weekly rotary pig pasture" system.

ROTARY PIG PASTURE.

Jesse Buel—The following is a description of a clover pasture for swine, which, in my opinion, where a situation is convenient for the same, with a warm soil, a portion of the farmer's interest cannot be placed in a more profitable manner than by having each successive year a fresh clover ley for his hogs.



A, represents a field of grain, of one acre or more, well stocked with clover. B—a field of the same size, of corn or peas. C—a clover pasture for hogs. D—a lane leading from the hog-pen.

The following year the lot A will be the range for the hogs, and so on, by a rotation of crops, the whole is constantly improving, with the addition of the manure from the piggery. New improvements in rotation I frequently hear of, such as stoves, steam-boilers, &c.; their success has induced me to send you the above plan of a Rotary Pig Pasture. S. W. Jewett.

Weybridge, Vt., 1858.

Cement Pipe.—In the Rural of Sept. 11th, Mr. G. Graves asks, "Will some of your readers give their experience in leading water through cement pipes? What proportions of lime, sand, &c.,—what the cost per rod?" I have used one-third of lime to two-thirds of sand, but find that much less lime is preferable, even one-fourth or one-sixth, if it is good, and none but such should be used. In plastering cisterns, more lime is needed to make it adhere, but it weakens the cement. Mr. G. will find that a pipe of sole tiles and cement is cheaper than one wholly cement, and can be made of any size desired. In the Rural of July 17th there is a description of a pipe equal to Hobbie & Co's wooden water pipe in its capacity, and of imperishable materials, costing for the same, twenty-five cents per rod.—H. J. F., *Palmyra, N. Y.*, 1858.

Cattle in Hungary.—The London (Eng.) *Times* in a sketch of the movements of Prince De Joinville, states that on the occasion of his visit to the estate of the Duke of Coburg, at Puzta of Vacs, in Hungary, he had an opportunity of convincing himself of the immense scale on which the breeding of cattle is carried on in that country. The Duke assembled before his visitor all the cattle on his estate. They formed a procession of 360 oxen yoked to cars, and ornamented with ribbons and flowers, 10,000 sheep, and all the horses of the breeding stud. The grooms and the shepherds were all dressed in their national costume, giving to the procession (which took three hours in marching past) a most picturesque appearance. Many other land-owners in Hungary, however, could marshal a procession which would reduce the foregoing to insignificance. Pretty good Cattle Show for the Hungarians.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

Best Mill for Grinding Sugar Cane.—Now that you are upon the sugar cane, please give us further information about *the best* mill—cheap and efficient—a good *worker* at small cost.—Milton Bradley, *Kalamazoo, Mich.*, 1858.

Best Kind of Timber for Pump Logs.—Please inform me, through the Rural, which is the best kind of timber for pump logs, or rather water pipes, for conveying spring water two or three hundred rods under ground. Which will taste the water the least, pine, spruce, oak, cedar, or hemlock?—and what would be the cost of each per thousand feet?

Inquiries about Virginia.—Seeing it stated in a late issue of your journal that some of the shoemakers of Danvers and Haverhill, Mass., had purchased land warrants for land, in Virginia, paying for them in shoes, can I and others hereabouts be informed through the Rural where, or of whom these warrants may be obtained?—what would be the discount for cash? Further, if purchasers may locate anywhere in Virginia west of the Alleganys, and outside of "Thayer's dominion?"—what are the precise boundaries of this *new dominion?* An answer to the above queries would greatly oblige a constant reader. Can any description of the capabilities of that section of country be given?—E. P. Russell, *Princeton, N. J*, 1858.

Remarks.—We are not sufficiently posted upon the points Mr. R. desires to have elucidated to give perfectly reliable information—perhaps some of our readers can answer to his satisfaction.

Chinese Sugar Cane.—I have about half an acre of Chinese Sugar Cane, and would wish to inquire at what stage of maturity it should be cut? How manufactured? If you can give me the above information, please do so.—Waterman Johnson, *Depauville, N. Y.*, 1858.

Remarks.—When the seeds of the Sorghum are at least three-fourths ripe, or when a hard frost has come, cut the canes just above the ground; strip off the leaves and seed heads, and it is ready for the mill. The practice of J. S. Lovering, Esq., (whose experience in manufacturing has lately been published in the Rural, to which we refer Mr. Johnson, for manufacturing process,) was to cut the cane into two parts, separating the eight lower joints from the upper ones. The upper joints contain little sugar, but will make good molasses.

How to Cure and Feed Corn Stalks.—As I wish to feed corn stalks to some *road horses* during the winter, I would thank you or some of your correspondents to tell me how I can best cure them. What is the best manner of feeding them—whether cut up or not? What is their value as compared with hay?—D. C., *Clyde, N. Y.*, 1858.

Remarks.—As regards the comparative value of hay and corn stalks, experiments made by writers upon agricultural science place them as 1 to 4—taking the *best of each* into the calculation. Such is the difference in value of hay, that 100 lbs. of first quality will equal 120 lbs. of the second, 140 lbs. of the third, and so on. A very coarse, hard hay, not well made, will rate as low as *half the value* of prime, and a double quantity will not equal *in results*. Will Rural readers give us their experience on this topic?

Fancy Pigeons.—In the Rural of 28th ult., I saw an engraving of a variety of pigeons I never saw before, and it has roused a desire to see them. I further would ask for a short description of each distinct fancy pigeon, name and peculiar marks, with price and where to be bought,—if possible all in one number, so as to be a guide readily examined. I have three pigeon houses, two well filled with the common pigeon; the other a handsome affair, in my yard, intended alone for fancy pigeons. We have been trying for years to procure good specimens of some twenty or more varieties, and as yet have only some seven or eight. I have seen some thirty or forty varieties, but cannot find them now. I have no idea of depriving myself of such pretty things, serving to please the eye and attract our attention. We can call ours to our feet any moment during the day—try to keep them as house pets. Can I get twenty varieties for $20.—How much? I have several pairs which cost me $1 per pair. Freight on such things is so high it deters me from buying.—M. W. Philips, *Edwards, Miss*, 1858.

Influence of the Moon upon Vegetation.—By your permission, I would like to inquire, thro' the columns of the Rural, whether it makes any difference what time of the moon seeds or roots are planted? Some think the new moon a bad time, for the reason that there will be greater growth of vines or stocks, and less of fruit. Some of your experienced subscribers will be able to answer this, no doubt, and oblige many, and particularly—W. R. B., *Wanaming, Min.*, 1858.

Remarks.—The "Moon theories" entertained by some of the tillers of the soil, are *all moonshine and nothing else*. We know of those who defer seeding in the time of the new moon, and others who as pertinacious wait for that period before committing to the soil the germs of future crops. When a load of cobble stones drawn at the new of the moon, will make twice as many rods of fence as those drawn while Luna is on the wane—when "Free Love Associations" cultivate and cherish the pure and holy in woman—when Spiritualism evolves a truth calculated to dignify and ennoble man—then, and not till then, will we be ready to accept the tales concerning this peculiar influence of the moon as truth undefiled.

Blood Spavin.—Will you, or some of your numerous readers, inform me through the columns of the Rural if there is a remedy for blood spavin? If there be one I should like to hear of it.—P. H., *Wayne Co., N. Y.*, 1858.

Remarks.—Many veterinarians are disposed to consider "bog," or "blood" spavin, a serious disease, attended with no great, but often permanent lameness—very apt to return after the enlargement subsides under medical treatment. The cause of the disease—the enlarged mucous sack—lies deep, and is with difficulty operated upon. The desire of the practitioner is to produce the absorption of the contents of the sack, and this is sometimes done by long applied pressure. A bandage may be contrived to take in the whole of the hock except its point, and a compress of folded linen placed upon the spavin, confining the principal pressure to that point. A work entitled "*Every Man his own Farrier*," recommends the following compound:—Soft soap, 2 oz.; spirits of hartshorn, 4 oz.—stir well in a marble mortar—spirits of turpentine, 4 oz.; oil of origanum, 1 oz.; strong camphorated spirits of wine, 3 oz. Mix all together and bottle. Rub on the spavin every night and morning for a fortnight or three weeks. Do not require any violent exertion on the part of the horse while under treatment.

Rural Miscellany.

The State Fair.—Our readers will bear in mind that the N. Y. State Fair opens at Syracuse on Tuesday next, Oct. 5th, and continues four days. The amount of Premiums offered exceeds $8,000. The first day will be principally devoted to making entries and arranging animals and articles for the exhibition. The judges will commence their examinations on Wednesday morning—it being specially enjoined that no persons whatever, except those having charge of articles, shall be present at the examinations or deliberations of the judges. The exhibition will be open to the public on Thursday and Friday. The Plowing Match will take place on Thursday. The Annual Address will be delivered on Friday by Hon. J. R. Williams, Pres't of the Ag. College of Michigan. A sale of Improved Stock will take place during the Fair.

—We are glad to learn that the indications favor a good exhibition, though we think the Fair has not been properly advertised (by the circulation of Premium List, Programme, &c.) in Western New York. The buildings are already completed and the whole grounds ready for the exhibition.

The Fairs.—Several County, District and Town Fairs were held in this State last week, but we are unable to give the results with any definiteness.—We presume the Livingston, Genesee, Jefferson, Onondaga, Steuben and Yates Shows were creditable and successful. The Cortland Co. Fair is said to have been a perfect success, as was that of the Tonawanda Valley Ag. Society, at Attica. A large number of Co. Fairs are held this week—among others, Ontario, Cayuga, Erie, Niagara, Oneida, Orleans, Schuyler, Tioga and Wyoming. We hope to hear favorable reports from all these, and others—and exceedingly regret that we cannot accept numerous invitations to attend Fairs in various parts of the State.

New Work on Dairy Farming.—It affords us pleasure to announce that Chas. L. Flint, Esq., the accomplished Secretary of the Mass. Board of Agriculture, has prepared a work on Dairy Farming, which will soon be published. It is to comprise over 400 pages, fully illustrated. We learn that it will embrace a sketch of the different breeds of stock, especially the dairy breeds; the principles of breeding; the selection of milch cows, with a full and complete explanation of Guenon's method; the feeding and management of dairy stock; the raising of calves; the culture of grasses and forage plants; the diseases of stock; a chapter on Dutch dairy farming, with the dairy management of Horsfall, not before published in a form available to the American public. A chapter is devoted to "A Letter to a Dairyman," containing many valuable suggestions, and another to the details of the milk, the butter and the cheese dairies. We are assured that no labor or expense have been spared to render the work complete, and it will embody the most recent information on the Dairy.

—A complete work on Dairy Farming has been a long-sought desideratum in this country, and if the one now announced proves as valuable as is indicated from the table of contents, and the reputation of the author, it will have a large sale.

Union Ag. Society.—The people of Sweden, Clarkson, Union and Ogden, completed the organization of this Society on the 18th inst., by adopting By-Laws, &c., and electing the following officers:—*President*—E. B. Holmes, of Sweden. *Vice Presidents*—J. H. Davis, Sweden; Wm. Brown, Ogden; A. Baldwin, Clarkson; H. Murdoff, Union. *Secretary*—H. N. Beach, Sweden. *Treasurer*—Thomas Cornes, Sweden. *Directors*—Dudley Locke, Sweden; J. Hill, Jr., Ogden; J. C. Clake, Clarkson; H. Redman, Union. *Town Committees*—Sweden—John Reed, Edward Taylor, Justin Cook; Clarkson—Adam Moore, Nelson Moore, Oliver Phillips; Ogden—W. Brown, A. Cady, J. R. Ross; Union—S. Banker, Sumner Austin, B. Harmon.

—The first Fair of the Society is to be held at Brockport, on Tuesday, the 12th inst.

American Herd Book.—We are in receipt of a circular from the Editor of this work—Lewis F. Allen, Esq., of Black Rock, N. Y.—announcing a fourth volume in preparation, and requesting Shorthorn breeders interested to properly arrange their pedigrees. All pedigrees must be sent in previous to Dec. 1st, 1858, in order that the volume may be issued by May 1st, 1859. The Editor says every pedigree must be made out at *full length*, and each complete in itself. The price for recording pedigrees is 50 cents each; good portraits of animals, (cuts being furnished by the owners,) will be inserted at $5 each. The price of the work to contributors and subscribers, will be the same as the last volume, $5 a copy. It is to be of the same style and material as the third volume.

Convention of Agricultural Editors.—Some fifteen or twenty persons responded to the call for this Convention, which assembled in New York during the meeting of the American Pomological Society. Though no business of importance was transacted, an organization was formed, officers elected for the ensuing year—with H P. Byram, Esq., of the *Valley Farmer*, as President—and a committee appointed to select the most suitable time and place next season, and issue a call for a General Convention of the entire Agricultural and Horticultural Press of the country.

A Good Lot of Horses.—At the recent National Horse Show, in Springfield, Mass., four premiums (two of $100 and two of $50) were offered for teams 16 hands and over, and 15 and 14 hands, and twenty-six pairs were entered. The Committee, in their Report, after awarding the premiums, recommended two gratuities, and remarked "that of the 26 pairs entered, 25 of which were for premiums, 23 were every way worthy of awards."

The Ohio State Fair—held at Sandusky, Sept. 14th to 17th inclusive—is said to have been a complete success. The exhibition was decidedly superior, and the attendance and receipts unusually large—rendering it the best Fair ever held in the West. Regret that we have only space to make this mere mention, and congratulate Ohio Ruralists upon the satisfactory result.

Orchard and Garden.

AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

FIRST DAY.—AFTERNOON SESSION.

In our last, we gave a few remarks on the character of the meeting, lists of fruits exhibited, and the able address of the President. The address, with the appointment of committees and some other preliminary matters, consumed the first session. The first business in the afternoon was the report of the committee appointed to nominate officers, which was as follows:

President—The Hon. MARSHALL P. WILDER, of Mass.

Vice-Presidents—S. L. Goodale, Maine; H. J. French, New Hampshire; Samuel Walker, Massachusetts; Fred. Holbrook, Vermont; Stephen H. Smith, Rhode Island; A. B. Monson, Connecticut; Charles Downing, New York; William Reid, New Jersey; Hartman Kuhn, Jr., Pennsylvania; E. Tatnall, Delaware; Charles B. Calvert, Maryland; Yardley Taylor, Virginia; Walter L. Steel, North Carolina; A. G. Summer, South Carolina; Richard Peters, Georgia; Jos. L. Moultrie, Alabama; Dr. M. W. Phillips, Mississippi; Jas. S. Downer, Tennessee; Lawrence Young, Kentucky; A. H. Ernst, Ohio; J. C. Holmes, Michigan; J. A. D. Nelson, Indiana; J. W. Felt, Louisiana; Thomas Affleck, Texas; R. C. Overman, Illinois; N. J. Colman, Missouri; George Worthin, Arkansas; Robert Avery, Iowa; J. C. Brayton, Wisconsin; Simpson Thompson, California; J. Pierce, District of Columbia; Edward Hunter, Utah; Amasa Stewart, Minnesota; C. B. Lines, Kansas; William Davenport, Oregon; Hugh Allen, Canada East; James Dougal, Canada West.

Secretary—P. Barry, Rochester, N. Y.

Treasurer—Thomas P. James, Philadelphia, Pa.

Executive Committee—The President and Vice-Presidents ex-officio; W. D. Brinckle, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa.; T. W. Field, Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. B. Bateham, Columbus, Ohio; L. E. Berckmans, Plainfield, N. J.; F. K. Phœnix, Bloomington, Ill.

The report was unanimously adopted.

Mr. WILDER remarked that he had hoped to be relieved from the office he now held. He felt embarrassed at the repeated expressions of confidence and esteem which he had received from the members of this Society—felt bound, by a sense of gratitude, to bow in submission to the will of the meeting, and would bring to the duties of the chair such powers as he possessed.

Mr. BARRY having peremptorily declined to serve as Secretary another term, on motion of Mr. LAWTON, of Westchester, T. W. FIELD was elected to that office.

The President then appointed the following gentlemen as the *Native Fruit* Committee for the ensuing year:—BRINCKLE, of Pa.; BARRY, of N. Y.; HOVEY, Mass.; WARDER, Ohio; WESTBORO, N. C.

Hon. S. WALKER, Chairman of the General Fruit Committee, made the annual report.

Mr. BERCKMANS, of New Jersey, and J. J. THOMAS, of New York, presented valuable papers on fruit culture, particularly of the pear, and the value and treatment of dwarfs. T. W. FIELD also read a long paper on the same subject. These papers were referred to the Committee on Native Fruits.

Dr. BRISTOL, of Dansville, N. Y., offered a resolution for the appointment of a committee, composed of several members from each State, to quire into the cause of the numbers of diseases that are now injuring the fruit trees in all parts of the country, and ascertain, if possible, some remedies. This was afterwards referred to the General Fruit Committee, composed of members from each State.

SAMUEL WALKER, of Mass., read a paper urging the Society to publish a catalogue of all the fruits ever grown in this country, with proper descriptions; and also a catalogue of the fruits adapted to each State and Territory of the country, so that any person, settling in any State, may know just what fruit to take with him, or just what to plant. The propriety of this course was urged by Mr. WALKER, with zeal and ability. He proposed to employ a general superintendent of the work, who, with the officers of the Society, and properly selected committees in each State and Territory, he thought could prepare a catalogue that would be almost invaluable. This subject was referred to a committee who subsequently reported that the Society was not yet prepared to undertake such a work.

The Business Committee recommended three Sessions in the day—the day sessions to be devoted to the revision of the Catalogue of Fruits recommended for *General Cultivation*, as *Promising Well*, &c., and the evenings to the discussion of practical questions in fruit culture. One of the questions proposed by the committee, and the only one discussed, was

THE PEAR—Training, Mulching, and General Culture.

EVENING SESSION.

THE PEAR—*Training, Mulching, &c.*

The President called on Dr. WARDER, for his experience:—Dr. WARDER, of Ohio, had but little experience and was well prepared to learn. Had planted 2,000 trees and been successful. No cause to complain, except of *blight*.

T. W. FIELD, of New York, had some experience in mulching. It did not prove as beneficial as he had expected. A great many evils result from the practice. When the mulch became thin, as it was apt to, in the latter part of summer, the trees, were very likely to cast their leaves. It induces a succulent growth that will not endure the rigors of winter. Where trees are mulched many of the specimens will be found wormy. The mulching makes a good harbor for insects as well as for mice and moles.

P. BARRY, of N. Y., said the subject proposed, the pear tree, training, &c., embraced a very wide field to which he could not do justice in a few brief remarks. It included the stock, budding, planting, and after-training and culture. In certain cases mulching is very advantageous—as, for instance, to newly planted trees, where there are but few branches, to prevent the scorching of the ground. When trees are established, with abundance of foliage they afford sufficient protection to the soil. Mulching is rather in the way, and prevents the frequent stirring of the soil, and in some cases may do injury by affording a convenient harbor for insects. In regard to *Training*, Mr. B. knew of no form more beautiful or better than the pyramidal. This form is not difficult to obtain.—A little care at the beginning will cause the tree to form a good base, and after this form is once established it is as natural for the tree as any other.—From the manner in which trees are grown in nursery rows, a large growth of top is induced, and therefore, some cutting for a few years will be necessary to secure the desired form. For amateurs, and all gardens would recommend the pyramidal form both on the pear and quince stocks. This is somewhat a matter of taste. On the quince stock, however, something like the pyramidal form is necessary, to prevent injury from the wind. If dwarf trees are grown with a heavy top they are apt to be swayed over and injured. He was surprised lately on reading an article in a Horticultural Journal, stating that the pyramidal form was bad, as it prevented the use of the plow in cultivating the trees. This is a mistake. The ground can be cultivated as near as the branches will admit of, and that is near enough. If trees are pruned up four or even six feet from the ground the branches of most sorts will hang down so that horses cannot work under them. For orchard culture would not aim at the exact pyramidal form but would cut back well for three or four years, and after that let them take nearly their natural course. Very little use of the knife would be required. Some people write and talk as though the great point in culture was to keep a little circle of a foot or two in diameter cultivated around the trunk, while it is far more important to keep the ground stirred outside of the extremities of the branches. That afternoon Mr. B. had visited the grounds of a gentleman in the city, where he saw some pear trees growing on a lawn, with the grass removed from a neat circle about eighteen inches in diameter around the trunk. The trees were languishing.—In the kitchen garden he found pear trees making a fine growth in cultivated ground. On asking the gardener if he knew the cause of the difference, he was told that the trees came from a different nursery. It never entered his head that different treatment had anything to do with the matter.—Others write and talk as though the culture of the pear was a mystery, while it is very simple. He knew of no case of failure where persons had given to the subject ordinary information, intellect and care. Those who love trees and fruit and rural pursuits, and are industrious, always succeed. But some persons would rather write about trees than work among them. A lazy man has no business with a pear orchard, or an orchard of any kind.—Fruit and tree culture is a system of details, and he would rather trust an industrious laborer of good common sense with a pear orchard than a man who would read and write, but never work.—It is useless to charge failures to climate, for there is no climate in the world superior to ours for growing the pear. To this some of the best Pomologists in the world who had visited this country would agree. No other fruit can be grown as profitably as the pear, and none is as certain. The present season we have neither peaches nor apples in Western New York, but our pear crop is fair, as it always is. Much is said about a *proper soil* for the pear. Any soil that will grow good wheat and corn will grow the pear. It *must*, however, be drained for the pear, as it *should* be for the other crops named. There is no mystery about pear culture—it only requires the exercise of a little com-

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C. M. HOVEY, of Boston, said that at the East they had good collections of trees—the pyramidal form on the quince root was the favorite tree. In the orchard culture of the pear they had not done as much as had been done in Western New York. In regard to pruning for the orchard he thought a moderate height better than allowing the branches to grow to the ground. The temperature near the ground was lower than a few feet above, so that with late spring frosts the blossoms or young fruit on limbs near the ground might be injured, while those a little higher would escape. Had seen this result in his own grounds. In damp weather the leaves on the lower limbs had rusted, and he had them sawed off so as to leave none within six or eight inches of the ground. This was a moist soil. On high land and dry soil the lower the limbs the better. His advice would be, in low situations, to prune up a little so as to allow a circulation of the air under the branches, and in dry locations to encourage the growth of branches as low as possible. His views of mulching were somewhat similar to those expressed by the two last speakers. On low, damp soils, mulching was not only unnecessary, but injurious; on dry, light soils it was a benefit.

THE PRESIDENT said all who had spoken thus far were in favor of pear culture and of dwarf pears. If there was *another side* in this Convention he would like to hear from it. After some moments of suspense, in which no one responded to this invitation,

L. E BERCKMANS, of New Jersey, remarked that he was not on the *other side*, but the *right side*. He cultivated a good many pear trees in the South. (Georgia.) All the mulching he gave trees, even in the South, and all he thought necessary was to throw the weeds collected from the grounds around the trees two or three times a year. Heavy mulching prevents the benefit of light showers, as the water will not get through the mulching to the roots. Pruned invariably in the pyramidal form. It was the only way to get a good strong trunk at the base.

R. B. SCOTT, of Philadelphia, as no one else had appeared, would say a word on the other side.—Dwarf pears in some cases had failed around Philadelphia, and some practical men had entertained doubts as to their value and durability. Still he must say that in most cases he had been able to discover very easily the cause of the failure. We have of late heard of the difference in the nature of pear and quince wood. Mr. S. presented two specimens, one of pear grafted on pear wood, the other pear on quince wood, and challenged any one in the room to distinguish the one from the other.

S. WALKER, of Mass., considered mulching under some circumstances beneficial. The largest, oldest and most fruitful trees in the country are found mulched with a growing sod. This showed us that mulching is necessary, and nothing is better for trees than sod. Above all things, keep grain out of the orchard, particularly rye. Have seen good results from mulching, and have never seen the contrary.

Mr. BARRY was surprised to hear such a recommendation from such a source. As soon as we commence to imitate nature in our culture we may expect that our fruit will also imitate natural fruit.

A. SAUL, of Newburgh, was never more surprised in his life than to hear such a statement from Mr. WALKER, whom he always considered correct in his system of culture, and very careful in his statements.

Mr. WALKER wished it to be distinctly understood that it was only with large trees capable of taking care of themselves that he recommended this course, as a protection against the hot sun.—The grass should be manured, and broken up every six or eight years.

Mr. HOVEY did not consider the scorching rays of the sun, about which we hear so much, an injury, but rather a benefit to the pear tree. It is supposed to have had its origin in a hot country. The English pears are not as high flavored as those of American origin. Is not this because our sun shines more brightly?

Mr. WALKER said the previous speaker and others, recommended the branching of trees low, for the purpose of shading the ground, and yet they now say there is no necessity for this shading,

Mr. HOVEY recommended the pyramidal form for its beauty, and other reasons, and not for the purpose of shading the ground. Trees, he knew, *would* take care of themselves in grass, if they had at first acquired sufficient strength to enable them to do so,—but that is not the *best way*.

THE PRESIDENT thought that Mr. WALKER had been a little misunderstood. Did not understand him to advise growing or planting trees in grass. Mr. WALKER did not advise any such course.

M. B. BATEHAM, of Ohio, had practiced mulching, and had not derived from it that benefit which he had been led to expect. In Southern Ohio, and in all dry localities, it is of benefit to small and newly planted trees. Not only the fruit crop, but the fruit trees also of Ohio are suffering fearfully. Peaches and apples are a failure all through the State. There is some difference of opinion as to the cause, whether it is severity of the winter, or the frequent changes and the extremes, of early spring. The pear trees are much more healthy than the apply trees, and there was a better crop of pears than of any other fruit in the State of Ohio, consequently the people of that State felt more hopeful of pears than of any other fruit crop.—They grow in heavy soils where apples do not succeed, and Mr. B. hoped that Ohio would soon furnish pears for the million. Their strong clay soils were admirably adapted to dwarf pears.

Mr. BERGEN, of N. Y., said so far as his experience went he preferred to cultivate the soil around trees to secure a good growth of wood, but for fine fruit would let the sod grow around trees. Got his best Bartlett pears from large trees growing in grass. Had fine pear trees on his place one hundred years old. Had one healthy tree growing in grass. It made some difference, he thought, what kind of grass was grown. Did'nt like timothy or blue grass. A brother of Mr. B.'s had some fine pear trees growing in grass for a number of years. The sod was broken up, and the trees made a healthy and vigorous growth, but the fruit was not as good as before.

R. G. PARDEE, of N. Y, said his father had very old trees growing in grass, which was broken up, when the trees died. Tho't there was a time when trees had arrived at maturity or were rather on the decline, that it would not answer to disturb the roots. The fine old pear trees of Wayne county, with which many were acquainted, were mostly growing in the grass.

Dr. BRISTOL, of Dansville, N. Y., thought that the trees described as being injured by plowing, had most likely, after all, been injured by cropping The sod was broken up, probably, for the purpose of putting in some grain crop, and this is certainly going from bad to worse.

T. S. GOLD, of Connecticut, said it was impossible to find good healthy trees in very old orchards that had been kept in cultivation. All the old orchards were in grass. Deep plowing injures a fruit tree when it becomes large.

THE PRESIDENT said he could point to an old orchard in Massachusetts that had been kept in cultivation for 40 years certainly, and perhaps 80; the trees were all that could be desired, and the fruit the very finest brought to the Boston market.

Dr. SYLVESTER, of Lyons, N. Y., thought we had fairly arrived at the point *grass* or *no grass*. He was satisfied himself, how the matter stood, but he wished a little explanation for the benefit of the meeting. In the first place he would ask Mr. PARDEE and Mr. BERGEN if the trees they spoke of as flourishing in the grass were trees growing in the orchard or single trees standing in door yards or stable yards?

Mr. PARDEE said they were single trees he referred to.

Mr. BERGEN said his were single trees, growing irregularly in a small lot, which for convenience had been kept as a calf pasture.

Dr. SYLVESTER resumed by saying that he was acquainted with the trees in Wayne county referred to by Mr. PARDEE. They stand in the door-yards, where they receive the slops and soap suds from the houses. Mr. BERGEN'S trees it seems are manured by the calves, and the turf no doubt is kept pretty well broken up by these animals.

A. SAUL had trees on his place, when he commenced, a hundred years old. Some of these had been allowed to remain as they were, while others were so situated that the ground was broken up around them and well cultivated. The trees thus treated commenced making a rapid growth, putting out shoots the first summer eighteen inches long, while those in the grass remained stationary. He had no doubt the trees cultivated had made more wood in the last ten years than in fifty years before.

Mr. BERCKMANS confirmed the statement made by Mr. SAUL. His attention was called to the fact at the time, and he examined the trees.

Mr. BARRY asked the President to put the following question:

"Has any person present ever noticed a failure with the pear, on quince or on its own roots, where a proper selection of varieties had been made, and planted on a proper soil, with intelligent after culture."

No one responded.

SECOND DAY—MORNING SESSION.

PEARS—*Revision of Society's Catalogue.*

The list recommended as promising well was taken up, and as the name of each variety was called by the Secretary, changes were proposed and made.

Adams—Mr. CABOT, of Mass., thought it worthy of general cultivation—a very good pear.

Buerre Giffard—Dr. BRINCKLE, of Philadelphia, wished it to be promoted, and added to the list for general cultivation. Mr. CABOT hardly thought the growth of the tree was good enough to warrant this mark of merit. The PRESIDENT said it made a fine growth on the pear. R. R. SCOTT found it to grow equally well on the pear and quince.—Added to list for *general cultivation.*

Buerre Clairgeau, Mr. SAUL thought worthy of promotion. It was generally admitted that it would not grow well on quince root. Several gentlemen had succeeded well with it double worked. Mr. PARSONS, of Long Island, had grown it well on the quince. R. R. SCOTT thought its principal fault was that it decayed so rapidly after becoming ripe. Mr. WALKER thought it a very good pear, though not first rate, and that it would become a general favorite. Carried for general cultivation.

Buerre Sterckman is known in Europe as the *Buerre Hardy*, and its name was therefore changed on the catalogue.

Buerre Superfin—W. P. TOWNSEND, of Lockport, thought it should be promoted. Mr. BARRY considered it one of the finest pears in cultivation.—Grows well on the pear and quince. Mr. SAUL had it on pear and quince, and knew of no better pear. The PRESIDENT had grown it for ten years—always fine. Mr. WALKER had no hesitation in saying it was one of the best in the catalogue. There may be as good, but no surperior. Passed for general cultivation.

Brandt's St. Germain, by general consent was stricken from the list of varieties promising well.

Brandywine—Mr. HOVEY moved for general cultivation. Adopted.

Conseiller de la Cour—The PRESIDENT thought well of this pear. It had many good qualities, and was almost worthy of promotion.

Delices d'Hardenpont d'Angers—Mr. SAUL moved it be stricken from the list promising well, as it certainly did not promise well. It was a poor pear, small, and a poor grower. Mr. HOVEY tho't it too good to be rejected. Stricken off.

Doyenne d' Alencon—W. R. PRINCE thought this pear one on which we would depend as a market fruit—a good bearer and fine. L. E. BERCKMANS found it good, both at the North and the South—a great bearer. R. BUIST, of Philadelphia, also found it uniformly good, making a fine growth and productive. Mr. WALKER thought it had as many good qualities as usually falls to the lot of one pear. Adopted for general cultivation.

Doyenne Goubault was by unanimous consent stricken from the list.

Emile d' Heyst—The PRESIDENT felt constrained to say a good word for this pear. It is a child of Mr. BERCKMANS, and a worthy one. Mr. B. liked the fruit, but not the growth of the tree—it is too straggling. Mr. COIT said it grew well double worked. The PRESIDENT had no other desire in recommending this pear for general cultivation than to benefit his fellow men.

Epine Dumas—H. E. HOOKER, of Rochester, said this was a good pear, and always gave an abundant crop. The PRESIDENT found the tree very hardy, and so productive that thinning the fruit is very necessary. Mr. SAUL thought well of it, but preferred to leave it in its present position until the next meeting of the Society.

Kingsessing—Mr. HOVEY moved this pear be advanced. Mr. WALKER favored the motion. It was one of the best trees in the nursery, and an excellent fruit. Adopted for general culture.

Kirtland—Mr. TOWNSEND wished it advanced.—H. E. HOOKER, objected, as it decayed very rapidly, and was very liable to rot at the core. Messrs. BARRY, HOVEY and others, agreed with Mr. HOOKER. Dr. BRINCKLE said that in Delaware, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, it is one of the best of pears. The motion was withdrawn.

Limon, it was proposed to remove from the list as promising well, for although the fruit was acknowledged to be the very best, it is a poor grower, and winter kills. Mr. SAUL had not found these objections to the tree. Removed from the list.

Lodge—Dr. BRINCKLE moved be placed on list for general culture. Mr. TERRY, of Connecticut, thought well of the Lodge—never cracks. Mr. CABOT had grown it for ten or twelve years and considered it one of the best. The PRESIDENT and Mr. WALKER had found the tree a poor grower, slow and gnarly. Mr. BUIST said that in his nurseries, on the pear stock, it was a fine grower.—Knew of trees forty feet high. It makes an excellent pyramid. HOVEY considered the Lodge a good grower. Mr. REID, of New Jersey, said it grew well with him, but the fruit rots so rapidly after attaining maturity that it is hardly possible to get it to market.

Niles—As the name of this pear was called, some desire was manifested to ascertain its origin. Mr. COIT said that Mr. NILES informed him that he obtained the grafts from Baltimore. Dr. BRINCKLE thought it was a foreign pear. Mr. BERCKMANS had sent both fruit and scions to Europe to the Belgian Commission, and the best French pomologists, and the unanimous report was that it was not a native of Europe.

Onondaga—Mr. WALKER moved be advanced.—Do not rank it No. 1, as to quality, but it has a great many good qualities—holds its leaves until late in the fall, grows and bears well, and if picked in proper time the fruit is good enough for anybody. T. W. FIELD said it was sometimes astringent and sour. HOVEY considered it one of the most valuable pears grown in this country—very large, ripens when pears are needed, and is a great bearer. The PRESIDENT would most cheerfully recommend it for general culture. Dr. WARD, of New Jersey, had some fine trees that produced many bushels every year, but could get nothing for them. They decay so rapidly that fruit dealers are afraid to touch them. W. R. PRINCE said if we did not adopt the Onondaga for general culture we may as well strike out the Bartlett. HOVEY said it kept better than the Bartlett and as well as any pear of the same season. Dr. RUSSELL, of Conn., had always found it coarse and acid in his State. Mr. CLARK, of New Haven, said both tree and fruit was good. Mr. DICKERMAN, of New Haven, had fruited it for several years and found the fruit uniformly good. BARRY considered it one of the best American pears, worthy to rank with Beurre Superfin. TOWNSEND found it variable in quality.—THOMPSON, of Ohio, and LYON, of Michigan, said it was very desirable in all respects, in these States. Adopted for general cultivation.

Osband's Summer—PRINCE, one of the very best of summer pears. Should be advanced. HOOKER would like to see it promoted—a good pear, and unexceptionable in almost every respect. This was the general opinion. Adopted for general cultivation.

Stevens' Genesee—The President and Mr. CABOT thought it should be stricken from the list promising well—it cracked badly. Mr. TOWNSEND said with him it was of about the same character as the Onondaga. Mr. LYON said it was very fine in Michigan. Mr. PRINCE had trees twenty years old. Good when it does not crack. It was allowed to remain on the list.

St. Michael Archange—Mr. WALKER proposed to recommend for general culture. The President seconded the proposition—it was as hardy as a forest tree. Mr. BUIST was in favor of its promotion—a fine fruit, good grower, keeps its leaves, and bears abundantly. Adopted for general cultivation.

The list of varieties promising well having been revised, it was proposed to add new varieties.

Hull—T. W. FIELD proposed the Hull. Mr. HOVEY considered it one of the best pears we have—almost as good as the White Doyenne, of good size, and a fine grower. Added to the list promising well.

Cabot—Was recommended by the President. Mr. HOVEY considered it of the same class as the Lodge, and even better. Mr. TOWNSEND found it of fine quality and productive. Messrs. BARRY, WALKER and others, spoke well of it. As it seemed so well known and generally approved, Mr. HOVEY proposed to add it to the list for general cultivation. Adopted.

Frederic Wurtumberg was recommended by T. W. FIELD. The President said it had gone out of culture in Massachusetts. No one favored it, and it was passed.

Meriam was moved to be added to the list by Mr. HOVEY; Mr. WALKER seconded the proposition. Mr. CABOT considered it one of the most desirable varieties for market. Not number one, but an excellent grower and bearer. Mr. FRENCH thought it worthy of general cultivation. Mr. HOVEY said it was such a prodigious bearer that unless the fruit was thinned the trees would be much injured. The President said it would rank next to the Bartlett as a market fruit, and please everybody. Added to the list promising well.

Cushing—Mr. HOVEY proposed. Mr. FIELD objected, as it was not better than the Heathcot.—Mr. SAUL said if as good as the Heathcot, it was a glorious pear. HOVEY said it was as good as Heathcot, and this was no mean merit R R. SCOTT stated it was one of the few pears that had invariably done well around Philadelphia. Mr. BERGEN, of Long Island, never found it more than third-rate. Mr. WALKER did not think quite as well of the Cushing as some others did. Mr. REID thought it much better than some we have on our list as promising well. It was not recommended.

Pinneo—Dr. RUSSELL, of Connecticut, proposed the Pinneo pear as promising well. It originated in Connecticut about one hundred years ago, and had been considerably grown in that State, and sold in the Boston market. Mr. HOVEY said it was brought from Lebanon, Connecticut, and sold in Boston in large quantities, as the Virgalieu. He procured scions and fruited it, and named it the *Boston Pear*, by which name it had been known and sold. Mr. COIT, of Conn., said Pinneo was the name of the person on whose farm it originated. It was a fine grower and a good bearer. Dr. RUSSELL said it was described in the Albany Cultivator in 1847, as the *Pinneo*, and he thought the old name should be retained. After a good deal of discussion it was voted to add it to the list promising well, under the name of *Pinneo*.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Queen of August.—WM. R. PRINCE called attention to a seedling which he had named the Queen of August—a better pear than the Bartlett, and as large as the Urbaniste.

Bonne d'Ezee.—T. W. FIELD proposed to add this variety to the list promising well. WALKER, CABOT and others objected to it on account of the unhealthy character of the tree. Mr. CHORLTON, of Staten Island, had grown it for six years on the quince, and it had proved fine and healthy in every respect. It was not recommended.

Bergen.—Mr. FIELD recommended the *Bergen*. PRINCE considered it a very valuable pear. Mr. BRINCKLE thought it first rate. Z. G. BERGEN, of Long Island, said the original tree was in his neighborhood, and about forty years old. Passed as promising well.

Hagaman.—Mr. PRINCE called attention to this pear—a seedling of the Seckel, and double its size. HOVEY moved it be adopted as promising well. WALKER was opposed to recommending it at present. Not adopted.

Canandaigua—was recommended by Mr. BARRY—a good pear and one of the handsomest of trees—erect as a Lombardy Poplar, and a great bearer. It was not sufficiently known, and was not adopted.

Tea Pear—recommended by Mr. CLARK, of Connecticut, who has grown it six or seven years. A handsome, good pear. The President had cultivated it, and did not think very favorably of it. Dr. HOW, of Conn., liked it well. Not adopted.

Beurre Gris d'Hiver Nouveau, was recommended. The President could not ripen it. Mr. SAUL said with him it was a fall or early winter pear. Mr. BARRY had grown it for several years. Ripens in middle of winter. Uniformly good, except one season, when it mildewed and cracked. Adopted as promising well.

Church—Recommended by HOOKER. PRINCE said the *Church* was identical with *Platt's Bergamotte*. Mr. HOOKER said Judge STRONG, of Rochester, obtained some pear trees at PRINCE'S Nursery some thirty years ago. Having lost the name of one tree, when it bore fruit it was called *Prince's Virgaloose*. It has been examined by a good many good judges, and pronounced identical with the Church. Dr. BRINCKLE had seen the *Church* in Pennsylvania and other places under three or four different names. Mr. HOVEY said the *Platt's Bergamotte*, as grown around Boston, was not similar to the Church. LAWTON, of New Rochelle, and BATEMAN, of Ohio, had seen the Church under different names and without a name. No action was taken.

Gansel's Bergamotte—recommended by C. M. HOVEY. Mr. WALKER would second the recommendation if the tree was hardy and a good grower. In the north the wood is killed more or less—it is a shy bearer, and comes in when we have a host of other pears that produce more abundantly. BARRY said the fruit was good, but the tree was a delicate, poor grower—one of the very worst. HOOKER would prefer to place it on the *rejected* list. It was not recommended.

Henkel—recommended by Mr. REID. HOVEY, CARPENTER, and others said it was "good," "first-rate," &c. Adopted as promising well.

The list of pears, as recommended, now stands as follows:

FOR GENERAL CULTIVATION.

Ananas d'Ete,	Golden Beurre of Bilboa,
Andrews,	Howell,
Belle Lucrative, or Fondante d'Automne,	Kingsessing,
Beurre d'Anjou,	Lawrence,
Beurre d'Aremberg,	Louise Bonne de Jersey,
Beurre Diel,	Madeleine,
Beurre Bosc,	Manning's Elizabeth,
Beurre St. Nicholas,	Onondaga,
Bloodgood,	Osband's Summer,
Buffum,	Paradise d'Automne,
Beurre Clairgeau,	Rostiezer,
Beurre Giffard,	St. Michael Archange,
Beurre Superfin,	Seckel,
Brandywine,	Sheldon,
Cabot,	Tyson,
Doyenne d'Alencon,	Urbaniste,
Dearborn's Seedling,	Uvedale's St. Germain (for baking.)
Doyenne d'Ete,	Vicar of Winkfield,
Doyenne Boussock,	William's Bon Chretien, or Bartlett,
Flemish Beauty,	Winter Nelis.
Fulton,	

NEW VARIETIES WHICH PROMISE WELL.

Adams,	Fondante de Malines,
Alpha,	Fondante de Noel,
Bergen,	Hull,
Beurre Gris d'Hiver Nouveau,	Henkel,
Beurre d'Albret,	Hosen Schenk,
Beurre Kennes,	Jalousie de Fontenay Vendee,
Beurre Langlier,	Kirtland,
Beurre Nantais,	Lodge (of Penn.,)
Beurre Hardy,	Meriam,
Chancellor,	Niles,
Charles Van Hooghten,	Nouveau Poiteau,
Collins,	Ott,
Comte de Flanders,	Pinneo,
Conseillier de la Cour,	Philadelphia,
Comptesse d'Alost,	Pius IX.,
Delices d'Hardenpont de Belgique,	Pratt,
Dix,	Rousselette d'Esperen,
Duchesse d'Orleans,	Stevens' Genesee,
Duchesse de Berri d'Ete,	Striped Madeleine,
Emile d'Heyst,	Theodore Van Mons,
Epine Dumas,	Van Assene, or Van Assche,
Fondante de Comice,	Walker,
Fondante de Charneuse,	Zepherine Gregoire.

We give a full report of the proceedings of the American Pomological Society, to the exclusion of much other matter that we have on hand. We had purposed to finish the report this week, but are unable to do so, and next week will conclude the whole matter with the discussion on Grapes, Small Fruits, &c. The Society publishes its doings in a pamphlet, for the use of members only, and many pay the two dollars solely for the purpose of obtaining the proceedings. We give our readers, certainly, as good a report as the official one, with out any extra charge, for where reporters are employed, who know nothing of the subjects discussed, their reports are not very satisfactory. The Society, this year, paid fifty dollars to such a reporter. They might have used our report, as they did at the last session, without charge, and and even now we claim no copyright. All interested in fruit should preserve the papers containing this report, as they will have occasion to refer to it many times during the next year or two.

The very fine *Rebecca Grapes* on exhibition, that we noticed last week, were shown by WILLIAM BROCKSBANE, of Hudson, and not by those to whom we credited them. The new grapes attracted general attention and those who examined them often left the collections so mixed up, and the labels so disarranged that a little confusion was to be anticipated.

Domestic Economy.

TO COLOR CRIMSON OR PURPLE.—In the RURAL of Aug. 14th, J. S., of Michigan, inquires how to color Merinoes or Cashmeres some rich, dark color. It may be done as follows. If the cloth is dirty, wash cleanly in soap suds—if not washed, it must be wet thoroughly in suds, after which make another strong suds. If you wish to color a dress a rich crimson, put your suds into a brass kettle and add one-quarter of a pound of cudbear, stir well, then put in the garment, set it on the stove and let it scald for an hour or two. If you desire a dark purple, add from one-quarter to one-half of a pound of cudbear, and put into an iron kettle, instead of brass—wash well through two suds and rinse in clear water.—S. J., *Dutchess Co., N. Y.*, 1858.

SNAPS AND SPONGE CAKE.—As I have been benefited in this column, here are a few recipes of mine in return:

SNAPS.—2 cups of molasses; 1½ of butter and lard melted together; wine glass of milk; little ginger; 1 teaspoon saleratus.

SPONGE CAKE.—2 cups sugar; 6 eggs; 1 cup of flour; 1 teaspoon cream tartar.—AMELIA, *Cayuga, New York*, 1858.

PRESERVING CITRONS.—Can you, or any of the numerous readers of the RURAL, furnish a good recipe for the preservation of Citrons, and oblige your constant subscriber—NODROG, *London, C. W.*, 1858.

TO COLOR STRAW DRAB.—Will some of your numerous readers, who have had experience in coloring, be kind enough to give me a recipe for coloring straw drab?—M. L., *Liberty, Sullivan Co., N. Y.*, 1858.

PELEG WHITE'S STICKING SALVE.—Two oz. beeswax; 2 oz. tallow—mutton is the best—4 oz. Burgundy pitch; 8 oz. rosin—a little Canada balsam is an improvement.—J. A. P., *Corning, N. Y.*

Ladies' Port-Folio.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE FISHER'S WIFE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Roared the wild swelling billows
Out on the lonesome sea;
Upsprang the pearl-clear foam-caps
Chasing the wind in glee;
While the grey skies, melancholy,
Low in their mockery bent,
Like the dismal drapery of funeral,
Or coffin cerement.

Light gleamed in the fisher's cottage,
Streamed thro' the heavy night,
Crimsoned the weary woman,
Waiting there, sad and white;
Listening the loud wind's screaming—
Praying the vengeful waves
To guide him in through the darkness,
In from the sea's black graves.

Over the mountain of waters
Struggled the fisher boat,
With never a hand to guide her,
Never an oar to float!
Down in the shell-paved temples—
Naiads the vigil to keep—
Sleepeth the bold fisher sailor,
Low in the halls of the deep!

Woman! extinguish the watch-fire!
Give thy strained ear rest—
One there is up in Heaven
Doeth all for the best!
Lie down on thy wretched pillow,
Ask for the dream god's spell—
Far down in the sea thy husband
Sleepeth soundly and well!

Farmington, N. H., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BEAUTY.

What is beauty? not the show
Of outward forms and features; no,
These are but flowers
That have their dated hours
To breathe their momentary sweets, then go—
'Tis the stainless soul within
That outshines the fairest skin.—Sir A. Hunt.

What is beauty? This question may have been often asked and as frequently answered, and the inquirer have found himself as little satisfied and as much perplexed as before. It is an almost indescribable *something*, which, from remotest ages, has received the homage of all classes. The lowly peasant and the monarch's crown have alike been influenced to bow at beauty's shrine. And surely no one should be censured for having a taste for the beautiful; for it is a quality that the Creator has instilled into all the productions of his hand; and has calculated it to be a source of pleasure and enjoyment to all of his creatures; and not only for their *enjoyment*, but for their *improvement*. For (as it is often said, the character of the maker is shown in his works,) it exerts an influence upon the seeker after aspiring thoughts, and leads the mind toward the fountain of *all* beauty.

Again, I inquire, what is beauty? We have the testimony of pretending connoisseurs that a polished and intellectual looking brow, sparkling eyes, a finely turned nose, clear and blushing cheeks, tempting, rosy lips, and a pretty dimpled chin, constitute this all-attracting quality. But I must beg leave to differ with them, unless something more be added to these attractions. An inherent virtuous disposition—a goodness and grace of action which arises from a gentle and affectionate heart, is indispensable to beauty, that beauty which never fades, but ever blooms the same. Consequently, a person having rather irregular features—one that is not remarkable for particular personal attractions—by cultivating a kind and gentle disposition, by schooling the soul, that it may shine out brightly through the roughness of the exterior, and the mild expression of the face speak the goodness of the heart, such may be ranked with the beautiful. Ladies, when you are spending your precious moments in adorning yourselves that you may appear fair, attractive, and charming to those, your friends of the opposite sex, do not forget *that true beauty*, and leave the mind uncultivated and unadorned; nor that the expression that arises from a grateful heart to an open countenance is far more charming than any *artistic* blushes you can produce. And remember that every gentleman prefers a kind, benevolent, and undeformed soul to the most regular form and showy figure.

Lansing, Mich., 1858. Ned Blossom.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

PUFFED-UP FOLKS.

We wonder if Amelia wears hoops? And what of it if she does?—nothing, only we think of "Stuck-Up Folks" every time we see a woman with hoops on. It puts us in mind of the frog in the "fable," that undertook to swell so as to equal the ox. The woman that sweeps along the street or side walk, with a dress spread three or four feet in diameter, is a fit companion for "that young gent., dressed in the extreme of fashion, who, as he twirls his walking stick and puffs a fragrant Havana, would fain lead us to believe he is lord of this lower realm." What are the words this young gent. would probably use, should he speak out what the discerning observer of human nature plainly reads in his walk, gestures, dress, cane, and cigar? "Behold! what a man I am; having no other business than to make a show of myself, and associate with a species of butterflies." We hope, for humanity's sake, these butterflies are in the last stage of their mundane existence; but it is not likely they will become obsolete, unless butterfly mothers become women of sense, instead of fashion's dupes.

"The fops are painted butterflies,
That flutter for a day,
First from a worm they take their rise,
And in a worm decay."

And, again, what is the language of the wo—man, passing by with her immensity of crinoline—"stuck over with ribbons and hung round with strings?" "Behold! how much greater I am than God made me—I am for sale to the first gent, I meet, who can say soft words, and has got money enough, or, I think, can support me in genteel idleness. I really think I shall faint and die, if I do not live as the schools of folly and fashion dictate,"—and you might as well, for you are useless living, and, shall we say it, unhonored when dead. The world will roll on, we believe, just as well without you; and we hope your papa and husband, if you have any, (though we pity *them* if you have,) will soon withdraw their support from the schools of folly and fashion, and leave folly's dupes "alone in their glory."

"When each fulfills a wise design,
In his own orbit he will shine."
"Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch
Transform themselves so strangely as the rich?
Well, but the poor—the poor have the same itch;
They change their weekly barber, weekly news,
Prefer a new japanner to their shoes."

We close with a quotation from Bishop Tillotson:—"If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure sincerity is better; for why does any person dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such qualities as he pretends to; for to counterfeit and dissemble is to put on the appearance of some real excellence. Now, the best way in the world to seem to be anything, is really to be what ye would seem to be. Besides that, is it many times as troublesome to make good pretence of a quality as to have it; and, if a man have it not, it is ten to one that he is discovered to want it, and then he has all his pains for nothing."

Byron, N. Y., 1858. Truth Seeker.

THE PARTICULAR LADY.

There is a coldness and precision about this person's dwelling that makes your heart shrink back (that is, if you have the least atom of sociability in your nature) with a lonely feeling, the same which you experience when you go by yourself and for the first time among decided strangers.

Everything is in *painful* order. The damask table cover has been in just the same folds ever since it came from the vender's shop, eight years ago; and the legs of the chairs have been on the exact diamonds in the drugget they were first placed on; by-the-by, do you ever remember of seeing that same drugget off the carpet underneath? No—for she never has company; the routing, the untidiness they would occasion, would cause the poor soul to be subject to fits for the rest of her natural, or rather unnatural—life. Though untidiness is a fault all people should avoid, especially the young, yet for mercy's sake, urge them not to be *particular*. She will become as hateful in the sight of her friends as a sloven.

The particular lady generally lives in the kitchen—and an excruciatingly tidy one it is. The great parlors, with their crimson curtains, Turkish carpets, mammoth mirrors, beautiful mantels, and elegant paintings, always closed. Nobody visits them; nobody enjoys them; the children tread on tip-toe to steal a glance into them, their eyes expressive of wonderment and a cautious air of dread.

She is all the time dusting and washing and scrubbing, and scrubbing and washing and dusting. The door-steps, the wash-boards must be daily scrubbed, though immaculately white they already be. The very knives, forks and spoons are rubbed thin and genteel by repeated cleaning.

You can tell her crossing the street; she watches for every vehicle and waits until it has passed a square, for fear of being splashed; and even in dry weather she crosses on the joints of her toes, and holds her dress above her ankles. Her constant fidget wears the flesh from her bones and color from her cheeks. She never can get a servant to stay long with her. We never heard of but one "particular lady" who retained a domestic longer than a year, but then she was as "particular" as her mistress.

YOUNG LADIES AND HOUSE-WORK.

A friend of ours, remarkable for strong, good sense, married a very accomplished and fashionable young lady, attracted more by her beauty and accomplishments than by anything else. In this, it must be owned that his strong, good sense did not seem very apparent. His wife, however, proved to be a very excellent companion, and was deeply attached to him, though she still loved company, and spent more time abroad than he exactly approved. But, as his income was good, and his house furnished with a good supply of domestics, he was not aware of any abridgment of comfort on this account, and he, therefore, made no objections to it.

One day, some few months after his marriage, our friend, on coming home to dinner, saw no appearance of his usual meal, but found his wife in great trouble instead.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nancy went off at ten o'clock this morning," replied his wife, "and the chamber maid knew no more about cooking a dinner than the man in the moon."

"Couldn't she have done it under your direction?" inquired her husband, very coolly.

"Under my direction? I should like to see a dinner cooked under my direction."

"Why so?" asked the husband in surprise, "you certainly do not mean to say that you cannot cook a dinner."

"I certainly do, then," replied his wife. "How should I know anything about cooking?"

The husband was silent, but a look of astonishment perplexed and worried his wife.

"You look very much surprised," she said, after a moment or two had elapsed.

"And so I am," he answered; "as much surprised as I should be in finding the captain of one of my ships unacquainted with navigation. Don't you know how to cook, and the mistress of a family? Jane, if there is a cooking school anywhere in the city, go to it, and complete your education, for it is deficient in a very important particular."
—*T. S. Arthur.*

There are hearts all the better for keeping; they become mellower, and more worth a woman's acceptance than the crude, unripe things too frequently gathered—as children gather green fruit—to the discomfort of those who obtain them.

A woman without poetry is like a landscape without sunshine.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SUMMER'S DEATH.

BY ELLEN C. LAKE.

Gone out from the emerald meadows,
Off from the breezy hills,
Through an archway of twilight shadows
That sunset's glory fills;
The summer that came, torrid-hearted,
Out of the grave of May,
With Autumn has met and parted
Full in the western sky.

There were gifts of red-flushing roses
That dropped in days of June
From the wealth of the reign that closes
At break of night's dark noon;
There were billows of grass-bloom floating
Under July's red sun,
And grain-fields wore a golden coating
When August days begun.

There were misty, fanciful dreamings
Deep in the woodland aisles,
There were days that seemed but red gleamings
Of far-off tropic smiles;
There came, as Faith's clearest fountains
Start in the wastes of pain,
From clouds that seemed dark-browed mountains,
Flashes of summer rain.

But at last, with its crimson banner
Furling in twilight's haze,
With no anthem or church-bell's clamor
Over its dying rays,
The summer that brought us rare roses,
The summer full of hope,
Goes downward where the darkness closes
Over the hill-top's slope.

Redden slowly, oh, autumn morning
The starry eastern skies,
The thought of another bright dawning
Over the heart's pulse lies;—
Send no flashes of triumph beating
Around the vacant throne,
Though the grain-fields wait for your reaping,
Summer is dead and gone.

Charlotte Centre, N. Y., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

LETTERS FROM OUR FARM.—No. II.

"Lady Summer, fair and young,
Pale and dead is lying."

A strange spell has come over the beautiful earth, and breathed itself into the soft airs about us. The heart is oppressed, in spite of fair skies and undimmed sunshine, with a sense of something sweet and precious gone from it. There is little heart in us for laugh or song, and yet we can hardly tell why. The glory of the green earth is not dimmed yet, but looking wistfully upon it all, we sigh as we whisper regretfully,—"*Summer's gone.*"

True, the forests keep their green livery, and not a leaf is gone from the bough; the meadows show no tints of umber, and even the uplands are scarcely browned. The sky wears the stainless blue of the young June, and the white clouds wander slowly over it, blown about by as sweet a wind as that which shook down the apple blossoms on your face, when you lay dreaming in the orchards in May. You were not sad then—why are you now? Ah! the change is more in you, after all. *Then* you heard in every whisper of the wind, prophecies of the good and the beauty that were to be; *now*, you are only thinking of the dismal Winter, waiting, with winding sheet of snow, to dig the grave for all this summer bloom.

The first days of Autumn are very mournful. They are like the passing away of the flush of youth and beauty. When one first realizes that he has reached the meridian of life, and that heart and brain are beginning to ripen and mature into that perfection so soon followed by decay, then comes a brief struggle with regretful longings, that would fain cling a little longer to youth's summer time. But when that is past—when the heart takes home a full realization of the grandeur of earnest and perfected manhood—when life grows solemn and real, as its high aims dawn upon the soul, and the life to come looks nearer and more tangible—*then* comes a time of riper joy than the passionate hours of youth ever knew. Steadfastly the face is set toward the grave, not seeing that so much, as the eternity beyond it; one by one cherished follies and weaknesses drop away, leaving the soul to grow and ripen in the sunshine that shines freely and fully upon it, till by and by the angels come and gather it for the garner of our Lord. So it will be when these first days of Autumn sadness are over. We shall enjoy the mellow richness of September, and the deepening glory of October, with a kind-of grave happiness, and even look kindly upon the ashen skies of dull November.

The song birds have grown very silent already, but we have no lack of music. Here, at the Farm, we have concerts from troupes of traveling musicians, who only make engagements for September, assisted by some few lingerers from the orchestra of Summer. All day, while the sunshine lies warm and still over the glimmering landscape, lighting up with a new glory the brown wheat fields, and flooding the hills with a mellow radiance, you may lie in dreamy languor, and hear no sounds upon the soft west wind, save the faintest of voices from the leaves, that seem as if, with every fibre relaxed, they were too idle to give back a rustle to the breezy fingers that play with them. Only this, and the monotonous song of the locusts up in the maples, and now and then a scream from some solitary jay. But when the deep blue of the sky begins to fade out, and the great drifts of snowy clouds wander over the western horizon, and gather about the sunset slope, building a grand pavilion for the dying day-god, then begins a new scene.

The west wind drops away till not a leaf quivers in the stillness. The sky slowly changes from crimson to orange, from orange to rich saffron tints, that fade into pale primrose, and when you think the grey of twilight has crept over the whole, it flushes up again, as beautiful, if fainter than before. Then if the harvest moon comes up, full and red, over the forests, and lends the magic of moonlight to the scene, all will be ready for the serenaders, that are already sending out solitary notes here and there—tuning their instruments, perhaps.

First comes to your ear the sound of the river. Strange that you never noticed it by day—now its steady roar seems to swell as you listen, coming nearer, and filling all the night. There is something in that rush of water that carries you away from the present into that wonderful future whither you feel yourself tending silently day by day. Something that sounds solemn to you, as if a voice from eternity cried out to your soul. You do not like to listen to it now, when the Summer has just floated away from your grasp, bearing with it so many treasures that should have been yours, but which can now only shine dimly upon you when you catch occasional glimpses into the storehouses where the wealth and the beauty that "*might have been*" is laid up. So you turn away with a sigh that is more than half contrition, and might be a prayer, and then you hear other tones. The Katydids are gossipping as noisily as ever up in the trees, telling the old tales that used to move your childish wonder, when you lay broad awake, on pleasant moonlight nights, in the chamber close under the eaves of the old brown homestead among the hills.

Don't you remember how you, and the owner of a little curly head on the next pillow, speculated about that "Katy," and how you crept softly out of bed, and pattered across the floor with your little bare feet, and stood on tip-toe at the open window to listen? Have you forgotten how you stood there, watching the bats as they circled about, and how you leaned out to see if you could find the "*Great Dipper*," that was always such a wonder to your eyes, thinking, in your simple faith, that you were looking at the very floor of heaven? If a white wing of some wandering angel had flitted across the blue, it would not have very much surprised you, for stars and angels were closely linked in your minds, ever since the time when that loving mother told, in her sweet words, the story of the heavenly host that sang to the Shepherds of Judea, and the star in the east, that led to the Babe of Bethlehem. So you listened and wondered, and by and by stole back to bed, and fell asleep with your hearts brimful of love and happiness.

All the while the concert goes on. One can hardly analyze the music without making discord of it, but Nature blends it all admirably, so that not a note jars unpleasantly on the ear. A whole tribe of crickets keep up a constant chorus in every tone, from the mournful cry of the fall cricket, with its sad "summer's gone," to the merry little household visitor, welcomed at many a fireside in spite of his mischievous pranks with the good wife's carpets, for the sake of the old Scotch proverb, "*a cricket on the hearth is good luck to the house.*" Down in the meadows the frogs send out as musical a chorus as if November were never coming; while their noisy cousins, the tree-toads, hid away among the branches in their invisible livery, trill out their long quavers incessantly.

There are a thousand soft, nameless sounds that you are not conscious of hearing, that come in to fill up the harmony. They are like the semitones in painting, helping to blend smoothly together what would otherwise be in too striking contrast. They fill the soul, and quiet it, so that the grating and jarring of all the machinery of toil and trade is for the time forgotten. The blessed influence falls like dew upon the germ of a better nature within us; it buds and blossoms, and reaches tendrils upward toward heaven.

We are full of tearful penitence for the evil done, and of hopeful resolves for the future to walk humbly before God,—meekly and lovingly toward men. But with the morn comes anew the stern grappling with labor,—the bitter temptations without and doubtings within, and the prayers and hopes are all forgotten with the sounds of the September night. H.

HOW TO TAKE LIFE.

Take life like a man. Take it just as though it was—as it is—an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you personally were born to the task of performing a merry part in it—as though the world had waited for your coming. Take it as though it was a grand opportunity to do and to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes; to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be, heart-broken brother. The fact is, life is undervalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half as much of as should be the case. Where is the man or woman who accomplishes one tithe of what might be done? Who cannot look back upon opportunities lost, plans unachieved, thoughts crushed, aspirations unfulfilled, and all caused from the lack of the necessary and possible effort! If we knew better how to take and make the most of life, it would be far greater than it is. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and straightway becomes famous for wisdom, intellect, skill, greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, idolizes; and yet it only illustrates what each may do if he takes hold of life with a purpose. If a man but say he *will*, and follows it up, there is nothing in reason he may not expect to accomplish. There is no magic, no miracle, no secret to him who is brave in heart and determined in spirit.

Overburden not thy memory to make so faithful a servant a slave. Remember Atlas was weary. Have as much reason as a camel, to rise when thou hast thy full load. Memory, like a purse, if it be over-full that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it. Take heed of gluttinous curiositie to feed on many things, lest the greedinesse of the appetite of thy memory spoyl the digestion thereof. Spoyl not thy memory with thine own jealousie, nor make it bad by suspecting it. How canst thou find that true which thou wilt not trust? Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. One will carrie twice more weight, trust and packt up in bundles, than when it lies untowardly flapping about his shoulders.—*Fuller.*

How little is known of what is in the bosom of those around us! We might explain many a coldness, could we look into the heart concealed from us; we should often pity where we hate, love when we curl the lip with scorn and indigation. To judge without reserve of any human action is a culpable temerity, of all our sins the most unfeeling and frequent.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SABBATH MUSINGS.

BY P. E. AUSTIN

How sweet the holy light of Sabbath eve
When Nature's voice is hushed, and all is calm
As an infant's slumber. When all earth
Seems hushed into repose—when the still air
Scarce moves the quivering leaf, or wafts the flower
Whose fragrant odors mingle with the air,
In sweet perfume, and hues of heaven's own dye
To breathe into the weary, troubled heart
The light of heaven—the goodness of a God,
Who rules o'er earth and sky. 'Tis then the soul,
In sweet communion with her God, looks up
To the blue dome above, and in its bright
And glorious canopy can read those words
Of hope and promise there—"the pure in heart
Shall meet again," e'en though a Jordan's flood
May roll between, yet in that blissful home
Beyond the skies, where all is joy and peace—
Where God, unchangeable, eternal reigns—
Where all is pure ecstatic praise to Him—
Where all the ransomed hosts together dwell
In realms of pure, eternal, changeless bliss—
Where faith is lost in sight, and prayer in praise.
There, in that blest abode, from sin set free,
The pure in heart shall see their God, and meet
Each other there; and know as they are known,
And praise the name of Him who safe has brought
Them through this world of tears, and while the long,
Unknown, unnumbered years, the countless ages
Of vast eternity rolls on, their souls,
Attuned in unison with heaven's choir,
Harmonious shall sing the song of praise—
The song of Moses and the Lamb—till heaven
Resounding with the holy strains, the spheres
Shall join the heavenly song, the saints shall sweep
Their harps of gold with hands untaught by man,
And in the holy, heavenly harmony
The soul shall lose itself, and back to Him
From whom it came, with heavenly joy return,
In realms of pure, eternal, changeless light,
To dwell forever with its Father God.

Ottawa, Ill., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

LIFE AND DEATH.

"What is death?"

"Tell me, first, what life is."

"Death is the absence of life."

"But life is not the absence of death, for with life commences death. When we begin to live, we also begin to die. Life, at best is uncertain,—Death sure and inevitable. Death is the great rock round which the waves of life dash, and foam, and fret, and then vanish away, while the dark rock stands unmoved, bearing upon its rugged surface no marks of the surge that has been washing it for these thousands of years. Death is as perpetual as time; but Death cannot enter eternity. It is the shore of time, but sinks and is lost in the ocean of eternity."

"Death, then, only marks the boundaries of time. It is but a monument. It hath no terror, no power of harm—only as it is clothed therewith by the human mind. To those whose lives have been well spent, the passage of this boundary gives no alarm; no phantoms pursue them."

"But those whose lives have been badly spent?"

"Ah! at this boundary all their evil deeds meet them to be forever after their constant companions. It was no idle prayer of the prophet who said, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his.'"

Such thoughts often come into my mind—always when I have seen any one die; often when I have plucked a rose, or even pulled up a noxious weed. But lately my mind has dwelt much upon the subject, and it formed the web of my musings as I came home the other night from a friend's house, wherein lay the mortal remains of a child. She was just bursting into the mature loveliness of early womanhood—the pride of the household, a loving and lovely girl. I had known her from her childhood—even from her infancy Within a year or two she had been much at our house, (whilst teaching our village school,) and I can see her, as she often came into the library, and, in her girlish way, sat down upon the carpet by my side when writing, just where I now sit, and we thus had many hours of pleasant conversation. Sometimes grave, sometimes gay, and always instructive, for she had a mind that relished knowledge, and craved the companionship of those whose experience could supply the deficiencies of her own.

Strange how tenacious memory is of the forms of beauty! I can see her now as she came into the room one evening after her school had been dismissed for the day, swinging her hat by the strings, all radiant with beauty, and taking her accustomed seat, inquired "what I was writing? It could be no love-letter she was sure, for I was too old to write such letters."

I was writing in my diary the time and circumstances attending the death of a mother, and had given way to the feelings which such an event is wont to call out. While reading the page her eyes filled with tears, and when I finished she bowed her head upon her hands and wept freely. Looking up through her tears, she said: "How pleasant to be kindly remembered when we are dead. Will anybody say such good things of me when I am gone?"

The young and beautiful girl has been taken and the old man left, and he now sits in the same chair, and is writing at the same table and in the same place; but the beautiful and animated form that sat beside him,

"Never more on her
Shall fall the friendly eye. She was not made
Through years of grief the inner weight to bear,
Which older hearts endure till they are laid
By age in earth. Her days and pleasures were
Brief but delightful, such as have not
Staid long with her destiny."

A little mound in the village cemetery marks the resting place of that form, but the spirit of my young and gentle friend is

"Away, away, without a wing,
O'er all, through all, its thoughts shall fly,
A nameless and eternal thing,
Forgetting what it was to die." T.

No Compromise.—God does not allow us to part with an inch of his ground, though we might thereby gain the peaceable possession of all the rest.—*T. Hardcastle.*

The Educator.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

HISTORICAL READING.

The various dry, indigestible records of events, with the dates of their occurrence and the names of the most prominent actors connected with them, that pass for text-books of History in many of our schools, I suppose, have repelled more minds from a perusal of the master works of true historical composition than they have attracted to it. Indeed, if the object of introducing History into school were to create an early distaste for that branch of letters, the purpose could not be more effectually accomplished, especially in the case of pupils of indifferent memory for names and dates, than by a daily, undiluted lesson from one of the many "Elements," "Outlines," "Abridgments," "Compends," &c., got up to facilitate the acquisition of a knowledge of the past. They who are fortunate enough never to have attempted to extract nourishment from these husks of history, but whose ideas of the pleasure and advantage of historical reading have been formed by acquaintance with such authors as Goldsmith, Hume, Bancroft, Prescott, &c., who have found a fascination in the pages of Macaulay compared with which even the interest of their favorite novels was tame, and who wait as anxiously the appearance of each succeeding volume of his History as the reader of fiction expects the next installment of a story—these may well listen with surprise to complaints of the dullness and tediousness of history; but let them compare the miserable skeletons on which these unfavorable opinions of historical literature were founded, with the full, rich narratives themselves have delighted to read, and they will soon cease to wonder. As it is far more desirable to cultivate in the minds of the young a taste for historical reading than to burden the memory with a mass of facts having little apparent relation to each other, and the mere effort to retain which, in their proper sequence, produces weariness and disgust, it will be found that the only really profitable way in which Epitomes of history can be employed for educational purposes is to use them as references and as aids to the memory in connection with works of a freer, more generous character.

The great mass of readers labor under two serious disadvantages so far as the reading of history is concerned, one of which, perhaps, equally discourages their undertaking all works of a voluminous character, requiring close attention, and the other of which more particularly hinders the successful study of history and books of travel; I mean the want of sufficient connected time and the lack of maps. It is easy enough for any of us to find an occasional hour to devote to a volume of tales, poems or essays, and a book of this kind being a collection of complete works of different lengths and on a variety of subjects, each one having no necessary connection with any other, there is no difficulty in finding a song or essay of convenient measure to fill any leisure space of time. Nor does the necessity of reading such a book at chance intervals prevent one deriving all the benefit and enjoyment it is capable of affording. But to gain the full profit and pleasure of reading history one needs to make a business of it; it is not enough to sit down once or twice a week and read a few pages, then lay the volume aside for several days till the subject of the last reading shall have partially faded from the mind before taking it up again. And, as descending from ancient to modern times, the materials for history constantly increase in abundance, so each succeeding work grows more and more formidable in size, and, of course, proportionally taxes the courage and patience of the reader. (It occurs to me here to refer the recent invention and manufacture by machinery of metallic instruments for writing to a difference between the general literature of our own days and that of more remote times. The ancients confined themselves to accounts of things actually done; and for this purpose the stylus and, in later days, the goose-quill sufficed; but this *Age of Talk* tells not only what it has done, but also what it is doing and what it means to do; and so stylus-making and quill-growing are voted slow and have gone out of fashion.) Again, the fact of works on both ancient and modern history being unaccompanied by maps, is a great drawback on the profit that might be anticipated from perusing them. Most houses have a poor provision of maps, and the scarcity seems likely to continue, because, not knowing exactly what we want, we do not know how nor where to supply the deficiency. Every one who has followed the course of a traveler through a long journey in foreign countries will remember how much more interesting were descriptions of towns, lakes, rivers, mountains, &c., with whose names and locations the reader was familiar, or which he could easily find by referring to a map than accounts of more obscure places. Precisely so is it in reading history; events are far more likely to fix our attention and impress themselves on our memories when the scenes in which they transpired are on paper, before our eyes, than when we are left to depend in good part on imagination and guess-work to determine their situation.

The enchantment that distance of time lends to early events, institutions, customs, modes of thought and action, and the thousand circumstances connected with the political, social and domestic economy of long-ago nations, nourishes, in many readers of ancient literature, an inordinate admiration of the past and a corresponding discontent with the present. Dazzled by the brilliant examples of heroism that history has handed down, and believing that ancient times offered far grander opportunities for illustrious achievement than their own age, these worshipers of the past, in weak regrets for its loss, cheat the present of much valuable effort. Possessing, many times, an overweening confidence in their own untried strength, and scorning to debase it to the poor occasions of ordinary life, these dreamers spend themselves in vain longings for a return of the emergencies that called forth those splendid exercises of public and private virtue they so much admire. Knowing nothing of the interests and the struggles that occupy their country and humanity, or, rather, rendered incapable of appreciating present aims by exclusive sympathy with the past, their experience, did they choose to bring it to the aid of their fellow-men, would be found ill-fitted to help forward the progressive movements of their age. But, much as history may have taught these lofty souls who could so quickly distinguish themselves if only a worthy occasion offered, and who, perhaps, would not disdain a little fame even from these degenerate times, they have failed to take from it one or two useful hints; that a just appreciation of the present is not inconsistent with a true veneration of the past; that, as the past is the parent of the present, they do not especially honor the former by despising the latter; that the heroes of any age are not those who scorn the times in which they live, and that a habit of looking backward with longing instead of forward with hope, is not a fitting preparation for the performance of deeds worthy to be recorded by future historians. Nor can they be said to have the highest reverence for ancient heroism who imagine that, under the same circumstances, themselves could equal what they so much venerate; for, if, at the end of their career, those same heroes who won from all later ages such admiration for the past had chosen to speak of their deeds, they could, doubtless, have said, in truth, that, looking at their past lives, they saw many things that even *they* wondered how they accomplished; that they did not believe they could repeat them; so true did it seem that each moment and each duty demanded a strength suited to itself, and, the occasion past, the peculiar capability it called forth had gone with it.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1858. A.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

We find in an exchange the following common-sense views, which we wish were more generally heeded by those upon whom devolves the solemn duty of educating the rising generation:

At the present time, when intellectual activity marks our entire population, and when our children have more active brains than muscle, proper physical education should be regarded as of the very first importance.

Let your boy befog his whole being, physical, mental, and moral, with tobacco, and however well directed the care bestowed upon him by his teachers, the result of this unfortunate physical habit will pain your heart some time, though you may not know the cause. Let your child go from a highly seasoned dinner of gross meats, mince pie, and coffee, of oysters, sardines, and wine, to the school-room, and while this unnatural food is in process of digestion, attempt to study, and it is like loading a race-horse with heavy weights before putting him on the course. But to require a child of five, seven or ten years to think vigorously and closely, is like commanding him to cut his own throat. Let children think naturally and freely.—Make knowledge attractive to them, but never cultivate the mind at the expense of the body. The prevalent sentimentality that makes it vulgar to regard the well-being of the body, is fraught with ruinous consequences. We want Professors of Physiology, of Romping and Fun, in our public schools, as much as we want Professors of Mathematics, or of the Natural Sciences. Children in their sports, want the vigorous influence of joyful and untrammeled maturity, and they would have it, were there *less false dignity* in the world. A good scholar, who is *nothing else* but a good scholar, may exist without health, but a truly noble man, instinct with expanded moral and intellectual life, even in his temper and holy in his emotions, to whom knowledge is a servant and research a pastime, to whom one is not a task-master and the other a task,—such an one can not exist without sound *health*.

LABOR THE CREATOR OF WEALTH.

A novice in reflection would naturally consider the possession of inexhaustible money, gold and silver, as the greatest sign of wealth, national or individual. The false position money has been permitted to assume as a supplier of the necessities and luxurious tastes of society, has begotten the impression that money is the chief wealth. But truly considered how far this conclusion is from fact. Gold and silver bear but a mean relation to those wants of man upon which life depends; intrinsically they are, as an application to his temporal necessities, less valuable than the simplest weeds by the way-side. Can a man eat, or drink, or wear gold? But for the fictitious value allowed to it, what pleasurable impression would it produce on any of the senses more than any other shining substance?

The greatest wealth of a nation, or an individual, does not lie in temporal association or estate to both nations and individuals, but consists in those elements by which the necessities of human life are most surely satisfied. To the wanderer famishing in the desert, the greatest treasure would have been food and drink; he cast pearls aside with disgust, praying they had been dates. The great temporal wants of men and nations are food and raiment, and especially food—deprive them of these, and all other possessions would be useless. The capacity to supply these wants, in spite of exigence, is a wealth and power which gold and silver never possesses. Real capital lies in labor, and labor brought in contact with the earth, in its various capacities, is the creator, as it should be the distributor and enjoyer of the most substantial of all temporal wealth.

The Great Object of Education.—Self-instruction is the one great object of rational education. In mind as well as body we are children at first, only that we may afterwards become men; dependent upon others, in order that we may learn from them such lessons as may tend eventually to our edification on an independent basis of our own. The knowledge of facts, or what is generally called learning, however much we may possess of it, is useful so far only as we erect its materials into a mental framework; but useless so long as we suffer it to lie in a heap, inert and without form. The instruction of others, compared with self-instruction, is like law compared with faith; a discipline of preparation, beggarly elements, a school-master to lead us on to a state of greater worthiness, and there give up the charge of us.—*Bulwer.*

He who writes what is wrong, wrongs what is right.

LOGAN'S MONUMENT.

According to the traditions of the Cayugas, Osco (where now is situated the city of Auburn,) was the birth-place of Logan, the greatest of the Iroquois. His Indian name was Tah-gah-jute. He was the second son of Shikellinus, a distinguished sachem of the Cayugas, and compeer of Ontonegea. About fifty years before the Revolution, when Osco was the principal village of the Cayugas, some two hundred members of the tribe removed to the region of Shamokin, Penn. Tah-gah-jute was then about seven years of age. His father became the friend of the whites, and was soon appointed Indian Agent. Having embraced Christianity, as also the pacific doctrines of the Quakers, the Chieftain and his family were received into the Christian Church. Tah-gah-jute, on the occasion of his baptism, received the name of Logan, in honor of James Logan, Secretary of the Province. Ever the firm friend of the Indian, his name has been rendered doubly illustrious by the noblest of the Cayugas.

Logan inherited the talents and the peaceful virtues of his father, after whose death he became a Chieftain. In conformity with the parental wish, he married, the same year, the daughter of a Sachem of great renown. They were united in marriage by the good missionary Zeisberger.—But Logan was the child of misfortune, and never was kindness to white men requited like his. The following extract will furnish the key to his character:

"Habitually upright, charitable and kind, the noble Chieftain was unprepared for demonstrations of wanton violence in return. He had befriended white men to the extent of his opportunity and means; he had opened the door of his cabin to all who were disposed to accept of his hospitality; he had given meat to the hungry, and raiment to the naked; he was the generous, abiding friend even of the pioneers whose axes were demolishing the forests which supplied his table with venison."

What wonder, when his implicit faith in the white man had been shamefully violated—wrongs and indignities heaped upon him—his relatives murdered in cold blood—he could not quietly endure all, but that his nature called loudly for revenge? Fond memories of wife, children and home, coupled with the base ingratitude of those whom he considered friends, prompted him to action.

What school-boy has not read his remarkable speech, immediately after the war in which he distinguished himself against the whites, and has not been moved with sympathy, even to tears, for the lone, forsaken one?

"I appeal to any white man to say, if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if he ever came cold and naked, and he clothed him not? During the close of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my wife and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

His sun went down in darkness and gloom. Thatcher says:—"The melancholy history of Logan must be dismissed with no relief to its sombre colors. He was himself a victim to the same ferocious cruelty which had already rendered him a desolate man. Not long after the treaty, a party of whites murdered him as he was returning from Detroit to his own country. It grieves us to add that toward the close of his life, misery had made him intemperate. No security and no solace to Logan was the orator's genius or the warrior's glory."

When the citizens of Auburn determined to preserve the antiquities of Fort Hill, by converting it into a rural cemetery, the pile of limestone represented in our engraving, was erected as a tribute of respect to the memory of the greatest of his race. No modern epitaph is inscribed upon it, but that touching and eloquent sentence:

"Who is there to mourn for Logan?"

A SUSPICIOUS MIND.

It is difficult to tell who suffers most from suspicion, he who entertains it, or he who incurs it.—There are few evils more intolerable in life, than the coldness and distrust of friends and acquaintances. But the pain of discovering an unworthy trait or a vile deed in those whom we have trusted, is hardly less distressing. God has made us social beings, and the social instinct cannot be outraged without pain. There is hardly any habit more unfortunate, than that of readily taking up an evil report, or of easily imbibing a suspicion of the conduct or character of our fellow-men. It is a habit which finds many incentives in our evil natures and the world we live in. Every man has his sinister side, and society is at best but a cracked mirror, in which no man's character or motives get a full and fair reflection. It is easy to find in almost every one, some flaw which may be suspected to be an irreparable leak; or some speck upon the surface, that may seem to indicate a radical rot at the core. Few, indeed, go through life not only without wrong, but the appearance of wrong; and if we suffer ourselves to suspect the worst when we see the least, we shall inevitably find ourselves surrounded by rogues, and breathing a very atmosphere of corruption.

Wholly to avoid suspicions of men is impossible, because there is unmistakable occasion for them. But if he is happiest who is freest from them, we should be slow to entertain them. It is better to think well than to think evil of any one. It is better to find a good motive for a doubtful deed, if a good one be possible, than an evil one. It may be nearer the truth; and if not, it will confer a pleasure. Our suspicions often do great wrong to their objects; justice, no less than charity, should make us cautious in indulging in them. And if we do not injure them, such is the retributive law of life, we wound ourselves, we drive charity weeping from our hearts, and deprive ourselves of the blessedness of kind thoughts. It is a loss on all sides. We lose our peace, and our friend loses the joy of our confidence. Charity is profitable as well as right—it is due to our own peace of mind as well as to that of others.—*Evangelist.*

Men imagine they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emit a breath any moment.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 13, 6, 15, 5, 16 is both a bane and blessing.
My 2, 14, 8, 4, 12, 10 is the name of a bird.
My 8, 9, 4, 5 is good for man.
My 1, 13, 9, 11, 4 is allied to a burn.
My 7, 3, 2, 5 is a much abused goddess.
My 14, 15, 5 is always singular.
My whole is a State containing a greater variety of people, than any other in the Union.

New York State, 1858. H. R. L.

Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

Suppose three men were mowing around a piece of grass in the form of a square, and the three cut a strip two rods wide; after going once and a half round, they find the piece of grass one-half cut down and four rods over—how much was there in the piece? S. C. C.

Verona, Oneid. Co., N. Y., 1858.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

My first is always considered a pest,
And, therefore, is never a welcome guest;
It also is an article of food,
And then is considered very good.
My second the city of Rome did have,
But which her might could never save.
My third is a simple verb in English—
My whole was a gen'ral of the British.

Romulus, N. Y., 1858. C. Jacobus.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 454.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—For the word of the Lord is right, and all His works are done in truth.

Answer to Acrostical Enigma:—Give us this day our daily bread—Acrostically, God is Love.

Answer to Engineering Problem:—Commence on the equator, run to the pole, turn a right angle and run to the equator, thence to the place of beginning.

The Young Ruralist.

MODELS FOR YOUNG RURALISTS.

In answer to a request made in the Rural, a few weeks since, for information relative to the culture of winter barley, we have received, among others, the following communication, and we recommend its careful perusal by all that portion of our parish of readers to whom this column is specially dedicated. Would we had more young men of like stamina to the Johnston Brothers. What other portion of the Empire State will show as fair a record? Shall Niagara Co., wear the proud motto—"*Excelsior?*" The question is with the Young Ruralists of the country for solution:

Eds. Rural:—If boys may answer the inquiry concerning Winter Barley, we will send our experience. Our crop this year was 232 bushels from three acres and five-sixths. It was sown the 15th September, on clay loam, and after harvesting a great crop of oats. The oats that scattered in harvesting came up with the barley, and formed the most perfect covering of the ground we ever saw, and some of them survived the frost, and had good, well-filled oats this year, so much so that the breadth of a cradle-swath, next the orchard, where it was most protected from the wind and storm, we did not cut. The barley weighed 48 pounds to the bushel.

How we Stopped a Bull Sucking Cows.—We put him in a stanchion and cut a slit in his tongue, one-half inch deep, right at the end. It cured him, and we believe it will cure a cow, or any kind of animal, and not injure their feeding.

The Way to Keep Turnips, Beets, Carrots, and all roots as fresh during the year as when dug, is to put them in barrels of any kind—apple as good as any—and cover with a sod. This is our mode, and it works to a charm.

Now, Mr. Editor, you may do as you please with this. We are readers of your paper, like it very much, have taken it a good share of the time since it was first published. We are three brothers, working a farm of one hundred and forty-two acres, and have for three years. We have what we can make, and mean to be good farmers and the ardent friends of good crops. Our ages are respectively, Henry Norton Johnston, 19 years; Dorman Steel Johnston, 16 years; Willis Johnston, 14 years. This is our firm, and we make a little money every year, and wish all the rest of the boys may do the same. We love to see a boy with clothes and money he has earned.

Hess Road, Niag. Co., N. Y. H. N. Johnston & Bros.

HAPPINESS.

If we glance over society we will see a great difference in the outward conduct of various individuals. Some pursue one course of action, while others take an opposite one, and there are, perhaps, no two persons exactly alike, either in their opinions or outward conduct. Yet there is one object after which all seek,—that is, Happiness.

Some persons seek to obtain happiness by frequenting places of mirth and pleasure; striving to banish all care and serious thoughts—giving themselves up to follow their own present inclinations,—while others, observing the many evils which follow such a course, apply all their energies to the acquisition of wealth, vainly expecting that at some future time this will be a great source of happiness to them. How many are the cares and disappointments which the man who seeks for wealth is subjected to,—and how few ever realize, to any great extent, the hopes they thus so ardently cherish. Another class of men seek for happiness in the acquisition of fame, or worldly honor; but the result of this is only "vanity and vexation of spirit." Then, if we would seek after and obtain true happiness, we must be careful not to place too high a value on the fleeting things of time. We must strive to obey the laws by which the universe is governed—to perform the duties we mutually owe to each other—to cultivate feelings of benevolence,—and, above all, to seek the favor and blessing of the Great Law-Giver; He, on whom we are wholly dependent; He, in whose "favor there is life" and "pleasures evermore." J. M'E.

Hebron, N. Y., 1858.

ALPHABET OF PROVERBS.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.
Boasters are cousins to liars.
Confession of a fault makes half amends.
Denying a fault doubles it.
Envy shooteth at others and wounds himself.
Foolish fear doubles danger.
God reaches us good things by our hands.
He has hard work who has nothing to do.
It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.
Knavery is the worst trade.
Learning makes a man fit company for himself.
Modesty is a guard to virtue.
Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it.
One hour to-day is worth two to-morrow.
Proud looks make foul works in fair faces.
Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.
Richest is he that wants least.
Small faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater.
The boughs that bear most hang lowest.
Upright walking is sure walking.
Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter.
Wise men make more opportunities than they find.
You never lose by doing a good turn.
Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.

Young People's Pocket Book for 1858.

Knowledge.—It is not knowledge alone which makes us happy; it is the quality of the knowledge. Perfect knowledge is conviction; and it is conviction which makes us happy, which absolutely satisfies, and which changes dead knowledge into living.—*Novalis.*

IDLERS AND GRUMBLERS.

Don't stand in your tracks doing nothing but grumble,
But start for a run if you meet with a tumble;
You had better be scoured by rubs in the dust,
Than to be in your idleness eaten by rust.

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The Great Wonder of the Nineteenth Century—O. J. Wood & Co.
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Buy Early Copies.—Now Ready—J. S. Redfield, Agent.
The Little Giant Corn Husker—Seymour & Martin
Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Narcissus, &c—B. K. Bliss.
1,000 Salesmen Wanted—L. Stebbins & Co.
Wm. R. Prince & Co., Flushing, N. Y.
R. F. Cleaver, Prize Medal Honey Soap—J. C. Royston.
Wm. R. Prince & Co., Flushing, N. Y.
Lawrence Walt, Architect, 627 Broadway, New York
Female Medical College, Pennsylvania—Edwin Fussell, M. D
Cherry Trees! Cherry Trees!!—Bronson, Morrell & Hammond.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Catarrh Curable—Guilford D Sanborn, M D
Extract from a Letter
Dr Sanborn's Liquid Catarrh Remedy

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER. EXCELSIOR.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 2, 1858.

FALL CAMPAIGN QUARTER!

The Rural Three Months, on Trial, at Half Price!

The Last Quarter of Vol. IX of the Rural commences to-day—with October. As prosperity is rapidly returning to the People and the Country, and the long evenings, and season of leisure among Ruralists, are coming on apace, (when such a paper as the Rural is needed in almost every family,) we confidently anticipate a large accession to our subscription list during the ensuing few weeks.—To supply the demand, we this week add several thousand to our former edition, and shall be glad to receive orders for single copies or clubs to any extent, for either the present quarter or a year.

☞ At the suggestion of many of its friends and in order to introduce the paper more generally preparatory to the new volume, we have concluded to offer the Rural for the present quarter—October to January, 13 numbers—at ONLY HALF PRICE, (25 cts.) thus placing it within the means and reach of all who wish to give it a fair trial. We will send 4 copies for $1; 8 for $2; 12 for $3; 20 for $5, &c., and mail to as many different persons or post-offices as desired. Of course, we shall not realize a farthing's profit, yet wish to circulate at least Five Thousand trial copies of this quarter—for, though we temporarily lose money by the investment, we trust it will be returned to us in future; and if not, we shall have the satisfaction of believing that thousands of individuals have been benefited by making the acquaintance of the Rural.

—We therefore frankly ask each and every agent and friend of the Rural to aid in circulating the Fall Campaign Quarter. There is scarcely one of our readers who could not, if disposed, easily obtain from 4 to 20 or 50 Trial Subscribers, and thereby not only enhance the welfare of his or her friends and neighbors, but directly aid in augmenting the future usefulness of this journal.—Friends of the paper and its objects, near and distant—in the North and West, East and South—will you not give "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," in behalf of the *Fall Campaign Quarter* of the favorite Rural Weekly?

CROPS AT THE WEST.—Speaking of the corn crop in the lake region of Ohio, the Cleveland *Leader* says that it is, most of it, out of danger from frost, and, as a whole, is fully an average one.—Much of it has been cut up, and many of the farmers are busy in putting their fields into shocks. On and in the vicinity of the sand ridges, the crop is better than usual. The ears are large, well filled and ripened. No frost yet to shrivel green leaves.

The Lexington (Mo.) *Express* says that most cheering accounts are received in regard to the crops in that section of the States—the corn crop in particular.

KANSAS GOLD.—The Wyandotte (K. T.) Gazette of the 18th ult., says that "yesterday $10,000 in gold dust arrived here from Pike's Peak. One man brought $6,000, the result of a few weeks' work." Is this a second edition of Fraser River?

Dreadful Casualty—Burning of the Austria.

For some days past the telegraph has brought us reports concerning the destruction of a steamer by fire upon the waste of ocean's waters. The intelligence that had come to hand was such as to invest all with a hope that human life had not been sacrificed, but news just received has scattered all fond desires, and the truth is arrayed before us in all its horror—*only sixty-seven have been saved out of a crew and passengers numbering five hundred and forty!* The bark Lotus arrived at Halifax with twelve of the survivors, taken from the bark, Maurice, who give the following account of the catastrophe:

At a little after 2 o'clock on the 13th, dense volumes of smoke burst from the after entrance of the steerage. The ship was instantly put at half speed, at which she continued until the magazine exploded. The engineers, it is inferred, were instantly suffocated. The fire was next seen breaking through the lights amidships and traveled aft with fearful rapidty. Some persons let down a boat from the port side of the quarter deck, and it was thought to be crushed under the screw. An attempt was made to launch a boat on the starboard side, but it was swamped from the numbers who rushed into it, and all were lost.

All the first cabin passengers were on the poop, except a few gentlemen, who must have been smothered in the smoking room. Many second class passengers were all on the poop, but a number of them got shut into their cabin by fire.—Some of them were pulled up through the ventilators, but the greater number could not be extricated. The last woman drawn up said there were six already suffocated. The ladies and gentlemen on the poop jumped into the sea by twos and threes—some of the ladies in flames. Several hesitated, but were driven to it at the last moment. In half an hour not a soul was to be seen on the poop.

The French bark Maurice, Capt. Renaud, came along side the steamer at about 5 P. M., and rescued about 40 passengers, chiefly taken off the bowsprit. A few were picked up floating around. At about 8 o'clock one of the metallic boats came up with about 20 persons in it including the 1st and 3d officers. Afterwards three or four men were picked up floating on a piece of broken boat. The 2d officer was taken up, having been swimming six hours. He and the 3d officer were severely burnt.

According to the Rev. CHARLES REW, one of the rescued, the fire was caused by the palpable negligence of some of the crew. The captain and surgeon considered it expedient to fumigate the steerage with burning tar. The operation was to be performed by the boatswain, under the superintendence of the 4th officer. The boatswain heated the end of a chain to dip in tar and produce smoke. The end became too hot to hold, and he let it drop upon the deck, to which it set fire. The tar upset, and immediately all about was in flames! A feeble attempt was made to extinguish it, but without effect. There was nothing at hand to meet such an emergency. Mr. REW states that there were six hundred souls upon the ill fated vessel—a large number being women and children.

N. Y. STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.—The State Temperance Convention was held pursuant to call, at Utica, on the 22d ult. JOHN FOSTER, of Madison Co., in the Chair. On motion, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, owing to informality of call signed by but six of the sixteen members of the State Temperance Committee, the lateness of its publication, and its being published in but one Temperance paper, it has been impossible for the Assembly Districts to be generally represented at this time; and the short time previous to the election, now preclude the possibility of an effectual organization, therefore,

Resolved, That in our opinion it is inexpedient to organize at this time a State Temperance Convention for the year 1858, and it is hereby declared adjourned sine die.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE STATE INEBRIATE ASYLUM.—The corner stone of this Institution was laid with appropriate ceremonies at Binghamton on the 24th ult., in the presence of a large assemblage. After prayer by Rev. Dr. Beech, of Binghamton, Hon. B. F. Butler, President of the Board of Trustees, delivered some eloquent opening remarks. Elaborate and able addresses were delivered by Dr. Francis and Rev. Dr. Bellows, of N. Y., both of whom paid high and deserved tribute to Dr. Turner, the founder and chief mover of the Institution, who was present. Remarks was also made by D. S. Dickenson, of Binghamton, and Hon. Edward Everett. A poem was delivered by Alfred B. Street, of Albany. The exercises were extremely interesting and went off with great success. In the evening the Presbyterian Church was filled to hear Everett's oration on Washington.

THE BRITISH TREATY WITH CHINA.—The latest intelligence discloses that the indemnity accorded by the Emperor of China to Great Britain, is much larger than previous accounts gave reason to expect. Instead of a payment of $6,000,000 for the joint benefit of England and France, that sum inures to France alone, while England is to receive $16,000,000—the money to be collected out of the customs' duties at Canton.

VERMONT—OFFICIAL RETURNS.—The official returns are now in from all but a few towns, which do not cast eight hundred votes in all. They foot up as follows:—Hall, (Rep.) 28,131; Keyes, (Dem.) 12,845; Scattering, 96. Hall's majority 15,190.—The Legislature stands, *Senate*—Republican, 29; Democrats, 1. *Representatives*—Complete.—Republicans, 195; Democrats, 35; Abolitionists, 1; no choice, 8.

MR. CHAPMAN'S SALE OF SHORT-HORNS, already noticed in the Rural, is to be held on Tuesday next, at Canastota, directly on the N. Y. Central Railroad and less than one hour's ride from Syracuse. Breeders and others attending the State Fair can, therefore, easily be present at the sale.

THE Land Office at Stillwater has been removed to Cambridge, at that and Fairbault to St. Peters, Minnesota.

News Paragraphs.

THE drouth is so great in the province of Arragon, Spain, that the fields have to be watered, and the peasantry fight with each other to obtain water from the Ebro.

A strong shock of an earthquake was felt in San Francisco August 19th. The citizens rushed from the buildings in terror, and many took refuge in the plaza.

MAYOR PERRY one of the Albany Mayors, has obtained a judgment against the city for $2,192 02 for services as Mayor for two years past. The other Mayor has already been paid.

IT is stated that actual statistics show that during the last fifty years, "the number of members of the evangelical churches in the United States, has increased from four hundred thousand to three millions and a half, being an increase of *eight-fold*, while our population has increased four-fold."

THE Green Bay (Wis.) Advocate says that the only son of the late Rev. E. Williams, and of course the next heir to the throne of France, is now engaged as a pilot on one of the Lake Winnebago steamers. He is a fine looking young man, bears a striking resemblance to his father, but is too modest, we think, to urge his claims.

THE Paris *Presse* speaks of the necessity which exists for France to lay down a telegraph to the United States if she wishes to maintain, undiminished, her present commercial relations with the American continent. It declares France is too dependent on England for her communications with America.

THE Post-Master General has decided that if post-masters do not give publishers of newspapers or periodicals notice that their papers remain in the post-office, without being taken out by those to whom they are addressed, for five weeks, they are liable for the pay.

GEN. WALKER was among the passengers for Nicaragua, by the Star of the West, of Thursday week. He goes out to try to get up another Revolution.

THE Fraser river excitement has come to a sudden termination, and many of the runaways in the recent stampede have returned to their accustomed diggings. The latest reports from the mining region announce great distress among the emigrants. The scarcity of food almost amounted to a famine. Little gold was found, on account of the height of the water, and the Indians were a constant annoyance to the miners.

THE Boston Traveler says:—"On an average, about 12 out of the 165,000 of Boston die every day of the 365 making up the year. During the present year, however, two days have passed without the recurrence of a single death, one day in February and the other in April. It is not often that the grim messenger ceases his visits in a city like ours even for a single day; in fact it has not occurred, we believe, for a dozen years or more."

Terrible Balloon Adventures.

ON the 16th ult., Messrs. BANNISTER and THURSTON made a successful balloon ascension at Adrian, Mich., on the occasion of a Sunday School celebration. Messrs. B. and T. took seats in the car, and ascended safely and steadily. After remaining about forty minutes in the air, they alighted in the woods in town of Rige, Lenawee county, distant about eighteen miles west of Toledo. Several men came to the assistance of the adventurers, and they proceeded to prepare the balloon for packing, to be taken back to Adrian. In doing this the balloon was turned over, and partially upside down, to disentangle the netting and to reach the valve. To do this, Mr. THURSTON took off his coat, and got astride of the valve block. He then suggested that the car be detached from the balloon, while he should hold it down with his weight. This proved a fearful calculation, for no sooner was the still inflated balloon relieved of the weight of the car, than it shot into the air with the suddenness of a rocket, taking Mr. THURSTON along with it, seated upon the valve of the balloon, and holding to the collapsed silk of the airship in that portion of its bulk! In this perfectly helpless condition, the ill-fated man sped straight into the sky, in the full sight of his companions, even more helpless than himself. The balloon was found on the 20th ult., near Baptiste Creek, C. W., but the fate of the æronaut is wrapped in conjecture—that it was horrible, almost beyond precedent, there is little room for doubt.

AT the Illinois State Fair, on Friday P. M., Mr. BROOKS, of St. Louis, made an ascension. The æronaut descended about twenty miles from Centralia, tied his balloon to a fence, and went to a house near by for refreshments. He then permitted persons to get into the balloon, and let them up the length of the anchor rope. Finally he put in two children, one aged seven and the other four, and by some unexplained means the balloon got away from him, and darted off like a rocket. It was just dark, and the moon shone bright, but the balloon was out of sight in an instant. The children were given up as lost, no one supposing that they would ever come down alive. But on Saturday morning, the balloon was discovered in a tree top, about ten miles from the starting point. The machine had run all night, and from the fact that it was seen at least twenty miles from where it started, at nine in the evening, it must have sailed around in different directions during the night, with its precious freight, with the intention of landing them as near home as possible. The children were found safe. The oldest, a girl, said that her brother complained of being cold, and she laid him down in the bottom of the car, and covered him with her apron, and he went to sleep, and that she did not sleep at all.

BUTTERFLIES GOING WEST.—The Detroit Advertiser declares that butterflies are moving West!—On Sunday afternoon last, immense clouds of these little insects were seen winging their way over that city. Near the river they were very thick, while towards the back of that city they were more scattered. The St. Paul papers state that the grasshopper tribe in the region of Selkirk, Red River of the North, have made a similar movement.—They were so numerous early in the season that it was feared the entire crops in that region would be destroyed.

"Rural" Letters from the People.

Mr. AMOS STONE, of Erie Co., Pa., in a recent letter, says:—"Being a subscriber and reader of your valuable paper, and seeing an invitation extended to its patrons and friends (I took it for granted it meant me,) to aid in soliciting subscribers to the RURAL, I take the liberty of requesting you to send me a few specimens and prospectus. Last year I took one copy of your paper and ordered another sent to a brother residing in California. This year I felt poor, so I take one copy, and after reading it I sent it to another brother residing in California. But I do not think much of sending the RURAL away, even after it has been read, for the children make a great complaint about it, and my daughter, 15 years old, declares she will get up a club for the RURAL for 1859 and have one of her own before she will be deprived of it. [Good girl, and sensible.] I have a number of relatives in Oregon and California that I am confident would take an interest in soliciting subscribers for your paper, and if you see fit to forward me some half a dozen or so of prospectuses I will forward them to my friends on the Pacific."

—Thanks for the kind offer. We send specimens, &c., and will be glad to do so in response to requests from any of our readers who will give the addresses of their friends, near or distant. Please give us the names!

MANY readers and admirers of the RURAL are not stockholders (paying subscribers,) but we often receive evidence that such persons possess consciences. Here is an example worthy of imitation. A P. M. in Douglass Co., Nebraska, writes:—"Inclosed find $1, for which please send me the RURAL for six months. I have read the RURAL for months past with pleasure, and not a little profit. *I dislike to read what costs nothing*, and therefore have concluded to subscribe. I add a list of some of our farmers who I think will subscribe if you'll send them specimen numbers." Who will do likewise?

Mr. C. T. F. LEA, of Ellis Co., Texas, writes in this wise, under date of Aug. 2:—"Inclosed please find $5 for three copies of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, to be sent as below. We should have sent for the paper immediately on the reception of the specimen number, but were absent from home and have but just returned. We obtained the names yesterday, and to-day write you. Will try to make up a club immediately, and send for your "valuable paper"—as it is *the paper* for every family, or old bachelor farmer; in fact, no farmer should be without it."

THE RURAL has many ardent and some *working* friends all over the Union. If the former would unite with the latter, the circulation and usefulness of the paper would be doubled during the ensuing three months. In a letter remitting for a new subscriber, DAVID CLARK, Esq., of Pike Co., Mo., writes:—"I always take the opportunity to slip in a word in behalf of the RURAL when conversing with my friends and acquaintances upon those subjects treated upon in your paper, and to recommend it as everybody's paper, and therefore that everybody ought to take it. Sometimes I am successful in making them believe it, and making them act accordingly, as in this instance. I *think* I will be able to add other names in the course of a week or two. At any rate I will keep trying."

Mr. L. F. ABBOTT, of Oxford, Me., under date of Sept. 22, requests us to mail specimens to several of his townsmen and other friends, who he hopes will subscribe for the present quarter at least, and adds:—"I wish I could circulate fifty copies of the RURAL in this vicinity. I am fully persuaded there are no *two* papers published that, combined, afford as valuable and instructive matter for all classes as the RURAL NEW-YORKER does. No family can read the RURAL carefully through fifty-two times in the year, without being *wiser* and *better*, and its teachings practically carried out will add much to the beauty and convenience of the farmers' domain, not to say anything of dollars to his pocket. Such is our testimony from three years experience."

MANY good, but not very shrewd people, look at the *price* rather than *quality* or *value* of a paper in subscribing. Witness this P. S. to a letter (containing a remittance) from a P. M. in Franklin Co., Ohio:—"There are so many papers published for one dollar a year, and for $1 50, that people *not realizing the labor required to get up such a paper as yours* are not easily induced to pay the price when cheaper can be had."

—As we offer the present quarter of the RURAL at low rate—half price—we trust a few thousand people who go for *cheap* papers will give it a trial, and decide whether it is not well worth full price.

Mr. H. H. BARRETT, of St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., after failing to form a club, remits the full price for a copy for himself, and says:—"I like the appearance of the RURAL, its objects and the matter which it contains, and I must have it. In the few numbers which I have read, I have found many articles that were, in my opinion, truly excellent. The paper, besides imparting much useful information, seems to possess a high moral character—to improve as well as to instruct. I believe it is one of the best, if not *the* best, Family Newspaper in the country. Its articles on the soil are worth more to any farmer than the paper costs for a year; and it gives just such information upon every other subject which it handles as every farmer needs. It seems to me that any one who intends to be a thorough going farmer, who desires true advancement and loves pure and intelligent thought, must respect the RURAL, and be willing to make some sacrifice to obtain it. Although I have failed thus far to get up a club, I mean to do all that I can for you in future."

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—On the 24th ult., several of the American Board of Directors of this Company, addressed the following inquiries to the operator at Trinity Bay, requesting explicit answers to the same:—"1st. Are you now, or have you been within three days, receiving distinct signals from Valentia? 2d. Can you send a message, long or short, to the Directors at London? 3d. If you answer no to the above, please tell us if the electrical manifestations have varied essentially since the 1st of September."

Mr. DE SANTY replied:—"We have received nothing intelligible from Valentia since September 1st, excepting feeling a few signals yesterday. I can't send anything to Valentia. There has been very little variation in the electrical manifestations."

The American end of the line does not obtain much start of the steamers,—to them we are indebted for the fullest account of the non-working of the telegraph yet received.

A HOMESTEAD LAW.—The Legislature of Minnesota has passed a law exempting a homestead of eighty acres from a levy for debts incurred; also, $500 worth of household furniture; $300 worth of stock and utensils; $400 worth of tools, the library of a professional man, and provisions enough to support the family one year.

EMIGRATION.—The number of emigrants which arrived at the port of New York for the week ending Sept. 22d, was 2,898, making a total since the commencement of the year, of 60,165. The arrivals for a corresponding period in 1857, numbered 139,955.

RENUNCIATION.—Advices from Camp Scott state that several Mormon trains bound for the Atlantic States, had passed there. About 300 Mormons composed the party, who have renounced Mormonism, and fled its haunts. They were wretchedly poor, but happy to escape under any circumstances.

The News Condenser.

— It is said that 390 Mormon women have escaped from Utah.

— Senator Benjamin, of Louisiana, declines the mission to Spain.

— Seventeen thousand troops have been sent to India since Jan. last.

— The number of horses entered for the Springfield show were 361.

— A cannon, captured at Canton, is in Paris, rejoicing the Parisians.

— There are fourteen persons in prison at Boston charged with murder.

— Large quantities of coal have been discovered near Sioux city, Iowa.

— Counterfeit $4 bills on the City Bank of Montreal, are in circulation.

— A project is on foot to lay an underground telegraph to California.

— The banquet to Prof. Morse, at Paris, is spoken of as a splendid affair.

— The deaths from yellow fever during the past week at Charlestown foot up 128.

— Peaches are selling from wagons at Grand Rapids, Mich., at from $1 to $1,25.

— The Democrats have a majority of 70 on joint ballot in the Missouri Legislature.

— There is a rumor that Fernando Wood is to be appointed Governor of Nebraska.

— Only nine of the 230 towns in Vermont gave Democratic majorities for Governor.

— There are 103 letters in the London, C. W. Postoffice addressed to C. Smith, Esq.

— The veteran statesman and naturalist, Humboldt, has entered upon his 90th year.

— The White Mountain Railroad will be sold at Bath, N. H., Nov. 3d, to the highest bidder.

— Mr. Charles Smith of New London, Conn., on Friday, caught a bass weighing 40 pounds.

— The African squadron is the healthiest of all our fleets, with the exception of the Brazil.

— The locomotive "Buffalo," on the Central Railroad recently ran 11 miles in 10 minutes.

— There are 46 persons in England who have incomes of £450,000 a year, equal to $2,550,000.

— Contracts have already been made in Cuba for laying a sub-marine cable to the United States.

— The Emperor of Russia has emancipated the 200,000 serfs belonging to the National domain.

— No less than six respectable gentlemen claim to be the originators of the Atlantic Telegraph.

— Chubb & Co., for many years a prominent Banking House in Washington, have suspended.

— It is said the Administration have engaged the Collins steamers for the Paraguay expedition.

— Successful experiments have been tried at Amsterdam of walking on the water with broad shoes.

— Over 2,100 bushels of potatoes were shipped from St. Paul, Minnesota, on the 13th ult., for St. Louis.

— It is computed that there are 20,000 persons out of employment in the iron districts of Pennsylvania.

— The highest flag-staff in the United States is said to be the one at Worcester, Mass. It is 192 feet high.

— William Cullen Bryant, of the New York Evening Post, has arrived home from his European tour.

— In the city of Milwaukee, Wis., the people are taxed at the rate of $2,37 for every man, woman and child.

— A gentleman, living near Richmond, Va., has a field of *crimson* cotton. It is not a disease, but a new variety.

— There were 518 deaths in New York city last week; 185 in Brooklyn, three of which were of yellow fever.

— Com. Vanderbilt has a span of matched horses which cost him $7,000, and for which he has been offered $9,000.

— A new translation of the Bible by the Rev. L. A. Sawyer, is about to be published by J. P. Jewett & Co., Boston.

— It is said that more than 3,000 first class houses are now being erected in the upper part of New York city.

— The mansion of Robt. Morris, in Philadelphia, is a lager bier house, and Wm. Penn's house is occupied by shops.

— Miss Anna Law, of Tennessee, has accepted a Professorship in the Masonic Female College, at Lumpkin, Georgia.

— Twenty-five houses in St. Johns, N. F., were destroyed by fire on Friday week. One man perished in the flames.

— Chloroform is proposed by Dr. Nolsey, of Edinburgh, as exceedingly serviceable in cases of spasmodic diarrhœa.

— Mrs. Randall, wife of Gov. R., of Wisconsin, died on the 15th. She had been a protracted sufferer from consumption.

— The San Francisco papers are jubilant over the first arrival of the weekly stage from St. Joseph, Mo., at Placerville.

— The U. S. Minister at China announces that he shall send the Treaty made with that government by the next steamer.

— The rendezvous of the Paraguay expedition will be at Buenos Ayres, a short distance from the mouth of the Parana river.

— The citizens of Savannah, Ga., have resolved to discard politics altogether in the election of their Mayor and Aldermen.

— The seminary at Earlville, Ill., was blown up, on the 5th ult., but some miscreant. No one was in the building, fortunately.

— It is said the sum of £400,000 is to be taken up in the U. S. towards a joint stock plan to forward the Suez canal project.

— Hiram M. Moore, at Waverly, N. Y., one day last week, threw his shoulder out of joint by sneezing. Rather a painful sneeze.

— The "12th of Sept," the anniversary of the defence of Baltimore from the British, was appropriately celebrated in that city.

— Accounts from the city of Mexico, the 5th ult., state that the whole country continues to remain in a state of the wildest anarchy.

— A large bay lynx was killed at West Clarendon, Vt., on Monday week. The bay lynx is now very rare in the Green Mountain State.

— The Carlton, (N. B.) Sentinel records the fact that the potato disease is making unprecedented ravages in that portion of the country.

— The yellow fever has broken out at Mobile.—At New Orleans its march appears to be still onward. Savannah is reported free from it.

— In a large city the clock never strikes twice in the hearing of the same population for within the hour a child is born and some soul taken.

— The Montreal Herald says that the Canadian flour and wheat which reaches England is in a miserable condition and bears a low price.

— The receipts of the St. Louis fair were $39,000. The daily receipts at the gate were $3,700 and the proceeds exceed the expenses $16,000.

— The Paris Academy of Science has again advertised its prize of $20,000, for the discovery of the cause and the effectual cure of cholera.

— Charleston papers say that the Africans bro't into that port are dying at the rate of 12 per day. The Niagara will have but a few to carry away.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the North Britain and Niagara.

THE North Britain arrived at Quebec on the 21st ult., and the Niagara at Halifax on the 22d.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Though the political intelligence, generally speaking, is not of great importance, there are some points of marked interest, especially in relation to the Atlantic Telegraph.

The stoppage of the signals through the cable was announced in the English papers of the 6th inst., in the shape of a letter from the Secretary of the Company. The letter says that intelligible signals ceased to be received from Newfoundland on the morning of the 3d, from some unknown cause. The Directors and a corps of scientific electricians were at Valentia, investigating the matter, with a view, if possible, to remedy the difficulty. On the 11th, when the Niagara sailed, the signals continued to be received, but were too uncertain and faint to be legible. Occasionally a word is given, but never anything approaching a sentence. The experiments made still lead to the belief that the injury is near the coast, probably within a few miles.

FRANCE.—An official report of Prince Napoleon, Minister of Algiers, of the condition of the colony, is published. He expresses a desire to replace, as far and as soon as may be safe, the military by a civil government. The latest accounts from the Departments announce a gradual improvement in commercial affairs.

The Times' correspondent is assured that the French government have decided to apply free trade to Algeria, and that all the ports on that coast are to be declared free.

RUSSIA.—A St. Petersburg telegram of August 31st, says that a great explosion took place in the morning of that day, in some powder mills in the vicinity of the city, by which it was feared that several hundred lives would be lost. A subsequent dispatch says the explosion was at Sitka, and 100 workmen were killed.

Hundreds of houses had been burnt at Moscow by clandestine makers of Lucifer matches, and the forests had caught fire and were still in flames on the 1st of September. The smoke at St. Petersburg, in consequence, was intolerable.

INDIA.—Maun Suigh, who was besieged in the fortress of Shahjo by a large body of rebels, has been relieved by Gen. Grant, whose column is now at Fyzabad, where it has been joined by Manning and his troops.

Gen. Robertson having come up with the rebels near Katured, totally defeated them, capturing four guns. The loss of the enemy in killed was very severe.

Commercial Intelligence.

BREADSTUFFS.—Richardson, Spence & Co. quote flour firm, good demand; Philadelphia and Baltimore 26s@22s6d; Ohio 22s6d@25s; New Orleans 22s6d@23s6d. Wheat firm, but quiet. Red Western 6s6d@6s5d; Red Southern 6s3d@6s6d; White Southern 7s@7s4d. Corn dull and nominal. Yellow 33s6d@33s; white 34@34s6d. The weather had been unfavorable, but it had no perceptible influence on the market. The Brokers' Circular quotes an advance during the week of 1s on choice lots of corn and feed.

FLORIDA SUGAR PLANTING.—An Alabama paper says that some of the sugar planters of Louisiana are turning their attention to that part of Florida from which the Indians have lately been removed. It is thought that in a few years, not only will sugar become one of its principal productions, but that coffee will be successfully cultivated.

Special Notices.

DR. SANBORN'S LIQUID CATARRH REMEDY.—Price $2 per bottle, sent by Express to all parts of the Country.
GUILFORD D. SANBORN, M. D., Rochester, N. Y.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER

Written by a lady, in New Bedford, to her sister, in Boston.—"Send in the parcel, two or three bottles of Mr. BURNETT'S *Cocoaine*; it is the best thing I ever used for dressing my hair. I use it only once a week, and my hair is beautiful." See advertisement of Burnett's Cocoaine in another column.

CATARRH CURABLE.

PERSONS suffering with that common and unpleasant disease—Catarrh,—by sending a stamp, will have returned them, by mail, a Circular, giving symptoms and danger of this disease, and how it can be cured.
Address GUILFORD D. SANBORN, M. D., Physician for Diseases of the Chest, Rochester, N. Y.

LET EVERY FARMER AND DAIRYMAN SEE SCHOOLEY'S PATENT PRESERVATORY AT THE STATE FAIR, SYRACUSE.

GROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

☞ These Machines are now justly admitted to be the best in use for Family Sewing, making a new, strong, and elastic stitch, which will NOT rip, even if every fourth stitch be cut.—Circulars sent on application by letter
H. C. GILES, Agent,
446-13t 45 State street, Rochester, N Y

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Sept 28, 1858.

FLOUR.—No change in rates, although the market exhibits more animation and a considerable trade is noticeable.

GRAIN.—Wheat is unaltered in quotations—considerable is changing hands, however, and seeking an Eastern market. Corn sells at 70 cents per bushel—no advance, but the range is dropped. Rye is up 2c per bushel. An extraordinary move is noticeable in Barley—80@85c being the rates. For Winter Barley 5c per bushel is paid over Spring. Oats have almost dropped the range—no advance has occurred in prime qualities.

FARM PRODUCE.—Butter has gone up 1c per pound. Cheese has advanced 2c per pound. Eggs, 1c per dozen better.

PELTS.—Sheep and Lamb Pelts show a start of 12½c each.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		Eggs, dozen	10@11c
Flour winter wheat	$5.50@5.75	Honey, box	12@16c
Do spring do	$4.50@5.00	Candles, box	12½@13c
Do Buckwheat ₰ cwt	$1.25	**FRUITS AND ROOTS**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1.20@1.25	Apples, bushel	50@75
Red white Canada	$1.15@1.25	Do dried	$0.00@0.00
Corn	00@70c	Potatoes	25@37½c
Rye, 60 lbs ₰ bush	65c	**HIDES AND SKINS**	
Oats	44@45c	Slaughter	5½@6c
Barley	80@85c	Calf	9@9c
Buckwheat	51@54c	Sheep pelts	50@75c
Beans	62½@75	Lamb do	30@50c
MEATS		**SEEDS**	
Pork, Mess	$17.00@18.00	Clover, bush	$4.00@4.50
Do. cwt	$3.00@3.50	Timothy	$2.00@2.25
Beef ₰ cwt	$4.00@5.00	**SUNDRIES**	
Spring Lambs each	$1.50@2.00	Wood, hard	$4.00@5.00
Mutton (carcass)	5@6c	Do. soft	$3.00@3.00
Hams, smoked	9c	Coal, Lehigh	$5.75@6.25
Shoulders	6@6c	Do. Scranton	$5.00@5.50
Chickens	9@10c	Do. Blossburg	$5.00@5.50
Turkeys	11@12c	Do. Shamokin	$5.00@5.50
Geese	38@44c	Do. Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl.	$1.87@1.90
Butter, roll	16@17c	Hay, ton	$7.00@10.00
Do. firkin	00@14c	Wool ₰ lb	25@37½c
Cheese	7@8c	White fish, bbl	$7.00@7.50
Lard, tried	10@11c	Codfish ₰ quintal	$4.50@4.75
Tallow	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	$7.00@7.50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Sept. 27.—Flour—Market is dull, heavy and unchanged. Sales at $4.90@5.30 for unsound $5.40@5.60 for extra State, $5.20@5.55 for superfine do, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa $5.60@5.90 for common to good medium and extra do $5.90@6.00 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—the market closing quiet. The market for Southern brands open at $5.30@5.35 for common to good extra.

GRAIN.—Wheat wanted for export at full prices. Common and medium are nearly neglected parcels are dull sales at $1.30@1.34 for stumpy Chicago spring, 1.36 for good white Canadian prime 1.40. Rye nominal at 78c. Barley is easier and wanted—sales at 85@100c. Corn market 1c lower sales at 71@72c for unmixed to prime mixed Western 69c for handsome round yellow. Oats firmer at 46@47c for State, 43@45c for Western.

PROVISIONS.—The Pork market is dull and lower. Sales at $16.50@16.75 for mess, $14.50@15.00 for prime mess, $16 for sour mess, $13@15 for prime mess, $16@16.25 for clear. Lard heavy, sales at 11@11½c. Beef is selling at 12@13c for Ohio; 16@21c for State.—Cheese at 5@7½c, as to quality.

BUFFALO, Sept. 28.—Flour—In good demand and market firm with an upward tendency. Sales at $4.75@5.12½ for fair to choice brands superfine Illinois and Wisconsin, $5.12½@5.25 for fair to choice superfine Ohio and Indiana, and $5.37½@5.62½ for medium to choice extra Canadian, Indiana, Michigan and Ohio. Included in the sales are double extra Michigan at $5.75.

GRAIN.—In Wheat there is a fair milling and speculative inquiry this morning, but parties are apart, and the market, on the whole is very quiet, while holders are firm at the advance of Saturday; sales red Ohio at p t, and Milwaukee club at $1.02@1.03. Corn is active demand and market better, sales at 66c delivered at 63½c in part free to boat at 65c, and choice on the spot at 65½@66c. Oats firm, with sales in a small way at 46c. Rye quiet and steady at 69c. Barley in good request, and market tending upward. Dealers quote the range at 75@80c for fair to choice.

SEED.—Arrivals of Timothy are large, and a good stock is offering, the market for which is quiet, within the range of $1.75@1.87½c.

PROVISIONS.—Mess pork a shade better, being now held at $17.—Prime scarce and out of market. Mess beef quiet at $10. Plain hams 9c, sacked do 9½c, sugar cured do 10½c. Lard 11c.

ALBANY, Sept. 27.—Flour and Meal—In Flour there is no change to note, the demand is fair and the market steady. Corn Meal is in fair request at steady prices.

GRAIN.—The market for Wheat is firmer for prime, but the demand is not active, sales choice white Kentucky at $1.47, to arrive. Corn firmer with only a moderate demand and a fair supply, sales Western mixed at 73@74c for good to prime. The Barley market is much excited with a strong upward tendency, the present and prospective supply being light. For a fair sample to arrive $1 was asked. Oats steady with sales State at 45½c, measure.

FEED.—Nothing of moment has transpired.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows

BEEF CATTLE.—First quality, $8,00@8,75; Ordinary, $7,00@7,60, Common, $6,00@6,60. Inferior, $5 00@5.60

COWS AND CALVES.—First quality, $50@60, Ordinary, $40@45, Common, $30@35, Inferior, $20@25

VEAL CALVES.—First quality, ₰ lb., 5½@6½c., Ordinary, 4@5c., Common, 4@4½c., Inferior, 3@3½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Prime quality, per head, $5,00@6.00, Ordinary, $3,00@4,50, Common, $3,00@3,50; Inferior, $2,00@2,75.

SWINE.—Best corn fed, 5¼@5½c; Other qualities, 4½@4¾c.

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 22.—At market 1079 Cattle, about 600 Beeves and 479 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES.—Market Beef—Extra, $6,50@6,87; First quality, $6,00@6,25, Second, $5,25@5,50, Third, $4,50, Ordinary, $4,00.

WORKING OXEN.—$78, 90@175.

COWS AND CALVES.—$25, 30, 40@60.

STORES.—Yearlings $9@12, Two Years Old, $16@18; Three Years Old, $20@27.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—5020 at market. Prices—Extra and Selections, $2,50@3,00, in lots, $1,25, 1,75@2,00.

SWINE.—450 Western at market.

HIDES.—7¼@8¼c. Tallow, 7(@7¾c. ₰ lb.

PELTS.—62@87c each. Calf Skins, 12@13c. ₰ lb.

BRIGHTON, Sept. 23.—At market—1400 Beef Cattle, 500 Stores, 5000 Sheep and Lambs, 550 Swine.

PRICES.—Beef Cattle—Extra, $0.00@7,00, First quality, $6,50, Second, $6,00, Third, $5,00@5,25

WORKING OXEN.—$90, 100@140

MILCH COWS.—Sales at $31@40, Common, $20@22.

VEAL CALVES.—Sales at $4, 4,75@5,00.

STORES.—Yearlings, $9@12, Two Years Old, $16@19, Three Years Old, $21@27.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Extra, $2,00@3,00; by lot, $1,25@2,00.

SWINE.—Wholesale, 4¾c., Retail, 5@6½c. Fat hogs, 5½@5¾c.

HIDES.—7½@8¼c; Tallow, 7(@7¾c. ₰ lb.

PELTS.—$0.62@0,75, Calf Skins, 12@13c. ₰ lb

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—A fair inquiry prevails for the medium and fine qualities of Domestic Fleeces, and prices rule quite steady, sales of 150,000 lbs at 32½@45c, chiefly at 40@41c for ¾ (and what is called full) blood Saxony. Pulled is in moderate demand, and, with a light stock offering, prices are firmly sustained; sales of 30,000 lbs at 26@28c for No. 1 City, 37@38c for fine Lambs', and 37@40c for super and extra Country; a really choice article of Saxony, if here, we think would command 41@42c. Low Southern Wools are in fair request, and further sales of 75 bales Texas has been made, part at 21c. Foreign has been more active, though there is less inquiry at the close, pending a large sale of 1 000 bales East India announced for the 6th October. We note sales of 200 bales Denskol at 17@19c, 30,000 lbs Buenos Ayres and San Nicholas at 8@11c, 6 mos, 35 bales Bengazi at 13c. cash; 140 bales Washed Cordova, 25 do Persian, and 20 do Mestiso, on private terms. An auction sale of low South American Wools, slightly damaged, came off to-day at the auction rooms of Messrs. Ruddero, Jones & Co. on account of underwriters, which sold well. The offering was, however, small, and damaged about 10 ₰ cent, the following is the result—5,796 lbs San Nicholas sold at 7½c, 29,585 do do at 7¾c, 11,770 do do at 7½c, and 9,018 do do at 7¾c, terms 6 mos.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

BOSTON, Sept. 22.—The demand for Fleece and Pulled Wool has been active, and prices are higher. Sales of 300,000 lbs at 35@55c for Fleece, as to quality; and Pulled at quoted rates. The transactions in Foreign have been 400 bales, including Mediterranean, South American and East Indian, at various prices, as to quality

Saxony and fine fleece	50@57	Western mixed	35@45
Full blood	44@48	Smyrna washed	17@24
Half and ¾ blood	38@43	Do unwashed	9@17
Com. to ¼ blood	34@37	Syrian	10@20
Pulled extra	42@45	Cape	19@45
Do superfine	39@40	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	34@35	Buenos Ayres	8@37
Do. No. 2	—@—	Peruvian washed	25@28

GOLD BY THE POUND.—The Salisbury (N. C.,) Watchman says that a gold mine has been discovered in that vicinity, which, worked by four hands, yielded *twenty five pounds of pure gold in ten days.*

DEATH OF DRED SCOTT.—Dred Scott, made famous by the "Decision" of the United States Court, died in St. Louis on the 20th of September.

Marriages.

In this city, Sept. 15th, by Rev J B SHAW, D D, Mr AUGUSTUS H SIBLEY and Miss MARY W. OGDEN, all of Rochester

Many of our readers will recognize in the "party of the first part" to the above bymenial contract, a young gentleman who has occupied a prominent position in the Business Office of the RURAL from the day of its commencement—and we are confident his "hosts of friends" will unite with us in sincerely wishing the wedded pair a long life of happiness and prosperity. If Mr. S. is as prompt and faithful to duty in his new relations as he has proved himself in business during the past ten years, he will certainly merit what we cordially wish him, an unusual share of domestic peace and felicity.

New Advertisements.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, and leaded—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, IN ADVANCE. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

☞ Those of our readers purchasing articles advertised in the RURAL, or who write to advertisers, will please state that they saw the advertisement in the RURAL NEW-YORKER.

Cherry Trees! Cherry Trees!!

FORTY THOUSAND, two years old, Standard and Dwarf Cherry Trees, *very smooth and thrifty*, six to nine feet high, for sale *cheap*, also extra fine Standard and Dwarf Pear Trees at *cheap* prices.
Geneva, N Y BRONSON, MERRELL & HAMMOND

Female Medical College, Pennsylvania.

THE LECTURES in this Institution will commence on the 16th of October and continue for five months. All of the regular branches of medicine are taught as fully, and on the same plan as in the best Medical Colleges of this city. For further information, address EDWIN FUSSELL, M. D., Dean, 637 Arch St., Philadelphia.

WM. R. PRINCE & CO., FLUSHING, N Y., offer the largest and finest collections of the following which can be found in the Union, as their prices Catalogues will show, which are sent to applicants who inclose stamps. Fruit Trees, Standards and Dwarfs, of every class, including large Standard and Dwarf Pears, Apples, Cherries, &c. of bearing size. Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Evergreen Trees, Roses and Herbaceous Plants of every class. Bulbous Flowers and Tree Peonies. All the new Fruits and Novelties in the Flower Department are comprised in the collection, the most of which are not obtainable elsewhere. 456

S. F. CLEAVER.
PRIZE MEDAL HONEY SOAP,

THE only genuine, will be found the best Toilet Soap to use possessing a free and creamy lather, a lasting and delicate perfume, and warranted not to irritate the skin. "Beware of Counterfeits."
F. S. CLEAVER'S Medicated Honey Soap, Perfumed Honey Soap, Windsor and Glycerine Soaps. Also, Saponaceous Tooth Powder for the teeth and gums, to be had of all respectable Drug Grocery and Fancy stores in the United States. Manufactory London—Wholesale Depot 31 and 33 Dey St., New York. [456] J C ROYSTON, Agent

LAWRENCE B. VALK, ARCHITECT,
No. 627 Broadway, New York,

INVITES examination of the New American Style of Cottages and Villas, embracing those for rural and suburban residents in both American and entire cities. Persons wishing plans or designs of any style, need only specify their requirements by letter, when plans (complete) will be sent to any part of the country. Charges only 2 per cent. on cost. Reference, Editor of RURAL NEW-YORKER.

WM. R. PRINCE & CO., FLUSHING N Y offer Scarlet Magenta, Argenteuil, Imperial Scarlet, and Globose Cuscute $2.50 per 100. Prince's Double Crimson Cockscomb, Prince's Brilliant Asters, Prince's Hybrid Balsams, Prince's Mammoth Verbenas, Prince's Alboni, Longworth's Moss Rose and Prince's Rose Moss at $1 per 100 and $10 per 1,000. Peabody, Eclipse and Hooker $1 per 100. Le Baron and Ladies Pine, the most exquisite of all $1 per dozen. Diadem, Imperial Crimson, and Boyden's Mammoth $1 per dozen. Grapes Delaware $1,50. Rebecca, Child's Coperb, August Coral Fairy Amber Catawba, Carter Brinckle, Early Isabella $1. Diana, Concord, Norton's Virginia 50 cents. Blackberries, Lawton and Dorchester $1,50 per dozen. Raspberries, Orange $1,25. Red and White Antwerp, Allen's Red, Bagley and Perpetual, 75 cents. Rivers' Perpetual $1,50. A *general priced List* is now ready for *applicants with stamps*, comprising 136 varieties of Grapes, 53 of Raspberries, 44 of Currants, 14 of Blackberries, 17 of Rhubarb, &c. The Descriptive Catalogue of Strawberries comprises 136 varieties. 456

1,000
SALESMEN WANTED,

TO Travel in different sections of this Country and British Provinces, to sell Books and Maps, Published at the
AMERICAN SUBSCRIPTION PUBLISHING HOUSE,
ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1855,
and still continue to publish a class of Works superior to all others in point of attractiveness, which accounts for their selling so much MORE RAPIDLY than others. Our Books are all Illustrated with *STEEL* or *COLORED ENGRAVINGS*—which add very much to their sale.
OUR TERMS are MORE LIBERAL than paid by other Publishers. OUR PRICES are uniform. ALL OUR BOOKS are sold exclusively by Subscription. Consequently giving the Agent the entire control of the Sales within the Territory he occupies. For particulars, address L. STEBBINS & CO., HARTFORD, CONN

Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Narcissus,
AND OTHER DUTCH BULBOUS ROOTS.

THE SUBSCRIBER would inform his friends and patrons that he has just received his Annual Importation of BULBOUS FLOWERING ROOTS, direct from Holland, and is pleased to say that they are particularly fine this season. Priced and Descriptive Catalogues, with full directions for culture, are now ready and will be forwarded to all applicants on receipt of a postage stamp.

COLLECTIONS OF BULBOUS ROOTS.

For the convenience of those who desire a fine collection, but are unacquainted with the varieties, he has prepared the following Assortments, embracing all the leading named varieties
COLLECTIONS No. 1.—Price $10—Contains 40 Double and Single Hyacinths, 40 Tulips, 12 Narcissus, 12 Jonquils, 100 Crocus, 2 Crown Imperials, 2 Diejtra Spectabilis, 4 Peonies.
COLLECTIONS No. 2.—Price $5—Contains one-half of each of the above—with the exception of the Peonies.
☞ All orders must be accompanied with the Cash or satisfactory reference. Please address B. K. BLISS, Springfield, Mass.
456eow4t

THE LITTLE GIANT CORN-HUSKER!
The Right Thing at Last!
CORN-HUSKING MADE EASY!

THIS HUSKER, exhibited at the Monroe Co. (Rochester) Fair for the first time, attracted great attention and sold readily to farmers who are the proper judges and know the practical use of the article. It is small, made of cast-iron, with cast-steel knife, and weighs only 2½ lbs; is fastened to the right leg by means of two leather straps, is adapted to Corn on the stalk, in the field, or picked off, has all the advantages of large machines, doing its work perfect, taking off the silk and leaving the husks on the stalk, and the ear, when husked, in the right hand, at the same time removes all objections of being cumbersome and in the way as is the case with all machines of high price. The price of this machine is only $2, and can be sent by Express to any person mailing that amount. All orders addressed to the subscribers will receive prompt attention. Directions for use accompany each machine.
Manufactured and sold Wholesale and Retail by
SEYMOUR & MARTIN, Seneca Falls, N. Y.
☞ Refer to Judge BACKETT, Seneca Falls, J. S. SEYMOUR, Esq., Pres't Auburn Bank, Auburn. 456-6t

Buy Early Copies,---Now Ready
THE POETICAL WORKS OF
EDGAR ALLEN POE,
Beautifully Illustrated with more than
ONE HUNDRED ORIGINAL DESIGNS,
BY DARLEY, BIRKET FOSTER, PICKERSGILL, TENNIEL, CROPSEY DUGGAN AND MADOT;
And engraved in the finest style of Wood Engraving by COOPER, LINTON, EVANS, &c., &c.
Splendidly Bound—Price Six Dollars. A few Copies in Morocco, Nine Dollars.
ALSO, THE FIFTEENTH EDITION OF
POE'S COMPLETE WORKS,
IN FOUR VOLUMES, 12mo PRICE $1 50
Containing the Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque, Wonderful Stories of the Imagination; All his Poetry, The Story of Arthur Gordon Pym, and a complete collection of all his contributions to the Magazines. Edited by RUFUS W. GRISWOLD, D. D., with Notices of His Life by J R LOWELL and N P WILLIS.
J. S. REDFIELD, Agent,
456-3t 34 Beekman St., New York.

HIGHLAND NURSERIES,
NEWBURGH, N. Y.
Formerly A. J. Downing & Co.

THE SUBSCRIBERS, in soliciting the attention of Dealers and Planters of Trees to their stock now ready for the ensuing Fall trade, beg leave to say that it embraces everything in their line of business, all of the most vigorous growth and best quality.
THE DEPARTMENT OF FRUIT TREES
Contains a large collection of Apples and Pears, both Standards and Dwarfs, Cherries, standard and on Mahaleb stocks, Plums, Peaches, Nectarines, Apricots, Quinces, Almonds, and Grape Vines, (both hardy Native and Foreign varieties,) also Raspberries, Blackberries, (New Rochelle or Lawton, High Bush or Dorchester, Newman's Thornless, &c., &c.,) Strawberries, Gooseberries, (best Lancashire varieties,) Currants, Walnuts, Filberts, &c.
The long experience of A. Saul in these matters, which occupies his whole attention, enables us to guarantee the correctness of all articles sold by us.
THE ORNAMENTAL DEPARTMENT
Embraces a complete stock of all kinds of Deciduous and Evergreen Trees, and Flowering Shrubs, &c., including a large stock of Norway Spruce, Balsam Fir, Austrian and Scotch Pines, American Arbor Vitæ, Junipers, Yews, &c., also, Elms, Maples and Oaks in six varieties each, American and European Lindens, do Ash, Mountain Ash, Horsechestnuts, Larch, Sycamores, Tulip Trees, Cypress, Magnolias, Poplars, Willows, Locust, &c., &c., Flowering Shrubs—Spireas in six varieties, Althæas, Free Honeysuckles, Euonymous Europeus, Tamarix, Weigelia Rosea, Forsythia, Flowering Hawthorns, &c.
Hedge Plants of Buckthorn, Osage Orange, and American Arbor Vitæ for screens, &c. Also Rhubarb and Asparagus Roots. Ten Thousand Plants and Cuttings of Salix triandra and Salix purpurea, the two best Osier Willows in cultivation.
A Descriptive Priced Catalogue will be sent to all applicants on inclosing P. O Stamp to prepay the same.
A. SAUL & CO., Proprietors.
Newburgh, N Y, Oct, 1858. 456-3t

THE GREAT WONDER
OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY,
PROFESSOR WOOD'S
HAIR RESTORATIVE.

SAYS the St. Louis, (Mo.) Democrat.—Below, we publish a letter to Dr Wood, of this city, from a gentleman in Maine, which speaks glowingly of the superior merits of his hair tonic. Such evidence must have its effect, when coming from a reliable source. If certificates are guarantees of truth, the Dr. needs no encomiums, nor useless puffery from the press.
BATH, Maine, Jan. 20, 1856.
Professor O J Wood & Co
GENTLEMEN.—Having my attention called a few months since to the highly beneficial effects of your hair restorative, I was induced to make application of it upon my own hair, which had become quite gray, probably one-third white; my whiskers were of same character. Some three months since I procured a bottle of your hair restorative, and used it. I soon found it was proving what I had wished. I used it about twice a week. I have since procured another bottle of which I have used some. I can now certify to the world that the gray or white hair has totally disappeared, both on my head and face, and my hair has restored its natural color and I believe more soft and glossy than it has been before for twenty five years. I am now sixty years old, my good wife at the age of fifty two, has used it with same effect.
The above notice I deem due to you for your valuable discovery.—I am assured that whoever will rightly use, as per directions, will not have occasion to contradict my statements. I am a citizen of this city and a resident here for the last fifteen years, and am known to nearly every one here and adjoining towns. Any use you may make of the above, with my name attached, is at your service, as I wish to preserve the beauties of nature in others as well as myself.
I am, truly, yours, A. C. RAYMOND.
The Restorative is put up in bottles of 3 sizes, viz large, medium, and small, the small holds ¾ a pint, and retails for one dollar a bottle; the medium holds at least twenty per cent. more in proportion than the small, retails for two dollars per bottle; the large holds a quart, 40 per cent more in proportion, and retails for $3.
O J WOOD & CO., Proprietors, 312 Broadway, New York, (in the great New York Wire Raising Establishment,) and 114 Market street, St. Louis, Mo. 456-3t
And sold by all good Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

ARTIFICIAL EYES AND EAR DRUMS INSERTED. Surgical operations performed, and diseases of the Eye and Ear successfully treated by DR. WALKER, Oculist and Aurist,
82 State St., Rochester, N. Y
Dr W will be at the Clarendon Hotel, Buffalo, every Wednesday from 10 to 4. 454eow3t

Stoves! Stoves!!

J. E CHENEY, AGENT, has now on hand, at his new stand, No. 29 State St., opposite the City Bank, the best assortment of Cooking and Parlor Stoves, for Coal or Wood ever offered in this City, and will be sold low. Call and see before purchasing elsewhere. Remember the number 29 State street.
Rochester, Sept 13, 1858 J E CHENEY, Agent,
454-3t 29 State street.

Blackberry Wine.

FARMERS and others who are thinking of setting out plantations of New Rochelle or Lawton Blackberries come to the East Avenue Nurseries see our bearing Plants, and pick out Vines from our large stock for planting in October. Now is the time to get your land ready. Prices by the quantity lower than ever and according to the size you select. C P BISSELL & SALTER,
454-3t East Avenue Nurseries, Rochester, N Y.

Farmers Take Notice.

WHY will you pay 25 cents for Apple Trees and in the same proportion for [illegible] when you can save 100 per cent. by purchasing at our wholesale prices? Send and get one of our wholesale and cash account prices of other Nurseries and you will discover that we sell cheaper than those who sell small lots.
If you do not want to buy Apple Trees call your neighbors join and get your Trees for $12 per 100 by sending your orders direct to the Toledo Nurseries.
Toledo Ohio [454eow3t] A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS.

Stocks for Nurserymen.

WE OFFER to the trade, the coming fall, a large lot of first class Stocks, comprising
ANGERS QUINCE STOCKS, a prime article of our own growing.
MAZZARD CHERRY STOCKS, one year old, *strong.*
MAHALEB " " "
PLUM STOCKS one year, very nice.
APPLE STOCKS, two years, very nice.
Early orders solicited. Price list sent on application.
T C MAXWELL & BROTHERS.
Geneva, Ontario county, N Y, Sept. 1858. 454-6t

REBECCA GRAPE VINES
For Sale at Reduced Prices.

PROPAGATED from the original Vine, good, strong, two years old Vines, with all the ripened wood, at $20 per dozen or $100 per hundred.
One year old Vines cut from 18 inches to 2 feet of ripened wood, at $12 per dozen, or $80 per hundred.
Those wishing to purchase strong plants for propagation would do well to call and examine the stock before purchasing elsewhere.
All written orders shall receive prompt attention.
Terms positively cash. WILLIAM BROCKSBANK,
454 Prospect Hill Nursery, Hudson, Columbia Co., N. Y

TOLEDO NURSERIES.
A. Fahnestock & Sons, Proprietors.

WE OFFER our patrons and the trade generally
Apple, Pear and Cherry Trees, standard and Dwarf, well grown and thrifty
Plums, Peaches, Apricots and Nectarines.
Small Fruits, *Currants, Raspberries, Gooseberries* and *Strawberries*, with all the new and popular sorts.
Grape Vines, *Rebecca, Delaware, Diana, Concord, Northern Muscadine, Isabella, Catawba, Clinton, &c.*
Rhubarb *Linnæus, Cahoons, Victoria, Downing's Colossal, &c.*
Osage Orange 2 years old, $1 per 1,000—$25 for 10,000.
Evergreens, Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Roses, Dahlias, Peonies, Phloxes, Spireas, Honeysuckles, &c., in variety.
Orders solicited. Articles securely packed and forwarded as directed. Toledo, Sept. 9, 1858. 454eow3t

Nursery Stock.

WE have for the Fall Trade, a large and fine stock of
APPLE TREES, 1 to 4 years.
PEAR " Standard and Dwarf, 2 and 3 years.
CHERRY " Standard & Dwarf, unusually fine, 1 & 2 yrs.
PLUM on PLUM, 1 and 2 years, the finest in the State.
PEACH, 1 and 2 years.
Apricots, Quinces, Grapes, Currants, Gooseberries, Raspberries, including a large lot of Brinckle's Orange, Blackberries, &c., &c. Also a large lot of
STOCKS FOR NURSERYMEN
Apple Seedlings, 1 and 2 years.
Cherry " Mazzard, 1 year
Plum from Pits of the Horse Plum.
Pear, 1 year
Quince, Orange, 1 year.
Quince, Angers, 1 year, very strong.
Also a fine lot of *Balsam Fir*, 1 to 4 feet, Am. Arbor Vitæ, Osage Orange, &c.
50 Bush. Mazzard Cherry Pits, to fine order. 100 bush Peach Pits.
The above stock is of the very best quality and can be furnished in liberal quantities at very low rates.
Nurserymen, Dealers and Planters would do well to call.
MAXWELL, BRISTOL & CO.
Dansville, Liv Co., N. Y., Sept. 13, 1858. 454-6t

Fruit and Ornamental Trees.

WE OFFER for Sale, the coming fall, a large and fine assortment of
APPLE TREES, 3 and 4 years, stocky and healthy.
PEAR " Standard and Dwarf, 2 and 3 yrs, very fine.
" " Dwarf, 1 year, *superb*, and very *cheap* in large quantities.
CHERRY " Standard & Dwarf, 2 yrs, hardy sorts and *strong.*
PLUM " 2 years on Plum stock.
PEACH " 1 and 2 years, handsome.
APRICOTS, ORANGE QUINCE, GRAPES, &c., &c
CURRANTS, GOOSEBERRIES, RASPBERRIES, BLACKBERRIES, STRAWBERRIES, RHUBARB, &c
HORSE CHESTNUT, MOUNTAIN ASH, LINDENS, MAPLES, AMERICAN and EUROPEAN ASH, AMERICAN CHESTNUT, SHRUBS, ROSES, &c
Also, a fine stock of BALSAM FIR, NORWAY SPRUCE, AMERICAN ARBOR VITÆ, and a general assortment of other Nursery articles.
Nurserymen, Dealers, and Planters, are invited to call.
Orders promptly attended to.
Descriptive and Wholesale Catalogues furnished.
T. C MAXWELL & BROTHERS.
Geneva, Ontario county, N Y, Sept. 1, 1858. 454-6t

REMOVAL.

THE MONROE COUNTY SAVINGS INSTITUTION will remove on the **20th September instant**, into their new *Banking Rooms in the block corner of Buffalo and Exchange streets*, where Depositors will please apply after that date.
J. R. PIERPONT, *Secretary.*
Rochester, Sept. 9, 1858.
OFFICERS
WILLIAM N SAGE, President.
EBENEZER ELY, } Vice-Presidents.
I. A. WARD, }
MOSES CHAPIN, Attorney
J. R. PIERPONT, Secretary and Treasurer
TRUSTEES

LEVI A. WARD,	EBENEZER ELY,
FREEMAN CLARKE,	AMON BRONSON,
NEHEMIAH OSBORN,	CHARLES W DUNDAS,
GEO. W PARSONS,	GEORGE ELLWANGER,
WILLIAM N. SAGE,	SAMUEL MILLER.
ALVAN STRONG,	NATHANIEL B. MERICK,
MARTIN BRIGGS,	LOUIS CHAPIN,
THOMAS HARVEY,	EDWIN PANCOST,
LEWIS SELYE,	ERASTUS T SMITH,
MOSES CHAPIN,	EDMUND LYON,

D. D. T MOORE. 454-3t

New Rochelle or Lawton Blackberries,
BY MAIL, CHEAPER THAN EVER!

BECAUSE WE HAD SUCH PERFECT SUCCESS last Fall in sending New Rochelle (or Lawton) Blackberry Plants BY MAIL, we shall again send those of suitable size, carefully packed, and POSTAGE PAID, at $1 50 per dozen. Suitable sized Brinckle's Orange Raspberry Plants, also $1 50 per dozen. Warranted to do well if our printed directions are followed.
C. P. BISSELL & SALTER, East Avenue Nurseries,
452-4teow Rochester, N Y

NEW BOOKS FOR AGENTS.
Sold Only by Subscription.

WANTED—AN AGENT in every County to engage in the sale of beautifully ILLUSTRATED WORKS.
Circulars, giving full information, with Terms to Agents, and a full List of my Publications, sent on application. Address,
DUANE RULISON, Publisher,
452-12t No. 33 S. Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.

To Nurserymen and Dealers in Trees.

WISHING TO CLEAR A PIECE OF GROUND the coming Fall, containing about 80,000 Grafted Apple Trees, I will sell them for cash or approved credit, with interest, at **$80 per 1,000.** All orders filled in the rotation in which they are received.
The above are all first-class Trees, 3 and 4 years old, from 5 to 8 feet high, of the best leading varieties the country affords, and very thrifty and fine.
Also, a quantity of PEAR, CHERRY, and PLUM TREES at low prices, and 50,000 Mazzard Cherry Seedlings, one year old, good size, at $4 per 1,000. H M. RANNEY,
452-6t Proprietor of Commercial Nurseries, Syracuse, N. Y

GREAT INDUCEMENT!
FRUIT TREES.

75,000 APPLE TREES, from 5 to 7 feet.
100,000 Apple Trees, 2 years old.
10,000 Standard Pear Trees, 2 years old.
10,000 Dwarf " " "
20,000 Cherry Trees, 2 to 3 years old.
10 000 Plum on Plum Stock.
10,000 Peach Trees.
100,000 Apple Seedlings.
Also Horse Chestnuts, Grapes, Evergreens, and the usual assortment kept in N

Choice Poetry.

HARVEST HYMN.

God of the rolling year! to thee
Our song shall rise whose bounty pours,
In many a goodly gift, with free
And liberal hand, our autumn stores.
No fruitless of our flock we slay,
No searing clouds of incense rise,
But on thy hallowed shrine we lay
Our grateful hearts in sacrifice.

Born on thy breath, the lap of spring
Was heaped with many a blooming flower;
And smiling summer joyed to bring
The sunshine and the gentle shower;
And autumn's rich luxuriance now,
The ripening seed, the bursting shell,
The golden sheaf and laden bough;
The fullness of thy beauty tell.

No menial throng, in princely dome,
Here wait a titled lord's behest,
But many a fair and peaceful home
Hath won thy peaceful dove a guest;
No groves of palm our fields adorn,
No myrtle shades or orange bowers,
But rustling meads of golden corn,
And fields of waving grain are ours.

Safe in thy care, the landscape o'er,
Our flocks and herds securely stray,
No tyrant master claims our store,
No ruthless robber reads away;
No fierce volcano's withering shower,
No fell simoon with poisonous breath,
Nor burning sun with baleful power,
Awake the fiery plagues of death.

And here shall rise our song of Thee,
Where lengthened vale and pastures lie,
And streams go singing wild and free,
Beneath a blue and smiling sky;
Where ne'er was reared a mortal throne,
Where crowned oppressors never trod,
Here at the throne of Heaven alone,
Shall man in reverence bow to God.

[*London Farmers' Magazine.*

The Sketch-Book.

A VISION.

[Translated for the RURAL from the French.]

It was in the year —— it is little matter what year, what month; it was the day when a great general traced the plan of a great battle which gained him a great victory—the day when a great statesman wrote and promulgated a great political manifesto—when a great diplomatist began an important negociation—when a great admiral took the command of a great fleet—all great enterprises commanded by the great monarch of a great nation.

That same day, that same year, in a little room in a little house, situated in a little street of a very little town in Brittany, a very poor hodman commenced a shapeless, rough draught upon a very rough stone.

All the journals of the time vied with one another in celebrating the deeds and exploits of the great general, who by his skillful manœuvers had won the victory. They told how the troops were stationed, where the right wing extended, where the left wing stood, how the cavalry charged, and how the infantry sustained the shock, while the artillery *played* upon the flanks and rear guard of the enemy, and how the result was a field covered with the wounded and dead, food for the vultures and ravens. They spoke of the honors that awaited the conqueror—of the orations prepared on his return—of the gracious reception of the sovereign—of the successive banquets along his way—of the titles and riches that he so well merited!

History registered also the success of the great statesman, who, on a certain day of a certain year, took a great political measure, in favor of a great nation, and maintained by it the equilibrium of Europe. She exalted the wisdom, the foresight, the ability of this great mind. Then came the grand diplomatist who had so skillfully manœuvered in the labyrinth of negociations. At last it was the turn of the great admiral; there was a chapter upon him alone, and his glory contributed to the eclat of the reign of the great and powerful monarch who had enrolled in his service such great men. But no one breathed a word of poor JOHAN KERDRIE, of the town of Kergor, in Brittany.

He found no writer to tell his history, no poet to sing it, no artist to paint it. That is why an humble scribe undertakes to-day, in behalf of JOHAN, an imperfect sketch of a human life.

I will pass in silence the first years of my hero, contenting myself with saying, that after having followed the habitual course of the vicissitudes and maladies of childhood, JOHAN KERDRIE was apprenticed to JOAN KONNING, a master-builder in the village of Kergor. He got along as well as others, and after having carried the hod, mixed the mortar, cut the stone for several years, and ascended, without metaphor, each round of his rough business, he reached the top of the ladder. Then the honest JOHAN thought it prudent to take a wife. He chose her honest, laborious, diligent, and soon found himself at the head of a family of three children. But he never wanted for work, his housekeeper was economical, and in good or bad years they made both ends meet. His work, his wife, his children, and two companions sufficed to fill the heart and head of JOHAN. He had, on rising, no other care than the task of the day—quite like that of the day before, and just like that of to-morrow—no other thought when he was returning home, than that of the soup which waited for him smoking by the fire; no prospect than JOHANNET and IVONNET running with all haste to meet him, and little ROSINETTE whom he could hear prattling in her cradle, if she was not asleep. After supper, what harm was there in drinking a glass of cider, and smoking a pipe with PIERRE and GASPARD? Yet JOHAN did not allow himself this luxury every evening.

He was orderly, sober, pious, as his ancestors had been. He was never absent from church on Sunday, and kneeled at the door if the body of the church was too full; he caught some scraps from the Cure's sermon and drew from them a moral for his use; a simple and practical morality which consisted in rising early, working hard, and living on little, so that there might always be bread upon the board, and that wife and children might never suffer. This brief and naive interpretation of the holy writings was worth many long commentaries of learned doctors. So flowed, in the uniform circle of daily labor to gain daily bread for his increasing family, the tranquil life of the honest JOHAN, of the village of Kergor, in the good country of Brittany.

But even the most rustic and humble existence has its decisive hour. It struck for KERDRIE. It happened one day that he was charged with repairing a breach in the wall of a certain old castle, situated about three leagues from Kergor, and belonging to an old and noble family of the country. The work done, the housekeeper, in the absence of the family, regaled the poor laborer with the sight of the splendors of the rich manor. JOHAN saw there what he had never seen, velvet curtains, hair sofas, crystal mirrors, golden frames, paintings, sculptures! Never since the day when he first entered the Cathedral of Rennes, had he been so dazzled. As he gazed upon the wonderful spectacle, his eyes fell upon a marble statuette that the housekeeper told him was a *portrait* of the archangel MICHÆL, brought from far away, from some church in Italy, she knew not where.

JOHAN stopped short before this, and there he could have remained forever. From the moment that he looked upon the archangel all the rest was eclipsed. The little statuette filled the vast gallery. JOHAN had often seen angels before, in churches, upon the tabernacles of altars, chubby-faced cherubs whom ROSINETTE, without wings, resembled.—But the archangel was quite another thing; a beautiful young man of about twenty years, and who yet seemed to belong to the earth neither by age, nor sex, nor anything else. Clothed (JOHAN saw it thus,) in a luminous armor, all resplendent, like what Monsieur, the Cure, called "the armor of God," with one hand he held the flaming sword, with the other he pointed to heaven; his large outspread wings sustained him in space, his feet touched not the earth, his locks streaming upon the heavenly breeze. A messenger from the Most High, there was upon him the reflection of divine radiance; how describe this vision so pure, so calm, so angelic! In contemplating it, JOHAN felt his soul expanding. "Come, it is time to go!" cried the housekeeper to him. Awaking in surprise, JOHAN started; he took off his cap, made his bow, and went away with his head full of the archangel. He saw him flying before him all along the way. He saw him again in his cottage, hovering above his wife and little ones, who, climbing upon his knees, hanging to his vest, and rummaging his pockets, could not wake him from his ecstacy. He slept and dreamed of the glorious archangel. For the first time, he remembered his dream when awake, and all the day, while hard at work, he had before his eyes the celestial vision. It followed him to the "Bon-Coin," an unholy place, more frequented by tipplers than angels. He found it again, the next night, as soon as he closed his eyelids. The archangel had become for him, what gold is to the miser, power to the ambitious, the loved one to the lover. The whole world was absorbed in this divine type which filled the heart and brain of the poor JOHAN.

There are some things that we desire to possess, others that we desire to produce. The first of these sensations is that of the connoisseur; the other belongs to the artist. For the first, taste and money are needed; for the second, what is not?

JOHAN had not the money; taste he had, witness his admiration for a choice work. As for being an artist, he had never drawn a line, never cut a stone otherwise than in square figures, and yet the archangel beset him. He saw it so distinctly and so constantly, that he was certain of being able to copy it if he only knew how to begin. To draw it was out of the question, since he had never held a pencil in his life. But he knew how to cut stone, aye, the hardest. Why should he not try to carve the archangel from a block, which he transported secretly to a little room, quite at the top of his house?

On their part, and about the same time, the great general, the statesman, the diplomatist, matured, each by himself, the plans of their vast enterprises, while the honest JOHAN was meditating his great project. He looked upon the block of stone, and strange thoughts traversed his brain. JOHAN knew hardly enough of writing to sign his name. As for reading, he had not opened a book since he left school, when twelve years old. He was, therefore, scarcely fitted to define the ideas, or rather the vague sensations that he felt.

The archangel had evoked for him a new world. He had indeed heard of the great St. MICHÆL, the conqueror of SATAN, crying with a voice of thunder, "Who is like to God?" then prostrate, after victory, and adoring; but he had never given him a body and countenance. From whence came to the artist this marvelous divination? What form was before the eyes of his mind, whilst he animated the marble and endowed it with beauty and life? It must be a visitation from on high—a spark of the creative power of GOD. How bad that man felt when, day by day, hour by hour, he saw matter transforming itself and becoming spirit under his hands? and, later, when the admiration and the sympathy of the crowd saluted this incarnation of all that is pure, noble, and holy?

Then came the contrast of his poor daily task, to him, JOHAN, a task so monotonous, so ungrateful, so dull! What ideas could come to light thro' the rude labor of carrying the hod, of laying mortar and stones? A machine could do so much.—JOHAN foresaw in himself something that neither the narrow bounds of his labor, nor the material necessities of life, could enchain, and through this opening his soul took its upward flight. Why should not he try to fashion an angel, after his way, in his little lonely garret in his leisure hours? He went to work, and labored there patiently every day, after his work was done. Patiently endured grievous mistakes; one day, he chiselled in his rough draught, a too short arm, a crooked leg, grotesque wings; the head, instead of being raised nobly toward heaven, seemed to come out from the chest. JOHAN did not lose his courage; he recommenced. He endured without complaints the scoldings of his wife, for his distracted and thoughtful air, the enticements of the children to play, the reproaches of PIERRE and GASPARD who could not pardon him for deserting the "Bon-Coin." He listened submissively to the most serious remonstrances of the master who had surprised him dreaming with his trowel in his hand. Had he not his good angel to console him for these puerile troubles?

Yet time flowed past, and if the angel did not advance, the family enlarged, and imposed on the poor mason new effort and labor. His housekeeper was a good wife, but passionate, quarrelsome; according to her, JOHAN had need of being harrassed, and she spared no stimulants. He endured all with gentleness, he thought of the angel. It is inconceivable what aid and consolation this angel afforded him! GASPARD, his companion in labor, fell from a scaffolding and broke his limb.—GASPARD had, also, a wife and some children. JOHAN took upon himself his work also, and divided his pay with the wounded man. PIERRE confided to him one evening that he was in debt, and feared imprisonment. JOHAN advanced to him the half of the petty sum that he had amassed by dint of hard labor, and worked two hours longer daily to make up the deficit, for he knew very well that PIERRE could return nothing to him.

There remained no longer time to work on the angel and the years ran by. In the little fragment of a broken mirror, which adorned his cottage, JOHAN saw his hair and beard growing grey. But the vision, although a little less distinct, was none the less present; at any time he could evoke it.—Sometimes he rose in the night and went up to his dear loft to cut the hard stone. He could not trespass with impunity upon his hours of rest; his strength declined; he felt it, but without being able to resolve to renounce the work; not that there was attached to it, any ambitious hope of success, he knew to well his want of power; but there was in this effort of will, in this exercise of the mind and the heart, something which ennobled him, which elevated him above vexations, above daily cares, which rendered him more happy,—no, I deceive myself in the word,—more noble and better.

JOHAN had found means to apprentice his eldest son, to send the younger to school, to pay the fees of the doctor for the care given to two of the children, one of whom died, without reckoning the aid lent to GASPARD, during his hard fever, and the payment of PIERRE's debts.

All absorbed by her children and work, GERTRUDE had no leisure to observe the paleness and thinness of JOHAN. The block, cut and recut, was almost as shapeless as on the first day; JOHAN alone found there some vague resemblance to his dear vision, which, always radiant, preceded him on his return, so living and persistent that it seemed to him that two or three blows of the chisel would finish the copy of this divine model. Without touching his soup, without lighting his pipe, he embraced his wife and children, and ran to shut himself up in his mysterious retreat. There he gazed long time upon the roughly chiselled stone; then, taking the hammer and chisel, he went to work with feverish ardor. But soon unusual languor overpowered him; the tools slipped from his hands, and he remained motionless, dazzled by the interior vision, more and more beautiful, more and more radiant, too heavenly for him to dare attempt to reproduce it.

One morning GERTRUDE awoke and JOHAN was not by her side. She thought that he had set out before the dawn for some distant work. She rose, and went down; the door of the house was bolted within. She called—no one replied. The children joined her. Alarmed they sought and ran through all the little house; but they found no trace of JOHAN. IVONNET remembered the room into which he had many times seen his father glide stealthily. He ascended the ladder, entered by the skylight, and discovered, on his knees, his head bowed upon the rude block, the lifeless body of JOHAN KERDRIE. The archangel was the last object that the eyes of the poor mason saw here below. Who can say upon what visions they opened?

His body was deposited in the little village cemetery; his widow erected over the humble grave a wooden cross, that time decayed and overthrew. Nothing more indicates to-day the place of his burial. The stone before which a human heart beat until it broke, was broken to mend one of the village walls; and while the mortal remains of the great general, the great statesman, and the great diplomatist, repose beneath great slabs of white marble, with pompous inscriptions, not a piece of wood, not a rough stone, tells to the passer-by that JOHAN KERDRIE, of the little village of Kergor, in Brittany, lived and died there.

All those great ones of the earth have attained their ideal in this life, their ideal of glory, of pride, of ambition. That of JOHAN was at the same time more modest and higher—he attempted, he was baffled and perished at his work. But who knows what influence that persevering effort, that unknown and unproductive labor, exerted upon the fate of that immortal soul where it now dwells?

East Hampton, Mass., 1858. H. E. C.

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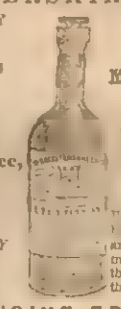

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on the important Practical, Scientific and other subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL in America.

☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

WHAT IS GARGET?

MESSRS. EDS:—Seeing many inquiries in the RURAL for remedies for Garget, Enlarged Udder, &c., I am led to think that it is not exclusively in the *city* that the milk of unhealthy cows is used. I deem the subject one of much importance as regards the health of the people, and would like to see it fully treated in your columns, believing great good would result therefrom.—HENRY LONG, *Mottville, Cass Co., Mich.*, 1858.

AT no time since the first issue of the RURAL, have we had as many inquiries relative to the diseases referred to by our correspondent as during the present year; and his belief that "the milk of unhealthy cows is not exclusively used as an article of "city nourishment," certainly possesses a firm base. That part of medicine which explains the nature of diseases affecting our domestic animals, their causes, and remedies, is hidden in much darkness; but the importance of these co-workers with man is fast being properly appreciated, and this, taken in connection with the fact that men of clear minds,—men enthusiastic in their chosen profession,—are philanthropically devoting themselves to the perfecting of a *Materia Medica* specially adapted to the wants of the brute creation, gives us glowing hopes for the future. Day by day these individuals are gaining the strength which knowledge alone can give—and we hope the agricultural press will soon be enabled to chronicle the downfall of empiricism and barbarity. The times demand a rational method of medication founded upon physiological laws, a correct system of therapeutics, pathology and chemistry,—without these, success is a myth—the most arduous and severe labor will accomplish literally nothing.

Garget is a disease attacking the internal portion of the udder—one of the teats or the quarters becomes enlarged, hot and tender,—it soon begins to feel hard, is knotty, containing within it small, distinct, hardened tumors or kernels. The disease spreads, and other portions assume the same character. The milk coagulates, and where it lodges local inflammation ensues. Young cows, after their first calving, are particularly subject to an attack, especially when in high condition. A greater or less degree of fever is usually attendant. Garget may be classed among maladies of an *inflammatory type*.

The symptoms attending general inflammations (though all may not be present in every case,) are *swelling, redness, pain* and *heat*. The *swelling* is caused by distension of the vessels of the part, at the outset, but effusions from the surface afterwards take place. *Redness* is the result of a surplus quantity of blood being present in the vessels. *Pain* is produced by the pressure of the enlarged vessels upon the nerves of sensation. *Heat*, an invariable symptom of inflammation, is owing to the development of more than an ordinary amount of caloric, from the presence of an unusual quantity of arterial blood. The part inflamed is more abundantly supplied with blood than when in a healthy condition,—if the inflammation is not suppressed the blood vessels become enlarged and a permanent enlargement often results.

The causes for inflammation in the disease under consideration are various. Garget may be brought on by exposure of the animal to cold and wet at the time of, or soon after, parturition, and by high condition. Hastily drying a cow has produced indurations not easily removed. Lying upon and bruising the udder is another cause. Another source of this evil—and, probably, the most fruitful one,—is the careless habit of not milking the cow clean, leaving a quantity of milk in the bag to irritate and inflame.

Inflammation is succeeded by *suppuration*—the formation of pus, or matter. The sequel of inflammation is exhibited by *ulceration*,—the absorption and removal of substance—being illustrated by an abscess. Ulcers may occur in cattle both when in health and diseased, and may be preceded or not by suppuration; in the former case it soon heals, in the latter it is too apt to spread and increase.

Treatment.—In the early stages of this disease, the most effectual remedy is to place the calf with the mother, that it may suck and knock about the udder at pleasure. Relief, in most cases, soon follows, the milk flows dispersing all lumps. Should the inflammation continue, or the bag be so tender that the cow will not permit the calf to suck; and, especially, should the fever increase and the cow refuse to eat, or cease to ruminate, and the milk become discolored and mixed with matter and blood, then the case must receive immediate attention. YOUATT recommends bleeding, a dose of physic administered, the udder well fomented, the milk drawn gently but completely off, at least twice in each day, and an ointment, composed of the following ingredients, as thoroughly rubbed into the bag as the cow will permit. Soft soap, one pound; mercurial ointment, two ounces; camphor, rubbed down with a little spirit of wine, one ounce—rub well together. Apply after every milking, the udder being well fomented with warm water, and the remains of the ointment washed off before the next milking.

If the foregoing fails to speedily remove the disease, *iodine* must be resorted to. Although iodine often has admirable effects in diminishing glandular enlargements, there is an objection to its frequent use—it occasionally acts upon and diminishes the gland itself. The mode of application is external, in the form of an ointment (one part of the hydriodate of potash being incorporated with seven parts of lard) one or two drachms (about the size of a filbert) of which should be rubbed into the diseased portion of the udder morning and night. Doses of the hydriodate may daily be given internally with a little gruel, gradually increasing from six to twelve grains.

During the process the udder must be closely watched, as matter will begin to form, and it should be speedily removed. If suffered to work its own way to the surface, large, irregular ulcers, difficult to heal, will be formed. Whenever there is the appearance of suppuration the diseased part should be freely and deeply lanced.

While the disease is in progress the bowels should be kept open, and for this purpose take half doses of the following:—Epsom salts, one pound; powdered caraway seeds, half an ounce. Dissolve in a quart of warm gruel. A fever drink composed of emetic tartar, one drachm; powdered digitalis, half a drachm; nitre, three drachms—mix and give in a quart of tolerably thick gruel. A drink more decidedly diuretic is made of powdered nitre, one ounce; powdered resin, two ounces; ginger, two drachms—mix well together in a little molasses and give in warm gruel. This latter drink it will be well to continue for two or three weeks after all bloody discharges have ceased.

The treatment recommended by Dr. DADD is to perseveringly foment the teats, or quarters that have become hot and tender, with an infusion of cider or camomile flowers, at the same time drawing in the most gentle manner, a small quantity of milk. He then gives an aperient—one pint of linseed oil and the yolks of two eggs, *or* one pint of sweet oil and half a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper—and keeps the animal on light diet. If there is danger of matter forming, rub the bag with equal parts of goose oil and hot drops. If the parts are exceedingly painful, a wash of weak lye, or wood ashes, or sal soda, is recommended. If necessity compels the use of the lancet, after the matter is evacuated the part is washed clean and a stimulating liniment applied.

We have thus glanced at the causes and various modes of treatment for this painful disease, and though there are a thousand so-called remedies put forth as curatives by cow-doctors and others throughout the country, the course we have noticed can lay some claim to *regularity*. We doubt not that either of the modes prescribed, if *faithfully carried out*, will meet all the objects the attainment of which is desired.

MANAGEMENT OF STUBBLE FIELDS.

THE best method of managing a stubble field, which is to be sown or planted the next season, is a question of interest, and yet one which receives very little attention. Very often they are allowed to perfect a crop of weeds, filling the land with foul seeds, and injuring largely the crops which follow, or entailing serious increase of labor in their cultivation. A better way would be to plow under this growth, as it would clean the land and benefit the soil, but a more thorough system is that commended by Mr. HUBBARD, of Hampshire, Co., Mass, in a communication to the County Ag. Society, some years ago. He would plow soon after harvest, and sow on a crop of rye,—a light seeding only being necessary.

Among the benefits of the practice are these:—The fall feed, which will pay for the seed and plowing. A green crop of rye to turn in as manure in the spring, equal to five or six loads of manure per acre. Autumn plowing, pulverizing the land, and saving more in fitting it for the crop, or in first hoeing, than all it cost the year before. The destruction of the seeds of noxious weeds, turned under before they ripen. A deepening of the soil—the team being well rested from the spring's work take hold with a will, and are better able to turn a good furrow than in spring plowing. These remarks apply more particularly to light and sandy soils. Our heavy lands would be too hard, in our dry seasons, for early autumn plowing, nor are they well suited to the production of rye, or constant cropping. But light lands, so treated, would produce a heavier crop of corn, roots, or spring grain, with the same manure, than if allowed to remain untilled in autumn.

THE POTATO CROP.

THE 30th ult., we spent among the potato fields and growers of this section. We do not think half as many potatoes are grown in the same extent of territory, in any other place, as within twelve or fifteen miles of this city. There are several reasons why this crop receives so much attention. In the first place, this was the famous wheat section. Here we raised the world-renowned *Genesee*, and our city was known as the *Flour City*. When this crop failed, the potato seemed to furnish the most available substitute, and many engaged in their culture as a main crop. This fact becoming known, our city soon became the resort of purchasers for the New York market. The price paid has been such as to make this crop highly remunerative, not averaging less than seventy-five cents a bushel for the last five years, and this, of course, has had its influence in stimulating the production. Most of the land, lying north of the city, and between it and the shores of Lake Ontario, is light, and peculiarly adapted to growing the potato in a healthy condition, and it is no strange thing to find farmers in this section, whose almost sole dependence is upon the potato, growing from twenty acres upwards.

Our growers are as much affected by the tastes and notions of the consumers in New York, as though they were in its immediate vicinity, for, of course, the purchasers buy to suit their customers, and the Mercer, which is a favorite sort, will sell for at least one-third more than most other kinds. This variety, however, yields but poorly, and is the most subject to the rot, and any variety that would possess its good qualities without its bad would be a great acquisition. Some of our growers are trying to get such a variety from seed.

The crop the present season is very light, the potatoes small in size and of poor quality. The tops were cut down by the *blight*, (which Mr. HENDERSON says is the insect,) before the tubers were half grown. We saw potatoes that were planted the first of June, as dead the middle of August as though they had endured a week's hard frost. The tubers thus suddenly stopped in their growth, are not of good quality, some seem to have partially ripened, while others appear as unripe as we would expect to find them at the first of August, with the tops all growing. Some are rotting, though the rot is not very general on light land. The specimens affected seem to be very badly diseased, some being half, others entirely destroyed. Notwithstanding the poorness of the crop, potatoes have not been as cheap for many years as at present.—Growers, especially those whose land is a little heavy are afraid to trust them over the winter, and force them upon the market. The result is, they are now selling at from twenty to thirty five cents per bushel. If the crop, however, is not better in other sections than here, they must bring a high price in the winter or spring.

We have been very much interested this season in watching about thirty varieties of potatoes, raised from seed, by GEORGE VICK, about five miles from this city. The seed was sown two years ago this spring. His object was to raise a potato as good as the *Mercer*, one that would bring as high a price in the New York market, and yield a good crop. The *Mercer*, it is known, is a poor bearer, and although it sells higher than most sorts, is not, therefore, very profitable. The seed was obtained from *Mercers, Scotch Greys*, and several other sorts. This spring the seedlings were planted carefully, and labeled, and in a short time we expect to see some interesting results. But, what attracted our particular attention, was the different degrees of injury the leaves and tender shoots had received from the insect. A portion of them have their leaves and tops slightly injured, some are injured quite badly, while the haulms of others were destroyed, almost entirely, quite early in the season. Then, there are others entirely uninjured, and as sound and healthy as could be desired. Is it not singular that the insect shows such a nice taste? Whether or not an insect causes the rot, there can be no question but that the insect before referred to injures the haulms. We have sad proof of this in the destruction of our Dahlias, by the same enemy.

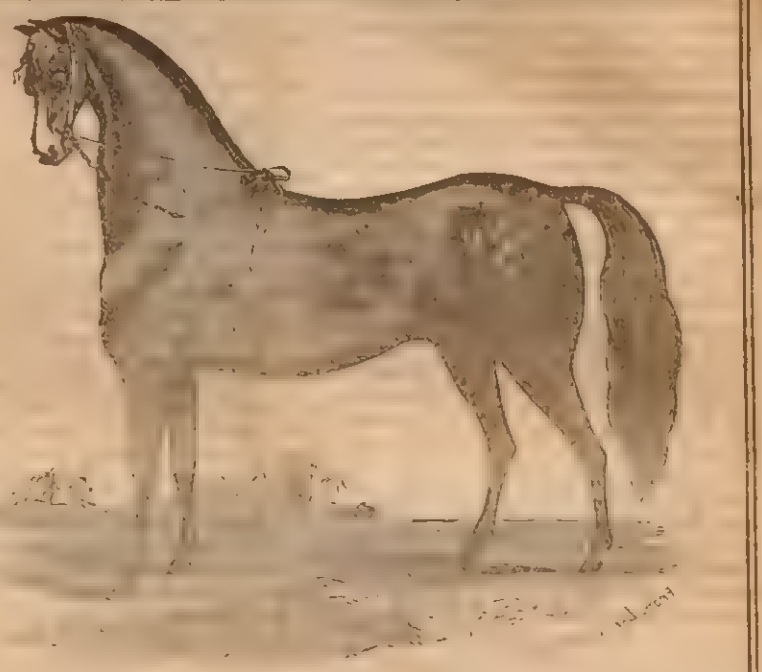
The past Spring J. RAPALJE presented us with two large, whitish potatoes of something of a kidney shape, with pink eyes, which he called the *Mammoth Pink Eye*. The sort was sent him two years previous by a gentleman of Washington county. Liking their appearance we gave them to one of our potato growers who cut them into forty pieces, as they contained this number of eyes, and planted each piece in a hill. We examined them when growing, in a field of ten acres, containing several of the best sorts, and yesterday, the last day of September, dug several of the hills, and they are the largest, most productive, and apparently the most healthy of any that we have seen, equalling the *Merino* in vigor and productiveness. If the quality is fair, which we are informed it is, this sort must be a great acquisition. Some good judges who tried them last year are loud in their praise. The *English Fluke* and some other promising new sorts are rotting badly.

The following communication from Mr. HENDERSON, has been crowded out several weeks. It can do no harm, and we think will do good, to heed his counsel, given in a previous number, and dry thoroughly all potatoes before housing.

EDS. RURAL:—Since I visited Rochester, in the beginning of August, I have traveled over sixteen hundred miles in different parts of the country, visiting during that time over five hundred potato fields, and in every particular have my previous investigations been verified. I have not found one farmer who doubted. The matter is so plain that the simplest individual can see and understand how the rot is produced. I found the earlier planted potatoes were very much affected; for instance, those planted in the month of March at Flat Bush, Long Island, were so much diseased in the beginning of August, that from one third to one-half were left on the ground at digging. The smallest young insects, such as we examined together in Rochester, were very numerous on the decaying tubers under ground.

Your paper of the 21st August, is before me, and in answer to the *Albany Country Gentleman's* statement that from the earliest times, the farmers have found the insect referred to infesting their potato fields, and have consequently given it the common name of Potato Bug, I say that in all my travels, I have not yet found *one farmer* who had ever seen the *Phytocoris* before I pointed it out to him. The Potato Bug, so called by the farmers, is an entirely different insect, having no proboscis, and injures the leaves in the early part of the season by eating them, but no rot is produced. I did find one store-keeper on Long Island who had seen the *Phytocoris* on some of his potatoes growing in his garden, but did not know what injury it was doing.

To the second question, I think S. S. RATHVON's letter is a complete answer, for he there states that he has foreign specimens which resemble the *Phytocoris*, which he calls *P. Prateusis*. In your remarks you say that you think that Dr. SMEE does describe, in his work on the potato disease, an insect very much like this in form, habits, &c. In that you were not mistaken. Mr. SMEE, in paragraph 245, says that "a very small insect which is constantly to be seen upon tubers, is a small *Acarus*, which runs about the potato very nimbly. There



ARABIAN HORSE "TARTAR."

FINE horses are always popular and admired, but this popularity and admiration seems to culminate during the season of Fairs, when so many superior specimens of the equine race are exhibited to advantage. The present is, therefore, the season to talk and read about the best breeds, and compare and discuss their [illegible] we offer no apology for devoting more than usual attention to portraying and describing representative horses. Two or three weeks ago we gave a portrait of an English Draft Horse, and talked somewhat of that elephantine breed; and we now represent a pure blood Arabian, and converse of his family relations.

We give an excellent portrait of the Arabian Horse "Tartar," sired by the celebrated "Imaum"—a pure Arabian stallion, presented by the Sultan of Muscat, to Mr. PINGREE, of Salem, Mass., and said to have been selected as the best of a stud of one hundred favorite horses. "Tartar" was bred by ASA PINGREE, of Topsfield, Mass., and was subsequently owned by J. S. LEAVITT, Esq., of Salem. The unnatural and cruel manner in which his beautiful head is curbed in, is a decided blemish—while his back is somewhat low, and longer than accords with our idea of strength and symmetry, though for speed it is not an objection. The best points which the engraving displays are the *head*, (which we consider superlatively beautiful,) the well arched and exquisitely set on neck, the large, well developed, muscular quarters, and strong flat legs, short from the knee to the fetlock joint.

The Arabian horses are known to be the swiftest, hardiest and gentlest in the world, and though it is averred that a superior Arab mare has never been sold out of the country, yet such as have been imported into Europe, have stamped indelibly their valuable characteristics on the breeds crossed with them. The modern English racer owes some of his best qualities to Arabian blood. According to Mr. LAYARD, there are five distinct breeds of Arabian horses, which are said to descend from the five favorite mares of MAHOMET. The pedigrees of their horses are kept with the most scrupulous accuracy. The mares are considered most valuable. A Bedouin parts with everything rather than sell his mare. They frequently fetch as much as $5,000. Their average height is from 14 to 14½ hands high, seldom reaching fifteen. They are never placed under shelter during the intense heat of an Arabian summer, nor protected from the biting cold of the desert winds of winter. The saddle is rarely taken from their backs, nor are they ever cleaned or groomed. Thus, apparently neglected, they are but skin and bones, and one is surprised at seeing an animal he would scarcely ride home, valued almost beyond price. Although docile as a lamb, and requiring no other guide than the halter, when the Arab mare hears the war cry of her tribe, and sees the quivering spear of her rider, her eyes glitter with fire, her blood-red nostrils open wide, her neck is nobly arched, and her mane and tail are stretched out to the wind. The Bedouin proverb says that a high-bred mare when at full speed, should hide her rider between her neck and tail.

They are so particular about pedigrees, that when a horse falls into the hands of an Arab, his first thought is how to ascertain its descent. If the owner be dismounted in battle, or if he even be about to receive his death blow from his enemy, he will frequently exclaim, "Fellan (such a one,) the mare that fate has given you is of noble blood."—He then describes her breed, and tells who owned and rode her dam. After a battle or foray, the tribes who have taken horses from the enemy, will send an envoy to ask their breed, and the person so chosen, passes from tent to tent unharmed, hearing from each man, as he eats his bread, the descent and qualities of the horse he may have lost. We may learn a lesson from the Arabin regard to purity of blood, which we, with all our boasted knowledge and improvements, are apt to forget.

is no reason whatever for believing that it causes the malady." Now, this is precisely the young *Phytocoris*, such as you said looked like an animated dew drop. This insect I have watched from the time it first made its appearance until it got it wings, and in answer to S. S. RATHVON's doubts as to my theory of their propegation, I have to state that the insect comes out of the egg perfect, except wings, and can live over ground if so hatched, and in that state I watched them, and could not be mistaken. Besides, from twenty to thirty eggs, I soon found that I had hundreds of the young insects. I have again and again seen the *young insects* cohabiting, but never those full grown. Mr. RATHVON states that he is quite certain that he has seen the species under consideration, or those nearly allied to them, in the larva state, upon plants many times. He also adds, their habits, then, are similar to the mature insect. Now this, I think, bears me out in my statement, for if they cohabit over ground so young, they will underground at the same age. The insect being hatched underground does not change its nature. In all my investigations, I have had no theory to build up. Facts only were looked at, and everything that could not be tested was laid aside. If I am wrong in any one particular, I should like to have it pointed out. No wholesale denouncement is worthy of a moment's consideration; not even from Dr. FITCH or Dr. LINDLEY. Let them bring forward their opposition item by item, and then the public generally, and the farmers in particular, will be able to judge who is right.

I am under obligations to Messrs. RATHVON and STAUFFER for the gentlemanly manner in which they state their doubts, and no less so to yourself, Mr. Editor, for the interest you have taken in the matter since it was first brought under your consideration, although I do think that you have not been as decided in your statements as the facts brought to your knowledge would have warranted. For instance, you state that the insects were so numerous that you have seen one hundred specimens on one hill: now, what were they doing there? Could it be said of any other insect that they were to be found in such numbers on the potato crop? I know from personal observation, that this is not the case; besides Entomologists state that they are injurious to vegetation. Mr. RATHVON states that he found them on the tomato and nightshade plants, which are of the same family as the potato. He does not, however, state what effect they had on those plants; a matter of some importance.

Should you find room in your next issue for the foregoing, I may, on some future occasion, address you on the same and other subjects interesting to farmers, and which I have now under consideration. ALEXANDER HENDERSON.

Buffalo, N. Y., September, 1858.

PLEASURE GROUNDS.

HOME, the place of one's constant residence, is a term replete with deepest interest. It should also be a place of beauty. There should be an exhibition of taste, not only in the architectural construction of the house, but in its surroundings. How few rural residences are beautified by what is truly and elegantly termed *pleasure grounds*. Taste is the faculty of discerning beauty, order, congruity, proportion, symmetry, or whatever constitutes excellence. It is a nice perception of that which is beautiful, or the power of perceiving and relishing excellence in human performances, especially the fine arts. It is style and manner in respect to what is pleasing.

THE FARMERS' BEAU IDEAL.—It is a source of regret that so few of the agricultural classes, seem to have developed, in any considerable degree, this noble faculty. A large two story dwelling, 40 by 50, situated nearly on a line with the highway, with a 7 by 9 yard about the front door, crammed with briers and bushes, few or no trees about it, a large old fashioned barn on the opposite side of the road—the road itself in part being used for a barn-yard — a corn barn and hog house in close proximity, with shabby rail fences to match—these constitute their "*beau ideal*" of a home!

COMMON FOLLY.—It is a sickening truth that there is a fearful waste of property throughout our rural districts by investments in over-large houses. Millions of dollars are worse than destroyed by being buried amid huge piles of boards, brick and mortar. It seems that this is the fruit of a foolish vanity, for in four cases out of every five, the family occupy simply the wing, or kitchen part, while the main building serves only to be looked at by wayfarers, or dreamed of, and kept in partial repair by its owner.

PLEASURE GROUNDS INDISPENSABLE. — Every house in rural situations should have its pleasure grounds, the area of which should vary and agree with the size of the residence. The grounds should be tastefully laid out and arranged, with circling drive-ways, winding foot paths, groups of trees, shady arbors and retreats. If the surface of the ground is uneven and varied, all the better. An elevation here, and a depression yonder, only serve to heighten its charms. Roses and flowering shrubs may be planted as borders to the walks, and here and there an evergreen will serve to heighten the effect. Let no one imagine that this is turning land to a valueless account. The grounds are in grass, and are made to contribute favorably to the dimensions of the hay-mow. We advocate no extravagant outlay of means in fitting the grounds, much less in the construction and cost of the buildings. Houses of moderate dimensions, finished neatly and conveniently, and furnished substantially but not showily, with ample pleasure grounds, arranged with taste and beauty, are far more desirable than those huge, unsightly dwellings which are to be seen all through the country, crowded into the highway, and meagerly furnished within.

A BEAUTIFUL OBJECT.—Were we called upon to mention a thing of beauty, we would cite to a snow-white cottage, half screened from view by generous foliage, having ample *pleasure grounds*, nicely divided by winding foot paths and graveled walks, and inviting to its cool retreats the dusty, weary, way-worn traveler.

THE CULTIVATION OF TASTE A DUTY.—The effects of these tasteful arragements as to our dwellings and grounds are two fold. First—its direct and refining effects upon our own family, producing a love of home and home occupations. Second—its cheerful and healthful effect upon all who may come within the circle of its chastening and elevating influence.

A MISTAKE.—It is a mistaken idea that the useful is confined solely to that which contributes to the support of animal life—that what will not directly enhance and swell our coffers, is a misdirection of effort—that the Money King is the only monarch that can rightly claim the allegiance of our powers. It is a sentiment of inspiration that man shall not live by bread alone. Man is constituted with a keen perception of the beautiful. A landscape, a waterfall, a rainbow, a flower, a group of trees, if they produce pleasure in the beholder, are really *useful*. The God of Nature is a God of endless variety and beauty. They are scattered with a lavish expenditure through all his works. Why are we endowed with such exquisite perceptions of the beautiful, if it be not right and proper to gratify our tendencies in that direction? To assert that a thing is simply beautiful, but good for nothing, is giving utterance to sheer nonsense, for everything that is truly beautiful in all its parts, is truly useful. The capacity of receiving pleasure through the different senses—of hearing, seeing, and smelling—is as worthy of gratification, as that of pampering the palate with delicious viands, and often far more innocent.

A FACT.—It is a gladsome fact that the style of ancient architecture is receiving a radical change, and is giving place to new and modern modes, clothed with refined elegance and taste. The late lamented DOWNING has left a legacy of ideas that will be cherished as a sacred treasure, in the hearts of his countrymen. But in connection with the improvements in the construction of our dwellings, we need to pay far more attention to the grounds around them. *No one subject needs so thorough and radical a change as this.* He who might be instrumental in producing a reform in this noble object, would be justly entitled to more honor than usually rests upon the distinguished and great. His name would descend to posterity as a philanthropist—as a benefactor of his race. It might not be tabled in brass or marble, but it would be inscribed on tablets far more enduring — the hearts of his countrymen and their posterity forever. No farm-house should be thrust into the din and the dust of the highway. He who does this wickedness, robs himself, his companion, and his children, of a full cup of pleasure every day through all their lives. He can scarcely compute the amount of injustice and positive injury he inflicts, by so flagrant a breach of good taste.

A CONTRAST.—Let those who contemplate the erection of new dwellings *contrast* the picture of a huge, uncomely dwelling, situated on or near the line of a filthy, dusty thoroughfare—with barns, cow yards, piggeries and other out-buildings, huddled together in one motley group—*with* a beautiful white cottage, or farm-house, situated at a modest distance* from the road, half screened from view by graceful shade trees, with fine, ample pleasure grounds artistically arranged throughout; its velvety lawn, its winding gravel walks, its circling carriage road, its groups of evergreens, its bowers and rustic seats, all vieing with each other to lend their charms and heighten and increase its beauties; having its farm buildings neatly, tastefully and conveniently situated in the rear, and connected by a distinct and separate entrance with the highway; then let them render their verdict in the case by a *practical demonstration*, which rejects the abominable and absurd, but endorses the beautiful, the chaste, and the elegant, (in pleasure grounds) which we advocate. But more on this subject at a future time.

"Spring Side," Vt., 1858. S. B. ROCKWELL.

* No farm-house, should have in its pleasure grounds less than a plot 20 rods square. From the highway, let the house occupy a position three-fourths of the distance to the back line, while to the right and left, it is about equidistant from the lateral lines.

BEES AND BEE-HIVES.

MY EXPERIENCE.—NO. IV.

IT is supposed by many that the inclined bottom-board is effectual for rolling out the worms that fall upon it. I have seen worms drop from the combs that had a thread attached above, like a spider, and could creep back if they chose. I have become satisfied that but few leave the combs till they have finished their mischief there—eaten all they wished to, and are ready to spin their cocoons, for, be it known, they are a species of silk-worm. Now, even if there is no thread attached above, how are they to be thrown off the board?—they have legs, and claws on the end of each by they can hold fast. I can imagine a shot, musket-ball, or even a pea rolling off, but the moth worm, it is difficult. And, if it should roll off, what have we gained then? Imagine every one that touches the board to be thrown "heels over head" to the ground, he does not break his neck or legs, but gathers himself up quietly, and looks around for a place to spin his cocoon; he may find it in the grass, or under some stick, or board; he cares nothing further for the hive now, as far as himself is concerned. Secured by his silken covering, he quietly awaits his transformation from the larva to the chrysalis, from that to the mature form which is the brown moth. He is now furnished with a pair of wings, ample to carry him to the hive whenever disposed to visit it, even if fifty feet from the ground! As far as his own wants are concerned, the hive furnishes nothing for his appetite. It is only to accommodate his offspring that he seeks it. The waxen combs are the only proper ailment, and it is his endeavor to find a situation where access to such food is as easy as possible.

These inclined bottom-boards are usually but not always connected with the suspended hive, which I think *must be objectionable* to any one who wishes to know the *true* condition of his bees at all times. The trouble of unhooking the bottom-board, and getting down under the hive, and looking upward, and seeing nothing satisfactory for want of light among the combs; or lifting the hive from its supporters, and turning it over, is too formidable an operation to be done every day, or once a week, for an indolent man, or one that has much other business. The proper and necessary examinations would be very likely to be put off entirely too long, and when made the stock might be past remedy from neglect. "See your bees often," is a valuable injunction—worth hundreds of dollars at interest—even where there are only a few stocks. How important, then, that we have everything convenient for minute inspection. The simple box is far preferable in this respect, it can be turned over and examined with much less trouble. M. QUINEY.

St. Johnsville, N. Y., 1858.

PRODUCTIVE CORN.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Mr. JOSEPH WRIGHT has several acres of corn now standing in large stooks in the fields, and in such bulk as perhaps was never before equalled on the same extent of the earth's surface—prairies and river bottoms not excepted. Ten years ago these fields were an unsightly bog, overgrown with bushes, aquatic weeds, cat tails, &c.; the soil, sand resting on clay many feet below. It was tiled, the drains thirty feet apart, the mains leading to the Seneca outlet; then, after being grubbed, the field was treated with stable manure, plowed and harrowed, and planted with tobacco; producing a very heavy and very even crop. A second large crop of tobacco was grown with a little addition of manure. The last spring two acres of it was planted with large, sixteen-rowed, Dent corn, four feet apart each way, three to four kernels in the hill, with only a little fine manure to each hill. The seed planted was from a barrel of ears brought to the U. S. Fair at Philadelphia, for exhibition; but the present product is at least twenty per cent. larger than were the seed ears. Some of the ears are 14 inches long, with 16 to 20 rows to the ear, and the kernels as large and long in proportion—on one ear I counted 972 kernels—but the great evenness of the yield is the most remarkable feature of the crop, as every stalk had at least one large ear, and in every hill I noticed at least one stalk with two very large ears, and nearly alike. The tallest stalk was 14 feet, while there were few under 12 feet. When this corn was cut up, on the 25th September, the stalks were apparently as sweet and juicy as the stalks of the Sorghum. Although every rank weed had been kept down in this corn, the whole surface was now covered with a thin mat of chickweed, which seemed rather to aid the loose soil to retain its moisture and its caloric. In an adjoining field Mr. W. had three acres of long eight-rowed Flint corn, some of the ears nearly 18 inches long. The yield was very large, even larger than I had ever seen before; but although the fodder was more abundant and valuable, the cereal yield would not compare with that of the Dent corn. Some of the largest ears of both will be exhibited at the State Fair at Syracuse, where, methinks, they will take the palm.

There can be no doubt but that the extra growth and great evenness of the same, both in this corn and the previous tobacco crops, could not have been attained without the aid of tile drains. In July last, I saw tobacco growing near Buffalo, on a field more highly manured than Mr. WRIGHT's, but for want of underdrains the tobacco was very unequal in the growth of its heads—in the low spots they were very small, while on the very highly manured knolls they were no larger than the average of Mr W's crop. S. W.

Waterloo, N. Y., 1858.

WORK FOR THE SEASON.

THE autumn-time is unmistakably with us. It is here in all its chastened beauty, tinging field and forest with a sombre hue. To us it is the most delightful season of the year.

And now that the pressure of harvest duties is over, it is time to look about and see what permanent improvements can be made upon the farm, also what can be done to forward work another spring.

DITCHING.—Among the last spots mowed were the swales and low grounds of the farm, yielding, perhaps, a ton of inferior grass to the acre. Drain such lands as speedily as may be consistent with your other engagements. Do not wait till your present stock of muck is exhausted, but ditch for the sake of letting out the water. "A farmer should be content to kill one bird with one stone, if he has not the opportunity to kill two." Wet lands, after being drained and allowed time to carry off the water become thoroughly changed in texture, are much easier worked, yield more and better produce, are more readily warmed, and therefore earlier, sometimes to the extent of two weeks or more, and, withal, more healthy after being drained.

SAND HILLS.—It not unfrequently happens that barren knolls or sandy plains are close to a muck swamp. Where this is the case, you may "kill two birds with one stone." In most soils there is a deficiency of some of the primitive earths, — sandy lands have an excess of silex, or, in other words a deficiency of aluminous particles. By adding muck or clay, the constitutional texture is changed and improved, and the character of the land ameliorated, and rendered more productive The addition of these earths to sandy lands renders them more ponderous, and consequently less liable to sift and wash,—it also increases their retentive power or capacity, and, therefore, endues with the necessary energies requisite to enable them to resist successfully the effect of drouth.—An inch or two of sand or gravel upon the swamp will do more for it than the same quantity of manure. Swamps too soft for plowing may in this way be reclaimed. These exchanges of soil, we are fully persuaded, will pay on all farms where swamp and poor land abound. The yield is, in many cases, more than quadrupled. FRYE, JR.

Andover, Maine, 1858.

NOTES AND ITEMS FROM ILLINOIS.

Sorghum — Wheat — Lee Co Fair — Large Barn — The Rural, &c.

FRIEND MOORE:—W. B P seems to cherish a little of the "old grudge spirit" against Messrs. DOOLITTLE & Co, in regard to Sorghum growing. Now, Mr. P. and myself hail from the same blue hills, and last autumn when I left Steuben, I was convinced that Sorghum was a humbug. But it *is not*. I have eaten here at the West, gallons of its syrup superior to Sugar-Honse. I have also seen 80 acres in one field of prolific growth and *fully* seeded. It is largely planted through this State, and is being extensively manufactured now in some places. It is no humbug!

WHEAT.—C. P. D. would infer that the wheat crop is poor, partly from want of proper cultivation. However this may be, the real cause of scant yield, so far as I have seen, has been *blight*—the Club yielding as well as any, but generally not as good quality. The blight affecting the wheat here is similar to that described in Vol. 15, page 312 of Harpers' Magazine. Wheat has blighted here on every variety of soil and under the best of cultivation.

LEE CO. FAIR.—The Third Annual Fair of this county is to be held at Amboy, October 13th, 14th and 15th, instead of at Dixon as you said in a late RURAL. Send on machinery and fruits; we will be on hand to look at them.

LARGE BONE.—While breaking prairie lately I discovered the scapula bone of some animal considerably decayed. I gathered the pieces, and upon arranging them, found it at least six inches longer than a similar bone from a large ox or horse. It has been examined by several gentlemen and pronounced a curiosity. If proportionate it must have been a monster elk or buffalo to whom it belonged.

The RURAL is a favorite institution here, serving as a popular encyclopedia. As at the East, it is read by old and young, and liked by all. You may at least count as a life subscriber, W. H. G.

Amboy, Lee Co., Ill.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

CAN you, or some one experienced, inform an "old time" subscriber, through the columns of the RURAL, whether it is a fact, (as is here reported by some,) that two or three of the upper joints of the Sorghum are bitter, and will not produce a good article of syrup? If it is, or if they will injure the flavor, it would be better to cut them off for feed than to injure the syrup by extracting the juice of the whole cane. An early reply to the above will much oblige. The majority of canes in this vicinity are magnificent.—C. P. HENDRYX, *Franklin, Lenawee Co., Mich.*, 1858.

REMARKS.—The upper joints will make good *syrup*, but when manufacturing *sugar* they are cut off, as they contain but little of that article. The eight lower joints are the richest.

TREATMENT OF POLL EVIL.—Will you, or some of your readers, inform me how to cure the poll evil? I have a horse which is getting it, and thought that through the RURAL, I might gain the desired information.—SUBSCRIBER, *Whiteford, Lucas Co., Ohio*, 1858.

REMARKS.—As the horse of "Subscriber" is only "*getting*," the disease, it may be well to give a few of the causes which operate to produce it. These may be found in his own stable, and, if present, should be removed. Poll Evil is generally the result of blows or bruises. Horses in *low-roofed* stables are apt to strike the poll against the beams or ceiling, and frequent repetition produces induration. Where the horse is restless and continually throwing the head up, especially if tied short, it becomes bruised from the pressure of the head-stall, and tumefaction and suppuration soon set in. Excessive friction on the nape of the neck, from bridle or halter, or pressure of either on the part, from too tight fastening, is a very fertile cause In the following directions for treatment, we give only such rules of action as are required for the cure of the disease before the ulcer has deepened and spread:

The first thing to be attempted is to abate the inflammation by bleeding, physic, and the application of cold lotions to the part. In a very early period of the case a blister might have considerable effect. Strong purgatives should also be employed. By these means the tumor will sometimes be dispersed. This system, however, must not be pursued too far. If the swelling increases, and the heat and tenderness likewise increase, matter will form in the tumor; and then our object should be to hasten its formation by warm fomentations, poultices, or stimulating embrocations. As soon as the matter is formed, which may be known by the softness of the tumor, and before it has time to spread around and eat into the neighboring parts, it should be evacuated. Now comes the whole art of treating poll evil; *the opening into the tumor must be so contrived that all the matter shall run out*, and continue afterwards to run out as quickly as it is formed, and not collect at the bottom of the ulcer, irritating and corroding it. This can be effected by a seton alone. The needle should enter at the top of the tumor, penetrate through the bottom, and be brought out at the side of the neck, a little below the abcess. Without anything more than this, except frequent fomentation with warm water, in order to keep the part clean, and to obviate inflammation, poll evil, in its early stage, will frequently be cured.

POTATO EXPERIMENTS.—I have been trying experiments in planting large and small potatoes cut and uncut. First I took middling-sized potatoes and planted two short rows, side by side, in drills. One row cut the potatoes into two or three pieces, the other row planted whole; gave each piece a space of a foot in each row and cultivated both alike. This fall I dug and weighed them, and the following is the result:—Cut 49 lbs; whole 45 lbs. The cut potatoes weighed 4 lbs. the most, and were larger than the others, and the only reason I can give for it is that the whole potatoes produced more sprouts and made more small potatoes. I also took some small potatoes, the size of walnuts—planted one row whole and the next row cut into pieces and cultivated as usual. The yield was 39 lbs. cut, and 38½ lbs. of the whole ones, but those from the whole ones were the largest and best. I do not deem this experiment decisive, I wish others to try it.—AMERY WILLSON, *Marcellus, N. Y.*, 1858.

CROPS, &c., IN HINDS CO, MISS.—The cotton crop in this county is very deficient, more so, I think, than for the past ten years. I know quite a number of planters who will not make more than half as much as last year. Corn is light—too much rain and then a drouth. In many sections much sickness—this is usual in yellow fever years. A few cases only in Vicksburg. Shall we see you South. I would be pround to welcome you to Log Hall and its "open house." We keep the door open, not needing even a latch string.—M. W. PHILIPS, *Edwards, Miss.*, 185[illegible]

Rural Miscellany.

THE STATE FAIR.—As we write (Tuesday A. M.,) the sun shines brightly, and the indications are most favorable for a pleasant week and successful exhibition at Syracuse. This is the opening day; to-morrow the judges will make their examinations and awards, and the Fair will be open to the public on Thursday and Friday. A dispatch dated Syracuse, Monday evening, says there will be a far larger attendance of exhibitors, and a better display in all departments, than last year,—that thus far the cattle, horses and sheep are of a higher grade than ever before remembered by the Society's officers,—and that the Grounds (comprising about 25 acres) are convenient, and the exhibition buildings superior in quality, size and accommodations. The entries in the various Classes are larger than usual before the opening day, and include many novelties and new inventions. Many distinguished visitors have arrived or will be present—among others Ex President VAN BUREN and Hon. JOHN WENTWORTH, of Chicago. The Fair certainly opens very auspiciously, and promises to be one of the most interesting and useful ever held by the Society. We shall probably be enabled to report the result, from personal observation, in the next RURAL.

THE RURAL FESTIVALS—FAIRS—celebrated during the past two or three weeks, in various sections of the country, have generally proved creditable to the various Societies, and successful pecuniarily. Many of our exchanges, from various localities of this and adjoining States, contain gratifying reports of the results of County and Town Fairs. In this State, the shows of the Ontario, Oneida, Erie, Orleans, Niagara, Schuyler and Wyoming Co. Societies, held last week, were generally good and largely attended, so far as reports have been received. The Schuyler Co. Fair—which we had the pleasure of attending on the last day, (as alluded to on our news page)—was far better and more numerously attended than was expected, and the arrangements reflected credit upon the President, GRANT B. THOMPSON, Esq., and those associated with him in the management.

— Several of the Union and Town Fairs held in this State have been remarkably successful—a number of them exceeding, in both exhibition and attendance, some of the Co. Shows. Among others, the Medina Union Fair is said to have been a perfect triumph. Others have resulted very satisfactorily,—but we are unable to even enumerate them in our present number.

THE VERMONT STATE FAIR—which took place at Burlington, Sept. 14th to 17th,—is reported to have been very successful. The exhibition of Ag. Implements was excellent, including nearly all the mowers, and a variety of horse-rakes, plows, harrows, corn-huskers, shellers, winnowers, seed-sowers, &c., comprising many new and valuable improvements. The display of Horses was of course grand, for no State in the Union can produce finer specimens of the equine race than Vermont. The show in this department, was a decided triumph, and greatly admired. The exhibition of cattle and sheep is also said to have been large and superior. On the whole, the exhibition and attendance reflected great credit upon the people of the Green Mountain State.

EXTRAORDINARY WHEAT PRODUCE.—The Cornish (Eng.) *Telegraph* states that a son of Mr. WILLIAM MENHINNICK, of Treraven, near Wadebridge, while visiting the World's Exhibition of 1851, noticed an unusually fine sample of wheat, and requested the favor of a few grains. He brought home about 100 grains, which he that year carefully dibbled in, in one square yard of ground. This produced, in 1852, two gallons; this, in 1853, was again dibbled in, in about a quarter of an acre, and produced 80 gallons; this produced, in 1854, 50 bushels. The ratio would give 50 acres (customary) in 1855, 500 ditto in 1856, 5,000 ditto in 1857, and 50,000 in 1858, or more than the whole of the sowing of the county of Cornwall in one year. The quality of this wheat is superior to any ever grown in that neighborhood. The first prize at the Annual Farmer's Club has always been awarded to it, and it is now known as "The Exhibition Wheat."

SULPHATE OF ZINC AS A WASH FOR WOUNDS.—A correspondent of the New England *Farmer*, who was formerly a practitioner of medicine, makes some very interesting and useful remarks about the application of the sulphate of zinc in solution, as a wash for horses, cattle, sheep, &c. He asserts that it is excellent for sore teats in milk cows, and mentions a few cases where its application was at once effectual and permanent. For washing all kinds of wounds and sores, we believe that the sulphate of zinc will be found a virtue by those who use it, superior to any with which we are acquainted. The Scientific *American* comments thereon:—"We have been acquainted for a number of years with its useful properties for inflammation of the eyes, for which a very weak solution should be used; also for washing all kinds of sores." This experience is supported by other authorities.

WOODEN WATER-PIPE.—Having admitted H. J. F.'s allusion to HOBBIE & Co 's water-pipe, we cheerfully give the following brief reply from the latter gentlemen:

Somebody over the signature of "H. J. F."—of course entirely *disinterested*,—seems to be anxious to show the public through the RURAL, how *cheap* materials can be furnished for the manufacture of water-pipe, and says in the last number of your paper that materials for pipe "equal to HOBBIE & Co.'s wooden water pipe in its capacity, and of imperishable materials," can be furnished for *twenty-five cents per rod*. If cheapness of *material* is all that is desired, we will deliver them to any person in the western part of the State for twenty cents per rod.—I. S. HOBBIE & Co.

LEAKING COW'S TEATS.—A correspondent of the *New England Farmer* says, dip the teat in strong alum water twice a day, for several days, and the leak will cease.

Now is the time to select and save seeds for use next season. Look sharp for good seed corn!

Orchard and Garden.

AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

SECOND DAY.—AFTERNOON SESSION.

FEARS FOR CULTIVATION ON QUINCE STOCK.

Long Green of Cox.—Mr. Townsend moved to strike this pear from the list. Agreed to.

Brandywine, Mr. Townsend recommended for culture on quince root. Messrs. Hooker, Barry, Brinckle succeeded well with it. Clark, of Conn., found it a very poor grower for the first two years. It was not recommended, though there was a pretty general expression in its favor.

Soldat Laboureur, on motion of Mr. Hooker, was stricken from the catalogue.

Napoleon, it was moved, should be treated in the same way. Mr. Barry did not like to have it rejected. Coit, of Conn., and Reid, of N. J., could grow it on the quince, but the fruit was worthless. Quinn, of N. J., said it was one of the best pears he cultivated. Newhall had fruited it for twenty years, and found it fair every way.

Beurre Hardy was recommended by Mr. Hovey as fine for culture on quince.

Beurre Superfin, by unanimous consent, was added to the list.

Doyenne d'Alencon was added to the catalogue for culture on quince.

Howell was recommended by Clark, of Conn. Coit, Barry, and Townsend thought well of it.

Buffum—recommended by Mr. Hoag, of Lockport. Berckmans said it was splendid on the quince, at the south. As good as Virgalieu. Walker considered it as a pear, on the whole, good enough, and one of the best of growers—tall as a poplar. Hooker did not find it as good as some of the gentlemen described it.

Belle Epine Dumas, recommended by Mr. Hovey. Mr. Field thought it did not make a good union on quince.

Doyenne Sieulle—recommended by Mr. Barry. Clark, of New Haven, said it made one of the best of pyramids.

Beurre d'Aremberg.—Mr. Field thought it should be placed on the rejected list, the tree is so unhealthy—others complained of cankering. Mr. Hovey objected to its rejection. Coit, of Conn., had grown it many years—no canker to injure it. Mr Lyons said it did well in Michigan.

Sterling was recommended by the President. Improves by acquaintance. Lyons, of Michigan, had grown it for a great many years. Always good. Placed on list as *promising well.*

The following is the list of pears recommended for culture on the quince, as corrected at this session.

FOR CULTIVATION ON QUINCE.

Belle Lucrative,	Louise Bonne de Jersey,
Beurre d'Amalis,	Napoleon,
Beurre d'Anjou,	Nouveau Poiteau,
Beurre Diel,	Rostiezer,
Beurre Langelier,	St. Michael Archange,
Beurre Superfin,	Urbaniste,
Catillac,	Uvedale's St. Germain, or
Doyenne d'Alencon,	Belle Angevine, (for
Duchesse d'Angouleme,	baking.)
Easter Beurre,	Vicar of Winkfield,
Figue d'Alencon,	White Doyenne.
Glout Morceau,	

FOR PARTICULAR LOCALITIES.

Grey Doyenne,	White Doyenne.

SECOND DAY—EVENING SESSION.

GRAPES.

As it was pretty evident this evening that all the time of the three days' session, would be necessary to revise the lists of fruits, the further discussion of culture and pruning of the pear was postponed, and the list of grapes taken up for discussion and amendment.

Delaware—Mr. Prince moved to recommend for general cultivation. Mr. Bateham gave a brief history of the Delaware, stating that it was found growing on a farm near Delaware, Ohio, and was brought to that village for sale. It was found to be of excellent quality and hardy. It was traced to New Jersey. Four years ago, when attending the Pennsylvania State Fair at Pittsburg, he saw it on exhibition, by a gentleman residing near Wheeling, labeled the *Ladies' Choice*. On questioning him as to its origin and name, he was informed that the ladies preferred it to any other grape, and therefore the name; and that he found it growing on his farm when he bought it; and that its former owner emigrated from New Jersey. It proves perfectly hardy in Ohio, more so than any grape grown there. Had seen the Catawba and Isabella killed to the ground in gardens where the Delaware remained uninjured. Never heard of its being affected by mildew. Like all grapes, it does best in a good soil and with good culture, but had seen very good grapes on very poor soil. Mr. Thompson, of Delaware, Ohio, felt a personal gratification at the standing of this grape. When he first presented this grape to a Pomological Society, it was well received, but afterwards became mixed up with a worthless foreign sort, and for a while was beclouded. There can be now no question as to its hardiness or health. The vine, when it has a fair chance, makes a good growth, though it is not as rampant a grower as some of the natives. The original vine came from a garden in Hunterdon county, New Jersey. R. R. Scott, said it grew on sandy soils in New Jersey, and is not affected with mildew. Mr. Downing had fruited it four years. It is hardy, and sufficiently vigorous. Think it at least one of the very best of American grapes. Adopted for general cultivation.

Concord.—The President once had a rather unfavorable opinion of this grape. It now looks beautifully, and is of fair quality. Not as early as *Hartford Prolific*. Prince was in favor of its adoption for general cultivation on account of its hardiness. Considered it extremely valuable because extremely hardy. Clark, of New Haven, said it was the most vigorous and hardy grape he cultivated. Reid thought it was one of the best for New Jersey. James, of Philadelphia, said the Concord was better, particularly in flavor, around Philadelphia than at Boston. Adopted.

Rebecca—Mr. Hovey moved that it be added to the catalogue for general cultivation. Prince did not believe it would prove hardy, or be generally cultivated. It had every characteristic of the Chasselas family. R. R. Scott said that some of the seedlings raised from *Rebecca* looked like the Chasselas, while others looked like its parent. Mr. Hovey said he had failed to discover any of the appearance of the Chasselas in the Rebecca. For two winters it had stood the frosts with the Concord and Diana, and appeared as hardy as these.—Had known Isabellas one and a half inches in diameter killed to the ground, while the Rebecca remained untouched. Mr. Hoag, of Lockport, had grown it two years and never saw a leaf or branch injured. Strong, of Mass., said it was as hardy as most of our native grapes—mildews a little—about as much as Diana. Hooker said it did not make as good growth as the Delaware, and the leaves scorched with the sun. Field had been informed that the original vine was laid down every winter. Freeman, of New York, found it a better grower than the Delaware, making shoots the present season fifteen feet long. Somewhat affected with mildew. E. Frost said it mildewed some last summer, but very little this season. R. R. Scott had not seen a vine out of doors without mildew. Barry had great hopes of it, but was not willing to recommend it for general culture. Sanders, of Philadelphia, considered it a native grape. The mildew which affects it is not the *oidium*, which affects all foreign grapes, but the same that injures our native grapes, which goes far to prove it a native. It was not adopted for general cultivation, but remains as promising well.

Norton's Virginia Seedling was recommended by Mr. Prince. In Indiana and Missouri it succeeds well, where all others fail,—an early grape, now ripe. Saul said he never saw a meaner thing. Mr. Downing had it for fifteen years and considered it worthless. Dr. Warder said it was a very good wine grape, and though not much grown around Cincinnati, was a favorite South.

Union Village.—Dr. Warder would not recommend it for general culture, as it was rather tender North; South it is excellent. Prince said it was a very good grape, of second quality, but better than Concord. Cabot said with him it had stood the two last winters unprotected. About as early as Isabella. Planted on poor, dry soils, it did well in Massachusetts. Walker had a strong vine of this variety. Fruit superior to anything he had, and having the appearance of Black Hamburgh. Recommended as promising well.

Herbemont—Presented by Dr. Warder—a fine grape for wine or the table—thin skin, no pulp, and rather tender. Hovey found it tender. Steele, of N. C., said that in North Carolina, as a wine grape it is superior to the Concord. Recommended as promising well.

Logan.—Recommended by Mr. Thompson, of Ohio. The earliest grape he was acquainted with—thoroughly colored on the 17th of August—Hardy and prolific, and of fair quality; fully equal to the Isabella. Cuttings of the *Marion* grape have been sent out through the Patent Office as the *Logan*, by Mr. Shepard. He thought they were identical, but does not think so now. Mr. Bateham said the grape propagated and sent out by Mr. Shepard as the *Black German* and *Small Black German* are unworthy of cultivation. Mr. S. now acknowledged it. The *Marion* is distinct from the *Logan*, and is a coarse, large grape. Mr. Longworth thought it might be good as a claret grape. It is unfit for the table. The Logan was recommended as promising well.

Hartford Prolific.—Was proposed by Mr. Terry, of Connecticut. It was an accidental seedling, and originated about ten years ago. Valuable where the Isabella does not ripen. It ripens well in Maine. Mr. Prince considered it valuable on account of its early ripening. Mr. Saul said one-half of the berries would drop off the bunches before the others were ripe. Mr. Terry said the falling of the berries was a fault at first, but the character of the vine seemed to have changed in this respect with age. Barry considered it of poor quality, though valuable in cold climates. Mr. Judd, of Flushing, found it very productive in his garden, less foxy than the Concord, and ripens one week earlier. Hoag, said it ripened in Lockport the first of September. Considered it one of the most valuable grapes he had. Walker tasted it four years since, and thought it quite inferior. Had not tasted it since until to-day. Thought it would prove one of the best of the new grapes for New England. Mr. Wilder had not ripened an *Isabella* grape on his grounds in thirty years. The *Hartford Prolific* ripens well, is very hardy, and does not mildew. Not first-rate in quality, but valuable for cold climates. Adopted as promising well.

Clara and *Raabe.*—Mr. James, of Pennsylvania, called the attention of the members to these two grapes, as being worthy of attention. Dr. Brinckle also spoke well of them.

Graham—Mr. James also presented this variety as worthy of notice, being a good hardy grape, something of the character of the Isabella.

Anna.—The character of this grape was inquired of, and Mr. Saul said it was raised by a gentleman of Newburgh. It did not meet his expectations, as it never ripened in this climate.

Amber Catawba, Mr. Prince said, was two or three weeks earlier than Catawba, and of a light amber color. The *Early Isabella* was also earlier than the common. He thought there were several varieties of the Isabella.

Muscat Catawba.—Mr. Bateham said a grape had been advertised under this name in New York, and inquired if any one could give any information in regard to it. No one knew anything about the advertiser or the grape.

Manhattan.—Mr. Hogg, of New York, called attention to a seedling grape under this name raised in the vicinity of New York, of an amber color, and much like the *Rebecca*.

Canadian Chief.—Information in regard to this grape was called for. Prince said it was a foreigner. Hovey had it in bearing in his grape house. Last winter it was entirely destroyed out of doors.

Massachusetts White Grape.—Mr. Saul inquired of the Massachusetts delegation if they knew anything of this grape, which was advertised by a nurseryman of Massachusetts. No one could give information of its character or value. Mr. Walker cautioned all present against purchasing things whose only merit seemed to be that they were loudly praised by their interested owners. Before being offered for sale the fruit should be exhibited before some Society competent to judge of its character and pronounce a righteous judgment.

Iden.—This grape Mr. Bateham said was entirely unworthy of cultivation, and no one should purchase it.

Child's Superb.—Several members had tried. It is unfit for open culture. With the President it died the second year.

Black Missouri, Mr. Clark thought well of. Dr. Warder said it was too small, and a poor grower.

RECOMMENDED FOR GENERAL CULTIVATION.

Delaware,	Diana,
Concord,	Isabella.
Catawba,	

NEW VARIETIES PROMISING WELL.

Union,	Logan,
Herbamont,	Hartford Prolific.
Rebecca,	

UNDER GLASS.

Black Hamburg,	Red Chasselas,
Black Frontignan,	White Frontignan,
Black Prince,	White Muscat of Alexan-
Black Damascus,	dria,
Canon Hall Muscat,	White Nice,
Chasselas de Fontainebleau,	West's St. Peter's,
Grizzly Frontignan,	Zinfindal.

THIRD DAY—FORENOON.

STRAWBERRIES.

Large Early Scarlet—Mr. Prince moved to strike from the list recommended for general culture.—Mr. Hooker and others objected, considering it one of the most valuable varieties. The proposition was not carried.

Hooker—E. Frost, moved that it be adopted for general cultivation. Prince, said like all of its class, it was a poor bearer, and therefore unworthy of general culture. Townsend found it more productive than Hovey's Seedling. Barry considered it one of the finest of American strawberries.—Adopted.

Wilson's Albany—Mr. Field proposed for general culture. Dr. Brinckle said it was very productive—had counted 190 berries on one plant. R. R. Scott had counted 150 on one plant. Mr. Shotwell, of New Jersey, had grown three bushels on 150 plants. The flavor was represented by Mr. Pardee as being good. Adopted as promising well.

Walker's Seedling—Proposed for general culture. Dr. Ward said with him it was a good bearer, and of fine flavor. Redmond, of Georgia, said it was high-flavored at the South, but small. Mannice, of Long Island, said it was too small for profitable culture.

Burr's New Pine—Proposed for general culture. Hooker considered it too uncertain. Dr. Sylvester, considered it the best strawberry he had. Mr. Clark, of New Jersey, had discarded it long ago—Knapp, of Michigan, said at the West it was one of the most productive and best flavored sorts grown.

Triomphe de Gand—E. Frost proposed to recommend as promising well. Barry said it was a fine strawberry.

Boyden's Late Mammoth—Quinn, of New Jersey, recommended as promising well. Reid and Ward said it was a very late sort, growing a good crop, but of poor flavor.

Boston Pine, it was proposed should be removed from the list for general cultivation. Dr. Ward said the strawberry growers of New Jersey would not be willing to dispense with the Boston Pine.—Mannice, of Long Island, could not do without it. Cabot said it was one of the best about Boston.—Dr. Warder said it was not a good "setter" and does not yield well in Ohio.

Peabody's Seedling—Judd thought well of it.—Lawton had found it satisfactory. Mannice had about 200 plants and did not raise half a pint.—Cabot said the quality was poor. Pardee had seen it a good many times—a poor bearer and of poor flavor. E. Frost said its only merit was its size.—Shotwell said in New Jersey it was second in productiveness only to the Wilson. Dr. Sylvester had fruited it, and found it a rampant grower and a fair bearer.

Longworth's Prolific, was moved for general culture. Walker seconded the movement very heartily. Some thought it too acid, but when fully ripe it is of good quality. Dr. Warder said it was highly esteemed in Ohio. Was glad the friends from Massachusetts had sufficient discernment to appreciate it. Ripens after coloring, and that is the reason some call it sour. Taylor, of Virginia; Smith, of Syracuse; Redmond, of Georgia, and others spoke in favor of the motion. Adopted.

Trollope's Victoria—R. R. Scott moved to advance to the list for general culture. Hovey considered it a very good sort for amateurs. Downing preferred to allowed it to remain as promising well.—After some discussion it was stricken from the list.

Extra Red, proposed by Dr. Warder for general culture. Field said it was too sour. Bateham thought Mr. Field could not have ripened it. Mr. Hogg said it looked well and was productive, but lacked flavor. Good for preserving. Dr. Ward said it was a good bearer, looks attractive—people will buy it once, but never a second time. Dr. Warder said acidity was one of its merits. Prince considered it one of the sourest and meanest strawberries grown.

Le Baron—Moved by Mr. Walker for general culture. Believed it to be a first rate strawberry. Berries of large size, good flavor and prolific.—Prince said it was the highest flavored large strawberry in existence. Others did not think well of it. Allowed to remain as promising well.

Scott's Seedling—Proposed as promising well.—Walker said it was a miserable bearer in Massachusetts—almost unproductive. Hooker and Frost said it produced very large crops in Rochester—not of good quality, but less sour than Extra Red. Mannice said when grown in hills it was a good bearer. Clark, of Conn., said it was very productive. French said that five acres in Massachusetts would not produce as much as half an acre of some other sorts. Reid, of New Jersey, found it a good bearer.

McAvoy's Superior—Mr. Field proposed that it be stricken off the catalogue. Prince thought it one of the best of the Ohio strawberries. Lyon, said in Michigan it was very productive but not extra in quality. Dr. Ward said in dry seasons it was valuable, but in wet seasons tender and comparatively tasteless. Hooker found it difficult to fertilize. Dr. Warder thought this was from the fact that the Early Scarlet was used as a fertilizer, which blossomed too early. Mr. Prince recommended Ladies' Pine, Barry's Extra, Globose Scarlet, and several other varieties. Several gentlemen proposed that these should be examined by a committee before action was taken. The following is the list as revised by the meeting.

FOR GENERAL CULTURE.

Boston,	Longworth's Prolific,
Hooker,	Large Early Scarlet.
Hovey's Seedling,	

PROMISING WELL.

Genesee,	Scarlet Magnate,
Le Baron,	Walker's Seedling.
McAvoy's Superior,	Wilson's Albany,

FOR PARTICULAR LOCALITIES.

Burr's New Pine,	Jenny's Seedling.

THIRD DAY—AFTERNOON SESSION.

RASPBERRIES.

American Red—Mr. Saul moved be stricken from the list promising well. Mr. Prince said the American Red is a native with red bark, and roots from the ends of the shoots—of the Black Cap species. Dr. Grant thought it superceded by the Hudson River Antwerp. R. R. Scott considered it unfit for garden culture. Mr. Parsons would not like to be without it. Some others spoke well of it, and it was allowed to remain.

Cope—Prince said was the largest red berry cultivated. Barry thought well of it.

Ohio Ever-Bearing—Dr. Warder moved be stricken from the list. Only the Black Cap. Several gentlemen said it was worthless in Massachusetts. Stricken from the list.

Thunderer—Dr. Grant said it was large, productive, and of fine flavor. None superior to it except the Orange.

Bagley's Perpetual, a new sort, first exhibited at this session—moved as promising well. Clark, of Connecticut, considered the quality fair, but tho't it must be some old variety, as the original plants are growing in two long rows, having evidently been set out. Mr. Bridgeman, of New York, said that Mr. Bagley, who owned the original plants, considered it the very best for market. Had fruited it and was satisfied of this fact. It bears until frost. Mr. Walker was opposed to recommending this fruit now. Should be referred to a committee. He had never known a perpetual raspberry or strawberry, though he had tried several claiming these qualities. Perpetual fruit was something like perpetual motion. Mr. Barry said we had perpetual roses, and why may we not have perpetual strawberries. We have a beginning in *Belle de Fontenay* and *Merville de Four Seasons*. Mr. Prince said that in the main Mr. Walker was correct. The raspberries that bear in the fall are deficient in the spring. Nature compensates itself in this way. In answer to a question Mr. Clark said the quality of the fruit was generally considered very good in the fall, because we have no other. The subject was passed over to the next meeting.

Black Cap of Mr. Doolittle—The question being asked as to its quality, and whether it was the old Black Cap, or a new variety, Mr. Barry said he had it in bearing, and it gave enormous crops.—Thought it only the common Black Cap. Some think it a different variety. Warder thought the whole tribe very inferior, as did Mr. Bateham. Some gentlemen having stated that it sold for more in market than the Antwerp, or any of that class, Dr. Warder replied that once this was the case in Cincinnati, but now they had fallen one-half below the price of good sorts. The following is the list recommended:

FOR GENERAL CULTURE.

Fastolff,	Orange,
Franconia,	Red Antwerp,
French,	Yellow Antwerp.
Knevet's Giant,	

CURRANTS.

Cherry.—Mr. Scott and others proposed the Cherry Currant. Some said it was too acid. Mr. Cabot proposed the *Versaillaise* as promising well. Prince said it was the largest of all currants. Dr. Sylvester said the Cherry Currant was productive and acid, but we send abroad for lemons and other fruits, and why not cultivate acid currants? Mr. Saul said the *Cherry* had a large berry and a short bunch. *Long Red Dutch* has longer bunches, and would weigh more than the Cherry, although the berries are smaller. *La Versaillaise* when generally known, he thought would take the place of these sorts. *Cherry* and *La Versaillaise* were recommended as promising well.

Transparent Blanche, was recommended by Mr. Cabot. Prince said it was the mildest of all currants. R. R. Scott said it was white, sweet and very good. Mr. Barry said it was the same as the *White Grape*. Messrs. Berckmans and Saul agreed with Mr. Barry.

Red Grape—recommended by Mr. Scott.

Fertile Currant of Pallaus, was recommended by some gentlemen, though it was not generally known.

Fertile de Angers, was recommended by the President. Messrs. Saul and Hovey thought it was not sufficiently productive to be recommended.—In appearance it was similar to La Versaillaise. The following are the sorts recommended:

FOR GENERAL CULTURE.

Black Naples,	White Dutch,
May's Victoria,	White Grape.
Red Dutch,	

PROMISING WELL.

Cherry,	La Versaillaise.

APPLES.

Mr. Bateham, of Ohio, said some of the apples recommended on the list for general culture, were not adapted to a great portion of the country, particularly the West, and planters were misled by it. Many of the winter sorts fail entirely in the West. Seven or eight varieties should be stricken out of the list for general culture, and placed in the one for certain localities. As the Convention was within an hour of its close, the list for general culture was not taken up. The Fruit Committee it was understood should investigate this matter thoroughly so that at the next meeting there might be a thorough revision of the Catalogue of Apples, and their adaptation to certain localities ascertained.

Autumn Bough.—Berckmans said it was very fine at the South. Brinckle said it was good at the North. Adopted with unanimous consent for general cultivation.

Carolina June—Steele, of N. C., said it was fine in his State; a little too acid, but as good as Maiden's Blush. Mr. Lyon said it did well in Michigan. Several gentlemen spoke for other States. Adopted for general cultivation.

Jonathan.—Was represented as being good, by representations from all parts of the country. Adopted for general cultivation.

Monmouth Pippin.—Reid, of N. J., said it was worthy of advancement. Barry, good in Western New York, and known as the Red Cheek Pippin. Adopted for general culture.

Smith's Cider.—Mr. Bateham said it was one of the most popular at the West. Did not like the cider name. It was not a cider apple. French, of Mass., was disappointed when he found how good it was. Had been misled by the name. Hovey said the name prevented many from planting it. Mr. Barry was opposed to changing the name, although it might be inappropriate. Yardley Taylor, of Va, said there was another Smith apple in Virginia, and if the cider was omitted it might cause confusion. Warder thought it poor—no cider. Reid thought it poor—only second or third rate.

Wagener.—Dr. Warder moved for general culture. Lyon said it bore too profusely in Michigan. Dr. W. said this was a good fault in a new country. Adopted for general culture.

Willis' Sweeting.—Mr. Parsons recommended as a beautiful sweet apple. Recommended as promising well.

Buckingham—A fine apple in Southern Illinois, and the West generally. Adopted as promising well.

White Winter Pearman—Recommended by Western and Southern members. Adopted as promising well.

Mr. Bateham wished the members of the Convention, and the planters of the country generally, to understand that the Baldwin, Hubbardston's Non-Such, Rhode Island Greening, Roxbury Russet, Swaar, Wine, or Hays, do not succeed in the Southern part of Ohio, and in the South and West generally. He proposed notes be added to their names, stating the fact. This, however, was not agreed to, as it was contended that "to making" notes "there would be no end."

PEACHES.

Carpenter's White was placed on the list as promising well.

The Columbia was also placed on the list as promising well.

CHARTER OAK GRAPE.—Two years ago I purchased some of the Charter Oak Grape vines, and soon after, they were pronounced a humbug. This fall I gathered about two quarts and they are a very good sort of grape, are very large, some of them measuring an inch in diameter. My neighbors have examined them and pronounce them very good.—A. WILLSON, *Marcellus, N. Y.*, 1858.

REMARKS—We had Isabellas on exhibition at the Western New York Fruit Growers' Meeting last week, measuring an inch in diameter; then the bunches weighed about a pound, while the Charter Oak never forms bunches, only small clusters. The Charter Oak is the meanest thing that was ever called a grape, and how a person can put one in his mouth, unless prescribed by a physician, as an *emetic*, we cannot imagine.

KEEPING DAHLIAS.—To keep Dahlias through the winter dig just before frost, break apart as little as possible; let them get perfectly dry, then bury them up in a bin of potatoes, and you will never fail of finding them all right in the spring.—AMELIA, *Cayuga, N. Y.*, 1858.

REMARKS.—Now that our potatoes rot more or less every winter, we should be afraid to trust the Dahlia roots in the potato bin.

INQUIRIES.—When should strawberry runners be cut off? Are Mandrakes healthy? and what are they used for? Will tying a colored string around a holyhock in the spring change the color of it to the hue of the string? if so, what is the reason of it?—A FARMER'S DAUGHTER, *Tecumseh, Mich.*, 1858.

REMARKS.—Cut off the runners as fast as they form, unless you want new plants. Mandrakes are of no value as a garden fruit. The string story is one of those foolish things that seems to live and flourish though contradicted a thousand times.

A WORD TO OUR READERS.—Although we think we could give no matter of more value to our readers than the opinions of practical men from all parts of the country, on the different fruits, so pressing is the demand upon our columns that we are glad to bring our report to a close in this number. The latter part of the discussion we have had to condense very much. In our next we will pay particular attention to our correspondents, inquiries, &c. We have a good many illustrations, notes of fine things seen in our travels, notices of fruits sent us—all of which we will give our readers in due time.

FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY OF WESTERN N. Y.—The Autumn Meeting of this Society was held in Rochester on the 29th ult. The meeting was called so late in the season, when farmers and fruit growers are busy, that many anticipated a small attendance—in this however they were disappointed. The attendance was very fair, the discussions interesting and the fruits excellent, though the collection was not large. We will give a brief report next week.

Domestic Economy.

ABOUT BREAD-MAKING.

How many of the young lady RURAL readers are there who can make a loaf of bread so that it will come to the table wholesome and palatable? "Pooh," some of you will say, "I am not going into the kitchen and muss around merely to learn to make bread—simple stuff as that is! Anybody can make bread!" Not so fast, young Misses. No doubt you pride yourselves on making "splendid loaf cake," and rich pastries, for festive occasions, where you will receive much praise for your efforts; but can you make good bread—from the beginning to the end of the process? It is a comparatively easy matter to weigh certain specified quantities of flour, sugar, butter, &c., and put them together, and bake them. You work by rule, but bread is made more by rote—of smaller or larger quantities—and requires skill, and attention, and practice to enable you to produce the fine-grained, beautiful loaf.

Some of you have probably made yeast, and mixed bread, while "Ma," or the housekeeper, or some one, was in the kitchen to refer to, as to how much water and flour, or how hard to mix, or how long to rise, &c., and consider yourselves expert, and finished in the art. But suppose "Ma" was sick, and the servants gone—could you make such good bread that "Pa" would not know the difference, or would praise you for its superiority? Besides, would "Pa's" favor be worth seeking? Perhaps the kitchen girl is raw Irish, or reckless, and the "daily bread" is poor—not fit to eat. Did it ever occur to you to step into the kitchen and soil your fair hands by producing nice bread for your parents, and brothers, and sisters, to eat—and would their pleasure more than repay you?

Some young *ladies* will exert themselves for company' sake, but "cannot afford to bother so much for *only* father and mother," while all the time they are mourning or moping because father is not able to buy them a piano, or all the flummery and gewgaws they would like to put on and parade to the envy of those less favored. And yet they do not know how to make good bread, or boil a kettle of potatoes properly! Why not become skilled in those more important accomplishments within your reach?—then, if, in process of time, you should have an opportunity, you can learn the ornamental without neglecting the useful. Learn to make and bake bread, for it is important to know that dough is *not* bread, and there is more spoiled in baking than there is made good, and it is the most important point of bread-making, to bake properly. Learn to boil potatoes, to make a good cup of tea, if any, and to cut and make a shirt, and dress, before you cry for a piano, or a carriage. And not only learn to do all these things, but do them *gracefully*, sweetly, pleasantly, cheerfully; for it is a mistaken idea that grace and ease does not very much add to even domestic employments. If after all this you do not get a sensible, accomplished gentleman (in the truest sense of the term,) for a husband, we will institute an "Investigating Committee" to search into the causes, why, and wherefore.

A FARMER'S WIFE.

PRESERVING BUTTER.—PIES AND TARTS.

MESSRS. EDS.:—A correspondent asks for a recipe for preserving butter. I do it in the following way:—Take 8 ounces of fine salt; 4 ounces of saltpetre; 4 ounces loaf sugar—mix well together—after the butter has been salted (not as much as usual,) and well worked, so that no buttermilk can be pressed out, I add one small tablespoonful of the mixture to every pound of butter. Pack closely in stone jars—cover se as to exclude the air. Keep in a cool place and it will be good a long time.

I copy a recipe said to be much used in Scotland:—"Take two quarts best common salt; one ounce saltpetre; one ounce loaf sugar—take one ounce of this composition for every pound of butter, and close up for use. Butter cured in this way appears of a rich marrowy consistency, and never acquires a brittle hardness. It should stand several weeks before it is used, or it will taste of the nitre. This will wholly disappear afterwards.

BEEF STEAK PIE.—Take some rump steaks, beat them with a rolling pin, then season with pepper, salt, and butter—make a crust, lay in your steaks; pour in water enough to half fill the dish. Put on the crust and bake it.

MUTTON PIE.—Take off the skin and outside part of a loin of mutton, and cut it into steaks—season as for beef pie. Cover well with water, and only put on a top crust.

PASTE FOR CUSTARD.—To half a pound of flour, take two ounces of butter; the yolks of two eggs; three spoonfuls of sweet cream. Add a little sweet milk if necessary—mix well together, and have it as hard as will roll.

PASTE FOR TARTS.—An ounce of sifted loaf sugar to a pound of flour—make into a stiff paste with a pint of boiling cream and three ounces of butter.

GREEN APPLE PIE.—Make a nice paste with lard rubbed into flour—mix with water—if you wish to have it flakey, roll it thin, spread on lard or butter, and sprinkle flour over it. Then roll it up and repeat the process several times. Line your tins with the paste, and fill with good greening apples, pared and sliced thin. Pour in a little water, dust a small handful of flour, and put in a good supply of sugar, at least half a teacupful to each pie. A few small slices of butter and some spice or cinnamon should be added before putting on the cover. Bake in a slow oven.

YEAST DUMPLINGS.—Two cups of milk; half a cup of good yeast; a little salt, and flour enough to make a batter as thick as pancakes—when sufficently light, mix it stiff as for bread. Let it stand till again raised, and knead it well, adding more flour—make into balls as large as a walnut. After standing a few minutes they will be ready for use. They will be found very nice for chicken pot-pie, or may be boiled in clear water and served with melted butter.

E. K. W.

Columbia, O., 1858.

AN excellent cement for broken china, glass, &c., is merely the settings of white paint.—S. C. L., *Gorham, N. Y.*, 1858.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

"WHEN I AM RICH."

BY KATE CAMERON.

"When I am rich," a maiden said,
"I'll bind my floating curls
With sparkling diamonds from the mine,
And ocean's snowy pearls;
The sapphire there shall softly gleam,
The ruby brightly shine,
And there'll not be in all the world
So gay a heart as mine."

"When I am rich, my home shall be
A castle grand and fair,
And all my longing heart could wish
Shall find an answer there.
Till all the artist's glowing dreams,
Or scholar's mystic lore,
Or queenly dignity and rank
Could never ask for more!"

And so she proudly spurned a heart,
Whose love was strong and sure,
Because forsooth the humble youth
In all, save love, was *poor*.
Then came an old and haughty man,
Ah! story often told!—
The maiden yielded to her pride,
And sold her heart for gold.

She won her stately dwelling-place,
Superb in every part,
And lost the roses from her cheek,
The sunshine from her heart.
Not all the gems that wreathed her brow,
Could drive away the care,
Which, like a heavy cloud of gloom,
Had darkly settled there.

Too late she learned that *wealth* alone
Can never purchase joy,
And ever with the shining gold
There mingles some alloy.
And of the bitter lesson, this
She felt with keenest smart—
Earth's riches never can outweigh
A true and loving heart!

Rochester, N. Y., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

CLEANINGS.—NO. I.

Such a sweet picture—this little child, kneeling on the green sward, her brown curls straying carelessly over her white shoulders, and her tiny clasped hands and innocent eyes raised to the blue sky. "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," I softly murmured. "Happy artist you must be, to imagine so beautiful a picture. After all, this may be no ideal fancy."

Beneath the painting were the words, "Ruthie—child-angel." Ah, that told the whole story, and I stole a little aside from the busy throng of goers and comers, to muse over this life picture, for such I was sure it was.

Dear little "Ruthie." Perhaps she was the brown-haired sister of his boyish days,—she, whose infant steps he had so often guided, and whose childish love and words had so often kept his own feet from straying to "the evil." Yes, his little sister, who used to swing with him every day out under the maple tree in the front yard, and who used to kneel with him every night beside his mother's knee.

It may be "Ruthie" was his little school-mate—she, whom he used to draw on his sled to the old red school-house in the winter time, and for whom he would gather bright flowers and berries in the long summer days. The same "Ruthie" for whom he used to solve those horrid problems in Algebra when she was a girl, and who, after years of patient waiting, stood by his side and promised to "love, honor and obey" until death should break the holy tie.

Or, it may be, "Ruthie" was his own little birdie, his first born daughter—his all upon earth, when the gentle wife died and left "Ruthie" to be his comfort. And, oh, had'nt she brought him a world of sunshine, the little brown-haired "Ruthie?" Nestling on his heart as a baby, and then taking her first step after papa, and by her childish prattle and loving wiles, banishing the sorrow that would come when he thought of the sleeper in the churchyard.

I drew nearer the picture, and gazed long at the sweet face, yearning to fold the living "Ruthie" close to my heart.

"What is a child-angel, mamma?" asked a weary little voice close beside me. I turned and looked. A child—and yet how different from "Ruthie."—She had a pretty, delicate face, shaded by long golden curls, but such a sad, mournful look in her blue eyes. I sighed, for I knew there were thoughts and unsatisfied longings in that little heart, that God never intended should find a resting-place there. The child repeated her question again, but it was not answered until, moved by a sudden impulse, I laid my hand on her curls, and said softly, "A child-angel is a good little girl who loves everybody. Pray God every night, darling, to make you a child-angel on earth, and when you die to take you to live with His bright angels in Heaven."

The mother started and looked at the picture, and a change came over her face. "Ruthie" had awakened old memories. She knew she had a heart beating somewhere beneath her jeweled robes, and that she was a child once—just as innocent and happy as "Ruthie." In her girlish days she had been called "darling" by one who walks in a "far apart road" now. Well, what of it?

Lewis Grey was poor in this world's goods, though a millionaire in heart-riches; and so, when the wealthy Mr. Lawson laid his fortune at her feet she grasped it with one hand, while with the other she dashed aside the priceless love of the humble country pastor, and went forth to her princely home to become an unloved, unloving wife, and careless mother.

The old, haughty look came back to her face again, and bidding Gracie follow her, she summoned her carriage and drove away.

Well, you may go to your palace-home, proud Mrs. Lawson, and close your blinds, and draw your lace curtains to bar out God's blessed sunshine, and so seek rest for your weary head in the dark and quiet,—you may bind your heart in its shroud of silks and satins, and fasten it tightly with golden chains, and so stifle the voice of conscience as night after night you tread the halls of gaiety and fashion, while Gracie at home prays God to "make her an angel!" But the days are coming when the dark waters will threaten to sweep over you, and the blue hills of Heaven so far distant, but no "shining ones" will wait for you "beyond the river," for you have not the love and trust of years gone by.

Oh, why will we so live that the Heaven which in childhood seems so near, recedes as years wear on?

I can see "Ruthie's" face again, and it lights up my room like a glory, while a voice is whispering from my Bible—"Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." Winnie Willian.

Rochester, Sept., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

HE DOES NOT GROW OLD.

In a quiet church yard there is a little mound all covered with green—for many a year the little sleeper beneath it has been there in the unconscious sleep of death. Once that little sleeper greeted me with a smile as I drew near to his cradle. He knew no other language, and never pronounced a word. His was a short life,—many a long year he has rested beneath that mound. He was never strong but had a perfect frame, and his unfolding life shadowed forth his immortal destiny, and while I felt that he was mine, I knew that he had a path of his own—that it might lead him from me, still I looked upon him with pleasure, and as day by day I beheld his unfolding life, I was drawn to him by a power that I could not myself control.—The destroyer came and took him, and he now sleeps beneath that little mound. He does not grow old, but is still to me a little child. His death awoke within me a new tenderness of love, and I have since been able to sympathize with those in affliction as I could not before.

How great the change will be before I shall see him again? When we parted he was a helpless child and knew but little. He now wears robes of glory, not formed by mortal hands, and has an orbit of his own that is measureless. It touches mine, but it is so vast and wonderful that I cannot comprehend it. He has long since passed me in knowledge, and may be my teacher and guide.

When I think of the sorrowing and danger of our pathway in life, I no longer grieve that the opening flower was so early taken to bloom in the garden of the Savior—taken before the bud had even felt the withering blast of life. Fitch.

Oneida, N. Y., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

DREAMINGS.

To-night as I sit by my window and watch the beautiful clouds of crimson and gold as they float on the sky in many varied forms, the gentle evening wind whispers in my ear of the days gone by, and brings to mind many past scenes in my life journey, with their sunshine and shadow. I think of one who but a few weeks since passed so gently and peacefully to her last home. In the silence of the night the Angel of Death entered the midst of a happy circle and bore away the wife and mother. Ere we knew it the pure spirit of our loved Louise was borne on "angel wings to the presence of her Savior." Ah! who shall tell of the agony of that moment in which we found that she was indeed gone and that we looked only upon lifeless clay. None, none can know the sorrow of our hearts but those who have laid away under the sods of "Mount Hope" the lifeless but precious forms of those loved best on earth. Oh, how we long to meet once more her loving smile, to feel the pressure of her hand, and hear again her sweet voice singing the old familiar lays over the cradle of the two little buds she has left us to cherish.—We miss her to-night—when do we not?—and in the moments of our wildest grief we would call her back to us on earth,

"For the heart forgets in its agony wild,
That 'tis better for her, that 'tis well with God's child."

Now from her beautiful home on high, she is beckoning us on towards the celestial city.

"Her spirit has gone where the angels are,
And the Savior's crown hath another star!"

Isabel.

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter, though you never think of it again. Do not speak of some virtue in another man's wife, to remind your own of a fault. Do not reproach your wife with personal defects, for if she has sensibility, you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company. Do not upbraid her in the presence of a third person, nor entertain her with praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. If you would have a pleasant home and cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for sociability elsewhere. Remember that your wife has as much need of recreation as yourself, and devote a portion, at least, of your leisure hours to such society and amusements as she may join. By so doing, you will secure her smiles and increase her affection. Do not be so exact in pecuniary matters, as to make your wife feel her dependence upon your bounty. If she is a sensible woman, she should be acquainted with your business and know your income, that she may regulate her household expenses accordingly. Do not withhold this knowledge, in order to cover your own extravagance. Women have a keen perception—be sure she will discover your selfishness—and tho' no word is spoken, from that moment her respect is lessened, and her confidence diminished, pride wounded, and a thousand, perhaps unjust, suspicions created. From that moment is your domestic comfort on the wane. There can be no oneness, where there is no full confidence.—*Woman's Thoughts About Women.*

A soul, like an instrument of music, should be well tuned to meet the various strains the hand of destiny may call from its thrilling chords; firmly, yet sweetly, should its tones ring out of whatever character they are; strong but sweet music still, should a God-strengthened spirit yield beneath the touch of sorrow or adversity, as sweet though it may be sadder, as in its days of brightest power.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

ALONE.

BY M. V. GARDNER.

I wander through the city's throng,
Unnoticed by the thousands here,
While living masses pour along,
Some worn and grey—some young and fair.
And loudly rings the din of life,
As countless voices fill the air,
And all are eager in the strife
Of busy toil and pressing care.

I linger by the festive board,
Where youth and pleasure gayly meet,
The laugh goes round, the wine is poured,
And music trills to flying feet.
But "mirth upon my lips is dumb,"
I seem unknowing and unknown,
And, as my thoughts within will come,
My spirit sighs, Alone! Alone!

There is no loneliness so drear,
No sadness has so deep a shade
As that I feel when crowds are near,
And all life's toys around me laid.
There may be gladness all the while,
There may be feelings deep and strong,
But not for *me* that glowing smile,
Oh not for *me* that gushing song.

Bright eyes may gleam and pulses thrill,
And yet I'm sad and all alone;
The looks I meet are ever chill,
They turn away, I am not known.
Then let me leave this noise and show,
And give me still my tranquil home,
Where sweetest joys abundant flow,
And jarring strife may never come.

I love sweet Nature's thousand forms,
Her forest gloom, her mountains high,
There's wild delight in raging storms,
And glory in the arching sky.
There's Angel whispers in each breeze
Of sweet accent and thrilling tone,
That ever in my spirit leaves
A sense that I am not alone.

Oh turn thou, then, my wandering feet
To Nature's scenes, my heart to calm,
There let me find a pure retreat,
My aching brow would seek its balm.
'Tis there that Solitude creates
A feeling deep of joy to one
Whose heart with Melancholy mates,
And all its echoes are, Alone.

Northville, Mich., 1858.

THE DREAMER.—NO. I.

IDENTITY.

"Who is the Dreamer?" says some fair one, (you know the women have all the curiosity,) as she reads the title of this—and as she queries, she asks as many questions about me as a lawyer. So, to save trouble, I will answer her questions, and yours at the same time. "Are you tall?" O, so, so, the average of mankind. "Slim?" Rather. "Good looking?" Good enough to dream—"Well—well—are you married?" There, I knew it was coming. No! else how could I dream? A married man is never a dreamer,—unless he is a dunce,—the very term is opposed to the idea—When a man has another being dependent upon him for support and nourishment—and crinoline—he must keep his eyes open, and his thoughts on *terra firma.*

Well, if you are done with your questions, I will tell you who I am. I am yet on the sunny side of thirty—a little—am in a business which suits and supports me—no matter what—and I live in a city of respectable dimensions—no matter where. I pay my landlady promptly, and don't owe my washerwoman anything, so I feel independent. I wear shirt-studs and cuff-buttons, too; that's another item towards independence. I mention these last items, however, merely to show that I am not haunted by buttonless shirts. I am a dreamer, too, I come home at night, light the gas,

"Poke my feet into slippers, and my fire into a blaze,"

light a Havana, and just dream at my ease.

And that little word at the beginning of this *dream* comes into my head as I sit watching the blaze, and building my fancies out of the coals. I can hardly make myself believe that I am the same as the little urchin memory (kind memory!) paints, away back among the shadows of the past. I can but dimly trace the path of that child clear down to my fire. The events are clear, but they seem to belong to some story I have read—not to myself. But while I sit here, it seems as if the old dreams of my childhood were realized, and I seem to be, not what I am, but what I used to wish to be. The realities of life melt away into the shadows of dream-land, and boyish air castles fill their places. O! the hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, of those by gone days.

I remember, I remember,
When I used to go to school,
How I kept a watchful eye,
On the master's rod and rule.

How he used to seat me with the girls. How bad I felt, too, except when he put me beside Susy L. She was my divinity, then. How she used to sympathise with me when I was punished, i. e. six times a day. Indeed, I believe I enjoyed getting into scrapes, just to see her blue eyes (what eyes they *were* though) look moist with pity, or blaze with indignation against my persecutors.

We say sometimes that childhood is the happiest time of life. I don't believe it. It is just our egotism which makes us *say* so. The mole hills we saw then were just as large to us as the mountains we see now—we have only changed our measure. And, by and by, the Great Judge will try us all by a new standard, and the Andes of now and the hillocks of then, will be all mole hills together,—when we have reached the summit.

I used to think, "if I was only a man, so I could marry Susy,"—now, I sigh, "if I were only young, so I could sit by Susy." So it goes. "But what became of Susy?" Ah! you want to make me tell a story, instead of dreaming. However, you shall have it.

By and by I had to leave home, and the old red school-house, (whoever saw one that was not red,) and the woods and streams, and come to the city. Still I had a fancy that I would go home and marry Susy some day. But after two or three years, there came a note from my old crony Tom H., asking me to officiate as groomsman at his wedding—Susy's wedding. Should I go? Envy said, "No." Good sense said, "Yes." I went. I arrayed myself in the most spotless of wedding suits, and played my part with the same ease that I should at the wedding of John Jones, Jr., our friend on the corner.

I attended the "happy pair" on their excursion, registered their names, carried the purse, made myself generally useful, and let Tom enjoy himself. And he did. Poor fellow! he couldn't have paid his own bill, to have saved Susy's life. I didn't blame him.

I think Susy knew my secret. Leave a woman alone to find out when she is beloved. There was the same kind pity in her eyes, when she looked at me on that trip, that there used to be at school. And now there is always a corner for me at H——farm, and many the dainties I get which my landlady does not provide. Susy is happy, and I ought to be. May God bless her!

My cigar is out, and it is bed-time. I did not smoke once—Susy's husband does not smoke, and I should not smoke if I was Susy's husband—but a man must do something. Good-night.

PRIDE.

A just pride is one of the most beautiful manifestations of human character—a disposition to be cultivated and encouraged at every age and in every condition. Pride in the maintenance of a spotless character and pure life—pride in the performance of noble and generous actions—pride in all things that tend to elevate the mind and heart, and that, however the vulgar and vicious may regard us, ensure to us more and more of the esteem of the virtuous. Fortified by such pride, we can in the midst of poverty and trial maintain the dignity of manhood, and rise by self-respect superior to every misfortune. For after all the homage paid to external pomp and possession, it is the man—the true man—that counts in the great battle of life, and on the pages of history. What has not such a man accomplished, in spite of so-called advantages and fortune—in spite of obscure birth, ignoble caste, and perhaps, still worse, inherited embarrassments?

Look over the record of those who have made our humanity illustrious, and see how few were born and nurtured in the lap of worldly, sensual pride. The pioneers, the leaders, the Savior of our race have been chiefly of the humblest origin so far as temporal surroundings were concerned. To the brave soul, proud of its manhood and of continuance in lofty aspiring, all conquest is possible and easy, and in the march of higher goals, without effort is obtained the baser spoils of fortune and renown.

There is a pride as mean, contemptible and debasing, as its counterpart is elevating and noble. It is pride of birth without merit to back it—pride of wealth, acquired or inherited, without virtue or generosity in its use—pride of dress and equipage, which knaves and fools, and even felons may compass. Indeed, the lower the quality of pride, the more offensive and ostentatious its exhibitions. Those are often the proudest, in the common acceptance of the term, who have the least to be proud of. Vain, shallow minds, characterless characters,—spreading their gaudy plumes to the gaze of witlings, and winning after all only sneers and contempt. How true the lines of the "peasant poet," Burns:

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the *gold* for a' that!"

False pride can never secure the esteem, nor the respect of those who surround us. We may delude ourselves with the idea that we are making a grand impression on society by its displays, but in the end we shall find that we are only laughed at, and set down as shallow masquers and conceited fools.

EDUCATION OF THE FEELINGS.

Bad temper is more frequently the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organization; it frequently, however, has a physical cause, and a peevish child often needs dieting more than correcting. Some children are more prone to show temper than others, and sometimes on account of qualities which are valuable in themselves. For instance, a child of active temperament, sensitive feeling, and of eager purpose, is more likely to meet with constant jars and rubs than than a dull, passive child, and, if he is of an open nature his inward irritation is immediately shown in bursts of passion. If you repress these ebullitions by scolding and punishment, you only increase the evil by changing passion into sulkiness. A cheerful, good-tempered tone of your own, a sympathy with his trouble, whenever the trouble has arisen from no bad conduct on his part, are the best antidotes; but it would be better still to prevent beforehand all sources of annoyance. Never fear spoiling children by making them too happy. Happiness is the atmosphere in which all good affections grow—the wholesome warmth necessary to make the heart blood circulate healthily and freely; unhappiness is the chilling pressure which produces here an inflammation, there an excrescence, and, worst of all, "the mind's green and yellow sickness—ill-temper."

EVILS OF GREAT CITIES.

In cities, the soul of man grows proud. He needs at times to be sent forth, like the Assyrian monarch, into green fields, "a wondrous wretch and weedless," to eat green herbs, and be weakened and chastised by the rain shower winter's bitter weather. Moreover, in cities there is danger of the soul's becoming wed to pleasure, and forgetful of its high vocation. There have been souls dedicated to Heaven from childhood, and guarded by good angels as sweet seclusions for holy thoughts, and prayers, and all good purposes; wherein pious wishes dwelt like nuns, and every image was a saint; and yet in life's vicissitudes, by the treachery of occasion, by the thronging passions of great cities, have become soiled and sinful. They resemble those convents on the river Rhine which have been changed to taverns; from whose chambers the pious inmates have long departed, and whose cloisters the footsteps of travelers have affected to images of buried saints, and whose walls are written over with ribaldry and names of strangers, and resound no more with holy hymns, but with revelry and loud voices.—*Longfellow's Hyperion.*

Sabbath Musings.

"BRINGING OUR SHEAVES WITH US."

The time for toil is past, and night has come—
The last and saddest of the harvest-eves;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened not so much with grain
As with a heaviness of heart and brain;—
Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light, and worthless,—yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And staid and toiled till it was dark and late,—
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,—
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks, and withered leaves;
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently, and repeat,
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value nor utility,—
Therefore shall fragrancy and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew;
For well I know that patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do,—
And though the full, ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

[*Atlantic Monthly.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

WHAT IS THY HOPE?

Youth, and maiden, what is thy hope? Is it that the sparkling eye, the rosy cheek, the form of grace and beauty, and the light elastic tread will ever be thine? Then is thy hope a frail one. The eye must grow dim, the cheek pale and sunken, the form must be bowed with age and sorrow, and thy footstep, now so buoyant, must surely become heavy and feeble. Then, where, and in what is thy hope? Is it in the friends that now make thy life joyous and happy? O, trust not alone in earthly friendship. Friend after friend will pass away—the ruthless hand of the destroyer will take from thine embrace brother and sister, parent and friend. One after another will pass, until, perchance, thou may'st stand alone on life's rugged pathway. Then let thy hope be one that as a staff will support thee—one that penetrates beyond this vale of change and sorrow.

And thou, traveler on life's journey, who hast seen thy sun reach its meridian,—what is thy hope? Is it that the wealth thou hast accumulated will purchase happiness for thee,—will be a source of comfort to thy future life? O, lean not upon a broken reed. Earthly treasures cannot endure,—decay will inevitably claim them; and he who trusts in riches, trusts in that which is as fleeting and transitory as the morning dew. Then, what *is* thy hope? Is it in the honors thou hast gained,—the trophies of fame thou hast won? The laurel wreath must fade,—earthly honors must perish,—fame can never satisfy the spirit's longing, and if thy hope is in these, thou wilt, one day, find thyself tossed on a tempestuous sea, and, helpless, will be wrecked upon the shoals of life. O, secure that hope which will be "an anchor to thy soul, sure and steadfast."

And thou, aged pilgrim,—what hope hast thou, to soothe life's declining years? Thou hast seen much of uncertainty, much of the mutability of earth and earthly things. Thou hast seen thy dearest hopes perish, thy wealth pass away from thy grasp, and thy most cherished friends have been laid, one by one, beneath the clods of the valley. The lilies bloom over the remains of those whom thou once fondly hoped would be the support and comfort of thy last days. Sad, then, is thy lot, if thou hast no unfailing hope to be thy support under this weight of trial and affliction.—Turn, then, thou weary one, and make the God of Israel thy strength and never-failing hope. "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God." Anna.

New York, Sept., 1858.

THE FAITH OF CHILDHOOD.

What a lesson of truth does the following incident convey—what a sermon against deceiving the "little ones" with idle tales:—"A touching case," says the New Orleans *Delta*, "was presented lately to the consideration and charity of one of the Good Samaritans who now take care of the sick, relieve the destitute, and feed the starving. A boy was discovered in the morning lying in the grass of Clairborne street, evidently bright and intelligent, but sick. A man who has the feelings of kindness strongly developed, went to him, took him by the shoulder and asked him what he was doing there. 'Waiting for God to come for me,' said he. 'What do you mean?' said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tone of the answer and the condition of the boy, in whose eye and flushed face he saw the evidences of the fever. 'God sent for father and mother and little brother,' he replied, 'and took them away to his home up in the sky, and mother told me when she was sick that God would take care of me. I have no home, nobody to give me anything, and so I came out for God to come and take care of me, as mother said he would. He will come, won't he? Mother never told me a lie.' 'Yes, my lad,' said the man, overcome with emotion, 'He has sent me to take care of you.' You should have seen his eyes flash and the smile of triumph break over his face as he said, 'Mother never told me a lie, sir, but you've been so long on the way.'" "Mother never told me a lie," and when she promised her lone child the protecting care of the Father of Mercies, how fervent his zeal—how great his reliance. Oh, for more of the faith of little children!

Seeking Christ.—Christ is not in the market nor in the streets; for Christ is peace, in the market there are strifes; Christ is justice, in the market is iniquity; Christ is a laborer, in the market is idleness; Christ is charity, in the market is slander; Christ is faith, in the market is fraud. Let us not, therefore, seek Christ where we cannot find Christ.—*Ambrose.*

The Traveler.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

Sketches from the Alps to the Adriatic.

NUMBER FIVE.

Dismal Morning—Peasants Rolling at Ten Pins—The Guitar Player—A Picture from Robinson Crusoe—Ascent to a High Valley—A True Tyrolese—Tyrolese House and Village—Crossing the Mountain—The Brenner Road.

It was a dismal morning when I left Fügen. A mist kept constantly descending, and the clouds formed a roof over the valley, lower down than the tops of the mountains, so that the view was confined to the bottom and half a mile or so up the slopes on either side. A group of peasants was collected at almost every house along the road, amusing themselves by rolling at ten pins on rude platforms, or the hard ground, beneath the widely projecting roofs which sheltered them from the storm.

The valley grew narrower, and the slopes, as high up as I could see, were dotted by innumerable huts. In three hours, I saw the taper spire of the church, rising out of the village of Zell, which, though not the largest, is the liveliest village in the valley. While in the dining room of the inn, a young man entered with his *Zithern*, a kind of guitar which is laid on a table when played, and has fifteen or twenty strings. The music is soft and dreamy, suited well to the climate and people of the East, where the instrument might have originated. One imagines with delight its dreamy strains among the orange and fig groves of Italy, or amid the ranker vegetation and voluptuous climate of a more Oriental land, but amid the stern mountains and fierce storms of the Tyrol, it seems sadly out of place. But I shall never forget the musician; his quaint costume, his masses of raven hair, falling on his shoulders, his dark and dreamy eyes, now and then flashing with enthusiasm and feeling, and his finely cut and poetical cast of features, told plainly that he, as well as his instrument, were in a land foreign to their real character.

Shortly after leaving this village, I met three peasants driving a flock of goats and sheep, which strongly reminded me of some pictures I used greatly to admire in the "Adventures of ROBINSON CRUSOE." The main valley ends a couple of miles above Zirl, and I took a foot-path, leading into a higher valley, and across the mountains to the main road from Innspruck to Italy.

The foot-path brought me to Leanersback, where I found quarters for the night. The first two-thirds of the way were as wild and romantic as one could desire. Down the mountains ran streams of foam, falling into a large torrent which roared in the bottom of a deep gorge, hundreds of feet below me. The foot path wound along the brink often dangerously near, and crossed the torrents by rude wooden bridges. I could not have followed this path in the dark, for frequently places occurred where a single misstep would have precipitated me into the torrent; and there was no barrier to hinder the making of a false move.—The latter part of the way was far less wild, and the stream flowed between low banks in the bottom of a green and narrow valley. High above me, wherever there was a green spot, though in the midst of yawning precipices, stood the low wooden peasant cottages.

Most of the way up this valley I had a fine specimen of a mountain peasant for company—one who would undergo the severest privations rather than emigrate. He was about twenty years old, and his business was to transport articles to such portions of the valley as were inaccessible to horses. He carried a heavy load of cloth on his shoulders, but notwithstanding this, and the steepness of the way, he kept me on a fast pace. He said he could earn twenty-five or thirty dollars yearly, and he lived mostly on milk and cheese, with now and then some hard, black, rye bread. I described to him the advantages which America offered to the laboring man, and asked him if he would not like to go to a land where all the people ate, daily, meat and wheat bread. "Have you got mountains like these in America?" he asked. "No," I replied, "not where the white men live." "Then I shall not go," said this proud son of the Tyrol, "I had rather live where I can climb the mountains."

"E'en the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more."

June 2d.—I slept last night in a real Tyrolese house, in the cluster of low, unpainted, wooden buildings, standing without any order on the green meadow, called the village of Leanersback. The windows of my room consisted of only four small panes of glass each, and a door opened from it upon one of the wooden balconies in front of the house. The rooms were all boarded up on the inside for plaster or stone would have been too damp and cold in that high region. I had the curiosity to look into the kitchen, and found the fire burning on a large platform of stone, raised about two feet above the floor. The smoke escaped through the door and windows, and a hole in the corner, which was apparently meant for the chimney.—Wood for fuel was drying in frames around the top of the walls.

I sent my boots, which had suffered on yesterday's journey, to the shoemaker, and he delayed me till 10 o'clock. I employed myself by observing the people who gathered about the inn, and appeared to have little to do, although the day was warm and the sun shone. The men were large and broad-shouldered, but nearly every one stooped from the practice of carrying heavy loads up the mountains on their backs. They wore shoes and stockings, and their pantaloons—which reached only just below their knees—and short coats, were made of the coarsest cloth. Their costume lacked much of being so good and picturesque as that of the inhabitants of the lower valley. Nor were the people themselves so fine-looking. There was more of the brute, and less of the intellectual in their countenances, and many of them showed the effects of hard drinking. I observed, too, that but little beer was drank; mostly *schnapps*. I am inclined to think, that the inhabitants of the highest valleys in mountain countries, are inferior to those who dwell lower down. They are worn by continued hardships and battling with nature, and their intellects are not developed by contact with their fellow men.

The weather was so warm that I pulled off my coat, when I started on my day's journey. The sloping meadows were colored by beautiful flowers of which I saw seven or eight species. In fifteen minutes I crossed the rapid torrent twice, by foot bridges, and in a couple of hours came within sight of Hinter Dux, which is the last village in the valley. It consists of a dozen wood-colored houses, clustered together on the green meadow, without a fence or a cultivated spot anywhere around them. Above, on all sides, rise snow-covered peaks. A flock of hens came strolling over the meadow towards me, and a few goats and sheep were grazing around. When I got among the houses, I saw four peasants, lying on the grass, and one of them hailed me, and asked if I were going over the *Jock*. On my telling him that I was, he said they were also going in half an hour, and they would show me the way. I went into one of the cottages, and ate some bread and milk and put some lunch in my pocket. When we started, one of the peasants put my knapsack into a long basket which he carried on his back. Another carried a fox skin, and a bird that he had shot. The tail of the bird, for which he expected to get several florins at the market in the village on the Brenner road, was fastened in his hat.

A winding foot-path leads up the steep mountain side from Hinter Dux. We passed a large water-fall, formed by a torrent, and in an hour and a half, came to extensive snow fields. The snow, in many places, was several feet deep, and after wading to our breasts, one time—in that which was fresh fallen—we had to retrace our steps and seek a place where it was firmer. On our left was a glacier, and on our right the highest peaks rose a few hundred feet above us. They are more than seven thousand feet above the sea. The sun glared hotly, and the snow melted some, though the air was piercing cold. The snow dazzled us, and my companions put handkerchiefs over their eyes, and warned me to do the same, or I might be snow-blind when I came into the valley. All around was snow and rock, and the scene was wild and desolate beyond description. We had left the flocks and the pastures out of sight, and had entered the highest Alpine region—the home of the Avalanche and the Tempest. There was no vegetation in sight, nothing but frowning rock and untrodden snow. The wind blew, and it waved no tree, no shrub, no grass—nothing but dead snow. The sun shone, but no happy insects hummed in the atmosphere, and no gentle flower woke to life.

Did you ever stand in a winter night—after the clocks have struck twelve—on the summit of a high hill, underneath a sky covered with broken, stormy clouds that sent down showers of snow, and admitted scanty moonbeams? Did you look out then over the landscape, at the fierce and ghostly sky, the leafless trees, the white fields, the dead fences, and the lightless houses, all dimly seen through the moaning storm? If you did you have witnessed one scene of desolation; but if you would picture to yourself that Alpine scene, let the hills swell to jagged mountain peaks and glitter white against the jewelled sky—let the valleys deepen to almost impassable gulfs, full of precipices and chasms, and all the works of man turn to drifting snow banks, and then imagine the hottest summer sun all powerless to dispel the desolation, and you can fancy the scene I have tried to describe.

Two of my companions were boys, and one of them showed a little of the Yankee propensity, when he offered to swap coats or hats with me, even. He said he could sing, and when I asked him if he could dance, he began to go through the motions of fiddling, and to dance about so lively on the rough rocks, that I was half afraid he would tumble over the precipice by our side. One of the men was much interested about America and said he would like to emigrate, but he should never get money enough, for he could barely provide his family with the coarsest food and clothes. He had been a soldier in Italy, in his younger days, and in the loneliest spot of our day's journey, he gave me the comforting advice, "not to trust myself alone to the Italians, in by places, as I did to them."

On getting across the ridge we descended into a deep and green valley. The descent was very steep, and in one place we went down a long strip of hard snow very quickly, by leaning backward on our sticks and sliding. We followed this valley downward for a couple of hours, and came to the village of Stafflach, on the Brenner road. As the sun was quite high I went on, and gained the summit of the pass of Brenner by dark. The ascent is so easy and the road so smooth, that a horse can trot almost to the hamlet on the very summit.—The wide arched door, low roof, and thick walls of the inn welcomed me after my hard walk, and I found the table laden with hearty food and generous wine. The temperature rendered a blazing fire quite comfortable, and snow lay on the mountains but a few hundred feet above. In the morning I was in a warm valley—at noon among snow fields on the mountain—in the afternoon again in a warm valley—at night comfortable by a blazing fire on Mount Brenner.

G. P. W.

MAHOMET.

SLIGHTLY above the middle size, his figure, though spare, was handsome and commanding, the chest broad and open, the bones and framework large, the joints well knit together. His neck was long and finely moulded. The head—unusually large—gave space for a broad and noble brow. The hair, thick, jet black, and slightly curling, fell down over his ears. The eyebrows were arched and joined; the countenance thin, but ruddy. His large eyes, intensely black and piercing, received additional lustre from their long, dark eyelashes. The nose was high and slightly aquiline, but fine, and at the end attenuated. The teeth were far apart. A long, black, bushy beard, reaching to the breast, added manliness and presence. His expression was pensive and contemplative. The face beamed with intelligence, though something of the sensuous might also be there discerned. His broad back leaned slightly forward as he walked; and his step was hasty, yet sharp and decided, like that of one rapidly descending a declivity. There was something unsettled in his blood-shot eye, which refused to rest upon its object. When he turned towards you, it was never partially, but with the whole body.—*Muir's Life of Mahomet.*

INDEPENDENCE HALL.

ABOVE we present RURAL readers with an illustration of one of the most celebrated buildings in our country—an edifice which, did the respect and veneration of the people go forth to such an object, would justly lay claim to more of the homage of Americans than any other in the land. The old State House, in Philadelphia—better known as Independence Hall—was the theatre of many of the most interesting and important debates it has ever been the lot of our country to witness—the place where WASHINGTON, and JEFFERSON, and FRANKLIN, and ADAMS, and others, no less remembered or honored, held communion, actuated by the spirit of liberty, forgetful of selfish interests, and only anxious for the fate of their common country—the room where that noble band of patriots threw off the galling yoke of British bondage and foreign servitude, and proclaimed to the world that America should be free, should stand as a monument to incite American youth to emulate the glorious acts of their fathers.

Erected in 1730, it is now 128 years old, but with the care it will receive from the patriotic citizens of Philadelphia, it will yet last many years. In front of the Hall are many beautiful shade trees, but these have been omitted in the engraving in order to more perfectly place before the eye the style and dimensions of the building.

The building on the southeast corner of Chestnut and Sixth streets (on the right of the engraving,) was the "Old Congress Hall." Here WASHINGTON bade farewell to public life, and delivered that memorable address which will ever be cherished as a sacred legacy by his admiring countrymen.

ABIGAIL WATERS.

[Concluded from page 332, this No.]

At noon she ate her lunch with the children under the beech trees. She listened to their childish talk with evident interest, laughing at their jests and stories, and then at her proposal they went down the dark pine lane after flowers. She made a garland for DEBBY'S curls and crowned her with a pretty speech, and she taught them the botany of their pet blossoms. Then she told them much about the birds they saw, and many of the insects. They had a very happy time, and DEBBY said it made them think of their walks with Miss MILLER.

Four o'clock came that afternoon before it was expected. ABBY was not granted the opportunity she had always had before of meditating over her desk in silence, for PETE and DEBBY, and a dozen more, were waiting to walk home with her. They did not go by the dusty road, but across the fields and along by the creek side, down by the mill where they came in sight of the village, and where ABBY said she must leave them as she wished to call at the post-office before going home.

"You always go to the post-office, don't you?" ashed DEBBY. "Do you always get a letter?"

"Oh, no," was the laughing reply—"I get one but seldom."

"Have you got a father and mother, Miss WATERS?" timidly asked a little girl, who had clung to her hand all the way.

ABBY told them that she had, and how far away they lived, and how long it was since she had seen them, and the many weeks that must come and go before she could be at home again.

"I should think your father or mother would write to you every day," said KITTY.

They saw her lips tremble and the big drops she brushed from her eyes ere she replied,—"They are both sick. Mother's eyes are so poor she cannot write—we fear she is growing blind. Father has laid in his bed more than a year. He writes me all the letters I get, and he writes as often as he can. Good night," and meeting the faces that were upturned for her kiss, she went silently on her way. Had she heard what those children said as they stood gazing after her, she might have wondered at her power to make them love her so soon.

The next morning there were several boquets on her desk, and PETE GRAHAM opened his books, and the "noisy corner" was comparatively quiet. ABBY, though harrassed with perplexing thoughts of her home, did not suffer the cloud to darken her face, or sink her spirits into the sullen gloom she had nursed so long. She found that hope made the burden lighter, and feasted her soul upon it. But she could not find courage enough to appeal to Mr. DOBBS that night, or the next, or the next, and when the rainy, dull Saturday came, and the children were troublesome, and everything seemed warring against her resolutions, she was fast giving way to bitterness and misanthropy, when Mr. DOBBS' carriage arrived for the impatient DEBBY, and with it an urgent invitation for the school-mistress to come to tea. ABBY was just starting off on foot, through the mud and rain, when DEBBY called loudly after her.

That night as she sat alone with good Mrs. DOBBS talking cheerfully and freely, for it was impossible to resist the influence of that generous, tender-hearted woman, she found herself, before she was aware, treading upon her own history and sad experience. She paused, and would have retreated from the subject, but Mrs. DOBBS had laid down her knitting and drawn close beside her, and, with tears in her mild eyes, she urged her to go on and tell her her trouble, for since the little, DEBBY had told her about her sick father and mother, her heart had ached for the poor girl.

Before ABBY went to bed that night, Mrs. DOBBS gave her a warm, motherly kiss, and told her to cheer up and be happy. "Don't vex yourself, childie," said she, "for it is all coming out right yet, I know it is."

Therefore she was not surprised at the ready advance of the little sum she requested of Mr. DOBBS, but she was greatly so when he informed her shortly after of the considerable increase of her salary, which he hoped would be an inducement for her to remain as their teacher through the winter term.

She taught in the little red school-house four years after that, and when, in one summer vacation, the young rector took the orphan girl to the parsonage as his wife, the village children hung the little gray church with flowers, and wept and smiled when the Holy Rite was over, hardly knowing whether to be sorry or not.

Rochester, N. Y., 1858.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 23 letters.
My 1, 12, 2, 10, 16 is king of grain.
My 2, 13, 15, 12, 4 is a number.
My 3, 7, 20, 9 makes young folks merry.
My 4, 17, 7 is a weight.
My 5, 20, 3, 16, 17, 7 is a city in one of the Eastern States.
My 6, 8, 1, 14, 18 is a boy's name.
My 7, 6, 1, 15, 20, 17 was a philosopher.
My 8, 6, 5, 16 is the cause of much trouble.
My 9, 10, 4, 19, 12 is a time piece.
My 10, 14, 7, 10 is a girl's name.
My 11, 21, 10, 18 is a bird.
My 12, 10, 4 is a covering for the head.
My 13, 7, 8, 22, 10, 18 never forgets a kindness.
My 14, 22, 4 is a small insect.
My 15, 10, 7, 15, 23, 10, 9 is a useful machine.
My 16 is a kind of drink.
My 17, 7, 13, 17, 7 is a garden vegetable.
My 18, 6, 10, 23, 12, 20 is a town in Wisconsin.
My 19, 10, 3, 12 is hard to get.
My 20, 12, 22, 20 is the name of a State.
My 21, 10, 3, 12, 22, 18, 15, 4, 20, 7 was a President of the United States.
My 22, 8 10 is a girl's name.
My 23, 20, 4 is a name for a drunkard.
My whole is the name of a Town, County, and State.

West Bend, Wash. Co., Wis., 1858 H. G. H.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

PROBLEM.

SUPPOSE a round tub, the perpendicular height of which is four feet; the bottom diameter is two feet, and the top diameter three. After putting into the tub a chain composed of twenty-five round links, each link being six inches in circumference, and made of round iron one-fourth inch in diameter; also an iron globe twenty inches in diameter, with a cavity in the form of a sphere in the centre, occupying $\frac{1}{4}$ 29-160 of the whole globe, with a round orifice, leading to this cavity, one inch in diameter—how many gallons of water will be required to fill the tub?

Ballston Spa, N. Y., 1858. MERCY P. MANN.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 465.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Hermanstadt.

Answer to Puzzle:—For example:—4+3+2+7=16, subtracting this amount from 4,327 gives 4,311—adding them as at first, and rejecting 3, the number is 6. Subtract this number from 9, and you have the figure omitted. If this number given should be composed of units and tens, (13, for instance,) add the tens to the units and subtract the amount from 9. If it should happen that the figure to be taken from 9 is 9, the figure omitted will be 9. Of course the person to tell the figure omitted must not see the operation performed.

UNHEALTHY POSITIONS.

THOSE persons engaged in occupations requiring the hands alone to move, while the lower limbs remain motionless, should bear in mind, that without constantly raising the frame to an erect position, and giving a slight exercise to all parts of the body, such a practice will tend to destroy their health. They should, moreover, sit in as erect a position as possible. With seamstresses, there is always more or less stooping of the head and shoulders, tending to retard circulation, respiration, and digestion, and produce curvature of the spine. The head should be thrown back, to give the lungs full play. The frequent long-drawn breath of the seamstress evinces the cramping and confinement of the lungs. Health cannot be expected without free respiration. The life-giving element is in the atmosphere, and without it, in proportionate abundance, must disease intervene. Strength and robustness must come from exercise. Confined attitudes are in violation of correct theories of healthy physical development, and the instincts of nature. Those accustomed to sit writing for hours, day after day, can form some idea of the exhausting nature of the toilsome and ill-paid labor of the poor seamstress.—*Scientific American.*

The Young Ruralist.

A COUNTRY GIRL AT THE FAIR.

FRIEND MOORE:—From within the precincts of my quiet country home, I have thought to write to you. You, of course, will not be surprised at the reception of a letter—you who receive so many—nor yet when I tell you the writer is an "unsophisticated country girl," barely out of her teens, homely and—clever. I do not expect you will even notice my letter—much less reply to it—yet, because I wish to do as others do, I have concluded to write to you. But my letter shall speak for itself.

We have very few holidays here, its "all work and no play," which you know "makes Jack a dull boy," so you must know I was for a long time anticipating with delight our County Fair. As the time drew near I was all excitement, how I should dress, how appear, for I knew I should meet very many of your city folks and didn't like to look or appear insignificant. I knew how I should be squinted at and laughed at as "only a country girl," for with all my attempts I cannot carry my head *quite* so high, or walk *quite* so genteel as your city-bred ladies.

At last the time arrived; I arranged my hair after the latest fashion, donned my best gown (didn't see many better there) and left my country home for *one* day at least. Ere long we arrived at the grounds, and after duly flourishing our badge, waiting half an hour for an opportunity to enter, we were unmistakably at the Fair. I regret very much, Mr. MOORE, that I did try to be so nice, but then I wasn't going to walk round "regular country style," so I passed round once in our carriage, looked straight ahead, and as a consequence know nothing about the splendid horses and cattle, poultry and rabbits, which they say were there.

I can't tell you of all the nice things I saw—my letter would be far too long—but the idea struck me forcibly that lazy people—those of whom I have heard it said, "were too lazy to eat"—ought to procure a set of those jaws I noticed, over which the will has no control.

Contrary to the customs of many of our "country people," I didn't carry my provisions with me but dined in the *Hall*, with all others who could afford it, and weren't too stingy. I wouldn't like to tell you how long I had been saving my small allowance of spending money, so that when I went to the Fair I could appear like *somebody*—you would laugh at me for my forethought. I saw you, Mr. MOORE, figuring pretty extensively in the dining hall, and thought when I left, your appetite might soon be appeased, providing the waiters did their duty. I haven't told any one I ate at the table with you—if I should they would think me so highly honored perhaps I might lose some of my country friends. Had it not been for this circumstance, I doubt whether I should ever have written this letter.

I am greatly in favor of these gatherings and shall look forward to a pleasant time when next we have our County Fair. By-the-by, Mr. MOORE, I intend to take something pretty nice next time, and I know if you have anything to do with awarding premiums you will not forget your humble friend,

Castle Farm, Sept., 1858. JANE JACKSON.

[Our ironical friend is assured that we always endeavor to perform our *duty*—even at a dining table, in presence of rare specimens of "Heaven's last" if not always "best gift." If JANE will do us the honor of making herself known at the next Fair, she shall have an opportunity of seeing somewhat outside of the dining hall, albeit we can promise nothing about the award of premiums.—By the way, JANE puts on too many airs to comport with the character of a genuine country girl, and we suspect resides in the suburbs of the city.]

CLERKS AND FARMERS.

MESSRS. EDS.:—I see by the RURAL of August 21st, that there seems to be quite a contest going on between the *Clerks* and *Young Ruralists*, in regard to whether the Clerks shall have a place in the corner heretofore devoted to Young Ruralists. I can see no reason why they can object to our sharing the corner with them. Are they afraid that some bright star from among the Clerks, will outshine them? Or, do they consider themselves so much our superiors, that they will not condescend to have their writings printed in the same column with ours? I hope it is neither. Why will they not come out and welcome us kindly and openly, instead of driving us off. I think it would be much more manly, and certainly much pleasanter. Can you, or some *Young Ruralist* inform me when it is the best time to put down layers of the grape vine? Also, the manner in which it is done? —CLERK, *Buffalo, N. Y.*, 1858.

REMARKS.—All that is necessary to do to layer the grape vine, is to take a branch in spring, after having removed a little of the surface earth, lay it down, and cover it with mellow earth; cover a foot or two in length, and let the end of the shoot remain uncovered, tying it to a stake. Where you have a long branch it will make two or more layers, by covering it at two or more points.

AUTUMN IN THE COUNTRY.

MESSRS. EDS.:—As I am one of the "young country folks," as we are denominated by the Young Ruralists of Monroe county, I presume upon your goodness to write a few lines. The country is my home, and I trust I am truly thankful that I am permitted to live far, far from the ceaseless din of a noisesome, busy city. But be that as it may.

How beautifully the sun's rays are intercepted by the vines which go clambering up against the window near which I am seated. I raise the window, part the vines, and gaze at the setting sun.—No walls of brick or highly painted wood-work to rear their, to me, gloomy surfaces, (when compared with nature's ever-ceasing scenes,) to weary the eye with the monotonous appearance; no grocery, jewelry, or dentist signs to gaze at, but instead, the broad fields of corn and clover, the trees, already decked in autumn's gorgeous colors, awaiting only the frosts and winds of the coming month, to lay them in their early graves. Oh that we may be so prepared, that when death comes, we, like the autumn leaves, may descend gently, peacefully into the dark valley, supported on the arm of Him who hath said "it is I, be not afraid."

Calhoun Co., Mich. NILLA.

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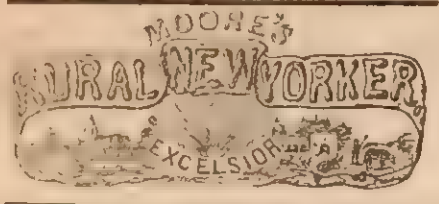
List of New Advertisements this Week.

New Carpetings for the Fall of 1858—Howe & Rogers
Wm. R Prince & Co., Flushing, N Y
Fruit Trees at the Lowest Rates—Benj. Fish & Son.
Desirable Farm for Sale—U W Nicholson.
Linnæus Rhubarb, Orange Raspberry, &c—Freeman & Kendall
Guano—Wood & Grant.
Deafness Cured, However Caused—Dr. Boardman.
Rebecca and Delaware Grape Vines—Freeman & Kendall.



ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 9, 1858.

FALL CAMPAIGN QUARTER!

The Rural Three Months, on Trial, at Half Price!

☞ At the suggestion of many of its friends and in order to introduce the paper more generally preparatory to the new volume, we have concluded to offer the RURAL for the present quarter—October to January, 13 numbers—at ONLY HALF PRICE, (25 cts.) thus placing it within the means and reach of all who wish to give it a fair trial. We will send 4 copies for $1; 8 for $2; 12 for $3; 20 for $5, &c., and mail to as many different persons or post-offices as desired. Of course, we shall not realize a farthing's profit, yet wish to circulate at least Five Thousand trial copies of this quarter.

—We therefore frankly ask each and every agent and friend of the RURAL to aid in circulating the Fall Campaign Quarter. There is scarcely one of our readers who could not, if disposed, easily obtain from 4 to 20 or 50 Trial Subscribers, and thereby not only enhance the welfare of his or her friends and neighbors, but directly aid in augmenting the future usefulness of this journal.—Friends of the paper and its objects, near and distant—in the North and West, East and South—will you not give "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," in behalf of the *Fall Campaign Quarter* of the favorite RURAL WEEKLY?

Review of the Week.

THE accounts from the Atlantic Cable, brought by the Arabia, are very gloomy. Electricians seem to have reason for believing that the lesion is about two hundred and seventy miles from Valentia—a point where there is a sudden descent in the bed of the ocean—and such is the position of the break that it cannot be repaired. Prof. THOMPSON also pronounces, on the strength of indications furnished by his delicate tests, that the electrical currents are drawn off at several points in the entire line. There was still hope, however, that communication might be restored by powerful instruments, which were on their way from London. Mr. C. W. LUNDY, the gentlemen sent out to Trinity Bay by the English Directors, has arrived at Halifax, and telegraphs to CYRUS W. FIELD as follows:—"I bring instruments and regulations for testing and working on certain days, when Valentia will be particularly watchful for signals. It is hoped, that by establishing a system of unison between the two stations, to get signals through. The conductor is not broken; the defect is loss of insulation two hundred and eighty miles from Valentia. It is possible, by sending a certain kind of electricity, to improve the insulation, and thus the difficulty may be overcome for a time. From the nature of the defect, signals even at present, may be received at Valentia from Newfoundland, and not vice versa. Everything will be done to restore communication. Mr. BRETT thinks the cable can be lifted and repaired."

THERE seems to be but little doing at Washington. A telegram on the 28th ult., informs us that Judge BOWLIN, Special Minister to Paraguay, would receive his instructions the day following, and proceed to New York, where he would embark on the Sabine on Monday, the 4th inst. Dispatches from our Minister resident at Panama, say President LOPEZ is making extensive preparations to receive our Paraguay squadron. Mr. A. O. BRAYTON, Auditor in the Treasury Department—a position he had held for nearly twenty-five years—died on the 1st inst.

DURING September, 978 warrants were issued from the Pension Office, to satisfy which 148,000 acres of land were necessary.

A TELEGRAM, dated New York, 4th inst., contains the gratifying intelligence that the Norwegian ship "Catarina," Capt. FUNNEMESK, has arrived at Quebec with twenty-two of the passengers and crew of the steamer Austria, the destruction of which, by fire, was noticed in the RURAL of last week. The log of the "Catarina" thus states the particulars received:—"On the 24th of September, at 2 A. M., lon. 33.40, lat. 41.39, the Catarina fell in with the steamship Austria, and took from the wreck twenty-two persons—sixteen passengers and six of the crew. In the number included a girl fourteen years of age."

DISPATCHES from Mr. FORSYTH, our Minister at Mexico, were brought by Dr. BILLINGS, who arrived at New Orleans on the 4th inst. The principal object of the Dr. is stated to be the purchase of Minnie rifles for the Liberal army, for which purpose he is well supplied with funds. He says the Americans are much thought of by the Liberal party, and occupy high stations of trust. He thinks Sonora will soon be ceded to the United States for a consideration. On the 5th of Sept. a force was preparing to march on Jalapa and Cheagary's head quarters.

Schuyler County Fair.—Watkins.

AN EDITOR ON AN ENGINE.—Neighbor MOORE of the *Rural New-Yorker*, had some extra experience yesterday. Being engaged to deliver the Address at the Schuyler Co. Fair, at Watkins, at 2 P. M., he started on the 8 40 train from this city, having been informed that he could connect at Canandaigua with a train on the C. and N. F. Railroad, which would reach his destination before noon.—On arriving at Canandaigua, however, he learned that the trains did *not* connect—that he was an hour behind time, and in a decided fix, being forty-seven miles from Watkins. In this emergency, Mr. Moore, who always endeavors to meet his engagements if among the possibilities, applied to W. G. LAPHAM, Esq., Superintendent of the C. and N. F. Road, for aid and comfort in the shape of an extra. After learning the circumstances, Mr. Lapham kindly consented to send an engine over the road. The good engine "Dundee," was, therefore, promptly "fired up," soon en route, and by putting on extra steam and speed, Mr. M. arrived in time to meet his engagement—much to the surprise of the large number of people in attendance at the Fair, as it had been announced that, having failed to reach there in the regular train, he would not be present.

Mr. Moore wishes us to express his acknowledgments to Mr. Superintendent Lapham for his courtesy and accommodating spirit and action, and trusts the trains on his road may ever pass as safely as did the good engine "Dundee," driven by Engineer W. H. Hayward, under command of Mr. Conductor Jeudevine, yesterday. He also avers that riding on an engine, especially through such a beautiful and picturesque region as that bordering Seneca lake, is a pleasure and novelty worth the investment required for a special train.—*Rochester Daily Union, Sept.* 30.

—To the above veritable account of the manner in which the Schuyler Co. Fair was reached, it may not be improper for us to add a few words relative to the result of the exhibition, and its location. In the first place, we were agreeably surprised to find from 3,000 to 5,000 people in attendance at the Fair, and to learn, from observation, and otherwise, that the exhibition had been unusually creditable and successful. Certainly, we never attended a Fair which closed more pleasantly and satisfactorily, — where all seemed so well pleased with the result of their efforts in behalf of improvement. The farmers of Schuyler seem to be imbued with the right spirit, and the prosperity of their Society proves that they have manifested it by efforts in the proper direction. Personally, we are indebted to the officers and members of the Society for a most cordial and gratifying reception, as well as patient hearing and endorsement. Acknowledging the kindness which induced them to manifest so much appreciation of little merit, we trust our Schuyler Co. friends will never "fail to connect," but always keep the track whereon glides the car of Improvement. They have already surpassed many older, larger and wealthier counties, and no doubt will report decided progress, annually, in future.

—The pleasure of our brief visit to Watkins was greatly enhanced by the kind courtesy of Messrs. FREER and other residents of that favored locality. We shall long remember with pleasurable emotions our first view of "The Glen"—one of the most remarkable and wonderful natural curiosities in the Union,—and *from* "Prospect Hill," which overlooks the beautiful village and valley, Seneca Lake, and a wide extent of the rich and picturesque country surrounding that rightly-named eminence.—Watkins is worthy of an annual visit by those who frequent Saratoga, Niagara, and other popular summer resorts, in pursuit of health or recreation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We often receive letters from correspondents who consider themselves slighted, on account of the non-appearance of certain prose or poetical articles contributed by them, when the facts in the case would exonerate us from all blame. Our rules require the author's name and residence, and when communications are received with nothing but a "*nom-de plume*" to signify paternity, they are cast aside with little attention. We have now a considerable number of meritorious compositions from "Lulu," "Gipsy," "Kittie," of Clyde, "Knick," "Will Wanderer," "J. Hinneo," "Pleasant Bard," "Plow-Boy," &c., which, if the authors will recognize our law in such case made and provided, will receive consideration. If writers for the RURAL would comply with the rules the press of the whole country have established, they would save editors much trouble, and no little vexation for themselves.

MISSIONARY MEETING.—The American Missionary Association convened at Worcester, Mass., on the 28th ult. The attendance was very slim. Addresses were made by Revs. J. G. Fee, of Ky., and Danforth, N. C. The annual sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Thurston, of Me. The Treasurer's report shows receipts during the year, of $40,006. The expenditures during the year were $44,000.

WAR DECLARED AGAINST TEXAS.—Galveston papers of the 21st ult. are received via New Orleans. They say that the Northern Camanches, Kiowas and a party of the Apaches, numbering fourteen bands in all, had declared war against Texas.

The Kansas Gold Mines.

GOV. DENVER, writing to the Secretary of the Interior, at Washington, under date of September 17th, says that late news from Pike's Peak leaves no room to doubt the correctness of the reported discoveries of gold in that vicinity. The explorers found gold on the Arkansas, on the heads of Kansas, and South Fork and Platte rivers, embracing an extent of country of more than 300 miles. The richest mines yet found are on Cherry Creek, a tributary of the Platte, directly north of Pike's Peak.

Gov. D. has not yet heard of quartz veins, but the best information would seem to indicate a great similarity between these mines and the first discoveries in California. In view of the present condition of affairs in that region, Gov. D. advises that the lands there be withdrawn from pre-emption, if they are open to settlement, leaving them as in the mining districts of California, free for all who may see fit to engage in working the mines.

The country, he believes, is or has been claimed by the Utahs and Cheyennes, the Kiowas and the Arrapahoes, and he does not know that their title has ever been extinguished. If it has not there will be no trouble in withdrawing the lands from the operations of the pre-emption laws, but if it has they ought to be withdrawn any way, and the facts and reasons reported to Congress next winter. It would, he adds, be advisable to send out some competent person to examine the mines and report facts.

MEXICAN NEWS.—The New Orleans *Picayune* is in receipt of late and interesting news from Mexico, of which the following is a summary:—The papers report the vomito as still prevailing quite extensively in Vera Cruz, and numbers dying daily. Up to the 5th inst., Gen. Robles had not made a landing, but remained on board the British steamer Clyde, at anchor off the port. It was the impression among quite a number that he might be called upon to succeed Zuloaga at the head of the Government. The proposition recently offered for the recall of Santa Anna, was strongly opposed by Gen. Echeagaray, who threatened to join the Liberal army in case the proposition should be persisted in. The final success of the Liberals was not doubted. Mr. Forsyth, the American Minister, was still in Mexico, (at Tacubaya,) where he would remain for several weeks, or until the vomito had disappeared sufficiently to render traveling safe.

OCEAN STEAMERS LOST.—By reference to the following list of steamers which have been lost in the Atlantic, it will be seen that the destruction of life by the Austria is greater than has occurred on any one vessel for many years:

1	President,	Never heard of.
2.	Columbia,	All hands saved.
3.	Humboldt,	All hands saved.
4.	City of Glasgow,	Never heard of.
5.	City of Philadelphia,	All hands saved.
6.	Franklin,	All hands saved.
7.	Arctic,	322 lost—87 saved.
8	Pacific,	Never heard of.
9.	Lyonnais,	144 lost—16 saved.
10	Tempest,	Never heard of.
11.	San Francisco,	240 lost—160 saved.
12.	Central America,	422 lost—170 saved.
13.	Austria,	508 lost—89 saved.

The Peruvian ship Mercedes was wrecked on 1st of May, 1854, and 731 perished out of 820.

LATEST FROM HAVANA.—Advices from Havana say that an American ship had landed a cargo of slaves at Cardenas, numbering 700. Nearly 250 died on the passage from starvation. A Spanish officer had been sent to Cardenas to investigate the matter. The health of Havana is improving. A letter from Havana in the N. Y. *Herald*, says a number of secret agents of Santa Anna had arrived there from St. Thomas, en route for Vera Cruz.—They had plenty of gold, and left on the English mail steamer, after having interviews with the son of the ex-Dictator and some Spanish officials.

It was said that the Spanish Government would lay the cable to Key West at its own expense.

A BREAK DISCOVERED IN THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—A recent issue of the N. Y. *Times* says that the workmen employed in cutting up the cable in the machine shop at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, found a break in the communicating copper wire, about three-eighths of an inch long, through which the saw passed in the solid gutta percha, showing that the disconnection must have occurred during the process of manufacture, and therefore leading to the very great probability that other similar *lesions* may have occurred to other parts of the cable.—What have the electricians to say in regard to this fact, which is reliably authenticated?

TERRIBLE SUFFERING FROM THIRST.—A long letter appears in a Texas paper concerning the passage of McCullough's emigrant train across the staked plain to California. The Great American Desert, through which the train passed, is a barren waste, and poorly supplied with water.—Out of 1,600 head of cattle, 650 died for lack of water, and for a period of seventy-six hours were without a drop to slake their thirst. The men also suffered terribly, and many shot down famishing bullocks on the road, pulled off their boots or shoes, caught the *thick hot blood*, and drank it freely.

BETTER THAN GOLD MINING.—It is said that the lead mines of Wisconsin and Iowa are just now yielding extraordinary quantities of Galena. Two young men at Fairplay, Wis., are taking 30,000 lbs. per diem from a lode which they have recently opened, and from which they have raised 3,000,000 lbs. Mines in Grant county are also said to be exceedingly rich. On the opposite side of the river, in Iowa, in Clayton county, and near Dubuque, lead mining pays better than gold digging.

FROM THE PACIFIC WAGON ROAD EXPEDITION.—Letters from the Pacific wagon road expedition, dated Big Sandy, Oregon, Sept. 7th, say that Col. Lander was pushing the work with all possible dispatch with hopes of reaching Soda Springs before bad weather set in. Two hundred miles of road were finished, and a force was at work beyond Salt River. The expedition will winter at Laramie.—Col. L. starts for Washington Oct. 10. The health of the expedition was good.

Literary Notices.

THE PUBLIC AND PRIVATE HISTORY OF NAPOLEON THE THIRD, EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH: with Biographical Notices of his most distinguished Ministers, Generals, Relatives and Favorites, and various details descriptive of France under the Second Empire. By SAMUEL M. SMUCKER, A. M., author of "Court and Reign of Catherine II;" "History of Nicholas I. of Russia;" "Life Hamilton," etc., etc. Philadelphia: J. W. Bradley.

IN a handsome volume of over 400 pages, we here have an elaborate and apparently impartial history of the public and private career of one of the most remarkable and prominent men of the nineteenth century. In his preface the author avers that in the preparation of this work he has exhausted all the reliable materials which were accessible. "These include everything that is valuable, which the literatures of France and England contain in reference to the subject. Several biographies of the Emperor of the French have already appeared in this country; yet none of them are complete even as far as they go; none bring the narrative of events down to the present time; all of them speak of the subject of their narratives with the exaggerated ardor and unfair coloring of partisans; and they have been indiscriminate either in their censure or their praise. The present writer has endeavored to avoid these errors; he is not conscious of yielding to the least degree of prejudice in either direction; and he has aimed at elaborating such a history of the public and private career of LOUIS NAPOLEON in all its stages, as will describe it precisely as it occurred. The reader himself will judge how far the author has been successful in achieving a correct historical portrait of the most extraordinary man, beyond all comparison, who has flourished during the *middle* epoch of the nineteenth century."

The work is rendered more valuable by the addition of a variety of interesting and useful matter relative to France under the Second Empire. The volume is got up in superior style, and comprises several fine steel engravings. Reliable and interesting in contents, and creditable in externals, we can cordially commend it as worthy a place in every library. From the Publisher.

COURTSHIP AND MATRIMONY: with other Sketches from Scenes and Experiences in Social Life. Particularly adapted for Every-day Reading. By ROBERT MORRIS. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers—1858.

THESE Sketches, by the editor of the *Pennsylvania Inquirer*, on account of the moral merits they possess, will take a prominent position among the *best books* issued by the American press. Not one of the one hundred and twenty articles the volume contains but manifests a sincere desire to do good. The tendency of the work is to present a true picture of life—life practical, energetic. The clear common-sense and high-toned integrity of the author have enabled him to happily grasp the length and breadth of every subject to which he has devoted his pen, and the result is one—from the influence it is destined to exert upon the minds of the young—with which Mr. MORRIS may justly be gratified. It is truly a family book, and the home-circle which places it in its every-day reading will be the recipient of kindlier feelings therefor. A remarkably excellent steel engraving of the author is given. DEWEY has it for sale.

OUR favorite—the *London Quarterly Review*—was received as usual, and the July number is fully equal to its predecessors. Admiral Blake; History of Civilization in England; Iron Bridges; Life of Wycliffe; Professor Blunt and his Works; Shipwrecks; British Museum, British India, are the titles of the articles which make up the present issue. Those who desire standard reading should subscribe for this Review. LEONARD SCOTT & Co., New York, Publishers. DEWEY, Agent.

News Paragraphs.

THE Louisville Young Men's Christian Association have remitted $1,070 to aid in the support of a yellow fever hospital under the care of the Young Men's Association of New Orleans.

A STEAM wagon, or traction road locomotive, is used in Marysville, Cal., and draws trains of heavily laden wagons on common roads with great ease, turning corners with entire facility. It moves through loose sand as well as on hard roads, and without increase of power.

ON Monday week, the Spanish Minister paid into the State Department twenty five thousand five hundred dollars, interest of the debt of Spain to American citizens.

MR. DANIEL WEED, four miles south of Mosinee, informs the editor of the Waupun Wisconsin, that he has killed seven bears within the past two weeks in his immediate vicinity, and all within half a mile square.

THERE is great repugnance in Australia to Chinese emigrants, and the Colonial Assembly have passed a bill taxing them ten pounds per head.—The miners are not satisfied with this, but demand their exclusion from the country.

DIED, in Hunter's Bottom, Ky., Sept. 14th, Margaret Hoyt, aged 91 years. She was a native of New York, and landed at Maysville, Ky., 70 years ago. She was the first white woman in Cincinnati.

OVER thirty colored families, embracing some 150 persons, residing in Boston and vicinity, have organized themselves under the title of the "Cambridge Liberian Emigration Association," for the purpose of emigrating to Liberia. Some forty or more of these persons hope to embark in the colonization ship Mary Caroline Stevens, the 1st of November prox.

A NEW ORLEANS paper says of the overflowed district known as the "Bell Crevasse," that the spot looks like a desert. Not a blade of grass appears where once was smiling plantation verdure. The ground is furrowed into every shape, and the channel of the crevasse is wide and deep enough to form a respectable river.

APPLES are not very dear in New York city, according to the Courier and Enquirer:—"Washington market is overstocked with windfalls, and prices rule very low. There is little prime fruit offering. The current range paid is 75c to $1,50 per barrel, but choice qualities bring $2@$2,25. Russets are a drug — hardly saleable at any price. Baldwins, also, are not wanted. A better market, however, is anticipated as soon as the offerings are restricted to winter fruit."

THE vintage, which is now in active progress in most parts of France, is likely to prove one of the greatest abundance known for many years past.—The grape disease appears to have been completely mastered, and the apprehensions of its ravages, especially in the Bordelais and Claret districts, have fortunately been without foundation. The accounts, too, from all parts of Italy, from Savoy, and from Lisbon, represent the vintage of 1858 as most splendid. In Savoy, in particular, it is said that never within the memory of man have the vineyards been so exuberant and prolific.

The News Condenser.

—Sweet potatoes are cultivated with success on Cape Cod.

—New York has had 18 Governors in a period of 81 years.

—A telegraph line has been established to Grand Rapids, Mich.

—There was a smart white frost at Utica on Friday night week.

—Snow fell briskly in Rutland, Vermont, on Wednesday week.

—Baltimore oysters are selling in St. Louis, at 75 cents per can.

—There are now 270,000 members of the French Legion of Honor.

—They are talking at Boston about a uniform for their policemen.

—Potatoes are said to have been first planted in New England, in 1719.

—Three convicts have escaped from Sing Sing Prison within a few days.

—Ice formed in Hartford, Ct., on the morning of the 29th of September.

—One of the principal streets in Galveston, Texas, is paved with shells.

—The N. Y. Times says the bills for the cable celebration foot up $20,000.

—Thirty-five of the captured Africans have died since they reached Charleston.

—At the recent Book Trade sales in N. Y. city, about $250,000 worth was sold.

—A gentleman of Cincinnati has realized $12,000 from the sale of peaches, this year.

—The Turkish Government is about to establish a journal at Paris to represent its interests.

—The crop accounts from Russia are unsatisfactory, particularly in the vicinity of Odessa.

—About 2,000 persons had returned to California from Fraser river since the 1st of August.

—In the attack upon the Columbia miners in Oregon, 108 Indians and 10 whites were killed.

—The colonial assembly of Australia has passed a bill taxing the Chinese ten pounds per head.

—An Italian woman, who owns three houses and lots in Chicago, has been arrested for begging.

—The business of horse-stealing is said to be very brisk, in Kansas, during the present season.

—A feminine imposter, who passes for Mrs. H. B. Stowe, is receiving much attention in Europe.

—A fire at Greensburg, Pa., destroyed buildings to the value of $30,000 on the night of the 21st ult.

—Theodore Parker, of Boston, has in his possession the first fire arm captured in the Revolution.

—A chimney, 235 feet in height, is in process of construction at the Navy Yard, Charlestown, Mass.

—The Astor Library, New York, contains ten thousand volumes that have been published since 1849.

—The steeple of the Universalist church in Auburn was blown down during the gale of Thursday week.

—Of the reformers convention held in Utica, a newspaper says "the only thing out of order was a blush."

—Prof. Morse has been decorated by the Emperor of France, with the insignia of the Legion of Honor.

—There are in the United States 125,000 persons who makes their living partially by the sale patent medicines.

—The total gold circulation of Great Britain is estimated at $250,000,000, and paper money at $158,000,000.

—There are now issued from the Louisville, (Ky.) press five dailies, nine weeklies, and three monthlies.

—The Russian Government has it in contemplation to re-establish a metallic currency throughout the Empire.

—The American stable is looking up in England Prioress has won the great Yorkshire handicap race at Doncaster.

—The Leavenworth City Herald says the newly discovered gold region is about as large as the State of Missouri.

—Wild turkeys are reported to be more plenty than usual, at the west. This will be good news for the sportsmen.

—About 75 of the Sioux Indians intend to adopt the dress of their pale-faced brethren, and pursue an agricultural life.

—The continued drouth is advancing the price of tobacco. In Lynchburg, Va, four hogsheads were sold for $921.

—It is reported that Louis Napoleon is negotiating for the mammoth Leviathan. The Company ask $3,000,000 for her.

—The little mountain Republic of San Marino, in Italy, has awarded a medal to Miss Mitchell, the astronomer of Nantucket.

—Peaches have been raised in great abundance in Southern New Hampshire; this is an exception to the general experience.

—An effort is making in Arkansas to induce the Legislature to compel the whole colored population to leave the State.

—A beautiful cave in the mountains at the north, near Paterson, N. J., was explored last week to the distance of 250 feet.

—A council of Baptist churches, at Gloversville, N. Y, have decided that a man cannot be both a Christian and a Free Mason.

—It is stated in the German journals that the ladies of the Court of Wurtemberg have resolved no longer to wear crinoline.

—It is stated that J. J. Alston, of Tipton Co., Tennessee, has lost 600 hogs by the hog cholera, which is raging in that section.

—The oldest grist mill in Pennsylvania is at Germantown. It is still in operation. It is built of stone, and was erected in 1683.

—The first week in September was five degrees warmer in England than the average of the same week for the last forty-three years.

—A band of gipsies have pitched their tents near Columbus, O., and have made several attempts to kidnap children from that city.

—Duties received at the N. Y. Custom House for the first eight months of 1858, $18,021,536; against $30,227,371, same time 1857.

—The tobacco in the Conn. Valley is mostly gathered, and very favorable, too, for there have been some smart frosts there lately.

—The town of Catainace, in Morocco, (Africa) has been in a state of siege for upwards of twenty years, with short intervals of relief.

—There are boats now navigating the Erie Canal with greater tonnage than the ship with which Columbus discovered America.

—The first lot of new rice was received at Charleston on the 20th ult. It is of a very handsome quality for the first in the market.

—Dr. Hind, the English astronomer, states that Donati's comet, now visible, can be seen presently in the daytime, by the aid of telescope.

—The reading of the bible in common schools is a subject of warm discussion in Kentucky. The Roman Catholic Bishop is opposed to it.

—The consumption of Cochituate water in Boston the last year, was equal to 73 gallons per day for each man, woman, and child it the city.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Arabia.

THE steamship Arabia, from Liverpool at 3 P. M. 18th, arrived at New York on the 29th ult.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The screw steamship Hammonia, which left Hamburgh on the 15th for Southampton and New York, exploded her magazine on the first day out and returned to Hamburgh. Five passengers were wounded. She had 293 passengers on board, and would sail again on the 19th.

The London Times publishes a long letter from a correspondent at Valentia, in regard to the difficulties of the Atlantic Cable. The view is rather a discouraging one, but it is nevertheless stated that Mr. Henley, who has been for some days making experiments on the cable, is sanguine of making the line again serviceable by the use of his powerful magnets, electric machines, which are now on their way from London. Mr. Lundy, one of the assistants at Valentia, has come to Newfoundland to ascertain the condition of the wire at Trinity Bay, and to arrange a day on which a certain known code of signals are to be sent at concerted times from both ends, and to endeavor thus to re-establish intelligible communications.

It appears the recent experiments induce a belief that the fracture or fractures—for it is thought there may be two—will be found to exist at a distance of between 200 and 300 miles from the shore. For about 230 or 240 miles the depth is only 310 fathoms, and within that range the mischief could easily be repaired. But a sudden decent then occurs to 1618 fathoms, where it is extremely doubtful if anything could be done. The probability seems that it is at this point the damage has been sustained. On the 17th the shares fell to £320 @360.

FRANCE.—It was rumored that Marshal Canrobert was to marry the Duchess of Soto Mayer.

Prince Napoleon's journey to Algeria is postponed, with a view to the prior settlement of all the questions pending in relation to the organization of that country.

A treaty is said to have been made with the King of Korea, a vassal of China, for the establishment of a French commercial settlement there.

An attack upon the Emperor of Ava had been ordered, he having refused to yield to the demands of France.

SPAIN.—The Chamber of Deputies had been dissolved, and a new House convoked to meet on the 1st Dec.

PRUSSIA.—It was reported at Berlin that the Chambers would be convoked in a few days, and the regency of the Prince of Prussia declared.—That done, there would be a dissolution and a general election. There was no hope of the King's restoration to health.

PORTUGAL.—The vintage will be the most abundant of the last five years.

RUSSIA.—A St. Petersburg letter says a financial plan has been submitted to the Emperor, destined to furnish the capital for the emancipation of the serfs. According to it, a Bank of issue will be established, with a capital equal to the indemnity to be paid to the proprietors—the notes ultimately to be withdrawn from circulation by means of a sinking fund. There is every chance for its adoption, though perhaps with some modifications.

The grain crops in the Russian Territory of the Black Sea had been destroyed by the locusts and hot winds.

The St. Petersburg Journal of Sept. 10th announces what they call a decisive defeat of Schamyl in the Caucasus. According to them, on the 2d ult., a large detachment of his forces attacked a Russian column, whereupon Schamyl resolved to make a diversion. In this movement he encountered a Russian column. The Russian General manœuvered in such a way as to entice him forward, and then dividing his force in two places, attacked him both right and left, and at last routed him, capturing, besides 84 horses, 424 muskets, 280 swords, 445 pistols and 14 tents. One of the latter Schamyl's own. It was on the 11th ult. that this engagement took place, and it is said that the Russian loss was only 14 killed and 16 wounded.

TURKEY.—The excitement among the Musselmen is daily increasing. The sums spent in the purchase of weapons is said to be enormous.

EGYPT.—A case of the plague is said to have occurred at Alexandria, although some physicians deny that it was that disease.

Said Pacha had by his energy intimidated the fanatical Musselmen. Several Yulemas had been banished, and several Pachas sent to the galleys, for peculation.

INDIA AND CHINA.—The mails had reached London, but the full details had nothing of importance, beyond the telegraph dispatches.

Commercial Intelligence.

BREADSTUFFS.—Richardson, Spence & Co. quote flour dull 6d lower; Philadelphia and Baltimore 21s@22s6d; Ohio 22s6d@25s; New Orleans 20s6d@21s6d. Wheat firm, but quiet. Red Western 5s6d@6s6d; Red Southern 6s8d@6s6d; White Southern 7s@7s6d. Corn quiet.—Yellow 33s; white 34s.

California Intelligence.

Arrival of the Moses Taylor.

THE steamship Moses Taylor arrived at New York on the 28th ult, with California mails to the 5th, upwards of 300 passengers, and nearly $1,600,000 in treasure.

The State election had resulted in the success of the Administration Democratic ticket by 6,000 to 10 000 majority. The Legislature will have a large majority of Administration Democrats. San Francisco elected the People's Ticket for local officers, and the Republican delegation to the State Legislature.

The overland mails, via. Salt Lake, had arrived at Placerville the 24th of August. The first stage of the same line left San Francisco the 25th with 14 passengers.

New and extremely rich diggings had been found in Solis Creek, Shasta Co. Diggers realize $100 per day.

Indian diggings in Eldorado were nearly destroyed by fire.

FRASER RIVER.—The mining news from Fraser river is still unsatisfactory. The rivers were too high to allow working. Business was dull at Victoria, and property greatly depreciated. The Indians still held threatening attitudes. Considerable excitement had been created by reported gold discoveries on Vancouver's Island, northwest of Victoria, and thousands had rushed there and staked off claims, but it turns out a humbug. Many persons who went to Fraser river and the other diggings in the British possessions, had returned to California.

OREGON—INDIAN BATTLE.—Advices from Oregon are to the 21st of August. On the 15th of that month, Lt. J. K. Allen, with a party of fifteen men, made a night attack upon a body of Indians in the upper Yakima river, capturing twenty-one men, fifty women and children, a large number of horses and some other property. Lt Allen was mortally wounded in the attack, and died the next day. Beyond this, there had been no active demonstrations against the Oregon Indians, though preparations are being rapidly made for an efficient campaign by the Government troops.

PANAMA.—Isthmus news unimportant. Senor Obaldio had been elected Governor of the State of Panama.

A band of forty organized thieves had committed many robberies in Costa Rica. They finally attacked the residence of the President, but were caught, flogged and banished from the country.—They were mainly of respectable families, one a relative of the President.

Gen. Lamar, U. S. Minister, had reached Costa Rica.

The cholera was disappearing in Guatemala.

The United States Minister had returned from Honduras.

SOUTH AMERICA.—Valparaiso dates are to Aug. 5th. Peace and order prevailed in Chili. The crops were highly favorable, and the mining news satisfactory.

All foreign vessels, so long lying idle at Callao, had procured charters and proceeded to the Islands to load guano, at $10 per ton.

It was reported that Peru was about declaring war against Ecuador, on account of the question between the Peruvian Minister and the latter Government. Senor Carrion had been elected Vice-President. The election was passing off quietly.

Bolivia was quiet. The Valparaiso market was improving. Confidence was being established.

In Venezuela, an attempt was made at revolution, on the 16th ult. Gen. Luzon marched to occupy Laguayra, but found himself without armed soldiers, though nearly 1,000 men were collected. He turned back, and with several influential liberals, was arrested.

Special Notices.

LET EVERY FARMER AND DAIRYMAN SEE SCHOOLEY'S PATENT PRESERVATORY AT THE STATE FAIR, SYRACUSE.

PHTHISIC or ASTHMA.—Those of our readers who suffer from this distressing complaint, are referred to the advertisement of *Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy*, in another column.

PREMIUM LIST.

KETCHUM'S PATENT MOWING AND REAPING MACHINE.

I AM authorized, by Mr. R. L. HOWARD, to extend the time to those contending for the Premium offered by him to the 10th day of October. T. C. PETERS,
Darien, Genesee Co., N. Y.

GROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

☞ These Machines are now justly admitted to be the best in use for Family Sewing, making a new, strong, and elastic stitch, which will NOT rip, even if every fourth stitch be cut—Circulars sent on application by letter
H. G. GILES, Agent,
446-13t 45 State street, Rochester, N. Y.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Oct 4, 1858.

FLOUR—No change worthy of note.

GRAIN—Last week's quotations are unaltered except in Barley which is still going up—90@95c per bush are the rates.

PROVISIONS—Hams show an advance of 1c ₱ lb.

FARM PRODUCE—Butter has advanced 1c ₱ lb. Potatoes exhib't a start of 5@6c ₱ bushel

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		**EGGS, &c.**	
Flour, winter wheat	$5 70@6,25	Eggs, dozen	10@11c
Do spring do	$5 00@5 00	Honey, box	10@16
Do Buckwheat ₱ cwt	$1,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Wheat, Genesee	$1,20@1,25	**FRUITS AND ROOTS**	
Best white Canada	$1,15@1,25	Apples, bushel	50@75
Corn	60@70c	Do dried	$0,00@0,00
Rye, 60 lbs ₱ bush	60c	Potatoes	35@40c
Oats	44@45c	**HIDES AND SKINS**	
Barley	90@1 00	Slaughter	5½@6c
Buckwheat	81@85c	Calf	10c
Beans	62½@75	Sheep pelts	50@75c
MEATS		Lamb do	35@50
Pork, Mess	$17 00@18,00	**SEEDS**	
Do cwt	$5,00@5,50	Clover, bush	$4,00@4,50
Beef ₱ cwt	$4,00@5,00	Timothy	$2,00@2,25
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@2 00	**SUNDRIES**	
Mutton (carcass)	4@5c	Wood, hard	$4,00@5,00
Hams, smoked	10c	Do soft	$3 00@4,00
Shoulders	06@8c	Coal, Lackawanna	$5,75@6,25
Chickens	9@10c	Do Scranton	$5,00@5,50
Turkeys	11@12c	Do Shamokin	$5,00@5,50
Geese	38@44c	Do Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c		Salt, bbl	$1,87½@2 00
Butter, roll	17@18c	Hay, ton	$7,00@10,00
Do firkin	00@14c	Wool ₱ lb	25@45c
Cheese	6@8c	White fish, bbl	$7,00@7,50
Lard, tried	10@11c	Codfish ₱ quintal	$ @4,50
Tallow	9@9½c	Trout, bbl	$7,00@7,50

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4.—Flour—The Market is very heavy and 5@10c lower. Sales export demand and fair speculative local and eastern. Sales at $4,85@5,25 for unsound, $ 90@5,10 for super State, $5,20@5,40 for extra State, $5,00@5,15 for superfine Ohio, 5,00@5,30 for Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa, $5,25@5,45 for common to good medium and fancy extra do, $5,50@5,75 for superfine brands extra round hoop Ohio—the market closing dull and with tendency downward. The market for Canadian is drooping, sales at $5,40@6,40 for common to good extra, $5 for super.

GRAIN—Wheat closed dull, unsettled and 1@2c lower. Sales at 108,000 for very good Milwaukee at 1 12@1 13c for prime white red western, 1 25@1 26 for good new white Michigan, and 1 17@1 18c for prime Canadian. Rye nominal at 75@76c. Barley quiet. Sales at 1 12 for Lake. Corn dropping, sales 60,000 bush at 71@72c for mixed and 72@73c for white. Oats steady at 45@46c for State, 50@52c for Western and Canada.

PROVISIONS—The Pork market is heavy. Sales at $16,50@16 00 for mess, $14,75@16,00 for prime, $—@— for sour mess, $—@25 for prime mess, $—@25 for clear. Lard drooping; sales at 10½@11¾c. Butter is selling at 15@20c for Ohio, 16@22c for State. Cheese at 6@8½c, as to quality.

ALBANY, Oct. 4.—Flour and Meal—There is a moderate business doing in Flour, and the market is heavy, though there is no quotable change to note in prices. Buckwheat Flour is selling from store at $4,66. Corn Meal is steady, with a moderate business doing.

GRAIN—There is a good supply of Wheat offering, but buyers are holding off for lower prices, sales prime white Canadian at $1, 0—Corn lower with a very limited inquiry and a good supply; sales fair to good Western mixed at 70@71c. Barley is scarcely so buoyant as at the close of the week, though full prices are obtained; sales inferior four-rowed at $,11, prime do Seneca Co at $1 24, and Jefferson Co at $1,23. At the close there were two or three cargoes on the market. Rye steady at 75c. Oats steady, sales State at 48½c.

SEED—A dull and quiet market, with a good supply offering.

WOOL—During the past week the market has been more active, with sales 420 U lbs fleece at 42@43½c, principally at 43@43½c.

BUFFALO, Oct. 4.—Flour—There is only a very moderate demand this morning, mostly for extras, while the market is tending downward. Sales at $— for good brands Illinois and Wisconsin $4,50 for extra Canadian, and $3,75@3,87½ for double extra Indiana and Michigan.

GRAIN—Wheat is decidedly dull and we are unable to learn of any sales. Holders are less firm in their views while buyers are holding back, waiting for a decline. Corn dull and a shade easier. Holders of sound generally demand 67½@68c, sales choice at 68c—Oats dull and heavy at 45@46c. Barley in good demand with willing buyers at 80@85c for good to choice. Rye quiet and nominal at 68 cents.

SEED—Sales 720 bush Timothy at $1,65.

PROVISIONS—Pork steady at $16,75. Plain unsmoked hams 9c, sugar cured do 9½@10c. Lard held at 9 ½c.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.—First quality, $0,00@0,00. Ordinary, $5,50@6,75; Common, $7,50@8,00. Inferior, $6,50@7,00.

COWS AND CALVES.—First quality, $50@60; Ordinary, $40@45; Common, $30@38. Inferior, $20@25.

VEAL CALVES.—First quality 92 lb. 5½@6½c; Ordinary, 4@5c, Common, 4@4½c. Inferior, 3@3½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Prime quality, per head, $5,00@6,00. Ordinary $4,00@4,50. Common, $3,00@3,50. Inferior, $2,00@2,75.

SWINE.—Lean corn fed, 5½@5¾c. Other qualities, 5@5½c.

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 29.—At market 1530 Cattle, about 650 Beeves and 880 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES.—Market Beef—Extra, $6,25@7,00. First quality, $6,00@6,00. Second, $5 75@6,25. Third, $5,75; Ordinary, $5,75.

WORKING OXEN—$75, 105@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 34, 40@60.

STORES—Yearlings $8@11. Two Years Old, $16@18; Three Years Old, $20@27.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Not quoted. Prices—Extra and Selections $2,00@— Second quality $— Third quality $—

SWINE—Wholesale, 4½@5c. Retail 5@5½c.

HIDES—5½@6c each. Calf Skins 12@13c ₱ lb.

ALBANY, Sept. 4.—Beeves—The offerings at the Drovers' Yard, West Albany, for the week ending this day, were 1,700 head of cattle—quality very low—sold rate and none extra this week. The prices range from 4½@5½c ₱ lb. live weight.

SHEEP—Offerings 1,200 head. Sales at 5½ to 6c ₱ lb. live weight sales slow.

HOGS—Offerings 1,500 head of all sorts. Sales at 4 to 5½c ₱ lb.—Some stock hogs selling at the former figure while a small lot of extra heavy State hogs averaging 314 lbs each sold at $4 70.

BRIGHTON, Sept. 31.—At market—1200 Beef Cattle, 800 Stores, 8000 Sheep and Lambs, 1200 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $7 00@7,50. First quality, $7,00@7,25. Second, $6 50@6,75. Third, $5 00@5,25.

WORKING OXEN—$75 00@125.

MILCH COWS—Sales at $30@38. Common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—Sales at $4 00@5,00.

STORES—Yearlings, $8@11. Two Years Old, $16@18. Three Years Old, $23@28.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $2,00@3,00 by lot. $1,00@1,00. Swine—Fat hogs 5@— Retail 5½@6½c. Spring pigs 5c.

HIDES—7½@8c. Tallow 6@6½c. Calf Skins $1@1,50.

PELTS—$0,62½@0,75. Calf Skins, 12@13c ₱ lb.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK Sept. 29.—Native Fleece is in steady request with only any improvement in prices. Sales of 125,000 lbs in lots at 51@52c for common to medium and 40@50c for full blood Merino and Saxony; also 100,000 lbs extra Saxony at 56@57c. Pulled is limited in request; sales of 250,000 lbs at from 26 to 45c for No. 1 to extra. Country Foreign is less active (owing to the result of the auction sale announced for the 6th previous) sales of 2,000 lbs Spanish Cape washed at 48c, 6 mos, 9,000 do South American and Odessa at 23 bales washed Cordova on p. t.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

BOSTON Sept. 29.—The demand for Domestic Wool has been quite active and the market sustains very full prices. The sales of the week have been 240,000 lbs at full previous prices, some considerable good Saxony fleece selling at 56c ₱ lb. 6 mos. In Foreign Wool sales of 92 bales Chilian Merino, 150 bales Smyrna, 121 bales Cape, and 10,000 lbs Cape, pulled, at full prices:

Saxon and Merino fleece	56@57	Western mixed	38@45
Full blood	44@48	Smyrna washed	17@24
Half and ¾ blood	38@43	Do unwashed	15@17
Com to ¼ blood	34@37	Syrian	19@20
Pulled extra	42@45	Cape	18@49
Do superfine	39@40	Peruvian	16@17
Do No 1	34@36	Buenos Ayres	26@27
Do No 2	—@—	Peruvian washed	25@28

Marriages.

SEPT. 22d, 1858, by Elder Zenas Case, Mr WM. R. STICKLAND, of East Sandgate, Bennington Co., Vt, and Miss A. C. McCRIBNER, of Ogden, N. Y.

New Advertisements.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, and leaded—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, IN ADVANCE. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

☞ Those of our readers purchasing articles advertised in the RURAL, or who write to advertisers, will please state that they saw the advertisement in the RURAL NEW-YORKER.

REBECCA AND DELAWARE GRAPE VINES.—Extra quality plants—unusually strong and well-rooted—at the lowest market rates. Address FREEMAN & KENDALL,
Ravenswood Fruit Nursery, Ravenswood L. I, near New York

DEAFNESS CURED, HOWEVER CAUSED, by a NEW METHOD. Address
DR. BOARDMAN, personally,
457-4t or by Letter, 12 Suffolk Place, Boston, Mass.

LINNÆUS RHUBARB,
ORANGE RASPBERRY,
and a choice assortment of small Fruits—at low reduced rates—wholesale and retail. FREEMAN & KENDALL,
Ravenswood Fruit Garden, Raven wood, L. I., near New York.

GUANO—250 Tons daily expected per brig Panola, from Sombrero Island, averaging 80 per cent bone phosphate of Lime.—Owners of plaster mills in the country will do well to call. Also, 100 tons in bags, for sale by WOOD & GRANT,
457-4t 90 Front St, New York

Desirable Farm for Sale,

CONTAINING One Hundred and Fifty Acres, situated in the Town of Phelps, Ontario Co, N. Y., two miles from Geneva—Soil, sand and loam—part of it watered by never-failing springs. The buildings are a two story brick house, 30x36 feet, with kitchen and wood house, barn, shed, and necessary out buildings. There is a large orchard of Apple and Peach, and an abundance of Cherries and other fruits. Will be divided if desired. Inquire of Col. J. L. DOX, Geneva, or C. W. NICHOLSON on the premises. 457

Fruit Trees at the Lowest Rates.

20,000 APPLE TREES, 5 to 7 feet high.
40,000 do do 3 to 4 " "
1,000 Dwarf Pears.
5,000 Cherries.
For sale at the lowest Wholesale prices by
BENJAMIN FISH & SON
West End Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y. 457-2t

WM. R. PRINCE & CO., FLUSHING, N. Y., offer these in great quantities at lowest rates, and any List sent will be priced and returned to the applicant for approval. Blackberries—Lawton, Dorchester, and Late Prolific. Raspberries—Orange, Red and White Antwerp, Doolittle's Improved, and others. Currants—Cherry, White Grape, Victoria, and others. Strawberries—Scarlet, Magnate and Imperial Scarlet, largest of all, $2,50 per 100. Wilson's Albany and 20 other varieties, $1 per 100 and $5 to $8 per 1,000. Peabody, Hooker, and Fellows, $2 per 100. Cranberries, $4 per 1,000. Native Grapes of all varieties. Rhubarb—Victoria, Linnæus, and others $3 per 100—$50 to $60 per 1,000. 457

New Carpetings for the Fall of 1858.

$33,000 WORTH OF NEW CARPETS just received from New York Auctions.
Lowell Carpet Company;
Hartford Carpet Company;
Bigelow " "
John Crossley & Sons England;
Pardo, Homans & Pardo, England,
And other makes from all markets, both Foreign and American.
Our facilities for getting goods are not surpassed by any house in the United States, affording at all times the most complete assortment of

CARPET ROOM GOODS
To be found in the State, and at prices that cannot fail to suit the present times.

OIL CLOTHS.
100 pieces of these goods in all widths, from 2 to 24 feet, cut to any size the customer may wish, varying in price from 2s 6d to 10s per yard.
These goods are purchased direct from the manufacturers for cash, and we shall sell at New York jobbing prices.
Also, 30 pieces COCOA MATTING, all widths, suitable for churches, hotels, school-houses, offices, &c.
RUGS in all the sizes, made in new and beautiful designs.

DOOR MATS,
From 7s to $5 each. The largest stock of these goods ever brought to Western New York.
Customers are cordially invited to examine our stock, and we shall spare no pains to suit all, both in price and style.
HOWE & ROGERS,
Carpet, Feather and Mattress Warerooms,
457 No. 37 State St., Rochester, N. Y

PROFESSIONAL LAND-DRAINING ENGINEER.—I am prepared to act in the above capacity on short notice. Charges moderate. [455-3t] T. C. PETERS, Darien, N. Y

Spanish Merino Sheep.

THE SUBSCRIBER has on hand and for sale pure bred Spanish Merino sheep, both Bucks and Ewes and at reasonable prices.
REED BURRITT
Bordett, Schuyler Co., N. Y., Sept 15, 1858. 455-3t

SOMETHING TO DO

THE subscribers will employ Agents of either sex in every town and city in a business which pays from $30 to $35 per week—send stamp for return postage, for full particulars.
455-5t S. M. MYNICK & CO., Lynn, Mass.

Superior Dwarf Pear Trees,

GROWN ON THE BEST STOCKS in the best manner, and of well-tested varieties, at prices that cannot fail to meet with favor. Also a desirable stock of Fruit and Ornamental Trees. Dwarf Pear Trees can be seen in bearing till the fruit shall be gathered.
455-3t T. G. YEOMANS, Walworth Nurseries,
Wayne Co. New York.

EVERY FARMER SHOULD OWN A GOOD WOOD SAWING MACHINE, which will cut two cords per hour of Stove or Railroad Wood, six rods of Shingle bolts—requires but two hands to run it, and will last a lifetime. May be operated by the subscriber and will be properly shipped to any desired point, all complete, for $8.
Write for a Circular and other information.
HENRY C LAKE.
Charlotte Centre, Chaut. Co., N. Y., Sept 15, 1858. 455-3t

$1,000!--Washington Medallion Pen.

THE "PATRONS' TICKET" WILL BE DRAWN IN JANUARY NEXT. Read one of the Tickets carefully you who have been wise enough to preserve them.
All who want a GOOD Pen, an AMERICAN Pen, are advised to use the WASHINGTON MEDALLION PENS. Sample Pens sent by letter on receipt of two 3 cent P. O. stamps. Address,
WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN CO., New York.

H. WORCESTER'S
PIANO MANUFACTORY AND WAREROOMS,
CORNER FOURTEENTH ST. AND THIRD AV., NEW YORK.

H. WORCESTER offers for sale a large assortment of choice PIANO FORTES, from 6 to 7¼ octaves, in elegant ROSEWOOD CASES, all of which are manufactured under [illegible] personal attention, and are for sale on [illegible] personal attention to the touch and tone of the instruments which have so long been considered unrivalled, he will endeavor to maintain their previous reputation. 455-6t&ow

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W. & H. will publish in a few days,

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HOW TO LAY OUT A GARDEN.
Intended as a general Guide in Choosing, Forming, or Improving an Estate (from a Quarter of an Acre to a Hundred Acres in extent,) with reference to both Design and Execution. By EDWARD KEMP, Landscape Gardener, Birkenhead Park. Beautifully illustrated with several hundred Plans, Sections, and Sketches of Gardens and Garden Objects. Being a complete fac-simile of the English edition. 1 Vol 12mo. $2.
Notice of the work from the Gardener's Chronicle (London.)
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All those parties who wish to purchase largely, will consult their interest by examining this Catalogue. It is sent *free* to all applicants, by inclosing a stamp. 450-3t&ow

Wooden Water Pipe.

THIS PIPE is made of pine sealding, each section 8 feet long, the usual size is 3½ inches, have with a bore of 1¾ inches—The ends are jointed so that when laid down the entire course is water tight.
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GENTS DRESS HATS

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NEW AND VALUABLE IMPROVEMENTS.
SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.
Office 343 Broadway, New York.
DIAGRAM OF THE LOCK STITCH

Choice Poetry.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

TO CORNIELE.—A SERENADE.

BY E. M. PHILLIPS.

Oh! lady, bid thy slumber flee,
Leave, leave awhile thy dreaming;
For brightly o'er the placid sea,
The midnight moon is beaming.
But thou art brighter than the moon,
And purer than the water;
Then give to me that precious boon,
Thy love, earth's fairest daughter.

Chorus.—Leave, ah, leave thy dreams to-night!
Give me thine heart and love;
Thine eyes are stars to me more bright
Than those which shine above.

Oh! lady, bid thy sorrow flee,
Thine eyes are not for tears;
Oh! sweetly smile again on me
As once in other years—
Then, lady, storms may rouse the sea,
The starry sky be clouded,
But never more our love shall be
By sadness darkly shrouded.

Bloomington, Ill., 1858.

The Sketch-Book.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

ABIGAIL WATERS.

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

Chapter I.

"O'ER wayward children would'st those hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces?
Love, hope and patience—these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school."
COLERIDGE.

"Oh dear! what a long, tiresome day this has been!" wearily sighed ABIGAIL WATERS, the teacher of the country district school, as she sat leaning over her desk at the close of a bright June afternoon, when the last noisy urchin had darted like a freed bird out into the breezy shade and sunshine. "I am glad it is over—I wish there was no to-morrow just like it," and her head sank down dejectedly.

What a vexatious, torturing day that had been to poor, nervous ABIGAIL, who, with aching head and heart, had been compelled to drag through the arduous routine, yet every day seemed like it—every night she was as weary and disgusted with the labor poverty had forced upon her. There had scarcely been a night in the long two months since she left her invalid father's bed to earn their subsistence with her young hands, that she had not sighed in utter weariness and discouragement, yet goaded on her failing spirit with the remembrance of the dependence upon her.

She never unloosed the burden from her heart—she carried it from morning until morning—and what wonder that she staggered beneath it ere night. She suffered no kind hand to help, or loving voice to encourage her, but struck into a solitary track apart—so solitary and uninviting that none would follow her.

No one in that little country village knew aught of ABIGAIL WATERS before her coming to them as the teacher for the summer term, and the inquisitive, who were obliged to satisfy their curiosity merely from their own imaginings, concluded that she must be very poor or stingy, or she would not wear such coarse shoes, and that same brown gingham dress from day to day—that she must be marvellously learned as she often walked to and from school with her eyes on a book—and, to use the gossip's vulgar parlance, "dreadfully stuck up," as she made no acquaintance with any one, and discouraged by her chilling reserve the advances made towards her. Some sentimental young ladies regarded her as love-lorn and heart-frozen—while the children unanimously called her ugly and cross, and drew unfavorable comparisons between their present happiness and that of the summer before when Miss MILLER was their teacher.

ABBY looked round the deserted school-room feeling blissfully relieved by the absence of the noisy throng that had turned her head upside down since their assembling in the morning. It was delightful to miss PETER GRAHAM from his slatternly corner, with his great grinning face begrimed with ink. He was the biggest boy in school and the most troublesome. She had punished him severely that afternoon, and he had skulked out of the door before the children were dismissed, leaving a frightful profile staring at her from his slate—her name written most legibly beneath.

A bevy of girls occupied the long littered desk directly opposite PETE GRAHAM'S, and she detected at that moment the telegraph of twine established between them. A letter missive still hung to the cord. It was from DEBBY DOBBS to PETE, inviting him to join in a conspiracy which, fortunately for ABBY, his hasty exit made abortive.

DEBBY was the pet daughter of one of the most influential members of the school committee, a fat-cheeked, roguish eyed girl, who would dare anything and do anything for a bit of fun. She was the acknowledged leader of her merry clique, and, alas for the school ma'am who finds herself in opposition to so powerful a league.

ABBY examined the desks and found a multitude of dispatches which threw light upon several of the most vexatious incidents of the day. What could she do with such a force battling against her? More wretched and disheartened than before, she threw down the rebellious dispatches, and putting on her bonnet withdrew from the house, wishing the old wish, that she might never enter it again.

Her pale, tired face appeared at the post-office that night, as usual, and she watched the postmaster with nervous anxiety, as he carelessly shuffled the pile of letters, and she was evidently surprised when he tossed one towards her—for it was nearly a fortnight since she had received any.—This letter was directed as all the others had been, in a cramped, trembling hand that was scarcely legible. Her tears fell fast upon the brown envelop, and drawing her veil over her face she turned from the street into a grassy lane that led brough the meadows to her boarding house.

There was a pretty spot on that meadow path where she always read her letters from home. It was where the little brook went laughing through a clump of maples and sumach, very much as the little brook did back of her sick father's house—It was a quiet spot where she could let her tears fall plentifully and unrestrained, without fear of an intrusive step upon the solitude. She frequently paused there on her way from school, sometimes forgetting herself with a favorite author, but oftener forgetting the flight of time in brooding over her own isolated loneliness.

The letter brought sad tidings, although it breathed so much christian patience and cheerfulness, the afflicting hand rested lighter on ABIGAIL'S sore heart than it otherwise would. Her father was no better. She should not have been kept in anxiety so long, but he was unable to write. Perhaps it would please his good father to take him before long to the blessed land where they shall no more say, "I am sick." * * ABBY was a good child—Heaven would bless her. He was not unmindful that her own needs would soon make demand on her small salary, and he was sorry that he must again request an advance of her wages. The mother was in poor health—unable to leave her bed, but ABBY must not fret about it for the doctor said her sickness would not prove serious if she could be tenderly nursed for awhile. NETTIE SPRAGUE would come and assist them for a fortnight or more, at less wages than they could obtain any one else. She had already been with them a week, and could ABBY forward before the close of the week the letter that would pay her for her kind and filial like attention?

ABBY did not look at her worn out shoes, thinking they must now last her a month or two longer, nor did she yield to the sorrowful apprehensions her affection might well foster, although the swelling tide rose mightily within, but she concerned herself in trying to form a plausible plan by which the funds which must be had immediately, could be obtained. She shrank from applying to the trustees for another advance, as they had already granted her, with a reluctance her parents knew nothing of, the payment of more than half her salary. She had no friend of whom she could borrow, and she could not bear the thought of revealing her trouble to any one as a plea for assistance. She saw no alternative but to appeal again to Mr. DOBBS, and the remembrance of his cold, hard face, close interrogations, and unwilling compliance, chilled her with hopelessness. She felt that he had a strong aversion to her, and believed it to have been founded by DEBBY'S unfavorable reports!

It was a hard, dark spot for her to pass through, and as she dwelt upon her troubles, her isolation and friendlessness, her heart instead of softening and breaking; welled up a bitterness that hardened and benumbed it. She had scores of friends once—how they loved and flattered her—she had poverty now, yes want, almost starvation—and the butterflies had gone with the frost. It was a cold miserable world—was there love, and GOD in heaven? Her proud lip relaxed, her cold eyes moistened with the remembrance that doubt recalled—the wasting old man on his pillow—the cherished Holy Book on his breast—the sweet faith that welcomed adversity as a comforting angel, and talked with the unseen Giver of weal and woe as the blind child to a watching, loving mother.—No, she could not question or doubt, but where was the Hand to lead her into the light?

The ring of children's laughter, and the hum of merry voices broke upon her revery, and she was annoyed by the sound of their approach. She sat still, hoping to be unobserved, as she was so closely screened by the bushes, they might easily pass without discovering her. It was some of the school children, DEBBY DOBBS, PETE GRAHAM, and nearly a dozen beside out on a frolic. They were tired by their long run across the meadow, and dropped down upon the grass to take a rest but a little way from where ABBY was sitting.

They chattered on a variety of subjects too uninteresting to ABBY to withdraw her from her sad thoughts, until she heard her name spoken, accompanied with a severe criticism on her dress and personal appearance, that awoke the unrestrained merriment of the noisy group.

"I wonder where she got that old brown gingham dress? Mother thinks it would make me a good pair of pants, as it seems everlasting to wear."

"It's patched and darned all over," said KITTY BLY. "She is too stingy to get a new one. I could have screamed right out for joy, when HARRY spilled the ink over her this morning. She will look so much the more ornamental hereafter."

"What a cross old thing she is," said DEBBY, looking compassionately towards PETE, who lay stretched upon the grass yawning up to the sky. "If I had been PETE, I would not have borne such a lashing without a word. Did she make your hands sore any?"

"No," drawled out PETE, surveying his hard hands. "If she had been a man I wouldn't have stood it, but you don't catch me fighting a woman."

"They say she is a real miser."

"I believe she is," added DEBBY, "father says she is always begging for money."

"MATILDA says she has been disappointed in love," timidly remarked a bashful girl.

"And she always will be, I take it," said PETE, "if she expects anybody to love her vinegar face."

"She isn't much like Miss Miller," said KITTY.

"No indeed," was the unanimous response.

"How we wish she would come back again. She was so good,—I am sorry I ever displeased her," said mischievous NELLY RANNEY.

"I gave her a big boquet of flowers the other day," said DEBBY, "and told her we did not carry boquets to school any more. She wanted to know why, and when I told her how cross Miss WATERS is, she said she was very sorry."

"Mother says I need not to go to school after this week. Miss WATERS never helps me in my arithmetic as Miss MILLER used to do."

"She never kissed one of her scholars since she has been here," said KITTY BLY.

"And it will be some time before any of them will kiss her."

"The cross old thing."

The little troop went on and ABBY sat in silence and loneliness again. She had forgotten the affliction at home, her perplexity and need, and dwelt only upon the new revelation thrust before her.—*She had made herself miserable*, and not only that but the children under her care. She had taught them to dislike her—she had rejected the warm love of their full hearts, and bore her relation to them like an enslaving chain. What wonder that she was lonely and wretched? The very children that had seemed to her like so many perverse imps ever planning her discomfiture, had been the sources of Miss MILLER'S sweetest happiness as she had been of theirs. ABBY remembered the teacher she used to love and still cherished with fondest associations. Miss MILLER must have been like her, patient, gentle, and interested in everything that engaged the little ones under her care. And she was loaded with grievious burdens; her heart was sore with many sorrows, yet one would hardly have thought by her cheerfulness and peace of soul, that all but her heaven—hope was dust and ashes. She was resting now—it was over—but the seed she had cast was reaching heavenward in bloom perpetual.

The laborers had gone whistling over the meadow path on their way home, long before ABBY hid the letter in her bosom and issued from the dusky shade. Her face was calm—almost happy—and her heart was uplifted by a resolution made with prayers and tears.

She decided to send her father a letter that night, a cheerful, comforting message that would carry joy to his sick bed. She would ask NETTIE SPRAGUE to wait a little longer for her wages, which should be sent as soon as they could be obtained.

She gathered some flowers and berries as she walked slowly along and arranged them in her little dinner basket as temptingly as possible, for it occurred to her to call upon one of her pupils who had been ill for several weeks past. She made the little sufferer smile as she had not done all the weary day, and although she seemed at first somewhat in awe of her school-mistress, who had never spoken to her but of her tasks before, her diffidence soon wore away, and when ABBY arose to go, it was only the promise of coming again very soon that released her. She dropped many tears upon the feverish cheek of the little girl as she gave her a tender good-bye kiss, for she thought of her own child sister then asleep in the church yard.—She had hardly withdrawn from the room when she heard the feeble voice saying to her mother,

"I did not know that Miss WATERS was so good. I do hope she will come to-morrow."

The next morning was as bright and beautiful as June ever gives, and ABBY started earlier than usual towards the school-house. She overtook several of the children, and instead of passing them without a word or sign of recognition, she surprised them with a cheerful good-morning, and overcame their reserve and drew them into her company by her pleasant remarks. One little fellow, whom she had offended the day before by taking away his top, when she found it spinning one minute after the bell had rung, and who pouted crossly at her approach, she put into the best humor with himself and her, by dropping a bunch of roses into his dinner basket, and restoring his toy which she had painted very prettily. The children who were playing by the brook a short distance from the school-house were puzzled, when they saw her approaching surrounded by their playmates with whom she was laughing and chatting most merrily, and they were more surprised when she paused on the bridge, and leaning over the rustic railing asked them if they thought she had grown too old to fish for minnows, or to wade barefooted down the stream? She had done both many a time she said, and she did not think she had forgotten how. PETE GRAHAM gave her his stick and line, and she laid down her basket and books, and telling him to warn her when it was nine, sat down upon a stone in the midst of the laughing circle, and luckily pulled out a pretty little fish after a very short suspense. Her spectators shouted uproariously, and PETE forgot to tell them when it was nine o'clock.

She crossed the trough-like threshold with a happy face that morning, and all the children were smiling at her. Her labor never seemed so light, nor the hour hand of the clock to move on so fast. Towards noon the noisy corner grew very noisy. DEBBY would laugh and whisper, throw paper bullets at PETE, rub out the girls' problems, and finally had the whole row sneezing with snuff she provided. ABBY feeling most deeply tried and irritated, was sorely tempted to what would have proved a failure to her new plan, the mortifying, if possible, of the offenders by a severe rebuke and punishment, and sending them from school. She dismissed the class she was hearing and sat in silent thought for awhile, then calling DEBBY and KITTY BLY to her side, talked to them in an earnest undertone of their misbehavior and the sad effect it had, not only upon themselves but the whole school. She spoke so kindly, and with such feeling they ventured upon no disrespectful reply, but listened with abashed attentiveness to all she said.

"I am not going to be severe with you any more"—and her voice grew tremulous, and a tear fell upon DEBBY'S hand which she was holding—"and I hope that you will regard my wishes hereafter from another motive than fear. My head aches badly this morning, and I wish you would both assist me by setting an example of quiet studiousness to the school. Will you do so, girls?"

They both promised that they would.

"Thank you," replied ABBY, with a cheerfulness expressive of her faith in their word. "Have you worked out those difficult problems in your Algebra yet?"

"No," replied DEBBY, "they looked so hard I thought there was no use in my trying them."

"They require close study," said ABBY, "go and get your slates and sit here by me and I will assist you a little."

[They sat beside her the rest of the morning, and soon had their lesson perfectly prepared. PETE GRAHAM could not do the hard problems. ABBY knew it by his despairing face when he opened his algebra and the despondency with which he threw down his pencil five minutes afterwards. DEBBY heard the A B C's, and ABBY went to poor PETE'S relief, and the class were astounded that day by his perfect lesson.

[Concluded on page 329, this No.]

A MAN should never be ashamed to own he has been in wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

Advertisements.

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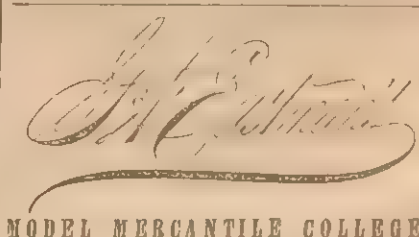

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.
CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other Journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL in America.

Rural New-Yorker.

AUTUMN HINTS.

THE people of this country are highly favored with beautiful fall weather. Our springs are changeable, generally wet, cold and unpleasant, and summer with its bright sunshine, its intense heat, makes its advent suddenly. Those who are so disposed may complain of the damp and chills of spring, the heat of summer and the cold of winter, but no one can say aught against our autumn weather. To say it is beautiful gives no idea of the glory of the American fall, and the gorgeousness of our autumn scenery. The trees are just putting on their rich autumn dress,—the Virginia Creeper covers the trunks of the tall trees with its brilliant scarlet foliage, while the Sumachs in the hedge-rows and around the fences make the fields look as if surrounded with a belt of fire. The oaks, too, are assuming a golden hue, and the maples have put on a colored dress more rich, more brilliant, than any lady in the land can boast. Then the mellow haze of the atmosphere softens all these bright colors, and presents a scene more glorious than poet can describe or painter portray. Look up, ye dwellers in the country—enjoy the feast of beauty which a kind Father has provided for you—and thank the Giver of all Good that you have so glorious a heritage.

This fine weather we may not only *enjoy*, but we can *use* it to good advantage. It is just right for work—neither too hot nor too cold, and we started to give only a hint or two, just to call to mind what ought to be done, or what might be done, at this time, when we were rather involuntarily led to make the remarks above. We have just returned from the State Fair, and from rambling about the country, and a visit to the country in the fall, always fills our head with just such thoughts, and we find ourselves getting them on paper unconsciously, at every convenient and inconvenient opportunity. In a week or two we shall become settled down again.

The past summer has been favorable for the ripening of all kinds of products. Fruits difficult to ripen have been more perfect this fall than we have known them for many years. *Corn* is safe, everywhere, we believe. All that is now needed is to husk and house safely. The fodder, too, will be in good condition generally. We have had some sharp frosts here, but not enough to injure the stalks. Passing through Oneida county on the railroad on the 13th of September last, we noticed that corn-stalks were badly injured by a frost that had taken place some time previously. Take care of all the fodder. Things that seem of little consequence, hardly worth saving now, will assume an importance you little suspect before spring, especially if the winter should be long and tedious.

Potatoes should be got out of the ground now, as soon as possible. Hundreds of bushels are every year lost in this neighborhood by delaying digging until so late that they cannot be safely housed before hard frosts. Above all things, thoroughly dry potatoes before burying or putting in the cellar. Dry them a little more than you think necessary. Just to try the benefit of this, house a small pile damp, as they are dug from the ground.

The pigs should now be fattening. It takes a good deal more of food to make a pound of pork in cold weather than during autumn. Then in gathering crops there is a good deal of food that will be fine for hogs, especially if cooked and mixed with a little meal, that could not be used very well in any other way. We need not particularize. Every farmer will understand.

Almost all roots make a good growth quite late in the fall, therefore, it is desirable to leave them in the ground as long as possible, particularly if they were planted rather late, and have not, therefore, made a desirable growth. It is better, however, to take them up a little too early than too late, and delays at this time of the year are very dangerous. Sometimes winter sets in suddenly and unexpectedly. It is always well to be prepared for winter as early as possible. It is a very good plan to commence digging pretty early, where practicable, and continue digging a few every day or two, as fast as the stock can consume the tops, which are of a good deal of value. Last season a gentleman gave us an estimate of the value of the tops of an acre of carrots and ruta bagas, which he fed to his cows, and it was so large we thought we would not give it to our readers. We did not, however, doubt the statement. We shall continue our "hints" when we can command more space.

NEW YORK STATE FAIR.

THE Annual Exhibition of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, held at Syracuse, Oct. 5th to 8th inclusive, opened auspiciously and was in many respects a decided success. Having, in connection with our assistants, taken very full notes of the show in its various departments, we shall endeavor to give, in this and the next number of the RURAL, a synopsis of the most prominent and noteworthy features of the whole Exhibition; but as the main portion of our present article is necessarily written and put to press before the close of the Fair, we cannot give so connected and complete a report as is desirable.

The fine weather on the first and second days induced a large attendance of exhibitors and visitors, and we believe the receipts were greater than during the corresponding period of last year. The spacious grounds and exhibition buildings were well arranged—evincing order and system in the preparations and management. The entries were numerous, and the animals and articles presented of such quality, and mostly from such sources—the practical Farmers, Mechanics and Manufacturers of the State—as to reflect credit upon the skill, industry and ingenuity of the producers represented. All this gave a prestige of success, and at the close of the second day, the officers and members of the Society, and others interested in its prosperity and objects, had just cause of congratulation upon the result thus far, and the prospect of a triumphant exhibition. The rain storm which commenced early on Thursday morning, and continued till toward noon, was, however, a great check to the anticipated success, and no doubt prevented thousands from attending the Fair.—How seriously this may affect the result, or lessen the receipts, we are of course unable to determine.

In some of the principal departments the display at this Fair exceeded that at any previous exhibition of our own or any other State Society we ever witnessed. This is especially true, we think, in regard to the Stock and Agricultural Implements and Machinery—the show in each being unusually large, and remarkable for the superior quality of the animals and articles exhibited. The competition in most classes of these departments was close and spirited, placing the judges, in many instances, in delicate and responsible positions, and of course rendering the awards of premiums a difficult and unenviable task. From what we saw and heard, however, relative to examinations and awards in the Stock Department, we are inclined to believe the premiums were generally given upon supposed merit and value of the *animals*, rather than the position or influence of their owners, and that SMITH'S bull and Mr. PLOWHANDLE'S mare were not successful—albeit we heard the remark in one instance that "SMITH'S bull" was in luck, and the ribbons ought to be changed.

The display in the various Halls—Floral, Domestic, Dairy, Mechanics, &c.—was generally good, but in several classes, such as Dairy Products and Flowers, quite inferior to previous exhibitions of the Society. In this article, and on our Horticultural page, we shall endeavor to make proper mention of the most noticeable articles in all departments, under appropriate headings.

The best part of the whole Fair, in our opinion, was the *absence* of great men, par excellence—the National and State officials, and such prominent and forward politicians and place-seekers as frequently patronize such exhibitions in order to show themselves to the people—and the *presence* of many of the most progressive, enterprising and influential *practical* Farmers, Horticulturists and Manufacturers of the State. We observed that Western New York was very largely represented by this useful class, as were, we presume, most other sections. At no previous Fair have we had the pleasure of meeting so many of the active, working friends of Rural Improvement—the men by whom our County and Town Ag. Societies are officered, manned and rendered successful and productive of great good in their respective localities. And it was the presence and voice of such men which rendered the evening discussions at the Voorhees House and City Hall of such peculiar interest and value. We have notes of these discussions, and shall endeavor to give their substance hereafter. The reader is now invited to accompany us through the Fair—first noticing the

CATTLE.

Every class of horned cattle was well represented—if any deficiency in number was apparent, the *quality* fully compensated therefor. In this respect, the New York Fair was the Exhibition of the Nation for the present year. One feature in this Department—the splendid display made by those not professional breeders, the *farmers* of the State—must be intensely gratifying to the agricultural progressionist.

Short-horns.—This breed took precedence, numerically speaking, while of a large portion of the animals shown their owners may well be proud.—S. P. CHAPMAN'S bull, "Duke of Oxford"—the only sample of his herd not disposed of—attracted much attention. S. THORNE, though his entries were confined to young animals, made a fine show. Ontario Co., was well represented by the bull "Nigel," white, 5 years, owned by TYLER & TOBY. THOS. RICHARDSON, West Farms, West. Co., had five beautiful animals—imported and native bred. WOOD & EASTMAN, Woodville, Jeff. Co., made an excellent exhibition. E. MARKS, Camillus, presented one of the largest stocks, mostly young animals. JOHN SNELL, Brampton, C. W., exhibited a bull and heifer which furnished conclusive proof that this breed is in favor with our Canadian friends. JAS. O. SHELDON, Geneva; J. F. CONVERSE, and J. CHADWICK, Jefferson; OLIVER JONES, Onondaga; W. HIRST; W. BULLOCK, Bethlehem, Alb. Co.; J. R. PAIGE, Cayuga; E. CORNELL, Ithaca; G. BUTTS, Manlius, Onon. Co.; J. K. TUCKER, Buffalo; A. B. BENHAM, Tompkins; and a host of others whom we would be glad to name did not space forbid, furnished their quota of specimens which could not fail to please the eye and gratify the admirers of Durham blood.

Devons.—The show of Devons was superb—unusually full in numbers and of prime quality—Among the exhibitors E. G. FAILS, West Farms, Westchester Co.; JOHN CORP, Freetown, Cort. Co.; C. S. WAINWRIGHT, Rhinebeck, Dutchess Co.; E. G. COOK, Rural Hill, Jeff. Co.; F. HYATT, Owego, Tioga Co.; J. R. CHAPMAN, Oneida Lake, Mad. Co.; G. R. & H. KNOWLES, and R. E. & C. MILLS, of Onondaga Co., figured conspicuously. Fine animals were also shown by F. H. ELLSWORTH, Columbia; J. W. COLLINS, Sodus; M. PARSONS, Onondaga; J. D. EASTMAN and J. HILTON, Oneida. Here, as with the Short-horns, we must pass over a large number of meritorious animals without mention—suffice it to say, no one could have witnessed the display made without being ready to grant for these "red coats" all claimed for them by their most ardent admirers.

Herefords.—An excellent exposition was made of Herefords by WM. A. MILLS of Mt. Morris, Liv. Co.; M. C. REMINGTON, Cayuga; A. H. BOWEN, Medina; E. CORNING, Jr., Albany, and others. The bull "Prince of Wales," exhibited by JNO. HUMPHREY'S, of Elyria, Ohio, was a model animal in every respect. The Herefords elicited much commendation.

Ayrshires.—S. D. HUNGERFORD, J. BRODIE, and J. F. CONVERSE—all of Jefferson Co.—exhibited animals of this blood and a marked amount of attention was given to the specimens offered.

Grade Cattle were exhibited in goodly numbers—they looked well and doubtless felt about as good as those who boast a wonderful scarcity of "plebeian blood" in their veins. Among the prominent exhibitors of Grades and Natives, were GILL of Jeff. Co.; WM. HIRST; J. BRYDEN, Oneida; O. HOWLAND and E. SHELDON, Cayuga; S. A. WINSLOW, Ontario; A. B. BENHAM, Tompkins; W. SABIN, Onondaga.

Fat Cattle.—No such outrages upon the brute creation, as we have heretofore witnessed at our Agricultural shows, were exhibited at Syracuse.—There were, however, such symptoms of obesity observable, as would create feelings of sympathy for the animal, had the mercury at all approached the nineties. In this respect, we consider the present Exhibition a decided improvement—fat piled on fat is not what is wanted, but that nice admixture which pleases the sense and leaves man—*after dinner*—on good terms with "all the world, and the rest of mankind." Messrs. JAS. FARTHING of Erie Co., ELON SHELDON of Cayuga, M. L. WILCOX of Oswego, C. WALKER of Genesee, C. GERR of Onondaga, and others, presented superior animals.

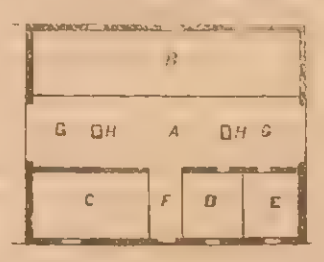
HORSES.

We expected great things of Onondaga Co. in the display of horses. Magnificent animals are there in profusion—they were on the Fair Grounds, too—but the narrow limits of the horse ring prevented what might have been otherwise obtained, a splendid exhibition. Viewing a proud specimen of horse-flesh in a tightly-boarded stall, or amid the crowd upon the track, "we'll none of it;" and there was no other mode at Syracuse, without devoting the entire day thereto. We know that Onondaga horsemen feel proud of what they have done and can do—we would gladly have shared in so commendable a spirit, but circumstances prevented, and the pleasurable anticipations connected therewith we were obliged to forego.—Other parts of the State, and especially of Western and Central New York, were well represented in the various classes, as the awards will no doubt show. We regret the necessity of so brief a notice of the display in this attractive department.

A PENNSYLVANIA BARN.

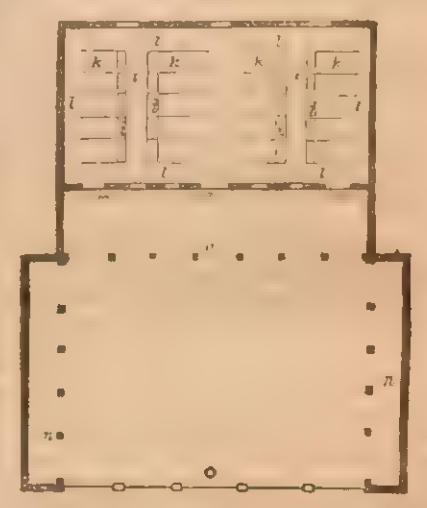
THE above design was originally given in ALLEN'S "Rural Architecture." It is partially on the plan of the famous Pennsylvania barns, with some changes which are thought to be improvements. Though given in a former volume of the RURAL, it will prove of interest to most of our readers at the present time.

This barn is calculated for a grain and stock farm—the "mixed husbandry" most profitable in many sections of the country. It has underground stables and a stone walled basement, with sheds on three sides of the yard. The body of the barn is 60 by 46 feet; the posts 18 feet high above the sides, the roof spreading and gables hooded, but the engraving is incorrect in representing the roof as hipped, or gambrel fashion. The large doors are 14 feet high, and double, each seven feet wide. A slatted blind window is in each gable, for ventilation, and a door 9 by 6 feet on the yard side.



The *interior arrangement* may be described as follows:—*A*, main floor 12 feet wide, through the centre of the barn. *H H*, are trap-doors, to let hay or straw down to the alleys of the stables underneath. *B*, principal bay 16 feet wide, runs up to the roof. *C*, bay 16 by 26 feet, for the grain mow, if required. *D*, granary, 13 by 16 feet, and 8 feet high. *E*, storage room for fanning mill, cutting box, &c., same size and height as the granary. *F*, is a passage 8 feet wide, to the yard door, through which to throw out litter. *G G*, are the large doors. A line of moveable sleepers, or poles, may be laid across the floor, 10 feet above it, so as to add to the capacity of the barn for storage of hay and grain, and the space over the granary, store room, and passage, will of course be used for that purpose.

The underground plan and yard may be arranged to suit the convenience of the owner, the cut here given divides it up into stalls for stock, though a root cellar, calf pens, &c, might occupy a part of the space. At the ends, *l l*, are passages for the stock to go into their stalls; and also on the sides, for those who attend them. The main passage through the entire double line of stalls is 8 feet wide, and on each side are double stalls 6½ feet wide. From the two end stalls the cattle passages are five feet wide, the partition between the wall running back in a *slant*, from five feet high at the mangers to the floor, at that distance from the walls. The mangers, *j j*, are 2 feet wide, or may be 2½ feet by taking 6 inches from the back passage. The passage between the mangers, is 3 feet wide, and communicates with the floor above by trap doors.



In front of these stables, is a line of posts, the feet of which rest on large flat stones, and support the outer side of the barn, forming a recess of 12 feet in width, under which may be placed a line of racks or mangers for outside cattle, or the manure may be housed under it, which is removed from the stables by wheelbarrows. The two lines of sheds may be occupied in this way, or used for sheltering carts, &c, or they may be carried higher than shown in the plan, so as to furnish storage room for hay and other fodder.

It will be seen that a driving way is built up to the barn doors at the ends, as indeed there always should be. It is hardly necessary to remark, that this barn is designed to stand on a shelving piece of ground, or on a slope, which will admit of its cellar stables without much excavation of earth; and in such a position it may be economically built. The size may be expanded or contracted to suit the requirements of the farm, and the cost will depend upon this, the price of materials, and the convenience of procuring stone on or near the farm.

SHEEP.

Most descriptions of Sheep were represented by splendid specimens, and the numbers were large. A. H. BOWEN; E. G. COOK; J. F. CONVERSE; HUNGERFORD, BRODIE & Co.; LEGGETT, of Monroe; WOOD & EASTMAN, Jeff. Co.; J. D. PATTERSON, Chaut. Co.; W. CHAMBERLIN, Red Hook, Dutchess Co.; E. MARKS; GEO. CROSS, Dewitt, Onon. Co.; E. GAZLEY, Clinton, Dutchess Co.; BUTTS & BLANCHARD, Manlius, Onon. Co.; E. CORNING, Jr.; W. HAYDEN, Syracuse; A. EASTMAN, Ellisburgh, Jeff. Co.; E. RICH, Whiting, and J. T. STICKNEY, Shoreham, Vt, were prominent among exhibitors in this Department. Sheep-breeders—be their preferences what they may—could hardly fail being pleased with the display made. Mr. PATTERSON'S show of French Merinos was large and attractive.

SWINE.

We were not favorably impressed with the part taken by Porkdom in the vast collection of Domestic Animals. We knew swine are much abused; are not "justly appreciated until they are dead;" are reckoned good for nothing except when they have "shuffled off this mortal coil," (if a performance of this latter process would place a *value* upon some of those at Syracuse, the quicker they are introduced to the knight of the knife the better,) but there were samples which had no business upon the grounds of a State Fair. "Small Breeds" were indeed small, and the "Large Breeds" didn't amount to much. A few good ones were exhibited, but they could not do away with the disgrace that fell upon the class—that were an impossibility—and we would advise their owners never to place them in such bad company again. Some of the best were shown by E. C. BLISS, S. D. HUNGERFORD, J. BRODIE, J. J. HOPPER, E. MARKS and E. G. COOK.

POULTRY.

The show of poultry was very good. We have seen much larger, but never more interesting collections. This was the opinion forced upon us after a cursory look at the exhibition, and this opin-

ion was confirmed by a more careful examination of the different pens. The large *Chinese* fowls were not as largely represented as usual, yet there were some fine specimens, marked as *Brahmas, Gray Shanghais, Dominique Shanghais*, &c. When we kept fowls pretty largely we thought there was no prettier bird than the *Dominique Shanghai*,—and think so still, if they are bred carefully, so as not to have too much leg and neck, and a fair show of breast. We counted nine cages of *Black Spanish*, fine birds, in excellent condition, of which their owners may well be proud. That pretty, neat fowl, the *Bolton Grey*, was shown by three exhibitors in fine condition—clean as if in their own yards. There were some fine specimens of *Black Polands*. This variety seems to be coming into favor again, now that the *furor* for the large breeds has died away. They are fine layers, when well taken care of. When confined, especially if the house is not well ventilated and kept clean, they become diseased. They are not first rate for the table, and the color of the flesh is an objection with some. The little *Bantams* of all colors were well represented, and we never saw prettier *Sebrights*, which is the favorite breed with fanciers. Then there were Frizzled fowls, Wild Game, and other sorts, more curious than useful, in great numbers.

The show of *Geese* was very good. There were several cages of *Bremens*, of immense size and spotless whiteness. Also, African, Poland, &c., and two cages of *Wild Geese*. There were also shown several varieties of *Ducks*, and among them we noticed very fine *Aylesbury*—a magnificent large fowl—*Muscovy, White Top Knot, Rouen*, and *Black Cayuga*.

The show of *Turkeys* was not large but very good. W. R. HILLS, of Albany, exhibited some very fine, and J. D. ALVORD, of Syracuse, and O. HOWLAND, of Auburn, showed very fine Wild Turkeys.

The finest show of *Fancy Pigeons* we have seen for many years was made by D. S. HEFFRON, of Utica. We counted over a dozen varieties, and among them some of the fine scarce sorts, highly prized by pigeon fanciers, such as the *Jacobins, Tumblers, English Carriers, Ruffs, Turbits*, &c. Altogether this was a very interesting show of poultry, and no one could spend an hour in its examination without pleasure and profit—at least we could not.

DAIRY AND GRAIN.

The show of *Dairy Products* was very meagre. We counted only eight or nine specimens of butter, some of which no doubt were very good, but as it had been left uncovered by the judges or exhibitors, it had received a coating of dust which we hardly dared penetrate. A few very fine cheese were shown, and among the best where those of O. EAMES, of Rutland, Jeff. Co.; O. HILL, of Onondaga Co.; E. PITCHER, of Martinsburgh; D. CROUCH, of Sandy Creek, and F. CONNIBLE, of Cortlandville. A very fine lot of Pine Apple cheese was exhibted by P. PENDLETON, of Norwich. While we must say that we never saw so small a show of Dairy Products at a State Fair, this does not detract from the merit of those who did exhibit, as we have no doubt, from a slight examination, that the quality of cheese shown was never excelled, if equaled, at any previous Fair.

The exhibition of *Grain* and seed was very fair. There was a most magnificent display of *Corn*, of all kinds and colors. *Barley* was abundant and good. *Oats*, of all kinds, exceedingly fine. We did hope, for the sake of the horses, that many of the farmers present would purchase their seed oats from some of the fine specimens shown. There is no use in raising oats like needles, when such good plump seed can be obtained. We did not see any extra samples of *Wheat*. Many good specimens of *Rye, Flax Seed, Millet, Beans*, &c., were shown, but we have not room for details.

IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINERY.

The display of *Ag. Implements and Machinery* was unusually large and meritorious—one of the best, if not *the* best, ever made in the State. We devoted several hours in examining and "noting" the thousand-and one articles in this department—from the weighty Steam Engines, Reapers, Mowers, Horse-Powers, Threshers, &c., down to the light and tiny Churns, Rakes, Forks, &c.,—but it would require a full page of the RURAL to even name and briefly describe what we consider worthy of notice. Hence, we can scarcely mention the most prominent and noteworthy features of the very interesting exhibition.

Our first view was of the Reapers and Mowers, at the head of which stood the "KETCHUM Family," composed of three members—a combined machine, and a double and single mower. This machine, as improved for next year, looks as tho' the old pioneer was bound to keep in the front rank, if not a little ahead. Next in line, among the reapers and combined machines, were Jackson's, Manny's, Kirby's Amer. Reaper, Seymour & Morgan's N. Y. Reaper, Wheeler's, Hubbard's, Parkhurst's, Allen's, Hussey's, Washington Co., Wemple's, and Gale's—several of which comprise new features and improvements which will increase their value and reputation. The principal Mowers shown (except by parties above named) were Bullock & Co.'s, the Vermont, the New England, the Buckeye, Fisher's, the Empire, and Hallenbeck's. Sherwoods Raker and Binder, which can be attached to any reaper, was exhibited in operation and attracted much attention.

There was a good exhibition of R. R. Horse Powers, Threshers, &c., in operation—including those of EMERY BROS. and PEASE & Co., of Albany; WESTINGHOUSE & Co., of Schenectady; BADGER & Co., of Fly Creek, and WHEELER & Co. EMERY, of Albany, ALLEN, of New York, and others, made fine displays of various implements.

The show of Plows, Cultivators, &c., was not very large, but creditable. Among the novelties, and the best thing in its line, was BLIVEN'S Reversible Central Share Steel Plow, which will turn a furrow either right or left, or both ways at once. WARREN'S Patent Plow, (recently described in the RURAL,) also attracted much notice. SAYRE & REMINGTON, of Utica, made a good display of Horse Hoes, (illustrated in a recent RURAL,) Steel Plows, Cultivators, and Combined Cultivators and Horse Hoes, and other articles.

Three Potato Diggers were shown—HARDENBER'S Improved, from Fultonville; LITTLE'S, from Clyde, and ALLEN'S, from New York. They were novelties, and much observed by the curious. The first named had the most *practical* look.

Among the HARROWS, we observed several on the rotary principle—including the Buckeye, from Cleveland, (heretofore described by us,) and that of S. J. ORANGE, of Illinois. BUCKLIN'S Harrow and Cultivator combined, from N. H., attracted attention.

Drills, Seed-Sowers, &c., were not numerous, but embraced some novelties and improvements—such as CAHOON'S Seed Sower, for both hand and horse power. SEYMOUR'S Grain Drill and Broadcast Sower combined, and also his broadcast machine, were prominent—as was a novelty called STEVENS' Seed Drill and Cultivator, combined.

Of Corn Huskers, a comparatively new institution, about a dozen different kinds were exhibited and operated, attracting great attention. Among them were the Empire, Ohio, the Little Giant, Bedell's, Perkins', Smith's, Gould's and others, the names of which are not remembered.

Of the various hay and straw cutters, corn shellers, feed mills, cheese presses, churns, bee-hives, and lesser machines, implements and tools—as well as of patent fences, gates, &c.,—we cannot at present make even brief mention, but shall endeavor to notice many of them hereafter.

In *Mechanic's Hall* there was a good display of Stoves, &c.; also of Scales and other articles.—The Duryee & Forsyth Manuf. Co. of this city, exhibited some fine Scales; also bank and house Safes, &c.

DOMESTIC AND "HOME" HALLS.

In the Domestic Hall there was a fair but not large display. The fancy work was superior, in both quantity and quality, to the more useful and practical articles of domestic manufacture. There were some fine things, but the display embraced few novelties, and was altogether inferior to what we anticipated.

A hall labeled "Home," contained a fine exhibition of domestic and fancy articles, and specimens of Fine Arts, &c. This was filled by the ladies of Syracuse and vicinity, and was very creditable, so far as we could observe—the crowd precluding a careful examination.

Schooley's Patent Preservatory, which has been illustrated and described in the RURAL, was exhibited on the grounds—it being a distinct building, containing fruits, fresh meats, &c., in a good state of preservation—by Mr. J. L. ALBERGER, of Buffalo, and of course received much attention.—It is a successful "institution."

THE ADDRESS.

The Address was delivered by Hon. JOSEPH R. WILLIAMS, President of the Michigan State Agricultural College. It occupied over an hour in its delivery, and was listened to by a large and attentive audience, although the weather was quite inclement. The necessity of furnishing Farmers' Sons the means of acquiring a good Agricultural Education, was the theme, and it was ably treated. In our next we will give an abstract of the Speech, from our notes taken at the time.

BEES AND BEE-HIVES.

MY EXPERIENCE.—NO. V.

NEARLY all writers on bees agree that when a colony of bees is deprived of its queen, if the comb contains eggs or larvæ, the bees repair the loss by rearing another. This principle led me into a series of experiments, and the construction of a peculiarly shaped hive, the result of which, to me, was somewhat important, as it taught me a profitable lesson that may beneficial to many, as similar hives are yet recommended. I shall, therefore, be a little particular in my description of it. I conceived the idea that this remarkable instinct of the bee could be turned to good account. I could see no reason why the principle would not revolutionize the whole system of bee-keeping. I constructed a hive in two parts, with bars as a division of the combs, and resolved that whenever it was full, if my bees were not disposed to swarm, I would divide the full hive, putting an empty half on each full half; the part destitute of a queen would be be likely to possess eggs, or larvæ, and raise one, and I should make a sure thing of an addition to stocks, whether I got swarms or not. The bees were introduced into such hive in 1840, to test by actual experience what was so plausible in theory. Before becoming fully satisfied of its utility, the idea occurred to a Mr. JONES, and a patent was said to be obtained for such hive, in '42, probably without waiting to test it. The idea seemed to take finely, and a great many rights were sold in many places; but in a few years they were laid aside as useless, like most others. Yet it was highly praised on the start—it was said, one man has gained 63 stocks from one in three years; this generally silenced all doubts, and did the job. My own expectations were not realized, and the failure with others was universal.

The principal difficulty with this hive seemed to be here:—It *must* be constructed with a partition, or division, to keep the combs in each apartment separate, with frequent passages for the bees to pass from one to the other, so that when the two halves were separated no combs would be broken. When bees are put into such hive, unless the swarm is very large and honey abundant, one apartment is likely to be filled to the bottom, before a commencement is made in the other. Perhaps no one, unless well acquainted with the nature of the labors of the bee, would suppose *that* would make any difference, especially if the other half was filled afterwards. The difference is this: The first combs built by a swarm after being hived, are brood combs, that is, cells in which worker brood may be reared, and store combs are made afterwards, as needed. One apartment is filled nearly, perhaps quite, with brood combs, the other with store combs and honey. Now, in the two kinds of cells that these combs contain, there is a great difference. Those for breeding, in which the workers are reared, are the smallest size, and near half an inch deep; while those for expressly storing, are large size, and frequently two inches deep or more—totally unfit for breeding. A few that sometimes happen to be the right size in diameter, may be cut off to the proper length by the bees, when crowded for room for brood. Consequently the side containing store combs is but little used for breeding. When such hive is full of bees, and you wish to make another swarm, there are but few chances for the one apartment to have any eggs or larvæ, from which to rear a queen. The old one will be in the apartment containing the cells first made—those of the right size for brood—at least she would be likely to be there ninety-nine times in a hundred, just when you wanted to divide the hive—*that* is her place. The consequence would be, the half without the old queen *must* fail for the want of one; or, if it could provide a queen, the failure is next to certain, from the fact that such store combs would contain so few cells of the right size for workers, that more of the colony would die off daily than could possibly be matured in them. But if there was no difficulty here, there is one in wintering the bees that would condemn it, especially in the open air, and *that* is, it is very liable to starve the bees! It can be made plain, as follows:

I said one apartment would usually be filled with brood combs, this will be mostly occupied with brood as long as the yield of honey lasts. Of course but little honey *can* be stored here, but the other apartment, not used for breeding, may be full throughout. The bees will take up their winter quarters among the brood combs, where they can pack themselves closely in the empty cells just left by the brood. Now, suppose the small quantity of honey in this breeding apartment is exhausted (which it will be, long before spring,) during a turn of severe cold weather, what can the bees do? If one should leave the mass, and go among the frosty combs in the other apartment for a supply, its fate would be as certain as starvation! Without frequent intervals of warm weather to melt all frost on the combs, and allow the bees to go for a supply of honey without freezing, they *must* starve. So many things about this hive came up unexpectedly, making it an utter failure in practice, that it taught this caution, viz:—Not to recommend a thing, however plausible it might appear in theory, until I had thoroughly tested its utility.

St. Johnsville, N. Y., 1858. M. QUINBY.

CROP PROSPECTS IN THE WEST.

SINCE I left Rochester, about two weeks ago, I have endeavored to collect a few rough but reliable notes on the Crops, Health, and Prospects of that goodly portion of our Union known as the "West." My journey has been through Northern Ohio, Indiana, Southern Michigan, and Northern Illinois. In Northern Ohio and Indiana the corn is very poor, owing, no doubt, to the cold weather about and after planting time. Corn is also light in Southern Michigan, and in Northern Illinois, excepting in a few counties lying along Rock River and farther South. Wheat is quite poor all along the entire route I have traveled. Unharvested fields are very common throughout the entire West, while that portion harvested will not yield more than from five to eight bushels per acre, and of an inferior quality. I have heard it asserted by reliable persons, that the wheat crop of Illinois will be more than an average one, but from what I have observed, I think that three-fifths will be a large estimate. I have attended the County Fairs of Winnebago and Ogle counties, and the specimens on exhibition were inferior to what I have before seen exhibited. A drover who said he had been nearly over the area of the State of Illinois, during or before harvesting, is of the opinion that there have been as many bushels of wheat grown in the State this year as in any for five years past, but the quality is very poor. Corn on the low, flat lands of Fox River is quite poor, but upon the high prairies it is an average crop, and I think that is a fair estimate. Take the whole State of Illinois, I think from what I can learn, that corn will not be a two-fifths crop. The best fields I have seen are not eared as well as usual—more short and false ears. If the whole of Ohio and Indiana are as poorly off for corn as the portion I have seen, I shall not give them as great a yield as I have Illinois.

Fields of buckwheat this year in the West, are more numerous than I have ever seen before west of Buffalo. This was no doubt sown on the ground planted first with corn and failed, either from bad seed or a wet, cold planting time.

I have made many inquiries, and from what I can learn, there are thousands of bushels of old grain, especially wheat, lying in the granaries of the West.

Potatoes are light, as far as my observations have extended, and have commenced to rot in some locations. Oats have proved almost a total failure throughout the whole Western country.—Fruit in some portions has done quite well, but usually it is scarce and inferior in size and flavor. I saw some very good specimens exhibited by WHITNEY, of Franklin Grove, Lee Co., Ill., at the Ogle Co. Fair. At the Fairs I have attended, the products of the soil have been quite poor, much poorer than at preceding exhibitions. The only articles worthy of note were some very fine stalks of sugar cane—a stalk of Dent corn, measuring some seventeen feet high—one beet weighing about 20 pounds—one squash weighing a little over a hundred pounds—some fine California potatoes, tomatoes and onions—a coffee plant, laden with green berries—a tamarind plant from the Island of Jamaica, and quite a good show of grapes. A specimen of Sorghum sugar and Sorghum candy, very fine, were shown at Rockford. At the Ogle Co. Fair I saw a Mexican cucumber three feet eight inches in length,—some fine sweet potatoes raised near Mount Morris, and some good looking (to some) onions and tomatoes. These were all the productions of the soil worthy of note exhibited. A very good show of Dahlias, Verbenas and house plants were on the ground, and an endless variety of quilts, fancy needle-work, &c., in the Ladies' Department, and last, though not the least, to a Westerner, comes fast horses, which usually closes up the scene. D. B. WAITE.

Rockvale, Ill., 1858.

SORGHUM.—The failure of Sorghum to ripen its seed in this region last year, was owing to the unusually cold and very wet season. This failure of seed prevented hundreds from making another attempt to grow Sorghum. But I am informed by G. W. BABBITT, of this place, who exhibited syrup from the cane at our County Fair last fall; that he has grown another patch this year with complete success—the stalks are no larger, but much sweeter, and the seed were full of farina and ripe on the 25th Sept. We had no ripe seed last year, although frost kept off until the 20th of Oct. I take it that Sorghum, like Corn, requires hot, dry weather to ripen its seed; time alone, without heat, will not do it; warm nights as well as hot days, are indispensable.—S. W., *Waterloo, N. Y.*, 1858.

MANURES:

LEACHING vs. DECOMPOSITION AND EVAPORATION.

MESSRS. EDS.—In looking over the RURALS since returning from the Far West, I find that W. H. H., of Wheatland, demurs to my assertion, that "if organic manure can be prevented from going up as it decomposes, it may go down without any fear of loss to the crop." I need not reply to that part of his argument which goes to show that manure plowed in deeply does not decompose as well as though it was near the surface; but if my opinion is incorrect, why is it that sandy land, proper, when top-dressed with clay holds manure so much longer. Again, what evidence have we that even potash, and the other mineral elements of plants ever reach below the roots, or beyond the reach of those plant roots, some of which we know have descended into a loose soil more than twenty feet; and to say that the organic food of plants, carbonic acid and ammonia, goes down, is about as unphilosophical as to say that smoke goes down.

It is, however, the opinion of some practical and scientific men, after many experiments in manuring, that the reason why nitrogenous manure is so much sooner exhausted on a loose sandy soil than on clay, is, that it decomposes and acts quicker on the crops, and not because it either leaches down or is lost in the atmosphere. But proofs are stubborn things, and it has been proved, time and again, that guano, the most nitrogenous of all concentrated fertilizers, when sown broadcast on a moist soil or immediately before a warm rain, will have its urea converted into the volatile carbonate of ammonia and lost in the air in a very few hours, unless it is plowed or harrowed in immediately. That it is a very economical use of well rotted, not exhausted manure, to plow it near the surface of the soil to be planted, there can be no doubt; but that is no argument to prove that coarse, unfermented manure plowed in deeply for a corn crop, is not to make the most of such manure for the benefit of the crop. If the soil is worn, a little fine manure or compost in the hill to start vegetation early is desirable; but to fill the ears and ripen a maximum crop, despite of a drouth, the other process I have found to be indispensable. In the very dry summer of 1855, when the corn leaves on every farm curled like a round rod, and every corn crop suffered, I had a patch of corn thus treated, as large and the ears as well filled as I had ever before grown. S. W.

Waterloo, N. Y., 1858.

BURYING POTATOES.

EDS. RURAL:—I saw in a late No. of your paper an article on Burying Potatoes, in which the writer recommends "digging a large hole in the ground so as to put the potatoes below the surface." Now, this may be a *safe* way, but it is a great deal of labor; more than most people like to encounter if they can avoid it, and I think they can. I have buried a great many potatoes and *never lost a bushel when the work was properly done*, and I always put them *above ground*. Select a place where water will not stand,—heavy soil is best,—and dig away the top soil about six inches deep, in a circle about six feet diameter,—or large enough to contain a pile of not more than thirty-five bushels,—then round them up as high and smooth as possible to a point on the top; put on a heavy coat of dry straw five inches thick when well packed; then cover them with six or eight inches of earth; just before it begins to be freezing weather, give them a heavy coating of good stable manure. Manure from the horse stable is much the best, as its warm nature will prevent all frost from entering the potatoes, though there may be but very little dirt put on, but other barn-yard manure will answer when this is not at hand, provided it is in a condition to pack firmly on the pile to keep the cold air from circulating through it. W. O. K.

Grand Rapids, Mich., 1858.

PRODUCT OF A HEAD OF MILLET.—In the RURAL of the 11th ult., I saw an account of the number of millet seed obtained from one head, by a person of Geneva, N. Y., and, like most people, I was a little curious to know whether or not that "millet head" could be beat. I selected one which measured thirteen inches in length, shelled the seed therefrom, and counted four thousand, and had not counted half. I then measured the seed already counted, and then those remaining, and found the quantity uncounted to exceed those counted by several hundred seed—should say one thousand—which would make *nine thousand* seed from one head. This will undoubtedly sound rather *large*, but nevertheless I honestly think the seed would have counted as many, if not more than the number estimated. I can find plenty of heads one foot long, and some longer than that from which the seed was counted. I think that with care, millet heads can be grown that will have *twelve thousand* plump seeds. With these lines I close my "millet talk" for the present, hoping to hear from others alike curious to know how much can be raised from a single germ.—H. PERCHY, *Newark, N. Y.*

REMEDY FOR BONE AND BLOOD SPAVIN.—I noticed in the RURAL of the past week an inquiry from P. H., for a cure for Blood Spavin. Herewith I send you a receipe for a blistering ointment which I have tried with success on both blood and bone spavins, and many other ills that horse flesh is heir to. I have found it a very valuable remedy, and one that I would not be deprived of for a great deal,—it is perfectly safe,—does not prevent the growth of hair, nor require that the animal should rest under its application:—Pulverized cantharides 1 oz.; oil origanum 2 oz; Venice turpentine 4 oz; oil sassafras 2 oz. Shake well and apply freely upon the spavin. One or two applications will cause a sore, and it will be necessary to desist until it heals, when the application must be renewed, and repeated until a cure is effected. The remedy is perfectly safe, and will be effectual if persevered in.—HENRY WILLARD, *Cayuga, N. Y.*, 1858.

SUGAR CANE.—Last year I commenced harvesting my Sugar Cane by first cutting the canes and then stripping the leaves by hand, but I soon found a more expeditious mode. I took a rod about 6 or 7 feet long, and passing along by the side of a row I would strike off the leaves each side of the cane—the leaves falling to the ground, then pass along the second time and cut the canes, and when the canes are gathered the leaves can be taken up with a rake.—A. W., *Marcellus, N. Y.*, 1858.

Rural Miscellany.

THE N. Y. STATE FAIR, held at Syracuse, was a grand demonstration in most departments, as will be seen by our report elsewhere. The weather however, prevented its proving a success pecuniarily; and we observe that some of the city papers are scorning the Syracuse people for sins of omission and commission,—exorbitant charges, and "bleeding" generally. We heard nothing of the kind while at the Fair, but *did see* and *hear* enough to convince us that a great many ordinarily good and honest people consider it no crime to shave and cheat a Society. The Fair was generally well managed—Col. JOHNSON, the long-time Secretary, being a host in himself, and rendering the duties of other officers comparatively easy and pleasant. Maj. PATRICK, the Grand Marshal, and his aids, performed their duties in a very satisfactory manner. We shall have more to say of the Fair in our next.

—The Michigan State Fair is said to have been quite successful. We hope to give some account of this and other Fairs in our next.

AN OHIO TOWNSHIP.—In a late number of the *Toledo Blade*, a "Young Farmer" gives an interesting account of the Township of Washington, Lucas Co., Ohio. Among other things, figures are furnished relative to the hay and potato crops, the dairy, &c. An aggregate of 2,153 tons of hay are produced from 2,153 acres. This, at $8 per ton, amounts to $17,224. Deducting the expense of making—say $2,50 per acre—and the farmers of the town have a clear profit of $11,441 50, which sum pays the interest on $92 per acre. The potato crop is estimated at from 8,000 to 10,000 bushels annually—of corn rather more, and enough wheat for home consumption. The township contains 570 milch cows, valued at $20 per head. It is estimated that these 570 cows produce an average of four quarts of milk through the entire year—say 832,200 quarts—which, at 2 cents per quart, yields the snug little sum of $16,644. In mowing and other machines, implements, &c, the farmers are fully up to time. To show that the people of the township constitute an intelligent, reading, model community, the writer (after stating that the *Blade* has 51 subscribers,) says—"Of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, published at Rochester, N. Y., there are *one hundred and five copies* taken, and a general assortment of Agricultural, Horticultural, Political, Religious and Literary Papers, too numerous to mention. Altogether, there is nearly $1,000 paid annually for newspapers and periodicals by this one township and it is seldom that you find a farming community better supplied with standard library books." A model "Rural" township.

THE PRAIRIE FARMER, which has for a year been arraying different classes and interests against each other, and all of them *against itself*, and otherwise penetrating terra firma, hath ceased to revolve on its own axis—or, rather, the world has ceased to revolve around Chicago, and Chicago and the North-west no longer revolveth on the *axes* of the *Prairie Farmer*; all, probably, in consequence of the pranks of its great rival in vapory matter, gaseous brilliancy and tale-bearing—*Donati's Comet!* The last number of EMERY'S *Journal of Agriculture* comes to us with the affix "*and Prairie Farmer*"—briefly announcing the purchase of "the entire interest and good will" of the latter paper, but distinctly adding that "the proposition to sell came from the proprietors of the P. F., *unsolicited by us*." This is a very natural and not unlooked for result, and the best for all interested. The combined J. & F. will no doubt prove worthy of cordial support, as it will ignore in the future, as it has in the past, all illegitimate discussion, warfare and blackguardism. This is evident from a very significant item in the first issue of the combined paper, stating that its columns "are open to legitimate talk on legitimate subjects"—which *means*, we infer, that they are *not* open to such matters as were harped upon in the P. F. The fate of the P. F. is certainly a warning to all its contemporaries that "still live" to beware of the rock upon which it split. Peace to *its* ashes, and *success* to the JOURNAL AND FARMER!

NEW JOURNALS.—We are in receipt of the first number of the *Farmer, Miner and Mechanic*, published semi-monthly, in folio form, at St. Louis, Mo., by THOMAS & SCHUTZ. It is devoted to Agriculture, Mining, Mechanic Arts, Literature and Temperance. E. B. THOMAS is the conducting editor, Mr. F. R. ELLIOTT taking charge of the agricultural department. The number before us is well filled, though we do not admire the style and form of the paper.

The Oregon Farmer is the title of a neat 16 page quarto monthly, hailing from Portland. It *had* a good look and interesting, but having been abstracted from the sanctum, we are unable to give particulars as to publisher, terms, &c.

MICHIGAN STATE AG. SOCIETY.—The annual election of officers for the Michigan Ag. Society, took place at the close of the recent Fair, held at Detroit. Col. CHARLES DICKEY, of Marshall, was chosen *President*. The Presidents of the County Societies in the State were made *Vice-Presidents*. *Executive Committee*—H. G. Slygh, Wayne; A. S. Berry, Lenawee; James Bailey, Oakland; H. E. Degarmo, Ionia; H. G. Wells, Kalamazoo; Archibald Jewell, Cass; J. E. Kitton, St. Clair; D. C. Henderson, Allegan.

—The President announced that the receipts at this Fair had been $4,200, being $1,200 more than last year.

GOOD SALE OF SHORT HORNS.—We learn that Mr. S. P. CHAPMAN'S sale of Short-horns, on Tuesday week, resulted much better that had been anticipated—the animals selling at a high average, compared with previous sales. We shall endeavor to give the result in our next. "Duke of Oxford," (reserved by Mr. C. at time of sale,) was awarded the first prize in class of three year old bulls at the State Fair last week, and subsequently sold to E. CORNELL, Esq., of Ithaca, for $1,500.

WEIGHTY COLTS.—Mr. BENJ. BRADLEY, of Lyons, N. Y., informs us that he has a span of matched colts, one year old last June, that weigh 1,850 lbs. Mr. B. says he would like to hear from any one who can beat them.

Orchard and Garden.

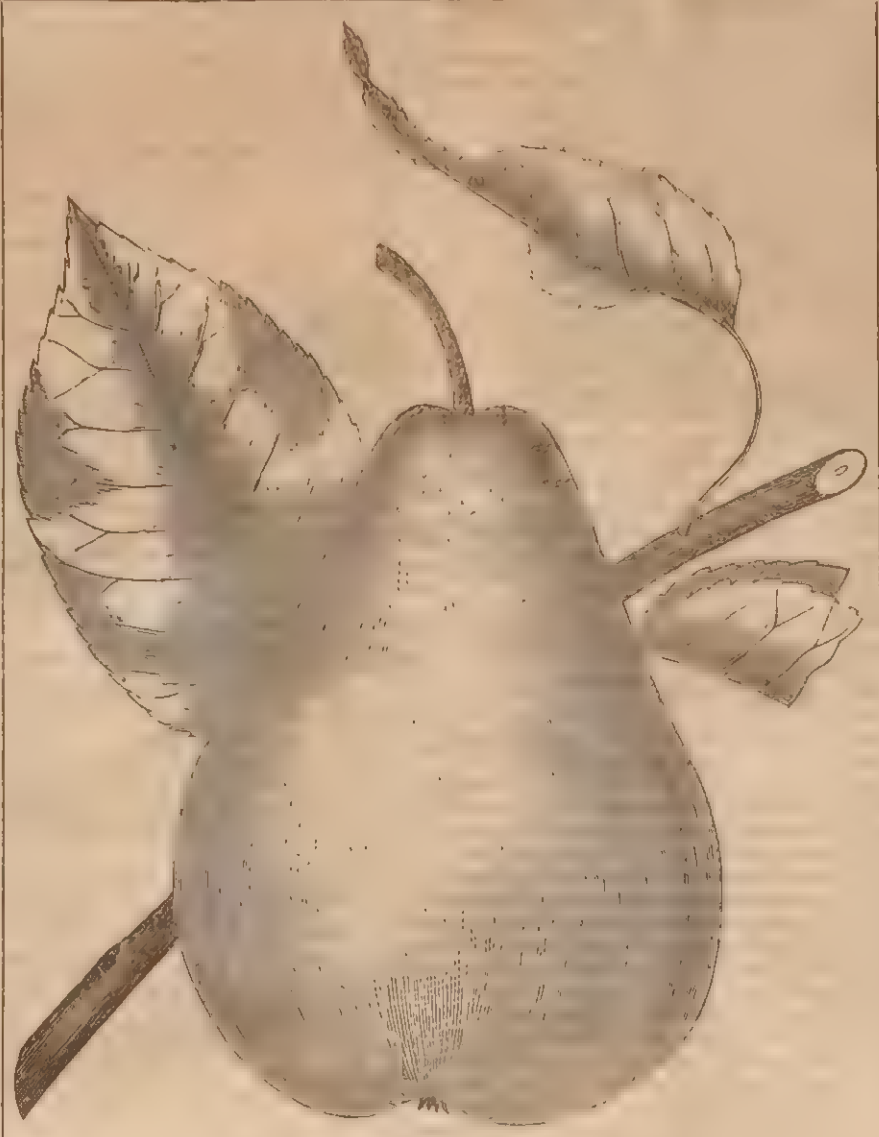
THE PEAR.

NOTWITHSTANDING the opinions of others to the contrary, we think ours is destined to be the greatest pear-growing country in the world. This fruit is peculiarly adapted both to our soil and climate, and succeeds North and South, East and West.—Those who have read the proceedings of the American Pomological Society, as reported in our columns, must have been struck with the favorable reports from so large an extent of country. Indeed, several stated that the pear was more certain than almost any other fruit cultivated. A few days since we were honored with a visit from W. WOOLNOUGH, editor of the *Battle Creek Journal*, Michigan, who informed us that while the extreme cold of several past winters had injured not only the apple crop, but destroyed very many bearing trees, the pear trees had not suffered in the least, and every year he had a good crop of *Bartlett* and other pears in his garden, as did others who planted trees and gave them decent care.

L. E. BERCKMANS, the Belgian Pomologist, who is now growing pears in New Jersey and Georgia, and who is conversant with the state of pear culture both in this country and Europe, told us a few days since that the finest exhibition he ever witnessed was that made the present fall by the *Massachusetts Horticultural Society*. He could select a collection from that exhibition and successfully challenge the world to equal it.

A correspondent writes us:—"R. B. WARREN, of Alabama, Genesee Co, N. Y., informed me recently that a little five year old tree of the *Beurre Giffard* pear on quince, bore this season 135 pears, which he sent to New York, as an experiment, and sold them there for $4,72. I have seen the trees of this excellent summer pear yield the most abundant crops. Mine sold this season in Rochester readily at $4 per bushel, to the grocers and fruit dealers."

THE BARTLETT ON QUINCE.—It is well known that the wood of this pear does not make a very good union with the quince, yet we often see very fine trees, bearing well. It is not, however, a variety that can be recommended for culture on the quince. Some remarks having been made at the last meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, unfavorable to the culture of the *Bartlett* as a dwarf, AUSTIN PINNEY, an experienced cultivator of Clarkson, in this county, replied that "he had growing some fifteen hundred dwarf pear trees, and he was satisfied that more fruit could be grown on an acre of ground planted with dwarfs, than on the same ground in standards. He would always grow the *Bartlett* as a dwarf. Had them nine years old, the trees strong and healthy, and bearing well. The fruit from dwarfs is much the finest. He can get readily $3 per bushel for Bartletts from dwarfs, but only about half that price for fruit from standard trees."—BENJAMIN FISH, of Rochester, had dwarf Bartletts growing that yielded him one and a half bushels of fruit the last season, and nearly as much for several seasons past.



THE BEURRE BOSC PEAR.

AT the request of an intelligent Fruit Grower of Western New York, who presented us with a dozen magnificent *Beurre Bosc Pears*, we have had an engraving taken of one of the specimens, of medium size. This pear, our friend thinks, is not appreciated by the fruit growers of the country, or it would be as generally cultivated as the *Bartlett* and *Flemish Beauty*, as a standard. It does not succeed on the quince, unless double worked. In the fall of 1853 we saw this pear at Boston, in competition with the *Beurre Diel*, and other fine sorts for the prize offered for the best autumn pear, and it received, as it seemed to deserve, the first premium. We thought then, as it became known it would be popular, and since that time we have always noticed it as being fair, smooth, of good size and excellent quality. This pear bears regularly, never rots at the core, and the fruit hangs on the tree remarkably well. It is very rare to find a specimen blown off. The stem in the engraving is shorter than in most specimens. It is recommended by the American Pomological Society, for general cultivation, and we introduce it with pleasure to the special notice of our readers as a pear well worthy of more attention than it has received. We give Mr. DOWNING'S description entire: "The *Beurre Bosc* is a pear to which we give our unqualified praise. It is large, handsome, a regular bearer, always perfect, and of the highest flavor. It bears singly, and not in clusters, looking as if thinned on the tree, whence it is always of fine size. It was raised in 1809 by VAN MONS, and named *Beurre Bosc*, in honor of M. BOSC, a distinguished Belgian cultivator. Having also been received at the garden of the Horticultural Society of London under the name of *Beurre Bosc*, Mr. THOMPSON thought it best to retain this name, as less likely to lead to a confusion with the *Calebasse*, a distinct fruit. The tree grows vigorously; shoots long, brownish yellow.

"Fruit large, pyriformed, a little uneven, tapering long and gradually into the stalk. Skin pretty smooth, dark yellow, a good deal covered with streaks and dots of cinnamon russet, and slightly touched with red on one side. Stalk, one to two inches long, rather slender, curved. Calyx short, set in a very shallow basin. Flesh, white, melting, very buttery, with a rich, delicious and slightly perfumed flavor. Ripens gradually from the last of September to the last of October."

NEW YORK STATE FAIR.

IN other pages of this number will be found a pretty full report of the other departments of the Fair, and below we give some notes on the *Fruits*, *Flowers*, and *Vegetables*. The Society was very fortunate in the time, so far as the weather was concerned, but it was too late for a good show of Fruits and Flowers. The season, too, has been unfavorable. The apple crop is almost a failure in this section of the State, and it was too late for a good exhibition of peaches and plums. The fall flowers in some sections had been cut off by frost, and the Dahlias have not done so poorly in a score of years. Then, the nurserymen had just commenced their fall business and could not give the matter that attention which they otherwise would have done.

FRUIT.

The display of fruit was exceedingly small; indeed, we never saw so poor an exhibition at any State Fair. In the *Nurserymen's* Department there were only two collections of fruit, and these were very fine. THORP, SMITH & HANCHETT, of Syracuse, exhibited 165 plates of Pears, 82 varieties of Apples, 32 of Plums, and some plates of Quinces, Melons and Grapes. ELLWANGER & BARRY, of Rochester, presented 147 plates of Pears, 9 varieties of Plums, and a dozen of Rea's Mammoth Quinces. E. C. FROST, of Schuyler county, exhibited three plates of Apples. This comprised all the fruit shown in the Nurserymen's Department, except about a dozen plates of grapes by G. E. RYCKMAN, of Chautauque county, and Dianas and Rebeccas by BROOKSBANK, of Hudson, and a few melons.

In the *Amateur's* Department the display was a little better, the apples more in number and equal in quality, but the pears were not as numerous or fine. In all we counted over 200 plates of apples. JOHN J. HOPPER, of Onondaga Valley, exhibited 25 varieties; GEO. CROSS, DeWitt, Onondaga Co., 33; A. G. OWEN, Big Flats, 20; W. P. OTLEY, Phelps, 12; G. NOTTINGHAM, Syracuse, 12. These were also a few other small collections. Several small collections of pears were shown, numbering in all about fifty plates. As a general thing they were well grown, but many specimens in these collections were improperly named, and we were very glad to see the Committee doing good service to the exhibitors by correcting these errors. The season was rather late for *Plums*, yet we were pleased to see a dozen plates of very good specimens, *Reine Claude de Bavay*, being the best shown. Nine plates of *Peaches* were exhibited, but they were extremely poor, as might be expected from the unfavorable nature of the season, as well as from its lateness. We saw the *first premium* ticket on a plate of the *Yellow Alberge*, shrivelled and partially decayed, that in ordinary times no one would think of eating. About half a dozen plates of *Quinces* were shown, the best by E. S. HAYWARD, of Rochester, and some nearly as good by GEO. PLUM, of Fairmont, Onondaga Co. There was a very good collection of *Native Grapes*—*Isabellas* well-ripened and *Catawbas* nearly so, with many of the newer sorts. HAMILTON WHITE, of Syracuse, made a fine show of *Foreign Grapes*, 18 varieties. They attracted much attention, and though they were not all what grape growers call "well-grown," they were very good and added much to the exhibition.

FLOWERS.

The *Floral Department* was almost a failure, and the strange spectacle was presented of a *Floral Hall* almost without *flowers*. In the *Nurserymen's* Department there was but one collection shown, and that by THORP, SMITH & HANCHETT. We had not the heart to look upon it, so lone and desolate. The Dahlia, the *Queen of Flowers* for exhibitions, was wanting—only about a dozen specimens being there. They had a very fine display of *Verbenas*, about one hundred varieties; a large list of *Roses*, (perhaps 150,) but they were not in a fit condition to show, some very good *Petunias*, and a few *Asters*, &c.

In the *Amateur's* Department the matter was still worse. Mrs. VAN NAMEE, of Pittstown, the veteran of a score of Fairs, and who has made a good exhibition at every Fair we have attended, we believe, for many years was there, and made as good a show as possible, though it was far inferior to her usual exhibition. HAMILTON WHITE, of Syracuse, presented a collection of *Roses, cut Flowers*, a few very good *Asters* in pots, a box of Pansies, and a seedling Phlox. This comprised the substance of the Floral exhibition.

VEGETABLES.

Quite a large show of *Vegetables* was made. At the entrance to the Hall devoted to the exhibition of vegetables was the *Vegetable King*, a very good representation of a man and ingeniously made entirely of vegetables, with a regular *pumpkin head*. Some very good *Pumpkins* were shown, and a few good *Winter Squashes*. That old mammoth *Mexican Pumpkin* was exhibited in good numbers and of large size as *Squashes*, and we saw plenty of people giving a penny each for the seeds. We suppose the seed of a *really good* Winter Squash would not have sold for a penny a hundred. We counted over fifty baskets of *Potatoes*, many specimens looking very good, but of course we could not judge of their merits by their appearance, nor do we see how any committee could act understandingly, without more knowledge of their qualities than is to be obtained at such an exhibition. The *Carrots* were exceedingly fine especially the large *White*. There was a pretty large display of *Cauliflowers*, but we noticed only two or three good flowers. The *Celery* was miserable—not a stick shown was worthy of a premium, or worthy a place in the exhibition. *Sweet Potatoes* grown in the neighborhood of Syracuse were large, and appeared tolerably good, and some from Long Island were fine. *Lima Beans* were poor; only a few specimens were shown, and they were not what they should be at this season of the year. We fear our vegetable growers are neglecting this delicious bean. *Tomatoes* were in great numbers, and all that could be desired. The show of *Turnips* was very poor. One gentleman was exhibiting a white pole bean, probably the old *Case-Knife*, as the *Windsor Bean*. The *Windsor* belongs to the family of English *Field Beans*, and this class is fully described in the RURAL of May 22d, the present year. A goodly number of *Beets* were shown, very well grown. Of *Cabbage* there was a small show, of fair quality.

FRUIT RECEIVED.

WE are somewhat behind in our acknowledgments of specimens of fruits sent us by our friends. Several weeks since we received a box of what is called the *Canada Wine Grape*, which we have before spoken of in the RURAL, and also a bottle of wine made from it this season. The grape is a native, sharp and harsh. If productive, as represented, it may do well for wine, but will never be a good table grape. The wine was too new to decide as to its character, though some judges pronounced it fair.

To Mr. BROOKSBANK, of Hudson, are we indebted for a fine assortment of grapes, numbering nine varieties. *Isabellas*, very fine, some berries measuring one inch in diameter. They were not, however, as well ripened as smaller specimens we have had here. *Concord*, ripe, and about the size of Isabellas, as ordinarily grown. *Catawba*, good specimens, but not ripe. *Anna*, a white grape, like the Catawba, in every respect, except color. *Delaware*, thoroughly ripened and delicious. *Hyde's Eliza*, a black grape smaller and earlier than the Isabella; its earliness being its chief merit. *Rebecca*, ripe, and excellent. *Clinton*, very fair, and *Diana*, fine, large clusters, and well ripened. The whole collection was placed on exhibition at the late Fruit Growers' Meeting, and was very much admired.

Chenango Strawberry Apple from SAMUEL S. ABBOTT, of Hamilton, Madison county, a light red, beautiful looking apple, something like the Gilliflower in form, has been exhibited here by different persons, under different names, but latterly as the *Chenango Strawberry*. It is tolerably good if eaten just at the right time, but soon becomes worthless. Mr. A. writes:—"this apple is supposed to be a seedling originating in this valley, and so far as I can learn is cultivated little beyond this immediate neighborhood. The tree is a strong, fine grower, forming a fine round head, with broad, light green leaves. The bark is smooth and yellow. Here it is hardy, and no variety bears a more uniform or abundant crop. It is a fine looking apple long before it ripens. It ripens in succession, all through September. If it has a fault it is that it will not bear transportation, and when ripe should be eaten at least within a week or ten days—not that it decays, but it loses flavor. It is just the apple to grow near the owner's table, where he can pluck and enjoy them as they mature."

Isabella Grapes of the finest quality, from ALVIN WILCOX, of West Bloomfield. After all, there is nothing much better in the grape line than well grown and well ripened *Isabellas*,—so we sometimes think when we have such specimens to eat as those presented us by friend WILCOX.

Also, *Isabellas* perfectly ripened, from Mr I. HILDRETH, of Big Stream Point, on the border of Seneca Lake. Mr. H., who is a very intelligent cultivator, has a fine vineyard only three years old, which already produces abundantly.

HORTICULTURAL HINTS.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.—There are many opinions as to the best time to transplant trees. We have done it sucessfully at different seasons; and from experience and observation have come to the conclusion that it makes but little difference if it is done after the sap ceases to flow in the autumn, and before it starts in the spring. It is considered that hard and somewhat rocky land is the best for apple trees. This is doubtless correct, but apple trees may be advantageously grown on light and even sandy land. In soil retentive of water, perhaps it would be better to transplant in the spring. Trees, however, set in such soil at any time should have ample drainage, and they should be set very near the surface. One reason why trees do not come forward more rapidly is, they are set too deep when they are transplanted, and this, too, we believe, is one great cause of disease in many kinds of trees. The influence of the atmosphere and the warmth of the sun is as necessary to the health and vigorous growth of trees as they are to the germination of seeds. Heavy, flat stones placed around the roots of trees, will serve a double purpose by protecting them from the scorching rays of the summer sun and drouth, and prevent their being blown over by strong winds. A good broad mound thrown around the trees will be a safe-guard against frosting, and serve to shed the autumnal accumulation of water. It will also be a protection against mice girdling them or gnawing at the bark.

SHADE OR FRUIT TREES do much better set on the north side of a hedge or wall than they do on the south side. The reason is that, on the south side the snow melts off early in the spring, and the sap begins to circulate before the severe frosty nights are all gone; consequently the sap gets chilled and the growth of the tree is retarded if its life is not destroyed. On the north side, the snow remains and all the functions of the tree lie dormant, until they are warmed into life by the atmosphere, then they "go ahead" rapidly.

ALL MANURES for fruit trees should be those termed cold,—that is, those that have been composted with muck, and decomposed before use.

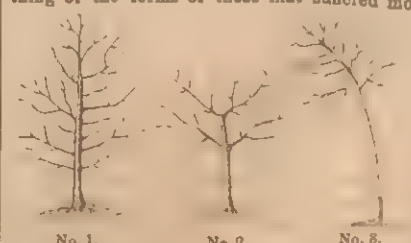
Andover, Maine, 1858. FRYE, JR.

FRUIT TREES IN OREGON.

EDS. RURAL:—If you have no objection, I will give you some information about trees here in Oregon. The soil and climate here is so different from that of the States, that we are compelled to adopt a mode suitable to them, or fail in forming hardy, tough and durable trees. High-headed trees, with naked bodies, have proved a *failure*. Trees with forks, split with the weight of the fruit, and the wind twists and blows them to pieces,—so that we *discard* forked trees. Thickly headed trees are bad, because they do not ripen their fruit well. The fruit is too much shaded, the air and sun cannot get at them. The sun and air are two very important elements in the growing and ripening of fruit. The air we have, however, acts powerfully on the leaves, for those leaves on the outside of the limbs, where the fresh air comes in direct contact with them, are of a dark green color, and not pale, like those inside. Hence the heads should be open enough for the air to circulate perfectly among *all* the leaves. This is very important.—The fresh air and warm sun acts powerfully upon the leaves, causing them to elaborate the sap well, sending it back in a proper state to form wood and fruit. And, again, the rain and dews should have free access to *all* the leaves. This cannot be where the head is dense. The earth for fruit trees here, should be rich in all the elements necessary to form healthy trees,—*dry*, so as not to surfeit the roots with moisture—and mellowed deeply, to enoble them to ramify and extend all round.—These conditions are absolutely necessary in order to have fine trees in Oregon. *Deep culture*,—*low, open heads*, gives the trees all the life invigorating qualities they want. The rich, dry, mellow land, enables the roots to collect and send vast quantities of good food up to the leaves for digestion, to sustain both tree and fruit.

There are, also, *secondary* conditions necessary to be dwelt upon. As a cultivated tree grows very fast, and sometimes irregular, it should be kept in check by pruning; and, except when limbs need cutting off, pinching, or finger-pruning, is by far the best. You may by finger-pruning *alone*, keep a tree of beautiful form.

As many trees were killed here this spring by the sun, or, as we call it, *sun stroke*, I will say something of the forms of those that suffered most.



No. 1. No. 2. No. 3.

Of No. 1, seldom one killed or even injured. No. 2, some killed. No. 3, nearly all killed. No. 1, is a *first rate form*. No. 2, *bad*. No. 3, is a *scandal to the land*. No. 2, is a forked, irregular tree; fruit and winds split off the limbs. No. 3, is too tall, bends over, and is in every way a very bad form for Oregon. The only form worth anything, for our climate, is that of No. 1. A. F. DAVIDSON.

Salem, Marion Co, Oregon, 1858.

NEW PRUSSIAN MUSKMELON.—Can any of your readers inform me where I can obtain seed of the New Prussian Muskmelon?—A. SALISBURY, *Lockport, Erie Co., Pa.*, 1858.

Domestic Economy.

BREAD, PUDDING, CAKE.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Having read and tried a number of the excellent recipes that have been published in the RURAL, I thought I might send a few which *I know to be good*.

GINGER CAKE.—One pint of best molasses; two teaspoonfuls saleratus; one of alom, dissolved in a little boiling water; one half teacup shortening—stir pretty thick—ginger to your taste.

TOMATO PUDDING.—Take a deep dish or pan and butter well, peel and slice ripe tomatoes enough in the bottom of the dish to cover, then cut bread in slices, (yeast is better than milk rising,) a layer of the bread, butter, pepper, and salt, then tomatoes and bread alternately, until the dish is filled, leaving tomatoes on the top. Bake three-quarters of an hour. This is an excellent desert.

BUTTERMILK BREAD.—Scald three quarts of buttermilk at night, let it cool a little, stir in flour until it is rather stiff, when cold, stir in a cup of good yeast or a cake. In the morning, scald three quarts of buttermilk, and put in it six teaspoonfuls saleratus, (a teaspoonful to every quart of milk,) pour this in the rising while hot, and mix as soft as possible. M. A. S.

Romulus Centre, N. Y., 1858.

ELDERBERRY WINE AND GRAPE SAUCE.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Noticing in a late number of the RURAL an inquiry for a recipe for making Elderberry Wine, I here send one which is thought to be very good.

To one gallon of elder juice, three gallons of water, and three pounds of common sugar—mix it well, and set away until it has fermented. Then remove the sediment from it, and put it in jugs, or something that can be corked tightly—it is fit for use as soon as it has fermented.

I also send you our recipe for making grape sauce. Before the grapes are fully ripe remove them from the stem, being very careful not to break the skin, then, to one pound of grapes, take three-fourths pound of sugar, put them in a jar, a layer of sugar and grapes alternately; then put a weight on them, and let them remain until they have become juicy; remove the juice, and let it come to a boil, turn it on the grapes, and proceed in this way until the sugar is all dissolved. Then make your syrup boiling hot, put the grapes in, and boil until done. Skim them out, and boil the syrup until it becomes the consistency of molasses, and your sauce is done.

Canoga, N. Y., 1858. A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

ELDERBERRY WINE.—For the benefit of the readers of the RURAL, I send the following recipe for making Elderberry Wine, which is an excellent article:—To 1 quart of elderberry juice, add 3 quarts water, and to the 4 quarts, add 3 pounds of sugar; 1 ounce of root ginger; ½ ounce of cloves; ½ ounce of allspice. Boil the wine, and skim off what rises—when no more scum comes to the surface it is boiled enough. When nearly cool, add some good yeast to cause it to ferment, and put in a cask—the cask must be kept full to allow the fermentation to pass off—when done fermenting, cork up tight. It is best to boil the spice in a small quantity of wine, and add it after the wine is skimmed.—ADAM JONES, *Plainfield, Hendricks Co., Ind.*, 1858.

A CHANCE FOR THE GIRLS.—The column devoted to baking and cooking recipes in the RURAL, has received a due share of my attention, and I perceive that quite a number of young ladies are more or less expert in various mixtures of eggs, sugar, spices, butter, flour, &c., &c., y'clept *cake*, which, if people choose to mix and eat, I shall not object; but, if ever I should choose a wife, I should like to have her know how to make good, light dumplings, of apples, cherries, grapes, &c. Now, if any young lady will furnish a recipe for light, boiled or steamed dumplings, I will get my landlady to try it, eat, pronounce judgment, and, if good, come down to see her forthwith, cap in hand. —SYLVANUS, *Burtown, N. Y.* 1858.

PACKING BUTTER FOR WINTER USE.—In a late RURAL, P. E. N. S. wishes to be informed of the best method of packing butter for winter use. I will send him one that I think the best. Take a wooden cask, or half barrel, fill about half full of cold water, then put in salt sufficient to make a strong brine. Let it stand a day or two to settle, and skim off what rises on the top. Work the butter thoroughly in rolls of from a pound and a half to two pounds, put them in the cask, placing a weight on them to keep them under the brine. I have put down butter in this way in May which kept sweet and good until the next year in June. —HATTIE A., *St. Jo., Mich.*, 1858.

PRESERVING CITRONS.—Herewith find a recipe for preserving Citrons which I know to be good. Cut the citron in pieces, about two inches square, (be particular to get the seeds out,) then put them in a stew-kettle with a sufficient quantity of water to cook them tender. When done, to each pound of citron, add one-half pound of good white sugar —raisins and lemon are an improvement—boil all together over a slow fire. When the citron looks clear, skim it out, and simmer the syrup until of a sufficient thickness to keep.—J. M. C., *Van Buren, Onon. Co., N. Y.*, 1858.

TO COLOR COTTON GREEN.—For 3 pounds of cloth or yarn, take 1 pound of fustic; 3 ounces of logwood chips; ½ ounce of blue vitriol. Boil the fustic two hours, and the logwood the same—both in brass—then pour together, add the vitriol pulverized, bring to a boil, then put in the cloth previously wetting in suds. After removing from the dye, put in suds again. This makes a beautiful color.—FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

QUERY.—Will some one tell us how to clean light-colored wool delaines nicely?—also how to color them a bright blue, where they were previously a light blue?

Lemon juice put on cloth, with the addition of a little salt, and placed in the sun, will take out ink spots.—MISS CORNSTALK, *Cornfield, Out West*, 1858.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

Written for Moore's Rural New Yorker

MUSIC OF HOME.

Waked at midnight, I hear them when dreaming,
Far from affection's kind circle I roam,
Soothing as whispers of angels they're seeming,
Sweetest of music—the voices of home.
Far from my gaze are the eyes that were gleaming,
Gladd'ning my soul with their glances of light,
Far from my sight are the faces bright beaming,
Yet there is music that cheers me at night.

Fancy still heareth, as nightly I listen,
Soft whispers sigh from that leafy elm tree,
Heareth that stream that by moonlight would glisten,
Sighing so sadly, and singing to me.
Music of laughter my fancy now wings me,
Voices of loved ones float still on the air,
Words of affection now kindly it brings me,
Hushed now to silence in accents of prayer.

Oh! how they soothe my sad spirit's commotion!
Sorrow's wild murmurs how mildly they quell!
Lulling the tempests on life's heaving ocean,
As if there were magic untold in their spell.
Tell not of music from Italy's bowers,
Tell not of strains that from 'chanted isles come,
There's not in this wide world to soothe the lone hours
Music so sweet as the voices of home.

Canaseraga, N. Y., 1858. LIRA.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HASTY TEMPERS.

Scold, scold, scold—fret, fret, fret, and what does it amount to? What do you gain? Are things done any better? Does it recover the lost, or broken, or mislaid? Does it win you love, or respect, or attention? Suppose a thing *is* wrong, does it make it right to fret and harp about it forever? If wrongs are committed that it is your business to know and correct, reproof, warning and advice may be necessary, but why not give it calmly, soberly, kindly? Why fly into a rage, heaping profane, coarse epithets on the offending culprit?—When angry you cannot look at the matter in a just light. You are apt to be ungenerous, casting censure where there is no blame; perhaps the error, traced back, was your own, or you have been misunderstood. Be cautious, slow to anger, especially in your own household. If any of the members there have disobeyed, or been reckless, or indifferent, launching into angry invectives will be so far from impressing or reclaiming, hearts which should be full of love will be hardened against you.

Do we not all resent and rebel against abusive reproof? We may have erred, or made a mistake, or been thoughtless, and see and know it afterwards, and be ready to acknowledge and repair the fault; but if some one comes to us with bitter railing and merciless censure, before we have a chance to explain, or defend, or confess, we receive it in sullen silence, or give back blow for blow, and every particle of regret or good resolve is forgotten, and another time we do not care if we do displease or do wrong. "To err, is human; to forgive, divine." Those who condemn often and harshly, are seldom willing to "forgive and forget," and are usually the people whose conduct will bear least scrutiny.

What is true magnanimity of soul? Is it not to bear ills, crosses, vexations of life, with a calm, gentle spirit?—not with indifference or passiveness, but with a loftiness and purity of mind that can not be sullied? Those who cannot be convinced with kind expostulations and calm reasoning, will never grow better on stripes and harsh words.—Fear may control the outward demeanor, but the heart will be alienated and filled with hatred.

Let us study, above all things, to subdue, to conquer the hasty temper that flies into ungovernable wrath at every little provocation, and makes us misuse our best friends, as well as sinks us in our own estimation, for useless anger must always be get contempt and self-reproach.

Spectacles.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

A SABBATH MORNING IN THE STATE PRISON.

It was on a beautiful Sabbath morning in July last, that I found myself in the city of Auburn, and resolved to attend public worship in the Prison Chapel. The day was fair, all nature was decked in smiles, and as we passed along the street at the early hour of eight and a half o'clock, their stillness seemed to speak of the day of rest upon which we had entered; for, excepting now and then a footstep passing in the same direction of ours, and occasionally a devotee of the church hastening to mass, all was quiet.

When we arrived at the gate we were admitted by the keeper, and directed to the keeper's hall, where there were already assembled quite a congregation. As the seats were all occupied, Col. Lewis kindly opened his office and invited us to one there. It is situated on the north side of the hall, and commands a view of the north wing of the prison—also, the fruit trees and belongings of the prison yard. Here, removed from the crowd, I could hear the grating of the locks as one bolt after another was withdrawn, and the tramp, tramp, tramp, of the inmates on their way to the chapel. It was a very doleful sound, and as I looked at the beautiful view from the window and heard the birds singing so joyfully, my heart was full. A call to the chapel was quite a relief for a moment, but on entering where nearly one thousand men of all ages and nations were seated under the care of keepers, and dressed in the striped garments of the convict, the sensation was anything but pleasant.

Here sat an old man bowed down by sin and shaking with age, by his side a man of middle age, whose countenance shows that *temperance* has not been one of his virtues, and here, too, is the youth and the mere stripling.—young in years, but old in sin and degradation. As my eye wandered over this large and strange congregation, collected from all directions and from almost every clime, it rested on a youth not more than seventeen, apparently very ill, who had just come from the hospital. He was already shaking with a chill which the exercise and change of air had occasioned, whilst the flush on his cheek and the hollow eye betokened consumption. Alas! for him there was no mother's care, no sister to anticipate his wants and smoothe the path to the tomb. No loving hand with tender care shall wrap around him the warm garment, and gently perform those little offices of love which many times take away the weariness of sickness, but alone, with that unbecoming garment, insignia of disgrace, he must pass to his account. O, if there he may hear the Judge of all the earth say, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," how happy shall it be.

As my mind was thus occupied, the services were commenced by the Chaplain, Rev. B. I. Ives, by reading a portion of Scripture, and a hymn, which was sung by a choir composed of convicts. There was respectful attention on the part of the audience, but evidently, with few exceptions, no heartfelt interest, and when the hymn was sung and the Chaplain knelt in prayer, scarce a head was bowed in token of reverance or of communion with their God. Mr. Ives returned thanks for the many mercies enjoyed, and then proceeded, in his peculiarly pathetic manner, to pray for his charge, that they might pass from death unto life, and yet be a blessing to their homes and the world, and then he prayed for those whose homes were made desolate by sin and disobedience to the just laws of the land,—the parents, the wives, the sisters and brothers, and the little ones of these unfortunate men were all commended to the compassion of a loving Savior. As he went on in this way one head after another was bowed down, and the quick starting tear, with now and then a stifled sob, told that was the arrow that touched their hearts. Ah, thought I, there is yet hope where there is love for home and its pure associations.

After prayer another hymn was sung, and Mr. Ives preached from these words:—"Cease to do evil, and learn to do well," and a sermon better adapted to the wants of a congregation could not well have been preached; for, without telling them that they were sinners above all men, he plainly showed them that if they had obeyed the first part of the text they would not have been there; and that it was now their duty to "learn to do well."—At the close of the sermon he sang a few appropriate verses and dismissed with the benediction.

The visitors then left as they had entered, and as I passed out of the gate once more into the open air, I think I was never so thankful for liberty and the grace which made me to differ from the wretched inmates,—and thus ended my Sabbath in a State Prison.

East Lansing, N. Y., 1858.

DIFFERENCES IN WIVES

Two weeks since we were riding in the cars, when a gentleman came and spoke to a lady directly in front of us, who was seated beside a sickly man, whom we thought was her husband. The conversation turned upon the health of her companion, who was evidently a consumptive.

"Last winter," said she, "I went to Kansas with him; the winter before we spent in Florida, and now we are thinking of removing to Wisconsin or Minnesota, for the benefit of his health."

The gentleman expressed some thoughts relative to her hardships in thus going away from her home and friends, and traveling so much abroad.

"O!" she replied, "I do not mind that at all; if he can only regain his health. I like New England better than any other part of the country, for it is my home, but I am willing to live anywhere for his sake."

Her husband made no reply as he heard these words, but volumes were in his eyes. The incident, however, did not particularly impress us, until we stopped at a station about half an hour afterwards. Then a friend entered the car, and took a seat by our side. He was troubled with a broncheal and lung difficulty, of some years standing. In course of conversation, we recommended a residence in a certain Western State, to which he replied in substance:

"I should have been there three months ago, if my wife had been willing to go. But all her friends are here in Massachusetts, and no consideration could induce her to leave for a residence so far away."

We looked at once at the strange woman whose conversation we cited. "Noble woman," we said. "One of a thousand, doubtless, in this spirit of self-denial for her husband's sake." There is certainly a great difference between these two wives.—*Happy Home.*

ADVICE TO LADIES.

Have the feet well protected, then pay the next attention to the chest. The chest is the repository of the vital organs. There abides the heart and lungs. It is from the impression made upon these organs, through the skin, that the shiver comes. It is nature's quake—the alarm bell at the onset of danger. A woman never shivers from the effect of cold upon her limbs, or hands, or head; but let the cold strike through her clothing on her chest, and off goes her teeth into a chatter, and the whole organism is in a commotion. One sudden and severe impression of cold upon the chest, has slain its tens of thousands. Therefore, while the feet are well looked after, never forget the chest.—These points attended to, the natural connections of the dress will supply the rest, and the woman is ready for the air. Now let her visit her neighbors, go shopping, call upon the poor, and walk for the good of it, or the fun of it.

Keep away from the stove or register. Air that is dry or burnt, more or less charged with gases evolved by the fuel, is poison. Go up stairs and make the beds with mittens on. Fly around the house like mad, and ventilate the rooms. Don't sit pent up in a single room with double windows. Fruit will not retain its full form and flavor in air-tight cans; neither will women. They need air. If the shiver come on during these operations, go directly and put on something more about the chest.

Again, do not live in dark rooms. Light fades the carpet, but it feeds the flower. No living animal or vegetable can enjoy health in darkness. Light is also as necessary as air, and a brown tan is far preferable, even as a matter of beauty, to a sickly paleness of complexion.—*Selected.*

Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by patient and gentle means to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is selfish, promote generosity.

In childhood, be modest; in youth, temperate; in manhood, just; in old age, prudent.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE AUTUMN WIND.

BY KATE CAMERON.

Thou Autumn Wind—thou Autumn Wind—
A burden rich thou bearest,
Many a wreath by Fancy twined
Of flowers, the brightest, fairest

Many a wasted gem of Thought,
Many a vanished pleasure,
Many a memory inwrought
With the heart's dearest treasure.

An echo of the Long Ago,
With thy sad strain is blended,
A murmur of that wave whose flow
Shall ne'er on earth be ended.

And to our hearts thou tell'st again
The oft repeated story,
That joys of earth are all as vain
And brief as Summer's gory.

Thou bring'st to mind the "loved and lost,"
O'er whom we wept when dying,
Their Life-barks, no more tempest-tost,
Are safe at anchor lying.

And thou dost sing a requiem
Above their place of sleeping,
And still wilt sing when we like them
Death's solemn rest are keeping.

Rochester, N. Y., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE FIRST FROST.

The first frost has come. It has come like a skillful artist, beneath the touch of whose invisible hand, mountain and plain, forest and grove, are clothed in vestures of crimson, yellow, orange and gold, more beautiful far than those of Solomon in his glory. It has come, bringing with it the season of exquisitely beautiful sunsets, when one fancies that in the far-off cloud-land, he discovers with mortal eye the golden streets and palaces of the land of the "Hereafter." It proclaims the death of another Summer with its warm bright sunlight, with its buds, blossoms and flowers, with its fields of waving grain now gathered into the garner; a Summer of which it may be said, its last days are its best, for having well performed its task it fades away with a lingering smile of welcome to its Autumn sister, as if to say, "I have finished my course with joy." Each blade of grass, like an emerald encased in diamonds, proclaims the season when the barns are bursting with plenty, when the orchards are bending beneath their golden fruit, when the vine is weighty with its clustered delicacy, and joy, and gladness are beaming from every eye. It "shouts the harvest home."

It announces the season of fairs, when city and country shake hands in jubilant glee over the first fruits of the earth, and the productions of human genius; when Squire Broadacre talks boastingly of the products of his wide fields, and his goodly dame displays with honest pride the cheese, butter and bread,—evidences of her skill in the dairy and kitchen,—when the mechanic displays his machine, the artist his pictures and wax-work, and the beau his gallantry. It comes in a season of joy.

It comes as the forerunner of Winter with its snows and its north winds, with a story to the poor of cold, and hunger, and bitter sorrow; to the young, of coastings, sleigh-rides and frolics, and to the aged, of pleasant evenings around the "old hearth-stone." It comes, the language of decay, telling us, as the flower and the leaf wither beneath its touch, that earth, with its temples, palaces and generations shall vanish, and "leave not a wreck behind."

It comes an emblem of that *first sorrow* which falls with crushing weight, on the heart of childhood, the first letter in that book of experience by which man learns his brotherhood to that *Divine Man*, who, while here, was "a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief," teaching him that like gold he is tried in the fire, through which he who endures to the end, learns

"How sublime a thing it is,
To suffer and be strong."

It comes, reminding us of that other frost, which shall whiten the raven locks, a harbinger of the old age which is creeping on. It tells us that Springtime, Summer and Autumn shall each pass away, and warning us to lay up a store of kindly feelings, and affections, and "sunny memories" for the long days of that Winter, when the life-blood, cold and thin, shall flow sluggishly in the blue veins,—when the trembling hand shall grasp the staff to assist the feeble limbs as they "totter on the road," and the light shall grow dim in the eye.

The good man beholds it, and feels that but few more frosts shall crisp the grass of the field, ere his body shall be withered by the frosts of Time, after which he shall go to that land where the pastures are ever green, where he shall partake of the bounties of the "tree of life" which yields its fruit every month."

T. D. Tooker.

Ypsilanti, Mich., 1858.

English Landscape.—English landscape has a minutely finished look; it lacks grandeur; its features are delicate, and the impression left is that of softness and gentle beauty. The grass grows to the very rim of the water, like carpet to a rich drawing room, which must not betray an inch of unadorned floor. The fields are rolled to perfect smoothness; the hedges look as if they had no use but beauty; the trees and multitudinous vines have a draperied air, and strike the eye rather as part of the charming whole than as possessing an individual interest. We have have seen woodlands in the far west that were far more gracefully majestic than any we have yet seen in England; but we have no such miles of cultured and fitted scenery. Nature with us throws on her clothes negligently, confident in beauty; in England she has evidently looked in the glass until not a curl strays from its fillet, not a dimple is unschooled.—*Kirkland.*

A Childish Conceit.—Looking out of his window one summer evening, Luther saw, on a tree at hand, a little bird making his easy disposition for a night's rest. "Look," said he, "how the little fellow preaches a faith to us all. He takes hold of his twig, tucks his head under his wing, and goes to sleep, *leaving God to think for him!*"

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE DREAMER.—No. II.

MEMORIES.

The last dream I gave was by a blazing coal fire and with the gas light burning brightly, but all that has gone now, and those days have gone back into the past with many others. The summer is here, burning and scorching us all, and making our brains shrink up at the brazen sky, and furnace heat. Just in the midst of it all came one day from the Post-office, among business like brown envelopes, and dull papers, a delicate little white missive addressed in a delicate little Italian hand, and strongly redolent of femininity. My clerk stared when he handed them to me, that *I*, of all men, should have such a letter; but he stared still more when I put it quietly by until all the others were disposed of and the telegrams read, then opened it with my feet elevated on the desk. *He* would not have done so. He would have read the white letter first with awe and reverence. I acknowledge that would be more feeling, but it would not be business-like. I would lecture my clerk on such matters but he is too young to be benefited by it. By-and-by *he* will read the business letters first. Well, the letter was a cordial invitation from Susy to come out to H—farm and "drive dull care away" for a time—as long as I chose. Appended were a few hearty, genial lines from Tom, endorsing the invitation.

"John," said I, "how would you like a turn in the country?"

John is my clerk, you know.

"Very much, sir." Didn't his eyes snap!

I guess John has a Susy down in the country somewhere who *isn't* married. I strongly suspect that there was more than one white envelope came to our box that day.

"Well, John, I am going down to —— to spend a few days, and if you will keep things straight here, I will give you a week when I get back."

"Thank you, sir!"

I saw John writing very busily a few minutes afterwards, on a very small white sheet. He wasn't writing anything for *me*.

Two hours after that I was standing at the Depot at —— holding Tom's hand and returning his cordial greetings. As we drove up to the gate of H— farm-house Susy stood in the door to welcome us. She was the same, and *yet not* the same as of old. She used to be agreeable, good-natured, kind hearted; now she has a cheerful, contented, happy look of home about her. The qualities are the same, but strengthened and developed by exercise.

How much like home it felt there! The hearty welcome—the broad cool rooms—the fresh breezes—the glorious old trees—the green of the fields—the generous, wholesome food, are all elements of a beauty, more grand, more lovable than the standards of Greece or Italy, marble or canvass, can give. The radiant, undying beauty of a Home; a beauty which no canons of criticism or of art can ever appreciate or define; the only beauty which has the power to take hold of the hearts and souls of the mass of mankind. Art may satisfy the longings of a few, wrought

"—— of finer clay
And tempered with a purer flame,"

but the most of us want a more tangible beauty—a beauty of the heart, not of the mind.

Lying under the trees how vividly did childhood come back to me. There was the church spire, the school-house just the same as of yore, (school-houses never change) the woods and streams, everything as it was when Susy and I went "bare foot" to school, long ago.

As I live, there is Susy! The same eyes, face, and hair. Just about the same age, too—not yet half a score. But this Susy wears shoes—that spoils the illusion. It must be the second Susy.

Almost involuntarily I look at myself to see if I am not a bare foot urchin,—but I'm not. I call the child to me, and, as I look into those eyes, the spell comes over me again, and with knife in hand I fall to carving out such toys as a boy I remember to have seen, in the glass, once made for Susy the First.

What a charm there is in blue eyes! I don't mean *grey* eyes—they are cold—but real blue eyes. You can always look clear into them. Away down, down, you can see the whole heart and soul in the depths of them. There is no deceit in a blue eye. Black eyes may have a warm heart behind them—but they don't show it. Blue eyes are windows to let the sunshine of a happy, loving nature shine upon us poor mortals of the outer world.

When we go in Susy the First looks at the toys and then glances inquiringly up to me.

"I thought I was a boy, Susy."

They were the first I had made since I made them for her. There was half a tear in her happy eyes as she resumed her work. Tom throws me the morning paper.

With one stride I am back from the Past to the duties of the Present.

I believe I must go back to the city and send John down to the country. I hope his Susy has blue eyes.

Cultivate Cheerfulness.—An anxious, restless temper that runs to meet care on its way, that regrets lost opportunities too much, and that is overpains-taking in contrivances for happiness, is foolish, and should not be indulged. If you cannot be happy in one way, be happy in another, and this facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, like an absent man hunting for his hat, while it is on his head, or in his hand. Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict great pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an under growth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.—*Richard Sharp.*

ENVY.

Some men are envied because of their wealth,
Who envy others because of their health;
And whether it be in palace or cot,
One will ever sigh for another's lot,
And the blessings of life be unenjoyed,
While envy is keeping the mind employed.

There is so great a charm in friendship that there is even a kind of pleasure in acknowledging ourself duped by the sentiment it inspires.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE ADMONITION.

BY CLARA P. YAWGER.

Then didst *Thou* pass me in beauty by,
Child of the Sunbeam—bright Butterfly!
Thou that dost bear on thy fairy wings
No burden of mortal sufferings,
Oddest of the sunlight! thou winged and free,
One moment, *One* moment I envied thee!—Mrs. Hemans.

Butterfly! beautiful, frolicsome thing,
With the gay bright spots on thy golden wing,
Flitting forever from flower to flower,
Sportively spending thy brief summer hour,
Knowest thou winter ere long will come,
Whose breath will thy silken wings benumb,
Dash every flower from its fragile stem,
And thy certain doom is to die with them?

And thus did the "Sunbeam's child" reply—
"*I rejoice* with the beautiful flowers to die,
For who would live when the loved are dead,
With whom our moments have sweetly sped?
And Death's cold fingers *I* do not fear,
For *I* have no spirit to live forever
In joy or sorrow beyond the grave,
No soul to lose—and no soul to save."

"But thou, immortal, mysterious soul!
Must live while circling ages roll;
Thy fleeting moments were given thee
To fit for an endless Eternity;
Thou hast much to do in thy little day,
While *I* have only to sport and play
With the soft sunbeams and blossoms fair'—
And away it flew through the scented air.

THE IMAGE OF CHRIST.

The image of Christ, drawn by the pencil of the Spirit, to which Scripture directs our aims, is painted in such colors, that it is impossible often to contemplate it without its irresistably affecting the heart. As the bodily eye that has looked long at the sun retains a bright image of it, so the spiritual eye that gazes steadfastly on the face of Christ is filled with light. We carry this image with us wherever we go, and it blends with all our thoughts and actions. It never ceases to be a study to us, ever growing more bright and beautiful as we gaze upon it, revealing in contrast, more and more, the darkness of our own hearts. I have said, it is with us at conversion, as it is in spring, when the sun melts the snow in the fields and on the mountain side, but upon the highest peaks and in the deepest valleys patches of it still remain. So the rays of the spiritual sun may penetrate our souls, and still there remain in each heart heights and depths, where yet all is cold and hard. How much must still be melted away, he is first aware who conscientiously yields himself up to the discipline of Scripture.

The longer we contemplate Christ, the more do we discover how unlike him we are, how selfishness has penetrated our inmost nature, how poor we are in humility, in love. When we enter this school of discipline, it does not seem so. This beholding ourselves in the image of Christ has the peculiarity, that whilst we more and more discover the darkness in us, upon us all the while unconscious it is pouring its light. Paul has expressed this in a particularly rich passage in his letter to the Corinthians. He says, "But we all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." A wonderfully rich saying, indeed. Just as when we behold ourselves in a metallic mirror, he would say, it spreads over us its own effulgence; so we Christians, looking with unveiled face at Christ, as into the mirror of humanity, are adorned with his light, made partakers of this spirit, changed as from glory to glory into the same resplendent image.—*Tholuck.*

Every Man's Life a Plan of God.—Every human soul has a complete and perfect plan, cherished for it in the heart of God—a divine biography marked out, which it enters into life, to live. This life, rightfully unfolded, will be a complete and beautiful whole, an experience led on by God and unfolded by the secret nurture of the world; a drama cast in the mould of a perfect art, with no part wanting; a divine study for the man himself, and for others; a study that shall forever unfold, in wondrous beauty, the love and faithfulness of God; great in its conception, great in the Divine skill by which it is shaped; above all, great in the momentous and glorious issues it prepares. What a thought is this for every human soul to cherish! What dignity does it add to life! What support does it bring to the trials of life! What instigation does it add to send us on in everything that constitutes our excellence! We live in the Divine thought. We fill a place in the great everlasting plan of God's intelligence. We never sink below his care—never drop out of his counsel.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

The Value of Prayer.—Prayer is the haven of a shipwrecked man, an anchor to them that are sinking in the waves, a staff to the limbs that totter, a mine of jewels to the poor, a healer of diseases, and a guardian of health. Prayer at once secures the continuance of our blessings, and dissipates the cloud of our calamities. O, blessed prayer! thou art the unwearied conqueror of human woes, the firm foundation of happiness, the source of every enduring joy, the mother of philosophy. The man who can pray truly, though languishing in extremest indigence, is richer than all besides; whilst the wretch who never bowed the knee, though proudly seated as the monarch of all nations, is the most destitute.—*Chrysostom.*

Preparation for Death.—The sad condition of many dying men is that their work is to do when their hour is come; when the enemy is in the gate, their weapons are to look for; when death is at the door, their graces are to seek for; when the bridegroom is come, their oil is to buy; the pursuer of blood is upon them, and the city of refuge is not so much as thought of by them. In a word, the seven years of plenty are wasted, and no provision for the years of famine. Time is spent, and nothing is laid up for eternity. I will, therefore, now finish *every work* I have to do, that to die may be the last work I have to finish.

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.—*Savanar.*

The Educator.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

READING.—BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS.

Books have long been the companions and friends of men. In the days when they were rarer than now, and better, taken as they come, with how warm affection and honest reverence did those remarkable men, whom we look upon as the literary landmarks of their times, cherish a copy of some old Greek or Roman author, or the work of some great pioneer in English literature. They read and re-read a favorite writer—they studied his style as well as his meaning—they quoted him—and gratefully acknowledged him as the sharpener of their wit, the refiner of their taste, and the inspirer of noble sentiments. But times are changed. Now a-days there are many book writers, and each seems to think it his duty to write many books—Readers are many, and they must read many books. There are few readers of the stamp of Demosthenes—who copied a history six times for his own intellectual improvement—but many, that, on finishing a book, exclaim with the tired foot-traveler passing a milestone, "Well, I've got past that." One reading is as much as men generally give a book, for there are other and perhaps richer mines to explore.

But a new element—the periodical, the newspaper—has meanwhile been growing up. Untrammeled with the dignity and formality requisite in a book, it is better fitted for particular ends—Like a company of French riflemen, it does quick and "brilliant execution;" while a book, like English rank and file, performs the slow and heavy work. Periodicals always find work to do. Whether employed, as in the last century, in refining the popular taste, satirizing manners and fashions, setting up and pulling down rulers, furnishing fun-loving clubs with a daily dish of the latest jests and fancies, to relish with their coffee and punch; or applied to every possible use, as in our day, they display an eminent degree of practical skill and power. Newspapers are now, to the mass of the people, almost what the blood is to the body—the great carriers of ailment and agents of growth—They are the dispensers of the political, scientific, and, to a great extent, the religious opinions and faiths of multitudes. They almost monopolize the reading of the present day.

We have thus carefully noticed these three kinds of reading and readers, because they really exist, though more or less blended together. Each has its advantages and its defects. The third class, or newspapers, is our subject, and the other classes may give us hints of the value of good reading, and the way to secure the full benefits of newspapers. One paper is devoted to politics, another to religion. The principles and endless discussions of each subject demand full possession of one paper. But we hail as noblest and best the journal that, removed from sectional and partisan strife, is with a quiet earnestness, seeking through its influence in the family circle to bless mankind. To such a paper our remarks will especially apply.

A newspaper is a reservoir of the observations and experiences of many men. To its agricultural department, the farmer goes to know how and what other farmers think and do. This knowledge is an addition of capital in his business. In company with the treasured truths of other departments it banishes his narrow and one sided views—introduces a generous liberality—leads his thoughts from particulars to generals, from facts to principles, from himself to the great family—teaches him that his farm is not the globe, that its soil and its products, and its treatment are not identical with those of all the world, and that the price he gets for his wheat does not take precedence of all other human interests—in short, it makes a thinker of him, without being which he can be neither a farmer, nor anything else. But in the family the newspaper holds a sacred office. It enters its sacred precincts as the nurse of thought—as the guide to experience—as a fireside companion who appears sometimes in the garb of a venerable sage to counsel, or traveler to narrate—sometimes as a man of delicate fancy and delicious humor, moving to laughter, and melting to tears, winning the tediousness from the hours, and making the heart lighter and better; and sometimes as a grave teacher, to uproot "vain hopes, inordinate desires," and implant right views of life. A good family newspaper, as an educator of children, is valuable beyond price.

"Experience contradicts that assertion," says one,—"we don't witness such results. Besides, newspapers are—by nature—liable to be incorrect, and are—by practice—abominably so. Children read in them about sea-serpents, quack cures, and other marvels, and swallow them whole. If they ever look at the sensible portions, they only skim them, and what they get 'stays like water in a sieve.'" We reply that this depends upon circumstances. Many travelers journey to little advantage, and very many "take the papers" to no purpose, but yet this does not justify Dr. Johnson's assertion that "traveling is a dissipation of the mind," nor the drawing of the same general principle concerning newspaper reading.

How, then, are the benefits of a newspaper to be secured to children, or to grown people? Simply, entirely, through the heads of the family—the parents. This is an age of great contracts and wholesale business, but most people have yet to learn that they cannot contract and hand over the education of their offspring to preachers, schoolmasters and editors. They will find that sermons, books and newspapers do little good of themselves. School-books, with an ingenious Yankee schoolmaster to explain and make them interesting, may sometimes make great men of bright lads—and no thanks to parents; but sermons never referred to, and newspapers never talked about, will not fulfill their intended mission. Such neglect of encouragement is the bushel that covers the light and smothers the genius of very many bright young minds. A child, whose parents have carefully taught him to walk, and talk, and then left him, will seldom get further than to walk and run well, and talk and reason badly. Father, if you would have your son a manly, intelligent farmer, an honor to his vocation and to yourself—if you would have your daughter intellectual and refined, accomplished, both in manners and in housewifery—if you would triple your own mind's growth and stock, and quadruple your happiness, then, use your Rural as some of those noble old Puritan fathers used their catechism, gather boys and girls in a circle daily, question them, discuss with them, laugh with them over whims, which all correspondents, even of this paper are not free from, and send them away to think, and look about, and see "whether those things be so." Drawer.

THE SCHOOL-MASTER—HIS FUTURE.

We look forward with hopes to the time when teaching will a distinct profesion, requiring the same course of studious preparation as law or medicine. The importance of the teacher's labors can not be exaggerated. He wields the future success and character of the man. The work which others perform may be seen and calculated, but who can reach so far, even in imagination, as to touch the completion of that structure which has its foundation in the mind of the child? It was the first impulse which gave motion and shape and direction to the universe, and sent the earth and stars to wheel uninjured through their orbits in eternal space. It is the first influence—in the beginning it may be only a grain of sand hidden in the bosom of the earth, which imparts strength and beauty to the hundred years of oak, or foredooms it to a distorted and feeble maturity. It is the first impulse, likewise, which shapes and sentences the ever-during mind. "I hold that every man is a debtor to his profession," said Webster; and surely no one has so much power to dignify his office as the teacher. If the next century witnesses as vast achievements in the arts of imparting knowledge as the last has—if text-books, the railways and telegraphs of mental communication and wealth, go on improving and extending, perhaps, the same amount of knowledge may be accessible in weeks which it now requires months of labor to attain. This promise for the future rests with the teacher. Whatever is to be the hereafter of our country, whatever the calamities which party warfare may engender, we can not fail to be secure in the homes of our principles and liberty, so long as the common school, the peaceful glory of New England, is perpetuated, and the work of the school-master is honorable and honored.—*N. A. Review.*

Neatness.—A filthy school-house is an abomination. And yet who does not know that one of the hardest duties of the teacher is to keep the school house and its furniture perfectly neat and clean? Boys will bring in so much dirt on their feet, and then both boys and girls will find it so convenient to scatter so many bits of paper, and now and then one will want to spit upon the floor, that it seems almost as great a task to keep the house clean, as it was for Hercules to cleanse the Augean Stables. And yet a good school can never be kept in any other than in a neat and well ordered school room. Let the teacher, and scholars, the committee, and visitors, all look to this one matter, and in a little time the whole aspect of the room will change; and with this change will come a change almost of the hearts of the pupils. Cleanliness will make them alive to beauty, and to duty too.—*R. I. Schoolmaster.*

Labor was the son of Necessity, the nursling of Hope, and the pupil of Art; he had the strength of his mother, the spirit of his nurse, and the dexterity of his governess, and came down upon earth to oppose the devastations of famine.

Home Journeyings.

CONNECTICUT RAMBLES.

The Home of the Yankees – Long Island Sound—Connecticut River—Saybrook—New London Whale Fisheries—Fort Trumbull—"Uncle Sam's" Housekeepers—Groton—Fort Griswold—Massacre in 1781 by Benedict Arnold—Groton Monument—The Atlantic Telegraph, &c., &c.

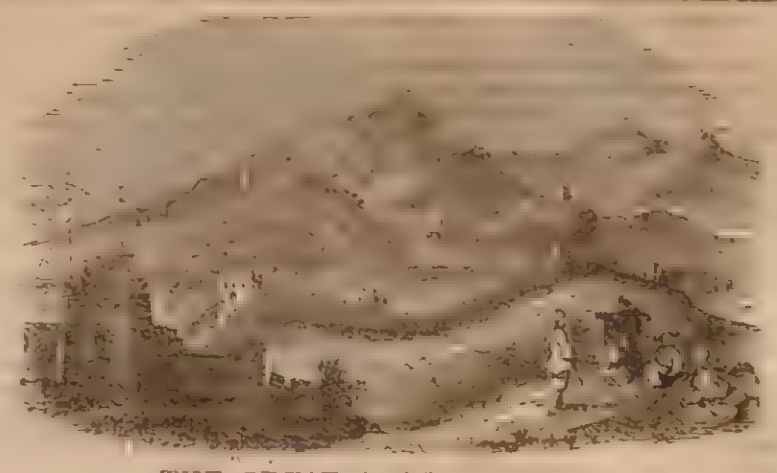
Eds. Rural:—Nearly every week your many readers at the East are favored with the privilege of perusing interesting letters from your Western correspondents, describing not only *how* they carry on farming, but also picturing to us the fine scenery presented in various places. Maybe, in turn, our Western friends would like to hear from the East—the home of the Yankees, of clocks, and (as some say) wooden nutmegs. You will see that your humble correspondent hails, for the present, from *Clinton. Your* home—the Empire State—has a Clinton, besides there are some fifty other towns of that name in different parts of the States,—all named, I suppose, in honor of him, who, though not the projector, was the *promoter* of the canal system in New York, and to whose enterprise and perseverance is doubtless owing the fact—the great work of uniting the Hudson with the giant lakes of the West, and upon whose muddy waters the experiment is now being made of propelling canal boats by steam. But I am digressing. I spoke of the little town of Clinton, from which I hail. 'Tis a quiet little village nicely located on Long Island Sound, and in my next I will, if you wish, give you a sketch of it—its soil, people and productions—and the manner in which farming in its several branches is carried on. *This* time I propose giving a brief sketch of places visited yesterday, and of which I presume little is known to my Western friends.

Being weary of school duties, and feeling need of recreation, I yesterday gave my pupils their freedom and took the morning train on the New Haven and New London Railroad for New London, to visit, more particularly, places of historical interest. The distance from Clinton is 27 miles. The route lies along the Sound shore, and nearly the entire distance the Sound is visible, affording pleasant views to passengers—diminishing in no slight degree the monotony of riding on the cars. The first town of any importance after leaving Clinton is Saybrook, located near the mouth of the Connecticut, flowing into the Sound at that place. It is the largest river in our State, and from it, the State takes its name. The Indian name for the river is Quon-eh-ta-ont—meaning the "long river," or, as some render it, "the river without end."—Saybrook is one of the oldest towns in the State, and in its early days the colonists were much annoyed by Indians. In the year 1635 a fort was built at the mouth of the river, and in March, 1637, the commander of the fort, with twelve men, was attacked by a body of Pequots and three of the number killed. Saybrook is distinguished as being the seat of Yale College. But I must not detain you here too long.

We have crossed the river on the ferry boat, and taking the cars on the opposite side, are soon whirling along fast as steam will take us. Passing through a section of country interspersed with hill and dale, at 10 A. M., I found myself in New London,—a city of New London county,—situated on the west bank of the Thames river, 50 miles from New Haven, and three miles from the ocean. Its harbor is one of the best in the United States—being three miles long, capacious, deep and not liable to be frozen over. The city is built on a declivity facing the South and East. Granite rocks protrude from the surface in many places, making it somewhat difficult to lay out the city with very great regularity, though within a few years past the enterprise of the citizens has done much to overcome the irregularities of the surface. A great portion of the wealth of New London consists in its whale fisheries, which employ some 1,500 men and a large amount of capital. The receipts from the whale fishery in 1853 amounted to $1,349 872. The amount of shipping employed in the same was 15 960 tuns. Population of the city about 12,000. At the mouth of the river stands Fort Trumbull—This is a strong granite fort, having for its foundation granite rock. 'Tis well worth a trip across our State; aye, further, to visit this structure. As "Uncle Sam" is at peace with all the world, and "the rest of mankind," there are no troops stationed here, but within, and on the outer walls, are some fifty cannon mounted, and so placed as to rake an enemy's ship fore and aft, sending death and destruction into the ranks of any so venturesome as to come within their reach. The "Red Coats" would find it more difficult to take that Fort now, than when, in 1781, they simply found a breast work, or water battery, open from behind, and defended by 23 men. The Fort is in charge of a Sergeant whose duty it is to see that things are kept in order, and everything bears testimony to the fact that this duty is discharged, for no parlor can outshine the neatness and order of things in and about the fort, and no young readers of the Rural of either sex need ever complain if they can succeed in securing for a companion one who keeps things as neat within and *without* as that noted old Bach, "Uncle Sam," has *his* housekeepers do.

Crossing the Thames, (which is here half a mile in width,) I find myself in Groton, a town opposite New London, and containing about 3,700 inhabitants. Historical incidents connected with this town render it peculiarly interesting. The village is built on the side of the hill facing the river. In the early settlement of the country it was the home of the Pequots—a tribe of Indians who were very unfriendly to the whites, frequently annoying them, killing and taking captive many of the inhabitants of the surrounding country. Here, too, on Groton Heights, are the ruins of Fort Griswold, of Revolutionary fame, which was so bravely defended Sept. 6th, 1781, by a garrison of 160 Americans, against 800 British, commanded by the traitor, Benedict Arnold. Bravely did the Americans struggle against such fearful odds—never was a fort more bravely defended, nor a garrison more barbarously butchered. They fought with all kinds of weapons, and many of the enemy were killed under the walls simply by throwing shot over upon them; but, overpowered by numbers, they were obliged to surrender, when followed a scene of cold-blooded butchery, such as, probably, had no parallel in any other battle of the Revolution. No sooner were the British within the fort than they began butchering the defenceless ones, till 120 were weltering in their heart's blood,—85 were killed, 35 mortally and dangerously wounded, and 40 taken prisoners to New York. I wandered all about the ruins—passed through the old gate way—along the bastions now crumbling to ruins—through the narrow passage-way (under ground) that led from the fort to the hospital—and my mind was busy reviewing scenes that had transpired there. On the hill, a few rods north of the fort, stands a monument of granite erected to the memory of those who fell in that battle. It is 26 feet square at the base, 12 feet square at the top, and has 168 steps, being 127 feet high. A marble slab on the west side bears the following inscription:—"This monument was erected under the patronage of the State of Connecticut, A. D., 1830, and in the 55th year of the Independence of the U. S. A., in memory of the patriots who fell in the massacre at Fort Griswold, near this spot, on the 6th of September, A. D., 1781, when the British, under command of the traitor, Benedict Arnold, burnt the towns of New London and Groton, and spread desolation and woe throughout this region."

I ascended to the top of the monument, from which a fine view of the city and surrounding country can be had. While standing there I was almost deafened by the ringing of bells, and discharge of cannon in commemoration of the successful laying of the Atlantic Telegraph. Striking contrast! thought I. *Now* the hills are echoing with the cannon's roar in view of the recent union of England and America, while 77 years ago, the *same* hills echoed with, not only the cannon's roar, but also with the shrieks of dying victims of England's *cruelty* and *oppression*. Oh, that this last, this great achievement of the age, may hasten on the time when wars and rumors of wars shall cease from off the face of the whole earth, and *peace* and prosperity reign throughout all its borders; then may we say from the heart,—"Glory to God in the highest—on earth peace, good will toward men." E. L. J.



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

About two hundred years before the birth of Christ, Chi Hoang-ti, the "Great Warrior," came to the throne of China. The internal peace of the country was, at the time, and for three hundred years previous, incessantly disturbed by the wars and the quarrels of the petty Kings. Chi-hoang-ti determined to put an end to this by uniting all the small kingdoms into one monarchy, of which he intended to be the sole and absolute sovereign. There was no difficulty in finding pretexts for invading the several States of the tributary Kings, as scarcely a year passed but one or other of them rebelled against his authority. By degrees, however, he conquered them all, and after some years of civil warfare, became master of the whole Empire. When he had subdued all the petty provinces, he next turned his arms against the Tartars, who had become very troublesome neighbors.—They were a much more warlike people than the Chinese, and were enemies very greatly dreaded. The Emperor, therefore, devised a plan to keep off their invasions, by erecting a wall along the whole extent of the northern frontier, of such a height, thickness, and solidity as to be proof against any attempts which might be made either to scale or to effect a breach in it. To the completion of this great undertaking, means cruel and arbitrary in the extreme were called into use, and thousands of lives sacrificed. In order to obtain a sufficient number of workmen for so vast an enterprise, the Emperor ordered that every third laboring man throughout the Empire should be compelled to enter his service; and they were forced to labor like slaves, without receiving any compensation beyond a bare supply of food.

The Great Wall extended fifteen hundred miles, from the sea to the most western province of Shensi. It was carried over the highest mountains, through the deepest valleys, and by means of arches across the rivers. Its breadth was sufficient to allow of six horsemen riding abreast on its summit, and it was fortified by strong towers, built at equal distances of about one hundred yards, in which guards were stationed. The exterior was formed of stone and brick work of the most solid construction, which was filled in with earth, so as to render it impenetrable; and the whole was finished in the short period of five years.

CHINESE HUSBANDMAN IN SUMMER DRESS.

In connection with the history of this gigantic undertaking we present Rural readers with a portrait of an ancient Chinese Husbandman in summer costume.

The Chinese undoubtedly acquired the arts of civilization at an early period. Husbandry and silk-weaving were among the earliest of these.—Agriculture always was, and still is, held in high estimation by the Chinese. They commence the agricultural year with a grand festival in honor of Spring; on which occasion the Emperor, in imitation of his ancient predecessors, performs the operation of plowing and sowing seed in a field set apart for the purpose.

Water.—Potatoes contain 75 per cent. (by weight,) and turnips no less than 90 per cent. of water. A beefsteak, though pressed between blotting paper, yields nearly four-fifths of its weight of water. Of the human frame, bones included, only about one fourth is solid matter (chiefly carbon and nitrogen,) the rest is water. If a man weighing 140 pounds was squeezed flat under a hydraulic press, 105 pounds of water would run out, and only 35 pounds of dry residue remain. A man is, therefore, chemically speaking, 45 pounds of carbon and nitrogen diffused through six buckets of water.—Berzelius, indeed, in recording the fact, justly remarks that the "living organism is to be regarded as a mass diffused in water;" and Dalton, by a series of experiments tried on his own person, found that of the food with which we daily repair this water-built fabric, five-sixths are also water.—*Scientific American.*

The Young Ruralist.

THE LAW AND THE FARM.

Messrs. Eds.:—I have been much amused at the correspondence of Harry Harris and "Junius," in the Rural, and thought if I would not be putting valuable ground to an unprofitable use, I would like to drop a word or two between these fierce combatants. My sympathies were elicited very strongly in behalf of Harry, for, poor fellow, instead of fighting "a *flock* of sheep" *a la* Don Quixote, (which would certainly be little enough honor to him,) he has aroused *only one.*

I am willing to concede the main argument of Junius, and so I presume will all who have read his communication, and that, as I understand it, is that he has not only read Don Quixote, Lord Byron, Mr. Blair, and something about Richard Coeur de Lion, but has also dipped his literary fingers into the Latin puddle. Now, if we may argue from effect to cause, and then apply the ancient proverb "*ex nihil, nihil fit,*" (I presume I shall be excused if I use the language so familiar to our friend,) we can come to a very clear estimate of the calibre of the "representative" gun "of the Rural Districts."

Now, Messrs. Editors, I have quite a liking for the profession of the law, and *may*, at some future time, make it my business, and if I do so, it will not be because I consider manual labor upon a farm as beneath my dignity, nor on account of any "natural repugnance," but because my taste is stronger for a professional life than for that of a farmer. I have ever believed that the farmer's life was one of the most healthy, independent, and ennobling occupations in the world, but I believe, by a doubtlessly wise dispensation of Providence, we have been created with different tastes and proclivities, and much of our success in life depends upon our adaptation to our business. If we engage in an occupation for which, either by ability or taste, we are not adapted, we are continually laboring at a disadvantage.

But I do not agree with the seemingly unprincipled remark of Harry in reference to the disregard of truth requisite to be an Attorney. If I ever enroll under the banner of the law, it will be with a firm determination to strictly adhere to the truth, and if I find I cannot succeed in that profession without a sacrifice of my principles, I shall, most assuredly, abandon it. Brutus.

Grand River Valley, Mich., 1853.

"CONSTITUTIONAL WEARINESS."

Eds. Rural:—I wish to impart the knowledge possessed by me in regard to the above disease, Harry Harris having desired information on the subject. It is not a hereditary disease, as stated by Harry, as we rarely can trace its symptoms to our parents or to our ancestors; therefore, we cannot be said to inherit it, and it is not a hereditary disease. As to the origin of the malady there is nothing very definite, although it has been known to exist in almost every part of the world, for many centuries back. It consists in having settled in one's constitution a natural weariness or tired disposition, which one is not able to account for, nor is it easily overcome. Those affected with it, shirk a great deal of labor, by whining forth the cry, "I am *so* tired." It would seem that to those willing to burden themselves with the distemper, it serves a very good purpose, that of avoiding labor. It affects lazy farmer's boys, when they make up their minds to go to the city, and renounce the farm and all kinds of work. But, thrown upon their own resources, it proves a very unvaluable companion. If not possessed of otherwise bright talents or income, it will hurry them to a pauper's grave. There are, alas! too many that throw that disease upon themselves in their youth, but in maturity they find to their sorrow that they were deluded into a false step. In their advanced days, it has worn into their very vitals, then nothing can root it out; and they are allowed to drag out their miserable existence without a pitying word. Such are the effects of the disease. I know of no better remedy, for the cure of the complaint, than to use one's utmost endeavors on the appearance of the first symptoms to overcome it. It can be done then, and only then, by steady and unceasing attentions directed in the proper way. Dr. Quack.

Monroe Co., N. Y., 1853.

AUTUMN.

Every season of the year has its charms, and brings its enjoyments and blessings. To some this is the most religious season. Nature speaks most impressively of the goodness of God. The air seems loaded with an influence that breath's calm delight into the soul—the trees are rich in beauty—the day invites to healthful exercise, and the night is eloquent in praise of Him who made "the heavens and all their host." Who could contemplate the deep glory of such evenings as some which we have had the past month, and be unconscious of a religious sentiment? The sun in its rising is glorious, and in its going down—when it wraps itself in its mantle of crimson and gold—is yet more magnificent, but there is a majesty, a spirituality, a power in the distant stars that surpasses the effects of the brighter luminary. We can imagine these celestial intelligences offering their silent worship to the Creator. How calm, how grand, how solemn, how holy! There is beauty everywhere, wisdom everywhere, love everywhere, but in no other of the material works of God are his perfections so clearly revealed to us as in the gentle brightness of one of these starlight nights. It lifts us above the earth—takes us away from worldly associations, and enkindles our desires after a better life. We feel ourselves to be created for something purer than this world, more enduring than this life. Mary E. N.

Rural Dell, N. Y., 1853.

PRIDE.

No man should carry his head so high
That he cannot downward cast his eye.
For some misstep he may chance to make,
And the haughty head, in falling, break.

If you are disquieted at anything, you should consider with yourself, is the thing of that worth that I should so disturb myself, and lose my peace and tranquillity.

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1,000 Saddlers Wanted—L. Stebbins & Co.
Real Estate Brokers—J. Gunnison & Co.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER. EXCELSIOR.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 16, 1858.

Review of the Week.

A new era in mail transportation to and from California has dawned. The Overland Mail experiment promises perfect success. On the night of the 9th inst. the mail arrived at St. Louis, being twenty-three days on the route. A public demonstration greeted the arrival, long processions, music, &c., hailing the procedure as a happy omen. The following synopsis of news is taken from the California papers:

A line of telegraph from Placerville to Salt Lake City had been commenced. The news from Fraser river is unimportant, and water was still too high for mining purposes. Affairs at Victoria were much depressed.

Dates from Oregon are to Sept. 8th. Maj. Garnett had a skirmish with the Okanagans, in which Lieut. Allen and six Indians were killed. A party of miners under Major Robinson, had been attacked by the Indians on the Wenatshe, in which one white was killed. A rumor had obtained credit at Fort Dallas that a party had been massacred near Okanagan. Good gold diggings had been found on the Wenatshe river.

The condition of affairs at Washington will be found in another column, but the telegraph puts us in possession of rather an important item this A. M., (12th inst.,) as follows:—A grave difficulty on the Nicaragua question supervenes. Jerez now denies having made any stipulations as conditions to his reception by our Government, and refuses to perform any pretended stipulations. He will probably be dismissed by Gen. Cass, and orders will be very likely given to take possession of the Transit Route by a naval force, until the demands of this Government shall be conceded by Nicaragua.

The Atlantic Telegraph *don't telegraph* now-a-days, and we are again compelled to await the arrival of such "slow going coaches" as the steamers. It is really too bad that we can hear from the "Old Country" only two or three times a week, especially as we expected to be talking with Brother John just when we felt inclined. However, we must submit; mistakes will happen.

A project is on foot in New York to establish a bank, which, like the celebrated Bank of Amsterdam, shall keep all deposits in its vaults in gold coin, and charge depositors a per centage for keeping it. The advantage of such a bank would be, not so much that it would make money, or that its credit would be better than that of others in ordinary times, but that once in twenty years, when a financial crisis and bank suspension occurred, it would be able to keep on making specie payments.

Yankee Victory at Toronto.—A great yacht race came off at Toronto on Friday of last week, at the Provincial Fair, for a prize of $240, in which vessels from all parts of Canada and from the American shore of Lake Ontario participated. The prize was won by the Yankee sloop Coral, owned by Mr. Oudes, of French Creek.

Disaster on Lake Ontario.—During the heavy gale which sprang up on the 7th inst., the schooner Ospray, of Buffalo, with a cargo of wheat from Racine, Wis., was driven against the east pier at Oswego, carrying away her spars, and sunk immediately. The captain's wife and child and the mate were washed overboard and drowned.

Deferred.—Several excellent communications, and a number of editorial articles and items, are necessarily deferred. We will give the favors of our friends as early and fast as possible, but the Rural will only be "so much" each week—until enlarged.

Destruction of the Crystal Palace by Fire.

On the afternoon of the 6th inst, the New York Crystal Palace, with nearly the entire contents, was destroyed by fire. The American Institute was holding its Annual Fair in the building at the time, and a large amount of property was destroyed, consisting of mechanical and agricultural implements, pianos, melodeons, steam-engines, &c., which were on exhibition. The fire broke out in a lumber-room, which was filled with empty boxes and a large quantity of lumber, and is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. When first discovered, the Palace engine was brought out, but the hose was so full of holes as to be useless. The flames spread with astonishing rapidity, creating intense excitement among the visitors, (estimated at upwards of 2,000,) present. One of the exhibitors, Mr. L. D. Towley, gives the following statement, from which our readers can gain an idea of the fearful progress of the destroying element:—"About 5 o'clock the alarm was given, and my little boy being with me I took him to the door, and returned for my cases, one of which I succeeded in obtaining. I again attempted to return to my property but could not on account of the dense smoke. At sixteen minutes past five the dome fell. When I first saw the fire it was about the size of a man's hand, but in a moment immense volumes of smoke poured into the building."

It is thought that turpentine was used by the incendiaries, as a strong smell indicating its presence was detected when the fire broke out. Previous to the fire, a boy was seen dodging about between the palace door in 42d street and a liquor shop opposite; and just before the alarm three boys were seen hurrying away from 42d street entrance, and running at rapid speed down the street. Nothing was left standing but the iron towers at the angles and a small portion of the iron sides. Everything combustible was reduced to ashes. The iron parts of machinery and other articles, together with the frame work of the building, form one undistinguishable mass. The glass fused into large masses.

We cannot individualize the losses sustained, though many exhibitors, of whom there were 4,000, suffer greatly. The Palace originally cost $900,000. The loss of the American Institute amounts to $15,000, chiefly in motive power and machinery.—The articles on exhibition were valued from $500,000 to $700,000. There was an insurance on the Palace—effected to protect foreign exhibitors—for $50,000.

It is five years since this magnificent edifice was inaugurated with all the splendor and pomp that cosmopolitan importance could devise. In its architectural features it was the pride of all Americans, for we speak but the general sentiment, when we say that, in this respect, it eclipsed all similar buildings erected in either the Old or New World. The N. Y. Tribune speaks of it as being as "beautiful as a fairy dream; as light as fancy could make it; as original as the age of iron could devise; as perishable, alas! as the grass of the prairie. * * * * * The loss is manifold, general, national, irreparable. We shall never have another Crystal Palace. Its glorious dome, seeming as though poising itself for a flight to the Empyrean, is no more; its galleries, its treasures, its magnificent expanses indispensable to the mass-gatherings of this great metropolis—its superb memories are all gone, and gone forever."

Steam on the Canals.—Judging from the paragraphs in the press at the present time, the inventors are fully determined to dissipate all the difficulties heretofore attendant upon the use of this motor in Canal navigation. The N. Y. *Tribune* learns that the Cathcart propeller, which has been working to great advantage for a year, on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and is there regarded as a complete success, will be tried on the Erie Canal in the course of the present week. Two boats, equipped with this propeller, will be started to make a trip from New York to Buffalo, when all who are interested will have an opportunity to see for themselves what progress has been made to meet this acknowledged want of the State. Mr. Abner Burbank, a resident of Buffalo, has invented and put into operation, a new plan for propelling Canal and other steamers, by which the loss of power caused by placing the paddles close to the stern, where they have to work in a sort of vortex and partial vacuum created by the passage of the boat through the water, is overcome. The simple idea of putting the propeller on the end of a shaft which could be shoved out so as to work some feet from the stern of the boat when in open water, and drawn in when entering a lock or other circumscribed place, occurred to him, and he has put it into practice successfully.

Balloon Race.—Considerable newspaper controversy has been had in reference to the relative merits of Prof. Steiner, the celebrated American æronaut, and Mons. Goddard, a French celebrity, and a trial of skill is to take place in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 18th inst. The Cincinnati *Gazette* says that the inflation of the balloons, each containing 36,000 cubic feet of gas, will commence at 9 o'clock in the morning, and the ascension will take place at 4 o'clock precisely. A committee of five well known citizens have been chosen, who are to act as judges, etc. They will decide whether the weather in the morning shall justify the inflation of the balloons. When the inflation has commenced the æronauts must go. Each may take up a passenger, at his own discretion. The success of either will be in relation to distance, not height. Arrangements will be made for each æronaut to send down, at every town passed, in a parachute, a "log," or note, containing the name of the balloon which passes, and any incident occurring on the trip, which will be sent by telegraph, so that the citizens here and elsewhere may be continually posted of the whereabouts of the æronauts, and the success attending their aerial flight. Each expects to occupy three or four days in the experiments.

Debts for Liquor not Collectable.—Michael Scanlan sued Michael Markham at Boston, to recover $75 for liquor, and the Supreme Court has given a verdict to the defendant, because the liquor was not sold in the original packages, and the sale was not legal. Scanlan therefore loses the liquor and the costs of prosecution.

"Rural" Letters from the People.

Mr. Chas. Watts, of Bureau Co., Ill., remits $1 for the Rural 6 months, and says:—"It is a good paper, but my neighbors think it is dear, considering the size and hard times—but they ought to know that a load of wheat is worth more than a load of hay or straw. Times are hard, it is true, but they would be much harder if our intellectual supplies were withdrawn or blighted, like our agricultural. 'Half a loaf is better than no bread;' therefore if I cannot afford your paper a year, I will take it for 6 months, till the arrival of that 'good time' which always is 'coming.'"

In starting the Rural we determined that it should have a good, useful, beneficial influence upon all who might read and heed its contents—and especially upon the young—and that money-making would be ignored in its management. To this principle we have thus far adhered, and though we cannot count our profits in gold, it is awarded us in evidences of usefulness which are most satisfactory. Vide the following recent letter from Mr. O. F. Goodrich, of Franklin Co., Mo., and which is similar to many others received during the past year:—"Inclosed I send stamps for the Rural New-Yorker three months. Also, please send me any three numbers you choose for specimens, and in return I will, as far as I can, aid its circulation in Missouri. I am and have been a devoted friend of the Rural a number of years—although I have not seen its countenance but once since I left New York, my native State, several months ago. Its precepts and counsels inspired in my boyhood days, (though they are scarcely passed,) motives and principles which I trust will never be obliterated. I am also indebted to that most excellent paper for enkindling a thirst for literature and science—for first awakening a desire to *read* and to read *good books and papers*. And thinking that the same influence may be exerted on some persons in Franklin Co., Mo., I will cheerfully lend my aid in introducing the Rural here."

—We trust many other young men who appreciate the Rural will volunteer their aid in augmenting its circulation and usefulness in their respective localities. *Now* is the best time to make the effort.

A young lady, Post-Mistress in Tompkins Co., writes:—"I have been without the Rural two weeks, and now send $1 to renew my subscription so far as it will. I have tried to get subscribers for you, but the hard times have been such as to prevent. But I intend to be on hand with the Rural in the fall, and if it does not take the place of the *Ledger* in about one dozen families it will not be the fault of your subscriber," &c. The Rural is a universal favorite with the ladies, many of whom are active in extending its circulation. They are also among its most *successful* agents, for of course none but a heathen can resist their appeals in behalf of the model family paper.

In a recent letter containing pay for new subscribers, Mr. Jas. A. Sterling, of Kent Co., Mich., writes:—"Believing as I do *the* Rural to be *the paper* for the Farmer and the Home Circle, I feel willing to do what I can to aid in its dissemination. Thus far I have given my time to this object, and shall cheerfully do so while I feel I am placing wholesome, moral Literature in Community. I shall send some more in a few days. If I am spared shall also try to get up a club for the next volume."

Mr. Wm. Anthony, of Santa Cruz, Cal., remits pay for 15 copies, and closes his letter in this wise:—"Did not attend to this in time. Was so full of business I did not realize my situation until the significant words, 'time up,' aroused me. I *cannot live* without your paper in my family, *and I will not*. I will set the boys to work another year, and get up a larger list, if I have no time to devote to it myself." That's right. Let the boys—the "Young Ruralists"—take the field in all cases where the seniors have not time. Some boys can do as much as men in getting subscribers. If our young friends will only take hold of the matter in earnest, the circulation of the next volume will be largely increased.

Washington Matters.

Mr. Reed, the Minister to China, says in his official dispatches, that after he signed the treaty he made a provisional arrangement with the Commissioner for adjusting claims of American citizens. He intended to visit in the summer such ports of Japan as might be accessible, and return in November.

Commodore Tatnall, in his official dispatches, dated July 5th, after saying that the entire East India Squadron will soon be shown to the Japanese, remarks that no better opportunity could be selected for the temporary absence from the coast of China, as the recent treaties and termination of hostilities, together with the swarms of English and French ships-of-war in the rivers, must place all the foreign interests of a lawful kind in perfect safety for the present. He should return with the squadron to the coast of China about the last of October.

The correspondent of the N. Y. *Courier and Enquirer* says Gen. Jerez has been received as Envoy Extraordinary from Nicaragua, having previously engaged to exchange ratifications of the treaty of 1857, unconditionally, and to pay an indemnity for the lives and property destroyed by the allied army during the filibuster war. He also repudiated the Belly contract.

The Secretary of the Treasury has, on appeal, decided that shaved shingles being manufactured by any other processes than hewing or sawing, are not embraced in timber and lumber, admitted free under the reciprocity treaty with Great Britain, but subject to a duty of twenty-four per cent. He has also decided that walnuts and limes in salt and water are each chargable fifteen per cent.

It is not true, as has been stated, that the rank of Admiral is recognized by the Navy Department, but by the regulations flag officers who have been in commission twenty years and over are authorized to hoist their flag at the fore, instead of the mizzen mast, and those under that period, at the mizzen as usual.

An Army Board is to assemble at the Washington Arsenal, for the purpose of examining the recent improvements in small arms.

Indians Robbing the Mails.—The Indian Bureau at Washington, received a letter from Dr. Forney on the 4th inst., confirmatory of the report of the Indians robbing the mail 350 miles from Salt Lake city. He says that no attempt was made to kill the conductor, drivers, or guards; that the Indians on the Humboldt have been committing depredations for ten years past; and that this was the first outbreak of the present season. Gen. Johnston, at the request of Gov. Cumming, had sent a military force of 150 men for the protection of the mails and travelers.

A Vessel in Distress.—New Orleans papers of the 4th inst., state that the steamer Orizaba, from Key West, found the British brig Esperanza drifting about in the Gulf, the captain dead and all the crew sick with fever, and towed her into Apalachicola.

News Paragraphs.

The New Bedford Mercury understands that the late frost has destroyed the greater portion of the cranberry crop on Nantucket. The yield would have been unusually large, as the people have turned their attention to the business considerably of late.

The Assay Office is at present doing considerable in the way of receipts of silver for recoining. Four hundred thousand Mexican dollars are now waiting to be turned into American money, and more will be sent in next week.

The Methodist Advocate regrets to have to say in answer to many anxious inquiries, that Bishop Simpson's health has not improved, and that present indications do not promise an early recovery. He is greatly reduced in flesh and strength during the past month.

The Harrison (Mo.) Democrat states that a Mr. Johnson, of that place, a reliable young man, who had just returned from Pike's Peak, pronounces the stories about extensive gold deposits in that region, wilful fabrications. The most industrious, well provided with tools, do not average over $1 per day.

The Milwaukee Sentinel of the 28th ult., says the freight train on the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad on Wednesday morning consisted of 101 cars, all loaded to their utmost capacity, and most of them carrying wheat.

The oldest and at the same time the smallest city in New England, is that of Vergennes, Vt., which was incorporated in 1783. It is the only city in Vermont, and in 1850 contained 1,378 inhabitants.

There is a strong sentiment among the people of the Society Islands in favor of annexing those islands to the United States. At a council of Provincial Governors it was resolved to ask this Government for annexation, and a paper to that effect was drawn up and handed to the American Minister, who forwarded the document to Washington. The French and English residents, however, are opposed to this movement, and have already stirred up an insurrection to prevent its attainment.

The Wool Grower estimates an increase in round numbers of 500,000 lbs. in the wool crop of Ohio, over last year—only one county, Knox, showing any considerable decrease.

Forty-nine of the camels belonging to the United States are now at Campe Verde, sixty miles from San Antonio. Only one of those imported has died, while ten have been added by birth.—These young American born camels thrive well, and promise to grow up equal in all respects to those imported.

London astronomers do not regard the present brilliant comet as identical with that of 1565, which is now expected. The present visitor will not re-appear for two or three hundred years.

The new Custom House at Pensacola, Florida, has just been finished. The cost was $50,000. The amount of revenue collected at that port for the year ending June 30, 1857, was in round numbers $478. To collect this sum it cost the government $3,012.

Twelve cast-iron colums, said to be the largest in the United States, are now in process of construction at Cincinnati. They are each fifty feet in height, four feet two inches in diameter, weigh between 200 and 300 tuns, and will cost about $30,000. They are designed for the State House, Madison, Wis.

In the town of Zahlagen, Wurtemburg, there has been lately opened a new printing establishment, by M. Theodore Helgerad. All the compositors and pressmen are deaf and dumb, to the number of 100; eleven of the former are women.

The State of Ohio has recently lost a valuable set of documents,—a complete series of Legislative papers, from the organization of the Territory to the present time—the only one extant. These documents were ruined by fire, which destroyed the contents of a store-room in the State House at Columbus, a few days since.

The gold mines of Guina, South America, believed to be the veritable El Dorado so fruitlessly sought for by Sir Walter Raleigh, have been recently visited by a correspondent of the New York Tribune, who says that companies well organized, and with the requisite machinery to work the gold quartz, and drain the pools at the various cascades will, undoubtedly, realize vast fortunes.

The catalogue of books published by the American Sunday School Union numbers over 1,000, the largest list by far in the country, if not in the world. Although most of these volumes are small, yet many of them sell largely, and the aggregate of the entire sales is large, not much less the present year, it is said, that a quarter of a million of dollars.

The State Sunday School Teachers' Convention.—The annual meeting of Sunday School Teachers, at Brooklyn, which opened on Tuesday week, was very largely attended from all parts of the State. Hon. E. A. Lambert was chosen President. The Secretaries of the County Associations made their reports, of which the following is a partial summary:—New York county contains 300 schools, 7,000 teachers, and 72,000 scholars; Allegany county 32 schools, 303 teachers, and 1,122 scholars; Erie county 119 schools, 1,534 teachers, and 9,356 scholars; Monroe county 159 schools, 1,932 teachers, and 15,522 scholars; Ontario county 25 schools, 401 teachers, and 2,898 scholars; Richmond county 35 schools, 217 teachers, and 4,191 scholars; Schenectady county, 30 schools and 2,000 scholars. No statement was received from either Yates, Washington, Chenango, and other counties, but the delegates gave some very interesting accounts of the progress of the school interest in their different towns.

Genesee Valley Railroad Extension.—A correspondent of the Rochester *Democrat*, writing from Mt. Morris, under date of the the 6th inst., says that the iron for the road has been purchased, and is on it way to its place of destination. A portion has been received, and the work of laying will commence at Avon on the 10th. The Directors are determined to have the road completed by the 1st of December, or as soon thereafter as possible.

The News Condenser.

—Pike's Peak gold dust is said to be worth $21 per ounce.

—Railroad fares are up again on the competing roads in this State.

—The Democrats carried Delaware on Tuesday week by a majority of 750.

—The city of St. Louis has entirely abandoned the use of hand fire-engines.

—One firm in New York, employs 780 girls in the manufacture of crinoline.

—More than one hundred miles of railroad will be completed in Texas in 1858.

—The Natchez Courier says New Orleans is the filthiest city in the United States.

—Brigham Young is worth $3,000,000, besides controlling the church property.

—In Sweden, a man who is seen four times drunk is deprived of a vote at elections.

—A Pennsylvania dentist advertises that he will pull out teeth for one dollar a dozen.

—There are 205 citizens in Providence, R. I., who pay a tax of $5,000 and upwards.

—Gen. Monagas, ex-President of Venezuela, has died of ill-treatment received in prison.

—The Howard Association of New Orleans warn the unacclimated against going to that city.

—It is said the Utah army transportation contractors will clear half a million of dollars.

—The men and officers of our Indian army are doing a brisk business in buying up squaws.

—Hon. W. B. Preston, of Louisville, Ky., has accepted the appointment of Minister to Spain.

—S. A. Smith recently fished up a rifle, marked 1805, from a depth of 180 feet, in Lake Ontario.

—The report that the Pope intends to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, has been contradicted.

—The Boston Board of Aldermen have voted eight to four that the police shall wear uniforms.

—G. P. R. James has sailed for Venice, where he is to hold the position of British Ambassador.

—A new company has been formed for purchasing the Great Eastern, and running her to America.

—The President has appointed Dr. James McDowell, of Missouri, Consul General to Constantinople.

—A "matrimonial broker" in New York has recently retired from business with a handsome fortune.

—The jail at Freehold, N. J., was forced on the night of the 9th inst., by the prisoners, all of whom escaped.

—The expenses of the British Patent Office for this year have been $138,090 over and above its receipts.

—Carl Mozart, a son of the great composer, and a man of considerable ability, is living in poverty, at Milan.

—The Governor of New Hampshire has appointed the annual Thanksgiving on the 25th of November.

—According to the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer the marine losses for the past month foot up $1,128,000.

—Gen. Scott has returned to New York, nearly recovered from the effects of his recent fall at West Point.

—In Mexico, everybody is supposed to be an ex-President who wears a clean shirt and keeps his hands washed.

—Twenty-five of the Maine editors have started on a tour to the Aroostook country, to examine its capabilities.

—James Thorp, a colored teamster, of Newark, N. J., has had $75,000 left him by a gentleman of North Carolina.

—Later news from Utah represent everything to be quiet. There had been heavy snow storms on the plains.

—An acre of vines in California yields from 800 to 1,050 gallons of wine. In Ohio and Europe only about 400.

—The bursting of a camphene lamp caused the destruction of $10,000 worth of property at Milwaukee, last week.

—An official report shows that the Federal Government owns 578 acres within the limits of Washington City.

—The steamer Cleveland, about whose safety so much anxiety was felt at Milwaukee, has arrived at port all right.

—The Cincinnati Gazette learns that cases of yellow fever have occurred at Louisville within the last few days.

—Charles Sumner was at Aix in Chapelle, France, when last heard from, and very much improved in health.

—The typhoid fever, which had assumed an epidemic form in the Penitentiary, at Columbus, Ohio, has subsided.

—Gov. Cumming retains the confidence of the Mormon community, and his acts and policy give general satisfaction.

—The total mortality in New Orleans by yellow fever, up to September 24th, was two thousand four hundred and twenty.

—Mrs. Cunningham, now sojourning in Upshur Co., Va., is 106 years old. She has 39 descendants of the fourth generation.

—Lord Elgin has gone on a mission to Japan, to induce the Japanese to enter into a treaty of Commerce with England.

—The Postmaster-General, notwithstanding the reports to the contrary, has not yet selected a site for the New York Post-Office.

—The French have successfully tried the experiment of slicing and drying potatoes for future use. It is done by machinery.

—A. Keene Richards, of Georgetown, Ky., is about to purchase the celebrated English race horse "Fisherman," for $30,000.

—Dermott Dempsey, of Macon, Ga., who died on Sunday week, wills $5,000 to his relatives and $495,000 to the Catholic Church.

—President Benson writes from Liberia that the prospects of that colony, as a cotton producing region, are improving rapidly.

—From the returns of the census of Texas, now nearly completed, it is ascertained that its population will not fall short of 450,000.

—The Paraguay Expedition will be composed of 16 vessels, carrying 205 guns, and a land and naval force of 2,800 men and officers.

—A man killed the favorite cat of a neighbor, who sued him for damages. The jury decided that cats were not property in New Jersey.

—It is a remarkable fact that the Cleveland market is sending grapes to Cincinnati, the crop at the latter point having proved a failure.

—Two Chicago ladies went to a ball the other evening, in a furniture wagon—no ordinary carriage could contain the dresses they wore.

—The wife of State Prison Inspector, Rhodes, while out hunting, one day last week, in Clinton Co., had the good luck to shoot three deer.

—A son of A. G. Talbot, M. C., from Kentucky, has made his *debut* in the ring as a clown. His family is one of the wealthiest in Kentucky.

—All Switzerland is in a state of insurrection against the railroad lords, whose political power is rapidly extending over the whole continent.

—A great fire occurred at Jacmel, Island of Hayti, on 15th Aug. The commercial part of the city is in ruins. Loss, a million and a quarter.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Canada.

THE Canada arrived at Halifax on the 7th inst., with dates to the 25th ult.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The conflict between the officials of the Atlantic Telegraph Company still continues. Mr. Brett has issued a second pamphlet in answer to Mr. Whitehouse's statement. He charges the latter gentleman with ignorance of the facts of the case, and disputes the correctness of his deductions. Mr. Brett says that a simple rope or gutta percha covered cable has been proved to be useless is in hopes that the Company will lay a cable of three electrical conductors next year.

The British Board of Trade returns for August show a decrease in the exports for August, of over half a million sterling, compared with the same month last year. This exhibits an improvement upon recent returns. The imports continue to show a large increase in wheat and flour.

The new telegraph cable between England and Holland has been successfully laid down. It is the heaviest yet submerged, weighing 1,260 tons, although the distance is only 140 miles.

Orders have been issued for the sending of 2,000 troops, re-inforcements for India, during the month of October.

Money was abundant. The Bullion in the Bank of England had increased £455,000.

FRANCE.—An Imperial decree nominates Baron Gros, French Plenipotentiary in China, to the dignity of Senator.

The French Government has appointed a Vice Consul at Mariposa, California.

Paris letters say that the French difficulty with Venezuela is arranged, or in a fair way of being so. Fleets are being constructed for the troops and sailors, who are to form an establishment on the Bay of Towrone, Cochin China.

The Paris correspondent of the Independence Belge, says the French forces at Rome are to be augmented.

It is said that the French ships of war in the Adriatic are to be withdrawn, the affairs of Montenegro no longer requiring their presence there.

SPAIN.—According to the official dispatch from Madrid, Government will augment the army, so as to be prepared to put down political agitation, come from any quarter that it may.

It is said that the expedition against the Riff pirates will be postponed till spring, but the Government intends to act energetically against Mexico.

RUSSIA.—Gen. Mouravieff will, it is said, be the Russian Minister to Pekin. It is reported in Paris that the British Government also proposes sending a military man as its representative there.

The Russians are reported having gained another great victory over the Circassians.

At Moscow the Metropolitan Archbishop addressed a solemn allocution to the Emperor, charging him to carry the orthodox Christian faith by all means and appliances, into the heart of China.

CHINA.—The Moniteur says the chastisement of the Mandarin, by whose orders Father Chapdelaine was beheaded, will be made public.

AFRICA.—Cape of Good Hope dates are to Aug. 12th. Difficulties have occurred between the British and Portuguese authorities in Mozambique Channel.

A small cutter from Napal, trading on the East coast, was seized by the Portuguese for not paying duty at Bellanoa Bay. The crew were sent to Mozambique and placed in charge of the British Consol, who demanded the boat and cargo, without success. He has left, in consequence, for England, to represent the case to the foreign office.

Commercial Intelligence.

BREADSTUFFS.—Richardson, Spence & Co. quote flour dull 6d lower; Philadelphia and Baltimore 20s@21s6d; Ohio 21s@22s6d; New Orleans 22s6d@26s6d. Wheat firm, but quiet. Red Western 6s5d@6s6d; Red Southern 6s3d@6s6d; White Southern 7s@7s6d. Corn quiet—Yellow 34s; white 35s.

Arrival of the Indian Empire and City of Baltimore.

THE Indian Empire arrived at Halifax on the 10th, and City of Baltimore at St. Johns same date.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The controversy between Prof. Whitehouse and the Directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company continues in the newspapers. The shares in the Company were quoted at £315@325. There was some expectation of a reduction in the rate of discount by the Bank of England, owing to the accumulation of bullion.

The English papers publish an official synopsis of the treaty with China. It contains fifty-six articles. A separate article provides that 2,000,000 of taels shall be paid on account of British losses at Canton, and 2,000,000 on account of the expense of the war. The British forces are not to be withdrawn from Canton until these sums are paid.

FRANCE.—A rumor gained ground that a matrimonial alliance is on the tapis between Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde, eldest daughter of the King of Sardinia. The rumor was strengthened by a report that the Princess is to visit the Court of Turin in October.

It is said that the Russian Navigation Company will be authorized to establish a station in Algeria, and to have a coal depot there. The Company is not long to confine its operations to the Black Sea.

The Paris flour market was dull. Wheat flat and cheaper.

SPAIN.—The Spanish and French expedition against Cochin China was not expected to commence operations before November.

The Minister of Marine had been to Cadiz to superintend the dispatch of troops and ships to Cuba, to act against Mexico. It appears from the language of all the Ministerial journals, that Government had resolved to delay no longer in exacting reparation.

PRUSSIA.—The King of Prussia is not to abdicate, but gives his brother the Regency, which the Prince of Prussia accepts. The King can resume his full powers if he recovers his physical and mental health. The Regency, meanwhile, is to be uninterrupted.

RUSSIA.—The Invalide Russe announces that it is in contemplation to unite Europe with America by a telegraph across the Russian possessions.—The telegraph now extending from St. Petersburg to Moscow, is to be continued to the frontiers of China.

ITALY.—Letters in regard to the late conspiracy at Naples say that it had assumed very formidable proportions, including many high persons in it, and having extensive ramifications. It was discovered by the finding of some papers about the person of a man who had been accidentally drowned.

INDIA.—Later and important news has been received from India. The Gwalior rebels were defeated on the 13th of August. They had 700 killed, while the loss of the British was trifling. The fort of Pocuree, after thirty hours shelling, was surrendered to Gen. Napier on the 14th. A brilliant victory had been gained by the police over 600 rebels. Three Bengal regiments had been re-armed. The Punjaub Bombay and Madras Presidencies were tranquil.

Liverpool breadstuffs very dull. Sales more of a retail description, at rates nominally unchanged.

FROM THE INDIAN COUNTRY.—A gentleman from Fort Union, just arrived at St. Louis, says that Indian Agent Redfield was at Smutty Bear Camp, 80 m les below Fort Randall, on the 24th ult.; that the Indians were surly towards the whites, and serious troubles were apprehended with the Sioux and Ricorees.

Important from Japan.

THE Paris *Pays* publishes intelligense from Japan to the 10th of July, according to which the authorities were doing all in their power for the faithful execution of the terms of the treaties. An imperial decree authorized the erection of commercial exchanges at Simoda, Nangasaki and Hakodadi, and appointed a number of merchandise brokers to facilitate commercial intercourse with the various nations included in the treaties.

It will be recollected that the Americans presented a railroad and a telegraph to the Emperor. The latter has been put up by a Japanese engineer, and is in successful operation. It is five leagues in length. The Emperor is so well pleased with the invention that he has ordered telegraphic communication to be established between Jeddo and the provinces of Gokinaih, Tokaido, Fekuro-Kudu, Sango and Saikaido. An American house established at Simoda has offered to furnish the requisite materials.

The most important act of the reigning Emperor is the revocation of the edict against the Christians issued by the Emperor Dais-Fusam in 1614. In future, foreign agents accredited at Japanese ports will be privileged to bring with them one or more Christian preachers, for their own and their countrymen's benefit.

HAVANA ITEMS.—The steamship Black Warrior, from Havana on the 2d inst., arrived at New Orleans on the 6th. A large magazine filled with powder, shells and rockets, exploded in Havana on the night of the 29th ult., by which twenty-eight persons were killed outright and 105 wounded, while many more were supposed to be under the ruins. Ninety new sugar houses were totally destroyed. The gas works were rendered perfectly useless, and the city was left in darkness. The police and troops were guarding many of the buildings that were damaged. The entire city was affected by the shock. The cause of the explosion was unknown.

Private advices say the Spanish government has ordered a re-inforcement of 3,000 troops and all large unemployed vessels to proceed to Cuba immediately.

LIFE ON FRAZER RIVER.—The Indians at Frazer River seem determined not to allow white men in their midst, and are murdering, continually, on every hand. Bodies of white men are being picked up on the river almost daily. Five decapitated bodies were picked up three miles above Fort Hope. Besides being decapitated, the bodies were perforated with ball and buckshot. A miner from Hill's Bar, reports the number of bodies found within a period of four weeks in that vicinity, at twenty-five, besides others seen floating, and which it was impossible to secure. The bodies were denuded, and bore evidence of knife wounds and a desperate struggle with the murderers. Such is life on Frazer River.

THE GOLD EXCITEMENT IN NEBRASKA.—Nebraska papers represent the gold fever as having reached a very active stage, carrying off companies from all the principal towns in the Territory. Some of the companies are provisioned for six months, and all are sanguine of success. A letter to the Omaha Times says that from four to six hundred men were at work on Cherry Creek, and all doing well.

SNOW THREE INCHES DEEP!—Snow fell at Hornellsville, on the 8th inst., to the depth of *three inches!* The storm commenced at the lakes and extended east along the Erie Railroad as far as Great Bend, and snow fell at almost all the intermediate places.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6—FLOUR—The Market for flour continues dull and heavy, with little or no change in prices. Sales at $5.30@5.40 for extra State; $5.40@5.60 for extra Western; $5.70@5.90 for extra Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Illinois; $5.90@6.00 for extra Ohio—the market closing heavy and dull at $5.30@5.40 for superfine State, $5.40@5.60 for extra State, $5.70@5.90 for superfine Western, and $5.90@6.00 for extra Ohio.

GRAIN—Sales at 90c for No. 2 Milwaukee, 92c for No. 1 Milwaukee, 93c for No. 2 Chicago, 94c for No. 1 Chicago, 95c for No. 1 Milwaukee club, 96c for No. 1 Chicago spring, 97c for white Canada, 98c for white Western, and $1.00 for white Canada. Barley dull and heavy at 70c for two-rowed State, 75c for good to prime do, and 80c for choice do. Oats steady at 37c for Western, and 38c for Canada.

PROVISIONS—Pork is quiet at $13.75@14.00 for mess, $12.00@12.50 for prime, $15.00@15.50 for clear, and $16.00@16.50 for prime mess. Cut meats dull at 6½c for pickled hams, 5½c for pickled bellies, and 4½c for pickled shoulders. Lard steady at 10½c for kettle.

BUFFALO, Oct. 11—FLOUR—The sales this morning are very limited and altogether to supply the immediate wants of the trade—the downward tendency of the New York market checks all enquiry. Sales of 400 bbls Canadian, free on board, at $5.75 per bbl. Wheat quiet and market lower; sales Toledo, [illegible] sound do at 87c, and a cargo of [illegible]

PROVISIONS—Pork steady at $13.50 for mess, $11.50 for prime, and $15.00 for extra mess. Packed do [illegible] Lard steady at 10c.

GRAIN—Wheat market dull and heavy, and prices nearly [illegible] Sales extra white Canadian, free on board, at $1.[illegible] Corn quiet and market lower; sales Toledo, [illegible] sound do at 57c, and a cargo of [illegible]

PROVISIONS—Pork steady at $13.50 for mess, $11.50 for prime, and $15.00 for extra mess. Packed do [illegible] sugar cured do [illegible] Lard steady at 10c.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, $9.00@10.00, Ordinary, $9.00@9.25, Common, $8.50@8.75; Inferior, $6.75@7.50.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50@60, Ordinary, $40@45, Common, $30@35, Inferior, $20@25.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, 9c lb., 6½@7c., Ordinary, 6@6c, Common, 5@5½c Inferior, 3@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, per head, $5.00@6.00, Ordinary, $4.00@4.50, Common, $3.00@3.50, Inferior $2.00@2.75

SWINE—First comfed, 5½@5½c, Other qualities, 4@5c.

ALBANY, Oct. 11—Beeves—The offerings at the Drovers' Yard, West Albany, for the week ending this day, were 1,600 head—The prices range from 4½@c ₱ lb. live weight.

SHEEP—Offerings 3,500 head. Sales at 3½ to 3½c ₱ lb. live weight sales slow

HOGS—Offerings 2,800 hogs of all sorts. Sales at 5 to 5½c ₱ lb. live weight, for corn hogs. Some still hogs arriving, but no sales.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 6—At market 1563 Cattle, about 700 Beeves and 863 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $6.25@7.00, First quality, $5.75@6.00, Second, $5.00@5.50, Third, $4.75; Ordinary, $3.75

WORKING OXEN—$80, 100@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 30, 40@50

STORES—Yearlings $9@12, Two Years Old, $16@20; Three Years Old, $18@27

SHEEP AND LAMBS—7025 at market. Prices—Extra and Selections, $2.00@3.00, to lots, $4.00, 4.50@4.75

SWINE—600 Western at market

HIDES—7½@8½c. Tallow, 7½@8c ₱ lb.

PELTS—62½@75c each. Calf Skins, 12@13c. ₱ lb.

BRIGHTON, Oct. 7.—At market—1300 Beef Cattle, 800 Stores, 6000 Sheep and Lambs, 1000 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $7.00@7.50, First quality, $6.00@7.00, Second, $5.50, Third, $4.00@5.25

WORKING OXEN—$100, 140@160

MILCH COWS—Sales at $34@40, Common, $19@20

VEAL CALVES—Sales at $4, 4.25@4.75

STORES—Yearlings, $9@12, Two Years Old, $16@18, Three Years Old, $19@26

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $2.00@3.00, by lot, $1.00@1.75

SWINE—Fat hogs, 5½c. Retail, 6½@6¾c Spring pigs, 6½@6¾c

HIDES—7½@8½c, Tallow, 7½@8c ₱ lb.

PELTS—$1.75@2.00, Calf Skins, 12@13c ₱ lb.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6—The active demand recently prevalent for Native Fleeces has partly subsided, the lower grades are in reduced supply and are held with increased firmness, but the medium and fine qualities are in ample supply, without any improvement in prices. Selected Wools are scarce, and meet with a slow sale, as the manufacture of Broadcloths has been given up in sheer despair, and the poor way in which the Wool reaches this market (with washed backs and bellies full of dirty locks) will not allow of its shipment to Europe, consequently our fine Saxony Wools, instead of bringing 65 or 70c, as in seasons of activity among manufacturers, are now selling down to 40@50c for the best selection, sales of 70,000 lbs have been [illegible] sent to go to Philadelphia and the balance to Eastern [illegible] at 32@46c, chiefly at 37@40c. [illegible] and is only moderately well supplied for present [illegible] and extra [illegible] are in request, sales of some 200 bales various grades, including some Pulled, at 14@24. Foreign is more active and rather firmer fine qualities are scarce, and the stock of inferior is also becoming reduced, we notice sales of 150 bales Unwashed Buenos Ayres at 20@24c, 5 mos, 40 do Washed Cordova, 150 do assorted East India, and 200 do Donskoi, on terms we did not learn. The public sale of 1,000 bales East India, previously referred to, is postponed till the 13th inst.—*N Y Tribune.*

BOSTON, Oct. 6.—Fleece and Pulled Wool is firm and in demand, the sales of the week comprising 200,000 lbs at steady prices. In foreign sales of 4,000 lbs Cape pulled, 60 bales Cape, and 600 bales Mediterranean and South American, at full prices, as to quality

Saxony fleece	56@57	Western mixed	35@45
Full blood	45@48	Saxony washed	17@24
Half and ¾ blood	41@44	Do unwashed	9@17
Native	42@45	Native	14@18
Pulled extra	42@45	Extra	24@30
Do No 1	32@35	Fine	17@20
Do No 2	26@28	Common	12@15
		Buenos Ayres	18@22
		Peruvian washed	25@30

Marriages.

In Wyoming, on the 5th inst., by Rev H. Daniels, Mr. DEWITT PERRY and Miss LOZETTE DEWOLFE, all of Wyoming

Special Notices.

GROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

☞ These Machines are now justly admitted to be the best in use for Family Sewing, making a new, strong, and elastic stitch, which will NOT rip, even if every fourth stitch be cut.—Circulars sent on application by letter

H. G. GILES, Agent,
448-12t 48 State street, Rochester, N. Y

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Oct 12, 1858.

THE market is without animation this morning and a general decline in prices is observable.

FLOUR—Best brands have fallen off 25 cents per barrel—inferior unchanged in rates.

GRAIN—Wheat unchanged. Corn, though not lower on prime, shows a range on the poorer qualities. Barley has declined as rapidly as it advanced, however, there is none offering. Rye exhibits a falling away of 6c per bushel. Oats are down 1c. Peas are worth 62½c per bushel

For other quotations see table.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		Eggs, dozen	11@12c
Flour, winter wheat	$5.25@6.00	Honey, box	10@12c
Do spring do	$5.00@5.50	Candles, box	12½@13c
Do buckwheat, [illegible]	$ [illegible]	**FRUITS AND ROOTS**	
Wheat, Genesee	$ [illegible]	Apples, bushel	50@75
Red winter do Canada	$1.[illegible]	Do dried	$1.[illegible]
Corn	[illegible]	Potatoes	25@40c
Rye, per 56 lb bush	[illegible]	**HIDES AND SKINS**	
Oats	[illegible]	Slaughter	5½@6c
Barley	[illegible]	Calf	10c
Buckwheat	[illegible]	Sheep pelts	[illegible]
Beans	[illegible]	Lamb do	[illegible]
MEATS		**SEEDS**	
Pork, Mess	$17.00@18.00	Clover, bush	$4.00@4.50
Do cwt	$3.[illegible]	Timothy	$2.[illegible]
Beef, per cwt	$4.[illegible]	**SUNDRIES**	
Spring Lambs, each	$1.50@2.00	Wood, hard	$4.00@5.00
Mutton, carcass	[illegible]	Do soft	$[illegible]
Hams, smoked	[illegible]	Coal, Lehigh	$[illegible]
Shoulders	[illegible]	Do Scranton	$[illegible]
Chickens	[illegible]	Do Blossburg	$[illegible]
Turkeys	[illegible]	Do Shamokin	$[illegible]
Geese	[illegible]	Do Clear	$[illegible]
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$[illegible]
Butter, roll	[illegible]	Hay, tun	$[illegible]
Do firkin	[illegible]	Straw, ₱ bdl	[illegible]
Cheese	[illegible]	Wood, fish, bbl	$[illegible]
Lard, tried	[illegible]	Coal, ₱ gallon	$[illegible]
Tallow	[illegible]	Trout, bbl	$[illegible]

Produce and Provision Markets.

ALBANY Oct 11—Flour and Meal—The demand for Flour this morning was very limited and the market nearly nominal for the [illegible] Meal remains [illegible] Wheat is good but in small lots of No 2 [illegible] of market [illegible] Western offered on car lots at [illegible] No 2 [illegible] The market closed quiet [illegible] Corn—No change to notice. The demand is good but in small lots [illegible] at 70c for No 2 and [illegible] Oats—The market is [illegible] under light receipts [illegible] at 35c for No 2 and [illegible] Barley—The market is [illegible] at $ [illegible] Provisions—The market [illegible] Pork [illegible] Lard [illegible] Whiskey [illegible] Rye [illegible] Oats active request and steady with sales at 44c., measure.

New Advertisements.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—Twenty Five Cents a Line, each insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, and headed—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, IN ADVANCE. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

☞ Those of our readers purchasing articles advertised in the RURAL, or who write to advertisers, will please state that they saw the advertisement in the RURAL NEW-YORKER.

CAUTION!

J. J. BAUSCH & CO., would inform their Patrons and the Public that several persons are and have been visiting the different neighborhoods in this and the adjoining Counties, deceiving them by selling common glasses for Pebble Lenses (Rock Crystal) plated Spectacles for Silver and Gold, pretending to be their Agents, and sometimes the Proprietors of their "Institute." They wish to say that they have no Agents, and that their selling place is at their Store, No 20 Arcade Hall, opposite the Post Office, Rochester, N Y, and at such other places as they notice in the newspapers. Their Patrons and the Public who have been imposed upon by these unprincipled impostors will much oblige by informing them by mail or otherwise 455

A Physician Wanted!

AN old resident M D (regular) having just vacated a large circle, a rare chance is now offered to a Physician wishing to combine practice with Fruit Culture. See advertisement in Rural, Sept 25d.

The sale of my small Farm did not take place, because of too short notice. The price is now held at so low a figure that the lease of ⅓ of the land for ⅓ of a year will cover the interest of the purchase money for 2½ years.

THE BLACK RASPBERRY WINE (see Rural Sept 25d) was pronounced by a large number of acknowledged judges at the State Fair to be very fine and of decided "Port" aroma, and that it possesses its medicinal qualities I know from personal experience.
Address H H. DOOLITTLE, Cake Corners, N Y.

1,000
SALESMEN WANTED,

TO Travel in different sections of this Country and British Provinces, to sell Books and Maps, Published at the
AMERICAN SUBSCRIPTION PUBLISHING HOUSE,
ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1855,
and still continue to publish a class of Works superior to all others in point of attractiveness, which accounts for their selling so much MORE RAPIDLY than others. Our Books are all Illustrated with *STEEL or COLORED ENGRAVINGS*—which add very much to their sale.

OUR TERMS are MORE LIBERAL than paid by other Publishers. OUR PRICES are uniform. ALL OUR BOOKS are sold exclusively by Subscription. Consequently giving the Agent the entire control of the Sale within the Territory he occupies. For particulars, address L. STEBBINS & CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

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SAYS the St. Louis, (Mo.) Democrat.—Below, we publish a letter to Dr Wood, of this city, from a gentleman in Maine, which speaks glowingly of the superior merits of his hair tonic. Such evidence must have its effect, when coming from a reliable source. If certificates are guarantees of truth, the Dr needs no encomiums, not useless puffery from the press.

BATH, Maine, Jan. 20, 1856

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The above notice I deem due to you for your valuable discovery.—I am assured that whoever will rigly use, as per directions, will not have occasion to contradict my statements. I am a citizen of this city and a resident here for the last fifteen years, and am known to nearly every one here and adjoining towns. Any use you may make of the above, with my name attached, is at your service, as I wish to preserve the beauties of nature in others as well as myself.

I am, truly, yours, A. C RAYMOND

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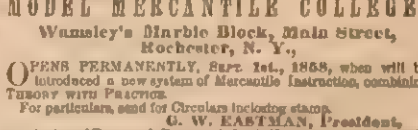

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MIDNIGHT CAROL.

'Tis midnight, and the hills are softly sleeping
'Neath the dim shadows of the whispering groves,
And the sweet sky its fondest tears is weeping
Upon the bosom of the earth it loves;
The lisping zephyrs their low hymns are breathing,
The blue-necked dove moans fondly o'er her nest,
The clouds their mystic forms are slowly wreathing
Till the frail curtain shades the glowing west.

The watchful stars stand on their sentinel duty,
And queenly LUNA treads the ether way,
The glassy lake reflect her silver beauty,
And in her track bright constellations play.
How long have those deep far-off lights been blazing
Above the earth, so full of sin and gloom?
How long have those mild, glorious eyes been gazing
Calmly upon the birth-couch, bridal, tomb?
Methinks upon such still yet soundful evenings
A tender love-light trembles in each one
That oft has stilled my restless spirit's grievings,
And helped me oft to say—"Thy will be done."

How memory revels in this starlit season,
With what delight love's treasures he recounts,
And vagrant fancy bids adieu to reason,
And hope transported high, yet higher mounts.

But, O! to Thee, Father, belongs this hour,
To Thee my thoughts should wing their solemn flight,
And my full heart, like a dew-laden flower,
Send up an incense through the holy night.
Recall my wayward heart from sinful wanderings,
From earthly hopes, loves, joys, and idle dreams,
And fix on Thee my soul's devoutest ponderings,
O! fill me with Thy love's inspiring beams.

Kendallville, Ind., 1858. ANGELINE.

The Sketch-Book.

THE FORGED PATENT.

The changes which the last twenty years have wrought in Illinois, would be incredible to any one who had not witnessed them. At that time the settlements were few, and the spirit of enterprise which now pervades every corner of the State, had not awakened. The bluffs of the Illinois river had never sent back the echo of the steam-engine.—Without a market for their produce, the farmers confined their labors to the wants of their own families. Corn was nearly the only crop raised, and from the time it was "laid by," near the end of June, till "pulling time," in November, was a holiday, and the intervening period was passed in idleness, except Saturdays. On that day, duly as it arrived, the settlers, at the distillery, amused themselves with shooting at a mark, trading nags, and too often, when the tin cup passed freely round, in fighting.

This is by no means a picture of all the settlements of that early period, but that it is graphically true of many, none of the oldest settlers will deny.

One Saturday afternoon, in the year 1819, a young man was seen approaching, with slow and weary steps, the house, or rather distillery, of Squire Crosby, of Brent's Prairie, an obscure settlement on the Military Tract. As usual on that day, a large collection of people were amusing themselves at Crosby's, who owned the distillery in that region, and being a magistrate, was regarded by the settlers as rich, and consequently a great man.

The youth who now came up to the group was apparently about twenty-one years of age, and of slender form, fair and delicate complexion, with the air of one accustomed to good society, and it was evident at a glance that he was not inured to the hardships of frontier life, or labor of any kind. But his dress bore a strange contrast with his appearance and manners. He wore a hunting coat of the coarsest linsey-woolsey, a common straw hat, and a pair of doeskin moccasins. A large pack completed his equipment.

Every one gazed with curiosity on the new comer. In their eagerness to learn who he was, whence he came, and what was his business, the horse swap was left unfinished, the rifle laid aside, and even the busy tin cup had a temporary respite.

The young man approached Squire Crosby, whom even a stranger could distinguish as the principal person among them, and anxiously inquired for a house where he could be accommodated, saying that he was extremely ill, and felt all symptoms of an approaching fever.

Crosby eyed him closely and suspiciously for a moment without uttering a word. Knaves and swindlers had been recently abroad, and the language of the youth betrayed that he was a "Yankee," a name at that time associated in the minds of the ignorant with everything that is base. Mistaking the silence of Crosby for a fear of his inability to pay, the stranger smiled and said, "I am not without money," and putting his hand to his pocket to give ocular proof of his assertion, he was horror-struck to find that his pocket-book was gone. It contained every cent of his money, besides papers of great value to him.

Without a farthing, without even a paper or letter to attest that his character was honorable, in a strange land, and sickness rapidly coming upon him, these feelings nearly drove him to despair. The Squire, who prided himself on his sagacity in detecting villains, now found the use of his tongue. With a loud and sneering voice he said:

"Stranger, you are barking up the wrong tree, if you think to catch me with that are Yankee trick o'yourn."

He proceeded in this inhuman strain, seconded by nearly every one present, for the "Squire" was powerful, and few dared to displease him. The youth felt keenly his desolate situation, and casting his eyes around the group, in a tone of deep anxiety, inquired:

"Is there none here who will receive me?"

"Yes, I will," cried a man among the crowd; "yes, poor, sick stranger, I will shelter you." Then in a lower tone he added:—"I know not whether you are deserving, but I do know that you are a fellow being, and in sickness and in want; and for the sake of Him who died for the guilty, if not for your own sake, will I be kind to you, poor stranger."

The man who stepped forth and proffered a home to the youth in the hour of suffering, was Simon Davis, an elderly man, who resided near Crosby, and the latter was his deadly enemy. Uncle Simon, as he was called, never retaliated, and bore many persecutions of his vindictive neighbor without complaint. His family consisted of himself and daughter, his only child, an affectionate girl of seventeen.

The youth heard the offer of Mr. Davis, and heard no more, for, overcome by his feelings and extreme illness, he sank insensible. He was conveyed to the house of his benefactor, and a physician called. Long was the struggle between life and death. Though unconscious, he called upon his mother and sister, almost constantly, to aid him. When the youth was laid upon his bed, and she heard him calling for his sister, Lucy Davis wept, and said to him,—"Poor young man, your sister is far distant, but I will be to you a sister." Well did this dark-eyed maiden keep her promise. Day and night she watched over him, except during the short intervals when she yielded her post at his side to her father.

At length the crisis of the disorder arrived—the day that was to decide the question of life or death. Lucy bent over him with intense anxiety, watching every expression of his features, hardly daring to breathe, so fearful was she of awaking him from the only sound sleep he had enjoyed for nine long days and nights. At length he awoke and gazed up into the face of Lucy Davis, and faintly inquired, "Where am I?" There was an intelligence in that look. Youth and a good constitution had obtained the mastery. Lucy felt that he was spared, and bursting into a flood of tears, rushed out of the room.

It was two weeks more before he could sit up even for a short time. He had already acquainted them with his name and residence, but they had no curiosity to learn anything further, and forbade him giving his story until he became stronger. His name was Charles Wilson, and his paternal home, Boston.

A few days afterwards, when Mr. Davis was absent from home, and Lucy engaged about her household affairs, Wilson saw close beside his head his pack, and recollecting something that he wanted, opened it. The first thing he saw was the identical pocket book whose loss had excited so many regrets. He recollected having placed it there the morning before he reached Brent's Prairie, but in the confusion of the moment the circumstance was forgotten. He examined it, and found everything as he left it.

The discovery nearly restored him to health, but he resolved at present to confine the secret to his own bosom. It was gratifying to him to witness the entire confidence they reposed in the honor and integrity of a stranger, and the pleasure with which they bestowed favors upon one whom they supposed could make no returns but thanks.

Night came, and Mr. Davis did not return. Lucy passed a sleepless night. In the morning she watched hour after hour for his coming, and when sunset approached he was still absent; terrified at his long and unusual stay, she was setting out to procure a neighbor to go in search of him, when her parent came in sight. She ran to meet him, and was bestowing upon him a thousand endearing expressions of affection, when his haggard, wo-begone countenance startled her.

He uttered not a word, and went into his house, and seated himself in silence. It was in vain that she attempted to cheer him. After a great pause, during which there was a long struggle going on in his feelings, he rose and took his daughter by the hand, and led her into the room where Wilson was seated. "You must know all," he said, "I am ruined; I am a beggar. In a few days I must quit this house; the farm which I have so highly improved, and thought my own." He proceeded to state, that a few days before, Crosby, in a fit of ungovernable malice, taunted him with being a beggar, and told him that he was now in his power, and he would crush him under his feet. When Mr. Davis smiled at what he regarded as only an impotent threat, Crosby, to convince him, told him that the patent of his farm was a forged one, and that he, Crosby, knew the real owner of the land; had written to purchase it, and expected a deed in a few days. Davis immediately went home for his patent, and during his long absence had visited the land office. Crosby was right. The patent, beyond all dispute, was a forged one, and the claim of Davis to the farm was not worth a farthing.

It may be proper to observe that counterfeiting soldiers' patents, was a regular business in some of the eastern cities, and hundreds had been duped.

"It is not for myself," said the old man, "that I grieve at this misfortune. I am advanced in life, and it matters not where or how I pass the remainder of my existence. I have a little home beyond the stars, where your mother has gone before me, and where I would have loved to protect her child, my own affectionate Lucy." The weeping girl threw her arms around the neck of her father, and poured her tears upon his bosom. "We can be happy still," said she, "for I am young and can easily support us both."

A new scene followed, in which another individual was the principal actor. I shall leave the reader to form his own opinion of it, and barely remark that at the close, the old man took the hands of Lucy and young Wilson, and then joining them, said:—"My children, I cheerfully consent to your union. Though poor, with a good conscience you can be happy. I know, Charles, you will be kind to my daughter, for a few nights ago, when you thought that no human ear could hear you, I heard you fervently implore the blessings of heaven upon my grey hairs, and that God would reward my child for all her kindness to you. Taking down his family Bible, the venerable old man added,—"It is a season of affliction, but we are not forsaken. Let us look for support to Him who has promised to sustain us. He then opened the book and read:

"Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labors of the olive shall fail, and the fields yield no meat; the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall, yet will I joy in the God of my salvation."

Charles and Lucy knelt beside the venerable old man, and while he prayed, they wept tears of grateful emotion. It was a sleepless, but not unhappy night to three inhabitants of the neat, cheerful dwelling they were about to leave, and go they knew not where.

It was then that young Wilson learned the real value of money. By means of it he could give shelter to those who had kindly received him when every other door was closed upon him.

All night long he had thought of the forged patent. There were a few words dropped by Mr. Davis which he could not dismiss from his mind; that Crosby had written to the real owner of the land, and had now obtained the promise of the deed.

It is now time for the reader to become fully acquainted with the history of the young stranger. His father, Charles Wilson, senior, was a merchant in Boston, who had acquired an immense fortune. At the close of the war, when the soldiers received from the government their bounty of one hundred and sixty acres of land, many of them offered their patents to Mr. Wilson for sale. Finding that they were resolved to sell them, he resolved to save them from the sacrifice of their hard earnings, and he purchased at a fair price all that was offered.—In three years no small portion of the Military Tract came into his possession.

On the day that Charles became of age, he gave him a deed of the principal part of this land in Illinois, and insisted that he should go out and see it, and if he liked the country, settle there. Wishing him to become identified with the people, he recommended his son to lay aside his broadcloth, and dress like a backwoodsman. In compliance with this suggestion, the young man had assumed a rude and rustic dress, so inappropriate to his appearance and manners, as to excite some suspicion that he had motives for concealing his real character.

On the morning of his son's departure, Mr. Wilson received a letter from a man in Illinois, who had frequently written. He wished to purchase a certain section at government price, which Mr. Wilson promised he should have on these terms, provided that he forwarded a certificate from the Judge of the Circuit Court that the land was worth no more. The letter just received inclosed the certificate in question. Mr. Wilson had given this tract to Charles, and putting the letter and certificate into his hand, enjoined upon him to deed it to the writer, according to promise, upon his arrival in Illinois.

The remarks of Mr. Davis forcibly reminded young Wilson of this incident, and on the next morning after he had become acquainted with the plan of Crosby, with a trembling hand he examined the letter and certificate. It was written by Crosby, and the land he wished to purchase was the identical farm of Davis.

Astonished that his friend the judge should certify that the land was worth no more, Mr. Davis asked to see the certificate; and after a moment's examination, unhesitatingly pronounced its signature a forgery.

An explanation from the young man now became necessary, and calling Lucy into the room, he told them his story, and laid before them a pile of patents and bank notes, one after another, till the sum reached thousands. It was a day of thankful happiness to Simon Davis and his daughter, and not less so to young Wilson.

Not long after this scene, Crosby entered.

His air was that of a man who has an enemy in his power, and intends to trample upon him. He scarce noticed young Wilson except with a look of contempt. After pouring out all his maledictions upon the family, the old man inquired if he would give nothing for improvements made. The answer was, "Not a cent."

"You certainly would not," said Wilson, "drive out this man and his daughter penniless into the world?"

"What's that to you?" replied Crosby, with a look of malice and contempt.

"I will answer that question," said Wilson, and he acquainted him with what the reader has already learned.

Crosby was at first petrified with astonishment, but when he saw that all his schemes of villainy were defeated, and proof of his having committed a forgery could be established, his assurance forsook him, and he threw himself upon his knees, and begged first the old man, then Lucy and Wilson, to spare him.

Much as they pitied, it was impossible for them not to despise the meanness of the application.

Wilson told him that he deserved no mercy. That a moment since he would have driven the family of Davis from their home, without even means of a temporary support. He would pay Crosby a fair price for his property, and forbear prosecuting him on condition of his instantly quitting the country.

Crosby accepted the offer. The writings were made out that day, and before morning he and his family were on their way to Texas.

Why should I spin out the narrative? Lucy and Charles were married, and though a splendid mansion soon rose upon the farm of Mr. Davis, both love far better the little room where she had so anxiously watched over the sick bed of the houseless stranger. Mr. Wilson was rich but never forgot those who were in want.

Cheered by the kind and affectionate attentions of his children, Simon Davis almost seemed to have renewed his existence.

He lived many years, and long enough to tell the bright-eyed son of Charles and Lucy the story of the forged deed. And when he told the listening boy how his father, when poor and friendless, was taken home and kindly treated, and in turn became their benefactor, he impressed upon the mind of his grandchild that even a cup of cold water given from a good motive, shall not lose its reward.

AVARICE.—The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness or ill-grace, in little and inconsiderable things, than in expenses of any consequence. A very few pounds sterling a year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice.—*Pope.*

GREATNESS lies not in being strong, but in the right using of strength; and strength is not used rightly when it only serves to carry a man above his fellows for his own solitary glory. He is greatest whose strength carries up the most, be the attraction of his own.—*Beecher.*

THE worst thing that can be said of the most powerful, is, that they can take your life; but the same thing can be said of the most weak.—*Lacon.*

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ENIGMA—BOQUET OF FLOWERS.

My 1, a fop, a ferocious beast.
My 2, one of the 9 digits, and a dial.
My 3, congealed moisture, and a sphere.
My 4, a preposition and a part of the face.
My 5, a well-bred woman, a loose shoe.
My 6, a color, and a coquet.
My 7, an untruth, and a dye.
My 8, to lose remembrance, a pronoun and an adverb.
My 9, the Evil One, a preposition, article, and a shrub.
My 10, a low tract of land, and a beautiful flower.
My 11, a village in Western N. Y., and a fierce bird.
My 12, to stop water, to question, and a flower.
My 13, one of the months of the year, and a color.
My 14, a part of the day, and splendor.
My 15, an Asiatic Empire, and the name of a celebrated millionaire.

Our whole, a prominent part of the face and to be merry, we present to you, hoping you will bind them in a bundle, and keep them in a state of preservation until you send us a solution of our enigma. CARRIE & EVA.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 57 letters.
My 1, 6, 18, 15, 46 is a range of mountains in Africa.
My 11, 9, 19, 38, 24, 53, 28, 20, 55 is a lake in British America.
My 34, 22, 7, 42, 12, 20, 32 is an island in Polynesia.
My 44, 10, 13, 26, 46, 53, 35, 9, 11 is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 3, 15, 9, 4, 32, 16 is a gulf in South America.
My 17, 49, 18, 14, 23 is a town in British Italy.
My 8, 29, 41, 48, 46, 32, 52 is a river in Asia.
My 20, 2, 17, 48, 46 is a range of mountains in South America.
My 46, 31, 54, 30, 51, 38, 5, 21 is a group of islands north of Scotland.
My 51, 19, 11, 25, 34, 55, 36 is a town in India.
My 47, 27, 39, 37, 28 is a sea in Europe.
My 33, 38, 55, 15, 40, 45, 20, 43 is a town in Brazil.
My 50, 38, 55, 56, 20, 9, 57 is a country in Asia.

My whole is an extract from Milton.

Hillsboro, Ill., 1858. M. V. L.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 456.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—State of Matrimony.

Answer to Mathetatical Problem:—2½ acres.

Answer to Charade:—Corn-wall-is.

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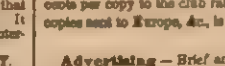

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Rural New-Yorker.

NEW YORK STATE FAIR.

THE ADDRESS.

We have already devoted so much space to matters of interest connected with the Fair of this State, that we are compelled to make our synopsis of the address much more brief than we had at first designed. The subject was the Necessity of furnishing Farmers' Sons the means of acquiring a good Agricultural Education, and was delivered by Hon. JOSEPH R. WILLIAMS, President of the Michigan State Agricultural College. Mr. W. spoke of the progress of Agriculture the last fifty years—the benefits derived from the dissemination of periodicals, the establishment of fairs, the general discussion of agricultural questions, the use of improved implements, &c., and when contrasting the past with the present said, now "offensive exhibitions of poverty are witnessed only at long intervals, and, in fact, rarely seen at all." We regret that we cannot assent to the truth of this statement. He then quoted from the census of 1850, showing the average production of crops in the State of New York, and remarked that this product could be doubled by proper culture. The loss on the deficient crop of wheat alone to this State annually was fifty millions of dollars. To aid in the work of raising maximum crops he recommended attention to Botany, Geology, Entomology, and particularly chemistry. He did not attempt to show what great benefits had accrued to agriculture from chemistry, but after recounting what this science had done for the miner, in medicine, &c., said, "Let us not discourage this science from delving into the earth, if such are the prolific results of her researches elsewhere."

The speaker then said that the young men of the country were unable to acquire knowledge of these sciences, as no schools were established accessible to them. The census of 1850 showed that there were in the State of New York 250,000 young men between the ages of sixteen and twenty-two. There were only 2,673 enrolled in all the colleges of the State. Allow nearly nine times this number to enjoy good advantages of education in advanced schools and academies, making the whole number 25,000, and then allow for the class so irremediably stupid that they will not seek, and could not profit, perhaps, by education, and for those who possess such vitality and energy of mind as to overleap all barriers and drink in education as they live and move, 25,000 more, and we still have 200,000 of the young men of New York deprived of all education beyond that which the common school affords. The great *desideratum*, the great need, is a chance for the boy to aid himself—to study and work—to earn the means of education while being educated. The speaker most emphatically used up the notion that labor and study are incompatible, by showing that the boy while acquiring the rudiments of an education at the common school was expected to work, and do the worst kind of drudgery; and that some of the greatest men in the world—those whose acquirements have shed a lustre not only upon their names but upon their country and their age—have gained their knowledge and their fame, while supporting themselves and families by the hardest kind of labor. That most of the Manual Labor Schools had failed, the speaker admitted. It was a new system, and in most new things, failure precedes success. They had to contend with public prejudice, and this public prejudice has frowned down many a good thing. They had failed, too, because the labor required of the students had no connection with their studies—their labor was mere drudgery—not labor and science united for one great object, as it is in Agricultural Schools. In some cases, too, labor was not general—only the poor students worked, and this formed classes and destroyed the institutions.

The speaker gave an account of his own College and of the condition of the different States in this respect, also of the Agricultural Institutions of learning in Europe, and urged the claim of the agricultural interests to recognition and aid from government. The good farmer exerted a good influence on all around him, and the ignorant and prejudiced participate in this benefit, though they may not acknowledge it. A friend called his attention to a Pennsylvania German who could hardly read and write, and had a great contempt for papers and books on farming, but was the best farmer in the neighborhood. The speaker told him he thought this basket would not hold water, and that this model farmer owed everything to the spirit of improvement abroad. His plow was a Troy plow instead of the old shaky implement, with wooden mould board sheathed with iron, with straight handles tipped with cow-horns, which he used when a boy. His implements were mostly light, graceful, elastic ones, of recent patterns.—His fruit was budded and grafted from such as his neighbors had imported from the best nurseries.—Whatever superior cattle, or sheep, or swine he had, were obtained from neighbors at no extra cost. The nails he shingled his house with cost but one-third as much as those which his father used. When he got up in the morning, he lighted his fire in a second with a friction match instead tugging ten minutes with flint and steel and tinder box, and he complacently composed himself to sleep at night under sheeting that cost eight cents per yard, as good as that which cost fifty cents when he was a child. The story is told of PLATO having described man to be a bird without feathers. DIOGENES, the cynic, laid a plucked rooster before him and exclaimed, "Behold PLATO'S man!" If our model farmer was deprived of all the benefits he had derived from that progress which he despised, if he was stripped of all borrowed plumes, he would be as innocent of feathers as PLATO'S man.

In closing, Mr. W. urged all farmers, as "like produces like," to get the best cows, horses and sheep—to use the best implements—open their parlors to themselves and their families—make home cheerful and instructive, so that their sons would not wander away in search of pleasure—to plant orchards and surround their homes with vines, and make the air fragrant with flowers.

COMPLIMENTARY.

At the close of the address, Mr. GEORGE GEDDES, of Onondaga county, made a few remarks, claiming that the farmers of Onondaga had done something towards approaching the speaker's standard of a good farmer. They had educated men engaged in tilling the soil, and ladies who were accomplished, and at home, either in the dairy or the parlor. He wished the speaker or other scientific men, would tell the farmers why it was that one plant in a certain soil would produce poison, while another in a simular soil, so far as the farmer could judge, would produce sugar. This was a rather hard question, as the wisest know but little of this matter, and the foolish know just as much. He proposed a vote of thanks to the speaker, and that a copy of the address be requested for publication in the Transactions of the Society, which was unanimously adopted. Several votes of thanks were then proposed by different individuals, to the Judges, Superintendents, the people of Syracuse and the Ladies, the Railroads, the Press, &c.

A BANNER—MORE COMPLIMENTS.

The managers of the *National Horse Show*, at Springfield, had offered a prize banner to the State Agricultural Society of that State whose citizens should enter for exhibition the largest number of valuable horses. It seems that the exhibitions made by New York and Vermont were so nearly equal, that it was decided to give a banner to each State. SOLON ROBINSON was the bearer of the banner to our State, and everything being cooked for the occasion, made a presentation speech on Thursday afternoon, in which he announced himself as "the bearer of a trophy from a field of contention, where it was honorably won," and so forth. He also read a letter from the President of the Association, having in charge the *National Horse Show*. Mr. MCCOUN, President of the State Ag. Society, responded, expressing his pleasure at being the "recipient of the elegant banner won in the field, not of wars, but of civic honors."

The banner is made of blue silk, with a gold lace border, with fringe. On one side is ROSA BONHEUR'S picture of *The Horse Fair*, and "State Prize Banner," in gilt letters; and on the reverse, "State Prize Banner.—Awarded to the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, at the Annual Exhibition of Imported, Blood and American Breed of Horses—Springfield, Mass., 1858."

After the address of the President, the Hon. T. C. PETERS, of Darien, said he hoped the design on the banner would be engraved, and given in the next volume of Transactions, and also used hereafter in the Diplomas of the Society which shall be awarded to horses. He offered a resolution to that effect, which was unanimously adopted.

Hon. HARVEY BALDWIN, of Syracuse, moved that the thanks of the Agriculturists of the State be presented to SOLON ROBINSON, for the manner in which he had discharged his duty. At this stage Mr. ROBINSON arose, and said he asked no thanks for the discharge of his duty, and made the strange announcement, that "it was a matter of history, and therefore no egotism on his part, to say that *through his exertions* was this beautiful banner awarded to the Agricultural Society of the State of New York." Previous to this statement, we had supposed that the prize was fairly merited and honorably won by the best exhibition of fine horses, and not secured *through the exertions of any individual*. We have heard of some persons being "*half horse*," and of others being a "*whole team*," but SOLON must have been a *whole stud of horses*, to have secured the prize for the best equine exhibition, to this State!

EVENING DISCUSSIONS.

A very laudable desire was evinced by the farmers in attendance at the State Fair to employ their evenings more profitably than in lounging about the streets and hotels, so it was announced that there would be meetings in the evenings to discuss agricultural subjects. These meetings were not attended by the officers of the State Society, who were of course fully employed in their responsible duties, nor by any *great men*, but by a host of practical, hard-working farmers who did not attempt to *make speeches*, but told their experience in a common-sense way. The

DETERIORATION OF THE BARLEY CROP,

and its failure in many parts of the country elicited a very interesting discussion as to the cause and remedy. Mr. CLARK, of Oswego, remarked that, formerly, when barley was largely grown in that county he regarded it as an exhausting crop, and thought that was the cause of the failure.

GEORGE GEDDES, of Onondaga, said that his county formerly produced more barley than the whole State of Massachusetts. He had found it a very sensitive crop, easily affected by moisture and heat. It requires for success a heavy soil, will not succeed well on light land. The *average crop now* is about 20 bushels an acre; some raise 40, others but 15. Thought it would continue to decrease—the midge destroys it, and often when everything bids fair for a large crop about the time for the ears to form, dry weather will disappoint the expectations of the farmer and dwindle his crop to a very small amount. About the exhausting nature of the crop he knew nothing, and therefore would say nothing. Left that to scientific men, and intended to keep up such a rotation as would continue the soil in good condition.

DR. WELLS, of Seneca county, said many farmers in his neighborhood had raised large crops of barley—had heard of 70 bushels to the acre, on pretty good authority. The soil was mostly strong or clayey. Some winter barley was raised in the county and the largest crops were of this variety.

JUDGE ENOS, of Madison county, said the farmers of his section of the State had done very poorly in raising barley the last three years. He had raised good barley for thirty years until the last three—now he could get but about 10 bushels to the acre. Raised the *two-rowed* of two varieties, one of them being the *Hess*. The Hess had given him 65 bushels to the acre—now it is harder to raise 10. Was in the dark as to the cause. Had found no insect. The plant seems weak and sometimes does not head out—in short, *won't grow*—The soil is as good and cultivated in the same way as formerly. Corn in the same ground will give as large a crop as ever. Raised 75 bushels of shelled corn to the acre, followed it with barley and only got 14.

Mr. BROWN, of Wayne, succeeded well with barley after corn, if the soil was in good condition, but instanced a case in which he had signally failed in an attempt to raise barley after barley, although the soil was good, while the field adjoining, every way the same, except that it had borne corn the previous year, produced a good crop.

JUDGE ENOS replied that he had grown a second crop of barley of 50 bushels per acre, but he had well limed the land before sowing.

SQUIRE M. BROWN, of Elbridge, had good success with barley until the two last years—now it fails—don't know the cause. Never sows barley two years in succession on the same land, but after well manured corn. Once could depend on 40 bushels to the acre, now could not get 20. Last year got in a piece of barley in excellent order, and it looked well for a time, but one-half of it did not head out. Could not tell the cause unless it was the heat. His barley this year weighed 46 pounds to the bushel—has had it 53 pounds.—Found great benefit from the use of salt. Used about a barrel to the acre. In one case tried an experiment with salt—gave five bushels an acre to eight acres, and left four acres of the same field without salt. The result was 50 bushels an acre on the salted and 33 on the unsalted piece. Mr. B. also recommended salt for manure heaps, to prevent *burning*. Some one objected to this in all cases as it might prevent decomposition, which it undoubtedly would. There was, however, a general feeling in favor of salt, which is not strange seeing we were assembled in the *Saline City*.

W. A. MILLS, of Livingston, said last year he had 60 acres of barley which gave only 18 bushels per acre. Previously he had grown 40. Attributed the failure last year to the hot, wet summer—it rusted. Barley does best in a cold season, and last summer did tolerably well on the cold, dry hills.—Succeeded well with winter barley—35 bushels to the acre, of admirable quality—sowed two bushels to the acre the 15th of September. A neighbor sowed 10 days later, and lost his crop with rust and midge.

C. WINEGAR, of Cayuga county, formerly had good crops of barley, this year poor, but he attributed it to poor culture. Thought it best to grow some four-rowed variety, as it would sell higher. Mr. CLARK, of Otsego, inquired how long it was customary to go between grass and grass.—Mr. W. replied his system was clover, corn, barley, seed again. Mr. GEDDES said the usual rotation was sod, corn, barley, wheat, grass.

Mr. DUNNING, of Cayuga, preferred the two-rowed barley. Had tried the four-rowed and it fell behind ten bushels to the acre. His rotation was the same as that described by Mr. GEDDES.—Depend upon barley as much as any crop. Last year only averaged 20 bushels, this year 25, formerly 40. This year found a maggot in the straw which he considered the cause of the failure. As the straw came through the machine found it full of maggots. Sow barley as early as possible in the spring—last of April or first of May.

C. WINEGAR had injured his cattle by feeding them barley straw. Mr. CLARK, of Otsego, had found barley straw good feed. He would recommend a change of rotation, to make barley follow wheat, with a summer-fallow to intervene.

Mr. DANFORTH, of Cayuga, said he could not succeed in growing barley upon a clay soil—never got more than his seed. Mr. GEDDES replied that in Onondaga they used the light land for oats and the most clayey for barley—still heavy and light land are relative terms, and what would be called *light* in one section of the country would be called *heavy* in others.

Mr. BAILEY, of Kent Co., Michigan, had raised barley on new land for several years—three years ago got 30 bushels, last year 15, this year eight.—The eight bushels this year grew on soil that gave last season 157 bushels of ears of King Philip corn. Had grown the *two* and *four*-rowed side by side.—The *two* rowed was best. Charged the failure to unfavorable seasons. There appeared to be no substance in the straw. Did not despair.

Col. BREWER, of Tompkins, lived on the hills of Enfield, in Tompkins county 1,016 feet above Cayuga Lake. He had raised barley the last eight years and for seven years the crop had averaged more than 30 bushels. Sowed on clover sod. Barley was an excellent crop to seed down with. Clover was his manure. Had made poor land "too rich," or given it too much vegetable matter by repeatedly plowing in clover. Let clover lay only one year. His present farm when it came into his possession was so poor that it had been sold for $1 per acre. Ashes had been useful on his land and plaster was almost indispensable. Had repeatedly tried salt and lime without the least benefit. He found it almost impossible to make clover seed take on clover sod, and thought there was something in the decaying leaves that injured the vegetation of the seed, just as the pine leaves when decaying in the soil injure vegetation, so much so that when cultivating new land he could tell where a pine tree had fallen and decayed as the form of the top could be traced in the growing crop. He was opposed to subsoiling and deep plowing, on his own farm, others could do as they found best. Two-and-a half or three inches was as deep as he found it beneficial to plow. Had tested this matter for fourteen years—had experimented with 2½, 3, 4, 5 and 6 inches deep, and found 2½ or 3 inches the best, 4 inches not as good, 5 inches still worse, and 6 inches the worst of all. Some one asked Mr. B. if he ever raised 100 bushels of corn to the acre, with such plowing. He stated he had not. A voice replied "no, nor never will." Mr. B. said he did not expect such a crop on his land, and certainly should never get it with deep plowing. A good many seemed to think Mr. B. was pursuing and recommending an improper system, but he seemed to have a bright eye, and we have no doubt had learned in fourteen years' experience what course of plowing was best suited to his mountain home.

T. C. PETERS stated that the best *Isabella* grapes he had ever tasted were grown by the last speaker, and although he had no doubt that shallow plowing was adapted to his soil, he wished Mr. B. would tell how he cultivated grapes, so that the audience might know that he did not believe in shallow culture for everything. Mr. B. replied that he dug a hole for each vine six feet deep, and the same width and length, and filled it with bones, manure, good soil, &c.

LEWIS MARSHALL, of Orleans, had sown winter barley in the spring, with good results. It was sown in March, and yielded over 60 bushels to the acre. When it does not winter-kill it yields well, if sown in the fall. Had been acquainted with winter barley more than eight years. When sown early in the spring it ripens as soon as though sown in the fall. Winter barley weighs about 50 pounds to the bushel.

Mr. GOWDY, of Lewis county, said barley succeeded in that county. Usually sow barley after corn or oats. Get from 25 to 40 bushels. The last season the crop was poor.

Dr. VAN SLYCK, of Wayne, said since he first made his home in Wayne county, (12 years ago,) barley had been grown, and always with success, until last year, which was very wet. Barley requires as good soil as wheat. Many do not give it a chance, but make it a kind of "catch crop," and then wonder that they do not succeed. They turn over a sod, then corn follows, and wheat, and barley last before seeding, when the soil is pretty badly exhausted. We find the better way to be to turn over clover, and sow barley first, and invariably get from 20 to 40 bushels. Then follows wheat, &c. This year barley had been affected by the midge when sown late, or on a cold, damp soil.—Winter barley is the most popular and yields from 20 to 50 bushels of better quality than spring, and selling for 12 cents a bushel more. Clay soil is best, but any good wheat soil will grow barley.—Drill it in as it is less liable to kill out, in fact, drill in everything.

VARIETIES OF INDIAN CORN.

IT is generally admitted that all our varieties of Indian Corn were derived from the same parentage, the Wild or Rocky Mountain Corn. There is now an almost incredible number of kinds in cultivation, of almost all shapes sizes and colors. Annexed we present sketches of twenty varieties, commencing with the original, and embracing some of the most highly prized sorts.

1 and 2 Original Wild or Rocky Mountain Corn.
3 Rice Corn
4 Jersey White Flint.
5 [illegible]
6 Ohio White Flint.
7 Kentucky White.
8 Virginia Golden.
9 King Philip.
10 Middle-sized eight-rowed Yellow.
11 Samasoit.
12 Improved Dutton.
13 Ohio Dent.
14 Small eight-rowed Yellow
15 Blood Red.
16 New Mexican Black.
17 Oregon Shoe-Peg.
18 Canada Pop Corn.
19 White Gourd-seed.
20 Golden Sioux.

The varieties of corn mix very readily, and it is rare to find farmers who keep any kind pure. In the interesting discussion at the New York State Fair, on the subject of corn culture, (which we shall give next week,) several times the speakers were asked what kind they cultivated, and the reply in almost every case was—"I have a mixed sort." Sometimes the farmer had given it a name, and the general opinion was, that these "*mixed sorts*" gave a better yield than any variety kept pure. We shall make some remarks on the subject when we give our report of the discussion.

CHEESE-MAKING.—PREPARING RENNET.

As our experience has been with a small dairy, we write especially in reference to that large class of farmers who keep but few cows. First rate cheese can be made from a few cows, but it is attended with more labor, in proportion to the amount made, than in a large dairy, inasmuch as the curd has to be made every morning and placed aside until sufficient is obtained to make a good-sized cheese.

In the manufacture of cheese I would urge the absolute necessity of having the room and every utensil kept perfectly sweet and clean. Next to this in importance is keeping the milk sweet. If the milk or curd becomes sour or begins to ferment before putting it into the press, the cheese will be "huffy," and very likely strong.

The milk, after it has been strained into the tub, should be warmed to a proper temperature—which is about 90° Fah., or nearly as warm as when taken from the cow—by adding a portion of heated milk. In cold weather the temperature should be raised a few degrees higher. It is a fault to make the milk too warm, because it causes the cheese to get hard. The rennet is then added, the milk well stirred, and afterwards let alone till the curd is well come.—The quantity of rennet depends upon its quality as well as upon the quality of the milk and the temperature the latter has obtained, and it is consequently difficult to determine the exact amount. The richer the milk is in cream and cheese, the greater must be the quantity of rennet, therefore more is required in summer than in winter; the warmer the milk the less rennet is necessary. Experience is the only guide in this operation.

The time necessary to produce perfect coagulation is from thirty to sixty minutes, and better exceed sixty minutes, than to get in too much rennet. But if it require a much longer time, or does not coagulate at all, the temperature of the milk should be raised a few more degrees and more rennet must be added and continued until it is ascertained how much is necessary. It is much better to take too little than too much rennet, and should the milk not curd within a proper time, it requires only a weak addition of rennet to effect a perfect coagulation. As a general thing, the longer it is in coming, the tenderer and sweeter will be the curd.

When the curd is formed sufficiently,—which may be known by its breaking clean with the finger, or by placing a wooden trowel upon the surface of the milk, and if at its removal it leaves a distinct hollow mark it is a sign of perfect coagulation,—it is then broken up quite fine, either by hand or a curd breaker, made for the purpose, which cuts it into very small pieces. After this it is allowed to stand and settle. The whey is then drawn off and passed through a sieve to remove any curd there may be in it. The curd is then placed in a strong cloth, and well pressed, to remove the whey. It is then put in a cool place and the operation repeated till there is curd enough to make a cheese of the desired size. When the right quantity is obtained, the curd is all broken up very fine in water, heated sufficiently to make the curd quite warm, when ready for the press.* When the scalding is completed drain off the water as dry as possible, and at this time it is highly necessary to keep the curd broken up fine so as the better to mingle with the salt. Care should be taken not to mash the curd so violently at any time as to start the white whey, as that detracts from the richness of the cheese at once.

When the curd has drained sufficiently, add salt at the rate of one pound for every twenty-seven of dry curd. After the salt has been thoroughly incorporated, a strainer sufficiently large to cover the whole cheese is placed in the hoop, and into this strainer the curd is put. The pressure should be but moderate at first, increasing gradually for two or three hours; the cheese is then taken from the press, turned over and a dry cloth put around it. Place it again in the press and submit to a powerful pressure for thirty-six hours, turning once or twice and applying fresh cloths. To protect them from the flies, give them a covering of cotton cloth dipped in melted butter and afterwards thoroughly greased. They should be turned every day, and the mould, if any, rubbed off, occasionally applying a little more grease until the surface becomes smooth, when turning once in two or three days will do.

PREPARING RENNET.—Our practice is to allow the calf to stand too or three hours after sucking before being killed. The rennet is carefully removed, the curd taken out and the skin turned wrong side out; the specks of dirt removed by *picking* from the skin and curd, *but by no means rinse the skin*, as that removes a portion of the gastric juice which is the only active principle of any value contained in the rennet, and the slightest rinsing is an injury. The curd is then put back into the skin together with one pint of good fine salt. The whole is then placed in a cloth sack and tied up and hung up in a cool dry place till wanted for use.

When wanted for use, put the rennet into a vessel, add one gallon of water "milk-warm," soak two or three days, strain off the liquor, add as much salt as will dissolve, put into a tight vessel and keep in a cool place. This process must be repeated once or twice before the whole strength will be extracted. Plenty of salt should be used throughout the whole process. FAYE, JR.

Andover, Oxford Co., Me., 1858.

* NOTE.—In large dairies the milk is strained into caldrons; after the curd is cut up and stood a few minutes, the heat is raised to about 105 degrees. The principal object of heating, or as it is termed, "scalding the cheese," is to fully separate the curd from the whey; while the object of warming the curd, is to make the different curds unite readily, or, as it is termed, "close" well.

SWEET POTATOES.

EDS. RURAL:—You seem to me altogether too ready to respond "miserable offenders" to your "Reader" correspondent, as to what the RURAL is, and ought to be, though you as adroitly shift off the sin upon the rest of us "readers," as old Father ADAM did his upon the woman who had been given him. Now, for myself, for a long time a careful and much interested reader of your paper, I have no "*fault*" to find with the RURAL. I see none in it, and shall not, therefore, cast about to find a "remedy." The "institution" may not be absolutely perfect. Nothing is in this fallen and damaged world. But it seems good enough. Still, if you think it can be improved a little in the way you suggest, we "*readers*," I think, will not be found backward in giving you the results of our experiments and observations. I herewith give you mine with Sweet Potatoes.

I have tried, during the last five years, three different methods of raising this delicious vegetable, which, by the way, I believe can be had in perfection in many parts of our Northern States, where the people who have never made the trial, would as soon think they could raise oranges.

The *first* of these methods is, I suppose, the common one, viz., to obtain slips, as they are pulled from the unlifted seed potato in the hot-bed, and plant them out in high ridges, or hills, about the time of planting corn. I have in this way, in rich, well worked ground, obtained every year for the last four, what I have regarded as amply remunerative for the care and labor bestowed.

The *second* method is to take off the slips two or three weeks earlier, and plant them in another hot-bed or cold frame, that they may become well rooted and strong. I this year had very fine plants in this way, with abundance of roots, ready to go right along with a vigorous growth as soon as put into the open ground. But mark the result,—a *great* number of *small* potatoes.

The *third* method, which, judging from the experience of a single year, the present, is by far the best of all, is to raise your own plants at home, in your own hot-bed, and be ready as soon as they are large enough, and the danger of frost is over, and there is a fair prospect of a shower at hand, to take up the seed potato from its bed, and cut out a little of the old potato with each shoot, so as not to injure the fibrous roots, and immediately plant out in the prepared hills. Of course you will not get half as many plants from the same quantity of seed in this way, as by the other method of taking off slips, and leaving the old potato to send up a new crop. But if the object is to get fine, large, and early ripened *potatoes*, rather than *plants*, I feel confident that great advantage will be found in the method proposed. At least such has been my experience this year—the crop raised in this way the present season, being the largest and finest I have ever seen. Will some others take note of this, and try the same thing next year, and communicate the result? H.

Hudson, Ohio, 1858.

MOON THEORIES.—POTATO EXPERIMENTS.

MESSRS EDS.:—Having noticed an inquiry in the RURAL of October 2d, in regard to the planting of seeds by the moon, I would like to state what my experience teaches me. I think it does make a difference at what time seeds are planted in the moon, for instance, peas, cucumbers, and all things growing above ground, if planted in the new moon, will grow thrifty and blossom full, but will not yield so well as if planted in the old moon, or last quarter.

My observations and experience brings me to the conclusion that all things growing above the ground, should be planted in the last quarter of the moon; and all things growing in the ground, during the first quarter, or full moon. Now, Mr. Editor, you seem to think it all moonshine, and nothing else. We won't wait to draw "cobble stones, nor for Spiritualism to evolve any more truth," but if you will just try the experiment next spring, by planting one row of peas and one hill of cucumbers (or more) in the new moon, and then plant one row of peas and one hill of cucumbers in the last quarter of the moon, by close observation I think you will become convinced that there is something more than *moonshine* about the moon. I sow and plant all seeds by the changes of the moon, and hardly ever fail to excel my neighors as to quality and quantity.

I promised you, last spring, to give the results of an experiment in planting potatoes with one eye in a hill, but I shall fail to do so, as the season has been very bad for experimenting on potatoes or other crops. I planted my potatoes June 7th, 1858, one eye in a hill, and I can now dig from two to six good large eating potatoes from a hill.

I noticed an inquiry in the RURAL a short time ago, in regard to the best way of burying potatoes. I will here state my plan, which has always proved to be good and safe. Dig a round hole, in dry ground, about six inches deep, and large enough round to hold from 40 to 80 bushels when heaped up—cover with dry straw four inches thick, then cover with dirt five inches deep, afterwards put on another layer of straw four inches thick, and finally cover about one foot deep with dirt, which will carry them through safe and sound, unless we have a very severe winter. It would be a good plan to put on two or three loads of manure, which should be hauled off on the opening of spring. D. B. PAINE.

De Kalb Centre, Ill., 1858.

WATER PIPE.

THERE is an article by H. J. F., of Palmyra, in the RURAL of the 2d inst., that, so far as my experience goes, is calculated to mislead the public. I presume the error is unintentional, yet it might be and is dangerous, notwithstanding.

I have not used the cement pipe, but having occasion to put down about one hundred and thirty rods of aqueduct this spring, I took some pains to look into the matter, so that I might get it as cheap as possible, and have it durable and efficient. My lead pipe, which was seven-eighths inch, I found too small, as it choked or filled up, and I could not get water enough through it, with the head of about ten feet, to keep it clear. A less bore than inch and a half, I consider too small for a long distance. I applied to persons who had been in the habit of making the cement pipe, and their lowest estimate of material was one bushel of cement, or water lime, to the rod. The lime alone laid down on the banks of the ditch would cost me fifty cents per bushel, or fifty cents per rod, the sand would cost about six cents more, so that at the lowest figure, the material would cost at least 56 cents per rod. The estimate for the labor was 14 cents per rod more, so that I could not make my pipe cost less than 70 cents per rod. But I got an estimate for the tile also, for the same bore, (1¼ inch,) to put inside of the cement. I found the tile would cost fourteen dollars per 1,000, delivered, which would be nearly one and a half cents per piece, making an additional cost of nearly or quite 20 cents per rod, so that my pipe with the tile laid in cement would cost me not far from 90 cents per rod. I full agree with H. J. F. as to the propriety of using the tile with the cement. But the price was too high unless I could do no better.

My attention was next called to the water pipe made by HOBBIE & Co., and advertised in the RURAL. After a careful examination I determined to try it, and ordered and laid down about 2,000 feet. It has been in operation over four months, and is now delivering about seven gallons per minute. Some 1,000 feet are under a pressure of from three to seven feet. I am satisfied with the pipe, both as to cheapness and efficiency, and shall lay down about 1,400 feet more next spring. If well laid, I believe it will last for a generation at least,—at any rate I would prefer taking my chances with the wood, against the common cement pipe at the same price.

I think H. J. F. must have made a mistake in his figures, and would like to see a bill of items before I can be satisfied that he is right.

It is not my purpose to enter into any controversy on the subject, as Messrs. HOBBIE & Co. are abundantly able to defend their own pipe; but it is important that the public should not be misled upon a subject of so much general interest.

Darien, N. Y., 1858. T. C. PETERS.

POTATOES, DIGGING AND STORING.

WE used to think before the rot became so prevalent among potatoes that they were safer in the ground than in the cellar, at least until frost severe enough to freeze the ground came upon them. Have we any good reason to change this opinion, even now? Early digging has been advocated as a means of saving potatoes beginning to rot, but our own experience in the practice, has only seemed to change the place of rotting from the ground to wherever the dry potatoes were placed, giving us the trouble of digging when other work was pressing, picking up, and sorting, perhaps several times, to save no more potatoes in the end than we should had they remained underground until late in the fall.

If early digging would have any effect upon the rot, would not pulling the tops have the same?—Some experiments seem to show that this is the case, and we believe it advisable to pull or mow off the tops as soon as they begin to die from disease. The roots may be left in the ground, those which are infected *will* rot, and those which are not will remain sound as well as though placed in store.

The best substitute for a cool, dry, frost-proof cellar, is a pit large enough to contain forty or fifty bushels, dug in dry, sandy ground. Put the potatoes in dry, cover over with boards and plenty of straw, and add dirt as needed to protect from frost, giving a heavy coating before winter fully sets in. B.

GARGET.

I HAVE been much troubled with garget. Generally it has appeared in only one division of the udder, causing the milk to be lumpy and stringy for a day or two, and then pass away, very likely to soon recur again and again in the same cow. For two summers past, on the first appearance of garget symptoms, before I could perceive that the milk was affected, I have bathed the affected part with genuine tanner's oil, which is made from the liver of the codfish,—not the costly article sold by druggists under that name, but none the less cod liver oil. Since using the remedy, nothing but the premonitory symptoms of garget have appeared. Cod liver oil is valuable to the farmer in many other cases, combined with tar and spirits of turpentine, it is excellent for castrated lambs—for sheep bitten by dogs in warm weather—for flesh wounds in horses or cattle—and a little of the oil rubbed about the under jaw of the horse in fly time will exempt him from the torture of gad flies for some hours. If the weather is dusty the oil may be rubbed on the harness adjacent to his nose in preference to putting it on the hair. F. H.

Milan, Erie Co., Ohio, 1858.

GROWING MILLET, INQUIRIES.

EDS. RURAL:—As it is a rainy day, I will endeavor to give you my one season's experience in millet. The latter part of last June we prepared about one acre and a quarter for the seed. The piece was nearly equally divided into a dry sandy loam and a vegetable mould—on the up-land we drew ten loads of coarse manure, and turned it under, there was also an orchard on this part, but not very shady, at least the millet was nearly as good under the trees as anywhere. Now for the result. On the low land (which was well underdrained) we pulled a pretty good crop of wild mustard—much more than we bargained for, and no millet—on the up-land we drew off a load of millet and pigeon grass, the preponderance being in favor of the pigeon grass. Now for the point. Being a novice in the matter we wish to know whether we managed right, or not, and who has raised a good crop of millet? and how it was done? Since ours was harvested, a gentleman from N. J. informed me that millet almost invariably proved a failure there and they had given up raising it. H.

Webster, N. Y., 1858.

A CHEAP AND GOOD BOARD FENCE.—In situations exposed to high winds, board fences, as usually constructed, are often swayed from their erect position. We noticed recently a road-side fence not open to this objection, and at the same time a cheap and substantial structure. The posts are 6 feet in length, 5 inches square at the but and 2 by 5 inches at the top. The boards are 14 feet long—the lowest 8 inches wide, and nailed on 10 inches above the level of the ground. The second is about 5 inches wide, with 4 inches space below, the third and fourth 3 inches wide and 1¼ inches thick, the latter nailed even with the top of the post, and the whole capped with an inch board 5 inches wide.—A good furrow is turned up at the foot of the fence outside and another away from it, leaving a ditch into which any unruly horse or cow must step, to come nigh enough to jump over. Any one can calculate the cost of the fence according to the price of lumber and labor in their locality.—*B., New York.*

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE.

SPANISH MERINO SHEEP.—I have lately seen in the RURAL, a statement of our friend BURRITT'S sheep, and several others previously, so I thought I would say a word about mine. I winter from seventy-five to one hundred—feed some straw and good hay, and when I think they need grain to keep them right, I feed about one peck of oats daily, to eighty sheep, from the first of January to the first of March, then add a little more and give it twice a day. My sheep are all young—from one up to three years old—with the exception of my stock buck, which is four years old. His first fleece gave eight pounds; second fleece ten pounds and six ounces; third fleece thirteen pounds and eight ounces; fourth fleece fourteen pounds and four ounces. Last winter he was kept with the entire flock and did not do so well. I have fourteen other bucks, from one to two years old, that I think will come up to the old one. My entire flock gave me five pounds and five ounces per head. I have been told by others four or four and one-half was a good average.—WM. AYRES, *Havana, Schuyler Co., N. Y.*, 1858.

ANOTHER REMEDY FOR BLOOD SPAVIN.—In the RURAL of the 2d inst., P. H. wishes to know if there is a remedy for a blood spavin. I have cured a blood spavin of three years standing on a horse 10 years old—also one on a three year old colt, the latter so complete that my neighbor, who knew which leg it was on cannot discover any signs or scars. My remedy is this:—2 oz. tincture myrrh; 2 oz. gum camphor; 2 oz. oil origanum; 2 oz. spirits of turpentine; 2 oz. vitriol; 2 oz. spirits hartshorn or good alcohol; 2 oz. spike. Put up in a junk bottle and keep corked tight. The older it gets the better. Apply with a sponge to the part affected (as it will take the hair and skin off) once a day for six days, then wash it clean with Castile soap and rain water, afterwards apply again, missing one day, washing it the day you do not apply the remedy, until the puff begins to go down, then apply sweet oil to keep it soft; if this does not effect a cure repeat the process.—R. G. BENTON, *Pultney, Steuben Co., N. Y.*, 1858.

SORGHUM NOT GIVEN UP YET.—If our Prattsburg friend, who is in such a fidget to know about the Sorghum, will come over here into the corner of "Little Yates," joining Steuben and Schuyler counties, we will show him good thrifty Sugar Cane—some of the seed nearly ripe, planted in June, too. I have a small quantity, a neighbor near by has half an acre. The sugar and syrup will probably be seen after we get things ready to make it.—L. W. SHERWOOD.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

TAMARAC POSTS—TIME OF CUTTING, &c.—Will some of your readers have the goodness to inform me, from actual experience, what length of time *tamarac posts* will last in the ground for a board fence, say from 4 to 6 inches through, and whether it makes any difference which end is put in the ground. Also, if there is one time better than another for cutting them. The swamps being dry now, renders it easy to get them out. There are many opinions, (not from actual knowledge,) some contending they will last nearly as long as cedar, others say 8 to 10 years is their full limit.—A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER, *Delaware, C. W.*

SUBSOIL PLOW FOR DITCHING.—I observed a year or two since in the RURAL NEW-YORKER, a brief notice of a plow constructed on purpose for loosening the soil in the bottom of ditches, to obviate the use of the pick, and reducing the labor of digging to shoveling-out merely. I think it was stated that this plow was made somewhere in Ontario Co., N. Y. Wishing to know the peculiar construction of this plow, its value, cost, efficiency, and the manufacturer's name, I would, in common with many other readers, be glad to know of whom I could procure this information. Cannot some of the many readers of the RURAL in Ontario county, furnish it?—T.

WINE MAKING.—Will you please inform us how to make wine from native grapes—is sugar need or liquor of any kind?—J. W., *Ontario, N. Y.*, 1858.

MESSRS. EDS.:—I hereby send you some specimens of the wine grape, a young vine, and a description of our way of making the wine. It has been a matter of wonder to some of the readers of the RURAL as to how a gallon of wine can be made from a gallon of grapes. Of course, a gallon of pure wine cannot, but then we have made an article which has been universally pronounced *good*, in this way. We take a gallon of grapes, (a coarse cloth is first put in as a strainer,) and put them in a cheese hoop which has previously been bored pretty full of holes. We thus press out the juice and add water enough to make a gallon, after which we add three pounds of sugar. After the wine is made we put in the barrel leaving out the bung and let it work and run over till it works itself clear. We then draw off carefully and the wine is ready for use. No alcohol is used, nothing but sugar.—J. C. KILBORN, *Beamsville, C. W.*, 1858

REMARKS.—The letter above will do in part as an answer to our correspondent J. W., as showing the course pursued by one of the makers of native wine. The grapes for wine should be well ripened. After the bunches are picked remove all unripe and unsound berries, mash the fruit, press out the juice, put it in a barrel, (filling to within an inch or two of the top,) and allow it to ferment until you perceive that this process is about over, which will be in something like ten days; then fill, bung tight and place in the cellar. *Pure wine* is the fermented juice of the grape without mixture. A good wine grape will make wine without sugar, if properly ripened. No sugar is used in making the best Catawba wine at Cincinnati, but in the inferior wine, made from unripe, refuse fruit, sugar is freely used.

A grape to make good wine, should be rich in sugar, and of course must be well ripened. Amateur wine-makers produce a kind of cordial, which they call wine by way of compliment, which they make of the juice of the fruit one gallon, water from one to two gallons, and from two to four pounds of sugar to every gallon of the liquid.—Where sufficient sugar is used liquor is unnecessary, as the fermentation of the sugar produces alcohol. Persons making a small quantity of wine can mash the fruit very easily in a barrel, and press in a cheese press, and where this is not convenient a lever press can be constructed in a few minutes, or heavy weights may be used for pressing out the juice. In a future number we may give the practice of the best wine-makers in detail.

Rural Miscellany.

PRIZE PLANS OF FARM BUILDINGS.—In order to obtain for publication in the RURAL, a series of the best plans of Farm Houses and Barns, we last winter offered the following premiums:

Premiums for Farm Houses.—1st. For the best plan of a Farm House, with all necessary information as to cost, manner of construction, &c., we will give a premium of TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS. 2d. For the second best plan, furnished as above, TWENTY DOLLARS.—3d. For the third, FIFTEEN DOLLARS.

Premiums for Plans of Barns.—1st. For the best plan of a BARN, furnished with all necessary plans, information, &c., as required for Farm House, we will give a premium of TWENTY DOLLARS. 2d. For the next best, FIFTEEN DOLLARS. 3d. For the third, TEN DOLLARS.

All plans must be received before the first day of April, and the elevation drawn so as not to occupy over two columns, in width, of the RURAL. The competitors should state any advantage claimed for any improvement over the usual arrangement or manner of building. All plans submitted, to be at our disposal, to publish or reject. The plans will be carefully examined, and the premiums awarded by a competent Committee.

—In response to the above offers, we received quite a number of superior plans and descriptions of the kinds of Farm Buildings named, from various sections of the country; and, though no time for so doing was specified, we intended to have had the premiums awarded, and at least some of the prize plans published, during the past summer. But we found it a very difficult matter to get a competent Committee together long enough to examine and decide upon the respective merits of the plans submitted—and finally concluded to defer the awards until fall, and to commence publishing the designs with our new volume, in January next. The plans are now in the hands of the Committee, and when their report is received, the premiums will be awarded and paid as originally offered. We trust that this explanation as to the unintentional delay, will be satisfactory to competitors and others interested—while all our readers are assured that the designs will be a valuable and attractive feature of Volume Ten of the RURAL.

MORE SHORT-HORNS FOR WESTERN NEW YORK.—We learn that JAS. O. SHELDON, of Geneva, has recently purchased of Mr. THORNE, of Dutchess Co., some of his choicest animals—as good and well bred as any Short-horns. The purchase includes the following superior animals:—"The Duke of Gloster," (11382,) bred by Earl DUCIE; got by Grand Duke (10284,)—dam Duchess 59th. "Duchess 64th," bred by THOS. BATES, Esq., Kirkleavington, got by 2d Duke of Oxford, (9046)—dam, Duchess 55th. "Duchess 71st," bred by Messrs. MORRIS & BECAR, in England; got by the Duke of Gloster, (11382)—dam, Duchess 66th. "2nd Duchess of Thorndale," bred by SAM'L THORNE, Esq; got by Young Balco, (12426)—dam, Duchess 64th. "Oxford (20th)," bred by Col. L. G. MORRIS; got by Marquis of Carrabas, (11789)—dam, Oxford 5th.—"Oxford (—)," bred by Col. MORRIS; got by Romeo (13619)—dam, Oxford 5th. "Oxford (—)," bred by the late N. J. BECAR; got by Marquis of Carrabas (11789)—dam, Oxford 13th. "Oxford (—)," bred by Col. MORRIS; got by the Duke of Gloster (11382)—dam, Oxford 17th. "Duke of Oxford," bred by SAM'L THORNE, Esq., got by Second Grand Duke (12961)—dam, Oxford 20th."

—H. MORDOFF & SON, of Union, in this County, have just purchased of Mr. THORNE the superior yearling Short-horn bull "Prince of Oxford."—Also an imported South-down ram and ewe. We congratulate the parties interested upon these valuable accessions to their fine herds.

N. Y. STATE FAIR.—*Receipts, &c.*—The receipts at the Fair are larger than we anticipated, considering the very unfavorable weather—the total being $10,815 81. The annexed table gives the receipts and estimated attendance at each Fair for fourteen years. The admission fee was 12½ cents previous to 1853—when it was changed to 25 cents, which rate has been retained. The estimate of attendance at each Fair is eight to a dollar when the admission was 12½ cents, and four when it was increased to 25 cents—adding 3,000 for extra tickets to members, &c. It will be observed that the Fair held in Rochester was much more numerously attended than any other, and that the receipts were greater than any other at which the price of admission was the same:

Year.	Place.	Receipts.	Attendance
1845,	Utica,	$4,370 18	34,962
1846,	Auburn,	4 333 17	34,666
1847,	Saratoga,	4 034 22	32 274
1848,	Buffalo,	6,272 86	50,183
1849,	Syracuse,	8,144 55	65,157
1850,	Albany,	10,466 01	83,728
1851,	Rochester,	11,954 25	95 634
1852,	Utica,	8,125 41	65,005
1853,	Saratoga,	6,999 00	27,996
1854,	New York,	9,248 70	36,995
1855,	Elmira,	11,527 25	46,109
1856,	Watertown,	8,010 00	32,040
1857,	Buffalo,	13,078 62	52,312
1858,	Syracuse,	10,815 81	46,800

THE FAIR OF THE UNION AG. SOCIETY, held at Brockport on the 12th inst., was quite successful. Though the weather proved unfavorable, the exhibition was large and creditable in most departments, and the attendance numerous. In Live Stock, (especially cattle and horses,) Implements, Fruits, and Domestic Manufactures, the display was equal to that of some County Fairs, and shows what the people of a few towns can accomplish by making a little effort. If Town and Union Ag. Societies were organized, and rightly managed, all over the State and Union, the cause of Rural Improvement would be greatly advanced, annually; while the County and State Societies would be still more useful and prosperous. Success, therefore, to the Town and Union Societies and their Fairs!

STATE FAIR PREMIUMS.—We made arrangements to receive, and fully intended to publish this week, a correct list of the principal premiums awarded at the recent State Fair; but the copy kindly forwarded by Mr. Secretary JOHNSON, on Saturday last, was carelessly placed in the wrong drawer at our post-office, and did not reach us until too late—while closing this number for the press. This is most vexatious, after the pains we had taken in the premises—yet we sincerely trust that the contemporary who retained the copy until just too late for our use, may never be served in like manner

SALE OF AYRSHIRES.—Mr. E. P. PRENTICE, of Albany, has recently sold nearly the whole of his herd of Ayrshire cattle to Mr. WM. BERNIE, of Springfield, Mass. The sale included twelve cows and heifers of Mr. P.'s own breeding, and the bull "Blossom" bred by Messrs. HUNGERFORD & BRODIE, of Jefferson county.

Orchard and Garden.

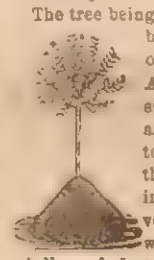
SEASONABLE HINTS

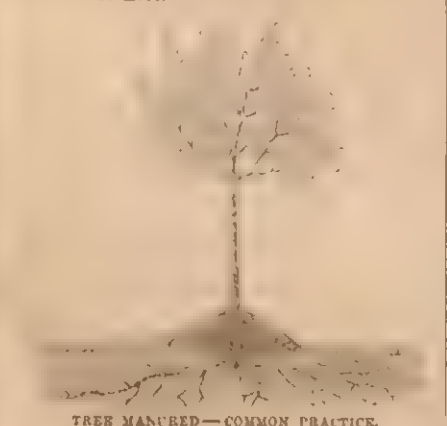
MILLIONS of trees are now being sent from our nurseries, and whether they live and produce fruit and become a source of pleasure and profit to those who purchase them, or whether they will languish and die and be an annoyance as well as a loss, depends very much on the treatment they receive.—A few hints on the subject, therefore, will be in season.

There is some difference of opinion as to the best *time* for planting. In Western New York we prefer the fall, on account of the leisure and the fine weather usual at that season. Still, no one need fail in spring planting. All that is required is a little care. We have planted a hundred pear trees in full blossom the 15th of May, without losing a specimen, and ripened a good crop of fruit on some of them. This we would engage to do any year. One reason why some persons object to fall planting is, that the water lies around the roots in the spring of the year and injures the trees. This objection in most cases is good against the soil or situation, but not good against the time of planting, and shows that it is unfit for fruit trees at any time. Trees require a well drained soil. In districts where the winter is very severe, as it is in some of our Western States, where sometimes established trees are killed to the roots, we would prefer the spring, as thus we would escape the danger of one winter at least, and perhaps the trees would be better able to endure the extreme cold after a season's growth, — though this is questionable, as we have seen trees killed at the West with a degree of cold that would not injure them here.

As to the *manner* of planting, we will say only a few words. A little *thought* will show any one the right way. Every one knows that any tree or plant grows best in a nice, rich, mellow, deep, dry soil, than in one the reverse of this. If you wish your trees to do well, prepare just such a soil for them. The tree before being taken from the ground, had all its fine roots nicely spread out like net-work. These fibrous roots, if the young tree was well cultivated, permeated all through the mellow soil, gathering food for the growing tree. This shows us how it should be planted. If you plant this tree in a small hole, with the roots "*all in a heap*," and matted together, and then throw lumps of cold, hard earth upon them, how can you expect it will grow? If, however, you prepare a good, mellow piece of ground, make a deep hole, fill it with the finest and richest of surface earth nearly to the top, place your tree upon it, spread the roots carefully, removing with a sharp knife any that may have been bruised, then cover them with the finest of mold, nicely sifted in among them; and sprinkle from a watering pot about two quarts of water to each tree, before finishing covering, then you may expect your tree to grow, and *will not be disappointed* in one case in a hundred.—The trees should be planted about as deep as they grew in the nursery. If planted in the spring each tree should receive a pretty thorough pruning of its branches to balance the loss of its fine roots by removal, but fall planted trees we would not prune until early in the spring.

The tree being so nicely planted, of course must be taken care of afterwards, or not only the labor, but the tree is lost. A newly planted tree is apt to be swayed about by the wind, making an opening around the trunk, down to the roots. This not only disturbs the roots, but injures them by drying. The mice, in some places, are very troublesome to trees during winter, gnawing the bark so as to girdle and destroy them. After planting in the fall, if a mound of earth is thrown up around the tree, as shown in the engraving, it will prevent the swaying of the tree by the wind, and in most cases prevent injury from mice. This mound should be leveled in the spring. Trees planted in the spring should be staked, and the trees fastened to the stakes by some soft material that will not injure the bark. A couple of draining tile or a piece of tin, placed around a tree will save it from the depredations of mice.





TREE MANURED—COMMON PRACTICE.

Sometimes trees are received in the fall which it is not desirable to plant until spring. These may be "*heeled in*." This is simply digging a trench in a place secure from water, about eighteen inches or two feet deep, and placing the roots in these trenches, as close as they will lay, covering them with earth. The earth as it is taken out of the trench, should be made to form a sloping bank, against which the trunks and branches may rest, the trees being laid in a slanting position. Then cover the tops with straw or evergreen brush, and all is safe until spring, except mice trouble them, and if the trunks are covered with earth they can only injure the branches. Some prefer to stand trees erect and bank up the earth a foot or two as a protection against mice. If trees are received frozen they can be removed from the boxes or bales and "heeled in" immediately, and the roots will receive no injury if they have been well packed and are permitted to thaw gradually in the soil.—If, however, they are received in freezing weather, place the box or bale in the cellar unopened, and allow it to remain until thawed, then choose some fine day and "heel in" or plant. Trees that are received in the spring, and apparently pretty well dried up, may often be saved by burying the whole tree in the earth for a week. The bark and roots will absorb moisture, and in most cases the tree will be preserved.

People often make themselves ridiculous by the manner in which they manure their trees. They seem to think that all the roots of a tree are confined to a space as large as a man's hat. If a tree grows in the grass, to remove the turf from a circle about a foot or so in diameter, is all that is considered necessary, and if manure is applied, it is thrown in a pile around the trunk, and might almost as well be thrown in the street. The roots extend at least as far, and generally much farther, than the branches, where there are a thousand hungry mouths seeking for food; what nonsense, then, to place a quart or two of manure close to the stem of the tree. It would be about as sensible to tie it up in a bundle and hang it in the branches. J. J. THOMAS has shown the folly of the thing in the above engraving, which we commend to the remembrance of all our readers.

While attending the State Fair at Syracuse, we took a stroll in the suburbs in search of objects of interest and observed a pear orchard that attracted our special notice, from the fact that the earth around each tree had been nicely pulverized and manured for some twelve feet in diameter. Such a singular manifestation of good sense and a knowledge of vegetable physiology caused us to inquire who the owner could be, when we learned that it belonged to E. W. LEAVENWORTH, Esq. This is an example the people of Syracuse might well imitate.

DWARF PEARS—MISREPRESENTATION.

THE industry with which those individuals have been assailed who raise "*Dwarf Pear Trees*" for sale, by a certain clique, leaves us nothing to marvel at in the way of false reports. Like several others who felt an interest in the open and fair discussion of the question, I was at the Pomological Convention on the 14th September. I was in hopes, that for once, we should have a fair platform, and we had. M. P. WILDER secured it for us, not so the reports. There was not an individual from "*Black Rock*" to "*Germantown, Pa.*," to say a word against the profit of Dwarf Pears, but myself, and all I said in the negative they may pocket, —however I have been carefully and willfully misrepresented. *I did say* that because many trees this season were in bad condition in the vicinity of Philadelphia, from causes which I could easily account for, *had I the time*, some practical men questioned the durability of the Pear on Quince stock. I am reported, by a very mendacious Horticultural Journal, to have said as follows:

"R. R. SCOTT, of Pa.—*In certain localities the quince stock does not succeed, near Philadelphia, in a strong gravelly subsoil, they utterly fail, while standards are good. Mr. S. presented two specimens of pear wood grafted on quince, to show the strength of union.*" Now, sir, you who sat as a reporter at that table, what do you say to such a false report? Further, I moved a vote of thanks, *not to that section of the Horticultural and Agricultural press which had stood forward to oppose Pomology*, but to that section which stood forward to aid and encourage it, as well as those reporters who attended the meeting.

And now, a word in explanation. I do not fear or regard the circumscribed influence of such a journal as has thus carefully pursued me, *even to the last*. It is harmless, except to itself; its course and policy is suicidal. The object of my exhibiting two specimens, one of a graft of a Pear on Quince stock and one of a Pear on Pear stock, was to prove the utter fallacy of the statement, that the union of Pear with Quince was quite imperfect, and that Pear wood was hard and close pored, while Quince was soft and open pored, and could be told by any one at a glance. I defied any gentleman at a glance, or even by close inspection, to distinguish these specimens, so close and perfect the union. But enough, we still live in the nineteenth century. Live on and hope.

Philadelphia, 1858. R. R. S.

REMARKS.—"R. R. S." is correct in his statement of facts, and was so reported in the RURAL. It was a matter of regret that Mr. S. did not state the *cause* of the failure of dwarf trees around Philadelphia, as it seems to us he might have done in a few words. Mr. S. thinks he was designedly misrepresented in one of the Horticultural Journals. Of this we have nothing to say—the correctness of our own report is all we care to maintain; and on this point we have received flattering letters from Officers of the Society.

NORTHERN MUSCADINE GRAPE.

EDITORS RURAL:—A few months since the merits of a new grape, known as the *Northern Muscadine*, were controverted with great assurance in your columns. The grape was denounced as a poor thing, and what was more, that none of the celebrated nurserymen would have anything to do with it. It was said, in further corroboration of its worthlessness, that one poor fellow was actually driven from the room where it was, by its offensive odor. Well, why should it not smell bad, originating as it did, among the *Shaking Quakers*? If its advent had been more auspicious, its presence might have been tolerated.

Three or four years ago, and before its reputation became so bad, some fifteen persons in this village (the writer among them) sent each for a vine—they came, were set out, and a few of them fruited last year, all of the vines have done so this year, I believe, and the fruit has perfectly matured, so that we have had every desirable opportunity to test its quality. I have about a dozen different kinds of grapes in bearing, the far-famed *Diana* among them, but this *Quaker grape* is altogether the best, and this is the united opinion of all that are acquainted with it here. I am not puffing this grape to extend its sale, for I know of none to be had, but I would advise those that desire a really good grape, to obtain it if they can, and give it a trial. L. DOWNING.

Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y., 1858.

REMARKS.—There is no accounting for taste, and we certainly have no desire to regulate the tastes of others to suit our standard. Those who like a grape with a strong *musky* or *foxy* flavor, will like the *Northern Muscadine*, and if they are particularly partial to this taste and smell, they will be still better suited with the *Charter Oak*. The *Isabella* has as much of this flavor as we like, and any grape that is more *foxy* than this variety, we would condemn as unfit for the table—that is, unless we lived somewhere in the northern regions, where we could not ripen a good grape, then we might become starved to it. But those who like it, should not call in question the *motives* of those who entertain different opinions. There is not a nurseryman in the country but could have propagated thousands of these plants, had they felt justified in recommending and selling them. The fact that they did not do so, seems to us honorable rather than otherwise. What they could gain by refusing to progagate it, except what every business man gains by pursuing a course of honorable dealing, we cannot imagine. Neither the *Delaware* nor *Rebecca* was raised by nurserymen—the former was found on a farm in Ohio, and the latter in a little garden in the city of Hudson. Now, according to our correspondent, the nurserymen should have condemned these varieties. Instead of that, however, all recommend and propagate them. We are not slow to condemn everything that looks like deception or fraud, but this unmerited censure—this calling in question the motives of any man or class of men that happen to differ from us, is very unprofitable business, in which we shall never engage. The only merit of the *Muscadine*, we think, is its earliness, being some two weeks earlier than the *Isabella*. Its faults are its bad flavor, and the fact that the berries drop from the bunches. We have been told that this is not so much the case when the vines are old. It bears, in our opinion, no comparison with the *Diana* as to quality.

GRAPE GROWERS' ASSOCIATION.

THE Fall Meeting of the Grape Growers' Association of Hammondsport, was held in September. This Association was formed about a year since, and though composed of the grape growers of Hammondsport, the meetings are attended by many gentlemen from the adjoining counties. The discussion was quite interesting, but our synopsis must be very brief, as we have lately devoted so much space to reports of the doings of Fruit Associations.

HON. D. MC MASTER, of Bath, said that the season was two weeks later at Bath than at Hammondsport; that even Catawbas could not be successfully ripened at Bath. The Black Cluster or Burgundy ripens well.

J. LARROWE said that he had cut off ends of his vines in August, and some as late as 1st of September, and had also trimmed off the leaves, and was experimenting in various kinds of summer pruning, but could not state results as yet.

MR. WM. PRENTISS, of Pultney, spoke from his experience against trimming the Isabella. He believed in cutting as little as possible. He differed from the German mode, as practised in the vineyard of A. Reisinger, which was to use the knife liberally on the ends of the vines and on laterals, and thought it injurious to the prosperity of the vine. Has a vineyard of one and a half acres, bearing vines, set eighteen feet apart, among the stumps originally; had trained them 9 feet high; last season had made from this vineyard 480 gallons of wine, and sold $200 worth of fruit. That he had sold all his wine, and has between four and five acres of vineyard in process of cultivation, mostly Isabellas, and should set no more Catawbas.

I. HILDRETH, of Big Stream Point, said he has a vineyard of two acres, set 13 feet apart, of Isabellas. Had cultivated the ground well, and had never cut or trimmed his vines in the summer; regarded the native vines as hardier grown than the European, and require a light soil. Spoke very strongly in favor of the soil at Hammondsport for the cultivation of the vine. Thought his vineyard, now 3 years old from the setting, would yield this year from 5 to 16 pounds of fruit to the root. The first year setting, in the winter pruning, he cut all the shoots close to the ground. The 2d year these shoots should be left from 1 to 3 feet long, depending on the strength of the vine, and after that leave from 3 to 4 shoots every year only.

WM. BAKER, of Pleasant Valley, near Hammondsport, said he had on his farm an Isabella vine 16 to 18 years of age, 6 inches in diameter at the root, which root will yield this season about 300 pounds of fruit; thinks he could so train a single vine as to grow 1,000 pounds of fruit in one season.

J. LARROWE defended summer pruning with considerable force and ability, if judiciously used; spoke of the advanced and progressive ideas of the Yankee as applicable to the culture of the grape, and could not condemn the judicious application of the knife to the superfluities of the vine, which drew out in reply,

MR. I. HILDRETH, who said, among many other good things against the practice of summer pruning, that although he was a Yankee, and loved to whittle as well as any of the race, he always kept his jack-knife in his pocket while in his vineyard in the summer.

MR. CLARK BELL, the Secretary of the Association, stated to the meeting the object of the Association to be "to obtain reliable information upon the subject of the culture of the grape, and the relative value, and practicability of the growth of the different varieties in this climate; that an Association with that object had been formed here; that it had most of the varieties known in this country growing in the vineyards of its members for the purpose of introducing and testing them."

He stated briefly what was being done at Hammondsport in the culture of the grape, that the gentlemen from abroad might know to what extent they were interested in this question. After enumerating several very flourishing vineyards, the Secretary said there were over thirty acres in vineyard at Hammondsport. Not a doubt was felt as to the success of the vine. Isabellas ripened there last year when the crop was a failure everywhere else. The crop this season was very large and very nice.

LARGE TOMATO.—Having seen an item in the RURAL mentioning a tomato weighing one pound and ten ounces, I think proper to send you this notice of one grown in my garden the past summer, which weighed *three pounds*. The vine grew where a pile of hog manure had lain the previous winter; the product was very large, and many of the tomatoes would have weighed half as much as the large one.—J. SIBLEY, *Forestville, Chaut. Co.*

BLACK RASPBERRIES.—A neighbor has eight black raspberries bushes in his garden. They produced last summer, forty quarts of fine fruit, at the mere cost of a few hours attention in pruning and culture.—J. S., *Forestville, Chaut, Co., N. Y.*, 1858.

WATERMELONS.—WINTER PEARS.

EDS. RURAL:—A. S. POTTER asks how to "ascertain when watermelons are ripe." This minds me of a matter already too long neglected for this season. But first let me tell him how I ascertain; in addition to what you have said on the subject. Look to the "*curl*" and the spoon-shaped leaf near the stem of the melon. When these are dry and brown, I pick the melon, with full faith that it is ripe. I want all *Young Ruralists* to recollect this, and not do as was done in my "patch" by a young Miss, "*plug*" all the large melons to find the ripe ones.

To grow *watermelons without seeds* would be a desirable thing, would it not? It can be done, but I am not quite sure as I shall tell you, for a very good reason; yet I will tell as much as I know about it. In the city of Rio Janeiro, an old French gardener supplies the market with *seedless watermelons*, or did during the winter of 1848-9. He did it by pruning, so as to *prevent the pollen from having its influence on the germen*. This will prevent the formation of seeds. Do any of the readers of the RURAL understand the matter? If so, let us hear; if not, let all interested test the matter thoroughly and report progress next year. Let us hear from friend FULLER, of Brooklyn, on the subject.

WINTER PEARS.—It surprises me that any one can say aught against *Winter Pears*. I have one tree (name unknown) planted by "UNCLE BEN. BENJAMIN," something over twenty years since. The fruit, in fall, bitter, astringent, hard, and tough, becomes, about the middle of December, of orange yellow, crisp, juicy, melting, delicious—yielding exquisite delight to the palates of all who have had the good fortune to taste it. Yet this tree was pronounced worthless by all who knew it at the time I bought the place. A pair of busy hands, however, that belonga to the better half of me, wrapped up a few dozen the first fall after our coming to the place, and about January following, placed a dish of pears upon the table that *looked* as if they came fresh from the hands of MIDAS, but the taste declared them to be of POMONA'S richest and best. You shall, however, judge for yourself sometime next winter, when, if nothing unforseen occurs, I will send you some Winter Pears that are pronounced, by all who have tasted them when ripe, *good*. How few appreciate pears, yet what fruit is better? Although some men, such as friend ALLEN and I, are careless cultivators, yet we *know* the fruit is good and the trees hardy, by examples show us by men who are Pomologists indeed. CHAS. BRACKETT.

Rochester, Fulton Co., Ind., 1858.

EVER-BEARING STRAWBERRIES.—For some years past we have heard a good deal about *Ever-Bearing Strawberries*, but in this latitude they have only been *talked about*. Further south, perhaps, fruit has been produced in the fall, but whether enough to make it a matter of much account, we cannot say. This season, however, a lady in the town of Greece in this county, presents us with several lots of ripe strawberries, during the month of September, and on the 10th of October, gave us a very fine lot of berries, large, ripe and luscious, others in different stages of growth and some fine clusters of flowers. So, we have what has been so long sought for, an *Ever-Bearing Strawberry* at last, besides the little *Alpine*. Now, for fear we might raise an excitement, and cause people to send us large piles of money to procure for them this valuable variety, (or rather varieties for there are two sorts,) we will give their names, and perhaps they may sound familiar to strawberry growers. They are called *Crimson Cone* and *Early Scarlet*. The fact is they did so poorly in the strawberry season, in consequence of the extreme dry weather, that they have been trying to make amends ever since. A worthy example which many we know, who have wasted half their days, would do well to imitate.

CRACKING OF THE APPLE.—While writing, I thought of asking a little information with regard to apples being blighted on one side. In my orchard there are very few that are not dried and cracked open, so as to render at least one-quarter of the apple entirely useless. If you, or any of your readers, can inform me of the cause, and how to prevent it in future, if it can be prevented, I shall consider it as a great favor. I may state that last spring I had my orchard well trimmed, by a man who pretended to have served an apprenticeship to pruning, and I may also say that apples are generally the same, as far as my knowledge extends.—S. B., *Ameliasburgh, C. W.*, 1858.

REMARKS.—The disease you speak of is undoubtedly a mildew, somewhat similar to that which causes the cracking of some varieties of pears in certain localities. The mildew destroys the skin, and prevents the development of the fruit, at the point attacked with the disease; the flesh thereupon becomes hard and cracks, and on the skin is seen a dark horny scale. Good drainage, thorough culture of the soil, judicious pruning, so as to admit a free circulation of air, and a little sunlight among the branches, would do much toward remedying the difficulty. Will not some of our readers give their experience in this matter.

MAINE POMOLOGICAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—This Society held their Annual Meeting at Augusta on the 5th inst., and made choice of the following officers for the ensuing year:—*President*—E. Holmes, of Winthrop. *Vice-Presidents*—Henry Little, Penobscot; S. F. Perley, Cumberland; Francis Fuller, Kennebec; S.W. Coburn, Somerset; John Currier, Lincoln; John Rogers, York; D. Forbes, Oxford; Sam'l Butman, Waldo; C. Chamberlain, Piscataquis; S. F. Dike, Sagadhoc; Robert Martin, Androscoggin; Oliver Gould, Franklin; Wm. D. Dana, Washington; John Allen, Aroostook. *Recording Secretary*—D. A. Fairbanks, Augusta. *Treasurer and Librarian*—R. Enton, Augusta. *Trustees*—Warren Percival, Vassalboro'; D. Cargil, East Winthrop; F. Glazier, jr., Hallowell. *Standing Committee on Fruit*—D. Taber, Vassalboro'; I. W. Britton, Winslow; N. Foster Gardiner; Horace Partin, E. Winthrop; Calvin Spaulding, Hallowell.—F. Glazier, Jr., of Hallowell, presented the Bachelder Sweet, an apple which is deserving more extensive propagation. It is a native of Hallowell, is an excellent sweet apple, fine for cooking and baking, a good bearer, and keeps in good flavor until March.

Domestic Economy.

FRIED OYSTERS, SPANISH PICKLES, &c.

RUSSIAN SAUCE.—Four tablespoons of finely-grated horse-radish; 2 of made mustard; 1 saltspoon of salt; 1 of pounded loaf sugar, and vinegar enough to cover the whole. It will keep several months, if closely bottled. Delicious.

FRIED OYSTERS.—Take large oysters from their own liquor, on a thickly folded napkin, then make a tablespoon of lard and one-half a teaspoon of salt, hot, in a thick-bottomed frying-pan. Dip each oyster in flour or rolled crackers, and lay them in the frying-pan, and fry gently until one side is a delicate brown, and then turn them by sliding a fork under. Some people like a very little of the liquor poured in the pan after the oysters are done, let it boil up and pour over the oysters.

BUCKWEAT CAKES, after standing to rise all night, are much improved by adding, just before baking, a teacup of sour cream or rich buttermilk, and a little saleratus. This improves the flavor and makes them richer and lighter. As the season for cakes is approaching, I hope the virtues of this recipe will be thoroughly tested.

SPANISH PICKLES.—Wash, in cold water, some green tomatoes, put them in a jar, and cover with warm salt and water for twenty-four hours, and then pour it off. Slice the tomatoes with onions, horse-radish, roots and green peppers, in slices one-quarter of an inch thick; put them all in the jar, adding small cucumbers and radish pods, and cover the whole with good vinegar, slightly flavored with cinnamon, and you will have some good pickles.

THE VERY BEST WAY TO PREPARE CODFISH FOR THE TABLE.—Take (at night) half of a codfish, put it into a pan and cover with cold water, and let it stand until morning, then take off the skin, and take out the largest bones, carefully—put on some fresh water, and set it on the stove. While this is heating (it must not boil,) mix one and one-half cups of sweet cream, with two-thirds of a cup of butter, and heat it boiling hot—take the fish out of the water upon a hot platter, pour on the gravy, sift pepper over, and serve hot for breakfast.

SODA BISCUIT.—Two cups cream; 2 of sweet milk; 2 teaspoons cream tartar; 2 of soda, and flour to mix soft.

GINGER SNAPS.—Two cups molasses; 1 tablespoon of saleratus; 2 of ginger; 4 of water, and two of lard. These are excellent.

NICE FRUIT CAKE.—Three cups sugar; 1 cup of butter; 4 eggs; 1 cup of sweet milk; 4 cups of flour; 1 teaspoon saleratus; ½ a nutmeg; a teaspoon cinnamon and cloves; 1 pound of raisins, stoned and cut in two, and ½ of a pound of citron, cut in slips. This quantity makes two large cakes. ROSELYNDA W.

TOMATO FIGS.—Having seen an inquiry in the RURAL for a good way to preserve Tomato Figs, and finding no answer, I thought we ought to let you know how we preserve them. We take plum or pear-shaped tomatoes, scald and peel them. To sixteen pounds of fruit put six pounds of sugar; boil them until they are soft, then take them out, put in a dish and flatten them. Dry them in the sun; then pack them in a jar or box, and sift white sugar over every layer; then cover them over, and they will keep for a year. There will be considerable syrup left, which will be of service to boil other fruit in. We have tried them three years, and find they keep well.—A SUBSCRIBER, *Madison, Wis.*, 1858.

INDIAN BREAD.—I would like to add my mite to the column of "Domestic Economy," in the form of a recipe for making Indian Bread, which is as follows:—One pint-basin full flour; 2 of corn meal; 1 of sour milk, (not buttermilk;) 2 of sweet milk; 1 small tablespoonful saleratus; 1 of salt 1 teacup molasses, less will do—stir up cold, bake in 6 quart pan, 1¼ hours, rather quick oven. Try it, for we call it excellent.—MARTHA A. T., *Pike, N. Y.*, 1858.

THANKSGIVING INDIAN PUDDING, such as my mother used to make, over threescore years ago. To two quarts boiled skim milk, stir in three cups of Indian meal, then add one quart more of cold milk; the cream taken from the whole; three eggs; one full cup of sugar; season with cinnamon and cloves, or to your taste. Suet and raisins will much improve it. Bake three hours, and cool off as in a brick oven.———, *North Pitcher, N. Y.*

PRESERVING CITRONS.—Will any of the numerous readers of the RURAL be kind enough to give a recipe for preserving citron in halves or quarters so as to sell it by the pound. I have noticed a great many recipes which I think are very good in families generally, but I have never seen any for this special purpose.—J. S. CUTCLIFFE, *Syracuse, N. Y.*, 1858.

SAMP-MAKING.—Take a jack-plane, put one end in a milk pan or half bushel, with the face up, take an ear of corn in the right hand, holding the plane with the left, and in five minutes you can prepare samp enough for a meal of the best kind, free from all grit or dirt.—WM. GIBSON, *Seneca Castle, Ont. Co., N. Y.*, 1858.

WILL some of the lady readers please inform me how to color bright sky blue on silk, and oblige—MISS MOLLIE E. N., *Rural Dell, N. Y.*, 1858.

THE VIRTUES OF BORAX.—The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as washing powder, instead of soda, in the proportion of a large handful of borax powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, &c., an extra quantity of the powder is used, and for crinolines, requiring to be made stiff, a strong solution is necessary. **Borax being a neutral salt does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen;** its effect is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it should be kept on every toilet table. To the taste it is rather sweet; is used for cleaning the hair, is an excellent dentrifice, and in hot countries is used in combination with tartaric acid and bicarbonate of soda as a cooling beverage.—*Selected.*

Ladies' Port-Folio.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

"MY LOST BRIDE."

BY IDA FAIRFIELD.

She was a fair, young creature,
As fragile as the flower,
Which opens in the sunlight,
To wither in an hour—
A spirit pure and stainless,
Far more to Heaven allied
Than to this dull and sordid earth,
And thus I lost my Bride.

My love could not detain her,
Its walls of living flame
Fell crumbling unto ashes
When the Death-Angel came.
She was my richest treasure,
My glory and my pride,
Her love lent life its only charm,
How could I spare my Bride!

But I have sometimes fancied,
At holy eventide,
A form of angel beauty
Steals softly to my side;
A sweet voice murmurs near me,
And I have vainly tried,
Within my clinging arms, to clasp,
Once more, my long lost Bride.

But azure wings unfolding,
The Seraph soars away,
And my sad heart is strengthened
To live another day.
And thus, as years roll onward,
Their marks I would not hide,
For, with each deepening furrow,
I hasten to my Bride.

Her loving smile will greet me
Upon that Sunny Shore,
Her sweet voice sounds a welcome
Above the River's roar—
It was not ours to journey,
For long years, side by side,
But away in yonder Heaven,
I claim my youthful Bride.

Independence, N. Y., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

GRATIFY THE LITTLE ONES

"FATHER," said a little boy, some seven or eight years old, "may I go out and roll my hoop in the street?"

"No, WILLY, it is Sunday morning, and you must not play to-day."

"But, Father, what shall I do? I want some body to play with. Please let me go out and"—

"Stop your noise, young man, and go and get your books and sit down, and don't let me hear another word!"

Crest-fallen, and with a sad, yet flushed face WILLY went to gather his books, and sit down.—He had seen all the books before—nothing was new, nothing amused him. Finally, he ventured to his father's chair again, with some request.

"Didn't I tell you to keep away? Dont you see I am reading, and can't be bothered? Go read your books."

Just then mother came in, and WILLY turned to her.

"Mother, I don't like Sunday. I wish there never was a Sunday in the world! It's the meanest day there is!"

"Why, WILLY, what's the matter of you? Come here, and let me see."

"'Cause father makes me sit down all day, and do nothing, and won't let me play a bit."

"And you feel bad enough about it. Let us go out in the other room, where we shall not disturb father, and look at the pictures, and I'll explain them to you awhile, and then you may take my new knife and see what you can make with it."

"O, do, please do, mother! How I love to have you show me the pictures!"

And so mother chatted and amused him for a couple of hours, and then she was really tired, for she had been very busy about the house all the morning and wanted to rest and read some. Father finished his *papers*, and took his hat, and went out to walk, and enjoy the fine day, and divert himself as he chose. WILLY teased and hung around his mother, till from very weariness, she let him go out, and once out of sight, some idle boys, enticed him to the brook to see the little fish.

When father came in, the first question was, "Where's WILLY?"

"I don't know. I let him go out, and I dare say he has strayed away somewhere."

"Don't *care*, why don't you say? I should think you might keep track of one child! I'll whip that boy within an inch of his life, if he runs away again!"

"Well, husband, I amused the child till I was completely tired. Why could not you spend a little time with him too? You always command him to sit down and read, just as though such a child, who can scarcely read, could amuse himself in that way. You never bend yourself a moment, to please or interest him. Either I must do it, or he must find amusement elsewhere."

"O, yes, the same old story. I pity the hen, that can't scratch for one chicken." And so it went.

WILLY grew to hate the Sabbath, and his mother to dread the day, for truly it was a long, sad, weary day to her. She loved her boy, and was willing to amuse him, yet she was often sick, and full of cares, and liked to read, but never could she take up a book or paper but she must lay it down, and do or say something to please WILLY. Father calculated to have his time to himself—the child must not tease or interrupt *him*. "It belonged to the women to take care of the children."

Reader, did you ever see such a family, and does my story contain any instruction, or moral?

QUERCHY.

WHOM TO MARRY.—When a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly tender and respectful, from principle as well as nature, there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her, in whatever condition she may be placed. Were I to advise a friend as to the choice of a wife, my first counsel would be, "look out for one distinguished for her attention and sweetness to her parents." The fund of worth and affection indicated by such behavior, joined by the habits of duty and consideration thereby contracted, being transferred to the married state, will not fail to render her a mild and obliging companion.—*Star.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE GIFT OF BEAUTY

"MOTHER, HERBERT GRAYSON says that I am beautiful," remarked a little girl of eight summers, as through the vine-wreathed piazza she came lightly tripping into her mother's room. And, indeed, nature had been lavish in tinting the picture that met the parent's gaze. A half hour had that parent been pleading with her GOD to guide her in training her household plants, and an answer to the child's remark rose to her lips as readily as the water pours over the basin of a fountain.

"Come to my side, my EMILY," she said, then twined her arms around the form of her fair bud. "You are pretty," said she, "but this should beget neither pride nor haughtiness, or plant within your heart seeds of selfishness. Beauty is a gift that JEHOVAH bestows alike on flower, tree, brute creation, and man, in varied forms. My daughter has received it in the form of grace of figure and comeliness of feature; in the silvery tone that marks her laughter and speech, and in her light tread over house and field. Days will come to her, and she will have a chance to use these gifts in making glad the hearts of the family band, and of those who shall tread life's paths with her, by speaking the gentle word, arranging the sick one's pillow, wreathing a kindly smile for the care-worn, timid, and weary. But *never* will she have *just* occasion to let vanity dwell in her heart, or exhibit itself in her demeanor, for by no merit of her own does she possess these attributes; and swiftly will time go by and behold them decayed and crumbled back to their mother dust. Mother hopes that her spirit beautified by a right use of the gifts will dwell in 'mansions not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens.'"

EMILY went from the room with a new lesson printed upon her heart, which remained stamped there until childhood had given place to womanhood. And not only in her heart did it find a place, but was lived out in her actions. Her comparatively pure heart, a true tell tale of those surrounding her, was never won by any of the haughty and pretending ones who sought it; but by HERBERT GRAYSON, the "upright farmer's boy," as he was called by all.

It was twilight, a golden autumn eve, when the newly wedded pair stood beneath the same elm tree around which they had been playing just previous to the opening of our story. Said EMILY to her companion, "It was here that you caused the awakening of a new life in me," and answered his wondering gaze by telling how his boyish remark had provoked a priceless lesson from the lips of one over whom the green turf lay now; and which had caused her to cast vanity aside, and seek for her companion the fair maiden, Humility.

"Which beautified her spirit so much," returned HERBERT archly, "that she has ever since met my flatteries by chiming, in her silvery tones, the old, old adage—"Handsome is, who handsome does."

Olivet, Eaton Co., Mich., 1858. U. E. C.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

HOOPOLOGY.

AMELIA does not wear hoops. And why? Simply because she thinks this fashion is one of the most ridiculous the world has ever seen. "Oh, but you are behind time," somebody says, "*every one* wears them." What if they do, it shows very plainly that though their bodies are "puffed out" to an unnatural size, their minds require no hoops.

The followers of Hoopology tell us they wear them for comfort. A short time ago, when the other extreme in dress was raging, that was comfortable, too. "Consistency is a jewel." That they are graceful, none can fail of observing when a dumpy woman resembles a jug, and a tall one a hogshead—of their convenience we need not speak for every one who has traveled at all the past year, can testify to this feature in the science. Well, what conclusion do we come to? Just this. Hoops are worn because it is the fashion, and that is the only reason. And *this* is the very doctrine that we despise, not that we would uphold singularity in dress, or any of the new-fangled dress-reform notions.—What we want is moral courage to say to the fickle goddess, thus far shalt thou come and no farther. If ladies would take this stand, and follow her dictates only so far as taste would lead them, "Mrs. CRINOLINE" would soon leave the stage of action.

A great cry is made about men shaving their heads and making themselves look like young porcupines. Who blames them! Rather let us wonder they do not shave their heads and clothe themselves in sack-cloth and ashes, on account of the degeneracy of the female race. "*O, tempora, O, mores,*"—that Hoopology should be tolerated.

Cayuga, N. Y., 1858. AMELIA.

SHUN AFFECTATION.

THERE is nothing more beautiful in the young than simplicity of character. It is honest, frank and attractive. How different is affectation! The simple minded are always natural. They are, at the same time, original. The affected are never natural. And as for originality, if they ever had it, they have crushed it out, and buried it from sight, utterly. Be yourself, then, young friend!—To attempt to be anybody else is worse than folly. It is an impossibility to attain it. It is contemptible to try! But suppose you *could* succeed in imitating the greatest man that ever figured in history, would that make you any the greater? By no means. You would always suffer in comparison with the imitated one, and be thought of only as the shadow of a substance—the echo of a real sound—the counterfeit of a pure coin! Dr. JOHNSTON compared the heartless imitator—for such is he who affects the character of another—to the Empress of Russia, when she did the freakish thing of erecting a palace of ice. It was splendid and conspicuous while it lasted. But the sun soon melted it, and caused its attractions to dissolve into common water, while the humblest stone cottages of her subjects stood firm and unmarred.—Let the fabric of your character, though ever so humble, be at least real. Avoid affecting the character of another, however great. Build up your own. Be what God intended you to be—*yourself*, and not somebody else. Shun affectation.

SIR PETER LELY made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience that whenever he did so his pencil took a hint from it.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AUTUMN.

BY B. HOWLAND

Upon the fading landscape, the dying Summer smiles,
And lights it with the glory of fabled, fairy isles;
The earth is filled with beauty—the glow of the sunset skies,
Illumes the leafy forest in all its brilliant dyes,
Of russet, gold and crimson, with which a hand unseen,
By magic has created a most enchanting scene.

'Tis beautiful as Summer, but yet we miss the flowers,
And the music of the song-birds that cheered the Summer hours;
The winds are sleeping on the sea, the sunshine on the land,
And soft the slow-pulsed billows are throbbing on the strand.

In the warm and pleasant sunlight of this quiet afternoon
The meadow-brook is singing in a dreamy undertone;
And through the mournful silence, I almost seem to hear
The faintly echoing footsteps of Summer lingering near.
The loveliness of Autumn is an emblem of decay,
Like the fever-flush upon the cheek of those who pass away.

'Tis said the dying dolphin, when life is almost o'er,
Glows with a rainbow brightness it never had before;
So, when the days are waning and Nature sinks to rest,
Mild Autumn flings his banner of beauty on her breast,—
He decks the fading forest in robes of radiant hue,
And hangs around the far-off hills a mellow haze of blue.

New York, Oct., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE DREAMER.—No. III.

PROPOSING AND DISPOSING.

"MAN proposes but GOD disposes," said some one, and we are all proving the truth of the saying. We all plan and say to-morrow I shall do this thing, and another day that, but fortunately for us, a wiser than us sends the event. We are too blind sometimes to see why our dearest plans are thwarted, and, perhaps, our lives embittered, but assuredly it must be good. Sitting on the sofa in a pleasant cool room, I say, "To-morrow, SUSY, I will go home to the city and let JOHN have a vacation."

"Why must you go so soon?"

"O, I left JOHN alone there, and my business will require my presence by this time. Besides, poor JOHN is tired, and wants a little recreation as well as myself."

"Well, if you must, go; but we should like to have you stay, you know."

"Thank you, but I must go." And I turn to my newspaper and the kind matron to her work.

All this plan I make on the sofa, with perfect confidence that I shall be able to do just so, and relieve JOHN and myself in just this way. But the paper seems dull and nothing has power to interest me. My head seems ready to burst, and I can feel the fever creeping slowly along my veins. "I am afraid I'm sick, SUSY."

How busily the little woman bustles about to relieve me. What unknown teas, and syrups, and cordials, I must try. And when they all fail, with what an air does she say, "You'll have a thorough course of fever." So the doctor comes in and looks wise, and busy, and gratified, almost. I hear him say, briskly, "A very interesting case!" in the very same tone we used when we found a new bug, or plant, or mineral, when we hunted the fields long ago. Have doctors any feelings? Perhaps they have. But they are so used to sickness and suffering that they only see in you and I "interesting cases," which must sooner or later come under their care. And then comes a long, confused vision of bottles and papers, and a doctor, and dim figures floating in the misty atmosphere, and strange, startling fancies, the weird images conjured up in the brain by the necromancy of fever.

Who can describe the absurdities of a sick man's dreams,—all the more absurd because of the little sprinkling of possible reality in them. We are fully convinced they *might* be real, but how utterly absurd they would be if they were. And so we laugh at them. Yet it is just as cruel as it is to laugh at the troubles of a child, or grown person even.—They are just as real to the sufferer as our afflictions are to us,—nay, even more so, sometimes. It is strangely true that many times our dreams seem real, and our real situation a dream.

At last comes the awakening, and I overhear the doctor saying to SUSY, "He's entirely out of danger, Ma'am," and I fancy I can see him rub his hands with glee. "A few days of such excellent nursing, Ma'am, and he will be out."

So I had been pretty sick, had I? and I had had good care? It must have been SUSY who cared for me. It could'nt be TOM; no, I am sure it was SUSY. I wonder how long I have been sick? Wonder if I was dangerous? How weak I am?—and I lazily close my eyes and try to sleep again. Outside the curtain are soft footsteps, and hushed voices, and their noise comes to my ear with a pleasant hum like the sound we all love to hear in the sea-shell. Even TOM's hearty voice is hushed as he comes into the house. What a task it must be to him to keep from loud talking with those deep, full lungs of his!

And SUSY comes in now, quietly, tenderly, as if she feared to injure me by an excess of kindness. There are two ways of doing a favor, as if you tho't all the time it would *be* a favor, and as if you did'nt think about that, but just did it as the prompting of a kind heart. The first fears to be too little praised, the second to be too much. Which do you prefer?

And soon SUSY tells me I am convalescent. O, the joys of convalescence! The mind and the body are both beginning to grow. The body has been ill and is weak—it must rest and gain strength. The mind has had a rest—a vacation—and it comes to things of the world with a zest and a relish which seem almost like the fresh vigor of a child. We are learning. All the realities of life are as new to us as if they never existed, and the effort we make to remember our condition is like finding it out for the first time. SUSY brings me some letters. Here is one from JOHN. Poor fellow! he must be tired waiting for me. And perhaps another, away in some quiet country nook, is tired too,—and some bright eyes may be dim with watching for him.

TOM writes a letter for me. I tell JOHN to do various things of importance to me, and one of importance to himself,—to go *home* for a week. JOHN will be once sorry for me and twice glad for himself when he gets that. And the bright eyes will be dry and will sparkle.

TOM sits by the fire reading his paper, the children are far in fairy-land, SUSY is busy at her work-basket, while I lie watching her. There is a quiet, kind expression on her face, as if the reflection of some good deed had lingered there. Conventions may *resolve*, and enthusiasts prate, but woman's highest and only *true* sphere, is as the refiner and *helper* of man. From her we get our standards of beauty and worth, bodily or mental. In Prosperity she cheers, and in Adversity consoles us. She may not fight our battles for us, but when faint, and wounded and bleeding from the fray, her hands shall bind up our wounds and soothe our minds. Her foes in their trouble shall bless the heart which pities and the hand which relieves them. And we *love* her, too. Cynics may sneer, but from the Cradle to the Grave, as Mother, Sister, or Wife, we reverence, we love, and we cherish True Woman. May her *Rights* be ever heeded.

But invalids must sleep. Good night.

THE COMET.

I HAVE just been out "star-gazing," and as the "cynosure of all eyes," at present, is the Comet, of course I could see nothing else. Looking at this, as it went whisking and flashing through the Solar System, the thought struck me how like some human beings is that erratic visitor.

Mr. A.—a person of small means, and still smaller *head*—comes flashing into a neighborhood, and soon draws a long train after him, who give out that he is a person of vast resources, and all lesser lights must be thrown in the back ground. It is surmised that if his course is obstructed and a collision ensues, that everything will be knocked into *pi* and a general chaos be the result. But in a few days he again recedes into space and the world goes on as before. A Chemico Agricultural Philosopher, Comet-like, appears in the Solar System, and with his theories is determined to throw light on all surrounding darkness, but his rays all have a tendency in one direction. People soon discover that his "seat of life" is only a *nucleus* for making money, and he passes away.

We have many notable examples of erratic visitors in some Divines of the present day, with their teachings of getting to Heaven in some different manner beside the good old one of loving GOD and doing good in the world. They may *shine* for a few days, but their brightest places can be easily *seen through*, and are soon sent into outer darkness.

The Fashions of the generation seem much like these Heavenly bodies. As they are supposed to revolve around, and again appear—after a long time—so with the fashions in dress and appearance. The orbits of each are somewhat eliptical, and are varied by the attractions of other Heavenly bodies, still the same expansive appearance may again, in time, be seen enlarging as it nears the centre of attraction till it spreads over half the *firmament* and anon sinking into nothingness again.

Politicians of the present day are striking examples of our shining visitor. As this is supposed not to shine by its own light, but only reflects the borrowed rays of the sun, so our Politicians have no light of their own, but give out such as is received from head-quarters. And as these were thought by Sir ISAAC NEWTON to feed the great luminary, so Politicians, though making a great blaze, are only giving "aid and comfort" to some higher power, and generally end by being thrown off into space.

Greece, N. Y., 1858. F. W. L.

COMFORTS OF A SMALL HOUSE.

WE confess to a liking for small houses and small women. Touching the former, we will here give seven good, and as we think, sufficient reasons for our preference. In the first place, they imply small, cozy rooms. Not cramped, but mensurable. So small that the light and heat are reflected and radiated from all parts. Family comfort cannot thrive in a hall or a field. I imagine that the boy who did not feel sufficiently acquainted with his father to ask him for a new cap, lived in a "palatial residence." I doubt not, for the same reason, people living among mountains are more sociable than those who live on plains. Affection, like a smile, dies unless it is reflected. Secondly, we like small houses because they look paid for, and a small house paid for holds more happiness and real friends than a large one unpaid. Anything unpaid is uncomfortable. To an honest man, debts are demons, and an indebted house a haunted house, full of creeping horrors and disquietudes as those described by Hood. Thirdly, we like small houses, because they look sympathizing. They are like people not over-dressed, more ready to make acquaintance. A big house is like a big man—unaccostable. Stately porticos and lordly halls are like the titles D.D., LL.D., etc.—imposing, distant, and inclined to be repellent. In the fourth place, we like a small house, because it excites no envy. It matters not how elegantly it is furnished, how tastefully surrounded and adorned by shrubbery and flowers, its observers are its admirers and friends. It does not fall under the "evil eye," and no man who has a soul would wish even his house—his home—the abode of his wife and children—to be an object of envy. Everybody can say, and is encouraged to say, "I can build such a house"—which words are equivalent to a blessing. Fifthly, we like a small house, because it must always remain the people's house. The industrious mechanic can earn such a house. The diligent laborer can own, by patent industry, such a house. The widow can live in such a house; and what a rich, rational comfort it is to live in such accommodations as of necessity must be the dwelling-places of nine tenths of the race? Sixthly, we like small houses, because in such most of us begin life. It is with small houses that the affections of young couples, the first care and joys of married life, are mostly associated. Most of us begin life "in a small way." In the last place, we prefer the small house, because it is not so far removed from our last narrow home. Only a few steps down, and our weary feet are there; but from the large palace to the narrow grave, the change is too abrupt. I've grown sober over these orders of architecture, and will stop.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Sabbath Musings.

STRIVE, WAIT AND PRAY.

BY ADELAIDE ANN PROCTOR.

STRIVE; yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day,
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure,
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now,
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

PARTINGS.

"Who hath not felt their power—
Who hath not mourned o'er the parting hour?"

O, THE bitter pang of parting from those we love and with whom we have so long associated. It starts the tear drops, and we weep at the sad thought of bidding adieu to our heart's cherished idols. A brother or sister leaves the parental roof to dwell in a distant land, and as we watch the busy wheels which bear them forever from our sight, and listen to that low "good-bye," do we not feel that the hour of parting is indeed a sad one? The gay young bride as she goes forth from her childhood's home feels that she is leaving those who are bound to her by strong ties of affection, and as she takes a last look of each familiar object, memories of the past and gone sweep o'er her mind and she feels

"That there are partings of bitter ruth,
When we bid farewell to the scenes of youth."

But there are other partings, more bitter than these. When we are summoned to the bed-side of a dying loved one, it is then that we feel the severest anguish. Then our deepest emotions are called forth, and as we gaze upon the pallid brow, and lips closed forever in death, and know that we shall never again hear that voice on earth, we feel this world is a dreary place, and it would indeed be so were it not for the bright anticipations of a land where beauty unfading blooms—and where farewells and adieus are a sound unknown. There all broken ties will be re-united, and those long parted on earth will meet,

To clasp each other's hand,
And join the bright seraphic band.

Onondaga Hill, N. Y., 1858. ROSA BAKER.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE TRUE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

IN tracing the history of the human race, from the time our first parents were driven from the Garden of Eden, down to the present time, we see that happiness is the chief end and aim of our existence here; yet how few of the vast concourse of human beings, who go up and down in this great busy world, ever secure the object for which they are so diligently searching. How many are the ways that present themselves to the mind of the traveler, and how rare is the case that he chooses the right path to secure it. Some climb to the topmost round of the ladder of Fame, and for a time vainly imagine that they have attained their object; but the pomp of power, and all the fancied pleasures that attend this accomplishment of great designs, soon loose all their fascinations, and the man, left to himself, is, after all, unhappy. Others imagine that Wealth will confer upon them lasting happiness, and in their headlong haste to attain great riches, they trample on every principle of right and justice, and in the end find they have been pursuing a delusive phantom. Others, still, seek for Happiness in Pleasure, and in the gay revel, may for a time fancy they are happy; but soon, very soon, it is changed to disgust, and the victim is left to the gloomy reflection, that the talents which should have been devoted to the good of his fellowmen, have been wasted—aye worse than wasted—in dissipation and folly, and he learns, but too late for his own peace, what all must learn, that "Godliness with Contentment is great gain." J. M. T.

Assyria, Mich., 1858.

A SHINING CHURCH.

A CHURCH may be made up of men of wealth, men of intellect, men of power, high-born men, and men of rank and fashion; and being so composed, may be, in a worldly sense, a very strong church. There are many things such a church can do; it can launch ships and endow seminaries; it can maintain an imposing array of forms and activities; it can build splendid temples, can rear a magnificent pile, and adorn its front with sculptures; can lay stone upon stone, and heap ornament upon ornament, till the costliness of the ministration at the altar shall keep any poor man from entering the portal. But, my brethren, I will tell you one thing it can not do—it can not *shine*. It may glitter and blaze like an iceberg in the sun; of all that is formal and material in Christianity, it may make a splendid manifestation, but it can not shine. It may turn almost everything into gold at its touch, but it can't touch the heart. It may lift up its marble front, and pile tower upon tower, mountain upon mountain; but it can not touch the mountains, and they shall smoke; it can not conquer souls for Christ; it can not awaken the sympathies of faith and love; it can not do Christ's work in man's conversation. It is dark in itself, and can not diffuse light. It is cold at heart, and has no overflowing and subduing influences to pour upon the lost. And with all of its strength that church is weak, and for Christ's peculiar work, worthless.—*Dr. Olin.*

BE thrifty to yourself that you may be liberal towards others.

The Young Ruralist.

PERSEVERANCE

He who would accomplish anything in this world must not stand gazing idly upon the sea of circumstances, with the vain hope of adjusting nice chances; but with *resolute energy*, and the most *indomitable* perseverance, press boldly onward.

This is an age in which the sluggard need not think of coping with him who is active and wide awake, much less to aspire to arrive at eminence and fame. How many men have started in life with the most flattering prospects of success, and because of a few dark clouds of opposing elements floating ominously across the horizon of their career, have sunk down faint-hearted into a grave of hopeless obscurity! Many an aspiring youth has had his brightest anticipations shivered, because the bark of his hopes sprung a leak on the out-juttings rocks of opposition; whereas, if he had repaired the breach and sailed perseveringly onward, he would soon have left all obstacles behind, his course would have been unimpeded by the fierce blasts of envy, and he might have succeeded in the effort of inscribing his name on the scroll of fame, and have left a better memorial of his existence behind than the simple slab which marks his grave.

Let *perseverance*, then, be the watchward of every true progressionist, and like the heroes of the past—like the Patriots of the American Revolution, *never cease to persevere until the end sought is gained.*

Paris, Stark Co., O., 1858. N. NEEDHAM.

WILL CLERKS MAKE FARMERS!

MESSRS EDS.:—In the RURAL of Sept. 18th, I notice a communication from "J. W." He goes off in a wrathy manner, makes strong assertions, but does not advance a single proof. Every person is entitled to his or her opinion, but before they attempt to pass them off on community as facts, they should present proofs. In regard to the "poor, sickly clerks" being unfit for the West, I will say, in my opinion, there is no better place for them.

I propose to give you my experience. The greater portion of my life has been spent in the city, both as a student and clerk, and I can say, in truth, that I never enjoyed a month of good health while thus engaged. The rose-tint of health found no place upon my cheek. Through the advice of friends I was induced, in 1856, to quit the city and try country life. I will admit plowing, harrowing, &c., went rather hard with me at first, but by perseverance I was soon enabled to take the place of of a hand. For two years I have enjoyed good health; in fact, I have not been sick a day for more than two years. "J. W." may ridicule the idea as much as he likes, but I can prove, upon good authority, what I have stated to be true.

Springfield, Ill., 1858. WILL.

THE FIRST TWENTY YEARS.

"LIVE long as you may, the first twenty years form the greater part of your life. They appear so while they are passing; they seem to have been so when we look back to them, and they take up more room in our memory than all the years that succeed them."

If this be so, how important that they should be passed in planting good principles, cultivating good tastes, strengthening good habits, and fleeing all those pleasures which lay up bitterness and sorrow for time to come. Many of the youth of this country take no heed of the present moment; they let the time pass unnoticed and unimproved. Their only care is to seek present pleasure and amusement. No thought is given to the stern necessities of manhood and old age. Pleasure is their heart's desire, and pleasure will finally be the cause of their future sorrow. No exertion is made for the rapid improvement of the mind, as they suppose there is time enough at a future day, but they will find it the contrary. Take good care of the first twenty years of your life and you may hope that the last twenty will take care of you.

Rochester, N. Y., 1858. J. W.

GLASS—ITS USES

THE cheapness of glass, for common use, which cheapness is the result of chemical discovery, has of late years set the ingenuity of man to work to give greater beauty to glass as an article of luxury. The employment of sharp grinding wheels, put in motion by a treadle, and used in conjunction with a very nice hand, produces cut glass; and the latter is now comparatively so cheap that scarcely a family is without some beautiful article of this manufacture. Ordinary drinking glasses, lamps, &c., are made in imitation of cut glass, by subjecting a portion of the melted glass to pressure in a mould; in this manner articles of great beauty, but of a less cost, closely resembling cut glass, are made in great quantity. The reduction of the cost of the manufacture of glass has also had the effect of improving the architecture of our houses to a very great degree. We have now plate glass of the largest dimensions, giving light and beauty to our shops; and sheet glass, nearly as effective as plate, adorning our private dwellings. Sheet glass, in the making of which an amount of ingenuity is exercised which would have been thought impossible in the early stages of glass-making, is doing for the ordinary purposes of building what plate glass did formerly for the rich. A portion of melted glass, weighing twelve or fourteen pounds, is, by the exercise of this skill, converted into a ball, and then into a cylinder, and then into a flat plate.

TO MAKE A BARK CANOE.—Some time since five young readers of the RURAL who were about to spend a few weeks in the country, on the banks of a beautiful river, wrote us to know how to make a birch bark canoe. As we had never made a canoe, since a long time ago, when we floated our tiny barques with paper sails, we wrote to a friend who we knew to be an adept at making and managing canoes, and other water craft,—one who delights to fish and hunt, and who declares he would have made an excellent Indian. For some unexplained cause we have failed to receive a response, so we place the question before our readers. Who can tell us how to make a birch bark canoe?

Illustrated Advertisement.

FAIRBANKS' SCALES.

WAREHOUSE:

No. 189 Broadway, New York.

THE following Cuts, illustrative of some of the leading modifications of our SCALES, with a brief description of each, are presented, with the belief that they will be of interest to every reader of the RURAL NEW-YORKER:

A *uniform* standard of Weights, and a *correct system* of weighing, are subjects claiming the attention of every individual in the community.

A *correct* Scale is a just *arbiter* between buyer and seller, and it is of the utmost importance that an instrument so universally called upon to decide questions of great value in the daily and hourly transactions of business, should be of *such reliability and exactness as to secure the confidence of all those who may be affected by the results indicated*

The invention of these Scales, and the improvements that have been from time to time adopted, are the result of many years' close observation and practical experience; and we have now brought them to such a degree of accuracy that they may safely be relied upon in every transaction by weight. Their construction is upon the most correct mathematical principles; all defects so commonly met with in compound balances have been overcome by practical skill and faithful workmanship; and hence their operation is delicate, *and in every case unerringly correct.*

The reputation which these Scales have acquired has been of steady growth from the commencement to the present time, and is based upon the principle adopted by us, and never deviated from, of allowing none but *perfect weighing machines* to go forth from our establishment.

By a strict adherence to this principle, the confidence of the public in the accuracy of these weighing machines *has steadily increased*, and with it the demand, until, from small beginnings, our manufacture, having annually advanced, amounted during the year 1857 to over half a million of dollars.

We have received many awards of premiums of Gold and Silver Medals, from nearly all the Scientific Associations and Institutes in the United States; but the *most satisfactory* testimonials which we have received are from the thousands of business men—including the Managers of Railroads, the Officers of Government, and other Public Works, Merchants, Manufacturers, the Forwarders of merchandise, and others—who have, during the last twenty-five years, subjected the scales daily to severe usage, and to the most rigorous tests.

Nearly all the Railroads in the United States—comprising a list of over one hundred and twenty-five—are supplied wholly or in part with Scales of our manufacture. Fairbanks' Scales are also almost exclusively in use on all the principal Railroads of Great Britain.

From over one hundred different modifications of our Scales, we have selected the following illustrations of a few of the leading sizes and kinds, which will serve to show that they are adapted to a great variety of uses, to suit the requirements of nearly every branch of business:

WEIGH LOCK SCALES.

For weighing Loaded Boats, and capable of weighing from twenty-five pounds to five hundred tuns. The weight in this modification is indicated by a Beam, and is ascertained *at once*, as soon as the boat is placed within the lock, and the water removed.

One of these Scales is used in the Susquehanna and Tide Water Canal, near Columbia, Pa.; two in the Delaware and Hudson Canal, at Edyville and at Hawley; two in the Erie Canal, at Albany and at West Troy; one in the Ohio Canal, at Cleveland; one in the Wabash and Erie Canal, at Toledo; and two in the Ohio Canals, at Lockland and Carroll. We have letters from the following gentlemen, who are well known to the public as men competent to judge, speaking in the highest terms of the Weigh Lock Scales manufactured by us, to whom we are permitted to refer:

John C. Mather, Esq., late Canal Commissioner.
Frederick Follett, Esq., late Canal Commissioner.
J. T. Goodsell, Esq., late Resident Engineer of Erie Canal Enlargement.
R. W. Lord, Esq., Engineer Delaware and Hudson Canal Company.

RAILROAD TRACK SCALES.

These are designed for weighing locomotives, loaded cars, and trains of cars. They may be made of any desired length or capacity. The kinds most frequently in use are the following, all of which are furnished with the newly patented Beam for securing rapidity in weighing:

Railroad Track Scales, for weighing Trains, 112 feet. Platform, 100 Tuns.
Railroad Track Scale, 84 ft. Platform, 75 Tuns.
Railroad Track Scale, 42 ft. Platform, 50 Tuns.
Railroad Track Scale, 33 ft. Platform, 30 Tuns.
Railroad Track Scale, 28 ft. Platform, 25 Tuns.
Railroad Track Scale, 23 ft. Platform, 20 Tuns.
Railroad Track Scale, 16 ft. Platform, 15 Tuns.
Railroad Track Scale for weighing single cars, 10 Tuns.

We invite the attention of railroad men and others to our *Improved Iron Frame Railroad Track Scale*, letters patent for which were granted in January, 1857. This Scale will be found *extremely accurate, durable and convenient*, and requiring but little depth of pit; is not liable to injury from water when placed where it has been found impossible to use the ordinary Track Scale, and is erected at much less expense for foundation and timber. We shall be pleased to furnish LITHOGRAPH PLANS of this Scale to parties desirous of inspecting this valuable improvement. These Scales have been adopted by the New York Central, New York and New Haven and several other leading railroads.

RAILROAD DEPOT SCALES.

No. 1.—12,000 pounds, Platform 9 by 10 feet; weighing from one half pound to twelve thousand pounds.

No. 2.—8,000 pounds, Platform 7 by 9 feet; weighing from one-half pound to eight thousand pounds.

These scales are placed in the floor of the depot buildings, and are constructed wholly of iron, with cast-steel bearings, and not liable to wear or lose their adjustment by use. The beam is sustained upon iron pillars, with a neat architectural finish. They are in general used by railroad corporations.

"*Freight-Office, Camden and Amboy Railroad and Transportation Co., Pier No 1 North River.*

"NEW YORK Feb. 22, 1856.

"Having for several years past used Depot and other Scales of various sizes and patterns, made by Messrs. Fairbanks & Co., it is with great pleasure that I bear testimony to their quick and accurate working, as well as to their durability and little need of repairs. They have been subject to constant and severe service, and proved themselves to be *superior to any Scale* used by this Company in their freight department for *twenty years past.*

"ALFRED DECKER,
"Agent Transportation Department."

We refer to our *Circular Pamphlet* for a list of railroads having our Scales in use. This list comprises, with few exceptions, *all the railroads on this continent*

HAY AND CATTLE SCALES.

For weighing loaded Wagons, Carts, Live Stock, Produce, &c. Constructed of Iron, with steel bearings, and not liable to derangement or damage by exposure to the weather

More than *four thousand* of these convenient and durable Scales have been put up by us in all parts of the United States and British Provinces. They are of five sizes, viz.: two, three, four, six and ten tuns, and will be set by experienced workmen in any part of the United States or the Canadas.

At the several Fairs of the American Institute, and of the State and County Agricultural Societies, where these Scales have been exhibited, they have received the *highest premiums* At the Fair of the American Institute, held in October, 1855, our Scales were severely tested in connection with those of other manufacturers, and fully sustained their reputation for superiority *over all others* An account of the test was *fairly* and accurately reported for the N. Y. Tribune and Pennsylvanian, and copied extensively by other papers throughout the country. After the test, we received the following certificate from the officers of the Institute:

A *Gold Medal* was awarded by the American Institute to MESSRS. FAIRBANKS & Co., for the best *Hay, Coal* and *Cattle Scales.* (Signed) RUFT. L. PELL, President.
H MEIGS, Record. Sec'y.
New York, Oct., 1855. W. B. LEONARD, Cor. Sec.

NOTE.—In most cases, our Traveling Agent will attend to the erection of Hay, Cattle and Coal Scales. But, if ordered for a section where we have no Agent, we can wood them complete, so as to operate perfectly when placed on a proper foundation, and ship the whole with directions for setting them up.

COAL DEALERS' AND FARMERS' SCALE.

Similar in their construction to the Hay Scale. Used extensively by coal dealers and miners, also in Iron Houses and Foundries. Capacity—Two, Three, Four, Six and Ten tuns. This Scale may be set in the barn floor or elsewhere, and used for weighing Hay, Grain, Live Stock, &c. It may be either stationary or so arranged as to be easily removed from place to place when required. Coal dealers and others who are about purchasing Scales, will do well to examine the evidences upon which we base our claim to superority.

MINERS' AND TRANSPORTATION SCALE.

This is a new modification, designed to be set in the Ore Bed, and in the Wharf or Storehouse, for weighing Freight, Ore, Coal, &c., and will be found a very convenient and reliable scale.

The first size has a capacity of three tuns, with a platform 5 by 6½ feet. Second size capacity two tuns, platform 5 by 5 feet.

Larger sizes will be furnished to order when required.

WHEAT OR HOPPER SCALES.

Indicating Bushels, used in Mills, Storehouses and Wharves, for receiving and delivering wheat and other grain. This modification is adapted to secure and combine entire accuracy with the most rapid operation in weighing, and is found practically an invaluable improvement.

We make four sizes of this variety of Scales. Sixty and one-hundred bushel scales are set dormant in the Wharf or Storehouse, and are capable of weighing grain as fast as it can be handled by the most approved steam machinery. A large number of these Scales are in use at the Atlantic Docks, Brooklyn, and in Grain Warehouses and Mills throughout the country.

The Thirty and Forty Bushel Hopper Scales are portable, and may be easily removed from place to place, and are frequently used on board Ships, Barges, Canal Boats, &c.

We furnish, to order, Hopper Scales capable of weighing Three, Four and Five Hundred Bushels at a draft.

FLOUR PACKING SCALE.

This is a recently invented Scale, of great value in Flouring Mills. It is fitted into the floor like a dormant scale, immediately beneath the machinery used in packing, and has a circular platform just large enough to fill the head of a barrel. On this the barrel is placed, empty, and when filled is subjected to the pressure of the packing machinery. A lever, operated by the foot, then brings the apparatus of the scale into action, and the exact weight of the flour is at once indicated. The scale has also a smaller platform for packing half barrels.

DORMANT WAREHOUSE SCALES.

Set in the floor, and weighing from one half pound to five thousand pounds. Used frequently in small railroad depots and stations, also in stores, warehouses, forwarding houses, &c. A very desirable, substantial and perfect Scale. We have five different sizes of Dormant Scales, the numbers and capacities of which are as follows:

No. 1—Platform 4 feet square ..... 5,000 lb.
No. 4—Platform 3½ by 3½ feet..... 3,500 lb.
No. 5—Platform 2½ by 3 feet..... 2,500 lb.
No. 7 ..... 2,000 lb.
No. 9— ..... 1,400 lb.

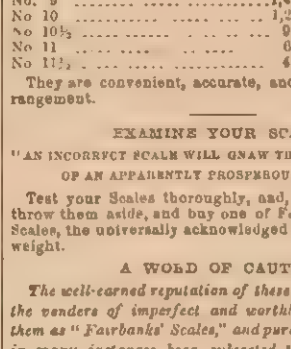
These modifications are fitted with drop levers by which the platform is raised, with its load, to be weighed and then lowered, so that the outer edge rests upon and forms a part of the floor. They are found exceedingly convenient, inasmuch as the space which they occupy in the floor can be appropriated, when the Scale it not used for weighing, to the ordinary business of the store.

We give below a copy of a certificate, signed by the several Sealers of Weights and Measures in the City of New York, who have been called upon to test these Scales from year to year:

The undersigned, Inspectors and Sealers of Weights and Measures in the City of New York, having had frequent occasion to test the various Platform Scales in use in this city, are pleased to bear our testimony to the superior character of those manufactured by Messrs. E. and T. Fairbanks & Co., and do cheerfully recommend them to the public as the most perfect weighing machines in use.

RALPH TREMALY, Inspector Weights and Measures, 1st District.
THOMAS H. WAINWRIGHT, Inspector, 2d District.
ALLEN E. SIMONS, Dept. Inspector, 1st District.
GEORGE KARR, Sealer, 1st District.
JOHN H. EMBREE, Sealer, 2d District.

ROLLING-MILL SCALES



These are very heavy and durable, and are designed for use in Foundries, Rolling Mills, Iron Manufactories, &c.

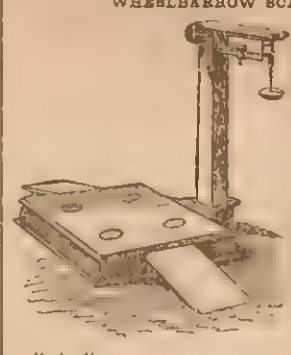
1st size, fitted with Drop Lever, and Vibratory Axle and Rack or Iron Plate, as the purchaser may choose. Capacity—three thousand lbs.

2d size, similar to the first. Capacity—twenty-five hundred pounds.

By a new and important arrangement these Scales are fitted with patent India Rubber Spring Platforms, so as to secure great durability, when used in Foundries, Iron Houses, and wherever very heavy weighing is required

They are in use in many of the principal Iron Houses and Manufactories throughout the country, and we have yet to hear of the first instance of dissatisfaction.

WHEELBARROW SCALES.



This Scale is designed for Coal Dealers' use, and is graded so as to indicate the weight of the coal, with the tare deducted. The same Scale is fitted with common weights, weighing from one-half pound to one thousand pounds. The platform of this Scale is 2½ by 3½ feet, and is very convenient for weighing light, bulky articles. Several bags or barrels can be weighed upon it at a time.

PORTABLE PLATFORM SCALES.

Various sizes of these scales are made with and without wheels, and adapted to every branch of business, and are in daily use in thousands of stores and manufactories in all parts of the world. Some of the principal sizes are as follows

No. 2 ..... 3,000 pounds capacity.
No. 7 ..... 2,000 pounds capacity.
No. 8 ..... 1,600 pounds capacity.
No. 9 ..... 1,400 pounds capacity.
No 10 ..... 1,200 pounds capacity.
No 10½ ..... 900 pounds capacity.
No 11 ..... 600 pounds capacity.
No 11½ ..... 400 pounds capacity.

They are convenient, accurate, and not liable to derangement.

EXAMINE YOUR SCALES.

"AN INCORRECT SCALE WILL GNAW THE VERY VITALS OUT OF AN APPARENTLY PROSPEROUS BUSINESS."

Test your Scales thoroughly, and, if found incorrect, throw them aside, and buy one of Fairbanks' celebrated Scales, the universally acknowledged standard for correct weight.

A WORD OF CAUTION

The well-earned reputation of these Scales has induced the venders of imperfect and worthless balances to offer them as "Fairbanks' Scales," and purchasers have thereby in many instances been subjected to fraud and imposition.

The manufacturers have no controversy with honorable competitors, who transact business in their own names; but regarding the perpetrators of the above fraud as pursuing a course alike unjust and dishonorable, they take this method to caution the public against their imposition.

Fairbanks' Scales are manufactured at no other place than St. Johnsbury, Vermont, where the business is still conducted under the supervision of the original inventors

FAIRBANKS' SCALES ARE THE

LEGALIZED STANDARD

FOR CORRECT WEIGHT.

A lawsuit which arose from a discrepancy of weight between one of Fairbanks' Scales in use by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company and one of another manufacturer, was recently tried in the Court of Common Pleas Baltimore. The case occupied the Court two days, and Judge Marshall, in delivering his decision, stated, as the result of the evidence that the accuracy of "Fairbanks' Scales" was established beyond all question.

PLATFORM COUNTER-SCALES

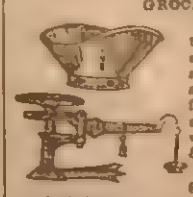
No. 12.—The capacity of the Platform Scale exhibited in the accompanying engraving is two hundred and forty pounds.—It has a short pillar, as shown in the illustration. The Platform is nineteen by thirteen inches, not braced. This Scale is suitable for small Grocers, Provision Dealers, and other retailers, &c.

UNION, OR FAMILY SCALE

We have recently constructed an improved Scale, combining the advantages of a Counter and a Platform Scale. We denominate it the "Family Scale," it being peculiarly adapted to household purposes. It weighs with the utmost accuracy from one half-ounce to two hundred and forty pounds. The Scale is provided with a scoop or pan for weighing flour, sugar, or other house stores in the kitchen, and also with a platform for heavier articles—as boxes, casks, &c., as well as for taking the weight of individual members of the family and their friends, from the portly grandfather down to the little "heir" in the cradle. It is an indispensable article in every family.

It is equally convenient for Grocers and all Retailers.

GROCERS' SCALES.



Weighing from one-half ounce to sixty-two pounds. Convenient and extremely accurate; used as a Platform Scale, or with a scoop as Counter Scale. Adapted to family use, Stores, Groceries, &c., and is particularly safe for weighing valuable spices, drugs, &c.

Another size, made on the same general plan as the above, denominated the "Counter Scale," is a well-known article. Capacity, one-half ounce to thirty-six pounds. Economical for all Retail Stores and Shops, giving just weight, but requiring no excess for *down weight*

Also, the "Druggists' Scale," similar to the "Counter," indicating drachms, ounces and pounds. Capacity, eight pounds. These scales are also adjusted to troy weights. They operate with great delicacy, and are reliable for weighing valuable metals, costly drugs, silks, &c.

EVEN BALANCE.

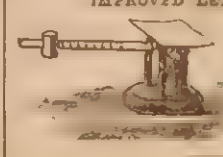
No. 1—Weighing from half an ounce to eight pounds.
No. 1—With brass scale beam—Weighing from one-fourth of an ounce to eight pounds.
No. 2—Weighing from half an ounce to four pounds
No. 3—Weighing from half an ounce to four pounds

These four last Scales may be made to weigh two or three times as much by using common weights.

GOVERNMENT LETTER BALANCE.

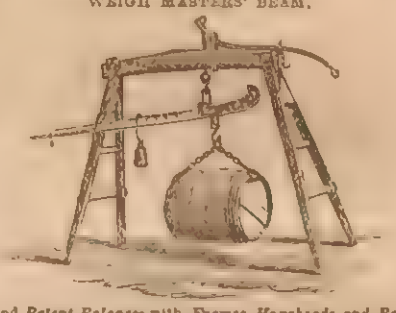
Indicating the weight of letters and packages to be forwarded by mail, with rates of postage, if paid or unpaid. We are prepared to furnish to the trade, or at retail, the Post-Office Balance adopted by Government, packed securely in single boxes.

IMPROVED LETTER BALANCE.



Combining all the correctness of the balance adopted by Government, *with the additional convenience of occupying much less space. Every business man should have one.*

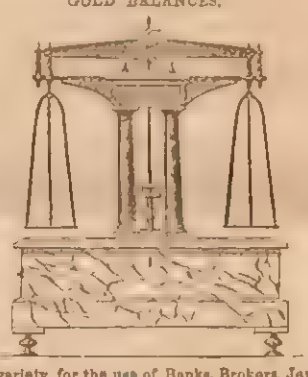
WEIGH MASTERS' BEAM.



And *Patent Balances* with *Frames, Hogsheads and Barrel Hooks, Coffee and Hide Bottoms, Iron Cradles, &c.* Cotton, Flour and Grain Beams, of Brass or iron, manufactured to order.

All the above articles are manufactured of the best materials, and are warranted durable and accurate. Like our Platform Scales, they are adjusted to any foreign standard, and packed ready for shipment.

GOLD BALANCES.



In great variety, for the use of Banks, Brokers, Jewelers, &c., varying in price from fifty cents to five hundred dollars. Also, Weights, Coin Scoops, &c. Gold Scales suited to the California and Australia trade constantly on hand and manufactured to order. Our Bank Scales are of the most perfect workmanship and beautiful finish, with fine steel knife edges, working upon *agate bearings.* Any desired size or style will be manufactured to order.

DRUGGISTS SCALES.

On Brass, Iron and Marble Stands, with Silver and Brass Beams of most reliable accuracy and perfect finish. Solid Silver and Brass *Prescription Scales*—steel and agate bearings. Beranger's celebrated Scales, manufactured in France: used by druggists, confectioners, &c.

Druggists and confectioners will do well to examine our stock before purchasing.

Manufacturers:

E. & T. FAIRBANKS & Co.,

ST. JOHNSBURY, VERMONT.

Principal Warehouses:

FAIRBANKS & Co.,

No. 189 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

GREENLEAF & BROWN, No 34 Kilby st., Boston.
FAIRBANKS & E WING, Masonic Hall, Philadelphia.
FAIRBANKS & GREENLEAF, No. 35 Lake st., Chicago.

Principal Local Agencies:

HOMER FOOTE & Co., Springfield, Mass.
BARKER, WHITAKER & Co., Providence, R. I.
EMERY & WATERHOUSE, Portland, Me.
ERASTUS CORNING & Co., Albany, N. Y.
J. M. WARREN & Co., Troy, N. Y.
B. O. COWING, Buffalo, N. Y.
J. S. FARRAND, Detroit, Mich.
FOSTER, MARTIN & Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
WHITAKER & PHILLIPS, Toledo, Ohio.
L. F. & S. BURGESS, Cleveland, Ohio.
TRABER & AUBERY, Cincinnati, Ohio.
W. B. BELKNAP & Co., Louisville, Ky
HORNBROOK & Co., Evansville, Ind.
GEORGE T. BROWNING, Indianapolis, Ind.
COMPARET, HUBBELL & Co., Fort Wayne, Ind.
G. F. & C. C. SMITH, Terre Haute, Ind.
THOMAS UNDERWOOD, Lafayette, Ind.
TREGO & WOODRUFF, Galena, Ill.
WALKER & McILVAINE, Peoria, Ill.
LANSING BONNELL, Milwaukee, Wis.
FARLEY & CHRISTMAN, Dubuque, Iowa
CLARK & Co., St. Louis, Mo.
GEO. W. SIZER, New Orleans, La.
J. C. SPEAR & Co., Baltimore, Md.
J. & F. DAWSON, Charleston, S. C.
BELL, PRENTISS & Co., Savannah, Ga.
JOHN NELSON, Augusta, Ga.
WOODRUFF & HUNTINGTON, Mobile, Ala
CLARKSON & ANDERSON, Richmond, Va.

☞ CIRCULAR PAMPHLETS, with Cuts and full descriptions of our Scales; also, containing a list of names of parties who have our Scales in use, and who have permitted us to refer to them, may be had on application at any of the above-named Agencies

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New Books for Old—Charles B. Norton.
Thirteen more Energetic Agents Wanted—H. N. Lockwood.
Superior Dwarf Pear Trees—T. G. Yeomans.
For Sale—1,000—C. E. Kelsey.
The Ladies Visitor—R. B. Elder.
A Desirable Farm at Auction—B. F. Bristol.
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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
EXCELSIOR

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 23, 1858.

FALL CAMPAIGN QUARTER!

The Rural Three Months, on Trial, at Half Price!

☞ At the suggestion of many of its friends and in order to introduce the paper more generally preparatory to the new volume, we have concluded to offer the RURAL for the present quarter—October to January, 13 numbers—at ONLY HALF PRICE, (25 cts.) thus placing it within the means and reach of all who wish to give it a fair trial. We will send 4 copies for $1; 8 for $2; 12 for $3; 20 for $5, &c., and mail to as many different persons or post-offices as desired. Of course, we shall not realize a farthing's profit, yet wish to circulate at least Five Thousand trial copies of this quarter.

—In response to the above offer, we have already received *over Three Thousand* Trial Subscribers, and they still come at the rate of 200 to 300 a day—thanks to the Men, Women and Young People who have entered the arena in behalf of the *Fall Campaign Quarter* of their favorite RURAL WEEKLY. We can still furnish two or three thousand more "trials" from Oct. 2—having prepared for a brisk campaign—and trust our friends will continue their calls as long as we can supply the demand. ☞ We this week add largely to former editions, so that, in case of emergency, we can supply the last ten numbers of this quarter, and three of some previous one, in order to complete the Baker's Dozen. Send on the Tria's!

Washington Matters.

A DISPATCH to the New York *Tribune*, of the 14th inst., states that Gen. JEREZ had a long interview with Gen. CASS. Notwithstanding he had previously asserted that he had full power to ratify the Cass-Yrissarri treaty, and to finally arrange all matters pertaining thereto, without the necessity of referring it back to Nicaragua, it appears from the official document just submitted by him to the State Department, and of which a translation was immediately made, that he is empowered only to act, "in order that the amendments made by the Assembly of Nicaragua to the treaty, may be substantially carried into effect." This is the language employed, but it is not considered sufficient to meet the demands of our Government. The Secretary of State will have a consultation with the President on the subject to-morrow, and General JEREZ will soon thereafter be informed of the result. His mission is generally considered at an end, and unless he has documents of a more satisfactory character to present, he will very shortly be dismissed. Later intelligence state that JEREZ, fearing his dismissal, has asked indulgence till he can communicate with Nicaragua respecting the pending treaty, but Gen. CASS wrote him a letter declaring his mission closed.

THE Administration has received an official document from those in power in the Society Islands, proposing to surrender them to the United States. It is said in diplomatic circles that this proposition is transmitted to our Government through Count SARTIGES, the French Minister. The subject will receive due consideration, especially in its geographical aspect.

THE balance in the Treasury on the 15th inst. was $[illegible]. The receipts for the week amount to nearly $[illegible], being $[illegible] more than for the preceding week. The amount of drafts paid was $1,[illegible], and the amount of drafts issued $1,[illegible], a reduction of $[illegible].

Weather for the First Half of October.

THERE is but little of weather to call for remarks for this half month. The fine weather has been often the subject of remark, as it should be for gratitude. The heat has been about the average, and the rain has fallen in sufficient quantity. The latter harvest has been in good part gathered, and the people have rejoiced. Only light frosts have fallen, and not often, and have done no damage. The trees, however, have changed in the color of their foliage from green to yellow, brown to red, and the variety of autumnal foliage is all about us. The leaves are falling on every side, emblem of the end of life, and the warning to be active and ready for its close.

The Comet has been the great attraction; and well it might be, for it has been a splendid object. I think it has had no equal in this century, for brilliancy. The tails of some have been longer, but none so bright. This train, too, has been long and bushy, and enveloping the head. The Comet was nearest the earth on the 9th, only 52,000,000 of miles distant; its velocity greatly increased, and its train had turned upwards much more than before; on the 10th the tail was nearly perpendicular, the stars shone brightly through it, and it was near the perihelion, and, indeed, it passed this point on the 10th. When next seen, its train was turned towards the east, and its direction from the sun, as it had been before the perihelion. When we shall see the like again cannot be told. Another Comet appears in the constellation Pegasus, but no one can tell its pointness or its splendor.

October, 16, 1858. C. P.

Fairbanks' Scales.—Advertising.

THE publication of the Illustrated Advertisement of FAIRBANKS & Co., on the preceding page, is a departure from our usual rule, and may perhaps render a word of explanation necessary, though we presume few if any RURAL readers will seriously object to the arrangement. The length of the advertisement necessarily precluded it from the appropriate department; and hence, thinking an illustration and description of so useful an "institution" as FAIRBANKS' SCALES would prove interesting to most of our readers—and therefore not be regarded as an infringement, even if given thus prominently—we concluded to comply with the request of the enterprising manufacturers by publishing in the place and style desired. The reputation and wide popularity of the wares of Messrs. FAIRBANKS & Co., long since placed them in the front rank as manufacturers, and rendered their establishment, with its branches and agencies, the most extensive of its class in the Union—while the continued enterprise and new improvements of the firm, as indicated in the present announcement, demonstrate the possession of sufficient determination, energy and capital to maintain the enviable position already attained. Regarding these Scales as superior, we commend them to the public, and trust that thousands of our readers will not only be interested but benefited by the information imparted in the illustrated and descriptive advertisement of the manufacturers.

—In this connection it may not be improper to remark that the RURAL NEW-YORKER is becoming more and more appreciated by manufacturers and others who wish to introduce their wares and business, at once, to a large portion of the most wealthy, enterprising and progressive Farmers, Horticulturists, &c., as well as to thousands of Business and Professional Men, throughout the country. This is not strange, as its immense and rapidly increasing circulation, especially among the best portions of the Rural Population, renders the NEW-YORKER incomparably the best medium for many advertisers. And hence it is that our advertising department has been so crowded of late, often constraining us to decline or defer the favors of advertisers, rather than infringe upon reading pages.

MEXICAN AFFAIRS.—Details of Mexican news have been received. The statement of the defeat at San Luis Potosi of Vidaurri, by Miramon, is confirmed. Other battles on a smaller scale had taken place, but the result is doubtful. It would seem, however, that the fortunes of the Constitutionalists wane. The report that Garza had imposed a forced loan at Tampico, is also fully confirmed. The French Consul at that port had applied for some national vessels to protect the French merchants at that port. Lieut. Jones, of the Navy, has arrived at Washington, bringing dispatches from Minister Forsyth, who will leave Vera Cruz on the 18th inst., for the U. S., in the sloop of war Plymouth. The levying of contributions at Tampico by Gov. Garza on foreigners, is condemned by the leaders of the Liberal party. Gen. Robles, Mexican Minister to Washington, was still on board a Spanish vessel, the commander of which, it is said, was detected in giving secret aid to the Church party.—The arrival of the Spanish fleet is daily expected.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF NEBRASKA.—The Nebraska City News of Oct. 2, brings the Message of Gov. Richardson to the Legislative Assembly of the Territory. He impresses upon the members the necessity of promptly enacting the laws necessary for the protection of persons and property, and the rights of citizens generally, the justices of the peace in the Territory having refused to investigate charges of crime until they are authorized to do so by statute. He condemns the present banking system of the Territory, and has instructed the district attorneys to prosecute all banks that have failed to redeem their notes when presented, with a view to the forfeiture of their charters.—He speaks highly of the general prosperity of the Territory, especially of its abundant supply of coal, and recommends that Congress be memorialized for an appropriation for a geological survey; and, after allusion to some purely local matters, expresses the hope that patriotism will rule over their counsels.

FROM KANSAS.—Dispatches from St. Louis, on the 16th inst, state that the Central Committee of Kansas has called a Free Soil Delegate Convention to be held at Lawrence, November 10th, for the purpose of discussing various questions connected with the various political organizations in the Territory, of discussing the true policy of the party, and considering the question of speedy admission of Kansas into the Union as a Free State

Literary Notices.

THE NEW ENGLAND THEOCRACY. A History of the Congregationalists of New England to the Revivals of 1740. By H. F. UHDEN. With a Preface by the late Dr. NEANDER. Translated from the Second German Edition by H. C. CONANT. Boston: Gould & Lincoln—1858

IN this work we find the politico-religious history of Congregationalism in New England treated by a foreigner, with probably less of partiality than though it were the product of a native historian. As a testimonial of the thoroughness, candor and ability displayed in this volume, the name of Dr. NEANDER is sufficient. The author had access to a large collection of original authorities—everything that was indispensable to the forming of an independent and comprehensive judgment, and the materials thus obtained were so sifted as to present, within moderate limits, a complete sketch of the subject under consideration. From the Publishers.

MENSURATION AND PRACTICAL GEOMETRY; Containing Tables of Weights and Measures, Vulgar and Decimal Fractions, Mensuration of Areas, Lines, Surfaces and Solids, Lengths of Circular Arcs, Areas of Segments and Zones of a Circle, Board and Timber Measure, Centres of Gravity, &c., &c. To which is appended a Treatise on the Carpenter's Slide Rule and Gauging. By CHARLES H. HANWELL, Civil and Marine Engineer. New York: Harper & Brothers—1858.

THE character of this work, which is specially designed for the use of Students, Mechanics, and Engineers, is fully explained by its title. The purpose has been to present a full set of rules for guidance in each department of Mathematical Science discussed, and we doubt not that those who are to be benefited, will, upon examination, be ready to award that degree of commendation which the author so eminently merits. For sale by DEWEY.

MEMOIR OF ELIZABETH CHARLOTTE INGERSOLL, who died September 18, 1857, aged 12 years. Rochester: A. Strong & Co., 1858.

THE incidents of a young life are here drawn with a truthful pen, in the hope, as the author says, "that it may prove a blessing to the world—by inducing mothers to the full consecration of their children to the LORD in their early infancy; and that children, by its perusal, may be led to seek the SAVIOR, in whom the subject of this Memoir so firmly trusted, that their path to the grave may be made as bright as hers." From a perusal of this little work we should recommend at least one copy in every Sunday-School Library, and the family circle will find it a mine of wealth to youthful minds. Nor are its precepts alone applicable to the young—"LIBBIE'S" years were few, but her pure life and holy influence are calculated for good. For sale by booksellers generally.

THE AGE; A COLLOQUIAL SATIRE. By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY, author of "Festus." Boston: Ticknor & Fields—1858.

THIS Satire is more particularly intended for application to Great Britain, her government, people, etc., than to Americans, and yet we Yankees can draw very many good hints therefrom. Of the author's style it is unnecessary to speak; those who have read "Festus" will read "The Age,"—and those who have not, are depriving themselves of much mental pabulum. For sale by DEWEY.

Hurricane in Allegany Co., N. Y.

MR. MOORE:—I send you a description of a terrible hurricane that visited this part of the country on the 30th day of September last. At about 4 o'clock, in the afternoon, a very black cloud made its appearance, a little to the north of west, and spread very rapidly until the whole heavens were overcast. In an instant, a terrible wind arose, spreading desolation and destruction, sweeping every thing before it. The first of its ravages were observable in the town of Caneadea, Allegany Co., N. Y., sweeping down a large grove of pine and oak timber, thence taking an easterly course, scattering fences, trees, &c., until it passed into the town of Allen. Coming in contract with a grain barn of R. KING it scattered the roof into a thousand pieces for the distance of 20 rods. Passing by his house it struck a tan shop and demolished it. Thence passing on, a little south of east, it swept every thing within its reach. It came in contact with a barn of H. CROWEL, rending the roof, and passed on to a barn of G. L. WALKER the roof of which it lifted and carried it for many rods. In its course it came so near the barn of T. BACON as to upset and demolish a wagon and rack that stood beside it. A couple of men were in the barn at the time and thinking it would be demolished started for the house, a distance of 20 rods. They were lifted from the ground and borne for some distance, but happily escaped without much injury. Another piece of woods it soon reached and swept many acres down, thence unroofing and demolishing two barns for WM. WILSON. What other damage it has done I have not learned. The average width of the current was 30 rods, in some places more, in some less. It visited alike the valleys and the hills, sweeping with a besom of destruction over the surface of the earth. The cloud appeared like one great foaming caldron howling and groaning in it wrath.

Granger, N. Y., 1858. C. L. CUDEBEK.

FORTY TWO OF THE AUSTRIA'S PASSENGERS ARRIVED.—The British steam frigate Valorous, Capt. Oldham, arrived at New York on the 14th inst., from Fayal, bringing forty-two of the passengers of the steamship Austria, saved by the French bark Maurice. The Valorous left England on the 16th of September, for New York, whither she was bound to take Sir W. Gore Ousely, special Minister to Greytown. But meeting with head winds, she was obliged to put into Fayal on the 25th for coal. The bark Maurice had already reached Fayal with the rescued passengers of the Austria, and Mr. Dart, the British Vice-Consul, solicited a passage for them on the Valorous to New York. Captain Oldham cheerfully agreed to take them, and Mr. Lane, the Hamburgh Consul, put on board fourteen day's provisions for their maintenance. The Valorous sailed again on the evening of the 28th, with forty-two passengers; the officers of the steamer and the sick remaining behind. After a stormy passage, the Valorous arrived as before stated.

THE PURCHASE OF MT. VERNON.—We learn from the October number of the Mount Vernon Record, that the first instalment of $57,000, due January 1, 1859, is now on hand and ready to be paid. Of this amount, $33,000 is so advantageously invested as to earn from seven to eight and ten per cent., making it injudicious to forestall the payment, as the interest to be paid to Mr. Washington is but six per cent. From the present time to the 22d of February, is nearly four months, and its hoped to raise the entire amount during this time, not only that possession may be taken of the estate at an early day, but also to save the interest, which is to be remitted, according to the agreement, if the amount is paid within the current year.

News Paragraphs.

A CASE in the British Court of Chancery, involving the title of some Vermont heirs to a large English estate, has been decided, after ten years of litigation, in favor of the Americans, who will thus get some $200,000.

THERE is a lady living in Blooming Grove, Orange Co., N. J., by the name of Diana Brooks, who is 114 years old, and yet is intelligent and active, and walks half a mile to church every Sabbath.—She was 32 years old when the Declaration of Independence was made.

CAPT. POPE'S expedition for boring Artesian wells on the great American desert has packed up and is coming home. It is settled that the project is impossible.

RECENT barometrical measurements show that Smoker mountain and several other peaks in North Carolina are higher than Mount Washington in New Hampshire, hitherto supposed to be the highest peak east of the Mississippi.

THE New York Sun says that a few days since the Sheriff sold out the effects of a merchant who has been ruined by the purchase of lottery tickets. He bought for years, but never gained a prize until a few weeks ago, and the lottery men refused to pay the only bit he made.

FIVE hundred bushels of potatoes were sent from Rocky Hill, Ct, to New York, one day last week.—The crop was said to have been so plenty in East Hartford as to sell for the low price of seventeen cents a bushel.

NEW HAVEN is in danger of being shorn of her glory. The long rows of venerable trees, which have given her the name of the "City of Elms," are dying from the poisonous vapors that escape from the leaky gas pipes. No less than twenty fine trees, many of them a quarter of a century old, have recently been killed from this cause on Wooster Place alone.

GEN. PAEZ has been recalled by the popular voice to the control of affairs in Venzeuela, was banished from that country eight years ago, since which time he has been residing in New York city where he has made many warm friends.

A NEW and very dangerous counterfeit $20 bill, purporting to be on the Bank of the State of New York, has just been put in circulation. The vignette represents an Indian girl seated, leaning her arm on a rock and looking at rail-cars, steamboat, and city in the distance. On the right end is an oval picture of locomotive, and the figures 20. It is unlike the genuine, which has two females for vignette.

A LETTER from New Orleans says:—"If the fools would only keep away, we who have battled it out all summer, might begin to see daylight; but they will not. The steamer Uncle brought down, a day or two since, over 400 passengers, and nearly 100 are now dead and many ill."

THE Bath (N. Y.) Advocate says:—"On Friday morning last we beheld the first snow of the season, which covered the earth to the depth of about one inch. Snow fell briskly also during the day. Overcoats and mufflers were comfortable."

THE HON. WILLIAM JAY, a well known and estimable man, for many years First Judge of Westchester county, died on the 13th inst., in the 70th year of his age, at the "Old Homestead" in Bedford, the former residence of his honored father, Governor John Jay. Judge Jay has been an active member of several of our prominent institutions, among which was the American Bible Society, of which he was the Vice-President.

AT Crocket, Texas, butter is ten cents a pound, beef three cents, bacon twenty cents, flour six dollars for one hundred pounds. Oats two dollars per bushel.

A STATEMENT just furnished by the Secretary of the Interior, in compliance with a resolution of Congress, shows that about $20,000,000 have been expended by the United States government in the District of Columbia, since its formation, exclusive of salaries of clerks of the Departments and the appropriations for the Smithsonian Institute.

SOME idea of the cost of the Utah expedition may be gained from this fact. Corn at Fort Laramie to feed the cavalry horses costs *six dollars a bushel.*

COL. KINNEY informs the San Antonio (Texas) Herald that he has concluded his negotiation with the Mormons for the sale of his interest in Central America, and has received an earnest of $200,000 as a part of the purchase money. He is to receive $2,000,000. He was in San Antonio on the 20th ult., on his way to Austin.

A HANOVER paper tells the world that the "silly prejudice against horse flesh" has altogether vanished in Denmark and Northern Germany, and that in the city of Hanover alone, in the course of Whitsunweek, about 2,000 pounds of horse flesh were consumed. The number of horses slaughtered for eating in that city is between 200 and 300 a year.

OBITUARY.—SCHUYLER PUTNAM, aged 69 years, grandson of Gen. Putnam, (Old Put) of Revolutionary memory, died in Elyria, O., last week.

PARKER CLEVELAND, Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy in Bowdoin College, Me., died on the 15th inst., aged 79.

THE SPANISH EXPEDITION AGAINST MEXICO.—The following is translated from a letter dated Madrid, Sept. 21st. It confirms the report that the Spanish Cabinet are determined to act energetically against Mexico:—"In the early part of October, four ships-of-war belonging to the squadron of Gallicia will depart for the waters of Cuba, two of them being the Petronilla and the Isabella-Catolica. They, and the transports accompanying them, will carry 3,000 soldiers of all arms, with considerable war material, destined for the Antilles. It is designed to have at Havana a considerable squadron, and a disposal force of 12,000 men, destined to compel satisfaction from the Mexican Republic. The trip of the Minister of Marine to Cadiz, was principally with a view to prepare maritime reinforcements destined for the Gulf of Mexico."

☞ The paper of late and now used in printing the RURAL is far inferior to what we contracted for, but we are compelled to submit for the present and until a better article can be manufactured.

The News Condenser.

—The yellow fever has almost depopulated Vicksburg, Miss.

—Lord Brougham completed his 80th year on Sunday, the 19th ult

—Prince Napoleon will set forth for Algeria on the 1st of November.

—It is proposed to erect a memorable fountain to Alfred the Great, at Oxford.

—Lord Derby, the Prime Minister of England, lost $300,000 at the Epsom races.

—The new Custom House at Oswego was opened for business last Monday morning.

—Gen. Denver refuses, it is said, to withdraw his resignation as Governor of Kansas.

—Over fourteen thousand bales of cotton were received in New Orleans on the 4th inst.

—A lad, 16 years old, was shot at Chicago, a few nights since, while committing a theft.

—Six years is the time now set by the contractors for the completion of the Hoosac Tunnel.

—The Masonic Lodge of Newburgh, New York, has just subscribed $150 to the Mount Vernon fund.

—Two students have been expelled from the University of North Carolina for fighting a duel.

—It is proposed to lay iron pavements through the streets of St. Louis, at a cost of sixty cents per foot.

—The apple crop of New England is said to be more abundant this year than for several years past.

—Schamyl and his daring Circassians have been administering another thrashing to the Russians.

—An infant in Nashville, Tenn., has fourteen toes, and seven fingers on one hand, and six on the other.

—A new church is to be built for the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, capable of seating 6,000 people.

—The loss and destruction of property by the civil war in Mexico have been estimated at $100,000,000.

—The city of St. Joseph, Mo., with 10,000 inhabitants, has not one public school, nor any place to hold one.

—The hand fire engines in St. Louis are all offered for sale, steam engines having entirely displaced them.

—Sugar and molasses, of the new crop, is beginning to be brought rapidly into the market of New Orleans.

—The American Institute offers a reward of $3,000 for the detection of the incendiary of the Crystal Palace.

—The prize money awarded to the officers and crew of the Dolphin for the capture of the slaver Echo, is $7,600.

—A correspondent of the Picayune prophecies an immense sugar crop in Louisiana this season—say 400,000 hhds.

—A bear weighing 450 pounds was shot by Rev. Z. Thompson, in his yard at Bethel Hill, Maine, on Tuesday, 10th inst.

—The Medical Times says there are 134,000 bachelors in Australia, who would be glad to take and maintain wives.

—The Germantown Independent records two cases of death from hydrophobia, in that town during the past week.

—The Jews in Boston have adopted a series of resolutions thanking Parliament for the admission of Baron Rothschild.

—It is said that the Atlantic Telegraph Company have sold their lead mines in Newfoundland to parties for $200,000.

—Florida gets through the Interior Department 183,000 acres of land for railroad purposes. The grant was made in 1856.

—Arrangements are being made in Glasgow for a grand demonstration on the approaching centenary of Burns' birthday.

—The furniture of the City Hall, New York, is advertised at auction by the Sheriff, to satisfy an execution against the city.

—Redpath, Burgess and Toster, the financial fraud convicts, were dispatched to the Australian convict settlements lately.

—The Chinese territory ceded to Russia, by late treaties, is said to be in extent about double the size of the British Islands.

—A bear was encountered and killed within six miles of Norfolk, Va., on Tuesday week. He showed considerable fight.

—A Norfolk paper states that a new military company will shortly be raised in that city, to be composed entirely of Jews.

—A council of Baptist Churches, at Gloversville have decided that a man cannot be be both a Christian and a Free Mason.

—The powerful tug Gov. King, owned by Mr. D. Bell, will be dispatched for New York next week, with four loaded boats in tow.

—A nephew and namesake of Gen. Narciso Lopez, of Cuban notoriety, has been arrested in New York for stealing jewelry.

—Washington's family Bible is said to be in possession of Col. Clairborne, a gentlemen of Lafayette, Macon county, Tennessee.

—It is expected that stoves, ranges, and iron materials of the value of $100,000 will be recovered from the ruins of the Crystal Palace.

—A young lady in Paris made her fortieth ascension in a balloon, and landed in the country. The rustics maltreated her as a witch.

—A railroad is now approaching completion through Mo., which will enable passengers to go from Boston to Kansas in three days.

—The loss of life by the explosion of the Havana Arsenal was 112, and the wounded amount to 128. Loss of property, $1,000,000.

Two hundred thousand pounds weight of women's hair is annually sold in France, and the price paid for it is six cents an ounce.

—A submarine telegraph of about 300 miles is in course of manufacture in Scotland, to connect the Colony of Victoria with Tasmania.

—Private advices from Savannah indicate that the yellow fever in that city assumes a more serious type than is admitted by the Press.

—It is said that A. Keene Richards, of Scott county, has purchased the renowned English racer Fisherman, at the enormous price of $30,000.

—There is great talk in Paris of the creation of 500 barons, who are to form the nucleus of a new *noblesse* to surround and support the throne.

—The cork tree is being extensively cultivated in the neighborhood of Cincinnati. Ten thousand cans of acorns have been ordered for planting.

—At the recent term of the Circuit Court of Jefferson county, Indiana, sixteen married people were turned loose, to marry again, if they can.

—Industrious people at Key West are making a fortune out of prepared turtle soup, put up in hermetically sealed cans, and sent to distant parties.

—Some of the Kansas papers are indignant that Eastern papers should estimate their population at only 25,000. They say that they have full 80,000.

—Ex-President Franklin Pierce, an Eastern editor learns, is engaged in preparing for publication another "History of the Mexican War."

—The Americans in London are talking of establishing a newspaper, not unlike Galignani in Paris, or the Albion in N. Y., both English journals.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Africa.

THE Africa, from Liverpool 2 P. M. 2d inst., arrived at New York on the night of the 15th.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The official returns show a decrease on the quarter of £1,778,000, on the half year of £2,720,000, and upon the year £6,017,000.—The decrease is more than accounted for by the reduction in the income tax, amounting to £7,900,000—so that there was an actual increase on the year's revenue, as contrasted with last year, of £1,883,000.

A report was current that Government was about to send three gentlemen experienced in engineering and maritime matters, with a view of reporting upon the state of the harbor and roadstead of Galway, and to inquire as to what works may be necessary for rendering the port safe and commodious.

Mr. Varley, one of the consulting electricians of the Atlantic Telegraph Co., writes to the Times in response to an article calling in question his estimate of the distance of the faults in the cable.—He states that his means of testing are not wholly dependent upon the resistance offered by the cable, and that he searched diligently for indications of a fault nearer shore, but without success He also says that by the modes of testing adopted by him, the estimated distances are seldom more than five per cent. in error, and then only in cases of difficulty. In testing the Atlantic cable he adopted four distinct modes.

A Mr. Rowett had offered to lay a rope-covered electric wire between Valentia and Newfoundland, for the sum of £182,000.

FRANCE.—A Paris correspondent of *Le Nord* does not hesitate to assert that the object of Prince Napoleon's visit to Warsaw was to communicate to the Emperor Alexander the views of the Emperor Napoleon with regard to coming events in Turkey.

A letter from Paris says that the French Consul at Tampico had written to the commander of the French naval station in the Gulf of Mexico, claiming protection for the French in that place.

Mr. Morphy, the American chess player, had been astonishing the Parisians by repeating his extraordinary performance of playing eight games, with eight separate players at one and the same time without seeing the boards. Mr. Morphy won six of the games and the other two were drawn.—The play lasted ten hours.

SPAIN.—Some ships-of-the-line were to proceed to Cochin China to protect the Spaniards there.

Rumors of a Ministerial crisis were current, but the Ministerial organs pronounced them unfounded.

The coming elections are supposed to be of the most stormy character.

A telegram from Madrid states that the Government has granted permission to import cotton seed into Cuba.

TURKEY.—Letters from Candia describe the island as still in a very disturbed state. The new Governor had not been able to carry out the instructions received from Constantinople. Armed Turks had traversed the capital of the island, shouting "Death to the Christians." Some of them were arrested, but were immediately released, so great is Mussulman influence.

A telegram from Alexandria says:—"The *Lucifero* publishes a report of a revolt at Jiddah, and a rising at Mecca, wherein several Turkish soldiers have been killed."

Commercial Intelligence.

BREADSTUFFS.—Richardson, Spence & Co. report the country markets generally heavy, and again rather lower. In this market yesterday Flour was exceedingly dull, and quotations nominal. Nearly the whole of the stock here has become more or less sour, and difficult of sale: Western, 20s@21s; Philadelphia and Baltimore, 21s6d@22s6d; Ohio, 22s@25s. Wheat in retail demand only, and prices nominally unchanged; inferior pressing on the market, and offered at a further reduction without sales; Red Western, 5s2d@5s6d; White Western, 6s3d@6s9d; Southern, 5s 7d@6s0d Corn depressed by large arrivals from the Black Sea, which is offering at 31s@32s for Yellow, without buyers. American dull and nominal at 33s6d@34s for Yellow, and 34s for Yellow.

California Intelligence.

Arrival of the Star of the West.

THE steamer Star of the West arrived at New York on the 15th inst., bringing upwards of $1,400,000 in treasure, and California dates to Sept. 21st.

California news uninteresting. Advices of the success of the Atlantic Cable had caused great rejoicing, and Monday, the 27th, had been selected to celebrate the event.

Government Station at Benecia Bay was burnt the 13th of Sept., together with horses, mules, provender, &c.

The lumps of gold recently found in Columbia by Mr. Strain, had been melted and run into a bar weighing upward of 400 ounces, and sold for nearly $75,000.

James Hennesey, one of the vigilance committee exiles, recently commenced a suit for damages, but it being impossible to empanel a jury who were not prejudiced in favor of the committee, the suit was abandoned.

The eighth anniversary of the admission of California into the Union, was celebrated at San Francisco on the 9th ult.

There was a smart shock of an earthquake at San Francisco on the evening of the 12th.

FRAZER RIVER.—Advices from Frazer River to Sept. 6. The news from the mines is cheering.—The river was falling rapidly, and the miners were realizing as high as $80 per day. Dry diggings had been found near Fort Yale. No new Indian difficulties.

ISTHMUS.—The U. S. frigate Roanoke touched at Aspinwall, Sept. 30th, and sailed for San Juan. It was reported that Gen. Lamar had demanded $2,000,000 from Costa Rica as recompense for shooting some Americans at Virgin Bay and the taking of the place.

Lieut. Gillis, U. S. N., had satisfactorily completed his observations of the total eclipse of the sun on the 7th ult. He went to a point one thousand feet from the level of the sea, and 200 miles from Tahiti, to which port he had returned. The only other astronomer present was a German from Santiago, sent by the Chilian Government.

Valparaiso dates are to August 31st. It was reported there that Gen. Echemque had started on another revolutionary expedition to Peru. It was said that his friends had purchased a cargo of ammunition on board the brig Townsend Jones, and that she was about to sail for Peru to land it.

Callao dates are to Sept. 13th. The frigate Merrimac had gone to Valparaiso. The Decatur was at Callao.

WHOLESALE COUNTERFEITING.—An extraordinary case of counterfeiting the bills of the Turkish Bank, is detailed in the New York city papers. A Mrs. Stevens, a Turkish lady, arrived at Syra a short time since, on her way from Liverpool to Constantinople. Upon the examination of her trunks by the officer of customs, it was ascertained they had false bottoms, between which were concealed spurious notes on the Turkish Bank, to an immense value. Steps were then taken to find out where the bills were printed; and the investigation finally resulted in tracing their manufacture to New York city where the plates were seized. A person by the name of Harrison, who did the printing, supposed he was printing off labels for some quack nostrum!

POSTAGE STAMPS.—The Stamp Bureau of the Post Office Department, which is under the direction of the Third Assistant Postmaster General, John Marron, Esq., has made the following returns.

For the quarter ending the 30th of September last, there were issued from this Bureau the following.

One cent stamps	9,490,600
Three cent stamps	30,445,000
Five cent stamps	127,650
Ten cent stamps	707,500
Twelve cent stamps	331,400
	41,104,000
Stamps returned	62,900
Total stamps	41,070,160

Of stamped envelopes there were issued 241,150 note size, three cents; 6,454,350 letter size, three cents; 42,850 ten cent envelopes; 100 official stamps. The nett revenue accruing from this source amounts to an aggregate of about $1,334,900.

FROM UTAH—BATTLE WITH THE CAMANCHES.—A dispatch from St. Louis, dated the 15th inst., says the Salt Lake mail arrived at St. Joseph on the 9th. The troops had nearly completed their huts, and would go into winter quarters on the 15th of October. The Fort Smith (Ark.) Times, Extra, of the 8th, contains a letter from Lieut. Powell, dated Fort Arbuckle 2d, giving an account of a battle between a detachment of the Second Cavalry and the Camanche Indians, near Witchita Village, on the 1st, in which Lieut. Van Camp and four men were killed, and Major Vaucian and ten privates were wounded. Forty of the Camanches were killed.

POPULATION OF OUR PRINCIPAL CITIES.—Says a Philadelphia paper, the following, according to the ratio of increase of census of 1850, is believed to approach very nearly to the population of our principal cities in 1857:—Baltimore, 235,000; Philadelphia, 590,000; New York, 670,000; Brooklyn, 220,000; Boston, 170,000. This is probably near enough to the real state of the case for an estimate. If Philadelphia had 590,000 people a year ago, the aggregate must now largely exceed 600,000, and in that event it will reach three-quarters of a million by the time the national census of 1860 shall be taken.

FROM SANTA FE.—A despatch from Independence says the Santa Fe mail arrived on the 2d, with dates to the 13th ult. Mr. Craig, the bag contractor at Fort Massachusetts, is supposed to have been murdered by the Indians. There was considerable political excitement at Santa Fe between the regular Democratic nominations and what the Gazette calls the Bob Tail Democracy. The Apache Indians were still troublesome about Fort Buchanan. They had stolen some government stock. No news from Fort Defiance. It is supposed that the expedition against the Navajo Indians has been abandoned.

NOT DEAD YET.—A New York paper states that a gentleman by the name of Mitchell, who was a passenger on board of the ill-fated steamer Arctic, was supposed to be lost, and in consequence, several persons who considered themselves heirs-at-law have taken his property and distributed it among themselves. The "dead man" has, however, unexpectedly turned up at the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, and has commenced proceedings against the parties who have unceremoniously assumed control of his goods and chattles, believing him to be no longer in the land of the living.

LADIES WANTED IN AUSTRALIA.—The latest intelligence from Victoria contains a statistical return of no little interest to ladies. By the last return of the register-general of the colony we perceive that the numerical preponderance of men over women amounted to the astounding sum of 134,000 in a population of 470,000. In other words, there were only about 168,000 woman to 302,000 men.

CONVENTION OF COLORED PEOPLE.—The Negroes are to have a Convention at Cincinnati on the 23d, 24th, and 25th of November, to consider the disabilities under which they now labor. Their call states that inasmuch as Congress occupies nearly all its time in discussing the question, "What shall we do with the nigger?" it is but right that they should have something to say on the subject themselves.

THE RECENT ELECTIONS.—The reports thus far received of the elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Iowa, are confused, and in some instances extremely meagre, but enough has been learned to show that the Republicans have won the victory in all of these States. We will probably give the actual result in our next issue.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH EXTENDING WESTWARD.—A piece of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, purchased from Messrs. Tiffany & Co., of New York city, has been submerged in the Ohio river between Evansville, Ind., and Henderson, Ky., and works admirably.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—Gov. KING has set apart Thursday, the 16th of November, as the day of Thanksgiving and Prayer, for the State of New York. The Governor of New Hampshire has appointed the 25th of the same month.

VERMONT POLITICS.—The Vermont Legislature organized on the 14th inst., by the choice of Hon. George F. Edmonds as Speaker of the Assembly, and Mr. Clark H. Chapman as Secretary of the Senate. Gov. Hall was inaugurated on the 15th.

Special Notices.

GROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

☞ These Machines are now justly admitted to be the best in use for Family Sewing making a new strong and elastic stitch, which will not rip even if every fourth stitch be cut—Circulars sent on application by letter
446-13t H. G. GILES, Agent, 45 State street, Rochester, N Y

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Oct 19, 1857.

FLOUR AND GRAIN—In Flour there is no variation of prices—the market is rather unsettled, and millers operate very cautiously.—Grain is pretty much as last quoted Canadian Wheat exhibits a greater range, but best qualities are at last rates. Beans are up a little—the maximum figures are for very choice varieties and in fine condition.

FARM PRODUCE is almost without change—firmness is the feature of the market and a slight advance may be the result.

POULTRY is coming in pretty freely and a decline of 1c per pound is noticed.

HAY is without change, but an upward tendency is visible this morning

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		Sugar drips	12 c
Flour winter Wheat,	$6 @6 50	Honey	15 c
Do spring do	$5 @5 50	Candles ex	12½@13c
Do Buckwheat flour	$ @	Do mould	12½@13c
Wheat, red	$1 10 @1 15	**SEEDS AND ROOTS**	
Wheat, white Canada	$1 @1 25	Apples, bushel	50 @75
Corn	70c	Do dried	$ @
Oats	30c	Potatoes	25 @30c
Rye, 6 lbs to bushel	70c	**HIDES AND SKINS**	
Barley	75c	Slaughter	5½ @6c
Buckwheat	70c	Calf	10c
Beans	75@90c	Sheep pelts	50 @
MEATS		Lamb do	35 @40c
Pork, Mess	$17 @18	**SEEDS**	
Do cwt	$ @	Clover seed	$4 @4 50
Beef, cwt	$4 @	Timothy	$1 40 @1 50
Spring Lambs, each	$1 @	**SUNDRIES**	
Mutton, carcass	5c	Wood, hard	$4 @4 50
Hams, smoked	10c	Do soft	$ @
Shoulders	8c	Coal, Lehigh	$ @
Chickens	8c	Do Scranton	$ @ 5 50
Turkeys	10c	Do Shamokin	$ @ 4
Geese	34@40	Do Lump	$ @
DAIRY, &c		Do Egg	$ @
Butter roll	17@18c	Do soft	$ @
Do firkin	16@16c	Charcoal	$ @ 3 50
Cheese	6c	Hay, tun	$ @
Lard, tried	10c	Wool, lb	28c
Tallow	5@6c	Wheat, bbl	$ @
		Codfish, quintal	$ @
		Trout, bbl	$6 50@7 00

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Oct 19—Flour—The Market for State and Canadian is lower, with a moderate demand for Pennsylvania and Ohio, and to some extent limited inquiry—Canadian is nominal & per obt. Sales at $5 00@5 00 for unsound, $4,27@4,40 for super State, $4,45@4,60 for extra State, $4,35@4,45 for superfine Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa $4,45@5,00 for common to good medium and extra do. $5,45@6,35 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—the market closing heavy Canadian is unchanged, sales at $4,85@5,00 for com to good extra.

GRAIN—Wheat market very dull and heavy, with no export demand and only a fair home consumption Sales at 115c for club, Milwaukee Club do at 97c The Market dull sales of 15,000 bush Corn lower, sales at 65c for com to good mixed Western, 72½c white do and 74c for round yellow Oats steady at 44c for State 41@42c for Western and Canada.

PROVISIONS—Pork market rather firmer Sales at $16,10@16,50 for mess $11,50@14,2 for prime $ for new mess, $— for prime mess, $—,25 for clear Lard is dull, sales at 10¾@10¾c. Butter is selling at 12@20c for Ohio, 15@21c for State Cheese at 6½@8c, as to quality.

BUFFALO, Oct. 18—Flour—The sales yesterday were altogether in small lots, at $4 50 for choice Wisconsin, $5@5,12½ and $5,25 for good to choice extra brands Michigan, Indiana, Ohio and Wisconsin, $5,37@5 50 and $5 75 for the range of double extras and favorite bakers brands.

GRAIN—The receipts for wheat since Saturday have been large exceeding 33,000 bushels. The market yesterday opened quiet and heavy. Holders were pretty firm and buyers did not meet them In the afternoon there was a better demand, and we heard of sales red Ohio at 88c; Milwaukee club at 83½c, white Indiana at $1, white Michigan at $1,04 white Canadian at $1,13. Corn receipts since Saturday have also been large, exceeding 220,000 bushels. The market yesterday was dull and inactive. The only sale we could hear of was 2,600 bush No 2 at 65½c Oats were very quiet. The receipts for some time have been light, and there has been but little inquiry Small sales are making at 45@46c. Barley is not active and market quiet and steady Sales Canadian on private terms. The market may, however, be quoted at 80@85c for fair to prime samples. Rye also quiet. No inquiry that we could hear of, and may be quoted at 65c.

SEEDS—Timothy is selling at $1 60@1,75, and Clover at $5.

PROVISIONS—There has been no change in pork from our last quotations. Mess is selling at $16,50. No prime in market Ham is 9c, in sacks 9½c, and sugar cured 10½c. Lard is steady at 10@10½c for butchers Very little prime offering. Butter is in good demand at 19@22c for country, 15@18c for Western.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Oct 13—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows.

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, $9,50@10,00, Ordinary, $9,00@9,25; Common, $8,50@8,75, Inferior, $6,75@7,50

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50@60, Ordinary; $40@45; Common, $30@35, Inferor, $20@25

VEAL CALVES—First quality, $ lb, 6½@7c; Ordinary, 4@5c; Common 4@4½c; Inferior, 3@3½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, per head, $5,00@6 00, Ordinary, $4,00@4,50, Common, $3,00@3,50, Inferior, $2,00@2,75.

SWINE—Best corn fed, 5½@6¼c; Other qualities, 5@5½c.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct 13—At market 1686 Cattle, about 800 Beeves and 886 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $6,25@7,00, First quality, $5,75@6,00, Second, $5,00@5,50, Third, $4,75, Ordinary, $3,75

WORKING OXEN—$90, 100@117

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 30, 40@60.

STORES—Yearlings $9@12, Two Years Old, $16@20; Three Years Old, $18@27

SHEEP AND LAMBS—6175 at market Prices—Extra and Selections, $2,50@3,37, in lots, $1,00, 1,50@2 00

SWINE—400 Western at market

HIDES—7½@8¾c. Tallow, 7½ 8c ₱ lb.

PELTS—75@87c each. Calf Skins, 12@13c ₱ lb

BRIGHTON, Oct. 14—At market—1450 Beef Cattle, 800 Stores, 5500 Sheep and Lambs, 1600 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $7,00@7,50, First quality, $6,00@7,00, Second, $5,50, Third, $5,00@5,25

WORKING OXEN—$90, 140@150

MILCH COWS—Sales at $29@37, Common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—Sales at $4, 4,50@4,75.

STORES—Yearlings, $9@12, Two Years Old, $16@19, Three Years Old, $19@27

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $1,75@3,00, by lot, $1,00@1,50

SWINE—Fat hogs, 5½c; Retail, 6@6c Spring pigs, 5c.

HIDES—7½@8½c. Tallow, 7½@8c. ₱ lb.

PELTS—$0,75@0,87, Calf Skins, 12@13c ₱ lb

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, Oct 13—Domestic Fleece is in better request, and the market partakes of a firmer tone, sales of 53,000 lbs ½ to full-blood Merino and Saxony at 34@46c, net, 160,000 do full blood at 43@45c, 13,000 do extra at 48c, time and interest, and 7,000 do selected at 50c, net. Pulled is firm and in fair request, the stock is light, sales of 44,000 lbs at 30@40c for No 1 City, and extra Country—Foreign has been in steady fair demand, and a better feeling pervades the market, the transactions, however, for the past few days have been restricted pending the result of the auction sale reported to full below, but as that has passed by now, we look for more activity, as there are several out-of town buyers to the market.

The auction sale of 1,000 bales East India Wools previously alluded to came off to-day at the Pierrepont Stores, Brooklyn, and was well attended by Eastern carpet as well as "up river" manufacturers Terms 6 months, the sales include 5,000 lbs fine White East India at 23c, cash, 10,000 lbs South American at 9@20c, as to quality. 30 bales Saloneca at 18c, 6 mos, 20,000 lbs Unwashed Mexican 80,000 do fine Mestizo, 70 bales Smyrna, 40 do Washed Angora, and 180 do Donskoi, on p. t.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

BOSTON, Oct. 13.—The market is very firm for Fleece and Pulled Wool, but the sales of the week have been moderate, comprising 75,000 lbs at quoted rates. The high prices now generally asked have a tendency to check operations In foreign sales of 10u bales Mediterranean and 70 bales Chilian at full prices.

Sax and Mer fleece	50@53	Western mixed	35@45
Ful, blood	40@42	Smyrna washed	17@
Half and ¾ blood	37@40	Do unwashed	16@17
Com. to ¼ blood	30@36	Syrian	16@21
Pulled extra	40@45	Cape	20@25
Do. superfine	36@40	Crimea	16@17
Do. No. 1	30@35	Buenos Ayres	16@
Do. No. 2	17@27	Peruvian washed	28@35

ALBANY, Oct. 13—The market is firm at the advanced prices—The demand is fair, but the firmness of holders restrict business in both fleece and pulled. We have only to note a sale of 10,000 lbs super pulled at prices within our range. We quote—Am. Saxony Fleece, 44½@47½c; Am. Full blood Merino 42@45c Am. ¾ blood Merino 37@40c Am. Native and ¼ Merino 30@35c Extra pulled 38@41c. Super pulled 34@36c No 1 pulled 27@30c

Marriages.

On the 6th inst, at the residence of the bride's father, Josiah F. A. Baker, by Alvinus Snyder, Esq., Mr SIMEON SNYDER and Miss MARY A. BAKER, all of Dryden.

New Advertisements.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter an Hundred—Fifty Cents a Line each insertion IN ADVANCE. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

☞ Those of our readers purchasing articles advertised in the RURAL, or who write to advertisers, will please state that they saw the advertisement in the RURAL NEW-YORKER.

YOUNG MAN,—Please write for a Circular of WALWORTH'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, Rome, N. Y. 459

CONCORD GRAPE VINES—For Sale, strong, well-rooted plants at $5 per dozen, or two for $1 By R B SHAW, 459 Trenton Falls, Oneida Co, N. Y.

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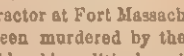

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'Twas a beautiful night on a beautiful deep,
And the man at the helm had just fallen asleep,
And the watch of the deck, with his head on his breast,
Was beginning to dream that another's it pressed,
When the look-out aloft cried, "A sail! ho, a sail!"
"A sail! ho, a sail!" "Where away?" "Nor'h-nor'h-west!"
"Make her out?" "No, your honor!" The din drowned the rest.
There, indeed, is the stranger, her first in these seas,
Yet she drives boldly on, in the teeth of the breeze.
Now her bows to the breakers she steadily turns:
Oh, how brightly the light of her binnacle burns!
No a signal for Saturn this Rover has given,
No salute for our Venus, the fag-star of heaven;
Not a rag or a ribbon adorning her spars,
She has saucily sailed by "the red planet Mars,"
She has "doubled" triumphant, the Cape of the Sun
And the sentinel stars without firing a gun!
Now a flag at the fore and the mizzen unfurled,
She is bearing right gallantly down on the world!
"Helm-a-port!" "Show a light!" She will run us aground!"
"Fire a gun!" "Bring her to!" "Sail a-hoy!" "Whither bound?"
"Avast! there, ye lubbers! Leave the rudder alone;
'Tis a craft 'in commission'—the Admiral's own;
And she sails with sealed orders, unopened as yet,
Though her anchor she weighed before Lucifer set!
Ah! she sails by a chart no draughtsman can make,
Where each cloud that can trail, and each wave that can break;
Where each planet is cruising, each star is a rest,
With its anchor let go in the blue of the blest;
Where the sparkling flotilla, the Asteroids tie,
Where the craft of red morning is flurg on the sky;
Where the breath of the sparrow is staining the air—
On the chart that she bears you will find them all there!
Let her pass on in peace to the port whence she came,
With her tracklngs of fire, and her streamers of flame!"

The Sketch-Book.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE TAILORESS.

BY ANNA LINWOOD.

The fall tailoring was no small item in our household. With new suits for father and old clothes to be vamped over for the boys, it was always a six weeks' job. The arrival of the seamstress, who invariably came in the early part of winter, was heralded by active preparations. My mother always baked an extra batch of mince pies, made up her winter's supply of sausages, and thoroughly cleaned the house from top to bottom. Sewing-women in cities are usually stowed away in some lonesome chamber, and eat at the second table.—Not so in the country—there they expect to be treated as distinguished guests. Going from house to house, they retail any amount of gossip, a thing which my mother knew, and hence we were exhorted, for the fortieth time, to be good children if we did not want all the girls and boys in the neighborhood to know how naughty we were. We rather groaned beneath this restraint, for six weeks was a long while to *behave*.

The north-west corner of the kitchen, being the lightest, was always set apart for the tailoress. It is early Monday morning, and we are at the window, watching the arrival. Soon we see the top of an old buggy coming over the hill, then a white horse, which we recognize as our old "Nancy," and as it draws nearer and we look under the scooping chaise top, we see father, and by his side, Aunt Hester Leach. We know her by her antique cloak, by her straw bonnet with its one row of black ribbon going over the top and tying under her chin, by which she has been feebly mourning ever since my earliest remembrances, but whether over the degeneracy of the world in general, or for the decease of some friend in particular, I never knew. Now the buggy drives into the yard and stops before the horse-block. Aunt Hester needs no assistance in alighting, not she.—She is a head taller than father, and asks no help from anybody. My mother comes to the door to welcome her visitor, six children following in the rear.

"How d'ye do?—how d'ye do?" says a strong, healthful voice. "You must have reckoned I was one of the lazy sort, or you'd have sent for me earlier in the mornin' than this."

By this time there was a firm step on the threshold, a shaking of an old cloak, and Aunt Hester Leach was in our very midst. She sat down by the fire, took off her moccasins and spread out her large hands to warm. She was a tall, muscular woman, of about fifty; her face was very broad, her complexion jaundiced, and there was a large bald spot on the top of her head. In the winter she invariably wore a plaid woolen dress, no collar, but a ribbon, either green or straw-colored, pinned tight around her neck. Now she jumps up with a sudden jerk and declares she's tired of sitting there doing nothing; it's time for her to begin.

"For my part," she says, "I don't see how some folks can be contented to sit still and fold their hands. I've just been over to Miss Clapp's. You know she's been failin' all winter and the town helps her. Bless my soul! to see her settin' in all that muss and lookin' so onconsarned. I'd a mind to get a broom and go at it myself. I couldn't help sayin', 'Miss Clapp,' says I, 'there's no sort of use of your bein' so awful slack. I know you ain't well, but what's the use of seein' things so dreadful dark, and says I, Miss Clapp, you won't die afore your time comes—nobody never did—just try to wake up,' and what do you think she did?—She jumped up, and she and I put that room 'to rights' in less than no time. In my humble opinion I and the town has done a good deal for Miss Clapp."

Aunt Hester has by this time got fairly started. Her goose is already roasting in the fire and she is twitching away at a coat collar with nervous energy, and as her needle flies her tongue goes with it. It happened that on the day of her arrival a dreadful snow storm came on and we were soon in a state of blockade. Nothing daunted, Aunt Hester kept sewing away with grim determination. She was cheery on all subjects but one—she was a perfect skeptic as regards domestic happiness. She constantly affirmed that there was not a man in the world worth having—that they were all de-pots, and that there was not one woman in fifty but would get unmarried if she could. To prove this point, many were her recitals of family feuds and as I listened to her gloomy tragedies, enacted as they were in our very neighborhood, with the cold blasts of a December wind whistling its shrill music around the house, a kind of terror used to creep over me. I instinctively linked them with the persecutions of the early Christians, of which I had already learned something from "*The Lives of Martyrs*," which lay on a swing shelf just above Aunt Hester's head. It was her failing to meddle in family affairs. Many were the difficulties she made between man and wife; few did she heal. Yet, strange as it may seem, no one entered into bridal festivities more heartily than did she. Her skill in cooking was proverbial. There could not be a wedding without Aunt Hester, and though she gave the bride a world of advice and opened to her rather a mournful picture of the future, her face was so thoroughly genial as to belie her words. If any were sick, there was Aunt Hester to watch over them without money and without price. Her fingers had plaited the shroud for nearly every sleeper in our little grave-yard; she it was who put everything "to rights" in the desolate home and welcomed back the funeral procession, though perhaps her comfortings were a little doubtful, for she always asked those most bereaved the plain, practical question, "Well, what are you going to do now." If a babe had gone to its rest, she never failed to tell the afflicted mother "that the child was enough sight better off—that this was a dreadful wicked world, and that if it had been her baby that had died, she should have been glad on't."—Aunt Hester was never known to faint away under any emergency, or to indulge in a flood of hysterical tears, or even to look tired like other people.

The storm lasted several days, but at length it broke away. During this time that roll of cloth had been suddenly turned into coats, large and small, as if by the skill of a magician. Aunt Hester had gone the rounds of the neighborhood in her criticisms, in almost every instance presenting a doleful picture of humanity. She had just taken for her text the "Elder's folks."

"There was a time," she said, "when no one thought more of them than I did, but that's gone by. Now they're getting up a donation for 'em and there ain't no sort of use on't. I b'lieve I shan't go though I never did slight my minister.—Why I've been there and I've seen things I ain't ever told, and ain't agoin' to tell. To be sure, you can't call 'em wasteful folks, but I've seen 'em have cake neither you nor I could afford. Then, when other ministers come they git it out, and you ought to hear 'em laugh. I think a minister should be solemn. Oh, it does seem dreadful to me, right here in this wicked world where there is so much dyin' and sufferin', to see preachers a laughin.'—As I said before, I shan't go."

Just then there was heard the scraping of feet at the door, and the minister himself entered. He shook hands with us all, then turning to Hester, said, "I have come for you to go home with me."

"What for?" said Hester.

"My wife is'nt well, and she can't get along with the donation unless you come to help her. We'll see you get your pay for it."

"Get my pay!" exclaimed Hester, indignantly. "I ain't on the town. I was a talking about you, Elder, just as you came in. I said then I did'nt see no use of your havin' a donation, and I don't now, but if you insist on't, I s'pose I must go. I was sayin' too, I thought you was too light and triflin' for a minister, and I'm glad you've come so I can tell you on't. You ought to look solemner than you do." Whereupon the smile upon the minister's face grew all the merrier.

Having given him a "piece of her mind," she good-naturedly put on her cloak and bonnet and accompanied him home. She was now in her element, putting the "Elder's house to rights," quieting the nerves of his wife, and taking the charge of the whole thing on her own broad shoulders.

When the evening of donation came, not a speck of dust was to be seen anywhere in the house. Everything was *in order*. There were no books scattered negligently on the centre-table, but piled in one large pile in the middle, one on the top of the other, according to their respective sizes. The chairs stood stark and stiff against the wall. Everything was clean and proper, and though the minister's wife did try to loop up the curtains more gracefully, a moment after Aunt Hester's coarse, rough hands had stretched them tightly back.—There was no disputing the matter with her,—she would have her own way, and a pretty good way it usually was. Nothing could exceed her activity during the evening. She it was that welcomed the church to the little parsonage, if welcome it could be called. The minister's wife was thrown completely into the shade.

To the little frizzly dress-maker, who tried to look so young, and who could never remember an event which happened twenty years before, she remarked, "How your hair does turn grey. Well, we're both growing old together." The haughty Mrs. ——, who had married rich and who had come dressed in satin, she reminded of the time when she lived in a little log house and was helped by the town. With child-like simplicity she went to Sarah Hill, who was noted for her plainness, and asked if she hurt her feelings when she was there sewing a year ago. "Don't you remember," said she, "that I told you you was dreadful *humbly*? Now, I did'nt mean anything by it. I've thought about it a great many times since. You ain't to blame for it; it's just as the Lord made you, and I don't want you ever to think anything about what I said." Thus she went the rounds retracting her criticisms, yet invariably giving more than she took away.

In a gulley not far from the village lived a bachelor by the name of Jacob Green. He was one of the quietest of all quiet men. The very land he owned had a certain retiring look, as if it longed to creep out of sight,—his house was half hidden under a hill,—his horses modestly bowed their heads as they jogged along the road,—even his lambs had a certain *sheepish* look, and ran at the sight of strangers. He went regularly to church, but had a habit of slinking unnoticed into his seat under the gallery. No living man could say aught against him. He paid his tithes once a year, fasted if we may so judge by his lean, lank figure, but in no other respect was he a Pharisee. That night of the donation, after the guests were all assembled, there was heard a timid knock at the door. It was Jacob Green's. His poor old mother had been taken suddenly ill, and he had come for Hester to go and take care of her. As usual, she was ready at once. The quiet Jacob had no words to express his grief, but as they rode along she could see by the starlight that his tears were falling fast. He loved his old, stricken mother with an all-absorbing love. When he reached home, he hurried into the house to see if she were worse. "Oh, mother," said he, sinking down by the bed, "I don't ever want to leave you alone again. I was afraid you'd die afore I came back." The poor creature's face was motionless as that of a corpse, but at the sound of Jacob's voice, she roused—"Jacob," said she, "you must not love me so well; I am going to leave you, and I want you to be willing to give me up." Jacob answered only by his groans; meantime, Hester had been busy straightening the bed, shaking up the pillows, and preparing some gruel. "Hester," said the dying woman, "come nearer, I want to take your hands in mine.—I have loved you these great many years—you have been so kind in sickness, so good to everybody. Now I want you to sing me a hymn. Hester's voice was sharp, unmusical, but strong. She began,"

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"

but for the first time in her life, her voice faltered. She was weeping like a little child. When she turned to look on that wasted face, she was startled, for Death had already been there and stolen away the soul. Jacob went for some neighbors, and soon Hester, strangely silent, was stitching away at the shroud.

Weeks and months went by, and the shy Jacob seemed to grow all the lonelier. One Sunday the community were electrified by the news that Jacob Green and Hester Leach were that day to be married. The event had been heralded by no suspicious circumstances. Where in the annals of history did you ever hear of a bachelor of fifty-five wedding a maiden of fifty, and no attempts on either side to appear youthful—no mysterious bottles of hair dye making their way into bureau drawers—no false teeth—no "Balm of a Thousand Flowers" to beautify the complexion? There they stood side by side in the broad aisle of the church, Jacob Green looking painfully embarrassed, Aunt Hester firm and unmoved, and attired in her usual Sunday costume. She says she married for love, and no one who knows her blunt, honest nature, doubts her word. The acidity has in a measure gone from her voice, and though she fully believes in the frailty of mankind in general, she invariably makes an exception of Jacob.

Wit and Humor.

A Tax Upon Toadies.—Brown was said by all his friends to be the toady of Jones. The appearance of Jones in a room was the proof that Brown was in the passage. When Jones had the influenza, Brown dutifully caught a cold in the head. Jerrold met Brown one day, and holding him by the button-hole said,—"Have you heard the rumor that is flying about town?" "No." "Well, they say Jones pays the dog-tax for you."

A colored firm in Newark, New Jersey, having suffered some pecuniary embarrassments, recently closed business, and the senior member gave the following "notis" to the public:—"The dissolution of co-partships heretofore resisting twixt me and Moses Jones, in the barber profession, am heretofo resolved. Passons who ose must pay the inscriber. Dem what the farm ose must call on Jones, as the farm is insolved. Ligen Johnson."

"Cato, does you know dem Johnsings up dar in Congo Place is going to be berry 'spectable folks?" "Wal, Scipio, I thought dey war getting along berry well, but I doesn't know how 'spectable dey is." "How 'spectable does you tink, Cato?" "Wal, guess about tree tousand dollars." "More 'spectable dan dat." "Wal, how 'speotable is dey?"—"Why, five tousand dollars, an' a house an' lot." "Whew! good-by, Scipio; I must give 'em a call."

Connubial Bliss.—I once met a free and easy actor, who told me he had passed three festive days at the Marquis and Marchioness of ——, without any invitation, convinced (as proved to be the case) that my lord and my lady, not being on *speaking terms*, each would suppose the other had asked him.—*Reynolds' Life and Times.*

A modern writer says:—"It may seem strange, but it is a fact, that men generally are much more afraid of women than women are of men." Brown remarks that the fact is not "strange" at all; for in both cases the *fear* is proportioned to the *danger*. Candid, but ungallant.

A writer gives the following advice to wives: "Should you find it necessary, as many of you undoubtedly will, to chastise your husbands, you will perform this affectionate duty with the soft end of the broom and not the handle."

"In Egypt I saw Cleopatra's needle," said a young lady to her friends on her return from her school in England, to her home in India, "but I thought very little of it, I assure you, after having seen the sewing machines in London."

"Patrick, you fool, what makes you stale after that rabbit, when your gun has no lock on it?"—"Hush—hush! my darling; the rabbit don't know that."

"Mrs. Snizzle, pa wants to know if he may lend himself to your axe, a little while. He had always rather lend than borrow."

When are writers like cattle? When they are driven to the pen.

The anxiety that a man feels for the want of funds is called *capital* punishment.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 23, 24, 16, 7 is the name of a bird.
My 22, 10, 2 is a monosyllable.
My 13, 15, 17, 3 is a preposition.
My 1, 7, 5, is an industrious insect.
My 3, 11, 10, 15 is a boy's name.
My 4, 6, 7, 8 are essential in warm weather.
My 9, 25, 26, 16, 24 is necessary to sustain life.
My 24, 25, 12, 8 are great pests.
My 20, 18, 16, 21, 26 is a kind of grain.
My 18, 19, 26 is a part of our dress.
My 12, 14, 13, 17, 27 is a virtue.
My whole is a proverb of Solomon worth remembering. Jule B. R.

Caton, N. Y., 1858.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 1, 4, 11, 13, 17, 16, 6 is a county in Wisconsin.
My 2, 18, 15, 8, 11, 17 is the capital of a country in Europe.
My 3, 12, 10, 22 is a city in New York.
My 4, 6, 3, 13, 21 is a county in Michigan.
My 5, 10, 11, 15, 13, 14, 18, 10, 21 is a river in New York.
My 6, 9, 1, 2, 11, 17, 2, 17 is one of the United States.
My 7, 16, 12, 17, 19, 22 is a river in in England.
My 8, 7, 7, 4, 18, 3 is a county in Iowa.
My 9, 13, 7, 16 is a village in Central New York.
My 10, 14, 16, 2, 21, 6 is a county in Michigan.
My 11, 13, 20, 15 is a cape on the coast of Europe.
My whole is the name and place of residence of a contributor to the Rural New-Yorker.

Pekin, Niag. Co., N. Y., 1858. H. A. C.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

Suppose the earth's mean radius, regarding it as a sphere, to be 3,956 miles, that of the moon, 1,080, and that the distance of the moon's centre from that of the earth is 238,000 miles, at what distance from the earth's centre, in the line joining the centres of the moon and earth, must an observer be placed, in order that the number of square miles that he can see of the earth's surface, added to the number of square miles that he can see of the moon's surface, shall be greater than if he were stationed at any other point of the line?

Henrietta, N. Y., 1858. J. A. Gillet.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

A PUZZLE.

Three old women carried eggs to market,—A carried fifty; B. thirty; while C. carried but ten.—They sold all their eggs,—each one at the same rate,—yet strange to say, they each received the same amount of money. M. A. W.

New York, Oct., 1858.

Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 457.

Answer to Acrostical Enigma:—West Bend, Washington County, Wis.

Answer to Problem:—132.9067 + gallons.

Advertisements.

REBECCA AND DELAWARE GRAPE VINES.—Extra quality plants—unusually strong and well-rooted—at the lowest market rates. Address FREEMAN & KENDALL, Ravenswood Fruit Nursery, Ravenswood L. I., near New York.

LINNÆUS RHUBARB, ORANGE RASPBERRY, and a choice assortment of small Fruits—at low reduced rates—wholesale and retail. FREEMAN & KENDALL, Ravenswood Fruit Garden, Ravenswood, L. I., near New York.

GUANO—250 Tons daily expected per brig Panola, from Sombrero Island, averaging 80 per cent. bone phosphate of Lime.—Owners of plaster mills in the country will do well to call. Also, 100 tons in bags, for sale by WOOD & GRANT, 457-4t 90 Front St., New York

New Carpetings for the Fall of 1858.
$33,000 WORTH OF NEW CARPETS just received from New York Auctions.
Lowell Carpet Company,
Hartford Carpet Company,
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John Crossley & Sons England,
Pardo, Homans & Pardo, England;
And other makes from all markets, both Foreign and American.
Our facilities for getting goods are not surpassed by any house in the United States, affording at all times the most complete assortment of
CARPET ROOM GOODS
To be found in the State, and at prices that cannot fail to suit the present times.
OIL CLOTHS.
100 pieces of these goods in all widths from 2 to 24 feet, cut to any size the customer may wish, varying in price from 25 6d to 10s per yard.
These goods are purchased direct from the manufacturers for cash, and we shall sell as New York jobbing prices.
Also, 30 pieces COCOA MATTING, all widths, suitable for churches, hotels, school-houses, offices, &c.
RUGS in all the sizes, made in new and beautiful designs.
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From 75 to $5 each. The largest stock of these goods ever brought to Western New York.
Customers are cordially invited to examine our stock, and we shall spare no pains to suit all, both in price and style.
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Wooden Water Pipe.
THIS PIPE is made of pine scantling, each section 8 feet long, the usual size is 5½ inches square with a bore of 1¾ inches—The ends are jointed so that when laid down the entire course is water-tight.
This is the best and cheapest pipe in use for water courses of every description. Manufactured and for sale by
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GENTS DRESS HATS
ARE OUT! They are decidedly the handsomest model for a HAT ever produced in this City. Call where you are sure of getting a good Hat,—which is at
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☞ SOMBRERO GUANO a superior article, for sale in any quantity by F & C., as above. 453tf

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NEWBURGH, N. Y.
Formerly A. J. Downing & Co.
THE SUBSCRIBERS, in soliciting the attention of Dealers and Planters of Trees to their stock now ready for the coming Fall trade, beg leave to say that it embraces everything in their line of business, all of the most vigorous growth and best quality.
THE DEPARTMENT OF FRUIT TREES
Contains a large collection of Apples and Pears, both Standards and Dwarfs, Cherries, standard and on Mahaleb Stocks, Plums, Peaches, Nectarines, Apricots, Quinces, Almonds, and Grape Vines, (both hardy Native and Foreign for vineries;) also Raspberries, Blackberries, New Rochelle or Lawton, High Bush or Dorchester, Newman's Improved, &c., &c.,) Strawberries, Gooseberries, (best Lancashire varieties,) Currants, Walnuts, Filberts, &c.
The long experience of A. Saul in these matters, which occupies his whole attention, enables us to guarantee the correctness of all articles sold by us.
THE ORNAMENTAL DEPARTMENT
Embraces a complete assortment of Deciduous and Evergreen Trees and Flowering Shrubs, including a large stock of Norway Spruce, Balm of Gilead, Austrian and Scotch Pines, American Arbor Vitæ, Junipers, Yews, &c., also Elms, Maples and Oaks in six varieties each, American and Knoop-an Lindens, do Ash, Mountain Ash, Horsechestnuts, Larch, Sycamores, Tulip Trees, Cypress, Magnolias, Poplars, Willows, Locust, &c., &c., Flowering Shrubs—plenty in six varieties, Althæas, Free Honeysuckles, Euonymous Pulverous, Tamarix, Weigelia Rosea, Forsythia, Flowering Hawthorns, &c.
Hedge Plants of Buckthorn, Osage Orange, and American Arbor Vitæ for screens, &c. Also Rhubarb and Asparagus Roots. Ten Thousand Plants and Cuttings of Salix triandra and Salix purpurea, the two best Osier Willows in cultivation.
A Descriptive Priced Catalogue will be sent to all applicants on inclosing P. O. Stamp to prepay the same.
A. SAUL & CO., Proprietors.
Newburgh, N. Y., Oct., 1858. 456-3t

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Directions for planting and cultivation will be forwarded to order, and with each package of plants. Price, $1 per dozen $7 per hundred, $60 per thousand. Orders, enclosing the money, directed to the undersigned will be forwarded after the 1st of October.
453-5teow LEWIS F. ALLEN, Black Rock, N. Y.

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PIANO MANUFACTORY AND WAREROOMS,
Corner Fourteenth St. and Third Av., New York.
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MANUFACTURERS OF PIANO FORTES,
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SUSPENDED MASSIVE IRON FRAMES,
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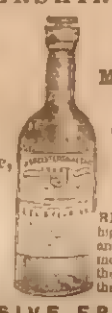
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE,
PRONOUNCED BY CONNOISSEURS TO BE THE Only Good Sauce, And applicable to EVERY VARIETY OF DISH.



EXTRACT of a Letter from a Medical Gentleman, At Madras, To His Brother at Worcester.
May, 1851
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A FARM OF ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY ACRES delightfully situated one and a half miles from Seneca Lake, commanding a view of the same equal to anything on the North river. First quality of soil and well improved, with thirty acres of timber. This farm is twelve miles from Geneva and four from Penn Yan with daily communication with both places. For convenience of location, beauty of situation and every advantage to be desired in a country residence, it cannot be surpassed. The subscriber being about to change his residence, will sell seventy, one hundred, or one hundred and seventy acres, being the entire farm, to suit the purchaser. For further particulars, inquire of D. D. T. Moore, Esq., of the Rural New-Yorker; E. H. Hunn, Esq., Geneva, or of the subscriber on the premises. [419] JOHN C. NICHOLAS

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THE LEADING WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,
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VOL. IX. NO. 44.] ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1858. [WHOLE NO. 460.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

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FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEW YORK STATE FAIR.

DISCUSSION ON CORN CULTURE.

AFTER the interesting discussion at the State Fair, on barley, which we gave last week, the subject of corn and its culture was taken up. T. C. PETERS said he found the best practice to be to spread manure in the fall, plow late in the spring, about four inches deep, roll, drag and plant immediately. His land was a gravelly loam. Planted about the 20th of May, four feet each way, and obtained from 50 to 60 bushels an acre, of the eight-rowed variety.

G. GEDDES commenced farming when 21 years old. Had learned that a course of farming that would pay one man would ruin another. Neither deep nor shallow plowing could be recommended for all land. Some light land might not be benefited by deep plowing, while in other land of a heavier character it was absolutely necessary to secure a good crop.

E. CORNELL, of Tompkins county, believed in high manuring and deep cultivation for corn.—Had grown 1,600 bushels of shelled corn on four acres in four years. Had grown 123 bushels on an acre, weighing 56 pounds to the bushel, as the result of manuring and deep and thorough culture. Mr. C. said in answer to a question from Mr. GEDDES that the crop was measured in the fall.—Mr. G. said that corn will shrink from 15 to 20 per cent. between fall and spring. He had been trying all his life to raise a hundred bushels of shelled corn to the acre and had not done it, and would go a long journey to see such a crop.

J. J. THOMAS, had tried some experiments to ascertain the best distance to plant corn to secure the largest crop. He found that corn planted three feet by eighteen inches would produce one-third more corn than if planted three feet each way.—Several other gentlemen agreed with Mr. T. that this way of planting would give a large yield, but whether sufficient to pay for the extra labor required in its culture was a matter of some question.

Mr. MATTOON, of Oneida county, had been taught the necessity of deep plowing, by experience.—Had raised 500 bushels of sound ears upon five acres by plowing from 10 to 12 inches deep, where 50 bushels would not have grown by shallow plowing. He got rid of the wire-worm by using the Michigan plow, turning the sod down deep and covering it with the second share, about 10 inches deep. Preferred to mix seed. Grew a mixture of Dutton, Yellow, Flint and Red Streak.

T. C. PETERS said it had been stated that our agricultural products were decreasing, but he thought it a mistake. Our population is becoming more dense along the Railroads and grain culture is lessening. He spoke of the value of agricultural statistics, and thought assessors could do this work. He sowed a plot of ground, in drills, with Ohio corn for fodder and obtained at the rate of about 40,000 pounds to the acre.

GEORGE CLARK, of Otsego, believed that Indian corn as a basis of feeding animals was of more importance than any or all roots. Several other gentlemen expressed the same opinion, though no experiments were given as a foundation of these opinions, without which the bare assertion is not of much account.

JOHN L. PECKHAM, of Utica, inquired if corn was a profitable crop for the dairymen to grow.—To this there was a general affirmative answer.

Mr. BROWN, of Onondaga, raised corn much cheaper now than he did fifteen years ago. Plow in the fall eight or ten inches deep—soil gravelly loam. Mellow it in the spring with a cultivater, and do most of the cultivation with the same implement. Grew near 100 bushels per acre this year, and it wont cost me over 10c. per bushel. Think farmers would do well to depend more upon corn. Manure by top-dressing with compost, using salt, plaster, and unleached ashes with barn-yard manure.

Mr. BROWN, of Madison, said lime had been recommended for killing the wire-worm. He had come to the conclusion that it would not do it. Had used lime, ashes and plaster in the hill and all would not kill them. They will live in wet lime.—Had tried various modes and preferred to top corn.

Mr. OLDS, of Herkimer, thought there was but one right way to cure corn, and that was to pull it up by the roots.

B. F. CARPENTER, of Chemung, says stacks can be made over a horse which had been described in the RURAL NEW-YORKER, better than any other way. A sample of butter made from sugar-cane feed was pronounced very superior. Cows will eat the cane when full fed with grass. Prefer to cultivate my corn planted in drills for fodder, dropping very close, taking three and a half bushels of seed. Cut and fed sorghum the first of September.

Prof. WILSON, of Iowa, said, if we cannot grow corn with you, we can beat you in growing grass. We can make, as an average crop, from four to five tuns per acre of good hay from the Hungarian grass, and eight tuns per acre has been made. It is as easily cured as timothy. It is sown in the spring, say May, and cut in August. It is preferred to timothy, and it is the most reliable grass for the prairie for hay, and the after growth makes good pasture. We sow one-third of a bushel per acre. It has been mostly grown upon new lands.

The *Corn Horse* referred to by Mr. CARPENTER, we presume, is the one published in the RURAL of 1855, as it has been very generally used, and is well liked. Indeed, since its first publication, correspondents have several times sent us descriptions of this implement, as something new and valuable, not knowing the source from which it was obtained. One of these recently received, as it contains a description of the manner of construction, we give our readers, so that all may have the necessary information, without hunting over their back volumes.

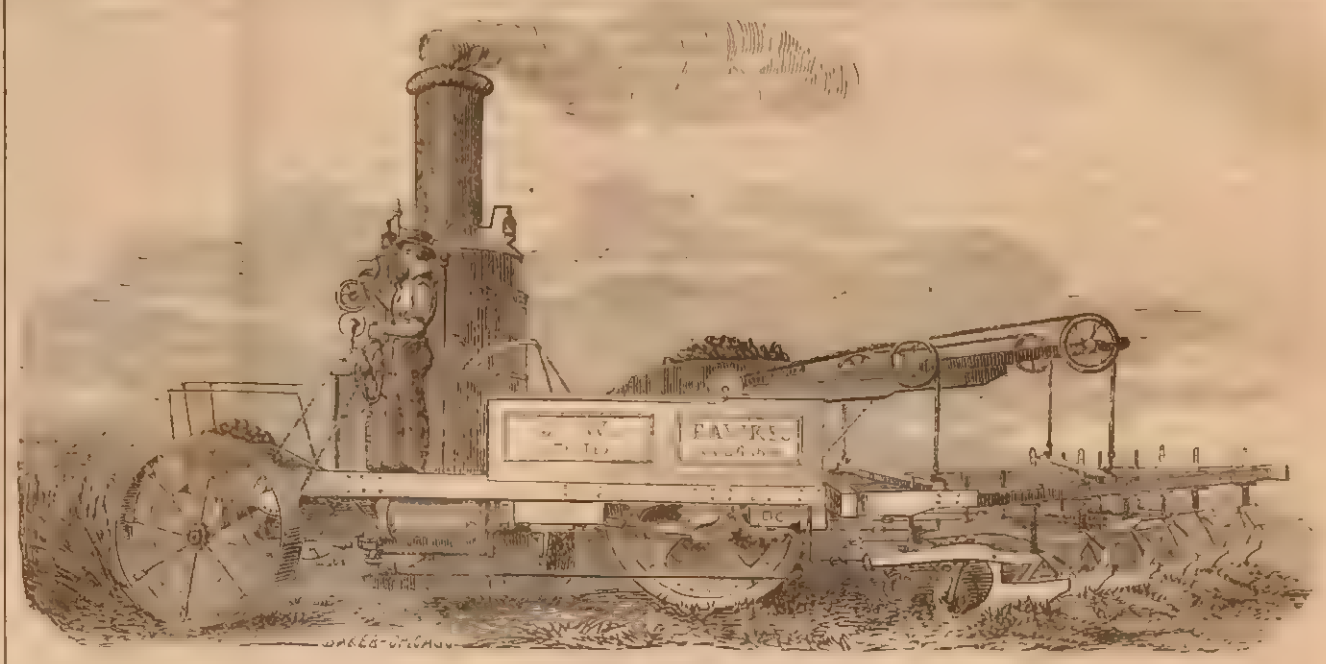
MESSRS. EDS.:—Last fall, while traveling in Michigan, I saw an instrument used in cutting up corn, called the *Corn Horse*, and on my return home I made one, and found it to be a saving of at least one-third in time and labor. In its construction, is used a pole of about 12 feet in lenght, being 4 inches in diameter at the large end, in which is placed two legs, wide enough apart at the bottom to be admitted between the rows of corn, and in length according to the heigth of the corn, say three or four feet, while the other end rests on the ground. About three feet back of the legs is a 1¼ inch hole, through which is placed a rod four or five feet long, that is easily admitted and removed, and is horizontal when the horse is standing, as shown in the engraving.

The horse is placed in the centre of the number of rows desired to be cut, the corn is placed in the four corners around the rod, the shock is then tied, the horizontal rod removed, and the horse drawn ahead. The rod is replaced, when it is ready for forming another shock. All will at once see its utility; at least it will cost nothing to try it. —B., *Sheldrake, Seneca Co., N. Y.*

EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE.

JUDGING from the tone of recent contributions to the RURAL, the authors being practical farmers, the subject of Permanent Pastures seems to be attracting more than ordinary attention—gaining a consideration which would seem likely to lead to their more general adoption by American agriculturists. In a recent issue of the Royal Ag. Society's Journal, Grass Land Management forms a characteristic feature—five essays being devoted to this specialty—and we purpose to condense therefrom a few of the leading thoughts and facts presented.

NEWLY-LAID DOWN GRASS LAND.—The paper of Mr. H. S. THOMPSON, Chairman of the Journal Committee, discusses the best mode of treating newly-laid down grass for the production of a good permanent pasture. After long experience and repeated failures in the attempt to establish a pasture by folding sheep year after year on young grass, Mr. T. became satisfied "that to graze sheep on young seeds intended for permanent pasture was a mistake, and had been, in all probability, the cause of previous failures. Had never succeeded under such course of feeding; but since making a rule to exclude sheep for some years from newly-laid grass, during the season of active growth, had not failed in a single instance." The plan of Mr. THOMPSON is to mow the first year, and as soon as the hay is removed, to give a good dressing of barn-yard manure, and then, for some years, to pasture it with cattle, beginning, for the first year or two, with young stock, until the turf is close and strong enough to bear the treading of heavy cattle.



FAWKES' STEAM PLOW.

The essays of Mr. DIXON,—for which the Society awarded a premium,—are confined to the effects of underdraining, sanding, clay, bone dust, lime, etc. One of the farms inspected by Mr. DIXON, consisting of 98 acres, had been frequently manured, boiled bones to the value of $1,250 spread upon it, but without any apparent increase in vegetation, or change in the quality of the land. At the period of his first visit, (1838) did not believe that 300 pounds of hay could be obtained from an acre.—Draining was commenced, and the year following (1839) the stock on the farm, which had previously consisted of four cows, was doubled. In 1842 the dairy stock was further increased to twenty-four cows, and in the autumn eighty sheep were put on the land to consume the superabundant grass.—The draining was not thorough, for surface water was apparent in many places, yet sufficient facts were elicited to prove the advantages derivable from a system of water conduits.

In reference to *liming*, Mr. DIXON states that he was employed to bring up several hundred acres of land, which was completely worn out,—consisting of "a number of small farms, which had been purchased by a gentleman who desired to see the land of his early days wear a more pleasing appearance." The soil, for the most part, lay on poor clay or slate. Rather extensive draining was done on the clay land; and the material thrown out of the drains, being of a soft and cohesive character, was not returned. This was mixed with lime in equal quantities—the object being to destroy or reduce the nature of the clay—and in about fourteen days the lime nearly burned the clay. The compost was then turned over altogether, and was completely comminuted. In due course it was applied to the land, and in a few weeks there was ample evidence that the practice was correct. The compost acted sooner than lime alone, and to some extent more effective. The amount of lime used varied from eight to nine tuns per acre. In one year after the lime had been applied, 10*s.* to 15*s.* per acre advance in rent was easily obtained.

PROPER TIME TO FELL TIMBER.—An article upon this subject, in one of our American Agricultural Journals, was copied by the London *Gardeners' Chronicle*, and the opinions of British foresters were sought upon the American practice of felling oak and other timber trees while the leaf was in full vigor. In response thereto, WM. MASTERS, of the "Exotic Nursery," writes to the *Chronicle*, supporting the American theory. In his argument he adverts to pieces of sound oak removed from the tower of the Canterbury Cathedral, which must have been placed there with the building, seven hundred years previous. "It was impossible," remarks Mr. M., "to state at what precise period of the year this timber was cut; but, as the bark was still on, it could not have been in *June*—as is now the English practice—it might have been in mid-winter, or it might have been after the leaves had performed their office in a great measure, and before their fall. I am led to this surmise by the fact that when timber is cut in August and September, it does not pour out its sap, the watery particles being at that time in the leaves and smaller branches, and not in the more compact part of the tree, and by severing the branches and leaves from the trunk you prevent its return. It is an indisputable fact, that in ship building it often occurs that before the vessel is completed some portions have decayed by dry rot. Now, without dogmatizing upon the matter, I would surmise that if the timber had been cut when it contained the smallest portion of sap, such a result would have been far less likely to have occurred. It has long been a practice with builders to employ green elm for foundations where the ground is treacherous. Why use elm cut down when in full leaf if it was not less likely to decay than elm cut down at the usual time?

PLOWING BY STEAM.

WHEN chronicling some of the experiments made with Steam Plows in England, we expressed the opinion that, "no land in the world is better adapted to steam plowing than the boundless prairies of the West. In ten years from now, scores of Steam Plows may be engaged in turning over these rich soils." Breaking up the prairie is a serious and costly work for the new settler. It can be done with no ordinary team which he can keep, therefore he is compelled to employ those who have proper teams and plows, and make this their business. The price paid for this work is generally about three dollars per acre, so that the new settler on the prairie who breaks up one hundred acres, has to invest $300 for plowing, although himself and boys may stand idly by and look on. Then fencing on the prairie is costly, as is building, and he will need a "*smart pile*" of cash to get a good start. We have seen the crops of the farmer destroyed for want of fences and barns,—his cattle unsheltered from the terrible winds that sweep unobstructed over the boundless prairies,—and when we inquired the cause of this, learned that the unexpectedly large outlay for building a cottage and breaking up, had exhausted the means that was designed to build barns and fences. Any invention that will lessen the cost of breaking up and fencing, will be of incalculable benefit to the Prairie States. It is for this reason that we have anxiously looked for and desired the success of the Steam Plow.

The Executive Board of the Agricultural Society of Illinois seems to have taken the same view of the matter, and accordingly offered "a premium of *five thousand dollars* for the best steam engine suitable for plowing and other work, the practicability to be decided by the Board." In view of the encouragement thus offered, Mr. J.W. FAWKES, of Lancaster, Pa., exhibited and worked a Steam Plow at the late State Fair at Centralia, an engraving of which we give from *Emery's Journal*. We copy our description of the machine and its operation from the *Chicago Press* and other journals, all of which are loud in its praise.

The engraving shows the general features of the engine and plows, and can hardly be misunderstood. The large or propelling wheel in the centre is barrel-shaped, which facilitates turning corners very much; it is about six feet long, and five feet in diameter, thus presenting a great amount of surface to the ground in traveling; the forward wheels are of about the same diameter and one foot surface, and are the guiding wheels, being moved by the operator by a screw gear. The plows are hung in a frame at the rear of the engine—each one independent of the other, and drawn by separate rods attached to rear of the engine. In order to keep the plows close to their work in uneven or irregular surfaces, strong coiled springs are placed on the suspending rods. With the ropes and pulleys, the whole gang of plows are instantly raised from the ground and let down again.

It draws six plows, cutting a foot each, attached in a frame, and so regulated by spiral springs that they yield to any extraordinary obstruction. As there was no stubble field near, it was concluded to make trial on the unbroken prairie. This was now baked so bad by drouth, that the prairie-breaking plows would not run in it, and the trial of sod plows was abandoned in consequence. Notwithstanding this fact, the inventor was so confident of success, that he gave the order to put the plows to work in this almost impervious soil.—After a little delay in regulating to this brick-like surface, the engine moved forward, when six furrows were turned side by side, in the most workmanlike manner. The excitement of the crowd was beyond control, and their shouts and wild huzzas echoed far over the prairie, as there beneath the smiling Autumn sun, lay the first furrow turned by steam on the broad prairies of the mighty West.

The goal was won. Steam had conquered the face of nature, and the Steam Plow had become a fact; it was working over the rich, rolling prairies of "Egypt," and turning up its wealth of nutritious elements for the growth of the cereal and pomonal products—self-moving, and containing a power unequaled to turn up the lower strata of soil, so rich in potash, in phosphates, in silica and other essential elements of vegetable growth. The long line of matchless furrows parted the crowd, and lay between the moving masses like a line of silver wove in the gray setting of the prairie. Amid the excitement the inventor remained calm; it was enough for him to hear the glad shouts of victory which rent the air—for this he had toiled—for this his hands had become hardened, and his face made swarthy over the glowing iron, out of which he forged the muscles of his iron steed of the prairies.

Mr. FAWKES and others were called out by the crowd, and made brief speeches. Mr. COLEMAN, a member of the Board, spoke of the success of the Steam Plow now witnessed, as marking a new era in the world's progress, and declared that the great enterprise of FAWKES, may be placed side by side with the steam engine, the steamboat, the locomotive, the cotton gin, and the telegraph. The engine again moved forward, when the plows turned up the *loose mud drift* of Egypt, laying six furrows side-by-side, with the most perfect ease and in the most workmanlike manner. The consumption of fuel and water was very moderate.—That the engine is a complete success, there can be no doubt, and all that is now wanting, is to demonstrate that, taking the whole expense into consideration, it is cheaper than horse-power. If this is answered in the affirmative, it will produce the greatest revolution in agricultural progress that we have yet seen; it will take another wrinkle from the brow of labor, and give to the toiling millions lighter tasks to perform.

The inventor, in a recent note, says:—"I know the good people of the West are in want of my invention, as much as the people of the Old and New World were in want of FULTON'S invention. The time has come when animal power is not sufficient to perform the great work required by this class. Therefore, gentlemen, if God spares my life, it is my intention to devote my time and limited means to the speedy perfection of steam engines adopted to the cultivation of the wide extended prairies."

THE CORN CROP IN KENTUCKY.—The Louisville Journal says that the corn crop has never been so large in Kentucky as the present crop promises to be. It states that there are fields in the blue grass region estimated at one hundred and seventy-five bushels to the acre, while fields promising seventy-five to eighty bushels are quite common.

"SHEEP, ABOUT THESE DAYS."

In the teachings of a communication under this heading, last March, have been heeded, sheep are now in good order, for it was the primary rule then promulgated, that "sheep should never be allowed to get poor in summer—because it was difficult to fatten them up in the fall." The second "head" stated that "sheep should never be allowed to get poor in the fall, because it will cost much more to winter them well than if they came into the yard in good order," and our present purpose is to offer some hints on the fall and early winter management of these animals.

Ewes with lambs are apt to get low in flesh in summer and autumn, from the demands of their young for nutriment, and it is well to give them especial good feed while a supply of milk is required. But in many cases, we think this demand is allowed to continue too long; lambs are allowed to run with their dams at all times—sucking even into the winter months. It is better for both parties to separate them early in October, giving the lambs the run of some newly seeded clover lot and allowing the ewes, also in good pasture, to repair the waste of flesh while the grass is yet good in autumn. We think we have had better lambs under this treatment than any other, and that our old sheep wintered better also. Sheep *must be* in fair flesh when brought to the yard, in order to leave it in the same condition in spring—though it is very generally the case that poor fall sheep are drafted for crow-bait in February or March—their owners following up the neglect of summer through the year, and reaching the culminating point just at the time to lose nine months growth, a lamb, and a good fleece of wool, always secured under the "never-get-poor" system.

To keep a flock of sheep in good order they must be divided off, according to age and condition, both in summer and winter. It is especially necessary now that the lambs have good pasture, that they may not lose flesh by weaning. The ewes, also, as mentioned above, and the whole flock should be well fed that they may come in good heart to the field. If any of the flock, from age, disease, or any cause have become poor, they should be given a separate piece, and particular attention, and we should take into consideration the policy of disposing of them at some rate rather than keeping them another season.

As the grass becomes frosted and poor, it is well to be on the watch to see that our flocks have all the food necessary, and that it is good enough to keep them growing. We are not in favor of the close confinement of sheep in pleasant weather, but would allow them the run of pastures for some time after we began to feed them occasionally.—In stormy weather, however, they should be under shelter, for the long, cold rains of early winter are very injurious, and, if exposed to them, sheep often get diseases of the lungs from which they suffer much, even if they ultimately recover.

For fall and winter feeding racks are indispensable to proper economy. These can be wholly or partially filled, and what is not eaten will not be run over and wasted. We would no more attempt to winter sheep without our "Rack and Feeding Trough" (combined) than to winter working horses without a stable to shelter them. Sheds are equally a necessity, and *before* they are actually wanted, is the time to provide them. "About these days," we have plenty of straw from buckwheat, rye, clover seed, &c., this, with a few boards and rails will make as good sheds as one can ask for. Of course if one has the "where-with all"—money—permanent sheds will be better—though they cannot furnish any greater warmth or shelter than a properly built straw shed.

We must not neglect our sheep "about these days." The prospect is good for better prices for wool next summer, and good care in winter will add materially to the amount we shall have to dispose of at that time. It is said that wool grows most in cold weather—if so, it is doubly important that sheep be well fed that they may have the material wherewith to grow heavy fleeces as well as to keep in full vigor through the winter. J. H. B.

ABOUT SORGHUM-GROWING.

Messrs. Eds.:—On taking up your issue of the 25th ult., I saw an article from W. B. P., inquiring, in great agitation of mind, for the results of sorghum-growing this year. This article gave me great alarm for the future of my friend. He exhibits unmistakable symptoms of the *fidgets*, and, being a medical practitioner, I well know his danger. Will he not call to his aid some physician and preserve to the public a life so truly progressive in all the elements of improvement? I would volunteer a prescription, but you know the adage, "offered services," &c.

The gentleman is in a state of great trepidation as to the future history of sorghum-growing—I can assure him that is safe. It is sure to become one of the "institutions" of the Northern States. I fear he carried his eyes in his pocket during his trip East and North the past summer—had they been wide awake I think he must have seen much sorghum, for the country is full of it. There are scores of acres in this immediate vicinity, and within eight or ten miles I presume there are one hundred acres, with "full panicles of bright seed, already burst from the upper joint," and well-browned on the way to perfection.

I have a piece of three fourths of an acre which contains some thousands of stalks, varying from fifteen feet to a rod in height. Mr. Lovering's experiments of last year proved that cold weather in no way injured the cane; therefore the grower is in no hurry to harvest his crop this year. When I have completed my experiments and gathered and worked up my crop, I intend to report the result to the public. From some experiments we have made pressing out the juice, not with "our wife's rolling pin," but with an imperfect hand-machine, we got four quarts of juice from ten stalks. This yielded one pint of syrup superior in quality to the best sugar house syrup ever produced. So, W. B. P. may quiet his fears on the score of cheap sugar. Don't let that worry you, sir, but rest assured you shall be well supplied with the sweets of life, if you will come out this way. No, no, my friend, lay aside your *fidgets*, and compete with your friends, not to see who can cast the most ridicule upon so valuable a matter, but compete with them to see who shall do most to perfect the business, and thus bless your country. Your position and resources are such as to enable you to do much. Act well your part in this direction, sir, and the country will bless you, but pursue an illiberal course and shame and mortification await you. F. S. R.

Seneca Castle, N. Y., 1858.

P. S.—Since writing the above, a friend has done much to relieve my mind by assuring me that he has sent a homeopathic vial full of Sorghum Syrup to W. B. P., with full instructions for its administration to cure the fidgets. This must prove a remedy. F. S. R.

SEED CORN.

Originally educated for commercial life, I served an apprenticeship in a counting-room in one of our Atlantic cities. At the expiration of that apprenticeship I became a farmer—more than thirty years ago. Among the blunders of my novitiate was the storing of some excellent seed corn, fresh from the field, in a hogshead on the barn floor. In the spring, not noticing any defect in the seed thus saved, a fine intervale field of twenty acres was planted with it. A very large part of the seed failed to germinate, to my great disappointment and serious loss. While I was freshly in possession of this bought wit, Judge Buel, in the Albany *Cultivator*, published directions for saving seed corn, which were to leave a little husk on the choice selected ears at husking time, *and, on the same day the corn was husked*, to suspend these ears across a rope or pole in a dry, airy situation. I have practiced this method ever since with entire success, (excepting one year when I procured corn from a neighbor's crip with poor results,) till last fall. No matter what the season proved—whether dry, or cold, or wet, or how great the complaint of poor seed corn around me,—mine never failed to germinate in such proportion as to insure a good stand of corn. Last fall was, however, an exception. I had been husking about ten days, saving a little seed corn each day, and suspending it where I could give it a current of air at will, when the severe frost occurred. The seed corn was frozen hard, selected soft corn was like stone. During the winter I placed some soil in tumblers, in a warm room, and tested my seed corn, and found that which was first hung up better than the last. I found that an average of from half to two-thirds would germinate,—planted accordingly, and obtained a good stand.

For many years I have saved an early variety of garden seed corn suspended in an open shed and exposed to the most intense cold we ever have in this climate. The seed thus saved has always germinated well, proving that a very low temperature will not injure seed corn after it becomes well seasoned. The damage last fall was obviously owing to the cob and chit not being sufficiently seasoned. If we are to expect a recurrence of such intense early frost, some addition to Judge Buel's directions are necessary. P. H.

Milan, Erie Co., Ohio, 1858.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

It is bad policy to be always contemplating evil and predicting disaster. This constant straining of the eyes to see omens of ill, and calling public attention to possible prospective calamity, by distracting the minds of the people, unfits them for the duties which lie at their hands, and by the constant performance of which the threatened calamity might be averted. Exercise the demon of distrust which possesses the entire community.—The farmers, even, to whom the promise is given direct, that "seed-time and *harvest* shall continue," sows his grain with distrust—the season promises to be so unfavorable that probably both the seed and his labor will be lost! He almost grudges the corn he puts in the ground—no faith is buried with the germs of the future harvest, the summer will be so cold.

June and July pour down fierce sunbeams—"the corn will all dry up; there is no rain to moisten the roots!" But the roots steadily draw moisture from beneath, and by-and-by rain falls. O, what torrents! "The fields will be deluged! The corn will be beaten into the earth!" September comes, and again man assumes the care of wind and weather. Early frost is predicted. "The crop will yet prove a failure! Seed and labor lost! I foretold it—the farmer's toil is so uncertain of meeting a return."

Notwithstanding man has done all he could by doubts and murmurs to prevent it, the forces of nature have steadily acted with the usual result.—The harvest moon rises gloriously over fields of yellow grain, standing up in maturity, and presenting its spikes defiant of frost. How well ripened!—what a bountiful harvest! All granaries are filled. But next year offers the same doubts and repinings; the same hesitation and faithlessness. So on, year after year—none becoming wiser or more trusting from all his blessed experience. Always croaking.

Only a year ago last June what famine was upon us threatening the whole community—starvation, according to the newspapers. These said there should be sunshine when rain fell—there should be heat, when the air was bracing in its coolness. They lost confidence in God and consulted the comet! The comet flamed onward without answering. In due time the fields whitened with harvest, and hoarded bread molded where it was hidden in the speculator's bosom, tainting him physically, as before he was morally putrefactive. Now, newspapers grow merry with ringing harvest songs.—It echoes from press to press. Thanksgiving is well—it is due. If kept with unleavened cakes instead of stuffed turkeys, the lesson of abundance, in place of expected scarcity, might not be so soon forgotten.

He who honestly and steadily attends to his business, with a patience and cheerful trust, need fear no famine, and he will not tremble when commercial trouble shakes the multitude. Sustained by the influence of a life of integrity, he is serene when others stand aghast with terror. Only the upright can trust. M. L. S.

Paris, Kent Co., Mich., 1858.

Ten days of blustering winds, of hail and snow, are almost upon us, and the farmer should be preparing for their advent. Make everything right and tight around the home of the family, and don't forget the winter quarters of the domestic animals.

PREVENTING DROUTHS.

Eds. Rural:—After my best respects to you, please allow me to express my gratitude and acknowledgments to the Atlantic Telegraph, for procuring space in your columns for my Rain Theory. In your remarks upon my article, you appear to think the electricity would be as apt to "go up as down, and thus prolong, instead of alleviating the drouth." Now, I think, I have the advantage of you here; for I can point to any thunder storm and show you, not only a greatly disturbed equilibrium, but evidence of an abundance of electricity in the clouds; while you cannot show me any evidence of terrestrial electricity. Were your suggestions well grounded, it would be wisdom in us to invert, at least, a part of our lightning rods under certain atmospheric conditions. You say, "Will Mr. Phelps give bonds not to make the matter worse?" Most assuredly, I will give bonds with *approved security;* provided, that you will furnish me capital to experiment on; or give me your influence towards getting Congress to do so. I am truly glad that you deemed the subject worthy of discussion, and hope no feelings of courtesy towards me, will prevent you, or any other person, from showing up any seeming or real absurdities in my theory,—at the same time, I crave the assistance of any one who can furnish either facts or philosophy, in its support. O. J. Phelps.

Hesperian Plains, Piketon, Ohio, 1858.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

Winter Barley.—As I see mention made of *Winter Barley* in the Rural, I would like to know from you or some of your readers, the kind of soil best suited to this crop,—whether it can be grown on gravelly or limestone land profitably, and whether it will grow on any land suited to wheat or rye.—S. B., *Ameliasburgh, C. W., Oct*, 1858.

Remarks.—The information sought by our correspondent, will be found in the discussion reported on our first page, last number. Any good wheat soil will grow winter barley. A tolerably dry and well drained soil is necessary to prevent injury by winter killing.

Information Wanted about Implements.—We noticed in No. 37, Vol. IX. of the Rural, a cut and description of a Plow, which strikes us as just about *the thing*. Can Mr. Moore inform us what is the price?—and whether to be had in your city, or where? Also, in No. 39, is a cut of Sayers' Patent Horse Hoe. These improvements we would like to avail ourselves of, if we could learn the price and where they are to be had.—Many Farmers, *West Macedon, N. Y., Oct.* 14, 1858.

Remarks.—The plow is not on sale in this city, to our knowledge. It can be obtained in Penn Yan, but at what price we are not at present informed. Neither are we sufficiently advised as to Sayer's Horse Hoe to give prices, or where obtainable—except of the manufacturers, Sayer & Remington, Utica, N. Y. The patentees and manufacturers of these, and many other improved implements, would undoubtedly find it a good investment to advertise, stating prices, &c, in the Rural,—but as they probably understand their own business, and may consider us interested in making the suggestion, we only hint at it in a Pickwickian sense.—Ed.

Putting up Wool.—I write to you for information in regard to one point of Putting up Wool.—Some few farmers in this part of the country are in the habit of taking all the tags cut off the sheep before shearing, washing them more or less clean, and putting them inside the fleeces at shearing time, when doing them up, and call it usual and allowable. Whereas, as far as I have obtained information from eastern manufacturers and wool buyers, they call such "dead wool" or not merchantable. Now, if you will please inform us through your paper your view, understanding, or knowledge, in this matter, I am persuaded it would be a satisfaction to many wool growers, who, though they naturally want all the wool put in their fleeces that is allowable, have too much honor to put in anything that they are aware is not merchantable. In so doing you will much oblige a subscriber.—Joseph Dorland, *West Falls, Erie Co., N. Y.*, 1858.

Remarks.—Having submitted the above to our contributor, T. C. Peters, Esq., who was editor of the Wool Grower, he has furnished the following response to the inquiry:

The rule of doing as you would that others should do unto you, applies well here. If the tags are well washed there is no impropriety in putting them into the fleece. My rule is to put them by themselves and include them in the sale, at the same rate as the other wool. Buyers never seriously object to such a course.—P.

Muck and Lime.—I am a professional man, but feel interested in agricultural matters, and frequently talk with our farmers on the subject. One of my neighbors has a large quantity of muck on his farm. He applied it very freely last spring to a piece of ground on which he planted tobacco.—I told him it was my impression that the value of the muck would be increased by drawing it into a heap, mixing with it cow manure and lime, to lie for a few months, and then apply it to the soil. He told me that he bought the lime last spring, and intended to do so, but a good farmer told him the lime would spoil or injure the muck. Will you tell us in the next Rural which is the best method, to apply it directly to the soil or make a compost heap, and how it should be done?—what proportions of lime?—how long should it lie? &c. You will thus oblige more than one subscriber.—M. M. W., *Lafayette, Onon. Co., N. Y., Oct.* 1858.

Remarks.—Swamp muck is of a peaty nature, containing a good deal of vegetable matter which will not readily decay. It is generally sour, and before being applied, it is best to correct this acidity and get it into a state in which it will decay, to afford the food for plants, the only object of using it. Composting with lime corrects the acidity, and hastens the decay of the vegetable matter. Nothing is better than swamp muck for composting with stable manure, as the muck prevents the manure from becoming *fire fanged*, and the heat evolved in the decomposition of the manure causes fermentation in the whole mass. A compost heap made of layers of muck and dung in the spring, will, in the fall, be one mass of rich, well decomposed manure, much more valuable than though the whole had been made of stable dung. When swamp muck is applied directly to the soil, little good will result, at least the first season, and in some cases, we think, we have known of positive injury to the first crop. When spread on the surface of grass lands, it is fully exposed to the action of the air, and the result has been good in almost every case, where we have seen the experiment tried.

PREMIUMS AWARDED ON STOCK,

At the Fair of the New York State Agricultural Society, held at Syracuse, October, 1858.

CATTLE

Short Horns—*Class*—Best 3 years and over—E. Cornell, Dutchess co., 1st; and 2d to ——; and 1st to ——; and 2d to Breeder Unknown; Morris Fullerton, 3d; Isaac Hendrick, Westchester co., Penn., 4th; and 1st to Robert A. Chapman, Cayuga co., N. Y., 5th; and 2d to J. Chaddock, "Perfection," Patrick Cosier, Cortland co., 3d; J. R. Page, Seneca, 4th; and 1st to Nicholas Oaks, Onondaga co., Penn., 5th; and 2d to Samuel Thorne, Dutchess co., "Prince of Oxford," 15, 2d, E. W. Sheldon, Seneca, 10, 3d, H. S. Tryon, Fleming, 5. Bull calf—R. Marks, Camillus, "Micajah," 5, 2d, W. Hurst, "Nymph's Marmion," Albany, Trans. and 3.

Imported Bulls—Three years and over—W. H. Slingerland & Co., Albany, "Neptune," $25. Two years old—J. O. Sheldon, Geneva, 2d.

Cows—Three years old and over—Saml Thorne, "Clover," $25 and a silver medal to breeder, Saml Thorne, 2d Saml Thorne, "Mrs Gwynne," 15, 3d, J. K. Tucker, Buffalo, "Lilly," 5.

Heifers—Two years old—G. Butts Mudge, "Bright Eyes 6th," $20—E. Marks, "Mistletoe"—E. Marks, "Rose Seneca," 5 (no award)—Saml Thorne, "Rosamond"—P. Remington & West Farms, "Rose"—W. Hurst, "Rosamond"—Baker & Son, Falls Le—Frank Merry, 2d—J. S. Fanning, "Golden Chief," 3d, Moses Parsons, Skaneateles, "Pocahattan," 5. One year—C. S. Wainwright, Rhinebeck, "Sagamore," 15—E. G. Faile, West Farms, "Empress"—J. W. Collins, Solon, 5. Bull calves—E. G. Faile, "Cayuga," 5, 2d, J. Hilton, Albany, "Empire 2d" trans. and 2. J. Hilton, Albany, bull "Empire," awarded first prize at Buffalo, is now awarded certificate as the best Devon bull exhibited

Discretionary—A discretionary premium of $5, awarded to John R. Chapman of Owasco Lake, on yearling bull "Master Quarly."

Imported Bulls—E. G. Faile, "Exeter," $25. Two years old—C. S. Wainwright, "Hiawatha," 20.

Cows—Three years and over—J. Corp, Freetown, "Fancy," $25, 2d, Baker & Son, "Jenny Lind, 2d," 15, 3d, Baker & Son, "Jenny Lind," 5.

Heifers—Two years old—Enoch Otley, Phelps, "Blossom," $22, 2d, C. S. Wainwright, "Helena," 10, 3d, E. G. Faile, "Pansee," 5.—One year—C. S. Wainwright, "Eva," 15, 2d, J. Hilton, "Empress," 10, 3d, J. Hilton, "Bella," 5. Heifer calves—C. S. Wainwright, "Zerlina," 5, 2d, E. G. Faile, "Zenia," Trans and 3.

Three year old heifer, Ambrose Stevens, Batavia, imported, special premium, $25. Best cow, E. G. Faile, "Titania," 25.

Herefords—*Bulls*—Three years and over—W. A. Mills, Mt. Morris, $25, 2d, M. C. Remington, Seneca, 15, 3d, A. & H. Bowen, Jr., Medina, "Cayuga Chief," 5. Two years—E. Corning, Jr., "S. Godard," 20; 2d, M. C. Remington, 15. Bull calves—A. & H. Bowen, Jr., 5

Cows—Three years and over—E. Corning, Jr., "Lady Godard," $20 2d, A. & H. Bowen, Jr., "Young Matchless," 15, 3d, M. C. Remington, 5

Heifers—Two years—A. & H. Bowen, Jr., "Coquette," $20; 2d, same, 10. One year—2d, A. & H. Bowen, Jr., "Myrtle," 10 Heifer calves—E. Corning, Jr., "Grace 3d," 5, 2d, M. C. Remington, Trans. and 3.

Imported Cows—Three years and over—E. Corning Jr., "Victoria 4th," $25, best heifer, 2 years, same, "Cora 2d," 20, best heifer, 1 year, same, "Flora 2d," 15

Ayrshires—*Bulls*—Three years and over—3d, Geo. Kerr, Auburn, $5. One year old—best, S. D. Hungerford, Adams, 15. Bull calves—S. D. Hungerford, 5, 2d, same, Trans. and

Cows—Three years and over—J. F. Converse, $25, 2d, same, 15 Heifers, one year—Same, 15; 2d, Jas Brodie & Co., Ellisburgh, 10—S. D. Hungerford, "Bessey," prize cow, best shown, Certificate

Imported Cows—Jas Brodie & Co., $25

Grade Cattle—*Cows*—Three years and over—Wm. Hurst, $25, 2d, Gill Brothers, Henderson, 15; 3d, S. A. Winslow, Bristol, 5. Two years—Gill Brothers, 20; 2d, Same, 10, 3d, E. Smalley, 5. One year—S. A. Winslow, 15; 2d, A. B. Benham, 10; 3d Gill Brothers, 5—Heifer calves—Wood & Eastman, Woodville, 5, 2d, C. J. Chaddock, Trans and 3.

Natives—*Cows*—Three years and over—John Brydon, Kirkland, $25, 2d, W. Sabine, Onondaga Valley, 15, 3d, O. Howland, Auburn, 5. Bull calf 5 months old, B. F. Scovil, Hadley, discretionary, 5.

Milch Cows—2d, H. N. Boardman, Rushville, $10.

Working Oxen—Over 4 years—Best yoke, Wm. Dixon, East Bethany, $20, 2d, E. Sheldon, 15, 3d, Baker & Son, 5.

Discretionary—Four years old—J. Hilton, New Scotland, $10, 2d M. Roberts, Henrietta, 8, 3d, John Brydon, Kirkland, 3. [Special notice of a fine pair of cattle of Wm. Hurst, too fat to compete as working oxen.

Steers—Three years old—Best yoke, D. Comer, Rutland, N. Y., $10, 2d, E. Sheldon, 8, 3d, S. D. Hungerford, Trans and 3. Two years—N. Kingman, Cortlandville, 10; 2d, E. W. Clark, Camillus, 8, 3d, Jas O. Garrett, Salina, Trans. and 3. One year—H. Desjacque, Canandaigua, 8, 2d, same, 5; 3d, M. Calkins, Earlville, Trans. and 3. Boys under 16 years training yoke of steers best, John Corp, silver medal, 2d, A. W. Garrett, Trans. and 2.

Discretionary—Pair half blood Hereford steers, 3 years old, A. & H. Bowen, Jr., Sil. Med. Devon grade steers, S. D. Baker & Son, Trans and $3

Fat Cattle—*Stall Fed*—Best ox, 4 years and over, Jas Farthing, Buffalo, $5. 2d, same, 3d, E. Sheldon, 5. Best cow, 4 years and over, E. Sheldon, 10. 2d, D. Rowland, 6. Best steer, 3 years old, E. Sheldon, 8. 2d, same, 5. Best heifer, Sysera, M. S. Wilcox, Granby, 5. *Discretionary*—Two 4 year old steers, weighing 2,995 and 2,180, A. Jackson, Onondaga Castle, Diploma; two stall fed oxen, T. Kimber, Syracuse, do, Two do, M. Salisbury, Kilisburgh, do.

Fat Cattle—*On Hay and Grass*—Best ox, 4 years and over, C. Gere, Geddes, $10, 2d, C. Walker, Byron Center, 5; 3d, A. Jackson, 4. 3d, best cow, 4 years and over, O. Howland, 4. Best 3 years old steer, C. Walker, 8, 2d, same, 3.

Foreign Cattle—*Bull*—Best Short horn, 2 years and over John Snell, Edmonston, C. W., Dip and $15. Best Hereford, John Humphreys, Elyria, Ohio, "Prince of Wales," Dip and 15

Cows—Best Short horn, John Snell, Dip and $15. Best Hereford, John Humphreys, "Victoria," Dip and 15.

HORSES.

All Work—*Stallions*—Four years old, E. B. Adcock, DeWitt, $25 2d, H. Abrams, Jordan, "Messenger," 15, 3d, F. Vandenburgh, Rhinebeck, 5, 4th, W. L. Adams, Sallina, "Consternation," Youatt.

Brood Mares and Foals—Best brood mare with foal at her foot, 4 years and over, Moses Liddell, La Fayette $25, 2d, S. Pendergrass, Phœnix, 15, 3d, A. Stevens, 5, 4th, S. Pendergrass, Youatt

Morgans and Black Hawks—*Stallions*—Four years and over, C. J. Hamlin, Buffalo, "Black Hawk Chief," $25, 2d, J. Turrill, Oswego, "Wyncreek Black Hawk," 15, 3d, E. Jones, Clyde, "Young Black Hawk," 5, 4th, C. Russell, Manlius, "Andrew Jackson," Youatt.

Draughts—*Stallions*—4 years and over, C. S. Mack, Lockport, Cunningham, "$26, 2d, C. O. Brundage, So Sodus, "Sir Harry," 15; 4th, Chas. Peck, Canal, "Am. Messenger," Youatt.

Matched Horses—S. Warner, Van Buren Center, $15, 2d, L. Hiscock, De Witt, 10; 3d, J. W. Parsons, South Onondaga, Youatt, 4th, H. Abrams, Jordan, Trans

Thorough Bred—*Stallions*—4 years and over, J. H. Hawthorn, Utica, "Kimball Jackson," $25, 2d, L. W. Wilkinson, Syracuse, "Young Consternation," 15. Three years—J. J. Briggs, Salina, "Hambletonian," 20.

Stallions—Three years old, E. Thomas, Volney, $20, 2d, O. Cady, Dryden, 10, 3d, John Metcalf, Augusta, 5, 4th, W. S. Parker Niles, Dadd. Two years—M. Liddell, 15, 2d, C. Wolcott, Trenton, 10, 3d, G. Kerr, Springport, Dadd *Mares*—L. L. Howe, Phelps, 15; 2d, J. R. Chapman, 10, 3d, W. W. Davis, Dadd.

Stallions—One year old, J. H. Sanborn, Plattsburgh, $10; 2d, H. M. Boardman, Rushville, 5; 3d, E. Fuller, Onon Valley, Dadd—*Mares*—A. Carley, Geddes, 10, 2d, W. A. Fay, Onondaga, 5

Discretionary—Pair twin three year old geldings, R. B. Burke, Caughdenoy, $15.

Matched Horses—Best pair, 16 hands, C. D. Miller, Peterboro, $15, 2d, J. Holmes, Delphi, 10. 15 hands—J. McKibley, Salina, 15, 2d, J. Oliver, Sterling, 10. 14 hands—2d, W. W. Heath, 10.

Matched Trotting Horses—Best pair, for road, R. M. Holmes, Canandaigua, $15, 2d, J. Wright, Waterloo, 10

Geldings—M. Barrows, Henderson, $10, 2d, C. Wolcott, Trenton, 5, 3d, A. Jackson, Youatt, 4th, M. Parsons, Clifton Springs, do.

Single Mares—J. Davis, $10, 2d, H. T. Fox, Manlius, 5; 3d, J. S. Baker, Skaneateles, Trans.

Singe Trotting Horses—Best geldings, J. Wright, Waterloo, $10, 2d, J. S. Stevenson, Buffalo, 5. Best mare, C. Carroll, Brooklyn, "Millers Damsel," Youatt.

From Other States and Canada—Stallions—Best blood 3 years and over, P. S. Smith, Toronto, C. W., $15 For all work, E. H. Lewis, Belleville, C. W., 15. Draught, J. Black, Guelph, 15. *Geldings*—E. H. Lewis, 10.

Jacks and Mules—Best pair, J. Dempsey, Canandaigua, $15.

SHEEP.

Fat Sheep—*Long Wooled*—Two years and over, A. & H. Bowen, Jr., Medina, $5, 2d, E. G. Cook, Rural Hill, 3, 3d, L. W. Rathburn, East Springfield, Otsego co., Morrell's Shep. Under 2 years—E. G. Cook, 5.

Cross Bred—Two years and over, S. Leggett, Henrietta, $5; 2d, O. Howland, 3, 3d, G. Kerr, Morrell's Shep. Under two years—J. F. Converse, 5, 2d, O. Howland, 3, 3d, G. Kerr, Morrell's Shep.

Long Wooled—*Bucks*—Two years and over, Hungerford, Brodie & Co., $10, 2d, same, 8; 3d, E. Ringer, Lyons, 5. Under 2 years—E. Gazley, Clinton, Dutchess co., 10 2d, same, 5 3d, H. S. Tryon, Fleming, Cayuga co., 5. *Five Ewes*—Two years and over, Hungerford, Brodie & Co., 10, 2d, same, 8, 3d, L. W. Rathburn, 5. *Three Buck Lambs*—Hungerford, Brodie & Co., 5, 2d, E. Gazley, Morrell's Shep. *Three Ewe Lambs*—Hungerford, Brodie & Co., 5, 2d, L. W. Rathburn, Morrell's Shep.

Middle Wooled—*Bucks*—Two years and over, S. Thorne, $10. 2d, T. Messenger, Great Neck, L. I., 8, 3d, E. Corning, Jr., 5 Under two years—S. Thorne, 10, 2d, L. Bailey, Croton Falls, 8, 3d, S. Thorne, 5. *Five Ewes*—Two years and over, T. Messenger, "Hampshire Downs," 10, 2d, E. Marks, 8, 3d, P. P. Hyatt, Owego, 5. *Three Buck Lambs*—L. Bailey, 5. *Three Ewe Lambs*—L. Bailey, 5, 2d, G. Cross, De Witt, Morrell's shep.

Spanish Merino—*Bucks*—Two years and over, D. Comfit, Onondaga, $5. 2d, N. M. Hart, Hampton, Ct., 3. Under 2 years—A. Winslow, Bristol, Ont. co., 5. Under 2 years—E. G. Cook, 10, 2d, N. M. Hart, 5. *Five Ewes*—Two years and over, D. Comfit, 10, 2d, N. M. Hart, 5, 3d, O. Howland, 5. Under 2 years, D. Comfit, 10, 2d, N. M. Hart, 5. *Three Buck Lambs*—D. Comfit, 5, 2d, N. M. Hart, Morrell's Shep. *Three Ewe Lambs*—N. M. Hart, 5, 2d, O. Howland, Morrell's Shep. Best sample wool, 5 fleeces, G. Brown, Ont. co., 3d med

Silician Merinos—*Bucks*—Two years and over, Wm. Chamberlain, Red Hook, Dutchess co., $10, 2d, same, 8, 3d, E. G. Cook, 5 Under 2 years—Wm. Chamberlain, 10. *Five Ewes*—Two years and over, same, 10 Under two years—Same, 10. *Three Buck Lambs*—Same, 5.

French Merinos—*Bucks*—Two years and over, J. D. Patterson, Westfield, Chaut co, $10, 2d, same, 5. 3d, same 5 Under 2 years—Same, 10, 2d, same 5. 3d, same 3. *Five Ewes*—Two years and over same 10, 2d, same 5. Under two years—Same, 10, 2d, Wm. Chamberlain, 5. *Three Buck Lambs*—J. D. Patterson, 5, 2d, same, Mor Shep *Three Ewe Lambs*—Same, 5, 2d, same, Mor Shep

Saxons—*Bucks*—2 years and over—D. Comfit, $10, 2d, T. V. Maxon, Adams, Jeff co., 5. O. Howland, 5 Under two years—T. V. Maxon, 10, 2d, same, 5. *Five Ewes*—Under 2 years, D. Comfit, 10 Best 3 buck lambs, same, 5. Best sample of wool fleeces, same, S. M.

Cross Breeds—*Five Weeks*—Best buck, two years and over, S. A. Winslow, $10 2d, same, 8, 3d, R. G. Cook, 5. Under 2 years—S. A. Winslow 10 2d, E. G. Cook, 8, 3d, —— Two years and over, W. C. Chamberlain, 10 2d, S. A. Winslow, 8, 3d, R. G. Cook 5 [illegible] R. G. Cook 5 [illegible] 2d, D. Comfit, Morrell's Shep. Best samples of wool and fleeces, S. M.

Cotswolds—*Bucks*—Two years and over, W. Hurst, $10, 2d, Fleet Brothers, $5. Under 2 years—W. Hurst, 10, 2d, John Black Wood, 5. Ewes—A. Lawrence, Onondaga Valley—Two years and over, R. Stroud, Henderson, 10, 2d, A. & H. Bowen, Jr., Wood & Eastman, 5. Under 2 years—A. Lawrence, 10, 2d, R. Rice, 5. Best pen 5 sheep, Wood & Eastman. Three Buck Lambs—E. Smalley, 10, 2d, G. W. Peck, Mor Shep. Three Ewe Lambs, Wood & Eastman, 5, 2d, G. W. Peck, Mor Shep.

Out of the State—Best long wooled buck, J. Snell, $10. Best pen 5 ewes, same, 10. Best Merino buck, O. Chapin, Westminster, Vt., 10. Best pen 5 ewes, same, 10. Mr. R. Addison, and Mr. Buckley, Shoreham, Vt., pen of Merino bucks and ewes, worthy of prizes, Diploma awarded to each

SWINE.

Large Breed—Best boar, 1 year old and over, S. D. Hungerford, Adams, $10—[illegible] Brodie & Co., 2d—[illegible] 3d—[illegible] Best boar, 1 year old, D. Hungerford, 10, 2d, E. Marks, 8, 3d, Wilcox & Lee, 5. Best sow, 1 year old, Jas Brodie, 10, 2d, S. D. Hungerford, 5 Best sow, same, 8; 2d, same, 4. 2d best lot of pigs, under 10 mos, Geo. Cross, 4.

Small Breed—Best boar, 2 years old and over, J. J. Hopper, Onondaga Valley, $10, 2d, E. C. Bliss, Westfield, 3. Best boar, 1 year old, E. Marks, 10, 2d, R. G. Cook, 5. Best boar, under 1 year, S. Thorne, 8, 2d, E. Marks, 4. Best [illegible] 2 years old and over, E. C. Bliss, [illegible] 2d, [illegible] E. Marks, (no competition,) 5—[illegible] 2d, E. Walter, Syracuse, 3—E. F. Mark, 4. Best [illegible] under 10 months old, E. C. Bliss, extra, 8, 2d, S. Stevens, 4. Jas Brodie, boar and sow, large breed, very fine, commended.

POULTRY.

Best lot White Dorkings, E. S. Ralph, Buffalo, $5, 2d, W. R. Hills, Alden, 2—[illegible] Best lot Dorkings, D. S. Heffron, 3—[illegible] E. A. Wendell, 2d, Black Spanish, W. R. Hills, 3, 2d, D. S. Heffron, 2 Black Polands, E. A. Wendell, 3d, W. R. Hills, 2—[illegible] Polanders, E. S. Ralph, 3, and W. R. Hills, 2. Silver Polands, W. R. Hills, 3, 2d, E. S. Ralph, 2 Jersey Blues, C. Rowe, Onondaga Valley, 3. Bolton Grays, J. H. Clapham, Albany, 3, 2d, W. R. Hills, 2—Game (Earl Derby,) D. S. Heffron, 3, 2d, W. R. Hills, 2—Game, English Pheasant, E. A. Wendell, 2d [illegible] Ralph, Sebastopols, W. H. Gifford, Syracuse, 3 2d, E. S. Ralph, 2. Mexican game, E. S. Ralph, 3. Irish game, W. S. Burton, Oneida, 3, 2d, W. R. Hills, 2 Chinese game, E. S. Ralph, 3 [illegible] 2d, E. A. Wendell, 1—2d, W. R. Hills, 2 White Shanghai, W. R. Hills, 3, 2d, A. P. Howe, Colerain, 2 Gray Shanghai, J. Dack, 3, 2d, E. Cook, 2 Black Shanghai, E. A. Wendell, 3. Dominique Shangs, E. S. Ralph, 3, 2d D. S. Heffron, 2. Gold Laced Bantams, E. S. Ralph, 1 and one, 2 Java, same, 3. African, W. R. Hills, 3, 2d, E. A. Wendell, 2 Frizzled Bantams, E. A. Wendell, 3. Sultan Bantams, E. S. Ralph, 3. Native fowls, W. R. Hills, 3

Turkies—Best pair, W. R. Hills, 3, 2d, O. Howland, 2 Wild Turkies, J. D. Alvord, Syracuse, 3, 2d, O. Howland, 2

Ducks—Fair Rowen, very fine, D. S. Heffron, $3. Best pair Muscovy, G. W. Crosby, 3; 2d, O. Howland, 2. Aylesbury, D. S. Heffron, 3, 2d, N. Barnes, Kirkland, 2. Black Cayuga, J. D. Alvord, 3, 2d, E. A. Wendell, 2. Top-Knots, N. Barnes, 3, 2d, E. A. Wendell, 2 Common Top-Knots, N. Barnes, 3, 2d, E. S. Ralph, 2.

Geese—Best pair Common, E. A. Wendell, $3, 2d, O. Howland, 2. Bremen, E. A. Wendell, 3; 2d, J. Read, Marcellus, 2 White China, A. P. Howe, 3, 2d, same, 2. African, Same, 3, 2d, O. Howland, 2. Wild, J. H. Hibbard, Onondaga Valley, 3.

Guinea Fowls—Best lot, N. Barnes, $3, 2d, E. S. Ralph, 2

Pea Fowls—Best lot, C. A. Congdon, $3, 2d, W. R. Hills, 2

Pigeons—Best variety, D. S. Heffron, $3.

Best lot of poultry owned by exhibitor, E. A. Wendell, $5; 2d, E. S. Ralph, 2

Rabbits—Best pair Long-Eared, E. S. Ralph, $3, 2d, J. H. Clapham, 2. Common, E. A. Wendell, 3, 2d, J. H. Clapham, 2

Discretionary—Malacca game, E. S. Ralph, Dip. E. A. Dapper, Auburn, fine lot English coach dogs, Dip and Sil. Med

Rural Miscellany.

Surface Draining.—One of the best wheat growing counties in England is Essex—its wheat is of the highest repute in the London market—A correspondent of the *Mark Lane Express*, gives some interesting particulars relative to soil and culture. The surface is a tenacious clay, with a subsoil as tenacious as it is possible to imagine.—The soil is not much underdrained, but the land is plowed upon stetches of six-and-a-half feet, and the furrows between two or three inches below the ordinary furrows. Cross surface drains are dug with a spade about six inches deeper than the plow furrows, about fifty yards apart. This system of managment is more costly than ordinary underdraining, but it is also more productive,—the yield of wheat in usual good seasons being from 40 to 56 bushels per acre. Wheat is grown on these lands twice to three times every six years, beans and clover being the alternating crop; on the chalky clays barley is also grown very successfully.

Exchange of Wheat, Corn and Other Seeds.—The Agricultural Bureau of the Patent Office has received a letter from Mons. J. De Nottbeck, the Acting-Consulate-General of Russia for the United States, dated at New York, Oct. 9th, in which that gentleman says, that wishing to send to several of the Russ

Orchard and Garden.

PROFITS OF FRUIT CULTURE.

Below we give an article from one of the most experienced pear growers in Western New York. Reports from experienced growers we like to publish whether encouraging or otherwise. We want the truth, the whole truth, and shall give nothing but the truth so far as we are able to judge. Hovey's *Magazine* objects to some of the statements of extraordinary profits in certain cases, in President Wilder's Address, and in our own and other journals, and compares it with the mulberry and other excitements, using the following language:

"All are familiar with the oft-repeated accounts of immense profits to be realized from the successful culture of various fruits and plants. Not many years ago, the growth of the mulberry and the raising of silk-worms throughout the United States was to enrich every individual who engaged in the work; and very recently the growth of the sugar cane was to afford similar remuneration to all who raised this important agricultural product. The profits of grape culture in the West have been rated at the most extravagant sums per acre; and the culture of the raspberry for the New York market has yielded immense results. But all these and many other garden products have failed to satisfy the desire of many of those who have engaged in their culture with a view to the accumulation of a rapid fortune, and they have become quite as much, if not more, neglected than if no such fabulous statements had ever been made. It has been discovered that there was no truth whatever in these extravagant stories. * * * * * That there are instances where great results have been obtained, we do not doubt; but we do deny that they form reliable data upon which cultivators may undertake the growth of fruit with the expectation of the same profit."

Now, it does appear to us that a man must have more assurance than ordinarily falls to the lot of one human being, and certainly more than is of any advantage to anybody, to call in question statements made upon the authority of honest and careful men, without any evidence of their incorrectness, just because they do not suit his fancy. Then, we have no sympathy with the idea that supposing the statements to be correct, it is unwise to make them public, because "it is not probable that one cultivator in a hundred would obtain the same results." If a farmer raises an extraordinary crop of corn or potatoes, or a fruit grower of apples or pears, by extra good culture, we see no object in concealing the fact for fear that others may be misled by expecting a similar crop with ordinary or poor culture. We publish such statements as an encouragement, and it never once entered our head that any one would be misled by them. We have too much confidence in the good sense of the people to suppose they would expect such results without similar treatment. Our Agricultural Societies offer premiums for the largest crops, and publish the awards in their transactions, for the purpose of inciting others to strive for like results, and the officers, no doubt will be surprised to learn that instead of doing good by this course, as they had supposed, they are perpetrating mischief, as "it is not probable that one cultivator in a hundred would obtain the same results."

Mr. H. is very unfortunate in his allusion to the sugar cane. We never knew that its growth was promised "to enrich every individual who engaged in its culture." The sugar cane has met the hopes and expectations of the most sanguine, we think. But very little syrup was made in this section last year. Now, hundreds and thousands of gallons are in process of manufacture. The cane has made a splendid growth, and yields bountifully as fine a syrup as any one can desire, and the seed in most cases is fully ripe. We have watched this matter from its first introduction, and we are now almost prepared to say what we have not said before, that it is a *success*. The farmers of the North can make their own syrup abundantly and cheaply, and of the very best quality. We have no sympathy with humbugs in Agriculture or Horticulture—condemn all we think merit condemnation — but we must say that the greatest humbugs of all are those who cry "*humbug*" at every new thing without a proper examination of its merits. Men cried "humbug" at the introduction of the cast iron plow, and of reaping machines, and if the Irish potato had been introduced this year for the first time, thousands would have pronounced it a humbug.

GROWING PEARS.

Although much has been said about growing Dwarf Pears, and the failure and success thereof, permit me to state briefly some of my experience in relation thereto. The only trees I have in any considerable quantity, of one variety, of suitable age for bearing, consists of about 120 trees, on one-third of an acre of land, of the Duchess De Angouleme variety, planted out seven years ago, and were then two years old. Most of the balance of my orchard, having been rebudded, is not yet in bearing. This one-third of an acre has borne pears to the value of over $400, as sold. My first sales were at $13 per barrel; second, $14 for first quality, and $10 for balance. Third, this year, when the crop is light, perhaps from the same reason that the crop of apples is light, my first quality sold for $25 per barrel; second quality $17; and third, consisting of pears blown off or prematurely ripened, $13 per barrel.

I have grown beans and other crops enough on the same ground to pay the entire expense of culture during the whole time, and the culture has been the same, as near as may be, that we usually give a crop of beans or potatoes; and at no time, previous to the last year, has there been applied over four wagon loads of manure per acre in any year, and the last year about twice that quantity, which I am satisfied is well repaid in the size and quality of the fruit. My best barrel this year numbered 166 pears, averaging between 13 and 14 ounces each, and the barrel of smallest contained 314, while only one barrel contained over 241. A pear orchard of this kind, 10 by 10 feet, without any other crop on the ground, may be well cultivated at less than half the expense of a crop of corn or potatoes; for by going each way, occasionally, with a two horse cultivator, very little remains to be done to leave it a finished job of *clean culture*.

My trees are as vigorous and strong as any other fruit trees of same age, averaging about 12 to 15 inches in circumference at the base, and making a yearly growth of 1½ to 4 feet. They are well shortened back every year; and in this respect perhaps more than in any other, consists the difference between my care of them and the care bestowed upon a large portion of the Dwarf Pear trees that have been planted during the last few years.

With a choice of varieties which experience alone can enable us to make, with certainty of greatest success, and with well grown trees on the best of stocks, I am led to believe that after the trees have been set five or six years we may grow Dwarf Pears that are worth from $10 to $25 per barrel at less labor and expense, and with as much certainty of a crop, as we can potatoes, that are worth from 75 cents to $2 50 per barrel. Let those who prefer to grow potatoes or grain crops exclusively, do so, but I apprehend that many are already beginning to anticipate better results from labor otherwise directed, and I have full confidence that they are not mistaken. T. G. Yeomans.

Walworth, N. Y., Oct., 1858.

ORCHARD HOUSES.

It is well known to most of our readers, we suppose, that in England, peaches, nectarines and apricots, will not ripen if the trees are grown as standards, as they are usually grown with us. To ripen these fruits they are trained on brick walls, in the form of espaliers, and are kept pruned with the nicest care. This of course requires a great deal of labor, attention, and skill. Of late years, however, houses similar to grape houses, and called *orchard houses*, have been erected for growing these and other fruits, and have proved very successful. The trees are kept a dwarf form, and are sometimes planted in borders and sometimes in pots.

Above we give, from the *London Gardener's Chronicle*, a pretty specimen of one of these small trees, a nectarine, as it was received, growing in an eight inch pot, by its editor, from the house of Mr. Rivers. No houses have been erected in this country for growing fruit exclusively, that we have learned, but some gentlemen have grown trees in pots in their plant and grape houses. At the exhibition of the *Genesee Valley Horticultural Society*, early in July last, one of our amateurs exhibited a magnificent dish of peaches, grown on a young tree in his grape house. Before many years, orchard houses will be as common as grape houses

FRUIT TREES—A CURIOSITY—BANKING UP.

I have an apple tree, set four or five years ago, which was *completely girdled* by the mice, winter before last, near the ground; nothing whatever has been done to it, but *it is now alive*, (Oct. 7th,) and has 18 Baldwin apples on it, of about medium size. No bark has formed on the girdled part, which is three or four inches wide, but the wood appears dry and dead at the surface. Verily that tree has pursued the path of duty and of usefulness under difficulties and discouragements, and with a zeal and perseverance worthy of the great cause in which it is engaged. Take notice, I do not advocate *mice* nor their industrial pursuits in general or particular. I had rather have them in the corn crib than the orchard, for this is the only tree among 40 or 50 which received their special attention that either lived or has borne fruit.

Last fall I called upon my friend Lewis E. Smith, of Livonia, during his absence, and invited myself to a good dinner at his house. I noticed in particular the neat and proper manner in which he had *banked up* his young fruit trees, and I resolved that I would go home and build small pyramids round mine. I had some potatoes to dig *first* — some corn to husk — some fence to fix — some — *winter and frost!*—alas, poor trees, victims to a "convenient season." No; luck was on my side, — spring came and the trees were safe,— the mice had been generous,—poor Smith had piled up his dirt for nothing—never mind it, Smith—just do the same thing this fall, and I will bear you company, corn or no corn, potatoes or no potatoes. Only think of it,—a long winter at the mercy of the mice—insatiate gnawers! — who for a little questionable bark, (as Carlyle would express it) make our palates void of luscious sweets for long years to come. Trust them not; they may have a turn of amiability now and then, but take them on the average, and their tender mercy is cruelty. Let them have no grass or rubbish near the tree to make nests of — but raise a mound of clean dirt about the trunk fifteen inches high and two feet across the base.

You may think that you will tread down the snow hard around your trees and head off the enemy in that way, and *you may not do it*, or you may have to do it several times. Shoveling up the earth, and shoveling it down again loosens the soil and helps you in the cultivation of the trees. A man pays the insurance company liberally to guarantee the safety of his house from fire — the mice do more damage to young trees than the fire does the houses in the rural districts, you can "*insure*" your trees as cheap as you can your house, and in as safe a company.

Farmers have made the cultivation of fruit incidental and secondary to their other business—sure to get more on hand than they can properly attend to, their fruit and fruit trees are first to be neglected, and last to be attended to; and yet the whole world may be challenged to show as great *profit* from any other branch of husbandry as from fruit growing. A square rod of ground, with a *pear tree on it* has been known to yield three hundred per cent. greater profit than any rod devoted to wheat, or corn, or potatoes since the world stood, and yet, forsooth, among farmers the pear tree is neglected, and forgotten almost as much as God is in fashionable churches. Do not, my brethren, add to your other sins the destruction of any trees for the want of *banking up*, — do that the fore part of November

H. T. B.

WINE-MAKING.

This subject is now receiving a good deal of attention. Almost every one with a little surplus of fruit, currants, raspberries, grapes, &c., is attempting to make wine. This is a very simple matter, and yet from the number of inquiries we are constantly receiving, it seems to be little understood by the people generally. The process, in brief, is to mash the fruit, press out the juice, which is placed in a cask where it will ferment, for about ten days, when it should be corked up. Grapes rich with sugar, like the Catawba, when well ripened, require no sugar, but many other sorts of grapes, and most other fruit, will not make wine without sugar, nor will any grape unless well ripened. To place information on this subject fully before our readers, we give the following very complete article, written by John A. Warder, of Cincinnati, where wine-making is a business of importance, and originally published in *Emery's Journal of Agriculture:*

Vintage.—The gathering of the grapes should not be commenced too early, an error into which many persons are often tempted. The process of ripening continues, in the more complete softening of the pulp, and the formation of saccharine matter, after the coloring of the berries has given the appearance of maturity. Experienced vine dressers are becoming more careful to avoid hurrying the vintage too early, and find their advantage in the richer product of juice. The vintage is obtained by cutting the ripest bunches with a sharp knife, so as not to bruise nor crush the grapes, which are collected in baskets, and transported to the press house, where they may be spread out upon shelves until a sufficient quantity is obtained for a pressing. Some persons, after allowing their grapes to become perfectly ripe, spread them, when gathered, upon well ventilated bins or trays, or upon straw, where they may evaporate the excess of water; and thus the must produced from them will be richer in saccharine matter.

Sorting the grapes is necessary to the production of good wine. If, from want of care in gathering and transporting, any of the berries have been crushed, or even broken from the stems, they should be removed, unless the grapes are to be immediately put upon the press. All green or imperfectly ripened grapes should also be removed before pressing, and great care should be taken to reject any that have the bitter rot or other form of decay, as this seriously affects the future character of the wine. Some prepare the grapes for the press by stemming them, for which purpose a coarse sieve is used, upon which the bunches are placed and rubbed from side to side with a piece of board, so that the grapes are pushed through and the stems retained. It is supposed, however, that the tannin of the stems is of service to the wine.

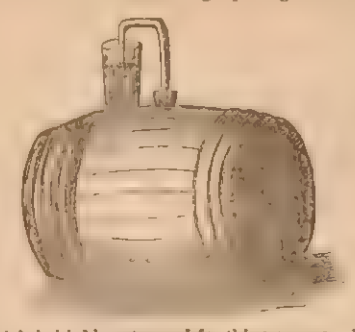
Mashing the grapes is considered a necessary operation, even where a large press is used. When practiced, it may be performed by a beater in a deep tub, or by a mill, consisting of double rollers, which crush the grapes as they are received from a hopper, as shown in the engraving.

"Treading the wine vat" is not practiced in this country, though in some parts of Europe it is still pursued. The most perfect cleanliness should be observed in all the processes of wine making; and with this view the grapes are broken in a machine constructed for the purpose, or sometimes passed through a cider mill, when the mashed grapes are either at once put upon the press, or allowed to lie in the vat for a longer or shorter time, according to the desire of the vine dresser to produce a light or high colored wine, as the coloring matter, which is in the skin, is most effectively obtained by its maceration in the juice. Sometimes the mashed grapes are even allowed to remain in the vat until they undergo fermentation, which is called "fermenting in the skins." In addition to other properties thus acquired, the wine is rougher as well as more highly colored. The austere wines of France and Spain are prepared in this way, and the process is allowed to go on until the froth and skins rise to the top and crack with the escape of the gases produced by fermentation, when the wine is drawn off from the lower part of the vat.

The Press, from a wooden lever, with a coffee bag full of grapes as its fulcrum, has grown to be a grand affair, and is quite an expensive piece of apparatus. A perfect iron screw of 4 inches in diameter, is the means of obtaining power. This may be used in a strong frame like that of a cider or hay press, or, still better, standing alone on the platform of heavy timbers which are firmly bedded together. The screw is surrounded by a collar of tin, to screen it from the action of the grapes that are piled upon the platform, in a framework, with straw, or are retained in place by straw alone, as the cheese is formed of apple pomace for cider making. The sides of the cheese may be cut down two or three times, and the trimmings thrown on top, upon which the strong pieces of plank and blocks are placed to receive and equalize the action of the screw. Great power may be had with a lever applied to the follower of this screw; and by some simple contrivances this has been much increased. The pomace is reduced to a dry, flaky mass, stems and seeds, when the pressure has been well applied; and this is then called the "mare," (cheese,) and may be wet and mixed with the inferior grapes, and again subjected to pressure, to make vinegar; or the mare may be allowed to ferment, preparatory to the manufacture of brandy. It is frequently thrown away, however, or returned as manure to the vines.

The must, or grape juice, is conducted from the press by conduits, when the press is over the cellar, and led into the casks for fermentation. The casks should be perfectly clean, and the practice of "stumming," or burning sulphur, is generally pursued. Paper is prepared by being dipped into the melted sulphur, and a small piece of this is burned within the cask for the purpose of fumigation. The cask may be of any size, from that of a whiskey barrel up to a Heidelberg tun; but a considerable quantity, the result of one pressing, say 300 or 400 gallons, is generally put into one cask. The common estimate is four gallons to a bushel of grapes.

Fermentation commences soon after the must has been put into the casks, unless the cellar be very cold; for these casks should always be placed in a deep cellar, so as to keep up an equable and low temperature. Good ventilation should be established, and perfect cleanliness and purity of the wine cellar are absolutely necessary. The fermentation depends, however, upon the access of air at a temperature of 50° to 60° F., which, combining with the gluten present in the juice, changing the sugar into alcohol, and in the fermenting process throws off a large amount of extraneous solid matter, so that the wine is purified and becomes "fine." There escapes at the same time, a large quantity of carbonic acid gas, the product of fermentation, and this enables us to regulate the force and rapidity of the process by an arrangement of the bung, which may be loosely put in, or left open entirely; or it may be arranged so as to conduct the process under a graduated pressure by the use of the tube bung opening under water,



which is highly esteemed for this purpose. When used, the casks are not to be filled quite full, as some air must be present. The first fermentation is generally effected in a few days or weeks, and the "wine," as it is then called, gradually settles down to a clear liquid without any addition. No sugar, nor material of any kind, should be added to the must to make good wine, as all such additions are considered adulterations; and no mixtures of grape juice with added sugar and whiskey is worthy of the name of wine.

The wine being cleared by this fermentation, may be racked off into clean casks, to separate it from the lees or settlings, and then may be transported to market for the manufacture of champagne or dry wine, as desired; but it is not yet perfect wine, as it still contains the elements of fermentation, and on the access of warm weather in the spring, will go through a second fermentation. This is supposed to be owing to the blossoming of the vines; but it is only a coincidence. The temperature at any season is the exciting cause. Until perfectly fermented, the wine should never be bottled, as the expansive force will break the glass. While in cask, the vessel should always be kept bung-full, so as to exclude the access of air; and for this purpose, at the time of racking the wine, reserve casks of small size are filled, from which smaller vessels the larger ones are supplied from time to time.

Racking is not a necessary process. Where the wine may be allowed to stand undisturbed in the cellar, it may remain on its lees. But this process is a good way of separating it from the deposit; and when the liquid is turbid, so as to require the addition of materials to "fine" it, the racking is done to separate the wine from the substances that have fallen to the bottom in clarifying it.

Fining.—In the process of transferring the liquid from one vessel to another there will be a good deal of exposure to the air, which not only allows the escape of some of its aroma, but also tends to acidulate it; and it is therefore recommended to rack as little as possible. But some wine coopers advise frequent racking, as, if wine is transported in the first cask, (without racking,) the lees are stirred up, and it grows turbid, and must be allowed time to settle, or requires to be "fined."

Fining wine consists of adding some material that will coagulate in contact with some of the elements of the liquid; and then as the coagulum subsides, the floating masses that rendered it turbid are carried to the bottom. The whites of eggs, fish glue, and other substances, are used for this purpose.

Bottling consists in transferring the wine from wood to glass; and as the latter material is brittle, the wine should never be put into bottles until it has perfectly fermented; for the escape of the gases will either spring the corks or break the bottles, and the wine in either case will be lost or damaged. The corks should be of the best quality, and should fit very tight; when cut off close to the glass, they should be sealed with wax. After this, the bottles may be laid upon their sides, and placed either in the cellar or in the garret. The latter position, though a means of ripening and improving the wine, is a severe test.

Analysis.—The means possessed for judging the quality of wines are, first, a fine sense of taste and smell, well practiced in testing the particular classes of wines. We may decide upon the strength of wine by taking its specific gravity—that is, by weighing it—for which purpose a little instrument is used that shows exactly what per centage of alcohol is present in a perfected wine. This substance being lighter than water, the mixture will be lighter, just in proportion to the amount present. The alcohometer, used chiefly among the vine growers, is so arranged as to show also the amount of sugar present in the juice or must, which is an indication of its value or richness. The sugar adds to the weight of water; and the must is valuable in proportion to the weight it indicates when tried by the wine scale.

Sweet wines may be made to suit certain palates by adding sugar to the must before fermentation, but are considered inferior to good dry wines; and no wine grape properly ripened and well manufactured, should have any foreign admixture whatever in the preparation of good pure wine, and none other should be made.

Maples.—Will you please inform me through the mediumship of your valuable paper, the best time for, and mode of, planting young maples for shade trees?—J. W., *Victory, Oct.*, 1858.

Remarks.—Plant either in the fall or spring. Get good young trees that have not grown up crowded, or in the shade. Take them up carefully so as to injure the roots as little as possible, plant them well in a good soil, and cut the tops back close. For more full directions on the subject of planting trees, see last number. Before the weather gets warm next summer, throw a bushel or two of refuse stuff over the roots, to keep the ground cool and moist, so that the young roots that have not fairly recovered from removal, may not suffer for want of moisture. If the season proves unusually dry, and any of the trees show signs of flagging, give such two or three pails of water. Do this, and not two in a hundred of your trees will die.—In answer to other inquiries we will say that, as a general rule, all trees may be transplanted from the time of the falling of the leaves until the buds start in the spring. And all seeds of trees may be sown as soon as ripe.

Crow Sweet Apple.—"J. R.," of Hocking Port, Ohio, inquired in a late number for the *Crow Sweet Apple*. A correspondent says, "the Crow Sweet is an old variety in New England. It is a dark-red apple, from small to medium size, usually very prolific every second year; keeps remarkably well as to time, lasting often till May, but by that time loses all its juice and flavor, being but little better than chips. It is not worthy of general cultivation, as in early winter there are many better apples, and when others are gone this is good for nothing."

Domestic Economy.

INQUIRY.—CAKES, TOMATO SAUCE, &c.

Will some Rural housekeeper please to give a recipe for sponge ginger cake? I send some of mine that I know to be nice.

Quick Cake.—Two cups of sugar; 1 of butter; 3 eggs; 1½ cups of milk; 1 teaspoon of saleratus; flour enough to make a soft dough—spice.

Ginger Pound Cake.—One cup of butter; 2 of sugar; 1 of molasses; 1 tablespoon of ginger; 1 teaspoon of saleratus; 4 eggs; 4 cups of flour. Beat until light.

Dutch Doughnuts.—One cup of cream; 2 of sugar; 3 eggs; a piece of butter, the size of a walnut; nutmeg; 1 teaspoon of saleratus—made in a soft dough.

Best Cup Cake.—One-half cup of butter; ½ cup of cream; 2 cups of sugar; 3 of flour; the whites of 4 eggs—lemon or nutmeg.

Washington Cake.—Take 1½ pounds of sugar; the same of flour; ½ pound of butter; 8 eggs; 1 pint of milk; mix as for pound cake. Just as it is ready to bake, dissolve a teaspoonful of saleratus in a little sour cream—nutmeg, or essence of lemon—bake it as a pound cake.

Tomato Sauce.—Eight pounds of tomatoes, peeled, to 3 pounds of sugar; 1 quart of vinegar; 1½ tablespoons of cinnamon or cloves. Stir it frequently, for three or more hours, until it comes to the right thickness.

Lemon Custard.—One-fourth pound of butter; 1 pound sugar; 4 eggs; 4 crackers, grated; 2 lemons; 1 pint of sweet milk. The milk must be put in just as it is going to be baked.

Preserving Citrons.—Pare the citron and cut it in slices half an inch thick, let it lay in salt and water for an hour, then wash the salt off and boil it in strong ginger tea; make a thin syrup and boil it again, then make a syrup of a pound of loaf sugar to a pound of citron, and boil it in this till it is clear. Season it with mace and lemon peel.

Salem Co., New Jersey, 1858. X. Y. Z.

Another Recipe for Preserving Citron.—Having noticed in the Rural an inquiry for the best method of preserving citrons, I send the following, which we think excellent. Peel and cut in any shape you may desire, remove the seeds, put in a preserve kettle, and cover with cold water. Boil till quite soft, then take out into a jar, being careful not to break them. Now add to the water in which the citron was boiled, three-fourths pound of coffee sugar to each pound of citron—the citron must be weighed before it is boiled. Boil till nearly as thick as molasses, taking off all the scum which rises. Add one ounce extract of lemon and half pint of good vinegar to every four pounds of citron, mix well with the syrup, but do not allow it to boil, as heat will destroy the strength of the lemon. Pour the syrup on the citron, let it stand a day or two, then pour off, and boil slowly twenty minutes, or half an hour. This must be repeated two or three times, pouring on the syrup hot each time, and you will have a sweetmeat which will please an epicure.—Mary H., *Orion, Mich.*, 1858.

Graham Cakes.—In a late Rural, I noticed an inquiry for a recipe to make "Graham Cakes." Here is mine. To 1 quart graham flour, add 1 teaspoon salt; 5 tablespoons molasses; 2 tablespoons yeast, or a small yeast cake; stir as thick as pound cake. Let stand over night, if wanted for breakfast. When ready to bake, add a well-beaten egg and a teaspoon soda. Bake in cups, half an hour. We think they are excellent.—Mrs. L. R. Andrews, *Victory Mills, Sar. Co., N. Y.*, 1858.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY MRS. HENRIETTA LEGGETT.

"A MOTHER'S LOVE!" That hallowed word—
Ah! who can feel its depths?
None but a mother; for the loved,
How she has prayed and wept!
'Twere vain for mortal eye to scan
The vast ethereal space;
And yet, as vain for man to strive
A mother's love to efface.

Her affections' fountain knows no change,
Its tide will have no ebb,
It still flows on when the dark grave
Enshrouds the lovely dead;
It has no semblance on the earth,
In its exhaustless tone—
It knows no change, though it may live
Without a fond return.

What are her duties? Oft that thought
Must fill her yearning breast,
While training the immortal souls
For an eternal rest;
She has the caskets that contain
The gems of purest ray—
The soul with its undying worth,
That cannot know decay.

She may increase in brilliancy
The diamond's watery hue,
And fill the youthful mind with truths,
"Distilled as early dew;"
A precious pearl, to purify,
The cross to purge away,
A gem to deck the Savior's crown
In Heaven's eternal day.

Her duties are to discipline
The fervent hearts in love,
With ardent faith, and zealous prayer,
To guide their thoughts above.
Let holy truths on youthful minds
Indelibly be riven;
That they through every change may find
Their home of rest in Heaven.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GLEANINGS.—NO. II.

"When he ten times as rich, I'd refuse night or day,
To change with my friend who lives over the way."

OUR neighbor, Mr. B., lives "over the way," in an elegant mansion, brown stone front, marble steps, etc. We live in a two-storied white house, with wooden steps, and a very unpretending green door. When a silver plate with the name, "E. D. BONAPARTE B—" inscribed thereon, made its appearance on Mr. B—'s front door, papa's ambition immediately aspired to a door-plate—not silver, of course, but a brass one. However, I coaxed that idea out of his head, for just think how "TIMOTHY JOSHUA DOBBS" would look on a brass plate, attached to our green door! I have trained some morning glories over that side of the house, and I think the blue flowers are a decided improvement—vastly superior to brass door-plates. Papa thinks so, too.

Mr. B. has a wife, and she has a tongue. I do not mention it as anything very unusual, for all women generally have tongues, but Mrs. B.'s is quite a lengthy affair, a very "unruly member." I don't think she uses it in the way GOD intended she should, for, in warm weather, when the doors and windows are open, the first thing you hear in the morning is Mrs. B. calling Mr. B. to an account, for doing those things which he ought not to have done, and leaving undone those things which he ought to have done.

Ah! E. D. BONAPARTE B! A sigh for you, poor, meek, little man!

Next, Master BOBBY is lectured for associating with those inferior children—the young DOBBSES, who live "over the way" in the two-storied white house. Miss MATILDA ANN has her ears boxed for tearing her dress, receiving at the same time a maternal admonition, not to be caught climbing fences again, but to sit down in the house at her sewing, as all little girls should; and BIDDY is blessed with a piece of Mrs. B's mind, because she will persist in boiling the potatoes before they are peeled, while Mrs. B. insists that they should be peeled before they are boiled. And this is the programme of every-day performances, (Sundays not excepted.) From Mr. E. D. BONAPARTE B. to BIDDY, and then back again; BIDDY, Miss MATILDA ANN, BOBBY, and Mr. B.

Mrs. B. appears to enjoy herself. I really think she does; and Mr. B., the little man with the long name, indulges in an unaccountable mania for visiting asylums for deaf and dumb persons.

Well, we enjoy ourselves finely in our two-storied house, notwithstanding Mrs. B. has forbidden BOBBY to associate with us. However, the young gentleman manages to steal "over the way" one or two evenings in the week, to chat with the young DOBBSES. By the way, BOBBY does not resemble his mamma, in the least, being very good-looking, amiable, etc., although I do not know as that has anything to do with this article.

There, Mrs. B. has commenced again. "So you were 'over the way' last night, were you, ROBERT B.? And your father upholds you in your plebeian tastes? You don't either of you deserve to be called men!"

Well, I shut the door, with a sigh for E. D. BONAPARTE B. and BOBBY, feeling very thankful that I don't live "over the way."

Isn't there a verse something like this, in a dear, old Book?

"Better is a dinner of herbs, where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith."

Rochester, N. Y., 1858. WINNIE WILLIAM.

A CHILD'S LAUGHTER.—Is there anything like the ringing laugh of an innocent, happy child?—Can any other music so echo through the heart's inner chambers? It is sympathetic, too, beyond other melodies. When the father sits absorbed over his book, which seems to concentrate every faculty, he hears his little boy laughing in his sport, and laughs, also, he knows not wherefore.—The bright being continually gathering intelligence, casts around us gems of thought and pearls of affection, till our paths seemed paved with precious stones from heaven's treasury. No day of storm is dark where he is—no wintry evening long. A young child is a full fountain of delight to the house and heart.—*Selected.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

"MR. DRIVE" IN THE FAMILY.

MR. DRIVE was a man of considerable importance. He was independent as to property, had a good deal of business to transact, and was always in a hurry. He seldom or never spent his time in social idleness, visiting or chatting with family or friends. No, he was one of your stern, prompt, far-seeing, go-ahead, money-making men—walked up to the mark himself, and liked to see others do the same. True, he often forgot some trifling domestic errand, and was remiss in various small affairs, not worth speaking of; for who could expect a man of his stamp, to attend to trifles? However, every one in his employ soon found that the most accidental inattention to his smallest interests was not to be committed with impunity, nor tolerated for a moment. Mr. DRIVE was at home *occasionally*, where his will was, in all things, the rule to govern the actions of each member.

Mrs. DRIVE was a quiet, inoffensive, unobtrusive body, whom no one feared, or cared to please. It was no matter what Mrs. DRIVE thought, or whether she was pleased or displeased, since, whether she was or not, she never scowled, or frowned, or scolded, or pouted, in order to gain her point.—She gave directions calmly, quietly, and went about her own business in the same manner, making up by attention for the neglect or carelessness of others, in every way she could—and that did not prove to be a wise plan, for what did the heedless care how much she did? Did her example shame their remissness? But when Mr. DRIVE gave orders so and so, in his peremptory tone, nimble hands and feet obeyed, as a matter of course. And so Mr. DRIVE was the oracle. Perhaps an example of his summary method, will explain things a little clearer.

Mr. DRIVE took his customary bath, Mrs. D. having previously prepared towels, &c., and placed changes of garments, meanwhile going to the sitting-room to read. Presently, Mr. DRIVE came in—a thunder cloud in every line of his face—and seated himself before the fire without a word. Mrs. D. looked up casually from her paper—saw there was difficulty somewhere, but not divining the cause continued her reading. At length, remembering that he had finished his bath, she noticed that he had not changed his shirt, and asked if he had found his drawers, and put them on?

"I put on all that were fit—the same ones I had on!"

"What is the matter of the others?"

"No buttons on them, and haven't been this summer! No buttons on any of my clothes, half of the time! I'll get you another girl, Mrs. DRIVE, and see if you can sew on my buttons! Probably you have'nt time now!"

Mrs. D. kept two girls, and had a very small family, and had time to do all her sewing, though her health was never very good, or permanent.—She meant to be prompt in every duty, but occasionally a button would be gone—not ripped off, but broken in the washing some way,—and garments would be put away without her knowledge that they needed some attention. Mrs. DRIVE went immediately and sewed on the missing button, and inquired what others he referred to?

"Well, one of his shirts he had brought home, was without a button on the neck, he *believed*;" Mrs. D. could not find any gone, however, and the matter *apparently* dropped. But you should have heard and seen his tone and manner—stern, loud, sharp—the one he always used to delinquents, his wife not excepted. Mrs. DRIVE was accustomed to it now, after years of vain efforts to please him, and tears wasted because of failure. But she could not help thinking how willingly and gladly she would have sewed on the button if he had only asked her pleasantly and kindly. QUEECHY.

PURITY OF CHARACTER.

OVER the beauty of the plum and the apricot, there grows a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself,—a soft, delicate blush that overspreads its blushing cheek. Now if you strike your hand over that, and it is once gone, it is gone forever, for it never grows but once. The flower that hangs in the morning, impearled with dew—arrayed as no queenly woman ever was arrayed with jewels,—once shake it, so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell silently upon it from heaven! On a frosty morning, you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes—mountains, lakes, trees, blended in a beautiful, fantastic picture.—Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of your palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character, which, when once touched and defiled, can never be restored; a fringe more delicate than frostwork, and which, when torn and broken, will never be re-embroidered. A man who has spotted and soiled his garments in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them with his tears. When a young man leaves his father's house, with the blessing of his mother's tears still wet upon his forehead, if he once lose that early purity of character, it is a loss that he can never make whole again. Such is the consequence of crime. Its effects cannot be eradicated; it can only be *forgiven*.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

BLESSEDNESS IN SORROW.—There are times when some great sorrow has torn the mind away from its familiar supports and laid level those defences which in prosperity seemed so stable—when the most rooted convictions of the reason seem rottenness, and the blossom of our heavenward imagination goes up before that blast as dust—when our works, and joys, and hopes, with all their multitude, and pomp, and glory, seem to go down together into the pit, and the soul is left as a garden that hath no water, and as a wandering bird cast out of the nest—in that day of trouble, and of treading down, and perplexity, the noise of voices, the mirth of the tabret, and the joy of the harp, are silent in the grave. Blessed is the man who, when cast into this utter wretchedness, far away from all creatures and from all comfort, can yet be willing, amid all his tears and his anguish, there to remain as long as God shall please.—*British Quarterly.*

THAT is not wit which consists not with wisdom.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AUTUMN THOUGHTS.

CAN I not check thee, ruthless wind,
Nor stay thy hand, whose chilly grasp
Plucks off the red and golden flush
That seemed the fairest, not the last—
Nature had wrapped it round and round
In regal folds o'er leafy green,
'Till the whole Forest was enrolled
In a rich web of changing sheen.

But see! the sunshine hides her smile,
The blast comes roughly 'round the hill,
He scatters shrinking leaflets far,
Nor heeds the rain, she weeps so still.
So beautiful our Forest seemed
Beneath October's calm blue sky,
We never thought of Change or Death,
'Till raindrops sobbed a last good-bye.

Ah! then we tho't, with saddened heart,
This is the way of all the Earth,
Change stands behind, and calls her own
Our fairest hopes ere they have birth;
Yet we may cling to one bright truth,
'Tis sweet as light of even,
We'll fold it to our heart again—
Change entereth not in Heaven.

Wiscoy, N. Y., 1858. MARY.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE DREAMER.—No. IV.

WITHERED FLOWERS.

CONVALESCENCE is pleasant, but cannot always last; neither can it be profitable. By the way, what a pity it is that so many pleasant things should be so unprofitable—novel-reading, smoking, dreaming, for instance. In spite, then, of my lazy half-wish to keep sick, I do get well at last. By slow degrees strength comes back, hesitatingly, like some long estranged one, wishing to resume our friendship, but feeling injured, and not liking to be too easily regained. We never really appreciate our friends until we have been deprived of them, for a time, by some quarrel. Then we know how strong our affection. So, when we have been sick, we confess with much sorrow that we have injured our friend, Health, very much—we ought to be more thoughtful—if she will only stay by us, and trust us once more, we *will* be more careful of her welfare. And then she comes back to us, and we welcome her, and are very chary of her for a little while, and again grieve her, just as before, and by-and-by she leaves us altogether, having no more faith in us, and Death takes us, and we cannot cheat or abuse *him*.

But I am well at last, and I leave my kind friends and make my way to the city again. SUSY bids me farewell at the door—just where her welcome was given a short time ago. She looks, if possible, kinder than when I entered there. If you wish to make persons friendly to you, let them do you a kindness. They will always remember that. They may forget what you do for them, but they will always bear in mind the favors they do you. They seem to have an interest in you, thereafter, to just the amount of those favors. Kindness grows much by exercise.

TOM accompanies me to the cars. I find a seat, return his hearty farewell and kind wishes, and settle back for a ride. A jerk and a shriek, and we are off—a flitting panorama of trees, and houses, and people—another shriek, another jerk, and we are there.

How strange the filled streets look. No broad, cool roads—no bright trees, and grateful shade—no flocks—no herds—and, above all, no friendly, hearty *welcome*. It always seems as if you could feel friendship and welcome in the very atmosphere of the country; but you never can in the city. There it is all of self-selfish. "All baggage at the owner's risk," seems stamped on everything, and everybody—from children to grey hairs, everything is baggage. Money, friends, life, feelings, and all are, like toes and trunks, to be cared for by the owner alone. Talk about Solitude! COWPER, in his "vast wilderness," would be in a large company compared to any man in the crowded street of a large city. In the wilderness, he could have authors living and dead, the birds, the trees, and *himself*. In the city he would have neither of these—not even himself.

But I make my way to my office, and with JOHN'S help set at work to repair the damage which my long delay has caused to my business. JOHN is a good fellow. He is honest, and capable, and faithful. He looks happy now, even when delving into the hidden perplexities of business. JOHN'S SUSY must have been good and kind to him, I think. She must possess a good heart and a refined mind. Do you inquire how I know? JOHN is always kind and obliging, and hence, polite and refined. When I see him put on a kind smile to do a favor for an old man, or carefully pick up the old apple-woman on the corner, I think, "that is to your mother's credit." And when I see him deferential and dignified, as well as kind and polite, to the young ladies, I think, "that for SUSY"—for JOHN tells me he has no sister. By these things, I know SUSY to be both kind and refined; for, if she were otherwise, JOHN would be like her. No one has so much influence on a young man as the one he has chosen to wrap in all the excellencies his mind can conceive.

How dreary it seems when I go back to my boarding place—my Home. How I long for the quiet retreat of H— Farm, and wish I could have one just the same—that I could have had a Farm and a SUSY to make me a Home. But it could not be so, and I acquiesce as best I may where I cannot alter.

Some people speak of a "Grave in the Heart," and of buried affections, dead love—I don't believe in it. Our affections never die. I may have loved SUSY, and another may have won her, but my love is not dead. There is no grave in my heart. I need not close my breast to all human sympathy and love for that one disappointment. No, it seems more to me as if I had in my heart a little drawer, just as I have in my desk. I put my love in the former, and I put the flowers, which I have received for memory's sake, in the latter. They are sacred to all eyes but mine. I take them out sometimes, and smell their fragrance, and the perfume brings back the time when they were fresh, with sweet remembrances of the friends who gave them. So does the incense from this drawer in my heart bring back the old times and the old hopes, and I draw a chair up beside mine, and the loved one seems to sit in it,—the dreams of youth are realities, and I revel in the happiness of my Home. I close the drawer and am back in my lonely chamber.

With a smile at the Past, a sigh for the Present, and a yawn in the face of the Future, I seek sleep. Farewell!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

CHURNDASHER TO PLOWHANDLE.

MISTER EDDYTUR:—I thout as how there woodent bee eny moore harm in mi rytin tu yu, then eny boddy, soe I rekun I shall try it. Yu ce, I hern a feller sey knot long agow, as how hede gyv 10 dollurs tu no hoo Mises CHURNDASHER and Mister PLOWHANDLE wus, and I coodent help laphin tu miselph, caws yu ce, I no hur, as well as mi old spelin book! Yu ce—twyxt yu and mea,—shese noeboddy but mi cuzzin, and I donte expekt yude ever mystrust shede ever ryt a word in hur liphe, and I laphd tu, caws I new she didnt lyv a grate wase from hym. Housever, what I want to no is, iph yude tel mea hoo Mister PLOWHANDLE iz? I hern as how hese like tu bea sot up kunsydurabul bye his rytins. I wunder iph hele ryte agyn about the phare? I wish hede ben tu our phare. I want on the kumity this yere, but iph I had ben, Ide opherd premyuns on sum things noeboddy else ever dyd—that's so. I hante got time tu tell yu what noo. Nur I dydent goe nuther, caws the durned graswhopers ete up evry grene thing I rased, and I want goen witheout nothen tu gyt the prymion. Wall, kant ryte no moore now, caws Ive got tu dig owr putaters, and I kant bare tu, tha ante wuth digen. I wish all the graswhopers'd ben droundyd in the black ce, with the rest oph the fylistins!—good by. from yure phrend tyl Deth.

KESIAR CHURNDASHER.

P. S.—I forgot tu tel yu I lyv out here in Swamptoun, klus tu the laik. K. C.

Sept. 28th

THE GARDEN.

THE garden is a bound volume of agricultural life written in poetry. In it the farmer and his family set the great industries of the plow, spade, and hoe in rhyme. Every flower or fruit-bearing tree is a green syllable after the graceful type and curse of Eden. Every bed of flowers is an acrostic to Nature, written in the illustrated capitals of her own alphabet. Every bed of beets, celery, or savory roots or bulbs, is a page of blank verse, full of the *belles lettres* of agriculture. The farmer may be seen in his garden. It contains the synopsis of his character in letters that may be read across the road. The barometer hung by his door will indicate certain facts about the weather, but the garden, lying on the sunny side of the house, will mark, with greater precision, the degree of mind heart culture which he has reached. It will embody and reflect his tastes, the bent and bias of his perceptions of grace and beauty. In it he holds up the mirror of his inner life to all who pass; and, with an observant eye, they may see all the features of his intellectual being in it. In that choice rood of earth he records his progress in mental cultivation and professional experience.—In it he marks, by some intelligent sign, his scientific and successful economies in the corn field.—In it you may see the germs of his reading, and can almost tell the number and nature of his books. In it he will reproduce the seed-thoughts he has culled from the printed pages of his library. In it he will post an answer to the question whether he has any taste for reading at all. Many a nominal farmer's house has been passed by the book agent without a call, because he saw a blunt, bruff negative to the question in the garden or yard.—*Elihu Burritt.*

UNWRITTEN SONGS.

ANYWHERE by some fringed stream in New York woods, or under the shadow of a New England mountain, or even here away in the leafy edges of Indiana or Michigan. But he must needs to get up before breakfast; it is the *matins* he must have performed in that hour of gold, silver and pearl, between the dawn and the sunrise. The blue-bird and the robin, the bobolink and the thrush; the mocking-bird, the martin and the sparrow, all these, and "ever so many more," fill the morning and the heart with melody. But with the first flash of sun, the ecstacy subsides, and the grand anthem is ended.

Very few, we imagine, have ever heard this gush of song. Duty may rouse them, or pain forbid sleep, but they were not *charmed* awake. There is a startling beauty in that concert; the listener can not be done wondering at the volume of sweet sound there is in a single grove; the variety of the tones, and the marvellous harmony of the whole.

Beginning gradually with a warble in the grass or a note in the trees, it rapidly multiplies and deepens and extends, until every leafy bough conceals a singer, while the east is slowly brightening. With the first deep crimson and golden glow, the enthusiasm culminates, and the swelling wave of song subsides. And when the lazy World and his wife yawn their way to breakfast, they pause at the window, and while the robin holds on in its sweet old story, and the sparrow chirps a solo, they say, "how charmingly the birds do sing!" not dreaming, luxurious souls, that the concert was all over before their last dream began.—*B. F. Taylor.*

THE indifference with which all Americans regard the passage of a funeral procession is proverbial. Now the French people, from a regard to the feelings of mourners, as well as respect for the memory of the dead, when they meet a funeral procession, stand still, and uncover their head in the street while the procession passes. A most touching tribute to the memory of the dead. We most earnestly wish our people had the heart to imitate it.

IN most quarrels there is a fault on both sides.—A quarrel may be compared to a spark, which cannot be produced without a flint as well as a steel, either of them may hammer on wood forever, and no fire will follow.—*Bacon.*

Sabbath Musings.

"AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT."

LIGHT at the evening time!
Oh! blessed hope, when, on the waters dark,
Faith's straining eye can scarce discern the ark,
And the poor dove, in weary flight around,
No olive branch has found!

Light at the evening time!
Oh! blessed hope, when brightest suns have set
In strange eclipse while it was noonday yet,
And we remain in chill and silent fear
Within the shadow drear!

Light at the evening time!
Oh! precious promise, lightening the gloom,
When a sad nation stands around the tomb
Where Genius sleeps, and dearest hopes are laid
Low in death's awful shade!

Light at the evening time!
Oh! cheering thought, when Thy mysterious ways
Leave us, O, Father, in the strange amaze
Where faith can only anchor on that word,
"So hast *Thou* willed, good Lord!"

Light at the evening time!
Yes, suddenly and dense the thunder cloud
May wrap the skies of noon in deepest shroud,
But the sun is not quench'd—a golden ray
Shall come ere close of day.

Light at the evening time!
O, God of love! no darkness dwells with Thee,
And in Thy light at last we light shall see;
Thy covenant of mercy faileth never,
Thine own are Thine forever!

Light at the evening time!
Let us walk patiently through darkness on,
Till we arrive where clouds and storms are gone,
And all Eternity's disclosures tell
Thou hast done all things well!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

DOING GOOD.

THAT doing good should be the great object of our lives, all, I trust, will be willing to admit, but many I fear have yet to learn its true philosophy. A life of *practical* goodness alone will demonstrate it, and those who live for self only, if such there be, have yet to learn the advantages accruing from such a life. The Philanthropist, who bends the noblest energies of his soul in seeking out the sorrowed and oppressed of earth—who strives to alleviate sorrow, by pouring in the balm of consolation upon the heart, or by supplying the demands of suffering humanity—feels a satisfaction within, a consciousness that he has fulfilled in part the object of his creation. The Christian who spends a life of self-denial—who labors to secure the happiness of perishing souls, by leading them to the river of eternal life, "whose streams make glad the city of our GOD," knows "that with such sacrifices GOD is well pleased." The poor Widow, as she casts her last mite into the treasury of the LORD, feels of a truth that it "is more blessed to give than to receive." So, we see that doing good is not only attended with unalloyed pleasure to us, but it is carrying out, in part, the great principles taught us by our SAVIOR, who went about continually doing good.

There are many ways by which good may be accomplished. It may not be necessary to sacrifice our possessions, our enjoyment, or our lives; but by gentle words, and little acts of kindness, we may disseminate an influence the most salutary—we may throw a talisman around the hearts of some who could not be met under other circumstances, however suspicious their character. To accomplish this, our lives must be circumspect, our characters unblemished, and our hearts adorned with love and purity. Changed, indeed, would be the aspect of earth, if all hearts were engaged in such an enterprise—how conducive it would be to our present enjoyment, and the endless felicity of the world to come.

Marion, N. Y., 1858. ANNIE P. R.

"IS THAT ALSO THINE!"—A beautiful reply is recorded of a Dalecarlian peasant, whose master was displaying to him the grandeur of his estates. Farms, houses and forests were pointed out in succession on every hand, as the property of the rich proprietor, who summed up finally by saying:—"In short, all that you see in every direction, belongs to me." The poor man looked thoughtfully for a moment, then pointing up to Heaven, solemnly replied,—"And is *that* also thine?"

And is not this a question which may well be addressed to every one who is rejoicing in the multitude of his riches; who, as he looks around him sees the mercies that have been poured into his lap; may he not be asked—"Is Heaven also thine?" And if such a question may be asked of the rich, may it not be asked of all, whether rich or poor? And may we in all sincerity ask the reader to weigh well the words—"*Is Heaven also thine?*"

MARAH AND ELIM.—Marah and Elim! How near they lie to each other! Thus near to each other are the bitter and the sweet of life, the sorrow and the joy of time. Both in the same desert, and oftentimes following each other in the progress of one day or hour. The bitter, too, is first, and then the sweet. Not first Elim and then Marah; but Marah first, and then Elim; the cloud, then the sunshine; first the weariness, then the rest. In token of this we broke off a branch of palm from one of these Elim trees, and laying it on a similar branch which we had brought from Marah, we tied them together, to be kept in perpetual memory, not merely of the scenes but of the truth which they so vividly teach.—*Dr. Bonar's "Desert of Sinai.*

DEATH WITHOUT CHRIST.—You may think to live very well without Christ, but you cannot afford to die without him. You may stand very securely at present, but death will shake your confidence. Your tree may be fair now, but when the wind comes, if it has not its roots in the Rock of Ages, down it must come. You may think your worldly pleasures good, but they will then turn bitter as wormwood in your taste; worse than gall shall be the daintiest of drinks when you shall come to the bottom of the bowl.—*Spurgeon.*

CHRIST is the great object of attraction to heaven and earth; the Father loves him, angels adore him and saints place their confidence in him.

The Traveler.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

Sketches from the Alps to the Adriatic.

NUMBER SIX.

The Pass of Brenner—Descent towards Italy—Sudden Change of Climate—The Valley of the Adige—Meran—Castle Tyrol—A Tramp in the Passeyer Valley—An Eccentric Companion.

The Brenner Posthouse, on the highest point of the pass, is four thousand three hundred and seventy-five feet above the level of the sea. The road is one of the easiest and oldest across the Alps. It was used and fortified by the Romans, and the hosts of barbarians from the North, who overwhelmed ancient Rome, passed into Italy over Brenner. The pass is a narrow gorge. On either hand rise lofty peaks, their bases covered with patches of fir forest, intermingled with green pastures, but the extreme summits are sterile rock, half covered by the snow. Straight down the precipitous side of one peak, flows a torrent which draws its floods from the lowest snow banks, and dashes them over the rough rocks, till they rival the whiteness of their sources. It pours them through the forests, where they glitter among the green trees, and finally it drops their smoke-like wreath, daintily as it seems, over a high precipice, to the bottom of the gorge. There they turn the wheel of a saw mill, and then rush on through a channel worn three or four feet deep, in a direct line to the opposite peak, but turn to the right after going a short distance. If that torrent should be checked for a time, and that channel filled smoothly to the brim, and then the waters let loose again, you could not tell whether the inclination of the land would lead them to the right or left. If they turned to the left they would flow to the Inn, the Danube, and the Black Sea, but as they go to the right they find their way to the Adige and the Adriatic.

The descent towards Italy is much steeper than towards Germany. All the way to Brixen, which is twenty-five miles distant, the road passes thro' a gorge—the valley of the Eisack. At Brixen, where the valley of the Puster enters the valley of the Eisack, there is a strong fortress that completely commands the road. There is some level bottom land, at the latter place, on each side of the river, but the valley rapidly narrows to a gorge again as it proceeds towards Bozen, twenty-five miles further down. In many places there is but just room enough for the boiling river, and the road is cut in the rock, with an overhanging precipice hundreds of feet high on one side and a railing of wood on the other. The river Eisack which, at its commencement on Brenner, I could easily leap across, grows rapidly larger, and at Bozen, fifty miles from its source, is nearly as wide as the Adige which it joins. I saw on the route many large wheels, turned slowly by the current, raising water to irrigate the land.

The sudden change in climate which one observes, when passing from the Northern to the Southern declivities of the Alps, is remarkable.—At the time I was in the valley of the Inn, summer had not asserted there the full supremacy of her sway. The earliest cherries were like green peas, and the Indian corn had but just burst forth to the sunshine—the grass, and the barley, and the rye, waved headless in the breeze—the trees had not soiled their fresh garments of joyous green—and no shepherd had dared to pipe his obedient flocks to the high pastures on the mountains. Half a day's walk direct from Innspruck brings one to the summit of the pass, and from thence to Bozen, the distance is fifty miles. When I arrived at Brixen, I saw, for the first time, vineyards in the Tyrol. At Bozen the hay harvest had commenced several days previously, the barley and the rye were growing yellow for the reaper, the cherry trees were red with ripe fruit, the air was warm at sunset, yet pure and invigorating—the balmyness of Italy mixed with the purity of the mountains. Orange, lemon, chestnut, and fig trees, stood on the slopes, and vineyards covered the broad valley below.

I went up the valley of the Adige to Meran, which is twenty-four miles from Bozen. The slopes that rise upwards from this valley are very beautiful, they are green with forests and meadows, and many villages and castles are scattered over them. I stood in one place and counted six castles. At the "Post," in Meran, I made the acquaintance of a young German who was my companion in two excursions. One was to the castle Tyrol, which, anciently, was the seat of its princes, and has given its name to the country. Three hundred years ago, a rain storm took place among the mountains and the clouds sent down so powerful a torrent of water, that it washed a deep gully close to the castle, and bore away some of the walls. The view from the ruin, over the valley and on to the mountains, amply rewards the exertion of an hour's walk from Meran. Our other excursion was up the valley of the Passeyer, to the house that was occupied by Andrew Hofer. We started in the middle of the forenoon and returned at eleven o'clock at night. The valley itself is not very interesting, as it is narrow and the mountains rather monotonous. The only road is a foot path which crosses the Passeyer several times, by wooden bridges. Hofer's house, which is now, as formerly, an inn, stands close to the river's brink, and is larger, and better built than the majority of peasant houses. Behind the house is a small patch of tillable land, above which rise the mountain precipices and pastures. Before the door hung several targets, full of bullet holes, of which many were in the center. I was told that nearly every Sunday the peasants assemble, and shoot at targets with their rifles.

We returned in the evening, and had a pleasant walk. I shall not forget how the full moon rose over the mountains, lighting up their rocky, snowy peaks, and chasing the shadows out of the valleys. The sky looked so warm and beautiful, the air was so pure and balmy, and scented by new mown hay. As we neared Meran, we found the most of the path wholly under water, but by springing from stone to stone, we avoided wet feet. This overflow of water was caused by the opening of dams in the fields above, where the water that came down the mountains in small rivulets had been gathered for the purpose of irrigation.

My German friend was rather eccentric in some of his notions. He did all by rule, always stopping to consider what effect a movement would have on his health before he executed it. He very much regretted that he had not brought along three clean shirts, and said that when he ascended one of the mountains near Meran, a trip of a few hours, he had carried half a dozen, all of which he used to keep himself dry. At the inn where we dined he took off his shirt, had it washed, dried, and ironed while we waited, and then declared himself ready to return.

The romantic environs of Meran, and its agreeable and healthy climate, make it an excellent place for passing a few summer and fall months. There are two well conducted and convenient hotels, which, in the time of the grape harvest, are often filled with strangers, consisting of invalids that resort thither for the benefit of the grapes, and persons seeking for pleasure. At the time I was there, a couple of English families had already been quartered some weeks at the hotel. The land in the valley is not remarkably rich, but the Southern climate together with the advantages of irrigation, render it easy to grow two crops on the land at the same time. The vines are trained over high arbors, extending from one side of the field to the other, and completely shut out the sun's rays from the surface of the ground, but beneath these vines corn, potatoes, wheat, barley, and rye grow and produce abundantly. It looked *cool* to see men lazily hoeing the corn in the shade under these arbors.

G. F. W.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

LINGERINGS WITH NATURE.—NO. I.

SENECA LAKE.

Not celebrated in story—not named in song, save through Percival's gentle notes, it yet reflects the blue summer sky and paints the living green of its banks upon the hearts of all who bask in its warm splendor, or catch its first bright spring smile. A dream of rural quiet and sylvan shades comes floating with the morning mists as they sweep down with the wind and rise to reveal the green slopes of the adjoining grove-dotted landscape. Pleasant thoughts of the valleys beyond, of the glens and hill-sides, where the vines and flowers nestle and flourish, come with the glad sunshine, as it lies aslant the distant hill-top, or glows upon the burnished water. Like thwarted human hope the winding shores of the lake show the gentle but powerful surgings, the sweep of the tempest and the unnoted washing of the waves; yet, like that same unconquerable hope, it turns not from its general course, but with steady force bears onward to its destination. At the head of the lake, after a glance at its dark waters, we turn to "Glen Maria"—a rocky defile—the mark of some sudden convulsion in nature, leaving a soul-lit eye in the rock-bound face thus opportunely revealed to our view. Like its slippery paths and tortuous ways are those of the sin-guided soul, ever tramping upon the narrow ledges and scaling the doubtful precipices from which a single mis-step might hurl to certain ruin.

Damp, dark, wonderful and wild—the slaty rock worn into narrow crevices and channels—the scrubby evergreens fastened to the rocky sides and the tall trees leaning to meet above—all bring a strange, weird feeling of awe and rapture, wonder and reverence. Following the winding shores of the Seneca, and pausing a moment to gaze at the Painted Rock of Indian warfare we come suddenly upon the long, foaming line of whitened waters known as Hector Falls. Leaping down between its green banks, revealing the dark line of the bridge mid way, and rivaling in whiteness the adjacent cottages, it seems an abiding life, a living picture. Miles beyond a series of garden fields and fragrant orchards, the wild glen, Rock Stream, or the "Fall of the Silver Thread," but shows its grim portal ere the majestic volume of Big Spring Fall deafens our ears and enwraps our souls in new visions of awed delight. Tumbling, roaring and bounding, it angrily rushes down the jutting rocks, to check its fury against the calm surface of the silver lake, burying and deadening its seeming wrath as the waters meet. The bolder hills vanish as we sail onward past the many picturesque points and rough wharfs; the sloping hill-sides are dotted with villages—the rich meadows waving with grain and ripe with plenty. We finally land at Geneva; beautiful beyond description, yet wanting the dim vision of cloud-capped mountains, or rose-tinted and fire-lifted peaks, as they lie against the clear sky, to bring a memory of Switzerland and the Alps. Still, its wondrous summer beauty lies upon many a heart, and inspires many torpid souls with holy thoughts and heaven-born purposes, which loftier hills and sunnier skies may never have awakened.

Beautiful Seneca! of life a fitting type,—changing, yet ever the same—smiling with the sun and frowning with the clouds—continually wasting, yet ever imperishable!

L. A. T.

North Fairfield, Ohio, 1858.

THE RHINE.

A correspondent of the St. Louis *Democrat* describes the Rhine thus:—"Every letter writer is so full of praise of the Rhine, or its wonderful scenery, that I shall pass it all by with one or two brief remarks. In width, current, and general appearance, it resembles the Ohio at a good stage of water. It is of a beautiful light green, different from the waters of any western river I have ever seen. The current is quite rapid, but not so rapid as the Mississippi. Little, low pressure steamers, like those on the Thames, of from 80 to 150 tuns burthen, are constantly passing up and down for passengers and towing barges; but none of these steamers are as fine or as comfortable as those of our western boats. They have no staterooms or cabins on the upper decks. There are, all along the river, on both sides, sloping hills, which often rise into mountains, with here and there a ruined castle on the summit, but though these slopes are often cultivated with vines almost to the very top, there is nothing in all this scenery which is equal in sublimity to the Hudson, or in beauty and variety to our own Mississippi above Prarie du Chien."

The prosperity of man lies in this one word—Education. Convey humanity to this fountain of happiness, and you bestow everything; all means of power and greatness.

THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

In Pisa, a walled city of Tuscany, is the famous *Campanile*, or Leaning Tower. This tower is one hundred and seventy-eight feet in height, fifty feet in diameter, the uppermost story over-hanging the base about fifteen feet. The material used in construction is marble—the design, eight rows of pillars, one above the other. In reference to its history and its architect, the *Cyclopedia Americana* very briefly informs us, that it was "built in the twelfth century, by a German of the name of William."

It is a matter of doubt whether this beautiful piece of architecture has actually sunk, or whether it was designedly built with its present inclination. However, we have in the Leaning Tower a remarkable illustration of the principle, that the line of direction must fall within the base upon which the body stands for support—if it falls outside of the base, the body overturns. A line cast from the summit of the Tower to the ground, and passing through the centre of gravity, falls within the base, and it stands secure. Were an attempt made to build the Tower a few feet higher, so that a perpendicular line, passing through the centre of gravity, would fall beyond the base, it would topple to destruction in an instant. This fact demonstrates another philosophical proposition, viz:—"The larger the base of a body, and the nearer its principal mass is to the base, the more firmly it will stand."

OUR SUMMER FRIENDS.

Who is not bothered with flies in summer? Who, at this present season, has not been tempted to differ from the benevolent humorist's opinion, that the world is wide enough for him and the winged torments? Yet, what a profound knowledge of the animal structure can be obtained from the flies that pester us while we sit in our rooms! A work has just been published by two gifted men on the common house-fly and the earth-worm, with microscopic illustrations. In this volume attention is called to the wonderful organization of the fly, enabling it to walk on the ceiling with its feet upwards, or on the smooth panes of glass, setting apparently the laws of gravitation at defiance. Its feet, in fact, are furnished with countless minute suckers, that operate in the same manner as the leather suckers used by school boys to lift heavy stones. Then look at the neatness of the fly; how indefatigably it brushes its wings, and rubs its legs against each other, to remove any particles of dust! Those diminutive legs are covered with hairs that serve as dusters.

A scientific gentleman observed the other day in our hearing that the common horse-fly stood midway among living creatures in point of size; that is, taking the elephant as the largest among animals, and the mite as the smallest, there were as many classes of creatures smaller as there were larger than the fly. Not only its wonderful little frame, but its nervous system, is an interesting subject for discussion. As to its habits, it has a marvellous fancy for human companionship. It visits us familiarly, partakes our food, and cultivates, as far as it can, a friendly familiarity with us. Without hesitation it will alight on our faces and hands, and examine everything we do. It is among insects what the dog is among animals. Now, before we spurn the smaller intruder as an unwelcome guest, let us see if it can teach us no lesson of admiration and wonder at the Creator's power.—Viewed in this light, we shall find these summer friends capable of affording us the opportunity for much learning and profitable thought.

MICROSCOPIC WONDERS.

Among the most remarkable of those myriads of animals which exist in every drop of water, is the navicula—a little creature which has some twenty or thirty legs, and is endowed by Nature with an armor of flint. In a paper which was recently laid before one of the scientific societies of London, some curious facts concerning this diminutive animal were stated. Among other things it was mentioned that if an observer watches narrowly for five or six hours, he will note a thin transparent line spreading across it in some direction. After the line makes its first appearance it becomes every moment more distinct, and rapidly increases in width. At length the creature begins wriggling its limbs violently, the body splits asunder, and two new naviculæ are made out of one old one. The animal has something like a hundred stomachs, and its mouth, which is situated near one extremity, is surrounded by a number of almost invisible tentacula, with which it grasps its food; but as soon as the transparent line appears, which denotes its approaching division into two, as another mouth will be wanted another is seen sprouting from the other extremity, and is ready to perform its functions as soon as the separation is effected. The navicula divides itself in two, once in twelve hours, under ordinary circumstances. But there are some kinds of naviculæ which split themselves into sixteen instead of two in the same space of time. Were there no checks to the increase, a single one of the tribe would become the producer of many hundred millions of creatures in a month.—*Portfolio.*

THE "RURAL" IN THE FAMILY.

The Rural New-Yorker is a readable weekly, highly esteemed by ladies and children. Our better half thinks it the best of the exchanges. We shall look after this paper sharply, for if it advocates feminine agriculture, or the right of woman to dig potatoes, as we suspect, we will throw ourself into the breach (perhaps we ought to say *breeches*,) at every hazard. "Give us liberty, or give us death."—*Springfield (Mass.) Rep.*

The above notice, from a "readable weekly"—on political, literary and local New England topics—is highly complimentary, though perchance intended to be ironical. Any journal which is "highly esteemed by ladies and children" must be a welcome visitor, and wield great influence at and in the Family Circle. We often receive letters which say that of the six, twelve, or more papers taken in the family, the Rural is the most anxiously looked for each week, and the *first sought* and *soonest and most read* of the whole collection. This proves that the Rural is appreciated by those for whose benefit it is designed, and to promote whose welfare we devote earnest and continuous labor—the various members of the Family. Our talk is not exclusively of cattle, pigs and chickens—of plowing, planting, harvesting, and selling wheat, corn, potatoes, &c; but we believe that while these are properly discussed, it is also our duty, as it is our pleasure, to discourse of many other subjects of interest to fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, and that in so doing we increase the knowledge, pleasure, contentment, and consequent happiness of tens of thousands of people who, we trust, occupy the only foretaste of heaven on earth—peaceful and happy *Homes*. As to the Rural's "advocating feminine agriculture, or the rights of women to dig potatoes," &c., we assure our contemporary that it does not believe such things heretical. Moreover, it holds that, while the men have their reapers, threshers, and other labor-saving implements, the women are entitled to similar "aid and comfort" in *their* department—such as sewing machines, and the various improvements for lessening the labors of the dairy, kitchen, &c. While our friend goes for "liberty *or* death,"—and, like many other unthinking mortals, wants all the liberty on the masculine side—*we* think the wives, mothers, sisters and daughters of the "rural districts" are entitled to *a little more liberty*, and *less* of the slavery which insures premature death, mental and physical.

It would of course be much easier and cheaper to make the Rural all Agricultural—for papers which are devoted mainly to one subject, (whether Agriculture, Religion, Politics, Literature, or News,) require far less labor and expense than one combining several important topics—but we shall continue to furnish one which, while it is reliable on Practical and Useful Subjects, shall also comprise such instruction, entertainment, and counsels relative to mental and moral training as we believe adapted to the wants and welfare of almost every family in the country.

—Since the above was written, our attention has been called to the following article from the last number of the *Chicago Journal*. It is so much to the point, and so handsomely endorses our notions and practice, that we cannot refrain from giving it in this connection:

"No paper in the land, whose talk is of garden, orchard and farm, is more welcome in the household than Moore's Rural New-Yorker. It has a healthy, pleasant look, and is conducted 'excellent well.' Some agricultural editors seem to think they are writing for the pigs and the poultry instead of the people, and fancy they must 'hang about' the barn-yard, go wading in the new plowing over the the tops of their boots, and never make themselves presentable and enter the house at all. Nobody can possibly be as wise as some of them look; and when they come to the fireside they are as dull and heavy as an old breaking-up plow. They do not appear to know that the most profitable stock a man can have upon his farm are healthy, happy, intelligent children; that even an Agricultural paper may have something pleasant to say to the boys, and something sweet to tell the girls; that to cultivate the taste, to quicken and strengthen a love of beauty, are as much the province of the Agriculturists, as to decide when turnips should be sown, or how calves should be weaned, or the analysis of soils. The Rural New-Yorker neglects none of these things, and so renders itself good company in the household, and a welcome visitant."

—And here is an item from the *Worcester Daily Transcript* of the 20th inst.—received since the foregoing was placed in type—which so tersely commends the Rural, and its objects and tendencies, that we are constrained to quote it in conclusion:

"Among all the agricultural papers of the country, we know of none which more nobly fulfill their mission than Moore's Rural New-Yorker. It must be a welcome visitor to every household it enters. Its discussions of farmer's lore are broad and instructive; its encouragements to intelligent rural life are many and various; *its cheering words to the young hopes of the household will put a meaning into many an unfolding life*; and its ample pages will be found a treasury from which every dweller in the country can draw rich prizes."

LOOKING-GLASSES.

The manufacture of silvered mirrors, as at present carried on, is one of the most curious of modern arts. The process of thus silvering glass mirrors is very simple. The sheet of tin-foil, somewhat larger than the mirror, is laid upon a smooth table, and quicksilver poured over it until it covers the tin-foil with a thickness of one-tenth of an inch or more; when the mercury has been swept by the edge of a stick to clean off the drops from its surface, the glass plate, scrupulously clean, is brought even with the edge of the table, and pushed gently forward sideways, so as to slide over the bath of mercury, its edge just dipping beneath its surface, so as to push before it all impurities, and to exclude all air-bubbles. Weights are then evenly applied over the back of the mirror, and the whole table inclined to such an angle as to favor the drawing off of the superfluous mercury. This requires some days or weeks, according to the size of the plate. Here is an additional risk and cost in large mirrors, since the time consumed is not small, and the danger of fracture imminent. The amalgam sometimes crystallizes, producing imperfections which require the renewal of the whole process; and the health of those engaged in it also suffers, and is finally destroyed by mercurial salivation.—*Life Illustrated.*

A blind guide is certainly a great mischief; but a guide that blinds those whom he should lead is undoubtedly a much greater.

The Young Ruralist.

WORK, AND THE LOVE OF IT.

Messrs. Eds:—I have noticed that there has been quite a war between some of the Young Ruralists for a few weeks past, and I have *wanted* to help on one side or the other bad enough, but thinking "discretion the better part of valor," I have contented myself by looking on. Now, I come in and take a view of the field, after the combatants have retired. If they are not through yet, I'll back out *quicker*. The pen—a formidable weapon when wielded by a practiced hand—has been flourished pretty freely on both sides, and considerable *ink* shed, but I hope none of the competitors have been badly wounded.

I agree with Harry Harris, when he says,—"some persons *pretend* they like to work, and I pretend to assert that that is absolutely false." I don't call it *work* to go into the garden and weed onions half an hour every day, or scatter the dirt around two dozen hills of beans; but to roll logs from six in the morning till sunset, or pick up stone and put them into heaps, or build fence with heavy oak rails, when a person will feel the next morning as if the cartilage was started from every joint—*that's work!* It is not reasonable for me to suppose that a person should be censured for complaining of "*constitutional weariness*" under such circumstances.

I can see just how some of those would-be-industrious persons work. "O, dear! I must put my gloves on, or these little delicate hands will be stained and sunburnt, and won't be fit to be seen in a month! "A man can be as honorable if he gets his living by his education as one who gets it by farming. The merchant is just as much entitled to a place in society as the farmer; and although his work is not the same, his row is just as wide and long as any other.

Many young men are persuaded that they must do *just as their father's did*, if they have been bro't up on a farm they are good for nothing but farmers. That's not so. Must I grow broom corn for a livelihood, just because my father did? I have lived on a farm for fifteen years, and *worked* too, and when I wanted a leisure moment I had to *take* it, for it never came to me. I have a "repugnance" to farming, and I begin to think it's "*natural*." Like the man who did not like to saw wood, "*I ain't built right!*"

You may think that I am *lazy*, but there is no such word in my vocabulary,—though I had a very strong hint that way once when I did not hoe quite as much corn as my brother. But enough, let those *farm it* who like it.

Drawde.

Beaver Dam, Wis., 1858.

LETTER FROM A MINNESOTA BOY.

Dear Rural:—I saw in a late number a letter from a correspondent in Oregon, and thought I would let your readers know something in regard to Minnesota, for I think it is one of the most desirable States in the Union. St. Paul (the present capital) is on the east side of the Mississippi river. It contains about 15,000 or 16,000 inhabitants. In morals the present St. Paul is not quite so perfect as the one of old. However, it is to be hoped that as he grows older he will be steadier.

There is one peculiarity about Minnesota rather strange, viz.:—most of the rain falls in the night. Minnesota is a land of flowers. No one will deny this who has been up here. The editor of the *Pioneer and Democrat* says:—"In a space of twenty acres we counted no less than forty-seven different varieties." If that is not flowery what is?

I have one fault to find with your paper, viz.:—you do not put any more articles on Natural History in the Young Ruralists' column. Now don't think me fault-finding. I was almost afraid to write to you, but as you promised the young folks to put their articles in "ship shape" and good order, I summoned up courage, and the "deed is done."

Minnesota Boy.

St. Paul, Oct., 1858.

How to Preserve The Rural.—Can you tell us how the Rural may pass through the hands of a half dozen individuals, be read and handled to satisfaction by each for one week, and be referred to every "now and then" till the close of the volume, and then be in a fit condition for binding? I have tried reading aloud, so that one reading would do for all, but to little purpose, as they have to be *handled* and *seen*, every inch of them, by all the family, before they are satisfied; so that at the close of the volume, I find that many of them are out at the elbows.—Young Ruralist, *Marion, N. Y.*

Remarks.—We don't know as we can help our young friend over the difficulty. As soon as a number has been read by the family, it should be filed with previous numbers. This is not only a convenience in referring to back numbers, but keeps them in good order. Any ingenious boy can make a good paper file. Try it, and if this fails, you will have to take two copies—one for present reading, and one for preservation.

Fire-Eating.—I would like to be informed as to what "*fire-eaters*" use to prevent burning their mouths.—Y. L. C., *Centralia, Ill.*

Remarks.—We keep our mouth from being burned by being careful not to put anything hot into it. Some *fire-eaters* not only burn their mouths, but their fingers. Diluted sulphuric acid we believe is the preparation used by magicians and others to give their flesh the power of resisting the action of fire. Several applications is necessary. No sensible boy would think of putting such stuff in his mouth, or of trying such foolish and dangerous experiments. Leave such things to the clowns.

Cabbage Rotting.—Will some of your readers inform me through the Rural what will prevent cabbage from rotting? My cabbage rotted last season when the heads first became firm and solid, and are affected this season.—A Young Ruralist. *Williamsport, Pa.*, 1858.

Stuffing Birds, &c.—Mrs. J. A., Paris, C. W.—The information needed you will find in the first four numbers of the present year.

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A few Agents Wanted to go South—Derby & Jackson.
For Sale—Lyman Halley
Subsoil Plow for Ditching—John Pratt.
Leicester Rams—Wm Jeffrey
Wendell's Premium Poultry and Rabbits for sale—E. A. Wendell

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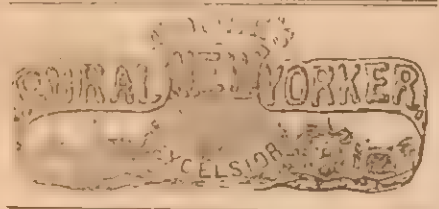

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 30, 1858.

FALL CAMPAIGN QUARTER!

The Rural Three Months, on Trial, at Half Price!

☞ At the suggestion of many of its friends and in order to introduce the paper more generally preparatory to the new volume, we have concluded to offer the RURAL for the present quarter—October to January, 13 numbers—at ONLY HALF PRICE, (25 cts.) thus placing it within the means and reach of all who wish to give it a fair trial. We will send 4 copies for $1; 8 for $2; 12 for $3; 20 for $5, &c., and mail to as many different persons or post-offices as desired. Of course, we shall not realize a farthing's profit, yet wish to circulate at least Five Thousand trial copies of this quarter.

—In response to the above offer, we have already received *over Three Thousand* Trial Subscribers, and they still come at the rate of 200 to 300 a day—thanks to the Men, Women and Young People who have entered the arena in behalf of the *Fall Campaign Quarter* of their favorite RURAL WEEKLY. We can still furnish two or three thousand more "trials" from Oct. 2—having prepared for a brisk campaign—and trust our friends will continue their calls as long as we can supply the demand. ☞ We this week add largely to former editions, so that, in case of emergency, we can supply the last ten numbers of this quarter, and three of some previous one, in order to complete the Baker's Dozen. Send on the Trials! [Oct. 23.

Washington Matters.

THE N. Y. Times Washington correspondent says the State Department has received no communication from the Society Islands on the subject of annexation. The paper presented by Count Sartiges wanted the withdrawal from their plantation of two or three Americans who were intermeddling with their political affairs. The American Consul refused to forward the papers, and hence it was sent through the French officials.

A dispatch from Washington in the N. Y. Herald, says Gov. Walker and Mr. Soule have a new scheme on foot for settling emigrants from this country in Nicaragua. Societies on the plan of the New England Emigrant Society, have been formed in the South, and several parties of emigrants will depart from southern ports early in November.

The N. Y. Tribune correspondent says the Administration has not definitely settled upon any tariff policy. Secretary Cobb resists the principle of protection, but efforts are making for a compromise to this effect:—Congress to pass a law authorising the Secretary of the Treasury to raise the duties on certain specific schedules as may be determined, provided the tariff of 1857 should not afford sufficient revenue within two months.

The overland California mail is semi-weekly, but in consideration of the Post-Office Department having consented to change one of the days of departure from San Francisco from Thursday to Friday, the company run a third mail between that city and Los Angelos.

Governor Denver has positively declined the Governorship of Kansas, and is on his way to Washington.

Governor M'Mullin has been notified that he will be superceded as Governor of Washington Territory.

Senor Lete, representative of the Constitutional Government of Mexico, left Washington on the 20th inst., for Vera Cruz, to consult with Juarez and his Cabinet, on important matters pertaining to the relations of Mexico and this country.

Between $800,000 and $900,000 will be required for the pay of the volunteers who engaged in service against the Florida Indians up to the time of the removal of Billy Bowlegs and his band.

Private letters speak of the alarm of the several South American Republics with which we have unsettled accounts, in consequence of the Paraguay movements, fearing that forces may ultimately be directed against them.

RESULT OF THE BALLOON RACE—In our issue of the 16th inst. we noted the progress making at Cincinnati to test the relative claims of Prof. STEINER, the American æronaut, and MONS. GODARD, a French balloonist, to superiority in their peculiar vocations. The trial came off as advertised, and the contest was concluded by the descent of both æronauts in the vicinity of Sandusky, Ohio. Both left Cincinnati at 4.21 P. M., on Monday. STEINER landed at 10 30 the same evening, in a corn-field, about half a mile from Sandusky city, having traveled two hundred and thirty miles in the six hours and nine minutes he was up! GODARD landed at 10.15 the same evening, in a large open field, near Hunt's Corners, about eighteen miles from Sandusky. STEINER and GODARD returned to Cincinnati in the same railroad train, and the former has been declared the victor! Both æronauts might have traveled further, but neither seemed to fancy a ride over lake Erie during the night, with a prospect of descending into the water or in a Canadian forest. The Cincinnati *Gazette* says that "GODARD will start in a day or two for the East, and will leave for France forthwith. He will make no more ascensions in this country."

THE WAR IN INDIA.—A late issue of the *Friend of India* speaks thus concerning the war in India:—"We begin to see the end of the struggle. Oude and Shahahad alone remain in possession of the rebels. The Central India insurgents are fleeing from district to district, and town to town, careful, not so much to recruit their exhausted forces as to preserve their ill-gotten wealth. They are endeavoring to find the limits of British power, and a country where they may settle in peace, and found a new dynasty. But the empire and the influence of the Indian government are of no contracted limits. The offender cannot hope to escape beyond the confines of our rule. Sooner or later justice overtakes him; sooner or later he pays the penalty of his crimes, and only learns our power when he discovers that flight is impossible. North and south, east and west, there is nothing for the rebel but the sea, to him an object of superstitious dread, and tribes of whose hostility he is assured by the remembrance of bygone ages of conquest. Our confidence is not ill-founded. The steady rise in the value of government promissory notes, the absence of all extensive local disturbances, the increased vigor of commercial enterprise, and the removal of martial law over districts at one time the very centers of rebellion, all show that at no time since May, 1857, have we been more free from danger than at present."

FILLIBUSTERISM GOING TO TRY AGAIN.—The Cleveland Plaindealer publishes the following as a genuine document:

MOBILE, Oct. 10th, 1858.

SIR:—You are advised that on the 10th day of November next, a vessel will leave this port for San Juan del Norte. She will take any passengers and freight that may offer for Nicaragua.

If you or any persons in your neighbhood desire to emigrate to Central America, please advise me of it as soon as possible, in order that passage may be secured for you and your companions. It will be well for you to arrive here three or four days previous to the departure.

Your obedient servant,
WILLIAM WALKER.

Col. CHAS. DOUBLEDAY.

We suppose there are still men reckless enough and foolish enough, to follow the fortunes of this adventurer, whose name ought, however, by this time, to be a synonym for failure. For the benefit of such persons we reproduce the above, but advise them not to be misled by the "grey eyed man of destiny" who has already led so many to ruin, disease and death.

LAST ACT IN THE LITTLES' TRAGEDY.—It will be remembered by our readers that we chronicled the killing of CHARLES W. LITTLES, at the "Falls Field" in this city, on the night of the 19th of December, 1857, and the arrest of his wife and brother-in-law (MARION IRA STOUT) as the perpetrators of the deed. We also noted the result of the trial, when the brother was condemned to death, and the wife, convicted of manslaughter, was sent to Sing Sing for seven years. The counsel for Stout exerted himself to the utmost to avert the dreadful fate of the prisoner, but without avail, and he suffered the extreme penalty of the law, in the jail of this city, on Friday, the 22d inst.

SUDDEN CHANGES.—Mr. George W. Constable, one of the Salt Lake mail conductors, says that when he left Salt Lake City on the 4th of last month, the heat was oppressive; but when he got three days' travel out of the city it snowed, and the fourth day the ground was frozen and the ice plenty.—Three days later he went through snow nearly a foot deep, and when he got over on the North Platte the mosquitoes attacked him in swarms, and nearly devoured him. This was experiencing sudden changes and the four seasons in rapid succession.

ARTESIAN WELL IN KENTUCKY.—The Louisville Journal says the stream of water now thrown out in a jet is a most beautiful feature of this well, and is worth going a long distance to see. It was bored through solid limestone, alternating at various depths with seams of sandy and argillaceous limestones. The well is now 2,086 feet deep, and throws 225 gallons of water per minute, or 324,000 gallons in twenty-four hours. The force with which the water passes through an inch nozzle throws it 66 feet above the surface of the ground.

THIRTY FISHING VESSELS REPORTED LOST.—The Bath (Me.) Tribune reports serious disasters to the fishing fleet of Maine and Massachusetts, by which over thirty vessels engaged in the Mackerel fisheries are supposed to be lost.

Political Intelligence.

IN Pennsylvania the Official Returns on the State Ticket have been received from all the counties but nine, and the figures show a majority of upwards of 25,000 for the "Opposition" (Republican and American) nominees. The estimated majority in the counties not heard from increases this about 1,000. On Congress the majority is much heavier. The returns give 21 Opposition, 2 Anti Lecompton, and 2 Lecompton, to the next House.

OHIO exhibits a Republican majority, in 72 counties, of 17,734, and it is thought this will be brought up to about 20,000. The delegation from Ohio to the next Congress will stand 15 Republicans and 6 Democrats. The present is 12 Rep., 9 Dem.

INDIANA is Democratic on the State Ticket by about 6,000 maj. To Congress the returns indicate a choice of 6 Republicans, 2 Democrats, 1 Anti Lecompton; 2 districts not heard from. The returns for members of the Legislature thus far received show the election of 12 Republican and 3 Anti-Lecompton Democrats, and 12 Administration Senators, while there are 13 Republicans and 10 Democrats holding over from last session. In the House, 52 Republicans, 3 Anti-Lecompton and 45 Ad. Democrats are elected.

MINNESOTA, according to the St. Paul *Times* of the 18th inst., elects 33 Republicans to the House, and the Democrats 28. There are 19 districts yet to hear from. The Senate stands, with four districts still to hear from, 10 Republicans to 6 Democrats.

IOWA, with the exception of nine counties, has been heard from, and the result is as follows:—In the first Congressional district, Hon. S. S. Curtiss, Republican, has 421 majority. In the second, as far as heard from, W. Vandever, Republican, has 3,354 majority. The Dubuque Times claims the election of the Republican State Ticket, by 5,000 maj.

FROM SALT LAKE.—The Salt Lake mail with dates of Sept. 25th reached St. Joseph on the 16th. Sixty trains had passed Fort Bridger up to the 22d ult. Twenty were met on Sweet Water and eight more north of the Platte. Snow was encountered east of Fort Laramie. Two companies of cavalry returning were passed on the Big Blue. The Indians were numerous but peaceable. It was thought that the several trains would be overtaken by snow in mountains. Business was very brisk at Salt Lake. Trains were constantly arriving from California with goods and provisions. There was good feeling between the Mormons and Gentiles. The former speak in high terms of Gov. Cumming. Gen. Johnston's command consisted of 7,000 to 8,000 men, including troops and employees—all of which were consolidated in one grand encampment—would remain together during the winter.

INDIAN BATTLE.—A letter to the St. Louis Republican from Fort Belknap confirms the telegraph announcement of a great Indian battle near that post. Maj. Van Dorn's command of two hundred and fifty men, U. S. 2d Cavalry, and one hundred and twelve friendly Indians, commanded by Capt. Ross, had attacked a camp of Indians twenty-three miles west of Fort Arbuckle, on the morning of the 2d ult., at sunrise, and killed forty-four Indians, and took over two hundred women and children prisoners, besides taking a large number of horses. Major Van Dorn is badly wounded, having been shot twice, once in the arm, the other shot not mentioned. Lt. Van Camp was killed, and Capt. Ross wounded. Three of the men were killed and eight wounded.

PIKE'S PEAK GOLD MINES.—Leavenworth dates of the 20th inst., have been received at St. Louis. A portion of the Lawrence company had returned from the South Platte mines, bringing news to September 20th. Their accounts fully authenticate the existence of gold all along the South Platte, having prospected everywhere with fair success. Most of the miners were seeking winter quarters at Bent's and St. Vrain's Forts. The returned party design wintering at Lawrence, where they were tendered a public reception. They will return to the mines in the spring with a large outfit. Numbers continue to leave here, with the intention of wintering on the road.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH—A ROPE COVERED CABLE PROPOSED.—The public attention in England seems to be now directed to a scheme of a new cable, covered with hempen rope instead of metallic wire, proposed by Mr. Rowett. His idea is to have the conductor well and safely insulated with gutta percha, and then simply enclosed without further preparation in the strands of a common hemp cable, about an inch in diameter. He professes himself ready to contract to lay the rope from Valentia to Newfoundland, everything included, for £182,000, the cost of manufacturing the cable being about £86 per mile.

VESSEL LOST.—The Erie (Pa.) *Constitutionalist* of the 20th inst., says:—"The other day while one of our fishermen was tending his nets off this port, he discovered a large fore-and-aft schooner sunk in about 75 feet of water. Her masts are above water, and she lays headed up the lake, all sails set, some ten miles from shore. The probabilities are that she foundered during the gale of last Friday, and that all hands were lost. The name of the vessel has not yet been ascertained."

THE GRAIN TRADE OF CHICAGO.—The total receipts of grain at Chicago for the season, up to the 12th inst, were 394,584 barrels of flour, 3,583,856 bushels of wheat, 8,073,512 bushels of corn, 1,764,656 bushels of oats, and probably 85,000 bushels of barley—making a total of over twenty millions of bushels of grain, namely, 20,378,668 bushels. The shipments during the same time have been nearly eighteen millions, viz., 17,741,582 bushels.

FROM AFRICA.—The schooner P. A. Miller, at Providence, R. I., from Guillimore river, brings news that Dr. Livingstone had gone up the Nile with the small steamers. The disturbances with the native tribes continued, and the new Governor had started with a force of three native and forty European troops against them. News had been received of a victory over the native Champanzee on the Zambesi.

News Paragraphs.

THERE is a decrease in the taxable property of San Francisco, for the present fiscal year, as compared with the past, of considerably more than a million and a half of dollars.

FIVE large brass cannon have been found in two fathoms of water, off Long Branch, N. J. They are old Spanish guns, and have evidently been there a long time.

AMONG the exports from New York last week was a sectional dock for Peru, valued at $80,000.—A structure of this kind is much needed in that quarter. The dock is to be located at Callao.

THE Invalide Russe states that the telegraph from St. Petersburg to Moscow is to be extended to the frontiers of China, by which means it will be possible to receive news from Pekin in a week.

CAPT. POPE, who has charge of the artesian well expedition, writes from Pecos that the purpose of sinking wells on the plains will probably have to be abandoned, in consequence of the peculiarity of the geological formation, which is soft and crumbling to the depth of 1,050 feet, or as far as bored. The cost of establishing wells in such a place would be very great.

A PARTY of engineers have been making experiments for the last six months, with the Mississippi water, at a point opposite Columbus, Ky., in order to ascertain the amount of sediment carried down by the river during any given period. One result of the calculations was that the sediment which passes Columbus in one day, would, if the waters could be held entirely immovable, be sufficient to form quite a respectable dam across the river at that place.

MR. THOMAS COLLYER launched from his yard in New York, on Wednesday, a small steamer for China, to be called the White Cloud. She is destined to run on the large rivers of the Celestial Empire, and will be fitted with all the improvents of our river steamboats.

HENRY O'REILLY, the great telegrapher, says that Rochester now probably controls a larger extent of telegraph lines than is controlled by any one of the larger cities of the world.

JOHN H. W. HAWKINS, the eminent and indefatigable Apostle of Temperance, one of the six originators of the Washingtonian Temperance movement in Baltimore nearly twenty years ago, died recently, leaving a widow in the downhill of life very poorly provided for.

THE managers of the Crystal Palace, which was recently burned, appear to be getting up a quarrel. As they have no longer a "glass house," they begin to "throw stones."

THE English electricians concede that all the defects in the Atlantic cable are in that part laid from the Agamemnon. This must be gratifying to the officers of the Niagara.

ON Monday the axle to the rear car of a train on the Chicago branch of the Illinois Central Railroad, broke while the train was going at a high speed, and after the car had been dragged for some distance, thumping along the track, it overturned, sending its passengers, some fifty in number, in all directions. In this way it was dragged until it became a perfect wreck, but strange to say, no one was killed. One man had an arm badly crushed, and another was injured internally,

THE receipts at the late Indiana State Fair were $10,500; one crop of 20 acres of corn, offered for premium, gave an average of 136 bushels per acre. The best acre gave 160 bushels, the poorest, 102⅜.

THE Freestone (Texas) Pioneer, says that a large lion was recently killed on Noland's river, in Johnson county, in that State, which had killed nine horses in that vicinity.

A CINCINNATI paper notices the last solitary banquet of a "last man's" club in that city. In the cholera season of 1832, seven gentlemen agreed to meet annually and dine yearly together as long as they lived, a bottle of wine to be sealed and drunk in memoriam, by the last survivor. The first union was held on the 6th of October, 1832, and on the 6th of October, 1858, Dr. Vattier, sole survivor of the seven, drank from the bottle and pledged the six dead friends, whose empty chairs and empty plates, were his only society at the last melancholy feast.

ANTOINE LE CLAIRE, a half breed Indian, living at Davenport, is said to be the richest man in the State of Iowa. Gov. Grimes ranks next in wealth.

THE Austrian Government has now definitely refused to grant permission to the Hungarian Protestants to constitute themselves into an independent religious community.

LEGAL TENDER.—The New Orleans Courier, noticing the fact that gold and silver dollars of the United States coinage are a legal tender to any amount, says:—"The silver dollar has disappeared mysteriously, and few could tell how, or what had become it. The mystery is now solved. To give place to the gold dollar, the silver one has been melted up and coined into half dollars; and thus the Government has imposed upon us an immense quantity of money which is only a legal tender to a small amount. We are completely flooded with silver of this denomination. The banks will only receive ten dollars on deposit, and thus it is that our merchants have to sell this specie, called money, at two per cent. discount. Our Mint, we believe, has not cast any silver pieces above the denomination of fifty cents for two years. The Custom House will not receive anything but gold for its dues, and still the coiners of our Mint are kept at work turning out $200,000 or $300,000 per week, of this uncurrent commodity. If we had our old genuine currency, this would not be the case. The Custom House would be compelled to take it for the amount due her, and silver would be worth its intrinsic value."

FROM SANTA FE.—A dispatch from Independence of the 18th inst., says that the Santa Fe mail, with dates of the 27th ult., arrived there last night. News had reached Santa Fe of another battle with the Indians, in which six of them were killed and six hundred sheep recovered. Two soldiers were wounded. The mail conductor reported meeting a large number of gold hunters bound for Pike's Peak.

The News Condenser.

—They *talk* of getting up a "Fire Police" in Troy.

—Rev. Theodore Parker, of Boston, is dangerously ill.

—Nobody can send a private telegraph dispatch in France.

—The New York Police are at war with the fortune-tellers.

—In Erie Co., there are 119 schools, 1,932 teachers, and 9,350 pupils.

—The Miami has been so high at Dayton as to fill some of the cellars.

—Seventy-five patents were issued during last week at the Patent-Office.

—The gold crop of Australia in 1856 was 125 tuns, in 1857 it was 114 tuns.

—The English Government have ordered 3,000 coolies to be sent to Jamaica.

—The amount of the indemnity which China is to pay to the U. S. is $500,000.

—Gov. Grimes proclaims that Des Moines is to be the capital of Iowa hereafter.

—Pike's Peak gold is said to be richest in the world. It sells for $21 the ounce.

—The population of New Orleans is set down at 225,008. In 1840 it was 102,111.

—Judge Porter, of the Supreme Court of the State of Pennsylvania, has resigned.

—It takes 70 acres of ground 80 years to produce the oak for a British man-of-war.

—Henry Ward Beecher's congregation propose to build a new church, to cost $170,000.

—The New York Herald continues the advocacy of General Scott for the Presidency.

—Sixteen hundred mechanics were employed last week in the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

—The Governor of Mississippi has appointed Thursday, Nov. 25th, for Thanksgiving Day.

—Gentility is said to be eating meat with a silver fork when the butcher has not been paid.

—Six years is the time now set by the contractors for the completion of the Hoosac Tunnel.

—The great Cook legacy has been paid to the heirs in Brandon, Vt. It amounts to $800,000.

—John Brow, of Foster, R. I., dug out of one spot 23 black snakes, measuring 93 feet long.

—A famous pill doctor in London has amassed a fortune of $2,500,000, mainly by advertising.

—A fine original portrait of Oliver Cromwell has been sent to Caleb Cushing from England.

—The search for the body of the ill-fated Thurston is still kept up, but thus far without success.

—The salary given to Mr. Moran, President of the Erie Railroad, is a modest one—only $25,000.

—An Indian skeleton was found on the farm of Lyman Lanfair, in West Deerfield, a few days since.

—The number of English vessels wrecked last year was 1,143, or at a rate of more than three per diem.

—The operation of making citizens in New York is now being extensively pushed, as is true of other cities.

—Several crevasses have been made in the levee at New Orleans, and parts of the city are being flooded.

—Forty-one vessels were loading at the Chincha Islands, and forty-two lying at Callao at last accounts.

—The only copy of the London Times that Louis Napoleon allows to enter France is the one sent to himself.

—The British Government is reported to be taking steps to lay down another Cable to Newfoundland.

—Gov. Willard has called an extra session of the Indiana Legislature. The newly elected members will appear.

—We see it stated that the New York and Erie Railroad have resolved to use coal on all their locomotives.

—A number of persons were shot and more or less severely wounded during the recent election at Baltimore.

—The recent shock of an earthquake, in Cuba, restored a lady to reason, who lost it 6 months ago by sickness.

—The Queen of England, the Queen of Portugal, and the Empress Eugenie, are each in an interesting situation.

—From Gov. Hall's message we learn that the resources of Vermont are $90,600, and its indebtness $143,904.

—The third overland California mail has arrived. The Indians have not attempted to molest the coaches as yet.

—Ten thousand eight hundred and seventy passports have been issued since Gen. Cass was appointed Secretary.

—John B. Gough is back in London, with a fame greater than ever. He is lecturing in Exeter Hall to crowds of 5,000.

—Among the indictments found by the grand jury of Pulaski Co., Va., was one against two men who swapped wives.

—The corporation treasury of Cedarville, Green Co., O., was robbed last week of $2,336 88 in gold, being the township fund.

—Goss and Mansol, of Baltimore, have contracted to fill up 250 acres of the Boston flats 17 feet, at a cost of about $4,000,000.

—Gov. Denver, of Kansas, refuses to reconsider his resignation, and is on his way to Washington. He is to return to California.

—There are already over 500 students at the University of Virginia, and there is a fair prospect of the number reaching 700.

—The price of shares in the Atlantic Telegraph Company have gone up slightly. So has the Telegraph—all but the "slightly."

—The mean annual fall of rain on the entire surface of the earth is estimated, according to Lieut. Maury, at about five feet.

—Jonas Grazbee, a soldier of the Revolution, died at Miamitown, Ohio, on the 7th inst, in the one hundredth year of his age.

—The Dubuque Times says that by a recent census of that city, it appears the population of Dubuque is 678 less than last year.

—Four fast young men, the sons of men of wealth, were recently brought before a court in New Orleans as common rowdies.

—Mr. Layard has another good enterprise on hand. He has left England for Italy, where he is to explore for lost treasures of art.

—Jack Frost made his appearance at Rushville, Schuyler Co., on the 8th. Considerable ice was formed, but no great damage done.

—The Post-Master at Little Rock, Arkansas, recently caught a thief, by placing a young man in a mail bag in the office as a detector.

—Queen Victoria is about to present to the Emperor of China a steam yacht, of the finest construction, and thoroughly equipped.

—Washington Irving's health is reported fully restored. He is now engaged upon the fifth and last volume of his Life of Washington.

—Great dissatisfaction is expressed in New York at the glut of silver coin, consequent upon the China war, which has prevented its export.

—Immigration has fallen off. Only 8,000 arrivals at New York, since the 1st of January, against 15,000 for the corresponding period last year.

Foreign Intelligence.

Old World News.

During the past week four foreign steamers have reached our shores, the Ariel, at St. Johns, on the 18th.; Anglo Saxon, Quebec, 19th; Europa, New York, 20th, and the Pacific, St. Johns, 21st inst.—We condense the following from the files furnished by the respective vessels:

Great Britain.—There is no improvement in the working of the Atlantic Cable at Valentia.

The Submarine Telegraph Company have issued proposals for $150,000 additional capital, to lay two lines of cable from Hull to Elba, in Hanover, and turning it to Denmark.

The London Times says that all appearances indicate that the present Atlantic cable must be given up, and hopes that the experience gained will be used to insure that success which is finally certain. It admits the great superiority of the Niagara over the Agamemnon, and thinks that a ship should be especially constructed for the laying of the cable.

Later advices from Lady Franklin's Arctic Yacht Fox mention that the expedition had safely crossed the middle ice of Baffin's sea, and was in a fair way of accomplishing the object of the enterprise.

It was said that Sir Bulwer Lytton, prompted by the Canadian Ministers now in England, was giving special attention to a plan for the Federation of the British American Colonies.

The ship Daniel Webster, at London, passed on the 20th ult, a number of dead bodies, supposed to be from the burned steamer Austria.

The population of Limerick have started a project for a transatlantic line between France and America.

The Equinoctial gale had done considerable damage to shipping in the German ocean. Several wrecks and loss of life are reported, but no American vessels are mentioned.

The new company for completing the Great Eastern has been delayed in its organization by the non-attendance of the directors of the old company, to complete the necessary forms.

France.—A meeting is to be held at Paris in November, to make arrangements for the construction of a canal across the isthmus of Suez

Rumors were afloat that there were two French ships of war at Lisbon, demanding the restitution of the bark Charles George. These rumors have since been confirmed. Compensation is claimed and will be awarded.

The Moniteur publishes a circular forbidding unstamped newspapers to insert advertisements—This return to the strict letter of the law will be a death blow to a multitude of minor journals.

It is stated as certain that the Emperor of Russia has been invited by Prince Napoleon to visit France, that he has accepted the invitation, and that he will visit both London and Paris next spring.

The chess contest between Morphy and Harrwitz, was suddenly closed on account of the illness of Mr. Harrwitz. The game stood—Morphy 5, Harrwitz 2, drawn 1.

The Independent of Toulon, says the visit of Prince Napoleon to Warsaw, is a prelude to an alliance between France and Russia, and predominantly hostile to Austria.

The French Admiral commanding in the Gulf of Mexico, had quitted Paris, for his post, with energetic orders to protect French citizens.

France exempts from navigation dues for another year, cargoes of corn, flour, rye and vegetables.

The Paris Presse publishes the correspondence between the U. S. Minister to Nicaragua and the Foreign Minister to that Republic touching the conventions of Felix Belly.

The American Minister declares that no arrangement of Nicaragua with M. Belly shall be recognized or assented to, that it is contrary to the just rights acquired by American citizens, and that the liberal policy resulting from the Transit Treaty of November last shall be constantly maintained.

Nicaragua Minister replies that his government wishes only for justice and its rights. He desires friendly relations with the United States, but declares the Transit Treaty of no value, because the route was not opened at the stipulated period.

M. Belly appealed to the Clayton Bulwer Treaty for protection, and Lord Malmesbury, in a letter to M. Belly, tells him that the stipulations of that Treaty will in his own opinion apply to his scheme if it is carried out.

Austria.—The reduction of the army is progressing rapidly.

The specie in the Bank of Austria amounts to eleven million pounds sterling.

Prussia.—The King of Prussia has issued a decree establishing the regency of the Prince of Prussia.

Spain.—There is about being sent a large force of small war craft, to suppress piracy in the Phillipine Islands. The health of the King again causes alarm.

Turkey.—The Montenegro insurgents have hoisted their flag in Satorina, a territory on the coast of the Adriatic.

A Trieste telegram says that Lord Stratford had been instructed to express the regret of the English government at the bombardment of Jeddah, and that England intends to indemnify the sufferers. It is farther reported that England will ask to rent the island of Perim for 100 years.

Arabia.—The cholera is said to have carried off 30,000 people at Mecca.

India.—The Calcutta mail of Sept. 9th reached Foleys on the 3d inst. The news is unimportant. The Calcutta produce market is steady, and the import market brisk. Money was easy.

China.—Hong Kong advices are to Aug. 24th.—Affairs at Canton were satisfactory. In punishing the late outrages at Canton, Gen. Vanstranbenzer with 700 men, sacked and burned the place. The troubles at Ningpo continued. There were large quantities of tea at Canton, awaiting the re-opening of trade for exportation. Trade has been resumed at Shanghai.

Commercial Intelligence.

Breadstuffs.—Flour dull. Western canal 20@21s. Ohio 22s@24s6d. Wheat very dull and nominal. Red Western 5s3d@5s4d. White 6s3d@6s6d. Corn lower but nominal at 32s@33s. White 33s@34s.

London Markets.—Breadstuffs dull but steady. Sugar dull, and quotations barely maintained.

Clipper Ship Capsized.—The American clipper ship Phantom, Capt. Quig, from Richmond, Va., for Pernambuco, was capsized in a squall about the 22d ult., in Lat. 38° North, Long. 45° West. The masts were cut away and the vessel righted, but with hold full of water. The hatches burst, and she became a complete wreck. After five days exposure, the crew were saved by the Spanish brig Tolo, and reached Havana the 11th. Capt. Quig came in the Black Warrior.

Mexican News.—The steamer Gen. Rust arrived at New Orleans on the 18th inst., with Brazos dates to the 14th. The Mexican news she brings confirms the report of the battle between Vidauri and Miramon. It was fought near Cherubusco and lasted four days,—Vidauri being badly defeated.—He had retreated to Montier, and was making preparations to attack Miramon.

From Arizona.

By private advices received in Washington, on the 19th inst., from Arizona, dated Sept. 28th, it is ascertained that the Sonora Silver Mining Company have begun shipping silver from Quebec to to San Francisco, about a thousand ounces per week. This will be largely increased in a few weeks, when the amalgamation works are finished. Several other mines are well-opened, and melting commenced with large returns.

The Apaches were about making a great expedition into Sonora. The Mexicans were preparing for a large army to resist them.

Terobeiras' power is fully established in Sonora—Gardara, leader of the great rebellion, being entirely deserted by his friends.

The proceedings of the Rio Grande convention, asking for the separate territorial organization of Arizona, had been unanimously endorsed by the western portion of the territory, and a mass-meeting held at Tucson.

No Representative or Senator was voted for in Arizona for the Mexican Legislature. On the 20th Sept., Lieut. Mowry was re elected to Congress by about 3,000 votes. The American vote is largely increased since last year.

Lieut. Mowry has gone to Guyanas, Sonora, to obtain, it is said, of the Legislature of that State, the right of way from Arizona to Fort Lobos and Guyanas for a wagon road and railroad, and the transit of silver and goods free of duty.

The London Post-Office.

A visit to the London Post-Office, the other day, was a source of deep gratification. It is a building of stone, of huge dimensions, and in its various departments employs some 2,000 persons. Unlike the New York Post-Office, not a letter is delivered there to its owner. The whole delivery system in London is by carriers in livery, who, three and often four times daily, go through their allotted districts. This secures that promptness which cannot exist under the American system. The London Post-office receives nothing after 6 o'clock P. M., unless a heavy advance postage is paid. It is a curiosity to see the men at the office just before the openings in the great hall are closed. Six o'clock within five minutes arrives, and the hurry and crowd of people immense. Time advances and the numbers multiply. Only one minute remains, and hundreds hurry forward, throwing newspapers into a great window, while the large openings for letters are besieged. The Post-office clock begins slowly to strike the hour, and with it the rush is exciting. The last reverberation is scarcely heard before the great openings are shut, and dozens of laggards without stand amusing themselves as best they can over their misfortunes.

How it is Done.—We copy the two following "Marriage Notices," in order that our readers may perceive the very different styles of announcing the same general conclusion. The first is from a Sacramento (Cal.) paper, the second from a French journal:

YEEP AH WONG—HAW HE KWEI—In Sacramento, Sept. 5, Yeep Ah Wong to Haw He Kwei, both of the Central Flowery Kingdom.

MALAKOFF—PANIEGA—In Paris, on the 19th ult., His Excellency Aimable Joan Jacqes Pelissier, Duke of Malakoff, Marshall of France, member of the Privy Council, Vice-President of the Senate, Ambassador of his Majesty the Emperor of the French to her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, decorated with the military medal, &c., &c., residing at Paris, in his hotel, Avenue des Champs Elysees, son of the defunct Pierre Pelissier and of Catharine Chartier, his wife; and Mlle. Maria Isabel Sophie Andrea Francisca de Paula Valera de la Paniega, residing at Paris, Avenue des Champs Elysees 87, daughter of Don Jose Valeras y Viape, Marquis de Paniega, landowner, and of Donna Maria de los Dolores Alcala Galiano y Pereya, Marquise de la Paniega, his wife, residing at Madrid.

Canadian Wheat Crop.—The wheat crop of Canada, in 1858, according to returns received at the Bureau of Agriculture, is about 25 per cent. below the average of ordinary years. These returns come from forty-six different counties, of which thirty-six are in Upper Canada, where wheat alone is grown to any considerable extent.

The Overland Mail.—The overland mail may be considered a success. The arrival of the second train from San Francisco, at St. Louis, bringing important news from the plains, signally demonstrates the utility of the scheme. Letters bearing San Francisco post marks of Sept. 20th, were received, but no newspapers, and it is thought that a sack of papers was left on the way somewhere.

Special Notices.

GOOD NEWS.—A reduction in the prices of Sewing Machines is announced in our advertising columns. We have heretofore expressed the opinion that the prices of this invention have been too high—so high as to place them beyond the reach of many whom they would most benefit. Their utility is established beyond question, and at the present prices we see no reason why they should not be found, as they ought to be, in every household. Several varieties are manufactured adapted to various purposes. So far as public opinion has been formed and uttered, the preference is emphatically accorded to the Wheeler and Wilson machine for family use, and for manufactures in the same range of purpose and material. During the present autumn the trials have been numerous, and all the patents of any pretension have been brought fairly into competition. In every case, the Wheeler and Wilson machine has won the highest premium. We may instance the State Fairs of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Illinois, Wisconsin, and California, and the Fairs of the Cincinnati, Detroit, Chicago, and St. Louis Institutes, already held. At the Fair of the St. Louis Mechanical Association, the committee consisted of twenty-five ladies of the highest social standing, who, without a dissenting voice, awarded for the Wheeler and Wilson machine the highest and only premium, a silver pitcher, valued at $75. If these facts do not establish a reputation, we know not what can. *Christian Advocate and Journal.*

Marriages.

In Nunda, N. Y., Oct. 14th, by Rev. L. G. Mars, Mr. THOMAS N. LOCKWOOD and Miss LUCINDA M. COOPER, both of Nunda.

At South Byron, Genesee Co., N. Y., Oct. 20th, by Rev. N. M. Clets, Mr. ELIAS M. WILDER and Miss HARRIET COVEY, all of South Byron.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, Rochester, Oct. 26, 1858.

Although considerable is doing in a business way throughout the country, there is very little change to notice, and reasons are rife now to the tale of quotations for range of prices.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

Flour and Grain		Eggs, dozen	13@14c
Flour winter wheat	$5.75@6.00	Honey box	12@14c
Do spring do	$5.50@5.75	Canadian, box	12½@13c
Do Buckwheat, ₱ cwt	$1.25	**Fruits and Roots**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1.10@1.25	Apples, bushel	25@75
Best white Canada	$1.10@1.25	Do dried	$ @ 0
Corn	55@56c	Potatoes	25@40c
Rye, ₱ bu	75c	**Hides and Skins**	
Oats	30@31c	Slaughter	6½@6c
Barley	60@75c	Calf	10c
Buckwheat	50@60c	Sheep pelts	60@75
Beans	70@75	Lamb do	35@40c
Meats		**Seeds**	
Pork, Mess	$17.00@18.00	Clover, bush	$4.00@4.50
Do cwt	$3.00@3.50	Timothy	$2.00@2.25
Beef ₱ cwt	$4.00@5.00	**Sundries**	
Spring Lambs each	$1.25@2.00	Wood, hard	$4.00@6.00
Mutton (carcass)	4@5c	Do soft	$3.00@3.00
Hams smoked	10c	Coal, Lehigh	$5.00
Shoulders	6@6c	Do Scranton	$5.00@5.50
Chickens	5@6c	Do Blossburg	$5.00@5.50
Turkeys	10c	Do Shamokin	$5.00@5.50
Geese	35@44c	Do Char	10@12½c
Dairy, &c.		Salt bbl	$1.75@2.00
Butter, roll	17@18c	Hay, ton	$7.00@10.00
Do firkin	15@16c	Wool, ₱ lb	50@54c
Cheese	6@8c	White fish, bbl	$6.00@7.00
Lard, tried	10½@11c	Codfish, ₱ quintal	$3.50@4.00
Tallow	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	$6.50@7.00

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK Oct. 25—Flour—The Market for flour is unchanged with only moderate demand chiefly for the supply of the local trade at $5.10@5.20 for ordinary, $5.25@5.40 for superfine State, $5.50@5.70 for extra State, $5.75@6.10 for superfine Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa, $5.60@5.90 for common good medium and extra do, $5.25@5.40 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio. The market closing rather Canadian is unchanged; sales at $5.25@5.40 for common to good extra.

Grain—Wheat market dull and lower for inferior spring, while good are quoted and white nearly fully sold. Sales at 1.00@1.05 for red winter western, $1.10@1.15 for very good Canadian club, 1.15 for mixed Milwaukie, 1.15@1.20 for prime white Southern, 1.25@1.27 for red Southern. Rye dull at 70@75c. Barley quiet at 90@95c. Corn lower; sales at 63@64c for new to good mixed Western. Oats steady at 41@42c for State, 40@41c for Western and Canada.

Provisions—Pork firmer and more active. Sales at $16.50@17.00 for mess, $14.12@14.50 for prime, $15.75 for sour mess, $—.25 for prime mess, $18.00 for clear. Lard steady, sales at 9¾@10c.—Butter is selling at 14@16c for Ohio; 18@22c for State. Cheese at 7@8½c, as to quality

ALBANY, Oct. 25—Flour and Meal—As is usual at the opening of the week the market for Flour was dull, and, throughout the morning, only a few hundred barrels changed hands, at the closing prices of Saturday. The stock and assortment of both Western and State are good, though the former is not heavy. Corn Meal dull at $1.87@1.90.

Grain—We have no sales of Wheat to report, with but little offering, as the bulk of the receipts last week were sent through. Corn lower and in moderate request, with sales Western mixed at 64c—Barley is without important change and in good supply. Rye steady with sales at 70c. Oats scarce and wanted, sales part Chicago and Canadian at 60c, weight.

Feed—The market favors the buyer, with a good supply offering. Sales 1,9 0 bu 33 lbs at 87½c, and 19 tons 25 lbs at 95c.

BUFFALO, Oct. 25—Flour—Dull and heavy. Sales at $4.37½@4.62½ for medium to choice super Wisconsin, Michigan and Indiana $4.75@5.12½ for good to choice extra, $6.50 for double extra.

Grain—Wheat in fair demand. Sales at 67c for No. 2 Chicago spring, 90c for Canadian club, 84c for Milwaukee club, 110c for prime white Canada, 100c for white Illinois; 95c@97c for red winter Ohio and Ind ana. Corn dull and heavy. Sales Ohio and Illinois at 56c. Barley dull at 70@82c. Rye nominal at 65c. Oats steady at 45@46c.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows

Beef Cattle—First quality $9.00@9.25, Ordinary, $8.25@8.75; Common, $7.50@8.00, Inferior, $6.00@7.00

Cows and Calves—First quality, $50@60, Ordinary, $40@45; Common, $30@35, Inferior $20@25

Veal Calves—First quality ₱ lb, 8½@7c. Ordinary 6@6½c, Common 4@5c, Inferior 3@4c.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime quality per head, $5.00@5.50, Ordinary, $3.00@4.50, Common, $3.50@4.00, Inferior, $2.50@3.00

Swine—Best corn fed, 6¾@6¾c, Other qualities 5@5¾c.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 20—At market 1742 Cattle, about 800 Beeves and 942 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

Prices—Market Beef—Extra, $6.25@6.75; First quality, $5.50@6.00, Second, $5.00@5.25, Third, $4.50, Ordinary, $3.50.

Working Oxen—$75, 100@175

Cows and Calves—$25, 30, 40@60.

Stores—Yearlings $9@12, Two Years Old, $16@20, Three Years Old, $26@27

Sheep and Lambs—3790 at market. Prices—Extra and Selections, $2.00@3.25, in lots, $1.00, 1.50@2.00.

Swine 4000 Western at market.

Hides—7½@8c. Tallow, 6½@7c. ₱ lb.

Pelts—50@57c each. Calf Skins, 12@13c. ₱ lb.

BRIGHTON, Oct. 21—At market—1700 Beef Cattle, 900 Stores, 5000 Sheep and Lambs, 1200 Swine.

Prices—Beef Cattle—Extra, $6.00@7.25; First quality, $6.00@6.75, Second, $5.00, Third, $5.00@5.25.

Working Oxen—$90, 100@140.

Milch Cows—Sales at $19@41, Common, $19@20.

Veal Calves—Sales at $4, 4.50@4.75.

Stores—Yearlings, $9@12, Two Years Old, $16@19; Three Years Old, $21@26

Sheep and Lambs—Extra, $2.00@2.75; by lot, $1.50@1.75

Swine—Fat hogs, 6@6c, Retail, 6@6c Spring pigs, 6½@6c.

Hides—7½@8c; Tallow, 6½@6c ₱ lb.

Pelts—$0.75@0.87½ Calf Skins, 12@13c. ₱ lb.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20—The active demand recently prevalent for native fleeces has almost subsided. The improved tone of the market is sustained, but manufacturers having supplied themselves with nearly a three-months' supply, are disposed to look around and take a glance of the goods market. The transactions in Fleece do not exceed 100 000 lbs, at prices varying from 33@48c for com to fine Saxony, chiefly in the range of 40@45c, and a small parcel of choice Saxony, 2 000 lbs, was placed to the account of a green buyer at 52c, cash, large sales are reported, but they lack reliability. The auction sale last week brought several manufacturers here, but the goods offered on that occasion were low Carpet Wools, which did not attract the attention of the clothing producers hither, and very few, therefore, have been through the market in search of the finer grades of Fleeces. In California qualities, we notice some further small sales of fine grades, 1,700 lbs, at 28c, six months. Pulled Wools are in light supply, especially the low grades, and, with a moderate inquiry, prices are firm, sales of 25 000 lbs, in lots, at 33@40c for super and extra Country. Foreign is in moderate but not in very active request sales of 150 bales Unwashed Buenos Ayres and Entre Rios, and some 400 do Washed Cordova on p. t.—*N. Y. Tribune*

BOSTON, Oct. 20—The demand is quite active for Fleece and Pulled Wool, with sales of 350 000 lbs at prices ranging from 30@45c as to quality. The tendency of prices is upward. In foreign sales of 200 bales and ballots Chilian, and 120 bales mostly Mediterranean, at various prices, as to quality

Saxony and Merino fleece	50@58	Western mixed	35@45
Full blood	44@48	Smyrna washed	17@26
Half and ¾ blood	37@43	Do unwashed	10@17
Com to ¼ blood	33@36	Syrian	10@21
Pulled extra	40@46	Cape	20@25
Do superfine	36@40	Crimea	9@17
Do No 1	30@35	Buenos Ayres	9@42
Do No 2	17@27	Peruvian washed	30@35

New Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising:—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. Special Notices—following reading matter, and headed—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, IN ADVANCE. ☞ The circulation of the Rural New-Yorker far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

WENDELL'S Premium Poultry and Rabbits for Sale. For Prices, &c., Address E. A. WENDELL, Box 763 P. O., Albany, N. Y. 460-2t

FOR SALE, AT ORVILLE BAILEY'S Livonia, N. Y., 32 full blood South Down Bucks and Ewes from the stock of Morris & Kipp. Oct. 12, 1858. [460tf] LYMAN BAILEY

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SHAWLS, SHAWLS, SHAWLS.
SILKS, SILKS SILKS.
FASHIONABLE RAGLANS, FASHIONABLE RAGLANS, FASHIONABLE RAGLANS.
RAGLAN CLOTHS AND TRIMMINGS, RAGLAN CLOTHS AND TRIMMINGS, RAGLAN CLOTHS AND TRIMMINGS.
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS, CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS, CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS.
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NOW READY; THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR NOVEMBER.

THE FIRST VOLUME, consisting of seven numbers, ended in May last. The second volume, also containing seven numbers, will end with the December issue, in which the Index will be given, so that hereafter the volumes will begin with January and July.

Terms—Three dollars a year, or twenty-five cents a number—Upon receipt of the price the publishers will send the Atlantic to any address in the United States pre-paid. Clubs—Five copies for ten dollars, the subscribers paying their own postage.

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GUANO—250 Tons daily expected per brig Panola, from Sombrero Island, averaging 80 per cent bone phosphate of Lime.—Owners of plaster mills in the country will do well to call. Also, 100 tons in bags, for sale by WOOD & GRANT, 457-4t 90 Front St., New York

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New Carpetings for the Fall of 1858. $33,000 WORTH OF NEW CARPETS just received from New York Auctions.

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And other makes from all markets, both Foreign and American. Our facilities for getting goods are not surpassed by any house in the United States, affording at all times the most complete assortment of

CARPET ROOM GOODS

To be found in the State, and at prices that cannot fail to suit the present times.

OIL CLOTHS.

100 pieces of these goods in all widths, from 2 to 24 feet, cut to any size the customer may wish, varying in price from 2s 6d to 10s per yard.

These goods are purchased direct from the manufacturers for cash, and we shall sell at New York jobbing prices.

Also, 30 pieces COCOA MATTING, all widths, suitable for churches, hotels, school-houses, offices, &c.

RUGS in all the sizes, made in new and beautiful designs.

DOOR MATS, From 2s to $5 each. The largest stock of these goods ever brought to Western New York

Customers are cordially invited to examine our stock, and we shall spare no pains to suit all, both in price and style.

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		Worth	
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550	Patent Anchor do. do.	50 00	"
400	Ladies' Gold Watches, 18k. cases	25 00	"
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250	Gold Pencils (Ladies')	2 50	"
2500	Gold Pens, with Silver Pencils	1 00	"
2500	Ladies's Gold Pens, with Cases and Holders	2 50	"
650	Gold Rings (Ladies')	1 00	"
1000	Opera Gold Rings	2 50	"
2500	Ladies' Gold Breastpins	1 50	"
3500	Misses' Gold Breastpins	1 00	"
3000	Pocket Knives	2 50	"
2000	Sets Gents' Gold Bosom Studs	2 50	"
2000	do Sleeve Buttons	2 50	"
2000	Pairs of Ladies' Ear Drops	2 50	"
800	Ladies' Pearl Card Cases	5 00	"
1500	Ladies' Cameo Jet or Mosaic Pins	5 00	"
2500	Ladies Shawl and Bat boa Pins	1 50	"
5000	Articles of gold Jewelry Gilt Books &c. &c., not enumerated in the above, worth from 25 cents to $25		

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Choice Poetry.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SONNET TO MORNING.

BY ORRIN F. ALLEN.

Now slowly fades the dusky hues of night,
And fainter burns the Morning Star on high,
As orient with joy the eastern sky
Glows like a maiden's cheek with crimson light,
While, like some pageant stealing on the sight,
Sol's rosy car with magic mystery
Dissolves the mists that round his pathway lie;
Till naught of shade bedims the morn's delight.
Sweet matin songs from glen and grove arise
To hail with choral notes the march of morn,
For there's a joy beneath the glowing skies
That doth each scene with beauty's light adorn,
That caught its glow from smiles of Paradise,
When Day first blushed to hail the rosy dawn.

Hackensack, N. J., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HOPE ON.

Hope on! hope on! though afflictions assail thee,
Hope oh! there's a haven of heavenly rest;
Hope on! though the billows of trouble roll o'er thee,
There's a heaven above where the righteous are blest.

Hope on! hope on! though thy heart's filled with anguish,
Hope on! and be patient, thy short race to run,
Hope on! though with sorrow thy heart may oft languish,
For thy SAVIOR, in kindness, will soon call thee home.

Oh! I would not live always in this world sin,
And I'm glad 'tis ordained we should taste death so soon;
For troubles and sorrows our life usher in,
And the change that shall free us cannot well come too soon.

Minnesota, 1858. EVILO

The Sketch-Book.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

LETTERS FROM OUR FARM.—No. III.

THERE is something in the very name, October, that is suggestive of fullness, and ripeness. It brings to the mind visions of grapes swelling with the purple wine, showing like clusters of amethysts on the brown vines, as the last yellow leaves flutter away from them. Visions of orchard boughs stooping with their wealth of gold, and crimson, and russet, and dropping at a touch the ripened fruit on the ground, as if weary of holding it so long.—In the woods there are stores of nuts, and all the sunshiny day you can hear them falling. The boys are out among them, gathering their treasures for winter. How they shout and laugh as they pelt the loaded boughs, and chase the squirrels, that seem half disposed to dispute with them for possession of the property. If you have outgrown your boyhood, or girlhood, you cannot have forgotten the magic of a nutting excursion. There was no school on Saturday, you remember, and all through the week the children at the old brown school-house talked of little else, at noon and recess, but the nuts to be gathered on the holiday.

You were to start early in the morning, take your dinners, and stay all day in the woods. How delighted you were when your father came in to supper and said he thought there would be a hard frost. If he had said it was going to rain gold, you would not have felt happier than at the thoughts of the treasures "JACK FROST" would shake out of their covering. How father and mother laughed at the big basket you insisted upon taking with you next morning, and how proudly you took little WILLIE by the hand, and sallied forth.

You were triumphant enough when you found the chestnuts rattling down from their invincible armor, and the hazlenuts fairly bending the bushes with their weight, and long before night, baskets and pockets were filled. There were wild grapes in the woods, too, enough within the reach of your arms to give a luxurious dessert for your dinner, and a bunch to carry home to little NELLIE. What a happiness there was in your heart that day—nothing rational and definable, but such as fills the wild birds and bees—the mere delight of living,—a joy that was breathed into you by the wind, and fell upon you in the sunshine. Nature wore a merry face to you then, a face that looked a laughing recognition from every tree, and rock, and flower.

Going home, somewhat wearily, with your loaded baskets, you and WILLIE gravely calculated the amount and value of your gleanings, and thought with a great deal of satisfaction of the long winter evenings, when you would sit by the great kitchen fire-place, feasting on nuts and red-cheeked apples, and telling wonderful riddles to each other, none the less amazing because they had been guessed twenty times over.

You are changed greatly since then, for now your pleasures grow wearisome ere they are fairly tasted, and having once solved the riddles of life, you are only conscious of disappointment at their result, and half vexed at the eagerness with which you see others trying to find the solution.

Nature has a great deal of work to finish in this month of October, and she is working steadily at it day and night. Besides a thousand little jobs, whose doing escapes our notice, but which would make sad gaps in the beauty of next year if left undone, there is the corn crop to ripen and mature. In spite of evil prophecies from those who forget from year to year how bountifully this mother NATURE provides for all her household, in spite of wind and weather, untimely rains and frosts, there stands the harvest, rustling in the light airs of autumn, a wealth almost unmeasured.

All the spring-time the windows of heaven seemed to be open, and the rain poured down in such showers as threatened a second flood. If a gleam of sunshine tempted the farmers to their accustomed work, the rain soon put a stop to it, until they were fairly in despair. "*No corn this year*," said the croakers, and with some show of reason, only that it was once written that while the earth endureth, "seed time and harvest shall not fail." So while they grumbled, NATURE only laughed at them, and said, "give me the corn, I have raised harvests there thousands of years;" and now see how the broad fields attest her unfailing skill. In a few weeks more the corn will be golden ripe, and ready for the binding, and then the last crop will be off the farm, and all ready to settle quietly into the stillness of winter. The few flowers that linger here and there about the woods and meadows, will fade out in the frosty air—the last leaf will flutter down from the maples, and the last bird leave the bough.

The buds for next spring will be carefully cased in double and triple wrappings against the cold and the wet. Never did a mother more tenderly protect her babe against the keen air, than does NATURE guard these delicate nurslings of hers. First she covers them with a downy fold softer than the finest wool, then with layer after layer, cunningly wrapped together, and finishes all with a coat of varnish, that turns every particle of moisture, and then she leaves the infant blossom as safe for the winter as the nursery pet in its dainty cradle. In a thousand sheltered crevices and corners she has stowed away little dingy cases, with mummy-like occupants, that are to make next year's butterflies, and live their little radiant lives among those same flowers, that are now packed away like so many prophecies on parchment—scrolls, waiting for spring to interpret them by glad fulfillment.

Already we have let go of the summer, and our thoughts, that a month ago went back to its sweetness with regret, go oftenest forward now to think hopefully of another year. And yet there is much of beauty left to us, and some of it will linger far into the grey November. No pen can describe half the gorgeous dyes that the leaves flash out in the sunshine,—no cunning artist has ever fixed them upon canvas in half their brilliance. Green, and gold, and crimson, these are the colors, yet mingled and blended into an infinite variety of tints, not half of which have any name in our vocabularies. NATURE knows how to make a picture out of very few materials. She commenced two weeks ago to try experiments with a maple before my windows. First she dashed a few of the outer boughs with cherry, that showed finely against the dark green of the rest,—then she turned the cherry into crimson, and stained half the leaves with it, and slowly, as if to mark the effect, colored leaf after leaf, till the whole was in a blaze of glory, since when she has been fading some parts into yellow, and darkening others into amber, and in a week more the leaves will all lie upon the ground, and the wind will pile them into drifts in the fence corners, and send them eddying about in little whirls and clouds. The nights are grandly beautiful, with their solemn starry majesty, but now and then come trailing dismal clouds, and lonesome winds, that go sobbing past the windows, and wailing in the dark with a cry that makes the heart feel desolate. Like a grey old harper comes this autumn wind, chanting weird melodies under your windows in the hush of the moonless midnight. Starting bewildered from sleep you listen, as well as you can for the heavy beating of your heart, to the songs that sound as if the voice struggled up through a weight of tears. You do not look out and smile on the singer—the darkness grows all the thicker for the tears that half blind you. Memory for a time is very busy with the lost hours of the summer—then you think of our FATHER and sleep again. H.

MR. PLOWHANDLE AFLOAT.

KART-TAIL COTTAGE, Oct. 1st., 1858.

COL. MOORE:—I'me more nor ever wanting your advice, and I hope you'll give it me pretty soon, for time is getting quite short.

IS CALLED UPON TO SERVE HIS COUNTRY.

You see, SMITH has been here talking to me about being a candidate for the Assembly this fall. I, of course, was very shy about the thing, and said I didn't think I was qualified, and that they would want a better man. But SMITH said that was all cider, and I might just come right out and say I'de stand it. But I told him I couldn't make up my mind until I had consulted you, and mother.

"Well," says he, "it may be well enough to talk with the old woman, but what on earth has the Colonel to do with your affairs?"

"Why," says I, "ain't I one of the correspondents, and wont it make a considerable difference with him if I'me away from home and can't write?—the paper will miss me." He enemost laughed, when I said that.

"However," says I, "supposing I'me willing. I don't see how you can get up steam enough to put me through. There's JONES, he will go dead against me, besides the Captain."

PATRIOTISM.

"Why," says he, "it can be done just as easy as winking."

"Do tell me, then."

"You see, in the first place you must make up with JONES."

"But he's such a scamp."

"Never mind, when men want votes they aint very particular who gives them so they're of the right color."

"I don't believe he'll ever make up, even if I wanted to, which I dont."

"Now, I can fix it right off. You must say to me now, just here, that you think Esq. JONES a man of high legal parts, who would make a capital Judge."

"I'll see him in glory first! But suppose I say it, how are you going to get me started?"

"I've got that all fixed. We've got to have a new bridge over the Toemuddy next year, and if we don't get the State to build it, then the towns along the river have got to be taxed for it."

"And it will take a heap of money to do it, too."

"So I am going to tell the people that we want a man that can take a high place, and can write for the papers, for our member this year, and if we get such an one there'll be no mistake about the bridge."

"Good idee."

"Then I'll say there's PLOWHANDLE, you see what a sensation he's made in the world with his pen, and if we elect him he'll be able to do big things for us."

HONEY.

You see SMITH had got me, but I didn't let him know it. So I sort of streched myself up, and looked kinder grand, and says I, "Mr. SMITH I fully agree with you on the importance of a bridge over the Toemuddy, and that the State ought to build it—and it may be that I am a man that can command some influence, but I should prefer that my fellow citizens should pitch upon some other man."

"It's no use talking, JOHN," says he, "you are going to be in for't, any how. But what shall I say to JONES?"

I considered that very important interests were going to hang on me, and that I ought to do all I could for my country, so, says I, "Mr. JONES has talents, and is a very capable man in his profession, and there are men who would like to see him Judge." You see I didn't commit myself, after all, to the peskey scamp.

"Now," says he, "if JONES wants to be clever to you, just put the honey right on to him, for you know it's said, 'more flies are caught with molasses than vinegar,' and you must use it freely."

"But," says I, "confound it, SMITH, I can't be sweet to all them vagabond rascals that loaf about the corners."

"Well, then," says he, "we can't get the bridge over the Toemuddy, that's all."

I finally told SMITH I'd be as sweet as honey in the comb to everybody.

THE PROVERB TRUE.

The next time I went over to the corners I met JONES, and he came up to me just as friendly as you can think. I knew in a minute that tarnal critter, SMITH, had been at him.

Says he, "I'm glad to see you to-day." "The same to yourself," says I, and then we shook hands as though we'd been the lovingest fellows in the world.

Says he, "Mr. PLOWHANDLE, we've been looking about for a man to represent us this year who has some influence, and can get us a bridge over the Toemuddy—and we all agree you're the man."

I put on a very surprised look, and, says I, "you don't really mean any such foolish thing."

"Indeed we do, and I and my friends aint going for any body else."

"Well," says I, "Mr. JONES, I haven't much to say about the representative—but I do say if the people go according to merit—there's a lawyer not far from here that's to be made Judge this fall."

Oh, golly! you should have seen how he licked down the honey; I tell you I worked him handsomely. But, after all, Colonel, there's no way to make an animal so kinder come-after-you-good-natured, as to card 'em the way the hair lays.

Now, what I want of you, is to sort of say a good thing about me, in such away in your letter, that I can kinder break it to mother, for I'me afraid she won't consent, and then my fat is all in the fire.—Don't *you* think it would be a good thing for the RURAL if I went? I know it's going to be very hard for me to leave home, but I'll do anything for you and the public.

I'me going down to SMITH'S to practice making bows, and taking off my hat in stile to the women. SMITH says that's a kind of sweet'ning that don't cost anything, and best be used pretty freely, especially when a man's got to run for an office, even if he don't exactly care for it. I tried it a little the other evening, before the glass at home, and sort of forgot myself, for mother says to me—"What on earth are you bobbing your head about so for, JOHN?"

The fact is, I should have made better work of it if my hat brim hadn't been so pesky limber. Before I go down to SMITH'S I am going to buy a new hat that's got a brim as stiff as a poker. I expect you'll consider this entirely confidential and write me right off. Yours to Command,

JOHN PLOWHANDLE.

REMARKS.—We have heretofore regarded friend JOHN as quite unsophisticated, but fear he is becoming corrupted by the politicians, and that his cash, conscience and reputation will ere long suffer in consequence. TRUE, FRANKLIN advised his young friend that he must "stoop to rise," but we think the politicians have literally "run the thing into the ground"—for they not unfrequently descend into the gutter, but perform many acts which are still more mean and contemptible. "About these days," as the Almanac-makers say, there is a vast deal of stooping and dirt-eating by party-patriots, office-seekers, *et id omne genus;* but as to Major PLOWHANDLE—we think we heard some one address Mr. P. as Major or General at the State Fair, the other day—inasmuch as he possesses ability, independence and sterling integrity, there is no necessity of assuming the chameleon-like colors or fawning manners of the demagogue. If, as is apparent, he is the best man to represent his district and secure the bridge, it is perhaps his duty to serve the people and State, even at some personal sacrifice—for we hold that every man who has "a stake in the hedge" (is a freeholder, and the head of a family,) should, Cincinnatus-like, leave the plow-handle for the field or forum at the call of his country. And if such men were always, or even generally, selected for prominent, responsible and lucrative positions—men of merit, competency and unquestioned integrity—ours would soon become, *in fact*, the great and *glorious* country that the Fourth-of-July orators and editors of the Bunkum Flag-Staffs would fain make us believe it is already. But we are digressing.

Friend P. wants us to say a good thing for him, in order that "mother," (i. e., Mrs. P.) will consent to his serving as a member of the "Assembled Wisdom of the State;" and also asks if we think such service would be a good thing for the RURAL. Now, as JOHN is happily situated in his domestic relations, we know it will not be pleasant for him to leave home—and moreover we fear it will cause mother much anxiety on his account, and extra care in superintending the family, farm and stock. But still, Mrs. P. ought to consider that she also is under obligations to the country—albeit not permitted all the "rights" which some of her sex demand—and that, though hard to part, even for a hundred days, she should not keep her husband from a position he is evidently qualified to occupy with credit to himself, and benefit to his constituency and the commonwealth. And, beside, as SAM and SUSAN are yet unmarried and still at home, she will have good company and assistance. As to the RURAL, that may and undoubtedly will suffer from the absence of our able, popular and highly esteemed correspondent, but we trust our readers will, with us, make some sacrifice to promote the common weal. And we are not sure but it will be best, even for the RURAL—for, though it suffer temporarily, will not Mr. P.'s greater experience and knowledge of men and the world enable him to write still better next spring? Such is our hope, at least, and we confidently believe that we shall then have the pleasure of introducing him to a largely increased audience—say nearly or quite five hundred thousand RURAL readers. So mote it be.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 16 letters.
My 9, 4, 15, 3, 8, 1 is a *coin* not possessed by every one.
My 12, 7, 5 eats the same food as the Chinese.
My 2, 13, 1 is an article of apparel.
My 5, 4, 14, 6, 3 is a welcome place for the epi[illegible].
My 10, 12, 13, 8 has accomplished wonders.
My 14, 15, 3, 13, 9 *you* have often heard.
My 1, 5 is wrong.
My 6, 16, 8, 9 is a religious festival.
My 11, 2, 4, 9 is a conversation.
My 5, 4, 9, 1, 15, 3 you must not do.
My whole is found in the depths of the ocean.

Wauwatosa, "Badger State." "COUNTRY GIRL."

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

SUPPOSE a fly lights on a wagon axletree, and another on the edge of the tire, and the wagon be put in motion on a plane, and goes a distance of forty miles—how much further does the fly travel that is on the edge of the tire than the one on the axletree?—suppose the wheel to be one rod in circumference; the circumference passing through the point where the fly lights on the wheel.

Verona, N. Y., 1858. S. G. C.

☞ Answer in two weeks. 10. 92 1/2

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL QUESTION.

DOES the *Cassiquiare* river empty into the *Rio Negro*, or the *Orinoco?* G. P. W.

Monroe Co., N. Y., 1855.

IF our young readers will look upon the map, they will find that a strange freak of nature is involved in the foregoing question. Who will furnish a correct point?

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

CHARADE.

My *first* is a blessing,
Without which, possessing
The world's wealth, you'd famish and die.
My *second's* a curse,
The more followed the worse,
And my *whole* caused a hero to fly.

[illegible] "AUNT ANNE."

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 458.

Answer to Enigma—Boquet of Flowers:—Dande-lion; Four O'clock; Snow-ball; Tu-lip; Lady Slipper; Blue-bell-s; Li lac; Forget me not; Devil-in-the-bush; Meadow-Lily; Holley-hock; Damask Rose; June Pink; China Aster; Nose-gay.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:

And in thy right hand lead with thee
The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty.

Advertisements.

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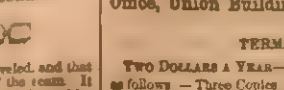

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VOL. IX. NO. 45.] ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1858. [WHOLE NO. 461.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
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Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

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☞ All communications, and business letters, should be addressed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

Rural New-Yorker.

NOTES ON MANURES, &c.

THE following brief notes are written in answer to inquiries received from correspondents. This will account for their miscellaneous and somewhat disconnected character. We have selected inquiries mainly on the subject of MANURES, and in the next number may give similar notes in answer to inquiries on other subjects. If in any case the experience of any of our readers is such as to cause them to differ from opinions expressed in these or other articles, they can do the community of farmers no better service than by giving the facts publicity through the columns of the RURAL.

Liquid Manure.

IT is true, that the greater portion of our liquid manure is wasted, and it is also true that this is the most valuable part of the excrements of animals. These two facts admitted, the necessity for a change is at once apparent. In Holland not only is the liquid manure carefully preserved, but the solid manure is mixed with water, and applied to the land in a liquid form. Those who have experimented with liquid manure in growing fine vegetables, &c., know its value. It is a *power* in the hands of the skillful gardener. We have planted fruit trees in full flower, and by the frequent and persevering application of liquid manure to furnish the constant demand upon the trees, which the injured roots could not supply unless it was given in this convenient form, have succeeded in perfecting a large crop of fruit, (more than enough to pay for the tree,) the first year, and without doing it any injury. The President of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, often tells his friends that the finest, highest-colored and best flavored Duchesse de Angouleme pears he ever saw or tasted was a few given him by us a few years since. These were raised on trees the first year planted, which it is not likely would have grown a perfect fruit without the use of liquid manure.—Then we have grown Celery and other vegetables of almost fabulous size in the same manner.

Now, if this manure is so useful in the hands of the gardener, may it not be of value to the farmer in specific cases, in forwarding a tardy crop, in giving strength and vigor to the sickly or feeble plants, just at the time when the success or failure of the crop seems to be hanging in the balance. A hogshead may be rigged on a cart or wagon, for applying the manure. For saving it, the floors of the stalls may be made to incline to a drain or gutter back of the animals, with which a pipe must be connected to convey the liquid to a tank in the cellar, or some out building lower than the stable floor. Liquid manure is very strong when collected in this way and will need to be diluted with about four times its bulk with water. It should be first tested by watering a few plants.

Manure Cellars.

These are of advantage to the manure, but we have often thought they were of no benefit to the animals living and breathing over them. They are very convenient too, nothing can be more so. To have a hatch in the stable floor through which all manure may be thrown and all refuse swept is very convenient, and insures a clean stable. The liquid manure, too, is more likely to be saved in this way, and the whole loses but little of its valuable parts. The question is whether those who have not such a cellar cannot secure nearly the same results, by composting with materials that will prevent the escape of ammonia.

Fixers of Ammonia.

We say nothing about the acids or salts used for this purpose, because they are not such as most farmers will be likely to use. The end desired they can accomplish better by the use of material always on hand and that costs little or nothing. Charcoal dust is the very best thing for compositing with manure. At least next to this in value is swamp muck. All refuse porous stuff, weeds, the scraping of roads, &c., are valuable. Leaves make a good manure, and in answer to a particular inquiry on this point we will say the autumn is the best time for gathering.

Manure Affected by the Feed.

It is not the kind of animal, so much as the kind of food it consumes that affects the value of the manure. Not many years since, while attending the Annual Meeting of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society at Albany, a gentleman of intelligence informed us that he had commenced keeping and breeding Durham stock, on account of the value of their manure over that produced by native stock. The difference in the manure, with the same feed would hardly be perceptible. The manure of fowls is of the highest value, because they live on grain, insects, &c, all the richest kind of food. The manure of the horse is more valuable than that of the cow, as usually kept, because the horse consumes more grain than the cow. The mechanical condition of the manure affects the result somewhat. Cow dung, for instance does not crumble down like horse dung, and therefore is not so easily or evenly distributed over the land. The *quantity* as well as the quality of food affects the value of the manure. If an animal receives only sufficient food barely to sustain life, this food is much more thoroughly used up in the animal organism, and the manure will be less in quantity and poorer in quality than though enough was given to produce flesh and fat. For this reason, as well as others, the manure from fattening is richer than that from store animals. The age of the animal too, affects the quality of the manure. Food given to young animals that are producing bones and muscle is more completely consumed than that given to those of mature age, and consequently the manure is poorer. One thousand pounds of the urine of a calf fed on milk was found to contain but one pound of solid matter, and only a trace of ammonia; the same quantity of urine of a full grown cow contained 80 pounds of solid matter and eight pounds of nitrogen. This will show plainly how much the condition of the animal affects the manure.

Soiling, Will it Pay?

This is a question which it is difficult to answer, without a knowledge of the circumstances in which the inquirer is placed. Did we wish to keep a large amount of stock on a small piece of ground we should cut their feed, by all means.—The reason the system has not been generally adopted in this country is, that land has been cheap, and labor scarce and dear, and it was thought best to allow animals to cut their own feed. This idea was sometimes carried to extremes in the West, as the hogs and cattle were turned into corn fields to pick their own corn. This we have never seen, but we have some farmers whose usual mode of feeding the cattle in the fall was to go to the field and cut a few arms full of corn and throw them to the cattle. By such a course the largest half was wasted, but labor was saved.—Whether such a course was over the right one we very much question. It certainly is not now, when land and crops and animals are valuable. The rule now is to make the most of everything, and grinding and cooking, feed, and soiling are matters not only talked of but practiced to some extent by the most intelligent farmers. In Europe Vetches and Red Clover are grown for soiling but in this country nothing that we know of is likely to supercede corn. At the discussions at Syracuse during the State Fair T. C. PETERS, stated that he had grown Western corn for fodder and obtained at the rate of twenty tuns to the acre when cured. This would give a large amount of feed if cut green. Perhaps in no other way could as much be raised on an acre. A gentleman inquired of the dairymen present if they found it profitable to grow corn in that way for foddering or for soiling milk cows. To this there was a most hearty and unanimous response in the affimative. In fact no question asked that evening received such a decided answer. This shows the opinions of practical men on the question.

DOES UNDERDRAINING PAY?

MY answer is, sometimes it does—sometimes it does not. I *figure* out my reasons thus:—Take an average specimen of hard-pan land, or that which is cold and wet, with an average location, and where average prices prevail; read an essay on ditching, work yourself up to fever heat, summon your cash, drive ditches through your whole farm two rods apart, three feet deep—if more than two rods apart, *some* of your land won't be drained, and probably not even at that distance—this will give *eighty rods* of ditch to the acre, which will cost, generally, *over fifty cents to the rod*, whether you use tile or stone—don't indulge in any unpleasant conjectures as to the possible failure of the ditches in time to come—and the account will stand:

Cost of land, cleared and improved, per acre	$30
Cost of draining, per acre	45
Cost of drained farm, per acre	$75,

worth about half as much when drained as *medium* Livingston County lands, which can now be bought at from fifty to sixty dollars per acre.

It will take a bold man, up in Steuben or Cattaraugus, ten miles from the County seat, a mile from the "four corners," two miles from the store, blacksmith shop, saw mill, grist mill, shoe shop, some ways to meeeting, and further to market,—it will take a bold man up there, half way from somewhere to nowhere, to *ask* seventy-five dollars per acre for his *drained hard-pan land*, and it will take a bolder man than JULIUS CÆSAR to buy it at that figure. Farms of that quality, managed by common country brains, haven't paid, as a matter of history, four per cent. per annum on $75 per acre, and there is little probability that they will for the next five years.

It would cost at this rate, *Five Hundred Millions of Dollars* to drain *one-half* of the improved lands in New York and Pennsylvania; the interest on that sum would be thirty-five millions of dollars annually. How is this to be paid? By the increased production of the land, if at all. But if you should raise additional products sufficient to pay this interest, and the expense of growing and marketing the same, you would glut every market in Christendom—then the products would bring next to nothing, and so the *debt couldn't be paid at all!* The simple fact is, a *general system* of draining would produce universal bankruptcy. Agricultural products don't bring enough in the back country to warrant the outlay, and farmers generally have the sense to see it. To drain *all* the improved lands in the Union, would cost more than the United States—including every man, woman, and child—is worth.

I am not opposed to draining—I have repeatedly spoken well of it, and I mean now to do what its ultra advocates have never done, to my knowledge, point out the circumstances under which draining will pay, and the circumstances under which it will not. Let me premise that in settling any country, the best lands are taken first—those that will yield the largest returns with the least labor—advantages of *location*, however, sometimes counterbalance advantages of soil. That *mistakes* are made in selections, there can be no doubt; but mankind have always sought anxiously for the *best* lands within their reach. With the increase of population, agriculture must improve, or enlarge its area by the addition of inferior lands.—Practically, it will be found that some branches of husbandry will bear transplanting to inferior soils sooner than others, as, for instance, *grazing*. In process of time, however, the increase of population, and the consequent demand for agricultural products, will force a more extended cultivation of inferior lands, and then it is that underdraining will be profitably introduced. England and France, and most of their continental neighbors, have doubtless arrived at this stage. They not only *sell* their produce high, but they *buy* their labor cheap. The improvements by which they augment their crops are made with a comparatively small outlay, while their increased productions sell for a high price. It would be very lame logic to infer that because it would pay to ditch a farm in the county of Cork, it would pay to ditch one in Wisconsin, where the yield would not bring half as much per acre, and the cost of ditching would be twice as great. I assume, what will hardly be denied, that we have lands in the United States which will bring good and remunerative crops without ditching—we have such lands in Western New York, and they abound in the Western States. They are the lands that discreet men select for settlement *first*. At the same time, it must be conceded that there are inferior lands that make up by their proximity to good markets, what they lack in quality of soil. The lands near New York and Boston will be cultivated, though poor, and in respect to the policy of draining them, they are in Cork or Kerry. I assume:

First. It will now, Anno Domini 1858, do to underdrain the lands contiguous to our large towns and best markets.

Second. It will do to underdrain, *anywhere on the face of the earth, all gardens and fruit orchards* on wet or heavy soils. The expense of drainage is a small item compared with the continued expense of their cultivation, and compared with the value of their products under good management.

Third. It will do to drain some of our *best grain soils,—tolerably well located,*—troubled with excess of water, (as, for instance, Mr. JOHN JOHNSTON'S farm, near Geneva.) Good, well managed grain farms occasionally yield crops worth fifty, sixty, and even eighty dollars the acre—they are entitled to a few *tile* if they want them.

Fourth. It will do to run *occasional* drains, which, by cutting off springs or surface water, dry muck land at little expense.

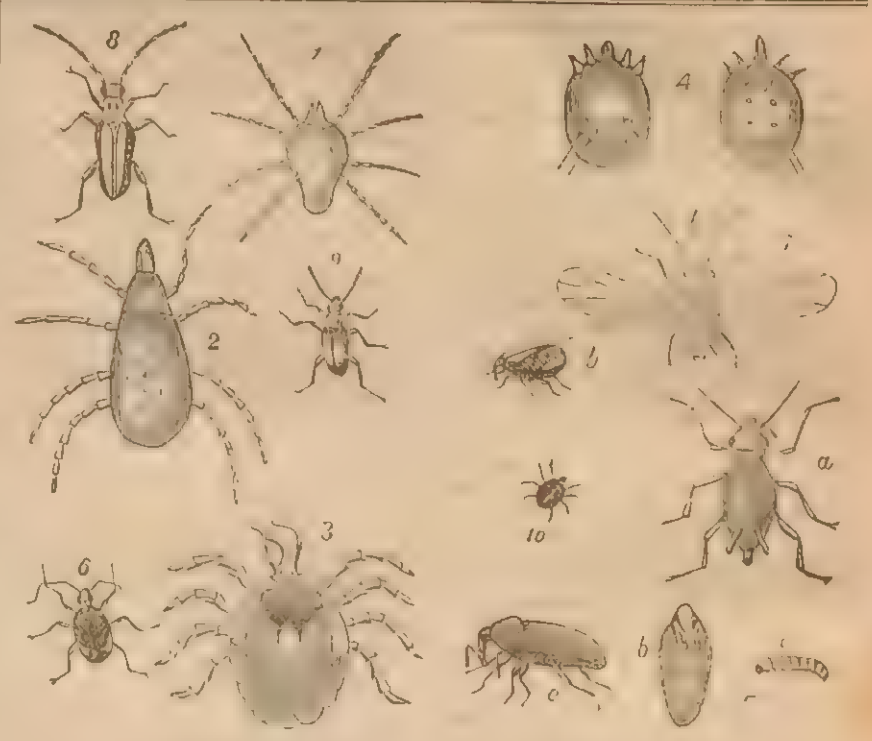
Fifth. It will do to use any time and means that can be *spared*, to drain a few acres, more or less, near the barn where the manure is to be applied to the growth of corn, potatoes, &c.

Let it be remarked, however, that it will *never do to incur the expense of ditching unless the subsequent tillage is to be good*—as bad tillage, even on drained land, will not pay for the expenses incurred.

There is one thing that the *ultra* advocates of ditching should bear in mind. We have a large portion of spouty, hard pan land, which, when thoroughly drained, at the expense of fifty dollars an acre, will then be *second, third, fourth and fifth-rate* land, and will not bring the cost of drainage, though exposed for sale in every market in Christendom! I am not willing that the owners should be decoyed by the eloquence of our modern lecturers and essayists into the expense of draining it. I have observed that whenever the editors of the *Tribune, Country Gentleman*, RURAL, *Boston Cultivator*, &c., &c., make speeches or write articles, and *have nothing to say*, they at once hinge upon ditching, and each time they *run the thing further into the ground!* While I admit that some lands will yield more and better *grass* after being ditched, I hold that at present it is not profitable to drain our *grass* lands, as a general rule,—properly stocked and managed they will supply our necessities and the necessities of the country without.

In reference to "*the West*" it may be remarked, that back from its large towns, there can be little land that it will pay to ditch—*there is so much land "Out West."* I may judge, from what I have seen and heard, that a man had better take up a new and dry farm than to undertake to drain a wet one. He can buy two dry ones for what it will cost to underdrain one wet one—in short, the "progress of population" does not yet require the culture of inferior lands.

Finally, I concede that in the indefinite future, it will happen that all tenacious soils will be profitably underdrained.—H. T. B.



INSECTS INJURIOUS TO THE POTATO.

1. Red Acarus.
2. Acarus Farinæ.
3. Ixodes, (Wood Tick.)
4. Acarus Scabii, (the Itch Insect.)
5. Potato Weevil, *(a, b, c.)*
6. Phytocorus.
7. Aphids, *(a, b, c)*
8. Striped Cucumber Bug.
9. Potato Bug, (Lema Solani.)
10. Pasalus Cornutus.

POTATO INSECT—HENDERSON'S THEORY.

[SEE ILLUSTRATIONS ABOVE.]

EDS. RURAL:—While I admire the zeal of Mr. HENDERSON and would by no means join in with the "wholesale denouncement" of which he complains, I cannot avoid noticing his communication in the RURAL of the 9th inst. He therein refers to Mr. RATHVON'S letter, sent with my communication, and found in the RURAL of August 21st, as a "complete answer"—because Mr. R. says that the "*Phytocorus lineolaris*, of SAY, approaches nearly to the *P. pratensis*, a foreign species, which also has the V mark on the scutellum."

This certainly has no bearing whatever on the question at issue. Mr. R. distinctly dissents from Mr. H.'s theory of their early propagation, because he says "it is impossible that they should cohabit in ten days after their expulsion from the egg, unless they should have, within that time, passed through all their transformations, and have attained their mature or perfect state." Mr. HENDERSON asserts that he has "again and again seen the *young insects* cohabiting, but never the full grown." So stands the case between those parties. I do say that I have seen the winged male *Aphid* in connection with a wingless female one—so late in the season as Nov. 20th. This is also contrary to Mr. HARRIS' belief—as to the *Phytocorus* I neither assert nor deny.

Mr. RATHVON also says of those insects in the "larvæ state," that "their *habits then* are similar to the mature insect"—by this he simply means as regards their feeding and form, excepting the wings and propagation only, and to be otherwise construed would be to make him flatly contradict himself. Mr. HENDERSON, however, quotes it as bearing him out in his statement.

What induces me to receive Mr. HENDERSON'S statement doubtfully is the fact that he quotes part of Mr. SMEE'S paragraph 246, where he says "a very small insect which is constantly to be seen upon tubers, is a small *Acarus* &c." This insect is figured by Mr. INGALL, who also remarks, as quoted in the same paragraph—"that this little fellow when viewed under the microscope traveling among the dense growth of fungi, put him in mind of a great rhinoceros trotting about in a jungle." Mr. HENDERSON says of this same *Acarus*, "Now, this is precisely the young *Phytocoris!* such as you (Mr. Editor) said looked like an animated dew drop," and declares that he has watched this insect from the time it first made its appearance until it got its wings! Fig. 1 is a copy from SMEE'S *red Acarus*, which preys upon aphids, and is therefore a friend to the horticulturist. Fig. 2, the *Acarus farinæ* of SMEE, which he found abundantly on the diseased potatoes, and is the one figured by Mr. INGALL. These you observe, are eight footed creatures and are classed among the Arachnidans or spider family. Under the name of *Mites* they are universally known, and when some of our most essential articles of food, as cheese or flour, get old or musty, they soon swarm with these minute microscopic animals; and when once established multiply beyond conception. They not only attack decaying matter but also living creatures.

The immediate cause of the itch, is now ascertained beyond a cavil to be the presence of an insect called the *Acarus Scabii* found, not in the vesicle, (as stated by GALE,) but at the end of a small reddish furrow, which begins with the vesicle and ends with white, corpuscle-like *acarus*. Fig, 4 shows the upper and lower side of the *Acarus Scabii*. Various species of beetles and other insects and animals in the air and water and on land are infested by one or another species of this extensive group of parasitic creatures.

The red spider of our hot houses, is the *Acarus telarius*. Under the name of *Ticks* (Ixodes) they attack dogs or persons, and are annoying to those collecting blackberries in the woods. Doctor MORENZY of Mount Joy, brought me a species of wood tick (Fig. 3,) taken from the arm of a small girl, half imbedded in the flesh while sleeping under a shade tree near a wood. These figures are all more or less enlarged.

Certainly, Mr. HENDERSON does not mean what he says. That the acarus gets wings and becomes transformed into a Phytocoris. This leads me to receive his testimony with doubt as to the accuracy of his judgment, and of course would not wilfully misrepresent him, and hope that he will be more definite if his article has misled me.

It may be well to remark that there are quite a number of insects accused of injuring the potato vines. What is commonly called the *Potato fly*,

includes three species of *Lytta*, namely the *L. Vittata*, *L. Cinerea* and *L. Atrata*, and are confounded without a suspicion that they are distinct species. These belong to the blistering beetles, or *Cantharidida*. The green Spanish-flies sold in the shops, are found in the south of Europe. Our striped *cantharis* is also of use for blistering—the *L. Nitata* or potato-fly. The narrow-necked oil-beetle *Meloe angusticollis*, of SAY, of a dark indigo blue color, is also frequently found eating the potato leaves. The potato-bug, *Crioceris trilineata* of OLIVER (Fig. 8,) now the *Lema trilineata* of FAB'S, about ¼ inch long, of a nankin-yellow color, with two dots on the thorax, and three black stripes on the wing covers. These and the *Lema Solani*, (Fig. 9,) which is yellow also with black shoulders and ends of the wing covers, eat the leaves of the potato, gnawing irregular holes through them.

Fig. 6 is the Hemipterous insect of Mr. HENDERSON, the *Phytocoris lineolaris* described and figured by PALISOT DE BEAUVOIS, (the name Phytocoris means plant-bug,) and it is a variable species.

Fig. 7 represents a wingless and 6 the winged *Aphis* or plant louse. Some plant-lice live in the ground, and derive their nourishment from the roots of plants. HARRIS says, "upon pulling up China Asters, which seemed to be perishing from no visible cause, I have found hundreds of little lice of a white color, closely clustered together on the roots." No winged ones were seen, they may be allied to if not identical with the European *Aphis radicum*. Mr. H. might easily mistake those for the young phytocoris. They certainly do breed fast enough. What is called the potato worm, like the tobacco worm, is the larva or caterpillar of a *Lepidopterous* insect; the *Sphinx quinque maculata*.

Mr. LOUIS C. LITE, of the Enterprise Nursery in this county sent me a bundle of potato stalks, channeled through their entire length by a yellowish grub, (Fig. 5, letter a,) at the base near and some in the root. I found the pupa in all stages, Figs. 5, 6, clearly revealing it to be one of the snouted beetles. I also had several perfect insects (Fig. 5, c,) which proves to be a species that I was unable to name among the ninety-nine genera, recognized as American *curculionidæ*—is of a slate color, hair short, appressed. I have specimens, and design to discover which species it is before I am done with it, if described at all. When we reflect that there are 4,000 species of weevil described, it makes us cautious in giving specific names. These evidently sapped the very vitals of the vines, and must be as deleterious as any other insect yet described. I have had ample proof of it, hence they are quite as injurious if not more so than the *Aphis* or *Phytocoris* where they infest the plants.

The above illustrated group and described insects, infesting the potato, are but a part of them that are more or less accused of doing mischief, which are submitted for the benefit of your readers. JACOB STAUFFER.

JOTTINGS FROM CONNECTICUT.

Groton Monument—Town of Clinton—Farms and Farming—Fish Manure—Cattle—Fruit, &c.

EDS. RURAL:—In my last I left my readers rather abruptly. I was speaking of standing on the top of Groton Monument viewing the scenery presented to my view, and also of the thoughts passing through my mind at the time, when suddenly I found 'twas time for the mail to close, and I stopped short—not even telling whether I descended terra-firma-wards as safely as I "went up." Such was my fortune, however, and in the evening returned to Clinton, weary, but feeling well repaid for my short though pleasant journey, entering, on the following day, upon the duties of school, with renewed vigor. How much *real* good it does one to throw off all care at times, and go forth to gaze upon the many beautiful scenes both of Nature and Art to be met with on every hand.

In my last I promised to give my Western friends a sketch of the town *from* which I write, its location, quality of the soil, and the manner in which farming is conducted. First, the location. Clinton is a quiet little village of 1,500 inhabitants, and is located on Long Island Sound, some ten miles west of where the Connecticut discharges its waters. As you go back from the Sound, the land gradually rises, presenting some fine scenery, and a fair view of the Sound, on whose silvery bosom may be seen at all times sails of various descriptions. In the war of 1812, the British attempted to effect an entrance to the harbor, but owing to the watchfulness of the inhabitants, were successfully repulsed, and there is now living in the village one old veteran, (past 90,) who, unaided by any save a servant to load his musket, completely disabled a whole boat's crew who attempted to land, killing and wounding all, save *one* man. Even now the old man's eyes will sparkle as he relates his story of 1812. By the way, he has voted for every President, (with the exception of the present one,) from WASHINGTON to the present time. How few there are living at this time who can say thus much.

The soil—as with most places along the Sound—is a thin, sandy loam, better adapted to grain than pasturage. Along the shore are extensive flats, affording quantities of salt grass, which is cut every September for winter use. Cattle will not thrive on it as they do on upland hay, but it answers to mix in along as seasoning. Much of the hay is shipped off to neighboring cities—the same of the straw. This course tends, without doubt, to diminish the strength of the land—for in my humble opinion no man can be a successful farmer unless he keeps up his farm by constantly top-dressing it with good, strong manure, which is not often done when but little stock is kept on the premises. The common practice of farmers here, is to *fish* their land (as they term it.) By this, I mean use fish as a fertilizer. But, methinks, I hear some Western friend ask in astonishment, can fish enough be caught for this purpose?

The fish used are the Whitefish that swarm the waters of the Sound in the summer season. These will average half a pound each—and they go in "*schools*"—(not *graded* schools, such as Connecticut begins to boast of, where the young idea is taught "to shoot")—but *fish schools*—congregating promiscuously. That you may form some idea of their plenteousness, I will say they are caught during the fishing season, (July, August and September,) at the rate of from 200,000 to 300,000 per week. Only a few days since 50,000 were caught at *one haul*. They are sold at $1 25 per thousand. The usual quantity for an acre of ground is from 8,000 to 10,000—say from $10 to $15 per acre. The usual practice is to plow them in—though they are sometimes spread broadcast and left to decay on the surface. They are excellent dressing for grain, potatoes and grass—but if used exclusively, will run down the land, as the fish itself will make *no soil*, the principal ingredient that acts as a fertilizer being the oil—of which this species of fish contains a large amount. Of course the effluvia arising constantly from such a quantity of animal matter in a state of decomposition, is very offensive, especially to those not accustomed to it—but, as the eel said in regard to being skinned, it is nothing when one gets used to it.

As a general thing the land is too rough to use horses to work it—the team work being done by oxen. Farmers in this section raise and train their own cattle—consequently there are many fine animals in our vicinity—mostly native stock.

This is not a very remarkable section for fruit, though some kinds flourish well. For instance, I never saw larger, or more thrifty peach trees in Western New York, than are to be met with here. The soil and sea air seems well adapted to their growth. Grapes also flourish remarkably well.—The vines are, this year, so far as I have seen, loaded with large, healthy clusters. In some sections of the State the grape seems to be diseased—especially the Isabella—for when about half grown it is seized with a *dry rot*, and often whole vines are stripped of their fruit. Apples flourish—though not as they do in your vicinity. The curculio, slug and other vermin, destroy much of our choicest fruit. Why is it thus? It may be *one* of the means by which Providence forces man "to earn his bread by the sweat of the brow."

Perhaps my letter is lengthy enough for this time. If I have not wearied you I will soon come again with "Jottings from Connecticut." E. L. J.

Clinton, Conn., Oct., 1858.

HARVESTING CORN.—THE CORN JACK.

THE subject of Harvesting Corn has recently received some attention in the columns of the RURAL, and we wish to mention a handy implement for assisting the work, recently shown us by a friend in Chautauque Co. While the stalks are still rather green, as they are at the usual and best stage of cutting, not more than twenty to twenty-five hills should be placed in a *stook*, that both fodder and corn may cure properly. In our mode of cutting and binding, and then sitting in stooks, we have found it difficult to make them all stand under high winds—more or less usually blowing over. We bind, it will be remembered, four to six hills in a bundle, as it is thrown down in cutting. The implement above referred to is called a Corn Jack, and is made and used in the manner following:

A stake or post two and a half inches square and five feet long, has holes bored through at different heights, (to accommodate it to different sized stalks,) near the top for diagonal arms, projecting some eighteen inches on each side—these fitting loosely so as to be removed at pleasure. The lower end is sharpened so that it can be set in the ground firmly without trouble. It is placed where we wish to make a stook, and the corn as cut, is set up between the arms, which support it nicely until enough for a stook is ready. Then we have four bundles ready for tying without lifting or moving, and in place for a permanent stook. Tie them, slip out one arm, loosen and remove the stake or jack, and bind the stook together. It will stand firmly against a heavy wind, it is a small stook that will cure well, and when we wish to draw in before husking, is in good condition for that work.

Two men, one to cut and one to set the jacks, (two jacks are needed in this case,) and bind bundles and stooks, can harvest corn more rapidly and easily in this mode than in any other, doing as good work. There is no lifting the corn from the weeds and pumpkin vines, it is in good and firm position at one operation, and the implement is so simple that any man, who can use an inch augur, can make one. Besides, the job is finished up, no corn is left lying to be caught in a storm, as is sometimes the case when cutting goes on faster than binding. B.

REMARKS.—We gave this plan in the RURAL of September 8th, 1855, with this difference only that the stake had an iron point for convenience in driving it into the ground. The *Corn Horse* we gave last week is preferred by many, as it accomplishes the same work, and the trouble of driving the stake into the ground is avoided.

RURAL NOTES FROM IOWA.

DEAR RURAL:—As there are but few of your very excellent RURALS taken at our Post-Office, I thought it was not likely that you were receiving any word from this section of Iowa. So thinking, a few words from us might be of interest to some of your many readers.

The excitement of election in this State is over, and the *farmers*, we believe, will devote their attention to the crops yet awaiting harvest, with more earnestness than for the last two or three weeks.—We are all anxious to learn how our sister States, Counties, &c., are getting along *Agriculturally*.

There is one great and universal fault with the farmers of Iowa; and, as far as I can learn, it is about the same throughout the West. Being a new country the facilities for procuring land were, and still are, great—and the old maxim, "The more a man gets the more he wants," is well illustrated here. Almost every man coming to the country, gets, in the *first* place, all the land he can,—say 160, 500 acres, or upwards,—for a farm. In the second place, he gets all he can broken up, whether he is able to take care of it afterwards or not. The soil, being of unusual richness, produces almost invariably a good crop for three or four years, with but little cultivation. After this, instead of supplying the barns and stackyards (as before) with abundant crops, it produces a luxuriant and bountiful crop of weeds. The soil here is rich, but needs cultivation, as well as in New England.

The weather for the last two or three weeks has been wet and cold, making it quite unfavorable for the *fairs*. But for all, they were of much interest, and the Agricultural, Horticultural and Stock Departments presented a better show, than was anticipated. We are glad to say that the farmers of Iowa are taking more pride and interest in their high and noble calling. The Stock exhibits improvement, and we believe there should be an improvement in the Stock's winter quarters. Generally you find but a small shed (as it is called) composed of a number of rude forks or posts stuck in the ground and a number of poles across—from six to twenty feet wide,—with a quantity of straw built from the ground on the north or west side, (sometimes both,) and upon the poles, sometimes not drawn to the top. This composes the winter shelter of the cattle.

The farmers are generally through with their threshing, and we can say we have not been disappointed. Oats were an entire failure—the wheat not much better. The corn crop will be fair—what was sown before the heavy June rains and not washed off, will be good.

The Sorgho, or Chinese Sugar Cane, is being well tried this season, the farmers, with but few exceptions, having raised enough to be convinced of its value. It proves to be an invaluable addition to the productions of Iowa. The molasses is of the finest quality. We have not seen any sugar made from this cane yet. W. W. JONES.

Frank Pierce, Iowa, Oct., 1858.

TOWN FAIRS.—WYOMING VALLEY.

EDS. RURAL:—The following brief article is submitted for publication with a desire to aid the cause to which your labors are so ardently and successfully devoted.

The results of some little effort by way of organizing a Town Ag'l Society in this town—Middlebury, Wyoming Co.,—and carrying on, during the latter part of the past winter, a series of meetings for discussing various questions, have been so successful,—judging from our town Fair, just held,—that an extended notice of the same, may incite others to a similar useful work. A few words with regard to the locality. Hon. A. B. DICKINSON, in his address at the Wyoming Co. Fair, at Warsaw, this fall, remarked, that no country surpasses Western New York in beauty and fertility, and first among its valleys, was that of Allen's creek,* which he visited and admired nearly forty years ago.—Near the head of this valley is the flourishing village of Warsaw, the county seat of Wyoming Co. Thence the creek pursues a north-east but extremely winding course, through the eastern part of this town—through Covington, Pavilion, LeRoy, &c.—In the western part of this town is the valley of the Little Tonawanda. Consequently the surface is greatly diversified, the hills rising not to the sublime, but just to the beautiful, making the landscape pleasing and impressive.

The character and quality of the soil are, of course, various, generally, a strong clayey or gravelly loam, rather stiff, with a lack of sand for gardening purposes. Mr. DICKINSON considers Indian corn the best adapted crop. Barley, next.—The experience of the farmers here coincides with this view. He thinks it equal to any for dairy and stock.

No town excels this in sheep—they having been largely introduced from the best flocks at the East. Much fine stock is also raised here. A very great interest has been awakened in the culture of fruit. No region surpasses this for apples and pears, but peaches do not succeed so well. Grapes will probably be raised abundantly on our hill sides. J. M. QUALE, Esq., in the west part of the town has about six acres in grapes—F. W. CAPWELL has several acres. Prof. MORSE, in the village, has a splendid grapery, also an extensive and highly cultivated garden.

In the quiet and ever-admired village of Wyoming is Middlebury Academy, one of the oldest institutions in the western part of the State. It embraces among its alumni many prominent men in State and Congress. It is at present under the charge of Prof. M. WEED assisted by Prof. MORSE, formerly principal of Hamilton Academy, and Mr. DRANSFIELD, from Rochester University. Rev. Doctor DEAN resides here, who your readers will recollect was for twenty years a faithful missionary in China. Hon. J. B. SKINNER, the democratic candidate for member of Congress, also resides here.

With an intelligent population, the formation of a Town Agricultural Society—though their discussions were not perhaps equal to those of the club of the American Institute—seems to have infused a general interest and prepared the way for the Town Fair which was held in this village last week. Of the Fair, space will only admit of saying, it was eminently successful. In the remarks of Gen. MCELWAIN, President of the Wyoming Co. Ag. Society, also Doctor DORRANCE, President of the T. V. Society its superiority in many respects was admitted and highly commended. Addresses were made made by Maj. BROOKS, ("H. T. B.,") Rev. Mr. DANIELS and Prof. WEED. A premium of $5 for the best arranged yard and garden was paid by Prof. WEED and a like offer made for next year.—The favorable effects of such a premium are apparent in many a yard and garden. The Fair passed off happily. After a little moderate riding and driving, the crowd collected from this and the adjacent towns, dispersed, pleased, and no doubt, profited, resolving on future improvements.

Town Fairs may, no doubt, be highly useful and interesting, without detracting from the County Fairs. Will other towns form their Town Associations—hold their talks on the cold stormy days of next winter, and thus enter understandingly on the work of improvement? W. C.

Wyoming, N. Y., 1858.

* It should retain its Indian name—Oatka.

POLL EVIL.

THIS disease, in the earlier stages of its growth, is completely under the control of the following specific:—Alcohol, 1 pint; gum camphor, 2 oz; oil hemlock, 1 oz.; oil cloves, ½ oz.; Venice turpentine, 1 oz. Apply, with the palm of hand, two or three times a day, rubbing the tumor well at each application. Continue the use of the remedy till the swelling begins to subside, and the soreness is removed.

The recipe was, for many years, a secret in the possession of a man who informed me that he had cured with it above two hundred cases of Poll Evil. Since I have known the ingredients, I have used and prescribed it in numerous cases, with invariable success. In one case the tumor was large, and contained matter; a free application of the remedy did not diminish its size, but after breaking and running a very little, the excrescence soon dried up and disappeared.

It may be added that when a Poll Evil is cured by this repellant the horse is liable to a return of the disease. I had a mare cured that had a return of Poll Evil periodically once in two years. The same remedy proved continuously efficient.

Milan, Erie Co., O., 1858. P. H.

THE RURAL—UNDERDRAINING

MESSRS. EDS.:—While I was attending school, one of my fellow students brought a newspaper into the room, and that was the first volume of MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER. Liking its appearance, and having something of a taste for agricultural reading and all pertaining thereto, I soon procured money sufficient to pay for the remainder of that and also the second volume, in advance; and I can assure you that as each number arrived, freighted with its variety of the good and useful, its contents were eagerly devoured by each member of the family. I now see by the number and volume on title page, that I have been a reader *and subscriber* to the RURAL *nine years*—and I think it has become what its Editor has designed—a *model* newspaper,—and so long as it maintains its present high position, you may consider me a subscriber. It takes first-rate in this town, as your list will show. For one, I have found very much to interest and instruct, and think it is through such means that a great share of the farming community have received new light, and are acting accordingly.

This is the first article I ever wrote for a paper, but seeing frequent invitations for farmers to give their experience—being assured that you would "fix it all right"—I have for once ventured. Fortune has placed me, of late, as proprietor of a farm, (always working on one,) and with this article I send you a specimen of one of its products, being three ears of corn, and under *like circumstances*, any of your readers may beat it who can, and I'll try again. It grew on a piece of land that, until this season, has been too wet to raise a *crop* of any thing, and never before plowed—water having stood on portions of it about nine months in the year. One year ago I gave it a pretty good draining with tile, and it being in sight and hearing of the highway, as we were at work some of the passers-by thought "he (I) might be in *better* business,"—and "he could ditch there until he got tired;" but I told them to wait a little and see; and their tune has been changed to, "I don't know but he will make something of that after all,"—and, "there is a piece of land I never saw plowed before,—see what fine corn." But to the crop. In the spring I fitted it for corn, and planted the most of it on the 10th of May, and with all the wet weather we had about planting time, I saw water standing on it but once, and that in a "dead furrow." It was hoed twice, ripened well, and we have just finished husking. The yield from one half an acre, measured, was 68 bushels ears, and it would *average* 100 bushels per acre, very sound corn. A light dressing of horse manure was given to part of it. The length of the three ears sent you is 38½ inches; longest one 13½ inches; number of kernels on the three, 2,324; on one, 810. These are not the largest nor longest ears, but very good. Variety planted, eight-rowed yellow, but may have got mixed with twelve, to produce the specimens.

This season I have been draining with tiles, a piece that I never before saw dry, and intend to put on corn another season. Drains 3 rods apart, and as deep as the fall will admit. To all inquiries as to whether "draining will pay," I answer yes, from 10 to 100 per cent—and if possible would drain one year in advance of the plow. Some tell me they would wait and see whether tiles will prove durable or not, before expending so much underground, but while they are waiting, my tiles *will pay all expenses in extra products*, and the farm be much improved. YOUNG FARMER.

Wayne County, Oct., 1858.

REMARKS.—The above article is from the right source—for, though young, the writer is a reading, thinking and experimental cultivator, and destined to become, or indeed is already, both a practical and scientific farmer. The sample of corn sent us is one of the finest we have seen for years, and, in connection with the figures furnished as to yield, is proof positive of superiority in both quality and productiveness. The writer's experience in underdraining must prove satisfactory to himself and encouraging to others, and will do to read in connection with the able article of H. T. B., on our first page. As we believe the *silver greys* are not the only possessors or exponents of wisdom, we shall be glad to hear from many and many a young farmer in regard to matters upon which they can speak from personal observation and experience.

SORGHUM.—SUBSOIL PLOW.

EDS. RURAL:—I am under obligations to an unknown Sorghum defender for a "*Fidget Specific*," in the shape of a Homeopathic vial of Sorghum Syrup, directions being as follows:—"One drop in a glass of water—take one teaspoonful water after each meal." It is certified, on the tiny label, that it "will keep anywhere north of Mason's and Dixon's line." Reasoning that if so small a dose would do good, a larger would do more, I at once swallowed one half of the sum total, amounting to several drops, which had no other effect than to leave a slight "pumpkin taste" in the mouth, which a little "weed" soon dispelled. Let me suggest to the donor, that an *Allopathic* prescription might work an effectual cure. But the sample is clear and translucent, equal no doubt to the distilled juice of sweet corn stalks or sugar beets—to which latter sweet-producing products I would also bespeak my friend's attention. The age of cheap sugar is evidently dawning in the—*distance!*

"T," who inquires for a certain "subsoil plow for ditching," is answered in the advertising column. Having no personal interest in the sale of the implement whatever, I may be allowed to say, that those hereabouts who have used it, speak enthusiastically in its praise. W. B. P.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., 1858.

WHITE AYLESBURY DUCKS.—Will any one inform me through the RURAL where I can obtain the White Aylesbury Duck?—R. B. S., *Wethersfield, N. Y., Oct.* 22, 1858.

Rural Miscellany.

TRANSACTIONS FOR 1857.—The Transactions of the N. Y. State Ag. Society for 1857 are already issued—quite an advance, in time, upon the publication of preceding volumes. An appropriate notice of the work—written by one of our contributors, after giving the volume a careful examination—has been received and will be published in a week or two.

FAST CORN HUSKING.—Under the head of "*Rose against the World—Patent Corn Huskers in the Shade*," our friend B. N. THOMAS, Esq., of Rose, Wayne Co., N. Y., sends us the following brief but very comprehensive and telling item:

"C. B. SHERMAN and three Boys, in 65 minutes, husked 40 bushels of Corn. GEO. SHERMAN, from 6 o'clock A. M. till 6 P. M., husked 100½ bushels, on Monday last. B. F. SHERMAN, from 6 A. M. to 6 P. M., husked 100½ bushels. GEORGE husked on Monday, and B. F. on Tuesday, only stopping to take their dinner in the Field. Corn on the hill; stalks topped. The Corn from four rows thrown into one, and measured next day. If any person beats this, the *Boys* will try again."

NAPLES TOWN FAIR.—The people of Naples, Ontario Co., had a fine time at their recent Fair—an account of which was furnished us at the time, but which we were unable to give for want of space. "The entries were large, the exhibition fine in all departments, and the result a decided success," says our correspondent. The best breeds of Stock were well represented. Floral Hall was resplendent—comprising a large and superior display of Fruits, Flowers, Paintings, &c. "The Ladies' Department was fully represented—the wonders of the needle, and good taste, being displayed in every form of beauty and utility. An able, practical and appropriate address was delivered by Hon. R. B. VAN VALKENBURGH, of Bath—while the occasion was enlivened by popular airs from SUTTON'S Band. It was truly a jubilant day for the farmers—a holiday of social intercourse and improvement—of useful information and instruction."

WISCONSIN STATE FAIR.—An intelligent friend at Palmyra, Wis., furnishes us an appreciative account of this Fair, which we condense as follows:

"Upon the whole our recent State Fair far surpassed anything of the kind before held in Wisconsin. The beautifully located grounds selected as the site upon this occasion for the great display of Agricultural and Mechanical productions, would do credit to *any* State. Situated only about one mile out of the pleasant city of Madison, and easy of access by railroad, the invitation was strong to the farmers to come, and they *did come* by thousands, and were well satisfied. I really believe that the people of Madison are a *fair* people, for I certainly heard have less grumbling about hard fare and accommodations than upon any former occasion of the kind. May they ever hereafter have all the *fare they need*. Once upon the ground, we behold everything neatly arranged—a place for everything, and most things in their proper places—everything denoting that the officers were shrewd and efficient men. The show of Stock was good throughout; Machinery and Farming Implements, excellent. The exhibition of Fruit, especially of apples, was fully up to the expectations of the most sanguine. One exhibitor had twenty varieties of grapes. Some ten samples of Syrup from the Sugar Cane were on exhibition. The process of its manufacture was going on upon the Fair Ground, and there seemed to be more interest manifested in it than in any other one thing on exhibition. The show of Farm Products was such as to make the farmer proud of the State in which he lives. Everything seemed to pass off well, harmony apparently prevailing throughout the crowd of twenty-five thousand people."

THE POTATO TRADE OF TOLEDO, OHIO.—The Toledo *Blade*, in a recent article on the potato crop, states that the total number of bushels of potatoes shipped from Toledo, to the south and east, since the fall digging began, is about 26,000. Most of them were brought from the stations along the Michigan Southern Railroad, and the average cost per bushel has been 40 cents.

SORGHUM CIDER.—The Nashville (Tenn.) *Homestead* says that, besides the excellent syrup and sugar made from the Chinese Sugar Cane, there is yet another article obtained from it which is of pleasant taste, and doubtless healthy in its consequences. It is obtained by putting the expressed juice of the cane into any clean wood or glass vessel, allowing it to stand ten or twelve days, when it assumes the appearance of limpid water, and is fit for use. The flavor is similar to our best cider.

WOOL GROWING IN CALIFORNIA.—The San Francisco papers say that the wool business in California at the present day, is one of immense importance, and its steady and rapid increase promises to place it before long at the head of its articles of export. The *Bulletin* contends that California in a few years, will produce wool equal to the finest Australian, so desirable in the European markets. It is supposed by parties competent to judge, that the clip of the present year alone will reach a million and a quarter pounds.

THE CORN CROP IN KENTUCKY.—The Louisville *Journal* says the corn crop has never been so large in Kentucky as the present promises to be. We hear of fields in the Blue Grass regions estimated at 25 barrels, or 175 bushels to the acre, while fields promising 75 or 80 bushels are quite common.—Consequent upon this, droves of swine from the less prolific regions, cross the Ohio river daily at this and other points, to be fattened in Kentucky, and the indications now are that we shall have finer and fatter hogs this season than ever before.

WE are indebted to various correspondents for interesting accounts of State, County and Town Fairs, several of which we have been unable to publish for want of space.

Orchard and Garden.

CAUSE OF THE CRACKING OF THE PEAR.

Most of our readers know that some varieties of pears in certain localities *crack open* before attaining maturity, and are very much injured or destroyed. A disease also affects the leaves of pear trees, called the *leaf blight*, and is supposed to be the same disease that causes the cracking of the fruit. For some years it has been thought by a good many that a fungus growth was the cause of the difficulty, though there had been but little investigation upon this point until about two years since, Prof. Berkley, one of the editors of the *London Gardeners Chronicle*, published in that journal the results of his researches, showing that the cracking of the pear, in many cases at least, was chargeable to a parasitic fungus.

At the meeting of the *Fruit Growers' Association of Western New York*, in September, 1857, the question—"What is the cause of the Cracking of the Pear and of the Leaf Blight, (so called)?" was pretty fully discussed. Eight members took part in the debate. Messrs. Townsend, Barry, Langworthy, Scott and Thomas thought it was caused by a fungus; H. E. Hooker and Beeckmans did not express an opinion as to the cause, and W. T. Smith, had thought it the work of an insect, tho' he was not very confident. After the discussion was concluded a committee was appointed to investigate the subject and report at the next meeting, composed of the following gentleman:—R. R. Scott, I Hildreth, W. T. Smith, H. E. Hooker, T. G. Yeomans, P. Barry, L. E. Beeckmans. This being the action of the Convention we were very much surprised on receiving the last number of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* to find the following as the leading article.

"Two years ago we stated in the *Gardeners' Chronicle* that the cracking of Pears was, at least in many cases, due to the agency of *Helminthosporium dendriticum*, Wallr., a parasitic fungus, of a dark olive colour, inclining to black; the same fungus which is so destructive to young trees, from attacking the leaves and half ripened shoots. Our article attracted some notice in the United States, though it has been scoffed at by the practical men, who care for nothing save present profit, and was brought forward in the course of a discussion on cracking and leaf blight at a meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, held Sept. 18, 1857. We have accordingly had communications on the subject both during the past and present season from a very intelligent cultivator in the Genesee Valley Nurseries, Mr. R Robinson Scott, formerly employed in the Kew Gardens, accompanied by several extracts from newspapers relative to the diseases to which Pear trees are subject in that country.

Mr. Scott speaking of the leaf-blight in one of his letters says, 'I take the liberty of submitting to you one of the questions which has been introduced by fruit growers and pomologists in the United States, but upon which there has yet been no union of opinion, I mean the cause of what is known here as 'leaf blight,' which attacks the Pear tree, as well as the cause of the cracking and rust of the fruit. This malady has now become very extensive, and annually destroys a large portion of the pear crop. The pear seedlings in the seed bed are almost invariably attacked by it, and large numbers rendered valueless. The white Doyenne (or Virgalieu) has in some districts become entirely worthless from the cracking of its fruit, while in others it is the finest and most abundant bearer.—At a late meeting of the Western New York Fruit Growers' Society, which numbers among its members several popular writers on vegetable physiology, of whom at least four were present, as the editor of Downing's Fruit Trees of America, and the authors of the Fruit Garden and Fruit Culturist, it was candidly stated that up to this time they had come to no conclusion as to the cause of the leaf-blight and cracking of the pear. I stated on your authority that it was caused by a fungus. This was not concurred in but laughed at by several members. I have since, however, repeated your statements founded upon examination, and moved for a committee to inquire into the matter, which, although opposed by the President of the Society as not likely to be of any utility, was at length carried.' Mr. Scott still persists in his statement, and the notion has brought conviction to some good pear cultivators in England. We remain ourselves of the same opinion, and still recommend the use of those remedies which are found efficacious against fungi. In some cases it is probable that root pruning may be of use. The fungi which attack living leaves are generally more vigorous in proportion to the strength of the plant. It is a common saying amongst the raisers of Hawthorn Quick that they like to see mildew amongst it, because it shows that the plants are strong; and we may possibly profit by the notion in our treatment of leaf-blight. We have had no opportunity of trying sulphur in this malady, but it is right to state that experiments lately made in the case of the white Oidioid mildew of wheat, which is prevalent in May and June, have not been attended by any success, though we had satisfied ourselves that the sulphur used was of the right kind by microscopical examination. Not a thread seemed to be affected, and the mildew ran its course without any let or hindrance. It will not therefore do to generalise, or to say at once that sulphur will cure leaf blight, because it cures Grape mildew."

We have no objection to Mr. Scott's writing to Prof. Berkley; indeed we would not object to their getting up a *Mutual Esteem Society*, but we do hope when he writes again on American matters he will make statements with more care, for having attended the meetings of the Fruit Growers' Society, we can say most confidently the idea that the cracking of the pear was caused by a fungus was *not* "laughed at by several members." The opinion was treated with respect, when it was stated by Mr. S., and there was nothing in the action of the meeting, to show that it "*was not concurred in*," but the imagination of the writer. On this point we can procure the testimony of a score of witnesses. Neither was the appointment of a committee opposed by the President, unless our memory is unusually at fault, although, on the score of utility, it might well have been opposed. More than a year has now passed, and what information has been collected, what knowledge disseminated by this committee? How much worse off would pear cultivators have been, had this committee never been appointed?

Some of the remarks of the editor are equally objectionable. He would show more good sense by seeking the information contained in the public journals of this country, instead of depending upon the private letters of an individual for his knowledge of Horticultural matters in the United States. We would also recommend a little less self-conceit, and a good deal less contempt of *practical men*. This course would prevent the repetition of such untruthful and slanderous statements as the following:—"Our article attracted some notice in the United States, though it has been scoffed at by the practical men who care for nothing save present profit."

THE SEASON.

Our first severe frost occurred on Monday night the 25th ult. Until that time Tomatoes, Dahlias and other tender plants, remained uninjured. Our Nurseries have done a large business this fall, the wood of the trees ripened early, the autumn weather has been quite favorable to out-door operations, and everything seems to have been sent away in excellent condition. If good care is taken of them, by their planters, we think few will complain of dead trees.

The present is the time to take precaution against the depredations of mice. On this subject we have given information needed, and only refer to it now lest it might be forgotten. Mice seldom are found in gardens in villages, but they are often very injurious to the farmers' garden as well as his orchard. In such places all mulching should be removed, and all refuse that would furnish them protection. Clean culture will make mice scarce. *Bulbous Roots* designed for flowering in the spring may yet be planted. This is the last chance you will have to secure for next spring a bed of *Tulips Crocuses* or *Hyacinths*. Bulbs are cheap, and the most beautiful varieties can be easily obtained of the nurserymen and principal dealers in seeds.

Dahlias and all tender tubers and bulbs should now be taken up and stored away for the winter, where the frost cannot reach them, yet where the temperature will not be so high as to cause them to shrivel, or be forced into growth.

The fine weather of the present month affords an excellent opportunity for making all needed improvement in the garden, such as new walks, changing old ones, trenching, digging, fencing, &c. Where none of these permanent improvements are needed a good deal can be done in the way of cleaning and fixing up. Trees and plants may be put in to fill up vacancies until the ground freezes up. Indeed, we have done a good deal of improving and planted many trees during mild weather in December, and with good success.—Mild weather at that time of the year, however, cannot be depended upon, so it is best to hurry up the work as fast as possible.

A PLEA FOR THE CAULIFLOWER.

Messrs. Editors:—I am prompted to resume the pen in behalf of the *Cauliflower*—a noble vegetable, and, therefore, a worthy cause to plead when we see it deteriorating in public estimation from some mysterious cause not yet explained. The vegetable venders say there is no call or sale for it in this market. Must it be assumed, then, that we, as a community, have a vitiated taste? or can it be a lack of knowledge in preparing it for the table, and thus the *chefs de cuisine* of our households share a portion of blame? or should it be attributed to the growers of this vegetable who supply our markets? True it is, that many growers in this vicinity are apparently indifferent to its proper cultivation, and frequently send it to market in a stunted, sickly state, and entirely void of bleaching, which of itself is almost an unpardonable error, as it tends to deprive it of an attractive feature peculiar to the cauliflower. It is but a few seasons since that a good head of cauliflower would command a high price and a ready market, but at the present time venders of vegetables object to it from the fact that it lays on their stands comparatively unnoticed and unsaleable, while cabbage, of whatever description, is eagerly sought after, and always realizes remunerative prices.

Now, it is not within my province to pronounce an exterminating edict upon any or all who may discard the cauliflower, through any imaginary cause, but I will intimate that a vegetable so superior to the cabbage both in flavor and attractiveness when properly cultivated should find encouragement from all. A cauliflower, like that of any other vegetable, should be properly cooked in order that its good qualities may be appreciated—over-cooked it becomes insipid—under-cooked it retains a rawness to which every other vegetable under similar circumstances, is liable. Properly cooked, it is a most palatable, wholesome, and nutritious diet, quite attractive, and free from that rankness which the cabbage too frequently possesses.

I conclude, then, by entreating *growers* to grow the cauliflower as it should be grown, and *cooks* to cook and serve it up as it should be done, and then we may expect to hear no more about cauliflowers being at a discount for "market purposes." As a cheering beacon to amateurs, epicureans, or connoisseurs who may entertain peculiar "notions" of their own in this direction, I may add that I have, the present season, with but little effort, grown cauliflowers a foot in diameter, and bleached them almost as white as "drifted snow"—perfect pictures in themselves, and requiring no "extra garnishings," when placed on the table. Three cheers I say for you, Mr. Editor, for first introducing the *Early Paris Cauliflower*. W. Cabed.

Rochester, Oct., 1858.

Remarks.—We endorse all that has been said in praise of this, the most delicious of all the vegetables of the cabbage family. Many of our gardeners take no pains in growing them, and some still sow seeds of kinds that will never form a good flower in this climate. The majority of the people in every city and village are not acquainted with their value, and they have never yet been grown to such an extent as to bring them within the means of all. We hope to see the time when they will be abundant in all of our markets, and reasonably cheap.

Productive Grape Vine.—Noticing a statement from a correspondent of the Rural, a few weeks since, as to the productiveness of a grape vine, three years old, I take the liberty to send you the result of our experience. Three years last May, my father set a vine from the nursery, *(Isabella)* in a favorable situation, and tended it with care. The second year it bore a little; last year it was well loaded, and this year, from curiosity, we counted the clusters, and can report *four hundred and forty-one* of good size, with a fair prospect for their full maturity.—Homer Crandall, *Perrysburg, N. Y., Sept.*, 1858.

ACHIMENES ATROSANGUINEA.

Presented by Messrs. Knight and Perry, under the above name.

This is a beautiful species, with the habit of *A. Skinneri*, but with slender flowers nearly an inch and a half long, with a yellow tube spotted with dull purple, and a vivid scarlet limb as bright as that of *Mimulus Cardinalis*.

It is perfectly distinct from all other hitherto described, and ranks amongst the handsomest.—*London Horticultural Society's Journal.*

Treatment of an Apple Orchard.—I would like to know whether it is best to work an apple orchard or to seed it down in grass. And if it is best to seed it, what kind of grass, the amount of seed to an acre? I would also like to know the best time to sow clover to enrich the ground, the quantity of seed, and the time to turn it under, so as to have the most profit from it.—Young Egyptian, *Elkhorn, Wash. Co., Ill.*, 1858.

Remarks.—We would never put a young orchard down to grass. After an orchard becomes well established, grass may not injure it, but we would break it up every four or five years. Timothy or Orchard grass we should prefer to Blue grass, as they do not form so firm a turf. About six quarts of the former and a bushel and a half of the latter is required for seed. To obtain the best effect from clover, sow in the spring, pasture or mow the next summer, and the following spring turn under.

New Rochelle Blackberries.—*Inquiries.*—I have been thinking of setting out some of those blackberry plants so much talked about, and see if I can get the fruit. Does this *New Rochelle Blackberry* make wine? Will the berries sell readily in Rochester? Has any one in Rochester tried the making of wine? An answer through the Rural will oblige—Jos. Hawkins, *Chili, Sept.*, 1858.

Remarks.—There is no doubt but this fruit would make wine with the addition of sugar. The fruit has not been grown in this vicinity in large quantities, and we presume but little if any wine has been made. Blackberries of all kinds sell well here.

Large Vegetables.—Occasionally there appears in different papers, accounts of large vegetables, &c. Will you please give notice thro' the Rural of the following, which we think very large. Mr. Daniel Lattin grew in his garden two blood beets which were perfect; one measured 24 inches in length, 23 inches in circumference, and weighed 12¼ pounds, the other was 20 inches in circumference and weighed 6 pounds. From the potato field of E. Gazley, were dug two potatoes which weighed respectively 3¼ and 4¼ pounds. I know the above to be true and think them hard to beat. Please publish and oblige a subscriber.—J. M. Lattin, *Hyde Park, Dutchess Co., N. Y.*

R. T. Alvord, of Perinton, grew 21 pumpkins on one vine, weighing 329 pounds.

Pear Culture in Canada.—I wish to make a few inquiries through the Rural. 1, Will the finer varieties of pears succeed as far north as this latitude, 44 degrees? 2, Will the soil, which is a rather heavy clay, be suitable? 3, What varieties should I plant? I would like those that commence bearing early. 4, Which are the most profitable, standards or dwarfs?—Wm. Pringle, *Markham, C. W.*

Remarks.—Pears no doubt would succeed in your locality. Your soil if drained would be right for the pear, either on its own roots, or on quince stocks. A low, retentive clay soil is very unsuitable for fruit trees of all kinds. For varieties see list recommended by American Pomological Society, given in Rural a few weeks ago. We would plant both dwarfs and standards.

Information Wanted.—Last spring I set a one year old *Rebecca* Grape vine, which has remained dormant the whole season. The old vine is about one foot long, and the lower half is still as green as ever. I would like to hear through the Rural, as to the probability of its sprouting another year, as it sets in a valuable place for setting another vine.—Nelson Hatch, *Holley, N. Y.*, 1858.

Remarks.—The vine, although making no growth, we presume from the above, retained its leaves through the season. If so, it most likely will take a start in the spring. If the soil was in good condition, the plant must have been very weak when set out.

Preserving Onion Sets.—Will you, or some of your correspondents, inform me through the columns of the Rural how to keep Onion Sets, i. e. those that grow on the top of the stalk, through the winter? For two successive winters I have kept my "Sets" on a shelf just beneath the roof. The first time, they came out in the spring all right, but last winter every one was spoiled, owing to the frost, I suppose. I have a nice lot this fall, and would like to know the best mode of keeping them through the winter.—R. E. R., *Toledo, Ohio.*

Best Potatoes for Family Use—(C. W., *Erie, Pa.*)—The best potatoes for baking are the *Mexicans*. They will often burst in the oven, like a chestnut, are exceedingly dry and fine flavored.—They require a deal of care in boiling or they break in the water, and in this way become injured, and are better steamed than boiled. For boiling we prefer the *Mercer* or the *Long Pink-Eye*.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.

Messrs. Eds.:—There are few people who do not acknowledge the advantage derived from a right beginning in any kind of employment. Perhaps in no kind of business is this conceded fact so observable as in the transplanting of fruit trees, especially dwarf pears. Too much pains cannot be taken in the removal, and subsequent re-setting of the pear on the quince; for, if they become stunted the first year or two after transplanting, all subsequent good culture will hardly repair the loss sustained by carelessness in the beginning. I will give here my method of procedure, with its results, leaving your readers to judge for themselves whether my plan is the right one.

Early in the spring of the present year, I procured, of a responsible nurseryman, twenty-two dwarf pears, including nine different varieties, all adapted to growing on the quince root. Most of the trees were two years old from the bud, but, in order to get some particular kind, I was obliged to take those of only one year's growth. Before setting them out, I shortened in the tops about one-third, being sure to shape them as nearly as possible in a pyramidal form. I also cut off all the mutilated roots, of which there were too many, the persons who removed them having been very careless in the use of the spade. I then took a pail of water, and, with my trees, repaired to the fruit garden. The soil is a naturally drained sandy loam, having been well manured the previous year, and cropped with potatoes. I then took the spade and dug the holes two feet across, a foot deep, and eight feet apart in one single row. At the bottom of the holes, I found a kind of hard pan, which it was almost impossible to loosen with the spade, but I did loosen it, nevertheless, for I thought the spade would do it easier than the roots of my trees. I then took some of the surface soil and filled into the holes to within six inches of the top. I was now ready to proceed with the setting of the trees; not, however, until I had made a mortar of the water, which I had brought out, and some of the soil, then, before putting the trees in the hole, I gave the roots a good coating of the mud mixture. I exercised great care in putting the earth about the roots of the trees, that it might not crowd them out of their natural position. By putting them six inches below the surface, the stock of the pear was buried about two inches, which, I think, should always be done, as it adds to the longevity of the tree; for, in a few years, roots will spring out from the pear stock, and the tree will grow independent of the quince root.

After the ground was leveled off around the tree, I placed around each one, half a wheelbarrow of coarse strawy manure, and then hauled a little earth on the top of this to keep it out of sight, and the wind from blowing it away. This was the finishing stroke, and all the attention they have since received, has been an occasional pinching of the side shoots, that they might not get the start of the leader. Every one of the trees lived through the summer, and have grown beyond all account. I have had a great many people to look at them, who are familar with dwarf pear culture, and they say that they seldom, if ever, saw finer trees of their age. Certain am I that, for one, I am well pleased with the result, and feel that I am already paid for my trouble, in the great beauty and promising condition of my trees. At a future time I will write you with reference to the growing and bearing character of the different kinds of pear trees on the quince root.

Lyndonville, N. Y., 1858. M. L. Parker.

Inquiries—(*Jane G., Lakeland, Min.*)—Sow grape seed in the fall, in warm, mellow soil, but much better get vines of good hardy sorts from some nursery. Would plant trees in the spring in Minnesota; protect them during winter as recommended in a previous number. Peach trees are rendered dwarfish in their growth by being budded on the plum stock. By shortening in every spring the wood of the last year, the trees are kept in a compact form. No other form is as desirable as the pyramidal for dwarf pears.

Second Crop of Peas from the Same Roots.—J. B. Pratt, of Corning, N. Y., sends us several stalks of peas, bearing a second crop. He says, "I planted my peas in May, as usual, and eat them in July. The vines then died, but the old stalks revived, and we began to have the second picking from the 10th to the 15th of September." This is not uncommon in a damp situation or wet season. The second crop, however, is not worth the room occupied. A late sowing would be much better.

Chestnut Trees.—Will some correspondent of the Rural be kind enough to give information respecting the growth of chestnut trees, the time of planting, and of transplanting, soil best adapted to their cultivation, &c.—Forrest Castle.

Remarks.—The soil best adapted to the growth of chestnuts is a light dry sandy loam. On the time and manner of transplanting trees we have given "line upon line."

Kohl Rabi.—I received a paper of *Purple Kohl Rabi* seed from the Patent Office. The plants very much resemble cabbage, and are very large, but show no sign of heading. Can you tell me what I must do to make them head, or how they are to be used?—J. C. A.

Remarks.—The turnip-like root is eaten, and not the leaves. They are prepared for the table like turnips.

An Inquiry.—Can you tell me what will prevent sheep and other animals from peeling young fruit trees?—J. D. C., *Cross Creek, Pa.*

Remarks.—The best way is to keep them out of the orchard. Just the course you would pursue to prevent their injuring your parlor furniture.

Raspberry Wine.—We are indebted to H. H. Doolittle, of Oaks Corners, N. Y., for samples of wine made from the American Black Raspberry. Mr. D. has published a pamphlet on his method of cultivating this native fruit.

To Correspondents.—Next week we hope to be able to give attention to the balance of delayed correspondence.

ABOUT DUMPLINGS.

The inquiry of "Sylvanus" for "good dumplings"—whether the premium offered by him for the same has aught to do in the matter, we cannot say—has called forth a large number of replies. We cannot publish all—it were useless to do so, for, were he to comply with the terms by him offered, he would have a life labor in "putting on his cap and dropping in to see the fair compounders" of this delicacy. Those who miss their recipes—and their chance in competing for a husband—may solace themselves that there are a vast number in like position to Sylvanus; that "there is as good a fish in the sea as ever was caught," and that, if they make as good a display in the kitchen as they do in the Domestic Department of the Rural, they possess *just the bait* for eager bachelors to bite at.

Eds. Rural:—I notice in your paper of October 16th, "A Chance for Girls," and, as I happen to have a recipe for "Apple Dumplings" which we call good, I send it forthwith, hoping "Sylvanus' landlady" will do it justice. Three tumblers flour; a piece of butter the size of a walnut; one tablespoonful of cream tartar, both thoroughly rubbed in the flour; half tablespoonful soda, dissolved in one tumbler of sweet milk. To be put in clean cloths, tied loosely, and boiled or steamed half an hour.—Jennie, *Chenango Co., N. Y.*, 1858.

Noticing the inquiry of Sylvanus for a recipe for good light dumplings, I send him my mode of making them, which *never fails*. Pare and slice potatoes very thin, boil them very soft in water sufficient to mix the dough with, skim out the potatoes and mash fine—stirring a little flour in while scalding hot—then pour the water, in which they were boiled, upon the mixture, stirring well, set it to cool for the emptying, let it *rise*, set in a *cool* place for some time—it will be better if left for twelve hours—then make into a dough. It wants no shortening or soda, and it never fails. Let the dough stand until light, then make up. If, after trying, S. does not pronounce them good, I shall set him down as an "Old Bach."—Jennie, *Rose Glen, Aurora, N. Y.*, 1858.

Mr. Sylvanus:—Please doff your cap, for I think I have the recipe you want. Take one pint buttermilk or sour milk; a teaspoonful saleratus; half a teaspoonful of salt; and a teacupful of fruit, either dried or green. Mix just hard enough so that it will not stick to the board. Roll out, put in a deep pie tin, place the tin in a steamer over a kettle of water, and boil an hour and a half. For apple dumplings, mix the dough without fruit, fill the tin with apples, (not whole, but peeled and cored,) placing the crust on top, and boil as above directed. If you have a good landlady, she will know how to serve when done, if not, I will wait upon you, with pleasure, if you will come and dine with—Molly, *on the Hillside.*

Having noticed an article in a late number of Rural, from "Sylvanus," requesting some young lady to send a recipe for making "good light dumplings, of apples, cherries, grapes, &c.," I thought I would would give one a relative—a cousin to apple dumplings—which I think he will like much better. But in case his landlady fails to have good success, *we* will promise to have one in readiness for him, when he calls upon us, and we are sure he will like it so well that he will call again. Here it is:—Pare, core and quarter twelve tart apples, put them in a pan, pour on a half teacup molasses and as much water; season with cinnamon. Then make a crust of sour cream and soda, and cover the apples with it. Put it on the stove, cover it tight, and steam until done.

Sauce for Same.—Two teacups sugar; a heaping tablespoon flour; a small piece of butter—stir thoroughly; pour on boiling water and cook well, a little nutmeg.—M., *Elbridge, Onon. Co., N. Y.*

Some dumplings Sylvanus, of Burtown, must have. A recipe for his landlady I forthwith give. Take apples that are sour and two quarts of flour. Scald the flour. Wrap the apples in dough. When the water is boiling, drop the dumplings in and let them boil one hour. Serve up with sauce that is best to your liking.

Take one pint of buttermilk; a piece of butter the size of an egg; one teaspoonful of soda, and enough flour to form a stiff paste; stew the cherries or grapes, roll the dough, and spread the fruit thinly on its surface—roll the paste so that there will be alternate layers of fruit and paste. Have ready a kettle of boiling water, wrap the dumpling in a cloth and boil it an hour. When served it should be eat in slices, and eaten with any sauce that may be preferred. We hope the dumplings will prove good. Sylvanus has our sympathy in having only the interest of a *housekeeper* in his dumplings.—Anna & Agnes, *Phelps, N. Y.*, 1858.

COLORING RECIPE—PICKLING APPLES, &c.

At the Corner, devoted to "Domestic Economy," is one in which all housekeepers must feel an interest, especially if they are young and inexperienced, I would add my mite, particularly as one has asked information regarding.

Preserving Citrons.—Cut them in slices, pare them, then cut in whatever shape you like—fancy or plain. Weigh, and allow a pound of good white sugar to a pound citron. Boil your citron in alum water until tender, then skim them out, add your sugar, and, to eight pounds, allow two lemons, nicely cut, then boil them fifteen or twenty minutes. Skim out the fruit and let the syrup boil awhile longer, but not too much. The lemons should be boiled in water enough to well-cover them while the citron is boiled in alum water.

To Color Straw Color.—White clover blossoms will color a beautiful straw color, whether any setting is necessary or not, I do not know, but judge a little alum would be good.

Ginger Snaps, Extra.—One cup molasses; 1 do. sugar; 1 do. butter; part teacup of water with a very little saleratus.

Pickling Apples.—Take not over-large sweet apples, pare them, then in each one put a few cloves. To ten pounds of apples allow three pounds of sugar, a pint and a half of vinegar and spices, tied up in a cloth—cloves and cinnamon. Boil the apples until tender, taking them out as they become so, boil your syrup but a little longer, then turn over them. If you have no peaches, as we in Allegany have not, you will find these excellent, or I am mistaken.

Transit Bridge, N. Y., 1858. H. M. W.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

"MAMA IS DEAD."

Death's angel hovered o'er a home
And bore, in his embrace,
A mother from her little ones,
And strangers filled her place.
Her little boy, but four years old,
Came to my side and said,
With wonder in his bright dark eye,
"Did you know mama is dead?"

He knew not on his future life
A shadow dark was thrown,
In coming years a mother's hand
Would never clasp his own.
His childish mind could not take in
That wonder deep and dread,
But still his little voice was heard,
"Did you know mama is dead?"

Ah, little one, in after years
When sorrows on thee crowd,
And thy young head with weight of years
And deeper grief is bowed;
Thou'lt think of one whose gentle hand
Should press thy aching head;
And then the weary thought will come,
Alas! my Mother's dead.

Little Valley, N. Y., 1858. ANONYMOUS.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE TWO BRIDALS.

Hetty Grey was to be married. Sweet Hetty, who lived in the cottage by the wood, with the neatly arranged garden in front. Here were her flowers, freed from all intrusion of weeds—there the grape-vine displayed its broad green leaves and juicy clusters; while the woodbine almost concealed the little brown cottage, fairly kissing its low mossy eaves. Sometimes the gentle zephyr would lift its closely woven leaves, and allow the sun's golden beams to peep at the neatness and order within, or perhaps smile upon its fair occupants.

Here Hetty lived amid the beauties of nature. She sought not brilliant company; but, retired, as it were, from the bustling world, talked to the flowers, worked with the bees, and caroled with the birds. Hetty was not beautiful, no glossy ringlets waved over her fair white neck, but her soft brown hair was combed smoothly back with all the simplicity of a quakeress. Her eyes were neither dark nor lustrous, nor were her teeth admired for their pearly whiteness. Yet, wearing continually the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," we loved her.

And she must leave us—must leave her flowers and well trained vines—her favorite seat by the brookside, and all the bright halcyon spots, sacred to the memory of her youth, for Squire Percy would soon take her, as his bride, to his own noble mansion, where she would live like an Empress, and reign like a queen. Every one said it would be a great change to Hetty.

Well, the time came, and with the bridal veil floating above her head, and the orange wreath trembling on her pale brow, she went from us.

Days, weeks, and months—lonely and dreary months—passed, and I witnessed another bridal in the cottage. Hetty lay quietly with her waxen hands folded on her breast. The orange wreath had long been withered, and now the glossy myrtle was woven with her brown hair. Stray sunbeams stole through the open window and lighted up her calm face with happy smiles. And now there was no joyousness—no merry laugh, or hearty greetings—no "smiles and kisses"—naught but solemn tones, breathless whispers, and soft muffled steps—naught but sighs and tears, for Hetty was "wedded unto death." Her great change had come.

Wyoming, N. Y., 1858. OMEGA.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

MOTHER.

What a world of meaning in this simple word. How it turns the mind back to scenes of other days—the days of happy childhood. Ah, those sunny hours! Fain would I recall them, but they are gone and forever. Like an oasis in the desert, memory recalls the past, and it breaks up the fountain of love, mingled with sorrow, down deep in our hearts, and we are children again. It seems but yesterday that we were little playful children, with hearts as free and pure as the air we breathe. The care of the world did not annoy us; but, happy as the birds that soar in the blue ether, we thought not, neither cared for the future. It was then we had the counsels and admonitions of a *mother*. Then, when we were weary with play, would she gather us around her, and tell of a Savior who came upon the earth to suffer and die for us, till our sympathies were enlisted, and the tears would course down our cheeks—our little hearts well nigh bursting with grief, as we sobbed ourselves to sleep on her bosom.

In after years have we sat and listened from those same lips,—as in years before, when she sang to us our first lullaby song, or cradled us on her bosom,—to the story of the Cross, and of the final triumph of Him who came to redeem a world from sin.

A Mother! Sweetest name on earth. Where can we pour out our sorrows so well, as on a *mother's* faithful breast? What a confiding trust we repose in that calm, serene countenance, and what *love* a mother has for us. How many tender recollections crowd themselves upon our memory, as we recall the fond love of a *mother*. Have not your hearts sometimes been saddened by the coolness of some friend you had confided in? and does not memory bring back sometimes in your life when your heart has been chilled by the cold waters of indifference, coming from a source where you had been wont to receive the gentle dews of affection? If so, have you not found in a Mother's love the balm of your wounded spirits? When the world looks cold and cheerless, and the rough blasts of disappointment beat rudely against our hearts, where can we go to share the tear of sympathy with such confidence as to a Mother?—When sickness rests upon us, and lays us prostrate upon a bed of suffering, who, like a Mother, can bathe our aching brow, and with unwearied diligence supply our every want? *Her love changeth not. It is ever the same, let fortune smile or frown.*—When the poor, misguided youth, who has left the home of his childhood, and wandered upon the broad sea of vice and iniquity, sees in the distance a star that lures him back to the harbor of safety, what is it but a Mother's love. She is like a beacon light to the wanderer, to bring him back to the fold of safety and love. Have any of you been deprived of such a friend? If an "All Wise Providence" has removed a Mother from *your* circle, have you not now stronger ties to bind you to that world where that loved Mother has gone?

Four years have passed away since I gazed on the pale face and sunken eye of a loved Mother.—It was a bright morning in early summer, when the air was perfumed with the breath of flowers, and the birds caroled their sweetest notes the live long day, that we imprinted the last kiss upon her marble brow, and she was buried from our sight, in the earth's green bosom. How we love to visit the spot where lies the dust of that now sainted one; for it is there the attractions of earth fade into nothingness, and we long to die and be laid by her side. Lizzie May.

"Hillside Cottage," N. Y., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

SUNSET FANCIES.

'Tis the hour of twilight—a beautiful calm summer twilight. I have sought a retired spot to muse with nature on the grandeur of the slowly fading day. I watch the sun, as step by step he leaves the earth—no disagreeable noise grates upon the ear as he makes his exit, but slowly and silently he goes, and I almost fancy I see him enter the portals of Heaven. The shadows grow longer and longer—the birds chirp for him a farewell song—the dew bows her lovely head and weeps—and night silently throws her sable mantle over us and soon she will hold undisputed sway.

Sitting beneath an aged oak, whose wide-spreading branches are reflected in the clear waters of a babbling brook, I thought how befitting such an hour to spend alone with memory. Not to reflect upon the past, dwelling only upon its sorrows, but to give them—the dark spots in the picture—a passing glance, and calling up life's joys. There are some who are not content with having passed through sorrows once, but they must think of them—and in imagination live them all over again, thus making life doubly sorrowful and memory's mirror an unpleasant thing to reflect upon. Yes, we would look upon the joys of life, our happy hours of childhood and the very many happy hours we have spent since, and thank God it was not all a dark picture. We would gather up the jewels lost, but are there not rare jewels in store for us in the future? Let us in fancy visit the fair climes of futurity, wreathing for ourselves a bright hereafter, dwelling not upon the *sorrows* that *may* come, but rather let us look forward to the *joys* that *will* be attained. Let us remember our present joys are only a foretaste of the perfect joy that is in store for us in the future, and also

"Earth has no sorrows that Heaven cannot heal."

While we have been watching the departure of the day and musing upon its beauties, twilight has deepened into night and Luna—the pale goddess—with her retinue of glittering stars, has made her appearance proudly driving her shining chariot across the azure vault as if anxious to compensate in some measure for the absence of her superior—the sun. How beautiful now the scene. Sitting on a mossy sod in the moon's pale light, with so much that is lovely to admire, I tho't is there no lesson to be learned from such a scene as this? I fancied I heard a voice whisper in cadence low, "Yes, thou mayest learn one lesson. If earth is so lovely how superbly magnificent must Heaven be." Yes, the beauties of the two can no more be compared, each with the other, than the lustre of a diadem resting upon the brow of an earthly potentate can be compared with the glory that surrounds the head of our Celestial King.

Brockport, N. Y., 1858. Lyde.

HOW TRUE!

"There is in every human being a craving for home felt pleasures, a desire for daily communion and interchange of affection with some kindred spirit, who feels more interested in our thoughts and feelings than all the world beside, and for this, the wide, wide Universe offers no substitute;" yet how few are fitted, by education, habits, and principles, to enjoy connubial happiness!—and how many do not consider that in choosing a partner for life, rational and durable enjoyment can only be expected, with a person of suitable age, similarity of tastes and abilities; of virtuous principles, and of good understanding. They are captivated with a pretty face, agreeable person, and winning manners, or what is equally common in modern days, with the shining qualities of the purse; tender looks, and tales of first love, (which is often only first folly,) are exchanged; they fancy they are in love, and rush into matrimony, like the horse into battle, and find out, when it is too late, that the silken bands of wedlock are iron bands, fastened with arrows of steel, that give the sharpest wound! After a short acquaintance, they become weary of each other. The force of beauty and passion is exhausted, and glittering gold appears, like miry clay, but a clog to the enjoyments of those who travel on this perilous road to conjugal felicity.

Simplicity of Dress.—Female loveliness never appears to so good advantage as when set off with simplicity of dress. No artist ever decks his angels with towering feathers and gaudy jewelry; and our dear human angels, if they would make good their title to that name, should carefully avoid ornaments which properly belong to Indian squaws and African princes. These tinselries may serve to give effect on the stage or upon a ballroom floor, but in daily life there is no substitute for the charm of simplicity. A vulgar taste is not to be disguised by gold and diamonds. The absence of a true taste and refinement of delicacy, cannot be compensated for by the possession of the most princely fortune. Mind measures gold, but gold cannot measure mind. Through dress the mind may be read, as through the delicate tissue, the lettered page. A modest woman will dress modestly, and a really refined and intellectual woman will bear the marks of careful selection and faultless taste.

Be thrifty to yourself, that you may be liberal to others.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"ALL'S NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS."

Though o'er the bright features the warm sunny smile
May tell of a gladness within,
Yet oft the gay surface but covers the guile
That springs from the impulse of sin;
And the heart that is gayest in pleasure's wild chase,
Though beauty and wit sparkle there,
Too often in sorrow will seek some lone place,
To breathe the sad tones of despair.

I've stood on the shore when Ontario's wave,
Like an infant, seemed taking its sleep,
And the ripple of light o'er its smooth waters gave
A fairy-like charm to the deep;
But though o'er its surface both crimson and gold
Seemed wafted by zephyr's warm breath,
Yet deep 'neath its waters, all silent and cold,
The mariner slumbered in death.

I've seen the gay dawning of hope's cheering light,
In the morning of life's early day;
But ere the glad spirit could seize the delight,
Like the snow-wreath, it faded away;
And the mystical clasp of the golden-wrought chain,
Which friendship entwined round the heart,
Though fair to the eye, was broken in twain,
And its links, one by one, fell apart.

They tell of a clime in which happiness dwells,
Unmarred by the presence of sin;
Where the smile on the brow is the index that tells,
Of the purity reigning within—
Where love scatters light, like a balm from her wing,
Awaking new life in the soul,
And fidelity strengthens those graces that bring
The attainment of life's cherished goal.
Ah yes! it shall be when the future hath rolled
The mists of dark ages away,
All those blessings now hidden at once shall unfold
In the light of millennial day.

Somerset, N. Y., 1858. W. C. W.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

CASUAL THOUGHTS AND FANCIES.—No. I.

Brevity.—Many persons dilute their thoughts till they lose much of their strength and value—a good idea is often expanded into an article which is never read, when it *might* have been clearly and strongly expressed in a few lines.

Exertion Essential to Pleasure.—A man's greatest happiness results, not so much from the *possession* of desired objects, as from the *effort* which he must make to obtain them. If a man should have every want supplied without an effort, he would be perfectly miserable, for no *new want* could call forth renewed exertion. Truly, "a man's life or happiness consisteth *not* so much in the abundance of things that he *hath*;" but *rather* in the abundance of things that he *hath not* and *for* which he may labor and hope. Perfect success, as well as despair, might render a man unhappy, for *both* destroy *hope*, and thus take away all incentive to exertion. It was meet that Alexander should weep when the world was under his sway, for the limit of his selfish ambition had been reached, and nothing remained to him but quietly to enjoy his past achievements—a condition which must ever preclude the possibility of all enjoyment.

Greatness.—True nobility of character is not an accident nor the result of some one peculiar faculty which the great alone possess—but it is the higher and truer development of those powers which *all* men have in a greater or less degree. So that true manliness is not a gift to be merely *wished for*, but is a *work* to be performed—something to be *wrought out* by the man himself, with much hard labor and patient toil.

Friendship.—Some persons strive to make others their friends by a multitude of favors, and then think them *very ungrateful* if they will not admit them to their friendship. Such persons forget that friendship is the result, *not of gratitude*, but of congeniality of spirit. It is based on equalities, and shuns all idea of dependence or obligation. And so, if these little courtisies of common life are remembered as *debts* due from one to the other, they make debtors and creditors instead of friends.

Ostentatious Services.—The true gentleman ever strives to hide or to depreciate his services, in order to remove all idea of dependence or obligation which is so galling to the sensitive mind. He is ever seeking to show that his favors to you have cost him no trouble, or have been to his positive advantage. He is like the Irishman at the well, who, with one pail of water in his hand, offered to convey another for a little boy who was tugging it along, though scarcely able to lift it. When the boy said he was afraid it would be too much trouble, Pat replied,—"Och, be aisy about the trouble. It's no trouble at all, at all. Its *aisier* to take the both than the one, for one just balances the other." This is the highest example of true politeness. The favor was not only performed, but it was done in such a way as to remove all idea of indebtedness. Some persons would have done the same act, but would make the load of debt heavier than a dozen pails of water. Pat was a *gentleman*, and such let all men be.

Henrietta, N. Y., 1858.

Happiness, True and False.—True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self, and in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions; it loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows; in short, it feels everything it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applause which she gives herself, but from the admiration which she raises in others. She flourishes in courts and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and has no existence but when she is looked upon.—*Addison*

A thousand acts of thought, and will, and deed, shape the features and expression of the soul—habits of love, and purity, and truth—habits of falsehood, malice, and uncleanness—silently mould and fashion it, till at length it wears the likeness of God, or the image and superscription of the Evil One.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

LINGERINGS WITH NATURE—NO. II.

AVON SPRINGS.

Avon Springs! A vision of rest for the weary, peace for the tortured, and renovation for the afflicted! A dawning of new hopes, and a refreshing of olden memories! A dream of loving ease, pleasant thoughts, and merry companions!

Who can resist the magic of sunny skies, happy faces, and pleasant surroundings? Not the desponding invalid who sits upon the long piazzas, in the dewy morning, with a placid smile and hopeful glance for each passing pleasure seeker. Not sweet children who gambol on the green sward, unrestrained; nor the fair girls who trip lightly over the rural walks, and quietly laugh at the love-born maidens and their stricken Leanders, who promenade unconsciously through the shaded avenues.

A breath of rest, ease, and freedom seems wafted upon the morning breeze, and muscles long used to labor lose their tension—hearts attuned to stormy sorrow feel calmness stealing upon them—minds jaded with the monotonous haste of business, catch sweet glimpses of their younger and better selves in the prattling voices about them; while those high and holy souls, to whom thought is a joy, retire within, and gaze in silent rapture upon the graceful mingling of beautiful forms, waving shadows and sparkling fountains. The soiled and morbid traveler here shakes the dust from his garments and thoughts—the care-worn housewife forgets her anxieties and relapses to her early dreams. Heavy eyes are brighter—wrinkled and stolid faces are lightened at sight of the various phases of life which this mixed society displays.

As the sun grows warm the rustic seats and grass-paved walks are deserted, and the groups about the fountains, with their wry faces and laughing chat, grow smaller until they are reduced to a few parties from the country, whose hearty mirth and vociferous cheer jars upon the still noon-day quiet. As the shades lengthen, the gay swarms appear, riding and promenading with renewed zest. The graceful morning costumes, so chaste and simple, have given place to the gaudy hues and floating draperies which bespeak gayety and fashion, and, as evening comes, the moonlight drives, the inspiring music and bewitching dance give no memories of the rural morning scene.

Like the Summer Sabbath to the work day world, is the soothing influence of sweet Avon to the crowd weary and business-worn, who seek health and pleasure in this quiet retreat. It is happiness unspeakable, that, in the order of Providence, some beautiful resorts are saved from the giant strides of speculation and the mouldering breath of decay, where spirit-sighs may wanton with the still night-air, and poet-hearts beat high and fast in the frequented solitudes. It is there that the gentle grow vivacious—the timid, brave—the boisterous, subdued—the trifling, thoughtful—the seared, sensitive—the pious, holy. These are the oases—spots, green and fresh, consecrated to repose and re vivification; where the healing waters flow, and the balmy air is laden with hope-giving health and active inspiration.

Avon, the incomparable, the never-forgotten;—splendor and power may find loftier halls, more magnificent views and Nature's grander moods, but none more than thou will linger as a sweet memory, stealing into the heart like a silent joy, soothing, as the gentle hand of love to the aching head and fevered brow. L. A. T.

North Fairfield, O., 1858.

THE YOUNG MAN'S LEISURE.

Young Man! after the duties of the day are over, how do you spend your evenings? When business is dull, and leaves, at your disposal, many unoccupied hours, what disposition do you make of them? I have known, and now know, many young men, who, if they devoted to any scientific, or literary, or professional pursuits, the time they spend in games of chance, and lounging in bed, might rise to any eminence. You have all read of the sexton's son, who became a fine astronomer by spending a short time every evening in gazing at the stars, after ringing the bell for nine o'clock. Sir William Phipps, who, at the age of forty five, had attained the order of knighthood, and the office of High Sheriff of New England, and Governor of Massachusetts, learned to read and write, after his eighteenth year, of a ship carpenter, in Boston. William Gifford, the great editor of the Quarterly, was an apprentice to a shoemaker, and spent his leisure hours in study. And because he had neither pen nor paper, slate nor pencil, he wrought out his problems on smooth leather with a blunt awl.

David Rittenhouse, the American astronomer, when a plow-boy, was observed to have covered his plow and fences with figures and calculations. James Ferguson, the Scotch astronomer, learned to read by himself and mastered the elements of astronomy while a shepherd's boy in the fields by night. And perhaps it is not too much to say that, if the hours wasted in idle company, in vain conversation at the tavern, were only spent in the pursuit of useful knowledge, the dullest apprentice in any of our shops might become an intelligent member of society, and a fit person for most of our civil offices. By such a course, the rough covering of many a youth is laid aside; and their ideas, instead of being confined to local subjects and technicalities, might range the wide fields of creation; and other stars from among the young men of this city might be added to the list of worthies that are gilding our country with bright yet mellow light.—*Rev. Dr. Murray.*

THE INWARD MONITOR.

A man in his judgment may blinded be,
The path of duty unable to see:
But there is an inward monitor near,
Whose whispers rise from the heart to the ear,
And if that monitor he will obey,
From the path of right he'll not go astray.

True courage is the result of reasoning. A brave mind is always impregnable. Resolution lies more in the head than in the veins, and a just sense of honor and infamy, of duty and of religion, will carry us further than all the force of mechanism.

'Tis a miserable thing to live in suspense; it is the life of a spider.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

VOICES WITHIN.

BY C. C. BRAGDON.

O, there are stormy strifes of pain
That clash around the human soul,
When time, with all its wealth and fame,
Seems but an empty, joyless whole.

Then yearning voices rise within
That tell us of another age,
Beyond this restless life of sin,
Where jarring discords do not rage.

And then a calmness gathers o'er
Our feelings of oppressive gloom,
And light and beauty rise before,
And gild the Gateway of the Tomb.

We feel that 'tis not well to sigh,
And yield to hopelessness and dread,
For when we die, we do not die—
We are not dead, when we are dead.

We feel, if we are good and true,
That storm and strife shall pass away,
And then our spirit shall renew
The strength and joy they lose to-day.

These inner voices whisper this—
Whisper, "if man is rightly wise,
Immortal life and perfect bliss
Await him when we say he dies"

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE DAY BOOK.

Every soul that is born into this world is like a blank book, having its pages of virgin white.—Every thought, and act, and deed is written upon that soul with fearful accuracy, and durableness.—Each day has assigned to it its bright page either to be filled with a neatly arranged record of virtuous thoughts and actions, or to be scrawled and blotted over with sins, stains and vices.

God has given us a memory by which we are enabled to turn back the leaves of the book, and look over our past life, and take lessons and warnings by experience; and though we cannot bring to recollection *every* thought or deed of our life, yet they exist, indelibly engraven on the tablet of time, and will, at some time stare us fearfully in the face.

Oh, how happy is the condition of that soul who can turn back the leaves of memory, until he comes to the page where the Savior has written, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee." What a difference between the pages following this and those preceding it! His "sins are blotted out, and his transgressions are remembered no more." Thenceforth are "all things done decently, and in order."

There is also a Great Book in Heaven. An angel stands by it, and whenever a sinner in this world turns to Christ, in truth and sincerity, fully endowed with faith unto salvation, with obedience to the will of Heaven, his name is written in the Book of Life, and all the holy angels rejoice at the baptism in the "blood that cleanses from every stain." T. W.

Williamsville, N. Y., Oct., 1858.

FRESHNESS OF THE BIBLE.

The learned Le Clerc tells us, that while he was compiling his Harmony, he was so struck with admiration of the excellent discourse of Jesus, and so inflamed with the love of his most holy doctrine, that he thought he had then but just begun to be acquainted with what he had scarcely ever laid out of his hands from his infancy.

Queen Elizabeth, who spent much of her time in reading the best writings of her own and former ages, has left on record the following:—"I walk many times in the pleasant fields of the Holy Scriptures, where I pluck the goodlisome herbs of sentences by pruning, eat them by reading, digest them by musing, and lay them up at length in the high seat of memory by gathering them together, so that, having tasted their sweetness, I may less perceive the bitterness of life."

During the time that Dr. Kennicott was employed on his Polyglott Bible, it was the constant office of his wife, in their daily airings, to read to him those different portions to which his immediate attention was called. When preparing for their ride, the day after his great work was completed, upon her asking him what book she should take, "O," said he, "let us begin the Bible."—*Primitive Church Magazine.*

Promises.—The following sentences from the pen of William Gurnall, deserve much pondering; they will raise a vital question in the mind of those who have never felt the sweetness of the promises in the hour of need:—"Promises are like the clothes we wear. If there be heat in the body to warm them, they warm us; but if there be none, they give none. So where there is living faith, the promise will afford warm comfort; but on a dead, unbelieving heart, it lies cold and ineffectual; it has no more effect than pouring a cordial down the throat of a corpse. Again, the promises do not throw out comfort as fire throws out heat; for then we should only need to go to them in order to be warmed: their heat is like the fire in the flint, which must be struck out by force, and this force can only be applied by faith."

The Way and the Truth.—O, Lord, who art the light, the way, the truth, the life; in whom there is no darkness, error, vanity, nor death: the light, without which there is error; the life, without which there is death; say, Lord, let there be light, and I shall see light, and eschew darkness; I shall see the way, and avoid wandering; I shall see the truth, and shun error; I shall see life and escape death; illuminate, O, illuminate my blind soul, which sitteth in darkness, and the shadow of death; and direct my feet in the way of peace.—*Augustine.*

The Shadow of God's Wing.—Lord, let my soul flee from the scorching thoughts of the world under the cover of thy wings, that, being refreshed by the moderation of thy shadow, she may sing merrily. In peace will I lay me down and rest.—*Augustine.*

The faults of the world can only be learned by a long acquaintance with it and by suffering from that acquaintance.

The Educator.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"PERSEVERANTIA VINCIT OMNIA."

This good old Latin exaggeration, so much relied on by teachers and leaders to stimulate the industry and ambition of their pupils and followers, besides helping to effect a great deal of good, has contributed towards accomplishing a vast amount of mischief. It has been the encouragement and the excuse of thousands of young persons, who, dazzled by the brilliant career of certain masters in their professions, have applied their time and energies to pursuits for which they were conscious they had but little natural aptitude, in the fond persuasion that equal success might be realized by themselves if the single condition implied in the above inspiring motto were faithfully observed.

"Perseverence conquers all things," says a young man to himself, after listening to an eloquent discourse by the Rev. Dr. So-and so, "It has made of the speaker before me one of the first divines in the country, — why may it not do as much for me? I have abundant energy to carry me through the necessary preparation; I would gladly assume the cares and trials incident to the ministerial profession, if thereby I might assist in the great work of a world's reformation; and if in any way I lack fitness, those animating words '*Perseverantia Vincit Omnia*,' that have helped me through many a hard task, give assurance that patient industry will supply all deficiencies. Yes, I will be a preacher."— Accordingly, he enters on the work of preparation, — he studies hard, — he strives to gather all the graces of ancient and modern literature to embellish his style, and he assiduously cultivates the arts of oratory to lend persuasion to his speech, — he passes a triumphant examination, obtains a charge, undergoes the usual ceremonies of ordination, and commences the career of a Minister of the Gospel. For a time, no doubt, he is well pleased with the life he has chosen—he sees that he is improving—the preparation of his sermons costs him less time and labor than at first; they are besides of better quality, and he receives plenty of fair words from his hearers. But, by-and-by, when he comes to look about for the results of his preaching, the chances are that he finds but little to encourage him. It is small satisfaction to him to hear his praise from the lips of his parishioners,—he seeks rather to read it in their lives—and if any perceptible good effect of his efforts exists there, it is so insignificant, compared with what he promised himself, that discontent begins to creep into his soul. Unwilling to believe the fault lies in himself, he meditates a change of location; he will try what a difference in his latitude or longitude will do for him; he goes West, perhaps. But he takes the old self with him, and human nature is the same everywhere. After dragging through some sad, discouraging years, conscience rouses him to a rigid self-examination; he looks searchingly within, and he sees that the preacher's heart is not in him — that Nature denied him the advantages of a reformer—and he no longer feels justified in pursuing the vocation of a preacher. He will betake himself to some manual employment; for there he is sure of being able to accomplish a greater or less amount of good. He has found that perseverence does *not* conquer all things.

If we could know how many of the persons who yearly enter the professions do so with little regard to any special fitness for the pursuits they choose, but are attracted to them by mere fancy—supported by faith in the power of patient study to make good all defects; doubtless the knowledge would surprise us. The far greater proportional number who abandon the professions for agriculture and mechanical employments, than leave manual occupations for law, medicine, &c., indicate plainly enough, that the young understand the above motto as having reference to professional life — as pointing to intellectual rather than physical triumphs.

Now, endeavor, so it be towards something useful, is always worthy of respect. We may smile at the efforts of a man striving after something far beyond his reach, or we may regard with pity him, who, to our view, wastes his talent by directing it to an inferior pursuit; but, still, there is always something about even misapplied effort that commands respect. So long as a man works at something — so long as he tries to better his own or others' condition, physical or spiritual, there is hope of him. Yet, it is by no means a matter of indifference whether a young man who can work more efficiently at farming or some other handicraft than at preaching or the practice of law, shall try his fortune for a time, at one of these latter employments—then, through disappointment and disgust, relinquish it for something to which his powers are better adapted—or, before fixing on a vocation, try to find out what Nature intended him for, and choose the right thing first. Even if it were certain that his pride would allow him to give up a profession to which he had committed himself for some more congenial employment—to change what seems to him a calling of high honor for one of less esteem—he cannot carry to his new pursuit the freshness and enthusiasm necessary to enable him to work at it to the best purpose. His failure as a doctor of divinity or a doctor of laws may not disable him from becoming a good farmer; but there is little risk in saying that he would have been a better one had his energies been given to agriculture before his spirit was broken by disappointment and defeat in another pursuit. Let those, then, who have influence in directing the ambition of the young, teach them that there are as grand conquests to be made in the physical as in the intellectual world; and let the favorite motto of school professors,—"*Perseverantia Vincit Omnia*"—be preceded, and its application modified, by the truth so *pointedly* expressed by the Latin poet — "Though you drive out Nature with a fork she will return again."

A.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1853.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities, which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbors and passengers, but not the owner within.

Thoughts.—Horace Walpole once remarked,—"This world is a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel."

PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

The following interesting statistics of libraries have been furnished to the N. Y. *Tribune* by Mr. W. J. Rhees, of Washington City, who has devoted several years to this subject, and the arrangement and examination of the collection of reports, documents, &c., in the Smithsonian Institute. There are fifty libraries in the United States containing upward of fifteen thousand volumes, thirteen containing over thirty thousand, and six over sixty thousand volumes.

The library of Harvard College, with its societies and departments, ranks highest on the list.

Massachusetts has eight libraries of the fifty, or one-sixth; New England, sixteen, or one-third; New York, eleven, or more than one-fourth.

The largest College Library in the North is Harvard, with 112,000 volumes; the largest in the South, Georgetown College, D. C., with 26,000 volumes.

The largest Mercantile or Mechanics' Library is that of New York city.

New York has the largest State Library, Indiana next, Maryland next.

Of the fifty libraries, thirty-seven are in Northern States, and three in the District of Columbia.

LIST OF THE FIFTY PRINCIPAL LIBRARIES IN THE U. S

		Vols.
1.	Harvard University, ... Cambridge, Mass.	112,000
2.	Astor Library, ... New York, N. Y.	80,000
3.	Athenæum, ... Boston, Mass, ...	70,000
4.	Library Company of ..... Philadelphia, Pa	65,000
5.	Library of Congress, ... Washington, D C, ...	65,000
6.	Yale College, ... New Haven, Ct, ...	63,500
7.	State Library, ... Albany, N. Y, ...	50,000
8.	Mercantile Library, ... New York, N. Y, ...	47,904
9.	N. Y. Society Library, .. New York, N. Y, ...	40,000
10.	Smithsonian Institute, .. Washington, D C	40,000
11.	Brown University, ... Providence, R I, ...	37,000
12.	Public Library of City .. Boston, Mass, ...	34,500
13.	Dartmouth College, ... Hanover, N. H, ...	32,458
14.	Bowdoin College, ... Brunswick, Me, ...	29,950
15.	Theological Seminary, .. Andover, Mass, ...	26,649
16.	Georgetown College, ... Georgetown, D. C., ...	26,000
17.	Am. Antiquarian Soc'y, .. Worcester, Mass, ...	25,000
18.	N. Y. Historical Soc'y, .. New York, N. Y, ...	25,000
19.	Union Theological Sem., .. New York, N. Y, ...	24,000
20.	Columbia College, ... New York, N. Y, ...	24,000
21.	South Carolina College, Columbia, S. C, ...	23,000
22.	University of Virginia, .. Univ. of Virginia, Va	22,000
23.	Dickinson College, ... Carlisle, Pa	20,500
24.	Athenæum, ... Providence, R. I, ...	20,207
25.	State Library, ... Indianapolis, Ind, ...	20,000
26.	State Library, ... Annapolis, Md., ...	20,000
27.	Amherst College, ... Amherst, Mass, ...	20,000
28.	St. Louis University, ... St. Louis, Mo.....	20,000
29.	Am. Philosophical So.... Philadelphia, Pa	20,000
30.	Charleston Library, ... Charleston, S. C	20,000
31.	High School Library, ... Providence, R I, ...	19,000
32.	Loyola College, ... Baltimore, Md..	19,000
33.	Apprentices' Library, ... New York, N. Y, ...	19,000
34.	College of New Jersey, .. Princeton, N. J, ...	19,000
35.	State Library, ... Columbus, Ohio, ...	18,123
36.	Mercantile Library, ... Boston, Mass., ...	18,000
37.	University of Georgia .. Athens, Ga, ...	18,000
38.	University N. Carolina, .. Chapel Hill, N C, ...	17,800
39.	Mercantile Library, ... Cincinnati, Ohio, ...	17,541
40.	Maryland Historical So, . Baltimore, Md., ...	17,400
41.	Academy Nat. Sciences, .. Philadelphia, Pa, ...	17,000
42.	Hamilton College, ... Clinton, N. Y, ...	16,800
43.	Theological Seminary, .. Columbia, S. C, ...	16,000
44.	Apprentices' Library, .. Philadelphia, Pa, ...	16,000
45.	U. S. Military Academy, .. West Point, N. Y, ...	16,592
46.	Union College, ... Schenectady, N. Y, ...	16,300
47.	Waterville College, ... Waterville, Me., ...	16,000
48.	Williams College, ... Williamstown, Mass.,	16,000
49.	Trinity College, ... Hartford, Ct, ...	15,000
50.	State Library, ... Harrisburg, Pa, ...	15,000

The number of volumes in the public libraries of the different States, (exclusive of school libraries,) is as follows:

	Vols.		Vols.
Alabama, ...	31,929	New Jersey, ...	80,863
Arkansas, ...	1,000	New York, ...	617,484
California, ...	21,176	North Carolina, ...	41,985
Connecticut, ...	152,783	Ohio, ...	246,288
Delaware, ...	28,584	Pennsylvania, ...	424,850
Florida, ...	9,867	Rhode Island, ...	140,235
Georgia, ...	64,656	South Carolina, ...	101,680
Illinois, ...	43,588	Tennessee, ...	82,904
Indiana, ...	52,379	Texas, ...	2,350
Iowa, ...	8,150	Vermont, ...	33,900
Kentucky, ...	127,168	Virginia, ...	134,646
Louisiana, ...	59,680	Wisconsin, ...	68,000
Maine, ...	115,932	Oregon Territory, ..	1,147
Maryland, ...	141,516	Washington Ter, ..	2,852
Massachusetts, ...	635,111	Minnesota Territory,	5,000
Michigan, ...	35,666	Kansas Territory, ..	1,000
Mississippi, ...	16,640	District Columbia, ..	268,818
Missouri, ...	58,000		
New Hampshire, ...	88,602	Total, ...	8,921,563

Massachusetts, it will be seen, stands first; New York, very near to her; Pennsylvania, third; District of Columbia, fourth, and Ohio, fifth. Only eleven States have over 100,000 volumes; of these, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, and South Carolina are Southern.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN THE PRINCIPAL CITIES.

	Vols.		Vols.
New York, ...	331,441	Cincinnati, ...	71,300
Philadelphia, ...	269,228	Columbia, S. C, ...	56,000
Boston, ...	230,046	St. Louis, Mo, ...	40,000
Baltimore, ...	98,644	Charleston, S C,	38,000
Albany, ...	93,827		

FALLACY OF PREMATURE EDUCATION.

When we are considering the health of children, it is imperative not to omit the importance of *keeping their brains fallow, as it were, for several of the first years of their existence.* The mischief perpetrated by a contrary course, in the shape of *bad health, peevish temper, and developed vanity*, is incalculable. Some infant prodigy, which is a standard of mischief throughout its neighborhood, misleads them. But parents may be assured that this early work is not, by any means, all gain, even in the way of work. I suspect it is a loss; and, that children who begin their education late, as it would be called, will rapidly overtake those who have been in the harness long before them.

And what advantage can it be that a child knows more at six years old than its compeers, especially if this is to be gained at a sacrifice of health, which may never be regained? There may be some excuse for this early book-work, in the case of those children who are to live by manual labor. It is worth while, perhaps, to run the risk of some physical injury to them, having only their early years in which we can teach them book-knowledge. The chance of mischief, too, will be less being more likely to be counteracted by their after life. But for a child who is to be at book-work for the first twenty one years of its life, what folly it is to exhaust in the least its mental energy, which, after all, is its surest implement.

A similar course of argument applies to *taking children early to church*, and to over-developing their minds in any way. There is no knowing, moreover, the disgust and weariness that may grow up in the minds of young persons from their attention being prematurely claimed. — *Arthur Helps.*

MAMMOTH CAVE, KENTUCKY.

Many and varied are the natural beauties and wonders of Kentucky—the most strange and magnificent of them all is the Mammoth Cave, the entrance to which is represented in our engraving. This Cave is situated near Green River, one hundred and thirty miles south-southwest of Lexington. It has been penetrated nine or ten miles, and has many windings that have not been explored. The depth is sixty or seventy feet. It contains figures some of which are of immense size and fantastic form; but is more remarkable for its extent than the variety or beauty of its productions, having none of the beautiful stalactites found in many other caves. The earth is strongly impregnated with saltpetre, and large quantities of it are manufactured.

The region which has received the visits of the explorer is divided into two hundred and twenty-six "avenues," forty-seven "domes," eight "cataracts," and twenty-three "pits," and, in addition to all these, there are a thousand and one marvellous scenes and objects claiming the attention of the visitor.

As may be supposed, there are many portions of this wonderful cavern which "human eye hath not seen"—portions in which the Spirit of Darkness has awed the adventurers into timidity, setting bounds to their progress—where the edict, "thus far shalt thou come and no farther," has met with a frank, ready compliance. The desire to fathom these depths has exhibited itself occasionally, and the following graphic sketch—copied from the Louisville *Journal*—detailing a recent attempt to cast light upon the hidden and unrevealed, will show our readers the dangers consequent upon such an undertaking. The "young gentleman" is, we believe, son of Geo. D. Prentice, the editor of the paper referred to:

"At the supposed end of what has always been considered the longest avenue of the Mammoth Cave, nine miles from its entrance, there is a pit, dark, and deep, and terrible, known as the Maelstrom. Tens of thousands have gazed into it with awe, whilst bengal lights were thrown down it to make its fearful depths visible, but none ever had the daring to explore it. The celebrated guide, Stephen, who was deemed insensible to fear, was offered six hundred dollars by the proprietors of the Cave, if he would descend to the bottom of it, but he shrank from the peril. A few years ago, a Tennessee professor, a learned and bold man, resolved to do what no one before him had dared to do, and, making arrangements with great care and precaution, he had himself lowered down by a strong rope, a hundred feet, but, at that point, his courage failed him, and he called aloud to be drawn out. No human power could ever have induced him to repeat the appalling experiment.

A couple of weeks ago, however, a young gentleman at Louisville, whose nerves never trembled at mortal peril, being at the Mammoth Cave with Prof. Wright of our city, and others, determined, no matter what the dangers and difficulties might be, to explore the depths of the Maelstrom. Mr. Proctor, the enterprising proprietor of the Cave, sent to Nashville and procured a long rope of great strength expressly for the purpose. The rope and some necessary timbers were borne by the guides and others to the point of proposed exploration. The arrangements being soon completed, the rope, with a heavy fragment of rock affixed to it, was let down and swung to and fro to dislodge any loose rock that would be likely to fall at the touch.—Several were thus dislodged, and the long-continued reverberations rising up like distant thunder from below, proclaimed the depth of the horrid chasm. Then the young hero of the occasion, with several hats drawn over his head to protect it as far as possible against any masses falling from above, and with a light in his hand and the rope fastened around his body, took his place over the awful pit and directed the half dozen men, who held the end of the rope, to let him down into the Cimmerian gloom.

We have heard from his own lips an account of his descent. Occasionally masses of earth and rock went whizzing past, but none struck him. Thirty or forty feet from the top, he saw a ledge, from which, as he judged by appearances, two or three avenues led off in different directions. About a hundred feet from the top, a cataract from the side of the pit went rushing down the abyss, and, as he descended by the side of the falling water and in the midst of the spray, he felt apprehension that his light would be extinguished, but his care prevented this. He was landed at the bottom of the pit, a hundred and ninety feet from the top. He found it almost perfectly circular, about 18 feet in diameter, with a small opening at one point, leading to a fine chamber of no great extent. He found on the floor beautiful specimens of black silex of immense size, vastly larger than were ever discovered in any other part of the Mammoth Cave, and also a multitude of exquisite formations as pure and white as virgin snow. Making himself heard, with great effort, by his friends, he at length asked them to pull him partly up, intending stop on the way and explore a cave that he had observed opening about forty feet above the bottom of the pit. Reaching the mouth of that cave, he swung himself with much exertion into it, and, holding the end of the rope in his hand, he incautiously let it go, and it swung out apparently beyond his reach.

This situation was a fearful one, and his friends above could do nothing for him. Soon, however, he made a hook of the end of his lamp, and, by extending himself as far over the verge as possible without falling, he succeeded in securing the rope. Fastening it to a rock, he followed the avenue 150 or 200 yards to a point where he found it blocked by an impassable avalanche of rock and earth. Returning to the mouth of this avenue, he beheld an almost exactly similar mouth of another on the opposite side of the pit, but, not being able to swing himself into it, he re-fastened the rope around his body, suspended himself again over the abyss, and shouted to his friends to raise him to the top. The pull was an exceedingly severe one, and the rope, being ill adjusted around his body, gave him the most excruciating pain. But soon his pain was forgotten in a new and dreadful peril. When he was 90 feet from the mouth of the pit, and 100 from the bottom, swaying and swinging in mid-air, he heard rapid and excited words of horror and alarm above, and soon learned that the rope by which he was upheld had taken fire from the friction of the timber over which it passed. Several more moments of awful suspense to those above, and still more awful to him below, ensued.

To them and him a fatal and instant catastrophe seemed inevitable. But the fire was extinguished with a bottle of water belonging to himself, and then the party above, though almost exhausted by their labors, succeeded in drawing him to the top He was as calm and self possessed as upon his entrance into the pit, but all of his companions, overcome by fatigue, sank down upon the ground, and his friend, Prof. Wright, from over-exertion and excitement, fainted and remained for a time insensible.

The young adventurer left his name carved in the depths of the Maelstrom—the name of the first and only person that ever gazed upon its mysteries."

EXTENT OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

We are sometimes under a little delusion in the estimates we form of the magnificence of the Roman Empire, or the multitude of troops that it maintained. Russia surpasses it in extent of territory, and maintains an army considerably more numerous. France and Austria, who rank next to Russia in the number of their standing armies, could singly bring into the field a much larger force than the whole Roman Empire. The military force of the Pagan Empire is here estimated at 450,000 men; the Christian monarchies of France and Austria are each of them reputed to maintain an army of 650,000 men. And when we reflect upon the invention of gunpowder and the enormous force of artillery, it is evident that any one of the first rate powers of modern Europe could bring into the field a destructive force that would sweep from the face of the earth the thirty legions of Adrian. The very division of Europe into a number of States involves this increase of soldiery. In the old Roman Empire the great Mediterranean sea lay peaceful as a lake, and the Roman ships had nothing to dread but the winds and the waves; whereas, in modern Europe many artificial boundaries have to be guarded by an array of soldiers. "Belgium defends her flats with a hundred thousand men, and the marshes of Holland are secured by sixty thousand Dutch." Hitherto everything has tended to develop the military power in Christendom.—*White's Eighteen Centuries.*

SCIENTIFIC PARADOXES.

The water which drowns us, a fluent stream, can be walked upon as ice. The bullet, which, when fired from the musket, carries death, will be harmless, if ground to dust before being fired. The crystallized part of the oil of roses, so grateful in its fragrance—a solid at ordinary temperatures though readily volatile — is a compound substance, containing exactly the same elements, and in exactly the same proportions, as the gas with which we light our streets. The tea which we daily drink, with benefit and pleasure, produces palpitations, nervous tremblings, and even paralysis, if taken in excess; yet the peculiar organic agent called theine to which tea owes its qualities, may be taken by itself (as theine, not as tea,) without any appreciable effect. The water which will allay our burning thirst augments it when congealed into snow; so that Captain Ross declares the natives of Arctic regions "prefer enduring the utmost extremity of thirst rather than attempt to remove it by eating snow." Yet if the snow be melted it becomes drinkable water. Nevertheless, although, if melted before entering the mouth, it assuages thirst like other water, when melted in the mouth it has the opposite effect. To render this paradox more striking, we have only to remember that ice, which melts more slowly in the mouth, is very inefficient for allaying thirst.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Young Ruralist.

CLERKS UNSUITED FOR THE WEST, AGAIN.

Messrs. Editors:—In order to convince an intelligent community that one thing is right and the other wrong, it is proper that both sides of the question be presented before their eyes, and leave them to draw whatever inference they please. A correspondent in the Rural comes out with a determined "Will," to throw my argument, concerning clerks being unfit for the West, entirely in the shade. He has not done a great amount of execution, as I shall proceed to show.

He says, in the first place, that I have not advanced a single proof to maintain my position.—William should at first look and see if he himself has presented any proofs. a His experience cannot be brought in as argument. Supposing what he has said to be true, it will not apply in this case. Because one lucky chap found a lump of gold on Fraser River, will every adventurer meet with like favors? Or, does Will suppose because he is successful in his new pursuit, that every clerk who follows his heels, is attended with like success? The ill-application of his "experience" is manifest. The candid truth is, that he in fact must have had a strong liking to farming, inasmuch as he has made such rapid strides in improvement. As stated in the original article under discussion, did he leave the city, buy a farm, and with his own manual labor prepare it for cultivation? Far from it. Many persons leave the city and work on a farm, but they do not venture on their own resources—dependent on their own efforts to render the "mother earth," in its natural state, fit for cultivation. (b.) Plenty of proofs or reasons may be brought forward, to show that poor sickly clerks are unsuited to the West.

(c) Young persons who are reared in the city, and hold positions in stores, are led to believe that any kind of real manual labor is beneath their dignity. This natural repugnance to toil is so bred into their vital organs, that the powers of the immortal Jupiter could not induce them to leave the cozy shop corners, and swing the axe, or perform any of the rough, exhaustive labor which those who enter upon a new farm are obliged to undergo. If they would go West, what success would crown their weak efforts? On looking at their times in the city, in comparison with the heavy drudgery now imposed upon them, they become discouraged, and for other reasons also they become disgusted, and return to their former calling. I have seen some "experience" in such cases.

Clerks are unaccustomed to farm labor, and hence their inability to perform the duties of the farm. Some practice is needed to break a person into the duties of preparing the soil. A clerk cannot be expected to understand the manner in which things work. I would ask, was it sickly clerks who made the broad West what it is, or *could* they make it what it is? It was not puny, enfeebled persons, but brave, sturdy pioneers, taught to earn their own bread from the earth all their lives. Life in the West is more poetical than profitable—that has been often exemplified.

Barter is necessary to our welfare in life—farming is particularly so. The farmer and the clerk are intimately connected in life's business. The husbandman brings in produce, it is taken to the market, and he finds a purchaser. No man is independent of his fellow beings. The salesman is useful, the farmer is useful, and both must exist — Here I will leave off. If "Will" can send on any more "experience," let it come! I will then lay myself on a rack to dry (up). J. W.

Monroe Co., N. Y., 1853.

Remarks.—As J. W., and other of our young friends seem to be dealing altogether too liberally in *words*, and too little in *argument*, we will make a few remarks on the above, and we do this for the benefit of all writers for this department. Young writers should avoid wild statements and loose arguments.

(a.) The fact that one clerk gains health and strength by working on a farm, and is prosperous, is a good argument in favor of the position, that like results would follow in similar cases, unless it is shown that some peculiar advantages were possessed by him, to give the favorable results that would not be generally enjoyed by clerks. This fact seems to have been understood by J. W., for he claims that "Will" "must have had a strong liking to farming, to have made such rapid strides in improvement." To this must be answered, no one will succeed in any work that requires the united exercise of head and hands, unless he has a liking for it. Every one will not succeed in any business—no one expects, or would argue in its favor. The Fraser River illustration is not good—one is a business in which skill and industry generally succeeds—the other a chance business, more like a lottery, in which the most wise and the most laborious are likely to fail.

(b.) "Poor sickly clerks"—if their sickness is of such a nature that air and exercise will not effect a cure, of course they are unsuited for this, or any laborious occupation. If they are poor and sickly *because* they are clerks, the change, by removing the cause, would of course, remove the effect.

(c.) The question was not whether clerks *could be induced* to go West and engage in farming, but whether it would not be to their *advantage*?

We will not argue this question, and only make these few notes for the benefit of young writers for this department, to show them the necessity of keeping close to the point.

Buena Vista Beans.—Five years ago I received a small sample of this variety of beans from I. W. Briggs, Esq., of Wayne Co., N. Y., which I have been cultivating to a limited extent ever since. The present season, I raised on 1-4 acre of rather poor sandy loam, without manure, 4½ bushels, or 18 bushels to the acre; the ground was plowed, harrowed and planted on the 10th of June; rows 3 feet apart, and sowed in the rows at the rate of 12 beans to the foot. They were pulled and threshed Sept 30th. Of course I do not consider this a large yield, but I think it a paying crop. The Buena Vista Beans are small, pale red, (almost white) prolific, early, and ripen evenly. If any of your readers wish to try them, I will send a sample gratis, by mail, on receipt of a stamped envelope. I enclose a sample of Field Beans, which have been cultivated for a few years past, about here. I believe they were brought from Connecticut. They are not so early or prolific as the *Buena Vista Beans*, I think, though I have not given them a fair trial. If you can give me their name I will be much obliged.—R. B. E., *Ayres, Indiana Co., Pa.*

Remarks.—The beans sent us were the *Bush Kidney Bean*, a very good field or garden bean.

An insult is very humiliating to him who utters it, when it does not succeed in humiliating the person to whom it is directed.

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List of New Advertisements this Week.

Godey's Lady's Book for 1859—L. A. Godey
Pictures and Paintings—Henry Preston
Pictures—[illegible] Ensor
Mammoth Cherry and Apple Seed—Wm Day
Short-horn Bull's for Sale—C. K. Ward
A Choice Lot of Apple Seeds—J. A. Root

RURAL NEW-YORKER
EXCELSIOR

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 6, 1858.

The Rural for 1859—Briefly.

Taking Time by the forelock, we wish to announce, very briefly but decidedly, that such arrangements are being perfected as will render the Tenth Volume of the Rural New-Yorker "Excelsior" in both Contents and Appearance, and, we trust, worthy of a far larger and wider circulation than any preceding volume has attained. Profoundly grateful for the extraordinary encouragement and support it is receiving at the hand of the Farmers, Horticulturists, Mechanics, Merchants and Professional Men, from Canada to the Gulf and Maine to Minnesota, we have resolved to make such "Progress and Improvement" in Style, Terms, &c., as will, while fully maintaining its value and superiority, render it more attractive and interesting, and place it within the reach and means of thousands to whom its club rates have heretofore been objectionable. And if its friends, near and distant, shall second our endeavors to increase its Value, by corresponding efforts to augment its subscription list and consequent influence in their respective localities, the Rural's pre-eminence as the *first Journal of its Class* in Merit, Usefulness and Popularity, will be more than maintained. All who desire to aid in the good work are cordially invited to manifest the same by preparing for an early and earnest opening of the Campaign. Show-Bills, Prospectuses, Specimen Numbers, &c., will be cheerfully furnished to all applicants. See Special Notices, &c., in first column of next page.

Athenæum Lectures.—The next Annual Course of Lectures before the Rochester Athenæum and Mechanics' Association will commence on Thursday evening next, (Nov. 11.) The Course will consist of fifteen lectures, by some of the most eminent lecturers in this country — comprising such stars as Rev. Dr. Storrs, Rev. H. Ward Beecher, Geo. W. Curtis, Rev. A. Willets, Lieut. Maury, Rev. E. H. Chapin, Bayard Taylor, Rev. A. L. Stone, E. P. Whipple, Rev. T. Starr King, Geo. D. Prentice, Rev. Dr. Bellows, &c. It is needless to add that such an array of talent is rarely embraced in a single lecture course, even in the Atlantic cities—or that the course must prove popular, as well as profitable to both the Association and its patrons. The introductory lecture will be given by Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, on a semi-scientific subject—"The Effects of Climate on Civilization." Tickets for the Course can be obtained at the Bookstores, of either of the Directors of the Association, or of the President at this office.

Congressional Elections.—To-day (Tuesday) Congressmen are to be elected in six States, New York, Massachusetts, Michigan, New Jersey, Illinois and Wisconsin. These States send sixty five Representatives, who, in the present Congress, are politically divided as follows:

	Opp.	Dem.
Massachusetts	11	—
New York	21	12
New Jersey	2	3
Michigan	4	—
Illinois	4	5
Wisconsin	3	—
Totals	45	20

A great struggle is being made by the Opposition for a gain in New York, New Jersey, and Illinois in order to make the next House an Anti-Administration one.

Washington Matters.

The movements of Gen. Walker are regarded with much interest, especially in diplomatic circles, it being represented that he is well supplied with both men and money for his professedly peaceful enterprise. There is reason to believe that should he attempt to land with his followers in Nicaragua, he will be repulsed by the British naval forces, as the Admiral on the W. I. station, it is intimated, has instructions to arrest fillibustering expeditions into Central America from any quarter. Past, as well as present events, strengthen the assertion.

New parties have recently been endeavoring to secure the government's recognition of another contemplated Transit Line over the Nicaraguan, and with whom Gen. Jerez had been in communication. No success has thus far attended their efforts. While the administration will not interfere between citizens in matters relating to that subject, those who have already contracted with the Nicaraguan government will be fully protected in their rights and property.

The telegraph, on the 30th ult., informs us that the President has prepared, and will forthwith issue, a proclamation in the usual form for the prevention of fillibustering expeditions to Central America. The document has appeared, and we may revert to it hereafter.

The Attorney General has given an opinion in reference to the proper construction of the Act of June last, which provides that the title to a land warrant issued after the death of a person who has applied for it according to the prescribed forms, shall vest in the widow, if there be one, and if there be no widow, the heirs and legatees of the claimant. He draws the following conclusions:—1st. That a warrant issued after the death of a claimant who has left a widow and children, is for the widow's benefit alone. 2d. If the deceased claimant leaves a wife with two sets of children, the warrant enures to the benefit of the heirs and legatees. And, 3d. The heirs are those who are so declared by the law of claimant's domicil.

Information has been received that Paraguay has 300 newly-mounted guns on stone batteries at the mouth of the Parana. A large land force will be needed to turn the fortifications from the land side.

The War Department has a dispatch confirming the accounts of the engagement of Maj. Dorn with the Camanches. Fifty-two warriors and two women were killed. Secretary Floyd will take immediate measures to increase the force in Texas.

It is said there is in course of preparation at the State Department a reply to the official dispatch informing our government of the purpose of Great Britain to suppress the fillibustering in Central America.

The State Department having reason to suppose that some irresponsible persons in England and others there, writing under assumed names, have induced persons in this country to forward remittances thither for the recovery of estates which they are led to believe they are entitled to, cautions persons to whom such representations are made to be satisfied as to the identity of their correspondents.

The dispatch to the Times says that government has received dispatches from Gen. Lamar, announcing intelligence that Costa Rica promptly retracts her offensive language, and says that had M. Belly been as well known as he is now, the language would never have been used. The lake boats had proceeded up the river without interruption.

The War Department has received official accounts of two late battles in Washington Territory. Gen. Clark presumes the success narrated therein is a surety of peace with the Indians,—the red men having been soundly beaten and some frightened into earnest overtures of peace. The contents of Lieut. Tyler's letters are all thus confirmed.

The Washington Union of the 30th ult., speaking by authority, says the policy of the United States is not to acquire Central America or any part of it, but to open the Isthmus routes and have them free to all the world. Meanwhile that it is but fair to claim that the covenants made with our people shall be enforced. Not only has Costa Rica made ample apology to our government but received Gen. Lamar with great cordiality. He will attend the Convention of the Central American States about to be held, with a view to effect the confederation thereof.

Late News from the Oregon War.—The Hartford (Conn.) *Times* of the 29th ult., says:—"We have a letter from Lt. Clair, of the U. S. Oregon Army, dated at Coeur d' Alue Mission, Washington Territory, of Sept. 15, with fifteen days later news from there. The Shokan and Palouse Indians had been defeated, after two days' fighting. The Shoken Chief was held by the U. S. forces, and 900 horses had been taken from the Palouse tribe. All the plunder which the Indians took from Col. Steptoe's command had been recovered. Col. Steptoe's pistol was found upon an Indian who was shot down in his saddle. The army did not lose a man. The Indians were begging for peace, and complying with all the demands of the U. S. officers. Lt. Clair considers the war in that quarter ended.—His letter was expressed to Fort Taylor on Snake river, near Wallawalla, by the Indian runners. It was directed to his father, who resides in this city, and was probably the only letter that came through by the California steamer, with news of the Oregon war."

Morphy and Harrwitz—Termination of the Match.—The Paris correspondent of the Boston Traveler writes that journal as follows:—"The match has just been settled, and Mr. Morphy declared the winner, all bets being paid. They were to have played until one or the other had won seven games; but when they stood Morphy five and Harrwitz two, the latter gave it up, laying the blame of his defeat to his ill-health; but the fact is, Morphy is by far the best player. When the termination of the match was announced at the *Cafe de la Regence*, the rendezvous of the chess players here, the Americans assembled there were quite uproarious in their exultation, while the Germans and the Prussians, who had bet upon Harrwitz, immediately suffered a terrible elongation of countenance. Still they continue to have hope, for another person has been sent for to try his hand at playing with the formidable young American, and the person is a countryman of theirs."

Letter from Nebraska Territory.

The Rural—First Ag Fair of Otoe County—Agricultural Products—Fruit Growing, &c. &c.

Nebraska City, Oct. 9th, 1858.

Eds. Rural:—Among the many eastern newspapers which I take, there is none so welcome in my family as your valuable New-Yorker. We look for its coming every week, with no ordinary feeling of pleasure, and I can assure you that its pages are well scanned over. It has occurred to me that a few jottings from this out of the way place would not come amiss to some of your readers, and I have thought proper to take up my pen and give you, in my random style, some few remarks about matters and things appertaining to our Territory.

We have this week had a taste of agricultural matters. The Agricultural Society of Otoe County have, the last two days, been holding their First Fair in this city, and, taking all things into consideration, the exhibition of horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, and the products of the soil, has been such as will compare favorably with a good many such Shows in the States. For the raising of corn, potatoes, and pumpkins, the soil of Nebraska cannot be excelled. We have raised pumpkins here weighing one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and corn that takes only eleven ears to make a half bushel. Our first Fair was very well attended. The ladies turned out with all sorts of fancy articles for exhibition, and a spirit of laudable emulation has been created that will tell at the next Show of the Society, and will materially advance the interests of farmers and the county generally. Agriculture in this portion of the Territory, is now securing a good deal more attention than it hitherto has done. Speculation in paper towns and town lots has in a great measure subsided, and a good deal more attention is directed towards cultivating the soil. We have here farmers from almost every State in the Union, and the extensive praries, that some four years ago were used only as the hunting grounds of the Pawnees and Otoes, are now dotted over with cornfields, and the huts of the settlers are getting thickly scattered over the country, showing a degree of prosperity in this Territory of a permanent character.

A new impetus has been given to improvement, and our Fair has brought our farmers together. There has been an entire change of sentiment, and the excellent address, delivered by the Hon. Samuel W. Black, has sent the farmers home wiser and better men, and with a still stronger determination to "stick to the plow."

The South Platte Country is settling up very fast with an industrious, thriving population. The postponement of the land sales in the Territory, was a god-send to the settler, and will secure to the actual tillers of the soil many thousands of acres of rich land, which would otherwise have fallen into the capacious maw of the land speculator.

The streets of Nebraska City have lately been crowded with wagons and cattle, owned by parties on their way to the newly discovered gold region at Pike's Peak, and a good many of our citizens have caught the gold fever, and are now on their way to the auriferous region. This city, for the upper Missouri, is about the best starting point, the gold mines being some 650 miles distant. The news received from the gold region continues to be of a very favorable character, and emigration from Iowa, Missouri, and this Territory, will this fall be very large.

The crops of corn, potatoes, pumpkins, &c., in this Territory, have this year been very large and good, and the corn is now out of the way of any danger from frost. I have been a resident of the Territory some three years, and have noticed that our first frosts come generally about the 15th of October—from that to the 20th. The planting of fruit trees has the past season been carried on extensively, and the trees have done remarkably well.

To the poor man, wishing to pre-empt a quarter section of as good land as the sun ever shone on, the Territory of Nebraska offers immense advantages. Thousands of acres of fine rolling prairie yet invite the settler, and the soil yields an ample compensation to the farmer for his labor.

But I am afraid I shall trespass too much upon your indulgence, and therefore conclude.

J. Garside.

Obituary.—Hon. Alvah Hunt, formerly State Senator from the Chenango District, N. Y., and more recently State Treasurer, died in Brooklyn, on the 28th ult. His disease was paralysis, brought on by mental anxiety on account of the serious illness of his wife. He was a man of fine abilities and rare social qualities. His age was sixty years.

Hon. Robert Rantoul, of Beverly, Mass, died at Beverly, Sunday week, at the age of 79 years. Mr. Rantoul has been an honored and distinguished citizen of Massachusetts, and has taken an active part in the legislation of the State in days gone by. He first served in the Legislature in 1809.

Death of Rev. Mr. Sawyer, at the Age of 103.—The Bangor papers bring intelligence of the death of Rev. Father Sawyer, of that city, at the age of one hundred and three years and four days. He was probably the oldest clergyman in the United States.

Submarine Cable across the Niagara River.—The Buffalo *Commercial* of the 30th ult., says:—"As we go to press, a submarine telegraph cable is being laid across the Niagara, by the Montreal Telegraph Company. The cable, we are informed, is a portion of that employed in the Gulf of New Foundland, but abandoned on account of being too heavy. It is wound upon a large reel, which was placed on a scow, and towed by a steam-tug across the river. The cable is about one inch and a half in diameter, and contains three conducting wires, each one being thoroughly insulated. Its weight and strength peculiarly fit it for the swift current of the Niagara. Its length is something over three-fourths of a mile. The machinery employed in the submersion is the same that has been used by the same Company in laying cables in the St. Lawrence and other rivers."

The Queen Dowager of Spain has two millions of dollars invested in this country. Other crowned heads of Europe also have large investments here. Louis Napoleon has from three to five millions. The petty German Princes, it is stated, are interested in American securities about $50,000,000.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Persia and Vigo.

The Persia from Liverpool 4 P. M., 16th inst., and the Vigo from the same port, 13th, arrived in New York on the 26th ult.

Great Britain.—The race for the Cesarewitch handicap was won by Rocket by a head. Prioress and the Brewer ran a dead heat for the second prize. The fact that Prioress a second time ran a dead heat for this race, though this time for the second prize, is one of the most remarkable incidents connected with the Cesarewitch.

At the regular meeting of the iron masters at Birmingham, a greatly improved tone was observable. Buyers were numerous and prices were firmly maintained, while the principal manufacturers were reluctant to enter into contracts for delivery at distant dates.

The officers and crew of the ill fated Austria had published a letter claiming that they did all that was possible to do under the circumstances, and that the captain did the same.

France.—The mediation of a friendly power has been accepted by France and Portugal, in the dispute between them. It was suggested that the Portuguese Government should order the Charles Georges to be given up on condition that the French ships of war should previously withdraw from the Tagus, and return to France, so as to let it appear that the surrender was not made under the menace of the guns.

The decree permitting the importation of foreign iron into France, was about to be renewed with modification.

The monthly statement of the Bank of France shows a decrease in the bullion of £1,770,000. The discounts had increased £1,350,000.

The latest accounts from Paris say no doubt was entertained of a pacific solution of the difficulties with Portugal.

Austria.—A panic was prevailing on 'change at Vienna, caused by fears of the speculators at the approaching resumption of cash payments by the bank.

The Cologne Gazette says Austria will demand explanations from the Pope, respecting the augmentation of the French forces at Rome.

Portugal.—The free importation of breadstuffs is permitted until the end of May, 1859.

Morocco.—The Vice-Consuls of Spain and France at Tetuan, Morocco, had been assassinated. No particulars. Energetic measures to obtain satisfaction were expected. A Paris telegram says the two ships of war lately sent to Lisbon would proceed to Tetuan to avenge the massacre.

Turkey.—The Turks in Candia had again made such a display that it was feared the massacre of the Christians was intended. Great excitement prevailed. Two additional battallions of troops were to be sent to the island. Reports are received that the Porte had refused to cede the Island of Perim to England.

India.—The Bombay mail of Sept. 24th, had arrived at Suez. The disarmed at Mooltan mutinied on the 21st of August, and their almost total extermination was the consequence. The fugitive rebels from Lowree were defeated with great slaughter Sept. 10. The Gwalior fugitives, after occupying the town a week and securing a large amount of treasure and forty guns, were again defeated, on the 13th of September, and dispersed in all directions. A private telegram says that a renewed alarm has arisen at Calcutta, and that the troops were kept under arms. Seven thousand insurgents were said to be in the Province of Calcutta, but avoiding engagements.

China.—The Hong Kong mail of Aug. 24th, had reached England.

It is rumored at Canton, that one of the Commissioners who met the Embassador at the North, and who bears a character for conciliation, had been appointed Viceroy of the Canton Province.

The town of Canton was spared by the British, though the forts were destroyed. The report that the place was sacked, was unfounded.

The Chinese were coming back by degrees to Hong Kong and Macao. Trade continued dull at Hong Kong. At Amoy, little or nothing had been done in Teas. At Shanghæ the exports were 8,000,000 pounds short of last year.

Australia.—The Australian mail of Aug. 16, had reached England. The news anticipated. A nugget of gold weighing 2,100 ounces was being exhibited at Melbourne. The electric telegraph was in operation between Melbourne and Adelaide.

Commercial Intelligence.

Breadstuffs.—Flour dull. Western canal 20@22s. Ohio 22s@24s6d. Wheat very dull and nominal. Red Western 5s3d@5s6d. White 5s3d@5s6d. Corn lower but nominal at 31s@32s. White 33s6d@34s.

Provisions.—Pork quiet. French and Irish rather lower. Bacon dull at late rates. Lard 1@2d cheaper. Sales at 58s, and market dull at decline.

News Paragraphs.

The vein of plumbago, in Puzzle Mountain, in Newry, Me., has been worked through, and the supply, which was supposed to be almost inexhaustible, has proved to be very limited. Not a great quantity was procured.

California law says neither negro, mulatto nor Indian shall be accepted as evidence against a white man, either in civil or criminal suits. But lately a local Judge has over-ruled the harsh statute so far as to admit the proscribed classes in all cases where they are the injured parties; and since then colored evidence is freely accepted in the criminal courts, showing a revolution in public sentiment.

The old managers of the National Monument at Washington have been restored to power, and promise to complete the shaft, if nothing more, as soon as they can get the money. The column is now 175 feet high. The plan is to have it 500.

The New Orleans Picayune states that a ship and a bark, the former having eighty and the latter forty camels on board, had arrived off the South-west Pass, and have been ordered to Galveston.—These camels are imported by private enterprise.

A correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat, who has undertaken a careful exploration of the Pike's Peak gold mines in Kansas, writes that the stories of the discoveries of large lumps of gold and of great yields, are wholly unfounded, and that the gold found in that region is "wash-gold," from which careful men may possibly realize $2,50 to $3 per day.

Somebody has said that the marriage between Jonathan and Miss Great Britain, which was so brilliantly celebrated a short time ago, is evidently a very unhappy one. At all events, *no words have passed between them* since the bridal day.

The Chicago Board of Trade, have responded to the Boards of Canada, in favor of such a change in the Reciprocity Treaty as will allow flour manufactured in Canada, from wheat grown in the United States, to be admitted in our ports free of duty. The Secretary of the Treasury has decided against the free admission, much against the interest of the Canadians.

The News Condenser.

— Thanksgiving in New Jersey on the 18th of November.

— There are 305 places of worship in the city of Philadelphia.

— Philadelphia is the healthiest of the large cities in the Union.

— Thanksgiving in Pennsylvania Nov. 18th, and Massachusetts 25th.

— The Natchez Courier says New Orleans is the filthiest city in the U. S.

— There were 2,436 deaths in Montreal for the year ending July 4th, 1858.

— Nearly all the mills of Lowell, Mass, are now running, and all on full time.

— The soil of Turkey is found to be very favorable to the growth of cotton.

— An organization is about to be made in New York for a steam fire engine.

— The Costa Rican Government has apologized for the doings of Mons. Belly.

— More than one hundred miles of railroad will be completed in Texas in 1858.

— The line of telegraph from Placerville to Salt Lake City has been commenced.

— Silver is arriving at San Francisco from Arizona at the rate of $1,000 per week.

— It is said a child was recently born in Canada, weighing "twenty-two pounds."

— Charles S. Stratton, the original Tom Thumb, is showing himself in Manchester, Eng.

— The Great Western Railway Co. are about to replace all their wooden bridges by iron ones.

— Snow fell in Ashtabula Co, Ohio, on Thursday night of last week, to the depth of nine inches.

— The great horse exhibition on Long Island closed on Friday week. It was very successful.

— It has been decided, lately, in court that the word "children" in a will includes grandchildren.

— Brigham Young has been sued for $25,000 damages, by a Mr. McNeill, for false imprisonment.

— A child, four years old, with a fine growth of beard and whiskers, is on exhibition in New York.

— The New York Times predicts that Kansas will be admitted this winter without much resistance.

— Stewart, the proprietor of the "Marble Halls" in Broadway, employs, in that establishment, 263 clerks!

— A young lady, 15 years of age, sent to the State Fair in Connecticut a quilt containing 10,000 pieces.

— Alexander Duncan, of Providence, is taxed for over $4,000,000. He is the richest man in New England.

— A batch of New York city officials and contractors have just been indicted for frauds and swindling.

— The first new corn of this season was sold in Chicago Ill., a few days ago, at 40 cents per bushel of 60 pounds.

— Within a few months the police of New York have made 20,000 complaints for violations of the Sunday laws.

— The Grand Division Sons of Temperance of the State of Kentucky is in session at Richmond, in that State.

— There were three hundred and sixty deaths in New York last week, a decrease of seventy on the previous week.

— On the night of the 12th ult., 12 births were reported in the family of Heber C. Kimball, at Salt Lake City, U. T.

— It seems to be settled that the British Government will lay a second Cable between Ireland and Newfoundland.

— Jonathan Robbins, who died in Middlesex Co., Mass., last week, weighed four hundred and sixty-five pounds.

— It is thought the trip of the overland mail between St. Louis and San Francisco will ultimately be made in 20 days.

— Judge Balcom, last week, directed a Grand Jury in New York to find indictments against adulterators of liquor.

— The Hebrews of Norfolk, Va., have formed a military company of thirty-five men, and elected J. Umstadter captain.

— The State of Virginia taxes the railroads of the State one mill per mile for every passenger carried over their roads.

— The work of breaking up the iron remains of the late Crystal Palace, under direction of the corporation, is in progress.

— A gentleman in New Haven picked ripe strawberries from his garden on the 27th ult. At least the Boston Post says he did.

— Three men, named McGrade, Butler and Roach, were lately suffocated to death by foul air, while sinking a well near Chicago.

— A convention to secure more uniformity in Telegraphing was held in New York during the last three days of last week.

— A large emigration from North Carolina to the West is going on. A caravan of 59 persons left Lincoln Co., N. C., last week.

— The Jockey Club at Paris, the senate of elegants and dandies, has just been passing laws on evening costume for gentlemen.

— Mr. Peabody has added $200,000 to his former donation to the Peabody Institute, Baltimore, making the whole endowment $500,000.

— M. Donati, the discoverer of the comet lately visible, has been appointed Assistant Astronomer of the Imperial Museum of Florence.

— The members of the Cabinet at Washington are reported to be busily engaged in preparing their respective reports for Congress.

— The costume of the Spanish ladies has not changed for 200 years. They wear the same style of dress their great grandmothers did.

— The official list of passengers on board the burnt steamer Austria, arrived by the Europa. It shows that 456 lives were lost, 88 saved.

— During the year 1850 there were 230,000 persons employed in the collieries of Great Britain, and 66,000,000 tuns of coal were raised.

— Bishop Soule, of the M. E. Church South, is in very feeble health, and incapacitated from replying to his numerous correspondents.

— The St. Louis steamers, the "Flying Cloud" and "Rudolph," were sunk on the 17th ult., with large cargoes, one of them very valuable.

— An extra session of the Legislature of Indiana composed of newly elected members and Senators holdingover, will convene on the 20th inst.

— The London Times says that the duration of a ship of war in a seaworthy state, built of British oak, is only thirteen years of active service.

— A private meeting of prominent New York firemen was held on Saturday week, to consider the subject of procuring a steam fire engine.

— The salt pond proprietors of Turks Island recently held a meeting to devise measures for importing a supply of laborers into the colony.

— The Apache Indians, at the last accounts were preparing for a hostile expedition into Sonora, and the Mexicans raising an army to oppose them.

— The "Derby Dilly," the last of the mail coaches running out of Manchester, Eng, succumbed to railway competition on the 9th ult.

— The Governor has refused to interfere in the execution of the sentence passed upon the boy Rogers, the murderer of Mr. Swanson, in N. Y. city.

Publisher's Notices.

☞FALL CAMPAIGN QUARTER.—Since offering the 13 numbers of the present quarter (Oct. to Jan.) on trial, at half price—only 25 cts—we have received *our Five Thousand Trial Subscriptions*, in clubs of from 4 to 100, from all parts of the country. As our edition of the first month's numbers of the quarters is nearly exhausted, we cannot promise to fill orders for the *complete quarter* after this date—but shall send the nine or ten last numbers of the volume, and make up the thirteen numbers by sending some issued before Oct 1st. This is the best we can do, as the trial term must close with the year and volume. ☞ We will send the last nine or ten numbers of this quarter (and three or four issued before Oct 1st) at the rate of 5 copies for $1—and a few complete sets of the numbers of either the first, second or third quarter on the same terms.

☞THE MONEY WE RECEIVE.—Bills on all solvent Banks in the U. S and Canada, taken at par on subscription to the RURAL, but our agents and other friends will please remit New York, New England or Canada money when convenient. Postage Stamps can be remitted for fractional parts of a dollar. For all amounts over $15 we prefer Drafts on either New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Albany, Rochester or Buffalo (less exchange,) payable to our order—and all such drafts may be mailed at the risk of the Publisher. If our friends throughout the Union, British Provinces, &c, will comply with these suggestions, so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

☞SPECIMENS FREE.—We always take pleasure in sending specimens free of charge. Reader, if you have any friends, near or distant, that you think would subscribe for the RURAL, or act as agents, please give us their addresses and we will send them specimens, &c. No matter how many names—"the more the merrier."

☞THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires. Hence, a prompt renewal is necessary to secure the regular continuance of the paper

☞CLUBBING WITH THE MAGAZINES, &c.—We will send the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1859 and a yearly copy of either *The Atlantic, Harper's, Godey's, Graham's*, or any other $3 magazine, for $4 The RURAL and either *The Horticulturist, Hovey's Magazine, Arthur's Magazine*, or *any other* $2 magazine, for $3.

☞DRAFTS AT OUR RISK.—We lose little money by mail, but prefer Drafts on New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Albany, Rochester or Buffalo, (less exchange,) payable to our order, and which may be sent at our risk if carefully inclosed and mailed to D. D. T MOORE, Rochester, N. Y

☞ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, without certificate, and each and all who volunteer in the good cause will not only receive extra copies, &c., but their aid appreciated.

☞IN ordering the RURAL please send us the best money conveniently obtainable, and do not forget to give your full address—the name of Post Office, and also State, Territory, or Province.

THE RURAL'S CREDENTIALS.

OF the numerous highly complimentary notices of the RURAL NEW-YORKER which have appeared within a few months, in papers all over the land, we subjoin a few samples. People *will* write and print their notions about the RURAL, and we can't help it;—and we really hope our green eyed, nervous, bachelor neighbor of the slow monthly, who, having neither wife nor children, cannot appreciate the value of the RURAL as a "Family Institution," (or as an Agricultural and Horticultural Journal, especially so long as it renders the "pioneer paper" a dead letter in Western N. York,) will bear the infliction with becoming fortitude and resignation.—Though "conducted by a printer who wears spectacles" (what a disgrace and misfortune!—wonder how BEN FRANKLIN *could* have survived so long and flourished so extensively!) the RURAL continues to increase in favor with both People and Press—and we gratefully acknowledge the large, wide, cordial and substantial appreciation:

RURAL NEW-YORKER.—We are pleased to learn that this old and popular favorite is finding a wide circulation, notwithstanding the hard times. It is just the paper for all sorts of times. It is cheap, and contains an extensive table of subjects adapted to meet every variety of correct taste. Its form is one convenient for binding, and when you have obtained manifold its cost in current reading, it makes a treasure to put away into the library for future reference.—*New York Observer*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER, as its name implies, is extensively devoted to Agriculture, but in the departments of the Arts, the Sciences, Education, Literature, and the Daily News, it is most ably and admirably sustained. It may truly be styled, the prince of Rural papers, arising on its throne of eminence in the center (Rochester) of one of the greatest agricultural countries in the world, shortly destined like the natural Sun, to shed its light around every family circle, and show its invigorating, and beautifying power on every Rural claim, through Canada and the United States. Nothing but an examination could impress its value. It is a large Quarto in size, replete with interest and information for every circle of society and business.—*Index, Newburgh, C. W*

RURAL NEW-YORKER.—This favorite weekly is emphatically a Family Paper, being devoted to agriculture, horticulture, general intelligence, and the inculcation of sound morality. The farmer's home circle can have no more profitable and pleasant visitor than the RURAL, and any home would be rendered happier by its presence.—*Jam. Erpounder, Marshall, Mich.*

No farmer should be without the RURAL, holding as it does the highest position of any Agricultural Weekly in the whole Union.—*Republic, Baraboo, Wis*

We recommend the RURAL to everybody, because it suits all classes of readers.—*Sentinel, Rock Bluffs, Nebraska.*

For the Farmer no paper contains a better selected or more appropriately arranged variety of choice and valuable reading, at so cheap a rate, or even at any price.—*N. W. Home Journal*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER.—The unbounded success of this agricultural paper the circulation being larger than any other paper of the class in the country, is itself a strong recommendation. But if any one wishes a better, let him send for a specimen copy, which will be furnished free. We have been long acquainted with it, and consider it one of the neatest and best conducted and ably conducted papers in the country.—*U. S. Advertiser, Tecumseh, O*

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is one of the most complete and valuable papers in the Union. It is suited for all classes and conditions of men—the farmer, the mechanic, the lawyer, the merchant, the minister, the student, and, in short, for those in any and every department of life. It seems to be the aim of the conductor to get the most in a given space—there is not too much or too little, but everything is in its place and in season. It is just such a paper as the farm ers of this County need, for they will find it complete in every department of agriculture. We hope they will subscribe liberally, and follow its wholesome teachings.—*Independent Watchman, St Morris, Ill.*

RURAL NEW-YORKER.—This is one of the most popular Agricultural and Literary papers in the Union. Its success has been unparalled in the history of newspapers.—*Western Independent, Iowa*

WE invite the attention of our readers to the *Rural New-Yorker*—the best and most attractive paper of the kind published on either side of the Atlantic.—*Constitution, Erie, Pa.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER is devoted principally to the interests of the Farmer, but all classes of individuals will be found represented to a greater or less degree in its different departments. It is just the paper for the family circle, embracing as it does something of interest and usefulness to each member of the household. To those wishing to subscribe for a good paper, and one that will return to them the value of their money in full, we can safely recommend them to the RURAL.—*Free Press, Rochester, Minnesota.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER is the best Agricultural and Family Weekly published on the Continent. Our farmers could not do better than subscribe for this interesting paper, and not only among the farmers, but among business men, mechanics and private families, it would always be a most welcome visitor. We should desire to see it have a more extensive circulation here.—*Warder, C. W.*

RURAL NEW-YORKER.—This valuable paper has been received, and we take pleasure in recommending it to our readers as *the best* paper *in this country*. It is devoted to Agriculture, Horticulture, Literature, Science, &c., and to all the requisites appertaining to a first-class family journal, has no equal.—*Press, Brunswick, Me*

That sterling Agricultural Literary and Family Newspaper, "*Moore's Rural New-Yorker*," is deservedly esteemed as the best of its class in America. Next to the local Journal the "Rural" is an [illegible] to be desired.—*Farmer's Friend, Auburn, N. Y.*

RURAL NEW YORKER.—This is one of the best journals for information relative to the various branches of agriculture, horticulture, &c., that we have ever had the pleasure of perusing. It is published weekly at Rochester, N. Y., by D. D. T. Moore, and is filled with matter that could be desired by the Farmer, Mechanic, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER.—We are a constant reader of this excellent Agricultural newspaper, and always find much that is instructive [illegible] the Farmer. It is the best [illegible] of all Agricultural papers that we receive in exchange, and is valued by us for its many excellent qualities. It is worth ten times its subscription price. Mr Moore is a practical and judicious conductor, and his paper is well adapted to the wants of the northwestern farmer.—*La Fayette Free Press*

In our opinion the best agricultural paper in the world, subscribe for the RURAL NEW YORKER.—*Cattaraugus Journal*

THE RURAL NEW YORKER is one of the very best family papers extant.—*American Citizen, Franklin, Pa.*

We know of no paper published anywhere that we value so highly as the Home of Agriculture, Literature and Taste. We have been a reader of the Rural New Yorker for [illegible] years. Its editor is a practical farmer Mr Moore, and a gentleman of industry and good taste and knows well what will please and benefit a good paper. He is very selective in one thing, he demands the pay always in advance.—*Livingston Inquirer*

California Intelligence.

Arrival of the St. Louis.

THE St. Louis arrived at New York on the 28th ult, with $1,437,000 in treasure, and California dates to the 5th.

The Humboldt telegraph has been completed from Placerville to the first summit of the Sierra Nevada.

Baldwin's (Dem.) official majority for Judge of the Supreme Court is 8,397.

A vein of valuable red chalk has been found in Gold Canon, Sierra county.

Gold, silver and copper have been found in the mountains of Los Angelos.

Large numbers of Indians made their appearance on the Mohave, causing great alarm at San Bernardino. They had attacked and wounded several Americans and stolen a number of cattle.

There is said to be an abundance of water on the desert between San Diego and Fort Yuma.

The Bensley Water Company are now supplying a large portion of San Francisco with water from Lobos Creek. The water is raised by two engines of 150 horse power. The acqueduct will supply a city four times as large as San Francisco.

Upwards of 600 returned adventurers from Fraser river had landed at San Francisco.

The coinage at the Mint during Sept. was $1,030,000 gold, $57,000 silver.

Advices from Fraser river are very discouraging. The river had fallen some fifteen feet, but the result had disappointed the least sanguine, as little or no good is found a few feet above high water. It is now supposed that the prospect will not improve until the water reaches its lowest stage. To add to the disappointment, some of the river bars, heretofore worked with great success, appear to be giving out, and the claimants are selling for trifling sums.

The rumored massacre of Gen. Palmer, formerly Indian Agent in Oregon, and his party of sixty men, by the Indians, turns out to have been unfounded. They had been attacked, however, but beat off their assailants with some loss on both sides.

Advices of a later date, at San Francisco, from Hakodadi, state that an important treaty had been completed with the Japanese Government by the U. S. Consul at Jeddo. A new port lying in the bay of Jeddo, five miles from Jeddo, is to be opened to the Americans.

OREGON.—The news by the Overland Mail is confirmed. Two hostile chiefs, Qualchin and Ouhi, had captured and shot.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—Dates are to Sept. 16th. A new treaty had been made with France. The main points yielded to France are, French language to be placed on a level with English; duty on liquors to be reduced from $5 to $3 per gallon; French vessels to be placed on the same footing as Hawaiian; French Consuls allowed to exercise judicial functions belonging to the Hawaiian Courts.

The news from the Pacific whalers was bad. To the end of August 700 bbls. was the best catch reported. Many ships had absolutely nothing, while the average would not be over 150 bbls. per ship. The Ochotsk fleet, numbering sixty ships, will probably get plenty of oil. The French ship Napoleon, on the 3d, had been cut through by ice in the Arctic Sea and lost. Some 700 bbls. of her oil had been saved by American vessels.

THE ISTHMUS.—Mr. Clark, U. S. Minister, had returned to Gautamala from Honduras, where he had been favorably received.

The cholera was still raging in Gautamala.

The people of Nicaragua were still discussing the question of a federation out of the Central American States.

Mr. Crown, Missionary of the American Bible Society, has been expelled by Government from San Salvador.

Bolivia is still disturbed. An attempt was made at Latalece to assassinate President Limar. He escaped, but Gen. Prudence and another General who stood beside him were shot dead. The assassin had previously proclaimed for General Belsea, and attacked the barracks. Tranquility was finally restored through the promptness and firmness of President Limar.

Peru again threatens war against Equador, and has sent two war vessels to that country, with a commissioner to demand satisfaction for recent insults to her minister to that Republic.

The ex-president Echinique, is said to be in Bolivia, occupied in fomenting a revolution against Castille's government.

THE OVERLAND MAIL.—The California and Salt Lake Mail arrived at St. Josephs on the 23d ult—Eight passengers came from California to Salt Lake—among these Mr. Wallace, editor of the Alta California, en route for New Hampshire. Mr. Wallace speaks in high terms of the California and Salt Lake mail line. The weather was fine, the grass good, and the Indians numerous. The citizens of Carson Valley are asking for a Territorial government. Col. Andrews, with the 6th Infantry, 1,000 men and 150 wagons, was met at Alkali Spring, en route to Benicia. The mail left Salt Lake on the 2d inst. Everything was quiet and prosperous among the Saints. The U. S. District Court was in session, Judge Sinclair presiding. The Grand Jury was composed of wagon masters and old Mountaineers. Severe snow storms had occurred in the mountains, and several hundred animals had been lost.

ARRIVAL OF THE OVERLAND MAIL.—The overland mail arrived at St. Louis on the 28th ult, bringing letters to the 1st of October, but no papers from San Francisco. The Los Angelos Vineyard of the 2d inst., is, however, to hand. It contains an account of a battle at Four Lakes, Oregon, on the 1st of September, between three hundred Indians, in which the Indians, were completely routed with a loss of seventeen killed and many wounded. The troops sustained no loss whatever.

The Oregon State Legislature met at Salem on the 13th of Sept., and adjourned *sine die*, thus giving up the State organization until the regular admission of Oregon into the Union. Delazon Smith and L. F. Groves, (?) who had been elected to represent the State in the U. S. Senate, were about leaving Portland for Washington. Several attempts had been made to set fire to Portland.

Marriages.

In Hammondsport, N. Y., Oct. 17th, by Rev. S. Verbis, Mr. H. C. AINSWORTH of Madison, Wis, and Miss PHEBE M. READ, of Pleasant Valley Steuben Co., N. Y.

"As unto the bow the string is,
So or to the man is woman;
Though she bends him she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows."

In Groton Tompkins Co., N. Y., Oct. 20th, by Rev. R. Smith, Mr BYRON C. GATES, of Broome Co., and Miss LYDIA A. BUCK, of the former place.

Deaths.

In Valatie, Columbia Co. N. Y., Oct. 23d, ALMINA, wife of Henry W Norman in the 30th year of her age.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Nov 2, 1858.

FLOUR—No change to record of prices. Buckwheat flour is selling at $1,75@2,00 per cwt.

GRAIN—Wheat as last noted. Corn is drooping—current rates of 62¼@63c. Rye shows a falling off of 2½@3c per bush. Oats have declined to 42@43c. Buckwheat is worth 37½@40.

PROVISIONS—Mess Pork is down $1@1,2 per barrel. A few loads of pork (in the hog) have been seen in the street, selling at prices ranging from $5@5,50 per cwt. Hams are down 50c@$1 per cwt.

For change in other departments of trade see table of quotations.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN	
Flour winter wheat	$5,00@5,00
Do spring do	$4,00@[illegible]
Do. Buckwheat ₰ cwt	$1,75@2
Wheat, Genesee	$1,10@1,25
Best white Canada	$1,10@1,25
Corn	62½@65c
Rye ₰ 56 lbs ₰ bush	60c
Oats	42@45c
Barley	60@75c
Buckwheat	37½@40c
Beans	70@90c
MEATS	
Pork, Mess	$10,00@10,50
Do. cwt	$5,00@5,50
Beef ₰ cwt	$4,00@5,00
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@2,00
Mutton (carcass)	4@5c
Hams, smoked	8@9c
Shoulders	5@6c
Chickens	6@7c
Turkeys	10c
Geese	8½@10c
DAIRY, &c.	
Butter roll	17@18c
Do firkin	16@16c
Cheese	6@7c
Lard, tried	10½@11c
Tallow	6½@7c
Eggs dozen	16@17c
Honey box	12@16c
Candles, box	12½@13c
FRUIT AND ROOTS	
Apples, bushel	50@75
Do dried	$1,00@1,00
Potatoes	35@40c
HIDES AND SKINS	
Slaughter	5½@6c
Calf	11c
Sheep pelts	50@75c
Lamb do	37½@40c
SEEDS	
Clover bush	$4,00@4,50
Timothy	$2,00@2,25
SUNDRIES	
Wood, hard	$4,00@5,00
Do soft	$3,00@3,00
Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,25
Do Scranton	$5,00@5,50
Do Blossburg	$5,00@5,50
Do Shamokin	$5,00@5,50
Do Char	10@12½c
Salt, bbl	$1,50@1,75
Hay, ton	$7,00@11,00
Wool ₰ lb	25@45c
Whitefish, bbl	$4,00@7,00
Codfish ₰ quintal	$1,25@1,50
Trout, bbl	$6,50@7,00

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Nov 1.—FLOUR—Demand moderate and market unchanged. Receipts are large and market rules in favor of the buyer. Sales at $4,25@4,00 for unsound, $4,10@4,35 for superfine State, $4,45@4,70 for extra State, $4,15@4,45 for superfine Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa, $4,05@4,90 for common to good medium and extra do $5,00@5,65 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—the market closing heavy and tendency strongly downward. Canadian heavy; sales at $4,80@5,00 for com to good extra.

GRAIN—Wheat firmer, with only very limited demand for local milling, and some trifling speculative inquiry. Sales at 116c for red winter Western; 114c for common white Mich, 125c do Canada, 130c white South, 107c red do. Rye dull at 67@71c. Barley lower at 72½@76c. Corn steady, sales at 56@70c for corn to good mixed Western. Oats steady at 46@47c for State, 49@52c for Western and Canada.

PROVISIONS—Pork market heavy and lower. Sales at $16,75@16 85 for mess, $13,50@13,75 for prime, $—,25 for sour mess, $—,25 for prime mess; $—25 for clear. Lard steady, sales at 10@10½c—Butter is selling at 12@17c for Ohio; 18@22c for State. Cheese at 6@7½c, as to quality

ALBANY, Nov 1.—Flour and Meal—We have only to notice a moderate business doing in Flour at the closing prices of last week. The demand is principally for the supply of the home trade. Corn Meal is steady

GRAIN—Wheat quiet and the market unchanged. Corn steady but quiet. Barley continues to rule heavy, and the market still favors the buyer. Sales good four rowed State at 87½c, and Canada at the same figure and at 88c. Rye quiet. Oats steady and in small supply—Sales States at 45½c, measure

BUFFALO, Nov. 1.—Flour—The market is decidedly dull and heavy, the demand being confined chiefly to the wants of the trade—We have no change to note in quotations. Sales Saturday evening at $4 87½@4 62½ for good to choice superfine, $4,87½@5,00 for good brands extra Michigan, Ohio and Indiana, and $5 50 for double extras. This morning sales at $4@5,50 for the whole range of extra and double extra Michigan, Indiana and Ohio.

GRAIN—In Wheat there is only a moderate inquiry this morning while the market for red and white winter is firm and above the views of buyers. Sales Saturday evening unsound Chicago spring at 65c. This morning Canada club at 63c; choice white do at $1 24. Corn this morning is moderate, while the market is a shade easier—The only sale reported was that of sound Ohio, afloat, at 83½c—Sales Saturday evening Illinois at 60c. Oats dull and heavy at 45@46c. Barley dull and lower. Good to choice held at 75@80c. Dealers are well supplied and the receipts continue large.

PROVISIONS—Mess Pork steady at $16, prime $13,50. Plain uncracked hams 9c, sacked do 9½c; sugar cured 10½c. Prime leaf lard held at 10½c. Sales Saturday good Chicago tallow at 10c.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows.

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, $9,00@9,25, Ordinary, $8,25@8,75; Common, $7,50@8,00, Inferior, $6,00@7,00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50@60; Ordinary; $40@45; Common, $30@35, Inferior, $20@25

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₰ lb., 5½@7c; Ordinary, 4@5c., Common, 4@4½c; Inferior, 3@3½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, per head, $5,00@5,50, Ordinary, $3,00@4,50, Common, $3,50@4,00, Inferior, $2,50@3,00

SWINE—Best corned fed, 4½@5c; Other qualities, 4@5½c.

ALBANY, Nov 1—Beeves—The offerings at the Drovers' Yard, West Albany, for the week ending this day, were 1,700 head—The prices range from 3½@4¼c ₰ lb. live weight

SHEEP—Offerings 2,500 head. Sales at 3½ to 3¾c ₰ lb. live weight, sales low

HOGS—Offerings 3,000 nogs of all sorts. Sales at 4½ to 5¼c ₰ lb. live weight.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 27.—At market 1681 Cattle, about 780 Beeves and 931 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $6,25@6,75; First quality, $5,50@6,00, Second, $5,00@5,25; Third, $4,50; Ordinary, $3,50

WORKING OXEN—$75 100@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 30, 40@67

STORES—Yearlings $9@12; Two Years Old, $16@20; Three Years Old, $20@27

SHEEP AND LAMBS—4900 at market. Prices—Extra and Selections, $2,50@3,50 in lots, $1,50, 2,00@2,25

SWINE—400 Western at market

HIDES—7@7½c. Tallow, 6½@7c. ₰ lb

PELTS—87c@$1 each. Calf Skins, 12@13c. ₰ lb.

BRIGHTON, Oct. 23.—At market—1500 Beef Cattle, 900 Stores, 4000 Sheep and Lambs, 1000 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $7,25; First quality, $7,00, Second, $6,50, Third, $5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$100, 120@145.

MILCH COWS—Sales at $39@44 Common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—Sales at $4, 5,00@5,50

STORES—Yearlings, $8@12; Two Years Old, $15@19; Three Years Old, $20@26.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $1,50@2,50, by lot, $1,50@2,50.

SWINE—Fat hogs, 5c., Retail, 6@6c Spring pigs, 6c

HIDES—7@7½c, Tallow, 6½@7c. ₰ lb.

PELTS—87c@$1, Calf Skins, 12@13c. ₰ lb

The Wool Markets.

BOSTON, Oct. 27.—Domestic Wool continues to sustain previous prices, with a good demand. The sales of the week have been 150,000 lbs. Stock small for the season. Foreign has been more inquired for, and firm. Sales of 600 bales Cape, Mogadore, Mediterranean and South American at various prices as to quality

Saxony and Merino fleece	50@58	Western mixed	35@45
Full blood	44@48	Smyrna washed	17@26
Half and ¾ blood	37@45	Do unwashed	10@17
Com. to ¼ blood	30@36	Syrian	10@22
Pulled extra	40@45	Cape	20@35
Do superfine	35@40	Crimea	9@17
Do No. 1	30@35	Buenos Ayres	9@42
Do No. 2	17@27	Peruvian washed	28@36

THE LAKE STEAMERS ON SALT WATER.—The Steamers America and Ontario, which, our readers will remember, were taken down the St. Lawrence river into salt water last summer, have been chartered for the Paraguay expedition by the United States Government, and to be fitted out at Brooklyn immediately. The price the Government is to pay is $4,000 a month. The boats draw eight feet and the Paraguay and Assumption rivers have nine feet of water in their channels. The America and Ontario will carry artillery and stores, but no troops.

PAPER MONEY IN ST. DOMINGO.—The effect of an over issue of paper money in depreciating its value, is very striking illustrated in St. Domingo. The government has issued about fifty-five and a quarter millions of dollars in paper. The value of it at the present time is just one cent on the dollar, or as near being entirely worthless as anything can be. The government, through its reckless abuse of its credit, has entirely destroyed it, and its ability ever to pay its debts.

New Advertisements.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—Twenty Five Cents a Line each insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter and headed—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, IN ADVANCE ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

MAZZARD CHERRY AND APPLE SEED.—Peach Pits and Peach Trees in quantity. All of the best. Send for a Circular. Enclose stamp.
461 WM. DAY, Morristown, N. J.

A CHOICE LOT OF APPLE SEEDS, of the growth of 1858, for sale in large or small quantities, by
461 2t J. A. SOOT, Shawnalee, Onondaga Co. N. Y.

SHORT-HORN BULLS FOR SALE.—Five young Bulls and Bull Calves, from 1st prize stock. Three miles from LeRoy Station, on Buffalo, N. Y. and Erie, and Central Railroads.
461-3t C. K. WARD, LeRoy, N. Y

PATENTS!
REJECTED APPLICATIONS for Patents prosecuted without charge unless patents are obtained.
461 2t Address J. FRASER, Patent Agent, Rochester, N. Y

Lithographs and Paintings.
AS my Father, JOSEPH PRESTELE, from Ebenezer, has discontinued his business here in Painting and Lithographing, and removed to Iowa, I shall carry it on the same as heretofore. I keep constantly on hand a beautiful selection of painted FRUITS and FLOWERS taken from Nature, at $25 per hundred copies. Orders may be addressed to ROBERT HAGER, 344½ Main St, Buffalo, N. Y. HENRY PRESTELE, Painter and Lithographer

1859.
GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK
IN THE ASCENDANT.
Great Literary and Pictorial Year.
THE TWENTY-NINTH YEAR.
Volumes Fifty-eight and Fifty-nine for this Year will contain
1200 *Pages of Reading Matter*, 24 *Pages of Music*, 19 *Colored Steel Plates, containing at least 50 figures*, 14 *Steel Engravings*, 720 *Wood Engravings*, 750 *Articles by the best authors of America. And all these will be given in 1859, at prices for which see*
OUR EXTREMELY LOW CLUB RATES.
THE OLDEST, THE BEST, AND THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN AMERICA.
USEFUL, ORNAMENTAL AND INSTRUCTIVE.

WE HAVE now several new departments. Our *MUSIC* of which Three Dollars' worth is given every year. *GARDENING FOR THE LADIES. OUR HEALTH DEPARTMENT. HOW TO MAKE CHEAP FURNITURE*, with illustrations.—*THE HOUSEHOLD.—HOUSEKEEPING*, and a series of *Hints. THE ART OF ORNAMENTAL HAIR-WORK*, with engravings. *THE HAIR—How to Promote, Preserve, and keep Luxuriant*, and *THE TEETH—How to Preserve, and Beautify*. Our Literary Department is the strongest in the country

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW

During the year will be given a number of engravings of articles that ladies can make up for *Fancy Fairs*, with descriptions how to make them

The usual contents of the Lady's Book are

How to Dress with Taste. Children's Clothes—How to cut and contrive them. Patchwork. The Dressmaker and The Milliner.

Drawing in all its variety, useful to the beginner and the proficient

Fashions from the establishment of the celebrated "Madlle" will be to every number

Point, Brussels, and Venetian Lace of every variety.

ONE HUNDRED PAGES OF READING will be given monthly

GODEY'S SPLENDID ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL.

LONDON, PARIS, and PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS—*Godey's Four, Five, and Six-figured Colored Fashions.*

EMBROIDERY PATTERNS. MODEL COTTAGES. We will continue the publication of these beautiful designs.

DRESSMAKING—With Diagrams to cut by.

DRESS PATTERNS—Infants' and Children's dresses, with descriptions how to make them. All kind of CROTCHET and KNITTING work

THE NURSE AND THE NURSERY—Very excellent articles upon these subjects will often be given.

Godey's Invaluable Receipts upon every Subject.

In the various numbers for 1859, will be found the newest designs for

Window Curtains, Bracelets, Angolas, Sappers, Bonnets, Caps, Cloaks, Evening-Dresses, Fancy Articles, Head-Dresses, Hair-Dressing, Robes de Chambre, Bridal Dresses, Carriage-Dresses, Wreaths, Mantillas, Walking-Dresses, Riding Habits, and Morning-Dresses

CROCHET AND KNITTING WORK IN COLORS. SLIPPERS IN COLORS.

Send in your orders soon, as we expect our list for 1859 will reach 150,000 copies. The best plan of subscribing is to send your money direct to the publisher. Those who send large amounts had better send drafts, but notes will answer if drafts cannot be procured.

TERMS, CASH IN ADVANCE.
One copy one year, $3. Two copies one year, $5. Three copies one year $5.
Five copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making six copies, $10
Eight copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making nine copies, $15.
Eleven copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making twelve copies, $20
☞ *The above Terms cannot be deviated from, no matter how many are ordered.*
And the *only* magazine that can be introduced into any of the above clubs is Arthur's Home Magazine. One or more of that work can be included in a club in the place of the Lady's Book, if preferred.
SPECIAL CLUBBING WITH OTHER MAGAZINES.
Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine both one year for $3 50.
Godey's Lady's Book and Harper's Magazine both one year for $4 50.
Godey's Lady's Book, Harper's Magazine, and Arthur's Home Magazine one year, $6 00
The above is the only way we can club with Harper's Magazine.
The money must all be sent at one time for any of the Clubs
Subscribers in the British Provinces, who send for clubs, must remit 36 cents extra on every subscriber, to pay the American postage to the lines. Address L. A. GODEY,
461eow2t 323 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AT
HUBBARD & NORTHROP'S
EXTENSIVE
DRY GOODS ESTABLISHMENT,
Nos. 69 & 71 Main St., Rochester,
MAY BE FOUND,
CHEAP FOR CASH.
AND IN GREAT VARIETY
DRESS GOODS, DRESS GOODS, DRESS GOODS,
SHAWLS, SHAWLS, SHAWLS,
SILKS, SILKS, SILKS
FASHIONABLE RAGLANS, FASHIONABLE RAGLANS, FASHIONABLE RAGLANS
RAGLAN CLOTHS AND TRIMMINGS, RAGLAN CLOTHS AND TRIMMINGS, RAGLAN CLOTHS AND TRIMMINGS
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS, CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS, CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS
WOOL BLANKETS, TABLE SPREADS, COUNTERPANES,
TABLE LINEN, TABLE LINEN, TABLE LINEN
PRINTS, GINGHAMS, FLANNELS
DOMESTICS, DOMESTICS, DOMESTICS
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
We respectfully invite an examination of the above Goods, believing that we can please the most economical purchaser of Dry Goods.
☞ All Goods warranted to prove as represented.
HUBBARD & NORTHROP,
460 69 & 71 Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

YOUNG MAN,—Please write for a Circular of WALWORTH'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, Rome, N. Y. 459

Superior Dwarf Pear Trees,
GROWN ON THE BEST STOCKS in the best manner and of well tested varieties, at prices that cannot fail to meet with favor. Also a desirable stock of Fruit and Ornamental Trees. Dwarf Pear Trees can be seen in bearing till the fruit shall be matured.
459-61 T. G. YEOMANS, Walworth Nurseries Wayne Co New York.

DEAFNESS CURED, HOWEVER CAUSED, by a NEW METHOD. Address Dr. BOARDMAN, personally, or by Letter, 13 Suffolk Place, Boston, Mass.
457-61

H. WORCESTER'S
PIANO MANUFACTORY AND WAREROOMS,
CORNER FOURTEENTH ST. AND THIRD AV., NEW YORK.
H. WORCESTER offers for sale a large assortment of choice PIANO FORTES, from 6 to 7½ octave, in elegant ROSEWOOD CASES, all of which are manufactured under his own supervision, and are for sale on reasonable terms. By devoting his personal attention to the touch and tone of his instruments, which has hitherto been considered unrivalled, he will endeavor to maintain their previous reputation. 452-6mow

"The best in use."—*Rural New-Yorker*
WHEELER & WILSON'S
SEWING MACHINES.
NEW STYLE:—PRICE $50.
Office 343 Broadway, New York.
Diagram of the Lock Stitch as made by the Machine

THIS IS THE ONLY STITCH that cannot be ravelled, and that presents the same appearance upon each side of the seam. It is made with two threads, one upon each side of the fabric, and interlocked in the centre of it.
SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.
S. W. DIBBLE, Agent,
459 Smith's Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

THE ONLY ARTICLE
UNRIVALLED IN MARKET,
WITH IMMENSE
HOME AND EUROPEAN
DEMAND.
THE reason why, is that by Nature's own process it restores the natural color permanently after the hair becomes gray, supplies the natural fluids, and thus makes it grow on bald heads removes all dandruff, itching, and heat from the scalp, quiets and tones up the nerves, and thus cures all nervous headache, and may be relied upon to cure all diseases of the scalp and hair. It will stop and keep it from falling off, makes it soft, glossy, healthy and beautiful, and if used by the young two or three times a week, it will never fall or become gray, then reader, read the following and judge for yourself
NEW YORK, Jan. 8, 1858.
MESSRS O J WOOD & CO
Gentlemen,—Having heard a good deal about Professor Wood's Hair Restorative and my hair being quite gray, I made up my mind to buy one the proprietors with [illegible] with a great many persons had spoken in manner of, and I must [illegible] a short time ago I commenced using your valuable preparation [illegible]
The result has been so very much to my mind that I am very glad I did so, and to induce [illegible] and [illegible] others who may be as gray as I was but who [illegible] my reasons for selling it aside are numerous, to give your Restorative a trial till they have further proof, and the best proof being ocular demonstration, I write you this letter, which you may show to any such, and also direct them to me for further proof, who am in and out of the N Y Wire Railing Establishment every day.
My hair is now [illegible] and colored much improved in appearance every way, being glossy and [illegible] healthy looking. I am yours respectfully HENRY JENKINS
Cor Columbia and Carroll sts, Brooklyn.
The Restorative is put up to bottles of 3 sizes, viz large, medium, and small, the small holds ½ a pint, and retails for one dollar a bottle the medium holds at least twenty per cent more in proportion than the small, retails for two dollars per bottle, the large holds a quart, 40 per cent more in proportion, and retails for $3 per bottle.
O J. WOOD & CO. Proprietors, 312 Broadway, New York, (In the great New York Wire Railing Establishment,) and 114 Market street, St Louis, Mo 459-3t
And sold by all good Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

J. Gunnison. Dr. A. Mandeville.
J. GUNNISON & CO.,
No. 14 Arcade Hall, Opposite the Post Office,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.,
BUY, SELL AND EXCHANGE every description of REAL ESTATE, both in City and Country, including improved and unimproved Lands in the Western and Southern States, together with Farms, Building Lots, Timber Lots, Mills, Stores and Dwelling Houses, in great variety, in all parts of this State, on Commission, as follows
All property negotiated at through, or as a result of information received from, this office in whole or in part, whether by the Proprietors or their agents, will be subject to the following Commissions, *payable at the time of sale*
On $1,000 and less, 3 per cent; on each additional thousand from $1,000 to $4,000, 1 per cent, on each additional thousand from $4,000 upwards, one-half per cent
ILLUSTRATION—On $10,000, the first $1,000 is 3 per cent., $30 00, the second $3,000 is 1 per cent., $30 00, the remaining $6,000 is ½ per cent., $30 00—total $90 00
With the exception of $1 00 as a registry fee, to be paid in advance, no charge will be made to Proprietors in absence of a sale. No reduction on Commission will be made in view of incumbrances on the property sold, or the nature of the pay received.
All communications from abroad, enclosing $1 00, and a specific description of Real Estate for sale or exchange, will receive prompt and faithful attention. After a several years' experiment in this office, and being persuaded that in the judgment of the community we have a permanent and honorable institution of public utility, as a general depository and medium for the negotiation of Real Estate, we are permitted to refer to the following gentlemen, viz
Maj H. S. ALLIS, late Postmaster at Rochester, Hon. J. T. LACY, Hon. S. G. ANDREWS, Hon. N. E. PAINE, Postmaster at Rochester, Hon. THOS KEMPSHALL, W. H. CHENEY, Esq., President of the Eagle Bank; DANFORTH & TERRY, Counselors at Law, and J. H. BENNETT, Esq., D. D.

Choice Poetry.

THE LOST ONE FOUND.

In sweet Cashmere where the Day is born
To be heir to the golden hours,
Where the sunshine trails at the feet of Morn,
And is raveled out in flowers;

'Twas then and there, in a garden wild,
That a Maiden long had wept:
Like a bud in the rain, the graceful child
On a white arm droop'd and slept.

She had lost, that day, a pet Gazelle,
And though low to the earth she bent,
So light was the step, she never could tell
Which way the wanderer went.

And the boughs above her brightly gleamed,
And the white rose turned to red,
And still the Maiden wearily dreamed,
Till the summer day was dead.

And she woke to see the landscape fade,
And the cloud beyond the hill;
And the dews fell fast on flower and blade,
But the tears fell faster still.

Then slowly into the dark she crept,
On her sad bewildered way;
Where the daisies bent and the lilies slept,
She went as if it were day!

And the stars came out to see the sight
Of the Maiden in the gloom,
Though seeking the lost, not praying for light,
For she followed the perfume

Of flowers, the truant's feet had pressed,
That had sent remonstrance up,
And had bid the Maid, with a breath, be blest,
And with joy refilled her cup.

And she found her Darling fast asleep—
Asleep, not dead nor dying!
Too glad to smile, she could nothing but weep,
By the bed of violets lying.

So the Boy, as dearly loved as day,
To the garden of God has gone;
Thro' the shadows tracing his fragrant way,
We tearfully follow on.

And then, in the golden By-and-by,
We shall hear, with our hearts, the sound,
"Alive again. He did not die!"
And the Lost One shall be found.

The Sketch-Book.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

ESCULAPIUS, SENIOR AND JUNIOR.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

Jane and Mary Wait were orphans. They lived in an old-fashioned country farm-house, and though beloved by their own little circle of neighbors the world knew nothing of them and they knew as little of the world. Mary taught the village school and Jenny earned what she could with her needle. She was a delicate girl, deformed from childhood, and though always cheerful and generally happy, she shrank with sensitive timidity from contact with strangers.

Together, through childhood and girlhood, the sisters traversed the rough way of life hand in hand, till, very gently, the summoning angel separated them. It was very still, very lonely in the old house in the summer twilight, when Mary stood at the open window, the evening after the funeral, and looked through gushing tears up to that heaven whither father, mother, and Jenny, had gone before her.

With a dull sense of sorrow weighing upon her spirits Mary passed a few weeks with no apparent change in her life, nothing to interrupt the vacant monotony. But something must be done. She was neither rich nor idle that she could live without labor—she was no longer very young and was never very pretty, so she was not likely soon to be the recipient of a fortune.

She thought she should like to be a governess, but she feared her acquirements would prove too limited. Her education comprised only the common English branches, a little French, and a little needlework. "Nothing venture, nothing have."—Therefore she determined to try, as she could do no worse than fail, as many others do. Accordingly the following notice found its way into the "*Metropolitan Courier's*" column of "Wants."

"Wanted.—A young lady of respectability, a good practical education, and some experience, would like a situation as English governess to young children, or as a young lady's teacher and companion. Could teach French and needle-work. A note addressed to M. W—, Westfield, would receive prompt attention."

Three weeks passed away during which time Mary watched and hoped for a letter but none came. The column of "Wants" was each day eagerly scanned in the hope of something favorable. At length the wave of fortune drifted this fragment to her feet.

"If the young lady, whose address is M. W—, Westfield has not secured a situation, and will take the trouble to call at this office, between 11 and 12 A. M., she will hear of a good one. Business prevents the advertiser from seeking an interview at her residence."

The next morning a little woman in black alighted from the cars and presented herself at the office of the "*Metropolitan Courier.*" She was politely received by the editor, and by him introduced to her new employer—Dr. Warner. We copy from her journal a few lines descriptive of that gentleman as he then appeared to her.

"He was tall, and seemed the personification of neatness—his plain suit of black broadcloth, glossy hat, shining boots and black gloves, being alike free from spot or blemish. No one would have called him dandified, yet a love of dress was evident. He appeared to be about fifty years of age; but though his face was plentifully wrinkled, his hair was still as black and shining as a raven's wing. His nose was thin and sharp, and his eyes were blue, keen but smiling in expression. In short, but for the amiability of his countenance, I should have called it an extremely homely one.—But beauty of features is something upon which I should not be fastidious as I am generally acknowledged to be 'decidedly plain' myself."

Dr. Warner had just been appointed guardian to a young girl of nearly seventeen years, the only daughter of one of his most intimate and valued friends. Fanny O'Neil was a wild, untamed little beauty whose home culture had never been of the best, and who seemed to set all wills and ways but her own at defiance.

In education she was as deficient as a child though she had almost arrived at womanhood.—She loved nothing so much as her own way, but she had such a pretty, half-tyrannical, half-coaxing way of making her wishes known that one could scarce resist her. To cultivate this wild flower was henceforth to be the task of Mary Wait, and at Greendale, the Doctor's country house, we shall find her.

Once more we have recourse to her journal, for we can thus learn better than in any other way, her first impressions and emotions in her new home.

"I am not greatly prepossessed with my new pupil, a plump, rosy-cheeked girl. She is pretty, there is no denying that. Her black eyes seem to twinkle with preconcerted mischief, and her rosy lips are ready at any moment to part and give vent to peals of merry laughter. But there is, withal, in both face and form, a saucy imperiousness so strangely at variance with her apparent good-nature, as to be almost ludicrous.

"She received me with as lady-like civility as she knew how and made proper arrangements for my comfort, but I could plainly see that she watched every look and motion with a jealous eye.—While I changed my dress and rearranged my hair, I saw in the mirror that she scrutinized each article, and seemed to be in serious thought—not quite favorable to its subject to judge from her face.

"At first I thought I would take no notice of her manner, but thinking it might be better to show a good-natured consciousness of her criticism, I turned and said laughingly,

'Well, how do I suit?'

'I haven't made up my mind yet,' she replied with perfect gravity. 'Let's go to tea.'

"Ere we reached the dining hall her spirits had returned, and with a mocking air, she said to a young fellow who was leaning upon a window frame,

'Oscar, allow me to introduce you to Miss Wait, my new teacher. Miss Wait, this is Dr. Oscar Warner, to be—a nephew of my esteemed guardian, and at present a student of medicine.'

"After this ostentatious introduction, she took her place at the head of the table with due propriety.

"During supper Dr. Warner conversed with me at intervals and I found him a very sensible and affable man. I said but little myself, for I was painfully conscious that Oscar listened to and observed me attentively, while a pair of roguish black eyes at the head of the table, seemed to take us both into their line of vision, and never wandered except when exchanging a mirthful glance or a witty sally with with Dr. Warner or Oscar.

"After tea I sat down near a window in the parlor to enjoy the soft June twilight, the beautiful scenery, and reflect upon my new position. The Doctor's library adjoined this room by folding doors and was entered from the hall. I soon heard voices within and easily distinguished the tones of Fanny and her guardian. Without any wish to be a listener I could not help overhearing what she said. Her guardian had just asked her how she liked her new friend, Miss Wait.

'O, I don't know, Doctor, really? She's a queer little body with her black dress and short curls.—Don't you think so? What made you get a lady in black, guardian? You know I have a horror of anything gloomy.'

'Why child, how did I know she wore black until I came to see her. And when I did see her I was so well pleased with her appearance that I thought you would be sure to like her.'

'O, la! uncle Esculapius, you and I are two different people. You like little *primmy* folks. I want some spirit. But I dare say I shall be able to get some fun out of her. She will certainly do better than being alone, as I have been nearly every day since I came.'

'My dear, I do not think you regard this young lady in the right manner. She has not come here to furnish amusement for you, but to do you good, if she can; and allow me to add, that my little ward is not so perfect or so polished yet, but there is room for considerable improvement.'

"I presume there was some pouting, for I next heard a half-fretful, half jesting voice saying,"

'There! I knew it would be so. I knew you would be ashamed of my ill-manners, and lecture or scold me before I had been here a month.'

'Fanny!'

"It was all he said, but it was so gently, deprecatingly spoken, that you might almost have thought it was a woman's voice that uttered the word. A moment after I heard a kiss, which I knew must have been given by Fanny to her 'dear old Esculapius,' and then she flew out of the room."

The days flew fast during that first summer of Mary's experience as a governess. She had some trials, mostly on Fanny's account, but the doctor was so kind, and rendered her situation so pleasant, that she would have felt sorry to relinquish it.

She endeavored to do her duty faithfully, and trusted to patience and perseverance to win the love of her undisciplined charge. A petted child of wealth and fashion, she had been too long accustomed to follow the dictates of her own will, to submit with propriety to guidance. Mary performed towards her rather the part of a friend than a governess. Their employments were shared in common. They read, walked, rode or studied together during the day, and passed the evenings in quiet home pleasures; usually Miss Wait sewed or conversed with the Doctor, while Fanny played the piano and sang with Oscar.

Miss Wait sought rather to make of Fanny a refined and agreeable companion, than a learned woman, therefore her teaching was more by sympathy and example, than by precept.

Fanny was rather indolent in her habits, more the result of a want of motive, than a love of idleness. She had not even sufficient love of dress to take pride in appearing becomingly. Miss Wait really loved her young friend. She could not long be with her and not love her. Fanny, too, in time seemed to part with all prejudice which she might have entertained towards her kind and faithful teacher, so that the difficulties in her path, if not entirely removed, were greatly lessened.

At this time Miss Wait wrote thus of her:

"I find her to be as affectionate and true hearted as she is lively, and though she seems to be guided more by impulse than principle, still there is in her nature a strong foundation of good, moral qualities. Sorry for a fault as soon as committed, she is never tardy or sulky in acknowledging her repentance, and will not rest until re-instated in favor. Her ready wit, and cheerful, sunny face, are the life and light of our otherwise quiet household, and though her guardian has occasion frequently to curb her excitable temper, or reprove her saucy thoughtlessness, she generally clings to him with such a playful, yet regretful appeal, that he can never be really vexed with her. I cannot help perceiving that her very faults are daily rendering her more precious in the sight of him who tries to think himself her *disinterested* protector!"

No pains were spared by Dr. Warner or Oscar in making them enjoy themselves. One summer, it was a trip to the White Mountains, the next, perhaps, Saratoga; and in winter, parties and concerts furnished ample food for pleasure, while Christmas and birthdays, were marked with beautiful and appropriate gifts.

Never had Miss Wait been so happy. She had never imagined that she could have so pleasant a home among strangers. It was easy to bear with Fanny's inequalities of temper, in the happiness of knowing that she had secured her love, and that all sought to contribute to her welfare.

But ere long she had a new source of anxiety, and one which did not so readily leave her as any of which Fanny was the cause.

Through a more intimate acquaintance with Dr. Warner, she had come to feel for him the highest regard. His upright character and excellent disposition were calculated to win the admiration of any one, but placed as she was, in a dependent position, yet treated with the consideration of an equal, it was not strange that she felt for him a deeper respect than she had ever felt for any man save her father.

You will say that she *loved* Dr. Warner. I will not contradict you. I only ask you to place yourself in her position, and say whether *you* should have loved him. I hope that neither Mary or any other woman whom I admire, will ever be so weak and desperate as to throw away her heart unasked, yet this much I will say, that had Dr. Warner cared enough about her to wish to make her his wife, I think she would most likely have accepted him, and tried to love him as she ought. It would not have been a great trial either.

But it was no hopeless affection of *hers* which furnished her a subject of anxiety. With her knowledge of human nature, and her intimacy with Fanny, she had learned to tell the signs and qualities of her attachments. She knew that the dependent, almost childish fondness which she lavished upon her guardian, was a different thing from the, at times, shy, often petulant, or as suddenly softened manner which marked her intercourse with Oscar. Very different indeed.

But if Cupid is blind, Dr. Warner was not less so.

Wherever the party were seen, Oscar seemed by general consent to be Fanny's escort, while Dr. Warner was left to attend on Miss Wait. However, he seemed as well suited with this arrangement as the young people,—content, apparently, to watch the flushed cheek and beaming eye, or hear the merry laugh of his ward, happy, because she was so, and because he had power to give her happiness.

At such times he talked much of Fanny—made numerous inquiries into her tastes, and progress—listened with delighted attention to her sayings and doings, as related by Miss Wait, or would draw attention to her as, in some gay mood, her animated face was turned towards him. Was this disinterestedness? Dear, foolish old gentleman! Yet not more foolish than thousands have been before him. He was deluding and intoxicating his matured brain, with a boyish dream—yet all the while trying to persuade himself that he was broad awake.

[Concluded next week.]

SCOTCH AND MANCHESTER PRUDENCE.

We are indebted to a respected foreign contemporary, Frazer's Magazine, for two capital illustrations of genuine prudence:

"About sixty or seventy years ago, when the manufacturing trade was in its infancy, several poor Scotchmen settled in Manchester, who ultimately became millionaires, and whose descendants are still connected with the city. We were speaking a short time ago with a very old woman who knew one of these men in his early struggles.—His landlady thought he paid too little for his room, and was determined to raise his rent from 1s. 6d. to 1s. 8d. per week. This the Scotchman stoutly resisted, and was resolved to pack up his baggage and be gone, rather than pay a fraction more than eighteen-pence. After gaining this point, he concluded the dispute with this maxim, which ought to be remembered by our young men: 'It isn't that I mind sae muckle for the odd tuppence—but ye ken, Betty, it's the breakin' into a fresh piece o' siller!'

"We met ourselves with a similar illustration of Manchester prudence in connection with our great Exhibition. 'Why did you not take two guinea tickets for yourself and family?' we asked a gentleman of considerable property, 'the guinea investment, you know, does not admit you to the gay promenade days.' 'Listen to me, young man,' he said, 'don't talk without thinking. It is not that I care for four two guinea tickets; but,'—dropping his voice as though he wished to impress on me a secret, a new truth—'don't you see, it would have involved a twenty guinea dress a-piece for my wife and two daughters.'"

"Young America" should take these lessons to heart.

Addison has left on record the following important sentence:—"Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with the design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have, in that very action, bound themselves to be good-humored, affable, joyful, forgiving, and patient, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections, to the end of their lives."

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones are let on long leases.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 1, 10, 26, 6, 15, 28 is made by governments.
My 2, 21, 19, 24, 10 all should possess.
My 29, 20, 8, 1, 18, 19, 27 spoils thousands.
My 25, 4, 7, 23, 26 is a fire-lock.
My 5, 12, 19, 13, 10, 28 is an adjective.
My 3, 9, 17, 26, 10, 7 is the face of a coin.
My 30, 14, 11, 22 we use in address.
My 16 is a vowel.
My whole is a quotation from Psalms, and part of the finest allegory in the world.

Granville, Ohio, 1858. R. C. H.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

DOUBLE ACROSTICAL.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 1, 8, 3, 20, 21 is a town in Michigan.
My 2, 9, 10, 3, 20 is a town in Massachusetts.
My 3, 10, 9, 12, 20, 19 is a county in Minnesota.
My 4, 18, 1, 2, 4, 21, 18 is a town in Connecticut.
My 5, 18, 3, 17 is a county in New York.
My 6, 13, 18, 16 is a town in Wisconsin.
My 7, 17, 2, 11, 20, 15 is a county in New York.
My 8, 19, 2, 6, 15, 14, is a town in New York.
My, 9, 6, 13 is a county in Texas.
My 10, 5, 2, 7, 21, 12 is a county in Louisiana.
My 11, 8, 3, 11 is a county in Ohio.
My 12, 20, 13, 4, 10 is a county in Iowa.
My 13, 20, 17, 15, 2, 9 is a county in Michigan.
My 14, 4, 12, 20, 13, 10, 8 is a fort in New York.
My 15, 6, 9, 16, 7 is a county in Wisconsin.
My 16, 5, 2, 9, 18, 6 is a county in Illinois.
My 17, 18, 19, 5 is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 18, 1, 12, 4 is a town in Texas.
My 19, 4, 13, 7, 20, 3 is a county in Minnesota.
My 20, 9, 16, 6, 17, 2 is a county in North Caroline.
My 21, 16, 9, 6, 1 is a town in Minnesota.
My whole has been, and is now, the wonder of all the Monarchies of Europe. Express.

Ovid, N. Y., 1858.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

A person being asked the time of day, said it was between 5 and 6, but to be more definite, said that the hour and minute hands were exactly together—what was the time?

Portageville, Wyo. Co., N. Y. Wm. A. Courtland.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

CHARADE.

My *first's* a dog of doubtful breed,
My *second* is his end;
My *whole's* our practice when we need
Rather to save than spend.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 459

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—A soft answer turneth away wrath.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Kate Cameron, Rochester, N. Y.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—208,200 miles.

Answer to Puzzle:—They sold their eggs at two different times; first at the rate of seven for one cent, and then the remainder at three cents each—giving to each the sum of ten cents.

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Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

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Rural New-Yorker.

AGRICULTURAL CLUBS, LECTURES, &c.

As the Lecture Season has again arrived, or is rapidly approaching, we desire to offer a few suggestions to Ruralists as to the importance and manner of securing Addresses, Lectures, and Discussions, before Agricultural Societies, Clubs, &c., during the Winter.

Farmers and their families have more leisure during Winter than any other class in this country, and if this were properly occupied great progress might be made in mental improvement, and in acquiring useful knowledge. In Western New York, and many other sections, the great mass of our readers can avail themselves of the advantages of associated effort—are so situated that they can easily form Societies and Clubs for lectures, discussions, &c., on practical and scientific subjects. The great trouble is that Ruralists *do not do enough of thir own thinking, talking, and writing*—but leave such things to their ministers, teachers and editors. They should think, talk and write more for themselves, and in behalf of their own interests—and, next to early education and training, the best way to qualify themselves to do this, is to practice these arts, for each *is* an art, individually and collectively, at every opportunity, and especially during the long evenings and leisure days of the season of Nature's hibernation. In almost every school district there are men who possess sufficient mind and talent to take the lead in delivering brief lectures, writing essays and discussing useful questions; all that is lacking is the necessary energy to perfect an organization and make a commencement. The start must be made by voluntary effort, and one, two or three persons can secure this, in almost any locality, by proper and timely action.

Farmers live too much within themselves at all times, and are prone to imitate Nature, by going into a torpid or hibernating state during winter, instead of employing it as a season of mental, moral and social improvement for themselves and their families. Rural friends and brethren, you know what we aver is too true, and that other things to which we might allude in the same connection ought not to be as they are, and need amendment. But our present article is merely suggestive, and we will not particularize. Our principal object is to direct your attention to the subject of associated effort, and the means or mode of securing its greatest benefits, in every neighborhood where it is feasible—and we trust that includes nearly every locality within the large circle of our parish of readers. The plan is not only practical in Western New York, Canada, the Western States, New England and the South — but we think our friends in California, Oregon, New Mexico, Washington Territory, &c., may get together a few kindred spirits, form a Rural Club or Lyceum, and derive decided benefit therefrom. It will pay far better than lounging about corner or village stores or taverns, or staying idly at home smoking and doing or thinking about nothing of any value to yourself or others. (Of course RURAL *subscribers* and *readers* are not supposed to be addicted to these things, but perchance some persons who *are* may read or hear this article, and we make the above remark for their special benefit.)

A few pertinent words in this connection to the officers and active members of Agricultural Societies—Town, District and County—already organized and in operation. According to our observation and experience, which has not been very limited, the Annual Fair is not the best time and place to either deliver or properly listen to and comprehend an address calculated to instruct and benefit agriculturists. It is not unfrequently the case on such occasions that the address must be delivered, if at all, at a time or in a position, when and where it cannot be heard and appreciated—the excitement and "noise and confusion" of the surrounding exhibition, or the difficulty of hearing the speaker in the open air (and the larger the audience the greater the difficulty,) precluding the great mass of spectators from deriving either pleasure or instruction from the discussion of any subject, however important. It is certainly complimentary to the speaker at a Fair to have an audience of from five to ten thousand—as we have had on some occasions—but if he has not the voice and lungs to talk to over one or two thousand in the open air, the great majority can only *see him go through the motions*, which is simply an aggravation. Now, while we would not entirely condemn the practice of having addresses at Fairs—for they are no doubt prominent attractions in many instances, and therefore beneficial to the Societies pecuniarily—we submit whether it would not be better to reserve the address, or have another, at the Annual meeting, which is usually held in Winter, and to secure a commodious hall or other building where an audience could *comfortably* hear and comprehend the subject discussed. This course has been adopted successfully by several Town Ag. Associations in Western New York, and we think is worthy the attention of County Societies also, both here and in other States.

—In our opinion every Town Ag. Society or Farmers' Club, should hold meetings as often as once a month during the winter, (and if fortnightly or weekly the better,) for lectures, discussions, &c., — and many County Associations could do so advantageously. There is *home talent* enough generally, and where there is not, it will be easy to procure foreign aid of the right stamp.

FARMERS' OUT-BUILDINGS.

As suggested last week, we continue our remarks in answer to those who seek information through our columns on special subjects; this time giving a few notes on Farmers' Out-Buildings.

An Out-Door Cellar.

It is unwise to store a large quantity of vegetables in the cellar of the farm-house, even if it is of sufficient capacity. But not one cellar in a thousand is large enough to hold the products of the farm that require storing in a cellar. As we devote more attention to the economical feeding and fattening of stock, the necessity of good root-cellars will be more sensibly felt. Carrots and parsnips, beets, turnips, cabbage, pumpkins, all require cellar-room. Most of these may be buried, but then they are not always accessible when wanted, and when a pit is opened a cellar is then required for storing until they are fed out. To the question asked, whether a farmer who raises roots and feeds them in part to all his stock can get along without a root-cellar, we answer that he *can* get along without one, though not well. He would find the money and labor expended in making a cellar the best investment he has made for many a year.

A sandy hillside is the very best place for making a cellar, as in this situation good drainage is secured and easy access. There is, however, no difficulty in making a cellar in any place where the water will not lie within four or five feet of the surface. Dig down as far as drainage will allow, throwing the earth back, to be used in banking up. If stone is plenty, they are best for the walls, if not plank and posts will answer. A strong ridge-pole is necessary, which may be supported on posts. Plank the roof, and bank up the sides with earth. Cover the roof with straw or leaves, over which place boards or earth to keep it in place. Perhaps some of our readers who have good out-door cellars will give us, in detail, the manner of construction. If not, before long we will describe one made in this vicinity three years ago, and which has been proof against the severe frosts of the last three winters, and every way convenient and useful.

A Farmers' Ice-House.

Ice has long been a luxury enjoyed by the residents of villages and cities, but of late years it has become almost a necessity even to the dwellers in the country, who are compelled to provide the necessary means for saving it over the summer. The farmer must erect his own ice-house, and though this is a very simple matter, some little knowledge is necessary, or experience may teach what might have been much more cheaply learned. That there is considerable desire for information on this subject, just now, we have abundant evidence in the inquiries before us, and as this is the time when such information is needed, we offer no apology for occupying a brief space in our columns with this matter.

Damp and heat are the two great agents of thawing, and the first endeavor must be to counteract these by every means in our power. For the first ventilation is necessary, and for the latter the most non-conducting material available must be used for the house. The old plan of building ice-houses under ground was bad, as it was almost impossible to secure good drainage and sufficient ventilation to arrest the dampness which is sure to exist in all underground rooms or houses. Then the ground is too good a conductor of heat, and communicates its heat very readily to other bodies, much more so than even the air.

THE BEST PLACE for an ice-house is above ground, on a gravelly subsoil, where good natural drainage can be had, so that the water that forms as the ice melts will pass off freely. The best material is wood, though brick is good enough where it can be obtained more readily than wood. The walls should be made double, by boarding both on the outside and inside of the frame timbers. The space between the inside and outside boards should be filled with some non-conducting material. Charcoal dust is an excellent non-conductor; dry tan-bark, or saw-dust, will do very well, and if neither of these can be procured, straw will answer a very good purpose. Where the natural drainage is not first-rate, drains must be dug and filled up with stones. If left open, the cold air will pass through them very freely, and its place be supplied by warm air from above. Ice keeps best in large masses, and for several reasons. In a large body there is much less surface exposed in proportion to the whole. Melting ice absorbs and renders latent a large amount of heat, so that the thawing of a part helps preserve that which remains. Those who have built ice-houses that failed to furnish a supply all the summer, will find that by simply enlarging the house, say one-third, the additional quantity of ice will be preserved, unless there is some radical defect in its construction, of which they can judge on reading the principles we have presented. A house twelve feet each way on the ground, and eight or ten feet high, is large enough for any family, and even for two or three families, and yet it is as small as we would recommend any one to build, as the cost and trouble is but little more than for a house just large enough, and the supply is certain.

Where the drainage is good a board floor is not necessary, and we think they are not used in any of our late ice-houses, though in most cases it would be best to lay down a loose floor a few inches from the surface of the ground. If a quantity of brush was first laid down and covered with straw, and the floor put over this, it would make the work complete. If a board floor is not used there should be at least a foot or eighteen inches of straw, but a few inches on the boards will be sufficient. The ice made in the early part of the winter, and that which has been subjected to no change from freezing to thawing, is the best. It should be sawed out in square cakes as uniform in size and thickness as possible. All snow, and ice formed from half-melted snow, should be rejected, as it will not keep. After one layer is put down, the crevices should be filled with pounded ice, and this should be continued until the house is filled, when the whole will freeze into a solid mass. A few inches of straw should be placed between the walls of the house and the ice, and this should be done while the house is being filled. Then cover the whole with a foot or so of straw, and the work is done. An opening must be made in the roof for ventilation.

An apartment can be made in the ice-house for storing meat, butter, &c., during the warm season, and this will be found no small convenience to farmers. For the sake of the family, who often have to procure ice when no men are around, the ice house should be as near the residence as possible. It may be made of rough boards, and will cost but very little except the labor, or a little taste may be exercised in its construction, so as to give it a very becoming appearance.

CHEESE AND CHEESE-MAKING.

DURING the present volume of the RURAL we have given publicity to several queries, relative to the manufacture of cheese, together with the responses these inquiries called forth from dairymen, and as there seems to be a desire exhibited by many for all the light obtainable on the subject, we condense the following from the report of the "Examining Committee" appointed by the Jefferson Co. Ag. Society. The "platform" of the Committee is thus laid down:—"Rind firm, smooth, impervious; texture compact, like butter, and salted to preserve."

The first dairy visited—and voted "best"—belonged to Mr. C. A. BENJAMIN. Mr. B. has thirty cows; sets the night's milk in a tin vat, inside of a wooden vat; takes off the cream and does not return it; sets at 84°; cuts the curd fine with a curd knife; separates whey by dipping through a linen strainer; scalds (by putting heated water between the vats) gradually to 108° for one and a half hours; amount of salt used is five ounces to ten pounds of curd; puts in press cold; presses twenty-four hours; bandages often eight or nine hours; applies to surface, in curing, weak lyes soon after removing from the press; the second day after applications of lye, uses a little grease and rubs once a day after turning.

The second dairy reported is that of STEPHEN HODGES, Watertown. Mr. H. gives his *modus operandi* thus:—Has fifty cows; sets night's milk in a zinc vat; skims in morning and strains the cream in morning's milk; puts in rennet to bring the curd in three-fourths of an hour; cuts the curd with a brass wire curd-cutter; scalds from 100° to 110° about one hour; separates the whey with a tin strainer; uses common salt, one-half ounce to three pounds; presses twenty-four hours; bandages when the cheese is turned; rennet preserved in stone jars in pickle; turns cheese once a day and rubs thoroughly. The average product of each cow the present season was 223 pounds. Last year made seven and one-half tuns of cheese from twenty-nine rennets.

H. G. NORMANDER, Rutland, gives the process pursued in his dairy as follows:—Has forty cows; sixty acres of meadow, each seeded with timothy and clover; feeds no roots or grain; usual yield 450 pounds per cow, 280 thus far this season; night's milk set in tin vat, cream not returned; uses no thermometer; after cheese has come so as to cut smooth, curd is broken with wire cutter; when it settles the whey is drawn off with tin strainer; scald by heating the whey and returning it; salt, four ounces to ten pounds curd; press twenty-four hours; bandage at twelve hours; whey fed to hogs; rennet is dried, packed in salt—when wanted for use is soaked in a pickle of salt, cinnamon and cloves.

The Committee next visited D. E. GIBBS, Pamelia, and ascertained that Mr. G. keeps thirty-one cows; fifty-five acres in pasture, timothy and white clover; forty acres meadow, timothy; feeds grain in spring; average for the present season 400 pounds per cow; sets in tin vats, returns the cream; warms by heating part of the milk; sets at 86°; keeps rennet in pickle; scalds one hour at 110°; two ounces of salt to ten pounds curd; bandages at twelve hours; average weight of cheese eighty five pounds; colors rind with annatto; feeds whey to hogs; soil clay loam. Mr. GIBBS keeps a "Dairy Account" and finds therefrom that the average income last year was $47 92 per cow.

Another dairyman in Pamelia, D. C. EDDY, reports twenty-six cows; pasture and meadow, the usual kinds of grass; strain milk in tub at night; return cream with morning's milk; set and scald by guess; press twenty-four hours as hard as possible; bandage when the cheese is turned; color the rind with annatto; turn once a day and rub thoroughly with the hand; made this season per cow 214 pounds; whey fed to hogs.

Our readers will notice that, while the labor employed in the process of manufacture is very similar, there are essential points of difference in the amount of some of the materials used, the mode of feeding, and product per cow. Salt ranges from one half ounce for three pounds to a like amount for one pound. One dairyman feeds neither "roots nor grain" with a yield, at the date of report, of 280 pounds per cow; another gives grain in the Spring, and finds a return, at same date, of 400 lbs. to each animal. Why this difference—except it be that in the former instance the cream is not returned—we cannot readily explain, and we would be pleased to hear from each of the gentlemen referred to, relative to their modes of feeding summer and winter — shelter provided—breed of cows—and such other matters as may prove of value to the Dairy Interest.

GROUP OF SPANISH MERINO BUCKS.

ABOVE we give a fine representation of a group of five Spanish Merino bucks, bred and owned by GEO. CAMPBELL, of Vermont. These animals are of the old Spanish stock, introduced by Col. HUMPHREYS and Hon. WM. JARVIS. Mr. CAMPBELL is favorably known as a successful breeder of Merinos, and also as an importer of Silesian sheep, and his flock has attained such excellence and celebrity as to bring him many orders from distant parts of the country. He writes us (under date of Oct. 21,) that he has just shipped twenty five rams to Buenos Ayres, (being the fourth sale to the same parties,) and fifty bucks and ewes, of the Silesian Merino breed, to Virginia. Mr. C. has also recently sold and forwarded ten Spanish and Silesian merinos to parties in Texas.

WINTER KILL, OR HEAVING OUT.

THERE are few farmers who have not gained, by actual experience, a knowledge of the meaning of the above terms—few, at any rate, save those whose lot is cast upon a porous soil affording perfect natural drainage. They have seen their winter grain and clover destroyed by the freezing and heaving out to which all heavy soils are more or less liable, and observation has taught them why and how it is so. The cause and process has been concisely explained as follows:—The soil is pulverized only as deep as the plow runs—some six or eight inches. Below this is a stratum of clay or hard pan, nearly impervious to water. The surface soil becomes saturated, like a sponge, by the autumn rains or melting snows of spring. When the ground is suddenly frozen, the water contained in it crystallizes into ice, the soil is thrown up into spicules or honey combs; and the poor clover roots or wheat plants are thrown from their beds; and, by a few repetitions of the process, left dead upon the field in the spring.

The root of the evil is a *saturated* soil. Full of water, the frost exerts a tremendous lifting or expansive power upon it, adequate to lift tuns of rocks, and totally destructive to the slender roots of grain or grass. If the subsoil is impervious to water, or nearly so, it matters little what the surface may be—we have seen sandy land heave crops almost as bad as clay, but in all cases the upper stratum was filled with water, and the under soil too compact to allow its passage.

The remedy is to remove, by drainage, the water of saturation. Thorough draining with tile does this most perfectly, but surface draining can aid considerably in the work of prevention. Any process keeping the soil porous, so that all surplus moisture readily passes off, will prevent winter kill of grain and clover.

Thorough drainage is a perfect remedy. After applying it to his clayey farm, Mr. JOHNSTON, of Seneca Co., says:—"Heretofore many acres of wheat were lost on the upland by freezing out, and none would grow on the low land. *Now, there is no loss from that cause.*" Many instances of like character could be brought to show the effect of draining in this respect. Our readers have had such repeatedly brought before them.

Throwing the land into narrow beds when plowing has long been practiced on level clay lands, when sown to wheat, to some degree prevents winter killing. We would commend the practice where tile-draining is too costly, or otherwise inexpedient. In all cases the dead-furrows should be cleared out and kept clean, with good outlet, and sufficient to carry off all the water they may contain.

Many farmers have been looking favorably toward the culture of winter barley. They should remember, however, that it is more easily affected by freezing out than wheat or clover, the roots being naturally of a shorter habit and having less hold upon the soil. Those who have sown this crop should give attention now to this aspect of the case, and remove, as far as practicable, all chance for water remaining on or near the surface.

E.

SHEEP-SHEARINGS.

Messrs Eds :—Having noticed in the Rural of late several accounts, by different persons, of the weight of fleeces shorn from their sheep, the last clip, I thought I would like to make a few remarks upon the subject, and also send a statement of the result of my last sheep-shearing, which you are at liberty to publish if you see fit.

I think your correspondents, generally, have not been as particular in their statements as they should be, if they wish their readers to form a correct idea of the comparative value of their flocks; for, if our best authorities are correct upon the point that sheep consume food in proportion to their weight of carcass, it is just as necessary to know the actual weight and condition of that carcass, to judge of its real value for producing wool, as it is to know the weight of wool shorn.

If the above be true, a sheep weighing 200 pounds, and shearing six pounds of wool, is worth for wool but one-half as much as a sheep weighing 100 pounds, and shearing the same amount of wool, and, besides that, the wool of small sheep, if free from gum, is usually of a better quality than that of large ones.

My sheep are Spanish Merino, and nearly all from stock selected by myself in Vermont. I have saved *all* the ewes from this stock for my own use, keeping my flock reduced by selling from my old stock, until now my flock are nearly all pure blood. You see from this that I have not had the opportunity of selecting which I shall have when my flock becomes entirely pure, and, of course, the average is not as large as it would be after taking out some of the lightest shearers.

My flock of ewes numbers 140, including yearlings, and, to show you that I am improving, I will give you a separate table for the yearlings. They were all well washed and in good store condition when sheared, and the wool free from gum.

EWES OVER ONE YEAR OLD.

Average weight of carcass, ...74 lbs.
" " " per lb. of wool .13—12 oz.
" " " fleece per head.. 5—0 1-5 oz.

YEARLING EWES.

Average weight of carcass, ...54—5 oz.
" " " per lb. of wool.. 9—5 oz.
" " wool per head.. 5—12 4-5 oz.

Two yearlings weighing, one 52 lbs., and the other 58 lbs., sheared respectively, 8 11-16 and 9 5-16 lbs., being about 1 lb. wool to 6 of carcass.

WHOLE FLOCK, INCLUDING YEARLINGS.

Average weight of wool per head, ... 5—9 oz.
" " of carcass per lb. of wool ..12—3 oz.

It should be remembered that my bucks and wethers are not included in the above.

Livonia, N. Y., 1858. John S. Bercher.

SORGHUM SYRUP.

Eds. Rural:—If your columns are still open for this subject, you will be likely to have some flattering accounts of sweet success in the manufacture of sugar and molasses from the Chinese Sugar Cane in our State. In this town we have mills in operation that are turning out barrels of splendid syrup. The proprietor of one informs me he can manufacture molasses for the growers of the cane at 14 cents per gallon, and intends to enlarge his facilities and advertise to that effect before another planting season. The syrup is already on sale at our country stores for 50 cents per gallon. *And it sells too.*

Now, all that is wanting is for the farmer to know before he plants, that he can convert it into the sweet stuff with no more trouble than to grow it and deliver to a mill within a convenient distance, say three or four miles, or even five miles. He will be sure to plant enough to make three or four barrels of syrup—and half an acre is sufficient for this with but an ordinary crop. The seed for that quantity cannot cost more than ten or twelve cents,—the cultivation and harvesting is no more than that of Indian corn. The seed, if it ripens, can be turned to good account,—is worth at least as much as oats. Much of the seed in this county has ripened perfectly. The leaves may be cured for winter fodder or fed green. On the whole, the incredulous are beginning to lap Sorghum molasses with a hearty smack, and exclaim, "I did not believe that sugar cane could be successfully grown at the North. L. W. B.

Macedon, N. Y., 1858.

Eds. Rural:—Judging from the sneering tone of certain communications in your paper in regard to the Sorghum, or Chinese Sugar Cane, I conclude that it has failed to meet the expectations of its cultivators in your State. Here, on the contrary, it has been a splendid success. Nearly every farmer has raised a little, and with the rude, home-made wooden mills to grind the cane and the cook-stove to boil down the juice, the product has been about eight barrels per acre of very fine syrup. Many have also made good sugar from it, while others have failed in this. We shall expect to export, in a few years, sugar and molasses to you, if, indeed, the crop cannot be grown in New York.—Hal, *Sycamore, De Kalb Co., Ill.*, 1858.

CEMENT vs. WOODEN WATER-PIPE.

Eds. Rural:—As your contributors are mostly strangers to each other, they should receive statements, necessarily brief, with charity, until the whole of the facts are known.

I. S. Hobbie & Co., mistake the motive for comparing a certain pipe to their wooden water pipe in its capacity, and of imperishable materials. "Of course entirely disinterested," say they. No, interested. Not as inventor and manufacturer, but as every farmer should be in the health of his family, and comfort of his domestic animals.

I thank T. C. Peters for his suggestions in the Rural of Oct. 23d. I have no intention to "mislead," no interest at stake, and far be it from me to deceive. A good cause needs but truth to sustain it.

A few years since, wishing to know the cost of cement pipe, I made similar inquiries to Mr. Peters, and came to a like conclusion—that it was too expensive. But I have found by using both tile and cement that a pipe, both efficient, durable, and cheap can be made, and that, too, by any one with sufficient common sense to make him a good farmer. I have ever guarded against misleading, and it is with pleasure that I give the figures to prove the statement, of imperishable materials, costing for the same, twenty-five cents per rod.

First, the tile. They were procured at the factory, less than three miles distant, for $10 per thousand and the usual discount of ten per cent., costing, including cartage, when laid on the bank of the ditch, only one cent apiece, and thirteen of these will lay one rod. Good water-lime, for twelve shillings per barrel was brought the same distance—the empty barrels fully paying for carriage. At the rate of one part of lime to three parts sand, one barrel of lime is sufficient for twelve rods, and at one-fifth of lime—which I found to be equally good—the cost of materials is even less than twenty-five cents per rod. A larger portion than the latter of lime to sand is never used by one of our most skillful builders. I have made no allowance for sand, as it was found in abundance at the spring. T. C. P. will see, that with tiles not one-half so much cement is needed as in the old-fashioned pipe, and if laid in a little frame, it is as smooth and uniform in size as a 4 by 4 inch scantling, and as likely to resist pressure as any wooden pipe of its size, and two men can make fifteen or twenty rods in a day. Mr. P. will be more successful than many if his wooden pipe, where it is laid in dry ground, does "last one generation, at least," without repairing. He is favored with a large stream of water, but those families dependent upon water brought from a distance, do not think it more pure and healthful for passing slowly thro' a decaying pipe.

With no motives other than the public good, and to answer many inquiries as to my experience in conducting water, to prompt these statements, I think no candid person will judge me desirous of controversy. H. J. P.

Palmyra, N. Y., 1858.

THE APIARY—WINTERING BEES.

Eds. Rural:—Wintering bees is the great *desideratum*, and, I would add, the "*ne plus ultra*" of keeping, or rather their management in this changing climate. I would be willing to pay a heavy bonus to learn the art or secret of wintering bees successfully in this locality—it would be a fortune in a few years to any one engaged in this rural pursuit.

I have kept bees for some fifteen years or more, and one of my experiences is that I lose from one-fourth to three-fourths, and one year ago last winter four-fifths of all my swarms. It will readily be perceived that increasing my apiary is rather slow business. The fact is that my bees are running out—the common phrase among unsuccessful culturists in this as well as some other departments of rural affairs—but I am one who is not satisfied with the result hitherto, and have studied not a little and desire to study more the cause of my failure and the remedy. I think now that my study has not been entirely in vain respecting the causes or cause of the great destruction of this profitable and industrious insect.

The first cause to mention is the great changes in the temperature of the atmosphere and its effect on the bees. I have known the mercury to rise 40° in the short space of eight hours, viz., from 6° below zero to 34° above, and a change of 25° is of frequent or of almost daily occurence. This to bees, or similar insects, must be, to say the least, very unfavorable. Bee-keepers have observed that when bees have been confined in the hive for a few days by a low temperature of the air, and then by a change of atmosphere can get out, that they will empty themselves and on returning to the hive are ready like hungry wolves to eat before them—hence they require more honey to winter them than is thought to be necessary by writers on the bee, and many swarms are starved to death simply from the cause of voracious feeding induced by frequent atmospheric changes. Another effect of of these atmospheric changes is, that the bees are confined to the hive on chilly days even in the best part of the season for gathering honey, thus diminishing the supply of honey for winter use.—Another effect is to chill the young brood and to prevent the development of new bees and thus diminish the numerical strength of the colony and involving extra labor of clearing the combs and preparing for another brood. Again, the chilly days of the late spring months prevent hatching, and consequently swarming is delayed very late, so much so, that the late swarms cannot possibly gather honey enough for their winter store, and starvation is the result. These are some of the causes I think of my failure in managing bees—the remedy is not so easy to find or discover, but I am in hopes to get some hints in the Rural from more experienced hands.

As you like short articles I will close for the present, hoping to allude to the subject again in another communication, for there is material enough for more than one short newspaper article.

Apiary Cottage, Cat. Co., N. Y., 1858. T. L.

DOOR-YARD FENCE.

Eds. Rural:—Permit a subscriber to give, through your valuable paper, an answer to Mr. E. H. Wright's inquiry concerning the *best* and *cheapest* door-yard fence.

I have just performed the ceremony of what disinterested passers-by (whose judgment in regard to beauty and symmetry is beyond question,) call a happy union of Mr. Black Iron with Miss White Pine. They are to be supported in future by Old Red Cedar, the Father of woods in durability.

Mr. Wright, here is a description of just the fence *you* want, as well as every other gentleman of *taste*. Take red cedar posts six feet long, four by four, and two by four. Set firmly, eight feet apart, and three feet above ground. Spike on the top of the posts, strips or rails of two-inch pine plank sixteen feet long and three inches wide, so as to project one-half inch each side, and beveling the edges, on top, one inch back. Space off four rods two inches, from centre to centre,—being careful to bring the rods which come on the posts exactly in the centre—bore with a quarter and sixteenth-inch bit. Saw out on the back side of the post, eighteen inches from the top, a block two inches wide, one and one-half inches deep, to receive bottom rail. Saw the bottom rails, from sixteen feet plank, four inches wide, and notch to fit the gain in the posts so as to make a face in front, bevel each edge one inch back. Dress out strips of board one half inch thick, and one inch wide—to represent a bar of iron—fit one strip to each space between posts, space off and bore as above. Make a half circle of plank ten inches in diameter to bend rods over. Get quarter-inch round iron ten feet long, cut in the centre, and bend over the plank, paint rods and half-inch strips black, the balance of the fence white, before putting fence together. When the paint is dry, nail the half-inch strips on the centre of bottom rail. The base board should be one foot wide, beveled and nailed firmly to the posts and along the bottom rail one inch from the top. The corner and gate posts should be ten inches square, with casing, molding and caps, and when finished these posts should be eight inches above the rods. Bore one hole close to corner post on line with the others in the top rail. Take a bent rod and cut off one leg so that it will come half way through top rail, put the other leg in hole ten inches from post. Now take a rod four feet and a half long, and bend on a four-inch circle—place one leg in first hole from post and the other in third hole. Now take a rod, place one leg in the second hole and the other in the seventh, and so on. It will be necessary to cut three rods to each small post.

Make the gates like the fence, running a rod, of three eighths iron from corner to corner, with a nut on one end to tighten rod.

As to the cost, any man of ordinary ingenuity can put it up himself, and the cost of the material will be about three dollars per rod.

Middlebury, Conn., Oct., 1858. F. W. Caswell.

RURAL MATTERS IN NORTHERN OHIO.

Messrs. Eds:—I do not know how extensively the Rural is taken in Ohio, but I am afraid not enough for the general good of its citizens. It appears to me that we must go out of the State to procure *the best family paper*, as the Rural is the first sought for among several different papers taken in my family.

Permit me to say a few words for Northern Ohio. We recently returned from our State Fair, held at Sandusky City, which passed off very pleasantly, with a fine display of good stock, but not as many fine cattle as we have seen heretofore at some of our exhibitions, and an excellent display of fine horses. In all other departments the exhibition was fine. Floral Hall, as well as the whole Fair Grounds, gave great credit to the citizens of Sandusky.

A word in regard to the crops in this part. We had a fair crop of wheat, with very light oats and barley, and about one-half the amount of corn that is usually planted. We see the necessity of underdraining this season, which is driving many of our farmers to it. Had our corn and wheat lands been well underdrained this season, we would realize more than enough to pay the cost. I have just completed an underdrain of forty rods with small flat sand stone, set in such shape as to leave a narrow passage at the bottom. Some of the readers of the Rural say that such a drain will answer a better purpose than tile; but would not tile be better on sandy soil? Also, would an underdrain prove effectual laid with small hard heads, thrown promiscuously in clay subsoil? Is there not danger of its filling? Will some of the readers of the Rural answer? Also, should meadows with smooth bottoms be broken up when the crop begins to fail? Such I discover is the case with some of mine, especially in the dryest parts of the field, where it is the best plow land. How can it be brought to in the most profitable manner when your land is sufficiently drained to admit of plowing if necessary? I have a meadow that was broken up and reseeded. The first year it cut two tuns per acre; second, one and a half; this year, one tun per acre. What shall I do with it? It is good soil for wheat and corn. F. R. Otis.

Maple Grove Farm, Erie Co., Ohio, 1858.

POTATO EXPERIMENT.

Eds. Rural:—While on a visit to A. Woolcot, Esq., of East Bloomfield, a few days since, he gave me the result of a new mode of cultivating potatoes, as follows:—Last spring he received from a friend one potatoe, having sixteen eyes, which he cut into as many pieces, and planted one piece in a hill. Each piece grew and threw up one stalk only. When the stalks reached three or four inches above the ground he put the spade under each hill and raised it up so as to let the air underneath, and thus left it to grow. After a few days new tops began to appear, so that each hill produced from three to seven stalks as large and thrifty as was the first. They were cultivated by hilling up after the common manner. I assisted him in digging and weighing. The product from the sixteen eyes, from a common sized potato, was *ninety-three pounds*—one bushel and a half and three pounds, large sized for the variety. I believe it was of the kind known as Pale Reds—propagated by Mr. Goodrich at Utica, in this State—each hill produced from three to sixteen tubers—the three largest potatoes were in one hill where was placed the smallest piece of seed, and this hill had but three stalks of tops. The yield from each hill was large for the amount of seed. The amount of tops was larger than the average of hills where four times the amount of seed is used. Mr. W. is confident that the raising of the hill and admitting air was the means of the large tops—and he has applied the same process to a part of his ruta bagas and tomatoes, which show a much larger growth than those that were left to grow after the common method. E. H.

Wheatland, N. Y., 1858.

Cobble-Stone Buildings.—Reading in the Rural of the 24th of July, an inquiry in regard to cobble-stone buildings, and seeing no reply from any one, as I have had some experience during the past twelve years, I thought I would give what information I could, in hopes it might benefit some one who may wish to build, especially if they are as green as I was when I commenced. Good coarse lake sand is the best—any clean sand, however, will do, after sifting the same as for brick mortar. One bushel of slacked lime to three bushels of sand, will make good mortar, but I prefer more lime, as it will look whiter. It should be mixed much stiffer than for other stone work.—A Subscriber, *Bedford, Mich.*, 1858.

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE.

Lemons in Rennet.—Will Amelia please answer through the Rural whether she puts the whole of the lemon in rennet for cheese? Would not the juice of the lemon have a tendency to sour the curd? By so doing she will oblige a constant reader of the Rural.—Louisa, *Dundee, N. Y.*, 1858.

Another Cure for Garget.—A cow for which I paid $85 came from her pasture with her udder caked "as hard as a brick." I milked her as well as I could, getting but little milk, it being so thick that I had to pull it out with my fingers. I then made a strong decoction of wormwood, thickened a little with Indian meal and rubbed it in thoroughly with the hand. I repeated it in the morning, getting away all the coagulated milk possible, and at night found my favorite as well as ever.—R. H. Stoddard, *Wethersfield, N. Y.*, 1858.

Potato Experiment.—The result of an experiment in planting potatoes was exhibited at the Fair of the New London Co. Society, at Norwich, Conn., which possesses some interest. An equal number of *sets* from the stem and fruit ends were planted *separately* on the same soil, with the same quantity and kind of manure, and received exactly the same treatment in every degree. The stem ends gave fourteen and one quarter (14¼) pounds, while (what are usually called) the fruit ends, yielded only seven and three-quarter (7¾) pounds. This includes everything on the roots; the smallest as well as the largest. The variety, Dover.—O. W., *Conn.*, 1858.

About Millet.—Seeing an inquiry in the Rural of Oct 23d, about growing millet, I would say to the writer thereof that he managed right, and would have had a good crop if the seed had been good. I got duped the same way last spring. I bought four bushels of millet—enough to sow eight acres. Bag No. 1, was three-fourths millet and one-fourth pigeon grass; while bag No. 2 was three-fourths pigeon grass and one-fourth millet. I got twelve loads from the piece, such as it was. Millet will grow on any kind of land that is clear of water. You can't have the land too deeply plowed, or too rich—the richer, the better it will grow. Yield from one to three tons per acre.—J. F., *Huntley, Illinois*, 1858.

Side-Hill and Level Land Plows.—As I have not seen any reply to the inquiry of my neighbor "A" in regard to side-hill and level land plows, in the Rural of August 14th, I thought I would offer a suggestion or two in replying to his wants. 1st, In regard to "Barnaby's and Moore's Patent" I know nothing. 2d, As to side-hill plowing and side-hill plows I do profess to know something, and by experience, and to which I will briefly remark that I consider Lockling's Patent Side-Hill (wood beam) the best in use for clay land. I also consider it very good for level land with one exception, that is, it cuts rather too narrow a furrow. They are to be found at most of our hardware stores. Price, $7,50 to 8,00. If neighbor "A" now differs any from my opinions, I will try and convince him if he will but make me a visit during the coming plow season.—B., *Alfred Centre, N. Y.*, 1858.

Prevention Better Than Cure.—I saw in the Rural of Sept. 25th, an article on breaking heifers, which I consider very inhuman, to say the least of it. Kindness to the animals under our care is always the best. I will give you my way of breaking. Fasten them by the head so that they can't get away, next take up the fore foot on the side that you milk—have a strap with a buckle on one end, and buckle the foot up tight to the fore-arm, so that the heifer can't get her foot to the ground. Doing so, she can't kick if she tries, and does away with the necessity of a man standing, gad in hand, to whip and abuse the poor animal. I have practiced the above way of breaking heifers for the last ten years, and have never known it to fail. As men's wages are high, and timber scarce, I could not afford it. If Mr. S. D. A. will try the above, he will save time, beef, and milk.—J. F., *Huntley, Illinois, Oct.*, 1858.

Salt for Manurial Uses.—We are glad to hear of many experiments going to test the value of salt as a manure. Trusting, as we do, in its success, whenever judiciously employed, we would recommend more extended experiments, and a wider list of crops to which it should be applied, believing that it will pay, not only on wheat, but on grass, corn, potatoes, &c. In the hands of thorough farmers the question must soon come to a decision.

Many, no doubt, now fully convinced of its value, are deterred from its use by the cost of the article. By such as are situated near salt works, experiments can be carried on with the "bitterns" or refuse salt and lime gathering on the surface of the boilers. It costs nothing at the works, and large quantities can be had on application. The expense of transportation would be but trifling anywhere along our canals, and we would be glad to learn of extensive experiments through its application. Apply salt to your orchard, farm, and garden crops, and report the result. — G. W. H., *Cortland, N. Y., Oct.*, 1858.

Propolis, or Bee-Glue.—It has been said by the greatest Apiarists of this State, that no modern writer on bees has been able to detect them in the act of gathering this substance, and the reason is, as they suppose, because there are so few bees gathering it. Near my bees there are a few trees called the Balm of Gilead, and during the latter part of July and the month of August, I have frequently seen bees perched upon the branches, collecting a substance resembling propolis, and I am pretty well satisfied that it is. The reason they do not collect it in the month of June, is because the buds of these trees are not formed—the gum being on the buds—but in August I have seen it so thick, that I could get a teaspoonful in a short time. Now, if any one doubts this, they can get a few slips of this tree, and set them in a good spot a short distance from the bees, and if he does not see bees collecting it, then there are no bees, that is if he has twenty or more swarms. A person having one or two swarms, might not see them in the act, as there would be so few collecting it.—L. A. Aspinwall, *Ireland's Corners, Alb. Co., N. Y.*

Rural Miscellany.

Agricultural Lectures, &c.—As we frequently have letters inquiring for the right persons to deliver Addresses and Lectures on Agriculture, &c., it has occurred to us that we might be of service to all parties interested by giving a list of those who are qualified and willing to act in that capacity during the ensuing winter. Therefore, if our readers will aid us in this matter by giving the addresses of gentlemen prepared to enter the arena as lecturers on Rural and kindred subjects, we will ere long give a list containing the information so often desired by friends connected with Ag. Societies and other associations.

—There are among our contributors and correspondents quite a number of persons admirably qualified for lecturing on practical and scientific subjects, but we cannot say whether they will accept invitations. What say Hon. T. C. Peters of Darien, Maj. Brooks of Wyoming, and a score of others. We suggest that the two gentlemen named be called, for they are eminently capable.

Cleansing Soils.—An agricultural exchange very truly remarks there is no season of the year when so much can be effected in the way of cleansing the soil from spurious vegetation as in the fall, after the removal of the crops. By scraping the soil and removing the rubbish, a vast quantity of seeds will be removed and destroyed, as well as roots, all of which are too commonly permitted, in the present lax and imperfected system, to remain to annoy the farmer, and perplex the operations of the successive year. Great watchfulness is required to keep down those vegetables which poison and impoverish the soil without returning any profit, and no one who cultivates even a rood of soil, should neglect it. A few hours' labor, and a slight expenditure of cash, will, at this season, effect more than days of effort in the spring will accomplish, even with the most scrupulous care.—Any one who adopts this plan, will at once perceive its advantages.

Sorghum in Cincinnati—The last issue of the Cincinnati *Gazette* gives an account of the experiments of Col. Warring (a farmer residing a few miles distant from that city,) with the Chinese Sugar Cane, the results of which we condense as follows:—"On the 20th of last May Col. W. planted between one and one-half and one and three-fourths acres, from which he has finished manufacturing syrup, with a yield of 440 gallons. The cost of refining and clarifying is about nine cents per gallon. With the mill and evaporators used by him, (expense $300) and employing two men, three boys, and a pair of horses he can readily turn out two barrels of syrup daily. The seed he feeds to hogs, and considers it valuable for its fattening properties; the strippings make excellent provender for milch cows, and they eat it with avidity. For these two purposes he considers this portion of the product fully pays for crushing."

The Hog Trade of the West. — The Cincinnati *Gazette* has an article on the prospects of the traffic in swine during the ensuing packing season, and from the survey of the whole field of production, concludes that the increase of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and Tennessee, will, in the aggregate, range from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. in number without any material decrease or increase from last year in the average weight. Hogs have passed through the summer in good condition. The corn that is now being fed to them is of superior quality — much better than that used last year, and the animals promise to come forward in good order. The conclusion arrived at may be stated in brief, as follows:—1, Very light stocks of old products on the 1st of December. 2, An increased consumption in 1859. 3, No material difference in the average weight as compared with last year. 4, An increase in number, in the total crop of, say twenty per cent.

Experiments with Underdraining.—A fair test of the value of underdraining is furnished by the *Country Gentleman*, in some experiments made and reported by Mr. Thomas, of Cayuga Co. The land was a medium between a heavy clay and a light loam; the drains were about three feet deep and two rods apart, with tubular tile, two inches in diameter—the cost being 40 cents a rod, or $32 per acre. The crops grown the present year were corn and spring wheat, and the increased product of each, compared with like crops on the same land undrained, would repay the expense of draining in three years time. What farmer can make a better use of his capital than to expend it in this improvement.

Cleveland Beef in Good Repute.—A late issue of the Cleveland *Herald* says the contracts for Beef to supply the British army and navy have been made. Proposals for seven thousand tierces were advertised for and were awarded as follows: Col. N. M. Standart, of Cleveland, *three thousand tierces;* Cragin & Co., of Chicago, five hundred tierces, and the balance between Adams, of Baltimore, Alberger, of Philadelphia, and Dominick, of Cincinnati. The prices agreed for the Cleveland packed beef are higher than for that packed at either of the other cities. The average price is £2 less than that of last year. Cleveland thus stands at the head of the United States in the quality of its beef.

Poultry and Eggs.—Fowls like the warm southern aspect, where they can huddle together in the sun during the middle of the day. Provide them such a place and plenty of food, such as corn, cob-meal mixed with scalding water, or hot potatoes, with occasional feeds of the flesh of young calves, plucks of sheep, and constant access to pure water, gravel, old mortar, oyster or clam shells, and bones, all broken finely, and they will yield eggs in abundance through the cold weather.

Large Yield.—Mr. S. N. Allen, of Greece, in this county, produced the past season 281 bushels of potatoes from 6 bushels of seed. Variety, the Purple Mercer. The potatoes were cut fine—having two to three eyes in a piece—two pieces in each hill. Planted about 10th of June, on light, sandy soil—part of the ground barley stubble, and part clover and timothy sod. Used some six loads of barn-yard manure.

Orchard and Garden.

MULCHING WITH LIVING PLANTS.

Few understand how large an amount of water is given off by plants during their growth. Our attention was particularly called to this subject many years ago, by a fact which we will relate, and since that time, we have been endeavoring to gain information both by observation and reading. We had a strawberry bed, of about fifteen by thirty feet, of which we were proud. The soil was a yellow, sandy, chestnut loam, and we had highly manured and dug it at least eighteen inches deep.—The plants were set out in summer about two feet apart, grew well, and made a few runners. The next summer they bore a fair crop, and threw out very strong runners. After enough plants had been formed to stock the ground, the runners were stopped, and in the fall a little coarse manure was thrown over the bed. The next spring this was raked off. In all our experience we never saw strawberry plants make such a vigorous growth. The leaves and leaf stems were of extraordinary size. The plants, though, of course, somewhat irregular, stood about four inches apart. The prospect for fruit was good. One evening, after a warm day, as the earliest berries began to color, we went home and beheld with consternation our fine strawberry bed in ruins. Every plant was laying flat on the ground and wilted. At first we supposed that some unruly horse or cow had gained access to the garden and had been rolling upon it. But, finding no foot-prints, and learning that we had been visited with no such intruders, we set about to ascertain the cause. Taking a spade we dug down a foot or more, and found the soil as dry as powder. There did not seem to be a particle of moisture in the soil. We then examined the soil of a strawberry bed near by, made in the spring, where there were but few plants to shade the ground, and found it moist. This was also the case with the soil of other parts of the garden. The idea was thus forced upon us that the large amount of foliage was the cause of the dryness of the soil and the wilting of the plants. With a spade we at once dug under about two-thirds of the plants in the bed, leaving them in rows about four or five inches wide with the width of the spade between the rows. A thorough watering was then given, and the space between the rows covered with coarse manure. The wilted plants that remained revived and perfected their fruit. From this experience we got the idea into our head, where it still remains, that shading or mulching the ground with living plants is about as sensible as it would be to mulch it with hot cinders.

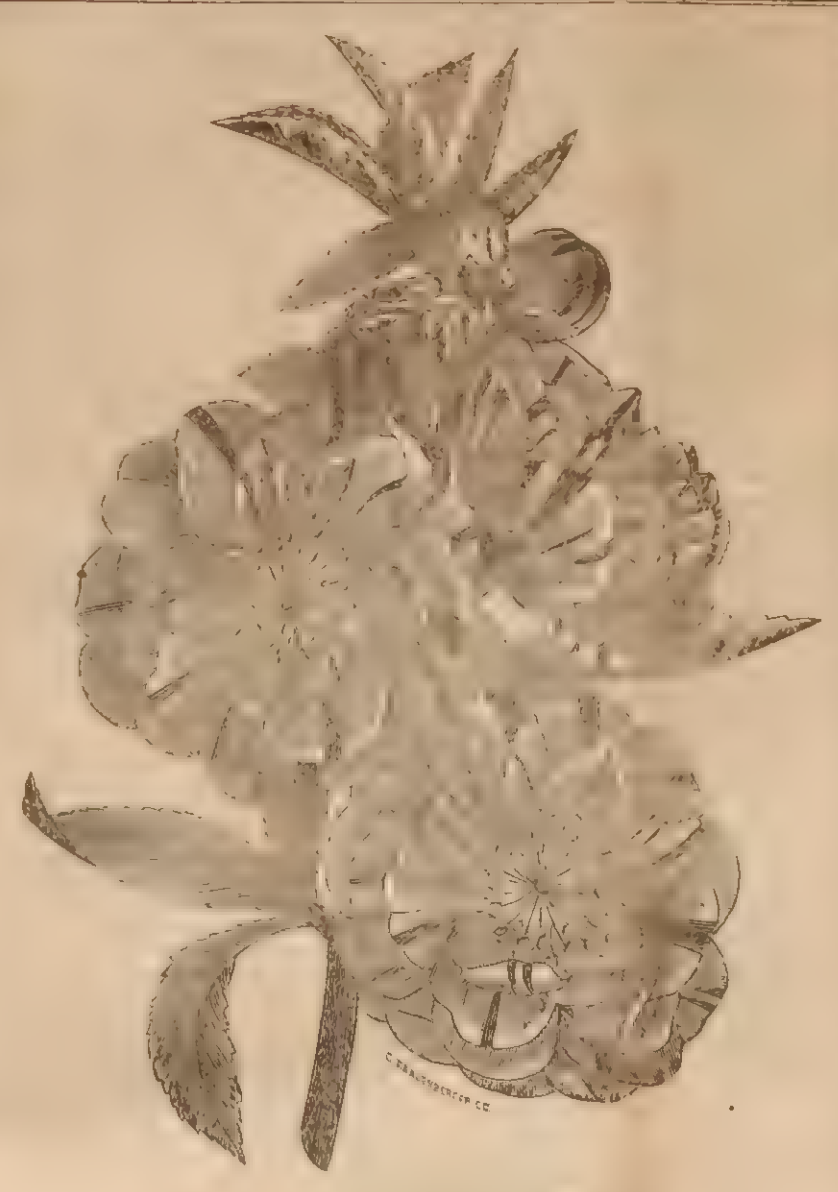
At one of our largest nurseries here, around the office, is a well made lawn, green as we can expect a lawn is in this country, even in the hottest and driest days of summer. On this lawn stands a fine hickory and a most beautiful elm—the old natives of the forest, saved from the woodman's axe. We have often the past summer admired the smooth, closely shaven green of this lawn, exposed to a scorching sun of more than 120°, and hastened to enjoy the cool, grateful shade of the elm, where perhaps the thermometer would not reach 90°; and yet under and around these trees the grass was scorched—literally dried up, and the soil on the surface dry as dust. The growing trees had taken the moisture from the soil, and left it, though shaded, much drier than that which was exposed to the sun. These and a score of other facts which we might mention, and many that will no doubt occur to our readers, show that growing plants and trees abstract the moisture from the soil in large quantities, compared with which the slight benefit they afford in the way of shade is of but little account.

Careful experiments have shown that an acre of wheat of thirty bushels of grain with a proper proportion of straw, exhales 4,111 pounds of water per day. An acre of clover that would make two tuns of hay passes off through its leaves 8,600 pounds per day. A sun-flower three feet and a half high perspired during twelve hours of a warm day thirty ounces of water. This, it must be recollected, is not a physical evaporation like that which takes place from the soil, but a vital action or perspiration. All our experience and observation having taught us that growing plants of any kind around trees was an *evil*, but which might be tolerated in some cases, perhaps, we were much surprised to find the following recommendation in a new book on *Pear Culture*, which but for this and a few other blunders, we would cheerfully recommend to our readers:

"Cropping the Ground for a Mulch.—A very convenient substitute for litter, and one from which none of the evils noted will result, is an early crop of some of the broad-leaved vegetables. Turnips, beets, and potatoes are valuable in the order they are mentioned for this purpose, and would in most cases repay the labor of cultivating the trees on them. The first two have the additional advantage of penetrating and loosening the soil without bruising the roots of the trees; and by the superior coolness of their leaves to the night air, condense the humidity in currents of atmosphere passing over them, in the shape of dew, which would have fallen upon the plowed field of the dusty road; and thus assist in nourishing the feebler foliage of the newly-planted trees."—*Field's Pear Culture.*

Samuel Walker, of Massachusetts, made a similar mistake, when he recommended "mulching trees with sod,"—as also did our friend Dr. Sylvester when he advised growing strawberries in a mass, that they might form their own mulch. This is an important matter, and we fear much advice has been given calculated to mislead.

Rot in Grapes.—I wish to inquire whether the rust or rot which has affected grapes to some extent in this section is the same that has destroyed the crop about Cincinnati. Will friend Longworth, or some other one, give us a description of its workings in their vicinity? I had in my vineyard one vine on which nearly every grape had from one to three and four black spots on, and when a spot made its appearance on or near the stem of a grape it invariably rotted, or wilted, and dropped off,—others on the same cluster not affected at the stem, ripened, and the only sign of the disease, was the spots assumed a bright, glossy appearance. Will such grapes do to lay down for winter use?—F. W. Caswell, *Middlebury, Conn., Oct.*, 1858.



CARNATION FLOWERED PEACH.

In the Rural of January 9th, we described the principal varieties of *Double Flowering Fruit Trees*, and also gave a very good drawing of the *White Flowering Peach*, which, with the *Double Crimson*, was obtained in China by Mr. Fortune, about eight years since. The old *Double Peach* and *Almond* are well known, and deservedly popular. The great value of these new varieties is the striking beauty of their colors—*pure white* and *deep crimson*—quite distinct from the pale rose or peach-blossom of the old sorts. Flowering side by side, they produce a fine effect, and commend themselves to a place in all ornamental plantations where the climate is not unfavorable to the blossoming of the Peach. Where the peach blossoms are generally killed, they will of course be of no value, unless protected. The flowers of both are semi-double—that is, they have several rows of petals, and show some stamens in the center.

Last year we received intelligence of the flowering of a new Peach, also from China, called the *Camellia Flowered*, and the present year we have another, more beautiful than all, called the *Carnation Flowered*, of which we give an engraving, taken from a colored drawing in the *London Florist*. We have not learned that these new sorts have been introduced into this country, but our enterprising nurserymen lose sight of no rare plant of value, and before many years the *Carnation Flowered Peach* will bloom in our gardens.

The *Florist* says:—"In our October number last year, we gave a colored illustration of a charming new Chinese *Camellia Flowered Peach*, a shrub or rather small tree introduced by Mr. Fortune, and 'let out' by Mr. Glendinning, of the Chiswick Nursery. We now introduce to notice another variety, the stock of which is in the possession of Mr. Glendinning. To the *Double White* and *Crimson Peaches* introduced by Mr. Fortune, when that gentleman was collecting plants in China for the Horticultural Society, have now therefore been added two others of greater merit, for their flowers are very much larger and more showy,' while the plants are equally hardy and cultivable. It will be seen at a glance how very beautiful the kind we now figure is; and we think it must be admitted that wherever early-flowering plants are in demand, these new and charming varieties of Chinese Peach should not be overlooked."

It has been noted as a remarkable fact, in England, that all the new Chinese Flowering Peaches produce two, and in some cases three, fruits from one flower—a circumstance that never occurs in other peaches.

Fine Cauliflowers.—We are indebted to Richard R. Bennet, of Fort Hamilton, N. Y., for two of the finest Cauliflowers we have seen for many a day. Mr. B. is one of the most successful market gardeners in the vicinity of New York city, and we hope he will give our readers some practical hints that will be useful. We have no desire to make market gardeners of our friends, but we are anxious that every one with a rod or two of ground should know how to grow decent vegetables. From the following report of the sale of one wagon load of cauliflowers in the New York market, contained in a note from Mr. Bennet, it will be seen that the lovers of good things in that city appreciate the value of this vegetable:

4½	dozen extra at $5 per dozen,	$22 50
16	dozen prime at $3 per dozen,	48
20	dozen thirds at $1 60 per dozen,	30
5½	dozen cullings at 75 cts. per dozen,	4 12
46	dozen. Amount of wagon load,	$104 62

These prices are very encouraging to growers, and no one is better pleased than ourselves to see the gardener well paid for his labor and skill; but taking the medium price to the consumer at 25 cents per head, it amounts almost to prohibition.

Prof. Cutting, of this city, grew Cauliflower the present season in great perfection, exhibiting perfectly formed *flowers* eighteen inches in diameter, while the leaves formed a circle five feet in diameter.

Isabella Grapes.—Mrs. McKay, of Naples, made us a visit a day or two since, and, left us, as usual, a box of fine grapes, black as coals and with that fine aroma that always denotes perfect ripeness. She was on her way to Montreal, to deliver 3,000 pounds, which she had disposed of at 17 cents per pound, yielding the sum of $510. This was only a part of the product of half an acre. We almost envy our Canadian friends this fine fruit, but if they have the taste to appreciate a good thing, and the money to purchase it, we suppose we have no right to complain.

Hubbard Squash.—We are indebted to H. N. Langworthy, Esq., for the opportunity of again tasting the *Hubbard Squash*. We are more than confirmed in the favorable opinion we expressed last winter of this celebrated variety. It makes no mean substitute for the sweet potato—is as dry and sweet as any one can desire, either steamed or baked. Every lover of good vegetables should plant the *Hubbard* next spring.

MR. GLASSE'S GARDENING BOOK.

I am the son of that ever-to-be-lamented lady, good Mrs Glasse, whose instructions in cookery have achieved an immortal reputation. Her husband, a pains-taking man, was very fond of his garden, and he used to imitate his wife by collecting good recipes for managing his crops just as she did her kitchen stuff. Like her, my poor father had an aversion to reasons. "Sally," he would say to his wife, (her real name was Molly, but she got the name of Sally in a family where she lived.) "never give a reason. People don't want to know why a dish should be cooked; all they care about is to be told how to cook it. Reasons are only fit for lawyers; when people are paid for arguing why then of course they must chop logic, and try to win by help of reasons. But cooks should be taught to do, not to talk. I never knew a talking cook worth her board. And I've a notion it's much the same with gardening. You see what capital crops Tom Moore there, at the end of the Green Lane, always has; and yet he can hardly write his name. But Mr. Samuel up at the Hall, who is quite a scholar, calls things by Latin names, and is never done with talking, and whose wall trees are beautifully cut, according to what he calls principle, has not half so much. I've learnt many things from Tom, and uncommon good advice he gives; but never a reason. One day he said to me, 'Mind you sow that Early Corn seed this week;' and when I asked him whether the week after wouldn't do as well, 'No,' says he, 'it won't. I tell you to sow it this week.' But I didn't, for I thought a few days couldn't signify, and I hadn't half a crop, which was very late, too, and Tom had a full crop, fit for pulling, very near three weeks sooner. And so I think Tom the best gardener of the two."

Many and many a year did my father work at his garden; and when plenty of money came in from the booksellers, (he used to call my mother's book his cow,) he got a bigger piece of ground, and grew flowers, and built a Vinery or two, and at last got up a long brick pit in which he grew Pine Apples. I shall never forget the old gentleman's joy when he came back from the show at Hintern, where he beat Mr. Samuel with Pine Apples and Celery. "There," he said, smoothing down his chin with his right hand, "that comes of doing and not chattering, (he was a little lively that evening.) Never, my boy, trouble yourself to know why one way is better than another. Find out by experience which is the best way and do that. There's nothing like experience. When you ask you don't want to know the reason why you can stand upright, and get along with one leg following the other; if you did want to know you wouldn't find out. So I say with gardening. Isaac Ker was the best Pine grower in our county; and nobody's Celery was as fine as Tom Moore's. Isaac showed me how to do as he did, and Tom did the same. I never asked a question, but did as they did, and now, lad, I've won—I've won—against all Mr. Samuel's book learning."

The old gentleman was all his life collecting gardening recipes. He tried as many as he could, and when they did'nt answer, he scratched them out of his book; for he had a large book in which he wrote them—it had been the ledger of a smart young general shopkeeper in our village, who broke before he had time to put anything into it. When the recipes turned out right he marked a cross against them. When he couldn't try them he used in an evening in winter to talk about them to Isaac and Tom at their smoking club, which met once a month; and mended them or threw them away, according as the recipes agreed, or didn't agree, with their practice. And so, in course of time, an amazing quantity of things were jotted down. He even used to get some things from mother, because, as he said, "if Sally should be called away from me, I shan't know her ways of cooking, and pickling, and preserving, and dishing up the things when they are grown; and it's no use to grow things if one don't know how to make them fit to eat."

It is a good many years now since father died, and I have look about in gardens to see what was going on, without learning much, except about new plants and the way of growing them. And the more I see, and the longer I live, the more I am sure that father was right in his ways. I see good plain plodding men, not great scholars, managing well, without expense that is not wanted; and I see others with their mouth full of fine words, talking of picturesque and gardenesque, and lines of beauty, and giving Latin names to weeds, and shaking their wise heads over chemistry, and geology, and meteorology, who can't get a decent crop out of a kitchen garden or orchard. So I am thinking that father's recipes may be of use to others as they were to him; and with your approval I will send you some every now and then. Only you must mind that they remain my own property, and are not to be made into a book by you or anybody else, without my leave. As I don't wish to hide my name, I subscribe myself Peter Glasse, *Little Okeley.*

1. *How to lay Turf in Dry Weather.*—Make the ground firm, nice and level. Rake off all the stones. Sift over the ground some fine burnt clay. If you can get it sift over that the dust of oil-cake, or some malt combings, or just a little guano; half a pound to a rod is plenty for guano. Give a good watering. Then lay down the turf as fast as you can, beat it well, and then leave it alone. It will get hold directly.

2. *How to get Autumn Radishes.*—Sow the seed of the Early White or Crimson Turnip at the end of August or in the first week of September.—Choose a nice warm border and a light damp soil. They will be ready in October. If you want to keep them in November, strip off their leaves, and pack in dry sand.

3. *How to save Sweet Herbs.*—Gather Sage, Marjoram, Basil, Savory, Thyme, and such things, any time in September. Tie them in small bunches with strings having a loop. Hang them by the heels to nails in a dry place, such as a shed or outhouse, where there is a thorough draft and no sun; the faster they are dried the better they are, provided the sun does not shine on them. When dry, hang them up in a dry room. If put into bags, mind they are not made of brown paper.

4. *How to Kill Wasps.*—Find their holes. In the evening pour in a little turpentine if you can. If the holes run upwards, push in some rags dipped in turpentine. In both cases put a turf or clod on the hole and stamp it well down. Another way:—Gas tar will do as well.—P. G. [When I put "P. G." the recipe is mine, and not my father's.]

5. *How to strike China Roses from Cuttings.*—In the beginning of September get some pretty ripe shoots. You may know whether they are ripe enough, by the lower leaves coming off easily. Cut the shoots into pieces eight or nine inches long. With a sharp knife cut the lower end straight across, below a bud; draw the knife *from* the bud, not towards it; cut the upper end slanting, just above the bud. Leave on the two uppermost leaves. Pull off all the others. Take a pot about eight inches deep. Put a few crocks in the bottom; over the crocks lay some old shreds, and then an inch of charcoal dust, or silver sand; fill up with one-quarter peat and half loam. With a round stick make holes through the peat and loam down to the charcoal. Put in the cuttings so as to leave the two leaves above ground, and press the soil down firmly. Give a watering with rain water. Then plunge the pot on a mild hot bed, or set in any warm place where it may be kept damp; put a hand-glass over and keep the sun off until the cuttings begin to push. Then give a little air, at night, putting the hand glass on again in the day time. They will soon strike roots. Another way:—You may place the pots, when filled with cuttings, in a shady border, with or without hand-glasses, and they will strike in time. But the first is the quickest way.

6. *How to Save Leaves in Winter.*—Sweep them up when dry. Keep the oak leaves by themselves, if you can; for they don't make such good leaf-mould as others. Burn fir leaves. Keep the leaves as dry as you can, by packing them close in dry weather against your pits, if you want the leaves to keep the frost out; and put over them a sloping roof of mats or old boards, or something of that kind. So managed they will keep off very bad cold. If they get very wet they are not of much use. If you don't want them for pits put them into a shed. You may get some early Seakale or Rhubarb by burying the old roots among dry leaves. When the winter is over, and you want a little bottom-heat for your frames, leaves are useful for mixing with stable litter. Half and half is not too much. A cucumber bed made so will give a nice mild heat. What leaves you don't want for this, should be thrown up out-of-doors for the summer, to take their chance, and by the autumn all except the oak leaves will be crumbled to powder, and make famous leaf mould. But they should be turned over two or three times during the summer.

7. *How to keep Geraniums over the Winter.*—Take them up on a dry day. Knock all the mould off their roots. Shorten them down to two or three joints. Lay in the sun for a few hours if you can. Mind there are no leaves on them. Have ready some quite dry pit (not sea) sand. Bury them four inches deep in the sand, the roots downwards.—Keep them dry all winter; you may do that in a good cold frame which does not drip. Fine coal ashes will do as well as pit sand. If you have convenience for keeping frost out you need not bury them, but may keep the ends out of the sand.

8. *How to Prune Fruit Trees in Autumn.*—Let them alone.

9. *How to Keep Ants off Fruit.*—Sprinkle their runs with turpentine. Another way:—Draw a ring an inch wide, with gas tar, round the stem, six inches above the ground, if the ants get up by the stem. Another way:—Put guano in their runs. I think this is best.—P. G.

10. *How to Pickle Berberries for Garnishing.*—Let them be quite red and dry, but not soft or over ripe. Take a pickle jar; pack it full of bunches without pressing them. Fill it up with good cold vinegar. Add a little salt. Tie down with a bladder. These will keep till March.—*London Gardener's Chronicle.*

Domestic Economy.

COLORING RECIPES—PUDDINGS AND CAKES.

Coloring Cochineal Scarlet.—Heat sufficient water to cover one pound of woolen cloth or yarn in a clean brass kettle; put in one-half ounce cream of tartar; pulverise one ounce of cochineal and add thereto. Scald and strain—set it back, put in 2 ounces spirits of tin, stir well, wet your cloth in clean water, wring dry, put it in the dye and let it remain one hour, airing it. This colors a bright scarlet. If you wish to have it darker, dip it in strong alum water.

Coloring Blue on Cotton.—Dissolve 7 ounces copperas in sufficient warm water to cover 3 pounds of cloth, put in your cloth and let it remain 1 hour, airing it; take it out and rinse in two clean waters. Dissolve 1 ounce of prussiate of potash in the same quantity of water, and add 1 spoonful oil of vitriol—stir it well, put in the cloth and let it remain 1 hour, airing it, then rinse in two clean waters.

Coloring Red on Cotton.—One pound of camwood—boiled in an iron kettle—will color three or four pounds of cotton cloth a light red, that will not fade. By letting it remain in the dye a day or two, it will color darker, airing and heating it occasionally.

Bread Pudding.—One quart sweet milk; 2 eggs; 1 cup sugar; ½ cup of butter; 1 nutmeg—thicken the whole with bread, chopped fine; 1 cup raisins.

Rice Pudding.—Tie up in a bag 1 cup of rice; 1 cup raisins; put the the whole into a kettle of boiling water and boil.

Sauce for Puddings.—Melt 1 cup of sugar, add to it ½ cup of butter; ½ cup of brandy; ½ nutmeg—serve hot.

Cup Cake.—One cup of butter; 2 cups of sugar; 3 cups of flour, and four eggs.

Sponge Cake.—Four eggs; 2 cups of sugar; 2 cups of flour.

Cookies.—One cup of sugar, rolled fine; 1 cup of butter; 1 cup of sour milk, and 1 teaspoonful saleratus.

Loaf Cake.—One cup butter; 2 of sugar; 3 of dough; 4 eggs. Louisa.

Kirtland, Ohio, 1858.

To Color a Bright Blue.—Having noticed an inquiry in the Rural, from Mollie, as to the mode of coloring bright blue, I will give her our method. For silk or cotton, take a piece of prussiate of potash half the size of a walnut; half an ounce of copperas; dissolve in three pints soft water, then add eight or ten drops of oil of vitriol. When scalding (not boiling) hot, dip your cloth in, wet it thoroughly with the dye, and wring out as soon as possible—when dry, rinse in cold water. For flannel or silk take the compound of vitriol and indigo, (which can be found at any druggists,) stir thoroughly into soft boiling water, according to the shade you desire, set with a little alum. A beautiful green may be obtained by adding the same compound to a strong yellow dye set with alum.—Emma M., *Smithfield, Mad. Co., N. Y.*, 1858.

Grape Preserves and Fruit Cake.—Take ripe grapes, squeeze out the pulp and put them in a preserving kettle; let them boil gently a few minutes, then strain through a colander. Take white sugar, equal portions, with pulp and skins, and cook until done. Skim the grapes out and simmer the syrup until sufficient thickness to keep.

Fruit Cake.—One and one-fourth pound sugar; 1 pound flour; ½ pound butter; 1 pound currants; 1 pound raisins; ½ pound citron; 1 teaspoon saleratus; 2 teaspoons sour milk; 8 eggs, beat the whites and yolks seperate; 1 teacup jelly; cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, and a small piece of lard.—Louisa, *Dundee, N. Y.*, 1858.

Cooking Salt White Fish—Drawn Butter.—Soak the fish over night, then boil it in equal quantities of milk and water—have ready a little drawn butter, pour it over the fish, and send it to the table while hot.

Drawn Butter.—Take a piece of butter the size of an egg, melt it, mix a little flour with half of a teacup of cream, and stir it with the butter until it boils.—Mary C., *Hannibal Centre, Oswego Co, N. Y.*, 1858.

Recipe for Steamed Pudding.—Pare and quarter six or seven apples, then slice them in a dish. To one pint of flour, take a small bit of shortening and one teaspoonful of "Merrill's Yeast Powder;" roll thick and lay over the apples. Steam two hours without lifting the lid of the steamer. Eat with sweet sauce or wine sauce. If this does not please Mr. Sylvanus, of Burtown, N. Y., I should quite despair of doing so.—Jessy *Rochester*, 1858.

A Steamed Apple Pudding.—Take some apples, pare and slice thin, place in a small pan, with water enough to cook, then take a piece of butter as large as an egg, work in the flour, then add 2 cups of buttermilk; 1 of milk; teaspoon soda. Spread this over the apples, then place over it another pan, put on the stove, cook till done, serve with cream and sugar. If your *landlady* does not succeed, if you will come, "*cap* in hand," I think I can give you one that *will*.—A Reader.

Apple Dumplings.—Mix a paste as if for biscuit or short cake; butter a two quart basin; lay the paste around the sides, but have none at the bottom; fill it with good greenings or pippins, quartered; season with salt; a teacup of water; cover the top with paste; put in the oven and bake till done, then put on butter, sugar, and cream, with nutmeg grated over the top.—Aunt Molly, *Waverly, Pa.*, 1858.

Sponge Gingerbread.—Take half a cup of melted butter; 1 tablespoonful of ginger; ½ pint of molasses; stir in flour to make it thick, then add ½ pint of sweet milk; 1 tablespoonful saleratus; flour enough to roll—bake in a quick oven.—Allie B., *Holley, N. Y.*, 1858.

Nice Rusk.—One coffeecup of sugar; 1 of milk; 1 teacup of yeast; butter size of an egg; 2 eggs beat all together—add flour.—C. E. E., *Benton Centre, Yates Co., N. Y.*, 1858.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

A HOME SCENE.

Come, let us put the curtain down,
And lay the work aside,
And gather up the playthings
That you've scattered far and wide;
And place the lamp upon the stand,
Beside the great arm-chair,
And bring the last new magazine,
And cut the leaves with care:

Now heap some coal upon the grate—
He loves a cheerful fire—
See how the flames dance merrily,
And leap up high and higher!
Now place his slippers on the rug,
And get his dressing-gown;
For Papa will be tired and cold,
When he comes home from town.

Come let me bathe your glowing cheeks,
And make your hair look neat,
And put your bright pink apron on:
There, now! you're clean and sweet!
Now sit down on the little bench
That Grand-pa made, and see
How still you'll be while Mama
Goes to lay the cloth for tea.

The tea-kettle sends forth its hum,
The biscuits are so light:
I wish he'd come, it seems to me
He's *rather late* to-night!
Hark! wasn't that *our* gate that *clicked*?
Hurrah! shouts little Will;
And ere I've time to tell him, hush!
He's bounded o'er the sill.

And "Papa's come!" he shouts again,
And climbs up for a kiss;
And "Papa's tum, Oh! Papa's tum!"
Echoes his little Sis.
Oh, happy group, that live and love
Within that humble cot:
Many who dwell in palaces
Might envy them their lot.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MUSIC.

Martin Luther said of Music, "It is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrows and the fascination of evil thoughts. Music is a kind and gentle sort of discipline; it refines the passions and improves the understanding." There is nothing which rules so powerfully, and yet so gently over us, as the soothing strains of music. If the heart is full to overflowing with joy and gladness, it bursts forth in song—if the heavy hand of affliction is laid upon us, and all seems dark around, a song may dispel the clouds in the heart's horizon. Under whatever circumstances it is heard, it awakens high and lofty emotions. Long years ago, when earth was young and clad in robes of virgin beauty, the "morning stars sang together." When the children of Israel beheld "Pharaoh and his hosts destroyed in the Red Sea, they sang a song of praise to the Lord for his great goodness in that he had delivered them from the power of the Egyptians. Angels proclaimed the advent of the Savior to the humble shepherds on the plains of Judea, and the high arches of heaven echoed to their songs of praise. The apostle, while in the solitudes of Patmos, beheld in a vision, "a great multitude which no man can number," who stood forever before the Eternal Throne and sang the praises of Him who sitteth upon it. Thus does music come down to us through the long lapse of ages hallowed with sacred associations. It is listened to by the rich and powerful, or by the humble peasant in his lowly cot. Tis free to all—free as the air of heaven.

Stand in Nature's grand cathedral. The foundations thereof were laid centuries ago—the ceiling is the star-studded floor of heaven. The Architect and Builder was Omnipotence; He reared that structure which shall stand when the domes and minarets of St. Peters' have crumbled to dust, and those who raised those lofty columns shall have taken up their abode in the "marble halls of Death." Listen to the soul thrilling music that echoes through the lofty corridors and down the lengthened aisles—the "wild, profound, eternal bass" as heard in the roar of ocean when the Storm King reigns—the low sighing of the evening breeze coming as it were from the gates of paradise, telling of a land fairer than sun or moon ever shone upon, whose beauties mortal eyes never beheld, of whose joys mortal ears never heard. The anthem of praise shall never cease to resound through the noble structure, till the Apocalyptic Angel shall stand and swear by Him that reigneth forever, that Time shall be no more.

But there is a harp whose "thousand strings" once touched will never cease to vibrate—they will tremble and quiver long after the hand that struck them shall have mouldered in the grave. Ye who engage in the great work of teaching, remember that it is your high-born privilege to call forth sweetest strains of music from those golden chords; or, should you strike them with a careless hand, awaken harsh discords either of which shall echo to the last moment of recorded time, and long as the ages of eternity shall roll. Oh, then, go forth, and labor faithfully in the great moral vineyard of the earth, and when the Master shall call in his laborers at the evening hour of life, your reward shall be the smiles of an approving God and a conscience at peace with its Maker—what more could you desire? What nobler employment could you ask for than that of leading immortal minds to the fountain of knowledge, of fitting them for a life of usefulness here on earth and a life of peace and rest beyond "death's swelling flood." The poet has most beautifully sung,

"Our hearts though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

Every throb of the heart tells us that we are passing away. The soul beats wildly against its prison walls of clay, and struggles to be free; soon the bars of life shall break, our hearts shall have beat the last "march" and then, only then, may we strike the golden harp of heaven and wake the echoes of eternity with a ceaseless song of praise.

Medina, N. Y., 1858. J. M.

If we reprove or chastise before we feel a painful regret on account of the necessity for it, the proper season for doing it has not yet arrived.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

"HOOPOLOGY," CONTINUED.

I have been anxiously looking for the reply to the query, "*I wonder if* Amelia *wears hoops!*"—and here it comes in the paper to-day. Greatly to my disappointment she *does not*. And why? "Because she thinks the fashion one of the most ridiculous the world has ever seen." Now I profess to be by nature and practice one of the most patient of my sex, but here I confess to feeling my righteous indignation thoroughly aroused.

It is just as absurd to ridicule and decry a style of dress simply because it is the fashion, as it is to adopt an extravagance for the same reason. Every ignorant and brainless scribbler, who has reached the position of editor to a petty newspaper, every rowdy upon the street corners, has had his vulgar fling at hoops. Jests innumerable have been uttered and chronicled at their expense, and laughed at by high and low. Yet all the time sensible people, who have bestowed any thought upon the subject, have been convinced of the real value and utility of these much abused hoops. Take up any book on physiology, read any of the thousand treatises on health especially addressed to women, and uniformly you will find the heat and pressure of heavy skirts denounced as the cause of nine-tenths of the cases of weakness and disease. Very few women who have given the subject *any* attention have failed to notice this in their own cases. A great many expedients have been suggested by women who have devoted themselves to the matter of reform in dress, for obviating this, but *none* so effectual as the use of hoops. "Amelia" may say she does not burden herself in such a manner, but if she would not consider herself contaminated by the experiment, I would earnestly request her to wear for *one day* the interdicted hoops, and then see if in their absence she is not sensible of a wearisome burden she had not before noticed.—Mind, I do not request that, "if she be tall, she shall make herself resemble a hogshead, or if short, a jug," but "let your moderation be known" by following a good fashion without abusing it.—Everything may be made absurd by carrying to extremes, but that is no argument against it. In conclusion, I will give my experience by saying, that after the trial of hoops for two years I find them in every way *comfortable, agreeable* and *healthful*—that after traveling more than two thousand miles by railroad in them, I have never found them inconvenient, and that it is my fixed purpose never to abandon them for sneers, or ridicule, or change of fashion.

E. C. H.

MARRIAGES.

Much has been said in England regarding the falling off in the number of marriages. Persons who took this view of the question based their opinions upon insufficient evidence. They found that in certain classes of marriages there was a falling off, and they concluded rather hastily that there must be a similar falling off in other classes. Recent returns show that the price of provisions influences very greatly the marriages among the lower classes, but that there are no grounds for the assertion that the marriage institution is in reality falling into decay in any class of the population of England. The London Times, in speaking of this subject, holds the following language, which is equally applicable to certain classes in this country:

The only truth with which the argument was tinctured was this, that in a certain class, where the education and habits generally acquired are considerably above the pecuniary competence usually possessed, there does appear a growing difficulty in making matches in sufficient number. The class in question, which would be found in the upper levels of the great middle order of society, is not large enough to affect the returns of the whole nation, but it is one in which there is much activity of tongue and pen, and where any derangement attracts a good deal of attention.

The people comprised in it are eminently writing and talking people, and they talk and write of what comes home most forcibly to themselves.—They are also people of no small influence, and for this, as well as for general reasons, it is much to be wished that the anomaly could be removed. A young lady of this class has not a fair chance of getting comfortably married, but the fault and the remedy can be both indicated in a moment. Mothers must not expect for their daughters at the age of 21 such an establishment as they enjoy themselves after 30 years of matrimony. Neither professions nor fortunes can be obtained full-grown.—The mistake lies in the endeavor to reproduce the parent establishment on its full scale in the case of each child at its first settlement, just if a landholder with £3,000 a year were to expect that every one of his daughters should enter by marriage upon exactly such a property. Fathers should remember that their elevation came by degrees; sons that they have naturally the same probation to go through; and mothers, that what they have now they had not when they began. To the daughters we say nothing, for the fault is rarely theirs; but the whole evil would vanish at once if it were but openly acknowledged that people might move on the same social level with broad distinctions of living and means.

A Most Excellent Thing in Woman.—There is one part of a woman's education often forgotten or neglected—the culture and formation of a gentle voice. It is a great gift of nature, to be aided by culture—an instrument of powerful influence for good. I speak not of singing hymns now, and the culture of harmony and musical purposes, though these tend to God's praise, or to give innocent amusement; but this gentle voice will be able to guide and persuade to good the manly heart of a faithful husband, will mitigate sorrow, lessen trial, and speak of hope and joy to her dearest friends and connections in accents at once powerful and pleasing. Let us then be careful in our schools to cultivate this most valuable acquirement. How different, in all respects, to a family, for friends and neighbors, are the kind, gentle, persuasive accents I have described, from sounds we sometimes (alas! too often) hear in the close abodes of poverty and trial—high, harsh, female treble tones of bitter import, scolding and reproaching, and driving away from the hearth and home (perhaps to sorrow and to sin) the husband and the children.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MEMORY'S PICTURES.

As oft, when dreamy thoughts arise,
Life's traveled path we trace,
How bright and sunny seem the skies
That crown our loved birth-place.
The childhood home—the joyous hearth—
The friends who gathered there—
The merry song and cheerful mirth
Are pictures bright and fair.

Yet, as we fill the pleasing cup
Which Memory has portrayed,
Dark drops of sadness, mingling up,
Present a deeper shade.
A brother—long by love endeared
With hopes both bright and gay—
Death's cold and chilling hand hath grasped,
And torn from life away.

A sister, too, perchance is laid
Beneath the chilling sod,
And hearts, with whom in youth we played,
Are jewels now with God.
A mother, or, perchance, a sire,
Is sleeping in the tomb;
Put out affection's sacred fire,
And perished manhood's bloom.

Yet still around the faithful heart
Those cherished ties will twine,
And death alone can rend apart
The friends of "Auld lang syne;"
And mem'ry oft will bring again
That happy, bright birth-place,
Those days of pleasure or of pain,
Oh, time can ne'er efface.

Somerset, N. Y., 1858. W. C. W.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

NEWSPAPERS.

Newspapers form a large share of the reading of the present day. They grace the public hall as well as the private sitting-room, reminding us of a social friend that greets us everywhere, telling us the news, spiced with mirth if we are merry, and condolence if we are sad. All find there something to amuse or instruct. When

"The lamps are all lit in the parlor,
And stars in the calm azure sky,"

then, seated by the cheerful fire, with the last copy of the Rural, or *Tribune*, the farmer looks first at the column where he can ascertain the price of wheat, and, as he reads that it is falling, his brow assumes a shade of care, for he fears that another year he must remain debtor for his quiet cottage home. But little Mary, his pride and pet, whispers gently, "You need get me no Christmas gifts, father;" she has noticed his sadness, and conjectured the cause. Then, lovingly, he strokes her hair, and wonders if there is another Mary like his in the wide world.

Grandma, too, wipes her spectacles, and takes the paper to examine it, for she wishes to know what ships have arrived in port. But she finds not the name of the long looked-for vessel, and again she settles her glasses and sits by the fire, seemingly watching the fitful blaze. Is she thinking of the glowing embers? No. Tears fill her aged eyes as she remembers an erring one that left his childhood's home to seek his fortune on the rolling sea. 'Twas a noble ship that bore him over the proud waters, but it never came back Still that aged mother tires not in looking for his return.

Now, Will, it may be, reads aloud concerning the wars and turmoils in Kansas, and largely expatiates upon the bravery he would manifest were he only there, forgetting the hasty retreat he makes if his light is suddenly extinguished when exploring some unknown nook in the cellar—especially if we have been telling ghost stories.

At last, we take the paper, after politics and the propriety of annexing New Zealand to the United States have been discussed, to examine the list of marriages and deaths. We see there the name of an old school-mate, Judge B—. Then we, too, look sober, and say, "Well, I hope he is married happily," only we cannot help remembering those moonlight rides on his gaily-painted sled, when we were children, and of the apple paring that, after being swung over the head three times, always made such a capital B. Then we notice a marriage that is recorded with many flourishes and much ado, the editor not forgetting to mention having received a beautiful loaf of cake. For a moment we are almost astonished. Can it be our old friend and teacher, Mr. C—? Why, we did not suppose he knew there was such a word as *love* in the language. Ah! yes, we do remember once that the word occurred in our parsing lesson, we asked him if it was a proper noun. He instantly answered *no*. Is it *common*, then, we queried; with a long drawn sigh he answered "*yes*." But he had not then learned to love the little gipsy of a girl who sat at the foot of the class, who was ever making mistakes purposely. For she it was who had taken possession of his heart. Next we notice the elevation of one to the Presidential Chair, whom can only remember as a flaxen-haired boy at school, who was ever writing anonymous love letters, as he called them, with his name in full at the bottom of the sheet. I wonder if he ever thinks of those delicate little missives, written on sky-blue paper, perfumed with peppermint, as he is dispatching letters of vast import? Then we glance at the record of deaths, hoping that we may see no familiar names, but "Mattie" stands out before us. We hope, in our selfish love, it may not be the Mattie we love, but it is Mattie Lee. Then tears blind our eyes as we think of hearts now made lonely, for she was the sunshine that gladdened many a one. Yes, deep, indeed, would be the anguish of the mother at the hour of eve, when she was wont to hear her darling lisp, in childish accents, love to our Father in Heaven, were it not that she knows Mattie has passed through the pearly gates unto the Celestial City, and is ever near the Savior with her golden harp. Another name arrests our attention, Flora R—. Years ago they bore her to the sunny climes of Italy, hoping to tempt the rose tint once more to her cheek. But she tired of the gay scenes, and longed again for her quiet cottage home, there to fold her eyes in sleep, and join the ransomed throng. Ah, now I remember a tiny note laid among my treasures. Within its folds there is a faded violet, reminding me of a promise made, long ago, to plant violets over her grave. Surely I will remember the promise, and thee, too, my gentle friend.

Wyoming, N. Y., 1858. Jennie.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

DRESS MAKES THE MAN.

Don't tell me that *worth* makes the man. I know better, and so do you. If this were true, why do we see true merit left to pine by the wayside, and honest worth kicked into the ditch, because, forsooth, Tim Tailor has not expended his skill upon their persons, and got a hundred or two booked against them—to stay for a season?

Worth makes the man—a pretty story truly!—Then why is that worthy young mechanic—who acquired a superior education while serving as an apprentice, and who now, from his small salary, supports his widowed mother, and young brothers and sisters—left to struggle on without a word of sympathy or encouragement, and literally looked down upon with contempt? And Alice Drake, too, the sweet little dress-maker, who is better educated, has far more sense, and a nobler soul, than nine-tenths of her employers, and yet what is she? Nothing but a sewing-girl, to be sure.

No, no; its *dress* that makes the man. No matter if but one idea burdens his beaver-crested cranium—no matter if he does have to dodge at the corner of every street to escape the repeated duns of merchant tailors and haberdashers. What if his taper fingers could not legibly trace his high-sounding name—or what if they should *happen* to *slip* into their neighbor's pocket, and get entangled in his purse—so long as his kids are of the newest style, and his coat fits to a T, and is renewed every month; while his perfumed locks emit their delightful odor, and his mustache is of the exact trim; while he can smile, and flatter, and talk agreeable nonsense from dewy morn till evening's sombre hour. Dress makes the man. We have woman's testimony on our side—one-half of whom would not deign to notice worth in humble garb, but would spend any number of golden moments to gain the smiles and flattery of that soulless bundle of hair, broadcloth and cigars, who quaffs his morning dram at some fashionable saloon, twirls his cane, and bows *a la Parisan*. No, no; dress makes the man—the ladies say so, and every body says so. Miss Prim added her testimony when she discharged Pliny Plane, with whose virtues she had been acquanted from childhood, and married Leopold Lillyebinge, the mustached foreigner, after an evening's acquaintance; and who absconded ere the honey-moon had waned, after relieving her of money, and her jewels—his bridal gift.

"*Worth* makes the man" the poet cries,
And yet, we know the poet lies;
For 'tis *dress* that does the deed,
A tinseled garb is all we need."

Cleveland, N. Y., 1858. Gertrude Grey.

TOO LATE.

There is a certain class of persons, who, from the cradle to the grave, have but one prominent characteristic, and that might be expressed in the few words—always too late. Unfortunately for them they seem to have been born an hour or two behind time; and, do the best they can, scratch, hurry, and drive, they never do "catch up." It matters not what they propose to do or where they propose to go, one thing is certain—they will surely be too late. Such people never succeed in anything which they undertake; the death-knell of their hopes and expectations is forever pealing—too late. The booming cannon sounds, the plank is drawn, and the huge steamer heaves out into the broad blue ocean just as Monsieur Too Late, bag and baggage, reaches the wharf. The iron lungs of the fierce old locomotive shriek out the sharp whistle and the massive train goes leaping off just as the poor unfortunate gets in sight. The lumbering stage-coach is climbing the hill a quarter of a mile away, and his eager call fails to reach the ear of the boisterous post-boy. The pious exhorter has reached his "sixthly" before our friend Tardy reaches the long drawn aisles, and all he hears is just enough to pronounce his doom—"the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and ye are not saved." Such a man can never succeed; *too late* is the fatal curse which seals his life a miserable failure. Had he been in time his life might have been a destiny fraught with blessing. Better be an hour too soon than five minutes too late; better go too fast than too slow; better wait for others than let others wait for you; better say now than by-and-by; better wear out than rust out; better pay your subscription in advance than not all; better let your epitaph be too soon than too late.—*Chattanooga Advocate.*

Punctuality.—This is one of the most beautiful traits in one's character, and not only adds to a person's estimation in the minds of others, but is ever a source of great advantage to the one possessing it. Those unaccustomed to be punctual, and to perform their duties with promptness, are forever in the drag. By their tardiness at the commencement of the day, they are just so much behind all during it; which, taken in connection with the accumulation of losses from the force of the habit during the day, results, at the close of it, in the loss of much precious time; and if continued through life, in the frustrating of many plans, and the blighting of many fond hopes, and too frequently, is a clog to the progress of many who are dependent upon the exertions and instructions of these tardy ones, for means and ability and occasion to perform promptly the duties of life. It is particularly desirable and essential that the young who are now forming habits for life, should cultivate Punctuality, as one of the noblest and most promotive traits of character, and one of the first among the graces which adorn a well-ordered life.

Success not Always Happiness.—We often see an old, weather beaten man, who never had any success in his life, who always knew more, and accomplished less than his associates, who took the quartz and dirt of the enterprise, while they took the gold; and yet, in old age he is the happier man—all his life long he was the happier man! He has a sum of hope, and they of desire and greed; and amidst all this misfortune, and these mysterious providences, he has had that within thim which rose up and carried his head above all troubles, and upon their world-wide waters bore him up like the old ark upon the deluge. It was the deluge that gave out—not the ark.

Satire should not be like a saw, but like a sword—it should cut, not mangle.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

HERE AND HEREAFTER.

BY KATE CAMERON.

How can we sin, when night and day
The solemn stars above us shine,
Still gazing downward on our way
With their ca'm eyes divine?

How can we fear, when every bird,
And every little blossom fair,
Which, by a gentle breeze is stirred,
Speaks ever of God's care?

How can we mourn, though friends grow cold,
Or from our fireside widely roam,
Since we so often have been told
That this is not our home?

And e'en when those, most fond, most dear,
Are borne unto the silent tomb,
How can we shed for them a tear,
Or think of Death with gloom?

This world is but a resting-place,
Our *home* is far above the skies;
Then, while our daily paths we trace,
Still upward let us rise.

And when we reach the pearly gate,
And to the city enter in,
We shall throw off Care's heavy weight,
We shall be free from sin.

There we shall meet, no more to part
Those who, with us, on earth have trod,
And gather with the pure in heart,
Around the Throne of God.

Rochester, N. Y., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE GRAVE.

The grave is a common theme. Our minds often revert to it against our will. There is something connected with the "narrow house" which leads us into superstitious feelings from the contemplation of which we instinctively shrink. Death is a subject upon which we try to avoid reflection. We throw ourselves upon the gayeties of life by which to rid ourselves of these thoughts. While we are reveling in this little whirlpool of mirth, the last "great change" creeps silently upon us, and we who have whiled away an existence,

"Sleep where all must sleep."

There is something possessing the mind while bending over the grave of a dear friend which is melancholy, yet impressive. In memory, childhood is brought before us. We dwell upon the days we have spent in life's green spring with the object which now lies cold in death. Youth, with its joys and its sorrows, comes flitting before the imagination—its hopes and its fears are mirrored from the heart—its happy days are memory's treasures. But now how changed the picture! the sepulchre of a friend is before us,—with him "life's fitful fever" is over; we stand above his "lifeless clay," and shed the tear of friendship that it may mingle with his cold ashes. The friend with whom you have wandered "o'er life's bleak waste" lies low beneath the very spot where you are standing. Pause and reflect. How fleeting is life—its joys how transient. Pale manhood chases the fleeing phantom of youth to the shades of old age, when earth gathers them to her bosom, the car of time rolls on in its deep tumultuous tread, and they are lost in oblivion. The changes of time, how marked! Where are the orators of Rome, whose eloquence astonished the world? Cicero, Demosthenes, Cæsar?—the night winds whistle through the lonely aisles where their bones repose. Where now are the Patriots who fought in the American Revolution? Washington, Lafayette?—the battle cry has died away—the weapons of war have been laid aside—those that wielded them are powerless,—the multitude of the past sleep in the grave. With them the contentions of life have ceased—no earthly resentments work within the cold hearts which no longer beat with animated life—with death ceases every envious feeling.

There is nothing which so tends to humble the proud spirit as the thought that the splendor of earth must go down with us to the grave—there is nothing which so blunts the sense of false pride as the reflection that we are all destined to meet a common end. The magnificence of earthly grandeur may follow the mighty of earth to the grave, and there may be something in all this pomp and splendor to lighten the remorse of the proud spirit,—it may show a cold respect of the living for the dead—but it fails to remove one pang from the heart of the true mourner. When the turf shall have covered the last remains, pride and pomp are forgotten, the "last lingering remembrance" is revered, and the lowly form is left to moulder in the dust.

Is there not something in these reflections which impresses one deeply with the thought that earthly honors are but frail? Should we not all bow in reverential awe before the majesty of the grave, where the poor of the earth "sleep as sweetly as the king and monarch?" Here is no distinction; high sounding titles fall from the possessor; earthly grandeur sinks into the gulf of oblivion; its devouring waves sweep over all; no foot-prints are left upon the sands of time—the dead are all booked for eternity.

From the contemplation of these sad thoughts we shrink, for they impress one deeply of the mutability of earthly acquirements. We know not when we are to leave the alluring scenes of life.

"Night wanes—the vapors round the mountain curled,
Melt into morn, and Light awakes the world,
Man has another day to swell the past,
And lead him near to little, but his last."

Chardon, Ohio, 1858. Scribe.

Contention.—An old divine, cautioning the clergy against engaging in violent controversy, uses the following happy similes:—"If we will be contending let us contend like the olive and the vine, who shall produce the most and the best fruit; not like the aspen and the elm, which shall make the most noise in the wind."

Fire will not tarry in a single coal, but if many be laid together it will be long before it is clean gone. A single tree may not afford much shelter for a traveler, but he will rest beneath the thick boughs of the grove; so will Jesus often sit longer where many of "the trees of the Lord" are planted.

The Traveler.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

Sketches from the Alps to the Adriatic.

NUMBER SEVEN.

Disagreeable Walking — Italian Raftsmen — Scene at a Hotel in Trent — Church of St Maria Maggiore — Down the Valley of the Adige — The Plains of Lombardy — Scenery — Productions — Entering Verona — The Old Roman Amphitheatre.

The *Stellwagen* carried me back to Bozen, where I remained till late in the day, and then started down the valley of the Adige, intending to walk in the cool of the evening. The weather, in fact, was getting too hot for walking in the middle of the day, when the June sun shone down into the narrow valleys with a fierceness I never before experienced. Clouds of fine stone-dust blew up from the McAdamized roads, and fairly whitened the fields and trees along the sides. Added to this, a high wall shut out the view of green fields and vineyards on each side, and seemed to reflect the heat with double fervor, and compress the dust till one could scarcely breathe. I resolved shortly to adopt a different mode of traveling.

Late in the evening, I stopped at the little village of Branzoll, where the Adige first becomes navigable. Though yet in the German part of the Tyrol, I heard more Italian spoken than German, and could detect a change in the appearance of the people. It is interesting thus to pass from one country to another, especially where there is a difference in climate and language. I saw the brown countenance, with the blood flushing slightly through, and the black hair and eyes, which are characteristics of a Southern race. Men in shirt-sleeves, ragged boys, and coarse-looking women, were collected in groups before the inns, resting after their day's labor, and making themselves merry over brown bread and bad wine. There was a party of Italian raftsmen who spoke a little German, and they offered me passage on their raft for a trifle, to Trent, or even to Verona if I wished. They intended to start early next morning, and said they would arrive in Trent at nine o'clock in the forenoon. The novelty of the ride induced me to accept their offer, and at three o'clock the captain of the raft came to my room and waked me, and I dressed. But when I searched for my cane it was nowhere to be found, and I recollected that I had left it in the room below, where I had taken supper. The room was locked, the "*hausknecht*" nowhere to be found, and as my cane was too old and too good a friend to desert quickly, the captain became tired of waiting, and went off swearing, and I returned to bed. A couple of hours later I got my cane and breakfast, and then walked on six miles, and stopped at a village where I took the *Stellwagen* for Trent, thinking that it was better, after all, than to have trusted myself alone to those Italian raftsmen, on the rapid river, in the early morning. All regret for the raft ride was annihilated on passing through a village some miles from Trent, at one o'clock in the afternoon, when I saw my raftsmen sitting before a café smoking and drinking, with no intention of reaching the city that day. Nor did I like the dark countenance of the captain, though in the dusky light of the preceding evening he had impressed me favorably.

We entered Trent down a long, straight road, running between rows of trees, rattled over a narrow street, and, suddenly surging to the very windows on the right hand side, wheeled shortly round to the left and drove through a vaulted passage.—There was a heavy rumbling in the darkness, a clatter of horses' hoofs on the pavement, and then sudden silence and cessation of motion, together with the breaking in of a mild light, announced the termination of our day's journey in the courtyard of an inn, bearing the sentimental name of "Moonshine." The doors of the coach were opened, the steps let down, and the tired passengers descended to the pavement, and showed plainly by their actions how great a luxury it was to walk about and straighten themselves once more. A crowd of men and boys was assembled around. Some were porters, very anxious to serve the gentlemen, and two or three tenderly urged me to allow them to hold my light traveling sack, implying by their actions, that they feared so much exertion of strength on my part would greatly impair my convenience and enjoyment; or, at least, add nothing to their own. Some were taking the baggage from the top of the coach,—some were unhitching the horses which they led away, through a long, dark passage to the stables in the rear of the inn—others were idlers and lookers on, scrutinizing the passengers, and gratifying that morbid curiosity which always exists where a stage coach regularly stops. German, Italian, and French were spoken, and I was amused to hear a sharp little boy sing out "*there's a jolly beef steak*," even before the portly, red-faced Englishman had opened his mouth.

My attention was now attracted to this half German and half Italian inn. The coach had stopped in the courtyard, nearly in the centre. Right above it was a patch of sky, seeming but little larger than the top of the wagon. The inn, surrounding this courtyard, was four stories high, and under the windows of each story ran balconies, five or six feet wide, and having light railings in front of them. Tables were spread there, by which guests were eating and drinking, and amusing themselves by watching the scene round the coach, in the yard below. Part of the roof sloped into the court, and water-spouts projected from the four corners. I found a flight of stairs in a dark corner, and going up to one of the balconies, sat down to dine. It soon began to rain, and the four spouts in the corners poured down streams of water. The coach was drawn under the balconies, amid half a dozen other vehicles, and the streams from the spouts splashed upon the pavement stones, and ran off in a torrent towards the stables.

It was nearly night, and the rain came down in great quantities, but lightly, as if falling a short distance, and, indeed, the clouds seemed to touch the church spires. But I did not forget to take an umbrella, and visit the church of St. Maria Maggiore, where the famous Council of Trent held its sittings in the middle of the 16th century. There is an obelisk of red marble, bearing a commemorative inscription, in the square before it, but about the church itself, there is nothing remarkable, except an appearance of recent construction, which makes you think, at first, that you have come to the wrong place.

In the morning I entered the Stellwagen again, and continued my journey down the valley of the Adige. I passed through Roveredo, and by the height of Rivoli, where MASSENA earned the title of Duke. The mountains grew lower and smoother, the jagged, snowy peaks disappeared, and forests of deep green took their place. Finally I passed between some ranges of low hills, and emerged from the narrow Alpine valley upon the plains of Lombardy.

As the horses trotted slowly over the level road, I had a good opportunity to observe the cultivation, the scenery, and the growing grain and fruit. The plains of Upper Italy, which extend from Milan to Venice, and from the Alps to the Appennines, produce more abundantly and support a greater number of inhabitants than any region of similar extent in the world. The population of France is sixty-four to the square mile, that of Belgium one hundred and forty-three, that of Holland and Great Britain, (if I mistake not,) one hundred and sixteen, while that of the Lombard plains is one hundred and seventy-four. The fertility of this region is owing partly to its naturally rich soil, but mostly to the advantages of a complete irrigation, and its delightful climate. The abundant waters of the Alps flow downward through numerous rivers, and serve to flood the lands when required, and those great natural reservoirs, lakes Garda, Como and Maggiore, supply large regions in the severest drouths. The whole country is planted with fruit and mulberry trees, which are seldom allowed to grow to their full size, but are shortened and trimmed, so that their shade will not injure the grain below. Grape vines are planted at the roots of the trees, which are allowed to spread over the lower branches, and then are trained from one to another, hanging down in green festoons between them. There they stand, those trees of golden fruits and gorgeous silks, all over the land, bound together by the generous vine which ripens, in the dreamy days of autumn, its white and purple clusters. Underneath the trees grow the various grains, and roots, and grasses, in abundance, for the heat of the climate, and the continual moisture overcome the bad influence of the vines and trees.

The scenery is rather monotonous, which is owing to the equality of the surface, to the similarity and regularity of its productions—in a word, to the entire absence of bold and striking features in the landscape. There are no fences, but the land is cut up by numerous canals,— there are, of course, no forests, but there are also no large open fields, as in England and America. There are no trees of the unchecked growth of centuries, to heap up great piles of foliage, and cast large masses of shade. The patches of grain are commonly small, often but a few rods square, and the intermingling of the various colors, reminds one of a brilliant counterpane. Thus the whole plain has the effect of a garden, and the appearance of great labor and productiveness, compensates, in a degree, for the want of variety and striking general features.

At length the coach passed the gates of Verona and paused a moment to let an officer examine, in order to ascertain if anything dangerous were concealed about it. During this delay, my attention was attracted to the front walls of a house close by, that were spotted by the marks of hundreds of bullets which the French fired in 1895. The officer completed his examination and the coach drove on through the narrow streets of the greatest and completest Italian city I had yet seen—by tall houses, past shops, open to the sidewalks, in which tailors, and shoemakers, and blacksmiths, and carpenters, were working; under awnings that shaded the whole street for long distances, by heaps of oranges, lemons, and great baskets of cherries, apricots, strawberries, gooseberries; through a market, with cords of vegetables, under great umbrellas of white canvas; through another vaulted passage, finally stopping in an open courtyard in the centre of a hotel, bearing the sonorous Italian name of "*Albergo delle due Torre.*"

I paused at Verona only to examine the old Roman Amphitheatre which is contemporary with the Coliseum, and though not so large, yet kept in a more perfect state. It gave me a strange sensation to stand beside this, the first structure I had seen of an age anterior to the Middle Centuries.—The pavement is three or four feet lower than that on which the city now stands. The blackened and shattered outside walls are yet a hundred feet high, and moss and grass cling in their crevices. There are the damp, dark passages, leading to the cells where the wild beasts were confined; there the long arena, and the tiers of marble seats, rising like steps, to the top of the outer wall, and I fancied the same eighteen hundred years ago, when twenty thousand spectators of noble Roman blood sat thereon, and the vast structure rang with shouts as they gazed on the gladiatorial combats below.

G. F. W.

HOW COFFEE CAME TO BE USED.

It is somewhat singular to trace the manner in which arose the use of the common beverage, coffee, without which few persons, in any half or wholly civilized country in the world, would seem hardly able to exist. At the time Columbus discovered America, it had never been known or used. It only grew in Arabia and upper Ethiopia. The discovery of its use as a beverage, is ascribed to the superior of a monastery, in Arabia, who, desirous of preventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, made them drink the infusion of coffee, upon the report of some shepherds, who observed that their flocks where more lively after browsing on the fruit of that plant. Its reputation spread through the adjacent countries, and in about 200 years it reached Paris. A single plant brought there in 1714, became the parent stock of all the French coffee plantations in the West Indies. The extent of the consumption can now hardly be realized. The United States alone annually consume it at the cost of its landing, of from fifteen to sixteen millions of dollars. You may know the Arabia or Mocha, the best coffee, by its small bean of a dark yellow color. The Java and East India, the next in quality, are larger and of a paler yellow. The West Indian Rio has a bluish or greenish, gray tint.—*Selected.*

INDIANA.

ILLINOIS.

SEALS OF THE STATES.—NO. XXV AND XXVI.

INDIANA extends about 275 miles north and south, and 135 east and west. On the north is the lake and State of Michigan; on the east, Ohio; on the south, the Ohio river, and on the west, the Wabash. Across this latter river is Illinois.

Indiana, topographically speaking, bears great resemblance to Ohio. In the south is the same hilly surface; and above, the same undulating or level land—of a prairie character sometimes—and approaching the north, more barrens and marshes. The river lands are almost always rich and fertile. As in surface, so in soil and climate, Indiana is very like Ohio.

In 1850 the population of the State was divided as follows:—Whites, 977,154; Colored, 11,262; Indians, 23; making a total of 988,439.

Indiana was settled by the French in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and ceded to Great Britain in 1763. At the close of the American Revolution it became a part of the Republic. It formed a portion of the North West Territory until 1800; it then, including the present State of Illinois, was erected into the Indiana Territory, and was finally admitted into the Union as an independent State, 1816. The present Constitution came in force in 1851.

The Government of Indiana is framed as follows:—The Governor of Indiana is chosen by the people for four years—a plurality of votes carrying the election. A Lieutenant Governor is chosen at the same time, the latter being President of the Senate, and discharges the duties of the Governor in case of his death, resignation, or removal. Senators and Representatives are apportioned among the counties every six years—the number of white male inhabitants over twenty-one years of age forming the ratio of representation. The Representatives, according to the Constitution, "shall not exceed 100," and are elected for two years—one-half every two years; Senators limited to 50, chosen for four years—one-half every two years. The Legislature meets annually, in December, at Indianapolis. The Judges of the Supreme and Circuit Courts are chosen by the Governor, with the consent of the Senate—term of office, six years. The Chief Justices of the Circuit Courts are selected by the Legislature, and the Associate Judges by the people. The right of suffrage is enjoyed by every male citizen over twenty-one years of age, who has resided in the State the six months preceding an election.

ILLINOIS is 380 miles in length, and 200 miles in breadth (at the extreme points). The general surface of the country, as in Indiana and Ohio, is that of elevated table-lands, with southward inclination, though it is more level than the neighboring States. In the lower portion there is a little hilly land—in the north west, some broken tracts—upon the Illinois river, lofty bluffs, and still higher and bolder points upon the Mississippi.

The earlier history of Illinois is written with that of Indiana. It was severed from the Indiana Territory in 1809, erected into a Territory of itself, and finally admitted into the Union as an independent State, Dec. 3d, 1818. The Constitution now in force, was adopted in 1847, and went into operation in 1848.

In 1850 there were 145,544 dwellings in the State, and 851,470 inhabitants.

The form of government is thus described:—The Governor is elected by the people for four years, but is eligible only four years in eight. A Lieutenant-Governor is elected at the same time, who is President of the Senate, and in case of the death, resignation, or absence of the Governor, discharges his duties. The Senators, 25 in number, are elected for four years, and the Representatives, 75 in number, for two years. The Judges of the Supreme Court are elected for a term of nine years, one of whom is chosen every three years; the Judges of Circuit Courts for six years, and of the County Courts for four years. The right of suffrage is universal, all white male inhabitants 21 years of age, who have resided within the State one year preceding an election, have a right to vote. Elections by ballot, and are held, on Tuesday next after the first Monday of November, biennially.

CURIOSITIES OF CRYSTALS.

The wind is from the northeast, an ashen gray scud sweeps close overhead, the general exclamation is, "it feels like snow." Soon the flakes begin to descend; at first leisurely and few; then swifter; and finally faster, faster. Before an hour, the earth is covered with a white mantle, composed of millions on millions of little crystals, each as perfect of its kind as a diamond, and each in itself, if you will only look, as beautiful. Take up one. It melts in your hand; it is gone. See that other, on the very top of a snow-drift, glistening, gem like, in the sunshine. A while ago, it was vapor, floating in the sky; before that, it was a drop of sea water; to-morrow it will be fluid again, and mingling with the ocean. Examine its shape. It is like a tiny star, cut in Carrara marble. Yet sculptor, nor even lapidist, could ever rival it. No marble is fine enough to fabricate it. What subtle power in nature has made this snow-flake so different in appearance from the rain-drop, yet substantially the same? The very boys in a telegraph office will tell you it was magnetism. Yes! it is this, as yet almost unknown agent, the motive power by which we send "lightning" messages to our friends, which helps to crystallize alike the diamond at the bottom of the mine, and the snow-flake high up in the heavens.

The whole subject of crystals is beautiful beyond imagination. It is crystallization and crystallization alone, which draws the line between the diamond that flashes on a lady's finger and the charcoal that smuts a kitchen maid. Sandstone and granite, limestone and marble have their essential differences in crystallization. One has been formed in the laboratory of nature, by the slow deposit of matter held in solution in primeval seas, the other by particle on particle, also held in solution, arranging itself in the precision of soldiers at a review. No architect ever built more regularly than nature, when constructing even the smallest crystal. Plants and animals grow by excessive developments; increase by assimilation through chemical changes; but crystals are equally perfect in their earliest stages, and enlarge only by accretion. Yet crystals, like all other created things, die in time. Mines abound with skeletons of crystals. Crystals differ in shape—as the microscope reveals—almost as much as plants themselves. Yet the same substances always crystallize in the same forms, at least under the same conditions, so that we may say there are tribes and races of crystals, with typical shapes, exactly as of men.

Crystallization is found through all nature.—There is not a substance which, when allowed the free movement of its particles, does not exhibit a frequency to crystallize. Water, at a low temperature, crystallizes into ice. Metals, slowly cooled after melting, crystallize. The gases, evanescent as they may seem, may be made so artificially cold as to crystallize. Our children eat crystallized sugar, under the name of rock candy, and we ourselves use it in the loaf, crystallized in another form. What is glass but a crystal? The sizes of crystals vary infinitely. There are crystals too small to be recognized, except under a microscope; and there is one at Milan, weighing nearly nine hundred pounds. The White Mountains of New Hampshire are a vast aggregation of crystals. The Mammoth Cave in Kentucky is an enormous museum of crystals. As yet, however, with all our knowledge, we are comparatively ignorant of the laws of crystallization. Under them we see atom arrange itself by atom, in mystic, myriad forms; we discover, also that not only magnetism, but light and heat exercise an influence in crystallization; but there our information substantially stops. The science of crystallization is almost a sealed book. Its mightiest curiosities still lie, like the virgin islands of the Pacific, before the day of Cook, awaiting the perseverance of some fortunate explorer. —*Selected*

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THE Pittsburg (Pa.) people are preparing to celebrate, with public parade, orations, processions, &c., on the 25th inst., the centennial anniversary of the capture of Fort Duquesne, which stood on the site now occupied by their city. Alluding to it, the Pittsburg *Post* draws the following sketch of the era in which that event occurred:

"One hundred years ago there was not a single white man in Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois. Then, what is now the most flourishing part of America, was as little known as the country around the Mountains of the Moon. It was not until 1769, that the 'Hunter of Kentuck,' the gallant and adventurous Boone, left his home in North Caroline, to become the first settler of Kentucky. The first pioneer of Ohio did not settle until twenty years after this time. A hundred years ago, Canada belonged to France, and the whole population of the United States did not exceed a million and a half of people. A hundred years ago, the great Frederick, of Prussia, was performing those exploits which have made him immortal in military annals, and with his little monarchy was sustaining a single-handed contest with Russia, Austria and France—the three great powers of Europe combined. A hundred years ago, Napoleon was not born, and Washington was a young and modest Virginia colonel, and the great events in the history of two worlds, in which these great but dissimilar men took leading parts, were then scarcely foreshadowed. A hundred years ago, the United States were the most loyal part of the British Empire, and on the political horizon no speck indicated the struggle which, within a score of years thereafter, established the greatest republic of the world. A hundred years ago, there were but four newspapers in America,—steam engines had not been imagined, and railroads and telegraphs had not entered into the remotest conceptions of man. When we come to look back at it through the vista of history, we find that to the century which has passed has been allotted more important events in their bearing upon the happiness of the world than almost any other which has elapsed since the creation."

GREAT men stand like solitary towers in the city of God; and secret passages running deep beneath external nature, give their thoughts intercourse with higher intelligence, which strengthens and consoles them, and of which the laborers on the surface do not dream.—*Longfellow.*

A HEAD that listens to folly in youth, will hardly be honored in old age.

The Young Ruralist.

A FRUIT GARDEN.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Having some thoughts of starting a small fruit garden next spring, I wish to make the following inquiries:—What four kinds of pears would do best on the quince?—varieties which, with good treatment, would grow thriftily, bear well, and in succession, and be hardy. Does not the Bartlett pear, grown upon the pear stock, make a rather unhealthy tree while young?—and, finally, will you mention a complete and reliable fruit-book—one whose directions you will yourself endorse. By answering the above questions you will greatly oblige a YOUNGSTER.

Walker, Mich., 1858.

REMARKS.—For an early pear, we would like to plant Bloodgood, Dearborn's Seedling, or Beurre Giffard. Then Virgalieu, Louise Bonne de Jersey, and Duchesse d'Angouleme. A good winter pear, as the Easter Beurre, would be desirable. The Bartlett is not unhealthy as a standard, but the fruit is not as large as is produced on quince roots. *Downing's Fruit and Fruit Trees of America*, contains, besides practical information, a description of almost every variety of fruit cultivated in this country. *Barry's Fruit Book* is a practical hand-book, giving instructions on every point of culture, from planting the seed to gathering the fruit. It is just such a book that the fruit-grower will find it necessary to consult about every day in the year. Another work containing a good deal of the very best of directions for culture—given in that pleasant and forcible manner, which is so peculiar to J. J. THOMAS, and that makes a man or boy feel ashamed that he ever pursued a different course—is *The American Fruit Culturist.* Besides directions for practice, it contains descriptions of a great variety of fruits.

THE BELTED KINGFISHER.

THE Kingfisher inhabits all our fresh water rivers and bays, from the extreme north to Mexico. There are several species, but only one is found in this country. Amidst the roar of a cataract, over the foam of the torrent, or by the smooth gliding stream he has been seen by most of our young readers, perched upon an overhanging bough, turning his piercing eye down into the waters for a sight of his scaly prey, which, when observed, with a sudden, circular plunge, he sweeps from their native element and swallows in an instant.

The voice of the Kingfisher is loud, harsh, and his cry is sudden and sometimes startling, but not unpleasant when heard with the sounds of rushing waters. He may often be seen skimming over the surface of the water, and sometimes apparently suspended and motionless for a moment, ready to pounce upon his prey. For many an hour have we watched these curious and industrious birds They build their nests in the high river banks, first digging holes with their bills, sometimes four or more feet, horizontally. In size they are about twelve inches long, of a bluish slate color, and around the neck is a collar of pure white; the head is large and crested; the feathers are long and generally erect; the breast is blue and brown, the under parts white.

HOW TO MAKE A BARK CANOE.—On this subject we are to have at last the desired information. A gentleman of St. Marys, Canada West, writes "as many of the friends of my youth are now chiefs and warriors of the Six Nations, with whom I learned to be an Indian, and having many times assisted in the manufacture of the articles in question, I feel able and willing to render you all the information you seek. No doubt your young readers are south of 44° north latitude; if so, they cannot find the required material for a birch canoe in that region, but the elm or hickory supplies its place, and of the two the manufacture is very different. It must be remembered that all bark canoes can only be made when the sap is in full flow; there is another material, wherewith "bark" canoes may be made at any season of the year, which is much lighter and more lasting than the Indian can find in any forest, and which may be obtained in any village at a moderate cost. Of this material I made a canoe this Spring, and as I paddle about on our pretty Thames, with my wife and babies, such remarks as these may be heard on our village shores 'see, Mr. C——— has a bark canoe; the Indian that is in him must have vent,' and when they see me pick it up and carry it off, they are more confirmed with regard to my Indian propensities. The wonder has grown old now, as they see it often and know its parts; it carries five and weighs forty-two pounds."

In a week or two we are to be furnished with all the details, illustrated with drawings, if it shall be found necessary to a clear understanding of the matter.

INFORMATION WANTED FROM YOUNG RURALISTS.—I would like to ask three questions. 1st. I have got a pair of yearling steers which I want to break this winter. Will some of your readers tell me how to do it? 2d. How can I make a small yoke in which to break them? 3d. What is the best manner of fastening calves and yearlings?—W. R. A., *Wampsville, Madison Co., N. Y.*

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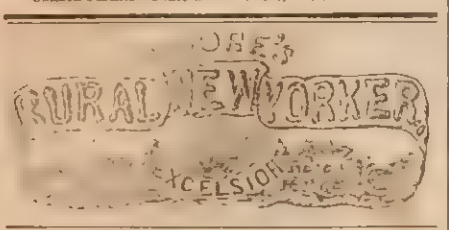
List of New Advertisements this Week.

The New York Observer—Sidney E. Morse & Co.
Wholesome Bread—James Pyle.
It is not too Much to Say—O. J. Wood & Co.
American Stock Journal for 1859—D. C. Linsley.
R. H. Ferris' Original Gift Book Store—O. N. Needham.
The Best Book for Agents—Jas. Challen & Son.
Farm Gate—J. A. Treat.
50 Bushels Prime Apple Seeds—A. Fahnestock & Son.
Berkshire Boars—Walter Cole.
Sheep Skins—S. Willis.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

"The Wonderful Pump."—James M. Edney.
Catarrh Curable—Guilford D. Sanborn, M. D.



ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 13, 1858.

RURAL NEW-YORKER FOR 1859.

To the Subscribers, Agents, and all other Friends of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, — *Greeting:*

In connection with Prospectus for the Tenth Volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER — given on opposite page—we desire to address you relative to the great reduction of Club Terms, and to briefly state our reasons therefor. Please hear us for our and *your* cause, and judge whether we are right in adopting the plan and rates announced.

Many of you have not only borne us company, but nobly seconded our efforts, for nearly a decade; and hence, knowing the interest you have manifested and still, we trust, feel in the RURAL and its objects, we confidently believe you will heartily approve the course we have decided to pursue. And thus believing, we trust you will aid us with your advice and influence in new and renewed efforts to augment the circulation and usefulness of a journal which, we may be permitted to say, has become with your assistance, an "institution" of the land — one which wields a somewhat large, wide and, it is believed, most salutary influence upon Individuals, Families and Communities. You and I, kind reader, know that the RURAL has accomplished some good in its day to both the risen and rising generation — how much can never be estimated — and we also know that its power and influence for good can be immensely increased, without lessening its purity or value. To aid in accomplishing this laudable object speedily, we have resolved to *greatly reduce* the Club Terms of the RURAL, and appeal to Agents, Subscribers and other Friends to aid in extending its circulation and influence. In so doing we may not realize *any* profit the first year, and perhaps not sufficient in future to remunerate us fairly for the necessary labor, expense and responsibility,—but, be that as it may, the decision is made, and we shall abide the result.

The club rates for the new volume will vastly lessen our receipts for the same number of copies we now furnish — but if, as we hope will be the result, (provided those herein addressed approve the plan, and lend their influence,) *many thousand subscribers are added to its present circulation*, our aggregate receipts will be such that we can afford as good, if not a better, paper than heretofore. If all who *profess* an interest in the success of the paper and consequent promotion of its objects, will *manifest* it by efforts in behalf of its circulation, we shall be enabled to improve the paper at the new rates without loss, while the great majority of subscribers will receive the benefit of the reduction and improvement.

Our first reason for the reduction was, and is, the low price of produce, and the consequent scarcity of money among the Rural Population. We resolved to give those to whom we mainly look for support a *decided benefit*—and it is such, though what counts only shillings in favor of individual subscribers, figures thousands of dollars against us. Of course this great reduction will preclude us from offering, or affording, such large premiums as we have heretofore given. But this, we are confident, will not be objected to, for the great majority of agents and active, working, influential friends of the RURAL labor for the cause and not for self-interest. Moreover, the greatest objection urged against the RURAL of late years, has been that we paid such large premiums—many averring that we ought to discontinue the practice, and give the amount to subscribers. *We now do this*, AND FAR MORE—for the reduction in rates is far greater, in the aggregate, than the amount offered in premiums the past year.

Now, will Subscribers as well as Agents stand by us, and see that our list is increased in their respective localities? Shall the RURAL have ten subscribers next year where it has three or five this—twenty or thirty where it has ten or fifteen—thirty, fifty or a hundred where it has from twenty to thirty? It certainly can have such increases in many, aye, hundreds of places, if its friends will kindly volunteer their good offices in its behalf.—It has never been, and is not now, our purpose to get rich out of the RURAL,—but we desire, more than ever, to increase its circulation and usefulness all over the land. To us *the power of benefiting our fellow men and the country, is preferable to wealth, leisure or luxury*—and hence it is that we have adopted, as a means of attaining this object, the course now announced.

FRIENDS OF THE RURAL NEW-YORKER! Will you aid us in our earnest endeavor? You *can* if you *will*—and we ask that you will with great confidence, never having appealed to you in vain. All that is necessary is a little *timely effort* among your neighbors and acquaintances. Every reader of the RURAL can obtain from one to ten, thirty or fifty subscribers — and if its friends will only make "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together," it will, on or before its Tenth Birth-Day—the first of January ensuing—have full *One Hundred Thousand Subscribers!* What say, tried friends, and new ones — you to whom we are already indebted for manifold and most substantial favors, and you also to whom we have but recently been introduced — will you enter the arena in behalf of the model RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY WEEKLY of America? The RURAL has a GOOD NAME through all the land, we are proud to know;—none say "trash," "humbug," or "mad dog" of a sheet which has ever and always "defended the right," and ignored, condemned and exposed the wrong — WOICH has constantly and zealously sought to promote the best interests of its readers and community. It is a good paper to work for, as its influence is in the right direction. We pause for your decision, which we confidently believe will be in its behalf — only adding that NOW IS THE TIME FOR ACTION!

— See first column of next page.

THE NICARAGUA EXPEDITION.—The following is the closing paragraph of President BUCHANAN'S proclamation in reference to the movements now in progress against Nicaragua. In the opening portion of the document, the merits of the expedition are commented upon, together with an analysis of the character, means and prospects of the leaders in this disgraceful scheme, and the matter is summed up thus:

"For these and other good reasons, and for the purpose of saving American citizens who may have been honestly deluded into the belief that they are about to proceed to Nicaragua as peaceful emigrants, if any such there be, from the disastrous consequences to which they will be exposed, I, JAMES BUCHANAN, President of the United States, have thought it best to issue this, my proclamation, —enjoining on all officers of the government, civil and military, in their respective spheres, to be vigilant, active and faithful in suppressing this illegal enterprise, and in carrying out their instructions to that effect, and exhorting all good citizens to have respect for the law, and their regard for the peace and welfare of the country, to aid the efforts of the public authorities in the discharge of their duties."

UNITED STATES ARMY.—The present military force of the United States consists of nineteen regiments of the line, composed of the following corps:—Five regiments of cavalry, four regiments of artillery, ten regiments of infantry—making a grand aggregate of thirteen thousand rank and file of all arms. This little army covers an area of over two millions of square miles, being two-thirds the area of all Europe. There are eleven hundred commissioned officers, including one hundred medicine officers, eight hundred and fifty of whom graduated at the military academy, and two hundred and fifty civil appointments. The nativity of these officers is as follows:—Born in the United States, 1,060; Ireland, 14; France, 8; England, 6; Germany, 3; Cuba, 1; Turkey, 1; at sea, 3. The militia force of the United States is computed at 3,000,000 effective men of which the State of New York claims to furnish 500,000.

DREADFUL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—The New York Express train for the West, which left Corning on the morning of the 28th ult., for Buffalo, on the Buffalo & Corning Railroad, was thrown off the track near Conesus. Mr. O. Hurd, of Newark, Wayne Co., S. M. Reed, of Greene, Chenango Co., and an infant, were killed. About fifteen persons were injured, several dangerously so. The cause of the accident was the spreading of the track.

FROM HAVANA.—The steamship Empire City arrived at New York, from Havana, on the 1st inst. An expedition of 400 mariners on board the steamship Berenguela had been sent to Tampico to force Gassea to make restitution of the money he had made the foreign merchants pay. Two British screw steamers had arrived with Cooley slaves, and another was reported to have landed 1,000 negres from Africa.

PROPELLER BLOWN UP ON THE HUDSON RIVER.—The steam propeller W. H. Foot, in steaming up the North River, on the 6th inst., was blown to pieces by the bursting of her boiler. Five persons were on the boat, four of whom were killed, and the fifth badly wounded. One man was blown one hundred feet in the air, his body falling on another steamer and crushing through the hurricane deck.

YELLOW FEVER IN NEW ORLEANS.—The deaths from this disease so far this year have been 4,457. The largest weekly reports were for the weeks ending September 5th, 12th and 19th, when the total deaths were 646, 663 and 542, of which 449, 472 and and 444 were from yellow fever.

The Recent Elections.

NEW YORK.—The Republicans have been successful in this State (taking the reported majorities on Governor as the average) by 14,000 to 15,000 majority. The successful candidates are the following:—*Governor*—EDWIN D. MORGAN. *Lieut. Governor*—Robert Campbell. *Canal Commissioner*—Hiram Gardner. *Inspector of State Prisons*—Josiah T. Everest. The vote upon Congressmen shows an Anti-Lecompton majority of between 50,000 and 60,000. The Republicans elect twenty-nine and the Democrats four. The Assembly stands one hundred Opposition to twenty-eight Democratic.

NEW JERSEY.—The result in New Jersey is strongly in favor of Republicanism, every member of Congress chosen belonging to that party. The State Senate stands 11 Opposition, of whom 3 are Anti-Lecompton Democrats, to 10 Administration members. The Assembly stands 38 Opposition to 22 Administration. Majority on joint-ballot 17.—The aggregate Republican majority is 8,148.

OHIO.—The official Republican majority in this State is 20,926.

MICHIGAN.—The Republicans have elected their State ticket by from 6,000 to 10,000 majority. The latest returns indicate that the Legislature will stand—Senate, 22 Republican and 10 Democrats. House, 46 Republican and 33 Democrats.

ILLINOIS.—State ticket Republican. The Douglas Democrats have a majority of 5 in the House and 3 in the Assembly. Later returns seem to indicate the State ticket as Democratic.

WISCONSIN.—The election, as far as heard from, results in a Republican choice of 3 Congressmen.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Returns of the Governor's vote have been received from all the towns in the State but Brighton, giving Banks, Republican, a majority over all of 17,239. The Senate will stand thirty-seven Americans and Republicans to three Democrats. The House stands one hundred and ninety-seven Republicans, twenty-nine Democrats, ten straight Americans, with four to hear from.

MINNESOTA LEGISLATURE DEMOCRATIC.—The St. Paul *Pioneer* of the 23d ult., states that definite returns from every part of the State, except in one district, indicate that the Legislature will stand:—House—Democrats 39, Republicans 40. Senate—Democrats 31, Republicans 15. As the Democrats have a large majority on joint ballot the election of a Democrat to the U. S. Senate, vice General Shields, whose term has expired, is placed beyond question.

THE MINNIE RIFLE AND THE INDIANS.—From official reports it would seem that this effective weapon has been introduced into that portion of our service now employed against the Indians in Oregon. A letter from Col. WRIGHT to the Secretary of War says:—"I have for some time past sought to impress upon the men, by instruction and precept, the conviction that with our long range of arms we could kill the Indians in a fair fight, and not be killed ourselves. Our lessons have been well learned. The men fired at the gallant red rascals as they would have fired at targets, and the movements during the action were as orderly as on a field day. The enemy has lost courage, but he may change his tactics." A letter to the New York Herald, says of Col. WRIGHT'S battle near the Spohan river:—"The Indians numbered five hundred, and fought well. The troops under Col. WRIGHT were four hundred and fifty, of which two hundred and ninety participated in the action. A guard of reserve of three officers and one hundred and fifty rank and file were left in camp, while the others went out to fight. The Indians were completely routed, with the loss of seventeen killed and thirty-five wounded. There were no casualties on the side of the soldiers. The battle and its results have demonstrated the immense value of the Minnie rifle, and explain the cause of Col. STEPTOE'S reverse when his men were armed with miserable muskets."

ARRIVAL OF THE QUAKER CITY.—The Quaker City, from Minatitlan on the 2d inst., arrived at New Orleans on the 5th, bringing the intelligence of the opening of the Tehauntepec route.

The following dispatches are received:—The Indians with 400 troops from Oxaca, entered Tehauntepec on the 20th, having dispersed the forces of Zaloaga, who had now no hold on the Isthmus. The country is unusually healthy, and the people in fine spirits, on account of the opening of the route, the success of which was absorbing all attention. A road will be opened to coaches between Almoya and Ventosea in a short time, when the transit will be made entirely by vehicles.

ROBBERY OF THE DELAWARE BANK.—On Sunday night week, the Delaware Bank, at Delhi, New York, was entered and $37,000 stolen. The robbery was not discovered till morning, giving the perpetrator opportunity to escape. The money taken by him consisted of the following parcels:—$13,000 in pocket bills, $15,000 in mutilated Delaware Bank notes, $8,000 in gold, and $1,000 in other funds.—The police have been notified, and a reward of three thousand dollars is offered for the apprehension of the robber.

THANKSGIVING.—Thanksgiving Day will be observed in the following States, by appointment of their several Executives, as follows:

Maine,	Nov. 25	Mississippi,	Nov. 25
New Hampshire,	" 25	Michigan,	" 25
Massachusetts,	" 25	Missouri,	" 25
Rhode Island,	" 25	Wisconsin,	" 25
Connecticut,	" 25	Vermont,	" 25
Maryland,	" 25	Indiana,	" 25
Illinois,	" 25	New York,	" 18
Iowa,	" 25	New Jersey,	" 18
Alabama,	" 25	Pennsylvania,	" 18

ANOTHER SECT DEAD.—The Parkerites (a sort of Baptists) built a church, twenty years ago, in Coles county, Ill., and so deeded it that if there was ever allowed within its walls a temperance lecture, a Bible Society meeting, a missionary meeting, or a Sunday school, the title was forfeited and fell back to the original owner. Ten years since, its pulpit became vacant for want of hearers, and now the sheep and swine sleep there.

DURING one week recently, there were shipped from St. Albans, Vt., 202,000 pounds of cheese, worth $15,156, and 165,197 pounds of butter, worth $29,771, bringing into the farmers of that locality the pleasant sum of $44,921.

News Paragraphs.

THE New Orleans Delta of the 23d ult., says:—A malignant cholera broke out among the slaves of a Jefferson parish planter, and in one day, eighty out of about 100 on the place, died of the pestilence.

A LETTER from Geauga Co., Ohio, states that an epidemic dysentery has raged among young children in that section, ravaging every home and proving generally fatal. In the town of Chester, it is stated, but few infants have been spared by the pestilence.

WM. H. RABEY the oldest of the horse-training brotherhood says that his system is equally efficacious in subduing women and children as horses. Being a widower with ten olive branches he has had ample opportunity to test the truth of his theory.

ISAAC HOLLAND, late door-keeper of the U. S. Senate, who died at Washington on the 1st inst., was the father of Stuart Holland, the gallant youth who perished on the ill-fated steamer Arctic.

GEORGIA has over 1,200 miles of railroad built and paid for, and yielding to the stockholders more than an average of 7 per cent. yearly dividends.—Within the next year 200 miles of additional road, completed and equipped, will be in operation.

THE Hawaiian Advertiser says that on the 10th of August a schooner plying between the islands with eight natives and three foreigners on board, upset. The natives picked up the foreigners, put them on the bottom of the vessel, and then started to swim to the nearest land—*fifteen miles distant.*—They swam during the remainder of that night, through the following day and night, and on Thursday six out of the eight landed on Niihau, an old man and a stripling having proved unequal to the task.

A REMARKABLE sale of old United States cents took place in Philadelphia on Tuesday evening.—The collection was made by Mr. Edward Cagan. Seventy seven cents, of all dates, from that of 1791 down to 1839, were sold for the aggregate sum of $128. The prices ranged from $1,25 to $28,60.—The latter price was given for a rare die of the Washington cent of 1792.

ON the 4th of October, the city of Munich, Bavaria, celebrated the 700th anniversary of its foundation. The chief feature of the fete was an immense cortege in which 3,000 men and 500 horses figured, and which represented the respective centuries from the 12th to the 19th, with emblems, costumes, and the great personages of the national history at each epoch.

AT New Britain, Conn., Frederick Westover, son of Amos Westover, was playing with an old gun-barrel, and after touching it off the third time with a slow match, ran about twenty feet, when the barrel burst, and a small thin piece, about the weight of a cent, struck him on the side, over the heart, going through his clothes and just breaking the skin. The heart ceased its pulsations and the boy died in less than ten minutes.

THE increase in the receipts of grain of all kinds at Chicago, during the present season, over the receipts of last season, amounts to about six million bushels. The exports have exceeded those of the previous year almost four millions.

THE Government horses and mules sold at Fort Leavenworth a few days ago brought prices ranging from $5 to $80 each. All these animals cost the Government as much as $80, and many of them twice that sum. A great many of them sold for $15 and $20 each, only a few brought as much as $80.

AN English officer, direct from Paraguay, reports that Lopez is preparing effective modes of resistance and defence by building fortifications and obstructing the navigation of the river. He has placed chains and booms across, and proposes sinking light vessels in the channel, in which event our expedition could not ascend. Several Belgian and Hungarian officers are engaged in directing operations.

A SWEDISH woman passed through Detroit, last week, en route for Sheboygan, Wis., having been on the way 14 months, and ship-wrecked twice.—Her husband lives at Sheboygan.

A MURDER case, which has occupied the Courts of Alabama at intervals for fourteen years, was decided week before last. In February, 1844, an overseer employed by Dr. Chapman, of Henry Co., in that State, whipped a slave to death, and was found guilty of murder, but through some legal technicality escaped execution. He has now been convicted of manslaughter in the first degree.

CALIFORNIA travel is again seeking the Cape Horn route. Since the departure of the steamer Hermann, with a full load, the bark Vickery has sailed from New York with over 160 on board, and the clipper ship Gray Feather is nearly ready to follow.

THE OTHER SIDE.—As an offset to the highly complimentary "Rural" Letters from the People which we have given of late, we publish the following brilliant epistle, *verbatim, et literatim, et punctuatem.* The writer's notions of the "rurel" are akin to those of our sedative monthly neighbor, and if the two worthies could have their way, we reckon the RURAL would soon be "done shut." We have the original copy of this letter, as received by mail:

Mr editor
I have sumthin to say about your paper. no dout but it is A good won but papers ant no use, and if eny body spends much time in readin them tha cant urn thare livin and so I dont reed em and so save time and expense. you sea it wod cum to too doiers A year. and that wod by enuff tobecker to last me six munts at least. I think folks dont ort to spend thare muny on papers, my farther never did and every body sed that he was the smartiest man in the country and had got the intiligentist ramly of boys that ever dug tators
I think folks ort to no enuff to ho corn and pick stun without readin the rurel and other agricultural papers and if every body was of my mind there wood be no such A thing as A paper in the united states A farmer

POPULATION OF CALIFORNIA.—The total number of votes cast at the California State Election of this year, is probably less than 85 000, while last year it was about 100,000, and in 1856 about 110,000. The population of the State had been steadily but slowly gaining from 1856 up to May last, when the Frazer exodus began; since then there has been a loss of about 15,000 voters.

The News Condenser.

Game is said to be very plenty in Massachusetts this year.

— John M. Botts is named as a candidate for President.

— There was a smart snow storm at Ballston on Wednesday.

— There were ten deaths from violence in N. Y. city last week.

— A tailor in Sharpestown, Md., is 98 years old and 30 inches high.

— In the Diocese of Louisiana there are 35 congregations of slaves.

— The Bank of Tennessee resumed specie payment on the 2d inst.

— The entire capital invested in the tanneries in the U. S., is $18 900,557.

— Seventy five patents were issued during last week at the Patent Office.

— The soil of Turkey is found to be very favorable to the growth of cotton.

— Barn-burning is getting to be alarmingly frequent in Lancaster county, Pa.

— The English Government have ordered 3,000 coolies to be sent to Jamaica.

— The Queen Dowager of Spain has two millions of dollars invested in this country.

— The Missouri Democrat notices a new discovery of iron mines in that State.

— Louis Napoleon has from three to five millions invested in the United States.

— Frost was plainly visible throughout the State of Mississippi last Friday morning.

— It is said that the cost of the Sepoy war is beginning to excite alarm in England.

— Green peas are selling in Norfolk, Va., at 50 cents a peck, and are quite plentiful.

— The grand jury of New York are walking into the rascalities of that tax paying city.

— Over fourteen thousand bales of cotton were received in New Orleans on the 4th inst.

— On Thursday of last week, Lake Michigan fell, in a few moments, two feet and a half.

— The gold production from Australia this year up to the middle of August, is $28,100,000.

— Lord Charles Wellesley, brother and heir presumptive to the Duke of Wellington, is dead.

— Col. Sumner has succeeded to the command of the Department of the West, of the Army.

— The royal families of England, France and Portugal are all expecting an increase this year.

— The number of deaths from yellow fever in New Orleans, up to the 24th of October, was 4,467.

— The new Post-Office building in Philadelphia will be constructed entirely of Pennsylvania iron.

— An extensive fire was devastating the Catskill Mountains back of Catskill last Thursday evening.

— Saline springs have been found near Moore's Hill, Indiana, from which very good salt is made.

— The total distance between St. Louis and San Francisco by the new overland route is 2,765 miles.

— Judge Bigelow decreed thirteen divorces in the Supreme Court at Boston, Mass., on Friday week.

— Eleven thousand males and six hundred females were imprisoned for debt in England in 1856.

— Rev. Dr. Burrows, of Richmond, while preparing to baptize several candidates had his watch stolen.

— Mr. Dallas, Minister to England, has written a letter to the President that he will return in the spring.

— The petty German Princesses, it is stated, are interested in American securities to about $50,000,000.

— The health of New Orleans is improving. The number of deaths is reduced to twenty-five per day.

— It is reported that Mr. Preston declines the mission to Spain, after having intimated his acceptance.

— Ex-Secretary Stanton has become a permanent resident of Kansas, and is spoken of for U. S. Senator.

— Yellow fever has yielded a harvest for doctors in New Orleans—fee in each case $100, "kill or cure!"

— Mr. Isaac Titcomb, of Newburyport, Mass., has an apple tree that has been in bloom four times this year.

— The value of the buildings erected in Chicago, during the past year, is estimated at over $4,000,000.

— Mary Murphy, a native of Ireland, died in Fall River, Mass., a few days since, aged 103 years and 10 months.

— Secretary Cobb entertains the idea of increasing the revenue by recommending duties on tea and coffee.

— The tides at Norfolk, Va., are unusually high; in some places the wharves and streets have been overflowed.

— The corporation of Montreal have presented a complimentary address to Sir William Williams, the hero of Kars.

— Senator Douglas has given an unconditional transfer and full title of his donation to the Chicago University.

— The remains of a Rev. Mr. Brooks, who perished in the snow, have been found on Salmon Mountain, California.

— One Protestant and two Catholic clergymen have fallen at their posts in New Orleans since the epidemic commenced.

— Another demonstration against the introduction of the Confessional in the Church of England has taken place at London.

— The body of a large animal (species not stated) has been found in the Lake Superior copper mines, sixty feet below the surface.

— Private theatres are so much in vogue in Paris that an enterprising man has constructed "portable theatres" for saloons.

— A servant girl in New Haven ran off on Saturday week, with nineteen dresses belonging to the family with whom she lived.

— A dispatch from Washington says Gen. Ward, of Georgia, is appointed Minister to Sardinia, and not China as previously reported.

— The poorest church living in London is that of Woburn Church. It has decreased so as to amount to only between £5 and £6.

— The overland mail party which arrived at St. Louis a few days since, was detained 14 hours by a sand storm in the California desert.

— A French electrician in San Francisco announces that he has discovered how to take the gold from a quartz rock by electricity.

— Rarey, the horse-tamer, instead of returning home, has gone from England to Sweden, and purposes seeing Lapland before he returns.

— During the month of September the gold coinage at the San Francisco mint amounted to $1,000,000, and the silver coinage to $59 000.

— In Cincinnati a servant girl of somnambulic habits, after promenading the roof of a high building, fell into the street, fatally injuring herself.

— White fish have made their re-appearance in Oneida Lake, and are caught by thousands. None have been caught there for 10 or 12 years back.

— The Howard Association of New Orleans announces that the yellow fever has ceased to be an epidemic, and they bring their labors to a close.

Publisher's Notices.

New Volume, New Dress, and New Club Terms!

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

THE LEADING AND LARGEST CIRCULATED

Agricultural, Literary and Family Journal.

VOLUME X, FOR 1859.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is so widely and favorably known in the East and West, North and South, as the most popular AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER of the Age, that we omit all expletives in announcing the Tenth Volume. Suffice it to say that no proper effort or expense will be spared to fully maintain and increase its reputation as the BEST JOURNAL OF ITS CLASS—rendering it, emphatically, the Standard

RURAL AND FAMILY WEEKLY.

"Excelsior" its glorious Motto, and "Progress and Improvement" its Watchword! Objects, the RURAL continuously exists to MERIT and reports decided progress in CIRCULATION and USEFULNESS. As an Agricultural, Horticultural, Literary, Family and News Paper, it has long been unrivalled. Not a monthly of only twelve large pages, but a Large and Beautiful WEEKLY—with embellishments in a greater number of Useful and Timely Topics than *several* ordinary journals. THE RURAL is, *par excellence*,

The Paper for the People and the Times!

THE TENTH VOLUME will be Printed and Illustrated in Superior Style, with NEW TYPE, and will vie with its improved APPEARANCE. All who wish a clean paper which ignores trash, humbug and deception, and labors earnestly to promote the *Best Interests and Home Happiness* of a large circle of readers in both Town and Country, are invited to try the Model FARM AND FIRESIDE JOURNAL.

FORM, STYLE AND TERMS.

THE RURAL NEW YORKER is published Weekly, each number comprising EIGHT DOUBLE QUARTO PAGES. An Index, Title Page, &c., given at the close of each Volume.

TERMS—IN ADVANCE—*Two Dollars a Year; Three Copies for $5, Six, and one free to club agent, for $10; Ten, and one free, for $15, Sixteen, and one free, for $22, Twenty, and one free, for $30, Thirty-Two, and two free, for $40, (or 20 for $37.50) and any greater number at same rate—only $1.25 per copy!—with an extra copy for every Ten Subscribers over Thirty! Club papers sent to different post-offices, if desired. As we pre-pay American postage, $1.37 is the lowest club rate for Canada.*

☞ NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE AND FORM CLUBS for the New Year and Volume. Specimen Numbers, Show-Bills, Prospectuses, &c., cheerfully furnished (by mail or otherwise, at our expense,) to all disposed to lend a portion of influence in behalf of the RURAL and its Objects. Address

D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

LIBERAL GRATUITIES.

IN addition to the extra copies above offered, and any Premiums which we may hereafter offer for subscribers to the Tenth Volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, we will give to EACH of the *One Hundred Persons* sending the first lists of THIRTY or more yearly Subscribers to the RURAL after this date (remitting payment at our club rate—$1 25 per copy,) a bound volume of the RURAL for 1858, price $3,—*or* $2 in Agricultural Books, post paid.

To EACH of the *One Hundred Persons* sending the first lists of TEN, SIXTEEN or TWENTY Subscribers as above, remitting payment according to our terms, we will give either another extra copy of the RURAL, *or* $1 50 in Ag. Books, post paid, *or* a Gross of the Washington Medallion Pens, post paid, as preferred by the persons entitled.

☞ FALL CAMPAIGN QUARTER.—Since offering the 13 numbers of the present quarter (Oct. to Jan.) on trial, at half price—only 25 cts.—we have received over *Five Thousand Trial Subscriptions*, in clubs of from 4 to 100, from all parts of the country. As our edition of the first month's numbers of the quarters is nearly exhausted, we cannot promise to fill orders for the *complete quarter* after this date—but shall send the nine or ten last numbers of the volume, and make up the thirteen numbers by sending some issued before Oct. 1st. This is the best we can do as the trial term must close with the year and volume. ☞ We will send the last nine or ten numbers of this quarter (and three or four issued before Oct. 1st) at the rate of 5 copies for $1—and a few complete sets of the numbers of either the first, second or third quarter on the same terms.

☞ THE MONEY WE RECEIVE.—Bills on all solvent Banks in the U. S. and Canada, taken at par on subscription to the RURAL, but our agents and other friends will please remit New York, New England or Canada money when convenient. Postage Stamps can be remitted for fractional parts of a dollar. For all amounts over $15 we prefer Drafts on either New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Albany, Rochester or Buffalo (less exchange,) payable to our order—and all such drafts may be mailed at the risk of the Publisher. If our friends throughout the Union, British Provinces, &c., will comply with these suggestions, so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

☞ SPECIMENS FREE.—We always take pleasure in sending specimens free of charge. Reader, if you have any friends, near or distant, that you think would subscribe for the RURAL, or act as agents, please give us their addresses and we will send them specimens, &c. No matter how many names—"the more the merrier."

☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires. Hence, a prompt renewal is necessary to secure the regular continuance of the paper.

☞ CLUBBING WITH THE MAGAZINES, &c.—We will send the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1859 and a yearly copy of either *The Atlantic, Harper's, Godey's, Graham's*, or any other $3 magazine, for $4. The RURAL and either *The Horticulturist, Hovey's Magazine, Arthur's Magazine*, or any other $3 magazine, for $3.

☞ ANY person disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL without certificate, and each and all who volunteer in the good cause will not only receive extra copies, &c., but their aid appreciated.

☞ IN ordering the RURAL please send us the best money conveniently obtainable, and do not forget to give your full address—the name of Post-Office, and also State, Territory, or Province.

Special Notices.

"THE WONDERFUL PUMP."

WE present to our readers a cut of a new improvement in Pumps, by which it will be seen that motion is given by lever power at the top, connecting by rods attached to chains at the bottom, which pass over pulleys and attach to the rods of the pistons, producing a *perfectly direct, powerful and regular motion*. The pump is double acting, simple, durable cheap, and is *warranted* to raise water *by hand* in all depths under 150 feet! Circulars of prices and drawings will be sent free by addressing JAMES M. EDNEY, 147 Chambers street, New York.

CATARRH CURABLE—CONSUMPTION PREVENTED.—Inclose one stamp for a circular giving symptoms and tendencies of Catarrh, and how it may be cured. Address GUILFORD D. SANBORN, M. D., Baker's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

CONFESSION OF MRS. LITTLES.—The woman, SARAH E. LITTLES, who was concerned with her brother (IRA STOUT) in the murder of her husband at Rochester, last December,—for which STOUT was hung and she was sent to Sing Sing Prison,—has made a confession which has been published in a pamphlet, and is in great demand among those who desire to learn the history of the dreadful crime. Mrs LITTLES charges the burthen of the crime upon her brother. The statement of Mrs LITTLES, and the reflections on the subject in this pamphlet, are not so made as to be offensive to good taste, and it is as little objectionable as a work of that sort can be to pure-minded readers. It is sold by D M DEWEY, Rochester, at 15 cents per copy.

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Indian and America.

THE steamer Indian arrived at Quebec on the 1st inst., and the America, at Halifax, on the 3d.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Parliament has been further prorogued until nominally the 18th Nov.

A telegram from Valentia reached London on the night of the 20th ult, which stated that intelligent signals were again being received from New Foundland. The signals were very distinct, and the words received were:—"Daniells now in Circuit." Authority was at once given to use the Daniells' battery likewise at Valentia.

Mr. Seward, Secretary of the Company, in giving the news to the public, says:—"This, however, tho' encouraging, must not be regarded as a permanent state of things, as it is still clear there is a serious fault in the Cable, whilst at the same time it is not at present absolutely clear that any except the most extraordinary, and to the Cable, most dangerous efforts can be made, more especially on this side, to overcome the existing obstacles in the way of perfect working."

FRANCE.—There are reports that Portugal is not disposed to concede the demands of France.

The affair between France and Portugal in relation to the seizure of the French ship Charles et Georges, still remained unsettled. A favorable solution is, however, expected, notwithstanding that two more French men-of-war had arrived in the Tagus, and a vague rumor that the English channel fleet had been ordered there.

A difficulty has arisen between France and Brazil in regard to the property of French subjects in Brazil. The French Consul had struck his flag at Pernambuco, and appealed to his government.

The French Ambassador at Rome had, by direction of the Emperor, made a strong representation to the Pope against the recent abduction by the Catholics of the Jewish child at Mortiers.

It was reported that the French Government had refused to permit England to act either as arbitrator or mediator between France and Portugal.

SWITZERLAND.—The Council of State of Geneva has formally declined to remove certain foreigners from Geneva.

SPAIN.—Several ships had sailed with troops for the West Indies. Several Madrid journals had been seized and fined for political articles against O'Donnell.

ITALY.—The olive oil crop in Tuscany and Lucca is a failure.

PRUSSIA.—The Prussian Chambers has been opened by the Regent, who requests them to acknowledge necessity for the Regency.

It was said that the Prince Regent had decided on proclaiming a political amnesty to all persons compromised since the events of 1848.

AUSTRIA.—Reports were current that Count Buol had resigned the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and would be succeeded by Baron Back,—the present Minister of the Interior.

There are rumors of an insurrection in Servia, and that Austria is disposed to interfere for the interests of Europe.

RUSSIA.—A gigantic fraud upon the government had monopolized attention.

The government had paid twelve million roubles overcharge for constructing the St. Petersburg and Moscow Railroad, the contractors having charged for a much longer line than was laid down. The rolling stock was furnished by an American Company, according to distance, involving a fearful overcharge on this head. Also, many influential persons are compromised by the transaction. The matter was expected to be hushed up.

Tremendous fires are reported to have occurred at Orel, and 500 buildings are said to have been destroyed.

The disturbances in the Eastern provinces of Russia were more serious than at first represented, and in the Southern provinces, the insurrection of the peasants had assumed a serious character.

TURKEY.—A formidable insurrection had broken out in the Passacuva, and many Mussulmen were killed. Troops were marching to the disturbed districts.

The Greek Christians in Bosina, who have been committing terrible outrages on the Mussulmen population, have a belief that they will be supported by France and Russia in a dismemberment of the Turkish Empire, and the formation of a new Greek State.

INDIA.—Details of the late telegraphic advices are received. Operations were being carried on without flagging against the scattered rebels. The strength of the rebels in Oude and the adjacent districts is estimated at 70,000 men and 56 guns.—It was said that nine columns would be organized to traverse the country. The Times correspondent thinks that 38,000 to 40 000 Sepoys have been killed or executed, and adding casualties from sickness, wounds and want, there is probably not more than 20 per cent. of the original Bengal army in existence—not including the disarmed regiments. There is said to be a proclamation of general amnesty, on the Queen's authority.

CHINA.—The Times complains that the part played by Mr. Reed, the American Commissioner to China, was worthy of his countrymen. When the English and French were demanding natural rights for all mankind, Mr. Reed begged a Treaty for himself and his nation. That Treaty contains no provision for free transit through the country, or the opening of new ports, and no provision for an amended tariff.

Commercial Intelligence.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour firm. Western canal 20@21s. Ohio 22s@24s6d. Wheat very dull and nominal. Red Western 5s3d@5s6d. White 5s3d@5s6d. Corn lower but nominal at 31s@33s. White 33s@35s. European sorts freely offered at 30s@31.

Arrival of the Circassian.

THE new steamship Circassian, which left Galway on the morning of the 27th ult, arrived at St. Johns on the 6th inst.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The British war-gun-steamer Gorgon arrived at Plymouth on the 23d, from Halifax and Fayal. The Gorgon took soundings for another line of Atlantic Telegraph, from the Banks of New Foundland to the entrance of the English Channel, via Fayal.

The Daily News says the North Atlantic Steam Co., Galway line, received by the City of Washington applications from America for £50,000 stock, which, added to the subscription already made, exceeds the required capital.

The British Board of Trade returns for the year ending Sept. 30th shows a decrease in nine months of £9,600,000.

The submarine telegraph between Dover and Calais had ceased working, and it was believed to be broken. Communications between the two countries were kept up by Ostend.

FRANCE.—The French breadstuffs markets continued dull.

The Portugnese government yields the Charles et Georges to France, declaring that it is owing to the threatened employment of force.

The Paris Patrie says that Portugal yields not from fear, but wisdom.

PRUSSIA.—The first Chamber rejected, by 80 to 76, the proposition to send an address to the King and Prince Regent.

Commercial Intelligence.

BREADSTUFFS.—Messrs. Bigland & Co. report flour dull, but rates unchanged. Wheat steady and quiet, at the prices per America. Corn has experienced a slight decline in all qualities. Markets quite dull.

PROVISIONS.—The provision market is dull but steady. Lard heavy, and no sales reported.

"Rural" Letters From the People.

MANY of its friends have already volunteered their services in behalf of the next volume of the RURAL, and write most encouragingly as to the prospect for a largely increased circulation. And more, they propose to work for THE CAUSE, rather than themselves, as most of their letters testify. Vide the following from Mr. WM. W. WARNER, of Steuben Co., N. Y.:—"This fall and the coming winter I want to form the *largest* club for the RURAL that has ever been 'made up' in this township; and, to assist me in the undertaking, I write you for sample copies (if you have them to spare,) for specimens and to distribute among my friends in this and other p'aces. I would also like a few Show Bills, &c. I do not undertake the task of forming a club for the 'premium;' but that I may be instrumental in circulating a paper every way *worthy* the patronage of *all* progressive people is the only 'pay' I ask, except agents' premiums."

—We shall be glad to supply Specimens, Bills, Prospectuses, &c., to any and all disposed to aid the RURAL in like manner.

MR. E. P. DOW, of Jefferson Co., Wis., who has long been a successful agent of the RURAL, writes:—"My interest in your paper is as strong as ever, but the times are such that it is difficult to do much in the line of getting subscriptions; still I shall endeavor to give a lift on the first of January. It may not be large, but will be in earnest and good faith. I shall do what I can, believing in the moral and intellectual worth of your RURAL NEW-YORKER. You may believe me when I say that I find in this paper a food healthy and stimulating to the mind of young and old, such as I scarcely find in any other periodicals of the day. This is not flattery."

AN active friend of the RURAL, Mr. N. M. CARPENTER, of Chautauque Co., writes us as follows:—"I have to-day received your 'Supplement,' and am very glad to learn that you have reduced the club price of the RURAL, as it will have the effect to considerably increase its circulation in this vicinity. I took the opportunity on Election day to introduce your paper, and see how many subscribers I could obtain for it the coming year. Over thirty gave me the assurance that they should not do without the RURAL," &c.

AND another ardent and influential friend—Mr. CHAS. E. THATER, of Wyoming Co.,—writes in this encouraging wise:—"Please send me a few specimen numbers of the RURAL, Prospectuses, &c., and I will do what I can for you in this section. The complaint has always been here that the club price ($1 50) was too much for the paper, as there has always been so many cheaper (and surely worthless) sheets in circulation that quite too many of our friends and neighbors have come to the conclusion that a cheap paper is just as good as any, no matter how cheap; but now that all have an opportunity of getting as valuable a paper as the RURAL for $1 25, in my opinion they have no excuse. Please consider me a life agent and subscriber."

WE may be excused for prising such expressions of appreciation of the RURAL as are conveyed in the following letter from Mrs. B., (a member of the Society of Friends,) of Salem Co., N. J.:—"Please send me a few specimens of the RURAL for distribution, and I will try to get up a club. I live in rather a benighted region, and am willing to try to extend the light of knowledge through the medium of *our matchless* RURAL to my neighbors. We, that is my family, take several papers, more than we can read during the busy season, and, as "the times are hard and money scarce," I have thought of stopping one or two of them. But we can't spare the RURAL. I love its Sabbath Musings, its Young Ruralist column, its Poetry; indeed all of it is excellent—just what we country folks want."

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER.—We were highly gratified with the opportunity afforded by the late editorial Convention at Rochester, of making the personal acquaintance of the very popular and successful editor of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, D. D. T. MOORE, Esq., who presided over its deliberations. Some two years ago Mr. MOORE conceived the idea that our rural communities needed a Family Weekly Paper which should combine the best excellencies of the Agricultural, Scientific and Literary publications, as also those of the mere newspaper. Acting upon the thought, he developed the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and spared no pains or expense in rendering it worthy the paper needed by its patrons. Though during the first years of its publication it consumed its capital and involved him in deep embarrassment, it is now rewarding him liberally for his enterprise. We were glad to learn that its full success is so wide spread. It is a weekly messenger to thirty thousand families, bearing wholesome and educating information upon all topics, a sort of compendium for the family, and inculcating the highest morals. We commend it to our friends in village and country.—*Elmira Daily Advertiser.*

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Nov 9, 1858.

ONE week ago last night, a rain set in and we have had scarcely an hour's sunshine since—the clouds have kept up an almost continual weeping and, as a consequence, there is little or no business. Our table exhibits but two changes—an advance of 2½c per bushel in Rye, and a slight decline in Lard. We hear that a sale of 265,000 pounds of wool was made last Saturday to Eastern parties, at 43c per lb, but cannot vouch for the price said to be obtained

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		Eggs, dozen	16@17c
Flour, winter wheat	$5,50@6,00	Honey, box	10@16c
Do spring do	$5,00@5,00	Candles, box	12½@13c
Do Buckwheat ₱cwt	$1,75@2	**FRUITS AND ROOTS**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,10@1,25	Apples, bushel	50@75
Best white Canada	$1 10@1 25	Do dried	$0,00@0,00
Corn	62½@65c	Potatoes	25@40c
Rye, 60 lbs ₱bush	62½c	**HIDES AND SKINS**	
Oats	42@43c	Slaughter	6½@6c
Barley	70@75c	Calf	10c
Buckwheat	37½@40c	Sheep pelts	50@75c
Beans	75c@$1	Lamb do	38@43c
MEATS.		**SEEDS.**	
Pork, Mess	$00,00@16,00	Clover, bush	$4,00@4,50
Do cwt	$5,00@5,50	Timothy	$2,00@2,25
Beef ₱cwt	$4,00@5,00	**SUNDRIES.**	
Spring Lambs each	$1,50@2,00	Wood, hard	$4,00@5,00
Mutton (carcass)	4@5c	Do soft	$0,00@3,00
Hams, smoked	9@9½c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,25
Shoulders	6@6c	Do Scranton	$5,00@5,50
Chickens	6@7c	Do Roseburg	$5,00@5,00
Turkeys	7c	Do Shamokin	$5,00@5,00
Geese	38@44c	Do Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,38@1,38
Butter, roll	17@18c	Hay ton	$7,00@10,00
Do firkin	00@16c	Wool ₱lb	22@45c
Cheese	8@8c	White fish, bbl	$6,50@7,00
Lard, tried	10@10c	Codfish, ₱quintal	$4,25@4,50
Tallow	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	$6,50@7,00

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Nov 8.—FLOUR—Inferior grades heavy and market dull. Sales at $3,08@3,75 for unsound, $4,00@4,25 for super State, $4,40@4,70 for extra State, $4,00@4,25 for superfine Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa, $4,00@4,75 for common to good medium and extra do, $5,25@5,40 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—the market closing dull and tendency downward. Canadian dull, sales at $4,75@5,90 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat is a trifle better, some export demand, sales at 96c for fair new Milwaukee club, 100c forced Southern Illinois, 122c white Canada, 120c do Kentucky. Rye steady at 70@77c. Barley heavy at 72@83c. Corn better, sales at 74@76c for corn to prime mixed Western. Oats steady at 46@49c for State; 50@53c for Western and Canada.

PROVISIONS—Pork market is a shade firmer. Sales at $17,12@17 25 for mess; $13,50@13,62 for prime, $—@— for thin mess, $16,00 for prime mess, $18 50 for clear. Lard steady, sales at 10½@11c. Dressed hogs are firmer, with sales of corn fed at 7@7½c.—Butter is selling at 12@18c for Ohio; 16@21c for State. Cheese at 7@8½c, as to quality.

BUFFALO, Nov 8.—FLOUR—We note an active local and interior demand, without quotable change in prices, although the market is a shade easier. Sales Saturday evening at $3,63@3,12½ for good to choice extra Michigan, Ohio and Canadian, and $2 75@3,25 for the range of double extras. This morning at $4 37 for superfine and extra Wisconsin, $4,75@5,00 for fair to good brands extra Ohio, Ind'ana and Michigan, $5,25 for choice extras, and $5,44@5,00 for double extras.

GRAIN—In good demand and market steady, sales Saturday evening Racine club at 97c, red Ohio at $1,08 and amber Indiana at $1,13. This morning Milwaukee club at 95c, and Canada club at $1. Corn in fair request and market better, sales Saturday evening at 63@64c. This morning Chicago afloat at 64½c. Oats quiet at 46c. Barley dull and heavy at 70@75c. Rye quiet and nominal at 65c.

PROVISIONS—Sales to the trade are fair, at $16 for heavy mess, $15,50 for light do, and $13 for prime. Unpacked hams quiet at 9c, packed do 9½c, sugar cured 10c. Lard quiet at 10c.

The Wool Markets.

BOSTON, Nov 3.—Market for Fleece and Pulled is firm and prices are unchanged with sales for past week of [illegible] No. For Extra Wool there has been a fair demand. Sales of 300 lbs Saxon, Cape, Merino fleece and South American at various prices, as to quality and as the sparse supply [illegible]

Saxon and Merino fleece	50@55	Western mixed	39@43
Fine fleece	45@48	Saxon washed	47@50
Half and ¼ blood	37@40	Do unwashed	16@17
Common to ½ blood	32@35	Syrian	19@21
Pulled extra	40@45	Cape	30@35
Do superfine	35@40	Crimea	26@27
Do No 1	30@35	Smyrna lyrea	20@22
Do No 2	27@27	Peruvian washed	28@35

Marriages.

NOV 4th, at St Peter's Church, Brooklyn, by Rev John Paddock, Rev H. A. NEELY, Rector of Christ's Church, Rochester, and MARY FLOYD, daughter of the late John Delafield, Esq

ON the 4th inst, by Rev A. Worthington, Mr J W NEWTON, of Rochester, and LAURA A., youngest daughter of Orlow Beebe, Esq, of Henrietta.

New Advertisements.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, and headed—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion. IN ADVANCE. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

SHEEP SKINS—Cash for Wool and Sheep Skins, (452tf) S WILLIS, 109 State St, Rochester, N. Y.

50 BUSHELS PRIME APPLE SEEDS—Clean and plump, saved this fall, and for sale at the Toledo Nurseries, by 462-4t A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS

BERKSHIRE BOARS, of the choicest quality, for sale by WALTER COLE, 4 miles south east of Batavia village, Genesee Co., N Y. 462 3t

FARM GATE—Opened, closed, or raised—operated against wind or over snow with one cord, from any vehicle. Will not sag. Self-locking, and sure guard for large or small stock. Used in alleys or hillsides. Of cheap and easy construction—and not liable to get out of repair. Agents wanted. For information, and Rights, 462-3t Address J. A. TREAT, Tallmadge, Ohio.

The Best Book for Agents.

"BELL'S CARPENTRY MADE EASY"—teaches a new system of Framing by simple and exact rules given with mathematical precision in language free from technical terms so that every man can be his own carpenter. It treats on Balloon Frames, Bevels, Lengths of Rafters, Braces, Purlin Posts Bridge Building, with a valuable Table of the Lengths of Braces, Rafters, &c. 38 plates, 200 figures—$5. Sample copy to Agents at half price, *post-paid*. 465 JAS CHALLEN & SON, Phila., Pa.

AMERICAN STOCK JOURNAL, FOR 1859.

A MONTHLY PAPER, of 32 large octavo pages, devoted exclusively to the subject of Stock Growing. It is the ONLY PAPER OF THE KIND PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES, and the topics treated of are deeply interesting to every owner of a domestic animal, whether living in the town or country.

The Volume will commence with the first of January, 1859, and the numbers will be issued promptly on the first of each month. It will be printed on fine clear paper, with entirely new type, and each number will be illustrated with Cuts of Animals, in the best style of art. Our motto is, A GOOD PAPER, A LARGE CIRCULATION, AND A SMALL PRICE, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

TERMS:

Single Copies, one year	$1 00
Six Copies, one year	5 00
Clubs of Ten Copies one year	80 cts. each.
Clubs of Twenty or more Copies one year	75 cts. each.

☞ An extra copy to the person sending us 15 or more names at 80 cents each.

Specimen Copies, Prospectuses, and Posters sent gratis to all who wish to examine them or get up clubs of subscribers.

☞ All orders should be addressed to the "AMERICAN STOCK JOURNAL," No. 140 Fulton St., New York city.

D. C. LINSLEY.

A. O. MOORE, AGENT, Agricultural Book Publisher, 462eow3t No. 140 Fulton St., New York

R. H. FERRIS' ORIGINAL GIFT BOOK STORE.

THE FOLLOWING IS A SCHEDULE of property which will be given to purchasers of books at the time of sale

150 Gold Watches, valued at, and by some sold for			$50 00
300 Gold Chains,	do	do	12 00
300 Silver Watches,	do	do	12 00
300 Gold Bracelets	do	do	8 00
600 Sets of Jet drops or Florentines,	do	do	8 50
1000 Jet Pins or Florentines,	do	do	3 00
300 Cameo Pins, Paintings,	do	do	5 00
3000 Gold Lockets,	do	do	6 00
3000 Gold	do	do	4 00
3000 Gold Breast Pins,	do	do	2 50
3000 Gold Ear Drops,	do	do	3 00
3000 Sets Sleeve Buttons,	do	do	3 00
3000 Sets of Bosom Studs,	do	do	2 50
3000 do do do		do	3 50
3000 Gold Breast Pins,	do	do	1 50
3000 Gold Rings,	do	do	1 00
2000 Gold Pencils,	do	do	2 00

One of the above articles will be given to each purchaser of each book at the time the book is sold.

Any person, by forwarding us an order for books (with money enclosed,) will receive an EXTRA BOOK AND GIFT with every TEN BOOKS sent to one address by Express.

All orders for books will be promptly and impartially filled. The Gifts in all cases, will accompany the book, with a written certificate to the person sending us the order.

For particulars see CATALOGUE, which we mail free to any address upon application. Address

O. N. NEEDHAM, Agent for R. H. FERRIS, 462tf 14 Exchange St., or Box 1529, Rochester, N. Y.

IT IS NOT TOO MUCH TO SAY SINCE ALL, OLD AND YOUNG, AFFIRM ITS TRUTH,

VIZ: That Professor Wood's Hair Restorative WILL prevent the hair from falling off, and a new growth of hair if used in reasonable time, in any imaginable case. Perfectly harmless, a great saver of the dull, will make a rich ornament to the hair, make it more soft and beautiful than any other, and preserve the scalp free from all disease to the greatest age. Statesmen, Divines, Attorneys, Doctors, Clergymen, Professional men and Gentlemen and Ladies of all classes, all over the world, bear testimony to these do not say too much in its favor. Read the following, and judge:

HICKORY GROVE, St. Charles Co., Mo., Nov 19, 1857

PROF O. J. WOOD—Dear Sir:—Some time last summer we were induced to use some of your Hair Restorative, and the effects were so wonderful, we feel it our duty to you and the afflicted, to report it.

Our little son's head for some time had been perfectly covered with sores, and some called it scald head. The hair almost entirely came off in consequence when a friend, seeing his sufferings, advised us to use your Restorative, we did so with little hope of success but to our surprise, and that of all our friends, a very few applications removed the disease entirely, and a new and luxuriant crop of hair soon started out, and we can now say that our boy has as healthy a scalp, and as luxuriant a crop of hair as any other child. We can, therefore and do hereby, recommend your Restorative as a perfect remedy for all diseases of the scalp and hair. We are yours respectfully,

GEO. W. HIGGINBOTHAM. SARAH A. HIGGINBOTHAM.

The Restorative is put up in bottles of 3 sizes, viz: large, medium, and small, the small holds ½ a pint, and retails for one dollar a bottle, the medium holds at least twenty per cent. more in proportion than the small, retails for two dollars per bottle the large holds a quart, 40 per cent more in proportion, and retails for $3 per bottle.

O. J. WOOD & CO. Proprietors, 312 Broadway, New York, (In the great New York Wire Railing Establishment,) and 114 Market street, St Louis, Mo. 462-3t

And sold by all good Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

☞ Read the PROSPECTUS at the foot of this. ☜

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER, The Largest Newspaper in the World.

NATIONAL, CONSERVATIVE, RELIGIOUS.

Belonging to no Party in Politics and no Sect in Religion

EDITED by a Corps of Clergymen and Laymen of large experience, aided by the most Eminent Writers of the day among its regular contributors, and a Foreign Correspondence unrivalled.

It is the largest newspaper

FAMILY NEWSPAPER

that can be made: published on a large DOUBLE sheet, so that it may be separated, making

TWO DISTINCT PAPERS,

each perfect in itself. No other newspaper is made upon this plan.

The SECULAR sheet contains a full report of all the News of the Day, a vast amount of carefully-chosen reading, poetry and prose, an AGRICULTURAL page, conducted by a practical and educated agriculturist, a COMMERCIAL page, edited by a gentleman distinguished for his acquaintance with the financial world—giving the latest reports of the MONEY, PRODUCE, and CATTLE MARKETS, BANK STOCKS, &c., a MISCELLANEOUS department, embracing scientific, literary, and artistic matter, with tales, anecdotes, humorous matters, questions and answers for the instruction and amusement of the family and social circle.

The RELIGIOUS paper is filled with the choicest original and selected matter in every department of Christian Literature, making a delightful SABBATH companion, and furnishing a volume of interesting and instructive reading every week. The best and most accomplished clergymen, Professors and Professors in our Colleges and Seminaries, constantly contribute to these columns. One of its chief features of attraction is a Summary of the News of the

ALL RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS;

a feature peculiar to the *Observer*, and highly valued by Christians who wish to know what is doing in other communions than their own.

The grand object of the NEW YORK OBSERVER is to promote "peace on earth and good will among men." Not deeming it wise to advance all those principles which make the UNION OF THE STATES more firm and permanent, it has labored to avoid sectional feeling among ALL DENOMINATIONS of Christians, and is a fearless defender of the rights of all men, under the Constitution of the United States and the Word of God.

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JAMES PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS,

which is FREE FROM EVERY IMPURITY, and as harmless to the stomach as flour itself.

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ARTIFICIAL EYES A

Choice Poetry.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE WIND.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

The wind came over the hills one day,
Singing a charming tune,
As light and low as the sleepy lay
Of a humming-bird in June.
I should not have heeded his idle song,
But his breath was on my face,
And his arms around my neck were flung
In a fairy-like embrace.
Then, "Whither away, O! Wind," said I,
"And why is thy song so gay?
And why do thy waving pinions fly
So busily all the day?"

"Like a child asleep," the zephyr said,
"I have lain the whole long night,
With the moonbeams spread above my bed
For a covering pure and white.
But just as the sun from out of the sea
Had lifted his princely head,
The morn, like a mother, lifted me
From out of my snowy bed.
Then up like a singing bird I flew
O'er meadow and grassy hills;
I sprinkled the clover heads with dew,
And bathed in a thousand rills.
I gathered the lithe green willow limbs
That bent so lovingly down,
And hung them over the laughing streams
In a beautiful glossy crown.
I swept the boughs of the beech aside
To look at the nestling birds;
The broken flower, at the fountain's side,
Smiled sweet at my loving words.
I fluttered around with the busy hours
O'er forest and creeping vine—
I gleefully kissed the bending flowers
Till their lips were as red as mine.
And thus while I fly, each bud I pass
Will gather a host of charms,
Till the old nurse, Night, comes down at last,
And cradles me in her arms."

Then, "Whither away," said the wind to me,
"And where hast thou been to-day?
And why is thy face so sad to see
When everything else is gay?"

"Alas, sweet wind," I sighed to say,
While the tears in my eyelids grew,
"I have not borne to a soul to-day
One drop of affection's dew.
I have not searched for the broken flowers
That wither along my way,
Nor noted the flight of the priceless hours,
Nor bent my knee to pray.
Nor ever a grateful thought have given
For the peace my life hath known,
And of all dear hearts beneath the heaven,
I have thought of *self* alone.
But, Oh! however my soul hath sinned,
Thy lesson of love I'll keep,
Then pass thou on, sweet, wandering wind,
And leave me alone to weep."

Black Rock, N. Y., 1858.

The Sketch-Book.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

ESCULAPIUS, SENIOR AND JUNIOR.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

[Concluded from page 364, last No.]

Thus day by day did MARY WAIT, unknown to him, look deeper and deeper into his heart, and it is not strange that a shadow gathered about her own. Not that she was jealous or envious of the love that, her woman's instinct told her, was being freely lavished upon another. No, MARY was perfectly unselfish. Could she have looked into the future, and seen there the fruition of her friend's hopes, the perfection of his fancied happiness, she could have been almost content. Not *quite*, to be sure, but almost. As it was, she saw nothing before him but disappointment, and that the deepest which man can know at his time of life. She could only await the issue in silence and anxiety.

And OSCAR? We have said little of him. There has seemed to be nothing of importance to say. Absorbed for the most of his time in his studies, the ladies saw little of him except at table, or in the evening, when he usually sang with FANNY, played cards with them, or walked out with her. She seemed his constant and appropriate companion. Polite and attentive as he was to every one, there still seemed a brighter gleam in his eye, a pleasanter tone to his voice, when FANNY was near. His manner seldom indicated more than a brother's feelings towards her. In fact they would have seemed to any careless observer, an affectionate brother and sister, and as such the Doctor regarded them.

Miss WAIT paid little regard to OSCAR's symptoms—to her there was a more weighty interest in observing FANNY's. And it was with many a sigh that she noted how each day FANNY had learned to listen for OSCAR's step, how her eye would brighten, and as quickly droop before his earnest gaze—how she would sit and listen by the hour to his voice, as he talked with others, and if observed, would turn suddenly and indifferently away.

Her step had grown a touch less elastic, her ringing voice was a tone sweeter, and at times seemed tempered with swallowed tears. The carmine of her cheek had softened into peach color, and her manner, when not excited and fitful, was more subdued than was natural.

Her guardian thought she studied too much, or that she sat too long over those slippers which she was embroidering for him. So two hours were set aside from work and study, to be devoted to recreation. In vain FANNY remonstrated, and Miss WAIT was appealed to—he was sure she was pining. She must have more company, must go more; and, to please him, she did—but it was a sad bore.

One afternoon OSCAR and FANNY had ridden away on horse-back,—the Doctor was in his study,—and MARY sat at the window of her room and watched them until they were out of sight. The day was warm and she was tired, so as the sun had almost set, she did not rise to get any work, but sat musingly watching the sprays as they fluttered in the light breeze, and comparing the soft shades which gradually deepened amid the branches, to the pensive thoughts which shadowed her mind.

She was roused from her revery by the clattering of a horse's hoofs, and looking up expecting to meet FANNY's glowing face triumphant from a race with OSCAR, FANNY's horse bounded into the door-yard—riderless. With the wings of fear she flew down stairs, but light as were her steps the Doctor heard them, and was at her side ere she reached the gate. At first he knew not what had happened, but as MARY's white face was turned towards him, he saw the riderless horse quietly grazing at a little distance.

"O, FANNY! *My* FANNY!" was his startled exclamation, and springing upon the reluctant animal, he rode rapidly down the road.

MARY stood gazing after him until distance and dimness shut out his retreating form. Her thoughts seemed divided, for though pale and anxious, she murmured to herself—"*My* FANNY!"

The Doctor had ridden but a short distance before he came upon the missing party, at the roadside beneath a large elm. OSCAR, his hat thrown aside, and his damp brown locks pushed back from his pale face, was kneeling upon the ground, supporting the half-fainting FANNY in his arms.

A pang shot through the Doctor's heart. Not a pang of anguish at the thought of her apparent suffering. Ah! selfish human nature! Perhaps he had hoped to be the first to lift her inanimate form, to pillow her aching head. The thought, if such a thought he had, was unworthy of him, and was but momentary. FANNY was not hurt, only stunned by the fall, and was soon able to return home. She insisted upon being permitted to ride her own horse for, "Poor Rollo," she said, "he only entered a little too ardently into the spirit o' the race, and forgot that his mistress was on his back." So her guardian lifted her to the saddle, and walked by her side, holding the bridle rein.

Seeing her return thus, was a great relief to poor Miss WAIT, whose heart had been well-nigh breaking with suspense.

Although uninjured, FANNY did not seem to recover her usual health and spirits for some days. Her sleep was short and restless—she was silent, and cared little for society of any kind. OSCAR was devoted. He did everything in his power which might contribute to her amusement, and certainly succeeded admirably. He had almost completed his studies, and I suppose was quite a physician.

A few days after this occurrence, OSCAR went home for a short time, and it was astonishing to see what a difference there was in FANNY. Her guardian was seriously alarmed, and talked of starting for Saratoga Springs immediately.

They were seated on the piazza, Dr. WARNER, Miss WAIT and FANNY, when a visitor called and Miss WAIT left them. The Doctor thought a walk would do FANNY good, so drawing her hand into his arm, he led her down the garden path to where a rustic bridge spanned a little, purling stream, which seemed ever to whisper—"Don't tell! I will!"

But I will not tell, for I cannot, what they said. I only know what followed. They stayed a long time, longer than was prudent for an invalid. So MARY thought, as she sat at the window and watched for their return. But he was a doctor, she thought, and ought to know best, so she tried to be at ease. I suppose *he* forgot that he was a doctor.

At length she saw them approaching. His arm supported her, her head rested on his arm, and her whole frame shook with sobs. Something in his face, something in her manner, warned MARY not to meet them, and she flew to her room with a wildly beating heart. She had been there but a moment when FANNY entered, and flinging herself at her feet, cried:

"Dear MARY, what shall I do?"

MARY was silent. She felt the truth, and she waited, sure that she should hear it.

"O, MARY, advise me! You know I have no mother, no one to tell me my duty but you. He wants me to love him! O, I am so wretched! He is so good, so noble, that I want to please him. I *ought* to please him, but I *cannot be his wife*. I never thought of him so. I never can!"

"Did you tell him so, FANNY?"

"Yes, as well as I could. I scarce know what I said; but he understood me. Then I felt worse than ever, for he reproached himself so bitterly. He says that he has been a blind old fool, a traitor, thus to seek to win a young girl—a child placed in his care. But you know he is neither. He cannot help it if he does not love me just as a father would, and I wish to heaven I could love him as he would have me. But I could not, even if—if I were not—if I did not love——"

"OSCAR?"

"Do you know? I half thought that you read me. I did not tell him,—I *could* not. His heart seemed heavy enough without knowing that the day when "Rollo" threw me, I learned for the first time that OSCAR loved me, and I told him that some day I hoped to be his bride."

Miss WAIT soothed and caressed the excited girl as well as she was able, though her own tears fell fast, and her heart ached both for her and for that noble heart which she knew must suffer and bear alone. She did not sleep much—I think no one did in that house that night. The next morning she arose early, and descending to the dining-room, found on her plate a billet which enclosed another to FANNY. Her own ran thus:

"Dear Miss WAIT:—Business of an unexpected nature, has called me to New York for a few days. I was obliged to leave without seeing you, in order to take the early train. I feel sure that you will manage everything with your usual good judgment and consideration. OSCAR will return this afternoon, so you will not be alone. I will write to you should I stay more than two or three days.

GREVILLE WARNER."

That note was henceforth to be one of MARY's precious possessions. FANNY had no secrets from her, therefore she showed her the note which was left for her.

"FANNY:—After what has passed, I *could not* meet you this morning. Forgive my want of manliness. Would to heaven I could recall those words of mine. If I can make arrangements for your welfare, I think I shall leave for Europe in a few days. Whether we meet again or not, think of me leniently as your misguided

GUARDIAN."

And what did FANNY do? Why, she threw the letter from her, and went into a passion of tears. Then, partially arresting the flood, she stamped her foot, and cried,

"He *shall not* go! I won't let him. I won't have any body else for a guardian! I'll write this minute, and tell him so!"

She actually looked handsomer and more like herself, than she had done for three months.

Miss WAIT suggested that she had better wait until OSCAR came. Perhaps his uncle had informed him of his intentions.

"No, I won't tell OSCAR anything about it! I am afraid he would be harsh. He would not see the matter as I do."

True to her word, she forthwith dispatched to Dr. WARNER "the sweetest little note." Had the Doctor not been, as he was, one of the most sensible men, it might have turned his head.

"Dear, Dear Guardian:—You have frightened me half to death with your sudden departure and your threat of going further still. I have scarcely drawn a long breath since. Do, please, come home soon, or I shall be sick. As to having any other guardian, I *will not;* and if you run away I believe I shall follow. As to what you allude to, I regard it as a dream. I intend to forget it immediately, and I beseech you, if you value my peace of mind, to do the same. I cannot afford to lose you, so do return to your FANNY."

He returned, of course he did; but not as FANNY hoped, cheerful and calm. He was taken sick on reaching New York, and OSCAR went to accompany him home. He was sick some time, and never did any one have kinder nursing, more careful tending, than MARY and FANNY bestowed on him. MARY, especially, seemed his good angel. Her heart was in all she did. With FANNY, a feeling akin to remorse added ardor to her efforts.

But he lived and recovered. People tell of broken hearts. If there are such, I think they belong to those who are unsustained by a purer, diviner love than mortals can give. Dr. WARNER was not such an one. When once more he stood among them, he was paler, graver than ever before, and in his black glossy hair a thread or two more of gray had intruded itself. But his mein was dignified, self-possessed and kind. Inasmuch as he thought he had erred, he humbly accepted his disappointment as a punishment. Towards his ward, his manner was as ever kind and familiar, though somewhat more quiet and fatherly. As to her, she felt as though she had helped him to delude himself by her playful coquettishness. A consciousness of this threw over her conduct more dignity and grace, while it did not seem to diminish her affection. Her recent experience had divested her of much of her childishness in teaching her the responsibility of womanhood. A beautiful woman she was fast becoming; but we must not linger over her development.

Two years passed away. FANNY was twenty-one, and in full possession of her rights. But she did not seem so strenuous in maintaining them as in old times. At any rate she relinquished the right to her hand, heart and fortune to OSCAR WARNER, with as much grace as if it had been a favor to herself. OSCAR had graduated with credit, and already had some practice. Soon after the wedding they left for Europe, as OSCAR intended studying on the continent.

How poor MARY wept when FANNY was married. And FANNY kept her company in it with equal energy. FANNY was losing her dear and sisterly friend. MARY suffered a equal loss in that respect, with an additional one which FANNY could not be expected to appreciate. She was losing *her place.*

Miss WAIT was going back to her lonesome old farm-house, or perhaps to seek another situation. Greendale was to be shut up, and OSCAR and FANNY did their best to induce the Doctor to take his long intended trip to Europe then, with them. A sudden fit of obstinacy seemed to have seized him, for he would not go. Perhaps he did not desire their company.

They went. Greendale was abandoned to silence and cobwebs; Miss WAIT choked down the last sigh, plucked up the best and most cheerful heart she could, and went home to the quiet old life of Westfield. Dr. WARNER took lodgings in town,—in the heat of summer too.

I presume he felt lonesome, or more likely he thought Miss WAIT did—she had been so long accustomed to the pleasant society at Greendale—so he went to see her occasionally. I think it was very kind of him, especially as he could do so as well as not.

When the peaches were ripe he went and stayed over Sunday, and went to church with MARY. That visit convinced him that there never was such sweet bread and butter—such delicious peaches never grew before, as he ate there. And people wondered who that fine looking man was who went to church with Miss WAIT. Miss SPEAR, the dress-maker, said she took his arm walking home, and little Miss MELLEN told her beau that she thought MARY WAIT had grown pretty since she went away.

Ah, well—people will gossip.

Dr. WARNER grew kinder and more considerate, apparently, each time he came. Some token of his regard marked every visit, and the visits themselves grew more frequent, until they were made regularly once a week, generally from Saturday night until Monday morning. Poor man, I don't wonder. It *was* kind o' pleasant out at Westfield, and it helped to draw his mind from his disappointment. Here, too, he could talk of FANNY; together they reperused her letters, for who knew her so well as MARY?

Young Dr. WARNER and lady were to return in the spring, but not to live at Greendale, for their future home was to be New York. Greendale was running wild without a tenant. Dr. WARNER hated to sell or rent it, and could not bear the thought of living there alone. He talked it over with MARY, and finally it was agreed that she should return there as——

"Housekeeper?"

No, indeed! As Mrs. Dr. WARNER, to be sure!

"A marriage of convenience?"

Ha! Do you think so? Ask MARY what he said to her when he sat on the rustic seat under the lilac bushes at Westfield. Perhaps she will tell you how he confessed his foolish and misplaced attachment, long since overcome—how he had learned to appreciate her in his sickness—how he was happier than he ever could deserve to be, and how pleased OSCAR and FANNY would be to find her the mistress of Greendale on their return. How she told him how long and truly he had been loved, and how she had striven to be strong and faithful to her duty and her self-respect, and how she felt fully repaid. Ask her! Perhaps she will tell you all this, and——perhaps she won't.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—ACROSTICAL.

I AM composed of 33 letters.
My 1, 16, 31, 28, 7, 19, 21, 28 is county in California.
My 2, 26, 29, 17, 20, 25, 9, 10, 28, 13 is a county in New York.
My 3, 28, 7, 19, 30, 20 is a county in Ohio.
My 4, 10, 5, 6, 26, 20, 9, 28, 32 is a county in Missouri.
My 5, 28, 7, 10, 16, 19, 13, 31 is a county in New York.
My 6, 18, 32, 7, 33 is a county in Alabama.
My 7, 4, 16, 27, 26, 24, 6 is a county in Virginia.
My 8, 7, 18, 21, 1, 16, 3 is a county in North Carolina.
My 9, 28, 22, 12, 7, 9, 18, 10 is a county in Maine.
My 10, 17, 9, 6, 27, 22, 30, 20, 24, 28 is a county in Mississippi.
My 11, 7, 28, 20 is a county in Utah.
My 12, 4, 7, 15, 33 is a county in Georgia.
My 13, 17, 5, 6, 28, 2, 19, 9 is a county in Kentucky.
My 14, 4, 10, 28, 32 is a county in Michigan.
My 15, 28, 9, 19, 13, 25, 1, 3, 28, 9 is a county in California.
My 16, 23, 22, 28, 11, 2, 15, 27 is a county in Vermont.
My 17, 28, 20, 26, 4 is a county in Michigan.
My 18, 31, 24, 4, 7 is a county in Illinois.
My 19, 32, 21, 1, 7, 28, 13 is a county in Tennessee.
My 20, 23, 5, 28, 24, 31, 28, 5, 6, 27, 9 is a county in Texas.
My 21, 4, 7, 15, 26, 32, 24, 10, 28, 20 is a county in South Carolina.
My 22, 19, 6, 28, 13, 30, 20, 24 is a county in Ohio.
My 23, 15, 5, 28, 20, 4 is a county in Michigan.
My 24, 7, 18, 26, 32, 12 is a county in Arkansas.
My 25, 4, 31, 9, 21, 1, 13 is a county in Florida.
My 26, 9, 19, 7, 31 is a county in Arkansas.
My 27, 16, 2, 17, 9 is a county in Texas.
My 28, 24, 31, 1, 13 is a county in Utah.
My 29, 12, 32, 19, 20, 25, 28 is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 30, 10, 4, 9, 5, 28 is a county in Minnesota.
My 31, 23, 13, 18 is a county in Wisconsin.
My 32, 17, 4, 25, 23, 7, 19 is a county in New York.
My 33, 4, 22, 6, 26, 3, 16 is a county in Oregon.

My whole are the names and residences of four young friends and schoolmates. EXPRESS.

Ovid, N. Y., 1858.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 16 letters.
My 1, 16, 15, 4, 6 is a garden vegetable.
My 2, 16, 4 is one of the colors.
My 3, 4, 5, 6 is a man's name.
My 7, 8, 9, 10 is a farming utensil.
My 11, 12, 13, 6, 12, 5 is a girl's name.
My 15, 12, 14, 8, 16 is a domestic utensil.

My whole is a correspondent of the RURAL.

Urbana, N. Y., 1858. E. C. HULL

☞ Answer in two weeks.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

THE sides of a trapezium, inscribed in a circle, are 10, 12, 15, and 21 rods; its area is required.

Hanover, Mich., 1858. JOHN THOMPSON.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 460.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—The Atlantic Cable.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—10 928-1000 miles.

Answer to Charade:—Water-loo.

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Office 343 Broadway, New York.
Diagram of the Lock Stitch as made by this Machine

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SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.
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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
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Rural New-Yorker.

A LEADER WANTED!

"A Leader Wanted," says our foreman, within an hour of the time for putting this number of the Rural to press—and the next morning after Thanksgiving, when one don't feel in the spirit of writing, at that. But a leader must be produced, immediately, whether we have or nay the spirit or subject for an article—and it shall be forthcoming.

"A Leader Wanted!" Aye, not for this week's Rural only, but for many institutions and positions in life—among the rich and poor, high and low, and the workers for the good, the useful and the elevating in all classes of society.

Commencing, for the sake of courtesy only, at the head—among the so-called great or elevated [illegible] Rural Population, we will first say that a leader is always wanted at the head of the Nation who will regard the wants and wishes and best interests of the great mass of the People of the Country—A leader who will not only properly estimate and appreciate the importance of, but that will, so far as he consistently may, protect and encourage those engaged in the great Industrial Occupations of Life—Agriculture, Commerce and Manufactures. No mere party or sectional man can fill such a position, for it requires a far-seeing mind, of sound, discriminating judgment and statesmanlike views, which comprehends the present wants, and position, and future prospects and destiny of the whole People and Country—East and West, North and South. In his Annual Message to Congress he should indicate, suggest and advise what is most needed for the advancement of the great interests already mentioned—and if a few thousand, aye, or a few hundred thousand dollars are necessary, why not appropriate it for such laudable objects, instead of squandering it on useless national defences or political or party favorites?

"A Leader is Wanted" also in every State—a man, or Governor, if you please, who shall regard the industrial interests of the whole Commonwealth, and especially those from which the People and the State principally derive their prosperity and wealth. If Agriculture is this interest, it should be fostered and cared for *first*, instead of second, third, or last, as is too often the case. No mere politician or one idea man is fit to guide the destinies of a State—even tho' as small as Delaware or Rhode Island—but the leader wanted should posses the ability to comprehend wrongs and abuses, and the nerve to redress them if in his power—and thus be a Governor of and *for* the People, rather than for a class of political or party spoils-seekers.

Leaders are wanted also in every County, Town, City and Village of the land—men who will prove themselves true conservative-progressionists, (an odd but comprehensive term,) and labor for the welfare of their constituents and districts, regardless of the temporary loss of personal popularity. The great trouble with our Municipal, County and Town officers generally, is that they are aspiring to higher positions, and dare not inaugurate any measure, however just or needful, which will displease "the party" or influential members thereof. The first question is not whether this or that measure is right, but whether it is politic, or will injure the official advocate personally. No such leaders are wanted by the great mass of the people everywhere.

Leaders are likewise wanted in every School District in the land. The best men should always be selected for School Trustees, the next best for Supervisors, the next for Assemblymen, and almost any body will do for Congress! If the youth are *started aright*, there will soon be honest and capable *men* enough for leaders in all positions.

Every Agricultural Society and Club—State, County, Town, or Prairie—wants an intelligent, industrious and efficient leader, who will labor for the cause and community, regardless of personal comfort or popularity. And every Educational, Benevolent and Religious Institution wants the same—men of mind, independence and far-reaching views. Indeed, we might keep on for hours, did time permit, in enumerating where leaders are wanted in the various avocations and positions of life—but, fruitful and suggestive as is our text, we must close, thus relieving the reader, and furnishing the printer a hurriedly penned, often interrupted, but we trust not altogether non-suggestive or uninstructive Leader.

—Did time permit we would take the liberty of more than suggesting that at least one Leader is wanted in each Town and School District in the Union, (not already supplied,) to introduce the Rural New-Yorker, which some discriminating people emphatically pronounce *the* leader in its sphere of Journalism.

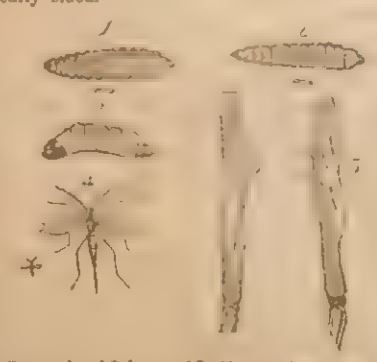
AN INSECT INJURIOUS TO BARLEY.

Most of our readers who have grown barley in Western and Central New York for the last few years, need not to be told that a maggot, resembling in color and general appearance the Wheat Midge, is found in great abundance in the straw, much to the injury of the crop and the prospects of the grower. The straw is pierced, and between each joint may be often found half-a-dozen or more maggots, each making for itself a circular cavity about the same diameter as the body, and several inches in length. The straw becomes dark-colored, brittle, as though scorched, and breaks into small pieces in threshing. This midge is also troublesome in the Eastern States, perhaps as much so as here. The following letter accompanied a collection of these perforated and broken straws, filled with maggots:

Eds. Rural:—At the request of Dr. M. Orton, one of the subscribers to your paper, I send you some specimens of an insect which is encased in the barley straw and nicely varnished over, in its natural state. You will find upon breaking open the straw, a small maggot. If you can inform me through the columns of the Rural the name of this insect, or if it has been noticed by any of the agriculturists, who contribute for your paper, I shall be much obliged. The appearance of the barley before harvest, promised from 35 to 40 bushels per acre, but did not yield but about 25 bushels to the acre. The soil was a loam and well drained.—S. S. Sage, *Pekin, N. Y.*, 1858.

A portion of the straw and insects we sent to Mr. Stauffer, who, with his usual promptness, sent us the reply which will be found below. Some of them we have reserved, so that next season we may see the insect in its perfect state.

Eds. Rural:—Yours of the 3d, with specimens of the insect injurious to the barley crop, in the Western and Middle parts of New York State, came to hand. I opened one of the haulms of barley-straw, and found two maggots embedded, measuring about one-tenth of an inch, of a straw color; under the microscope it appears like figs. 1, 2. I may be under the necessity of waiting till May or June, before the perfect insect will appear, which I doubt not, will be very similar to the wheat midge described in the Rural, No. 27, Vol. IX, for July 3d, 1858. I am satisfied, however, that they are not identically the same species; I have examined the orange-colored wheat maggot, found in the groove of the grain. My figure differs somewhat, from the illustration given in your article above referred to, the difference may arise from a change of its state, as it approches nearer to a perfect chrysalis. Fig. 3, is a copy from the specimen I examined, centrally, of an orange yellow, head and anus, with the two rings adjoining each dark colored, or nearly black.



Figures 1 and 2, Larvæ of Ceridomyia Hordei? 1, Straw-colored Barley Worm, or Maggot, one-tenth inch long, in the haulms. 2, Same Maggot, less advanced into the pupa state.

Figures 3 and 4, Cecidomyia Tritici. 3, Orange-colored Wheat Worm or Maggot, one-twelfth inch long, found in the groove of the grain. 4, Wheat Fly.

Fig. 5, the Haulm, after the larvæ or semi-pupæ have escaped.

Fig 6, the Haulm blistered and contorted by the larvæ [illegible] beneath the surface, or thickened central substance of the haulm of barley.

Dr. Harris attempted to raise the fly from the barley-worm or maggot, but succeeded in discovering the parasite, only, a four-winged *Ichneumonous* fly, similar, but a little larger, than the one described by Say, as the mortal enemy of the Hessian fly, the *Eurytoma destructor*. The Hessian fly being the *Cecidomyia destructor*, Mr. Harris called his, *Eurytoma Hordei*, *Hordeum* being the latin name for barley;—so if it proves to be a *cecidomyia*, differing from the wheat midge, (*Cecidomyia tritici.*) I propose to call it *Cecidomyia Hordei*. The genus *Eurytoma* (*Wertwood.*) belongs to the family *Chalcididæ*, parasitic like the *Ichneumonidæ*.

No doubt the reason Mr. Harris got no specimen of the fly, was in not placing the larvæ upon moist soil, or in a flower-pot, so that those which were not oviposited on by the *Ichneumon*, might have buried themselves, since only those would develop that were preyed upon by the parasite, not the culprit that does the mischief, but its mortal enemy, as above remarked; having, I am fully persuaded, the same habits, as the wheat midge.

The *Cecidomyades*, is a sub-family of the *Tipulidæ*, having jointed *antennæ moniliform*, (like beads on a string,) twenty-four-jointed, (or thirteen at least,) with verticillea hairs; they have long legs, without spines. The wings have but few nerves, and are carried flat on the back or roof-like when at rest. They are of a very small size, inhabiting many different plants, depositing their eggs according to the several species in young sprigs, the leaves, flowers, &c., causing galls similar to the *Cynipidæ*, or distortion of the flower. There are numerous genera and species of this sub-family. The most injurious are those referred to.

When the larvæ of the wheat midge are kept in a box or vial, they loose their orange color and perish, moisture being essential to their transformation. I would advise those who are curious to breed the fly, to place or stick the haulms into the moist soil of a flower-pot, or the like, and, when the insects drop out to cover them—a bottomless jar, with fine muslin over one end, sunk into the soil, over and around them, will secure the fly when matured, and require no further watching.

Burning the stubble may destroy them, if done before the pupæ drop out. By cutting the grain early, and carefully collecting the larvæ in the chaff and dust separated from the grain, a large proportion of the ensuing years' brood may be destroyed. Wheat, by being kept in a close, dry place, over the year, when infected by the pupæ, (since it is the maggot only, that injures the flower and grain, when hatched from the eggs, while feeding,) will aid in their total destruction, by not affording them a lodgment in the soil; yet numbers may have found this lodgment, notwithstanding, during harvesting. Plowing deep is also recommended with a view to turn the larvæ deep under the soil. Thus we can understand some of the difficulties in the way of ridding our fields from this pest.

ADDENDA—THE POTATO INSECTS, AGAIN.

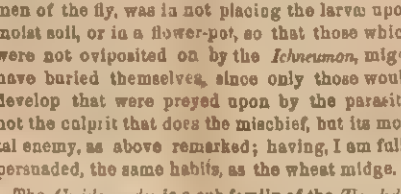


Fig. 7, Passalus Cornutus. *a, a*, the horn of the head, hence named Cornutus.

Fig. 8, Baridius Trinotatus

The *acarus*, Fig. 10, in the illustrations of my article in the Rural of Nov. 6th, you name beneath "*Passalus Cornutus*"—this might lead to criticism, as you should have said—"*parasitic on the Passalus Cornutus.*" This latter is the name of a large species of *Coleoptera*, among the *Lamellicornion* beetles, with a horn on its nose, bent forward nearly at a right angle.

The Potato Weevil, fig. 5, *c*, was, I have since found, the "*Baridius trinotatus*" of Say, the same insect which Miss Morris communicated to Mr. Harris, of which he published an account in the *New England Farmer*, some years ago.

I send you two drawings, you may make any use of them you please. Jacob Stauffer.
Lancaster, Pa., Nov. 8, 1858.

Experiments with Wheat.—To raise a stronger stem and a crop less liable to fall, J. B. Lawes, of Rothamstead, Eng., says, in a recent London Journal, that he tried the experiment of sowing early—the last of August—and feeding with sheep during winter and spring, checking thereby the leaf and stem, and extending the roots, hoping thus to obtain a plant which would resist wind and rain. The effort met with little success. "At one time," he says of another experiment, "I was in hopes that we might by some chemical compounds increase the strength of the straw; but I have been entirely unsuccessful, and do not anticipate there is much to be done by other experiments." In regard to thin seeding for this purpose, he says that by keeping the plants further apart, so as to admit more light, a stronger stem may be obtained, but at the expense of increased labor in weeding, and, generally, a decrease in the quantity of the grain.

CONNECTICUT ON THE CATTLE QUESTION.

During the Fair of the Connecticut State Ag. Society, the members thereof held several meetings for the purpose of discussing matters of general interest connected with their vocation, and at one of these gatherings the query, "What is the best breed of horned cattle for this State?" was propounded. The question of the respective value of the various breeds has had brief notice in the Rural lately, and it may be well to look at the views of farmers in the "land of steady habits," compare them with our own opinions upon the subject, observe wherein we agree or differ, and draw practical conclusions from the thoughts presented. To this end we give, in the following condensed form, the ideas thrown out by our Connecticut brethren:

Mr. Clark, of Hartford, remarked:—For myself, I must say that I am in doubt which breed of cattle is most suitable. Where there is rich pastures, there is no doubt the Durhams are the best. The Alderneys, for men who keep but a single cow, are undoubtedly valuable. We have not had much experience in Ayrshire stock in this State, but I am satisfied it is a breed well suited to our State, for they are excellent milkers where they are most commonly raised and kept in Scotland. The cows there average 20 quarts a day. But taking everything into consideration, I am satisfied that the Devons are the kind for universal use.

Jacob U. Blakeslee, Watertown.—The first Devons were brought into the State in 1819. Since then the quality, both for milk and meat, has been much improved. It is true they will do well upon shorter feed than any other variety, but it is bad policy to overstock land. If properly bred, Devons are good for milk, and superior workers.

Mr. Lindsley, of Meriden.—I have seen something of the beef of England, and never heard that Durhams made beef of as good quality as Devons. The reason why Alderneys produce such good milk and butter is because they are better fed. Pure-bred Devons here are so valuable that they are not used to make beef. I can make beef at less price upon eight legs than upon four. I don't want cattle of a very large breed. I have never seen any milch cows equal the native stock of this State. I mean by native, the stock long bred here without crossing with any imported stock.

Henry Bill, of Norwich, preferred the Ayrshires for any use. To say which is the best breed for the State we must know what we want cattle for. Upon the richest farms I think Durhams best, because beef can be made at the least cost. The imported Devons are not as good for milk as the natives. But calves of a good native cow are not sure to be good. I think the Alderneys too delicate for general use. I prefer Devons to all others for oxen. The Ayrshire cows are the best for use to sell milk from in a city market. If you want to make beef you must take breed suitable for the purpose.

Mr. Catlin, of Hamilton, thought that the best cattle to be found in the State are in Litchfield county, and all are mixed with late importations of the Devons, and the best oxen here are seven-eighths Devon. We are obliged to use oxen in this State on the hilly land, and the great desideratum is to get that sort of stock that will breed the best oxen. Now, what breed is best for this purpose? No doubt it is a cross of the Devon.

Mr. Hart, of Litchfield Co., says his practice has been to feed calves upon oil meal and whey.—Have raised thirteen this year upon 700 lbs. of oil meal, and that was the only cost, and they did as well as other calves raised upon new milk. It cost $2 a hundred pounds. Fed the calves from the time they came, 1st of April, till about the 1st of June. It is a general opinion with us, that if we had taken the same pains to improve our native stock that have been used to improve imported breeds, we should have had a better breed than the imported one. Cross Devons, Durhams and Herefords upon natives. My average this year is 425 lbs. of cheese and 50 lbs. of butter per cow. The best cows are made up of a mixture of different breeds. In feeding oil meal, the calf must be highly fed at first, and full fed after a week old.

Mr. Blakeslee corroborated the statement of the last speaker about the value of oil meal, but preferred to feed the meal to the cow and give the calves skim milk. Preferred to raise calves in an economical manner rather than let them suck the cows, as they make better animals.

Mr. Osborn, of Fairfield Co., remarked that at the State Fair one year ago, there were many cattle entered as natives, but there was no premium offered. I am satisfied that we could improve the natives, and make better stock for this State than any breed of imported cattle.

Mr. Hart considered the last importation of Devons much the best for milk. In offering prizes, we required the Devon and Durham oxen to compete, and the Devons always won the prizes. I have worked both grade Devons and Durhams, and find the Devons outwork the Durhams very far.

FEEDING OUT CORN STALKS.

Speaking of "racks and mangers," last winter, (Rural, March 13, 1858,) we remarked:—"Put corn stalks in a rack, and the animal will pull out one every time it gets a mouthful, and then drop it to pull out another," and asked how to remedy the matter. One correspondent told us he had heard of a machine going by horse power, "which picks and tears corn stalks into feathery fragments," in which state they could be fed like hay, and, *his* plan of cattle-boxes was the best ever got up,—(we think it was an excellent one.) Another advises mangers and stanchions, where, *when pinned in* by the head, cows couldn't take stalks out, "save by eating them out." Another, still, told us we were entirely behind the age in not keeping our stock stabled—all leaving me just about as bad off as before, as far as information was concerned, or anything readily and cheaply put in practice out-of-doors.

Meanwhile, we have had time to experiment somewhat on the subject, and therefrom have gathered some "notions" of our own, which we will jot down for those interested in feeding out corn stalks.

Now-a-days, many a farmer raises nearly enough corn-fodder, if properly cured and saved, and then *fed out without waste*, to winter all his cattle. Of the curing and the saving, we have recently (Rural Oct. 2, 1858) had our say in your columns, and we then also denounced the practice of feeding out along the lanes, wasting the refuse stalks as well as the manure made by the animals, thus fed away from the right place—the barn-yard.

The best *time* of feeding corn stalks, is when the *weather is freezing cold, and the ground dry and solid.* Perfect economy can then be practiced by a little attention to *manner*. Stock then have good appetites—they are far less particular than in warm weather, as to what and where they eat. In such weather, we give them all the corn stalks they will consume cleanly, and it is a treat to see them clear the yard. In such weather, too, we allow our old sheep to join the cows in eating their fodder—taking pains to scatter them in small bunches, and so freely that the cows have little provocation to injure the sheep. We never had one seriously hurt by hooking—indeed, the old ram keeps our cattle rather afraid of everything wearing wool.

At all times the yard should be well littered, but this is especially important when thawing weather occurs. Still, the yard is not a perfectly economical place for foddering, although it can be made a very comfortable one at such times, and answer tolerably well. What is lost as fodder is saved as manure, and helps to litter the yard. We feed less stalks then and more hay, and allow them to fill up at the straw stack. We usually have an abundance of stalks, so that it is our best policy to make the most of them, and still not to stint our stock.

There is not the least doubt in our mind that it is the best policy for the farmer to provide stables with stalls and mangers, for feeding his stock in wet and stormy weather, allowing them the run of the yard—with sheds attached—a portion of the time. This we intend to do, the present winter—having been advised thereto by some of the best farmers in the country, and our own experience bringing us strongly to the same conclusion.

Some people have advised cutting corn stalks for feeding stock. We are strongly of the opinion, however, that there are quite a number of cutting machines—now rusting in out-of-the-way corners—which have been used for this purpose, but are now thrown aside. *They don't pay.* The chief advantage is that there are no long stalks to interfere with getting out the manure. But a very little more of the fodder is consumed, unless it is steamed and mixed with meal,—an operation few farmers will go into for more than one season. As for the *manure* view of the question, it might pay with cheap power and perfect machinery, to cut hay, straw, and stalks, that the bother of *long* manure might be entirely done away with—the contents of the yard being fit at once for mixing with the soil.

J. H. B.

FOR SALE!

A "drained hard-pan" farm of 150 acres, "up in Steuben," ten miles from market, *sixteen* from the county seat, and still further from *Pearl Creek!* Said farm has been *assessed* at near $60 per acre, and dear at that. Price and terms of payment made easy. The owner is tired of work, and proposes to "fly the cat hole," and give up the unequal contest with the many natural obstacles to profitable farming. He will migrate to distant parts as soon as he can dispose of his effects, but will not stop upon "average Livingston county land," but will proceed at once to the Tropics, to pick and eat of the spontaneous productions of the earth until he is satisfied, and then loll on his back, with his face to the sun, till he gets hungry again. Won't H. T. B. go along? It is just the spot for all such as have a keen eye to large returns from little labor, and will pay more than "four per cent"

on cost of getting there. Hurra for the Tropics, say we! Let us even abandon our hills and hard-pan to forests and wild beasts, and our dwellings to the owls and the bats, if we can find no one green enough to buy of us; let us give up that sickly sentimentalism which teaches that labor is a blessing, and that that man is a public benefactor who causes two blades of grass to grow where before there grew but one; let us away with the folly of being generous in our dealings with mother earth, and henceforth seek to *sponge* a living from her without "stated contributions" from unwilling hands. In short, let us go where we can live without expense and without toil—where nothing that we do will fail to "*pay*," for the simple reason that we'll nothing do. Huzza for the Tropics! Adieu to ditching! Everlasting gratitude to him who from the fullness of his great heart, has kindly stepped in to save us individually, and save us as a nation from tumbling "neck and heels" into hopeless and irredeemable bankruptcy! And yet a higher meed of praise for that disinterested kindness which leads him to instruct us—"up in Steuben and Cattaraugus"—as to the management of hard-pan land! W. B. P.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., 1858.

BEES AND BEE-HIVES.

MY EXPERIENCE—NO. VI.

The value of the "Changeable Hive" is based upon the following principle. Each young bee, when it first hatches from the egg, is nothing more nor less than a worm. When it receives the necessary food from the bees, they seal it over; it will then spin a cocoon or line its cell with a coating of silk less in thickness than the thinnest paper; this remains after the bee leaves it. It is evident, therefore, that after a *great* number have been reared in a cell, and each has left its cocoon, that such cell must be somewhat diminished, although the thickness of a dozen could not be measured; and when so reduced as to dwarf the bees, these old cells need removing, that the bees can replace them with new ones. But how this operation shall be performed is just what the majority of patent-venders are ready to tell you—they have a hive for the express purpose. They could sell a recipe to do the thing scientifically, the benefit of which would be many times, on the principle of a surgeon cutting off your head to get a chance to take up a small artery according to system, or show you a round-about way of half a dozen miles to accomplish what as many rods would do! But this is supposing the thing to be necessary. I shall discourage the operation as far as possible. I have found it unnecessary, and, for the last ten years, have not changed comb for being old. *Not one stock in five hundred lasts long enough to have the cells reduced, to damage them.* It is unnecessary to *tell me* that the stock runs down because there is not room in the cell to develop the bee! The proportion that fail the second year is as great as those at eight years old or more.

It is somewhat amusing to look over the different variations in design to accomplish this feat of compelling the bees to make new comb every two or three years—professedly to prevent rearing dwarfs instead of full sized bees. This class of patent venders have done more injury to the bee-keeping community than if the diminished size of a cell had never been thought of! They have not only exposed their own ignorance of the first principles of economy in bee-culture, but have induced their customers to adopt a wasteful course of practice. It is plain to some who have had experience, and have no interest to blind their judgment in this matter, and therefore ought to understand it, that every time a colony of bees fill an ordinary sized hive with brood combs, that they would store at least twenty-five pounds of pure surplus honey in boxes during the time, if they could have had their old combs! I never knew a vender of a hive of this kind, who allowed that combs would answer longer than three years any way—many of them two, and one recommended changing every year. Take the longest term, (three years,) there must be three changes in nine years, which has cost, besides trouble, at least seventy-five pounds of pure surplus honey, without any equivalent, as comb *nine years old is just as good for breeding as that but one!* I have combs used for brood much longer than that, and I challenge the whole paternity of these venders to pick out by the size of the bees, those stocks containing old combs! This frequent renewal of combs being proved to be unnecessary—for it seems to me every person having no interest but the utmost thrift of his bees, must see it—what is gained by so much useless expense?

As there are still other objections to be urged against changeable hives, I will describe one or two on this principle. It is a sectional one, of course. The simplest form consists generally of about three boxes, one above the other, or two somewhat long ones placed side by side, the third one on the top of them. The first is made all of one size and shape, say about one foot square by five or six inches deep inside. The top of each one has several small holes or one large one through it, or has cross-bars about one inch wide, and half an inch apart, so that when the three that form the hive are put together, the bees will have free passage through the holes or spaces. When all are full the upper one is removed, and an empty one put under the bottom, to be filled in turn, every year. In this way, all are changed and the combs renewed once in three years—very easily and quietly done, securing at the same time a large box of surplus honey. This is as far as it is wished to have the subject investigated, and many have never gone beyond this point. The objections to these hives for wintering bees have already been given—viz., the breeding apartment is too small to hold sufficient stores for winter, and the bees might have to go to another for food in frosty weather. It is objectionable on another point,—the surplus honey can *never* be pure, as each section or box *must be used for breeding*, and every cell thus used will contain cocoons corresponding to the number of bees reared in it. Also pollen or bee-bread is *always* in the vicinity of the young brood. Some of this will remain sealed up with the honey to please the palate with its *exquisite flavor!* How much better to have all surplus honey stored in new, white, pure combs, and free from any foreign substance—as it will be with proper management. But we must postpone our notice of the other variety for another article.

St. Johnsville, Mont. Co., N. Y., 1858. M. QUINBY.

THE CHINESE SUGAR CANE—EXPERIMENTS.

The results of the past season's operations with this new saccharine producer are beginning to find their way to the *sanctum*, and the probabilities are that, between tasting and reading, the corps editorial are in exceeding danger of being metamorphosed into admirable specimens of "linked sweetness." However, we will assume all risks in this matter, and will not longer keep RURAL readers from the "feast of good things" given below.

THE SORGHUM IN INDIANA.

MESSRS. EDS.:—The age of cheap sugar, of which our friend W. B. P., of Prattsburg, N. Y., speaks in the RURAL of Nov. 6th, has not merely a dawning existence, but has already spread its *frugal* influence upon thousands, and especially upon your correspondent who has not only made syrup *but good sugar.*

We raised "cain" on one-fourth of an acre every Monday morning, with shovel-plow and hoe.—Planted in rows four feet one way and 1½ feet the other. Part was suckered, leaving four main stalks in a hill. The part suckered produced larger stalks and, I think, more and richer juices on the same amount of land than that which was not suckered.

The machine we used was wooden, the rollers covered with sheet iron. We separated a portion of the stalks at the fifth joint, and used the juice of the buts for the purpose of making sugar.—LOVERING'S method was followed as closely as inexperience, lime, eggs, and a "big kettle" would permit. Not having the proper instruments by which we could with certainty calculate the point when to stop boiling, we necessarily resorted to the usual method of getting at such things—that is, by guessing. Happily the mark was hint, but not in the center. It granulated in a short time, but would not separate. Draining would not do it, and after we had exhausted the thousand and one methods prescribed, to no purpose, we concluded that if gentle means would not accomplish the end, force would; so putting the mass into a cloth strainer, a little pressure brought out the thick gummy substances and left dry sugar.

I will assure W. B. P., of Sorghum physic notoriety, that it is a settled fact with us, that this syrup, and sugar not excepted, will keep north of "Mason's and Dixon's line," and I imagine that being taken over to the other side it would not suffer either by exposure to the atmosphere of that clime nor by comparison with its best productions. Now I would advise friend W. B. P. to take a short trip out West, and enlarge his experience—in doing so, if he will take the trouble to visit the domicil of the subscriber, he will show him as fine-flavored sugar as ever sweetened the palate of man, which will not leave with him a "pumpkin taste"—as did his "Fidget Specific"—but taste every way worthy of an article of this kind. M. R. B.

Pretty Prairie, Ind., 1858.

THE SORGHUM IN PENNSYLVANIA.

EDS. RURAL:—I suppose you, with some others, are very anxious to know how we succeed with our Sorghum this fall. It can be answered in a few words. Much better than last year; beyond what we had dared to hope. There have been several hogsheads of Syrup made in this vicinity, and of a much better quality than was manufactured last season.

In consequence of the wet weather in the spring, it was planted late; and many who had intended to plant were unable to do so. Then we were favored with extra dry weather, which cut our cane short at least one-third, but it is generally thought to be much sweeter. Aside from all these drawbacks considerable seed has matured. I have made no estimate of the expense, per gallon, but I should think about 25 cents. The fodder procured from the suckers and from the leaves stripped from the stalks, fully paid all the cost of planting and hoeing. Cows thrive upon it exceedingly well. The yield varies from 150 to 300 gallons per acre. Of course the richer the ground the greater the yield. Our syrup is equal to the best sale molasses. I will venture the price of ten subscriptions to the RURAL, that our much esteemed friend of "rolling pin" notoriety, with all his erudition and profound sagacity cannot *tell the difference.* I am a "Sorghum defender of 1858," and there are more of the same sort here; and 1859 will see a great deal more planted in this region than any previous year. This will prove something. All the "fidgets" and "pumpkins," and stereotyped puffing and crying down, don't frighten us in the least. I should have replied to "W. B. P." long ago, but I thought like one of old, "he is joined to his idols let him alone."

I have given you a brief statement of our progress in the sweetning line, this season, for which I shall doubtless receive several blasts from the able pen of our Prattsburg worthy, but if it will in the least quiet his nerves, let him give full vent to his volubility, as if it will relieve him of that doleful complaint, the "fidgets," we give him the full privilege to "pipe away."

Susquehanna, Pa., 1858. WM. DOOLITTLE.

THE SORGHUM IN WISCONSIN.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Sugar Cane, its cultivation and manufacture into sugar and syrup, has indeed become an interesting topic of conversation among the farmers of our young and flourishing State, Wisconsin. The success with which labor has been rewarded during the past season, while experimenting upon a small scale, in the raising and manufacture of the cane into sugar and syrup, has already created in the enlisted farmer a renewed energy and faith, that will tell wonders in *Sorgho culture.* Yes, and even the close-fisted ones who are ever found in the back ground of any *new enterprise*, where dollars and cents are at stake, are being daily convinced after "seeing the elephant" that there is at least some sweet, if no money, in the speculation, and they, too, declare that they will *raise cane* another year.

"Cane sweet" is evidently bound to become a home production of the North and West,—this seems plainly so, judging from the experience that Sorgho culturists have had this season. It has been raised in almost every portion of our State with decided success. Two or three samples of sugar and some ten or twelve of syrup, manufactured from the cane, were on exhibition at the State Fair, and attracted much attention. Mills have been "got up" for expressing the juice, arches have been built, pans have been made for evaporating purposes, and the *modus operandi* of the sugar and syrup camp has been practically illustrated in very many instances, excepting of course, the "variations." The many results go to prove that it will be a profitable as well as a very convenient and sweet occupation in its season. Sugar, syrup, and vinegar, are derived from the sugar cane, besides the excellent fodder from its leaves and seed.

From what I have learned by experience and observation, I have come to the conculsion that good crops of cane will produce about *two hundred gallons of syrup per acre*, or fourteen hundred gallons of juice—it takes about seven gallons of juice to make one of good syrup. O. P. D.

Palmyra, Wisconsin, 1858.

THE RURAL—FALL PLOWING.

EDS. RURAL:—I have been a constant subscriber to your valuable paper, since its first issue—and amid the various publications that come into my house, there is none that is looked for with so much anxiety, or whose pages are perused with so much interest. There is, in my estimation, no periodical published in our State, that creates so salutary an influence—both morally and intellectually—as your valuable paper. It treats not alone of agriculture; but has a high tone of moral and intellectual culture, which serves to render it one of the most interesting family papers now published. But my object in writing this article is not so much to eulogize the RURAL, as to give you my views—the result of practical experience—in reference to fall plowing, deep plowing, and plowing under clover.

Fall plowing, according to the mode of husbandry formerly practiced in this section, was not very generally approved; but now, in consequence of the ravages of the midge, wheat has become an uncertain crop, and farmers have to turn their attention to other more remunerative crops. Spring crops have seemed to promise the most remuneration; but Spring Barley seems to be about as uncertain, as regards the midge, as the wheat crop. Oats and corn will, I think, be the principal spring crops in this section, at least, until the insect wheat enemies cease their depredations.

It is important that spring barley should be sown as early in the spring as will answer, in order that it may escape the midge. Oats, also, should be sown very early to insure a good crop. It becomes imperative, therefore, in order to get in as large a breadth as most farmers wish, to have the ground plowed in the fall. But any further preparation, instead of being an advantage, would be an actual detriment. The furrows should not be turned over very flat, as the earth then becomes too firm and compact—much the same as if rolled down, or harrowed smooth, with a harrow—but should be left partially edgeways. It is thus rendered more friable, loose and mellow, consequently more easily and better prepared for the seed in the spring than it would be if dragged or cultivated in the fall. The action of the frost upon the ground left in the furrow is found to more completely destroy the tenacious qualities it possesses than if left flat and smooth. Although it now seems necessary to plow in the fall for spring barley or oats, yet I would not recommend such cultivation for corn, unless it was a heavy, tenacious soil, and then, for the reasons above stated, it, *perhaps*, would be better. If the ground on which corn is intended to be planted the coming season, is sward-land, and infested with wire-worms, I would not by any means advise to plow in the fall, but just before planting, giving only time to suitably prepare the soil—even two or three weeks difference in the time of plowing made more than one-half difference with me in a crop of corn. It would be folly to think of planting the same ground to corn the ensuing year without plowing deep, and very late in the fall; for the wire-worms would most certainly destroy the crop. Fall plowing is a very good way to eradicate quack-grass, or Canada thistles, and cultivate the surface the ensuing season, without disturbing the roots. Quack-grass, especially, if turned under ten or twelve inches deep in the fall, will be very easily eradicated, by cultivating the surface thoroughly, as the roots of this grass will not grow unless near the surface.

Clay land, especially if wet, if intended for a spring crop, should be plowed deep in the fall, for it is more easily pulverized and brought to a fine tilth. Such is not the case with light sandy soils, but an actual detriment to the productiveness of the soil; for unless protected by the sod, it will be, more or less, blown away.

But I see I have extended this branch of my subject to some length, therefore, will leave the other topics proposed for another article. W. H. H.

Scottsville, N. Y., 1858.

ABOUT UNDERDRAINING.

EDS. RURAL:—In your issue of the 6th inst., I notice an article signed "H. T. B.," purporting to answer the inquiry, "Does Underdraining Pay?" Now, I have one or two things to say on this subject. In the first place *our learned* friend (judging from his letter) must have traveled over a *considerable* portion of this continent, and perhaps has done some draining, *perhaps* a *small* farm of 10, or, maybe, 50 acres. No, he *refers* to Cork, and I am led to believe his ancestors came from that place. In some way or other, he has worked into that cranium of his the idea that farmers think they must drain *all their land.* The idea is preposterous—probably but ten acres on a farm of one hundred need draining—and he goes on counting up the expense to the tune of $45 per acre. Verily! I must say this man of *figures* outstrips all his predecessors.

I should like to ask the gentleman what he means by "a *general system of draining.*" In his article he says, "he is *not opposed* to draining."—No, I should think not! Yet I am under the impression that he is not so foolish as to lay out $45 per acre, which he says it will ultimately cost. Better let such land lie, and turn fillibuster, (or correspondent of some periodical,) or follow any business more lucrative than that of farming.

There is one place, I think, the gentleman never has visited, and that is Cattaraugus County, when he speaks of a man "being a mile from the four-corners, two from the store," &c., &c. I think the inhabitants of that section might *justly feel* indignant at such gross insinuations against their general pleasure of living. I hope they are of a more genial turn of mind, and do not allow their heads to be filled with such morbid infatuations as he has set forth in his article. If he wishes to see farms drained as they ought to be, let him visit Niagara County, and I will show him farms drained at a much smaller figure than $45 per acre. Yes, and I will show him men whose knowledge conserning draining lands, is fully equally to his, who will assure him that land can be drained at a much less cost than what he has placed it. "He wishes to point out the circumstances under which it will pay"—also says, "mistakes are made in selecting lands." Does he not know that the best of lands always command the highest prices? Well, then, is the poor man going to lay out all his money in a few acres, when he can buy others a little poorer, and, as he begins to cultivate the same, improve them? No. These are my opinions. I may be wrong, and am open to conviction—but his article does not convince me by a great deal.

Lockport, Niag. Co., N. Y., 1858. C. T. R.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

DRESSING SKINS.—I saw several recipes in the RURAL NEW-YORKER for Dressing Deer Skins, and I think very good ones, and I wish that you or some of your correspondents would inform me of a good method to dress Deer Skins and the skins of small animals with the hair on, as I have some I should like to dress for a coat or other use.—A. T. S., *Hillsboro, Ill.*

WHAT AILS THE PIGS.—I wish to make an inquiry through the columns of your valuable paper, in relation to a disease with which my hogs and more particularly my young pigs, have been attacked occasionally, for the last two or three years. The symptoms are first, violent coughing, loss of appetite, and, lastly, difficult breathing. I have lost a number of very fine shoats with the above disease. Any one of your numerous readers that can enlighten me upon the subject, will receive my warmest thanks.—J. B. WILSON, *Ridgeway, N. Y.*

REMARKS.—Mr. WILSON is hardly explicit enough in his detail of the symptoms to enable us to speak with certainty as to the disease. It is more than probable, however, that inflammation of the lungs, (Pneumonia,) is the malady. The early symptom is coughing. A cough in a hog is always a suspicious circumstance, and should be early and promptly attended to. The disease is rapid in its progress. The animal heaves dreadfully at the flanks; he has a most distressing cough, which sometimes almost suffocates him, and he refuses to eat. The principal guiding symptom will be the cough getting worse and worse, and becoming evidently connected with a great deal of fever.—In many cases congestion takes place in the lungs, and the animal dies in three of four days; in others he appears for a while to be getting better; but there is a sudden relapse, a frequent, dry, husky cough comes on, there is little appetite, rapid wasting, and the hog dies. The first thing that is to be done is to bleed, and the most convenient place to bleed the hog is from the palate. If an imaginary line is drawn from between the first and second front middle teeth, and extending backward an inch along the palate, and the palate is there cut deeply, with a lancet or fleam, plenty of blood will be obtained. An assistant may easily open the mouth sufficiently for all this by means of a halter or stout stick, but beyond this the swine is an awkward patient to manage. He will struggle obstinately against every attempt to drench him, and the inflammation may be aggravated by the contest.—It will, therefore, be necessary in the majority of cases to endeavor to cheat him by mixing his medicine with his food. The following may be given: Take digitalis, three grains; antimonial powder, six grains; nitre, half a drachm. Mix, and give in a little warm swill, or milk, or mash.

In the greater number of cases the animal will readily take this: but if he is so ill that nutriment of every kind is refused, he must be drenched.—This should be repeated morning, noon, and night, until the inflammation is abated. A purgative should quickly follow, and we have those for the hog which are mild as well as effectual, and from which no danger can result. The Epsom salts may be given in doses of from one to three ounces, and and they will communicate a not unpleasant or unusual flavor to his broth or swill.

MORE ABOUT THE DITCH PLOW.—I cannot give the definitions as well as others might, in regard to the ditch plow, but fearing "T." might not get an answer as soon as he wished, I give my ideas of it in short. There is no patent on it, and I do not know as there is any advertisement of it. It is composed of a strong wooden beam, with a gauge-beam to which to attach the team. The handles are affixed to gauge to the depth of the ditch, so that the person holding can walk with one foot on either side of the ditch. The team travels one on each side, being coupled to an evener seven or eight feet long. The plow is a small cast-iron one, (with a determined will to go down,) bolted to the lower end of an iron standard, which latter is bolted to the side of the strong beam. The standard is long enough for the depth of the ditch. It reduces the labor of shoveling, which, I think, is one half, and the hardest part at that. The maker's name of the one I used is HARVEY STONE, of Reed's Corners, Ont. Co., N. Y.; cost my neighbor $13. He bought it long before the *panic.* The owner of this plow told me that Mr. LAMPORT, of Canandaigua, keeps the iron fixtures for the plows. I have heard to-day that DAN. PRATT, of Prattsburgh, keeps a similar kind on hand.—WM. P. S., *Seneca, N. Y.*, 1858.

PROFITS OF BEE-KEEPING.—One year ago I wintered over sixty-nine swarms of bees in good condition, and from these I took the past summer and fall 2,535 pounds of pure box honey. Of this 2,400 pounds were sold at Canandaigua for 15 cents per pound to be shipped to New York. Some of my best stocks made six boxes full, weighing 72 pounds of honey. I got twenty good young swarms which I value at five dollars each. It was a poor season for swarming, and not so good for making honey as some others have been. Since I have kept bees I used the kind of hive recommended by Mr. QUINBY—a common box hive made 12 inches square, inside, by 14 deep, with ten inch holes in the top, then the boxes and a cap over them as described in his "Mysteries of Bee-Keeping." As for millers and worms, the best and only way to get rid of them is to pinch their heads.—EUGENE LEWIS, *Reed's Corners, Nov.*, 1858.

Rural Miscellany.

THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE announces an Exhibition of Fat Cattle, Sheep, Swine and Poultry—competition open to the whole United States—to commence Dec. 15th. See advertisement.

BAREY'S SYSTEM APPLIED TO CATTLE.—The groom of the Duke of Portland, James Thompson, after taking a series of lessons under the teaching of Barey, applied the training system to a vicious Alderney bull, and succeeded in making the once terrible brute as "tractable and docile as a child."

A VIRGINIA gentleman proposes to donate $20,000 for the erection of an Agricultural College in the vicinity of the University of Virginia, on condition that the farmers of the State will render the donation available for the purpose, by contributing an additional sum of $50,000.

SHELTERING MANURE.—Stable manure kept under shelter, and properly mixed with absorbing substances, muck, leaves, strawy litter, &c., is of much greater value than when exposed in the open yard. An analysis made at the Royal Agricultural College of England, shows that it contains more than double the quantity of nitrogenised matter, and the same of salts, containing organic and inorganic matter, soluble in water; while of potash and soda, the unsheltered manure contains .08 per cent., and the sheltered 2 per cent.

WISDOM IN SELECTION.—A great deal of skill and sound judgment may be exercised by the farmer in selecting the crop suited to his soil—in selecting variety and seed—in choosing the right time to plow, plant and harvest. There is a call, too, for wisdom in selecting of the knowledge obtained from books and papers, that best suited to our soil, climate and circumstances. Unless a man has sound judgment in selecting, it would be better for him to follow the example of a poor farmer we have heard of, whose crops were always poor, while his neighbor's, on the next farm, were always good. He resolved to do as his neighbor did—plowing, planting, cultivating at the same time, and, as near as might be, in the same manner. He did so, and had equally good crops.

THE IRISH POTATO CROP.—The Banner of Ulster says:—"We have had communications from the most intelligent farmers in this province, relative to the potato crop. In some cases it is said that one-third of the whole yield is more or less diseased; in other instances the destroyer has seized about one-sixth, and in more favored localities, the total effects of the disease have not extended to more than one-tenth of the aggregate. It must not be forgotten that evident signs of the disease being in course of dying out, are to be seen in the potato lands. The disease is this year much less virulent than it was in the early seasons of its existence, and the sound portions of the crop are of a quality at least equal to the finest grown in the days which preceded the advent of the potato rot.

A GOOD LINIMENT.—Mr. THOS. E. HOOKER, of Murray, N. Y., gives us the following recipe for a Liniment which he regards, from long experience in its use, as the *best* known for sprains, bruises, flesh wounds, &c., for man or beast:—One pint of alcohol; one oz. of origanum oil; one oz. wormwood oil; one oz. hemlock oil; one oz. camphor gum; four ozs. of aqua ammonia. Add, if you have it, the liquid of one beef's gall. Mix, and it is immediately ready for use.

—Mr. HOOKER avers that one recipe which he obtained in the RURAL, (that of raw linseed oil for Garget in cows—to be rubbed on the bag on the first appearance of the disease,) has been worth to him a life-time's subscription, and trusts the above will prove equally valuable to many of its readers.

ORIGIN OF THE CARTER POTATOES.—"About 30 years ago, more or less, "remarks the Springfield *Republican*, "JOHN CARTER, a resident of Savoy, in the county of Berkshire, experimented for the purpose of the improvement of potatoes by planting potato balls, and at harvesting the first year he found that he had advanced one step towards bringing out a new potato. He, therefore, the next year planted the seed raised the first, and so on for several years, till he produced the potato now distinguished as the 'Carter.' Mr. CARTER died soon after, and therefore did not enjoy the fall glory of his discovery. He was the owner of a small farm in Savoy, which he tilled; a portion of his time, however, he devoted to mechanical pursuits; he worked at repairing jewelry, somewhat, also, at repairing tin, brass, and copper ware and was what was termed in those days, a 'tinker.' He was an honest, industrious man, but lived and died poor. Although Mr. CARTER'S life was but little known, he will be gratefully remembered by millions of potato eaters."

ORLEANS CO. AG. SOCIETY.—Some time since Mr. President BAILEY informed us that this Society had resolved to have the Annual Address, and also to pay the premiums awarded at the late Fair, at the Annual Meeting, in the belief that there would be more interest and a larger attendance than usual. We are glad to learn that these anticipations have been realized—that the Annual Meeting, held at Albion on Monday week, was well attended, and that the address by Hon. T. C. PETERS, on the subject of Drainage, was received with evident satisfaction. The Society is in a prosperous condition, with harmony among its members, and a disposition to work in the right way. The Society elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

President—T. C. BAILEY, Albion; *Vice-President*—Ezra N. Hill, Holley; *Secretary*—Oliver Morehouse, Albion; *Treasurer*—Arad Thomas, Albion; *Directors*—Henry Kerby, Clarendon; John Hadstead, Carlton; Guy Sherwood, Shelby; S. R. Howes, Barre; Clark Hall, Albion; L. Bates, Ridgeway.

—The plan of having an address at the annual meetings of Ag. Societies has already been commended in the RURAL, and we are inclined to think that many Societies would find it advantageous to pay premiums at the same time. It would afford opportunity to correct mistakes, and secure the presence of those who ought to elect officers.

Orchard and Garden.

IONA ISLAND.

In the Hudson River, near its Western bank, and a mile or so above Peekskill, is a little Island containing more than a hundred acres, though a portion of it is so rocky as to be unfit for cultivation. This is called IONA ISLAND, and on it, solitary and alone, "monarch of all he surveys," lives one well known to the Horticultural world, Dr. C. W. GRANT. We had long desired to visit this Island and its proprietor, and on our return from the Pomological Meeting in New York, we stopped at Peekskill, where we found the Doctor awaiting our arrival, with a fine boat, and after a pleasant ride of a mile or two on the bosom of the beautiful Hudson, we landed at IONA, ready to examine the new grapes, which, from the specimens sent to all our Horticultural exhibitions, we knew the Doctor grew in perfection. Still, we were not prepared for such a glorious exhibition—all the new grapes that we had only seen before on the tables at shows, here we beheld under far more favorable circumstances for forming an opinion as to their value and productiveness. Here we found the *Delaware*, not in single clusters, but by bushels, and the berries and bunches of a much larger size than we had supposed this variety could be made to attain. Instead of the slender growth of wood, as we had usually seen young plants make, here we beheld canes of the present season's growth, sixteen feet long and half an inch in diameter, and these not single branches, but a dozen or more from the same root. On one vine, four years planted, we counted seventy clusters.

The *Diana*, too, on this Island, was exceedingly fine, in every way, and we made up our minds that we had never before seen this grape in its highest perfection. We measured canes twenty-three feet long and an inch in diameter. The *Rebecca* is a rather slender grower, but we measured canes half an inch in diameter, and eighteen feet long. The young vines were fine, and to-day we have opened a box sent us by the Doctor, and found it to contain a young *Delaware* vine, with a basketful of fibrous roots, some of them three feet long.

The *Diana* and *Delaware* have been improving for several years, growing better and larger each year. The *stock*, or *constitution*, the Doctor argues has been injured by *excessive propagation*, from which the vines are gradually recovering. On this point we give an extract from his Catalogue.

"One of the evils to which new and desirable varieties of plants of all kinds are subjected is excessive propagation, either by taking as many layers as the vine can be made to produce, or by using *all* of the wood that can be made to grow, in which cases the vines will always be imperfect or worthless; and consequently the reputation of the variety damaged or destroyed. Of this, the Diana has been a marked example, and those who have experienced its feeble growth, unproductiveness, and small bunches from the dwarfed specimens first sent out, behold with incredulous surprise the exceedingly vigorous growth, which is but its normal development, and such magnificent bunches of fruit as have, this season, been eagerly taken by purchasers from the side of the Black Hamburgs at the same price, but with a decided preference for the Diana.

"One of our best new varieties is now languishing in reputation in consequence of subjection to this very evil; and the Delaware has suffered from it most of all. But the inherent vital energy peculiar to that variety enables it best of all to overcome the injury, when again placed in favorable circumstances, if the damage has not been so severe as utterly to destroy its constitution."

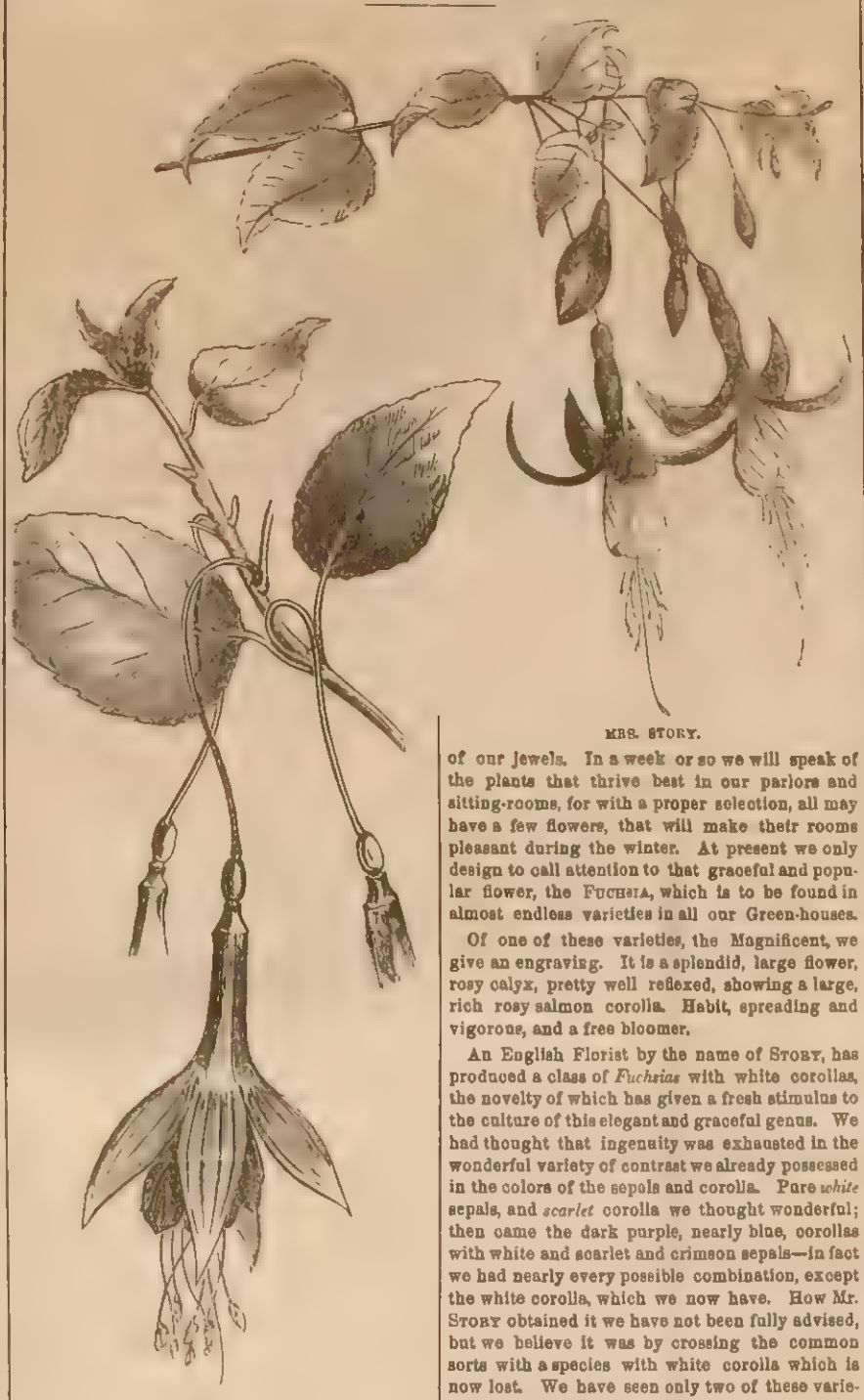
DWARF PEARS FOR SOUTHERN ILLINOIS.—I should like to be informed through the columns of the RURAL where the best Dwarf Pears can be obtained?—and also, the best kinds for cultivation in Southern Illinois.—YOUNG FARMER, *Elkhorn, Ill.*

REMARKS.—Dwarf Pear Trees can be obtained at all the nurseries in Rochester, and we presume of most of the principal nurserymen in all parts of the country. When in Chicago, two years since, we saw very fine Bartlett's and Beurre Diels, with which the market was well supplied. These we learned were grown in Southern Illinois and Mississippi. J. C. ALLEN, of Lena, Stephenson Co., Ill., furnishes the following list of pears, the results of his experience in that region. *Very hardy*—Flemish Beauty. *Hardy*—Buffum, Columbia, Dix, Winter Nelis, Forelle, Fulton, Lawrence, Osband's Summer, Oswego Beurre, Onondaga, Stevens' Genesee, Susette de Bavay. *Half hardy*—Doyenne d'Ete, White Doyenne, Easter Beurre, Glout Morceau, Bilboa, Henry IV, Seckel, Tyson, Bergamotte Cadette, Aremberg. *Tender*—Bartlett, Belle Lucrative, Beurre d'Anjou, Beurre Bosc, Catillac, Chaumontelle, Dearborn's Seedling, Angouleme, Louise Bonne de Jersey, Madelaine, Vicar of Winkfield, Van Mons' Leon le Clerc. Growers in that section would do well to give their experience.

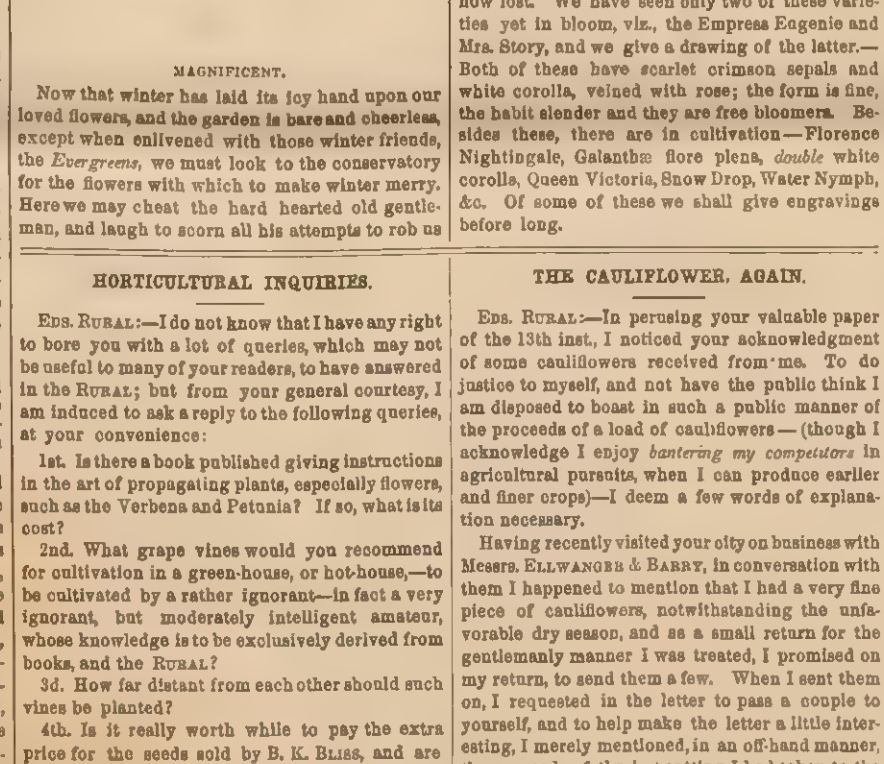
DEMAND FOR APPLES AT NEW YORK.—The New York Tribune says there are very few Western apples in market. The supply is mostly from the East, and the quality is generally very poor. Of course these sell at low prices. Strictly choice apples would command high figures, but there are scarcely any such in this market. Apples are keeping very badly, and on this account they are hurried into market and crowded off at whatever they will bring, notwithstanding the prospect of higher rates later in the season. A canal boat load of Western winter apples, mixed sorts, arrived last Saturday, offered at $3 50 per barrel; $3 was bid and refused, and the lot has gone in store. We quote choice, well packed apples:—Spitzenbergs, $3 50@$4 00; Greenings, $3 00@$3 50; Baldwins, $3 00@$3 50; Russets, $2 25@$2 75; Eastern apples, in lots, such as are now arriving, $2 25@$2 75.

WISCONSIN CRANBERRY TRADE.—There are extensive Cranberry fields in Wisconsin, which yield the berries for the picking. Juneau county is famous for its Cranberry crop, and the quantity sold the present season at the town of New Lisbon alone, is 25,000 bushels, at the average price of $1.5 per bushel. The trade has brought some $55,000 to the town, and not less than 5 000 persons have been engaged in harvesting and preparing the berries for market. The Juneau Argus says the Cranberry crop has been a far greater benefit than the most abundant wheat harvest would have been.

THE FUCHSIAS.



MRS. STORY.



MAGNIFICENT.

Now that winter has laid its icy hand upon our loved flowers, and the garden is bare and cheerless, except when enlivened with those winter friends, the *Evergreens*, we must look to the conservatory for the flowers with which to make winter merry. Here we may cheat the hard hearted old gentleman, and laugh to scorn all his attempts to rob us of our jewels. In a week or so we will speak of the plants that thrive best in our parlors and sitting-rooms, for with a proper selection, all may have a few flowers, that will make their rooms pleasant during the winter. At present we only design to call attention to that graceful and popular flower, the FUCHSIA, which is to be found in almost endless varieties in all our Green-houses.

Of one of these varieties, the Magnificent, we give an engraving. It is a splendid, large flower, rosy calyx, pretty well reflexed, showing a large, rich rosy salmon corolla. Habit, spreading and vigorous, and a free bloomer.

An English Florist by the name of STORY, has produced a class of *Fuchsias* with white corollas, the novelty of which has given a fresh stimulus to the culture of this elegant and graceful genus. We had thought that ingenuity was exhausted in the wonderful variety of contrast we already possessed in the colors of the sepals and corolla. Pure *white* sepals, and *scarlet* corolla we thought wonderful; then came the dark purple, nearly blue, corollas with white and scarlet and crimson sepals—in fact we had nearly every possible combination, except the white corolla, which we now have. How Mr. STORY obtained it we have not been fully advised, but we believe it was by crossing the common sorts with a species with white corolla which is now lost. We have seen only two of these varieties yet in bloom, viz., the Empress Eugenie and Mrs. Story, and we give a drawing of the latter.—Both of these have scarlet crimson sepals and white corolla, veined with rose; the form is fine, the habit slender and they are free bloomers. Besides these, there are in cultivation—Florence Nightingale, Galanthæ flore plena, *double* white corolla, Queen Victoria, Snow Drop, Water Nymph, &c. Of some of these we shall give engravings before long.

HORTICULTURAL INQUIRIES.

EDS. RURAL:—I do not know that I have any right to bore you with a lot of queries, which may not be useful to many of your readers, to have answered in the RURAL; but from your general courtesy, I am induced to ask a reply to the following queries, at your convenience:

1st. Is there a book published giving instructions in the art of propagating plants, especially flowers, such as the Verbena and Petunia? If so, what is its cost?

2nd. What grape vines would you recommend for cultivation in a green-house, or hot-house,—to be cultivated by a rather ignorant—in fact a very ignorant, but moderately intelligent amateur, whose knowledge is to be exclusively derived from books, and the RURAL?

3d. How far distant from each other should such vines be planted?

4th. Is it really worth while to pay the extra price for the seeds sold by B. K. BLISS, and are they more reliable than ordinary seedsmen (of respectability) are in the habit of selling?

5th. Will some of your lady friends supply a recipe for preserving citrons in the best, or a good style?

I have just erected a small hot-house, and intend going into the art of Horticulture, for my own and my friends' amusement, and hope you will help me through a little, by replying to what you conveniently can of the above.

Need I, or any intelligent reader of the RURAL, say how much gratified I am by its weekly perusal? I am still ignorant, but you have no idea how much less so I am in Horticultural matters, than before I began to be your regular and thoughtful reader.

Preston, C. W., 1858. R. B.

REMARKS.—1st. We hope before long to see a more complete work on the Flower Garden than we now have. Mrs. LOUDON'S *Ladies' Companion to the Flower Garden*, at $1,25; *Buist's Flower Garden Directory*, and *Breck's Book of Flowers*, at $1 each, are the best works on the subject.

2. As you have not given the dimensions of your house, we cannot tell how many vines you require. For a house that would accommodate twelve vines, we would suggest the following:—6 Black Hamburghs, 1 Grizzly Frontignan, 1 Royal Muscadine, 1 White Frontignan, 1 Zinfidal, 1 Canon Hall Muscat, 1 Sweet Water.

3d. Three feet apart is about the right distance.

4th. The question in regard to seeds we cannot answer. We have usually imported our choice flower seeds from France. But little care is taken in saving flower seeds in this country. A large portion sent out by seed stores is the merest trash. Perhaps some of our correspondents will tell us what success they have had with the seeds named.

5th. In the department devoted to *Domestic Economy*, we have recently given several recipes for preserving citrons.

THE CAULIFLOWER, AGAIN.

EDS. RURAL:—In perusing your valuable paper of the 13th inst., I noticed your acknowledgment of some cauliflowers received from me. To do justice to myself, and not have the public think I am disposed to boast in such a public manner of the proceeds of a load of cauliflowers—(though I acknowledge I enjoy *bantering my competitors* in agricultural pursuits, when I can produce earlier and finer crops)—I deem a few words of explanation necessary.

Having recently visited your city on business with Messrs. ELLWANGER & BARRY, in conversation with them I happened to mention that I had a very fine piece of cauliflowers, notwithstanding the unfavorable dry season, and as a small return for the gentlemanly manner I was treated, I promised on my return, to send them a few. When I sent them on, I requested in the letter to pass a couple to yourself, and to help make the letter a little interesting, I merely mentioned, in an off-hand manner, the proceeds of the *last* cutting I had taken to the city,— not expecting one solitary load of cauliflowers to gain such notoriety. Now, Mr. MOORE, since you have chosen to expatiate so freely on said load, I shall have to send you the proceeds of "tother" *last* load on the 16th inst. You see our New Yorkers are bound to have good cauliflowers for Thanksgiving dinner:

4½ dozen extra at $5 00	$ 22 50
31½ dozen prime at $3 50	102 37
15 dozen 3ds at $1 75	26 25
	$151 12

Cullings stepped out, or shoved among 3ds.

Now, Mr. Editor, I want to inquire whether Prof. CUTTING'S cauliflowers were a few pet plants in his *garden* or whether he had several thousand of them. [Only a few "*pets*" in the professor's garden.—ED.]

I very much regret I did not send a specimen out of later cuttings, as I could have sent much larger. I shall merely add the rows were five feet apart, and the leaves covered the space between the rows on the entire piece. R. H. BENNETT.

Fort Hamilton, Nov. 18, 1858.

ILLINOIS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—A meeting of this Society will be held at Bloomington on the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th of December next, for the election of officers, and the discussion of Horticultural subjects. We hope the Secretary will send us a brief report of this meeting.

DOWNING'S FRUIT BOOK.—Can the new and revised edition of "Downing's Fruit and Fruit Trees of America," be sent by mail, and if so, what is the price, postage pre-paid?—J. L. L., *Clark, Pa.*

REMARKS.—*Downing's Fruit Book*, Revised Edition, can be sent to you, by mail, pre-paid, for $1,75.

DON'T forget to take precautions to secure your trees from mice. An hour's labor may save many years of regret.

PACKING TREES FOR CALIFORNIA.

WISHING to send some choice fruit trees to California, by express, this fall, how can I do it? Must I pack in a tight box with damp moss or otherwise? Please answer this through the RURAL and oblige—D. B. WAITE, *Springwater, N. Y., Nov.*, 1858.

REMARKS.—The great error in packing trees for California has been, we suppose, in placing them in the boxes too moist. If the roots and branches are packed in wet moss, as soon as the trees feel the effects of the warm climate to which they must be subjected in their passage, the mass begins to heat, a forced growth is made, to the great injury, if not the destruction, of the whole. Some have packed in charcoal dust, and we believe with good results. The charcoal is a non-conductor of heat, therefore its use. One of our subscribers in Sacramento, who has obtained thousands of trees and plants from the nurseries here, and who, since he has ordered them packed according to his present plan, has not lost *one* per cent., though previously the loss was as much as *ninety*, sends us his method, as follows:—"In the first place the box was made of rough inch boards. The two end pieces each two inches longer than the width of the sides.—The side pieces are then nailed (with 10's or 12's) to the edges of the ends, so that when the box is upon its bottom, the ends are perpendicular, projecting one inch above and below, then the boards for the bottom and top are cut so as to go across the box and nail upon the edges of the side pieces, while the projections of the end pieces are nailed to the edges of those cross-boards. I am thus minute in describing the box, because they are seldom made thus, but when they are, all hooping and binding is dispensed with. Across the bottom, and up and down the sides and ends of the box, on the inside, strips of inch board, one inch wide and six inches apart, are tacked. Then take *moss, entirely green*, directly from the swamp, and in as fresh a state as possible, fill the spaces, between the strips on the bottom, tight and cover over to the thickness of one inch, then lay in a layer of trees or plants, keeping the spaces at the sides and ends filled tight with the moss. Then cover the layer of plants with a layer of moss, and then another layer of plants, and so on, till the box is full to within one inch. Having tacked the strips upon the under side of the cover, and crammed the spaces with moss, fill up the box to the top, calculating that the inch strips will obtain room by *pressure*, put on the cover, and nail, as the bottom."

This plan, we would suppose, might give too much moisture, but will not urge an opinion against the successful practice of our friend. Perhaps some who are engaged in sending trees to California will tell us in what way they are most successful.

PLANTING TREES IN CLAY SOIL.—I am about planting an orchard, on a very strong, stiff clay.—How would you advise me to prepare the ground?—R. F., *Cayuga, Haldimand Co, C. W.*

REMARKS.—Such soils are generally retentive of moisture, and unless well drained, the trees will be sickly and the bark mossy. Deeply and thoroughly drain at once. It will be too late to plow this fall, so break it up in the spring, but not until it is tolerably dry. Such soils are much injured by working too wet. Plow deep, so as to break up the subsoil, no matter about the labor. A dozen trees in a well prepared soil is better than a hundred in a stiff, soggy clay, unbroken and undrained. Harrow and cultivate so as to get a good tilth, then plant the trees, obtaining some mellow soil or leaf-mould from the woods to place around the roots.—Prune up the branches pretty close and cover the ground around the tree with coarse manure. If you must crop the ground grow potatoes, or some root crop, as carrots or parsnips. We have seen a great many thousands of trees in Canada destroyed by being planted in just such a soil as is described by our correspondent.

LARGE VEGETABLES.—J. M. LATTIN, of Hyde Park, Duchess county, New York, writes as follows to the RURAL NEW-YORKER:

"Occasionally there appears in different papers, accounts of large vegetables, &c. Will you please give notice through the RURAL of the following, which we think very large. Mr. Daniel Lattin grew in his garden two blood beets which were perfect; one measured 24 inches in length, 23 inches in circumference, and weighed 12¼ pounds, and the other was 20 inches in circumference and weighed 6 pounds."

The above beets may be considered large in Rochester and in Duchess county, but here in Wood county they would be considered rather small specimens—certainly they would not be deemed worthy of any special, or public, notice. John Powers, Post-Master of this place, has three beets, of the blood-red variety, the largest of which weighs 17¼ and the smallest 12½ lbs. Try it again, gentlemen, but don't brag about beets that only weigh 12¼ lbs.—*Journal, Perrysburg, Ohio.*

CANKER WORM.—Can you inform me of any better mode of preventing the ravages of the Canker Worm than the mixture of coal and common tar, recommended on page 65 of "Downing's Fruit and Fruit Trees of America;" Revised Edition? I have applied it to two rows of apple-trees, but if enough is put on to do any good, some of it runs down upon the bush below the bandage. "But this," DOWNING says, "has a very injurious effect upon the trunk." It dries so soon, too, in this climate, that renewing it as often as necessary, will be very tedious. Can you inform me where "Dennis' Patent Circular Leaden Trough" can be procured, and at what price?—FRUIT GROWER, *Burlington, Iowa*, 1858.

REMARKS.—You can make a composition that will not readily dry. Try the melted India-rubber. The little tar or composition that may chance to run down the trunk will do but little harm. All should be cleaned off by the last of May. We cannot answer the question in regard to the leaden trough.

GRAPE AND VINE GROWING ON KELLEY'S ISLAND, OHIO.—The Sandusky Mirror is informed by a gentleman who has spent some time on Kelley's Island, near Sandusky City, that Mr. LOUIS HARMES has, from an acre of land—by actual measurement—realized $1,225, above all expense, from his sales of grapes, grape roots and wines, the past year.

Domestic Economy.

COLORING RECIPE, MEAL DUMPLINGS, &c.

TO DYE A LIGHT BLUE.—In answer to the inquiry, how to color light blue on silk, I give a method which I have tried with good success on ribbons. To a sufficient quantity of warm water, add a little indigo compound, thoroughly wet the goods in it, air, and rinse in cold water. If not dark enough, add a little more compound. The goods should be wet before putting in the dye, to prevent spotting. Soft water is best for coloring purposes. A little gum-arabic, prepared as for starch, added to the rinsing water will give it a look of newness.

APPLE DUMPLING.—Use buttermilk and sour cream as for biscuits, with a small quantity of butter or nice lard; salt, of course, and enough saleratus to correct acidity. Knead, roll to a little less than half an inch in thickness, do up into any size preferred, with sliced apples in the centre. Bake, boil, or steam, until the fruit is cooked tender. Serve with sweetened cream, or butter and sugar, if cream cannot be had. This, if rightly prepared, will make a dish at which SYLVANUS will tarry until he forgets to "walk down with cap in hand."

MEAL DUMPLINGS.—Take a quantity of meal, according to the number to be served, a little salt, scald with boiling water, allow to cool a little, then stir in enough flour to make it ball nicely, with floured hands. Drop into boiling water, and boil one-half hour. Nice with baked fresh meat gravies.

CORN BREAD.—Take four quarts of sweet milk; one pint of yeast or emptyings; one pint of rye or wheat flour, (the former is preferable to the latter,) and meal, stir a little thicker than for griddle cakes. Put into a quick oven, allow it to gradually cool, bake slowly three or four hours and remain in the oven over night. Corn bread cannot be baked too long. Another fault is in grinding the meal too fine—it should have a roundness like fine sand. RURAL READER.

Oswego Co., N. Y., 1858.

TO FASTEN ON THE HANDLES OF KNIVES AND FORKS.—The handles of knives and forks that have come off by being put in hot water, may be fastened in the following manner:—Procure some powdered resin, and mix with it a *small* quantity of chalk, whiting, or quick lime, let the handles be about half-filled with this mixture, heat the ends of the knives or forks, and force them in; when cold they will be found to be securely fastened. N. B.—Knives and forks that are not fastened to the handles by rivets should never be put into hot water.

Or,—Take a small portion of a quill pen, and put into the *handle* of the knife, warm the blade, and when it is hot put it into the *quill in the handle*, and press it in firmly; this is a very simple method, but it has been found to answer the purpose required several times.

Or,—Brick-dust stirred into melted resin makes a composition that will fix knives and forks in their handles. The tang should be thrust in warm.

Or,—Mix a little chopped hair or tow—with powdered resin, and fill with it the hole in the handle of the knife, then heat the spike of the blade, (i. e. the part which fits into the handle,) and ram it down into its place; the heated steel will melt the resin, which will then keep the blade of the knife or fork in its place. N. B.—The chopped hair (or tow) must *not* be *omitted*.—*London Field.*

CURING HAMS.—As the time is at hand for preparing these useful stores of rich and savory food, a few words will not be out of place in regard to them. The legs of hogs, short in the hock, are the best for hams, and should be chosen in preference to lanky hogs. They may be salted by immersion in a clean pickle, containing a little sugar and saltpetre dissolved, or they may be salted by rubbing ground solar evaporated salt over them, turning them every day, and giving them a good rubbing. A little sugar and ground black pepper added to the salt will much improve the flavor of the meat. It requires about a month to salt hams by the wet process, and three weeks by the dry system. At the end of this period, they should be hung up for a few days to drip, and then they are ready for smoking. Much depends on the kind of material used for smoking them, so as to secure a sweet flavor. Whatever fuel is used for this purpose, one condition should never be overlooked: it should be perfectly dry, or else it will be liable to impart a bitter taste to the meat. Dry corn cobs, and some dry, sweet hay are superior to all other agents that we have seen employed for smoking beef and hams. Mutton hams may be prepared in the same manner as those of pork, and they are exceedingly palatable when the meat is good, and care exercised to smoke them slowly.—*Scientific American.*

ECONOMICAL CAKE.—Take dry cake, rub fine; add 1 egg; 1 cup of molasses; sweet milk enough to moisten; stone and chop some raisins; add half a teaspoonful of saleratus; flour enough to make as thick as pound cake; beat well and bake, and you will have a palatable cake.

SQUASH PIES.—Take mealy squash, stew, drain off the water, strain, add sugar, ginger, salt, and the extract of lemon—bake the same as tart pies.—ELIZA, *New Hampshire*, 1858.

PURE AIR.—The *Eclectic Medical Journal* of Philadelphia, in speaking on this subject, very properly remarks that it is not only necessary that men may have sufficient air to breathe, but it is necessary to provide air for the apartment itself in which they live, as well as for the persons who inhale it. The influence of impure air is not only exercised upon persons through their breathing organs, but the surface of their bodies, their clothes, the walls of the apartment—in short, the free surfaces of everything in contact with the air of the place becomes more and more impure—a harbor of foulness, a means of impregnating every cubic foot of air with poison—unless the whole department has its atmospheric contents continuously changed, so that everything animate and inanimate is freshened by a constant supply of pure air.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

COTTAGE SONG.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

We've a cottage clothed with roses,
Near a wood
Where the singing birds of summer
Nest and brood;
There in early spring the daisies
Gem the sod,
Looking up to heaven above them,
And to God.

There in holy calm we worship
One above,
Through his works that all around us
Speak his love;
Read we there his will in every
Rock and tree,
While his blessings fall upon us
Rich and free.

Beautiful the morning sunlight
Cometh there,
Crowning Nature at her early
Morning prayer;
And at evening, when the twilight
Closeth round,
Still, devoutly at her worship,
Is she found.

We are not alone, for angels
Come and go,
Walking often through our cottage
To and fro;
Promising to guide and guard us
With their love,
Till we go to live among them,
Up above.

Simple life is ours, we follow
Nature's way,
Learning of her truthful lesson
Day by day;
Striving to fulfill our mission,—
Doing good:
Living happy in our cottage
Near the wood.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

If there is a spot on the face of this wide world to which we turn with heart-longings and yearnings of spirit when mingling with the stranger-hearts of earth, that spot is Home. What soul, however calloused by sin—that destroyer whose breath is like a poisoned arrow, to leave death and desolation in the midst of our dearest affections,—however its wealth of love may have diminished by long absence or rough dealing with the world, what heart, we say, over which does not often come dear thoughts of "Home, Sweet Home?"

The wanderer, the alien from his father's house, with not a friend upon whom to lean with trust and confidence in those hours which even the stoutest heart has known, when the soul, distrusting its own strength and yearning to nestle in the arms of affection, instinctively turns to a tried and faithful friend for shelter and protection; amid the weakness of that moment does he not then long for the retreat that home affords? How saddening when mingled with these is the thought tha even home is no home for such an one to hear him say:—"I have not a friend in the wide, wide world, and at home—they do not want me there." The great of earth, whose brows are wreathed with fame, and whom honors await on every hand—oh, how vain, how empty those glittering baubles, without the calmer, more quiet joys—the sweets of home. Who would exchange the affection he possesses in the hearts of those who love him there for all the greatness and vain praises of the world?

The student, striving with loneliness and often discouragement in view of the greatness of the task before him, how often, in the midst of busy study does the thought of home and the dear ones there come over the mind with an overwhelming force. Perchance, as we muse in retirement at the twilight hour, we think of a home circle, upon which, if we could but look, it would be the greatest blessing our lonely hearts would wish.

But why is home so dear? Why does it throw around us a potent spell, more lasting than that of the charmer, and whose pleasures are greater than aught else this beautiful earth affords?—We are bound to it by little cords of love, and these are not brittle threads, but twine their delicate fibres around and around us again, until they are stronger than flaxen bands or iron chains. Man is a social being, and affection is one of the noblest attributes of his nature. Nowhere is it so opportunely exercised as at home. Others may engage our love for a time, but these too often prove false and turn coldly from us; while in the home circle are long-tried friends, and we may trust them, for they love us—a reason in itself sufficient to prove a safeguard for every ill, for every emergency in life. If we are sick, where shall we go but to our home? What hands can tend us so gently as those we love? Are we in sorrow—who can sympathize with us so fully? And who but they will overlook our faults and bear with our imperfections? Around that spot cluster all the recollections of by-gone days, beautiful flowers in the garland of memory.

In helpless infancy, home is the cradle of protection for the tiny visitor to the stranger-land of earth. In wayward youth, it is the safeguard from the tempter's power—the haven of rest for the enthusiastic soul. In manhood, when mingling with the world in busy duty, it is a retreat for the tired and weary mind; and, basking in the memory of other days, it gains strength for future scenes of life. In old age, it lives in memory, although long ago it may have ceased to live in reality. If our earthly homes are so dear, how much dearer will be our Father's home, the home of eternal rest in heaven, when, weary with the toils of earth, our work accomplished, we shall go where partings are no more.

JANE E. H.

Pittard, N. Y., 1858

How easily one can tell whether a man is glad from within; or whether it is only the play of the sunbeams that chance to fall upon him. Happiness is not the work of a chisel and mallet; not mortised into the soul, it is "put out" like the arm of a tree, whose green, unraveled sleeve flutters with the life it shares.—*Taylor.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

VINDICATION OF HOOPS.

AMELIA does not wear hoops! Is it possible? How delightfully disappointed "TRUTH SEEKER" must have been to find *one* woman so sensible as to respond to his sentiments! As for us, we went straightway into wonder-land to ascertain if it was any AMELIA that we ever knew. But we are confident they all wear hoops. *We* wear them, too, and wear them not only because they are more convenient to walk in, and more comfortable, especially in warm weather, but because they are *fashionable*, and we would not set ourselves up for a model for the world to imitate. We fear that "TRUTH-SEEKER" cherishes a vain hope, namely, that these butterflies are in the last stage of their existence, for "variety is the spice of life," in dress as everything else, and very soon something new will be introduced, equally absurd, to shock the taste of over-sensitive people.

But we do not consider ourselves, or *all* others, who choose to uphold fashion, as mere butterflies, devoid of sense or intelligence, for we have seen a few really sensible women who tolerate the ridiculous fashion. As for the Anti-Hoopologists who would find spirits congenial, come to Egypt and tarry awhile on the banks of the Wabash, and here, at least, we will vouchsafe that your sense of propriety will not be shocked by the sight of people who are "greater than God made them."

Prairie Home, Ill., 1858. A. B. C.

A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

JUDGE O'NEAL, in the Yorkville Enquirer, tells the following of Judge William Smith, of South Carolina:

"He had the rare blessing to win the love of one of the purest, mildest, and best of women, whose character has ever been present to the writer. He married Margaret Duff. In the worst days she never upbraided him by word, look, or gesture, but always met him as if he was one of the kindest and best of husbands. This course on her part humbled him and made him weep like a child. This sentence, it is hoped, will be remembered, was the language of Judge Smith to the friend already named; and to those who knew the stern unbending public character of the character of the Judge, it will teach a lesson of how much a patient woman's love can accomplish. He was at last reformed by an instance of her patient love and devotion, as he himself told it:

"The evening before the Return Day of the Court of Common Pleas for York district a client called with fifty notes to be put in suit. Mr. Smith was not in his office—he was on what is now fashionably called a spree, then a frolic. Mrs. Smith received the notes and sat down in the office to the work of issuing the writs and and processes. She spent the night at work—Mr. Smith in riotous living. At daylight, on his way home from his carousals, he saw a light in his office, and stepped in, and to his great surprise saw his amiable wife, who had just completed what ought to have been his work, with her head on the table and asleep. His entry awoke her. She told him what she had done, and showed him her night's work—fifty writs and processes! This bowed the strong man; he fell on his knees, implored her pardon, and then and there faithfully promised her never to drink another drop while he lived. 'This promise,' says my friend, Col. Williams, 'he faithfully kept,' and, said the Judge to him, 'from that day everything which I touched turned to gold.' 'His entire success in life,' says Col. Williams, 'he set down to his faithful observance of this noble promise.'"

No better eulogy could be pronounced on Mrs. Smith than has just been given in the words of her distinguished husband. The reformation of such a man as William Smith is a chaplet of glory which few women have been permitted to wear. To the people of South Carolina, and especially of York district, certainly no stronger argument in favor of temperance, total abstinence, need be given.

ADVICE TO LADIES.

HAVE the feet well protected, then pay the next attention to the chest. The chest is the repository of the vital organs. There abide the heart and lungs. It is from the impression made upon these organs, through the skin, that the shiver comes. It is nature's quake—the alarm bell at the onset of danger. A woman never shivers from the effect of cold upon her limbs, or hands, or head; but let the cold strike through her clothing on her chest, and off goes her teeth into a chatter, and the whole organism is in a commotion. One sudden and severe impression of cold upon the chest has slain its ten of thousands. Therefore, while the feet are well looked after, never forget the chest. These points attended to, the natural connection of the dress will supply the rest, and the woman is ready for the air. Now let her visit her neighbors, go shopping, call upon the poor, and walk for the good of it, or the fun of it.

Keep away from the stove or register. Air that is dry or burnt, more or less charged with gases evolved by the fuel, is poison. Go up stairs and make the beds with mittens on. Fly around the house like mad, and ventilate the rooms. Don't sit pent up in a single room with double windows. Fruit will not retain its full form and flavor in air-tight cans; neither will women. They need air. If the shiver comes on during these operations, go directly and put on something more about the chest.

Again, do not live in dark rooms. Light fades the carpet, but it feeds the flower. No living animal or vegetable can enjoy health in darkness. Light is also necessary as air, and a brown tan is far preferable, even as a matter of beauty, to a sickly paleness of complexion.—*Selected.*

SYMPATHY is much more catching than intelligence. Anybody can feel, but every body cannot understand. Hence pity for a person brought into distress by his own acts, often outweighs all the conviction produced by a knowledge of his crimes.

IT is said that the ivy will not cling to a poisonous tree or substance. What a pity that the tendrils of a woman's heart have not the same salutary instinct.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

CHILDHOOD.

INSCRIBED TO A LOVED BROTHER.

BY HERRON BELL.

At rosy twilight's hour
I love to wander back
My wayward, devious track,
And feel the gentle power
Of pure parental love,
Falling like dews upon each flower
That bloomed beside our garden bower
When skies were bright above
And all was deep, unchanging love.

How fresh each scene revives,
As though but yesterday,
Like children grouped in play,
And pleasant were our lives,
For innocence is bliss,
Which age and knowledge oft deprives
When manhood's busy state arrives—
For then a *mother's* kiss
Was in itself a world of bliss.

Sweet hours of childish glee!
Ah, well do I remember
How we would hail December
With naked field and tree,
And long for winter's shroud;
Each changing, clouded sky we
Watched with deep anxiety—
Then shout and laugh aloud
When snow came for the old year's shroud.

And when the hours of night
Locked up the gates of day,
And shed a silv'ry ray
From heaven's starry height
Too beautiful for words;
Beside the hearthstone's cheerful light
Labor and care took rapid flight,
And sweeter than the birds'
First spring-song, fell our parents' words

'Tis sweet at evening's hour
In solitude to ponder,
And, as in childhood, wander
And pluck a withered flower
From memory's sacred urn,
And tread in youth's enchanted bower,
Where pleasures shed their genial power
To meet us at each turn—
The sweetest gems in memory's urn.

Prairie Cottage, Ill., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

LINGERINGS WITH NATURE.—No. III.

THE HUDSON RIVER.

BEAUTIFUL as a dream! Varied as the crowding memories of a blissful hour! Calm and rip pling as the tide of pleasant thoughts and glad emotions! Bright as the glittering dew-drop upon the morning flower,—a clear, dark eye in the glowing face of peerless Nature. Who can revel in its ever fresh beauty and not be inspired with holier thoughts and impelled to loftier action? It is no marvel that the villas of poets and artists throng its banks, and that their labors betray the ailment upon which they feed. Where else could thought be so clear and strong, action so easy and rapid, and fancy so swift-winged? Where else such a grouping of rock and river, of cliff and bay, of highland and valley, and such a suggesting of beauty and strength, rapture and power, joy and worship? What wonder that it should have been the burden of song and the theme of many a story? Could IRVING elsewhere have found subjects for his fanciful legends and wierd tales, quaint and old? Where else could WILLIS and MORRIS have caught their flowing numbers and gentle measures, save from the lines of grace and forms of beauty ever visible from their own door steps? Where better could the artists, who linger in their sweet vine-clad homes, study Nature in her diviner forms? Even the stolid eye of the unobserving traveler lightens, as each new winding of the river reveals beautiful vistas, changing and picturesque as the visions of an enchanting day-dream.

From the broad Tappan Zee to the wide stream flowing placidly between the lowland banks near Albany, the heart is warmed, the imagination kindled and the soul fired through Nature's melting and elevating influence. The Palisades, the frowning rocks, the distant mountain, the bold hills and the gentle slopes, suggest the grand castle beyond, towering from a lofty height, surrounded by the smooth lawn and skirted by the beautiful stream. Pleasant vagaries of thought come and go with the flitting shadows, and linger about the tiny white-sailed vessels as they gleam in the dewy morning. A dawning of new mental vision,—a dispersing of inward fogs and mists,—a glimpse beyond the regions of doubt and cavils of fear,—a blissful grasping of thought before sealed, come with each changing feature of the far-famed Hudson.

Let those who are weary of the world,—those who are chafed and scourged by disaster and disappointment,—maddened by false hopes and embittered by unexpected perfidy, find the healing balm which Nature and Art here offer,—let them drink freely of this holy inspiration and their struggles with destiny are over, their wounds are healed.

West Point!—almost the creature of an enchanter's wand, yet a Military School!—a drill, amid scenes only befitting glorious dreams and their vivid realization! No suggestions of bloody warfare or frightful massacre linger in the shadowy nooks or upon the island—gems which bedeck the shining water. No memories of desperate midnight attack or silent retreat haunt the bold front of Stony Point, or cling to the broad level of White Plains. No muffled oars gently stir the calm water, and no sharp report rings over the grove-dotted banks.

Sweet and soothing, inspiriting and nerving, rousing and strengthening, no newer scenes or more earnest pursuits can banish its memory or annul its growing influence. A day upon the Hudson is embalmed, engrafted in the soul. There is a phase of nature for each mood of mind, and no stagnation is so hopeless, no stupidity so lifeless that it may not be moved by such a mingling of beauty and variety, grandeur and sublimity.

North Fairfield, O., 1858. L. A. T.

SLANDER is a reptile, whose venom is a thousand times more dangerous to society than the most poisonous serpent of an Asiatic jungle.

LESSONS OF THE SEASON.

THERE is an "eventide" in the year—a season, as we now witness, when the sun withdraws his propitious light, when the winds arise and the leaves fall, and nature around us seems to sink into decay. It is said, in general, to be the season of melancholy; and if by this word be meant that it is the time of solemn and of serious thought, it is undoubtedly the season of melancholy; yet it is a melancholy so soothing, so gentle in its approach, and so prophetic in its influence, that they who have known it feel, instinctively, that it is the doing of God, and that the heart of man is not thus finely touched but to fine issues.

When we go out into the fields in the evening of the year, a different voice approaches us. We regard, even in spite of ourselves, the still but steady advance of time. A few days ago, and the summer of the year was grateful, and every element was filled with life, and the sun of Heaven seemed to glory in his ascendant. He is now enfeebled in his power; the desert no more "blossoms like the rose;" the song of joy is no more heard among the branches; and the earth is strewed with that foliage which once bespoke the magnificence of summer. Whatever may be the passions which society have awakened, we pause amid this apparent desolation of nature. We sit down in the lodge "of the wayfaring man in the wilderness," and we feel that all we witness is the emblem of our own fate. Such also in a few years will be our own condition. The blossoms of our spring, the pride of our summer, will also fade into decay; and the pulse which now beats high with virtuous or with vicious desire, will gradually sink, and then must stop forever. We rise from our meditations with hearts softened and subdued, and we return into life as into a shadowy scene, where we have "disquieted ourselves in vain."

Yet a few years, we think, and all that now bless, or all that now convulse humanity, will also have perished. The mightiest pageantry of life will pass—the loudest notes of triumph or of conquest will be silent in the grave; the wicked, wherever active, "will cease from troubling," and the weary, wherever suffering, "will be at rest." Under an impression so profound we feel our own hearts better. The cares, the animosities, the hatreds which society may have engendered, sink unperceived from our bosoms. In the general desolation of nature we feel the littleness of our own passions—we look forward to that kindred evening which time must bring to all—we anticipate the graves of those we hate, as of those we love. Every unkind passion falls with the leaves that fall around us; and we return to our homes and to the society which surrounds us, with the wish only to enlighten or to bless them.

If there were no other effects, my brethren, of such appearances of nature upon our minds, they would still be valuable—they would teach us humility, and with it they would teach us charity. —*Rev. Archibald Alison.*

NOVEMBER.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE, Esq, of the Louisville Journal, gives a spirited and exquisite picture of November:

"Room for the athlete! room for the broad-shouldered, deep-chested vigorous November, who leaps with an elastic bound into the arena! He has divested himself of all superfluous clothing; every limb is bare, and his brawny trunk stands in glorious majesty, while his head, encircled by a coronet of the purple vine and scarlet berries, proclaims him the King of the Autumn! Doomed as he is, deserted by his fleeting brethren, pressed by the advancing legions of gloomy Winter, he still looks 'every inch a king!' He has gathered about him his vassals, who neither trembles with fear nor look pale at the portents around them, but every one has thrown down his leafy gauntlet and bent his branchy lance to await the coming storm!"

He then describes November sinking to repose "to the mellow cadence of the Indian Summer, amid the blazonry of the golden maple, the gorgeous crimson of the forests, and the bright scarlet of the running vines which girt his sturdy guard of oaks," and concludes thus:

"Who then can assent to the poet's idea that with November, 'the melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year?' Not we! There is no sadness in any work of God's providence; he orders all things in kindness, and his smile can warm this last autumnal month and make it gorgeous in the sunshine which fills the human soul with gratitude, and illuminates it with the full, bright and beatific knowledge of his Eternal Love."

COURAGE.

WE should brave trouble as the New England boy braves winter. The school is a mile away over the hill, yet he lingers not by the fire, but with his books slung over his shoulder, and his cap tied closely under his chin, he sets forth to face the storm. And when he reaches the topmost ridge, where the powdered snow lies in drifts, and the north wind comes keen and biting, does he shrink and cower down beneath the fences, or run into the nearest house to warm himself? No; he buttons up his coat and rejoices to defy the blast, and tosses the snow wreaths with his foot, and so, erect and fearless, with strong heart and ruddy cheek, he goes on to his place at school.

Now, when the fierce winds of adversity blow over you, and your life's summer lies buried beneath frost and snow, do not linger inactive, or sink cowardly down by the way, or turn aside from your course for momentary warmth and shelter, but, with stout heart and firm step, go forward in God's strength to vanquish trouble, and to bid defiance to disaster. If there is ever a time to be ambitious it is not when ambition is easy, but when it is hard. Fight in darkness; fight when you are down; die hard, and you won't die at all. That gelatinous man, whose bones are not even muscles, and whose muscles are pulp, that man is a coward. —*Henry Ward Beecher.*

GREATNESS—A great, a good, and a right mind is a kind of divinity lodged in flesh, and may be the blessing of a slave as well as of a prince; it came from heaven, and to heaven it must return;—and it is a kind of heavenly felicity, which a pure and virtuous mind enjoys in some degree, even upon earth.—*Seneca.*

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

FEARING TO GO.

BY EDWARD KNOWLES.

Am I distressed with nameless fears,
And half-believing day by day,
When I should wipe away these tears,
And see God smiling on the way?

Where are the promises to me
Of grace and strength to help in need;
And all the time I fail to see
These promises are rich indeed.

God! prone to doubt and wander so,
My duty here half-understood,
I must confess I do not know
What really is for my good.

Take me in thine extended arms,
And fold me to thy loving breast,
Until the time when false alarms
Shall not disturb this peaceful rest.

Wilson, N. Y., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE GOOD WE MIGHT DO.

FELLOW PILGRIMS, did you ever think of the amount of good you might do in your journey through this transitory world? Did you ever reflect upon the purpose for which existence is given? Has the serious question of what it is to live, and move, and have your being, ever been the theme of deep, continued meditation during the few short years spent upon the earth? Or, has year after year rolled by, in time's unconscious flight, without your asking, "from whence did I come? whither am I tending? where am I going?" It may be that your calling has occupied all your hours save those which nature demands for repose. Peradventure the exigencies of worldly affairs have kept all your powers engaged in their service, and, even when the mind would revert to the problem of life,—the mysteries connected with mundane existence,—you turned a deaf ear to the warnings of conscience, and paused not a moment to hear its kind pleadings in your behalf.

Man is a rational, intelligent being, and in order to know and acknowledge his duty and responsibility, he must pause and *meditate*. Bear with us, reader, while we offer some suggestions concerning our mission here. Let us take for our starting point the simple inquiry found in the shorter Catechism, so plain that the mere child can comprehend it:—For what purpose was man created? *Ans.*—To glorify GOD and enjoy him forever. This definite reply gives us the key by which we may unlock the door of wisdom, and get access to the richest stores of knowledge. Now, if we would know how to glorify Him, let us read His Word.—No better portion of the Sacred Volume could be found as a guide for adoption in life, than one of the Ten Commandments, which says, "thou shalt love the LORD thy GOD with all thy heart, with all thy strength, and all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself." Once let the race fully comprehend the import of this command, and act upon it—the Millenium would soon dawn upon us. But, as this is addressed to each individual of the human family, it is strictly applicable to *you*,—*your part* in this great work of regaining what was lost by the fall is clearly pointed out. If you obey the first request in the passage quoted, viz.,—"Love the LORD thy GOD,"—you will keep His commandments. One of these is found in the last clause,—"Love thy neighbor as thyself." A neighbor may be either friend or foe.

The good that you might do is now evident. If you feel a deep, abiding interest in the welfare of those around you, and know in your own soul that many are leading a life entirely opposite to that standard by which we judge the friends and enemies of GOD, can you see them journeying on in that road which leads to destruction, without ever warning them of the imminent danger which attends their wayward course. Probably there are those in your own family,—living under the same roof that shelters your head,—and, it may be, some allied to you by the strongest ties of affection, who are verging upon the very brink that separates them from eternity, and to whom you not even broach the subject of religion. Perhaps seasons occur when they feel a strong inclination to consider this matter—when conscience rebukes them for past acts, and the soft pillow affords no rest,—and their proud hearts forbid their telling of the strivings of the Spirit. What a relief it would be if some friend would only come to their aid and direct, advise, and comfort—pointing them to the "Lamb of GOD that taketh away the sins of the world!"

Think not that religion, however grave the aspect may appear to others, is always unpleasant to them. Think not that your efforts to do all the good you can will be unfelt and treated with contempt,—that your best endeavors will fail to be appreciated or to ultimately benefit the world. "The good we do here lives after us." As instruments in the hands of an Omniscient Ruler, we may be the means of rescuing many wanderers from the ruinous course they now thoughtlessly pursue. We are told to "convert sinners from the error of their ways, and save souls from death." Who does not long for the day when every professing Christian will be active, zealous agents of GOD, "going about doing good," reasoning with their fellows, telling them of the "SAVIOR they have found"—defining the plan of salvation, and the riches of mercy. It is time for that day,—it should be *now*. "Procrastination is the thief of time;" and if many who spend a good portion of this short pilgrimage in waiting for something to "turn up," would go earnestly to work, with concert and unity of action, the blessings of Heaven would smile upon them, and earth rejoice at *the good they would do.*

D. E. H.

McDonough, Del., 1858.

HE that is good, will infallibly become better, and he that is bad, will as certainly become worse; for vice, virtue and time are three things that never stand still.—*Colton.*

WHEN one sin is admitted, it is generally found that it has a companion waiting at the door, and the former will work hard to gain admission for the latter.

The Traveler.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

Sketches from the Alps to the Adriatic.

NUMBER EIGHT.

Approach to Venice—First Impressions—Square of St Mark—Night Scene—Music—The Match-boy—The Fruit-Seller—The Shipper Vender—Glassware—The Sailor—The Cigar-man—The Music-girl—Morning—Flower-girl—Sunday Scene.

The cars bore me away from Verona towards the Adriatic, and sped over the monotonous, level plain, where grain and grass were waving between rows of mulberry and fruit trees, from which hung festoons of grape vines. The marshes of Arcole,—where, in three days of desperate battle, NAPOLEON once destroyed an Austrian army—were passed, we went through the cities of Vicenza and Padua, and yet ran on over the level plains. Now and then a few tall Lombardy poplars rose upon the right or left, shot by, and sunk backward in the distance, and we passed low country houses, half hidden among foliage. The soil began to grow less fertile, and seemed full of water. I leaned out of the window and gazed forward to the edge of the horizon, where lay piles of picturesque thunder clouds, and wondered where the train would go, for, at a short distance, neither plain nor sea was visible. Suddenly I saw domes and towers, and tall masts with waving flags, rising like a vision between me and the clouds; their rich palaces and churches, sitting on the water, and hulls of ships, and innumerable gondolas, all floating, as it were, on the surface of the Lagoon. It was Venice.

I had approached the fairy city of the earth—a city which once boasted to be mistress of the sea, and sent her ships over the blue waves of the Adriatic and the Mediterranean to the shores of the Turk and the Arab, to the Isles of Greece and the Holy Land—a city, founded on piles and stone, sunk in the mud of seventy-two small islands, where there are smooth canals and silent gondolas, instead of stony streets and noisy carriages.

The traveler formerly approached Venice in a gondola, but, at present, the Lagoon is traversed by a stone bridge, two miles and a quarter long, and supported on two hundred and twenty-two arches. The cars pause in the small station, and you descend, not to a street, but to a canal, and enter a gondola. It is rowed to your hotel, and you ascend from the boat by stone steps, that are constantly wet by the salt sea. You are struck with the stillness of the city. There is no noise but the hum of the voices of men, for in all Venice there is not one carriage.

At first you are disappointed with Venice. As you float along the Grand Canal in a gondola, you look in vain for those gorgeous marble palaces, which, you imagined, rose up along the great highway of the City of the Sea. You can scarcely believe the gondolier, when he points out buildings with which you are familiar by description, and which you had imagined were impressive as any in Europe. They are so small and so dilapidated, standing close to the water's edge, with the salt sea washing their foundation stones, and seaweed clinging to their steps and walls, that it seems in the lapse of a little more time they will tumble to final ruin and be swallowed by the waters. Yet when you look closer you see traces of former splendor, when they were the dwellings of merchant princes, who drew their wealth from the East, and boasted that their city was Mistress of the Sea. Groups of marble, windows that are miracles of Art in proportion and design, enriched by the most elaborate and thoughtful carving, are set in crumbling brick walls, from which the precious marbles of the East, or frescoes designed by great masters, in which they were once encased, have fallen by slow decay, or been torn away by the unsparing hand of a conqueror. In these same walls modern windows, or rather square holes have been made, breaking all unity of design, and making the Art look as if it had been plundered from some demolished edifice, and set as a gem in a meaner building. Often in front of these windows are marble balconies, having railings of white marble, exquisitely carved and shaped, with figures of fat, good-natured looking puppies sitting on the corners—a fantastic ornament, truly. These windows and balconies—which are unequaled by the finest Fifth Avenue house in New York—are scattered all over Venice, often being placed in buildings, which, whatever they might have been formerly, from decay and alteration, have now no other claims to architectural beauty. Most of the buildings, indeed, have had their frescoes obliterated by repainting, and the old and magnificent Venetian red is fast becoming daubed over with modern whitewash.

The chief point of interest in Venice is the Square of St. Mark, in the vicinity of which are the finest specimens of architecture, as the Doge's Palace—the Campanile, or bell-tower—the clock-tower, and the Cathedral of St. Mark. The square contains over three acres of ground, and is beautifully paved with large flag stones. The Campanile stands in the corner, and the clock tower on one side. There is a colonnade round three sides of the square, back of which are brilliant stores and *cafes*. Along the fourth side of the Square, runs a street, and just across the street is the gorgeous front of the Cathedral. To the right of the Cathedral is the Doge's Palace. It is in this square that the visitor will linger longest, charmed by the historical associations of the spot and the wonderful beauty and richness of its structures, and pleased by its life and gayety, its variety of amusements, and the opportunity of observing the people, who come here in crowds in the morning to drink coffee, and in multitudes on pleasant evenings to eat ices and sweetmeats, hear music, and promenade. I doubt if there be another spot of equal size in the whole world where there is so much life and gayety concentrated as in the Square of St. Mark. In the evening the rows of lamps all round the colonnades are lighted, and the agreeable southern air, and the dark blue sky, spangled with stars, combine to add fascination to the scene. The *cafes*, under the colonnades, are full of people, eating ices, and hundreds are sitting in chairs on the outside. Up and down, before the doors and in the square, promenade the beauty, and rank, and fashion of Venice; for there is no other spot in the city which affords anything like equal facilities for walking.

You sit down at a small table to converse with a friend, sip your ice cream, and observe the people as they pass and repass. There is lively instrumental music made by a company of young women and men in the square, and perhaps it is accompanied by singing and declamation. Often there are two or three companies. Presently one of the prettiest girls in the company, well dressed and wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat—underneath which you see masses of dark hair and a pair of sparkling, passionate eyes—approaches and pauses before you, silently extending a small plate. You add a copper to the pile already on it, and she turns as silently to another group. She has but just gone when a little boy comes up with matches to sell. He has some of an excellent quality for cigars. After they are once lit, no amount of wind can extinguish them, till they burn close to your fingers, when they go out of themselves. He proves this by lighting some, and blowing vigorously on them, his cheeks puffed out by the wind, but the matches not. Of course you take some, for they are very convenient. You don't exactly understand how much he demands, but, selecting a quantity from his basket, you lay what appears to be a sufficient amount of money in the boy's outstretched, open hand. He leans forward in curious attitude, and his dark, piercing eyes glance scrutinizingly into your face and he demands more, and yet more, until you have doubled and quadrupled the first amount. Then you begin to think the valuable matches are getting rather too dear, and you offer to exchange. The open palm closes quickly over the silver and the boy vanishes, chuckling over the amount that is six times his regular price. These are scarcely in your pocket before a man brings you a large basket, heaped with all kinds of fruit, which has been stuck on to small, sharp sticks, and dipped into melted sugar. It is novel and cheap, only a piece of copper for each stick, and you take some from every variety for the sake of trying the quality. You are a good customer, which is observed, and, as soon as the man takes his basket of fruit off your table, another sets in its place one filled with curious glassware, beads, bracelets, caskets gondolas, &c., all delicately made and peculiar to Venice. Then follows a vender of slippers, and after him comes a sailor-looking man, having a white, wooden box, with two small holes in the cover, and something black projecting through them. The black things have motion and you wonder what they are. The man takes off the cover, and displays two small, live turtles which move about very actively on the green leaves in the bottom, and you perceive that the black things above the cover, were the turtles' heads. The animals are perfectly harmless, as the man proves by holding them between his fingers, pressing them to his face, and placing them in his bosom. They will live with little care, and would be novel mementos of Venice, but it is not convenient to take them, and with much difficulty you dismiss the turtle vender. His place is instantly filled by another who slily and quickly unfolds a packet, and exhibits a bunch of the best Havana cigars, which he offers to sell very cheap. They are first-rate, he says, the like of them can't be bought in Venice, and he hints that he imported them himself and can afford them so cheap, because he was not obliged to buy them the second time at the custom house. The cigar-man vanishes, and you begin to wonder what will come next. Your wonder does not last long, for the music girl, with the masses of dark hair, and the sparkling, passionate eyes, underneath the straw hat, is before you again silently extending the money plate. Your copper is all gone, and you put on a piece of silver. Ah! the sparkling eyes flash brighter, she makes a little bow and says, "*grazie Signor*," and moves with a more elastic step to another table. What a power there was in that silver piece to draw forth smiles and thanks.

You rise now and promenade. It is growing late and the people begin to depart, and the music ceases. You observe the police walking about, for the crowd is thin, yet at eleven o'clock, and even an hour later, there will be many persons walking in the Square. The next morning you go to observe the scene by daylight. It is far less brilliant. You are beset by half-a-dozen boot blacks, and to rid yourself of their annoyance let one earn a few coppers, by making your boots mirrors in which he sees his face. Most of the chairs which were occupied by hundreds of people on the previous evening, are now piled up in great heaps before the *cafes*. You enter a *cafe*, and read "*Galignani's Messenger*" over a cup of coffee, and are only disturbed by a flower girl, wearing a broad brimmed straw hat, underneath which are the masses of dark hair, and the sparkling eyes. She lays a sweet pink by your cup, and disappears without a word.

Such is the scene which takes place every day in St. Mark's Square, only on Sunday evening's the crowd is greater and military bands furnish music. The people promenade to and fro in regular order, and the scene bears much resemblance to a great ball.

G. F. W.

VIEW OF ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND.

ST. JOHNS, the capital of Newfoundland, is the most eastern seaport of North America. Being directly in the track of steamers plying between Great Britain and the United States, it is eminently adapted as a coal depot, or half-way house for these vessels. The harbor is excellent, although narrow at the entrance; the channel, or "Narrows," from point to point, being only 360 fathoms wide. The entrance to the harbor is so concealed from view at sea, that it is almost impossible to perceive it until after a very near approach. On the right rises Signal Hill, to a height of at least 660 feet, overlooking the town, and commanding a fine view of the country, which extends behind it like a gigantic panorama. Opposite Signal Hill, on the other side of the Narrows, rises another hill, or mountain as it should more properly be termed, to an elevation above the level of the water, of over six hundred feet.

The city is built on the side of a hill, which ascends gradually to a height of about a hundred and fifty feet, and presents an exceedingly picturesque appearance. It overlooks the harbor, which is a little over a mile in length, and a quarter of a mile in width; and which is one of the best harbors in the world, affording at all times a safe anchorage for ships of the largest dimensions. The first thing that strikes the visitor is its peculiar formation. After you have passed the entrance, it has the appearance of a lake, so completely is it shut in from the ocean. Gigantic hills tower above you on every side, except that on which the city stands, and on their rough and rugged declivities little patches of gardens have been made by the more industrious of the fishermen, whose little cottages help to subdue the natural wildness of the scene. Near the water's edge, on the south side, are erected the stages, or "flakes," as they are termed, on which the codfish are cured.

A very extensive business is done in St. Johns, it being the chief commercial centre of the island. Large numbers of vessels are constantly in port discharging or taking in cargoes of fish or oil, and in the months of August or September some fifty to eighty Spanish vessels load with fish for the various ports in the Mediteranean. Seal oil usually finds its market in the various ports of Great Britain, while the codfish is sent to the West Indies, Spain, Naples, and Brazil. In 1850 the population of St. Johns amounted to 19,000; in 1852, 21,000 (resident.) 6,000 fishermen.

CUBA.

THE fertility of the soil of Cuba is well known. The labor of cultivation is small and the profits well nigh fabulous. It is said that some planters, who have several estates, have an income of eight hundred thousand or a million of dollars annually. On new ground, sugar, which in Louisiana requires to be planted once in three years, will produce its annual crop for nine or ten years, so that the planter has nothing to do but reap the harvest every year. But, notwithstanding these extraordinary inducements to cultivate the soil, by far the larger portion of the island is yet a wilderness. A published statement gives only one-twentieth part of it as under cultivation. Some part of the residue is mountainous and untillable, but a very considerable portion is as fertile as that which yields so enormous a revenue.

In addition to the sources of agricultural wealth, there are rich copper and coal mines, and the forests abound with mahogany, cedar, and other choice woods. There are some serious drawbacks to a residence on the island, however, the principal of which are the enervating climate and yellow fever. A minor but by no means despicable evil is the mosquitoes, whose sting is very poisonous to strangers, producing a high degree of inflammation. The hands, wrists and ankles swell up and suppurate, making great sores, which leave pits almost as deep as those of the small pox, and much larger. After a residence of two years, however, the sting is scarcely felt, and the poison produces little or no effect. This has been accounted for by the idea that the enervating climate renders the blood so thin and poor that it is no longer capable of the same degree of inflammation.

SINGULAR CHINESE CUSTOM.—In China, coffins are made of very thick timber, and the joints are all carefully closed by pasting layers of paper over them, so as to make them perfectly air-tight. For greater security, a little lime is generally put in with the corpse. In this way it is possible to keep the coffined corpse in the house for years, without any unpleasant consequences. The practice, indeed, is not uncommon. Some have not the means at hand for burying in such style as they would wish. They must wait for better days.—Some do not find a place to suit them. Thus it sometimes happens that on entering a Chinese gentleman's house, a coffin is one of the most prominent objects seen among the articles of furniture.

AMUSEMENT.—Do you suppose that the grown-up child does not want amusement, when you see how greedy children are of it? Do not imagine we grow out of that; we disguise ourselves by various solemnities, but we have none of us lost the child-nature yet.

POVERTY is only contemptible when it is felt to be so. Doubtless the best way to make our poverty respectable is to seem never to feel it as an evil.

AUTHORS AS CONVERSATIONISTS.

GREAT writers are not necessarily great talkers. You hear that a man has written a popular book, and that you are to meet him at dinner. You hope that your own inferiority in conversation will not be very apparent, and, to be on the sure side, resolve to play the part of listener. You meet the great man, and vainly expect wit or wisdom from his lips. He turns out to be a very ordinary mortal. He may be shy and silent, or garrulous and bold, but he does not realize the expectations you had formed of him from his writings. A subject is discussed before him, and he either says nothing about it, or if he enter into the controversy, makes little of the subject, throws no light upon it, and leaves it where he found it. You go away, dreadfully disappointed, and cannot understand how a man can talk so tamely and write so spiritedly—how he can be weak as well as strong—how he can embody the poet's averment that we are "half dust, half deity." A few months pass, and our author produces another book. You have the curiosity to read it, and are wonder-smitten at finding the difficult subject on which the author, in your presence, had either not spoken, or spoken badly, fully and luminously discussed,—research and analysis, reflection and sagacity, wit and pathos, wisdom and sentiment, poetry and philosophy, grace and earnestness, eloquence and refinement, all combining to illustrate it admirably, all making a *chef d' œuvre* which delights the Present and will fill the Future with admiration.

What, you may ask, in utter wonderment—what an extraordinary difference between this man's writings and his conversation; what a curious quality of mind, as it were, in one and the same individual? Well, there *is* a difference. He who was shy, and silent, awkward, and perhaps commonplace in the crowd, was simply out of his element there and then. What a changed man you would see were you to behold him in solitude. A casual passage in a book, a passing paragraph in a newspaper may suggest an idea which, working into his mind, creates a train of thought, to carry out which, he is impelled to take pen in hand and write. One page leads to another, until he has discussed the subject in every point, and, in due season, the completed production, be it article or book, is before the world, challenging its meed of approbation and enlightening its heart.—*Phil. Press.*

BUSINESS HABITS OF AARON BURR.

Mr. Parton's new work on Burr gives the following sketch of his daily habits in the latter part of his life, as related to the author by a gentleman who spent some time in Burr's office:—"He rose at the dawn. A breakfast of an egg and a cup of coffee sufficed for this most abstemious of men; after which he worked for some hours before his clerks and assistants arrived. He was a hard taskmaster; he 'kept us all upon the jump.' All day he was dispatching and receiving messages, sending for books, persons and papers; expecting every command to be obeyed with next to impossible celerity, inspiring every one with his own zeal, and getting a surprising quantity of work accomplished. 'He was business incarnate,'" said my informant. "About ten in the evening he would give over, invite his companions to the side-board, and take a single glass of wine. Then his spirits would rise, and he would sit for hours telling stories of his past life, and drawing brief and graphic sketches of celebrated characters with whom he had acted. Often he was full of wit and gaiety, at such a time; 'the liveliest fellow in the world;' 'as merry as a boy,' 'never melancholy, never illnatured.' About midnight or later, he would lie down upon a hard couch in the corner and sleep 'like a child,' until morning. In his personal habits he was a thorough-going Spartan; eating little, drinking little, sleeping little; working hard. He was fond of calculating upon how small a sum life could be supported, and used to think he could live well enough upon seventy-five cents a week."

REFRAIN from bitter words; there is only the difference of a letter between words and swords.

The Young Ruralist.

BREAKING YEARLING STEERS.

MESSRS. EDS.:—In the last RURAL a YOUNG RURALIST of Madison Co., inquires how to break his yearling steers. Permit me to suggest, first, not quite so much timber in our "*ox gads*" as our fathers used, for lumber is becoming scarce, and brains are increasing, (scalps at least,) for which reason we had better use more of the latter and less of the former.

Next, we deserve no sympathy when we split our thoats in trying to make our cattle hear, when nature gave ears quite as acute, and *nearly as long* as our own. In other words let us retain our natural voice and natural actions—that is, actions in harmony with that principal in nature which CHRIST taught—"overcome evil with good"—and the few who have experimented on this precept, have found it as often verified when applied to four legs as two.

Now, if the law of kindness will overcome *evil*, certainly no harsher agent is required to overcome *ignorance*, the only fault of the unbroken steer,—ignorant not of the act we wish him to perform, for he can *do that*—but, ignorant of our *desire*—and since we are as awkward in communicating our will, as the steer in comprehending it, therefore, we merit as harsh a chastisement as we inflict on him.

To illustrate my theory, I give my practice:—I raised a pair of Devon grade calves, which I fed, handled and made myself familiar with until one year old. By this time continued kindness had secured a sort of mutual confidence between all three of us; they seeming to consider me as good a calf as any in the yard. I now considered their moral and social faculties in a healthy and thriving condition, which should be the first step in the education of man or brute.

As the mild weather of spring approached, bringing with it a corresponding mildness in the disposition of cattle, manifested by their being more sociable in a yard, and not so given to hooking each other as in the more severe weather, I commenced their education, one at a time,—short lessons, each once a day,—and was surprised at their rapid progress, never having driven oxen or broken steers before. I did not attempt to cram the whole alphabet down them at once, which I believe is too frequently practiced. For twenty successive times the child may attempt to speak a hard word and fail every time,—when if you give him the elementary sounds composing the word, he will utter each distinctly,—then combine them by adding one each time, and he can pronounce it with ease. Parents, try it. If your child says *thixpense*, it is because he don't know where to place his tongue to produce the sound of *s*, not because he *cannot* do it. Let him *see* how you do it, &c. On this principle my calves acquired great accomplishments, and graduated shortly after one year of age.

When I had made myself intelligible to each I then let them recite in concert, changing sides and positions in all manner of ways I could think,—in short, acting on the principle of the cautious old lady, who said, "JOHNNY, you must not go into the water till after you have learned to swim." They were thoroughly broken before being yoked.

If I want the steer to come to me, I tap, tap, tap him, like the gentle rain drop, with my short lash on the off or opposite side of the neck. At first he cares nothing about it, till at last it becomes disagreeable to him, as the stroke from a straw on a man's nose or arm would at length be unbearable. Well, he makes a move to avoid his uncomfortable position, but naturally enough moves *from* me, knowing I am the cause, and my desire to the contrary being High Dutch to him. But the taps continue to fall just as fast as ever on just the same spot, till by mere accident or experiment he turns towards me. That instant the blows stop; so he at length finds that he must approach me to avoid the disagreeable sensation on the off side of the neck, and must move to the right when on the left side; but always strike on the *same place* to produce the *same result*, and not touch him promiscuously or just where it happens to produce a motion forward, backward, right or left. Be sure you always stop whipping the instant he *begins* to obey; this encourages him. To make them hold up their heads when yoked, tap them gently with the butt of the whip on the top of the shoulder just back of the yoke. To make them back, strike them on their breast or throat, as it saves their eyes and a downward tendency of the head.

To conclude, I took these steers to our County Fair at Watertown, in the fall, and although they had seen but one winter, were kind as kittens and handy as oxen, and took the first premium. I sold them on the ground for one hundred and twenty-five dollars, without the yoke, took the money and went home with a sad heart. Their weight was twenty-one hundred. Color deep red. J. B.

Stowell's Corners, Jeff. Co., N. Y., 1853.

THE WONDERS OF LIGHT.

NOT only does light fly from the grand "ruler of the day," with a velocity which is a million and a half times greater than the speed of a cannon ball, but it darts from every reflecting surface with a like velocity, and reaches the tender structure of the eye so gently that, as it falls upon the little curtain of nerves which is there spread to receive it, it imparts the most pleasing sensations, and tells its story of the outer world with a minuteness of detail, and a holiness of truth. Philosophers once sought to weigh the sunbeam. They constructed a most delicate balance, and suddenly let it in upon a beam of light: the lever of the balance was so delicately hung that the fluttering of a fly would have disturbed it. Everything prepared, the grave men took their places, and with keen eyes watched the result. The sunbeam that was to decide the experiment had left the sun eight minutes before, to pass the ordeal. It had flown through ninety-five millions of miles of space in that short measure of time, and it shot upon the balance with unabated velocity. But the lever moved not, and the philosophers were mute. —*Scientific American.*

WHEN vice is united to fortune, she changes her name.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
EXCELSIOR

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 27, 1858.

News of the Week.

A TELEGRAM from Washington on the 17th states that orders are to be forthwith sent to the naval forces in Central America, having in view the enforcement of the President's anti-fillibuster proclamation.

SECRET agents from persons in high standing in Mexico, are said to be at Washington urging the President to decisive measures in relation to that country.

A SPECIAL session of the Indiana Legislature convened on the morning of the 20th. The House organized by the election of J. W. Gordon, Rep., Speaker; A. J. Ryan, anti-Lec., Principal Clerk; G. N. Chapman, Rep., Assistant Clerk; and Robert Jennings, Rep., Door Keeper. In the Senate, J. H. Vawtor, anti-Lec., was chosen principal Clerk, and James Lynor, Rep., Assistant Clerk. Both Houses then adjourned.

THE Legislature of North Carolina convened at Raleigh, the capital, on Monday week and both houses were full. Henry T. Clarke, of Edgrowb, was elected Speaker of the Senate, and Thomas Settle, of Rockingham, Speaker of the House.—Hon. John Hill, Clerk of the Senate, and Edward Conttrell, Clerk of the House. Gov. Bragg's message was delivered and was well received. There are several aspirants to the U. S. Senate, and the election will be made at an early day.

COMPLETE returns show a majority of 15,372 against a Convention to revise the Constitution of New York. The aggregates are for a Convention 139,748; against 155,120.

THE Litchfield (Conn.) Bank—one of those crippled during the late Panic on account of some mismanagement—had a hearing before Judge Ellsworth, at Hartford, on the 15th. The Bank Commissioner reported the Bank insolvent, and not in condition to go on. It was enjoined and Abijah Catlin and F. E. Harrison were appointed receivers. Four months is allowed for the presentation of claims against the Bank. The affairs of the Bank are now in a bad condition, but the receivers are said to be practical men, in whose hands every dollar will be applied for the benefit of creditors.

CONFLAGRATIONS.—The period of the year when the eye instinctively turns to telegraph columns expecting to read of "Destructive Fires"—"Terrible Conflagrations," &c., has arrived, and we are daily receiving instalments of such matters. On the 20th, in Norwalk, Conn., twenty buildings, embracing stores and dwellings, were burned. Loss $75,000. A destructive fire occurred in the village of Corunna, Shiawassee Co., Mich., on the 17th, which swept a good portion of the town between the Court House and River. This includes the main business part of the village situated west of the Court House. The loss is estimated at about $50,000, with only about $5,000 insurance.

Arrival of the Overland Mail.

THE Eleventh Overland Mail from California, with dates to Oct. 22d, arrived at St. Louis on the 16th inst. The following summary of news was received by the American Express:

The exceeding regularity in the arrival of the overland mail from St. Louis had excited the wonder of our San Francisco cotemporaries. The second was set down on the 14th, and the third on the 17th. They speak of the demonstration made on those occasions as past all description. The *Alta California* records the incoming of one of the St. Louis mails in due time, notwithstanding a protracted detention by the way:—"The overland mail stage of Messrs. Butterfield & Co., left St. Louis on Sept. 20th, the same day that the mail steamer now due sailed from New York. The stage arrived at San Jose this morning at 10½ o'clock, having been delayed 37½ hours at Fort Smith, Arkansas, waiting for the Memphis mail.—It will be seen that the actual running time is but 23½ days, thus beating the steamer, via. Panama, entirely 'out of sight.'"

The *Stockton Argus*, in a late issue, throws a new light on the massacre of Crabbe and party in Sonora about a year since. That journal says that Crabbe was lured to Sonora by Pasquiera, under the promises of being permitted to occupy a large grant of land between the Mexican settlements and the hostile Apaches for the avowed purpose of protecting the inhabitants against the incursions of the savages. Pasquiera, it seems, had another scheme in view, which was to join the Americans in a movement for the annexation of Sonora to the United States, should he fail to establish his supremacy through the revolution at that time distracting the State. Gaudara, his opponent, then in the city of Mexico, denounced him to the General Government, charging him with treason. Fearing the consequences, Pasquiera, to establish his innocence of the charge, coolly murdered the party he invited thither, and sent an account of the butchery to the city of Mexico, as an evidence of his loyalty.

The Chili Congress had closed its session—one of its last acts having been a bill authorizing the Executive to purchase shares of the Valparaiso Santiago Railway Company. The limit for buying is confined to the next six months—the State assuming the same rights and prerogatives as individual shareholders. In the agricultural districts in the south, the crops promise to be plentiful, notwithstanding the excessive rain which has fallen.

From Peru there is little of interest. Trade is extremely dull on account of the unsettled state of Bolivia, as the merchants refuse to sell on credit. At the time of the steamer's leaving there were forty-one vessels loading at the Chincha Islands, and forty-two lying in the harbor of Callao.

THE KANSAS GOLD MINES.—By U. S. Express to Boonville, on the 12th inst., we learn that favorable accounts continue to arrive from the gold regions. Seven men of the Georgia Company took out $500 in five days. Upwards of 600 wagons bound to the mines were met last week between Fort Kearney and the crossing of the Platte. Arrivals from Utah, report six inches of snow on the Sweet Water, and ice an inch thick. Twelve hundred Indian lodges were erected in the vicinity of Military Road, between this point and Fort Laramie. The Indians are peaceable.

TREMENDOUS PILES OF GOLD.—The bullion in the Bank of France now stands at about $120,000,000—a far larger sum than was ever before held by that establishment, and more than $8,000,000 in excess of the largest sum ever collected in the Bank of England. At the commencement of the present year, the Bank of France held less than $40,000,000, and the influx in nine months has therefore been $70,000,000. At the Bank of England, the total at the beginning of the year was $53,000,000, and it is now more than $95,000,000. The highest sum it ever possessed was $111,000,000, in July, 1852.

CANADIAN RECIPROCITY.—The New York Chamber of Commerce held a special meeting on the 11th inst., at which the Committee on Canadian Reciprocity presented a report complaining of the forced interpretation recently placed on the reciprocity treaty by Mr. Guthrie, by which interpretation wheat grown in the States, and ground into flour in Canada, is subject to duty on re-importation into this country. Royal Phelps presented a minority counter report.

SYRACUSE SALT.—Notwithstanding the general depression, the quantity of salt inspected at Syracuse exceeds the amount inspected during any preceding year by about 200,000 bushels. The aggregate for the season will be nearly 7,000,000 bushels, or 1,400,000 barrels, valued at $1,000,000. About one-half the salt manufactured in the United States, is produced there.

THE NEW CANADA COIN.—The Toronto Globe has received information that an instalment ($400,000) of the monies stamped in England for Canada, arrived out by the Indian, and will be put in circulation immediately. They consist of ten and twenty cent pieces in silver, and one cent pieces in bronze, very beautifully executed.

A SINGULAR VOTE.—At the late election in Massachusetts, the town of South Danvers voted as follows:—Banks, Republican, 444; Beach, Democrat, 444; Lawrence, American, 444. That town was very impartial in its favors, and determined that no party should have cause to complain of it.

NEW YORK FOR SALE.—The Sheriff of the county of New York, advertises for sale all the real estate of which the city of New York was possessed on the 12th day of June, 1857, "or any time thereafter," to satisfy sundry executions placed in his hands.

EQUADOR AND THE ENGLISH.—The English are stated to have received from Equador a vast region at the upper waters of the Amazon, along under the Andes, which they are preparing to occupy with all the means and men incidental to an extended scheme of colonization.

GREAT DEBTS.—The debt of Russia is said to amount to $352,800,000. That of France is $1,248,000,000, and that of England $3,295,000,000. Rather large sums, but the resources of all the three nations are immense, and their credit is excellent.

News Paragraphs.

A FOREIGN paper states that the caravan of pilgrims which left Damascus for Mecca last summer, accompanied by the Sultana and her suite, returned to Damascus on the 25th of September, its ranks decimated by the cholera. Of the eighty thousand persons who composed the caravan, sixteen thousand were carried off by the epidemic. The Sultana and her entire suite, with the exception of a young Georgian slave and an old eunuch, are among the victims.

A "LAND LOCOMOTIVE" successfully traversed the streets of Dayton, Ohio, recently. It is designed for draft on the farm, in plowing and threshing, and other labor, and for use on the highways.

HON. WM. SHILEY, formerly Governor of Georgia, and afterwards one of her representatives in Congress, died at Augusta on the 20th, aged 72. He was a native of Maryland, a good lawyer and a good Citizen.

THE Third Avenue Horse Railroad Company, in New York, estimate the number of people carried over their road during the year, at about eight millions. Nearly four thousand miles per day are run by their sixty-nine cars and twelve stages. The receipts from passengers during the year were $402,679.

A GRAIN warehouse has been erected at Milwaukee which is capable of storing nearly half a million bushels of grain. There are six elevators, which in the aggregate are capable of taking in 11,000 bushels of grain in one day, and two ship elevators, which will ship 24,000 bushels an hour.

THE yield of vineyards in Hamilton county, Ohio, for 1858, is 14,000 gallons; Brown county, 17,000; and Clermont, 2,500—a total of 33,500 gallons in three counties. The wine of 1858 is of superior quality—as good as the celebrated vintage of '53—and the yield is considerably greater than that of '57. The price per gallon ranges from $1 to $1,20.

ABOUT thirty acres of land in Winthrop's Neck, in New London, Conn., has been fenced in by squatters during the past summer. At the time Arnold burned the city, the records were destroyed, and no owners have claimed the land, which has been unoccupied since then.

THE Utah correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, says the Mormons have left their fields just as they were after the harvest. Not one has been broken up and sowed with wheat for the next year's crop, nor have any preparations been made for that purpose. This is the case, so far as he could learn, throughout the Territory, and is regarded as indicating that the Mormons will be off next spring, to what place or in what direction is an utter mystery.

THE Supervisors of Oneida county refused to levy the State Tax of 1855, and were sued. The State obtained judgment, and now they have the snug sum of $25,000 to pay. Comptroller Church urges the immediate payment of this sum.

SINCE Morphy has been in Europe, up to the time of the close of the Harrwitz game, he has played 117 games, 16 of which he lost, 88 won, and 13 were drawn.

SKATING ponds are to be *the* institution this winter. Some of the residents of Delaware avenue, Buffalo, it is stated, are to have a private skating ground, a large lot of land on the avenue having been leased for the purpose, which is to be flooded with water. The ladies are preparing to participate in the healthful exercise.

LETTER boxes have been placed in some of the Philadelphia passenger railway cars, and on the latter reaching their terminus, near the Exchange, the contents of the boxes are deposited by the conductor in the Post Office. It is found to be so great a convenience to suburbans, that all the numerous cars will probably be supplied in the same way.

TELEGRAPH TO THE PACIFIC.—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun says that arrangements have been made by the Southern and Western Telegraph Companies to continue the line of telegraph from Missouri to California and Oregon. The efforts of the companies on this side of the Rocky Mountains for this object will be aided by companies formed in California. The proposed line will be for the most part laid under ground, and for a considerable distance on the Pacific slope, may be conducted, it is said, upon the tree tops. The expense of construction will not, it is said, be very considerable, in proportion to the benefit, public and private, to be derived from the line.

DACOTAH.—The people living in that part of Minnesota not included in the bounderies of the new State of that name, have acted upon the principle of "Squatter Sovereignty," and formed a government of their own, under the name of Dacotah, with the seat of government at Sioux Falls, on the Big Sioux river. A Council and House of Representatives have been elected, which convened on the 15th ult., and elected a Governor, who accepted the office and made an Inaugural Address. Congress will find this new community at its doors next winter.

ANOTHER SUBMARINE CABLE FAILED.—The submarine cable from Dover Calais has ceased to do telegraphic duty. It has been in successful operation for years, and its failure now is proof positive that the modes of insulation as yet discovered are inadequate for permanent communication under salt water, even for a short distance. This renders the case of the great "Atlantic Cable," in its present predicaments, utterly hopeless. At the best it could not have been relied on for a great length of time. New inventions and substantial improvements, however, making electric communication across the Atlantic a fixed success, are not to be despaired of.

THE GIRL RESCUED FROM THE MORMONS.—Judge Eckles having in charge Henrietta Polivore, who was rescued from the Mormons by habeas corpus at the request of the British government, arrived at St. Louis on the 16th inst. This girl was abducted from Gloucester, England, four years ago. Elizabeth Colton, author of an extensively published letter in regard to Mormon life, had also arrived, en route to her home in England.

Literary Notices.

A JOURNEY DUR NORTH: Being Notes of a Residence in Russia. By GEO. AUGUSTUS SALA. Boston: Ticknor & Fields—1858.

THIS is a most delightful, entertaining and instructive account of a residence and journey through Russia in the Summer of 1856, by one of the ablest and most piquant and interesting contributors to "Household Words" and other English publications. Its descriptions of Russian life, habits and characteristics—in city, village and country—are given in such an amusing and entertaining style, that the reader peruses the volume of 550 pages with unflagging interest and pleasure. Sold by DEWEY.

VERNON GROVE; or, Hearts as they Are. A Novel. New York: Rudd & Carlton.

THIS is one of the few novels of the day which we consider worthy of commendation. It is written in a chaste and charming style, and depicts the emotions and passions in a natural manner—truly representing "hearts as they are." The volume comprises nearly 400 pages, handsomely executed. For sale by DEWEY.

A SPLENDID HOLIDAY GIFT BOOK.—We are in receipt of specimen sheets and plates of a splendid gift book soon to be issued in Imperial 8 vo. by D. APPLETON & Co., entitled "The Stratford Gallery; or the Shakspeare Sisterhood." It is to comprise forty-five ideal portraits, finely engraved on steel, with letter-press descriptions by Mrs. J. W. PALMER, an accomplished writer. The plan of the work is original, and we think it will prove one of the most attractive and beautiful volumes ever issued in this country. It will prove a counterpart, and fitting companion to the "Republican Court" of Mr. Griswold, "World-Noted Women" by Mrs. Mary Campden Clarke. The Gallery will soon be for sale by DEWEY.

"THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE."—The incomparable series of papers which Dr. O. W. HOLMES contributed to the Atlantic Monthly under this title, will soon be issued in a handsome volume, with appropriate embellishments and illustrations. We presume the work will be rich in all respects—for it certainly will be in contents, and as to externals the eminent publishers (PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co.,) will no doubt perform their part creditably. Thousands will be glad to receive the Autocrat in boards, and even calf, for he is considered an "institution" worthy of preservation.

—Since the above was written we have received the book, and find it "all our fancy painted."

THE *Edingburgh Review*—LEONARD SCOTT & Co.'s reprint—has been received. Its contents are:—Memoirs of the Court of England During the Regency—1811–20; Report of the Trial of Madeline Smith, at Edingburgh; History of Ancient Pottery; M. Guizot's Historical Memoirs; Contributions to the Philosophy of Vision; The Earls of Kildare, and their Ancestors; Studies of Homer and the Homeric Age; Guy Livingstone, or Thorough; The London Cotton Plant; The Edinburgh Review, and Mr. Froude's History. This list is an attractive one, giving a rich variety of entertaining matter to the reader. One of the most venomous villifications of America and American Institutions may be found in the article entitled "The London Cotton Plant"—one of a character, we are happy to say, very seldom found in pages more marked for elevated criticism. It is well enough to know what our detractors say of us, and when truth fails to develop as foul a picture as this this class would portray, their ready acceptance and use of falsehoods conclusively show that we are not irrevocably beyond the pale of redemption. For sale by DEWEY.

"Rural" Letters from the People.

THE CLERGY are, and ever have been, among the most ardent friends of the RURAL. We are indebted to this intelligent and discriminating class for the introduction of the paper in many localities, and a large increase to its subscription list in numerous others. Their personal influence is great, and has been kindly lent in support of the RURAL. To show what ONE has already done for our next volume, we extract the following from a letter just received from a Clergyman in Northern New York:—"I hasten to inform you that I am in the field canvassing for the RURAL when my health will permit. I have already obtained over SEVENTY subscribers! The *Tribune* and *Ledger* out of the way and the field would be clear, but I am abundantly satisfied. If my health and strength hold out, think I shall make out a goodly list. Have received your handsome poster. As part of my gospel consists in preaching the RURAL and its *doctrines*, had you not better send some more at the different points where I am itinerating? Also a few specimens. Keep the ball rolling! I cannot afford to write often, except to send names, till I get through canvassing." Our friend is evidently a wide-awake, progressive *man*, as well as minister. How many Country Clergymen will benefit their parishioners, and aid the RURAL in like manner?

THOSE who have taken the RURAL at the East, and removed to the West or South, prove excellent missionaries, as we have frequent occasion to know. Witness the following note just received from W. L. HUNTER, now residing in Nodaway Co., Mo.:—"As an Eastern man always loves the RURAL for its high tone and good influence, I miss it sadly; and as the general information of the people is very deficient, as a teacher I consider it my *duty* to do what I can for them. Therefore, if you will send me a few copies for distribution, I will try to get up a club."

THE YOUNG MEN are waking up, and making efforts in behalf of the RURAL. A young man in Tompkins Co. requests us to send Specimens, Show-Bills, &c., to his father in Pa., and says:—"I have been a reader of your paper a number of years, have taken it the two past years myself, and I intend to take it as long as I can get money enough. I purpose to give you a lift this coming winter. As much of my time as I can spare shall be spent in trying to aid in circulating the *best* paper in the *world*."

FRUIT IN ITALY.—An American traveler says:—"I have not yet seen either in the markets or grape yards of Southern Europe anything that would compare with the fruit displayed at our annual shows. Not only in the large grape yield, but in other kinds of fruit, this will be a bountiful year in Tuscany. Figs, pears and peaches are in uncommon abundance; indeed, the last named are about as plenty, good and cheap as with us during a favorable season in New Jersey. Of fresh figs, fifteen to twenty, can be bought for a crazia, little more than our cent. The olive yield does not promise so well as usual, which may oblige the Florentines after this, to pay a little more for the oil they burn in their lamps and eat on their salads. The past summer has been a very comfortable one in this part of Italy. There were only a few days of excessive heat, and, indeed, rarely is any great inconvenience felt on that account."

THE QUARANTINE TROUBLES.—The N. Y. Express of the 20th inst., states that extensive preparations are being made for a second attack upon the Quarantine establishment. Meetings have been held at Staten Island, and a large band is being raised.—The plan of attack, the Express states, is entrusted to an officer of the U. S. Army, who is to receive a large sum of money if he is successful.

The News Condenser.

— St. Joseph, Mo., is now lighted by gas.

— Madame Pfeiffer, the celebrated traveler, is dead.

— N. Y. city pays $969,000 for police, or $2,600 per day.

— The census of the population of Spain foots up 15,494,330.

— There are now 1,249 students in Oberlin College,—513 females.

— A horse was recently sold in New Bedford, Mass., for *fifty cents*.

— N. Y. city pays $400,000 for lamps and gas, or about $1,100 per day.

— Twenty bears have been killed in or near Wilmington, Vt., this year.

— N. Y. city pays $480,000 annually for salaries, or about $1,300 per day.

— Papers from Texas, of Nov. 6th, report a heavy frost through that State.

— A canary known to be twenty-one years old, died recently in England.

— N. Y. city pays $250,000 annually for cleaning streets, or about $680 per day.

— N. Y. city pays $1,400,000 for public schools annually, or about $3,800 per day.

— Letters from the cotton growing region say the crop may reach 3,500,000 bales.

— The distance from St. Louis to San Francisco, by the Overland route, is 2,886 miles.

— Brigham Young lost $10,000 by the failure of a banking house at Washington lately.

— "No gold at Pike's Peak," is the last reliable report from the Kansas "gold region."

— N. Y. city pays $800,000 annually in support of alms houses, or about $2,290 per day.

— Barnum is delivering a lecture on "Money-making" to large audiences in England.

— The Mayor of Cincinnati has stopped the running of omnibuses in that city on Sunday.

—The banking capital of Baltimore exceeds $10,000,000—divided among twenty-one banks.

— The new submarine cable had been laid between England at Aldborough and Holland.

— A large arrest of bogus coin manufactures has recently been made in Lawrence Co., Ohio.

— Steps are being taken in New Orleans for constructing horse railroads within the city limits.

— Of 53 parcels of real estate offered at sheriff's sale, in Cincinnati, last week, only one was sold.

— A merchant of Alexandria recently charged the Viceroy of Egypt $300,000 for twelve mirrors.

— The business men of Milwaukee opened their new "Chamber of Commerce" on Wednesday last.

— The town of Mattapoisett contains 70 persons who have attained the age of 70 years and upward.

— At Fort Brown, Texas, there have been 43 yellow fever deaths in the garrison and 370 at Matamoras.

— The bills of the Atlantic Bank, Portland, Me., were not received by the New York bank on Tuesday week.

— The New York Canal Tolls for October show an increase of $98,016 36 over the same month last year.

— The canal tolls for the first two weeks of November are $13,370 in excess of the same period last year.

— The passenger depot of the Great Western Railroad, at Chatham, C. W., was burned on Monday week.

— Charles Hale, of the Boston Advertiser, is a prominent candidate for speaker of the Massachusetts House.

— The Leavenworth (Kansas) Times, says the telegraph wires will reach that place by the close of navigation.

— Throat diseases are said to be the most fatal and prevalent of any among the rising generation of California.

— A steam engine is ordered from Philadelphia for the Empire Hook and Ladder Company of Lancaster, Pa.

— The Charleston (S. C.) Courier of the 10th inst., reports ice and snow in some parts of the State on the 8th.

— The Illinois Institution for the Deaf and Dumb has one hundred and fifty pupils, and is in a flourishing condition.

— The Supreme Court of Tennessee has just decided that the use, in public, of a single oath is an indictable offense.

— A large naval force will soon be sent to the Gulf, with a view to the execution of designs on Mexico and Cuba.

— A rich gold mine has been discovered in Western Arizona, on the line of the El Paso and Fort Yuma wagon road.

— John Fowler, an American dentist residing in Paris, has bought Monte Cristo, the residence of Alexander Dumas.

— Powers, the sculptor, is about to revisit the United States. He has now resided in Florence upwards of 20 years.

— A boat, containing three colored men, went over the falls at Towanda, Pa., on Sunday week, and all were drowned.

— The exports of coal from Great Britain to the United States during the month of September, amounted to 8,160 tons.

— The prize money to be paid to the military serving in India is enormous. Lord Clyde's share is said to exceed £30,000.

— Prof. Henry D. Rogers, of Philadelphia, geologist, has recently been elected a member of the Royal Society of London.

— The latest statistical accounts, derived from the Russian census of 1851, give to European Russia a population of 57,227,760.

— The Methodists of Alabama have raised $300,000 as a beginning for an endowment fund for a University at Greensborough.

— The Newburyport Herald states that one man has purchased 10,000 barrels of apples lately, in that vicinity, for a Boston firm.

— Six Artesian wells have been bored in Toledo, from which a constant flow of water is obtained. None were sunk below 200 feet.

— The Santa Fe Gazette says that 115,000 sheep will be driven from two counties in New Mexico to California this present season.

— The teams on the Overland California Mail route travel from three to five, and in some parts of the route, nine miles the hour.

— Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, the popular preacher in England, has been attacked with a painful disease—inflammation of the kidneys.

— The N. Y. board of education estimate that $1,296,000 will be necessary for public instruction in that city during the coming year.

— A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of Georgia to prevent the use of any Latin phrase in the legislative acts of that State.

— The Newburyport fishing vessels have all returned but two. The catch has been small, and generally the business has not been paying.

—The new treaty with Japan is on its way to this country in charge of a son of Com. Tatnall, who is coming home by the overland route.

— The N. O. Picayune rejoices over the appearance of the street musicians in that city. They ceased in July and did not resume until 3d inst.

Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

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LIBERAL GRATUITIES.

In addition to the extra copies above offered, and any Premiums which we may hereafter offer for subscribers to the Tenth Volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, we will give to EACH of the *One Hundred Persons* sending the first lists of THIRTY or more yearly Subscribers to the RURAL after this date (remitting payment at our club rate—$1 25 per copy,) a bound volume of the RURAL for 1858, price $3,—*or* $2 in Agricultural Books, post paid.

To EACH of the *One Hundred Persons* sending the first lists of TEN, SIXTEEN or TWENTY Subscribers as above, remitting payment according to our terms, we will give either another extra copy of the RURAL, *or* $1 50 in Ag. Books, post paid, *or* a Gross of the Washington Medallion Pens, post paid, as preferred by the persons entitled.

☞ PLENTY OF TIME!—In answer to two or three recent inquiries, we would state there is yet abundant time to secure the Liberal Gratuities we offer for the first 100 lists of 30 subscribers, and first 100 of 10, 16, or 20. Indeed, as club lists do not usually come in to any extent until after Dec. 1st, we presume all who remit before the 10th or 15th will be sure of the extra premiums, and perhaps those who send as late as the 20th or 25th. But as there are indications of a rush this year, competitors should remit as early as possible.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

☞ THE MONEY WE RECEIVE.—Bills on all solvent Banks in the U. S. and Canada taken at par on subscription to the RURAL, but our agents and other friends will please remit New York, New England or Canada money when convenient. Postage Stamps can be remitted for fractional parts of a dollar. For all amounts over $15 we prefer Drafts on either New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Albany, Rochester or Buffalo (less exchange,) payable to our order—and all such drafts may be mailed at the risk of the Publisher. If our friends throughout the Union, British Provinces, &c., will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

☞ ANY person who remits pay for a club of 10, 16 or 20 at the specified rates for such club, and adds a sufficient number within one month thereafter can avail himself of the advantage of the lower price of large club, and retain the amount overpaid. Thus, a person remitting $15 for 10 copies, could obtain 10 copies more within a month by sending only $11.

☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires. Hence, a prompt renewal is necessary to secure the regular continuance of the paper.

☞ CLUBBING WITH THE MAGAZINES, &c.—We will send the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1859 and a yearly copy of either *The Atlantic*, *Harper's*, *Godey's*, *Graham's*, or any other $3 magazine, for $4. The RURAL and either *The Horticulturist*, *Hovey's Magazine*, *Arthur's Magazine*, or *any other* $2 magazine, for $3.

☞ THE RURAL AS A PRESENT.—Our readers are reminded that in all cases where the RURAL is sent to a distant friend or relative, as a present, we only charge the lowest club price, $1 25. Our lowest price for copies sent to Canada, is $1 37½, and to Europe, $2 25—the extra charge being for postage.

☞ THE RURAL TO AG. SOCIETIES.—In answer to inquires, we would state that we will furnish the RURAL NEW-YORKER to Agricultural Societies, to be awarded as premiums, at our lowest club price—only $1 25 per copy—and send to as many different addresses or post-offices as desired. Canada Societies, $1 37½, including American postage.

☞ SPECIMENS FREE.—We always take pleasure in sending specimens free of charge. Reader, if you have any friends, near or distant, that you think would subscribe for the RURAL, or act as agent, please give us their addresses and we will send them specimens, &c. No matter how many names—"the more the merrier."

☞ DRAFTS AT OUR RISK.—We lose little money by mail, but prefer Drafts on New York (less exchange,) payable to our order, and which may be sent at our risk if carefully inclosed and mailed to D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, without certificate, and each and all who volunteer in the good cause will not only receive premiums, but their aid will be appreciated.

☞ IN ordering the RURAL please send us the best money conveniently obtainable, and do not forget to give your full address—the name of Post-Office, and also State, Territory, or Province.

Special Notices.

THE RURAL EMPIRE CLUB.

AFTER the Compliments of the Proprietor of this Club to its Patrons, he begs leave to give, as a reason for not issuing his Annual Circular and acknowledgment of favors as heretofore, *his confinement to the sick chamber*. I am glad to answer numerous inquiries through this "Rural" medium, viz:—The Rural Empire Club *will be* continued as heretofore, supplying its patrons with the most popular Periodicals at lowest club rates. Each member of the Club will receive (if he or she desires it,) a package of some new and rare seeds by mail. Among the attractions of the present collection are the "Hubbard Squash"—"Apple-pie Melon"—"Indian Kershaw"—"No Plus Ultra Cucumber"—the best Sweet Corn, and, the earliest, Field Corn. Further information given by addressing

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463] ☞ SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. [13t

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the Canada.

THE steamship Canada arrived at Halifax on the 17th inst., with Liverpool dates to the 6th inst.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The London Times speaking of the wretched condition of Mexico, says:—"There is no reason why England should oppose the ambitious designs of the Government at Washington. It considers the establishment of any law and order in Mexico would be a gain." It also ridicules the Spanish Expedition as farcical, and contends that a gun fired on Mexican territory is fired to the ultimate profit of the great Anglo-Saxon Northern Confederacy.

The London Advertiser publishes a rumor that Lord Derby contemplates retiring, and that Lord John Russell is to succeed him as Premier, with Lords Stanley and Sir James Graham as prominent members of the Cabinet. It is further stated that this new combination will have the support of Bright and his party.

The Bank of England rates are unchanged. An active drain of gold to the continent still continues.

FRANCE.—It is authoritively stated that the Emperor has taken steps for laying up stores of corn in the very large towns, during the plentiful season, to provide against scarcity.

SPAIN.—The Government has carried nearly all the elections in the Provinces, but the Progresas are triumphant in Madrid. Their leader was returned by six constituencies.

Spanish troops had sailed from Malaga to co-operate with the French in Cochin China.

PORTUGAL.—The London Post's Paris correspondent says the Portuguese Government contemplate an address to the Great Powers, complaining of France for refusing mediation in the affair of the Charles Georges.

FROM RIO JANEIRO.—Rio Janeiro dates to the 10th of October. Coffee scarce and advanced 100 reis per arobe. Sugars advanced 1,200 reis, and closed with upward tendency. The frigate St. Lawrence was in port. The sloop Plymouth of Montevido.

The Paraguayans are placing obstructions in the lower part of their river to prevent the ingress of the American squadron. The shores of Paraguay are well fortified, and the Americans are promised a warm reception.

Commercial Intelligence.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour shows a declining tendency, though prices are nominally unchanged. Western canal 20s. Ohio 22s@22s. Wheat dull, with declining tendency. Quotations nominally 5s4d red Western. White 6s4d. Corn declining Quotations nominal for mixed 24s. Yellow 30. White 32s@34s.

PROVISIONS.—Provisions heavy. Beef declining 2s6d@5s.

ANOTHER ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—An English paper announces that a company is in course of formation, to be called the British and Canadian Submarine Telegraph Company, (limited,) the object of which will be to connect the most important British North American colonies with Great Britain by electric telegraph, commencing with that portion of the line between Galway and Quebec, and extending it onward to the Pacific as soon after as may be deemed expedient. The company propose that the first section shall commence at Galway, cross the Atlantic to Belle Isle, and follow the course of the river St. Lawrence to Quebec.—The wire to be used will be of a totally different nature and construction from any hitherto employed, and the whole arrangements will be such, it is claimed, as to secure its being successfully laid.—

WALKER'S MOVEMENTS.—The N. Y. Times correspondent says it is now considered certain by Gen. Walker's friends that his expedition will not be interfered with by the naval forces of either the United States or Great Britain. From certain information which they have obtained as to the tenor of the instructions with reference to their clearance, sent to the Collector of Mobile, they are quite sure no difficulty will be experienced there. The Herald's correspondent states, on undoubted authority, that the British naval officers in the Carribean Sea will not interfere with Walker at sea, but they are instructed to capture him on land.—If on Mosquito territory they will act under the Protectorate, and if upon the coast of Nicaragua or Costa Rica, upon the invitation of the governments of those States.

A NOVELTY IN TRADE.—Cotton which has heretofore sought the New York market exclusively by way of the Southern seaboard, is coming, this fall, to some extent across Ohio, and through this State by the Central Railroad and Hudson River to New York. The detention of Southern vessels at Quarantine and changes in the relative cost of transportation, are assigned as the reasons for this phenomenon.

AN APPRECIATIVE NOTICE—is the following by Dr. PRATT, of the *Corning Journal*. For this, and similar favors we are daily receiving, we bow low in grateful acknowledgment to our friends of the Press, and shall strive to render the RURAL more and more worthy their encomiums:

RURAL NEW-YORKER.—No intelligent agriculturist in the United States is ignorant of the existence and value of the above named paper. It stands unrivalled, having a larger list of subscribers than any similar Journal in the world, and it has now become an institution in the full sense of the word. Mr. D. D. T. MOORE, the leading Editor and Proprietor, some nine years since projected the plan of publishing a weekly newspaper devoted to Agriculture and Horticulture, yet one which should be emphatically the Farmer's paper, containing in addition to the important subjects referred to, a complete summary of the general news of the day, and copious literary and miscellaneous articles. The idea was scouted as preposterous. Ruin was predicted by every one, as all Agricultural Journals were comparatively poorly sustained, and it was deemed an absurdity to publish a weekly paper while monthlies barely maintained a foothold—Mr. M. ventured his all in the development of his favorite "notion," and became seriously involved, in the determination to present the *beau ideal* of his imagination. The expenses incident to the publication of a large weekly newspaper, requiring great outlay for editorial services and valuable communications from the best informed writers upon Agriculture and kindred topics, were enormous, yet he never wavered. Every energy was brought into requisition to make the *Rural New-Yorker* worthy of its mission. It aimed to benefit the farmer and his wife, and also their sons and daughters, and to elevate the mind, while advocating the material interests of the cultivators of the soil. It has been and is still a *live* paper, abounding in valuable information for farmers and fruit-growers, and yet is the medium for a large amount of practical information upon other topics, with general news, choice miscellany, &c., &c., such as makes it a welcome visitor at every fireside. Its foreign correspondence, and original sketches of travel add much to its value, and in every respect the *Rural New-Yorker* is highly creditable to Mr. MOORE, as well as eminently worthy of the patronage of the public.

The *Rural* devotes but a limited space to advertisements and excludes invariably, all that are objectionable and even refuses at any price to publish the usual advertisements of Patent Medicines. As a newspaper circulating in many thousands of families its moral tone cannot fail to exert a powerful influence in favor of morality and religion. It seeks but to elevate the tastes, improve the morals and instruct the mind of the reader, and is accomplishing great good. Long may it prosper.—*Corning Journal*.

ARMY EXPENDITURES.—It is stated that the annual report of the Quartermaster General, which is now ready for the press, shows the expenditures of this branch of the War Department to have been $9,736,285. The largest amount of this—over five millions—has been appropriated for the Utah campaign, and the next largest for the Pacific department. The Washington Star says the expenditures for the Utah imbroglio, as far as made by the Quartermaster's department, amount to $5,132 000.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Nov 23, 1858.

FLOUR—The week exhibits an advance of 25 cents per barrel upon inferior brands—no change in rates of choice. Buckwheat has fallen off 25c per cwt.

GRAIN—Wheat without alteration. Corn, new, is down to 66c. Old might bring a better price but there is none offering. Barley rates at only 62½c this week, and no demand even at the reduction. Beans are down 12½@25c per bushel.

MEATS—Fresh Pork is selling at last week's prices—a higher rate might be obtained were the weather cooler, as New York buyers are in the market prepared to operate if prices a little but too high a range of the thermometer deters. Mutton in the carcass] shows a reduction in rates of ½@1c ℔ lb.

For all other changes, see table.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		Eggs, loose	16@18c
Flour, winter wheat	$5 70@5 81	Honey box	10@16c
Do spring do	$4 75@5 25	Candles, box	12½@13c
Do Buckwheat ₱ bbl	$ 2 25	**FRUITS AND ROOTS**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1 10@1 20	Apples, bushel	50c@$1 00
Best white Canada	$1 10@1 25	Do dried	$1 25@1 50
Corn	56c	Potatoes	40@40c
Rye, 56 lbs ₱ bush	62½c	**HIDES AND SKINS**	
Oats	40c	Slaughter	5½@6c
Barley	60@75c	Calf	10c
Buckwheat	55@60c	Sheep pelts	50c@$1 00
Beans	70@75c	Lamb do	45@50c
MEATS		**SEEDS**	
Pork, Mess	$20 00@20 50	Clover, bush	$4 00@4 50
Do cwt	$5 00@5 50	Timothy	$1 00@2 25
Beef ₱ cwt	$4 00@5 00	**SUNDRIES**	
Spring Lambs each	$1 50@1 75	Wood, hard	$4 00@5 00
Mutton (carcass)	5@6c	Do soft	$3 00@4 00
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Coal, Lehigh	$7 00@8 25
Shoulders	6@6c	Do Scranton	$5 00@5 50
Chickens	8c	Do Blossburg	$5 00@5 50
Turkeys	8c	Do Shamokin	$5 00@5 50
Geese	38@44c	Do Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c		Salt bbl	$1 80@1 85
Butter, roll	17@18c	Hay, ton	$7 00@10 00
Do firkin	00@16c	Wool ₱ lb	45@48c
Cheese	6@9c	White fish, bbl	$5 50@7 00
Lard, tried	10@12c	Codfish ₱ quintal	$4 50@4 75
Tallow	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	$5 50@7 00

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Nov 22.—Flour—Dull and 5c lower, with only a limited demand. Sales at $5,50@4 15 for unsound, $4,30@4,60 for super State, $4,75@5 00 for extra State, $4,35@4,60 for superfine Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa, $4,70@5,15 for common to good medium and extra do, $5,40@5,50 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—the market closing heavy and tendency downward. Canadian heavy, sales $5,20@5,30 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat is dull and heavy and prime very scarce. Sales at 145c for prime white Canada, 130c for handsome white Southern, 125c fair do Mich, 122c red Tenn. Rye scarce at 70@77c—Barley quiet and held at 70@90c. Corn better, sales at 74½@75c for common to prime mixed western; 85@86c for Southern yellow Oats are steady at 47@49c for State, 51@52c for Western, 50@52c for Canada.

PROVISIONS—The Pork market is lower. Sales at $17,40@—00 for mess, $13 55@14,00 for prime, $—,50 for thin mess, $—,37 for prime mess $—,50 for clear. Dressed hogs are in fair request at 7@7¾c ₱ lb. Lard steady, sales at 10½@11c. Butter is selling at 12@18c for Ohio, 16@23c for State. Cheese at 8@9½c, as to quality

BUFFALO, Nov 22—Flour—The stock in store is very limited in consequence of which holders are firm, at prices above the views of buyers The only sales reported this morning were extra Indiana at $5,50, and double extra do at $5,75.

GRAIN—Demand very moderate and market steady Sales Saturday evening red Ohio at $1,10, white Wabash at $1,12½, and Milwaukee club, private. This morning Milwaukee club at 90,a91c, mostly at the latter figure, and white Mich at $1,13.—Corn market quiet and nominal at 62@63c. Oats better, sales at 50c. Barley moderate and market steady, sales choice Canadian at 67c. Rye quiet and nominal at 62½@65c.

SEED—Timothy held at $2,25@2,50, according to quality

PROVISIONS—Heavy mess pork steady at $ 6,50@17,00—light do $16,50@16,00, and prime at $14. Mess beef $10. Lard 10c. Unsmacked hams 9½c, smoked 10c, sugar cured 11c. Dressed hogs are coming forward freely, and selling at $5,50@6,00, according to quality

ALBANY, Nov. 22—Flour and Meal—Our market continues active and buoyant, with an upward tendency The demand is mainly confined to the medium and better descriptions of both State and Western, with some inquiry for inferior grades. The supply is moderate, and the increasing demand is gradually reducing the stock here. The inquiry is mainly confined to the home trade and the supply of the river towns. Buckwheat flour is selling from store at $2,31@2,38. Corn Meal is firm and in fair request at $1,50@1,62 ₱ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—In Wheat we learn of a sale red winter Western at $1 20@1,21 Corn in limited supply, with a moderate demand, at improved prices, sales Western mixed at 74c in store. Rye quiet. For Barley the market continues to rule dull, and, as with daily receipts fully equal to the demand There is no shipping inquiry, and consumers here are buying very sparingly Sales Onondaga Co at 65c, Canada West, inferior, at 70c, fair do at 66c, and prime do at 88c, both afloat. Oats firm and in good request, sales State at 43½c, measure, and Canada East at 54c, weight.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Nov 17.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, $8,50@9,00- Ordinary, $7,75@8,25, Common, $6,00@7,50, Inferior, $5,00@6,50

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $60@65; Ordinary, $45@50, Common, $35@40, Inferior, $25@30

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₱ lb, 6½@7c, Ordinary, 5½@6c, Common, 4½@5c, Inferior, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, per head, $5,00@6,50, Ordinary, $4,00@5,00, Common, $3,00@3,75, Inferior, $2,50@3,00

SWINE—Best corn fed, 6¾@6¾c, Other qualities, 5c.

CAMBRIDGE, Nov 17.—At market 1734 Cattle, about 900 Beeves and 874 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $4,75@7,00, First quality, $6,00@6,25 Second $5,00@5,25 Third, $4,50; Ordinary, $3,50.

WORKING OXEN—$75, 90@150.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 30, 40@60

STORES—Yearlings $8@12 Two Years Old, $16@20; Three Years Old, $26@27

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$350 at market. Prices—Extra and Selections, $2,25@3,00, in lots, $1,25@2,00

SWINE—1200 Western at market.

HIDES—6¾@7c. Tallow, 6¾@7c ₱ lb

PELTS—87c@$1 each. Calf Skins, 12@13c ₱ lb.

BRIGHTON, Nov 18.—At market—1100 Beef Cattle, 800 Stores, 6000 Sheep and Lambs, 900 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $7,25, First quality, $6,75, Second, $6,00 Third, $5,00

WORKING OXEN—$100, 130@150

MILCH COWS—Sales at $48@60 Common, $19@20

VEAL CALVES—Sales at $4,75@4,50

STORES—Yearlings $8@12 Two Years Old, $17@19, Three Years Old, $26@26

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $2,50@3,00; by lot, $1,50@2,00

SWINE—Fat hogs 6lbs., Retail, 5@6c, Spring pigs, 6½c.

HIDES—6¾@7c, Tallow, 6¾@7c ₱ lb.

PELTS—87c@$1; Calf Skins, 12@13c ₱ lb.

The Pork Markets.

ALBANY, Nov 17.—Hogs are arriving in very large quantities, the receipts here being 7,000 and some 14,000 or 15,000 have gone via Albany and Troy, (mostly by the latter place) for Boston and New York direct. Of the arrivals at this place, a large proportion are from this State, some quite small but all of them fat, and selling quick at 6 to 6¼ cents per lb, live weight, with an upward tendency in the market. We have no doubt extra heavy ones could be sold this day at $5,75.—*Atlas and Argus*.

CHICAGO, Nov 17.—Live hogs are in large receipt, and should the weather continue cold so that packers can work, will now come in freely as the demand is at present greater than the supply. Quotations are $4,50@4,60 for heavy hogs, $4@4,30 for average, and $3,75@4,00 for light

DRESSED HOGS—The cold weather is beginning to bring in the dressed hogs. Sales averaging 170 lbs at $5 averaging 200 lbs at $5,25 averaging 230 lbs at $5,40, averaging 230 lbs and 250 lbs at $5,50 ₱ cwt.—*Democrat*.

CINCINNATI Nov 16—The speculative demand for hogs noticed in our last has continued with but slight intermission, during the week and has to-day for future delivery have been large, and the desire to buy on the part of operators general and extensive. Our regular packers have not been buying freely, such a general thing having been the case in the present extraordinary run of hogs. The sales during the week add up 60,000 head, chiefly for future delivery, opening at $4,25 and closing at $5,00 for hogs averaging 200 lbs, and at the close the offer rate was $5,25 for present delivery and holders asked $5,75 and we understand that $5,50 had been paid for one lot of 50 head averaging 200 lbs.—*Gazette*.

LOUISVILLE, Nov 16.—Hogs, hogs, hogs, has been the cry throughout the week. The trade has barely commenced, and we do not know to what extremes it may go before the season is at its close. There is a prevailing idea among parties from the country that the crop will turn out much smaller than was anticipated—This opinion, while it is not concurred in by resident packers yet has the effect of keeping the market buoyant and prices at a constant upward tendency. A few of the houses were killing last week but nearly all have now commenced, the weather for the last two days having been highly favorable

Most of the hogs that are coming in now are previously contracted for. The sales that have been reported were at full prices—Packers are offering freely $5,25 per 100 lbs for average weights and we have no doubt that even a higher price can be paid. In fact Cincinnati is the only market that sold at $5,30. In the new product the transactions have been few.—*Journal*.

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, Nov 17—Native Fleece and Pulled Wools have continued in good request, and Pulled, which is now [illegible] further advanced. The sales of the week have been [illegible] as full prices. We take pleasure in calling the attention of [illegible] as being [illegible] and many [illegible] The great [illegible] market have been [illegible] the week of any active speculative trade has not been developed, however it will not equal the [illegible] of the most sanguine. It [illegible] that [illegible] to look to that interest now [illegible] the raw material have reached a high point, and [illegible] goods should be made [illegible] An [illegible] the market this week and [illegible] at 40 [illegible] at 42c. We [illegible] at 60@62½c, average 58c. Pulls do at 48@50c and [illegible] at 42@45c. In Pulled we note sales 12,000 lbs at 55c for Extra, a little [illegible] for [illegible] country and 28 (40 lbs No 1 [illegible] superfine Country at [illegible] Texas and California it stands nearly at full prices [illegible] of some 65 [illegible] and there have been made [illegible] this week [illegible] from the above it will be perceived that United States are pretty near as high as Fleeces, but we think it [illegible] a [illegible] basis. Domestic [illegible] brought more [illegible] and readily [illegible] [illegible] must be quoted as low as 65@70c, but there is very little of this quality in this market nor are buyers prepared to purchase much at anything above 55c. In Foreign, sales of some 100 bales Mestino have been effected at 32c 50 do Donskoi at 19c 300 do unwashed African at 17@19c, and 150 do unwashed South American at 16@17c, 6 mos—*N Y Tribune*.

BOSTON, Nov 17—There has been a good demand for Domestic Fleece and Pulled at firm prices. The sales of the week amount to 150,000 lbs at full quoted rates. In Foreign, the transactions have been quite ex centro. Sales of 300 bales [illegible] and South American, 200 bales Cape, 67 bales Mestino, 70 bales various kinds, 3 6 bales Peruvian, and 500,000 lbs Valparaiso, in the range of quotations

Sax and Mer Fleece	50@55	Western, mixed	35@45
Fm, blood	44@45	Southern washed	17@20
Half and ¼ blood	[illegible]	Do unwashed	14@17
Com to ¼ blood	30@35	Syrian	10@21
Pulled extra	40@45	Cape	20@35
Do superfine	30@34	Cross	9@17
Do No 1	25@30	Buenos Ayres	8@24
Do No 2	17@27	Peruvian washed	27@35

New Advertisements.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, and leaded—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, IN ADVANCE. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

PURE-BRED POULTRY.—WHITE-FACED Black Spanish.—Pairs at $1, trios $3, of Early Spring Chickens, from HEFFRON'S stock—"tall, trim-built, and spritely" 464 O. E. DAGY, Royalton, N Y

Milch Stock in Kentucky.

I WISH to sell a portion of my *Alderney, Jersey, or Devon Cattle* they are of Pure Blood, and a part of them of my own importation. Address [464] JOHN B. POYNTZ, Maysville, Ky

Prince Albert Potatoes.

A SMALL quantity of these justly celebrated Potatoes for sale by the subscriber Price $1 50 per bushel, delivered at Batavia Depot. If packed in barrels or boxes, one shilling per bushel additional will be charged to cover cost of package

464-4t Address F. P. BRADISH, Gen. Co., N Y

One Acre per Hour!

ROBINSON'S RIDGING PRAIRIE PLOW, four feet wide, plows and plants NEW or OLD prairie, or other CLEARED lands, at less than half the usual cost

Rights for sale, or licences granted by

464 LUTHER ROBINSON, Boston, Mass.

YOUNG MEN. WALWORTH'S COMMERCIAL COLlege, ROME, N Y—Best Courses and Lowest Prices—accomplished Teachers, who have also had experience as Practical Accountants.—Graduates assisted to situations. ☞ Write for full information 464 3t

To Printers and Others Interested.

JONES' Patent, SELF-INKING Printing Press, is the cheapest and best Hand Press made; and can be operated with three times the facility of any other hand press.

Orders for Presses, with bed 10 by 14 inches or under can be filled without delay. Larger sizes made to order

Manufactured by [464-2t] J M JONES, Palmyra, N. Y.

Fairfield Seminary.

ONE of the largest, most flourishing and best furnished Institutions in the State $31 50 pays Board, Washing, Room rent, with room furnished and tuition per term of 14 weeks

The Principal, Preceptress, and nearly all the Faculty, board in the Hall with the students Write to engage rooms or for Circulars to J B VANPETTEN, Principal, or

L. MATHER, Sec'y, Fairfield, Herk. Co.

N. B.—Winter Term opens Dec 8, 1858. 464 3t

GREAT EXHIBITION OF
Fat Cattle, Sheep, Swine & Poultry,
BY THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

OPEN FOR COMPETITION to the UNITED STATES, to be held at the **New York Tattersalls**, Sixth Avenue, corner of 30 h Street, New York, on WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY, the **15th, 16th and 17th** days of December, 1858.

Circulars containing Premium Lists and Requirements, can be had on application at the office of the American Institute, No 351 Broadway. LEWIS G MORRIS, *Chairman*

JOHN W CHAMBERS, *Sec'y*. 464-2t

ALBERT COLBY & CO.,
At 20 Washington Street, Boston, Mass,

ORIGINATORS of the Gift Book Business, have now ready a new Catalogue, which will be *sent free to any address*, and it will show up those humbugs in New York and Philadelphia, who falsely pretend to have originated the gift business, and who pretend to give away $100 dollar watches, but do not do it, and who dishonestly send to their customers damaged books and brass watches and jewelry instead of gold, but, "honesty is the best policy." Get a Catalogue and read it. Good Books without Gifts for half the usual prices.—Book Agents wanted. 464-4t

MOREHEAD'S
MAGNETIC PLASTER

The Great Strengthener and Pain Destroyer.

THE best and cheapest Household Remedy in the World Simple and pleasant in its application, certain and effectual in its results. A beautiful, scientific, external Curative, applicable for the relief of Pain at any time, in any place, in any part of the human system, and under all circumstances. If you put this Plaster anywhere, if Pain is there, the Plaster will stick there until the Pain has vanished. The Plaster magnetizes the Pain away, and

PAIN CANNOT EXIST WHERE THIS PLASTER IS APPLIED

Rheumatism, Lameness, Stiffness, Weakness, Debility, Nervousness Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Coughs and Colds, Pains and Aches of every kind, down even to Corns, are IMMEDIATELY RELIEVED, and, with a little patience, PERMANENTLY CURED, by the magical influence of the MAGNETIC PLASTER. It is the simplest, surest, safest, pleasantest and cheapest remedy in existence.—Its application is universal—equally to the strong man the delicate woman, and the feeble infant. To each and all it will prove a Balm and a Blessing. Its use is agreeable, and without annoyance or trouble Its price is within reach of all—rich or poor, all may have it and all should have it who are sick, and suffering in any way

FARMERS should be always supplied with this invaluable PLASTER. It will be the Good Physician in any household, ready at all times, and at instant notice.

Put up in air-tight tin boxes Each box will make six to eight plasters and any child can spread them Price 25 cents a box, with full and plain directions

D. C. MOREHEAD, M. D.,
Inventor and Proprietor, 19 Walker St, New York.

MOREHEAD'S MAGNETIC PLASTER IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS in every City, Town and Village in the United States 464

"Think of Living."

THE LETTER BOX—An earnest, wide-awake, anti-drug Health Journal, published monthly in Dansville, Livingston Co, N Y, by SIMMONS & MEKEEL at $1 00 a year Its mission is to teach the people how to LIVE FREE FROM SICKNESS. To give new readers an opportunity to judge of the value of its teachings, the last half of the present volume will be sent for SIX Letter Stamps. Please give it a trial. 463-2t

FURS! FURS! FURS!!
LADIES' FURS.
Fancy Sleigh and Buffalo Robes.

CLARK, 17 State St, Rochester N Y, has the largest stock of Furs and Robes in the city, which he is offering at prices TO DEFY COMPETITION Come one, come all, and examine CLARK'S large stock of Fur Goods, at 17 State St. 464tf

To Young Men Out of Employment.
500 BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

WANTED—In every section of the United States, active and enterprising men to engage in the sale of very popular books To men of good address possessing a fine capital such inducements will be offered as to enable them to make from $5 to $10 per day profit Circulars containing further information of our publications, terms and reasonable prices, will be sent to any address free of postage Address,

DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers,
463-2t 18 Ann St, New York.

BERKSHIRE BOARS, of the choicest quality, for sale by WALTER COLE, 4 miles south east of Batavia village Genesee Co, N Y. 462 2t

ASTOR HOUSE,
Broadway, New York.

ALL THE MILK used here comes from a Farm carried on for the express and sole purpose of furnishing Milk, Vegetables, Poultry Eggs and Pork to this House The Cows feed in Winter on the best of Hay and Meal, and in Summer on rich Pastures and Meal only [440] C. A. STETSON

LIVING PORTRAITS
WITH
PEN AND PENCIL.

READINGS ON
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY,
And the public, will please take notice that the papers entitled
THE AUTOCRAT
OF THE
BREAKFAST TABLE,
BY
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,
have been collected in one handsome volume, 12mo.
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOPPIN,
AND
PUBLISHED THIS DAY.
PRICE $1 00.
For Sale by all Booksellers.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & COMPANY,
465-2t Publishers, Boston.

Lithographs and Paintings.

AS my Father, JOSEPH PRESTELE, from Rheinwerr, has discontinued his business here in Painting and Lithographing, and removed to Iowa, I shall carry it on the same as heretofore. I keep constantly on hand a beautiful selection of painted FRUITS and FLOWERS, taken from Nature, at $36 per hundred copies Orders may be addressed to ROBERT HAGER, 364½ Main St, Buffalo, N Y HENRY PRESTELE, Painter and Lithographer

SHEEP SKINS—Cash for Wool and Sheep Skins, (462tf) S. WILLIS, 109 State St, Rochester, N. Y.

50 BUSHELS PRIME APPLE SEEDS—Clean and plump, saved this fall, and for sale at the Toledo Nurseries, by 462 4t A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS.

IT IS NOT TOO MUCH TO SAY
SINCE ALL,
OLD AND YOUNG,
AFFIRM ITS TRUTH,
Viz: That Professor Wood's Hair Restorative

WILL preserve *infallibly* the *growth* and color of the hair if used two or three times a week, to any imaginable age. Perfectly, restore the gray, cover the bald with nature's own ornament, the hair, make it more soft and beautiful than any oil and preserve the scalp free from all d sease to the greatest age. Statesmen, Judges, Attorneys, Doctors, Clergymen, Professional men and Gentlemen and Ladies of all classes all over the world, bear testimony that we do not say too much in its favor Read the following, and judge

HICKORY GROVE, St Charles Co, Mo, Nov 19, 1857

PROF O J WOOD—Dear Sir—Some time last summer we were induced to use some of your Hair Restorative, and its effects were so wonderful, we feel it our duty to you and the afflicted, to report it.

Our little son's head for some time had been perfectly covered with sores, and some called it scald head The hair almost entirely came off in consequence when a friend, seeing his sufferings, advised us to use your Restorative, we did so with little hope of success, but to our surprise, and that of all our friends, a very few applications removed the disease entirely, and a new and luxuriant crop of hair soon started out, and we can now say that our boy has as healthy a scalp, and as luxuriant a crop of hair as any other child We can, therefore, and do hereby, recommend your Restorative, as a perfect remedy for all diseases of the scalp and hair. We are yours respectfully,

GEO W. HIGGINBOTHAM, SARAH A HIGGINBOTHAM.

The Restorative is put up in bottles of 3 sizes, viz: large, medium, and small, the small holds ¼ a pint, and retails for one dollar a bottle; the medium holds at least twenty per cent more in proportion than the small, retails for two dollars per bottle; the large holds a quart, 40 per cent more in proportion, and retails for $3 per bottle

O J WOOD & CO., Proprietors, 312 Broadway, New York, (in the great New York Wire Railing Establishment,) and 114 Market street, St Louis, Mo. 462-3t

And sold by all good Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

R. H. FERRIS'
ORIGINAL GIFT BOOK STORE.

THE FOLLOWING IS A SCHEDULE of property which will be given to purchasers of books at the time of sale

150	Gold Watches, valued at, and by some sold for		$50 00
300	Gold Chains,	do	12 00
300	Silver Watches,	do	12 00
300	Gold Bracelets	do	8 00
600	Sets of Jet drops or Florentines,	do	5 50
1000	Jet Pins or Florentines,	do	5 50
3000	Cameo Pins, Paintings,	do	5 50
3000	Gold Lockets,	do	6 00
3000	Gold do	do	4 00
3000	Gold Breast Pins,	do	2 50
3000	Gold Ear Drops,	do	3 00
2000	Sets Sleeve Buttons,	do	3 00
2000	Sets of Bosom Studs,	do	2 50
3000	do do	do	3 50
3000	Gold Breast Pins,	do	1 50
3000	Gold Rings,	do	1 00
3000	Gold Pencils,	do	2 00

One of the above articles will be given to each purchaser of each book at the time the book is sold

Any person, by forwarding us an order for books (with money enclosed,) will receive an EXTRA BOOK AND GIFT with every TEN BOOKS sent to one address by Express.

All orders for books will be promptly and impartially filled. The Gifts in all cases, will accompany the book, with a written certificate to the person sending us the order

For particulars see CATALOGUE, which we mail free to any address upon application. Address

C. N NEEDHAM Agent for R. H. FERRIS,

Choice Poetry.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE "ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY."

BY A. H. BULLOCK.

A LEGATE with summons no one can avoid
Comes bearing the ensigns of woe,
Embitters and poisons all blessings enjoyed,
By whom Strength and Beauty are rent and destroyed,
To whom treasures most valued must go.

He comes in a ghastly and terrible form,
Beheld with a soul-thrilling awe—
Appears at all times in the sunlight and storm,
When stern Winter is raging or Summer glows warm,
And is governed by no human law.

No place is exempt, for his cruel display
Is witnessed on ocean and land,
Thro' the halls of a nobleman carries dismay,
The hand of NO monarch his message can stay,
In the lowliest cottage he'll stand.

Suspend all his doings, no heartless and rash,
And man could have little to fear,
The shock of an earthquake, the swift lightning's flash,
The horrors of shipwreck, the hurricane's crash,
Would but Nature's grand pastimes appear.

Now booms from the cannon, now gleams on the sword,
And next in dark silence draws nigh,
To some sends a herald like ancient proud lord—
To others approaches without sign or word—
And none from his presence can fly.

At no time is idle, by night or by day,
In his mission of mourning and sighs;
His agents in stubborn and countless array—
Can neither be flattered or bribed to delay—
In slaughter all tyrants outvies.

Though monster so frightful, in memory dear
We cherish the scenes of his wrath,
Remembrance wrings from us the heart-swelling tear,
Yet relics most precious in this lower sphere
Are acts which have darkened his path.

Partiality marks his ferocious career—
Some skies oft bedimmed by his breath,
Leaves others 'till twilight resplendent and clear,
No appeal from his sentence, however severe,
For he is the *Angel of Death*.

North Almond, N. Y., 1858.

The Sketch-Book.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE THREE HOMES.

REASON'S whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in these words—health, peace, and competence.

SEE you yonder mansion embosomed in the foliage of those lofty maples. See you the spacious park and pleasure ground with which it is surrounded. And, as we draw nearer, mark the elegant workmanship displayed in the edifice. It is evidently the work of much care and expense. Indeed, there seems to be nothing wanting that could add, in any way, to the beauty and stateliness of the dwelling. The architect has undoubtedly done his best, and has succeeded admirably. Ah! think you, surely happiness resides there, where all is so elegant and lovely? Nothing can mar their joy, for everything wished for is theirs. If such is your conclusion, let us enter and ascertain whether it be really true.

We are admitted by a servant, who ushers us into the drawing-room with much ease and politeness, and we immediately perceive that plenty reigns within, as well as without. But why is it that every countenance is indicative of that which we thought to be a stranger there, viz., sorrow? Ah, we soon know the reason, as we enter another apartment. There, in his little crib, is the only pet of the household, the darling little one, just pluming himself for his flight to the "Happy Land, far, far away." The patter of his little footsteps is no longer heard—his childish glee is hushed—his playthings are to be put out of sight, and the many fond hopes of the parents soon to be crushed.

"But three short years have flown since our hearts were gladdened by our baby boy, and can it be that he is so soon to leave us forever? Oh! my darling, my angel baby, I cannot, cannot let you go."

Thus spoke the agonized mother as she clasped for the last time that loved form to her bosom in an agony of grief. Hers was not that holy sorrow, alleviated by the thought that He that afflicts is He that blesses, and whether He send joy or grief, I receive it as from a father's hand, knowing that "He doeth all things well." Ah, no! she feels that it is cruel to take her darling at this hour, and she is ready to condemn the justice of that Being who gave and hath a right to take again. Oh, had she the consolations of religion in this her hour of grief, would she not draw nearer her Maker, knowing that "the strokes are lighter as we draw nearer him who handles the rod." But, as she looks in speechless agony upon her dying boy, mark the smile on his countenance, and—hark! he whispers, as he raises his tiny hands:—"Mamma, I'm going to hear the music—pretty music, mamma," and the spirit of that cherub boy is wafted nearer and still nearer to that heavenly music which charmed his ear while still on earth.

And now what is there in that lonely and sunless dwelling to cheer the hearts of those bereaved parents? Can riches bind up the bleeding wound? Ah, no!—riches could not prevent the Angel of Death from entering there, and now they are no balm to the broken heart. The bereaved and sorrowing ones look around upon all their wealth and splendor, and they seem only a mockery, for the little loved one—the sunlight of their home—will not come again. And as we turn away we inwardly exclaim—Riches, without health, cannot produce happiness.

See you that low-roofed cabin, situated near the outskirts of yonder forest. The sunken roof and crumbling walls plainly show the handiwork of the destroyer, Time. The windows are stuffed with rags of every description, which are made to supply the place of the vacant window glass. The old, broken-down fence is no barrier to the cattle on the common; the yard and garden are overgrown with weeds and bushes, and everything bears the mark of poverty and neglect. It is evident that something is not right there, else why this look of dilapidation which everything wears. We see around the door various specimens of humanity, their clothes hanging in tatters, and instead of sunny faces and buoyant, happy hearts—as children are wont to have—their faces are drawn down to an indescribable length, and we need to cast but one glance to ascertain that their hearts are the abodes of much that they were better without. We enter the house through a door so low that no person of middle size can pass in without stooping. We are greeted by a pale, care-worn woman, who kindly, yet wearily, offers us the only chairs the room contains. She is tall and spare, but with a countenance that would be pleasing, were it not so indelibly stamped with sorrow—which circumstance immediately interests us in her favor, and we kindly inquire of her the cause of their reduced circumstances.

"Twelve years ago," said she, "I was a merry, laughter-loving girl of sixteen. I was blessed with a good home and kind parents, and as I was an only child no pains were spared that could contribute, in any degree, to my happiness. I was thus in the midst of every enjoyment, when I first met him who is now my husband. He was a pleasant, gentlemanly young man, and ere many months had elapsed I had promised to become his wife. We were married, and comfortably settled, and everything, for a time, went on prosperously. A precious charge was given to my keeping, which I earnestly resolved to train up in the paths of virtue and holiness. Alas, for the fond hopes of life; how often are they forever blasted. It was with feelings not to be described that I first discovered that he who was as dear as life to me was a lover of the wine cup, and daily drank of the poisonous liquor. Where were now my long cherished hopes and bright anticipations for the future? In one short moment were they crushed, for I knew how seldom it is that he who drinks at all remains a temperate drinker. And my fears were soon realized. He began to grow worse and worse, and often came home intoxicated, and myself and children were generally the objects of his fury. Our little property was soon wasted, and poverty began to stare us in the face. But I might have had more fortitude to bear with that, could we have had peace. My children, instead of walking in the path that I had marked out for them, began to catch the spirit of contention which they saw their father manifest when under the influence of liquor, and as he then encouraged them in it, it soon began to be a continual scene of wrangling and discord. All my efforts to counterbalance the unhappy influence of the father seemed in vain, so prone is the human heart to cleave to the evil and shun the good. I then felt the truth of the words Lovely art thou, Oh, Peace! and lovely are thy footsteps in the green valleys!—and I earnestly longed that peace might become an inmate of our humble home. It is thus that you find us, and you now know by what, to me, unavoidable means, we have sunk to our present miserable condition. Oh, that every rumseller in our land might experience, if but for a day, the awful misery their traffic entails on their unhappy victims. I pray GOD the time may soon come when this dreadful curse shall be done away with, and our land become a temperate and a happy land."

We leave this unfortunate family with the question—Can happiness dwell with wrangling and poverty? If so, why is not that care-worn mother happy? Where, then, shall we look for happiness? We have been in the dwellings of both the rich and poor, but have not found that for which we sought. We begin to fear that it is rarely if ever found, and picture in our minds what a home must be to render us happy, when we notice that we are approaching a neat and comfortable looking farm-house. It is a white house with green window-blinds, and over the portico is trained, with apparent care, a beautiful honey-suckle, which completely screens the inmates from the eye of the outside observer. The yard is ornamented with trees and shrubs of various kinds, which—many of them being in blossom—fill the air with a delightful perfume. As we approach the house the sound of cheerful voices greets our ears, and the merry laugh of children, tells us that they, at least, are happy. How different, think we, from the children of the former unfortunate family. As we enter the house we find that everything bears the mark of care and neatness. The floor is nicely sanded; the fire-place is filled with evergreens, and upon the mantel-piece stands a beautiful vase of freshly-gathered flowers. The matronly woman that greeted us as we entered is called *mother* by the playful group of children that surround her, and indeed she is such a mother as we do not find in every house. How tenderly she soothes the grieved and sorrowing ones; or gently, yet firmly, hushes the too rude and boisterous merriment of her juvenile band. The older children are busily employed upon something useful, to add to the comforts of their beloved home. Perfect harmony pervades the household, for if the younger scatter discord, the willing hands of the older are soon busy in restoring order. No harsh words or idle bickerings are heard among the children, for their parents have early taught them that where quarreling is, happiness fleeth. And to such an home comes the weary father at night, after a day of hard labor in the scorching sun. But, methinks, the thoughts of his return at evening cheered him through the long, long day, and his labor seemed lighter as he raised his heart in thankfulness to his Maker for the unspeakable blessing of such a wife and children. And as they draw around the family altar, as the shades of evening encircle them, the father's voice is heard thanking GOD for the blessings of the day that is closing, and imploring His protecting care through the days that are to come. And as the fervent petition rises like golden incense before His throne, we feel that here is the abode of happiness and content, such as might satisfy any one who participated in it. It is not great wealth that constitutes their happiness, for that they have not; but enough to supply all their needed wants is theirs, and it is sufficient. Here also is health, and peace—not only the peace which is the absence of strife, but that "peace which passeth all understanding," and who can wish for more. Surely, no one whose chief aim is happiness in this world and in the world to come. Great wealth brings with it many cares and troubles which the poor know nothing of. Poverty is attended with much suffering and sorrow, and without health no one can enjoy life to the full extent. Do we possess the blessings of Health, Peace and Competence? If so, are we thankful for them, and do we remember from whom these blessings flow?

A. M. S.

North Adams, Hillsdale Co., Mich., 1858.

ROAD PICTURES.

THE general judgment of mankind looks to the struggle of the battle-field alone for its examples of bravery. It calls him courageous who, it may be, made his movement forward in an excitement that amidst the roar, and fire, and smoke, gave no space for any other emotion than impulse. That determination in which the results of the action are thought out, is an incident of bravery not always connected with the deeds for which orders are clasped upon arms, and ranks bestowed. "The Iron Duke" declared the bravest man at Waterloo was the one who shut the gates of the chateau of Hugomont in the face of the French infantry.

The physician who takes the hand of the sufferer in whose veins is the death-tide of malignant fever, is brave beyond the smoke covered soldier. The men who entwined the fibres that form the great strands that support huge burthens across the Niagara, bent and tied the pliable iron while the passionate rapids were furious two hundred feet beneath them, and their only platform was itself a wire—the men who take the heavy plates to the centre of the fierce St. Lawrence, and rivet the tubes of that wonderful bridge—these face danger with the calmness that makes the act true bravery, and they labor to make life long and happy; the man of the battle is brave in his efforts to make it short and bloody.

At the station at Syracuse, there is assigned to Mr. GLENN the duty of arranging each day to which of the engines the several trains are to be assigned, so as the hour of departure for each comes, the engine will be found in readiness to take its burthen.

He was for a number of years an engineer in active service, distinguished for courage and for prompt resolution. There are some instances of this, which by their incidents ought not to be omitted from the roll of truly brave deeds done by men.

He was at his bar, his engine careering on with the speed that only steam's strength can give, the road was clear, the busy wheels kept their regular roll, the huge drivers beneath his seat made swift circling, and they who in the cars were borne onward, knew no obstacle in their journey. Everything moved on according to the card, and they who were by the roadside found the car marking by its passage the moment as accurately as if it was the hand of a great dial. Suddenly he discovered a small object near the rail. The human vision grows sharp beyond the optician's art in such an instant. The object moved, assumed form, became only too apparent. It was a little girl playing with the dirt between the rails!

One may in the race pull the blooded horse to his haunches, and in a brief space control his movement, that springing muscle has but a light weight to control; the backward paddle soon changes the course of the steamer, but this huge engine, with its rather rush than roll, ponderous, powerful, in such earnest in its motion that it must have great space of change, how shall this stop before it shall crush out of all form of life, that feeble child? The play with the soil is of such importance that the little one does not hear the roar of the wheels, or if it does, it is a child of a cabin proximate to the rail, and the sound is a familiar one—it continues its play, and nearer and nearer, by an advance that is the very step of death, the train comes towards it. Mr. GLENN determined, in a tested accuracy of judgment, that his train could not stop in time! What if it was checked, and the speed, that was measuring the mile by every few minutes, diminished, the death blow by the swifter would be the more merciful—destruction was certain—the little one must meet the force that would crush it from the record of the living, and its play went on as if it were at his mother's feet.

This brave man read the realities of the scene in an instant. He left his bar! the fireman's heart forgot to beat; as for the passengers, they were acting out the every-day scenes of a common-place, peaceable journey; perhaps the checked speed caused somebody to lay down his newspaper; of the intense scene without he knew nothing.

He left his bar, and walking firmly over the top of the locomotive, over the hot boiler, past the smoke stack, he climbed over the front and down the step-like frame work of the pilot, and grasping that with a desperate strength, he leaned over! the bars of iron seemed to glide dizzily away beneath him, and now the struggle for the child was one between death and bravery, and, as ever in this mortal time, the King of Terrors seemed to have all the might in his skeleton hand. He leaned over! he reached forward! and at that instant, at that period of time, (moment is too long a word to express this,) as the cruel edge of the pilot was about to crush the little one, he, not the locomotive, struck the child; if ever there was a bold love touch this was one; and the perilled laid between the ties! and on the fast train darted. Then down went the brakes, the strong arm of the brakesman strained their wheel levers to crowd the delaying surface against the speed; then passengers aroused to find the train coming to a pause, while neither station nor tank was near; then this brave man trod his locomotive top back again, and, as soon as the power of the advance could be subdued, jumped from his iron step and ran down the road, the wonder was that agitated limb could move so fast, and there—there was the child, living, unharmed, not a bone broken, not quite recovered from its astonishment at the life-giving blow which had turned aside the dart of death.

Restored to its parents, who thronged around its deliverer, the little one, too young to realize that it had quivered on, over the very verge of another world, was taken home, Mr. GLENN returned to his engine, and the rolling locomotive careered to its grand progress with not a stain of blood upon its burnished metal.

And is not the record of the deed of the highest order of bravery, the courage that saves life?—SENTINEL, *in New York Courier and Enquirer.*

No man's religion ever survives his morals.

Wit and Humor.

INSTRUCTION TO A JURY.—"If the jury believe, from the evidence, that the plaintiff and defendant were partners in the grocery, and that the plaintiff bought out the defendant, and gave his note for the interest, and the defendant paid for the note by delivering to the plaintiff a cow, which he warranted 'not breachy,' and the warranty was broken by reason of the breachiness of the cow, and he drove the cow back and tendered her to to the defendant, but the defendant refused to receive her, and the plaintiff took her home again, and put a heavy yoke or poke upon her, to prevent her from jumping the fence, and by reason of the yoke or poke broke her neck and died; and if the jury further believe that the defendant's interest in the grocery was worth anything, the plaintiff's note was worthless, and the cow good for nothing, either for milk or beef, then the jury must find out themselves how they will decide the case; for the court, if it understands itself, and it thinks it does, don't know how such a case should be decided."

HOW NEW CALEDONIA WAS SETTLED.—The following rhymes are afloat in the Canadian press, and are considered apt and pointed:

THE TEMPTATION.

New Caledonia's governor unto himself said he—
"Great stories told of heaps of gold will settle this countree;
For there be hosts of jolly greens who never stop to think—
Who blindly swallow every hook that is hid in printer's ink."

THE RESULT.

Full thirty thousand brawny men to Frazer river run,
And find that Yankee-Doodle-*do* is Yankee-Doodle *done*

THE BEST MIRROR.—"A pretty pair of eyes are the best mirrors to shave by," said Mr. Allsense, the other day to an old fogy bachelor.

"Why, humph! yes, to be sure," replied the old hunx; "and I can tell you little more—many a man has been shaved by them!"

VERY DEAR.—When you pay for your coat double its value, why is it like your wife? Kase it is very dear. "Humph!" says an old bachelor, "very dear, indeed!"

MR. D— sat a long time very attentive, musing upon a cane-bottomed chair. At length he said: "I wonder what fellow took the trouble to find all them ar holes, and to put the straws round them?"

THE best way to strengthen a good resolution is to act it out yourself. If you resolve to repair an old fence, it strengthens the resolution and fence too to commence at once.

A WAG remarked the other day, with a very grave countenance, that "however prudent and virtuous widows might be, he had seen many a widow-ert."

WHY are women like beets? Because the younger the sweeter.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 11 letters.

My 1, 8, 7, 10, 4, 5 was a son of Japhet, from whom the Muscovites are supposed to be descendents.

My 2, 3, 6 was a descendant of Aaron and high priest of Israel.

My 3, 10, 2, 11 was a vegetable, much used for food by the Israelites while in Egypt.

My 4, 5, 10, 8, 7, 2 was a common article of food among the Jews, and is used now by nearly all nations of the present day.

My 5, 8, 3, 3 is a word often used in the Bible, but of various meanings.

My 6, 7, 5, 6 is a word used by the prophet Hosea, meaning "my husband."

My 7, 5, 2, 4, 5, 10, 1 was one of the most ancient cities of Canaan.

My 8, 1, 6, 1, 7 was a warlike nation of gigantic size, but were driven out by the Moabites, who took possession of their country.

My 9, 2, 3, 6, 3, 10, 5 was a licentious woman, of the Valley of Sorek, in the tribe of Judah, that brought death to one of leaders of Israel.

My 10, 3, 6, 1, 8, 3, 10, 4, 5 was a nation of Bethlehem which sojourned in the land of Moab and died there.

My 11, 2, 9, 10, 7, 5 was a city of Naphtali and the residence of Barak.

My whole was an ancient king of Canaan, of whom but little is known. His genealogy is mere supposition. EXPRESS.

Ovid, N. Y., 1858.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

THE range of a cannon ball at 45° elevation being found to be 3,750 feet, at what elevation must the piece be set to hit an object at the distance of 2,810 feet, with the same charge of powder?

Portageville, Wyo. Co., N. Y. WM. A. COURTLAND.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 462.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Ella, Christie, Nellie, and Maggie, Ovid, N. Y.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Mr. John Plowhandle.

Answer to Geometrical Problem:—190.2.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—When engineers would bridge a stream they often carry over at first but a single cord. With that, next they stretch a wire across. Then strand is added to strand, until a foundation is laid for planks; and now the bold engineer finds a safe footway, and walks from side to side. So God takes from us some golden-threaded pleasure, and stretches it hence into heaven. Then he takes a child, and then a friend. Thus he bridges death, and teaches the thoughts of the most timid to find their way hither and thither between the shores.

Advertisements.

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☞ Read the PROPOSAL at the foot of this. ☜

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

AGRICULTURE · HORTICULTURE · MECHANICS · ARTS · SCIENCE · LITERATURE · EDUCATION · EXCELSIOR · NEWS

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FIVE CENTS.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL in America.

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Rural New-Yorker.

DISEASES OF CATTLE.—BLACK QUARTER.

EDS. RURAL:—Being a young farmer, I have not had the experience of those whose lives have been spent in the service, and I would like to say a word in relation to a disease that is now prevailing among the calves in this vicinity. Having lost three from the effects of it, I, as well as many others, would be very thankful for any light relating to its prevention or cure. The early symptoms I have never observed, as the animals were prostrate, and sometimes dead when first discovered. The first one I lost was taken in the shoulder, which swelled, seemingly, as full as the skin could hold, and spread from that to various parts of the body, as I found, on taking off its hide. As soon as I discovered it, I separated the others from it. The rest, to all appearances, were as well as usual at noon the same day, but the next morning found one of them dead. This was apparently attacked in the head, as his head and neck were swelled the most, and the swelling extended along each side of the back-bone to the tail. There were some spots on the shoulders and sides also. The other was well and hearty at night, and in the morning helpless and nearly dead—affected similarly to the second. On skinning them, the flesh in the diseased places was black and jelly-like, adhering tightly to the skin, and looking as though the creature had been beaten to death. One of my neighbors has lost two by the same disease—one of them was affected in the bowels, as they were found black upon examination. I have heard of a number more that have lost calves and yearlings in the same manner. One peculiarity of this disease is, it never attacks a poor calf—only the best are subject to it; and another is, that, as far as my observation extends, it never attacks cattle over two years old, and seldom over one year old. Now, as I am a subscriber to your valuable paper, I have taken the liberty to state the case to you, hoping that you, or some of your correspondents, may know a remedy, and give the desired information through the RURAL.—E. E. REYNOLDS, *Canaisto, N. Y.*

MESSRS. EDS.—Can you, or any of your numerous readers, give any information through the RURAL concerning a disease which prevails here among the cattle, and a remedy therefor. It makes its first appearance in the legs—the animals get lame, and the legs soon become so swollen they cannot stand or walk—and, generally, from the time they lie down, do not live more than from four to eight hours. In the first stage of the disease, by rubbing the hand over the part affected, it appears as if there was froth under the skin, and when they die this part is mortified, while other parts are as natural as can be expected of a beast dying of any disease. The disease is not confined to either fore or hind legs.

The above is a sketch of the disease as it prevails here among the cattle—particularly in last spring calves. Any information concerning the disease and remedy will be good news in this vicinity.—*J. M., Echo, Armstrong Co., Penn.*, 1858.

IN the treatment of diseases as afflicting the crowning work of creation, there are two systems in vogue—termed "New" and "Old School." The lesser emanations of Divine Power seem to be similarly blessed,—not quite that, however,—provided for, and a battle, intense in its warfare, is raging. In our article upon Murrain, as published in the RURAL of last week, we gave the two modes of medication, and in speaking of the particular form of ailment called out by our New York and Pennsylvania correspondent, above, our readers will have better opportunity to observe how it is that "doctors disagree." Our position is not that of an umpire in the fray,—we give the various forms, and those who have need can experiment. Each system has its favorites, and each, doubtless, has proved itself equal to the demands made upon it.

Every year a disease, virulent in its nature and speedy in its termination, carries off thousands of cattle, and from these characteristics it may be termed Inflammatory Fever. Each district in which the ailment makes its appearance has a peculiar term or appellation, and it is thus called black-quarter, joint murrain, quarter evil, &c., although it may not, at any one time exhibit all the symptoms of either of these complaints.

In the inquiry of Mr. REYNOLDS we find:—"One peculiarity of this disease is, it never attacks a poor calf—only the best are subject to it," &c. YOUATT remarks that cattle of all descriptions and ages are occasionally subject to inflammatory fever; but *young stock, and those that are thriving most rapidly, are its chief victims.* So aware is the proprietor of young Short-horn cattle of this, that while he is determined to take full advantage of their peculiar faculty for arriving at early maturity, by turning them on more luxuriant pasture than prudence would dictate, he endeavors to guard himself by *periodical bleeding*, or by the insertion of setons in the dewlap of all his yearlings. This disease is sometimes epidemic, that is, the cattle of a certain district have been pushed on too rapidly; they have a lurking inflammation about them, or they have a tendency to it; and bye-and-bye comes some change or state of the atmosphere which acts upon this inflammatory predisposition, and the disease runs through the district.

The premonitory systems of inflammatory fevers are few. Many times the first intimations to the owner will be finding the animal with neck extended; the head, as near as can be, in a horizontal position; eyes protruding and red; muzzle dry; nostrils expanded; breath hot; mouth partly open; tongue enlarged; pulse full, hard, and from 60 to 70; breathing quickened and laborious; flanks heaving violently, and a low peculiar moan being made by the animal. Sometimes the senses of the animal are not affected, but generally there is a degree of unconsciousness; he will not move for hours; when compelled to do so, staggers—the staggering is principally confined to the hind limbs—rumination has ceased, and the appetite is quite gone. At length the animal lies down—it is more of a fall than a voluntary movement—gets up again almost immediately; soon drops again; debility rapidly increases, and death soon closes the scene.

In some instances—in fact in a majority of cases—where inflammatory fever has set in, and the disease has had early treatment, the patient seems to rally, and, if we may so speak, the nature of the disease changes—some of the symtoms appear from which the variety of names we have mentioned derive their origin. Lameness sets in—a seeming paralysis of the joints; the animal can hardly move at all, and we have *quarter evil—joint murrain.* This is not considered an unfavorable symptom, as the disease may be leaving the vital parts for those of less consequence. If the animal gains strength we may have some hope of conquering. The loins and back need care now lest they become peculiarly tender and sore—one of the most to be dreaded symptoms. When swellings occur about the shoulders, back or loins, and between the skin and flesh carbonic acid gas is evolved by decomposition, we have a still worse case. Worse even than this, is the appearance of hard, scurfy patches of what seems to be dead skin. This is a dry gangrene, and it is the commencement of a sloughing process, extensive and inconcievably rapid.—When the animal arrives at this stage *Black Quarter*, in all its fearfulness, is the dreadful malady.—Ulcers soon appear and spread to the whole body; the urine, which had before been high-colored becomes dark and bloody, and the solid droppings are streaked with blood. In this state of putridity YOUATT claims that the animal may yet be saved, and gives the mode of treatment as follows:

"The first and most important step is copious bleeding. As much blood must be taken as the animal will bear to lose, and the stream must flow on until the beast staggers or threatens to fall.—Here, more than in any other disease, there must be no foolish directions about quantities. *As much blood must be taken away as can be got*; for it is only by bold depletory measures that a malady can be subdued that runs its course so rapidly.

Purging must immediately follow. Epsom salts are here, as in most inflammatory diseases, the best purgative. A pound and a half, dissolved in water or gruel, and poured down the throat as gently as possible, should be the first dose; and no aromatic should accompany it. If this does not operate in the course of six hours, another pound should be given; and, after that, half-pound doses every six hours until the effect is produced.

At the expiration of the first six hours the patient should be carefully examined. Is the pulse slower, softer? If not, he must be bled a second time, and until the circulation is once more affected. If the animal be somewhat better, yet not to the extent that could be wished, the practitioner would be warranted in bleeding again, provided the sinking and fluttering of the pulse does not indicate the commencement of debility.

If the pulse be a little quieted, and purging has taken place, and the animal is somewhat more himself, the treatment should be followed up by diligent exhibition of sedative medicines. A drachm and a half of digitalis, and one drachm of emetic tartar, and half an ounce of nitre, should be given three times every day; and setons inserted in the dewlap. Those of black hellebore-root are the best, as producing the quickest and the most extensive inflammation.

The bowels having been opened, recourse should be had once more to the pulse. If it indicate any degree of fever, as it sometimes will, (for the apparent debility is not always the consequence of exhaustion, but of vascular congestion,) the physic must be continued, but the constitution would perhaps be too weak for the direct sedative medicine. On the other hand, however, no tonic medicine must be given. If, however, the pulse be weak, wavering, irregular, giving sufficient intimation that the fever has passed, and debility succeeded, recourse may be had to tonic medicines. The tonics, however, which in such cases would be beneficial to cattle, are very few. Mineral tonics have rarely produced any satisfactory result—but in gentian, calombo, and ginger, the diseases of cattle find almost everything to be wished. They may be given three times every day, in doses of a drachm each of the two first, and half a drachm of the last. They will be more effectual in these moderate doses than in the overwhelming quantities in which some administer them, and in which they oppress and cause nausea, rather than stimulate and give appetite. They should always be given in gruel, with half a pint or even a pint of sound ale.

The practitioner may possibly be called in after ulcers have broken out, and the sloughing process has commenced; there must be no bleeding then; the vitality of the system has received a sufficient shock, and various parts of it are actually decomposing; but physic is necessary, with a double dose of the aromatic, in order to rouse the energies of the digestive system, and to get rid of much offensive and dangerous matter collected in the intestinal canal. Epsom salts will here also constitute the best purgative.

The ulcers should be carefully and thoroughly washed several times every day with a solution of the chloride of lime,—½ oz of the powder to 1 gallon of water.' The ulcers about the muzzle, mouth and throat, should be treated in a similar manner; and a pint of the solution may be horned down twice in the course of the first day.

Pevention of this malady is the only cure worth notice. A piece of short or inferior keep should be reserved as a *digesting place*, in which the cattle may be occasionally turned to empty and exercise themselves. Those observed to advance very fast may be bled monthly for several months; but occasional purges of alterative medicines would prevent those diseases which seem to take their rise in over-repletion and accumulation, and are far better than bleeding.

This disease differs materially in its symptoms in different districts, and in the same district at different times. The difficulty lies in the other diseases with which the inflammatory fever is combined—sometimes one, and sometimes another, assuming a prominent character; and while they all generally follow inflammatory fever, yet some of them occasionally precede it.

In some places, the first symptoms are those of *quarter-ill.* The cattle are seized first in one quarter, and then in the other. The skin puffs up, and the crackling noise is heard almost from the beginning. The disease is usually fatal when it assumes this form."

Come we now to the other system. Among the causes for Black Quarter, as laid down by Dr. DADD, are the blood letting and scouring systems. In opposition thereto the Dr. remarks:—"In the inflammatory stage, we are told, 'The first and most important step is copious bleeding. As much blood must be taken as the animal will bear to lose; and the stream must flow on until the beast staggers or threatens to fall. Here, more than in any other disease, there must be no foolish directions about quantities. [*The heroic practice!*] As much blood must be taken away as can be got; for it is only by the bold and persevering use of the lancet that a malady can be subdued that runs its course so rapidly.' From these directions we are led to suppose that there are some hopes of bleeding the animal to life; for the author above quoted seems to entertain no apprehension of bleeding the animal to death. Mr. PERCIVAL and other veterinary writers, inform us that 'an animal will lose about one-fifteenth part of its weight of blood before it dies; though a less quantity may so far debilitate the vital powers, as to be, though less suddenly, equally fatal.' The latter portion of the sentence means simply this; that if the bleeding does not give the animal its quietus on the spot, it will produce black quarter, gangrene, &c., which will be 'equally fatal.' In the latter stages of the disease now under consideration, and, indeed, in dry gangrene, there is a tendency to the complete destruction of life to the parts involved; hence our remedies should be in harmony with the vital operations. We should relax, stimulate, and cleanse the 'whole system, and arouse every part to healthy action, by the aid of vapor, injections, stimulating applications, poultices of charcoal and capsicum, to parts where there is danger of rapid mortification; lastly, stimulating drinks to vitalize the blood, which only requires distribution, instead of abstraction.'

In reference to the scouring system (purging,) as a cause of mortification, we leave the reader to form his own views, after reading the following:—'After abstracting as much blood as can be got away, purging must immediately follow. A pound and a half of Epsom salts dissolved in water or gruel, and poured down the throat as gently as possible, should be our first dose. If this does not operate in the course of six hours, another pound should be given; and after that, half pound doses every six hours until the effect is produced!!!"

Treatment.—As the natural tendency of these maladies is the complete destruction of life to all parts of the organization, efforts must be made to depurate the whole animal, and arouse every part to healthy action. The indications of cure, according to the reformed principles, are, to relax spasm, as in locked-jaw, stoppages of the bladder or intestines, obstructed surfaces, &c.; to contract and strengthen weak and relaxed organs, as in general or local debility, diarrhœa, scouring, lampas, &c; to stimulate inactive parts, as in black leg, joint murrain, quarter ill, foot rot; to equalize the circulation, and distribute the blood to the external surface and extremities, as in congestions; to furnish the animal with sufficient nutriment for its growth and development. Antiseptics may be freely used in the following form:—Powdered bayberry bark, 2 oz; charcoal, 6 oz.; cayenne, 1 teaspoonful; slippery elm, 1 oz. Add boiling water sufficient to make it of the consistence of thin gruel.

All sores and foul ulcers may be washed with Pyroligneous acid, 1 oz; water, 1 gill.

Another.—Chloride of lime, 1 ounce; water 1 pint.

Still Another.—Chloride of soda, 1 ounce; water 6 ounces.

The affected parts should be often bathed with one of these washes. If the disease is not arrested by these means, repeat them, and put the animal on a diet of flour gruel.

INDIA, OR AFRICAN GOOSE.

PRACTICAL FARM NOTES.

WE continue our PRACTICAL NOTES, though crowded into an uncomfortably small space.

Bremen and African Geese.

IN the RURAL of the 20th ult., we referred a correspondent to EBEN WIGHT, of Boston, for reliable information in regard to *Bremen Geese*, their value, and the source from which they could be obtained pure. Mr. WIGHT, with his usual kindness and promptitude, furnishes us the following facts, not only in regard to the *Embden* or *Bremen Geese*, but the *African*, a cross between which he considers, as shown by the facts stated, far more prolific than either pure. We give an engraving, above, of the *African*, the largest of the goose family.

MESSRS EDS.:—In your paper of the 20th ult., Mr. OSCAR ADAMS asks where he can obtain *Bremen Geese*. The largest and best pair I have ever seen, is owned by WM. G. LEWIS, Framingham, Mass. Col. SAMUEL JAQUES, Somerville, (P. O. address Boston,) Mass., was the first to import these geese into this country, and has now in his possession one of the original pair, imported about thirty years ago. Mr. A. can probably procure the pure breed from either of the above named persons. But I would advise Mr. A. to act on hints which follow, being an extract from an article furnished by me for our State Report in 1857, under the head of *India*, or *African Geese*.

This is of the largest varieties of recent introduction, and proves much more prolific than the *Bremen*, or any common goose seen about the country; it is a stately-looking goose, of gray upper plumage, with white under the body, and any one not having a large dew-lap, or pouch, should be rejected, as less likely of attaining to the largest size. A few years since a person had a gander of this breed weighing twenty-six pounds. Having lost his mate, the owner coupled him with a Bremen goose. Of this progeny, or cross, he saved two of the geese, and bred these two back to the same gander. These two geese laid more than one hundred and fifty eggs, the first year of laying. In 1856 they came into my possession. One of the two geese I disposed of to a friend, which has proved exceedingly prolific; while that retained by me has laid equally well, and in 1856 gave me sixty-seven eggs; in 1857, sixty-five eggs; in 1858, between sixty and seventy eggs. So fast as she gave me five eggs, they were placed under a hen, and each hen was allowed to bring them up.

I have now on hand of the second growth, a large flock of the young—all the progeny of this one goose for this year. If well cared for, they will dress to weigh from fifteen to twenty pounds each. The Bremen geese which I formerly bred, would give me about nine eggs each, and I would advise Mr. ADAMS to obtain one of each breed if he wishes to breed for profit—none are better for the table than the cross. EBEN WIGHT.

Dedham, Mass., 1858.

Pitching Hay with Horse Power.

THE only mode of pitching hay with horse power, that we know of, is the following, which

Figure 1.

has been described in the RURAL, and other Agricultural Journals. To make the subject plain, we give engravings from THOMAS' *Farm Implements.*

Figure 2.

Figure one shows the operation quite perfectly. The head of the fork (fig. 2) is about 28 inches long, and is fitted with steel prongs 20 inches long. The rope attached at *a* passes over the pully above,

by which the fork, after being thrust into the hay, is lifted by the strength of the horse working just without the barn door. It is kept level by means of the rope, *b*, until the fork is high enough to unload, when this rope is slackened, and the hay deposited. The man on the mow can give any direction to the hay he pleases while it remains suspended. The horse is backed, and the operation repeated. The arrangement is cheap, and with it six tons have been pitched twenty feet high in an hour.

Prairie No-Patent Fence.

A CHEAP fence for the prairie districts, one that is simple in construction, safe and durable, and without any patent restrictions, so that any farmer can build it, is a great desideratum. We have already given several, and now a correspondent in Minnesota sends us the following:

MESSRS EDS.:—An odd number of the RURAL, containing a cut of WATSON'S *no patent fence*, having fallen into my hands, reminds me to send you a design which I have had on hand some time. I have not seen one like it, but its prototype exists on our prairies, in the shape of two stakes fastened together by a strong nail, like a saw-buck; two rails are nailed on instead of boards, a rider laid in the "buck," and the stakes driven slightly into the ground.

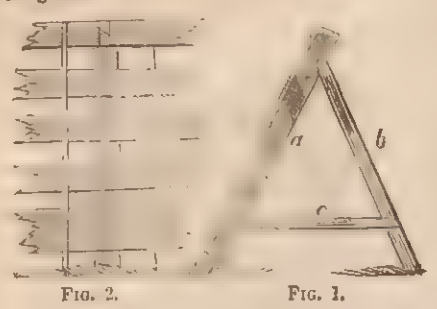


FIG. 2. FIG. 1.

My drawing explains itself; a piece of 4-inch scantling, with a piece 2 by 4 notched into it, and a slat to keep them from spreading, forms a "bent," which is a good substitute for a post. As there is no post in the ground, it has a broad base, and the boards present the edge to the wind. (Fig. 1.)

These "bents" can be framed in the winter (for level ground) within doors. They may be used in combination with Mr. WATSON'S portable fence, (Fig. 2,) by mortising the large piece to receive the ends of the rails, and slipping in a key by the side to keep them in place. A. W. A.

Sakopee, Min., 1858.

SORGHUM SUCCESSFUL.

COL MOORE:—I give you herewith my experience with the "Chinese Sugar Cane," for the past two years.

Last year (1857,) from one-fourth acre planted I got no syrup worthy of the name. I had about eighty gallons of juice pressed out, and tried to boil it into syrup, but from some cause, (either premature freezing before cutting, or want of knowledge and skill in the process of manufacture,) it was an entire failure, so far as making syrup was concerned. I fed out the remainder to my stock, and was satisfied from the result that it would pay to raise it for feeding cattle, horses and hogs.

Last Spring I procured one-fourth pound of seed of E. D. HALLOCK, and planted it on one-eighth of an acre, same time, (May 25th,) as corn, and same distance apart (four feet—I think four feet one way and two the other would be as well.) As I planted it for feeding alone, without expecting to get any syrup, I did not strip off the leaves or take out the suckers, but let all stand through several hard frosts, until the 17th of this month (November,) when I cut it up, stripped off the leaves, and selected 4,300 of the largest canes, from which Mr. HIRAM ROBBINS, of Penfield, manufactured forty-three gallons of syrup as per sample sent herewith, which is thought to be equal to maple molasses in flavor, and for cooking, every way superior. This gives an average of 100 canes to a gallon, and 344 gallons per acre. If the smaller canes had been ground, or had the cane been planted thicker, the yield per acre would, of course, have been greater. Probably 400 gallons per acre would not be too high an estimate upon good land, with good culture. Some of the seed was apparently well matured.

The cost of cultivation is no greater than that of corn, and the leaves and suckers, if removed in season, will nearly pay in fodder the whole cost of cultivation. The principal expense just now is the manufacture into syrup. But, if it costs one-half the syrup, as in my case, it pays well enough. To speak within bounds, an acre will produce 300 gallons, which, at four shillings, (although now worth six,) is one hundred and fifty dollars. The expense of converting into syrup may be $50, or one-third *now*, (it will be less hereafter,) and $100 per acre may be assumed as the product, and nearly all profit, too, of an acre, with less labor than almost any other crop.

Please bear in mind that I am reasoning on *facts*, the main one of which, viz., the twenty gallon keg in my cellar, is put to a daily test, which has done away with all previous skepticism on my part, and with my own experience as a basis, I believe it will soon become an article of general cultivation, and that every one, who has so much land as is covered by the shade of a good sized maple tree, can, if the soil is adapted to it, raise syrup sufficient for the supply of an ordinary sized family. It is a strong argument also against the cultivation of tobacco, that the same land will produce an article of general necessity and agreeable flavor with less labor and equal or greater profit.

As a matter of public or political economy, its advantages are too evident to need mention now. It might be well enough to suggest, however, to those orators who made such powerful pleas for the prospective benefits of the "Great Cable," that this is a matter of *immediate, practical, pecuniary benefit to all*, North and South, rich and poor, the *farmer* and *mechanic* as well as the merchant; and should the orator aforesaid take the stump and labor for it as for the success of the said cable, and should all interested take hold of the matter in earnest, if there were no processions or celebrations in its honor, we might be able, by the time Lt. MAURY hears the ticking of the clock in Greenwich Observatory, to telegraph to "Queen Vic" that hereafter, among her contributions from the Universal Yankee Nation, she might expect to have some sweetening from the States, bordering upon her own provinces, as well as the Gulf of Mexico. WILLARD HODGES.

Rochester, N. Y., Nov., 25, 1858.

THE sample of molasses accompanying above is very superior—fully sustaining the recommendation, and tending to prove Sorghum a success.—ED.

BEES AND BEE-HIVES.

MY EXPERIENCE.—NO. VIII.

THERE are only two classes of bee-keepers who ought to use the non-swarming hives, *viz.*, those who are so situated that they cannot possibly take charge of their swarms, and those who have so many that all cannot be kept in one place. The object of such hives is to obtain the surplus honey and have but little trouble with the bees. COLTON, and some others, pretend they have given us a non swarmer, merely by giving *room* in an extra number of boxes; but experience proves that they are not to be depended on as such in all cases. It is said also, that bees "never swarm until the hive is full," which is a great mistake. After much experimenting, it appears that the only way to *prevent* swarming and be safe, is to give the colony room to extend their combs freely in several directions where it is perfectly dark. But all the surplus obtained in this way, is not in the best order for market, as it is necessary to take it in pieces. Any practical plan that would *prevent* swarming, and induce the bees to store *all* their surplus in neat glass boxes, such as I now send to market, would be worth to me ten times the cost of any patent. On this point I have found nothing satisfactory.

Any person that can possibly take care of their swarms, before they decide on keeping bees without swarming, should contrast the profits with the other method. Suppose you start with one as a non-swarmer, and call it worth five dollars at the beginning, at the end of ten years it is worth no more—very likely not as much. The chances of failing short of that time we will not take into the account. We might get annually, say five dollars worth of surplus—in ten years fifty dollars. Now suppose you start with a swarming hive that will cast a swarm annually, and make one dollar's worth of surplus and the swarm do the same; (about one-third of the average in good seasons,)—the second year there are two to do this, the next year four—take this rate for ten years, and we have 512 colonies, either of them worth as much as the non-swarm—these colonies with the surplus amounts to some thirty-five hundred dollars, to contrast with the non-swarmer's product of fifty-five! I do not offer this as an actual result, but as an illustration. Persons supposing that the bee is a long-lived insect, cannot understand how a colony of bees is no better at the end of ten years, than at the end of one; but such is the fact. Bees never increase after the first year! that is, they are a full swarm then. Although they may rear thousands! as many die off as are matured by the end of the year, and they have gained nothing. This is too easily tested and proved, to be disputed.

M. QUINDY.

St. Johnsville., Mont. Co., N. Y., 1858

FAST HUSKERS, AGAIN.

D. DICKINSON, of Rose, husked out of the stook seventy-five bushels in ten hours, being seven and a half bushels per hour.

The Sherman boys (alluded to in a late RURAL) husked at the rate 8¾ bushels per hour on the hill. They will try next season and you may expect 150 bushels to be a day's work.

One farmer husked, out of the stook, 40 bushels, put it in wagon and offered his neighbor all he could husk more than that. His neighbor called next day and husked 80 bushels on shares to the halves. J. B. R. has good corn, 165 bushels to the acre, his men husked 66, 53 and 41 bushels per day out of the stook. Other farmers claim 26, 30 and 35 bushels to be a day's work. There seems to be a wide margin in the opinion of farmers as to what is a day's work in husking. As corn is the great crop of this country, the actual cost of its cultivation should be better understood. My opinion is that 33⅓ bushels out of the stook and put in a wagon, stalks well bound and set up, is a day's work, and that three cents a bushel is a fair price for husking—man board himself.

SLOW HUSKERS, ALSO.—Fearing you may think that all the *people* down this way are *fast*, I must give you the answers to some inquiries made while the excitement was up. One farmer had 25 day's work's done husking, and had husked less than 200 bushels ears; another farmer relates that he found two of his men seated at one stook "yarning finely," one carrying a bundle of stalks, the other a pumpkin from stook to stook for seats, supposed they husked 15 bushels each. The RURAL, coming in with the fast husking just in time, gave quite an increase *in speed*—seats were entirely laid aside, and only one man to a stook—it helped out.

Next fall keep one column open for the *huskers*, as the most corn per acre and the fastest huskers are to take the prizes. E. N. THOMAS.

Lyons, N. Y., 1858.

PACKING BUTTER FOR WINTER USE.

MESSRS EDS.:—In reading the RURAL, I observe that a subscriber wishes to know the best method of packing butter for winter, so I will give my mode, which I have practiced for fifteen years or more, and I never have strong butter when thus packed, although I will not say it is the best.

The first requisites are, good healthy cows and good feed and water for them, plenty of salt,—milk vessels often and thoroughly cleaned, and the milk strained, skimmed, and churned at the right time and temperature. Use good salt, and thoroughly work your butter, *but not too much*, and then pack in clean stone vessels. If they have been used for packing the previous winter, cleans by throwing on three or four handfuls of nice ashes, then filling with hot water, and letting it stand two or three days; rinse, wash, and scald again with clean water, and let stand until you think all the ley is removed, then rinse once more, rub with good salt, and pack the butter as solid as possible. After it is packed, wet a clean white linen or cotton cloth, cover closely, and melt sufficient butter to saturate and cover it the thickness of a heavy sheet of paper—more if you like. After the melted butter has become cold, have another clean wet cloth ready, and lay it on, make sufficient brine to cover (*with good salt*)—let it stand a few minutes until the scum has all arisen, lightly blow it off, then pour it on the butter, and set in a cool place, where it will not come in contact with fish, flesh, or vegetables of any kind. When you commence using, the cloth is easily removed by pulling it up on one side, to give room for cutting out. After removing what is needed, lay it on again, tightly as possible, until more is wanted. Don't let that "careless girl" leave it open *once*, and don't do it *yourself*. After using the butter, fill the vessel with hot water, and put in the cloth that is saturated with the butter, rinse and ring out—letting the vessel stand until cold, then skim off the butter, and all is saved for crullers, beefsteak, or ginger-snaps, then wash and clean your cloths for another winter, as economy and care is the mother of riches. E. B.

Bradford, Steuben Co., N. Y., 1858.

BREAKING STEERS.

EDS. RURAL:—W. R. A., of Wampsville, asks three questions which I will endeavor to answer. Though I have broke steers, I have never attempted to break my pen for the *types*, therefore you will please "fix it" if worth publishing.

To break steers, gentleness and patience must have "their perfect work." Take one at a time, on a barn floor or small yard, and tame them by great gentleness, feeding from the hand, &c. Then commence driving, very gently, an hour each day, till they obey perfectly. Drive singly and otherwise till they go well. Before yoking, hang the bows on their necks till they are familiar with them. Then put on the yoke and take it off, *learning* them to stand perfectly quiet during the operation. The too common practice of yoking steers when commencing to break them, and whipping and yelling at them,—they running and being run after alternately,—ought to be dispensed with. Steers should be learned to obey by speaking to them. This can be done only by constant drilling, always making them do as told. Cattle, to become handy at all kinds of work, must have experience. Do not expect steers to become oxen at once. Like "*Trainers*," they may perform their evolutions well, but for *field fighting* they must learn the "tug of war."

To make a yoke is a very simple thing. I should take basswood, season under cover, and make by a well shaped yoke to look at. The patent yokes are highly recommended for ease to cattle.

The best way to fasten cattle is to have the stalls partitioned separately, with bars, (gates are the most convenient,) allowing them sufficient liberty to lie down with ease. Make their racks so they cannot waste their fodder, and bed them with dry straw, leaves or sawdust. Feed well and your cattle will show their keeping, and your amount of manure will be largely increased. J. LYMAN.

Jordanville, N. Y., 1858.

SACCHARINE MARKET REPORTS.

EDS. RURAL:—A good many of your friends have fallen into the habit—a very natural one I admit—of saying pretty things of the RURAL, and it is in no captious spirit that I, on the other hand, venture diffidently to suggest *one improvement* for the coming volume. Now that "hundreds of acres" of sorghum have been harvested, and almost endless quantities of delicious syrup manufactured, and also sugar, these products must of course soon be crowding on the market; and the suggestion is that you so enlarge the range of your "Price Current" for the future, as to include both of these delectable articles. Should M. R B., of Pretty Prairie, Ind., keep on squeezing through "a cloth strainer" all winter, he may by spring squeeze down the price of both materially, and we desire a "corrected market report" each week, that we may hail the first omens of this auspicious result. These necessary articles of domestic use are a heavy tax upon the house-keeper, and we beg of our friend to keep on squeezing, and *never give it up!* Whether the "gentle means" first used, or the more severe "pressure" afterwards resorted to, was simple hand power, our friend does not say; if it was, let me suggest to him as better for the purpose, a simple implement used by the "good lady" in finishing her lard and tallow scraps—to wit, a couple of strips of inch board three feet long and three inches wide, fastened together at one end by a strip of leather, the other ends whittled round to hold on by; then place a sack of the contrary stuff between, apply the strength of an ordinary sorghum grower, and "thick, gummy substances" will find they are in a "tight place," and will be glad to get out. Of course, it is understood that there is no charge for this hint. W. B. P.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., 1858.

TO CURE POLL EVIL.—I perceive in a late issue of the RURAL, a temporary cure for Poll Evil—I will give a permanent one, which has been tried in many cases, of every stage, and if judiciously attended to a short time, is universally successful:—One oz of spirits hartshorn; 1 oz. spirits camphor; 1 oz. spirits turpentine; 1 oz. laudanum; 1 oz. sweet oil—or in this proportion. The whole put in a bottle, the oil and hartshorn first, and it matters not which of the others succeed. Shake before using. If applied previous to breaking rub well with the hand, if after, pour a portion on the affected part once a day. I cured one of my own (the most revolting case I ever saw,) which remained sound some 12 or 15 years, or during the life of the animal.—A. G. C., *Sparta, Canada West.*

PUMPKIN MEAL FOR HOGS.—We clip the following from an exchange:—"Pumpkin meal, formed of dried pumpkin by grinding, is one of the most valuable articles known for feeding swine. The The pumpkin should be cut in thin slices, and thoroughly dried by exposure in clear weather to the rays of the sun. The more thoroughly the process of drying is effected, the more valuable will be the article for this purpose. When thoroughly dried, pumpkin is ground as easily as Indian corn or any other grain. The proper method of using it is to mix it into a thin batter, or mush, seasoned with a small quantity of salt, and fed warm. Swine are very fond of it. Squashes may be used in the same way, as may also carrots and parsnips, both of which, when sliced and dried, may be easily converted into meal."

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

RACK AND FEEDING TROUGH.—Will J. H. B. please describe, and, if necessary, *illustrate* his combined *Rack* and *Feeding Trough* for sheep, in such a manner that we can build after his plan, and thus accommodate—MANY READERS, *Farmington, Mich.*, 1858.

WHITE GUINEA FOWLS—SHEEP RACKS.—Can you, or some of your numerous correspondents inform me through the RURAL, who has *White Guinea Fowls* for sale? A description of a good rack for foddering sheep in, would also oblige at least one of your subscribers.—W. S. G., *Fairfield, Mich.*, 1858.

REMARKS.—In the next number we will give some plans for Sheep Racks.

POUDRETTE—(*B. H. A., South Sodus.*)—You cannot afford to buy Poudrette and use it on your land. We have known several use it, and none found it to pay. If you cannot make your land rich enough with stable manure, and clover, and must purchase a concentrated article, the cheapest thing you can get is the *best Peruvian Guano.*

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGES.—(*L. S., Cherrytree, Pa.*)—We don't know, at present, of any Agricultural College that we can recommend a young man to attend. Improve every moment in studying the natural sciences, particularly Chemistry and Geology. Engage for a few year's with the best practical farmer you can find, watch closely how he does things, and why; trace the effect to its cause; keep your eyes open and your thinking apparatus in constant exercise; read the best books and papers you can get on practical and scientific agriculture; try experiments to prove or disprove the theories you read, and you will make a farmer, even though you never enter an agricultural college.

DRAIN TILE.—I would like to make the inquiry through the RURAL, what the cost of draining tile is in Western New York? We have commenced draining in this section, and have to procure our tile from Albany, at from $15 to $25 dollars per thousand, including freight, which we think rather high. Would you have the kindness to inform me through your paper what they can be purchased for at the Western factories?—and what they would cost delivered at Rexfords Flats? I commenced laying tile some five years since, and have prosecuted the business as fast as my means would allow, and would like to procure the tiles somewhat cheaper if I could, although I am convinced that it is profitable to drain, even at the prices we have to pay at Albany. I might give you some of my experience in draining, but perhaps it would not be interesting to many of your readers, as more able and experienced men have given your readers and the public a more correct account of the cost and profits than I could do.—A SUBSCRIBER, *Burnt Hills*, 1858.

REMARKS.—We know of no subject of more importance to American farmers, at present, than that of draining. We have had plenty of *theory* and now we want the *facts*—the experience of farmers who have drained their land. On this subject we cannot have too much light, and we hope our correspondent will give us his experience. Those who have tile-drained can speak with authority, and no fears or doubts can withstand the stubborn facts. We believe two-inch tile pipes can be had at the factories in Western New York for ten dollars per thousand. Why don't the manufacturers advertise their tile, and give prices?—or is the demand greater than the supply? We have several inquiries similar to the above, and have no means of ascertaining the facts but by writing to the proprietors of the different tile works.

CONDENSED CORRESPONDENCE.

LEMONS IN RENNET.—Cut the lemons in slices, taking out the seeds. The juice does not affect the curd.—AMELIA, *Cayuga, N. Y.*, 1858.

TO PRESERVE ONION SETS.—Noticing the inquiry in the RURAL of November 6th, how to preserve onion sets, I send you one method which we have practiced for many years with entire success. We gather the sets as soon as they are ripe, and spread them in the chamber, letting them remain there until the approach of freezing weather, when we remove them to the cellar and stow them away in kegs or boxes.—SALISBURY, *Platea, Erie Co., Penn.*, 1858.

EXPERIMENT WITH POTATOES.—As I see a number of articles on potato raising, I thought I would give my experience. Last spring I was short of seed potatoes. I cut the seed end of the large potatoes to plant, and saved the large ones to eat. In finishing my patch I got out of seed, and to make my patch full, I took the butt ends and planted two rows. When I came to dig, the two rows planted with the butt ends yielded twice as many to the row as those planted with the seed end. I planted the pieces of each kind whole in the hill, without cutting. Some men say cut the potato in one or two eyes to the piece, but I think that too small to support the vine in dry weather. The large potato with the seed end cut off gives few stalks, while the large potato gives plenty of sap to support the crop through a drouth. The seed end sends up too many stalks in a clump. Will others try the experiment?—WM. F., *Wellsboro, Pa*, 1858.

THE TIME FOR SAVING SEED POTATOES.—Every observing man knows when digging potatoes (if he digs his own,) that he frequently finds a hill of nice tubers, all good size, and no small ones among them. Such potatoes are the *best* for seed. Take them and lay them aside, and you will soon get two or three bushels. The next spring plant them whole, one in a hill, and the ensuing fall pursue the same course again. Repeat the process for four years and you will *then have a superior quality* of potatoes. I have pursued this course for three years, and am well satisfied of the result. If every potato cultivator would do this, we should soon cease to hear them complaining of small potatoes. I am in favor of planting whole potatoes. I believe cutting has degenerated the plant.—S. M. JOHNSON, *Monroe Co., Mich*, 1858.

CORN CROP OF KANSAS.—The Leavenworth City *Herald* says that the corn crop of Kansas this year is very abundant. It is now selling in Leavenworth City for twenty-five cents a bushel, and declining; while in some localities it is a perfect drug in the market.

Rural Miscellany.

THE WOOL GROWER AND STOCK REGISTER, formerly published by us, was merged in the RURAL NEW-YORKER some two years ago. We repeat this for the information of all interested, and the especial reason that we are yet in frequent receipt of subscription money, and requests for specimens of said journal. Though tolerably well sustained, the W. G. and S. R. was discontinued because many of its subscribers preferred the RURAL, on sight and examination. Perhaps we made a mistake in sending specimens of the RURAL to its readers, but if so it is too late to repent, and we are satisfied with the result. The W. G. and S. R. is not the only *monthly* that has had to succumb to the more varied, interesting and progressive weeklies.

CREDIT.—We are reminded that the note on the first page of the same number of the RURAL headed "Experiments with Wheat," is scissored from the *Country Gentleman.—Country Gentleman of Dec. 2d.*

The article referred to is less than twenty lines, and was found by us in a country exchange, and as it contained the results of important experiments, and just filled the column, we used it for this purpose, without knowing that it had appeared in our Albany cotemporary. But, really, the claim to proprietorship in this article is very small, and is simply that the *Country Gentleman* was the *first to copy it from an English Journal.* Now, if our over-particular friend was in the habit of seeing as we are, column after column of original articles—the children of his brain—sent forth every week by a score of journals, as their offspring, he would never think of claiming the rights of paternity for this little stranger, which he only *introduced* from a foreign land. In the "same number" of the *Country Gentleman*, in which we find this complaint, we also find an item of *our own* without credit,—or rather, we would say one to which we have as much right as that paper has to the one claimed, and it was probably obtained in the same way as we obtained ours—but, really, this is too small business to talk about.

BUCKWHEAT AS FOOD.—M. ISIDORE PIERRE has recently been making some investigations on buckwheat, from which is condensed the following interesting results:—Buckwheat cakes are equal to pure white bread as regards the phosphates or bone-making material, and nitrogenous principles which they contain, and are superior to bread in fatty matters. The general yield of buckwheat when cooked is about three times the weight of the flour used, showing that such flour will retain forty to forty-one per cent. of water. Between different batches of ground buckwheat is a great dissimilarity of composition—one batch containing nearly seventeen times as much nitrogen, twenty-five times the amount of phosphates, and a hundred and fifteen times as much fatty matter, as another. The bran is the richest portion of the buckwheat, but cannot be digested by weak stomachs. The finest qualities of buckwheat flour, and the white mill dust especially, are very suitable for children and persons in delicate health, while the coarser varieties require a strong stomach and much exercise for their perfect digestion.

"FAST CORN HUSKING."—In reference to the paragraph in the RURAL of Nov. 6, on this subject, a correspondent at Spring Prairie, Wis., writes:—"We think the '*Boy*' who husked one hundred and three-fourths bushels between 6 A. M. and 6 P. M., '*will have to try again.*' P. W. CHASE, of this town, husked, on the 19th of October last, one hundred and ten and a half bushels of ears of corn. Stalks on the hills and topped; corn from two rows thrown into one. He husked the corn in 10 hours and 15 minutes; the balance of the 12 hours was spent in getting his meals, which he took about 30 rods from his work. The corn was measured up the day after it was husked."

PREMIUM STEAM PLOW.—The judges appointed to decide as to the merits of the steam plow tried at the Royal Agricultural Show at Chester, England, have unanimously awarded the prize of £500 to Mr. Fowler. It is beyond question, they say, that Mr. Fowler's machine is able to turn over the soil in an efficient manner at a saving, as compared with horse labor, of, on light land, 2½ to 25 per cent.; on heavy land 25 to 30 per cent.; and in trenching, 80 to 85 per cent.; while the soil in all cases is left in a far more desirable condition, and better adapted for all the purposes of husbandry.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.—The Chicago Journal of Agriculture and Prairie Farmer, says:—"We see it estimated that Iowa alone has saved herself a million of dollars, that would have gone abroad to buy sugar and molasses, but for the cultivation of this year. Illinois will have saved nearly as much.—Wisconsin and Indiana something. Next year, most of the Western States will export, and we may look for improved quality in these staples, for they are to become such."

A NEW CATTLE DISEASE IN CALIFORNIA.—The Los Angelos *Vineyard*, of Oct. 28th, says that a disease has made its appearance among the cattle of El Monte, in that county, called the "mad itch."—Its first appearance is an eruption about the lips, which causes so intense an itching that the animal rubs the affected parts until the skin is destroyed. The rupture spreads rapidly over the head and neck, killing the animal in a few days.

WHEAT AND CORN IN OHIO.—According to the Assessor's returns from all the counties in the State, the number of acres planted, and the number of bushels gathered, of wheat and corn, in 1857, was as follows:—Wheat 1,823,147 acres, and 25,397,614 bushels. Corn 2,254 425 acres, and 83,-555,186 bushels.

INCREASE OF WOOL IN OHIO.—The Cleveland *Wool Grower* for the present month, says:—"We have at some expense obtained a tabular statement of the number of sheep in this State, showing 3,308,803 head, which at three pounds per head, is 9,826,400 pounds, an increase over last year of ten per cent., or about a million pounds of wool."

Orchard and Garden.

HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT FOR 1859.

The year is fast drawing to a close. Two more numbers complete the present volume of the RURAL, and as the last number will be so occupied with a full and well-prepared index, fitting the work for binding, that we shall have little space in that for Horticultural matter, we purpose at the present time to say a few words on the past and the future. On the first, we need say but little to those who have been our friends and readers the present or past years. As our subscribers, however, are now active in exhibiting their papers to their friends as specimens, for the purpose of inducing them to subscribe, and as we have every day scores, and sometimes hundreds of applications for copies, from those who design to become constant readers of our Journal, should an inspection prove the good name it has gained to be well founded, a few words to them will not be out of place.

Although but about one-eighth of the RURAL is devoted to Horticultural subjects, it contains each year enough reading on this important matter, to make two books of about 500 pages, and which would cost far more than this Journal. No weekly paper gives as much information in regard to the culture of fruit, vegetables, and flowers, and we confidently challenge comparison with either of the exclusively Horticultural Journals. Our illustrations are more numerous, and better than those of any other paper in America, while our reports of the proceedings of the Horticultural and Pomological Societies, held in all parts of the country, are acknowledged to be unequaled for correctness and completeness.

We have endeavored to make our instructions as plain and practicable as possible, avoiding almost all scientific and technical terms. We have tried to convey valuable information in a manner that could not be misunderstood. We have labored to teach the learner facts and modes of culture—important principles—essential to success, and have ever avoided nice points more curious than useful. No Journal has labored more zealously or successfully in the field of Horticultural literature the present year, than the RURAL. We have manfully defended the right, while we have fearlessly condemned the wrong. In doing so we may have made enemies, but we know that the true and good approve our course; but higher and above all, we have an approving conscience, for we have "extenuated nothing, nor set down aught in malice."

For the future, we have only to say that we shall be unceasing in our efforts to make this department of the RURAL equal, if not superior to anything in the country as the AMATEUR'S GUIDE and the HORTICULTURIST'S ASSISTANT. While usefulness will be our aim and motto, we shall not forget, occasionally, to introduce things both new and strange. We shall enter the New Year with fresh zeal, and talk more fluently than ever of foliage, fruits and flowers. We have no reason to suppose that these are farewell words to any considerable number of our readers; on the contrary we have every reason to believe, that all who have perused this department during the present year feel well repaid, and will not only continue the fast friends of the RURAL the coming, and for many years, but will exert themselves manfully to add to the number of our readers, and thus aid us in our efforts to increase knowledge and improve taste—the love of the beautiful and true—until our country houses shall become truly rural homes, the lily spring up where once grew the thorn and briar, waste hearts as well as waste places be made glad, and the desert blossom as the rose.

CLAY SOIL, AGAIN.—Wishing to obtain some information concerning the best method of preparing a clay soil for a garden, I thought I would make some inquiries through your excellent paper. I have lately plowed the ground, and now what next? Would rotten sawdust be good, mixed with manure, charcoal, and black mellow earth? This is the way I have thought of fixing it; and, also, would rotten sawdust be good to put around fruit trees?—A SUBSCRIBER, *Olena, Huron Co. Ohio*, 1858.

REMARKS.—The plan proposed of adding mellow earth, charcoal, manure, &c., is good. Anything that will make such a soil more friable will be found of advantage, but good drainage is the best ameliorator of a stiff, impervious clay. No one, until he has tried it, or seen its effects, can realize how completely the character of such a soil is changed by *thorough* drainage. A gentleman in the eastern part of this county planted an orchard in the spring of 1856, in clay, and nearly all the trees died before the next spring. Some tho't the trees were poor, others thought they had been badly *drowned*. During the summer of 1857 the ground was well drained with tile. Indeed, the work was so well done that many were not slow in expressing the opinion that the owner was burying money. In the fall of '57, trees were planted, and during the last summer every one made a fine growth. Half-rotten sawdust, if put on thick, makes a very good mulching.

SAVING TREES DURING WINTER, &c.—(*O. P. M., Clinton, Mo.*)—It is too late, we fear for the information desired, to be of any advantage, but we gave the same some week's since, in answer to another inquirer. We would lay the roots of trees in a trench, say two feet deep, in a dry place, and cover with earth. If "laid in" in a slanting direction, and covered pretty well up the trunks with soil, a little evergreen brush or straw may be thrown over the tops, and all will be safe. On no subject is information more sought or needed than the varieties of apples suited to the soil, climate, and markets of the West and South-west. On this point we will reply before long.

VINEYARDS ON LONG ISLAND.—At the meeting of the Farmers Club at New York, Mr. PROVOST, of Williamsburg, was examined relative to his very extraordinary vineyard there. He produced on one acre fifteen hundred gallons of wine in one season. He makes one gallon of brandy out of five gallons of his wine. He gave samples, which were tasted. The brandy was pronounced pure and excellent, and was last year worth eight dollars a gallon. The wine, therefore, can make 300 gallons of brandy, worth $2,400.

THE SWAAR APPLE.

We offer no apology for acceding to the request of a correspondent and presenting to our readers a drawing and description of the celebrated American Apple, the SWAAR. It is recommended *for general cultivation* by the American Pomological Society, by Mr. BARRY, as "unimpeachable" for Western New York, who also names it among "twenty choice garden varieties." F. R. ELLIOTT, author of the "Fruit Grower's Guide," names it as one of the best three winter varieties for Ohio, and we notice it is spoken well of for the West by some of the writers for the Agricultural papers. At the last North-Western Pomological Convention, held at Chicago, on a vote of 22 members, for the best 12 varieties, the Swaar received 7 votes. We copy Mr. DOWNING'S description.

"This is a truly noble American fruit, produced by the Dutch settlers on the Hudson, near Esopus, and so termed from its unusual weight, this word, in the Low Dutch, meaning *heavy*. It requires a deep, rich, sandy loam to bring it to perfection, and in its native soils, we have seen it twelve inches in circumference, and of a deep, golden yellow color. It is one of the finest flavored apples in America, and deserves extensive cultivation in all favorable positions, though it does not succeed well in damp or cold soils.

Fruit large, regularly formed, roundish. Skin greenish-yellow when first gathered, but when entirely ripe, of a fine, dead gold color, dotted with numerous distinct brown specks, and sometimes faintly marbled with gray russet on the side, and round the stalk. Stalk slender, three-fourths of an inch long, inserted in a very round cavity. Sometimes this cavity is partially closed. Calyx small, greenish, set in a shallow basin, scarcely plaited Flesh yellowish, fine grained, tender, with an exceedingly rich, aromatic flavor, and a spicy smell. Core small. The tree bears fair crops, and the fruit is in season from December to March."

ORCHARDING IN ILLINOIS.

FRUIT is a total failure here this season. It is true, we had a good supply of strawberries, gooseberries and currants, but apples and pears are few, and terribly "*squirmy*" at that. Our old orchards present a blighted and sickly appearance. The leaves are curled and pallid. They blossomed profusely in the spring, but they make no show of fruit now. This stunted, unhealthy aspect is widespread, tending to discourage and unsettle many of our most persevering Pomologists. Some attribute this incipient decay of western orchards to the cold of the last three winters deadening and *devitalizing* the sap, while some censure the mighty deluges of rain which have fallen on our prairies this season. Whatever the cause, no Horticulturist can but notice an injurious *something* consuming our fairest orchards. Young orchards of three and four years' progress look healthy and vigorous, but those of eight to sixteen years appear consumed and cauterized. There seems to be a stage of six years in which young trees thrive admirably at the West, and when the trunks obtain the magnitude of a stove-pipe they begin to kill at the crotch, or yield to some pestiferous cause, and pine.

Seedling trees do better than any kind of root-grafted stocks. They always bear bountifully, and the winter's cold affects them but slightly. It is now the settled experience of most nurserymen here, that seedling orchards grafted in the top are the ones most profitable and permanent in the prairie country. Examine the roots of a young four year old seedling, and the best specimen of a nursery-grown tree. The one has ten thousand ramifying, fibrous suckers drinking in the elements of growth and development from a large space around, while the other has two or three naked prongs barely sufficient to enable it to retain its position. It is strange that beginners will not gather wisdom from experience.

Were I asked by a young Western Horticulturist what trees to select for an orchard, I would reply, *plant seedlings every time*. The third year top-graft them by cutting away one half the top, finish the following year. In this way you secure a straight, robust tree, while you avoid the crooked trunks of some varieties, like the *Fameuse*, and are sure of good feeders at the root besides. Take up your own trees if you have to journey one hundred miles for them. I can save two years in exercising a little patience and care in removing a tree. Never set out in the fall, especially if you live in Illinois. Experience has taught me most emphatically that spring is the best time to plant.

Location is almost one-half. Orchards planted upon a level prairie, unsheltered, will not thrive.—The highest rise of ground on your farm is the best site for an orchard. In every case a belt of cotton wood or other fast growing forest trees should be planted around the place. In four years this forest hedge will do much in breaking off unfavorable winds. Again: the cold is less intense upon our high lime-stone ridges than down on the low, flat prairie. The difference I have ascertained to be seven degrees, where the common observer would suppose the reign of winter was the most tyrannical. I had peach trees that survived even to the terminus of their top branches on the highest and most exposed acclivity of my premises, while those down in the low lands were chilled to destruction. The air is more rarified than in the hollows and basins. I preserved an apricot those two coldest winters, all exposed on the top of a high hill, by cutting back the growth in September, while no artifice could have prevented it in the valley below. Our lime-stone ridges require no draining. These are best calculated for orchard culture and graperies. The chances of being winter-killed are incalculably less than in a low ravine though sheltered by hills. I have much to say, Mr. Editor, on varieties, method of culture and new theories, but I forbear for the present.

Rockford, Ill., Nov., 1858. HENRY P. KIMBALL.

REMARKS.—We spent a portion of one summer, (1856) in Illinois, and we then saw whole orchards of bearing apple trees that had been entirely destroyed by the cold of the previous winter. This was the case with both grafted trees and seedlings. We have published several articles from practical men in Illinois, stating that while some varieties endure the rigors of the climate, and others prove too tender, seedlings as a general thing are not more hardy than grafted trees—indeed, that a proper selection of grafted trees would be far safer than the same number of seedlings. The experience of our correspondent is different. The *truth* on this question, and on all others, we desire to lay before our readers, and therefore call upon the fruit growers of Illinois to give us the *facts*.—From a number of facts we may be able to draw useful and correct conclusions, but inferences from a single instance of success or failure are generally unreliable.

ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS.—This valuable little work for 1859 is before us. It has been published by LUTHER TUCKER & SON, of Albany, for five years, and the matter and drawings being prepared by our good friend J. J. THOMAS, it is altogether superfluous for us to say that in all respects it is got up with the greatest skill and ability. It is a gem of the kind, and there is nothing published in this country that can compare with it in beauty or value. Price 25 cents—In a late number we quoted from this annual a paragraph of eleven lines, giving the varieties of pears that proved *hardy, tender*, &c., in Stephenson county, Illinois, for which we should have given it credit, and we did not observe the omission until our attention was called to it. Although we see our articles copied every day without this act of justice, we never appropriate the labors of others designedly without full and fair acknowledgment. We think the publisher or compiler was a little at fault in so arranging the article that the necessity for credit in this case was not very apparent.

IS THE NEW ROCHELLE OR LAWTON BLACKBERRY SOUR?—A celebrated grower of grapes enumerated many instances in which he had found the New Rochelle Blackberry sour and worthless, and asserted that many people grew them for market, but would not use them in their families. Is this true with yourselves, or your subscribers? The truth should be known, as hundreds of dollars are being invested in their culture.—AN ANXIOUS SUBSCRIBER, *Westchester, Co., N. Y.*, 1858.

REMARKS.—The New Rochelle Blackberry is very sour, and unpleasant to the taste unless picked just at the right time. It turns black before ripening, and those who imagine all the *black* berries are ripe find, on tasting them, that they have made a sad mistake. When fully ripe they are of very good flavor, and then must be picked immediately, or they drop off.

GRAFTING PEARS ON QUINCE, &c.—(*Subscriber, Barrington, N. Y.*)—There is no object in endeavoring to grow the quince on pear stocks, as the quince roots are more easily obtained than pear roots. Standard pears should be planted from 20 to 25 feet apart. We will name a dozen good sorts, which you would do well to plant. Osband's Summer, Bartlett, White Doyenne, (if it does not crack in your locality.) Louise Bonne de Jersey, Beurre Diel, Vicar of Winkfield, Lawrence, Easter Beurre.

NORTHERN MUSCADINE GRAPE.

MESSRS. EDS.:—From a late No. of the RURAL, I see cultivators seem to differ widely with regard to the merits of the *Northern Muscadine Grape*. There are but few questions which have only one side; and, after duly considering the opinions, all must come to the conclusion that this has *two*. Now, gentlemen, I will give this contested grape a fair trial, on all sides, let the result be what it will, and if I fail in this attempt I am open to conviction.—So, we will now proceed to trial.

The *Northern Muscadine* is brought to the stand with two or three serious charges against its character. *First*. At sundry times and in divers places it has been accused with imparting a certain odoriferous perfume, peculiar to its nature. It cannot be denied but what this charge is *true*—that is, after the grape is dead ripe. Still, it may be objectionable to some under *any* circumstances; therefore, it is but fair to admit that *it is a musky grape* when dead ripe, but is not objectionable generally before.

Second. It is charged that the berries do not adhere to the stem after they are ripe. This is too true, but is almost entirely removed by age. Still, this *is a considerable of an objection*.

Third, and the last objection is, they *will not keep* a great length of time. This is a little exaggerated, as they may be kept a proper length of time in cotton, but not half as long as the *Isabella* and some other varieties.

We have now taken a fair view of the *darkest side* of the question. Now, for the *bright side*.

First. Its hardiness is a strong recommendation. In this northern climate it is as hardy as can be asked for.

Second. It is the earliest in ripening of any grape within my knowledge.

Third. Now, for the greatest recommendation of this grape. It is the best wine grape I have ever seen in this country; and if this grape had no other recommend, I would cultivate it for its superior wine qualities alone. I will give $25 for a single grape root which will produce a better wine than the *Northern Muscadine*.

Now, if I have not taken a fair view of the whole matter I hope some one will be just kind enough to do so. Don't be bashful, gentlemen.

Jackson, Wash. Co., N. Y., 1858. H. VALENTINE.

CURIOUS TO KNOW.—The editor of the RURAL NEW-YORKER (Nov. 13th,) says, "day or two since," Mrs. M'KAY treated him to splendid Isabella grapes, &c., while on her way to Montreal to market. Some 3,000 lbs. (at 17 cents per pound,) yielding $510—part of the product of less than half an acre of ground. What we wish to know of our cotemporary is, how grapes are kept in a good marketable condition so late as the 10th of November, in that latitude?—*Montgomery Ledger, Pa.*

REMARKS.—There is no difficulty in keeping grapes here until after New Year's. We have them now as good as when first picked from the vines, and better; for like pears, we think they mature after picking, if well kept. This is true, particularly of the *Clinton*, and other varieties that are rather too sharp when gathered. We allow the fruit to remain on the vines as long as safe, being careful to pick before frost; place them carefully in baskets, and allow them to remain in a cool, dry place for a week or so, then pack them in shallow boxes, either of wood or paste board, placing a piece of cotton batting at the bottom of the box, and a piece of newspaper between each layer of bunches. Cover with cotton, and place on the cover. It is not necessary that the box should be tight; indeed, a little air is of benefit. Keep them as cool as possible without freezing. We had forgotten to say that on packing away, we examined each bunch, and removed all green or bruised berries, and if any mildew is observed, brush it off with a soft brush. If Mrs. M'KAY pursues a plan any different or any better than this, we hope she will inform us.

TAN BARK FOR HOT-BEDS.—Will you, with your usual kindness, give a description or rule for making *hot beds with tan bark?* It is an article very plenty with us, while stable manure is rather scarce. Query,—how will we use the article that is plenty?—the scarce article we understand?—AN OLD CANADIAN SUBSCRIBER, *Prescott, Nov. 25th*, 1858.

REMARKS.—Tan Bark is used in England for pine pits, and sometimes for hot beds. The English tan bark, which is used for this purpose, is from oak trees, and will generate and retain a moderate heat. The tan bark which is used in this country, being generally from the hemlock spruce, is entirely unsuited to the purpose of making hot-beds, alone. It can be, however, and is sometimes used where manure is scarce, in conjunction with stable manure, in this way:—Provide equal quantities of short stable manure and tan bark, and mix the two thoroughly together. If dry, moisten with water, and place the whole in a conical heap, for a few days, when a fine heat will be generated. The material is now ready for use, and can be formed into hot-beds in the usual way of making with stable manure.

DISEASED APPLE TREES.—I am one of your readers, and would like to inquire through your paper, the cause and remedy of a disease among my apple trees. I set out fifty apple trees ten years ago, and they had a fine growth; but last year, on some of them, the outward skin, or sun bark, dried up, and fell off, and the sap bark is pulverizing away. Last spring one tree died of it, and seven or eight are injured. The ground has been eight years under grass and clover. The soil is loamy about two feet deep and then clay.—A FARMERS' SON, *Zeeland, Mich.*, 1858.

REMARKS.—It is rather difficult to give advice in a case of disease without seeing the patient, unless the description of symptoms are full and plain. In this case we would advise our young friend to examine the trunks of all the trees, scrape off all the moss, and any other foreign substance, and remove all diseased bark with a knife, and then scrub them with a stiff brush and soft-soap. Break up the sod, and keep the soil well cultivated next summer, and if you can do so, give a dressing of lime or ashes. At any rate, give a good feeding of manure.

FRUIT GROWER'S MEETING.—The Annual Meeting of the Fruit Grower's Society of Western New York will be held at the Court House, in Rochester, on Wednesday, Jan. 5th, at 11 o'clock, A. M. The officers for the ensuing year will be elected, after which important questions pertaining to the interests of fruit culturists will be discussed.

Domestic Economy.

THE BREAD QUESTION, AGAIN.

EDS. RURAL:—I never had much confidence in matrimonial advertising, but if a body *does* take that course, I think there could be no more laudable motive than bidding for a wife who could make good bread and dumplings. NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S (for short we will call him NUCK,) fastidiousness shows the improvement in public sentiment since the days of his illustrious namesake who, being an *original ruralist*, never questioned about bread, but was content with a bite of good, sweet grass. Such a husband, no doubt, would be very convenient, for when he came home hungry, all a body would have to do, would be to *turn him out*—but I must acknowledge it would *look* more civilized if he insisted upon having a nicely spread table, covered with a snowy loaf, or a dish of making hot dumplings. And, as every step of advancement in science or art,—whether it be in smoking bread, or using steam, or electricity,—should meet with encouragement, I propose that the girls turn out, *en masse*, with specimens of bread for NUCK'S inspection. Black eyes to bring corn bread, blue eyes wheat bread, grey eyes graham bread, &c.; and, girls, when you come, don't forget the dumplings! Won't SYLVANUS' mouth water at the sight of the fair, white balls presented by the plump, rosy hands that moulded them! I may not be able (not because I can't make both, don't think,) to attend, but if either or both of the above mentioned gentlemen will call at our place, which is well known through the country as "Tamarac Swamp Farm," I pledge myself to give them something to *chew besides gum*—especially SYLVANUS. I confess to a preference for this young gentleman, the reason of which perhaps you will understand when you see I subscribe myself—SYLVIA, *Tamarac Swamp Farm*, 1858.

MESSRS. EDS.:—In looking over the Domestic Corner of a late RURAL, my eye very naturally rested upon what NEBUCHADNEZZAR calls a golden opportunity for the girls. I neglected SYLVANUS, of Burtown, and wishing to atone for so doing, I write forthwith to NEBUCHADNEZZAR, to inform him of the fact that I, though not yet twenty, can *mix, make*, and *bake* just as *good, light, wholesome bread* as he or any other graminiverous animal may wish to taste. If he did not live Down East and I Out West, I would invite him in to-morrow—which is my baking-day to attest the truth of the statement here made. I presume he thinks, since the grass is hidden with snow, that he will trim his hair and nails and go to eating bread—if he can get any made to suit his taste. I am glad he has a soul above dumplings, for I don't like them very well myself, especially the ones I make. The reason I did not send SYLVANUS any recipe (don't print this part,) was because my brothers call my boiled dumplings a good substitute for small cannon-balls, and thinking he might not relish this kind, I did not send him my mode for preparing them. But I fear I am trespassing on the RURAL'S time and patience by making my first communication somewhat too long, so I will quit for the present.—HAGAR, *Black Swamp, Ohio.*

EDS. RURAL:—If NEBUCHADNEZZAR wishes to see the lady that can make extraordinary good bread, please tell him to call and spend a few days with me. Fearing he cannot come, I will inform him how to make it. To six quarts of flour, half a cup of potato yeast; a little salt; mix with milk or water—if water, add a little lard when kneaded the second time—mix at night, and it will be ready to bake in the morning.

POTATO YEAST.—Take eight good sized potatoes, grate them; boil a handful of hops in one quart of water, strain, and pour over the potatoes while hot; when nearly cold, add a little yeast; a teacup of sugar; a tablespoon of salt; set in a warm place to rise; when light, put away in a stone jar, in the cellar. This will keep good six weeks in cool weather.—A YOUNG MEXICAN, *Mexico, N. Y.*

SYLVANUS HEARD FROM

Now, girls, see here. I want to be fair with you, but how am I to eat so many dumplings? If they are all as good as I believe they are, and the girls are as delicious and tempting as the dumplings—why—I have counted without my host. Verily, I confess to that degree of ignorance and unsophisticated simplicity that I never dreamed of there being but *one* way to make a dumpling, and, of course, but *one* to make it, and such an array of plump cheeks and rosy dumplings—or, I would say, rosy cheeks—ah! you see how it flusterfys my intellects—such an array—or, I mean, such a proof of the disinterested kindness and obliging disposition that dwells in the hearts of my countrywomen! What a libel on old bachelors—moping and smoking in dismal garrets when they might be feasting on the luxurious dumplings, sweetened with the ——. But I am following "the dreamer" off into dreamland. Girls, when I get all ready, I'll come out your way and take a look—perhaps *incog*—so you need not brush or slick up a bit, for I shall wish to see how you look in checked aprons and hands in the flour, and how you do lots of other things that belong to a housekeeper's duties. It is my intention to marry a real, *bona fide*, healthy, working girl—one who works, not to please this one or that one, but for the pure love of employment and from a desire to be useful—just as I believe you all do. And now, JENNY, and MOLLY, and ANNA, and AGNES, &c., &c., &c., accept my thanks for your kindness, with a hope for further acquaintance in the "good time coming." SYLVANUS.

Burtown, N. Y., 1858.

LOAF CAKE.—I have found some excellent recipes in the column alloted to Domestic Economy, but not having seen any for Loaf Cake, will some of your many readers, that have one they know to be good, please send it through the RURAL, and oblige,—ANNA, *North Chili, N. Y.*, 1858.

CORN BEEF.—To corn beef, my method is to cut it up and pack it in the barrel, and make a brine out of good rock salt, strong enough to bear up an egg, and pour on scalding hot.—R. G. B., *Pultney, N. Y.*, 1858.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE FLOWER-LANGUAGE OF THE HEART.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

THROUGH my heart's lone garden stealing,
Filled with memories of the past,
Mourned I, for the flowers of feeling
Withered at life's wintry blast.

"Once the lowly-bending Violet,
Like a spirit free from art,
With the sweet Wild-Roses flourished
In this garden of my heart.

"And the rosy Almond-blossoms,
Hope's sweet spell around them thrown,
Downward looked with smiling faces
On the dreamy Anemone.

"That was long ago in childhood:
But my eyes are full of tears,
When I muse upon the freshness
Of those unforgotten years.

"O'er my heart, so light and merry,
Flow life's gleeful summer-hours;
But the days, deceitful, pilfered
One by one my precious flowers.

"Yet one dainty thing I cherished,
Watching every bud unclose,
Till my heart was filled with fragrance
By this beautiful White Rose.

"'Twas a free heart's sweetest emblem—
Empress-flower of my youth—
'Twas an angel-form appareled
In the snowy garb of truth.

"But it faded—brown and dusky
Fell its withered leaves apart—
And there swept a fearful tempest
O'er this garden of my heart.

"Crimson rose-buds, just out-starting,
Blasted, and beside them grew
Sorrowful Adonis-blossoms,
And the sad, disdainful Rue."

Crowned with mocking, Thistle-flowers
Underneath the Judas-Tree—
Sighing for the sweet White Roses
That I never more might see—

Thus thro' my heart's garden stealing,
Filled with memories of the past,
Mourned I, for the flowers of feeling
Withered at life's wintry blast.

But there rose a starry blossom,
And its mystic language said—
"Look, despairing mortal, *heavenward*—
There are angels o'er thy head."

Upward in my sorrow glancing,
Praying for a swift release,
Came a snowy dove from Heaven
With the "Olive Branch of Peace."

Round my forehead angel-fingers
Twined the wreath with heavenly art—
And a holy presence lingers
In this garden of my heart.

Black Rock, N. Y., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

GLEANINGS.—No. IV.

"I WANT you to understand, WINNIE"—and my mother thrust her bonneted head in at the door—"I want you to understand that the bread is in the oven."

"Very easy of comprehension, I am sure. But what have I to do with the bread's being in the oven? I am perfectly willing it should remain there."

A slight frown. "Well, I wish you to attend to the baking of that bread, as I'm going out. Now, *don't burn it up*, WINNIE!"

I think I laughed, notwithstanding this pathetic appeal. I could not help it. I had a slight presentiment that the bread would be burned. Another moment she was gone, the bread safe in the oven, and I so comfortably seated in my arm-chair, that I hardly think I would have changed my position if all the bread in the universe were in one vast conflagration. But I really did mean to attend to that bread.

What a snow-storm! I watched the pearly flakes—cogitating the while, something like this: What a pity folks can't live without eating. I positively think it is sad. However, "what must be, must be," and there's more truth than poetry in it, I imagine. Yet how much labor, expense, and care, would be abolished, could we subsist without—*victuals*. Now, there's mamma, walking out in this snow-storm, never heeding the beautiful flakes—so large and feathery—never minding the human figures passing and re-passing; but hurrying on, worrying all the time because "she's sure WINNIE will let the bread burn!"

(I wonder if it needs turning yet? I'll take it for granted that it don't.)

People hurry, and worry, and drudge—that is, most of them do—from "morn till dewy eve," with the grim demon Care, ever urging them on. Is it, I wonder, because they ever have before their eyes, the truth that there is "no work, nor device, nor knowledge in the grave" whither they are fast hastening? I wot not. For, if it were so, they would have thought less of secular affairs, and remembered mercy, faith, and judgment to come. I never believed in living a life of idleness, but I do think it is our duty to pause once in a while and bask in the sunshine—to stop now and then and gambol gaily on the green spots which dot our road-side. Now, if I were Mr. CARE MUCH, that bowed, anxious-looking man, I would lock up my business, book, thoughts, and all, with my boxes and bales, and as I neared home, I would whistle "Begone, dull care!" or shout "Get thee behind me, Satan!" to the invisible spirit. Then I would surprise Mrs. CARE MUCH by being pleasant and sociable. Yes, I believe I would kiss her, and tell her she is the best little wife in the world. It would be a new scene in her life-drama, and I am sure Mrs. C. would like the change. Then I would have a regular game of romps with the children—those little ones who are almost afraid of the gloomy, taciturn man they call papa. I think Mr. CARE MUCH would feel like a "new creature."

And Mrs. CARE MUCH—what a pale, weary look she has. No need of it, whatever. A mere slave to domestic drudgery. All useless. I would care less for "creature comforts" and be more mindful of the souls of my family. I would not cook so much if I were her. I would have lighter, simpler food and fewer dishes. Perhaps husband would frown and mutter, at first, but I would convince him that it was for his good as well as mine. It's my firm belief that what people eat, influences their thoughts and actions. Yes, there is many a short, unkind word concealed in that rich pie-crust—many a gloomy, weary feeling imbedded in masses of cake and floating in highly seasoned dishes.

Then, my domestic cares so much lightened, I would devote more time to husband and children, I would have an interesting book on hand, and, after supper, while he reclined on the sofa, I would read aloud to him, wooing his thoughts away from labor and care. I would tell the children stories; just such stories as I loved to hear when I was a child, and I would teach them of Heaven, and point out the way. In a short time I think Mr. CARE MUCH would be applying to the Legislature for a change of name.

Mamma at the door! Indignation and sorrow resting on her face—and a tin in each hand, filled with the blackened ruins of that bread. "I *knew* you would burn it, WIN—I felt sure of it. And now what shall I do?"

Dear me! if I had not been minding the affairs of Mr. and Mrs. CARE MUCH, I might have remembered my own. However, if it does them any good I shall not care for one baking of bread.

Rochester, Nov. 1858. WINNIE WILLIAN.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

HOOPOLOGY, AGAIN.

I CONFESS myself surprised that any sensible reader of our RURAL should be so firm a supporter of this *hoop delusion*, still I do not consider myself vanquished, and, as the lady thinks I have only *ridiculed* her favorite science, I am ready now to meet her, together with every other hooped lady in christendom, with no other weapon than plain, *common sense*, and, if I am not victorious, then success go with them. Her first plea is "heavy skirts." No one disputes their being injurious, but "common sense" asks, is a skirt which stands at an angle of forty-five degrees from the body, the remedy we need for this evil? A proper degree of heat is just as essential to health as the want of it, and how happens it that these hoops, which are so cool in summer, become so very warm in winter? With the Indian, I am ready to exclaim, "It must be an evil breath that blows both hot and cold." There is no sense in it—this is only one of the many excuses for this foolish fashion. It is very common to hear persons descant upon their merits, and say they shall *always* wear them, whatever change may come, but when the "fickle goddess" proclaims "thy days, oh, hoops, are ended!" the lady who still persists in wearing them will deserve a place in BARNUM'S Museum. *There is not one* who will have the moral courage to do it. She says, too, "she has never found them inconvenient in traveling." I, too, have traveled in company with hoop, and, if I ever found anything a nuisance, it is that. With the frogs in the old fable, I can say, "It may be sport for you who wear them, but it is death for us who are obliged to tolerate them." Here is common sense again—every hooped lady occupies sufficient room for two, and as such should pay extra fare for the trouble she makes. If you wish to get out of an omnibus, you must crowd through, each one looking as if she would annihilate you for troubling her hoops. It is the same everywhere, in the car, in the street—they are nuisances, nothing else. I do not wonder "penny editors" and "street rowdies" ridicule them, so does every person who has one particle of "common sense," at heart, if not by word. Who makes these fashions? Some of them are Parisian, and what greater stain upon us as American women than this aping of foreign styles? But all do not come from there, they are manufactured in our cities by Mademoiselles and Madams, who never even *saw* Paris, and we, so eager for new things, follow them, and dare not say a word. Wear hoops, not I! They are of no practical benefit to the female race—they are nothing but a gigantic humbug.

Cayuga, N. Y., 1858. AMELIA.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

OUR MOTHER.

PEACE to *her* memory. She has gone. The heart that once beat so warmly—the voice that has so often gone up to GOD in prayer for us, is hushed, cold, silent in death. It is good to remember her as a friend—as a Christian friend—but, oh, how dear to remember her as a kind and affectionate mother.

We are orphaned—not by every tie, but from a dear mother's sympathy and a mother's love. There is a void in our hearts—a loneliness we never before have realized. Grief softens our hearts, gives all worldly objects and worldly schemes a careless attention, and fits our "better natures" for an examination. She has left a quiet record. How sinful the wish to bring her back to these trying scenes—rather bless Him, who is merciful, and has taken the *spirit to its reward*. Death-bed scenes, the grave, and the absence of one beloved, will have their influence on the living—may it follow us to manhood and to "green old age," (should it be ours,) *Spirit Mother*. Be our Guardian Angel, for

Earthly ties are broken;
But as Heavenly bonds are dearer,
Our hearts will love to cherish
The fond memory of a "beacon light,"
Trimmed and kept by Angel hands.

Onondaga, N. Y., 1858. A.

THE cook, the housemaid, and the laundress are the pillars on which our domestic comfort rests. Without them, nothing is possible in family or individual life. The well-cooked dinner, the tidy room, the clean shirt, are the landmarks of true civilization. Below them all is barbarism.

SYMPATHY is much more catching than intelligence. Anybody can feel, but everybody cannot understand. Hence pity for a person brought into distress by his own acts, often outweighs all the conviction produced by a knowledge of his crimes.

WE cannot all of us be beautiful, but the pleasantness of a good-humored look is denied to none. We can all of us increase and strengthen the family affections and the delights of home.

Choice Miscellany.

DARE AND DO.

BY WILLIAM C. CAMERON.

UPWARD—onward! Fellow-workman;
Ours the battle-field of Life;
Ne'er a foot to foemen yielding,
Pressing closer midst the strife!
Forward! in the strength of manhood—
Forward! in the fire of youth—
Aim at something: ne'er surrender—
Arm thee in the mail of truth.

Though thy ways be strewn with dangers,
Summer rain-drops lay the dust;
Faith and hope are two-edged weapons
Which will ne'er belie thy trust.
Shrink not, though a host surround thee,
Onward! Duty's path pursue;
All who gild the page of story,
Knew these brave words—Dare and Do!

Miller was a rough stone-mason;
Shakspeare, Goldsmith, Keats, and Hood,
Franklin, Jerrold, Burns, and Gifford,
Had to toil as we for food.
Yes: these men, with minds majestic,
Sprang from ranks the rich call poor;
Cast a halo round brown labor;
Had to wrestle—fight—endure.

Forward, then; bright eyes are beams;
Fight, nor lose the Conqueror's Crown;
Stretch thy right hand—seize thy birthright—
Take it—wear it—'tis thine own;
Slay the giants which beset thee;
Rise to manhood—glory—fame;
Take thy pen, and, in the volume
Of the gifted, write thy name.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

ELDER BROTHER.

ELDER BROTHER! Is there in any language another name, besides the matchless one of "Mother," so hallowed as this? It expresses more than father, sister, child, and even more than husband, or wife. A *father* is something to be esteemed and reverenced; a sister is the kind playmate of your childhood, and the loving sympathizer in after years, but her *woman's nature*, so like your own, precludes the possibility of great variety in tastes and emotions. A wife is to be loved, fondled, and protected; concerning a *husband*—although you may love and respect him, and though you *make* his interests your own, you feel he is no part of your *real self*—none of the blood of your loved family courses through *his* veins, and the *natural* impulses of the heart are not the same. To a *female* there can be no relation so dear, so pure, as that of *brother*. He is fond and *proud* of his sister; for *her* he will forego more privileges, and endure more hardships than even the interests of *self* would induce him to do. This is true of a *brother*, but *elder brother*—how infinitely above all this! *Brother* is a sweet word, full of melody to every sister's ear, but "*elder* brother" is most peculiarly and emphatically so. For this reason, when CHRIST graciously styled himself our great Elder Brother, he allowed us to bestow upon him a dearer appellation than even "Abba, Father."

Elder brother! What are the thoughts that throng your busy brain, as you repeat that phrase? Does it remind you of neglect and unkindness, of angry words, or haughty treatment? Oh, no! it brings up naught but the most pleasing recollections. In childhood, your "elder brother" ever gave *you* the *prettier* toy—he led *you* over the smooth path—he climbed the rugged hill side to secure for *you* the treasure which lay at the top—in all his woodland rambles, he gathered the flowers and the mosses for *you*, his loved sister. *He* could *jump* over the laughing brook which danced through the meadow, but he would make the stony *bridge* for *your* dainty feet to tread. He was ever ready to explain the meaning of a beautiful picture, or an exquisite piece of statuary. His collection of stories and anecdotes, which he related as he cracked nuts for you in the long winter evenings, was inexhaustible. His willing fingers placed the frame to support your feeble flowers, and formed the trellis for your little vine.

When he was in College, loving letters he wrote to you, detailing all the pleasing incidents in his college life; and when he came home in the vacation, what appropriate gifts he always brought to *you!* When you started for boarding-school, with what affectionate earnestness did he caution you against the snares and temptations into which you would be likely to fall! With how much tender sympathy did he listen to the recital of your little vexations, and with what *joy* did he learn of *your* happiness! With his similar tastes, and his strong, manly nature, he *ennobled* and strengthened you. With what fervency did he endeavor to lead you to know CHRIST! With what winning words and sweet entreaties did he tell you of a Savior's love, and urge you to accept a Redeemer's atonement! What solicitude did he ever manifest that the *gentlemen* into whose society you were thrown, should be of the *best* character! When the fortunate one at length arrived, and you were "betrothed," you loved your brother none the less because you had found a *new* love; he was still allowed the old place in your heart's affections.

In after years, when he and yourself are surrounded with family cares, he was still advising schemes for your happiness, and you looked up to that "elder brother" with the same respect and affection that you did when a girl. And now that he has passed away from this world's cares, and your head is silvered with age, your form bent, and your step feeble, you still love to think of that sainted one, and his virtues lie deeply enshrined within your memory's casket.

Angelica, N. Y., 1858. CORA L. LATIMER.

THE duties which we owe to our own moral being are the ground and condition of all other duties; and to set our nature at strife with itself for a good purpose, implies the same sort of prudence as a priest of Diana would have manifested, who should have proposed to dig up the celebrated charcoal foundations of the mighty Temple of Ephesus, in order to furnish fuel for the burnt offerings on its altars. Truth, virtue, and happiness may be distinguished from each other, but cannot be divided; they subsist by a mutual coinherence, which gives a shadow of divinity, even to our human nature.—*Coleridge.*

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE PHYSICIAN.

How largely is the world indebted to the medical profession. How much of the skill and knowledge that is the means of alleviating the woes of suffering humanity is committed to physicians; yet how few give them that respect and true sympathy every true member of the profession deserves. Whose toils more arduous—whose responsibilities more pressing—than his, who, regardless of personal comfort, in darkness and tempest hastens to obey the summons that calls him to the bedside of a suffering fellow-creature, well aware that upon his promptitude life and death may depend. How many have toiled until prematurely old and care-worn; yet one-half the world regard their obligation to their physician as entirely a pecuniary one, nor think that a debt of love, and gratitude, and veneration is due to one who, under GOD, has raised them from the weary couch of pain—brought back from the borders of the tomb those dear as life itself, or ministered by the dying bed of departed ones. That there are those who are a disgrace to the profession, we will not deny,—that it has given to the world some of the loftiest specimens of philanthropy and manhood, we confidently affirm. We have no sympathy with that littleness that regards paltry dollars and cents as the only merited compensation of those who bear the lamp of science in the midst of pestilence contagion, and death. We regard them as the instruments of GOD's benevolence—we reverence the profession and every member who worthily bears its insignia. LINA LEE.

Sherburne, N. Y., 1858.

MONOTONY.

MONOTONY is pleasant in itself; morally pleasant, and morally useful. Living in the same house is monotonous; but three removes, say the wise, are as bad as a fire. I delight in that same monotony. It saves curiosity, anxiety, excitement, disappointment, and a host of bad passions. It gives a man the blessed invigorating feeling that he is at home; that he has roots, deep and wide, struck down into all he sees; and that the only being who will do nothing cruel or useless, can tear them up. It is pleasant to look down on the same parish day after day, and say, I know all that lies beneath, and all beneath know me. If I want a friend, I know where to find him; if I want work done, I know who will do it. It is pleasant and good to see the same trees year after year; the same birds coming back in spring to the same shrubs; the same banks covered with the same flowers, and broken (if they be stiff ones) by the same gaps. Pleasant and good it is to ride on the same horse, to sit in the same chair, to wear the same old coat. That man who offered twenty pounds reward for a lost carpet-bag full of old boots, was a sage, and I wish I knew him. Why should one change one's place, any more than one's wife and one's children? Is a hermit crab, slipping his tail out of one strange shell into another, in the hopes of its fitting him a little better, either a dignified, safe, or graceful animal? The oftener one sees, the better one knows; and the better one knows, the more one loves.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

SET A GOOD EXAMPLE.

NOTHING is so easily done as to preach and talk of obligations which we are under to do justly and to walk humbly; but it is altogether a different matter to write, and preach, and talk by example. And yet, though the former be useful, how much more valuable and effective is the latter? What are those most beautiful essays on the cardinal virtues compared with the excellence of the life in which these virtues have a living and vital existence? It was not alone the doctrines, advanced with such dignified and persuasive eloquence by our Savior, nor the wonderful miracles performed by him, which made the hearts of men follow after him; these were rendered doubly effective by the example which he set at all times, even under the most trying circumstances.

And so it is now, in an humble sense, by mere human hopes. Men may preach and the world will listen, but profit comes by example. A parent, for instance, inculcates gentleness to his children by many sound precepts, but they see him treat his beast in a rude and angry manner, and, in consequence, his instructions are worse than lost, for they are neither heeded nor respected. His example, as a gentle and humane man, would have been sufficient for his children without one word of command. Men are just like children in this respect, and imitate a good example, while precept alone, will pass into one ear and out at the other.

THE NEWSPAPER.—On Wednesday week the Lovisville (Ky.) *Journal* reached its twenty-eighth year, and its Editor, GEORGE D. PRENTICE, in a review thereof, feelingly remarks:—"The history of a newspaper is much of the world's history.—The daily paper is the day's history—it clasps the world's daylight. Bound in its daily columns, the world, with all its passing events, circles. In our modern life the newspaper is truly

'A real world
Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness may grow.'

"In it the steamship arrives and unloads her freightage; in it the lightning flashes for thought; in it the city booms, the corn blades glitter, the wheat rustles in its golden heads, the cattle low from a thousand hills, and the market hums; in it the spring blooms and the autumn blows; in it the poet sings, and with his song the low wind comes fresh and sweet over old meadows, and happy faces gleam from forgotten doors. Yes, the world turns every day in the daily newspaper. Its columns are freighted with the world's merchantize. Through their avenues ring merrily the marriage bells, and through them hearses move and funeral knells are tolled."

READING.—Reading is one of the greatest consolations of life; it is the nurse of virtue, the upholder in adversity, the prop of independence, the support of a just pride, the strengthener of elevated opinions; it is the shield against the tyranny of all petty passions; it is the repeller of the fool's scoff and the knave's poison.

Sabbath Musings.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE ANGEL OF HOPE.

BY IDA FAIRFIELD.

I COME to the sorrowing sons of earth,
And lo! in their hearts, new joys find birth,
When the wild, dark storm, the heaven enshrouds,
I weave my brow in the blackest clouds;
And the Mariner looks from the foaming wave
To the bright land, stretching beyond the grave.
I wave my wand in the Beggar's sight,
And he dreams of a home in a palace bright,
Where hunger, and cold, and want come not,
And the bitter present is all forgot
Weary with toil and worn with care,
The Laborer bends in weak despair,
All life's energies must he give
For the paltry bread on which to live,
And he turns from his work with a weary sigh,
Praying only that he "might die."
But I speak to him of a "coming time"
Still in his manhood's glorious prime,
When he shall sit at well-filled board,
With granaries heaped, and gold well stored,
His wife and little ones by his side,
Filling his heart with a loving pride,
Happy with books, and friends, and flowers,
Dreaming away life's golden hours
With the pleasant thought, his heart beats quick,
And the anvil rings with the hammer's click,
And the hours flit by on unseen wings,
Bright with the joys which the future brings.
When Friendship whispers a sad "good-bye,"
Or sorrowing Love with a tearful eye,
Extends the parting hand, still near,
To wipe from beauty's cheek the tear,
I draw and paint with magic power
The pleasures of the "meeting hour."
If friends prove false as fortune fails,
Or grim disease the young cheek pales,
Or sorrow comes, all tears I dry,
With visions of a bright hour nigh.
And not alone of earth I sing,
Around the dying hovering,
I whisper of that Better Shore,
Beyond the Unknown River's roar,
And life's last hour in triumph dies,
Like suns which set in gorgeous skies.

New Haven, Conn., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE ABSENT.

"THEY come at the gentle even-tide,
The noble who have wandered; the lovely who have died."

TO NIGHT as I sit by the glowing fire-light listening to the wild wind's wail without, thoughts of loved ones far away twine around my heart, and down fond memory's hall comes echoing the gleeful tones I used to hear, causing me to rejoice again with the old-time gladness. But this is only a reverie. As I rouse from my dream, fainter and fainter, to my ear come these well-known sounds, while at my side the prattling voices of little brothers bid me turn from the mystic past, to listen to their words of childish love and innocence. Yet, they cannot disperse the sunny memories that crowd my heart to-night.

Arrayed in immortal beauty comes the form of one much loved, bringing to me glad tidings from the spirit-land, and portraying to my vision the beauties of her home in Paradise. List! she sings to me the exulting songs taught her by the Most High. Upon my cheek I feel her breath, and hovering o'er me her angel wings, "Daughter of earth!" she says, "thou hast a work to do. Lay aside all worldly ambition and glory, and improve the gift thy GOD has given thee. Go and minister,

Unto the sorrowing and oppressed,
And tell them of eternal rest."

How refreshing to the weary heart these sacred communions with those who have long wandered from us, and who we never expect to meet this side of eternity. But we are fast hastening on to greet them, and our barks 'mid wrecks and fears, are pushing their way through time's pathless deep, and when a few more winds and storms have beat against them, "Our Father" who ever stands at the helm will anchor us safely on the "fair banks of deliverance." ROSA BAKER.

Onondaga Hill, N. Y., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

LIFE'S VOYAGERS.

I KNOW him, a man of years, with silver locks and gentle eyes, that give a genial warmth to his wan face, where dwells the smile of Content. His is a face that the friendless and the stranger love to look upon, for there *they read the truth of Friendship*. He was blessed with a companion that fully possessed his virtues, and where such hearts meet, what a halo of brightness must surround their pathway. Here was a spirit to cheer the desponding and lonely—to lift the dark curtain of sorrow from wounded hearts, and shed a mother's love around their footsteps. Quietly life's current has borne them gently along—their way has been one of pleasure. Often had the golden sunlight of life scattered its life-giving rays about them. If ever dark clouds cast a shadow o'er the scene, it was but a momentary darkness that, when past, more fully revealed the brightness of those stars that shone forth in their congenial sky.

A change came—how great a change! The mother had disappeared beneath Death's dark waves; and as they closed over her, she whispered, "Peace—Peace." Alas! for the lone voyager, who is now upon Time's river companionless. But he looketh up, and saith—"my Father doeth all things well—in Him will I trust." Methinks I see him nearing the great Ocean of Eternity—no sunken rocks are in his pathway, nor falls the sullen roar of angry billows upon his ears. In calmness he awaits the heavenly breeze that will waft him to his glorious home. M. A. H.

Shusan, N. Y., 1858.

THERE is not a spider hanging on a king's wall but hath its errand; there is not a nettle that groweth in the corner of the church-yard but hath its purpose; there is not a single insect fluttering, in the breeze but accomplisheth some divine decree; and I will never have it that God created any man, especially any Christian man, to be a blank, and to be a nothing.—*Spurgeon.*

HUMILITY.—The sufficiency of my merit is to know that my merit is not sufficient.—S. *Augustine.*

The Educator.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

AN APPEAL FOR MY SISTER TEACHERS.

It is not my purpose to introduce or advocate "Woman's Rights," but Teacher's Rights. At the late Teacher's Institute of Livingston Co., a resolution was passed to the effect that lady teachers should receive the same compensation as gentlemen. Recently, a lady, well qualified for teaching, mentioned the passing of such a resolution to a wealthy trustee of one of our district schools, and failed to elicit aught but an unfeeling rebuff. He virtually admitted that ladies are generally as well qualified, in an educational point of view, and are quite as successful in governing our district schools, but still maintained that they would not and should not receive an equal compensation for their labors. Why was this so? The question remained unanswered. Who can look upon such a man, other than being a hater of woman, her interests and well-being! How revolting to our ideas of justice when a stronger party preys upon a weaker, with no other motive than to crush the object within its power, because that power is superior. How our sympathies are enlisted in behalf of the oppressed, and how quickly we lend our aid to their rescue. Is it not wrong that man, who should be the protector of dependent woman and jealously watch over her interests to avenge the usurper of her rights, should rise up in rebellion to the voice of justice and crush unoffending woman to the dust? How strong is the contrast between such a course, and the zeal with which our cause was advocated by our noble brothers of the Institute.

It has been affirmed that gentlemen should leave the profession of teaching for the ladies. Altho' there are many other pursuits in which they may engage, not accessible to us, we do not wish to drive them from the field. We heartily desire their cooperation in this important and responsible vocation. Indeed, the education of our youth would be incomplete if intrusted to either sex alone.—Man may chisel out the rough, unpolished statue, but to woman remains the task of adding a grace and beauty to the sculptured marble, which makes it almost breathe, as it approaches the perfection of the artist's ideal. All we ask is an *equal compensation* for an *equal task as well performed*. If we do it not as well we should not be employed, for certainly, our male teachers are none *too* competent. If we stand as high in our calling, why should there be any difference? Is the same amount of good of less value because woman is the instrument?

Woman labors under many disadvantages in arriving at the same degree of excellence as a teacher, to which man is a stranger. Is she obliged to obtain an education by her own hands? the reward which she has received for any labor has been so little as to render it nearly impossible for her to pursue a liberal course of study, and the poor remuneration she has received has made it but a small object to prepare for this profession. There are occupations in which a deficiency of physical strength renders woman incapable of performing the same amount of labor, but teaching cannot be included. But, notwithstanding difficulties, does she not stand as high in her calling as the other sex? Her occupation has been that of teaching since the days of Mother Eve.

All the great volume of mind which has led discovery, sounded the trump of freedom, enlarged the boundaries of science, beautified the halls of art, fathomed the depths of philosophy, or renovated the face of society, has been trained and moulded by insignificant woman. To the meek and holy Moses are we indebted for the only reliable narrative of a period of two thousand five hundred and fifty-three years. We do not know that he would ever have written the Pentateuch, had not his mother early taught him to "prefer suffering affliction with the people of God to enjoying the pleasures of sin for a season." Who but woman first instructed the heroes of Rome? There were noble mothers and daring sons, loving sisters and brave brothers, devoted wives and valiant husbands; and, coming down to the cherished days of our own revolution, we read of Mary and Martha Washington, and join with the "Father of our Country" himself in saying that, under God, they made him what he was. Woman is destined to be the teacher of mankind, and it remains with man to furnish a compensation for honest and persevering industry sufficient to enable her to become an intelligent instructor. If parsimonious committees drive our female teachers from the Common Schools, they will still teach through the sons and the brothers whom they educate at the social fireside. By the law-givers and the statesmen sent forth from the sacred precincts of home to hold in their honored hands the reigns of government, they will teach. By that sweet and holy influence which it is the high privilege of woman to exert, she will teach. Parents, friends, people, do you hope to see your descendants and your country great, and good, and noble,—exalted in point of excellence and civilization,—educate your daughters and your sisters, for they are to be the prime instructors of the human family.

Upon the foundations laid in the nursery, are built the school-house and the academy, the college, and the Hall of State. After having laid the base, shall not woman also lay the corner-stone to this beautiful edifice, which is our Common School? Our female teachers, above any other of their sex, are worthy to be respected, assisted and sustained. They occupy that place in the social circle which is, of all, the most influential. They are not the uninformed, or the plebian, neither are they the proud daughters of fashion. None but the truly refined mind,—too often well disciplined in the school of stern necessity, will assume such a task. In the teacher's own mind, the true ideal of character must be formed and approach realization ere she can understand, or mould the character of the pupil. Not having been nursed in the lap of luxury and wealth, her ideas of life and its end, embrace something higher than mere personal gratification or present happiness. Hers is not the "poetry of imaginative life, but "the simplicity of practical life," and she looks upon the gift of her being as a precious thing entrusted to her care, the projector of a battle in which to engage is an earnest reality. Her calling permits her not to cherish a selfish and exacting spirit but insures patience, forbearance and persevering effort. Such minds must renovate society, if it is done at all. Such, and such alone, should stand at the helm to guide the wayward mind of childhood across the great ocean of wisdom to be spanned by the venturous youth. Strong minds and pure hearts should steer the precious craft 'till its captain learns to grasp the helm with the strength of manhood, and can himself guide it to anchorage in the sea of eternal rest. Ye who have been accustomed to spurn the efforts of those gentle applicants at the door of justice to equal their good brothers in the art of teaching, do not any longer discourage her who presides in your school-room, but lend her a helping hand in her noble endeavor, and she will abundantly repay your timely aid.

Pittard, N. Y., Nov., 1858. Jane E. H——

PUNCTUATION.

We present to the readers of the Journal in this article a more remarkable instance of the effect of punctuation in changing the meaning of the sentence than any previously given. It is taken from Colgrove's Grammar, published in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1852.

Richard Green Parker says James Russell Lowell is a great genius.

In giving the different punctuations which this sentence may have, we shall not follow the order adopted by Mr. Colegrove, nor use italics as he has done.

1. Richard.—Green Parker says, "James Russell Lowell is a great genius."

2. Richard Green, Parker says, "James Russell Lowell is a great genius."

3. Richard Green Parker says, "James Russell Lowell is a great genius."

4. "Richard Green Parker," says James Russell Lowell, "is a great genius."

5. Richard, "Green Parker," says James Russell Lowell, "is a great genius."

6. Richard Green, "Parker," says James Russell Lowell, "is a great genius."

7. "Richard Green Parker," says James, "Russell Lowell is a great genius."

8. "Richard Green Parker," says James Russell "Lowell is a great genius."

9. Richard Green Parker says, "James Russell Lowell is a great genius."

10. Richard Green Parker says, "James Russell, Lowell is a great genius."

11. Richard, Green Parker says, "James Russell Lowell is a great genius."

12. Richard, Green Parker says, "James Russell, Rowell is a great genius."

13. Richard Green, Parker says, "James, Russell Lowell is a great genius."

14. Richard Green, Parker says, "James Russell, Lowell is a great genius."

15. "Richard Green," Parker says, "James Russell Lowell is a great genius."

16. "Richard," Green Parker says, "James Russell Lowell is a great genius."

We have given two more readings than Mr. Colegrove; whether others may not also be given we leave the reader to ascertain.

It is evident that each one of the above examples will admit of several elocutionary readings, which will add to the number of ideas that may be conveyed by the sentence.—*Indiana School Journal.*

COMPRESSION IN ORATORY.

Eloquence we are persuaded, will never flourish in America, or at home, so long as the public taste is infantile enough to measure the value of speech by the hours it occupies, and to exalt copiousness and fertility to the absolute disregard of conciseness. The efficacy and value of compression can scarcely be overrated. The common air we beat aside with a breath, compressed, has the force of gunpowder, and will rend the solid rock; and so it is with language. A gentle stream of persuasiveness may flow through the mind and leave no sediment; let it come at a blow, as a cataract, and it sweeps all before it.

It is by this magnificent compression that Cicero confounds Cataline, and Demosthenes overwhelms Æschines; by this that Mark Antony, as Shakspear, makes him speak, carries the heart away with a bad cause; by this that Lady Macbeth makes us, for the moment, sympathising with murder. The language of strong passion is always terse and compressed; genuine conviction uses few words; there is something of artifice and dishonesty in a long speech. No argument is worth using, because none can make a deep impression, that does not bear to be stated in a single sentence. Our marshaling of speeches, essays and books according to their lengths, deeming that a great work which covers a great space—this inordinate appetite for printed paper, which devours so much and so indiscriminately, that it has no leisure for fairly tasting anything—is pernicious to all kinds of literature, but fatal to oratory. The writer who aims at perfection is forced to dread popularity and steer wide from it; the orator who must court popularity, is forced to renounce the pursuit of genuine and lasting excellence.—*Westminster Review.*

Never Despair.—True hope is based on energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself; it is not confined to partial views, or to one particular object, and if at last all should be lost, it has saved itself—its own integrity and worth. Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of all evils; it is the abandonment of all good—the giving up of the battle of life with dead nothingness. He who can implant courage in the human soul is its best physician.—*Von Knebel.*

A Long Walk After a Diploma.—One of the recent graduates at Oberlin, has, during his whole preparatory and collegiate course, boarded at his father's, several miles from the College, and walked back and forth daily to his recitations. From a careful computation, it appeared that at the time of his graduation he had walked *ten thousand miles*. He was apparently the youngest of his class, but he delivered a Hudibrastic poem on the Union, which was received with great favor. His diploma was well earned.

Useful Olio.

MUSICAL PRACTICE AMONG BIRDS.

Many imagine that birds sing by instinct, and that their songs come to them without any labor or practice. But ornithologists, who have made the habits of the feathered tribe a life-study, hold a different theory, and tell of long and laborious practices in species and individuals, to acquire a facility and compass of song. The following information, from a practiced observer, will be new to many of our readers:

"Birds have their peculiar way of song. Some have a monotonous tone as the bay-winged sparrow. The yellow bird has a continuous chatter, without any particular form of song. The cat bird is a mocker; the golden robin has a song of its own; but each one may have a song of its own, though those of the same locality are apt to sing the same tune. The hermit thrush has a round of variations, perhaps the sweetest singer of the feathered choir. But the song sparrow has the most remarkable characteristics of song of any bird that sings.

Every male sparrow has seven independent songs of its own—no two having the same notes throughout, though sometimes, as if by accident, they may hit upon one or more of the same.

Some males will sing each tune about fifty times, though seldom; some will only sing them from five to ten times. But so far as I have observed, each male has his seven songs. I have applied the rule to as many as a dozen birds, and the result has been the same. I would say that it requires a great degree of patience, and a good ear, to come at the truth of the matter; but any one may watch a male bird while singing, and will find that he will change his tune in a few minutes, and then in a few minutes more.

A fine male sparrow has frequented the same vicinity five springs in succession, singing the same seven songs, always singing, within a circle of about twenty rods. On the fifth spring he came a month later than usual; another had taken possession of his hunting grounds, so he established himself a little one side. I noticed that he sang less frequently than of old, and in a few days his song was hushed forever. No doubt old age claimed him as a victim. In other cases, I have known a singer to return to the same place, two, three and four years; but frequently not more than one. I think there is not a more interesting or remarkable fact in natural history, than the one I have related, and it is a fact you may confidently believe."—*Fisk's Family Journal.*

WITCHCRAFT IN EUROPE.

In the course of the century during which this fearful persecution was at its height in Germany—from 1580 to 1680—it is calculated that more than 100,000 individuals, nine-tenths of whom were women, were its victims. To the honor of humanity be it said, some voices were raised against this blood thirsty practice, but they were drowned in the general clamor. In every part of Germany, Protestant or Catholic, the same atrocities were committed. At length, in the year 1631, the noble-hearted Count Frederick Stolp, himself a member of the order of Jesuits—an order which had been amongst the most violent denouncers of sorcery—ventured to step boldly forward and declare that, among the many whom he had accompanied to the scaffold, there was not one whom he could confidently declare guilty. "Treat me so," he added, "treat in this manner the judges or heads of the Church, subject us to the same tortures, and see if you will not discover sorcerers in us all." Despite this burst of generous indignation, it was not until 1694 that this incomprehensible insanity began to abate. The last so-called witch burnt in the German empire was a poor nun, aged seventy, in the year 1749, at Berg. But at Glarus, in German Switzerland, an execution of a similar nature took place as late as 1794. This time the victim was a servant girl, accused of having practiced diabolical arts to lame the child of her employers. Germany, indeed, seemed to live in an atmosphere of sorcery. The ground which Faith had lost Superstition made her own.

DURATION OF LARVA LIFE

In the "Linnæus Transactions" there is an interesting account, by Mr. Marsham, of the coming forth of the perfect form of *Buprestris splendens*, an exotic insect, which is a wood borer in its larva shape, and which he infers, from the following circumstances, and have passed full twenty years in the larva state. In the year 1810 the perfect insect emerged from the wood of a desk made of foreign wood, for a public office, in 1788-89, from which the long period of its larva existence seems pretty clearly shown. It would seem that meat-eating larvæ undergo their change most quickly, and that those feeding underground or in wood, are the most tardy in their transformations; while those which are leaf-feeders, such as those of butterflies, &c., hold a medium place. Bees remain about twenty days in the larva stage. The Cossus and the May bug are said to pass three years in the larva state; and the Beetle—*Oryctes nasicornus*—four years. The larva of the Stag Beetle does not change for six years; while some of the wood-eating larvæ are supposed to live in that stage very much longer.—*Insect Vivarium*

Robert Fulton.—Among a thousand individuals, you might readily point out Robert Fulton.—He was conspicuous for his gentlemanly bearing and freedom from embarrassment; for his extreme activity; his height somewhat over six feet; his slender yet energetic form, and well-accommodated dress; for his full and curly dark brown hair, carelessly scattered over his forehead, and falling about his neck. His complexion was fair; his forehead high; his eyes dark and large and penetrating, and revolving in a capacious orbit of cavernous depth; his brow was thick, and evinced strength and determination; his nose was long and prominent; his mouth and lips were beautifully proportioned, giving the impress of eloquent utterance, equally as his eyes displayed, according to phrenology, a pictorial talent and the benevolent affections.—*Dr. Francis.*

WINTER SHOES

Hall's *Journal of Health* gives the following sensible advice:—"Like the gnarled oak that has withstood the storms and thunderbolts of centuries, man himself begins to die at the extremities. Keep the feet dry and warm, and we may snap our fingers in joyous triumph at disease and the doctors. Put on two pairs of thick woolen stockings, but keep this to yourself; go to some honest son of Saint Crispin, and have your measure taken for a stout pair of winter boots or shoes; shoes are better for ordinary, every-day use, as they allow the ready escape of toe odors, while they strengthen the ankles accustoming them to depend on themselves. A very slight accident is sufficient to cause a sprained ankle to an habitual boot-wearer. Besides, a shoe compresses less, and hence admits of a more vigorous circulation of blood. But wear boots when you ride or travel.—Give direction, also, to have no cork or India rubber about the shoes, but to place between the layers of the soles, from out to out, a piece of stout hemp or tow linen which has been dipped in melted pitch. This is absolutely impervious to water—does not absorb a particle—while we know that cork does, and after awhile becomes 'soggy' and damp for weeks. When you put them on for the first time, they will feel as 'easy as an old shoe,' and you may stand on damp places for hours with impunity."

Treatment of Frosted Feet.—To cure the intolerable itching that follows frost bitten toes, it is necessary to totally exclude the air from the affected part. If it is not accompanied with swelling, gum shellac, dissolved in alcohol, applied so as to form a complete coat, is the easiest remedy that I know of. It dries soon, and does not adhere to the stockings, and generally lasts until they are well. If the flesh becomes swollen and painful, plasters of good sticking salve are of great service, but, if highly inflamed, any mild poultice that will exclude the oxygen of the air from the diseased part, and keep it moist, allowing the recuperative powers of nature to do the rest.—*Selected.*

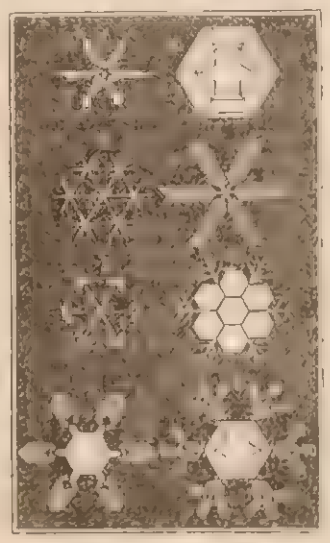
The Young Ruralist.

DESCRIPTION OF SNOW-FLAKES.

Now that winter is with us, pinching our fingers and toes, and covering the earth with its pure and beautiful mantle, a few facts about the snow will not be uninteresting or unprofitable to our young readers. The size of the snow flakes depends upon two causes: when the atmosphere abounds in vapor and the temperature is near 32° Fah., the flakes are large: and as the moisture diminishes and the cold increases, the snow becomes finer. In the former condition of the atmosphere it is not uncommon to see flakes that are an inch in diameter. The lower the temperature the less the diameter of the flakes. At 10° Fah. snow-flakes rarely exceed seven-hundredths of an inch in diameter. Snow has been known to fall with a temperature that caused the mercury to fall 12° and even to 20° below zero. But this is not common.

The snow flakes have a great diversity of form, which, as every accurate observer will testify, constitute beautiful and regular crystals; and it is the copious reflection of light caused by these, that gives snow its brilliant whiteness.

The bulk of snow, just fallen, is ten or twelve times greater, (more or less, depending upon the temperature and moisture of the atmosphere,) than that of the water produced by melting it.



FORMS OF SNOW FLAKES.

Isolated crystals unite under angles of 30, 60 and 120 degrees. These by their different modes of union form several hundred distinct varieties of snow-flakes. Scoresby, an Arctic navigator of great celebrity has enumerated six hundred; and these are all comprised under five classes. According to Scoresby the star figure, (fig. 4) in the diagram given above, is observed when the thermometer is near the freezing point. The hexagon, (fig. 2) is seen both in moderate and very low temperature. The diagram given above presents only eight of the ninety-six figures delineated by Scoresby. From it, however, the reader may be led to observe for himself, the great variety of forms which Infinite Wisdom has given bodies of so small a bulk as snow-flakes.

The uses of snow are well known to the intelligent farmer. It has been properly styled, "the poor man's manure." It forms a warm covering for the soil, and thus defends vegetation from the severity of the winter. It also diminishes the intensity of the darkness during the long winter nights, and furnishes a favorable opportunity for the farmer to replenish his wood-pile, to move his fencing materials, and to carry his surplus produce to market. To the young folks we need not speak of the uses of snow. Indeed, the boys, and girls, too, we think could enlighten us on this point, for it is a long time since we went "*coasting*," or took long rides of winter evenings behind fast steeds and jingling bells, and beside the girl that we thought the best in the whole town.

THE SEA STAR, OR STAR-FISH.

Scores of times, in our younger days, after storms, or during low water at "spring-tides," have we amused ourselves in catching and examining these singular fish. They are covered with a coriaceous crust, and have five or more rays proceeding from a centre, in which is situated the mouth. A prodigious number of tentacula, or short fleshy tubes, which seem at once calculated to catch prey, and to anchor the animal to the rocks, proceed from each ray. The mouth is armed with long teeth, for the purpose of breaking the shells on which the animals feed. The animal breaths by means of gills. The common, or five-rayed star-fish, (*Asterias rubens*, Lin.) which is the species here represented, has five angular rays, with prickly protuberances at the angles. When alive, it is usually of a brownish white color. In one of these, which he kept for some time, Mr. Bingley observed more than four thousand tentacula, on the under side of the rays.

In summer, when the water of the sea is warmed by the heat of the sun, they float on the surface, and in the dark they send forth a kind of shining light, resembling that of phosphorus.

They are often fastened to the rocks, and to the largest sea shells, as if to derive their nourishment from them. If they be taken and put into spirits of wine, they will continue for many years entire; but if they be left to the influence of the air, they are, in less than four and twenty hours, melted down into limpid and offensive water.

In all of this species, none are found to possess a vent for their excrements, but the same passage by which they devour their food, serves for the ejection of their feces. These animals, as was said, take such variety of figures, that it is impossible to describe them under one determinate shape; but, in general, their bodies resemble a truncated cone, whose base is applied to the rock to which they are found usually attached. Though generally transparent, yet they are found of different colors, some inclining to green, some to red, some to white, and some to brown. In some, their colors appear diffused over the whole surface; in some they are streaked, and in others often spotted. They are possessed of a very slow, progressive motion, and, in fine weather, they are continually seen stretching out and fishing for their prey.

REPLY TO QUESTIONS OF W. R. B., MINNESOTA

"Is due East and West on a parallel to the equator?" Certainly not. The question implies that the meaning of East and West, as points, is not understood. Take one of the common definitions, as *East is the direction in which the sun rises at the equinoxes*, and West, where the sun sets at the equinoxes: or, *East and West are the points where the equator cuts the horizon*, and hence, when the sun is on the equator, it must rise at the east, and set at the west at all places. The next question is absurd on either of these definitions. For, when the sun is at the equator, it rises at the *east* point and disappears below the horizon at the *west*. At the poles of the earth, the east must be on a meridian, or coincide with the south line.

If "due East and West" were "on a parallel to the equator," we could not explain the phenomena presented. The equator is a circle lying east and west, but a parallel to it is not, as the earth is a globe or sphere, nearly.

After the Vernal Equinox "the sun advances north" to the time of the summer solstice, or the longest day, and of course "continues to rise and set further north of east and west." The greater the latitude of the place, the further is the rising and setting of the sun "north of east and west." Take the time of summer solstice: at this city in latitude 43°, the sun rises and sets about thirty degrees north of east and west, on that day; at Cincinnati, latitude 39°, about twenty-eight degrees; at latitude 45°, or near St. Paul's, about thirty-five degrees; and at Hebron, Labrador, latitude 58°, about forty-six degrees "north of east and west," as any one many see on a globe.

The questions are answered, and the subject explained once more, it is hoped, clearly and definitely. C. D.

THE INDIAN BEAN

Eds. Rural:—I have become a constant reader of your valuable sheet. My object in writing to you is to introduce a new kind of Bean; the seed came from the eastern border of the Indian Territory. My father, while traveling through that country, obtained the seed from an old settler; the bill of fare in his travels being pork and this kind of bean. They are called the Indian Bean. They resemble very much our common pea in shape.—I had about a gill of seed which I planted in a garden that my father give me to plant, and to take care of. My folks think they are far superior to any other kind, even the Lima. They yield largely and I think it is a paying crop. They grow something like a pole bean, half-way between a pole and bush bean. The pods are from six to eight inches in length and they contain from fifteen to twenty beans, and they are well adapted to this climate. Cultivate them as you would the bush bean. I will send you a small sample and if you wish to try more, write me and I will send you a small package by mail.—F. S. A., *Rockford, Ill.*

Remarks.—We never saw this bean before. It is of a reddish drab color, about the form and size of our common field pea, and looks more like a pea than a bean, and indeed has a good deal of pea taste. We will plant the sample sent us, and if as valuable as our young friend thinks, we shall consider them quite an addition to our list of vegetables.

Libraries.—Libraries are the shrines where all the relics of ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and repose.—*Lord Bacon.*

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

C W Grant's Catalogue of Native Vines

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
EXCELSIOR

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 11, 1858.

Our Tenth Volume.

As the present volume of the RURAL is rapidly drawing to a close, we confidently and earnestly invite all its friends to lend such aid as may be consistent with their views and engagements to maintain and augment the circulation and usefulness of the paper. We can safely promise that the new volume will be more worthy than either of its predecessors of the kind and cordial encouragement and support of all who approve the RURAL and desire to promote its Objects—for, extraordinaries excepted, we are determined to present greater improvements, and labor more zealously for the cause, than ever before.

But we must rely upon the generous efforts of individuals all over the land to make the paper more and more known, and we trust that each and all who believe its tendency is in the right direction—that its influence is promotive of the best interests of its readers and community—will act in its behalf without waiting for others. We have no traveling agents, and give none the exclusive agency of a township or district, so that all so disposed are invited to form clubs in their respective localities — and especially in neighborhoods where no one is canvassing.—We may add that the prospects are most flattering for a considerable increase of subscribers next year; but as we have discontinued the practice of giving large premiums, we must mainly depend upon the voluntary efforts of the friends of the paper for accessions. For Terms, Notices, &c., see first column of next page.

Meeting of Congress.

THE telegraph this A. M., (Tuesday) gives the initial movements of the Second Session of the Thirty-Fifth Congress. At roll call in the Senate about fifty Senators answered to their names. Administering of the oath of office and receptions of credentials being completed, on motion of Mr. Gwinn, the House was notified that the Senate was ready for business, and a committee was appointed to inform the President of the same. The Message was received and read, and at the conclusion thereof Mr. Bigler, of Penn., moved the printing of 20,000 extra copies. Hale, of N. H., took the opportunity to make some comments upon the character of the official document, which were not at all complimentary. Pending a vote the Senate adjourned.

At noon the Speaker called the House to order, when a prayer was offered. The roll was then called, and about 200 members responded to their names.

On motion of Mr. Florence, of Pa., a resolution was adopted appointing a committee, in conjunction with that of the Senate, to wait on the President and inform him that a quorum in both Houses had assembled, and were ready to receive any communication he might be pleased to make.

Mr. Grow introduced a bill to amend the act establishing the Court of Claims, so as to permit creditors to sue in the District Courts of the United States.

Mr. Curtiss, of Iowa, introduced a bill for the construction of a Central Pacific Railroad.

Mr. Dewart, of Pa., asked leave to introduce a resolution instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to report a bill increasing the duty on coal and iron, and, at the request of several gentlemen, including lead, sugar, and such other articles as need protection against foreign competition. Objection was made. Mr. Dewart moved a suspension of the rules. Negatived, 102 against 87—a two-third vote being required.

The Speaker was authorized to appoint the various Standing Committees.

Mr. Florence, from Penn., from the Committee appointed to wait on the President, reported that the latter would immediately communicate his annual message.

The message was received about 2 o'clock, read, referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and ordered to be printed.

The daily hour of meeting was fixed at 12 o'clock M., and the House adjourned.

A synopsis of the message came by telegraph, but we prefer to wait the receipt of a complete copy before giving any portion of it to our readers. We will endeavor to note all matters of general import it contains, together with the facts embodied in the Reports of the Heads of Departments, in our next.

Washington Matters.

THE President has received information from Japan that a full embassy from that country will appear at Washington in the spring.

Through the efforts of the State Department for an amelioration of the duty on flour in Brazil, an imperial decree has been issued reducing it 30 per cent. below the former tariff. This is considered an important concession.

Advices from Costa Rica from an official source express an earnest disposition to enter into arrangements for the settlement of the claim of the United States against that Republic.

It is said by a gentleman particularly interested, that while a recommendation will be made to Congress for a modification of the tariff with a view to increase the revenues, the means by which this should be effected will not be designated by the Secretary of the Treasury. The subject is already agitated in political circles as to whether there shall be a specific instead of an ad valorem duty on iron.

It is understood that the Executive intends to concentrate immediately as large a naval force as possible upon the Gulf of Mexico and coast of Central America.

It is said the Secretary of the Navy will recommend the construction of 20 or 25 vessels, probably sloops-of-war.

Letters to the Navy Department from the Commander of the frigate Wabash at Beyrout, state that no effort had been made by the authorities there to bring to trial the authors of the outrage on the American family at Jaffa. The Commander had informed the Pasha that he should insist upon their immediate trial, notwithstanding the wish that had been expressed to postpone it till all the miscreants had been captured. The Pasha evinced a disposition to do justice.

Chief Justice Ecke, of Utah, is in Washington for the purpose of conferring with the Administration relative to the affairs of that Territory. It is understood that he will earnestly protest against the proposed offering of the public lands there for sale, excepting under such restrictions as shall prevent their monopoly by the Mormon Church.

Interesting News from Arizona.

THE Overland Mail, which arrived at St. Louis on the 3d inst., brought six passengers, among them Mr. McKibbin, of California, and Lieut. Mowry, from Arizona. Lieut. Mowry left Gila City on the 4th of November, at which time some 150 men were digging gold, the average yield being about $10 per day, with the rudest implements. Every part of the country yet prospected in the vicinity of the mines proved auriferous, and the opinion was current among old miners that no richer surface digging exists, even in the most favored portions of California. The mines are located on the neutral ground between the Yuma and Pinos Indians, and thus no danger is apprehended from hostile tribes. The Sonora Silver Mining Co. were swelting a thousand ounces per week. Several other mines were also being actively worked.—Lieut. Mowry brings several rich specimens from the silver mines, also about $300 in gold from the Gila River diggings. Lieut. M. computes the population of the territory at 15,000, and gives glowing descriptions of the beauty and of the agricultural and grazing resources of the country.

A political meeting at Gila City, November 4th, passed resolutions endorsing the action of the Conventions held at Mesilla and Tucson, and asking Congress for a territorial organization.

Mr. McKibbin reports that the Apache Indians continued their depredations on the frontier of Sonora and Arizona. Seven out of a party of eight had been recently killed by a body of Mexicans, forty miles from Fort Buchanan.

The revolution in Sonora was in full progress. Governor Pesquiera had lost the support of the rich men and merchants of the province, on account of his failure to return a large sum of money borrowed from them, according to promise.

THE SANTA FE MAIL.—The Santa Fe mail of the 8th Oct., reached Independence on the 28th ult. The snow is a foot deep from the Arkansas river to Walworth creek. Weather very cold. A letter from Mr. CRENSHAW, one of the contractors on the route between Independence and Stockton, Cal., states that news had reached Santa Fe of a battle between Lt. BEAL'S party of Surveyors and the Camanches, and that fears were entertained that the mails from Neosha to Albuquerque were lost. No particulars of the fight are given. No newspapers are received, but private letters say that no news of importance had reached Santa Fe from the Navajo country. The St. Joseph *Gazette* learns from a private letter from Santa Fe, Oct. 31st, that the Navajo Indians had attacked Fort Defiance, but were repulsed with a loss of ninety killed—Four troops were killed.

News Paragraphs.

GENERAL NIEL, of the French Engineers, has just published a "Journal of the Operations of the Siege of Sebastopol." He states that during the siege, which lasted 334 days, the French artillery threw into the town 510,000 round shot, 236,000 shells from howitzers, 350,000 shells from mortars, and 8,000 rockets: during the war the French infantry fired 25,000,000 of cartridges.

LATEST advices from the West Coast of Africa represent it to be very sickly there—a French war steamer having lost 25 men within two weeks. Mention is made of the impressment of a French sailor from an American vessel, though no particulars are given.

THE Mississippian states that the experiment of excluding all paper money of a denomination less than five dollars has succeeded perfectly in the State of Mississippi.

ALABASTER, of a very superior quality, is found in large deposits in the hills near the Missions of Soledad and San Antonio, in Monterey Co., California. It is clean, close-grained, very fine and translucent, and can be cut with a knife. Its color is a beautiful light cream.

AN old man, named John Brobst, living in poverty in the Glades of Cumberland Co., Md., lately discovered that he owned a large tract of coal and iron land in Pennsylvania, has proved his title and sold his claim for $2,000,000.

A YOUNG man in Cincinnati has sued a surgeon for $20,000 damages for unnecessarily cutting off his leg. He alleges that ether was given him while in the hospital, and advantage taken of his unconsciousness for a nice operation.

ACCOUNTS from Washington Territory say it is not certain that two or more of our army officers who have fallen were not shot by their own men. The conduct of Col. Steptoe in that engagement is to be investigated, and orders have been issued requiring the presence of some of the army officers at Washington for that object.

FOUR overland mail routes to the Pacific coast have now been settled upon. The southern one will be open all the year, and the other three for summer travel. These routes belt the continent in parallels, and are so distributed that each division of the Union is brought into stage and railroad connection with all the others.

THE Howard Association of New Orleans publish a statement of their operations during the season of the epidemic; 3,414 cases were treated, of which only 771 proved fatal. The fund of the Association has dwindled from $45,000 in August to $1,900 in November.

THE Europa brings news of the death of Robert Owen, a social reformer who attracted much notice a few years ago. He was born in Wales in 1771.

Personal and Political.

IN the South Carolina Legislature, on the 2d inst., Hon. Jas. Chesnut, President of the Senate, was elected U. S. Senator on the 10th ballot. This is a signal triumph of the Conservatives.

GOV. BISSELL, of Illinois, has issued a Proclamation calling for a special election on the 4th of January to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Col. Harris, Representative in Congress.

HON. J. J. CRITTENDEN was called upon recently at his hotel in New York city, by a delegation from the "Whig" General Committee, and presented with addresses from that "body." Mr. Crittenden, in his reply, disclaimed any intention of being a candidate for the Presidency, and refused to accept of any nomination.

THE North Carolina Legislature has elected Thomas L. Clingman to fill out the balance of Mr. Bigge' term in the U. S. Senate, ending March 4th, 1861; and ex-Gov. Thomas Bragg for the full term, ending in 1865.

HON. JONATHAN KNIGHT died at Washington, Pa., Nov. 23. He was a member of Congress in 1854 from the 20th district of Pennsylvania.

THE Legislature of South Carolina is engaged in a tangled contest in regard to the re-opening of the Slave Trade. The supporters and opposers of the supremacy of Congress in the matter, are both sanguine as to the result. The contest entered into the election for Senator and Governor.

THE Legislature of Florida assembled at Tallahasse on the 22d ult. John Finlayson, of Jefferson, was elected President of the Senate, and J. D. Galbraith, of Leon, Speaker of the House. Gov. Perry's Message discourages the idea of re-opening the slave trade, and favors the removal of the remaining Seminoles from Florida soil.

A DISPATCH from Martinsburg announces the death of Hon. Mr. Bedinger, Ex-Minister to Denmark. He returned home from Europe a few weeks ago, in good health, and since then partook of a complimentary dinner, tendered him by his fellow citizens, without regard to party. Mr. B. was formerly a member of Congress, and distinguished for the ability and energy he brought to the discharge of all his public duties.

THE election to fill the vacancy in Congress from the Reading district, Pa., caused by the resignation of J. Glancy Jones, took place the 30th ult. Gen. Wm. H. Keim, opposition, was elected, by about 400 majority.

HON. JOHN LETCHER has received the nomination for Governor from the Democratic State Convention of Virginia.

THE Territorial Mass Convention of the Conservative Element in Kansas, for the purpose of organizing an opposition to the Republicans, was held in Leavenworth on the 25th ult. The attendance was numerous, though but six counties were represented. The re-union and re-organization of the Democracy was advocated and hotly debated—a strong minority characterizing such action as premature. A series of resolutions petitioning Congress to repeal the land grants, asking aid for improvements, denouncing the Republican party, declaring in favor of excluding free negroes from the future State of Kansas, declaring the slave question a dead issue, and in favor of a modification of the pre-emption laws, were finally adopted, with a preamble determining upon the immediate organization of the Democracy of the Territory.

Literary Notices.

HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND. By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. Volume I. From the second London edition. To which is added an Alphabetical Index. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—1858.

THE "History of Civilization in England" is, to say the least, one of the very best books it has been our good fortune to peruse during the present year. We are not ready to adopt the philosophy of the author in many respects—in fact, have felt a spirit of hostility awakening at times—still there is so much to stimulate reflection and excite to inquiry, so much to promote investigation, and that in a path comparatively untrodden, that the first volume is finished with an intense desire to take fast hold upon what is to follow. The writer states that he has selected the progress of English civilization for his especial study, "simply because, being less affected by agencies, not arising from itself, we can the more clearly discern in it the normal march of society, and the undisturbed operation of those great laws by which the fortunes of mankind are ultimately regulated." He selects England in preference to France because, although the English are greatly indebted to the French for improvement in taste, for refinement in manner, and, indeed, in all the amenities of life, yet they have borrowed nothing absolutely essential, nothing by which the destinies of nations are permanently altered, while France has borrowed from England some very valuable political institutions. And he prefers it to Germany, because the same objections are still more applicable to the Germans. The German intellect he regards as stimulated by the French into a sudden growth, and thus irregularly developed—being in fact hurried into an activity greater than the average civilization of the country requires; whence it results, that in no European nation do we find so wide an interval between the highest minds and the lowest—the German philosophers possessing a learning, and a reach of thought, which places them at the head of the civilized world, while the German people are more superstitious, more prejudiced, more really ignorant and unfit to guide themselves, than are the inhabitants either of France or of England.

In the only other country that might seem to claim the author's preference, America, he argues that "a civilization precisely the reverse of this, the Germanic, is seen. For while the stock of German knowledge is immense, but confined to one class, the stock of American knowledge is small, but distributed through all classes—there being no country to equal America in the scarcity of men of great learning, and in the scarcity of men of great ignorance. As in Germany, then, we find a serious failure in the diffusion of knowledge, so in America we find a no less serious one in its accumulation." Which failure is the more disadvantageous of the two, our author does not stay to decide. But he calls attention to the antithesis, with this comment on the state of the case:—"That as civilization is regulated by the accumulation and diffusion of knowledge, it is evident that no country can even approach to a complete and perfect pattern, if, cultivating one of these conditions to an excess, it neglects the cultivation of the other. Indeed, from this want of balance and equilibrium between the two elements of civilization, there have arisen in America and in Germany, those great but opposite evils, which, it is to be feared, will not be easily remedied; and which, until remedied, will certainly retard the progress of both countries, notwithstanding the temporary advantages which such one-sided energy does for the moment always procure."

THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING; or Jerusalem as it Was, as it Is, and as it Is To Be. By J. T. BARCLAY, M. D., Missionary to Jerusalem. Philadelphia, James Challen & Sons; Rochester, E Darrow & Bro., 1858.

THIS is a most beautiful book, of over 600 pages, large octavo, and as interesting as it is beautiful. The paper and the printing is of the very first class, and the engravings are elegant and numerous, consisting of five full page steel engravings, three colored drawings, or illuminations, nine lithographs, mostly maps and plans, and forty-five wood cuts. The author spent three years and a half in the holy city, and made some important discoveries among the ancient ruins. In a week or two, we shall give some extracts from this work, accompanied with illustrations. We know of no better present the coming holidays than this book.

HADJI IN SYRIA; or Three Years in Jerusalem. By SARAH BARCLAY JOHNSON. Philadelphia, James Challen & Sons; Rochester, E. Darrow & Bro, 1858.

THIS is a little book of about 300 pages, and its writer, who spent three years in Jerusalem, is the daughter of the author of the work noticed above—"The City of the Great King." She gives a most interesting account of the domestic life of the people, and the sufferings of the women of the East. Her earnest appeal in behalf of the females of Oriental countries, is eloquent and affecting.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

OUR table is loaded with new publications. Among the works recently received, and awaiting examination and notice, are the following:

HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH THE SECOND, called Frederick the Great. By THOMAS CARLYLE. In four volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. [Vols. I and II received.] For sale in Rochester by DEWEY.

DORA DEANE, or the East India Uncle; and MAGGIE MILLER, or Old Hagar's Secret. By Mrs. MARY J. HOLMES, author of "Lena Rivers," "The Homestead on the Hillside," "Meadow Brook, or Rosa Lee," "Tempest and Sunshine," etc. New York: C. M. Saxton.

IN AND AROUND STAMBOUL. By Mrs. EDMUND HORNBY. Philadelphia: Jas. Challen & Sons. Sold in Rochester by E. DARROW & BRO.

SELF-MADE MEN. By CHAS. C. B. SEYMOUR. New York: Harpers. Sold by DEWEY.

THE MODERN COOK; a Practical Guide to the Culinary Art in all its Branches, comprising, in addition to English Cookery, the most approved and recherche systems of French, Italian and German Cookery—adapted as well for the largest establishments as for the use of private families. By CHAS. ELME FRANCATELLI. From the ninth London edition, carefully revised and considerably enlarged. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. Sold by DEWEY.

BERTRAM NOEL. A Story for Youth. By E. J. MAY. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Sold by DEWEY.

ELEMENTS OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, designed for Academies and High Schools. By ELIAS LOOMIS, LL. D. New York: Harpers. Sold by DEWEY.

THE HISTORY OF PROSTITUTION: Its Extent, Causes and Effects throughout the World. [Being an Official Report to the Board of Alms-House Governors of the City of New York.] By WM. W. SAWYER, M. D. New York: Harpers. Sold by DEWEY.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND HIS TIMES. With other Papers. By CHAS KINGSLEY, author of "Hypatia," "Two Years Ago," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Sold by DEWEY.

CORNELL'S GRAMMAR-SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY. New York: Appleton & Co. For sale by DEWEY.

We have also been favored with eleven different volumes issued by the American Tract Society, the leading magazines for the month, various pamphlets, &c., &c.

THE *Ontario Observer*, Prince Albert, C. W., is a very neat and well-filled paper, but far from being *credit*-able. For instance, of three different numbers before us, each contains from three to six or more articles copied from the RURAL without credit. Not very *observe*-ing of the rule of *meum and tuum*, that!

THE INDIAN WARS.—Dispatches from the Pacific coast received by the last California steamer from officers in command, in Washington Territory, state that the approach of winter has produced a cessation of Indian hostilities, but the impression prevails that they will recommence in spring.

The News Condenser.

— Postage stamps have just been introduced in Spain.

— Theodore Parker is ill again, having suffered a relapse.

— A rat-killing association has been founded in New York.

— Gen. Harney arrived at Portland, Oregon, on the 25th ult.

— The Opera singer Piccolomini has a salary of $4,000 a month.

— The Liberals in Mexico were successful at latest accounts.

— Only 70,000 emigrants have arrived in New York this year.

— Gas was used in Belfast, Me., on Tuesday week for the first time.

— The emigration to Kansas has been quite large during the fall.

— The black tongue has made its appearance in several sections of Texas.

— The English papers complain heavily of our sending back their paupers.

— Nebraska is a Sioux word, compounded of *Ne*, water, *Abraska*, a valley.

— The weather is very cold at the White Mountains, and the snow very deep.

— The Polish Revolution of 1830 was celebrated in New York on Monday week.

— Over a million barrels of lime are now manufactured yearly at Rockland, Me.

— The Indians are committing many outrages in the border settlement of Texas.

— A man in Philadelphia was recently fined $10 for swearing and $5 for getting drunk.

— Ex-Gov. Schley, of South Carolina, is dangerously ill, from a stroke of paralysis.

— Mayor Swann has vetoed the bill for the introduction of fire engines in Baltimore.

— The last return of the army shows that Austria can bring into the field 427,000 men.

— The amount of specie now in the banks of Boston is very large, reaching $9,437,000.

— Ex-Governor Medary, of Ohio, was sworn in Wednesday week, as Governor of Kansas.

— The Supervisors of Oneida Co., voted 20 to 12 against building a County Penitentiary.

— The boats on Lake Champlain have been laid up for the winter, and navigation is closed.

— There are millions of rich lands in Arkansas for sale by Government at 12½ cents an acre.

— The Japan Treaty has arrived at Washington, together with dispatches from Consul Harris.

— On Wednesday, two Jewish Rabbis were arrested in New York for selling lottery tickets.

— A man was killed, a few days since, by falling from the top of the Clay Monument at Lexington.

— Judge Hart, of Cincinnati, was recently run over by a train of railroad cars, and injured fatally.

— Lead pencil marks in scratching election tickets have been decided illegal in York county, Penn.

— A white man in Maryland has been sentenced to 43 years imprisonment for enticing negroes to escape.

— The receipts of the city of Paris last year amounted to 26,000,000, and the expenses to $23,000,000.

— It is said that slaves are diminishing in Fairfax Co., Va., and that there is an influx of Northern settlers.

— About 45 per cent. of the children born in Rhode Island since 1852 have been of foreign parentage.

— A Kansas city paper of the 23d ult. announces the arrival of $6,000 in gold dust in a kettle, from Cherry Creek.

— The Secretary of the Navy has issued orders to have every available vessel fitted out with the utmost dispatch.

— The New Jersey State Prison is full to overflowing, having nearly three hundred prisoners within its walls.

— A correspondent of the Picayune prophecies an immense sugar crop in Louisiana this season—say 400,000 hhds.

— The Register of the Treasury reports that the sale of public lands this year will amount to three millions of dollars.

— It is said that another effort will be made to get Oregon into the Union, as a State, at the next session of Congress.

— The Bostonians have determined to celebrate the forthcoming centennial anniversary of the birthday of Burns.

— A elephant that had escaped from a menagerie in Bolton, Yazoo Co., Miss., was pursued and killed on the 4th inst.

— There are 20 lotteries in the U. S., 15 of which are in the State of Maryland, and expire by their charter in April next.

— Kansas City people are in exstacies over the fact that the St. Louis & Pacific Railroad has been located near that point.

— Rev. F. N. Ewing, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, in Bloomington, Ill., has recently inherited a fortune of $100,000.

— The expenses of Steuben Co. have decreased since 1857—from what cause is not stated. By some miracle, we suppose.

— A man was fined $43 in N. O., a few days since, for enclosing a letter in a newspaper, and posting the same to a correspondent.

— Another revolutionary movement has broken out in Sonora, which seems likely to overthrow the existing State Government.

— Considerable activity in real estate, with improving prices is noticed in New York, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and other large cities.

— Gold has been found all along the valley of the South Platte, in Nebraska. In ravines, four dollars to a pan have been taken.

— At the recent election in Illinois, 252,000 votes were polled—more than any of the States, save New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio.

— The people of Buffalo have, by a majority of 1716, decided in favor of an international bridge across the Niagara river at that place.

— The task of laying a telegraph cable from Florida to Cuba will be commenced forthwith, the subscriptions having been completed.

— The trial of the 92 indicted officials in New York has been put over to the next term, on account of difficulty in procuring jurors.

— Nearly fifteen million feet of sawed lumber have been shipped from Ottawa City, Canada, to the American markets during the season.

— Francis C. Walton, one of the members of the Kane Arctic expedition, was buried in Philadelphia, on Sunday. He died in destitution.

— The Court of Appeals has decided that County Courts have jurisdiction of actions to foreclose mortgages on lands within their counties.

— Preparations are made for a great lumber season in Maine. On the St. Croix river alone about 3,000 men and 500 teams will be employed.

— The editor of the Franklin (Louisiana) Banner speaks of having received an orange seventeen and five-sixteenths of an inch in diameter.

— The navigation of the Mississippi river below St. Paul has been closed by ice. The mail will be carried by stages from St. Paul to La Crosse.

Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

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In addition to the extra copies above offered, and any Premiums which we may hereafter offer for subscribers to the Tenth Volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, we will give to EACH of the *One Hundred Persons* sending the first lists of THIRTY or more yearly Subscribers to the RURAL after this date (remitting payment at our club rate—$1 25 per copy,) a bound volume of the RURAL for 1858, price $3,—*or* $2 in Agricultural Books, post paid.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

☞ PLENTY OF TIME!—In answer to two or three recent inquiries, we would state there is yet abundant time to secure the Liberal Gratuities we offer for the first 100 lists of 30 subscribers, and first 100 of 10, 16, or 20. Indeed, as club lists do not usually come in to any extent until after Dec. 1st, we presume all who remit before the 10th or 15th will be sure of the extra premiums, and perhaps those who send as late as the 20th or 25th. But as there are indications of a rush this year, competitors should remit as early as possible.

☞ THE MONEY WE RECEIVE.—Bills on all solvent Banks in the U. S. and Canada taken at par on subscription to the RURAL, but our agents and other friends will please remit New York, New England or Canada money when convenient. Postage Stamps can be remitted for fractional parts of a dollar. For all amounts over $15 we prefer Drafts on either New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Albany, Rochester or Buffalo (less exchange,) payable to our order—and all such drafts may be mailed at the risk of the Publisher. If our friends throughout the Union, British Provinces, &c., will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

☞ ANY person who remits pay for a club of 10, 16 or 20 at the specified rates for such club, and adds a sufficient number within one month thereafter can avail himself of the advantage of the lower price of large club, and retain the amount overpaid. Thus, a person remitting $15 for 10 copies, could obtain 10 copies more within a month by sending only $11.

☞ IN ordering the RURAL please send us the best money conveniently obtainable, and do not forget to give your full address—the name of Post-Office, and also State, Territory, or Province.

NOW IS THE TIME

TO AID THE RURAL AND DO GOOD!

SUBSCRIBERS AND POST-MASTERS

Can perhaps aid us more than any other persons. From their position and standing they can exercise an influence in behalf of the RURAL which would materially increase its circulation and usefulness. We frankly ask their assistance in behalf of the enterprise, trusting that each and all will have the kindness to do what may be consistent toward introducing the paper to notice and support.

Merchants and their Clerks,
Clergymen and Teachers,
Officers of Ag'l Societies,
Progressive Farmers,
Periodical Agents,

All who have written to us for Specimens,

And others, can also materially aid in augmenting the circulation of the paper—and of all who read this we bespeak such attention and encouragement as the RURAL may, in their good judgment, seem to merit. Any and every aid will be gratefully appreciated, and we shall be liberal in recognizing assistance by furnishing free copies, books, and other gratuities, to those who introduce the paper in their respective localities.

HOW TO GET SUBSCRIBERS.

THE BEST WAY to obtain subscribers for the RURAL is to *show a number*. Its most successful agents and active friends say this is the true course—that few object to subscribing after seeing the paper itself. With a single specimen many persons have procured handsome lists. Much less effort is required than many suppose—for, in this case as in some others, *seeing* and *examining* is *believing* and *convincing*. Indeed, there is scarcely a town to which we send this Supplement, wherein from 10 to 30 *subscribers* could not readily be obtained by adopting the plan suggested, and using a little exertion. Now, as *the present* is the best season to *try this plan*, how many will act upon the suggestion—thereby augmenting the circulation and usefulness of the RURAL and benefiting their neighbors and community? If any of our friends use up or lose their numbers in the good work we will cheerfully furnish others to make their files complete.

—The greatly reduced Club Rates will render it comparatively easy to obtain a handsome list in almost any locality. Please try and see, Reader.

INFORMATION FOR AGENTS, &c.—A reader wishes to know whether we will forward the extra copy to a friend in Iowa, provided he can get a sufficient number of subscribers to entitle him to an extra. Also, whether we will send the RURAL for $1,25, if he obtains 20 subscribers, and cannot get any more.

—To the first inquiry, we say AYE—will send the extra, or any club copy, wherever desired within the U. S. As to the other, would say that we must adhere to published terms in order to be consistent, and *just to all*. And really, *five cents* is a small item to individual subscribers, though of consequence to us in the aggregate. Our rates are already too low for such a paper as we intend to furnish, and we are surprised that any one should wish or suggest a farther reduction.

Important from Mexico.

ACCORDING to a letter from the city of Mexico, under date of November 19th, addressed to the New York *Times*, that country is in a frightful condition. Such is the State of affairs, that the population hear of new atrocities without any expression of surprise. "The ink had scarcely dried on my last letter to you," says the writer, "in which I mentioned the execution of seven Americans at Zacatecas, (by the way, the Government has not officially announced this *heroic act!*) by one of the Government Generals, when we received the news that the same General had thrown an Englishman in *capilla* in Zacatecas, with orders to have him shot in a few hours, (I believe ten,) if he did not pay $15,000 asked of him. The receipt of this news here was the cause of immediate action on the part of the British Minister. He wrote a most scathing note to the Government, and the Government expressed its disbelief of the story. The report has since been confirmed, and correspondence has ceased between Her Majesty's Minister and the Government. The next event of our times to record, is the taking of the castle of Perote. This fortress, which has held out for ten months against the Government troops, fell, on the morning of the 16th inst., into the hands of Gen. Echeagary. The victory was gained without blood, although its consequences promise to be bloody. General Echeagaray, in his dispatch to the Government, says he intends to shoot all the officers, from corporal up, and *one-fifth of the soldiers!*

"In the meantime, while these events have been taking place, the capital has been preparing for a state of seige. Trenches and breastworks have been arranged outside of all the garitas. The cause of this step of precaution is found in a general belief that in the next ten days this city will be again beseiged by the enemy. Families in all the surrounding villages have been deserting their homes in the past week, and coming here. Three days ago orders were given for the suspension of the railroad trains leaving or entering the city after 5 P. M. The work on the fortifications still goes ahead, and at every quarter of an hour in these long nights, the cry of 'Sentinel a lar-ta!' goes up through all the lonely streets of this capital, horrifying to the ear as the howl of the hyena from a grave-yard."

LATER INTELLIGENCE FROM NEW MEXICO.—The St. Joseph (Mo.) *Gazette* of the 27th ult., says:—"We have been permitted to see a letter written to a gentleman in this city, dated Santa Fe, October 31st, in which the writer states that news was received in that city the evening previous of an attack upon Fort Defiance by the Navajoe Indians. The Indians were repulsed with a loss of ninety killed; the troops sustaining a loss of four men. The Indians also drove a large number of horses belonging to the Government. The emigrants who were attacked at the crossing of the Colorado by the Mohaves, arrived at Albuquerque in a destitute condition, having lost eight hundred head of cattle, horses and mules, together with all their provisions and equipage. Their wagons were left on the Colorado, and they had to return to Albuquerque on foot, a distance of six hundred miles, nearly naked, and with nothing to eat but beef.—The war in New Mexico will probably be one of long duration, and it will require more troops than are now in that country, to bring the Indians to subjection. At the present time the Navajoes, Mohaves and Diggers are all hostile to the whites, and will not miss an opportunity of cutting off any small party that may attempt to pass through their country."

THE TRIP OF THE RUGGLES.—A letter from E. S. PROSSER, to the Buffalo *Commercial*, gives the particulars of the trip of the Canal Steamer Ruggles, now at the east. She left Buffalo November 21st, at 8 P. M., with a load of beef, broom-corn and grass seed, as full as she could stow in the hold and between decks. She left Rochester at 7 P. M., on the 22d, only 23 hours from Buffalo, and left Utica at 7 A. M. on the 25th, having been detained seven hours by boats aground on the route. The entire trip from Buffalo to Utica was 83 hours, distance 254 miles, average rate of speed, including detentions, a fraction better than three miles an hour. Exclusive of detentions from other boats aground, the time was 76 hours, and the average speed about three and one third miles per hour. Mr. PROSSER writes that with a perfect navigation there can be no doubt that steamers will go from tide-water to Buffalo in four days, and to New York in five days.

A WINDMILL PUMP AT SEA.—A late issue of the Cork *Reporter*, says that the Frundshung, of Liverpool, laden with rice for the Cape, put into Queenstown a day or two since in distress. She sprung a leak at sea, and was filling at such a rate that the ordinary pumps, exerted with the power of all, could not have saved her. In this strait her captain, Adam John Bray, bethought him of a windmill pump, and the idea had no sooner occurred to him than he set about realizing it, and committed the execution of it to William Foulkes, his carpenter, who, being an expert and skillful artizan, carried out the captain's idea to perfection. By the power of this extemporized pump the vessel was kept afloat one hundred days, until she made Queenstown in safety, where she may now be seen, a signal proof of the power of the human mind, when energetically and ingeniously exerted, over the greatest difficulties.

CUBAN STATISTICS.—The population of Cuba at the last census, was a little over a million. The area embraced by the island and its dependencies, is 47,278 square miles. The great staples are sugar, coffee and tobacco, and the annual value of the products of the plantations is estimated at $60,000,000, although only about one-twentieth of the island is in cultivation. The annual revenues of the government amount to something like $13,000,000 a year. There are 1,442 sugar estates, 1,818 coffee estates, 912 tobacco estates, and about 10,000 grazing farms.

CANAL STEAMERS AND THE N. Y. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.—The Special Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, on the 2d inst., reported in favor of steam on the Canals. They say it can be confidently affirmed, after full inquiry and trial, that the banks of the Canals will not be injuried by propelling boats with steam. The report was adopted, and a memorial is to be addressed to the Legislature.

How the Austria took Fire.

IT is but a few weeks since we chronicled the destruction of the Ocean steamer Austria, by fire, and the loss of passengers. The cause of the disaster was attributed to the accidental upsetting of a kettle of tar, used for the purpose of fumigating the vessel. One of the passengers, PHILIP BERRY, contradicts this statement in a letter to the N. Y. *Times*. He says that on the day before the burning, it was reported on board that the Captain had made a bet that he would be in New York on the 18th, (the following Saturday). To do this would have required the vessel to make 290 miles a day, whereas she had only been making 211. To accomplish this, the fire was increased, and on Sunday evening the flames came out above the smoke pipe fifteen or twenty feet in the air—thus giving a column of sixty or seventy feet of flame from the furnaces. The passage ways between decks became oppressively hot, and the whole vessel heated up. He further adds:

"Taking the captain's betting, together with its conditioned requirements, and the excess of fire in the furnace immediately afterwards, and these facts tell the simple story:—'That they were *pressing the vessels to the uttermost*, and which resulted in a step beyond the uttermost.'

Now, at the time the alarm was given, the flames were coming in under the quarter-deck. They must have ravished already two hundred and fifty feet of the ship's length. If the tar-bucket was the cause of the fire, the fire started in the fore part of the steerage; and to completely overmaster the midships, and find its way into the quarter-deck, by the time the alarm was given, must be explained by other principles than that of common sense."

Will this not give some clue to the captain's fatuity? Could not a guilty conscience—a consciousness of doing wrong, and the fear of this result—have been causes which made the captain a child when he should have been a giant?

THE ENGLISH INDIAN FUND.—The aggregate amount of subscriptions for the relief of the sufferers by the mutiny in India, was £433,620, or about two millions of dollars. Of this sum £127,286 were sent to India for distribution, the authorities there being authorized to draw for £10,000 more. In Great Britain about £40,000 were expended among 86 widows and orphans of officers, 298 widows and 423 children of soldiers, 6 widows of clergymen, and 23 widows and orphans of civilians. About £265,000 remain to be distributed. It is now contemplated to extend relief, which in many cases is greatly needed, to the troops, generally, stationed in India.

ENGLISH NEWSPAPERS.—It is said that within the last three years one hundred and fifty papers have ceased to exist, after a more or less protracted existence. The amount of capital thus invested and lost must have been large.

OBITUARY.

DIED, near Chagrin Falls, Ohio, Nov. 29th, 1858,—after a few days illness of fever,—Mrs. LYDIA MOORE ROBINSON, (mother of D. D. T. MOORE, of this city,) aged 65 years.

Mrs. ROBINSON was the daughter of Rev. ISRAEL HODGE, formerly of Exeter, Otsego Co., N. Y., but for many years a resident of Mendon, in this county. At the age of 17 she was married to Rev. JOSEPH MOORE, (then of Washington county, but subsequently for many years Pastor of the First Baptist Church in Onondaga, N. Y., and who performed much labor as a missionary in various sections of Central and Western New York and Ohio,) and reared a family of seven sons and two daughters. Her second husband was Mr. NATHAN ROBINSON—then of Oneida county, but for the past twenty years a resident of Ohio—who survives her, though upwards of 90 years of age. Mrs. R. early espoused the Gospel of Christ, and throughout all the prosperity and adversity of life was a consistent and devoted Christian.

Special Notices.

C. W. GRANT'S
CATALOGUE OF NATIVE VINES,

Containing the history and description of all the different varieties worthy of cultivation, with full directions for culture. Free to all applicants enclosing a stamp to prepay postage. Address C. W. GRANT, Iona, near Peekskill, Westchester Co., N. Y

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A New Style.—Price $50.

For sale at 495 Broadway, New York; 464 Broadway, Albany; 48 Genesee st., Utica; 22 South Salina st., Syracuse; 45 State st., Rochester, and in most of the Cities and Towns of the State of New York and the United States.

These Machines sew from two spools, and form a seam of unequalled strength, beauty, and elasticity, which will NOT rip, even if every fourth stitch be cut. They are unquestionably the best in the market for family use. 463] ☞ SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. [13

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Dec 7, 1858

FLOUR remains unchanged in rates.

GRAIN—Wheat is at last quotations. Corn is firm at an advance of 4c per bushel. Oats have taken a start of 2c. Buckwheat is also in the ascending scale—2c being the start.

PROVISIONS—Pork is now coming in freely and is rapidly taken up for eastern markets at $6,00@6,50 according to weight. Poultry exhibits a decline in prices.

BUTTER is drooping. Eggs scarce at 20 cents. No other changes of importance.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN		Eggs dozen	20c
Flour, Genesee, wheat	$5,50@5,60	Honey box	10@12c
Do spring	$4,75@5,25	Candles, box	12c
Do Buckwheat, ♀ cwt	$1,75	**FRUITS AND ROOTS**	
White Conesus	$1,00@1,20	Apples, bushel	$1@1,25
Best white Canada	$1,10@1,25	Do dried	$1,25@1,50
Corn	60@62c	Potatoes	35@40c
Rye, for the ♀ bush	70@75c	**HIDES AND SKINS**	
Oats	42c	Slaughter	6½@7c
Barley	55@56c	Calf	10c
Buckwheat	44@45c	Sheep pelts	50@75c
Beans	70@75c	Lamb do	25@30c
MEATS.		**SEEDS**	
Pork, Mess	$14,00@16,00	Clover bush	$4,00@4,50
Do cwt	$6,00@6,50	Timothy	$2,00@2,25
Beef, ♀ cwt	$4,00@5,00	**SUNDRIES**	
Spring Lambs, each	$1,50@2,75	Wood, hard	$4,00@5,00
Mutton, (carcass)	5@6c	Do soft	$3,00@3,50
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,00@5,25
Shoulders	6@6½c	Do Scranton	$5,00@5,50
Chickens	7c	Do Shamokin	$5,00@5,50
Turkeys	8c	Do Char	18@22c
Geese	30@44c	Salt, bbl	$1,75@2,00
DAIRY &c		Hay, tun	$12,00@14,00
Butter, roll	17@19c	Wool, ♀ lb	25@45c
Do firkin	16@18c	Wood, for bbl	$6,00@7,00
Cheese	10c	Codfish, quintal	$4,75@5,00
Lard, tried	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	$6,50@7,00
Tallow	6@6½c		

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Dec 6—Flour—Market dull at 5c lower for common grades. Sales at $4,30@4 40 for common to choice super State, $4,75@5,00 for extra State, $4,25@4,35 for superfine Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa $5,00@5,10 for common to good medium and extra do $5,35@5,45 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—market closing dull and heavy Canadian easier, sales $5,00@6,25 for common to choice extra

GRAIN—Wheat very dull but prices are without change. Sales [illegible] Corn firmer sales at 76@77c for common to prime mixed western. Oats are steady at 48@50c for State 32@34½c for Canada.

PROVISIONS—Pork firm with a fair demand. Sales at $17,80@18,75 for mess, $14,25@14,50 for prime, $13,75 for new unInspected mess included in the sales are mess for March and April at $15,50, seller's offering. Dressed hogs are in fair request at 7¼@7¾c for prime corn fed. Lard market less buoyant, sales at 10¾@11¾c. Butter is selling at 12@19c for Ohio, 19@23c for State. Cheese at 5½@9½c, as to quality.

BUFFALO, Dec. 6—Flour—more inquiry and quotations unchanged, sales at $5,25@5,50 for good to choice extra Indiana, Michigan, Canada and Ohio, $5,75 for double extras, $4,87½@5,00 for extra Wisconsin

GRAIN—Wheat in fair demand for milling and market steady.—Sales at 72c for Chicago spring, 113c for white Wabash, 130c for prime white Indiana 131c for prime do Michigan. Corn quiet, sales at 66c. Barley dull at 60@66c. Oats firm; sales at 33c. Rye held at 68@70c.

PROVISIONS—Dressed hogs $6,50@6,60; Mess pork $15,50@15,50; prime $13.

ALBANY, Dec 6—Flour—Active demand for choice and desirable brands of Western and State, but for medium and inferior qualities it is difficult to effect sales. Market firm. We quote unsound State at $4,00@4,10, common to good do at $4,15@4,25, fancy and extra State $4,75@4,85, extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c., $4,75@4,85, extra Ohio $4,90@5,00, common Canadian $4,75@4,80, extra Canadian $4,90@5,00, fancy Genesee $5,00@5,05, extra Genesee $5,10@5,00. Corn Meal is unchanged at $3,10@3,50 Rye

GRAIN—Wheat [illegible] with fair enquiry, with [illegible] offering at prices over the views of buyers. Good white Michigan is held at 135c, do Kentucky at 137@142c, with buyers at about 135c. Corn quiet, with but little here and none offering. Rye inactive but steady. Barley limited business at unchanged prices, sales Cayuga at 70c, and Jefferson at 80c

DRESSED HOGS—Steady, sales at $6,75@7,60.

The Cattle Markets.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, $9,00@9,50; Ordinary, $8,00@8,75; Common, $7,50@8,00; Inferior, $6,00@7,25.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $60@65; Ordinary; $40@50; Common, $30@40; Inferior, $25@30

VEAL CALVES—First quality ♀ lb, 6¾@7c Ordinary, 6¾@6c, Common, 5½@6c, Inferior, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, per head, $5,50@6,25, Ordinary, $4,25@5,00, Common, $3,50@4,00, Inferior, $2,50@3,00

SWINE—Best corn fed, 6¾@6¾c; Other qualities, 6¾@6¾c.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 2—At market 1316 Cattle, about 900 Beeves and 436 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $6,50@7,00, First quality, $6,00@6,25, Second, $5,00@5,25, Third, $4,50; Ordinary, $3,50.

WORKING OXEN—$75, 100@150.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 30, 40@50

STORES—Yearlings $9@12, Two Years Old, $17@20, Three Years Old $21@27

SHEEP AND LAMBS—3900 at market. Prices—Extra and Selections, $2,50@3,00, in lots, $1,00@2,00

SWINE—1050 Western at market.

HIDES—6½@7c. Tallow, 6½@7c. ♀ lb.

PELTS—87c@$1 each. Calf Skins, 12@13c. ♀ lb.

BRIGHTON, Dec. 2—At market—1500 Beef Cattle, 900 Stores, 5000 Sheep and Lambs, 600 Swine.

PRICES—Beef Cattle—Extra, $7,50, First quality, $6,75; Second, $6,00, Third, $5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$90@150

MILCH COWS—Sales at $29@35 Common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—Sales at $4,00@5,00

STORES—Yearlings, $9@12, Two Years Old, $16@19; Three Years Old, $21@26.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Extra, $2,50@3,75; by lot, $1,00@1,75

SWINE—Fat hogs, 6½@6¾c.; Retail, 6@6c; Spring pigs, 4½@5c.

HIDES—7@7¼c, Tallow, 6½@7c. ♀ lb.

PELTS—87c@$1, Calf Skins, 12@13c. ♀ lb.

The Pork Markets.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 2—This market is maintained, with, however, no transactions reported, the packers continuing busy in the slaughter of hogs under contract, the receipts of which are not only heavy, but more than double that of any previous year at the same period. If they continue to come forward in the same ratio, the packing around the falls will reach 300,000 head in two weeks more, and the season close nearly a month earlier than ever before. The hogs for slaughter "have been counted," and the packers set down the result at a little less than 30 1,000. Be that as it may, the high prices which now prevail are likely to force every available hog to the slaughter, and we would not be surprised if it exceeded our estimate. The prevailing quotation for heavy hogs is $4,50 net, and we do not hear of any pressing on the market by which it may be inferred that they are engaged or taken on arrival.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 2—The market for hogs has been active and buoyant throughout the week, and prices have been well maintained, and the business done has been very large. About the middle of the week prices gave way slightly, but were almost immediately recovered, and the market closes firm, with a fair demand at $6,25@6 40 for light corn fattened, $6,50@6 62½ for those averaging 200 to 210 lbs, and $6,60 to 6,75 for heavy—say those averaging 225 to 250 lbs. The sales comprise about 3000 head including a sale of 1000 head by a Virginia provision dealer to a Western speculator, to be delivered the first half of January, and to average 200 lbs net, at $6,75 for 2,000 head, and $7 for the balance

TOLEDO, Dec 2.—In this market, hogs are coming in quite freely—the quality fair, and prices ranging from $1,75 to $5,50 for light to heavy

CHICAGO, Dec 2.—Live hogs supply light and demand active with a slight advance on heavy hogs. Sales are made at a range of [illegible]

The Wool Markets.

NEW YORK, Dec. 4—Market active and prices of clothing qualities have slightly advanced. Sales 250,000 lbs Fleece [illegible] in request but stock light sales 40,000 lbs at 33@35c, 10,000 lbs California unwashed 22@27c, do com do 10@17, Peruvian washed 24@26c, Valparaiso unwashed 11@12c, South American com 10@12c, do Entre Rios 15@18c, do unwashed 9@14c, do Cordova 18@20c, East India 12@20c African 9@18c, do washed 16@28c, Smyrna 11@16c, do washed 20@28c, Mexican 11@14c.

BOSTON, Dec 1—Fleece and Pulled Wool have been in fair demand, and are quite firm, the sales of the week comprising 150,000 lbs at full previous prices. In foreign the sales have been 300 bales Cape, South American and Mediterranean at various prices, as to quality, and 275,000 lbs Cape on p t

Saxony and Merino fleece	50@55	Western mixed	35@42
Full blood	40@48	Smyrna washed	17@26
Half and ¾ blood	37@44	Do unwashed	11@17
Com to ¼ blood	30@36	Syrian	10@21
Pulled extra	45@50	Cape	20@25
Do superfine	40@45	Crimea	2@17
Do No 1	35@40	Buenos Ayres	30@42
Do No 2	25@30	Peruvian washed	25@35

THE MINT.—During the month of November, $244,580 in double eagles, $126,210 in eagles, and $35 345 in quarter do., $250,000 in half dollars, $200,000 in quarters, $38,000 in dimes, $50 000 in half do., and $12 000 in three cent pieces, were coined at the Philadelphia Mint. Also, $25,000 (or 2,500,000) cents were coined. Total gold, silver and copper coinage, $870,135.

New Advertisements.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, and headed—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, IN ADVANCE. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

PHONOGRAPHY, or Phonetic Short-Hand Writing.—A thorough course of instruction will be given through the mail, by letter, by the undersigned, to male or female, for $3
466 Address A. T. NORTHUP, Otego, Otsego Co., N. Y

Grade Bull for Sale.

HALF HEREFORD and one-quarter Durham, five years old, and weighs about twenty three hundred. His mother made fifteen pounds of butter a week. He is a splendid animal and as docile as a horse—price $100
466-2t E. G. PEABHAM, Wright's Corners, N. Y

Clover Machines.

WE continue at the "Big Tree Iron Works," Geneseo, N. Y., to make Clover Machines, Single and Combined, as well as Separators, Horse Powers, Grain Drills, Steam Engines, &c. &c., all which we offer low for cash.

☞ We will sell an interest in our works, say one half. *A rare chance.* F. W. HUDNUTT & CO.

Cattle, Sheep and Swine for Sale.

[illegible] Bull [illegible] old, [illegible] $100 and [illegible] $125 and [illegible] $150 and [illegible] $175 [illegible] $200 [illegible] $225 and [illegible] $250 [illegible] $275 and [illegible] $300 [illegible] $325 and [illegible] $350 [illegible] $375 and [illegible] $400 [illegible] $425 and [illegible] $450 [illegible] $475 and [illegible] $500 [illegible] $525 and [illegible] $550 [illegible] $575 and [illegible]

Choice Poetry.

THE WINTERS.

We did not fear them once—the dull grey morning
No cheerless burden on our spirits laid;
The long night watches did not bring us warning
That we were tenants of a house decayed.
The early snows like dreams to us descended;
The frost did fairy-work on pane and bough;
Beauty, and power, and wonder have not ended—
How is it that we fear the winters now?

The house fires fall as bright on hearth and chamber;
The northern starlight shines as coldly clear;
The woods still keep their holly for December;
The world has welcome yet for the new year,
And far away, in old remembered places,
The snow-drop rises and the robin sings,
The sun and moon look out with smiling faces—
Why have our days forgot such goodly things?

Is it that now the north wind finds us shaken
By tempest fiercer than its bitter blast?
And fair beliefs and friendship have forsaken,
Like summer's beauty as that tempest passed?
And life grows leafless in its pleasant valleys,
The light of promise waning from its day,
Till mists meet even in its inward palace—
Not, like the outer mists, to melt away

It was not thus when dreams of love and laurels
Gave sunshine to the winters of our youth,
Before its hopes had fallen in fortune's quarrels,
Or Time had bowed them with his heavy truth—
Ere yet the twilight found us strange and lonely,
With shadows coming when the fire burns low,
To tell of distant graves and losses only—
The past that cannot change and will not go.

Alas! dear friends, the Winter is within us;
Hard is the ice that gathers round the heart,
If petty cares and vain regrets can win us
From Life's true heritage and better part.
Seasons and skies rejoice, yea, worship, rather;—
But nations toil and tremble even as we;
Hoping for harvests they will never gather,
And dreading Winters they may never see.

The Sketch-Book.

LOVING AND PATIENT.

"A FAITHFUL wife, a tender mother, a true friend, the life of our departed sister was beautiful. She had trial, pain, suffering—the common lot of all; but there was this difference between our sister and many others—in her trials, pains and sufferings she was always loving and patient." And with these words, the minister closed his eulogy. His voice was earnest, and there was a low tremor of feeling in its tones. He had known this faithful wife, this true friend well, and therefore he had uttered no mere commonplaces, as he stood, uncovered, by the grave around which were gathered the weeping mourners.

"Loving and patient," said one to another, as they walked slowly amid the flower-covered tombstones, on their way out from the cemetery. "Yes she was all that—few so loving, few so patient."

"And few with more need of patience," was replied. "They speak of home martyrs sometimes. I think she was one. The loving heart asks for love in return, and if it receives not this food to nourish its life in sufficient measure, it droops, wastes, dies. So did our precious friend."

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"Mr. Carson was not an unkind man."

"He did not treat her with the brutality of an ignorant French peasant, but, for all that, he is none the less guilty of having diminished, by years, the period of her earthly existence."

"Then it was an uncongenial marriage," said the other.

"A mild way of speaking truth," answered the friend. "Yes, it was, I think, wholly uncongenial for her. He was, probably, as well satisfied with her as he would have been with any woman. She ministered to his selfish pleasures, and was, as we have just heard, loving and patient. It was all right, so far as his enjoyments were concerned; as for her, life, I think, was one long martyrdom of the heart. But it is over now, and she sleeps well."

And so they talked, as they went out from the place of graves.

"Loving and patient." The bereaved husband carried the words home with him. They had fallen upon his ears with a new meaning, as applied to his wife, and gave to his mind a certain new perception as to her character. "A faithful wife, a tender mother, a true friend." These were the minister's words also, and they were sounding still in his ears. How singularly elevated had become, all at once, Mr. Carson's ideal of his wife. Her character stood out with a new distinctness. "She had trial, pain, suffering." Alas! and this was true also—true to the bereaved husband in a way never before appreciated.

Back to his home returned Mr. Carson, and gathered his motherless children around him. How very, very desolate he felt. What a pressure there was upon his bosom—what an aching void within.

"Loving and patient." The brief sentence found an involuntary repetition in his mind. He kept saying it over and over, until memory began to draw pictures of the past. Let us transfer one of these pictures to the canvas. Here it is. Mr. Carson gazed upon it until it gave him the heartache.

They had been married over a year when Mrs. Carson, who had not seen her mother during that period, asked to "go home," a distance of some two hundred miles, and make a short visit. Since her marriage she had not visited the dear old place, though her heart kept going back to its loved one yearningly all the while.

"I don't see how that is possible," answered her husband, coldly, and in evident surprise at the request. "You can't go alone, and for me to leave my business is out of the question."

Tears came instantly to the soft brown eyes of the young wife.

"I have not seen my mother since I came from home."

Down, down through years came to Mr. Carson the voice of his wife, as it trembled on this sentence. Not a single shade of its tender sadness was gone. And now it fell upon sensitive ears that searched into all its meanings. But when living lips uttered the words so faithfully kept by memory, they awakened no feeling of sympathy in his selfish heart. "Came from *home!*" He then said to himself, angrily, "Isn't this her home?"

"Write to your mother, and ask her to come and make us a visit," replied Mr. Carson.

"Mother has a large family and many cares.—She could not get away for so long a journey."

"And you have cares, and a home where your presence is needed," said the husband. Then he added, "No, no, Mary, I can't see that it is possible now."

"I can go alone." Tears had kept gathering in spite of her efforts to repress them, and now a few drops fell slowly over her cheeks.

"Don't think of that for a moment. I am particularly opposed to ladies traveling alone. I don't think it at all safe. And then, the baby is young. It would be certain to take cold, and might contract a fatal disease."

"Baby is nearly three months old——"

"It's no use arguing the matter," said Mr. Carson, with considerable impatience of manner.—"You can't go, Mary, and you might as well give it up at once."

Memory had kept, with daguerreotype fidelity, the expression of his wife's face, when he flung back upon her this unfeeling interdiction, and now it was before him in all of its rebuking sadness.

"Loving and patient." This was the commentary. No angry, impatient, or rebellious word escaped her lips, nor did a frown disfigure her brow. But she seemed to shrink before him, as if a strong hand had borne down hard upon her.

Two months from that time, news came of the mother's sudden illness.

"I must go home now," she said.

"It is impossible for me to accompany you.—Wait for a few days. Your mother will be well again."

"I can go alone, Thomas," urged Mrs. Carson.

"I will not consent to that, Mary," was positively objected. "Next week, if your mother should continue to grow worse, I will go with you."

"Oh, Thomas! If I should never see her again!"

"You indulge a needless alarm," said the husband, coldly. "This sickness is but temporary, and will pass away."

The pleader was silenced, but the pale, sad face gave signs of intense suffering. A whole week passed without another word. Then came a letter from her father in these few words:

"Your mother is dying. Come! O come quickly! We have been looking for you every hour during the last four days. Don't delay a moment after receiving this, if you would see your mother alive."

There was no objection to urge now. But when Mrs. Carson re crossed the threshold over which she had gone forth a bride, it was to fall, with a deep wail of anguish, insensible across the bed where lay the cold form of her almost idolized mother, back to whom she had so panted to fly, through more than a year of patient waiting.

There was a strange expression in the face of Mrs. Carson for months afterwards. Its meaning her husband did not seek to penetrate. Indeed, perception with him had no plummet-line that could reach far enough down to fathom her consciousness. Months passed before any warmth came back to her cheeks, or any light to her dreamy eyes. Yet no murmur or reproach escaped her lips. She was loving, dutiful, and patient. But she never spoke to Mr. Carson of her mother. Once or twice he referred to the dear departed one, but she did not seem to hear his remark; and he, from a vague suspicion of the truth, held back from repeating the reference.

With what painful distinctness was this whole scene restored, as Mr. Carson sat grieving over his great loss, in the desolate home from which the light of a loving face had departed forever. O, what would he not have given for power to change that one cruel act! Away from the rebuking record, written in his book of life in characters never to be erased, the grieving and repentant man turned his eyes; but it was only to gaze upon another almost as painful to behold, as this faded memory restored other scenes in which he was the mean, selfish opposer, and she the loving, patient, long-suffering wife. It had been all exaction on his part, and gentle compliance on hers, even though compliance must often have been through reluctance or pain. He had been a selfish tyrant; she a yielding, dutiful subject, though often burdened beyond nature's power of endurance.

And now, as Mr. Carson read over the past, he saw new meanings in almost every life-incident.—The sad eye; the pale, pleading face that grew thinner and paler with every passing year; the almost stony look that answered to his unkind words; the silence that often sealed her lips for hours after his arbitrary denials; all these, and more, were present to him now, and he tried, but in vain, to put them out of sight.

How little had he taken her needs of mind or body into consideration, during all the years of their married life. He had scarcely thought of her as a being with necessities like his own; but rather as one given to be the servant of his wants and pleasures. It mattered little how she thought, felt, or desired. If her action served him, that reached the compass of his estimates.

"Loving and patient." What a new power to smite him as with a whip of stinging scorpions, was this testimony of the preacher gaining every moment. Yes, she had been loving and patient, amid cruel wrongs and neglects, that sapped the foundations of her life. Loving and patient, though daily she bent lower and lower beneath the heavy weight of her uncheered duties.

And these were the memories that came back upon the bereaved husband, as he sat, with his motherless children, in the home now made desolate. There had been an angel in his house for years; but in his blind selfishneshess he had not recognized her presence, even though her hand crowned his days with comfort, and made his pillow soft for him at night. And worse than this; for good deeds he had returned harshness; for love coldness; and for gentle words unkindly speech.

Not a gleam of consolation found its way into this night of sorrow and self-rebuke. Our dead return not. As we have been to them so will be our memories of them—blessed, or accusing memories, according to our deeds.

How many hundreds of bereaved husbands are sitting in the shadow of grief to-day, mourning for the departed ones, whose loving presence will no more give warmth and light to their dwelling? Ah! what are their companion-thoughts? What their crowded memories? What their pictures from the past? Like those of Mr. Carson? Not all, we trust; yet, to all must come the recollection of acts or omissions, that the world, if we possessed, would hardly seem too much to give, if that great sacrifice could change the record.

But to those who have still their home treasures around them, the lesson comes with hope as well as rebuke. Ah, how little inclined are some men to think, that the patient, uncomplaining ones, who move daily through their dwellings, have equal wants and aspirations with themselves. How singularly inclined are selfish, sensual-minded men, to undervalue and think lightly of a woman's wants, yearnings, peculiarities and necessities—Their range of thought and feeling sweeps rudely away from hers. Their hearts but rarely respond to the same touches of sympathy. If, now and then, a wife drops her pure pearls of feeling at the feet of her husband, he tramples them in light scorn under his feet, and she learns, from these sad experiences, to keep more sacred her precious treasures. And so she withdraws more and more into herself, and, it may be, turns to her husband some rougher side of her character, thus exposing one that will suffer least from the rude contact to which she is daily exposed.

Ah! who can tell in what externally pleasant homes these fearful heart-martyrdoms are going on. Beautiful mansions, richly attired, give charm and elegance to our streets. They smile down upon us everywhere, with their assurance of happy hearts within. But, every now and then, wan faces and sad, dreamy eyes look out upon us from the windows; or we catch glimpses, through fluttering veils, of hopeless countenances, as victims of social wrongs glide in and out of waiting carriages. Alas! alas! What a mockery of life is all this! If some are not patient and loving, as was Mrs. Carson, who bore up under her heavy burdens with seeming cheerfulness, until she fell exhausted, and perished by the wayside, ere half the usual allotment of days was filled up, who can wonder—who can strongly blame? All have not the religious trust that gave strength in her weakness, and hope in her despair.

Still, blessings on the loving and patient, though even their paths be rough, and their trials sharp! They pass away like the rest—falling at noon and mid-day in the journey of life—but their departure is in light, and, as their garments trail behind them in their final passage upwards, to all eyes, even those made dullest by selfish feelings, they are seen as angels.

Wit and Humor.

A VOLUNTEER BULL-FIGHT.

I REMEMBER once seeing, when a lad at school, a fight between two bulls. Although I could not have been more than eight years of age, I shall never forget the spectacle. It happened in this wise:

Close by the school-house—a very unpretending edifice it was—ran a deep and rapid river. Across it had been thrown a high wooden bridge, the hand-railing of which time and the winds and the weather had entirely destroyed. The land on the opposite sides of the stream was owned by different persons, and farmed by them respectively.—One bright summer day—I remember it as it were yesterday—the hour of noon had arrived, and a frolicsome, fun-seeking troop of school-boys were let loose for an hour's recreation.

All at once the bellowing and roaring of two bulls that had broken out of their enclosures on each side of the river attracted our attention. The animals were not yet in sight of each other, but were approaching along the highway at a rate of speed which would cause them to meet near the centre of the high bridge which I have described, and beneath which, at some thirty feet, ran the river, between steep banks. The more daring of us gathered near the bridge, lining it, to see the anticipated fight. We were not disappointed.—Nearer and nearer approached the proud, pawing combatants. Bashan never produced two brutes of fiercer aspect. They lashed their sides with their tails, they tore the ground with their feet. Occasionally they kneeled down, trying to gore the earth with their horns. And as yet they were concealed, each from the other, by the ascent to the bridge at either end. Presently, as they simultaneously ascended the respective abutments, they came full in sight of each other. The roar was mutual and actually tremendous. Every urchin of us sprang into the fields and ran. Finding, however, that we were not pursued, we hastily retraced our steps. There they were, quite as sensibly employed as some of their human imitators. Front to front, their horns locked, every muscle strained, they were fighting as only bulls can fight. It seemed an even match. Now one would press back his opponent a few paces, and presently you would hear quick, sharp, short steps, and his adversary would press back in return. The struggling was hard, was long, was savage. For a while neither obtained an advantage.

Hitherto they had been pushing each other lengthwise of the bridge; suddenly they began to wheel, and in a moment they were facing each other crosswise. They were at right-angles with the length of the old bridge, which shook, and creaked, and rocked again with their trampling and their terrible strife. It was the work of a single moment; one of the beasts—I could not tell which—one of them, however, as if conscious of his position, made a violent, a desperate plunge forward, and pressed his antagonist back, back, back, till there was but another step of the plank behind him, between him and nothing! The moment was one of intense interest to us juvenile spectators. Never was the amphitheatre of Rome the scene of a more exciting combat. Another step backward, yes, the unfortunate bull was forced to take it! Back he is pressed and over he goes.

Such a sight I never saw, I probably shall never see again. Imagine a bull pitched backward over a bridge and falling at least thirty feet over and over! He turned once or twice, probably; I tho't he turned fifty times, there seemed such confusion of horns and feet revolving, flying through the air. But down he went; the water was deep and he disappeared, leaving a whirpool of foam behind him, and making the river undulate far and wide with the concussion of his ponderous bulk.

The other bull did not laugh, merely because bulls, as I supposed, could not. But we laughed and shouted our applause. There stood the victor, looking directly down into the abyss below, into which he had hurried his unlucky foe. He stood, however, but a moment, and then, as if frightened at the prospect, he began to snort and step backward. Back, back he retreated, with his head in the same pugnacious attitude as when in combat—back—still another step back—and over he, too, went on the opposite side of the bridge, performing just as many and as ludicrous somersets as his adversary had done before. It was a scene to remember; and the performance called forth immense applause from the group of juvenile amateurs who witnessed it.

In about five minutes both bulls might be seen, well sobered by their ducking, dripping wet, scratching up the steep, gravelly banks, each on his own side of the river. "Those bulls will never fight any more," said a boy behind me. His prediction turned out correct; for two more peaceably disposed bulls than they were, ever afterward, could not have been found.

A GREEN-LOOKING chap from the Green Mountain State, went over the lines and on to Montreal, "to look *reound* a leetle." Going into a large and handsome dry-goods store, his verdancy attracted the attention of the proprietor, who attempted to quiz him; but unhappily having an im-p-p-pediment in his speech, he had to give it up, and his head clerk came forward to speak for him. The clerk began: "Mr. Ball wishes to know if you can tell him why Balaam's ass spoke?" "Wa'al," says Jonathan, "I rather guess how that Balaam was a stutterin' man, and his ass had to speak for him!"

"CAN you return my love, dearest Julia?" Certainly, sir. I don't want it, I'm sure."

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—ACROSTICAL.

I AM composed of 16 letters.
My 1, 8, 11, 5, 10, 4 is a book in the Old Testament.
My 2, 5, 15, 6, 3 is to cleanse.
My 3, 12, 7, 16, 2 is a thin, light fluid.
My 4, 5, 15, 1, 10, 11 is a kind of tree.
My 5, 11, 1, 5, 8, 5, 15, 9 is a substance used in making water-colors.
My 6, 7, 2, 5, 11, 16 is a depository for sacred things.
My 7, 10, 8, 2, 12 is a part of the body.
My 8, 11, 15, 14, 4, 6 is a species of history.
My 9, 3, 15, 11 10, 4 is a house for animals.
My 10, 14, 6, 3, 4 is furniture in an artist's room.
My 11, 10, 16, 1, 4, 10 is a small instrument.
My 12, 5, 11, 13, 16, 2 is a trade or profession.
My 13, 8, 15, 10 was a celebrated judge.
My 14, 11, 5, 6, 15 is a tropical plant.
My 15, 8, 11, 9, 10, 16, 11 is a kind of cloth.
My 16, 2, 15 is a bird of prey.
My whole is the name of a celebrated navigator.

Farmington, Mich., 1858. T. P. H.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

How many round, flat-bottomed kettles, having a top diameter of ten inches, a bottom diameter of eight inches and an altitude of twelve inches—being one inch thick on the bottom and one-half inch thick on the sides—and standing on three legs, each being a globe one and one-fourth inches in diameter, and allowing two cubic inches for the bale attachment, can be made from a round bar of iron, forty feet long and four inches in diameter, with a round hole in its centre, thirty feet long and two inches in diameter? A. J. P.

Johnsonville, 1858.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

REQUIRED two such numbers that, if the square of the first be diminished by twice the product of these numbers, the remainder may be 45; and the square of the second augmented by four times the product of the numbers, the sum may be 76.

Wayne, Ken. Co., Me., 1858. SOMERTES.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

THE base of a right-angle-triangle is 9 and the perpendicular 3—what is the side of the inscribed square? JOHN THOMPSON.

Hanover, Mich., 1858.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

A RIDDLE.

I HAVE a little boy who possesses something very precious to me; it is a workmanship of exquisite skill, and was said, by our blessed Savior, to be the object of his Father's peculiar care, and yet it does not display the attributes of either benevolence or compassion. If I were to lose it, no human ingenuity could replace it; and yet, to describe it generally, it is very abundant. It was first given to Adam, in Paradise, along with his beautiful Eve, although he previously had it in his possession. It will last as long as the world exists, and yet it is destroyed every day. It is to be found in all parts of the earth, while three distinct parts exist in air. It is seen on the field of carnage, yet it is a bond of affection a token of amity and a pledge of pure and innocent love. It was the cause of death to one famed for beauty and ambition. I have only to add it has been used as a napkin and a crown, and appears like silver after long exposure to the air. What is it?

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 464.

Answer to Biblical Enigma:—Melchisedek.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—24° 16′ or 65° 44′.

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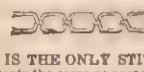

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Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper,
CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
WITH AN ABLE CORPS OF ASSISTANT EDITORS.

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Rural New-Yorker.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

One of the most favorable signs of the times is the desire so apparent among young men to gain a good agricultural education. We have a host of letters inquiring where a knowledge of agriculture can be best obtained, and we see similar inquiries in most of the agricultural papers. We purpose to give all the information we have in regard to the agricultural schools of this country, and for the principal facts we are indebted to Hon. Joseph R. Williams, President of the Michigan State Agricultural College.

The Agricultural College of the State of Michigan has been in actual operation since May 13th, 1857. Its Faculty consists of a President and four Professors, and it has accommodations at present for 100 students. Its design is to unite physical with mental culture, to afford the student a chance to earn in part his own education, and a chance to apply himself, free of tuition, to those sciences and practical arts, that may render him a scientific farmer and an enlightened citizen. The farm consists of 676 acres, mostly wild land, we believe, and therefore much of the time and labor of the students is devoted to chopping and clearing up. The institution, we understand is full. How much the students learn of practical or scientific agriculture, we cannot say. About a year since we heard of some difficulty between the students and officers in regard to provisions provided for their consumption.

The New York State Agricultural College was incorporated in 1853. Its creation was principally due to the energy of the late lamented John Delafield, who was chosen its first President. After his death, the work was suspended. It was revived in 1856. The farm, embracing 686 acres, was then purchased at a cost of $45,000, principally by subscriptions of the farmers of Seneca County. It is situated on an eligible and commanding position, stretching from the village of Ovid to Seneca Lake. A loan by the State of $40,000, for twenty years without interest, is secured on 400 acres of the estate. The Trustees have contracted for the erection of a portion of the main College building, to be completed in one year, for the accommodation of 125 to 150 students. Its available funds for this purpose, now consist of $35,000. When this institution will be ready for students, or how desirable will be facilities for education we cannot say. We fear the prospects are not very encouraging.

The People's College at Havana, Schuyler County, in this State, was incorporated in 1857. Its Charter contemplates a capital of $250,000, which may be increased to $500,000, of which enough has been already subscribed to encourage the belief that the experiment will be fairly tested. The corner stone of the main edifice was laid on the second day of September last, and the Trustees announce their intention of opening the Institution next autumn. It should perhaps be designated as an Industrial, rather than Agricultural College, for it embraces various kinds of manual labor in its plan, while the farm consists of but 200 acres of land. Labor is to be compulsory on both teacher and student, a plan, if successful, admirably adapted to prepare a new class of Professors, such as new Institutions of the age will demand. It contemplates a wide range of study, no less, in the language of its Charter, than "Literature, Science, Arts and Agriculture." From the well known ability and energy of the Directors of this Institution we have great hopes of its success.

The Farmers' High School of Pennsylvania was incorporated in 1855. It is located nine miles south-west of Bellefonte, in Centre County, on 200 acres of land, the munificent gift of Gen. James Irvin. The farm, to which 200 acres have been added by purchase, is being brought rapidly into a high state of cultivation. Its resources consist of $10,000 donated by the State Agricultural Society, $10,000 subscribed by the citizens of Centre County, $5,000, a bequest of Elliott Cresson, and $25,000 appropriated by the State. The further sum of $25,000 has been appropriated by the State on condition that an equal sum be subscribed by citizens. Its whole means, therefore, if the subscription is completed, of which no doubt remains, are $100,000, and the farm donated by Gen. Irvin, at $12 000. One wing of the main College building is nearly erected, and the present design of the Trustees is to open the Institution on the 15th of February next, with 100 students, to be increased to 400.

The Maryland Agricultural College was incorporated by the State in 1856, and $6,000 per annum appropriated towards its support provided subscriptions to the amount of $50,000 were first secured. That object having been effected during the last winter, the Institution was organized and the College located on a tract of 428 acres of land, purchased at Bladensburg, near Washington, from the estate of Hon. C. B. Calvert, the largest Stockholder and President of the Board of Trustees. The corner stone of an extensive edifice was laid on the 24th of August last, and the design is to push the work to rapid conclusion.

The State Agricultural College of Iowa was incorporated in March last. The preliminary appropriations are $10 000, and five sections of lands heretofore granted by Congress for erection of Capitol buildings. Localities vie with each other in offers of money or land to secure its location, varying in value from $10,000 to $25,000. It is to be fully organized and located in January next.

The Minnesota Agricultural College was incorporated during the present year. It is located at Glencoe, McLeod County. The farm consists at present of 320 acres of land. Its design, scope, and principal features, as well as that of the Iowa College, closely resemble those of the Agricultural College of Michigan.

The Agricultural Colleges of Michigan, Iowa and Minnesota, are State Institutions. Those of New York, Pennsylvania and Maryland, are the joint works of public spirited individuals and the respective States.

In anticipation of all these efforts, the Farmers' College near Cincinnati, Ohio, under the auspices of F. G. Cary, Esq., and other public spirited gentlemen, has for several years promoted the cultivation of the earth in conjunction with literary and scientific pursuits. It is, however, a Classical Institution, embracing other objects, and prescribed labor in the culture of the soil, is not a compulsory feature of its plan.

A bill establishing an Agricultural College is now pending before the Legislature of Ohio, and will probably be reached at its adjourned session, the approaching winter. Its friends are not sanguine of its success.

The Legislature of Massachusetts, in 1856, incorporated a School of Agriculture, which must be dependent entirely on subscriptions for its future establishment. In 1850, Massachusetts, in advance of other States, appointed Commissioners to investigate the subject, and Prof. Hitchcock made an elaborate Report relative to Agricultural Colleges in Europe. A plan was recommended for Agricultural Education, but no effective action was taken on the subject. Two citizens of Massachusetts, Benjamin Bussey, of Roxbury, and Oliver Smith, of Hatfield, have made princely bequests to be used in some remote future contingencies for founding Agricultural Colleges, but available for no immediate use.

Efforts are being made to establish Agricultural Colleges also in Virginia, South Carolina, Alabama and Wisconsin.

Agricultural Professorships have been endowed in the Universities of Virginia and Georgia, by public spirited individuals, and also exist in several other of the Classical Colleges of the country. In Michigan the University has such a Professorship. Scientific Schools of an elevated character, have been connected with many of the older Institutions.

Here we have given, on the authority before mentioned, a catalogue of the Agricultural Schools in operation, as well as those of which we may have reasonable hopes. Young men can thus judge for themselves of the prospects of obtaining a scientific agricultural education through any of these institutions. The great drawback to the efficiency of these schools, supposing them to be sufficiently well endowed, is *competent teachers*.—Professors of the Natural Sciences can be obtained without difficulty, but who among all our learned men have studied the Sciences with reference to their application to Agriculture? Who among our *good*, practical farmers are so pre eminently *good* as to be competent to act as models and *directors* for the young?

Our advice to young men thirsting for knowledge on this subject is, study Chemistry, Geology, Entomology, Animal and Vegetable Physiology, and other sciences of service to the farmer, in schools or academies, or at home—anywhere that the knowledge can be obtained with the greatest facility; study the best English books, such as *Boussingault's Rural Economy, Johnston's Agricultural Chemistry, Cyclopedia of Agriculture*, &c., &c., read the American Agricultural Journals, for the experience of the best farmers; and in this way you will gain a vast amount of just the knowledge you will need. Test every theory, as far as possible, by practice, and in this way not only will their truth or falsity be made manifest, but the facts will be indelibly impressed upon the mind. Watch closely the practice of good cultivators, and you will see much to imitate and some things to avoid. Do this, and you will make good *practical* farmers, with as good a claim to be *scientific* as those who boast their science, though you may never enter an Agricultural College.

PRACTICAL NOTES.

Waste Manures.

An agriculturist once wrote, "men have explored the caves of India, the battle fields of Europe, and the coasts of Africa, for the elements of fertility; yet upon our own farms, in adjoining workshops, or in neighboring towns, are to be found not one, but many sources from which fertilizers may be obtained. How many corners in his own farm afford the farmer the vegetable and mineral constituents of useful composts—how many clay and marl beds, that would remedy the physical imperfections of the sandy surface, are permitted to remain in shapeless and useless idleness—how many masses of materials that have served the purposes of trade or manufacture, remain in the nooks and corners of towns, idle for all the purposes of the farmer, by whom they are capable of being made, in many instances, valuable agents of fertility." This is true, and a glance at some of these sources of fertility lying or running waste, may not be unprofitable. The drainage *from the stables* is of the first importance, and an earnest effort should be made for its preservation. Perhaps next in importance to this is the *drainage from manure heaps*, as this waste is composed not only of the urine, but a solution of the richest part of the dung. The *drainage from the house* can very easily be preserved, by a proper arrangement, and if not convenient to use in a liquid form, may be thrown over the compost heap, and it would be well were it formed principally of turf or dry muck. Such a compost would be an excellent place to throw all blood and animal matter, at killing time, while weeds and vegetable refuse would decay quicker if composted with stable manure. A compost of rotten turf saturated with soap-suds and other slops and refuse from the house, is a regular guano heap. A farmer who saw a neighbor cutting a drain from his yard, to carry off the drainage of his house and sheds, reported around that he observed his neighbor *cutting a hole in his pocket!*

Those who live near a town, can pick up a large amount of the very best kind of manure, by keeping an eye open. The finest pile of manure that we ever owned, was made of the sweepings of a blacksmith's shop. At one time we observed workmen pulling down an old livery stable, to put up stores in its place. The soil beneath the floor had been saturated with liquid manure for more than a score of years. We found the person who had the contract for digging the cellar, and engaged the surface soil eighteen inches deep, at twenty-five cents a load, and would like to get a similar chance at one dollar. About the best field of wheat we ever saw, belonged to a comb-maker, who had used the horn-shavings for manure. One of the most effective manures we ever used, was the refuse from a woolen factory. Many of these and others which we have not mentioned, the farmer who is constantly on the look out for fertilizing materials, can obtain at a very cheap rate.

Bedding to Save Liquid Manure.

Perhaps the best bedding for this purpose is dried muck from swamps. Saw-dust is good, tho' the saw-dust most easily obtained is of a resinous nature, and of slow decomposition. The liquid manure will hasten its decay. In this city saw-dust is used to some extent by keepers of horses, for its economy and cleanness alone. According to Boussingault, 260 pounds of pine saw-dust contains as much nitrogen as 100 pounds of common stable manure.

Fowl Manure.

No manure obtained by the farmer is as valuable as the manure from the poultry house. Of this there is no question, and yet we can hardly answer the question "in what way is it best to use it?" This manure is made only in small quantities, and it may be true, that as a general thing much of it is wasted. It may be thrown with other manure, muck and refuse on the compost heap, but our plan is to save it for *special* purposes, and we generally use it in the vegetable garden, where it is not only valuable, but exceedingly convenient. When dry, it may be sown with onion or other seeds in the drills, at planting time, and four or five quarts put into a barrel of rain water makes a most superb liquid manure for any beds of young plants that need stimulating. In this form we use it for our melons and cucumbers, as soon as they appear above ground, to put them out of the way of the "bugs," and on beds of cabbage, cauliflower plants, &c., for the same purpose. Celery plants after being set out in the trenches may be hurried up amazingly by being watered two or three times a week with this liquid food. If magnificent sweet corn is wanted, half a pint of the dry hen dung, finely scattered in each hill, will give it, and no mistake. If you have been able to grow only hard, hot, wormy radishes, next spring sow the seed in very shallow drills, (not too early) in a warm, sheltered place, then cover the bed with a thin dressing of coal ashes, and water with the liquid hen manure each alternate night, and if the season is as favorable as ordinary, you will have no cause to repent the trial. A little charcoal dust is better than coal ashes.

WILLARD'S IMPROVED VEGETABLE CUTTER.

This machine has been in use two or three years, and is commended by those who have used it, as admirably adapted for cutting up turnips, beets, carrots, potatoes, and other roots, pumpkins, &c. for stock. We have not seen it in operation, but are assured that it is simple, that a man can cut two bushels of roots per minute, and that it cuts sufficiently fine for young lambs and calves—not slicing the roots, but leaving them in small broken pieces, so as to prevent choking. It also leaves them in the best condition for mixing with meal, bran, or cut hay and straw. We are inclined to believe it is a very valuable machine for stock raisers, and presume the manufacturer, if as shrewd as most Vermonters, will ere long announce the price, (which we think is only $10,) and where it may be obtained. It should be on sale at the Ag. Warehouses throughout the country.

EDUCATION OF THE HANDS.

Some time since the Rural related the doings of two young men who husked *one hundred* bushels of corn each, from six o'clock in the morning to six o'clock in the evening, having their dinners brought to them in the lot—they invite competition. My father tells about his cousin in Old Connecticut, who husked *eighty* bushels of corn in a day—but I suppose in this matter we are not to *bid down* as they do when they take contracts on the public works,—if that was the game, I could tell of several remarkably *small* days' works done by my month hands. Mr. Gorton, my neighbor, tells me a story on the other side of the question. A young man, Warren Allen, husked one hundred bushels of corn from *seven* o'clock in the morning to six in the evening, and on the succeeding day, Jefferson Draper husked one hundred and five bushels in the same time. The corn was cut up at the roots and set up in stooks, binding round the tops, and mostly of the Dent variety—the huskers, in both cases, went about one-fourth of a mile to dinner, husking only about ten hours. The work was fairly done, Mr. Gorton measured the corn and certifies to the facts.

So remarkable a text, it seems to me, ought not to be unpreached from. Our subject naturally divides itself into two heads:

First, A man can do a great deal if he tries.

Second, If he knows how.

If he tries! How many listless, half-waking, half-sleeping, half-working, half-playing, half-moving, half-resting, half-thinking, half-dreaming operations occur in this life-time of ours. What's in a *purpose*? A fortune—a kingdom—a character, even! To resolve, to really resolve, is to do! A man sometimes thinks he has made up his mind when he hasn't. He mistakes desires for determination—a *purpose* implies possibility and means. How can a sane man attempt what is utterly unattainable?

Touching every-day business, who has not observed how much more some people accomplish than others of equal powers and attainments. It is with men as with horses and oxen,—the amount of work done depends on the *gait*, and that depends on habit and education. One of the best ox teamsters I ever knew, Ebenezer Warren, would not drive steers in the same team with dull, lazy oxen, which somebody else had spoiled—*his* oxen never were slow, for he made them "*walk up*," on the start, and all through.

Of course, neither men nor oxen can go fast for a great length of time—then rest when it is necessary. Fatigue may frequently be avoided by varying one's work, doing something else for a while, and this without detriment to one's business. If the apple trees are to be trimmed, and the carrots to be wed, let that mix in with heavy work. Instead of splitting rails all of one day, and plowing all of the next, it might be better for man and team to split half a day, and then plow half a day. These remarks are aimed, however, at *moping* and *drawling* without reason and without necessity.

Secondly. Much depends upon *knowing how*. In other branches of business, men and boys are not expected to understand a thing before they learn it; but in farming, if your father is a farmer, so called, and you are born on a farm and live there, there is nothing to be said about it—you are a *farmer* by "divine right," qualified for anything and everything in your line of business! Seriously and soberly, our boys go to work, and work on without systematic and competent instruction in any branch of business,—they chop, and mow, and plow, without being choppers, mowers, or plowmen—they neither work well, nor expeditiously. You need not make up faces at me—I tell you plainly you ain't the first rational idea about what an *educated hand* (palm and fingers) can do.—You have heard about "*sleight of hand*," and you think it means spirit rapping, or mesmerism, or some other mystery,—it is simply knowledge, dexterity and agility, which should characterize every move we make and every act we perform.

Peeking round once in the city of New York to see what I could see, I strayed into the Post-Office, and there saw a man assorting letters,—he had a large number of small boxes before him, the most distant of which were several feet from him. He took up what he could with one hand, then with the other took a single letter, glanced at it, and, quick as thought, *pitched* it, quoit fashion, into the right box, (I suppose,)—he did not seem to follow the letter with his eye to see that it went right, but instantly let another go in the same way. Had I attempted to do that thing half as fast, I'll be bound that somebody would'nt have got letters by "return mail."

The point and moral of all this is, that we should devote more time and more care to acquire skill and expertness in the several departments of farm labor. I have seen a man mow a swath handsomely with less than half the expenditure of strength which the next man used who didn't cut half as smooth. I have seen a man expend more in binding one acre of grain than another would in binding two. I have seen A take more time, and

pass through more tribulation in chopping one cord of wood, than B did in cutting *three*. I have seen a skillful plowman as much at ease at his plow-handles as a *government officer on duty*, while a novice would pull, and push, and twist, and wiggle himself into a sweat and a passion with a miserable show of work performed.

I assert what men of experience will hardly deny, that taking farm laborers together, they loose one-quarter of their time, and waste one-quarter of their strength. *If this is so, it is the most frightful waste conceivable!* The burning up of one-half of the cities and villages on the globe every ten years would be a smaller calamity. With, perhaps, the single exception of the tread-mill, there is no operation, however simple, but requires *skill* in its performance. Take, for instance, the picking up of a stone. Is it simply a question of back bone? Can two men of equal strength lift the same stone? Not at all. In the first place it is to be put in an eligible position,—turn it up on its longest horn, if it has any, and on the highest clod—(the first three or four inches is the hardest to raise) — so by getting its centre of gravity a little up you gain something; then get hold of it where you will have to exert the muscles of your hands and arms the least to hold on to it. Don't bend over like a half-circle, but *squat*,—then, by a dexterous use of your knees, you can render essential aid to your spine—expect that you can lift the stone—lift it! Emphatically, skill and determination perform the wonders of this life.

We are here in almost the crudest imaginable condition, with next to no knowledge of our capabilities. I wish Mr. MOORE would publish some of the wonders performed by the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, LAURA BRIDGMAN, and others, who, being forced to cultivate and depend upon some particular faculty, have, in some degree, illustrated what those faculties can do with cultivation. It was very common for LAURA BRIDGMAN, when one of a numerous company would hand her a piece of money or an article of clothing, to return it to the owner, though totally blind — by the same means, probably, that the dog distinguishes the track of his master.

When I said that one-fourth of the time and strength of farm laborers — employers as well as employed—is actually thrown away and wasted, I intended to speak within bounds, and as evidence that I did, I will mention that a man in Moscow, N. Y., has repeatedly cut an acre of heavy corn in three hours, setting it up and binding it round the tops, and he has cut, set up, and bound, from two and a half to three acres in a day. I need not say that he proceeds on a well-devised *plan*. One acre is considered a fair day's work.

I call attention to these things from a deep conviction that *time* is *more* than *money*.—H. T. B.

BEES AND BEE-HIVES.

MY EXPERIENCE — NO. IX.

I HAD kept bees for twenty-five years, and studied constantly to make them profitable — looked at every measure that would give the best returns for the money and labor expended. I could not discover a single advantage, or one new principle that would pay any extra expense over the simple box hive. *I had succeeded with that*, and few apiarians had kept more bees, or kept them longer than myself. Among all the bee-keepers that I could find, those using the simple box were the only ones extensively engaged in their culture. Thousands had *failed* with the patents. Believing on such authority that the simple box was *safest, cheapest* and BEST, I wrote the work *"Mysteries of Bee Keeping Explained,"* and recommended no other hive. As all the works on bee-culture in this country, had evidently been written to puff some patent, it created some little astonishment in an eminent publisher, who asked if I "could not get up something to make it go." Had I been less scrupulous I think I might; and very likely would have gained a few dollars by it.

To test the sincerity of many patent venders that boasted of such splendid results, I offered a "Premium for the best Bee Hive." That appeared in the *Dollar Newspaper*, Pennsylvania, and the *American Agriculturist*, New York, 1854. The following were some of the conditions:—That the hive must be furnished, ready made, and myself subjected to no loss if it failed to equal mine, &c. I was to test its merits beside those of my own make, and not trust to the interested statements, when one swarm was contrasted with another half its size, or one in a locality almost barren with another yielding honey in abundance. The swarms were to be introduced at one time, and of one size, the proceeds faithfully recorded, and at the end of two years report the result. If said hive exceeded mine in profits only twenty-five cents, annually, I would pay for the privilege of using, five times the price of right, besides I promised to make the result public—an item worth something. I endeavored to have the offer as favorable for them as possible, but I did not care about suffering loss, for the sake of trying their notions. No one offered a hive. Were they afraid of risking the result by the side of a simple box?

Two years afterwards, (1855,) the Rev. L. L. LANGSTROTH brought to me his model comb hive, with a request to test it, and report the result. I saw at once that by controlling the combs, and consequently being enabled to inspect the interior of the hive at all times, was something not offered by the common hive. He enumerated over fifty advantages that his hive gave over the common one. Although I could not discover quite so many, yet I thought I could see enough to pay me, at least, for the extra expense of construction.—Near the first of May I transferred the bees, combs, honey, &c., of some half dozen hives, into the frames. I did not expect, neither could I discover, that the bees worked "more vigorously than before," but they worked well, however; some swarmed naturally, others I made to swarm artificially, and second swarms were prevented effectually. In 1857, I made nearly 100 hives on this principle, and put bees into them, which worked quite satisfactorily. The present summer, 1858, I have used a large number. But a difficulty has arisen that I was not prepared for, viz., crooked combs. Last year, among the whole number, there was but one hive of them so crooked that they could not be taken out, yet there were a great many of them not perfectly straight. This year two thirds of the swarms that have been put into empty hives, have made combs in every possible direction, without regard to the bars, making them, so far as moveable frames are concerned, no better than the common hive. The cause of this I have not been fully able to determine. Last year the bees gathered honey very slowly, this year very fast; probably this has some effect—a little more experience will decide. Last season I had a great many combs made with but little or no honey stored in them, this season I have used them for new swarms, putting two or three in a hive—two or more empty frames between those with combs. Even here, although they have followed the frames with their combs, some places are so very thick, and others so thin that it is extremely difficult to raise them out. I did not expect to find these difficulties with this hive. A few weeks ago — before the present swarming season — I should have told the story somewhat differently. Even now, with all the uncertainty of the directions in which the combs are built, there is a class of bee-keepers who *may* make this hive pay—such combs as are not built straight, can be made so by the fearless operator. But the bee-keeper who has not the energy to prepare himself to take off the top of his hive, and open the door for thousands of perhaps angry assailants to attack him; and the ignorant one, so totally unacquainted with the nature of the bee, that he could not tell what he wanted to take out the combs for, had better adhere to the common hive, because without making the frames available as intended, they are worse than useless, also money and labor thrown away. The man who has not much time or patience to bestow on his bees, that pays for a patent, wants it to work right at all times, without depending on the caprice of the bees. And when those interested in the moveable frames can *improve* this patent with a plan that will make straight combs in all cases, (with some other minor improvements,) it will do much better for the common bee keeper.

St. Johnsville, N. Y., 1858. M. QUINBY.

AN IOWA LETTER.

EDS. RURAL:—Thinking that a few lines from this part of Iowa will be acceptable, I write for the purpose of giving some information to the many readers of your valuable paper.

This portion of Iowa is rich and fertile, mostly rolling prairie, interspersed with timber along the streams. The timber consists of white, red, black, and burr oak, red and white elm, linden, hickory, walnut and birch. The prairie soil is rich, varying from one to five feet deep of a black loam—along the stream bottoms, sandy. The prairies are covered with grass, which grows rapidly as soon as the earth is free from frost in the spring, and serves well as pasture for the flocks in summer—when cut and harvested, makes good hay for winter use. The soil is well adapted to the raising of all grain common to the Western States; in corn it excels, and this is the principal crop with the farmers. The farmers here have been much engaged in the raising of hogs, but since the *"Hog Law"* came into effect, the business has been partly reduced, the hogs being prohibited from running at large, and consequently it costs more to raise them. The *"Hog Law,"* as it is termed, was passed about four years ago in this county, by a majority of the voters, prohibiting hogs and sheep from running at large, consequently it became necessary to build tight fences, such as would keep cattle and horses from trespassing.—The manner of building is three rails, or boards, nailed to posts, the upper rail four feet and a half high, and the lower one foot and a half from the ground. These fences are very common in Iowa, Illinois, and Missouri, and are undoubtedly a great benefit to the Prairie States, where timber is scarce and of a scrubby quality, as it takes no more than one-half as much to build a fence.

This section is very healthy. On the upland prairies we have, in summer, always a nice breeze, and in winter a cold, severe, piercing wind—on the lowland bottoms, near streams and ponds of standing water, it is unhealthy, especially in the fall of the year, when people are much subject to bilious diseases. One great cause of unhealthiness in the West, is the drinking of bad water. Many folks here take water for family use from the creeks and ponds. Those who live on upland prairies, and drink good water, are as healthy and robust, as the people who live in the New England or Middle States. W. B.

Iowa City, Iowa, 1858.

PROFITS OF BEE-KEEPING.

IN your issue of the 27th ult., we have an article on the profits of bee-keeping, from EUGENE LEWIS, Reeds Corners, N. Y. He says he wintered over sixty-nine swarms, and from these he takes the past summer, 2,535 lbs. of pure box honey, almost 37 lbs. to the swarm, an average amounting to $360, 25, and he gets twenty good young swarms, worth $5 each, added to the above, gives him a little over $480. Well, had he made a full stop at this point, he would not have been so likely to have led any one into visionary speculations, especially the inexperienced. But he then says it was a poor season for swarming, and also for making honey. After he has got about the interest of $100 on each swarm, the impression is still left upon the mind that a good season will do a great deal better. Now, in order to set all right in the matter, Mr. LEWIS wants to set down and give a true statement, thro' the RURAL of the past ten years, if he has kept bees that length of time, and give the profits of each year, as near as possible—failures, if any, as well as triumphs—and let the public know how much better he has done the former good seasons, than the last poor one. The public have a right to this, and we hope all will remain passive until the statement appears, and not run into any visionary speculations. There is a difference in localities as to bee pasturage, and Mr. LEWIS may be favorably situated. We want him to state whether his bees got anything but what they obtained in nature's garden or bee pasturage the past season, and also how he winters them. A SUBSCRIBER.

Rome, N. Y., 1858.

A BREEDING SOW.—Will some of your readers be so kind as to inform me what treatment will be likely to restore a fine breeding sow that is disabled by weakness in the loin, thrifty and strong otherwise?—A. T., *Miller's Tavern, Va.*, 1858.

FARMING IN ILLINOIS.

EDS. RURAL:—By favor of a brother, residing in Victor, in your State, I have been in weekly receipt of the RURAL for nearly a year, and I assure you that I am much pleased with its perusal; and although its suggestions in regard to farming may be said are more immediately applicable to your own State, yet, by slight variation in some instances, they prove exceedingly useful to the farmers of our own Prairie State. It is looked upon here as the leading Agricultural Journal of the country, and I prize it the more as it emanates from the home of my youth.

I have resided in this country for the last twenty-five years, and have found from my own experience and observation that the system of farming has to be varied to meet the change of climate and soil of the country, and the circumstances of those engaged in that pursuit. Our winters here are usually more severe than they are at the East, as our country is more open; the wind showing no *mercy* in many localities. The fall of snow is generally light. Our soil on the Prairies is mostly black loam, and on such soil we do not always succeed in raising good crops of winter wheat. Little snow and much freezing and thawing during the winter, causes it to heave. On our clay soil, (timber lands), we raise good wheat.

For several years after I came to this State our great product was oats, and as we succeeded in raising great crops, and found a ready market, we went on sowing oats after oats, apparently thinking that Illinois soil could not be *run*. But we have seen the folly of such a course, and have turned our attention more to the growing of corn and stock, for which we find the country well adapted. As a stock growing State we defy the world. You will see by reference to the Reports of the Cattle Markets of New York that Illinois usually takes the lead in numbers and quality, and this is in addition to the enormous quantity packed at home.

Of our crops the past season I have nothing very encouraging to note. Our oat crop has proved a failure more complete than in any year for the past twenty five; corn is a very fair crop; potatoes poor. The corn and potatoe crops were very much injured in some localities by the white grub. They appeared in great numbers in the month of July, eating the potatoes badly, and in some instances killing the corn. They also injured our meadows very much; but they have all disappeared, and some believe that they have "taken to themselves *wings* and *flown* away."

In regard to fruit culture I can say that there is no part of the world where the apple and peach trees grow more thrifty than here; and if we can succeed in protecting them from the severity of our winters, we can raise fruit here as well as anywhere. We wait for the good time coming. If there is anything I miss in this, the home of my adoption, it is the old Pittsford orchard. The suggestions in the RURAL, in regard to the cultivation of fruit, I think might be carried out to advantage here. My better half says that she considers your column of *Household Recipes* worth the price of the paper. So you see that the Rural must come *right along*. A. G. R.

Homer, Will Co., Ill.

EXPERIMENTS WITH POTATOES.

EDS. RURAL:—I procured a few sweet potato plants last spring and set them out, (by the by they succeeded well and gave a good yield of very fair sweet potatoes,) but, the weather being unfavorable, some of them died, and, as a lot of common potatoes had come up about the garden, the thought occurred to me to try raising them from sprouts, the same as sweet potatoes. I accordingly dug some of them up, pulled off the sprouts and set one in a place where the others were missing.—They grew vigorously, making large hills, and gave a fair yield of as fine potatoes as I ever saw. I did not dig them until the sweet potatoes were ripe, and do not know whether they were earlier than potatoes planted at the same time, in the usual method. Who knows that, by starting them in a hot-bed, this would not be the best way to get early potatoes? Who will try the experiment, and state the result? Don't plant a field, though, in this way, till you have tried a few in the garden, for they might not succeed next year. E. B. W.

Alabama, N. Y., Dec., 1858.

EXPERIMENTS WITH POTATOES.—Of two varieties of potatoes, (the *Dover* and *Prince Albert*; an equal quantity of each) I planted only just sufficient for my own table. They were put in the ground the 14th May, single eyes, in drills, with a pretty fair allowance of Poudrette (N. Y. manufacture) for manure—the only kind then conveniently to be obtained—an article very much over praised and over paid for. They were gathered early in October, the result being as satisfactory as I had any reason to expect. Of the *Prince Alberts* a single *one* only was found rotten, and this was in a state of active fermentation, as much so as any dough ever seen in the bread-trough. Indeed, it more resembled thick yeast than anything else, as the mass flowed quite freely, if the potato was turned on one side. The same circumstance I have often noticed (with other varieties, the *Mercer*, for instance,) in previous years, as well also in Ruta Baga Turnips, where *best, unfermented dung* had been applied. A dozen (or more) of the *Dovers* were in various stages of decay, but none had proceeded so far as the single *Prince Albert*. A very limited number (less than a dozen) of the vines prematurely wilted, and as far as a very cursory examination permitted, there was no appearance of any fly. Herewith you have a small portion of one of the Dovers—the only one in the entire parcel the exterior of which bears any resemblance to the drawings in the RURAL, furnished by Mr. HENDERSON. You will see that this is rather decay than rot, as the potato is now nearly a dry, spongy mass, no moisture being visible. If his theory is correct, how comes it that but one potato out of five bushels is thus peculiarly affected? O. W.

A FARMER'S ICE HOUSE.—Please publish in next number a plan for an ice house for a farmer.—SUBSCRIBER, *Huron Co., Ohio, Dec.*, 1858.

REMARK.—See RURAL of Dec. 4, page 390; also of Nov. 13, page 365.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

PLAN WANTED FOR A LARGE FOWL HOUSE — Will some of your numerous correspondents give through the RURAL some good plan for erecting a *henery* sufficiently large to hold two thousand hens; and the different kinds of food that is necessary to feed them in order to get the greatest quantity of eggs? The profit also arising from keeping hens, &c?—W. R. C., *South Bend, Ind., Dec.*, 1858.

WIRE TOOTH HORSE RAKES.—Can you inform us through the columns of the RURAL who has the patent right for *Wire Spring Horse Rakes*, either *with* or without wheels. We have seen a cheap kind, costing about $6, but can't learn where they are to be obtained, or of whom to procure the right to make one.—SAMUEL, *North's Mills, Pa.*, 1858.

REMARKS.—The agent of the RURAL in Canandaigua, N. Y., JAMES S. COOLEY, manufactures them, and, we believe, is the patentee.

TO MAKE BUTTER COME.—As you seem to be the *man* that helps everybody out of difficulty, can you tell us how to make butter *come* without churning two mortal long hours for it? If you can, and will, you will oblige one that hates to churn.—D., *Allegan, Dec.*, 1858.

REMARKS.—The only reason your butter does not "come," is, that you do not have the cream of the right temperature. About 55° is right for the cream when placed in the churn, and the process of churning will raise the temperature from five to ten degrees. For further information see *"Facts About Milk,"* in the RURAL of June 12, page 189.

CRIMSON CLOVER.—Will you please inform me through the columns of the "RURAL" what *Crimson Clover* is? The seed resembles white mustard in size and color. The leaf looks very much like our common red clover when first up. I would like to know its nature, and whether it is intended for fodder or as a flowering annual *only*. I received a package of the seed from the Patent Office without any directions for sowing or anything pertaining to it more than name.—H. A. WHITTEMORE, *Fluvanna, N. Y., Dec*, 1858.

REMARKS.—The only varieties of clover we know of that bear any resemblance in name to that mentioned by our correspondent, is the *Italian*, or *Crimson Clover*, and the *Late Flowering Crimson Clover*. The former has long been an object of field culture in the South of Europe, but though enumerated by early horticultural writers among the most beautiful border plants, it was only introduced into Great Britain as an agricultural plant about the year 1824. Since that time it has been pretty extensively cultivated, particularly in the southern counties of England, where we have seen it growing in perfection. It is generally sown on stubble, immediately after the removal of the wheat, and in light land the only preparation is dragging, just sufficient to cover the seed. On stiff, clay soils, shallow plowing is sometimes resorted to. The young plants are, however, supposed to stand the winter better without plowing. It is usefully employed in "thickening up" blanks in grass and clover fields. It does not succeed well in Scotland, nor do we think it would be suited to our climate. We presume this is the *Crimson Clover* introduced by the managers of the Patent Office.

The *Late Flowering Crimson Clover* is described in the British *Cyclopedia of Agriculture* as a French variety, that was first brought into notice in 1835, and introduced into England in 1857. It comes into flower when the blooming of the other varieties is about over, and the yield per acre is represented as about a third more than of most other varieties.

Rural Miscellany.

THE RURAL'S PREMIUM PLANS FOR FARM BUILDINGS, are, after much difficulty, nearly ready to be given to its readers. The Committee appointed to make the awards on HOUSES, have finally completed their arduous labors, made their report, and the prize plans are in the hands of our engraver. The Committee on BARNS have agreed to complete their examination the present week, so that we shall probably be able to give a full report, and one or more of the premium plans, in the first number of our new volume. Many of the designs to which premiums have not been awarded possess some creditable features and considerable merit, and all will no doubt receive due acknowledgment in the reports. It is proper to add, in explanation to competitors, and readers, that the large number of plans offered rendered it difficult to make satisfactory examinations and awards, and has caused a greater delay than was anticipated. The original intention of our offers will, however, be fully carried out, and we trust to the entire satisfaction of competitors and others interested.—The plans will prove a valuable feature of our next volume, and no doubt be worth, to many of our readers, far more than the subscription price of the RURAL.

WESTERN MARKET REPORTS.—An Illinois correspondent suggests that it would add greatly to the interest and value of the RURAL, so far as its numerous Western readers are concerned, were we to give reports of the Chicago Grain Market. The suggestion is a good one; previous to its receipt, however, we had considered the matter and concluded to give, in our next volume, reports of the Chicago, Cincinnati and perhaps other principal Western Markets. Special pains will be taken to keep our readers advised as to the condition of the principal Grain and Provision Markets, both domestic and foreign. Our endeavor will be to give as accurate and late reports as possible.

BRUISED GRAIN FOR HORSES.—Mr. CHALIER, one of the Veterinary Surgeons employed by the Compagine des Voitures of Paris, has written a letter to the *Constitutionnel*, in which he states the results of his own experience as regards the English system of feeding horses with bruised oats and barley. It appears from his observations that these kinds of grain ought not, when bruised, to be given alone; the horses eat the mixture too greedily they do not chew it sufficiently, and the consequence is that is not well digested. But when the feed of bruised grain is well mixed with that of chopped hay, the horses are equally fond of it; they then chew it well, incorporate it in the saliva, and the digestion is therefore perfect. But care must be had not to diminish the rations too soon; nor should barley be substituted too suddenly for oats, the former being less easily digested than the latter; otherwise the horses grow lean, and lose their strength.

KETCHUM'S HARVESTER—*Prizes Awarded*.—It will be remembered by most of our readers that Maj. R. L. HOWARD, the liberal proprietor and manufacturer of KETCHUM'S Harvester, last summer offered several handsome premiums to those using said machine. The prizes were offered for the best and greatest amount of work performed in the shortest time, and at the least expense for repairs—the object being to advise and satisfy the community of the capacity and durability of the KETCHUM machine—and the result is highly creditable to both the machine and the competitors. The first premium, of $150, was awarded to HORACE LATHROP, of Pittsfield, Washtenaw Co., Mich., who cut 75 acres of grass in 80 hours, and 60 acres of grain in 47 hours, *without any expense for repairs*. The second premium, of $100, was awarded to I. G. LELAND, of Northfield, Wash. Co., Mich., for cutting 50 acres of grass in 50 hours, and 72 acres of grain in 50 hours, with an expense of only 80 cents for repairs. The third prize, of $100, to DANIEL COX, of Middlebury, Wyoming Co., N. Y., who cut 113 acres of grass in 58 hours, the expense of repairs being $1 08. The fourth prize, of $50, to C. C. IRWIN, of Fairfield, Huron Co., O., for having cut 60 acres of grass (yielding 2½ tons to the acre) in 46 hours, without any expense for repairs.

—These facts are quite remarkable, and show the great importance of these machines to the farmer. We are informed that many other competitors have furnished proofs of nearly as astonishing performances. In every case affidavits were furnished to a disinterested person, who carefully compared and considered them and made the awards—which have all been paid. We understand that Maj. HOWARD intends to increase the list for the next harvest, and presume many of our readers will, in due time, enter the arena of competition.

OUR PORTRAIT.—An occasional correspondent and ardent friend of the RURAL, residing in Western Penn., writes:—"I would like to see your portrait, Mr. Editor, in the RURAL, and I think almost all your readers would. Do please us in this way. Can't you have it ready for the first number in 1859? Do try."

—This, and similar requests heretofore, toucheth our approbativeness, and, with wool "beaver" in hand, we "make our manners" in acknowledgment. But, really, our friends must "wait a little longer," if not a long time—for, though not over young, our youthful (*we* will not say green or verdant,) appearance, (and the lack of silver-greydom,) is so commonly remarked whenever we attend Fairs, &c., that, even if we possessed sufficient merit to warrant the *exposure*, we doubt the propriety of going into the *picters*. When we get the 100,000 RURAL subscribers, *and* sufficient age and dignity, perhaps it may answer. It would not do *now*, at all, for (aside from the above and other cogent reasons,) recent illness has made us so much worse looking than *usual*, that a portrait would indeed prove a *counterfeit* presentment!—Excuse us, friends!

HAY CUTTERS, &c.—(T. S., *Alfred, N. Y.,*)—We think it pays to cut feed. A good cutter can be had at any of the implement stores for from nine to twenty-eight dollars, the largest sizes being intended for horse-powers. We think it beneficial to blanket a horse if he is well treated in all respects. But, if the horse is to be treated badly, perhaps it would be better not to use the blanket in the stable. For instance, we have known owners very careful to charge those having care of their horses to blanket them well in the stable; yet, after driving them sufficiently to produce perspiration, on a cold day, they would let them stand an hour in the street without blankets, or put them on so shiftlessly that they would fall off in a few minutes. What do farmers say to this question?

GOOD COWS.—At the United States Fair at Richmond, Va., Capt. STANBURY, of Maryland, exhibited a herd of twenty-one Devons, among which the cow "Matilda," was so beautiful that the ladies crowned her with a chaplet of flowers on leaving the grounds. She has given twenty quarts of milk per day, after calving, and never dried off without difficulty. JOSEPH YOUNG, of Chatham, Mass., has slaughtered a cow but a few weeks less than twenty years old, which had not calved since 1848, and had given milk regularly ever since that time, until a few weeks before being killed.

RANCID BUTTER.—A recent issue of HALL'S *Journal of Health*, gives the following recipe, which, if "all right," is certainly very valuable:—"To a pint of water add about thirty drops, that is, about half a teaspoonful, of liquor of chloride of lime; wash in this two and a half pounds of insupportably rancid butter; when every particle of butter has come in contact with the water, let it stand an hour or two, then wash the butter well again in pure water; the butter is then left with the odor, taste, and sweetness of fresh butter."

N. H. JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE—is the title of a neat looking and well filled folio paper commenced last week at Manchester, and designed to succeed the *Granite State Farmer*, recently discontinued. While we think the JOURNAL will deserve success, we doubt whether the farmers of N. H. will properly sustain it—judging from the fate of its predecessors. Published by GILMORE & MARTIN at $1,50 per annum.

SPENCER SCUDDER, Esq., of Cattaraugus Co., who, as his letter testifies, is among the most firm and influential friends of the RURAL, is entitled to grateful acknowledgments for past and proposed efforts in its support. In a recent letter he writes us as follows:—"I would like a few specimen copies of the RURAL to use in getting up a club. My regular numbers I keep for binding, of which I have now six bound volumes, and one for 1857 nearly ready for the binder. I can hardly appreciate the value of the RURAL until bound; still as a weekly visitor it stands at the head of my list of papers. I first became acquainted with the RURAL at the State Fair, at Rochester, in 1851, introduced it in this section in '52, and in '54 had a club of over 60. At every point where I got a few subscribers that year there has been a regular club since, and considerable competition for it, too. Last year another person got up the club here, who has now removed, and I propose making an effort in this and adjoining towns. Experience teaches me that a spare copy or two in my pocket secures the most ready and reliable help in getting up a club, and I therefore ask a few copies for our mutual benefit."

Orchard and Garden.

LAST WORDS FOR 1858

This is the last opportunity we shall have to speak to our horticultural readers until the first number of the volume for 1859. We will only say that with new type, a most beautiful horticultural heading and other improvements, we shall commence our work for the new year, under the most favorable circumstances for producing a paper that will please and profit all. Some of the very best Pomologists in the country will contribute to our columns, and no pains or expense will be spared to make the RURAL the best medium existing for gaining and disseminating horticultural knowledge. Every subject requiring it, will be fully and freely illustrated, with engravings of the first class. In this department last year, we gave about one hundred and fifty engravings, and in the coming year we shall do as well,—at least, we shall do all that a proper understanding of the subjects discussed or the interests of our readers require. With our immense circulation WEEKLY, we are doing a work for the Horticulture of the Country unequaled by any other HALF-A-DOZEN journals; and, we think, therefore, we have a claim upon the kind offices of all lovers of Fruits and Flowers, and with confidence call upon all disciples of FLORA and POMONA to aid us in extending the circulation and influence of a journal so well calculated for good, as it is at once a HAND BOOK for the FARM, the GARDEN, the ORCHARD, and the KITCHEN; a COMPANION for the FIRE SIDE and the PARLOR.

TREES—THEIR BEAUTY AND UTILITY, NO II

One of their greatest charms is the sweet music trees constantly afford. From the "little leaves," of TENNYSON, which, "laughing, clap their hands with glee," to the "far spreading wood" of the graver poet, where, "mighty winds make music not unlike the roar of Ocean in his winding caves," there is a perpetual hymn of nature sounding among the trees; sometimes sweet-voiced and low; at others, high and spirit-stirring; and not unfrequently, wild and sublime, as that of some lonely, mid-night oak, "when the storms in his branches shout." Amid the harsh and dissonant noises with which our ears are pained in this age of steam-whistles and ponderous machinery, this violent forcing every where of material nature into the service of man, and which seem like wild screams and protests of inarticulate life, in being thus forced, how sweet it is to listen to that low, magical under tone which is perpetually murmuring wherever there is a tree, speaking of peace and rest, and calling the too anxious spirit away from the eager excitements of business, to calm and pure enjoyments.

Having indulged myself in a few rather fanciful reflections about trees, I shall now proceed to consider them in a more practical light. A tree can never be considered *merely* an article of use, until it is actually cut down. As long as it stands upon the earth, it must be viewed partly as an object of taste, and when it is used for convenience or ornament, reference should always be had to the peculiar characteristics of the tree, and of the place where it is to stand. Some people seem to think that if they plant a seed or a sapling, no matter where or of what kind, they have done their duty. Not at all. It is so easy to put the right thing in the right place, and the whole community have such an interest in it, that a mistake here assumes almost the grave nature of a fault.

Every tree has an expression as individual as that of a human form or countenance. "The manly oak, the pensive yew," the mournful cypress, the graceful willow, the delicate birch, the laughing poplar, are terms which arise from the universal law of association, and in grouping trees, reference should be had to the character and effect of each. We have but to recollect the involuntary admiration which certain happy combinations have produced in our minds, to be aware how much depends on this adaptation.

In certain situations, nothing can be more admirable than perfect uniformity. Witness the continuous rows of elms in Temple, and other streets in New Haven, Connecticut. Their stately forms, their regularly curving branches, producing long reaches of solemn, Gothic arches; the comparative lightness of the foliage which naturally rests in a spreading crown, sufficient for ornament and shade, but without obscurity or gloom; the great height at which the foliage is borne, like piles of green, feathery clouds far overhead, leaving an open space below, where the air circulates, and gleams of sunlight dance over the grass or the pavements,—all circumstances unite to enhance the satisfaction which we feel when walking beneath these fine old trees. They are also peculiarly adapted to the quiet, reflective character of a place whose chief feature is an institution of learning, where the studious and thoughtful daily walk, and where the bustle and turmoil of business are almost unknown.

We have seen, also, long avenues of maples, leading to stately mansions, where a mixture of other trees would have disturbed the character, and marred the beauty. A grove of evergreens on the north side of a house, to screen it from the wind, or planted in the corner of an open field, to shade the flock in summer and protect it in winter, is always agreeable from the ideas of comfort and shelter which it suggests, while a cedar or a hemlock, standing alone and unpruned, upon a lawn, pleases the imagination by the contrast its wild and savage simplicity affords, to the high and exact cultivation around it.

But it is in the arrangement of groups and clumps of trees, in parks and lawns and pleasure grounds, that the hand of taste is most distinctly visible. I remember, on coming suddenly upon St. John's Park, in New York, being wonderfully struck with the artistic disposition of the trees; the sizes, forms, and shades of color, being so combined as to produce the most varied and beautiful effect. Here every tree had evidently been planted with reference to its immediate neighbors, and also to the general effect of the whole. Maple, willow, poplar, locust, horse-chestnut—almost every common variety of tree was there, yet so grouped as to acquire a new and startling beauty.

I walked, not long since, through Worcester Square, in New Haven. There was a profusion, too great a profusion, of pines, poplars, elms, maples and willows, but they appeared to have been planted on no other principle than that of an equal scattering of all the different kinds over the whole area. No sister willows drooped their arms caressingly over a by path; no family of thick standing pines gave an air of privacy and seclusion, inviting confidential friends, or solitary, thoughtful souls to seek their dim recesses; no sturdy maple or oak had a fair field left to him, in which to stretch his arms and build his broad and massive tower; but every individual tree seemed elbowing its neighbor, and all were growing together in a tame, promiscuous, expressionless manner, without exciting the admiration, or affording the pleasure which a different grouping would have enabled them to do. To be sure, the trees were half grown, and time may do something for them, more especially as many were dying out, thereby affording more scope for the others.

A tree which would be extremely interesting in one situation, would lose half its charm in another. A walnut scattered here and there, over a plowed field or a stony pasture, its slender shadow, and its promise of autumn treasure to the boys and girls of the neighborhood, is much more in place than in the centre of a lawn; while in the same field a drooping willow would appear entirely misplaced. There is so much sentiment and expression in this latter tree, that it should always be placed near the habitations of men, or in places much frequented by them. It is peculiarly appropriate to a gate-way; lovely when drooping over an arbor; inviting, when mingling with button-woods, it shades the low, green bank of a river; touching when it hangs its pensile boughs over the little mound in the graveyard, and graceful and suggestive everywhere.

Here I would remark, that it is a little singular that the Lombardy poplar, once such a favorite, should have gone so entirely out of sight. In certain circumstances it has a very fine effect, especially by way of contrast and variety among trees of a light and wavy character; or, where an effect of art and refinement is wished for in a wild, uncultivated spot. If the cultivation of this tree were sparingly revived, and that of the ailanthus, with its awkward branches and disgusting and unhealthy odor, discountenanced, it would be an improvement to the country. The absence of the ailanthus might also be supplied by the sumach, which is similar in the character of its foliage, and has the advantage of being resplendent in the autumn, and which, if cultivated, rises to the dignity of a tree—rather a low one, to be sure, but not on that account the less desirable in certain situations. A clump of rocks, if you are so fortunate as to have one in sight, with here and there a small fir, or pine, or hemlock, inserted in its crevices, and a group of sumachs, or two or three butternuts, planted at its foot, (an operation which might be accomplished in a single day,) instead of being the deformity which it is very often considered, would, in a short time, become an object most pleasing to the eye.

It is surprising how generally the fact is ignored in many parts of the country, of the value of beauty on a farm, or about a farm-house or cottage, whether it is viewed as giving comfort, respectability and refinement to the family, or as enhancing the value of property by tempting the eye of wealth and taste, and securing a liberal purchaser if a purchaser is wanted. There is no doubt that attention to external beauty yields a large profit either in a mental or a pecuniary point of view.—And in no one thing can this beauty be secured so readily as in the cultivation of trees. Plant them, and guard them until they have acquired a little strength, and nature, with her dews and winds, her sunshine and showers, does the rest. They make the mother proud of her home—the young people exult in their beauty and their shade—they screen the children in their plays, the superannuated in their repose—the traveler blesses them as he passes on his journey—the summer breezes murmur sweetly in their branches, the birds sing there; and in minds of any thoughtfulness or sensibility, they awaken admiration and gratitude towards the Being who gave them to the earth, as a joy and a blessing to man. S. S. S.

SQUASHES.—In answer to E. D. J. in regard to the *Low Dutch Squash*, I would say that I am not acquainted with any variety by that name, but we have two kinds here that answer his description. One is a medium sized squash, good baker for table use; the other is a very large size.—G. D. J., *Yendalia, Cass Co., Mich., Dec.*, 1858.

SUMMER ROSE APPLE.

One of the most delicate and beautiful of all our summer apples is the Summer Rose. It is rather small, even below medium size, but this is no objection, in our opinion, to a dessert apple. There is no object in growing apples for the table as large as small pumpkins. The skin is smooth as marble, but of a rich, soft, waxen yellow, finely and delicately touched with a little red on the sunny side. The flesh is tender, and abounds with a sprightly and refreshing juice. Ripens here in August.—The tree grows rather slowly when young, but is a good bearer. It is just the apple for the amateur's garden, and those who grow dwarf apple trees in their gardens should mark the *Summer Rose* as *number one*. Farmers, near large cities, who grow apples for market, would find this a paying variety,

NATIVE GRAPES.

Now that our native grapes, and particularly the new varieties, are receiving such general attention, and some inferior sorts are loudly applauded by those who have not had much experience, or are interested in over-praising them, the following, the result of the present season's observation on the grounds of the "Oneida Community," will be interesting. It must be remembered that the season is not as favorable for ripening the Isabella in Oneida County, as in most places in Western New York. Here, with proper pruning, the Isabella will ripen in nine cases out of ten.

NORTHERN MUSCADINE.—This is a seedling introduced by the Shakers of New Lebanon, and partakes strongly in habit and flavor of its parent, the New England "Fox grape." Fruited the first time this season by us. The clusters were small, and by no means as numerous as upon other sorts of the same age and similarly situated. It may improve by different pruning from what we have given it. The berries shell badly from the cluster, which will detract from its market value. Ripened and gone before the 15th of Sept., and, unless superseded by the *Delaware*, will be valued for its early maturity.

CONCORD.—This grape we consider a decidedly valuable acquisition. Fair and handsome clusters—perfectly sound and healthy. It is quite as early and hardly as the *Clinton;* has not quite so good a flavor as the *Isabella*, yet none, we think, could hesitate in saying that it is *good enough*. First ripe grapes were picked Sept. 17th. It has not been so uniformly productive with us as the *Isabella;* still it is generally considered very productive; and some vines of ours give signs of great fruitfulness; one small vine having only about two feet of bearing wood, bore fourteen clusters of fine grapes. We have planted this for a leading variety.

CHARTER OAK.—This is a "*humbug*" grape, disseminated to a great extent, we judge, by persons who had little just appreciation of good fruit or desire to introduce valuable grapes. A worthless grape in our esteem, and, says a nurseryman, "not worth the strings which hold it upon the trellis." Clusters small, none exceeding fifteen berries, yet some berries were four inches in circumference. One vine, large enough to have borne twenty or thirty pounds, hardly yielded as many ounces. There are so many inferior grapes cultivated in the country, when better may be had, that we are glad to help "write down" one of them.

CLINTON.—This is a very hardy and productive grape with us. It partakes more of the nature of the frost grape than of the fox grape. When allowed to fully ripen, its acerbity of flavor is much diminished, and is greatly liked by many who do not object to acid fruits. Bears handling well, and makes a violet-colored wine, which, however, needs some sugar in the manufacture.

DIANA.—This beautiful grape we fruited this season for the first time. It gives signs of being prolific. In all epicurean qualities it is superior to the *Isabella*. Ripe Sept. 25th, fully two weeks earlier than the *Isabella*, growing under the same conditions. Its fruit appears to be slightly disposed to shrivel and drop.

ISABELLA.—This old and well-known grape has fully sustained its character with us. Many clusters weighing half a pound each, and some one pound each. Though this grape would have fully ripened with us, yet we were induced to gather most of the crop before fully ripe from fear of a freeze. The worst that can be said of it is that we are not sure of ripening it here—more or less uncertainty always attends its ripening.

Our experience has confirmed us in a few practical conclusions, among which are:

1st. Shelter from west and north winds hastens maturity.

2d. Summer pruning or pinching favors the early maturity of the fruit and wood, thus better enabling the latter to bear the cold of winter. Clusters most exposed to the sun, other things equal, are soonest ripe.

3d. Deep culture is most favorable to a vigorous growth.

4th. Mineral manures produce a slower and sounder growth, thus rendering the wood more hardy, and less pinching or summer pruning necessary.

5th. The raising of grapes is one of the quickest ways which every man who owns a rood of ground, can take to supply him and his with a "royal fruit."

PLANTING TREES IN CLAY SOILS.

MESSRS EDS:—In a late number of the RURAL, it was recommended in setting trees, to dig deep, and mellow and enrich the soil below where the tree was to stand. This advice will ensure a failure if followed on a stiff clay soil. The reason why, I do not certainly know, but suppose it is because the soil makes the place a water-tank, and upon that the more sand and the more vegetable mould, the more deadly to the life and health of the tree—For ten years I have practiced setting a few shade and fruit trees, and I can't say, with most correspondents, with success, but with uniform failure. I have dug deep and large, filled with sand and chips—dug trees when the ground was frozen four inches deep, so as to remove roots and dirt for three feet around the tree—set large trees, and small, and all to see them die after a sickly growth of two or three years. But do not understand me that I never made any trees grow; for sometimes I have dug more than I had places prepared—crooked, unpromising trees, which were set in the natural soil in some corner, and the ground hastily prepared, and these were the trees that grew. And the inevitable conclusion is that, true kindness to men, animals and trees, is *natural* and *unaffected*, and the best rules for all to follow, whose object is to *improve upon nature*, whether Doctors, Moralists, or *Ruralists*, to heed the practice of the sacred gardener, to "*dig about it and dung it*," and never dig *under* it and dung it.

But *vice versa:* in conversation with a successful farmer, who said before he emigrated from the land of Canada thistles, he and his hired man went out to mow down the thistles, to prevent their seeding, and in the midst of their work there came up a thunder shower. All the thistles mowed before the shower, died root and branch, the others did not. His conclusion was that the water filled the cavities of the stub before the sap could close it, and rotted the root. Try it, all who are furnished with the vegetable. T. W.

Windham, Portage Co., Ohio, 1858.

REMARKS.—The trouble with our friend's planting is that he does not thoroughly prepare the whole ground by draining and subsoiling, as we recommended an inquirer in Canada to do, in the last number. Digging a large hole in a stiff, impervious clay, and filling it with a light loam, makes, of course, a good "sink-hole" for the water, which cannot pass through the clay soil. Dig a hole in clay ground, as deep as you should dig for a tree, say two feet deep, and if the water lies in it long after showers, spring and fall, or any time when the ground is wet; and rest assured the same thing will occur if you plant a tree in it, and fill it with loam—a fruit tree cannot be expected to flourish in such a place. Neither should we expect any better success to plant a tree in the same soil, and cover the roots with the clay for if it was kept light, as the ground in which a tree is planted should be, the effect would be about the same as if filled with loam, and if hard and impervious as the surrounding soil, what fruit tree could grow and prosper under such circumstances? The only true way is to thoroughly drain, and deeply pulverize a stiff soil, and then it will not matter how large the hole is made, or how much loam or sand is placed around the tree, so far as the water is concerned.

The scripture quotation is quite out of place. The direction to "dig about and dung it," was not made in reference to planting a tree, but to do something towards saving and making fruitful one that we presume had been *badly planted*, or placed in a poor soil.

A RUSSIAN HOT-HOUSE.—BAYARD TAYLOR describes the magnificent green-houses, which the Czars maintain, for the production and growth of tropical and other exotic plants, amidst the snows of Russia:

"The Botanical Garden, in which I spent an afternoon, contains one of the finest collections of tropical plants in Europe. Here, in latitude 60°, you may walk through an avenue of palm trees sixty feet high, under tree ferns and bananas, by ponds of lotus and Indian lily, and banks of splendid orchids, breathing an air heavy with the richest and warmest odors. The extent of these giant hot-houses cannot be less than a mile and a half. The short summer and long, dark winter of the north, requires a peculiar course of treatment for these children of the sun. During the three warm months they are forced as much as possible, so that the growth of six months is obtained in that time, and the productive qualities of the plant are kept up to their normal standard. After this result is obtained, it thrives as steadily as in a more favored climate. The palms, in particular, are noble specimens. One of them (a *phœnix*, I believe,) is now in blossom, which is an unheard of event in such a latitude."

TRANSPLANTING EVERGREENS — Will you, or some of the numerous readers of the RURAL inform me the best time to transplant Evergreen trees, such as Pine, Spruce, &c?—L. S. COOLIDGE, *Hopkinton, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.*, 1858.

REMARKS.—Large evergreens may be transplanted in the winter, when the ground is frozen, with a ball of earth attached to the roots. This is a safe, though troublesome operation, but pays well where a few fine specimens are needed for particular locations. For general planting we like the latter part of May.

PEAR TREES—DWARF OR STANDARD.—In your issue of Nov. 20th, in an article which you copy from the *Horticulturist*, on "Pear Culture," from the pen of Prof. COPPOCK, occurs the following:—"I have a row of Bartlett's, the seed I took from the Louise Bonne, and sowed for the stocks, in the autumn of 1854. In 1855 I bedded them. To-day these trees have from 30 to 45 sound, good sized pears," &c. Do these trees retain their *dwarf* nature, from the fact of the seeds from which the stocks were produced, coming from pear stocks dwarfed on the Quince? or, would trees produced in this way be called "Standards?"—A SUBSCRIBER, *Niagara Co., N. Y.*, 1858.

REMARKS.—The seed is not affected by the root upon which the fruit is grown. The trees spoken of, therefore, are standards, as much so as if grown from seeds from a standard tree. The *Bartlett* bears when quite young, on its own roots.

COAL ASHES FOR THE BORER.—Though a *novice*, I have learned from a practical farmer, in Lee Co., that *coal ashes*, laid around the tree, close to it, will secure it against the apple borer.—W. BARNES, *Keokuk, Iowa.*

PRESERVING GRAPES.

You say in last week's RURAL, in reply to a query of the "*Montgomery Ledger*," that "there is no difficulty in keeping grapes here until after New Years." I would add, that there is no difficulty in keeping them until spring. I kept them last year until the 15th of June, and they were then nearly as fresh and fine flavored as when first gathered. For four years I have not failed to have them, in good eating order, as late as the 15th of of May. I use common black wadding, instead of newspapers, to put between the layers—one thickness only between each layer—and raisin boxes to pack them in, but any other clean, shallow box will do as well. They should be taken up at least once during the winter, and all the decayed and defective ones removed.

You remark that "they mature after picking if well kept," which accords with my own experience. The *Catawba* will become sweet and luscious, if gathered soon after they begin to color and whilst quite acid, and will keep better than when allowed to get fully ripe before gathering, but the flavor will not be as perfect.

Grape culture is just in its infancy in this country. The time will come when every farmer—every family I might say—will lay by a supply of grapes for winter use, as regularly as they now do a stock of apples or potatoes, and (*I hope*) when all the wine used, will be of home manufacture.—How I wish that I could add that nothing *stronger would be drank, and that, only at home*, but I fear we shall never see that happy day. E. B. W.

Alabama, Genesee Co., N. Y.

Domestic Economy.

HOW TO IMPROVE CIDER.

PROF. HORSFORD, the chemist, has recently communicated to the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, a valuable recipe for the improvement and preservation of cider, which the Springfield *Republican* recommends to general trial. It is as follows:

"Let the new cider from sour apples, (sound and selected fruit is to be preferred,) ferment from one to three weeks, as the weather is warm or cool. When it has attained to lively fermentation, add to each gallon, according to its acidity, from half a pound to two pounds of white crushed sugar, and let the whole ferment until it possesses precisely the taste which it is desired should be permanent. In this condition, pour out a quart of the cider, and add for each gallon one quarter of an ounce of sulphate of lime, known as an article of manufacture under the name of 'anti chloride of lime.' Stir the powder and cider until intimately mixed, and return the emulsion to the fermenting liquid. Agitate briskly and thoroughly for a few moments, and then let the cider settle. The fermentation will cease at once. When, after a few days, the cider has become clear, draw off and bottle carefully, or remove the sediment and return to the original vessel. If loosely corked, or kept in a barrel on draft, it will retain its taste as a still cider. If preserved in bottles, carefully corked, which is better, it will become a sparkling cider, and may be kept indefinitely long."

In connection with the foregoing we may state that we have been experimenting with cider in the following manner:—after the cider has been long enough in the barrel to settle, it is drawn off into jugs of two gallons and upwards in which it remains for a few days, when it is bottled, the corks being driven in tightly with a mallet. The filled bottles are laid *upon their sides* in straw, sawdust or bran, and permitted to remain until evidence of fermentation is exhibited by the forcing out of one or more of the cocks, when all should be placed erect for a week or two when they may again be placed in a recumbent position. We have not as yet tied or wired any of the corks, but think it would be well to do so. Cider thus put up in October has retained its full sweetness, and in other qualities is much improved, while the same in barrels, has acquired considerable acidity. This mode is simply intended to preserve it from becoming "hard" or sour, and will not, of course, compare with what is known as "champagne cider." The following method is more intricate, but will give a superior article:

TO MAKE CHAMPAIGNE CIDER.—Have a perfectly clean barrel ready, with three or four strips of cotton cloth an inch or so wide and two feet long, prepared by dipping in melted brimstone. Light one and insert the lighted end in the barrel, through the bung. As soon as one piece is consumed light another, until the barrel is filled with a sulphurous smoke. While one person is doing this, another should prepare the cider, by straining it through a seive overlaid with muslin cloth. It should be put into the barrel as quick as possible and bunged up. One gallon of pure whiskey to the barrel will entirely prevent fermentation, and a little dissolved isinglass will make it clear as wine. In this way it will be about the color of champaigne, and keeps as laid down many a year. Without the whiskey the fermention will not be entirely arrested, though it will keep a good long time. Filtering through charcoal is a good plan where the right kind of charcoal, or bone black, can be obtained.

HOW TO MAKE BREAD.—Mrs. Washington Bacon, of Detroit, took the first premium at the Michigan State Fair, for making bread, and this is her recipe: Salt or milk rising, to one teacup of new milk, and one teaspoon of salt, pour in two teacups of boiling water, when cooled so as not to scald, stir in flour to make a batter, and set it in a kettle of warm water until it rises up light, which will be in about five hours, pour the batter into your pan of flour and mix with warm water or milk in sufficiency to make four loaves of bread. Add a teaspoonful of soda to the wetting, knead thoroughly, and put it in the pans to rise, which it will do in half an hour. Bake one hour.

TO COLOR TAN.—If MOLLIE A. F., of Clyde, N. Y., has not yet dyed her De Laines, I will assure her that she can obtain a very beautiful color, with little cost. Make a strong dye by steeping hemlock bark in water. The *quantity* of bark used will determine the shade. After the goods have remained an hour in the hot liquid, rinse in lime-water, to brighten them. The lime-water is made by dissolving a quart of quick-lime in a gallon of water, then allowing it to settle. Water sufficient for rinsing may then be added. Stir it often while coloring.—H. L. N., *Sterburne, N. Y.*, 1858.

INQUIRY.—Can any of the RURAL contributors instruct me in the best method of making bread from the flour of *grown* wheat.—H. L. N., *Sterburne, N. Y.*, 1858.

Ladies' Port-Folio.

WHAT DOES THE BABY THINK?

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

Ruth, kissing and rocking the cradle.

What is the little one thinking about?
Very wonderous things, no doubt,
Unwritten history!
Unfath-mable mystery!
Yet he laughs and cries, and eats and drinks,
And chuckles and crows, and nods and winks,
As if his head were as full of kinks,
And curious riddles as any sphinx!
Warped by colic, and wet by tears,
Punctured by pins, and tortured by fears
Our lit le nephew will lose two years;
And he'll never know
Where the summers go—
He need not laugh for he'll find it so!

Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the mannikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown
Blind, and wailing, and alone,
Into the light of day?—
Out from the shore of the unknown sea,
Tossing in pitiful agony,—
Of the unknown sea that roels and rolls,
Specked with the barks of little souls—
Barks that were launched on the other side,
And slipped from heaven on an ebbing tide!
What does he think of his mother's eyes?
What does he think of his mother's hair?
What of the cradle roof that flies
Forward and backward through the air?
What does he think of his mother's breast—
Bare and beautiful, smooth and white,
Seeking it ever with fresh delight—
Cup of his life and couch of his rest!
What does he think when her quick embrace
Presses his hand and buries his face,
Deep where the heart-throbs sink and swell
With a tenderness she can never tell,
Though she murmurs the words
Of all the birds—
Words she has learned to murmur well?
Now he thinks he'll go to sleep!
I can see the shadow creep
Over his eyes, in soft eclipse,
Over his brow and over his lips,
Out to his little finger tips!
Softly sinking, down he goes!
Down he goes! Down he goes!

Rising and carefully retreating to her seat.

See! He is hushed in sweet repose!

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HOOPOLOGY, ONCE MORE.

E. C. H. has been anxiously looking to see if Amelia values the wisdom of this world (which is foolishness, 1 Cor., 3, 19), as highly as E. C. H. does, and concluding from her writing on Hoopology, that she does not, sets her down as a mere scribbler, also classing all who have reached the position of petty editors, or writers for newspapers,—if they say anything against what they consider the foolish fashions of the day—as no better than the rowdies standing upon the street corners. No doubt, (judging from the character manifested through the writing of E. C. H. on Hoopology) she belongs to a class similar to those spoken of in Mat. 23, chap.; verses 5, 6, and 7, which read thus:—"But all their works they do to be seen of men; they make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of their garments, and love the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues, and greetings in the markets, and to be called of men Rabbi, Rabbi." If such characters as described above, called the Master, Beelzebub, how much more likely latter-day characters of the same class will be to call those who wouldd rather be of the household of faith, than of the household of latter-day fashions of this world scribblers and street rowdies. But we would have sister E. C. H distinctly understand that we do not laugh at the imperfections of our fellow beings, but we "have compassion on the ignorant," and such as are out of the way, knowing that we are all compassed about with infirmities. We also believe He will not lay upon us more than we can bear, if we trust in Him who first loved us. "He that is wise is wise for himself."

But we should like to know, for the sake of knowledge, where the thousand "treatises" on health are to be found, that speak of heavy skirts as being the cause of nine tenths of the weakness and disease of females? We have read a number of authors on physiology and the laws of health, and have failed to discover one who attributes nine tenths of the weakness and disease of women to heavy skirts. And, being somewhat conversant with the living organisms of human beings, in different conditions of life, both in city and in country, we think a deficiency in the Coronal region, with a lack in the upper part of the Cerebrum—and being vastly more ignorant of the laws of life on which health depends than they are of the laws and follies of mankind,—is the only reasonable and real cause of all the ailments poor human nature is subject to.

But we are ready to admit that the woman that loads herself down with skirts and quilts to make herself *appear* larger than a comfortable dress would, is precisely as foolish as the one who puts on hoops and crinoline for the same purpose. If all women within the acquaintance of sister E. C. H. should throw aside hoops, and adopt some other foolish fashion, would she not soon adopt it, though it should be a thousand times more ridiculous than Hoopology?

Wisdom is the savior of the world, and E. C. H seems to be wiser in her own eyes than seven men that can render a reason. We like to see women dressed in the fashion Paul spoke of in 1st Tim., 2. 9,—"In like manner also that women adorn themselves in modest apparel." And Peter speaks to the point in 1st Peter, 2, 3,—"While they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear, whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of platting of the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel." And in verse 4th he tells what is good.—"But let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible; even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price."

But Paul and Peter saying a thing is so, does not prove it. Truth was truth before their personal existence commenced on earth, and all they could do was to discover it. But the great mass of American women we think (judging from their actions) believe there is no wisdom to be found anywhere except in following a certain hag, called Custom,—who is more tyrannical than Pharaoh himself,—and the foundation on which she stands is Mr. and Mrs. Ignorance, the same weakness and imbecility on which all Tyrants depend for their power over the children of men. So those who follow the unnecessary fashions of the Nineteenth Century show by their dress, plaiting of their hair, and the gold they wear, that they think more of making an appearance externally, than they do of cultivating their immortal minds with an eye single to the glory of God, and the everlasting good and happiness of mankind.

"Courage, Sister! do not stumble,
Though thy path is dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble—
Trust in God and do the right.

"Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight;
Walk it bravely—strong or weary—
Trust in God and do the right.

"Perish 'policy' and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning—
Trust in God and do the right.

"Trust no party, church, or faction,
Trust no 'leaders' in the fight;
But in every word and action,
Trust in God and do the right.

"Trust no form of guilty passion—
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion—
Trust in God and do the right.

"Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
Trust in God and do the right.

"Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light;
Star upon our path abiding—
Trust in God and do the right."

Byron, N. Y., 1858. Truth Seeker

DUTIES AND PLEASURES OF WOMEN.

Great indeed is the task assigned to women. Who can exaggerate its importance? Not to make laws, not to govern empires, but to form those by whom laws are made, armies led, and empires are governed; to guard from the slightest taint of possible infirmity, the frail and yet spotless creature, whose moral, no less than physical being, must be derived from her; to inspire those principles, to inculcate those doctrines, to animate those sentiments which generations yet unborn, and nations yet uncivilized, shall learn to bless; to soften firmness into mercy, to chasten honor into virtue; by her soothing cares to allay the anguish of the mind; by her tenderness to disarm passion; by her purity to triumph over sense; to cheer the scholar laboring under his toil; to console the statesman for the ingratitude of a mistaken people; to compensate for hopes that are blighted, for the friends that are perfidious, for happiness that has passed away. Such is her vocation—the couch of the tortured sufferer, the cross of the neglected Savior—these are the scenes of woman's excellence; these are the theatres on which her greatest triumphs have been achieved. Such is her destiny—to visit the forsaken; amid the forgetfulness of myriads, to remember; amid the execrations of multitudes, to bless; when monarchs abandon, when brethren and disciples fly, to remain unshaken and unchanged, and to exhibit in this lower world a type of that love—pure, constant, and ineffable—which in another world, as we are taught to believe, is the best reward of virtue.

Order in the Economy of the Household.—A woman should never allow hurry or bustle to be the practice of the household, or nothing will be well done. It is hardly consistent with due housekeeping competency for any woman to say that she has not time to perform some important duty, but which is essential to family thrift and comfort; a proper arrangement and economy of time leaves opportunity for all things needful. Economy is an arrangement or order of things designed to produce a certain result; therefore, no economy can be so important as the economy of time. A minute's reflection in the morning will enable the lady of the household to make due arrangements for the employment of the day before her, so that no time shall be misspent,—the important duties to be performed at regular and stated periods, the lesser occupation to be introduced to fill up the disengaged moments. In the day's pursuits of a family there may be, however, unavoidable interruptions—visitors, unforeseen domestic affairs, or accidents; but for these, a well regulated mind is always prepared. Idle visitors must and will infest the houses of the industrious, at unseasonable hours; but the time need not be wholly lost; a piece of knitting, needle-work, drawing, or even some simple household occupation may be carried on without offense to the visitors, and may, on the contrary, afford them a useful lesson.

Mother.—O, word of undying beauty; thine echoes sound along the walls of time till they crumble at the breath of the Eternal. In all the world there is not a habitable spot where the music of that holiest word has not sounded. By the golden flow of the river, by the crystal margin of the rock, under the leafy shade of the forest tree, in the hut built of the bamboo cane, in the mud-thatched cottage, by the grand peaks of the sky kissing mountains, the wide spread valley, on the blue ocean, in the changeless desert where the angel came down to give the parched lips the sweet waters of the wilderness, on the altar where the father stayed the downward stroke of his sacrificial knife, warmed by the voice of God, between the billows, that like solid walls of ruby threw their crimson on the swarthy brows of Israelitish men, and lighted the dark eyes of the women, under the white tent of the Arab, and in the bark-covered wigwam of the Indian hunter—wherever the pulses of a human heart beat quick and warm, or float feebly along the current of falling life, there is that sweet word spoken, like a universal prayer—"Mother."

It is a sign of extraordinary merit, when those who most envy it are forced to praise it.

Choice Miscellany.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

VERSES.

BY M. F. HATHAWAY.

We've laid thee to sleep in thine own quiet glen
Where thy requiem's sung by the sorrowing wren,
Where the song of the dove for its mate is heard mourning,
And the robin chirps sad for its love ne'er returning.

We've laid thee to sleep in thine own quiet glen,
Where the gurgling brook makes its music to blend
With the songs that are sung in the grave o'er its head,
Wooing rest for thy clay, though the spirit is fled.

We've laid thee to sleep in thine own quiet glen,
Far away from all scenes 'twould disturb thee again,
Where the angels will guard thee, and purity weep
That so cold in the ground must her votary sleep.

Perry, N. Y., 1858.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

UNBURNISHED JEWELS.

An idler wandered along the sea-shore. Many and beautiful were the shells and pebbles he had gathered, but among them all there was one stone of seeming roughness, and almost devoid of beauty. Looking upon it with *contempt* as he contrasted it with the delicate sea shell, and moss-crested pebble, he threw it back upon the sand, where it lay many years, until another passed that way, and seeing the stone, noted with careful eye its structure, and bore it away as a rich treasure. The skill of the burnisher was employed, and lo, instead of the rough stone, there appeared a jewel of such wondrous brilliancy that it might well grace a monarch's diadem.

As in the physical world, so also in the intellectual world, there are unburnished jewels. Men have lived and died, unknown, uncared for by the world, who were possessed of noble minds and mighty capacities, while others, with no better natural faculties, have risen to places of eminence, and have left their names in glowing characters upon the book of Fame. And why this difference? The one was chained down by the force of circumstances, while the other, by that same power, seemed to be drawn upward in the scale of being. Much genius slumbers for need of awakening. Let one of these minds be but polished by education, the dross of ignorance removed, and it would become even more brilliant than the polished jewel. Life is be-gemmed with jewels—unburnished jewels, and we are endowed with the power of polishing them ever so brightly if we will. We are, in a measure, our own fate makers. Sources of happiness are placed within our reach, and we may draw from these sources and appropriate to our own use whenever we will. Jewels of happiness there are, but too often we leave them behind us. Nature, teeming with beauty, opens fair before us that all may enjoy her loveliness. She awakes us each morning with the song of her birds, and lulls us to sleep at night with the wind music—"*the whispering of the gales.*" All this was intended to afford delight, but too often the heart of man is insensible to it, and thus one of the brightest jewels in the crown of his rejoicing is left unpolished.

There are heart-jewels. In the soul of every individual there are planted gems of goodness, and despite the blight which vice has cast there, noble feelings will come swelling up—holy, heaven born aspirations. We should carefully seek out these gems of goodness in our own hearts, and in the hearts of those with whom we are associated, and over whom we exert an influence, and polish them until they shall shine unclouded by the blight of sin.

Friendship is a fair gem in the human heart, and lonely, aye, but a wreck seems the soul when it is unburnished by sympathy and refinement. A jewel so valuable, let us carefully polish it until it shall not only fill our own hearts with light, but reflect its light back upon the hearts of those who surround us. Hope is a jewel of untold worth, but when its light is clouded by the darkness of despair, midnight blackness settles over the soul, crushing out the life of all its joys.

As the idler upon the sea-shore, so do *we*, upon the shores of time, grasp with childish eagerness those pleasures that glisten like the bright shell, while we leave joys of a more substantial nature unnoticed, because, perchance, they do not shine. We seek with restless heart for something we may cherish—something that will afford us delight, and we forget in our search that a kind Father has strewed our pathway with jewels of happiness.

Jewels are around the earth-weary pilgrim gather them—burnish them—wear them next thy heart. They shall light thy pathway, even to the pearly gates—more, they shall enter there, and, blending with the light of Heaven, shall shine eternally in glorious beauty. Anna A. Folley.

Hillsdale, Mich., Nov., 1858.

Constant Employment.—The man who is obliged to be constantly employed to earn the necessaries of life and support his family, knows not the unhappiness he prays for when he desires wealth and idleness. To be constantly busy is to be always happy. Persons who have suddenly acquired wealth, broken up their active pursuits, and begun to live at their ease, waste away, and die in a very short time. Thousands would have been blessings to the world, and added to the common stock of happiness, if they had been content to remain in an humble sphere, and earned every mouthful of food that nourished their bodies—Persons who are always busy, and go cheerfully to their daily tasks, are the least disturbed by the fluctuations of business, and at night sleep with perfect composure.

Profane Language.—It is related by Dr. Scudder, that on his return from his mission in India, after a long absence, he was standing on the deck of a steamer, with his son, a youth, when he heard a gentleman using loud and profane language.—"See, friend," said the doctor, accosting the swearer, "this boy, my son, was born and brought up in a heathen country, and a land of pagan idolatry; but in all his life he never heard a man blaspheme his Maker until now." The man colored, blurted out an apology, and looked not a little ashamed of himself.

CHOICE MELANGE.

The world oftener rewards the appearance of merit than merit itself.

Dastardly men are sorry horses; they have just spirit and mettle enough left them to be mischievous.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

To relieve the oppressed is the most glorious act a man is capable of; it is in some measure doing the business of God and Providence.

Burns once said,—"My idle reasonings sometimes makes me a little skeptical, but the necessities of my heart always give the cold philosophisings the lie."

We become familiar with the outsides of men, as with the outsides of houses, and think we know them, while we are ignorant of all that is passing within them.—*Bovee.*

A good work it is, no doubt, to pare off all unnecessary occasions of debate and differences in religion, provided we go not so near the quick, as to let out any of its vital spirits.—*Owen.*

We ought not to be over anxious to encourage innovation, in cases of *doubtful* improvement, for an old system must ever have two advantages over a new one; it is established, and it is understood.—*Lacon.*

If a man would register all his opinion upon love, politics, religion, learning, &c., beginning from his youth, and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last.

All politeness is owing to liberty. We polish one another, and and rub off our corners and rough sides, by a sort of amiable collision. To restrain this is inevitable in bringing a rust upon men's understandings.

Youth beholds happiness gleaming in the prospect. Age looks back on the happiness of youth; and instead of hopes, seeks its enjoyment in the recollection of hopes. Thus happiness ever reigns in the imagination.—*Coleridge.*

If, as Franklin says, every able-bodied man and woman would labor only four hours a day, there would be superabundance for all. Nobody, of course, would then talk of the world "owing them a living"—they would take it.

As Isaac met his bride in the fields at eventide, so do true souls frequently find their joy and consolation in the loneliness of solitude, and at the sunset of their earthly pleasures. He who would see the stars sparkling with ten-fold lustre, must dwell in the cold regions of snow.

No man is more miserable than he that hath no adversity; that man is not tried whether he be good or bad; and God never crowns those virtues which are only faculties and dispositions; but every act of virtue is an ingredient into reward—God so dresses us for heaven.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Reading is one of the greatest consolations of life; it is the nurse of virtue; the upholder in adversity; the prop of independence; the support of a just pride; the strengthener of elevated opinions; it is the shield against the tyranny of all petty passions; it is the repeller of the fool's scoff and the knave's poison.

How easily one can tell whether a man is glad from within; or whether it is only the play of the sunbeams that chance to fall upon him. Happiness is not the work of a chisel and mallet; not mortised into the soul, it is "put out" like the arm of a tree, whose green, unraveled sleeve flutters with the life it shares.—*Taylor.*

AMERICAN CHILDREN.

American children, we are sorry to be obliged to say it, are not, as a general rule, well-behaved. They are rude and disrespectful, if not disobedient. They inspire terror rather than love in the breast of strangers and all persons who seek quiet and love order. In our drawing-rooms, on board our steamers, in our railroad cars and stage coaches, they contrive to make themselves generally and particularly disagreeable by their familiarity, forwardness and pertness. "Young America," cannot brook restraint, has no conception of superiority, and reverences nothing. His ideas of equality admit neither limitation nor qualification. He is born with a full comprehension of his own individual rights, but is slow in learning his social duties. Through whose fault comes this state of things? American boys and girls have naturally as much good sense and good nature as those of any other nation, and, when well-trained, no children are more courteous and agreeable. In the days of our grandfathers, children were taught manners at school—a rather rude, backwood's sort of manners, it is true, but better than the no-manners-at-all of the present day. We must blame the parents rather than their children. If you would have your children beloved and respected by their elders as well as their cotemporaries, teach them good manners in their childhood. The young sovereign should first learn to obey, that he may be the better fitted to command in his turn.—*How to Behave.*

The Divine Mercy.—However old, plain, humble, desolate, afflicted we may be, so long as our hearts preserve the feeblest spark of life, they preserve also, shivering near that pale ember, a starved, ghostly longing for appreciation and affection. To this attenuated spectre, perhaps a crumb is not thrown once a year; but when shungered and athirst to famine—when all humanity has forgotten the dying tenant of a decaying house—divine mercy remembers the mourner, and a shower of manna falls for lips that earthly nutriment is to pass no more. Biblical promises, heard first in health, but then unheeded, come whispering to the couch of sickness; it is felt that a pitying God watches what all mankind have forsaken; the tender compassion of Jesus is recalled and relied on; the fading eye, gazing beyond time, sees a home, a friend, a refuge in eternity.—*Charlotte Bronte.*

Looking.

You may borrow to-day and also to-morrow,
Going on step by step from borrow to borrow,
But one thing is certain, you should not forget,
You never can borrow yourself out of debt.

Sabbath Musings.

THE SABBATH EVENING.

How calmly sinks the parting sun!
Yet twilight lingers still,
And, beautiful as dreams of heaven,
'Tis slumbering on the hill.
Earth sleeps with all her glorious things,
Beneath the Holy Spirit's wings,
And rendering back the hues above,
Seems resting in a trance of love.

Mysterious music from the pines,
O'er yon dark rocks reclined,
Falls like the whispered words of peace
Upon the heavenly mind;
And winds, with pinions stooped with dew,
Breathe gently, as if stealing through
From Eden's bowers, they came to bless
The spirit with their holiness.

And yonder glittering throng of clouds,
Retiring from the sky,
So calmly move, so sweetly glow,
They seem to fancy's eye
Bright creatures of a better sphere
Come down at noon to worship here,
And from that sacrifice of love
Returning to their homes above.

The blue isles of the golden sea,
The night arch, floating high,
The flowers that gaze upon the heavens,
The bright streams leaping by,
Are living with religion; deep
Its glories on the waters sleep,
And ming'e with the moon's pale rays,
Like the soft light of parted days.

The spirit of the holy eve
Comes through the silent air,
To feeling's hidden spring, and wakes
The gush of music there;
And the far depths of ether beam
So passing fair, we almost dream
That we can raise and wander through
Their open paths of trackless hue.

Each soul is filled with glorious dreams,
Each pulse is beating wild,
And thought is soaring to its shrine
Of glory undefiled;
And holy aspirations start
Forth from the temple of the heart,
And chain—for earth's dark ties are riven—
Our spirits to the gate of heaven.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

THE EARLY DEAD.

"No tears for thee, though light be from us gone
With thy sweet presence, bright, but restless one,—
No tears for thee:
They that have loved an exile, must not mourn
To see him parting for his native bourne,
O'er the dark sea."

We do not wonder when the aged die. Their day of toil, activity and care is past, and, like shocks of grain fully ripe, they have been tenderly gathered by the Angel Reaper, where there is rest for the worn and weary. The deep founts of the heart are stirred as memory, faithful to her trust, leads us through the shadowy path. We sadly miss their love, their counsels and their prayers. They have been to us watchful guardians; faithful friends. Their work on earth has been well done,—they have gone from labor to reward, and altho' we sorrow, we cannot but feel that it was merciful in our Heavenly Father to call them home. It is not thus when the young—those in life's fair morning—are called to go down to the silent tomb—For them we had planned a life of active usefulness, of high endeavor—a life that would dry many a falling tear, shed light and joy upon many a darkened pathway of this sin-shadowed earth.—They were so full of life, and enjoyed so intensely the melody of a world all new and beautiful. Just ready to enter upon the duties of their untried existance, with hearts full of generous emotions, and eyes beaming with joy and affection, the cold hand has touched them, and they are sleeping, pillowed on the lap of Mother Earth. The broken shaft is reared to their memory, feebly shadowing forth what seems to us their imperfect existence. Alas, how dim is finite vision! Are they not breathing the pure air of a higher life, where that which was so beautiful, so full of promise on earth, will forever expand beneath the genial influences of the better land? Although death has hushed the music of their voices on earth, with their fingers on the golden wires of a celestial harp, they have glided into the *unseen*, and joined those heavenly anthems that are only sung in the Home of the Happy. Hearts that loved them well may be bleeding in the dust, yet even amidst our tears we can but rejoice that they have gained a home radiant with the Light of Infinite Love—never dimmed by any passing shadow. Would we wish them back, to grope with us in darkness, vainly longing for the light? God forbid. Let us rather struggle on bravely and hopefully, gladdened, even in our sorrow, by the thought that soon may we meet them in those mansions prepared by the blessed Savior, for all that love Him. Hatty.

Farmington, Mich., 1858.

I tell you, a pastor's labors are no child's play. I have swung the axe and the grubbing hoe, have handled the plow, the cradle, and the scythe; I have had to work till this stiffened arm bears proof of its severity, but all this work was play, mere play, when compared with the labors of a pastor, to this brain-work which wears out the whole man. —*Dr. Plummer.*

Christ's creating power drew the world out of nothing, but his converting frames the new creature out of a something worse than nothing. What power that must be which can stop the tide of the sea,—that can change a black cloud into a glorious sun? It is not so great a work to raise many thousands killed in battle as to gospelize one dead soul.—*Charnock.*

So often as thou remembereest thy sinnes without griefe, so often thou repeatest those sinnes for not griefeing; he that will not mourne for the evil which he hath done, gives earnest for the evil which he means to doe; nothing can assuage that fire which sinne hath made, but only that water which repentance hath drawne.—*Quarles.*

To be angry, is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves.

The Traveler.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

Sketches from the Alps to the Adriatic.

NUMBER TEN.

Venice—The Doge's Palace—Bridge of Sighs—The Winged Lion—Nick the Gambler—The Doves—Scene along the Wharf—Gondolas and Gondoliers—Walking in Venice—Streets, &c.

THE *Doge's Palace* stands between the Cathedral and the Quay. The sides towards the Lagoon and Square, are composed of two rows of arches, one above the other, supporting a wall made of small blocks of red, white, and black marble. The rows of arches are of unequal height, and the number of arches in each row is also unequal. The capitals of the columns are all of white marble, tho' now blackened with age. They are elaborately carved—fruits, flowers, leaves, and animals, being represented to the life on them, but no two are alike. Notwithstanding this diversity of detail, which is pleasing, the general effect of the palace is imposing and harmonious. The most interesting part of the palace is the apartments associated with history. In the wall of the ante-room, where the Council of Ten held its sittings in the days of the Oligarchy, is a small slit which was formerly decorated with a lion's head, and formed the celebrated lion's mouth, into which secret denunciations were thrown. In the lower story of the palace are the dark cells in which prisoners of State were confined, with dark and narrow passages leading to them. There is one which remains in about the same condition as when used. The cell is lined with wood, and from the center of the floor rises a little platform on which the prisoner slept. By the side of the door which is, perhaps, four feet high, is a round hole. On the opposite side of the passage is a little niche in the wall, in which a lamp was placed for a short time each day, and the little light which entered through the round hole, was all that the prisoner received.

You may pass from this cell along a narrow and dimly lighted passage, and come to a door that is old and massive, plated with iron, and secured with a bar and lock. It creaks and clanks as the guide throws it back, and you wonder if it were so noisy and cross in the days of the cruel Republic. A few easy steps upward, in a higher and lighter passage, and you look out of a square window, having a strong stone grate before it. On either hand are stone walls; below is a still, dark canal which passes under a low bridge a few rods distant, and emerges into the Lagoon. You stand in Venice,

—— "On the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand,"

and it seems as if the very air grew strange, when you think how many an unhappy wretch has passed from that palace where he heard his doom through that vaulted bridge into the prison where he was executed. And is it a wonder that the sighs which broke from him as he caught his last glimpse of the fair face of Nature through that grated stone, should haunt the spot, and give the bridge its significant name?

You will never forget your impressions as you stand on that low bridge in the night, and gaze up the dark canal between the palace and the prison that are connected by the Bridge of Sighs. All is dark, only two lamps far up the canal throw light on the water. You think how often in the days of unprincipled power a black gondola has received some doomed victim at those strong, low palace doors, and steps half covered by the salt water.—A few silent strokes of the oar, and the gondola glided out upon the Lagoon. In a little while it returned again, but without the prisoner, for he had gone down in the deep sea, in a place where the laws of *Venice* made it death to cast a net—Morning broke, and the black gondola lay motionless, moored by the stone steps, and the passers by knew nothing of its midnight work. They only perceived, after a time, that one of their number, who had expressed sentiments that were obnoxious, perhaps, to the government, had disappeared. And if they surmised what scene had transpired, in the dark night, and the black gondola, out on the open Lagoon, they only shuddered and were silent.

There are some other objects in the vicinity of the Square that are remarkable. The Winged Lion of St. Mark, looks towards the Doge's Palace. He is not a noble looking lion, but rather fierce and treacherous, and you cannot help thinking him to be a true symbol of the old Republic. Not far off is another granite column surmounted by the figure of St. Theodore, who was patron Saint of Venice before St. Mark. He stands on a crocodile and holds a shield in his right hand and a spear in his left. Those two columns were brought from the Holy Land in the 12th century, and after being landed it was found impossible, at first, to raise them to their pedestals. At length, a reward having been offered, a Lombard called NICK the Gambler, succeeded in placing them in their positions. NICK then demanded that the law would allow games of chance, which it prohibited elsewhere, to be played between the columns. The Council made the concession, but also commanded all public executions to be performed there, which soon brought the gambling spot into disrepute.

Before the Cathedral stand three tall masts, in pedestals of bronze. Formerly three gonfalons of silk and gold, emblematic of the three dominions of the State—Venice, Cyprus, and the Morea—waved from their peaks, but now the Austrian colors float there. Then there is the clock-tower, through which an arched passage leads into the most commercial part of the city. The tower is surmounted by a bell, upon which two bronze giants strike the hours with ponderous hammers. There are always large flocks of doves about the Square, and they are fed once a day at the public expense. This custom has existed a long time, and is said to have originated in the days of the Republic, when some pigeons carried important news from a distant army to Venice. The Senate then decreed that they should thereafter be fed daily in the Square, at the public expense. The doves are very tame, and when the clocks strike two, the hour for feeding, they come wheeling in from all directions, and light on the pavement right among the people.

The scene along the wharf is full of interest, for there is a touch of the East in it. There are sailors from the Orient, wearing red sashes and skull caps, from which hang tassels. There are jugglers, amusing a picturesque crowd with clumsy performances; musicians giving miniature operas, and men going about, selling fresh water, bad lemonade, and cognac. A whole fleet of gondolas is moored to the wharf, and many are darting rapidly about on the Lagoon and Grand Canal—Sailors and gondoliers loiter around, and lie down at the base of the column that bears the Winged Lion. If you approach too near, you are beset by a crowd of gondoliers, all anxious to be employed. The old-fashioned gondolas are twenty-five or thirty feet long, and taper sharply at both ends—The bow and stern rise upward, and many of them, when empty, rest but little more than half their length on the water. They are painted black, and the ends are decked over, and commonly ornamented with carving. In the middle is a black cabin, large enough for two persons to recline comfortably on the cushions within. The gondolier stands on the stern, and uses one long, broad-bladed oar, which rests in a curiously shaped oar-lock. He faces the bow, and pushes the oar from him, instead of pulling, and his position, when leaning forward, is very fine, and expressive of motion. Their skill is wonderful, often they pass each other so close, that you could not put your finger between the boats, yet they do not touch.—And they glide round sharp corners into narrow canals, at full speed, and, uttering their warning cries of "*Sta le*" and "*Sta li*," turn, as it were, on a pivot, the sharp iron on the bow just grazing the wall on one side, and the side of the boat almost pressing the corner on the other. In threading the most intricate canals, or going among a crowd of gondolas and larger boats, all passing in different directions, you scarcely ever feel the jar of the slightest collision.

One can easily imagine that it is delightful employment to repose on the cushions, and, fanned by the sea breeze, glide about for hours, part of the time on the open Lagoon, through winding and intricate canals, under bridges decorated with humorous faces that stare down upon you as you pass, by churches and palaces rising from the water, with sea-weed clinging to their marble steps and foundation stones. Then there is such a remarkable silence—no hum of rolling carriages, and multitudes crowding along wide streets, only the frequent ringing of bells, the dreamy splashing of the oar, harmonizing well with the gentle rocking of the gondola, and the agreeable sense of forward motion.

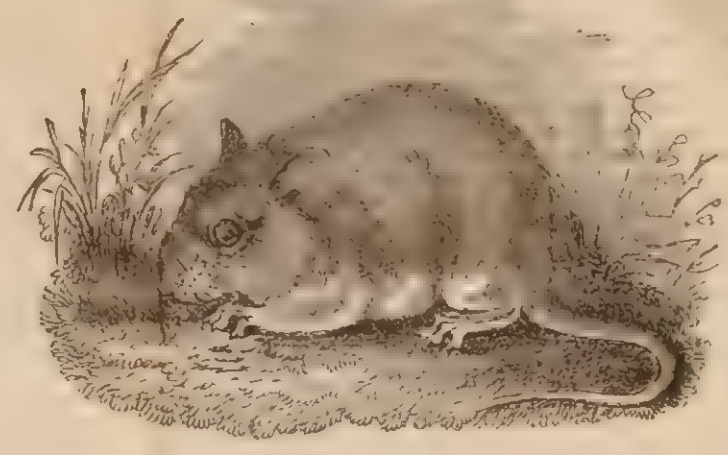
Not less strange is it to walk, for you *can* walk all over Venice. You thread streets more crooked and intricate than the canals, often so narrow, that if you stand in the middle and extend both arms, you touch the walls of the buildings with either hand. You cross bridges, and go through dark passages, into which the sun never shines.—You loiter and wonder, and turn to the right and the left just as as your fancy leads, charmed by the singularity of scenes which exist nowhere else in the world, until, finally, you are lost. It matters nothing, however, for you know that you can find a gondola in a few minutes, and you wander on with increased interest. You determine to find your way back alone, and turn your steps to where you think the Rialto springs, at one leap, across the Grand Canal. You lay your course by the compass, but shortly you come to a canal that intersects the narrow street. You take another street that leads in the direction you wish to go, and in five minutes you are in a courtyard, where the street comes to an end. Thus you wander on, turning this way and that, exploring dark and narrow passages and confined courtyards, retracing your way, wondering and admiring, until suddenly you find yourself on the Grand Canal—but a mile from the Rialto. Now you take a gondola rather than turn back into that labyrinth of crooked, narrow streets, passages, canals, and impassable courtyards.

G. F. W.

DEATH OF MADAME IDA PFEIFFER.

THIS celebrated traveler is dead. She was of Austrian parentage, born at Vienna in 1797. She was married to Dr. Pfeiffer in 1820, and a few years later became a widow. The intense desire for travel which she had felt since childhood had hitherto been repressed by circumstances, but now free to indulge it, she commenced a series of voyages which certainly no woman, and perhaps no man living has paralled. Having by several years of economy amassed a sufficient sum, she set off for Jerusalem, and her travels through the Holy Land formed the material for her first book. Her next expedition was northward, through Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Iceland. She wrote another volume giving an account of this journey, and it was hardly issued from the press before she undertook another. This was no less than a tour round the world. She left Vienna in May, 1846, sailed to Rio Janeiro, traversed Brazil, went round Cape Horn, landed in Chili, set sail again for Otahelte, thence for China, and from there to India. She passed on to Arabia, went up the Tigris to visit Ninevah and Babylon, wandered through Khoordistan and Persia, crossed the Caucasus, went through Southern Russia, visited Constantinople, traveled through Greece, and returned home.

That a woman alone and unprotected should make such extensive voyages, and face the perils of sea and land, and that, too, for pleasure only, excited great wonderment, when her account of it came to be published. But the public were to be still more astonished. Hitherto she had traveled where others had traveled before, and where civilized commerce had to some extent penetrated. Her next excursion was among cannibals and savages. In 1851 she sailed to the Cape of Good Hope, thence to Siganpore, and thence took a tour to Sarawak in Borneo, and through the dangerous country of the Dyaks. Perhaps her very audacity in coming among them, as well as her coolness and good humor, caused her to be received with hospitality, instead of being devoured as other European visitors had been. She laughingly told them she was too old and tough to be good eating, and to their relish of the joke, she ascribed their forbearance to dine upon her. From thence she went to the Spice Islands, then visited California, and then home, having a second time completed the circuit of the world, in an opposite direction from her first journey. During all her travels she had experienced excellent health, until in Madagascar she contracted a violent fever, the effects of which never entirely left her, and at last resulted in her death.—*Albany Journal.*



WHITE-FOOTED PRAIRIE MOUSE.

THIS mouse, *Emery's Journal* says, is found abundantly on the prairies in Northern Illinois and Southern Wisconsin. It is most abundant in cultivated fields, and is confined to high ground. It burrows, never to any great extent or depth, but in cultivated fields at the roots of fruit trees, gnawing the roots and sometimes causing great injury. In nurseries, fruit trees are often taken up and "heeled in," that is, laid down close together, with the roots placed in a trench, and then covered in such a manner that they are kept safely in a very small space, and can readily be pulled out when desired. In nurseries, infested with these mice, the loose earth among the roots of trees thus "heeled in" affords a burrowing place, and they often do great damage by feeding on the bark of the roots.

In the fall, they are found in corn shocks, making nests among the stalks. The food of this mouse on the prairies appears to be herbaceous plants with their seeds. It seeks its food on top of the ground, running on the snow in winter, in search of seeds, and collecting them in autumn instead of roots, when it travels as often by springing over the grass as running through it. In eating, this species stand upon the hind feet, holding the food in the fore paws, which are used very readily as hands. It often sits erect and cleans its fur with its fore feet and tongue, stroking the fur with the feet as if to smooth it. In digging, the fore feet are used with astonishing rapidity, the earth being thrown back between the hind legs. The voice is very soft, low and clear, and is not often heard.—They have been known with their slight incisors, to cut through the shell of a hickory nut. They are strictly nocturnal, never being found moving about voluntarily by day, but are active at night. They are more or less carniverous, devouring their young frequently.

Useful Olio.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

FLOW OF WATERS.

Communication of Lake Superior with Lake Ontario by a Subterranean Passage.

SEVERAL short articles have been published on this supposed communication. They do not appear to have any substantial support. The facts do not authorize any such supposition or require any such wonderful solution.

Is such a subterranean passage possible. Let it be admitted; for we do not sufficiently understand the interior structure of the earth to deny the possibility. A stream of water is known to sink into the earth, and appear again at some miles distance. The great Kentucky Cavern has a large subterranean stream, and of the origin and termination of it the world is ignorant. The distance from Lake Superior to Lake Ontario is great, the middle of the former being about nine degrees of longitude west of the middle of the latter, and the difference of latitude at least four-and a-half degrees; hence, the distance is not far from 500 miles directly.—The level of Lake Ontario is given as 232 feet above the sea, and its depth 500 feet, and that of Superior 596 feet, and its depth 900 feet; so that the bottom of Lake Ontario is nearly on a level with the bottom of Lake Superior. So, Lake Huron is given as 578 feet above the level of the sea, and 1,000 feet deep.

Before we depend on these soundings of the lakes, let us know the proof of their correctness. Where is the record of these soundings? by whom made, and when, and by what authority? Then, let us see whether, if they are correct, they afford any proof of the subterranean communication between the Western and Eastern lakes.

Then, again, it is a well known fact that the Eastern lakes rise after the rise of the Western, when the waters have had time to pour out their superabundance into the Eastern. If the melting of the winter snows are attended or followed with uncommon falls of rain in the spring months, in due time the Eastern lakes are unusually high. Such have been the facts the season past. Lakes Erie and Ontario were high till into September. Sometimes, the heavy rains of the great western water shed fall in late summer or the fore part of autumn, and high water in the Eastern lakes follows two or three months later, so that the highest water of Lake Ontario is in winter. Thus, in 1848, Lake Ontario was highest in the beginning of January, in which month it is often the lowest. In 1853, the lake was about the mean height in January, and gradually rose each month to June, when it was pretty high, and then gradually fell to the end of the year, evidently depending on the relative quantity of rain and snow over this great water-shed—For Lake Erie is affected by the rains sooner than Ontario; and thus, as you pass up the lakes to the west. The facts do not require any subterranean passage.

Besides, as the level of Lake Superior is given 364 feet above that of Lake Ontario, the pressure from this depth would be, on a square foot, 22 750 pounds, and would show in Lake Ontario such a spring, as could not fail of detection, if the subterranean passage was even one square foot.

Still further. Intelligent observers who have examined the Upper Lakes, and especially Lake Superior, have some of them doubted whether the rivers which discharge their waters into that lake are adequate, with the necessary amount of evaporation, to supply the stream which flows out of it and helps to fill Lake Huron. Already the suggestion has been made of the necessity of subterranean streams to keep Lake Superior full, instead of any hole in its bottom or nearer the surface to carry off its water to the lakes below. The proper measure of the influx of water by the rivers and streams, and of the efflux by the Sault St. Marie, will unquestionably show that there is water enough for the required supply, and no excess which would require a subterranean outlet into Lake Ontario.

Finally. Not a few important particulars must be ascertained to great minuteness before there can be any propriety in supposing such a communication through the earth between the giant lake on the West and the less on the East. Young America is not quite patient and active enough in the accumulation of facts, but indulges an imagination too fertile in hypotheses.

This is a day of speculations. Let it be the purpose of us all entirely to avoid those that are unnecessary or unprofitable.

C. D.

Rochester, Dec., 1858.

LAYING THE TELEGRAPH CABLE.—Can you or your correspondents answer scientific questions like the following? In laying the Atlantic Cable, how could they make soundings while the vessel was under motion? And if the vessel was still, how could they sink the lead in such an amazing depth of water? for, it is said, on account of the density of the water, a body will sink only so far, and there remain at rest; and some think the cable does not lie on the bottom in the deepest water.—T. P. H., *Farmington, Mich., Nov.*, 1858.

REMARKS.—In taking soundings, the usual way is to throw the lead at the bow, and draw it up at the stern of the vessel, when in motion. In shallow water this answers very well, but in deep sea soundings, or where it is necessary to make the measurement as accurate as possible, the vessel must "lay to," while taking soundings. It has been thought by some that heavy bodies would only sink a certain distance, and there remain suspended, on account of the density of the water, but of this, we believe there is no proof. Indeed, in the deepest part of the "telegraph plateau" small sea shells were brought up by the lead, which must have rested on the bottom, showing that even a small shell could sink to the bottom, or lie there, which could not be was there any truth in this theory of suspension on account of density.

MINERAL RESOURCES OF THE "PLAINS."—A late issue of the San Francisco (Cal.) *Price Current* remarks:—We have before alluded to the many advantages likely to result from the establishment of mail routes across the continent. Not the least among these, is the development of the mineral wealth of the country traversed. Iron, copper and lead abound in numerous sections. On the Sweetwater river, there are vast hills that are almost pure copper. The hills near the head of Goose creek are pure iron. Adjacent to these hills, on what is called the West Fork, gold has been found in abundance, a fact not lately discovered, since as far back as 1851 an emigrant took out, in less than a week, over $7,000. The Black Hills south of the Platte river, are also believed to be very rich. That there is gold there, has been demonstrated. Indeed, the whole chain of mountains running from the Platte, as far south as the Rio del Norte, contains gold. Forty miles west of Santa Fe are the old Spanish mines, called *Placer*. They have been worked for nearly a century, and yet pay well.

PINS AND NEEDLES.—The manufacture of the indispensable little pin was commenced in the United States between 1812 and 1820; since which time the business has extended greatly, and several patents for the manufacture of pins have been taken out. The manufacture in England and other parts of Europe is conducted upon improvements made here. Notwithstanding the extent of our own production, the United States imported in 1856 pins to the value of $40,255, while in the same year there were imported into this country needles to the amount of $246,100. Needles were first made in England in the time of "Bloody Mary," by a negro from Spain but as he would not impart his secret, it was lost at his death, and not recovered again until 1566, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when a German taught the art to the English, who have since brought it to the greatest perfection. The construction of a needle requires about one hundred and twenty operations, but they are rapidly and uninterruptedly successive.

The Young Ruralist.

A YOUNG FARMER.

MESSRS. EDS.:—I will try my hand at the pen, although not a writer, but a mechanic turned farmer. As it is your province to do good in the world, I thought I would contribute my mite to to the RURAL.

I know it is common for almost every one to find fault with his condition in life, and all are ready to leave their present one for another, not realising that a new profession is attended with many difficulties not foreseen, and that, consequently, cannot be guarded against. Therefore, I would say to all, stick to your present business if it is an honorable one and yields you a support, and do not shift until you are convinced that you are not suited for the business you follow. If you want to get a living without work you will have hardships to undergo still.

Now I must speak of my experience as a YOUNG RURALIST. I left my former trade to regain my health, which had become impaired by a close attention to business, and left the Eastern part of York State for Broome Co., where I purchased a farm and commenced work in a new profession.—That I met with discouragements you can imagine, but, notwithstanding, I have regained my health, and have made some progress in farming, as carried on here. I planted my corn the 2d of June; it grew and promised well, but was cut off by an early frost the 23d of September. I had a fine piece of buckwheat, and this, too, was cut off. My spring wheat was good, grass light, oats destroyed mostly by drouth and grasshoppers.

Now, young farmers, what can you say of such a start? For my part, I say, "try, try again." So, I have sown a lot of rye that bids fair; but I will await the result. Don't let my experience frighten you. If you take the RURAL you may hear from me again.

PERSEVERANCE.

Nanticoke Springs, Broome Co., N. Y., 1858.

INTERESTING ARITHMETICAL FACTS.

MESSRS. EDS:—I have often found the following simple rule, to find the square inches in a given circle, or the solid contents of a round stick of timber, or tub, or cistern, very convenient, and within the ability of any school-boy who has worked the rule of three:

As 14 is to 11, so is the diameter multiplied by itself.

```
Thus 14 : 11 : : 68
                 68
                ---
                484
               290
               ---
              3,384
                 11
              -----
14)37,224(2,643 sqr. inches, nearly.
          28
          --
          92
          84
          --
           84
           56
           --
           28
           28
           --
            0
```

If the article to be estimated is tapering, get the dimension of half the height or length. It is well enough to know, in measuring bins for grain, that each cubic foot is very near a bushel. Also, that 18 square feet and 1 foot deep, in a well settled mow, will make a ton of hay.

I should like if some of the boys would find out the reason, or the *rationale*, of the following result of figures:—Any sum multiplied by 5, or divided by 2, by adding an 0, produces the same quotient.

```
Thus: 365          2)3,650
        5          -------
      -----          1,825
      1,825
```

A man had $600 which he willed to his four sons, as follows:—To the first ½; the second ⅓; the third 1-5; to the fourth 1-6, and there was $30 left. They say figures won't lie. Boys, how is this?

JUVENIS.

STUDYING LATIN, AGAIN.

To R. W. C., *Livonia, N. Y.*—In reading your remarks or queries in regard to the study of the Latin, or any dead language, also, those of Mr. Editor, I felt very much interest in your decision in the matter. I advise you to read the question which Mr. Editor has asked, as to the benefit to be derived from such study, *first*—and his *answer, last*. If you read them as he has given them, I fear that you will be in an error in your decision. *If* you have so good an opportunity to study Latin, as you now have, I think that you will *never regret* having studied it, even if you do not pursue a *full course*. But I fear that you *will regret*, in future years, if you do not. I have studied the Latin language some, and have received much benefit from it, viz., in the discipline of my mind, and a better understanding of our own language. Not that I propose to use the very "highest sounding words" in all my conversation with the world, but I wish to understand what I hear and read, which I consider is of very great importance, at present. I intend to study some one or more of the languages of the *present day*, and perhaps some more of the others. I wish to ask, Mr. Editor, have you ever pursued a course of study in either of the Dead Languages? If you do not favor their study, for a farmer, why do you make use of the Latin words and phrases that you do?

H. H. F.

Albion, N. Y., 1858.

REMARKS.—H. H. F. entertains opinions somewhat at variance with those expressed by us in reply to the query of R. W. C., as published in the RURAL of the 4th inst., viz., "whether more benefit could not be derived (as a farmer) from the study of Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, etc., than from Latin?" and gives his own views upon the subject. We are glad to witness this freedom of thought and expression on the part of Young Ruralists—read, inwardly digest, and form conclusions, not from the assertions of this or that individual, but from the teachings of experience. H. H. F. puts forth one or two questions. To the first, the response is *yes*, and we would be willing to give "considerable boot" could we make a trade for some of the languages that have a *little life* in them. To the second, when it can conveniently be avoided, seldom do.

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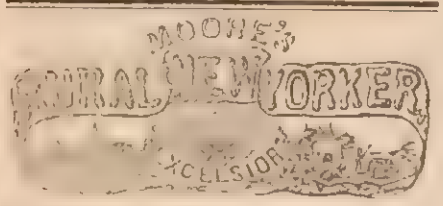
Agricultural Steam Kettle—Hedges, Free & Co
The "Little Giant" Corn Crusher—Hedges, Free & Co.
Ontario Music School—Miss C. G. Scott
The Coleman Farm Mill—Marvin Thatcher
Just Patented—J. A. Treat
Work for the Winter—S. M. Myrick & Co.
Farms for Sale—S. M. Clark
Agents Wanted—B. S. Caswell



ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 18, 1858.

THE RURAL FOR 1859.

New Volume, New Dress, New Club Terms!

[As this is the last full number of our present volume, (the next comprising Index, &c.,) we copy the following from a recent RURAL Supplement—inviting a perusal, and such action on the part of the reader as seemeth proper:]

HAVING resolved that the Tenth Volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, for 1859, shall be "Excelsior" in both Contents and Appearance—and so reduced its club rates as to place the paper within the reach and means of all,—we cordially invite its Subscribers and Friends everywhere to aid in increasing its circulation and maintaining its pre-eminence as the BEST FARM AND FIRESIDE JOURNAL IN AMERICA. The reduction in club terms will be a DECIDED BENEFIT to the great mass of subscribers, and lessen our receipts many thousand dollars on the number of copies now published. But we are confident a part or all of this will be made up by ADDITIONS to our circulation—as it certainly will if the friends of the RURAL and its objects, near and distant, will kindly lend their influence to increase its subscription list in their respective localities. We have abolished the plan of offering LARGE premiums to be taken by a FEW individuals, and now give liberal gratuities to EACH and ALL in proportion to their efforts and success.

We not only address present Subscribers and Friends, but thousands of others who we believe feel an interest in promoting the Cause and Objects advocated by the RURAL. We therefore frankly ask all to whom this Supplement is mailed—and we purpose sending it to numerous influential and progressive Farmers and Horticulturists all over the land, as well as to many Post-Masters, Merchants, Clergymen, Teachers, &c.,—to lend such encouragement in behalf of the RURAL as may be consistent with their views and engagements.—Those unacquainted with the paper are invited to give *any* number of it a careful examination, (for we do not issue any extra-attractive numbers, as specimens, but endeavor to render each and every one good and useful,) and then decide, upon its merits, whether it is entitled to the encouragement and support of the friends of Improvement and a Pure and Useful Literature.

FRIENDS OF THE RURAL NEW-YORKER! You *can* if you *will*, greatly aid in augmenting its circulation, influence and usefulness—and we ask that you will with much confidence, never having appealed to you in vain. All that is necessary is a little *personal effort* among your neighbors and acquaintances. Every reader of the RURAL can obtain from one to ten, thirty or fifty subscribers—and if its friends will only make "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together," it will, on or soon after its Tenth Birth-Day—the first of January ensuing—have full *Ten Hundred Thousand Subscribers!* What say, tried friends, and new ones—you to whom we are already indebted for manifold and most substantial favors, and you also to whom we have but recently or only now been introduced—

Will you enter the arena in behalf of the more RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY WEEKLY of America? The RURAL has a GOOD NAME through all the land, we are proud to know;—none say "trash," "humbug," or "mad dog" of a sheet which has ever and always "defended the right," and ignored, condemned and exposed the WRONG—WHICH has constantly and zealously sought to promote the best interests of Individuals, Families and Communities. The RURAL has accomplished some good in its day to both the risen and rising generation—how much can never be estimated—and its power and influence for good can be immensely increased. It is a GOOD PAPER TO WORK FOR, as its influence is in the right direction. Reader, shall it have your aid? We pause for your decision, which we confidently believe will be in its behalf—only adding that NOW IS THE TIME FOR ACTION!

The President's Message.

THIS, of its kind, is one of the longest documents ever inflicted upon Congress or the people. To publish it entire, would require fully two-thirds of a single issue, and as we could not devote such space, we will endeavor to give RURAL readers a clear idea of its general drift, in as little room as possible.

Kansas is the opening feature—the story of the agitation is rehearsed, and the President argues in favor of the course he pursued. He congratulates the country on the contrast of the agitation which existed in Kansas a year ago, with the peace and quiet which now prevails. He refers to the Lecompton Constitution, and although that Constitution has been rejected by an overwhelming vote of the people, he still thinks that his former position in regard to it was right. He thinks that if Kansas had been admitted with that Constitution, the same quiet would have been secured at an earlier day.—The bill of Mr. English he signed because he was willing to accede to any other constitutional mode of settlement, and thinks that when she again applies, she will have the population that bill requires. In regard to this clause, the President remarks:—"This excellent provision, which Congress has applied to Kansas, ought to be extended and rendered applicable to all Territories which may hereafter seek admission into the Union." This branch of the subject is argued at length. The passage of a general law, so that no State shall be admitted unless she has population sufficient to entitle her to one representative, is recommended.

Utah next claims attention, and the country is congratulated with the favorable condition of affairs where, but a year since, bloody civil war was threatened.

Our *Foreign Relations* are next in order, and we are congratulated upon the recent treaties with China and Japan. The neutral policy of the United States in Eastern Asia, is advocated. With Great Britain our relations are very satisfactory. On this point the President says:—"It is my earnest desire that every misunderstanding with the Government of Great Britain should be amicably and speedily adjusted. It has been the misfortune of both countries, almost every since the period of the Revolution, to have been annoyed by a succession of irritating and dangerous questions, threatening their friendly relations. This has partially prevented the full development of those feelings of mutual friendship between the people of the two countries, so natural in themselves, and so conducive to their common interests. Any serious interruption of the commerce between the United States and Great Britain would be equally injurious to both. In fact, no two nations have ever existed on the face of the earth, which could do each other so much good or so much harm.

"Entertaining these sentiments, I am gratified to inform you that the long-pending controversy between the two Governments, in relation to the question of visitation and search, has been amicably adjusted. The claim on the part of Great Britain, forcibly to visit American vessels on the high seas in time of peace, could not be sustained under the law of nations, and it had been overruled by her own most eminent jurists."

Large space is given to the discussion of our relations with Spain, Cuba and her destiny being involved in the question. The insults of Spanish officials to the United States generally, and their repeated injuries inflicted upon the persons and property of American citizens have never been redressed, and all attempts to obtain any acknowledgement upon the part of the home government, have been baffled. From this point the President unfolds the great necessity that exists for the United States obtaining possession of Cuba. First, The Slave Trade can never be wholly suppressed while Cuba opens her ports to the traffic. This market is a constant source of injury and annoyance to Americans, and the cost of keeping a fleet in the Gulf, to intercept slavers, and upon the coast of Africa—as we are bound to do by treaty with Great Britain—is a very heavy expenditure both of life and treasure. Second, its geographical position, commanding, as it does, the mouth of the Mississippi, makes it a question of vital import, and on this point alone it is the policy of the Government to obtain its possession. The mode of procuring this "Gem of the Antilles," is by purchase.

That country of anarchy and civil war—Mexico—is next taken up, and the President, before putting her down again, proposes that we should take a large slice and care for it, as it is evident it can receive no sustenance from other quarters. After a review of the constant injury that the American government and American citizens have been subjected to—consisting of murders, imprisonments, and plunder—and that no effort has been made, either to punish these outrages or prevent their repetition, the President says:—"Abundant cause now undoubtedly exists for a resort to hostilities against the Government still holding possession of the capital. Should they succeed in subduing the Constitutional forces, all reasonable hope will then have expired of a peaceful settlement of our difficulties.

"On the other hand, should the Constitutional party prevail, and their authority be established over the Republic, there is reason to hope that they will be animated by a less unfriendly spirit, and may grant that redress to American citizens which justice requires, so far as they may possess the means. But for this expectation, I should at once have recommended to Congress to grant the necessary power to the President to take possession of a sufficient portion of the remote and unsettled territory of Mexico, to be held in pledge until our injuries shall be redressed and our just demands satisfied. We have already exhausted every milder means of obtaining justice. In such a case, this remedy of reprisals is recognized by the law of nations, not only as just to itself, but as a means of preventing actual war."

For *Arizona* the establishment of a Territorial Government is recommended, and the formation of military posts in Sonora and Chihuahua—because Mexico is unable to protect her own frontier—is also advocated.

From Mexico we naturally drop down to *Nicaragua*, and for this, as well as the other routes across the Isthmus, the President recommends the passage of an act authorizing him, "under such restrictions as they may deem proper, to employ the land and naval forces of the United States in preventing the transit from being obstructed or closed by lawless violence, and in protecting the lives and property of American citizens traveling thereupon, requiring at the same time that these forces shall be withdrawn the moment the danger shall have passed away."

The *Expedition against Paraguay* is the next topic, and the President states he has complied with the requirements of the act passed by Congress on the 12th of July last. A Commissioner has been sent with full power to settle all differences in an amicable and peaceful manner if practicable. If the Paraguayan Government fail to make just atonement for the wrongs they have committed against the United States, the strong arm of force must be employed. For this purpose the Secretary of the Navy has dispatched a fleet to rendezvous near Buenos Ayres.

The *Banking System* of our country meets with little favor. In the opinion of the President, "these periodical financial revolutions must continue to return at intervals so long as our present unbounded system of bank credit prevails." The passage of a uniform Bankrupt Law, applicable to Banking Institutions, is recommended.

The President reviews the official documents of the Secretaries of the different Departments, but as all matters of general importance by them contained, are given in connection with this review, we will not follow the matter further. The reader can turn to the following Reports and draw his own conclusions as to the condition of our country:

POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

The whole number of post-offices on 30th June last was 27,977, of which 400 are of the class denominated presidential; whole number established during the last fiscal year, 2,124, number discontinued 730, increase 1,391; number of post-masters appointed 8,284. Of these 4,595 were to fill vacancies occasioned by resignation, 999 by removals, 278 by deaths, 292 by change of names and sites, and 2,121 on establishment of new offices. Whole number of offices December 1, 1858, 28,573. On the 30th June last there were in operation 8,296 mail routes. The number of contractors was 7,044. The length of these routes is estimated at 260 603 miles; total amount of transportation 78,765,461 miles, and cost $7,795,418.

Compared with the service reported 30th June, 1857, there is an addition of 18,002 miles to the length of routes, and $1,173,372 to the cost. The total estimates for the current year are $10,615,947. The total expenditures of the Department in the fiscal year ending June 30th, 1858, amounted to $12 722,470. The estimated receipts and expenditures in 1859:—Expenditures, $14,776,620; means $11,994 393; deficiency $3,682,127.

The Franking Privilege now allowed to members of Congress receives a share of attention, and it is proposed, in lieu thereof, to furnish the members with postage stamps to be used on all letters, public documents and packets transmitted by them in the mails, and keep an account of the stamps furnished to each member, to be paid for out of the contingent fund of the House. It is further proposed that all letters and packets, except newspapers addressed to members Congress, shall be pre-paid at the mailing office. In this way the Department would be compensated for the service rendered, without a resort to the inconvenience of daily minute accounts of the postage chargeable on such mail matter.

To avoid dissatisfaction and the practical inconvenience of having different rates of postage, regulated by distances, it is submitted whether one uniform rate of five cents for all distances would not enlarge the usefulness of the Department, and diminish, if it did not entirely prevent, such heavy drafts upon the treasury, and best promote the interest and convenience of the people.

THE TREASURY.

The receipts into the Treasury from all sources during the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1858, including the treasury notes authorized by the act of December 23, 1857, were $79,273,869 69, which amount with the balance of $17,710,124 27 remaining in the treasury at the commencement of the year, made an aggregate for the service of the year of $87,983,993 86. The public expenditures during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1858, amounted to $81,585,667 76, of which $9,684,537 99 were applied to the payment of the public debt, and the redemption of treasury notes with the interest thereon, leaving in the treasury on July 1, 1858, being the commencement of the present fiscal year, $6,398 316 10.

NAVY DEPARTMENT.

The five steam sloops-of-war, authorized by the act of 1847, will soon be completed. The seven steam screw sloops-of-war, under the act of 1858, are in a state of great forwardness. Five of them are to be launched during the present month, and be ready for sea in May next. All experience evidences a necessity for an increase of the navy. Twenty effective vessels of smaller class can be built and kept at sea for what it would cost to build and keep at sea four or five vessels of a larger class. Let Congress increase the number of heavy armed vessels of light draught, until we can frequently display our flag at every point where American interests may need protection. The addition of at least ten or more vessels of that description, is not only a necessary measure, but will be found to be as efficient as any that can be desired, requiring so small an expenditure of the public money. For the support of the navy and marine corps, and all other objects under the control of the Navy Department, for the fiscal year ending the 30th of June, 1858, the estimates were $13,803 212; appropriations, $14,240,247; expenditures, $13,670 684; there having been some curtailment of expenses by reason of a falling off in the revenue.

WAR DEPARTMENT.

The authorized strength of the army, as posted, is 18,165, but the actual strength on July 1st, was 17,498. These troops compose the whole numerical force of our army, distributed through the States and Territories of the entire Confederacy, manning all the fortifications occupied by troops, holding all posts now garrisoned, defending all our extended frontiers, and protecting, as far as possible, the different routes extending across the continent, from the Mississippi Valley to our possessions on the Pacific. The disbursements amount to nearly $10,000,000 in the Quarter-Master's Department. Every voucher has been filed, with the exception of $280,000. Nothing will be lost.

Attention is called to necessity of providing for the payment of claims brought against the Government by different States and Territories for services heretofore rendered by volunteer forces in the suppression of Indian hostilities. The Secretary says he has attempted, as far as possible, to meet the just wishes of Congress in reducing the expenses, and the estimates of the next fiscal year are less than the appropriations for the last by the sum of $9,160,488. They are less than the estimates laid before Congress at the last session by the sum of $2,736,403. They amount in the aggregate to $18,010,090; and he entertains a strong hope that the expenditure may be still further reduced in the course of another year.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

The Secretary of the Interior estimates the sales of public lands next season at $5,000,000. In reference to the mineral lands in the Territories of Washington, Oregon, New Mexico, and Kansas, the Secretary submits whether it would be a wise and sound policy at this time to pass a general law, reserving all auriferous, silver and cinnabar mines from sale, for the use and occupancy of the people of the United States, under such regulations as Congress may prescribe, and leaving those lands containing copper, iron, lead and coal, subject to the ordinary laws of settlement and sale for their development. The extent of these defies estimate, and gives assurance to our people, in the future, of unbounded wealth.

The whole number of army pensioners under the various acts of Congress is 10,732, requiring for their payment the annual sum of $902,700. The whole number of navy pensioners is 892, and the aggregate amount of their payments is $130,501. It appears that the total disbursements for pensions up to this date is about $90,000,000. If to this sum be added the bounties in lands (62,739,632 acres,) estimated at $1 25 per acre, the total amount granted for pensions and bounties will be $168,424 202.

From the 1st of January to the 30th September, 1858, 4,091 applications for patents were received and 606 caveats filed, against 4,095 applications and 820 caveats for the corresponding quarter of last year. During the same period, 2,816 patents were issued, 15 extensions granted, and 1,256 applications rejected.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.

The Commissioner states that the whole number of Indians within our limits is estimated at about 350,000. The whole number of tribes and separate bands is 175, with 44 of which we have treaty engagements. The number of ratified Indian treaties since the adoption of of the Constitution is 393, nearly all of which contain provisions still in force. The quantity of land acquired by these treaties is about 581,163,186 acres. The entire cost of fulfilling these treaties will be $19,816 344.

The Commissioner points out three fatal errors which have marked our policy towards the Indians from the very beginning viz:—1st, Their removal from place to place, as our population advances; 2d, The assignment of too great an extent of territory to be held by them in common; 3d, The allowance of large sums of money as annuities.

He recommends that the tribes should be permanently located upon reservations embracing not more than is necessary for actual occupancy; to divide the land among them in severalty; to require that they should live upon and cultivate the land thus assigned; to give them in lieu of money annuities, stock animals, agricultural implements, mechanic shops, manual labor schools, &c. He recommends the ratification of the treaties made in 1855 with the Indians of Washington and Oregon Territories, as a means of preventing the recurrence of hostilities.

GENERAL LAND OFFICE.

The report covers a period of five quarters, ending September 30th, 1858. During that period there were surveyed of the public lands 15,209,376 acres, which with former surveys, make a quantity of 81,961,046 acres of the public lands surveyed and ready for market on the 30th of September, 1858, which had never been offered at public sale. During the same period there were sold, for cash, 4,604,919 acres, from which $2,634,193 was realized.

News Paragraphs.

FAT deer and wild turkeys, weighing sometimes twenty pounds, are the style of game taken near Owasso, Shiawasse county, Michigan. One huntsman took four deer and twenty-two turkeys.

THE government of the United States is about to erect a mammoth foundry on the Pacific coast. It will be located at the Mare Island Navy Yard, near San Francisco.

THE "Back Bay" at Boston, is being filled up by the corporation, and will be sold in building lots. The bay is a shallow, useless sheet, and will be the finest quarter of Boston, when filled up and built upon.

THE Times states that the speculations in real estate in New York continue, and the rapid rise of prices in many cases has equalled the great operations of 1836.

THE Fresno Indians in California are killing their "medicine men." They declare them to be witches—that they cannot cure the sick, and that there will be no more rain or grass seen until they are exterminated. Seven or eight of their doctors have, in consequence, already suffered martyrdom.

A COMPANY of one thousand Germans is being formed on the Rhine and Moselle, with the intention of emigrating to Mariposa, California, and settling on Fremont's claim, for the purpose of mining and farming. Each of the one thousand members is to furnish $1,000, making a capital of $1,000,000, but they may dispose of $100 shares to third parties.

IF the figures in the London Times are correct, Great Britain uses more cotton than all the rest of the world. The proportions of the raw material used in the cotton consuming countries are: out of every hundred pounds Great Britain 51.28, France 13.24, Northern Europe 6.84, the United States 23.58, other countries 5.06.

THE Japanese officials have undertaken to learn English in five years, after which time all communications with that court are to be in our mother tongue. It is to be hoped that the authorities at the State Office in Washington will understand this to be a reciprocal duty, and that they will immediately apply themselves to the pleasant and useful task of mastering the Niphon dialect.

A NEW and valuable gold mine is said to have been recently discovered in Montgomery county, N. C., from which the owner, at an expense of $300, secured $30,000 worth of gold in three months.

A BILL has passed the House of Representatives of Georgia by a vote of 56 to 52, prohibiting the marriage of first cousins, under a severe penalty and cutting of the inheritance of issue.

REMARKABLE LONGEVITY.—In the town of Lodi, Seneca Co., N. Y., in one neighborhood, may be found four persons over 80 years of age, six over 76, and about the same number over 70. Three have died within the past few years who were over 90. In one family there are four brothers and a sister living, (two of the brothers now in Lenawee Co., Mich.,) whose ages respectively are 87, 83, 80, 77, and 69 years, making a total of 396 years. The wives of the four brothers are all living, two being over 80 years old, and the others respectively 72 and 68. They have been married an aggregate of over 300 years. One brother died a few years since nearly 70, and a sister over 73. One of the two brothers in Lodi has seen his great-grandchildren, and at the present time (at the advanced age of 83) "his eyes are not dim, nor his natural strength greatly abated," and he bids as fair to live in the full enjoyment of a good state of health and of mental faculties for many years, as at the age of 60. So writes a correspondent.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY BUSHELS OF CHARCOAL ON FIRE.—The Auburn *Advertiser*, of the 27th ult., says:—"At about 10 o'clock this morning a large pile of charcoal in the cellar of the American Hotel, consisting of some 150 bushels was discovered to be on fire. The fumes spread through the entire building, affecting the inmates to such a degree that they found it necessary to escape from the building, and some were much so much affected as to require a physician. If it had occurred in the night, when all in the house were asleep, it must have resulted in most shocking and fatal consequences."

BRAZIL.—Brazil now occupies a very respectable position in the list of powerful nations. Her government is stable and permanent. There is considerable popular liberty, and the masses of her people are progressing rapidly in civilization. Her military and naval resources are large. She has a fleet of sixty-two vessels of war, of which thirty are fine steamers. Her navy is more efficient and larger than ours. She has a standing army of 25,000 men, and her national guard numbers 400,000.

A NEW COUNTERFEIT BILL.—The Hamilton *Spectator* puts the public on their guard against counterfeit two dollar bills on the Bank of Upper Canada, that have recently made their appearance. They are produced by the photographic art, and are, of course *fac similes* of the genuine bills, in everything except the quality of the paper, and the dingy blackness of the coloring. They are easily detected by a comparison with the genuine notes, and by bearing in mind, also, that the paper is somewhat whiter in the bogus bills.

The News Condenser.

— Earthquakes are reported in Spain and Portugal.

— A Kentuckian has been marrying a Kickapoo squaw.

— Cholera is raging in Japan, and carrying off thousands.

— There are 35,000 places where alcohol is sold in Boston.

— The first shad has made its appearance in the Savannah River.

— D. Colbert has been elected Governor of the Chickasaw nation.

— Four otters were killed in Luzerne county, Pa., week before last.

— The corn crop in Italy is a failure, and prices there are on the rise.

— Influenza prevails to a considerable extent at present in Louisville, Ky.

— The Mayor of Philadelphia has ordered the arrest of all street beggars.

— There is a general agitation in Asiatic Turkey. Insurrections are frequent.

— More than 300 lads are seeking appointments at Albany as Legislative pages.

— There are five hundred applicants for the ten vacant cadetships at West Point.

— Santa Anna's wife has left him, and is now the "reigning belle" of Havana.

— Three small whales were captured a few days ago off Narragansett, Long Island.

— Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has been elected Lord Rector of the Glasgow University.

— Two lines of stages are already advertised to leave eastern Kansas for the gold region.

— Arrangements are new being made to commence washing for diamonds in Georgia.

— Nearly four hundred men were discharged from the Brooklyn Navy Yard Wednesday.

— The salaries of the clergy of the United States do not average five hundred dollars a year.

— There is at present $150,000 worth of dried fruit in Nashville, Tenn., awaiting shipment.

— A Kentucky drover says that he lost $3,000 in the gambling hells of New York last week.

— They are now talking of the Astor House as a suitable site for a post office in New York.

— One hundred thousand hides a month are shipped from the La Platte River, S. America.

— Watermelons and shad are among the luxuries of the Columbus, Geo., market at present.

— In the city of Milwaukee there are 13,000 children who are constant attendants at school.

— The population of Cincinnati in 1831 was 29,831; the city now has a population of 275,000.

— The public debt of the consolidated city of Philadelphia amounts to twenty millions of dollars.

— A Shoe Manufacturer in Boston has invented, and is making boots expressly for ladies to skate with.

— During October the coinage at the New Orleans mint amounted to $571,651, and the deposits $751,094.

— Meetings in the aid of the new reform government continue to be held in various parts of England.

— Pierre Descombe, a Frenchman, died at St. Roch, Canada, on the 15th ult., at the great age of 112 years.

— The Middlesex company at Lowell are making heavy woolen Balmoral skirts for the girls to skate in this winter.

— Three persons returning from Pike's Peak bring $300 or $400 in scale gold with them, found on Platte river.

— Col. Fremont's Mariposa claim yields from $1500 to $3,000 every week. The quartz mill is worked by steam.

— A bill has been reported in the North Carolina Legislature to remove the free colored population from the State.

— The Belgian journals record the marriage of four brothers to four sisters, celebrated at the same time, at Mons.

— A Black Hawk colt, five months old, was taken out in the steamship Canada, on the 1st. Its destination is Scotland.

— A Texas paper mentions having received a letter from a friend, accompanied with the scalp of a Camanche Indian.

— Two thousand mackerel were taken in one haul off Provincetown last week, and in three nights 10,000 were taken.

— A new Snow Shoe Club is being formed in Montreal which it is expected will compete successfully with the old one.

— A new census of the city of Raleigh, N. C., has been completed. The aggregate population, white and black, is only 4,352.

— Forty-two thousand bushels of potatoes have been received at the port of Boston, from the British provinces, since Nov. 22d.

— The California wine crop of this year promises to exceed in quantity, and excel in quality, the product of any previous vintage.

— General Scott, in his report, will, it is understood, recommend one or two additional regiments, to be used on the frontiers.

— The estate of the late Ebenezer Francis, of Boston, is found to amount to $3,483,000, of which sum $2,200,000 is cash on deposit.

— The Hartford, a fine United States steam sloop-of-war, was launched at the Charlestown, Mass., Navy Yard on Monday week.

— Mr. Foster Hale, the inventor of raised letters for the use of the blind, fell down dead on a pavement in Selma, Ala., on the 26th ult.

— On Christmas Day a large hog is to be guessed for in New Brunswick, N. J. The man who guesses nearest to his weight is to have him.

— The Pope has thrown British and Roman sportsmen into despair by decreeing that there shall be no more fox hunting at Rome.

— In the Cincinnati Common Pleas there are just now no fewer than *one hundred and seventy-five* applications for divorce on the docket.

— A pork packer of New Albany, Ind., it is stated, has cleared $15,000 this season on a single lot of hogs purchased by him at $5 net.

— A girl twelve years of age fell upon a pair of scissors in New York, while playing. The jugular vein was pierced, and she bled to death.

— A boy, eleven years of age, was arraigned before the Police Court at Boston, last week, charged with being a common drunkard.

— Mrs. Edwards was frightened to death in Washington, last week, by a dog attempting to seize her as she was passing along the street.

— Ricolomini is said to have received an offer of marriage from a fashionable and very young New Yorker, since her arrival in this country.

— On Thursday last messages were sent without interruption over the telegraph wires from New York to New Orleans, a distance of 1700 miles.

— A lady, eighty years of age, made the journey overland, from Illinois to California, via Salt Lake, and reached Sacramento in good health.

— Quite a number of Americans have died lately at Paris. Three corpses came in the Arago, Hon. B. F. Butler, Mr. Hodges, and Mr. Tuttle.

— A jury was burned in effigy at Springfield, Ky., last week, because they failed to convict on circumstantial evidence a man accused of murder.

Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

"EXCELSIOR!"

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In addition to the extra copies above offered, and any Premiums which we may hereafter offer for subscribers to the Tenth Volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, we will give to EACH of the *One Hundred Persons* sending the first lists of THIRTY or more yearly Subscribers to the RURAL after this date (remitting payment at our club rate—$1 25 per copy,) a bound volume of the RURAL for 1858, price $3,—*or* $2 in Agricultural Books, post paid.

To EACH of the *One Hundred Persons* sending the first lists of TEN, SIXTEEN or TWENTY Subscribers as above, remitting payment according to our terms, we will give either another extra copy of the RURAL, *or* $1 50 in Ag. Books, post paid, *or* a Gross of the Washington Medallion Pens, post paid, as preferred by the persons entitled.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

☞ PLENTY OF TIME!—In answer to two or three recent inquiries, we would state there is yet abundant time to secure the Liberal Gratuities we offer for the first 100 lists of 30 subscribers, and first 100 of 10, 16, or 20. Indeed, as club lists do not usually come in to any extent until after Dec. 1st, we presume all who remit before the 10th or 15th will be sure of the extra premiums, and perhaps those who send as late as the 20th or 25th. But as there are indications of a rush this year, competitors should remit as early as possible.

☞ ANY person who remits pay for a club of 10, 16 or 20 at the specified rates for such club, and adds a sufficient number within one month thereafter can avail himself of the advantage of the lower price of large club, and retain the amount overpaid. Thus, a person remitting $15 for 10 copies, could obtain 10 copies more within a month by sending only $11.

☞ THE RURAL AS A PRESENT.—Our readers are reminded that in all cases where the RURAL is sent to a distant friend or relative, as a present, we only charge the lowest club price, $1 25. Our lowest price for copies sent to Canada, is $1 37½, and to Europe, $2 25—the extra charge being for postage.

☞ IN ordering the RURAL please send us the best money conveniently obtainable, and do not forget to give your full address—the name of Post-Office, and also State, Territory, or Province.

"Rural" Letters from the People.

MANY School Teachers are aiding the RURAL materially. We have recently received several letters like unto this from Mr. WM. C. SWADDLE, of Kalamazoo Co., Mich:—"I am engaged in teaching, and as my facilities for circulating, and perhaps inducing some to subscribe for your valuable NEW-YORKER, are quite ample, I have thought it would be as great a benefit as lay in my power to confer to bring to the notice of the inhabitants of my district 'the merits and real worth' of this invaluable journal. I consider the Rural as almost indispensable to every family who would cultivate the tone of the higher and nobler feelings of the soul. If you see fit, you may send me a dozen or twenty copies, and I will distribute them."

MR. E. W. DAMON, of Saginaw Co., Mich., writes:—I have resolved that the RURAL shall have more attention and more subscribers in this place, as it deserves, for I am sure that all should take it, hard times or no hard times. Please send me a show-bill and a few numbers for distribution, and I will try to render a good account."

MR. THOS. J. MANRO, of Cayuga Co., after requesting some specimen numbers, show-bills, &c., writes as follows:—"You may expect three times as many names from this place as you have ever had. I have already a fair list. I have that confidence with the RURAL that I have offered it to some new subscribers on the condition that if they were not satisfied at the end of the year that they had received the worth of their money, I would refund it if they would return me the papers. Is it promising too much?" [No—you are right; we will endorse all such offers.]

THE "BOYS" are ardent friends of the RURAL, and doing their share to extend its circulation. After requesting show-bills, &c., to aid him in getting up a club, A. J. RUMSEY, of Genesee Co., writes:—"The RURAL is a great favorite among 'us boys,' and were it in my power I should like to place in the hands of every farmer,—and not every farmer only, but every family—in the United States. I take a great deal of pleasure in reading the RURAL, and hope some day, if GOD spares my life, to be a farmer. But I will close by wishing you and your invaluable paper a long life."

ONE of our former subscribers, who has located "Out West," in Illinois, sends pay for specimens, bills, &c., and says:—"I have read five regular papers during the present year, all of them literary sheets, except one, and filled up with trashy matter, such as love yarns, &c. Having become sick of such reading, for a change I have been looking over my old RURALS, and find such good reading in them that I have made up my mind that if I do not take but one paper next year, that one shall be the RURAL."

MR. A. HOAG, of Otsego Co., writes thus appreciatingly and encouragingly of the RURAL:—"As I have been a constant reader of your excellent paper ever since the days of its infancy, I feel great anxiety for its prosperity. We have never been a day without the ever-welcome weekly "RURAL" visitor since its commencement, nor would I be, let the price be what it may. I can truly say that I have anxiously watched its progress as, step by step, it has steadily advanced towards a state of the greatest perfection, and my expectations have been fully realized in the improvements of its appearance and worth of its contents. It has struggled nobly and bravely for supremacy, it has surmounted every obstacle that impeded its course, and gained for itself a wide-spread and honorable name, one we trust that will never be obliterated. I have often spoken to my friends and neighbors of the worth of the RURAL and urged them to become its supporters, but the most of their answers were, 'I should like the paper, but it comes so high I cannot afford it'—not thinking that it is a great deal cheaper than those seventy-five cent or dollar trashy sheets that they are willing to take and call cheap. If they could only once be induced to make the change, (which I am in hopes they soon will be,) I am sure they never would regret it, for it is a paper that meets the wants of every family, and all that have had a chance to read it, as far as I have heard, are loud in its praise. I was glad to see that you had reduced the club price, not but that it was well worth $1 50 and cheap, too, but now the people will have no excuse, and I am sure that a great many names will be added to your list. If you will please send me some specimen numbers, prospectuses, &c., I will go into it heart and hand, and form as large a club as possible, thereby benefiting my neighbors and enhancing the circulation of the RURAL."

Foreign Intelligence.

Arrival of the City of Washington.

A TELEGRAM dated St. Johns, N. F., 9th inst., says the screw steamship City of Washington, Capt Petrie, from Liverpool, on Wednesday, the 24th ult., passed Cape Race at 3 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon.

GREAT BRITAIN.—There was no news of the missing steamer Indian Empire. Insurance was being effected upon her at 25 per cent.

The London Morning Post, anti Ministerial, announces the recall of Lord Napier and the promotion of Mr. Lyons from Florence to Washington. It says the assigned cause of his recall, is Lord Napier's tendency in favor of the Monroe doctrine. The Globe, anti Ministerial, confirms the report, but says Lord Napier will have a European mission, the government merely making the change in the regular course of diplomatic promotion, being perfectly satisfied with Lord Napier's course.

The overdue ship Agincourt, with 70,000 ounces of gold, had arrived from Melbourne.

The Independence Belge says the English Cabinet have notified Holland of its refusal to assume a protectorate of Sarawak.

FRANCE.—The trial of Montalambert was commenced at Paris on the 24th.

The press had been specially forbidden to take notes. It is also forbidden to discuss religious topics.

The Sardinian government follows the example of France in storing corn.

Diplomatic relations were expected to be resumed between Prussia and Switzerland.

American agents were said to be persuading Denmark to sell St. Thomas and St. Johns Islands to the United States.

Commercial Intelligence.

BREADSTUFFS.—Flour shows a declining tendency though prices are nominally unchanged. Western canal 20s. Ohio 22s@24s. Wheat firm, with upward tendency. Quotations nominally 4s6d red Western. White 6s3d. Corn declining. Quotations nominal for mixed 28s. Yellow 29. White 31s@32s.

California Intelligence.

Arrival of the Quaker City.

THE Quaker City arrived at New Orleans on the 7th inst., with California dates of the 20th ult, via. the Tehuantepec route.

Business continues to improve at San Francisco. Eight ships had arrived from Atlantic ports during the fortnight.

The mails hence for San Francisco, via. Tehuantepec, reached their destination in eight days, including a detention of sixty hours at Acapulco. The Isthmus was in good condition.

Ten thousand letters had been sent from San Francisco by overland mail.

The State of California had sued Wells, Fargo & Co., for the $23 000 of the $90,000 in script stolen from the Treasury.

Mining was good. Rain was much needed, and cattle were suffering for want of food.

The application for the appointment of a Receiver for the New Admedian mines had been denied by the Federal Courts and the injunction continued.

Rents advancing and houses scarce. Business had improved, but the markets generally were unsettled.

A cargo of ice had arrived at Honolulu from Boston in good order. Thirty-seven Arctic whalers, with 20,500 barrels of oil, had also arrived.

THE FILLIBUSTERS MOVING.—A telegram dated Mobile, 6th inst., says:—"The schooner Susan, Captain Marcy, sailed from this port yesterday with one hundred and forty passengers and well provisioned, but without a clearance under pretence of being bound on a coasting voyage. Before reaching Mobile Point she was overhauled by an armed boat from the Cutter M'Clelland and stopped. The passengers on board threatened the Cutter man with violence, and refused to allow them to board her. Our Collector is awaiting instructions from the Treasury Department. Much indignation is manifested by the fillibusters and their friends."

Later intelligence chronicles the escape of the Susan on the 9th inst. The Revenue Cutter got aground, and when released the schooner was 400 miles on her route.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER—We take pleasure in referring our readers of all classes to the Prospectus of the Tenth Volume of this unequalled Agricultural, Horticultural, Literary and Family News paper. Our aim is good up-hill of it does often be-to-expressed but we need not now say we regard it as far the BEST as it has ever been the most extensively and largely circulated journal of its class in the world. This is strong language but an examination and comparison of its pages with those of any kindred publication will establish its truthfulness. The staff of able and practical writers throughout this section of the Union is recruited from six to three times greater than to any other Agricultural or similar journal, while the best qualities of its superior merits increase its popularity. The conductor of the RURAL speaks for one hundred thousand subscribers next year, and is entitled to full that number, as the paper is vastly increasing the prosperity and wealth of the People and the Country. The RURAL is not only adapted to the wants of our Rural Population, but is a welcome and useful visitor to thousands of homes in villages and cities, having become a decided favorite in both Town and Country.—*Rochester Daily Union and Advertiser*

Of all the agricultural journals in the Union, the one which pleases us the most, the one which we conceive as the most judicious, the most thorough and the best, is the RURAL NEW-YORKER. It is one of the best family newspapers we know of aside from the agricultural news and matter. It is a large paper, printed weekly, in the city of Rochester, at $2 per year. It has an immense circulation, and seems to supply just the demands an agricultural community has for such a journal. There is no paper from which we make extracts with more pleasure or with a greater sense that our readers will gain profit as well as pleasure thereby.—*Commercial, Monroe, Michigan.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.—We always open this beautifully printed paper with pleasure because we find in each number something useful, instructive and pleasing, while in point of *real merit* is worth a stack of the flashy, blood-and thunder catch penny weeklies of our eastern cities. Parents can safely place the RURAL in the hands of their children without fear of contamination, but them and at the same time with pleasure and profit. We would be glad to send Brother MOORE a generous list of subscribers from this county.—*Democrat, Chardon, Geauga Co., Ohio*

RURAL NEW YORKER.—We have had an exchange with this ably conducted paper for nearly a year, and can now see why it has such an extensive circulation. Too fact is, its leading Editor and proprietor knows what the public want and gets up a journal on Agriculture, Horticulture, &c., which the people will have. This is the secret of his success. We think, moreover, that it is a favorite with the ladies, and no paper can succeed without their good will.—*New's Letter, Westfield, Mass.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.—We call the attention of all our readers who desire a valuable Home Paper, to the Prospectus of MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, published in another column. It is the best Farmers' paper published in the Union. This is a broad assertion, but we make it knowingly and without the least hesitation. It is not only good for the farmer, but the "man in town" will find it invaluable.—*Star, Morgantown, Va.*

As an agricultural and family newspaper the RURAL NEW-YORKER takes the highest rank. It is not as might be inferred from its name, devoted to the interests of any one locality, but is widespread in its influence throughout the Union. It is entirely free from politics, and has every requisite to make it a welcome visitor.—*Inquirer, Jefferson City, Mo.*

RURAL NEW YORKER.—This excellent paper is out before us and like fresh newspaper. Its contents are just as the ability of the first order, its editorial tact and literary skill unsurpassed. It is certainly worthy the thirty or forty thousand subscribers it has, and the good name it has won.—*Journal, Fremont, Ia.*

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is not only an excellent Agricultural and Horticultural paper, but one of the best Literary and Family Newspapers in the land. It is a welcome visitor to thousands of homes in our villages and cities.—*Sentinel, Burlington, Vt.*

In some respects the RURAL is decidedly superior to any of its cotemporaries. It has a large talented well trained list of contributors, and every department of journalism is fully kept up to a high standard of merit.—*Democrat, Watertown, Wis.*

A FEW moments spent in reading the "RURAL" will dispel the darkest cloud of despondency that ever cast its shadow across the path of a mortal.—*Editor, Indianola, Iowa*

WE have not a better agricultural and family paper on our exchange list. After the "Cream" take "MOORE'S RURAL."—*Gazette, Hallowell, Maine.*

We question much whether, as a family newspaper, the RURAL NEW-YORKER has an equal, either in the old or new world.—*Farm and Workshop, Ohio*

Special Notices.

CROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

A New Style.—Price $50.

For sale at 495 Broadway, New York; 464 Broadway, Albany: 48 Genesee st., Utica; 22 South Salina st., Syracuse: 45 State st., Rochester, and in most of the Cities and Towns of the State of New York and the United States.

These Machines sew from two spools, and form a seam of unequalled strength, beauty, and elasticity, which will not rip, even if every fourth stitch be cut. They are unquestionably the best in the market for family use. 463] ☞ SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. [13

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester Dec. 14, 1858

FLOUR—Fancy brands of winter Wheat Flour show an advance of 25 cents per barrel. Spring remains as last quoted. Little is doing except to supply local demand.

GRAIN—In Wheat no alteration of prices. Corn shows a falling off of 4c per bushel from maximum rates of last week. Buckwheat is still advancing, having gained 2c per bushel upon our last rates quoted. Barley is unchanged in quotations and there is no one in market with an inclination to buy.

PROVISIONS—Heavy pork is still going up, while we note a decline of 25c per cwt. in light hogs. The market this morning is bare, the warm weather of the past two or three days having checked slaughtering. This A. M. is more like late spring than the middle of December. Shoulders (smoked) are in little better demand and have taken a start of $1 per cwt.

All other articles in our table of quotations are without change in rates.

Rochester Wholesale Prices.

FLOUR AND GRAIN	
Flour, winter wheat	$5 75@6 25
Do spring do	$4 75@5 25
Do Buckwheat ₰ cwt	$1 75
Wheat, Genesee	$1 10@1 15
Best white Canada	$1 12@1 25
Corn	56c
Rye, 60 lbs ₰ bush	62½c
Oats	40
Barley	60@65c
Buckwheat	60@65c
Beans	70@75c
MEATS	
Pork, Mess	$10 00@16 00
Do cwt	$5 50@7 00
Beef ₰ cwt	$4 00@5 00
Spring Lambs each	$1 50@2 00
Mutton (carcass)	2½
Hams, smoked	9@9½c
Shoulders	6@7c
Chickens	6c
Turkeys	7c
Geese	5½@44c
DAIRY, &c.	
Butter, roll	17@19c
Do firkin	16@18c
Cheese	8@9c
Lard, tried	9@10c
Tallow	6½@7c
Eggs, dozen	20c
Honey box	10@16c
Candles, box	12½@15c
FRUITS AND ROOTS	
Apples, bushel	50c@$1 00
Do dried	$1 25@1 50
Potatoes	25@40c
HIDES AND SKINS	
Slaughter	5½@6c
Calf	10c
Sheep pelts	50c@$1 25
Lamb do	35@63c
SEEDS	
Clover, bush	$4 00@4 50
Timothy	$2 00@2 25
SUNDRIES	
Wood, hard	$4 00@5 00
Do soft	$3 00@3 50
Coal, Lehigh	$5 75@6 25
Do Scranton	$5 00@5 50
Do Pittsburg	$5 00@5 50
Do Shamokin	$5 50@5 50
Do Char	18@25c
Salt, bbl	$1 30@1 35
Hay, ton	$7 00@11 00
Wool ₰ lb	25@45c
White fish, bbl	$6 50@7 00
Codfish ₰ quintal	$4 75@5 00
Trout, bbl	$6 50@7 00

Produce and Provision Markets.

NEW YORK, Dec 13.—Flour—Market less active and prices without change. The transactions were restricted by the storm today and sales at $4 25@4 50 for common to choice super State, $4 90@5 10 for extra State, $4 35@4 80 for superfine Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and Iowa, $4 90@5 20 for common to good medium and extra do $5 30@5 50 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—market closing firm and steady. Canadian unchanged, sales $5 10@6 25 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—The Wheat market continues firm and quiet. There is no export demand and only limited inquiry for home consumption. Holders do not press their stocks on the market. Sales red Southern at 109@112c. Rye scarce and held firm at 74c for choice North River. Barley quiet and pretty firm at 70@82c. Oats easier, sales at 75@77c for new and 80@86c for prime mixed western. Oats firm at 49@51c for State, 52@56c for Western and Canada.

PROVISIONS—Pork heavy and rather easier. Sales at $17 50@18 00 for mess, $14 00@14 25 for prime, including 1500 bbls mess for March and June del. at $18. Dressed hogs less active at 7¼@7½c for prime corn fed. Lard market dull and heavy, sales at 11¾@11¾c. Butter is selling at 12@19c for Ohio, 16@23c for State—Cheese at 8@9¾c, as to quality.

BUFFALO, Dec 13.—Flour—The unfavorable state of the weather during the last week has had a tendency to keep down transactions this morning consist only of dealers' loads at previous rates.—In the afternoon of Saturday, about 300 bbls were disposed of at $5 for extra Wisconsin and Illinois, $5 25@5 50 for good to choice brands extra Michigan, Ohio and Indiana, and $5 75@6 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat in limited milling request, with sales by the car load at $1 18 for white Michigan, and 74c for Chicago spring. Corn in a small way at 74@75c. Oats firm at 53c. Barley—Prime Canadian held at 70@73c, and Western at 62@65c. Rye quiet and nominal at 70c.

PROVISIONS—No change. Heavy mess held at $17, and light do at $16. Prices for dressed hogs are sustained, the demand being active at 7¾@8¼c according to weight.

CHICAGO, Dec 11.—Flour—Firm, but buyers are holding off. Sales to-day white wheat at $5,50. Spring extras nominal at $4,50@4,50.

GRAIN—Wheat—Winter—In good demand for millers. Sales were 1,000 bu No 1 red on p t. Spring—More active, 2,500 bu No 2 spring, in lots at 65c in store, 901 bu do at 63c on track in bulk, 300 bu rejected at 48c in store, 3,0 bu do at 51c in store, 300 bu do at 51c on track in bulk. Corn—Very scarce and in good demand by distillers. Sales to-day new at 52c ₰ 56lbs delivered on cars; do at 54c ₰ 56 lbs delivered on cars, do in bags at 54c ₰ 60 lbs on track; car corn at 47c on track. Distillers are offering 57c ₰ 60 lbs for new shelled corn at depot. Oats—In good demand for shipment to St Louis. Sales to-day old crop at 52c in bags, new crop at 46c in groaries. Rye—55@60c ₰ 56 lbs at depot. Barley—Dull and nominal at 45@65c in store.

CINCINNATI, Dec 11.—Flour—The market is unchanged, with a moderate demand, sales at $4,50@5 for choice to extra.

HOGS—The market opens dull, and prices again lower and irregular, 900 head sold at $3,75@5,75.

PROVISIONS—2,000 obls mess pork sold at $17 50, to be delivered the last ten days of this month, and 1 00 bbls on the spot at the same rate. Green hams from block are selling at 8c.

CINCINNATI Dec 9—The market for hogs has been pretty firmly sustained during the week, and the closing prices do not vary materially from the rates current on last Tuesday. Yesterday afternoon, however, buyers hesitated a good deal, but holders maintained their courage, and purchasers were found among the outsiders, if not in the regular ranks of packers, at full [illegible] for the week, [illegible] the average of which was 139 to 140 lbs, at $6 00. According to the *Price Current* the receipt of hogs for the week reaches 68,930; for the season 231 442. This is much in excess of any year in the five past.—*Gazette.*

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 9—About 24,000 hogs have been slaughtered thus far. The ruling prices are $6 for hogs averaging 200 lbs, $4 25 for those averaging 225 lbs, $6 30 for 150 lbs, and so on up to $6,50.—*Sentinel.*

The Wool Markets.

BOSTON, Dec. 9—Pleece and pulled, in good demand, with sales of 144,000 lbs at full prev ous prices. In foreign there have been sales of 200 bales Mediterranean, and some Cape and Australian at various prices, as to quality. The auction sale of [illegible] Mediterranean on Wednesday last was well attended. The lots were sold at low figures, but the Wool generally was poor of its kind, and, quality considered, the prices realized were very good, and fully sustain the recent advance in this market.

Saxony and Merino	50@58	Western mixed	36@42
Full blood	44@48	Smyrna washed	17@26
Half and ¾ blood	37@41	Do unwashed	10@17
Com to ¼ blood	35@36	Syrian	16@21
Pulled extra	45@50	Cape	20@25
Do superfine	40@43	Canvas	9@17
Do No 1	35@40	Buenos Ayres	24@42
Do No 2	1	Peruvian washed	28@35

Marriages.

AT Scottsville, on the 1st inst, at the residence of the bride's father, by H W Hyde Esq. GEO F. HERENDEEN, of Farmington, and Miss EDA ESTER, of Wheatland.

New Advertisements.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—Twenty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, and headed—Fifty Cents a Line, each insertion, IN ADVANCE. ☞ The circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far exceeds that of any similar journal in America or Europe, rendering it altogether the best Advertising Medium of its class.

AGENTS WANTED.—To sell 25 new Inventions and Recipes. Every person should have them. For a brief notice of each, address H. S. CASWELL, Alden, N. Y. 467

Farms for Sale.

FROM 75 to 500 Acres of farming Land, with Buildings Fruit, Timber, &c., on it. For sale in Yates Co., N. Y. Terms liberal. Inquire of J. M. CLARK, West Dresden, N. Y. 467-3t

Work for the Winter!

A LIMITED number of Agents, male or female, will be employed. By enclosing a stamp or a three cent piece, we send full particulars as to the business. Our Agents have averaged $114 per month for the past eighteen months. 467-5t S. M MYRICK & CO., Lynn, Mass.

JUST PATENTED.—A Gate for Farms, Country Seats, and City Yards. Opened with a single cord, from any vehicle, against wind, or raised over snow without alighting in mud, or storm, or leaving unhitched teams, usually without stopping. Will not sag, cannot be opened by any stock, suited to all locations, of cheap and reliable construction. For Rights, address 467-2t J. A. TREAT, Tallmadge, Ohio

The Coleman Farm Mill,

THE wonder and admiration of the age; every farmer his own miller. GREAT SAVING OF TIME AND EXPENSE. The only successful Metalic Mill ever invented for making Buckwheat and family Flour. It can be run by Horse, Steam, Wind or Water-Power.

Price with Belts arranged, for sifting Corn Meal for family use while grinding.....$50

Price with Bolting Machine attached, for making Family Flour.....$75

Descriptive Circulars can be had, or the Mill can be seen in operation at the Office of the "Coleman Farm Mill Company," Tribune Building, No 7 Spruce street, New York, where all orders will receive prompt attention. 467-26t MARTIN THATCHER, Sec'y.

Frolic Master for Every Household.

THE SOCIABLE;

Or, One Thousand and One Home Amusements.

CONTAINING Acting Proverbs, Dramatic Charades, Acting Charades, or Drawing room Pantomimes, Musical Burlesques, Tableaux Vivants, Parlor Games, Games of Action, Forfeits, Science in Sport and Parlor Magic, and a Choice Collection of Curious Mental and Mechanical Puzzles, &c.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NEARLY
300 ENGRAVINGS AND DIAGRAMS

The whole being a fund of never-ending entertainment, calculated for the use of family parties, the fireside circle or those social gatherings among friends and neighbors, which pass away the winter evenings with so much animation and delight. By the author of "The Magician's Own Book." Nearly 400 pages, 12mo. Price, cloth, gilt side stamp, $1.

It is impossible for any company to exhaust all the sources of irreproachable mirth, and mutual enjoyment produced in this volume. Published by DICK & FITZGERALD, No. 18 Ann St., New York.

Also, for sale by all Booksellers in this place.

Copies of the above book sent by mail, to any address, free of postage, on receipt of One Dollar. 467

Agricultural Steam Kettle.

SAVE YOUR MONEY, GRAIN, LABOR, TIME and FUEL. The undersigned manufactures a Cauldron steamer, Heater or Cooker, which, for simplicity, safety and general adaptability has no equal. This consists of a cast iron Cauldron, arranged with reference to the greatest economy of heat and fuel, and calculated for setting in brick work in a manner so simple as to be understood by farmers or any mechanical person.—For heating water for hog slaughtering, family washing, tanners' or dyers' vats, hotel laundries, or wherever rapid, convenient and economical boiling is desirable, the advantages of this useful device are conspicuously manifested. The steam is rapidly generated in the Cauldron, and conveyed through vulcanized pipes into the boxes, tanks, barrels tubs or whatever convenient vessels best suit the operator, or the several operations of heating, steaming, boiling and cooking, may proceed simultaneously, with scarcely more fuel than is required for a cook stove. The possession of one by a farmer enables him to cook his ground feed, pumpkins or potatoes for stock, steam the chopped hay, stalks or straw, heat water for the family washing, or fast enough to scald three hundred hogs per day. Price for the three sizes respectively, $45, $65 and $60. Catalogues, with descriptions, together with full treatise on the Sorgho Sugar Cane, will be forwarded on receipt of three postage stamps. HEDGES, FREE & CO., 467 Cincinnati, Ohio

The "Little Giant" Corn Crusher.

THE advantages to farmers and feeders from possession of a compact, portable Plantation Mill, with which they can crush corn and cobs for stock, or prepare coarse grits and hominy from corn or other grain, for family use or feeding, no one well informed can question. The "Little Giant" is a cast iron mill of this class very efficient, simple and durable. It is made in such manner as to be readily set up and regulated by any sensible farmer, and once arranged may be safely intrusted to a boy. Being constructed with due regard to mechanical principles it performs its work rapidly, and in a superior manner. It is now favorably known in nearly every State of the Union, but is recommended best, perhaps, by the fact of having outlived the numerous imitations which worthless persons have endeavored to vend in places where its popularity was established. It is sold, complete, ready to stake to ground and pitch team to, as follows: Two-coned, one-horse size, capable of grinding six to eight bushels of feed per hour, $25. Three coned, two horse mill, very stout, and will grind fifteen to twenty bushels, $50. We will mail to any one sending us three postage stamps our catalogue containing a full consideration of the economy of feeding ground, unground, raw and cooked grain, also embodying treatise on the new sugar cane and manual of its manufacture. HEDGES, FREE & CO., 467 Cincinnati, Ohio.

MOREHEAD'S

MAGNETIC PLASTER

The Great Strengthener and Pain Destroyer.

THE best and cheapest Household Remedy in the World. Simple and pleasant in its application, certain and effectual in its results. A beautiful, scientific, external Curative, applicable for the relief of Pain at any time, in any place, in any part of the human system, and under all circumstances. If you put this plaster any where, if Pain is there, the Plaster will stick there until the Pain has vanished. The Plaster magnetizes the Pain away, and

PAIN CANNOT EXIST WHERE THIS PLASTER IS APPLIED.

Rheumatism, Lameness, Stiffness, Weakness, Debility, Nervousness, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Cramps and Colic, Pains and Aches generally all known over to Consumption IMMEDIATELY RELIEVED and warmth imparted. PERMANENTLY CURED by the magical influence of the MAGNETIC PLASTER. It is the simplest, surest, safest, pleasantest and cheapest remedy in existence. Its application is universal—equally to the strong man, the delicate woman, and the feeble infant. To each and all it will prove a Balm and a Blessing. Its use is agreeable, and without annoyance or trouble. Its price is within reach of all—rich or poor, all may have it and all should have it who are sick, and suffering in any way.

FARMERS should be always supplied with this invaluable PLASTER. It will be the Good Physician in any household, ready at all times, and at instant notice.

Put up in air-tight tin boxes. Each box will make six to eight plasters and any child can spread them. Price 25 cents a box, with full and plain directions.

D. C. MOREHEAD, M. D.,
Inventor and Proprietor, 19 Walker St., New York.

MOREHEAD'S MAGNETIC PLASTER IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS in every City, Town and Village in the United States. 467ecowlt

The Best Juveniles of the Season,
ARE
POOR AND PROUD;
Or the Fortunes of Katy Redburn.

BY Cousin [illegible] "All Aboard," [illegible] One [illegible] of Lifting.

Price, in muslin, 62½ cents.

We would confidently recommend this book to the notice of all young people. It is written in a style which cannot fail to interest [illegible] no one can commence the book and lay [illegible] finished. Parents may rest assured that the [illegible] with children [illegible] and that [illegible] The incidents [illegible] Indians, Irish, Integrity and Perseverance are [illegible] and read the book without being amused, instructed [illegible]

This is a new and beautiful edition of the author's former works, THE BOAT BUILDER, ALL ABOARD! NOW OR NEVER, and THE CHAMPION. Each volume illustrated by Billings—Price 50 cents.

WALTER BEYTON, a Story of Virginia Life. Illustrated by [illegible]. Price 50 cents.

KARL KINGLER. A beautiful book for Boys and Girls.—Illustrated by Hoppin. Price 50 cents.

NEW ADDITIONS OF THE ROLLO BOOKS. By Rev. JACOB ABBOTT. Fourteen vols. Illustrated. In neat box.—Price $7 00.

THE ROLLO STORY BOOKS. By the same Author.—Twelve vols in box. Designed for younger children. Price $5.

THE SUNNY-SIDE SERIES. Comprising [illegible] *Hopes, Blue Bills, Last Leaf from Sunny-Side, Ironsides, The Two, Hearts and Faces, City Side.*

The reputation of these books is too well known to need any commendation, and all who do not own them will find no better books.

THE VACATION STORY BOOKS. Comprising *Minny, Carrie [illegible], Mary Hoo[illegible], Lizzie [illegible], Lena [illegible], Worth and Wealth, Contentment Great Rewards.*

These books are written [illegible] children's books in the country. Great care has been taken in [illegible] the books. Each volume is beautifully illustrated, and they are sold separately or together. Price, per vol., 50 cents.

Any of the above books sent by mail post-paid, upon receipt of price. PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & CO.,
467 PUBLISHERS, Boston, Mass.

ONTARIO MUSIC SCHOOL.

THIS INSTITUTION, for Instruction on the Piano, Organ, Melodeon, Guitar, Violin, and in Vocal Music and Harmony, is situated in a beautiful village, healthful, quiet and pleasant—and provides a more thorough course of MUSICAL INSTRUCTION than has before been offered on this Continent. For the only superior advantages in many respects, being under the superintendence of Teachers who have spent several years with [illegible] and graduated with the highest honors. Terms for [illegible] commence as follows:

March 3d, June 24, Sept 1st, Dec 1st. Pupils can enter at any time during the term. Pupils can be accommodated in the family of the Principal, at the rate of $60 per Term—including board, tuition, use of piano, washing, fuel and light. For further particulars, and all necessary information, address MISS C. M. SCOTT, Canandaigua, Ontario Co., N. Y., 1858. 467tf

REFERENCES—Rev. A. H. Lung, Geo M. Chapman, P. M. N. J. Milliken, J. J. Mattison, E. M. Reynolds, and Dr. E. B. Cheney, Canandaigua, Rev. Edward Benedict, Bath, N. Y., Rev. F. Cunliffe, Wellsburgh, Pa.; S. P. Fairman, F. A. Deyo, Elmira, N. Y., Chickering & Sons, Boston, Mass.

HOLIDAY TRADE.

WE BEG LEAVE TO INFORM YOU THAT ON Monday, Dec. 20th, we shall place on sale the largest and by far the cheapest assortment of

EMBROIDERIES, HOSIERY, GLOVES, &c.,

designed expressly for our Holiday sales. These goods have been recently purchased, and consist in part, of

SETTS,

BOOK SETTS WITH CUFFED SLEEVES,
BOOK SETTS WITH FLOWING SLEEVES,
BOOK SETTS WITH FRILLED SLEEVES,
JACONET SETTS WITH CUFFED SLEEVES,
JACONET SETTS WITH FLOWING SLEEVES,
JACONET SETTS WITH FRILLED SLEEVES.

COLLARS,

JACONET COLLARS, SWISS COLLARS,
TAMBOUR COLLARS, LACE COLLARS,
MISSES COLLARS.

MOURNING,

CRAPE SETTS BLACK,
CRAPE SETTS WHITE,
CRAPE COLLARS BLACK,
CRAPE COLLARS WHITE,
CRAPE VEILS,
CRAPE ENGLISH YARD,
CRAPE FRENCH YARD.

BLACK LACE VEILS

in almost every variety, both Demi and Long, and at prices ranging from 75 cents to $10.

IN HOSIERY AND GLOVES

our stock contains variety sufficient to gratify the most difficult taste. These goods were selected with especial reference to our Holiday sales, and we cordially invite you to examine the quality, work and price.

HUBBARD & NORTHROP,
69 & 71 Main St., Rochester, N. Y.
Rochester, N. Y., Dec 6, 1858. 466

Grade Bull for Sale.

HALF HEREFORD and one-quarter Durham, five years old, [illegible] about twenty-three hundred. His mother [illegible] and has also a heifer [illegible] $100
466-2t E. G. PECKHAM, Wright's Corners, N. Y.

Cattle, Sheep and Swine for Sale.

ONE Devon Bull 2 yrs old, price $110; 1 Yearling Bull $100; 2 bull calves, $30 and $70, 2 cows 4 yrs old, $120 and $125, 1 heifer, 2 yrs $120; 1 yearling heifer $110; 1 heifer call, $65. All from choice stock and perfect pedigree.

Also, 20 Spanish ewes and 1st prize buck, price $250—or a less number $10 each for ewes, $25 for buck.

Also, 4 South Down ewes and a yearling buck $100. Also, 2d prize Suffolk boar $25, and sows $15, mated $25, very fine.

Terms cash on delivery. E. G. COOK.
Rural Hill, Jefferson Co., N. Y., Dec 3, 1858. 466

Milch Stock in Kentucky.

I WISH to sell a portion of my *Alderney, Jersey, or Devon Cattle*, they are of Pure Blood, and a part of them of my own importation. Address [464] JOHN B POYNTZ, Maysville, Ky.

Prince Albert Potatoes.

A SMALL quantity of these justly celebrated Potatoes for sale by the subscriber. Price $1 50 per bushel, delivered at Batavia Depot. If packed in barrels or boxes, one shilling per bushel additional will be charged to cover cost of package.
464-6t Address P. P BRADISH, Batavia, Gen Co., N. Y.

ALBERT COLBY & CO.,
At 20 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.,

ORIGINATORS of the Gift Book Business, have now ready a new Catalogue, which will be *sent free to any address*, and it will show up those humbugs in New York and Philadelphia, who falsely pretend to have originated the gift business, and who pretend to give away $100 dollar watches, but do not do it, and who dishonestly send to their customers damaged books, and brass watches and jewelry instead of gold, but, "honesty is the best policy." Get a Catalogue and read it. Good Books without Gifts for half the usual prices.—Book Agents wanted. 464-4t

Lithographs and Paintings.

AS my Father JOSEPH PRESTELE from Ebersee has discontinued the business here in Painting and Lithographing and removed to Iowa I have carry it on the same as heretofore. I keep constantly on hand a beautiful selection of painted FRUITS and FLOWERS, taken from Nature, at $25 per hundred copies. Orders may be addressed to ROBERT HAFELE, 364½ Main St. Buffalo, N. Y. HENRY PRESTELE, Painter and Lithographer.

Wooden Water Pipe.

THIS PIPE is made of pine sconting, each section 8 feet long, the usual size is 3½ inches square with a bore of 1½ inches—The ends are jointed so that when laid down the entire course is water-tight.

This is the best and cheapest pipe to use for water courses of every description. Manufactured and for sale by
463tf I. S. HOBBIE & CO.,

Choice Poetry.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BIGOTRY.

BY G. C. BRADDON.

The man who does a holy face,
And with a holy tone
Denounces all the human race
Whose creed is not his own.
No matter what his creed may be,
Betrays a narrow mind,
And sees not what he seems to see,
And honors not his kind.

To arrogate superior airs
Of sense and moral health,
And preach or teach that he who dares
To differ from yourself,
Is sin-diseased and bound for hell
While you are bound for heaven,
Proves not that you are safe and well,
Nor proves him unforgiven.

Whatever else we may presume,
Men can be only men,
And should not flauntingly assume
To have an angel's ken;
Which puny sighted bigots do,
In reverential ways,
And it suffices them in lieu
Of sense, and sometimes—grace.

The Sketch-Book.

Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker

LIZZIE MASON'S CHRISTMAS.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

Lizzie Mason sat at the window of her father's large and richly furnished drawing-room, and, with her cheek pressed tightly against her jeweled fingers, gazed out upon the street. The snow was packed, crisp and hard, and the clear, winter sunshine seemed to have no effect but to brighten it, while the sleighs, which flitted hither and thither, laden with the rich and the fair, attested the enjoyment of the pleasure-loving city. Lizzie's very pretty face was darkened by a frown, and the look of resignation which wreathed her mouth would have done credit to a martyr. Something had evidently gone wrong that morning, and from the fact that there was to be a large ball on Christmas Eve, and that Lizzie held in her hand a roll of bills, we can easily surmise that she had just received a long lecture from her father on the extravagance of women in general, and his only daughter in particular, winding up with the very reluctant bestowal of fifty dollars or more for the wished-for occasion.

A little cutter, light as thistle down, and heaped with furs, dashed by, and Lizzie starts up just in time to receive a gallant bow from a fine-looking young man, and a smiling glance from a gaily dressed lady seated by his side.

"Well, there! I wonder what disagreeable thing will happen next!" she exclaimed aloud. "I thought I had had enough to vex me for one day at least. Now, there goes Ned Ritchie in his handsome sleigh with that detestable Kate Wells! I would not care if he was alone, but with her—O, dear, I wish I had never seen him! What a fool I have been to think he cared anything about me.—And what a triumphant look she gave me with those black eyes that Ned so much admires,—I could have crushed her! Heigh-ho! I don't suppose it entered his mind that *I* might like to ride this lovely morning."

The sequel to this most charming soliloquy was, that the young lady slammed the door after her, and was soon in the enjoyment of a copious shower of tears in her own room. We must try to excuse her for she was only eighteen, just from school, and Ned was her favorite among several admirers of herself and her father's money. As is generally the case, half her bitter feelings were swept away with the flood, and were replaced by more sensible thoughts. She wiped her eyes with a resolution which was truly commendable, and having looked in the glass to see that her face was not *very* red, she resumed her seat in the comfortable arm-chair, and thus reflected:

"How foolish I am! Why should I care for Ned Ritchie? True, he knows more, appears better, is more agreeable than any other gentleman that I know, but if I live, I dare say, I shall see plenty more as good. Eighteen last March,—it seems a good many years, but it isn't so very old after all,—so I've time enough before me to see any number of people I should like better.

"I'm afraid I'm very wicked and selfish. Because papa looked distressed and grumbled some when I asked for the money for my ball dress, I looked cross, and I know I said some unkind words, for papa looked back when he went out and said, with such a sorry look, 'Lizzie, I wonder sometimes if you care anything about your father except when he hands out money for your pleasure?'

"I don't think that was fair, — he knows I think everything of him, and if he had not felt cross he would never have thought of it. Perhaps I *am* extravagant,— all the girls are,— but he is partly to blame for that, for he never denies me anything. He says that my education has cost so much that I ought to economize now, but now is the very time when I want money, if ever I shall, for I have just entered society, and it is expected that I shall appear as well as the rest. Dear me, I sometimes wish I was poor!"

"Do you?" said a pleasant voice, in reply to the last sentence, which was impatiently spoken aloud, and turning hastily, Lizzie met Mrs. Russell, a widow lady who was formerly her governess, and to whom she was much attached.

"I came right up, and have knocked twice, but I presume you did not hear me. How cozy and warm it is here! O, Lizzie, you would know how to appreciate your delightful home if you had been where I have this morning. I think no one can truly value the blessings they enjoy until they have contrasted them with the situation of those less fortunate."

"Tell me about it, Mrs. Russell—you are always engaged in some charitable work. Who are your last proteges?"

"You remember Tom Flynn, who used to be Mr. Vandenhoff's gardener, and who takes care of your father's lot in Greenwood? Poor Tom!—He has not had any steady employment this two months, and I fear he is getting into bad habits. On Saturday he went off with a party of men in a sleigh. The sleigh was upset, and Tom was picked up by a farmer and brought home, having frozen both of his feet so badly as to be useless for a while.

"They are very poor, having scarcely the necessaries of life, and their fuel will not last a week longer. His wife does the best she can, but she is a poor, ignorant woman, with half a dozen little ones. O, dear! our city is full of just such, and when I look around me my heart aches to think how they will have to suffer this winter in spite of all that will be done for them.

"But I must go,—I stopped to take a peep at you, on my way to the widow Taylor's. Her two youngest children have had the scarlet fever. How I pity Mary! She is just your age, Lizzie, and a lovely girl, but she is a perfect martyr to the family. Her mother is not strong, and has her hands full, so that Mary pretty much supports them all on the scanty proceeds of her school teaching."

"Don't be in a hurry, Mrs. Russell. Wait a moment, and I will go with you as far as Broadway. I was going to Stewart's to look at some laces, and I should be glad of your company on the way."

Taking a coach down Fifth Avenue to Broadway, Mrs. Russell got out at Spring street, telling Lizzie that if she would accompany her she would not stay long, and would then go with her to Stewart's. Lizzie had but a moment to think about it, and before she fairly thought whether she wished to go or not, she was on her way.

Mrs. Taylor lived on Centre street, near Spring, in a house which had once been a handsome brick residence, but like hundreds of others in New York, have fallen into decay, (as other quarters of the city became more fashionable,) and are now either cheap boarding houses, or are rented out to several families. Mrs. Taylor occupied the lower story and basement of that in which she lived.

It was their dinner hour, and she came from the kitchen to meet her visitors with a care-worn look that bespoke sleepless watchings by a sick bed and countless cares by day. Lizzie was shocked,—and with natural delicacy she withdrew her attention from them, that she might not give pain by her apparent interest in the poor woman and her conversation. Glancing around the room she saw that, though poorly furnished, it contained several little articles of feminine taste, such as a work-box, a vase or two, and on the table lay some daguerreotypes. She took up one. It was the fair and smiling face of a girl of not more than fourteen years, and seemed strangely familiar. The next which she opened seemed the same face, but there was such an anxious, prematurely thoughtful look about it that Lizzie thought it might almost be the mother of the other. On the table lay a book—*Pope's Essay on Man*—and turning carelessly to the fly-leaf, Lizzie read "Mary Taylor—Miss Porter's Select School, Aug, 1849."

"Why!" she exclaimed, but checking herself instantly, no notice was taken of her surprise, and in a few moments they went out.

Stewart's splendid assortment seemed to have lost its charms for Lizzie that morning, else she was absent-minded, for nothing suited her, and after turning over quantities of needle-work and flouncings, she went away, saying she would look at them some other day.

All that afternoon Lizzie seemed in a dream, and her fingers lingered so long over the rich slippers which she was embroidering, that she would never have finished them at that rate. She was thinking of a little, rosy-cheeked girl with beautiful curls, who used to be the pet and playmate of the girls at Miss Porter's school. The Mary Taylor that Lizzie used to know when she was about twelve years of age, was such a bright, happy child, that it seemed impossible to identify her with the pictures that she had that morning seen. Yet they must be the same. There was the old school-book from which the older girls had read and parsed, and there, in the picture of the young girl, were the same bright eyes, but the curls were gathered up. Could Mary have grown to be like that pale, thoughtful woman, whose face had looked up from the picture case with an appealing expression? She remembered that Mary had a father then, but she had neither seen or heard anything of her since they left New York for the West, years ago.

Thinking thus, Lizzie looked around her, and the contrast between the after-lives of the two girls, could not but rise strongly before her. On retiring she sat down, as was her wont, to read a portion of Scripture, a practice acquired at boarding-school, and continued from respect to her teacher. It was the large family Bible, and had been her mother's. Turning to Ecclesiastics of the Apocrypha, she read for the first time these words:

"Prosperity and adversity, life and death, poverty and riches, come of the Lord."

They spoke like a spirit voice in answer to her thoughts. Never had the idea come home to her so entirely as now, that all she was and all she enjoyed, she owed to the goodness of God, and not to any merit of her own. We will not intrude upon her thoughts, for they were too sacred, and when at length she sought her pillow, it was in a more humble and serious frame of mind than for a long time before.

When Lizzie met her father at breakfast, it was with a kiss and a smile so sunny, that he could not help saying, "So, I suppose the new dress is fairly underway, you look so unusually joyful?" But she only answered with a knowing shake of the head.

It was the day before Christmas, and Lizzie had been out all the morning. She had been to their grocer's and ordered a bushel basket full of packages of tea, coffee, and eatables, to be sent to Tom Flynn's family. Had sent an order to the wood-yard for a load of wood for them, and, accompanied by her house-keeper, had selected a joint of meat, with vegetables, for their Christmas dinner. But that fine turkey, the barrel of flour, and those two large mince pies, were sent to Mrs. Taylor, who little thought who the donor could be. Lizzie's purchases had been made out of the money which her father gave her for her ball dress, and though it was not half gone, there was not now enough for the dress; but Lizzie seemed to have forgotten that. Having purchased a few useful articles as Christmas gifts to the servants, she returned home apparently quite happy.

When the gas was lighted in the library, Lizzie descended with the slippers in hand, and opening the door softly, before her father was aware of her presence, she placed the slippers on his feet saying, "See, papa, your Christmas gift!"

"Why, Lizzie! I thought you went to the ball.—What does this mean?"

"It means that I preferred to stay with you. But you don't say how you like the slippers."

"Why they're beauties! Warm as toast! But I don't see yet, why you didn't go. Have you and Ned quarrelled?"

Lizzie blushed, but answered frankly, "O, no; but when I came to think it over, I thought fifty dollars was a good deal to spend on one evening's amusement, so when Ned came to ask me, I told him I should be happy to go with him, but I had concluded to give up this ball. You see I have grown economical."

"Have? hey! Well, I can't see yet; but, however, where is the money?"

"Here it is, or most of it, I have spent part." As she spoke, she laid the bills on his knee.

"Come, puss, give an account of all this, for I know you keep something back."

Glad of a listener, Lizzie told the whole story, and when she had finished, her father wiped his eyes suspiciously, and said, "Here, child, take the money back, you use it better than I should. You haven't bought near enough. Don't you want to make this girl a Christmas present? I have it!—send her a note, telling her you heard from Mrs Russell that they had returned to the city, and you want her to spend the day with you to-morrow, then you can cheer her up so she will grow young fast."

Lizzie needed no second bidding. She wrote a kind note, referring to old times and associations, and assuring her poor friend of a cordial welcome.

When her father had read the note, he said:—"But, Lizzie, child, there is one thing, perhaps she will not come. You know we live on Fifth Avenue, and in such style as befits our circumstances, and she may feel delicate about the contrast. Perhaps she has not clothes that are suitable. Now, I'll tell you what we had better do. It is not late, we will send the note by Timothy, and we will go out to-night and get some nice articles, and have them sent right away."

It was a new delight to Lizzie, and the enjoyment was doubled by her father's hearty participation.

The frosty air, the brilliantly lighted and thronged streets, the gay stores, and jingling sleigh-bells, all combined to furnish a scene so exciting as to make Lizzie's eyes dance, and her cheeks glow with animation. She could not have looked more beautiful at the ball, and I presume Ned Ritchie thought so, judging from the admiring look he gave her as he passed them. Lizzie was surprised to see him, and could not help wondering if he had absented himself on account of her refusal to accompany him to the ball.

That night a large bundle was left at the widow Taylor's for Mary. With eager, trembling hands, she untied the strings, wondering who could so befriend those who had long been nearly friendless.

A warm blanket shawl, a woolen dress with materials for making, a worsted hood, and a pair of white mittens, two pairs of woolen stockings, and a piece of cotton cloth, comprised the contents. Poor girl! She was quite overcome, and had not recovered her composure when Lizzie's note was handed her. Having read it over and over again, she was half inclined to think that she had found out their benefactor, but still in doubt, she retired to rest with fervent prayers for whoever it might be.

Never had she spent so delightful a day as the Christmas which Lizzie and her father made "merry" for her. This was but the beginning of happy days for her, and she was no longer at a loss to know who were her secret friends.

And Lizzie was no less happy. It is a remarkable property of benevolence, that the more and the wider it is shed abroad, the more it returns to enrich and bless the heart of its possessor. Then Lizzie had another, though inferior, source of happiness, in the fact that her father told her, just before the holidays were over, that a young fellow named Edward Ritchie had been trying to coax his daughter away from him, and, really, the poor man seemed to want her so much, that he had fairly wrung a consent out of him.

Curiosities of the Earth.—At the city of Modena, in Italy, and about four miles around it, wherever the earth is dug, when the workmen arrive at a distance of sixty-three feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an auger, five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is removed, and, upon its extraction, the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence, and quickly fills this newly-made well, which continues full, and is affected neither by rains nor drouths. But what is most remarkable in this operation is, the layers of earth as we descend. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, paved streets, houses, floors, and different pieces of mosaic work. Under this is found a soft oozy earth, made up of vegetables, and at twenty-six feet deep, large trees entire, such as walnut trees, with the walnuts still sticking to the stem, and the leaves and branches in a perfect state of preservation. At twenty-eight feet deep, a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells, and this bed is eleven feet thick. Under this, vegetables are found again.—*Pittsburg Almanac.*

A Fine Thought.—A Greek poet implies that the height of bliss is the sudden relief of pain: there is a nobler bliss still—the rapture of the conscience at the sudden release from a guilty tho't.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

The True Gentleman.—He is courteous and affable to his neighbors. As the sword of the best tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors.

SLOW AND SURE.

Be sure if you're slow, ever pay as you go;
You'll get along fast if you get along so;
The cares of the debtor you never will know,
While you can exclaim, "Not a man do I owe!"

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

Corner for the Young.

[As the subject is again attracting attention, and being noticed in the papers, we re-publish the following for solution by the thousands who were not readers of the Rural when it was first given—two or three years ago.]

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 2, 6, 1, 3 is a kind of fruit.
My 9, 14, 8, 17, 3 is good to drink, but is not cider.
My 10, 11 is a conjunction.
My 15, 6, 1, 16 is what young ladies should be.
My 3, 4, 18, 6 is what young ladies should not be.
My 13, 14, 3, 8 is much disliked.
My 16, 17, 15, 8 is used by soldiers.
My 1, 7, 15, 14 is a lady's name.
My 14, 7, 5, 3, 12, 13 is a gentleman's name.
My 11, 1, 9, 7 is a young animal.

Young ladies now may try their skill,
For there's a way when there's a will—
My whole expresses an urgent need,
Felt by a farmer, lonely, indeed.

Lone Ridge, Iowa, 1858. Forlorn Hope.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

Selected for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A RIDDLE.

There was a man of Adam's race,
Who had a certain dwelling place,
A home complete, well covered o'er,
Where no man dwelt since nor before.
'Twas not composed by human art,
Brick, stone, nor wood in any part;
Its windows bright, its structure neat,
Its parts were everywhere complete.
'Twas not on the hill, nor in the glen,
'Twas not in the air, nor yet among men,
'Twas neither in heaven, nor was it in hell,
But in a world where mortals dwell.

Avon Springs, N. Y., 1858. T. N. G.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 465.

Answer to Biblical Enigma:—Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Love God and keep his commandments.

Answer to Geometrical Problem:—120 and 160 chains.

Wit and Humor.

"Capping the Climax."—A certain political speaker was addressing a large audience in Virginia, and descanting vehemently against proscription of foreigners, when his eye fell upon a little German Jew, a peddler of ready-made clothing, who seemed to be very much impressed with the argument of the orator, greedily swallowing up everything he uttered. This was too good an opportunity not to make the most of, and looking the little peddler full in the eye, he exclaimed:—"Forriner, didn't you come to this country to escape from tyrannical, down-trodden and oppressed Europe? Didn't you flee to these happy shores to live in a land of freedom, where the great right of sufferage is guaranteed to all? Ddn't you, furriner?" He paused for a reply, when the little peddler squeaked out—"No, sir; I comes to dis country to sell sheap ready-made clothes."

The astonishment of the orator, the shouts and roars of the multitude, cannot be described. The speech was finished.

A Pungent Dialogue.—*Grocer*—"Mr. Editor, I'll thank you to say that I keep the best groceries in the city."

Editor—"I'll thank you to supply my family with groceries gratis."

Grocer—"I thought you were glad to get something to fill up your paper."

Editor—"I thought you were glad to fill up store-rooms for nothing." It's a poor rule that won't work both ways.

Exit grocer in a rage, threatening to kill the paper.

"O, spare me, dear angel, one lock of your hair!"
A bashful young lover took courage and sighed.
"'Twere a sin to refuse you so modest a prayer,
So take my *whole wig*," the sweet creature replied.

The man who is too poor to take a weekly paper, has bought a slab-sided dog, an old shot-gun, and a twenty shilling gold watch. He educates his children in the street, and boards his shanghais on his neighbors.

A doctor and a military officer became enamored of the same lady. A friend inquired of her which of the two suitors she intended to favor. Her reply was that it was difficult for her to determine, as they were both such *killing* creatures.

A country lad says his Uncle Ben made a scare-crow so very frightful that one of the black feathered thieves actually went and brought back all the corn he had stolen during several days.

"What is a rebus?" I asked of dear Mary,
As close by my side the fair maiden she seated;
I saw her eyes sink and her countenance vary,
As she said in reply, "'tis a kiss, sir, repeated."

A boy's definition of a proverb: "Spoil the rod and spare the child."

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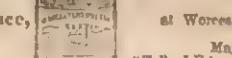

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